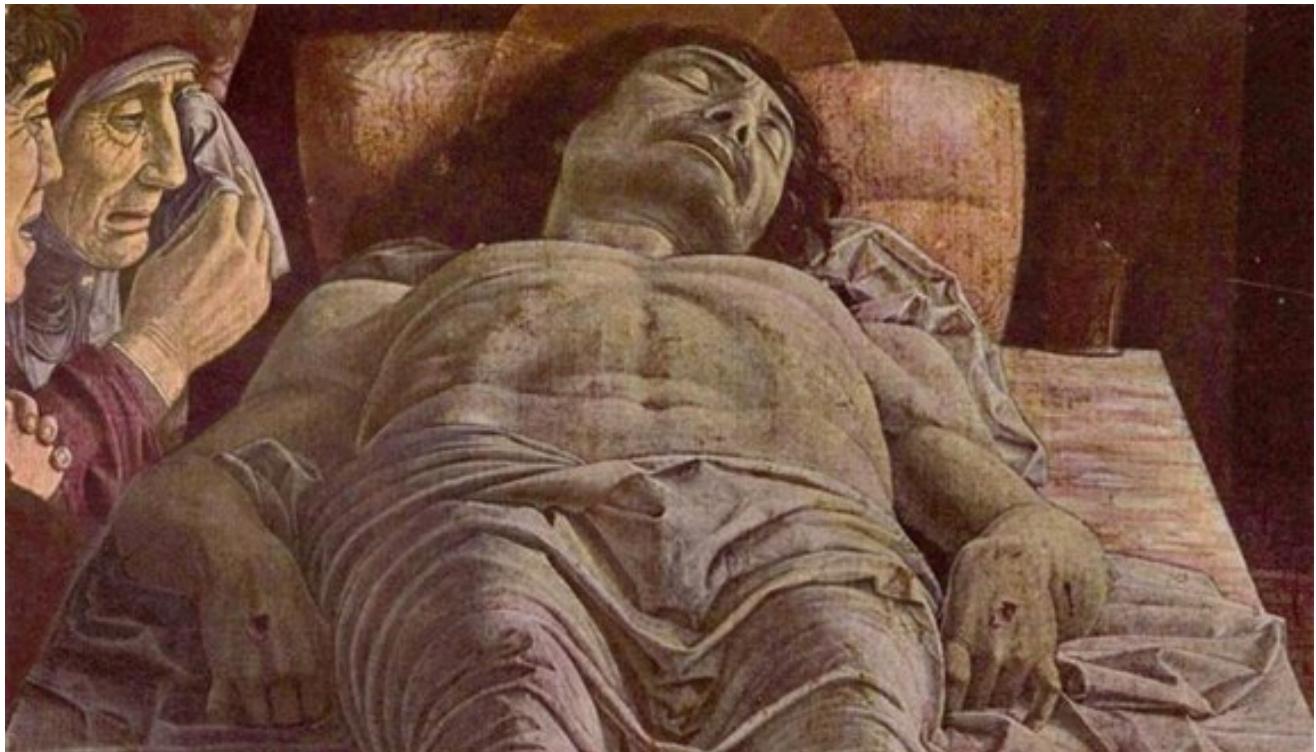


Holy Saturday Morning Prayer



Saturday, March 31, 2018

Saint Mary's Basilica

Introduction

We adore you, most holy Lord Jesus Christ,
here, and in all your churches throughout all the world;
and we bless you,
because, by your holy cross,
you have redeemed the world.

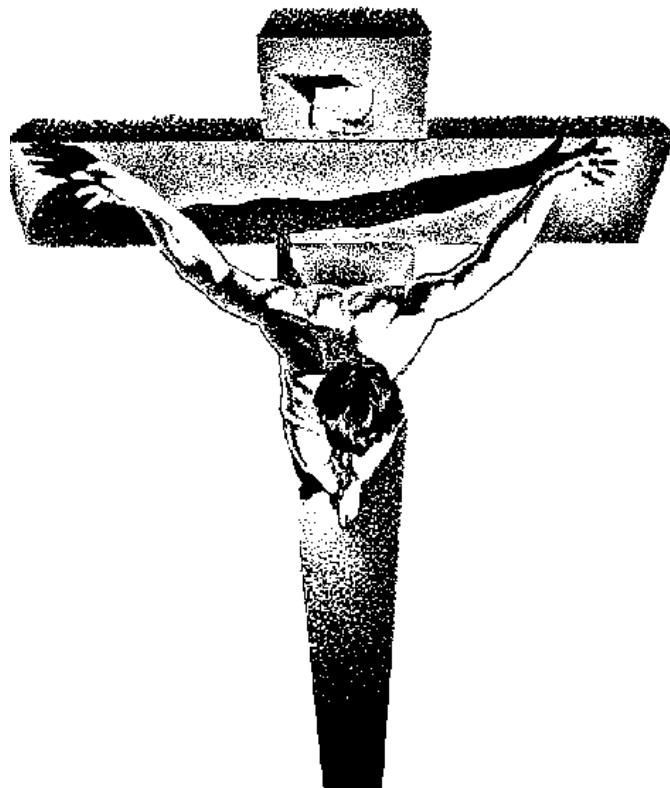
O God, come to my assistance.

