

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK

APRIL 17, 2019

6:00PM TENEBRAE

The name Tenebrae (the Latin word for “darkness” or “shadows”) has for centuries been applied to the ancient monastic night and early morning services (Matins and Lauds) of the last three days of Holy Week, which in medieval times came to be celebrated on the preceding evenings. Apart from the reading or chanting of the Lamentations (in which each verse is introduced by a letter of the Hebrew alphabet), the most conspicuous feature of the service is the gradual extinguishing of candles and other lights in the church until only a single candle, considered a symbol of our Lord, remains. Toward the end of the service this candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. At the very end, the organ plays, symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the resurrection (Matthew 28:2), the hidden candle is restored to its place, and by its light all depart in silence. In the Book of Occasional Services, provision is made for Tenebrae on Wednesday evening only, in order that the proper liturgies of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday may find their place as the principal services of those days. By drawing upon material from each of the former three offices of Tenebrae, this service provides an extended meditation upon, and a prelude to, the events in our Lord’s life between the Last Supper and the Resurrection. Tonight’s service uses only the first of the three Nocturns of Lauds.

The ministers enter the church in silence and proceed to their places.

FIRST NOCTURN OF MATINS FOR MAUNDY THURSDAY

Officiant Zeal for your house has eaten me up;
People **The scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.**

PSALM 69: 1-23 *Said by everyone quietly (seated)*

Save me, O God, * for the waters have risen up to my neck.
I am sinking in deep mire, * and there is no firm ground for my feet.
I have come into deep waters, * and the torrent washes over me.
I have grown weary with my crying; my throat is inflamed; * my eyes have failed from looking for my God.
Those who hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; my lying foes who would destroy me are mighty.*
Must I then give back what I never stole?
O God, you know my foolishness, * and my faults are not hidden from you.
Let not those who hope in you be put to shame through me, O God of hosts; *
let not those who seek you be disgraced because of me, O God of Israel.
Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach, * and shame has covered my face.
I have become a stranger to my own kindred, * an alien to my mother’s children.
Zeal for your house has eaten me up; * the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.
I humbled myself with fasting, * but that was turned to my reproach.
I put on sack-cloth also, * and became a byword among them.
Those who sit at the gate murmur against me, * and the drunkards make songs about me.
But as for me, this is my prayer to you, * at the time you have set, O God:
“In your great mercy, O God, * answer me with your unfailing help.
Save me from the mire; do not let me sink; * let me be rescued from those who hate me and out of the deep waters.
Let not the torrent of waters wash over me, neither let the deep swallow me up; * do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me.
Answer me, O God, for your love is kind; * in your great compassion, turn to me.’
“Hide not your face from your servant; * be swift and answer me, for I am in distress.
Draw near to me and redeem me; * because of my enemies deliver me.
You know my reproach, my shame, and my dishonor; * my adversaries are all in your sight.”
Reproach has broken my heart, and it cannot be healed; * I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I could find no one.
They gave me gall to eat, * and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink.

Officiant Deliver me, my God, from the hand of the wicked:
People **From the clutches of the evildoer and the oppressor.**

All stand for silent prayer. The appointed Reader then goes to the lectern, and everyone else is seated.

LESSON I: *Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet 1:1-14*

Aleph. How solitary lies the city, once so full of people! How like a widow has she become, she that was great among the nations! She that was queen among the cities has now become a vassal.

Beth. She weeps bitterly in the night, tears run down her cheeks; among all her lovers she has none to comfort her; all become her enemies.

Gimel. Judah has gone into the misery of exile and of hard servitude; she dwells now among the nations, but finds no resting place; all her pursuers overtook her in the midst of her anguish.

Daleth. The roads to Zion mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate, her priests groan and sigh; her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

He. Her adversaries have become her masters, her enemies prosper; because God has punished her for the multitude of her rebellions; her children are gone, driven away as captives by the enemy.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to God your God!

RESPONSORY: *Iod (Lamentations à 5)*

Robert White
(1538-1574)

*Manum Suam Misit Hostis
ad omnia desiderabilia eius,
quia vidit gentes
ingressass sanctuarium suum
de quibus preceperas
ne intrarent in ecclesiam tuam.*

*The foe has laid hands
on all that was dear to her,
for she has seen the foreigner
enter her sanctuary,
the men you decreed
should never be admitted into your assembly.*

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
convertere ad Dominum Deum Tuum.*

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
return again to the Lord your God*

LESSON II

Waw. And from Daughter Zion all her majesty has departed; her princes have become like stags that can find no pasture, and that run without strength before the hunter.

Zayin. Jerusalem remembers in the days of her affliction and bitterness all the precious things that were hers from the days of old; when her people fell into the hand of the foe, and there was none to help her; the adversary saw her, and mocked at her downfall.

Heth. Jerusalem has sinned greatly, therefore she has become a thing unclean; all who honored her despise her, for they have seen her nakedness; and now she sighs, and turns her face away.

