

compline

Immediately before Compline, the bell is rung in commemoration of the departed. The following prayer is traditionally recited in silence.

De profundis

Out of the depths have I called to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear my voice; *
 let your ears consider well the voice of my supplication.
If you, Lord, were to note what is done amiss, *
 O Lord, who could stand?
For there is forgiveness with you; *
 therefore you shall be feared.
I wait for the Lord; my soul waits for him; *
 in his word is my hope.
My soul waits for the Lord,
more than watchmen for the morning, *
 more than watchmen for the morning.
O Israel, wait for the Lord, *
 for with the Lord there is mercy;
With him there is plenteous redemption, *
 and he shall redeem Israel from all their sins.

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord, *
and let light perpetual shine upon them.
 May they rest in peace. Amen.

The service of Compline begins with all who are able standing.

Opening

Officiant The Lord almighty grant us a peaceful night and a perfect end.

All **Amen.**

Officiant Our God is full of compassion and mercy.

All **Mercy is given to those who fear God.**

Officiant Let us confess our sins.

A period of silence is kept.

Officiant I confess

All **to God almighty, to blessed Mary, to all the saints and to you, that I have sinned in thought, word, deed, and omission, by my own fault. Therefore I beg blessed Mary, all the saints, and you, to pray for me to the Lord our God.**

May God grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of all our sins. Amen.

The service continues with the hymn.

Alternative Opening

Officiant The God of peace grant us a quiet night and a perfect end.

All **Amen.**

Officiant The angels of God guard us through the night,

All **and quiet the powers of darkness.**

Officiant The Spirit of God be our guide

All **to lead us to peace and to glory.**

Officiant It is but lost labor that we haste to rise up early,
and so late take our rest, and eat the bread of anxiety.

All **For those beloved of God are given gifts
even while they sleep.**

Officiant Let us confess our sins.

A period of silence is kept.

Officiant We have wounded your love.

All **O God, heal us.**

Officiant We stumble in the darkness.

All **Light of the world, transfigure us.**

Officiant We forget that we are your home.

All **Spirit of God, dwell in us.**

Officiant May God grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of all our sins.

All **Amen.**

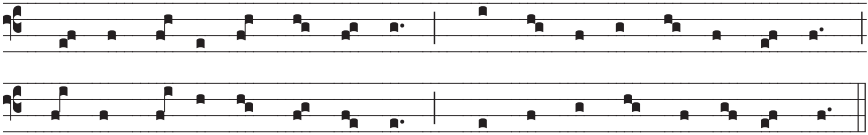
Hymns 1 & 2 may be sung to the appropriate tune on any day.

Hymn 3 is for use in the Office of the Departed using the appropriate tune.

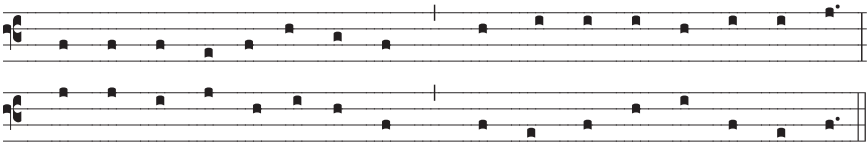
Hymn 4 may be sung on any ferial day.

Seasonal Hymn Tunes

Advent



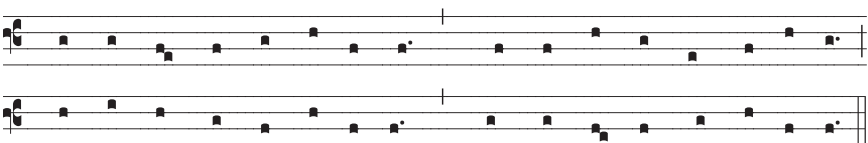
Christmas Day until Epiphany (including feasts)



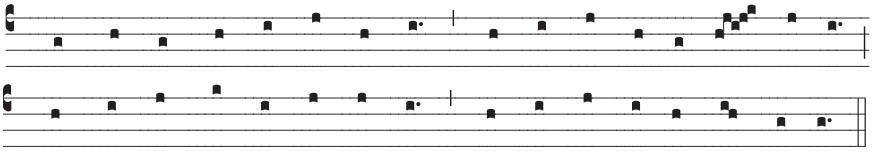
Epiphany & Pentecost Seasons



Lent



Easter Day until Pentecost (including feasts except BVM)



Hymn 1

To you before the close of day, † Creator of the world, we pray
that in your mercy you will be | our guardian and security.

By you forgiv'n, may we bestow | your pard'ning love on friend and foe;
and with the world, ourselves, and you, | before we sleep, your peace renew.

To you our souls we now commend, | that to our bodies you may send
sleep that will us more vig'rous make | to serve you, Lord, when we awake.

O Father, grant that this be done | through Jesus, your eternal Son,
who with the Spirit and with you | shall live and reign all ages through.

Hymn 2

O Christ, you are the dawn and day † before whom darkest night gives way,
illuminating all our sight, | the source of faith and light of light.

To you, O blessed Lord, we pray, | defend us at the close of day;
may all our rest be found in you, | and peace be with us all night through.

Now may our eyelids close in sleep, | our hearts a holy vigil keep;
protect us with your strong right hand | who live to keep your love's command.

O Lord, remember us, we cry | who now as mortals live and die;
you, our souls' keeper and our friend | be present with us to the end.

O, Father, grant that this be done, | through Jesus your eternal Son,
whom with the Spirit we adore | for ever and for ever more.

Hymn 3 *Office of the Departed*

Into your kind care, Lord of all, † we give the souls departed now;
they all await that cleansing love | which their full vision will allow.

Mutely they wait, their need revealed. | We give their prayer a borrowed voice,
that we with them one day may know | that joy in which we all rejoice.

Creator Lord, Redeemer, too, | let none be lost that hoped in you.
Brood on and cherish wounded hearts: | breathe in them, Spirit, life anew.

Hymn 1

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*Feast Day
Hymn Tunes*

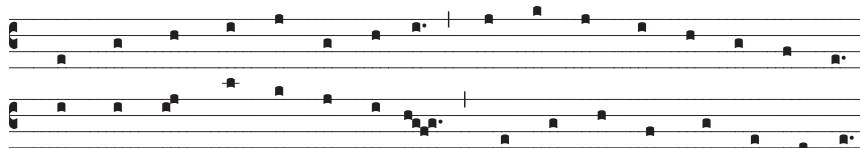
Blessed Virgin Mary including Common 1



All other 1st Class Feasts



Common of Saints except BVM



Hymn 4

Hymn 4 may be used on any ferial day.

1 The day thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, the dark - ness
2 We thank thee that thy Church, un - sleep - ing while earth rolls
3 As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land the dawn leads
4 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall nev - er, like earth's proud

falls at thy be - hest; to thee our morn - ing hymns a -
on - ward in - to light, through all the world her watch is
on an - oth - er day, the voice of prayer is nev - er
em - pires, pass a - way; thy king - dom stands, and grows for

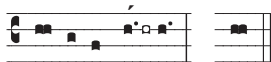
scend - ed, thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.
keep - ing, and rests not now by day or night.
si - lent, nor dies the strain of praise a - way.
ev - er, till all thy crea - tures own thy sway.

Psalter

*Psalms are chanted to the tone Indirectum.
The Holy Week tone is used on Saturday, Sunday,
the eve of 1st class feasts, the evenings of 1st
and 2nd class feasts, and during Holy Week.*

Indirectum:

2-B

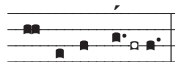


Holy Week:

1-B



2-D



*At Office of the Departed, Glory to the Father... is replaced by the following:
Rest eternal gránt to thém, O Lord, *
and let light perpetual shíne upón them.*

Saturday Week 1

Answer me when I call, O God, defénder óf my cause; *

Psalm 4

you set me free when I am hard-pressed;

have mercy ón me and héar my prayer.

“You mortals, how long will you dishónor my glóry; *

how long will you worship dumb idols and rún after fálse gods?”

Know that the LORD does wonders fór the fáithful; *

when I cry out, the LÓRD will héar me.

Tremble, thén, and dó not sin; *

speak to your heart in sílence upón your bed.

Offer the appointed sácrifices *

and put your trúst in thé LORD.

