

Welcome to Vespers for **Thursday (Week 1)**. The Service for Vespers can be found on p142-153 in the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW). The Psalm for this evening is **Psalm 16 found on page 220**. The hymn is **#421**.

PSALM 16 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

In your presence there is fullness of joy.

¹Protect me, O God, for I take refuge in you;*
I have said to the LORD, “You are my Lord, my good above all other.”

²All my delight is upon the godly that are in the land,*
upon those who are noble among the people.

³But those who run after other gods*
shall have their troubles multiplied.

⁴Their libations of blood I will not offer,*
nor take the names of their gods upon my lips.

⁵O LORD, you are my portion and my cup;*
it is you who hold my lot.

⁶My boundaries enclose a pleasant land,*
indeed, I have a goodly heritage.

⁷I will bless the LORD who gives me counsel;*
my heart teaches me night after night.

⁸I have set the LORD always before me;*
because he is at my right hand, I shall not fall.

⁹My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices;*
my body also shall rest in hope.

¹⁰For you will not abandon me to the grave,*
nor let your holy one see the pit.

¹¹You will show me the | path of life;*
in your presence there is fullness of joy, and in your right hand are pleasures for- | ever
more.

ANTIPHON

In your presence there is fullness of joy.

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Lord Christ, When First You Came to Earth



1 Lord Christ, when first you came to earth, up - on a cross
2 O awe - some Love, which finds no room in life where sin
3 New ad - vent of the love of Christ, will we a - gain
4 O wound - ed hands of Je - sus, build in us your new



they bound you, and mocked your sav - ing king - ship's worth
de - nies you, and, doomed to death, shall bring to doom
re - fuse you, till in the night of hate and war
cre - a - tion; our pride is dust, our vaunt is stilled;



by thorns with which they crowned you. And
the pow'r which cru - ci - fies you, till
we per - ish as we lose you? From
we wait your rev - e - la - tion. O



still our wrongs may fash - ion now new thorns to pierce that
not a stone was left on stone, and then the na - tions'
an - cient doubts our minds re - lease to seek the king - dom
Love that tri - umphs o - ver loss, we bring our hearts be -



stead - y brow, and robe of sor - row round you.
pride, o'er - thrown, will nev - er - more de - fy you!
of your peace, by which a - lone we choose you.
fore your cross to fin - ish your sal - va - tion.

Text: W. Russell Bowie, 1882–1969, alt.

Music: MIT FREUDEN ZART, *Trente quatre pseumes de David*, Geneva, 1551