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Masses for the Dead

Dies iræ

Seq.
I.

D I-es iræ, di-es illa, Solvet sæclum in favilla:
That day of wrath, that dreadful day, when heav'n and earth shall pass away,

Teste David cum Sibýlla. Quantus tremor est futurus,
both David and the Sibyl say. What terror then shall us befall,

Quando ju-dex est ventúrus, Cuncta stricte discussúrus!
when lo, the Judge's steps appall, about to sift the deeds of all.

Tuba mirum spar-gens sonum Per sepúlcræ regi-ónum,
The mighty trumpet's marvelous tone shall pierce through each sepulchral stone

Coget omnes ante thronum. Mors stupébit et natú-
and summon all before the throne. Now Death and Nature in amaze

a, Cum resúrget cre-a-túra, Judi-cán-ti responsúra.
behold the Lord His creatures raise, to meet the Judge's awful gaze.

Liber scriptus pro-ferétur, In quo totum continétur,
The books are opened, that the dead may have their doom from what is read,

Masses for the Dead



Unde mundus judicétur, Judex ergo cum sedébit,
the record of our conscience dread. The Lord of judgement sits Him down,



Quidquid latet apparébit: Nil inúltum remanébit,
and every secret thing makes known; no crime escapes His vengeful frown.



Quid sum miser tunc dictúrus? Quem patró- num rogatórus?
Ah, how shall I that day endure? What patron's friendly voice secure,



Cum vix justus sit secúrus. Rex treméndæ majestátis,
when scarce the just themselves are sure? O King of dreadful majesty,



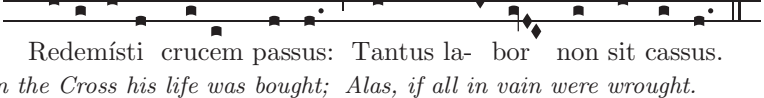
Qui salvándos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pi-etátis.
who grantest grace and mercy free, grant mercy now and grace to me!



Recordáre Je- su pi-e, Quod sum causa tu-æ vi-æ: Ne
Good Lord, 'twas for my sinful sake, that Thou our suffering flesh didst take;

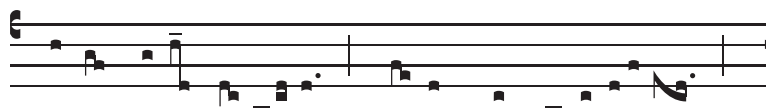


me per- das illa di-e. Quærens me, se- di- sti las-sus:
then do not now my soul forsake. In weariness Thy sheep was sought;

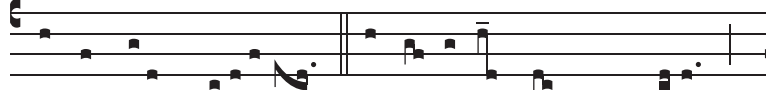


Redemísti crucem passus: Tantus la- bor non sit cassus.
upon the Cross his life was bought; Alas, if all in vain were wrought.

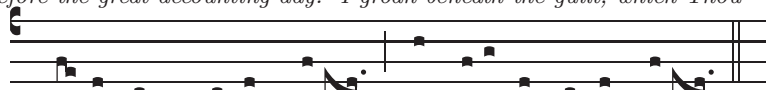
Masses for the Dead



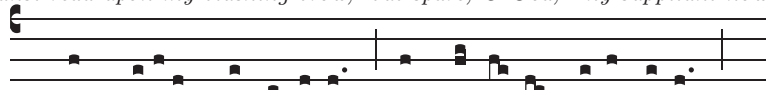
Juste judex ul-ti-ónis, Do-num fac remissi-ónis,
O just avenging Judge, I pray, for pity take my sins away,



Ante di-em rati-ónis, Inge-míscó, tamquam re-us:
before the great accounting-day. I groan beneath the guilt, which Thou



Culpa rubet vultus me-us: Supplicánti parce De-us.
canst read upon my blushing brow; but spare, O God, Thy suppliant now.



