



Parce Dómine

Par - ce Dó - mi - ne, par - ce pó - pu - lo tu - o:
Spare us, gra - cious Lord, spare your peo - ple, who have sinned:

ne in ae - tér - num i - ra - scá - ris no - bis.
spare us, lest we face your re - proach for - ev - er.

1. Have mercy on me, O God, according to your mer - ci - ful love;
2. Wash me completely from my in - iq - ui - ty,
3. My transgressions, tru - ly I know them;
4. A - gainst you, you a - lone, have I sinned;
5. Cre - ate a pure heart for me, O God;

D.C.
according to your great compassion, blot out my trans - gres - sions.
and cleanse me from my sin.
my sin is always be - fore me.
what is evil in your sight I have done.
renew a steadfast spirit with - in me.

Text: *Parce Domine*; Joel 2:17; tr. by Ronald F. Krisman, b.1946, © 2011, GIA Publications, Inc.; verses, Psalm 51:3-6, 12, *The Revised Grail Psalms*, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail, admin. by GIA Publications, Inc.
Tune: PARCE DOMINE; Mode I with Tonus Peregrinus; acc. by Robert LeBlanc, b.1948

Kýrie

Cantor: Ký-ri-e, All: Chri-ste,
Ký-ri-e, e - lé-i-son, Ký-ri-e, e-lé-i-son.

All: Ký-ri-e, Cantor:
Chri-ste, e - lé - i-son, Chri-ste, e-lé-i-son.

All:
Ký-ri-e, e - lé-i-son, Ký-ri-e, e-lé-i-son.

Tune: Carol E. Browning, b.1956, © 2011, GIA Publications, Inc.

Jesus, the Lord

Refrain
Je - sus. Je - sus. Let all cre-

a - tion bend the knee to the Lord.

Verse 1
1. In him we live, we move and have our

be - ing; in him the Christ, in him the

D.C.
King! Je - sus, the Lord.

Verses 2, 3

2. Though Son, he did not cling to his
3. He lived o - be - dient - ly his

god - li - ness; but emp - tied him - self, be -
Fa - ther's will ac - cept - ing his death,

came a slave! Je - sus, the Lord.
death on a tree!

Text: *Jesus Prayer*, Philippians 2:5-11; Acts 17:28; Roc O'Connor, SJ, b.1949
Tune: Roc O'Connor, SJ, b.1949; arr. by Rick Modlin, b.1966
© 1981, 1994, Robert F. O'Connor, SJ, and OCP

The Cross of Jesus

1. Come, O God, re - new your peo - ple,
2. Deep with - in cre - ate a new heart;
3. In the dark - ness that sur - rounds us
4. Call us forth to walk in jus - tice;

We who long to see your face.
Melt a - way the win - ter chill.
We have lost you from our sight.
Res - cue us from sin and grave.

Strength - en hearts that have grown fee - ble;
Help us now to make a new start;
E - ven though your love has found us,
Through the pow - er of your Spir - it,

Fill our lives with truth and grace.
Help us now to know your will.
We em - brace the powers of night.
Breathe in us the breath that saves.

On - ly you can win our free - dom;
Washed in wa - ters of for - give - ness,
Scat - ter now our deep - est dark - ness;
Strength - en us in our com - mun - ion,

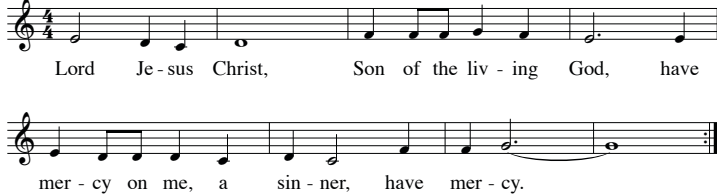
On - ly you can bring us peace.
Cleansed in wa - ters of new birth,
Guide our hearts in - to the light.
One in Word and cup and bread.

On - ly in the cross of Je - sus
Lead us to the cross of Je - sus,
Join us to the cross of Je - sus.
Here with - in the cross of Je - sus

Will the cap - tives find re - lease.
Bring - ing life to all the earth.
Help us set our liv - ing right.
All who hun - ger will be fed.

Lord Jesus Christ

Ostinato Refrain




Lord Je - sus Christ, Son of the liv - ing God, have
mer - cy on me, a sin - ner, have mer - cy.

