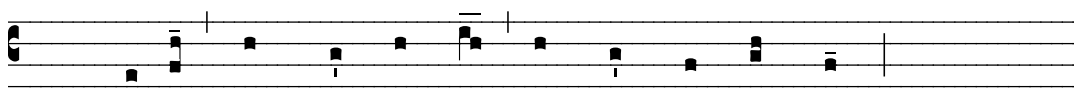


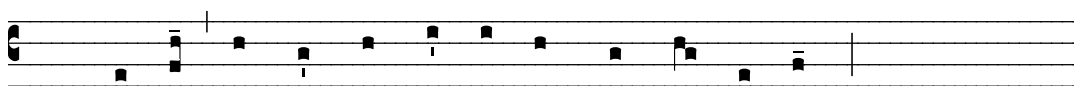
The Deacon singing the Exsultet from an unfolding scroll before the assembly
Drawing by Br. Martin Ermsparger, OSB

The Easter Proclamation: the Exsultet

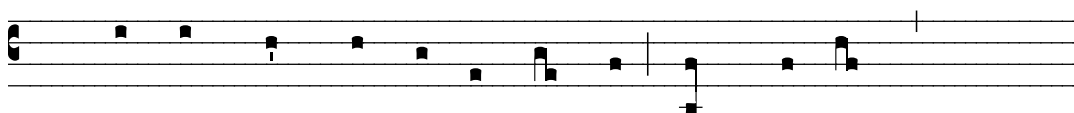
THE PASCHAL PROCLAMATION



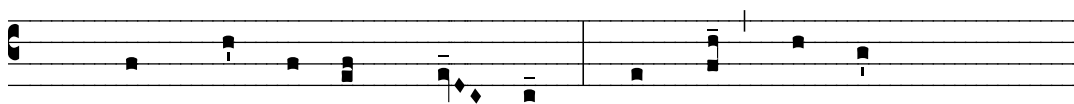
Ex- ult, let them ex- ult, the host of heav- en,



ex- ult, let An- gel mi- nis- ters of God ex- ult,



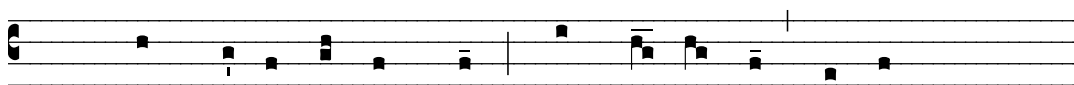
let the trum- pet of sal- va- tion sound a- loud



our might- y king's tri- umph! Be glad, let earth



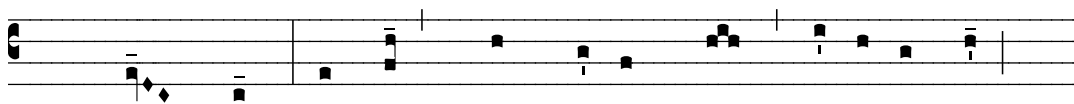
be glad, as glo- ry floods her, a- blaze with light



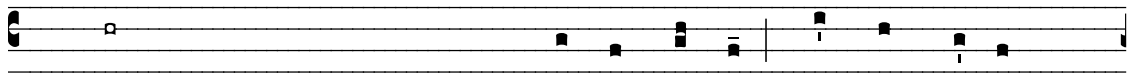
from her e- ter- nal King, let all cor- ners of the



