

HOLY SATURDAY

MATINS

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

INVITATORY

IV

C

ome, let us worship Christ, who for our sake suffered death

and was buried.

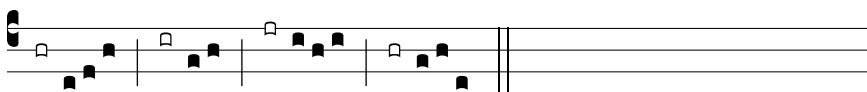
PSALM 95

A CALL TO PRAISE GOD

Encourage each other daily while it is still today (Hebrews 3:13).

Come, let us sing to the Lord
and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.
Let us approach him with praise and thanksgiving
and sing joyful songs to the Lord.

The Lord is God, the mighty God,
the great king over all the gods.
He holds in his hands the depths of the earth
and the highest mountains as well.
He made the sea; it belongs to him,
the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.



Come, then, let us bow down and worship,
bending the knee before the Lord, our maker.
For he is our God and we are his people,
the flock he shepherds.

Today, listen to the voice of the Lord:
Do not grow stubborn, as your fathers did in the wilderness,
when at Meriba and Massah they challenged me and provoked me,
Although they had seen all of my works.

Forty years I endured that generation.
I said, "They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways."
So I swore in my anger,
"They shall not enter into my rest."

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.

HYMN

II
T

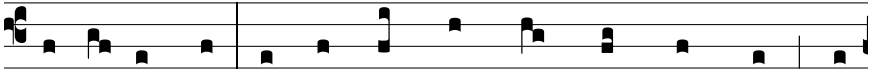
o you, Redeemer of us all, * we sing our hymn with tears



and pray: Forgive us, Lord, for each offense, forgive the sins that



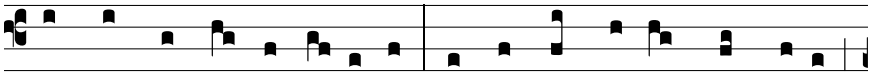
we confess. 2. By death upon the Cross you crushed the forces of



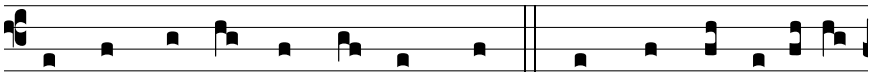
our ancient foe; and we, with brow both signed and sealed, now



raise the banner of our faith. 3. For ev-er in your kindness, Lord,



drive far from us our en- e-my, that he may nev-er wound again



all those you ransomed by your blood. 4. You willed in mercy to



descend and harrow hell on our behalf, that you might give the



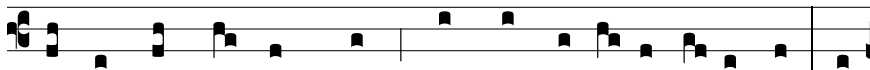
gift of life to all who owe a debt to death. 5. Then at the time you



have ordained you shall dissolve this passing world, the Judge who



justly grants to each the recompense their lives deserve. 6. O Christ,



we beg you, heal our wounds, who with the Father ev-er blest and



with the Spirit ev-ermore are worthy of e-ter-nal praise. A-men.

Text: *Tibi, Redemptor omnium*, 5–6th c., tr. ICEL 2023.

ANTIPHON 1

In peace, I will lie down and sleep.

PSALM 4

THANKSGIVING

The resurrection of Christ was God's supreme and wholly marvelous work (Saint Augustine).

When I call, answer me, O God of justice; *
from anguish you released me, have mercy and hear me!
O men, how long will your hearts be closed, *
will you love what is futile and seek what is false?
It is the Lord who grants favors to those whom he loves; *
the Lord hears me whenever I call him.
Fear him; do not sin; ponder on your bed and be still. *
Make justice your sacrifice, and trust in the Lord.
“What can bring us happiness?” many say. *
Let the light of your face shine on us, O Lord.
You have put into my heart a greater joy *
than they have from abundance of corn and new wine.
I will lie down in peace and sleep comes at once *
for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.
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.

ANTIPHON 2

My body shall rest in hope.

PSALM 16

GOD IS MY PORTION, MY HERITAGE

The Father raised up Jesus from the dead and broke the bonds of death (Acts 2:24).

Preserve me, God, I take refuge in you. †
I say to the Lord: “You are my God. *
My happiness lies in you alone.”
He has put into my heart a marvelous love *
for the faithful ones who dwell in his land.

Those who choose other gods increase their sorrows. †

Never will I offer their offerings of blood. *

Never will I take their name upon my lips.

O Lord, it is you who are my portion and cup; *

it is you yourself who are my prize.

The lot marked out for me is my delight: *

welcome indeed the heritage that falls to me!

I will bless the Lord who gives me counsel, *

who even at night directs my heart.

I keep the Lord ever in my sight: *

since he is at my right hand, I shall stand firm.

And so my heart rejoices, my soul is glad; *

even my body shall rest in safety.

For you will not leave my soul among the dead, *

nor let your beloved know decay.

You will show me the path of life, †

the fullness of joy in your presence, *

at your right hand happiness 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.

ANTIPHON 3

Lift high the ancient portals. The King of glory enters.

PSALM 24

THE LORD'S ENTRY INTO HIS TEMPLE

Christ opened heaven for us in the humanity he assumed (Saint Irenaeus).

The Lord's is the earth and its fullness, *

the world and all its peoples.

It is he who set it on the seas; *

on the waters he made it firm.

Who shall climb the mountain of the Lord? *

Who shall stand in his holy place?

The man with clean hands and pure heart, †

who desires not worthless things, *

who has not sworn so as to deceive his neighbor.

He shall receive blessings from the Lord *
and reward from the God who saves him.

Such are the men who seek him, *
seek the face of the God of Jacob.

