
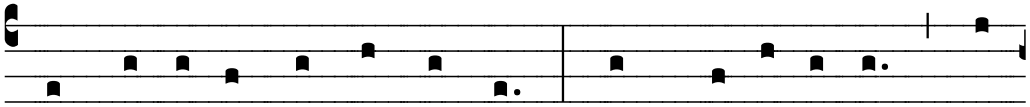



TOTA PULCHRA ES, Another version (Dom Pothier)

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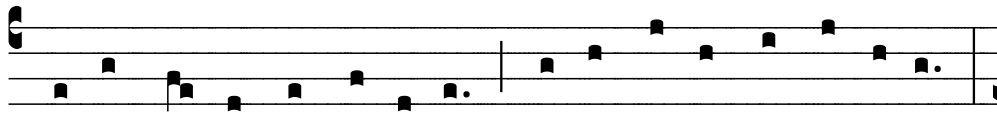
T O-ta pulchra es, O Ma-rí-a, to-ta pulchra es,



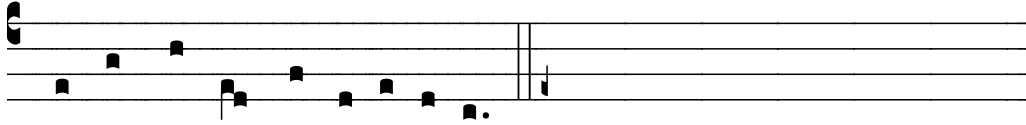
Et má-cu-la non est in te. Quam spe-ci-ó-sa, quam



su-á-vis in de-lí-ci-is Concépti-o il-li-bá-ta.



℞. Ve-ni, ve- ni de Lí-bano, ve-ni, ve-ni de Lí-bano,



ve-ni, ve-ni co-roná-be-ris.

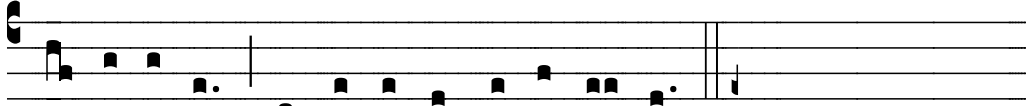
Thou art all fair, O Mary, thou art all fair, and no stain is in thee. How lovely, how sweet in its delights, thy Conception unstained. ℞. Come from Mount Lebanon, come from Mount Lebanon; come, thou shalt be crowned.



2. Tu progré-de-ris ut au-ró-ra valde rú-ti-lans, Affers



gáudi-a sa-lú-tis, Per te ortus est Christus De- us, sol

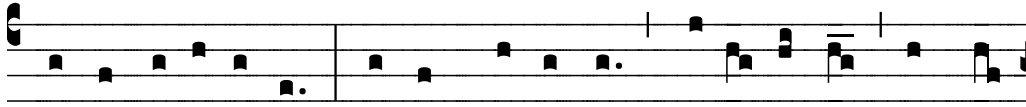


ju-stí-ti-æ. O fúlgi-da porta lu- cis. ℞. Veni.

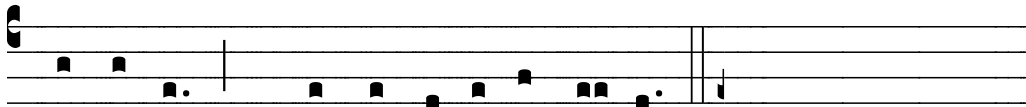
Thou goest forth like the rose-tinted dawn; Thou bringest the joys of salvation; Through thee is risen Christ God, the sun of justice. O gleaming portal of light.



