

PALM SUNDAY COMMUNION ANTIPHON 2013

Congregation's Antiphon (Missal Text)

CO. Palm Sunday

Psalm 21 (22)

8a

F ath- er, if this chalice cannot pass

without my drinking it, your will be done.

Schola's Antiphon (GR)

Communion

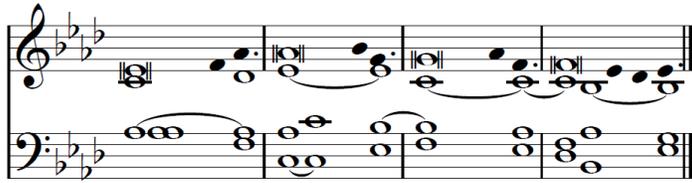
Mt 26: 42

VIII

P A- ter, * si non pot-est hic ca- lix transí-re,

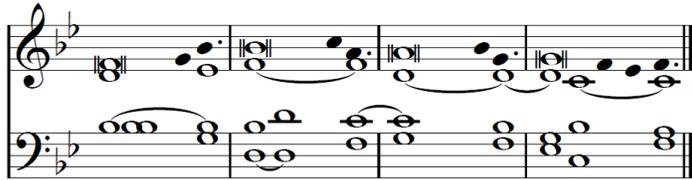
ni-si bibam il- lum: fi- at vo-lúntas tu- a.

Tone 8A
Lower Key



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Higher Key



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Psalm 22

²My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you far from saving me, so far from my words of anguish?
³O my God, I call by day and you do not answer;
I call by night and I find no reprieve.

⁴Yet you, O God, are holy,
enthroned on the praises of Israel.
⁵In you our forebears put their trust;
they trusted and you set them free.

⁶When they cried to you, they escaped;
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.
⁷But I am a worm and no man,
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.

⁸All who see me deride me;
they curl their lips, they toss their heads:
⁹“He trusted in the LORD, let him save him;
let him release him, for in him he delights.”

¹⁰Yes, it was you who took me from the womb,
entrusted me to my mother’s breast.
¹¹To you I was committed from birth;
from my mother’s womb, you have been my God.

¹²Stay not far from me;
trouble is near, and there is no one to help.
¹³Many bulls have surrounded me,
fierce bulls of Bashan close me in.

¹⁴Against me they open wide their mouths,
like a lion, rending and roaring.
¹⁵Like water I am poured out,
disjointed are all my bones.

My heart has become like wax,
it is melted within my breast.
¹⁶Parched as burnt clay is my throat,
my tongue cleaves to my jaws.

You lay me in the dust of death. ¹⁷For dogs have surrounded me;
a band of the wicked besets me.
They tear holes in my hands and my feet;
¹⁸I can count every one of my bones.

They stare at me and gloat.
¹⁹They divide my clothing among them, they cast lots for my robe.
²⁰But you, O LORD, do not stay afar off;
my strength, make haste to help me!

²¹Rescue my soul from the sword,
my life from the grip of the dog.
²²Save my life from the jaws of the lion,
my poor soul from the horns of wild bulls.

²³I will tell of your name to my kin,
and praise you in the midst of the assembly;
²⁴“You who fear the LORD, give him praise;
all descendants of Jacob, give him glory; revere him, all you descendants of Israel.

²⁵For he has never despised
nor scorned the poverty of the poor.
From him he has not hidden his face,
but he heard him whenever he cried.”

²⁶You are my praise in the great assembly.
My vows I will pay before those who fear him.
²⁷The poor shall eat and shall have their fill.
They shall praise the LORD, those who seek him.

May their hearts live on forever and ever!
²⁸All the earth shall remember and return to the LORD,
all families of the nations worship before him,
²⁹for the kingdom is the LORD's, he is ruler of the nations.

³⁰They shall worship him, all the mighty of the earth;
before him shall bow all who go down to the dust.
³¹And my soul shall live for him, my descendants serve him.

They shall tell of the LORD to generations yet to come,
32 declare his saving justice to peoples yet unborn:
“These are the things the LORD has done.”

*user-notes: CO. Palm Sunday ;
commentary: Psalm 21 (22) ;
annotation: 8a;
centering-scheme: english;
%spacing: vichi;
%font: times;
%width: 4;
%height: 5.5;
%%*

*(c3) Fath-(gh) er,(j.) (:; if(jr) this() chalice() {can}not(/ k) pass(i.) (,)(z) without(ir) my() {dri}nking(i/ j) it,(h.) (:;
your(h) will(g) be(f) done.(g.) (:;*