Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedícta tu in mulieribus, et benedíctus fructus ventris tui, Jesus Christus. Amen.

(Luke 1:28)


(Marian antiphon)

Presque transi, ung peu mains qu’estre mort, Vivant en dueil sans avoir nul confort, Veoir l’en me peut es liens de Fortune Qui sans cesser pis qu’autre me fortune Et me combat de plus fort en plus fort. Helas! je suis contre mon vueil en vie, Et si n’est rien dont tant j’aye d’envie Que de pouvoir veoir ma fin bien prouchaine. Morir ne puis et tousjours m’y convie, Et n’est bien tart que du tout je desvie A celle fin que soie hors de paine. Il n’est advis que la mort me tient tort, Quant autrement elle ne fait son effort De moy vengier de ma vie importune, Car je languis sans avoir joye aucune Par mon malheur qui me dévoure et mort. Presque transi…

Hail Mary, full of grace: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Hail, queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail! To you we cry, exiled children of Eve; to you we sigh, weeping and wailing in this vale of tears. Come then, our advocate, turn your merciful eyes upon us, and show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of your womb, after this our exile. O merciful, O gentle, O sweet ever-virgin Mary!

On the verge of death, a little less than dead, living in sorrow without any comfort: one can see that I am in the bonds of Fortune, who without cease treats me worse than any other and wars against me harder and harder. Alas! against my will I remain alive, and there is nothing I long for so much as to see my end very near. Die I cannot, and yet always I seek it, and it is high time that I turn away from everything in order to be free of pain. It seems to me that Death does me wrong when otherwise she makes no effort to relieve me of my wearisome life, for I languish without any joy whatsoever because of the unhappiness that devours and gnaws at me. On the verge of death…
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus sabaoth.
Pleni sunt celi et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini.
Osanna in excelsis.

Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

Beata viscera marie virginis
cuius ad ubera rex magni nominis
veste sub altera vim celans numinis
ditavit federa dei et hominis.
O mira novitas et novum gaudium
matris integritas pośł puerperium.
Legis mosaice clausa misteria
nux virge misticie nature nesicia
aqua de silice columnna previa
prolis dominice signa sunt propria.
O mira novitas…
Solem quam libere dum purus oritur
in aura cernere visus non patitur.
Cernat a latere dum repercutitur
alvus puerpere qua totus clauditur.
O mira novitas…
(Philip the Chancellor)

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.

Blessed womb of the virgin Mary,
at whose breast the king of great name,
hiding his divine power in another form,
enriched the covenant between God and man.
O fresh wonder and new joy,
the mother's chastity after childbirth!
The hidden mysteries of the Mosaic law—
the nut of the mystical rod, defying nature;
water from a rock; the pillar leading the way—
these are signs proper to a lordly offspring.
O fresh wonder…
However bold, the naked eye
cannot bear to regard the sun rising in the sky.
But it sees it sideways, when it is reflected
in the childbearer's womb, in which everything is contained.
O fresh wonder…

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation
of our God: sing joyfully to God, all the earth.
The Lord hath made known his salvation:
He hath revealed his justice in the sight of the peoples.
All the ends of the earth…
Serena virginum, lux plena luminum, templum trinitatis, puritatis specialis talamus, archa nove legis, tronus novi regis, vellus quod rigavit, qui nostram portavit, saccum nostram carnem vestiens:

Nesciens virum deum paris, O Maria, mater pia, stella maris singularis, stella cuius radius nubem pressit quam impresit Eve culpa prius. Istud nulla caritas meruit aut castitas sed simplex humilitas ancille.

O mamille quarum vene fluunt plene mundo lac et mella gens misella tollite vas fellitum: vas mellitum bibite; ecce lac infantium, ecce manna mundo pium, ecce pie flos Marie virginis.

Seminis Abrahe stirps inclita, balsamus mellita, calamus condita, nardus mirra trita,

O pia, trahunt nos ad varia laquei predonis. Torrens Babilonis, Dalida Samsonis, hośtem mundum, vas immundum, bellica pacifica, ſpes reorum, lux celorum, virgo regia.

O Maria, cecis via, noſtra tympaniſtria, in hoc salo nos a malo salva, ſtella previa, ut concordis vocis manus cordis plausu leti trino benedicamus domino.
Deo gratias.

Sederunt principes et adversum me loquebantur: et iniqui persecuti sunt me.

Adjuva me, Domine Deus meus: salvum me fac propter misericordiam tuam.
Sederunt principes…

(Gradual for St Stephen’s Day; text set polyphonically in italics)

Fairest of virgins, light filled with light, temple of the Trinity, bridal chamber of rarest purity, ark of the new law, throne of the new king, fleece which he moistened with dew, he who took our likeness, wearing our flesh:

Not knowing a man, you bore God,
O Mary, holy mother, matchless star of the sea, star whose radiance drove off the cloud that bore the stamp of Eve’s first sin.
For this no love nor chastity was worthy but the simple humility of a handmaiden.

O breasts whose streams flooded the world with milk and honey!
Wretched people, put away the bitter jar, drink from the honey jar:
behold the milk of infants, behold the world’s holy manna, behold the flower of Mary, the holy virgin.

O illustrious stock of the seed of Abraham, honeyed balsam, crushed calamus, nard and rubbed myrrh,

O holy one, we are drawn to error by the Deceiver’s snares. The ruin of Babylon, Samson’s Delilah, the enemy, the world, the unclean vessel, the violent: pacify them all, O hope of sinners, light of Heaven, virgin queen.

O Mary, path for the blind, our timbrel player, in this rough sea save us from evil, O guiding star, that with harmonious voices, hands and hearts we may clap joyfully and thrice bless the Lord.
Thanks be to God.