for Fr. Michael Joncas, in gratitude for his gift to the Church – Holy Week, 2012

Faithful Cross

Rory Cooney

INTRO  Moderato (\( \dot{\text{q}} = \text{ca. 70} \))

VERSES

1. Who shall dare to sing the praises Of the gallows tree whose
2. Mighty is the arm of Caesar Who to God's own name pre-
3. "Better one life than the nation," Argue those who plot and
4. Love's astounding transformation Gilds the instrument of
5. Lifted up, his heart laid open, Robbed of breath, his body

Melody

Alto (+Tenor, ad lib.)

Baritone

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Faithful Cross

1. limbs
Bore the car-pon-ter of Naz-reth,

2. tends.
Strong the i-ron of the ar-row,

3. arm.
Guard-ing their civ-il-iza-tion:

4. death,
Love con-founds so-phis-ti-ca-tion,

5. torn,
Still his arms re-call the rain-bow

---

1. Tree whose wood was borne by him?
Sing as his dear blood and

2. Strong-er still the oak that bends.
Christ’s the em-pire un-like

3. Vi-o-lence and threats of harm.
Thus are proph-ets’ voic-es

4. Takes a-way the cyn-ic’s breath.
Ev-er shun-ning pow’r and

5. Prom-is-ing a world re-born.
Gaz-ing on the cross, look
Faithful Cross

1. spirit, Mingle with the air and earth.
2. others, All must put away the sword.
3. silenced, Privilege that fears its loss.
4. glory, Love has stripped the cross of shame.
5. upward, 'til his heart arrests the glance.

Here the king becomes the servant. He who washes feet is
summons servants of the violence, Forges nails and builds the
So God saved the human story, Taking human flesh and
And his arms direct us outward To the world, with healing

Faithful Cross
Faithful Cross

1. verse.
3. cross.

2. Lord.
4. name.
5. hands.

REFRAIN

Soprano

Alto

Rising from the earth to heaven,
Stretched between the mud and

Baritone

A♭

E♭/G

G♭6
Faithful Cross

Terrible in pain and purpose,

Beautiful the wooden bars,

Rooted in the glades of Eden,

Tree that shaped the saving ark,

Light your frail human
Faithful Cross

burden: He the light un-dimmed by dark.

2, 3

He the light un-dimmed by dark.

Edition #30108727
Faithful Cross

Ab/Eb

Db

Ab/C

Bbm

Ab/C

Dbadd9

E7sus4

E♭

Fm

B♭/F

Fm7

B♭/F

last time to Coda Θ

D.S. to Vs. 5

Θ CODA

Fm

B♭/F

Fm7

B♭/F

Fm

B♭/F

Fm7

B♭/F

Fm

Faithful Cross
Notes

This text tries to express, through Tom’s haunting melody and harmony, the meaning of the cross as I’ve learned it from dozens of sources, maybe hundreds, in my life. The lyric references ancient traditions about the cross as well as newer insights. I hope it helps more of us see that the paschal mystery is about the political world in which we live, and how God peacefully subverts the structures of violence, unmasking them, and offering us a choice for a different future. Caesar, or God? Pax Romana, or peace through justice? Death, or life? The reign of God, the possibility of a new world, is as close as turning around, as close as choosing to “turn away from sin, and believe in the gospel.”

—Rory Cooney

This began as a musical setting of “Crux Fidelis,” the chant for Good Friday found in The Roman Missal. At OCP’s urging, Rory and I decided to offer an alternative text that would draw on multiple images of the cross, spanning Old and New Testaments. The original version with traditional text is available online from OCP in edition 30110393. While the score and recording suggest women singing the verses with male accompaniment, you could easily flip this for variety in the performance.

In addition, we offer the music as a backdrop for use with the text of “Stabat Mater,” with an added refrain that could be sung after every 2 or 3 stations. This would help get the music in the minds and hearts of your assembly so that on Good Friday it could be sung from the heart.

—Tom Kendzia

Usage:
This piece is suitable for Palm Sunday and on Good Friday, during the veneration. It would make a good piece during Lent, particularly on the 2nd Sunday of Lent each year, and also on the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 6) and the Feast of the Triumph of the Cross (September 14), when those fall on Sunday. In each year of the Lectionary cycle, there are a number of Sundays when the cross figures into the Scriptures in one way or another. For instance, in Year B, the Solemnity of the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ (Corpus Christi), and explicitly on the 24th and 25th Sundays in Ordinary Time. In Year C, the 12th Sunday in Ordinary Time, and in year A, the 27th Sunday. But it will depend on the preaching, too, because so much of St. Paul’s writing and the universal letters as well are reflections about the cross.
Faithful Cross

(Guitar/Vocal)

Rory Cooney

INTRO Moderato (q = ca. 70)

Capo 1: (Em7) (Aadd9/E) (Em7) (A/E) (Em) (A/E) (Em) (A/E)

Verstes

1. Who shall dare to sing the praises of the gallows tree whose limbs bore the carpenter of Nazareth,
2. Mighty is the arm of Caesar who to God’s own name prays,
3. “Better one life than the pretention,” argue those who plot and arm,
4. Love’s astounding transfiguration gilds the instrument of death,
5. Lifted up, his heart laid open, robbed of breath, his body torn.

