

LAUDS
of the
CARTHUSIAN
ORDER



2019

Psalm 66

Deus misereatur nostri

May God be merciful to us and blêss us, ✧
show us the light of his countenance and
come to us.

Let your ways be known upôn earth, ✧ your
salvation among all nations.

Let the peoples praise yôu, O God; ✧ let all the
peoples praise you.

Let the nations be glad and sîng for joy, ✧✧ for
you judge the peoples with êquity ✧ and
guide all the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise yôu, O God; ✧ let all the
peoples praise you.

The earth has brought forth her încreease; ✧
may God, our own God, give us his blessing.

May God give us his blêssing, ✧ and may all
the ends of the earth stand in awe of him.

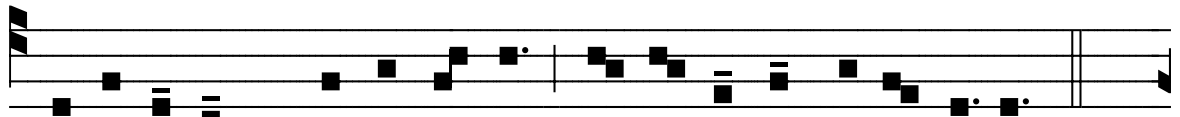
Glory be to the Father and tô the Son ✧ and to
the Holy Spirit.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shâll be, ✧ world without end. Amen.

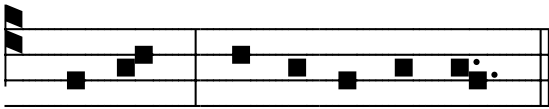
SUNDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

A

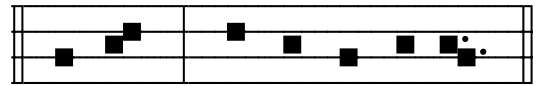


Lleluia, * alle-luia, al-leluia, alleluia.



Be joyful. t.1

OR



Have mercy. t.1

- ◆ *From Septuagesima Sunday to Palm Sunday inclusively, Psalm 50 (next page) is sung.*
- ◆ *On other Sundays, either Psalm 50 (next page) or Psalm 99 is sung.*

Psalm 99

Iubilate Deo

BE joyful in the Lórd, áll you lands; * serve the Lord with gladness and come before hīs présence wíth a song.

Know this: The Lórd himsélf is God; ** he himself has máde ūs, and wé are his; * we are his people and the shéep òf his pasture.

Enter his gates with thanksgiving; go íntõ his courts with praise; * give thanks to him ãnd cáll upón his Name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is éverlásting; ✠
and his faithfulness ēndúres from áge to age.

Continue with Psalm 117 on page 6.

Psalm 50

Miserere mei, Deus

HAve mercy on me, O God, according to
your lóving-kíndness; ✠ in your great
compassion blot óut m̄y offénces.

Wash me through and through fróm my
wickedness * ānd cléanse me fróm my sin.

For I knów m̄y transgréssions, ✠ and my sin is
évēr befóre me.

Against you ónly háve I sinned ✠ and done what
īs évil ín your sight.

And so you are jústīfied whén you speak ✠ and
uprīght ín your júdgement.

Indeed, I have been wícked fróm my birth, ✠ a
sinnēr fróm my móther's womb.

For behold, you look for truth déep withín me, ✠
and will make me understānd wísdom
sécretly.

Purge me with hyssop, and Í sháll be clean; ✠

wash me, and I shall bē whítter thán snow.

Make me hear of jóy and gládness, ✠ that the body you hāve bróken máy rejoice.

Hide your fáce fróm my sins ✠ and blot out áll m̄y iníquities.

Create in me a cléan héart, O God, ✠ and renew a right spírīt withín me.

Cast me not awáy fróm your présence ✠ and take not your hol̄y Spírīt fróm me.

Give me the joy of your sáving hélp again ✠ and sustain me with your bóuntīful Spírīt.

I shall teach your wáys tō the wícked, ✠ and sinnērs sháll retúrn to you.

Deliver mé from déath, O God, ✠ and my tongue shall sing of your righteousness, O God ōf m̄y salvátion.

O Lord, ópen m̄y lips, ✠ and my mōuth sháll procláim your praise.

Had you desired it, I would have óffered sácrifice, ✠ but you take no delíght ĩn burnt-ófferings.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; ✠ a broken and contrite heart, O Gōd, yóu will nót despise.

Be favourable and grácious to Zíon, ✠ and rebuild the wálls ōf Jerúsalem.

Then you will be pleased with the appointed sacrifices, with burnt-offerings ánd oblátions; ✠ then shall they offer young bullocks ūpón your áltar.

Psalm 117

Confitemini Domino

Give thanks to the Lórd, for hé is good; ✠ his mercy ēndúres for éver.

Let Ísrāel nów proclaim, ✠ ‘His mercy ēndúres for éver.’

Let the house of Áaron nów proclaim, ✠ ‘His mercy ēndúres for éver.’

Let those who féar thē Lord nów proclaim, ✠ ‘His mercy ēndúres for éver.’

I called to the Lórd in mý distress; ✠ the Lord answered bȳ sétting mé free.

The Lord is at my side, thérefōre I wíll not

fear; ✨ what can anyone do to me?

The Lord is at my side to help me; ✨ I will triumph over those who hate me.

It is better to rely on the Lord than to put any trust in flesh; ✨ it is better to rely on the Lord than to put any trust in rulers.

All the ungodly encompass me; ✨ in the name of the Lord I will repel them.

They hem me in, they hem me in on every side; ✨ in the name of the Lord I will repel them.

They swarm about me like bees; they blaze like a fire of thorns; ✨ in the name of the Lord I will repel them.

I was pressed so hard that I almost fell, ✨ but the Lord came to my help.

The Lord is my strength and my song, ✨ and he has become my salvation.

There is a sound of exultation and victory ✨ in the tents of the righteous:

‘The right hand of the Lord has triumphed! ✨✨
The right hand of the Lord is exalted! ✨ The right hand of the Lord has triumphed!’

I shall not díe, but live, ✠ and declare thĕ wórks
óf the Lord.

The Lord has púnīshed me sórely, ✠ but he did
not hand mē óver tó death.

Open for me the gátes of ríghteousness; ✠ I will
enter them; I will offĕr thánks tó the Lord.

‘This is the gáte óf the Lord; ✠ he who is
ríghteōus may énter.’

I will give thanks to yóu, fōr you ánsWERED me ✠
and have becóme mŷ salvátion.

The same stone which the búildĕrs rejĕcted ✠
has becóme thĕ chief córnerstone.

This ís thĕ Lord’s dóing, ✠ and it is márvĕllous
ín our eyes.

On this day the Lórd has ácted; ✠ we will rejóice
ānd be glád in it.

Hosannah, Lórd, hosánnah! ✠ Lōrd, sénd us nów
success.

Blesséd is he who comes in the náme óf the
Lord; ✠ we bless you from thĕ hóuse óf the
Lord.

God is the Lord; he has shíned upón us; ✠ form a

procession with branches up to the horns of the altar.

You are my God, and I will thank you; * you are my God, and I will exalt you.'

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good; * his mercy endures for ever.

Psalm 62

Deus, Deus meus

O God, you are my God; * I seek you eagerly.

My soul thirsts for you, my flesh faints for you, * as in a barren and dry land where there is no water;

Therefore I have gazed upon you in your holy place, * that I might behold your power and your glory.

For your loving-kindness is better than life itself; * my lips shall give you praise.

So will I bless you as long as I live * and lift up my hands in your Name.

My soul is content, as with marrow and fatness, * and my mouth praises you with joyful lips,

When I remember yóu upón my bed, ✠ and meditate on you ín thē night wátches.

For you have bēen my hēlper, ✠ and under the shadow of yōur wíngs I wíll rejoice.

My sóul clíngs to you; ✠ yōur ríght hand hólds me fast.

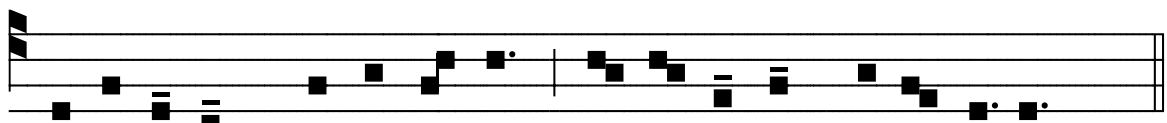
May those who seek my lífe tō destróy it ✠ go down into thē dépths óf the earth;

Let them fall upon the édge óf the sword, ✠ and let them bē fóod for jáckals.

But the kíng wíll rejóice in God; ✠✠ all those who swéar b̄y him wíll be glad; ✠ for the mouth of those who spéak líes sháll be stopped.

Antiph.

A



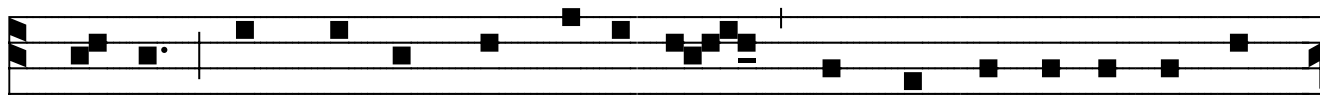
Lleluia, alle-luia, al-leluia, alleluia.

Antiph.

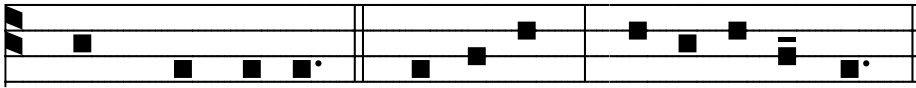
B



Benedictus es * Domine, in throno regni



tu-i, et superlaudabi-lis, et superexaltatus



in sæcula. O all you works. t.8

Canticle

Dan 3

O All you works of the Lórd, O bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, angels of the Lórd, O bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, the heavens of the Lórd, O bléss the Lord. ✠ And you, clouds of thē ský, O bléss the Lord.

And you, all armies of the Lórd, O bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, sun and móon, O bléss the Lord. ✠ And you, the stars of the héavēns, O bléss the Lord.

And you, showers and ráin, O bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, all you breezes and wínds, O bléss the Lord. ✠ And you, fire ānd héat, O bléss the Lord.

And you, cold and héat, O bléss the Lord. ❖ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, showers and déw, O bléss the Lord. ❖
And you, frosts ānd cóld, O bléss the Lord.

And you, frost and snów, O bléss the Lord. ❖ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, night-time and dáy, O bléss the Lord. ❖
And you, darkness ānd líght, O bléss the Lord.

And you, lightning and clóuds, O bléss the Lord. ❖
To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

O let the éarth bléss the Lord. ❖ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, mountains and hílles, O bléss the Lord. ❖
And you, all plants of thē éarth, O bléss the Lord.

And you, fountains and spríngs, O bléss the Lord. ❖
To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, rivers and séas, O bléss the Lord. ❖
And you, creatures of thē séa, O bléss the Lord.

