

St. Benedict reminds us that the life of a monk ought to be a continuous Lent; a life centered around the Cross of Christ. Lent is the season in which we are invited to give our lives to the Lord as He gave His own for us. We must never forget that we, as sinners, are responsible for the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer. Yet our miserable state can only call forth such a liberal manifestation of His tender mercy. The sign of the cross with which we call down God's blessing upon ourselves remains a sign of contradiction: one of suffering Love, and final victory. It is a constant reminder of God's mercy, which He is always waiting to grant souls who are truly willing to turn to Him from the way of sin; one that gives meaning to all of our own sufferings. May we all enter into this sacred time with gratitude for the greatest act of love the world will ever know.

The Sisters



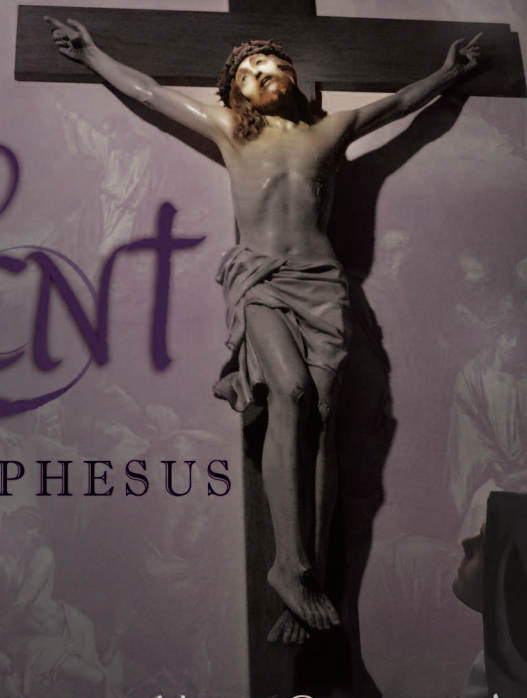
The Benedictines of Mary, Queen of Apostles is a monastic community located in rural Missouri. Consecrated to the Queen of Apostles, their lives are dedicated to contemplative prayer especially for priests. They support themselves primarily by making priestly vestments. Professing full obedience to the Church's teaching, the community upholds a loving commitment to preserving the liturgical heritage of the Church in the Extraordinary Form of the Mass and traditional monastic Office. This is their third recording with De Montfort Music and Deccal Universal Classics.

www.benedictinesofmary.org

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LENT

AT EPHESUS



BENEDICTINES OF MARY, QUEEN OF APOSTLES

I weep over the sorrows and disgraces of my Lord: and what causes me the greatest sorrow is that men, for whom He suffered so much, live in forgetfulness of Him.