Tree whose wood was borne by him? Sing as his dear blood and sword.
Stronger still the oak that bends. Christ’s the emprise unlike.
Violence and threats of harm. Thus are prophets’ voices.
Takes away the cynic’s breath. Ever shunning pow’r and glance.
Promising a world reborn. Gazing on the cross, look.


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Faithful Cross

Here
Make
Sum -
So
And
the
the
mons
God
his
king
tree
ser ...

1. Make the tree a new creation,
   Re - create the uni - 
2. Here the king be - comes the ser - vant,
   He who wash - es feet is 
3. Sum - mons ser - vants of the vio - lence,
   Forg - es nails and builds the 
4. So God saved the hu - man sto - ry,
   Tak - ing hu - man flesh and 
5. And his arms di - rect us out - ward
   To the world, with heal - ing

1, 3
   Fm
   (A/E)
   (Em)
   (Em)
   (C/E)

   1. verse.
   3. cross.

REFRAIN

(G)
   Ab
   (D/F#)
   (F6)
   (C/E)

   Ris - ing from the earth to heav - en,
   Stretched be - tween the mud and stars,

(C/E)
   Dm/Fb
   (Gm/D)
   (Eb)
   (Cm/A)
   (Dsus4)
   (D)

   Ter - ri - ble in pain and pur - pose,
   Beau - ti - ful the wood - en bars.

(G)
   Ab
   (D/F#)
   (F)
   (C/E)

   Root - ed in the glades of E - den,
   Tree that shaped the sav - ing ark,

(C/E)
   Dm/Fb
   (Gm/D)
   (Em)
   (Am/C)
   (Em/B)
   (Am7)  

   Light your frail hu - man bur - den:
   He the light un-dimmed by dark.

D.S.
Faithful Cross

OBOE  Tom Kendzia

INTRO  Moderato ($\text{\tiny}\frac{4}{4}$ = ca. 70)

VERSE 1

VERSE 2

REFRAIN  (Interlude I)

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At the Cross Her Station Keeping

Verses: *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, Jacapone da Todi, 1230–1306
English tr.: Edward Caswall, 1814–1878
Refrain: Rory Cooney

Tom Kendzia

INTRO *Moderato* (*q*= ca. 70)

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing, All his bitter anguish
O how sad and sore distressed, Was that Mother high

1. At the cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful mother
2. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing, All his bitter anguish
3. O how sad and sore distressed, Was that Mother high

Now at length the sword has passed, Of the sole begotten One!

Stabat Mater dolorosa, Jacapone da Todi, 1230–1306
English tr.: Edward Caswall, 1814–1878
Refrain: Rory Cooney

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Edition #30108727
By your death, O Christ, our brother, Teach us how to love each other, By your Spirit, guide our way.

By the cross with thee to stay; There with thee to weep and pray, All I ask of thee to give. 

Virgin of all Virgins blest! Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine.

10. Make me feel as thou hast felt; Make my soul to glow and melt With the love of Christ, my Lord.
11. Holy Mother, pierce me through, In my heart each wound renew Of my Savior crucified.
12. Let me share with thee his pain, Who for all my sins was slain, Who for me in torment died.
13. Let me mingle tears with thee, Mourning him who mourned for me, All the days that I may live.
14. By the cross with thee to stay; There with thee to weep and pray, All I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgin of all Virgins blest! Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine.

At the Cross Her Station Keeping
At the Cross Her Station Keeping

(Guitar/Vocal)

Verses: *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, Jacapone da Todi, 1230–1306
English tr.: Edward Caswall, 1814–1878
Refrain: Rory Cooney

Tom Kendzia

INTRO  Moderato (\( \text{\textit{q}} = \text{ca. 70} \))

Capo 1:

\( \text{\textit{B}}b\text{add9/F} \)
\( \text{\textit{Em7}} \)
\( \text{\textit{B}}b/\text{F} \)

\( \text{\textit{Em7}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Aadd9/E}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Fm}} \)

VERSES

\( \text{\textit{Em}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Fm}} \)

\( \text{\textit{B/D}#} \)
\( \text{\textit{C/E}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Bm/D}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Cm/E}\flat} \)

1. At the cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful mother
2. Through her heart, his sorrow sharing, All his bitter anguish
3. O how sad and sore distressed, Was that Mother high-ly

\( \text{\textit{Am7}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Bm7}} \)

\( \text{\textit{D}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Eb}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Em}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Fm}} \)

\( \text{\textit{D/F}#} \)

1. weeping, Close to Jesus to the end.
2. bearing, Now at length the sword has passed.
3. blest____ Of the sole be-got-ten One!

