

## FRIDAY OF THE PASSION OF THE LORD

*The ministers go to the altar in silence and, after making a reverence to the altar, prostrate themselves or, if appropriate, kneel and pray in silence for a while. All others kneel. Then all stand for the prayer.*

### RESPONSORIAL PSALM

*Lk 23: 46*

II

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

### Psalm 31 (30): 2 and 6, 12-13, 15-16, 17 and 25

1. In you, O LORD, I take refuge. †  
Let me never be put to **shame**. \*  
In your justice, set *me* free.  
Into your hands I commend my **spirit**. \*  
You will redeem me, O LORD, O *faithful* God.
2. Because of all my **foes** \*  
I have become a *reproach*,  
an object of scorn to my **neighbors** \*  
and of fear to *my* friends.  
Those who see me in the **street** \*  
flee *from* me.  
I am forgotten, like someone **dead**, \*  
and have become like a *broken* vessel.
3. But as for me, I trust in you, O LORD; \*  
I say, "You are *my* **God**.  
My lot is in your hands, deliver me †  
from the hands of my **enemies** \*  
and those who *pursue* me.

4. Let your face shine on your **servant**. \*  
 Save me in your *merciful love*.  
 Be strong, let your heart take **courage**, \*  
 all who hope in *the LORD*.

VERSE BEFORE THE GOSPEL

<sup>v</sup>  
**G** Lo-ry and praise to you, Lord Je-sus Christ.

**Philippians 2: 8-9**

- ϕ. Christ 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 name*.

*Or:*

*Christus factus est*

*Phil 2: 8-9*

<sup>v</sup>  
**C** Hrist be-came o- be- dient to the point of death,  
 e- ven death on a cross. Be-cause of this, God great- ly ex- alt-  
 ed him and be-stowed on him the name which is a-bove  
 eve- ry name.

# THE ADORATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

## The Showing of the Holy Cross

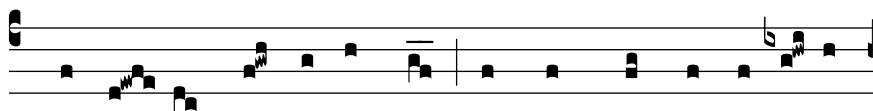


Be-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the sal-va-tion



of the world. R̄. Come, let us a-dore.

*Or:*



Be-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the sal-va-tion

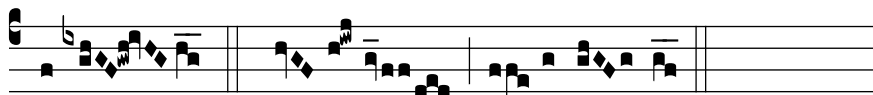


of the world. R̄. Come, let us a-dore.

*Or:*



Ecce li- gnum Cru- cis, in quo sa-lus mun-di



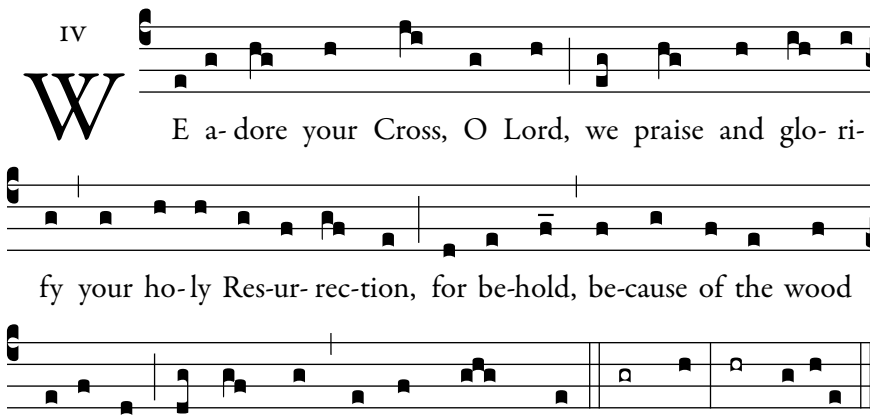
pe-pén- dit. R̄. Ve- ní- te, ad- o-ré- mus.

# The Adoration of the Holy Cross

## ANTIPHON

IV

**W** E a-dore your Cross, O Lord, we praise and glo-ri-  
fy your ho-ly Res-ur-rec-tion, for be-hold, be-cause of the wood  
of a tree joy has come to the whole world.



