

VIGILS (odd Sundays)

Lord, open my lips.

— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 95

Come, let us sing to the LORD
and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.
Let us approach him
with praise and thanksgiving
and sing joyful songs to the LORD.
The LORD is God, the mighty God,
the great king over all the gods.
He holds in his hands the depths of the earth
and the highest mountains as well.
He made the sea; it belongs to him,
the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.
Come, then, let us bow down and worship,
bending the knee before the LORD, our maker.
For he is our God and we are his people,
the flock he shepherds.
Today, listen to the voice of the LORD:
Do not grow stubborn,
as your fathers did in the wilderness,
when at Meriba and Massah
they challenged me and provoked me,
although they had seen all of my works.
Forty years I endured that generation.
I said, "They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways."
So I swore in my anger,
"They shall not enter into my rest."

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 18

I love you, LORD, my strength,
LORD, my rock, my fortress, my deliverer,

My God, my rock of refuge, my shield,
my saving horn, my stronghold!
Praised be the LORD, I exclaim!
I have been delivered from my enemies.
The breakers of death surged round about me;
the menacing floods terrified me.
The cords of Sheol tightened;
the snares of death lay in wait for me.
In my distress I called out: LORD!
I cried out to my God.
From his temple he heard my voice;
my cry to him reached his ears.
The earth rocked and shook;
the foundations of the mountains trembled;
they shook as his wrath flared up.
Smoke rose in his nostrils,
a devouring fire poured from his mouth;
it kindled coals into flame.
He parted the heavens and came down,
a dark cloud under his feet.
Mounted on a cherub he flew,
borne along on the wings of the wind.
He made darkness the cover about him;
his canopy, heavy thunderheads.
Before him scudded his clouds,
hail and lightning too.
The LORD thundered from heaven;
the Most High made his voice resound.
He let fly his arrows and scattered them;
shot his lightning bolts and dispersed them.
Then the bed of the sea appeared;
the world's foundations lay bare,
At the roar of the LORD,
at the storming breath of his nostrils.
He reached down from on high and seized me;
drew me out of the deep waters.
He rescued me from my mighty enemy,
from foes too powerful for me.
They attacked me on a day of distress,
but the LORD came to my support.
He set me free in the open;
he rescued me because he loves me.
The LORD acknowledged my righteousness,
rewarded my clean hands.
For I kept the ways of the LORD;
I was not disloyal to my God.
His laws were all before me,
his decrees I did not cast aside.

I was honest toward him;
I was on guard against sin.
So the LORD rewarded my righteousness,
the cleanness of my hands in his sight.
Toward the faithful you are faithful;
to the honest you are honest;
Toward the sincere, sincere;
but to the perverse you are devious.
Humble people you save;
haughty eyes you bring low.
You, LORD, give light to my lamp;
my God brightens the darkness about me.
With you I can rush an armed band,
with my God to help I can leap a wall.
God's way is unerring;
the LORD's promise is tried and true;
he is a shield for all who trust in him.
Truly, who is God except the LORD?
Who but our God is the rock?
This God who girded me with might,
kept my way unerring,
Who made my feet swift as a deer's,
set me safe on the heights,
Who trained my hands for war,
my arms to bend even a bow of bronze.
You have given me your protecting shield;
your right hand has upheld me;
you stooped to make me great.
You gave me room to stride;
my feet never stumbled.
I pursued my enemies and overtook them;
I did not turn back till I destroyed them.

I struck them down; they could not rise;
they fell dead at my feet.
You girded me with strength for war,
subdued adversaries at my feet.
My foes you put to flight before me;
those who hated me I destroyed.
They cried for help, but no one saved them;
cried to the LORD but got no answer.
I ground them fine as dust in the wind;
like mud in the streets I trampled them down.
You rescued me from the strife of peoples;
you made me head over nations.
A people I had not known became my slaves;
as soon as they heard of me they obeyed.
Foreigners cringed before me;
their courage failed;
they came trembling from their fortresses.
The LORD lives! Blessed be my rock!
Exalted be God, my savior!
O God who granted me vindication,
made peoples subject to me,
and preserved me from my enemies,
Truly you have exalted me
above my adversaries,
from the violent you have rescued me.
Thus I will proclaim you, LORD,
among the nations;
I will sing the praises of your name.
You have given great victories to your king,
and shown kindness to your anointed,
to David and his posterity forever.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Sundays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 25

I wait for you, O LORD;
I lift up my soul to my God.
In you I trust; do not let me be disgraced;
do not let my enemies gloat over me.
No one is disgraced who waits for you,

but only those who lightly break faith.
Make known to me your ways, LORD;
teach me your paths.
Guide me in your truth and teach me,
for you are God my savior.
For you I wait all the long day,
because of your goodness, LORD.
Remember your compassion and love, O LORD;
for they are ages old.
Remember no more the sins of my youth;
remember me only in light of your love.

Good and upright is the LORD,
 who shows sinners the way,
 Guides the humble rightly,
 and teaches the humble the way.
 All the paths of the LORD are faithful love
 toward those who honor the covenant demands.
 For the sake of your name, LORD,
 pardon my guilt, though it is great.
 Who are those who fear the LORD?
 God shows them the way to choose.
 They live well and prosper,
 and their descendants inherit the land.
 The counsel of the LORD belongs to the faithful;
 the covenant instructs them.
 My eyes are ever upon the LORD,
 who frees my feet from the snare.
 Look upon me, have pity on me,
 for I am alone and afflicted.
 Relieve the troubles of my heart;
 bring me out of my distress.
 Put an end to my affliction and suffering;
 take away all my sins.
 See how many are my enemies,
 see how fiercely they hate me.
 Preserve my life and rescue me;
 do not let me be disgraced,
 for I trust in you.
 Let honesty and virtue preserve me;
 I wait for you, O LORD.
 Redeem Israel, God,
 from all its distress!
 Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 27

The LORD is my light and my salvation;
 whom do I fear?
 The LORD is my life's refuge;
 of whom am I afraid?
 When evildoers come at me to devour my flesh,
 These my enemies and foes themselves
 stumble and fall.
 Though an army encamp against me,
 my heart does not fear;
 Though war be waged against me,
 even then do I trust.
 One thing I ask of the LORD; this I seek:
 To dwell in the LORD's house
 all the days of my life,

