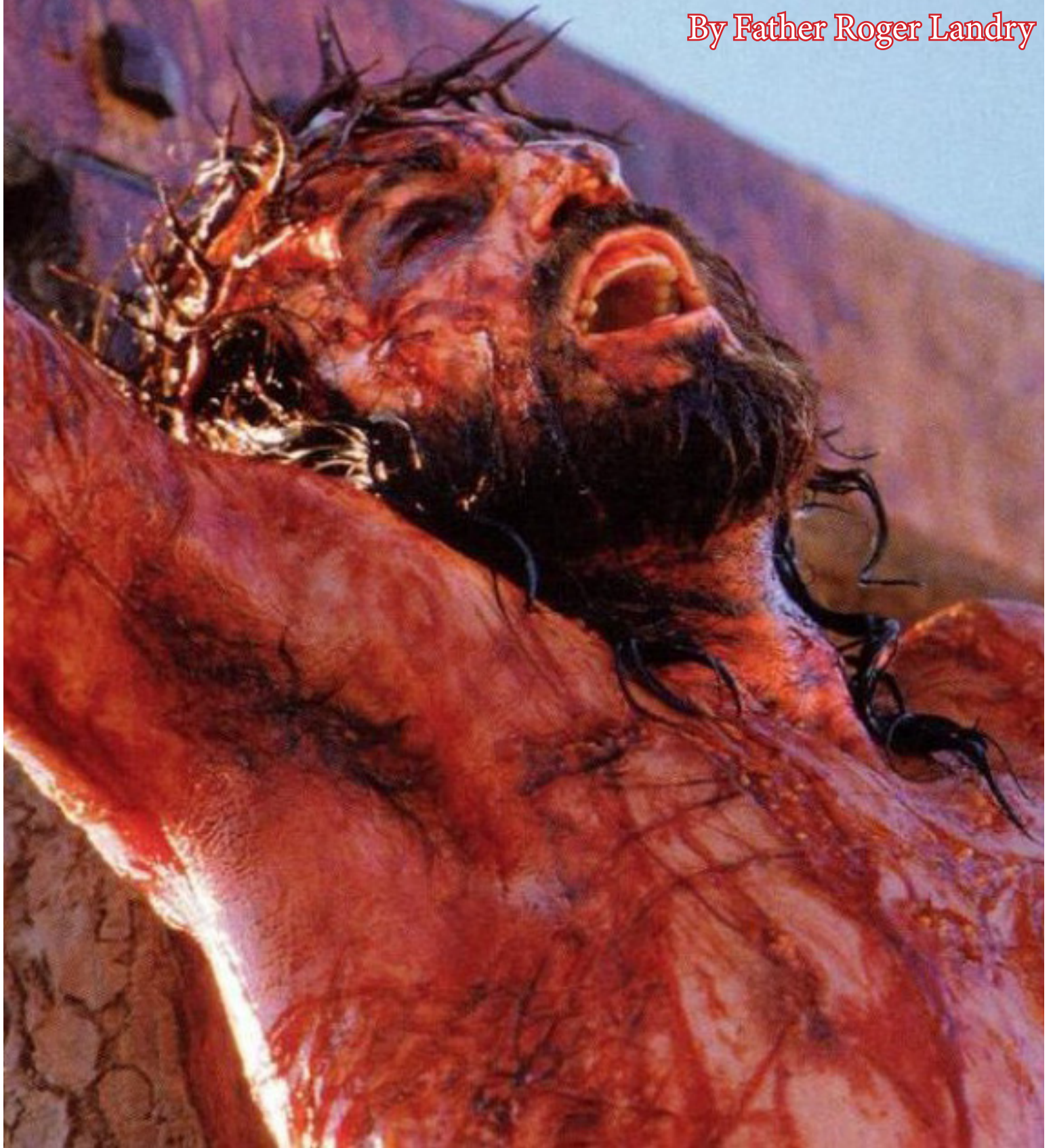


The Seven Last Words of Jesus Christ

By Father Roger Landry





Format

For each of the Seven Words, there will be a homily, followed by a hymn, in which we, together, try to put into words the ineffable sentiments that well up in the heart of a Christian on the day our Savior died.

Since Christ died to save us from our sins, we will recite, after each word, one of the seven penitential psalms. These psalms have been used by the Christians for over 1300 years during Lent to beg the Lord for mercy.

After the penitential psalm, we will conclude the Word with another hymn.

Introduction

No greater homily has ever been given than the one Jesus delivered when he mounted the pulpit of the Cross.

At the beginning of this Lent, on Ash Wednesday, we heard the conclusion of Jesus' first homily — all 19 words of it — when the Lord Jesus through a minister made the sign of his cross on our forehead as a sign of our mortality and said, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God has come near; repent and believe in the good news."

Today, as we reach the climax of this penitential season, we meditate on the Lord's last homily, when he mounted the pulpit for the last time, and pronounced his valedictory. It was comprised of a mere seven utterances, but in these seven phrases, Jesus gave witness to the depths of his heart.

For a crucified person to talk at all would have been heroic. Such a victim would have to thrust himself upward by his legs to open his lungs enough to exhale. This would be painful enough under ordinary circumstances, but for someone with nails through the nerves of his feet, such an action would have sent a fiery pain throughout his tortured body. Jesus, therefore, must have considered each of these words, which cost him so much physically, worth the effort. Not only was he suffering while he said these words, but he was suffering in order to say these words.

Today, we will accompany the Lord during his three hours of agony upon the Cross. We will listen attentively to what poured forth from the Lord's heart as that heart was about to beat its last. We will try to penetrate the thoughts of the God-man at his supreme hour. Then, since he has called each of us to follow him all the way through Calvary to his kingdom, we ask him for the grace to make those last dying words and actions our own.

Lift High the Cross

**Lift high the Cross,
the love of Christ proclaim
Until all the world
adore his sacred name!**

1. Come, Christians, follow
where our captain trod,
Our King victorious,
Christ, the Son of God.

2. Led on their way by
this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in
conquering ranks combine.

3. All newborn soldiers
of the Crucified
Bear on their brows
the seal of him who died.

4. O Lord, once lifted
on the glorious tree,
As thou hast promised,
draw us all to thee.

5. So shall our song
of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Cruci-
fied for victory!

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

When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, “Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing” (Lk 23:33-34).

