

Hymns

VENI, VENI, Emmánuel; * captívum solve Israël * qui gemit in exílio * privátus Dei Filio.

R. Gaude! Gaude! Emmánuel * Nascétur pro te, Israël.

O come, Thou Wisdom from on high, * Who ord'rest all things mightily; * To us the path of knowledge show, * and teach us in her ways to go.

R. Gaude ...

LET ALL MORTAL FLESH KEEP SILENCE, * and with fear and trembling stand; * Ponder nothing earthly minded, * for with blessing in His hand * Christ our God to earth descendeth, * our full homage to demand.

IMMACULATE MARY, your praises we sing. * You reign now in splendor with Jesus our King. **R. Ave, ave, ave Maria! Ave, ave Maria!**

In heaven the blessed your glory proclaim; * on earth we your children invoke your sweet name. **R. Ave ...**

O SANCTISSIMA, O piíssima, * dulcis Virgo María! * Mater amáta, intemeráta, * **Ora! Ora pro nobis!**

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! All the Saints adore Thee, * Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; * Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee, * Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

HAIL, REDEEMER, KING DIVINE! * Priest and Lamb, the throne is Thine. * King, whose reign shall never cease, * Prince of everlasting peace. * Angels, Saints and nations sing: * "Praised be Jesus Christ our King; * Lord of life, earth, sky and sea, * King of love on Calvary."

R. RORATE CÆLI DÉSUPER, et nubes pluant justum.

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down the Just One.

V. Ne irascáris Dómine, ne ultra memíneris in iniquitátis: ecce civitas Sancti facta est desérta: Sion desérta facta est: Jerúsalem desoláta est: domus sanctificatiónis tuæ et glóriæ, ubi laudavérunt te patres nostri.

R. Rorate ...

Be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity. Behold the city of the Holy One is become a desert: Sion is become a desert: Jerusalem is desolate: the house of Thy sanctification and of Thy glory, where our fathers praised Thee.

Anthem, Prayers and Hymns for Advent

Alma Redemptoris Mater

Cantor(s) *All*

Al - ma Red-em-ptó-ris Ma-ter, quae pér-vi-a cae -
li por-ta ma-nes, Et stel-la ma-ris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti
súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pó-pu-lo: Tu quae ge-nu-í-sti,
na-tú-ra mi-rán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem:
Vir-go pri-us ac po-sté-ri-us, Ga-bri-é-lis ab o-re
su-mens il-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-re.

Sweet Mother of our Redeemer, gate whereby we enter heaven, and star of the sea! help us, we fall; yet do we long to rise. Nature looked upon thee with admiration, when thou didst give birth to thy divine Creator, thyself remaining, before and after it, a pure Virgin. Gabriel spoke his Hail to thee; we sinners crave thy pity.

V. The angel of the Lord
declared unto Mary.

R. And she conceived by the
Holy Ghost.

Let us pray. — Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the Incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an Angel, may, by His Passion and Cross, be brought to the glory of the Resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.

V. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Mariæ.

R. Et concépit de Spíritu Sancto.

Orémus. — Grátiam tuam, quæsumus, Dómine, méntibus nostris infúnde, ut qui, Ángelo nuntiánte, Christi Fílii tui Incarnatiónem cognóvimus, per Passi-ónem ejus et crucem ad Resurrecti-ónis glóriam perducámur. Per Christum Dó-minum nostrum. **R. Amen.**

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