

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

December 24, 2024

{ Tuesday of the Fourth Week of Advent }



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

Redeemer of the nations, come;
reveal yourself by virgin birth.
Let ev'ry age with wonder know
that such a birth befits our God.

Conceived not from the seed of man
but by the Spirit's wondrous breath,
the Word of God is now made flesh,
as Mary's womb brings forth its fruit.

The Virgin's womb grows great with child,
this cloister is for ever pure;
the banners of her virtues gleam,
for in this temple God resides.

From bridal chamber let him come,
from royal Virgin, palace chaste,
with twofold nature God and man,
a champion swift to run his course.

The eternal Father's Equal, come,
bind on the trophy of our flesh,
and strengthen with your lasting pow'r
the weakness of our mortal frame.

Your manger now with splendor shines
and night breathes forth new radiant light,
which no night may corrupt or dim:
so let it shine through constant faith.

To you, O Christ, most loving King,

and to the Father, glory be,
one with the Spirit Paraclete,
from age to age for evermore. Amen.

*Metrical hymn, melody: Breslau, 8 8 8 8; first appeared in As Hymnodus Sacer,
Leipzig, 1625, adapted by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, 1809–1847*

*Plainsong, mode II, melody 46; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983; Text: Veni,
redemptor gentium, St. Ambrose, 340–397*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

Lord, let my cry come to you; do not hide your face from me.

Psalm 102

The longings and prayers of an exile

God comforts us in all our troubles (2 Corinthians 1:4).

I

O Lórd, listen to my práyer *
and let my crý for hélp réach you.
Do not híde your fáce from mé *
in the dáy of mý distréss.
Túrn your éar towáreds me *
and ánsver me quíckly when I cáll.

For my dáys are vánishing like smóke, *
my bónes burn awáy like a fire.
My héart is wíthered like the gráss. *
I forgét to éat my bréad.
I crý with áll my stréngth *
and my skín clíngs to my bónes.

I have becóme like a pélican in the wilderness, *
like an ówl in désolate pláces.

I líe awáke and I móan *

like some lónely bírd on a róof.

All day lóng my fóes revíle me; *

those who háte me use my náme as a cúrse.

The bréad I éat is áshes; *

my drínk is míngled with téars.

In your ánger, Lórd, and your fúry *

you have lífted me up and thrówn me dówn.

My dáys are like a pássing sháadow *

and I wíther awáy like the gráss.

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, let my cry come to you; do not hide your face from me.

Antiphon 2

Be attentive, Lord, to the prayer of the helpless.

II

But yóu, O Lórd, will endúre for éver *
and your náme from áge to áge.

Yóu will arise and have mércy on Zíon: †

for thís is the tíme to have mércy; *

yes, the tíme appóinted has cóme

for your sérvants lóve her véry stónes, *

are moved with píty éven for her dúst.

The nátions shall féar the náme of the Lórd *

and áll the earth's kíngs your glóry,

when the Lórd shall buíld up Zíon agáin *

and appéar in áll his glóry.

Thén he will túrn to the práyers of the hélpless; *

he will nótdespíse their práyers.

Let this be written for ages to come *
that a people yet unborn may praise the Lord;
for the Lord leaned down from his sanctuary on high. *
He looked down from heaven to the earth
that he might hear the groans of the prisoners *
and free those condemned to die.

The sons of your servants shall dwell untroubled *
and their race shall endure before you
that the name of the Lord may be proclaimed in Zion *
and his praise in the heart of Jerusalem,
when peoples and kingdoms are gathered together *
to pay their homage to the Lord.

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

Be attentive, Lord, to the prayer of the helpless.

Antiphon 3

You, O Lord, established the earth, and the heavens are the work of your hands.

III

He has broken my strength in mid-course; *
he has shortened the days of my life.
I say to God: "Do not take me away †
before my days are complete, *
you, whose days last from age to age.

Long ago you founded the earth *
and the heavens are the work of your hands.
They will perish but you will remain. *
They will all wear out like a garment.
You will change them like clothes that are changed. *
But you neither change, nor have an end."

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

You, O Lord, established the earth, and the heavens are the work of your hands.

VERSE

The Lord proclaims his word to Jacob.

— His law and decrees to Israel.

Sit

READINGS

First reading

From the book of the prophet Isaiah

51:17—52:2, 7-10

The good news is brought to Jerusalem

Awake, awake!

Arise, O Jerusalem,

You who drank at the Lord's hand

the cup of his wrath;

Who drained to the dregs

the bowl of staggering!

She has no one to guide her

of all the sons she bore;

She has no one to grasp her by the hand,

of all the sons she reared!—

Your misfortunes are double;

who is there to condole with you?

Desolation and destruction, famine and sword!

Who is there to comfort you?

Your sons lie helpless

at every street corner

like antelopes in a net.

They are filled with the wrath of the Lord,

the rebuke of your God.

