

THE PSALMS FOR SUNDAY VESPERS

Translated by SEBASTIAN BULLOUGH, O.P.

These translations, which have been set to music by Anthony Milner, are made from the Hebrew. They preserve closely the metrical pattern of the originals, based on a sequence of strongly stressed syllables; they represent the same arrangement of stanzas, and admit the frequent irregularities of Hebrew verse.

PSALM 109

Dixit Dominus

- 1 Quoth the Lórd to my lórd:
 'Sit thoú on my ríght,
 Till Í set thy foés
 As a stoól for thy feét.'
- 2 Thy scéptre of stréngth
 The Lord séndeth from Síon:
 Rúle in the mídst of thy foés!
- 3 Thy peóple come freeé
 On the dáy of thy pówer
 In sácred appárel—
 From the wómb of the mórning
 To thee comes the déw of thy yóuth!
- 4 The Lórd, he hath swórn it unchánging:
 'Thou art a priést everlásting,
 A priést in Melchisedech's mánnér.'
- 5 My lórd at thy ríght hand
 Sháttering kíngs
 In the dáy of his wráth,
 Júdgíng the nátions,
 Heáping the deád,
 Sháttering skúlls
 Thróúgh the wide wórlð.

7 At a broók by the roádside he fréshens him,
His heáð but to ráise up once móre.

PSALM 110

Confitebor tibi, Domine

1 All my heárt will I ráise to the Lórd,
As I stánd in the Chúrch of the júst.

2 Greát are the wórks of the Lórd:
Seék them and fínd there delight.

3 Hónour and glóry his lábour,
And his jústness endúreth alwáy.

4 His wónders he héld in remémbrance,
The grácious compássionate Lórd,
5 Meát he provídes for his súbjects,
His prómise he éver remémbers,
6 His own prówess he tóld to his peóple,
To máke them the héirs of the wórlð.

7 The wórks of his hánds are true jústice,
True fáithfulness áll his commánds,
8 True sounðness was theirs at the máking,
Etérnal and sólid they stánd.

9 A ránsom he sént for his peóple,
As prómised by précept etérnal,

10 And nów, The begínning of wísdóm
Is féar of the Lórd's holy Námc:
Good príze this for áll those who seék it:
His práise which endúreth alwáy.

PSALM 111

Beatus vir, qui timet Dominum

1 Blest is the mán who feárs the Lórd,
In his commánds delights exceédingly;
2 Stróng on eárth his seéd,

3 Blést the júst man's líne;
His weálth aboúnds at hóme,
His jústness stánds alwáy.

4 Dáwn in dárk awáits the júst,
The úpright, grácious, kínd;
5 Wéll with the kíndly, génerous man,
Who órders wéll his lífe;
6 Éver stánds the úpright,
Néver ís forgót,
7 Évil wórds he feárs not,
His stróng heart trústs the Lórd.
8 Fírm and feárlless heárt!
He fáces hóstile gáze;
9 Scátters boúnty to the poór,
His jústness stánds alwáy.

10 His shíning stréngth alóft
The wícked seé; and ráge,
They grínd their teéth, and wáste away,
Their évil hópes dísmáyed.

PSALM 112

Laudate pueri, Dominum

1 Praise ye the Lórd, o his children,
2 Praise ye the Náme of the Lórd;
The Náme of the Lórd, be it bléssèd
Nów and for éver and éver.

3 From the dáwn of the dáy until súnset
4 Praised be the Náme of the Lórd;
Far abóve all the wórld is the Lórd,
His glóry far óver the ský.

5 Who is líke to the Lórd our own Gód?
6 Who sèts his abóde in the héight,
Whose gáze be dównward bént
To loók on héaven and eárh,

- 7 Who raises us from the dust hápless,
From the áshes exalts us forlorn,
8 To máke us to sít with the prínces,
The prínces eléct of his peóple;
9 Who gives to the childless a hómestead,
And children, and mótherly jóy.

PSALM 113 (*first part*)*In exitu*

- 1 When Ísrael stróde out from Égypt,
Men of Jácob from álien fólk,
2 Then Júdah was túrned to God's Témple,
Ísrael becáme his domaín.
3 The seá then behéld and took flíght,
The Jórdan then rólled itself bák,
4 The móuntains then dánced they like ráms,
The hills like the yóung of the flóck.
5 What áils thee, o seá, that thou fleéest?
O Jórdan, that róllest thee bák?
6 O móuntains, that dánce ye like ráms?
O hills, like the yóung of the flóck?
7 All the eárrh, it is seízed with a trémbling,
In fáce of the Lórd God of Jácob,
8 For hé can make lákes of the róck-land,
Form flínt into búbbling springs.
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PSALM 113 (*second part*)*Non nobis Domine*

- 1 To ús no glóry, Lórd,
To ús no glóry,
But glóry tó thy Náme
For thý true lóve.
2 Whý shall the págans excláim,
'Whére is their Gód'?

3 For our Gód he abídes in the heávens,
His will he fulfíls;
4 But their ídols of sílver and góld
Are but wórk of men's hánds:
5 The líps of them líps are unspeáking,
Their éyes are unseeíng,
6 Their eárs not a múrmur perceíving,
Nor nóstrils a frágrance,
7 Their hánds, they are hánds without feéling,
Their feét without pácing,
They útter no crý in their throát.

8 Beréft like to thém be their mákers!
Beréft all who trúst them!
9 But Ísrael trústs in the Lórd,
Their hélp and protéction;
10 Men of Aáron, they trúst in the Lórd,
Their hélp and protéction;
11 The Lórd's tremblíng sérvitors trúst him,
Their hélp and protéction.

12 The Lórd forgéts us nótt,
He gíves us bléssing,
Bléssing Ísrael's Hóuse
And Hóuse of Aáron,
13 Bléssing trémbling sérvants
Greát and lówly.

14 May the Lórd give an íncrease to yoú,
To yoú and your children;
15 Bléssed are yoú of the Lórd,
Who made heáven and eárh.

16 The heávens, the heávens are hís,
But eárh he gáve to mén,
17 The deád, they sháll not síng him,
Nor thóse in sílent tómb,
18 But wé, o wé will práise him
From nów and éver móre.