

Fa - ther, in - to your hands I com - mend my spi - rit,

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| <p>1. In you, O Lord, I take refuge.
Let me never be put to shame.
In your justice, set me free,
Into your hands I commend my spirit.
It is you who will redeem me, Lord.</p> <p>2. In the face of <u>all</u> my foes
I am a reproach,
an object of scorn <u>to</u> my neighbours
and of fear <u>to</u> my friends.</p> <p>3. Those who see me <u>in</u> the street
run far <u>away</u> from me.
I am like a dead <u>man</u>, forgotten,
like a thing <u>thrown</u> away.</p> | <p>4. But as for me, I trust <u>in</u> you, Lord,
I say: 'You <u>are</u> my God.'
My life is in your <u>hands</u>, deliver me
from the hands of <u>those</u> who hate me.</p> <p>5. Let your face shine <u>on</u> your servant.
Save me <u>in</u> your love.
Be strong, let your <u>heart</u> take courage,
all who hope <u>in</u> the Lord.</p> |
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Psalm 30 (31): 2. 6. 12-13. 15-17. 25. R. Luke 23:46

- Good Friday