

Welcome to Matins for the **Thursdays (and December 21st) in Advent**. The Service for Matins can be found on p131-141 in the Lutheran Book of Worship (LBW). The Psalms for this morning are **Psalm 18 found on page 221-3 and Psalm 147:13-21 found on page 287-8**. The hymn is **#32**.

PSALM 18 *(The cantor will speak / sing the antiphon. The psalm will be spoken / sung in unison.)*

ANTIPHON

*Who is this who comes from Edom from Bozrah in garments stained crimson?**
Who is this so splendidly robed, marching in his great might?

December 21 *Israel, prepare to meet your God,**
for he is coming.

- ¹ I love you, O LORD my strength,*
O LORD my stronghold, my crag, and my haven.
- ² My God, my rock in whom I put my trust,*
my shield, the horn of my salvation, and my refuge: You are worthy of praise.
- ³ I will call upon the LORD,*
and so shall I be saved from my enemies.
- ⁴ The breakers of death rolled over me,*
and the torrents of oblivion made me afraid.
- ⁵ The cords of hell entangled me,*
and the snares of death were set for me.
- ⁶ I called upon the LORD in my distress*
and cried out to my God for help.
- ⁷ He heard my voice from his heavenly dwelling;*
my cry of anguish came to his ears.
- ⁸ The earth reeled and rocked;*
the roots of the mountains shook; they reeled because of his anger.
- ⁹ Smoke rose from his nostrils and a consuming fire out of his mouth;*
hot burning coals blazed forth from him.
- ¹⁰ He parted the heavens and came down*
with a storm cloud under his feet.

- ¹¹ He mounted on cheru- | bim and flew;*
he swooped on the wings | of the wind.
- ¹² He wrapped dark- | ness about him;*
he made dark waters and thick clouds | his pavilion.
- ¹³ From the brightness of his presence, | through the clouds,*
burst hailstones and | coals of fire.
- ¹⁴ The LORD thundered | out of heaven;*
the Most High ut- | tered his voice.
- ¹⁵ He loosed his arrows and | scattered them;*
he hurled thunderbolts and | routed them.
- ¹⁶ The beds of the seas were uncovered, and the foundations of the | world laid bare,*
at your battle cry, O LORD, at the blast of the breath | of your nostrils.
- ¹⁷ He reached down from on | high and grasped me;*
he drew me out | of great waters.
- ¹⁸ He delivered me from my strong enemies and from those who | hated me,*
for they were too might- | y for me.
- ¹⁹ They confronted me in the day of | my disaster;*
but the LORD was | my support.
- ²⁰ He brought me out into an | open place;*
he rescued me because he delight- | ed in me.

Part II used on December 21

- ²¹ The LORD rewarded me because of my | righteous dealing;*
because my hands were clean he re- | warded me;
- ²² for I have kept the ways | of the LORD*
and have not offended a- | gainst my God;
- ²³ for all his judgments are be- | fore my eyes,*
and his decrees I have not put a- | way from me;
- ²⁴ for I have been blame- | less with him*
and have kept myself | from iniquity;
- ²⁵ therefore the LORD rewarded me according to my | righteous dealing,*
because of the cleanness of my hands | in his sight.

- 26 With the faithful you show yourself faith- | ful, O God;*
with the forthright you show | yourself forthright.
- 27 With the pure you show | yourself pure,*
but with the crooked | you are wily.
- 28 You will save a | lowly people,*
but you will humble the | haughty eyes.
- 29 You, O LORD, | are my lamp;*
my God, you make my | darkness bright.
- 30 With you I will break down | an enclosure;*
with the help of my God I will scale | any wall.
- 31 As for God, his ways are perfect; the words of the LORD are tried | in the fire;*
he is a shield to all who | trust in him.
- 32 For who is God, | but the LORD?*
- Who is the rock, ex- | cept our God?
- 33 It is God who girds me a- | bout with strength*
and makes my | way secure.
- 34 He makes me sure-footed | like a deer*
and lets me stand firm | on the heights.
- 35 He trains my | hands for battle*
and my arms for bending even a | bow of bronze.
- 36 You have given me your | shield of victory;*
your right hand also sustains me; your loving care | makes me great.
- 37 You lengthen my | stride beneath me,*
and my ankles do | not give way.
- 38 I pursue my enemies and | overtake them;*
I will not turn back till I | have destroyed them.
- 39 I strike them down, and they | cannot rise;*
they fall defeated | at my feet.
- 40 You have girded me with strength | for the battle;*
you have cast down my adversaries beneath me;
you have put my ene- | mies to flight.
- 41 I destroy those who hate me; they cry out, but there is | none to help them;*
they cry to the LORD, but he | does not answer.

42 I beat them small like dust be- | fore the wind;*
I trample them like mud | in the streets.

43 You deliver me from the strife | of the peoples;*
you put me at the head | of the nations.

44 A people I have not known shall serve me;
no sooner shall they hear than they | shall obey me;*
strangers will | cringe before me.

45 The foreign peoples | will lose heart;*
they shall come trembling out | of their strongholds.

46 The LORD lives! Blessed | is my rock!*

Exalted is the God of | my salvation!

47 He is the God who | gave me victory*
and cast down the peo- | ples beneath me.

48 You rescued me from the fury of my enemies;
you exalted me above those who | rose against me;*
you saved me from my | deadly foe.

49 Therefore will I extol you among the na- | tions, O LORD,*
and sing praises | to your name.

50 He multiplies the victories | of his king;*
he shows lovingkindness to his anointed,
to David and his descend- | ants forever.

ANTIPHON

*Who is this who comes from Edom from Bozrah in gar| ments stained crimson?**
Who is this so splendidly robed, marching in | his great might?

December 21 *Israel, prepare to | meet your God,**
for | he is coming.

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

ANTIPHON

In that day the mountains shall | drip sweet wine,
and the hills shall flow with | milk and honey.*

December 21 *Eagerly I watch | for the Lord;**
I wait in joyful hope for the appearing of | God, my Savior.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTIPHON

In that day the mountains shall | drip sweet wine,
and the hills shall flow with | milk and honey.*

December 21 *Eagerly I watch | for the Lord;**
I wait in joyful hope for the appearing of | God, my Savior.

Fling Wide the Door



1 Fling wide the door, un - bar the gate; the King of glo - ry
 2 He is the rock of our be - lief, the heart of mer - cy's
 3 Oh, hap - py towns and bless - ed lands that live by their true
 4 Come, Lord, our Sav - ior, Je - sus Christ; our hearts are o - pen



comes in state; the Lord of lords and King of kings, the
 gen - tle self. His king - ly crown is ho - li - ness; his
 king's com - mands. And bless - ed be the hearts he rules, the
 wide in trust. Oh, show us now your love - ly grace, up -



Sav - ior of the world who brings his great sal - va - tion
 scep - ter is his love - li - ness; he brings our sor - rows
 hum - ble plac - es where he dwells. He is the right - ful
 on our sor - rows shine your face, and let your Ho - ly



to the earth. So raise a shout of ho - ly mirth and
 to an end. Now glad - ly praise our king and friend, and
 Son of bliss who fills our lives and makes us his, cre -
 Spir - it guide our jour - ney in your grace so wide. We



praise our God and Lord, Cre - a - tor, Spir - it, Word.
 wor - ship him with song for sav - ing us from wrong.
 a - tor of the world, our on - ly strength for good.
 praise your ho - ly name, from age to age the same!

Text: Georg Weissel, 1590-1635; tr. Gracia Grindal, b. 1943
 Music: MACHT HOCH DIE TÜR, J. A. Freylinghausen, *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, 1704
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