

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

August 30, 2026

{ Twenty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time }



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

Hail, O day, of all days most glorious,
blessed day of Christ's noble victory,
day of gladness, worthy of endless joy,
first and foremost.

Light divine now shines over all the blind:
Christ the victor harrows the underworld,
conqu'ring death he reconciles us to God,
least to highest.

By the judgment of our eternal King
all were sentenced under the law of sin,
that from heaven grace for the poor and weak
might bring solace.

In his wisdom and everlasting pow'r,
God with mercy tempered his holy wrath,
though the foolish world ran on heedlessly,
all to ruin.

He is risen, free from the pow'r of hell,
great restorer of the whole human race,
on his shoulders bearing his wayward sheep
up to heaven.

Peace of angels graces the human race;
ranks of heaven grow and fill up again;
praise is fitting to our triumphant Lord,
praise eternal.

Let the Church our Mother now raise her voice

with the choirs of heaven in harmony.
Let the faithful cry out with joy this day:
Alleluia!

Death is conquered, vanquished and powerless;
with delight let all sing in victory:
Peace on earth, and let jubilation ring
in high heaven. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: Tothill, 10 10 10 4; ICEL, 2021

Plainsong, mode VII, melody 91; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Salve dies,
dierum gloria, Adam of St. Victor, 12th c.*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

Lord, our God, in splendor and majesty you are clothed, wrapped
in light as in a robe, alleluia.

Psalm 104

Hymn to God the Creator

*To be in Christ means being a completely new creature. Everything of the old is gone,
now everything is made anew (2 Corinthians 5:17).*

I

Bléss the Lórd, my sóul! *
Lord Gód, how gréat you áre,
clóthed in májesty and glóry, *
wrápped in líght as in a róbe!

You strétch out the héavens like a tént. *
Above the ráins you buíld your dwélling.
You máke the clóuds your cháriot, *

and wálk on the wíngs of the wínd;
you máke the wínds your méssengers *
and fláshing fire your sérvants.

You fóunded the éarth on its báse, *
to stand firm from áge to áge.
You wrápped it with the ócean like a clóak: *
the wáters stood hígher than the móuntains.

At your thréat they tóok to flíght; *
at the vóice of your thúnder they fléd.
They róse over the móuntains and flowed dówn *
to the pláce which yóu had appóinted.
You set the límits they míght not páss *
lest they retúrñ to cóver the éarth.

You make spríngs gush fórth in the válleys: *
they flów in betwéen the hílls.
They give drínk to all the béasts of the field; *
the wíld-asses quénch their thírst.
On their bánkš dwell the bírds of héaven; *
from the bráñches they síng their sóng.

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.

Antiphon

Lord, our God, in splendor and majesty you are clothed, wrapped
in light as in a robe, alleluia.

Antiphon 2

The Lord has brought forth bread from the earth, and wine to give
warmth to men's hearts, alleluia.

II

From your dwélling you wáter the hílls; *
éarth drinks its fill of your gíft.
You máke the grass grów for the cáttle *
and the plánts to sérve man's néeds,

that he may bring forth bréad from the éarth *
and wíne to chéer man's héart;
óíl, to máke him glád *
and bréad to stréngthen man's héart.

The trées of the Lórd drink their fill, *
the cégars he plánted on Lébanon;
thére the bírds build their nésts: *
on the trée-top the stórk has her hóme.
The góats find a hóme on the móuntains *
and rábbits híde in the rócks.

You made the móon to márk the mónths; *
the sún knows the tíme for its sétting.
When you spréad the dárkness it is níght *
and all the béasts of the fórest creep fórh.
The young líons róar for their préy *
and ásk their fód from Gód.

At the rísing of the sún they steal awáy *
and gó to rést in their déns.
Mán goes fórh to his wórk, *
to lábor till évening fálls.

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 Lord has brought forth bread from the earth, and wine to give warmth to men's hearts, alleluia.

Antiphon 3

The Lord looked upon all he had made and saw that it was very good, alleluia.