Homily

Forgive Our Sins as We Forgive

Sung to the tune of “While Shepherds Watched” (Winchester Old)

“Forgive our sins as we forgive”
You taught us, Lord, to pray.
But you alone can grant us grace
To live the words we say.

How can your pardon reach and bless
The unforgiving heart
That broods on wrongs and will not let
Old bitterness depart?

In blazing light your cross reveals
The Truth we dimly knew:
What trivial debts are owed to us;
How great our debt to you?

Lord, cleanse the depths within our souls
And bid resentment cease;
Then, bound to all in bonds of love,
Our lives will spread your peace.

PSALM 6

O LORD, do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.
Be merciful to me, LORD, for I am faint;

O LORD, heal me,
for my bones are in agony.
My soul is in anguish.
How long, O LORD, how long?

Turn, O LORD, and deliver me;
save me because of your unfailing love.
No one remembers you when he is dead.
Who praises you from the grave?

I am worn out from groaning;
all night long I flood my bed with weeping
and drench my couch with tears. —

My eyes grow weak with sorrow;
they fail because of all my foes.

Away from me, all you who do evil,
for the LORD has heard my weeping.
The LORD has heard my cry for mercy;
the LORD accepts my prayer.
All my enemies will be ashamed and dismayed;
they will turn back in sudden disgrace.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.

We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died

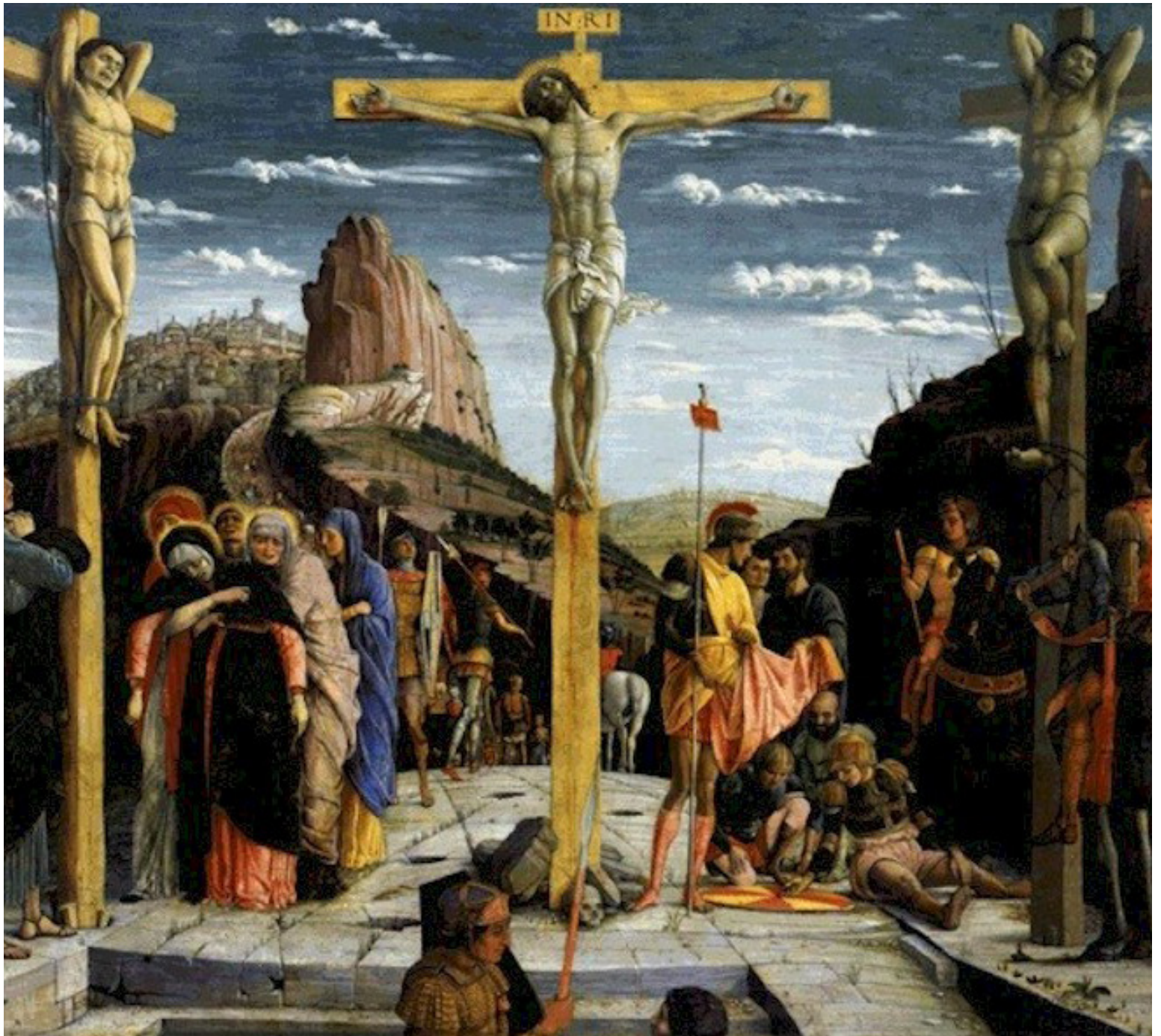
Sung to the tune of "On Jordan's Bank" (Winchester New)

We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.



“Truly I tell you today: You will be with me in Paradise.”

And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, “He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!” The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, and saying, “If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!” There was also an inscription over him, “This is the King of the Jews.” One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, “Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!” But the other rebuked him, saying, “Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.” Then he said, “Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.” He replied, “Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.” (Lk 23:35-43).

Homily

My Song is Love Unknown

My song is love unknown,
My Savior'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 men 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 hath 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? Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb wherein 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.



PSALM 32

Blessed is he whose sins are forgiven,
whose transgressions are covered.
Blessed is the man whose sin
the LORD does not count against him
and in whose spirit is no deceit.

When I kept silent, my bones wasted away
through my groaning all day long.
For day and night
your hand was heavy upon me;
my strength was sapped
as in the heat of summer.

Then I acknowledged my sin to you
and did not cover up my iniquity.
I said, "I will confess
my transgressions to the LORD"
and you forgave the guilt of my sin.

Therefore let everyone who is godly
pray to you while you may be found;
surely when the mighty waters rise,
they will not reach him.

You are my hiding place;
you will protect me from trouble
and surround me with songs of deliverance.

