

# St Francis Xavier's ADELAIDE

### STATIONS OF THE CROSS

GOOD FRIDAY - 18 APRIL 2025

#### INTRODUCTORY RITES

**OPENING HYMN:** 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 Y et angel hosts adore You, and tremble as they gaze.

In this, Your bitter Passion, Good Shepherd, think of me! With Your most sweet compassion, unworthy though I be Beneath Your Cross abiding forever would I rest In Your dear love confiding and with Your presence blest.

Christ Jesus, we adore You, our thorn-crowned Lord and King. We bow our heads before You and to Your cross we cling. Lord, give us strength to bear it with patience and with love. That we may truly merit a glorious crown above.

## LITURGICAL GREETING & OPENING PRAYER

#### **STATIONS**

After the reader announces the station:

Reader: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you:

All: Because by your Holy Cross you have redeemed the world.

At the end of the prayer:

All: I love you, Lord Jesus, my love above all things.

I repent with my whole heart of having offended you. Never permit me to separate myself from you again. Grant that I may love you always, then do with me what

you will.

As the celebrant moves to the next station we sing:

Station 1: At the cross her vigil keeping,

Mary stood in sorrow, weeping, When her Son was crucified.

Station 2: While she waited in her anguish,

Seeing Christ in torment languish, Bitter sorrow pierced her heart.

Station 3: With what pain and desolation,

With what noble resignation, Mary watched her dying Son.

Station 4: Ever patient in her yeaning,

Though her tear-filled eyes were burning,

Mary gazed up on her Son.

Station 5: Who, that sorrow contemplating,

On that passion meditating,

Would not share the Virgin's grief?

Station 6: Christ she saw, for our salvation, Scourged with cru-el acclamation, Bruised and beaten by the rod.

Station 7: Christ she saw with life-blood failing,
All her anguish unavailing,
Saw Him breathe His very last.

Station 8: Mary, fount of love's devotion,
Let me share with true emotion
All the sorrow you endured.

Station 9: Virgin, ever interceding,
Hear me in my present pleading:
Fire me with your love of Christ.

Station 10: Mother, may this prayer be granted: That Christ's love may be implanted In the depths of my poor soul.

Station 11: At the cross, your sorrow sharing,
All your grief and torment bearing,
Let me stand and mourn with you.

Station 12: Fairest maid of all creation,

Queen of hope and consolation,

Let me feel your grief sublime.

Station 13: Virgin, in your love befriend me, At the Judgment Day defend me. Help me by your constant prayer.

Station 14: Saviour, when my life shall leave me,
Through your mother's prayers receive me
With the fruits of victory.

Station 15: Let me to your love be taken, let my soul in death awaken to the joys of paradise.

Text: 'Stabat Mater dolorosa', attrib. to Jacopone da Todi, d.1603; tr. by Anthony G. Petti; from 'New Catholic Hymnal' © 1971 Faber Music, London. Tune: STABAT MATER, 8 8 7; melody adapt. from 'Maintzisch Gesangbuch' 1661. At The Cross Her Vigil Keeping. Used by permission of Faber Music, Ltd. Copyright CAL licensed copy, unauthorised copy prohibited.

At the conclusion of the stations:

#### Homily

#### **CONCLUDING RITES**

#### CLOSING PRAYER

#### FINAL BLESSING

FINAL HYMN: WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

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 God; the vain delights that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down; did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748. Music: Rockingham.adapted E Miller (1731-1807)