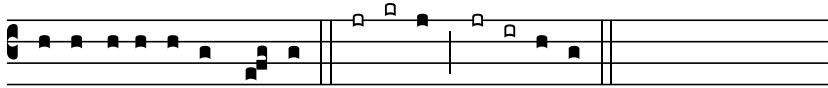


VESPERS

VIIIg

I



l-luminá-ti- o me- a,

PSALM 27 I

The Lord is my light and my *salvátion*,
whom sháll *I* féar?

The Lord is the stróngthold of *my* lífe;
whom shóuld *I* dréad?

When those who do évil *draw* néar
to devóur *my* flésh,

it is they, my énemies *and* fóes,
who stúmbles *and* fáll.

Though an army encámp *agáinst* me,
my héart would *not* féar.

Though war break óut *agáinst* me,
even thén would *I* trúst.

There is one thing I ásk of *the* Lórd,
only thís do *I* séek:

to live in the hóuse of *the* Lórd
all the dáys of *my* lífe,

to gaze on the béauty of *the* Lórd,
to inqúire at *his* témples.

For there he keeps me sáfe in *his* shéltér
in the dáy of évil.

He hides me under cóver of *his* tént;
he sets me hígh upon *a* rók.

And now my héad shall *be* ráised
above my fóes who *surróund* me,

and I shall offer within his *tent* †
sacrifices full of éxultátion.

I will sing and make músic for *the* Lórd.

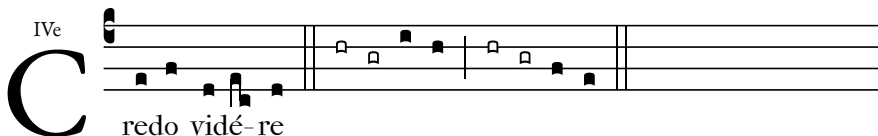
Glory...

tr. The Lord is my light and my salvation.

VIIIg



Illuminá-ti- o me- a, et sa-lus me- a, Dóminus.



redo vidé-re

PSALM 27 II

O Lord, hear my vóice when *I* cáll;
have mércy *and* ánsWER me.

Of you my héart *has* spóken,
“Séek *his* fáce.”

It is your fáce, O Lórd, that *I* séek;
hide not your fáce *from* mé.

Dismiss not your sérvant *in* ánger;
you have béen *my* hélp.

Do not abándon or *forsáke* me,
O Gód, *my* Sávior!

Though fáther and móther *forsáke* me,
the Lórd will *recéive* me.

Instruct me, Lord, in your *way*, †
on an éven *path* léad me
becáuse of *my* énemies.

Do not leave me to the will of my *foes*, †
for false witnesses rise úp *agáinst* me,
and they bréathe *out* víolence.

I believe I shall sée the *Lord's* góodness
in the lánd of *the* líving.

Wait for the Lórd; *be* stróng;
be stouthearted, and wáit for *the* Lórd!

Glory...

tr. I believe I shall see the Lord's goodness in the land of the living.

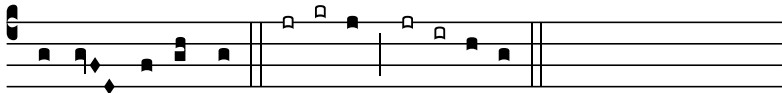
IVe



Credo vidé-re bona Dómi-ni in terra vivénti- um.

VIIIg

C



hristo datus est

COLOSSIANS 1:12-20

Let us give thanks to the Father who has máde *us* wóthy
to share the heritage of the hólý ones *in* líght.

He delivered us from the pówer *of* dárkness
and transferred us to the kingdom of his belóved Són,
in whom we háve *redémption*,
the forgíveness *of* síns.

He is the image of the invísible Gód,
the firstborn of áll *creátion*,

for in him all things in heaven and on earth were created, †
things vísible and *invísible*,
whether thrones or dominions, principálties or pówers.

All were created through him and for *him*, †
and he exists befóre *all* thínings,
and in him all things hóld *together*.

He is the head of the body, the *Church*, †
the beginning, the firstborn fróm *the* déad
that he may have prímacý in *all* thínings.

For in him all the fullness was pléased *to* dwéll,
and through him, to reconcile all thínings to *himsélf*,
both those on the earth, and thóse in *the* héavens,
making peace through the blóod of *his* cróss.

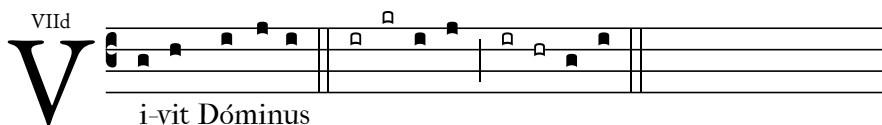
Glory...

tr. Christ was given the primacy and honor of the kingdom;
all peoples, tribes and languages will serve him. Alleluia.