But now, hear this, O afflicted one,
drunk, but not with wine,
Thus says the Lord, your Master,
your God, who defends his people:

See, I am taking from your hand
the cup of staggering;
The bowl of my wrath
you shall no longer drink.
I will put it into the hands of your tormentors,
those who ordered you to bow down,
that they might walk over you,
While you offered your back like the ground,
like the street for them to walk on.

Awake, awake!
Put on your strength, O Zion;
Put on your glorious garments,
O Jerusalem, holy city.
No longer shall the uncircumcised
or the unclean enter you.

Shake off the dust,
ascend to the throne, Jerusalem;
Loose the bonds from your neck,
O captive daughter Zion!

How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of him who brings glad tidings,
Announcing peace, bearing good news,
announcing salvation, and saying to Zion,
“Your God is King!”

Hark! Your watchmen raise a cry,
together they shout for joy,
For they see directly, before their eyes,
the Lord restoring Zion.

Break out together in song,
O ruins of Jerusalem!

For the Lord comforts his people,
he redeems Jerusalem.
The Lord has bared his holy arm
in the sight of all the nations;
All the ends of the earth will behold
the salvation of our God.

Responsory

See Exodus 19:10, 11; Deuteronomy 7:15; see Daniel 9:24

Cleanse yourselves, sons of Israel, says the Lord; for tomorrow your
Lord will come down,

— and he will take away from you all weaknesses.

Tomorrow the wickedness of the earth will be destroyed, and the
Savior of the world will rule over us.

— And he will take away from you all weaknesses.

Second reading

From a sermon by Saint Augustine, bishop

(Sermo 185: PL 38, 997-999)

Truth has arisen from the earth, and justice looked down from heaven

Awake, mankind! For your sake God has become man. *Awake, you who sleep, rise up from the dead, and Christ will enlighten you.* I tell you again: for your sake, God became man.

You would have suffered eternal death, had he not been born in time. Never would you have been freed from sinful flesh, had he not taken on himself the likeness of sinful flesh. You would have suffered everlasting unhappiness, had it not been for this mercy. You would never have returned to life, had he not shared your death. You would have been lost if he had not hastened to your aid. You would have perished, had he not come.

Let us then joyfully celebrate the coming of our salvation and redemption. Let us celebrate the festive day on which he who is the great and eternal day came from the great and endless day of eternity into our own short day of time.

He has become our justice, our sanctification, our redemption, so that, as it is written: Let him who glories glory in the Lord.

Truth, then, has arisen from the earth: Christ who said, I am the Truth, was born of the Virgin. And justice looked down from heaven: because believing in this new-born child, man is justified not by himself but by God.

Truth has arisen from the earth: because the Word was made flesh. And justice looked down from heaven: because every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.

Truth has arisen from the earth: flesh from Mary. And justice looked down from heaven: for man can receive nothing unless it has been given him from heaven.

Justified by faith, let us be at peace with God: for justice and peace have embraced one another. Through our Lord Jesus Christ: for Truth has arisen from the earth. Through whom we have access to that grace in which we stand, and our boast is in our hope of God's glory. He does not say: "of our glory," but of God's glory: for justice has not come out of us but has looked down from heaven. Therefore he who glories, let him glory, not in himself, but in the Lord.

For this reason, when our Lord was born of the Virgin, the message of the angelic voices was: *Glory to God in the highest, and peace to men of good will.*

For how could there be peace on earth unless *Truth has arisen from the earth*, that is, unless Christ were born of our flesh? And *he is our peace who made the two into one*: that we might be men of good will, sweetly linked by the bond of unity.

Let us then rejoice in this grace, so that our glorying may bear witness to our good conscience by which we glory, not in ourselves, but in the Lord. That is why Scripture says: *He is my glory, the one who lifts up my head.* For what greater grace could God have made to dawn on us than to make his only Son become the son of man, so that a son of man might in his turn become son of God?

Ask if this were merited; ask for its reason, for its justification, and see whether you will find any other answer but sheer grace.

Responsory

Isaiah 11:1, 5, 2

A shoot shall grow from the root of Jesse, and there a flower shall blossom.

— Justice will be the girdle around his loins, and faithfulness the belt around his waist.

The Spirit of the Lord will rest upon him: a spirit of wisdom and understanding, a spirit of counsel and fortitude.

— Justice will be the girdle around his loins, and faithfulness the belt around his waist.

Stand

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

Come, Lord Jesus,
do not delay;
give new courage to your people who trust in your love.
By your coming, raise us to the joy of your kingdom,
where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever.

— Amen.

Acclamation

Let us praise the Lord.

— And give him thanks.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The English translation of Antiphons, Invitatories, Responsories, Intercessions, Psalm 95, the Canticle of the Lamb, Psalm Prayers, Non-Biblical Readings, Hagiographical Introductions from *The Liturgy of the Hours* © 1973, 1974, 1975, International Commission on English in the Liturgy Corporation (ICEL); excerpts from the English translation of *The Roman Missal* © 2010, ICEL; the English translation of Hymns from *The Liturgy of the Hours* © 2023. All rights reserved.

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