

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

DAYTIME PRAYER

April 19, 2025

{ 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*

*The English translation of Hymns and chants from The Liturgy of the Hours © 2023
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Sit or stand

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 jój.*

I will sing and make music for the Lord.

O Lord, hear my voice when I call; *
have mercy and answer.

Of you my heart has spoken: *
“Seek his face.”

It is your face, O Lord, that I seek; *
hide not your face.

Dismiss not your servant in anger; *
you have been my help.

Do not abandon or forsake me, *
O God my help!

Though father and mother forsake me, *
the Lord will receive me.

Instruct me, Lord, in your way; *
on an even path lead me.

When they lie in ambush protect me *
from my enemy's greed.

False witnesses rise against me, *
breathing out fury.

I am sure I shall see the Lord's goodness *
in the land of the living.

Hope in him, hold firm and take heart. *
Hope in 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.

Psalm 30

Thanksgiving for deliverance from death

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

I will praise you, Lord, you have rescued me *
and have not let my enemies rejoice over me.

O Lord, I cried to you for help *

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

Sing psálms to the Lórd, you who lóve him, *
give thánks to his hóly náme.
His ánger lasts a móment; his fávor all through lífe. *
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 confúsiún.

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

The Lórd lístened 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 uncéasingly. *
O Lord my Gód, I will thánk you for éver.

Glory to the Fátter, and to the Son, *
and to the Hóly Spírit:
as it was in the béginning, is now, *
and will be for éver. 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 árróws, *
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 jóy. *
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 Fátter, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spírit:
as it was in the béginning, is now, *
and will be for éver. Amen.

Antiphon

Lord, you have saved my soul from hell.

Sit

READING

1 John 2:1b-2

We have, in the presence of the Fátter,
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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