

The University of St. Michael's College presents

Crucis Mysterium



A Music + Prayer Podcast on the Sorrowful
Mysteries of the Rosary

Program Guide

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The First Sorrowful Mystery:

The Agony of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane

Fruit of the mystery: Sorrow for sin

A reading from the Gospel of Mark (Mk 14:32-42)

They went to a place called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, "Sit here while I pray." He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be distressed and agitated. And he said to them, "I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and keep awake." And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. He said, "Abba, Father, for you all things are possible; remove this cup from me; yet, not what I want, but what you want." He came and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, "Simon, are you asleep? Could you not keep awake one hour? Keep awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." And again he went away and prayed, saying the same words. And once more he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they did not know what to say to him. He came a third time and said to them, "Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Enough! The hour has come; the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand."

Tristis Est Anima Mea (Pedro de Christo)

Tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem :
sustinete hic, et vigilate mecum :
nunc videbitis turbam,
quæ circumdabit me.
Vos fugam capietis,
et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.
Ecce appropinquat hora,
et Filius hominis tradetur
in manus peccatorum.
Vos fugam capietis,
et ego vadam immolari pro vobis.

*My soul is sorrowful even unto death;
stay here, and watch with me.
Now you shall see a multitude,
that will surround me.
You shall run away,
and I will go to be sacrificed for you.
Behold the hour is at hand,
and the Son of Man shall be betrayed
into the hands of sinners.
You shall run away,
and I will go be sacrificed for you.*

Toccata terza, primo libro (Frescobaldi)

Gethsemane (Mary Oliver)

The grass never sleeps. Or the roses.
Nor does the lily have a secret eye
that shuts until morning.

Jesus said, wait with me.
But the disciples slept.
The cricket has such splendid fringe on its feet,
and it sings,
have you noticed, with its whole body,
and heaven knows if it ever sleeps.

Jesus said, wait with me.
And maybe the stars did,
maybe the wind wound itself into a silver tree,
and didn't move, maybe the lake far away,
where once he walked as on a blue pavement,
lay still and waited, wild awake.

Oh the dear bodies, slumped and eye-shut,
that could not keep that vigil, how they must have wept,
so utterly human, knowing this too must be a part of the
story.

Hail Mary

The Second Sorrowful Mystery: The Scourging of Jesus at the Pillar

Fruit of the mystery: Purity

A reading from the prophet Isaiah (Is 53:2b-5)

He had no form or majesty that we should look at him,
nothing in his appearance that we should desire him.
He was despised and rejected by others;
a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity;
and as one from whom others hide their faces[b]
he was despised, and we held him of no account.
Surely he has borne our infirmities
and carried our diseases;
yet we accounted him stricken,
struck down by God, and afflicted.
But he was wounded for our transgressions,
crushed for our iniquities;
upon him was the punishment that made us whole,
and by his bruises we are healed.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Partita VI in E minor, Sarabande (J.S. Bach)

From Revelation of Divine Love (Julian of Norwich)

The dearworthy blood of our Lord Jesus Christ as verily as it is most precious, so verily it is most plenteous. Behold and see! The precious plenty of His dearworthy blood descended down into Hell and burst her bands and delivered all that were there which belonged to the Court of Heaven. The precious plenty of His dearworthy blood overfloweth all Earth, and is ready to wash all creatures of sin, which be of goodwill, have been, and shall be. The precious plenty of His dearworthy blood ascended up into Heaven to the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there is in Him, bleeding and praying for us to the Father,—and is, and shall be as long as it needeth;—and ever shall be as long as it needeth. And evermore it floweth in all Heavens enjoying the salvation of all mankind, that are there, and shall be—fulfilling the number that faileth.

Hail Mary

The Third Sorrowful Mystery:

The Crowning of Jesus with Thorns

Fruit of the mystery: Moral Courage

A reading from the Gospel of Matthew (Mt 27:27-31)

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the governor's headquarters, and they gathered the whole cohort around him. They stripped him and put a scarlet robe on him, and after twisting some thorns into a crown, they put it on his head. They put a reed in his right hand and knelt before him and mocked him, saying, "Hail, King of the Jews!" They spat on him, and took the reed and struck him on the head. After mocking him, they stripped him of the robe and put his own clothes on him. Then they led him away to crucify him.

O Sacred Head

O Sacred Head, surrounded
by crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
reviled and put to scorn!
Our sins have marred the glory
of Thy most Holy Face,
yet angel hosts adore Thee
and tremble as they gaze

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
with Thy most sweet compassion,
unworthy though I be:
beneath Thy cross abiding
for ever would I rest,
in Thy dear love confiding,
and with Thy presence blest.

