

Tenebrae



PRIORY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
BLACKFRIARS, OXFORD

Maundy Thursday
Tenebrae



PRIORY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
BLACKFRIARS, OXFORD

At the Prior's signal, all turn east and make the sign of the cross in silence. The psalmody follows immediately without introduction.

MATINS

I burn with zeal for your house and taunts against you fall on me.

Ps 68

Save me, O God * for the wa-ters have risen to my neck.

Save me, O **God** * for the wa-ters have risen to my neck.

I have sunk into the mud of the **deep** *
and there is **no** foothold.

I have entered the waters of the **deep** *
and the waves **overwhelm** me.

I am wearied with all my **crying**, *
my **throat** is parched.

My eyes are wasted **away** *
from **looking** for my God.

More numerous than the hairs on my **head** *
are those who hate **me** without cause.

Those who attack me with **lies** *
are too much **for** my strength.

How can I **restore** *
what I have **never** stolen?

O God, you know my sinful **folly**; *
my sins **you** can see.

Let not those who hope in you be put to **shame** *
through me, **Lord** of hosts:

let not those who seek you be **dismayed** *
through me, God of Israel.

It is for you that I suffer **taunts**, *
that shame **covers** my face,
that I have become a stranger to my **brothers**, *
an alien to my **own** mother's sons.

I burn with zeal for your **house** *
and taunts against **you** fall on me.

When I afflict my soul with **fasting** *
they make it a taunt **against** me.

When I put on sackcloth in **mourning** *
then they make me a byword,
the gossip of men at the **gates**, *
the subject of **drunkards'** songs.

This is my prayer to **you**, *
my prayer for **your** favour.

In your great love, answer me, O **God**, *
 with your help **that** never fails;
 rescue me from sinking in the **mud**, *
 save **me** from my foes.
 Save me from the waters of the **deep** *
 lest the waves **overwhelm** me.
 Do not let the deep **engulf** me *
 nor death close **its** mouth on me.
 Lord, answer, for your love is **kind**; *
 in your compassion, turn **towards** me.
 Do not hide your face from your **servant**; *
 answer me quickly for I **am** in distress.
 Come close to my soul and **redeem** me; *
 ransom me pressed **by** my foes.
 You know how they taunt and **deride** me; *
 my oppressors are all **before** you.
 Taunts have broken my **heart**; *
 I have reached the end **of** my strength.
 I looked in vain for compassion, for **consolers**; *
 not one **could** I find.
 For food they gave me **poison**; *
 in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.
 Let their table be a **snare** to them *
 and their festive **banquets** a trap.
 Let their eyes grow dim and **blind**; *
 let their limbs **tremble** and shake.
 Pour out your anger **upon** them, *
 let the heat of your fury **overtake** them.
 Let their camp be left **desolate**; *
 let no one dwell **in** their tents:
 for they persecute one whom you **struck**; *
 they increase the pain of one **you** wounded.
 Charge them with guilt upon **guilt**; *
 let them never be found just **in** your sight.
 Blot them out from the book of the **living**; *
 do not enrol them **among** the just.
 As for me in my poverty and **pain**, *
 let your help, O God, **lift** me up.
 I will praise God's name with a **song**; *
 I will glorify him with **thanksgiving**.
 A gift pleasing God more than **oxen**, *
 more than beasts prepared **for** sacrifice.
 The poor when they see it will be **glad** *
 and God-seeking hearts **will** revive;
 for the Lord listens to the **needy** *
 and does not spurn his **servants** in their chains.
 Let the heavens and the earth give him **praise**, *
 the sea and all its **living** creatures.

For God will bring help to Sion †
and rebuild the cities of Judah *
and men shall dwell there in possession.

The sons of his servants shall inherit it; *
those who love his name shall dwell there.

OMIT GLORY BE. Repeat antiphon.

FIRST READING: *Lamentations 1:1-6,12*

FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

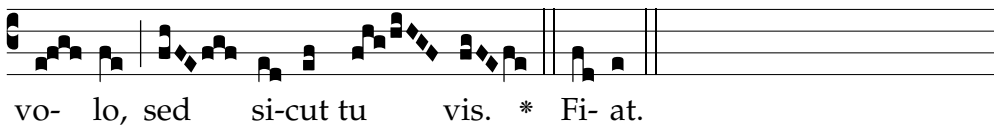
VIII
Tristis est á-ni-ma me- a us- que ad mor- tem:
 sus-ti-né-te hic, et vi-gi-lá-te me- cum: nunc vidé-bi-tis
 tur-bam, quæ circúm-da-bit me: * Vos fu- gam capi-é-tis,
 et e- go va- dam im-mo-lá- ri pro vo- bis.
 V. Ecce app-ro-pín-quat ho- ra, et Fí-li-us hó-mi-nis tradé-
 tur in manus pec-ca-tó- rum. * Vos fu- gam.

My soul is sorrowful even to death. Remain here and watch with me. Now you will see a crowd which will surround me. You will take flight, and I shall go to be sacrificed for you.
*V. See, the hour is approaching, and the Son of Man will be handed over into the hands of sinners. * You will take flight.*

FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR B):

VIII
In món- te O-li-vé- ti o-rá- vit ad Pá- trem:
 Pá- ter, si fí- e-ri po- tést, trán-se-at a me cá-lix í- ste:
 Spí-ri-tus qui-dem próm-ptus est, cá- ro autem in- fír- ma: *
 Fi- at vo-lún-tas tu- a. V. Verúm-tamen non si-cut ego

On the Mount of Olives he prayed to the Father: 'Father, if it is possible let this cup pass me by. Indeed the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Thy will be done.
V. Nevertheless, not according to my will, but according to thine.'
** Thy will be done.*

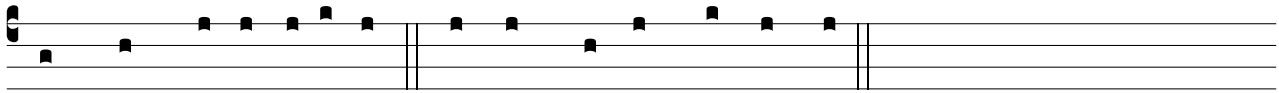


vo- lo, sed si-cut tu vis. * Fi- at.



I was stricken all day long, suffered punishment day after day.

Ps 72



How good God is to Israel, * to those **who** are pure of heart.

Yet my feet came close to **stumbling**, *
 my **steps** had almost slipped
 for I was filled with envy of the **proud** *
 when I saw how the **wicked** prosper.
 For them there are no **pains**; *
 their **bodies** are sound and sleek.
 They have no share in men's **sorrows**; *
 they are not stricken like others.
 So they wear their pride like a **necklace**, *
 they clothe themselves with violence.
 Their hearts overflow with **malice**, *
 their **minds** seethe with plots.
 They scoff; they speak with **malice**; *
 from on high they **plan** oppression.
 They have set their mouths in the **heavens** *
 and their tongues **dictate** to the earth.
 So the people turn to **follow** them *
 and **drink** in all their words.
 They say: 'How can God **know**? *
 Does the Most High take **any** notice?'
 Look at them, such are the **wicked**, *
 but **untroubled**, they grow in wealth.
 How useless to keep my heart **pure** *
 and wash my **hands** in innocence,
 when I was stricken all day **long**, *
 suffered punishment **day** after day.
 Then I said: 'If I should speak like **that**, *
 I should abandon the faith **of** your people.'
 I strove to fathom this **problem**, *
 too hard for my **mind** to understand,
 until I pierced the mysteries of **God** *
 and understood what becomes **of** the wicked.
 How slippery the paths on which you **set** them; *
 you make them slide **to** destruction.
 How suddenly they come to their **ruin**, *
 wiped out, **destroyed** by terrors.

Like a dream one wakes from, O Lord, *
 when you wake you dismiss **them** as phantoms.
 And so when my heart grew embittered *
 and when I was **cut** to the quick,
 I was stupid and did not **understand**, *
 no better than a **beast** in your sight.
 Yet I was always in your **presence**; *
 you were holding me **by** my right hand.
 You will guide me by your **counsel** *
 and so you will lead **me** to glory.
 What else have I in heaven but **you**? *
 Apart from you I want **nothing** on earth.
 My body and my heart faint for **joy**; *
 God is my **possession** for ever.
 All those who abandon you shall **perish**; *
 you will destroy all those **who** are faithless.
 To be near God is my **happiness**. *
 I have made the Lord **God** my refuge.
 I will tell of all your **works** *
 at the gates of the city of Sion.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

SECOND READING: *Hebrews 4:14-5:10*

SECOND RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

VIII
 U -nus ex vo- bis tradet me hódí- e: væ il-
 li per quem tra- dar e- go: * Méli- us il- li e- rat,
 si na- tus non fu- ís- set. V. Qui intíngit mecum
 manum in pa- rópsi- de, hic me tradi- túrus est in manus
 pecca- tó- rum. * Méli- us.

*One of you will betray me today. Woe to him by whom I am to be betrayed. It would have been better for him if he had not been born. V. He who dips his hand in the dish with me, he will betray me into the hands of sinners. * It would have been better.*

SECOND RESPONSORY (YEAR B) :

VII
E - ram qua- si á- gnus ínno- cens: dú- ctus sum
 ad im- mo- lán- dum, et ne- sci- é- bam: consí- li- um fe-
 cé- runt i- nimí- ci mé- i advérsum me, di- cén- tes: * Vení- te,
 mittámus lígnum in pánem é- jus, et e- radá- mus é- um
 de tér- ra vi- vénti- um. ¶. Omnes i- nimí- ci mé- i
 advérsum me cogi- tábant má- la mí- hi: vér- bum i- níquum
 mandavérunt advérsum me, di- cén- tes. * Vení- te.

