

Antiphons for Equal Voices

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Saint Meinrad

Liturgical Music

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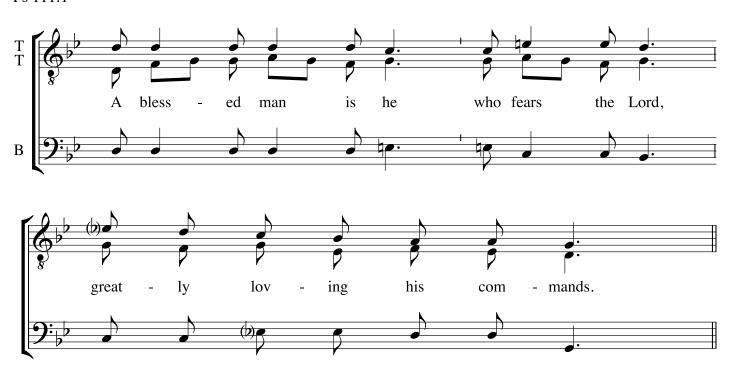
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A Blessed Man

Ps 111:1





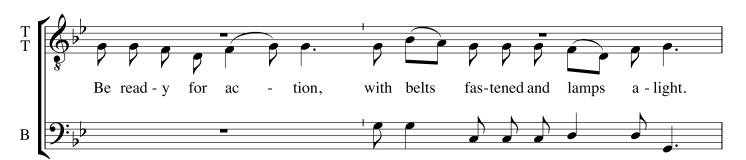
Happy the mán who féars the Lórd, who tákes delíght in all his commánds.

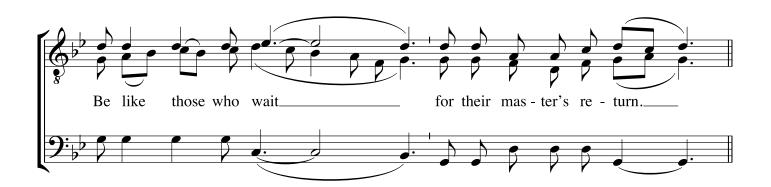
- ² His sóns will be pówerful on éarth; the chíldren of the úpright are bléssed.
- ³ Ríches and wéalth are in his hóuse; his jústice stands fírm for éver.
- ⁴ He is a líght in the dárkness for the úpright: he is génerous, mérciful and júst.
- ⁵ The góod man takes píty and lénds, he condúcts his affáirs with hónor.
- ⁶ The júst man will néver wáver: hé will be remémbered for éver.
- ⁷ He has no féar of évil néws; with a fírm heart he trústs in the Lórd.
- With a stéadfast héart he will not féar; he will sée the dównfall of his fóes.

- ¹⁶ The júst man's féw posséssions are bétter than the wícked man's wéalth;
- ¹⁷ for the pówer of the wícked shall be bróken and the Lórd will suppórt the júst.
- ²³ The Lórd guides the stéps of a mán and makes sáfe the páth of one he lóves.
- Though he stúmble he shall néver fáll for the Lórd hólds him by the hánd.

Be Ready for Action

Lk 12:25ff







- ¹ To you, O Lórd, I líft up my sóul.
- ² I trúst you, let me nót be disappóinted;
- Those who hópe in you shall nót be disappóinted, but only thóse who wántonly break fáith.
- ⁴ Lórd, make me knów your wáys. Lórd, téach me your páths.
- ⁵ Make me wálk in your trúth, and téach me: for yóu are Gód my sáviour.

In you I hope all day long

- ^{7c} becáuse of your góodness, O Lórd.
- ⁶ Remémber your mércy, Lórd, and the lóve you have shówn from of óld.
- The Lórd is góod and úpright. He shows the páth to thóse who stráy,
- ⁹ He guides the húmble in the ríght páth; He téaches his wáy to the póor.
- My éyes are álways on the Lórd; for he réscues my féet from the snáre.
- Túrn to mé and have mércy for Í am lónely and póor.
- Presérve my lífe and réscue me.Do not disappóint me, yóu are my réfuge.
- May innocence and úprightness protéct me: for my hópe is in yóu, O Lórd.

Come, Let us Give Thanks to the Lord



Psalm 137

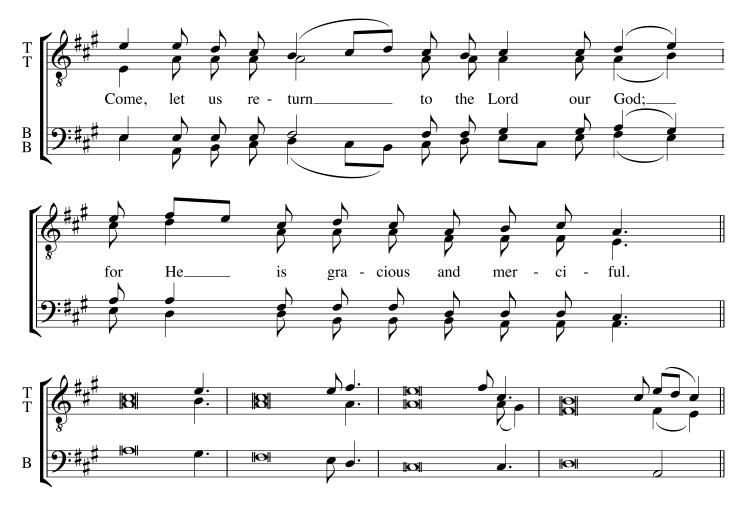
- ¹ I thánk you, Lórd, with all my héart, you have héard the wórds of my móuth. In the présence of the ángels I will bléss you.
- ² I will adóre before your hóly témple.

