

HOLY THURSDAY

There is no opening call to worship. The Liturgy begins with a moment of silence and the intoning of the first antiphon. The psalmody is chanted in a subdued voice. The "Glory to the Father" is omitted throughout these days.

First Nocturn

Please remain standing throughout the first psalm

Antiphon



I looked for some-one to com-fort me, but there was none.

Tone 4



Psalm 69

Save me, O Gód, I am úp to ↓ my néck in wáter. * I have súnk in the mud of the déep and there ↓ is no fóothold.

I have éntered ↓ the wáters of the déep * and the ↓ wáves engúlf me.

I am ↓ most wéary with crying, + my thróat ↑ is párched and crácked.

* My eyes waste awáy with ↓ lóoking for Gód.

I burn ↓ with zéal for your hóuse, * the scorn méant for you has been ↓ láid upón me.

Antiphon

When I afflicted ↓ my sóul with fásting, * they máde it a ↓ táunt agáinst me.

When I put ↓ on sáckcloth in móurning, * they máke me the ↓ bútt of their jókes,

the gossip of péople ↓ who sít at the gátes, * the súbject of ↓ drúnkards' sóns.

This is ↓ my práyer for yóu, * my prayer to ↓ séek your fávor.

Antiphon

In your gréat love, án↓swer mé, O Gód, * with your hélp that ↓ néver fáils.

Rescue mé ↓ from sínking in the múd, * sáve me, O ↓ Lórd, from my fóes.

Save me from ↓ the wáters of the déep, * lest the wáves ↓ swállow me úp.

Let not ↓ the déep engúlf me, * nor death ↓ clóse over mé.

Antiphon

Lord, ánsWER, for ↓ your lóve is kínd, * in your compásson ↓ túrn toward mé.

Do not híde ↓ your fáce from mé, * ánsWER me quáckly for ↓ Í am in distréss.

Come clóse to ↓ my sóul and sáve me, * from all my ↓ fóes ransom mé.

You knów ↓ they táunt and deríde me, * my foes are éver ↓ présent to yóu.

Antiphon

Scorn ↓ has bróken my héart, * I have réached the ↓ énd of my stréngth.

I lóoked ↓ in váin for cómfort, * but nóne could I ↓ fínd to consóle me.

For fóod ↓ they gáve me póison, * in my thíst they gave me bitter ↓ wíne to drínk.

Antiphon



I looked for some-one to com-fort me, but there was none.

Remain standing until after 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: On the Mount of Ólives, Jesus ↑ práyed to his Fáther: * "If it is possible, let this cup pass a ↓ wáy from mé"

The spirit in ↑ déed is wílling, * but the ↓ flésh is wéak.

Watch and pray that you may not enter ↑ ínto temptátion; +

All: the spirit in ↑ déed is wílling, * but the ↓ flésh is wéak.

Lesson 2

Cantor: My soul is sad, even unto death. / Wait here and ↑ wáitch with mé; + now you will see the crowd that ↑ will surróund me. *

You shall flee, and I will go to be ↓ sácrificed for yóu.

Behold the hour is at hand, when Jesus Christ will be betrayed into the ↑ hánds of sínners; *

All: you shall flee, and I will go to be ↓ sácrificed for yóu.



Lesson 3

Cantor: There was in him no stately bearing to make us ↑ lóok at hím, * nor appearance that would at ↓ tráct us to hím.

This is the One who has borne our sins and ↑ gríeves for ús, + who was ↑ píerced for our síns, * and by his ↓ strípes we are héaled.

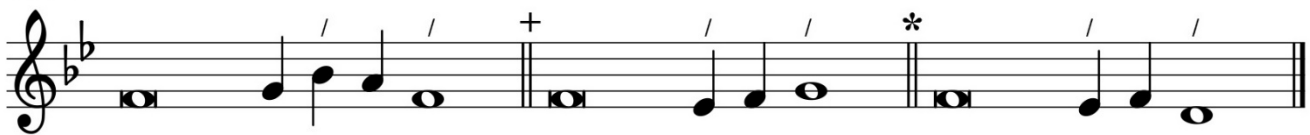
Yet it was our in ↑ fírmities he bóre, + our sufferings that ↑ hé endúred, *

All: and by his ↓ strípes we are héaled.

Second Nocturn

Antiphon. The wicked thóught ↑ and spóke of évil, * óutrage from on ↓ hígh they thréatened.

Tone 3



Psalm 73

How góod ↑ is Gód to Ísrael, * to thóse who are ↓ púre of héart.

Yet my feet ↑ came clóse to stúmbling, * my steps had ↓ álmost slípped.

For I ↑ was jéalous of the próud, * when I sáw how the ↓ wicked prósper.

They nev↑er háve to súffer, * their bódies are ↓ sóund and sléek.

They have no sháre ↑ in húman sórrow, * they are not ↓ strícken like óthers.

