

THE ORE

THE THREE HOURS

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION

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I.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DO.

Attende Domine

Hear us, O Lord, and have mercy; for we have sinned against you.

A **V**

T-tén-de Dómi-ne, et mi-se-re-re, qui-á pec-cá-vi-mus ti-bi.



II.

AMEN, I SAY TO YOU, THIS DAY YOU
WILL BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.

Jesus, Remember Me

Je-sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in-to your king - dom.

Je-sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in-to your king-dom.



III.

**WHEN JESUS THEREFORE HAD SEEN HIS MOTHER
AND THE DISCIPLE WHOM HE LOVED,
HE SAID TO HIS MOTHER, 'WOMAN, BEHOLD YOUR SON.'
AFTER THAT HE SAID TO THE DISCIPLE,
'BEHOLD YOUR MOTHER.'**

Stabat Mater

1. At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
2. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has passed.
3. Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole begotten One!
4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.
5. Is there one who would not weep,
'Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?
7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.
8. For the sins of his own nation,
Saw him hang in desolation
Till his spirit forth he sent.
9. O sweet Mother! fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with yours accord.



IV.

AT ABOUT THE NINTH HOUR JESUS CRIED OUT
WITH A LOUD VOICE SAYING, 'MY GOD, MY GOD,
WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?'

Were You There



1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?



Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to
Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to
Oh! _____ Some - times it caus - es me to



trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble.



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?



v.

AFTERWARD, JESUS, KNOWING THAT ALL THINGS WERE NOW ACCOMPLISHED, THAT THE SCRIPTURE MIGHT BE FULFILLED, SAID, 'I THIRST.'

O Sacred Head, Surrounded



1. O Sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By
2. In this thy bi - tter pas - sion, Good
3. O Love, all love tran - scend - ing, O



crown of pierc - ing thorn! O bleed - ing Head so
Shep - herd, think of me With thy most sweet com -
Wis - dom from on high! O Truth, un - changed, un -



wound - ed Re - viled and put to scorn! No come - li - ness or
pas - sion, Un - worth - y though I be: Be - neath thy cross a -
chang - ing, Sur - ren - dered up to die! Was e'er a love so



beau - ty Thy wound - ed face be - trays, Yet
bid - ing For ev - er would I rest, In
won - drous! That from his heav'n - ly throne God



an - gel hosts a - dore thee And trem - ble as they gaze.
thy dear love con - fid - ing, And with thy pres - ence blest.
should de - scend a - mong us To suf - fer for his own.

Text: *Salve caput crucentatum*; ascr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, 109-1153; Vvs. 1, 2 tr. by Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877, alt.; Vs. 3, composite.
Tune: HERZLICH TUT MICH VERLANGEN [Phrygian], 76 76 D; Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612; adapt. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.



VI.

JESUS, THEREFORE, WHEN HE HAD TAKEN THE VINEGAR, SAID, 'IT IS FINISHED.'

What Wondrous Love is This?



1. What wond - rous love is this, O my soul, O my
2. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will
3. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing



soul! What wond-rous love is this, O my soul! What
sing; To God and to the Lamb, I will sing. To
on; And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; And



won - drous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss To
God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM, While
when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be; And



bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To
mil - lions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing; While
through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on, I'll sing on! And



bear the dread - ful curse for my soul?
mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.



VII.

FATHER, INTO YOUR HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT.

Jesus, Remember Me



Je-sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in-to your king - dom.



Je-sus, re - mem - ber me when you come in-to your king-dom.

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