

THE DIVINE OFFICE FOR TRIDUUM



ST. THOMAS MORE
CATHOLIC NEWMAN CENTER
TUCSON, ARIZONA

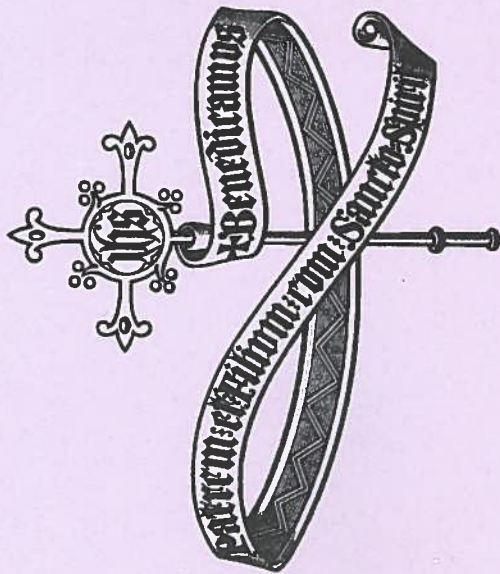


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ST. THOMAS MORE CATHOLIC NEWMAN CENTER
2009

INTRODUCTION TO TENEBRAE

From the Latin word for "darkness," Tenebrae is the term given to the liturgical office of Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday as they were observed prior to the reform of Holy Week by Pope Pius XII in 1955. Dominicans have continued to pray Tenebrae each year as a particular tradition of our Order.

The practice of Tenebrae has roots as early as the 7th century, when those celebrating the Office would do so in almost complete darkness; the only light coming from a large candelabra called a hearse. While the number of candles on the hearse has varied, today there are usually fifteen tapers.

In the contemporary rite, the Office contains five psalms and one canticle. After each psalm or canticle, a set of candles is extinguished, representing the fleeing of the Apostles, until there is only one left, the so-called Christ candle. During the singing of the Benedictus, this candle is not extinguished but is carried out of the Church, symbolizing Christ's death and burial.

The psalms are separated by three lessons taken from the Book of Lamentations, a collection of poems which grieve the Babylonian destruction in 587 B.C. of the temple in Jerusalem, and the ruin of the people of Israel. By describing the horrible situation which they now endure, the poems exhort the Israelites to mourn for having turned away from God to worship foreign, pagan gods. The great "Prayer of Jeremiah," which ends Tenebrae on Saturday, is a plea to God to relent in punishment and rescue the people, despite what they have done.

Today we can make these psalms and lamentations our own. As we pray them, we can seek pardon for our sins, as well as the sins of the whole world. We can reflect on any of the ways in which we as human beings have turned away from being "the image and likeness of God."

TENEBRAE



HOLY THURSDAY

Office of Readings

To start all stand and face the altar, make the sign of the cross in silence, and immediately begin the hymn.

Hymn



Ant. 1 I am worn out with criying, |
with longing for my God.

Psalm 69

I

Save me, O God,
for the waters 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.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 2 I needed food and they gave me gall; | I was parched with thirst and they gave me vinegar.

Psalm 69

II

This is my prayer to you,
my prayer for your favor.

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 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.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 3 Seek the Lord, | and you will live.

Psalm 69

III

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 Zion/
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.

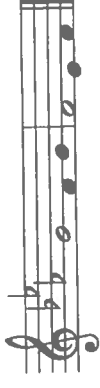
[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

V. When I am lifted up from the earth,
R. I will draw all people to myself.

Readings and Responsories

Morning Prayer

Morning Prayer begins immediately after the last responsory with the first psalm.



Ant. 1 Look, O Lord, and see my suffering. |
Come quickly to my aid.

Psalm 80

O shepherd of Israel, hear us,
you who lead Joseph's flock,

shine forth from your cherubim throne
upon Ephraim, Benjamin, Manasseh.

O Lord, rouse up your might,
O Lord, come to our help.