*I was like an innocent lamb. I was led to the slaughter, and I knew it not. My enemies took counsel against me, saying: 'Come, let us put wood into his bread, and blot him out of the land of the living. ¶. All my enemies plotted evils against me. They have enjoined an unjust command against me. * Come, let us put wood.*

VIII B
T he earth trembled in terror and was still when God a-rose to judge the earth.
 Ps 75

God is made known in **Judah**; * in **Israel** his name is great.

He set up his tent in Jerusalem *
 and his dwelling **place** in **Sion**.

It was there he broke the flashing **arrows**, *
 the shield, the **sword**, the armour.

You, O Lord, are **resplendent**, *
 more majestic than the **everlasting** mountains.

The warriors, despoiled, slept in **death**; *
 the hands of the **soldiers** were powerless.

At your threat, O God of **Jacob**, *
 horse and **rider** lay stunned.

You, you alone, strike **terror**. *
 Who shall stand when your **anger** is roused?
 You uttered your sentence from the **heavens**; *
 the earth in **terror** was still
 when God arose to **judge**, *
 to save the **humble** of the earth.

Men's anger will serve to **praise** you; *
 its survivors **surround** you with joy.
 Make vows to your God and **fulfil** them. *
 Let all pay tribute to him **who** strikes terror,
 who cuts short the life of **princes**, *
 who strikes terror in the **kings** of the earth.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

THIRD READING: *From an Easter homily by St Melito of Sardis, bishop*

THIRD RESPONSORY:

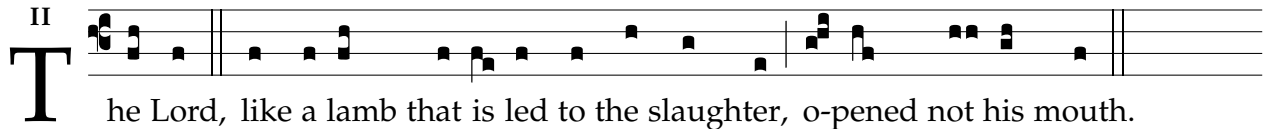
I
R eve-lábunt cae- li in-iqui-tá-tem Ju- dae, et terra
 advérsus e-um con- súr- get: et mani-féstum e- rit peccá-tum
 il-lí- us in di- e furó-ris Dó- mi- ni: * Cum e- is,
 qui di-xérunt Dómino De- o: Re-cé-de a no- bis, sci-én-
 ti- am ví- árum tu- árum nó- lu- mus. V. In di- em per-
 di-ti- ó-nis servá-bi- tur, et ad di- em ulti- ó- nis du-cé- tur. *
 Cum e- is.

The heavens will show forth the iniquity of Judas, and the earth will rise against him; his sin will be published on the day of the Lord's wrath, together with those who said to the Lord, 'Away from us; we do not want to know your ways.'

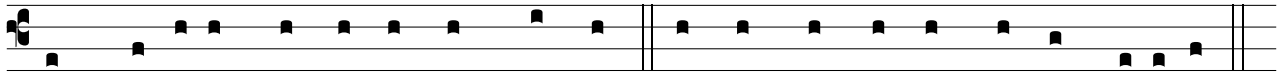
V. He is reserved for the day of doom, and he is to be brought to the day of punishment.

** Together with those.*

LAUDS



Ps 50



Have mercy on me, God, in your **kindness**. * In your compassion blot **out** my offence.

O wash me more and more from my **guilt** *
and cleanse **me** from my sin.

My offences truly I **know** them; *
my sin is always **before** me.

Against you, you alone, have I **sinned**; *
what is evil in your **sight** I have done.

That you may be justified when you give **sentence** *
and be without reproach **when** you judge,

O see, in guilt I was **born**, *
a sinner **was** I conceived.

Indeed you love truth in the **heart**; *
then in the secret of my heart teach **me** wisdom.

O purify me, then I shall be **clean**; *
O wash me, I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me hear rejoicing and **gladness**, *
that the bones you have crushed **may** revive.

From my sins turn away your **face** *
and blot **out** all my guilt.

A pure heart create for me, O **God**, *
put a steadfast spirit **within** me.

Do not cast me away from your **presence**, *
nor deprive me of your **holy** spirit.

Give me again the joy of your **help**; *
with a spirit of fervour **sustain** me,

that I may teach transgressors your **ways** *
and sinners may **return** to you.

O rescue me, God, my **helper**, *
and my tongue shall ring out **your** goodness.

O Lord, open my **lips** *
and my mouth shall **declare** your praise.

For in sacrifice you take no **delight**, *
burnt offering from me **you** would refuse,

my sacrifice, a contrite **spirit**. *

A humbled, contrite heart **you** will not spurn.

In your goodness, show favour to **Sion**: *
rebuild the walls of **Jerusalem**.

Then you will be pleased with lawful **sacrifice**, *
holocausts offered on **your** altar.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VIII A

You have fed us, Lord, with your own ho-ly food, and we walk in your strength. *Ex 15*

I will sing to the Lord, glorious his **tri-umph**! * Horse and rider he has **thrown** into

the sea!

The Lord is my strength, my song, my salvation. †
This is my God and I **extol** him, *
my father's God **and** I give him praise.

The Lord is a **warrior**! *

The **Lord** is his name.

The chariots of Pharaoh he hurled into the **sea**. *

At the breath of your anger the **waters** piled high;

the moving waters stood up like a **dam**. *

The deeps turned solid in the **midst** of the sea.

The enemy said: 'I will pursue and overtake them, †

I will divide the plunder, I shall have my **will**. *

I will draw my sword, my hand **shall** destroy them.'

You blew with your breath, the sea closed **over** them. *

They went down like lead into the **mighty** waters.

Who is like you among the gods, O Lord, †

who is like you, so glorious in **holiness**, *

spreading fear through your deeds, you **who** do marvels?

You stretched forth your **hand**, *

the **earth** engulfed them;

your love has guided the people you **redeemed**, *

your power has led them to your **holy** dwelling-place.

The peoples have heard and they **tremble**; *

pangs have gripped the inhabitants **of** Philistia.

Edom's chiefs are struck with terror; †

shuddering seizes the leaders of **Moab**; *

all Canaan's **people** melt with fear.

May terror and dread fall **upon** them. *

The power of your arm has **turned** them to stone,

until your people, O Lord, pass **by**, *

the people whom **you** have redeemed.

You will lead them and plant them on your mountain, †

the place, O Lord, where you have made your **home**, *

the sanctuary, Lord, **which** your hands have made.

The Lord will **reign** *
for **ever** and ever.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

II
H e was sacri-ficed because he willed it, and he has borne our transgressions.

Ps 148

Praise the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the **heights**. * Praise him, all his angels,

praise **him**, all his hosts.

Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, shining **stars**. *

Praise him, highest heavens and the waters **above** the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord**. *

He commanded: **they** were made.

He fixed them for **ever**, *

gave a law which shall **not** pass away.

Praise the Lord from the **earth**, *

sea creatures and **all** oceans,

fire and hail, snow and **mist**, *

stormy winds that **obey** his word;

all mountains and hills, all fruit trees and **cedars**, *

beasts, wild and tame, reptiles and birds **on** the wing;

all earth's kings and peoples, earth's princes and **rulers**, *

young men and maidens, old men together **with** children.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord** *

for he alone is **exalted**.

The splendour of his **name** *

reaches beyond **heaven** and earth.

He exalts the strength of his **people**. *

He is the praise **of** all his saints,

of the sons of **Israel**, *

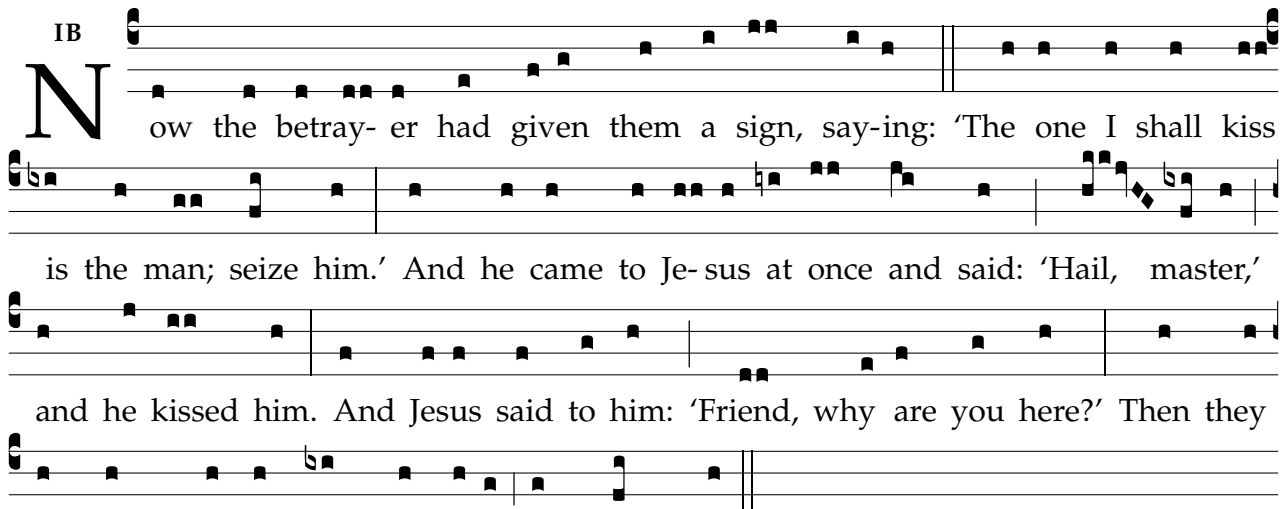
of the people to whom **he** comes close.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

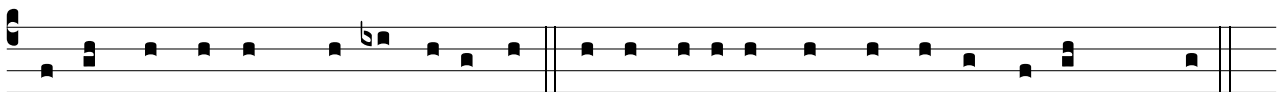
BENEDICTUS

All stand.

