



But I am ↓ a wórm, not a péron, \* despised by the ↓ péople and spúrned.

All ↓ who sée me jéer, \* they curl their líps and ↓ tóss their héads.

That one trústed in God ↓ for fréedom and fríendship, \* and clung to sal↓vátion from Gód.

### ***Antiphon***

Yes, it was yóu who tóok ↓ me óut of the wómb, \* entrusted me to my ↓ móther's bréast.

To you I ↓ was prómised from bírth, \* from the wómb you have ↓ béen my Gód.

In my distréss be ↓ not fár from mé, \* come clóse, there is ↓ nó one to hélp me.

Many búlls have ↓ surróunded mé, \* fierce búlls of Bashan ↓ clóse me ín.

Against me they ó↓pen wíde their jáws, \* like lions ↓ rénding and róaring.

I am poured óut ↓ as wáter is póured, \* disjóinted are ↓ áll my bónes.

### ***Antiphon***

My héart has ↓ becóme like wáx, \* melting with ↓ ín my bréast.

My throat ↓ is párched like cláy, \* my tongue ↓ cléaves to my jáws.

Many dógs have ↓ surróunded mé, \* a band of the ↓ wícked besét me.

They tear hóles in ↓ my hánds and féet, \* they láy me in the ↓ dúst of déath.

I can cóunt eve↓ry óne of my bónes. \* These people stáre at ↓ mé and glóat;

they divíde ↓ my clóthes amóng them, \* and cast ↓ lóts for my róbe.

### ***Antiphon***

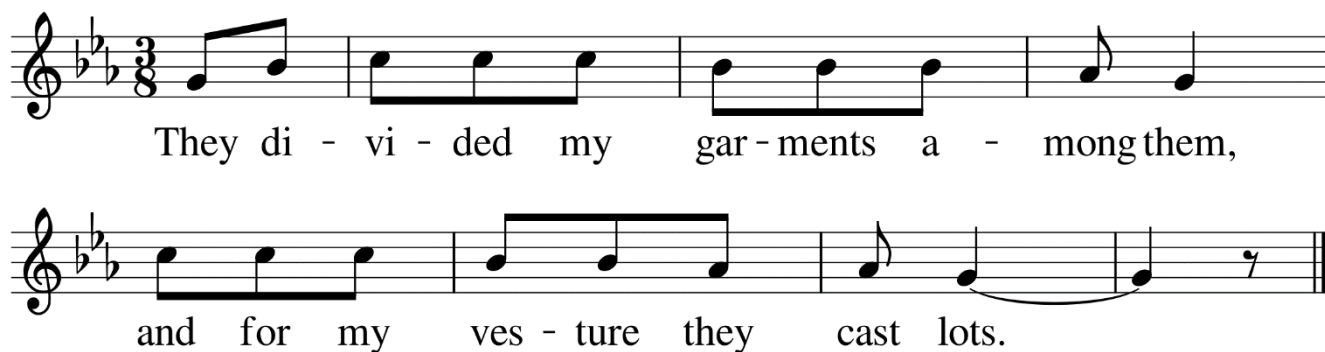
O Lord, do ↓ not léave me alóne, \* my strength, ↓ cóme to my áid!

Rescue ↓ my sóul from the swórd, \* my lífe from the ↓ gríp of these dógs.

Sáve me from ↓ the jáws of líons, \* my sóul from the ↓ hórn of óxen.

I will téll of ↓ your náme to my hóusehold, \* and práise you where ↓ théy are assémbled.

### *Antiphon*



They di - vi - ded my gar - ments a - mong them,  
and for my ves - ture they cast lots.

*Please remain standing until the first Tenebrae candle is extinguished.*

## First Reading -- Lamentations

*At the end of each Lesson, the Reader proclaims:*

**JERUSALEM, JERUSALEM, RETURN TO THE LORD OUR GOD!**

### *Responses to Lamentations*



#### **Lesson 1**

**Cantor:** All my friends have forsáken me, / and those who lay an ambush for mé have pre↑váiled agáinst me, \* and one whom I ↓ lóved has betráyed me.

And with terrifying lóoks they have inflicted brútal ↑ wóunds on mé \* and have gíven me ↓ vínegar to drínk.

They have cast me óut a↑móng the wícked, \* and have not ↓ spáred my lífe.

**All:** And with terrifying lóoks they have inflicted brútal ↑ wóunds on mé, \* and have gíven me ↓ vínegar to drínk.

#### **Lesson 2**

**Cantor:** The curtain of the ↑ témple was tórn, \* and the ↓ whóle earth trémbled.

The thief cried ↑ óut from the cróss: \* “Remember me, Lórd, when you ↓ cóme into your kíngdom.”