III

How mány are your wórk, O Lórd! †
In wísdóm you have máde them áll. *
The éarth is fúll of your ríches.

Thére is the séa, vast and wíde, †
with its móving swárms past cóunting, *
living things gréat and smáll.
The shíps are móving thére *
and the mónsters you máde to pláy with.

Áll of thése look to yóu *
to gíve them their fód in due séason.
You gíve it, they gáther it úp: *
you ópen your hánd, they have their fíll.

You híde your fáce, they are dísmáyed; †
you táke back your spírit, they díe, *
retúrning to the dúst from which they cáme.
You sénd forth your spírit, they are créated; *
and you renéw the fáce of the éarth.

May the glóry of the Lórd last foréver! *
May the Lórd rejóice in his wórks!
He lóoks on the éarth and it trémbles; *
the móuntains send forth smóke at his tóuch.

I will síng to the Lórd all my lífe, *
make músic to my Gód while I líve.
May my thóughts be pléasing to hím. *
I fínd my jóy in the Lórd.
Let sínners vánish from the éarth †
and the wícked exíst no móre. *
Bléss the Lórd, my sóul.

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.

Antiphon

The Lord looked upon all he had made and saw that it was very good, alleluia.

VERSE

Blessed are your eyes, for they see God's works.

— And your ears, for they hear his word.

Sit

READINGS

First reading

From the book of the prophet Jeremiah

11:18-20; 12:1-13

A prophet speaks from the heart

I knew it because the Lord informed me; at that time you, O Lord, showed me their doings.

You would be in the right, O Lord,
if I should dispute with you;
even so, I must discuss the case with you.

Why does the way of the godless prosper,
why live all the treacherous in contentment?

You planted them; they have taken root,
they keep on growing and bearing fruit.

You are upon their lips,
but far from their inmost thoughts.

You, O Lord, know me, you see me,
you have found that at heart I am with you.

Pick them out like sheep for the slaughter,
set them apart for the day of carnage.

How long must the earth mourn,
the green of the whole countryside wither?
For the wickedness of those who dwell in it
beasts and birds disappear,
because they say, "God does not see our ways."

If running against men has wearied you,
how will you race against horses?
And if in a land of peace you fall headlong,
what will you do in the thickets of the Jordan?

For even your own brothers, the members of your father's house,
betray you; they have recruited a force against you. Do not believe

them, even if they are friendly to you in their words.

Yet I, like a trusting lamb led to slaughter, had not realized that they were hatching plots against me: "Let us destroy the tree in its vigor; let us cut him off from the land of the living, so that his name will be spoken no more."

But, you, O Lord of hosts, O just Judge,
searcher of mind and heart,
Let me witness the vengeance you take on them,
for to you I have entrusted my cause!

I abandon my house,
cast off my heritage;
The beloved of my soul I deliver
into the hand of her foes.
My heritage has turned on me
like a lion in the jungle;
Because she has roared against me,
I treat her as an enemy.
My heritage is a prey for hyenas,
is surrounded by vultures;
Come, gather together all you beasts of the field,
come and eat!

Many shepherds have ravaged my vineyard,
have trodden my heritage underfoot;
The portion that delighted me
they have turned into a desert waste.
They have made it a mournful waste,
desolate it lies before me,
Desolate, all the land,
because no one takes it to heart.

Upon every desert height
brigands have come up.
The Lord has a sword which consumes
the land, from end to end:
no peace for all mankind.
They have sown wheat and reaped thorns,

they have tired themselves out to no purpose;
They recoil before their harvest,
the flaming anger of the Lord.

Responsory

John 12:27-28; Psalm 42:6

Now my soul is troubled, yet what am I to say: “Father, save me from this hour”? But it was for this very reason that I came to this hour.

— Father, glorify your name.

Why, O my soul, are you sad, and why do you sigh within me?

— Father, glorify your name.

