

ANTIPHON 1

Sitivit anima mea

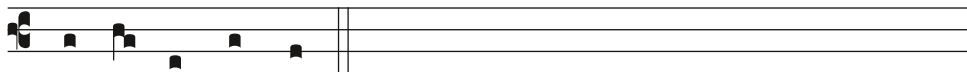
PM 102

II d

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Hen will I come to the end * of my pilgrimage and en-ter



the presence of God?

ALT. (DOMINICAN)

Sitivit anima mea

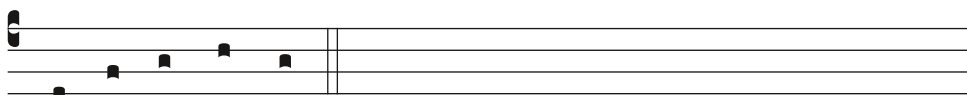
Pr. 259

VIII b

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Hen will I come to the end * of my pilgrimage and en-ter



the presence of God?

PSALM 42

LONGING FOR THE LORD'S PRESENCE IN HIS TEMPLE

Let all who thirst come; let all who desire it drink from the life-giving water.

(Revelation 22: 17)

LÍKE the déer that yéarns *
for rúnning stréams,
so my sóul is yéarning *
for yóu, my Gód.

My sóul is thírsting for Gód, *
the Gód of my lífe;
whén can I énter and sée *
the fáce of Gód?

My téars have becóme my bréad, *
by níght, by dáy,
as I héar it sáid all the dáy lóng: *
"Whére is your Gód?"

Thése things will Í remémber *
as I póur out my sóul:
how I would léad the rejóicing crówd *
into the hóuse of Gód, —

amid cries of gládness and thanksgiving, *
the thróng wild with jóy.

Whý are you cast dówn, my sóul, *
why gróan withín me?

Hópe in Gód; I will práise him stíll, *
my sáviór and my Gód.

My sóul is cast dówn withín me *
as I thínk of yóu,
from the cóuntry of Jórdan and Mount Hérmon, *
from the Híll of Mízar.

Déep is cálling on déep, *
in the róar of wátters;
your tórrents and áll your wáves *
swépt over mé.

By dáy the Lórd will sénd *
his lóving kíndness;
by níght I will síng to hím, *
práise the Gód of my lífe.

I will sáy to Gód, my rók: *
"Whý have you forgóttén mé?
Whý do Í go móurning *
oppreséd by the fóe?"

With cries that píerce me to the héart, *
my énemies revíle me,
sáying to me áll the day lóng: *
"Whére is your Gód?"

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

ANTIPHON 2

Ostende nobis, Domine

PM 257



L Ord, show us * the ra-diance of your mercy.

SIRACH 36: 1–5, 10–13

PRAYER OF ENTREATY FOR THE HOLY CITY, JERUSALEM

*This is eternal life to know you, the one true God, and Jesus Christ
whom you have sent. (John 17: 3)*

CÓME to our áid, O Gód of the úniverse, *
and pút all the nátions in dréad of yóu!
Raise your hánd against the héathen, *
that they may réalize your pówer.

As you have úsed us to shów them your hóliness, *
so now úse them to shów us your glóry.
Thús they will knów, as you knów, *
that thére is no Gód but yóu.

Give new sígns and wórk new wónders; *
show fórth the spléndor of your ríght hand and árm.

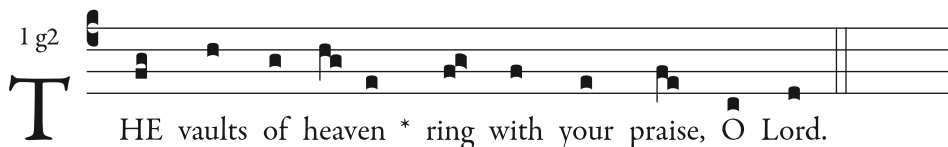
Gáther all the tríbes of Jácob, *
that they may inhérit the lánd as of óld.
Show mércy to the péople cálléd by your náme; *
Ísrael, whom you námed your first-born.

Take píty on your hóly cíty, *
Jerúsalem, your dwélling pláce.
Fill Zíon with your májesty, *
your témples with your glóry.

ANTIPHON 3

Caeli enarrant

PM 24



PSALM 19: 2-7

PRAISE OF THE LORD, CREATOR OF ALL

*The dawn from on high shall break upon us ... to guide our feet
into the way of peace. (Luke 1: 78, 79)*

THE héavens procláim the glóry of Gód, *
and the firmament shows fóρθ the wórк of his hánds.
Dáy unto dáy tákes up the stóry *
and níght unto níght makes knówn the méssage.

No spéech, no wórd, no vóice is héárd †
yet their spán exténds through áll the éarth, *
their wórdс to the útmost bóunds of the wórld.

Thére he has pláced a tént for the sún; †
it comes fóρθ like a brídegroom cóming from his tént, *
rejóices like a chámption to rún its cóurse.

At the énd of the ský is the rísing of the sún; †
to the fúrthest end of the ský is its cóurse. *
There is nóthing conceáled from its búrning héat.