ANTIPHON 1

Salutare vultus mei * PM 136



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 you, O God, are my stronghold, * whý have you rejected me? Whý do I go mourning *

Whý do I go móurning * oppréssed by the fóe?

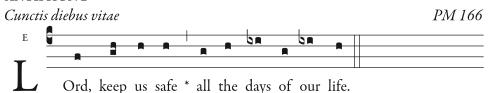
O sénd forth your líght and your trúth; *
let thése be my guíde.
Let them bríng me to your hóly móuntain

Let them bring me to your hóly móuntain, * to the pláce where you dwéll.

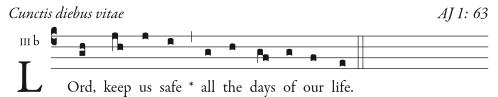
And I will come to the áltar of God, *
the God of my joy.
My redéemer, I will thánk you on the hárp, *
O God, my God.

Whý are you cast dówn my sóul, * why gróan withín me? Hópe in Gód; I will práise him stíll, * my sávior and my Gód.





ALT. (DOMINICAN)



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)

NCE I sáid, *
"In the nóontime of lífe I must depárt!
To the gátes of the néther world Í shall be consígned *
for the rést of my yéars."

I sáid, "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 lífe, 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 súrety!

You have preserved my life *
from the pit of destruction,
when you cast behind your back *
all my sins.

II - TUESDAY, MORNING PRAYER

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.

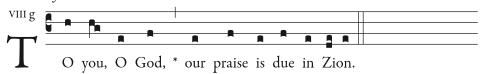
The líving, the líving give you thánks, * as Í do todáy.
Fáthers decláre to their sóns, *
O Gód, your fáithfulness.

The Lórd is our sávior; *
we shall síng to stringed instruments
in the hóuse of the Lórd *
all the dáys of our lífe.

ANTIPHON 3

Te decet hymnus

PM 166



PSALM 65

SOLEMN THANKSGIVING Zion represents heaven. (Origen)

To yóu our práise is dúe *
in Zíon, O Gód.
To yóu we páy our vóws, *
you who héar our práyer.

To you all flésh will come * with its burden of sin.

Too héavy for ús, our offénses, * but you wipe them awáy.

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

We are filled with the bléssings of your house, * of your holy témple.

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

You uphold the mountains with your strength, * you are girded with power.
You still the roaring of the seas, † the roaring of their waves, * and the túmult of the peoples.

The énds of the éarth stand in áwe * at the síght of your wonders.
The lánds of súnrise and súnset * you fill with your jóy.

You cáre for the éarth, give it wáter; *
you fill it with ríches.
Your ríver in héaven brims óver *
to províde its gráin.

II - TUESDAY, MORNING PRAYER

And thús you províde 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 shout for jóy, yes they síng.