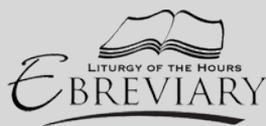


*Liturgy of the Hours*  
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

DAYTIME PRAYER

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April 4, 2026  
{ Holy Saturday }



*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.

HYMN

O Cross, true blessing for the world,  
our sure redemption, certain hope,  
of old you bore the curse of hell  
and now you shine as heaven's gate.

Your Victim, lifted up on high,  
has drawn all things unto himself;  
this world's deceitful prince attacks,  
yet nothing finds to call his own.

May equal glory be to you,  
O Father, Jesus, Paraclete,  
who give the vict'ry of the Cross  
to be our joy for evermore. Amen.

*Metrical hymn, melody: O WALY WALY, 8 8 8 8; English traditional melody*

*Plainsong, mode II, melody 50; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Crux, mundi benedictio, St. Peter Damian, O.S.B. Camald., ca. 1007-1072*

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PSALMODY

*Antiphon*

Lord, you have saved my soul from hell.

*Psalm 27*

*God stands by us in dangers*

*God now truly dwells with men (Revelation 21:3).*

The Lórd is my líght and my hélp; \*  
whóm shall I féar?

The Lórd is the stróngthold of my lífe; \*  
before whóm shall I shrínk?

When évil-dóers draw néar \*  
to devóur my flésh,  
it is théy, my énemies and fóes, \*  
who stúmbles and fáll.

Though an ármý encámp agáinst me \*  
my héart would not féar.  
Though wár break óut agáinst me \*  
even thén would I trúst.

There is óne thing I ásk of the Lórd, \*  
for thís I lóng,  
to líve in the hóuse of the Lórd, \*  
all the dáys of my lífe,  
to sávor the swéetness of the Lórd, \*  
to behóld his témples.

For thére he keeps me sáfe in his tént \*  
in the dáy of évil.  
He hídes me in the shéltér of his tént, \*  
on a rók he sets me sáfe.

And nów my héad shall be ráised \*  
above my fóes who surróund me  
and I shall óffer withín his tént †  
a sácrífice of jóy.\*

I will síng and make músic for the Lórd.

O Lórd, hear my vóice when I cáll; \*  
have mércy and ánswer.

Of yóu my héart has spóken: \*  
“Séek his fáce.”

It is your fáce, O Lórd, that I séek; \*  
híde not your fáce.

Dismíss not your sérvant in ánger; \*  
yóu have been my hélp.

Dó not abándon or forsáke me, \*  
O Gód my hélp!

Though fáther and móther forsáke me, \*  
the Lórd will recéive me.

Instrúct me, Lórd, in your wáy; \*  
on an éven path léad me.

When they líe in ámbush protéct me \*  
from my énemy’s gréed.

False wítnesses ríse agáinst me, \*  
bréathing out fúry.

I am síure I shall see the Lord’s góodness \*  
in the lánd of the líving.

Hope in hím, hold fírm and take héart. \*  
Hópe in 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.

*Psalm 30*

*Thanksgiving for deliverance from death*

*Christ, risen in glory, gives continual thanks to his Father (Cassian).*

I will práise you, Lórd, yóu have réscued me \*  
and have nót let my énemies rejóice óver me.

O Lórd, I críed to you for hélp \*

and yóu, my Gód, have héaled me.  
O Lórd, you have ráised my sóul from the déad, \*  
restóred me to life from those who sínk into the gráve.

Sing psálms to the Lórd, you who lóve him, \*  
give thánks to his hólý náme.  
His ánger lasts a móment; his fávor all through life. \*  
At níght there are téars, but jóy comes with dáwn.

I sáid to mysélf in my good fórtune: \*  
“Nóthing will éver distúrb me.”  
Your fávor had sét me on a móuntain fástness, \*  
then you híd your fáce and I was pút to confúsióin.

To yóu, Lórd, I críed, \*  
to my Gód I máde appéál:  
“What prófit would my déath be, my góing to the gráve? \*  
Can dúst give you práise or procláim your trúth?”

The Lórd listened and had píty. \*  
The Lórd cáme to my hélp.  
For mé you have chánged my móurning into dáncing, \*  
you remóved my sáckcloth and clóthed me with jóy.  
So my sóul sings psálms to you unceásingly. \*  
O Lord my Gód, I will thánk you for éver.

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 76*

*Thanksgiving for victory*

*They will see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven (Matthew 24:30).*

Gód is made knówn in Júdah; \*  
in Ísraél his náme is gréat.  
He sét up his tént in Jerúsalem \*  
and his dwélling pláce in Zíon.  
It was thére he bróke the flashing árrows, \*  
the shíeld, the swórd, the ármor.

Yóu, O Lórd, are respléndent,\*  
more majéstic than the éverlasting móuntains.  
The wárriors, despóiled, slept in déath;\*  
the hánds of the sóldiers were pówerless.  
At your thréat, O Gód of Jácob,\*  
hórse and ríder lay stúnned.

Yóu, you alóne, strike térror.\*  
Who shall stánd when your ánger is róused?  
You úttered your séntence from the héavens;\*  
the éarth in térror was stíll  
when Gód aróse to júdge,\*  
to sáve the húmble of the éarth.

Men's ánger will sérve to práise you; †  
its survívors surróund you in jój.\*  
Make vóws to your Gód and fulfill them.  
Let all pay tríbute to hím who strikes térror, †  
who cúts short the life of prínces,\*  
who strikes térror in the kíngs of the éarth.

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, you have saved my soul from hell.

*Sit*

READING

*1 John 2:1b-2*

We have, in the presence of the Father,  
Jesus Christ, an intercessor who is just.  
He is an offering for our sins,  
and not for our sins only,  
but for those of the whole world.

*Verse*

The Lord kills and gives life.

— He thrusts men down to hell and raises them up again.

*Stand*

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

All-powerful and ever-living God,  
your only Son went down among the dead  
and rose again in glory.

In your goodness  
raise up your faithful people,  
buried with him in baptism,  
to be one with him  
in the eternal life of heaven,  
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.

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