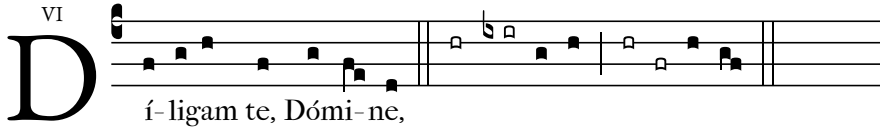


OFFICE OF READINGS



PSALM 18:2-30 I

I love you, Lórd, *my* stréngth;
 O Lord, my rock, my fórtress, *my* sáviór;
 my God, my rock where Í *take* réfuge;
 my shield, my saving stréngth, *my* stróngthold.

I cry out, "O práised be *the* Lórd!"
 and see, I am sáved from *my* fóes.

The waves of déath rose *abóut* me;
 the torrents of destrúction assáiled me;
 the snares of Shéol *surróunded* me;
 the traps of déath confronted mé.

In my anguish I cálléd to *the* Lórd;
 I cried to my Gód *for* hélp.

From his temple he héárd *my* vóice;
 my cry to him réached *his* éars.

Glory...

PSALM 18:2-30 II

The earth then réeled *and* rócked;
 the mountains were sháken to *their* báse;
 they quaked at his térrible ánger.
 Smoke came fórt from *his* nóstrils,
 and scorching fíre from *his* móuth;
 from him were kíndled *live* cóals.

He bent the héavens and *came* dówn,
 a black cloud was únder *his* féet.

On a cherub, he róde and *he* fléw;
 he soared on the wíngs of *the* wínd.

He made the dárkness *his* cóvering,
 the dark waters of the clóuds, *his* tént.

A brightness shóne out *befóre* him,
with hailstones and fláshes *of* fire.

The Lord then thundered in the heavens; †
the Most High let his vóice *be* héard,
with hail and cóals *of* fire.

He shot his arrows, scáttered *the* fóe,
flashed his lightnings, and pút them *to* flíght.

The bed of the ócean was *reveáled*;
the foundations of the wórld were *laid* báre
at your rebúke, O Lórd,
at the blast of the bréath of *your* nóstrils.

From on high he réached down *and* séized me;
he drew me forth from the míghty wáters.

He saved me from my pówerful fóe,
from my enemies, whose stréngth I could *not* máтч.

They assailed me in the dáy of my *misfórtune*,
but the Lord was my stróng *suppórt*.

He brought me out to a pláce *of* fréedom;
he saved me becáuse *he* lóved me.

Glóry...

PSALM 18:2-30 III

The Lord rewarded me becáuse I was ríghteous,
repaid me, for my hánds *were* cléan,
for I have kept the wáys of *the* Lórd,
and have not fallen awáy from *my* Gód.

For his judgments are áll *befóre* me:
his commands I have not cást *ásíde*.

I have been blámeless *befóre* him;
I have kept mysélf *from* gúilt.

The Lord repaid me becáuse I was ríghteous,
and my hands were cléan in *his* éyes.

With the faithful you shów *yourself* fáithful;
with the blameless you shów *yourself* blámeless.

With the sincere you shów yourself síncere,
but the cunning you outdó *in* shréwdness;

for you save a lówly péople,
but bring low the éyes that *are* próud.

It is you who give líght to *my* lámp;
the Lord my God líghtens *my* dárkness.

With you I can crúsh *the* fóe,
with my God I can scále *a* wáll.

Glory...

tr. I love you Lord, my strength.

VI

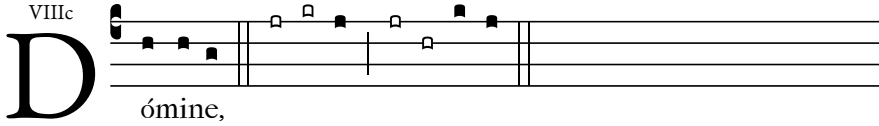


Dí-ligam te, Dómi-ne, virtus me- a.

All wondered at the wórds *of* gráce.

— Which came from the móuth of *the* Lórd.

LAUDS



PSALM 36

Transgression spéaks to *the* sinner
in the dépths of *his* héart.

