

Welcome to Matins for **Thursday (Week 2)**. The Service for Matins can be found on p131-141 in the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW). The Psalms for this morning are **Psalm 128 on page 280-1 and Psalm 147:13-21 on page 287-8**. The hymn is **#264**.

PSALM 128 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

The LORD bless | you from Zion,
all the days | of your life.*

¹Happy are they all who | fear the LORD,*
and who follow | in his ways!

²You shall eat the fruit | of your labor;*
happiness and prosperity | shall be yours.

³Your wife shall be like a fruitful vine with- | in your house,*
your children like olive shoots round | about your table.

⁴The man who | fears the LORD*
shall thus in- | deed be blessed.

⁵The LORD bless | you from Zion,*
and may you see the prosperity of Jerusalem all the days | of your life.

⁶May you live to see your | children's children;*
may peace be | upon Israel.

ANTIPHON

The LORD bless | you from Zion,
all the days | of your life.*

PSALM 147:13-21 (*The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.*)

ANTIPHON

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem.

¹³Worship the LORD, | O Jerusalem;*
praise your | God, O Zion;

¹⁴for he has strengthened the bars | of your gates;*
he has blessed your chil- | dren within you.

¹⁵He has established peace | on your borders;*
he satisfies you with the | finest wheat.

¹⁶He sends out his command | to the earth,*
and his word runs | very swiftly.

¹⁷He gives | snow like wool;*
he scatters hoar- | frost like ashes.

¹⁸He scatters his | hail like bread crumbs.*
Who can stand a- | gainst his cold?

¹⁹He sends forth his | word and melts them;*
he blows with his wind, and the | waters flow.

²⁰He declares his | word to Jacob,*
his statutes and his judg- | ments to Israel.

²¹He has not done so to any | other nation;*
to them he has not revealed his judgments. | Hallelujah!

ANTIPHON

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem.

When All Your Mercies, O My God



- 1 When all your mer - cies, O my God, my wak - ing soul sur - veys,
- 2 Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - cious gifts my dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
- 3 Through ev - 'ry pass - ing phase of life your good - ness I'll pur - sue,
- 4 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, to you a joy - ful song I'll raise;



trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost in won - der, love, and praise.
nor is the least a cheer - ful heart that tastes those gifts with joy.
and af - ter death, in dis - tant worlds, the glo - rious theme re - new.
but, oh, e - ter - ni - ty's too short to ut - ter all your praise!

Text: Joseph Addison, 1672–1719

Music: WINCHESTER OLD, attr. George Kirbye, c. 1560–1634

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