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“Tre Ore”

OR THE

**Three Hours' Agony
of Our Lord**

Good Friday
from 12 to 3 p. m.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

17 South Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.

1927

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DIRECTIONS.

1. Fix beforehand some special grace, for yourself or others, to be asked during these three hours.
 2. Stand up while each hymn is sung.
 3. Kneel at the end of each discourse.
 4. Join in the hymn.
 5. Answer the prayers in a loud voice.
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PLENARY INDULGENCE.

All the faithful who practice the devotion of the Three Hours' Agony, on Good Friday, beginning soon after midday, and continuing it for three hours, in public or private, using any pious book that is approved, meditating on our Lord's great suffering on the Cross, and on the Seven Words he uttered, may gain a Plenary Indulgence, provided they go to Confession and Communion on Holy Thursday, or during Easter week, and pray for some time for the intentions of His Holiness the Pope.

NIHIL OBSTAT

Sti. Ludovici, die 4. Sept. 1926

JOANNES ROTHENSTEINER,
Censor Librorum

IMPRIMATUR

Sti. Ludovici, die 8. Sept. 1926

†JOANNES J. GLENNON,

Archiepiscopus St. Ludovici.

“Tre Ore” or the Three Hours’ Agony.

ANTHEM.

(*All kneel.*)

Improperium expectavit cor meum et miseriam: et sustinui qui simul mecum contristaretur, et non fuit: consolantem me quaesivi, et non inveni: et dederunt in escam meam fel, et in siti mea potaverunt me aceto.

My heart hath looked for reproach and bitterness, and I looked for someone to take pity on me, and there was none; and for comforters and I found none. They gave me also gall for meat: and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.

The Promise of Our Lord.

Zach. xii.

Priest: I will pour out upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, The Spirit of Grace and of Prayers, and they shall look upon Me Whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son, and they shall grieve over Him as the manner is to grieve for the death of the first-born. And they shall say to Him, What are these wounds in the

midst of Thy hands? And He shall say,
With these I was wounded in the house
of them that loved Me.

People: Redeemer of the world, have
mercy on us!

Priest: Behold, O good and most
sweet Jesus, we cast ourselves upon our
knees in Thy sight, and with the most
fervent desire of our souls we pray and
beseech Thee that Thou wouldst impress
upon our hearts lively sentiments of faith,
hope, and charity, with true repentance
for our sins, and a most firm desire of
amendment whilst with deep affection
and grief of soul we ponder within our-
selves, and in spirit contemplate, during
these three hours, Thy five most precious
wounds; having before our eyes that
which David spake of Thee, O good
Jesus, in prophecy: "They have dug My
hands and feet; they have numbered all
My bones." Amen.

People: Redeemer of the world, have
mercy on us.

Opening Discourse.

HYMN.

(**Psallite*, p. 41.)

(*All stand.*)

1.—By the blood that flowed from Thee,
In Thy bitter agony,
By the scourge so meekly borne,
By Thy purple robe of scorn:
Jesus, Saviour, hear our prayer,
Grant us, that we no more sin,
May Thy pains and suff'rings heal us.
Cleanse our minds and hearts within.

(*After hymn all kneel.*)

Priest: Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people. Help us, O Lord God our Saviour, and for the glory of Thy name, O Lord deliver us, and be propitious to our sins for Thy name's sake. For we have sinned, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly and revolted, we have gone aside from Thy commandments and Thy judgments, we have not hearkened to Thy servants the prophets who have spoken in Thy name. O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face; but to Thee, the Lord our God, mercy and forgiveness; for we have departed

*"Psallite." Catholic English Hymns Collected by A. Roesler, S.J., published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

from Thee, and by reason of our sins
Thy people are a reproach to all that
are round about us. Incline, O my God,
Thine ears and hear: open Thy eyes and
see our desolation: for it is not for our
justification that we present our prayers
before Thy face, but for the multitude of
Thy tender mercies. O Lord hear, O
Lord be appeased: hearken and do not
delay, for Thy own sake, O my God.
For Thy name is invoked upon Thy peo-
ple. Amen.

LITANY.