Cf. Psalm 67 (66): 2

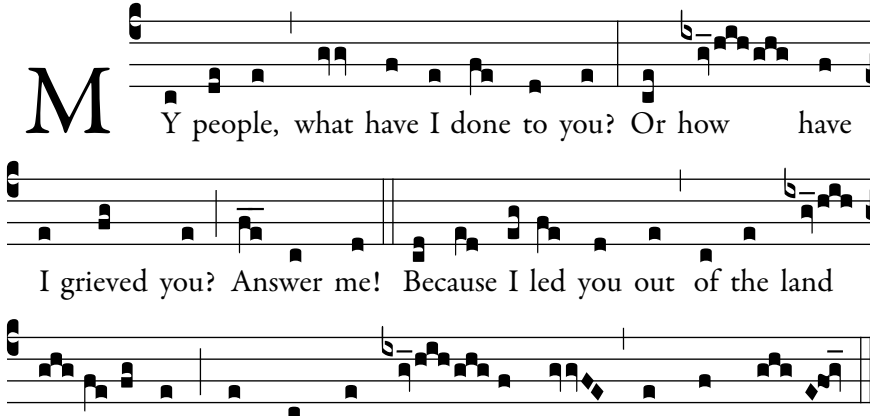
☩. May God have mercy on us and **ble**ss us; \*  
may he let his face shed its light upon us and have mercy *on us*.

## THE REPROACHES

### I

*Two cantors in Choir I:*

**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 for your Sav-ior.



*Choir 1* *Choir 2*

**H** a-gi-os o Theos, Holy is God,

*Choir 1* *Choir 2*

Ha-gi-os Ischyros, Holy and Might-y,

*Choir 1*

Hag-i-os Athanatos, e-le-i-son himas.

*Choir 2*

Ho-ly and Immortal One, have mer-cy on us.

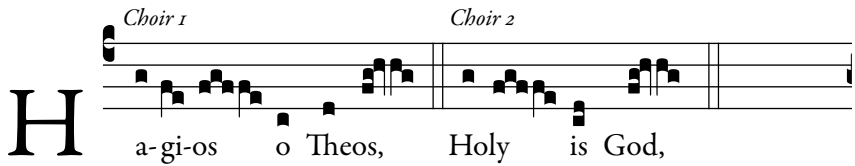
*Two cantors in Choir II:*

**B** Ecause I led you out through the de- sert forty

years and fed you with manna and brought you in-to a land

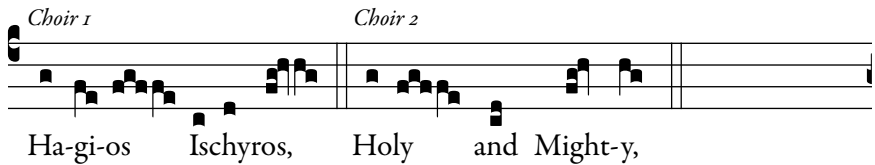
of plenty, you have prepared a Cross for your Sav-ior.

*Choir 1* *Choir 2*



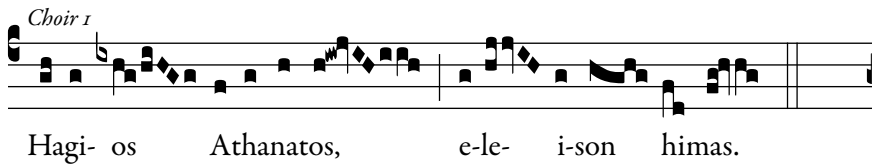
**H** a-gi-os o Theos, Holy is God,

*Choir 1* *Choir 2*



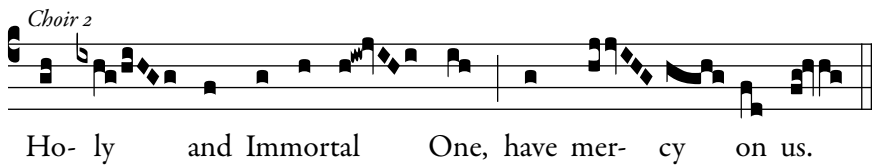
Ha-gi-os Ischyros, Holy and Might-y,

*Choir 1*



Hagi-os Athanatos, e-le-i-son himas.

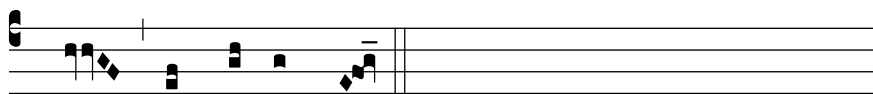
*Choir 2*



Ho-ly and Immortal One, have mer-cy on us.

*Two cantors in Choir I:*

**W** Hat more should I have done for you and have  
not done? Indeed, I planted you as my most beautiful cho-  
sen vine and you have turned ver-y bitter for me, for in my  
thirst you gave me vin-e-gar to drink and with a lance you



pierced your Savior's side.