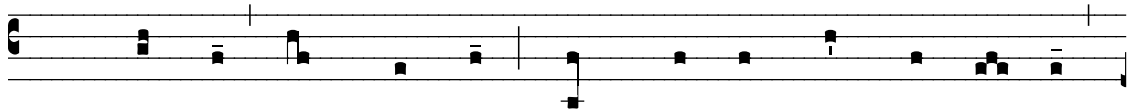
earth be glad, know- ing an end to gloom and



dark- ness. Re- joyce, let Mo- ther Church al- so re- joyce,



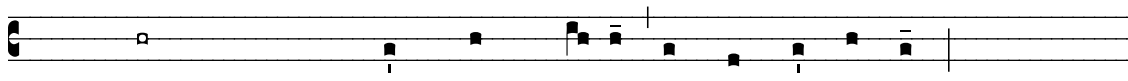
arrayed with the lightning of his glo- ry, let this ho- ly



build- ing shake with joy, filled with the might- y voic- es



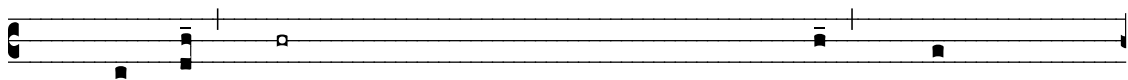
of the peo- ples. (There- fore, dear- est friends,



standing in the awe- some glo- ry of this ho- ly light,



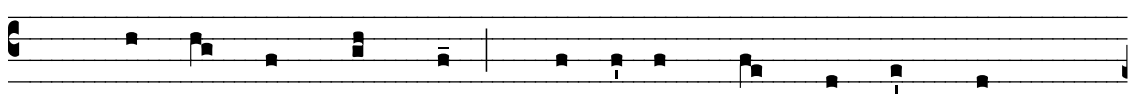
in- voke with me, I ask you, the mer- cy of God al- mighty,



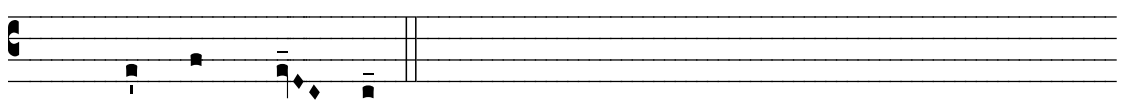
that he, who has been pleased to number me, though



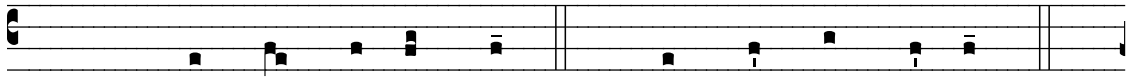
un- worth- y, a- mong the Le- vites, may pour in- to me



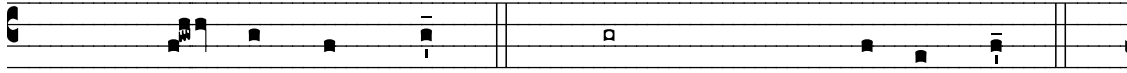
his light un- shad- owed, that I may sing this can- dle's



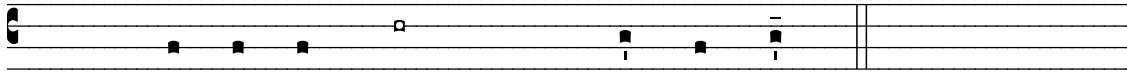
per- fect prais- es.)



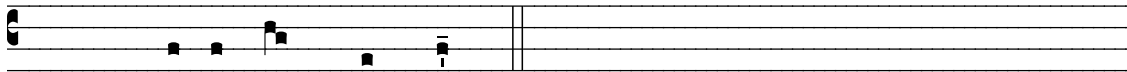
(V. The Lord be with you. R. And with your spir- it.)



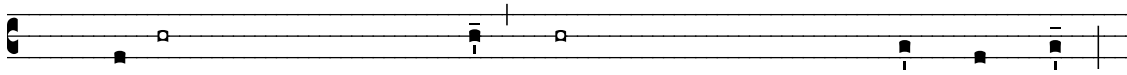
V. Lift up your hearts. R. We lift them up to the Lord.



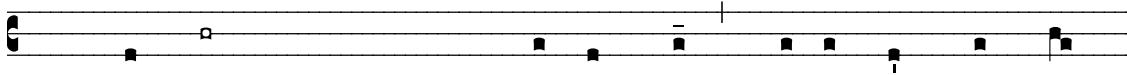
V. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.