God of hosts bring us back;
let your face shine on us and we shall be saved.

Lord God of hosts, how long
will you frown on your people's plea?

You have fed them with tears for their bread,
an abundance of tears for their drink.

You have made us the taunt of our neighbors,
our enemies laugh us to scorn.

God of hosts, bring us back;
let your face shine on us and we shall be saved.

You brought a vine out of Egypt;
to plant it you drove out the nations.

Before it you cleared the ground;
it took root and spread through the land.

The mountains were covered with its shadow,
the cedars of God with its boughs.

It stretched out its branches to the sea,
to the Great River it stretched out its shoots.

Then why have you broken down its walls?
It is plucked by all who pass by.

It is ravaged by the boar of the forest,
devoured by the beasts of the field.

God of hosts, turn again, we implore,
look down from heaven and see.

Visit this vine and protect it,
the vine your right hand has planted.

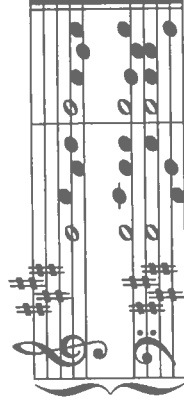
Men have burnt it with fire and destroyed it.
May they perish at the frown of your face.

May your hand be on the man you have chosen,
the man you have given your strength.

And we shall never forsake you again;
give us life that we may call upon your name.

God of hosts, bring us back;
let your face shine on us and we shall be saved.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 2 God is my savior; | I trust in him and shall not
fear.

Exodus 15:1-4a, 8-13, 17-18

I will sing to the Lord, for he is gloriously triumphant;
horse and chariot he has cast into the sea.

My strength and my courage is the Lord,
and he has been my savior.

He is my God, I praise him;
the God of my father, I extol him.

The Lord is a warrior, /
Lord is his name!
Pharaoh's chariots and army he hurled into the sea.

At a breath of your anger the waters piled up,
the flowing waters stood like a mound,
the flood waters congealed in the midst of the sea.

The enemy boasted, "I will pursue and overtake them;
I will divide the spoils and have my fill of them;
I will draw my sword; my hand shall despoil them!"

When your wind blew, the sea covered them;
like lead they sank in the mighty waters.

Who is like to you among the gods, O Lord?
Who is like to you, magnificent in holiness?

O terrible in renown, worker of wonders,
when you stretched out your right hand, the earth
swallowed them!

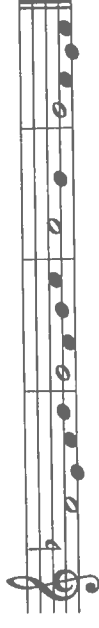
In your mercy you led the people you redeemed;
in your strength you guided them to your
holy dwelling.

And you brought them in and planted them
on the mountain of your inheritance--
the place where you made your seat, O Lord,

the sanctuary, O Lord, which your hands
established.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 3 The Lord has fed us with finest wheat; he has
filled us with honey from the rock. (C&D)

Psalm 81

Ring out your joy to God our strength, (C&D)
shout in triumph to the God of Jacob.

Raise a song and sound the timbrel,
the sweet-sounding harp and the lute;
blow the trumpet at the new moon,
when the moon is full, on our feast.

For this is Israel's law,
a command of the God of Jacob.
He imposed it as a rule on Joseph,
when he went out against the land of Egypt.

A voice I did not know said to me:
"I freed your shoulder from the burden;
your hands were freed from the load.
You called in distress and I saved you.

I answered, concealed in the storm cloud;
at the waters of Meribah I tested you.
Listen, my people, to my warning.
O Israel, if only you would heed!

Let there be no foreign god among you,
 no worship of an alien god.
 I am the Lord your God, /
 who brought you from the land of Egypt.
 Open wide your mouth and I will fill it.

But my people did not heed my voice
 and Israel would not obey,
 so I left them in their stubbornness of heart
 to follow their own designs.