- O Lord, make haste to help me.

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

What Wondrous Love Is This



1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul?
2. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing;
3. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;



What won - drous love is this, O my soul?
To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on;



What won - drous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
To God and to the Lamb who is the great I Am,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be,



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my soul;
While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;
And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing on!



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul?
While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing.
And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on.

Text: Alexander Means, 1801-1853

Tune: WONDERFUL LOVE, 12 9 12 12 9; Southern Harmony, 1853; harm. from Cantate Domino, 1980

PSALMODY

PSALM 64

Antiphon 1: *Though sinless, the Lord has been put to death. The world is in mourning as for an only son.*

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 depths 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...

Psalm Prayer: Father, you gave your Son victory over those who plotted evil against him; when he cried to you in his agony, you delivered him from the fear of his enemies. May those who suffer with him in this life find refuge and success in you.

Antiphon 1 *Though sinless, the Lord has been put to death. The world is in mourning as for an only son.*

CANTICLE: **Isaiah 38: 10-14, 17-20**

Antiphon 2 *From the jaws of hell, Lord, rescue my soul.*

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 heavenward:
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.

Continued on next page →

CANTICLE: Isaiah 38: 10-14, 17-20 (Continued)

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...

Antiphon 2 *Extol the greatness of our God.*

PSALM 150

Antiphon 3 *I was dead, but now I live forever, and I hold the keys of death and of hell.*

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...

Psalm Prayer: Lord God, maker of heaven and earth and of all created things, you make your just ones holy and you justify sinners who confess your name. Hear us as we humbly pray to you: give us eternal joy with your saints.

Antiphon 3 *I was dead, but now I live forever, and I hold the keys of death and of hell.*

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.

Continued on next page→

READING**From an ancient homily on Holy Saturday**

(Continued)

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.***



BENEDICTUS (Canticle of Zechariah)

Antiphon:

Save us, O Savior of the world. On the cross you redeemed us by the shedding of your blood; we cry out for your help, O God.

FOREST GREEN



1. Blest be the God of Is - ra - el who comes to set us free
2. With prom-ised mer-cy will God still the cov - e - nant re - call,
3. My child, as proph-et of the Lord you will pre-pare the way,



1. and rais - es up new hope for us: a Branch for Da-vid's tree.
2. the oath once sworn to A - bra - ham from foes to save us all;
3. to tell God's peo-ple they are saved from sin's e - ter-nal sway.



1. So have the proph-ets long de-clared that with a might-y arm
2. that we might wor-ship with - out fear and of - fer lives of praise,
3. Then shall God's mer - cy from on high shine forth and nev - er cease



1. God would turn back our en - e - mies and all who wish us harm.
2. in ho - li - ness and righ-teous-ness to serve God all our days.
3. to drive a - way the gloom of death and lead us in - to peace.

Text: Based on Luke 1:68-71, 72-75, 76-79, adapt. by Carl P. Daw, Jr., © 1989, Hope Publishing Co.
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INTERCESSIONS

Our Redeemer suffered and was buried for us in order to rise again. With sincere love we adore him, and aware of our needs we cry out:

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ our Savior, your sorrowing Mother stood by you at your death and burial,
- in our sorrows may we share your suffering.

Christ our Lord, like the seed buried in the ground, you brought forth for us the harvest of grace,

- may we die to sin and live for God.

Christ, the Good Shepherd, in death you lay hidden from the world.

- Teach us to love a life hidden with you in the Father.

Christ, the new Adam, you entered the kingdom of death to release all the just since the beginning of the world,

- may all who lie dead in sin hear your voice and rise to life.

Christ, Son of the living God, through baptism we were buried with you,

- risen also with you in baptism, may we walk in newness of life.

Our Father...

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 eternal life of heaven,
where he lives and reigns with you
and the Holy Spirit, one God,
for ever and ever.

May the Lord bless us, protect us from all evil and bring us to everlasting life.

CLOSING HYMN

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

HAMBURG



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, The pain and
4. Were ev - 'ry realm of na - ture mine, My gift would



1. Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
2. death of Christ, my Lord; The vain things that now
3. love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
4. still be far too small: Love so a - maz - ing,



1. count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
2. tempt me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
3. sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
4. so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: LM; Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt. Music: Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

