

# PART ONE

## INTRODUCTORY HYMN

Let us pray in contemplation  
While we sing this lamentation. (x2)

With eyes tearful, hearts repenting,  
Let us grieve with no relenting. (x2)

Lo, the sun and stars are fading;  
Sadness, nature all pervading. (x2)

Host of Angels, sadly weeping;  
Who'll explain their deep bereaving. (x2)

Mountains, cliffs and rocks are crumbling;  
Sealed tombs open, loudly thund'ring. (x2)

Why such sorrow? Desolation?  
Overwhelming all creation? (x2)

'Tis our Saviors' sacred passion  
Moving all to deep compassion. (x2)

Touch our hearts, O Lord most holy,  
With contrition, true and lowly. (x2)

By Your precious Blood redeem us;  
From sin, malice, oh Lord, free us. (x2)

May our Lenten lamentations  
Curb false ardor and wild passion. (x2)



## INTENTIONS

With the grace of God, let us awaken in our hearts a profound sorrow for our sins. In the spirit of reparation, let us offer to our Heavenly Father, this meditation on the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us be mindful of God's immense love for us, His unworthy creatures. Out of pure love for humanity, God sent His only-begotten Son Jesus Christ, who assumed our human nature, so that He might satisfy Divine Justice by suffering cruel torments and by dying on the Cross.

Let us also offer this contemplation as an act of veneration to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother most sorrowful, and to all the Saints but especially to those who distinguished themselves by their devotion to the passion of Christ.

In this first part of our contemplation, let us recall our Lord's sufferings, beginning with His prayer and bloody sweat in the Garden of Gethsemane and ending with His unjust accusation before the tribunal of the Sanhedrin. These insults and indignities which Our Lord suffered, let us offer for the exaltation of the Church, for all clergy and religious, for the people of God, for the enemies of His Cross and for all unbelievers so that all may become the one true fold of Christ.

## **HYMN**

Sorrow afflicts me; my heart bleeds with pain  
As in the Garden, Jesus prays in pain.  
Drenched in bloody sweat, the cup He accepts,  
On death He reflects.

Soldiers approach Him while Judas draws near  
To kiss Him Master, without shame or fear.  
Like hungry, wild wolves, they our Lord betray.  
Our Savior betray.

The rabble frenzied with fury and hate  
Strike blows, push, kick Him; lead Him through the gate.  
They spit in His face and pull on His hair,  
The King, meek and fair.

One soldier in arms lifts his iron fists  
At the sacred Face blood purples Christ's lips.  
Tenderly His eyes look up filled with tears  
At the crowd who jeers.

Let my heart of stone, smitten be with grief,  
O my sweet Jesus, cure my unbelief.  
I'm sorry, Jesus, for offending you.  
My God, I love You.

## **THE SOUL'S LAMENT OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS**

Jesus, sought by the maddened rabble  
like meekest of lambs driven to slaughter.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, for thirty silver pieces  
ungratefully sold by Judas the traitor.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, downcast with sorrow and pain,  
Longing anxiously, death for man's salvation.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, in the dark Olive Garden  
shedding bloody sweat, accepting the Chalice.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, snared slyly into cruel hands  
by Judas, traitor, ungrateful disciple.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, toughly bound by drugged hirelings  
The rope, coarse and strong, tearing Your flesh sorely.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, jeered and scoffed by the rabble  
Before the mock-court of the high-priest Annas.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, dragged rudely through the dark streets  
By the beastly mob to the house of Caiaphas.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, struck in the face severely  
with an iron glove by Malchus the servant.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, blamed falsely by bribed judges,  
proclaimed unjustly as people's deceiver.  
My Jesus, I love you.

All hail, O Jesus, all honor to You,  
For man degraded, humiliated,  
To You, all holy, praises and glory.  
To You, Christ Redeemer.

