

Welcome to Vespers for **Eve of the Sunday of the Passion**. The Service is on p142-153 in the Lutheran Book of Worship. The Psalm is **Psalm 143 on p285-6** . The hymn is **#98**.

PSALM 143 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

*My spirit | faints within me;**
my heart within | me is desolate.

¹LORD, hear my prayer, and in your faithfulness heed my | supplications;*
answer me | in your righteousness.

²Enter not into judgment | with your servant,*
for in your sight shall no one liv- | ing be justified.

³For my enemy has sought my life; he has crushed me | to the ground;*
he has made me live in dark places like those who | are long dead.

⁴My spirit | faints within me;*
my heart within | me is desolate.

⁵I remember the time past; I muse upon | all your deeds;*
I consider the works | of your hands.

⁶I spread out my | hands to you;*
my soul gasps to you like a | thirsty land.

⁷O LORD, make haste to answer me; my | spirit fails me;*
do not hide your face from me or I shall be like those who go down | to the pit.

⁸Let me hear of your lovingkindness in the morning, for I put my | trust in you;*
show me the road that I must walk, for I lift up my | soul to you.

⁹Deliver me from my ene- | mies, O LORD,*
for I flee to | you for refuge.

¹⁰Teach me to do what pleases you, for you | are my God;*
let your good Spirit lead me on | level ground.

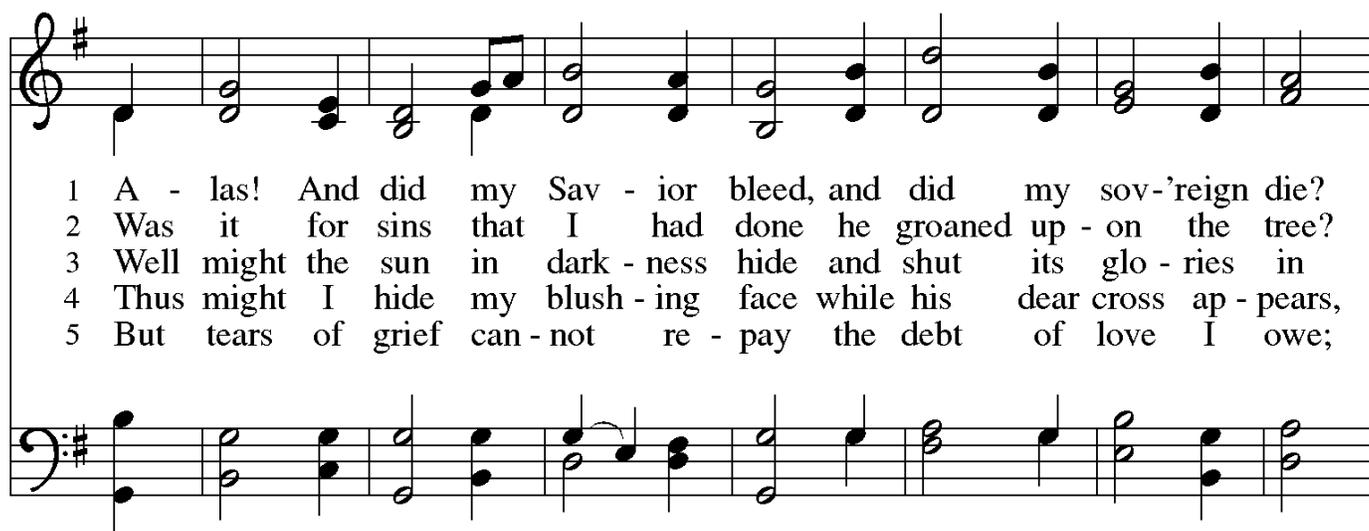
¹¹Revive me, O LORD, | for your name's sake;*
for your righteousness' sake, bring me | out of trouble.

¹²Of your goodness, destroy my enemies and bring all my | foes to naught,*
for truly I | am your servant.

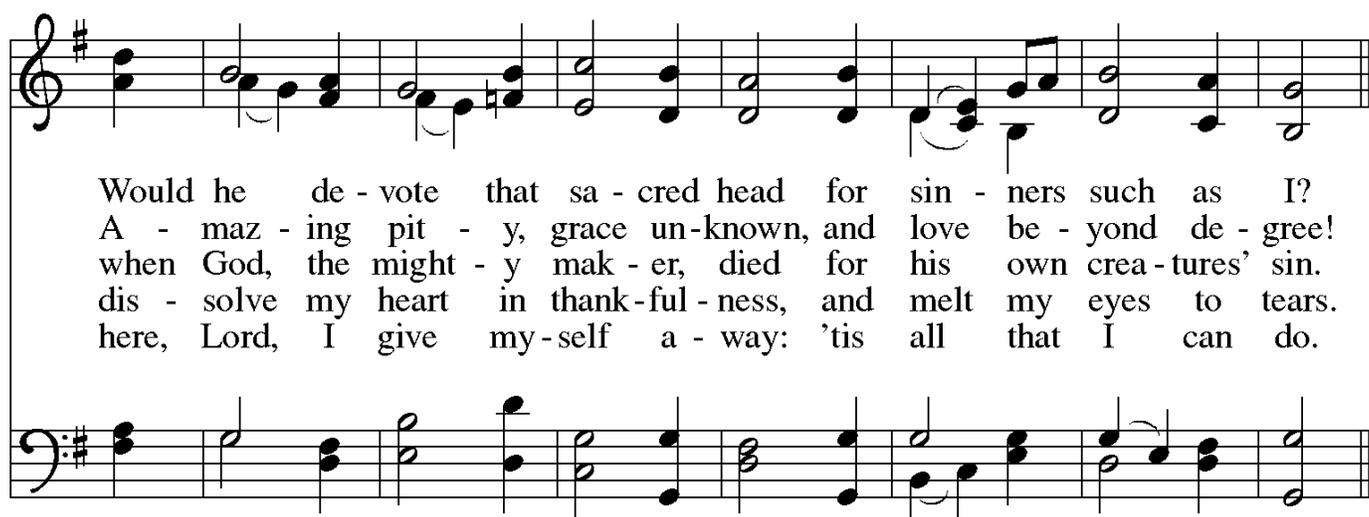
ANTIPHON

*My spirit | faints within me;**
my heart within | me is desolate.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed



1 A - las! And did my Sav - ior bleed, and did my sov-'reign die?
2 Was it for sins that I had done he groaned up - on the tree?
3 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide and shut its glo - ries in
4 Thus might I hide my blush - ing face while his dear cross ap - pears,
5 But tears of grief can - not re - pay the debt of love I owe;



Would he de - vote that sa - cred head for sin - ners such as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, and love be - yond de - gree!
when God, the might - y mak - er, died for his own crea - tures' sin.
dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, and melt my eyes to tears.
here, Lord, I give my - self a - way: 'tis all that I can do.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.
Music: MARTYRDOM, Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824

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