Many are saying, “Oh, that wé might see bétter times!” *

Lift up the light of your countenance upón us, Ó LORD.

You have put gládnness in my heart, *

more than when grain and wíne and óil increase.

I lie down in peace; at ónce I fáll asleep; *

for only you, LORD, make me dwéll in sáfety.

You who dwell in the shelter óf the Móst High, *

Psalm 91

abide under the shadow óf the Almíghty.

You shall say to the LÓRD,

“You are my refuge ánd my stróngthold, *

my God ín whóm I pút my trust.”

God shall deliver you from the snáre of the húnter *

and from the déadly péstílece.

God's pinions shall cover you,
 and you shall find refuge under the wings of the LORD; *
 whose faithfulness shall be a shield and buckler.
 You shall not be afraid of any terror by night, *
 nor of the árow that flíes by day;
 Of the plague that stálks in the dárkness, *
 nor of the sickness that láys waste at míd-day.
 A thousand shall fall at yòur side
 and ten thousand át your ríght hand, *
 but it sháll not come néar you.
 Your eyes have ónly tó behold *
 to see the rewárd of the wícked.
 Because you have made the LÓRD your réfuge, *
 and the Most High your hábitátióin,
 There shall no evil háppen tó you, *
 neither shall any plague come néar your dwélling.
 For God shall give the ángels charge óver you, *
 to kéep you in áll your ways.
 They shall béar you in théir hands, *
 lest you dash your fóot agáinst a stone.
 You shall tread upon the líon and ádder; *
 you shall trample the young lion and the serpent únder yóur feet.
 Because they are bound to me in love, therefore will Í deliver them; *
 I will protect them, becaúse they knów my Name.
 They shall call upon me, and Í will ánsWER them; *
 I am with them in trouble;
 I will rescue them and bríng them to hÓnor.
 With long life will I sátsifý them, *
 and show them mý salvátióin.
 Behold now, bless the LORD, all you sérvants óf the LORD, * *Psalm 134*
 you that stand by night in the hóuse of the LORD.
 Lift up your hands in the holy pláce and bléss the LORD; *
 the LORD who made heaven and earth bless you óut of Zíon.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit, *
 as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
the office continues on page 34

Saturday Week 2

- Héar my crý, O God, *
and lísten tó my prayer.

Psalm 61

I call upon you from the ends of the èarth
 with héaviness ín my heart; *
 set me upon the rock that is hígher thán I.
 For you have béen my réfuge, *
 a strong tower agáinst the ényemy.
 I will dwell in your hóuse for éver; *
 I will take refuge under the cóver of yóur wings.
 For you, O Gód, have héard my vows; *
 you have granted me the heritage of thóse who féar your Name.
 Add length of dáys to the kíng's life; *
 with years extending over many génerátions.
 Let our ruler sit enthroned before Gód for éver; *
 watched over by your lóve and fáithfulness.
 So will I always sing the práise of yóur Name, *
 and day by day I will fulfill mý vows.
 At all times Í will bléss the LÓRD; *
 whose praise shall ever bé in mý mouth.
 I will glóry ín the LÓRD; *
 let the humble héar and réjoice.
 Proclaim with me the gréatness óf the LÓRD; *
 let us exalt the Name of the LÓRD toghéther.
 I sought the LÓRD, who ánspered me *
 and delivered me out of áll my térror.
 Look upon the LÓRD and be rádiant, *
 and let not your fáces bé ashamed.
 I called in my affliction ánd the LÓRD héard me *
 and saved me from áll my tróubles.
 The angel of the LÓRD encompassés the God-féaring, *
 and the LÓRD will delíver them.
 Taste and sée that the LÓRD is good; *
 happy are they who trúst in thé LÓRD!
 Fear the LÓRD, you hóly ones, *
 for thóse who are God-féaring lack nóthing.
 The young lions lack and súffer húngér, *
 but thóse who seek the LÓRD lack nóthing thát is good.
 Come, children, and lísten tó me; *
 I will teach you the féar of thé LÓRD.
 Who among you lóves life *
 and desires long life to enjóy prospérité?
 Keep your tongue from évil-spéaking *
 and your líps from líying words.

Psalm 34

Turn from évil and dó good; *
 seek péace and pursúe it.
 The eyes of the LORD are upón the righteous, *
 and his ears are ópen tó their cry.
 The face of the LORD is against thóse who do évil, *
 to root out the remembrance óf them fróm the earth.
 The righteous cry, and thé LORD héars them *
 and delivers them fróm áll their tróubles.
 The LORD is near to the brókenhéarted *
 and will save those whose spírits áre crushed.
 Many are the troubles óf the righteous, *
 but the LORD will deliver him óut of thém áll.
 The LORD will keep safe the bónes of the righteous; *
 not one of them sháll be bróken.
 Evil shall sláy the wicked, *
 and those who hate the righteous will be púnished.
 The LORD ransoms the life of those chósen tó serve, *
 and none will be punished who trúst in thé LORD.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit, *
 as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
the office continues on page 34

Sunday Week 1

O LORD, I call to you; cóme to me quickly; * *Psalm 141*
 hear my vóice when I crý to you.
 Let my prayer be set forth in your síght as incense, *
 the lifting up of my hands as the évening sácrifice.
 Set a watch before my mouth, Ò LORD,
 and guard the dóor of mý lips; *
 let not my heart incline to ány évil thing.
 Let me not be occupied in wickedness with évildóers, *
 nor éat of their chóice foods.
 Let the righteous smite me in friendly rebùke;
 let not the oil of the unrighteous anóint my head; *
 for my prayer is continually agáinst their wicked deeds.
 Let their rulers be overthrown in stóny pláces, *
 that they may knów my wórds are true.
 As when a plower turns over the éarth in fúrrows, *
 let their bones be scattered at the móuth of thé grave.
 But my eyes are túrned to yóu, LORD God; *

in you I take refuge;
 do not strip me óf my life.
 Protect me from the snare which théy have láid for me *
 and from the traps of the évildóers.
 Let the wicked fall intó their ówn nets, *
while Í mysélf escape.
 Bow down your ear, O LÓRD, and ánswer me, *
 for I am póor and in míserý. *Psalm 86*
 Keep watch over my life, for Í am fáithful; *
 save your servant for I pút my trúst in you.
 Be merciful to me, O LORD, for yóu are mý God; *
 I call upon you áll the dáy long.
 Gladden the sóul of your sérvant, *
 for to you, O LORD, I líft up mý soul.
 For you, O LORD, are góod and forgíving, *
 and great is your love toward all who cáll upón you.
 Give ear, O LÓRD, to mý prayer, *
 and attend to the voice of my súpplícations.
 In the time of my trouble I will cáll upón you, *
for yóu will ánswer me.
 Among the gods there is nóne like yóu, O LORD, *
 nor ánything líke your works.
 All nations you have made will come and wórship yóu, O LORD, *
and glórfify your Name.
 For you are great; yóu do wóndrous things; *
and yóu alóne are God.
 Teach me your way, O LORD,
 and I will wálk in yóur truth; *
 knit my heart to you that Í may féar your Name.
 I will thank you, O LORD my Gód, with áll my heart, *
 and glorify your Náme for évermore.
 For great is your lóve toward me; *
 you have delivered me from the néthermóst Pit.
 The arrogant rise up against me, O Gód,
 and a violent mób seeks mý life; *
 they have not set yóu befóre their eyes.
 But you, O LORD, are gracious and fúll of compásson, *
 slow to anger, and full of of kindness ánd truth.
 Turn to me and have mércy upón me; *
 give your strength to your servant;
 and save the child of your hándmaid.