O gates, lift high your heads; †
grow higher, ancient doors. *
Let him enter, the king of glory!

Who is the king of glory? †
The Lord, the mighty, the valiant, *
the Lord, the valiant in war.

O gates, lift high your heads; †
grow higher, ancient doors. *
Let him enter, the king of glory!

Who is he, the king of glory? †
He, the Lord of armies, *
he is the king of glory.

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.

℣. Take up my cause and rescue me.

℟. Be true to your word, give me life.

FIRST READING

From the letter to the Hebrews

4:1-13

Let us strive to enter the Lord's rest

WHILE the promise of entrance into his rest still holds, we ought to be fearful of disobeying lest any one of you be judged to have lost his chance of entering. We have indeed heard the good news, as they did. But the word which they heard did not profit them, for they did not receive it in faith.

It is we who have believed who enter into that rest, just as God said:

“Then I swore in my anger,

“They shall never enter into my rest.” Yet God’s work was finished when he created the world, for in reference to the seventh day Scripture somewhere says, “And God rested from all his work on the seventh day”; and again, in the place we have referred to, God says, “They shall never enter into my rest.”

Therefore, since it remains for some to enter, and those to whom it was first announced did not enter because of unbelief, God once more set a day, “today,” when long afterward he spoke through David the words we have quoted:

“Today if you should hear his voice,
harden not your hearts.”

Now if Joshua had led them into the place of rest, God would not have spoken afterward of another day. Therefore, a sabbath rest still remains for the people of God. And he who enters into God’s rest, rests from his own work as God did from his. Let us strive to enter into that rest, so that no one may fall, in imitation of the example of Israel’s unbelief.

Indeed, God’s word is living and effective, sharper than any two-edged sword. It penetrates and divides soul and spirit, joints and marrow; it judges the reflections and thoughts of the heart. Nothing is concealed from him; all lies bare and exposed to the eyes of him to whom we must render an account.

Or, according to Proprium Officiorum Ordinis Prædicatorum, p. 702:

RESPONSORIUM PROLIXUM

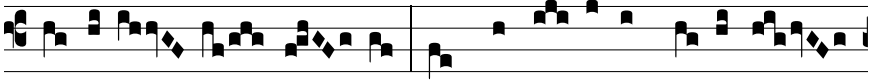
Cf. Io 1:29; 1 Cor 5:7; Venantius Fortunatus, *Pange lingua*

II

A



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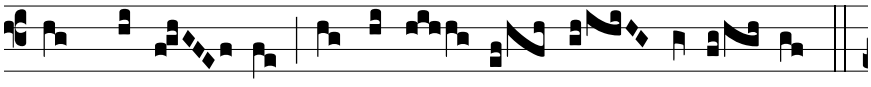
pro sa-lú-te mun-di: nam de pa-réntis pro-toplás-



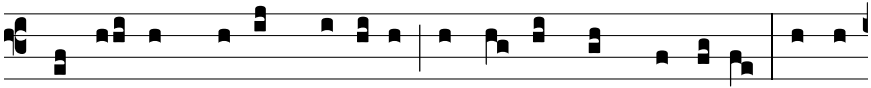
ti fraude Fac-tor cóndo-lens, quando po-mi no-xi-



á-lis morsu in mor-tem córru-it, ipse lignum



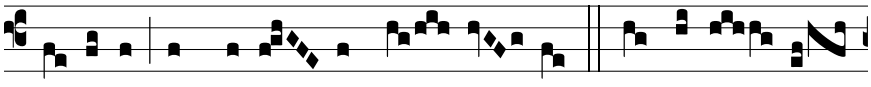
tunc no-tá-vit, damna li-gni ut sólve-ret.



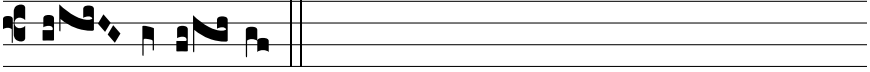
V. Lustris sex qui iam per-áctis tempus implens córpo-ris, se vo-



lén-te na-tus ad hoc, pas-si-ó-ni dé-di-tus, Agnus in cru-ce



le-vá-tur im-mo-lán-dus stí-pi-te. * Damna li-gni



ut sólvē- ret.

*Christ the Lamb of God was sacrificed for the salvation of the world. Grieving over the infidelity of the first-created parent, when by his eating of the fatal fruit he rushed headlong to death, the Creator Himself then designated the tree that it might undo the damage of the tree. ✠. And when thirty years had already passed, completing His earthly time, willingly being born for this, He is delivered to His Passion: the Lamb is lifted on the tree of the Cross to be immolated. * That it might undo the damage of the tree.*

SECOND READING

From an ancient homily on Holy Saturday (PG 43, 439, 451, 462-463)

The Lord descends into hell

SOMETHING strange is happening—there is a great silence on earth today, a great silence and stillness. The whole earth keeps silence because the King is asleep. The earth trembled and is still because God has fallen asleep in the flesh and he has raised up all who have slept ever since the world began. God has died in the flesh and hell trembles with fear.

He has gone to search for our first parent, as for a lost sheep. Greatly desiring to visit those who live in darkness and in the shadow of death, he has gone to free from sorrow the captives Adam and Eve, he who is both God and the son of Eve. The Lord approached them bearing the cross, the weapon that had won him the victory. At the sight of him Adam, the first man he had created, struck his breast in terror and cried out to everyone: “My Lord be with you all.” Christ answered him: “And with your spirit.” He took him by the hand and raised him up, saying: “Awake, O sleeper, and rise from the dead, and Christ will give you light.”