IB



Now the betray- er had given them a sign, say-ing: 'The one I shall kiss
is the man; seize him.' And he came to Je- sus at once and said: 'Hail, master,'
and he kissed him. And Jesus said to him: 'Friend, why are you here?' Then they
came and they laid hands on Jesus and seized him.

Luke 1:68–79


Blessèd be the Lord the **God** of Israel; he has vis-it-ed his people **and** redeemed them.

He hās raised up for us a **mighty** Saviour *
in the house of **David** his servant,
as hē promised by the **lips** of holy men, *
those who were his **prophets** from of old:
a Sāvior who would **free** us from our foes, *
from the hands of **all** who hate us.
So hīs love for our **fathers** is fulfilled *
and his holy **covenant** remembered.

He swöre to Abraham our father to **free** us from fear *
and to save us from the **hands** of all our foes,
that wē might serve him in **holiness** and justice *
all the days of our life **in** his presence.

And thüs, little child, shall **you** be named: *
a prophet of **God** the Most High.
You shall go **ahead** of the Lord *
to prepare his **ways** before him,
to märke known to his people **their** salvation *
through **forgiveness** of all their sins,
the lövingkindness of the **heart** of our God, *
who visits us like the **dawn** from on high.

He will give light to those in darkness, †
and those who dwell in the **shadow** of death; *
he will guide us **into** the way of peace.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VERSUS LITANICI

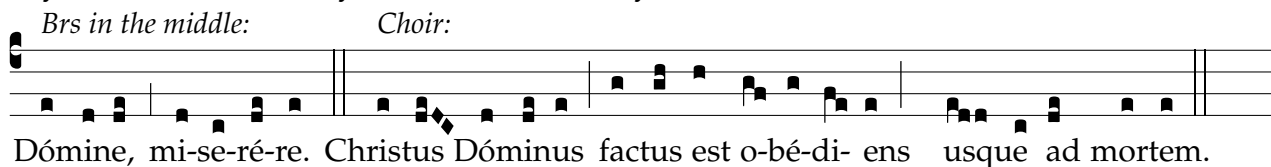
All remain standing. Two cantors stand in front of the altar steps, while two others stand in the middle of the choir.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:* *Brs at the steps:*



Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

Brs in the middle: *Choir:*



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:*



Qui passú-rus adve-ní-sti propter nos. Christe, e-léi-son.

Ps. You who came to suffer for our sake. Christ have mercy.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:*



Qui expánsis in cru-ce má-nibus, tra-xí-sti ómni-a ad te sá-cu-la. Christe, e-léi-son.

Ps. You who with hands outstretched on the cross drew all ages to yourself. Christ have mercy.

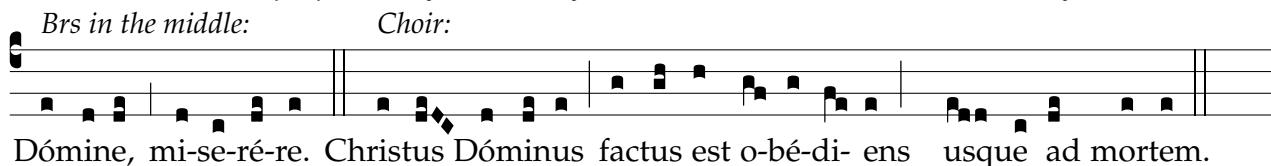
Brs at the steps: *Choir:*



Qui prophé-ti-ce prompsí-sti: Ero mors tu-a, o mors. Christe, e-léi-son.

Ps. You who declared prophetically: I will be your death, O death. Christ have mercy.

Brs in the middle: *Choir:*



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

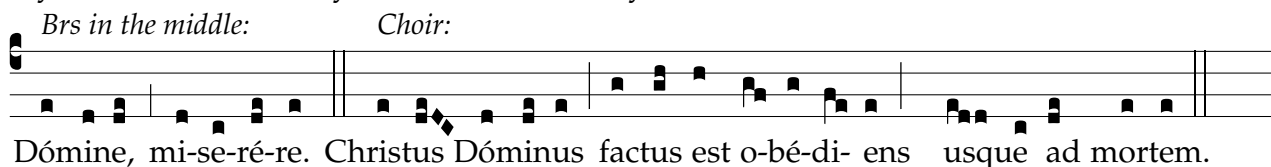
Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:* *Brs at the steps:*



Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

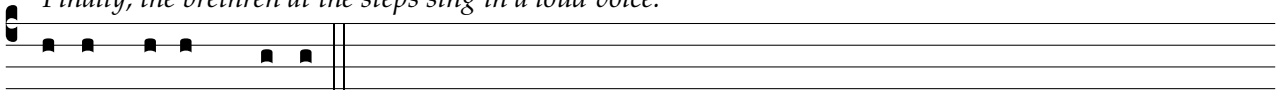
Brs in the middle: *Choir:*



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Finally, the brethren at the steps sing in a loud voice:



Mortem autem cru-cis.

℣. Even death on a cross.

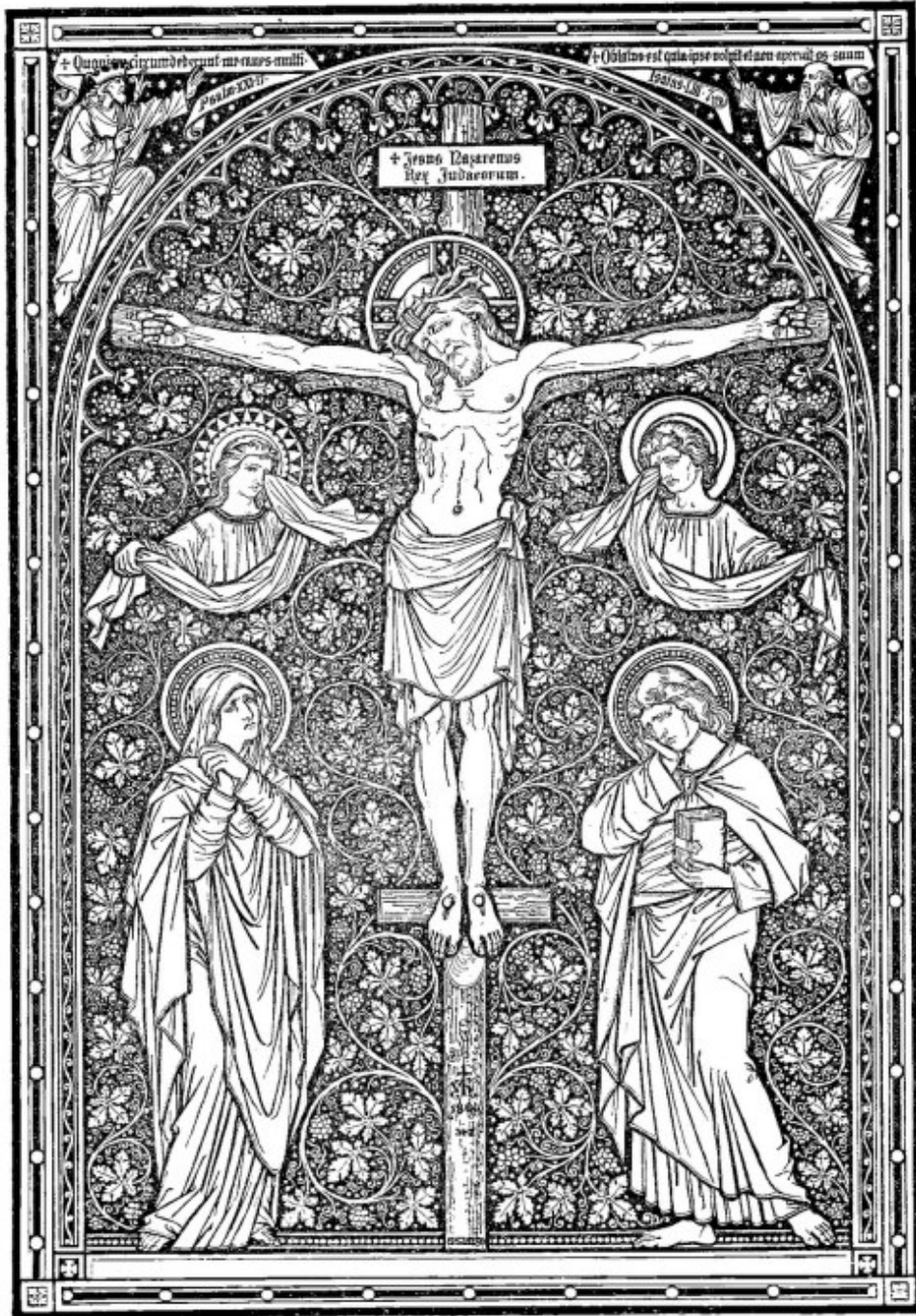
After the verse Mortem autem crucis, all kneel and say the Our Father silently.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

The collect is said by the Prior. Then, at the Prior's sign, all rise and depart in silence.

