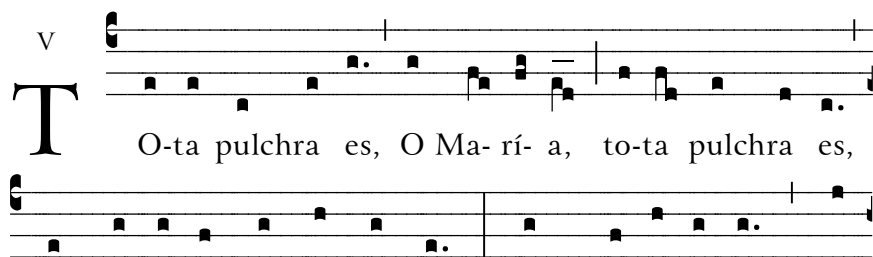


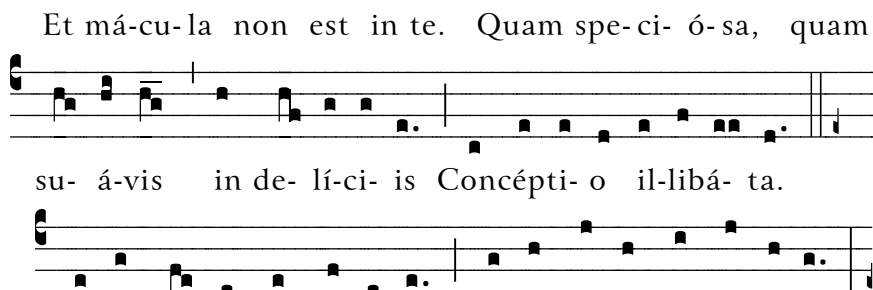
TOTA PULCHRA ES (Dom Pothier)

V



**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-libá-ta.

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



ve-ni, ve-ni co-roná-be-ris.



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.



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.

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. R. Veni.

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. R. Veni.

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

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. R. Come from Mount Lebanon, come from Mount Lebanon; come, thou shalt be crowned. 2. Thou goest forth like the rose-tinted dawn; Thou bringest the joys of salvation; Through thee Christ is risen, our God, the sun of justice. O gleaming portal of light. 3. Like a lily among thorns, so art thou blest among the daughters, O Virgin. Thy shining raiment white as snow, thy face like the sun. 4. In thee is hope of life and virtue, all grace of the way and the truth. After thee we shall run, toward the sweet fragrance of thy delightful ointments. 5. A garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, God's Mother; a paradise of grace. The rain is over and gone, the winter is past, now the flowers have appeared. 6. 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.