

# Stabat Mater

At the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,  
All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Was that Mother highly blessed  
Of the sole-begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

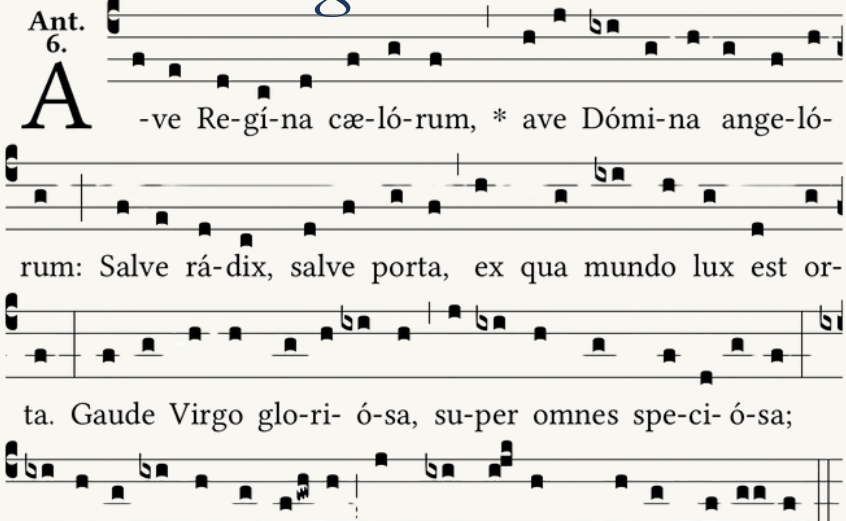
Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?

Holy Mother, pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified.

Let me share with you His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.

## Ave Regina caelorum

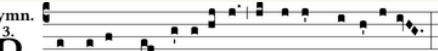
Ant.  
6.



A -ve Re-gí-na cæ-ló-rum, \* ave Dómi-na ange-ló-  
rum: Salve rá-dix, salve porta, ex qua mundo lux est or-  
ta. Gaude Virgo glo-ri- ó-sa, su-per omnes spe-ci- ó-sa;  
Va-le, o valde de-có- ra, et pro no-bis Christum exó- ra.

Hail, Queen of heaven, hail Lady of the angels.  
Hail root and gate from which the Light of the world was born.  
Rejoice glorious Virgin, fairest of all.  
Fare thee well, most beautiful, and pray for us to Christ.

# Pange lingua gloriosi!

Hymn. 

**P** Ange lingua glo-ri-ó-si Córpo-ris mysté-ri-um,  
Sangu-nisque pre-ti-ó-si, Quem in mundi pré-ti-um Fructus  
ventris gene-ró-si Rex effú-dit gén-ti-um. 2. No-bis da-tus,  
no-bis na-tus Ex inté-cta Virgi-ne, Et in mundo conversá-  
tus, Spar-vo verbi sé-mi-ne, Su-i mo-ras inco-lá-tus Mi-ro  
clausit ór-di-ne. 3. In sup-ré-mae nocte coe-nae Re-cúm-ben-  
cum frá-tri-bus, Obsér-vá-ta lege plene Ci-bis in legá-li-  
bus, Ci-bum turbæ du-odé-nae Se dat su-is má-ni-bus.  
4. Verbum ca-ro, panem ve-rum Verbo car-nem éf-fi-cit :  
Fitque sangui-Christi me-rum, Et si sensus dé-fi-cit,  
Ad firmá-ndum cor sincé-rum So-la fi-des súf-fi-cit.  
\* 5. Tantum ergo Sacramén-tum Vene-rémur cé-ru-i : Et  
antí-quitum documén-tum Novo cedat ri-tu-i : Prae-stet fi-des  
supple-mén-tum Sénsu-um de-fé-ctu-i. 6. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-  
tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o, Sa-lus, honor, virtus quo-que  
Sit et bene-dicti-o : Pro-cedén-ti ab utró-que Compar sit lau-  
dá-ti-o. A-men.

Tell, tongue, the mystery  
of the glorious Body  
and of the precious Blood,  
which, for the price of the world,  
the fruit of a noble Womb,  
the King of the Nations poured forth.

Given to us, born for us,  
from the untouched Virgin,  
and dwelt in the world  
after the seed of the Word had been scattered.  
His inhabiting ended the delays  
with wonderful order.

On the night of the Last Supper,  
reclining with His brethren,  
once the Law had been fully observed  
with the prescribed foods,  
as food to the crowd of Twelve  
He gives Himself with His hands.

The Word as Flesh makes true bread  
into flesh by a word  
and the wine becomes the Blood of Christ.  
And if sense is deficient  
to strengthen a sincere heart  
Faith alone suffices.

**Therefore, the great Sacrament**  
let us reverence, prostrate:  
and let the old Covenant  
give way to a new rite.  
Let faith stand forth as substitute  
for defect of the senses.

To the Begetter and the Begotten  
be praise and jubilation,  
greeting, honour, strength also  
and blessing.  
To the One who proceeds from Both  
be equal praise.  
Amen, Alleluia.

We help people sing prayer.  
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