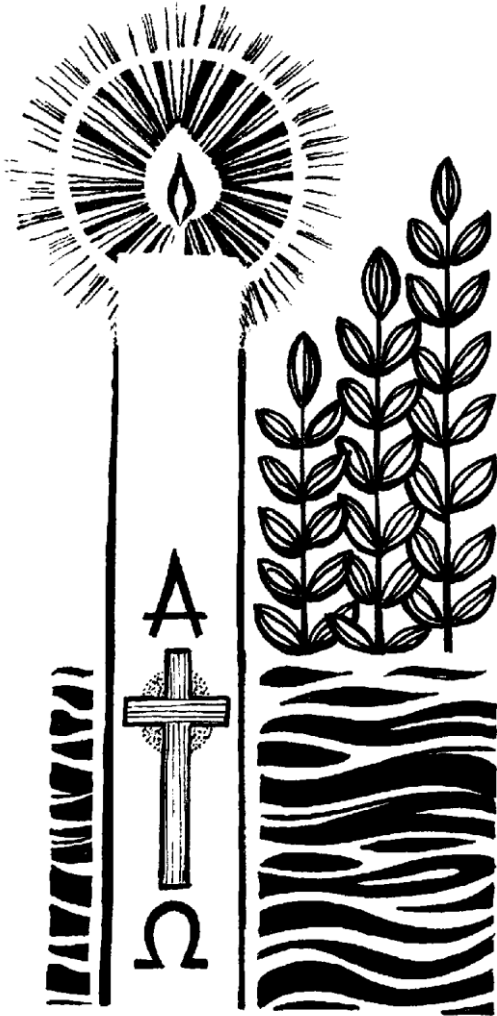


EASTERTIDE VESPERS

FRIDAY B



BENEDICTINE COMMUNITIES
TURVEY BEDFORDSHIRE

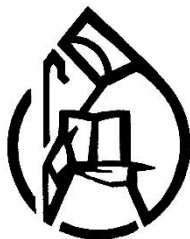
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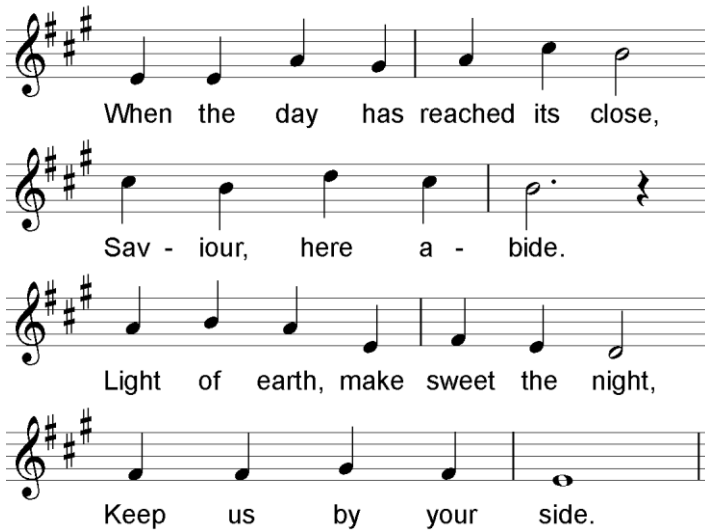
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HYMN

Stanbrook Abbey



When the day has reached its close,
Sav - iour, here a - bid e.
Light of earth, make sweet the night,
Keep us by your side.

Living Word, life-giving Bread,
Presence ever-blest:
Enter, Paraclete, and stay,
Jesus, welcome Guest!

Enter, break the bread for us,
Make our hearts rejoice;
Lift our sadness with your loved,
Life-restoring voice.

Trinity of love and power,
Guide us with your grace;
Be the bread our hearts desire,
And our resting-place.

Turvey

It is for you that I suffer taunts,
that shame covers my face,
that I have become a stranger to my brothers,
an alien to my own mother's sons.
I burn with zeal for your house
and taunts against you fall on me.

When I afflict my soul with fasting
they make it a taunt against me.
When I put on sackcloth in mourning
then they make me a byword,
the gossip of men at the gates,
the subject of drunkards' songs.

This is my prayer to you,
my prayer for your favour.
In your great love, answer me, O God,
with your help that never fails:
rescue me from sinking in the mud;
save me from my foes.

Save me from the waters of the deep
lest the waves overwhelm me.
Do not let the deep engulf me
nor death close its mouth on me.

(This section is read)

Lord, answer, for your love is kind;
in your compassion, turn towards me.
Do not hide your face from your servant;
answer quickly for I am in distress.
Come close to my soul and redeem me;
ransom me pressed by my foes.

