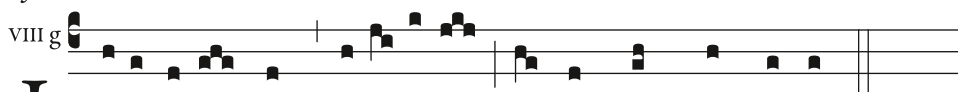


ANTIPHON 1

Hymnum cantate *

AM 146



I F I forget you, * Je-ru-sa-lem, let my right hand wither.

PSALM 137: 1-6

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

The Babylonian captivity is a type of our spiritual captivity. (Saint Hilary)

By the rívers of Bábylon †
thére we sát and wépt, *
remémbering Zíon; *
on the póplars that gréw there
we húng up our hárps. *

For it was there that they asked us, †
 our captors, for songs, *
 our oppressors, for joy.
 "Sing to us," they said, *
 "one of Zion's songs."

O hów could we síng †
the sówg of the Lórd *
on álien sóil?

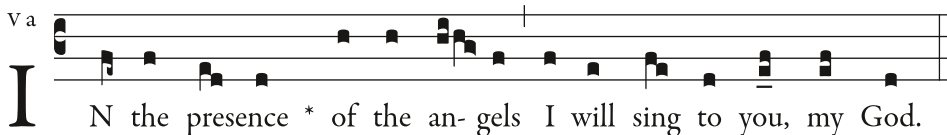
If I forgét you, Jerúsalem, *
let my ríght hand wíther!

O lét my tóngue †
cléave to my móuth *
if I remémber you nót,
if I príze not Jerúsalem *
abóve all my jóys!

ANTIPHON 2

In conspectu angelorum

PM 329



PSALM 138

THANKSGIVING

The kings of the earth will bring his glory and honor into the holy city.

(cf. Revelation 21: 24)

I THÁNK you, Lórd, with all my héart, *
 you have héard the wórds of my móuth.
 In the présence of the ángels I will bléss you. *
 I will adóre before your hóly témples.

I thánk you for your fáithfulness and lóve *
 which excél all we éver knew of yóu.
 On the dáy I cálléd, you ánswered; *
 you incréased the stréngth of my sóul.

Áll earth's kíngs shall thánk you *
 when they héar the wórds of your móuth.
 They shall síng of the Lórd's wáys: *
 "How gréat is the glóry of the Lórd!"

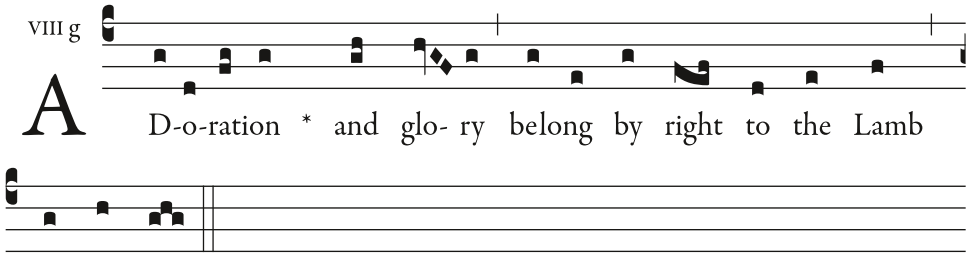
The Lord is hígh yet he lóoks on the lówly *
 and the háughtý he knóws from afár.
 Though I wálk in the mídst of afflíction *
 you gíve me lífe and frústrate my fóes.

You strétch out your hánd and sáve me, *
 your hánd will do áll things for mé.
 Your lóve, O Lórd, is etérnal, *
 discárd not the wórk of your hánds.

ANTIPHON 3

*Redmisti nos **

PM 370



who was slain.

REVELATION 4: 11; 5:9, 10, 12

REDEMPTION HYMN

O LÓRD our Gód, you are wóthy *
to receive glóry and hónor and pówer.

For yóu have créated all thíngs; *
by your will they came to bé and were máde.

Wóthy are yóu, O Lórd, *
to receive the scróll and break ópen its séals.

For you were sláin; *
with your blóod you púrchased for Gód
mén of every ráce and tóngue, *
of every péople and nátion.

You máde of them a kíngdom, †
and príests to séve our Gód, *
and they shall réign on the éarth.

Wóthy is the LámB that was sláin *
to receive pówer and riches,
wísdóm and stréngth, *
hónor and glóry and práise.