



O God, it is your will that we should be baptised into the death of your Son our Saviour; give us true repentance that we may pass with him through the grave and gate of death, and be reborn to new life in joy, through him who died, was buried and who rose for us, Jesus our Lord.  
— Amen.

## HOLY SATURDAY: MORNING

### Introduction

O my people what have I done to you? How have I grieved you?

Answer me! — Kyrie eleison!

I gave you from the rock living waters of salvation: you gave me gall to drink, you quenched my thirst with vinegar!

— O my people . . . — Kyrie eleison!

I struck down kings for you: you struck me with a reed!

— O my people . . . — Kyrie eleison!

I put the sceptre into your hand, I made you a royal people: you crowned me with the crown of thorns!

— O my people . . . — Kyrie eleison!

I made you great by my boundless power: you hanged me on the gallows of the Cross!

— O my people . . . — Kyrie eleison! *Antiphon:*

You have sent me to the bottom of the Pit,  
into the darkest depths of the abyss.

### Psalm 87 (*Heb. 88*)

Lord my God, I call out by day,  
and before you I stand through the night;  
let my prayer come to your ears,  
hear when I call for help.

I call to you, O Lord, every day,  
to you I stretch out my hands;  
did you ever work wonders for the dead?  
Do the shades rise up to give praise?

For my soul is filled with much pain,  
I am poised on the brink of death;  
they count me as one for the grave,  
I am a man without strength.

Does the grave declare your great love?  
Is your truth proclaimed in the tombs?  
Are your wonders admired in the dark,  
or your mercy where all is forgotten?

Forsaken among the dead,  
like the slain lying in their graves;  
one of those you no longer recall,  
far away from your caring hand.

But to you, O Lord, I will cry,  
every morning, my prayer rises up;  
for what cause did you reject me, Lord?  
Why do you hide your face?

You have thrown me to the deep of the Pit,  
thick shadows in the darkest abyss;  
I am crushed by the burdens of wrath,  
overwhelmed by its raging waves.

in sorrow, dying since my youth,  
I am dazed with the burdens of your dread;  
your fury has poured over my head,  
your terrors laid siege to destroy.

My companions have been frightened away,  
the mere sight of me fills them with dread;  
from my prison, no way of escape,  
for sorrow, my eyes have grown dim.

They surround me all the day, like a flood,  
on all sides, against me they draw near;  
you have thrust back my companions and friends,  
my only companion is Night.

### Lamentations

I believe, I shall see the goodness of God in the land of the Living.  
— Hope in God, take heart and be of good courage!  
The lamentations of the prophet . . . (*as on Maundy Thursday morning*)

— Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God.

### Lam. 3 27-33

— Jerusalem . . .

### Lam. 3 46-51

— Jerusalem . . .

### Lam. 3 52-58

— Jerusalem . . .

### Psalms 29 (Heb. 30)

#### Antiphon:

Lord, you have brought up my soul from hell, you have revived me.

I cried out to you for help,  
by you, O God, I was healed.  
O Lord, you have snatched my life from the grave,  
you restored me to life, though I stood at death's door.

Rejoice in the Lord, all his saints,  
give thanks for his holy deeds.  
For a moment his anger, a lifetime his love,  
night falls with weeping, but day breaks in song.

Boasting in prosperity I said:  
Nothing can ever bring me down.  
In your favour I stood as firm as the hills,  
then you hid your face and I was afraid.

#### Epistle

Lord have pity on me, raise me up,  
— And I will know that you are my friend.

From the first Letter of Peter (1 Pet. 3 18-22).

#### Responses

Because of evil, the good man is taken,  
to enter into peace.  
— Because of evil . . .

#### Responses

My life on the brink of hell.

— My life . . .

They think I have gone down to the grave,  
like a man dead and gone.

— My life . . .

I am shut out from among the living,  
like a body lying in the tomb.

— My life . . .

To you, O Lord, I called out,  
I implored your mercy, O God.

What good is my blood, will you gain by my death?  
Will the dust give you praise or proclaim your truth?

Have mercy, hear me, O Lord,  
O God, come to my aid!

You took my sorrow to make it a dance,  
you stripped off my grief and clothed me with joy.

So my heart will not cease to sing your praise,  
O Lord my God, I will ever give you thanks.

The good man perishes and not a soul gives heed.  
— Because of evil . . .

The man of faith is taken away and no one cares.  
— Because of evil . . .

Psalm 15 (Heb. 16)

Antiphon:

My heart exults and my soul rejoices, my body will rest secure.

Defend me, God, my refuge and shield;  
I say to the Lord: You alone are my life.

Their 'glory' and 'princes' I know to be in vain,  
but more and more their idols abound;  
they multiply sorrow and they run after grief,  
never will I worship or bow to their shame.

O Lord, my lot, my portion and my cup,  
you have promised and you will not fail:  
a corner of blessing, marked by the cord,  
my delight is a land you have sworn to give.

I will bless the Lord who has guided my course  
in the deep of night I wake up in joy;  
I will keep the Lord before me all the day long  
since he is at my right I shall not fail.

My heart rejoices and my soul is glad,  
my body too lies quiet at rest;  
you will not abandon my soul in hell,  
no corruption will your servant see.

You will show me the path of life,  
before your face is fullness of joy,  
by your side is undying bliss.

