

Friday of the Passion of the Lord

The Celebration of the Passion of the Lord

THE SHOWING OF THE HOLY CROSS

Refr.

6.

B



E-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the



sal- va- tion of the world. R^x Come, let us a- dore.

THE ADORATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

- i -

Ant.

4.

W

E a-dore your Cross, O Lord, * we praise and

glo- ri- fy your ho- ly Res-ur- 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 :

650

R.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me ! *V.* Because I led you

out of the land of E-gypt, you have pre-pared

a Cross for your Sav-ior.

First choir :

H

Agi- os o The- ós,

Second choir :

H

O-ly is God,

First choir :

H

Agi- os Ischy-rós,

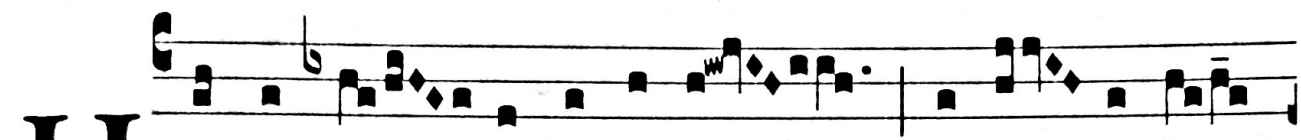
Second choir :

H

O-ly and Mighty One,

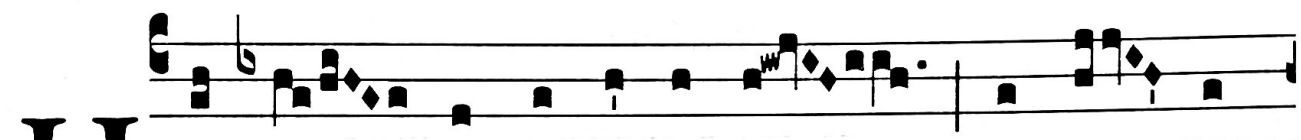
Note : In the Hagios first te flat, then ti natural to the end.

First choir :



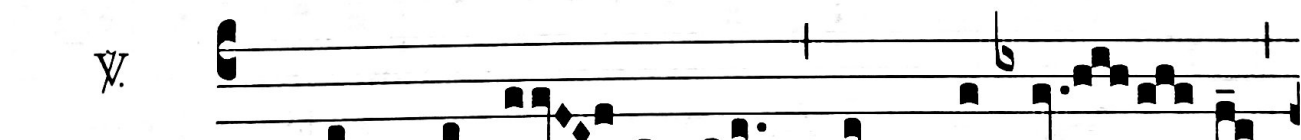
H A-gi- os Athá-na-tos, e- lé- i-son
hi- más.

Second choir :



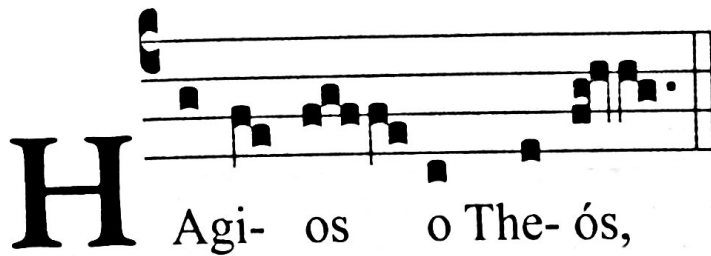
H O- ly and Immor-tal One, have mer- cy
on us.

First and second choirs :

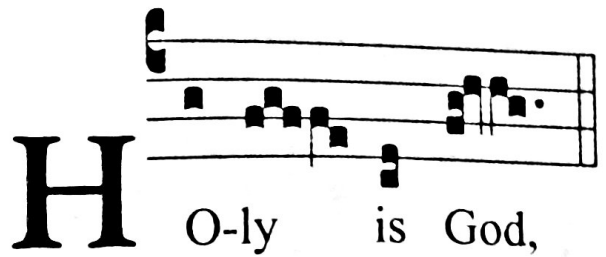


B E-cause I led you out through the des- ert
for-ty years and fed you with man- na and I brought you
in- to a land of plen- ty, you have pre- pared a Cross
for your Sav-ior.

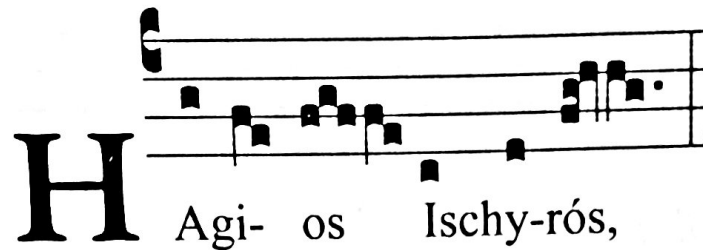
First choir :



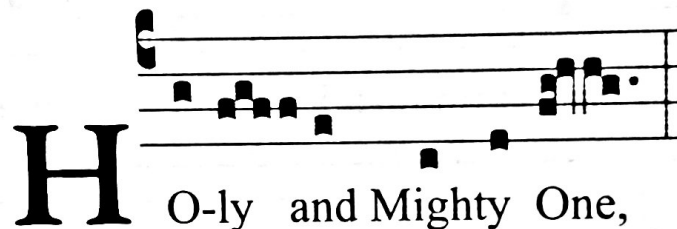
Second choir :



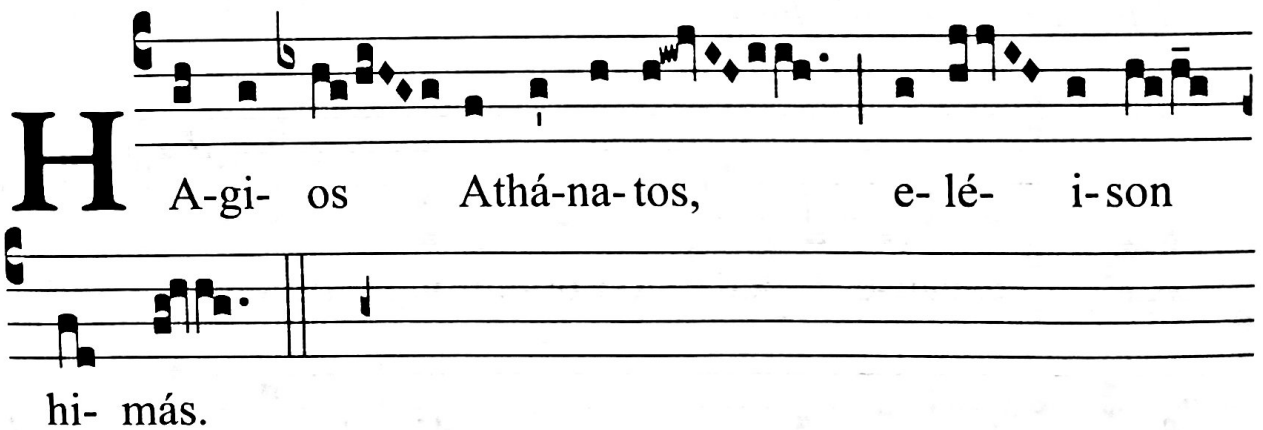
First choir :



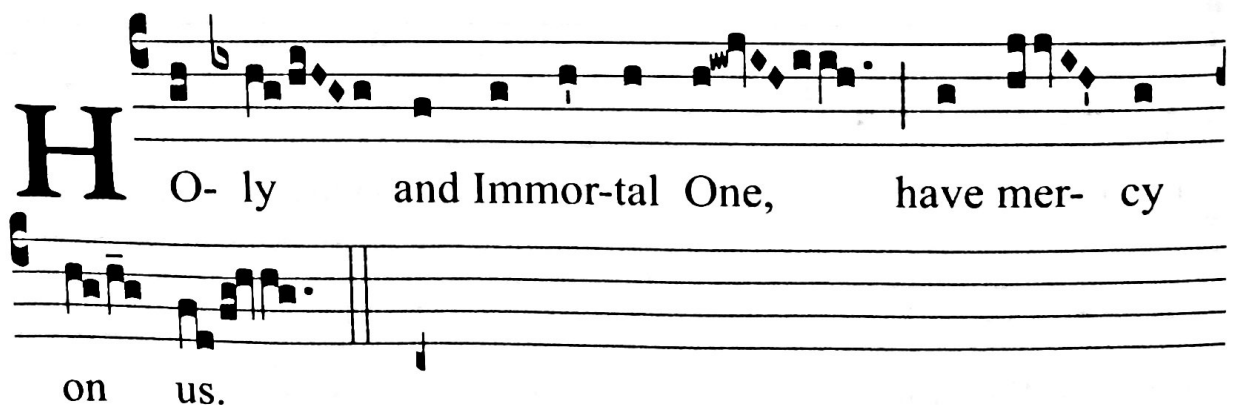
Second choir :