And you, every bird in the ský, O bléss the Lord. ❖❖ And you, wild beasts and táme, O bléss the Lord. ❖ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, children of mén, O bléss the Lord. ❖

To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

O Ísrāel, bléss the Lord. ✠ And you, priests of thē Lórd, O bléss the Lord.

And you, servants of the Lórd, O bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

And you, spirits and souls of the júst, O bléss the Lord. ✠ And you, holy and humble ōf héart, O bléss the Lord.

Ananias, Azarias, Mízāel, bléss the Lord. ✠ To him be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

Let us praise the Father, the Son and the Hóly Spírit: ✠ To you be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

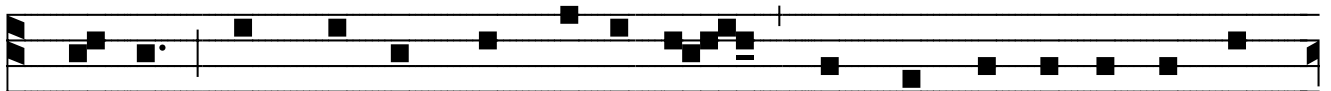
May you be blessed, O Lórd, ĩn the héavens. ✠ To you be highest glory ānd práise for éver.

Antiph.

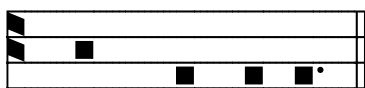
B



Enedictus es Domine, in throno regni

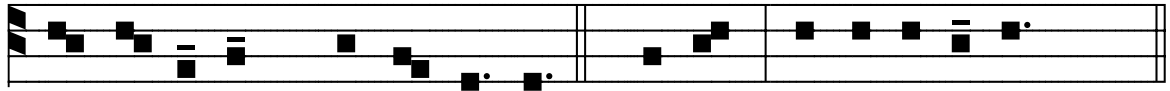


tu-i, et superlaudabi-lis, et superexaltatus



in sæcula.

Antiph.

A

L- leluia,* al-lelu-ia. Praise the Lord. t.1

Psalm 148*Laudate Dominum*

PRaise the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights; * praise him, all you angels of his; praise him, all his host.

Praise him, sun and moon; praise him, all you shining stars; * praise him, heaven of heavens, and you waters above the heavens.

Let them praise the Name of the Lord; * for he commanded, and they were created.

He made them stand fast for ever and ever; * he gave them a law which shall not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth, * you sea-monsters and all deeps;

Fire and hail, snow and fog, * tempestuous wind, doing his will;

Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars; * wild beasts and all cattle, creeping things and winged birds;

Kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all rúlers óf the world; ✠ young men and maidens, old ānd yóung togéther.

Let them praise the Name of the Lord, for his Name only ís exálted, ✠ his splendour is ovēr éarth and héaven.

He has raised up strength for his people and praise for all his lóyal sérvants, ✠ the children of Israel, a peoplē whó are néar him.

Here Glory be is not said.

Psalm 149

Cantate Domino

Sing to the Lórd a néw song; ✠ sing his praise in the congregatiōn óf the fáithful.

Let Israel rejóice ĩn his Máker; ✠ let the children of Zion bē jóyful ín their King.

Let them praise his Náme ín the dance; ✠ let them sing praise to him wĭth tímbrel ánd harp.

For the Lord takes pleasure ín his péople ✠ and adorns thē póor with víctory.

Let the faithful rejoice in triumph; ✠ let them be joyful on their beds.

Let the praises of God be in their throat ✠ and a two-edged sword in their hand;

To wreak vengeance on the nations and punishment on the peoples; ✠ to bind their kings in chains and their nobles with links of iron;

To inflict on them the judgement decreed; ✠ this is glory for all his faithful people.

Here Glory be is not said.

Psalm 150

Laudate Dominum

Praise God in his holy temple; ✠ praise him in the firmament of his power.

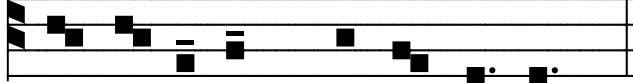
Praise him for his mighty acts; ✠ praise him for his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the blast of the ram's-horn; ✠ praise him with lyre and harp.

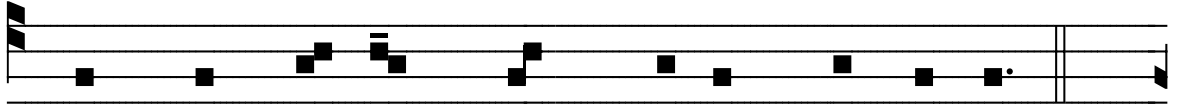
Praise him with timbrel and dance; ✠ praise him with strings and pipe.

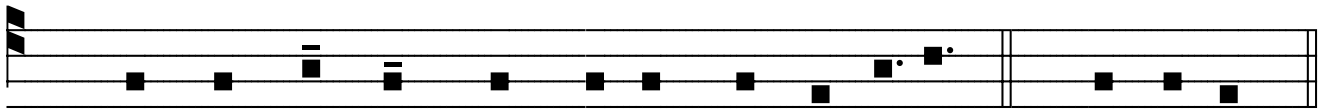
Praise him with resounding cymbals; ☩☩ praise him with loud-clanging cymbals. ☩ All creatures that breath have, praise the Lord.

Antiph.

A  L-lelua, al-le-lu-ia.

℞. Parv.

H  Æc est di-es, quam fecit Dominus.



ψ. **E**-xultemus et lætemur in e-a. **G**lori-a.

The Canticle of Zechariah

Blessed be the Lörd Gód of Ísrael, ☩ for he has looked favourably on his peoplē ánd redéemed them.

He has raised up for us ä míghty Sáviour ☩ in the house of hīs sérvant Dávid,

As he spoke through the mouth of his holÿ próphets fróm of old, ☩ that we would be saved from our enemies and from the hand oġ áll who háte us.

Thus he has shown the mercy promised tó our áncēstors, ✠ and has remembered hīs hólý cóvenant,

The oath that he swore to our áncēstor Ábraham, ✠ to grant us that, being rescued from the hánds ōf our énemies,

We might sërve hīm withóut fear, ✠ in holiness and righteousness bēfóre him áll our days.

And you, child, will be called the prophēt óf the Móst High; ✠ for you will go before the Lórd tō prepáre his ways,

To give knowledge of salvation tó his péople ✠ by the fōrgíveness óf their sins.

By the tendēr mércy óf our God, ✠ the dawn from on high wīll bréak upón us,

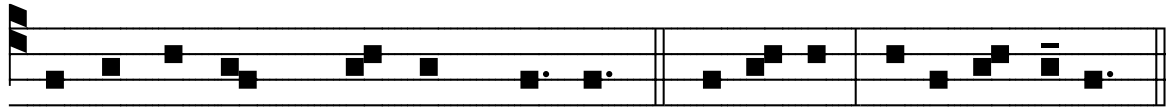
To give light to those who sit in darkness and in thē shádw óf death, ✠ to guide our feet íntō the wáy of peace.

Glory be to the Fáthēr and tó the Son ✠ and to thē Hólý Spírit.

As it was in the beginning, is now, änd éver sháll be, ✠ world wīthóut end. Ámen.

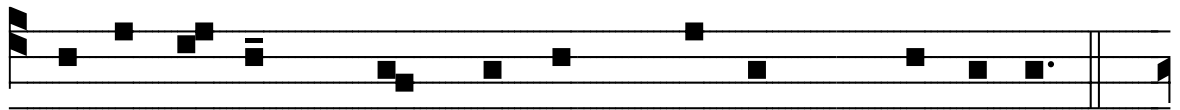
MONDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

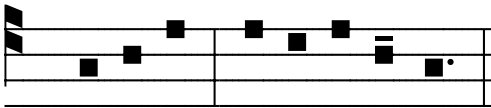
M

I-sere-re * me-i, Deus. Have mercy. t.6

Antiph.

I

Ntel-lige * clamorem meum, Domine.



Give ear. t.8

Psalm 5*Verba mea auribus*

Give ear tó my wórds, O Lord; * consider m̄y méditátion.

Hearken to my cry for help, my Kíng and m̄y God, * for Ī máke my práyer to you.

In the morning, Lórd, you héar my voice; * early in the morning I make my āppéal and wátch for you.

For you are not a God who takes pléasūre in wíckedness, * and evīl cánnót dwéll with you.

Braggarts cannot stánd ín your sight; * you hate all thóse whō work wíckedness.

You destroy those who speak lies; ✠ the
bloodthirsty and deceitful, Ó Lord, you abhor.

But as for me, through the greatness of your
mercy I will go into your house; ✠ I will bow
down towards your holy temple in awe of you.

Lead me, O Lord, in your righteousness,
because of those who lie in wait for me; ✠
make your way straight before me.

For there is no truth in their mouth; ✠ there is
destruction in their heart;

Their throat is an open grave; ✠ they flatter
with their tongue.

Declare them guilty, Ó God; ✠ let them fall,
because of their schemes.

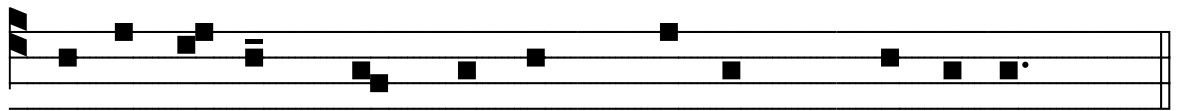
Because of their many transgressions cast them
out, ✠ for they have rebelled against you.

But all who take refuge in you will be glad; ✠
they will sing out their joy for ever.

You will shelter them, ✠ so that those who love
your Name may exult in you.

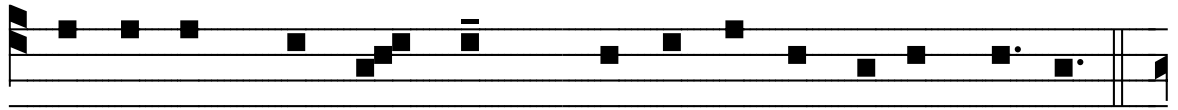
For you, O Lord, will bless the righteous; ✠ you will
defend them with your favour as with a shield.

Antiph.

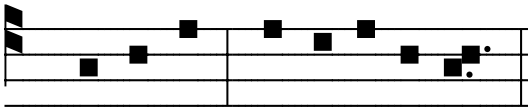
I

Ntel-lige clamorem meum, Domine.

Antiph.

D

Domine, in cæ-lo * mise-ricordi-a tu-a.



There is. t.8

Psalm 35*Dixit injustus*

THere is a voice of rebellion deep in the héart ōf the wicked; * there is no fear ōf Gód befóre his eyes.

He flatters himsélf īn his ówn eyes * that his hateful sin wīll nót be fóund out.

The words of his mouth are wicked ánd decéitful; * he has left off acting wíselý and dóing good.

He thinks up wickedness upon his bed and has set himsélf in nó good way; * he does not abhor thát whīch is évil.

Your love, O Lord, reaches tó the héavens, * and your fáithfūlness tó the clouds.

