

Holy Saturday



The Luther Bible 1534: 1 Kings 22:29-40 – Ahaz killed by Archer, #495

Love.

I love thee, O Father, Who didst give Thy Son for me. I love Thee, O Christ, Who on the cross didst die for me. (Oremus, 1925, p.23).

Trinity Lutheran Church & Early Childhood Learning Center

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**Welcome
to Trinity**

#30 Place the Loving Christ into Your Heart

Isaiah 53:12. Fourth: *And made intercession for the transgressors*. There he commends His patience to us. He was heartily glad to do it. First He depicts the suffering, second, the kind of suffering, third, the power of the suffering, and fourth, His patience. Thus He compassionately prayed for transgressors and crucifiers and shed tears for them and did not deal with them with threats. Who can place the Christ thus depicted in love into his heart, as He is here described? Oh, we would be blessed people if we could believe this most noble text, which must be magnified. I would wish it to be honored in the church, so that we might accustom ourselves to an alert study of this text, to bring us to see Christ as none other than the One who bears and shoulders the burden of our sins. This figure is a solace to the afflicted, but to snoring readers these are nothing but idle words. (Luther's Works, v. 17, pages 231-232).

Collect

Almighty God, who through Your only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, has overcome death and opened to us the gate of everlasting life, we humbly implore You that, as You put into our minds good desires, so by Your continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord, who lives and reigns with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. **AMEN.**

Assistants

Elder – Cecil Plock (218-3064)
Organist – LeeAnn Byrne
Church Cleaning – April 16/24 Turner

The Order of Lauds

Psalmody

- Psalm 51..... (printed)
- Psalm 92 (printed)
- Psalm 64 (printed)
- Canticle of Hezekiah (printed)
- (Isaiah 38:10-20)
- Psalm 150 (printed)

Reading

- 1 Peter 3:17-22
- St. Matthew 27:57-66

Responsory for Lent

p.212-213

“We have an advocate...”

Hymn #731

- Sermon
- Offering

Verse: Christ for our sakes became obedient to death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.

+ Benedictus.....

p.217-218

“Blessed be the Lord God...”

Lord's Prayer

Salutation

Collect of the Day (back)

Special Prayers

Collect for Grace

Benedicamus

p.222

Psalm 51—*Miserere mei Deus, secundum*

Psalm Tone II



Antiphon: **O DEATH, || I will be | your | death;
Hell, I will be your | de- | struc- | tion.**

1 HAVE MER- || cy upon me, O God, according to Your loving- | kind- | ness; *
According to the multitude of Your tender mercies, blot out my | trans- | gres- | sions.

|| 2 **Wash me thoroughly from my in- | i-qui- · | ty, ***
And cleanse me | from | my | sin.

|| 3 For I acknowledge my trans- | gres- | sions, *
And my sin is always | be- | fore | me.

|| 4 **Against You, You only, have I sinned, (+) and done this evil in Your | sight**
| - *
—That You may be found just when You speak, and blameless | when |
You | judge.

|| 5 Behold, I was brought forth in in- | i-qui- · | ty, *
And in sin my mother | con- | ceived | me.

|| 6 **Behold, You desire truth in the inward | parts, | - ***
And in the hidden part You will make me to | know | wis- | dom.

|| 7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be | clean; | - *
Wash me, and I shall be whit- | er | than | snow.

|| 8 **Make me hear joy and | glad- | ness, ***
That the bones You have broken | may | re- | joice.

|| 9 Hide Your face from my | sins, | - *
And blot out all my in- | i- | qui- | ties.

|| 10 **Create in me a clean heart, O | God, | - ***
And renew a steadfast spirit | with- | in | me.

|| 11 Do not cast me away from Your | pre- | sence, *
And do not take Your Holy Spi- | rit | from | me.

|| 12 **Restore to me the joy of Your sal- | va- | tion, ***
And uphold me by Your gener- | ous | Spi- | rit.

|| 13 Then I will teach transgressors Your | ways, | - *
And sinners shall be convert- | ed | to | You.

|| 14 **Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God, the God of my sal- | va- | tion, ***

And my tongue shall sing aloud of Your | right- | eous- | ness.

|| 15 O Lord, open my | lips, | - *

And my mouth shall show | forth | Your | praise.

|| **16 For You do not desire sacrifice, or else I would | give | it; ***

You do not delight in burnt | of- | fer- | ing.

|| 17 The sacrifices of God are a broken | spi- | rit, *

A broken and a contrite heart—these, O God, You will | not | de- | spise.

|| **18 Do good in Your good pleasure to | Zi- | on; ***

Build the walls of Je- | ru- | sa- | lem.

|| 19 Then You shall be pleased with the sacrifices of righteous *-ness*, (+) with burnt offering and whole burnt | *of-fer- · | ing*; *

Then they shall offer bulls on | Your | al- | tar.