Qui Marí-am absolvísti, Et latró-nem exaudísti,
Thou who didst Mary's sins unbind, and mercy for the robber find,



Míhi quoque spem dedísti. Preces me-æ non sunt dignæ:
dost fill with hope my anxious mind. My feeble prayers can make no claim,



Sed tu bo-nus fac benígne, Ne perénni cremer ígne.
yet, gracious Lord, for Thy great Name, redeem me from the quenchless flame.



Inter oves lo-cum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequéstra,
At Thy right hand, give me a place among Thy sheep, a child of grace,



Státu-ens in parte dextra. Confutátis ma-ledí-
far from the goats accursed race. Yea, when Thy justly kindled ire

Masses for the Dead



ctis, Flammiis ácribus addíctis, Voca me cum benedíctis.
shall sinners hurl to endless fire, Oh, call me to Thy chosen choir.



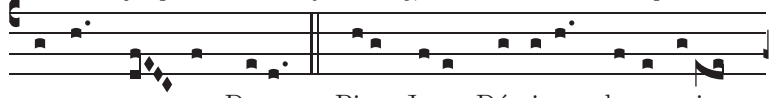
Oro supplex et acclínis, Cor contrítum quasi cinis,
In suppliant prayer I prostrate bend, my contrite heart like ashes rend,



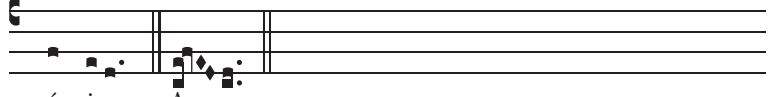
Gere curam me-i finis. Lacrimósa di-es illa Qua
Regard, O Lord, my latter end. Oh! on that day, that tearful day,



resúrget ex favilla Judicándus ho-mo re-us Hu-ic
when man to judgement wakes from clay, be Thou the trembling sinner's stay.



ergo pa-rce De-us Pi-e Jesu Dómine, dona e-is
And spare him, God, we humbly pray. Yea, grant to all, O Saviour Blest,



réqui-em. A-men.

Who die in Thee, the Saints' sweet rest.

Thomas of Celano, 13th century
Translated by Fr. J. Aylward, 1813-1872
and William F. Wingfield, 1813-1874

Pange lingua gloriosi

Hymn
III.

P

Ange lingua glo-ri-ó-si Córporis mystéri-um,
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory, Of His Flesh the mystery sing

Sanguínisque pre-ti-ó-si Quem in mundi pré-ti-um
Of the Blood all price exceeding, Shed by our Immortal King

Fructus ventris generó-si Rex effúdit génti-um Amen.
Destined for the world's redemption From a noble womb to spring.

2. Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intácta Vírgine,
Et in mundo conversátus
Sparso verbi sémine,
Sui moras incolátus
Miro clausit órđine.

3. In suprémae nocte cœnæ
Recúmbens cum frátribus,
Observáta lege plene
Cibis in legálibus,
Cibum turbæ duodénæ
Sedat suis mánibus.

4. Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem éfficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum
Et si sensus déficit,
Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

2. Of a pure and spotless Virgin,
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow.
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

3. On the night of that Last Supper
Seated with His chosen band
He, the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command;
Then as food to all His brethren
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4. Word made Flesh, the bread of
nature;
By His Word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:
What though sense no change
discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5. TANTUM ERGO SACRAMÉNTUM
Venerémur cernui:
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat rítui
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

6. Genitóri Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedíctio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.
Amen.

5. DOWN IN ADORATION FALLING,
*This great Sacrament we hail,
Ancient types have long departed
Newer rites of grace prevail
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.*

6. *Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son
Honour might and praise
addressing
While eternal ages run
Equal praise to Him confessing
Who proceeds from both as one.
Amen.*

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74
Translated by Fr. E. Caswall 1814-78

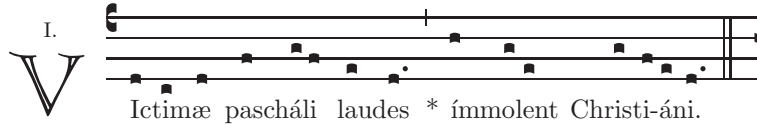
Mass of the Holy Oils (Maundy Thursday)

Grad. ⁵
C Hrí-stus * fáctus est pro nó- bis obé-
di- ens us-que ad mór-tem, mór-tem au-tem crú-
cis, ∇ . Propter quod et Dé-us exaltávit
illum, et dé-dit
fil-li nó- men, quod est super ómne
* nó- men.

