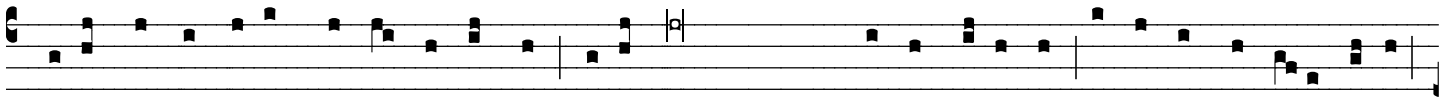


## Exultet (Deacon or Priest)



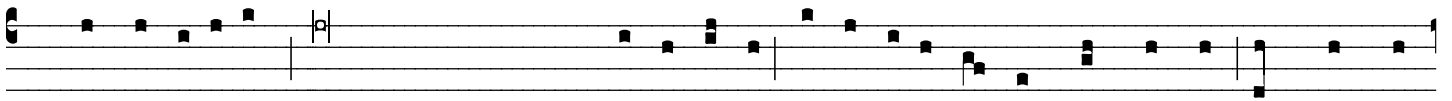
Ex-ult, let them ex-ult, the hosts of heav-en, ex-ult, let Angel minis-ters of God ex-ult, let the trum-pet of sal-va-tion



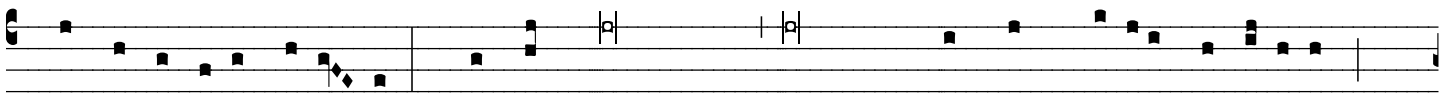
Sound a-loud our might-y King's tri-umph! Be glad, let earth be glad, as glo-ry floods her, a-blaze with light from



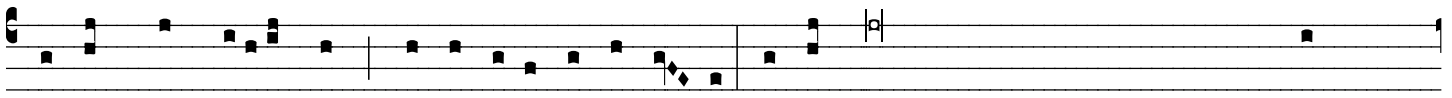
her e-ter-nal King, let all cor-ners of the earth be glad, know-ing an end to gloom and dark-ness. Re-joyce, let Mother



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



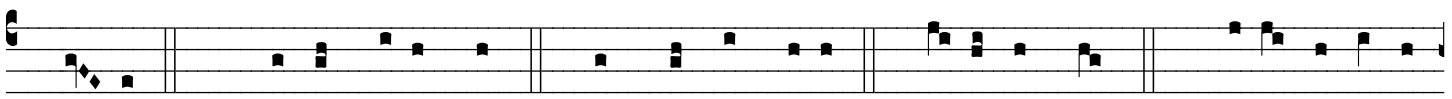
might-y voic-es of the peo-ples. (There-fore, dearest friends, standing in the awe-some glo-ry of this ho-ly light,



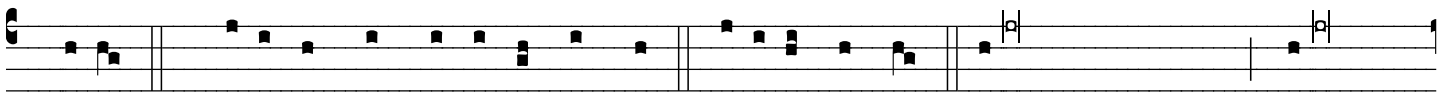
in-voke with me, I ask you, the mer-cy of God al-might-y, that he, who has been pleased to number me, though



un-wor-thy, a-mong the Le-vites, may pour into 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



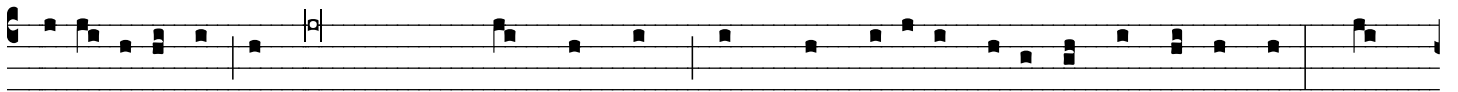
the Lord. V. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. R. It is right and just. It is truly right and just, with ardent



love of mind and heart and with devoted service of our voice, to acclaim our God in-vis-i-ble, the al-might-y