Show me a sign of your favòr,
so that those who hate me may sée it and bé ashamed; *
because you, O LORD, have helped me and cómfortéd me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.

the office continues on page 34

Sunday Week 2

Truly, God is góod to Ísrael, * *Psalm 73*
to thóse who are púre in heart.
But as for me, mý feet had néarly slipped; *
I had almost tripped and fálleñ;
Because I énvied thé proud *
and saw the prosperity óf the wícked:
For they súffer nó pain, *
and their bódies are sléek and sound;
In the misfortunes of óthers they háve no share; *
they are not afflícted as óthers are;
Therefore they wear their príde like a nécklace *
and wrap their violence abóut them líke a cloak.
Their iniquity cómes from gróss minds, *
and their hearts overflòw with wícked thoughts.
They scoff and spéak malíciouly; *
out of their haughtiness they plán oppréssion.
They set their mouths agáinst the héavens, *
and their evil spéech runs thróugh the world.
And so the péople túrn to them *
and fínd in thém no fault.
They say, “Hów should Gód know? *
is there knowledge ín the Móst High?”
So then, these áre the wícked; *
always at éase, they incréase their wealth.
In vain have I képt my héart clean, *
and washed my hánds in ínnocence.
I have been afflícted áll day long, *
and punished évery mórning.
Had I gone on spéaking thís way, *
I should have betrayed the generation óf your children.
When I tried to únderstánd these things, *
ít was too hárd for me;

Until I entered the sanctuáry of God *
 and discerned the énd of the wícked.
 Surely, you set them in slippery pláces; *
 you cast them dówn in rúin.
 Oh, how suddenly do they cóme to destrúction, *
 come to an end, and pérish from térror!
 Like a dream when one awákens, Ó LORD, *
 when you arise you will make their ímage vánish.
 When my mind becáme embítted, *
 I was sorely wóunded ín my heart.
 I was stupid and had no únderstánding; *
 I was like a brute béast in your présence.
 Yet I am álways wíth you; *
 you hold me bý my right hand.
 You will guide me bý your cóunsel, *
 and afterwards recéive me with glóry.
 Whom have I in héaven bút you? *
 and having you I desire nóthing upón earth.
 Though my flesh and my héart should wáste away, *
 God is the strength of my heart and my pórtion for éver.
 Truly, those who forsáke you will pérish; *
 you destroy all who áre unfáithful.
 But it is good for mé to be néar God; *
 I have made the LORD Gód my réfuge.
 I will spéak of ál your works *
 in the gates of the cíty of Zíon.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
the office continues on page 34

Monday Week 1

Help me, LORD, for there is no gódlly óne left; * *Psalm 12*
 the faithful have vanished fróm amóng us.
 All speak falsely wíth their néighbor; *
 with a smooth tongue they spéak from a dóuble heart.
 Oh, that the LORD would cút off all smóoth tongues, *
 and close the lips that útter próud boasts!
 Those who say, “With our tóngue will wé prevail; *
 our lips are our own; whó is lord óver us?”
 “Because the needy are oppressed, and the poor cry óut in mísery, *

I will rise up,” says the LORD,
 “and give them the hélp they lóng for.”
 The words of the LÓRD are púre words, *
 like silver refined from ore
 and purified séven times ín the fire.
 O LÓRD, watch óver us *
 and save us from this generátion for éver.
 The wicked prówl on évery side, *
 and that which is worthless is highly prized by éveryone.
 Protect me, O God, for I take réfuge ín you; *
 I have said to the LORD, “You are my Lord,
 my good abóve all óther.”
 All my delight is upon the godly thát are ín the land, *
 upon those who are noble amóng the péople.
 But those who rún after óther gods *
 shall have their tróubles múltiplied.
 Their libations of blood I will not óffer, *
 nor take the names of their góds upón my lips.
 O LORD, you are my pórtion ánd my cup; *
 it is yóu who uphóld my lot.
 My boundaries enclóse a pléasant land; *
 indeed, I have a góodly héritage.
 I will bless the LORD who gíves me cóunsel; *
 my heart teaches mé, night áfter night.
 I have set the LORD álways befóre me; *
 because you are at my right hánd I shall not fall.
 My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spírit rejóices; *
 my body alsó shall rést in hope.
 For you will not abándon me tó the grave, *
 nor let your hóly one sée the Pit.
 You will shów me the páth of life; *
 in your presence there is fullness of joy,
 and in your right hand are pléasures for évermore.
 In the LORD have I táken réfuge; *
 how then can you say to me,
 “Fly away like a bírd to the hílltop;
 For see how the wicked bend thè bow
 and fit their árrows tó the string, *
 to shoot from ambush át the trúe of heart.
 When the foundations are béing déstroyed, *
whát can the ríghteous do?”

Psalm 16

Psalm 11

The LORD is in the hóly t^émple; *
the LORD's thróne is in héaven.
The LORD's eyes behold the inhábitéd world; *
The LORD's píercing eye wéighs our worth.
The LORD weighs the righteous as wéll as the wícked, *
but abhors those who delíght in víolence.
Upon the wicked he shall rain coals of fire and búrníng súlphur; *
a scorchíng wínd shall bé their lot.
For the LORD, who is righteous, delíghts in ríghteous deeds; *
and the just shall see the fáce of thé LORD.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
the office continues on page 34

Monday Week 2

Hear my plea of innocence, O LÒRD; *Psalm 17*
gíve héed to mý cry; *
listen to my prayer, which does not cóme from líyng lips.
Let my vindication come fórth from your présence; *
let your eyes bé fíxed on jústice.
Weigh my heart, súmmon mé by night, *
melt me down; you will find no impúritý ín me.
I gíve no offense with my móuth as óthers do; *
I have heeded the wórd of yóur líps.
My footsteps hold fast to the wáys of yóur law; *
in your paths my féet shall not stúmbles.
I call upon you, O God, for yóu will ánsver me; *
incline your ear to mé and héar my wórd.
Show me your marvelóus lóvíng-kíndness, *
O Sávior of those who take refuge at your right hand
from those who ríse up agáinst them.
Keep me as the ápple of your eye; *
hide me under the shádw of your wings,
From the wícked wó who assáult me, *
from my deadly enemíes wó who súrróund me.
They have closed theír héart to píty, *
and theír móuth speaks próud thíngs.
They press me hard, now théy súrróund me, *
watchíng how they may cást me tó the gróund,
Like a líon, gréedy fór íts prey, *

and like a young lion lurking in sécret pláces.
 Arise, O LORD; confrónt them and bríng them down; *
 deliver me from the wícked bý your sword.
 Deliver me, O LÓRD, by yóur hand *
 from those whose portion in lífe is this wórld;
 Whose bellies you fill with your tréasure, *
 who are well supplied with children
 and leave their wéalth to their líttle ones.
 But at my víndícatíon Í shall sée your face; *
 when I awake, I shall be satisfied, behóldíng your líkeness.
 I will exalt you, O LÒRD, *Psalm 30*
 because you have lífted mé up *
 and have not let my enemíes tríumph óver me.
 O LORD my Gód, I cried óut to you, *
 and you restóred me tó health.
 You brought me úp, O LORD, fróm the dead; *
 you restored my life as I was going dówn to the grave.
 Sing to the LORD, you fáíthful sérvants; *
 give thanks for the remembránce óf God's hólíness.
 For God's wrath lasts but the twínkíng óf an eye, *
 God's favor endúres for a lífetíme.
Wéepíng may s pénd the night, *
 but joy comes ín the mórníng.
 While I felt secure, I said, "I shall néver bé disturbed. *
 You, LORD, with your favor, made me as stróng as the móuntáíns."
 - Thén you híd your face, *
and I was filled with fear.
I críed to yóu, O LORD; *
 I pleaded wíth the Lord, sáying,
 "What profit is there in my blood, if I go dówn to the Pit? *
 will the dust praise you or decláre your fáíthfulness?
 Hear, O LORD, and have mércy upón me; *
 O LÓRD, be my hélper."
 You have turned my wáílíng ínto dáncíng; *
 you have put off my sack-cloth and clóthed me wíth joy.
 Therefore my heart sings to yóu without céasíng; *
 O LORD my God, I will give you tháns for éver.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Sprít, *
 as it was in the beginníng, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
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Tuesday Week 1

Psalm 31

In you, O LORD, have I taken refuge;
let me never be put to shame; *
deliver me in your righteousness.

Incline your ear to me; *
make haste to deliver me.

Be my strong rock, a castle to keep me safe,
for you are my crag and my stronghold; *
for the sake of your Name, lead me and guide me.

Take me out of the net that they have secretly set for me, *
for you are my tower of strength.

Into your hands I commend my spirit, *
for you have redeemed me,
O LORD, O God of truth.

I hate those who cling to worthless idols, *
and I put my trust in the LORD.

I will rejoice and be glad because of your mercy; *
for you have seen my affliction;
you know my distress.