*(All answer in a loud voice: Have mercy on
us.)*

Jesus, Redeemer of the World
Jesus, meek and humble of Heart
Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of silver
Jesus, agonized in the garden
Jesus, betrayed by the kiss of Judas
Jesus, abandoned by Thy disciples
Jesus, denied by Peter
Jesus, bound with cords and blind-
folded
Jesus, stricken on the face and spit
upon
Jesus, delivered up to Pilate and the
Gentiles
Jesus, set at naught by Herod

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, degraded below Barabbas
 Jesus, scourged at the pillar
 Jesus, crowned with thorns and
 clothed in mock purple
 Jesus, rejected by the people
 Jesus, accused falsely and condemned
 unjustly
 Jesus, laden with the heavy Cross
 Jesus, led with thieves to execution
 Jesus, come to Calvary to die for us
 Lamb of God, laden with the sins of
 the world, Spare us, O Lord
 Lamb of God, laden with the sins of
 the world, Graciously hear us, O
 Lord
 Lamb of God, laden with the sins of
 the world, Have mercy on us, O
 Lord.

Have mercy on us.

HYMN.

(*Psallite, p. 46.*)

(*All rise.*)

- 1.—O come and mourn with me awhile,
 See Mary calls us to her side;
 O come and let us mourn with her:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

- 2.—Sev'n times He spoke, *Sev'n Words* of
 love,
 And all three hours His silence cried,
 For mercy on the souls of men:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3.—Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
 And let the blood from out His side
 Fall gently on thee, drop by drop:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

First Word on the Cross.

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: The executioners lead Jesus to the spot where the Cross is lying on the ground. Like a Lamb destined for a holocaust, He lays Himself on the wood that is to serve as the altar. They violently stretch His hands and feet to the places marked for them, and fasten them with nails to the wood. Mary hears the strokes of the hammer, and every blow wounds her heart. Magdalene's grief is intensified by her incapability of helping her tortured Master. Jesus is heard to speak: it is His First Word on Calvary:

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Discourse.

(*Sit down.*)

ANTHEM.

(*Kneel.*)

O bone Jesu, miserere nobis, quia tu creasti nos, tu redemisti nos sanguine tuo pretiosissimo.	O good Jesus, have mercy on us, because Thou hast created us, and redeemed us by Thy most precious blood.
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Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for those in the state of sin. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask it of Thee by Thy Holy Name, Jesus.

Priest: By Thy sweet Name Jesus—which Thy Father gave Thee.

By Thy sweet Name Jesus, which Thou didst Thyself accept so gladly as an engagement—to suffer all for us, to pay all for us, to forgive all our sins, to forget them all, to grant every blessing to all who pray to Thee.

By Thy sweet Name Jesus—which touched the heart of Thy Heavenly Father, which has closed Hell to us, opened Heaven to us, and brought back hope to so many poor sinners, which confounds the devils, gladdens the Angels, teaches so many virtues, and better than all other names expresses what Thou hast ever been to us, during Thy

mortal life, on Calvary, every day of our lives, on Thy altar, in the Holy Tabernacle, in Holy Communion, in our hearts, and what Thou wilt be to us forever in Heaven.

People: By Thy Holy Cross and Passion, Lord Jesus deliver us.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Priest: Look down, we beseech Thee, O Lord, on this, Thy family, for whose sake our Lord Jesus Christ did not hesitate to be delivered into the hands of the persecutors and to endure the torment of the Cross. Who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen.

People: Lord Jesus! for Thy sake I believe in Thee. For Thy sake I hope in Thee. For Thy sake I love Thee. For Thy sake I grieve that I have sinned against Thee, and have caused others to sin against Thee. For Thy sake I heartily forgive all who have wronged me: and beg Thy grace and mercy for all whom I have wronged. For Thy sake I wish to love all men; to live in peace

and true charity with all: and to help all to work out their eternal salvation. Amen.

Priest: By Thy holy Cross and bitter Passion, O Lord.

People: Send help to Thy servants who are sick or near their death. Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

HYMN.

(*Psallite*, p. 48.)

(*Stand.*)

- 1.—Overwhelmed in depths of sorrow,
On the tree of pain and scorn,
Hangeth bleeding the Redeemer,
And with racking anguish torn.
Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,
Who has nailed Thee to the Cross?
O! 'twas I, who sinn'd and grieved Thee,
I, who nailed Thee to the Cross.
- 2.—See the nails how cruelly piercing
Hands and feet so tender rend;
Down His face and down His body
See His Sacred Blood descend.
Jesus who has caused Thy Passion,
Who has nailed
- 3.—Hearken! with what cry in dying
Jesus' spirit takes its flight!
How it pierced the heart of Mary,
How it whelmed her soul in night.
Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,
Who has nailed

Second Word.

