Friday of the Passion of the Lord
The Celebration of the Passion of the Lord

LITURGY OF THE WORD

Refr.
F
A- ther, in- to your hands I commend my spir- it.

Or :
Refr.
F
A- ther, in- to your hands I commend my spir- it.

Psalm 30

Psalm tone by Fr. Tobias Colgan, O.S.B., alt.

In you, O Lord, I take re- fuge ;
let me never be put to shame.
Into your hands I com- mend my spir- it ;
you will redeem me, O Lord, O faith- ful God. (R)

For all my foes I am an object of reproach, /
a laughingstock to my neighbors, /
and a dread to my friends ;
they who see me abroad flee from me.
I am forgotten like the unreg- istered dead ;
I am like a dish that is brok- en. (R)

But my trust is in you, O Lord ;
I say, “ You are my God.
In your hands is my destiny ; / | res- cue me
from the clutches of my enemies | and my per- se- cu- tors. ” (R)

CHRIST * became o- be- di- ent to the point of death, even death on a cross. Because of this, God
great- ly ex- alt- ed him and bestowed on him the name which is a- bove ev- ry oth- er name.

VERSE BEFORE THE GOSPEL

Let your face shine up- on your ser- vant ;
save me in your kind- ness.
Take courage and be stout- heart- ed,
all you who hope in the Lord. (R)
HRIST * became obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross. Because of this, God greatly exalted him and bestowed on him the name which is above every other name.

THE SHOWING OF THE HOLY CROSS

**Refr.**

6. **B**

E-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world. **R** Come, let us adore.

**Or:**

**Refr.**

6. **B**

E-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world. **R** Come, let us adore.

**Or:**

**Refr.**

8. **B**

E-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world. **R** Come, let us adore.
THE ADORATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

Ant.

4. a

W

E a-dore your Cross, O Lord, * we praise and
glo- ry your ho- ly Re-sur-rec-tion, for be-hold, because
of the wood of a tree joy has come to the whole world.

Ps. May God have mer-cy on us and bless us; * may he let
his face shed its light up-on us and have mer- cy on us.

And the antiphon is repeated: We adore your Cross.
REPROACHES

I

First and second choirs:

Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how

have I grieved you? Answer me! Y Because I led you

out of the land of Egypt, you have prepared

a Cross for your Sa-vior.

First choir: Agi-os o The-ós.

Second choir: O-ly is God.

First choir: Agi-os Ischy-rós.

Second choir: O-ly and Mighty One.

Second choir: O-ly and Immor-tal One, have mer-cy

on us.

Two choirs:

E-cause I led you out through the desert

for-ty years and fed you with man-na and I brought you

in-to a land of plen-ty, you have pre-pared a Cross

for your Sa-vior.

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Good Friday. 4
First choir:

H Agi-os o The-o-s.

Second choir:

H O-ly is God.

First choir:

H Agi-os Ischy-rós.

Second choir:

H O-ly and Mighty One.

First choir:


Second choir:

H O-ly and Immor-tal One, have mer-cy on us.

Two choirs:

W Hat more should I have done for you and have not done? In-deed I plant-ed you as my most beau-ti-ful chos-en vine and you have turned ver-y bit-ter for me, for in my thirst you gave me vin-e-gar to drink and with a lance you pierced your Sa-vior’s side.

First choir:

H Agi-os o The-o-s.

Second choir:

H O-ly is God.

First choir:

H Agi-os Ischy-rós.

Second choir:

H O-ly and Mighty One.

Good Friday.
First choir:

H

A-gi-os Athâ-na-tos, e-le-i-son

hy-más.

Second choir:

H

O-ly and Immor-tal One, have mer-cy

on us.

Cantors:

I

scourged E-gypt for your sake with its first-born

sons, and you scourged me and hand-ed me o-ver.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M

Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how

have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I

o-pened up the sea be-fore you, and you

o-pened my side with a lance.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M

Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how

have I grieved you? Answer me!
Cantors:

I went before you in a pillar of cloud, and you led me into Pilate’s palace.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I fed you with manna in the desert, and on me you rained blows and lashes.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

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Cantors:

I put in your hand a royal scepter, and you put on my head a crown of thorns.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I exalted you with great power, and you hung me on the scaffold of the Cross.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

THE ADORATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

Alternate setting

Ant.

W E adore your Cross, O Lord, * we praise and glorify your holy Resurrection, for behold, because of the wood of a tree joy has come to the whole world.

Ps. May God have mercy on us and bless us; * may he let his face shed its light upon us and have mercy on us.

And the antiphon is repeated: We adore your Cross.