Gospel

God, come to my rescue,

— Lord, support and save me.

From the Gospel according to St Matthew: (Matt. 27 57-66)

Responses

Arise and call in the night,  
through the early, silent watches.

— Arise ...

Pour out your heart like water before the Lord.

— Arise ...

And lift up your hands to him.

— Arise ...

Silence — Anthem

Christ became obedient unto death for us  
obedient unto death upon a cross.

— Christ became obedient ...

And God has exalted him,

giving him the Name above every name.

— Christ became obedient ...

LESSONS

LENT pray to our Redeemer, who suffered for us, was  
born and rose from the dead. R/Lord, have mercy on us.

CHRIST our Lord, you saw your mother standing by the  
cross — may we share your saving passion in our time of  
suffering. R

CHRIST, our Saviour, you died like a grain of wheat falling  
into the ground; — gather us to yourself in the harvest of  
resurrection. R

CHRIST, our shepherd, lying in the tomb you were hidden  
from men; — teach us to love our real life, which is hidden  
with you in God. R

CHRIST, the new Adam, you went down into the world of  
the dead to free the just; — may those who are dead in sin  
hear your voice and live. R

SOUL of the living God, we were buried with you in baptism;  
LENT us rise with you, alive to God for ever. R

*Aleph*

1 I am the man familiar with misery  
under the rod of his anger;  
2 I am the one he has driven and forced to walk  
in darkness, and without any light.  
3 Against me alone he turns his hand,  
again and again, all day long.

*Beth*

4 He has wasted my flesh and skin away,  
has broken my bones.  
5 He has made a yoke for me,  
has encircled my head with weariness,  
6 He has forced me to dwell in darkness  
with the dead of long ago.

*Gimel*

7 He has walled me in; I cannot escape;  
he has made my chains heavy;  
8 and when I call and shout,  
he shuts out my prayer.  
9 He has blocked my ways with cut stones,  
he has obstructed my paths.

*Dalet*

10 For me he has been a lurking bear,  
a lion on the watch.  
11 He has filled my paths with briars and torn me,  
he has made me a thing of horror.  
12 He has bent his bow and taken aim,  
making me the target for his arrows.

*He*

13 In my back he has planted his darts,  
the children of his quiver.  
14 I have become the laughing-stock of my whole nation,  
their butt all day long.  
15 He has given me my fill of bitterness,  
he has made me drunk with wormwood.

*Waw*

16 He has broken my teeth with gravel,  
he has given me ashes for food.  
17 My soul is shut out from peace;  
I have forgotten happiness.  
18 And now I say, 'My strength is gone,  
that hope which came from Yahweh'.

19 *Zain* Brooding on my anguish and affliction  
is gall and wormwood.  
20 My spirit ponders it continually  
and sinks within me.  
21 This is what I shall tell my heart,  
and so recover hope:  
22 the favours of Yahweh are not all past,  
his kindnesses are not exhausted;  
23 every morning they are renewed;  
great is his faithfulness.  
24 'My portion is Yahweh,' says my soul  
'and so I will hope in him.'  
25 *Teth* Yahweh is good to those who trust him,  
to the soul that searches for him.  
26 It is good to wait in silence  
for Yahweh to save.

11 But now Christ has come, as the high priest of all the blessings which were to  
come. He has passed through the greater, the more perfect tent, which is better  
12 than the one made by men's hands because it is not of this created order; and he  
has entered the sanctuary once and for all, taking with him not the blood of goats  
and bull calves, but his own blood, having won an eternal redemption for us.  
13 The blood of goats and bulls and the ashes of a heifer are sprinkled on those who  
have incurred defilement and they restore the holiness of their outward lives;  
14 how much more effectively the blood of Christ, who offered himself as the  
perfect sacrifice to God through the eternal Spirit, can purify our inner self from  
dead actions so that we do our service to the living God.

**Christ seals the new covenant with his blood**

15 He brings a new covenant, as the mediator, only so that the people who were  
called to an eternal inheritance may actually receive what was promised: his death  
16 took place to cancel the sins that infringed the earlier covenant.

**The arrest**

47 He was still speaking when Judas, one of the Twelve, appeared, and with him  
a large number of men armed with swords and clubs, sent by the chief priests and  
48 elders of the people. Now the traitor had arranged a sign with them. The one  
49 I kiss, he had said 'he is the man. Take him in charge.' So he went straight up to  
50 Jesus and said, 'Greetings, Rabbi', and kissed him. 'My friend,  
down what you are here for'. Then they came forward, seized Jesus and took him in  
51 charge. At that, one of the followers of Jesus grasped his sword and drew it; he  
52 struck out at the high priest's servant, and cut off his ear. Jesus then said, 'Put your  
53 sword back, for all who draw the sword will die by the sword. Or do you think  
that I cannot appeal to my Father who would promptly send more than twelve  
54 legions of angels to my defence? But then, how would the scriptures be fulfilled  
55 that say this is the way it must be?' It was at this time that Jesus said to the  
crowds, 'Am I a brigand, that you had to set out to capture me with swords  
and clubs? I sat teaching in the Temple day after day and you never laid hands  
56 on me.' Now all this happened to fulfil the prophecies in scripture. Then  
all the disciples deserted him and ran away.