Mass of the Holy Oils (Maundy Thursday)

EASTER

Victimæ paschali laudes

I. 

Ictimæ paschali laudes * immolent Christi-áni.

To the Paschal Victim let Christians offer a sacrifice of praise.

Agnus redémit oves: Christus innocens Patri reconci-
The Lamb has redeemed the sheep; Christ, sinless, has reconciled

li-ávit peccatóres. Mors et vita du-éllo confluxére mirán-
sinner to the Father. Death and life were locked in a marvellous struggle;

do: dux vitæ mórtu-us, regnat vivus. Dic nobis Marí-a,
The Prince of life died but now lives and reigns. Tell us, Mary,

quid vidísti in vi-a? Sepúlcrum Christi vivéntis, et
what didst thou see on the way? 'I saw the tomb of the living Christ

glóri-am vidi resurgéntis: Angélicos testes, sudári-um, et
and His glory as He rose; I saw angels who gave witness, and the cloths

vestes. Surréxit Christus spes me-a: præcédet su-os in
which had covered Him. Christ my hope has risen, and goes before you

Galilæ-am. Scimus Christum surrexisse a mórtu-is vere:
into Galilee.' We know that Christ is risen indeed;

EASTER



tu nobis, victor Rex, miseré- re. Amen. Allelúia.

Do Thou, victorious King, have mercy on us.

Alternate translation:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Bring, all ye dear-bought nations,
bring
Your richest praises to your King,
Alleluia, alleluia.
That spotless Lamb, who more
than due,
Paid for His sheep, and those sheep
you:
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.</p> <p>2. That guiltless Son, who bought
your peace,
And made His Father's anger
cease,
Alleluia, alleluia.
Then, Life and Death together
fought,
Each to a strange extreme was
brought:</p> | <p>3. Life died, but soon revived again,
And even death by it was slain,
Alleluia, alleluia.
Say, happy Magdalen, oh say,
What didst thou see there by the
way?:</p> <p>4. "I saw the tomb of my dear Lord,
I saw Himself and Him adored;
Alleluia, alleluia.
I saw the napkin and the sheet,
That bound His hands and
wrapped His feet:"</p> <p>5. We, Lord, with faithful hearts
and voice,
On this Thy rising day rejoice;
Alleluia, alleluia.
O Thou, whose power o'ercame the
grave,
By grace and love us sinners save:</p> |
|--|--|

11th century

Translated by W. K. Blount, d. 1717

Sexagesima Sunday

AT MASS.

Intr.

1.