So they wéar ↑ their príde like a nécklace, * they clothe them ↓ sélves with spíte.

Their hearts o↑verflów with fóllies; + they scóff and ↓ spéak with málice, * from on hígh they ↓ thréaten oppréssion.

They set their móuths ↑ agáinst the héavens, * and their tóngues prance ↓ óver the éarth.

So the people túrn ↑ to fóllow thém, * and drink in ↓ áll their wórds.

They say: ↑ "How cán God knów? * Does the Most High ↓ táke any nóttice?"

Such are the wíck↑ed, lóok at thém, * untróubled, they ↓ grów in wéalth.

How úseless ↑ to kéep my heart púre, * and wash my ↓ hánds in ínnocence,

when I was tróu↑bled áll day lóng, * and suffered punishment ↓ dáy after dáy.

Then I sáid: "If I ↑ should spéak like thát, * I should abándon the ↓ fáith of your péople."

I strove ↑ to fáthom this próblem, * but it was ↓ dífficult for mé, until I wént into ↑ the témples of Gód, * where I understóod the ↓ énd of the wícked.

How slíppery the path on which ↑ you sét the wícked, * you máke them ↓ slíde to destrúction.

How súddenly ↑ they cóme to rúin, * wiped óut, de↓stróyed by térrors.

Like a dréam ↑ one wákes from, O Gód, * when you wáke, you dis↓míss them as phántoms.

Thus, when ↑ my héart grew embittered * and when I was ↓ cút to the
quíck,

I was ↑ so stúpid and ignorant, * no bétter than a ↓ béast in your síght.

Yet I ↑ was álways befóre you, * you have ↓ héld my hánd.

With your ↑ advíce you guíde me, * and so you will ↓ léad me to glóry.

What élse have I ↑ in héaven but yóu? * Apart from you I want ↓ nóthing
on éarth.

My bódy and ↑ my héart faint for jóy, * God is my pos↓séssion foréver.

All those who ↑ forsáke you shall pérish, * you will destroy ↓ ál who are
fáithless.

My delíght is ↑ to bé near Gód, * I have máde the ↓ Lórd God my
réfuge.

I will tell ↑ of ál your wórks, * at the gátes of the ↓ cítý of Zíon.

Antiphon. The wicked thóught ↑ and spóke of évil, * óutrage from on
↓ hígh they thréatened.

Second Reading

Silent Reflection

Third Nocturn

Antiphon. I am worn \uparrow out with crying, * with \downarrow lónqing for my Gód.

Tone 1A



Psalm 74

Whý, O God have you re \uparrow jected ús? * Whý blaze with ánger against the \downarrow shéep of your pásture?

Remember your péople whom you \uparrow chóse long agó, + the tribe you redéemed to be your \downarrow ówn posséssion, * the mountains of Zíon where you \downarrow máde your dwélling.

Turn your éyes to the pláces that are \uparrow whóllly destróyed! * The énemy has laid wáste your \downarrow hóly pláce.

Your fóes have made upróar in your \uparrow hóuse of práyer, * they have set up their émbles above the \downarrow éntrance to your shríne.

Their axes have bátted the \uparrow wóod of its dóors. * They have struck togéther with \downarrow hátchet and áxe.

O Gód, they have sét your \uparrow témple on fíre, * they have rázed and profáned the \downarrow pláce where you dwéll.

They said in their héarts: "Let us \uparrow crúsh them útterly, * let us búrn every shríne of \downarrow Gód in the lánd."

We have no próphet or \uparrow sígn from Gód, * nor have we a séer to tell us how \downarrow lóng it will lást.

How lóng, O God, will our \uparrow énemy scóff? * Is the foe to insúlt your \downarrow náme foréver?

Whý, O Lord, do you re \uparrow stráin your hánd? * Whý keep your \downarrow ríght hand hídden?

Yet God is our SÓvereign from ↑ áge to áge, * the giver of hélp
through ↓ áll the lánd.

It was you who dividéd the ↑ séa by your míght, * who sháttèred the ↓
séa monsters' héads.

It was yóu who ↑ crúshed Levíathan, * and gave him as ↓ fóod to wild
béasts.

It was yóu who ópened the ↑ spríngs and tórrents, * it was yóu who
dried úp ever ↓ flówing rívers.

Yours is the dáy and ↑ yóurs the níght. * It was you who appóinted the
↓ líght and the dárk;

it was yóu who fíxed the ↑ bóunds of éarth, * you who made ↓
súmmer and wínter.

Remémber this, Lord, as the ↑ énemy scóffs, * as a senséless people
in ↓ súlts your náme.

Do not give Ísrael, your ↑ dóve to the háwk, * nor forget the lífe of
your ↓ póor ones foréver.

Remémber your ↑ cóvenant, Lórd, * every cáve in the land is a pláce
where the rúthless ↓ máke their hóme.