I thánk you for your fáithfulness and lóve which excél all we éver knew of you.

- ³ On the dáy I cálled, you ánswered; you incréased the stréngth of my sóul.
- ⁴ Áll earth's kíngs shall thánk you when they héar the wórds of your móuth.
- 5 They shall sing of the Lórd's wáys: 'How gréat is the glóry of the Lórd!'
- ⁶ The Lord is hígh yet he lóoks on the lówly and the háughty he knóws from afár.
- ⁷ Though I wálk in the mídst of afflíction you give me lífe and frústrate my fóes.

You strétch out your hánd and sáve me, your hánd ⁸will do áll things for mé. Your lóve, O Lórd, is etérnal discárd not the wórk of your hánds.

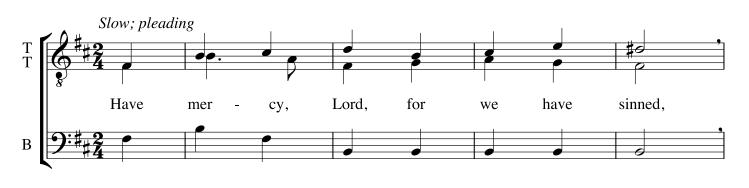
Come, Let Us Return to the Lord

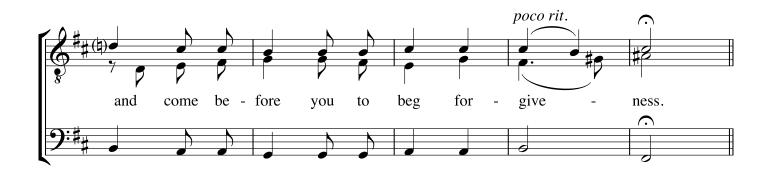


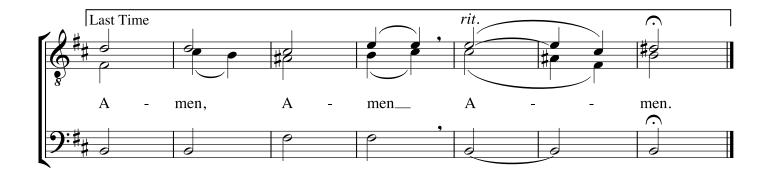
- ¹ My sóul, give thánks to the Lórd, all my béing, bléss his holy náme.
- ² My sóul, give thánks to the Lórd and néver forgét all his bléssings.
- ³ It is hé who forgíves all your gúilt, who héals every óne of your ílls,
- who redéems your life from the gráve, who crówns you with lóve and compássion,
- The Lórd is compássion and lóve, slow to ánger and rích in mércy.
- ¹⁰ He does not tréat us accórding to our síns nor repáy us accórding to our fáults.

- For as the héavens are hígh above the éarth so stróng is his lóve for those who féar him.
- As fár as the éast is from the wést so fár does he remóve our síns.
- As a fáther has compássion on his sóns, the Lord has píty on thóse who féar him;
- for he knóws of whát we are máde, he remémbers that wé are dúst.
- But the lóve of the Lórd is everlásting upon thóse who hóld him in féar; his jústice reaches óut to children's chíldren
- when they kéep his will in their mind.

Have Mercy, Lord









- ³ Have mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness. In your compássion blot óut my offénce.
- ⁴ O wásh me more and móre from my gúilt and cléanse me fróm my sín.
- ⁵ My offénces trúly I knów them; my sín is álways befóre me.
- ⁶ Against you, you alone, have I sínned; what is évil in your síght I have done.

That you may be jústified whén you give séntence

and be without reproach when you júdge

- ⁷ O sée, in gúilt I was bórn, a sínner was Í concéived.
- Indéed you love trúth in the héart; then in the sécret of my héart teach me wisdom
- O púrify 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 thríll.
- ¹¹ From my síns turn awáy your fáce and blót out áll my gúilt.
- ¹² A púre heart creáte for me, O Gód, put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
- Do not cást me awáy from your présence, nor depríve me of your hóly spírit.

- ¹⁴ 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 you.
- ¹⁶ 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.
- ¹⁸ 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.
- ²⁰ In your góodness, show fávor to Zíon: rebúild the wálls of Jerúsalem.
- Thén you will be pléased with lawful sácrifice,
 - then you will be óffered young búlls on your áltar.

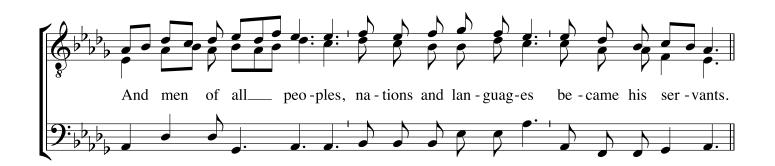
How Can I Repay the Lord?



