

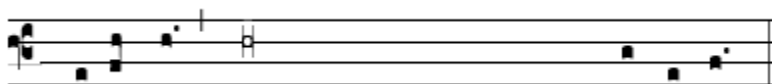
SAINT PATRICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

724 CAMP STREET NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

GOOD FRIDAY APRIL 14, 2017

SOLEMN LITURGY OF THE LORD'S PASSION AND VENERATION OF THE CROSS

RESPONSORIAL PSALM:

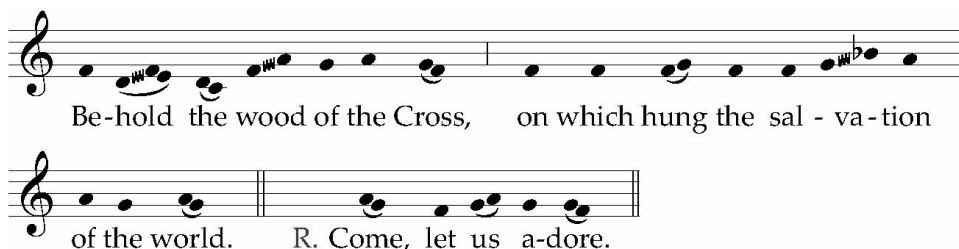


○ Fa-ther, into your hands I commend my spi-rit.

COLLECTION FOR THE HOLY LAND:

ADORAMUS TE, CHRISTE - FRANÇOIS-CLÉMENT THÉODORE DUBOIS (1837 - 1924)

VENERATION OF THE CROSS



POPULAE MEAE (REPROACHES) - TOMÁS LUIS DE VICTORIA (1548-1611)

CRUX AVE BENEDICTA - ANONYMOUS

HYMN:

WERE YOU THERE?

WERE YOU THERE

1. WERE YOU THERE WHEN
THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD?
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
CRUCIFIED MY LORD?
OH, SOMETIMES IT CAUSES ME
TO TREMBLE, TREMBLE,
TREMBLE.
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
CRUCIFIED MY LORD?

2. WERE YOU THERE WHEN
THEY NAILED HIM TO THE
TREE?
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
NAILED HIM TO THE TREE?
OH, SOMETIMES IT CAUSES ME
TO TREMBLE, TREMBLE,
TREMBLE.
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
NAILED HIM TO THE TREE?

3. WERE YOU THERE WHEN
THEY LAID HIM IN THE TOMB?
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
LAID HIM IN THE TOMB?
OH, SOMETIMES IT CAUSES ME
TO TREMBLE, TREMBLE,
TREMBLE.
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY
LAID HIM IN THE TOMB?

CRUX FIDELIS - JOÃO IV OF PORTUGAL (ATTR.) (1604-1656)

HYMN: O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED

PASSION CHORALE

O SACRED HEAD,
SURROUNDED
BY CROWN OF PIERCING
THORN!
O BLEEDING HEAD, SO
WOUNDED,
REVILED AND PUT TO SCORN!
OUR SINS HAVE MARRED THE
GLORY
OF THY MOST HOLY FACE,
YET ANGEL HOSTS ADORE
THEE
AND TREMBLE AS THEY GAZE

I SEE THY STRENGTH AND
VIGOR
ALL FADING IN THE STRIFE,
AND DEATH WITH CRUEL
RIGOR,
BEREAVING THEE OF LIFE;
O AGONY AND DYING!
O LOVE TO SINNERS FREE!
JESUS, ALL GRACE SUPPLYING,
O TURN THY FACE ON ME.

IN THIS THY BITTER PASSION,
GOOD SHEPHERD, THINK OF
ME
WITH THY MOST SWEET
COMPASSION,
UNWORTHY THOUGH I BE:
BENEATH THY CROSS
ABIDING
FOR EVER WOULD I REST,
IN THY DEAR LOVE
CONFIDING,
AND WITH THY PRESENCE
BLEST.

CHRISTUS FACTUS EST - JUAN BAUTISTA COMES (1582-1643)

COMMUNION MOTET:

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, FROM *THE CRUCIFIXION* - SIR JOHN STAINER (1840-1901)

HYMN: MY GOD, I LOVE THEE

CASWALL

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE; NOT
BECAUSE
I HOPE FOR HEAVEN THEREBY,
NOR YET BECAUSE WHO LOVE
THEE NOT
ARE LOST ETERNALLY.
THOU, O LORD JESUS, THOU
DIDST ME
UPON THE CROSS EMBRACE;
FOR ME DIDST BEAR THE
NAILS AND SPEAR,
AND MANIFOLD DISGRACE,

AND GRIEFS AND TORMENTS
NUMBERLESS,
AND SWEAT OF AGONY;
YEA, DEATH ITSELF; AND ALL
FOR ME
WHO WAS THINE ENEMY.
THEN WHY, O BLESSED JESUS
CHRIST,
SHOULD I NOT LOVE THEE
WELL,
NOT FOR THE SAKE OF
WINNING HEAVEN,
NOR ANY FEAR OF HELL;

NOT WITH THE HOPE OF
GAINING AUGHT,
NOT SEEKING A REWARD;
BUT AS THYSELF HAST LOVED
ME,
O EVER LOVING LORD!
SO WOULD I LOVE THEE,
DEAREST LORD,
AND IN THY PRAISE WILL
SING,
SOLELY BECAUSE THOU ART
MY GOD
AND MY MOST LOVING KING.