

There is no Water blessed for the *Asperges* to-day, as is the custom on all other Sundays throughout the year. We assisted, a few hours ago, at the imposing ceremony of the Bishop’s blessing the Water, which was to be used for the Baptism of the Catechumens. The Water, which is now going to be sprinkled upon the Faithful, was taken from the Font of Regeneration. During this ceremony, the Choir sings the following Antiphon :

ANTIPHON.

Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro, alleluia : et omnes, ad quos pervenit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent : Alleluia, alleluia.

*Ps.* Confitemini Domino, quoniam bonus : quoniam in sæculum misericordia ejus.

Gloria Patri. Vidi aquam.

*V.* Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam, alleluia.

*R.* Et Salutare tuum da nobis, alleluia.

I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple, alleluia ; and all to whom that water came were saved, and they shall say, alleluia.

*Ps.* Praise the Lord, because he is good : because his mercy endureth for ever.

Glory, &c. I saw.

*V.* Show us, O Lord, thy mercy, alleluia.

*R.* And grant us thy salvation, alleluia.

OREMUS.

Exaudi nos, Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus : et mittere digneris sanctum Angelum tuum de cœlis, qui custodiat, foveat, protegat, visitet atque defendat omnes habitantes in hoc habitaculo. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

LET US PRAY.

Graciously hear us, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God : and vouchsafe to send thy holy Angel from heaven, who may keep, cherish, protect, visit and defend all who are assembled in this place. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

In many of the Western Churches, the following

stanzas, written by St. Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, used formerly to be sung during the Procession before to-day’s Mass. We insert them here, feeling assured that they will interest our readers, and assist them to enter more fully into the spirit of the great solemnity, for which our forefathers made them serve as a preparation. We shall find them replete with the same enthusiasm that inspired the author when he composed the *Vexilla Regis*, and the Hymn of the Holy Chrism : there is the same bold and energetic, almost harsh, diction ; the same piety ; the same richness of poetry and sentiment. The beautiful chant, to which this Hymn was sung, is still extant.

EASTER SONG.

Hail, thou festive, ever venerable Day ! whereon hell is conquered and heaven is won by Christ.

Lo ! our earth is in her Spring ; bearing thus her witness that, with her Lord, she has all her gifts restored.

*Repeat.* Hail, thou festive, &c.

For now the woods with their leaves, and the meadows with their flowers, pay homage to Jesus’ triumph over the gloomy tomb.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

Light, firmament, fields and sea, give justly praise to the God that defeats the laws of Death, and rises above the stars.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

The crucified God now reigns over all things ; and

Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo ;

Qua Deus infernum vincit, et astra tenet.

Ecce nascentis testatur gratia mundi,

Omnia cum Domino dona redisse suo.

*Repeat.* Salve, festa dies.

Namque triumphanti post tristia tartara Christo, Undique fronde nemus, gramina flore favent.

Salve, festa dies.

Legibus inferni oppressis, super astra meantem, Laudant rite Deum lux, polus, arva, fretum.

Salve, festa dies.

Qui crucifixus erat Deus, ecce per omnia regnat ;

Dantque creatori cuncta every creature to its Creator  
creata precem. tells a prayer.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Christe salus rerum, bo- O Jesus ! Saviour of the  
ne conditor, atque re- world ! Loving Creator and  
demptor ; Redeemer ! Only Begotten  
Unica progenies ex Deitate Son of God the Father !  
Patris.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Qui genus humanum cer- Seeing the human race was  
nens mersum esse pro- sunk in misery deep, thou  
fundo, wast made Man, that thou  
Ut hominem eriperes, es mightest rescue man.  
quoque factus homo.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Nec voluisti etenim tan- Nor wouldst thou be con-  
tum te corpore nasci, tent to be born ; but being  
Sed caro quæ nasci pertulit, born in the flesh, in the same  
atque mori. wouldst thou suffer death.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Funeris exsequias pateris, Thou, the Author of life and  
vitæ auctor et orbis, all creation, wast buried in  
Intrans mortis iter, dando the Tomb ; treading the path  
salutis opem. of Death, to give us salvation.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Tristia cesserunt infernæ The gloomful bonds of hell  
vincula legis, were broken ; the abyss shook  
Expavitque chaos luminis with fear, as the light shone  
ore premi. upon its brink.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Depereunt tenebræ Chris- The brightness of Christ put  
ti fulgore fugatæ, darkness to flight, and made  
Æternæ noctis pallia crassa to fall the thick veils of ever-  
cadunt. lasting night.

