

Holy Saturday 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.

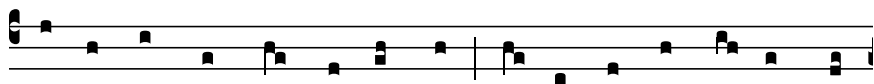
Antiphons are taken as directed from the *Ordo Cantus Officii*, Rome 2015.

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

Tibi, Redemptor Omnium



1. Redeemer of our fallen race With contrite hearts we sing to you;



Forgive us, Lord, we humbly pray, Forgive us who confess your



Name. 2. The pow'r of Satan and his hordes You broke by death upon



the Cross; Signed on the forehead with this seal We bear the banner



of our faith. 3. His grim dominion o-ver us You deigned to shatter



and dispel, Lest he for ever should do harm To souls once ransomed



by your Blood. 4. You visit-ed the gloom of hell To lead to everlast-



ing joy The faithful of the ancient Law, A-waiting you in silent



hope. 5. Alone you know the certain time When this our world must



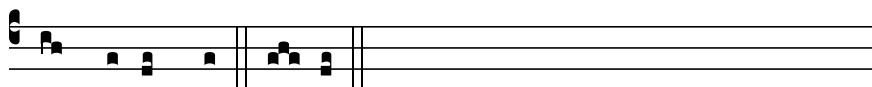
pass away, And when as Judge of every soul You will award what jus-



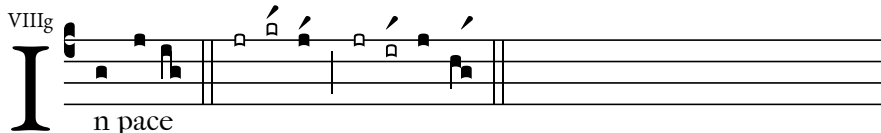
tice claims. 6. So heal our wounds we beg this day, O Savior Jesus



Christ, our Lord, Who with the Father will be praised For ever with



your Spirit's Love. A-men.



PSALM 4

O God of justice, give answer *whén* I cáll;
from anguish you released me, have mércy *and* héar me!

O you people, how long will my glóry be *dishónored*,
will you love what is futile and séek what *is* fálse?

Know that the Lord works wonders for his fáithful óne;
the Lord will hear me whenéver I cáll him.

Tremble, do not sin: ponder on your béd and *be* stíll.
Offer right sacrifice, and trúst in *the* Lórd.

“O that we might see better times,” mány sáy.
Lift up the light of your face on ús, O Lórd.

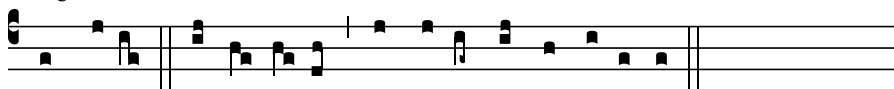
You have put into my heart a gréater jóy
than abundance of grain and new wíne can *províde*.

In peace I will lie down and fáll *asléep*,
for you alone, O Lord, make me dwéll *in* sáfety.

Glory.

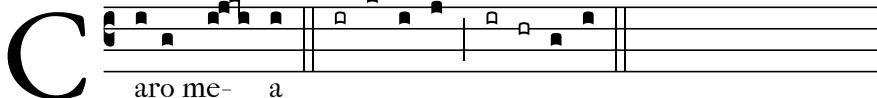
tr. In peace I will lie down and rest.

VIIIg



In pace in id- ípsum dórmi- am et requi- éscam.

VIIId



aro me- a

PSALM 16

Preserve me, O God, for in you I take *refuge*. †

I say to the Lord, “You *áre my* Lórd.

You, you alone *áre my* góod.”

As for the holy ones who dwéll in *the* lánd,
they are noble, and in them is áll my *delíght*.

Those who choose other gods increase their sorrows. †

I will not take part in their ófferings *of* blóod.

Nor will I take their names upón *my* líps.

O Lord, it is you who are my pórtion *and* cúp;
you yourself who secúre *my* lót.

Pleasant places are marked óut *for* mé:
a pleasing heritage indéed *is* míne!

I will bless the Lord who gíves *me* cóunsel,
who even at night dirécts *my* héart.

I keep the Lord befóre *me* álways;
with him at my right hand, I shall nót *be* móved.

And so, my heart rejoices, my sóul *is* glád,
even my flesh shall rést *in* hópe.

For you will not abandon my sóul *to* Shéol,
nor let your holy one sée *corrúption*.

You will show me the path of *life*, †
the fullness of jóy in *your* présence,
at your right hand, blíss *foréver*.

Glory.

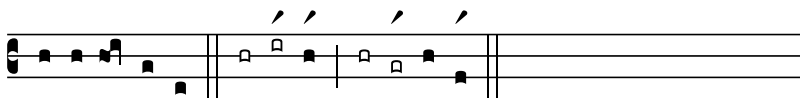
tr. My flesh shall rest in hope.

