

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

September 15, 2026

{ Memorial – Our Lady of Sorrows }



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

Mary stood, the grieving Mother,
at the Cross in tears and sorrow,
as her Son was hanging there.

Now her soul in deepest mourning
sighs with pain and bitter sadness,
pierced and stricken by a sword.

O how sad and sore-afflicted
was that blest and holy woman,
Mother of her only Son!

How that loving Mother suffered
as she saw in bitter sorrow
torments of her glorious Son.

Who would not shed tears of sadness,
seeing Christ's most troubled Mother
in such pain and agony?

Who could not but be afflicted
to behold this loving Mother
grieving with her dying Son?

For the sins of his own people
she saw Jesus crushed and tortured,
torn and wounded by the scourge.

She beheld her child so tender,
in his utter desolation,
give his spirit up and die.

When, O Christ, my life is ended,
bid me come and through your Mother
reach the palm of victory. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: Stabat mater, 8 8 7; from the Mainz Gesangbuch, 1661

Plainsong, mode II, melody 41; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Stabat mater dolorosa, attributed to Iacopone da Todi, ca. 1230-1306

*The English translation of Hymns and chants from The Liturgy of the Hours © 2023
International Commission on English in the Liturgy Corporation (ICEL).*

*Reproduced from The Divine Office Hymnal (hymns #503/504). Copyright © 2023
United States Conference of Catholic Bishops, Washington, DC (USCCB). Published
and distributed exclusively by GIA Publications, Inc., Chicago, IL. To acquire the
Pew Edition or Accompaniment Edition of the hymnal with metrical hymn tunes and
plainsong melodies, visit www.giamusic.com.*

Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

Lord, let my cry come to you; do not hide your face from me.

Psalm 102

The longings and prayers of an exile

God comforts us in all our troubles (2 Corinthians 1:4).

I

O Lórd, listen to my práyer *
and let my crý for hélp réach you.
Do not híde your fáce from mé *
in the dáy of mý distréss.
Túrn your éar towáreds me *
and ánswer me quíckly when I cáll.

For my dáys are vánishing like smóke, *
my bónes burn awáy like a fire.
My héart is wíthered like the gráss. *
I forgét to éat my bréad.
I crý with áll my stréngth *
and my skín clíngs to my bónes.

I have becóme like a pélican in the wílderness, *

like an ówl in désolate pláces.
I líe awáke and I móan *
like some lónely bírd on a róof.
All day lóng my fóes revíle me; *
those who háte me use my náme as a cúrse.

The bréad I éat is áshes; *
my drínk is míngled with téars.
In your ánger, Lórd, and your fúry *
you have lífted me up and thrówn me dówn.
My dáys are like a pássing shádw *
and I wíther awáy like the gráss.

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

Lord, let my cry come to you; do not hide your face from me.

Antiphon 2

Be attentive, Lord, to the prayer of the helpless.

II

But yóu, O Lórd, will endúre for éver *
and your náme from áge to áge.
Yóu will aríse and have mércy on Zíon: †
for thís is the tíme to have mércy; *
yes, the tíme appóinted has cóme
for your sérvants lóve her véry stónes, *
are moved with píty éven for her dúst.

The nátions shall féar the náme of the Lórd *
and áll the earth's kíngs your glóry,
when the Lórd shall buíld up Zíon agáin *
and appéar in áll his glóry.
Thén he will túrn to the práyers of the hélpless; *
he will nótdespíse their práyers.

Let thís be wríttén for áges to cóme *

that a péople yet unbórn may praise the Lórd;
for the Lórd leaned dówn from his sánctuary on hígh. *
He looked dówn from héaven to the éarth
that hé might héar the gróans of the prísoners *
and frée those condénned to díe.

The sóns of your sérvants shall dwéll untróubled *
and their ráce shall endúre befóre you
that the náme of the Lórd may be procláimed in Zíon *
and his práise in the héart of Jerúsalem,
when péoples and kíngdoms are gáthered togéther *
to páy their hómage to the Lórd.

