

Welcome to Vespers for **Wednesday in Holy Week**. The Service is on p142-153 in the Lutheran Book of Worship. The Psalm is **Psalm 51 on page 239-40**. The hymn tonight is **#117**.

PSALM 51 (*The cantor will sing the antiphon. The psalm will be sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

A broken and a contrite | heart, O God,
you will | not despise.*

¹Have mercy on me, O God, according to your | lovingkindness;*
in your great compassion blot out | my offenses.

²Wash me through and through | from my wickedness,*
and cleanse me | from my sin.

³For I know | my transgressions,*
and my sin is ev- | er before me.

⁴Against you only | have I sinned*
and done what is evil | in your sight.

⁵And so you are justified | when you speak*
and upright | in your judgment.

⁶Indeed, I have been wicked | from my birth,*
a sinner from my | mother's womb.

⁷For behold, you look for truth | deep within me,*
and will make me understand | wisdom secretly.

⁸Purge me from my sin, and I | shall be pure;*
wash me, and I shall be | clean indeed.

⁹Make me hear of | joy and gladness,*
that the body you have broken | may rejoice.

¹⁰Hide your face | from my sins,*
and blot out all | my iniquities.

¹¹Create in me a clean | heart, O God,*
and renew a right spir- | it within me.

- ¹²Cast me not away | from your presence,*
and take not your Holy | Spirit from me.
- ¹³Give me the joy of your saving | help again*
and sustain me with your boun- | tiful Spirit.
- ¹⁴I shall teach your ways | to the wicked,*
and sinners shall re- | turn to you.
- ¹⁵Deliver me from | death, O God,*
and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness, O God of | my salvation.
- ¹⁶Open my | lips, O Lord,*
and my mouth shall pro- | claim your praise.
- ¹⁷Had you desired it, I would have | offered sacrifice,*
but you take no delight | in burnt-offerings.
- ¹⁸The sacrifice of God is a | troubled spirit;*
a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will | not despise.
- ¹⁹Be favorable and gra- | cious to Zion,*
and rebuild the walls | of Jerusalem.
- ²⁰Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices, with burnt-offerings | and oblations;*
then shall they offer young bullocks up- | on your altar.

ANTIPHON

A broken and a contrite | heart, O God,
you will | not despise.*

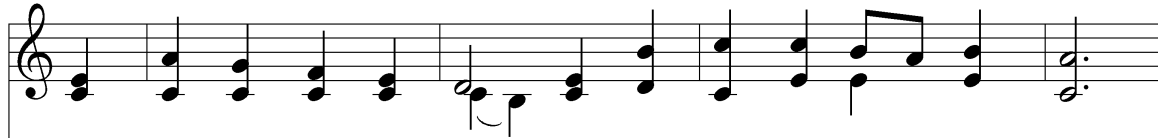
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O Sacred Head, Now Wounded



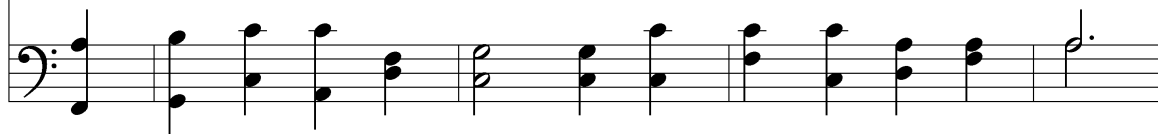
1 O sa - cred head, now wound - ed, with grief and shame weighed down,
2 How art thou pale with an - guish, with sore a - buse and scorn;
3 What lan - guage shall I bor - row to thank thee, dear - est friend,
4 Lord, be my con - so - la - tion; shield me when I must die;



now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed with thorns, thine on - ly crown;
how does that vis - age lan - guish which once was bright as morn!
for this thy dy - ing sor - row, thy pit - y with - out end?
re - mind me of thy pas - sion when my last hour draws nigh.



O sa - cred head, what glo - ry, what bliss till now was thine!
Thy grief and bit - ter pas - sion were all for sin - ners' gain;
Oh, make me thine for - ev - er, and should I faint - ing be,
These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, from thee shall nev - er move;



Yet, though de - spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, but thine the dead - ly pain.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er out - live my love to thee.
for he who dies be - liev - ing dies safe - ly in thy love.

