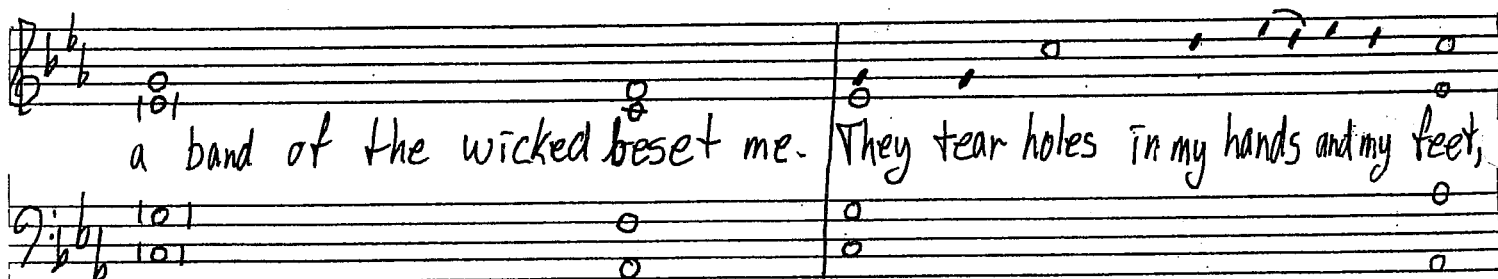
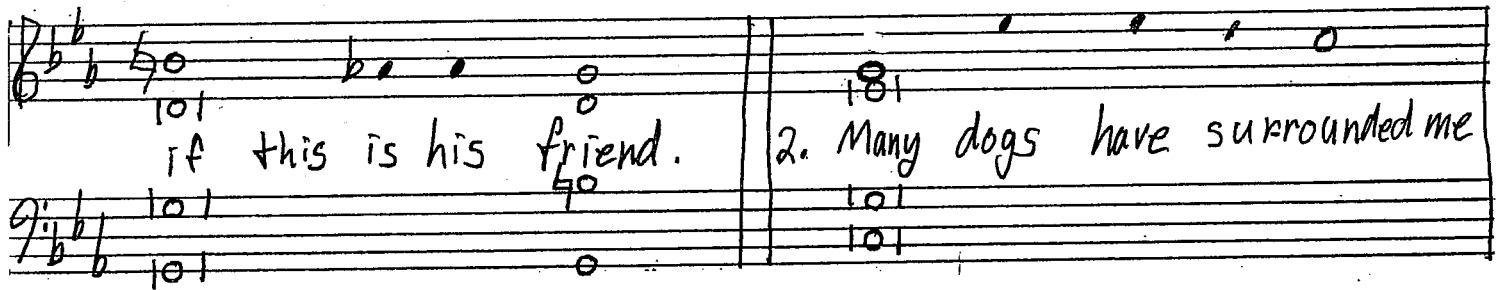
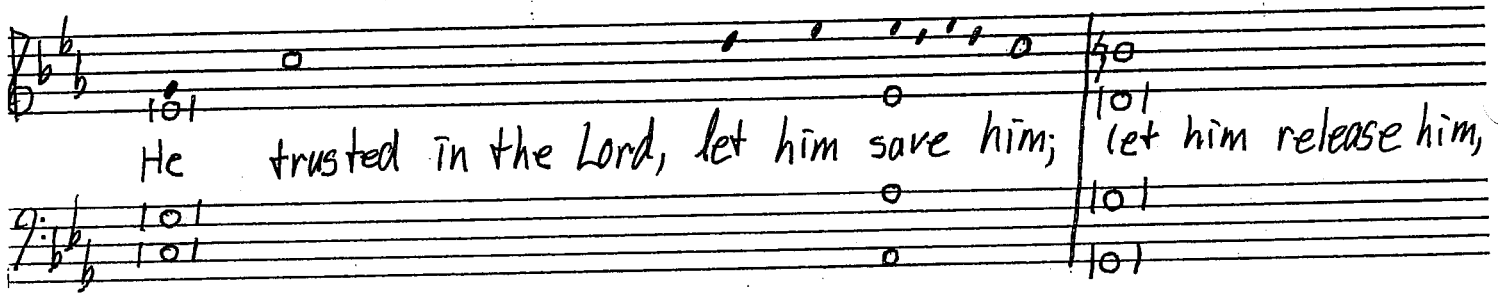
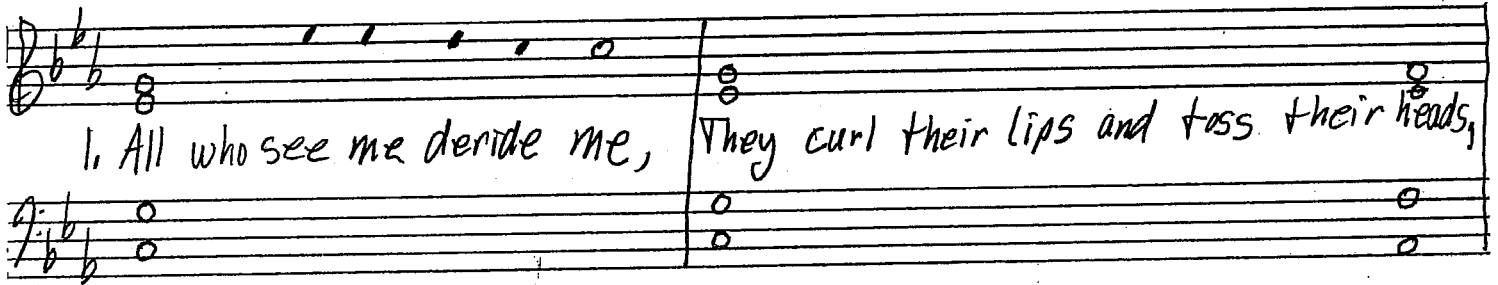
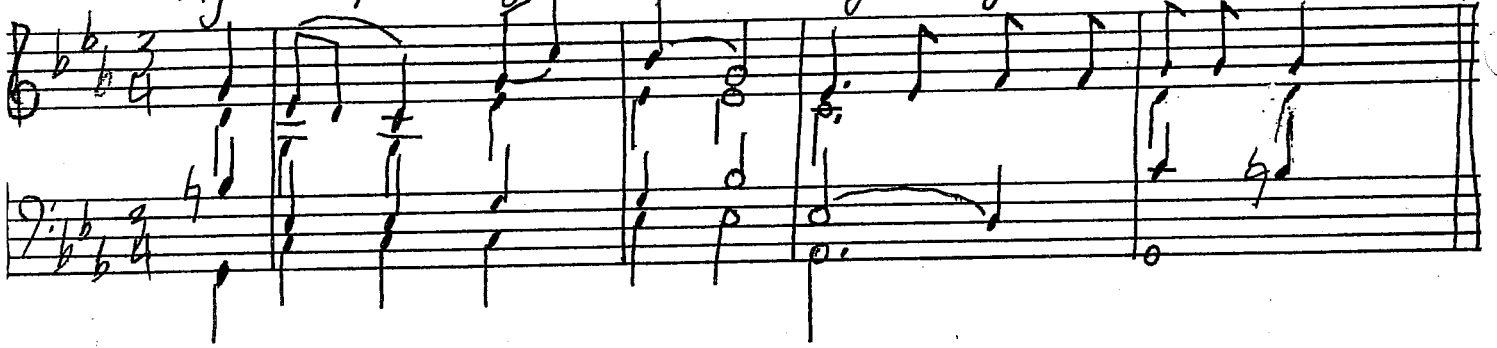