To gaze on the LORD's beauty,
 to visit his temple.
 For God will hide me in his shelter
 in time of trouble,
 Will conceal me in the cover of his tent;
 and set me high upon a rock.
 Even now my head is held high
 above my enemies on every side!
 I will offer in his tent sacrifices
 with shouts of joy;
 I will sing and chant praise to the LORD.
 Hear my voice, LORD, when I call;
 have mercy on me and answer me.
 "Come," says my heart, "seek God's face";
 your face, LORD, do I seek!
 Do not hide your face from me;
 do not repel your servant in anger.
 You are my help; do not cast me off;
 do not forsake me, God my savior!
 Even if my father and mother forsake me,
 the LORD will take me in.
 LORD, show me your way;
 lead me on a level path because of my enemies.
 Do not abandon me to the will of my foes;
 malicious and lying witnesses
 have risen against me.
 But I believe I shall enjoy the LORD's goodness
 in the land of the living.
 Wait for the LORD, take courage;
 be stouthearted, wait for the LORD!
 Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 28

To you, LORD, I call; my Rock,
 do not be deaf to me.
 If you fail to answer me,
 I will join those who go down to the pit.
 Hear the sound of my pleading
 when I cry to you,
 lifting my hands toward your holy place.
 Do not drag me off with the wicked,
 with those who do wrong,
 Who speak peace to their neighbors
 though evil is in their hearts.
 Repay them for their deeds,
 for the evil that they do.
 For the work of their hands repay them;
 give them what they deserve.

They pay no heed to the LORD's works,
to the deeds of God's hands.
God will tear them down,
never to be rebuilt.
Blessed be the LORD,
who has heard the sound of my pleading.
The LORD is my strength and my shield,
in whom my heart trusted and found help.

So my heart rejoices;
with my song I praise my God.
LORD, you are the strength of your people,
the saving refuge of your anointed king.
Save your people, bless your inheritance;
feed and sustain them forever!
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Mondays)

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— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 67

O God, be gracious and bless us
and let your face shed its light upon us.
So will your ways be known upon earth
and all nations learn your saving help.
Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.
Let the nations be glad and exult
for you rule the world with justice.
With fairness you rule the peoples,
you guide the nations on earth.
Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.
The earth has yielded its fruit
for God, our God, has blessed us.
May God still give us his blessing
till the ends of the earth revere him.

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 14

Fools say in their hearts,
“There is no God.”
Their deeds are loathsome and corrupt;
not one does what is right.
The LORD looks down from heaven
upon the human race,
To see if even one is wise,
if even one seeks God.
All have gone astray;
all alike are perverse.
Not one does what is right, not even one.
Will these evildoers never learn?
They devour my people as they devour bread;
they do not call upon the LORD.
They have good reason, then, to fear;
God is with the company of the just.
They would crush the hopes of the poor,
but the poor have the LORD as their refuge.
Oh, that from Zion might come
the deliverance of Israel,
That Jacob may rejoice, and Israel be glad
when the LORD restores his people!
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 35

Oppose, LORD, those who oppose me;
war upon those who make war upon me.
Take up the shield and buckler;
rise up in my defense.
Brandish lance and battle-ax
against my pursuers.

Say to my heart, "I am your salvation."
 Let those who seek my life
 be put to shame and disgrace.
 Let those who plot evil against me
 be turned back and confounded.
 Make them like chaff before the wind,
 with the angel of the LORD driving them on.
 Make their way slippery and dark,
 with the angel of the LORD pursuing them.
 Without cause they set their snare for me;
 without cause they dug a pit for me.
 Let ruin overtake them unawares;
 let the snare they have set catch them;
 let them fall into the pit they have dug.
 Then I will rejoice in the LORD,
 exult in God's salvation.
 My very bones shall say,
 "O LORD, who is like you,
 Who rescue the afflicted from the powerful,
 the afflicted and needy from the despoiler?"
 Malicious witnesses come forward,
 accuse me of things I do not know.
 They repay me evil for good
 and I am all alone.
 Yet I, when they were ill, put on sackcloth,
 afflicted myself with fasting,
 sobbed my prayers upon my bosom.
 I went about in grief as for my brother,
 bent in mourning as for my mother.
 Yet when I stumbled they gathered with glee,
 gathered against me like strangers.
 They slandered me without ceasing;
 without respect they mocked me,
 gnashed their teeth against me.
 Lord, how long will you look on?
 Save me from roaring beasts,
 my precious life from lions!
 Then I will thank you in the great assembly;
 I will praise you before the mighty throng.
 Do not let lying foes smirk at me,
 my undeserved enemies wink knowingly.
 They speak no words of peace,
 but against the quiet in the land
 they fashion deceitful speech.

They open wide their mouths against me.
 They say, "Aha! Good!
 Our eyes relish the sight!"
 You see this, LORD; do not be silent;
 Lord, do not withdraw from me.
 Awake, be vigilant in my defense,
 in my cause, my God and my Lord.
 Defend me because you are just, LORD;
 my God, do not let them gloat over me.
 Do not let them say in their hearts,
 "Aha! Just what we wanted!"
 Do not let them say,
 "We have devoured that one!"
 Put to shame and confound
 all who relish my misfortune.
 Clothe with shame and disgrace
 those who lord it over me.
 But let those who favor my just cause
 shout for joy and be glad.
 May they ever say, "Exalted be the LORD
 who delights in the peace of his loyal servant."
 Then my tongue shall recount your justice,
 declare your praise, all the day long.
 Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 54

O God, by your name save me.
 By your strength defend my cause.
 O God, hear my prayer.
 Listen to the words of my mouth.
 The arrogant have risen against me;
 the ruthless seek my life;
 they do not keep God before them.
 God is present as my helper;
 the LORD sustains my life.
 Turn back the evil upon my foes;
 in your faithfulness, destroy them.
 Then I will offer you generous sacrifice
 and praise your gracious name, LORD,
 Because it has rescued me from every trouble,
 and my eyes look down on my foes.
 Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Mondays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 12

Help, LORD, for no one loyal remains;
the faithful have vanished from the human race.
Those who tell lies to one another
speak with deceiving lips and a double heart.
May the LORD cut off all deceiving lips,
and every boastful tongue,
Those who say, "By our tongues we prevail;
when our lips speak, who can lord it over us?"
"Because they rob the weak,
and the needy groan,
I will now arise," says the LORD;
"I will grant safety to whoever longs for it."
The promises of the LORD are sure,
silver refined in a crucible,
silver purified seven times.
LORD, protect us always;
preserve us from this generation.
On every side the wicked strut;
the shameless are extolled by all.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 106

Hallelujah! Give thanks to the LORD,
who is good, whose love endures forever.
Who can tell the mighty deeds of the LORD,
proclaim in full God's praise?
Happy those who do what is right,
whose deeds are always just.
Remember me, LORD, as you favor your people;
come to me with your saving help,
That I may see the prosperity of your chosen,
rejoice in the joy of your people,
and glory with your heritage.
We have sinned like our ancestors;
we have done wrong and are guilty.
Our ancestors in Egypt
did not attend to your wonders.
They did not remember your great love;
they defied the Most High at the Red Sea.
Yet he saved them for his name's sake
to make his power known.
He roared at the Red Sea and it dried up.