I am your God, who for your sake have become your son. Out of love for you and for your descendants I now by my own authority command all who are held in bondage to come forth, all who are in darkness to be enlightened, all who are sleeping to arise. I order you, O sleeper, to awake. I did not create you to be held a prisoner in hell. Rise from the dead, for I am the life of the dead. Rise up, work of my hands, you who were created in my image. Rise, let us leave this place, for you are in me and I am in you; together we form only one person and we cannot be separated.

For your sake I, your God, became your son; I, the Lord, took the form of a slave; I, whose home is above the heavens, descended to the earth and beneath the earth. For your sake, for the sake of man, I became like a man without help, free among the dead. For the sake of you, who left a garden, I was betrayed to the Jews in a garden, and I was crucified in a garden.

See on my face the spittle I received in order to restore to you the life I once breathed into you. See there the marks of the blows I received in order to refashion your warped nature in my image. On my back see the marks of the scourging I endured to remove the burden of sin that weighs upon your back. See my hands, nailed firmly to a tree, for you who once wickedly stretched out your hand to a tree.

I slept on the cross and a sword pierced my side for you who slept in paradise and brought forth Eve from your side. My side has healed the pain

in yours. My sleep will rouse you from your sleep in hell. The sword that pierced me has sheathed the sword that was turned against you.

Rise, let us leave this place. The enemy led you out of the earthly paradise. I will not restore you to that paradise, but I will enthrone you in heaven. I forbade you the tree that was only a symbol of life, but see, I who am life itself am now one with you. I appointed cherubim to guard you as slaves are guarded, but now I make them worship you as God. The throne formed by cherubim awaits you, its bearers swift and eager. The bridal chamber is adorned, the banquet is ready, the eternal dwelling places are prepared, the treasure houses of all good things lie open. The kingdom of heaven has been prepared for you from all eternity.

RESPONSORY

Our shepherd, the source of the water of life, has died.

The sun was darkened when he passed away.

But now man's captor is made captive.

– This is the day when our Savior broke through the gates of death.

He has destroyed the barricades of hell,

overthrown the sovereignty of the devil.

– This is the day when our Savior broke through the gates of death.

Or, according to Proprium Officiorum Ordinis Prædicatorum, p. 703:

ORATIO IEREMIÆ

Ier 5:1–22

For Latin text with musical notation, see p. 26. For English text with musical notation, see p. 30.

The Prayer of Jeremiah the Prophet. Remember, Lord, what has happened to us, pay attention, and see our disgrace: Our heritage is turned over to strangers, our homes, to foreigners. We have become orphans, without fathers; our mothers are like widows. We pay money to drink our own water, our own wood comes at a price. With a yoke on our necks, we are driven; we are worn out, but allowed no rest.

We extended a hand to Egypt and Assyria, to satisfy our need of bread. Our ancestors, who sinned, are no more; but now we bear their guilt. Servants rule over us, with no one to tear us from their hands. We risk our lives just to get bread, exposed to the desert heat; Our skin heats up like an oven, from the searing blasts of famine.

Women are raped in Zion, young women in the cities of Judah; Princes have been hanged by them, elders shown no respect. Young men carry millstones, boys stagger under loads of wood; The elders have abandoned the gate, the young men their music.

The joy of our hearts has ceased, dancing has turned into mourning; The crown has fallen from our head: woe to us that we sinned! Because of this our hearts grow sick, at this our eyes grow dim: Because of Mount Zion, lying desolate, and the jackals roaming there!

But you, Lord, are enthroned forever; your throne stands from age to age. Why have you utterly forgotten us, forsaken us for so long? Bring us back to you, Lord, that we may return: renew our days as of old. For now you have indeed rejected us and utterly turned your wrath against us.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God!

LAUDS

ANTIPHON 1

Though sinless, the Lord has been put to death. The world is in mourning
as for an only son.

PSALM 64

PRAYER FOR HELP AGAINST ENEMIES

This psalm commemorates most particularly our Lord's passion (Saint Augustine).

Hear my voice, O God, as I complain, *
guard my life from dread of the foe.
Hide me from the band of the wicked, *
from the throng of those who do evil.
They sharpen their tongues like swords; *
they aim bitter words like arrows
to shoot at the innocent from ambush, *
shooting suddenly and recklessly.
They scheme their evil course; *
they conspire to lay secret snares.
They say: "Who will see us? *
Who can search out our crimes?"
He will search who searches the mind *
and knows the depth of the heart.
God has shot them with his arrow *
and dealt them sudden wounds.
Their own tongue has brought them to ruin *
and all who see them mock.
Then will all men fear; †
they will tell what God has done. *
They will understand God's deeds.
The just will rejoice in the Lord †
and fly to him for refuge. *
All the upright hearts will glory.
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.

ANTIPHON 2

From the jaws of hell, Lord, rescue my soul.

CANTICLE: ISAIAH 38:10-14, 17B-20

ANGUISH OF A DYING MAN AND JOY IN HIS RESTORATION

I was living, I was dead . . . and I hold the keys of death (Revelation 1:17-18).

Once I said, *

“In the noontime of life I must depart!

To the gates of the nether world I shall be consigned *
for the rest of my years.”

I said, “I shall see the Lord no more *
in the land of the living.

No longer shall I behold my fellow men *
among those who dwell in the world.”

My dwelling, like a shepherd’s tent, *
is struck down and borne away from me;
you have folded up my life, like a weaver *
who severs the last thread.

Day and night you give me over to torment; *
I cry out until the dawn.

Like a lion he breaks all my bones; *
day and night you give me over to torment.

Like a swallow I utter shrill cries; *
I moan like a dove.

My eyes grow weak, gazing heaven-ward: *
O Lord, I am in straits; be my surety!

You have preserved my life *
from the pit of destruction,

When you cast behind your back *
all my sins.

For it is not the nether world that gives you thanks, *
nor death that praises you;

Neither do those who go down into the pit *
await your kindness.

