

ANTIPHON 1

Quam magnificata sunt

PM 238

VII a

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S morning breaks * we sing of your mercy, Lord, and night

will find us proclaiming your glory.

PSALM 92

PRAISE OF GOD THE CREATOR

Sing in praise of Christ's redeeming work. (Saint Athanasius)

IT is good to give thanks to the Lórd, *
to make músic to your náme, O Most Hígh,
to procláim your lóve in the mórning *
and your trúth in the wátches of the níght,
on the tén-stringed lýre and the lúte, *
with the múrmuring sóund of the hárp.

Your déeds, O Lórd, have made me glád; *
for the wórk of your hánds I shout with jóy.

O Lórd, how gréat are your wórks! *

How déep are yóur désígn!

The fóolish man cánnót know thís *
and the fóol cánnót understánd.

Though the wícked spring úp like gráss †
and áll who do évil thríve, *
they are dóomed to be etérnally destróyed.

But yóu, Lord, are etérnally on hígh. †

Sée how your énemíes pérish; *
all dóers of évil are scáttéréd.

To mé you give the wíld-ox's stréngth; *
you anóint me with the púrest óil.

My éyes looked in tríumph on my foes; *
my éars heard gládly of their fáll.

The júst will flóurish like the pálm tree *
and grów like a Lébanon cédar.

Plánted in the hóuse of the Lórd *
they will flóurish in the cóurts of our Gód, —

stíll bearing frúit when they are óld, *
stíll full of sáþ, still gréen,
to procláim that the Lórd is júst. *
In hím, my róck, there is no wróng.

ANTIPHON 2

Date magnitudinem

PM 255



DEUTERONOMY 32: 1–12

GOD'S KINDNESS TO HIS PEOPLE

*How often I have longed to gather your children as a hen gathers her brood
under her wing. (Matthew 23: 37)*

GIVE éar, O héavens, while I spéak; *
let the éarth héarken to the wórds of my móuth!

May my instrúction sóak in like the ráin, *
and my díscourse pérmeate like the déw,
like a dównpour upón the gráss, *
like a shówer upón the cróps:

For I will síng the Lórd's renówn. *
Oh, procláim the gréatness of our Gód!
The Róck - how fáultless are his déeds, *
how ríght áll his wáy!
A fáithful Gód, without déceit, *
how júst and úpright he ís!

Yet básely has he been tréated by his degénerate children, *
a pèrverse and cróoked ráce!
Is the Lórd to be thus repáid by yóu, *
O stúpid and fóolish péople?
Is he nó't your fáther who créated? *
Has he not máde you and estáblished you?

Think báck on the dáys of óld, *
refléct on the yéars of áge upon áge.
Ask your fáther and hé will infórm you, *
ask your élders and théy will téll you:

When the Most Hígh assigned the nátions their héritage, *
when he párceled out the descéndants of Ádam,
he sét up the bóundaries of the péoples *
after the númer of the sóns of Gód;
while the Lórd's own pórtion was Jácob, *
his heréditary sháre was Ísrael.

He fóund them in a wílderness, *
a wásteland of hówling désert, —

He shíelded them and cáred for them, *
gúarding them as the ápple of his éye.

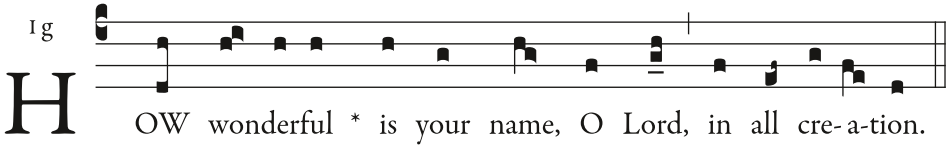
As an éagle incites its néstlings fórth *
by hóvering óver its bróod,
so he spréad his wíngs to recéive them *
and bóre them úp on his pínions.

The Lórd alóne was their léader, *
nó strange gód was wíth him.

ANTIPHON 3

Quam admirabile est

PM 8



PSALM 8

THE MAJESTY OF THE LORD AND MAN'S DIGNITY

*The Father gave Christ lordship of creation and made him head of the Church.
(Ephesians 1: 22)*

How gréat is your náme, O Lórd our Gód, *
through áll the éarth!

Your májesty is práised above the héavens; *
on the líps of children and of bábes
you have found práise to fóil your énemy, *
to silence the fóe and the rébel.

When I see the héavens, the wórks of your hánds, *
the móon and the stárs which you arráinged,
what is mán that you should kéep him in mínd, *
mortal mán that you cáre for hím?

Yet you have máde him little léss than a gód; *
with glóry and hónor you crówned him,
gave him pówer over the wórks of your hánds, *
put áll things únder his féet.

Áll of them, shéep and cáttle, *
yes, éven the sávage béasts,
bírd of the áir, and fish *
that máke their wáy through the wáters.

How gréat is your náme, O Lórd our Gód *
through áll the éarth!