### **THE SOUL SPEAKS WITH THE SORROWFUL MOTHER**

Oh, how sad and stricken sorely  
My soul tried by God most holy  
As the sword pierces my heart. (x2)

Why, O Mother, are you worried?  
Why your heart so heavily harried?  
Why, Mother, are you dismayed? (x2)

Ask me not, I'm faint with anguish;  
I am speechless and I languish  
With the pain that grips my heart. (x2)

Tell me, tell me, Blessed Mary,  
Why so pale, what grief you carry?  
Why so bitterly you weep? (x2)

Lo, see my Son dejected  
In the Garden, all rejected,  
Sweating blood in grief and pain. (x2)

I beg you, O Blessed Mary  
Your Son's heavy cross to carry  
With my love and no complaint. (x2)

Through Your wounds and sacred passion,  
Lord and Savior, show us Your compassion.

## **PART TWO**

### **INTENTIONS**

In the second part of our Lamentations, let us meditate on the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ from the time He was accused before the Sanhedrin until the moments when He was crowned with thorns.

Let us offer to God the Father the wounds, indignities, and insults of our Lord Jesus in the hope that all nations may live in peace and harmony with one another, that Christian charity may rule in the hearts of men, and that true unity and lasting peace may reign in the world.

Let us also offer our Lord's passion for ourselves to obtain the remission of our sins and of our punishment for them, and to secure protection against pestilence, famine, war, and all calamity.

### **HYMN**

Look, O my vain soul, how much God loves you;  
For your salvation He gives His Son true,  
More than scorn and pain, Jesus feels your sin,  
Redeemer of men.

Behold Him standing, Creator and Lord,  
Before man's judgment, amid the fierce horde.  
Clad in a white robe, the Lamb, gentle, meek,  
Jeered a fool and freak.

For all my malice, for my willful sin,  
The soldiers scourge Him, slash His tender skin.  
Streams of Sacred Blood, profusely flowing,  
God's grace bestowing.

Vain glory and pride, sought by selfish men,  
Pierce His Head with thorns, as men toy with sin.  
Dressed in purple robes, sceptered with a reed.  
Mercy He does plead.

Let my heart of stone, smitten be with grief,  
O my sweet Jesus, cure my unbelief.  
I'm sorry, Jesus, for offending You.  
My God, I love You.

## **THE SOUL'S LAMENT OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS**

Jesus, seized by the maddened rabble  
innocent captive sentenced for the guilty.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, whose holy Face was spattered  
with filthy spittle by the savage ruffians.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, whom Peter in dread and fear  
cowardly denied thrice before the servants.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, dragged roughly by armed soldiers  
before Pilate's court like a wretch and outlaw.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, whom Herod and his puppets  
ridiculed and mocked with scorn and derision.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, who for sport and for mockery  
clad in a bright robe was sent back to Pilate.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, chained to the pillar of stone  
most cruelly beaten, lashed, scourged with no mercy.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, whose Sacred Head surrounded  
by a crown of thorns piercing the skull deeply.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, dressed in a scarlet garment  
a reed in the hand scoffed as King of glory.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, struck on the Head with the reed  
mocked, by bending knees King and Man of Sorrow.  
My Jesus, I love you.

All hail, O Jesus, all honor to You,  
For man degraded, humiliated,  
To You, all holy, praises and glory.  
To You, Christ Redeemer.

## **THE SOUL SPEAKS WITH THE SORROWFUL MOTHER**

Oh, I see Him, my own Jesus  
His body bruised, out in pieces  
By the scourging, brutal men. (x2)

Holy Virgin, please allow me  
Would of Your Son to pervade me,  
As on them I contemplate. (x2)

Seeing my Son so maltreated  
With long, sharp thorns, His Head wreathed,  
My soul swoons at this cruel sight. (x2)

Holy Mother, please share with me,  
Your deep sorrow, hear this my plea,  
Over your Son's bleeding Head. (x2)

Oh, that I Your Mother grieving  
Could in some way help relieving  
Your severe pain, O my son. (x2)

Mother, found of love and sorrow,  
May my spirit from you borrow  
Little of your pain profound. (x2)

Through Your wounds and sacred passion,  
Lord and Savior, show us Your compassion.