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: It is the sixth hour, or, as we call it, mid-day. The sun withdraws his light, and darkness covers the face of the earth. The stars appear in the heavens, all is silent as death. The thief whose cross is at the right of Jesus feels himself touched with repentance and hope. Turning to his companion he upbraids him for having blasphemed Jesus, and then turning his head toward our Saviour's Cross, he thus prays to Him: *Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom!* Jesus is pleased to find in this poor criminal the faith He had vainly sought for from Israel: He thus grants his humble prayer: It is His Second Word on the Cross: "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Discourse.

(*Sit down.*)

ANTHEM.

(*Kneel.*)

Tribulationes cordis mei dilatatae sunt: de necessitatibus meis eripe me domine.		The distress of my soul is increased: de- liver me, O Lord, from my necessities
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**Vide humilitatem
meam et laborem
meum; et dimitte om-
nia peccata mea.**

See to what I am re-
duced. See what I suf-
fer; and forgive me all
my sins.

Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for all whose death is near. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask this grace by Thy holy Hands.

Priest: By those Hands, so often raised to Thy Heavenly Father to implore our pardon; and so often lowered to lift us up. By those Hands, so often placed on our wounds to cure them. By those Hands, so often stretched out to protect and bless us, and receive us back to peace and love. By those Hands, pierced and fastened to the Cross for us, and still bearing the marks of their Wounds. And we ask it by Thy sacred Feet. By those Feet, so often wearied and torn in following after us. By those Feet, which

have so often stopped to wait for us. By those Feet, which never broke the bruised reed nor quenched the smoking flax. By those Feet, which have ever been the refuge of sinners and mourners. By those Feet, at which penitent Magdalene found so tender a reception, peace for the heart, victory over her passions, pardon for her sins, true happiness, and her faithful, ardent, and unwavering love. By those sacred Feet, which were pierced on the Cross and still bear the adorable Wounds to plead for us.

People: Jesus, remember us now and in our agony.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Priest: O my Lord Jesus Christ, Who, to redeem the world, didst vouchsafe to be born amongst men, to be circumcised, to be rejected and persecuted by the Jews, to be betrayed by the traitor Judas, with a kiss, and as a lamb, gentle and innocent, to be bound with cords and dragged in scorn before the tribunals of Annas, Caiphas, Pilate and Herod; Who didst suffer Thyself to be accused by

false witnesses, to be torn by the scourge and overwhelmed with opprobrium, to be spit upon, to be crowned with thorns, buffeted, struck with a reed, blindfolded, stripped of Thy garments, to be nailed to the cross and raised on it between two thieves, to be given gall and vinegar to drink and to be pierced with a lance; do Thou, O Lord, by Thy most sacred pains, which I, all unworthy, call to mind, and by Thy holy Cross and death, save me from the pains of hell and vouchsafe to bring me whither Thou didst bring the good thief who was crucified with Thee; Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

People: Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

HYMN.

(*Psallite, p. 47.*)

(*Stand.*)

- 1.—O Sacred Head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn,
O bleeding head so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn,
Death's pallid 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,
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Oh! turn Thy face on me.

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

Third Word.

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: Mary draws near to the Cross whereon hangs her divine Son. The thick darkness has dispersed the crowd. All are silent and the soldiers can find no reason for keeping the afflicted mother from approaching her Son. Jesus looks with tenderest affection upon Mary; the sight of her sorrow is a new grief to His Sacred Heart. He is dying, and His mother cannot console or embrace Him. Magdalene, too, is there, distracted with grief. Those feet, which a few days before she had anointed with her most

precious perfumes, are now pierced through with nails, and the blood is clotting round the wounds. John is there, too, overwhelmed with sorrow. The silence is again broken. Jesus speaks to His mother and to the beloved disciple: it is His Third Word: "Woman, behold thy son." After that, He saith to the disciple: "Behold thy Mother."

Discourse.

(*Sit down.*)

ANTHEM.

(*Kneel.*)

<p>Sancta Mater istud agas Crucifixi fige plagas Cordi meo valide. Tui Nati vulnerati Tum dignati pro me pati Poenas mecum di- vide.</p>	<p>Those five wounds of Jesus smitten, Mother, in my heart be written, Deep as in thine own they be. Thou my Saviour's cross that bearest, Thou thy Son's rebuke that sharest, Let me share them both with thee.</p>
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Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly, but with great confidence, we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, es-

pecially for our parents, children, relatives and friends. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee, and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask this grace by Thy Holy Mother Mary.

