

THE NOTRE DAME  
HYMN TUNE BOOK

The Notre Dame  
HYMN TUNE BOOK.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL, MUS. BAC.,

AND

MOIR BROWN.

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

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The *Jogues Lectionary* includes ancient manuscripts & photographs of the priest during the (Novus Ordo) Mass.

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## PREFACE.

An attempt has been made in this book to provide a complete set of tunes for the hymns published by the Sisters of Notre Dame. The traditional tunes have been retained, and many of the hymns have been set for the first time ; while those having melodies which were considered to be unsuited to the words have been reset. The majority of the tunes are harmonised in four parts, and it is hoped that Choirs and Congregations will cultivate the part-singing of the hymns.

Every effort has been made to obtain permission where necessary for the publication of copyright tunes. If we have unconsciously transgressed in this respect, due acknowledgment will be made in the next edition.

We desire to tender our sincere thanks to those who have so kindly given us permission to publish copyright tunes.

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In a collection of Catholic Hymns like the following, it is impossible that all should reach the same level of merit, but as every hymn included is used in one parish or another, we have thought it best to publish them all. Only a proportion of the hymns is actually used by the Sisters of Notre Dame, who have been kind enough to allow us to publish under the above title, with the above reservation.

Additional tunes will be found in the two books published by the Sisters of Notre Dame.

July, 1905.

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## HYMNS.

## 1. My God, I love Thee.

S. WEBBE, junr.



My God, I love Thee, not because  
I hope for Heaven thereby;  
Not because they who love Thee not,  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony;  
E'en death itself - and all for one  
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,  
Nor of escaping Hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward;  
But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my Eternal King.

## 2. Jesus! the only thought of Thee.

Traditional.



JESUS! the only thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far it is to see,  
And on Thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art or music frame;  
No thoughts can reach, no words can say,  
The sweets of Thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope, when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace;  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
Oh! what when face to face!

Jesus! that name inspires my mind,  
With springs of life and light;  
More than I ask in Thee I find,  
And languish with delight.

No art or eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love;  
Only the saints can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.

Thee, then, I'll seek, retired apart,  
From world and business free;  
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,  
And keep it all for Thee.

Before the morning light I'll come  
With Magdalen to find,  
In sighs and tears my Jesus' tomb,  
And there refresh my mind.

My tears upon His grave shall flow,  
My sighs the garden fill;  
Then at His feet myself I'll throw,  
And there I'll seek his will.

Jesus! in Thy blest steps I'll tread  
And walk in all Thy ways;  
I'll never cease to weep and plead,  
Till I'm restored to grace.

O King of Love! Thy blessed fire  
Does such sweet flames excite,  
That first it raises the desire,  
Then fills it with delight.

( 2 )

## 3. Come, Holy Ghost.

Ancient Melody.



COME, Holy Ghost, send down those  
beams  
Which sweetly flow in silent streams  
From Thy bright throne above.  
O come, thou Father of the poor,  
O come, thou Source of all our store  
Come, fill our hearts with love.

O Thou, of Comforters the best,  
O Thou, the soul's delightful guest,  
The Pilgrim's sweet relief.  
Thou art true rest in toil and sweat,  
Refreshment in excess of heat,  
And solace in our grief.

Thrice blessed light, shoot home Thy  
darts,  
And pierce the centre of those hearts,  
Whose faith aspires to Thee;  
Without Thy Godhead nothing can  
Have any price or worth in man,  
Nothing can harmless be.

Lord, wash our sinful stains away,  
Water from heaven our barren clay,  
Our wounds and bruises heal;  
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,  
Warm with Thy fire our hearts of snow,  
Our wand'ring feet repeal.

Grant to Thy faithful, dearest Lord,  
Whose only hope is Thy sure word,  
The seven gifts of the Spirit;  
Grant us in life Thy helping grace,  
Grant us at death to see Thy face,  
And endless joys inherit.

( 3 )

## 4. Come, Holy Ghost.

F. N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

COME, Holy Ghost Creator, come,  
From Thy bright heavenly throne;  
Come, take possession of our souls,  
And make them all Thine own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,  
Best gift of God above;  
The living Spring, the Living Fire  
Sweet unction and True Love.

Thou who art sevenfold in Thy grace,  
Finger of God's right hand;  
His promise teaching little ones,  
To speak and understand.

O! guide our minds with Thy blest light,  
With love our hearts inflame;  
And with Thy strength which ne'er decays,  
Confirm our mortal frame

Far from us drive our hellish foe,  
True peace unto us bring;  
And through all our perils lead us safe,  
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through Thee may we the Father know,  
Through Thee, the Eternal Son,  
And Thee the Spirit of them both,  
Thrice blessed Three in One

All glory to the Father be,  
With His co-equal Son  
The same to Thee, Great Paraclete,  
While endless ages run.

( 4 )

## 5. Holy Ghost, come down.

J. WILLIAMS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

HOLY Ghost, come down upon Thy children,  
Give us grace and make us Thine;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit! Love Divine!

For all within us good and Holy  
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;  
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,  
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.

For Thou to us art more than father,  
More than sister in Thy love.  
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,  
Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove.

O, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!  
Wayward, wanton, cold are we!  
And still our sins, new every morning,  
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited,  
While our hearts were slowly turned!  
How often hath Thy love been slighted,  
While for us it grieved and burned!

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,  
We would take Thee for our Lord;  
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful  
To Thy least and lightest word.

Ah! Sweet Consoler, though we cannot  
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,  
Yet if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,  
They will not be always thus.

With hearts so vile, how dare we venture,  
King of kings, to love Thee so?  
And how canst Thou, with such compassion,  
Bear so long with things so low.

( 5 )

## 6. Litany of the Passion.

RICHARDSON.



By the Blood that flowed from Thee,  
In Thy bitter agony,  
By the scourge so meekly borne,  
By Thy purple robe of scorn,—

CHO.—Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry,  
Thou wert suffering once as we,  
Hear the loving Litany,  
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

By the thorns that crown'd Thy head,  
By Thy sceptre of a reed,  
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,  
Weigh'd beneath Thy cross of woe,—

By the nails and pointed spear,  
By Thy people's cruel jeer,  
By Thy dying prayer which rose  
Begging mercy for Thy foes,—

By the darkness thick as night,  
Blotting out the sun from sight:  
By the cry with which in death  
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath,—

By Thy weeping mother's woe,  
By the sword that pierced her through,  
When in anguish standing by,  
On the cross she saw Thee die.

[COPYRIGHT.]

( 6 )

## 7. O come and Mourn.

MOIR BROWN.



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O COME and mourn with me awhile,  
See, Mary calls us to her side;  
O come and let us mourn with her,  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love.  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Death came and Jesus meekly bowed;  
His failing eyes He strove to guide  
With mindful love to Mary's face;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,  
And let the blood from out that side  
Fall gently on thee drop by drop;—  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O Love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried,  
And victory remains with Love,  
For He, our Love, is crucified!

( 7 )

## 8. God of Mercy and Compassion.

Traditional



GOD of mercy and compassion,  
Look with pity down on me.  
Father, let me call Thee Father,  
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

CHO.—Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy;  
Let me not implore in vain;  
All my sins—I now detest them,  
Never will I sin again.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,  
On the Cross of Calvary,  
To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,  
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

( 8 )

## 9. Come! oh, come! my Jesus, come.

W. H. KELLY.



COME! oh, come! my Jesus come,  
Make this poor sad heart Thy home;  
Come, but ere Thou come, prepare  
For Thyself a dwelling there.  
Come, no longer, Lord, delay,  
Veni, Jesu Domine!

But can e'en Thy heart endure,  
One so selfish, mean, and poor;  
So ungrateful, Lord, to Thee,  
Who has shed Thy blood for me?  
How can I dare thus to say,  
Veni, Jesu Domine!

Leave me, Lord, depart, depart,  
Come not near so vile a heart!  
No!—forgive this foolish cry,  
For without Thee, Lord, I die.  
Pity me, turn not away,  
Veni, Jesu Domine!

Veni, Jesu! come and see,  
How my soul doth yearn for Thee,  
Come and place Thy heart as seal,  
On what'er I do or feel;  
Come to me and with me stay,  
Mane mecum, Domine!

( 9 )

## 10. O Jesus, through the weary night.

MOIR BROWN.



O JESUS, through the weary night,  
My soul for Thee has sighed,  
The first faint beams of morning light,  
With rapture it espied.

Cho.—O happiness, all joys above,  
What can compare to Thee?  
The God whom I adore and love,  
My Jesus, come to me.

Jesus appears, my heart it beats  
With sorrow and delight;  
My bliss, my lord not yet completes  
He does but glad my sight.

Jesus, my Love and my delight,  
My all to Thee I give;  
All—every sacrifice is light,  
When I with Jesus live.

( 10 )

## 11. Jesus, Thou art coming.

LESLIE BAINBRIDGE.



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(Adoration and Faith.)

JESUS! Thou art coming,  
Holy as Thou art,  
Thou, the God who made me,  
To my sinful heart.

Jesus! I believe it,  
On Thy only word;  
Kneeling, I adore Thee  
As my King and Lord.

(Humility and Sorrow.)

Who am I, my Jesus,  
That Thou com'st to me?  
I have sinned against Thee,  
Often, grievously;

I am very sorry  
I have caused Thee pain,  
I will never, never,  
Wound Thy Heart again.

(Trust.)

Put Thy kind arms round me,  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I Thy little lamb;

Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my Guest,  
I can trust Thee always,  
Lord, for all the rest.

(Love and Desire.)

Dearest Lord, I love Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart,  
Not for what thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.

Come, Oh! come, sweet saviour,  
Come to me and stay,  
For I want Thee Jesus,  
More than I can say.

(Offering and Petition.)

Ah! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King;

But Thou art my Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb;  
Take *myself*, dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.

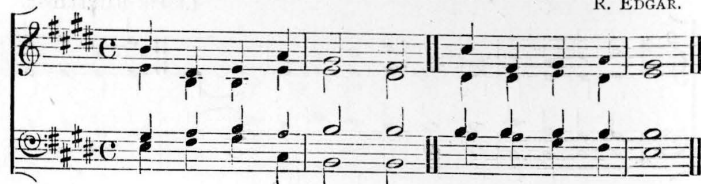
Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes, and ears, and tongue!  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do Thee wrong.

Take my heart, and fill it  
Full of love for Thee;  
All I have I give Thee,  
Give Thyself to me.

( 11 )

## 12. Jesus, gentlest Saviour.

R. EDGAR.



[COPYRIGHT.]

JESUS, gentlest Saviour!  
God of might and power!  
Thou Thyself art dwelling  
In us at this hour

Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heaven is all too strait  
For Thine endless glory  
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining  
Of the furthest star,  
Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children  
Holds what worlds cannot,  
And the God of wonders  
Loves that lowly spot.

As men to their gardens  
Go to seek sweet flowers,  
In our hearts dear Jesus  
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!  
Thou art in us now;  
Fill us full of goodness  
'Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us,  
That to Heaven shall rise;  
Sing the song that angels  
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,  
Chiefly love and fear,  
And, dear Lord! the chiefest—  
Grace to persevere.

Oh! how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this?  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss.

Ah! when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts Thy home?  
We must wait for heaven,  
Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep Thee  
All the time we may,—  
But thy grace and blessing  
We will keep away.

When our hearts Thou leavest,  
Worthless though they be,  
Give them to Thy Mother  
To be kept for Thee.

( 12 )

## 13. The Lord of Glory.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

THE Lord of Glory  
(O wondrous story!)  
Hath made His home within my breast;  
Bowed down before Him,  
My soul adore Him,  
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest,  
Good angels aid me,  
The God who made me,  
Who died to save me, is now my Guest;  
Ah! softly sing Him  
Sweet songs and bring Him  
Your burning love, your worship blest.

My God, I bless Thee,  
Revere, confess Thee.  
And love and trust with all my heart;  
Thy child is wailing  
Each fault and failing  
That caused Thee pain, or tear, or smart.  
Dear Lord, forgive me  
My sins that grieve me,  
Because I love Thee for all Thou art;  
To know Thee clearly,  
To love Thee dearly,  
Be now my portion, my only part.

My Jesus never  
Shall creature sever  
My happy heart from love of Thee!  
Ah! do not let me,  
My King, forget Thee,  
And oh! do Thou remember me!  
My only Treasure,  
My Rest and Pleasure,  
My Rock and Fortress for ever be;  
In strife defend me,  
In sickness tend me,  
And come in death to set me free.

When daylight shineth,  
When day declineth,  
In storm and sun, abide with me.  
In joy and gladness,  
In pain and sadness,  
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.  
Good Shepherd, feed me,  
And guard and lead me  
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,  
To make in glory,  
(O wondrous story!)  
One long communion eternally.

( 13 )

## 14. O happy Flowers.

E. MADDEN.



( 14 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

O HAPPY Flowers ! O happy Flowers !  
 How quietly for hours and hours,  
 In dead of night, in cheerful day,  
 Close to my own dear Lord you stay,  
 Until you gently fade away !  
 O' happy Flowers ! what would I give,  
 In your sweet place all day to live,  
 And then to die, my service o'er,  
 Softly as you do, at His door.

O happy Lights ! O happy Lights !  
 Watching my Jesus live-long nights ;  
 How close you cluster round His Throne,  
 Dying so meekly one by one,  
 As each its faithful watch has done.  
 Could I with you but take my turn,  
 And burn with love of Him, and burn  
 Till love had wasted me, like you —  
 Sweet Lights ! what better could I do.

O happy Pyx ! O happy Pyx !  
 Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix ;  
 O little Palace dear and bright,  
 Where He, who is the world's true light  
 Spends all the day, and stays all night.  
 Ah ! if my heart could only be  
 A little home for Him, like thee,  
 Such fires my happy soul would move,  
 I could not help but die of love !

O Pyx, and Lights, and Flowers ! but I  
 Through envy of you will not die ;  
 Nay, happy things ! what will you do ?  
 For I am better off than you,  
 The whole day long, the whole night through.  
 For Jesus gives Himself to me,  
 So sweetly and so utterly,  
 By rights, long since, I should have died  
 For love of Jesus crucified.

My happy Soul ! my happy Soul !  
 How shall I then my love control ?  
 O sweet Communion ! Feast of Bliss !  
 When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss,  
 What happiness is like to this ?  
 O Heaven, I think, must be alway  
 Quite like a First Communion Day ;  
 With love so sweet, and joy so strange, —  
 Only that Heaven will never change.