You have not shut me up in the power of the enemy; *
you have set my feet in an open place.

Have mercy on me, O LORD, for I am in trouble; *
my eye is consumed with sorrow,
and also my throat and my belly.

For my life is wasted with grief,
and my years with sighing; *
my strength fails me because of affliction,
and my bones are consumed.

I have become a reproach to all my enemies and even to my neighbors,
a dismay to those of my acquaintance; *
when they see me in the street they avoid me.

I am forgotten, out of mind, as if I were dead; *
I am as useless as a broken pot.

For I have heard the whispering of the crowd;
- fear is all around; *
they put their heads together against me;
they plot to take my life.

But as for me, I have trusted in you, O LORD. *
I have said, "You are my God.

My times are in your hand; *

rescue me from the hand of my enemies,
 and from those who pérsécúte me.
 Make your face to shine upón your sérvant, *
 and in your loving-kindness sáve me.”
 LORD, let me not be having cálléd upón you; *
 rather, let the wicked be put to shame;
 let them be sílent in thé grave.
 Let the lying lips be silenced which speak agáinst the righteous, *
 haughtily, disdainfullý, and wíth contempt.
 How great is your goodness, O LÒRD!
 which you have laid up for thóse who féar you; *
 which you have done in the sight of all
 for those who pút their trúst in you.
 You hide them in the covert of your presence from thóse who
 slánder them; *
 you keep them in your shelter fróm the strífe of tongues.
 - Blésséd bé the LORD! *
 for you have shown me the wonders of your love in a bésieged cíty.
 Yet I said in my àlarm,
 “I have been cut off from the síght of yóur eyes.” *
 Nevertheless, you heard the sound of my entreaty when Í cried
 óut to you.
 Love the LORD, all yóu who are fáithful; *
 the LORD protects the pious,
 but repays to the full those whó act háughtily.
 Be strong and let your héart take cóurage, *
 all you who wáit for thé LORD.
 Oh, how good and pléasant í is, * *Psalm 133*
 when the community lives together in únity!
 It is like fine óil upón the head *
 that runs dówn upón the beard,
 Upon the béard of Áaron, *
 and runs down upon the cóllar óf his robe.
 It is like the déw of Hérmon *
 that falls upon the hílls of Zíon.
 For there the LORD has ordáined the bléssing: *
 - lífe for évermore.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.

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Tuesday Week 2

God arises in the cóuncil of héaven; *
and gives judgment in the mídst of thé gods:

“How long will you júdge unjústly, *
and show favor tó the wícked?

Save the wéak and the órphan; *
defend the húmbly and néedy;

Rescue the wéak and thé poor; *
deliver them from the power óf the wícked.

They do not know, neither do they undérstand;
they go abóut in dárkness; *

all the foundations of the éarth are sháken.

Now I sáy to you, ‘Yóu are gods, *
and all of you children óf the Móst High;

Nevertheless, you shall díe like mórtals, *
and fall like ány léader.’

Arise, O Gód, and rúle the earth, *
for you shall take all nátions fór your own.

Rejoice in the LÓRD, you ríghteous; *
it is good for the just tó sing práises.

Praise the LÓRD with thé harp; *
play upon the psálterý and lyre.

Sing for the LÓRD a nów song; *
sound a fanfare with all your skill upón the trúmpet.

For your wórd, O LÓRD, is ríght, *
and áll your wórks are sure.

You love ríghteousnéss and jústice; *
your loving-kindness, O LÓRD, fílls the whóle earth.

By your word, O LÓRD, were the héavens made, *
by the breath of your mouth all the héavenly hosts.

You gather up the waters of the ocean as in a wáter-skin *
and store up the dépths of thé sea.

Let áll the earth féar the LORD; *
let all who dwell in the wórlđ stand in réverence.

For the LORD spóke, and it cáme to pass; *
the LORD commanded, ánd it stóod fast.

The LORD brings the will of the nátions tó naught; *
and thwarts the desígns of the péoples.

But the LORD’s will stands fást for éver, *
and the designs of the LÓRD’s héart from áge to age.

Happy is the nation whose Gód is thé LORD! *

Psalm 82

Psalm 33

happy the people you have chosen to bé your own!
 O LORD, you look dówn from héaven, *
 and behold all the péople ín the world.
 From where you sit enthroned you túrn your gaze *
 on all who dwéll on thé earth.
 You fashion áll the héarts of them *
 and únderstand áll their works.
 There is no ruler that can be saved by a míghty ármy; *
 a warrior is not delivered by gréat strength.
 The horse is a vain hópe for delíverance; *
 for all its stréngth it cáannot save.
 Behold, your eye, O LORD, is upon thóse who féar you, *
 on thóse who wáit upón your love,
To plúck their líves from death, *
 and to feed them in tíme of fámine.
 Our soul wáits for yóu, O LORD; *
 you are our hélp and óur shield.
 Indeed, our heart rejóices ín you, *
 for in your holy Náme we pút our trust.
 Let your loving-kindness, O LÓRD, be upón us, *
 as we have pút our trúst in you.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
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Wednesday Week 1

Hear this, all you peoplès;
 hearken, all you who dwéll in thé world, *
 you of high degree and low, rich and póor togéther.
 My mouth shall speák of wísdóm, *
 and my heart shall meditate on únderstánding.
 I will incline my éar to a próverb *
 and set forth my riddle upón the harp.
 Why should I be afráid in évil days, *
 when the wickedness of thóse at my héels surróunds me,
 The wickedness of thóse who put their trúst in théir goods, *
 and boast of théir gréat ríches?
 We can never ránsom óurselves, *
 or deliver to God the príce of óur life;
 For the ransom of our lífe is só gréat, *

Psalms 49

that we should never have enough to páy it,
 In order to live for éver and éver, *
and néver sée the grave.
 For we see that the wise die alsò;
 like the dull and stúpid they pérish *
 and leave their wealth to thóse who come áfter them.
 Their graves shall be their homes for evèr,
 their dwelling places from generation to génération, *
 though they call the lands áfter their ówn names.
 Even though honored, they cannot live for éver; *
 they are like the béasts that pérish.
 Such is the way of those who foolishly trúst in thémselfs, *
 and the end of those who delíght in their ówn words.
 Like a flock of sheep they are destined to diè;
Déath is their shépherd; *
 they go down straíghtway tó the grave.
Their fórm shall wáste away, *
 and the land of the déad shall bé their home.
 But God will ránson mý life; *
 and snatch me fróm the grásp of death.
 Do not be envious when sóme becóme rich, *
 or when the grandeur of their hóuse incréeses;
 For they will carry nothing awáy at théir death, *
 nor will their grándeur fóllow them.
 Though they thought highly of thémselfs while théy lived, *
 and were práised for théir success,
 They shall join the company óf their áncéstors, *
 who will never sée the líght again.
 Those who are honored, but have no únderstánding, *
 are like the béasts that pérish.
 Clap your hánds, all you péoples; *
 shout to Gód with a crý of joy.
 For the LORD Most Hígh is tó be feared; *
 the great Sov'reign óver áll the earth.
 The LORD subdues the péoples únder us, *
 and the nátions únder óur feet.
 The LORD chooses our inhéritance fór us, *
 the pride of the belóved Jácob.
 God has gone úp with á shout, *
 the LORD with the sóund of the rám's horn.
 Sing praises to Gód, sing práises; *

Psalm 47

sing praises to our Sóv'reign, sing práises.
 For God is Sóv'reign of áll the earth; *
 sing práises with áll your skill.
 God reigns óver the nátions; *
 God sits upon héaven's hóly throne.
 The nobles of the peoples have gáthered togéther *
 with the people of the Gód of Ábraham.
 The rulers of the éarth belong to God, *
 and God is highly exálted.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
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Wednesday Week 2

