

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

September 12, 2026

{ Memorial of the Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday }



Stand and make sign of cross

God, come to my assistance.

— Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and will be for ever. Amen. Alleluia.

HYMN

O Mary, Virgin Mother blest,
O holy daughter of your Son,
most humble and yet most sublime,
above the whole created world:

You are the summit fixed of old,
predestined by divine decree,
to be our nature's perfect crown,
the height of beauty and of grace.

In you our nature shone so fair
that its Creator, God most high,
with art so wondrous to behold,
was made a creature formed through you.

Within the Virgin's purest womb
the flame of love is born anew,
and by its warmth, upon the earth
celestial flowers come to bloom.

To Father and to Paraclete
and to your Son all glory be,
who have, all three, invested you
with such a wondrous robe of grace. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: Hereford, 8 8 8 8; Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1810-1876

Plainsong, mode VIII, melody 109; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: O virgo mater, filia, Anselmo Lentini, O.S.B., 1901-1989*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

Let us praise the Lord for his mercy and for the wonderful things he has done for men.

Psalm 107

Thanksgiving for deliverance

This is God's message to the sons of Israel; the good news of peace proclaimed through Jesus Christ (Acts 10:36).

I

“O give thanks to the Lórd for he is góod; *
for his lóve endúres for éver.”

Let them sáy this, the Lórd's redéemed, *
whom he redéemed from the hánd of the fóe
and gáthered from fár-off lánds, *
from éast and wést, north and sóuth.

Some wándered in the désert, in the wílderness, *
finding no wáy to a cíty they could dwéll in.
Húngry they wére and thírsty; *
their sóul was fáinting withín them.

Then they críed to the Lórd in their néed *
and he rescúed thém from their distréss
and he léd them alóng the right páth *
to reach a cíty théy could dwéll in.

Let them thánk the Lórd for his lóve, *
for the wónders he dóes for mén.
For he sátisfies the thírsty sóul; *
he fílls the húngry with good thínks.

Sóme lay in dárkness and in glóom, *
prísoners in míserý and cháins,
Having defied the wórds of Gód *
and spúrnéd the cóunsels of the Most Hígh.
He crúshed their spírit with tóil; *
they stúmbled; there was nó one to hélp.

Then they críed to the Lórd in their néed *
and he réscued thém from their distréss.
He led them fóρθ from dárkness and glóom *
and bróke their cháins to píeces.

Let them thánk the Lórd for his góodness, *
for the wónders he dóes for mén:
for he búrst the gátes of brónze *
and shátters the íron bárs.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spírit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antíphon

Let us praise the Lord for his mercy and for the wonderful things
he has done for men.

Antíphon 2

Men have seen the works of God, the marvels he has done.

II

Some were síck on accóunt of their síns *
and afflíctéd on accóunt of their guílt.
They had a lóathing for évery fód; *
they came clóse to the gátes of déath.

Then they críed to the Lórd in their néed *
and he réscued thém from their distréss.
He sént forth his wórd to héal them *
and sáved their lífe from the gráve.

Let them thánk the Lórd for his lóve, *

for the wónders he dóes for mén.
Let them óffer a sácrifice of thánks *
and téll of his déeds with rejóicing.

Some sáiled to the séa in shíps *
to tráde on the míghty wáters.
Thése men have séen the Lord's déeds, *
the wónders he dóes in the déep.

For he spóke; he súmmoned the gále, *
ráising up the wáves of the séa.
Tóssed up to héaven, then into the déep; *
their sóul melted awáy in their distréss.

They stággered, réeled like drunken mén, *
for áll their skíll was góne.
Then they críed to the Lórd in their néed *
and he rescúed thém from their distréss.

He stilled the stórm to a whísper: *
all the wáves of the séa were húshed.
They rejóiced becáuse of the cálm *
and he léd them to the háven they desired.

Let them thánk the Lórd for his lóve, *
the wónders he dóes for mén.
Let them exált him in the gáthering of the péople *
and práise him in the méeting of the élders.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Men have seen the works of God, the marvels he has done.

Antiphon 3

Those who love the Lord will see and rejoice; they will understand his loving kindness.

III

He chánges stréams into a désert,*
springs of wáter into thírsty gróund,
fruitful lánd into a sálty wáste,*
for the wíckedness of thóse who líve there.

But he chánges désert into stréams,*
thirsty gróund into springs of wáter.
Thére he sètles the húngry*
and they buíld a cíty to dwéll in.

They sow fields and plánt their vínes;*
thése yield cróps for the hárvest.
He blésses them; they grów in númerb.*
He does not lét their hérds decreáse.

He póurs contémpť upon prínces,*
makes them wánder in tráckless wáste.
They dimínish, are redúced to nóthing*
by oppréssion, évil and sórrów.

But he ráises the néedy from distréss;*
makes fámilies númerous as a flóck.
The úpright sée it and rejóice*
but áll who do wróng are sílenced.

Whoever is wíse, let him héed these thínghs*
and consíder the lóve of the Lórd.

Glory to the Fátter, and to the Son,*
and to the Holy Spírít:
as it was in the begínning, is now,*
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Those who love the Lord will see and rejoice; they will understand
his loving kindness.

VERSE

Your truth, O God, is high as the clouds.

— Lord, your goodness is deep as the ocean.