( 15 )

## 15. O Jesu, it were surely sweet.

A. FRANCIS.



O JESU, it were surely sweet  
To sit and listen at Thy feet,  
With those who in Thy life drew near,  
Thy words of wondrous grace to hear.

CHO.—Yet sweeter far it is to pray  
Before Thine altar night and day,  
And feel the love which bids Thee  
lie,  
Thus wrapt in holiest mystery.

And it were sweet to walk with Thee  
Along the shores of Galilee;  
Or, safe embark'd in Peter's boat,  
O'er its blue waves with Thee to  
float.

Yes, Jesus! Thou art hidden thus  
On this poor earth for love of us:  
And yet upon Thine altar throne,  
Too oft we leave Thee all alone.

Ah! since it is Thy chief delight  
To dwell with us both day and night,  
Sweet Jesus, make it ours to be  
Both night and day to stay with Thee.

( 16 )

## 16. Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All.

Traditional.



JESUS! my Lord, my God, my All!  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how revere this wondrous gift,  
So far surpassing hope or thought?

CHO.—Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
O make us love Thee more and  
more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love Thee with, my dearest King!  
O with what bursts of fervent praise  
Thy goodness Jesus, would I sing!

O see! within a creature's hand,  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all;  
O mystery of Love Divine!  
I cannot compass all I have,  
For all Thou hast and art are mine

Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid,

'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God,  
Whose power both man and angels made!

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells;  
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!  
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's son,  
And God of God, and Light of Light

O earth! grow flowers beneath His feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day;  
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on  
earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way!

He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,  
Borne on His throne triumphantly!  
We see Thee and we know Thee Lord;  
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.

Our hearts leap up, our trembling song  
Grows fainter still; we can no more.  
Silence! and let us weep—or die  
Of very love, while we adore.

CHO.—Great Sacrament of love Divine,  
All, all we have or are be Thine.

( 17 )

Crown of Jesus n<sup>o</sup> 288

## 17. I rise from Dreams of time.

MOIR BROWN.



I RISE from dreams of time,  
And an angel guides my feet  
To the sacred altar throne,  
Where Jesu's Heart doth beat.

The lone lamp softly burns,  
And a wondrous silence reigns,  
Only with a low still voice  
The Holy One complains.

Long, long I've waited here,  
And though thou heed'st not me,  
The heart of God's own son,  
Beats ever on for Thee.

In the womb of Mary meek,  
In the cradle, on the tree,  
Heart of pure undying love,  
It lived, loved, bled for me.

Ever pleading, day and night,  
Thou canst not from us part;  
O veiled and wondrous Lord,  
O love of the Sacred Heart.

( 18 )

## 18. Sweet Sacrament Divine.

Rev. J. STANFIELD.



SWEET Sacrament divine,  
Hid in Thy earthly home;  
Lo! round Thy lowly shrine  
With suppliant hearts we come,  
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,  
In songs of love and heart-felt praise,  
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,  
Dear home of every heart  
Where restless yearnings cease,  
And sorrows all depart.  
Here in Thine ear all trustfully  
We tell our tale of misery,  
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,  
Ask from the ocean's roar,  
Within Thy shelter blest,  
Soon may we reach the shore.  
Save us for still the tempest raves,  
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,  
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

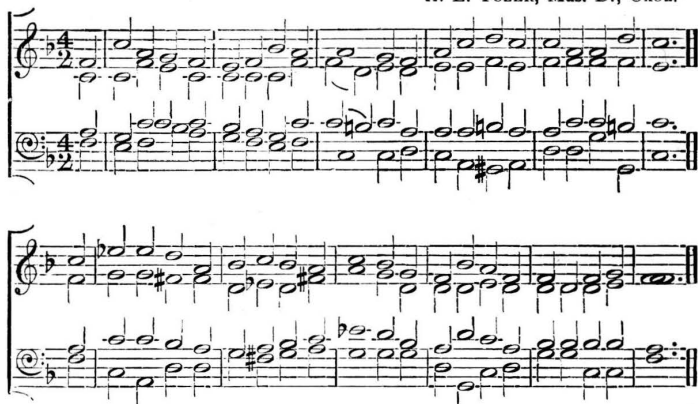
Sweet Sacrament divine,  
Earth's light and jubilee,  
In Thy far depths doth shine  
Thy Godhead's majesty.  
Sweet light so shine on us we pray  
That earthly joys may fade away,  
Sweet Sacrament divine.

( 19 )

19.

## O King and Lord.

A. E. TOZER, Mus. D., Oxon.



O KING and Lord, Who dwellest on this altar,

We come to Thee with loving hearts and true;  
To thank Thee for Thy love which cannot falter

In spite of all ungrateful men may do.  
We come to tell Thy Heart, despised and lonely,  
That we will try Thy loyal friends to be,  
That we will try thro' life to love Thee only  
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

We thank Thee that from sunrise to its setting [slain,  
Thou standest on our altar, Lord, as  
We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,  
Men leave Thee in Thy death alone again.

We come to tell Thy heart thus scorned and slighted,  
That in the daily Mass our strength shall be,  
That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,  
That for that sorrow we will comfort Thee.

We thank Thee—Oh! how can we thank Thee, Jesus? [food,  
That in this Sacrament Thou art our  
That we can find all sweetness that may please us  
In this dear banquet of Thy Flesh and Blood.

We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee

To hearts made over to Thine enemy—  
O let our love some reparation make Thee,  
In that great sorrow let us comfort Thee

We thank Thee, Lord, that all Thy pain expecting,  
Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night,

We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,  
In Thy sweet company find no delight.  
We grieve that men, for all things else have leisure,

That other friends they joy to hear and see;—

O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure,  
That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee.

And for ourselves who, knowing and believing,

Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,  
Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,

And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing will.

We promise now, Thy heart, despised and lonely,

That we will try Thy truer friends to be.  
That we will try thro' life to love Thee only,

That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

( 20 )

20.

## The Infant Jesus.

E. WALTERS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

## CHORUS.

DEAR little one how sweet Thou art,  
Thine eyes how bright they shine,  
So bright, they almost seem to speak,  
When Mary's look meets Thine.

How faint and feeble is thy cry,  
Like plaint of harmless dove,  
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep,  
Of sorrow and of love!

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleep'st,  
Thou wakest when she calls,  
Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of babes! with what a grace  
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!  
Thine infant passions well betray  
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,  
And smooths Thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,  
A thing of smiles and tears;  
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth,  
Adore Thee with their fears.

Ves! dearest Babe! those tiny hands  
That play with Mary's hair,  
The weight of all the mighty world  
This very moment bear.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?  
Oh, I must love Thee then,  
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love  
Among forgetful men.

( 21 )

21.

## Christmas Hymn.

WILFRID NEWMAN.



( 22 )



At last Thou art come, little Saviour!  
 And Thine angels fill midnight with song,  
 Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,  
 Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

## CHORUS.

All hail! Eternal Child,  
 God hardly born an hour,  
 Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!  
 Hail! Mary's little one,  
 Hail! God's Eternal Son,  
 Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

Thou art come to Thy beautiful mother,  
 She hath looked on Thy marvellous face,  
 Thou art come to us Maker of Mary,  
 And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,  
 And our souls overflow with delight,  
 Our hearts are half-broken, dear Jesus,  
 With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour,  
 Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?  
 Oh, bless Thee, dear joy of Thy Mother,  
 This is worth all the wearisome past.

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary,  
 Yet we hardly believe Thou art come,  
 It seems such a wonder to have Thee,  
 New Brother! with us in our home.

Thou wilt stay with us Master and Maker,  
 Thou wilt stay with us now evermore,  
 We will play with Thee, beautiful brother,  
 On Eternity's jubilant shore.

( 23 )

## 22. By the Word to Mary given.

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

By the word to Mary given,  
By Thy first descent from Heaven,  
By Thine infant form so fair,  
Trembling in the midnight air.

CHO.—Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry!  
Thou wert helpless once as we;  
Hear the loving Litany,  
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

By Thy poor and lowly cot,  
By the manger and the grot,  
By Thy little feet and hands,  
Folded fast in swaddling bands.

By the worship shepherds paid,  
By the gift that sages made,  
Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet,  
Laid in homage at Thy feet.

By St. Joseph's thoughts amaz'd,  
When he first upon Thee gazed,  
And his Lord and Maker saw,  
Laid upon a bed of straw.

And oh! more than all the rest,  
By the joy of Mary's breast,  
When she kneeling first odor'd,  
Thee her Child, and yet her Lord.

( 24 )

## 23. Hymn to the Holy Child.

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

Heart of the Holy Child,  
Hide me in Thee;  
Purest and undefiled,  
Purify me;  
Joy of my infant life,  
Far from evil passions rife,  
Troubling this world of strife,  
Keep me with Thee.

Sweet Child of Bethlehem,  
Open Thine heart;  
Lessons from Nazareth  
Deign to impart;  
Mary and Joseph dear,  
Let us be to Jesus near;  
With you, we shall not fear  
From Him to part.

( 25 )

## 24. See! amid the Winter Snow.

J. BUCKLEY.

SEE! amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below :  
See! the tender Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years  
CHO.—Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Lo! within a manger lies,  
He who built the starry skies ;  
He who, throned on height sublime,  
Sits amid the Cherubim.

" Say, ye holy shepherds, say,  
What's your joyful news to-day ?  
Wherefore have ye left your sheep  
On the lonely mountain steep ?"

" As we watch'd at dead of night,  
Lo ! we saw a wondrous light :  
Angels singing ' Peace on Earth,'  
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant ! all divine !  
What a tender love was Thine !  
Thus to come from highest bliss,  
Down to such a world as this !

Teach, oh teach us, Holy Child !  
By Thy face so meek and mild ;  
Teach us to resemble Thee  
In Thy sweet humility.

( 26 )

## 25. O Infant Jesus.

WILFRED NEWMAN.

O INFANT Jesus, Child Divine !  
We consecrate our hearts to Thee !  
To burn for souls with zeal like Thine,  
So deep in its intensity.  
CHO.—Thou art our King, our hearts shall be  
Sweet Jesus, ever true to Thee.

O let Thy weakness be our strength,  
Thy lowliness our only stay ;  
O let Thy ardent love for souls,  
Grow in our hearts from day to day.

Let every labour be for Thee,  
For Thee each sorrow and each pain ;  
For Thee each joy, each happiness,  
For Thee each little soul we gain.

( 27 )

## 26. Little King, so Fair and Sweet.

MENDELSSOHN.



LITTLE King, so fair and sweet,  
 See us gathered round Thy Feet,  
 Be Thou Monarch of our School,  
 It shall prosper 'neath Thy rule.  
 We will be Thy subjects true,  
 Brave to suffer, brave to do,  
 All our hearts to Thee we bring,  
 Take them, keep them, little King.

( 28 )

Raise Thy little Hand to bless  
 All our childhood's happiness ;  
 Bless our sorrow and our pain,  
 That each cross may be our gain.  
 By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,  
 Sanctify each thought and word,  
 Set Thy seal on everything  
 Which we do, O little King.

Be our Teacher when we learn,  
 All the hard to easy turn ;  
 Be our Playmate when we play,  
 So we shall indeed be gay.  
 Keep us happy, keep us pure,  
 While our childhood shall endure,  
 All its days to Thee we bring,  
 Bless them, guard them, little King.

Be our Leader in the fight,  
 In the darkness be our Light,  
 O'er the rough, and o'er the smooth,  
 Safely guide our wayward youth.  
 Whereso'er our path may be,  
 We will try to follow Thee,  
 To Thy mantle we will cling,  
 Help us, save us, little King.

Little King, so dear and sweet,  
 Here we cast before Thy feet  
 All we are or yet may be,  
 Every sense and faculty ;  
 All our body, all our soul  
 We subject to Thy control ;  
 Let them all Thy praises sing,  
 Now and always, little King.

Let us in the noisy world  
 Keep Thy Banner broad unfurled,  
 In an age of ease and pride  
 Leading Christian lives denied,  
 In an age which seeks its way,  
 Glad and cheerful to obey,  
 While Thy simple Truth shall ring  
 In word and act, O little King.

And when Holidays have come  
 Call Thy children to Thy home,  
 In that gentle voice of Thine,  
 Which we know, sweet Child Divine.  
 At the gate, oh ! meet us thus,  
 As we loved Thee—Child like us,  
 Stretch Thy hands in welcoming  
 To Thine Own, O little King.

( 29 )

27.

## Glory be to Jesus.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



GLORY be to Jesus !  
Who in bitter pains  
Poured for me the lifeblood  
From His sacred veins.  
Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find ;  
Bless'd be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind !

CHO.—Lift ye, then, your voices ;  
Swell the mighty flood,  
Louder still, and louder,  
Praise the precious blood.

Bless'd through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torment  
Doth the world redeem.  
There the fainting spirit  
Drinks of life her fill ;

There, as in a fountain,  
Laves herself at will.

O the Blood of Christ !  
It soothes the Father's ire,  
Opes the gate of Heaven,  
Quells eternal fire.  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies ;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs.  
Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Hell with terror trembles,  
Heav'n is filled with joy.

[COPYRIGHT.]

28.

## O Jesu, my beloved King.

Anon.



O JESU, my beloved King,  
I give all thanks to Thee,  
Who by Thy cross has merited  
Celestial grace for me.  
CHO.—O Jesu ! on whose grace alone,  
I by Thy grace depend,  
Grant me Thy grace to persevere  
In grace unto the end.

In Adam raised to dignities  
Transcendent and divine ;  
In Adam fallen from the bliss  
That once in him was mine.

That grace to which my native strength  
Could never have attain'd,

That grace, O my Incarnate God,  
In Thee I have regained.

O gift of Love ! O gift immense !  
Surpassing nature's law ;  
What force to will and to perform  
From this pure fount I draw.

By this how many passing acts,  
Which else had been in vain,  
Endued with meritorious power,  
A prize eternal gain.

By this to me is opened wide,  
Through death's inviting door,  
A brighter world, a nobler realm  
Than Adam lost of yore.

No. 2 may also be sung to this tune.

**29.**

**Anima Christi.**

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.

