

Why, what hath my Lord done?  
 What makes this rage and spite?  
 He made the lame to run,  
 He gave the blind their sight,  
 Sweet injuries! Yet they at these  
 Themselves displease, and 'gainst Him rise.

They rise and needs will have  
 My dear Lord made away;  
 A murderer they saved,  
 The Prince of life they slay,  
 Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,  
 That He His foes from thence might free.

In life, no house, no home  
 My Lord on earth might have;  
 In death no friendly tomb  
 But what a stranger gave.  
 What may I say? Heav'n was His home;  
 But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

Here might I stay and sing,  
 No story so divine;  
 Never was love, dear King!  
 Never was grief like Thine.  
 This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise  
 I all my days could gladly spend.



RECESSIONAL HYMN: "Jesus Remember Me" MI

## PALM SUNDAY

*While the priest, accompanied by other ministers, approach the place where the people gathered, the following antiphon is sung.*



### ANTIPHON

*Hosanna filio David*

*Mt 21: 9 - RM, GR ○ \**

VII

**H** O-san-na to the Son of Da-vid; blessed is he

who comes in the name of the Lord, the King of Is- ra- el.

Ho-san-na in the highest.

### ANTIPHON 1

*After the Palms are blest: As the procession moves forward, the following is sung by the choir and the people*

*Mt 21:9*

*Pueri ... portantes*

I

**T** HE children of the He-brews, car-ry-ing ol-ive

branches, went to meet the Lord, cry-ing out and say-ing:

Ho-san-na in the highest.

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

My— God, my— God, why have you a - ban - doned me?

The Saint Noël Chabanel Responsorial Psalm Project <http://chabanelpsalms.org>  
*Ps 22:8-9, 17-18, 19-20, 23-24*

All who see me scoff at me;  
 they mock me with parted lips, they wag their heads:  
 "He relied on the LORD; let him deliver him,  
 let him rescue him, if he loves him." *℟.*

Indeed, many dogs surround me,  
 a pack of evildoers closes in upon me;  
 They have pierced my hands and my feet;  
 I can count all my bones. *℟.*

They divide my garments among them,  
 and for my vesture they cast lots.  
 But you, O LORD, be not far from me;  
 O my help, hasten to aid me. *℟.*

I will proclaim your name to my brethren;  
 in the midst of the assembly I will praise you:  
 "You who fear the LORD, praise him;  
 all you descendants of Jacob, give glory to him;  
 revere him, all you descendants of Israel!" *℟.*

VERSE BEFORE THE GOSPEL

**G** Lo-ry and praise to you, Lord Je-sus Christ.

OFFERTORY HYMN "O Sacred Head"

Sanctus  
 Agnus Dei



COMMUNION ANTIPHON

*Father, if this cup cannot pass away  
 unless your will be done, thy will be done!*

**P** a- ter, si non pot-est hic ca-lix transi-re,  
 ni-si bi-bam il- lum: fi- at vo-luntas tu-a.

COMMUNION HYMN "My Song is Love Unknown"

Samuel Crossman, 1664

My song is love unknown,	2. He came from his blest throne
My Savior's love to me;	Salvation to bestow;
Love to the loveless shown,	But some my scorn, and none
That they might lovely be.	The longed-for Christ would know:
O who am I, that for my sake	But O! my Friend, my Friend indeed,
My Lord should take,	Who at my need
frail flesh and die.	His life did spend.

3. Sometimes they strew His way,  
 And His sweet praises sing;  
 Resounding all the way  
 Hosannas to their King:  
 Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,  
 And for His death they thirst and cry.