Anointing of the Altar and the Walls of the Church, first option

(Chapter III, no. 24)

23. Then the Bishop, removing the chasuble if necessary and assuming a linen gremial, goes to the altar with the Deacons and other ministers, one of whom carries the vessel of Chrism, and proceeds to anoint the altar and the walls of the church, as described below, no. 24.

24. The Bishop, standing before the altar, says aloud:

May the Lord by his power sanctify this altar and this house, which by our ministry we anoint, so that as visible signs they may express the mystery of Christ and the Church.

Then he pours the sacred Chrism on the middle of the altar and on each of its four corners, and it is praiseworthy for him to anoint the entire table with it.

After this, the Bishop anoints the walls of the church, signing with sacred Chrism the suitably distributed twelve or four crosses; he may be assisted, as circumstances suggest, by two or four Priests.

If, however, he has assigned the anointing of the walls to Priests, after the Bishop has finished anointing the altar, they anoint the walls of the church, making signs of the Cross with sacred Chrism.

Meanwhile, one of the following antiphons is sung with Psalm 84 (83):

(outside of Easter Time)

Psalm 84 (83)

2  How lovely is your dwelling place, *
   O Lord of hosts.

3  My soul is longing and yearning *
    for the courts of the Lord.
    My heart and my flesh cry out *
    to the living God. R.

4  Even the sparrow finds a home, *
    and the swallow a nest for herself
    in which she sets her young, at your altars, *
    O Lord of hosts, my king and my God. R.
Psalm 84 (83)

How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord of hosts.

My soul is longing and yearning for the courts of the Lord.

My heart and my flesh cry out to the living God.

Even the sparrow finds a home, and the swallow a nest for her self in which she sets her young, at your altars, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God.

Blessed are they who dwell in your house, forever singing your praise.

Blessed the people whose strength is in you, whose heart is set on pilgrim ways.

As they go through the Baca Valley, they make it a place of springs; the autumn rain covers it with pools.

They walk with ever-growing strength; the God of gods will appear in Zion.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Turn your eyes, O God, our shield; look on the face of your anointed.

One day within your courts is better than a thousand elsewhere.

The threshold of the house of my God I prefer to the dwellings of the wicked.

For the Lord God is a sun, a shield; the Lord will give us his favor and glory.

He will not withhold any good to those who walk without blame.

O Lord of hosts, how blessed is the man who trusts in you!