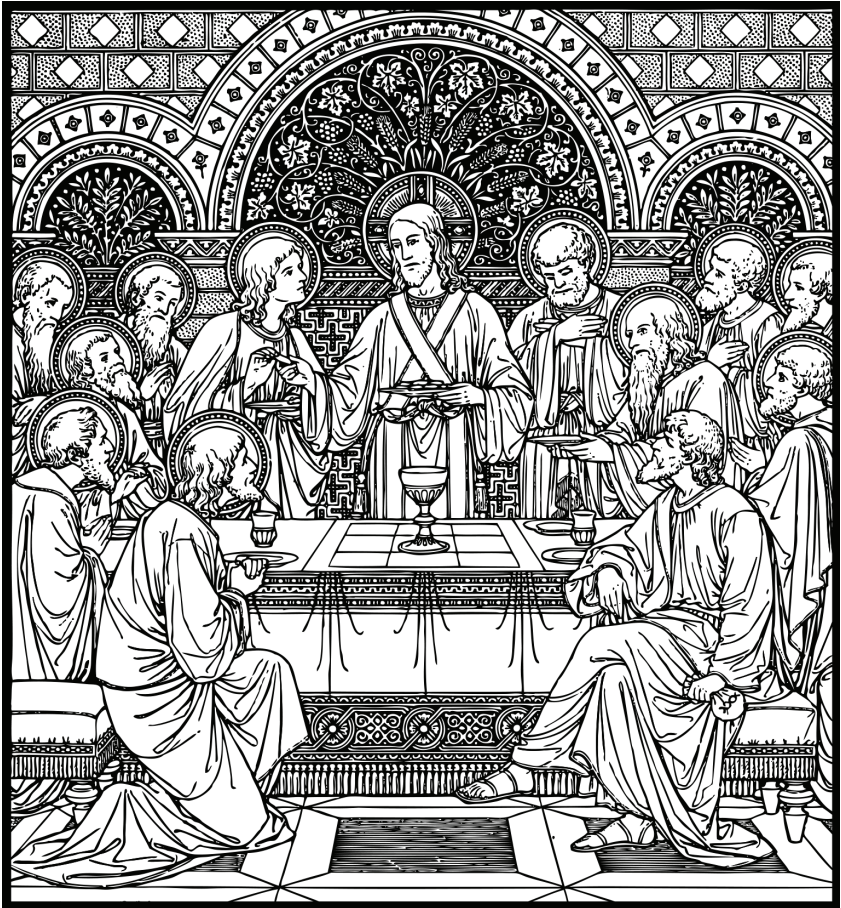


# Stripping of the Altars



1. The Celebrant (and assisting priests and deacons) go to the sacristy. They remove their vestments and return to the sanctuary in alb, cincture, and violet stole.
2. Then the celebrant goes to the high altar with the sacred ministers or servers. They make a reverence to the altar and, standing, begin the stripping of altars as follows:
3. At the altar, the Celebrant says the antiphon in a clear voice “They parted my garments amongst them, and upon my vesture they cast lots”; adding the beginning of the psalm: “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”.
4. If there are additional clerics present, they continue the recitation of this psalm until the stripping of the altars is completed. Otherwise the celebrant himself continues the psalm, or the choir or the people.

### *Antiphon*

They parted my garments amongst them,  
and upon my vesture they cast lots.

### *Psalm 21 (22)*

*Deus, Deus meus, respice in me*

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?  
Why are you far from saving me,  
so far from my words of anguish?  
O my God, I call by day and you do not answer;  
I call by night and I find no reprieve.

Yet you, O God, are holy,  
enthroned on the praises of Israel.  
In you our forebears put their trust;  
they trusted and you set them free.  
When they cried to you, they escaped;  
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.

But I am a worm and no man,  
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.  
All who see me deride me;  
they curl their lips, they toss their heads:  
“He trusted in the LORD, let him save him;  
let him release him, for in him he delights.”

Yes, it was you who took me from the womb,  
entrusted me to my mother’s breast.  
To you I was committed from birth;  
from my mother’s womb, you have been my God.  
Stay not far from me;  
trouble is near, and there is no one to help.

Many bulls have surrounded me,  
fierce bulls of Bashan close me in.  
Against me they open wide their mouths,  
like a lion, rending and roaring.

Like water I am poured out,  
disjointed are all my bones.  
My heart has become like wax,  
it is melted within my breast.

Parched as burnt clay is my throat,  
my tongue cleaves to my jaws.  
You lay me in the dust of death.  
For dogs have surrounded me;  
a band of the wicked besets me.  
They tear holes in my hands and my feet;

I can count every one of my bones.  
They stare at me and gloat.  
They divide my clothing among them,  
they cast lots for my robe.

But you, O LORD, do not stay afar off;  
my strength, make haste to help me!  
Rescue my soul from the sword,  
my life from the grip of the dog.  
Save my life from the jaws of the lion,  
my poor soul from the horns of wild bulls.

I will tell of your name to my kin,  
and praise you in the midst of the assembly;  
“You who fear the LORD, give him praise;  
all descendants of Jacob, give him glory;  
revere him, all you descendants of Israel.

For he has never despised  
nor scorned the poverty of the poor.  
From him he has not hidden his face,  
but he heard him whenever he cried.”

You are my praise in the great assembly.  
My vows I will pay before those who fear him.  
The poor shall eat and shall have their fill.  
They shall praise the LORD, those who seek him.  
May their hearts live on forever and ever!

All the earth shall remember and return to the LORD,  
all families of the nations worship before him,  
for the kingdom is the LORD's, he is ruler of the nations.  
They shall worship him, all the mighty of the earth;  
before him shall bow all who go down to the dust.

And my soul shall live for him, my descendants serve him.  
They shall tell of the LORD to generations yet to come,  
declare his saving justice to peoples yet unborn:  
“These are the things the LORD has done.”

5. During the psalm the celebrant, with the sacred ministers or servers, strips all the altars of the church, with the exception of the altar at which the Holy Eucharist is solemnly adored. All the coverings and ornaments of the altars are removed, including the crosses and candlesticks. The *Gloria Patri* is not added at the end of Psalm 21.
6. After stripping the altars, they return to the high altar. There the celebrant repeats the antiphon and goes to the sacristy with the sacred ministers or servers.

*Antiphon*

They parted my garments amongst them,  
and upon my vesture they cast lots.

7. Next Compline is said in choir, without chant. No candles are lighted. The Hour of Vespers is omitted.



*Ut in Omnibus Glorificetur Dei.*

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