The living, the living give you thanks, *
as I do today.

Fathers declare to their sons, *
O God, your faithfulness.

The Lord is our savior; *
we shall sing to stringed instruments
In the house of the Lord *
all the days of our life.
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.

ANTIPHON 3

I was dead, but now I live for ever, and I hold the keys of death and of hell.

PSALM 150

PRAISE THE LORD

Let mind and heart be in your song: this is to glorify God with your whole self (Hesychius).

Praise God in his holy place, *
praise him in his mighty heavens.
Praise him for his powerful deeds, *
praise his surpassing greatness.
O praise him with sound of trumpet, *
praise him with lute and harp.
Praise him with timbrel and dance, *
praise him with strings and pipes.
O praise him with resounding cymbals, *
praise him with clashing of cymbals.
Let everything that lives and that breathes *
give praise to 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.

READING

Hos 5:15b-16:2

THUS says the Lord,
 In their affliction, they shall look for me:
 “Come, let us return to the Lord,
 For it is he who has rent, but he will heal us;
 he has struck us, but he will bind our wounds.
 He will revive us after two days;
 on the third day he will raise us up,
 to live in his presence.”

RESPONSORY

Phil 2:8; ¶. 9

VI

C

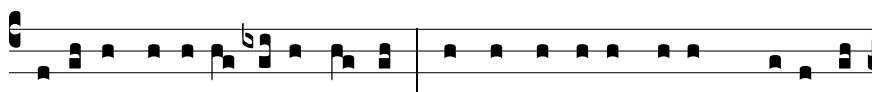
hri- stus * factus est pro no- bis o-bé- di-

ens us- que ad mor- tem, mor- tem au- tem cru- cis.

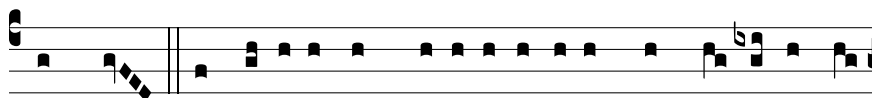
¶. Propter quod et De- us ex-al-tá-vit il-lum,

et de- dit il-li

no- men, * quod est su- per o- mne no- men.



Sa-lú-tem ex i-ni-mí-cis nostris, * et de ma-nu ómni-um, qui o-dé-



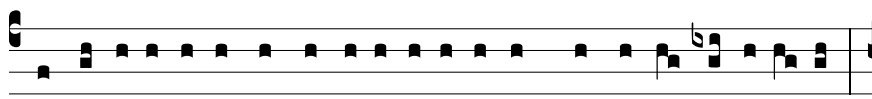
runt nos. Ad fa-ci-éndam mi-se-ri-córdi-am cum pá-tri-bus no-



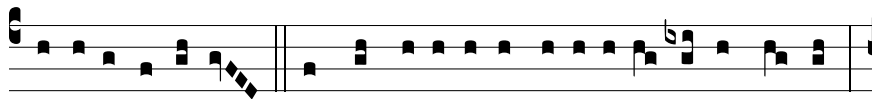
stris: * et memo-rá-ri testaménti su-i sancti. Iusiu-rándum, quod



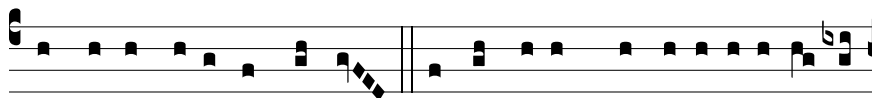
iu-rá-vit ad Abra-ham patrem nostrum, * da-tú-rum se no-bis:



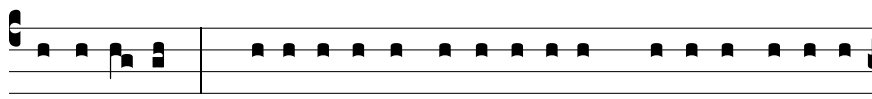
Ut si-ne timó-re, de ma-nu i-nimi-có-rum nostró-rum li-be-rá-ti, *



servi-á-mus il-li. In sancti-tá-te, et iustí-ti-a co-ram i-pso, *



ó-mni-bus di-é-bus nostris. Et tu, pu-er, Prophé-ta Altís-si-mi



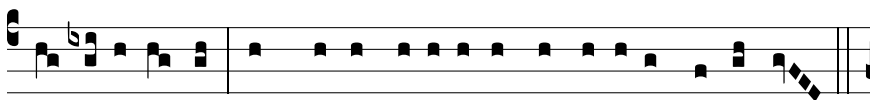
vo-cá-be-ris: * præ-í-bis e-nim ante fá-ci-em Dó-mi-ni, pa-rá-re



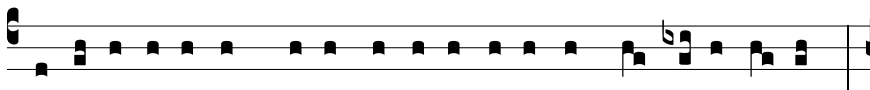
vi-as e-ius: Ad dandam sci-énti-am sa-lú-tis ple-bi e-ius: * in



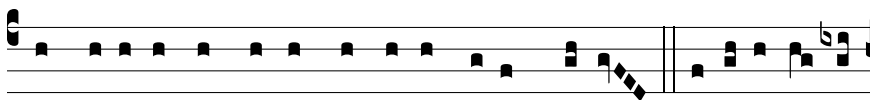
remis-si- ó-nem pecca-tó-rum e- ó-rum: Per vísce-ra mi-se-ri-córdi-



æ De- i nostri: * in qui-bus vi-si-tá-vit nos, ó-ri- ens ex al-to:



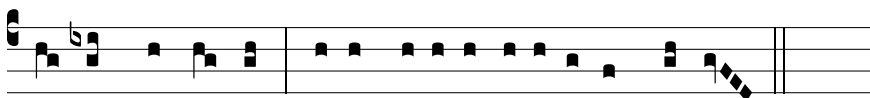
Il-lumi-ná-re his, qui in té-nebris, et in umbra mortis se-dent: *



ad di-ri-géndo-s pe-des nostros in vi-am pa-cis. Gló-ri- a Pa-tri,



et Fí-li- o, * et Spi-rí-tu- i Sancto. Si-cut e-rat in princí-pi- o,



et nunc, et semper, * et in sáecu-la sáecu-ló-rum. Amen.