Text: *The Jesus Prayer*; verses, Psalm 51 and Agnus Dei, adapt. by Carol E. Browning, b.1956
Tune: Carol E. Browning, b.1956; acc. by Kathy McGrath
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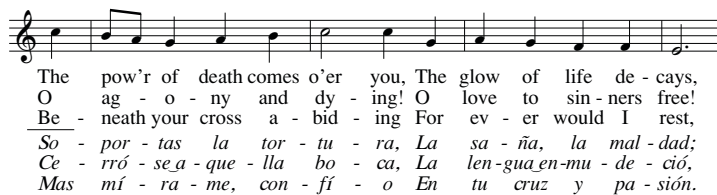
O Sacred Head Surrounded / Oh Rostro Ensangrentado



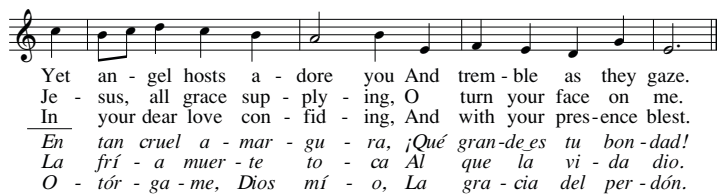
1. O Sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!
2. I see your strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,
3. In this, your bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me
1. ¡Oh ros - tro en - san - gren - ta - do, I - ma - gen del do - lor,
2. Cu - brió tu no - ble fren - te La pa - li - dez mor - tal,
3. Se - ñor, tu has so - por - ta - do Lo que yo me - re - cí;



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!
And death with cru - el rig - or, Be - reav - ing you of life;
With your most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - worth - y though I be:
Que su - fres re - sig - na - do La bur - la y el fu - ror!
Cual ve - lo trans - pa - ren - te De tu su - frir, se - ñal.
La cul - pa que has car - ga - do, Car - gar - la yo de - bí.



The pow'r of death comes o'er you, The glow of life de - cays,
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!
Be - neath your cross a - bid - ing For ev - er would I rest,
So - por - tas la tor - tu - ra, La sa - ña, la mal - dad;
Ce - rro - se a - que - lla bo - ca, La len - gua en - mu - de - cio,
Mas mí - ra - me, con - fí - o En tu cruz y pa - sión.

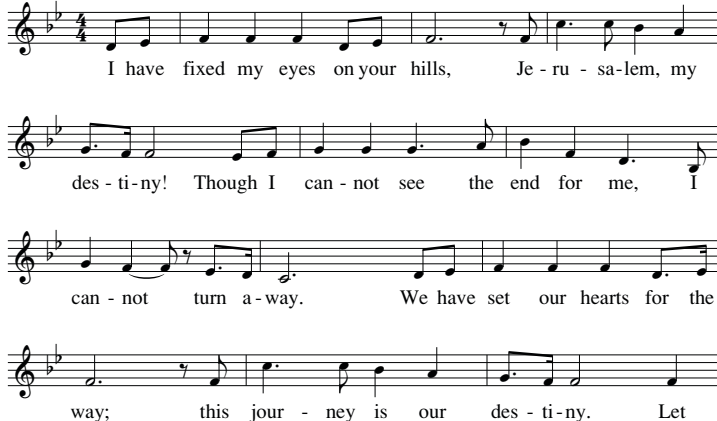


Yet an - gel hosts a - dore you And trem - ble as they gaze.
Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn your face on me.
In your dear love con - fid - ing, And with your pres - ence blest.
En tan cruel a - mar - gu - ra, ¡Qué gran - de es tu bon - dad!
La frí - a muer - te to - ca Al que la vi - da dio.
O - tór - ga - me, Dios mí - o, La gra - cia del per - dón.

Text: *Solve caput cruciatum*; ascr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; tr. by Henry Baker, 1821-1877; Spanish tr. by Federico Fliedner, 1845-1901
Tune: PASSION CHORALE, 7 6 7 6 D; Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612; harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

Jerusalem, My Destiny

Refrain

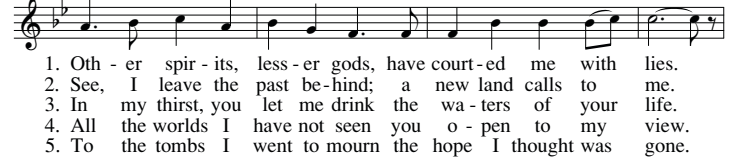


I have fixed my eyes on your hills, Je - ru - sa - lem, my
des - ti - ny! Though I can - not see the end for me, I
can - not turn a - way. We have set our hearts for the
way; this jour - ney is our des - ti - ny. Let

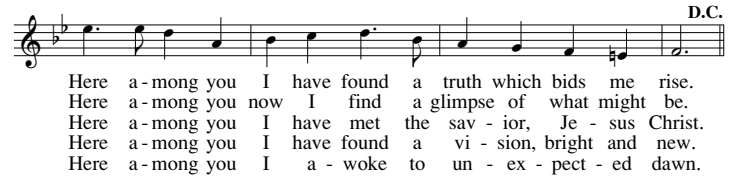


no - one walk a - lone. The jour - ney makes us one.

