

you who raise me from the gátes *of* déath,  
that I may recóunt all *your* práise

at the gates of dáughter Zíon,  
and rejoice in yóur *salvátion*.

The nations have fallen in the pít which *they* máde;  
their feet have been caught in the snáre *they* láid.

The Lord has revealed himself; he has *given* judgment.  
The wicked are snared by the *wórk* of *their* hánds.

Let the wicked go *dówn to* Shéol,  
all the nations *forétfúl of* Gód:

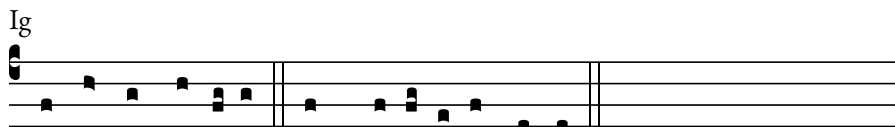
for the needy shall not always be *forgó*tten,  
nor the hopes of the póor ever *pér*ish.

Arise, O Lord, let human strength not *preváil!*  
Let the nations be júdged *befóre* you.

Strike them with térror, O Lórd;  
let the nations know they áre *but* mén.

Glory.

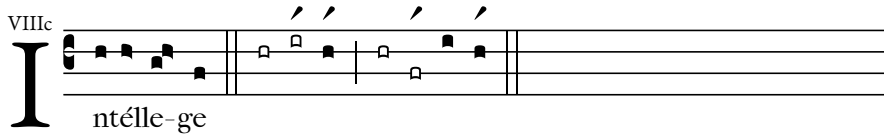
tr. Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail.



Exsúrge, Dómine, non prævá-le- at homo.

Lord show us your *mércy* *and* *lóve*.  
— And grant us *yóur* *salvátion*.

## LAUDS



PSALM 5:2-10, 12-13

To my words give éar, *O Lórd*;  
give héed to *my* síghs.

Attend to the sound of my cry, †  
my Kíng and *my* Gód.  
To you do I práy, *O Lórd*.

In the morning you héar *my* vóice;  
in the morning I plead and wáitch *befóre* you.

You are no God who delights *in* évil;  
no sínner is *your* gúest.

The boastful shall not stand before your eyes. †  
All who do évil you *despíse*;  
all who líe you *destróy*.

The deceitful and thóse who *shed* blóod,  
the Lórd *detésts*.

Yet through the greatness of your *mérciful* lóve,  
I énter *your* hóuse.

I bow down before your hólý témieple,  
in áwe *of* yóu.

Lead me, Lord, in your justice, †  
becáuse of *my* fóes;  
make straight your wáy *befóre* me.

No truth can be fóund in *their* móuths,  
their héart is *all* málice,

their throat a wíde-open gráve;  
with their tóngue *they* flátter.

All who take refuge in you sháll *be* glád,  
and ever cry óut *their* jóy.

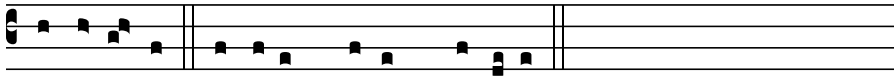
You shelter them; in yóu they *rejóice*,  
those who *lóve your náme*.

It is you who bless the *júst* one, O Lórd,  
you surround him with your *fávor* like *a shíeld*.

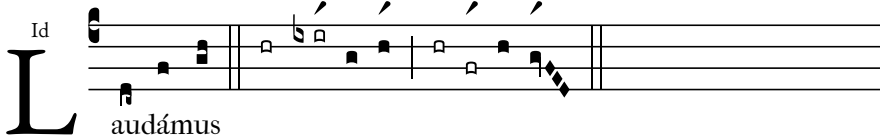
Glory.

tr. Attend to the sound of my cry, O Lord.

VIIIc



Intélle-ge clamórem me- um, Dómine.



1 CHRONICLES 29-10-13

Blessed are you, O *Lord*, †  
God of Ísrael, *our fáther*,  
from eternity únto *etérnity*.

Yours, O Lord, is greatness and power, †  
splendor, *víctory and májesty*;  
for all is yours in *héaven* and *on éarth*.

Yours, O Lórd, is *the kíngdom*,  
you are exalted as *héad over áll*.

Riches and *hónor* are *from yóu*,  
and you have *domínion over áll*.

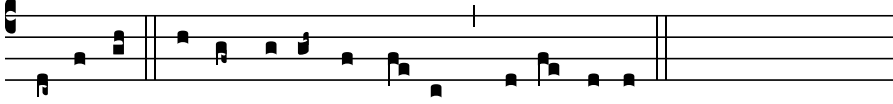
In your hand is *pówer and míght*;  
your hand gives greatness and *stréngth to áll*.

And now, our God, we *gíve you thánks*,  
and we praise your *spléndid náme*.

Glory.

tr. We praise your glorious name, our God.

