

ANTIPHON 1

Cor mundum

AM 341

Re-ate * a clean heart in me, O God; renew in me a steady fast spirit.

PSALM 51

O GOD, HAVE MERCY ON ME

*Your inmost being must be renewed, and you must put on the new man.
(Ephesians 4: 23–24)*

HAVE mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness. *
In your compásson blot óut my offéense.
O wásh me more and móre from my guílt *
and cléanse me from my sín.

My offéenses trúly I knów them; *
my sín is álwáys befóre me
Agáinst you, you alóne, have I sínned; *
what is évil in your síght I have dóne.

That yóu may be jústified whén you give séntence *
and be withóut repróach when you júdge,
O sée, in guílt I was bórn, *
a sínnér was Í concéived.

Indéed you love trúth in the héart; *
then in the sécret of my héart teach me wísdóm.
O púrfy mé, thén I shall be cléan; *
O wásh me, Í shall be whítér than snów.

Make me héar rejóicing and gládness, *
that the bónes you have crúshed may revíve.
From my síns turn awáy your fáce *
and blót out áll my guílt.

A púre heart créate for me, O Gód, *
put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
Do not cást me awáy from your présence, *
nor depríve me of your hóly spírit.

Give me agáin the jóy of your hélp; *
with a spírit of férvor sustáin me, —

that I may téach transgréssors your wáys *
and sínners may retúrn to yóu.
O réscue me, Gód, my hélper, *
and my tóngue shall ring óut your góodness.
O Lórd, ópen my líps *
and my móuth shall decláre your práise.
For in sácrifice you táke no delíght, *
burnt óffering from mé you would refúse,
my sácrifice, a cóntrite spírit, *
a húmbled, contrite héart you will not spúrn.
In your góodness, show fávor to Zíon: *
rebuíld the wálls of Jerúsalem.
Then yóu will be pléased with lawful sácrifice, *
hólocausts óffered on your áltar.

ANTIPHON 2

Benedicite Dominum *

AM 1103

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R Ejoice, Je-ru-salem, * for through you all men will be gathered

to the Lord.

TOBIT 13: 8–11, 13–15

THANKSGIVING FOR THE PEOPLE'S DELIVERANCE

He showed me the holy city Jerusalem which shone with the glory of God.

(Revelation 21: 10–11)

LET all men spéak of the Lord's májesty, *
and síng his práises in Jerúsalem.

O Jerúsalem, hólý cýty, †
he scóurged you for the wórks of your hánds, *
but will agáin pity the children of the ríghteous.

Práise the Lórd for his góodness, †
and bléss the Kíng of the áges, *
so that his tént may be rebuilt in you with jóy.

May he gládden wíthín you áll who were cáptives; †
áll who were rávaged may he chérish wíthín you *
for all generátions to cóme.

A bríght líght will shíne to all párts of the éarth; *
many nátions shall cóme to you from afár, *
and the inhábítants of all the límíts of the éarth
dráwn to you by the náme of the Lord Gód, *
béaring in their hánds their gifts for the Kíng of héaven.

Every generátion shall give jóyful práise in yóu, †
and shall cáll you the chósén one, *
through all áges foréver.

Gó then, rejóice over the children of the ríghteous, †
who sháll be gáthered togéther *
and shall bléss the Lórd of the áges.

Happy are those who love you,
and happy those who rejoice in your prosperity.

Háppy are all the mén who shall gríeve over yóu, *
over áll your chastisements,
for théy shall rejóice in yóu *
as they behóld all your jóy foréver.

My spírit blesses the Lórd, the great Kíng.

ANTIPHON 3

Benedixit filiis *

CS 390, 101

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Z I- on, * praise your God, who sent his Word to renew

the earth.

PSALM 147: 12–20

THE RESTORATION OF JERUSALEM

Come, I will show you the bride of the Lamb. (Revelation 21: 9)

O PRAISE the Lórd, Jerúsalem! *
Zion práise your Gód!

He strángthened the bárs of your gátes *
he has bléssed the children wíthin you.
He established péace on your bórders, *
he féeds you with finest whéat.

He sénds out his wórd to the éarth *
and swíftly rúns his commánd.
He shówers down snów white as wóol, *
he scátters hóar-frost like áshes.

He húrls down háilstones like crúmb. *
The wáters are frózen at his tóuch;
he sénds forth his wórd and it mélts them: *
at the bréath of his móuth the waters flów.

He mákes his wórd known to Jácob, *
to Ísrael his láws and decrées.
He has not déalt thus with óther nátions; *
he has not táught them hís decrées.