

Good Friday
Tenebrae

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.

All stand, make the Sign of the Cross in silence, the hymn

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.

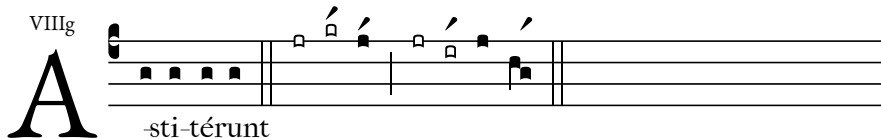
Faithful Cross! above all other,
one and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit thy peers may be;
sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee!

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



PSALM 2

Why do the nátions *conspíre*,
and the peoples plót *in váin*?

They arise, the kíngs of *the éarth*;
princes plot against the Lord and his Anóinted.

“Let us burst asúnder *their* fétters.
Let us cast off from ús *their* cháins.”

He who sits in the héavens láughs;
the Lord derídes *and* mócks them.

Then he will spéak in *his* ánger,
his rage will stríke them *with* térror.

“It is I who have appóinted *my* kíng
on Zion, my hóly móuntain.”

I will announce his decree: †
The Lord said to me, “You áre *my* Són.
It is I who have begotten yóu *this* dáy.

Ask of me and I will make nátions *your* héritage,
and the ends of the earth as yóur *posséssion*.

With a rod of iron yóu *will* rúle them;
like a potter’s jar yóu *will* shátter them.”

So now, O kíngs, únderstánd;
take warning, rúlers of *the* éarth.

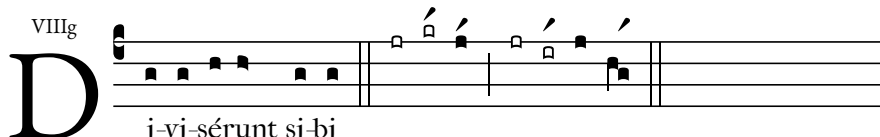
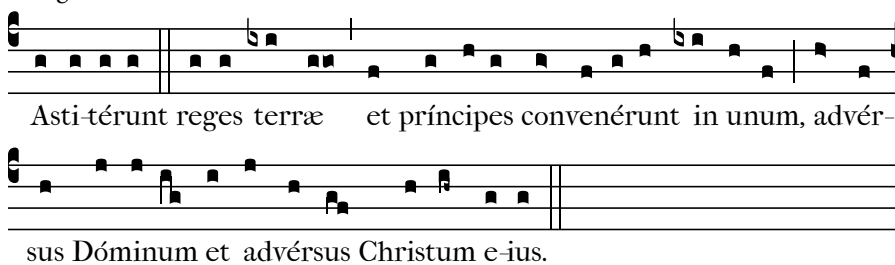
Serve the Lórd *with* féar;
exult with trembling, embráce *corréction*,

lest he be angry and you perish on the *way*, †
 for suddenly his ánger *will* bláze.
 Blessed are all who trúst *in* Gód!

Glory.

tr. The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes assembled together,
 against the Lord and against his Christ.

VIIIg



PSALM 22

My God, my God, why have you forsaken *me*? †
 Why are you fár *from* sáving me,
 so far from my wórds *of* ánguish?

O my God, I call by day and you dó *not* ánsWER,
 I call by night and I fínd no *re*príeve.

Yet you, O Gód, *are* hóly,
 enthroned on the práises *of* Ísrael.

In you our ancestors pút *their* trúst;
 they trusted and you sét *them* frée.

When they cried to you, théy *escá*ped;
 in you they trusted and were not pút *to* sháme.

But I am a wórm and *no* mán,
 scorned by everyone, despísed by *the* péople.

All who sée me *derí*de me;
 they curl their lips, they tóss *their* héads:

“He trusted in the Lord, lét *him* sáve him;
let him release him, for in *hím* he *delíghts*.”

Yes, it was you who took me fróm *the* wómb,
entrusted me to my móther’s bréast.

To you I was commíttered *from* bírth;
from my mother’s womb, you have béen *my* Gód

Stay not fár *from* mé;
trouble is near, and there is nó one *to* hélp.

Many búlls have *surróunded* me,
fierce bulls of Bashan clóse *me* ín.

Against me they open wíde *their* móúths,
like a lion, rénding *and* róaring.

Like water Í am *poured* óut,
disjointed are áll *my* bónes.

My heart has becóme *like* wáx,
it is melted withín *my* bréast.

Parched as burnt cláy is *my* thróat,
my tongue cleaves fást to *my* jáws.

You lay me in the dust of *death*. †
For dógs have *surróunded* me;
a band of the wícked *beséts* me.

They tear holes in my hands and my *feet*; †
I can count every óne of *my* bónes.
They stare at mé *and* glóat.

They divide my clóthing *amóng* them,
they cast lóts for *my* róbe.