GOSPEL CANTICLE

The women sitting at the sepulchre were weeping and mourning for the Lord.

CANTICLE OF ZECHARIAH (LUKE 1:68-79)

THE MESSIAH AND HIS FORERUNNER

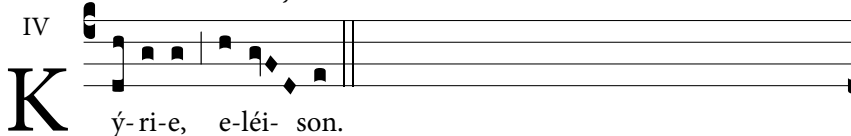
BLESSED be the Lord, the God of Israel; *
 he has come to his people and set them free.
 He has raised up for us a mighty savior, *
 born of the house of his servant David.
 Through his holy prophets he promised of old †
 that he would save us from our enemies, *
 from the hands of all who hate us.

He promised to show mercy to our fathers *
and to remember his holy covenant.
This was the oath he swore to our father Abraham: *
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
free to worship him without fear, *
holy and righteous in his sight all the days of our life.
You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High; *
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
to give his people knowledge of salvation *
by the forgiveness of their sins.
In the tender compassion of our God *
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, *
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.
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.

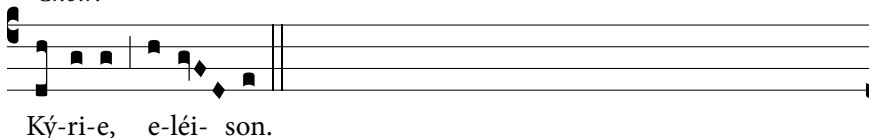
PRECES

For the Preces all stand facing the altar. Two friars stand by the Lady Lectern and two friars stand in the middle of the choir.

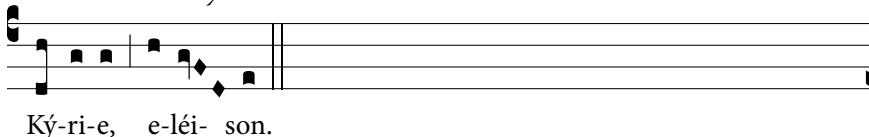
Friars at the Lady Lectern:



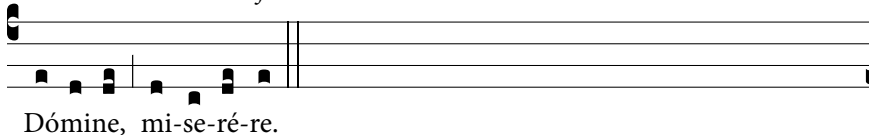
Choir:



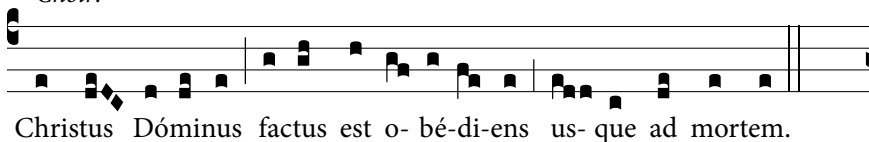
Friars at the Lady Lectern:



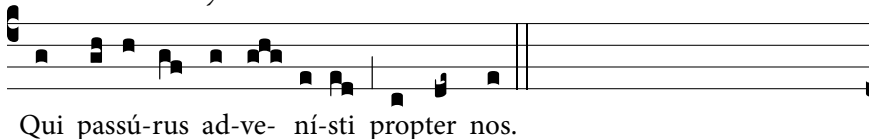
Friars in the middle of the choir:



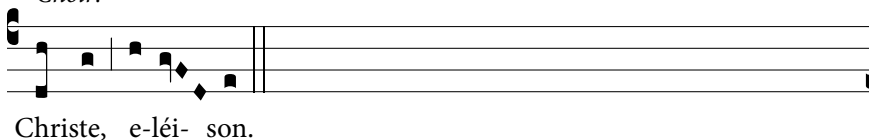
Choir:



Friars at the Lady Lectern:



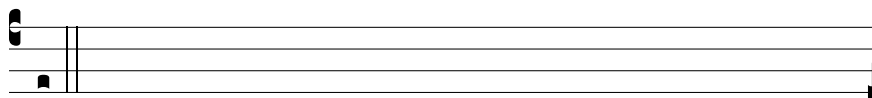
Choir:



Friars at the Lady Lectern:

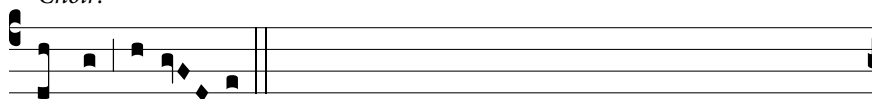


Qui expánsis in cru-ce mánibus, tra-xí-sti óm-ni- a ad te sáe-cu-



la.

