

ANTIPHON 1

*Da mihi intellectum* \*

PM 272

1g

**D**awn finds me ready \* to welcome you, my God.

PSALM 119: 145–152

XIX (ΚΟΡΗ)

**I** CALL with all my héart; Lord, héar me, \*  
 I will kéeep your státutes.  
 I cáll upón you, sáve me \*  
 and Í will dó your will.

I ríse before dáwn and cry for hélp, \*  
 I hópe in your wórd.  
 My éyes wáitch through the níght \*  
 to pónder your prómise.

In your lóve hear my vóice, O Lórd; \*  
 give me lífe by your decrées.  
 Those who hárm me unjústly draw néar; \*  
 they are fár from your lów.

But yóu, O Lórd, are clóse, \*  
 your commánds are trúth.  
 Lóng have I knówn that your will \*  
 is estáblished for éver.

ANTIPHON 2

*Fortitudo mea*

AV 130

IV c

HE Lord is my strength, \* and I shall sing his praise, for he

has become my savior.

ALT. (DOMINICAN)

*Fortitudo mea*

AG 407

VI

HE Lord is my strength, \* and I shall sing his praise, for he

has become my savior.

EXODUS 15: 1–4a, 8–13, 17–18

HYMN OF VICTORY AFTER THE CROSSING OF THE RED SEA

*Those who had conquered the beast were singing the song of Moses, God's servant.  
(cf. Revelation 15: 2–3)*

**I** WILL síng to the Lórd, for he is glóriously triúmphant; \*  
hóirse and cháriot he has cást into the séa.

My stréngth and my cóurage is the Lórd, \*  
and hé has been my sáviór.

He is my Gód, I práise him; \*  
the Gód of my fáther, I extól him.

The Lórd is a wárrior, †  
Lórd is his náme! \*  
Pharaoh's cháriots and ármý he húrled into the séa.

At a bréath of your ánger the wáters piled úp, †  
the flówing wáters stóod like a móund, \*  
the flóod waters congéaled in the mídst of the séa.

The énmý bóasted, "I will pursúe and overtáke thém; †  
I will dívide the spóils and have my fill of thém; \*  
I will dráw my swórd; my hánd shall despóil them!"

When your wind bléw, the séa covered théim; \*  
like léad they sánk in the mighty wáters.

Who is like to yóu among the góds, O Lórd? \*

Who is like to yóu, magnificent in hóliness?

O térrible in renówn, wórker of wónders, \*

when you strétched out your right hánd, the éarth swállowed them!

In your mércy you led the péople you redéemed; \*

in your stréngth you guíded them to your hóly dwélling.

And you bróught them ín and plánted them

on the móuntain of your inhéritance – \*

the pláce where you made your séat, O Lórd,  
the sánctuary, O Lórd, which your hánds estáblished. \*

The Lord shall réign foréver and éver.