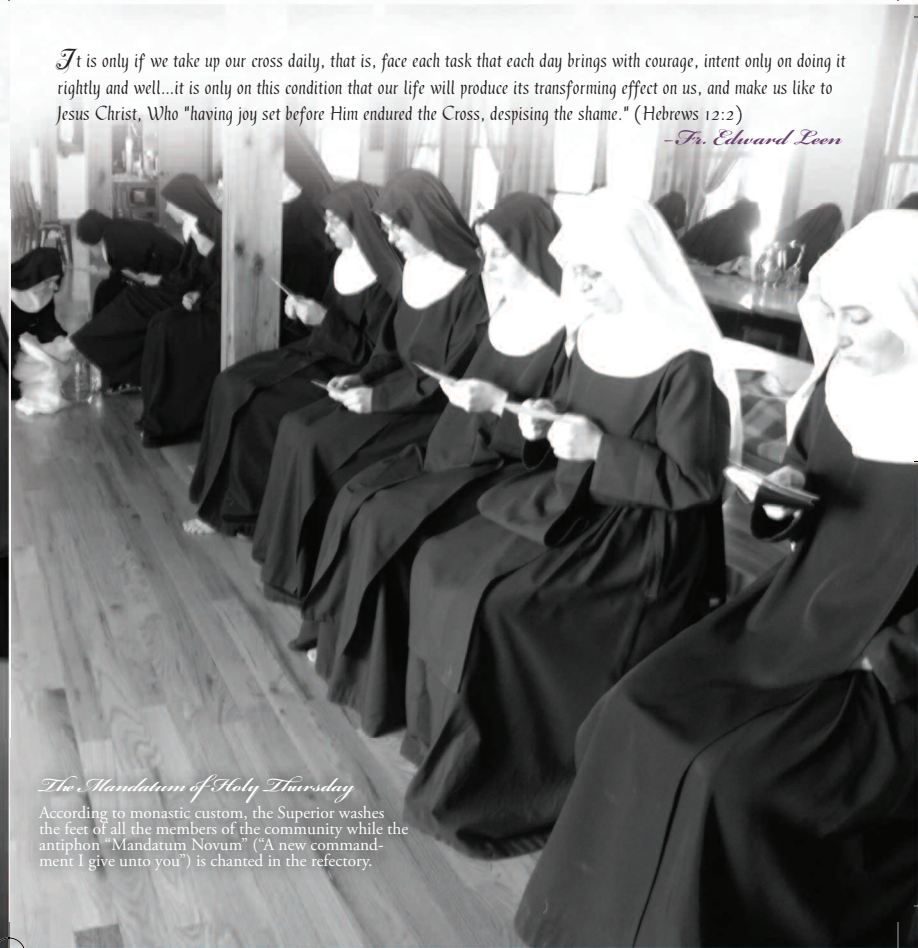
-St. Francis of Assisi

Mass of Palm Sunday



It is only if we take up our cross daily, that is, face each task that each day brings with courage, intent only on doing it rightly and well...it is only on this condition that our life will produce its transforming effect on us, and make us like to Jesus Christ, Who "having joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame." (Hebrews 12:2)

-Fr. Edward Leen



The Mandatum of Holy Thursday

According to monastic custom, the Superior washes the feet of all the members of the community while the antiphon "Mandatum Novum" ("A new commandment I give unto you") is chanted in the refectory.

The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;

22. AVE REGINA CÆLORUM ✠ *Norman the Dane*

One of the four ancient antiphons sung nightly to Our Lady, changing according to season. This is the one is sung during Lent.

Ave, Regina cælorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum:
Salve, radix, salve porta
Ex qua mundo lux est orta:
Gaude, virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa,
Vale, o valde decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

23. MY MERCY ✠ *Benedictines of Mary*

An interior prayer brought forth in song in 2007 through holy obedience, it remains a perennial favorite of the community.

*Jesus I trust in You,
I love You, have mercy,
Deep from Your wounded heart,
Pour out Your grace and mercy.*

Meek and all-humble,
Patient and mild,
Your heart draws poor sinners
Each as Your child.
Let no one fear
To approach Your dear Heart;
Sweet compassion compels You,
Forgiveness to impart.

Our praise and pray'rs and anthems
Before Thee we present.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Hail O Queen of Heaven,
Hail Lady of the angels
Hail root, hail gate
Whence the world's Light arose.
Rejoice, glorious Virgin,
In loveliness surpassing all others!
Farewell, exceedingly admirable One,
And plead with Christ on our behalf.

O Jesus my refuge,
My hope and my life,
Always present in the darkness,
Turning shadows to light;
O rain down Your mercy!
Immersed in Your Blood
Our weakness is our strength,
Overcome by Your Love.

Mercy, Mercy,
Forever will I sing
The mercies of the Lord!



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1. JESUS, MY LOVE ✠ *16th Century. Assisian / Richard Rolle*

After being profoundly moved by sacred music, Richard Rolle of Hampole lived and wrote as a hermit until his death in 1349.

Jesus for us didst hang on Rood,
For Love Thou gavest Thine Heart's Blood,
Love made of Thee our soul's True Food -
Thy Love has brought us to all good.

Jesus, my Love of heart so free,
All this didst do for love of me.
What shall I for this offer Thee?
Naught dost Thou crave but love from me.

Jesus, my God, my Lord, my King,
Wouldst' have of me none other thing

Save but true love and heart's longing
And tears of love, and true mourning.

Jesus, my Love, my Joy, my Light,
I would Thee love as is Thy right,
Grant me to love with all my might
And mourn for Thee by day and night.

Jesus, grant me such love of Thee
That all my thought on Thee may be.
Turn Thou Thine eyes, I pray, on me
And graciously my sorrow see!

2. CHRISTUS FACTUS EST ✠ *Triduum Tenebrae Antiphona / Philippians 2:8-10*

One of the most hallowed chants of the liturgical year, this is sung in total darkness at the close of Tenebrae.

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad
mortem, mortem autem crucis. Propter quod et
Deus exaltavit illum et dedit illi nomen, quod est
super omne nomen.

Christ accepted an obedience which brought Him to
death, death on a cross. Therefore God has highly ex-
alted him and given him a name which is above every
name.

3. GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION ✠ *Giovanni Pergolesi / Fr. Edmund Vaughan*

The prolific missionary Fr. Edmund Vaughan, CSSR, (1827-1908) who made Redemptorist foundations in Scotland, New Zealand and Australia translated many works of his spiritual father, St. Alphonsus. A poet in his own right, this is one of his originals.

God of mercy and compassion
Look with pity upon me.
Father, let me call Thee Father,
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

*Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy;
Let me not implore in vain,
All my sins, I now detest them.
Never will I sin again.*

By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery,

Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.

By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to heav'n above,
Where the saints rejoice forever
In a boundless sea of love.

See our Savior, bleeding, dying,
On the cross of Calvary.
To that cross my sins have nailed Him,
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

4. HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID ✠ *St. M. Cherubim / Matthew 21:9*

The Benedictines' arrangement of a hymn long treasured by them, the Palm Sunday processional written by the Franciscan authoress of children's hymns in the earlier part of the twentieth century.

Hosanna to the Son of David, Hosanna to the Son of
David!

The Hebrews, bearing olive branches, went forth their
King in triumph greeting!

*Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!
O King of Israel, Hosanna in the highest!*

O Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Savior, may we in
homage join the singing:

5. JESU DULCIS AMOR MEUS ✠ *Late Medieval Chant / St. Bernard of Clairvaux*

Assigned in some places and congregations as the Lauds hymn for the Office of the Holy Shroud (the second Friday of Lent.)

Jesu dulcis amor meus
Ac si præsens sis accedo:
Te complector cum affectu
Tuorum memor vulnerum.

O quam nudum hic te cerno
Vulneratum et distentum
Inquinatum, involutum,
In hoc sacro tegmine!

Salve caput cruentatum
Spinis cujus dulcis vultus
Immutavit suum florem
Quem cæli tream curia.

Salve latus Salvatoris,
Salve mitis apertura,
Super rosam rubicunda,
Medela saluifera.

Manus sanctæ, vos avete,
Diris clavis perforatæ:
Ne repellas me Salvator
De tuis sanctis pedibus. Amen.

Sweet Jesus, my Beloved,
If Thou permittest me, I shall draw near
And embrace Thee with affection,
Mindful of Thy wounds.

O how I see Thee, all stripped,
Wounded and stretched,
Filthy and unrecognizable
As within a sacred cloak.

Hail bloodied head,
Whose sweet countenance has exchanged
Its flowering freshness for thorns,
And at which heaven trembles.

Hail the Side of the Savior,
Hail soothing opening,
Saving remedy,
Redder than the rose.

Hail Thou holy hands,
Pierced by cruel nails!
Do not spurn me, O my Savior,
Sending me away from Thy holy feet. Amen.

6. JESU SALVATOR MUNDI ✠ *Bartolomeo Cordano*

Jesu, Salvator mundi, tuis famulis subveni,
quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

O Jesus, Savior of the world, deliver Thy servants whom
Thou hast redeemed by Thy precious Blood.

7. IMPROPERIA ✠ *pro-8th Century Chant / St. Nicholas 6:3, Jeremiah 2:21, Isaiah 5:2-10*

The reproaches mark the climax of the Good Friday Liturgy, one of the earliest liturgies still extant and in which the Greek has been preserved.

Popule meus, quid feci tibi? Aut in quo
constristavi te? Responde mihi.
Quia eduxi te de terra Ægypti: parasti
Crucem Salvatori tuo.

Ἅγιος ὁ Θεός Sanctus Deus.
Ἅγιος ἰσχυρός, Sanctus Fortis.
Ἅγιος ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς.
Sanctus Immortalis, miserere nobis.

Quia eduxi te per desertum quadraginta annis, et
manna cibavi te, et introduxi in terram satis opti-
mam: parasti Crucem Salvatori tuo.

Quid ultra debui facere tibi, et non feci? Ego qui-
dem plantavi te vineam meam speciosissimam: et tu
facta es Mihi nimis amara: aceto namque sitim
Meam potasti: et lancea perforasti latus Salvatori tuo.

My people, what have I done to thee? In what have I grieved
thee? Answer me!
I brought thee forth from Egypt, but thou prepared a Cross for
thy Savior.

Holy is God! Holy is God!
Holy and strong! Holy and strong!
Holy immortal One, be merciful to us!
Holy immortal One, be merciful to us!

For I led thee through the desert forty years, feeding thee with
manna, and brought thee into an excellent, plentiful land:
and thou hast prepared a Cross for thy Savior.