*Choir 1* *Choir 2*

**H**a-gi-os o Theos, Holy is God,

*Choir 1* *Choir 2*

Ha-gi-os Ischyros, Holy and Might-y,

*Choir 1*

Hagi-os Athanatos, e-le-i-son himas.

*Choir 2*

Ho-ly and Immortal One, have mer-cy on us.

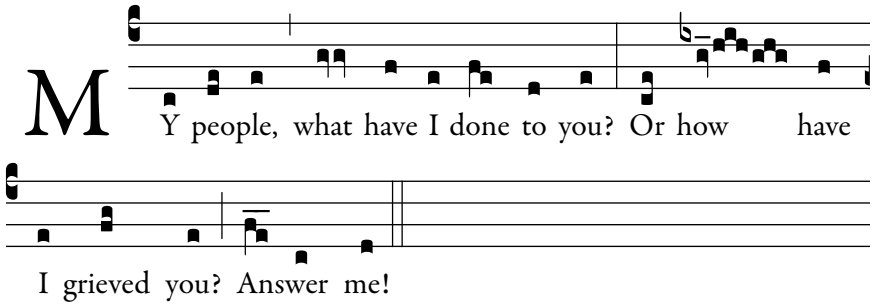
## II

*Two cantors in Choir II:*

ϣ. I scourged Egypt for your sake with its firstborn sons,

and you have scourged me and handed me o- ver.

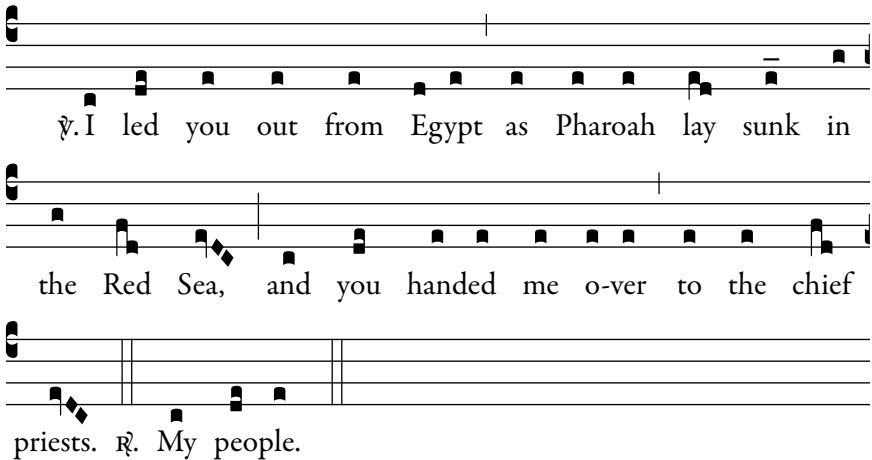
*Both Choirs:*



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

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff begins with a large 'M' and contains the lyrics 'Y people, what have I done to you? Or how have'. The bottom staff contains the lyrics 'I grieved you? Answer me!'. Both staves feature a series of square notes on a five-line staff, with some notes connected by lines, indicating a simple melodic line.

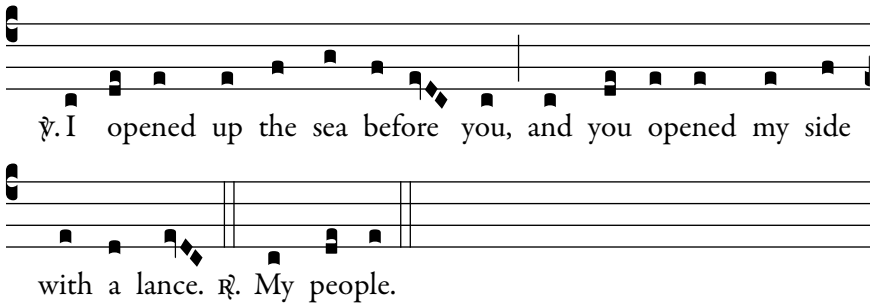
*Two cantors in Choir I:*



ψ. I led you out from Egypt as Pharoah lay sunk in  
the Red Sea, and you handed me o-ver to the chief  
priests. R̄. My people.

The musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff contains the lyrics 'ψ. I led you out from Egypt as Pharoah lay sunk in'. The middle staff contains the lyrics 'the Red Sea, and you handed me o-ver to the chief'. The bottom staff contains the lyrics 'priests. R̄. My people.'. The notation uses square notes on a five-line staff, with some notes connected by lines.

*Two cantors in Choir II:*

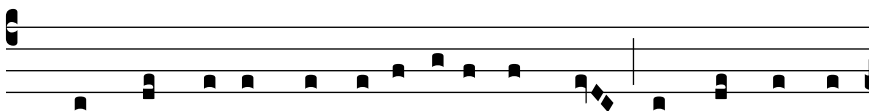


ψ. I opened up the sea before you, and you opened my side  
with a lance. R̄. My people.


