

VESPERS

VI
E
-ructá-vit

PSALM 45 I

My heart overflows with noble *words*. †
To the king I address the *sóng* I *have* máde,
my tongue as nimble as the *pén* of a *scríbe*.

You are the most handsome of the sons of *men*, †
and graciousness is poured out upón *your* líps,
for God has blessed you forévermóre.

Gird your sword upon your thigh, O mighty one,
with your splendor ánd *your* májesty.

In your majesty ride ón *triúmphant*
in the cause of truth, méekness *and* ríght.

May your right hand show your wondrous *deeds*. †
Your arrows are sharp—peoples fáll *benéath* you—
in the heart of the fôes of *the kîng*.

Your throne, O God, shall endure forever. †
A scepter of justice is the scepter of *your* kingdom.
Your love is for uprightness; your hatred *for* evil.

Therefore God, your God, has anointed *you* †
with the oil of gladness abóve other kíngs:
your robes are fragrant with aloes, mýrrh, and cássia.

From the ivory palace you are gladdened with music. †
The daughters of kings are those whom *you* favor.
On your right stands the queen in gold of Óphir.

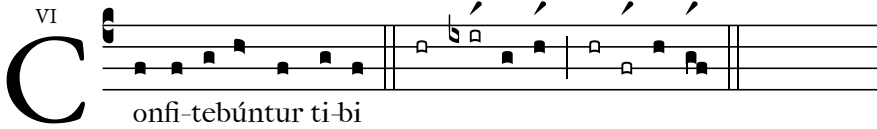
Glory.

tr. My heart overflows with a good word.

VI



Eructá-vit cor me- um verbum bonum.



PSALM 45 II

Listen, O daughter; pay *hée*d and *give* éar:
forget your own people and your fáther's hóuse.

So will the king desíre *your* béauty.
He is your lord, pay hómage *to* hím.

And the daughter of Tyre shall cóme *with* gifts;
the richest of the people shall séek *your* fávor.

The daughter of the king is clóthed *with* spléndor;
her robes are thréaded *with* góld.

In fine clothing she is léd *to the* kíng;
behind her are her maiden companions, bróught *to* yóu.

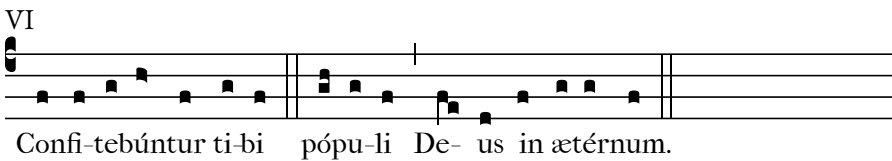
They are escorted amid gládness *and* jóy;
they pass within the pálace of *the* kíng.

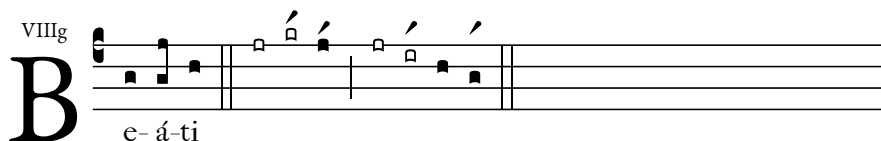
Sons will be yours to succéed *your* fáthers;
you will make them rulers over áll *the* éarth.

I will make your name foréver *remémbered*.
Thus the peoples will praise you from áge *to* áge.

Glory.

tr. The people of God will praise you forever.





EPHESIANS 1:3-10

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus *Christ*, †
 who has bléssed us *in* Chríst
 with every spiritual bléssing *in the* héavens,

Just as he has chosen us *in him* †
 before the foundátion of *the* wórld
 to be holy and blameless befóre him *in* lóve.

He destined ús for adóption
 to himself through Jésus Chríst,
 in accord with the good pleasure of his *will*, †
 to the praise of his glórious gráce,
 with which he fávored us in the *Belóved*.

In him we have redemption thróugh *his* blóod,
 the forgíveness of *transgréssions*,
 in accord with the ríches of *his* gráce
 lavished on us in all wísdom *and* ínsight.

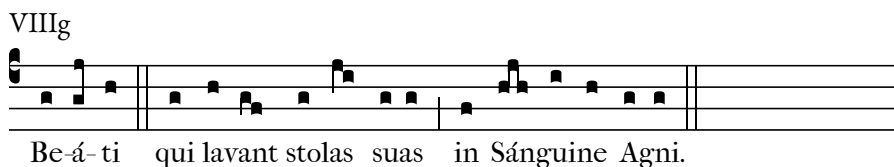
He has made known to us the mýstery of *his* wíll
 in accord with hís *good* pléasure,

which he set forth in Chríst as *a* plán,
 a plan for the fúllness of *times*,

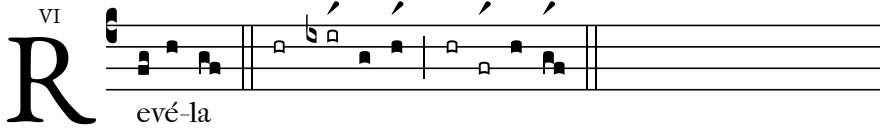
to recapitulate all thínings *in* hím,
 thínings in heaven, and thínings *on* éarth.

