

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

September 13, 2025

{ Memorial – John Chrysostom, Bishop and Doctor }



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

Eternal Sun, whose splendid rays,
pervading all created things,
infuse our minds with heav'nly light;
our hearts rejoice to sing your praise.

Enkindled by your Spirit's care,
resplendent lamps of living flame
shed light on earth through ev'ry age,
revealing paths that save and heal.

The truth of words from heaven sent,
the truth that human minds can teach,
has shone with new and clearer light
through these, the stewards of your grace.

This blest partaker of their crown,
revered for teachings filled with light,
whom we acclaim with hymns of praise,
has shone in splendor with the saints.

O grant us, Lord our God, we pray
this teacher's loving patronage,
that, running on the paths of truth,
we hold the course and come to you.

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: MELCOMBE, 8 8 8 8; Samuel Webbe the elder, 1740-1816

*Plainsong, mode IV, melody 84; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Æterne sol,
qui lumine, 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 fóc
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 wíthín 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 thínigs.

Sóme lay in dárkness and in glóom, *
prisoners in mísery and cháins,
Having defied the wórds of Gód *
and spúrned 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 Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

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

Antiphon 2

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

II

Some were síck on accóunt of their síns *
and afflícted 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 réscued 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 sèttles the húngry *
and they build a cíty to dwéll in.

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

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

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 héeđ these thínghs *
and consíder the lóve of 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

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.

Sit

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 homily by Saint John Chrysostom, bishop

(Ante exsilium, nn. 1-3: PG 52, 427-430)*

Life to me means Christ, and death is gain

The waters have risen and severe storms are upon us, but we do
not fear drowning, for we stand firmly upon a rock. Let the sea

rage, it cannot break the rock. Let the waves rise, they cannot sink the boat of Jesus. What are we to fear? Death? Life to me means Christ, and death is gain. Exile? *The earth and its fullness belong to the Lord.* The confiscation of goods? *We brought nothing into this world, and we shall surely take nothing from it.* I have only contempt for the world's threats, I find its blessings laughable. I have no fear of poverty, no desire for wealth. I am not afraid of death nor do I long to live, except for your good. I concentrate therefore on the present situation, and I urge you, my friends, to have confidence.

Do you not hear the Lord saying: *Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in their midst?* Will he be absent, then, when so many people united in love are gathered together? I have his promise; I am surely not going to rely on my own strength! I have what he has written; that is my staff, my security, my peaceful harbor. Let the world be in upheaval. I hold to his promise and read his message; that is my protecting wall and garrison. What message? *Know that I am with you always, until the end of the world!*

If Christ is with me, whom shall I fear? Though the waves and the sea and the anger of princes are roused against me, they are less to me than a spider's web. Indeed, unless you, my brothers, had detained me, I would have left this very day. For I always say *Lord, your will be done*; not what this fellow or that would have me do, but what you want me to do. That is my strong tower, my immovable rock, my staff that never gives way. If God wants something, let it be done! If he wants me to stay here, I am grateful. But wherever he wants me to be, I am no less grateful.

Yet where I am, there you are too, and where you are, I am. For we are a single body, and the body cannot be separated from the head nor the head from the body. Distance separates us, but love unites us, and death itself cannot divide us. For though my body die, my soul will live and be mindful of my people.

You are my fellow citizens, my fathers, my brothers, my sons, my limbs, my body. You are my light, sweeter to me than the visible light. For what can the rays of the sun bestow on me that is comparable to your love? The sun's light is useful in my earthly life, but your love is fashioning a crown for me in the life to come.

Responsory

2 Timothy 2:9-10; Psalm 27:1

Because I preach the Gospel, I suffer hardships even to the point of being thrown into chains like a criminal, but the word of God is not chained.

— I endure all of this for the sake of the chosen.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom should I fear?

— I endure all of this for the sake of the chosen.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Father,
the strength of all who trust in you,
you made John Chrysostom
renowned for his eloquence
and heroic in his sufferings.
May we learn from his teaching
and gain courage from his patient endurance.

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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