FRANK N. BIRCHKELL.

i. Soul of Jesus, sancti- fy me! Body of Jesus, save..... me!  
2. Sacred heart of Jesus, in- flame..... me! Passion of Jesus, strengthen me!  
3. Suffer me not to be sepa- rated from Thee. { From the malig-  
nant enemy de- fend..... me,

Blood of Jesus, in-ebri-ate me! { Water out of the } wash..... me!  
 O Good Jesus, hear..... me! side of Jesus,  
 At the hour of my death call..... me, Within Thy wounds hide..... me.  
 And bid me come to Thee.

4. That with Thy saints I may praise Thee for all e - ter - ni -

ty, for all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

( 32 )

30.

**Jesus, ever loving Saviour.**

MOIR BROWN.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, primarily using chords. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music consists of eight measures. The first measure has a treble staff with a half note G4 and a bass staff with a half note G2. The second measure has a treble staff with a half note A4 and a bass staff with a half note A2. The third measure has a treble staff with a half note B4 and a bass staff with a half note B2. The fourth measure has a treble staff with a half note C5 and a bass staff with a half note C3. The fifth measure has a treble staff with a half note D5 and a bass staff with a half note D3. The sixth measure has a treble staff with a half note E5 and a bass staff with a half note E3. The seventh measure has a treble staff with a half note F5 and a bass staff with a half note F3. The eighth measure has a treble staff with a half note G5 and a bass staff with a half note G3.

[COPYRIGHT.]

JESUS, ever loving Saviour,  
Thou didst live and die for me ;  
Living, I will live to love Thee ;  
Dying, I will die for Thee.  
Jesus, Jesus, by Thy life and death and  
sorrow,  
Help me in my agony.

Kindest Jesus, Thou wert standing,  
By Thy foster father's bed,  
While Thy mother softly praying,  
Held her dying Joseph's head.  
Jesus, Jesus, by that death so calm and  
holy,  
Sooth me in that hour of dread.

Mary, thou canst not forsake me,  
Virgin-mother undefiled,  
Thou didst not abandon Jesus,  
Dying, tortured, and reviled.  
Jesus, Jesus, send Thy mother to console  
me,  
Mary, help thy guilty child.

When the priest with holy unction,  
Prays for mercy, and for grace,  
May the tears of deep compunction,  
All my guilty stains efface.  
Jesus, Jesus, let me find in Thee a  
refuge,  
In Thy heart a resting place.

Then by all that Thou didst suffer,  
Grant me mercy in that day ;  
Help me, Mary, my sweet mother,  
Holy Joseph, near me stay.  
Jesus, Jesus, let me die my lips repeating,  
Jesus mercy, Mary pray.

( 33 )

D

31. *See Radamantaris lower* To Jesus' Heart all Burning.

Traditional.



To Jesus' Heart all burning  
With fervent love for men,  
My heart with fondest yearning  
Shall raise its joyous strain.

CHO.—While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song,  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart, for sinners riven,  
By sheer excess of love,  
The spear through thee was driven—  
'Twas sin of mine that drove.

Within the cleft I'll cower,  
Of Jesus' wounded side;  
In sunshine or in shower,  
Securely there I'll hide.

When life away is flying,  
And earth's false glare is done,  
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying,  
I'll say, I'm all thine own.

( 34 )

## 32. O Sacred Heart.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O SACRED Heart! O Sacred Heart!  
Our hope lies deep in thee,  
On earth thou art an exile's rest,  
In heaven the glory of the blest,  
O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!  
Thou fount of contrite tears,  
Where'er those living waters flow,  
New life to sinners they bestow,  
O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!  
Our trust is all in thee;  
For though earth's night be dark and drear,  
Thou breathe'st rest when thou art near,  
O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!  
When shades of death shall fall,  
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,  
And save us from the tempter's snare,  
O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!

O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!  
Lead exiled children home,  
Where we may ever rest near thee  
In peace and joy eternally,  
O Sacred Heart! O Sacred Heart!

( 35 )

33. **Pity, my God.**

Traditional.



PITY, my God, 'tis for our loved land,  
And for Thy Church, we humbly bow in prayer;  
Thy Vicar's captive, break his prison band,  
Thy Church's losses in Thy might repair.

CHO.—God of mighty power,  
Take Thy Vicar's part;  
O save him in this hour,  
For Jesus' Sacred Heart.

Our Island home, so long estranged from truth,  
Looks up for solace to Thy sacred Throne;  
Light up her faith, that like the eagle's youth,  
It be renewed, and shine as once it shone.

Pity, my God, on those misguided men,  
Who outrage Thee, but know not what they do;  
In mercy wait, and draw them back again,  
Their faith and love, in sorrow to renew.

( 36 )

34. **Sweet Heart of Jesus.**

Traditional.



CHORUS.

SWEET Heart of Jesus, fount of love and mercy,  
To-day we come Thy blessing to implore;  
Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so ungrateful,  
And make them, Lord, Thine own for evermore.

CHO.—Sweet Heart of Jesus! we implore,  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us know and love Thee,  
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace,  
That so our hearts from things of earth uplifted,  
May long alone to gaze upon Thy Face.

Sweet Heart of Jesus, make us pure and gentle,  
And teach us how to do Thy blessed will;  
To follow close the print of Thy dear footsteps,  
And when we fall—Sweet Heart, oh, love us still.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all hearts that love Thee,  
And may Thine own heart ever blessed be.  
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends we cherish,  
And keep us true to Mary and to Thee.

( 37 )

## 35. O take me to Thy Sacred Heart.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O TAKE me to Thy Sacred Heart,  
And seal the entrance o'er,  
That from that home my wayward soul  
May never wander more.

O Jesus' Heart, meek, patient, kind,  
My soul to Thee I turn;  
Thou wilt not crush the bruised reed,  
The sorrowing spirit spurn.

O Mary, by the priceless love  
Which Jesus' Heart bore thee:  
Pray that my home in life and death,  
That loving heart may be.

O Jesus, open wide Thy Heart,  
And let me rest therein;  
For weary is my stricken soul,  
Of sorrow and of sin.

I've sought for rest and found it not,  
In things of earthly mould;  
One Heart alone is worth my love,  
That Heart that grows not cold.

Yes, Jesus, take me to Thyself,  
I'm weary waiting here;  
I long to lean upon Thy Breast,  
To see, and feel Thee near.

( 35 )

## 36. Life on Earth.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



VOICES IN UNISON.



IN HARMONY.



LIFE on earth is all a warfare,  
Foes within and foes without.  
Jesus! Jesus! lo the tempter  
Flees before that battle shout.  
In the fierce unceasing combat,  
Let our tranquil war-cry be:  
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu!  
Heart of Jesus! all for Thee!

This shall nerve the arm that's weary,  
This shall dry the tear that steals,  
This shall soothe the wasting anguish  
That the heart in secret feels.  
Ever in my heart 'twill slumber,  
Often to my lips 'twill start,  
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu!  
All for Thee, O Sacred Heart!

All things, all things, hard and easy,  
High and low, and bright and dark,  
Nought too poor for me to offer,  
Nought too small for Thee to mark,  
Health and sickness, rest and labour,  
Joy's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart,  
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu!  
All for Thee, O Sacred Heart!

All, yes, all—I would not pilfer  
From my holocaust a part,  
Every thought, word, deed and feeling,  
Every beating of my heart.  
Thine till death, and then for ever,  
My heart's cry in heaven shall be:  
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu!  
Heart of Jesus! all for Thee!

( 39 )

37.

## Heart of Jesus.

MOIR BROWN.

( 40 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

HEART of Jesus, Sacred Heart,  
Praise to Thee for all Thou art !  
Spring of grace, the Godhead's shrine.  
Throne of Glory, Heart Divine,  
Heart, whom angel hosts adore,  
Would that men would praise Thee more !

CHOR.—Heart of our Saviour ! Heart of our Friend !  
Heart that hast loved Thine own to the end !  
Heart of our King ! Heart of our Lord !  
Be Thou for ever loved and adored !

Heart of Jesus, Human Heart,  
Thanks to Thee for all Thou art !  
Where should we have been, or be,  
Fount of Goodness, but for Thee ?  
Heart so full of love for us,  
Would that we could love Thee thus !

Heart so holy, Heart so pure,  
Heart so patient to endure,  
Heart that all our sins hast borne,  
Bruised, humbled, crushed, forlorn,  
Heart which we have wrung with pain,  
Be Thou never wronged again.

Heart still beating in the Host,  
Where, alas ! we wrong Thee most !  
Heart so noble, Heart so true,  
Pierced by all, consoled by few,  
Lonely Heart, so loving men,  
Would that Thou wert loved again ;

Heart so pitiful to heal,  
Tender Heart so quick to feel,  
Heart so ready to forgive,  
Heart so grateful to receive,  
Sea of love without a shore,  
Be Thou loved and trusted more !

Heart of Jesus, broken Heart,  
Praise and thanks for all Thou art !  
Shelter in the noonday heat,  
Covert when the rain doth beat.  
Home where all find peace and rest,  
Be Thou known and loved and blest !

( 41 )

38.

## X O Sacred Heart.

J. WILLIAMS.



O SACRED Heart! what shall I render Thee  
For all the gifts Thou hast bestowed on me?  
O Heart of God! Thou seem'st but to implore  
That I should love Thee daily more and more.

CHO.—Then I will love Thee, then I will love Thee,  
Then I will love Thee daily more and more.

O Heart of Jesus! come and live in me,  
That with Thy love my heart consumed may be;  
O Sacred Heart of Jesus! I implore  
That I may love Thee daily more and more.

O Sacred Heart! be this our life's one aim  
To labour for the glory of Thy name;  
O dearest Heart! this grace we Thee implore  
That all the world may know and love Thee more.

Dear Sacred Heart! in life's last awful hour  
O let us feel Thy love's almighty power;  
O then o'er all this grace we Thee implore  
That we may love and trust Thee more and more.

O Sacred Heart! the sunshine of our days,  
Be thine the songs of everlasting praise,  
Whose strains shall break on the Eternal Shore,  
Where we shall love and praise Thee evermore.

( 42 )

39.

## Hail, Jesus, Hail!

MOIR BROWN.



HAIL, Jesus, Hail! who for my sake  
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,  
And shed it all for me;  
O, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,  
My life, my light, my only good,  
To all eternity.

O sweetest blood that can implore  
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,  
The Heaven which sin had lost;  
While Abel's blood for vengeance plead  
What Jesus shed still intercedes  
For those who wrong Him most.

To endless ages let us praise,  
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise  
The world from wrath and sin;  
Whose streams our inward thirst, appease,  
And heal the sinner's worst disease  
If he but bathe therein.

Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
When this sweet song we raise.  
O, louder then and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
The Precious Blood to praise.

( 43 )

## 40. Maiden Mother, meek and mild.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



MAIDEN Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, O guard thy little child;  
All my life, O let it be  
My best joy to think of thee.

CHO.—Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

When mine eyes are closed in sleep,  
Through the night my slumbers keep;  
Make my latest thought to be  
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright  
Calls me with its golden light,  
How my waking thoughts may be  
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And oh, teach me through the day,  
Oft to raise my heart and say,  
Maiden Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, oh, guard thy little child.

Thus sweet Mother, day and night  
Thou shalt guide my steps aright;  
And my dying words shall be,  
Virgin Mother, pray for me.

( 44 )

## 41. Hail, thou Star of Ocean.

MOIR BROWN.



HAIL, thou star of ocean!  
Portal of the sky!  
Ever Virgin Mother  
Of the Lord most high!

CHO.—Evviva Maria! Evviva Maria!  
Evviva Maria!  
E chi la creò.

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,  
Uttered long ago,  
Eva's name reversing,  
'Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters,  
Light on blindness pour,  
All our ills expelling,  
Every bliss implore.

Shew thyself a mother,  
Offer him our sighs,  
Who for us incarnate  
Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins!  
To thy shelter take us!  
Gentlest of the gentle!  
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,  
Help our weak endeavour;  
Till with thee and Jesus  
We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest heaven,  
To the Almighty Three,  
Father, Son, and Spirit,  
One same glory be.

( 45 )

42. *X* Sing, sing, ye Angel bands.

Traditional.



SING, sing, ye Angel Bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher,  
Through fields of starry light,  
Mary, your Queen ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she  
On earth hath never been;  
And save the throne of God,  
Your heavens have never seen,  
A wonder half so bright  
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look  
How beautiful she is;  
See! Jesus bears her up,  
Her hand is locked in His:  
O who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee, then,  
Lose my sweet right to thee?  
Ah no! the Angel's Queen  
Man's Mother still will be;  
And thou upon thy throne  
Wilt keep thy love for me.

On then, dear pageant, on,  
Sweet music breathes around;  
And love, like dew, distils  
On hearts in rapture bound;  
The Queen of Heaven goes up  
To be proclaimed and crowned

The Eternal Father calls  
His daughter to be blessed;  
The Son His Maiden-Mother  
Woos unto His breast;  
The Holy Ghost His spouse  
Beckons into her rest.

See! See! the Eternal Hands  
Put on her radiant crown,  
And the sweet Majesty  
Of Mercy sitteth down,  
For ever and for ever,  
On her predestined throne.

( 46 )

43. *X*

## Immaculate.

Traditional.



O MOTHER! I could weep for mirth,  
Joy fills my heart so fast;  
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,  
Oh, could the transport last.

CHO.—I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state,  
And I keep singing in my heart,  
Immaculate! Immaculate!

When Jesus looks upon thy face  
His Heart with rapture glows,  
And in the Church, by His sweet grace,  
Thy blessed worship grows.

The angels answer with their songs,  
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;  
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,  
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.

Oh, I would rather, Mother, dear,  
Thou should'st be what thou art,  
Than sit where thou dost, O so near,  
Unto the Sacred Heart.

Oh, I would forfeit all for thee,  
Rather than thou should miss  
One jewel from thy majesty,  
One glory from thy bliss.

Ah! I could die with such a sense,  
It were but loss to live,  
If I could die in dear defence  
Of this prerogative.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
O what a joy for thee!  
Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
O greater joy for me.

Immaculate Conception! far  
Above all graces blest!  
Thou shinest like a royal star  
On God's eternal breast!

God prosper thee, my Mother dear,  
God prosper thee, my Queen!  
God prosper His own glory here,  
As it has ever been!

( 47 )

44.

## O Flower of Grace.

CYRIL VAIR.