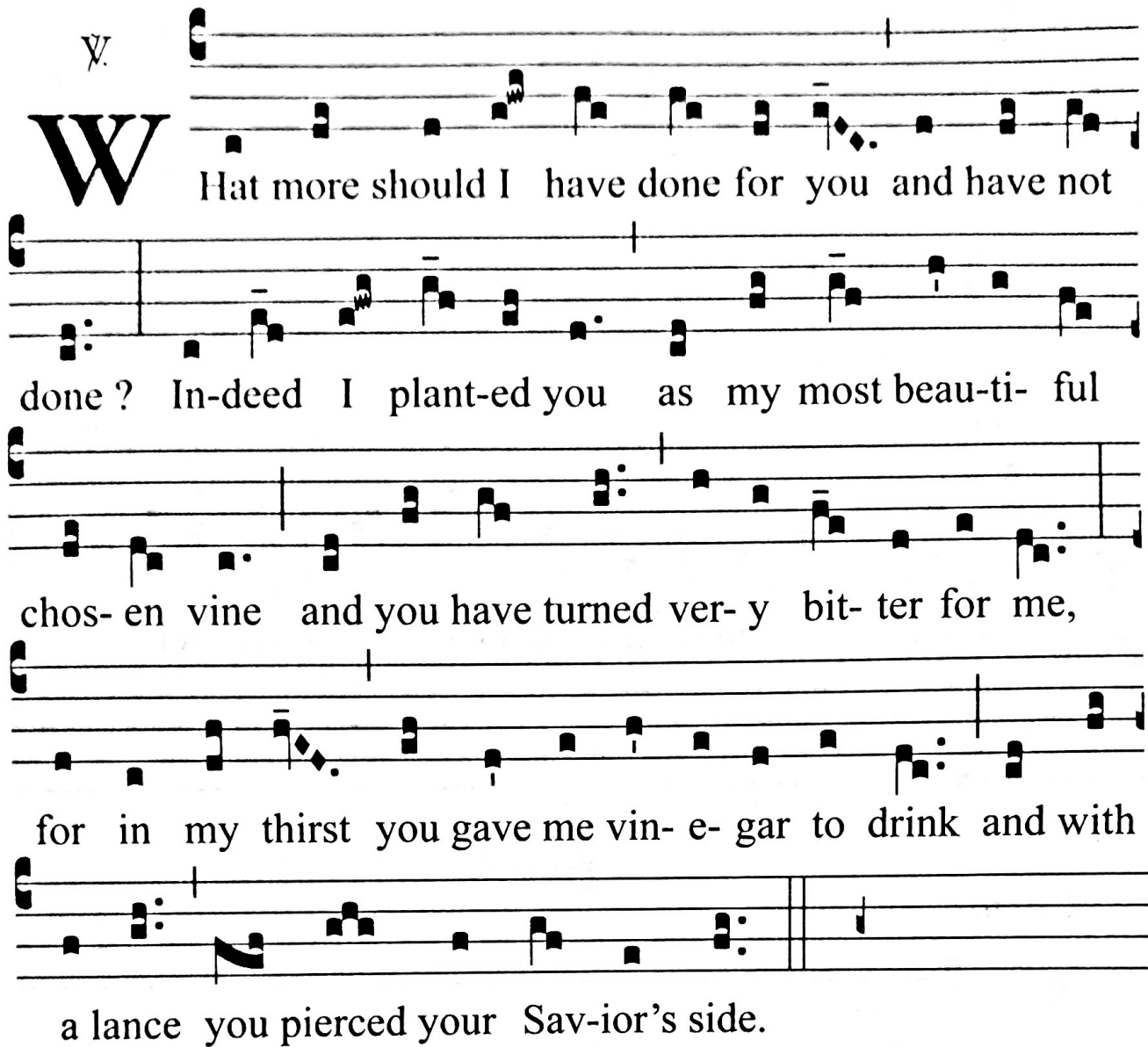


First choir :



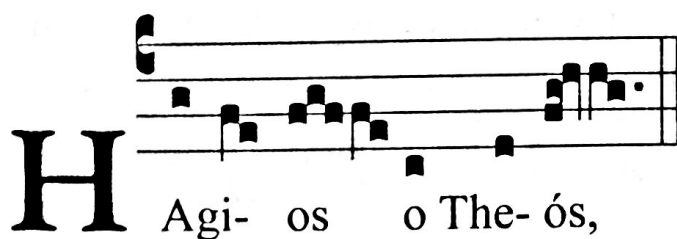
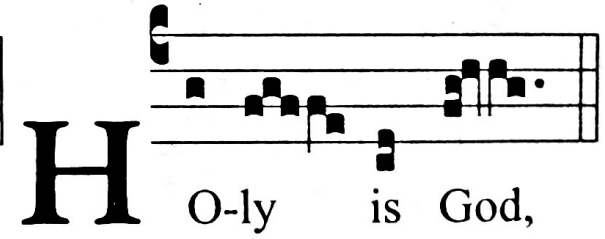
Second choir :



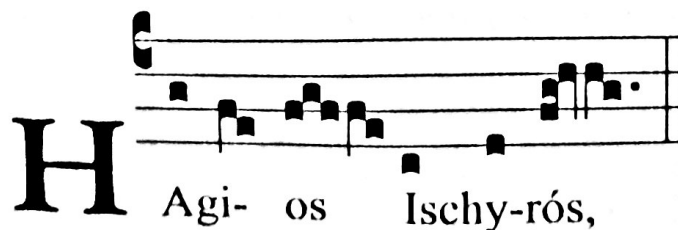
W  **W** Hat more should I have done for you and have not
done? In-deed I plant-ed you as my most beau-ti- ful
chos- en vine and you have turned ver- y bit- ter for me,
for in my thirst you gave me vin- e- gar to drink and with
a lance you pierced your Sav-ior's side.

First choir :

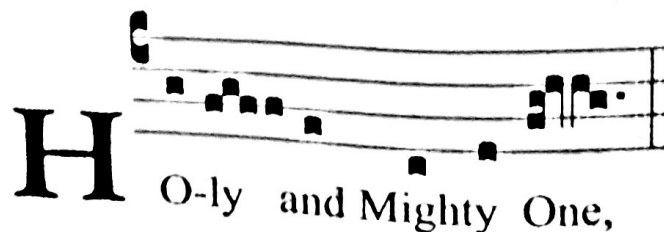
Second choir :

H  **H** 
H Agi- os o The- ós, **H** O-ly is God,

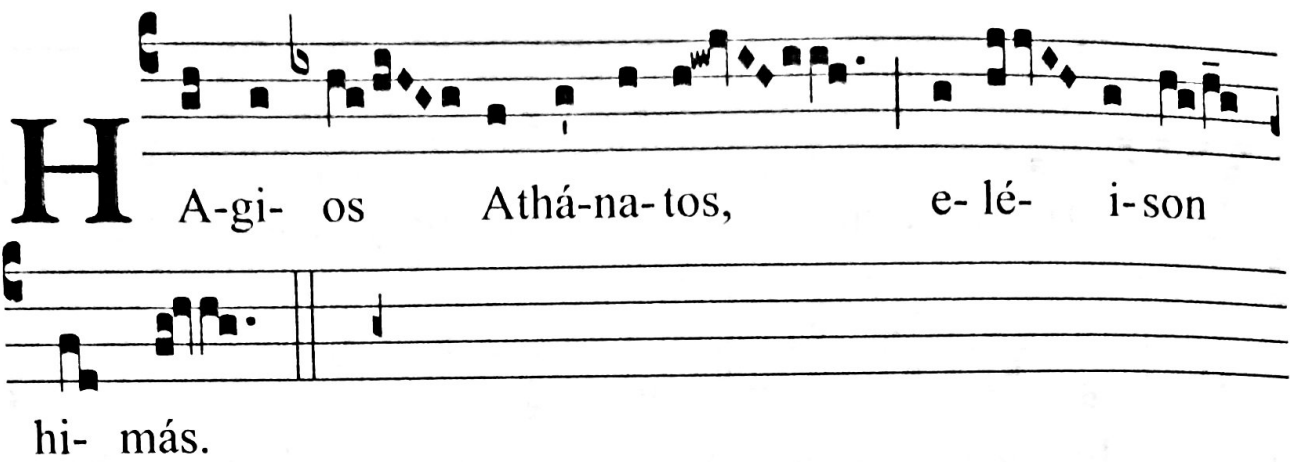
First choir :

