

**THE SEVEN WORDS
FROM THE CROSS,
A LENTEN EXERCISE**

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The seven words from the Cross, a Lenten exercise by J. D. Mereweather

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J. D. MEREWATHER

**THE SEVEN WORDS
FROM THE CROSS,
A LENTEN EXERCISE**

THE
Seven Words from the Cross

A LENTEN EXERCISE

BY THE
REV. J. D. MEREWETHER, B.A. OXON.
CHAPELAIN AT VENICE



LONDON
J. T. HAYES, 17 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1880

147 . g . 634 .

Devoted
TO
A DEAR FRIEND

LONG ABSENT
YET EVER PRESENT

PALAZZO CONTARINI, VENICE
27th August 1879

THE
SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.

A LENTEN EXERCISE.

Scene—CALVARY.

Jesus Christ upon the Cross between the Two Thieves.
Above Him Chorus of Angels. Jesus Christ pronounces
the Seven Words or Sentences as He hangs upon the Cross,
and the Angels sing their comments on those Words.

THE SEVEN WORDS ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

From Third to Sixth Hour, before the darkness came on.

FIRST WORD.

*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they
do.*—S. Luke xxiii. 34.

SECOND WORD.

Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.—S. Luke xxiii. 43.

THIRD WORD.

Behold thy Son! behold thy Mother!—
S. John xix. 26, 27.

From Sixth to Ninth Hour, after the darkness came on.

FOURTH WORD.

My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?—
S. Matthew xxvii. 46.

FIFTH WORD.

I thirst.—S. John xix. 28.

SIXTH WORD.

It is finished.—S. John xix. 30.

SEVENTH WORD.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—
S. Luke xxiii. 46.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Prologue.

Ecce Deus ! Very God !
Ecce who in the dawn of Time
Culled with handiwork sublime
Errant aimless nebulae
Floating on yon ether-sea :
Then kneaded up the fiery mass
To form of beauty, even as
 Skilful potter moulds his clay ;
Till laughed with joy the nascent earth
Throbbing in its wondrous birth,
 Proud to prove its primal day.

Then launched it whirling into space,
Jubilant to run its race

Jocund with its brother peers,
Circling circling evermore
In that sea without a shore,
Home eternal of the spheres.

Who then did draw the new-born Light
From the murky womb of night ;
And did clothe Earth's rocky floor
With grass and herb in wondrous store,
Forest wide, fruit-bearing tree,
Wood-crowned height and verdant lea.

☩ ☩ ☩ ! This is ☩ ☩
Hanging on the Mystic Tree !
Ever sing His praises we !

All the moving things that be,
Sprang to life at His command ;
Fowl in heaven, and fish in sea,
Fresh from their Creator's hand.

Many a mighty beast that fills
Marshy coverts' undergrowth ;
Cattle on a thousand hills,
Creatures creeping on the earth ;
These did people every land
Moulded by the Master's hand.

Then the Ancient One of Days,
Working out His own behest,
Man from teeming dust did raise
Ere He took His Sabbath rest.