Your righteousness is líke thē strong móuntains, ✠✠ your justice líke the gréat deep; ✠ you save bōth mán and béast, O Lord.

How priceless ís your lóve, O God! ✠ Your people take refuge under thē shádown óf your wings.

They feast upon the abúndance óf your house; ✠ you give them drink from the rívēr of yóur delights.

For with yóu ís the wéll of life, ✠ and ĩn yóur light wé see light.

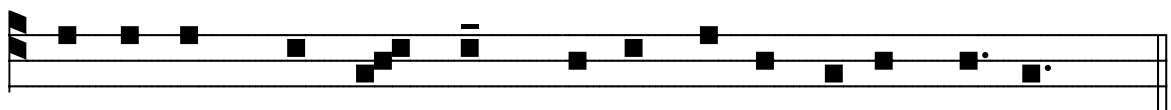
Continue your loving-kindness to thóse who knów you, ✠ and your favour to thóse whō are trúe of heart.

Let not the foot of the próud come néar me, ✠ nor the hand of the wickēd púsh mé aside.

See how they are fallen, thóse whō work wíckedness! ✠ They are cast down and shall not bē áble tó rise.

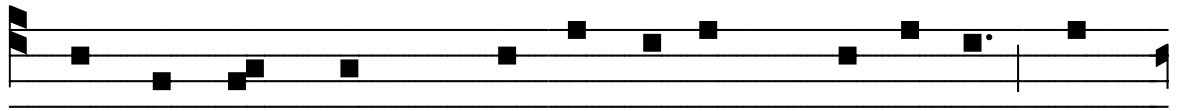
Antiph.

D

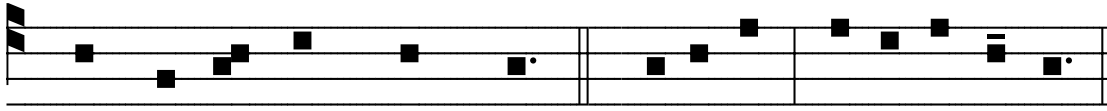


Domine, in cæ-lo mise-ricordi-a tu-a.

Antiph.

C

Onversus est * furor tuus, Domine, et



conso-latus es me. I will give. t.8

Canticle*Isa 12*

I Will give thánks to yóu, O Lord, * for though you were angry with me, your anger turned awāy, ánd you cómforted me.

Surely God is mý salvátion; * I will trust, ānd will not bé afraid,

For the Lord God is my stréngth and mý might; * he has becóme mý salvátion.

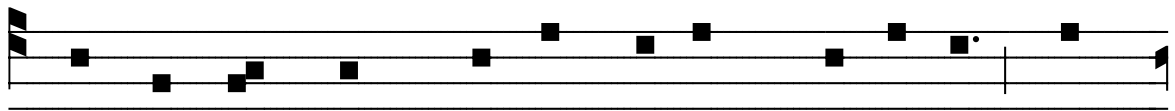
With joy you will draw water from the wélls ōf salvátion. * And you wīll sáy on thát day:

Give thanks to the Lord, cáll ón his name; * make known his deeds amóng the nátions; * proclaim that his náme īs exálted.

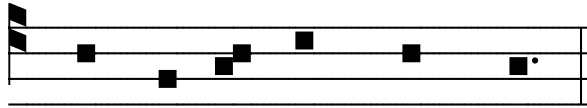
Sing praises to the Lord, for hé hās done glóriously; * let this bē knówn in áll the earth.

Shout aloud and sing for joy, O róyal Zíon, * for great in your midst is the Holý Óne of Ísrael. □

Antiph.

C

Conversus est furor tuus, Domine, et



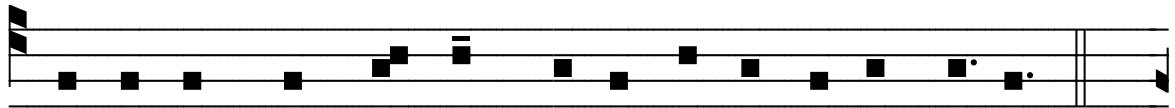
conso-latus es me.

Antiph.

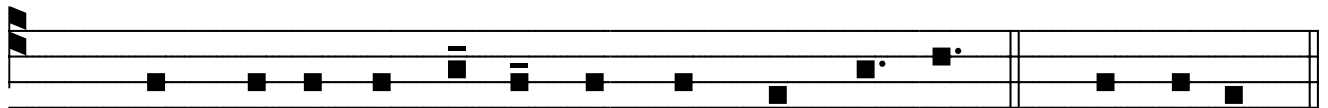
I

N excelsis * laudate Deum. Praise. t.6

R̄. Parv.

D

Domine, in cæ-lo mise-ricordi-a tu-a.



ψ. Et veritas tu-a usque ad nubes. Glori-a.

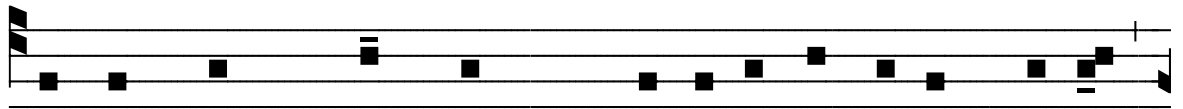
Ad Bñcts.

B

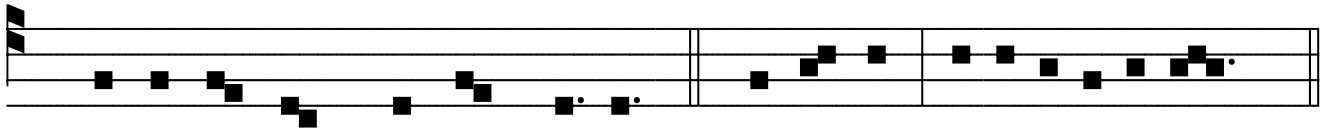
Benedic-tus * Deus Israel. Blessed be. t.6

TUESDAY LAUDS

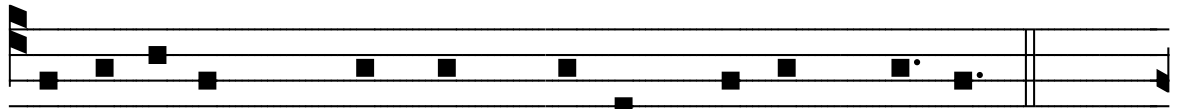
Antiph.

S

Ecundum magnam * misericordiam tuam,

mise-re-re me-i, Deus. **Have mercy.** t.1

Antiph.

S

Alutare * vultus me-i, Deus meus.



Give judgement. t.6

Psalm 42*Judica me, Deus*

Give júdgemēnt for mé, O God, ** and defend my cause against an ungodly péople; * deliver me from the deceitfūl ánd the wícked.

For you are the Gód óf my strength; ** why have you pút me fróm you? * And why do I go so heavily while the enēmý oppréses me?

Send out your light and your truth, that théy may léad me, * and bring me to your holy hill ānd tó your dwélling;

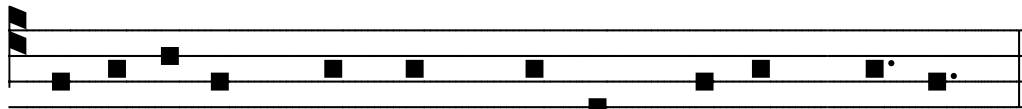
That I may go to the áltar óf God, ✠✠ to the God of my jóy and gládness; ✠ and on the harp I will give thanks tō yóu, O Gód my God.

Why are you so full of héavīness, Ó my soul? ✠
And why are you so disquiētéd withín me?

Pút your trúst in God; ✠ for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my cóuntēnance, ánd my God.

Antiph.

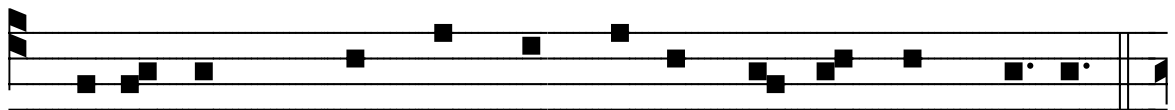
S



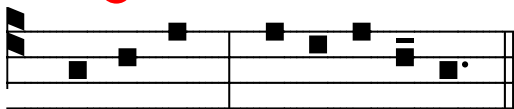
Alutare vultus me-i, Deus meus

Antiph.

Q



Quoniam * in te confidit a-nima mea.



Be merciful. t.8

Psalm 56

Miserere mei, Deus

BE merciful to me, O Gód, be mérciful, ✠ for I have takēn réfuge ín you;

In the shadow of your wings will Í take réfuge ✠ until this time of tróublē has góne by.

I will call upón the Móst High God, ✠ the Gód whō maintáins my cause.

He will send from héavēn and sáve me; ✠✠ he will confound those who trámplē upón me; ✠ God will send forth his lóve ānd his fáithfulness.

I lie in the midst of lions that devóur the péople; ✠ their teeth are spears and arrows, thēir tóngue a shárp sword.

They have laid a net for my feet, and Í am bówed low; ✠ they have dug a pit before me, but have fallēn ínto ít themselves.

Exalt yourself, O God, abóve the héavens, ✠ and your glorý óver áll the earth.

My heart is firmly fixed, O Gód, my héart is fixed; ✠ I will síng ānd make mélody.

Wake up, my spirit; awáke, lúte and harp; ✠ I myself wíll wáken thé dawn.

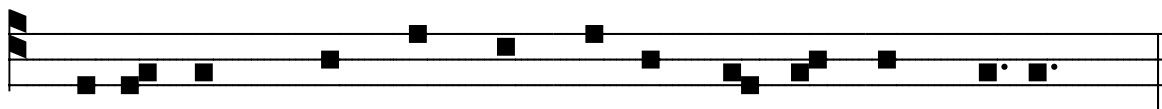
I will confess you, O Lord, amóng the péoples; ✠ I will sing praise to you āmóng the nátions.

For your loving-kindness is greater thán the héavens, ✠ and your faithfulness réaches tó the clouds.

Exalt yourself, O God, abóve the héavens, ✠ and your glorý óver áll the earth. □

Antiph.

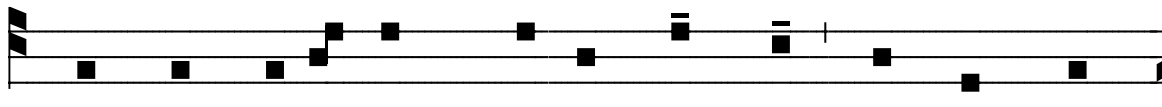
Q



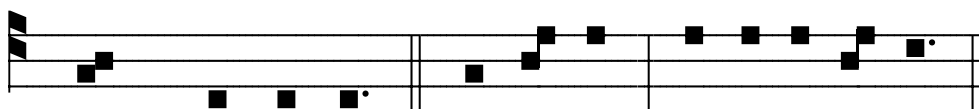
Uoniam in te confidit a-nima mea.

Antiph.

