

C. LENT (the PASSION)

C1 O Precious Blood, Redeeming Flood 25 M.M.

1-4) O Precious Blood! Redeeming flood From Jesus' sacred

1) Feet; Come Thou upon our sinful hearts, To heal the wounds of sin's fell darts, To heal the, etc.

2) Hands; Upon us come! We cry to thee! From Satan's bondage set us free! From Satan's, etc.

3) Side; Come, sign us as the Saviour's own, And claim us at His Father's throne, And claim, etc.

4) wounds; Let ev'ry tongue thy praises sing! Hail, blood of Christ, our Saviour King, Hail blood, etc.

C2 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee 169 S.B.

1) By the Blood that flowed from Thee In Thy bitter agony; By the scourge so meekly borne; By Thy purple robe of scorn:

1-5) Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry! Thou wert suffering once as we; Hear the loving litany We Thy children sing to Thee.

2) By the thorns that crowned Thy Head; By Thy sceptre of a reed; By Thy Footsteps faint and slow, Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe. Chorus:

3) By the nails and pointed spear; By Thy people's cruel jeer; By Thy dying prayer which rose Begging mercy for Thy foes. Chorus:

4) By the darkness thick as night Blotting out the sun from sight; By the cry with which in death

Thou didst yield Thy parting Breath. Chorus:

5) By Thy weeping Mother's woe; By the sword
 that pierced her through, When, in anguish
 standing by, On the Cross she saw Thee die. Chorus:

21 S.G. Oh Come and Mourn with Me Awhile C3

1) Oh come and mourn with me awhile! See, Mary
 calls us to her side; Oh come and let us mourn
 with her; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2) Have we no tears to shed for Him, while sol-
 diers scoff and Jews deride? Ah! look how pa-
 tiently He hangs; Jesus our, etc.

3) How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed: His
 blessed Tongue with thirst is tied; His failing
 eyes are blind with blood; Jesus our, etc.

4) Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
 And all three ^{hours} His silence cried For mercy on
 the souls of men; Jesus our, etc.

5) Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed; His fail-
 ing eyes He strove to guide With mindful love to
 Mary's face. Jesus our, etc.

6) Come take thy stand beneath the Cross And let
 the Blood from out that Side Fall gently on thee,
 drop by drop. Jesus, Our Love is crucified!

24 S.G. I See My Jesus Crucified C4

1) I see my Jesus crucified, His wounded hands
 and feet and side, His sacred flesh all rent and
 tore, His bloody crown of sharpest thorn.

2) Those cruel nails, I drove them in, Each time
I pierced Him with my sin; That crown of thorns
'twas I who wove, When I despised His gracious
love.

3) Then to those feet I'll venture near, And
wash them with a contrite tear, And every bleed-
ing wound I see, I'll think He bore them all
for me.

4) Deep graven on my sinful heart, Oh, never
may that form depart, That with me always may
abide The thought of Jesus crucified.

05

Ecce Homo, See the Savior

29 M.M.

1) Ecce Homo, see the Savior, Scourged by Pilate's
stern command; Those He loved and blessed and
toiled for, Void of pity round Him stand. No com-
plaining sound escapes Him, Neither murmurs,
groans nor sighs; But a word of bitter anguish,
Looks from His forgiving eyes.

2) Ecce Homo, robed in purple, By His blood more
deeply dyed; Crowned with thorns, a reed His
sceptre, While the cruel Jews deride. See, the
crimson drops outgushing, O'er His sacred temple
fall; While the crowd, untouched by pity, For
His death more loudly call.

3) Ecce Homo, Lord of glory, We behold Thee,
scorned, reviled; May Thy sadly mournful story,
Make us humble, patient, mild. Bind our hearts
to Thee forever, That we may earth's pomp lay
down; And at last in endless glory, See Thee
wear Thy thornless crown.

29 M.M.

Faithful Cross

C6

1) Faithful Cross, O Tree all beauteous, Tree all peerless and divine! Not a grove on earth can show us Such a flow'r and leaf as thine. Sweet the nails and sweet the wood, Ladenwith so sweet a Load.

2) Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches, To embrace thy sacred load: Oh, relax the native tension Of that all too rigid wood. Gently, gently bear the members Of the dying King and God.

3) Tree, which solely wast found worthy Th'world's great Victim to sustain; Harbor from the raging tempest! Ark, that saved the world again! Tree, with sacred Blood anointed Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Crux Fidelis

1) Crux fidelis, inter omnes Arbor una nobilis: Nulla silva talem profert, Fronde, flore, germine: Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, Dulce pondus sustinet.

2) Flecte ramos, arbor alta, Tensa laxa viscera, Et rigor lentescat ille, Quem ded it nativitas: Et superni membra Regis Tende miti stipite.

3) Sola digna tu fuisti Ferre mundi Victimam: Atque portum praeparare Arca mundo naufrago: Quam sacer cruor perunxit, Fusus Agni corpore.

297 S.G.

Attende Domine

C7

Atténde Domine, et miserére, quia peccávimus tibi.

1) Ad te Rex summe, omniúm Redémptor, óculos nóstros sublevámus flentes: exáudi Christe, supplicántum préces.

2) Dextera Patris, lapis angularis, via salutis já-

nua coelestis, Ablue nostri maculas delicti.

3) Rogamus, Deus, tuam majestatem, auribus sacris
gemitus exaudi, Crimina nostra placidus indulge.

4) Tibi fatemur, crimina admissa: contrito corde
pandimus occulta: tua Redemptor, pietas ignoscat.

5) Innocens caputs, nec repugnans ductus, testibus
falsis, pro impiis damnatus quos redemisti, tu con-
serva, Christe.

C8

Audi Benigne Conditor

201 S.P.X.

1) Audi, benigne Conditor, Nostras preces cum fle-
tibus, In hoc sacro jejunio Fusas quadragenario.

2) Scrutator alme cordium, Infirma tu scis virium:
Ad te reversis exhibe Remissionis gratiam.

3) Multum quidem peccavimus, Sed parce confitentibus:
Ad nominis laudem tui, Confer medelam languidis.

4) Concede nostrum conteri Corpus, per abstinenciam,
Culpae ut relinquant pabulum Jejuna corda criminum.

5) Praesta beata Trinitas, Concede simplex Unitas:
Ut fructuosa sint tuis Jejuniorem munera. Amen.

C9

Popule Meus

192 S.G.

1) Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contri-
stavite? responde mihi.

2) Quia eduxi te de terra Aegypti: parasti crucem
Salvatori tuo.

- 3) Agios o Theos. 4) Sanctus Deus.
 5) Agios ischyros. 6) Sanctus fortis.
 7) Agios athanatos, eleison imas.
 8) Sanctus immortalis, miserere nobis.
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220 S.P.X.

Vexilla Regis

C10

- 1) Vexilla Régis pródeunt: Fulget Crucis mystérium,
 Qua vita mórtē pértulit, Et mórtē vitam protulit.
- 2) Quae vulneráta, lanceae Mucrone díro, criminum
 Ut nos laváret sordibus, Manávit unda et ságuine.
- 3) Impléta sunt quae concínit Dávid fideli cármine,
 Dicéndo nationibus: Regnavit a ligno Déus.
- 4) Arbor decóra, et fulgida, Ornata Régis purpura,
 Elécta digno stipite Tam sancta membra tangere.
- 5) Beáta, cújus bráchiis Pretium pepéndit saeculi:
 Statera facta corporis, Tulitque praedam tartari.
- 6) O Crux áve, spes única, Hoc Passiónis tempore:
 Piis adauge gratiam. Reisque dele crimina.
- 7) Te, fons salutis Trínitas, Collaudet, ómnis
 spiritus: Quibus Crucis victóriam Largiris, adde
 praemium. Amen.
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190a S.G.

Adoramus Te Christe

C11

Adoramus te Christe, et benedicimus tibi: Adoramus
 te Christe, et benedicimus tibi: quia per sanctam
 crucem tuam redemisti mundum, Adoramus te Christe,
 benedicimus tibi, Adoramus te Christe.