H 
H Agi- os Ischy-rós,

Second choir :

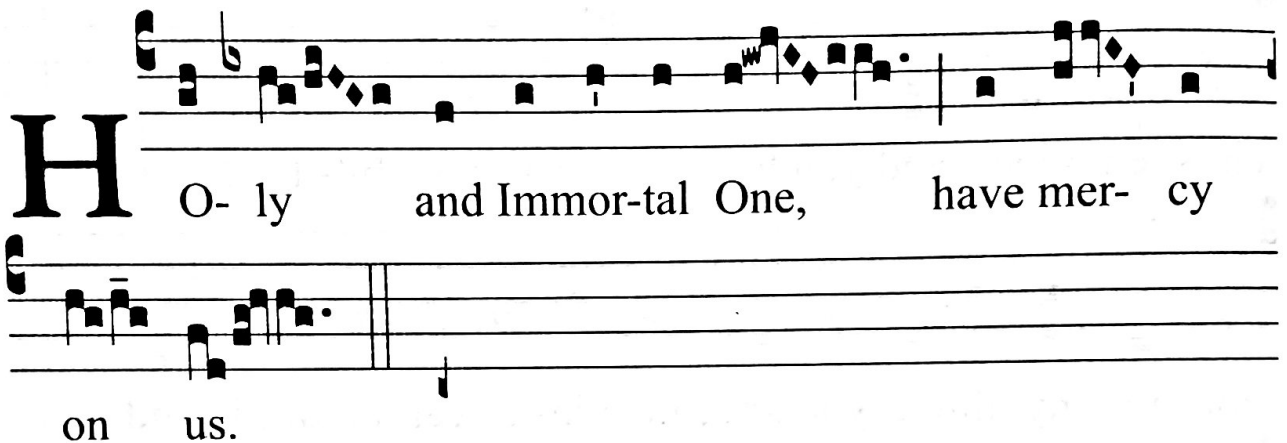
H 
H O-ly and Mighty One,

First choir :



H A-gi- os Athá-na- tos, e- lé- i-son
hi- más.

Second choir :

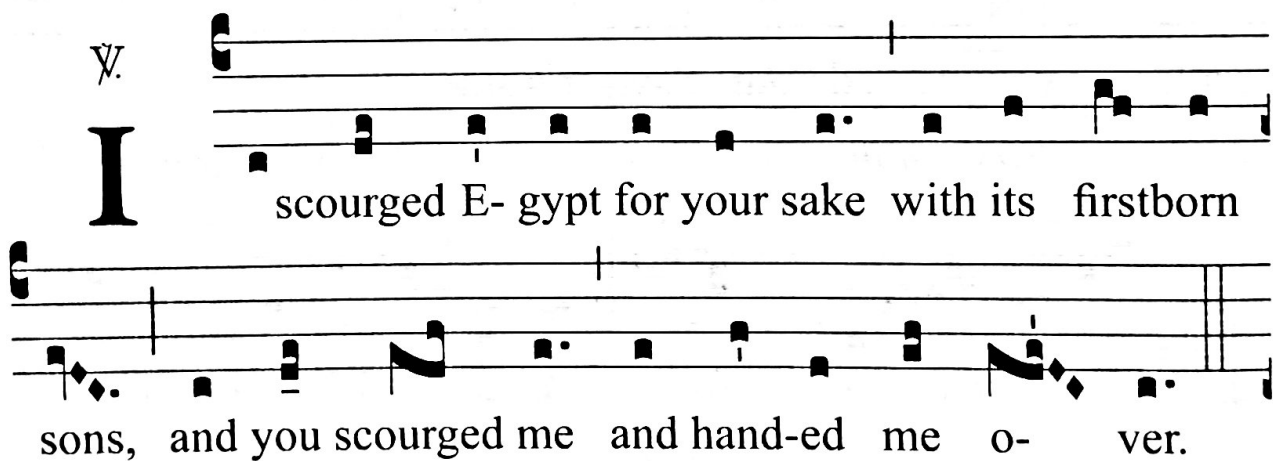


H O- ly and Immor- tal One, have mer- cy
on us.

II

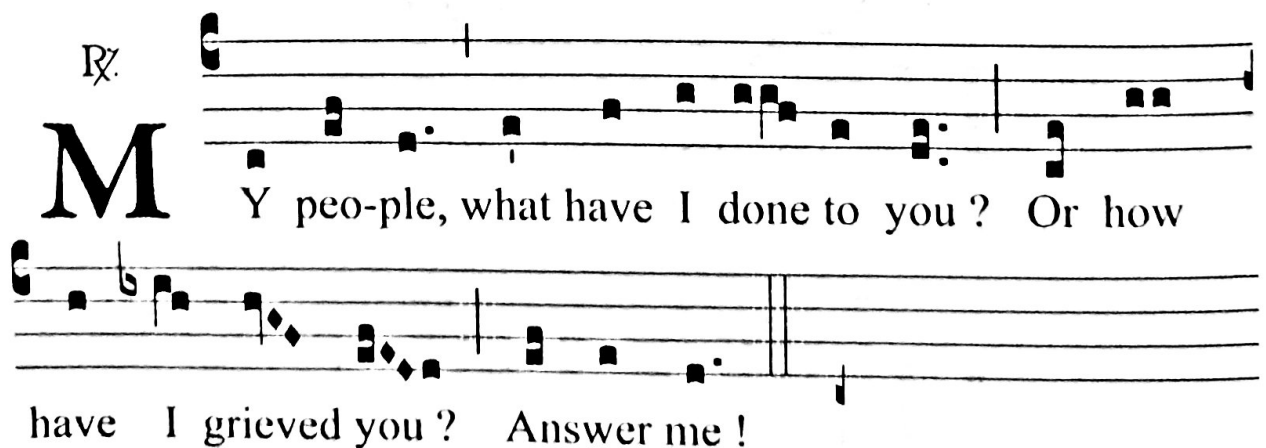
Cantors :

653



I scourged E- gypt for your sake with its firstborn
sons, and you scourged me and hand- ed me o- ver.