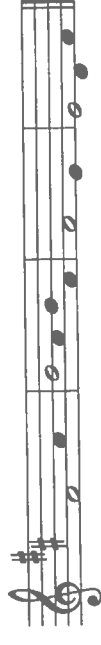
O that my people would heed me,
 that Israel would walk in my ways!
 At once I would subdue their foes,
 turn my hand against their enemies.

The Lord's enemies would cringe at their feet
 and their subjection would last for ever.
 But Israel I would feed with finest wheat
 and fill them with honey from the rock."

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

There is no reading or responsory. All stand for the Benedictus.

Benedictus



Ant. The betrayer | had given them a sign, saying, |
 the one I shall kiss is the man. | Seize him!

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel;
 he has come to his people and set them free.
 He has raised up for us a mighty savior
 Born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets
 he promised of old
 that he would save us from our enemies,
 from the hands of all who hate us.

He promised to show mercy to our ancestors
 and to remember his holy covenant.
 This was the oath he swore
 to our father Abraham:

to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
 free to worship him without fear,
 holy and righteous in his sight
 all the days of our life.

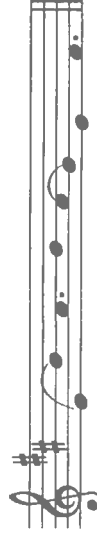
You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High, for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way to give his people knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of their sins.

In the tender compassion of our God the dawn from on high shall break upon us, to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

[No "Glory to the Father ..."]

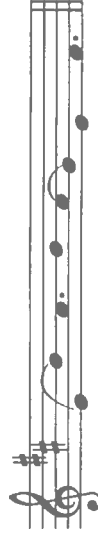
After the Benedictus, all in choir face the altar.

Two cantors in front of the altar steps sing:



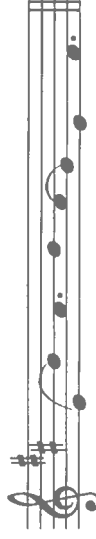
Lo -- rd have Mer -- cy

People respond:



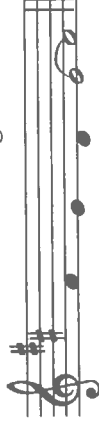
Lo -- rd have Mer -- cy

Front:



Lo -- rd have Mer -- cy

Two cantors, standing in the middle of the choir, sing:

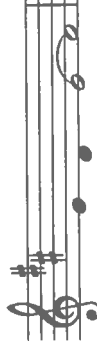


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:



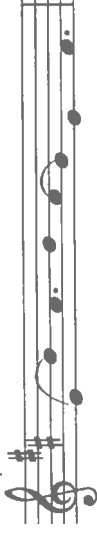
Christ the Lord be - came o - be - di - ent



un - to death.

After each spoken Intercession, the people respond:

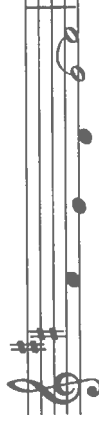
People:



Chr -- ist have Mer -- cy

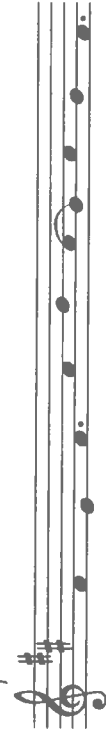
After the last intercession:

Middle:

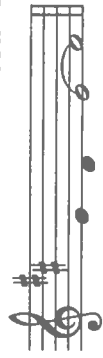


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:

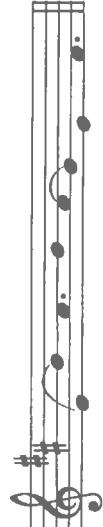


Christ the Lord be-came o - be - di - ent



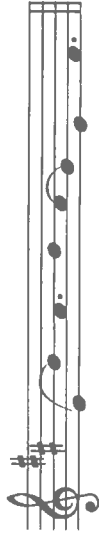
un - to death.