What more ought I do for thee, that I did not? Truly, I estab-
lished thee as My most lovely vine: and thou art become ex-
ceedingly bitter to Me: for thou quenched My thirst with
vinegar and with a lance thou pierced Thy Savior's side.

20. CRUX FIDELIS ✠ *Venantius Fortunatus*

Sung after the veneration of the Cross on Good Friday and daily during Passiontide.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert,
Fronde, flore, germine.

Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce pondus sustinent!

Pange lingua gloriosi
Prælium certaminis,
Et super cruce trophæum
Dic triumphum poblem:

Lustris sex qui iam peractis,
Tempus implens corporis,
Se volente, natus ad hoc,
Passioni deditus,
Agnus in cruce levatur
Immolandus stipite

Hic acetum, fel, arundo,
Sputa, clavi, lancea:
Mite corpus perforator:
Sanguis, unda profluit:
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus,
Quo lavantur flumine!

Flecte ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa viscera
Et rigor lentescat ille,
Quem dedit nativitas:
Ut superni membra Regis
Miti tendas stipites.

Sola digna tu fuisti
Ferre sæcli pretium,
Atque portum præparare
Nauta mundo naufrago:
Quo sacer cruor perfunxit,
Fusus Agni corpore.

Gloria et honor Deo
Usquequaque Altissimo:
Unâ Patri, Filioque,
Inclyto Paraclito:
Cui laus est et potestas
Per æterna sæcula. Amen.

Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce pondus sustinent!

Faithful Cross, most noble
Of all trees; amid the forest
None other puts forth
Such leaf, flower or fruit.

Sweet wood, sweet nails,
Sweet burden bearing!

Sound with voice the
Battle's glorious strife
And proclaim the Cross
A sign of splendid triumph:
It was as victim that the
Redeemer of the world conquered.

Thirty years now having
Accomplished in the flesh,
Freely He gives Himself unto
The Passion for which He was born:
A Lamb to be raised upon the Cross,
An offering from the branches.

Amidst this vinegar, gall, reed,
Spittle, nails, lance:
His meek Body is pierced;
By the blood and waters
Flowing thence, earth, sea, sky,
And the whole world is cleansed.

With bent branches,
O lofty tree
Open thy bosom wide
And let thy native rigor abate
To hold with branches mild
The limbs of the heavenly King

Thou alone wert deemed worthy
To bear the ransom of the world
And wert prepared as port for those
Sailing in a shipwrecked world:
Flowing from the Body of the Lamb,
The Sacred Blood anointed thee.

Gloria and honor to God
Eternally Most High:
To the One Father and Son
With the glorious Paraclite;
To Whom are praise and power
Forever and ever. Amen.

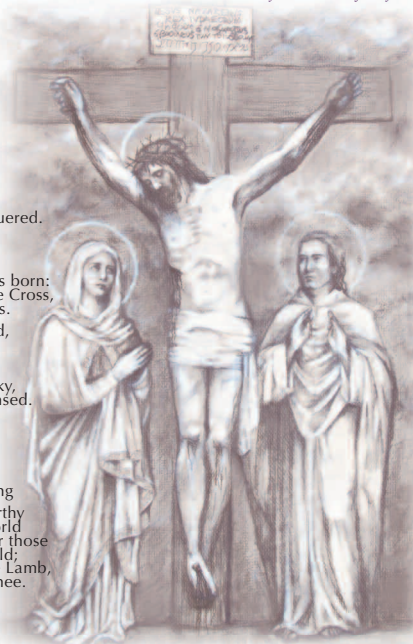
Sweet wood, sweet nails,
Sweet burden bearing!

21. ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR ✠ *St. Nicholas Zeschner / St. Wendolph of Orleans*A translation by J. M. Neale of the traditional Palm Sunday processional hymn, *Gloria Laus et Honor*.

All glory, laud and honor to Thee, Redeemer King,
To Whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest, the King and blessed One.

Charcoal sketch by a Benedictine of Mary



Look at His adorable face.
Look at His glazed and sunken eyes. Look at His wounds.

There, you will see how He loves us.

—St. Therese of Lisieux

For know, this weak and dying Man
Is Son of Him Who made the earth
And me, before the world began,
He chose to give Him human birth.
He is my God and since that night
When first I saw His infant grace,
My soul has feasted on the light,
The beauty of that heavenly face.

And now behold this loving Son
Is dying in a woe so great,
The very stones can only moan
In sorrow at His piteous state.
Eternal Father, God of love,
Behold Thy Son! Oh, see His woe!
Canst Thou look down from Heaven above
And for Thy Son no pity show?

