

## ANTIPHON 1

*Salutare vultus mei* \*

*PM 136*



**L**ord, send forth your light and your truth.

## PSALM 43

## LONGING FOR THE TEMPLE

*I have come into the world to be its light. (John 12: 46)*

DEFÉND me, O Gód, and plead my cáuse \*  
against a gódless nátion.  
From decéitful and cúnning mén \*  
réscue me, O Gód.

Since yóu, O Gód, are my stróngthold,\*  
 why have you rejécted me?  
 Why do I go móurning\*  
 opprésed by the fóe?

O send forth your light and your truth; \*  
let these be my guide.

Let them bring me to your hólý móúntain,\*  
to the pláce where you dwéll.

And I will come to the altar of Gód, \*  
the Gód of my joy.

My redéemer, I will thánk you on the hárp, \*  
O Gód, my Gód.

Why are you cast down my s  ul, \*  
why gr  an within me?

Hópe in Gód; I will praise him stíll, \*  
my sáviór and my Gód.

ANTIPHON 2

*Cunctis diebus vitae*

PM 166

E

L Ord, keep us safe \* all the days of our life.

ALT. (DOMINICAN)

*Cunctis diebus vitae*

AJ 1: 63

III b

L Ord, keep us safe \* all the days of our life.

ISAIAH 38: 10–14, 17–20

ANGUISH OF A DYING MAN AND JOY IN HIS RESTORATION

*I am living, I was dead ... and I hold the keys of death. (Revelation 1: 17, 18)*

ONCE I said, \*  
 "In the nóontime of life I must départ!  
 To the gátes of the néther world Í shall be consigned \*  
 for the rést of my yéars."

I said, "I shall sée the Lord no móre \*  
 in the lánd of the líving.  
 No lónger shall I behóld my fellow mén \*  
 among thóse who dwéll in the wórld."

My dwélling, like a shépherd's tént, \*  
 is struck dówn and borne awáy from mé;  
 you have fólded up my life, like a wéaver \*  
 who sévers the last thréad.

Dáy and níght you give me óver to tórment; \*  
 I cry óut until the dáwn.  
 Like a líon he bréaks all my bónes; \*  
 dáy and níght you give me óver to tórment.

Like a swállow I útter shrill críes; \*  
 I móan like a dóve.  
 My éyes grow wéak, gazing héaven-ward: \*  
 O Lórd, I am in stráits; be my sùrety!

Yóu have préserved my life \*  
 from the pít of destrúction,  
 when you cást behínd your bák \*  
 áll my síns.

For it is nót the néther world that gives you thánks, \*  
nor déath that práises you;  
neither do thóse who go dówn into the pít \*  
awáit your kíndness.

The líving, the líving give you thánks, \*  
as Í do todáy.  
Fáthers decláre to their sóns, \*  
O Gód, your fáithfulness.

The Lórd is our sáviór; \*  
we shall síng to stringed ínstruments  
in the hóuse of the Lórd \*  
all the dáy of our lífe.

### ANTIPHON 3

*Te decet hymnus*

*PM 166*

VIII g

# T

O you, O God, \* our praise is due in Zion.

## PSALM 65

## SOLEMN THANKSGIVING

*Zion represents heaven. (Origen)*

**T**o yóu our práise is dúe \*  
in Zíon, O Gód.

To yóu we páy our vóws, \*  
you who héar our práyer.

To yóu all flésh will cóme \*  
with its búrden of sín.

Too héavy for ús, our offénse, \*  
but you wípe them awáy.

Blésséd is hé whom you chóose and cáll \*  
to dwéll in your cóurts.

We are filled with the blessings of your hóuse,\*  
of your hóly témples.

You keep your plédge with wónders, \*  
O Gód our sáviór,  
the hópe of all the éarth \*  
and of fár distant ísles.

You uphóld the móuntains with your stréngth,\*  
you are gírded with pówer.

You stíll the róaring of the séas, †  
the róaring of their wáves, \*  
and the túmült of the péoples.

The énds of the éarth stand in áwe \*  
at the síght of your wónders.

The lánds of súnrise and súnset \*  
you fill with your jóy.

You cáre for the éarth, give it wáter; \*  
you fíll it with ríches.

Your river in héaven brims óver <sup>\*</sup>  
to províde its gráin.

And thus you provide for the éarth; \*  
you drénch its fúrrows;  
you lével it, sóften it with shówers; \*  
you bléss its grówth.

You crówn the yéar with your góodness. †  
Abúndance flóws in your stéps; \*  
in the pástures of the wílderness it flóws.

The hílls are gírded with jóy, \*  
the méadows cóvered with flócks,  
the válleys are décked with whéat. \*  
They shóut for jóy, yes they síng.