Do not let the opprésed re ↑ túrn disappóinted, * let the póor and the
néedy ↓ bléss your náme.

Arise, O Gód, de ↑ fénd your cáuse! * Remémber how the senseless
revíle you ↓ dáy by dáy.

Forget nótt the ↑ clámor of your fóes. * Your enemy's upróar is ↓ dáily
incréasing.

Antiphon. I am worn ↑ óut with cryíng, * with ↓ lónging for
my Gód.

Third Reading

Response

Tone 2C



All: Though he wás Son ↑ of Gód, * Christ learned obédience through what ↑ he súffered.

And now, for áll who ↑ obéy him, * he has become the sOURCE of eter↑nal lífe.

Cantor: In the days of his earthly lífe he prayed, crying ↑ alóud, * and he submitted so humbly his prayer ↑ was héard.

All: And now, for áll who ↑ obéy him, * he has become the sOURCE of eter↑nal lífe.

Fourth Nocturn

Antiphon. I needed fÓod and they gave ↓ me gáll. * I was parched with thÍrst and ↓ they gáve me vínegar.

Tone 1B



Psalm 77

I cry alóud ↓ to Gód, * I cry aloud that Gód ↓ may lísten to my vÓice.
In the day of my distréss I sought ↓ the LÓrd, * all night long my hÁnds
↓ were ráised in práyer.

My soul refúsed to be ↓ consóled, * I remébered ↓ my GÓd and I
mÓaned.

I póndered and my spir↓it fáinted. * You kept ↓ my éyes from clósing.
I was tróubled, I could ↓ not spéak. * I thóught of the days ↓ of_áncient
tímes.

I remémbered the years ↓ long pást. + At night ↓ I músed in my héart,
* I póndered and ↓ my spírit quéstioned.

Will the Lord rejéct us ↓ foréver? * Will the favor of Gód ↓ be shówn
us no móre?

Has the love of God vánished ↓ foréver? * Has God's próm↓ise cóme to
an énd?

Has God forgót↓ten mércy? * Is God ángry and ↓ withhólding
compásson?

I said: "This is the cáuse of ↓ my gríef, * that the wáy of ↓ the Lórd has
chánged."

I remémber the deeds of ↓ our Gód, * I remémber ↓ your wónders of
óld,

I múse on all ↓ your wórks, * and pónder ↓ your míghty déeds.

Your ways, O Gód, ↓ are hóly. * What gód ↓ is gréat as our Gód?

You are the Gód who ↓ does wónders, * among the péoples ↓ you
shów your pówer;

your strong arm redéemed ↓ your péople, * the chíldren ↓ of Jácob
and Jóseph.

The waters sáw you, ↓ O Gód, + the wa↓ters sáw you and trémbled, *
the dépths ↓ were móved with térror.

Water flówed from ↓ the clóuds, + the skíes ↓ sent fóρθ their vóice, *
your ar↓rows fláshed to and fró.

Your thúnder rolled 'round ↓ the ský, * your fláshes light↓ed úp the
wórlđ.

The earth was móved ↓ and trémbled, * when you máde ↓ a wáy
through the séa,

your path léd through the míght↓y wáters, * and no ↓ one sáw your
fóotprints.

You guided your péople like ↓ a flóck, * by the hánd of Myri↓am,
Móses, and Áaron.

Antiphon. I needed fód and they gave ↓ me gáll. * I was parched with
thírst and ↓ they gáve me vínegar.

Fourth Reading

Silent Reflection

Benedictus

Antiphon

I have longed to eat this meal with you, be-fore I suf - fer,

Blessed be our Gód, the ↑ Hóly Óne,
who has cóme to us to save and ↓ sét us frée.

Who has lifted up for ús the ↑ Chósen Óne
sprung from the róot of ↓ Jéssé's líne.

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



Yes, our God keeps fáith with ↑ ús foréver,
never forgetting the cóvenant of ↓ grácious lóve.
A solemn oath was swórn to ↑ Sárah, and Ábraham,
that we should be set frée from ↓ évery féar.
We have been swórn to worship God with ↑ péaceful héarts,
in holiness and jústice ↓ áll our dáys.
And you, little chíld, shall go be ↑ fóre the Chríst,
a voice that críes: "Prepare the ↓ wáy for Gód."
And heralds Gospel néws to ↑ lónging héarts:
the Prómised One of God is ↓ néar at hánd.
For in the tender compásson of our ↑ lóving Gód,
the Sun of Justice shall ríse in the ↓ Éastern skíes.
To shine on all who dwéll in ↑ dárk despáir,
and guide us áll into the ↓ páths of péace.

Antiphon



I have longed to eat this meal with you, be-fore I suf - fer,

Kneel in Silence

Presider: CHRIST *

All: FOR OUR SAKE BECAME OBEDIENT TO DEATH.