

THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK
MAUNDY THURSDAY: MORNING

Psalm 53 (*Heb. 54*)

Antiphon: God will come to my aid,
the Lord will sustain my life.

O God, save me in your might,
by your power, deliver my soul;
O Lord, give heed to my prayer,
and hear the words of my mouth.

Against me have risen proud men,
fierce and cruel, they are after my blood,
but God will come to my aid,
the Lord will sustain my life.

I will worship you in gladness of heart,
O God, I will praise your name;
you are good, you saved me in distress,
you have put my enemies to flight.

Lamentations

I burn with zeal for your house,
— The taunting of your enemies wounds me.

The lamentations of the prophet over the persecuted People of God gather the sufferings of all into the communion of the Crucified Christ. Let us ask his help for all who are now suffering in the world.

Reading from the Lamentations of Jeremiah:
— Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God.

Lam. 2 11–13
— Jerusalem . . .

Lam. 2 14–16
— Jerusalem . . .

Lam. 2 17–19
— Jerusalem . . .

Responses

The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

— The spirit . . .

On the Mount of Olives, Jesus prayed his Father:
Father, if it is possible, O let this Cup pass me by!

— The spirit . . .

Stay awake, pray to avoid temptation.

— The spirit . . .

Psalm 54 (Heb. 55)

Antiphon: Confide all your burdens to the Lord,
he will be your defence.

Give ear to my prayer, O God,
do not turn from my cry;
listen, and answer me soon,
I am worn out with cares.

I tremble at the threats of my foes,
the wicked beat me down;
they bring trouble raining on my head,
their hatred knows no bounds.

So my heart is stricken with fear,
almost crushed to death;
with fear and trembling I was seized,
overwhelmed with dread.

If I only had wings like a dove,
to fly away and rest,
I would flee to a distant land,
to a desert waste.

I long to find refuge soon
from the raging storm;
let them all be scattered, O Lord,
in confusion of tongues.

For violence roams the town,
I see strife on every side;
by day and by night they prowl
high on the walls.

Within flourish crime and wrong,
while destruction thrives,
oppression parades through the streets,
fraud hides at every turn.

If the insults had come from a foe,
that, I could bear;
if my rivals persist in their threats,
then I can hide.

But you, my companion, my friend,
the brother of my heart!
How often we talked in times past
as we went up to pray.

I lift up my voice to God,
I am sure he will come;
by morning, at noon and at night,
my groans rise up.

The Lord will save me in peace
from the warfare I face;
so many are rising against me,
but he hears my prayer . . .

Confide all your burdens to the Lord,
he will be your defence;
he will not permit the just
to suffer defeat.

Old Testament

You have seized me by my right hand, you will lead me with your counsel.

— Then you will take me into glory.

Reading from the book Deuteronomy (*Deut.* 16 1–3).

Responses

My heart is breaking with grief, stay with me and watch with me.

— My heart is breaking . . .

Anguish and dismay came over him,
he fell prostrate on the ground, and he prayed:

— My heart is breaking . . .

And now the hour has come. The son of Man is betrayed
into the hands of sinful men.

— My heart is breaking . . .

Psalm 55 (*Heb.* 56)

Antiphon: I will give you worship and praise,
for you have rescued my soul from death.

Have mercy, my enemies attack,
they persecute me all the day long;
at all hours my opponents attack,
against me so many lie in wait.

Most High, at times when I fear,
in you I place my trust;
I praise God because of his Word,
I trust and am no longer afraid;
what can they do to me now?

All day they seek to do me harm,
to hurt me, the sole aim of their plans;
they gather, they hide, keeping watch,
lying in wait for my life.

You take note of the troubles I endure,
and your flask is full of my tears;
all the day I invoke your name,
so my enemies will be turned aside.

I know that God is on my side,
I praise him because of his Word,
God be praised for all his words!
I will trust him and no longer be afraid:
what more can they do to me now?

O God, I am bound by my vows,
I will give you worship and praise;
for you have rescued my soul from death,
so I will walk in the presence of God,
in the light of all who live.

Gospel

In the day of distress I seek the Lord,
— At night, I hold out my hand to him.

(Either Matt. 26 17–29, or Mark 14 12–25, or Luke 22 1–13)

Responses

So by his wounds we are all saved and healed.

— So by his wounds . . .

We saw him. He had no beauty, no majesty; he was bearing
our sins; for us he suffered, pierced through by our faults.

— So by his wounds . . .

It was our distress that he bore, our pains were pressing him
down.

— So by his wounds . . .

Silence

Christ became obedient unto death for us,

— Christ became obedient . . .

Our Father . . .

Collect

Lord, we pray you, look upon your family for whom our Lord
Jesus Christ was willing to undergo the torture of the Cross.
Now he reigns with you and the Holy Spirit for ever, — Amen.