

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

MORNING PRAYER

October 31, 2025

{ Friday of the 30th Week in Ordinary Time }



Invitatory

Stand and make sign of cross on lips with thumb

Lord, open my lips.

— And my mouth will proclaim your praise.

Psalm 95

A call to praise God

Encourage each other daily while it is still today (Hebrews 3:13).

Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

Come, let us sing to the Lord

and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us.

Let us approach him with praise and thanksgiving

and sing joyful songs to the Lord.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

The Lord is God, the mighty God,

the great king over all the gods.

He holds in his hands the depths of the earth

and the highest mountains as well.

He made the sea; it belongs to him,

the dry land, too, for it was formed by his hands.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

Come, then, let us bow down and worship,

bending the knee before the Lord, our maker.

For he is our God and we are his people,

the flock he shepherds.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

Today, listen to the voice of the Lord:

Do not grow stubborn, as your fathers did

in the wilderness,

when at Meriba and Massah

they challenged me and provoked me,

Although they had seen all of my works.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

Forty years I endured that generation.

I said, “They are a people whose hearts go astray
and they do not know my ways.”

So I swore in my anger,

“They shall not enter into my rest.”

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

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.

— Come, let us praise the Lord; in him is all our delight.

Morning Prayer

HYMN

O God, the light of heav’n above,
you open wide your great right hand,
to strew with light the firmament,
upheld by your paternal arm.

Already dawn has veiled the stars:
she lifts her streams of reddish gold
and with a moist and gentle breeze
baptizes earth with sparkling dew.

Now as the shades of night withdraw
and darkness, fleeing, quits the sky,
the daystar, figure of the Christ,
bestirs and wakes the sleeping day.

O God, you are the Day of days,
and you alone the Light of light,
one God of pow’r throughout all things,
almighty Godhead, Three in One.

To you, O Savior, now we raise

our humble prayer on bended knee,
as with full voice we sing and praise
the Father with the Spirit blest. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: Morning Hymn, 8 8 8 8; François Barthélémon, 1741–1808

Plainsong, mode IV, melody 70; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Deus, qui
cæli lumen es, 5–6th c.*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

A humble, contrite heart, O God, you will not spurn.

Psalms 51

O God, have mercy on me

*Your inmost being must be renewed, and you must put on the new man (Ephesians
4:23–24).*

Have mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness.*
In your compássion blot óut my offéense.
O wásh me more and móre from my guílt*
and cléanse me fróm my sín.

My offéenses trúly I knów them;*
my sín is álways befóre me.
Against yóu, you alóne, have I sínned;*
what is évil in your síght I have dóne.

That you may be jústified whén you give séntence*
and be withóut repróach when you júdge.
O sée, in guílt I was bórn,*
a sínner was Í concéived.

Indéed you love trúth in the héart;*

then in the sécret of my héart teach me wísdóm.
O púrfy me, thén I shall be cléan; *
O wásh me, I shall be whíter than snów.

Make me héar rejóicing and gládness, *
that the bónes you have crúshed may revíve.
From my síns turn awáy your fáce *
and blót out áll my guílt.

A púre heart créate for me, O Gód, *
put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
Do not cást me awáy from your présence, *
nor depríve me of your hólý spírit.

Give me agáin the jóy of your hélp; *
with a spírit of férvor sustáin me,
that I may téach transgréssors your wáys *
and sínners may retúrn to yóu.

O réscue me, Gód, my hélper, *
and my tóngue shall ríng out your góodness.
O Lórd, ópen my líps *
and my móuth shall decláre your práise.

For in sácrifice you táke no delíght, *
burnt óffering from mé you would refúse,
my sácrifice, a cóntrite spírit. *
A húmbled, contrite héart you will not spúrn.

In your góodness, show fávor to Zíon: *
rebúild the wálls of Jerúsalem.
Thén you will be pléased with lawful sácrifice, *
hólocausts óffered on your áltar.

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

A humble, contrite heart, O God, you will not spurn.

Antiphon 2

Even in your anger, Lord, you will remember compassion.

Canticle – Habakkuk 3:2-4, 13a, 15-19

God comes to judge

Lift up your heads for your redemption is at hand (Luke 21:28).

O Lord, I have heard your renown, *
and feared, O Lord, your work.
In the course of the years revive it, †
in the course of the years make it known; *
in your wrath remember compassion!