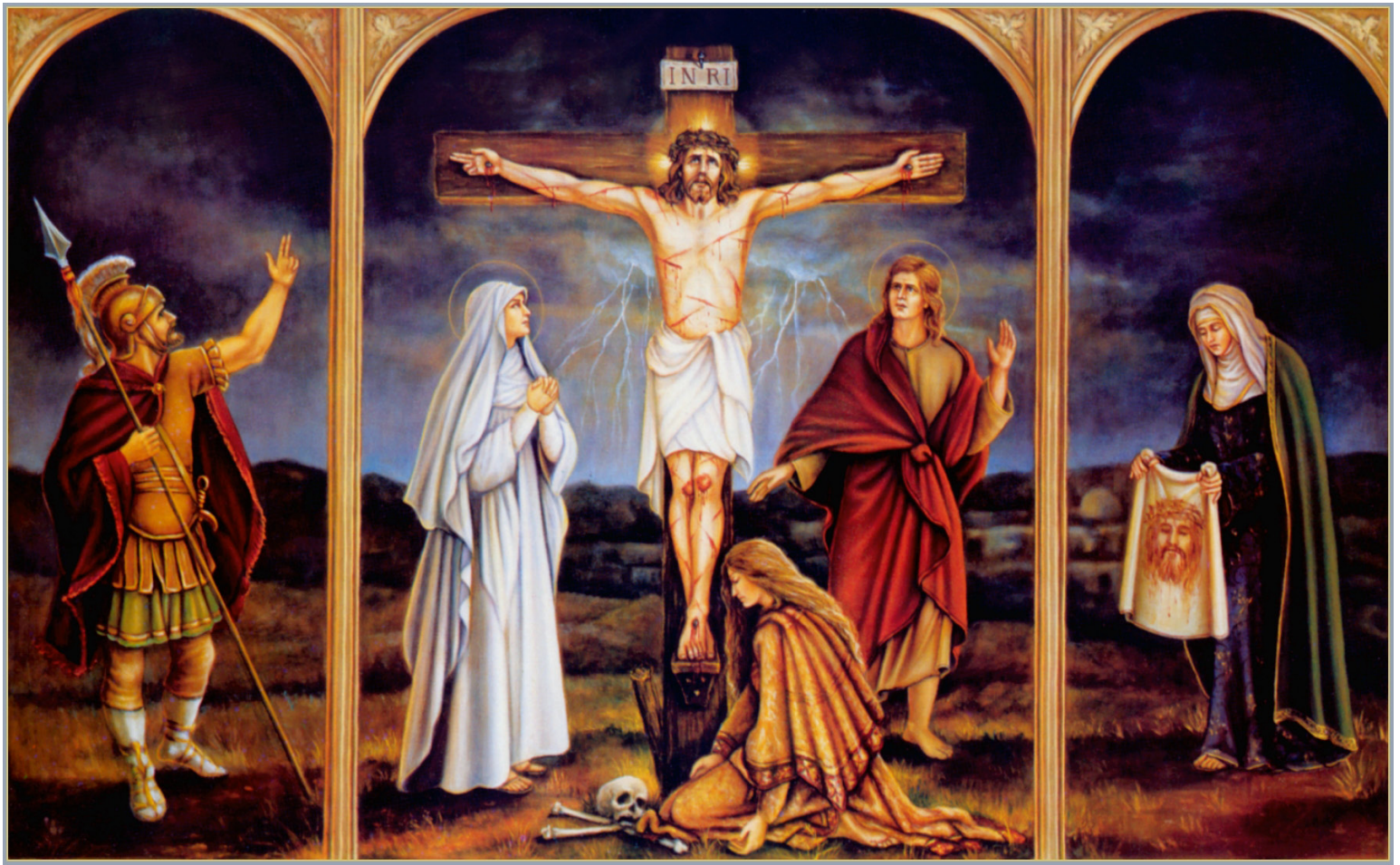
I will instruct you and teach you
in the way you should go;
I will counsel you and watch over you.
Do not be like the horse or the mule,
which have no understanding
but must be controlled by bit and bridle
or they will not come to you.

Many are the woes of the wicked,
but the LORD's unfailing love surrounds
the man who trusts in him.

Rejoice in the LORD and
be glad, you righteous;
sing, all you who are upright in heart!

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.



It Is A Thing Most Wonderful

Sung to the tune of Tallis Canon

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept and toiled and mourned and died,
For love of those who loved him not.

But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more
Until I see thee as thou art.

“Woman, behold your son.... Behold your Mother.”

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, “Woman, behold your son.” Then he said to the disciple, “Behold your mother.” And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home (Jn 19:25-27).

Homily

Stabat Mater

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 had pass'd.

O, how sad and sore distress'd,
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

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

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

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

Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,
She beheld her tender Child:
All with bloody scourges rent.

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

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above;
Make my heart with thine accord.

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





PSALM 38

O LORD , do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.
For your arrows have pierced me,
and your hand has come down upon me.

Because of your wrath
there is no health in my body;
my bones have no soundness
because of my sin.
My guilt has overwhelmed me
like a burden too heavy to bear.

My wounds fester and are loathsome
because of my sinful folly.
I am bowed down and brought very low;
all day long I go about mourning.

My back is filled with searing pain;
there is no health in my body.
I am feeble and utterly crushed;
I groan in anguish of heart.

All my longings lie open before you, O Lord;
my sighing is not hidden from you.
My heart pounds, my strength fails me;
even the light has gone from my eyes.

My friends and companions avoid me
because of my wounds;
my neighbors stay far away.
Those who seek my life set their traps,
those who would harm me talk of my ruin;
all day long they plot deception.

I am like a deaf man, who cannot hear,
like a mute, who cannot open his mouth;
I have become like a man
who does not hear,
whose mouth can offer no reply.

I wait for you, O LORD ;
you will answer, O Lord my God.
For I said, “Do not let them gloat
or exalt themselves over me
when my foot slips.”

For I am about to fall,
and my pain is ever with me.
I confess my iniquity;
I am troubled by my sin.