But you, O Lord, do not stáy *afar* óff;
my strength, make háste *to* hélp me!

Rescue my sóul from *the* swórd,
my life from the gríp of *the* dóg.

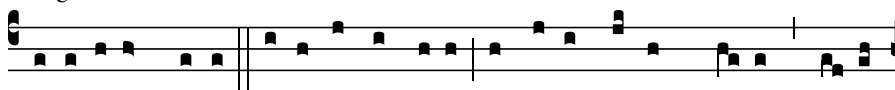
Save my life from the jáws of *the* líon,
my poor soul from the hórn of *wild* búlls.

I will tell of your náme to *my* kín,
and praise you in the midst of thé *assé*mblý.

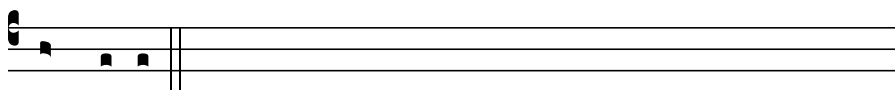
Glory.

tr. They have divided my garments among themselves,
and cast lots upon my clothes.

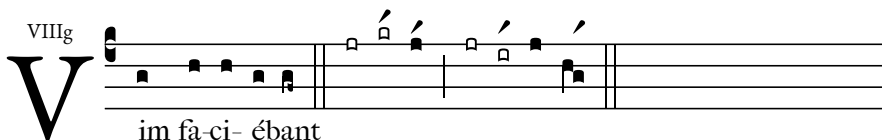
VIIIg



Di-vi-sérunt si-bi vestiménta me-a, et super vestem me- am mi-sé-



runt sortem.



im fá-ci- ébant

PSALM 38

O Lord, do not rebuke me in *your* ánger,
reprove me nó't in *your* ráge.

For your arrows have sunk déep *in* mé;
your hand has come dówn *upón* me.

There is no soundness in my flesh because of *your* ánger:
there is no health in my bones because of *my* sín.

My guilt towers hígher than *my* héad;
it is a weight too héavy *to* béar.

My wounds are fóul *and* féstering,
the result of mý *own* fólly.

I am bowed and bróught to *my* knées.
I go mourning áll the *day* lóng.

All my frame is búrning *with* féver;
there is no sóundness in *my* flésh.

I am spent and útterly crúshed,
I cry aloud in ánguish *of* héart.

O Lord, all my longing lies *before* you;
my groans are not hidden *from* you.

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

Friends and companions stand aloof from *my* illness;
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, like someone deaf, *do not* hear;
like someone mute, I do not open *my* mouth

I am like one who *hears* nothing,
in whose mouth is *no* defense.

But in you, O Lord, *I* hope;
it is you, Lord my God, who *will* answer.

I pray, "Let them not gloat *over* me,
exult if my foot *should* slip."

For I am on the point *of* falling,
and my pain is *always* with me.

I confess that *I* am guilty;
and I am grieved because of *my* sin.

My enemies live on and *grow* strong,
and many hate me *without* cause.

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

Forsake me *not*, O Lord!
My God, be not far *from* me!

Make haste and come to *my* help,
My Lord and *my* salvation!

Glory.

tr. The violent sought to take my life.

VIIIg



Vim fá-ci- ébant qui quæ-rébant ánimam me- am.

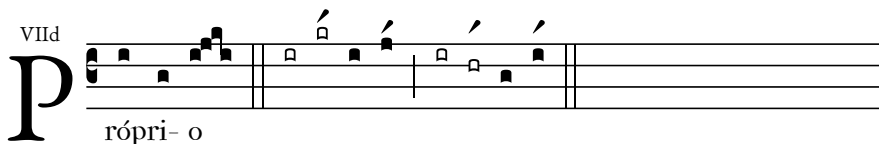
1st Reading: Hebrews

2nd Reading: St. John Chrysostom

Lamentations of Jeremiah
Second Series of Three

They brought false évidence *agáinst* me.
— They were bréathing *out* fúry.

LAUDS



PSALM 51

Have mercy on mé, O Gód,
according to your *mérciful* lóve;
according to your gréat *compásson*,
blot out mý *transgréssions*.

Wash me completely from mý *iníquity*,
and cleanse me fróm *my* sín.

My transgressions, trúly *I* knów them;
my sin is álways *befóre* me.

Against you, you alone, háve *I* sínned;
what is evil in your síght *I have* dóne.

So you are júst in *your* séntence,
without repróach in *your* júdgment.

Behold, in guilt Í *was* bórn,
a sinner when my móther *concéived* me.

Behold, you delight in sincéridy *of* héart;
in secret you téach *me* wísdóm.

Cleanse me with hyssop, and I sháll *be* púre
wash me, and I shall be whíter *than* snów.

