



St Francis Xavier's
CATHEDRAL
ADELAIDE

THE PASSION OF THE LORD
18 APRIL 2025
3PM



FIRST PART

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Isaiah 52:13-53:12

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 30 Father, I put my life in your hands

Second Reading

Hebrews 4:14-16, 5:7-9

Gospel Acclamation

Glory and praise 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.

Glory and praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ!

The Lord's Passion

Homily

Solemn Intercessions

SECOND PART THE ADORATION OF THE HOLY CROSS

The Showing of the Holy Cross

The Adoration of the Holy Cross

Faithful Cross O Tree of Beauty

1. Faithful cross, O tree of beauty,
tree of Eden, tree divine!

Not a grove on earth can show us
leaf and flow'r and fruit so fine.

Gently bearing Jesus' body,
tree of life, salvation's sign!

2. Tree of life with limbs extended
north to south and east to west,
cross of Christ with arms embracing
all the world with its oppressed:
saints will seek in you their solace;
sinners find in you their rest.

3. Cross of Friday's death and darkness
turned to Easter life and light,
folly wiser than our wisdom,
weakness stronger than our might:
tell the love that died to save us;
tell its breadth, its depth and height.

4. Tree of love beyond all telling,
praised in poem, hymn, and psalm,
comfort of the sick and suff'ring,
from your fruit comes healing balm,
binding up the bruised and broken,
bringing wholeness, health, and calm.

5. Cross of Jesus' dying anguish,
suff'ring servant's humble throne,
mark of life laid down for others,
make his pattern now our own,
God's compassion here revealing
in our flesh and blood and bone.

6. Tree that bridges earth and heaven,
sprung from seed of Paradise,
spread your branches, shade the weary,
bowing down to beggars' cries,
lifting up with tender patience
all who would from sin arise.

7. Cross of pain transformed to gladness,
ever green and shelt'ring tree,
symbol once of shame and bondage,
now the sign that we are free!
Cross of splendor, cross of glory,
cross of love's great victory!

8. Christians, chant your grateful praises
for the tree of triumph won,
proof of overflowing mercy
and redemption in the Son.
To the cross of Christ give glory
while the endless ages run! Amen.

At the Cross Her Vigil Keeping

At the cross her vigil keeping,
Mary stood in sorrow , weeping,
When her Son was crucified.

While she waited in her anguish,
Seeing Christ in torment languish,
Bitter sorrow pierced her heart.

With what pain and desolation,
With what noble resignation,
Mary watched her dying Son.

Ever patient in her yearning,
Though her tear-filled eyes were burning,
Mary gazed upon her Son.

Who, that sorrow contemplating,
On that passion meditating,
Would not share the Virgin's grief?

Christ she saw, for our salvation,
Scourged with cruel acclamation,
Bruised and beaten by the rod.

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

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

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

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

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

Fairest maid of all creation,
Queen of hope and consolation,
Let me feel your grief sublime.

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

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

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.
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The Reproaches

My people, what have I done to you?
Or how have I grieved you? Answer me!

Hagios o Theos, Hagios Ischyros,
Hagios Athanatos, eleison himas.

Text: The Reproaches. Music: Hagios o Theos. arr Jennifer O'Brien

Sing My Tongue the Glorious Battle

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle; of the mighty conflict sing;
Tell the triumph of the victim, to his cross thy tribute bring.
Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer from the cross now reigns as King.

Thirty years among us dwelling, his appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, he meets his passion, this the Saviour freely willed:
On the cross the Lamb is lifted, where his precious blood is spilled.

He endures the nails, the spitting, vinegar and spear, and reed;
From that holy body broken blood and water forth proceed:
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean, by that flood from stain are
freed.

Faithful cross! Above all other, one and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peer maybe:
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron! Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory! Thy relaxing sinews bend:
For a while the ancient rigor that thy birth bestowed, suspend:
And the King of heavenly beauty gently on thine arms extend.

Praise and honour to the Father, praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit, ever Three and ever One:
One in might and one in glory while eternal ages run.

Text: Venantius Honorius Forstunatus (540-600?)

THIRD PART

HOLY COMMUNION

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)

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 flow 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 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.

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.

Text. Salve caput cruentatum, attr. To St. Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1091-1153;
German: O Haput voll Blut und Wunden, Paul Gerhardt 1607-1676 in Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1656;
Tune: PASSION CHORALE 76.76D; Hand Leo Hassler 1564-1612

The Royal Banners Forward Go

The royal banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow.
Where He as man, who gave man breath,
Now bows beneath the yolk of death.

Fulfilled is all that David told.
In true prophetic song of old.
How God the nations' King should be,
For God is reigning from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree most fair.
Ordained those holy limbs to bear.
Gone is thy shame, each crimson'd bow
Proclaims the King of glory now.

M. Bridges (1800-94), Godfrey Thring 1823-1903;

My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown, my Saviour's love to me,
love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.
O who am I that for my sake
my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne, salvation to bestow.
But all made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know.
But O my friend! my friend indeed,
Who at my need his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way and his sweet praises sing.
Resounding all the day hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath
and for his death they thirst and cry.

Why, what has my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run, he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
Themselves displease, and 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made away
a murderer they save; the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he to suffering goes
that he his foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb, but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heav'n was his home
But mine the tomb where in he lay.

Here might I stay and sing, no story so divine;
never was love, dear King, never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend.

Text: Samuel Crossman c. 1624-1683 alt.