VIIIg

Christo da-tus est pro-cipá-tus et honor re-gni; omnes pópu-li, tri-
bus et lin-guæ sérví-ent e- i, alle-lú-ia.

OFFICE OF READINGS



PSALM 18:31-51 I

As for God, his wáy is blámeless,
the word of the Lórd is púre.

He indéed is *the* shíeld
of all who trúst *in* hím.

For who is Gód but *the* Lólrð?
Who is a róck but *our* Gód?

It is God who gírds me *with* stréngth,
and keeps my path frée *of* bláme.

My feet he makes swíft as *the* déer's;
he has made me stand fírm on *the* héights.

He has trained my hánds *for* báttle,
and my arms to bénd the *bronze* bów.

Glory...

PSALM 18:31-51 II

You gave me your saving *shield*; †
with your right hand, you gáve me *suppórt*
you bent down to máke *me* gréat.

You lengthened my stéps *benéath* me;
and my feet have néver slípped.

I pursued and overtook *my* fóes,
never turning back till théy *were* sláin.

I struck them so they cóuld *not* ríse;
they fell *benéath* *my* féet.

You girded me with stréngth *for* báttle;
you made my enemies fáll *benéath* me.

You made my fóes *take* flíght;
those who hated me Í *destróyed*.

They cried out, but there was *nó* one to *sáve* them,
cried to the Lord, but he *díd* *not* *áns*wer.

I crushed them fine as dust befóre *the* wínd,
trod them down like dírt in *the* stréets.

From the feuds of the people you *delí*vered *mé*,
and put me at the *héad* of *the* nátions.

People unknówn to *me* sérvéd me;
when they heard of me, *théy* obéyed me.

Foreign nations came to me cringing; †
foreign nations fáded *awáy*.

Trembling, they came fóρθ from *their* stróngtholds.

Glory...

PSALM 18:31-51 III

The Lord lives, and blést be *my* Róck!
May the God of my salvátion be exálted,

the God who gíves me *redréss*
and subdues the peoples únder *mé*.

You saved me from my furious *foes*; †
you set me abóve my *assáil*ants;
you saved me from the *víolent* *mán*.

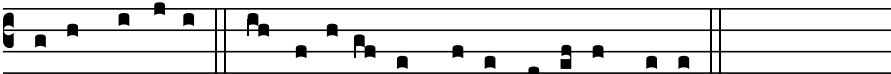
So I will praise you, Lord, amóng *the* nátions
to your name will I *síng* a psálm.

The Lord gives great victories to his *king*, †
and shows merciful love for *hís* anóinted,
for David and his *séed* *foréver*.

Glory...

tr. The Lord lives, and blessed be the God of my salvation.

VIIId

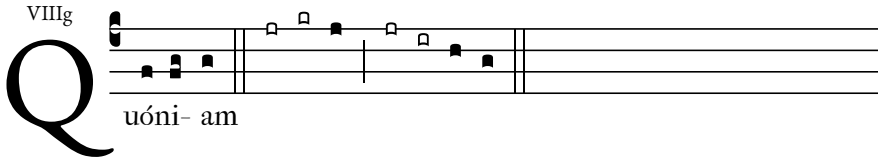


Vi-vit Dóminus et benedí-ctus De-us sa-lú-tis me-æ.

Open my eyes, Lord, that Í *may* *sée*.

— The wónders of *your* láu.

LAUDS



PSALM 57

Have mercy on me, Gód, *have* mércy,
for in you my soul has *táken* réfuge.

In the shadow of your wíngs I *take* réfuge,
till the storms of destrúction *pass* bý.

I call to you, Gód the *Most* Hígh,
to God who *provídes* *for* mé.

May he send from heaven and save *me*, †
and put to shame thóse who *assáil* me.
May God send his loving mércy *and* fáithfulness.

My soul lies dáwn *among* líons,
who would devour húman préy.

Their teeth are spéars *and* árrows,
their tongue a shárpened swórd.

Be exalted, O God, abóve *the* héavens,
your glory over áll *the* éarth!

They laid down a nét for *my* stéps;
my sóul was *bowed* dówn.

They dug a pít in *my* páth,
but féll in it *themsélves*.

My heart is réady, O Gód;
my héart *is* réady.

I will sing, I will síng *your* práise.
Awáke, *my* sóul!

Awake, O lýre *and* hárp!
I will awáke *the* dáwn.

I will praise you, Lord, amóng *the* péoples,
among the nations sing psálms *to* yóu,

for your mercy réaches to *the* héavens,
and your trúth to *the* skíes.

Be exalted, O God, abóve *the* héavens;
may your glory shine on áll *the* éarth!