(The Gloria Patri is omitted)

O DEATH, || I will be | your | death;

Hell, I will be your | de- | struc- | tion.

Psalm 92—*Bonum est confiteri*

Psalm Tone VIII



Antiphon: **THEY SHALL || mourn for Him as for an on- | ly | son;**

For the Lord who is inno- | cent | has | been | slain.

|| 1 It is good to give thanks to the | Lord, | - *

And to sing praises to Your | name, | O | Most | High;

|| 2 To declare Your lovingkindness in the | morn- | ing, *

And Your faithful- | ness | ev- | er- · y · | night,

|| 3 On an instrument of ten strings, on the | lute, | - *

And on the harp, with har- | mon- | i- | ous | sound.

|| 4 For You, Lord, have made me glad through Your | work; | - *

I will triumph in the | works | of | Your | hands.

|| 5 O Lord, how great are Your | works! | - *

Your thoughts | are | ver- | y | deep.

|| 6 A senseless man does not | know, | - *

Nor does a fool | un- | der- | stand | this.

|| 7 When the wicked spring up like *grass*, (+) and when all the workers of iniquity | flour- | ish, *

It is that they may be destroyed forever. 8 But You, Lord, are on high | for- | ev- | er- | more.

|| 9 For behold, Your enemies, O Lord, for behold, Your enemies shall | per- | ish; *
 All the workers of iniquity | shall | be | scat- | tered.
 || 10 But my horn You have exalted like a wild | ox; | - *
 I have been anoint- | ed | with | fresh | oil.
 || 11 My eye also has seen my desire on my | *en-e- •* | mies; *
 My ears hear my desire on the wicked who rise | up | a- | gainst | me.
 || 12 The righteous shall flourish like a | palm | tree, *
 He shall grow like a cedar | in | Leb- | a- | non.
 || 13 Those who are planted in the house of the | Lord | - *
 Shall flourish in the | courts | of | our | God.
 || 14 They shall still bear fruit in old | age; | - *
 They shall be fresh | and | flour- | ish- | ing,
 || 15 To declare that the Lord is up *-right*; (+) He is my | rock, | - *
 and there is no unright- | eous- | ness | in | Him.
 (*The Gloria Patri is omitted*)

**THEY SHALL || mourn for Him as for an on- | ly | son;
 For the Lord who is inno- | cent | has | been | slain.**

Psalm 64—Exaudi, Deus

Psalm Tone IV



Antiphon: **Look, all || - | - | you | na- | tions,**

And | see | my | suf- | fer- | ing.

|| 1 Hear my voice, O God, in my | med- | i- | ta- | tion; *
 Preserve my life from fear | of | the | en- | e- | my.
 || 2 Hide me from the secret plots | of | the | wick- | ed, *
 From the rebellion of the workers | of | in- | i- | qui- | ty,
 || 3 Who sharpen their tongue | like | a | sword, | - *
 And bend their bows to shoot their | ar- | rows | —bit- | ter | words,
 || 4 That they may shoot in secret | at | the | blame- | less; *
 Suddenly they shoot at | him | and | do | not | fear.
 || 5 They encourage themselves in an evil matter; They talk of lay- | ing | snares |
sec-ret- • | ly; *
 They | say, | —Who | will | see | them?||
 || 6 They devise iniqui *-ties*: (+) —We have perfected | a | shrewd | scheme.|| | - *
 Both the inward thought and the | heart | of | man | are | deep.
 || 7 But God shall shoot at them | with | an | ar- | row; *

Suddenly | they | shall | be | wound- | ed.
 || 8 So He will make them stumble over | their | own | tongue; | - *
 All who see | them | shall | flee | a- | way.
 || 9 All men shall fear, and shall declare the | work | of | God; | - *
 For they shall wisely con- | si- | der | His | do- | ing.
 || 10 The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and | trust | in | Him. | - *
 And all the upright | in | heart | shall | glo- | ry.
 (*The Gloria Patri is omitted*)

Look, all || - | - | you | na- | tions,
And | see | my | suf- | fer- | ing.

