

MAY 31

VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY



PSALMODY & GOSPEL CANTICLES

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MORNING PRAYER

PSALMODY

ANTIPHON 1

*Exsurgens Maria**LU 1540*

VIII

M

A-ry arose * and went with haste into the hill country,

to a town of Ju- dah, al-le-luia.

PSALM 63: 2-9

A SOUL THIRSTING FOR GOD

Whoever has left the darkness of sin, yearns for God.

O GÓD, you are my Gód, for you I lóng; *
for yóu my sóul is thírsting.

My bódy pínes for yóu *
like a drý, weary lánd without wáter.

So I gáze on yóu in the sánctuary *
to sée your stréngth and your glóry.

For your lóve is bétter than lífe, *
my líps will spéak your práise.

So I will bléss you áll my lífe, *
in your náme I will líft up my hánds.

My sóul shall be filled as with a bánquet, *
my móuth shall práise you with jóy.

On my béd I remémber yóu. *
On yóu I múse through the níght
for yóu have been my hélp; *
in the sháadow of your wíngs I rejóice.

My sóul clíngs to yóu; *
your ríght hand hólds me fást.

ANTIPHON 2

*Ut audivit salutationem**LU 1541, AM 954*

III a

Hen E-liz-abeth * heard Mary's greeting, the infant in her
womb leaped for joy, and she was filled with the Ho- ly Spirit,
al-le-luia.

DANIEL 3: 57–88, 56

LET ALL CREATURES PRAISE THE LORD

All you servants of the Lord, sing praise to him. (Revelation 19: 5)

BLESS the Lórd, all you wórks of the Lórd. *
 Praise and exált him above áll foréver.

Ángels of the Lórd, bless the Lórd. *

You héavens, bless the Lórd.

All you wáters abóve the héavens, bless the Lórd. *

All you hósts of the Lórd, bless the Lórd.

Sún and móon, bless the Lórd. *

Stárs of héaven, bless the Lórd.

Every shówer and déw, bless the Lórd; *

Áll you wínds, bless the Lórd.

Fíre and héat, bless the Lórd; *

Cóld and chíll, bless the Lórd.

Déw and ráin, bless the Lórd; *

Fróst and cóld, bless the Lórd.

Íce and snów, bless the Lórd; *

Nights and dáys, bless the Lórd.

Líght and dárkness bless the Lórd; *

Líghtning and clóuds, bless the Lórd.

Let the éarth bless the Lórd; *

Praise and exált him above áll foréver.

Móuntains and hills, bless the Lórd *

Éverything grówing from the éarth, bless the Lórd. —

You springs, bless the Lórd; *

Séas and rívers, bless the Lórd.

You dólphins and all wáter créatures, bless the Lórd; *

All you bírds of the áir, bless the Lórd.

All you béasts, wíld and táme, bless the Lórd; *

You sóns of mén, bless the Lórd;

O Ísrael, bless the Lórd. *

Práise and exált him above áll foréver.

Priests of the Lórd, bless the Lórd; *

Sérvants of the Lórd, bless the Lórd.

Spírits and sóuls of the júst, bless the Lórd; *

Hóly mén of húmble héart, bless the Lórd.

Hananíah, Azaríah, Míshael, bless the Lórd; *

Práise and exált him above áll foréver.

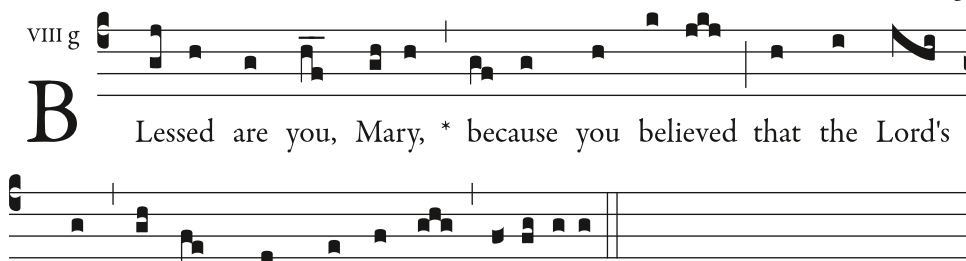
Let us bléss the Fáther, and the Són, and the Hóly Spírit; *

Let us práise and exált him above áll foréver.