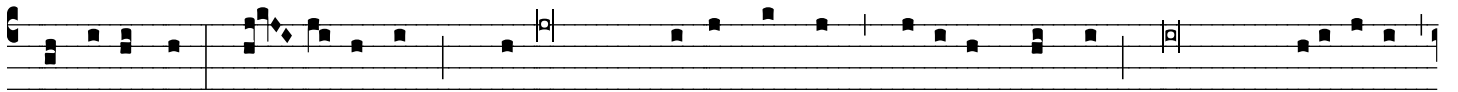
Fa-ther, and Jesus Christ, our Lord, his Son, his On-ly be-got-ten. Who for our sake paid Adam's debt to the



e-ter-nal father, and, pouring out his own dear Blood, wiped clean the re-cord of our an-cient sin-ful-ness. These



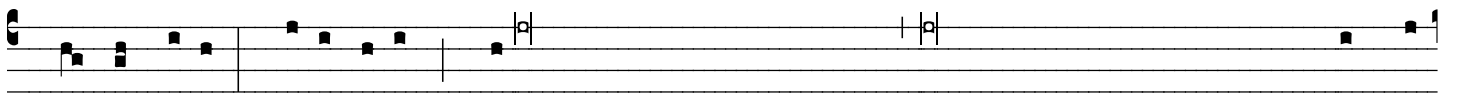
then are the feasts of Pass-o-ver, in which is slain the Lamb, the one true Lamb, whose Blood anoints the door-posts



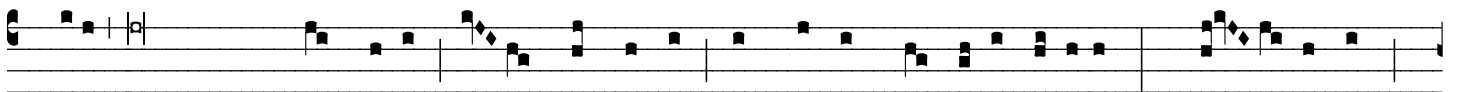
of be-liev-ers. This is the night, when once you led our fore-bears, Is-ra-el's chil-dren, from slav-er-y in E-gypt



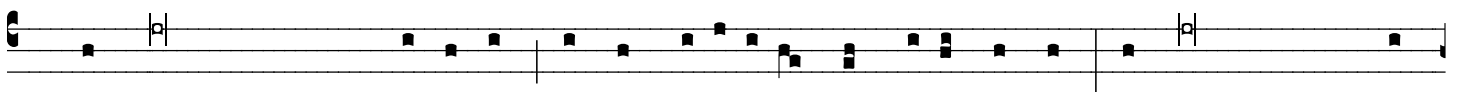
and made them pass dry-shod through the Red Sea. This is the night that with a pil-lar of fire banished the



dark-ness of sin. This is the night that even now, throughout the world, sets Christian believers apart from world-ly



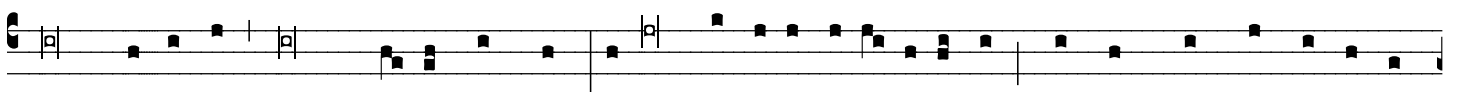
vic-es and from the gloom of sin, lead-ing them to grace and join-ing them to his holy ones. This is the night,



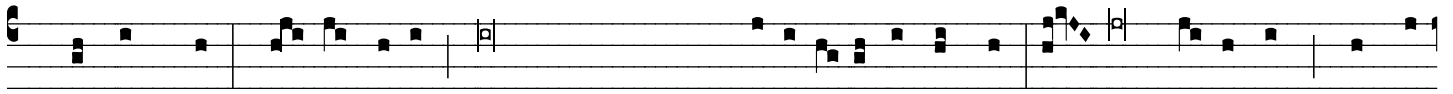
when Christ broke the prison-bars of death and rose vic-to-ri-ous from the un-der-world. Our birth would have been



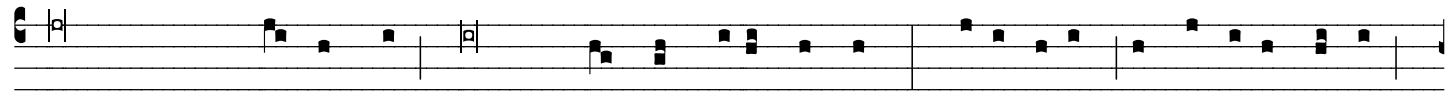
no gain, had we not been re-deemed. O wonder of your hum-ble care for us! O love, O char-i-ty be-yond all tell-ing,