Choir:

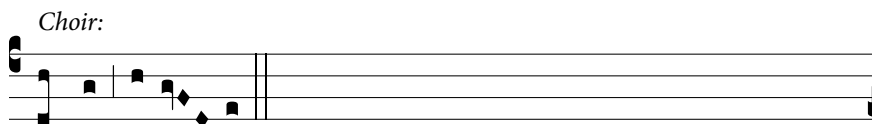


Christe, e-léi- son.

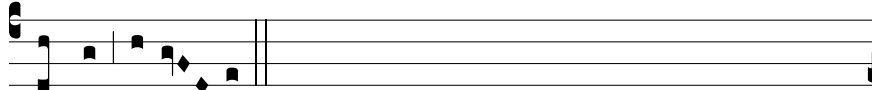
Friars at the Lady Lectern:



Qui prophéti-ce prompsí- sti: E-ro mors tu-a, o mors.

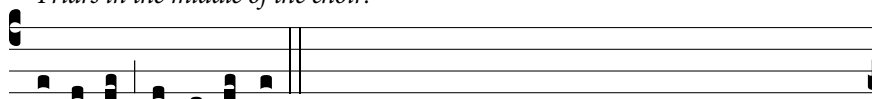


Choir:



Christe, e-léi- son.

Friars in the middle of the choir:



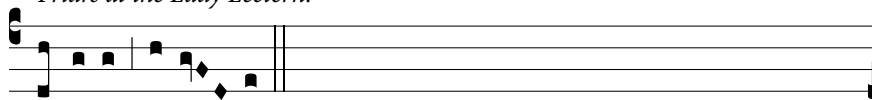
Dómine, mi-se-ré-re.

Choir:

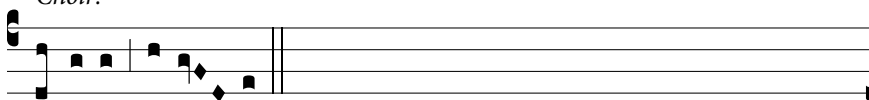


Christus Dóminus factus est o- bé-di-ens us- que ad mortem.

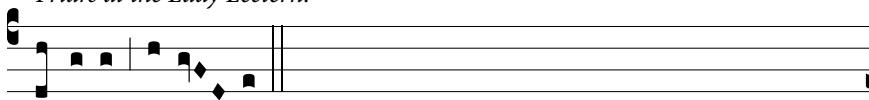
Friars at the Lady Lectern:



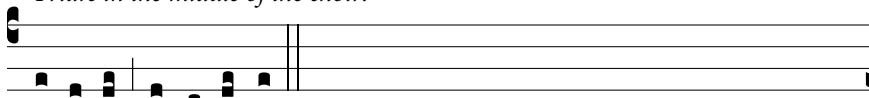
Ký-ri-e, e-léi- son.

Choir:

Ký-ri-e, e-léi- son.

Friars at the Lady Lectern:

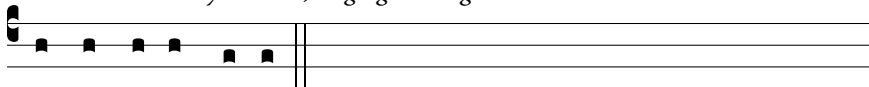
Ký-ri-e, e-léi- son.

Friars in the middle of the choir:

Dómine, mi-se-ré-re.

Choir:

Christus Dóminus factus est o- bé-di-ens us- que ad mortem.

Friars at the Lady Lectern, singing in a higher voice:

Mortem autem crucis.

Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy. Have mercy, Lord. Christ the Lord became obedient unto death. You who came to suffer for us, Christ have mercy. You who with arms outstretched upon the cross have drawn us all to yourself, Christ have mercy. You who said in prophecy: O death, where are your plagues? Christ have mercy. Have mercy, Lord. Christ the Lord became obedient unto death. Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy. Lord have mercy. Have mercy, Lord. Christ the Lord became obedient unto death. Even death on a cross!

THE LORD'S PRAYER

When the Preces are concluded all remain standing in silence until the Prior begins the Our Father.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

When the Our Father is concluded the choir turns and 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.

ORATIO IEREMIÆ

Ier 5:1-22

O

- rá- ti- o Ie-remí- æ Pro- phé-tæ.

Re-cordá-re, Dómi-ne, quid accí-de-rit no- bis: in- tu-é-re et ré-

spi-ce oppró- bri- um nostrum.

He-ré-di-tas nostra

versa est ad a-li- é- nos: domus nostræ ad extrá- ne- os. Pu-píl-

li facti sumus absque pa- tre, ma- tres nostræ qua-si ví-du-

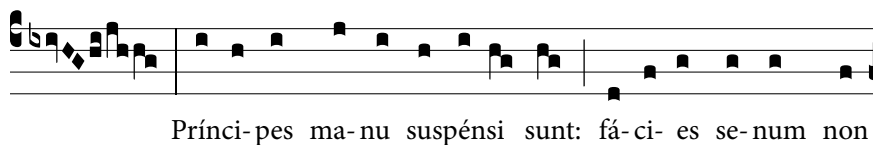
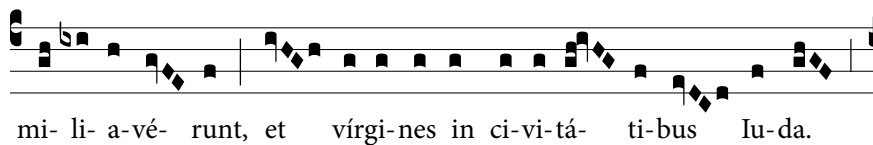
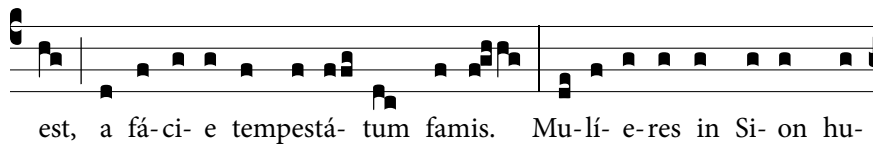
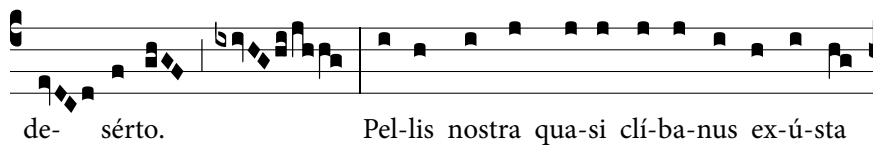
æ.