The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff contains the lyrics 'ψ. I opened up the sea before you, and you opened my side'. The bottom staff contains the lyrics 'with a lance. R̄. My people.'. The notation uses square notes on a five-line staff, with some notes connected by lines.



*Two cantors in Choir I:*




ψ. I went before you in a pillar of cloud, and you led me




in-to Pilate's pal-ace. R̄. My people.

*Two cantors in Choir II:*

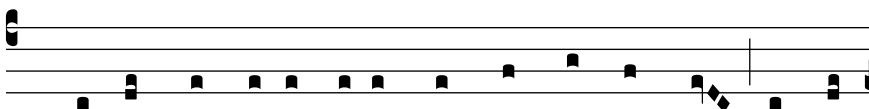


ψ. I fed you with manna in the de-sert, and on me you rained




blows and lash-es. R̄. My people.

*Two cantors in Choir I:*

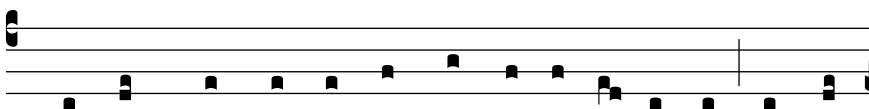


ψ. I gave you saving water from the rock to drink, and for



drink you gave me gall and vin-egar. R̄. My people.

*Two cantors in Choir II:*



ψ. I struck down for you the kings of the Canaanites, and you

struck my head with a reed. R̄. My people.

*Two cantors in Choir I:*

ψ. I put in your hand a royal scepter, and you put on my

head a crown of thorns. R̄. My people.

*Two cantors in Choir II:*

ψ. I ex-alted you with great power and you hung me on the

scaffold of the Cross. R̄. My people.

HYMN

*All:*

I  
**F** Aithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, No-ble tree be-  
 yond com-pare! Nev-er was there such a sci-on, Nev-er leaf  
 or flower so rare. \* Sweet the tim-ber, sweet the i-ron,  
 Sweet the bur-den that they bear!

*Cantors:*

**S** Ing, my tongue, in ex-ult- a- tion Of our ban-ner and  
 de-vice! Make a sol-ern pro-clam- a- tion Of a tri-umph  
 and its price: How the Sa-vior of cre- a- tion Conquered by  
 his sac- ri- fice! Faithful Cross, *up to* \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*

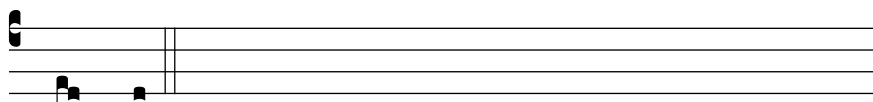
I  
**F** Aithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree beyond  
compare! Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower  
so rare.

*Cantors:*

**F** OR, when Ad-am first of-fend-ed, Eat-ing that for-bid-  
den fruit, Not all hopes of glo-ry end-ed With the ser-pent  
at the root: Bro-ken na-ture would be mended By a sec-ond  
tree and shoot. \* Sweet the timber.


*All:*

I  
**S** weet the timber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the burden that



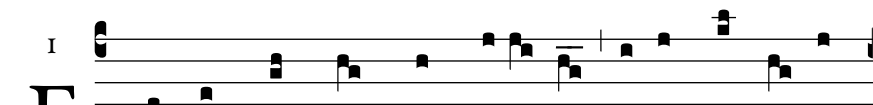
they bear!

*Cantors:*



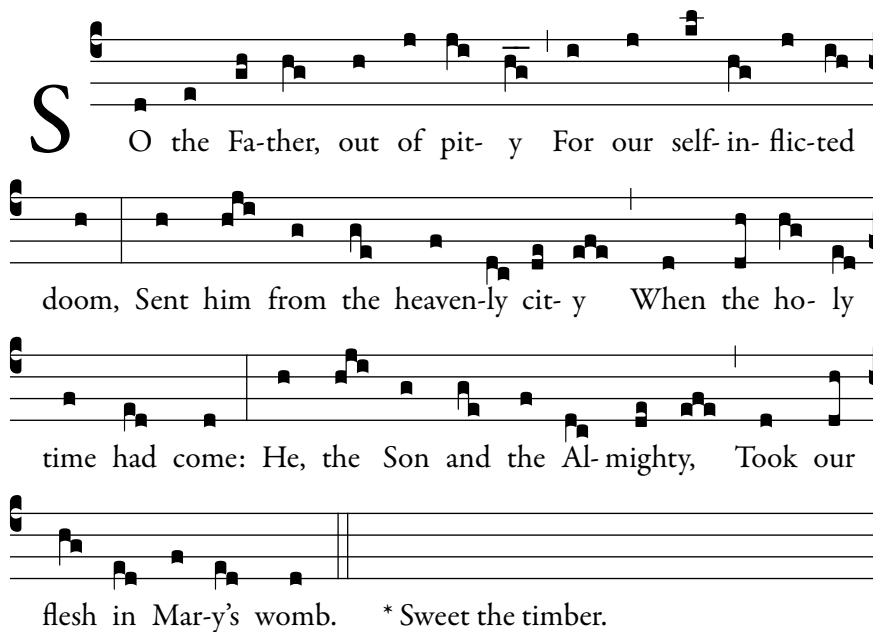
**T**hus the temp-ter was out-wit- ted By a wis-dom deep-  
er still: Rem-e- dy and ail-ment fit-ted, Means to cure and  
means to kill; That the world might be ac- quitted, Christ would  
do his fa-ther's will. Faithful Cross, *up to* \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*