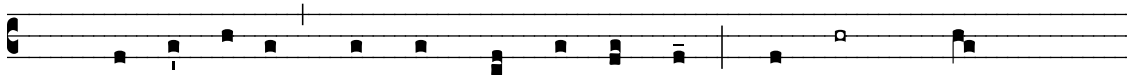
R. It is right and just.



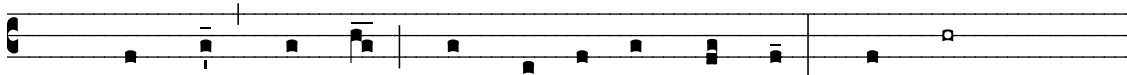
It is truly right and just, with ardent love of mind and heart



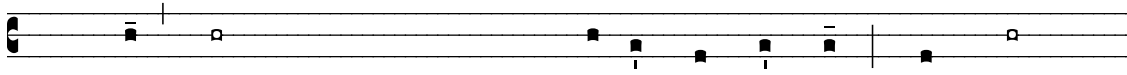
and with devoted service of our voice, to ac-claim our God



in- vis- i- ble, the al- might- y Fa- ther, and Jesus Christ,



our Lord, his Son, his On- ly Be- got- ten. Who for our



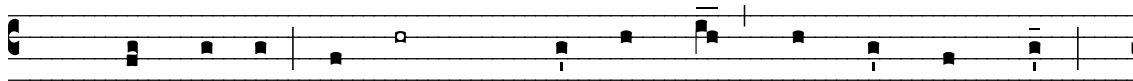
sake paid Adam's debt to the e- ter- nal Fa- ther, and pouring



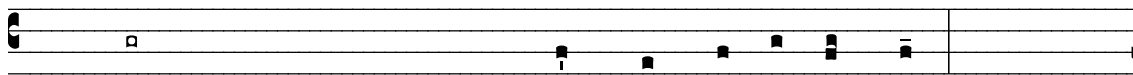
out his own dear Blood, wiped clean the record of our



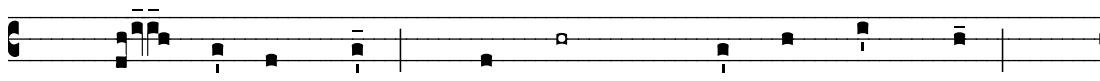
an-cient sin-ful-ness. These then are the feasts of



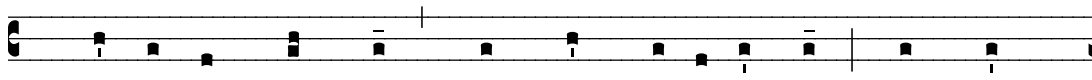
Pass-o-ver, in which is slain the Lamb, the one true Lamb,



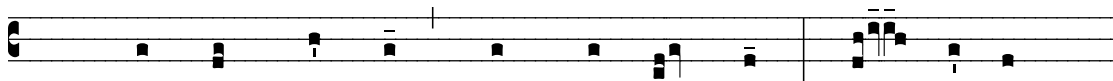
whose Blood anoints the door-posts of be-liev-ers.



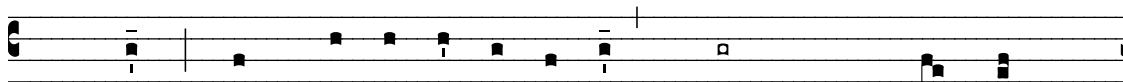
This is the night, when once you led our fore-bears,



Is-ra-el's chil-dren, from salver-y in E-gypt and made



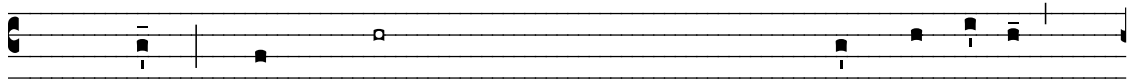
them pass dry-shod through the Red Sea. This is the