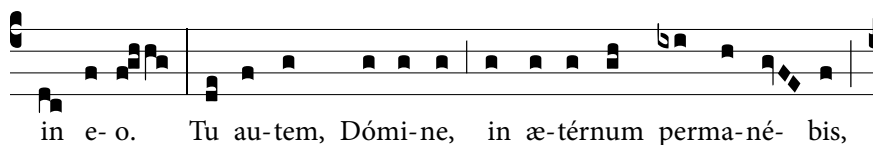
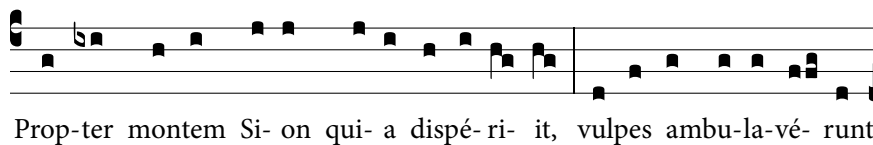
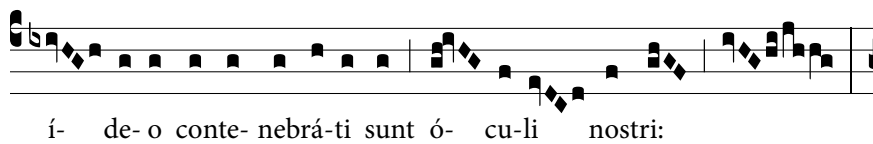
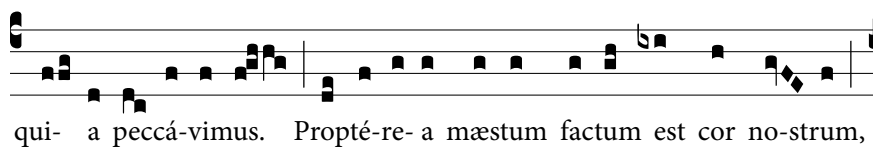
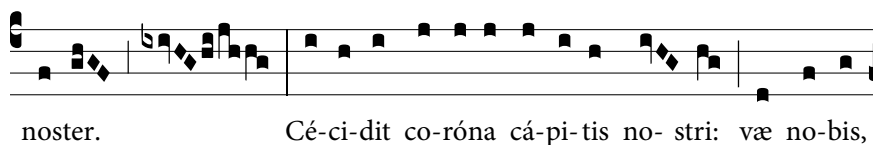
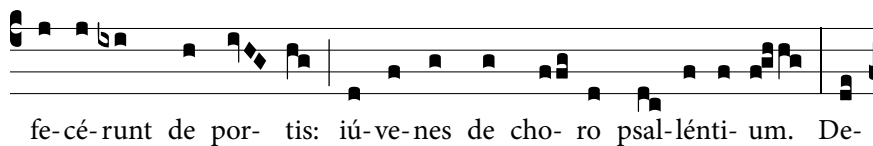
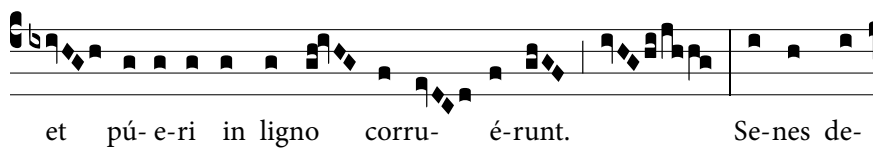
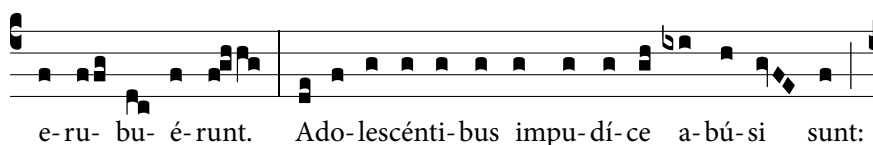
Aquam nostram pe-cú-ni- a bí-bi-mus: ligna no-

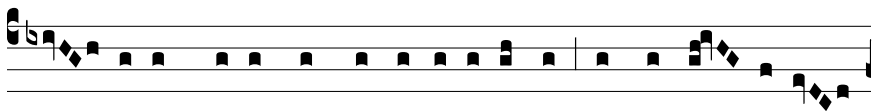
stra pré-ti- o compa-rá-vimus. Cerví-ci-bus nostris mi-na-bá- mur,

las- sis non da- bá-tur réqui- es.

Ægýpto dé-di-







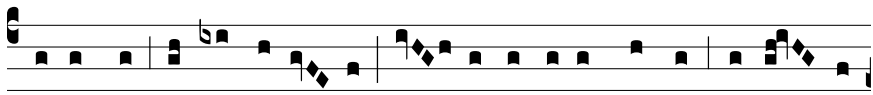
só- li- um tu-um in ge-ne-ra-ti- ó-nem et ge-ne- ra-ti-



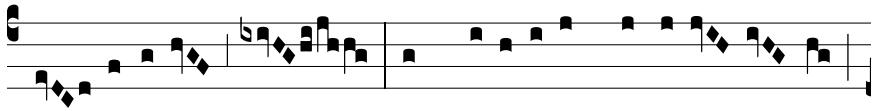
ó-nem. Qua-re in perpé-tu-um obli-viscé-ris no- stri?



de-re-línques nos in longi-tú- di-ne di- é-rum? Converté nos, Dómi-



ne, ad te, et converté- mur: ín- no-va di- es nostros, si-cut a



prin- cí-pi- o. Sed pro- í-ci- ens re-pu-lí- sti nos,



i-rá-tus es contra nos ve-heménter. Ie-rú-sa-lem, Ie-rú-sa- lem,



con- vérté-re ad Dómi-num De-um tu-um.

