

ANTIPHON 1

*Miserere mei **

AG 141



L Ord, you will accept * the true sacrifice offered on your altar.

PSALM 51

O GOD, HAVE MERCY ON ME

This Your inmost being must be renewed, and you must put on the new man.

(Ephesians 4: 23–24)

HAVE mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness. *
In your compásson blot óut my offénse.

O wásh me more and móre from my guílt *
and cléanse me from my sín.

My offénse trúly I knów them; *
my sín is álwáys befóre me
Against yóu, you alóne, have I sínned; *
what is évil in your síght I have dóne.

That yóu may be jústified whén you give séntence *
and bé without repróach when you júdge,
O sée, in guílt I was bórn, *
a sínner was Í concéived.

Indéed you love trúth in the héart; *
then in the sécret of my héart teach me wísdóm.
O púrify me, thén I shall be cléan; *
O wásh me, I shall be whíter than snów.

Máke me hear rejóicing and gládness, *
that the bónes you have crúshed may thríll.
From my síns turn awáy your fáce *
and blót out áll my guílt.

A pure héart créate for me, O Gód, *
put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
Do not cást me awáy from your présence, *
nor depríve me of your hóly spírit.

Give me agáin the jóy of your hélp; *
with a spírit of férvor sustáin me,
that I may téach transgréssors your wáys *
and sínners may retúrn to yóu.

O réscue me, Gód, my hélper, *
and my tóngue shall ring óut your góodness. —

O Lórd, ópen my líps *

and my móuth shall decláre your práise.

For in sácrifice you táke no delíght, *

burnt óffering from mé you would refúse,

my sácrifice, a cóntrite spírit, *

a húmbled, contrite héart you wíll not spúrn.

In your góodness, show fávor to Zíon: *

rebúild the wálls of Jerúsalem.

Then yóu will be pléased with lawful sácrifice, *

hólocausts óffered on your áltar.

ANTIPHON 2

In Domino iustificabitur

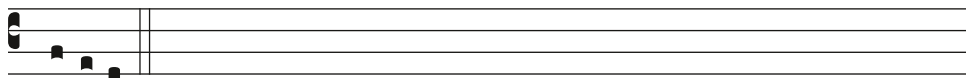
PM 227

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LL the descendants of Is-ra-el * will glory in the Lord's gift of



victory.

ISAIAH 45: 15–25

PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONS WILL BECOME DISCIPLES OF THE LORD

Every knee shall bend at the name of Jesus. (Philippians 2: 10)

TRÚLY with yóu God is hídden, *
the Gód of Ísrael, the sáviór!
Those are pút to sháme and disgráce *
who vént their ánger agáinst him.
Those gó in disgráce *
who cárve ímages.

Ísrael, you are sáved by the Lórd, *
sáved foréver!
You shall néver be put to sháme or disgráce *
in fúture áges.

For thús says the Lórd, †
the créator of the héavens, *
who is Gód,
the désigner and máker of the éarth *
who estáblished it,
not créating it to be a wáste, *
but désigning it to be líved in:

I am the Lórd, and there ís no óther. †
I háve not spóken from híding *
nór from some dárk place of the éarth.
And I have not sáid to the descéndants of Jácob, *
"Lóok for me in an émpty wáste."
Í, the Lórd, promise jústice, *
I foretéll what is ríght.

Cóme and assémbles, gáther togéther, *
you fúgitives from amóng the Géntiles!
They are wíthout knówledge who bear wóoden ídols *

and pray to gods that cannot save.
Come here and declare *
in counsel together:
Who announced this from the beginning *
and foretold it from of old?
Was it not I, the Lord, †
besides whom there is no other God? *
There is no just and saving God but me.

Turn to me and be safe, †
all you ends of the earth, *
for I am God; there is no other!

By myself I swear, †
uttering my just decree *
and my unalterable word:

To me every knee shall bend;
by me every tongue shall swear, *
saying, "Only in the Lord
are just deeds and power. *

"Before him in shame shall come *
all who vent their anger against him.
In the Lord shall be the vindication and the glory *
of all the descendants of Israel."

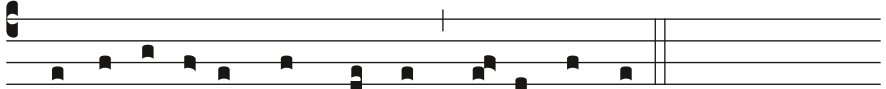
ANTIPHON 3

Iubilate Deo *

PM 220

IV *

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ET us go in-to God's presence singing for joy.

PSALM 100

THE JOYFUL SONG OF THOSE ENTERING GOD'S TEMPLE

The Lord calls his ransomed people to sing songs of victory. (Saint Athanasius)

CRY out with jóy to the Lórd, all the éarth. †
Sérve the Lórd with gládness. *
Come befóre him, sínging for jóy.

Know that hé, the Lórd, is Gód. †
He máde us, we belóng to hím, *
wé are his péople, the shéep of his flóck.

Gó within his gátes, giving thánks. †
Enter his cóurts with sóns of práise. *
Give thánks to hím and bléss his náme.

Indéed, how góod is the Lórd, †
etérnal his mérciful lóve. *
He is fáithful from áge to áge.