- ¹⁰ I trústed, éven when I sáid:
 - 'I am sórely afflícted,'
- and whén I sáid in my alárm: 'No mán can be trústed.'
- How cán I repáy the Lórd for his góodness to mé?
- The cúp of salvátion I will ráise; I will cáll on the Lórd's name.
- ¹⁴ My vóws to the Lórd I will fulfíl befóre all his péople.
- O précious in the éyes of the Lórd is the déath of his fáithful.
- Your sérvant, Lord, your sérvant am Í; you have lóosened my bónds.
- ¹⁷ A thánksgiving sácrifice I máke: I will cáll on the Lórd's name.
- ¹⁸ My vóws to the Lórd I will fulfíl befóre all his péople,
- in the courts of the house of the Lord, in your midst, O Jerusalem.

I Saw Coming on the Clouds of Heaven







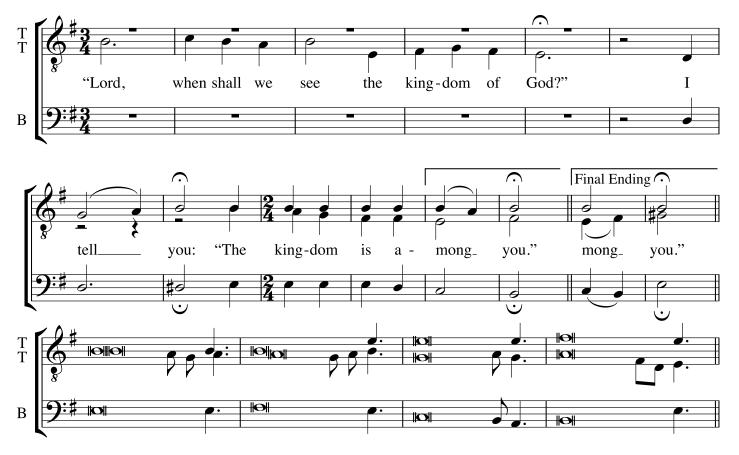
- ² All péoples, cláp your hánds, cry to Gód with shouts of jóy!
- ³ For the Lórd, the Most Hígh, we must féar, great kíng over áll the éarth.
- ⁴ He subdúes péoples únder us and nátions únder our féet.
- ⁵ Our inhéritance, our glóry, is from hím, gíven to Jácob out of lóve.
- ⁶ God goes úp with shóuts of jóy; the Lord goes úp with trúmpet blást.
- ⁷ Sing práise for Gód, sing práise, sing práise to our kíng, sing práise.
- ⁸ God is kíng of áll the éarth, Sing práise with áll your skíll.
- ⁹ God is kíng óver the nátions; God réigns on his hóly thróne.
- The prínces of the péoples are assémbled with the péople of Ábraham's Gód.
 The rúlers of the éarth belong to Gód, to Gód who réigns over áll. Ω

Psalm 47

The Lord is gréat and worthy to be práised in the cíty of our Gód. His holy móuntain ³ríses in béauty, the jóy of all the éarth.

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Lord, When Shall We See

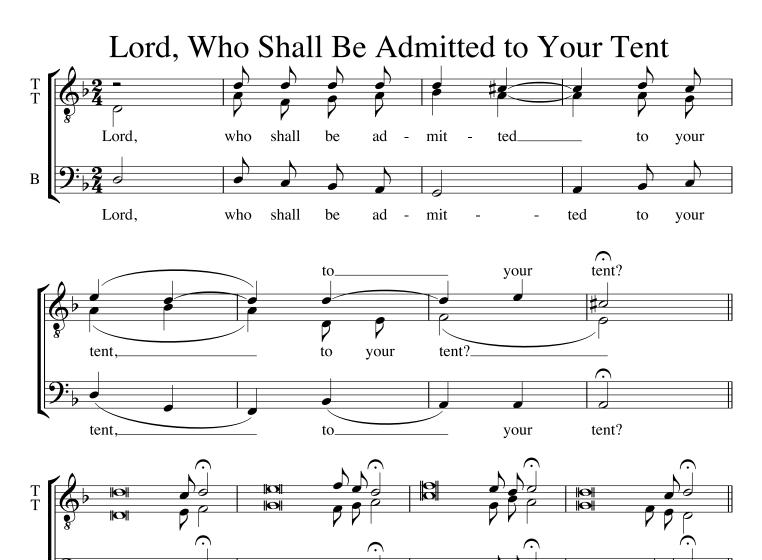


Mt 5:3-11

How happy are the poor in spírit theirs is the kingdom of héaven. Happy the géntle: they shall have the earth for their héritage.

How happy those who mourn: they shall be comforted. Happy those who hunger and thirst for what is right: they shall be satisfied.

How happy the mérciful: they shall have mercy shówn them. Happy the pure in héart: they shall see Gód. How happy the péacemakers: they shall be called sóns of God. Happy those who are persecuted in the cause of ríght: theirs is the kingdom of héaven.