16. VERE LANGUORES NOSTROS ✠ *Antonio Lotti / Isaías 53:4*

Vere languores nostros ipse tulit et dolores nostros ipse portavit.

But no, that Father sees His Son
Cloth'd with our sins, our guilt and shame,
And spares not that Beloved One,
Though dying on His cross of pain.
My Son, my Son! Could I at least
Console Thee in this hour of death,
Could I but lay Thee on my breast
And there receive Thy parting breath?

Alas, no comfort I impart;
Nay, rather this my vain regret
But rends still more Thy loving heart
And makes Thy death more bitter yet.
Ah, loving souls! Love, love that God
Who all inflamed with love expires;
On you this life He has bestowed;
Your love is all that He desires.

Truly, He hath taken our weaknesses upon Himself and hath Himself born our sorrows.

17. TENEBRÆ ✠ *5th Responsory of Good Friday Tenebræ / Luke 23:44-46*

The most dramatic of the Tenebræ responsories, this one lends its name to the Office of Matins and Lauds for the Sacred Triduum.

Tenebræ factæ sunt, dum crucifixissent
Iesum ludæi: et circa horam nonam exclamavit Iesus voce magna: Deus meus, ut
quid me dereliquisti? * Et inclinato capite,
emisit spiritum.

V. Exclamans Iesus voce magna, ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

Darkness fell while the Jews were crucifying Jesus,
and at about the ninth hour Jesus called out in a
loud voice: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken
me?" * Then he bowed His head and yielded up
His spirit.

V. Crying out with a loud voice Jesus said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

Then he bowed His head and yielded up His spirit.

18. O COME AND MOURN ✠ *Nicola Montani / Fr. Frederick Faber*

O come and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side.
O come, and let us mourn with her:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

His mother longs to reach His face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

19. ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE ✠ *Theodore Dubois / Good Friday Antiphon*

Invocation prayed upon arriving at each Station of the Cross. Before his death, St. Francis of Assisi extended this ancient prayer, which comes toward the end of the Good Friday Liturgy.

Adoramus te Christe, et benedicimus tibi, quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

8. ON THE WAY OF THE CROSS ✠ *18th Century Hungarian / Marie Leska*

Who is this passing by wounded and worn?
Who is this wearing a crown of thorn?
See the face beautiful bowed to the road,
While the hands delicate drag His load.

Jesus of Galilee scorned and alone,
Not yet forsaken of all Thine own.
Lord, we will follow Thee suffering betrayed,
Eager to stand where Thy Cross is laid.

O He is sinking fast, spent is His strength!
See He is lying so still at length.
Yet must He struggle on, falling again.
Thrice is He stricken to earth by pain.

Tracing each drop of Thy Blood in the dust,
Counting each wound where Thy scourge was thrust.
Jesus of Galilee stricken and torn.
Give us a share in Thy crown of thorn.

9. PUERI HEBRÆORUM ✠ *Giovanni Palestrina / cf. John 12:13 (Palm Sunday Antiphon)*

Pueri Hebræorum portantes ramos olivarum
obviaverunt Domino clamantes et dicentes:
Hosanna in excelsis.

Carrying olive branches, the Hebrew children went
out to meet the Lord, shouting and proclaiming:
Hosanna in the highest!

10. O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED ✠ *Hans Hassler / St. Bernard of Clairvaux*

Made famous by J. S. Bach in St. Matthew's Passion (BWV244), this hymn has brought great comfort to Sisters' family members as they were dying.

O sacred head surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

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

I see Thy strength and vigor
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life.
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying
O turn Thy face on me.

Be near when I am dying;
O show Thy Cross to me
And to my succor flying,
Come Lord and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving
From Thee shall never move,
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in Thy love.

11. ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE ✠ *Oreste Ravanello / Good Friday Antiphon*

Adoramus te Christe, et benedicimus tibi,
quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti
mundum.

We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee,
because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed
the world.

12. STABAT MATER ✠ *Giuseppe Tartini / Jacopone di Todi*

A thirteenth century sequence to Our Lady of Sorrows, traditionally sung between each station of the Cross.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat filius.

The sorrowful Mother stood
weeping beside the Cross, while her
Son hung thereon.

Cuius animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem
pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta,
mater unigeniti!

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
pia mater, dum videbat
nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
matrem Christi si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
vidit Iesum in tormentis,
et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum,
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

Eia, mater, fons amoris
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum
ut sibi compleceam.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
crucifixa fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
tam dignati pro me pati,
pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
fac me Cruce inebriari,
et cruore filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus,
per te, virgo, sim defensus
in die iudicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
da per matrem me venire
ad palmam victoriae.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac, ut animæ donetur
paradisii gloria. Amen.