3. Sic-ut lí-li- um inter spi-nas: inter fí-li- as Sic tu

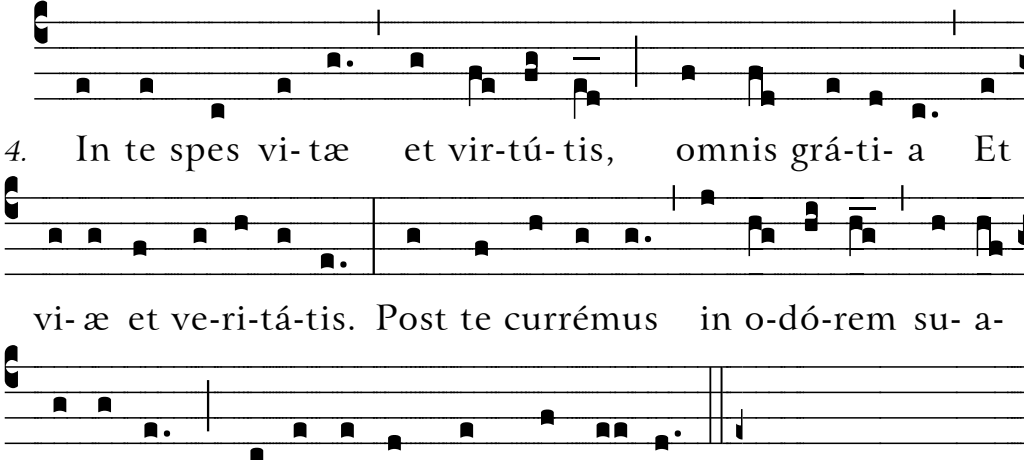


Virgo benedícta. Tu- um re-fúlget vestiméntum ut nix



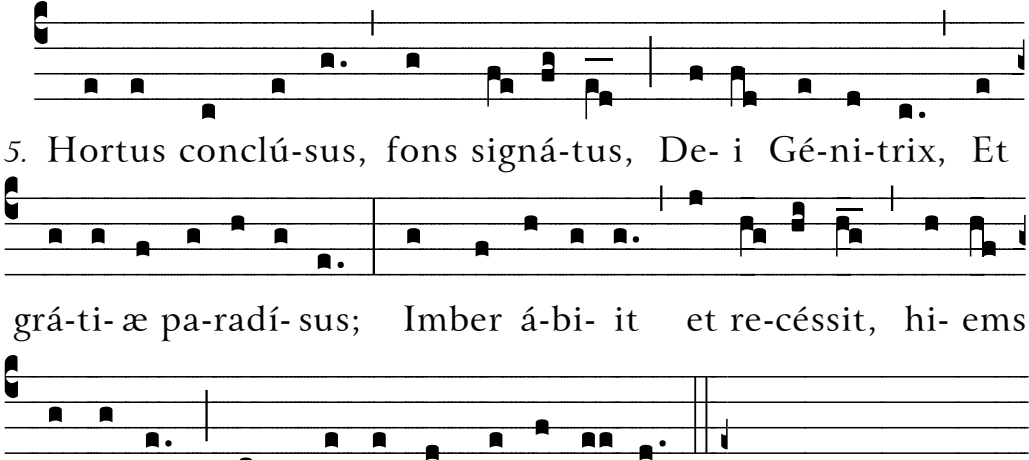
cándi-dum, Sic-ut sol fá-ci- es tu- a. ℞. Veni.

Like a lily among thorns, so art thou blest among the daughters, O Virgin. Thy raiment shines white as snow, thy face like the sun.



4. In te spes vi-tæ et vir-tú-tis, omnis grá-ti-a Et
vi-æ et ve-ri-tá-tis. Post te currémus in o-dó-rem su-a-
víssimum Trahénti-um unguentó-rum. R̄. Veni.

In thee is the hope of life and of virtue, every grace of the way and of the truth. We shall run behind thee in the sweetest odor of enticing ointments.



5. Hortus conclú-sus, fons signá-tus, De-i Gé-ni-trix, Et
grá-ti-æ pa-radí-sus; Imber á-bi-it et re-céssit, hi-ems
tránsi-it, Jam flo-res appa-ru-é-runt. R̄. Veni.

A garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, bearer of God, and a paradise of grace. The rain is over and gone, the winter is past, now the flowers have appeared.



6. In terra nostra, vox au-dí-ta, vox dul-císsima, Vox
túr-tu-ris, vox co-lúmbæ; Assúme pennas, O co-lúm-
ba formo-síssima! Surge, pró-pe-ra et ve-ni. R̄. Veni.

A voice is heard in our land, a voice most sweet, the voice of the dove and the turtledove: take wing, O dove most fair! Arise, hasten, and come.