

Ss. Simon & Jude Cathedral

Most Rev. Thomas J. Olmsted, Bishop of Phoenix
Very Rev. John Lankeit, Rector

Good Friday



in the year of our Lord 2015



GOOD FRIDAY OF OUR LORD'S PASSION

Responsorial Psalm

A. Esguerra (Modern, America)

II D

Hither, into your hands I commend my spirit.

Gradual: *Christus Factus Est*

F. Anerio (1560-1614, Italy)

*Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum et dedit illi
nomen, quod est super omne nomen.*

*Christ became obedient for us unto death,
even to the death, death on the cross.
Therefore God exalted Him and gave Him a name
which is above all names.*

The Solemn Intercessions

Roman Missal

Sung by a cantor, Deacon, and the Bishop, these intercessions include time for silent prayer as the congregation kneels.

The Showing of the Holy Cross

Roman Missal

Be-hold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the sal-va-tion
of the world. R. Come, let us a-dore.



At the Adoration of the Holy Cross: The Reproaches

J. Sanders (1933-2003, England)

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!
I led you out of Egypt, from slavery to freedom, but you led your Saviour to the cross.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!
Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

For forty years I led you safely through the desert.

I fed you with manna from heaven, and brought you to a land of plenty; but you led your Saviour to the cross.

Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

What more could I have done for you? I planted you as my fairest vine, but you yielded only bitterness:
when I was thirsty you gave me vinegar to drink, and you pierced your Saviour's side with a lance.

Holy is God! Holy and strong! Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

I opened the sea before you, but you opened my side with a spear.

I led you on your way in a pillar of cloud, but you led me to Pilate's court.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!

I bore you up with manna in the desert, but you struck me down and scourged me.

I gave you saving water from the rock, but you gave me gall and vinegar to drink.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!

I gave you a royal sceptre, but you gave me a crown of thorns.

I raised you to the height of majesty, but you have raised me high on a cross.

O my people, what have I done to you? How have I offended you? Answer me!

Chant: Crucem Tuam

Fr. S. Weber, OSB (Modern, America)

4. a

E a-dore your Cross, O Lord, * we praise and glo-ri- fy your ho-ly Re-sur-rec-tion, for behold, 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.

Motet: Vexilla Regis

A. Bruckner (1824-1896, Austria)

Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

Forth the Banners fly
The mystery of the Cross shines
Which the creator and Savior
Was hanged to die.

O crux ave spes unica
Hoc passionis tempore
Auge piis justitiam
Reisque dona veniam.

Hail, O Cross, our one hope
In this Passion time
Increase godly justice
And gifts of forgiveness.

Te summa Deus Trinitas
Collaudet omnis spiritus
Quos per crucis mysterium
Salvas rege per saecula.
Amen.

God most high Trinity
May every soul gathered
See the mystery of the cross
Where you ever reign.
Amen.

Communion Chant

A. Bartlett (Modern, America)

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

Hymn: O Sacred Head Surrounded

PASSION CHORALE

1. O sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
 2. I see your strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,
 3. In this, your bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me

O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
 And death with cru - el ri - gor, Be - reav - ing you of life;
 With your most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - wor - thy though I be:

Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er you, The glow of life de - cays,
 O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!
 Be - neath your cross a - bid - ing For ev - er would I rest,

Yet an - gel hosts a - dore you And trem - ble as they gaze.
 Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn your face on me.
 In your dear love con - fid - ing, And with your pres - ence blest.

Motet: Stabat Mater

J.G. de Padilla (1590-1664, Mexico)

Stabat Mater dolorosa Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
 Dum pendebat Filius.
 Cuius animam gementem Contristatam et
 dolentem Pertransivit gladius.

*At the cross her station keeping, stood the mournful
 mother weeping, close to Jesus to the last.
 Through her soul, of joy bereaved, bowed with anguish,
 deeply grieved, now at length the sword hath passed.*

