

Easter tide Music 2020

Kyrie



Ky-ri - e e - le-i-son: Ky-ri - e e - le-i-son.



Chri-ste e - le-i-son: Chri-ste e - le-i-son.



Ky-ri-e e - le-i-son: Ky-ri-e e - le-i-son.

Gloria



Gloria in excelsis Deo. Et in terra pax hominibus bonae volunta-



tis. Laudamus te. Benedicimus te. Adoramus te. Glorificamus



te. Gratias agimus ti-bi propter magnam gloriam tuam. Do-



mine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omni-po-tens. Domine Fi-li



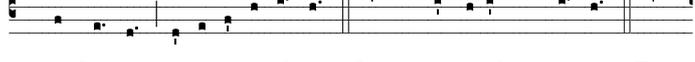
u-ni-ge-ni-te Ie-su Chri-ste. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Fi-li-us Pa-



tris. Qui tollis peccata mundi, misere - re nobis. Qui tollis pecca-



ta mundi, suscipe deprecati-onem nostram. Qui sedes ad dexter-



am Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu

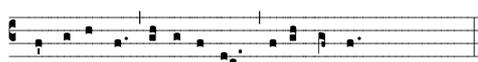


solus Dominus. Tu solus Altissimus, Iesu Chri-ste. Cum Sancto



Spiritu, in glori-a Dei Pa - tris. A - men.

Gospel Acclamation

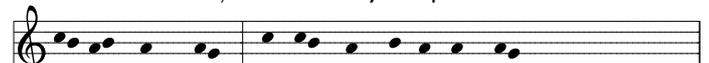


Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

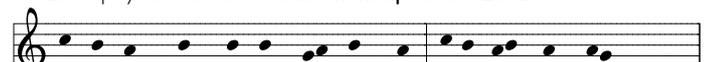
Preface Dialogue



The Lord be with you. And with your spir-it.



Lift up your hearts. We lift them up to the Lord.

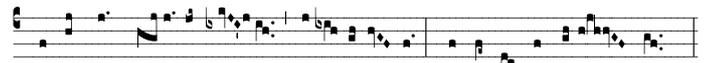


Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. It is right and just.

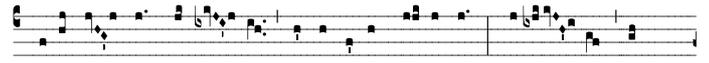
Sanctus



Sanc - tus, Sanctus, Sanc - tus, Do-minus Deus Sa - baoth.



Pleni sunt caeli et ter-ra glori-a tu - a. Hosanna in excel - sis.



Benedic - tus qui ve - nit in nomine Domini. Hosan - na in



excel - sis.

Memorial Acclamation



We pro-claim your Death, O Lord, and pro-fess your



Res-ur-rec-tion un-til you come a-gain.

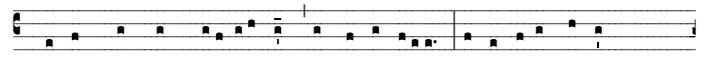
Pater Noster



Pater noster, qui es in caelis: sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat



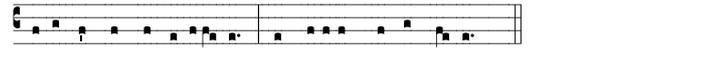
regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo, et in terra.



Panem nostrum cotidianum da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis



debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos

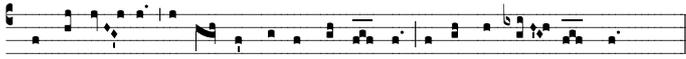


inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo.

Agnus Dei



A-gnus De-i qui tollis peccá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré- re no-bis.



Agnus De - i, qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré- re no- bis.

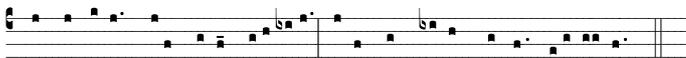


A-gnus De-i qui tollis peccá-ta mundi: dona no-bis pa-cem.

Marian Anthem



Regina caeli, laetare, alleluia: Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia.



Resurrexit, sicut dixit, alleluia: Ora pro nobis Deum, alle-lu-ia.

Easter tide Hymns

Alleluia, sing to Jesus, his the sceptre, his the throne,
alleluia, his the triumph, his the victory alone:
hark! the songs of peaceful Sion thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation, hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans are we left in sorrow now;
alleluia, he is near us, faith believes, nor questions how;
though the cloud from sight received him
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise, 'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia, Bread of Angels, thou on earth our food, our stay;
alleluia, here the sinful flee to thee from day to day;
intercessor, friend of sinners, earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal, thee the Lord of lords we own;
alleluia, born of Mary, earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne;
thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
thou on earth both priest and victim in the Eucharistic Feast.

W Chatterton Dix (1837-98)

At the Lamb's high feast we sing praise to our victorious king,
who hath washed us in the tide flowing from his piercé side.
Praise we him whose love divine gives the guests his blood for wine,
gives his body for the feast, love the victim, love the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go through the wave that drowns the foe.
Christ the Lamb, whose blood was shed.
Paschal victim, paschal bread;
with sincerity and love eat we manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky, powers of hell beneath thee lie;
death is conquered in the fight; thou hast brought us life and light.
Now thy banner thou dost wave; vanquished Satan and the grave;
angels join his praise to tell – see o'erthrown the prince of hell.

Paschal triumph, paschal joy, only sin can this destroy;
from the death of sin set free souls re-born, dear Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Father, unto thee we raise.
Risen Lord, all praise to thee, ever with the Spirit be.

Anonymous, 7th century, translated Robert Campbell (1814-68)

Battle is o'er, hell's armies flee:
raise we the cry of victory
with abounding joy resounding, alleluia, alleluia.

Christ who endured the shameful tree,
o'er death triumphant welcome we,
our adoring praise outpouring, alleluia, alleluia.

On the third morn from death rose he,
clothed with what light in heaven shall be,
our unswerving faith deserving, alleluia, alleluia.

Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,
paradise door thrown wide we see;
never-tiring be our choring, alleluia, alleluia.

Lord, by the stripes they laid on thee,
grant us to live from death set free,
this our greeting still repeating, alleluia, alleluia.

Symphonia Sirenum (1695) translated Ronald Arbuthnott Knox (1888-1957)

Jesus Christ is ris'n today, alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, alleluia!
Who did once, upon the cross, alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly king, alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, alleluia!

But the pains that he endured, alleluia!
Our salvation have procured; alleluia!
Now above the sky he's king, alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, alleluia!

Lyra Davidica (1708) and the Supplement (1816); based partly on Surrexit Christus hodie (14th century)

Thine be the glory, risen conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won;
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo, Jesus meets us risen from the tomb;
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
for her Lord is living, death has lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;
make us more than conquerors, through thy deathless love;
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.

Edmond Louis Budry (1854-1932), translated Richard Birch Hoyle (1875-1939)