Save me, O Gód, by yóur Name; * *Psalm 54*
 in your míght, defénd my cause.
- Héar my práyer, O God; *
 give ear to the wórds of my mouth.
 For the arrogant have risen up against mè,
 and the rúthless have sóught my life, *
 those who have nó regárd for God.
 Behold, Gód is my hélper; *
 it is the LóRD who sustáins my life.
 Render evil to thóse who spy on me; *
 in your faithfulnéss, destróy them.
 I will offer you a fréewill sácrifice *
 and praise your Name, O LóRD, for ít is good.
 For you have rescued me from évery tróuble, *
 and my eye has seen the rúin óf my foes.
 The LORD, the God of góds, has spóken; * *Psalm 50*
 and has called the earth from the rising of the sún to its sétting.
 Out of Zion, perfect ín its béauty, *
 God shínes fórh in glóry.
 Our God will come and will nó keep sílence; *
 before God there is a consuming flame,
 and round abóut a ráging storm.
 God calls the heavens and the éarth from ábove *
 to witness the judgment of the chósen péople.
 “Gather before me my lóyal fóllowers, *
 those who have made a covenant with me

and séaled it with sácrifice.”
 Let the heavens declare the rightness of Gód’s cause; *
 for it is Gód who is judge.
 Hear, O my people, and I will speak:
 “O Israel, I will bear witness agáinst you; *
 for Í am Gód, your God.
 I do not accuse you because of your sácrifices; *
 your offerings are álways befóre me.
 I will take no búll-calf fróm your stalls, *
 nor he-goats óut of yóur pens;
 For all the beasts of the fórest áre mine, *
 the herds in their thóusands upón the hills.
 I know every búrd in thé sky, *
 and the creatures of the fields are ín my sight.
 If I were hungry, I wóuld not téll you, *
 for the whole world is mine and áll that is ín it.
 Do you think I éat the flésh of búlls, *
 or drínk the blóod of goats?
 Offer to God a sacrifice óf thanksgiving *
 and make good your vóws to the Móst High.
 Call upon me in the dáy of tróuble; *
 I will deliver you, and yóu shall hónor me.”
 But to the wícked Gód says: *
 “Why do you recite my statutes,
 and take my covenánt upón your lips;
 Since yóu refuse díscipline, *
 and toss my wórd behind your back?
 When you see thieves, you máke them yóur friends, *
 and you cast in your lót with adúlterers.
 You have loosed your líps for évil, *
 and harnessed your tóngue to á lie.
 You are always speaking évil of yóur kin *
 and slandering yóur own flésh and blood.
 These things you have dóne, and Í kept still, *
 and you thought that Í am líke you.”
 “I have made my áccusátion; *
 I have put my case in órder befóre your eyes.
 Consider this well, yóu who forgét God, *
 lest I rend you and there be nóne to delíver you.
 Whoever offers me the sacrifice of thanksgiving hónors me; *
 but to those who keep in my way will I show the salvátion óf God.”

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
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Thursday Week 1

Rescue me from my énéimíes, O God; *
protect me from those who rise up agáinst me.
Rescue me from évildóers *
and save me from those who thírst for mý blood.
See how they lie in wait for my life,
how the mighty gather together agáinst me; *
not for any offense or fáult of míne, O LORD.
Not because of any gúilt of mine *
they run and prepare themselves for báttle.
Rouse yourself, come to my side, and see; *
for you, LORD God of hosts, are Ísraél's God.
Awake, and punish all the ungodly; *
show no mercy to those who are faithless and évil.
They go to and fro in the évening; *
they snarl like dogs and run about the cíty.
Behold, they boast with their mòuths,
and táunts are ón their lips; *
“For who,” they sáy, “will héar us?”
But you, O LÓRD, you láugh at them; *
you laugh all the ungodly tó scorn.
My eyes are fixed on yóu, O mý Strength; *
for you, O GÓD, are my stróngthold.
My merciful God cómes to méet me; *
God will let me look in triumph ón my énéimies.
Slay them, O God, lest my péople fóret; *
send them reeling by your might
and put them dówn, O LÓRD our shield.
For the sins of their mouths, for the words of their lips,
for the cursing and lies that they útter, *
let them be cáught in théir pride.
Make an end of them in your wrath; *
make an end of them, and théy shall bé no more.
Let everyone know that God rules in Jácob, *
and to the énds of thé earth.
They go to and fro in the évening; *

Psalm 59

they snarl like dogs and run about the city.
They fórage fôr food, *
 and if they áre not filled, they howl.
 For my part, I will síng of yóur strength; *
 I will celebrate your lóve in the mórníng;
 For you have becóme my stróngthold, *
 a refuge in the dáy of my tróuble.
 To you, O my Stréngth, will Í síng; *
 for you, O God, are my stronghold and my mércifúl God.
 For God alone my sóul in sílence waits; *
 from God comes mý salvátion.
 God alone is my rock and mý salvátion, *
 my stronghold, so that I shall not be gréatly sháken.
 How long will you assail me to crush me, all of yóu togéther, *
 as if you were a leaning fénce, a tóppíng wall?
 They seek only to bring me down from my pláce of hónor; *
lies are their chief delight.
They bléss with théir lips, *
but in their héarts they curse.
 For God alone my sóul in sílence waits; *
 truly, my hópe is in God.
 God alone is my rock and mý salvátion, *
 my stronghold, so that I shall nót be sháken.
 In God is my safety and my hónor; *
 God is my strong róck and my réfuge.
 Put your trust in God álways, O péople, *
 pour out your hearts before God who ís our réfuge.
 Those of high degree are bút a fléeting breath, *
 even those of low estate cánnot be trústed.
 On the scales they are líghter thán a breath, *
 all of thém togéther.
 Put no trust in extortion;
 in robbery táke no émpy pride; *
 though wealth increase, set not your héart upón it.
 God has spoken once, twíce have I héard it, *
 that pówer belóns to God.
 Steadfast lóve is yóurs, O Lord, *
 for you repay everyone accórding tó their deeds.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be fór éver. Ámen.

Psalm 62

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Thursday Week 2

Lord, you have béen our réfuge * *Psalm 90*
from one generation tó anóther.
Before the mountains were brought fòrth,
or the lánd and the éarth were born, *
from age to áge you áre God.
You turn us báck to the dúst and say, *
“Go báck, O child of earth.”
For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterdáy when í is past *
and like a wáitch in thé night.
You sweep us awáy like á dream; *
we fade away súddenly líke the grass.
In the morning it is gréen and flóurishes; *
in the evening it is dried up and wíthered.
For we consume away in yóur displéasure; *
we are afraid because of your wrathful índignátiún.
Our iniquities you have sét befóre you, *
and our secret sins in the líght of your cóuntenance.
When you are angry, áll our dáys are gone; *
we bring our years to an énd like á sigh.
The span of our life is seventy yéars,
perhaps in stréngth even éighty; *
yet the sum of them is but labor and sorrow,
for they pass away quíckly and wé are gone.
Who regards thé pówer óf your wrath? *
who rightly fears yóur índignátiún?
So teach us to núnumber óur dáys *
that we may apply our héarts to wísdóm.
Return, O LORD; how lóng will you tárry? *
be gracíous tó your sérvants.
Satisfy us by your loving-kindness ín the mórníng; *
so shall we rejoice and be glad all thé dáys of óur life.
Make us glad by the measure of the days thát yóu afflícted us *
and the years in which we súffered advérsity.
Show yóur sérvants yóur wórk *
and your spléndor tó their chíldren.
May the graciousness of the LORD our Gód be upón us; *
prosper the work of our hands;
prósper our hándiwork.
Not to us, O LORD, not tò us,
but to yóur Náme give glóry; *

Psalm 115

because of your love and because of your faithfulness.
Why should the héathen say, *
 —“Whére then ís their God?”
 Our Gód is in héaven; *
 whatever God wílls to do Gód does.
 Their idols are sílver ánd gold, *
the wórk of húman hands.
 They have móuths, but they cánnót speak; *
 eyes have théy, but they cánnót see;
 They have éars but they cánnót hear; *
noses, bút they cánnót smell;
 They have hands, but they cánnót feel;
féet, but they cánnót walk; *
 they make no sóund with théir throat.
 Those who máke them are líke them, *
 and so are all who pút their trúst in them.
 O Israel, trúst in thé LORD; *
 who is your hélp and yóur shield.
 O house of Aaron, trúst in thé LORD; *
 who is your hélp and yóur shield.
 You who fear the LORD, trúst in thé LORD; *
 who is your hélp and yóur shield.
 The LORD has been mindful of ús, and will bléss us; *
 the LORD will bless the house of Israel;
 and will bless the hóuse of Áaron;
 The LORD will bléss the God-féaring, *
 both small and gréat togéther.
 May the LORD incréase you móre and more, *
 you and your chíldren áfter you.
 May you be bléssed by thé LORD, *
 the maker of héaven ánd earth.
 The heaven of héavens ís the LORD's, *
 but the LORD entrusted the éarth to its péoples.
 The déad do not práise the LORD, *
 nor all those who go dówn into sílence;
But wé will bléss the LORD, *
 from this [time] f[ó]rth for [é]vermore. [Hállélújah!]

