

## **PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI** (English text by Jeffrey Bernstein)

Pange, lingua, gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium  
Sanguinisque pretiosi  
Quem in mundi pretium  
Fructus ventris generosi  
Rex effudit gentium

Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory  
Of his flesh, the mystery sing;  
Of the blood, all price exceeding  
Shed by our immortal king,  
Destined, for the world's redemption  
From a noble womb to spring.

Magic melody: ancient, gentle, slow  
Resonating from somewhere long ago  
Like a stream we feel it flow  
And remember things we used to know  
Water gift of a music memory  
Flowing through us as we go.  
Melody river.

## **RIVER | MELODY** (by Jeffrey Bernstein)

Where do rivers come from?  
Where do rivers go?  
Rivers rushing past,  
Rivers deep and slow  
Glistening diamond surface  
Sunlit sparkles gleam and glow  
Water swirling all around me  
Started flowing far away and long ago.

Where does music come from?  
Where does music go?  
Music full of joy,  
Music soft and low,  
Gems of brilliant music,  
Easy music that I know  
Winding melody resounding  
Flowing from a thousand years ago

And the river flows on  
And the music flows on

## PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI

Pange, lingua, gloriósi  
Córporis mystérium,  
Sanguinísque pretiósí,  
Quem in mundi prétium  
Fructus ventris generósi  
Rex effúdit géntium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intácta Vírgine,  
Et in mundo conversátus,  
Sparso verbi sémine,  
Sui moras incolátus  
Miro clausit órđine.

In suprémæ nocte coenæ  
Recúbens cum frátribus  
Observáta lege plene  
Cibis in legálibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodénæ  
Se dat suis mánibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo carnem éfficit:  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,  
Et si sensus déficit,  
Ad firmándum cor sincérum  
Sola fides súfficit.

Tantum ergo sacraméntum  
Venerémur cérnui:  
Et antíquum documéntum  
Novo cedat rítui:  
Præstet fides suppleméntum  
Sénsuum deféctui.

Genitóri, Genitóque  
Laus et jubilátio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedíctio:  
Procedénti ab utróque  
Compar sit laudátio.  
Amen.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,  
Of His Flesh, the mystery sing;  
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,  
Shed by our Immortal King,  
Destined, for the world's redemption,  
From a noble Womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
Born for us on earth below,  
He, as Man, with man conversing,  
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;  
Then He closed in solemn order  
Wondrously His Life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper,  
Seated with His chosen band,  
He, the Paschal Victim eating,  
First fulfils the Law's command;  
Then as Food to all his brethren  
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

Word-made-Flesh, the bread of nature  
By His Word to Flesh He turns;  
Wine into His Blood He changes:  
What though sense no change discerns.  
Only be the heart in earnest,  
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling,  
Lo, the sacred Host we hail,  
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing  
Newer rites of grace prevail:  
Faith for all defects supplying,  
When the feeble senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father  
And the Son who comes on high  
With the Holy Ghost proceeding  
Forth from each eternally,  
Be salvation, honor, blessing,  
Might and endless majesty.  
Amen.

## MISSA PANGE LINGUA

[http://www.kitbraz.com/tchr/hist/med/mass\\_ordinary\\_text.html](http://www.kitbraz.com/tchr/hist/med/mass_ordinary_text.html)

## AVE MARIA



### Latin text

Ave Maria, Gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum, Virgo serena.  
Ave, cuius Conceptio,  
Solemni plena gaudio,  
Caelestia, Terrestria,  
Nova replet laetitia.  
Ave, cuius Nativitas  
Nostra fuit solemnitas,  
Ut lucifer lux oriens  
Verum solem praeveniens.  
Ave pia humilitas,  
Sine viro fecunditas,  
Cuius Annuntiatio  
Nostra fuit salvatio.  
Ave vera virginitas,  
Immaculata castitas,  
Cuius Purificatio  
Nostra fuit purgatio.  
Ave, praeclara omnibus  
Angelicis virtutibus,  
Cuius fuit Assumptio  
Nostra fuit glorificatio.  
O Mater Dei,  
Memento mei. Amen.



### English translation

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
The Lord is with thee, serene  
Virgin. Hail, thou whose  
Conception,  
Full of great joy,  
Fills heaven and earth  
With new gladness.  
Hail, thou whose Nativity  
Became our great celebration,  
As the light-bearing Morning  
Star anticipates the true Sun.  
Hail, faithful humility,  
Fruitful without man,  
Whose Annunciation  
Was our salvation.  
Hail, true virginity,  
Immaculate chastity,  
Whose Purification  
Was our cleansing.  
Hail, glorious one  
In all angelic virtues,  
Whose Assumption  
Was our glorification.  
O Mother of God,  
Remember me. Amen.