Priest: By Thy Immaculate Mother, in whom there is no sin. By Thy mother, who bore Thee in her womb. By Thy thoughtful Mother, who kept in her heart all that concerned Thee. By Thy Mother, who shared every joy and every sorrow of Thy life and death.

People: Holy Mary, Mother of Sorrows, pray for us!

Priest: Mary most holy, Mother of sorrows, by that intense martyrdom which Thou didst suffer at the foot of the Cross, during the three hours of Jesus' agony: deign to aid us all, children of thy sorrows, in our last agony, that, by thy prayers, we, from our bed of death, may pass to Heaven's holy joys, there to adorn thy crown.

Hail Mary, *three times.*

Priest: Mother of mercy, Mother of
grace,

People: Mary, help a fallen race,
Shield us when the foe is
nigh,
And receive us when we die.

Priest: From a sudden and unpro-
vided death,

People: Deliver us, O Lord.

Priest: From the snares of the devil.

People: Deliver us, O Lord.

Priest: From everlasting death,

People: Deliver us, O Lord.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ,
and we bless Thee:

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross
Thou hast redeemed the world.

Priest: O God, Who for our salva-
tion hast, in the most bitter death of Thy
Son, made for us both an example and a
refuge: grant, we beseech Thee, that,
in the last peril, at the hour of our death,
we may be made worthy to experience
the effect of His great charity, and to be
made partakers of His glory: through the
same Christ Our Lord. Amen.

People: Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give
you my heart and my soul. Jesus, Mary,
Joseph, assist me in my last agony.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph, may I breathe out
my soul in peace in your holy company.

Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

HYMN.
(*Psallite. p. 153.*)
(*Stand.*)

- 1.—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.
- 2.—Oh, that blessed One, grief-laden,
Blessed Mother, blessed Maiden,
Mother of the all-blest One!
How she stood in desolation
Upward gazing on the passion
Of that deathless dying Son!
- 3.—Who could see from tears refraining,
Christ's dear Mother uncomplaining,
In so great a sorrow bowed?
Who, unmoved, behold her languish
Underneath His Cross of anguish
'Mid the fierce unpitying crowd?

Fourth Word.

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: It is close upon the ninth hour—the third hour after midday—the one fixed by the eternal decree of God for the death of the Man-God. The feeling of abandonment, which had caused our Redeemer to suffer an Agony in the

Garden, now returns. He has taken upon Himself the sins of mankind: the whole weight of God's justice now presses on His soul. The bitter chalice of God's anger, which He is drinking to the very dregs, extorts from His lips the plaintive cry: it is His Fourth Word: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Discourse.

(Sit down.)

PSALM 129.

(Kneel.)

De profundis clamavi ad te domine: * Domine exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes* in vocem deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: * Domine, quis sustinebit?

Quia apud te propitiationis est* et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: * speravit anima mea in Domino.

Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

If Thou, O Lord, shalt mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand it?

For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness, and by reason of Thy law I have waited for Thee, O Lord.

My soul hath relied on His word: my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

A custodia matu-
tina usque ad noctem
*speret Israel in Dom-
ino.

Quia apud Domi-
num misericordia, *
et copiosa apud eum
redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Is-
rael * ex omnibus in-
iquitatibus ejus.

Requiem æternam
dona eis domine;* et
lux perpetua luceat
eis.

From the morning
watch even unto night,
let Israel hope in the
Lord.

Because with the
Lord there is mercy,
and with Him plente-
ous redemption.

And he shall redeem
Israel from all his in-
iquities.

Eternal rest grant to
them, O Lord; and let
perpetual light shine
upon them.

Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for the poor suffering souls, and for all much tried by temptation. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee, and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: Lord Jesus, remember Thy servants departed. May eternal light shine upon them.

Priest: Lord God Almighty, I beseech Thee, by the precious blood which Thy Divine Son shed on this day, upon the

wood of the Cross, deliver the souls in Purgatory, and especially those souls for whom I am bound most to pray, that through the devout prayers of Thy servants here gathered around Thy Cross to commemorate Thy three hours of agony, they may obtain that remission of pain which they have ever desired: Who livest and reignest world without end.

People: Amen.