Front:



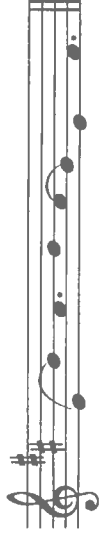
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

People:



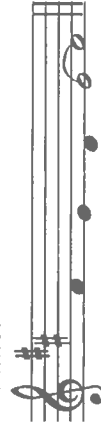
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

Front:



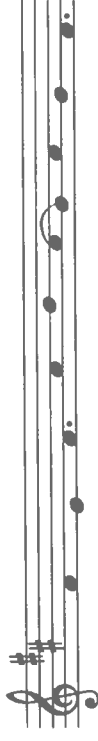
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

Middle:

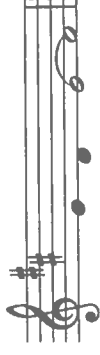


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:

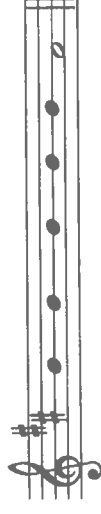


Christ the Lord be-came o - be - di - ent



un - to death.

Front (LOUDLY):



Ev - en death on a cross.

At this point, all immediately kneel and pray silently for a short while. The Our Father is then recited out loud.

The leader says the following prayer, omitting "Let us pray."

Prayer

Look kindly, we beg you, Lord, upon this your household, for which our Lord Jesus Christ did not hesitate to deliver himself into the hands of sinners and to endure the torment of the Cross.

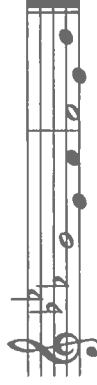
All depart in silence.

GOOD FRIDAY

Office of Readings

To start all stand and face the altar, make the sign of the cross in silence, and immediately begin the hymn.

Hymn



Ant. 1 Earthly kings rise up, in revolt; | princes
conspire together against the Lord and his
Anointed.

Psalm 2

Why this tumult among nations,
among peoples this useless murmuring?

They arise, the kings of the earth,
princes plot against the Lord and his Anointed.

"Come, let us break their fetters,
come, let us cast off their yoke."

He who sits in the heavens laughs;
the Lord is laughing them to scorn.

Then he will speak in his anger,
his rage will strike them with terror.

"It is I who have set up my king
on Zion, my holy mountain."

I will announce the decree of the Lord: /
The Lord said to me: "You are my Son.
It is I who have begotten you this day.

Ask and I shall bequeath you the nations,
put the ends of the earth in your possession.

With a rod of iron you will break them,
shatter them like a potter's jar."

Now, O kings, understand,
take warning, rulers of the earth;

serve the Lord with awe and trembling;
pay him your homage

lest he be angry and you perish;
for suddenly his anger will blaze.

Blessed are they
who put their trust in God.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 2 They divided my garments among them; |
they cast lots for my clothing.

Psalm 22

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 kinsfolk
and praise you where they are assembled.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 3 They sought to take | my life by violence.

Psalm 38

O Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger;
do not punish me, Lord, in your rage.

Your arrows have sunk deep in me;
your hand has come down upon me.

Through your anger all my body is sick:
through my sin, there is no health in my limbs.

My guilt towers higher than my head;
it is a weight too heavy to bear.

My wounds are foul and festering,
the result of my own folly.

I am bowed and brought to my knees.
I go mourning all the day long.

All my frame burns with fever;
all my body is sick.

Spent and utterly crushed,
I cry aloud in anguish of heart.

O Lord, you know all my longing:
my groans are not hidden from you.

My heart throbs, my strength is spent;
the very light has gone from my eyes.

My friends avoid me like a leper;
those closest to me stand afar off.

Those who plot against my life lay snares;/
those who seek my ruin speak of harm,
planning treachery all the day long.

But I am like the deaf who cannot hear,
like the dumb unable to speak.