He led them through the deep
as through a desert.
He rescued them from hostile hands,
freed them from the power of the enemy.
The waters covered their oppressors;
not one of them survived.
Then they believed his words
and sang songs of praise.
But they soon forgot all he had done;
they had no patience for his plan.
In the desert they gave way to their cravings,
tempted God in the wasteland.
So he gave them what they asked
and sent among them a wasting disease.
In the camp they challenged Moses and Aaron,
the holy one of the LORD.
The earth opened and swallowed Dathan,
it closed on the followers of Abiram.
Against that company the fire blazed;
flames consumed the wicked.
At Horeb they fashioned a calf,
worshipped a metal statue.
They exchanged their glorious God
for the image of a grass-eating bull.
They forgot the God who saved them,
who did great deeds in Egypt,
Amazing deeds in the land of Ham,
fearsome deeds at the Red Sea.
He would have decreed their destruction,
had not Moses, the chosen leader,
Withstood him in the breach
to turn back his destroying anger.
Next they despised the beautiful land;
they did not believe the promise.
In their tents they complained;
they did not obey the LORD.
So with raised hand he swore
to destroy them in the desert,
To scatter their descendants among the nations,
disperse them in foreign lands.
They joined in the rites of Baal of Peor,
ate food sacrificed to dead gods.
They provoked him by their actions,
and a plague broke out among them.
Then Phinehas rose to intervene,
and the plague was brought to a halt.
This was counted for him as a righteous deed
for all generations to come.

At the waters of Meribah they angered God,
and Moses suffered because of them.
They so embittered his spirit
that rash words crossed his lips.
They did not destroy the peoples
as the LORD had commanded them,
But mingled with the nations
and imitated their ways.
They worshiped their idols
and were ensnared by them.
They sacrificed to the gods
their own sons and daughters,
Shedding innocent blood,
the blood of their own sons and daughters,
Whom they sacrificed to the idols of Canaan,
desecrating the land with bloodshed.
They defiled themselves by their actions,
became adulterers by their conduct.
So the LORD grew angry with his people,
abhorred his own heritage.
He handed them over to the nations,
and their adversaries ruled them.

Their enemies oppressed them,
kept them under subjection.
Many times did he rescue them,
but they kept rebelling and scheming
and were brought low by their own guilt.
Still God had regard for their affliction
when he heard their wailing.
For their sake he remembered his covenant
and relented in his abundant love,
Winning for them compassion
from all who held them captive.
Save us, LORD, our God;
gather us from among the nations
That we may give thanks to your holy name
and glory in praising you.
Blessed be the LORD, the God of Israel,
from everlasting to everlasting!
Let all the people say,
Amen! Hallelujah!
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Tuesdays)

Lord, open my lips.
— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 95

Come, let us sing to the LORD
and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.
Let us approach him
with praise and thanksgiving
and sing joyful songs to the LORD.
The LORD is God, the mighty God,
the great king over all the gods.
He holds in his hands the depths of the earth
and the highest mountains as well.
He made the sea; it belongs to him,
the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.

Come, then, let us bow down and worship,
bending the knee before the LORD, our maker.
For he is our God and we are his people,
the flock he shepherds.
Today, listen to the voice of the LORD:
Do not grow stubborn,
as your fathers did in the wilderness,
when at Meriba and Massah
they challenged me and provoked me,
although they had seen all of my works.
Forty years I endured that generation.
I said, “They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways.”
So I swore in my anger,
“They shall not enter into my rest.”

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 44

O God, we have heard with our own ears;
our ancestors have told us.
The deeds you did in their days,
with your own hand in days of old:
You rooted out nations to plant them,
crushed peoples to make room for them.
Not with their own swords
did they conquer the land,
nor did their own arms bring victory;
It was your right hand, your own arm,
the light of your face for you favored them.
You are my king and my God,
who bestows victories on Jacob.
Through you we batter our foes;
through your name, trample our adversaries.
Not in my bow do I trust,
nor does my sword bring me victory.
You have brought us victory over our enemies,
shamed those who hate us.
In God we have boasted all the day long;
your name we will praise forever.
But now you have rejected and disgraced us;
you do not march out with our armies.
You make us retreat before the foe;
those who hate us plunder us at will.
You hand us over like sheep to be slaughtered,
scatter us among the nations.
You sell your people for nothing;
you make no profit from their sale.
You make us the reproach of our neighbors,
the mockery and scorn of those around us.
You make us a byword among the nations;
the peoples shake their heads at us.
All day long my disgrace is before me;
shame has covered my face
At the sound of those who taunt and revile,
at the sight of the spiteful enemy.
All this has come upon us,
though we have not forgotten you,
nor been disloyal to your covenant.
Our hearts have not turned back,
nor have our steps strayed from your path.
Yet you have left us crushed,
desolate in a place of jackals;
you have covered us with darkness.

If we had forgotten the name of our God,
stretched out our hands to another god,
Would not God have discovered this,
God who knows the secrets of the heart?
For you we are slain all the day long,
considered only as sheep to be slaughtered.
Awake! Why do you sleep, O LORD?
Rise up! Do not reject us forever!
Why do you hide your face;
why forget our pain and misery?
We are bowed down to the ground;
our bodies are pressed to the earth.
Rise up, help us!
Redeem us as your love demands.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 62

My soul rests in God alone,
from whom comes my salvation.
God alone is my rock and salvation,
my secure height; I shall never fall.
How long will you set upon people,
all of you beating them down,
As though they were a sagging fence
or a battered wall?
Even from my place on high
they plot to dislodge me.
They delight in lies;
they bless with their mouths,
but inwardly they curse.
My soul, be at rest in God alone,
from whom comes my hope.
God alone is my rock and my salvation,
my secure height; I shall not fall.
My safety and glory are with God,
my strong rock and refuge.
Trust God at all times, my people!
Pour out your hearts to God our refuge!
Mortals are a mere breath,
the powerful but an illusion;
On a balance they rise;
together they are lighter than air.
Do not trust in extortion;
in plunder put no empty hope.
Though wealth increase,
do not set your heart upon it.