PRAYER OF JEREMIAH

Ier 5:1-22

The Prayer of the Pro-phet Je-re-miah.

Remember, LORD, what has happened to us, pay at-tention,

and see our disgrace: Our her-it-age is turned o-

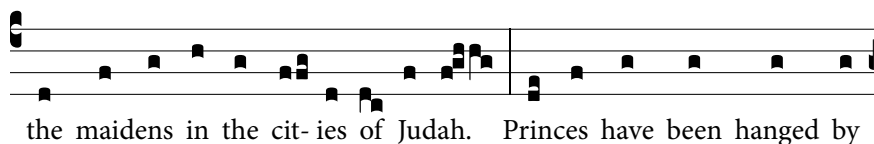
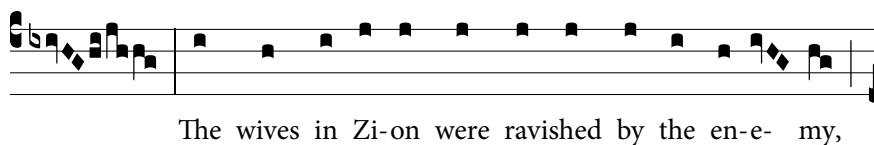
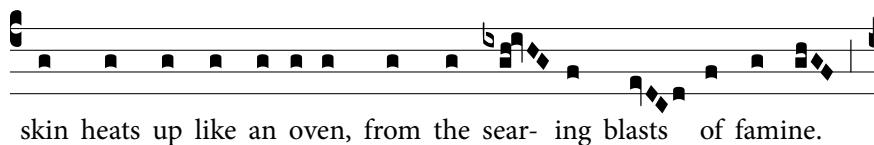
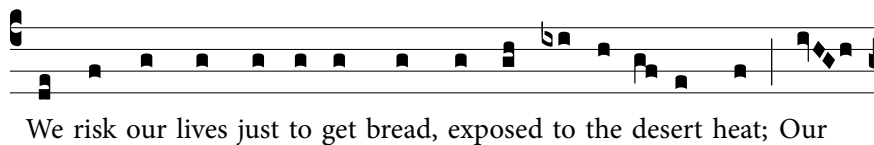
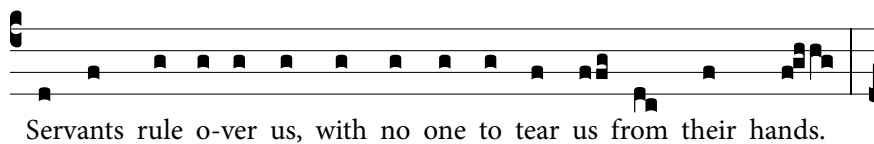
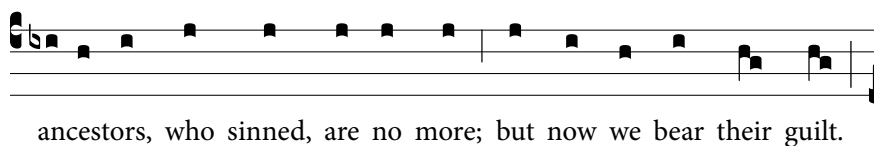
ver to strangers, our homes, to foreigners. We have become orph-

ans, without fathers; our mothers are like widows. We pay money

to drink our own wa-ter, our own wood comes at a price.

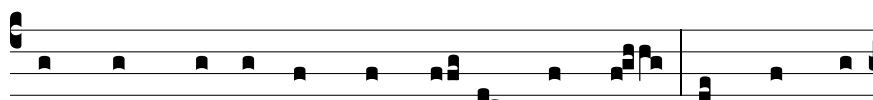
With a yoke on our necks, we are driven; we are worn

out, but allowed no rest. We extended a hand to Egypt and As-

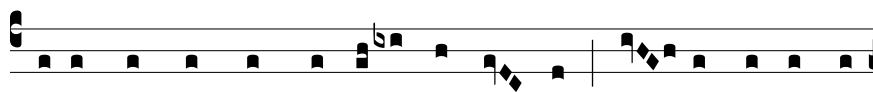




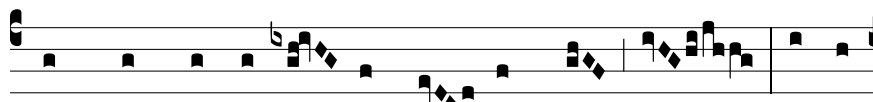
doned the gate, the young men their mu-sic. The joy of our hearts



has ceased, dancing has turned in- to mourning; The crown has



fallen from our head: woe to us that we sinned! Be- cause of this our



hearts grow sick, at this our eyes grow dim: Because



of Mount Zion, ly-ing des-olate, and the jackals roaming there!



But you, LORD are enthroned forev- er; your throne stands from



age to age. Why have you ut-ter-ly forgotten us,



forsaken us for so long? Bring us back to you, LORD, that we may



return: renew our days as of old. For now you have indeed reject-



ed us and ut-ter-ly turned your wrath a-against us. Je-ru-salem,



Je-ru-sa-lem, re- turn to the Lord your God!