

BELMONT ABBEY



**OFFICE OF VESPERS
WEDNESDAY
WEEK 1&2
VIRGIN MARTYR**

ORDER FOR THE OFFICE OF VESPERS

1. Introduction

viii. V. O God, come to my aid. Lord, make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Al-le-lu-ia.

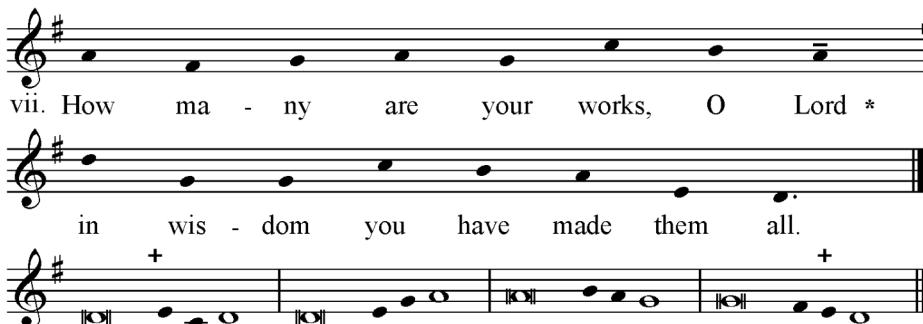
2. Psalmody - three Psalms and a NT Canticle with Antiphons

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

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen.

Repeated after each Psalm and Canticle

WEDNESDAY WEEKS 1 & 2



vii. How ma - ny are your works, O Lord *
in wis - dom you have made them all.

Psalm 103a

Bless the Lord, my soul!
Lord God, how great you are,
clothed in majesty and glory,
wrapped in light as in a robe!

You stretch out the heavens like a tent.
Above the rains you build your dwelling.
You make the clouds your chariot,
you walk on the wings of the wind,
you make the winds your messengers
and flashing fire your servants.

You founded the earth on its base,
to stand firm from age to age.
You wrapped it with the ocean like a cloak:
the waters stood higher than the mountains.

At your threat they took to flight;
at the voice of your thunder they fled.
They rose over the mountains and flowed down
to the place which you had appointed.
You set limits they might not pass
lest they return to cover the earth.

You make springs gush forth in the valleys:
they flow in between the hills.

They give drink to all the beasts of the fields;
the wild-asses quench their thirst.

On their banks dwell the birds of heaven;
from the branches they sing their song.

From your dwelling you water the hills;
earth drinks its fill of your gift.

You make the grass grow for the cattle
and the plants to serve man's needs,

that he may bring forth bread from the earth
and wine to cheer man's heart;
oil, to make his face shine
and bread to strengthen man's heart.

The trees of the Lord drink their fill
the cedars he planted on Lebanon;
there the birds build their nests:
on the tree-top the stork has her home.
The goats find a home on the mountains
and rabbits hide in the rocks.

You make the moon to mark the months;
the sun knows the time for its setting.
When you spread the darkness it is night
and all the beasts of the forest creep forth.
The young lions roar for their prey
and ask their food from God.

At the rising of the sun they steal away
and go to rest in their dens.
Man goes forth to his work,
to labour till evening falls.

vii. How many are your works, O Lord *

the earth is full of your riches.

-1

Psalm 103b

There is the sea, vast and wide, †
 with its moving swarms past counting,
 living things great and small.
 The ships are moving there
 and the monsters you made to play with.

All of these look to you
 to give them their food in due season.
 You give it, they gather it up:
 you open your hand, they have their fill.

You hide your face, they are dismayed; †
 you take back your spirit, they die,
 returning to the dust from which they came.
 You send forth your spirit, they are created;
 and you renew the face of the earth.

May the glory of the Lord last for ever!
 May the Lord rejoice in his works!
 He looks on the earth and it trembles;
 the mountains send forth smoke at his touch.

I will sing to the Lord all my life,
make music to my God while I live.
May my thoughts be pleasing to him.
I find my joy in the Lord.

Let sinners vanish from the earth
and the wicked exist no more.
Bless the Lord, my soul.

vi. Bless - ed is he * whom you choose
and call to dwell in your courts.

-1

Psalm 64

To you our praise is due
in Zion, O God.

To you we pay our vows,
you who hear our prayer.

To you all flesh will come
with its burden of sin.