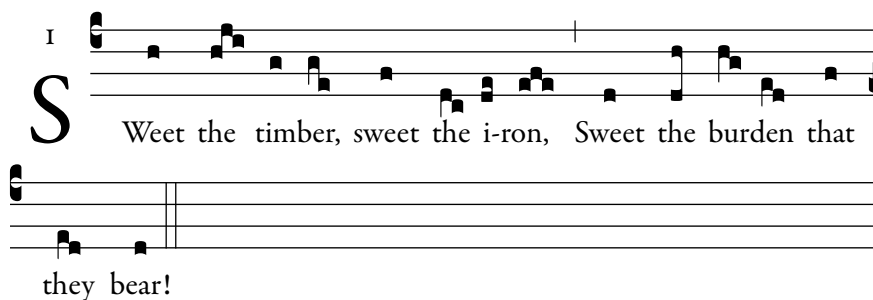
**F** Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree beyond  
compare! Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower  
so rare.

*Cantors:*



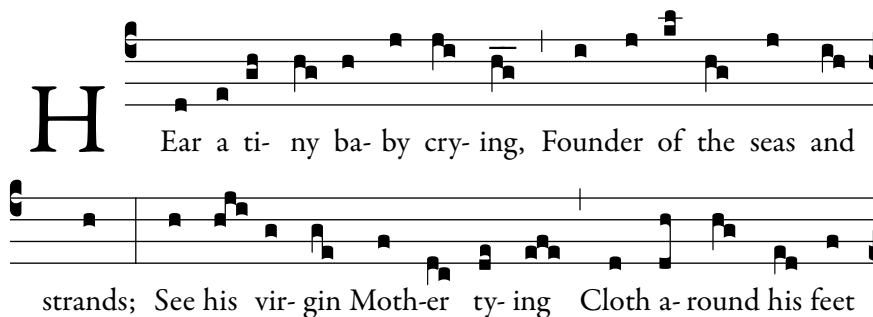
**S** O the Fa-ther, out of pit- y For our self-in- flic-ted  
doom, Sent him from the heav-en-ly cit- y When the ho- ly  
time had come: He, the Son and the Al- mighty, Took our  
flesh in Mar-y's womb. \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*




**S** I Weet the timber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the burden that  
they bear!

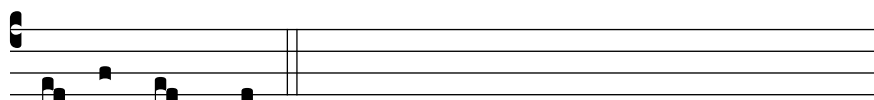
*Cantors:*



**H** Ear a ti- ny ba- by cry- ing, Founder of the seas and  
strands; See his vir- gin Moth-er ty- ing Cloth a- round his feet

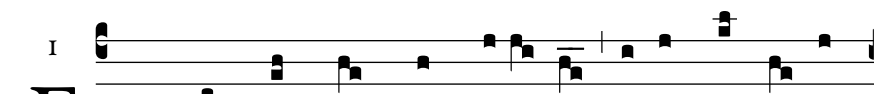


and hands; Find him in a man-ger ly- ing Tight-ly wrapped




in swaddling bands! Faithful Cross, *up to* \* Sweet the timber.

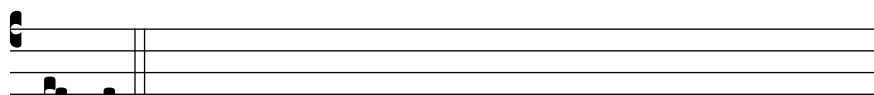
*All:*



I  
**F** Faithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree beyond

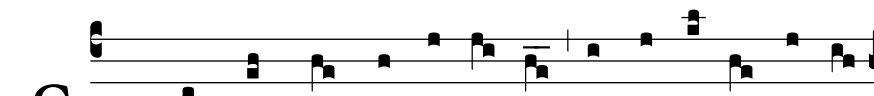


compare! Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower



so rare.