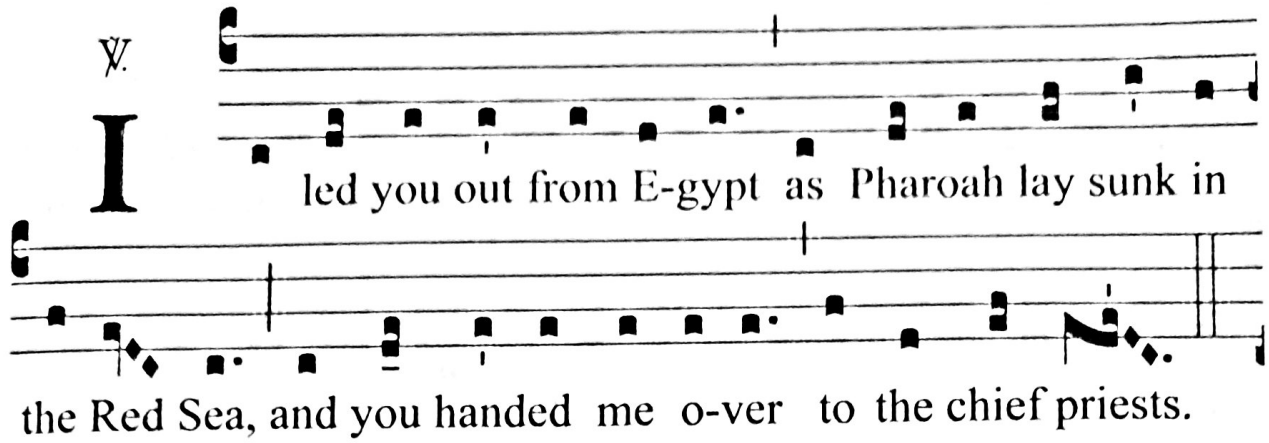
The first and second choirs repeat :



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

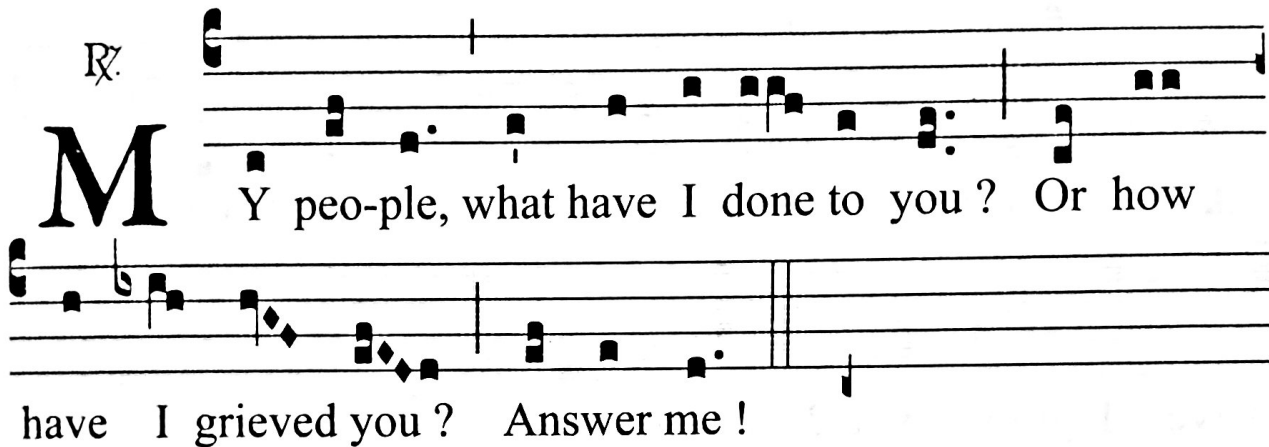
Cantors :

654



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

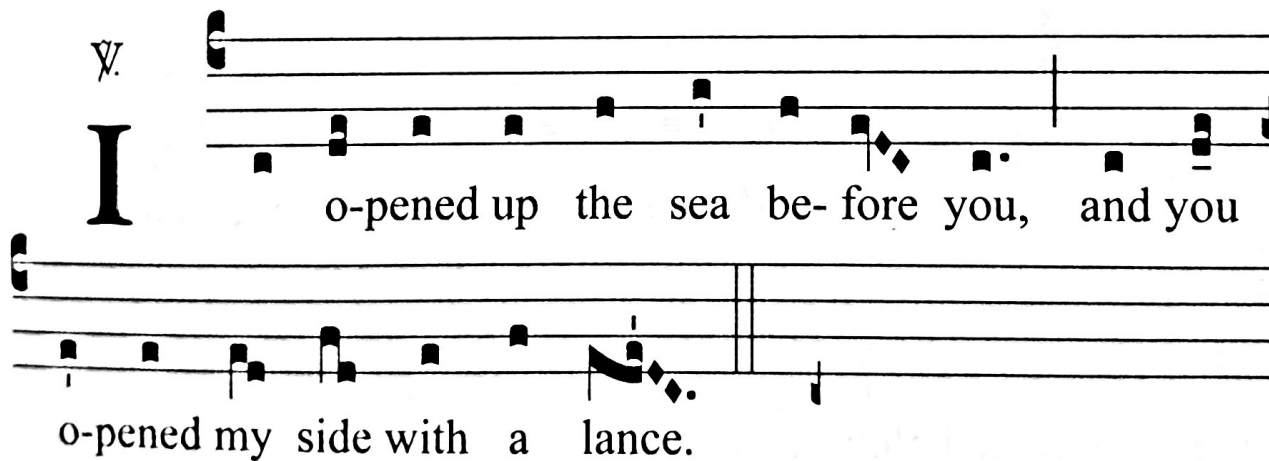
The first and second choirs repeat :



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

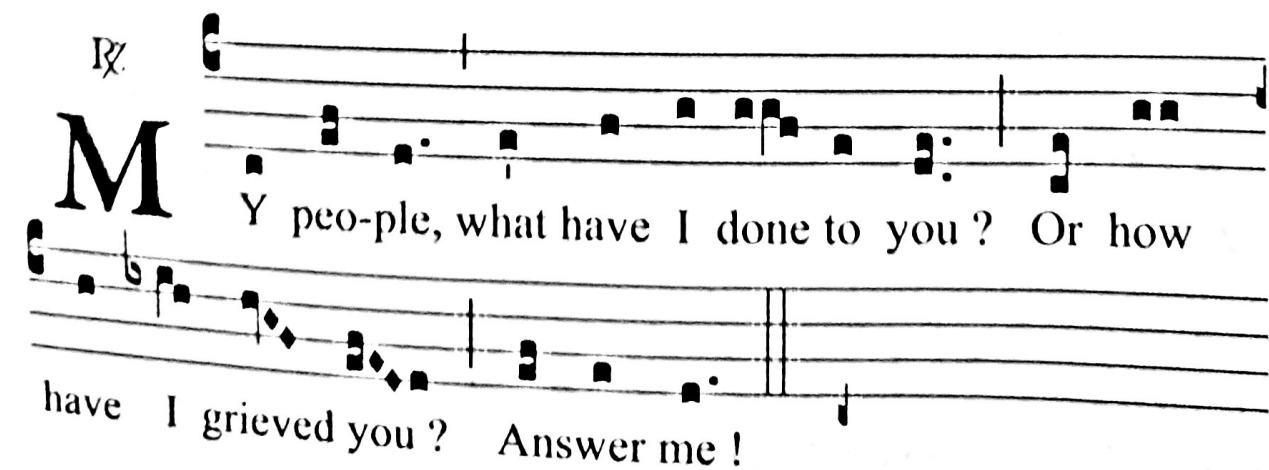
Cantors :

655



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

The first and second choirs repeat :



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

Cantors :

656

Ps.

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 :

Rx.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Cantors :

657

Ps.

I

fed you with man-na in the des- ert, and on

me you rained blows and lash- es.

The first and second choirs repeat :

Rx.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Cantors :

V.

I

gave you sav-ing wa-ter from the rock to drink,

658

and for drink you gave me gall and vin- e- gar.

The first and second choirs repeat :

R.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Cantors :

V.

I

struck down for you the kings of the Canaanites,

659

and you struck my head with a reed.

The first and second choirs repeat :

R.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Cantors :

660

Ps.

I

put in your hand a roy-al scep-ter, and you

put on my head a crown of thorns.

The first and second choirs repeat :

Rx.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Cantors :

661

Ps.

I

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

me on the scaffold of the Cross.

The first and second choirs repeat :

Rx.

M

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

have I grieved you ? Answer me !

Hymn

Venantius Fortunatus (6th cent.)

1.

F

Aith-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. Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet

the bur- den that they bear !

I.

S

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

and de-vice ! Make a solemn proc-la-mation 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, No-ble tree be-

yond compare ! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf

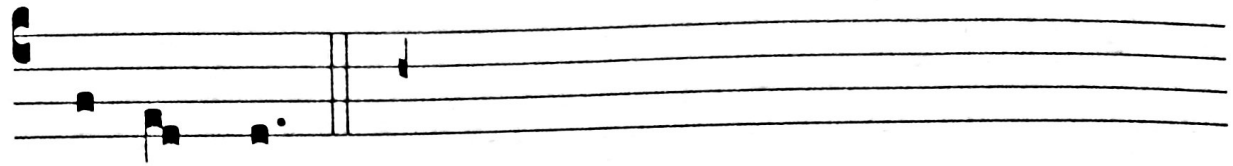
or flow'r so rare.

