

Rorate Caeli: Saturday Mass of Our Lady in Advent

Saturday 14 December 2024 at 7:30 a.m.

SUNG BY KATHERINE HILL, CLARA MONIZ & SOFIA MONIZ

Rorate Caeli: Saturday Mass of Our Lady in Advent

Saturday 14 December 2024 at 7:30 a.m.

SUNG BY KATHERINE HILL, CLARA MONIZ & SOFIA MONIZ

Offertory Motet (PLEASE BE SEATED)

O Maria, O felix puerpera

Paris, ca. 1250

O Maria, O felix puerpera,
mater pia, cuius suxit ubera,
qui creavit sidera, munera
de te fluunt dulcia,
Spiritus sancti cratera.

*O Mary, O happy childbearer,
holy mother who nursed
the one who created the stars: gifts
of sweetness flow from you,
chalice of the Holy Ghost.*

Aqua viva clause semper ianua,
progressiva stella non occidua,
ficus sed non fatua, rigua
paradisi pascua,
balsamus myrtus oliva.

*O living water, flowing through a door
ever shut, O star never setting,
fruitful fig tree, watered
pasture of paradise;
balsam, myrtle, olive:*

Joseph spica humus de qua vipera
per quam sicca ione perit hedera,
sanans anguis
vulnera partica
funda tu davitica,
pariens cedrum myrica.

*Joseph's ears of corn, earth whence
came the worm by which the dry gourd
of Jonah perished, (JONAH 4:6-8)
staff that heals the serpent's bites,
you, David's sling,
shrub bearing a cedar.*

Salomonis thronus es eburneus,
visionis electrinum urceus,
David sitim satians puteus
tu spetenus cereus
donis septenus radians.

*You are Solomon's ivory throne,
vision's amber water-jar,
the well that quenches David's thirst,
you, sevenfold gleaming light
shining forth with seven gifts.*

Jacob scala, fac me celum scandere,
mundi mala carnem satan fugere.
Tollens Eve misere, scandala
pieatis ubere,
gratie fove sub ala.

*O Jacob's ladder: let me climb to heaven;
help me to flee sin, the flesh and the Devil.
Removing Eve's unhappy offence,
nourish us at thy holy breast
under the wings of grace.*

Offertory Motet (PLEASE BE SEATED)

O Maria, O felix puerpera

Paris, ca. 1250

O Maria, O felix puerpera,
mater pia, cuius suxit ubera,
qui creavit sidera, munera
de te fluunt dulcia,
Spiritus sancti cratera.

*O Mary, O happy childbearer,
holy mother who nursed
the one who created the stars: gifts
of sweetness flow from you,
chalice of the Holy Ghost.*

Aqua viva clause semper ianua,
progressiva stella non occidua,
ficus sed non fatua, rigua
paradisi pascua,
balsamus myrtus oliva.

*O living water, flowing through a door
ever shut, O star never setting,
fruitful fig tree, watered
pasture of paradise;
balsam, myrtle, olive:*

Joseph spica humus de qua vipera
per quam sicca ione perit hedera,
sanans anguis
vulnera partica
funda tu davitica,
pariens cedrum myrica.

*Joseph's ears of corn, earth whence
came the worm by which the dry gourd
of Jonah perished, (JONAH 4:6-8)
staff that heals the serpent's bites,
you, David's sling,
shrub bearing a cedar.*

Salomonis thronus es eburneus,
visionis electrinum urceus,
David sitim satians puteus
tu spetenus cereus
donis septenus radians.

*You are Solomon's ivory throne,
vision's amber water-jar,
the well that quenches David's thirst,
you, sevenfold gleaming light
shining forth with seven gifts.*

Jacob scala, fac me celum scandere,
mundi mala carnem satan fugere.
Tollens Eve misere, scandala
pieatis ubere,
gratie fove sub ala.

*O Jacob's ladder: let me climb to heaven;
help me to flee sin, the flesh and the Devil.
Removing Eve's unhappy offence,
nourish us at thy holy breast
under the wings of grace.*

Communion Motet

Miserere miseris

(PLEASE REMAIN KNEELING OR SEATED)

Miserere miseris
Fons misericordiae.
Si miserta fueris,
Patet aula gloriae.

Honor nostri generis,
Arca novi foederis,
Et aurora gratiae.
Certe, si volueris,
O benigna, poteris
Dare locum veniae.

*O fount of mercy,
show us clemency in our misery.
If you are merciful,
the heavenly kingdom is revealed to us.*

*O honour of our race,
ark of a new covenant,
and dawn of grace;
certainly, if it is your will,
O most kind, you will grant
us a place of forgiveness.*

Dublin Troper,

ca. 1350

Communion Motet

Miserere miseris

(PLEASE REMAIN KNEELING OR SEATED)

Miserere miseris
Fons misericordiae.
Si miserta fueris,
Patet aula gloriae.

Honor nostri generis,
Arca novi foederis,
Et aurora gratiae.
Certe, si volueris,
O benigna, poteris
Dare locum veniae.

*O fount of mercy,
show us clemency in our misery.
If you are merciful,
the heavenly kingdom is revealed to us.*

*O honour of our race,
ark of a new covenant,
and dawn of grace;
certainly, if it is your will,
O most kind, you will grant
us a place of forgiveness.*

Dublin Troper,

ca. 1350