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

Be attentive, Lord, to the prayer of the helpless.

Antiphon 3

You, O Lord, established the earth, and the heavens are the work of your hands.

III

He has bróken my strángth in mid-cóurse; *
he has shórtened the dáy's of my lífe.
I say to Gód: "Do not táke me awáy †
befóre my dáy's are compléte, *
you, whose dáy's last from áge to áge.

Long agó you fóunded the éarth *
and the héavens are the wór'k of your hánds.
They will pérish but yóu will remáin. *
They will áll wear óut like a gárment.
You will cháng'e them like clóthes that are cháng'ed. *
But yóu neither cháng'e, nor have an énd."

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

You, O Lord, established the earth, and the heavens are the work of your hands.

VERSE

Listen, my people, to my teaching.

— Give ear to the words I speak.

Sit

READINGS

First reading

From the book of the prophet Ezekiel

8:1-6, 16—9:11

The judgment on sinful Jerusalem

On the fifth day of the sixth month, in the sixth year, as I was sitting in my house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, the hand of the Lord God fell upon me there.

I looked up and saw a form that looked like a man. Downward from what seemed to be his waist, there was fire; from his waist upward there seemed to be a brightness like the sheen of electrum. He stretched out what appeared to be a hand and seized me by the hair of my head. Spirit lifted me up in the air and brought me in divine visions to Jerusalem, to the entrance of the north gate, where stood the statue of jealousy which stirs up jealousy.

I saw there the glory of the God of Israel, like the vision I had seen in the plain. He said to me: Son of man, look toward the north! I looked toward the north and saw northward of the gate the altar of the statue of jealousy. Son of man, he asked me, do you see what they are doing? Do you see the great abominations that the house of Israel is practicing here, so that I must depart from my sanctuary? But you shall see still greater abominations!

Then he brought me into the inner court of the Lord's house, and

there at the door of the Lord's temple, between the vestibule and the altar, were about twenty-five men with their backs to the Lord's temple and their faces toward the east; they were bowing down to the sun. Do you see, son of man? he asked me. Is it such a trivial matter for the house of Judah to do the abominable things they have done here—for they have filled the land with violence, and again and again they have provoked me—that now they must also put the branch to my nose? Therefore I in turn will act furiously: I will not look upon them with pity nor will I show mercy.

Then he cried loud for me to hear: Come, you scourges of the city! With that I saw six men coming from the direction of the upper gate which faces the north, each with a destroying weapon in his hand. In their midst was a man dressed in linen, with a writer's case at his waist. They entered and stood beside the bronze altar.

Then he called to the man dressed in linen with the writer's case at his waist, saying to him: Pass through the city [through Jerusalem] and mark an X on the foreheads of those who moan and groan over all the abominations that are practiced within it. To the others I heard him say: Pass through the city after him and strike! Do not look on them with pity nor show any mercy! Old men, youths and maidens, women and children—wipe them out! But do not touch any marked with the X; begin at my sanctuary.

So they began with the men [the elders] who were in front of the temple. Defile the temple, he said to them, and fill the courts with the slain; then go out and strike in the city.

As they began to strike, I was left alone. I fell prone, crying out, "Alas, Lord God! Will you destroy all that is left of Israel when you pour out your fury on Jerusalem?" He answered me: The sins of the house of Israel are great beyond measure; the land is filled with bloodshed, the city with lawlessness. They think that the Lord has forsaken the land, that he does not see them. I, however, will not look upon them with pity, nor show any mercy. I will bring down their conduct upon their heads.

Then I saw the man dressed in linen with the writing case at his waist make his report: "I have done as you ordered."

Responsory

Matthew 24:15, 21, 22; Revelation 7:3

When you see the “abomination of desolation” standing in the holy place, there shall be great distress. If that time were not shortened, no human being could survive,

- but for the sake of the chosen the period of anguish shall be cut short.