Teth. Uncleanness clung to her skirts, she took no thought of her doom; therefore her fall is terrible, she has no comforter. "O God, behold my affliction, for the enemy has triumphed."

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to God your God!

RESPONSORY: Caph (Lamentations)

Robert White
(1538-1574)

*Omnis Populus eius gemens
et quaerens panem;
dederunt preciosa quaeque pro cibo
ad refocillandam animam
Vide, Domine, et considera
quoniam facta sum vilis*

*All her people are groaning
as they search for bread;
they have given anything of value for food
to keep themselves alive
'Look, Lord, and mark
how low I have sunk.'*

LESSON III

Yodh. The adversary has stretched out his hand to seize all her precious things; she has seen the Gentiles invade her sanctuary, those whom you had forbidden to enter your congregation.

Kaph. All her people groan as they search for bread; they sell their own children for food to revive their strength. "Behold, O God, and consider, for I am now beneath contempt!"

Lamedh. Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow, which was brought upon me, which God inflicted, on the day of his burning anger.

Mem. From on high he sent fire, into my bones it descended; he spread a net for my feet, and turned me back; he has left me desolate and faint all the day long.

Nun. My transgressions were bound into a yoke; by his hand they were fastened together; their yoke is upon my neck; he has caused my strength to fail. God has delivered me into their hands, against whom I am not able to stand up.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to God your God!

RESPONSORY: Lamed

Robert White
(1538-1574)

*O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
attendite et videte
si est dolor sicut dolor meus,
quoniam vindemiavit me,
ut locutus est Dominus
in die irae furoris sui*

*'All you who pass by on the road,
stop and see
if there be any grief like my grief,
for the Lord has pressed me like the grape,
as he said he would
on the day of his furious rage.'*

LAUDS

Officiant He was led like a lamb to the slaughter,
People **and he opened not his mouth.**

PSALM 90: 1-12 *Said by everyone, alternating sides by verse, beginning with the officiant.*

God, you have been our refuge * from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the land and the earth were born, * from age to age you are God.

You turn us back to the dust and say, * "Go back, O child of earth."

For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday when it is past * and like a watch in the night.

You sweep us away like a dream; * we fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and flourishes; * in the evening it is dried up and withered.

For we consume away in your displeasure; * we are afraid because of your wrathful indignation.

Our iniquities you have set before you, * and our secret sins in the light of your countenance.

When you are angry, all our days are gone; * we bring our years to an end like a sigh.

**The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in strength even eighty; *
yet the sum of them is but labor and sorrow, for they pass away quickly and we are gone.**
Who regards the power of your wrath? * who rightly fears your indignation?
So teach us to number our days * that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.

LESSON: *The Song of Hezekiah, Isaiah 38:10-20*

In my despair I said, "In the noonday of my life I must depart; my unspent years are summoned to the portals of death." And I said, "No more shall I see my God in the land of the living, never more look on my kind among dwellers on earth. My house is pulled down and I am uncovered, as when a shepherd strikes his tent. My life is rolled up like a bolt of cloth, the threads cut off from the loom. Between sunrise and sunset my life is brought to an end; I cower and hope for the dawn. Like a lion he has crushed all my bones; like a swallow or thrush I utter plaintive cries; I mourn like a dove. My weary eyes look up to you; God, be my refuge in my affliction." But what can I say? for he has spoken; it is he who has done this. Slow and halting are my steps all my days, because of the bitterness of my spirit. O God, I recounted all these things to you and you rescued me; when entreated, you restored my life. I know now that my bitterness was for my good, for you held me back from the pit of destruction, you cast all my sins behind you. The grave does not thank you nor death give you praise; nor do those at the brink of the grave hang on your promises. It is the living, O God, the living who give you thanks as I do this day; You, God, are my Savior; I will praise you with stringed instruments all the days of my life, in the house of my God.

Officiant O Death, I will be your death;
People O Grave, I will be your destruction.

RESPONSORY: Mem

Robert White
(1538-1574)

*De excelso misit ignem
in ossibus meis, et erudivit me;
expandit rete pedibus meis,
convertit me retrorsum.
Posuit me desolationem,
tota die maerore confectam.*

*'From on high he has sent a fire
into my very bones, and has taught me;
he has spread a net to snare my feet,
and has reversed my course.
He has left me abandoned,
exhausted from mourning all day long.'*

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.*

*Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
return again to the Lord your God.*

Officiant My flesh also shall rest in hope;
People **You will not let your holy One see corruption.**

A brief silence is observed while the last candle is hid.

Officiant Almighty God, we pray to you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, abandoned, denied, and to suffer death upon the cross.

Nothing further is said and the remaining candle is brought from its hiding place and replaced on the stand.

After silence, by the single candle's light, the ministers and people depart in silence.

Officiant

The Very Rev. Bernard J. Owens