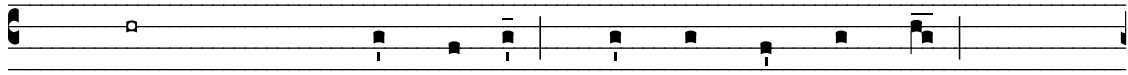
night that with a pil-lar of fire banished the dark-ness



of sin. This is the night that e-ven now, through-out the



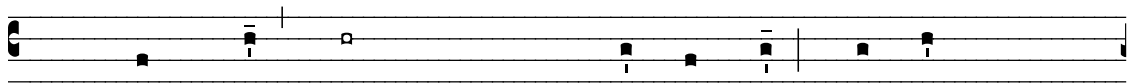
world, sets Christian believers apart from world-ly vic- es



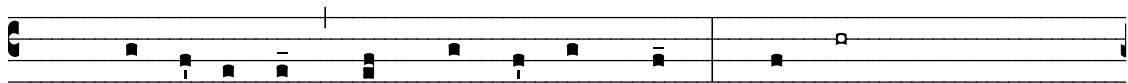
and from the gloom of sin, lead- ing them to grace



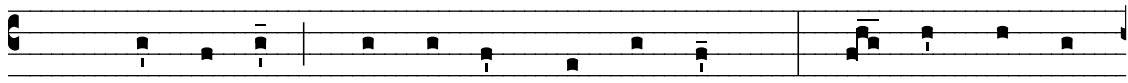
and join- ing them to his ho- ly ones. This is the night,



when Christ broke the prison- bars of death and rose



vic- to- ri- ous from the un- der- world. Our birth would have



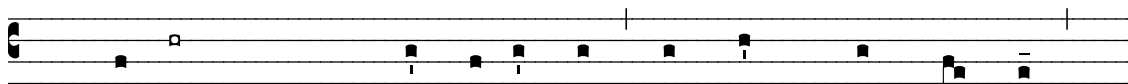
been no gain, had we not been re- deemed. O won- der of



your hum- ble care for us! O love, O charity be- yond all



tell- ing, to ran- som a slave you gave a- way your Son!



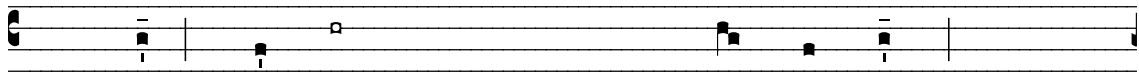
O truly necessary sin of Ad- am, de- stroyed com- plete- ly



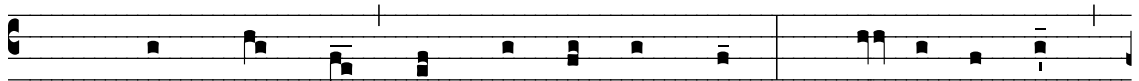
by the Death of Christ! O hap- py fault that earned so



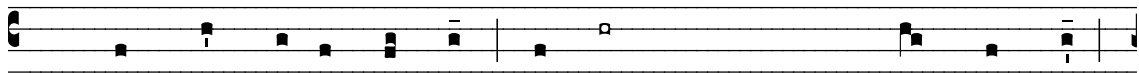
great, so glo- ri- ous a Re- deem- er! O tru- ly bless- ed



night, wor- thy alone to know the time and hour



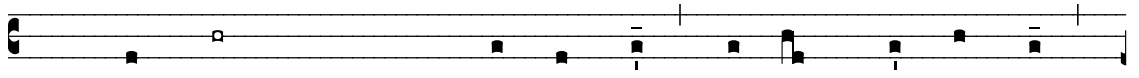
when Christ rose from the un- der- world! This is the night



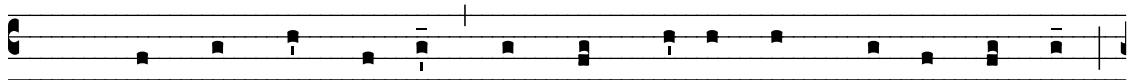
of which it is writ- ten: The night shall be as bright as day,



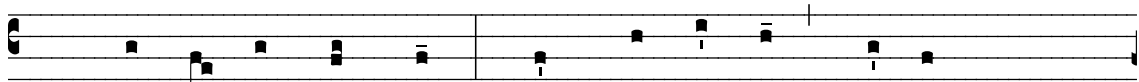
dazzling is the night for me, and full of glad- ness.



