



November 20, 2012

1. At Mass (Low Sunday)

- Introit : *Quasi modo*

2. At Matins (Office of the Dead)

- In the first nocturn, antiphon 1: *Dirige, Domine meus*

3. At Mass (Mass of the Dead)

- Sequence: *Dies iræ*

Dominica in albis in octava Paschæ  
Introitus

Intr.  
6.

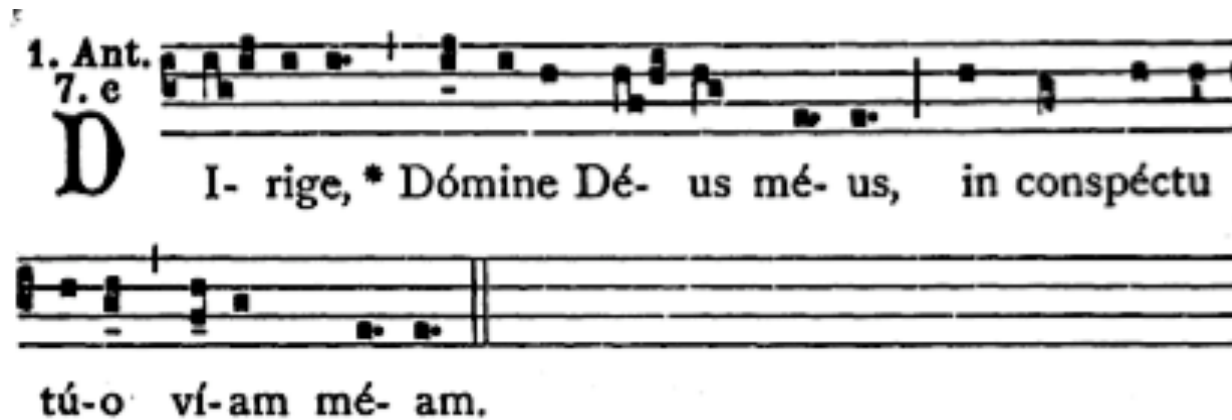


Ua-si modo \* gé- ni-ti infántes, al-le- lú- ia :  
ra- ti- o- ná- bi- les, si- ne do- lo lac concu- pí- sci-  
te, alle- lú- ia, alle- lú- ia, alle- lú- ia.  
*Ps.* Exsul- tá- te De- o adju- tó- ri nostro : \* ju- bi- lá- te De- o  
Ja- cob. Gló- ri- a Patri. E u o u a e.

**Intr.** As newborn babes, alleluia : sensibly desire the pure and simple milk, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia. **Psalm.** Sing for joy to the Lord, our help : rejoice in the God of Jacob. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit; as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever, amen.

# Matins, Office of the Dead, First Antiphon

1. Ant.  
7. c.

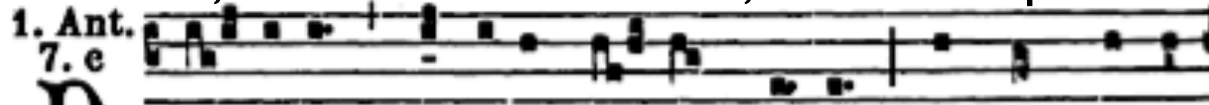


**D** I- rige, \* Dómine Dé- us mé- us, in conspéctu  
tú- o ví- am mé- am.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | <i>Verba</i> mea áuribus pércipe, Dómine, *           | intéllige clamórem meum.                          |
| 2 | Inténde voci oratiónis meæ: *                         | Rex meus et Deus meus.                            |
| 3 | Quóniam ad te orábo: *                                | Dómine, mane exáudies vocem meam.                 |
| 4 | Mane astábo tibi et vidébo: *                         | quóniam non Deus volens iniquitátem tu es.        |
|   |   | <i>Antiphon</i>                                   |
| 5 | <i>Neque</i> habitábit juxta te malignus: *           | neque permanébunt injústi ante óculos tuos.       |
| 6 | Odísti omnes, qui operántur iniquitátem: *            | perdes omnes, qui loquúntur mendácium.            |
| 7 | Virum sánguinum et dolósum abominábitur<br>Dóminus: * | ego autem in multitúdine misericórdiæ tuæ.        |
| 8 | Introíbo in domum tuam: *                             | adorábo ad templum sanctum tuum in<br>timóre tuo. |

