

# WE BOW TO YOUR PASSION, O CHRIST

*Galician and Rusyn Chants for Passion Sunday and Good Friday*

SATB Choir a cappella

## I.

The Lamp-Lighting Psalms of Great and Holy Friday Vespers  
*The Lenten Triodion*

Tone 2 samohlasen  
Galician chant  
Arr. by J. Michael Thompson

S.A. The Lamb, fore - told by I sa - iah, will - ingly comes to be slaugh - tered,

T.B.

of - fering his back to scourges and his cheeks to be slapped. E - ven his face he did not turn

from the shame of spit, as he was condemned to a shame - ful death.

005916

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The sinless Lord endures all this with will - ing - ness

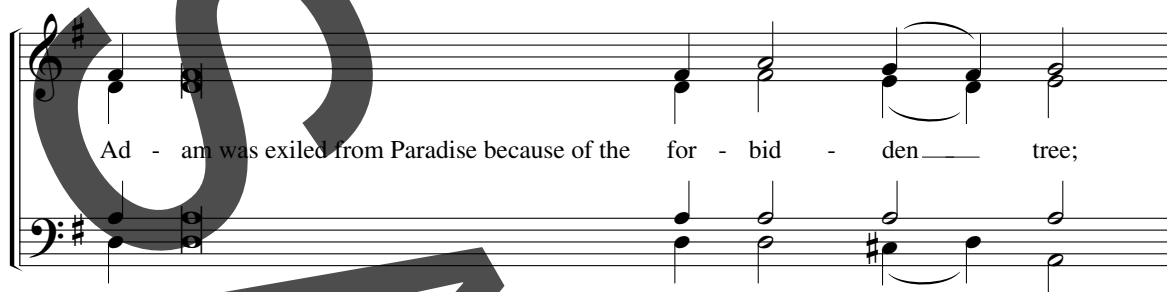
so that he might grant resurrec - tion from the dead to all.

SAMPLE

## II.

The Beatitudes of Great and Holy Friday Matins  
*The Lenten Triodion*

Tone 4 samohlasen  
Galician chant  
Arr. by J. Michael Thompson



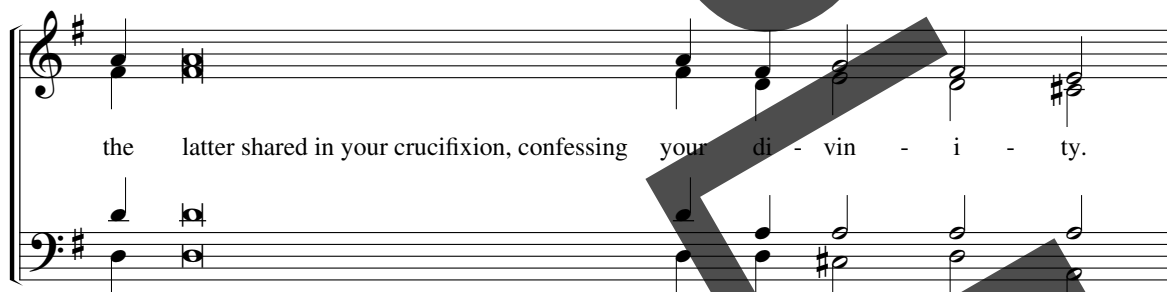
Ad - am was exiled from Paradise because of the for - bid - den tree;



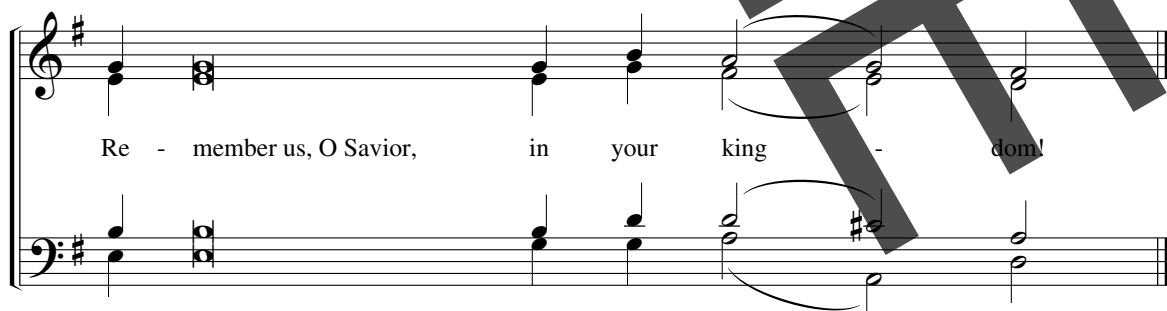
but through the Tree of the Cross, the thief now en - ters it;



for, by tast - ing its fruit, the former broke the commandments of the Cre - a - tor;



the latter shared in your crucifixion, confessing your di - vin - i - ty.



Re - member us, O Savior, in your king - dom!

III.

The Praises of Great and Holy Friday Matins  
*The Lenten Triodion*

Tone 3 samohlasen  
Galician chant  
Arr. by J. Michael Thompson

The whole cre - ation, O Christ, trembled when it saw you on the Cross; —

the foundations of the earth shook in dread — of your might;

and the veil of the temple was torn in two, —

graves were opened and the dead a - rose — from the tombs,

and the cen - tu - rion was frightened by this mir - a - cle.

Your Mother, as mothers will, stood by weep - ing and wail - ing.

She said, "How can I not wail and strike my breast, —

when I see you naked and con - demned — to a Cross?"

O — Lord, cru - cified, buried, and risen from the dead: glo - ry to you!

## IV.

Hymns at the Veneration of the Tomb  
The Lenten Triodion

Tone 5 samohlasen  
Rusyn chant  
Arr. by J. Michael Thompson

Come, let us bless the ever-memo-ra-ble Jo-seph, who went to Pi-late by night to

beg for the Life of All: Give me this strang-er, who has no place to lay— his head.

Give me this stranger, who was handed over to death by his wick-ed dis-ci-ple.

Give me this strang-er, whose Moth-er wept, see-ing him hang-ing on the cross,

mourn-ing and cry-ing out in a moth-er-ly la-ment. Woe is me, my child!

Woe is me, my light, my beloved whom I bore in my womb. What was fore-told

by Simeon in the temple comes to pass to-day: A sword has pierced my heart,

but change my tears into the joy of your res-ur-rec-tion. We— bow to your

pas-sion, O Christ. We bow to your pas-sion, O Christ. We— bow to your

pas-sion, O Christ, and to your— ho-ly Res-ur-rec-tion.

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