Good Friday

Tenebræ

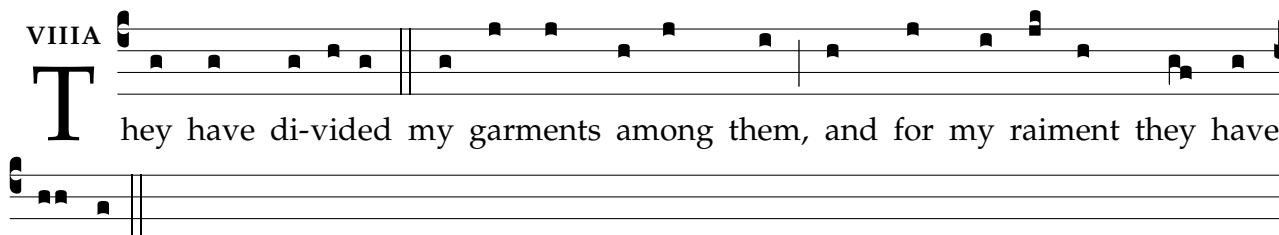


PRIORY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
BLACKFRIARS, OXFORD

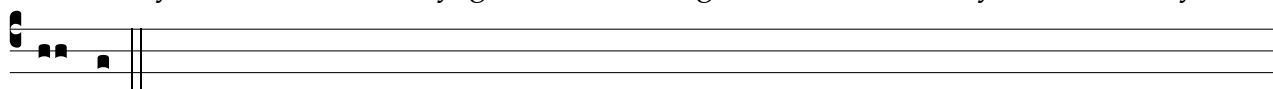
At the Prior's signal, all turn east and make the sign of the cross in silence. The psalmody follows immediately without introduction.

MATINS

VIII A

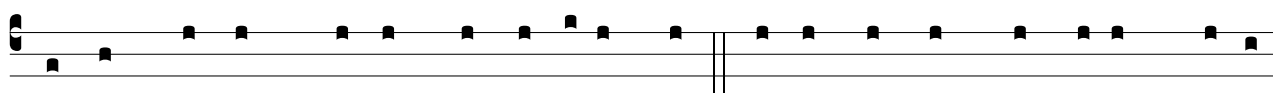


They have di-vided my garments among them, and for my raiment they have

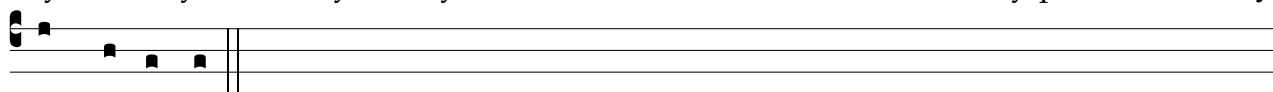


cast lots.

Ps 21



My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? * You are far from my plea and the cry



of my distress.

O my God, I call by day and you give no reply; *

I call by night **and** I find no peace.

Yet you, O God, are **holy**, *

enthroned on the praises of Israel.

In you our fathers put their **trust**; *

they trusted **and** you set them free.

When they cried to you, they **escaped**. *

In you they trusted and **never** in vain.

But I am a worm and no **man**, *

scorned by men, despised **by** the people.

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 if **this** is his friend.'

Yes, it was you who took me from the **womb**, *

entrusted me **to** my mother's breast.

To you I was committed from my **birth**, *

from my mother's womb **you** have been my God.

Do not leave me alone in my **distress**; *

Come close, there is **none** else to help.

Many bulls have **surrounded** me, *

fierce bulls of **Bashan** close me in.

Against me they open wide their **jaws**, *

like lions, **rending** and roaring.

Like water I am poured **out**, *

disjointed are all my bones.

My heart has become like **wax**, *
it is **melted** within my breast.

Parched as burnt clay is my **throat**, *
my tongue **cleaves** to my jaws.

Many dogs have **surrounded** me, *
a band of the **wicked** beset me.

They tear holes in my hands and my **feet** *
and lay me **in** the dust of death.

I can count every one of my **bones**. *
These people **stare** at me and gloat;
they divide my clothing **among** them. *
They cast **lots** for my robe.

O Lord, do not leave me **alone**, *
my strength, make **haste** to help me!

Rescue my soul from the **sword**, *
my life from the **grip** of these dogs.

Save my life from the jaws of these **lions**, *
my poor soul from the horns **of** these oxen.

I will tell of your name to my **brethren** *
and praise you where they **are** assembled.

'You who fear the Lord give him praise; †
all sons of Jacob, give him **glory**. *'

Revere him, Israel's sons.

For he has never **despised** *
nor scorned the **poverty** of the poor.

From him he has not hidden his **face**, *
but he heard the **poor** man when he cried.'

You are my praise in the great **assembly**. *

My vows I will pay before **those** who fear him.

The poor shall eat and shall have their fill. †
They shall praise the Lord, those who **seek** him. *
May their hearts live for **ever** and ever!

All the earth shall remember and return to the Lord, †
all families of the nations worship **before** him; *
for the kingdom is the Lord's, he is ruler **of** the nations.

They shall worship him, all the mighty of the **earth**; *
before him shall bow all who go **down** to the dust.

And my soul shall live for him, my children **serve** him. *

They shall tell of the Lord to generations yet to come,
declare his faithfulness to peoples yet **unborn**: *
'These **things** the Lord has done.'

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

FIRST READING: *Lamentations 2:1-2, 6-7, 9, 13, 15*

FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

VIII
B a-rábbas latro dimít-ti-tur, et ínnocens Chri- stus
 oc- cí-di- tur: nam et Ju- das armis do- ctus scé-
 le- ris, qui per pacem dí-di- cit fá- ce- re bel- lum, *
 Oscu- lán- do trá- di- dit Dóminum Jesum Chri-
 stum. √ Ec- ce turba et qui vocabá- tur Judas, ve- nit: et dum
 appropinquá- ret ad Je- sum. *Oscu- lán- do

*Barabbas the bandit is released, and the innocent Christ is put to death; Judas, well-versed in the instruments of crime, and knowing how to make war by means of peace, betrayed the Lord Jesus Christ with a kiss. √ Behold, a crowd came, and the man called Judas, and when he approached Jesus. * He betrayed.*


FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR B):

II
V e-lum témpli scís-sum est, et ómnis tér- ra
 trému- it: látro de crú- ce clamá- bat dí- cens: * Me-
 ménto mé- i Dómi- ne, dum vé- ne- ris in régnum
 tú- um. √ A- men di- co ti- bi: hód- i- e mecum e- ris in
 Pa- ra- dí- so. * Meménto me- i.

*The veil of the temple was torn, and all the earth shook, The thief cried out from the cross, saying: 'Remember me, Lord, when you come into your kingdom.' √ Amen, I say to you, today you shall be with me in paradise. * Remember me, Lord.*

IVB

L


 et them be shamed, all those who seek my life; let them be confounded



who de-light in my harm.

Ps 39



 I waited, I waited **for** the Lord * and he stooped down **to** me; he heard my cry.

 He drew me from the deadly pit, from the **miry** clay. *

 He set my feet upon a rock **and** made my footsteps firm.

 He put a new song into my mouth, praise **of** our God. *

 Many shall see and fear and **shall** trust in the Lord.

 Happy the man who has placed his trust **in** the Lord *

 and has not gone over to the rebels **who** follow false gods.

How many, O Lord my God, †

 are the wonders and designs that you have **worked** for us; *

you have no equal.

 Should I proclaim and **speak** of them, *

 they **are** more than I can tell!

 You do not ask for sacrifice and offerings but an **open** ear. *

 You do not ask for holocaust and victim; **instead**, here am I.

 In the scroll of the book it stands written that I should **do** your will. *

 My God, I delight in your law in **the** depth of my heart.

 Your justice I have proclaimed in the **great** assembly. *

 My lips I have not sealed; **you** know it, O Lord.

 I have not hidden your justice **in** my heart *

 but **declared** your faithful help.

 I have not hidden your love **and** your truth *

 from **the** great assembly.

O Lord, you will not withhold your compassion from me. *

 Your merciful love and your truth **will** always guard me.

 For I am beset with evils too many **to** be counted. *

 My sins have fallen upon me **and** my sight fails me.

 They are more than the hairs of my head and **my** heart sinks. *

 O Lord, come to my rescue; **Lord**, come to my aid.

 O let there be shame **and** confusion *

on those who seek my life.

 O let them turn back in confusion, who delight **in** my harm. *

 Let them be appalled, covered with shame, **who** jeer at my lot.

 O let there be rejoicing and gladness for **all** who seek you. *

 Let them ever say: 'The Lord is great', **who** love your saving help.

 As for me, wretched and poor, the Lord **thinks** of me. *

 You are my rescuer, my help, **O** God, do not delay.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

SECOND READING: *Hebrews 9:11-28.*

SECOND RESPONSORY:

VII

Te-nebræ fáctæ sunt, dum cru-ci-fi-xíssent Iésum
 et cir-ca hó-ram nó-nam excla-má-vit Ié-sus
 vó-ce má-gna: Dé-us mé-us, Dé-us mé-us, ut
 quid me de-re-liquí-sti? * Et incli-ná-to cá-pi-te, emí-sit
 spí-ri-tum. √. Cum er-go acce-píssset acé-tum, di-xit: Con-
 summá-tum est. * Et incli-ná-to.