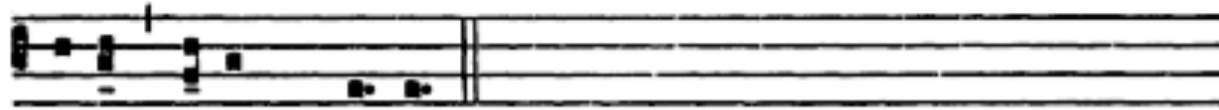
Ponder my words, O Lord, \* consider my cry. 2 O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling, \* my King and my God. 3 For unto thee will I make my prayer : \* in the morning shalt thou hear my voice, O Lord. 4 Early in the morning will I stand before thee, and will see : \* for thou art the God that hast no pleasure in wickedness. 5 Neither shall any evil dwell with thee : \* nor shall the unjust abide before thine eyes. 6 For thou hatest all them that work iniquity : \* thou shalt destroy them that speak lies. 7 The Lord will abhor both the blood-thirsty and deceitful man : \* but as for me, in the multitude of thy mercy. 8 I will come into thine house; \* and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

## 5 Matins, Office of the Dead, First Antiphon



**D**

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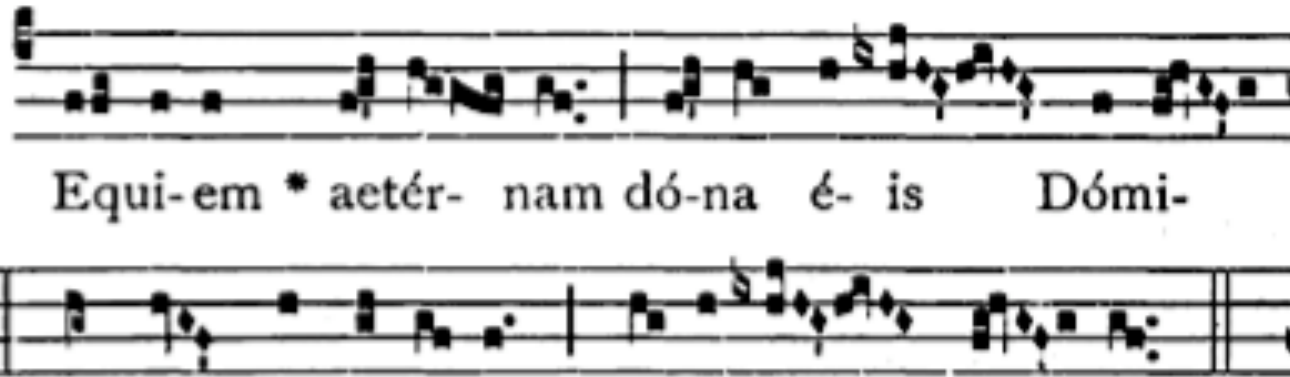
tú- o ví- am mé- am.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 9 <i>Dómi</i> -ne, deduc me in justítia tua: *   | propter inimícos meos dírige in<br>conspéctu tuo viam meam. |
| 10 Quóniam non est in ore eórum véritas: *   | cor eórum vanum est.  |
| 11 Sepúlcrum patens est guttur eórum, linguis suis<br>dolóse agébant, *                    | júdica illos, Deus.   |
| 12 Décidant a cogitatióibus suis, secúndum<br>multitúdinem impietátum eórum expélle eos, * | quóniam irritavérunt te, Dómine.                            |
| <u>Antiphon</u>  |   |
| 13 <i>Et læ</i> -téntur omnes, qui sperant in te, *  | in ætérnum exsultábunt: et habitábis in eis.                |
| 14 Et gloriabúntur in te omnes, qui díligunt nomen tuum: *                                 | quóniam tu benedíces justo.                                 |
| 15 Dómine, ut scuto bonæ voluntátis tuæ *  | coronásti nos.  |
| 16 Réquiem ætérnam *   | dona eis, Dómine.   |
| 17 Et lux perpétua *   | lúceat eis.   |

**9** Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, \* because of mine enemies make my way plain before thy face. **10** For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; \* their heart is vain. **11** Their throat is an open sepulchre, they flatter with their tongue : \* judge thou them, O God. **12** Let them perish through their own imaginations; cast them out in the multitude of their ungodliness; \* for they have rebelled against thee, O Lord. **13** And let all them that put their trust in thee rejoice: \* they shall for ever be glad, and thou shalt dwell amongst them. **14** And all they that love thy Name shall be joyful in thee; \* for thou, Lord, wilt give thy blessing unto the righteous. **15** Thou hast crowned us, O Lord, \* as with a shield of thy good will. **16** Eternal rest \* grant unto them, O Lord. **17** And let perpetual light \* shine upon them.