C



Unctis di-ebus * vitæ nostræ salvos nos



fac, Domine. I said: In the.

Canticle

Isa 38

I Said: In the noontide of my dáy's I múst depart; * I am consigned to the gates of Sheol for thē rést of mý years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord in the lánd ōf the líving; * I shall look upon mortals no more among the inhábītants óf the world.

My dwelling is plucked up and removed from me líke a shépherd's tent; * líke a weaver I háve rólled úp my life;

He cuts me óff fróm the loom; * from day to night yōu bríng me tó an end;

I cry for hélp ūntil mórning; ** líke a lion he bréaks áll my bones; * from day to night yōu bríng me tó an end.

Like a swallow or a cráne I clámour, ✧ Í móan
líke a dove.

My eyes are weary with lóoking úpwards. ✧ O
Lord, I am oppressed; bé m̄y secúurity!

But what can I say? For he has spóken tó me, ✧
and he h̄imsélf has dóné it.

Áll my sléep has fled ✧ because of the bíttērnness
óf my soul.

O Lord, by these things people live, and in all
these is the lífe ōf my spírít. ✧ O restore me
tō héalth and máke me live!

Surely it was for my welfare that I hād great
bíttērnness; ✧✧ but you have held back my life
from the pít ōf destrúction, ✧ for you have cast
all m̄y síns behínd your back.

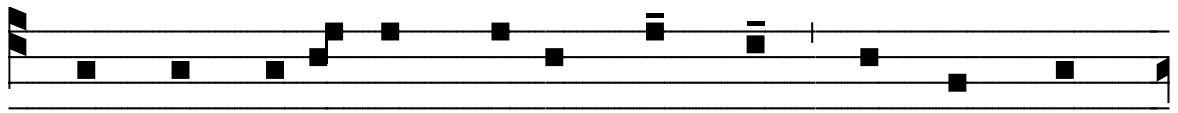
For Sheol cannot thank you, déath cānnot
práise you; ✧ those who go down to the Pit
cannot hópe fōr your fáithfulness.

The living, the living, they thank you, as Í do
thís day; ✧ fathers make known to chíldrēn
your fáithfulness.

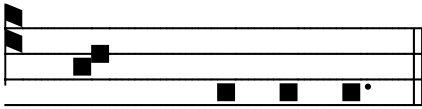
The Lord will save me, and we will sing
to stringed instruments * all the days of our
lives, at the house of the Lord.

Antiph.

C



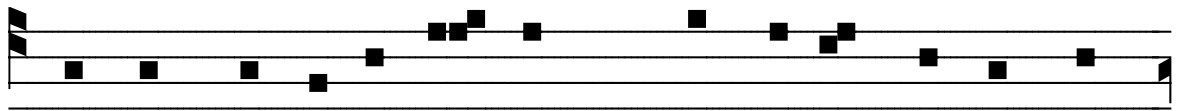
Unctis di-ebus vitæ nostræ salvos nos



fac, Domine.

Antiph.

O



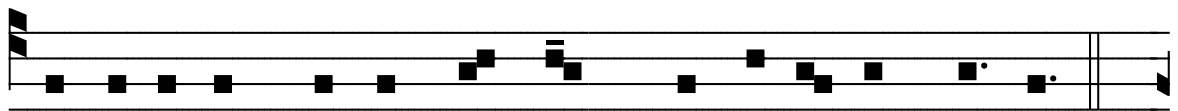
Mnes Angeli e-ius, * laudate Dominum



de cælis. Praise the Lord. t.5

R̄. Parv.

M



I-serere me-i, De-us, mise-rere me-i.



ψ. Quoniam in te confidit anima me-a.

Ad Bñcts.

V



I-sita-vit, * et fecit redempti-onem

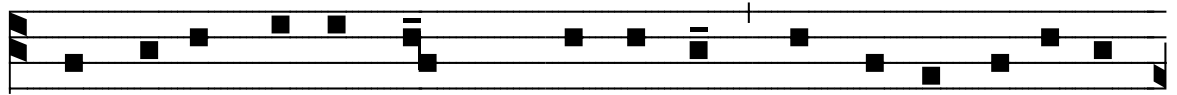


Dominus, plebis suæ. Blessed be. t.5

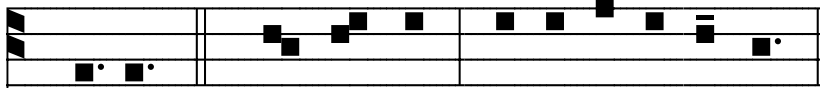
WEDNESDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

A



Mplus lava me,* Domine, ab iniustiti-a



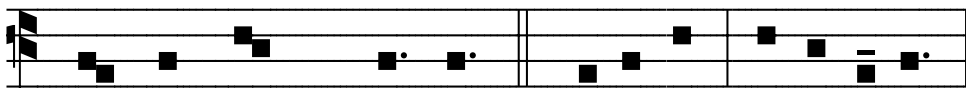
mea. **H**ave mercy. t.7

Antiph.

A



Timore * i-nimici e-ripe, Domine,



a-nimam meam. **H**ear my. t.2

Psalm 63

Exaudi, Deus

Hear my voice, O Gód, when Í complain; *
protect my life from féar oĩf the ényemy.

Hide me from the conspiracy óf the wícked, *
from the mob oĩf évildóers.

They sharpen their tóngue líke a sword, * and
aim their bittēr wórds like árrows,

That they may shoot down the blámelēss from
ámbush; * they shoot without warníng ánd
are nóť afraid.

They hold fást tō their évil course; ✠ they plan hów thēy may híde their snares.

They say, ‘Who will see us? Who will fínd óut our crimes? ✠ We have thōught óut a péréct plot.’

The human mind and héart āre a mýstery; ✠ but God will loose an arrow at them, and suddenly thēy wíll be wóunded.

He will make them tríp ōver thér tongues, ✠ and all who sée thēm will sháke their heads.

Everyone will stand in áwe ānd decláre God’s deeds; ✠ they wíll récogníse his works.

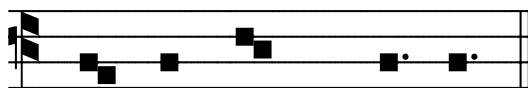
The righteous will rejoice in the Lord and pút their trúst in him, ✠ and all who are true ōf héart will glóry.

Antiph.

A

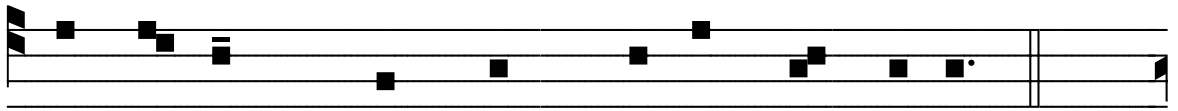


Timore i-nimici e-ripe, Domine,

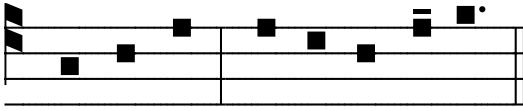


a-nimam meam.

Antiph.

T

E decet * hymnus, Deus, in Sion.



You are to be. t.8

Psalm 64*Te decet hymnus*

You are to be praised, O Gód, in Zíon; * to you shall vows be performed ĩn Jerúsalem.

To you that hear práyēr shall áll flesh come, * because ōf thér transgréssions.

Our sins are stróngēr than wé are, * bŭt yóu will blót them out.

Happy are they whom you choose and draw to your cóurts to dwéll there! ** They will be satisfied by the béauty óf your house, * by the holinēss óf your témples.

Awesome things will you show us in your righteousness, O God of óur salvátion, * O Hope of all the ends of the earth and of the séas thāt are fār away.

You make fast the mountains bý your pówer; * they are gírdēd abóut with might.

You still the róaring óf the seas, ✨ the roaring of their waves, and the clamōur óf the péoples.

Those who dwell at the ends of the earth will tremble át your márvellous signs; ✨ you make the dawn and thē dúsk to síng for joy.

You visit the earth and water ít abúndantly; ✨✨ you make it véry plénteous; ✨ the river of God ís fúll of wáter.

You prepare the grain, for so you províde fór the earth. ✨✨ You drench the furrows and smooth óut the rídgēs; ✨ with heavy rain you soften the ground ānd bléss its íncrease.

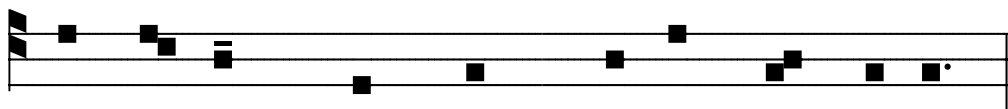
You crown the yéar wīth your góodness, ✨ and your paths ovērfłów with plénty.

May the fields of the wilderness be rích for grázing, ✨ and thē hílls be clóthed with joy.

May the meadows cówēr themséives with flocks, ✨✨ and the valleys clóak themséives with grain; ✨ let thēm shóut for jóy and sing.

Antiph.

T

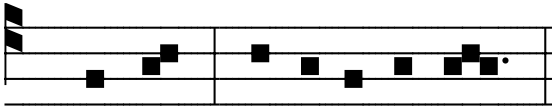


E decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion

Antiph.

D

O-minus * iudicabit fines terræ.



You are to be. t.8

Canticle*1 Sam 2*

MY heart exúlts ín the Lord; * my strength
is ēxálted ín my God.

My mouth derídes my énemies, * because I
rejóice ñn my víctory.

There is no Holy One like the Lord, nó òne
besídes you; * there is nō Róck like óur God.

Talk no more so véry próudly, ** let not
arrogance cóme fróm your mouth; * for the
Lord is a God of knowledge, and by hīm
áctions áre weighed.

The bows of the míghtȳ are bróken, * but the
féeblē gird ón strength.

Those who were full have híred thēmselves óut
for bread, * but those who were húngr̄y are fát
with spoil.

The barren hás borne séven, ✠ but she who has manŷ children ís forlorn.

The Lord kílles and bríngs to life; ✠ he brings down to Shéōl and ráises up.

The Lord makes póor and mákes rich; ✠ he brings low, hē álso éxalts.

He raises up the póor fróm the dust; ✠✠ he lifts the needy fróm the ásh heap, ✠ to make them sit with princes and inherit ā séat of hónour.

For the pillars of the éarth áre the Lord's, ✠ and on thém hē has sét the world.

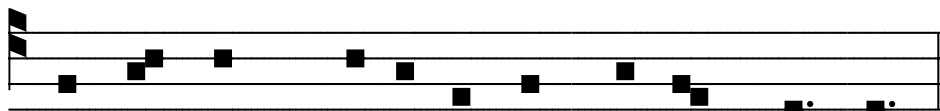
He will guard the féet ōf his fáithful ones, ✠✠ but the wicked shall be cut óff in dárkness; ✠ for not bŷ míght does óne prevail.

The Lord! His adversaries sháll be shátttered; ✠ the Most High will thúndēr in héaven.