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
 as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.

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Friday Week 1

Psalm 55

- Héar my práyer, O God; *
do not hide yourself from my petition.
Listen to mé and ánsWER me; *
I have no peace, because of my cares.
I am shaken by the noise of the éNemy *
and by the pressure óf the wícked;
For they have cast an evil spéll upón me *
and are set against me in fúry.
My heart quakes withín me, *
and the terrors of death have fallen upón me.
Fear and trembling háve come óver me, *
and horror óverwhélms me.
And I said, “Oh, that I had wíngs like á dove! *
I would fly away and bé at rest.
I would flee to a fár-off place *
and make my lodging ín the wílderness.
I would hásten tó escape *
from the stormy wínd and témpest.”
Swallow them up, O LóRD; confóund their speech; *
for I have seen violence and strife in the city.
Day and night the watchmen make their róunds upón its walls, *
but trouble and misery are ín the mídst of it.
There is corrúption át its heart; *
its streets are never free of oppRéssion ánd deceit.
For had it been an adversary who tauntèd me,
then I cóuld have bórne it; *
or had it been enemies who vaunted themselves against me,
then I could have hídden from them.
But it was yóu, my compánion, *
my own familiar friend, dear to my ówn heart.
We took sweet cóunsel togéther, *
and walked with the thróng in the hóuse of God.
Let death come upon them suddèly;
let them go down alíve into the grave; *
for wickedness is in their dwellings, ín their véry mídst.
But I will cáll upón God, *
and the LóRD will delíver me.
In the evening, in the morning, and at noonday,
I will compláin and láment, *
and the LóRD will héar my voice.

God will bring me safely back from the battle wáged agáinst me; *
 for there are mány who fight me.
 God, who is enthroned of old, will héar me and bríng them down; *
 they never change; they dó not féar God.
 My companion stretched forth a hand agáinst a cómrade; *
 and bróke a cóvenant.
 The speech of my companion is sófter than bútter, *
 _ bút with wár at heart.
 The words of my comrade are smóother thán oil, *
but they are dráwn swords.
 Cast your burden upon thè LORD,
whó will sustáin you; *
 The Lord will never let the righteous stúmbles.
 For you will bring the bloodthirsty ánd decéitful *
 down to the pit of destrúctiún, Ó God.
 They shall not live out hálf their days, *
 but I will pút my trúst in you.
 O LÓRD, I ám not proud; * *Psalm 131*
I háve no háughty looks.
 I do not occupy mysélf with great mátters, *
 or with things that áre too hárd for me.
 But I still my soul and make it quíet,
 like a child upón its móther's breast; *
 my soul is quíetéd wíthín me.
 O Israel, wáit upón the LORD, *
 from this time fórch for évermore.
 Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spirit,*
 as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.
the office continues on page 34

Friday Week 2

O LORD, my Gód, my Sáviór, * *Psalm 88*
 by day and night I crý to you.
 Let my prayer enter ínto your présence; *
 incline your ear to my lámentátiún.
 For I am fúll of tróuble; *
 my life is at the brínk of thé grave.
 I am counted among those who go dówn to thé Pit; *
 I have become like óne who hás no strength;
 - Lóst amóng the dead, *

like the slain who lie in the grave,
 Whom you remember no more, *
 for they are cut off from your hand.
 You have laid me in the depths of the Pit, *
 in dark places, and in the abyss.
 Your anger weighs upon me heavily, *
 and all your great waves overwhelm me.
 You have put my friends far from me;
 you have made me to be abhorred by them; *
 I am in prison and cannot get free.
 My sight has failed me because of trouble; *
 LORD, I have called upon you daily;
 I have stretched out my hands to you.
 Do you work wonders for the dead? *
 will those who have died stand up and give you thanks?
 Will your loving-kindness be declared in the grave? *
 your faithfulness in the land of destruction?
 Will your wonders be known in the dark? *
 or your righteousness in the country where all is forgotten?
 But as for me, O LORD, I cry to you for help; *
 in the morning my prayer comes before you.
 LORD, why have you rejected me? *
 why have you hidden your face from me?
 Ever since my youth, I have been wretched and at the point of death; *
 I have borne your terrors with a troubled mind.
 Your blazing anger has swept over me; *
 your terrors have destroyed me;
 They surround me all day long like a flood; *
 they encompass me on every side.
 My friend and my neighbor you have put away from me, *
 and darkness is my only companion.
 Deliver me, O LORD, from evildoers; *
 protect me from the violent,
 Who devise evil in their hearts *
 and stir up strife all day long.
 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; *
 adder's poison is under their lips.
 Keep me, O LORD, from the hands of the wicked; *
 protect me from the violent,
 who are determined to trip me up.
 The proud have hidden a snare for me

Psalm 140

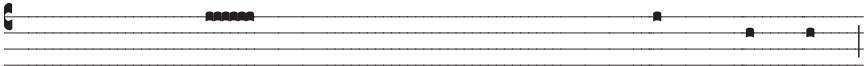
and stretched out a net of cords; *
they have set traps for mé alóng the path.
I have said to the LORD, “Yóu are mý God; *
listen, O LORD, to my súpplicácion.
O Lord GOD, the strength of mý salvácion, *
you have covered my head in the dáy of báttle.
Do not grant the desires of the wícked, Ó LORD, *
nor let their évil plans próspér.
Let not those who surround me líft up théir heads; *
let the evil of their lips óverwhélm them.
Let hot burning coals fáll upón them; *
let them be cast into the mire, never to rise up ágain.”
A slanderer shall not be estáblished ón the earth, *
and evil shall hunt dówn the lówless.
I know that the LORD will maintain the cáuse of thé poor *
and render justice tó the néedy.
Surely, the righteous will give thánks to yóur Name, *
and the upright shall contínue ín your sight.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.

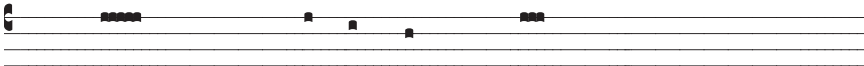
Lesson

On Saturdays and other evenings when a sermon is to be preached at the next Eucharist, the Gospel for the Eucharist is read. Otherwise the following appointed lesson is chanted.

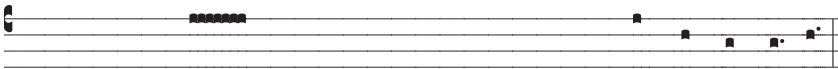
Friday & Sunday



May the God of peace, who brought again
from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the sheep,



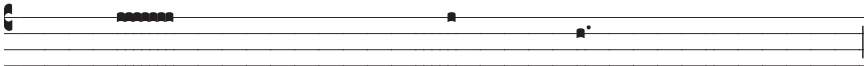
by the blood of the e - ter - nal covenant,



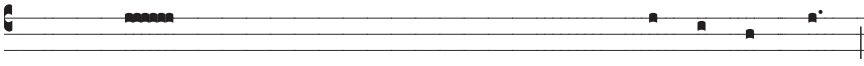
equip you with everything good that you
may do his will, working in you that which
is pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ,
to whom be glory for ev - er and ev-er.

All Thanks be to God.

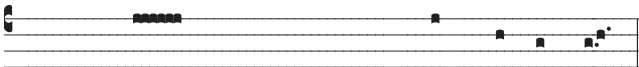
Monday & Thursday



Come to me, all who labor and are
heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.



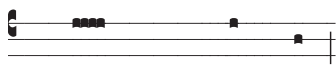
Take my yoke upon you and learn from me; for I am
gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls.



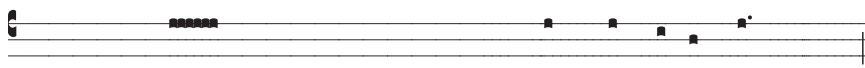
For my yoke is easy, and my bur - den is light.

All Thanks be to God.