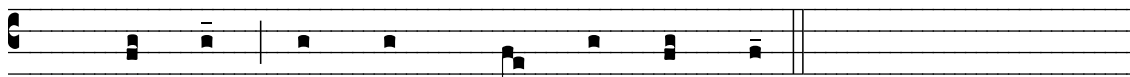
The sanctifying power of this night dis- pels wick- ed- ness,



wash- es faults a- way, re- stores in- no- cence to the fall- en,



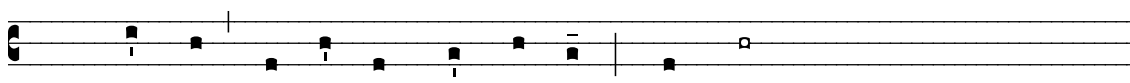
and joy to mourn- ers, drives out ha- tred, fos- ters



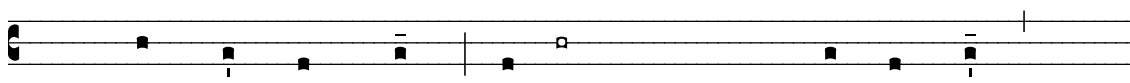
con- cord, and brings down the might- y.



On this, your night of grace, O ho- ly Fa- ther, ac- cept this



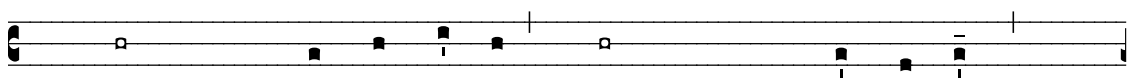
can- dle, a sol- emn of- fer- ing, the work of bees and of



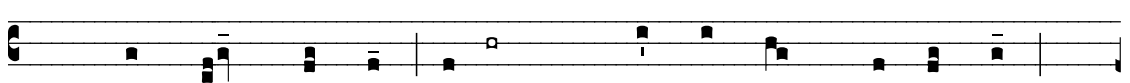
your serv- ants' hands, an evening sa- cri- fice of praise,



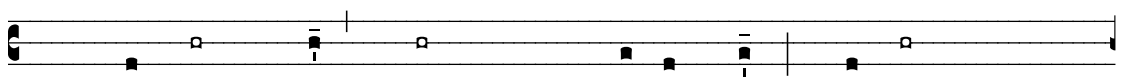
this gift from your most ho- ly Church. But now we know



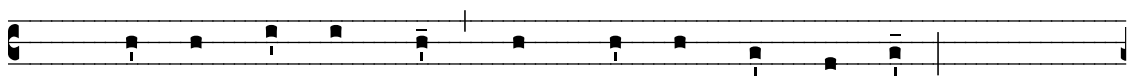
the praises of this pil- lar, which glowing fire ig- nites



for God's hon- or, a fire into man- y flames di- vid- ed,



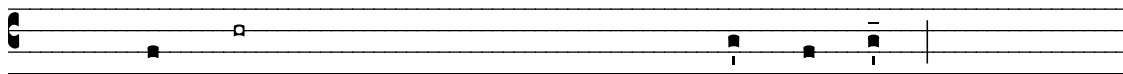
yet never dimmed by shar- ing of its light, for it is



fed by melt- ing wax, drawn out by moth- er bees



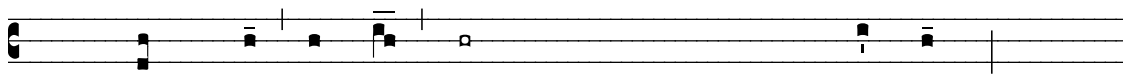
to build a torch so pre- cious. O truly bless- ed night,



