

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

DAYTIME PRAYER

March 29, 2024

{ Good Friday }



Stand and make sign of cross

God, come to my assistance.

— 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

Christ, victim for the sins of men,
Your death brings hope to our despair;
With your new life we live again,
Your heav'nly joy is ours to share.

Yet still in many things we fail,
And fall again in sin and shame;
Let not our sinfulness prevail,
Let not your saving be in vain.

Lord God, eternal Trinity,
We praise you for yourself alone;
And pray that we may ever be
Blest in that kingdom of your own.

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon

From noon until three o'clock there was darkness over the whole world.

Psalm 40:2-14, 17-18

Thanksgiving and plea for help

It was not sacrifice and oblation you wanted, but you have prepared a body for me

(Hebrews 10:5).

I waited, I waited for the Lórd †
and he stóoped down to mé; *
he héard my cry.

He dréw me from the déadly pít, *
from the míry cláy.
He sét my féet upon a róck *
and made my fóotsteps fírm.

He pút a new sóng into my móuth, *
práise of our Gód.
Mány shall sée and féar *
and shall trúst in the Lórd.

Háppy the mán who has pláced *
his trúst in the Lórd
and has nótt gone óver to the rébels *
who fóllow false góds.

How mány, O Lórd my Gód, †
are the wónders and desígnst that yóu have wórked for ús; *
yóu háve no équal.
Shóuld I procláim and spéak of them, *
they are móre than I can téll!

You do not ásk for sácrífice and ófferings, *
but an ópen éar.
You do not ásk for hólocaust and víctim. *
Instéad, here am Í.

In the scróll of the bóok it stands wríttén *
that Í should do your wíll.
My Gód, I delíght in your lów *
in the dépth of my héart.

Your jústice Í have procláimed *
in the gréat assémbly.
My líps I háve not séaled; *
yóu knów it, O Lórd.

I have not hídden your jústice in my héart *

but declared your faithful help.
I have not hidden your love and your truth *
from the great assembly.

O Lórd, you will not withhold *
your compásson from mé.
Your mérciful love and your truth *
will álways guárd me.

For Í am besét with évils *
too mány to be cóunted.
My síns have fállen upón me *
and my síght fáils me.
They are móre than the háirs on my héad *
and my héart síns.

O Lórd, cóme to my réscue, *
Lord, cóme to my áid.

O lét there be rejóicing and gládness *
for áll who séek you.
Let them éver say: "The Lórd is gréat," *
who love your saving help.

As for mé, wrétched and póor, *
the Lórd thinks of mé.
Yóu are my réscuer, my help, *
O Gód, do not deláy.

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.

Psalm 54:1-6, 8-9

Plea for help

The prophet prays that God will deliver him from the malice of his enemies (Cassian).

O Gód, sáve me by your náme; *
by your pówer, uphóld my cáuse.
O Gód, héar my práyer; *
listén to the wórds of my móuth.

For proud men have risen against me, †
ruthless men seek my life. *

They have no regard for God.

But I have God for my help. *

The Lord upholds my life.

I will sacrifice to you with willing heart *
and praise your name for it is good:
for you have rescued me from all my distress *
and my eyes have seen the downfall of my foes.

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.

Psalm 88

Prayer of a person who is gravely ill

This is your moment—when darkness reigns (Luke 22:53).

Lord my God, I call for help by day; *

I cry at night before you.

Let my prayer come into your presence. *

O turn your ear to my cry.

For my soul is filled with evils; *

my life is on the brink of the grave.

I am reckoned as one in the tomb: *

I have reached the end of my strength,

like one alone among the dead; *

like the slain lying in their graves;

like those you remember no more, *

cut off, as they are, from your hand.

You have laid me in the depths of the tomb, *

in places that are dark, in the depths.

Your anger weighs down upon me: *

I am drowned beneath your waves.

You have taken away my friends *

and made me hateful in their sight.

Imprisoned, I cannot escape; *
my eyes are sunken with grief.

I call to you, Lord, all the day long; *
to you I stretch out my hands.
Will you work your wonders for the dead? *
Will the shades stand and praise you?

Will your love be told in the grave *
or your faithfulness among the dead?
Will your wonders be known in the dark *
or your justice in the land of oblivion?

As for me, Lord, I call to you for help: *
in the morning my prayer comes before you.
Lord, why do you reject me? *
Why do you hide your face?

Wretched, close to death from my youth, *
I have borne your trials; I am numb.
Your fury has swept down upon me; *
your terrors have utterly destroyed me.

They surround me all the day like a flood, *
they assail me all together.
Friend and neighbor you have taken away: *
my one companion is darkness.

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

From noon until three o'clock there was darkness over the whole world.

Sit

READING

Isaiah 53:4-5

Yet it was our infirmities that he bore,

our sufferings that he endured,
While we thought of him as stricken,
as one smitten by God and afflicted.
But he was pierced for our offenses,
crushed for our sins.
Upon him was the chastisement that makes us whole,
by his stripes we were healed.

Verse

Lord, remember me.

— When you come into your kingdom.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Father,
look with love upon your people,
the love which our Lord Jesus Christ showed us
when he delivered himself to evil men
and suffered the agony of the cross,
for he lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever.

— Amen.

Acclamation

Let us praise the Lord.

— And give him thanks.

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