One thing God has said;
two things I have heard:
Power belongs to God;
so too, LORD, does kindness,

And you render to each of us
according to our deeds.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Tuesdays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 77

I cry aloud to God,
cry to God to hear me.
On the day of my distress I seek the LORD;
by night my hands are raised unceasingly;
I refuse to be consoled.
When I think of God, I groan;
as I ponder, my spirit grows faint.
My eyes cannot close in sleep;
I am troubled and cannot speak.
I consider the days of old;
the years long past I remember.
In the night I meditate in my heart;
I ponder and my spirit broods:
“Will the LORD reject us forever,
never again show favor?
Has God’s love ceased forever?
Has the promise failed for all ages?
Has God forgotten mercy,
in anger withheld compassion?”
I conclude: “My sorrow is this,
the right hand of the Most High has left us.”
I will remember the deeds of the LORD;
yes, your wonders of old I will remember.
I will recite all your works;
your exploits I will tell.
Your way, O God, is holy;
what god is as great as our God?
You alone are the God who did wonders;
among the peoples you revealed your might.
With your arm you redeemed your people,
the descendants of Jacob and Joseph.
The waters saw you, God;
the waters saw you and lashed about,
trembled even to their depths.

The clouds poured down their rains;
the thunderheads rumbled;
your arrows flashed back and forth.
The thunder of your chariot wheels resounded;
your lightning lit up the world;
the earth trembled and quaked.
Through the sea was your path;
your way, through the mighty waters,
though your footsteps were unseen.
You led your people like a flock
under the care of Moses and Aaron.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 139

O LORD, you have probed me,
you know me:
you know when I sit and stand;
you understand my thoughts from afar.
My travels and my rest you mark;
with all my ways you are familiar.
Even before a word is on my tongue,
LORD, you know it all.
Behind and before you encircle me
and rest your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is beyond me,
far too lofty for me to reach.
Where can I hide from your spirit?
From your presence, where can I flee?
If I ascend to the heavens, you are there;
if I lie down in Sheol, you are there too.
If I fly with the wings of dawn
and alight beyond the sea,
Even there your hand will guide me,
your right hand hold me fast.
If I say, “Surely darkness shall hide me,
and night shall be my light” —
Darkness is not dark for you,
and night shines as the day.
Darkness and light are but one.
You formed my inmost being;
you knit me in my mother’s womb.

I praise you, so wonderfully you made me;
wonderful are your works!
My very self you knew;
my bones were not hidden from you,
When I was being made in secret,
fashioned as in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes foresaw my actions;
in your book all are written down;
my days were shaped,
before one came to be.
How precious to me are your designs, O God;
how vast the sum of them!
Were I to count,
they would outnumber the sands;

to finish, I would need eternity.
If only you would destroy the wicked, O God,
and the bloodthirsty would depart from me!
Deceitfully they invoke your name;
your foes swear faithless oaths.
Do I not hate, LORD, those who hate you?
Those who rise against you, do I not loathe?
With fierce hatred I hate them,
enemies I count as my own.
Probe me, God, know my heart;
try me, know my concerns.
See if my way is crooked,
then lead me in the ancient paths.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Wednesdays)

Lord, open my lips.
— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

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and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 100

Cry out with joy to the LORD, all the earth.
Serve the LORD with gladness.
Come before him, singing for joy.
Know that he, the LORD, is God.
He made us, we belong to him,
we are his people, the sheep of his flock.
Go within his gates, giving thanks.
Enter his courts with songs of praise.
Give thanks to him and bless his name.
Indeed, how good is the LORD,
eternal his merciful love.
He is faithful from age to age.

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 78

Attend, my people, to my teaching;
listen to the words of my mouth.
I will open my mouth in story,
drawing lessons from of old.
We have heard them, we know them;
our ancestors have recited them to us.
We do not keep them from our children;
we recite them to the next generation,
The praiseworthy and mighty deeds of the LORD,
the wonders that he performed.
God set up a decree in Jacob,
established a law in Israel:
What he commanded our ancestors,
they were to teach their children;
That the next generation might come to know,
children yet to be born.
In turn they were to recite them to their children,
that they too might put their trust in God,
And not forget the works of God,
keeping his commandments.
They were not to be like their ancestors,
a rebellious and defiant generation,
A generation whose heart was not constant,
whose spirit was not faithful to God,
Like the ranks of Ephraimite archers,
who retreated on the day of battle.

They did not keep God's covenant;
they refused to walk by his law.
They forgot his works,
the wondrous deeds he had shown them.
In the sight of their ancestors
God did wonders,
in the land of Egypt, the plain of Zoan.
He split the sea and led them across,
piling up the waters rigid as walls.
God led them with a cloud by day,
all night with the light of fire.
He split rock in the desert,
gave water to drink, abounding as the deep.
He made streams flow from crags,
drew out rivers of water.
But they went on sinning against him,
rebellious against the Most High in the desert.
They tested God in their hearts,
demanding the food they craved.
They spoke against God, and said,
"Can God spread a table in the desert?
True, when he struck the rock,
water gushed forth, the wadis flooded.
But can he also provide bread,
give meat to his people?"
The LORD heard and grew angry;
fire blazed up against Jacob;
anger flared up against Israel.
For they did not believe in God,
did not trust in his saving power.
So he commanded the skies above;
the doors of heaven he opened.
God rained manna upon them for food;
bread from heaven he gave them.
All ate a meal fit for heroes;
food he sent in abundance.
He stirred up the east wind in the heavens;
by his power God brought on the south wind.
He rained meat upon them like dust,
winged fowl like the sands of the sea,
Brought them down in the midst of the camp,
round about their tents.
They ate and were well filled;
he gave them what they had craved.
But while they still wanted more,
and the food was still in their mouths,
God's anger attacked them,
killed their best warriors,

laid low the youth of Israel.
In spite of all this they went on sinning,
they did not believe in his wonders.
God ended their days abruptly,
their years in sudden death.
When he slew them, they began to seek him;
they again inquired of their God.
They remembered that God was their rock,
God Most High, their redeemer.
But they deceived him with their mouths,
lied to him with their tongues.
Their hearts were not constant toward him;
they were not faithful to his covenant.
But God is merciful and forgave their sin;
he did not utterly destroy them.
Time and again he turned back his anger,
unwilling to unleash all his rage.
He was mindful that they were flesh,
a breath that passes and does not return.
How often they rebelled
against God in the desert,
grieved him in the wasteland.
Again and again they tested God,
provoked the Holy One of Israel.
They did not remember his power,
the day he redeemed them from the foe,
When he displayed his wonders in Egypt,
his marvels in the plain of Zoan.
God changed their rivers to blood;
their streams they could not drink.
He sent insects that devoured them,
frogs that destroyed them.
He gave their harvest to the caterpillar,
the fruits of their labor to the locust.
He killed their vines with hail,
their sycamores with frost.
He exposed their flocks to deadly hail,
their cattle to lightning.
He unleashed against them his fiery breath,
roar, fury, and distress,
storming messengers of death.
He cleared a path for his anger;
he did not spare them from death;
he delivered their beasts to the plague.
He struck all the firstborn of Egypt,
love's first child in the tents of Ham.
God led forth his people like sheep;
he guided them through the desert like a flock.