² Hé who wálks without fáult; hé who ácts with jústice and spéaks the trúth from his héart;

³ hé who does not slánder with his tóngue;

hé who does no wróng to his bróther, who cásts no slúr on his néighbor,

who hólds the gódless in disdáin, but hónors those who féar the Lórd;

hé who keeps his plédge, come what máy;

who tákes no ínterest on a lóan and accépts no bríbes against the ínnocent. Such a mán will stand fírm for éver.

May the Peace of the Risen Christ



Psalm 112

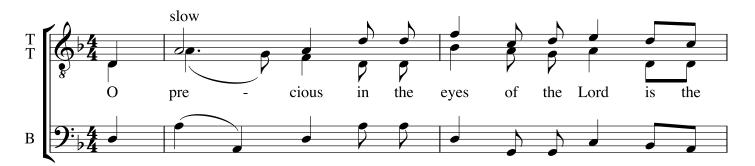
Práise, O sérvants of the Lórd, práise the náme of the Lórd!

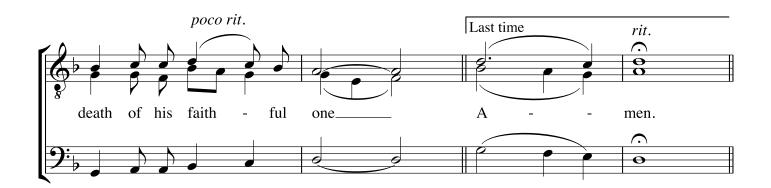
- ² May the name of the Lord be blessed both now and for evermore!
- ³ From the rísing of the sún to its sétting práised be the náme of the Lórd!
- ⁴ Hígh above all nátions is the Lórd, abóve the héavens his glóry.
- ⁵ Whó is like the Lórd, our Gód, who has rísen on hígh to his thróne
- yet stóops from the héights to look dówn, to look dówn upon héaven and éarth?

- ⁷ From the dúst he lífts up the lówly, from the dúngheap he ráises the póor
- ⁸ to sét him in the cómpany of prínces, yés, with the prínces of his péople.

17

O Precious in the Eyes of the Lord





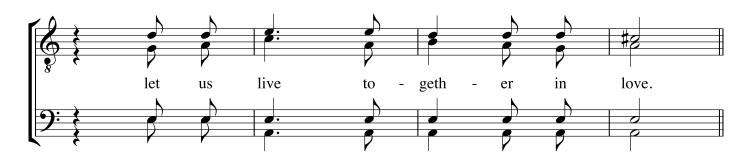


- ¹⁰ I trústed, éven when I sáid: 'I am sórely afflícted,'
- and whén I sáid in my alárm: 'No mán can be trústed.'
- ¹² How cán I repáy the Lórd for his góodness to mé?
- The cúp of salvátion I will ráise; I will cáll on the Lórd's name.
- ¹⁴ My vóws to the Lórd I will fulfíl befóre all his péople.
- O précious in the éyes of the Lórd is the déath of his fáithful.
- Your sérvant, Lord, your sérvant am Í; you have lóosened my bónds.
- ¹⁷ A thánksgiving sácrifice I máke: I will cáll on the Lórd's name.
- ¹⁸ My vóws to the Lórd I will fulfíl befóre all his péople,
- in the courts of the house of the Lord, in your midst, O Jerúsalem. Ω

19

Remaining Faithful







- ² I will bléss the Lórd at all tímes, his práise álways on my líps;
- in the Lórd my sóul shall make its bóast. The húmble shall héar and be glád.
- ⁴ Glórify the Lórd with mé. Togéther let us práise his náme.
- ⁵ I sought the Lord and he answered me; from all my terrors he set me free.
- ⁶ Lóok towards hím and be rádiant; let your fáces nót be abáshed.
- ⁷ This póor man cálled; the Lord héard him and réscued him from áll his distréss.
- ⁸ The ángel of the Lórd is encámped around thóse who revére him, to réscue them.
- ⁹ Taste and sée that the Lórd is góod. He is háppy who seeks réfuge in hím.
- Revére the Lórd, you his sáints. They lack nóthing, thóse who revére him.
- Strong líons suffer wánt and go húngry but thóse who seek the Lórd lack no bléssing.
- ¹² Cóme, chíldren, and héar me that I may téach you the féar of the Lórd.
- Who is hé who lóngs for lífe and many dáys, to enjóy his prospérity?
- Then kéep your tóngue from évil and your líps from spéaking decéit.
- ¹⁵ Turn asíde from évil and do góod; séek and stríve after péace.