Let me hear rejóicing *and* gládness,
that the bones you have crúshed may *exúlt*.

Turn away your fáce from *my* síns,
and blot out áll *my* gúilt.

Create a pure heart for mé, O Gód;
renew a steadfast spírit *withín* me.

Do not cast me away fróm *your* préséance,
take not your holy spírit *from* mé.

Restore in me the joy of *yóur salvátion*,
sustain in me a *wílling spírit*.

I will teach transgréssors *your wáys*,
that sinners may retúrn *to yóu*.

Rescue me from bloodshed, O *God, †*
O God of *mý salvátion*,
and then my tongue shall ríng out *your jústice*

O Lord, ópen *my líps*
and my mouth shall procláim *your práise*.

For in sacrifice you take *nó delíght*;
burnt offering from me wóuld *not* pléase you.

My sacrifice to God, a broken spirit: †
a broken and *húmbled* héart,
you will not spúrn, O Gód.

In your good pleasure, show *fávor to Zion*;
rebuild the wálls of *Jerúsalem*.

Then you will delight in right *sacrifice*, †
burnt offerings whólly *consúmed*.

Then you will be offered young búlls on *your áltar*.

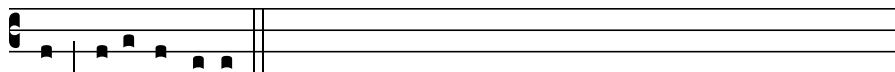
Glory.

tr. God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.

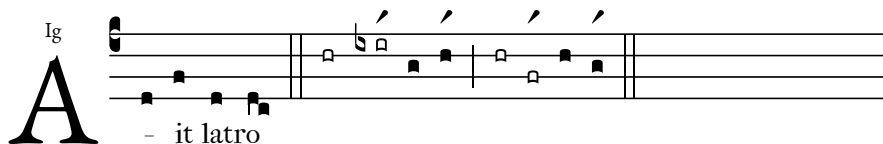
VIII^d



Própri- o Fí-li- o su-o non pepércit De-us: sed pro nobis ómni-



bus trádi-dit illum.



HABAKKUK 3

O Lord, I have héard of *your* fáme;
I am in awe, O Lórd, of *your* wórk.

In the midst of the years, renew *it*. †
In the midst of the yéars, make *it* knówn;
in your anger, remémber *compá*ssion.

God is cóming *from* Téman,
the Holy One fróm *Mount* Páran.

His glory cóvers *the* héavens;
and the earth is fúll of *his* práise.

His splendor is as the *light*: †
rays come fóρθ from *his* hánd;
and there lies hídden *his* pówer.

You have come forth to sáve *your* péople,
to save the one you háve *anó*inted.

You tread the séa with *your* stéeds,
churning up the míghty wáters.

I hear and quake to my ínner dépths;
my lips quiver át *the* sóund.

Decay invádes *my* bónes;
and my steps benéath *me* trémble.

I await the dáy of *distré*ss,
for the people who cóme to *attá*ck us.

Though the fig tree fáils *to* blóssom,
or the vine to yíeld *its* frúit;

though the crop of the ólive fáils,
and the fields producé *no* gráin;

though the flock is remóved from *the* fólđ,
and there are no cáttle in *the* stálls;

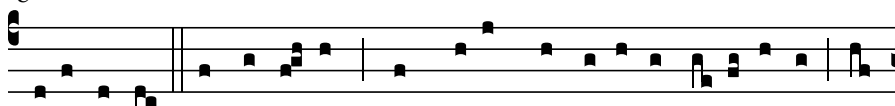
Yet will I rejoice in *the* Lórd,
and rejoice in the Gód of my *salvátion*.

The Lord, my Lord, is my *strength*; †
he makes my feet like thóse of *the* déer,
and makes me tread upón *the* héights.

Glory.

tr. The robber said to the robber: We indeed receive the things worthy of our deeds; but what did this man do? Remember me, O Lord, when you come into your kingdom.

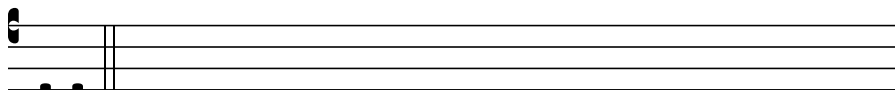
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A-it latro ad latró-nem: Nos quidem digna factis re-cí-pimus: hic

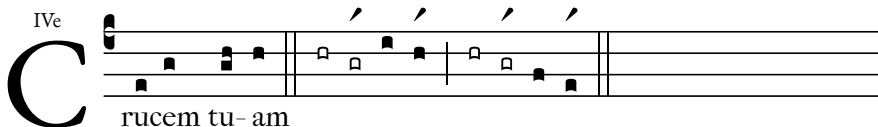


autem quid fe-cit? Meménto me-i, Dómine, dum véne-ris in regnum



tu-um.