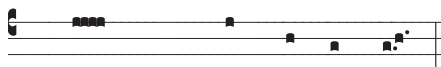
Tuesday & Saturday



Be sober, be watch-ful.



Your adversary the devil prowls around
like a roaring lion seeking some-one to de-vour.

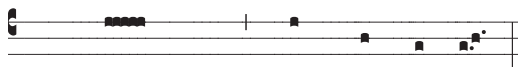


Resist him, firm in your faith.
All Thanks be to God.

Wednesday

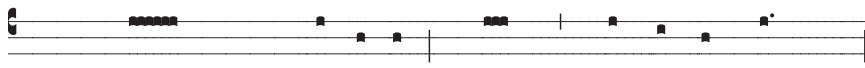


Lord, you are in the midst of us, and we are called by your name;

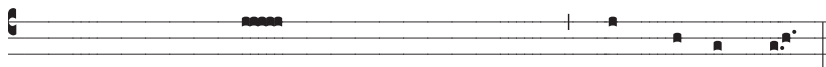


do not forsake us, O Lord our God.
All Thanks be to God.

Of the Departed



O death, where is your vic-to-ry? Oh grave, where is your sting?



Sin gives death its sting and the law gives sin
its power, but God gives us victory over these
through our Lord Je-sus Christ.
All Thanks be to God.

Respond

The Long responds are used in appropriate seasons; the Short respond may be used in any season. At Office of the Departed, the Short respond must be used.

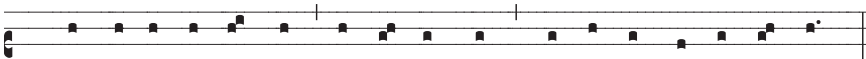
Long except in Advent, Lent, and Eastertide.



∩(R) In-to your hands, O Lord, § I com-mend my spi-rit.



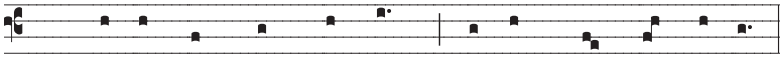
∩ For you have re-deemed me, O Lord, O God of truth. §



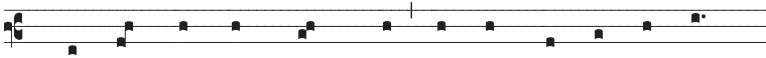
∩ Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spi-rit.

The first line is repeated.

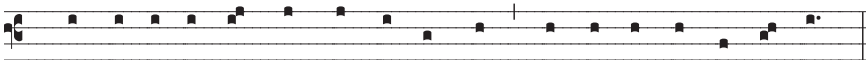
Long in Advent and Lent.



∩(R) In-to your hands, O Lord, § I com-mend my spi-rit.



∩ For you have re-deemed me, O Lord, O God of truth. §



∩ Glo-ry to the Fa-ther and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spi-rit.

The first line is repeated.

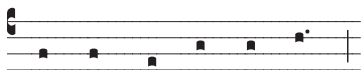
Long in Eastertide.



∿ (℞) In-to your hands, O Lord, I com-mend my spi-rit.



§ Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia. ∿ For you have re-deemed me,



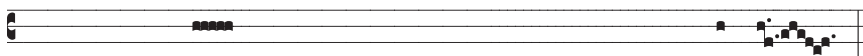
O Lord, O God of truth. §



∿ Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spi-rit.

The first line is repeated.

Short in any season, and Office of the Departed.



∿ Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spi - rit.

℞ For you have redeemed me, O Lord, O God of truth.

(ET) ∿ Into your hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

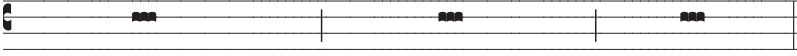
Alleluia, allelu - ia.

(ET) ℞ For you have redeemed me, O Lord, O God of truth.

Alleluia, allelu - ia.

Collect

The officiant recites, using the standard form of intoning a collect, any of the following collects (except on Saturday and Office of the Departed), beginning:



∩. The Lord be with you. R̄. And also with you. ∩. Let us pray.

Be our light in the darkness, O Lord, and in your great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of your only Son, our Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

Be present, O merciful God, and protect us through the hours of this night, so that we who are wearied by the changes and chances of this life may rest in your eternal changelessness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Look down, O Lord, from your heavenly throne, and illumine this night with your celestial brightness; that by night as by day your people may glorify your holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Visit this place, O Lord, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy; let your holy angels dwell with us to preserve us in peace; and let your blessing be upon us always; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Keep watch, dear Lord, with those who work, or watch, or weep this night, and give your angels charge over those who sleep. Tend the sick, Lord Christ; give rest to the weary, bless the dying, soothe the suffering, pity the afflicted, shield the joyous; and all for your love's sake. **Amen.**

O God, your unfailing providence sustains the world we live in and the life we live: Watch over those, both night and day, who work while others sleep, and grant that we may never forget that our common life depends upon each other's toil; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Saturday

We give you thanks, O God, for revealing your Son Jesus Christ to us by the light of his resurrection: Grant that as we sing your glory at the close of this day, our joy may abound in the morning as we celebrate the Paschal mystery; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Departed

Look down, we pray, O Lord, upon the souls of all your servants for whom we humbly entreat Your majesty; that they may be counted worthy to enter into everlasting rest; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

Canticle

Nunc Dimittis

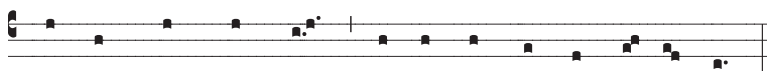
At Office of the Departed, Glory to the Father... is replaced by the following:

Rest eternal gránt to thém, O Lord, *
and let light perpetual shine upón them.

3.5



Guide us wak-ing, O Lord, † and guard us sleep-ing, that a-wake



we may watch with Christ, and a-sleep we may rest in peace.



(ET Al-le-lu-ia.)

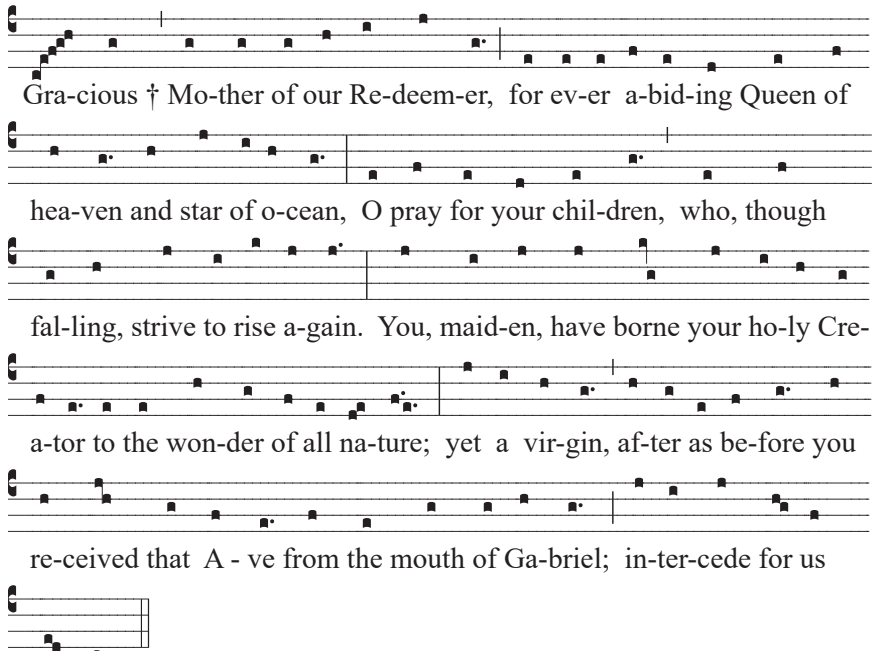
Lord, you now have sét your sérvant free *
to go in peace as yóu have prómised;
For these eyes of mine have séen the Sáviour, *
whom you have prepared for áll the wórd to see:
A Light to enlíghten the nátions, *
and the glory of your péople Ísrael.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Hóly Spírit,*
as it was in the begínning, is now, and will be for éver. Ámen.

The antiphon is repeated.