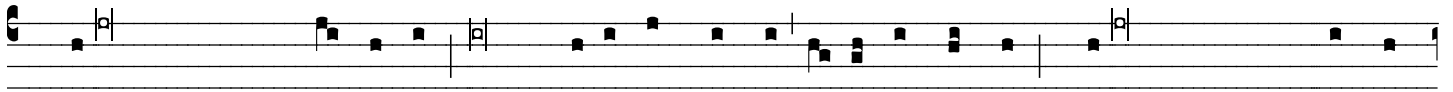
to ran-som a slave you gave a-way your Son! O tru-ly nec-es-sar-y sin of Ad-am, de-stroyed com-plete-ly by the



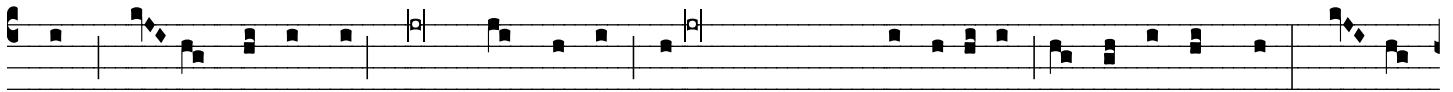
Death of Christ! O hap-py fault that earned so great, so glo-ri-ous a Re-deem-er! O truly bless-ed night, wor-thy



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



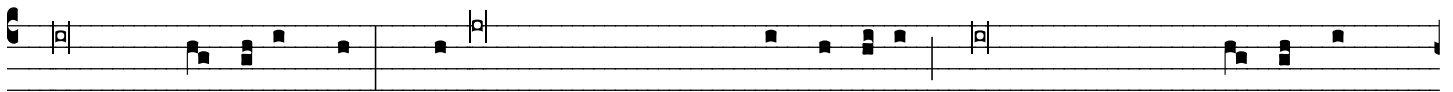
night dis-pels wick-ed-ness, washes faults a-way, re-stores innocence to the fall-en, and joy to mourn-ers, drives out



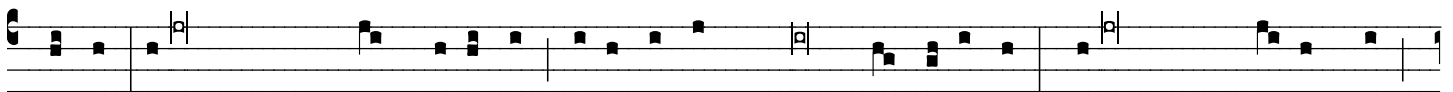
ha-tred, fos-ters con-cord, and brings down the might-y. On this, your night of grace, O ho-ly Fa-ther, accept this



candle, a sol-emn of-fer-ing, the work of bees and of your serv-ants' hands, an evening sacri-fice of praise, this gift



from your most ho-ly Church. But now we know the praises of this pil-lar, which glow-ing fire ig-nites for God's



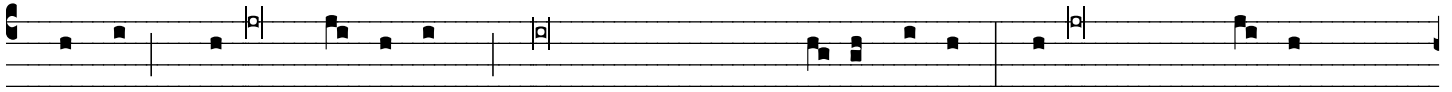
hon-or, a fire into many flames di-vid-ed, yet nev-er dimmed by shar-ing of its light, for it is fed by melt-ing wax,



drawn out by moth-er bees to build a torch so pre-cious. O truly bless-ed night, when things of heaven are wed to



those of earth, and di-vine to the hu-man. There-fore, O Lord, we pray you that this candle, hallowed to the honor of



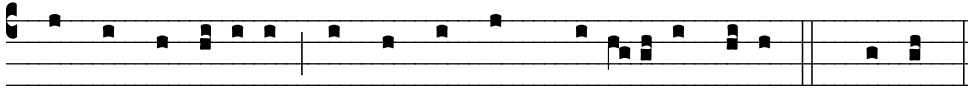
your name, may perse-vere un-dimmed, to overcome the dark-ness of this night. Re-ceive it as a pleas-ing



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 Morning Star who nev-er sets, Christ your Son, who, coming back from death's do-main, has shed his peaceful



light on hu-man-i-ty, and lives and reigns for ev-er and ev-er. R. A-men.