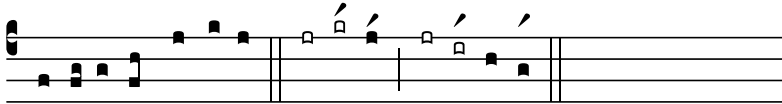
Id



Laudámus nomen tu-um íncli- tum, De- us noster.

VIIIg

A



d- orá- te Dóminum

PSALM 29

Ascribe to the Lord, you héavenly pówers,  
ascribe to the Lord glóry *and* stréngth.

Ascribe to the Lord the glóry of *his* náme;  
bow down before the Lord, majestic *in* hóliness

The voice of the Lord upon the *waters*, †  
the God of glóry thúnders;  
the Lord on the imménsity *of* wáters;

the voice of the Lórd full *of* pówer;  
the voice of the Lórd full *of* spléndor.

The voice of the Lórd shatters céders,  
the Lord shatters the céders *of* Lébanon;

he makes Lebanon léap like *a* cálf,  
and Sirion like a yóung *wild* óx.

The voice of the Lord flashes flámes *of* fire.  
The voice of the Lórd shakes *the* wílderness,  
the Lord shakes the wilderness of Kadesh; †  
the voice of the Lórd rends *the* óak tree  
and strips the fórest báre.

In his temple they all cry, "Glory!" †  
The Lord sits enthroned abóve *the* flóod;  
the Lord sits as kíng *for*éver.

The Lord will give stréngth to *his* péople,  
the Lord will bless his péople *with* péace.

Glory.

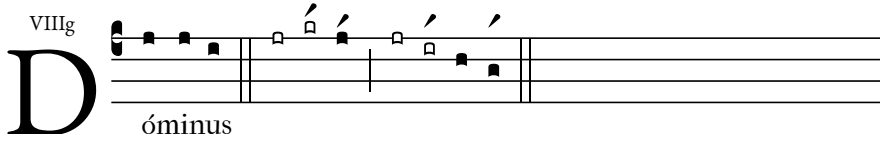
tr. Worship the Lord in his holy palace.

VIIIg



Adorá-te Dóminum in aula sancta e-ius.

## VESPERS



## PSALM 11

In the Lord I have *tá*ken *ré*fuge.

How can you *sá*y to *m*y *só*ul,

“Fly like a *bí*rd to *the* *mó*untain!

Look, the wicked are *bénd*ing *their* *bó*w!

They are fixing their *á*rrow on *the* *strí*ng,  
to shoot the upright of *hé*art in *the* *dá*rk.

Foundations *ón*ce *destró*yed,  
what can the *júst* *one* *dó*?”

The Lord is in his *hó*ly *té*mple;  
the throne of the *Ló*rd is *in* *hé*aven.

His eyes *behó*ld *the* *wór*ld;  
his gaze probes the *hú*man *rá*ce.

The Lord inspects the *júst* and *the* *wí*cked;  
the lover of *ví*olence *he* *há*tes.

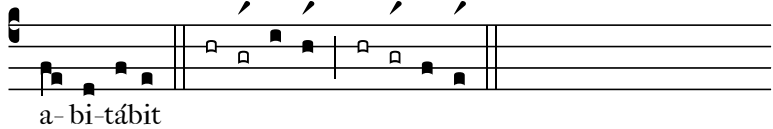
He sends fire and brimstone *ón* *the* *wí*cked,  
a scorching wind to fill *their* *cúp*.

For the Lord is just and loves *dé*eds *of* *júst*ice;  
the upright shall *behó*ld *his* *fá*ce.

Glory.

tr. The Lord is in His holy temple, the Lord, his throne in heaven.



IVe  
H

## PSALM 15

Lord, who may abíde in *your* tént,  
and dwell on your hóly móuntain?

Whoever walks without *fault*; †  
who dóes what is úpright,  
and speaks the trúth from *his* héart.

Whoever does not slándér with *his* tóngue;  
who does no wróng to a néighbor,  
who casts no slur on a *friend*, †  
who looks with scórn on *the* wícked,  
but honors those who féar *the* Lórd.

Who keeps an oath, *whatéver the* cóst,  
who lends no móney *at* ínterest,  
and accepts no bribes agáinst *the* ínnocent  
Such a one shall néver *be* sháken.

Glory.

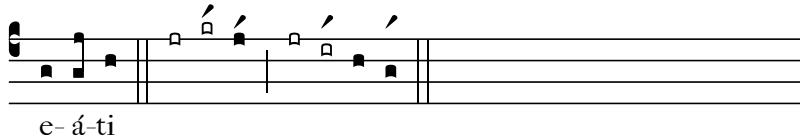
tr. He shall dwell in your tabernacle, he shall rest in your holy mountain.

IVe



VIIIg

B



e-á-ti

## 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 will*  
 in accord with *hís good pléasure*,  
 which he set forth in *Chríst as a plán*,  
 a plan for the fúllness of *tímes*,  
 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.

VIIIg



Be-á-ti qui lavant stolas suas in Sanguine Agni.