( 48 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

O FLOWER of Grace! divinest Flower!  
 God's light thy light, God's love the dower!  
 That all alone with virgin ray  
 Dost make in Heaven eternal May.  
 Sweet falls the peerless dignity  
 Of God's eternal choice on thee,

CHO.—Mother dearest! Mother fairest!  
 Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!  
 Help of earth and joy of heaven!  
 Love and praise to thee be given,  
 Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

Choice Flower! that bloomest on the breast  
 Of Jesus which is now thy rest,  
 As thine was once the chosen bed  
 Of His dear Heart, and sacred Head:  
 O Mary! sweet it is to see  
 Thy Son's creation graced by thee!

O queenly Flower! enthroned above,  
 A trophy of Almighty love!  
 Ah me! how He hath hung thee round  
 With all love-tokens that abound  
 With God's own light—Beyond the reach  
 Of Angel song, or mortal speech!

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!  
 Elected for His inmost bower!  
 Where angels come not, there art thou,  
 A crown of glory on thy brow;  
 While far below, all bright and brave,  
 Their gleamy palms, the ransomed wave.

Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first,  
 In meekness proved, in sorrow nursed,  
 And heaven must own its debt to earth,  
 Sweet Flower, for thy surpassing worth;  
 And Angels for their queen's dear sake,  
 Our road to thee more smooth shall make.

O help of Christians! mercy laden!  
 O blissful Mother! blissful Maiden!  
 O sinless! were it not for thee,  
 There were in faith no liberty,  
 To hold that God could stoop so low,  
 Or love his sinful creatures so.

O Mary, when we think of thee,  
 Our hearts grow light as light can be!  
 For thou hast felt as we have felt,  
 And thou hast knelt as we have knelt—  
 And so it is that utterly,  
 Mother of God! we trust in thee!

( 49 )

E

45

## Hail, Queen of Heaven and Earth.

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

HAIL, Queen of heaven and earth, O Maria !  
Our one and only hope from birth ! O Maria !

CHO.—Praise her, O ye cherubim,  
Love her, O ye seraphim,  
We the while on earth shall sing  
Salve Regina.

Most queenly and most beautiful ! O Maria !  
Most tender and most merciful ! O Maria !

O thou the fount of life and grace ! O Maria !  
The refuge of a guilty race ! O Maria !

Sending up to thee our feeble cries ! O Maria !  
Look down on us and hear our sighs ! O Maria !

And when our exile here is done ! O Maria !  
Then show us to thy Blessed Son ! O Maria !

( 50 )

46.

## Look down, O Mother Mary.

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

Look down, O Mother Mary,  
From thy bright throne above,  
Cast down upon thy children  
One only glance of love.

And if a heart so tender,  
With pity flows not o'er,  
Then turn away, O Mother,  
And look on us no more.

See how ingrate and guilty,  
We stand before thy Son ;  
His loving heart reproaches  
The evil we have done.

But if thou wilt appease Him,  
Speak for us but one word ;  
Thou only canst obtain us  
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest Mother,  
If thou wouldst have us live,  
Say we are thy children,  
And then He will forgive

Our sins make us unworthy  
That title still to bear ;  
But thou art still our Mother,  
Then show a Mother's care.

Open to us thy mantle,  
There stay we without fear ;  
What evil can befall us,  
If, Mother, thou art near ?

Oh, sweetest, dearest Mother,  
Thy sinful children save ;  
Look down on us with pity,  
Who thy protection crave.

( 51 )

47.

## Mary, dearest Mother.

Traditional



MARY, dearest Mother,  
From thy heavenly height,  
Look on us thy children  
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary, purest creature,  
Keep us free from sin;  
Help us erring mortals  
Grace in heaven to win.

Mary, Queen and Mother,  
Get us still more grace;  
With still greater fervour  
Now to run our race.

Daughter of the Father,  
Lady kind and sweet,  
Lead us to our Father,  
Leave us at His feet.

Mother of our Saviour,  
Joy of God above,  
Jesus bade thee keep us  
In His fear and love.

Mary, spouse and servant  
Of the Holy Ghost,  
Keep for Him His creatures  
Who would else be lost.

Holy Queen of angels,  
Bid thine angels come,  
To escort us safely  
To our heavenly home.

Bid the saints in heaven  
Pray for us their prayers;  
They are thine, dear Mother,  
That thou may'st be theirs.

( 52 )

48.

## O Mary, my Mother, most lovely.

PHILIP BERNARD.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O MARY, my Mother, most lovely, most mild,  
Look down upon me, thy poor weak lowly child;  
From the land of my exile I call upon thee,  
Then, Mary, my Mother, look kindly on me.

CHO.—O Mary, in pity, look down upon me;  
'Tis the voice of thy child that is calling on thee.

If thou should'st forsake me, ah, where should I go?  
My comfort and hope in this valley of woe;  
When the world and its dangers with terror I see,  
Sweet hope comes to cheer me in pointing to thee.

In sorrow, in darkness, be still at my side,  
My light, and my refuge, my guard, and my guide,  
Though snares should surround me, yet why should I fear?  
I know I am weak, but my Mother is near

( 53 )

## 49. O Mary, my Mother, so tender.

CYRIL VALE.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O MARY, my Mother, so tender, so sweet  
In all my afflictions I run to thy feet;  
Thy heart is so gentle, so loving, so mild,  
Thou canst not reject thy poor suppliant child.

CHO.—O holy Mary, let me come,  
Soon to be happy with thee in thy home

O Mary, my Mother, I long so to see  
The glory thy Son has bestowed upon thee;  
That heaven of glory, so purely thine own  
The reward which thy spotless virginity won.

O Mary, my Mother, sweet Mother most mild,  
Remember how Jesus bequeathed me thy child;  
Secure me 'midst dangers from enemies free,  
And conduct me at death up to Jesus and thee

O Mary, my Mother, sweet mystical rose,  
The fairest of lilies in Eden that blows;  
I will live in thy shining bright Star of the sea,  
I will love thee for ever, to be loved back by thee,

( 54 )

## 50. O Mary, our Queen.

PHILIP BERNARD.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O MARY, our Queen, we implore thee,  
Be ever in clemency nigh;  
Thy pure hands unfolded before thee,  
To offer our prayers on high.

## CHORUS.

Still in our hearts, O Mary,  
Cherish the love we bear thee;  
Oh, make it glow warmer each breath,  
Until thy arms fold us in death.

## ALTERNATIVE CHORUS.

Virgin most meek and lowly,  
Make us love Jesus solely, [down:  
Avert the dread wrath we've called  
And gain us a heavenly crown.

How sweet 'tis in thee thus confiding,  
To Jesus for pardon to run;  
Who here on our altar residing,  
Obeys thee, for still He's thy Son.

Each night when devoutly addressing,  
Our sighs to thee e'er we repose;  
Oh, grant, dearest Queen, that thy blessing  
May chasten our eyes ere they close.

And cease not to watch o'er us sleeping,  
That so from all sinful thoughts free;  
We may, the night passed in thy keeping,  
Awake, blessing Jesus and thee.

( 55 )

51. *copied* O Mother, will it always be.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



O MOTHER, will it always be  
That every passing year,  
Shall make thee seem more beautiful,  
Shall make thee grow more dear.

CHO.—How close to God, how full of God,  
Dear Mother, must thou be!  
For still the more we know of God,  
The more we think of thee.

And art thou really infinite,  
That thou shouldst thus unfold,  
Fresh glories every feast that comes,  
New grandeurs yet untold?

We knew thee to be free from stain,  
As is the sun's white beam;  
We knew God's Mother must be great,  
Above what we could dream.

We knew thy sorrows and thy joys,  
We knew thee full of grace;

We seemed to know thy very heart,  
And look upon thy face.  
Yet now it seems we know thee not;  
Each feast-day we begin,  
To know thee in a truer way,  
And truer love to win.

O Mother! thou art like the life  
The blessed lead above;  
Unchangeable, yet growing still,  
In glory and in love.

Thou art, and yet art not the same  
Old things pass not away;  
Yet thou to-morrow will be more  
Than the Mary of to-day.

This is thy gift—oh, give it us!  
To make God better known,  
O Mother! make Him in our hearts  
More grand and more alone.

( 56 )

## 52. This is the Image of our Queen.

Traditional.



THIS is the image of our Queen,  
Who reigns in bliss above;  
Of her who is the hope of men,  
Whom men and angels love.

CHO.—Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee, [May,  
In this, thy own sweet month of  
(In all my joy, in all my pain,)  
Pray thou to God for me

The sacred homage that we pay  
To Mary's image here,  
To Mary's self, then on to God,  
Ascends the starry sphere.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee,  
In thy temptations each and all,  
Pray thou to God for me.

Sweet are the flowers we have culled,  
This image to adorn;  
But sweeter far is Mary's self—  
That rose without a thorn.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet  
I bend a suppliant knee,  
When on the bed of death I lie,  
Pray thou to God for me.

O Lady, by the stars that make  
A glory round thy head;  
And by thy pure uplifted hands,  
That for thy children plead:

When at the Judgment Seat I stand,  
And my dread Saviour see;  
When hell is raging for my soul,  
Pray thou to God for me.

( 57 )

## 53. Daily, daily, sing to Mary.

Traditional



DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,  
Sing, my soul, her praises due,  
All her feasts, her actions worship,  
With the heart's devotion true.  
Lost in wond'ring contemplation,  
Be her majesty confess'd;  
Call her mother, call her virgin,  
Happy mother, Virgin blest.  
She is mighty to deliver,  
Call her, trust her lovingly;  
When the tempest rages round thee,  
She will calm the troubled sea.  
Gifts of heaven she has given,  
Noble lady, to our race;  
She the Queen, who decks her subjects,  
With the light of God's own grace.  
Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
Who for us the Maker bore,  
For the curse of old inflicted,  
Peace and blessing to restore.

Sing in songs of praise unending,  
Sing the world's majestic queen;  
Weary not, nor faint in telling,  
All the gifts she gives to man.  
All my senses, heart, affections,  
Strive to show her glory forth;  
Spread abroad the sweet memorials  
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.  
Where the voice of music thrilling,  
Where the tongue of eloquence,  
That can utter hymns beseeching  
All her matchless excellence?  
All our joys do flow from Mary,  
All then join her praise to sing;  
Trembling sing the Virgin mother,  
Mother of our Lord and King.  
While we sing her awful glory,  
Far above our fancy's reach,  
Let our hearts be quick to offer  
Love alone the heart can teach.

( 58 )

## 54. Sweet Mother, turn those gentle eyes.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

SWEET Mother! turn those gentle eyes  
Of pity down on me;  
Oh! hear thy suppliant's tearful cries,  
My humble prayer do not despise,  
Star of the pathless sea!

In dark temptation's dreary hour,  
To thee bright Queen we flee;  
Oh! then exert a mother's power,  
When storms are rough and tempests  
lower;  
Star of the raging sea!

Through all my joys and cares, sweet  
Maid,  
May I still look on thee,  
Who bore the Price our ransom paid,  
And ne'er the suppliant's cry hath staid,  
Star of the azure sea!

And when my last expiring cry,  
My soul from earth shall flee,  
Do thou, bright Queen of Saints, stand by,  
And bear it up to God on high,  
Star of the boundless sea.

( 59 )

## 55. Ave Maria! hear the prayer.

(FIRST TUNE.)

A. W. LOCKE, A R.C.O.



(SECOND TUNE.)

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



Ave Maria! hear the prayer,  
Of thy poor helpless child;  
Beneath thy sweet, maternal care;  
Preserve me undefiled.

Ave Maria! do I sigh,  
In deep affliction's hour;  
Nor to a suppliant heart deny,  
Thy mediative power.

Ave Maria! for to thee,  
Whom God was pleased to choose  
The Mother of His Son to be,  
No prayer can He refuse.

Ave Maria! then implore  
One only grace for me:  
This heart to give for evermore,  
To God alone and thee.

( 60 )

## 56. Rose of the Cross.

*Slowly.*

VICTOR PASTORE.



[COPYRIGHT.]

ROSE of the Cross! thou Mystic Flower  
I lift my heart to thee;  
In every melancholy hour,  
Mary, remember me!

Let me but stand where thou hast stood  
Beside the crimson tree;  
And by the Water and the Blood,  
Mary, remember me!

There let me wash my sinful soul  
And be from sin set free;  
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole,  
Mary, remember me!

Rose of the Cross! thou thornless Flower,  
May I thy follower be;  
And when temptation wields its power  
Mary, remember me!

Lead me for ever to adore  
The glorious One in Three;  
And while I tremble more and more,  
Mary, remember me!

And when I've gone life's weary way,  
And earth's no more for me;  
Oh! then, sweet Mother, by me stay,  
Mary, remember me!

( 61 )

## 57. Hail Virgin! dearest Mary.

E. BENNETT.

CHORUS.

FINE.

D.C.

CHO.—HAIL Virgin! dearest Mary!  
Our lovely Queen of May!  
O spotless Blessed Lady!  
Our lovely Queen of May!

Thy children humbly bending,  
Around thy shrine so dear,  
With heart and voice ascending,  
Sweet Mary, hear our prayer!

We'll gather fresh bright flowers,  
To bind our fair Queen's brow;  
From gay and verdant bowers,  
We haste to crown thee now.

The rose and lily wreathing,  
The humble violet fair,  
To thee their perfumes breathing,  
With sweetness scent the air.

The mignonette, the lilac,  
And sweet forget-me-not,  
The eglantine and myrtle,  
To grace thy wreath we've brought.

And now, our blessed mother!  
Smile on our festal day;  
Accept our wreath of flowers,  
And be our Queen of May.

( 62 )

## 58. Welcome to this World of Woe.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.

*Brightly.*

[COPYRIGHT.]

WELCOME to this world of woe,  
To each pilgrim here below,  
Nature's voice o'er hill and dale,  
Bids you Month of Mary hail!  
Come ye children of the spring,  
Fair and fragrant flow'rets bring!  
Welcome Month of Mary!

Mystic Rose! that precious name,  
Mary from the Church doth claim;  
In the lily's silver bells,  
The purity of Mary dwells.  
In the myrtle's fadeless green,  
Mary's constancy is seen.  
Welcome Month of Mary!

Come, that from your treasures sweet,  
We may twine a chaplet meet,  
To be offered at the shrine,  
Of the Mother-Maid divine;  
Bring the rose, for in its hue,  
Mary's ardent love we view,  
Welcome Month of Mary!

Month of bright and radiant skies!  
Tribute flowers to greet you rise;  
Come, for we are weary here,  
Till your music greets the ear  
Till your rosy fingers fair,  
Scatter perfume on the air.  
Welcome Month of Mary!