He led them on secure and unafraid,
 but the sea enveloped their enemies.
 He brought them to his holy land,
 the mountain his right hand had won.
 God drove out the nations before them,
 apportioned them a heritage by lot,
 settled the tribes of Israel in their tents.
 But they tested, rebelled against God Most High,
 his decrees they did not observe.
 They turned back, deceitful like their ancestors;
 they proved false like a bow with no tension.
 They enraged him with their high places;
 with their idols they goaded him.
 God heard and grew angry;
 he rejected Israel completely.
 He forsook the shrine at Shiloh,
 the tent where he dwelt with humans.
 He gave up his might into captivity,
 his glorious ark into the hands of the foe.
 God abandoned his people to the sword;
 he was enraged against his heritage.
 Fire consumed their young men;

their young women heard no wedding songs.
 Their priests fell by the sword;
 their widows made no lamentation.
 Then the Lord awoke as from sleep,
 like a warrior from the effects of wine.
 He put his enemies to flight;
 everlasting shame he dealt them.
 He rejected the tent of Joseph,
 chose not the tribe of Ephraim.
 God chose the tribe of Judah,
 Mount Zion which he favored.
 He built his shrine like the heavens,
 like the earth which he founded forever.
 He chose David his servant,
 took him from the sheepfold.
 From tending sheep God brought him,
 to shepherd Jacob, his people,
 Israel, his heritage.
 He shepherded them with a pure heart;
 with skilled hands he guided them.
 Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Wednesdays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 15

LORD, who may abide in your tent?
 Who may dwell on your holy mountain?
 Whoever walks without blame,
 doing what is right,
 speaking truth from the heart;
 Who does not slander a neighbor,
 does no harm to another, never defames a friend;
 Who disdains the wicked,
 but honors those who fear the LORD;
 Who keeps an oath despite the cost,
 lends no money at interest,
 accepts no bribe against the innocent.
 Whoever acts like this shall never be shaken.
 Praise the Father . . .

Psalms 42 & 43

As the deer yearns for running streams,
 so my soul yearns for you, O God.
 My being thirsts for God, the living God.
 When can I go and see the face of God?
 My tears have been my food day and night,
 as they ask daily, "Where is your God?"
 Those times I recall as I pour out my soul,
 When I went in procession with the crowd,
 I went with them to the house of God,
 Amid loud cries of thanksgiving,
 with the multitude keeping festival.
 Why are you downcast, my soul;
 why do you groan within me?
 Wait for God, whom I shall praise again,
 my savior and my God.
 My soul is downcast within me;
 therefore I will remember you
 From the land of the Jordan and Hermon,
 from the land of Mount Mizar.
 Here deep calls to deep
 in the roar of your torrents.

All your waves and breakers sweep over me.
At dawn may the LORD bestow faithful love
that I may sing praise through the night,
praise to the God of my life.
I say to God, "My rock, why do you forget me?
Why must I go about mourning
with the enemy oppressing me?"
It shatters my bones,
when my adversaries reproach me.
They say to me daily:
"Where is your God?"
Why are you downcast, my soul,
why do you groan within me?
Wait for God, whom I shall praise again,
my savior and my God.

Grant me justice, God;
defend me from a faithless people;
from the deceitful and unjust rescue me.
You, God, are my strength.
Why then do you spurn me?
Why must I go about mourning,
with the enemy oppressing me?
Send your light and fidelity,
that they may be my guide
And bring me to your holy mountain,
to the place of your dwelling,
That I may come to the altar of God,
to God, my joy, my delight.
Then I will praise you with the harp,
O God, my God.
Why are you downcast, my soul?
Why do you groan within me?
Wait for God, whom I shall praise again,
my savior and my God.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 84

How lovely your dwelling,
O LORD of hosts!
My soul yearns and pines
for the courts of the LORD.
My heart and flesh cry out for the living God.
As the sparrow finds a home
and the swallow a nest to settle her young,
My home is by your altars, LORD of hosts,
my king and my God!
Happy are those who dwell in your house!
They never cease to praise you.
Happy are those who find refuge in you,
whose hearts are set on pilgrim roads.
As they pass through the Baca valley,
they find spring water to drink.
Also from pools the Lord provides water
for those who lose their way.
They pass through outer and inner wall
and see the God of gods on Zion.
LORD of hosts, hear my prayer;
listen, God of Jacob.
O God, look kindly on our shield;
look upon the face of your anointed.
Better one day in your courts
than a thousand elsewhere.
Better the threshold of the house of my God
than a home in the tents of the wicked.
For a sun and shield is the LORD God,
bestowing all grace and glory.
The LORD withholds no good thing
from those who walk without reproach.
O LORD of hosts,
happy are those who trust in you!
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Thursdays)

Lord, open my lips.

— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 95

Come, let us sing to the LORD
and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.
Let us approach him
with praise and thanksgiving
and sing joyful songs to the LORD.
The LORD is God, the mighty God,
the great king over all the gods.
He holds in his hands the depths of the earth
and the highest mountains as well.
He made the sea; it belongs to him,
the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.
Come, then, let us bow down and worship,
bending the knee before the LORD, our maker.
For he is our God and we are his people,
the flock he shepherds.
Today, listen to the voice of the LORD:
Do not grow stubborn,
as your fathers did in the wilderness,
when at Meriba and Massah
they challenged me and provoked me,
although they had seen all of my works.
Forty years I endured that generation.
I said, "They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways."
So I swore in my anger,
"They shall not enter into my rest."

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 58

Do you indeed pronounce justice, O gods;
do you judge mortals fairly?
No, you freely engage in crime;
your hands dispense violence to the earth.
The wicked have been corrupt since birth;
liars from the womb, they have gone astray.
Their poison is like the poison of a snake,
like that of a serpent stopping its ears,
So as not to hear the voice of the charmer
who casts such cunning spells.
O God, smash the teeth in their mouths;
break the jaw-teeth of these lions, LORD!
Make them vanish like water flowing away;
trodden down, let them wither like grass.
Let them dissolve like a snail that oozes away,
like an untimely birth that never sees the sun.
Suddenly, like brambles or thistles,
have the whirlwind snatch them away.
Then the just shall rejoice to see the vengeance
and bathe their feet in the blood of the wicked.
Then it will be said:
"Truly there is a reward for the just;
there is a God who is judge on earth!"
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 59

Rescue me from my enemies, my God;
lift me out of reach of my foes.
Deliver me from evildoers;
from the bloodthirsty save me.
They have set an ambush for my life;
the powerful conspire against me.
For no offense or misdeed of mine, LORD,
for no fault they hurry to take up arms.
Come near and see my plight!
You, LORD of hosts, are the God of Israel!
Awake! Punish all the nations.
Have no mercy on these worthless traitors.
Each evening they return,
growling like dogs, prowling the city.
Their mouths pour out insult;
sharp words are on their lips.
They say: "Who is there to hear?"

