

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

MORNING PRAYER

Season of Ordinary Time
{ Office for the Dead }



Invitatory

Stand and make sign of cross on lips with thumb

Lord, open my lips.

— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Psalm 95

A call to praise God

Encourage each other daily while it is still today (Hebrews 3:13).

Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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.

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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.

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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.

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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.”

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

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.

— Come, let us worship the Lord, all things live for him.

Morning Prayer

HYMN

O Christ, our pardon and our hope,
the Resurrection and the Life,
when grief at death descends on us
we raise our hearts and eyes to you.

You also bore the sting of death,
its sorrow, dread, and weariness,
and humbly bowed your head and gave
your spirit to the Father’s care.

For surely you have borne our ills,
O loving Shepherd of your flock,
that we who suffer death with you
may die within your Father’s love.

With arms outstretched upon the Cross
you drew unto your wounded heart
those soon to die and sorely tried
by illness or by anxious grief.

You harrowed hell, broke down its doors,

and opened wide the heav'nly gates;
now raise us up who weep and mourn,
and after death restore our life.

So let our brethren live for you,
whose bodies sleep in peaceful rest,
to wake within your blessed love
and sing your praises evermore. Amen.

*Metrical hymn, melody: Hamburg, 8 8 8 8; adapted from a Gregorian chant in 1824
by Lowell Mason, 1792-1872*

Plain-song, mode II, melody 36; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Spes, Christe,
nostræ veniæ, Anselmo Lentini, O.S.B., 1901-1989*

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plain-song melodies, visit www.giamusic.com.*

Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

The bones that were crushed shall leap for joy before the Lord.

Psalms 51

O God, have mercy on me

*Your inmost being must be renewed, and you must put on the new man (Ephesians
4:23-24).*

Have mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness.*
In your compássion blot out my offéense.
O wásh me more and móre from my guílt*
and cléanse me fróm my sín.

My offéenses trúly I knów them;*
my sín is álwáys befóre me.
Against yóu, you alóne, have I sínned; *

what is évil in your síght I have dóne.

That you may be jústified whén you give séntence *
and be withóut repróach when you júdge.

O sée, in guílt I was bórn, *
a sínner was Í concéived.

Indéed you love trúth in the héart; *
then in the sécret of my héart teach me wísdom.

O púrfify me, thén I shall be cléan; *
O wásh me, I shall be whíter than snów.

Make me héar rejóicing and gládness, *
that the bónes you have crúshed may revíve.
From my síns turn awáy your fáce *
and blót out áll my guílt.

A púre heart créate for me, O Gód, *
put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
Do not cást me awáy from your présence, *
nor depríve me of your hóly spírit.

Give me agáin the jóy of your hélp; *
with a spírit of férvor sustáin me,
that I may téach transgréssors your wáys *
and sínners may retúrn to yóu.

O réscue me, Gód, my hélper, *
and my tóngue shall ríng out your góodness.
O Lórd, ópen my líps *
and my móuth shall decláre your práise.

For in sácrifice you táke no delíght, *
burnt óffering from mé you would refúse,
my sácrifice, a cóntrite spírit. *
A húmbled, contrite héart you will not spúrn.

In your góodness, show fávor to Zíon: *
rebúild the wálls of Jerúsalem.
Thén you will be pléased with lawful sácrifice, *
hólocausts óffered on your áltar.

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

The bones that were crushed shall leap for joy before the Lord.

Antiphon 2

At the very threshold of death, rescue me, Lord.

Canticle – Isaiah 38:10-14, 17-20

Anguish of a dying man and joy in his restoration

I am living, I was dead . . . and I hold the keys of death (Revelation 1:17-18).

Once I said,*
“In the noontime of life I must depart!
To the gates of the nether world I shall be consigned*
for the rest of my years.”

I said, “I shall see the Lord no more*
in the land of the living.
No longer shall I behold my fellow men*
among those who dwell in the world.”

My dwelling, like a shepherd’s tent,*
is struck down and borne away from me;
you have folded up my life, like a weaver*
who severs the last thread.

Day and night you give me over to torment;*
I cry out until the dawn.
Like a lion he breaks all my bones;*
day and night you give me over to torment.