I see Thy strength and vigor
all fading in the strife,
and death with cruel rigor,
bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

Partita VI in E minor, Gigue (J.S. Bach)

Brier: Good Friday (E. Pauline Johnson)

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have harkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

Hail Mary

The Fourth Sorrowful Mystery:

The Carrying of the Cross

Fruit of the mystery: Patience

A reading from the Gospel of Luke (Lk 23:26-31).

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus. A great number of the people followed him, and among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, 'Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts that never nursed.' Then they will begin to say to the mountains, 'Fall on us'; and to the hills, 'Cover us.' For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?"

Vexilla Regis Prodeunt

Vexilla regis prodeunt;
fulget crucis mysterium,
quo carne carnis conditor
suspensus est patibulo.

Quo vulneratus insuper
mucrone diro lanceae,
ut nos lavaret crimine,
manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fildeli carmine
Dicens: in nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
ornata regis purpura,
electa digno stipite
tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cuius brachiis
saeculi pendit pretium;
statera facta est corporis,
praedam tulitque tartari.

O crux ave, spes unica!
hoc passionis tempore
auge piis justitiam,
reisque dele crimina.

Te summa Deus Trinitas,
collaudet omnis spiritus:
quos per crucis mysterium
salvas, rege per saecula.
Amen

*The banners of the king come forth;
brightly gleams the mystery of the cross
by which the creator of flesh in the flesh
was hung on a cross.*

*Who, wounded
by the cruel point of a spear,
there issued forth water and blood
to cleanse us from our sin.*

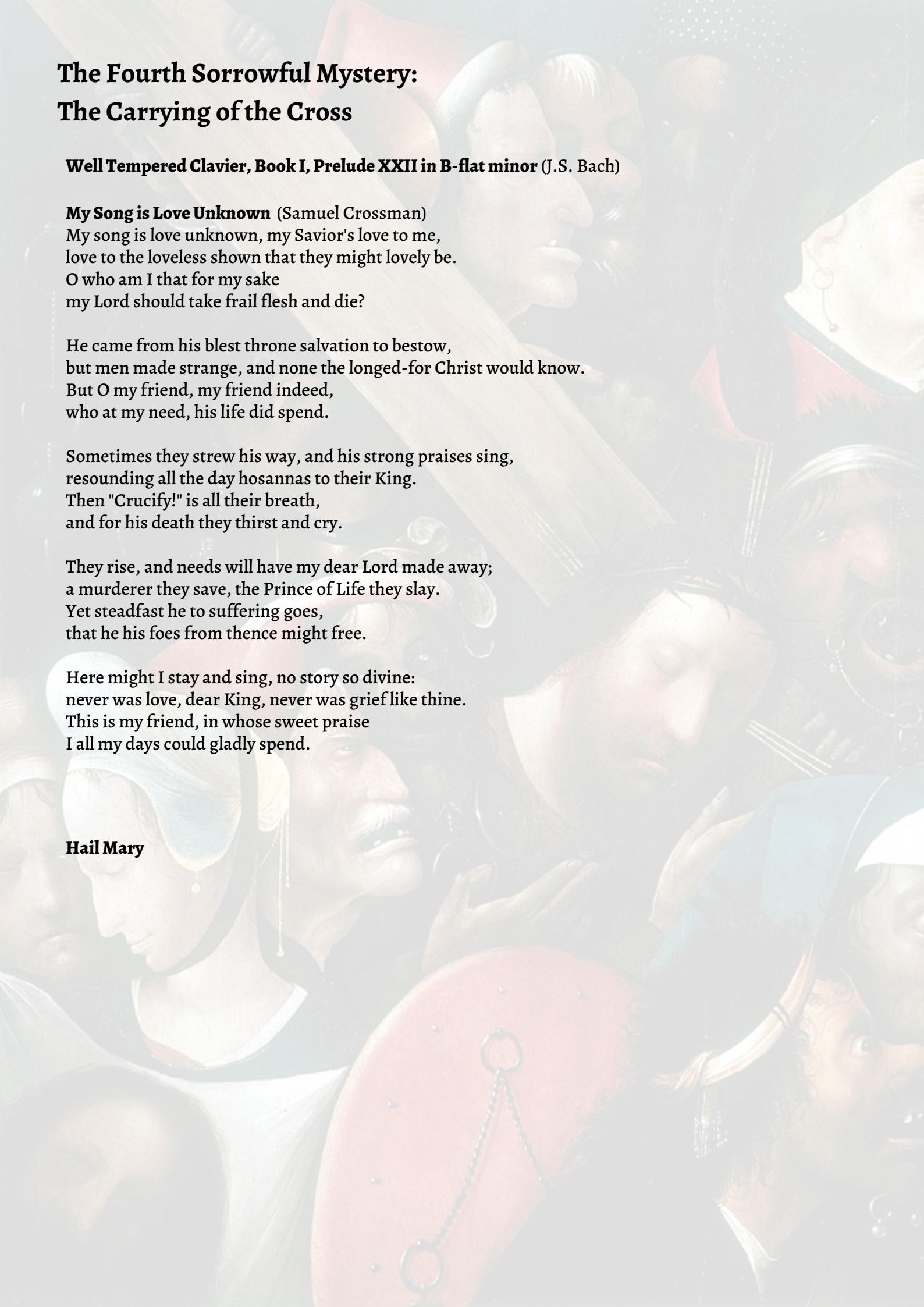
*Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old:
Saying, unto the nations
Our God has reigned from the tree.*