Do no harm to land or sea until we imprint the seal on the foreheads of the servants of our God.

- But for the sake of the chosen the period of anguish shall be cut short.

Second reading

From a sermon by Saint Bernard, abbot

(Sermo in dom. infra oct. Assumptionis, 14–15: Opera omnia, Edit. Cisterc. 5 [1968], 273–274)

His mother stood by the cross

The martyrdom of the Virgin is set forth both in the prophecy of Simeon and in the actual story of our Lord’s passion. The holy old man said of the infant Jesus: *He has been established as a sign which will be contradicted.* He went on to say to Mary: *And your own heart will be pierced by a sword.*

Truly, O blessed Mother, a sword has pierced your heart. For only by passing through your heart could the sword enter the flesh of your Son. Indeed, after your Jesus—who belongs to everyone, but is especially yours—gave up his life, the cruel spear, which was not withheld from his lifeless body, tore open his side. Clearly it did not touch his soul and could not harm him, but it did pierce your heart. For surely his soul was no longer there, but yours could not be torn away. Thus the violence of sorrow has cut through your heart, and we rightly call you more than martyr, since the effect of compassion in you has gone beyond the endurance of physical suffering.

Or were those words, *Woman, behold your Son*, not more than a word to you, truly piercing your heart, cutting through to the divi-

sion between soul and spirit? What an exchange! John is given to you in place of Jesus, the servant in place of the Lord, the disciple in place of the master; the son of Zebedee replaces the Son of God, a mere man replaces God himself. How could these words not pierce your most loving heart, when the mere remembrance of them breaks ours, hearts of iron and stone though they are!

Do not be surprised, brothers, that Mary is said to be a martyr in spirit. Let him be surprised who does not remember the words of Paul, that one of the greatest crimes of the Gentiles was that they were without love. That was far from the heart of Mary; let it be far from her servants.

Perhaps someone will say: "Had she not known before that he would not die?" Undoubtedly. "Did she not expect him to rise again at once?" Surely. "And still she grieved over her crucified Son?" Intensely. Who are you and what is the source of your wisdom that you are more surprised at the compassion of Mary than at the passion of Mary's Son? For if he could die in body, could she not die with him in spirit? He died in body through a love greater than anyone had known. She died in spirit through a love unlike any other since his.

Responsory

Luke 23:33; John 19:25; see Luke 2:35

When they came to the place called Calvary, they crucified Jesus there.

— His mother stood beside the cross.

A sword of sorrow pierced her blameless heart.

— His mother stood beside the cross.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Father,
as your Son was raised on the cross,
his mother Mary stood by him, sharing his sufferings.

May your Church be united with Christ
in his suffering and death
and so come to share in his rising to new life,
where he 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.

The English translation of Antiphons, Invitatories, Responsories, Intercessions, Psalm 95, the Canticle of the Lamb, Psalm Prayers, Non-Biblical Readings, Hagiographical Introductions from *The Liturgy of the Hours* © 1973, 1974, 1975, International Commission on English in the Liturgy Corporation (ICEL); excerpts from the English translation of *The Roman Missal* © 2010, ICEL; the English translation of Hymns from *The Liturgy of the Hours* © 2023. All rights reserved.

English translation of *Gloria Patri, Te Deum Laudamus, Benedictus, Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis* by the International Consultation on English Texts.

Readings and New Testament Canticles (except the Magnificat) from the *New American Bible* Copyright © 1970 by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Washington, D.C. Used with permission. All Rights Reserved. No part of the *New American Bible* may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the copyright owner.

Psalm texts except Psalm 95 Copyright © 1963, The Grail (England). Used with permission of A.P. Watt Ltd. All rights reserved.

Arrangement Copyright © 2006 by eBreviary, New York.



mobile prayers



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
www.ebreviary.com