*There was dark-
 ness when they had
 crucified Jesus; and
 around the ninth
 hour, Jesus cried
 out with a loud
 voice: "My God,
 my God, why have
 you forsaken me?"
 * And bowing his
 head, he gave up
 the spirit.
 √. Then as Jesus
 had received the
 vinegar, he said:
 "It is finished."
 * And bowing his
 head, he gave up
 the spirit.*

II

My soul is filled with e-vils and my life is on the brink of the grave.

Ps 87

Lord my God, I call for help by **day** * I cry at night **before** you.

Let my prayer come into your **presence**. *

O turn your ear **to** my cry.

For my soul is filled with **evils**; *

my life is on the brink **of** the grave.

I am reckoned as one in the **tomb**; *

I have reached the end **of** my strength,

Like one alone among the **dead**, *

like the slain **lying** in their graves,

like those you remember no **more**, *

cut off, as they are, **from** your hand.

You have laid me in the depths of the **tomb**, *

in places that are dark, **in** the depths.

Your anger weighs down **upon** me; *

I am drowned **beneath** your waves.

You have taken away my **friends** *
and made me **hateful** in their sight.

Imprisoned, I cannot **escape**; *
my eyes are **sunken** with grief.

I call to you, Lord, all the day **long**; *
to you I stretch **out** my hands.

Will you work your wonders for the **dead**? *

Will the shades stand **and** praise you?

Will your love be told in the **grave** *
or your faithfulness **among** the dead?

Will your wonders be known in the **dark** *
or your justice in the land of **oblivion**?

As for me, Lord, I call to you for **help**; *
in the morning my prayer comes **before** you.

Lord, why do you **reject** me? *

Why do you **hide** your face?

Wretched, close to death from my **youth**, *
I have borne your trials; I am numb.

Your fury has swept down **upon** me; *
your terrors have utterly **destroyed** me.

They surround me all the day like a **flood**, *
they assail me all **together**.

Friend and neighbour you have taken **away**: *
my one companion **is** darkness.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

THIRD READING: *from the 'Revelations of Divine Love' of Julian of Norwich.*

THIRD RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

VIII
J esum trá- di-dit ímpi- us summis princí-pi-
bus sacerdó- tum, et seni- ó-ri-bus pópu- li: Petrus
autem sequebá-tur a lon- ge, * Ut vidé- ret fi-
nem ¶. Et ingressus est Petrus in átri- um prínci-pis
sa-cerdó- tum. *Ut vidé- ret

*The faithless one betrayed Jesus to the chief priests and the elders of the people; but Peter followed at a distance, to see the end. ¶. And Peter entered the hall of the chief priest. * To see the end.*

THIRD RESPONSORY (YEAR B):

VI

Tradidérunt me in manus impi-órum, et inter
 i-ní-quos pro-je-cérunt me, et non pepercé-runt á-
 ni-mæ mé-æ: congre-gá-ti sunt advérsus me fó-r-tes: *
 Et si-cut gi-gántes ste-té-runt contra me. ¶ Asti-té-
 runt reges ter-ræ, et príncipes convené-runt in u-num. *
 Et si-cut.

They betrayed me into the hands of sinners, and threw me amongst the wicked, and they had no pity on my soul.

Strong men have gathered against me, and like giants they stand over me.

*¶ The kings of the earth stood by, and princes gathered together. * And like giants.*

LAUDS

IVA

My spir-it fails within me and my heart is numb.

Ps 142

Lord, listen to my prayer: † turn your ear to **my** appeal. * You are faithful, you **are** just;

give änsver.

Do not call your **servant** to judgement *
 for no **one** is jüst in your sight.

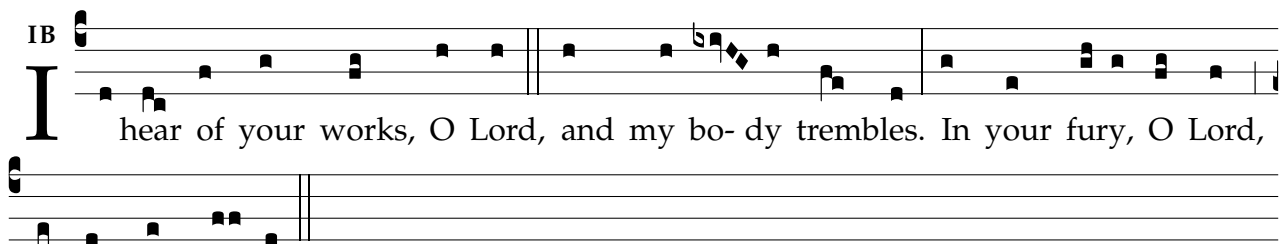
The enemy **pursues** my soul; *
 he has **crushed** my life to the ground;
 he has made me **dwel**l in darkness *
 like the **dead**, long förgö-tten.

Therefore my **spir**it fails; *
 my heart **is** numb withín me.

I remember the days **that** are past: *
 I **ponder** äll yöur works.
 I muse on what your hand has wrought †
 and to you I stretch **out** my hands. *
 Like a parched **land** my söul thirsts for you.
 Lord, make **haste** and answer; *
 for my spirit fails withün me.
 Do not **hide** your face *
 lest I **become** like thöse in the grave.
 In the morning let me **know** your love *
 for I **put** my trüst in you.
 Make me know the way I should walk: *
 to **you** I lift up my soul.
 Rescue me, Lord, **from** my enemies; *
 I have fled **to** you för rëfuge.
 Teach me to **do** your will *
 for **you**, O Lörd, are my God.
 Let your good **spirit** guide me *
 in ways **that** are lëvel and smooth.
 For your name's sake, Lord, **save** my life; *
 in your justice **save** my söul from distress.


OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

IB



I hear of your works, O Lord, and my bo- dy trembles. In your fury, O Lord,
 remember mer-cy.

Hab 3



Lord, I have **heard** of your fame, * I stand in **awe** at your deeds.

Do them again in our days, †
 in our **days** make them known! *
 In spite of your anger, **have** compassion.
 God comes **forth** from Teman, *
 the Holy One comes **from** Mount Paran.
 His splendour **covers** the sky *
 and his **glory** fills the earth.
 His brilliance is like the light, †
 rays **flash** from his hands; *
 there his **power** is hidden.
 Pestilence walks before him, †
 plague follows **close** behind him; *
 he stands and **the** earth trembles.

He looks, and the **nations** shake with fear; *
the ancient mountains writhe and the eternal **hills** break apart.

He acts as he **acted** of old; *

I see dread in the tents of Kushan, trembling in the **homes** of Midian.

Is your anger, Lord, against the rivers, †
your **fury** against the sea, *

that you ride upon your horses, and your chariot of victory?

You strip the sheath from your bow and shoot **shaft** upon shaft; *
you split the earth with **streams** of water.

The mountains see you and shiver; †

torrents of **rain** sweep down; *

the deep gives forth its roar, **lifting** its hands on high.

The sun and moon stand **still** in their dwelling-place, *

at the light of your speeding arrows, and the gleam of your flashing spear.

You stride over the **earth** in anger; *

you trample the **nations** in fury.

You march out to **save** your people, *

to save the one you **have** anointed.

You have wiped out the family of the wicked; *

you have razed his **house** to the ground.

Your shafts pierce the chief of his army †

who stormed out **exultant** to rout us, *

as though to devour the **poor** in their den.

You made a path for your **horses** in the sea, *

in the raging of the **mighty** waters.

This I heard and I **tremble** with terror, *

my lips **quiver** at the sound.

Weakness **invades** my bones, *

my steps **fail** beneath me

yet I calmly **wait** for the doom *

that will fall upon the people **who** assail us.

For even though the fig **does** not blossom, *

nor **fruit** grow on the vine,

even though the **olive** crop fail, *

and fields **produce** no harvest,

even though flocks **vanish** from the folds *

and stalls stand **empty** of cattle,

Yet I will **rejoice** in the Lord *

and exult in **God** my saviour.

The Lord my God is my strength. †

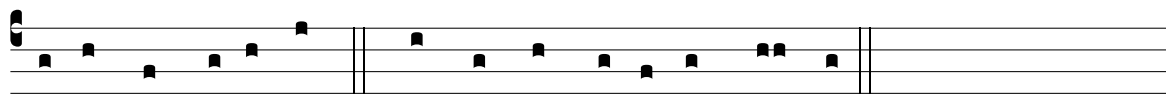
He makes me **leap** like the deer, *

he guides me to **the** high places.

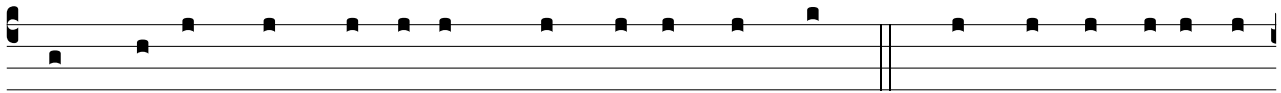
OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VIIIA

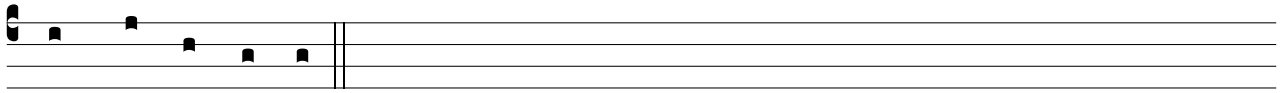
R



remember me, O Lord, when you come into your kingdom.



Praise the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the **heights**. * Praise him, all his angels,



praise him, all his hosts.

Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, shining **stars**. *

Praise him, highest heavens and the **waters** above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord**. *

He **commanded**: they were made.

He fixed them for **ever**, *

gave a law which **shall** not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the **earth**, *

sea creatures **and** all oceans,

fire and hail, snow and **mist**, *

stormy winds **that** obey his word;

all mountains and hills, all fruit trees and **cedars**, *

beasts, wild and tame, reptiles and **birds** on the wing;

all earth's kings and peoples, earth's princes and **rulers**, *

young men and maidens, old men **together** with children.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord** *

for he alone **is** exalted.

The splendour of his **name** *

reaches beyond **heaven** and earth.

He exalts the strength of his **people**. *

He is the **praise** of all his saints,

of the sons of **Israel**, *

of the people to **whom** he comes close.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

BENEDICTUS

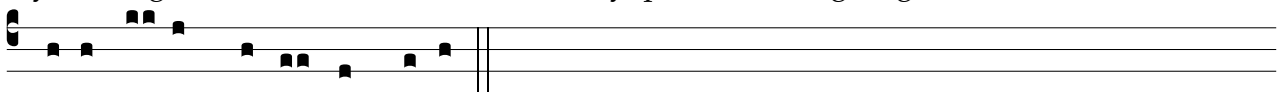
IB

A

nd when they had cru-cified him, they di-vided his garments among them



by casting lots; and o-ver his head they put the charge against him which read:



This is Je-sus the king of the Jews.



Blessèd be the Lord the **God** of Israel; he has vis-it-ed his people **and** redeemed them.

He häs raised up for us a **mighty** Saviour *
 in the house of **David** his servant,
 as hë promised by the **lips** of holy men, *
 those who were his **prophets** from of old:
 a Sävior who would **free** us from our foes, *
 from the hands of **all** who hate us.
 So his love for our **fathers** is fulfilled *
 and his holy **covenant** remembered.

He swöre to Abraham our father to **free** us from fear *
 and to save us from the **hands** of all our foes,
 that wë might serve him in **holiness** and justice *
 all the days of our life **in** his presence.

And thüs, little child, shall **you** be named: *
 a prophet of **God** the Most High.

You shall go **ahead** of the Lord *
 to prepare his **ways** before him,
 to mäke known to his people **their** salvation *
 through **forgiveness** of all their sins,
 the lövingkindness of the **heart** of our God, *
 who visits us like the **dawn** from on high.

He will give light to those in darkness, †
 and those who dwell in the **shadow** of death; *
 he will guide us **into** the way of peace.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VERSUS LITANICI

All remain standing. Two cantors stand in front of the altar steps, while two others stand in the middle of the choir.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:* *Brs at the steps:*

Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

Brs in the middle: *Choir:*

Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:*

Agno mi-ti bá-si-a cu-i lupus dedit venenósa. Christe, e-léi-son.

℟. Let us greet with a kiss the gentle lamb to whom the wolf gave poisonous kisses. Christ have mercy.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:*

Vi-ta in li-gno mó-ri-tur : inférnus et mors lugens spo-li-á-tur. Christe, e-léi-son.

℟. Life dies on the wood; hell and death, lamenting, are despoiled. Christ have mercy.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:*

Te qui vincí-ri vo-lu-ísti, nosque a mortis víncu-lis e-ri-pu-ísti. Christe, e-léi-son.

℟. You willed to be bound and so delivered us from the bonds of death. Christ have mercy.

Brs in the middle: *Choir:*

Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Brs at the steps: *Choir:* *Brs at the steps:*

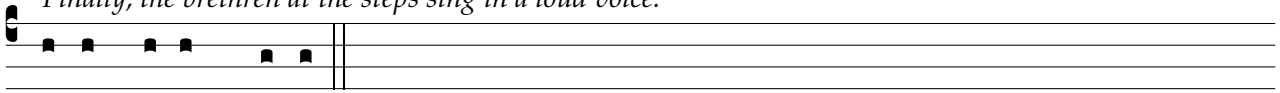
Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

Brs in the middle: *Choir:*

Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Finally, the brethren at the steps sing in a loud voice:



Mortem autem cru-cis.

℣. Even death on a cross.

After the verse Mortem autem crucis, all kneel and say the Our Father silently.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

The collect is said by the Prior. Then, at the Prior's sign, all rise and depart in silence.

Tenebræ

Holy Saturday



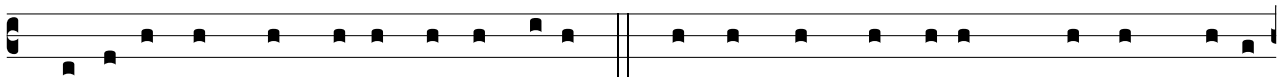
PRIORY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
BLACKFRIARS, OXFORD

HOLY SATURDAY

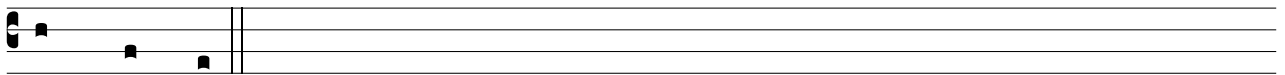
At the Prior's signal, all turn east and make the sign of the cross in silence. The psalmody follows immediately without introduction.

MATINS

VIIIA
In peace I will sleep and take my rest. Ps 4



When I call, answer me, O God of **justice**; * from anguish you released me, have mercy



and hear me!

O men, how long will your hearts be **closed**, *
will you love what is futile and **seek** what is false?

It is the Lord who grants favours to those whom he **loves**; *
the Lord hears me whenever I call him.

Fear him; do not **sin**: *
ponder on your **bed** and be still

Make justice your **sacrifice**, *
and **trust** in the Lord.

'What can bring us happiness?' **many** say. *
Lift up the light of your **face** on us, O Lord.

You have put into my heart a greater **joy** *
than they have from abundance of **corn** and new wine.

I will lie down in peace and sleep comes at **once** *
for you alone, Lord, make me **dwel**l in safety.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

FIRST READING: *Lamentations 3:1-9, 16-18, 46-48, 19-21, 22-24*

FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

Ca-ligavé- runt ócu-li mé- i a flé- tu mé- o :



qui- a e-longá-tus est a me, qui conso- la-bá- tur me : Vidé-te,

*My eyes are darkened with weeping, because anyone who might comfort me is far from me. Look, all you people, * whether there is any sorrow like my sorrow.*

Ps. O all you who pass

ómnes pópu- li, * Si est dó- lor sí- mi- lis si-cut dó-lor
 mé- us. V. O vos ómnes, qui transí-tis per ví- am,
 atté-ndi-te et vi-dé- te. * Si est dó- lor.

*by, behold and see *
 whether there is any
 sorrow like my sorrow.*

FIRST RESPONSORY (YEAR B):

VIII

O vos ómnes, qui transí-tis per ví- am, atté-ndi-te,
 et vidé- te, * Si est dó- lor sí- mi- lis si-cut dó-lor
 mé- us. V. Atté-ndi-te, u-ni-vérsi pópu- li, et vidé-te
 do- ló-rem mé- um. * Si est do-lor.

*All you who pass by,
 look and see if there is
 any sorrow like mine.
 V. Look, all you
 peoples, and see my
 sorrow, * if there is any
 sorrow like mine.*

VIIIA

I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the liv- ing.

Ps 26

The Lord is my light and my **help**; * **whom** shall I fear?

The Lord is the stronghold of my **life**; *
 before **whom** shall I shrink?

When evil-doers draw near to devour my **flesh**, *
 it is they, my enemies and foes, who **stumble** and fall.

Though an army encamp **against** me *
 my **heart** would not fear.

Though war break out **against** me *
 even **then** would I trust.

There is one thing I ask of the Lord, †
 for this I **long**, *
 to live in the house of the Lord, all the **days** of my life,

to savour the sweetness of the **Lord**, *
to **behold** his temple.

For there he keeps me safe in his **tent** *
in the **day** of evil.

He hides me in the shelter of his **tent**, *
on a **rock** he sets me safe.

And now my head shall be **raised** *
above my foes **who** surround me
and I shall offer within his tent a sacrifice of **joy**. *
I will sing and make **music** for the Lord.

O Lord, hear my voice when I **call**; *
have mercy and answer.

Of you my heart has spoken: 'Seek his **face**.' *
It is your face, O Lord, that I seek; **hide** not your face.

Dismiss not your servant in **anger**; *
you have been my help.

Do not abandon or forsake me, O God my **help**! *
Though father and mother forsake me, the Lord **will** receive me.

Instruct me, Lord, in your **way**; *
on an **even** path lead me.

When they lie in ambush **protect** me *
from my **enemy's** greed.

False witnesses rise **against** me, *
breathing out fury.

I am sure I shall see the Lord's **goodness** *
in the land **of** the living.

Hope in him, hold firm and take **heart**; *
hope in the Lord!