The Lord will judge the énds óf the earth; ✠ he will give strength to his king, and exalt the power ōf hís anóinted.

Antiph.

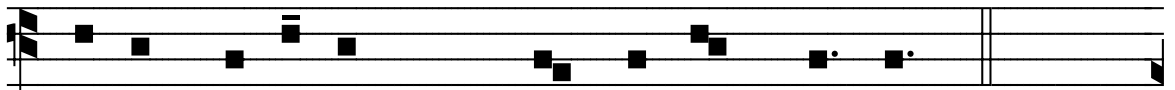
D



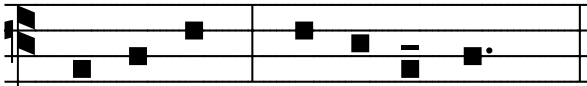
O-minus iudicabit fines terræ.

Antiph.

C



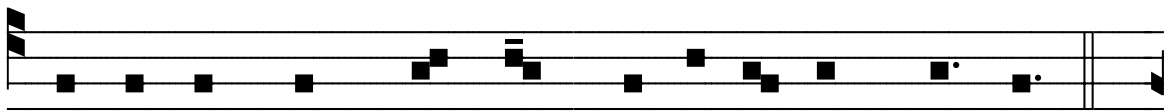
Æ-li cælorum, * lauda-te Deum.



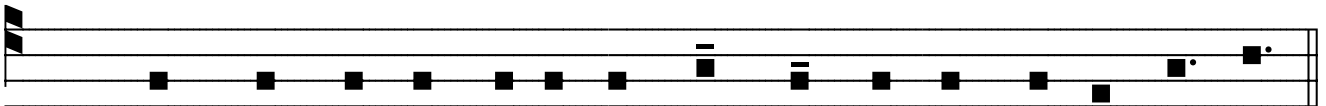
Praise the Lord. t.2

R̄. Parv.

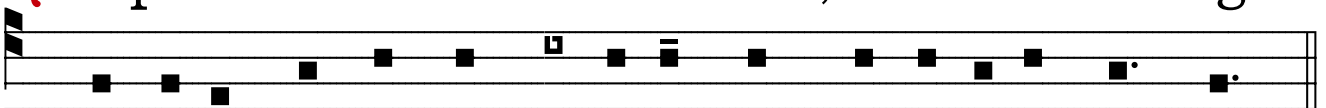
E



X-audi nos, De-us, salu-taris noster.



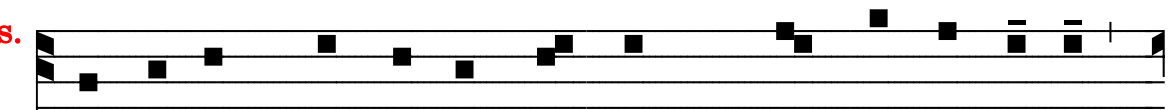
ψ. S pes omnium finium terræ, et in mari longe.



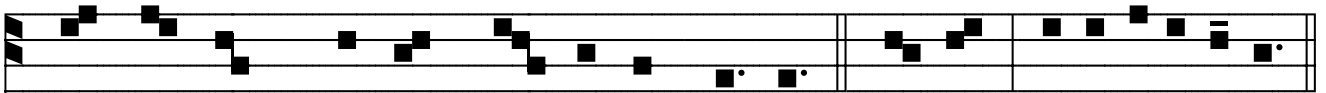
Glori-a Patri et Fi-li-o, et Spiritu-i Sancto.

Ad Bñcts.

E



Rexit Dominus nobis * cornu salutis



in domo David pu-e-ri su-i. Blessed be. t.7

THURSDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

T



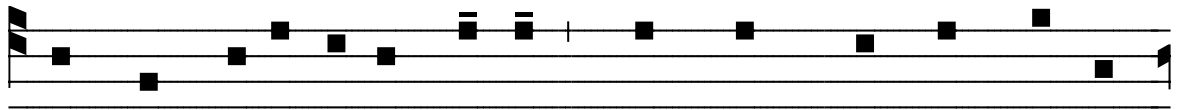
Ibi soli * peccavi, Domine, miserere mei.



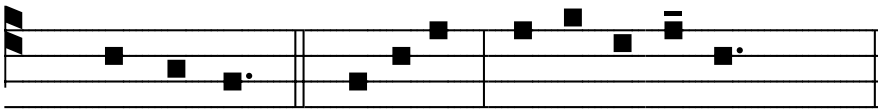
Have mercy. t.7

Antiph.

I



Ntret orati-o mea * in conspectu tu-o,



Domine. O Lord, my God. t.5

Psalm 87

Domine, Deus salutis meæ

O Lord, my Gód, my Sáviour, * by day ānd níght I crý to you.

Let my prayer enter íntō your présence; * incline your ear to mý lámentátion.

For I am full of trouble; my life is at the brínk óf the grave. ** I am counted among those who go dówn tó the Pit; * I have become líke óne who há s no strength;

Lost among the dead, like the sláin whō lie ín the grave, ✱ whom you remember no more, for they are cūt óff from yóur hand.

You have laid me in the dépths óf the Pit, ✱ in dark places, ānd ín the ábyss.

Your anger weighs upón me héavily, ✱ and all your great wáves ōverwhélm me.

You have put my fríends fár from me; ✱✱ you have made me to bé abhórred by them; ✱ I am in prison ānd cānnot gét free.

My sight has failed me becáuse of tróuble; ✱✱ Lord, I have called upón you dáily; ✱ I have strētched óut my hánds to you.

Do you work wónders fór the dead? ✱ Will those who have died stānd úp and gíve you thanks?

Will your loving-kindness be decláred ín the grave? ✱ Your faithfulness in the lánd ōf destrúction?

Will your wonders be knówn ín the dark? ✱ Or your righteousness in the country where áll ís forgóttēn?

But as for me, O Lord, I crý to yóu for help; * in the morning my prayēr cómes befóre you.

Lord, why have yóu rejécted me? * Why have you híddēn your fáce from me?

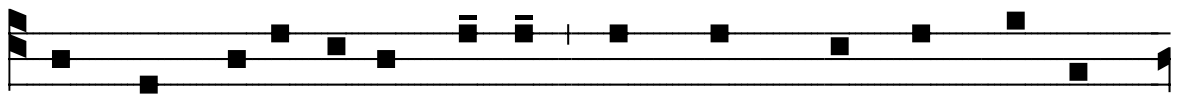
Ever since my youth, I have been wretched and át the póint of death; * I have borne your terrōrs wíth a tróubled mind.

Your blazing anger has swépt óver me; * your terrōrs háve destróyed me;

They surround me all day lóng líke a flood; * they encompāss mé on évery side.

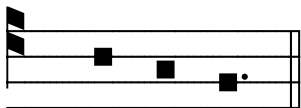
My friend and my neighbour you have pút awáy from me, * and darkness is my ónlý compánion.

Antiph.



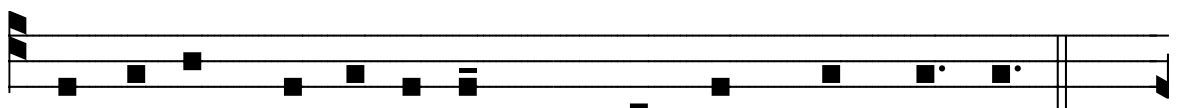
I

Ntret orati-o mea in conspectu tu-o,



Domine.

Antiph.



D

Domine, refugium * factus es nobis.



Lord you. t.6

Psalm 89

Domine, refugium

Lord, you have béen our réfuge ✱ from one generatiōn tó anóther.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the lánd ānd the éarth were born, ✱ from áge tō age yóu are God.

You turn us báck tó the dust ✱ and say, ‘Gō báck, O chíld of earth.’

For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday whén it is past ✱ and like á wáтч in the night.

You sweep us awáy líke a dream; ✱ we fade away súddēnly líke the grass.

In the morning it is gréen and flóurishes; ✱ in the evening it is dríed úp and wíthered.

For we consume away in yóur displéasure; ✱ we are afraid because of your wrathfúl indignátiōn.

Our iniquities you have s^ét bef^óre you, ✠ and our secret sins in the líght ^óf your c^óuntenance.

When you are angry, ^áll our ^dáys are gone; ✠ we bring our years to ^án ^énd líke a sigh.

The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in stréngth ^éven ^éíghty; ✠✠ yet the sum of them is but ^láb^óur and ^sórr^ów, ✠ for they pass away quíckl^ý and ^wé are gone.

Who regards the ^pówer ^óf your wrath? ✠ Who rightly fears ^yóur ^índígn^átion?

So teach us to ⁿú^mber ^óur ^days ✠ that we may apply ^óur ^héarts to ^wísd^óm.

Return, O Lord; how ^lóⁿg wíll you ^tárry? ✠ Be graci^óus ^tó your ^sérvants.

Satisfy us by your loving-kindness ^ín the ^mórrning; ✠ so shall we rejoice and be glad ^áll ^th^é ^days ^óf our life.

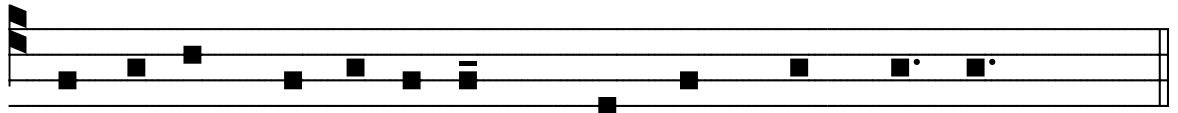
Make us glad by the measure of the days that ^yóu afflicted us ✠ and the years in which we ^súff^éred ^adv^érsity.

Show your ^sérvants ^yóur works ✠ and your splend^óur ^tó their ^{ch}íldren.

May the graciousness of the Lord our Gód bē
upón us; * prosper the work of our hands;
próspēr our hándiwork.

Antiph.

D



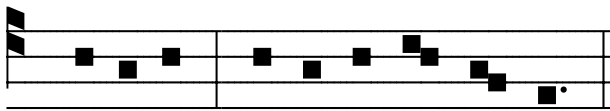
Domine, refugium factus es nobis.

Antiph.

I



In æternum Dominus * regnabit, et ultra.



I will sing. t.4

Canticle

Ex 15

I Will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed
glóriously; * horse and rider he has thrówn
íntó the sea.

The Lord is my stréngth and mý might, * and
he has becóme m̄y salvátion;

This is my God, and Í will práise him, ** my
father's God, and I wíll exált him. * The Lord
is a warrior; thē Lórd is hís name.

Pharaoh's chariots and his army he cast into the sea; ❀❀ his picked officers were sunk in the Red Sea. ❀ The floods covered them; they went down into the depths like a stone.

Your right hand, O Lord, glorious in power, ❀ your right hand, O Lord, shattered the enemy.

In the greatness of your majesty you overthrew your assailants; ❀ you sent out your fury, it consumed them like stubble.

At the blast of your nostrils the waters piled up, the floods stood up in a heap; ❀ the deeps congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake, ❀ ❀ I will divide the spoil, my desire shall have its fill of them. ❀ I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.'