Like a swallow I utter shrill cries;*
I moan like a dove.
My eyes grow weak, gazing heaven-ward:*
O Lord, I am in straits; be my surety!

You have preserved my life*
from the pit of destruction,
when you cast behind your back*

all my sins.

For it is not the nether world that gives you thanks, *
nor death that praises you;
Neither do those who go down into the pit *
await your kindness.

The living, the living give you thanks, *
as I do today.
Fathers declare to their sons, *
O God, your faithfulness.

The Lord is our savior; *
we shall sing to stringed instruments
in the house of the Lord *
all the days of our life.

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

At the very threshold of death, rescue me, Lord.

Antiphon 3

I will praise my God all the days of my life.

Psalms 146

Those who trust in God know what it is to be happy

To praise God in our lives means all we do must be for his glory (Arnobius).

My sóul, give práise to the Lórd; †
I will práise the Lórd all my dáy, *
make músic to my Gód while I líve.

Pút no trúst in prínces, *
in mortal mén in whóm there is no hélp.
Take their bréath, they retúrn to cláy *
and their pláns that dáy come to nóthing.

He is háppy who is hélped by Jacob's Gód, *

whose hópe is in the Lórd his Gód,
who alóne made héaven and éarth,*
the séas and áll they contáin.

It is hé who keeps fáith for éver,*
who is júst to thóse who are oppréssed.
It is hé who gives bréad to the húngry,*
the Lórd, who sets prísoners frée,

the Lórd who gives síght to the blínd,*
who ráises up thóse who are bowed down,
the Lórd, who protécts the stránger*
and uphólds the wídw and órphan.

It is the Lórd who lóves the júst*
but thwárt the páth of the wícked.
The Lórd will réign for éver,*
Zíon's Gód, from áge to áge.

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

I will praise my God all the days of my life.

Sit

READING

1 Thessalonians 4:14

If we believe that Jesus died and rose, God will bring forth with him from the dead those also who have fallen asleep believing in him.

Responsory

I will praise you, Lord, for you have rescued me.

— I will praise you, Lord, for you have rescued me.

You have turned my sorrow into joy,

— for you have rescued me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,

— I will praise you, Lord, for you have rescued me.

Stand

GOSPEL CANTICLE

Antiphon

I am the Resurrection, I am the Life; to believe in me means life, in spite of death, and all who believe and live in me shall never die.

Luke 1:68-79

The Messiah and his forerunner

Make sign of cross

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; *
he has come to his people and set them free.
He has raised up for us a mighty savior, *
born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets he promised of old †
that he would save us from our enemies, *
from the hands of all who hate us.
He promised to show mercy to our fathers *
and to remember his holy covenant.

This was the oath he swore to our father Abraham: *
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
free to worship him without fear, *
holy and righteous in his sight all the days of our life.

You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High; *
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
to give his people knowledge of salvation *
by the forgiveness of their sins.

In the tender compassion of our God *
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, *
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

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

I am the Resurrection, I am the Life; to believe in me means life, in spite of death, and all who believe and live in me shall never die.

INTERCESSIONS

Let us pray to the all-powerful Father who raised Jesus from the dead and gives new life to our mortal bodies, and say to him:

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

Father, through baptism we have been buried with your Son and have risen with him in his resurrection, grant that we may walk in newness of life so that when we die, we may live with Christ for ever.

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

Provident Father, you have given us the living bread that has come down from heaven and which should always be eaten worthily, grant that we may eat this bread worthily and be raised up to eternal life on the last day.

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

Lord, you sent an angel to comfort your Son in his agony, give us the hope of your consolation when death draws near.

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

You delivered the three youths from the fiery furnace, free your faithful ones from the punishment they suffer for their sins.

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

God of the living and the dead, you raised Jesus from the dead, raise up those who have died and grant that we may share eternal glory with them.

— Lord, give us new life in Christ.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Lord, hear our prayers.
By raising your Son from the dead, you have given us faith.
Strengthen our hope that **N.**, our brother (sister),
will share in his resurrection.

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.

Dismissal

May the Lord bless us, protect us from all evil and bring us to
everlasting life.

— Amen.

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