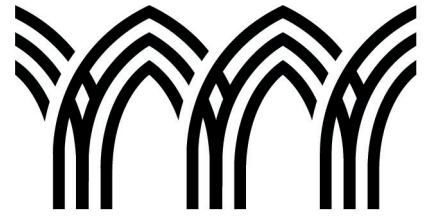


TENEBRAE

1 April 2026



TRINITY
CATHEDRAL

The People's responses are in bold.

All take their seats in the Choir. The ministers enter the church in silence and proceed to their places. The Office then begins immediately with the antiphon on the first psalm.

First Nocturn

The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat

Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 69 antiphonally

Save me, O God, for the waters have risen up to my neck.

I am sinking in deep mire, and there is no firm ground for my feet.

I have come into deep waters, and the torrent washes over me.

**I have grown weary with my crying; my throat is inflamed;
my eyes have failed from looking for my God.**

Those who hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head;
my lying foes who would destroy me are mighty. Must I then give back what I never stole?

O God, you know my foolishness, and my faults are not hidden from you.

Let not those who hope in you be put to shame through me, Lord GOD of hosts;
let not those who seek you be disgraced because of me, O God of Israel.

Surely, for your sake have I suffered reproach, and shame has covered my face.

I have become a stranger to my own kindred, an alien to my mother's children.

Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.

I humbled myself with fasting, but that was turned to my reproach.

I put on sackcloth also, and became a byword among them.

Those who sit at the gate murmur against me, and the drunkards make songs about me.

But as for me, this is my prayer to you, at the time you have set, O LORD:

“In your great mercy, O God, answer me with your unfailing help.

**Save me from the mire; do not let me sink;
let me be rescued from those who hate me and out of the deep waters.**

Let not the torrent of waters wash over me, neither let the deep swallow me up;
do not let the Pit shut its mouth upon me.

Answer me, O LORD, for your love is kind; in your great compassion, turn to me.”

“Hide not your face from your servant; be swift and answer me, for I am in distress.

Draw near to me and redeem me; because of my enemies deliver me.

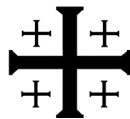
You know my reproach, my shame, and my dishonor; my adversaries are all in your sight.”

**Reproach has broken my heart, and it cannot be healed;
I looked for sympathy, but there was none, for comforters, but I could find no one.**

They gave me gall to eat, and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink.

All sing

Zeal for your house has eaten me up; the scorn of those who scorn you has fallen upon me.



The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat

Let them draw back and be disgraced who take pleasure in my misfortune.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 70 antiphonally

Be pleased, O God, to deliver me; O LORD, make haste to help me.

**Let those who seek my life be ashamed and altogether dismayed;
let those who take pleasure in my misfortune draw back and be disgraced.**

Let those who say to me “Aha!” and gloat over me turn back, because they are ashamed.

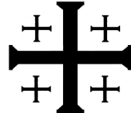
**Let all who seek you rejoice and be glad in you;
let those who love your salvation say for ever, “Great is the LORD!”**

But as for me, I am poor and needy; come to me speedily, O God.

You are my helper and my deliverer; O LORD, do not tarry.

All sing

Let them draw back and be disgraced who take pleasure in my misfortune.



The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat

Arise, O God, maintain my cause.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 74 antiphonally

O God, why have you utterly cast us off?
Why is your wrath so hot against the sheep of your pasture?

Remember your congregation that you purchased long ago,
the tribe you redeemed to be your inheritance, and Mount Zion where you dwell.

Turn your steps toward the endless ruins;
the enemy has laid waste everything in your sanctuary.

Your adversaries roared in your holy place; they set up their banners as tokens of victory.

They were like men coming up with axes to a grove of trees;
they broke down all your carved work with hatchets and hammers.

They set fire to your holy place;
they defiled the dwelling-place of your Name and razed it to the ground.

They said to themselves, "Let us destroy them altogether."
They burned down all the meeting-places of God in the land.

There are no signs for us to see; there is no prophet left;
there is not one among us who knows how long.

How long, O God, will the adversary scoff? will the enemy blaspheme your Name for ever?

Why do you draw back your hand? why is your right hand hidden in your bosom?

