

Wednesday, December 21

Reading: Isaiah 64:8-9 NRSV

*Yet, O Lord, you are our Father;
we are the clay, and you are our potter;
we are all the work of your hand.
Do not be exceedingly angry, O Lord,
and do not remember iniquity for ever.
Now consider, we are all your people.*

Father of Heaven, God of Ages, Master of the Universe, you created us
in light, and water, and love, and freedom from the new dust before

A spot of mold
Had formed, Before the
First last breath of
A mouse had stirred the smallest drop
Of dew. And
Not a second after
You declared it good, we
Found the first
Chain that fit our necks
And thought it better.

*Now the last age by Cumae's Sibyl sung
Has come and gone, and the majestic roll
Of circling centuries begins anew:
Justice returns, returns old Saturn's reign,
With a new breed of men sent down from heaven.
Only do thou, at the boy's birth in whom
The iron shall cease, the golden race arise,
Befriend him, chaste Lucina; 'tis thine own
Apollo reigns. And in thy consulate,
This glorious age, O Pollio, shall begin,
And the months enter on their mighty march.
Under thy guidance, whatso tracks remain
Of our old wickedness, once done away,
Shall free the earth from never-ceasing fear.*

Virgil, *Eclogue IV*, Lines 5-18