Glory...

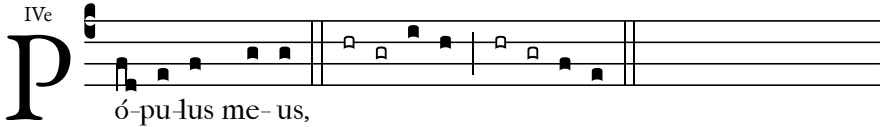
tr. For in you my soul has taken refuge.

VIIIg



Quóni- am in te confi-dit ánima me- a.

IVe



ó-pu-lus me- us,

JEREMIAH 31:10-14

Hear the word of the Lórd, O nátions;
declare it to the distant ísles *and* sáy,
“He who scattered Ísrael *will* gáther him
and guard him as a shépherd *his* flóck.”

For the Lord has ránsomed Jácob,
redeemed him from a hand too stróng *for* hím.

They shall come and sing praise on the héights *of* Zíon,
come streaming to the bóunty *of the* Lórd

to the grain and the wíne and *the* óil,
to the yearlings of the flóck and *the* hérđ.

Their soul shall be like a wátered gárden,
and they shall lánquish *no* móre.

Then the maiden shall rejóice in *a* dánce,
the young men and óld *to*géther.

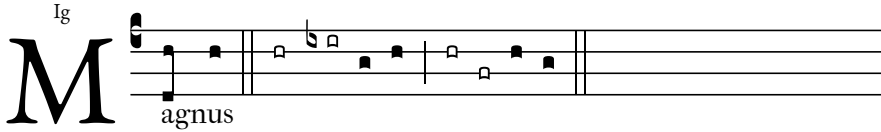
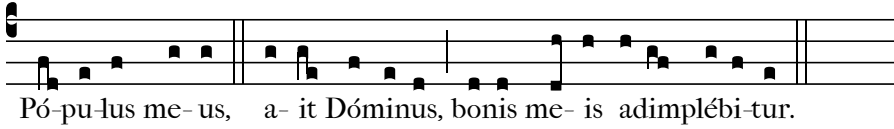
“I will change their móurning *into* jóy;
I will console them, giving gládness *for* sórrow

I will fill with rich fare the sóul *of my* priests,
and my people shall be filled with *my* bóunty.

Glory...

tr. My people shall be filled with my bounty.

IVe



PSALM 48

Great is the Lord and h́ighly to *be* práised
in the cíty of *our* Gód.

His holy mountain ŕises *in* béauty,
the joy of áll *the* éarth.

Mount Zion, in the héart of *the* Nóρθ,
the city of the Ḿighty Ḱing!

God, in the ḿidst of *its* cítadels,
has shown himsél_f *its* stróngthold.

Behold! the ḱings assémbled;
together th́ey *adv́anced*.

They saw; at ónce *they* márveled;
dismayed, they fléd *in* féar.

A trembling séized *them* thére,
anguish, like pangs in ǵiving bírth,

As when the éast *wind* shátters
the sh́íps of Társhish.

As we have heard, so *wé* *have* séen
in the cíty of *our* Gód,

in the city of the Lórd *of* hósts,
which God estáblishes *foréver*.

Your merciful lóve, O Gód,
we pónder in *your* témples.

Your praise, O God, líke *your* náme,
reaches the énds of *the* éarth.

Your right hand is filled with *sáving* jústice.
Mount Zíon *rejóices*.

The daughters of Júdah *rejóice*
at the síght of *your* júdgments.

Walk through Zion, wálk all aróund her;
count the númer of *her* tówers.

Consider áll *her* rámparts;
exámine *her* cástles,

that you may tell the next génerátion
that súch is *our* Gód,

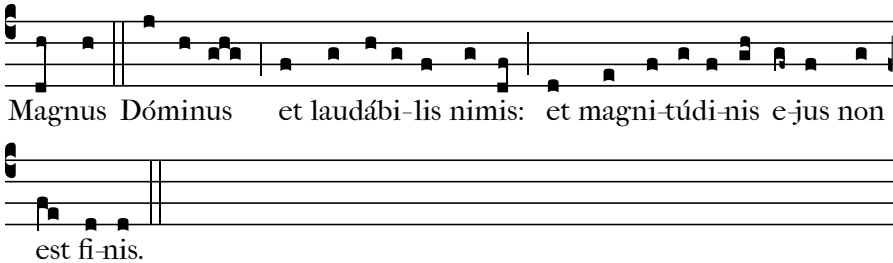
our God foréver *and* álways.

He will gúide us *foréver*.

Glory...

tr. Great is the Lord and highly to be praised;
of his greatness there is no end.

Ig



Magnus Dóminus et laudábi-lis nimis: et magni-túdi-nis e-jus non
est fi-nis.