Yet God is my King from ancient times, victorious in the midst of the earth.

You divided the sea by your might and shattered the heads of the dragons upon the waters;

You crushed the heads of Leviathan and gave him to the people of the desert for food.

You split open spring and torrent; you dried up ever-flowing rivers.

Yours is the day, yours also the night; you established the moon and the sun.

You fixed all the boundaries of the earth; you made both summer and winter.

Remember, O LORD, how the enemy scoffed, how a foolish people despised your Name.

Do not hand over the life of your dove to wild beasts; never forget the lives of your poor.

Look upon your covenant; the dark places of the earth are haunts of violence.

Let not the oppressed turn away ashamed; let the poor and needy praise your Name.

Arise, O God, maintain your cause; remember how fools revile you all day long.

**Forget not the clamor of your adversaries,
the unending tumult of those who rise up against you.**

All sing

Arise, O God, maintain my cause.

The Officiant says

Deliver me, my God, from the hand of the wicked:
From the clutches of the evildoer and the oppressor.

All stand for silent prayer.

The appointed Reader then goes to the lectern, and everyone else sits down.

Lesson 1

A Reading from the Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet.

Aleph. How solitary lies the city, once so full of people! How like a widow has she become, she that was great among the nations! She that was queen among the cities has now become a vassal.

Beth. She weeps bitterly in the night, tears run down her cheeks; among all her lovers she has none to comfort her; all become her enemies.

Gimel. Judah has gone into the misery of exile and of hard servitude; she dwells now among the nations, but finds no resting place; all her pursuers overtook her in the midst of her anguish.

Daleth. The roads to Zion mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate, her priests groan and sigh; her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

He. Her adversaries have become her masters, her enemies prosper; because the Lord has punished her for the multitude of her rebellions; her children are gone, driven away as captives by the enemy. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God!

Responsory 1

Sung by the choir in Latin

On the mount of Olives Jesus prayed to the Father: Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

*In Monte Oliveti
music: Giovanni Croce (c1557-1609)*

The Officiant says

Watch and pray, that you may not enter into temptation.
The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Lesson 2

Waw. And from Daughter Zion all her majesty has departed; her princes have become like stags that can find no pasture, and that run without strength before the hunter.

Zayin. Jerusalem remembers in the days of her affliction and bitterness all the precious things that were hers from the days of old; when her people fell into the hand of the foe, and there was none to help her; the adversary saw her, and mocked at her downfall.

Heth. Jerusalem has sinned greatly, therefore she has become a thing unclean; all who honored her despise her, for they have seen her nakedness; and now she sighs, and turns her face away.

Teth. Uncleanness clung to her skirts, she took no thought of her doom; therefore her fall is terrible, she has no comforter. "O Lord, behold my affliction, for the enemy has triumphed." Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God!

Responsory 2

Sung by the choir in Latin

My soul is very sorrowful, even to the point of death; Remain here, and watch with me. Now you shall see the crowd who will surround me; you will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.

*Tristis est anima mea
music: Giovanni Croce*

The Officiant says

Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.
You will flee, and I will go to be offered up for you.

Lesson 3

Yodh. The adversary has stretched out his hand to seize all her precious things; she has seen the Gentiles invade her sanctuary, those whom you had forbidden to enter your congregation.

Kaph. All her people groan as they search for bread; they sell their own children for food to revive their strength. “Behold, O Lord, and consider, for I am now beneath contempt!”

Lamedh. Is it nothing to you, all you who pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like my sorrow, which was brought upon me, which the Lord inflicted, on the day of his burning anger.

Mem. From on high he sent fire, into my bones it descended; he spread a net for my feet, and turned me back; he has left me desolate and faint all the day long.

Nun. My transgressions were bound into a yoke; by his hand they were fastened together; their yoke is upon my neck; he has caused my strength to fail. The Lord has delivered me into their hands, against whom I am not able to stand up.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord your God!

Responsory 3

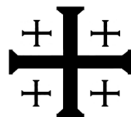
Sung by the choir in Latin

Lo, we have seen him without beauty or majesty, with no looks to attract our eyes. He bore our sins and grieved for us, he was wounded for our transgressions, and by his scourging we are healed.

