

Sequences

In English

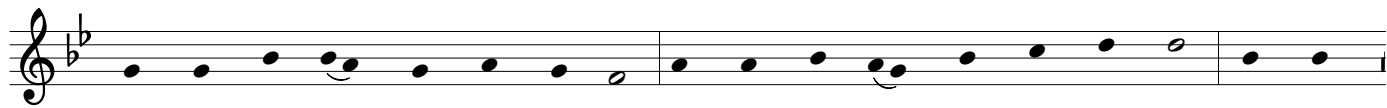
STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

Our Lady of Sorrows

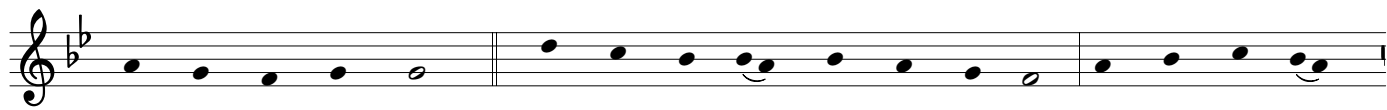
II

A

t the cross, her vi - gil kee - ping, stood the mourn - ful mo - ther, wee - ping;
 close to Je - sus at the last. ♪2. Through her heart, his sor - row sha - ring, all his
 bit - ter an - guish bea - ring, now at length the sword has passed. ♪3. O what sor - rows
 she did suf - fer, as she stood there, lo - ving Mo - ther of the sole - be - got - ten
 One. ♪4. See her si - lent, cease - less grieving; see her gaze, with bo - som hea - ving,
 on her glo - rious, suff - 'ring son. ♪5. Is there one, so with - out fee - ling, who, their heart
 to pi - ty stee - ling, could, un - moved, be - hold her pain? ♪6. See - ing Christ's dear Mo -
 ther weep - ing: see - ing her, her vi - gil kee - ping, who could long from tears re - frain?
 ♪7. For his peo - ple's sins a - to - ning, she be - held him wri - thing, groa - ning, all
 with bloo - dy scour - ges rent. ♪8. Saw her on - ly child fore - sa - ken, saw him hang
 in de - so - la - tion, till his spi - rit forth he sent. ♪9. Mo - ther, fount of pure
 af - fec - tion, may I share thy heart's af - flic - tion, make thy grief, thy pain, my own.



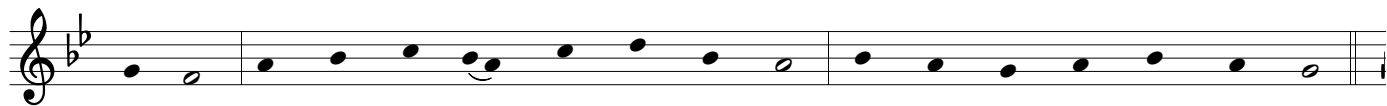
¶10. Make my heart, to God re - tur-ning, in the love of Je - sus bur-ning, feel the



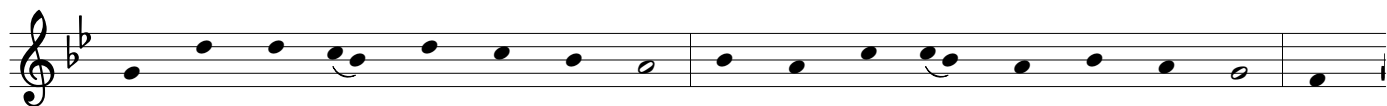
fire that thine hast known. ¶11. Mo - ther of all be - ne - dic-tion, stamp the marks of



cru - ci - fi - xion, deep - ly on my sto - ny heart. ¶12. Let me share with thee his



an-guish, who for all my sins didst lan-guish; let me in his wounds take part.



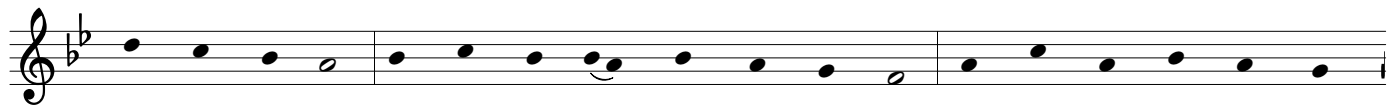
¶13. Make me tru - ly, each day new - ly, while life lasts, O Mo - ther, du - ly, weep



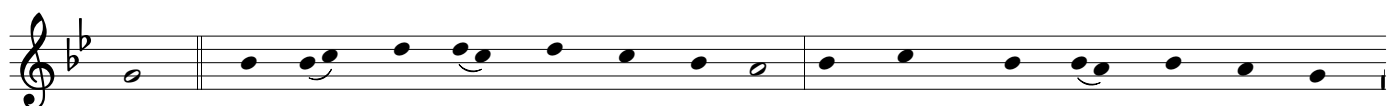
with him, the Cru - ci - fied. ¶14. Near the cross where hangs my Ma - ker, let me stand



with thee, par - ta - ker in the woe of him who died. ¶15. Queen of vir - gins,



best and dea-rest, grant, O grant the prayer thou hea-rest, let me e - ver mourn with