*Cantors:*



**S** O 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 scaf-fold was e-rect-ed And the Pas-chal

Lamb was slain. \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*

I

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

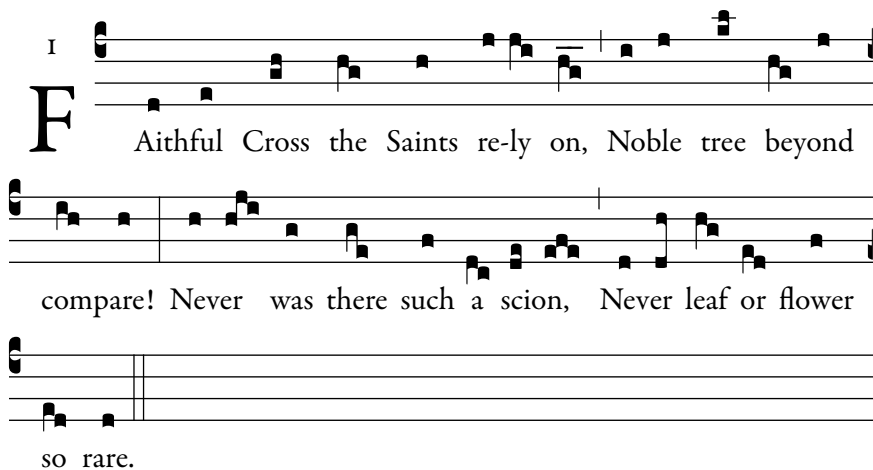
*Cantors:*

N

O disgrace was too abhorrent: Nailed and mocked  
and parched he died; Blood and water, double warrant, Issue  
from his wounded side, Washing in a mighty torrent Earth  
and stars and oceanide. Faithful Cross, *up to* \* Sweet the timber.

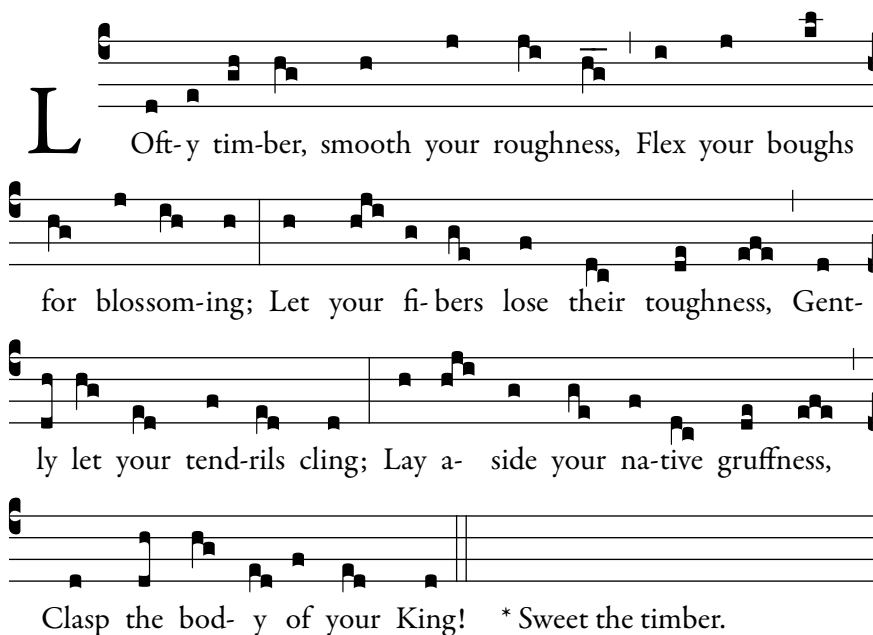


*All:*



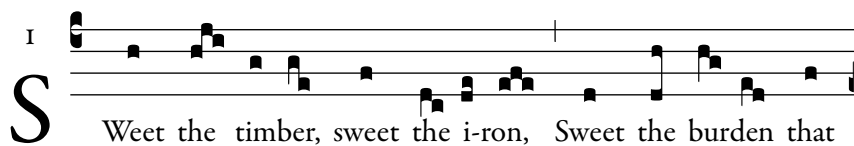
I  
**F** Aithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree beyond  
compare! Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower  
so rare.