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

Pollicitam sed reddefidem But, redeem thy promise,  
precor, alma potestas, I beseech thee, merciful King !  
Tertia lux rediit, surge se- This is the third day ; arise,  
pulte meus. my buried Jesus !

Salve, festa dies. Hail, thou festive, &c.

EASTER SUNDAY : MASS.

161

'Tis not meet, that thy Body  
lie in the lowly Tomb, or that  
a sepulchral stone should keep  
imprisoned the ransom of the  
world.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

Throw off thy shrouds, I  
pray thee ! Leave thy wind-  
ing-sheet in the Tomb. Thou  
art our all ; and all else, with-  
out thee, is nothing.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

Let free the spirits that are  
shackled in Limbo's prison.  
Raise up all fallen things.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

Show us, once more, thy  
Face, that all ages may see the  
Light ! Bring back the Day,  
which fled when thou didst  
die.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

But thou hast done all this,  
O loving Conqueror, by return-  
ing to our world : Death lies  
defeated, and its rights are  
gone.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

The greedy monster, whose  
huge throat had swallowed all  
mankind, is now thy prey, O  
God !

Hail, thou festive, &c.

The savage beast now trem-  
bling vomits forth the victims  
he had made, and the Lamb  
tears the sheep from the jaw  
of the wolf.

Hail, thou festive, &c.

PASCH : TIME. I.

Non decet, ut vili tumulo  
tua membra tegantur,  
Neu pretium mundi vilia  
saxa premant.

Salve, festa dies.

Lintea tolle, precor, suda-  
ria linque sepulchro ;  
Tu satis es nobis, et sine te  
nihil est.

Salve, festa dies.

Solve catenatas inferni  
carceris umbras,  
Et revoca sursum, quicquid  
ad ima ruit.

Salve, festa dies.

Redde tuam faciem, vi-  
deant ut sæcula lumen,  
Redde diem, qui nos, te mo-  
riente, fugit.

Salve, festa dies.

Sed plane implesti re-  
means, pie victor, ad  
orbem ;  
Tartara pressa jacent, nec  
sua jura tenent.

Salve, festa dies.

Inferus insaturabiliter ca-  
va guttura pandens,  
Qui rapuit semper, fit tua  
præda, Deus.

Salve, festa dies.

Evomit absorptam trepide  
fera bellua plebem,  
Et de fauce lupi subtrahit  
Agnus oves.

Salve, festa dies.

M



Rex sacer, ecce tui radiat  
pars magna triumphi,  
Cum puras animas sacra la-  
vacra beant.  
Salve, festa dies.

O King divine ! lo ! here a  
bright ray of thy triumph,—  
the souls made pure by the  
holy Font.  
Hail, thou festive, &c.

Candidus egreditur niti-  
dis exercitus undis,  
Atque vetus vitium purgat  
in anne novo.  
Salve, festa dies.

The white-robed troop comes  
from the limpid Waters ; and  
the old iniquity is cleansed in  
the new Stream.  
Hail, thou festive, &c.

Fulgentes animas vestis  
quoque candida signat,  
Et grege de niveo gaudia  
pastor habet.  
Salve, festa dies, toto ve-  
nerabilis ævo ;  
Qua Deus infernum vincit,  
et astra tenet.

The white garments symbo-  
lise unspotted souls ; and the  
Shepherd rejoices in his snow-  
like flock.  
Hail, thou festive, ever ve-  
nerable Day ! whereon hell is  
conquered and heaven is won  
by Christ.

The preparations completed, the chanters intone the majestic melody of the Introit. Meanwhile, the Pontiff, accompanied by the Priests, Deacons, and other Ministers, advances in procession to the Altar-steps. This opening Chant is the cry of the Man-God as he rises from the Tomb : it is the hymn of Jesus’ gratitude to his Eternal Father.

INTROIT.

Resurrexi, et adhuc tecum  
sum, alleluia : posuisti super  
me manum tuam, alleluia :  
mirabilis facta est scientia  
tua. Alleluia, alleluia.

I have risen, and am as yet  
with you, alleluia : thou hast  
stretched forth thy hand to  
me, alleluia : thy knowledge is  
become wonderful. Alleluia,  
alleluia.

*Ps.* Domine, probasti me  
et cognovisti me : tu cogno-  
visti sessionem meam et re-  
surrectionem meam. *V.* Glo-  
ria Patri. Resurrexi.

*Ps.* Lord, thou hast tried  
me, and known me : thou hast  
known my sitting down and  
my up-rising. *V.* Glory, &c.  
I have risen, &c.