C12

Stabat Mater

162a S.G.

- 1) Stabat Mater dolorosa Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendeat Filius. Amen.
- 2) Cujus animam gementem, Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius. Amen.
- 3) O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
- 4) Quae moerebat, et dolerebat, Pia Mater, dum
videbat Nati poenas inclyti.
- 5) Quis est homo, qui non fleret, Matrem Christi
si videret In tanto supplicio?
- 6) Quis non posset contristari, Christi Matrem
contemplari Dolentem cum Filio?
- 7) Pro peccatis suae gentis Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
- 8) Vidit suum dulcem Natum Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.
- 9) Eia Mater, fons amoris, Me sentire vim
doloris Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
- 10) Fac ut ardeat cor meum In amando Christum
Deum, Ut sibi complaceam.
- 11) Sancta Mater, istud agas, Crucifixi fige
plagas Cordi meo valide.
- 12) Tui nati vulnerati, Tam dignati pro me
pati, Poenas mecum divide.
- 13) Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

14) Juxta cruce[m] tecum stare, Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

15) Virgo virginum praeclara, Mihi jam non sis
amara: Fac me tecum plangere;

16) Fac, ut portem Christi mortem, Passionis fac
consortem, Et plagas recollere.

17) Fac, me plagis vulnerari, Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii;

18) Flammis ne urar succensus, Per te, Virgo, sim
defensus In die judicii.

19) Christe, cum sit hinc exire, Da per Matrem
me venire Ad palmam victoriae.

20) Quando corpus morietur, Fac, ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

162a S.G. At the Cross Her Station Keeping C13

1) At the Cross her station keeping, Stood the mourn-
ful Mother weeping, Close to Jesus to the last. Amen.

2) Through her heart, His sorrow sharing, All His
bitter anguish bearing, Now at length the sword has
passed. Amen.

3) O that blessed one, grief-laden, Blessed Mother,
Blessed Maiden, Mother of the All-blest one. Amen.

4) How she stood in desolation Upward gazing on the
passion Of that deathless, dying Son.

5) Who could see, from tears refraining, Christ's
dear Mother uncomplaining In so great a sorrow bowed?

- 6) Who, unmoved, behold her languish Underneath His
Cross of anguish, 'Mid the fierce, un pitying crowd?
- 7) For His people's sins th'All-Holy She beheld
Victim lowly, Bleed in torments, bleed and die.
- 8) Saw her well-beloved taken, Saw her Child in death
forsaken, Heard His last expiring cry.
- 9) Fount of love and sacred sorrow, Mother! may my
spirit borrow Sadness from thy holy woe.
- 10) May my spirit burn within me, Love my God, and
great love win me Grace to please Him here below.
- 11) Those five Wounds on Jesus smitten, Mother, in
my heart be written, Deep as in thine own they be.
- 12) Thou, my Saviour's Cross who bearest, Thou, Thy
Son's rebuke who sharest, Let me share them both with
thee.
- 13) In the Passion of my Maker, Be my sinful soul
partaker, Weep till death, and weep with thee.
- 14) Mine with thee be that sad station, There to
watch the great Salvation, Wrought upon th'atoning Tree
- 15) Virgin thou of Virgins fairest, May the bitter woe
thou sharest, Make on me impression deep.
- 16) Thus Christ's dying may I carry, With Him in His
Passion tarry, And His Wounds in mem'ry keep.
- 17) May His Wounds transfix me wholly, May His Cross
and Life Blood holy, Mortify my heart and mind.
- 18) Thus inflamed with pure affection,
In the Virgin's Son protection,
May I at the judgment find.

19) When in death my limbs are failing, Let Thy
Mother's prayer prevailing Lift me, Jesus, to
Thy throne;

20) To my parting soul be given Entrance through
the gate of Heaven, There confess me for Thine
own. Amen.

239 S.G.

Parce Domine

C14

Parce Domine, parce populo tuo: ne in aeternum
irascaris nobis.