Glory.

tr. Blessed are they who wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb.



OFFICE OF READINGS



PSALM 37 I

Do not fret because of *the* wicked;
do not envy those who *do* evil,
for they wither quickly *like* grass
and fade like the green of *the* fields.

Trust in the Lórd and *do* good;
then you will dwell in the land and find *safe* pásture.

Find your delight in *the* Lórd,
who grants your héart's *desíre*.

Commit your wáy to *the* Lórd;
trust in him, and hé *will* áct,
and make your uprightness shíne like *the* líght,
the justice of your cause like the nóon-day sún.

Be still before the Lord and wait in *patience*; †
do not fret at the óne *who* próspers,
the one who makes *évil* plóts.

Calm your anger and forget your *rage*; †
do not fret, it only léads *to* évil.
For those who do évil *shall* pérish.

But those who hópe in *the* Lórd,
they shall inhérit *the* lánd.

A little longer — and the wícked one is góne.
Look at his place: he *is not* thére.

But the meek shall inhérit *the* lánd
and delight in fúllness *of* péace.

Glory.

PSALM 37 II

The wicked one plots against *the* just one
and gnashes his teeth against him,
but the Lord will laugh at *the* wicked,
for he sees that his day is *at* hand.

The wicked draw the sword, bend their bows, †
to slaughter the poor *and* needy,
to slay those whose ways *are* upright.

Their sword shall pierce their own hearts,
and their bows shall be broken to pieces.

Better the few possessions of *the* upright,
than the abundant wealth of *the* wicked;
for the arms of the wicked shall *be* broken,
and the Lord will support *the* upright.

The Lord takes note of the days of *the* blameless;
their heritage will last forever.

They shall not be put to shame in evil days;
in time of famine they shall have *their* fill.

But all the wicked *shall* perish;
the enemies of the Lord shall be consumed.

They are like the beauty of *the* meadows;
they shall vanish, they shall vanish like smoke.

The wicked borrows and does not repay,
but the upright one is generous *and* gives.

Those blessed by him shall inherit *the* land,
but those cursed by him shall be cut off.

By the Lord are the steps made firm
of one in whose path He delights.

Though he stumble he shall never fall,
for the Lord will hold him by *the* hand.

I was young and now I am old, †
but I have never seen the upright one forsaken
nor his children begging for bread.

All the day he is *générous and lénds*,
and his children *becóme a bléssing*.

Then turn away from *évil* and *do góod*,
and you may *abíde foréver*;

for indeed, the Lórd *loves jústice*,
and will never *forsáke his fáithful*.

The unjust shall be *wiped óut foréver*,
and the descendants of the *wícked cut óff*.

The upright shall *inhérit the lánd*;
there they shall *abíde foréver*.

Glory.

PSALM 37 III

The mouth of the upright *útters wísdóm*,
and his tongue tells *fóρθ* what *is júst*.

The law of his God is *ín his héart*;
his steps shall be *sáved from stúmbling*.

The wicked keeps *wáτh for the úpright*,
and seeks an *occásion to destróy him*.

The Lord will not leave him *ín his pówer*,
nor let him be *condemned when hé is júdged*.

Then wait for the Lord, keep to his *way*. †
He will exalt you to *inhérit the lánd*,
and you will see the *wícked cut óff*.

I have seen the *wícked one triúmphant*,
towering like a *cédar of Lébanon*.

I passed by again; *hé was góne*.
I searched; he was nowhere *tó be fóund*.

Mark the blameless, *obsérve the úpright*;
for the peaceful man a future *lies in stóre*,
but sinners shall *áll be destróyed*,
the future of the *wícked cut óff*.

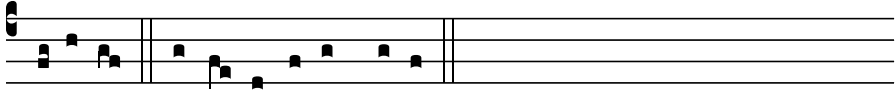
But from the Lord comes the *salvátion of the úpright*,
their stronghold in *tíme of distréss*.

The Lord helps them and rescues *them*, †
rescues and saves them from *the* wicked:
because they take refuge *in* him.

Glory.

tr. Reveal your way to the Lord.

VI

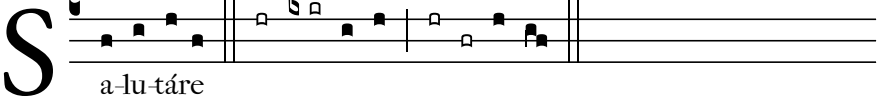


Revé-la Dómi-no vi- am tu- am.