In the Collect, the Church proclaims the grace of

There is no water blessed for the *Asperges* to-day, as is the custom on all other Sundays throughout the year. We assisted, a few hours ago, at the imposing ceremony of the blessing of the water, which was to be used for the Baptism of the catechumens. The water, which is now going to be sprinkled upon the faithful, was taken from the font of regeneration. During this ceremony, the choir sings the following Antiphon :

ANTIPHON

Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro, alleluia: et omnes, ad quos pervenit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent: Alleluia, alleluia.

*Ps.* Confitemini Domino, quoniam bonus: quoniam in sæculum misericordia ejus.

Gloria Patri. Vidi aquam.

Ÿ. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam, alleluia.

R̃. Et salutare tuum da nobis, alleluia.

OREMUS

Exaudi nos, Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus: et mittere digneris sanctum Angelum tuum de cœlis, qui custodiat, foveat, protegat, visitet atque defendat omnes habitantes in hoc habitaculo. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple, alleluia; and all to whom that water came were saved, and they shall say, alleluia.

*Ps.* Praise the Lord, because he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Glory, &c. I saw.

Ÿ. Show us, O Lord, thy mercy, alleluia.

R̃. And grant us thy salvation, alleluia.

LET US PRAY

Graciously hear us, O holy Lord, Father almighty, eternal God: and vouchsafe to send thy holy Angel from heaven, who may keep, cherish, protect, visit, and defend all who are assembled in this place. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

In many of the western churches, the following stanzas, written by St. Venantius Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, used formerly to be sung during the pro-

cession before to-day’s Mass. We insert them here, feeling assured that they will interest our readers, and assist them to enter more fully into the spirit of the great solemnity, for which our forefathers made them serve as a preparation. We shall find them replete with the same enthusiasm that inspired the author when he composed the *Vexilla Regis*, and the hymn of the holy chrism: there is the same bold and energetic, almost harsh, diction, the same piety, the same richness of poetry and sentiment. The beautiful chant, to which this hymn was sung, is still extant.

EASTER SONG

Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo;

Qua Deus infernum vincit, et astra tenet.

Ecce renascentis testatur gratia mundi,

Omnia cum Domino dona redisse suo.

*Repeat.* Salve, festa dies.

Namque triumphanti post tristia tartara Christo,

Undique fronde nemus, gramina flore favent.

Salve, festa dies.

Legibus inferni oppressis, super astra meantem,

Laudant rite Deum lux, polus, arva, fretum.

Salve, festa dies.

Qui crucifixus erat Deus, ecce per omnia regnat;

Hail thou festive, ever venerable day! whereon hell is conquered and heaven is won by Christ.

Lo! our earth is in her spring; bearing thus her witness that, with her Lord, she has all her gifts restored.

*Repeat.* Hail, thou festive.

For now the woods with their leaves, and the meadows with their flowers, pay homage to Jesus’ triumph over the gloomy tomb.

Hail, thou festive.

Light, firmament, fields and sea, give justly praise to the God that defeats the laws of death, and rises above the stars.

Hail, thou festive.

The crucified God now reigns over all things; and

Dantque creatori cuncta  
creata precem.

Salve, festa dies.

Christe salus rerum, bone  
conditor, atque redem-  
ptor;

Unica progenies ex Deitate  
Patris.

Salve, festa dies.

Qui genus humanum cernens  
mersum esse profundo,  
Ut hominem eriperes, es  
quoque factus homo.

Salve, festa dies.

Nec voluisti etenim tantum  
te corpore nasci,  
Sed caro quæ nasci pertulit,  
atque mori.

Salve, festa dies.

Funeris exsequias pateris,  
vitæ auctor et orbis,  
Intrans mortis iter, dando  
salutis opem.

Salve, festa dies.

Tristia cesserunt infernæ  
vincula legis,  
Expavitque chaos luminis  
ore premi.

Salve, festa dies.

Depereunt tenebræ Christi  
fulgore fugatæ,  
Æternæ noctis pallia crassa  
cadunt.

Salve, festa dies.

Pollicitam sed redde fidem  
precor, alma potestas,  
Tertia lux rediit, surge se-  
pulte meus.

Salve, festa dies.

every creature to its Creator  
tells a prayer.

Hail, thou festive.

O Jesus! Saviour of the  
world! Loving Creator and  
Redeemer! Only-begotten Son  
of God the Father!

Hail, thou festive.

Seeing the human race was  
sunk in misery deep, thou  
wast made Man, that thou  
mightest rescue man.

Hail, thou festive.

Nor wouldst thou be con-  
tent to be born; but being  
born in the flesh, in the same  
wouldst thou suffer death.

Hail, thou festive.