Priest: Eternal rest give to them, O Lord.

People: And let everlasting light shine upon them.

Priest: May they rest in peace.

People: Amen.—Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

ANTHEM.

(*Stand.*)

Pie Jesu, Domine,	King	Jesus,	Lord,
do na eis requiem	grant	them	eternal
sempiternan. (Three	rest.		
times.)			

Fifth Word.

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: There was but one detail of prophecy which was as yet unfulfilled; years before, the Royal Psalmist had said: "And they gave me gall for my

food; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." (Ps. lxxvii.:22.) Well He knew that in answer to His words one of the soldiers would present to His parched and dying lips a sponge full of vinegar and hyssop, and that this would be all the refreshment He would receive from that earth on which He daily pours forth a heavenly dew, and to which He has given overflowing fountains and rivers. But he came to fulfill *all* and do a perfect work, and He breaks that awful silence by that word so expressive of suffering: it is His Fifth Word: "I thirst."

Discourse.

(*Sit down.*)

ANTHEM.

(*Kneel.*)

<p>Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine Me immundum munda tuo san- guine. Cujus una stilla sal- vum facere Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.</p>	<p>O Loving Pelican, O Jesus, Lord, Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood, Of which a single drop for sinners spilt, Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.</p>
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Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for the poor, for all suffering great want and for those we have neglected to help. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee, and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask this grace by Thy Sacred Lips that said, "Come to Me all ye that labor."

Priest: By those Sacred Lips that said, "The Son of Man came not to destroy sinners, but to save them." That said, "It is I; fear ye not:" "Ask and it shall be given to you."

By those Sacred Lips that said—to the paralytic, "Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." To the widow, "Weep not." To the leper, "I will, be thou made clean." To Magdalene, "Go in peace."

By those Sacred Lips, that said from the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

By those Sacred Lips, parched by a

cruel thirst, that said to the good thief, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

People: Jesus, remember us now and in our agony.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee.

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Prayer of St. Pius V.

Priest: 1. Lord Jesus Christ, my Crucified Saviour, Son of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, open Thine Ear and listen to me, as Thou didst listen to Thy Eternal Father on Mount Tabor.

2. Lord Jesus Christ, my crucified Saviour, Son of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, open Thine Eyes and look down upon me, as Thou didst look down, from the Tree of the Cross, upon Thy sorrowing and afflicted Mother.

3. Lord Jesus Christ, my crucified Saviour, Son of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, open Thy Sacred Lips and speak to me, as Thou didst to St. John, when Thou gavest him as a Son to Thy beloved Mother.

4. Lord Jesus Christ, my crucified

Saviour, Son of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, open Thine Arms and embrace me, as Thou didst open them on the Tree of the Cross, to embrace the whole human race.

5. Lord Jesus Christ, my crucified Saviour, Son of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, open Thy Heart and accept mine, and graciously hear my prayer, if such be the pleasure of Thy most holy will.

People: Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us!

HYMN.

(*Psallite, p. 44.*)

(*Stand.*)

1.—My Jesus, say what wretch has dared
Thy sacred hands to bind?
And who has dared to buffet so
Thy face so meek and kind?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take!
Oh! spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.

2.—My Jesus, whose the hand that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross
Which weights Thy shoulders down?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take!

&c., &c.

3.—My Jesus, who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?
Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands,
And made the hammer fall?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus, pity take!
&c., &c.

Sixth Word

(*Kneel.*)

Priest: The moment is at length come when Jesus is to yield up His Soul to His Father. He has fulfilled every prophecy that has been foretold of Him, even that of receiving vinegar when parched with thirst. He had now but to abandon himself to death. His head bends forward, His eyes begin to close and His lips become cold and livid. But, that He might show the world that He died because He was pleased so to do, in order to teach us to die well, after having taught us to live well; at the moment when men lose their speech, He, the God-man, lifts up His head, opens His eyes, and fixing them on Heaven, speaks thus: it is His Sixth Word: "It is consummated."

Discourse.

(Sit down.)

ANTHEM.

(Plain Chant.)

(Kneel.)

Popule meus, quid feci tibi, aut in quo contristavi te? Responde mihi; Quia eduxi te de terra Aegypti. parasti crucem Salvatori tuo.

Agios o Theos.

Sanctus Deus.

Agios ischyros.

Sanctus fortis.

Agios athanatos,
eleison imas.