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

SECOND READING: *Hebrews 4:1-13*

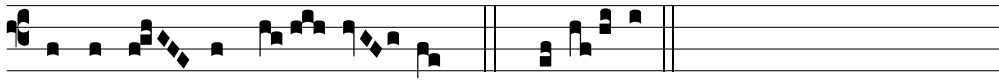
SECOND RESPONSORY (YEAR A):

II
S epúl-to Dó-mi-no, signá-tum est monumén- tum, vol-
vén-tes lápi- dem ad ósti-um monumén- ti : * Ponén-
tes mí-li- tes, qui custodí- rent íl- lud. Ψ . Ne for- te

*After the Lord was buried, the sepulchre was sealed, rolling a stone to the door of the sepulchre. * They also set a watch: a band of soldiers, to guard it. Ψ . Lest perhaps his disciples come and steal his body, and say to the people: "He has risen from the dead." * They also set a watch.*

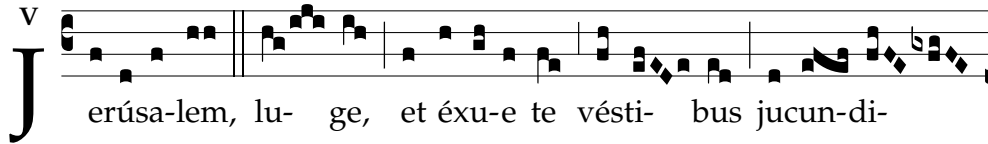


véni-ant discípu-li e-ius, et fu-réntur e- um, et di-cant plebi :



«Surré-xit a mór- tu- is.» * Ponén-tes.

SECOND RESPONSORY (YEAR B):



Jerúsa-lem, lu- ge, et éxu-e te vésti- bus jucun-di-



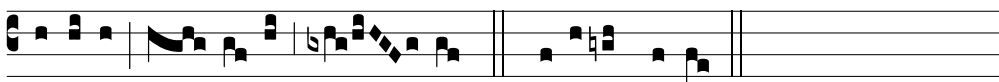
tá- tis: indú-e-re cíne-re et ci-lí- ci- o: * Qui- a in



te est oc- cí- sus Salvá- tor Isra- òl. *Ps.* Dédúc



qua-si torrémentem lácrimas per dí- em et nó- ctem, et non táce-at

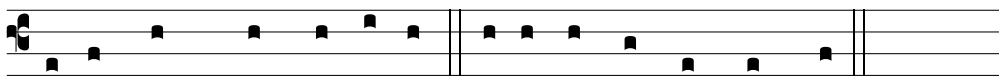


pupílla ó- cu-li tú- i. * Qui- a in te est.



In peace he has made his home, and his abode in Si- on.

Ps 75



God is made known in **Judah**; * in Israel **his** name is great.

He set up his tent in **Jerusalem** *
and his dwelling place **in** **Sion**.

It was there he broke the flashing **arrows**, *
the shield, the sword, **the** armour.

You, O Lord, are **resplendent**, *
more majestic than the everlasting mountains.

The warriors, despoiled, slept in **death**; *
the hands of the soldiers **were** powerless.

At your threat, O God of **Jacob**, *
horse and rider lay stunned.

You, you alone, strike **terror**. *
 Who shall stand when your **anger** is roused?
 You uttered your sentence from the **heavens**; *
 the earth in **terror** was still
 when God arose to **judge**, *
 to save the **humble** of the earth.
 Men's anger will serve to **praise** you; *
 its survivors surround **you** with joy.
 Make vows to your God and **fulfil** them. *
 Let all pay tribute to him who **strikes** terror,
 who cuts short the life of **princes**, *
 who strikes terror in the kings of the earth.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

THIRD READING: *From an ancient homily for Holy Saturday*

ORATIO IEREMIÆ: *Lamentations 5:1-22*

Recordare, Domine, quid acciderit nobis;
 intuere et respice opprobrium nostrum.
 Haereditas nostra versa est ad alienos,
 domus nostrae ad extraneos. Pupilli facti
 sumus absque patre, matres nostrae quasi
 viduae. Aquam nostram pecunia bibimus;
 ligna nostra pretio comparavimus.
 Cervicibus nostris minabamur, lassus non
 dabatur requies.

*Remember, O Lord, what has befallen us; behold,
 and see our disgrace. Our inheritance has been
 turned over to strangers, our homes to aliens.
 We have become orphans, fatherless; our
 mothers are like widows. We must pay for the
 water we drink, the wood we get must be
 bought. With a yoke on our necks we are hard
 driven; we are weary, we are given no rest.*

Aegypto dedimus manum et Assyriis, ut
 saturaremur pane. Patres nostri
 peccaverunt, et non sunt: et nos iniquitates
 eorum portavimus. Servi dominati sunt
 nostri: non fuit qui redimeret de manu
 eorum. In animabus nostris afferebamus
 panem nobis, a facie gladii in deserto. Pellis
 nostra quasi clibanus exusta est, a facie
 tempestatum famis.

*We have given the hand to Egypt, and to
 Assyria, to get bread enough. Our fathers
 sinned, and are no more; and we bear their
 iniquities. Slaves rule over us; there is none to
 deliver us from their hand. We get our bread at
 the peril of our lives, because of the sword in the
 wilderness. Our skin is hot as an oven with the
 burning heat of famine.*

Mulieres in Sion humiliaverunt, et virgines
 in civitatibus Juda. Principes manu
 suspensi sunt; facies senum non
 erubuerunt. Adolescentibus impudice abusi
 sunt, et pueri in ligno corruerunt. Senes
 defecerunt de portis, juvenes de choro
 psallentium. Defecit gaudium cordis nostri;
 versus est in luctum chorus noster.

*Women are ravished in Sion, virgins in the
 towns of Judah. Princes are hung up by their
 hands; no respect is shown to the elders. Young
 men are compelled to grind at the mill; and boys
 stagger under loads of wood. The old men have
 quit the city gate, the young men their music.
 The joy of our hearts has ceased; our dancing
 has been turned to mourning.*

Cecidit corona capitis nostri: vae nobis, quia
 peccavimus! Propterea moestum factum est
 cor nostrum; ideo contenebrati sunt oculi

nostri, propter montem Sion quia disperiit; vulpes ambulaverunt in eo.

Tu autem, Domine, in aeternum permanebis, solium tuum in generationem et generationem. Quare in perpetuum oblivisceris nostri, derelinques nos in longitudine dierum? Converte nos, Domine, ad te, et convertemur; innova dies nostros, sicut a principio. Sed projiciens repulisti nos: iratus es contra nos vehementer. Ierusalem, Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

The crown has fallen from our head; woe to us, for we have sinned. For this our heart has become sick, for these things our eyes have grown dim, for Mount Sion which lies desolate; jackals prowl over it.

But thou, O Lord, dost reign for ever; thy throne endures to all generations. Why dost thou forget us for ever, why dost thou so long forsake us? Restore us to thyself, O Lord, that we may be restored. Renew our days as of old. Or hast thou utterly rejected us? Art thou exceedingly angry with us? Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.

THIRD RESPONSORY:

^v
P lánge qua-si vírgo plebs mé- a: u-lu-lá-
 te pa-stó-res in cí-ne-re, et ci-lí-ci-o: * Qui-a
 véni-et dí-es Dó-mi-ni má-gna et amá-ra
 val-de. *¶* Ulu-lá-te pastó-res, et clamá-te: aspérgi-te
 vos cí-ne-re. * Qui-a véni-et.

Lament like a virgin, my people.

Wail, shepherds, in sackcloth and ashes, for the day of the Lord will come, great and very bitter.

*¶ Wail, shepherds, and cry out. Sprinkle yourselves with ashes, * for the day of the Lord.*

LAUDS

^{IVB}
Death shall die and hell's serpent be stung.

Ps 50

Have mercy on me, God, in your kindness. In your compassion blot out my offence.

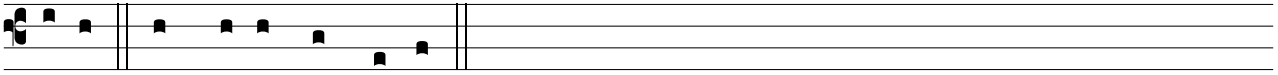
O wash me more and more **from** my guilt *
and cleanse me from my sin.
 My offences truly I know them; *
 my sin is **always** before me.
 Against you, you alone, **have** I sinned; *
 what is evil in **your** sight I have done.
 That you may be justified when **you** give sentence *
 and be without **reproach** when you judge,
 O see, in guilt **I** was born, *
 a **sinner** was I conceived.
 Indeed you love truth **in** the heart; *
 then in the secret of my **heart** teach me wisdom.
 O purify me, then I **shall** be clean; *
 O wash me, I shall **be** whiter than snow.
 Make me hear rejoicing and gladness, *
 that the bones you **have** crushed may revive.
 From my sins turn **away** your face *
and blot out all my guilt.
 A pure heart create for **me**, O God, *
 put a steadfast **spirit** within me.
 Do not cast me away **from** your presence, *
 nor deprive me of **your** holy spirit.
 Give me again the joy of your help; *
 with a spirit of **fervour** sustain me,
 that I may teach transgressors your ways *
 and **sinner**s may return to you.
 O rescue me, **God**, my helper, *
 and my tongue shall **ring** out your goodness.
 O Lord, **open** my lips *
 and my **mouth** shall declare your praise.
 For in sacrifice you take **no** delight, *
 burnt offering **from** me you would refuse,
 my sacrifice, a **contrite** spirit. *
 A humbled, **contrite** heart you will not spurn.
 In your goodness, show **favour** to Sion: *
 rebuild the **walls** of Jerusalem.
 Then you will be pleased with **lawful** sacrifice, *
 holocausts **offered** on your altar.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

II
From the gates of hell and from the deep pit de-liver me, O Lord.

Is 38

I said, in the noontide of my days I must depart † I am consigned to the gates of



Sheol * for the rest **of** my years.

I said, I shall not see the **Lord** *
in the land of **the** living;

I shall look upon man no **more** *
among the inhabitants **of** the world.

My dwelling is plucked up and removed from **me** *
like a shepherd's tent;

like a weaver I have rolled up my **life**; *
he cuts me off **from** the loom.