# Mass of the Dead. Entrance Chant

Intr.  
6.  
**R**



Equi-em \* aetér- nam dó-na é- is Dómi-  
ne : et lux perpé-tu- a lú-ce- at é- is.

Rest eternal grant  
to them, O Lord  
And light perpetual  
shine upon them.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion; \*  
Qui audis orationem, \*

et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.  
ad te omnis caro veniet, propter iniquitatem.

To you is dedicated a hymn, O God, in Zion; and to you will be fulfilled a vow in Jerusalem. To you who hear the prayer, All flesh will come, because of injustice.

# Mass of the Dead, Sequence

Seq.  
1.

**D**

I-es írae, dí-es ílla, Sólvét saéclum in favílla :

Téste Dávid cum Sibýlla. Quántus trémor est futúrus,

Quando jú-dex est ventúrus, Cúncta stricte discussúrus!

Túba mí-rum spár-gens sónum Per sepúl-cra regi-ónum,

Cóget ómnes ante thrónum. Mors stupé-bit et natú-

ra, Cum resúrget cre-a-túra, Judi-cán-ti responsúra.

... ⇒

Dies iræ! dies illa  
Solvēt sæclum in favilla  
Teste David cum Sibylla!  
Quantus tremor est futurus,  
quando iudex est venturus,  
cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
per sepulcra regionum,  
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
cum resurget creatura,  
iudicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
in quo totum continetur,  
unde mundus iudicetur.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,  
quidquid latet apparebit:  
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

Quem patronum rogaturus,  
cum vix iustus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
salva me, fons pietatis.

Day of wrath, day that  
will dissolve the world into burning coals,  
as David bore witness with the Sibyll.

How great a tremor is to be,  
when the judge is to come  
briskly shattering every (grave).

A trumpet sounding an astonishing sound  
through the tombs of the region  
drives all (men) before the throne.

Death will be stunned and (so) will Nature,  
when arises (man) the creature  
responding to the One judging.

The written book will be brought forth,  
in which the whole (record of evidence) is contained  
whence the world is to be judged.

Therefore when the Judge shall sit,  
whatever lay hidden will appear;  
nothing unavenged will remain.

What am I the wretch then to say?

what patron I to beseech?

when scarcely the just (man) be secure.

King of tremendous Majesty,  
who saves those-to-be-saved free,  
save me, Fount of piety.



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Recordare, Jesu pie,  
quod sum causa tuæ viæ:  
ne me perdas illa die.  
Quærens me, sedisti lassus:  
redemisti Crucem passus:  
tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,  
donum fac remissionis  
ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tamquam reus:  
culpa rubet vultus meus:  
supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
et latronem exaudisti,  
mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ:  
sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
ne perenni cremer igne.

Remember, faithful Jesus,  
because I am the cause of your journey:  
do not lose me on that day.  
Thou has sat down as one wearied seeking me,  
Thou has redeemed (me) having suffered the Cross:  
so much labor let it not be lost.

Just judge of the avenging-punishment,  
work the gift of the remission (of sins)  
before the Day of the Reckoning.

I groan, as the accused:  
my face grows red from (my) fault:  
spare (this) suppliant, O God.

Thou who forgave Mary [the sinful woman],  
and favorably heard the (good) thief,  
hast also given me hope.

My prayers are not worthy,  
but do Thou, Good (God), deal kindly  
lest I burn in perennial fire.

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Inter oves locum præsta,  
et ab hædis me sequestra,  
statuens in parte dextra.  
Confutatis maledictis,  
flammis acribus addictis:  
voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
cor contritum quasi cinis:  
gere curam mei finis.  
Lacrimosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus:  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
dona eis requiem.  
Amen.

Among the sheep offer (me) a place  
and from the goats sequester me,  
placing (me) at (Thy) right hand.  
After the accursed have been silenced,  
given up to the bitter flames,  
call me with the blest.

Kneeling and bowed down I pray,  
My heart contrite as ashes:  
Do Thou {, my End,} care for my end.  
That sorrowful day,  
on which will arise from the burning coals  
Man accused to be judged:  
therefore, O God, do Thou spare him.  
Faithful Lord Jesus,  
grant them rest.  
Amen.

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