

HOLY SATURDAY

SEXT

At the Prior's signal all stand, face the high altar and silently make the Sign of the Cross.

HYMN

VIII

O

Cross, true blessing for the world, our sure redemption,

certain hope, of old you bore the curse of hell and now you shine as

heaven's gate. Your Victim, lifted up on high, has drawn all things un-

to himself; this world's deceitful prince attacks, yet nothing finds to

call his own. May equal glory be to you, O Father, Jesus, Par-aclete,

who give the vict'ry of the Cross to be our joy for ev-ermore. A-men.

Text: *Crux, mundi benedictio*, Saint Peter Damian, O.S.B. Camald., c. 1007–1072, tr. ICEL 2023.

ANTIPHON

Lord, you have saved my soul from hell.

PSALM 27

GOD STANDS BY US IN DANGERS

God now truly dwells with men (Revelation 21:3).

The Lord is my light and my help; *
whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the stronghold of my life; *
before whom shall I shrink?
When evil-doers draw near *
to devour my flesh,
it is they, my enemies and foes, *
who stumble and fall.
Though an army encamp against me *
my heart would not fear.
Though war break out against me *
even then would I trust.
There is one thing I ask of the Lord, *
for this I long,
to live in the house of the Lord, *
all the days of my life,
to savor the sweetness of the Lord, *
to behold his temple.
For there he keeps me safe in his tent *
in the day of evil.
He hides me in the shelter of his tent, *
on a rock he sets me safe.
And now my head shall be raised *
above my foes who surround me,
and I shall offer within his tent †
a sacrifice of joy. *
I will sing and make music for the Lord.
O Lord, hear my voice when I call; *
have mercy and answer.
Of you my heart has spoken: *
“Seek his face.”
It is your face, O Lord, that I seek; *
hide not your face.

Dismiss not your servant in anger; *
 you have been my help.
Do not abandon or forsake me, *
 O God my help
Though father and mother forsake me, *
 the Lord will receive me.
Instruct me, Lord, in your way; *
 on an even path lead me.
When they lie in ambush, protect me *
 from my enemy's greed.
False witnesses rise against me, *
 breathing out fury.
I am sure I shall see the Lord's goodness *
 in the land of the living.
Hope in him, hold firm and take heart. *
 Hope in the Lord
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
 and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
 and will be for ever. Amen.

PSALM 30

THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH

Christ, risen in glory, gives continual thanks to his Father (Cassian).

I will praise you, Lord, you have rescued me *
 and have not let my enemies rejoice over me.
O Lord, I cried to you for help *
 and you, my God, have healed me.
O Lord, you have raised my soul from the dead, *
 restored me to life from those who sink into the grave.
Sing psalms to the Lord, you who love him, *
 give thanks to his holy name.
His anger lasts but a moment; his favor through life. *
 At night there are tears, but joy comes with dawn.
I said to myself in my good fortune: *
 "Nothing will ever disturb me."
Your favor had set me on a mountain fastness, *
 then you hid your face and I was put to confusion.

To you, Lord, I cried, *
to my God I made appeal:
“What profit would my death be, my going to the grave? *
Can dust give you praise or proclaim your truth?”
The Lord listened and had pity. *
The Lord came to my help.
For me you have changed my mourning into dancing, *
you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy.
So my soul sings psalms to you unceasingly. *
O Lord my God, I will thank you for ever.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

PSALM 76

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

They will see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven (Matthew 24:30).

God is made known in Judah; *
in Israel his name is great.
He set up his tent in Jerusalem *
and his dwelling place in Zion.
It was there he broke the flashing arrows, *
the shield, the sword, the armor.
You, O Lord, are resplendent, *
more majestic than the everlasting mountains.
The warriors, despoiled, slept in death; *
the hands of the soldiers were powerless.
At your threat, O God of Jacob, *
horse and rider lay stunned.
You, you alone, strike terror. *
Who shall stand when your anger is roused?
You uttered your sentence from the heavens; *
the earth in terror was still
when you arose to judge, *
to save the humble of the earth.
Men's anger will serve to praise you; *
its survivors surround you with joy.

Make vows to your God and fulfill them. *

Let all pay tribute to him who strikes terror,
who cuts short the breath of princes, *

who strikes terror in the kings of the earth.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *

and to the Holy Spirit:

as it was in the beginning, is now, *

and will be for ever. Amen.

READING

1 John 2:1b–2

WE have, in the presence of the Father,
Jesus Christ, an intercessor who is just.

He is an offering for our sins,

and not for our sins only,

but for those of the whole world.

℣. The Lord kills and gives life.

℟. He thrusts men down to hell and raises them up again.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

The choir kneels for the concluding collect.

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 and the Holy Spirit,

God, for ever and ever.

℟. Amen.

All depart in silence.