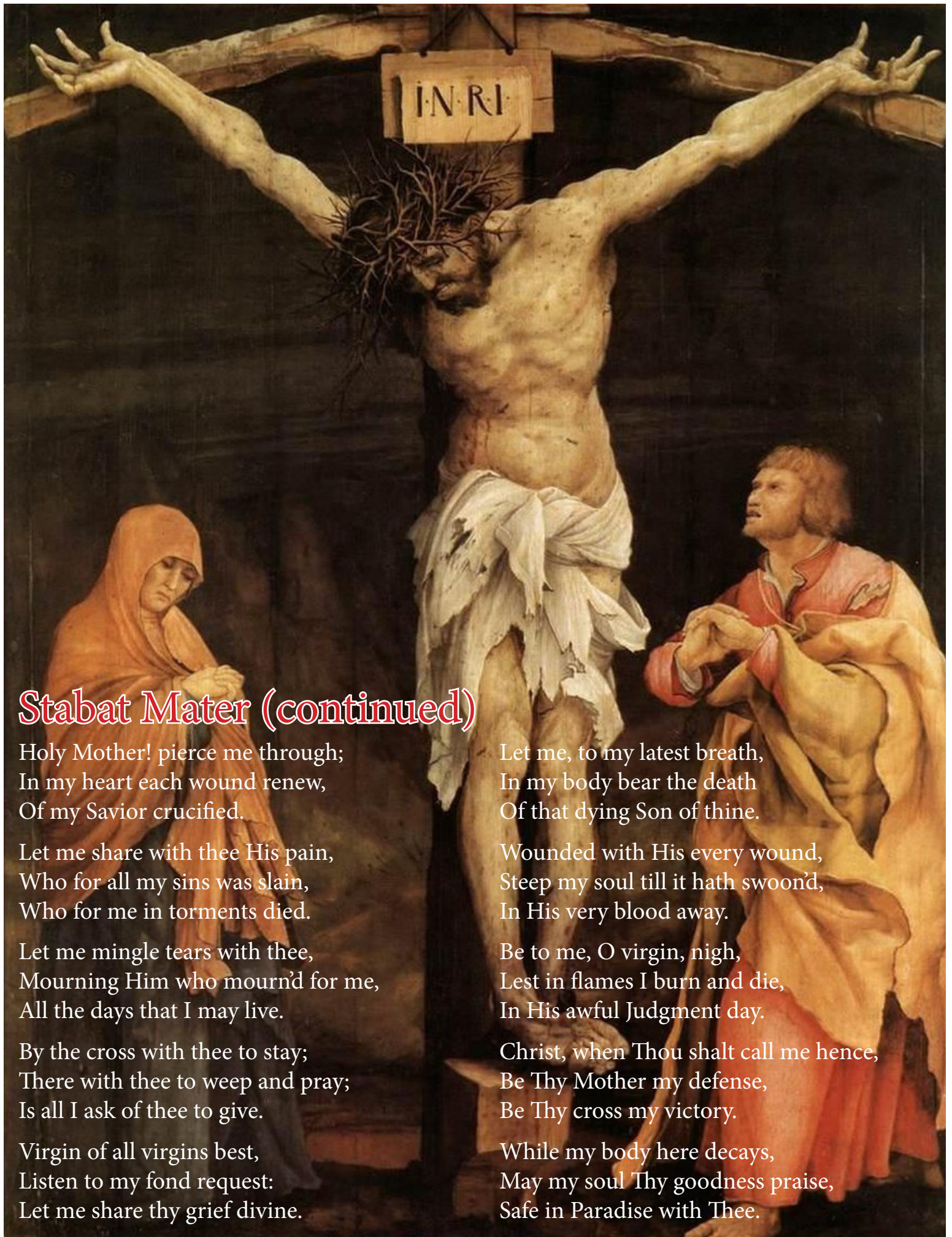
Many are those who are
my vigorous enemies;
those who hate me without reason
are numerous.

Those who repay my good with evil
slander me when I pursue what is good.

O LORD, do not forsake me;
be not far from me, O my God.
Come quickly to help me,
O Lord my Savior.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.



Stabat Mater (continued)

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

Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,
All the days that I may live.

By the cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins best,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.

Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd,
In His very blood away.

Be to me, O virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defense,
Be Thy cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

“My God, my God Why have you forsaken me?”

When it was noon, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. At three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice, “Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?” which means, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, “Listen, he is calling for Elijah.” (Mk 15:33-35).

Homily

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle

Sung to the tune of “Tantum Ergo Sacramentum” (Tantum Ergo)

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay:
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Eating of the tree forbidden,
Humans sank in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare;
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed
When for sin he would atone;
To the serpent thus opposing,
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
When the fatal wound had come.





PSALM 51

Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your unfailing love;
according to your great compassion
blot out my transgressions.
Wash away all my iniquity
and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is always before me.
Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight,
so that you are proven right when you speak
and justified when you judge.

Surely I was sinful at birth,
sinful from the time
my mother conceived me.
Surely you desire truth in the heart;
you teach me wisdom within me.

Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean;
wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.
Let me hear joy and gladness;
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.
Hide your face from my sins
and blot out all my iniquity.

Create in me a pure heart, O God,
and renew a steadfast spirit within me.
Do not cast me from your presence —

or take your Holy Spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of your salvation
and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

Then I will teach transgressors your ways,
and sinners will turn back to you.
Save me from bloodguilt, O God,
the God who saves me,
and my tongue will sing of your justice.

O Lord, open my lips,
and my mouth will declare your praise.
You do not delight in sacrifice,
or I would bring it;
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;
a broken and contrite heart,
O God, you will not despise.

In your good pleasure make Zion prosper;
build up the walls of Jerusalem.
Then there will be righteous sacrifices,
whole burnt offerings to delight you;
then bulls will be offered on your altar.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning, is now,
and will be forever. Amen.