℥. For, when Ad-am first of-fend-ed, Eat-ing that for-bid-den

fruit, Not all hopes of glo-ry end-ed With the serpent at the



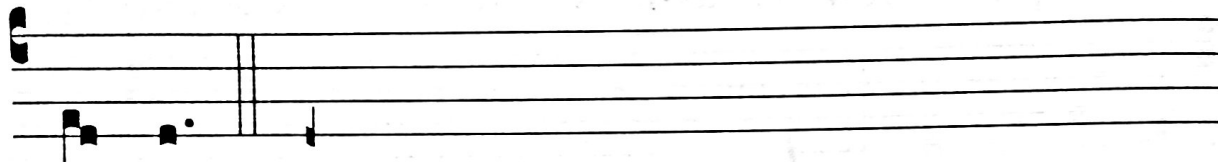
root: Bro-ken na-ture would be mend-ed By a sec-ond



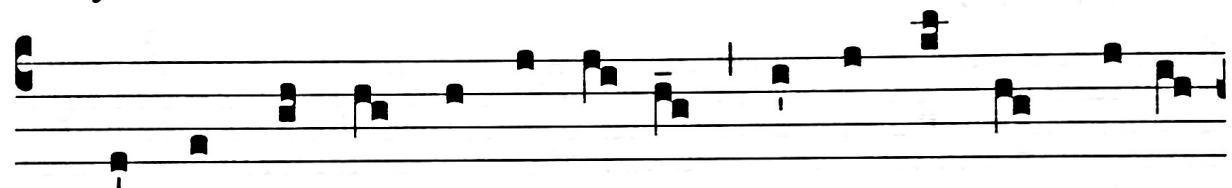
tree and shoot.



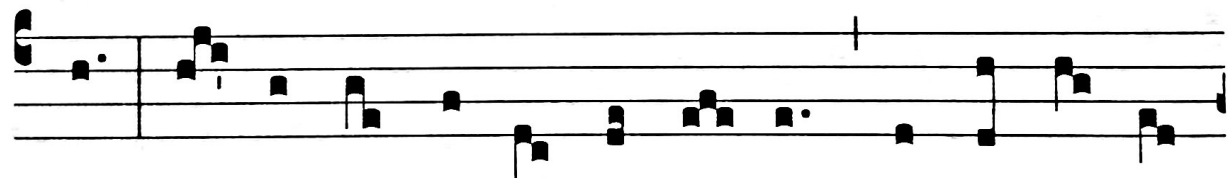
* Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet the bur-den that



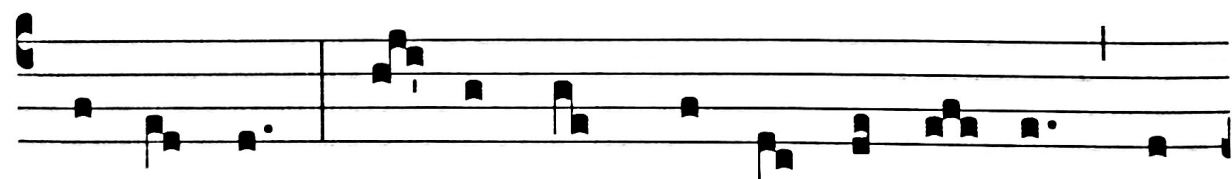
they bear !



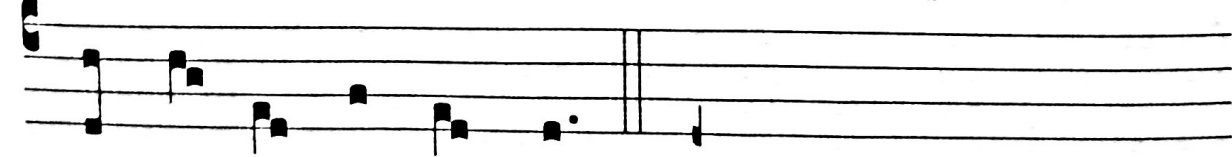
∇ Thus the tempt-er was out-wit-ted By a wis-dom deeper



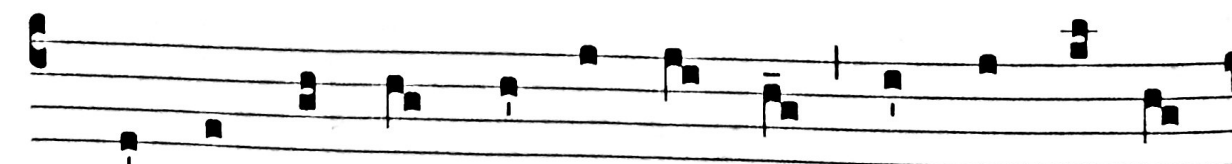
still : Rem-e-dy and ail-ment fit-ted, Means to cure and



means to kill ; That the world might be ac-quit-ted, Christ



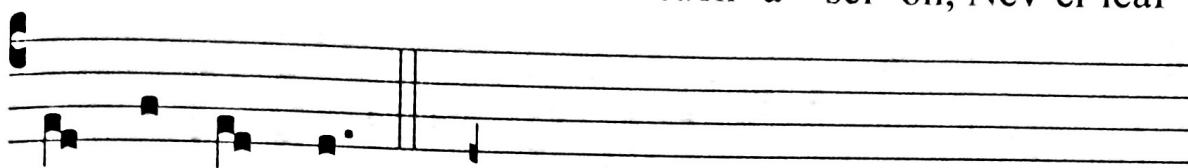
would do his Fa-ther's will.



⦿ Faith-ful Cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-



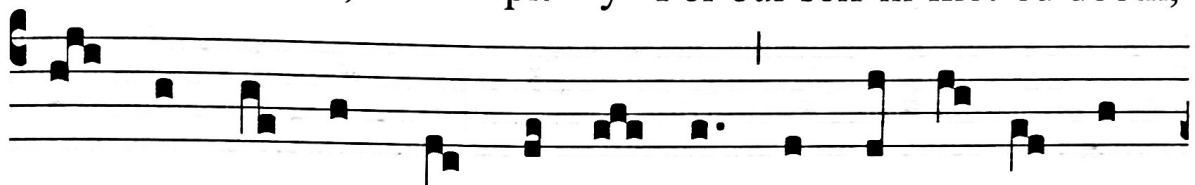
yond compare ! Nev-er was there such a sci- on, Nev-er leaf



or flow'r so rare.



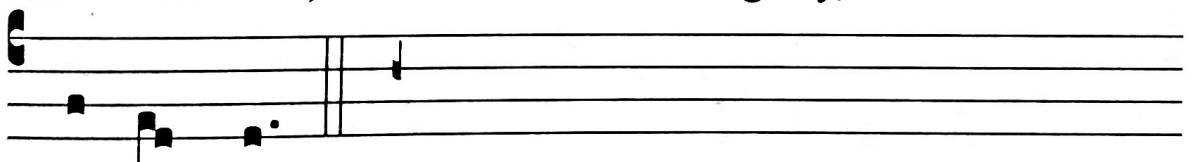
∇ So the Fa-ther, out of pit- y For our self-in-flict-ed doom,



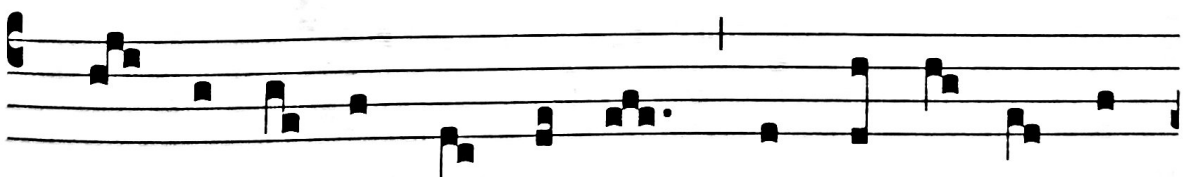
Sent him from the heav'n-ly cit- y When the ho- ly time



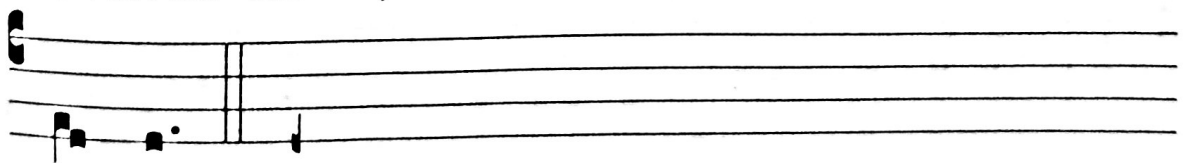
had come : He, the Son and the Al-might-y, Took our flesh in



Mar- y's womb.