VIII d



Caro me- a requi- éscet in spe.

^v
E



- levá-mi-ni,

PSALM 24

The Lórd's is the éarth and *its* fúllness,
the world, and those who dwéll *in* ít.

It is he who sét it on *the* séas;
on the rivers he máde *it* fírm.

Who shall climb the móuntain of *the* Lórd?
Who shall stánd in his holy pláce?

The clean of hands and pure of *heart*, †
whose soul is not sét on *vain* thíngs,
who has not swórn deceitful wórds.

Blessings from the Lórd shall he *recéive*,
and right reward from the Gód *who* sáves him.

Such are the péople *who* séek him,
who seek the face of the Gód *of* Jácob.

O gates, lift hígh *your* héads;
grow hígher, *ancient* dóors.

Let him enter, the kíng *of* glóry!
Who is this kíng *of* glóry?

The Lord, the mǐghty, *the* váliant;
the Lord, the váliant *in* wár.

Glory.

tr. Lift up yourselves, you eternal gates, and the king of glory will enter.

V



E-levá-mi-ni, portæ æterná-les, et intro-í-bit rex gló-ri-æ.

Take up my cáuse *and* réscue me.
— Be true to your word, gíve *me* lífe.

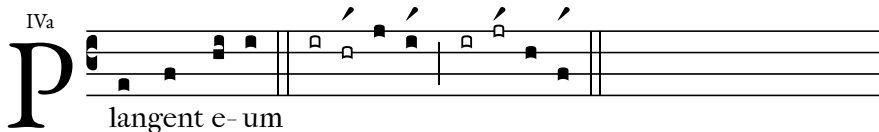
1st Reading: Hebrews

2nd Reading: An ancient homily on Holy Saturday

Lamentations of Jeremiah

Third Series of Three

The Prayer of Jeremiah



PSALM 64

Hear, O God, the voice of my *compláint*;
guard my life from dréad of *the fóe*.

From the assembly of the *wicked*, hídé me,
from the throng of thóse who *do évil*.

They sharpen their tóngues *like* swórds.

They aim bitter wórds *like* árrows,

to shoot at the ínnocent *from ámbush*,
shooting súddenly *and féarlessly*.

Holding firm in their *évil* cóurse,
they conspire to lay *sécret* snáres.

They are saying, "Whó *will* sée us?
Who can séarch out *our* crímes?"

They have hatched their *wicked* plóts,
and brought their plóts to *perféction*.

How profound the depths of the *heart*! †
God will shoot them with *his* árrow,
and deal them súdden wóunds.

Their own tongue will bríng them *to* rúin;
all who see them will sháke *their* héads.

Then will áll be *afráid*;
they will tell what Gód *has* dóne.

They will pónder *his* déeds.

The just one will rejóice in *the* Lórd;

and fly to hím *for* réfuge.

All upright héarts *will* glóry.

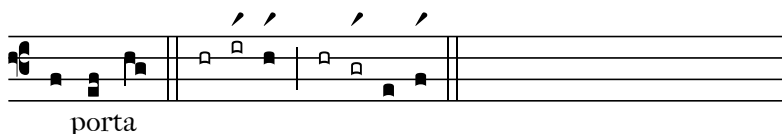
Glory.

tr. They shall mourn for him as an only begotten son,
because the innocent Lord has been slain.

IVa



II
A



ISAIAH 38

I said: In the midst of my days I must *depart*. †
I am consigned to the *gátes of Shéol*
for the *rést of my yéars*.

I said, I *sháll not sée*
the Lord in the *lánd of the líving*;

no more shall I look on the *húman ráce*,
on those who *inhábit the wórld*.

My dwelling is pulled up and *remóved from mé*
like a *shépherd's tént*;

he has rolled up my *lífe* like a *wéaver*,
who severs me *fróm the last thréad*.

From dawn to dusk you bring me *tó an énd*
I cry for *hélp until mórning*.

Like a lion he crushes *áll my bónes*.
From dawn to dusk you bring me *tó an énd*

Like a young swallow I *murmur*; †
like a *dóve I móan*.

My eyes grow weary *gázíng héavenward*.

You saved my soul from the *pít of destrúction*,
for you have cast behind your back *áll my síns*.

For Sheol cannot give *you* thánks
nor can déath give *you* práise;
nor can those who descend into *the* pít
hope any longer in *your* fáithfulness.

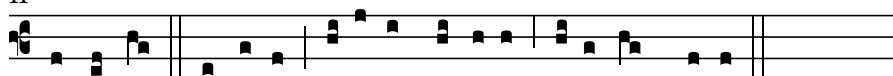
The living, the living give you thanks as Í do *this* dáy.
Parents make known to their children *your* fáithfulness.