Sing, My Tongue, the Glorious Battle (continued)

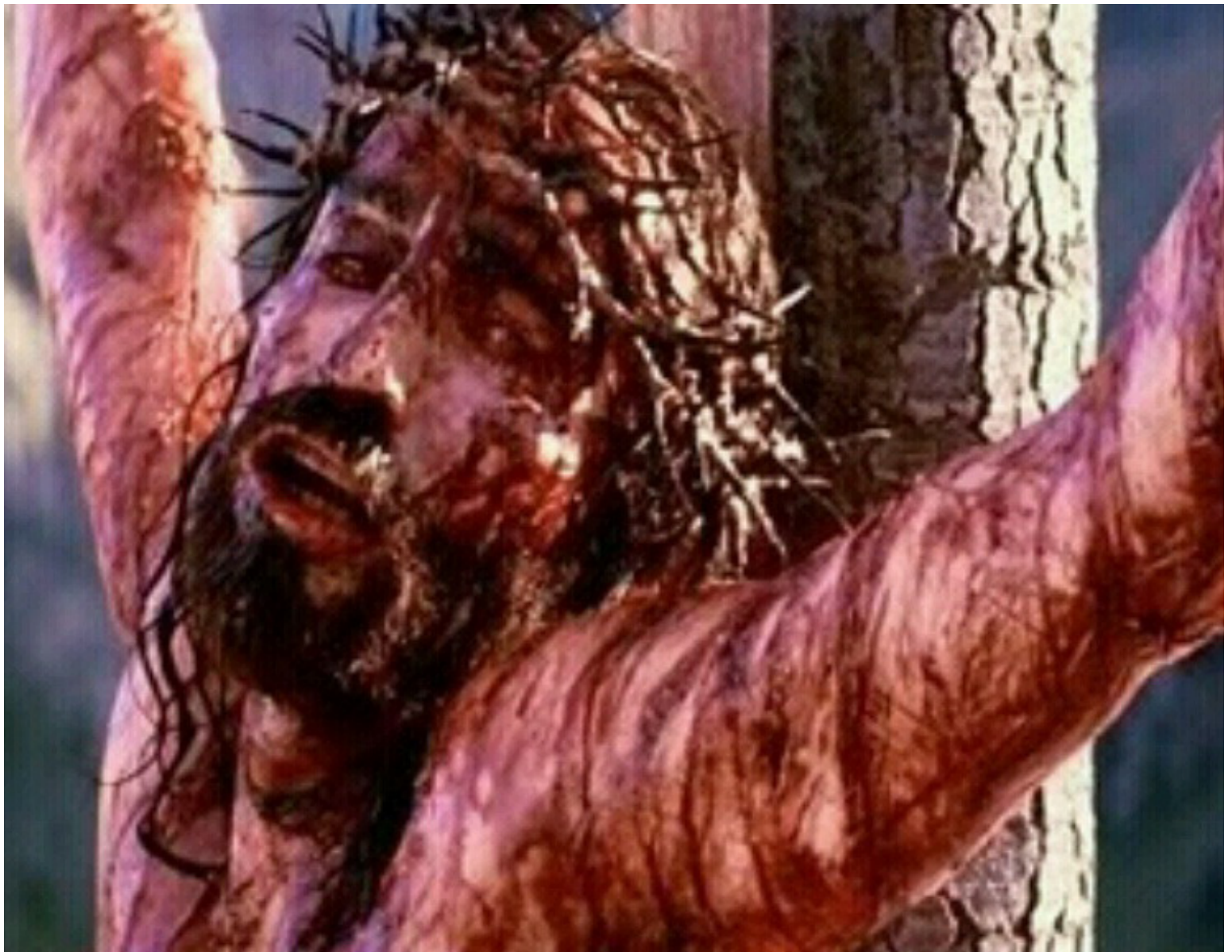
Sung to the tune of "Tantum Ergo Sacramentum" (Tantum Ergo)

So when now at length the fullness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left his Father's throne on high;
From a virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain:
Then of his free choice he goes on
To a death of bitter pain;
And as lamb upon the altar,
Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lofty tree, bend down your branches,
To embrace your sacred load;
Oh, relax the native tension
Of that all too rigid wood;
Gently, gently bear the members
Of your dying King and God.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That by thee a wrecked creation
Might its ark and haven gain,
With the sacred blood anointed
Of the Lamb that hath been slain.



FIFTH WORD

"I Thirst"

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth (Jn 19:28-29).

Homily

The Royal Banners Forward Go

Sung to the tune of Old Hundred

The royal banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

Fulfilled is now what 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 glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purpose robe it stood,
The purple of a Savior's blood!

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none by he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
As by the Cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

PSALM 102

Hear my prayer, O LORD;
let my cry for help come to you.
Do not hide your face from me
when I am in distress.
Turn your ear to me;
when I call, answer me quickly.

For my days vanish like smoke;
my bones burn like glowing embers.
My heart is blighted and withered like grass;
I forget to eat my food.

Because of my loud groaning
I am reduced to skin and bones.
I am like a desert owl,
like an owl among the ruins.
I lie awake;
I have become like a bird alone on a roof.

All day long my enemies taunt me;
those who rail against me
use my name as a curse.

For I eat ashes as my food
and mingle my drink with tears
because of your great wrath,
for you have taken me up
and thrown me aside.
My days are like the evening shadow;
I wither away like grass.

But you, O LORD, sit enthroned forever;
your renown endures through all generations.
You will arise and have compassion on Zion,
for it is time to show favor to her;
the appointed time has come.

For her stones are dear to your servants;
her very dust moves them to pity.
The nations will fear the name of the LORD,
all the kings of the earth will revere your glory.

For the LORD will rebuild Zion
and appear in his glory.
He will respond to the prayer of the destitute;
he will not despise their plea.

Let this be written for a future generation,
that a people not yet created
may praise the LORD:

“The LORD looked down
from his sanctuary on high,
from heaven he viewed the earth,
to hear the groans of the prisoners
and release those condemned to death.”

So the name of the LORD
will be declared in Zion
and his praise in Jerusalem
when the peoples and the kingdoms
assemble to worship the LORD.

In the course of my life he broke my strength;
he cut short my days.
So I said: “Do not take me away,
O my God, in the midst of my days;
your years go on through all generations.

