ADVENT 3

- Veni, O Jesse Vírgula;
 Ex hostis tuos úngula,
 De specu tuos tártari
 Educ, et antro bárathri.
- 4. Veni, Clavis Davídica, Regna reclúde cáelica, Fac iter tutum supérnum, Et claude vias ínferum.
- Veni, veni, O Oriens;
 Soláre nos advéniens;
 Noctis depelle nebulas
 Dirasque noctis ténebras.
- Veni, veni, Rex géntium Veni, Redémptor ómnium. Ut salvas tuos fámulos Peccáti sibi cónscios.
- 7. Veni, veni Emmánuel; Captívum solve Israel Qui gemit in exílio Privátus Dei fílio.

- O come Thou Rod of Jesse free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
 From depths of hell Thy people save
 and give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
- 4. O come Thou Key of David, come And open wide our heavnely home; Make safe the way that leads on high And close the path to misery.
- 5. O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
- 6. O come, Desire of Nations bind In one the hearts of all mankind, Bid Thou our sad divisions cease, And be Thyself our King of Peace.
- 7. O come, O come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Israel, That mourns in lonely exile here Until the Son of God appear.

Translated by J. M. Neale and others

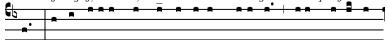
4. Rorate cæli desuper

Oráte cæli dé-super, et nubes plu- ant justum

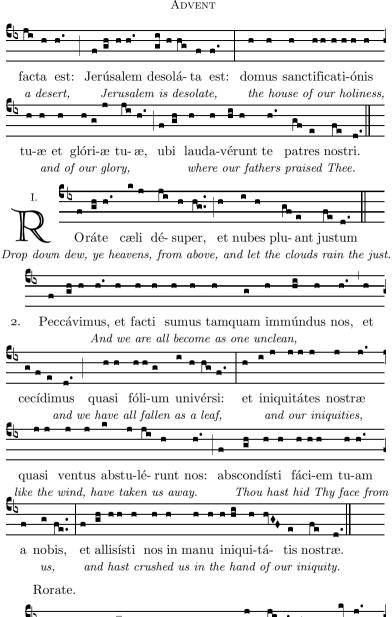
Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just.



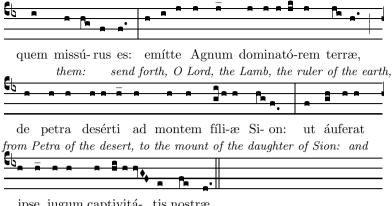
1. Ne irascá-ris Dómine, ne ultra memíneris iniquitá-Be not very angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity:



tis : ecce cívitas Sancti facta est desérta : Si-on de-sérta The city of Thy sanctuary is become a desert, Sion is made 4 Advent



Vide Domine afflicti-ónem pópuli tu-i, et mitte 3. See, O Lord, the afflictions of Thy people, and relieve Advent 5



ipse jugum captivitá- tis nostræ.

He shall take away our yokes that hold us captive.

Rorate.

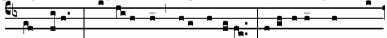


4. Consolámini, consolámini, pópule me- us: cito véni-et

Be comforted, be comforted, my people: thy salvation shall come



salus tu-a: quare mœróre consúmeris, qui-a inno-vávit quickly to thee: why does mourning consume thee, because your sadness



te dolor? Salvábo te, noli timere, ego enim sum Dóis renewed? I will save thee, be not thou afraid, for I am the

minus De-us tu-us, Sanctus Isra-ël, redémptor tu-us.

Lord thy God, the holy one of Israel, thy redeemer.

Rorate.