

PSALMS FOR MORNING PRAYER OF HOLY SATURDAY

Psalm 63 (64)

A prayer against enemies

They will mourn for him as for an only son, since it is the innocent one of the Lord who has been slain.

Listen, O God, to my voice;

keep me safe from fear of the enemy.

Protect me from the alliances of the wicked,

from the crowd of those who do evil.

They have sharpened their tongues like swords,

aimed poisonous words like arrows,

to shoot at the innocent in secret.

They will attack without warning, without fear,

for they are firm in their evil purpose.

They have set out to hide their snares

– for they say, “Who will see us?”

They have thought out plans to commit wicked deeds,

and they carry out what they have planned.

Truly the heart and soul of a man

are bottomless depths.

And God has shot them with his arrow:

in a moment, they are wounded –

their own tongues have brought them low.

All who see them will shake their heads;

all will behold them with fear

and proclaim the workings of God

and understand what he has done.

The just will rejoice and hope in the Lord:

the upright in heart will give him glory.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son

and to the Holy Spirit,

as it was in the beginning,

is now, and ever shall be,

world without end.

Amen.

They will mourn for him as for an only son, since it is the innocent one of the Lord who has been slain.

Canticle

Isaiah 38

The psalm of Hezekiah on recovering from sickness

Save my soul from the gates of hell, Lord.

I said, in the middle of my days
I am going to the gates of the underworld.
Where shall I find the remainder of my years?
I said, I will not see the Lord God in the land of the living,
I will never see another of the inhabitants of the earth.
My dwelling-place is taken away, taken far away from me,
like the tent of a shepherd.
Like a weaver, he has rolled up my life
and cut it off from the loom.
From morning to night,
you have made an end of me.
I cried for help till daybreak;
like a lion, he has crushed all my bones.
From morning to night,
you have made an end of me.
I twitter like a fledgling sparrow,
make noises like a dove.
My eyes are weak
from looking upward.
But you have pulled my soul out of the pit of destruction,
you have put all my sins behind you.
For after all, the underworld will not proclaim you,
nor death praise you;
those who go down there
do not wait in hope for your faithfulness.
It is the living, the living who will proclaim you,
as I do today.
Fathers will pass on to their children
the truth of your faithfulness.
Save me, Lord,
and to the sound of the harp we will sing to you,
all the days of our life,
in the house of the Lord.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end.
Amen.
Save my soul from the gates of hell, Lord.

Psalm 150
Praise the Lord

I was dead and now I am to live for ever and ever, and I hold the keys of death and of hell.

Praise the Lord in his sanctuary,
praise him in his mighty firmament.
Praise him for his mighty deeds,
praise him for all his greatness.
Praise him with trumpet-blasts,
praise him with the harp and lyre,
praise him with timbrel and dance,
praise him with strings and pipes,
praise him with cymbals resounding,
praise him with cymbals of jubilation.
All that breathes, praise the Lord!
Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end.

Amen.

I was dead and now I am to live for ever and ever, and I hold the keys of death and of hell.