We do love you, month most fair,  
For the precious name you bear;  
And we hail you with delight,  
Mary's name sheds lustre bright;  
Every flow'et seems to say,  
Mary's is the Month of May.  
Welcome Month of Mary!

( 63 )

## 59. Oh! how the heart of Mary burns!

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

Oh! how the heart of Mary burns!  
Untired, unchanged in love it turns,  
With ceaseless breathings of desire,  
Towards Jesus' Heart its sacred fire.

CHO.—O Mary, be this heart our stay!  
Till death shall call our souls away!  
From this frail dust whene'er we  
part,  
Hide us, O Mary, in thy heart!

The chains of love which Jesus threw  
Round His own Heart, bound Mary's too;

Living by love, both breathe the same  
Unchanged, unconquerable flame.

Heart of the best of mothers, hear!  
The voice of thy poor suppliant's prayer;  
Grant to our hearts, O heart divine,  
Some portion of that love of thine!

Through that pure heart, where thou dost  
dwell,  
That heart that loves thy Son so well,  
May all their meed of homage send,  
To thee for ages without end.

( 64 )

## 60. Mary! how sweetly falls that word.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

MARY! how sweetly falls that word,  
On my enraptured ear;  
Oft do I breathe in accents low,  
That sound, when none are near.

CHO.—Sing, O my lips, and loudly proclaim,  
O Mary, how sweet is thy name.

Sweet as the warbling of a bird,  
Sweet as a mother's voice,  
So sweet to me is that dear name,  
It makes my soul rejoice.

Bright as the glittering stars appear,  
Bright as the moonbeams shine,  
So bright in my mind's eye is seen  
Thy loveliness divine!

Through thee I offer my requests;  
And when my prayer is done,  
In ecstasy sublime I see  
Thee seated near thy Son.

( 65 )

## 61. Glorious Advocate.

ROBERT EDGAR.



[COPYRIGHT.]

GLORIOUS advocate, heavenly queen,  
Tenderest of mothers, virgin most mild;  
Pray for the souls that are wandering below,  
Broken with sorrow, with sin all defiled.

Cause of our Gladness, mother of God,  
Filling the heavens with joy from thy birth;  
Pray for the mourners who turn to thee now;  
Mother forget not thy children on earth.

Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn,  
Glorious flower of immaculate bloom;  
Pray for the sinner whose refuge thou art,  
Save us, oh! save from our terrible doom.

Virgin most powerful, mother of Christ,  
Mistress and queen of His merciful heart;  
Pray at the hour of their death for thine own,  
Stand by their side, force their foes to depart.

( 66 )

## 62. O Purest of Creatures.

Harmonised by G. L. STUTFIELD.



O PUREST of creatures! Sweet Mother! Sweet Maid!  
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!  
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we  
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!  
Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,  
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled:  
And the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee,  
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.  
The Church does what God had first taught us to do;  
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were true;  
Through ages He looked, but He found none but thee;  
And He loved thy dear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!  
He gazed on thy soul: it was spotless and fair;  
For the empire of sin, it had never been there;  
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother! but He—  
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.  
Earth gave Him one lodging, 'twas deep in thy breast;  
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;  
His home and His hiding-place both were in thee;  
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.  
O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest  
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast;  
For the Heaven He left, He found Heaven in thee;  
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.  
O shine on us brighter than ever, then shine;  
For the primest of honours, dear Mother! is thine;  
"Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,  
Clear light from thy birth spring, sweet Star of the Sea.

( 67 )

## 63. At the Cross her Station Keeping.

Traditional.



At the cross her station keeping,  
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
 Close to Jesus to the last;  
 Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,  
 And His bitter anguish bearing,  
 Now at length the sword has passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
 Was that mother, highly blest,  
 Of the sole-begotten one!  
 Christ above in torment hangs;  
 She beneath beholds the pangs  
 Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,  
 Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?  
 Can the human heart refrain  
 From partaking in her pain,  
 In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
 She beheld her tender child,  
 All with bloody scourges rent;  
 For the sins of His own nation,  
 Saw Him hang in desolation,  
 Till His spirit forth He sent

O thou Mother! fount of love!  
 Touch my spirit from above,  
 Make my heart with thine accord:  
 Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
 Make my soul to glow and melt  
 With the love of Christ my Lord

Holy Mother! pierce me through;  
 In my heart each wound renew  
 Of my Saviour crucified;  
 Let me share with thee His pain  
 Who for all my sins was slain,  
 Who for me in torments died.

( 68 )

## 64. The Vow is made.

P. BERNARD.



REFRAIN.

The vow is made, and we be-long to Ma - ry, O dear-est Queen,

O dear-est Queen, we are thine, we are thine for ev - er.

[COPYRIGHT.]

THE vow is made, and we belong to Mary,  
 Our hearts are hers, to her we give our  
 love:

Life is but short to offer in her service,  
 Even in death our loyal love we'll prove.  
 CHO.—The vow is made! we'll break it  
 never! [ever]

O dearest Queen! we're thine for

The vow is made unto our dearest Mother;  
 O world! we know thy false and fatal  
 charm;  
 Yet though our hearts be weak, and weak  
 our voices, [harm]  
 Mary can keep us safe from sin and

The vow is made; it is before thine  
 altar;  
 And here we give our hearts and souls  
 to thee;  
 Mary! retrace thy gentle image on them!  
 Mary! thine own, O let them ever be!

The vow is heard; 'tis heard by God on  
 high;  
 Angels have listened to its trembling  
 tones;  
 And she their Queen, has looked with  
 eyes benign,  
 On those whom now she as her children  
 owns.

( 69 )

## 65. Mother Mary! at thine Altar.

HY. SMART.



MOTHER Mary! at thine altar  
We, thy loving children, kneel;  
With a faith that cannot falter,  
To thy goodness we appeal.  
We are seeking for a mother  
O'er the earth so waste and wide,  
And from off His cross, our Brother,  
Points to Mary by His side.

We have seen thy picture often,  
With thy little Babe in arms,  
And it ever seemed to soften  
All our sorrows with its charms.

So we want thee for our mother,  
In thy gentle arms to rest,  
And to share with Him, our Brother,  
That sweet pillow on thy breast.

Mother Mary! to thy keeping  
Soul and body we confide,  
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,  
To be ever at thy side;  
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,  
Life and death we trust to thee;  
Thou must make them all for Jesus,  
And for all eternity.

( 70 )

## 66. Mary, let perpetual succour.

Traditional.



MARY, let perpetual succour  
Be the answer to our prayer;  
For thy Son, of all the wretched,  
Gives to thee perpetual care.

CHO.—Ever-ready help hast thou,  
Let thy children feel it now.

Of our passions we are weary,  
Weary of the yoke of sin;  
Yet, though longing to be holy;  
Faint of heart we ne'er begin.

Though we try to rise, yet ever  
Down in misery we fall;  
And, like feeble children, sadly,  
For our Mother's help we call.

Let us feel thy help in sorrow,  
Mourners look for joy to thee;  
Spurn not God's unhappy creatures,  
Whatso'er their faults may be.

( 71 )

## 67. What a Sea of bitter Sorrow.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

WHAT a sea of bitter sorrow,  
Did the soul of Mary toss,  
To and fro upon its billows,  
While she wept her bitter loss;  
In her arms her Jesus holding,  
Torn but newly from the cross.

CHO.—Gentle mother, we beseech thee,  
By thy tears and troubles sore,  
By the death of thy dear Offspring,  
By the bloody wounds He bore,  
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow,  
That afflicted Him of yore.

Oh, that mournful virgin-mother,  
See her tears how fast they flow,  
Down upon His mangled body,  
Wounded side and thorny brow;  
While His hands and feet she kisses,  
Picture of immortal woe.

Often to her bosom straining  
That dear figure of her Son;  
Oft those pale and livid features  
Fondly pressing to her own,  
While the Mother's heart retraces  
All that He has undergone.

( 72 )

## 68. Star of the Sea.

ROBERT EDGAR.



[COPYRIGHT.]

Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother,  
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,

Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,  
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

CHO.—Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!  
Pray for thy children who call upon thee;

Ave Sanctissima! Ave purissima!  
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,  
Softly our voices arise unto thee,

Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,  
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,  
Words of endearment are murmured to thee;

Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,  
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,  
Harbour of refuge to thee do we flee;  
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,  
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea!

( 73 )

## 69. Bring Flowers of the rarest.

HAYDN.



BRING flowers of the rarest,  
Bring blossoms the fairest,  
From garden and woodland and hillside  
and dale,  
Our full hearts are swelling,  
Our glad voices telling,  
The praise of the loveliest Flower of the  
Vale.

## CHORUS.

O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms  
again,  
Queen of the Angels and Queen with-  
out stain.

## CHORUS FOR MAY.

O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms  
to-day,  
Queen of the Angels and Queen of  
the May.

Their lady they name thee,  
Their mistress proclaim thee,  
Ah! grant that thy children on earth be  
as true;

As long as the bowers  
Are radiant with flowers,  
As long as the azure shall keep its bright  
hue.

Sing gaily in chorus,  
The bright angels o'er us  
Re-echo the strain we begin upon  
earth,  
Their harps are repeating  
The notes of our greeting,  
For Mary herself is the cause of our  
mirth.

Our voices ascending,  
In harmony blending,  
Oh, thus may our hearts turn, dear  
Mother, to thee;  
And thus shall we prove thee,  
How truly we love thee,  
How dark without Mary life's journey  
would be.

( 74 )

## 70. Remember, oh remember.

I. SUTTON.



[COPYRIGHT.]

REMEMBER, oh remember,  
Sweet Mother, none can say,  
That thou the suppliant from thy feet  
Didst coldly turn away;  
Though sinful, sad, and weary,  
This thought doth trust restore;  
And bending low before thy throne,  
Compassion I implore.  
Maria, O Maria, pray.

Remember, oh remember,  
Thy Son has given to thee  
The souls for whom He bled and died,  
Thy children aye to be.  
Then place within His wounded Heart  
The names of all I love,  
And in that hour which seals their fate,  
Pray thou to God above.  
Maria, O Maria pray.

( 75 )

## 71. I'll sing a Hymn to Mary.

Traditional.



I'll sing a hymn to Mary,  
The mother of my God;  
The Virgin of all virgins;  
Of David's royal blood,  
O teach me, holy Mary,  
A loving song to frame,  
When wicked men blaspheme thee,  
I'll love and bless thy name.

O Lily of the Valley,  
O Mystic Rose, what tree,  
Or flower e'en the fairest,  
Is half so fair as thee?  
O let me though so lowly,  
Recite my mother's fame;  
When wicked men blaspheme thee,  
I'll love and bless thy name.

When troubles dark afflict me,  
In sorrow and in care;  
Thy light doth ever guide me,  
O beauteous Morning Star,

So I'll be ever ready  
Thy goodly help to claim,  
When wicked men blaspheme thee,  
To love and bless thy name.

But in the crown of Mary,  
There lies a wondrous gem,  
As Queen of all the angels,  
Which Mary shares with them.  
"No sin has e'er defiled thee,"  
So doth our faith proclaim;  
When wicked men blaspheme thee,  
I'll love and bless thy name.

And now, O Virgin Mary,  
My mother and my queen,  
I've sung thy praise—so bless me,  
And keep my heart from sin.  
When others jeer and mock thee,  
I'll often think how I,  
To shield my mother Mary,  
Would lay me down and die.

( 76 )

## 72. We are come to cast our Offerings.

M. HILL.



We are come to cast our offerings,  
Dearest Mother, at thy feet,  
With bounding hearts and joyous songs,  
Thine own loved month to greet.

Fairest Queen, our hearts are lowly,  
Wouldst thou have them for thine own,  
We have sought the gentle shadow  
Of thine altar for our home.

Ties of earth are long since riven,  
Home and kindred far away,  
Wilt thou be a mother to us,  
Thro' life's dark and dreary way?

Fold us close in thine embraces,  
Whisper words of cheering love,  
Be the star to guide our footsteps,  
To their home of rest above.

( 77 )

73. ✓

**Hail, full of Grace.**

MOIR BROWN.



THE day is o'er, the moon serenely beaming  
In silver light hath field and forest drest—  
A thousand twinkling stars are gently gleaming—  
The world is hushed, and all is laid to rest.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

Save one, who wakeful in her lonely dwelling—  
Of Juda born a stem of Jesse's rod—  
A virgin pure, all others far excelling,  
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer to God.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

The while she prays, behold the silence broken;  
She starts—a look of fear o'erspreads her face;  
She hears—till then to mortal ears unspoken,  
Those words of love, Hail Mary, full of grace!  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

Fear not the Lord is with thee, thou art chosen  
The Virgin Mother of thy God to be;  
And many a heart in sin and guilt now frozen,  
Shall melt beneath the Sunbeam born of thee.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

O spouse of God! O Queen of Earth and Heaven!  
O Holy Mother of the Incarnate Word!  
In marked accents was thy answer given,  
Behold the willing handmaid of the Lord.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of grace!

( 78 )

74.

**Oh, turn to Jesus.**

E. WALTERS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

**CHORUS.**

Oh, turn to Jesus, Mother turn!  
And call Him by His tend'rest names;  
Pray for the holy souls that burn,  
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Oh! they have fought a gallant fight;  
In death's cold arm's they persevered;  
And after life's uncheery night,  
The harbour of their rest is neared!

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Fav'rites of Jesus! there they lie;  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He  
Was wedded to them by His blood;  
And Angels o'er their destiny  
In wond'ring adoration brood.

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns  
O'er that abyss of sacred pain;  
And as He looks His bosom burns  
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary! let thy Son no more  
His lingering spouses thus expect;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to His spirit His elect.

Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed;  
Angels and Saints all look to thee;  
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made  
Those prayers His law of charity.

( 79 )

75.

## Mother of Mercy.

Traditional.



MOTHER of mercy, day by day,  
My love of thee grows more and more ;  
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,  
Like sands upon the great sea shore.

Though poverty and work and woe,  
The masters of my life may be,  
When times are worst who does not know,  
Darkness is light with love of thee ;

But scornful men have coldly said  
Thy love was leading me from God ;  
And yet in this I did but tread  
The very path my Saviour trod.

They know but little of thy worth,  
Who speak these heartless words to me ;  
For what did Jesus love on earth  
One half so tenderly as thee ?