The rocks were rent, and the ↑ tómb

s were ópened + and many bodies of the sáints who had fallen a↑sléep aróse, \*

**All:** and the ↓ whóle earth trémbled.

The thief cried ↑ óut from the cróss: \* “Remember me, Lórd, when you ↓ cóme into your kíngdom.”

## Lesson 3

**Cantor:** My chosen vine, I ↑ plánted yóu; \* how could you turn out bitter, that you should crucify me and re↓léase Barrábbas?  
I spaded you, I ↑ cléared you of stónes, + I built a wáchtower in ↑ órder to protéct you; \*

**All:** how could you turn out bitter, that you should crucify me, and re↓léase Barrábbas?

## Second Nocturn

**Antiphon.** Those ↓ who sóught my lífe, + devised wíck↑ed pláns agáinst me, \* and ↓ séized me with víolence

Tone 4



## Psalm 38

O God, do not ↓ rebúke me in ánger, \* do not púnish me in the ↓ héat of wráth.

Your árrows ↓ have wóunded mé, \* your hand has ↓ strúck me dówn.

My body is síck ↓ becaúse of your ráge, \* no héalth in my bones be↓caúse of my sín.

O Lord, ↓ my guílt overwhélms me, \* it is a wéight too ↓ héavy to béar.

My wounds ↓ are fóul and féstering, \* the re↓súlt of my fólly.

I am bówed ↓ and bróught to my knées, \* I go móurning ↓ áll day lóng.

All my fráme ↓ is búrning with féver, \* all my ↓ bódy is síck.

I am útter↓ly spént and crúshed, \* I cry alóud in ↓ ánguish of héart.

O Lord, ↓ you knów all my lóngings, \* my gróans are not ↓ hídden from yóu.

My heart thróbs, ↓ my stréngth is spént, \* the very líght has ↓ góne  
from my éyes.

My friends avóid ↓ me líke the plágue, \* those clósest to me ↓ stánd  
afar óff.

Those who plót against ↓ my lífe lay snáres, \* those who séek my ruin  
↓ spéak of hárm.

I am like the déaf ↓ who cánnót héar, \* like the dúmb un↓áble to  
spéak.

Truly, I am like a pér↓son héaring nóthing, \* in whose móuth is ↓ nó  
deféense.

I cóunt ↓ on yóu, O Lórd, \* it is you, my ↓ Gód who will ánsWER.

I práy: “Do not let ↓ them láugh at mé, \* those who tríumph if my ↓  
fóot should slíp.”

For I am on ↓ the póint of fálling, \* and my páin is ↓ álways befóre me.

I conféss ↓ that Í am guílty, \* and my síns ↓ fill me with dismáy.

My wan↓ton fóes are cóuntless, \* and my ↓ lýing foes are mány.

They repay ↓ me évil for góod, \* and attáck me for ↓ séeking what is  
ríght.

Do not ↓ forsáke me, O Lórd! \* My Gód, do not ↓ stáy far óff!

Make háste ↓ and cóme to my hélp, \* my Gód, my ↓ Róck, my Sávior!

**Antiphon.** Those ↓ who sóught my lífe, + devised wíck↑ed pláns  
agáinst me, \* and ↓ séized me with víolence.

## Second Reading

### *Silent Reflection*

## Third Nocturn

**Antiphon:** Let those be put ↓ to sháme and confúsion, \* who seek to snátch ↓ awáy my lífe.

Tone 5



### *Psalm 40*

I wáited for ↓ the Lórd with pátience, \* God stooped dówn to me, ↓ and héard my crý.

The Most Hígh drew me from ↓ the déadly pít, + out from ↓ the míry cláy. \* God set my féet upon a róck and made ↓ my fóotsteps fírm.

The Almighty pláced a ↓ new sóng in my móuth, \* that I ↓ might práise our Gód.

Many shall sée and ↓ revére the Most Hígh, \* they ↓ shall trúst in the Lórd.

Happy are they who have placed ↓ their trúst in the Lórd, \* and have not gone over to rébels ↓ who fóllow false góds.

How mány, my God, are the wónders you ↓ have wórked for ús. \* No one cán ↓ compáre with yóu.

Should I proclaim ↓ and spéak of thém, \* they are móre ↓ than cán be númered!

You do not ask for sácrafice, but ↓ an ópen éar. + Burnt óffering and sin-óffering you ↓ have nót required. \* Instead, ↓ O Gód, here I ám.