The Almighty Has Shown Me Great Favor



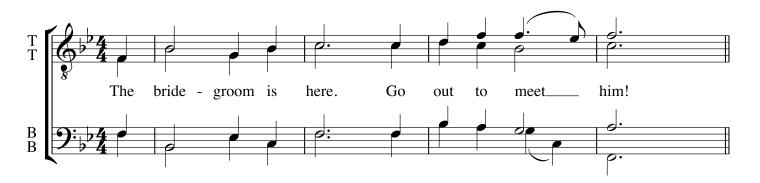


Luke 1:46-55

- ^{46b} My sóul mágnifies the Lórd,
- ⁴⁷ and my spírit rejóices in God, my sávior.
- ⁴⁸ All péople now will cáll me bléssed, for he has lóved the lówliness of his hándmaid.
- ⁵⁰ His mércy exténds through generátions, tóward thóse who revére him.
- He has revéaled his árm in pówer, scattering the próud in their ówn concéit.
- ⁵² Hé has dethróned the pówerful, and lífted úp the lówly.
- The fámished have been fílled with his bóunty, the rích have been sént away émpty.
- He has álways helped Ísrael, his sérvant, trúe to his lóving kíndness,
- ⁵⁵ júst as he prómised our fáthers, to Ábraham and his descéndants for éver.

Glóry to the Fáther and the Són and the Hóly Spírit. As álways befóre, so nów and evermóre. Amén! 23 TM151

The Bridegroom Is Here



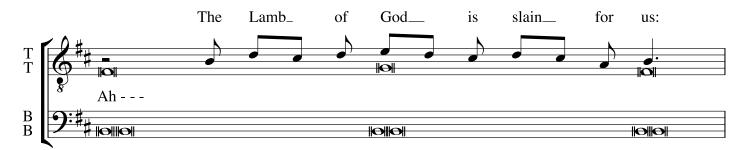


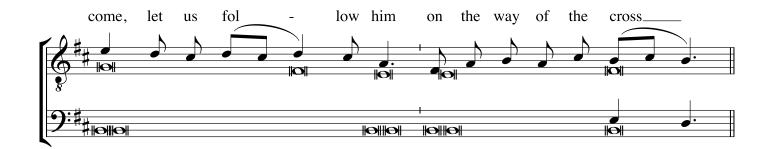
- My sóul is lónging and yéarning, is yéarning for the cóurts of the Lórd. My héart and my sóul ring out their jóy to Gód, the líving Gód.
- The spárrow hersélf finds a hóme and the swállow a nést for her bróod; she láys her yóung by your áltars, Lord of hósts, my kíng and my Gód.
- ⁵ They are háppy, who dwéll in your hóuse, for éver sínging your práise.
- ⁶ They are háppy, whose stréngth is in yóu, in whose héarts are the róads to Zíon.
- O Lórd God of hósts, hear my práyer, give éar, O Gód of Jácob.
- Turn your éyes, O Gód, our shíeld, lóok on the fáce of your anóinted.
- ¹¹ Óne day withín your cóurts is bétter than a thóusand élsewhere. The thréshold of the hóuse of Gód I prefér to the dwéllings of the wícked.
- For the Lord Gód is a rámpart, a shíeld; he will gíve us his fávor and glóry. The Lórd will not refúse any góod to thóse who wálk without bláme.

25

The Lamb of God Is Slain For Us

Refrain:





Verses:



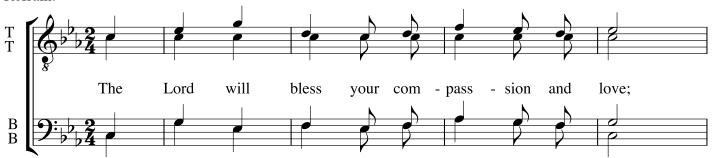
Psalm 55

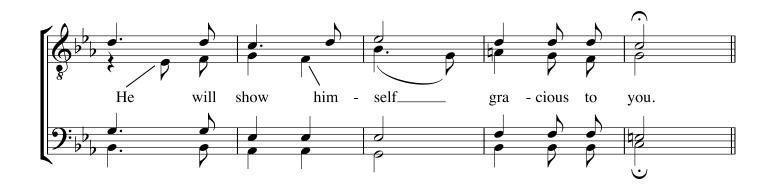
- ² Have mércy on me, Gód, men crúsh me; they fíght me all day <u>lóng</u> and oppréss me.
- ³ My fóes crúsh me <u>all</u> the day lóng, for mány fight <u>próud</u>ly agáinst me.
- ⁴ When I féar, I will trúst in yóu,
- ⁵ in Gód whose wórd I práise. In God I trúst, I sháll not féar: whát can mortal mán do to mé?
- ⁶ All day lóng they distórt my wórds, áll their thóught is to hárm me.
- ⁷ They bánd to<u>géth</u>er in ámbush, track me dówn and <u>séek</u> my lífe.

- ¹⁷ As for mé, I will crý to Gód and the Lórd will sáve me.
- ¹⁸ Évening, <u>mórn</u>ing and at nóon I will <u>crý</u> and lamént.
- He will delíver my sóul in péace in the at<u>táck</u> agáinst me: for thóse who <u>fíght</u> me are mány,
- but he <u>héars</u> my vóice.
- ²³ Entrúst your cáres to the Lórd and <u>hé</u> will suppórt you. Hé will <u>név</u>er allów the júst man to stúmble.

