Exultet (Deacon or Priest)

Exult, let them exult, the hosts of heaven, exult, let Angel ministers of God exult, let the trumpet of salvation sound aloud our mighty King’s triumph! Be glad, let earth be glad, as glory floods her, ablaze with light from her eternal King, let all corners of the earth be glad, knowing an end to gloom and darkness. Rejoice, let Mother Church also rejoice, arrayed with the lightning of his glory, let this holy building shake with joy, filled with the mighty voices of the peoples. (Therefore, dearest friends, standing in the awesome glory of this holy light, invoke with me, I ask you, the mercy of God almighty, that he, who has been pleased to number me, though unworthy, among the Levites, may pour into me his light unshaded, that I may sing this candle’s perfect praises.) (V. The Lord be with you. R. And with your spirit.) 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 invisible, the almighty
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 slaver-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 persevere un-dimmed, to overcome the dark-ness of this night. Re-ceive it as a pleas-ing

fra-gramce, 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.