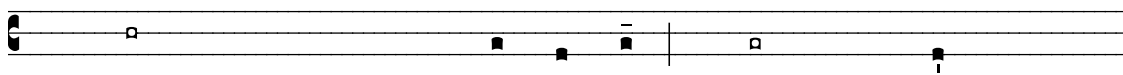
when things of heav-en are wed to those of earth,



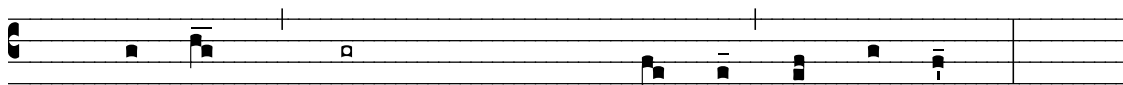
and di- vine to the hu- man.



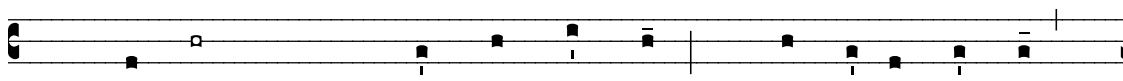
There- fore, O Lord, we pray you that this can- dle,



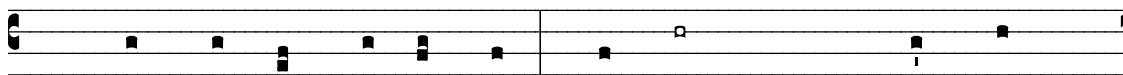
hallowed to the honor of your name, may perse- vere



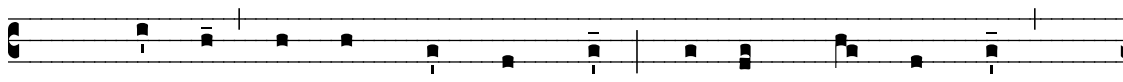
un- dimmed, to overcome the dark- ness of this night.



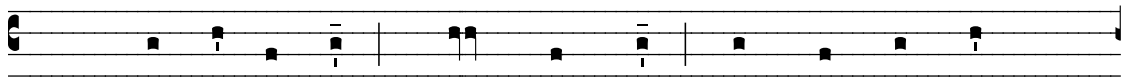
Re- ceive it as a pleas- ing fra- grance, and let it min- gle



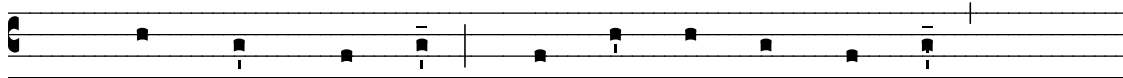
with the lights of heav- en. May this flame be found still



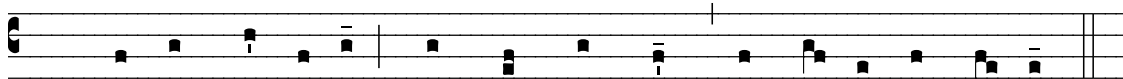
burn- ing by the Morn- ing Star: the one Morn- ing Star



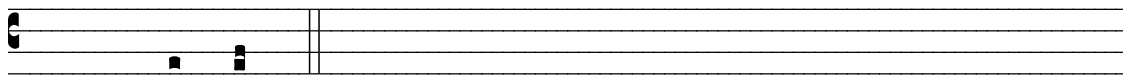
who nev- er sets, Christ your Son, who, com- ing back



from death's do- main, has shed his peace- ful light



on hu- man- i- ty, and lives and reigns for e- ver and e- ver



℞. A- men

Text: ICEL

Music: Columba Kelly, @ Saint Meinrad Archabbey, 2012

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