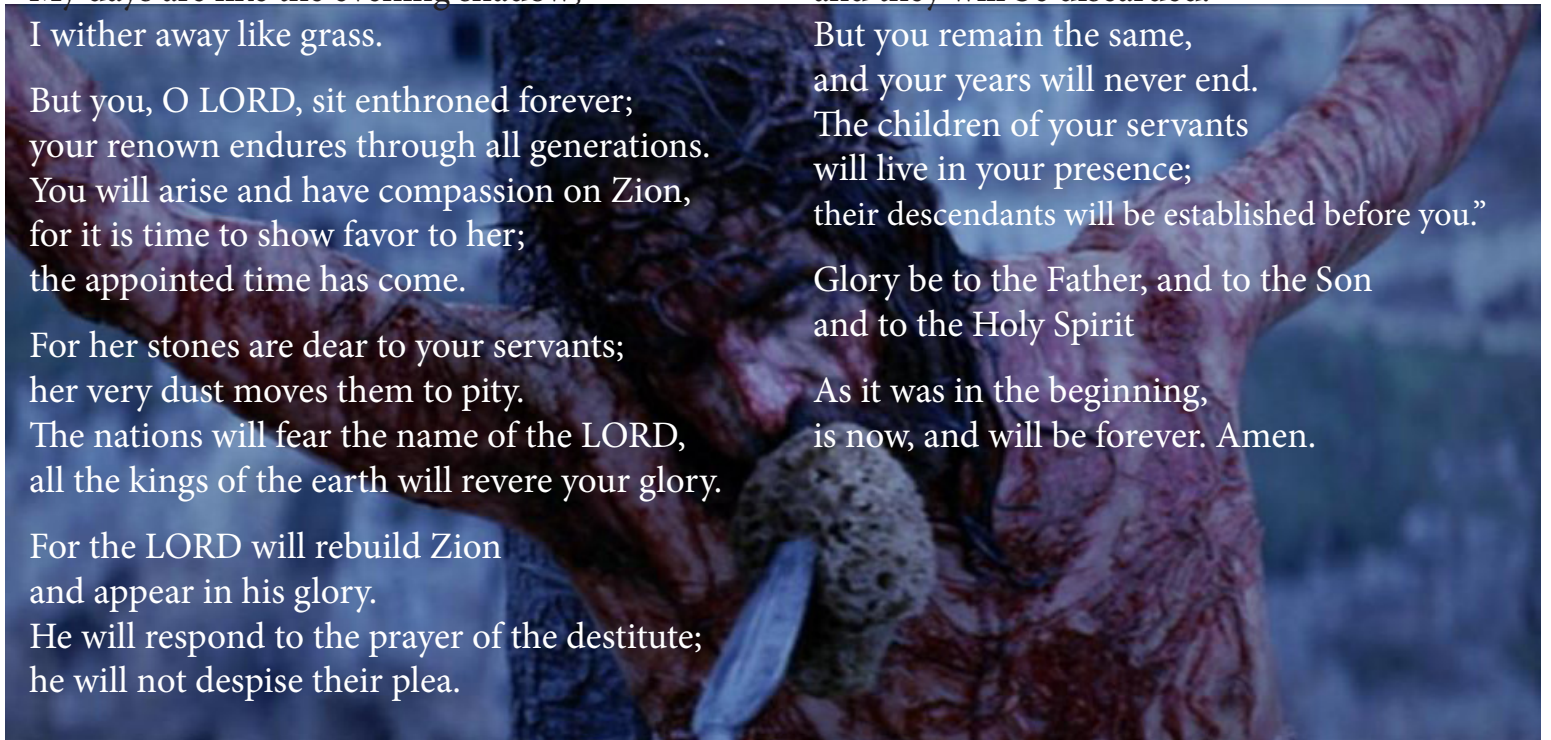
“In the beginning you laid
the foundations of the earth,
and the heavens are the work of your hands.
They will perish, but you remain;
they will all wear out like a garment.

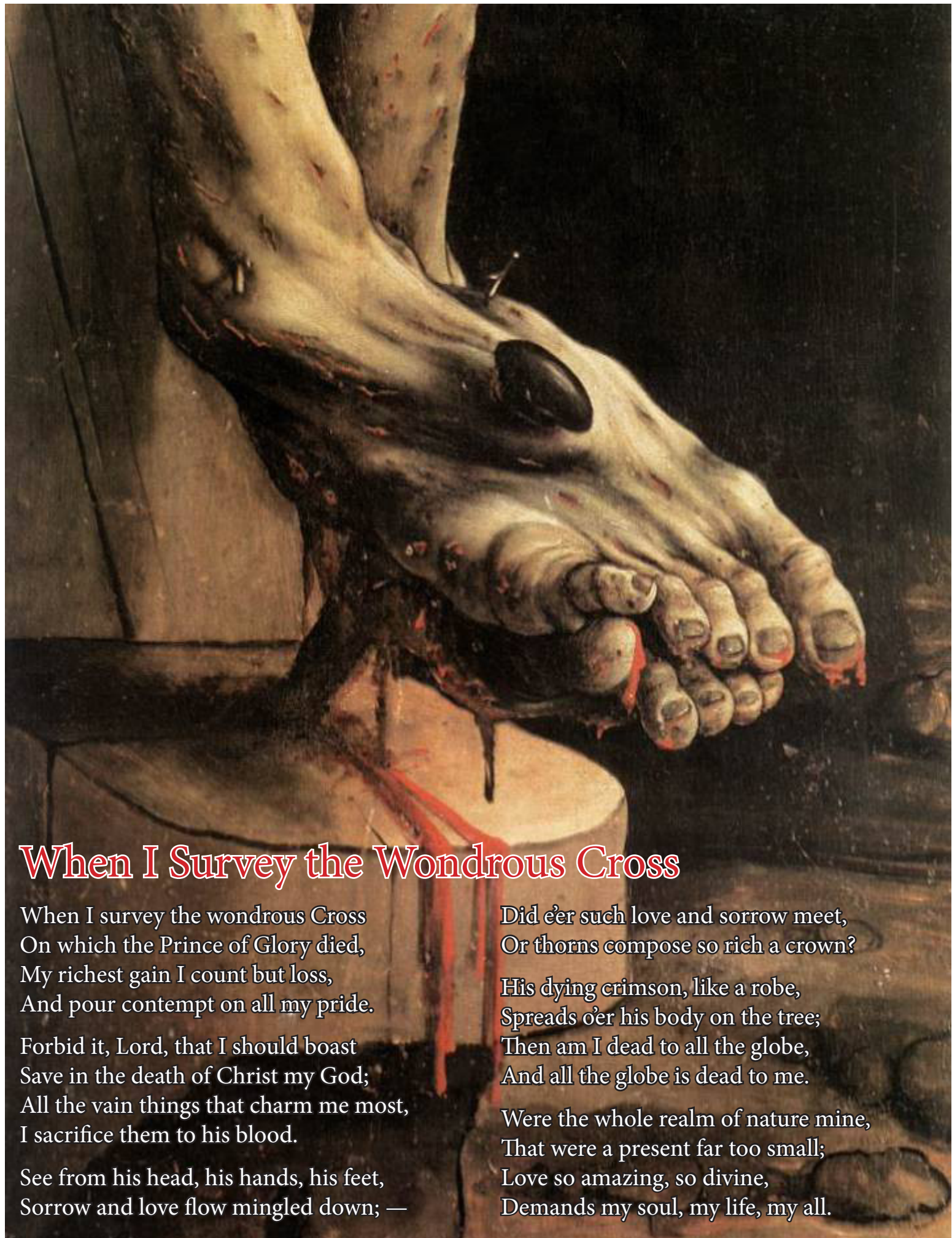
“Like clothing you will change them
and they will be discarded.