Second reading

From a sermon by Saint Augustine, bishop

(Serm. 23A, 1-4: CCL 41, 321-323)

The Lord has had pity on us

Happy are we if we do the deeds of which we have heard and sung. Our hearing of them means having them planted in us, while our doing them shows that the seed has borne fruit. By saying this, I wish to caution you, dearly beloved, not to enter the Church fruitlessly, satisfied with mere hearing of such mighty blessings and failing to do good works. For *we have been saved by his grace*, says the Apostle, *and not by our works, lest anyone may boast; for it is by his grace that we have been saved*. It is not as if a good life of some sort came first, and that thereupon God showed his love and esteem for it from on high, saying: “Let us come to the aid of these men and assist them quickly because they are living a good life.” No, our life was displeasing to him. He will, therefore, condemn what we have done but he will save what he himself has done in us.

We were not good, but God had pity on us and sent his Son to die, not for good men but for bad ones, not for the just but for the wicked. Yes, *Christ died for the ungodly*. Notice what is written next: *One will hardly die for a righteous man, though perhaps for a good man one will dare even to die*. Perhaps someone can be found who will

dare to die for a good man; but for the unjust man, for the wicked one, the sinner, who would be willing to die except Christ alone who is so just that he justifies even the unjust?

And so, my brothers, we had no good works, for all our works were evil. Yet although men's actions were such, God in his mercy did not abandon men. He sent his Son to redeem us, not with gold or silver but at the price of his blood poured out for us. Christ, the spotless lamb, became the sacrificial victim, led to the slaughter for the sheep that were blemished—if indeed one can say that they were blemished and not entirely corrupt. Such is the grace we have received! Let us live so as to be worthy of that great grace, and not do injury to it. So mighty is the physician who has come to us that he has healed all our sins! If we choose to be sick once again, we will not only harm ourselves, but show ingratitude to the physician as well.

Let us then follow Christ's paths which he has revealed to us, above all the path of humility, which he himself became for us. He showed us that path by his precepts, and he himself followed it by his suffering on our behalf. In order to die for us—because as God he could not die—*the Word became flesh and dwelt among us*. The immortal One took on mortality that he might die for us, and by dying put to death our death.

This is what the Lord did, this the gift he granted to us. The mighty one was brought low, the lowly one was slain, and after he was slain, he rose again and was exalted. For he did not intend to leave us dead in hell, but to exalt in himself at the resurrection of the dead those whom he had already exalted and made just by the faith and praise they gave him. Yes, he gave us the path of humility. If we keep to it we shall confess our belief in the Lord and have good reason to sing: *We shall praise you, God, we shall praise you and call upon your name*.

Responsory

Psalm 86:12-13; 118:28

I will give thanks to you, O Lord my God, with all my heart,
— for great is your mercy toward me.

You are my God, I give you thanks; my God, I give praise to you.

— For great is your mercy toward me.

Stand

TE DEUM

You are God: we praise you;
You are the Lord: we acclaim you;
You are the eternal Father:
All creation worships you.

To you all angels, all the powers of heaven,
Cherubim and Seraphim, sing in endless praise:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.

The glorious company of apostles praise you.
The noble fellowship of prophets praise you.
The white-robed army of martyrs praise you.

Throughout the world the holy Church acclaims you:
Father, of majesty unbounded,
your true and only Son, worthy of all worship,
and the Holy Spirit, advocate and guide.

You, Christ, are the King of glory,
the eternal Son of the Father.

When you became man to set us free
you did not spurn the Virgin's womb.

You overcame the sting of death,
and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

You are seated at God's right hand in glory.
We believe that you will come, and be our judge.

Come then, Lord, and help your people,
bought with the price of your own blood,
and bring us with your saints
to glory everlasting.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Almighty God,
every good thing comes from you.
Fill our hearts with love for you,
increase our faith,
and by your constant care
protect the good you have given us.

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.

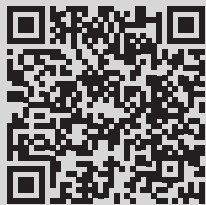
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