22 S.G.

O Sacred Head Surrounded

C15

1) O Sacred Head, surrounded, By crown of piercing
thorn! O bleeding Head, so wounded, Reviled and
put to scorn! Death's palid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays, Yet angel hosts adore
Thee, And tremble as they gaze.

2) 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!

3) In this Thy bitter passion, Good Shepherd,
think of me, With Thy most sweet compassion, Un-
worthy though I be: Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
Forever would I rest, In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

209 S.P.X.

On the Way of the Cross

C16

1) Who is this passing by wounded and worn, Who is
this wearing a crown of thorn? See the face

beautiful! Bowed to the road, While the hands delicate!
Drag His load.

2) O He is sinking fast! Spent is His strength, See He
is lying so Still at length. Yet must He struggle on,
Falling again, Thrice is He stricken to Earth by pain.

3) Jesus of Galilee, Scorned and alone, Not yet for-
saken of All Thine own. Lord, we will follow Thee
Suff'ring betrayed, Eager to stand, where Thy Cross is
laid.

4) Tracing each drop of Thy Blood in the dust, Counting
each wound where Thy Scourge was thrust. Jesus of Gal-
ilee Stricken and torn, Give us a share in Thy Cross of
thorn.

30C.C.

Christ in Thy Sorrows

C17

1) Christ, in Thy sorrows let me have a share, Mine,
Lord, should be the crown that Thou dost wear, Why faint
in weakness 'neath that cross of Thine? Dear Lord, the
weight and shame all be mine.

2) Dear Lord, why dost Thou die in agony Hanging on high
upon that dreadful tree? 'Tis I should suffer, 'tis my
heart should sigh; It was Thy love that led Thee Lord to
die.

3) My soul, it was Thy sins that crucified Thy Savoiur
who for love of mankind died. Ah, flee from evil and
from sin depart, Safe refuge within Christ's Sacred Heart

28C.C.

I Can Scarcely See Thee, Jesus

C18

1) I can scarcely see Thee, Jesus, For the tears

that fill my eyes, When I know on Calv'ry hanging
My dear Savior for me dies. Ah, why not the victim
changing, Why not I, the sinner, bleed? Mine the
sin, my dearest Savior, Mine, yes mine, the
wicked deed.

2) Gazing on Thy cross so lowly, I see there Thy
Hands and Feet, Torn by cruel nails and bleeding,
Who could Jesus so mistreat? Whence the thorns Thy
Head encircling, Whence the spear that pierced Thy
Side? All one bleeding wound the Body Of my Jesus
crucified.

3) All my sins have made me guilty Of the torments
Thou didst bear, Let my love and service henceforth
All my wicked life repair. In Thy death my hopes re-
posing, On Thy love my soul relies Let me suffer
with Thee, Jesus, That with Thee I may arise.

112 S.P.X.

Our Lady of Sorrows

C19

1) Our Lady, who is full of grace, Stood in anguish
at her place; Stood erect beneath the Cross, Close
to Him Who died for me.

2) What must we, the guilty feel As beside the Cross
we kneel? Ours the voices of the foe, Ours the hand
that struck the blow.

3) Help us, Mary full of grace, To look upon His
suff'ring face; Then may we closer to thee move,
And learn to look upon His love.

1146 S.G.

What a Sea of Tears and Sorrows

C20

1) What a sea of tears and sorrows, Did the soul of
Mary toss To and fro upon its billows While she
wept her bitter loss; In her arms her Jesus holding

Torn so newly from the Cross.

- 2) Oh, that mournful Virgin Mother, See her tears
how fast they flow Down upon His mangled Body W
ed Side and thorny Brow; While His Hands and Feet
she kisses, Picture of immortal woe.
 - 3) Oft, and oft His Arms and Bosom, Fondly straining
to her own; Oft, her pallid lips imprinting On each
Wound of her dear Son: Till at last in swoons of
anguish, Sense and consciousness are gone.
 - 4) Gentle Mother, we beseech thee, By thy tears and
troubles sore; By the death of thy dear Off-spring,
By the bloody Wounds He bore; Touch our hearts with
that true sorrow Which afflicted thee of yore.
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