There is no fear of God befóre *his* éyes.
In his own eyes, he flátters *himsélf*,
not to see and detést his *own* gúilt.
The words of his mouth are míschief and *decéit*.

He has ceased to be prúdent and *do* góod.
In bed he plóts *iní*quity.

He sets his foot on every wícked wáy;
no evil does hé *rejéct*.

Your mercy, Lord, réaches *to* héaven,
your trúth to *the* clóuds.

Your uprightness is like the móuntains *of* Gód;
like the great déep, *your* jústice.

Both man and beast you sáve, *O* Lórd.
How precious is your mércy, *O* Gód!

The children of Ádam *seek* shéltér
in the shádw of *your* wíngs.

They feast on the ríches of *your* hóuse;
you give them drink from the stréam of *your* *delí*ght.

For with you is the fóuntain *of* lífe,
and in your líght we *see* líght.

Maintain your mercy for thóse *who* knów you,
your saving justice to úpríght héarts.

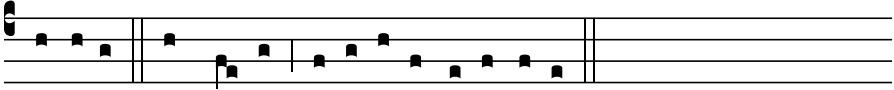
Let the foot of the proud not tréad *on* mé
nor the hand of the wícked drive *me* óut.

There have the évil-doers fál-len;
flung down, uná-ble to rí-se!

Glory...

tr. Your mercy, Lord, reaches to heaven.

VIIIc



Dómine, in cæ-lo mi-se-ri-córdi-a tu-a.

IVa



ómine,

JUDITH 16:2-3A, 13-15

Begin a song to my Gód with tambourínes,
sing to my Lórd with cýmbals.

Improvise a new sǫng for hím,
extol and invóke his náme.

You are Gód who suppress wárs,
who pitch camp in the mǫdst of *your* péople
to free me from the hánds of my pursúers.
I will sing a new sǫng to my Gód:

O Lord, you are gréat *and* glórious,
marvelous in stréngth and invíncible.

May all your créatures sérve you,
for you spoke, and théy *were* máde.

You sent forth your Spirit, and théy were *créated*;
and no one can resíst *your* vóice.

For the mountains shall be shaken †
to their báses like *the* wáters;
rocks shall melt like wáx before *your* fáce.

Yet to thóse *who* féar you,
you will stíll *show* mércy.

Glory...

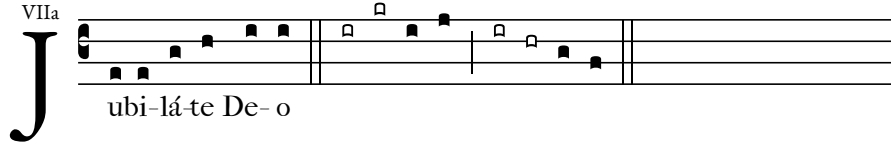
tr. O Lord, you are great and glorious in your power.

IVa



Dómine, magnus es tu, et praeclá-rus in virtúte tu-a.

VIIa



ubi-lá-te De-o

PSALM 47

All peoples, cláp *your* hánds.

Cry to God with shóuts *of* jój!

For the Lord, the Most Hígh, is áwesome,
the great king over áll *the* éarth.

He humbles peoples únder ús
and nations únder *our* féet.

Our heritage he chóse *for* ús,
the pride of Jácob whom *he* lóves.

God has gone up with shóuts *of* jój.
The Lord goes up with trúmpet blást

Sing praise for Gód; *sing* práise!
Sing praise to our kíng; *sing* práise!

For God is king of áll *the* éarth.
Sing práise with *a* hýmn.

God is reigning óver nátions.
God sits upon his hóly thróne.


The princes of the péoples are assémbled
with the people of the Gód *of* Ábraham.

The rulers of the éarth belong *to* Gód,
who is gréatly exálted.

Glory...

tr. Cry to God with shouts of joy.

VIIa



The musical notation for VIIa consists of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

Jubi-lá-te De-o in vo-ce exsul-ta-ti-ónis.