

Our Lady Queen of Martyrs

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

2017 Good Friday

1:00 P.M. LITURGY STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Celebrant: We adore you,
O Christ, and we praise you.

All: Because by your holy cross
you have redeemed the world.

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.

“At the Cross Her Station Keeping” STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

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

III. Oh, how sad and sore distressed,
Was that Mother, highly blest,
Of the sole begotten One!

IV. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.

V. Is there one who would not weep,
’Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ’s dear Mother to behold?

VI. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother’s pain untold?

VII. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.



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

VIII. For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation
Till His spirit forth He sent.

IX. O thou Mother! Fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with yours accord.

X. Make me feel as you have felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ, my Lord.

XI. Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Savior crucified.

XII. Let me share with you His pain,
Who for all our sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

XIII. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me
All the days that I may live.

XIV. By the cross with you to stay,
There with you to weep and pray,
This I ask of you to give.

Good Friday

DURING COLLECTION

O Sacred Head, Surrounded

Missal #147

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.

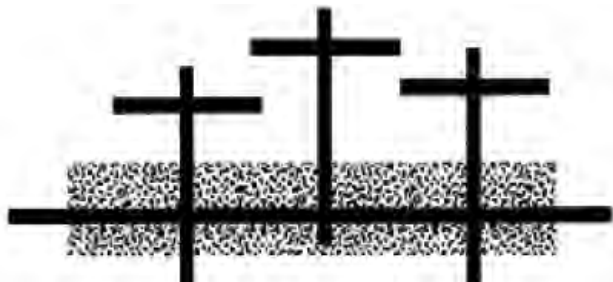
SHOWING OF THE CROSS

Behold the Wood ...

Missal #27 (page 114)

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

All: Come, let us adore.



VENERATION OF THE CROSS

(solo/ choir) **Adoramus Te Christe**

(soloists) **Pie Jesu** (*Webber*)

(congregation) **What Wondrous Love**—*Missal #479*

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 #144*

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.