

# PART I

## LENTEN LAMENTATIONS

### ORDER OF SERVICE

- ❖ 4:00PM - Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.
  
- ❖ 4:30PM - Lenten Lamentation:
  - Introductory Hymn
  - Introduction Part (One, Two or Three)
  - Hymn
  - The Soul's Lament
  - Mary's Dialog with the Soul
  
- ❖ 4:45PM - Benediction



## Introductory Hymn

Bitter sorrows come to us,  
Lamentations pierce our hearts,  
Lamentations pierce our hearts.

Melt down pupils of the eyes,  
With tears mournful rivers rise,  
With tears mournful rivers rise.

Sun and stars are dimly fading,  
Grieving sadness is prevailing,  
Grieving sadness is prevailing.

Hosts of Angels weep bitterly,  
Who will describe their misery,  
Who will describe their misery.

Solid rock stones easily crumbling,  
From the tombs the dead are rising,  
From the tombs the dead are rising.

Well, I ask now, what is happening?  
All creation terrifying!  
All creation terrifying!

By the torment of Christ's Passion,  
Grief takes over contemplation,  
Grief takes over contemplation.

Jesus strike, without delaying,  
Unto stony hearts that dying!  
Unto stony hearts that dying!

In the blood of your wounds Jesus,  
Cleanse my soul from sins numerous,  
Cleanse my soul from sins numerous.

Chill and calm my heart's obsession,  
When I merge into your passion,  
When I merge into your passion.

# PART I

## INTRODUCTION TO PART ONE

With the grace of God, let us awaken in our hearts a profound sorrow for our sins. In the spirit of reparations, 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 man, 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 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 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

Grief soul entangles, the heart feels the pang,  
As my sweet Jesus, prepares for the end.  
Kneels in the Garden, with bloody sweat dripping,  
My heart is fainting.

Lord of the Light is kissed by the traitor,  
Barbaric soldiers tie up our Saviour.  
To these bonds Jesus, for us is surreendered,  
To death is rendered

Beaten and jostled by the ruthless mob,  
Mercilessly stricken from bottom to top.  
Though dragged by his hair Jesus didn't cry,  
King from on high.

Livid lips earlier fill his mouth with blood.  
When with iron fist soldiers brutally slap.  
Soon it has changed into gasp and sob,  
My heart's great love.

My heart dissolving into bitter tears,  
Because my Jesus I offended thee  
Sorry so sorry for my sins and heartbreak.  
For your great love sake.

## The Soul's Lament for the suffering Jesus

Jesus, led to the cruel slaughter,  
Silent Lamb by your great enemies hunted.  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, for thirty silver pieces,  
By the ungrateful Judas traded.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, in great sorrowful regret,  
As you confessed before the death tormented.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, when praying in the Garden,  
By the bloody sweat completely flooded.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by ill and treacherous kiss,  
From the disgraceful Judas delivered.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the grim wanton soldiers,  
With thick ropes tightly and brutally bounded.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the roaring hateful crowd,  
Before the Annas and his court insulted.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, through the small streets shamefully,  
Before the court of Caiaphas sharply dragged.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, from the sadistic Malchus,  
With a wicked hand savagely hammered.  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, from the false two witnesses,  
As booth the crook and the deceiver stated.  
Jesus my beloved

Be Thou exalted in adoration,  
For us you suffered, humiliation,  
Be thou respected in admiration,  
To You, Christ Redeemer!

## Dialogue of the soul with the Sorrowful Mother

I **the** Mother stricken **sorely**!  
Pain eng**ulfs** me un**bearably**,  
As the **sw**ord**** pierces my heart.  
As the **sw**ord**** pierces my heart.

Oh **why**, mother so **belo**ved****,  
Why **are** you so broken**hearted**?  
Why are **you** so terrified?  
Why are **you** so terrified?

Why **do you** ask me? I am **fainting**-  
I **can**not speak from my **grieving**.  
As the **blood** pours through my hearts!  
As the **blood** pours through my hearts!

Tell **me** Virgin, my God's **maid**en****.  
Why **you** face is pale and **shaken**?  
Why do **you** shed bitter tears?  
Why do **you** shed bitter tears?