Get me the grace to love thee more—  
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;  
And mother, when life's cares are o'er,  
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,  
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me  
How can I rightly love thy Son,  
Sweet mother if I love not thee ?

( 80 )

76.

## Mother of Help.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

MOTHER of help, and of beautiful love,  
O holy virgin conceived without stain ;  
From thy bright throne 'midst the angels above,  
Hear, oh, hear, our suppliant strain.

Mary, we love thee, do thou, mother dear,  
Teach us our sins—our sins to deplore ;  
With thee our help we have nothing to fear.  
Oh, make us love thee more and more.

Mother of help, thy sweet power display,  
Never, O Queen, in our souls cease to reign,  
And all our passions still help to allay ;  
Hear, oh, hear, our suppliant strain.

Mother of help, O dear Mary most mild,  
In love of Jesus our hearts ever train ;  
Each of us with Him embrace as thy child,  
Hear, oh, hear, our suppliant strain ;

Mother of help, yet this last grace supply,  
When at death's hour our bright crown we would gain ;  
In Jesu's arms, O grant we may die !  
Hear, oh, hear, our suppliant strain.

( 81 )

G

77. **Hail, Queen of Heaven.**

Traditional.



HAIL, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,  
Guide of the wand'rer here below,  
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,  
Save us from peril and from woe.  
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless maid,  
We sinners make our prayer thro' thee:  
Remind thy Son that He has paid  
The price of our iniquity.  
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
To the blest advocate, we cry:  
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
And soothe with hope our misery.  
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,  
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to Him who reigns above,  
In Godhead one, in Persons three.  
The source of life, of grace, of love,  
Homage we pay on bended knee, [Sea,  
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the  
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

( 82 )

78. **Let us Mingle Together.**

C. VALE.



LET us mingle together,  
Voices joyful and gay;  
Singing hymns to our Mother—  
'Tis her own month of May.

Bring the choicest of flowers,  
Search the woodland and grove;  
Wreathe a crown for our Lady,  
As a pledge of our love.

What are the fast fading roses,  
All the lilies that grow?  
Nothing worthy of Mary  
Has the world to bestow.

Mary asks for a treasure—  
One that each can impart:  
Hear and grant her petition—  
"Sinner, give me thy heart."

Fairest Star of the morning!  
Cheer our hearts with thy light;  
Pierce the clouds that hang o'er us  
In the region of night.

( 83 )

79.

## The Sun is Shining.

E. MADDEN.



( 34 )



[COPYRIGHT.]

THE sun is shining brightly,  
 The trees are clothed with green ;  
 The beauteous bloom of flowers,  
 On every side is seen.  
 The trees are gold and emerald,  
 And all the world is gay,  
 For 'tis the Month of Mary,  
 The lovely Month of May.

CHO.—Mary, dear Mother,  
 We sing a hymn to thee,  
 Thou art the Queen of Heaven,  
 Thou, too, our Queen shalt be,  
 Oh ! rule us and guide us unto Eternity.

There's music in the heavens,  
 The birds are singing there,  
 And nature's songs and praises  
 Are sounding through the air.  
 But we with hearts rejoicing  
 With joy we sing to-day,  
 For 'tis the Month of Mary,  
 The lovely Month of May.

And when night closes o'er us,  
 And twinkling stars appear,  
 And the chaste moon calmly reigneth,  
 In skies so bright and clear ;  
 Oh, how that sight reminds us,  
 Of heaven far away,  
 Where reigns o'er saints and angels,  
 Our lovely Queen of May.

( 35 )

## 80. Mary, from thy Sacred Image.

Traditional.



MARY, from thy Sacred Image,  
With those eyes so sadly sweet,  
Mother of Perpetual Succour!  
See us kneeling at thy feet.  
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,  
Source of all thy joy and woe;  
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows,  
Mother, thou alone canst know.  
On thy face He is not gazing,  
Nor on us is turned His glance;  
For His anxious look He fixes  
On the Cross, the Reed, the Lance,  
To thy hand His hands are clinging,  
As a child would cling, in fear,  
Of that vision of the torments,  
Of His Passion drawing near.  
And for Him thine eyes are pleading,  
While to us they look and cry:  
"Sinners, spare my child! your Saviour  
Seek not still to crucify."

Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother!  
But, poor sinners, we are weak;  
At thy feet, thy helpless children  
Thy Perpetual succour seek.  
Succour us, when clouds of sadness  
Hide the light of Heaven above,—  
Hope expires, and Faith scarce lingers,  
And we dare not think we love;—  
In that hour of gloom and peril  
Show to us thy radiant face,  
Smiling down from thy loved Image  
Rays of cheering light and grace.  
Succour us, when stormy passions  
Sudden rise within the heart;  
Quell the tempest, calm the billows,  
Peace secure to us impart.  
Through this life of weary exile  
Succour us in every need;  
And when death shall come to free us  
Succour us, ah! then indeed.

( 86 )

## 81. O Mother most afflicted.

Traditional.



O MOTHER most afflicted,  
Standing beneath that tree,  
Where Jesus hangs rejected  
On the hill of Calvary.

O Mary, sweetest Mother,  
We love and pity thee,  
Oh! for the sake of Jesus  
Let us thy children be.

Thy heart is well nigh breaking  
Thy Jesus thus to see,  
Derided, wounded, dying,  
In greatest agony.

His livid form is bleeding,  
His soul with sorrow wrung,  
Whilst thou, His Mother sharest  
The torments of thy Son.

O Mary! Queen of martyrs,  
The sword has pierced thy heart,  
Obtain for us of Jesus  
In thy grief to bear a part.

O dear and loving Mother,  
Entreat that we may be,  
Near thee and thy dear Jesus  
Now and eternally.

( 87 )

## 82. The thought steals o'er me.

HAYDN.



THE thought steals o'er me as I kneel  
Before thy Son and thee,  
That thou must suffer all thy life,  
And He must die—for me.  
I look upon that lovely face,  
Those eyes so sweet and mild,  
And gather courage as I gaze  
Upon the Holy Child.

His little Arm thrown round thy neck,  
As if to sooth thy fears,  
Shows that thine Infant Son is grieved  
To see His mother's tears.  
He knows that Simeon's prophecy  
Rings ever in thy mind:  
The sword has opened thy large heart  
To shelter all mankind.

Here may the weary mother come  
With her domestic cares;  
Here may the anxious father seek  
Advice in grave affairs.  
The weeping child, too, runs to thee  
In sorrow and in pain;—  
No little one will have recourse  
To Mary's Heart in vain.

Then for my Guide and Advocate,  
Whom fitter could I choose,  
Than one who never asks a thing  
That Jesus can refuse?  
Dear Mother, whisper to thy Son  
A little prayer for me,  
Thou knowest better far than I  
What that request should be.

( 88 )

## 83. Borne o'er the Waves.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

BORNE o'er the waves from foreign lands,  
And placed on high by angel hands,  
Dear Mother, there thine image stands,  
Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

'Tis poised in air, Divinely stayed,  
Supported not by human aid,  
So firm in thee my trust be made,  
Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

When life all dreary seems to be,  
And darkly frowns the world on me,  
For light and hope I'll turn to thee,  
Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

Mid passion's storm, mid sorrow's smart,  
O bid thy Son His grace impart,  
And fix thy image in my heart,  
Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

( 89 )

## 84. Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

J. WILLIAMS.



( 90 )



[COPYRIGHT.]

WE, assembled here to-day,  
 Lady of Mount Carmel, pray  
 That thou would'st from every ill  
 Guard our wayward footsteps; still  
 Guide us with thy heavenly light,  
 Morning star of radiance bright.

CHO.—Ave Maria, mother dear,  
 Smile upon thy children here;  
 Gentle lady, ever blest,  
 On thine aid our hopes we rest,  
 Be our advocate on high  
 In thy home beyond the sky.

The fire of truth on Carmel fell  
 Baal's false worship to dispel;  
 The prophet's cloud above it lowers  
 Blessing earth with fruitful showers;  
 So, Lady of Mount Carmel, be  
 A source of grace and love to me.

As "Thabor midst the mountains" be  
 "And as Carmel by the sea"  
 Blooms with flowers of every hue,  
 Budding forth the whole year through;  
 So is every virtue seen  
 Blossoming in Carmel's Queen.

Nurtured by thy fostering care  
 May we the flowers of virtue wear;  
 That sown in trial here on earth  
 May blossom in a heavenly birth;  
 Whence fair wreaths for thee we'll twine  
 That even Carmel's bloom outshine.

Till we reach the distant shore,  
 Till the storms of life are o'er,  
 In this wild tempestuous night,  
 Carmel be our beacon light;  
 Guiding us o'er life's dark sea  
 To a bright eternity.

( 91 )

85.

## The Way is dark.

Rev. W. MAHER.



Thy lov-ing, lov-ing

THE way is dark, the way is long,  
And we, who tread it, weak and blind,  
And great the risk, if we go wrong,  
And hard again the path to find.

CHO.—We cry to thee in doubt and fear,  
Then prudent Mother, stoop  
to hear:—

Ah! whisper, as a mother should,  
Thy loving counsel wise and  
good.

Thou hast not far the word to seek,  
Eternal wisdom to thee clings,  
Thy face is pressed against His cheek,  
His Lips are breathing happy things.

With thee is counsel sweet and blest,  
With thee are fortitude and grace;

Thy Babe will tell thee what is best,  
His Eyes are lifted to thy face.

The world is bright, the world is fair,  
It shows the false as if the true,  
And we are dazzled by the glare,  
Unless thou tell us what to do.

Oh, ever till the goal is won  
In doubt and danger counsel thus,  
Still whisper of us to thy Son.  
And speak His answer back to us.

So shall our weak and wayward feet  
From thee and Jesus never part,  
So shall we, by thy counsel sweet,  
Walk still according to His Heart.

( 92 )

86.

## Holy Mary, Mother mild.

MARY MOIR.



[COPYRIGHT.]

HOLY Mary, Mother mild,  
O sweetest Mother!  
Hear, O hear thy feeble child,  
O sweetest Mother!

CHO.—Praise her, O ye Cherubim!  
Love her, O ye Seraphim!  
Praise her, love her!  
Oh, praise our spotless Mother.

Toss'd upon life's stormy sea,  
O dearest Mother!  
Cast thy tender eyes on me,  
O dearest Mother!

Brightest in the courts above,  
O fairest Mother!  
Joy of Angels, Queen of love,  
O fairest Mother!

Maiden Mother hear our prayer,  
O purest Mother!  
Prove to us thy loving care,  
O purest Mother!

When the sands of life are run,  
O loving Mother!  
Show to us thy Blessed Son,  
O loving Mother!

( 93 )

87.

## Mother of God.

W. H. JUDE.



MOTHER of God, my life, my hope, my treasure.

Look on thy child, and hear me from above

Mother of God! what joy, what untold pleasure,  
Thrills thro' the soul that thinks on all thy love.

CHO.—Mary, dear Mother,  
Thy love impart,  
Nothing shall sever,  
Thee from my heart.

Mother of God! my infancy caressing,  
Fondly thine eye watch'd o'er my cradle bed,

Mother of God! each moment counts a blessing,  
Which o'er my soul, thy watchful love has shed.

Mother of God! my heart o'erwhelmed with sadness,  
Found sweet relief when raised to thee in prayer;

Mother of God! the breath of holy glad-ness  
Came to my spirit from thy tender care.  
Angels of heaven! in choirs sublime adoring,

Mark this my vow in Heaven's bright sphere above;  
Mother of God! my grateful heart's out-pouring,

Is pledged to thee in everlasting love.  
Mother of God! if e'er my heart forget-ting,

Thy love unceasing that has guarded me,  
Mother of God! ah then may deep re-gretting,

Recall my soul to love of God and thee.

( 94 )

88.

## Mother! Mother! I am coming.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

MOTHER! Mother! I am coming  
Home to Jesus and to Thee:  
But my Country's Hills are distant,  
And their light I cannot see;  
Mother hearken as I pray,  
Meet me on my homeward way,  
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,  
I can see nor sun nor star,  
And the road is rough and narrow,  
And the end seems very far;  
Lest perchance my feet should stray,  
Meet me, Mother, on my way,  
Meet me, Mother mine, to day.

I must cross the burning desert,  
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,  
Fill Thy vessel at the fountain  
Of Thy Son's sweet Heart Divine;  
Lest I faint upon the way,  
Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,  
Give my soul to drink to-day.

Do not wait until to-morrow,  
For I need Thee here and now;  
Wait not till I come to meet Thee—  
Rather, Mother, meet me Thou.  
Oh! in all I do or say,  
Come and meet me on my way,  
Mother Mary, every day.

( 95 )

89.

## Peal, ye Bells.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

PEAL, ye bells, on the summer air,  
 Rock your turrets from shore to shore,  
 Tell the skies that our land again  
 Bears the title she owned of yore.  
 Mother of Peace! Mother of Love!  
 England crieth to Thee this hour;  
 Stoop from Thy throne,  
 Call her Thine own,  
 Let her once more be our Lady's Dower.

( 96 )

Men had robbed our Queen of her Dower,  
 Robbed Thy Dower of Thee, sweet Queen;  
 Dark and dreary without Thy smiles  
 Our meads and cities for years have been.  
 Queen of our hearts! Queen of the world!  
 Rend Thine own from the spoiler's power;  
 Come back again,  
 Over us reign,  
 Take us once more for Thy Royal Dower.

Years have scattered our Lady's Guilds,  
 Hushed the tones of the Lady-Bell;  
 Who now throng to the Mary-Mass?  
 Or slake their thirst at the Mary-Well?  
 Lady beautiful! Lady sweet!  
 Mystic Fountain, and Mystic Flower!  
 At touch of Thy hand  
 The whole of our Land  
 Shall blossom again as our Lady's Dower.

Lift Thine abbey, and stately shrines,  
 Fallen low on the grassy sod,  
 Let Thy wayside image again  
 Raise our mind and our heart to God.  
 Lady of Pity! Lady of Grace!  
 Mend the wall and restore the tower;  
 O'er mountain and glen  
 Ring out again,  
 Bells in the shrines of our Lady's Dower.

English Kings have fought in Thy name,  
 English saints have Thy praises sung;  
 Sweeter prayer hath not risen to Thee  
 Than those breathed out in our English tongue.  
 Fair as the moon! bright as the sun!  
 Strong as army in battle hour!  
 Bring back at length  
 Beauty and strength,  
 Bless us once more as our Lady's Dower.