REFRAIN

\( \text{\textit{G}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Ab}} \)

\( \text{\textit{D/F}#} \)
\( \text{\textit{Eb/G}} \)

\( \text{\textit{F6}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Gb6}} \)

By your death, O Christ, our broth-er, Teach us how to love each

\( \text{\textit{C/E}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Dm/F}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Cm/E}\flat} \)
\( \text{\textit{Dm/F}#} \)

\( \text{\textit{Cm}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Dm}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Em}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Em7}} \)

\( \text{\textit{A}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Ab}} \)

other, By your Spir-it, guide our way.

\( \text{\textit{Em}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Fm}} \)

\( \text{\textit{A/E}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Bb/F}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Em7}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Fm7}} \)

\( \text{\textit{A/E}} \)
\( \text{\textit{Bb/F}} \)

D.S.

Final

\( \text{\textit{Em}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Fm}} \)

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4. Christ above in torment hangs,
   She beneath beholds the pangs
   Of her dying, glorious Son.
5. Is there one who would not weep,
   Whelmed in miseries so deep,
   Christ’s dear Mother to behold?
6. Can the human heart refrain
   From partaking in her pain,
   In that Mother’s pain untold?
7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
   She beheld her tender Child,
   All with bloody scourges rent.
8. For the sins of his own nation
   Saw him hang in desolation
   Till his spirit forth he sent.
9. O thou Mother! Font of love,
   Touch my spirit from above,
   Make my heart with thine accord.
10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
    Make my soul to glow and melt
    With the love of Christ, my Lord.
11. Holy Mother, pierce me through,
    In my heart each wound renew
    Of my Savior crucified.
12. Let me share with thee his pain,
    Who for all my sins was slain,
    Who for me in torment died.
13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
    Mourning him who mourned for me,
    All the days that I may live.
14. By the cross with thee to stay;
    There with thee to weep and pray,
    All I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgin of all Virgins blest!
    Listen to my fond request:
    Let me share thy grief divine.

At the Cross Her Station Keeping
FAITHFUL CROSS

Verse 1
1. Who shall dare to sing the praises Of the gallows
2. Might-y is the arm of Cae-sar Who to God's own
3. “Bet-ter one life than the na-tion,” Argue those who
4. Love's as-tound-ing trans-for-ma-tion Gilds the instru-
5. Lift-ed up, his heart laid o-pen, Robbed of breath, his

Verse 2
1. Tree whose limbs Bore the car-pen-ter of Naz-areth,
2. name pre-tends. Strong the i-ron of the ar-row,
3. plot and arm. Guard-ing their civ-iliza-tion
4. ment of death, Love con-founds so-phis-ti-ca-tion
5. bod-y torn, Still his arms re-call the rain-bow

Verse 3
1. Tree whose wood was borne by him? Sing as his dear
2. Strong-er still the oak that bends. Christ's the em-pire
3. Vi-o-lence and threats of harm. Thus are proph-ets'
4. Takes a-way the cyn-ic's breath. Ev-er shun-ning
5. Prom-is-ing a world re-born. Gazing on the

Verse 4
1. Blood and spir-it, Min-ling with the air and
2. un-like oth-ers, All must put a-way the
3. voic-es si-lenced. Priv-i-lege that fears its
4. pow'r and glo-ry, Love has stripped the cross of
5. cross, look up-ward, 'til his heart ar-rests the

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Assembly Editions

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

Tom Kendzia


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O through her heart, how sad and sore distressed,
Was that Mother weeping, Close to Jesus to the end.

1. At the cross her station keeping, stood the mournful
   Stood the mournful
2. Through her heart, his sorrow shar ing, all his bitter
   All his bitter
3. O how sad and sore distressed, was that Mother
   Was that Mother

By your death, O Christ, our brother, teach us how to

love each other, By your Spirit, guide our way.

4. Christ above in torment hangs,
   She beneath beholds the pangs
   Of her dying, glorious Son.

5. Is there one who would not weep,
   Whelmed in miseries so deep,
   Christ's dear Mother to behold?

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   From partaking in her pain,
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   She beheld her tender Child,
   All with bloody scourges rent.

8. For the sins of his own nation
   Saw him hang in desolation
   Till his spirit forth he sent.

9. O thou Mother! Font of love,
   Touch my spirit from above,
   Make my heart with thine accord.

10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
    Make my soul to glow and melt
    With the love of Christ, my Lord.

11. Holy Mother, pierce me through,
    In my heart each wound renew
    Of my Saviour avenged.

12. Let me share with thee his pain,
    Who for all my sins was slain,
    Who for me in torment died.

13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
    Mourning him who mourned for me,
    All the days that I may live.

14. By the cross with thee to stay;
    There with thee to weep and pray,
    All I ask of thee to give.

15. Virgin of all Virgins blest!
    Listen to my fond request:
    Let me share thy grief divine.

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