Too heavy for us, our offences,
but you wipe them away.

Blessed is he whom you choose and call
to dwell in your courts.

We are filled with the blessings of your house,
of your holy temple.

You keep your pledge with wonders,
O God our saviour,
the hope of all the earth
and of far distant isles.

You uphold the mountains with your strength,
you are girded with power.
You still the roaring of the seas, †
[the roaring of their waves]
and the tumult of the peoples.

The ends of the earth stand in awe
at the sight of your wonders.
The lands of sunrise and sunset
you fill with your joy.

You care for the earth, give it water,
you fill it with riches.
Your river in heaven brims over
to provide its grain.

And thus you provide for the earth;
you drench its furrows,
you level it, soften it with showers,
you bless its growth.

You crown the year with your goodness.
Abundance flows in your steps,
in the pastures of the wilderness it flows.

The hills are girded with joy,
the meadows covered with flocks,
the valleys are decked with wheat.
They shout for joy, yes, they sing.

vi. Un - less a man is born * of wa - ter and the
spi - rit he can - not en - ter the king - dom of God.

Canticle: John 14: 1; 16-17; 26-27

Do not let your hearts be troubled;
trust in God still and trust in me.
I shall ask the Father, †
and he will give you another Advocate
to be with you for ever;

that Spirit of truth whom the world can never receive
since it cannot see him or know him;
but you know him, because he is with you
and he is in you.

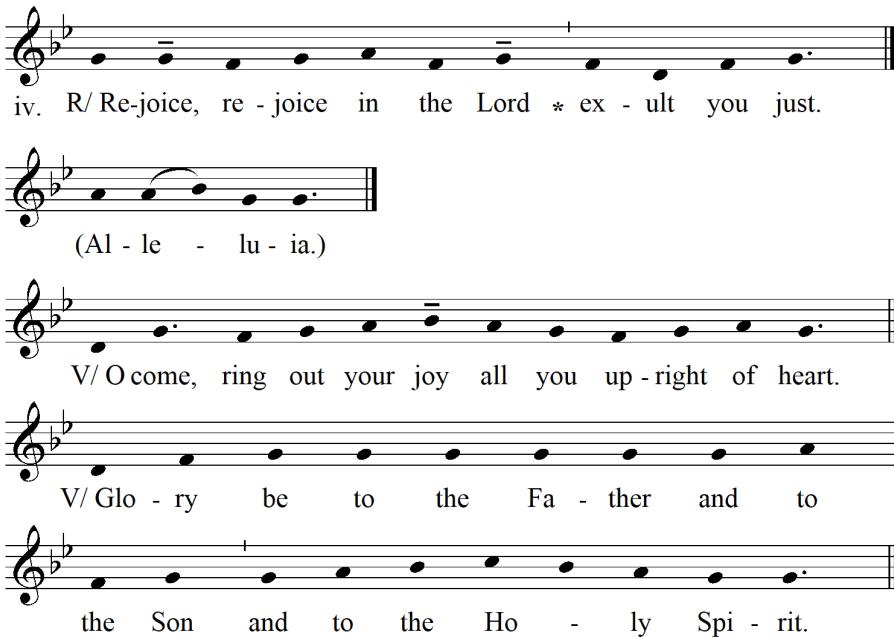
Now the Advocate, the Holy Spirit,
whom the Father will send you in my name,
will teach you everything
and remind you of all that I have told you.

Peace I bequeath you,
my own peace I give you.
A peace, which the world cannot give,
this is my gift to you.

3. Short Scripture Reading

followed by a short silence and the Brief Respond

BRIEF RESPOND



iv. R/ Re-joice, re - joice in the Lord * ex - ult you just.
(Al - le - lu - ia.)

V/ O come, ring out your joy all you up - right of heart.

V/ Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spi - rit.

4. HYMN as appointed

5. Magnificat with Proper Antiphon

Virgin Martyrs

viii. The suff' - rings of this pre - sent time *

are not worth com - pa - ring with the glo - ry

that is to be re - vealed in us. (Al - le - lu - ia.)

Luke 1:46-55

My soul glorifies the Lord,
my spirit rejoices in God, my Saviour.
He looks on his servant in her lowliness;
henceforth all ages will call me blessed.

The Almighty works marvels for me.
Holy his name!
His mercy is from age to age,
on those who fear him.

