

Our Lady Queen of Martyrs

Most Rev. Paul R. Sanchez, D. D.—PASTOR

2015 Good Friday

1:00 P.M. LITURGIA ESTACIONES DE LA CRUZ

Celebrante: Padre, te adoramos
Oh, Cristo, y nosotros te alabamos
Todos: Porque por tu Santa Cruz
has redimido al mundo

3:00 P.M. LITURGY RESPONSORIAL PSALM

Father into your hands
I commend my spirit

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ,
King of endless glory!

7:30 P.M. LITURGY THE SEVEN LAST WORDS OF CHRIST

CANTATA (*Dubois*)
Organ, choir and soloists

Confessions after 7:30 p.m. service

“Madre Llena De Afición” STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Madre llena de afición,
de Jesucristo las llagas
grabad en mi corazón.

I. Pilato firma contra me dueño
que muera infame en un madero

II. Ya la cruz carga me nazareno;
ay, que mis culpas son aquel peso.

III. Lo postra en tierra la santa cruz
gime y suspira el buen Jesús.

IV. La Santa Madre encuentra tierno
y queda herido de ambos el pecho.

V. Lleva la cruz ya fatigado:
por cirineo es ayudado.

VI. Mujer piadosa le ofrece un lienzo;
su rostro santo recibe en premio.

VII. Las cruz sus hombros los ha llagado;
segunda vez es ya postrado.



*Jesus, remember me
when you come into your kingdom.*

VIII. A los que lloran por sus tormentos,
que lloren, manda, por sí y sus deudos.

IX. Tres veces postra el duro leño
en tierra al Hijo del Padre Eterno.

X. Ya en el Calvario le desnudaron;
vino le dieron con hiel mezclado.

XI. Con duros clavos en trono acerbo
clavan verdugos al Dios del cielo.

XII. De la cruz hace cathedra el Verbo
dando doctrina al universo.

XIII. De aquel cadalso, ya trono regio,
su cuerpo bajan todo deshecho.

XIV. Y en un sepulcro del todo nuevo,
aquel santuario queda cubierto.

April 3: Good Friday

DURING COLLECTION

O Sacred Head, Surrounded

Missal #153

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.

In this, your bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With your most kind compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath your cross abiding,
Forever would I rest,
In your dear love confiding,
And with your presence blest.

What language shall I borrow
To thank you, dearest friend,
For this, your dying sorrow,
Your mercy without end?
Lord, make me yours forever,
A loyal servant true,
And let me never, never
Outlive my love for you.

SHOWING OF THE CROSS

Behold the Wood ...

Missal #27 (page 120)

Priest: Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung
the salvation of the world.

All: Come, let us adore.



VENERATION OF THE CROSS

(choir) Adoramus Te Christe

(soloists) Pie Jesu *(Webber)*

(congregation) What Wondrous Love—*Missal #483*

What wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul?

To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on!

HOLY COMMUNION

(choir) O Bone Jesu *(G. da Palestrina)*—7:30 p.m.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross—*Missal #155*

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
The vain things that now tempt me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
The pain and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were ev'ry realm of nature mine,
My gift would still be far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demand my soul, my life, my all.

POST-COMMUNION MEDITATION

(chanted by cantor) Christus Factus Est

Christ became obedient to the point of death,
even death on a cross.

Because of this, God greatly exalted Him
and bestowed on Him the name
which is above every other name.
And through eternity, I'll sing on.