In the scroll of the bóok it ↓ is wríttén of mé \* that I ↓ should dó your wíll.

My God, I ↓ delíght in your lów \* in ↓ the dépths of my héart.

I have not ↓ restráined my líps, \* as ↓ you knów, O Lórd.

Your jústice I have procláimed in ↓ the gréat assémbly. + I have not hídden your sav↓ing hélp in my héart, \* of your salvátion and fáithful↓ness Í have spóken.

I have not hídden ↓ your jústice in my héart, \* but decláred ↓ your fáithful hélp.

I have not hídden ↓ your lóve and your trúth \* from ↓ the gréat assémbly.

O Gód, you will not withhóld your ↓ compásson from mé, \* your merciful lóve and your trúth ↓ will álways guárd me.

For I am besét with evils ↓ too mány to cóunt. \* My sight fáils me, my síns ↓ have fállen upón me.

My síns are more númerous than ↓ the háirs of my héad, \* my heart sínks at ↓ the síght of thém.

Come to ↓ my réscue, O Gód, \* make háste ↓ to hélp me, O Lórd.

Let there be rejóicing and gládness ↓ for áll who séek you; + let those who lóve ↓ your sáving hélp \* say álways: ↓ “Our Gód is gréat.”

As for me, so wrétched and póor, God ↓ regárds me kíndly. + You are my ↓ salvátion, my hélp. \* Do not ↓ deláy, my Gód.

**Antiphon:** Let thóse be put ↓ to sháme and confúsió, \* who seek to snátch ↓ awáy my lífe.



## Third Reading

### Response to the Reading

Tone 1B



**All:** He was led like a lám̄b ↓ to sláughter; \* no compláints from his líps against the é↓vil dóne to hím.

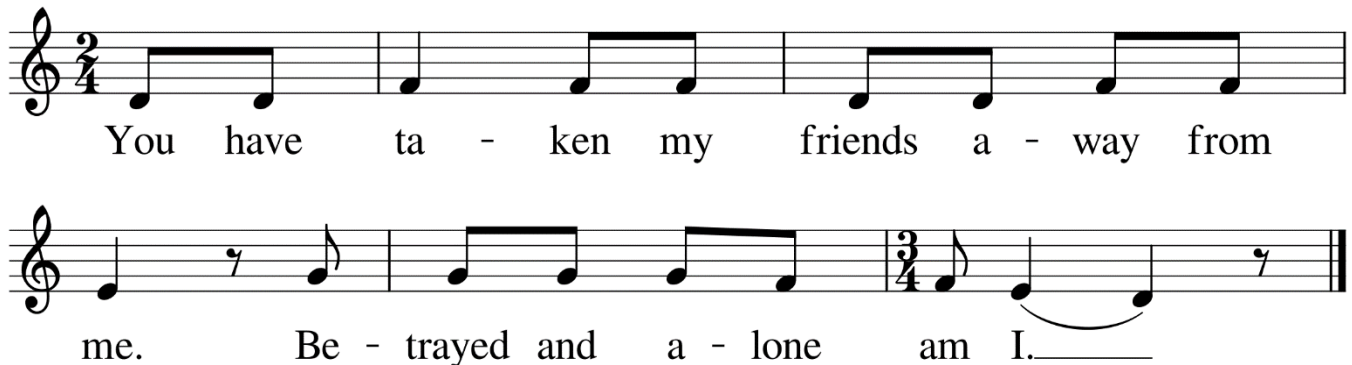
He was given úp ↓ to déath \* to give ↓ his péople lífe.

**Cantor:** He surréndered himself ↓ to déath + and was cóunted ↓ amóng the wícked \*

**All:** To give ↓ his péople lífe.

## Fourth Nocturn

### Antiphon



Tone 1B



### Psalm 88

Lord my Gód, I call for hélp ↓ by dáy, \* I crý ↓ at níght befóre you.

Lord, my Gód, hear ↓ my práyer. \* O túrn ↓ your éar to my crý.

For my sóul is fílléd ↓ with évils, \* my lífe is on ↓ the brínk of the gráve.

I am reckoned as óne in ↓ the tómb, \* I have réached ↓ the énd of my stréngth;

like one forsáken amóng ↓ the déad, \* like the sláin ↓ that lie in the gráve;

like those you remémber ↓ no móre, \* cut óff, as ↓ they áre, from your hánd.

You have láid me in the dépths of ↓ the tómb, \* in pláces that ↓ are dárk, in the dépths.