*O beautiful tree,
adorned with royal purple;
chosen to bear on your worthy trunk
limbs so holy!*

*O blessed [tree] upon whose branches hung
the ransom of the world;
it was made the balance of the body
and snatched away the prey of hell.*

*Hail, O cross, our only hope!
In this Passiontide
increase the blessedness of the just,
and for sinners blot out their sins.*

*O Trinity, Almighty God,
May every spirit praise you;
those whom by the mystery of the cross
you save and govern forever.
Amen*



The Fourth Sorrowful Mystery: The Carrying of the Cross

Well Tempered Clavier, Book I, Prelude XXII in B-flat minor (J.S. Bach)

My Song is Love Unknown (Samuel Crossman)

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
love to the loveless shown that they might lovely be.
O who am I that for my sake
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne salvation to bestow,
but men made strange, and none the longed-for Christ would know.
But O my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need, his life did spend.

Sometimes they strew his way, and his strong praises sing,
resounding all the day hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have my dear Lord made away;
a murderer they save, the Prince of Life they slay.
Yet steadfast he to suffering goes,
that he his foes from thence might free.

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.

Hail Mary

The Fifth Sorrowful Mystery: The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus

Fruit of the mystery: Perseverance

A reading from the Gospel of John (Jn 19:17-30)

Carrying the cross by himself, he went out to what is called The Place of the Skull, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus between them. Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, in Latin, and in Greek. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write, 'The King of the Jews,' but, 'This man said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written." When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four parts, one for each soldier. They also took his tunic; now the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top. So they said to one another, "Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it to see who will get it." This was to fulfill what the scripture says,

"They divided my clothes among themselves,
and for my clothing they cast lots."

And that is what the soldiers did.

Meanwhile, standing near the cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing beside her, he said to his mother, "Woman, here is your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Here is your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.

After this, when Jesus knew that all was now finished, he said (in order to fulfill the scripture), "I am thirsty." A jar full of sour wine was standing there. So they put a sponge full of the wine on a branch of hyssop and held it to his mouth. When Jesus had received the wine, he said, "It is finished." Then he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.

Christus Factus Est (attr. Felice Anerio)

Christus factus est pro nobis obediens
usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.
Propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum
et dedit illi nomen,
quod est super omne nomen.

*Christ became obedient for us unto death,
even to the death, death on the cross.
Therefore God exalted Him
and gave Him a name
which is above all names.*

Well Tempered Clavier, Book I, Fuga XXIII in B-flat minor (J.S. Bach)

Jesus dies on the cross (Malcolm Guite)

The dark nails pierce him and the sky turns black
We watch him as he labours to draw breath
He takes our breath away to give it back,
Return it to its birth through his slow death.
We hear him struggle breathing through the pain
Who once breathed out his spirit on the deep,
Who formed us when he mixed the dust with rain

And drew us into consciousness from sleep.
His spirit and his life he breathes in all
Mantles his world in his one atmosphere
And now he comes to breathe beneath the pall
Of our pollutions, draw our injured air
To cleanse it and renew. His final breath
Breathes us, and bears us through the gates of death.

Hail Mary

St. Michael's Schola Cantorum:

Robert Allair

Irene Chan

Eric Charron

Kara Dymond

Andrew Edirimanasinghe

Ana Iorgulescu

Roy Lee

Christina Labriola

Nicholas Manalo

Maryrose Milton

Barbara North

Paula Owolabi

Michael O'Connor

Adrian Ross

Annemarie Trotter

Mikhail Vasile

Marc-André Veselovsky, S.J.

Kathryn Zaleski-Cox

St. Michael's Schola Cantorum is an auditioned ensemble drawn from staff, faculty, alumni/ae, students, and friends of the University of St. Michael's College.

Dr. Christina Labriola, artistic director

Christina combines sacred music praxis as a choral conductor, mezzo soprano, pianist, and organist with theological scholarship in the area of Christian spirituality and music.

Adrian Ross, harpsichord

Adrian is a harpsichordist, organist, and choral conductor with a strong interest in modal traditions of plainchant and polyphony; AMDG.

Ian Hauber and Nicole LeBlanc, readers

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