Thou, the author of life and  
of all creation, wast buried in  
the tomb; treading the path  
of death, to give us salvation.

Hail, thou festive.

The gloomful bonds of hell  
were broken; the abyss shook  
with fear, as the light shone  
upon its brink.

Hail, thou festive.

The brightness of Christ put  
darkness to flight, and made  
to fall the thick veils of ever-  
lasting night.

Hail, thou festive.

But, redeem thy promise,  
I beseech thee, merciful King!  
This is the third day; arise,  
my buried Jesus!

Hail, thou festive.



Non decet, ut vili tumulo  
tua membra tegantur,  
Neu pretium mundi vilia  
saxa premant.

Salve, festa dies.

Lintea tolle, precor, sudaria  
linque sepulchro;  
Tu satis es nobis, et sine te  
nihil est.

Salve, festa dies.

Solve catenatas inferni  
carceris umbras,  
Et revoca sursum, quicquid  
ad ima ruit.

Salve, festa dies.

Redde tuam faciem, videant  
ut sæcula lumen,  
Redde diem, qui nos, te  
moriente, fugit.

Salve, festa dies.

Sed plane implesti reme-  
ans, pie victor, ad  
orbem;  
Tartara pressa jacent, nec  
sua jura tenent.

Salve, festa dies.

Inferus insaturabiliter cava  
guttura pandens,  
Qui rapuit semper, fit tua  
præda, Deus.

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Evomit absorptam trepide  
fera bellua plebem,  
Et de fauce lupi subtrahit  
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PASCH. TIME I.

'Tis not meet, that thy Body  
lie in the lowly tomb, or that  
a sepulchral stone should keep  
imprisoned the ransom of the  
world.

Hail, thou festive.

Throw off thy shrouds, I  
pray thee! Leave thy winding-  
sheet in the tomb. Thou art  
our all; and all else, without  
thee, is nothing.

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Set free the spirits that are  
shackled in limbo's prison.  
Raise up all fallen things.

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face, that all ages may see the  
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Hail, thou festive.

But thou hast done all this,  
O loving conqueror, by return-  
ing to our world: death lies  
defeated, and its rights are  
gone.

Hail, thou festive.

The greedy monster, whose  
huge throat had swallowed all  
mankind, is now thy prey, O  
God!

Hail, thou festive.

The savage beast now trem-  
bling vomits forth the victims  
he had made, and the lamb  
tears the sheep from the jaw  
of the wolf.

Hail, thou festive.

M

Rex sacer, ecce tui radiat  
pars magna triumphi,  
Cum puras animas sacra la-  
vacra beant.

Salve, festa dies.

Candidus egreditur nitidis  
exercitus undis,  
Atque vetus vitium purgat  
in amne novo.

Salve, festa dies.

Fulgentes animas vestis quo-  
que candida signat,  
Et grege de niveo gaudia  
pastor habet.

Salve, festa dies, toto ve-  
nerabilis ævo;

Qua Deus infernum vincit  
et astra tenet.

O King divine! lo! here a  
bright ray of thy triumph,—  
the souls made pure by the  
holy font.

Hail, thou festive.

The white-robed troop comes  
from the limpid waters; and  
the old iniquity is cleansed in  
the new stream.

Hail, thou festive.

The white garments symbo-  
lize unspotted souls; and the  
Shepherd rejoices in his snow-  
like flock:

Hail, thou festive, ever ve-  
nerable day! whereon hell is  
conquered and heaven is won  
by Christ.

The preparations completed, the cantors intone the majestic melody of the Introit. Meanwhile, the pontiff, accompanied by the priests, deacons, and other ministers, advances in procession to the altar-steps. This opening chant is the cry of the Man-God as He rises from the tomb: it is the hymn of Jesus' gratitude to His eternal Father.

INTROIT

Resurrexi, et adhuc tecum  
sum, alleluia: posuisti super  
me manum tuam, alleluia:  
mirabilis facta est scientia  
tua. Alleluia, alleluia.

*Ps.* Domine, probasti me  
et cognovisti me: tu cogno-  
visti sessionem meam et re-  
surrectionem meam. *Ÿ.* Glo-  
ria Patri. Resurrexi.

I have risen, and am as yet  
with thee, alleluia: thou hast  
stretched forth thy hand to  
me, alleluia: thy knowledge is  
become wonderful. Alleluia,  
alleluia.

*Ps.* Lord, thou hast tried  
me, and known me: thou hast  
known my sitting down and  
my up-rising. *Ÿ.* Glory, &c.  
I have risen, &c.

In the Collect, the Church proclaims the grace of