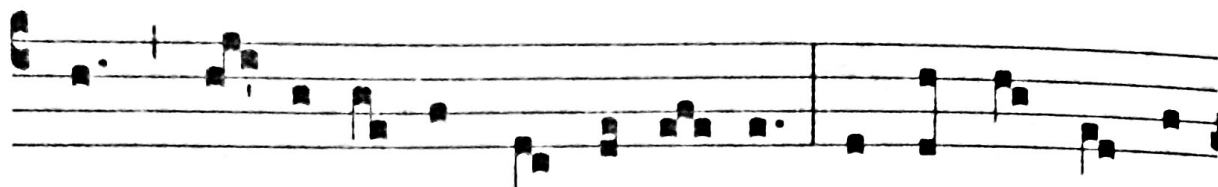
* Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the iron, Sweet the bur- den that



they bear !



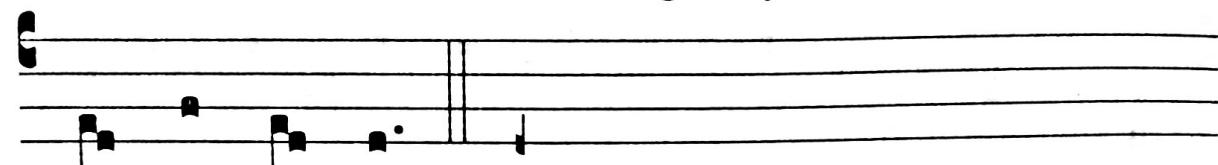
∇ Hear a ti- ny ba- by cry- ing, Found-er of the seas and



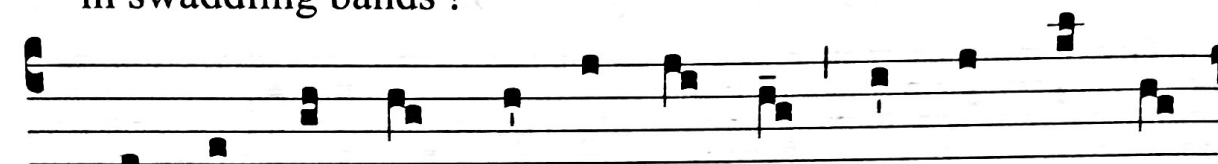
strands ; See his vir-gin Moth-er ty- ing Cloth a-round his feet



and hands ; Find him in a man-ger ly- ing Tight-ly wrapped



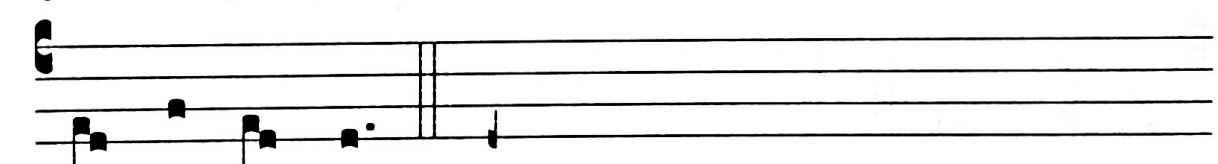
in swaddling bands !



℞. 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



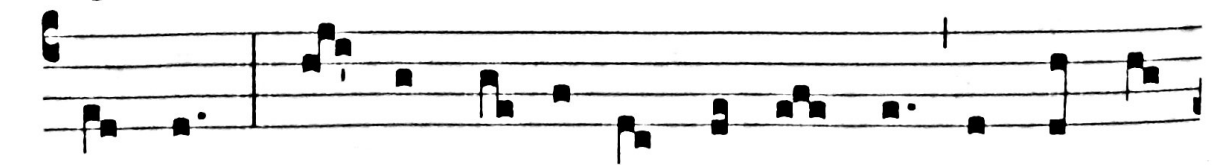
or flow'r so rare.