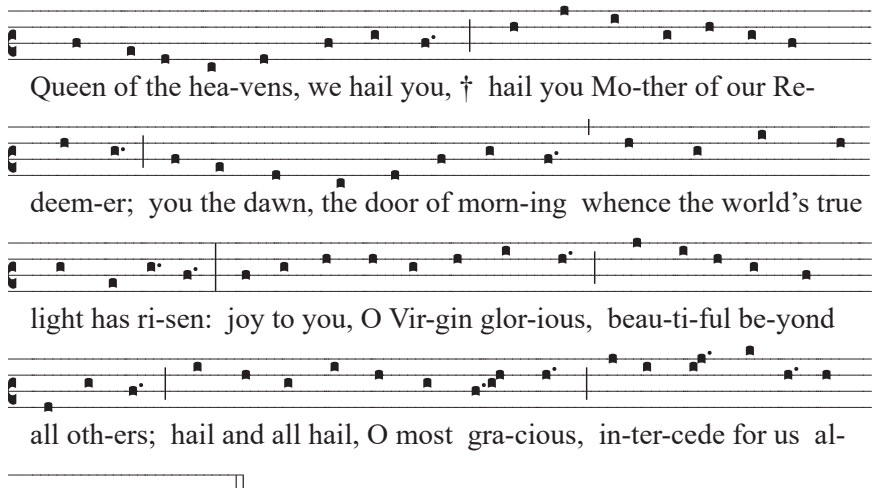
Antiphon of the Blessed Virgin Mary

From Saturday before Advent I until Presentation.



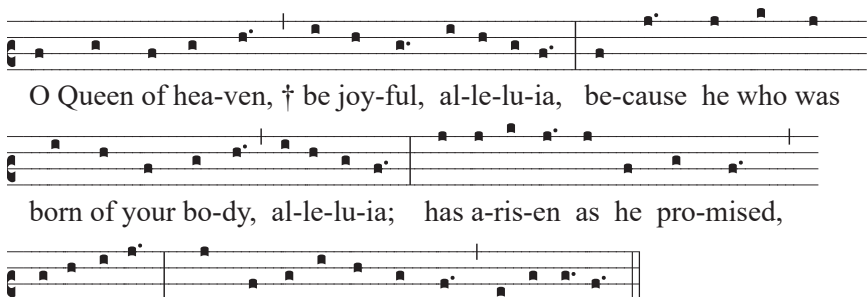
Gra-cious † Mo-ther of our Re-deem-er, for ev-er a-bid-ing Queen of
hea-ven and star of o-cean, O pray for your chil-dren, who, though
fal-ling, strive to rise a-gain. You, maid-en, have borne your ho-ly Cre-
a-tor to the won-der of all na-ture; yet a vir-gin, af-ter as be-fore you
re-ceived that A - ve from the mouth of Ga-briel; in-ter-cede for us
sin-ners.

From Presentation until Triduum.



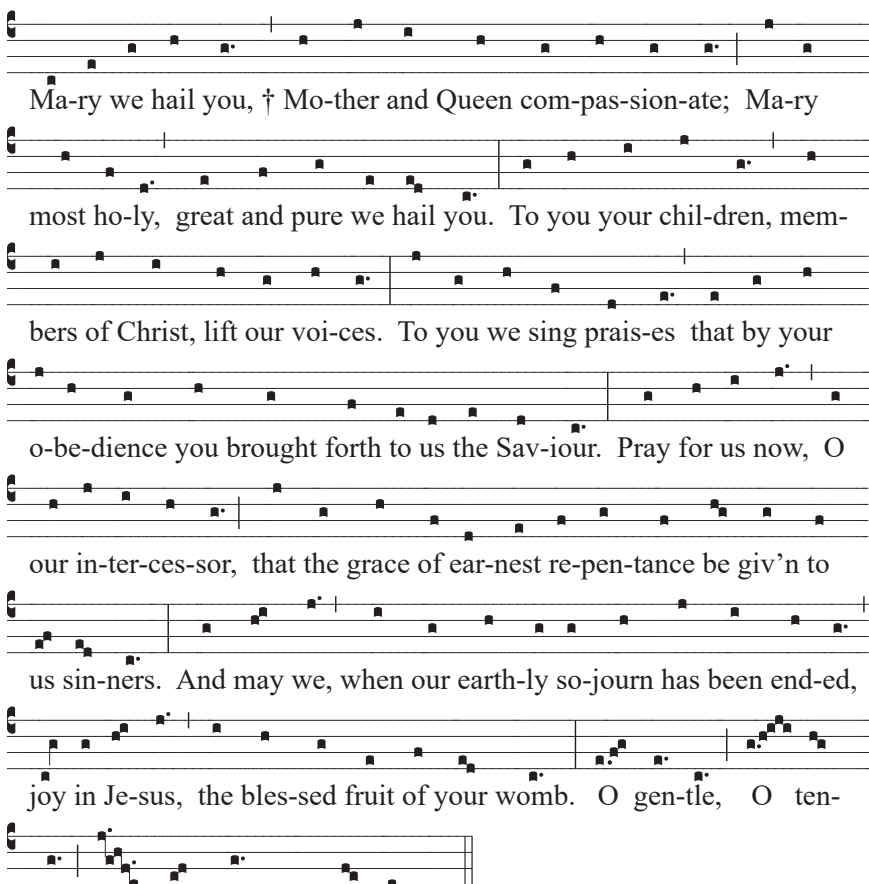
Queen of the hea-vens, we hail you, † hail you Mo-ther of our Re-
deem-er; you the dawn, the door of morn-ing whence the world's true
light has ri-sen: joy to you, O Vir-gin glor-ious, beau-ti-ful be-yond
all oth-ers; hail and all hail, O most gra-cious, in-ter-cede for us al-
ways to Je-sus.

From Easter to Pentecost.



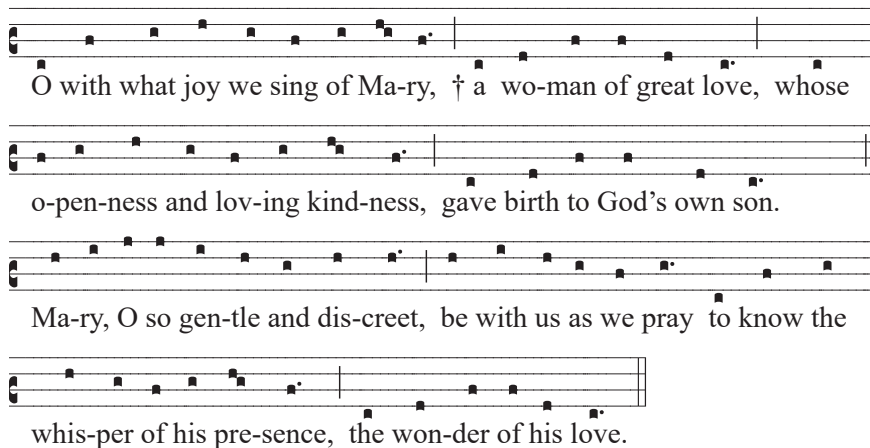
O Queen of hea-ven, † be joy-ful, al-le-lu-ia, be-cause he who was
born of your bo-dy, al-le-lu-ia; has a-ris-en as he pro-mised,
al-le-lu-ia; pray for us to the Fa-ther, al-le-lu-ia.

From Pentecost until the day before Advent I.



Ma-ry we hail you, † Mo-ther and Queen com-pas-sion-ate; Ma-ry
most ho-ly, great and pure we hail you. To you your chil-dren, mem-
bers of Christ, lift our voi-ces. To you we sing prais-es that by your
o-be-dience you brought forth to us the Sav-iour. Pray for us now, O
our in-ter-ces-sor, that the grace of ear-nest re-pen-tance be giv'n to
us sin-ners. And may we, when our earth-ly so-journ has been end-ed,
joy in Je-sus, the bles-sed fruit of your womb. O gen-tle, O ten-
der, O Gra-cious Vir-gin Ma-ry.

or the following



O with what joy we sing of Ma-ry, † a wo-man of great love, whose
o-pen-ness and lov-ing kind-ness, gave birth to God's own son.
Ma-ry, O so gen-tle and dis-creet, be with us as we pray to know the
whis-per of his pre-sence, the won-der of his love.

A brief period of silence is observed, after which follows:

Officiant May the divine help remain with us always.

All **And with those who are absent from us.**

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