

Francis Grier

Sword in the Soul

1

We venerate the wood of thy Cross, O thou who lovest mankind, for upon it thou, the life of all, was nailed.

O Saviour, thou hast opened Paradise to the thief who turned to thee in faith, and thou hast counted him worthy of blessedness when he confessed to thee crying, 'O Lord remember me!'

Accept us like him, as we cry: 'We all have sinned, in thy merciful kindness despise us not.'

Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; Orthodox.

2

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Book of Common Prayer

3

O Lord, thou hast duped me, and I have been thy dupe;
thou hast outwitted me and hast prevailed.
I have been made a laughing-stock all the day long;
everyone mocks me.

Whenever I speak, I must needs cry out
and proclaim violence and destruction.
I am reproached and mocked all the time
for uttering the word of the Lord.

Whenever I said 'I will call him to mind no more,
nor speak in his name again,'
then his word was imprisoned in my body
like a fire blazing in my heart,
and I was weary of holding it under,
and could endure it no more.

Jeremiah 20: 7-9

4.

Lovely tears of lovely eyes
Why dost thou me so woe?
Sorrowful tears of sorrowful eyes
Thou breakest my heart in two.

Thou sighest sore;
Thy sorrow is more
Than man's tongue can tell;
Thou singest of sorrow,
Mankind to borrow
Out of the pit of hell.

I proud and keen,
Thou meek and clean
Without woe or wile;
Thou art dear for me,
And I live for thee,
So blessed be thy will.

Thy mother seeth
How thou woe beest,
Therefore she yearns apart;
To her thou speakest,
Her sorrow thou slakest;
Sweet prayer won thy heart.

Thy heart is rent,
Thy body is bent
Upon the rood tree;
The tempest is spent,
The devil is schent,
Christ, by the might of thee.

Lovely tears of lovely eyes
Why dost thou me so woe?
Sorrowful tears of sorrowful eyes
Thou breakest my heart in two.

Anonymous, 14th Century

5 Dialogue for cello and organ (no text)

6

O Cross of Christ, immortal tree
On which our Saviour died,
The world is sheltered by your arms
That bore the Crucified.

From bitter death and barren wood
the tree of life is made;
Its branches bear unfailing fruit
And leaves that never fade.

O faithful Cross, you stand unmoved
While ages run their course;
Foundation of the universe,
Creation's binding force.

Give glory to the risen Christ
And to his Cross give praise,
The sign of God's unfathomed love,
The hope of all our days.

Amen

Stanbrook Abbey Hymnal

7

Today He who hung the earth upon the waters is hung upon the Cross,
He who is King of the angels is arrayed in a crown of thorns.
He who wraps the heavens in clouds is wrapped in the purple of mockery.
He who in Jordan set Adam free receives blows upon his face.
The Bridegroom of the Church is transfixed with nails.
The Son of the virgin is pierced by a spear.
We venerate Thy passion, O Christ.
Show us also Thy glorious resurrection.

Hymn for Good Friday – Orthodox