The Lord will Bless Your Compassion and Love

Refrain:





Verses:



Psalm 144

- ¹ I will give you glóry, O Gód my Kíng, I will bléss your náme for éver.
- ² I will bléss you dáy after dáy and práise your náme for éver.
- ³ The Lord is gréat, híghly to be práised, his gréatness cánnot be méasured.
- ⁴ Age to áge shall procláim your wórks, shall decláre your míghty déeds,

[Refrain]

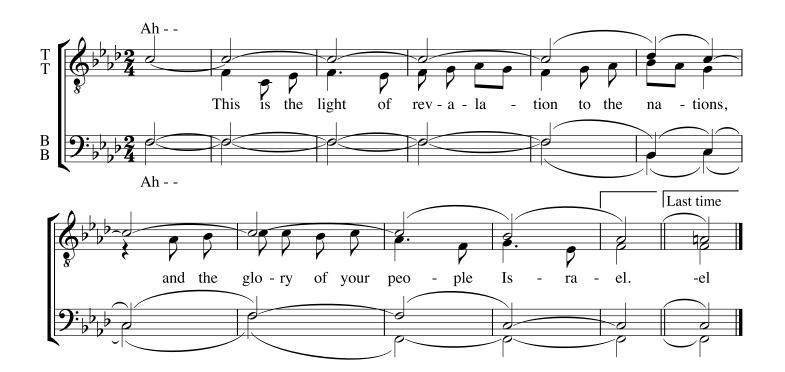
- ⁸ The Lord is kínd and fúll of compássion, slow to ánger, abóunding in lóve.
- ⁹ How góod is the Lórd to áll, compássionate to áll his créatures.
- ^{13c} The Lord is fáithful in áll his wórds and lóving in áll his déeds.
- ¹⁴ The Lórd suppórts all who fáll and ráises áll who are bowed dówn.

[Refrain]

- The éyes of all créatures look to you and you give them their food in due time.
- You ópen wíde your hánd, grant the desíres of áll who líve.
- ¹⁷ The Lord is júst in áll his wáys and lóving in áll his déeds.
- ¹⁸ He is close to all who call him, who call on him from their hearts.

29 TM3133

This Is the Light of Revelation



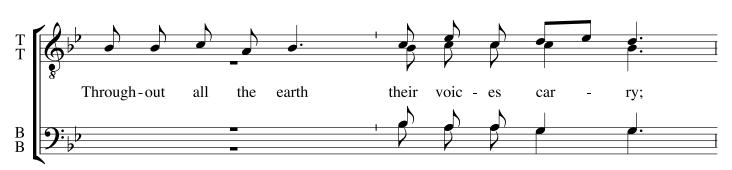


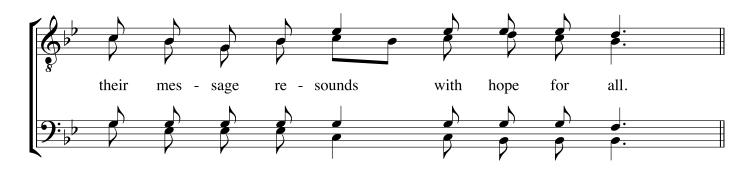
- O Gód, you are my Gód, for you I lóng; for yóu my sóul is thírsting.
 My bódy pínes for yóu like a drý, weary lánd without wáter.
- ³ So I gáze on yóu in the sánctuary to sée your stréngth and your glóry.
- ⁴ For your lóve is bétter than lífe, my líps will spéak your práise.
- ⁵ So I will bléss you áll my lífe, in your náme I will líft up my hánds.
- My sóul shall be fílled as with a bánquet, my móuth shall práise you with jóy.
- ⁸ for yóu have béen my hélp; in the shádow of your wíngs I rejóice.
- ⁹ My sóul clíngs to yóu; your ríght hand hólds me fást.

- ² Líke the déer that yéarns for rúnning stréams, só my sóul is yéarning for yóu, my Gód.
- My sóul is thírsting for Gód, the Gód of my lífe; whén can I énter and sée the fáce of Gód?
- Whý are you cast dówn, my sóul, why gróan withín me? Hope in Gód; I will práise him stíll, my sáviour and my Gód.

31

Throughout All the Earth







- ^{1b} My sóul, give práise to the Lórd;
- ² I will práise the Lórd all my dáys,
- ^{1b} My sóul, give práise to the Lórd;
- ^{2b} make músic to my Gód while I líve.
- ⁵ He is háppy who is hélped by Jacob's Gód, whose hópe is in the Lórd his Gód,
- ⁶ who alóne made héaven and éarth, the séas and áll they contáin.

It is hé who keeps fáith for éver,

who is júst to thóse who are oppréssed.

- It is hé who gives bréad to the húngry, the Lórd, who sets prísoners frée,
- the Lórd who gives síght to the blínd, who ráises up thóse who are bowed dówn,
- ⁹ the Lórd, who protécts the stránger and uphólds the wídow and órphan.
- ^{8c} It is the Lórd who lóves the júst
- ^{9c} but thwárts the páth of the wícked.
- The Lórd will réign for éver, Zion's Gód, from áge to áge.

- ⁵ Our Lórd is gréat and almíghty; his wísdom can néver be méasured.
- O síng to the Lórd, giving thánks; sing psálms to our Gód with the hárp.