*Cantors:*

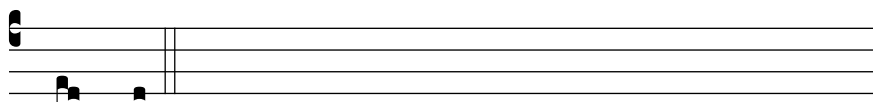


**L** Off-y tim-ber, smooth your roughness, Flex your boughs  
for blossom-ing; Let your fi-bers lose their toughness, Gent-  
ly let your tend-rils cling; Lay a- side your na-tive gruffness,  
Clasp the bod- y of your King! \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*

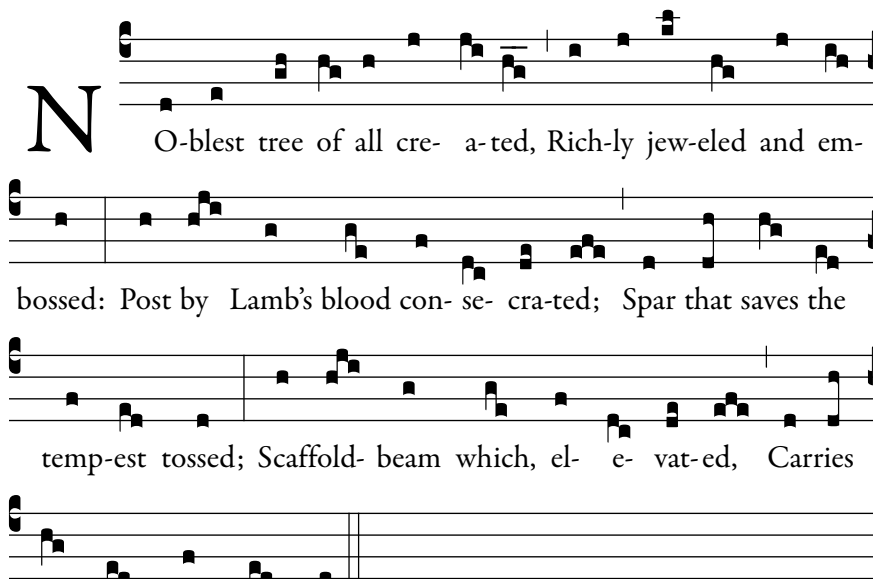


I  
**S** weet the timber, sweet the i-ron, Sweet the burden that



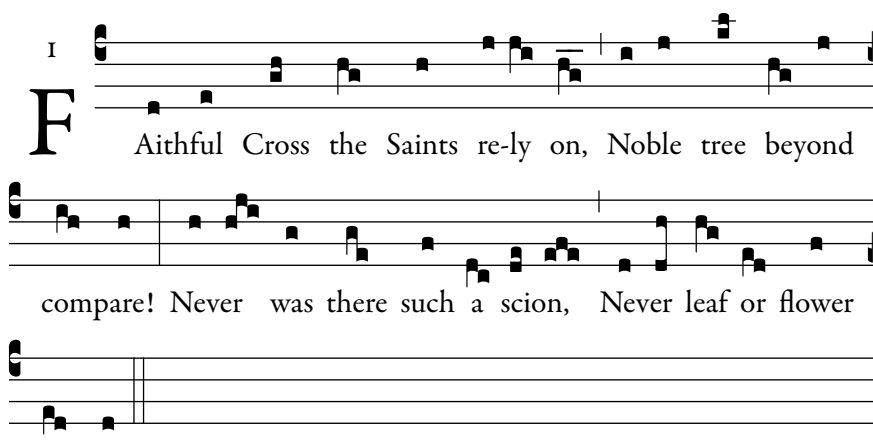
they bear!

*Cantors:*



**N** O-blest tree of all cre- a- ted, Rich-ly jew-eled and em-  
bossed: Post by Lamb's blood con- se- cra- ted; Spar that saves the  
temp-est tossed; Scaffold- beam which, el- e- vat- ed, Carries  
what the world has cost! Faithful Cross, *up to* \* Sweet the timber.