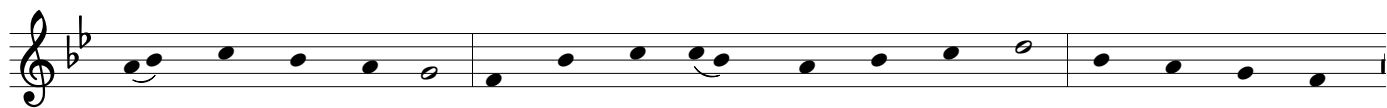
thee. ¶16. Let com - pas - sion me so fa-shion, that Christ's wounds, his death and pas-



sion, be each day re-newed in me. ¶17. May his wounds both wound and heal me, may



his blood re - vive, an - Neal me, may I share his cross, I pray. ¶18. Vir - gin, when



the moun-tains qui-ver; from that flame which burns for e - ver shield me on the



judge-ment day. *v*19. Je - sus, at my ex - pi - ra - tion, heed Thy Mo - ther's blest o-



ra - tion: share with me Thy vic - to - ry. *v*20. When to dust my dust re - tur-neth,



may this soul that for Thee year-neth, en - ter Pa - ra - dise with Thee.

*Trans. E Caswall (Vs 1-2) , P R Johnson (Vs 3-4, 14, 19), D F McCarthy adapted (Vs 5-13, 15-16),
A de Vere adapted (Vs 17-18, 20)*

VICTIMAE PASCHALI LAUDES

Easter Sunday

I
C

hris-tians, to the Pa-schal vic-tim, of-fer up your thank-ful praise! *v2*. Christ
the Lamb re-deemed the sheep: Christ the pure and un-de-filed has sin-ners to the
Fa-ther re-con-ciled. *v3*. Death and life fought wond'rous-ly: to the vic-tim, vic-
to-ry! The Lord of life who died, reigns glo-ri-fied. *v4*. O Ma-ry, come and
say what you saw u-pon the way. *v5*. 'The em-pty tomb of my li-ving Lord!
I saw Christ Je-sus ri-sen and a-dored! *v6*. Bright an-gels tes-ti-fied, shroud
and grave clothes side by side! *v7*. Yes, Christ my hope a-rose glo-rious-ly. He goes
be-fore you in-to Ga-li-lee. *v8*. We know Christ is tru-ly ri-sen, and
reigns in glo-ry. Lord Je-sus, Vic-tor King, show us mer-cy!

Trans. P R Johnson (Vs 1, 3, 8), USCCB Lectionary 2010: Unknown adapted (Vs 4-7), Unknown (Vs 2)

I
C hris-tians, to the Pa-schal vic-tim of-fer sa-cri-fice and praise. The
 sheep are ran-somed by the Lamb; and Christ, the un-de-filed, hath sin-ners to his
 Fa-ther re-con-ciled. Death with life con-ten-ded: com-bat stran-g'ly en-ded!
 Life's own Champion, slain, yet lives to reign. Tell us, Ma-ry: say what thou didst
 see u-pon the way. The tomb the Li-ving did en-close; I saw Christ's glo-
 ry as he rose! The an-gels there at-tes-ting; shroud with grave clothes res-ting.
 Christ, my hope, has ri-sen: he goes be-fore you in-to Ga-li-lee. That
 Christ is tru-ly ri-sen from the dead we know. Vic-to-rious king, Thy mer-
 cy show!

Trans. Unknown

DIES IRAE

Mass for the Dead, All Souls

Seq. I

Day of i - re, on that day all the world shall burn a - way; as prophetic war-nings say. **¶2.** O what fear will fill us then, when Christ, as Judge, shall come a - gain, to lay bare the deeds of men. **¶3.** Hark, a wond-rous trum - pet sound, through earth's tombs it ec - hos round, death and na - ture to dumbfound.

¶4. Summoned thus, the dead a - wake, be - fore the throne they stand and quake, they to their Judge their an - swers make. **¶5.** There is brought the book of old, where each thought and deed is told; from this the King shall judge the world. **¶6.** There-fore when he sits on high, ev' - ry sin - ner he shall try; no-thing shall es - cape his eye. **¶7.** What shall I, a sin - ner, say? To which pa - tron should I pray? E-ven just men will dis-may! **¶8.** Migh - ty King of Ma - jes - ty, all sal - va-tion comes from Thee; fount of mer - cy, hear my plea! **¶9.** Re - mem - ber Je - sus, for my sake, Thou Thy earth - ly path didst take; do not my soul that day

for-sake! ¶10. By Thee my stray-ing soul was sought, u - pon the Cross my life
was bought; shall Thy pains a - vail me naught? ¶11. Right-eous Judge, a - ven - ging
King, grant re - mis - sion of my sin be - fore that day of rec - ko - ning.
¶12. Blushed with shame, I weep and sigh; fal - ling at Thy feet, I cry: spare me
Lord, O God most High! ¶13. The fal - len wo - man and the thief: to Thee they
turned and found re - lief; grant me hope, too, in my grief. ¶14. Un - wor - thy are
my prayers to Thee, yet Thou art good: show cle - men - cy! From flames e - ter - nal
re - scue me! ¶15. With Thy sheep may I re - side when Thou dost sheep and goats
di - vide; set me on Thy right hand side! ¶16. When the damned de - scend to
hell, to burn in flames that ne - ver quell, bid me with Thy saints to dwell!
¶17. Fal - ling now, on ben - ded knee, con - trite of heart, I make this plea: at
life's end, be Thou with me. ¶18. On that day of tears and sighs, guil - ty man
from dust shall rise, that he may his judge - ment face: spare us then, O