IVe



rucem tu-am

PSALM 147: 12-20

O Jerusalem, glórfify *the* Lórd!

O Zion, práise *your* Gód!

He has strengthened the bárs of *your* gátes;
he has blessed your children *withín* you.

He established péace on *your* bórders;
he gives you your fill of *finest* whéat.

He sends out his wórd to *the* éarth,
and swiftly runs hís *commánd*.

He showers down snów *like* wóol;
he scatters hóarfrost *like* áshes.

He hurls down háilstones *like* crúmbs;
before such cold, whó *can* stánd?

He sends forth his wórd and *it* mélts them;
at the blowing of his breath the wáters flów

He reveals his wórd *to* Jácob;
to Israel, his decreés *and* júdgments.

He has not dealt thus with óther nátions;
he has not táught them *his* júdgments.

Glory.

tr. We adore your Cross, O Lord, and praise and glorify your Holy Resurrection; for behold, on account of the Cross joy comes to the whole world.

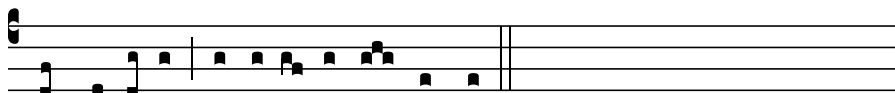
IVe



Crucem tu-am adorámus, Dómi-ne, et sanctam Resurrecti-ónem tu-



am laudámus, et glo-ri- fi-cámus: ecce enim propter Crucem ve-

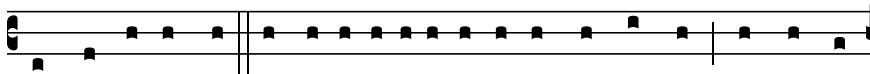


nit gáudi- um in uni- vérsó mundo.

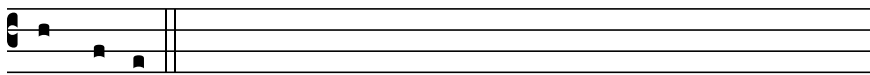
Reading - Hebrews

Ant • 8

For our sake Christ was obedient, accepting even death, death on a cross.



Christus factus est pro nobis o-bédiens usque ad mortem, mortem au-



tem Crucis.

BENEDICTUS

tr. Over his head they placed their accusation:
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Ben. Id

osu- é-runt super caput e-jus causam ipsí- us scri-ptam:

Jesus Nazaré-nus, Rex Judæ- órum.

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 dáys 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 forgiveness of *their* síns;
Through the tender mércy of *our* Gód,
the Dawn from on high will vísit ús,

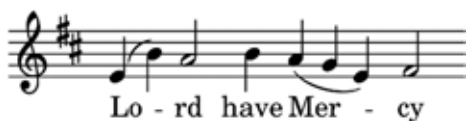
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to shine on those who sit in darkness, †
and those in the shádown *of* déath;
to guide our feet into the wáy *of* péace.

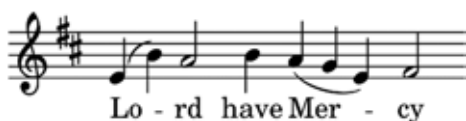
Glory.

INTERCESSIONS

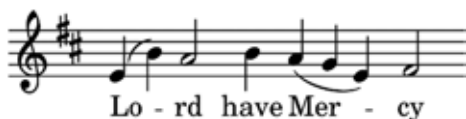
Two cantors in front of the altar steps sing:



People respond:



Front:



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



People:



After each spoken intercession, all respond:



After the last intercession:

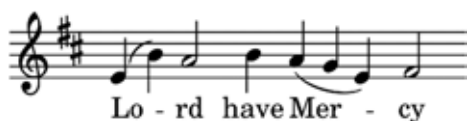
Middle:



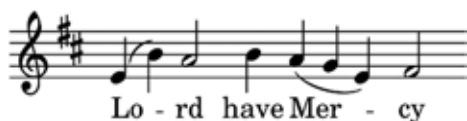
People:



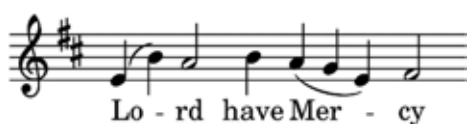
Front:



People:



Front:



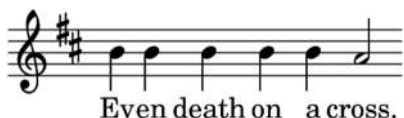
Middle:



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."

Look, we pray, O Lord, on this your family,
 for whom our Lord Jesus Christ
 did not hesitate to be delivered into the hands of the wicked
 and submit to the agony of the Cross.
 Who lives and reigns with you
 in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
 God, for ever and ever. Amen.

After the final prayer, all depart in silence.