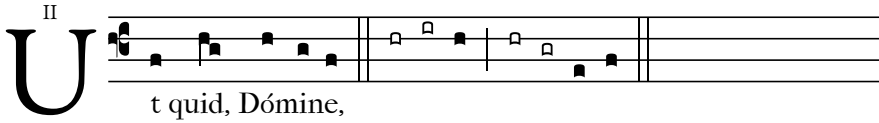


OFFICE OF READINGS



PSALM 10 I

Why, O Lord, do you stánd *afar* óff,
and hide yourself in tímes of *distréss*?

The poor are devoured by the príde of *the* wícked;
they are caught in the schemes that óthers *have* máde.

For the wicked boasts of his sóul's *desíres*;
the covetous blasphemés and spurns *the* Lórd.

In his pride, the wicked dóes *not* séek him;
all his thoughts are, "There ís *no* Gód."

His path is ever untroubled; †
your judgments are on high, fár *remóved*.
All those who oppóse him, he *derídes*.

In his heart he thinks, "Néver shall *I* fálder;
never shall misfórtune be *my* lót."

His mouth is full of cursing, guíle, *oppréssion*;
under his tongue are decéit *and* évil.

He sits in ambush in the *villages*; †
in hidden places, he múrders *the* ínnocent.
The eyes of the wicked keep wátch for *the* hélpless.

He lurks in hídng like a lion in his *lair*; †
he lurks in hídng to séize *the* póor;
he seizes the poor one and dráws him to *his* snáre.

He crouches, *prepáring to* spríng,
and the helpless fall préy to *his* stréngth.

He says in his heart, "Gód *forgéts*,
he hides his face, néver will *he* sée."

PSALM 10 II

Arise, O Lord; lift up your hánd, O Gód!
Do not forgét *the* póor!

Why should the wícked man *spurn* Gód,
saying in his heart, “You will not cáll to *accóunt*”?

But you have seen the tróuble *and* sórrow.
You note it; you táke it in *your* hánds.

The helpless one relíes *on* yóu,
for you are the hélper of *the* órphan.

Break the arm of the wícked and *the* sínner!
Pursue their wickedness till nóthing *remáins*!

The Lord is king foréver *and* éver.
The nations shall pérish from *his* lánd.

O Lord, you have heard the desíre of *the* póor
You strengthen their hearts; you túrn *your* éar
to give right judgment for the órphan and *oppréssed*,
so that no one on earth may strike térror *agáin*.

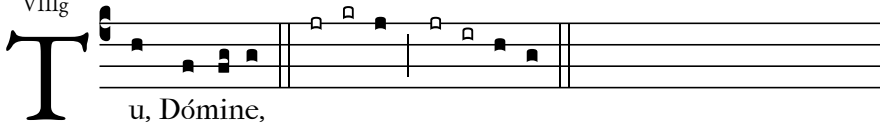
tr. Why, O Lord, do you stand afar off,

II



Ut quid, Dómine, reces-sísti longe?

VIIIg



u, Dómine,

PSALM 12

Save me, O Lord, for the holy ones áre *no* móre,
the faithful have vánished from the *human* ráce.

They babble vanities, óne to anóther,
with cunning líps, with divided héart.

May the Lord destróy all cunning líps,
the tongue that útters boastful wórds,

those who say, “We preváil with *our* tóngue;
our lips are our Ówn, who is *our* máster?”

“For the poor who are oppressed and the needy who *groan*, †
now will I arise,” says *the* Lórd;
“I will grant them the salvátion for which *they* lóng.”

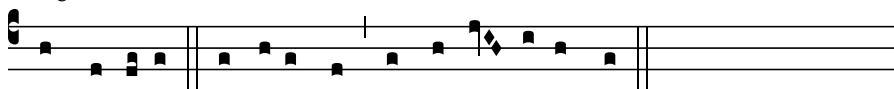
The words of the Lord are wórds without álloy,
silver from the furnace, séven times *refined*.

It is you, O Lord, who will kéept *us* sáfe,
and protect us foréver from this generátion.

The wicked prówl on every síde,
while baseness is exálted by the *human* ráce.

tr. It is you, O Lord, who will save us and keep us.

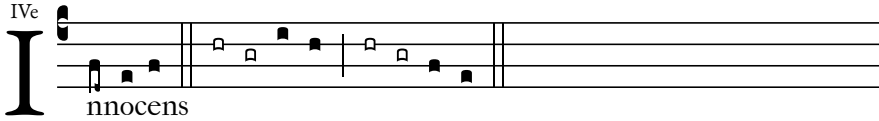
VIIIg



Tu, Dómine, servábis nos, et custó- di- es nos.

The Lord teaches the húmble *his* wáy.
— He guides the gentle-hearted alóng the *right* páth.

LAUDS



PSALM 24

The Lord's is the éarth and *its* fúllness,
the world, and those who dwéll *in* ít.

It is he who sét it on *the* séas;
on the rivers he máde *it* firm.

Who shall climb the móuntain of *the* Lórd?
Who shall stánd in his holy pláce?

The clean of hands and pure of *heart*, †
whose soul is not sét on *vain* thínghs,
who has not swórn deceitful wórdsh.

Blessings from the Lórd shall he *recéive*,
and right reward from the Gód *who* sáves him.