Verses



1. Oth - er spir - its, less - er gods, have court - ed me with lies.
2. See, I leave the past be - hind; a new land calls to me.
3. In my thirst, you let me drink the wa - ters of your life.
4. All the worlds I have not seen you o - pen to my view.
5. To the tombs I went to mourn the hope I thought was gone.

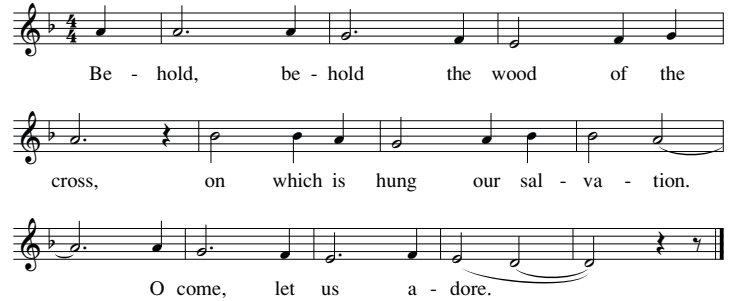


D.C.
Here a - mong you I have found a truth which bids me rise.
Here a - mong you now I find a glimpse of what might be.
Here a - mong you I have met the sav - ior, Je - sus Christ.
Here a - mong you I have found a vi - sion, bright and new.
Here a - mong you I a - woke to un - ex - pect - ed dawn.

Text: Rory Cooney, b.1952
Tune: Rory Cooney, b.1952
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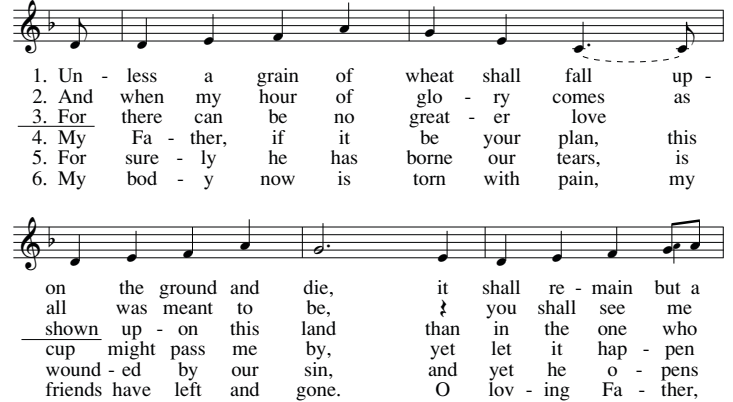
Behold the Wood

Refrain

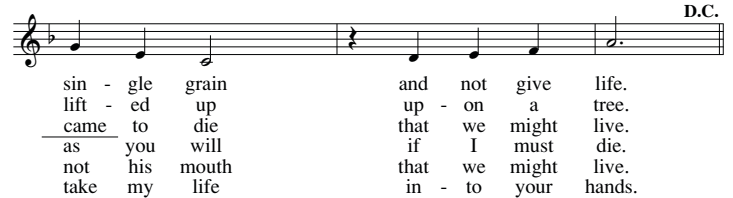


Be - hold, be - hold the wood of the
cross, on which is hung our sal - va - tion.
O come, let us a - dore.

Verses



1. Un - less a grain of wheat shall fall up -
2. And when my hour of glo - ry comes as
3. For there can be no great - er love
4. My Fa - ther, if it be your plan, this
5. For sure - ly he has borne our tears, is
6. My bod - y now is torn with pain, my
on the ground and die, it shall re - main but a
all was meant to be, † you shall see me
shown up - on this land than in the one who
cup might pass me by, yet let it hap - pen
wound - ed by our sin, and yet he o - pens
friends have left and gone. O lov - ing Fa - ther,



D.C.
sin - gle grain and not give life.
lift - ed up up - on a tree.
came to die that we might live.
as you will if I must die.
not his mouth that we might live.
take my life in - to your hands.

Text: John 12; Dan Schutte, b.1947
Tune: Dan Schutte, b.1947
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