I **can** see my Son **belo**ved****.  
In the **G**ar**den** wholly **cover**ed****.  
With **bloo**dy**** sweat streaming down.  
With **bloo**dy**** sweat streaming down.

My **dear** Mother, source of **all** love.  
May **I** feel the ache of **sor**row****?  
Let me **with** you mourn and weep.  
Let me **with** you mourn and weep.

Through your wounds and sacred Passion.  
Lord and **S**av**ior**, show us your compassion. (3X)

# LENTEN LAMENTATIONS

## PART II

### ORDER OF SERVICE

- ❖ 4:00PM - Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.
  
- ❖ 4:30PM - Lenten Lamentation:
  - Introductory Hymn
  - Introduction Part (One, Two or Three)
  - Hymn
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  - Mary's Dialog with the Soul
  
- ❖ 4:45PM - Benediction



## Introductory Hymn

Bitter sorrows come to us,  
Lamentations pierce our hearts,  
Lamentations pierce our hearts.

Melt down pupils of the eyes,  
With tears mournful rivers rise,  
With tears mournful rivers rise.

Sun and stars are dimly fading,  
Grieving sadness is prevailing,  
Grieving sadness is prevailing.

Hosts of Angels weep bitterly,  
Who will describe their misery,  
Who will describe their misery.

Solid rock stones easily crumbling,  
From the tombs the dead are rising,  
From the tombs the dead are rising.

Well, I ask now, what is happening?  
All creation terrifying!  
All creation terrifying!

By the torment of Christ's Passion,  
Grief takes over contemplation,  
Grief takes over contemplation.

Jesus strike, without delaying,  
Unto stony hearts that dying!  
Unto stony hearts that dying!

In the blood of your wounds Jesus,  
Cleanse my soul from sins numerous,  
Cleanse my soul from sins numerous.

Chill and calm my heart's obsession,  
When I merge into your passion,  
When I merge into your passion.



# **PART II**

## **INTRODUCTION TO PART TWO**

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 moment when He was crowned with thorns.

Let us offer to God the Father the wounds, indignities, and insults of our Lord Jesus in the hopes 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 for our punishment for them, and to secure protection against pestilence, famine, war, and all calamity.

## Hymn

Look, O my vain soul, how much God is loving you,  
For your salvation didn't spare his Son true.  
More than the torments from the dreadful killers,  
Your malice hurts.

Standing before the judge, Lord of all creation.  
Silent God's Lamb, the abomination,  
Clad in a white robe when He was examined.  
They shout: He blasphemed!

For all my malice, savagely is flogged.  
Repentant sinners we are now allowed.  
Drink Jesus Blood, the fountain of life  
Eternal delight.

Worldly a vanity may foretell whatever,  
And in its madness continues forever.  
Covered in scarlet, King wounded with thorns.  
Mob mocks and scorns.

May heart dissolving into bitter tears,  
Because my Jesus I offended thee  
Sorry so sorry for my sins and heartbreak.  
For your great love sake.

## The Soul's Lament for the suffering Jesus

Jesus, by the rabble unjustly,  
As a death deserving rogue quickly proclaimed,  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, by the spiteful murderers  
On your face beautiful obnoxiously spitted.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by Peter under oath  
Out of great fear three times you were denied.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the crue! tormentors,  
To Pilate's court like a thief violently carried.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the Herod and courtiers,  
Heavenly King being questioned and ridiculed.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, in a white robe mockingly,  
For greater laughter and dishonor vested.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, at the pillar of hard stone,  
Ruthlessly with roman flagellum wounded.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the guardsmen derided,  
With crown of thorns roughly coronated.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the shameless grim soldiers,  
Dressed in king's scarlet to be humiliated.  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, with the reed on head beaten,  
Sorrowful King by the multitude debased.  
Jesus my beloved

Be Thou exalted in adoration,  
For us you suffered, humiliation,  
Be thou respected in admiration,  
To You, Christ Redeemer!

## Dialogue of the soul with the Sorrowful Mother

Ah, I see my Son beloved  
At the pillar in blood covered.  
Whips grimly tear naked flesh.  
Whips grimly tear naked flesh.

