



Holy Week 2021
Wednesday, March 31

Vespers/ Evening Prayer:

Invocation

Prayer of the Day:

Almighty God, your Son, our Savior suffered at the hands of men and endured the shame of the cross. Grant that we may walk in the way of His cross and find in it the way of life and peace; through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Service of Light is omitted; begin with Psalmody/ psalm 141

Psalm 141, Psalmody

Psalm 143

¹Hear my prayer, O LORD;
give ear to my pleas for | mercy!*
In your faithfulness answer me, in your | righteousness!
²Enter not into judgment with your | servant,*
for no one living is righteous be- | fore you.
³For the enemy has pursued my soul;
he has crushed my life | to the ground;*
he has made me sit in darkness like | those long dead.
⁴Therefore my spirit faints with- | in me;*
my heart within me | is appalled.
⁵I remember the days of old;
I meditate on all that | you have done;*
I ponder the work | of your hands.
⁶I stretch out my | hands to you;*
my soul thirsts for you like a | parched land.
⁷Answer me quickly, O LORD!
My | spirit fails!*
Hide not your face from me,
lest I be like those who go down | to the pit.
⁸Let me hear in the morning of your steadfast love,
for in | you I trust.*
Make me know the way I should go,

for to you I lift | up my soul.

⁹Deliver me from my enemies, | O LORD!*

I have fled to you for | refuge!

¹⁰Teach me to do your will,

for you | are my God!*

Let your good Spirit lead me

on | level ground!

¹¹For your name's sake, O LORD, pre- | serve my life!*

In your righteousness bring my soul out of | trouble!

¹²And in your steadfast love you will cut off my | enemies,*

and you will destroy all the adversaries of my soul,

for I am your | servant.

Office Hymn LSB # 429 *We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died*



1 We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who
2 In - scribed up - on the cross we see In shin - ing
3 The cross! It takes our guilt a - way; It holds the
4 It makes the cow - ard spir - it brave And nerves the



died up - on the cross. The sin - ner's hope let
let - ters, "God is love." He bears our sins up -
faint - ing spir - it up; It cheers with hope the
fee - ble arm for fight; It takes the ter - ror



all de - ride; For this we count the world but loss.
on the tree; He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.
gloom - y day And sweet - ens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.
from the grave And gilds the bed of death with light;

- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heav'n above.
- 6 To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
Forever and forevermore.

Readings and Meditation

Tenebrae Prayer Triptych (solo, Leigh Ann Bockle)..... J. Derrick

Silent, silent, I am silent at His tomb.

I confess a great mystery, the mystery surrounds me, at His tomb:

His tomb is my tomb. My sins sealed His tomb. By my sins, sealed His tomb.

His tomb, sealed by my sins.

O Lamb of God, I plead for mercy at your cross.

O Lamb of God, I come to your cross, for my sins drove the nails.

O Lamb of God, I come to your cross, pleading, pleading.

Lamb of God, I come to your cross, Lamb of God, I plead at your cross.

Mercy, I plead for mercy at your cross.

Lamb of God, I come to your cross for my sins drove the nails. Have mercy,

Have mercy on me.

Lamb of God, O Lamb of God, embrace me with your love.

Lamb of God, my soul is healed.

O Lamb of God, have mercy on me.

Despised, rejected, Your bleeding pierced side - O Lamb of God, have mercy on me.

My black heart made clean, by your love.

Have mercy..

Magnificat

Great Litany, bulletin

Collect for Peace

Lord's Prayer

Benedicamus and Benediction

Hymn: LSB # 438 A Lamb Goes Uncomplaining Forth



1 A Lamb goes un - com - plain - ing forth, The
2 This Lamb is Christ, the soul's great friend, The
3 "Yes, Fa - ther, yes, most will - ing - ly I'll
4 Lord, when Your glo - ry I shall see And



guilt of sin - ners bear - ing And, lad - en with the
Lamb of God, our Sav - ior, Whom God the Fa - ther
bear what You com - mand Me. My will con - forms to
taste Your king - dom's plea - sure, Your blood my roy - al



sins of earth, None else the bur - den shar - ing; Goes
chose to send To gain for us His fa - vor. "Go
Your de - cree, I'll do what You have asked Me." O
robe shall be, My joy be - yond all mea - sure! When



pa - tient on, grows weak and faint, To slaugh - ter led with -
forth, My Son," the Fa - ther said, "And free My chil - dren
won - drous Love, what have You done! The Fa - ther of - fers
I ap - pear be - fore Your throne, Your righ - teous - ness shall



out com - plaint, That spot - less life to of - fer, He bears the
from their dread Of guilt and con - dem - na - tion. The wrath and
up His Son, De - sir - ing our sal - va - tion. O Love, how
be my crown; With these I need not hide me. And there, in



stripes, the wounds, the lies, The mock - er - y, and
stripes are hard to bear, But by Your pas - sion
strong You are to save! You lay the One in -
gar - ments rich - ly wrought, As Your own bride shall



yet re - plies, "All this I glad - ly suf - fer."
they will share The fruit of Your sal - va - tion."
to the grave Who built the earth's foun - da - tion.
we be brought To stand in joy be - side You.