God comes from Teman, *
the Holy One from Mount Paran.
Covered are the heavens with his glory, *
and with his praise the earth is filled.

His splendor spreads like the light; †
rays shine forth from beside him, *
where his power is concealed.
You come forth to save your people, *
to save your anointed one.

You tread the sea with your steeds *
amid the churning of the deep waters.
I hear, and my body trembles; *
at the sound, my lips quiver.

Decay invades my bones, *
my legs tremble beneath me.
I await the day of distress *
that will come upon the people who attack us.

For though the fig tree blossom not *
nor fruit be on the vines,
though the yield of the olive fail *
and the terraces produce no nourishment,
though the flocks disappear from the fold *
and there be no herd in the stalls,

yet will I rejoice in the Lord *
and exult in my saving God.

God, my Lord, is my strength; †
he makes my feet swift as those of hinds *
and enables me to go upon the heights.

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

Even in your anger, Lord, you will remember compassion.

Antiphon 3

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem!

Psalm 147:12-20

The restoration of Jerusalem

Come, I will show you the bride of the Lamb (Revelation 21:9).

O praise the Lórd, Jerúsalem! *
Zíon, praise your Gód!

He has strénghened the bárs of your gátes, *
he has bléssed the children withín you.
He estáblished péace on your bórders, *
he féeds you with fínest whéat.

He sénd's out his wórd to the éarth *
and swiftly rúns his commánd.
He shówers down snów white as wóol, *
he scátters hóar-frost like áshes.

He húrls down háilstones like crúmbs. *
The wáters are frózen at his tóuch;
he sénd's forth his wórd and it mélt's them: *
at the bréath of his móuth the waters flów.

He mákes his wórd known to Jácob, *
to Ísrael his láws and decrées.

He has not déalt thus with óther nátions; *
he has not táught them hís decreés.

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

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem!

Sit

READING

Ephesians 2:13-16

Now in Christ Jesus you who once were far off have been brought near through the blood of Christ. It is he who is our peace, and who made the two of us one by breaking down the barrier of hostility that kept us apart. In his own flesh he abolished the law with its commands and precepts, to create in himself one new man from us who had been two and to make peace, reconciling both of us to God in one body through his cross, which put that enmity to death.

RESPONSORY

The Lord, the Most High, has done good things for me. In need I shall cry out to him.

— The Lord, the Most High, has done good things for me. In need I shall cry out to him.

May he send his strength to rescue me.

— In need I shall cry out to him.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,

— The Lord, the Most High, has done good things for me. In need I shall cry out to him.

Stand

GOSPEL CANTICLE

Antiphon

Through the tender compassion of our God the dawn from on high shall break upon us.

Luke 1:68-79

The Messiah and his forerunner

Make sign of cross

Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; *
he has come to his people and set them free.
He has raised up for us a mighty savior, *
born of the house of his servant David.

Through his holy prophets he promised of old †
that he would save us from our enemies, *
from the hands of all who hate us.
He promised to show mercy to our fathers *
and to remember his holy covenant.

This was the oath he swore to our father Abraham: *
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
free to worship him without fear, *
holy and righteous in his sight all the days of our life.

You, my child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High; *
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
to give his people knowledge of salvation *
by the forgiveness of their sins.

In the tender compassion of our God *
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, *
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

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

Through the tender compassion of our God the dawn from on high shall break upon us.

INTERCESSIONS

Let us adore Christ who offered himself to the Father through the Holy Spirit to cleanse us from the works of death. Let us adore him and call upon him with sincere hearts:

— In your will is our peace, Lord.

From your generosity we have received the beginning of this day, grant us also the beginning of new life.

— In your will is our peace, Lord.

You created all things, and now you provide for their growth, may we always perceive your handiwork in creation.

— In your will is our peace, Lord.

With your own blood, you ratified the new and eternal covenant, may we remain faithful to that covenant by following your precepts.

— In your will is our peace, Lord.

On the cross, blood and water flowed from your side, may this saving stream wash away our sins and gladden the City of God.

— In your will is our peace, Lord.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,

and forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us,

and lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil.

Concluding Prayer

All-powerful Father,
as now we bring you our songs of praise,
so may we sing your goodness
in the company of your saints for ever.

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.

Dismissal

May the Lord bless us, protect us from all evil and bring us to
everlasting life.

— Amen.

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