

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

DAYTIME PRAYER

September 8, 2026
{ Feast – Birth of Mary }



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 mighty Ruler, God of truth,
for days and seasons setting bounds,
you clothe with splendor morning light
and midday skies with brilliant heat.

Extinguish flames of bitter strife,
all harmful passion take away,
grant health unto our mortal frame,
and on our hearts bestow true peace.

Most loving Father, hear our prayer,
and you, O Christ coequal Son,
who with the Spirit Paraclete
now reign for all eternity. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: Tallis' Canon, 8 8 8 8; Thomas Tallis, ca. 1505–1585

*Plainsong, mode D, melody 124; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Rector
Potens, verax Deus, unknown author, very ancient; traditionally attributed to St.
Ambrose, 340–397*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon

Born of a royal family, Mary shines forth like the noonday sun;
with mind and heart we ask for the help of her prayers.

Psalm 119:97-104

XIII (Mem)

Lórd, how I lóve your láw! *
It is éver in my mínd.
Your commánd makes me wíser than my fóes; *
for it is míne for éver.

I have more ínsight than áll who téach me *
for I pónder your wíll.
I have móre understanding than the óld *
for I kéeper your précepts.

I turn my féet from évil páths *
to obéy your wórd.
I háve not túrned from your decreés; *
you yoursélf have táught me.

Your prómise is swéeter to my táste *
than hóney in the móuth.
I gáin understanding from your précepts; *
I háte the ways of fálsehood.

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.

Psalm 74

Lament for the destruction of the Temple

Do not fear those who can only kill the body (Matthew 10:28).

I

Whý, O Gód, have you cást us off for éver? *

Whý blaze with ánger at the shéep of your pásture?
Remémber your péople whom you chóse long ágo, †
the tríbe you redéemed to be your ówn posséssion, *
the móuntain of Zíon where you máde your dwélling.

Turn your stéps to these pláces that are útterly rúined! *
The énemy has laid wáste to the whóle of the sánctuary.
Your fóes have made úproar in your hóuse of práyer: †
they have sét up their émbles, their fóreign émbles, *
hígh abóve the éntrance to the sánctuary.

Their áxes have bátttered the wóod of its dóors. *
They have strúck togéther with háchet and píckaxe.
O Gód, they have sét your sánctuary on fire: *
they have rázed and profáned the pláce where you dwéll.

They sáid in their héarts: “Let us útterly crúsh them: *
let us búrn every shríne of Gód in the lánd.”
There is no sígn from Gód, nor háve we a próphet, *
we have nó one to téll us how lóng it will lást.

How lóng, O Gód, is the énemy to scóff? *
Is the fóe to insúlt your náme for éver?
Whý, O Lórd, do you hólđ back your hánd? *
Whý do you kéep your ríght hand hídden?
Yet Gód is our kíng from tíme pást, *
the gíver of hélp through áll the lánd.

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.

II

It was yóu who dívided the séa by your míght, *
who shátttered the héads of the mónsters in the séa.

It was yóu who crúshed Leviáthan's héads *
and gáve him as fóod to the úntamed béasts.
It was yóu who ópened spríngs and tórrents; *
it was yóu who díed up éver-flowing rívers.

Yours is the day and yours is the night.*
It was you who appointed the light and the sun:
it was you who fixed the bounds of the earth: *
you who made both summer and winter.

Remember this, Lord, and see the enemy scoffing; *
a senseless people insults your name.
Do not give Israel, your dove, to the hawk *
nor forget the life of your poor ones for ever.

Remember your covenant; every cave in the land *
is a place where violence makes its home.
Do not let the oppressed return disappointed; *
let the poor and the needy bless your name.

Arise, O God, and defend your cause! *
Remember how the senseless revile you all the day.
Do not forget the clamor of your foes, *
the daily increasing uproar of your foes.

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

Born of a royal family, Mary shines forth like the noonday sun;
with mind and heart we ask for the help of her prayers.

Sit

READING

Judith 13:24, 25

Blessed be the Lord God, the creator of heaven and earth, who has
given you such high renown this day. Your deed of hope will never
be forgotten by those who tell of the might of God.

Verse

Blessed is the womb of the Virgin Mary.

— Who bore the Son of the eternal Father.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Father of mercy,
give your people help and strength from heaven.
The birth of the Virgin Mary's Son
was the dawn of our salvation.
May this celebration of her birthday
bring us closer to lasting peace.

Grant 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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