He puts forth his arm in strength
and scatters the proud-hearted.
He casts the mighty from their thrones
and raises the lowly.
He fills the hungry with good things
sends the rich away empty.

He protects Israel, his servant,
remembering his mercy,
the mercy promised to our fathers,
to Abraham and his sons forever.

6. Intercessions with Kyrie Eleison



vi. R. Ký-ri - e e - lé - i- son.

7. Silent Prayer

8. The Lord's Prayer



vi. Our Father, who art in hea - ven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy king - dom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it

is in hea - ven. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,

and for - give us our tres - pas - ses, as we forgive those

who tres - pass a - gainst us and lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion,

but deliver us from e - vil.

9. Collect

10. Blessing and Conclusion

The Lord be with you.
And with your spirit.

May almighty God bless you,
the Father, and the Son and the Holy Spirit.
Amen.



iv. V. Let us bless the Lord. R. Thanks be to God.

11. Antiphon of Our Lady (in Latin or English)

following Procession to the Lady Chapel

Season	Latin	Page
Advent to Presentation	Alma Redemptoris Mater	P.13
February 3rd to Maundy Thursday	Ave Regina Caelorum	P.14
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SIMPLE ANTIPHONS TO OUR LADY

Advent to Presentation

v
A

L-ma * Redempto-ris Ma-ter, quæ perva- a cæli Por-
ta manes, et stella ma-ris, succurre cadénti, Súrge-re qui-
cu-rat, pôpu-lo : Tu quæ genu- ísti, Na-tú-ra mi-rânte, tu- um
sanctum Ge-ni-tô-rem, Virgo pri- us ac posté-ri- us, Gabri- é-
lis ab o-re Sumens il-lud Ave, pecca-tô-rum mi-se-ré- re.

February 3rd to Maundy Thursday

VI

A - ve Re-gí-na cæ-ló-rum, * Ave Dómi-na Ange-ló-rum

Salve ra-díx, salve porta, Ex qua mundo lux est orta :

Gaude Virgo glo-ri- 6-sa, Su-per omnes spe-ci- 6-sa : Va-le
o valde de-có- ra, Et pro no- bis Christum ex6- ra.



v
S Álve Re-gí-na, * ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi- æ, Vi-ta, dul-
cé- do, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamámus, éxsu-
les, sí- li- i Hevæ. Ad te suspi-rámus, geméntes et flentes
in hac lacrimárum valle. E-ia ergo, Advo-cá-ta nostra,
il-los tu- os mi-se-ri-córdes ó-cu-los ad nos convér-te. Et
Je-sum, be-ne-dictum fructum ventris tu- i, no-bis post hoc ex-
sí- li- um osténde. O cle-mens, O pi- a, O
dulcis * Virgo Ma-ri- a.

ENGLISH ANTIPHONS TO OUR LADY

Advent to Presentation



Mo - ther of Christ! hear thou thy peo - ple's cry,



star of the deep and por - tal of the sky!



Mo - ther of him who thee from noth - ing made,



sink - ing we strive and call to thee for aid.



Oh, by the joy which Ga - briel brought to thee, thou



vir - gin first and last, thy mer - cy let us see.

February 3rd to Maundy Thursday

Hail, Queen of heav'n be - yond com - pare,
to whom the an - gels ho - mage pay;
hail Root of Jes - se, Gate of Light,
that o - pened for the world's new day.

Re - joice, O Vir - gin un - sur - passed,
in whom our ran - som has be - gun,
for all your lo - ving chil - dren pray
to Christ our Sav - iour and your Son.

Pentecost to Advent

A musical score for three voices (SATB) in G major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are in English, referring to the Virgin Mary as the Queen of Mercy and the Mother of Jesus. The score consists of three staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The second staff starts with a half note. The third staff begins with a quarter note. The lyrics are as follows:

Hail, Ho - ly Queen, Mo - ther of mer - cy!
Hail, our life, our sweet - ness and our hope!
To thee do we cry, poor ba - nished chil - dren of Eve;
to 3 thee do we send up our sighs,
mourn - ing and weep - ing in this vale of tears.
Turn then, most gra - cious Ad - vo - cate,
thine eyes of mer - cy to - wards us;
and af - ter this our ex - ile show un - to
us the bless-ed fruit of thy womb, Je - sus.
O cle - ment, O lov - ing,
O sweet Vir - gin Ma - ry.