READINGS

First reading

From the book of Lamentations

5:1-22

A plea for the redemption of the people

Remember, O Lord, what has befallen us,
look, and see our disgrace:
Our inherited lands have been turned over to strangers,
our homes to foreigners.
We have become orphans, fatherless;
widowed are our mothers.

The water we drink we must buy,
for our own wood we must pay.
On our necks is the yoke of those who drive us;
we are worn out, but allowed no rest.
To Egypt we submitted,
and to Assyria, to fill our need of bread.

Our fathers, who sinned, are no more;
but we bear their guilt.
Slaves rule over us;
there is no one to rescue us from their hands.
At the peril of our lives we bring in our sustenance,
in the face of the desert heat;
Our skin is shriveled up, as though by a furnace,
with the searing blasts of famine.

The wives in Zion were ravished by the enemy,
the maidens in the cities of Judah;
Princes were gibbeted by them,
elders shown no respect.
The youths carry the millstones,
boys stagger under their loads of wood;
The old men have abandoned the gate,
the young men their music.

The joy of our hearts has ceased,
our dance has turned into mourning;
The garlands have fallen from our heads:
woe to us, for we have sinned!
Over this our hearts are sick,
at this our eyes grow dim:
That Mount Zion should be desolate,
with jackals roaming there!

You, O Lord, are enthroned forever;
your throne stands from age to age.
Why, then, should you forget us,
abandon us so long a time?
Lead us back to you, O Lord, that we may be restored:
give us anew such days as we had of old.
For now you have indeed rejected us,
and in full measure turned your wrath against us.

Responsory

Lamentations 5:19, 20-21; Matthew 8:25

You are enthroned for ever, O Lord; why, then, should you forget us for ever?

— Lead us back to you, and we shall be renewed.

Save us, Lord, or we shall perish.

— Lead us back to you, and we shall be renewed.

Second reading

From a sermon by Saint Augustine, bishop

(Sermo 25, 7-8: PL 46, 937-938)

She who believed by faith, conceived by faith

Stretching out his hand over his disciples, the Lord Christ declared: *Here are my mother and my brothers; anyone who does the will of my Father who sent me is my brother and my sister and my mother.* I would urge you to ponder these words. Did the Virgin Mary, who believed by faith and conceived by faith, who was the chosen one from whom our Savior was born among men, who was created by

Christ before Christ was created in her—did she not do the will of the Father? Indeed the blessed Mary certainly did the Father's will, and so it was for her a greater thing to have been Christ's disciple than to have been his mother, and she was more blessed in her discipleship than in her motherhood. Hers was the happiness of first bearing in her womb him whom she would obey as her master.

Now listen and see if the words of Scripture do not agree with what I have said. The Lord was passing by and crowds were following him. His miracles gave proof of divine power, and a woman cried out: *Happy is the womb that bore you, blessed is that womb!* But the Lord, not wishing people to seek happiness in a purely physical relationship, replied: *More blessed are those who hear the word of God and keep it.* Mary heard God's word and kept it, and so she is blessed. She kept God's truth in her mind, a nobler thing than carrying his body in her womb. The truth and the body were both Christ: he was kept in Mary's mind insofar as he is truth, he was carried in her womb insofar as he is man; but what is kept in the mind is of a higher order than what is carried in the womb.

The Virgin Mary is both holy and blessed, and yet the Church is greater than she. Mary is a part of the Church, a member of the Church, a holy, an eminent—the most eminent—member, but still only a member of the entire body. The body undoubtedly is greater than she, one of its members. This body has the Lord for its head, and head and body together make up the whole Christ. In other words, our head is divine—our head is God.

Now, beloved, give me your whole attention, for you also are members of Christ; you also are the body of Christ. Consider how you yourselves can be among those of whom the Lord said: *Here are my mother and my brothers.* Do you wonder how you can be the mother of Christ? He himself said: *Whoever hears and fulfils the will of my Father in heaven is my brother and my sister and my mother.* As for our being the brothers and sisters of Christ, we can understand this because although there is only one inheritance and Christ is the only Son, his mercy would not allow him to remain alone. It was his wish that we too should be heirs of the Father, and co-heirs with himself.

Now having said that all of you are brothers of Christ, shall I not dare to call you his mother? Much less would I dare to deny his own words. Tell me how Mary became the mother of Christ, if it was not by giving birth to the members of Christ? You, to whom I am speaking, are the members of Christ. Of whom were you born? “Of Mother Church,” I hear the reply of your hearts. You became sons of this mother at your baptism, you came to birth then as members of Christ. Now you in your turn must draw to the font of baptism as many as you possibly can. You became sons when you were born there yourselves, and now by bringing others to birth in the same way, you have it in your power to become the mothers of Christ.

Responsory

Isaiah 61:10; Luke 1:46-47

I will cry out with joy to the Lord; my soul will rejoice in my God,
— for he has clothed me with the robe of salvation, like a bride adorned with her jewels.

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord, my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.

— For he has clothed me with the robe of salvation, like a bride adorned with her jewels.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Lord,
take away the sins of your people.
May the prayers of Mary the mother of your Son help us,
for alone and unaided we cannot hope to please you.

We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever.

— Amen.

Acclamation

Let us praise the Lord.

— And give him thanks.

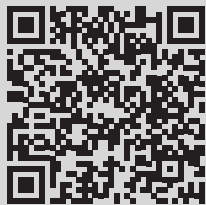
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