## **PART THREE**

### **INTENTIONS**

In the last part of our Lamentations, let us contemplate the sufferings of Jesus from the time He was nailed to the cross until the moment when He breathed His last on that infamous cross.

All these sufferings, blasphemies, insults, and indignities heaped upon our innocent Savior, let us offer to our heavenly Father for the founders and benefactors of our parish, for all the faithful living and dead, and for all the hardened sinners, particularly those persisting in the habit of impurity, drugs, and drunkenness. May our Savior move their hearts and minds to sincere repentance and amendment of their living.

Let us also offer our Lord's passion for the souls in purgatory that the merciful Jesus alleviate and shorten their suffering.

Finally, let us entreat Jesus to intercede for us with His most merciful Father that at the hour of our death we may obtain the grace of sincere sorrow for our sins and a reward of eternal happiness with Him.

## **HYMN**

O my heart so cold, why do you not burn?  
With fervor and zeal, why do you not yearn?  
Jesus loves you so, buying you dearly,  
Shed His Blood freely.

Boundless love for men drive Him to the Cross.  
His arms embrace it; His strength suffers loss.  
Exhausted and faint, beneath its burden.  
Thrice He falls laden.

As they reach the hill, infamously sought  
Docile to captors, He yields to their plot.  
His hands and His feet to the cross they nail;  
The scorned King they hail.

Sweet nails and sweet wood, free the Crucified,  
Who for us sinners so unjustly died.  
His sacred Body, we to rest will lay  
On this mournful day.

Let my heart of stone, smitten be with grief,  
Oh my sweet Jesus, cure my unbelief.  
I'm sorry, Jesus, for offending you.  
My God, I love You.

Let praise and honor be to You, O Lord,  
For Your cross, passion wounds, death, O dear Lord.  
All this You suffered for our salvation.  
God of Creation.

## **THE SOUL'S LAMENT OVER THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS**

Jesus, cursed and jeered by the wild mob  
As traitor and thief adjudged to be guilty.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, unjustly by Pilate's word  
handed to the mob for Your crucifixion.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, carrying Your heavy cross  
up the rugged hill, thrice severely falling.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, nailed to the shameful, hard cross  
by beastly captors, tearing Your hand and feet.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, crucified with the two thieves,  
for greater mockery by the howling rabble.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, jeered by the gaping, large crowd  
and the passer-by, reviled and derided.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, Whom the thief on the left side  
blasphemed, cursing You, false prophet deceiver.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, whose burning, unquenching thirst  
was satiated with a bitter potion.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, in crucial pangs of dying  
off'ring Your Spirit to Your Heavenly Father.  
My Jesus, I love you.

Jesus, taken down from the rough cross  
and laid in the tomb by loyal disciples.  
My Jesus, I love you.

All hail, O Jesus, all honor to You,  
For man degraded, humiliated,  
To You, all holy, praises and glory.  
To You, Christ Redeemer.

## **THE SOUL SPEAKS WITH THE SORROWFUL MOTHER**

At the Cross my station keeping,  
I stand mournful, sadly weeping.  
Mother tender and distressed. (x2)

Oh Mother, let me share with you  
His cross, passion, wounds, and death, too,  
Looking back to Calvary. (x2)

At this moment, my own darling,  
His limbs, veins, body all gnarling,  
In the bitter pangs of death. (x2)

Grieving Mother, please allow me  
To share your grief, your comfort be  
On the death of your dear Son. (x2)

Praying to his Heav'nly Father,  
He turns to me, His own Mother,  
Trusting all mankind to me (x2)

Holy Mary, let me carry  
His cross, passion, deeply bury  
In my soul redeemed by Him. (x2)