

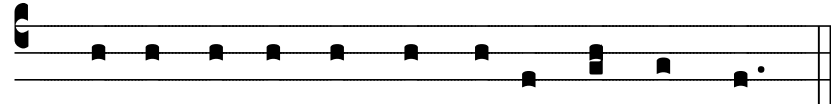
A - rise, why sleep - est Thou, O Lord?



A - rise, and cast us not off for - ev - er.



Be - hold God is my Sa - vior;



I will deal con - fi - dent - ly and will not fear.



We there - fore be - seech Thee, O Lord, help Thy ser - vants.

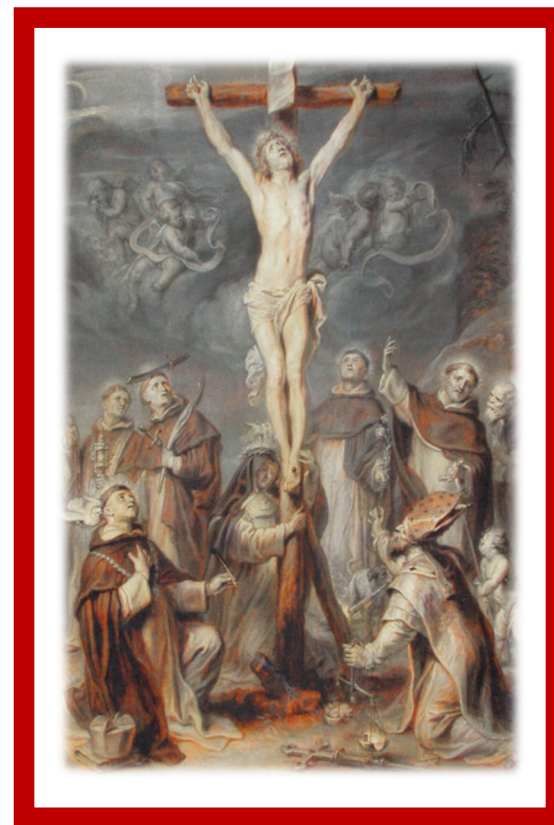


Whom Thou hast re - deemed by Thy Pre - cious Blood.

℣. Have mercy on us, O benign Jesus +

℟. Who hast lovingly suffered for us.

Look down, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon this Thy family:
for which Our Lord Jesus Christ did not refuse to be delivered
into the hands of the wicked and to endure the torment of the Cross.



THE CANTICLE OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD

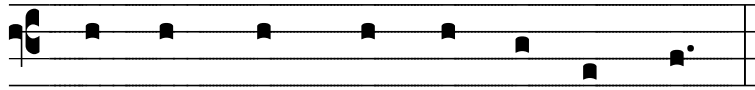
Composed by
Saint Catherine de Ricci
Dominican Nun

MONASTERY OF OUR LADY OF GRACE

DOMINICAN NUNS • 11 RACE HILL ROAD • NORTH GUILFORD, CT 06437



My friends and My kins - men *



have ap - proached and stood a - gainst Me.

I was betrayed and I *went* **not** out *

My eyes have languished *for weariness*.

And My sweat has become like *drops* of blood *

trick - ling down *upon* the earth.

Ma - ny dogs have surrounded Me *

the counsel of the wicked *has besieged* Me.

I gave My Body to the *scourgers* *

and My cheeks *to be smitten*.

I turned not away from those who *upbraided* Me *

and *spat upon* Me.

Be - cause I am prepared for *scourging* *

and My sorrow is *ever before* Me.

The sold - iers plaiting a *crown* of thorns *

have placed it *upon* My Head.

They have pierced My hands and *My feet* *

they have numbered *all* My bones.

And they gave Me *gall* for food *

and in My thirst they gave Me *vinegar* to drink.

All who saw Me *derided* Me *

they spoke with their lips and *wagged their heads*.

They have looked upon Me and *watched* Me *

they divided My vestments among them

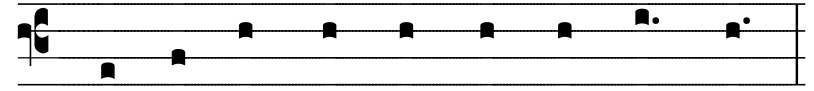
and upon My vesture *they cast lots*.

In - to thy hands I commend My *spirit* *

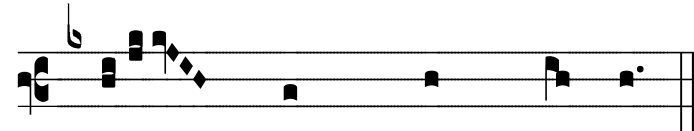
Thou hast redeemed Me, O Lord, *God of truth*. (repeat)

Re - member Thy servants, *O Lord* *

when Thou comest into *Thy Kingdom*.

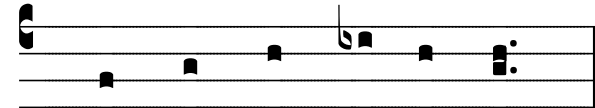


But Je - sus, cry - ing with a loud voice, *

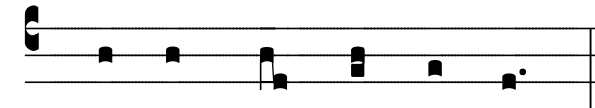


sent forth His spir - it.

*A short meditation should be made here
on the mystery of Christ's Passion.*



The mer - cies of the Lord *



I will sing for - ev - er.

Sure - ly He hath *borne our infirmities* *

and *carried our sorrows*.

He was wounded for *our iniquities*

He was *bruised for our sins*.

All we like *sheep have gone astray*

Everyone hath turned aside, *into his own way*.

The Lord hath *laid on Him*

the *iniquities of us all*.