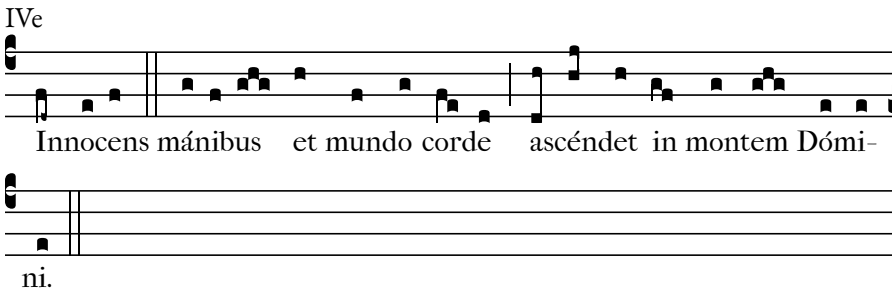
Such are the péople *who* séek him,
who seek the face of the Gód *of* Jácob.

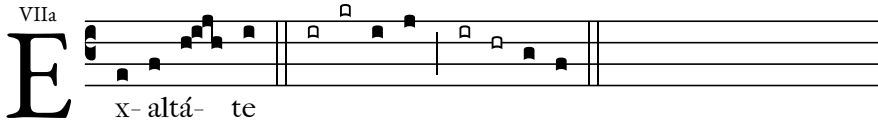
O gates, lift hích *your* héads;
grow híchér, *ancient* dóors.

Let him enter, the kíngh *of* glóry!
Who is this kíngh *of* glóry?

The Lord, the míghthy, *the* váliant;
the Lord, the váliant *in* wár.

tr. The clean of hands and pure of heart, will climb the mountain of the Lord.





TOBIT 13:1-8

Blessed be God, who lives forever, †
and blessed bé *his* kíngdom,
for he punishes but álso *shows* mércy.

He leads down to the depths of Hades, †
and brings up from rúin by *his* májesty;
and no one can escápe *his* hánd.

Children of Israel, confess him before the *nations*, †
for he has scátted you *among* them,
and even there has shówn you *his* gréatness.

Extol him, then, before every living being, †
for he is our Lórd and *our* Fáther,
he is our Gód *foréver*.

He will punish you fór your *iniquities*,
but on all of you hé will *have* mércy,
he will gather you from áll *the* nátions
wherever you háve *been* scátted.

When you turn báck *to* hím
with all your heart and áll *your* sóul
to do what is true before *him*, †
then he will turn báck *to* yóu
and no longer hide his fáce *from* yóu.

Now, then, see what he has dóne *for* yóu,
and with full voice, gíve him *your* thánks.

Bless the Lórd *of* ríghteousness,
and exalt the Kíng *of the* áges.

In the land of my exile I gíve *him* thánks,
and show his power and grandeur to a nátion *of* sínners.

Turn back, you sínners, †
and do what is ríght *befóre* him.

Who knows, he may favor you and shów *you* mércy?

To the King of héaven I *speak* jóyfully,
my soul rejoices all the dáy^s of *my* lífe.

Bless the Lord, all you chosen *ones*; †
and all, give práise to *his* grándeur.
Take up days of rejóicing and *conféss* him.

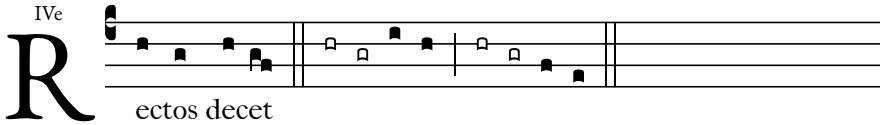
tr. Exalt the King of the ages in all your works.

VIIa



Exaltá- te Regem sæcu-lórum in opé- ribus vestris.

IVe



ectos decet

PSALM 33

Ring out your joy to the Lórd, O *you* júst;
for praise is fitting from *the* úpright.

Give thanks to the Lórd upon *the* hárp;
with a ten-stringed lúte sing *him* són^{gs}.

O sing him a són^g that *is* nów;
play skillfully, with shóuts of jóy.

For the word of the Lórd *is* úpright,
and all his wórks to *be* trústed.

The Lord loves jústice *and* ríght,
and his merciful lóve fills *the* éarth.

By the word of the Lord the héavens *were* máde,
by the breath of his móuth all *their* hóst.

As in a flask, he collects the wáves of *the* ócean;
he stores up the dépths of *the* séa.

Let all the éarth fear *the* Lórd,
all who live in the wórld *revére* him.

He spoke, and it cáme *to* bé.
He commanded; it stóod *in* pláce.

The Lord frustrates the desígns of *the* nátions;
he defeats the pláns of *the* péoples.

The designs of the Lórd stand *foréver*,
the plans of his heart from *áge to áge*.

Blessed the nation whose Gód is *the* Lórd,
the people he has chósen as *his* héritage.

From the heavens the Lórd *looks* fórch;
he sees the whóle *human* ráce.

From the place where he dwélls *he* gázes
on all the dwéllers on *áhe* éarth,
he who shapes the héarts of *them* áll,
and consíders all *their* déeds.

A king is not sáved by his *great* ármý,
nor a warrior préserved by his *great* stréngth.

A vain hope for sáfety is *the* hórse;
despite its pówer it *cannot* sáve.

Yes, the Lord's eyes are on thóse *who* féar him,
who hópe in his merciful lóve,
to rescue their sóul *from* déath,
to keep them álíve *in* fámine.

Our soul is wáiting for *the* Lórd.
He is our hélp and *our* shíeld.

In him do our héarts *find* jóy.
We trúst in his holy náme.

May your merciful lóve be *upón* us,
as we hópe in you, *O* Lórd.

tr. Praise is fitting from the upright.

IVe

