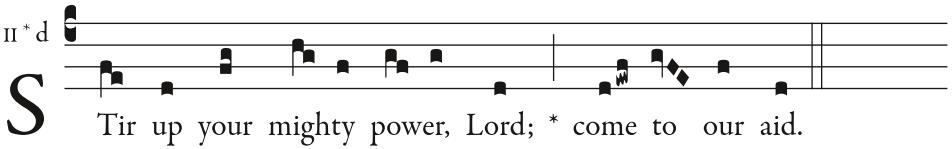


ANTIPHON 1

Excita, Domine

PM 186



PSALM 80

LORD, COME, TAKE CARE OF YOUR VINEYARD

Come, Lord Jesus. (Revelation 22: 20)

O SHÉPHERD of Ísrael, héar us, *
 yóu who lead Jóseph's flóck,
 shine fórth from your chérubim thróne *
 upon Éphraim, Bénjamin, Manásseh.
 O Lórd, róuse up your might, *
 O Lórd, cóme to our hélp.

Gód of hósts bring us báck; *
 let your fáce shine on ús and wé shall be sáved.

Lórd God of hósts, how lóng *
 will you frówn on your péople's pléa?
 You have féd them with téars for their bréad, *
 and abúndance of téars for their drínk.
 You have máde us the táunt of our néighbors, *
 our énemies láugh us to scórn.

Gód of hósts, brínk us báck; *
 let your fáce shine on ús and wé shall be sáved.

You bróught a víne out of Égypt; *
 to plánt it you dróve out the nátions.
 Befóre it you cléared the gróund; *
 it took róot and spréad through the lánd.

The móuntains were cóvered with its shádw, *
 the céders of Gód with its bóughs.
 It strétched out its bránches to the séa, *
 to the Great Ríver it strétched out its shóots.

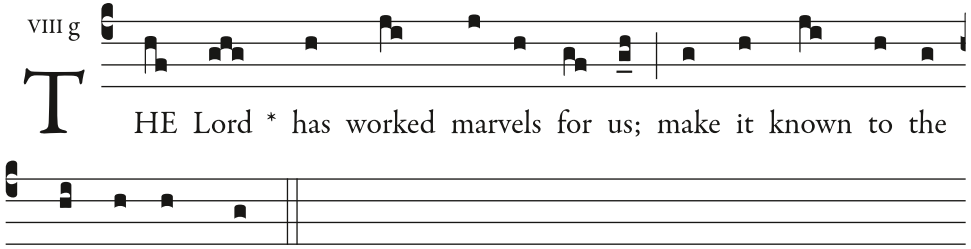
Then whý have you bróken down its wálls? *
 It is plúcked by áll who pass bý.
 It is rávaged by the bóar of the fórest, *
 devóured by the béasts of the field.
 God of hósts, turn agáin, we ímplore, *
 lóok down from héaven and sée.

Vísit the v́ine and prot́éct it, *
the v́ine your ŕight hand has plánted.
They have búrnt it with f́ire and destróyed it. *
May they pérish at the frówn of your fáce.
May your hánd be on the mán you have chósen, *
the mán you have ǵiven your stréngth.
And we shall néver forsáke you agáin; *
give us lífe that we may cáll upon your náme.
Gód of hósts, bring us b́ack; *
let your fáce shine on ús and wé shall be sáved.

ANTIPHON 2

*Conversus est furor **

PM 113



HE Lord * has worked marvels for us; make it known to the
ends of the world.

ISAIAH 12: 1–6

JOY OF GOD'S RANSOMED PEOPLE

If anyone thirsts, let him come to me and drink. (John 7: 37)

I GÍVE you thánks, O Lórd; †
though yóu have been ángry with mé, *
your ánger has abáted, and yóu have consóled me.

Gód indéed is my sáviór; *
I am cónfident and unafráid.
My stréngth and my cóurage is the Lórd, *
and hé has been my sáviór.

With jóy yóu will draw wáter *
at the fóuntain of salvátion, and sáy on that dáy:

Give thánks to the Lórd, accláim his náme; †
ámóng the nátions make knówn his déeds, *
procláim how exálted is his náme.

Sing práise to the Lórd for his glórious áchievement; *
let this be knówn throughout áll the éarth.

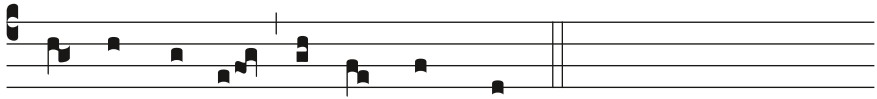
Shóut with exultátion, O cíty of Zíon, †
for gréat in your mídst *
is the Hóly One of Ísrael!

ANTIPHON 3

Exsultate Deo

PM 186

I a



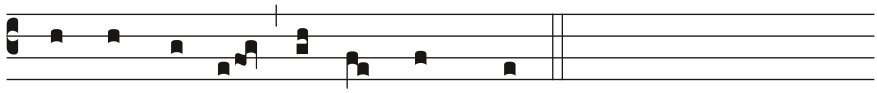
R Ing out your joy to God our strength.

ALT. (DOMINICAN)

Exsultate Deo

AJ 1: 67

VIII b



R Ing out your joy to God our strength.

PSALM 81

SOLEMN RENEWAL OF THE COVENANT

See that no one among you has a faithless heart. (Hebrews 3: 12)

R ÍNG out your jóy to Gód our stréngth, *
shóut in tríumph to the Gód of Jácob.

Raise a sóng and sóund the tímbrel, *
the swéet-sounding hárp and the lúte;
blów the trúmpet at the nów moon, *
when the móon is fúll, on our féast.

For thís is Ísrael's lów, *
a commánd of the Gód of Jácob.
He impósed it as a rúle on Jóseph, *
when he went óut against the lánd of Égypt.

A vóice I did not knów said to mé: *
"I fréed your shóulder from the búrden;
your hánds were fréed from the lóad. *
You cálled in distréss and I sáved you.

I ánspered, concéaled in the stórm cloud; *
at the wáters of Meríbah I tésted you.
Lísten, my péople, to my wárning. *
O Ísrael, if ónly you would héed!

Let there bé no fóoreign god amóng you. *
no wórship of an álien gód.
Í am the Lórd your Gód, †
who bróught you from the lánd of Égypt. *
Open wíde your móuth and I will fill it.

But my péople did not héed my vóice *
and Ísrael would nót obéy,
so I léft them in their stúbbornness of héart *
to fóllow their ówn desígns.

Ó that my péople would héed me, *
that Ísrael would wálk in my wáys!
At ónce I would subdúe their fóes, *
turn my hánd agáinst their énemies.

The Lord's énemies would crínge at their féet *
and their subjéction would lást for éver.
But Ísrael I would féed with finest whéat *
and fill them with hóney from the rók."