My God, my God—, Why have you for-sak-en me?



and Lay me in the dust of death. 3. I can count every one of my bones.

These people stare at me and gloat; They divide my clothing among them;

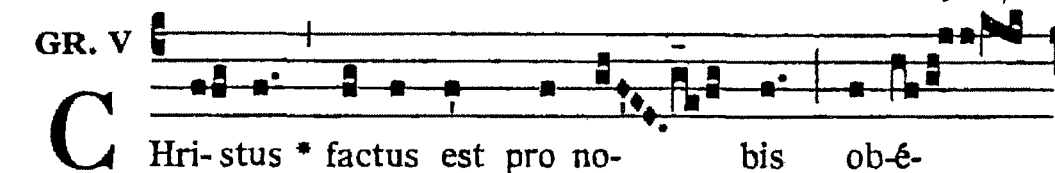
They cast lots for my robe. 4. I will tell your name to my brethren

and praise you where they are assembled, You who fear the Lord give him praise;

all sons of Jacob, give him glory.

*Post lectionem II :**Phil. 2, 8. V. 9*

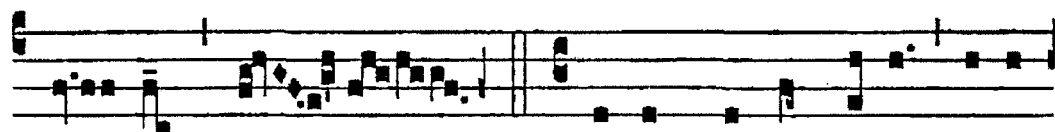
GR. V

**C**

Hri-stus * factus est pro no- bis ob-é-

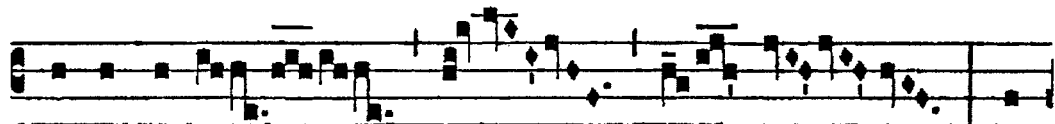


di- ens us-que ad mor-tem, mor-tem au-tem



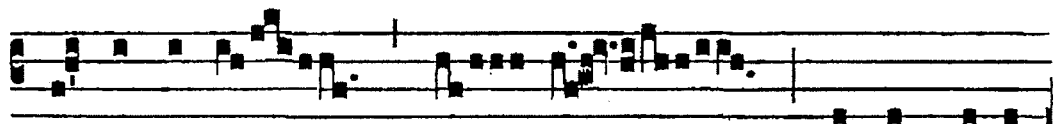
cru- cis.

V. Propter quod et De- us exal-



tá-vit il-lum,

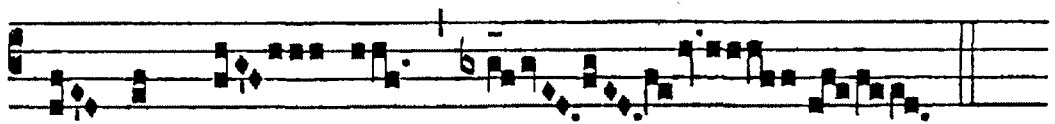
et



de- dit il-li

no- men,

quod est super



o-mne no- men.

Ps. 68, 21, 22

OF. VIII

I

M- propé- ri- um * expectá- vit cor



me-

um,

et mi-

sé-

ri-

am :

et sustí-