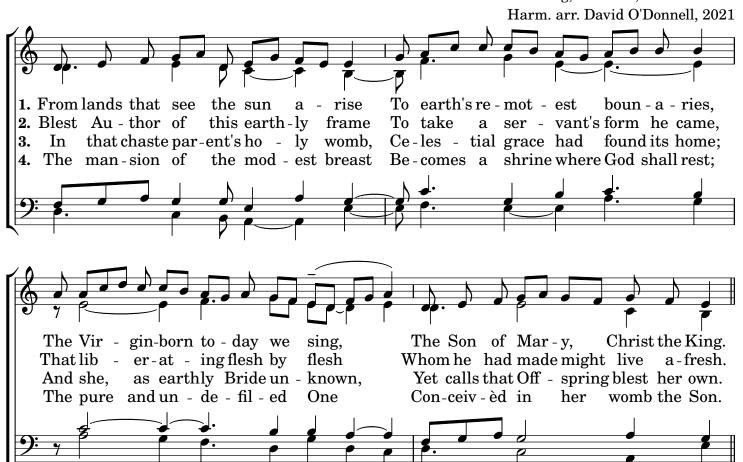


Plainsong, Mode III, Liber Usualis





- **5.** That Son, that Royal Son, she bore, Whom Gabriel's voice had told before: Whom, in his mother yet concealed The infant Baptist had revealed.
- **6.** The manger and teh straw he bore, The cradle he did not abhor: A little milk his infant fare Who feedeth all the fowl of air.
- 7. The heavenly chorus filled the sky, The angels sang to God on high, What time to shepherds watching lone, They made creation's Shepherd known.
- **8.** All honor, praise and glory be, O Jesus, Virgin-born, to thee; All glory, as is ever meet, To Father, and to Paraclete. Amen.

A olis ortus cardine Tr. John Mason Neale