REPROACHES

First and second choirs:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me! *

Because I led you out of the land of Egypt, you have prepared a Cross.
years and fed you with man-na and I brought you into a land of plen-ty, you have pre-pared a Cross for your Sa-vior.


First choir:  H O-ly and Might-y One.
Second choir:  H O-ly and Immor-tal One, have mer-cy on us.


First choir:  H O-ly and Immor-tal One, have mer-cy on us.

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Good Friday. 9
Cantors:

I scourg'd E-gypt for your sake with its first-born sons, and you scourg'd me and hand-ed me o-ver.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I led you out of E-gypt as Pharoah lay sunk in the Red Sea, and you handed me o-ver to the chief priests.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I o-pened up the sea be-fore you, and you o-pened my side with a lance.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I went be-fore you in a pil-lar of cloud, and you led me in to Pi-late’s pal-ace.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!
I fed you with manna in the desert, and on me you rained blows and lashes.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I gave you saving water from the rock to drink,

and for drink you gave me gall and vinegar.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I struck down for you the kings of the Canaanites, and you struck my head with a reed.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Cantors:

I put in your hand a royal scepter, and you put on my head a crown of thorns.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!
Cantors:

Y

ex-alt-ed you with great pow-er, and you hung

me on the scaffold of the Cross.

The first and second choirs repeat:

M

Y peo-ple, what have I done to you? Or how

have I grieved you? Answer me!

Hymn

Venantius Fortunatus (6th cent.)

1.

Faith-ful cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree bey-
yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf

or flow’r so rare. Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet

the bur-den that they bear!

ING, my tongue, in ex-ul-ta-tion Of our ban-ner

and de-vice! Make a solemn pro-cla-ma-tion Of a tri-umph

and its price: How the Sav-ior of cre-a-tion Conquered by

his sac-ri-fice!

Faith-ful cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree bey-
yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf

or flow’r so rare.

For, when A-dam first of-fend-ed, Eat-ing that for-bid-den

fruit, Not all hopes of glo-ry end-ed With the serpent at the
* Sweet the timber, sweet the iron, Sweet the burden that they bear!

Thus the tempter was out-wit-ted By a wis-dom deeper still:
Rem-e-dy and ail-ment fit-ted, Means to cure and means to kill;
That the world might be a-quit-ted, Christ would do his Fa-ther’s will.

Therefore compare! Never was there such a sci-on, Never leaf or flow’r so rare.

So the Fa-ther, out of pit- y For our self-in-flict-ed doom,
Sent him from the heav’n-ly cit-y When the ho-ly time had come:
He, the Son and the Al-might-y, Took our flesh in Mar-y’s womb.

* Sweet the timber, sweet the iron, Sweet the burden that they bear!

Hear a tin-y ba-by cry-ing, Found-er of the seas and Good Friday.
strands: See his vir-gin Moth-er tying Cloth a-round his feet
and hands: Find him in a man-ger ly-ing Tight-ly wrapped
in swaddling bands!

Faith-ful cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-
yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf
or flow’r so rare.

So he came, the long-ex-pect-ed, Not in glo-ry, not to
reign; On-ly born to be re-ject-ed, Choosing hun-ger, toil
and pain, Till the scaffold was e-rect-ed And the Pas-
chal Lamb was slain.

* Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet the bur-den that
they bear!

No disgrace was too ab-hor-rent: Nailed and mocked and
parched he died; Blood and wa-ter, dou-ble war-rant, Is-sue
from his wounded side, Wash-ing in a might-y tor-rent
Earth and stars and o-cean-tide.

Faith-ful cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-
yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf

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or flow’r so rare.

Loft-y tim-ber, smooth your roughness, Flex your boughs for blossom-ing; Let your fi- bers lose their toughness, Gent-
ly let your ten-drils cling; Lay a-side your na-tive gruff-
ness, Clasp the bod- y of your King!

* Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet the bur-den that

they bear!

No-blest tree of all cre-a-ted, Rich-ly jew-elled and embossed: Post by Lamb’s blood con-se-cr-ed; Spar that

saves the tem-pest-tossed; Scaf-fold-beam which, el-e-
ed, Car ries what the world has cost!

Faith-ful cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-
yond compare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf
or flow’r so rare.

The following conclusion is never to be omitted:

Wis-dom, pow’r, and a-dor-a-tion To the bless-ed Trin-
i-ty For re-demption and sal-va-tion Through the Pas-
chal Mys-ter-y, Now, in ev’ry gen-er-a-tion, And for all e-
* Sweet the timber, sweet the iron, Sweet the burden that they bear.

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