Come, O faithful, let us rise early with humble Juan Diego, and seek —
Wisdom where she is to be found. She does not lie buried with the earth's gold and silver, nor deep beneath the waves of the sea. But she sits at the gates of our hearts, as on the hill of Tepéyac, saying:

“Praise the Lord of Heaven Who gives life to All!”

My soul is longing for the Lord. I count on his word. My soul is longing for the Lord more than watchman for daybreak.

Where do you go at first light, O humble Juan Diego? Do you seek the Temple
of the Mysteries? Do you look for the one Solomon sought from his youth?

Do you desire to take Her for your Bride? Go no further than your own barren hill and behold Paradise bowed down in the Maiden's form, as she cries:

“Praise the Lord of Heaven Who gives life to All!”

Cantor: Let the watchman count on daybreak and Israel on the Lord.

“Am I arising from my sleep?” asked humble Juan Diego, “Do I behold what prophets and kings looked for but did not see? Do I stand in the earthly paradise of which my parents dreamed? Have I entered the courts of Heaven?

Before me I see, treading the grasses of my own land, the one who is upborne by angels in her train; She says to me: “Praise the Lord of Heaven"
Cantor: (Tone 6) Because with the Lord there is mercy and fullness of redemption,
(on 3) Israel indeed he will redeem from all its iniquity.

Cantor: Praise the Lord, all you nations, Psalm 116
(on 2) acclaim him all you peoples!

A mid the Mex-ic-an mesquite, the Rose of Sha-ron buds; on a bare hilltop, the Lily
of the Val-ley blooms. Streng-then our weak hands, O La-dy, make firm our
fee-ble knees, for our God has come to grant us great mer - cy.

As a sign of his covenant be - fore the Law, the Lord set his bow in the clouds.
Now rain-bows attend the La - dy of Te - pe-yac, like maidens in her com-pa-ny;
in her womb she fulfills their an-ci-ent pro-mise bear-ing the God who grants us
great mer - cy.
The Americas call to their Mother and Queen: You have ravished our hearts, our sister and bride! You have ravished our hearts with the glance of your eyes!

Under your tongue is honey and milk, with which you feed your poor and hard-pressed people; putting all their deadly foes to flight by the power of the God who grants them great mercy.

Know, all my smallest and most humble children, that I am the Virgin who gave birth to God, the Word through whom everything has the breath of life!

He has given you to me as your Mother, all you peoples of
the Americas! I will hear all your weeping and your complaints; I will heal all your sorrows, hardships, and sufferings. Repent, and believe in the Gospel! And together we will worship the Lord and Lover of us all.

Cantor: Now and ever...

Dogmatikon in the same Tone (Tone 8, page 107).

Hymn of the Evening, p. 12
Prokeimenon for the day of the week, pp 114-115

Readings: Genesis 28: 10 - 17 (EOT 304-305)
Ezekiel 43: 27 - 44: 4
Proverbs 9: 1 - 11

Aposticha

Wisdom has built her house, she has hewn its seven pillars;

she has prepared the table and mixed the wine. She cries out from the city's heights:
You simple ones, turn in here! Eat the Bread which is the Body of my Son!

Drink the Wine which is his Blood! Lay aside all cares, and walk in the way of insight for the Wisdom of the Father draws all to Himself!

Cantor

Listen, O Daughter and see and incline your ear.

Hear all you in the Americas who fear God: the Queen descends to raise the pauper from the dust and to lift on high the lowly. "Do not cheat the poor, nor grieve the hungry. Do not anger any one in need. Do not trouble those in despair.

Save from the wicked the oppressed. Here me and become a son of the Most High.

and He will surpass in love even your Mother."
Cantor

The rich among the people will seek your favor.

How the gold of injustice has grown dim! We have joined house to house; and have crowded out the poor and hungry. We are consumed in drunkenness. No sin has escaped our grasp. Hell grinds us in its mouth of fire. Draw us, O Lady, back to the Father's kingdom, open wide the narrow gate: Be seech your Son to show us his great mercy!

Cantor: (Tone 8) Now and ever...

Aposticha doxastikon of the Theotokos of Guadalupe - Tone 8 samohlasen

“Listen, my most beloved children; the things that afflict you are nothing! For I have given birth to the Conqueror of Hades, the Lord who removes the sting of Death. Let not your faces be abashed
nor your hearts be disturbed. Am I not here, I who am your Mother?—

Are you not under my shadow and protection? Am I not the source of your joy?

Are you not in the hollow of my mantle, in the crossing of my arms? Do you need anything more? Then return to the Lord and He will make all things new!”

Troparia

Troparion of the Theotokos of Guadalupe - Tone 4

When you appeared in the New World, O Theotokos, you fixed your image on Juan Diego's rose-laden tilma. All the poor, hungry, and oppressed seek you, Lady of Guadalupe. We gaze upon your miraculous icon and find hope, crying out to your Son concealed in your womb:

Hear our plea for justice, O most merciful Lord.