But you remain the same,
and your years will never end.
The children of your servants
will live in your presence;
their descendants will be established before you.”

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.





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;
All the vain things 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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

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.

“It Is Finished!”

When Jesus had received the wine, he said, “It is finished.” (Jn 19:30).

Homily

It Is Finished Blessed Jesus!

Sung to the tune of “Come, Thou, Long Expected Jesus”

It is finished! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast breathed thy latest sigh,
Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the piercèd body,
Resting in its rocky bed;
Thou has left the cross of anguish
For the mansions of the dead.

In the hidden realms of darkness
Shines a light unseen before,
When the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the lowly door.

Now in spirit, rich in mercy
Comes he from the world above,
Preaching to the souls in prison
Tidings of his dying love.

Lo, the heavenly light around him,
As he draws his people near;
All amazed they come rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round him as he stands,
In adoring faith and gladness
Hearing of the piercèd hands.

There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber by his side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of our salvation,
Let thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in paradise with thee.

PSALM 130

Out of the depths I cry to you, O LORD;
O Lord, hear my voice.
Let your ears be attentive to my cry for mercy.

If you, O LORD, kept a record of sins,
O Lord, who could stand?
But with you there is forgiveness;
therefore you are revered.

I wait for the LORD, my soul waits,
and in his word I put my hope.
My soul waits for the Lord
more than watchmen wait for the morning,
more than watchmen wait for the morning.

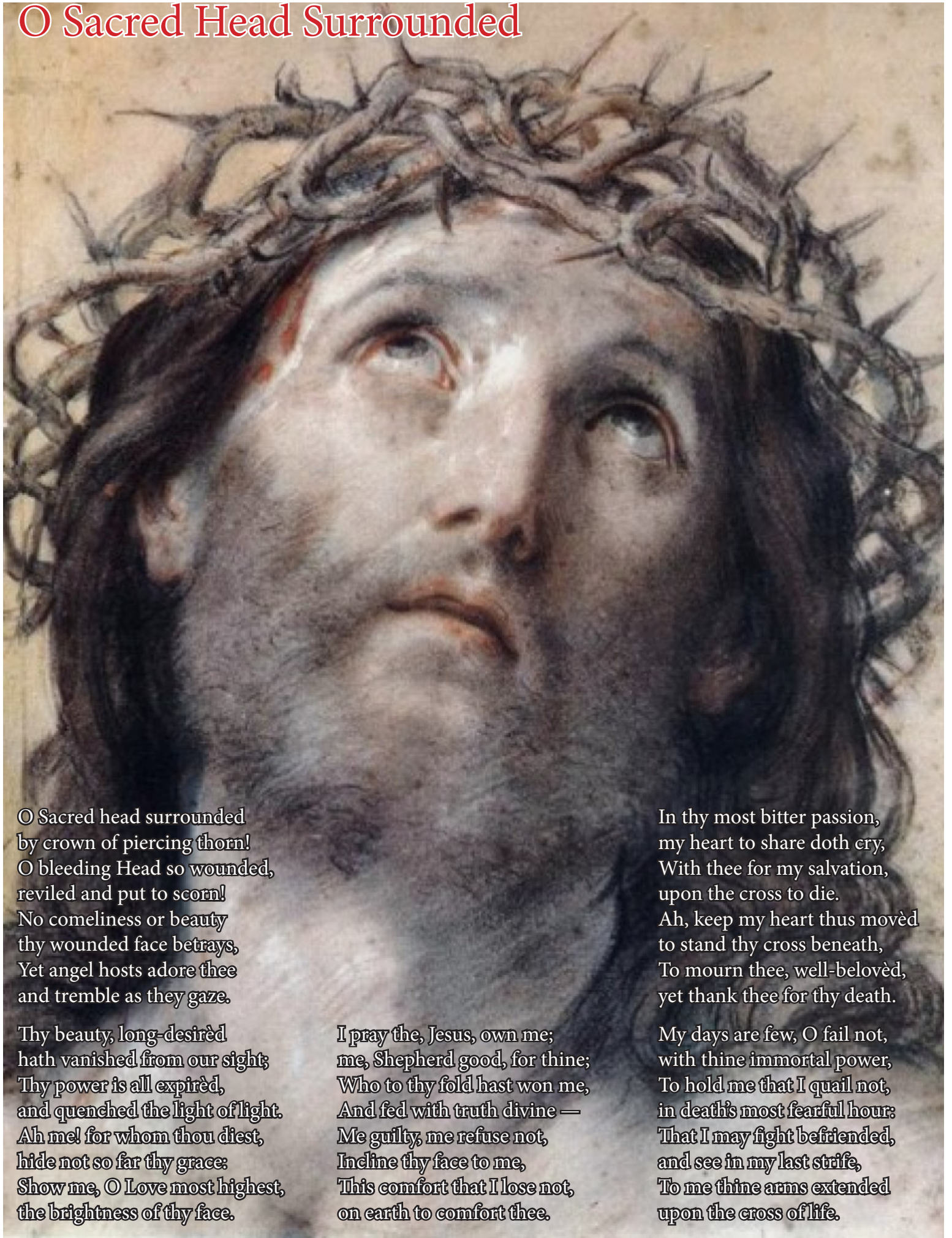
O Israel, put your hope in the LORD,
for with the LORD is unfailing love
and with him is full redemption.
He himself will redeem Israel
from all their sins.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.



O Sacred Head Surrounded



O Sacred head surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head so wounded,
reviled and put to scorn!
No comeliness or beauty
thy wounded face betrays,
Yet angel hosts adore thee
and tremble as they gaze.

Thy beauty, long-desirèd
hath vanished from our sight;
Thy power is all expired,
and quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
the brightness of thy face.