I am like a man who hears nothing
in whose mouth is no defense.

I count on you, O Lord:
it is you, Lord God, who will answer.

I pray: "Do not let them mock me,
those who triumph if my foot should slip."

For I am on the point of falling
and my pain is always before me.

I confess that I am guilty
and my sin fills me with dismay.

My wanton enemies are numberless
and my lying foes are many.

They repay me evil for good
and attack me for seeking what is right.

O Lord, do not forsake me!
My God, do not stay afar off!

Make haste and come to my help,
O Lord, my God, my savior!

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

V. They brought false evidence against me.
R. They were breathing out fury.

Readings and Responses

Morning Prayer

Morning Prayer begins immediately after the last responsory with the first psalm.



Ant. 1 God did not spare his own son, | but gave him
up to suffer for our sake. (C&D)

Psalm 51

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

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

My offenses 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 fervor 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 favor to Zion:
rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.
Then you will be pleased with lawful sacrifice,
holocausts offered on your altar.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 2 Jesus Christ loved us, and poured out his own
blood for us | to wash away our sins.

Habakkuk 3:2-4, 13a, 15-19

O Lord, I have heard your renown,
and feared, O Lord, your work.

In the course of the years revive it,/
in the course of the years make it known;
in your wrath remember compassion!

God comes from Teman,
the Holy One from Mount Paran.

Covered are the heavens with his glory,
and with his praise the earth is filled.

His splendor spreads like the light;
rays shine forth from beside him,/
where his power is concealed.

You come forth to save your people,
to save your anointed one.

You tread the sea with your steeds
amid the churning of the deep waters.

I hear, and my body trembles;
at the sound, my lips quiver.

Decay invades my bones,
my legs tremble beneath me.

I await the day of distress
that will come upon the people who attack us.

For though the fig tree blossom not
nor fruit be on the vines,

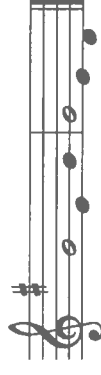
though the yield of the olive fail
and the terraces produce no nourishment,

though the flocks disappear from the fold
and there be no herd in the stalls,

Yet will I rejoice in the Lord
and exult in my saving God.

God, my Lord, is my strength;/
he makes my feet swift as those of hinds
and enables me to go upon the heights.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 3 We worship your cross, O Lord, and we
praise and glorify your holy resurrection, | for
the wood of the cross has brought joy to the world.

Psalms 147:12-20

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem!
Zion praise your God!

He has strengthened the bars of your gates
he has blessed the children within you.

He established peace on your borders,
he feeds you with finest wheat.

He sends out his word to the earth
and swiftly runs his command.

He showers down snow white as wool,
he scatters hoar-frost like ashes.

He hurls down hailstones like crumbs.
The waters are frozen at his touch;

he sends forth his word and it melts them:
at the breath of his mouth the waters flow.

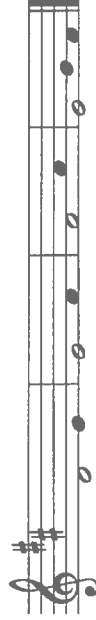
He makes his word known to Jacob,
to Israel his laws and decrees.

He has not dealt thus with other nations;
he has not taught them his decrees.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

There is no reading or responsory. All stand for the Benedictus.

Benedictus



Ant. Over his head they hung their accusation: |
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel;
he has come to his people and set them free.
He has raised up for us a mighty savior
Born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets
he promised of old
that he would save us from our enemies,
from the hands of all who hate us.

He promised to show mercy to our ancestors
and to remember his holy covenant.
This was the oath he swore
to our father Abraham:

to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
free to worship him without fear,

holy and righteous in his sight
all the days of our life.

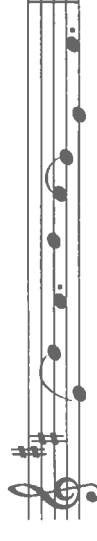
You, my child, shall be called the prophet
of the Most High,
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way
to give his people knowledge of salvation
by the forgiveness of their sins.