From day to night you bring me to an **end**; *
I cry for help **until** morning;

like a lion he breaks all my **bones**; *
from day to night you bring **me** to an end.

Like a swallow or a crane I **clamour**, *
I moan **like** a dove.

My eyes are weary with looking **upward**. *

O Lord, I am oppressed; be my **security**.

But what can I say? †

For he has spoken to me, and he himself has **done** it. *

All my sleep has fled because of the bitterness **of** my soul.

O Lord, by these things men live, †

and in all these is the life of my **spirit**. *

Oh, restore me to health **and** make me live!

Lo, it was for my **welfare** *

that I had **great** bitterness;

but you have held back my **life** *

from the pit of **destruction**,

for you have cast all my **sins** *

behind your back.

For Sheol cannot **thank** you, *

death cannot praise you;

those who go down to the **pit** *

cannot hope for **your** faithfulness.

The living, the living, he thanks you, †

as I do this **day**; *

the father makes known to the children **your** faithfulness.

The Lord will **save** me, *

and we will sing **to** stringed instruments

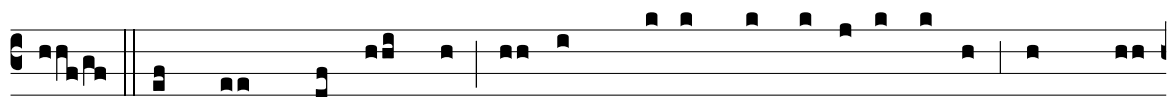
all the days of our **life**, *

at the house **of** the Lord.

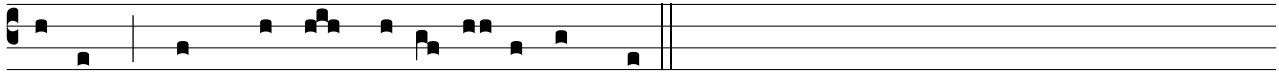
OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VIII B

O

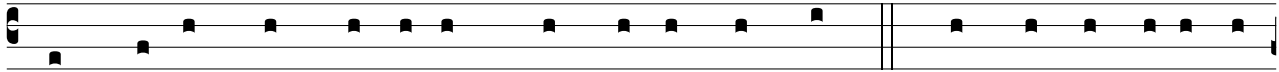


all you who pass by, look and see if there is any sorrow like my

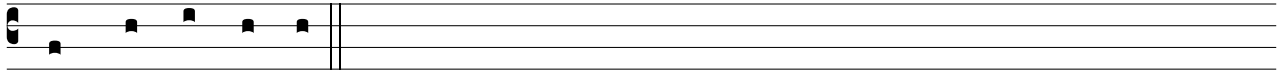


sorrow which the Lord has inflict-ed on me.

Ps 148



Praise the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the **heights**. * Praise him, all his angels,



praise him, all his host.

Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, shining **stars**. *

Praise him, highest heavens and the **waters** above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord**. *

He **commanded**: they were made.

He fixed them for **ever**, *

gave a law which **shall** not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the **earth**, *

sea creatures **and** all oceans,

fire and hail, snow and **mist**, *

stormy winds **that** obey his word;

all mountains and hills, all fruit trees and **cedars**, *

beasts, wild and tame, reptiles and **birds** on the wing;

all earth's kings and peoples, earth's princes and **rulers**, *

young men and maidens, old men **together** with children.

Let them praise the name of the **Lord** *

for he alone **is** exalted.

The splendour of his **name** *

reaches beyond **heaven** and earth.

He exalts the strength of his **people**. *

He is the **praise** of all his saints,

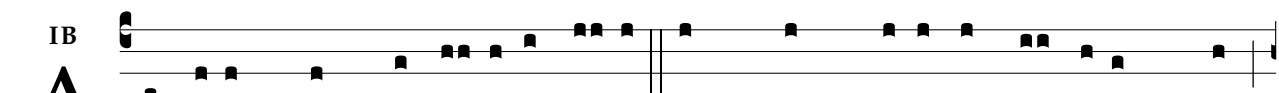
of the sons of **Israel**, *

of the people to **whom** he comes close.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

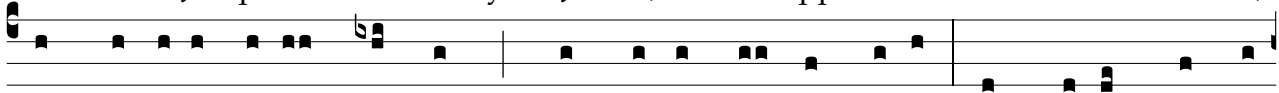
BENEDICTUS

IB



A

nd Joseph took the bo-dy of Je-sus, and wrapped it in a clean linen shroud,



and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn in the rock; and he rolled a great



stone to the door of the tomb and depart-ed.

Luke 1:68–79



Blessèd be the Lord the **God** of Israel; he has vis-it-ed his people **and** redeemed them.

He häs raised up for us a **mighty** Saviour *
 in the house of **David** his servant,
 as hë promised by the **lips** of holy men, *
 those who were his **prophets** from of old:
 a Sävior who would **free** us from our foes, *
 from the hands of **all** who hate us.

So his love for our **fathers** is fulfilled *
 and his holy **covenant** remembered.

He swöre to Abraham our father to **free** us from fear *
 and to save us from the **hands** of all our foes,
 that wë might serve him in **holiness** and justice *
 all the days of our life **in** his presence.

And thüs, little child, shall **you** be named: *
 a prophet of **God** the Most High.

You shall go **ahead** of the Lord *
 to prepare his **ways** before him,
 to mäke known to his people **their** salvation *
 through forgiveness of all their sins,
 the lövingkindness of the **heart** of our God, *
 who visits us like the **dawn** from on high.


He will give light to those in darkness, †
 and those who dwell in the **shadow** of death; *
 he will guide us **into** the way of peace.

OMIT GLORY BE. *Repeat antiphon.*

VERSUS LITANICI

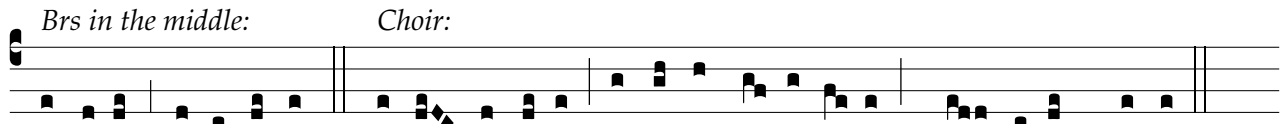
All remain standing. Two cantors stand in front of the altar steps, while two others stand in the middle of the choir.

Brs at the steps: Choir: Brs at the steps:



Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

Brs in the middle: Choir:



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.


Brs at the steps: Choir:



Qui passú-rus adve-ní-sti propter nos. Christe, e-léi-son.

ψ. You who came to suffer for our sake. Christ have mercy.

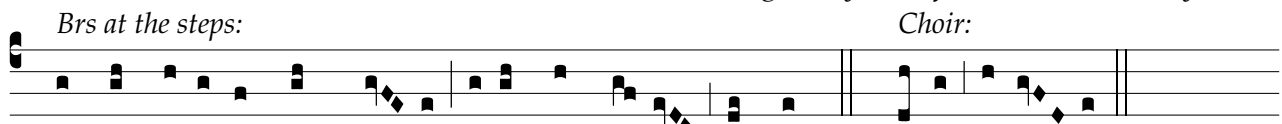
Brs at the steps: Choir:



Qui expánsis in cru-ce má-nibus, tra-xí-sti ó-mni-a ad te sá-cu-la. Christe, e-léi-son.

ψ. You who with hands outstretched on the cross drew all ages to yourself. Christ have mercy.

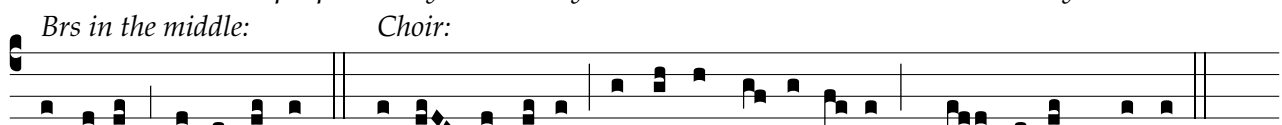
Brs at the steps: Choir:



Qui prophé-ti-ce prompsí-sti: Ero mors tu-a, o mors. Christe, e-léi-son.

ψ. You who declared prophetically: I will be your death, O death. Christ have mercy.

Brs in the middle: Choir:



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Brs at the steps: Choir: Brs at the steps:



Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son. Ký-ri-e, e-léi-son.

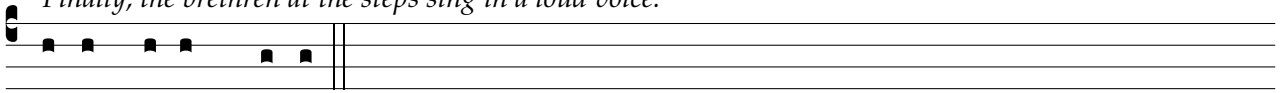
Brs in the middle: Choir:



Dómine, mi-se-ré-re. Christus Dóminus factus est o-bé-di-ens usque ad mortem.

Lord, have mercy. Christ the Lord became obedient even unto death.

Finally, the brethren at the steps sing in a loud voice:



Mortem autem cru-cis.

℣. Even death on a cross.

After the verse Mortem autem crucis, all kneel and say the Our Father silently.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

The collect is said by the Prior. Then, at the Prior's sign, all rise and depart in silence.