Sanctus immortalis,
miserere nobis.

My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee? Answer Me. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Saviour.

O Holy God!

O Holy God!

O Holy and strong!

O Holy and strong!

O Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.

O Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.

Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified for us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for those suffering oppression or persecution, that they may be strengthened and comforted. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee and

to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask this grace by Thy Sacred Body.

Priest: By Thy Sacred Body, born of the Immaculate Virgin Mary and carried in her arms. By Thy Sacred Body, faint and weary. By Thy Sacred Body, disfigured and unsightly. By Thy Sacred Body, all covered with Thy precious blood. By Thy Sacred Body, hanging on the Cross like one vast wound. By Thy Sacred Body, cold and stiff in death. By Thy Sacred Body, offered daily on the altar, By Thy Sacred Body, always present in our holy tabernacles.

People: Lord Jesus, help Thy servants, who put their trust in Thee.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Priest: Look down, O Lord, from Thy sanctuary, and from Heaven, Thy dwelling place, and behold this holy Victim, which our great High-Priest, Thy Holy Child, the Lord Jesus, offers up to Thee for the sins of His Brethren; and let not Thy wrath be kindled because

of the multitude of our transgressions. Behold the voice of the Blood of Jesus, our Brother, calls to Thee from the Cross. Give ear, O Lord, be appeased, O Lord, hearken, and tarry not, for Thine own sake, O my God, because Thy name is called upon in behalf of this city and of Thy people; but deal with us according to Thy great mercy. Amen.

That Thou vouchsafe to defend, pacify, keep, reserve and bless this city.

People: We beseech Thee, hear us. Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

HYMN.

(*Psallite, p. 34.*)

(*Stand.*)

- 1.—From the depths we cry to Thee, O Lord!
God, loving Father, God, our Father,
See we ask Thy mercy here.
God, loving Father, God, our Father,
Hear us pray with hearts sincere.
- 2.—Let Thine ears our suppliant voices hear,
Hear us now sighing, And to Thee crying,
God, draw back Thy chast'ning hand.
Hear us now sighing, And to Thee crying,
Who Thy searching eye may stand?

Seventh Word.

(Kneel.)

Priest: Jesus has now but to die. His death is to put the finishing stroke to our redemption, as the Prophets assure us. But He must die as God. This man worn out by suffering, exhausted by His *Three Hours' Agony*, whose few words were scarcely audible to them that stood round His Cross—now utters a loud cry which is heard at a great distance off, and fills the Centurion, who commands the guard, with fear and astonishment: it is His Seventh and Last Word: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Discourse.

(Sit down.)

ANTHEM.

(Kneel.)

Silenzio et devotione	In quiet and in prayer-
Redemptor, m e m o r	ful brooding
sim tui	My Saviour may I
Fluantque lacrymae	think on Thee
contriti	With tears of peniten-
Diesque sancta sit	tial grieving
mihi.	And holy be this day
Qua vitam sanguinem	to me.
dedisti	Wherein Thou borest
	pain and dying

Volens in monte Golgotha Ut immortalis et immunis, Haeres aeterni regni sim.	In shame upon Mount Calvary, To put me in Thy Kingdom reigning Securely for eternity.
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Priest: O Lord Jesus Christ, crucified by us, humbly but with great confidence we beseech Thee to be merciful to us all here gathered round Thy Cross, and to all those for whom we wish to pray, especially for all to whom we are much indebted; for all ever entrusted to our care, that they may have a happy death. Grant us the grace to know Thee, to love Thee, and to be truly sorry that till now we have known and loved Thee so little.

People: We ask this grace by Thy precious Blood.

Priest: By Thy precious Blood, which bathed Thy sacred Body, and trickled down to the ground in the Garden of Olives. By Thy precious Blood, which gushed from Thy sacred Body during the scourging. By Thy precious Blood, which covered Thy sacred face when Thou wast crowned with thorns. By

Thy precious Blood, which burst from Thy hands and feet on Calvary. By Thy precious Blood, which from the Cross cried to Thy Father for pardon for us. By Thy precious Blood, which after death came forth from Thy Sacred Heart. By Thy precious Blood, still offered daily on our altars. By Thy precious Blood, of which we drink in Holy Communion, and of which Thou hast said, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life."

People: By Thy most bitter death, dear Lord, deliver us.