*All:*

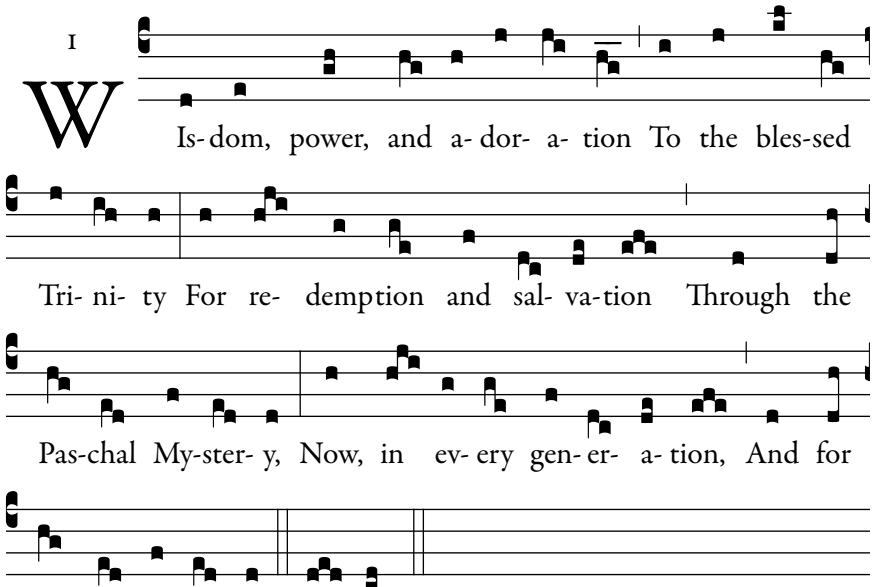


**F** aithful Cross the Saints re-ly on, Noble tree beyond  
compare! Never was there such a scion, Never leaf or flower  
so rare.

*The following conclusion is never to be omitted.*

*All:*

I  
**W**



Is-dom, power, and a-dor- a- tion To the bles-sed  
Tri- ni- ty For re- demp- tion and sal- va- tion Through the  
Pas- chal My- ster- y, Now, in ev- ery gen- er- a- tion, And for  
all e- ter- ni- ty. A- mēn. \* Sweet the timber.

During Communion, Psalm 22 (21) or another appropriate chant may be sung.

Cf. Ps 22 (21): 1

II

M

Y God, my God, why have you for-sak-en me?

### Psalm 22 (21)

1. My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? †  
Why are you far *from* saving me, \*  
so far from my *words of* anguish?  
O my God, I call by day and you do *not* answer; \*  
I call by night and I find *no* reprieve.
2. Yet you, O God, *are* holy, \*  
enthroned on the praises *of* Israel.  
In you our forebears put *their* trust; \*  
they trusted and you *set* them free.  
When they cried to you, they *escaped*; \*  
in you they trusted and were not *put to* shame.
3. But I am a worm and *no* man, \*  
scorned by everyone, despised *by* the people.  
All who see me *deride* me; \*  
they curl their lips, they *toss* their heads:  
“He trusted in the LORD, let *him* save him; \*  
let him release him, for in him *he* delights.”
4. Yes, it was you who took me from *the* womb, \*  
entrusted me to my *mother’s* breast.  
To you I was committed *from* birth; \*  
from my mother’s womb, you have *been* my God.  
Stay not far *from* me; \*  
trouble is near, and there is no *one to* help.

5. Many bulls have surrounded **me**, \*  
fierce bulls of Bashan *close me in*.  
Against me they open wide *their mouths*, \*  
like a lion, *rending and roaring*.
6. Like water I am *poured out*, \*  
disjointed are *all my bones*.  
My heart has become *like wax*, \*  
it is melted *within my breast*.
7. Parched as burnt clay is my throat, †  
my tongue cleaves to *my jaws*. \*  
You lay me in the *dust of death*.  
For dogs have surrounded me; †  
a band of the wicked *besets me*. \*  
They tear holes in my hands *and my feet*;
8. I can count every one of *my bones*. \*  
They stare at *me and gloat*.  
They divide my clothing *among them*, \*  
they cast lots *for my robe*.
9. But you, O LORD, do not stay *afar off*; \*  
my strength, make *haste to help me*!  
Rescue my soul from *the sword*, \*  
my life from the grip *of the dog*.  
Save my life from the jaws of *the lion*, \*  
my poor soul from the horns *of wild bulls*.
10. I will tell of your name to *my kin*, \*  
and praise you in the midst of *the assembly*;  
“You who fear the LORD, give him praise; †  
all descendants of Jacob, give *him glory*; \*  
revere him, all you descendants *of Israel*.

11. For he has never *despised* \*  
nor scorned the poverty *of the poor*.  
From him he has not hidden *his face*, \*  
but he heard him whenever *he cried*.”
12. You are my praise in the great *assembly*. \*  
My vows I will pay before *those who fear* him.  
The poor shall eat and shall have their fill. †  
They shall praise the LORD, those *who seek* him. \*  
May their hearts live on forever *and ever*!
13. All the earth shall remember and return to the LORD, †  
all families of the nations worship *before* him, \*  
for the kingdom is the LORD’s, he is ruler *of the nations*.  
They shall worship him, all the mighty of *the earth*; \*  
before him shall bow all who go down *to the dust*.
14. And my soul shall live for him, my descendants *serve* him. \*  
They shall tell of the LORD to generations *yet to come*,  
declare his saving justice to peoples yet *unborn*: \*  
“These are the things the LORD *has done*.”

*All, after genuflecting to the Cross, depart in silence.*