E



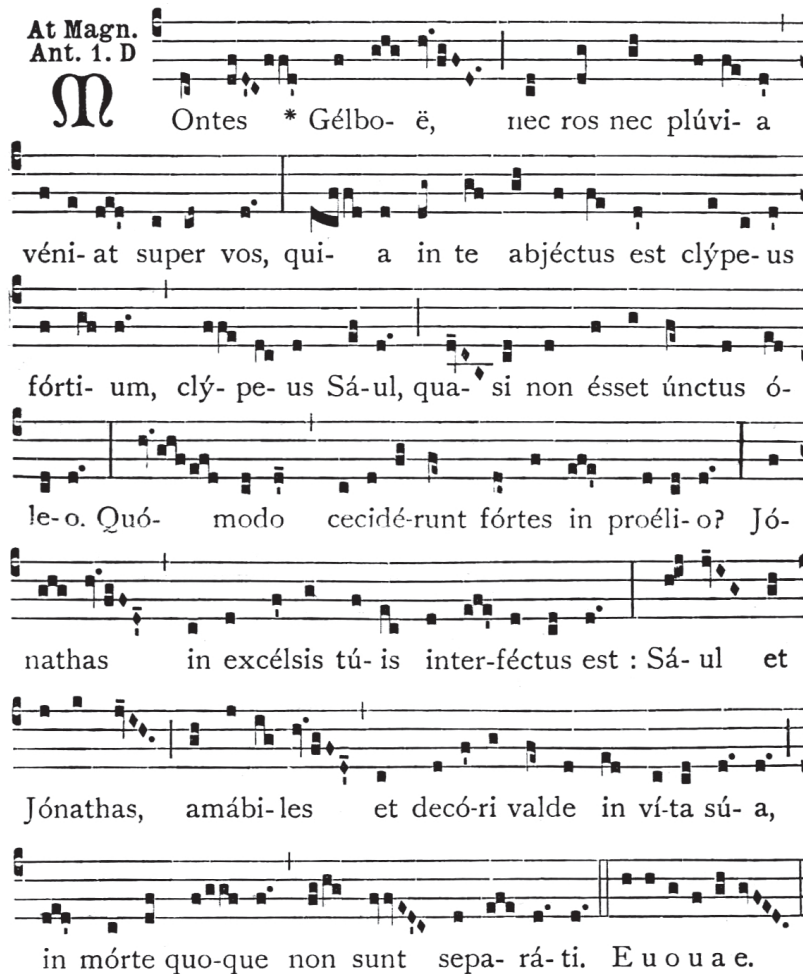
Xsúrge, * qua-re obdórmis Dómine? exsúr-
ge, et ne repéllas in fí- nem : qua-re fá-ci-em tú-am
avértis, obli-ví-sceris tribu-la-ti-ó-nem nóstram? Adhaé-
sit in tér-ra vénter nó-ster : exsúrge, Dómine, ádjuva
nos, et lí-be-ra nos.

Sexagesima Sunday

Saturday before the 5th Sunday after Pentecost.

At Magn.
Ant. 1. D

M



Ontes * Gélbo- ě, nec ros nec plúvi- a
véni- at super vos, qui- a in te abjéctus est clýpe- us
fórti- um, clý- pe- us Sá-ul, qua- si non ésset únctus ó-
le- o. Quó- modo cecidé-runt fórtes in proéli- o? Jó-
nathas in excélsis tú- is inter-féctus est : Sá- ul et
Jónathas, amábi- les et decó-ri valde in ví- ta sú- a,
in mórtē quo- que non sunt sepa- rá- ti. E u o u a e.

Saturday before the 5th Sunday after Pentecost.

Stabat Mater dolorosa

VI
S



Tabat Mater dolo-rósa Juxta Crucem lacrimósa,
At the Cross her station keeping Stood the mournful mother weeping,

Dum pendébat Fí-li-us.
Close to Jesus to the last.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. Cujus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátem et doléntem
Pertransívit gládíus. | 2. <i>Through her heart, His sorrow
sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.</i> |
| 3. O quam tristis et afflícta
Fuit illa benedícta
Mater Unigéniti! | 3. <i>Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother highly blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!</i> |
| 4. Quæ mærébat et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati pœnas ínclýti. | 4. <i>Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.</i> |
| 5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplício? | 5. <i>Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?</i> |
| 6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio? | 6. <i>Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain
In that Mother's pain untold?</i> |
| 7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllus súbditum. | 7. <i>Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.</i> |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum. | 8. <i>For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.</i> |
| 9. Eia Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | 9. <i>O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.</i> |

- | | |
|---|--|
| 10. Fac ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam. | 10. <i>Make me feel as thou hast felt:
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.</i> |
| 11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide. | 11. <i>Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.</i> |
| 12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Poenas mecum dívide. | 12. <i>Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.</i> |
| 13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec ego víxero. | 13. <i>Let me mingle tears with thee.
Mourning him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.</i> |
| 14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In planctu desidéro. | 14. <i>By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
All the days that I may live.</i> |
| 15. Virgo víginem præclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere. | 15. <i>Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.</i> |
| 16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere. | 16. <i>Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.</i> |
| 17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me Cruce inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii. | 17. <i>Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swoon'd
In His very Blood away.</i> |
| 18. Flammi ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die júdíci. | 18. <i>Be to me, O Virgin, nigh
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgement day.</i> |
| 19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ. | 19. <i>Christ, when Thou shalt call me
hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory.</i> |
| 20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen. | 20. <i>While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.</i> |

Ascribed to Jacapone da Todi, 13th century
Translation Fr. E. Caswall 1814–1878