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Is 53:1-5

Who could believe what we have héard, to whom as the power of Yahweh been revéaled?

Like a sapling he grew up in frónt of us, like a root in arid gróund.

Without beauty, without majesty we sáw him, no looks to attract our éyes; a thing despised, rejected by mén, a man of sorrows, familiar with súff'ring

And yet ours were the suff'rings he bóre, ours the sorrows he cárried.

Be we, we thought of him as someone púnished,

struck by God and brought lów.

Yet he was pierced through for our fáults, crushed for our síns.

On him lies a punishment that brings us péace,

and through his wounds we are héaled.

We had all gone astray like shéep, each taking his own wáy, and Yahweh burdened hím with the sins of us áll.

Harshly dealt with, he bore it húmbly, he never opened his móuth, like a lamb that is led to the sláughterhouse,

like a sheep that is dumb before its shéarers.





Psalm 110

I will thánk the Lórd with all my héart in the méeting of the júst and their assémbly.

- ² Gréat are the wórks of the Lórd; to be póndered by áll who lóve them.
- ³ Majéstic and glórious his wórk, his jústice stands fírm for éver.
- ⁴ He mákes us remémber his wónders. The Lórd is compássion and lóve.
- ⁵ He gives fóod to thóse who féar him; keeps his cóvenant éver in mínd.
- ⁶ He has shown his might to his péople by giving them the lánds of the nátions.
- ⁷ His works are jústice and trúth: his précepts are áll of them súre,
- standing fírm for éver and éver: they are máde in úprightness and trúth.

Help Me, Lord



- ² They are háppy who dó his wíll, seeking hím with all their héarts,
- who néver do ánything évil but wálk in his wáys.
- ⁴ You have laid down your précepts to be obéyed with care.
- Máy my fóotsteps be fírm to obéy your státutes.
- ⁷ I will thánk you with an úpright héart as I léarn your decrées.
- § Í will obéy your státutes: dó not forsáke me.

Psalm 118

- Bless your sérvant and Í shall líve and obéy your wórd.
- ¹⁸ Ópen my éyes that I may sée the wónders of your láw.
- ²⁹ Kéep me from the wáy of érror and téach me your láw.
- ³⁰ I have chósen the wáy of trúth with your decrées befóre me.
- I bínd myself to dó your wíll; Lord, dó not disappóint me.
- ³² I will rún the wáy of your commánds; you give fréedom to my héart.

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Stand Up and Go Your Way

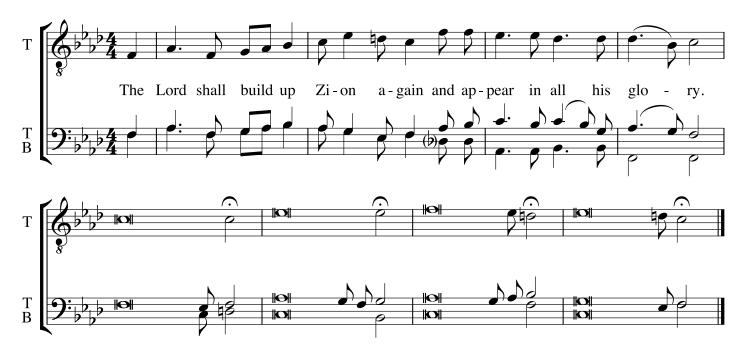
Refrain:



Verse Two:



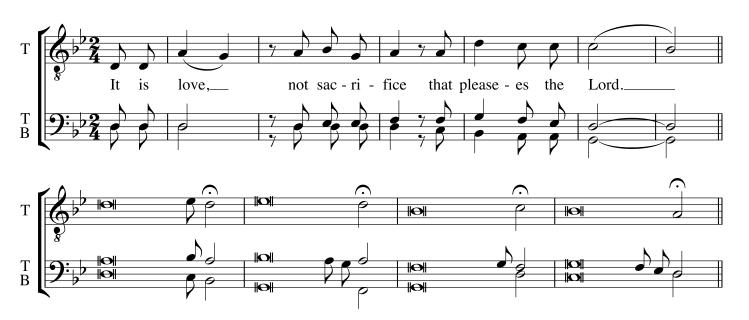
The Lord Shall Build Up Zion Again



Psalm 101

- The nátions shall féar the náme of the Lórd and áll the earth's kíngs your glóry,
- when the Lórd shall búild up Zíon agáin and appéar in áll his glóry.
- Thén he will túrn to the práyers of the hélpless; he will nót despíse their práyers.
- Let this be written for ages to come that a péople yet unborn may praise the Lord;
- ²⁰ for the Lórd leaned dówn from his sánctuary on hígh. He looked dówn from héaven to the éarth
- ²¹ that hé might héar the gróans of the prísoners and frée those condémned to díe.
- ²² that the name of the Lord may be proclaimed in Zion and his praise in the heart of Jerusalem,
- when péoples and kíngdoms are gáthered togéther to páy their hómage to the Lórd.