In the tender compassion of our God
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the
shadow of death,
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

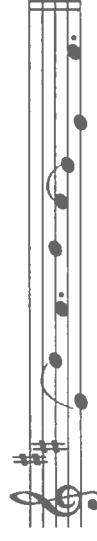
After the Benedictus, all in choir face the altar.

Two cantors in front of the altar steps sing:



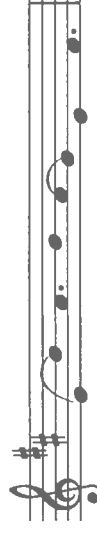
Lo — rd have Mer — cy

People respond:



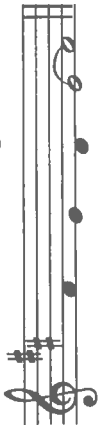
Lo — rd have Mer — cy

Front:



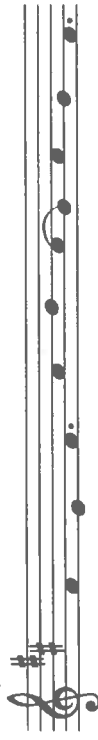
Lo — rd have Mer — cy

Two cantors, standing in the middle of the choir, sing:

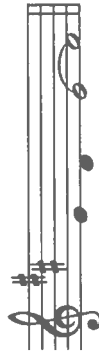


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:



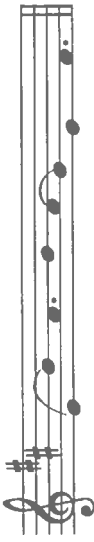
Christ the Lord be - came o - - be - di - ent



un - to death.

After each spoken Intercession, the people respond:

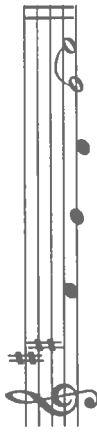
People:



Chr -- ist have Mer --- cy

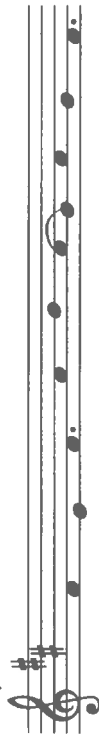
After the last intercession:

Middle:

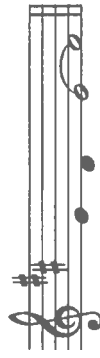


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:

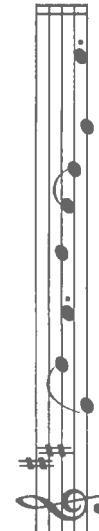


Christ the Lord be - came o - - be - di - ent



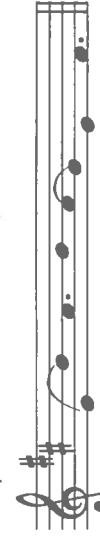
un - to death.

Front:



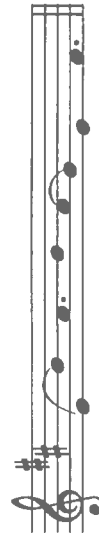
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

People:



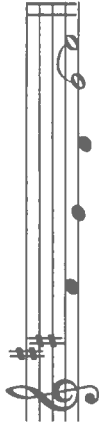
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

Front:



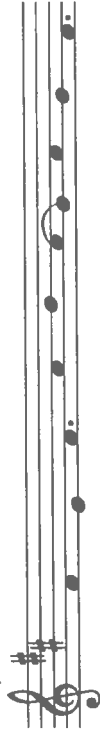
Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

Middle:

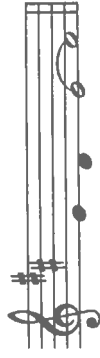


Have mer - cy, Lord.

