

My Heart Awaited

Palm Sunday, Offertory Antiphon Hymn

1.&4. My heart a - wait - ed mis - er - y; I
2. Save me, O God, for wat - ers rise Up
3. I am worn out from all my cries, My

hoped for one to grieve with me, But no one came to
to my neck, up to my eyes; I have sunk deep in -
eyes are tired, my throat is dry; More than the hairs up -

com - fort bring; They gave me vin - e - gar to drink.
to the mud, The wat - ers whelm me like a flood.
on my head, Are those who hate me, wish me dead.

*Text: Offertory Antiphon for Palm Sunday, Improperium, Ps 69: 21, 22, 1-4
Gregorian Missal, Ps. 89: 25, 1, 3-4 Adapted Luke Massery © 2021 Tune: ERHALT UNS HERR, LM*

Original Antiphon: My heart awaited reproach and misery; and I hoped for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none; I looked for one who would comfort me, and found no one. For food they gave me gall; in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.