

# Psalm 30

(Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, RCL, Year B)

Text: The Anglican Chant Psalter, 1987

Setting: Stephan Casurella


Cantor: *Antiphon*



Weep-ing may spend the night, but joy comes in the morn - ing.

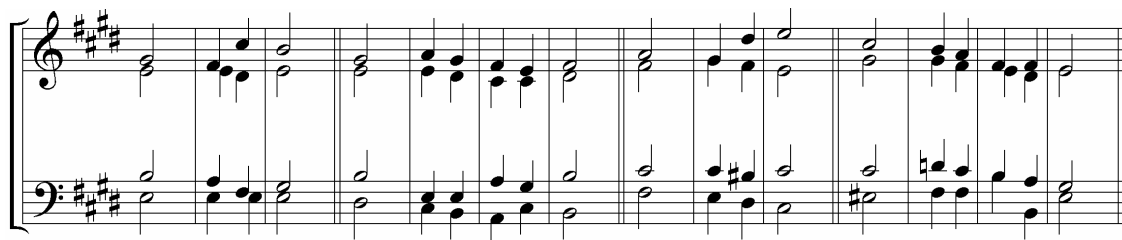
All: *Antiphon*

Choir:



- mf* 1 I will exalt you, O LORD,  
because you have <sup>1</sup>lifted me <sup>1</sup>up \*  
and have not let my <sup>1</sup>enemies <sup>1</sup>triumph <sup>1</sup>over me.
- 2 O LORD my God, I cried <sup>1</sup>out to <sup>1</sup>you, \*  
and <sup>1</sup>you re<sup>1</sup>stored me to <sup>1</sup>health.
- 3 You brought me up, O <sup>1</sup>LORD, from the <sup>1</sup>dead; \*  
you restored my life as I was <sup>1</sup>going <sup>1</sup>down to the <sup>1</sup>grave.
- f* 4 Sing to the LORD, you <sup>1</sup>servants of <sup>1</sup>his; \*  
give thanks for the re<sup>1</sup>membrance <sup>1</sup>of his <sup>1</sup>holiness.

All: *Antiphon*



Choir:

*mf* 5 For his wrath endures but the twinkling of an eye, \*  
his favor for a lifetime.

6 Weeping may spend the night, \*  
but joy comes in the morning.

7 While I felt secure, I said,  
“I shall never be disturbed. \*  
You, LORD, with your favor, made me as strong as the mountains.”

*p* 8 Then you hid your face, \*  
and I was filled with fear.

*pp* 9 I cried to you, O LORD; \*  
I pleaded with the LORD, saying,

10 “What profit is there in my blood, if I go down to the Pit? \*  
will the dust praise you or declare your faithfulness?

*f* †11 Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me; \*  
O LORD, be my helper.”

All: *Antiphon*

Choir:

*mf* 12 You have turned my wailing into dancing; \*  
you have put off my sack-cloth and clothed me with joy.

13 Therefore my heart sings to you without ceasing; \*  
O LORD my God, I will give you thanks for ever.

All: *Antiphon*