God of grace! V19 Lord of mer - cy, Je - sus blest, grant to them e -

ter - nal rest. A - men.

Trans. P R Johnson (Vs 1-8, 12-17), W F Winfield adapted (Vs 9-10), W J Irons (Vs 18-19)

I
D ay of wrath and doom im - pen - ding, Da - vid's word with Si - byl's blen - ding,
 hea - ven and earth in a - shes en - ding! **¶2.** O, what fear man's bo - som ren - deth,
 when from hea - ven the Judge des - cen - deth, on whose sen - tence all de - pen - deth.
¶3. Won - drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth; through earth's se - pul - chres it ring - eth;
 all be - fore the throne it bring - eth. **¶4.** Death is struck, and na - ture qua -
 king, all cre - a - tion is a - wa - king, to its Judge an an - swer ma - king.
¶5. Lo! the book, ex - act - ly wor - ded, where - in all hath been re - cor - ded: thence
 shall judg - ment be a - war - ded. **¶6.** When the Judge his seat at - tain - eth, and each
 hid - den deed ar - raign - eth, no - thing un - a - venged re - main - eth. **¶7.** What shall I,
 frail man, be plea - ding? Who for me be in - ter - ce - ding, when the just are
 mer - cy nee - ding? **¶8.** King of Ma - jes - ty tre - men - dous, who dost free sal - va -
 tion send us, fount of pi - ty, then be - friend us! **¶9.** Think, kind Je - su! my

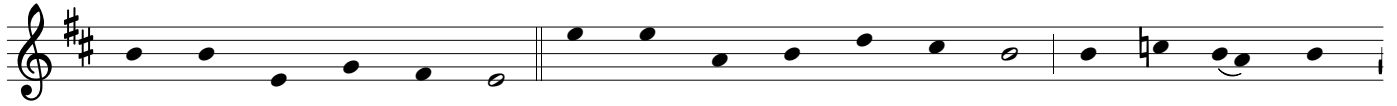
mis - sion, see, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion; help me in my last con - di -
 tion. ¶18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re -
 tur - ning, man for judge - ment must pre - pare him; spare, O God, in mer -
 cy spare him! ¶19. Lord, all pit - ying, Je - sus blest, grant to them e - ter - nal
 rest. A - men.

Trans. W J Irons

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

Pentecost

I
H o - ly Spi - rit, Lord of light, from Thy clear ce - le - stial height Thy pure
 bea - ming ra - diance give. Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor, come with trea - sures which
 en - dure, come, Thou Light of all that live. Thou, of all con - so - lers best, Thou,
 the soul's de - light - ful guest, dost re - fre - shing peace be - stow. Thou in toil art
 com - fort sweet, plea - sant cool - ness in the heat, so - lace in the midst of
 woe. Light im - mor - tal, light di - vine, vi - sit Thou these hearts of Thine, and our
 in - most be - ing fill. If Thou take Thy grace a - way, no - thing pure in man
 will stay; all his good is turned to ill. Heal our wounds; our strength re - new;
 on our dry - ness pour Thy dew; wash the stains of guilt a - way. Bend the stub -
 born heart and will; melt the fro - zen, warm the chill; guide the steps that go a -
 stray. Thou, on those who e - ver - more Thee con - fess and Thee a - dore, in Thy



se - ven - fold gifts de - scend: Give them com - fort when they die, give them life with



Thee on high; give them joys that ne - ver end.

Trans. E Caswall

LAUDA SION SALVATORUM (ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM)

Corpus Christi

VII

S

ee, the an - gel's bread from hea - ven, to earth's pil - grims it is gi - ven;
 food of an - gels, food of chil - dren, which on dogs may not be spent. *V2*. This, the
 an - cient types ful - fil - ling: I - saac bound, a vic - tim wil - ling, Pas - chal Lamb,
 its life - blood spil - ling, man - na to the fa - thers sent. *V3*. Ve - ry bread, good shep -
 herd, tend us, Je - su, of Thy love be - friend us, Thou re - fresh us, Thou de -
 fend us, Thine e - ter - nal good - ness send us, in the land of life to see.
V4. Thou who all things canst and kno - west, who on earth such food be - sto - west, grant
 us with Thy saints, though lo - west, where the heav'n - ly feast Thou sho - west, fel - low
 heirs and guests to be.

Trans. P R Johnson (Vs 1), From the English Hymnal, 1906 (Vs 2-4)