Holy Virgin grant permission,  
That yours Son's wounds in addition,  
In my heart were imprinted  
In my heart were imprinted

Ah, I see it so immensely,  
Sharp thorns hurt his head so greatly,  
My soul ceases at this sight.  
My soul ceases at this sight.

O dear Mary, your Son wounded,  
With sharp thorns His head was pounded,  
Let me share the pain with you.  
Let me share the pain with you.

May I Mother broken hearted,  
Upon my shoulders exhausted,  
Your cross carry, Oh my Son!  
Your cross carry, Oh my Son!

Please allow me Virgin lowly,  
May the cross of your Son Holy,  
In my heart now carried be.  
In my heart now carried be.

Through your wounds and sacred Passion.  
Lord and Savior, show us your compassion. (3X)

# PART III

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Who will describe their misery,  
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Solid rock stones easily crumbling,  
From the tombs the dead are rising,  
From the tombs the dead are rising.

Well, I ask now, what is happening?  
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unto stony hearts that dying!  
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Cleanse my soul from sins numerous,  
Cleanse my soul from sins numerous.

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When I merge into your passion,  
When I merge into your passion.

# PART III

## INTRODUCTION TO PART THREE

In the last part of our lamentations let us contemplate the sufferings of Jesus Christ 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 community, 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 that we may obtain the grace of sincere sorrow for our sins and a reward of eternal happiness with Him.

## Hymn

Indifferent soul why do you not burn?  
Why does my heart not dread in return?  
Jesus the Savior loves you so much dearly,  
Shed his blood freely.

Fire of love sets His heart ablaze.  
Infamous wood on his shoulders weighs.  
Exhausted Jesus kneels beneath the cross,  
He moans and groans.

To vicious hangmen He is so obedient.  
Both hands and feet let it to be pierced,  
Hangs on the cross in excruciating pain.  
Our Savior dear.

Sweet wooden beam his corpse please release,  
So, it no longer disgracefully hangs.  
We respectfully lay it in the tomb,  
Lament and mourn.

May heart dissolving into bitter tears,  
Because my Jesus I offended thee  
Sorry so sorry for my sins and heartbreak.  
For your great love sake.

May Jesus forever be honored and praised,  
For mockery and passion when you were afraid.  
That still willingly Son of only God.  
Suffered without fault.



## The Soul's Lament for the suffering Jesus

Jesus, by the mob bloodthirsty,  
with renegades and thieves wrongly compared,  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, by Pilate unjustly,  
To dreadful crucifixion cowardly convicted.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, under ragged heavy cross,  
Ascending the Calvary way extremely burdened.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, to the shameful, hostile tree,  
with blunt nails being cold-bloodedly hammered.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, among two crooks and villains,  
to shameful tree innocently crucified.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, from bystanders and soldiers,  
passing by cynically and hostile ridiculed.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, by the rogue's blasphemy  
with you crucified unrepentantly derided.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, bitter gall, and vinegar  
in your great thirst to drink perversely given.  
Jesus my beloved!

Jesus, in your great infinite love,  
Even after death with a spear deeply wounded.  
Jesus my beloved.

Jesus, by Joseph dutifully  
and Nicodemus being respectfully buried.  
Jesus my beloved

Be Thou exalted in adoration,  
For us you suffered, humiliation,  
Be thou respected in admiration,  
To You, Christ Redeemer!

## Dialogue of the soul with the Sorrowful Mother

Ah, I the sorrowful Mother,  
Standing at the cross and saddened.  
My heart is filled with regret.

Oh, great Mother, let me truly,  
looking at the cross mournfully,  
Cry with you so ardently!  
Cry with you so ardently!

Now already, my sweet darling,  
For his grim death is preparing,  
Then with Him I am dying!  
Then with Him I am dying!

I wish, Mother, linger near  
In your grief partaking here  
Of your precious Son's death.  
Of your precious Son's death.

Jesus silenced his sweet voice,  
His head bows gently with no noise,  
Bids his Mother farewell!  
Bids his Mother farewell!

Please, I beg you, oh, sweet Mary,  
Wounds of Jesus may I carry,  
And sincerely contemplate.  
And sincerely contemplate.

Through your wounds and sacred Passion.  
Lord and Savior, show us your compassion. (3X)