

Thursday
Morning Prayer

Translation of psalms and canticles are the newly approved translations which will be used in the upcoming edition of the Liturgy of the Hours: The Abbey Psalms and Canticles, Conception Abbey 2010, 2018 USCCB.

Translation of the Latin antiphons are taken from the (current) 1976 USCCB edition of the Liturgy of the Hours, or are from approved biblical translations, or new translations as necessary.

Antiphons are taken as directed from the *Ordo Cantus Officii*, Rome 2015.

In the 20th Century there were changes made to the liturgical ordering of Holy Week. In the previous forms, Thursday morning was included in the Triduum, and thus the prayer of the morning was patterned similarly to Good Friday and Holy Saturday. In the present liturgical form, the Triduum begins with the Mass of the Lord's Supper on Thursday evening, not on Thursday morning.

This edition of Tenebrae for Thursday Morning of Holy Week attempts an adaptation that combines some of the previous forms of the liturgy to the current form.

Invitatory

Come, let us worship Christ the Lord,
who for our sake endured temptation and suffering.

Hymn - Pange Lingua (Caswall)

Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
see the thorns upon His brow!
nails His tender flesh are rending!
see His side is opened now!
whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
streams of blood and water flow.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
one and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit thy peers may be;
sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee!

Lofty tree, bend down thy branches,
to embrace thy sacred load;
oh, relax the native tension
of that all too rigid wood;
gently, gently bear the members
of thy dying King and God.

Tree, which solely wast found worthy
the world's Victim to sustain.
harbor from the raging tempest!
ark, that saved the world again!
Tree, with sacred blood anointed
of the Lamb for sinners slain.

Blessing, honor, everlasting,
to the immortal Deity;
to the Father, Son, and Spirit,
equal praises ever be;
glory through the earth and heaven
to Trinity in Unity. Amen.

MATINS

II
S alvá-sti nos,

PSALM 44 I

We heard with our own éars, O Gód
our forebears have decláred *to* ús
the deeds you díd in *their* dáy
you yourself, in days lóng *agó*
With your own hand you dróve out *the* nátions,
but thém *you* plánted
you brought affliction ón *the* péoples
but thém you *set* frée
No sword of their own wón *the* lánd
no arm of their own bróught *them* víctory
It was your right hánd and *your* árm
and the light of your fáce, for *you* lóved them
You are my kíng, O Gód
you command the víctories *for* Jácob
Through you we béat down *our* fóes
In your name we trámpled our *aggréssors*
For it was not in my bów that *I* trústed,
nor yet was I sáved by *my* swórd:
it was you who saved us fróm *our* fóes;
those who hate us, you pút *to* sháme.
All day long our bóast was *in* Gód,
and we will praise your náme *for*éver.
Glory.

PSALM 44 II

Yet now you have rejected us, *disgraced* us;
you no longer go forth with *our* armies.

You make us retreat from *the* foe;
those who hate us plunder us *at* will.

You make us like sheep for *the* slaughter,
and scatter us among *the* nations.

You sell your own people for *nothing*,
and make no profit by *the* sale.

You make us the taunt of *our* neighbors,
the mockery and scorn of those around us.

Among the nations you make us *a* byword
among the peoples they shake *their* heads.

All day long my disgrace is *before* me;
my face is covered *with* shame

at the voice of the taunter, *the* scoffer,
at the sight of the foe and avenger.

Glory.

PSALM 44 III

This befell us though we had not forgotten you,
we were not false to *your* covenant.

We had not withdrawn *our* hearts;
our feet had not strayed from *your* path.

Yet you have crushed us in a haunt of jackals,
and covered us with the shadow of death.

Had we forgotten the name of *our* God,
or stretched out our hands to a *strange* god,
would not God have found *this* out,
he who knows the secrets of *the* heart?

It is for you we are slain all *day* long,
and are counted as sheep for *the* slaughter.

Awake, O Lord! Whý do *you* sléep?
 Arise! Do not rejéct us *foréver*.

Why do you híde *your* fáce,
 and forget our oppréssion *and* mísery?

For our soul is brought lów to *the* dúst;
 our body lies próstrate on *the* éarth.

Stand up and cóme to *our* hélp!
 Redeem us with your mérciful lóve!

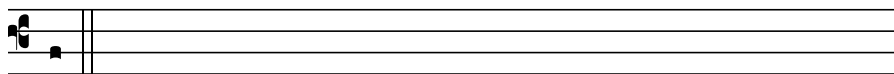
Glory.

tr. You have saved us, O Lord, in your name we will confess forever.

II



Salvá-sti nos, Dómine, et in nómine tu-o confi-té-bimur in saecu-



la.

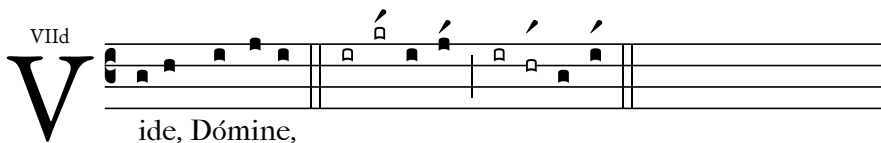
When I am lifted up fróm *the* éarth.
 — I will draw all péople to *mysélf*.