13. DIVINE PHYSICIAN ✠ *Benedictines of Mary*

A hymn written in 2012, the chorus melody derived from the Passiontide responsory and lyrics inspired by Mark 2:17 and Ezekiel 33:11.

Divine Physician! Thou I heed,
Whom ill and not the well doth need.

A sword pierced her sighing,
compassionate,
and grief-stricken soul.

O how sad and how afflicted
was that Blessed Mother
of the Only-Begotten!

How she grieved and suffered,
that loving Mother, when she beheld the pains of
her glorious Son.

Who is there that would not weep,
if he should behold the Mother of Christ in such
distress?

Who could refrain from grieving,
if he should contemplate the Mother of Christ suf-
fering with her Son?

For the sins of His own nation,
she saw Jesus in tormentis
and subjected to stripes.

She beheld her sweet Son
dying, abandoned,
until He yielded up the ghost.

Ah, Mother, fount of love,
make me feel the force of grief,
make me weep with thee.

Make my heart burn with love
for Christ God that I
may be pleasing to Him.

Holy Mother, mayest thou bring it to pass that the
wounds of the Crucified be deeply impressed
upon my heart.

Share with me the sufferings
of thy wounded Son,
who thus deigned to suffer for me.

Grant that I may be wounded with His wounds,
that I may be inebriated with the Cross and with
the Blood of thy Son.

May I be defended by thee
on the day of judgment, O Virgin,
lest I go down to be burned.

When, O Christ, the hour has come for me to de-
part hence, grant that through Thy Mother I may
obtain the palm of victory.

When my body dies,
grant that my soul receive
the glory of Paradise. Amen.

As far as west is from the east,
Drive forth my sins, O great High Priest.

Thou doth not the just, but sinners call
And lo, beneath a Cross didst fall.

O Jesu mi, Miserere mei!
(*O my Jesus, have mercy on me!*)

Eternal Love! Who chose to die
And with my selfish will would vie:
Thy humbling love e'er calls to me,
With open arms, bound to the Tree.

14. VEXILLA REGIS ✠ *Venantius Fortunatus*

Passiontide Vespers hymn, chanted also on the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross (September 14th). It was first sung when, at the request of St. Radegunde, a relic of the true cross was brought in procession to the monastery of Saint-Croix in Poitiers.

Vexilla regis prodeunt:
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceæ,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fidelis carmine,
Dicens: in nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cuius brachiis
Sæcli pependit pretium,
Statera facta corporis,
Prædamque tulit tartari.

O rux ave, spes unica,
Hoc Passionis tempore
Auge piis iustitiam
Reisque dona veniam

Te summa Deus Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quos per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per sæcula. Amen.

15. MOTHER OF SORROWS ✠ *Benedictines of Mary / St. Alphonsus Liguori*

An original piece written in 2007 with lyrics adapted from the closing poem of St. Alphonsus' *Victories of the Martyrs*.

O ye who pass along the way,
All joyous where with grief I pine,
In pity pause awhile and say,
Was ever sorrow like to mine?

Thou, sinless, didst the guilty bear.
Nail Thou my heart and leave it there.

O Christ, Who wills not sinners' death,
Let me console Thee with each breath.
A song unending would I weave
And in Thy love would e'er believe,
And of Thy Mercy not despair.
My God! Accept the lowly prayer:

The banners of the King go forth:
The mystery of the Cross brightly shines,
On which gibbet hung the flesh of the
Creator of all flesh.

He was wounded by the
Cruel point of a lance -
Water and blood flowed forth
To wash away our guilt.

Now is fulfilled what
David foretold in faithful song,
Saying unto the nations:
God hath reigned from a Tree

O beautiful and resplendent Tree,
adorned with the purple of the King,
chosen to hold on thy worthy trunk,
limbs so holy.

O blessed Tree upon whose branches
hung the ransom of the world,
weighing that body as in a balance
and snatching away the prey of hell.

Hail, O Cross, our only hope!
In this Passiontide
Make the righteous greater in virtue
And bestow grace upon sinners.

May every spirit praise Thee,
O Highest Triune God!
Rule forever over those whom
Thou savest by the mystery of the Cross. Amen.

See hanging here before my eyes
This body bloodless, bruised, and torn -
Alas! it is my Son Who dies,
Of love deserving, not of scorn.