

Welcome to Matins for **Thursdays in the Season of Lent**. The Service is on p131-141 in the Lutheran Book of Worship. The Psalm is **Psalm 44 on page 234-5**. The hymn is **#504**.

PSALM 44 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

Rise | up, and help us,
and save us, for the sake of your | steadfast love.*

¹ We have heard with our ears, O God, our forefa- | thers have told us,*
the deeds you did in their days, in the | days of old.

² How with your hand you drove the peoples out
and planted our forefathers | in the land;*
how you destroyed nations and made your | people flourish.

³ For they did not take the land by their sword,
nor did their arm win the vic- | tory for them;*
but your right hand, your arm, and the light of your countenance,
because you | favored them.

⁴ You are my King | and my God;*
you command victo- | ries for Jacob.

⁵ Through you we pushed back our | adversaries;*
through your name we trampled on those who rose | up against us.

⁶ For I do not rely | on my bow,*
and my sword does not give | me the victory.

⁷ Surely, you gave us victory over our | adversaries*
and put those who hate | us to shame.

⁸ Every day we glo- | ried in God,*
and we will praise your | name forever.

⁹ Nevertheless, you have rejected and | humbled us*
and do not go forth | with our armies.

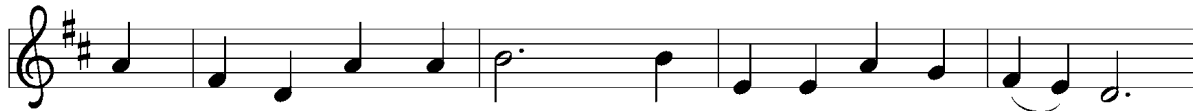
¹⁰ You have made us fall back before our | adversary,*
and our enemies have | plundered us.

- ¹¹ You have made us like sheep | to be eaten*
and have scattered us a- | mong the nations.
- ¹² You are selling your people | for a trifle*
and are making no profit on the | sale of them.
- ¹³ You have made us the scorn | of our neighbors,*
a mockery and derision to | those around us.
- ¹⁴ You have made us a byword a- | mong the nations,*
a laughingstock a- | mong the peoples.
- ¹⁵ My humiliation is dail- | y before me,*
and shame has cov- | ered my face;
- ¹⁶ because of the taunts of the mockers | and blasphemers,*
because of the enemy | and avenger.
- ¹⁷ All this has | come upon us;*
yet we have not forgotten you, nor have we be- | trayed your covenant.
- ¹⁸ Our heart nev- | er turned back,*
nor did our footsteps stray | from your path;
- ¹⁹ though you thrust us down into a | place of misery,*
and covered us over | with deep darkness.
- ²⁰ If we have forgotten the name | of our God,*
or stretched out our hands to | some strange god,
- ²¹ will not God | find it out?*
- For he knows the secrets | of the heart.
- ²² Indeed, for your sake we are killed all | the day long;*
we are accounted as sheep | for the slaughter.
- ²³ Awake, O Lord! Why | are you sleeping?*
- Arise! Do not reject | us forever.
- ²⁴ Why have you hid- | den your face*
and forgotten our affliction | and oppression?
- ²⁵ We sink down in- | to the dust;*
our body cleaves | to the ground.
- ²⁶ Rise | up, and help us,*
and save us, for the sake of your | steadfast love.

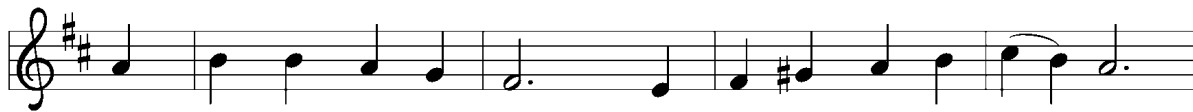
ANTIPHON

Rise | up, and help us,
and save us, for the sake of your | steadfast love.*

O God, My Faithful God



1 O God, my faith - ful God, true foun-tain ev - er flow - ing,
2 Give me the strength to do with read - y heart and will - ing
3 Keep me from say - ing words that lat - er need re - call - ing;
4 When dan-gers gath - er round, oh, keep me calm and fear - less;



with - out whom noth - ing is, all per - fect gifts be - stow - ing:
what - ev - er you com - mand, my call - ing here ful - fill - ing—
guard me, lest i - dle speech may from my lips be fall - ing;
help me to bear the cross when life seems dark and cheer - less;



give me a health - y frame, and may I have with - in
to do it when I ought, with all my might—and bless
but when, with - in my place, I must and ought to speak,
help me, as you have taught, to love both great and small,



a con - science free from blame, a soul un - stained by sin.
what - ev - er I have wrought, for you must give suc - cess.
then to my words give grace, lest I of - fend the weak.
and, by your Spir - it's might, to live at peace with all.

Text: Johann Heermann, 1585–1647; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
Music: WAS FRAG ICH NACH DER WELT, Ahasuerus Fritsch, 1629–1701

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