The Lord is hère *to* sáve me,
and we will sing to the sóund *of* ínstruments,
all the dáy's of *our* líves
in the hóuse of *the* Lórd.

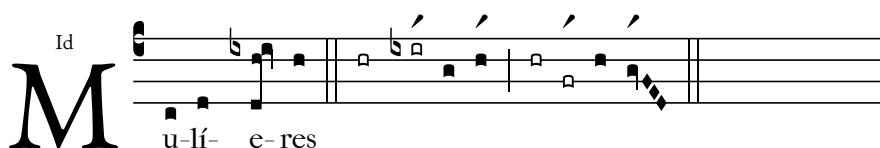
Glory.

tr. Deliver my soul from the gates of hell.

II



A porta infè-ri éru-e, Dómine, ánimam me- am.



u-lí- e-res

PSALM 150

Praise God in his hóly pláce;
praise him in his míghty fírmament.

Praise him for his pówerful déeds;
praise him for his bóundless grándeur

O praise him with sóund *of* trúmpet;
praise him with lúte *and* hárp.

Praise him with tímbrel *and* dánce;
praise him with stríngs *and* pípes.

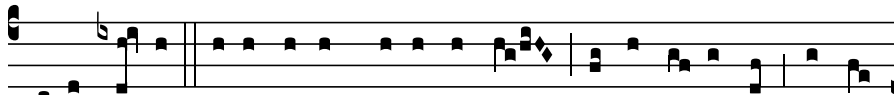
O praise him with resounding cymbals; †
praise him with cláshing *of* cýmbals.

Let everything that breathes práise *the* Lórd!

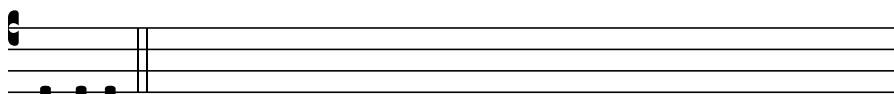
Glory.

tr. The women sitting at the tomb lamented, weeping for the Lord.

Id



Mu-lí- e-res sedéntes ad monuméntum, lamenta-bántur, flentes

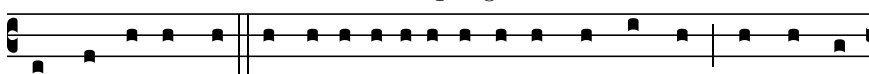


Dóminum.

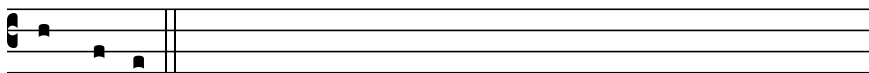
Reading - Hosea

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. Savior of the world, save us, who redeemed us by the cross and blood:
Help us, we pray you, our God.

Ben. VIIa



rede-mí-sti nos; auxi-li- áre no-bis, te deprecámur, De-us noster.

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:

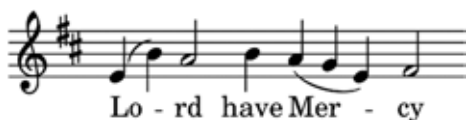
to grant knowledge of salvátion to *his* péople
by the forgíveness of *their* síns;

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

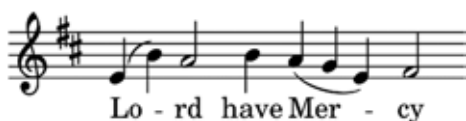
to shine on those who sit in darkness, †
and those in the shádown *of* déath;
to guide our feet into the wáy *of* péace.
Glory.

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:

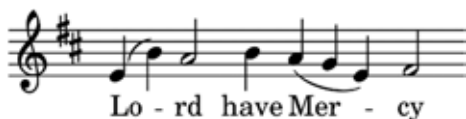
Middle:



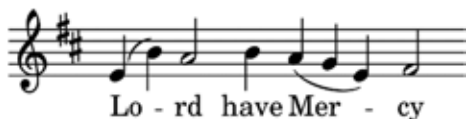
People:



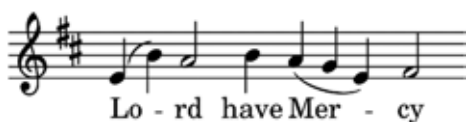
Front:



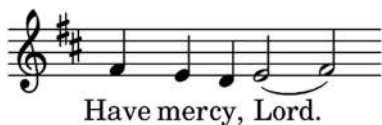
People:



Front:



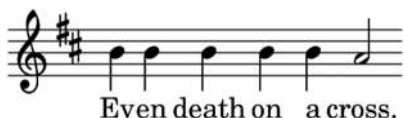
Middle:



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."

All-powerful and ever-living God,
 your only Son went down among the dead
 and rose again in glory.
 In your goodness
 raise up your faithful people,
 buried with him in baptism,
 to be one with him
 in the everlasting life of heaven,
 where he 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.