

Schola Catharina

3th Sunday of Lent

Introitus (Ps. 24, 15-16)

Oculi mei semper ad Dominum, quia ipse
evellet de laqueo pedes meos:
respice in me, et miserere mei, quoniam
unicus et pauper sum ego.

Ad te Domine levavi animam meam: Deus
meus, in te confido, non erubescam.

My eyes are ever towards the Lord: for He shall
pluck my feet out of the snare:
look Thou upon me, and have mercy on me; for
I am alone and poor.

Tussenzang (Ps. 24. 1, 2):

To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul: in
Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me be not
ashamed.

Graduale (Ps. 9, 20.4)

Exsurge Domine, non praevaleat homo:
iudicentur gentes in conspectu tuo.
In convertendo inimicum meum
retrosum, infirmabuntur, et peribunt a
facie tua.

Arise, O Lord, and let not man be strengthened;
let the Gentiles be judged in Thy sight.

When the enemy shall be turned back, they shall
be weakened and perish before Thy face.

Tractus (Ps. 122, 1-3)

Ad te levavi oculos meos, qui habitas in
caelis.

To Thee have I lifted up my eyes, who dwellest
in heaven.

Tractus (Ps. 122, 1-3)

Ecce sicut oculi servorum in manibus
dominorum suorum.

Behold as the eyes of servants are on the hands
of their masters.

Tractus (Ps. 122, 1-3)

Et sicut oculi ancillae in manibus dominae
suae.

And as the eyes of the handmaid are on the
hands of her mistress

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Tractus (Ps. 122, 1-3)

Ita oculi nostri ad Dominum Deum nostrum, donec misereatur nostri.

so are our eyes unto the Lord our God, until He have mercy on us.

Tractus (Ps. 122, 1-3)

Miserere nobis Domine, miserere nobis.

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

Offertorium (Ps. 18, 9-12)

Iustitiae Domini rectae, laetificantes corda, et dulciora super mel et favum: nam et servus tuus custodiet ea.

The justices of the Lord are right, rejoicing hearts, and sweeter than honey and the honeycomb: for Thy servant keepeth them.

Communio (Joh. 4, 13-14)

Qui biberit aquam, quam ego do, dicit Dominus Samaritanae, fiet in eo fons aquae salientis in vitam aeternam.

Whoever drinks of the water that I will give, dicit Dominus Samaritanae, becomes a well of water springing up to eternal life

Tussenzang (Is. 12.1):

Confitebor tibi, Domine, quoniam iratus iras mihi, conversus est furor tuus, et consolatus es me.

Confitebor tibi, Domine, for though you were angry with me, your anger has turned away and you comfort me.

Communio (Ps. 83, 4-5)

Passer invenit sibi domum, et turtur nidum, ubi reponat pullos suos: altaria tua, Domine virtutum, Rex meus et Deus meus: beati qui habitant in domo tua, in saeculum saeculi laudabunt te.

The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest, where she may lay her young ones: Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God: blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they shall praise Thee for ever and ever.

Tussenzang (Ps. 83.2-3a):

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum. Concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.