A voice is heard, crying in the wilderness:
Prepare the way of *the* Lórd.
—Make straight the páth of *our* Gód.

LAUDS

VI



a-lu-táre

PSALM 43

Give me justice, O God, and pléad *my* cáuse
against a nation thát is fáithless.

From the decéitful and *the* cúnning
rescue mé, O Gód.

You, O God, áre *my* stréngth;
why have you rejécted mé?

Why do Í go móurning,
oppréssed by *the* fóe?

O send forth your líght and *your* trúth;
they will gúide *me* ón.

They will bring me to your hólý móuntain,
to the pláce where *you* dwéll.

And I will come to the áltar *of* Gód,
to God, my jóy and gládness.

To you will I give thánks on *the* hórp,
O Gód, *my* Gód.

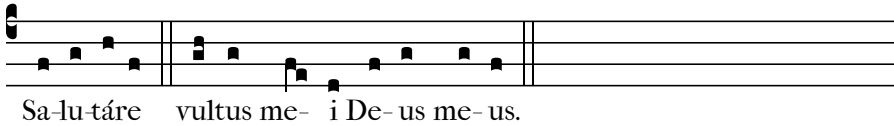
Why are you cast dówn, *my sóul*;
why gróan *withín* me?

Hope in God; I will praise him yét *agáin*,
my saving présence and *my Gód*.

Glory.

tr. The salvation of my face, my God.

VI



ISAIAH 38:10-14, 17-20

I said: In the midst of my days I must depart. †
I am consigned to the gátes of Shéol
for the rést of *my* yéars.

I said, I sháll *not* sée
the Lord in the lánd of *the* líving;
no more shall I look on the húman ráce,
on those who inhábit *the* wórld.

My dwelling is pulled up and remóved *from* mé
like a shépherd's tént;

he has rolled up my lífe like *a* wéaver,
who severs me fróm the *last* thréad.

From dawn to dusk you bring me tó *an* énd
I cry for hélp until mórning.

Like a lion he crushes áll *my* bónes.
From dawn to dusk you bring me tó *an* énd

Like a young swallow I murmur; †
like a dóve *I* móan.

My eyes grow weary gázíng héavenward.

You saved my soul from the pít of *destrúction*,
for you have cast behind your back áll *my* síns.

For Sheol cannot gíve *you* thánks
nor can déath give *you* práise;

nor can those who descend ínto *the* pít
hope any longer ín *your* fáithfulness.

The living, the living give you thanks as Í do *this* dáy.
Parents make known to their chíldren *your* fáithfulness.

The Lord is hére *to* sáve me,
and we will sing to the sóund of ínstruments,

all the dáys of *our* líves
in the hóuse of *the* Lórd.

Glory.

tr. All the days of our life, save us, O Lord.

Ia

Cunctis di- ébus vi-tæ nostræ, salvos nos fac, Dómine.

VIIIc

Te de-cet

PSALM 65

Praise is due to you in Zion, O *God*. †
To you we pay our vóws in *Jerúsalem*,
you who héar *our* práyer.

To you all flesh will *come*. †
Our evil deeds are too héavy *for* ús,
but only you can pardon óur *transgréssions*.

Blessed the one whom you chóose *and* cáll
to dwéll in *your* cóurts.

We are filled with the góod things of *your* hóuse,
of your hóly témples.

With wondrous deliverance you *á*nswer *ús*,
O Gód *our* sáviór.

You are the hope of *áll the* éarth,
and of *fár distant* séas.

You establish the mountains with *your* stréngth;
you are gírded *with* pówer.

You still the roaring of the *seas*, †
the róaring of *their* wáves,
and the túmult of *the* péoples.

Distant peoples stánd *in á*we
at your wóndrous déeds.

The lands of súnrise *and* súnset
you fill with *your* jóy.

You visit the earth, gíve *it* wáter,
you fill it *with* ríches.

God's ever-flowing ríver *brims* óver
to prepáre *the* gráin.

And thus *yóu* prepáre it:
you drénch *its* fúrrows;

you level it, sóften it *with* shówers;
you bléss *its* grówth.

You crown the year with your bounty †
Abundance flóws in *your* páthways;
in pastures of the désert *it* flóws.

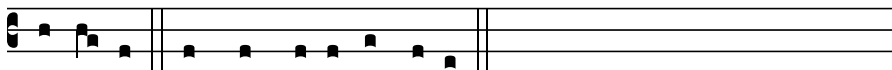
The hills are gírded *with* jóy,
the meadows clóthed *with* flócks.

The valleys are décked *with* whéat.
They shout for joy; *yés, they* síng!

Glory.

tr. A hymn to you, O God, in Zion.

VIIIc



Te de- cet hynmus De- us in Si- on.