Your anger wéighs ↓ me dówn, \* I ↓ am drówned in your wáves.

You have taken awáy ↓ my fríends, \* and máde ↓ me háteful to thém.

Imprísoned, I cánot ↓ escápe, \* my éyes ↓ are súnk with gríef.

### ***Antiphon***

O Lórd, all day long, I cáll ↓ to yóu, \* to yóu I ↓ stretch óut my hánds.

Will you wórk wondrous déeds for ↓ the déad? \* Will the shádes ↓ aríse and práise you?

Will your lóve be decláred in ↓ the gráve, \* or your fáithfulness in ↓ the pláce of déath?

Will your wónders be knówn in ↓ the dárk, \* or your jústice in ↓ the lánd of the déad?

As for me, O Gód, I cry to yóu ↓ for hélp; \* my prayer comes befóre you ↓ at bréak of dáy.

O God, why do yóu ↓ rejéct me? \* Why do ↓ you híde your fáce?

### ***Antiphon***

Wrétched, close to déath from ↓ my yóuth, \* I have bórne ↓ your tríals.  
I am númb.

Your fúry has swépt o↓ver mé, \* and your ↓ térrors have destróyed me.

They surrounded me all day like ↓ a flood, \* togeth↓er they assailed me.

Friend and neighbor you have taken ↓ away: \* my ↓ one friend is darkness.

### *Antiphon*

You have ta - ken my friends a - way from  
me. Be - trayed and a - lone am I.

### **Fourth Reading**

#### *Silent Reflection*

### **Benedictus**

#### *Antiphon*

O - ver his head they hung their ac - cu - sa - tion:  
Je - sus of Na - za - reth, King of the Jews.

Blessed be our Gód, the Ho↓ly Óne,  
who has come to ús to save and sét ↑ us frée.

Who has lifted úp for us the Chó↓sen Óne  
sprung from the róot of JÉS↑ se's líne.

For thus Gód's holy ones in days ↓ of óld  
annóunced the Prómised One ↑ would cóme.

Yes, our God keeps fáith with ús ↓ foréver,  
never forgetting the cóvenant of grá↑cious lóve.

A solemn óath was sworn to Sárah, ↓ and Ábraham,  
that we should be set frée from éve↑ry féar.

We have been swórn to worship God with péace↓ful héarts,  
in holiness and jústice áll ↑ our dáys.

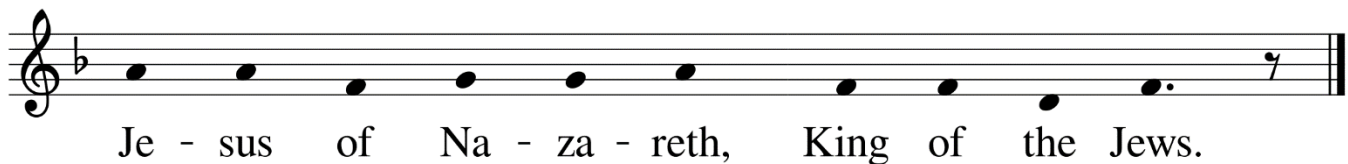
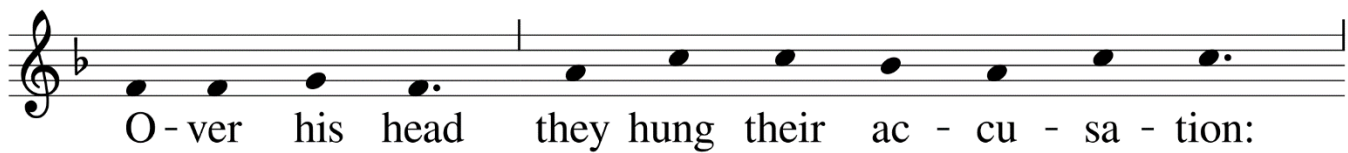
And you, little chíld, shall go befóre ↓ the Chríst,  
a voice that críes: "Prepare the way ↑ for Gód."

And heralds Gospel néws to lóng↓ing héarts:  
the Prómised One of God is near ↑ at hánd.

For in the tender compásson of our Lóv↓ing Gód,  
the Sun of Justice shall ríse in the Éast↑ern skíes.

To shine on all who dwéll in dárk ↓ despáir,  
and guide us áll into the páths ↑ of péace.

### ***Antiphon***



*Kneel in silence*

***Presider:*** CHRIST \*

***All:*** FOR OUR SAKE BECAME OBEDIENT TO DEATH, EVEN TO  
DEATH ON A CROSS.