You, LORD, laugh at them;
you deride all the nations.
My strength, for you I watch;
you, God, are my fortress, my loving God.
May God go before me,
and show me my fallen foes.
Slay them, God,
lest they deceive my people.
Shake them by your power;
Lord, our shield, bring them down.
For the sinful words of their mouths and lips
let them be caught in their pride.
For the lies they have told under oath
destroy them in anger,
destroy till they are no more.
Then people will know God rules over Jacob,
yes, even to the ends of the earth.
Each evening they return,
growling like dogs, prowling the city.
They roam about as scavengers;
if they are not filled, they howl.
But I shall sing of your strength,
extol your love at dawn,
For you are my fortress,
my refuge in time of trouble.
My strength, your praise I will sing;
you, God, are my fortress, my loving God.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 60

O God, you rejected us, broke our defenses;
you were angry but now revive us.
You rocked the earth, split it open;
repair the cracks for it totters.
You made your people go through hardship,
made us stagger from the wine you gave us.
Raise up a flag for those who revere you,
a refuge for them out of bow shot.
Help with your right hand and answer us
that your loved ones may escape.
In the sanctuary God promised:
“I will exult, will apportion Shechem;
the valley of Succoth I will measure out.
Gilead is mine, mine is Manasseh;
Ephraim is the helmet for my head,
Judah, my own scepter.
Moab is my washbowl;
upon Edom I cast my sandal.
I will triumph over Philistia.”
Who will bring me to the fortified city?
Who will lead me into Edom?
Was it not you who rejected us, God?
Do you no longer march with our armies?
Give us aid against the foe;
worthless is human help.
We will triumph with the help of God,
who will trample down our foes.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Thursdays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon we sat
mourning and weeping
when we remembered Zion.
On the poplars of that land
we hung up our harps.
There our captors asked us
for the words of a song;
Our tormentors, for a joyful song:
“Sing for us a song of Zion!”
But how could we sing a song of the LORD
in a foreign land?

If I forget you, Jerusalem,
may my right hand wither.
May my tongue stick to my palate
if I do not remember you,
If I do not exalt Jerusalem
beyond all my delights.
Remember, LORD, against Edom
that day at Jerusalem.
They said: “Level it,
level it down to its foundations!”
Fair Babylon, you destroyer,
happy those who pay you back the evil
you have done us!
Happy those who seize your children
and smash them against a rock.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 144

Blessed be the LORD, my rock,
who trains my hands for battle,
my fingers for war;
My safe guard and my fortress,
my stronghold, my deliverer,
My shield, in whom I trust,
who subdues peoples under me.
LORD, what are mortals that you notice them;
human beings, that you take thought of them?
They are but a breath;
their days are like a passing shadow.
LORD, incline your heavens and come;
touch the mountains and make them smoke.
Flash forth lightning and scatter my foes;
shoot your arrows and rout them.
Reach out your hand from on high;
deliver me from the many waters;
rescue me from the hands of foreign foes.
Their mouths speak untruth;
their right hands are raised in lying oaths.
O God, a new song I will sing to you;
on a ten-stringed lyre I will play for you.
You give victory to kings;
you delivered David your servant.
From the menacing sword deliver me;
rescue me from the hands of foreign foes.
Their mouths speak untruth;
their right hands are raised in lying oaths.
May our sons be like plants
well nurtured from their youth,
Our daughters, like carved columns,
shapely as those of the temple.
May our barns be full with every kind of store.
May our sheep increase by thousands,
by tens of thousands in our fields;
may our oxen be well fattened.
May there be no breach in the walls,
no exile, no outcry in our streets.
Happy the people so blessed;
happy the people whose God is the LORD.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 145

I will extol you, my God and king;
I will bless your name forever.
Every day I will bless you;
I will praise your name forever.
Great is the LORD and worthy of high praise;
God's grandeur is beyond understanding.
One generation praises your deeds to the next
and proclaims your mighty works.
They speak of the splendor
of your majestic glory,
tell of your wonderful deeds.
They speak of your fearsome power
and attest to your great deeds.
They publish the renown
of your abounding goodness
and joyfully sing of your justice.
The LORD is gracious and merciful,
slow to anger and abounding in love.
The LORD is good to all,
compassionate to every creature.
All your works give you thanks, O LORD
and your faithful bless you.
They speak of the glory of your reign
and tell of your great works,
Making known to all your power,
the glorious splendor of your rule.
Your reign is a reign for all ages,
your dominion for all generations.
The LORD is trustworthy in every word,
and faithful in every work.
The LORD supports all who are falling
and raises up all who are bowed down.
The eyes of all look hopefully to you;
you give them their food in due season.
You open wide your hand
and satisfy the desire of every living thing.
You, LORD, are just in all your ways,
faithful in all your works.
You, LORD, are near to all who call upon you,
to all who call upon you in truth.
You satisfy the desire of those who fear you;
you hear their cry and save them.
You, LORD, watch over all who love you,
but all the wicked you destroy.
My mouth will speak your praises, LORD;
all flesh will bless your holy name forever.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Fridays)

Lord, open my lips.
— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 24

The LORD's is the earth and its fullness,
the world and all its peoples.
It is he who set it on the seas;
on the waters he made it firm.
Who shall climb the mountain of the LORD?
Who shall stand in his holy place?
The man with clean hands and pure heart,
who desires not worthless things,
who has not sworn so as to deceive his neighbor.
He shall receive blessings from the LORD
and reward from the God who saves him.
Such are the men who seek him,
seek the face of the God of Jacob.
O gates, lift high your heads;
grow higher, ancient doors.
Let him enter, the king of glory!
Who is the king of glory?
The LORD, the mighty, the valiant,
the LORD, the valiant in war.
O gates, lift high your heads;
grow higher, ancient doors.
Let him enter, the king of glory!
Who is he, the king of glory?
He, the LORD of armies,
he is the king of glory.