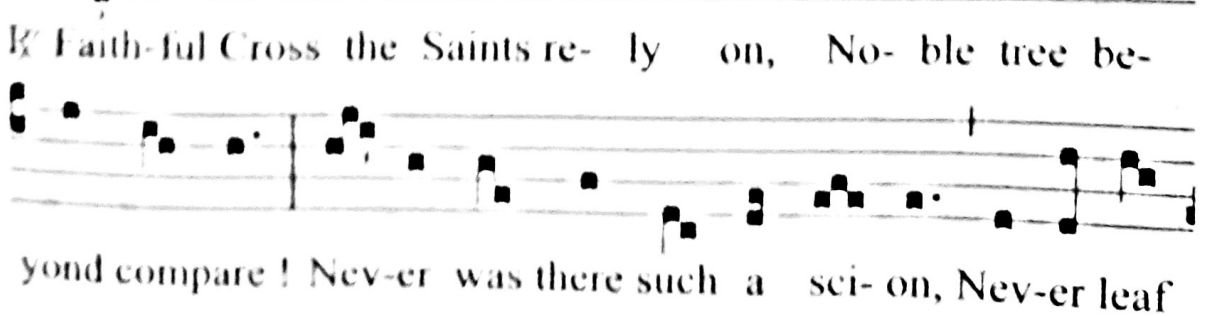
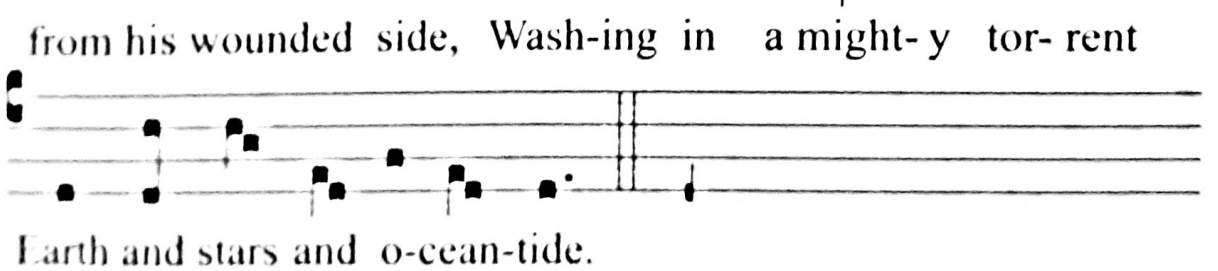
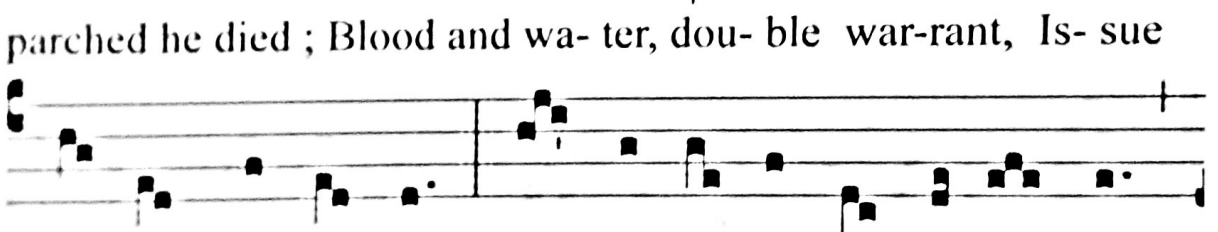
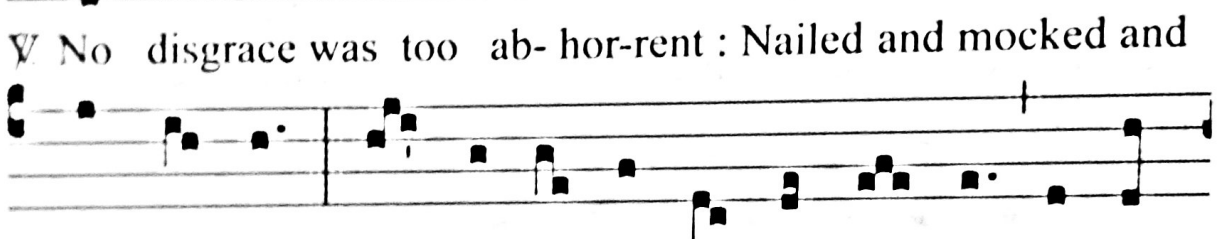
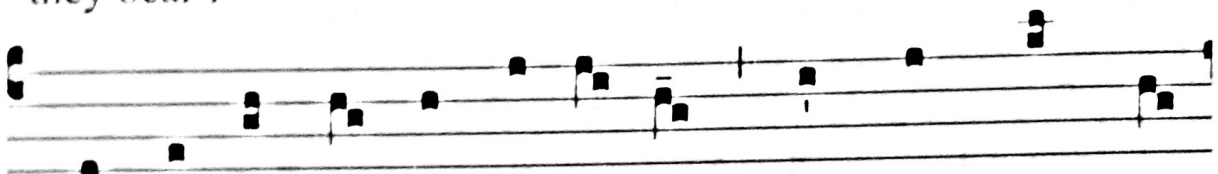
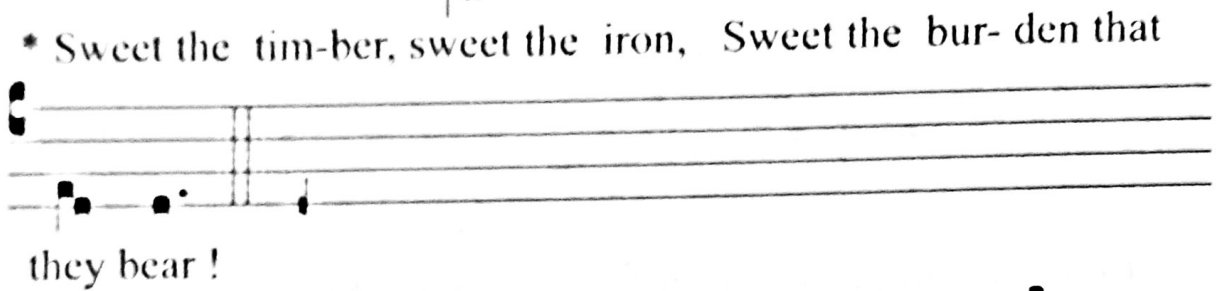
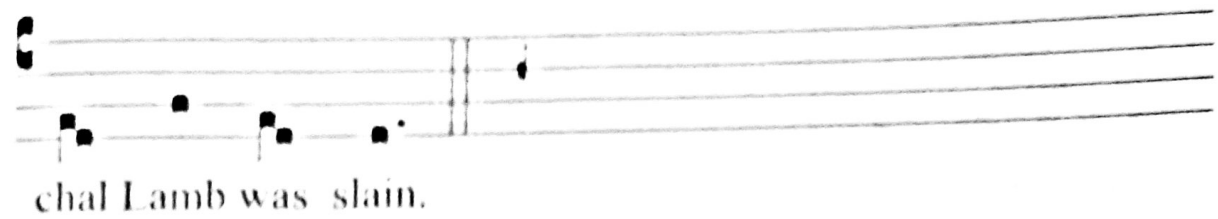
℥. So he came, the long-ex-pect-ed, Not in glo- ry, not to

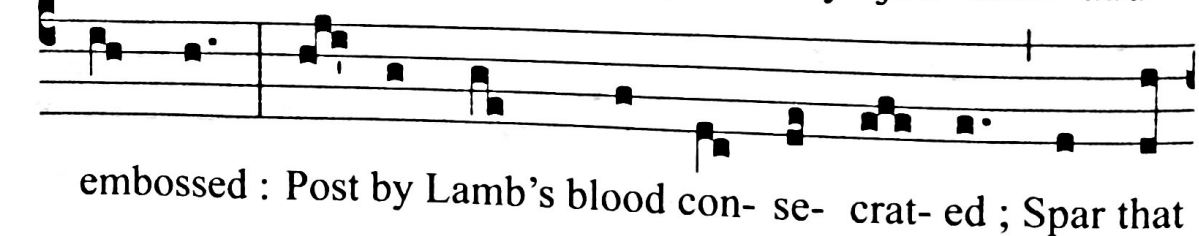
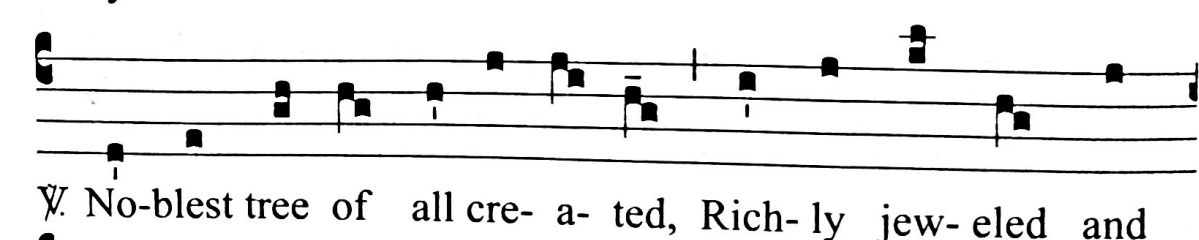
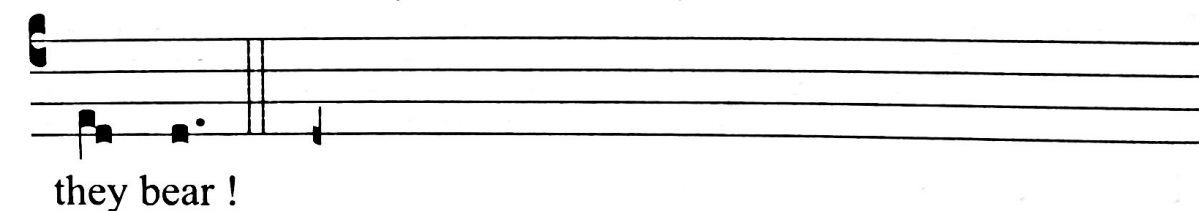
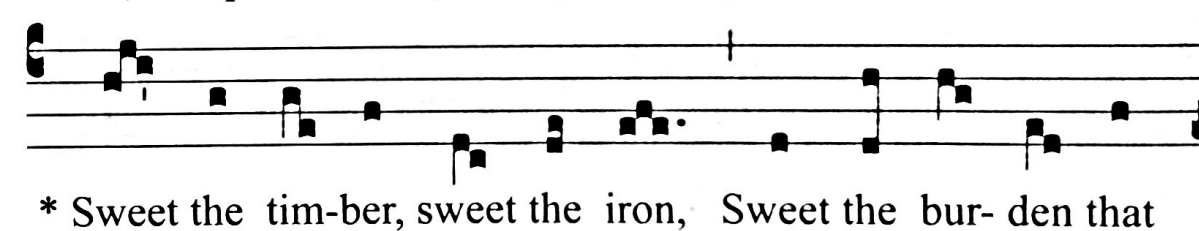
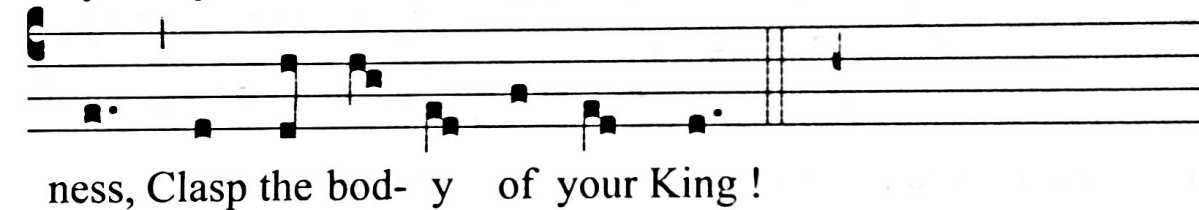
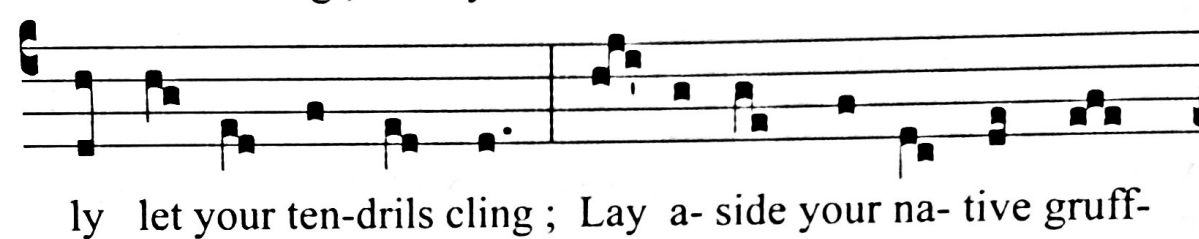
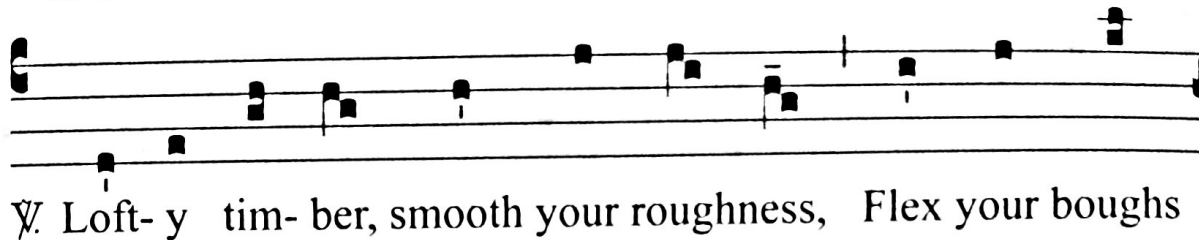
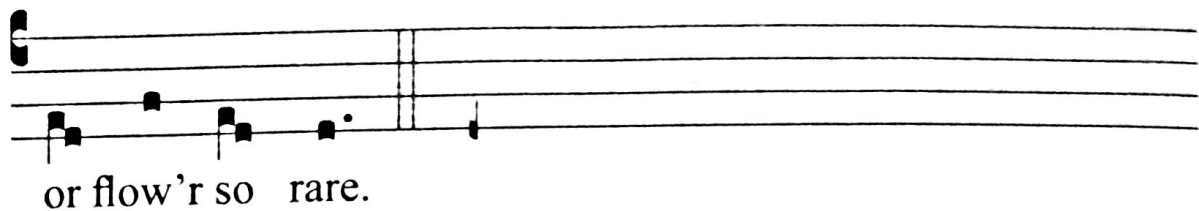