You blew with your wind, the sea covered them; ❀ they sank like lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like you, O Lord, among the gods? ❀❀ Who is like you, majestic in holiness, ❀ awesome in splendour, doing wonders?

You stretched out your right hand, ❀ the earth swallowed them.

In your steadfast love you led the people whom
 you redeemed; ✠ you guided them by your
 strength to your holy abode.

The peoples heard, they trembled; ✠ pangs
 seized the inhabitants of Philistia.

Then the chiefs of Edom were dismayed; ✠✠
 trembling seized the leaders of Moab; ✠ all the
 inhabitants of Canaan melted away.

Terror and dread fell upon them; ✠ by the might
 of your arm, they became still as a stone

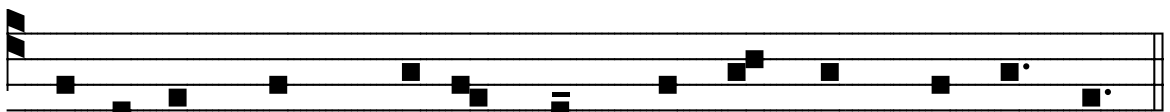
Until your people passed by, O Lord, ✠ until the
 people whom you acquired passed by.

You brought them in and planted them on the
 mountain of your own possession, ✠✠ the place,
 O Lord, that you made your abode, ✠ the
 sanctuary, O Lord, that your hands have
 established.

The Lord will reign for ever and ever.

Antiph.

I

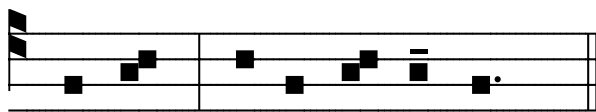


N æternum Dominus regnabit, et ultra.

Antiph.

I

N sanctis e-ius * lauda-te Deum.

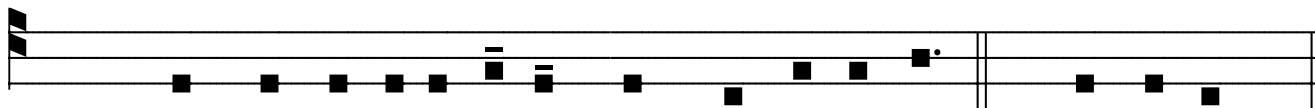


Praise the Lord. t.6

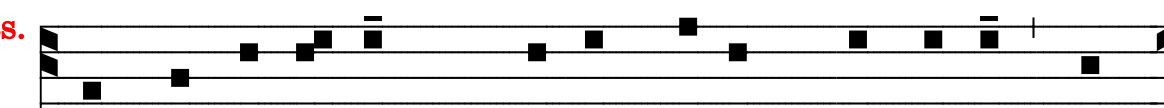
R̄. Parv.

D

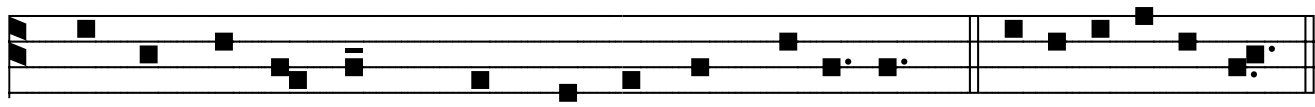
Domine, refu-gium factus es nobis.

Ψ. A generati-one et progeneri-e. **G**lori-a.

Ad Bñcts.

D

A scientiam * plebi tuæ, Domine, in

remissi-onem peccatorum e-orum. **B**lessed. t.4

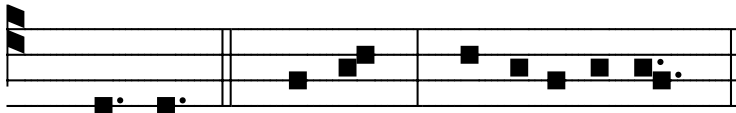
FRIDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

S



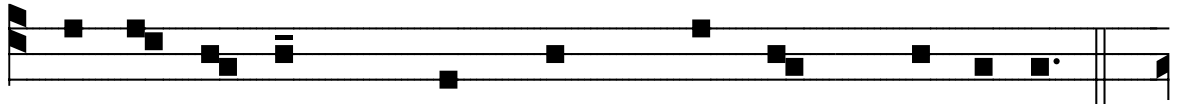
Piri-tu * princi-pali confirma cor meum



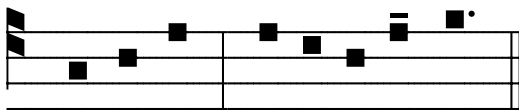
Deus. **H**ave mercy. t.1

Antiph.

I



N Is-ra-el * magnum nomen Domini.



In Judah. t.8

Psalm 75

Notus in Judæa Deus

IN Judah is God known; his Name is gréat in Ísrael. * At Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwellíng ís in Zíon.

There he broke the fláshing árrows, * the shield, the sword, and the wéapõns of báttle.

How glórious yóu are! * More splendid than the evērlásting móuntains!

The strong of heart have been despoiled; they sink into sleep; ✠ none of the warriors can lift a hand. ✠ At your rebuke, O God of Jacob, both horse and rider lie stunned.

What terror you inspire! ✠ Who can stand before you when you are angry?

From heaven you pronounced judgement; ✠ the earth was afraid and was still;

When God rose up to judgement ✠ and to save all the oppressed of the earth.

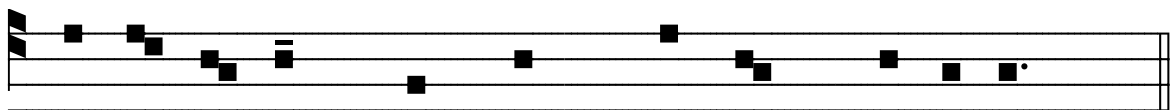
Truly, wrathful Edom will give you thanks, ✠ and the remnant of Hamath will keep your feasts.

Make a vow to the Lord your God and keep it; ✠ let all around him bring gifts to him who is worthy to be feared.

He breaks the spirit of princes, ✠ and strikes terror in the kings of the earth.

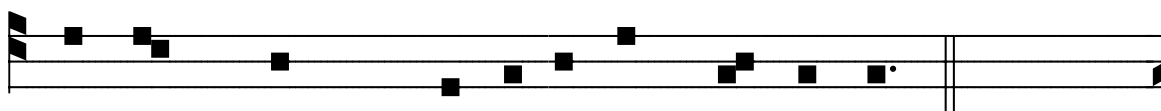
Antiph.

I



N Is-ra-el magnum nomen Domini.

Antiph.

B

Onum est * confite-ri Domino.



It is a good thing. t.8

Psalm 91*Bonum est confiteri*

IT is a good thing to give thánks tó the Lord, * and to sing praises to yōur Náme, O Móst High;

To tell of your loving-kindness early ín the mórning ** and of your faithfulness ín thē night séason; * on the psaltery, and on the lyre, and to the mélōdy óf the harp.

For you have made me glád b̄y your ácts, O Lord; * and I shout for joy because of thē wórks of yóur hands.

Lord, how gréat are yóur works! * Yōur thóughts are véry deep.

The dullard does not know, nor does the fól únderstand, * that though the wicked grow like weeds, and all the workers of iníquity flóurish,

They flourish only to be destróyed for éver; ✠
but you, O Lord, are exáltēd for évermore.

For lo, your enemies, O Lord, lo, your enemíes
shall pérish, ✠ and all the workers of iniquit̄y
sháll be scátered.

But my horn you have exalted like the hórns of
wíld bulls; ✠ I am anoíntēd with frēsh oil.

My eyes also gloat óvēr my énemies, ✠ and my
ears rejoice to hear the doom of the wicked
who ríse úp agáinst me.

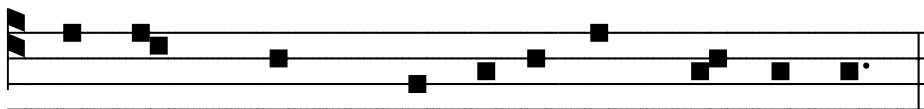
The righteous shall flourish líke a pálm tree, ✠
and shall spread abroad like a cédār of
Lébanon.

Those who are planted in the hóuse óf the
Lord ✠ shall flourish in thē cōurts of óur God;

They shall still bear frúit in óld age; ✠ they shall
bē gréen and súcculent;

That they may show how úpríght the Lórd is, ✠
my Rock, ĩn whóm there ís no fault.

Antiph.



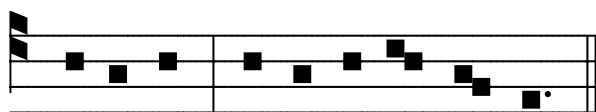
B

Onum est confite-ri Domino.

Antiph.

D

Domine, audivi * auditum tuum, et timui.



O Lord. t.4

Canticle*Hab 3*

O Lord, I have héard of yóur renown; * and I stand in awe, Ō Lórd, of yóur work.

In our own time revive it; in our ówn time máke it known; * in wrath may you rēmémber mércy.

God came from Teman, the Holy One fróm Mount Páran. * His glory covered the heavens, and the earth wās fúll of hís praise.

The bríghtnēss was líke the sun; * rays came forth from his hand, where his pówēr lay hidden.

Before him went pestilence, and plague fólloved clóse behind. ** He stópped and shóok the earth; * he looked and made thē nátions trémbles.

The eternal móuntāins were shátted; * along his ancient pathways the everlásting hills sánk low.

I saw the tents of Cushan úndēr affliction; ✨ the tent-curtains of the land ōf Mídián trémbled.

Was your wrath, O Lord, agáinst the rívers? ✨
Or your anger against the rivers, or your ráge agáinst the sea, ✨ when you drove your horses, your cháríots to víctory?

You brándíshed your náked bow, ✨ sated were the árrōws at yóur command.

You split the éarth with rívers. ✨ The mountains sáw yóu, and writhed; ✨ a torrent of water swept by; thē déep gave fórth its voice.

The sún raised hígh its hands; ✨ the moon stood still ĩn íts exálted place,

At the light of your árrows spéeding by, ✨ at the gléam ōf your fláshing spear.

In fury you trod the earth, in anger you trámpled nátions. ✨ You came forth to save your people, to sáve yōur anóinted.

You crushed the héad ōf the wícked house, ✨ laying it bare from fōundátion tó roof.

You pierced with their own arrows the héad ōf his wárriors, ✨ who came like a whírlwínd to scátter us, ✨ gloating as if ready to devour the

poor whō wére in híding.

You trampled the séa wīth your hórses, ✨
churning thē míghty wáters.

I hear, and I trémble wíthin; ✨✨ my lips quíver
át the sound. ✨ Rottenness enters into my
bones, and my steps trémblē benéath me.

I wait quietly for the dáy ōf calámitý ✨ to come
upon the peoplē whó attáck us.