1st Reading: Hebrews

2nd Reading: St. Melito of Sardis

Lamentations of Jeremiah
 First Series of Three

LAUDS



PSALM 80

O shepherd of Ísrael, héar us,
you who lead Jóseph like *a* flóck:

enthroned on the chérubim, *shine* fórch
upon Ephraim, Bénjamin, *Manásseh*.

Rouse up your might and come to save *us*. †
Bring us báck, O Gód;
let your face shine forth, and we sháll *be* sáved.

How long, O Lord, Gód *of* hósts,
will you be angry at the práyer of *your* péople?

You have fed them with téars for *their* bréad,
an abundance of téars for *their* drínk.

You have made us the táunt of *our* néighbors;
our foes mock us amóng *themsélves*.

Bring us back, O Gód *of* hósts;
let your face shine forth, and we sháll *be* sáved.

You brought a vine óut *of* Égypt;
you drove out the nátions *and* plánted it.

Before it you cléared *the* gróund;
it took root and filled *the* lánd.

The mountains were cóvered with *its* shádw,
the cedars of Gód with *its* bóughs.

It stretched out its bránches to *the* séa;
to the River it strétched out *its* shóots.

Then why have you broken dówn *its* wálls?
It is plucked by all who páss by *the* wáy.

It is ravaged by the bóar of *the* fórest,
devoured by the béasts of *the* field.

God of hosts, turn again, we *implóre*;
look down from héaven *and sée*.

Visit this vine and protect *it*, †
the stock your ríght hand *has* plánted,
the son you have cláimed for *yoursélf*.

They have burnt it with fire and cúť *it* dówn.
May they perish at the frówn of *your fáce*.

May your hand be on the mán at your *right* hánd,
the son of man you have confirmed as *your ówn*.

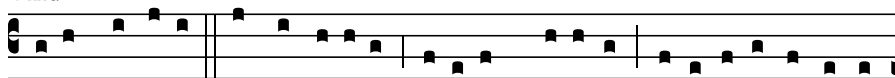
And we shall never forsáke you *agáin*;
give us life that we may cáll upon *your náme*.

Bring us back, O Lord Gód *of* hósts;
let your face shine forth, and we sháll *be sáved*.

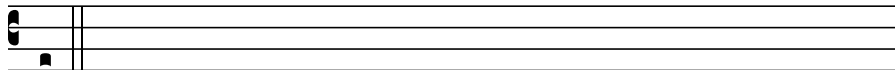
Glory.

tr. See, O Lord, and consider that I am in trouble: hear me speedily.

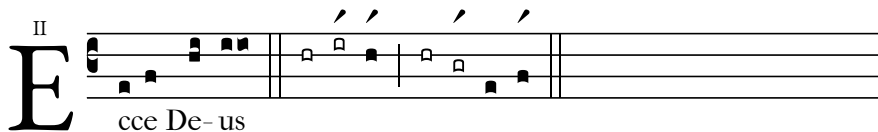
VIIId



Vide, Dómine, et consídera quóni- am tríbu-lor: ve-ló-ci-ter exáudi



me.



ISAIAH 12: 1-6

I give thanks to you, O *Lord*! †
 For though you were angry *with* mé,
 your anger turned back, and yóu *consóled* me.

Behold, God is *mý salvátion*!
 I will trust and will nó't be *afráid*,
 for the Lord is my stréngth and *my* práise,
 and he has been *mý salvátion*.

With joy will yóu *draw* wáter
 from the spríngs of *salvátion*.

And you will sáy on *that* dáy:
 Give thanks to the Lord, invóke *his* náme;
 make known among the péoples *his* déeds;
 proclaim that his náme is *exálted*.

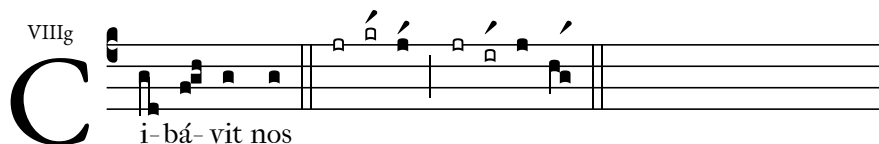
Sing to the Lord for he *hás wrought* wónders;
 let this be known through áll *the* éarth.

Shout aloud and sing praise, you who dwéll *in* Zíon,
 for great in your midst is the Hóly One *of* Ísrael.

Glory.

tr. Behold, God is my savior: I will deal confidently, and will not fear.





PSALM 81

Sing joyfully to Gód *our* stréngth,
shout in triumph to the Gód *of* Jácob.

Raise a song and sóund *the* tímbrél,
the sweet-sounding lýre with *the* hárp;

blow the trumpet át the *new* móon,
when the moon is fúll, on *our* féast.

For this is a státute *in* Ísrael,
a command of the Gód *of* Jácob.

He made it a decreé *for* Jóseph,
when he went out from the lánd *of* Égypt.

