

Good Friday of the Lord's Passion

May be sung SATB a cappella

Antiphon by Andrew R. Motyka (2011)

They part-ed my gar-ments a - mong them, and up - on my ves-ture they cast lots.

The musical score is written for SATB a cappella. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the soprano and alto parts, and a bass clef staff for the tenor and bass parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: "They part-ed my gar-ments a - mong them, and up - on my ves-ture they cast lots."

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Mode VIII

1. 2. 3. Last

The musical score for Mode VIII is written for SATB a cappella. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the soprano and alto parts, and a bass clef staff for the tenor and bass parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into four sections: 1., 2., 3., and Last. Each section consists of a single melodic line in the soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support.

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NOTE: A Communion Antiphon for Good Friday is *not* included in the most recent *Graduale Romanum* of 1974, upon which the rest of this collection is based. The Roman Missal suggests Psalm 22 be sung, but there is no suggested antiphon. Earlier Graduals suggest either Psalm 22 or one of the Responsories from Matins on Good Friday be sung. This music is a combination of both; the antiphon is taken from the psalmody from Matins on Good Friday (the second antiphon, *Diviserunt sibi*), and coupled with Psalm 22.



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Psalm 22: 2,3,8-9,13,14,15,16,17,18

1. My God, my God, why have you for-*sak*-en me?
Why are you so far from sav-*ing* me,
So far from my words *of* anguish?
2. O my God, I call by day and you *do* not answer;
I call by night and I find no *rep*-rieve.
3. All who see *me* deride me;
They curl their lips, they toss *their* heads:
“He trusted in the *LORD*, let him save him;
Let him release him, for in him he *del*-ights.”
4. Many bulls have sur-*round*-ed me,
Fierce bulls of Bashan close *me* in.
5. Against me they open *wide* their mouths,
Like a lion, rending *and* roaring.
6. Like water I *am* poured out,
Disjointed are all *my* bones.
My heart has be-*come* like wax,
It is melted within *my* breast.
7. Parched as burnt clay *is* my throat,
My tongue cleaves to *my* jaws.
You lay me in the dust *of* death.
8. For dogs have sur-*round*-ed me;
A band of the wicked *be*-sets me.
They tear holes in my hands and *my* feet;
9. I can count every one *of* my bones.
They stare at me *and* gloat.

Dox. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the *Ho*-ly Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, *is* now,
And will be forever. *A*-men.