

ANTIPHON 1

Domine, refugium

PM 197



E Ach morning, Lord, * you fill us with your kindness.

PSALM 90

MAY WE LIVE IN THE RADIANCE OF GOD

There is no time with God: a thousand years, a single day: it is all one.

(2 Peter 3: 8)

O LÓRD, you have béen our réfuge *
from óne generátion to the néxt.

Befóre the móuntains were bórn †
or the éarth or the wórld brought fórt, *
you are Gód, without beginníng or énd.

You túrn men bák to dúst *
and say: "Go bák, sóns of mén."

To your éyes a thóusand yéars †
are like yésterday, cóme and góne, *
no móre than a wáttch in the níght.

You swéep men awáy like a dréam, *
like grásss which springs úp in the mórníng.
In the mórníng it springs úp and flówers: *
by éveníng it wíthers and fádes.

So wé are destróyed in your ánger, *
strúck with térror in your fúry.
Our guílt lies ópen befóre you; *
our sécrets in the líght of your fáce.

All our dáys pass awáy in your ánger. *
Our lífe is óver like a sígh.
Our spán is séventy yéars,
or éíghty for thóse who are stróng.

And móst of these are émtíness and páin. *
They pass swíftly and wé are góne.
Who understánds the pówer of your ánger *
and féars the stréngth of your fúry?

Make us knów the shórtness of our lífe *
that we may gáin wísdóm of héart.
Lord, relént! Is your ánger for éver? *
Show píty to your sérvants.

In the mórning, fill us with your lóve; *
we shall exúlt and rejóice all our dáy.
Give us jóy to bálance our afflíction *
for the yéars when we knéw misfórtune.
Show fórth your wórk to your sérvants; *
let your glóry shíne on their chíldren.
Let the fávör of the Lórd be upón us: †
give succéss to the wórk of our hánds. *
give succéss to the wórk of our hánds.

ANTIPHON 2

Cantate Domino *

AM 202

VII a



F Rom the farthest bound * of the earth, may God be praised!

ISAIAH 42: 10–16

GOD, VICTOR AND SAVIOR

They were singing a new hymn before the throne of God. (Revelation 14: 3)

SÍNG to the Lórd a new sǫng, *
his práise from the énd of the éarth:

Let the séa and what fills it resound, *
the cóastlands, and thóse who dwéll in them.

Let the stéppe and its cíties cry óut, *
the víllages where Kédar dwélls;

Let the inhábitants of Séla exúlt, *
and shóut from the tóp of the móuntains.

Let them give glóry to the Lórd, *
and útter his práise in the cóastlands.

The Lórd goes fóρθ like a héro, *
like a wárrior he stírs up his árdor;
he shóuts out his báttle crý, *
against his énemies he shóws his míght:

I have lóoked awáy, and kept sílence, *
I have said nóthing, hólding myself ín;
but nów, I cry óut as a wóman in lábor, *
gásping and pánting.

I will lay wáste móuntains and hílls, *
all their hérbage I will drý up;
I will túrn the rívers into márshes, *
and the márshes I will drý up.

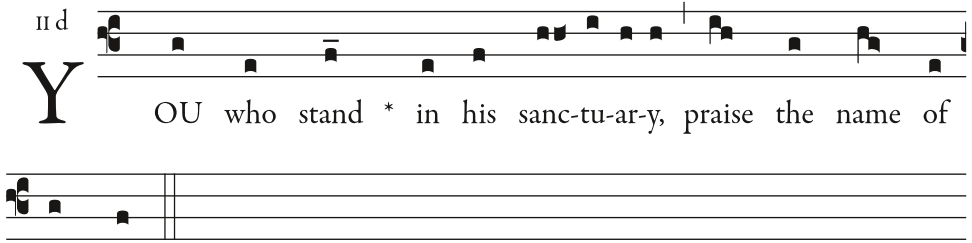
I will léad the blínd on their jóurney; *
by páths unknówn I will guíde them.

I will turn dárkness into líght befóre them, *
and make cróoked ways stráight.

ANTIPHON 3

Laudate nomen Domini

PM 325



the Lord.

PSALM 135: 1–12

PRaise FOR THE WONDERFUL THINGS GOD DOES FOR US

*He has won you for himself ... and you must proclaim what he has done for you:
he has called you out of darkness into his own wonderful light. (1 Peter 2: 9)*

PRAISE the náme of the Lórd, *
práise him, sérvants of the Lórd,
who stánd in the hóuse of the Lórd *
in the cóurts of the hóuse of our Gód.

Praise the Lórd for the Lórd is góod. *
Sing a psálm to his náme for he is lóving.
For the Lórd has chosen Jácob for himsélf *
and Ísrael for his ówn posséssion.

For I knów that the Lórd is gréat, *
that our Lórd is hígh above all góds.
The Lórd does whatever he wills, *
in héaven, on éarth, in the séas.

He summons clóuds from the énds of the éarth; †
makes líghtning prodúce the ráin; *
from his tréasuries he sénd forth the wínd.

The first-born of the Egýptians he smóte, *
of mán and beast alíke.
sígn and wónders he wórked †
in the mídst of your lánd, O Egýpt, *
against Pháraoh and áll his sérvants.

Nátions in their gréatness he strúck *
and kíngs in their spléndor he sléw.
Síhon, kíng of the Ámorites, †
Óg, the king of Báshan, *
and áll the kíngdoms of Cánaan.

He let Ísrael inhérit their lánd; *
on his péople their lánd he bestówed.