A voice I did not know sáid *to* mé:
“I freed your shóulder from *the* búrden;
your hands were freed from the búilder's básket.
You called in distress and I delívered *yóu*.

I answered, conceáled in *the* thúnder;
at the waters of Meribah I tésted *yóu*.

Listen, my people, ás *I* wárn *yóu*.
O Israel, if only *yóu would* héed!

Let there be no strange gód *among* *yóu*,
nor shall *yóu* worship a fóreign gód.

I am the Lord *your God*, †
who brought *yóu* up from the lánd *of* Égypt
Open wide *yóu* mouth, and *I will* fill it.

But my people did not héed *my* vóice,
and Israel would nótbéy *me*.

So I left them in their stúbbornness *of* héart,
to follow their ówn *desígn*s.

O that my *péople would* héed me,
that Israel would wálk in *my* wáys!

At once I would subdúe *their* fóes,
turn my hand agáinst *their* énemies.

Those who hate the Lord would crínge *befóre* him,
and their fate would lást *foréver*.

But Israel I would feed with *finest* whéat,
and satisfy with hóney from *the* rók."'

Glory.

tr. The Lord fed us from the fat of corn,
and filled us with honey from the rock.

VIIIg

Ci-bá-vit nos Dóminus ex á-di-pe fru-ménti, et de petra mel-le
sa-turá-vit nos.

Reading - Hebrews

Responsory

By your own blood, Lord, you brought us back to God.

— By your own blood, Lord, you brought us back to God.

From every tribe, and tongue, and people and nation,

— you brought us back to God.

Glory to the Father...

— By your own blood, Lord, you brought us back to God.

BENEDICTUS

tr. I longed to eat this Passover with you before I suffer.

Ben. IVa

D e-sidé-ri-o de-siderá-vi hoc Pascha manducáre vobí-scum
 ántequam pá-ti- ar.

Blessed be the Lórd God *of* Ísrael:
 for he has visited his péople and *redéemed* them,
 he has raised up for us a hórñ of *salvátion*
 in the House of Dávid *his* sérvant,
 as he spoke through the móuth of *his* hólý ones,
 his prophets from áges pást:

To grant *salvátion* from *our* fóes,
 and from the hand of áll *who* háte us,
 showing mercy to our *fathers*, †
 remembering his hólý cóvenant,
 the oath he swore to Ábraham *our* fáther;

To grant that, freed from the hánd of *our* fóes,
 we may serve him wíthout féar
 in hóliness *and* ríghteousness
 all the dáy[s] of *our* life.

And you, little chíld, will *be* cálléd
 the Prophet of thé *Most* Hígh,
 for you will go befóre *the* Lórd
 to make réady *his* wáys:

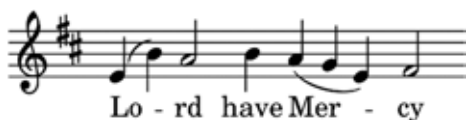
to grant knowledge of *salvátion* to *his* péople
 by the forgíveness of *their* sín[s];

Through the tender mércy of *our* Gód,
 the Dawn from on high will vísit ús,

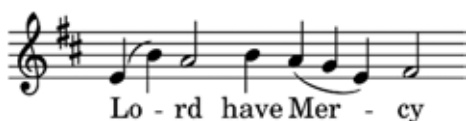
to shine on those who sit in darkness, †
and those in the shádown *of* déath;
to guide our feet into the wáy *of* péace.
Glory.

INTERCESSIONS

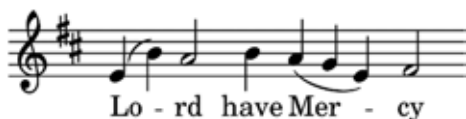
Two cantors in front of the altar steps sing:



People respond:



Front:



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



People:



After each spoken intercession, all respond:



After the last intercession:

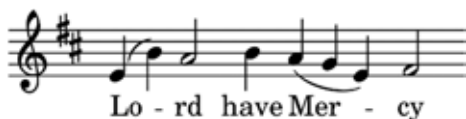
Middle:



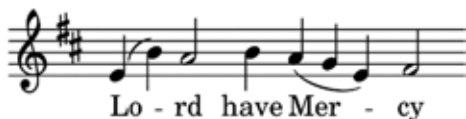
People:



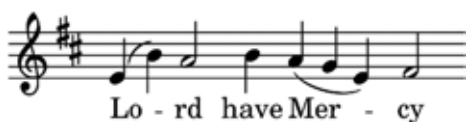
Front:



People:



Front:



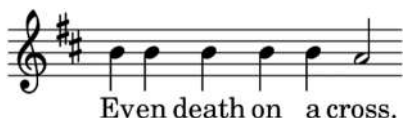
Middle:



People:



Front (LOUDLY):



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."

God of infinite compassion, to love you is to be made holy;
fill our hearts with your love.

By the death of your Son
you have given us hope, born of faith;
by his rising again fulfill this hope
in the perfect love of heaven,
where he lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy
Spirit,
God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Blessing and dismissal in the usual manner. (Only on Thursday)