People:

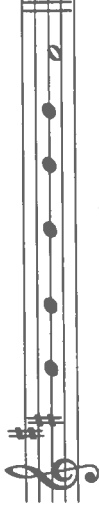


Christ the Lord be-came o - be - di - ent



un - to death.

Front (LOUDLY):



Ev - en death on a cross.

At this point, all immediately kneel and pray silently for a short while. The Our Father is then recited out loud.

The leader says the following prayer, omitting "Let us pray."

Prayer

Look kindly, we beg you, Lord, upon this your household, for which our Lord Jesus Christ did not hesitate to deliver himself into the hands of sinners and to endure the torment of the Cross.

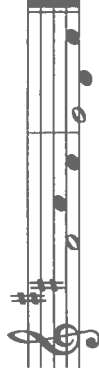
All depart in silence.

HOLY SATURDAY

Office of Readings

To start all stand and face the altar, make the sign of the cross in silence, and immediately begin the hymn.

Hymn



Ant. 1 In peace, I will lie down and sleep.

Psalm 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 favors 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 dwell in safety.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 2 My body | shall rest in hope.

Psalm 16

Preserve me, God, I take refuge in you./
I say to the Lord: "You are my God.
My happiness lies in you alone."

He has put into my heart a marvelous love
for the faithful ones who dwell in his land.

Those who choose other gods increase their sorrows./
Never will I offer their offerings of blood.
Never will I take their name upon my lips.

O Lord, it is you who are my portion and cup;
it is you yourself who are my prize.

The lot marked out for me is my delight:
welcome indeed the heritage that falls to me!

I will bless the Lord who gives me counsel,
who even at night directs my heart.

I keep the Lord ever in my sight:
since he is at my right hand, I shall stand firm.

And so my heart rejoices, my soul is glad;
even my body shall rest in safety.

For you will not leave my soul among the dead,
or let your beloved know decay.

You will show me the path of life,
the fullness of joy in your presence,
at your right hand happiness for ever.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

Ant. 3 Lift high the ancient portals.
The King of glory enters.

Psalm 24

The Lord's is the earth and its fullness,
the world and all its peoples.

It is he who set it on the seas;
on the waters he made it firm.

Who shall climb the mountain of the Lord?
Who shall stand in his holy place?

The man with clean hands and pure heart,
who desires not worthless things,
who has not sworn so as to deceive his neighbor.

He shall receive blessings from the Lord
and reward from the God who saves him.

Such are the men who seek him,
seek the face of the God of Jacob.

O gates, lift high your heads;/
grow higher, ancient doors.
Let him enter, the king of glory!

Who is the king of glory?/
The Lord, the mighty, the valiant,
the Lord, the valiant in war.

O gates, lift high your heads;/
grow higher, ancient doors.
Let him enter, the king of glory!

Who is he, the king of glory?/
He, the Lord of armies,
he is the king of glory.

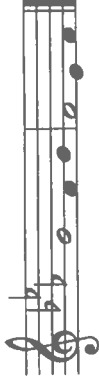
[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

V: Take up my cause and rescue me.
R: Be true to your word, and give me life.

Readings and Responsories

Morning Prayer

Morning Prayer begins immediately after the last responsory with the first psalm.



Ant. 1 Though sinless, the Lord has been put to death. | The world is in mourning as for an only son.

Psalm 64

Hear my voice, O God, as I complain, guard my life from dread of the foe.

Hide me from the band of the wicked, from the throng of those who do evil.

They sharpen their tongues like swords; they aim bitter words like arrows

to shoot at the innocent from ambush, shooting suddenly and recklessly.

They scheme their evil course; they conspire to lay secret snares.

They say: "Who will see us? Who can search out our crimes?"

He will search who searches the mind and knows the depths of the heart.

God has shot them with his arrow and dealt them sudden wounds.

Their own tongue has brought them to ruin and all who see them mock.

Then will all men fear;/
they will tell what God has done.
They will understand God's deeds.