Blood hath reddened our island's soil,  
 Reddened the land o'er Cheviotside  
 All for the love of the Christ, Thy Son.  
 And their peerless Queen, have our martyrs died.  
 Queen of Martyrs! and Queen of the Saints!  
 'Neath the altar they plead this hour;  
 Think of their pain,  
 Love us again,  
 Let us once more be our Lady's Dower.

Hear the cry of our land to day,  
 Smiling, weeping, from sea to sea—  
 Tears for sin of the bygone years,  
 Smiles once more to belong to Thee.  
 Mother of Hope! Mother of Love!  
 Graces new on our island shower,  
 Take us to-day,  
 Make us for aye  
 True to the name of our Lady's Dower.

( 97 )

H

## 90. Mother of all that is pure and glad.

HOLIDAY HYMN.

C. VALE.



( 98 )

MOTHER of all that is pure and glad,  
 All that is bright and blest,  
 As we have taken our toil to Thee,  
 So we will take our rest,  
 Take Thou and bless our holiday  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Airs that are soft and a cloudless sky,  
 We would owe all to Thee,  
 Speak to Thy Son as thou didst of old,  
 That feast day in Galilee,  
 Tell Him our needs in Thine own sweet way.  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Be with us, Mother from morn till eve,  
 Thou and Thy Blessed Son,  
 Keep us from all that is grief to you,  
 'Till the weeks and the months are run.  
 Thine be we still, when grave or gay  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Smile upon all that is dear to us,  
 Smile on our school and home,  
 Smile on the days we are passing now,  
 Smile on the years to come,  
 Brighten our work and gladden our play,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Keep us in all that is blest of God,  
 Give us the joys that endure,  
 Lips that have smiles and words for all,  
 Hearts that are kind and pure :  
 So wilt Thou be by night and day,  
 Our Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Come when earth's tears and smiles are o'er,  
 Mother of peace and love,  
 Show to us Him who is joy to earth,  
 And joy to the hosts above,  
 So shall we laugh in the latter day,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

( 99 )

91. **Fierce and loud.**

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



( 100 )

FIERCE and loud is the battle raging,  
 Dead and dying are on the field,  
 Few and weak are the King's battalions,  
 Slow to conquer, and swift to yield.  
 Hark the Voice that is calling, calling,  
 "Who will help in the deadly strife?  
 Who will rescue from death and danger,  
 The souls for whom I laid down my life?"  
 'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,  
 Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for us.

Fair the fields over all our country,  
 Lift your eyes and behold the land,  
 White already unto the harvest,  
 Waiting but for the reaper's hand:  
 Hark! the Lord of the harvest calling,  
 "Rich the grain but the labourers few,  
 None will help me my sheaves to garner,  
 Child of Mary, I look to you."  
 'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,  
 Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for us.

Dark and deep are the stormy waters,  
 Many perish beneath the wave,  
 Few the vessels that reach the haven,  
 Few the hands that are stretched to save;  
 Hark! the voice of the Pilot calling,  
 "Launch your boat on the raging sea,  
 Help the souls that are daily sinking,  
 Launch your barque for the love of Me."  
 'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,  
 Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for us.

Dearest Lord, we have heard and answered,  
 We will follow where'er Thou art,  
 We will rescue the little children,  
 We will try and console Thy Heart,  
 Queen and Mother, be with Thy legion,  
 Keep us true to our calling high,  
 Let us bring to the feet of Jesus,  
 Many souls, when we come to die,  
 'Tis Thy Son who has called us thus,  
 Queen of Apostles, Oh! stay with us.

( 101 )

92.

## How to praise thee, O Mary.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

( 102 )

How to praise Thee, O Mary we know not.  
 Fair and spotless alone Thou art ;  
 But we pour sweet titles upon Thee,  
 As they rise from our loving heart ;  
 When they reach Thee beyond the skies,  
 Turn to us Thy merciful eyes.

CHO.—What shall we call Thee, O beautiful Mother?  
 Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn—  
 Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee! Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
 Light of Thy people! sweet Star of the Morn!

Bright Thou art as the sun in its rising,  
 Fair Thou art as the moon at night,  
 Strong Thou art as a battle army,  
 Tower of hope to all who fight.  
 Thou art sweetness, and hope, and life,  
 Health in sickness, and help in strife.

CHO.—Hark to us calling Thee, pitiful Mother,  
 Help of Thy people distressed, forlorn—  
 Think of us, speak to us, fight for us, plead for us,  
 Shine on our pathway, bright Star of the Morn!

Lifted high as the palm and the cedar,  
 Blooming low as the flow'r of field,  
 Eastern Gate to the Sun of justice,  
 Garden enclosed and fountain sealed.  
 Glorious things are said of Thee,  
 City of God, so fair to see.

(First Chorus repeated.)

Ark of refuge from storm and shipwreck,  
 Beacon-light on the distant hill,  
 Oil poured out on the troubled waters,  
 Haven safe where the winds are still ;  
 Wheresoever our barque may be,  
 Star of the Morn, we look to Thee.

(Second Chorus repeated.)

Queen art Thou of the shining angels,  
 Queen art Thou of the happy saints,  
 Mother and Queen of exiled children,  
 Send us help when our courage faints.  
 Spotless Mother and Queen divine,  
 All the love of our hearts is Thine!

CHO.—Watch o'er Thy children, our Queen and our Mother,  
 We to Thy service our lives have sworn,  
 Think of us, speak for us, stoop to us, cling to us,  
 Shine on us ever, dear Star of the Morn!

( 103 )

93.

## Mother of Christ.

J. WILLIAMS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

MOTHER of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I ask of Thee?  
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,  
For the joys that fade and flee;  
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
This do I long to see,  
The Bliss untold which Thine arms  
enfold,  
The Treasure upon Thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He was All-in-all to Thee—  
In the Winter's Cave, in Nazareth's  
Home,  
In the hamlets of Galilee.  
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He will not say nay to Thee;  
When He lifts His face to Thy sweet  
embrace,  
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
The world will bid Him flee—  
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,  
Too blind His charms to see—

Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
Come with Thy Babe to me,  
Tho' the world be cold, my heart shall  
hold  
A shelter for Him and Thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I do for Thee,  
I will love Thy Son with the whole of  
my strength,  
My only King shall He be.  
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This will I do for Thee,  
Of all that are dear or cherished here,  
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
I toss on a stormy sea,  
O lift Thy Child as a Beacon-light  
To the Port where I fain would be,  
And Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This do I ask of Thee,—  
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the  
shore,  
And show Him at last to me.

( 104 )

94.

## Thou hast many portraits, Mother.

W. H. CROSS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

THOU hast many portraits, Mother,  
All of them are dear to us,  
But our girlhood chiefly loves Thee,  
In thy girlhood's beauty, thus;  
And thy sweetest title this,  
Mater Admirabilis.

Near Thee blooms the spotless lily,  
Emblems of Thy brightest grace,  
And Thy sinless soul is shining  
In Thy modest downcast face,  
Make us like to Thee in this,  
Mater Admirabilis.

Open book and distaff tell us  
Thou hast laboured, too, as we;  
Let our hands and minds, sweet Mother,  
Work for Jesus and for Thee;  
Make us Thine—and therefore His—  
Mater Admirabilis.

Gentle Mother, to Thy keeping  
Take our wayward maidenhood,  
Make us pass our years of training  
As Thou meanest that we should  
Let us not our graces miss,  
Mater Admirabilis.

( 105 )

95. ✓

## Who is this cometh?

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

( 106 )

Who is this cometh over the mountains,  
Fair and sweet as the morning light,—  
Shedding pure and beautiful radiance  
On the earth that was wrapped in  
night?

Now the Day-spring indeed is nigh,  
The Morning Star hath risen on high.

CHO.—How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

Wild and waste laid our desolate garden,  
Stripped of blossom and leaf and fruit,  
Lo! at last in the golden Autumn  
Sprang the Lily from Jesse's root.  
Hope and beauty came back to Earth  
Once again in our Lady's birth.

CHO.—How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

Angels cluster around Thy cradle,  
Smiling into Thy little face,  
Whispering now, as they whisper later,  
"The Lord is with Thee, O full of  
grace!"  
We too, Mary, would hail Thee thus,  
More than to angels Thou art to us.

CHO.—What shall we sing to Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
What sweet song to Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
Morn!

Spotless Daughter of God the Father,  
Mother to be of God the Son,  
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,  
Beautiful shrine of the Three-in-One!  
Oh! we thank Him that He has given  
So dear a Queen unto Earth and  
Heaven.

CHO.—How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

All the Church is glad in Thy coming—  
None more glad, O Mary, than we,  
Who by more than a common title  
Now and ever belong to Thee—  
Light our pathway where'er we are,  
We will follow, dear Morning Star.

CHO.—How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

O we cannot go empty-handed  
On Her birthday to babe so sweet,  
Yet we have but our love to offer,  
Printing a kiss on her little feet,  
Open Thy baby hand and take  
Our hearts, at least, for Thy birthday's  
sake.

CHO.—What shall we give to Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
What shall we bring Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

Bless us with Thy birthday blessing,  
As we gather around Thy throne,  
Lay Thy hand with a tenderer pressure  
On this home which is all Thine own—  
While we are here, and when we are far,  
Light up our way dear Morning Star.

CHO.—How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee, newly  
born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star of  
the Morn!

( 107 )

96.

## O Queen of the holy Rosary.

Traditional.



O QUEEN of the Holy Rosary !  
 Oh ! bless us as we pray,  
 And offer Thee our roses,  
 In garlands, day by day ;  
 While from our Father's Garden,  
 With loving hearts and bold,  
 We gather to Thine honour,  
 Buds white, and red, and gold.  
 O Queen of the Holy Rosary !  
 Each mystery blends with Thine,  
 The sacred life of Jesus,  
 In every step divine.  
 Thy soul was His fair garden,  
 Thy Virgin breast His Throne,  
 Thy thoughts His faithful mirror,  
 Reflecting Him alone.  
 Sweet Lady of the Rosary,  
 White roses let us bring,  
 And lay them round Thy footstool  
 Before our Infant King.

For nestling in Thy bosom  
 God's Son was fain to be,  
 The Child of Thy Obedience  
 And spotless purity.  
 Dear Lady of the Rosary,  
 Red roses cast we down,  
 But let Thy fingers weave them  
 Into a worthy crown.  
 For how can we poor sinners  
 Do aught but weep with Thee,  
 When in Thy train we follow  
 Our God to Calvary.  
 O Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
 What radiance of love,  
 What splendour and what glory  
 Surround Thy court above !  
 Oh ! in Thy tender pity,  
 Dear source of love untold,  
 Refuse not this, our offering,  
 Our flowers white, red and gold.

( 108 )

97.

## Queen and Mother.

Traditional.



QUEEN and Mother, many hearts  
 Cast themselves before Thy throne,  
 But we call ourselves by right,  
 Very specially Thine own.  
 O then be to each one here—  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

We had learned Thy love before,  
 We have learned it better here ;  
 And Thy School hath been the Gate  
 To Thy heart, O Mother dear,—  
 Then be Thou to every one  
 The Gate of Home when school is done.

We have pledged ourselves to fight  
 In the battles of Thy Son ;  
 We would pass by Thee to Him,  
 When the dusty fight is won.  
 Be to all enlisted here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

Other hearts this home have loved ;  
 Other feet its floors have trod ;  
 One and all, Oh ! let them in,  
 To the City of our God.  
 Be to all who enter here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

And we too must pass away,  
 Others then shall take our place,  
 Kneel around Thine image fair,  
 Look into Thine upturned face.  
 Be to all who enter here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

Thou unto the King of Kings  
 Wert a gate to earth and us ;  
 We must go to Christ through Thee,  
 We can reach Him only thus.  
 O be Thou to each one here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

Open stand, O portal blest,  
 That we still may see the light,  
 Lifting up our hearts in hope,  
 Charming all the gloomy night.  
 Be to all who enter here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

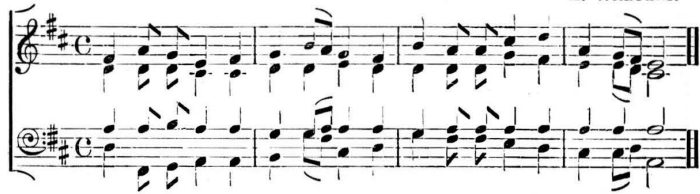
When the midnight cry is heard,  
 Do not let us be too late,  
 Do not let Thy children call,  
 "Open, open, Lord Thy Gate."  
 But, because we love Thee here,  
 Let us in, O Mother dear.

( 109 )

98.

## O Sedes Sapientiae.

E. WALTERS.



CHORUS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

( 110 )

MARY, Oh ! turn Thine eyes upon us,  
 See us around Thy throne to-day,  
 Bend unto us an ear of pity,  
 Hark to Thy children as they pray,  
 Be Thou a lamp unto our footsteps,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

CHO.— O Seat of Wisdom, light up our way,  
 Safe thro' the night-gloom into the day  
 O Seat of Wisdom, light up our way,  
 Safe to the bright eternal day.

While 'neath Thy mantle here we linger  
 Be Thou to us a guide and stay,  
 Make us to grow in grace and knowledge,  
 Kindle our love from day to day,  
 Fill us with wisdom and with counsel,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

Here is our memory so wayward,  
 Ah ! keep it lest it go astray,  
 Take Thou our intellect and train it  
 Christ's blessed teaching to obey,  
 Brace up our will to perseverance,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

When round our knee the poor of Jesus  
 Gather to learn salvation's way,  
 Still be Thou ever standing by us,  
 Whisp'ring the words we ought to say,  
 Keep us at school with Thee for ever,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thus all the joys of our vocation,  
 Homage before Thy throne we lay,  
 Thine are our glory and our honours,  
 Queen of our heart and mind for aye !  
 We will be naught but Thy disciples,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest and labour,  
 Thro' sweet and bitter, sad and gay,  
 Teach unto us Thy Son's own lesson  
 Till He shall grant our holiday :  
 Then at the gate, Ah ! bid us welcome,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

( 111 )

## 99. I know not what the years.

F. SUTTON

*p Not too slowly.*

( 112 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

I KNOW not what the years may bring,  
 Nor whether the years shall be—  
 The past has fled on rapid wing,  
 And cannot come back to me.  
 One point of time we hold in our hand,  
 The minute we now draw breath—  
 And we look to the point when we shall stand  
 In the awful strait of death.

