

Introit (Ps. 24:15-16)

Oculi mei semper ad Dóminum, quia ipse evéllit de láqueo pedes meos: réspice in me, et miserére mei, quóniam únicus et pauper sum ego.

Ÿ. (Ps. 24:1-2) Ad te, Dómine, levávi ánimam meam: Deus meus, in te confido, non erubéscam

Ÿ. Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto. Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et semper, et in saécula saeculórum. Amen.

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.

Ÿ. (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 not be ashamed.

Ÿ. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Gradual (Ps. 9:20 & 4)

Exsúrge, Dómine, non præváleat homo: judicéntur gentes in conspéctu tuo.

Ÿ. In converténdo inimícum meum retrórsum, infirmabúntur, et períbunt a facie tua.

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

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

Tract (Ps. 122:1-3)

Ad te levávi óculos meos, qui hábitas in coelis.

Ÿ. 1. Ecce, sicut óculi servórum in mánibus dominórum suórum.

Ÿ. 2. Et sicut óculi ancíllæ in mánibus dómínæ suæ: ita óculi nostri ad Dóminum, Deum nostrum, donec misereátur nostri.

Ÿ. 3. Miserére nobis, Dómine, miserére nobis.

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

Ÿ. 1. Behold as the eyes of servants are on the hands of their masters.

Ÿ. 2. And as the eyes of the handmaid are on the hands of her mistress: so are our eyes unto the Lord our God, until He have mercy on us.

Ÿ. 3. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

Offertory (Ps. 18, 9, 10, 11 & 12)

Justítiæ Dómini rectæ, lætificántes corda, et judícia ejus dulci ora super mel et favum: nam et servus tuus custódit ea.

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

Third Sunday of Lent

Communion (Ps. 83:4-5)

Passer invénit sibi domum, et turtur nidum, ubi repónat pullos suos: altária tua, Dómine virtútum, Rex meus, et Deus meus: beáti, qui hábitant in domo tua, in saéculum saéculi laudábunt 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.