Bléssed are you, Lórd, in the firmament of héaven; *

Práiseworthy and glórious and exálted above áll foréver.

ANTIPHON 3

*Beata es Maria**AR II 13*

words to you would be fulfilled, al-le-luia.

PSALM 149

THE JOY OF GOD'S HOLY PEOPLE

*Let the sons of the Church, the children of the new people,
rejoice in Christ, their King. (Hesychius)*

SÍNG a new sÓng to the LÓrd, *
his práise in the assémbly of the fáithful.

Let Ísrael rejóice in its Máker, *

let Zíon's sons exúlt in their kíng.

Let them práise his náme with dÁncing *
and make músic with tímbrel and hárp.

For the LÓrd takes delíght in his péople. *

He crÓwns the póor with salvÁtion.

Let the fáithful rejóice in their glÓry, *

shout for jÓy and táke their rést.

Let the práise of Gód be on their líps *

and a twó-edged swórd in their hÁnd,

to déal out véngeance to the nátions *

and púnishment on áll the péoples;

to bínd their kíngs in cháins *

and their nÓbles in fétters of íron;

to cárry out the séntence pre-ordÁined: *

this hÓnor is for áll his fáithful.

GOSPEL CANTICLE

ANTIPHON

*Cum audisset salutationem**AM 955*

VIII g

W

Hen E-liz-abeth * heard Mary's greeting, she cried out and

said: Who am I that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?

al-le-luia.

LUKE 1: 68–79

CANTICLE OF ZECHARIAH

BLÉSSED be the Lórd, the Gód of Ísrael, *
he has cóme to his péople and sét them frée.

He has ráised up for ús a mighty sáviour, *
bórn of the hóuse of his sérvant Dávid.

Thróugh his holy próphets he prómised of óld †
that he would sáve us from our énemies, *
from the hánds of áll who háte us.

He prómised to show mércy to our fáthers *
and to remémber his hóly cóvenant.

This was the óath he swóre to our fáther Ábraham: *
to set us frée from the hánds of our énemies,
free to wórship him without féar, †
hóly and ríghteous in his sight *
all the dáy of our life.

Yóu, my chíld, shall be called the próphet of the Most Hígh: *
for you will gó before the Lórd to prépare his wáy,
to give his péople knówledge of salvátió n *
by the forgíveness of their síns.

In the ténder compássió n of our Gód, *
the dáwn from on hígh shall bréak upon ús,
to shíne on thóse who dwell in dárkness and the shádw of déath, *
and to guíde our féet into the wáy of péace.

EVENING PRAYER

PSALMODY

ANTIPHON 1

Intravit Maria

LU 1541

II

M A-ry entered * the house of Zechariah, and greet-ed

E-liz-abeth, al- le-luia.

PSALM 122

HOLY CITY JERUSALEM

You have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, heavenly Jerusalem.

(Hebrews 12: 22)

I REJOICED when I héard them sáy: *
"Let us gó to God's hóuse."

And nów our féet are stánding *
withín your gátes, O Jerúsalem.

Jerúsalem is búilt as a cíty *
stróngly compáct.

It is thére that the tríbes go úp, *
the tríbes of the Lórd.

For Ísrael's láv it is, *
there to práise the Lord's náme.
Thére were set the thrónes of júdgment *
of the hóuse of Dávid.

For the péace of Jerúsalem práy: *
"Péace be to your hómes!
May péace réign in your wálls, *
in your pálaces, péace!"

For lóve of my bréthren and friends *
I sáy: "Péace upón you."
For lóve of the hóuse of the Lórd *
I will ásk for your góod.

ANTIPHON 2

Ex quo fact est ... infans

AG 323

1
W Hen your greeting * sounded in my ears, the infant in my
womb leaped for joy, al-le- luaia.

PSALM 127

APART FROM GOD OUR LABORS ARE WORTHLESS

You are God's building. (1 Corinthians 3: 9)

IF the Lórd does not build the hóuse, *
 in váin do its buílders lábor;
 if the Lórd does not wáitch over the city, *
 in váin does the wáitchman keep vígil.