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 3

How many are my foes, LORD!
How many rise against me!
How many say of me,
“God will not save that one.”
But you, LORD, are a shield around me;
my glory, you keep my head high.
Whenever I cried out to the LORD,
I was answered from the holy mountain.
Whenever I lay down and slept,
the LORD preserved me to rise again.
I do not fear, then, thousands of people
arrayed against me on every side.
Arise, LORD! Save me, my God!
You will shatter the jaws of all my foes;
you will break the teeth of the wicked.
Safety comes from the LORD!
Your blessing for your people!
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 7

LORD my God, in you I take refuge; rescue me;
save me from all who pursue me,
Lest they maul me like lions,
tear me to pieces with none to save.
LORD my God, if I am at fault in this,
if there is guilt on my hands,
If I have repaid my friend with evil —
I spared even those
who hated me without cause —
Then let my enemy pursue and overtake me,
trample my life to the ground,
and leave me dishonored in the dust.
Rise up, LORD, in your anger;
rise against the fury of my foes.
Wake to judge as you have decreed.
Have the assembly of the peoples
gather about you;
sit on your throne high above them,
O LORD, judge of the nations.
Grant me justice, LORD,
for I am blameless, free of any guilt.
Bring the malice of the wicked to an end;
uphold the innocent, O God of justice,
who tries hearts and minds.

A shield before me is God
who saves the honest heart.
God is a just judge,
who rebukes in anger every day.
If sinners do not repent, God sharpens his sword,
strings and readies the bow,
Prepares his deadly shafts,
makes arrows blazing thunderbolts.
Sinners conceive iniquity;
pregnant with mischief, they give birth to failure.
They open a hole and dig it deep,
but fall into the pit they have dug.
Their mischief comes back upon themselves;
their violence falls on their own heads.
I praise the justice of the LORD;
I celebrate the name of the LORD Most High.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 16

Keep me safe, O God;
in you I take refuge.
I say to the LORD, you are my Lord,
you are my only good.

Worthless are all the false gods of the land.
Accursed are all who delight in them.
They multiply their sorrows
who court other gods.
Blood libations to them I will not pour out,
nor will I take their names upon my lips.
LORD, my allotted portion and my cup,
you have made my destiny secure.
Pleasant places were measured out for me;
fair to me indeed is my inheritance.
I bless the LORD who counsels me;
even at night my heart exhorts me.
I keep the LORD always before me;
with the LORD at my right,
I shall never be shaken.
Therefore my heart is glad, my soul rejoices;
my body also dwells secure,
For you will not abandon me to Sheol,
nor let your faithful servant see the pit.
You will show me the path to life,
abounding joy in your presence,
the delights at your right hand forever.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Fridays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 89

The promises of the LORD I will sing forever,
proclaim your loyalty through all ages.
For you said, "My love is established forever;
my loyalty will stand as long as the heavens.
I have made a covenant with my chosen one;
I have sworn to David my servant:
I will make your dynasty stand forever
and establish your throne through all ages."
The heavens praise your marvels, LORD,
your loyalty in the assembly of the holy ones.
Who in the skies ranks with the LORD?
Who is like the LORD among the gods?
A God dreaded in the council of the holy ones,
greater and more awesome
than all who sit there!
LORD, God of hosts, who is like you?

Mighty LORD, your loyalty is always present.
You rule the raging sea;
you still its swelling waves.
You crushed Rahab with a mortal blow;
your strong arm scattered your foes.
Yours are the heavens, yours the earth;
you founded the world and everything in it.
Zaphon and Amanus you created;
Tabor and Hermon rejoice in your name.
Mighty your arm, strong your hand,
your right hand is ever exalted.
Justice and judgment
are the foundation of your throne;
love and loyalty march before you.
Happy the people who know you, LORD,
who walk in the radiance of your face.
In your name they sing joyfully all the day;
at your victory they raise the festal shout.
You are their majestic strength;
by your favor our horn is exalted.
Truly the LORD is our shield,
the Holy One of Israel, our king!

Once you spoke in vision;
to your faithful ones you said:
“I have set a leader over the warriors;
I have raised up a hero from the army.
I have chosen David, my servant;
with my holy oil I have anointed him.
My hand will be with him;
my arm will make him strong.
No enemy shall outwit him,
nor shall the wicked defeat him.
I will crush his foes before him,
strike down those who hate him.
My loyalty and love will be with him;
through my name his horn will be exalted.
I will set his hand upon the sea,
his right hand upon the rivers.
He shall cry to me, ‘You are my father,
my God, the Rock that brings me victory!’
I myself make him firstborn,
Most High over the kings of the earth.
Forever I will maintain my love for him;
my covenant with him stands firm.
I will establish his dynasty forever,
his throne as the days of the heavens.
If his descendants forsake my law,
do not follow my decrees,
If they fail to observe my statutes,
do not keep my commandments,
I will punish their crime with a rod
and their guilt with lashes.
But I will not take my love from him,
nor will I betray my bond of loyalty.
I will not violate my covenant;
the promise of my lips I will not alter.
By my holiness I swore once for all:
I will never be false to David.

His dynasty will continue forever,
his throne, like the sun before me.
Like the moon it will stand eternal,
forever firm like the sky!”
But now you have rejected and spurned,
been enraged at your anointed.
You renounced the covenant with your servant,
defiled his crown in the dust.
You broke down all his defenses,
left his strongholds in ruins.
All who pass through seize plunder;
his neighbors deride him.
You have exalted the right hand of his foes,
have gladdened all his enemies.
You turned back his sharp sword,
did not support him in battle.
You brought to an end his splendor,
hurled his throne to the ground.
You cut short the days of his youth,
covered him with shame.
How long, LORD? Will you stay hidden forever?
Must your wrath smolder like fire?
Remember how brief is my life,
how frail the race you created!
What mortal can live and not see death?
Who can escape the power of Sheol?
Where are your promises of old, LORD,
the loyalty sworn to David?
Remember, LORD, the insults to your servants,
how I bear all the slanders of the nations.
Your enemies, LORD, insult your anointed;
they insult my every endeavor.
Blessed be the LORD forever!
Amen and amen!
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Saturdays)

Lord, open my lips.
— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen. Alleluia.

INVITATORY: Psalm 95

Come, let us sing to the LORD
and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.
Let us approach him
with praise and thanksgiving
and sing joyful songs to the LORD.
The LORD is God, the mighty God,
the great king over all the gods.

He holds in his hands the depths of the earth
and the highest mountains as well.
He made the sea; it belongs to him,
the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.
Come, then, let us bow down and worship,
bending the knee before the LORD, our maker.
For he is our God and we are his people,
the flock he shepherds.
Today, listen to the voice of the LORD:
Do not grow stubborn,
as your fathers did in the wilderness,
when at Meriba and Massah
they challenged me and provoked me,
although they had seen all of my works.
Forty years I endured that generation.
I said, "They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways."
So I swore in my anger,
"They shall not enter into my rest."