You know how they taunt and deride me;
my oppressors are all before you.
Taunts have broken my heart;
I have reached the end of my strength.
I looked in vain for compassion,
for consolers; not one could I find.

For food they gave me poison;
in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.
Let their table be a snare to them
and their festive banquets a trap.
Let their eyes grow dim and blind;
let their limbs tremble and shake.

Pour out your anger upon them,
let the heat of your fury overtake them.
Let their camp be left desolate;
let no one dwell in their tents:
for they persecute one whom you struck;
they increase the pain of him you wounded.

Charge them with guilt upon guilt;
let them never be found just in your sight.
Blot them out from the book of the living;
do not enrol them among the just.
As for me in my poverty and pain
let your help, O God, lift me up.

I will praise God's name with a song;
I will glorify him with thanksgiving.
A gift pleasing God more than oxen,
more than beasts prepared for sacrifice.

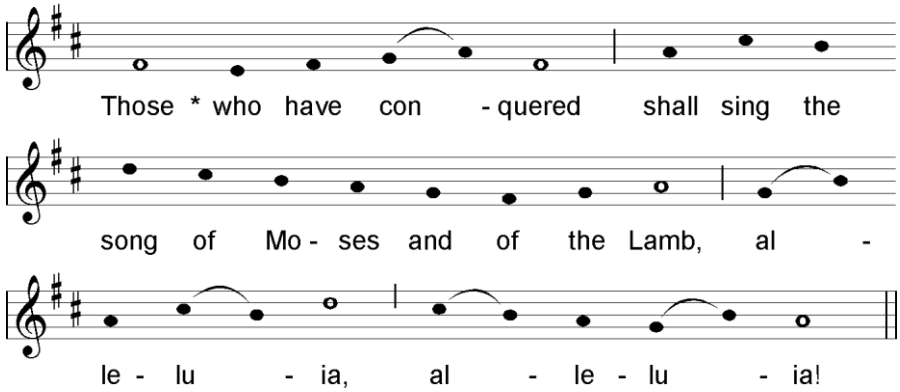
The poor when they see it will be glad
and God-seeking hearts will revive;
for the Lord listens to the needy
and does not spurn his servants in their chains.
Let the heavens and the earth give him praise,
the sea and all its living creatures.

(For God will bring help to Zion
and rebuild the cities of Judah
and men shall dwell there in possession.
The sons of his servants shall inherit it;
those who love his name shall dwell there.

Glory be to the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit,
both now and for ever, amen.

ANTIPHON 1: Was it not * ordained that the Christ should suffer these things, and so enter into his glory, alleluia!

ANTIPHON 2



Those * who have con - quered shall sing the
song of Mo - ses and of the Lamb, al -
le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

NT Canticle 21



(Revelation 15:3–4)

Great and wonderful are your deeds,
O Lord God, the Almighty!
Just and true are your ways,
O King of the ages!

Who shall not fear and glorify your name, O Lord,
for you alone are holy!
All nations shall come and worship you,
for your judgements have been revealed.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
as it was in the beginning, is now
and shall be for ever, amen.

REPEAT ANTIPHON

ANTIPHON 3: Alleluia! * Worthy are you, our Lord and God, to receive glory and honour and power, alleluia!

Psalm 92

The Lord is king, with majesty enrobed;
the Lord has robed himself with might,
he has girded himself with power.

The world you made firm, not to be moved;
your throne has stood firm from of old.
From all eternity, O Lord, you are.

The waters have lifted up, O Lord,
the waters have lifted up their voice,
the waters have lifted up their thunder.

Greater than the roar of mighty waters,
more glorious than the surgings of the sea,
the Lord is glorious on high.

Truly your decrees are to be trusted.
Holiness is fitting to your house,
O Lord, until the end of time.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
both now and for ever, amen.

ANTIPHON 3: Alleluia! * Worthy are you, our Lord and God, to receive glory and honour and power, alleluia!

SCRIPTURE READING

RESPONSORY



Cantor: The Lord is tru - ly ris - en, al - le - lu - ia,



al - le - lu - ia!

All Repeat



Cantor: He has appeared to Sim - on:



All: Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



Cantor: Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son and



to the Ho - ly Spi - rit.



All: The Lord is tru - ly ris - en, al - le - lu - ia,



al - le - lu - ia!

INTERCESSIONS

OUR FATHER

(said by the Superior)

CONCLUDING PRAYER

LET US BLESS THE LORD, ALLELUIA!
THANKS BE TO GOD, ALLELUIA!

May the divine assistance remain always with us.
And with our absent brothers and sisters. Amen.