Ecce vidimus eum
music: Marc’Antonio Ingegneri (c1535-1592)

The Officiant says

Surely, he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows:
And by his scourging we are healed.



Lauds

The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat
God did not spare his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 63 antiphonally

O God, you are my God; eagerly I seek you; my soul thirsts for you, my flesh faints for you,
as in a barren and dry land where there is no water.

Therefore I have gazed upon you in your holy place,
that I might behold your power and your glory.

For your loving-kindness is better than life itself; my lips shall give you praise.

So will I bless you as long as I live and lift up my hands in your Name.

My soul is content, as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth praises you with joyful lips,

When I remember you upon my bed, and meditate on you in the night watches.

For you have been my helper, and under the shadow of your wings I will rejoice.

My soul clings to you; your right hand holds me fast.

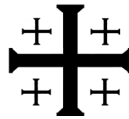
May those who seek my life to destroy it go down into the depths of the earth;

Let them fall upon the edge of the sword, and let them be food for jackals.

But the king will rejoice in God; all those who swear by him will be glad;
for the mouth of those who speak lies shall be stopped.

All sing

God did not spare his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.



The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat

He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened not his mouth.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 90 antiphonally

Lord, you have been our refuge from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the land and the earth were born,
from age to age you are God.

You turn us back to the dust and say, “Go back, O child of earth.”

For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday when it is past
and like a watch in the night.

You sweep us away like a dream; we fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and flourishes; in the evening it is dried up and withered.

For we consume away in your displeasure;
we are afraid because of your wrathful indignation.

Our iniquities you have set before you, and our secret sins in the light of your countenance.

When you are angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end like a sigh.

**The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in strength even eighty;
yet the sum of them is but labor and sorrow, for they pass away quickly and we are gone.**

Who regards the power of your wrath? who rightly fears your indignation?

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.

Return, O LORD; how long will you tarry? be gracious to your servants.

**Satisfy us by your loving-kindness in the morning;
so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.**

Make us glad by the measure of the days that you afflicted us
and the years in which we suffered adversity.

Show your servants your works and your splendor to their children.

May the graciousness of the LORD our God be upon us;
prosper the work of our hands; prosper our handiwork.

All sing

He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, and he opened not his mouth.



The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat
From the gates of hell, O Lord, deliver my soul.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of the Song of Hezekiah antiphonally

In my despair I said, "In the noonday of my life I must depart;
my unspent years are summoned to the portals of death."

**And I said, "No more shall I see the Lord in the land of the living,
never more look on my kind among dwellers on earth.**

My house is pulled down and I am uncovered, as when a shepherd strikes his tent.

My life is rolled up like a bolt of cloth, the threads cut off from the loom.

Between sunrise and sunset my life is brought to an end; I cower and hope for the dawn.

**Like a lion he has crushed all my bones;
like a swallow or thrush I utter plaintive cries; I mourn like a dove.**

My weary eyes look up to you; Lord, be my refuge in my affliction.”

But what can I say? for he has spoken; it is he who has done this.

Slow and halting are my steps all my days, because of the bitterness of my spirit.

**O Lord, I recounted all these things to you and you rescued me;
when entreated, you restored my life.**

I know now that my bitterness was for my good,
for you held me back from the pit of destruction, you cast all my sins behind you.

**The grave does not thank you nor death give you praise;
nor do those at the brink of the grave hang on your promise.**

It is the living, O Lord, the living who give you thanks as I do this day;
and parents speak of your faithfulness to their children.

**You, Lord, are my Savior; I will praise you with stringed instruments all the days of my life,
in the house of the Lord.**

All sing

From the gates of hell, O Lord, deliver my soul.



The cantor monotones the following antiphon, then all repeat

O Death, I will be your death; O Grave, I will be your destruction.

The cantor and congregation monotone verses of psalm 150 antiphonally

Praise God in his holy temple; praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts; praise him for his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the blast of the ram’s-horn; praise him with lyre and harp.

Praise him with timbrel and dance; praise him with strings and pipe.

Praise him with resounding cymbals; praise him with loud-clanging cymbals.

Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.

All sing

O Death, I will be your death; O Grave, I will be your destruction.

The Officiant says

My flesh also shall rest in hope:

You will not let your holy One see corruption.

