

ANTIPHON

Dives ille

AM 359

VII c2

T

HE rich man, who had refused Lazarus a crust of bread,

pleaded for a drop of water.

LUKE 1: 46–55

CANTICLE OF MARY

MY s^óul proclaims the gr^éatness of the L^órd, †
my sp^írit rej^óices in G^ód my S^ávior *
for he has l^óoked with f^ávor on his l^ówly s^ér^vant.

From this d^áy all gener^átions will c^áll me bl^éssed: †
the Alm^íghty has d^óne great th^íngs for m^é, *
and h^óly is his n^áme.

He has m^ércy on th^óse who f^éar him *
in é^very gener^átion.

He has sh^ówn the str^éngth of his á^rm, *
he has sc^áttered the pr^óúd in their conc^éit.

He has c^ást down the m^íghty from their thr^ónes, *
and has l^ífted up the l^ówly.

He has f^ílled the h^úngry with good th^íngs, *
and the r^ích he has s^ént away é^mpty.

He has c^óme to the h^élp of his s^ér^vant Ís^rael *
for he has rem^émbered his pr^ómise of m^ércy,
the pr^ómise he m^áde to our f^áthers, *
to Á^braham and his ch^íldren for é^ver.