In váin is your éarlier rísing, *
 your góing láter to rést,
 you who tóil for the bréad you éat, *
 when he pours gífts on his belóved while they slumber.

Truly sóns are a gíft from the Lórd, *
 a bléssing, the frúit of the wómb.
 Indéed the sóns of yóuth *
 are like árrows in the hánd of a wárrior.

Ó the háppiness of the mán *
 who has filled his quíver with these árrows!
 Hé will have no cáuse for sháme *
 when he dispútes with his fóes in the gáteways.

ANTIPHON 3

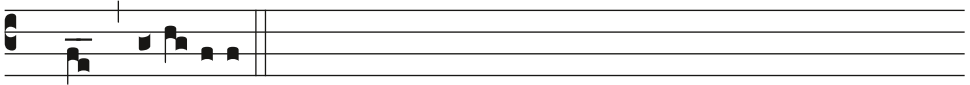
Benedicta tu inter mulieres

AM 955

IV a*

B

Lessed are you * among women and blessed is the fruit of your



womb, al-le-luia.

ALT.

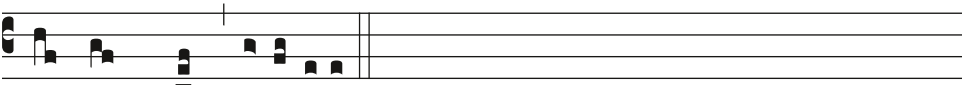
Benedicta tu inter mulieres

LU 1541

VII

B

Lessed are you * among women and blessed is the fruit



of your womb. al-le-luia.

CF. REVELATION 19: 1-7
THE WEDDING OF THE LAMB

Alleluia.

Salvátion, glory, and pówer to our Gód.

R Alleluia.

his júdgments are hónest and trúe.

R Alleluia, alleluia.

Alleluia.

Sing práise to our Gód, all you his sérvants,

R Alleluia.

all who wórship him réverently, gréat and smáll.

R Alleluia, alleluia.

Alleluia.

The Lórd, our all-pówerful God is Kíng;

R Alleluia.

let us rejóice, sing práise, and give him glóry.

R Alleluia, alleluia.

Alleluia.

The wédding feast of the Lámb has begún,

℟ Alleluia.

and his bríde is prepáred to wélcome hím.

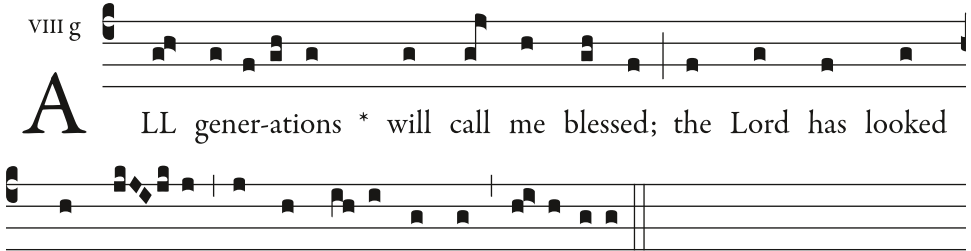
℟ Alleluia, alleluia.

GOSPEL CANTICLE

ANTIPHON

Beatam me dicent

AMI 2005, p29



A LL gener-ations * will call me blessed; the Lord has looked

with fa- vor on his lowly servant, al- le-luia.

LUKE 1: 46–55

CANTICLE OF MARY

MY sôul proclaims the gréatness of the Lórd, †
 my spírit rejoyces in Gód my Sávior *
 for he has lóoked with fávor on his lówly sérvant.

From this dáy all generátions will cáll me bléssed: †
 the Almíghty has dóne great thínghs for mé, *
 and hólý is his náme.

He has mércy on thóse who féar him *
 in évery generátion.

He has shówn the stréngth of his árm, *
 he has scátered the próud in their concéit.

He has cást down the míghty from their thrónes, *
 and has lífted up the lówly.

He has fílled the húngry with good thínghs, *
 and the rích he has sént away éempty.

He has cóme to the hélp of his sérvant Ísrael *
 for he has remémbred his prómise of mércy,
 the prómise he máde to our fáthers, *
 to Ábraham and his chíldren for éver.



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