I pray the, Jesus, own me;
me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine —
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
on earth to comfort thee.

In thy most bitter passion,
my heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation,
upon the cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
to stand thy cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
yet thank thee for thy death.

My days are few, O fail not,
with thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not,
in death's most fearful hour:
That I may fight befriended,
and see in my last strife,
To me thine arms extended
upon the cross of life.

“Father, Into Your Hands I Commend my Spirit.”

Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.” Having said this, he breathed his last (Lk 23:46).

Homily

Father, I put my life in your hands

R. Father, I put my life in your hands

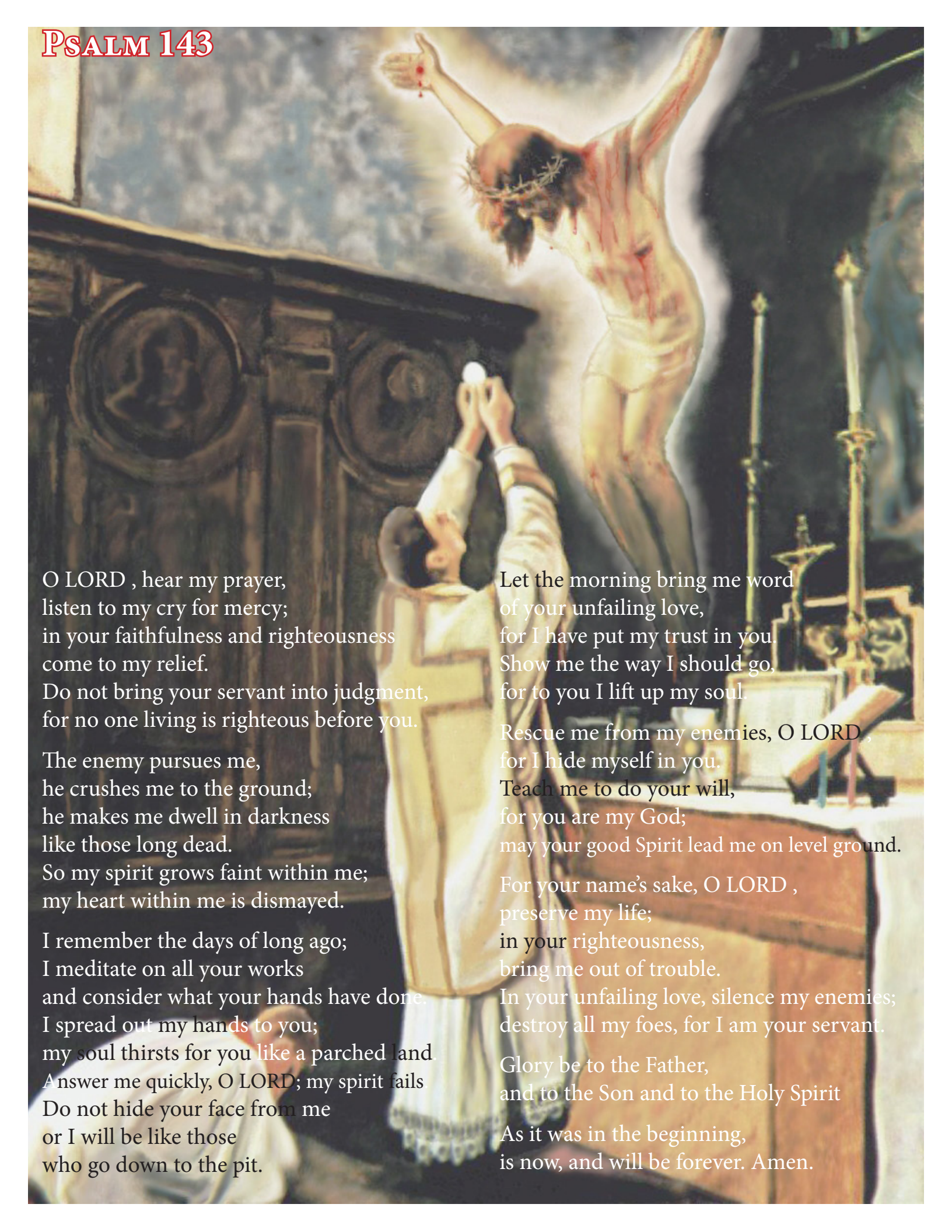
In you, O Lord, I take refuge;
let me never be put to shame.
Into your hands, I commend my spirit;
you will redeem me, faithful God

For all my foes reproach me,
neighbors laugh and friends stand off.
I am forgotten like dead unremembered;
I am like a dish cast down.

But my trust is in you, O Lord;
I say, “You are my God.”
Into your hands, I place my future;
from the clutch of foes you rescue me.

Let your face shine on your servant;
O save me in your love.
Be stouthearted and come, take courage,
all you who now hope in the Lord.

PSALM 143



O LORD , hear my prayer,
listen to my cry for mercy;
in your faithfulness and righteousness
come to my relief.
Do not bring your servant into judgment,
for no one living is righteous before you.

The enemy pursues me,
he crushes me to the ground;
he makes me dwell in darkness
like those long dead.
So my spirit grows faint within me;
my heart within me is dismayed.

I remember the days of long ago;
I meditate on all your works
and consider what your hands have done.
I spread out my hands to you;
my soul thirsts for you like a parched land.
Answer me quickly, O LORD; my spirit fails
Do not hide your face from me
or I will be like those
who go down to the pit.

Let the morning bring me word
of your unfailing love,
for I have put my trust in you.
Show me the way I should go,
for to you I lift up my soul

Rescue me from my enemies, O LORD ,
for I hide myself in you.
Teach me to do your will,
for you are my God;
may your good Spirit lead me on level ground.

For your name's sake, O LORD ,
preserve my life;
in your righteousness,
bring me out of trouble.
In your unfailing love, silence my enemies;
destroy all my foes, for I am your servant.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and will be forever. Amen.

Were You There?

יהושע בן־נוצר מלך היהודים
ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ΝΑΖΩΙΟΥΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΩΝ
IESVS NAZARENVS REX IUDÆORVM

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O, sometimes it causes me
to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they nailed him to a tree?
O, sometimes it causes me
to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they nailed him to a tree?

Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
O, sometimes it causes me
to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they pierced him in the side?

Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
O, sometimes it causes me
to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
O, sometimes it causes me
to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?



Ave, O Crux, Spes Unica!