Canticle of Hezekiah(Isaiah 38:10-20)

Psalm Tone II



Antiphon: FROM THE || gate | of | hell *
Deliver my | soul, | O | Lord.

|| **I said, “In the prime of | my | life**
I shall go to the gates of Sheol; I am deprived of the remainder | of | my | years.”

|| I said, “I shall not see Yah, The Lord in the land of the | liv- | ing;
 I shall observe man no more among the inhabitants | of | the | world.

|| My life span | is | gone,
 Taken from me like a | shep- | herd’s | tent;
 || I have cut off my life like a | weav- | er.
 He cuts me off from the loom; From day until night You make an | end | of | me.
 || I have considered until | morn- | ing,
 Like a lion, So He breaks all my bones; From day until night You make an | end | of | me.
 || Like a crane or a swallow, so I | chat- | tered;
 I mourned | like | a | dove;
 || My eyes fail from looking | up- | ward.
 O Lord, I am oppressed; Under- | take | for | me!
 || “What shall | I | say?
 He has both spoken to me, And He Himself | has | done | it.
 || I shall walk carefully all | my | years
 In the bitterness | of | my | soul.
 || O Lord, by these things men live; And in all these things is the life of my | spir- | it;
 So You will restore me and | make | me | live.
 || Indeed it was for my own peace That I had great | bitter- | ness;

But You have lovingly delivered my soul from the pit of corruption, For You have cast all my sins be- | hind | Your | back.

|| For Sheol cannot thank You, Death cannot | praise | You;

Those who go down to the pit cannot hope | for | Your | truth.

|| The living, the living man, he shall praise You, As I do | this | day;

The father shall make known Your truth to | the | chil- | dren.

|| “The Lord was ready to | save | me;

Therefore we will sing my songs with stringed instruments All the days of our life, in the house | of | the | Lord.”

(The Gloria Patri is omitted)

FROM THE || gate | of | hell *

Deliver my | soul, | O | Lord.

Psalm 150—*Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius*

Psalm Tone VII



Antiphon: **O - | ALL - || you who | pass | by | the | way,**

Look and see whether there is any suffering | like | My | suff'r- | ing.

|| 1 Praise the Lord! Praise God in His | sanc- | tu- | a- | ry; *

Praise Him in His might- | y | firm- | a- | **ment!** -

|| 2 Praise Him for | His | might- | y | acts; *

Praise Him according to His ex- | cel- | lent | great- | **ness!** -

|| 3 Praise Him with the sound | of | the | trum- | pet; *

Praise Him with | the | lute | and | **harp!** -

|| 4 Praise Him with the | tim- | brel | and | dance; *

Praise Him with stringed in- | stru- | ments | and | **flutes!** -

|| 5 Praise Him | with | loud | cym- | bals; *

Praise Him with | clash- | ing | cym- | **bals!** -

|| 6 Let everything that has | breath | praise | the | Lord. *

Praise | — | the | — | **Lord!** -

(The Gloria Patri is omitted)

O - | ALL - || you who | pass | by | the | way,

Look and see whether there is any suffering | like | My | suff'r- | ing.

All Is O'er, the Pain, the Sorrow

1 All is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and
 Sa - tan's spite; Death shall be de - spoiled to - mor - row
 Of the Prey he grasps to - night. Yet once more, his
 own to save, Christ must sleep with - in the grave.

- 2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
 On the bitter cross he bore;
 How did soul and body languish
 Till the toil of death was o'er!
 But the toil, so fierce and dread,
 Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.
- 3 Close and still the tomb that holds him
 While in brief repose he lies;
 Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
 Veiled awhile from mortal eyes—
 Slumber such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.
- 4 So this night, with voice of sadness
 Chant the anthem soft and low;
 Loftier strains of praise and gladness
 From tomorrow's harps shall flow:
 Death and Hell at length are slain,
 Christ has triumphed! Christ does reign!

Text: Gerard Moultrie (1829–85)
 Tune: Psalm 146 (*Genevan Psalter*, 1551)

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7