It Is Love, Not Sacrifice



Psalm 50

- ³ Have mércy on me, Gód, in your kíndness. In your compássion blot óut my offénce.
- ⁴ O wásh me more and móre from my gúilt and cléanse me fróm my sín.
- ⁵ My offénces trúly I knów them; my sín is álways befóre me.
- ⁶ Against you, you alone, have I sínned; what is évil in your síght I have done.

That you may be jústified whén you give séntence

and be without reproach when you judge

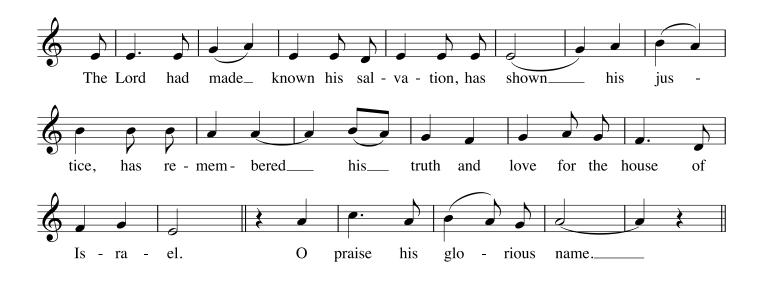
- ⁷ O sée, in gúilt I was bórn, a sínner was Í concéived.
- Indéed you love trúth in the héart; then in the sécret of my héart teach me wisdom
- O púrify me, thén I shall be cléan; O wásh me, I shall be whíter than snów.

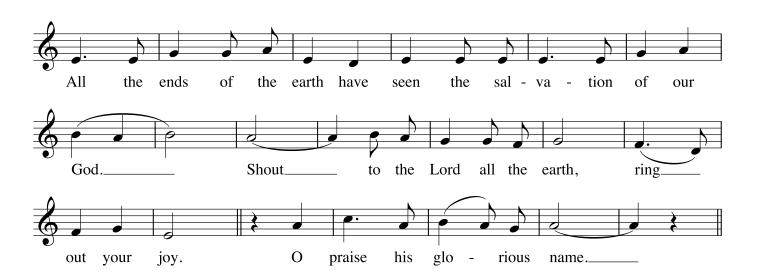
- Make me héar rejóicing and gládness, that the bónes you have crúshed may thríll.
- From my síns turn awáy your fáce and blót out áll my gúilt.
- A púre heart creáte for me, O Gód, put a stéadfast spírit withín me.
- Do not cást me awáy from your présence, nor depríve me of your hóly spírit.
- ¹⁶ O 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.
- ¹⁸ 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.

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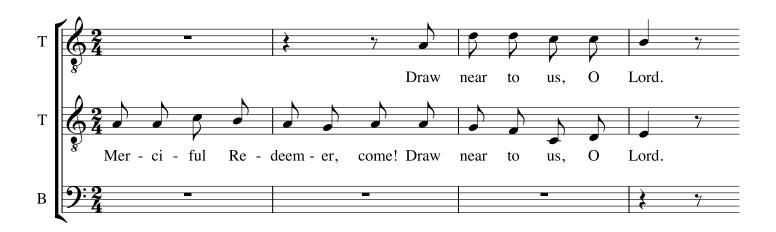
Laudate Dominum

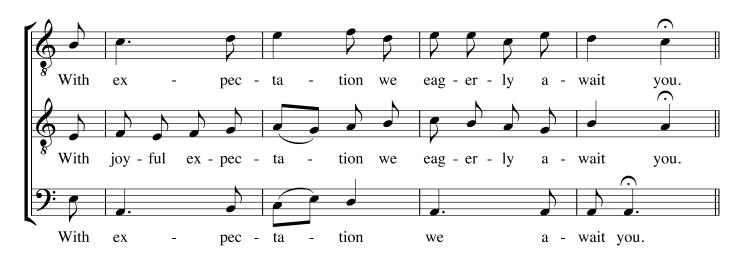


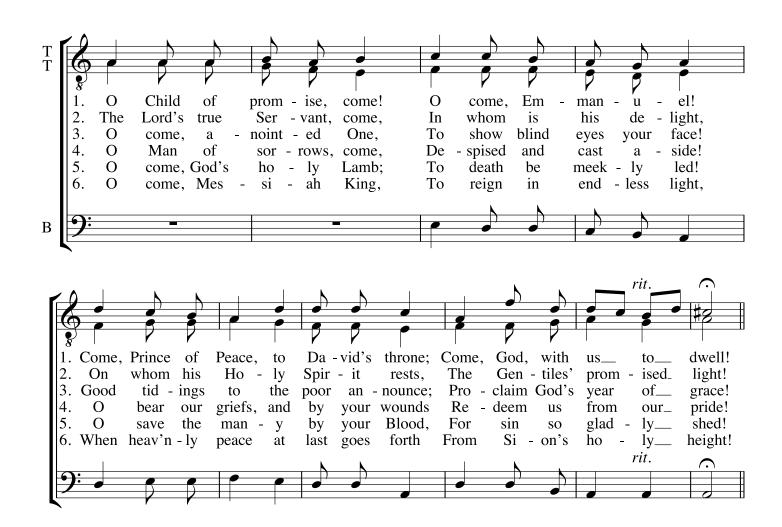




Merciful Redeemer, Come!









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