All stand

During the singing of the Song of Zechariah, the candles at the Altar and all other lights — all but one — are extinguished.

sung by the choir

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; he has come to his people and set them free.

He has raised up for us a mighty savior, born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets he promised of old,

that he would save us from our enemies, from the hands of all who hate us.

He promised to show mercy to our fathers and to remember his holy covenant.

This was the oath he swore to our father Abraham,

to set us free from the hands of our enemies,

Free to worship him without fear, holy and righteous in his sight all the days of our life.

You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High,

for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,

To give his people knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of their sins.

In the tender compassion of our God the dawn from on high shall break upon us,

To shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death,

and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

All sit or kneel. As the choir sings the following anthem, the one remaining candle is hidden

sung in Latin

Christ for us became obedient unto death, even death on a cross; therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the Name which is above every name.

*Christus Factus Est
music: Felice Anerio (c.1560-1614)*

A brief silence is observed

Psalm 51 is spoken by all, quietly

Have mercy on me, O God, according to your loving-kindness;

in your great compassion blot out my offenses.

Wash me through and through from my wickedness and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.

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

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

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

For behold, you look for truth deep within me,
 and will make me understand wisdom secretly.
 Purge me from my sin, and I shall be pure; wash me, and I shall be clean indeed.
 Make me hear of joy and gladness, that the body you have broken may rejoice.
 Hide your face from my sins and blot out all my iniquities.
 Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.
 Cast me not away from your presence and take not your holy Spirit from me.
 Give me the joy of your saving help again and sustain me with your bountiful Spirit.
 I shall teach your ways to the wicked, and sinners shall return to you.
 Deliver me from death, O God, and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness,
 O God of my salvation.
 Open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall proclaim your praise.
 Had you desired it, I would have offered sacrifice, but you take no delight in burnt-offerings.
 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit;
 a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will not despise.
 Be favorable and gracious to Zion, and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem.
 Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices, with burnt-offerings and oblations;
 then shall they offer young bullocks upon your altar.

The Officiant says the Collect without chant, and without the usual conclusion

Almighty God, we pray you graciously to behold this your family, for whom our Lord Jesus Christ was willing to be betrayed, and given into the hands of sinners, and to suffer death upon the cross.

Nothing further is said; but a noise is made, and the remaining candle is brought from its hiding place and replaced. By its light the ministers and people depart in silence.

Concerning the Service

The name Tenebrae (Latin for “darkness” or “shadows”) has for centuries been applied to the ancient monastic night and early morning services (Matins and Lauds) of the last three days of Holy Week, which in medieval times came to be celebrated on the preceding evenings.

Apart from the chant of the Lamentations (in which each verse is introduced by a letter of the Hebrew alphabet), the most conspicuous feature of the service is the gradual extinguishing of candles and other lights until only a single candle, considered a symbol of our Lord, remains. Toward the end of the service this candle is hidden, typifying the apparent victory of the forces of evil. At the very end, a loud noise is made, symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the resurrection (Matthew 28:2), the hidden candle is restored to its place, and by its light all depart in silence.

Please join us at 6:00 p.m. tomorrow for the Maundy Thursday service, the first of three services comprising the Triduum, the summit of the liturgical year.

Services At Trinity Cathedral *(Academic Year)*

SUNDAY

- | | |
|--------|---|
| 8A | Spoken Eucharist |
| 9A | The Abundant Table Eucharist |
| 11:15A | Choral Eucharist |
| 4P* | Solemn Eucharist
<i>*first Sunday of the month</i> |

WEDNESDAY

- | | |
|----|---|
| 6P | Choral Evensong
<i>*first, third, & fifth Wednesday of the month</i> |
| 6P | Expansive Evensong
<i>*second and fourth Wednesday of the month</i> |

THURSDAY

- | | |
|--------|-------------------|
| 12:10P | Healing Eucharist |
|--------|-------------------|

Trinity Cathedral is an active and lively congregation serving downtown Cleveland, northeast Ohio, and the people of the Diocese of Ohio. We celebrate God's gift of diversity, and welcome people of every race, gender, gender identity, sexual orientation, marital status, age, physical and mental ability, national origin, and economic station.