The just will rejoice in the Lord/
and fly to him for refuge.
All the upright hearts will glory.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 2 From the jaws of hell, | O Lord, rescue my soul.

Isaiah 38:10-14, 17-20

Once I said,
"In the noontime of life I must depart!

To the gates of the nether world I shall be consigned
for the rest of my years."

I said, "I shall see the Lord no more
in the land of the living.

No longer shall I behold my fellow men
among those who dwell in the world."

My dwelling, like a shepherd's tent,
is struck down and borne away from me;

you have folded up my life, like a weaver
who severs the last thread.

Day and night you give me over to torment;
I cry out until the dawn.

Like a lion he breaks all my bones;
day and night you give me over to torment.

Like a swallow I utter shrill cries;
I moan like a dove.

My eyes grow weak, gazing heavenward:
O Lord, I am in straits; be my surety!

You have preserved my life
from the pit of destruction,

When you cast behind your back
all my sins.

For it is not the nether world that gives you thanks,
nor death that praises you;

neither do those who go down into the pit
await your kindness.

The living, the living give you thanks,
as I do today.

Fathers declare to their sons,
O God, your faithfulness.

The Lord is our savior;
we shall sing to stringed instruments

in the house of the Lord
all the days of our life.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]



Ant. 3 I was dead, but now I live for ever, | and I
hold the keys of death and hell. (C&D)

Psalm 150

Praise God in his holy place,
praise him in his mighty heavens.
Praise him for his powerful deeds,
praise his surpassing greatness.

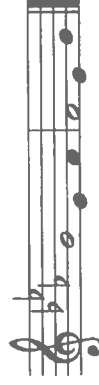
O praise him with sound of trumpet,
praise him with lute and harp.
Praise him with timbrel and dance,
praise him with strings and pipes.

O praise him with resounding cymbals,
praise him with clashing of cymbals.
Let everything that lives and that breathes
give praise to the Lord.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

There is no reading or responsory. All stand for the Benedictus.

Benedictus



Ant. Save us, O Savior of the world. On the cross
you redeemed us by the shedding of your
blood; | we cry out for your help, O God.

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel;
he has come to his people and set them free.

He has raised up for us a mighty savior
Born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets
he promised of old

that he would save us from our enemies,
from the hands of all who hate us.

He promised to show mercy to our ancestors
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This was the oath he swore
to our father Abraham:

to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
free to worship him without fear,

holy and righteous in his sight
all the days of our life.

You, my child, shall be called the prophet
of the Most High,
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way

to give his people knowledge of salvation
by the forgiveness of their sins.

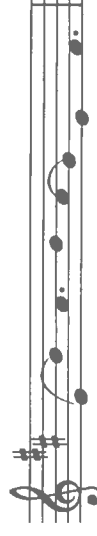
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the dawn from on high shall break upon us,

to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the
shadow of death,
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

[No "Glory to the Father . . ."]

After the Benedictus, all in choir face the altar.

Two cantors in front of the altar steps sing:



Lo --- rd have Mer --- cy

People respond:

Lo -- rd have Mer --- cy

Front:

Lo -- rd have Mer --- cy

Two cantors, standing in the middle of the choir, sing:

Have mer -cy, Lord.

People:

Christ the Lord be-came o - be - di - ent

After each spoken Intercession, the people respond:

un - to death.

People:

Chr -- ist have Mer --- cy

After the last intercession:

Middle:

Have mer -cy, Lord.

People:

Christ the Lord be-came o - be - di - ent

Front:

un - to death.

People:

Lo -- rd have Mer --- cy

Front:

Lo -- rd have Mer --- cy

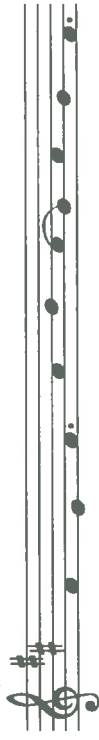
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Front (LOUDLY):



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All depart in silence.