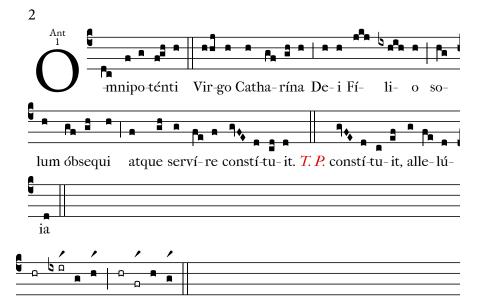
## St. Catherine of Siena

**Evening Prayer** 



Psalm 31: 20-25

How great is the góod*ness*, Lórd, that you keep for thóse *who* féar you,

that you show to thóse *who* trúst you in the sight of the chíldren *of* Ádam.

You hide them in the shélter of *your* présence, secure from hú*man* schéming;

you keep them safe within *your* tent from dispút*ing* tongues.

Blest be the Lord for he has wondrously shown me his merciful love in a fortified city!

"I am far remóved from *your* síght," I said in mý *a*lárm.

Yet you heard the voice of *my* pléa when I cried to you *for* hélp.

Love the Lord, all you *his* sáints. The Lord gúards *the* fáithful.

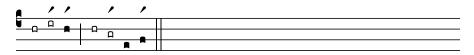
But the Lord will repáy to *the* fúll the one who ácts *with* príde.

Be strong, let your héart *take* cóurage, all who hópe in *the* Lórd.

Glory.



ctis rebus má-xime præ-pó- su- it. T. P. Al-le-lú-ia.



Psalm 84

How lovely is your dwéll*ing* pláce, O Lórd *of* hósts.

My soul is longing *and* yearning for the courts of *the* Lord.

My heart and my flésh *cry* óut to the lív*ing* Gód.

Even the sparrow finds *a* hóme, and the swallow a nést for *her*sélf

in which she sets her young, át *your* áltars, O Lord of hosts, my kíng and *my* Gód.

Blessed are they who dwéll in *your* house, forever singing *your* práise.

Blessed the people whose stréngth is *in* you, whose heart is set on píl*grim* wáys.

As they go through the Baca Valley, † they make it a pláce *of* spríngs; the autumn rain cóvers it *with* póols.

They walk with ever-grówing stréngth; the God of gods will appéar in Zíon.

O Lord God of hosts, héar *my* práyer, give ear, O Gód *of* Jácob.

Turn your eyes, O Gód, *our* shíeld; look on the face of your *a*nointed.

One day within *your* courts is better than a thousand elsewhere.

The threshold of the house of *my* God I prefer to the dwellings of *the* wicked.

For the Lord God is a sún, *a* shíeld; the Lord will give us his fávor *and* glóry

He will not withhold ány góod to those who walk wíthout bláme.

O Lord of hósts, *how* bléssed is the man who trústs *in* yóu! Glory.



Revelation 4, 5

Worthy are you, O Lórd, our Gód to receive glory and hónor and pówer,

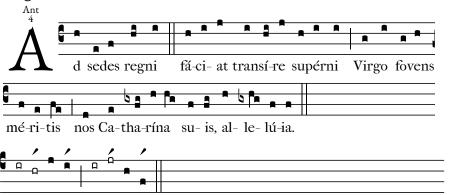
for you have creáted *all* thíngs and by your will they came to bé and were *cre*áted.

Worthy are you, O Lord, to recéive *the* scróll and to break ópen *its* séals,

for you were sláin and with your blood you have ránsomed for Gód those from every tríbe and tóngue, and every péople and nátion:

And made them a kingdom and priests for *our* Gód, and they shall réign on *the* éarth.

Worthy is the Lamb that was *slain* † to receive power and ríches *and* wísdom, strength and honor, and glóry *and* bléssing. Glory.



My soul proclaims the gréatness of *the* Lórd, and my spirit rejoices in Gód *my* Sávior,

for he has looked upon his handmaid in her low*liness*; † for behold, from thís *day* fórward, all generations will cáll *me* bléssed.

For the Almighty has done gréat things *for* mé, and holy is *his* name.

His mercy is from áge *to* áge for thóse *who* féar him.

He has made known the stréngth of *his* árm, and has scattered the proud in their concéit *of* héart.

He has cast down the mighty from *their* thrones and has exalted those who *are* lowly.

He has filled the húngry with *good* thíngs, and has sent the rích away émpty.

He has helped his sérvant Ísrael, mindful óf *his* mércy,

even as he prómised to *our* fáthers, to Abraham and his descéndants *for*éver.

Glory.