Praise the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit,
both now and forever.
The God who is, who was, and is to come,
at the end of the ages.

FIRST NOCTURN

Psalm 8

O LORD, our LORD, how awesome is
your name through all the earth!
You have set your majesty above the heavens!
Out of the mouths of babes and infants
you have drawn a defense against your foes,
to silence enemy and avenger.
When I see your heavens,
the work of your fingers,
the moon and stars that you set in place —
What are humans that you are mindful of them,
mere mortals that you care for them?
Yet you have made them little less than a god,
crowned them with glory and honor.
You have given them rule over the works
of your hands, put all things at their feet:
All sheep and oxen,
even the beasts of the field,
The birds of the air, the fish of the sea,
and whatever swims the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our LORD, how awesome is
your name through all the earth!
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 72

O God, give your judgment to the king;
your justice to the son of kings;
That he may govern your people with justice,
your oppressed with right judgment,
That the mountains may yield
their bounty for the people,
and the hills great abundance,
That he may defend
the oppressed among the people,
save the poor and crush the oppressor.
May he live as long as the sun endures,
like the moon, through all generations.
May he be like rain
coming down upon the fields,
like showers watering the earth,
That abundance may flourish in his days,
great bounty, till the moon be no more.
May he rule from sea to sea,
from the river to the ends of the earth.
May his foes kneel before him,
his enemies lick the dust.
May the kings of Tarshish
and the islands bring tribute,
the kings of Arabia and Seba offer gifts.
May all kings bow before him,
all nations serve him.
For he rescues the poor when they cry out,
the oppressed who have no one to help.
He shows pity to the needy and the poor
and saves the lives of the poor.
From extortion and violence he frees them,
for precious is their blood in his sight.
Long may he live, receiving gold from Arabia,
prayed for without cease, blessed day by day.
May wheat abound in the land,
flourish even on the mountain heights.
May his fruit increase like Lebanon's,
his wheat like the grasses of the land.
May his name be blessed forever;
as long as the sun, may his name endure.
May the tribes of the earth
give blessings with his name;
may all the nations regard him as favored.

Blessed be the LORD, the God of Israel,
who alone does wonderful deeds.
Blessed be his glorious name forever;
may all the earth be filled with the LORD's glory.
Amen and amen.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 80

Shepherd of Israel, listen,
guide of the flock of Joseph!
From your throne upon the cherubim
reveal yourself
to Ephraim, Benjamin, and Manasseh.
Stir up your power, come to save us.
O LORD of hosts, restore us;
Let your face shine upon us,
that we may be saved.
LORD of hosts, how long
will you burn with anger
while your people pray?
You have fed them the bread of tears,
made them drink tears in abundance.
You have left us to be fought over
by our neighbors;
our enemies deride us.
O LORD of hosts, restore us;
let your face shine upon us,
that we may be saved.

You brought a vine out of Egypt;
you drove away the nations and planted it.
You cleared the ground;
it took root and filled the land.
The mountains were covered by its shadow,
the cedars of God by its branches.
It sent out boughs as far as the sea,
shoots as far as the river.
Why have you broken down the walls,
so that all who pass by pluck its fruit?
The boar from the forest strips the vine;
the beast of the field feeds upon it.
Turn again, LORD of hosts;
look down from heaven and see;
Attend to this vine,
the shoot your right hand has planted.
Those who would burn or cut it down —
may they perish at your rebuke.
May your help be with the man
at your right hand,
with the one whom you once made strong.
Then we will not withdraw from you;
revive us, and we will call on your name.
LORD of hosts, restore us;
let your face shine upon us,
that we may be saved.
Praise the Father . . .

VIGILS (odd Saturdays)

SECOND NOCTURN

Psalm 85

You once favored, LORD, your land,
restored the good fortune of Jacob.
You forgave the guilt of your people,
pardoned all their sins.
You withdrew all your wrath,
turned back your burning anger.
Restore us once more, God our savior;
abandon your wrath against us.
Will you be angry with us forever,
drag out your anger for all generations?
Please give us life again,
that your people may rejoice in you.

Show us, LORD, your love;
grant us your salvation.
I will listen for the word of God;
surely the LORD will proclaim peace
To his people, to the faithful,
to those who trust in him.
Near indeed is salvation for the loyal;
prosperity will fill our land.
Love and truth will meet;
justice and peace will kiss.
Truth will spring from the earth;
justice will look down from heaven.
The LORD will surely grant abundance;
our land will yield its increase.
Prosperity will march before the Lord,
and good fortune will follow behind.
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 87

The LORD loves the city
founded on holy mountains,
Loves the gates of Zion
more than any dwelling in Jacob.
Glorious things are said of you,
O city of God!
From Babylon and Egypt I count those
who acknowledge the LORD.
Philistia, Ethiopia, Tyre, of them it can be said:
“This one was born there.”
But of Zion it must be said:
“They all were born here.”
The Most High confirms this;
the Lord notes in the register of the peoples:
“This one was born here.”
So all sing in their festive dance:
“Within you is my true home.”
Praise the Father . . .

Psalm 103

Bless the LORD, my soul;
all my being, bless his holy name!
Bless the LORD, my soul;
do not forget all the gifts of God,
Who pardons all your sins,
heals all your ills,
Delivers your life from the pit,
surrounds you with love and compassion,
Fills your days with good things;
your youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The LORD does righteous deeds,
brings justice to all the oppressed.
His ways were revealed to Moses,
mighty deeds to the people of Israel.

Merciful and gracious is the LORD,
slow to anger, abounding in kindness.
God does not always rebuke,
nurses no lasting anger,
Has not dealt with us as our sins merit,
nor requited us as our deeds deserve.
As the heavens tower over the earth,
so God's love towers over the faithful.
As far as the east is from the west,
so far have our sins been removed from us.
As a father has compassion on his children,
so the LORD has compassion on the faithful.
For he knows how we are formed,
remembers that we are dust.
Our days are like the grass;
like flowers of the field we blossom.
The wind sweeps over us and we are gone;
our place knows us no more.
But the LORD's kindness is forever,
toward the faithful from age to age.
He favors the children's children
of those who keep his covenant,
who take care to fulfill its precepts.
The LORD's throne is established in heaven;
God's royal power rules over all.
Bless the LORD, all you angels,
mighty in strength and attentive,
obedient to every command.
Bless the LORD, all you hosts,
ministers who do God's will.
Bless the LORD, all creatures,
everywhere in God's domain.
Bless the LORD, my soul!
Praise the Father . . .