reign ; On- ly born to be re- ject- ed, Choosing hun-ger, toil



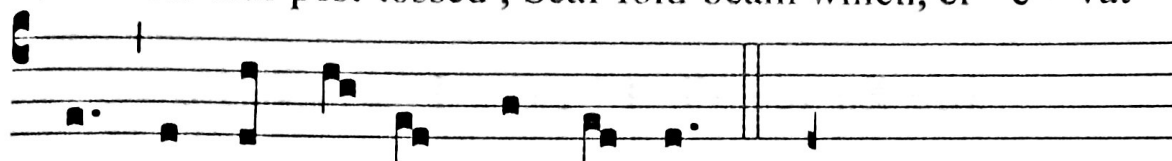
and pain, Till the scaffold was e- rect- ed And the Pas-



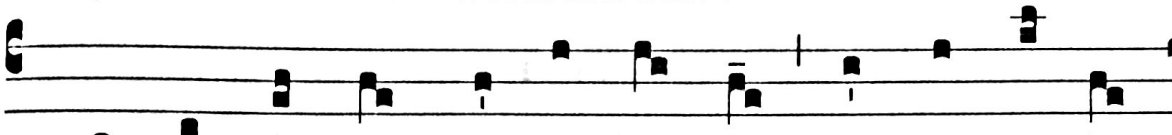




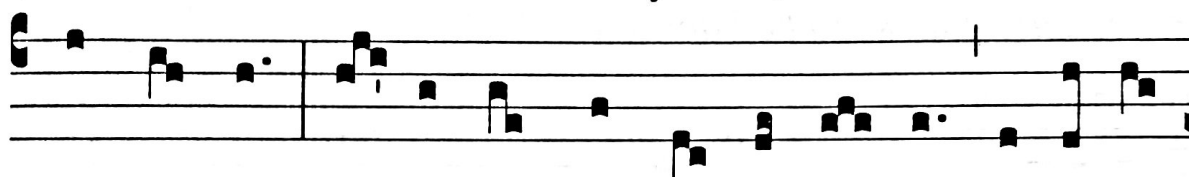
saves the tem-pest-tossed ; Scaf-fold-beam which, el- e- vat-



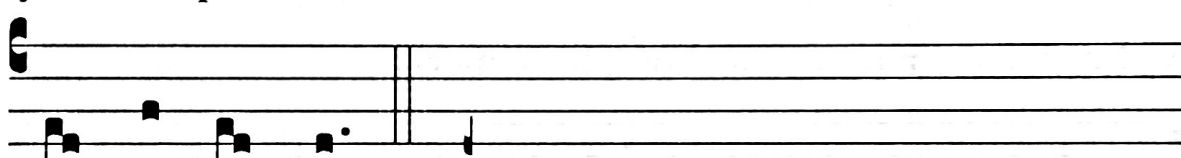
ed, Car-ries what the world has cost !



℣ Faith-ful Cross the Saints re- ly on, No- ble tree be-

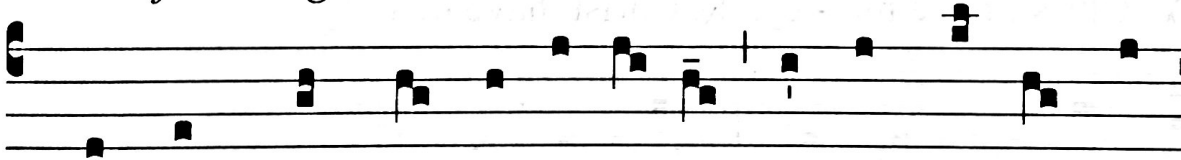


yond compare ! Nev-er was there such a sci- on, Nev-er leaf



or flow'r so rare.

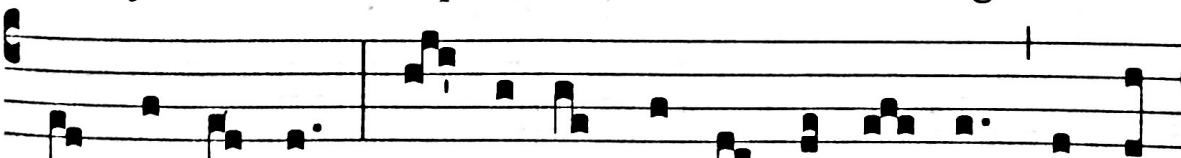
The following conclusion is never to be omitted:



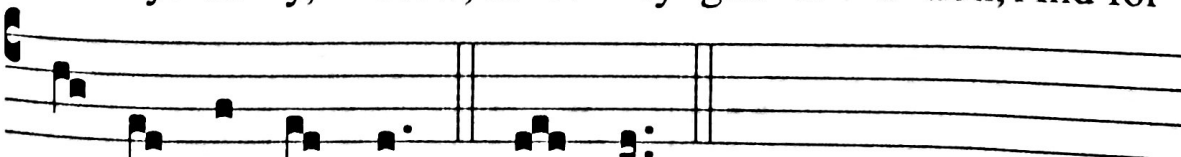
℣ Wis-dom, pow'r, and ad- or- a- tion To the bless-ed Trin-



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- ter- ni- ty. A- men.