Priest: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

People: Because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Priest: Divine Jesus, incarnate Son of God, Who, for our salvation, didst vouchsafe to be born in a stable; to pass Thy life in poverty, trials and misery, and to die amid the sufferings of the Cross, I entreat Thee, say to Thy Divine Father at the hour of my death: *Father, forgive him*; say to Thy beloved Mother: *Behold thy Son*; say to my soul: *This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise*. My God, my God, forsake me not in

that hour. *I thirst*, yes, my God, my soul thirsteth after Thee, who art the fountain of living waters. My life passeth like a shadow; yet a little while and all will be consummated. Wherefore, my adorable Saviour, from this moment, for all eternity, *Into Thy hands I commend my spirit*. Lord, Jesus, receive my soul. Amen.

People: Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us!

HYMN.

(*Psallite*, p. 43.)

(*Stand.*)

- 1.—Jesus, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near,
And bending o'er Thy form divine,
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of Thine.
- 2.—Hail, awful brow; hail, thorny wreath;
Hail, countenance now pale in death,
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That angels trembled as they gazed.
- 3.—And hail to Thee, my Saviour's side,
And hail to Thee, Thou wound so wide,
Thou wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote for all our woes.
- 4.—Oh! by these sacred hands and feet,
For me so mangled, I entreat,
My Jesus, turn me not away,
But let me here forever stay.

(*Then all kneel down.*)

Priest: O Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father, we adore Thee now lying dead on the wood of Thy sacrifice. Thy bitter death has given us life. Like those Jews who saw Thee expire, and returned to Jerusalem striking their breasts, we also confess, that it is our sins that have caused Thy death. Thou hast loved us, as none but a God could love. Henceforth, we must be Thine and serve Thee, as creatures redeemed at the infinite price of Thy blood. Thou art our God, we are Thy people. Accept, we beseech Thee, our most loving thanks for this final proof of Thy goodness towards us. Thy holy Church now silently invites us to celebrate Thy praise. We leave Calvary for a time; Mary, Thy Mother, remains immovable at the foot of Thy Cross; Magdalene clings to Thy feet; John and the Holy Women stand around Thee. Once more, dearest Jesus, we adore Thy sacred Body and Thy precious Blood and Thy Holy Cross.

People: Jesus, for Thy sake, I believe in Thee, I hope in Thee, I love Thee, I grieve that I have sinned against Thee and caused others to sin against Thee.

Jesus, from Thy Cross bless all here

present and all for whom we have prayed. Jesus, grant that we may live and die in Thy love, May our Lord Jesus crucified live in our hearts. Amen.

Jesus, to Thee I consecrate my whole self, my body and my blood, my feet, my hands, my mouth, my eyes, my ears, my tongue and my whole heart, for time and eternity. Amen.

P. Soul of Christ, sanctify me.

R. Body of Christ, save me.

P. Blood of Christ, inebriate me.

R. Water out of the side of Christ, wash me.

P. Sacred Heart, inflame me.

R. Passion of Christ strengthen me.

P. O good Jesus, hear me.

R. Within Thy wounds hide me.

P. Suffer me not to be separated from Thee.

R. From the malignant enemy defend me.

P. At the hour of my death call me,

R. And bid me come to Thee,

P. That with Thy saints I may praise Thee,

R. For all eternity. Amen.

If the church possesses a relic of the True Cross, the celebrant goes to the

foot of the altar, where the relic is exposed. Standing, he incenses it, while the choir sings the following hymn (in plain chant):

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

V. Adoramus te Christe, et benedicimus tibi,

R. Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. Oremus: Respice, quæsumus, Domine, super hanc familiam tuam, pro qua Dominus noster Jesus Christus non dubitavit manibus tradi nocentium et Crucis subire tormentum. Qui tecum vivit et regnat in sæcula sæculorum.

R. Amen.

The celebrant goes up to the altar genuflects, takes the relic of the True Cross, and with it blesses the congregation. After this the clergy depart in silence, whilst the people sing the following:

HYMN.

(*Psallite*, p. 48)

4.—See the sun his light withdrawing,
And the heavens growing pale;
Bursting rocks, the tombs that open,
All their Maker's death bewail.

Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,
Who has nailed Thee to the Cross?
O! 'twas I, who sinned and grieved Thee,
I, who nailed Thee to the Cross.

5.—Come, before His Cross assemble,
For for us He shed His blood;
Died, of fervent love a victim,
He, the only Son of God.

Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,
Who has nailed

