Good Friday

Warrane College

Responsorial Psalm.

Father, I put my life in your hands.

Gospel Acclamation

Praise and honour to you, Lord Jesus Christ.
Christ became obedient for us even to death, dying on the cross. Therefore God raised him on high and gave him a name above all other names.
Praise and honour to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

Veneration of The Cross.

<u>Faithful Cross.</u>

Refrain: Faithful Cross, above all other,
One and only noble Tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
   Sing the ending of the fray;

Now above the Cross, the trophy,
Sound the loud triumphant lay:
Tell how Christ, the world's
Redeemer,
As a Victim won the day.

2. God in pity saw man fallen,
Shamed and sunk in misery,
When he fell on death by tasting
Fruit of the forbidden tree:
Then another Tree was chosen
Which the world from death should
free.

3. Thus the scheme of our salvation
Was of old in order laid:
That the manifold deceiver's
Art by art might be outweighed:
And the lure the foe put forward
Into means of healing made.

4. Therefore when the appointed
fullness
Of the holy time was come,
He was sent, who maketh all things,

Forth from God's eternal home:
Thus he came to earth, incarnate,
Offspring of a maiden's womb.

5. Lo! he lies an infant weeping,
Where the narrow manger stands:
While the Mothermaid his members
Wraps in mean and lowly bands:
And the swaddling clothes is winding
Round his helpless feet and hands.

6. Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointéd time fulfilled,
Born for this he meets his passion,
For that this he freely willed;
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted
Where his life-Blood shall be spilled.

7. He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed;
From that holy Body broken
Blood and Water both proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean

By that flood from stain are freed.

8. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of glory;
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed suspend:
And the King of heav'nly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

9. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold:
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbour, like the Ark of old:
With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

10. To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet:
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete:
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

<u>Stabat Mater</u>

At the Cross her station keeping,

stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child,

all with bloody scourges rent:

For the sins of His own nation,
saw Him hang in desolation,
till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! Fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! Pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew
of my Saviour crucified:

Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my latest breath,
in my body bear the death
of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
by Thy Mother my defence,
by Thy Cross my victory;

While my body here decays,
may my soul Thy goodness praise,
safe in paradise with Thee.
Amen.

O Sacred Head, Surrounded
O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn
O bleeding Head, so wounded
Reviled and put to scorn
The pow'r of death comes o'er you
The glow of life decays
Yet angel hosts adore you
And tremble as they gaze.

I see your strength and vigor
All fading in the strife
And death with cruel rigor
Bereaving you of life
O agony and dying
O love to sinners free
Jesus, all grace supplying
O turn your face on me.

In this, your bitter passion

Good Shepard, think of me
With your most sweet compassion
Unworthy though I be
Beneath your cross abiding
For ever would I rest

In your dear love confiding
And with your presence blest.