Though the fig tree dóes not blóssom, ✨ and
nō frúit is ón the vines;

Though the produce óf the ólive fails ✨ and thē
fíelds yield nó food;

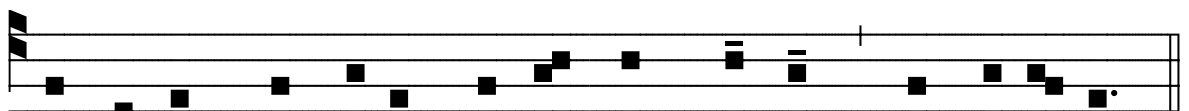
Though the flock is cut óff fróm the fold ✨ and
there is nō hérd in thé stalls,

Yet I will rejóice ín the Lórd; ✨ I will exult in the
God ōf mý salvátion.

God, the Lórd, is mý strength; ✨ he makes my
feet like the feet of the deer, and makes mē
tréad upón the heights.

Antiph.

D



Domine, audivi auditum tuum, et timui.

Antiph.

IN tympano et choro, * in chordis et organo

laudate Deum. Praise the Lord. t.1

R̄. Parv.

DElectasti me, Domine, in factura tu-a.

ψ. Et in operibus manuum tuarum exsultabo.

Ad Bñcts.

Per viscera * miseri-cordi-æ De-i nostri,

in quibus visi-ta-vit nos, Ori-ens ex alto.

Blessed be. t.8

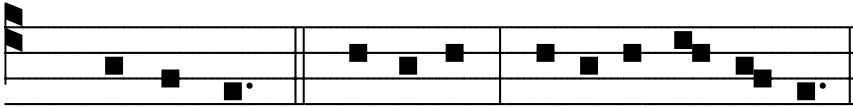
SATURDAY LAUDS

Antiph.

B



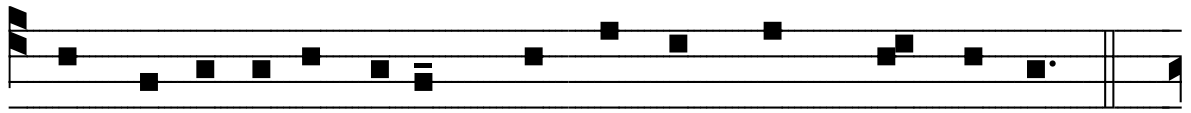
Enigne fac * in bona voluntate tu-a,



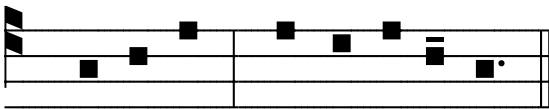
Domine. **H**ave mercy. t.4

Antiph.

I



N veritate tua * exaudi me, Domine.



Lord, hear. t.8

Psalm 142

Domine, exaudi

LOrd, hear my prayer, and in your faithfulness heed my supplications; * answer mē in your righteousness.

Enter not into judgement with your sérvant, * for in your sight shall no one líving be jústified.

For my enemý has sóught my life; ** he has crúshed me tó the ground; * he has made me live in dark places like thóse whō are lóng dead.

My spirit fáints withín me; ✽ my heart withín mē is désolate.

I remember the time past; I múse ūpon áll your deeds; ✽ I consider thē wórks of yóur hands.

I spread óut my hánds to you; ✽ my soul gasps to yōu líke a thírsty land.

O Lord, make haste to answer me; my spírít fáils me; ✽✽ do not híde your fáce from me ✽ or I shall be like those who gō dówn tó the Pit.

Let me hear of your loving-kindness ín the mórning, ✽ for Ī pút my trúst in you;

Show me the ród that Í must walk, ✽ for I líft úp my sóul to you.

O Lord, deliver me fróm my énemies, ✽ for I flee tō yóu for réfuge.

Teach me to do what pleases you, fór you áre my God; ✽ let your good Spirit léad mē on lével ground.

Revive me, O Lórd, fōr your Náme's sake; ✽ for your righteousness' sake, bring mē óut of tróuble.

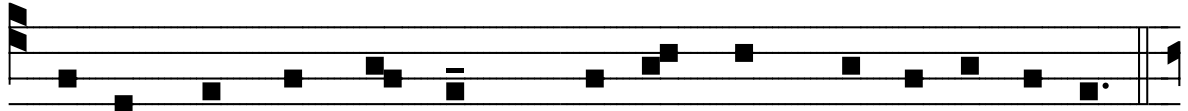
Of your goodness, destroy my enemies and bring áll my fóes to naught, ✽ for truly Ī ám your sérvant.

Antiph.

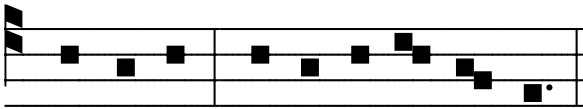
**I**

N veritate tua exaudi me, Domine.

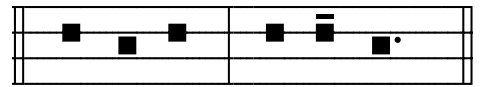
Antiph.

**E**

T in servis suis * Dominus miserebitur.



OR



Give ear. t.4

Canticle*Deut 32*

Give ear, O héavēns, and Í will speak; * let the earth hear thē wórds of mý mouth.

May my teaching drop like the rain, my speech condénse líke the dew; * like gentle rain on grass, like shówērs on nēw growth.

For I will proclaim the náme óf the Lord; * ascríbe gréatness tó our God!

The Rock, his work is perfect, and áll his wáys are just. * A faithful God, without deceit, just ānd úpright ís he;

Yet his degenerate children have dealt fálsely wíth him, * a perverse and crookēd gēnerátion.

Do you thus repay the Lord, O foolish and senseless people? ❀❀ Is not he your father, who created you, ❀ who made you and established you?

Remember the days of old, consider the years long past; ❀❀ ask your father, and he will inform you; ❀ your elders, and they will tell you.

When the Most High apportioned the nations, ❀❀ when he divided humankind, ❀ he fixed the boundaries of the peoples according to the number of the gods;

The Lord's own portion was his people, ❀ Jacob his allotted share.

He sustained him in a desert land, in a howling wilderness waste; ❀ he shielded him, cared for him, guarded him as the apple of his eye.

As an eagle stirs up its nest, and hovers over its young; ❀ as it spreads its wings, takes them up, and bears them aloft on its pinions.

Division

The Lord alone guided him; ❀ no foreign god was with him.

He set him upon the héights óf the land, ✧ and fed him wīth próduce óf the field;

He nursed him with honey from the crags, with óil from flínty rock; ✧ curds from the herd, and milk from the flock, wīth fát of lámbs and rams;

Bashan bulls and goats, together wīth the chóicest wheat, ✧ you drank fine wīne fróm the blóod of grapes.

Jacob ate his fill; Jeshurun gréw fát, and kicked. ✧ You grew fāt, blóated, ánd gorged!

He abandoned Gód who máde him, ✧ and scoffed at the Rock ōf hīs salvátion.

They made him jéalōus with stránge gods, ✧ with abhorrent thīngs théy provóked him.

They sacrificed to démons, nót God, ✧✧ to deities théy had néver known, ✧ to new ones recently arrived, whom your áncēstors hád not feared.

You were unmindful of the Róck that bóre you; ✧ you forgot thē Gód who gáve you birth.

Indeed the Lord will vindicáte his péople, ✧✧ have compassion ón his sérvants, ✧ when he sees that their power is gone, neither bond nōr frée remáining.

Then he will say: Where are their gods, ✠✠ the rock in which they took refuge, ✠ who ate the fat of their sacrifices, and drank the wine of their libations?

Let them rise up and help you, ✠ let them be your protection!

See now that I, even I, am he; ✠ there is no god besides me.

I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal; ✠ and no one can deliver from my hand.

Antiph.

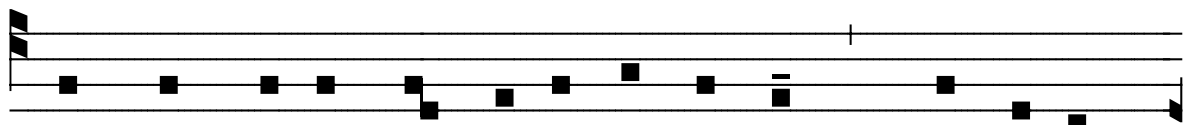
E



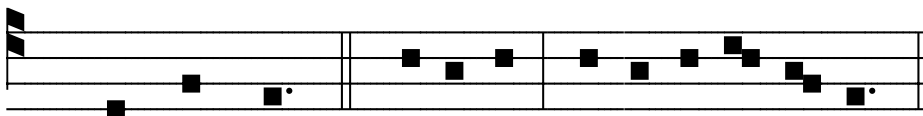
T in servis suis Dominus miserebitur.

Antiph.

I

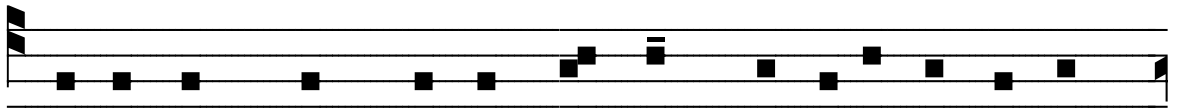


N cymbalis benesonantibus * laudate



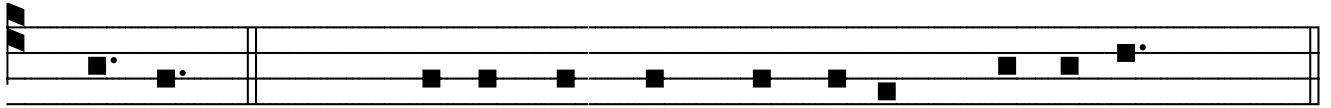
Dominum. Praise the Lord. t.4

R. Parv.



A

Uditam fac mihi mane misericordiam



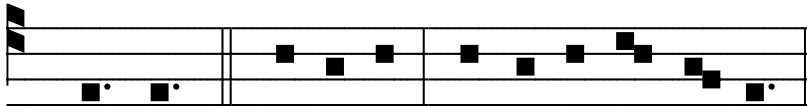
tuam. *ψ.* Quia in te speravi, Domine.

Ad Bñcts.



D

Irige, Domine, * pedes nostros in viam



pacis. Blessed be. t.4

THE SACRED TRIDUUM

Psalm 62

Deus, Deus meus

O Gód, you áre my God; * Ī séek you éagerly.

My soul thirsts for you, my flésh fáints for you, * as in a barren and dry land where thére is no wáter;

Therefore I have gazed upon yóu ĩn your hólý place, * that I might behold your powēr ánd your glóry.

For your loving-kindness is bétter than lífe itself; * mý líps shall gíve you praise.

So will I bless you as lóng as Í live * and lift up mý hánds in yóur Name.

My soul is content, as with márrōw and fátness, * and my mouth praisēs yóu with jóyful lips,

When I remember yóu upón my bed, * and meditate on you ín thē night wátches.

For you have béen my hélper, * and under the shadow of yóur wíngs I wíll rejoice.

My sóul clíngs to you; ✨ yōur ríght hand hólds me fast.

May those who seek my lífe tō destróy it ✨ go down into thē dépths óf the earth;

Let them fall upon the édge óf the sword, ✨ and let them bē fód for jáckals.

But the kíng wíll rejóice in God; ✨✨ all those who swéar b̄y him wíll be glad; ✨ for the mouth of those who spéak líes sháll be stopped.

The following psalm is said here:

Psalm 66

Deus misereatur nostri

God be merciful to ús and bléss us, ✨ show us the light of his countēnánce and cóme to us.

Let your ways be knówn upón earth, ✨ your salvation āmóng all nátions.

Let the péoplēs praise yóu, O God; ✨ let all thē péoples práise you.

Let the nations be glád and síng for joy, ✨✨ for you judge the péoplēs with équity ✨ and guide all the natiōns upón earth.

Let the péoplēs praise yóu, O God; ✠ let all thē péoples práise you.

The earth has brought fórth her íncrease; ✠ may God, our own God, gíve ūs his bléssing.

May God gíve ūs his bléssing, ✠ and may all the ends of the ěarth stánd in áwe of him.

Psalm 42

Judica me, Deus

Give júdgemēnt for mé, O God, ✠✠ and defend my cause against an ungódlly péople; ✠ deliver me from the deceitfŭl ánd the wicked.

For you are the Gód óf my strength; ✠✠ why have you pút me fróm you? ✠ And why do I go so heavily while the enĕmý oppréses me?

Send out your light and your truth, that théy may léad me, ✠ and bring me to your holy hill ánd tó your dwélling;

That I may go to the áltar óf God, ✠✠ to the God of my jóy and gládness; ✠ and on the harp I will give thanks tō yóu, O Gód my God.

Why are you so full of héavĭness, Ó my soul? ✠

And why are you so disquiētéd withín me?

Pút your trúst in God; ✱ for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my cóuntēnance, ánd my God.

Canticle

Isa 38

I Said: In the noontide of my dáys I múst depart; ✱ I am consigned to the gates of Sheol for thē rést of mý years.

I said, I shall not see the Lord in the lánd ōf the líving; ✱ I shall look upon mortals no more among the inhábītants óf the world.

My dwelling is plucked up and removed from me líke a shépherd's tent; ✱ like a weaver I háve rólled úp my life;

He cuts me óff fróm the loom; ✱ from day to night yōu bríng me tó an end;

I cry for hélp ūntil mórning; ✱✱ like a lion he bréaks áll my bones; ✱ from day to night yōu bríng me tó an end.

Like a swallow or a cráne I clámour, ✱ Í móan líke a dove.

My eyes are weary with lóoking úpwards. ✠ O Lord, I am oppressed; bé m̄y securíty!

But what can I say? For he has spóken tó me, ✠ and he h̄imsélf has dóné it.

Áll my sléep has fled ✠ because of the bíttērnness óf my soul.

O Lord, by these things people live, and in all these is the lífe óf my spírít. ✠ O restore me tō héalth and máke me live!

Surely it was for my welfare that I hād great bíttērnness; ✠✠ but you have held back my life from the pít óf destrúction, ✠ for you have cast all m̄y síns behínd your back.

For Sheol cannot thank you, déath cānnot práise you; ✠ those who go down to the Pit cannot hópe fōr your fáithfulness.

The living, the living, they thank you, as Í do thís day; ✠ fathers make known to chíldrēn your fáithfulness.

The Lord will save me, and we will síng tō stringed ínstruments ✠ all the days of our lives, at thē hóuse óf the Lord.

Psalm 89

Domine, refugium

Lord, you have been our refuge ✠ from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or the land and the earth were born, ✠ from age to age you are God.

You turn us back to the dust ✠ and say, 'Go back, O child of earth.'

For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday when it is past ✠ and like a watch in the night.

You sweep us away like a dream; ✠ we fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green and flourishes; ✠ in the evening it is dried up and withered.

For we consume away in your displeasure; ✠ we are afraid because of your wrathful indignation.

Our iniquities you have set before you, ✠ and our secret sins in the light of your countenance.

When you are angry, áll our dáys are gone; ✠ we bring our years to áñ énd líke a sigh.

The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in stréngth ēven éighty; ✠✠ yet the sum of them is but lábōur and sórrow, ✠ for they pass away quíckl̄y and wé are gone.

Who regards the pówer óf your wrath? ✠ Who rightly fears yōur índignátion?

So teach us to númer óur days ✠ that we may apply ōur héarts to wísdóm.

Return, O Lord; how lóng wíll you tárry? ✠ Be graciōus tó your sérvants.

Satisfy us by your loving-kindness ín the mórning; ✠ so shall we rejoice and be glad áll thē days óf our life.

Make us glad by the measure of the days that yóu afflicted us ✠ and the years in which we súffēred advérsity.

Show your sérvants yóur works ✠ and your splendōur tó their children.

May the graciousness of the Lord our Gód bē upón us; ✠ prosper the work of our hands;

próspēr our hándiwork.

Canticle

Ex 15

I Will sing to the Lord, for he has tríumphed glóriously; ✽ horse and rider he has thrówn íntó the sea.

The Lord is my stréngth and mý might, ✽ and he has becóme m̄y salvátion;

This is my God, and Í will práise him, ✽✽ my father's God, and I wíll exált him. ✽ The Lord is a warrior; thē Lórd is hís name.

Pharaoh's chariots and his army he cast íntó the sea; ✽✽ his picked officers were súnk ĩn the Réd Sea. ✽ The floods covered them; they went down into thē dépths líke a stone.

Your right hand, O Lord, glórious in pówer, ✽ your right hand, O Lord, sháttēred the énemy.

In the greatness of your majesty you overthrew yóur assáilants; ✽ you sent out your fury, it consúmed thēm like stúbble.

At the blast of your nostrils the waters piled up, the floods stood úp ín a heap; ✽ the deeps congealed in thē héart óf the sea.

The enemy said, ‘I will pursue, Í will óvertake, ✨
✨ I will divide the spoil, my desire shall háve
its fíll of them. ✨ I will draw my sword, my
hānd sháll destróy them.’

You blew with your wind, the séa cóvered
them; ✨ they sank like lead in thē míghty
wáters.

Who is like you, O Lórd, amóng the gods? ✨✨
Who is like you, majéstíc in hóliness, ✨
awesome in splendōur, dóing wónders?

You stretched óut your ríght hand, ✨ thē éarth
swállowed them.

In your steadfast love you led the people whóm
yóu redeemed; ✨ you guided them by your
strength to yōur hóly ábode.

The peoples héard, they trémbled; ✨ pangs
seized the inhabitānts óf Philístia.

Then the chiefs of Édom wére dismayed; ✨✨
trembling seized the léadērs of Móab; ✨ all the
inhabitants of Canaān mélted áway.

Terror and dread féll upón them; ✨ by the might
of your arm, they becāme stíll ás a stone.

Until your people pássed bý, O Lord, ✨ until the people whom yóu ācquired pássed by.

You brought them in and planted them on the mountain of your ówn posséssion, ✨✨ the place, O Lord, that you máde yóur abode, ✨ the sanctuary, O Lord, that your hānds háve estáblished.

The Lord will reign for évēr and évēr.

Canticle

Hab 3

O Lord, I have héard of yóur renown; ✨ and I stand in awe, Ō Lórd, of yóur work.

In our own time revive it; in our ówn time máke it known; ✨ in wrath may you rēmémber mércy.

God came from Teman, the Holy One fróm Mount Páran. ✨ His glory covered the heavens, and the earth wās fúll of hís praise.

The bríghtnēss was líke the sun; ✨ rays came forth from his hand, where his pówēr lay hídden.

Before him went pestilence, and plague fólloved clóse behind. ❀❀ He stópped and shóok the earth; ❀ he looked and made thē nátions trémbles.

The eternal móuntāins were shátted; ❀ along his ancient pathways the everlásting hills sánk low.

I saw the tents of Cushan úndēr afflíction; ❀ the tent-curtains of the land ōf Mídián trémbled.

Was your wrath, O Lord, agáinst the rívers? ❀❀ Or your anger against the rivers, or your ráge agáinst the sea, ❀ when you drove your horses, your cháríots to víctory?

You brándished your náked bow, ❀ sated were the árrōws at yóur command.

You split the éarth with rívers. ❀❀ The mountains sáw yóu, and writhed; * a torrent of water swept by; thē déep gave fórth its voice.

The sún raised hígh its hands; ❀ the moon stood still ĩn ĩts exálted place,

At the light of your árrōws spéeding by, ❀ at the gléam ōf your fláshing spear.

In fury you trod the earth, in anger you tramped nátions. ✱ You came forth to save your people, to sáve yōur anóinted.

You crushed the héad ōf the wícked house, ✱ laying it bare from fōundátion tó roof.

You pierced with their own arrows the héad ōf his wárrriors, ✱✱ who came like a whírlwínd to scáatter us, ✱ gloating as if ready to devour the poor whō wére in híding.

You trampled the séa wíth your hórses, ✱ churning thē míghty wáters.

I hear, and I trémble wíthin; ✱✱ my lips quíver át the sound. ✱ Rottenness enters into my bones, and my steps trémblē benéath me.

I wait quietly for the dáy ōf calámity ✱ to come upon the peoplē whó attáck us.

Though the fig tree dóes not blóssom, ✱ and nō frúit is ón the vines;

Though the produce óf the ólive fails ✱ and thē fields yield nó food;

Though the flock is cut óff fróm the fold ✱ and there is nō hérd in thé stalls,

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord; ✠ I will exult in the God of my salvation.

God, the Lord, is my strength; ✠ he makes my feet like the feet of the deer, and makes me tread upon the heights.

Psalm 142

Domine, exaudi

Lord, hear my prayer, and in your faithfulness heed my supplications; ✠ answer me in your righteousness.

Enter not into judgement with your servant, ✠ for in your sight shall no one living be justified.

For my enemy has sought my life; ✠✠ he has crushed me to the ground; ✠ he has made me live in dark places like those who are long dead.

My spirit faints within me; ✠ my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the time past; I muse upon all your deeds; ✠ I consider the works of your hands.

I spread óut my hánds to you; ✨ my soul gasps to yōu líke a thírsty land.

O Lord, make haste to answer me; my spírít fáils me; ✨✨ do not híde your fáce from me ✨ or I shall be like those who gō dówñ tó the Pit.

Let me hear of your loving-kindness ín the mórning, ✨ for Ī pút my trúst in you;

Show me the ród that Í must walk, ✨ for I líft úp my sódul to you.

O Lord, deliver me fróm my énemies, ✨ for I flee tō yóu for réfuge.

Teach me to do what pleases you, fór you áre my God; ✨ let your good Spirit léad mē on lével ground.

Revive me, O Lórd, fōr your Náme's sake; ✨ for your righteousness' sake, bring mē óut of tróuble.

Of your goodness, destroy my enemies and bring áll my fóes to naught, ✨ for truly Ī ám your sérvant.