CHO.—Pray for us now, pray for us then!  
 Mother of God, Mother of men,—  
 None can succour us, Lady as thou—  
 Pray for us then, pray for us now.

Now, when the world speaks soft and fair,  
 Now, when the flesh is frail,  
 Now, when the cross is hard to bear,  
 Now, when we sink or fail :—  
 Then, when the fiends are raging round,  
 Then as life ebbs away,  
 Then, when the call of God shall sound,  
 Pray for us sinners,— pray !

Now, Oh ! now, whereso'er we be,  
 Now, while we wake or sleep,  
 Now, while our thoughts are far from thee,  
 Now, while we laugh or weep,  
 Now, as we kneel to ask a grace,  
 Now, as we toil or play,  
 Now, as we sin before thy face,—  
 Pray for us, Mother,—pray.

Then, when the friends of earth are gone,  
 Then, when our senses sleep,  
 Then, when our soul must plunge alone  
 Into the boundless deep :—  
 Be it soon or late, be it swift or slow,  
 Then, then, be it night or day,  
 Howe'er that hour shall come or go,  
 Pray for us sinners,—pray.

We are sinners, and we are dust,  
 Blesséd and pure art thou :—  
 In thy love we have placed our trust,  
 Care for us then and now.  
 Every hour whose sands are run  
 Draws the two more nigh each other,  
 Till our last "Hail Mary" makes them one,  
 And we pass to thank thee, Mother.

( 113 )

## 100. X There are many Saints above.

A. FRANCIS.



[COPYRIGHT.]

THERE are many Saints above,  
Who love us with true love ;  
Many angels ever nigh :  
But, Joseph, none there be,  
Oh ! none that love like thee,  
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we  
die.

Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,  
For ever at her side ;  
Oh ! for her sake hear our cry,  
For we follow in the way,  
Loving Mary as we may,  
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we  
die.

Thou to Mary's virgin love,  
Wert the image of the Dove,  
Who was her Spouse on high ;  
Bring us gifts from Him, dear saint,  
Bring us comforts when we faint ;  
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we  
die.

Sadly o'er the desert sands,  
Into Egypt's darksome lands,  
As an exile didst thou fly ;  
And we are exiles too,  
With a world to travel through—  
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we  
die.

When thy gentle years were run,  
On the bosom of thy Son,  
Like an infant thou didst lie.  
Oh, by thy happy death,  
In the tranquil Nazareth,  
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.

( 114 )

## 101. X Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle.

Traditional.



DEAR St. Joseph, pure and gentle,  
Guardian of the Saviour child,  
Treading with the virgin mother,  
Egypt's deserts rough and wild.

CHO.—Hail St. Joseph, spouse of Mary,  
Blest above all saints on high,  
When the death shades round us  
gather,  
Teach, oh, teach us how to die.

He who rested on thy bosom,  
Is by countless saints adored,  
Prostrate angels in His presence  
Sing Hosannas to their Lord.

Now to thee no gift refusing,  
Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer ;  
Then, dear saints, from thy fair dwelling  
Give to us a father's care.

Dear St. Joseph, kind and loving,  
Stretch to us a helping hand ;  
Guide us through life's toils and sor-  
rows,  
Safely to the distant land.

In the strife of life be near us,  
And in death, oh, hover nigh ;  
Let our souls on thy sweet bosom,  
To their home of gladness fly.

( 115 )

Westminster H. S. (old)

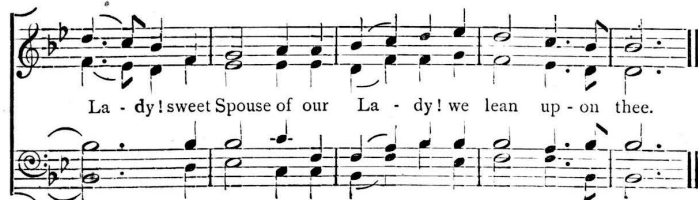
See. Pae Polie H. B. n° 422 p. 456

See Accompaniment to W. H. B. no 106

102.

# Dear Husband of Mary.

MATTHEWS.



( 116 )

DEAR Husband of Mary! dear nurse of her child!  
Life's way are full weary, the desert is wild;  
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,  
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;  
Ah! blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should I be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,  
The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O Father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,  
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God;  
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou bear me?

A cold thankless heart and a mean love of ease,  
What weights, blessed Patron! more galling than these?  
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may see;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O canst thou love me?

Ah! give me thy Burden to bear for a while;  
Let me kiss His warm lips and adore His sweet smile;  
With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary will be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! my pleader with thee!

When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,  
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;  
O Father of Jesus! be Father to me,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee!

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou  
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now!  
There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like thee,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign to love me.

( 117 )

103.

## Hail, Holy Joseph.

MOIR BROWN.



HAIL, Holy Joseph, hail!  
Husband of Mary, hail!  
Chaste as the lily flow'r  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail! Holy Joseph, hail!  
Father of Christ esteem'd,  
Father be thou to those  
Thy Foster-son redeem'd!

Hail, Holy Joseph, hail!  
Prince of the house of God,  
May His best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

Hail, Holy Joseph, hail!  
Comrade of angels hail;  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
And guide the steps that fail.

Hail, Holy Joseph, hail;  
God's choice wert thou alone;  
To thee the word made flesh  
Was subject as a Son.

Hail, Holy Joseph, hail!  
Teach us our flesh to tame;  
And Mary keep the hearts  
That love thy husband's name.

Mother of Jesus! bless,  
And bless, ye saints on high,  
All meek and simple souls,  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

( 118 )

104.

## Hymn to St. Joseph.

H. SMART.



HOLY Patron! thee saluting,  
Here we meet with hearts sincere;  
Blest Saint Joseph all uniting,  
Call on thee to hear our prayer.

CHO.—Happy Saint, in bliss adoring  
Jesus, Saviour of Mankind;  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,  
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;  
Grant, in virtue persevering,  
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.

Thou, who faithfully attended  
Him, whom heaven and earth adore!  
Who with pious care defended  
Mary, Virgin ever pure.

May our fervent prayers ascending;  
Move thee for our souls to plead;  
May thy smile of peace descending,  
Benedictions on us shed.

Through this life, O watch around us,  
Fill with love our every breath,  
And when parting fears surround us,  
Guide us through the toils of death.

( 119 )

## 105. X Holy Joseph, dearest Father.

E. MADDEN.



( 120 )



[COPYRIGHT.]

HOLY Joseph, Dearest Father,  
 To thy children's prayer incline ;  
 Whilst we sing thy joys and sorrows,  
 And the glories which are thine.  
 How to praise thee, how to thank thee,  
 Blessed saint, we cannot tell ;  
 Favours countless thou has given,  
 Can we choose but love thee well ?

CHO.—Near to Jesus, near to Mary,  
 And, kind Father, near to thee,  
 When we die be thou still near us,  
 Bring us safe to endless rest.

Spouse of Mary, though didst guard her,  
 Shield us safe from every harm,  
 Keep us while on earth we wander,  
 And in death our helper be.  
 Sing to Joseph, spouse of Mary  
 And our ever blessed friend,  
 Favours countless, mercies constant,  
 Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed and thou hast answered,  
 We have asked, and thou hast given ;  
 Need we marvel, Jesus tells us  
 Joseph has the stores of heaven.  
 One more favour we will ask thee,  
 Thou of all canst grant it best,  
 When we die be thou still near us,  
 Bring us safe to endless rest.

( 121 )

106. Hail ! thou Father of our Saviour.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



( 122 )

HAIL ! thou father of our Saviour,  
How our hearts must hold thee dear !  
Hail ! thou nurse of our Redeemer,  
How our souls must thee revere.

CHO.—Hail ! thou spouse of God's dear mother,  
Man fulfilling angel's part ;  
Tender Guardian of my Jesus,  
Joseph with the seraph's heart.

Jesus nestles on thy bosom,  
Who would ask a greater bliss ?  
Jesus is thy whole possession,  
Ah ! what treasure equals this.

Oh, no wonder that all ages  
Homage to thy name have paid ;  
Can we give thee too much honour  
Whom our God himself obeyed ?

O thrice happy he who travels  
Leaning, Joseph, on thine arm ;  
Safe indeed whom thy protection  
Shields from peril and from harm.

By the prayer which thine own Mother  
Offers for her children now ;  
By the care thy foster-father  
Gave Thee, Jesus, years ago.

Grant that we too may behold Thee  
One day on Thy glorious throne ;  
Grant that in our native country  
We may call Thee to our own.

( 123 )

107.

## Father of Christ.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.

( 124 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

FATHER of Christ and Spouse of His sweet Mother,  
Trusting to thee our simple pray'r we make ;  
Father to us since we may call Him Brother,  
Can'st thou refuse to hear us for His sake ?

CHO.—Blessed St. Joseph, remember that never  
Thy clients in vain to their father have prayed ;  
Win our petition, for Jesus must ever  
Listen to him whom on earth he obeyed.

O by the Grief thy tender spirit filling  
Ere Mary's secret thou had'st understood ;  
O by thy Joy to hear the angel telling  
That blessed wonder of the Motherhood.

O by thy Grief to see the King of Glory  
Born in the Crib in poverty and cold ;  
O by thy Joy to hear the Angels' story,  
And the adoring Magi to behold.

O by thy Grief to see the Infant weeping  
While the first Blood-drops fell beneath the knife ;  
O by thy Joy with which thy heart was leaping  
At the sweet music of the Name of Life.

O by thy Grief with Mary's sinless spirit,  
Hearing a sword must pierce her soul in twain,  
O by thy Joy that many should inherit  
Peace and salvation through her Child again.

O by thy Grief when Child and Mother taking  
Thou didst by night to distant Egypt fly ;  
O by thy Joy to see the idols breaking,  
While the All-holy passed in silence by.

O by thy Grief when from the Angel learning  
Still reigned the tyrant after Herod's death ;  
O by thy Joy from exiled years returning  
To that dear home in holy Nazareth.

O by thy Grief when thou had'st lost thy Treasure,  
By those three days of darkness and of pain ;  
O by thy Joy beyond all thought and measure  
When with thy Jesus light came back again.

( 125 )

108.

## Beautiful Angel.

E. MADDEN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

GUARDIAN Angel  
From heaven so bright,  
Watching beside me  
To lead me aright,  
Fold thy wings round me,  
O guard me with love,  
Softly sing songs to me  
Of heav'n above.

CHO.—Beautiful Angel,  
My guardian so mild  
Tenderly guide me,  
For I am thy child.

Angel so holy!  
Whom God sends to me,  
Sinful and lowly,  
My guardian to be—  
Wilt thou not cherish  
The child of thy care?

Let me not perish—  
My trust is thy prayer.

O may I never  
Forget thou art near;  
But keep me ever  
In love and in fear.  
Waking and sleeping,  
In labour and rest,  
In thy sweet keeping  
My life shall be blest.

Angel, dear Angel,  
Oh, close by me stay;  
Safe from harm shield me,  
All ill keep away—  
Then Thou wilt lead me  
When this life is o'er  
To Jesus and Mary  
To praise evermore.

( 126 )

109.

## O Angel dear.

PHILIP BERNARD.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O ANGEL dear, I know full well  
Thy tender care and love for me;  
Oh! guard and guide me till I dwell  
For ever safe in heaven with thee.

Dear Angel—guide my feet—I come  
Each moment closer to the brink;  
It may be I am nearer home  
To-day, dear Angel, than I think.

Dear Angel, if my feet should stray  
Along the paths that lead to sin,  
Forsake me not, but strive and pray  
For Mary's sake my soul to win.

Dear Angel, when my heart is glad,  
Lift up my thoughts to higher bliss;  
And help me when my soul is sad  
The Cross with faith and love to kiss.

Dear Angel, in temptation's hour  
Oh! whisper softly in mine ear—  
Be brave, nor fear the tempter's power,  
Thy guardian Angel standeth near.

( 127 )

## 110. Dear Angel! ever at my side.

Traditional.



DEAR Angel! ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be,  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A guilty wretch like me.

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts  
Fighting with sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me thou art there.

Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—  
The prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

And thou in life's dark hour wilt bring  
A fresh supply of grace,  
And afterwards wilt let me kiss  
Thy beautiful bright face.

Ah, me! how lovely they must be  
Whom God hath glorified;  
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought  
Is ever at my side.

Then for thy sake, dear Angel, now  
More humble will I be;  
But I am weak, and when I fall,  
O weary not of me:

O weary not, but love me still,  
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;  
She never tired of me, though I  
Her worst of sons have been.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear,  
And I will love thee more;  
And help me, when my soul is cast  
Upon the eternal shore.

( 128 )

## 111. Blest Spirits of Light.

J. WILLIAMS.



CHORUS.

[COPYRIGHT.]

BLEST spirits of light, ye who have not forsaken  
The children of earth, tho' fallen from bliss;  
O still watch around us, our bosoms awaken  
To thoughts of a world that is brighter than this.

CHO.—Ah! kindly watch over us, guard and protect us,  
Sweet angels and guides to the mansions of bliss.

The lily of innocence fondly we'll cherish,  
Averting whatever its blossoms may stain;  
And oh, if 'tis fading and ready to perish,  
Restore it, sweet angels, its beauty again.

Then pray for your children and guard and defend them,  
And ask of our Father, your Maker, that we  
May faithfully serve Him—may love and adore Him  
In heaven, sweet angels, united for aye.

( 129 )

K

112. From your blissful thrones.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

( 130 )

QUESTION.—SOLO.

FROM your blissful thrones of glory,  
Look on us O ye elect ;  
Tell us what repays your combats,  
Tell us what we may expect ?

ANSWER.—CHORUS.

Our delights no words can utter,  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard  
Nor can mortals feel the pleasure,  
That for us God hath reserved.

QUESTION.

Ye bright martyr throng, whose courage  
Never quailed amid the strife ;  
What is now to be your portion  
After giving up your life ?

ANSWER.

We, with waving palms, all standing,  
And with banners bright unfurl'd,  
Sing for ever, Alleluia,  
To the Saviour of the world.

QUESTION.

Famous doctors, ye whose voices  
Have resounded here below,  
By what new and wondrous doctrines  
Are your minds enlightened now !

ANSWER.

From the everlasting fountain  
Of the unerring truth of God,  
We are learning untold secrets  
Ever in our blest abode.

QUESTION.

Ye, whose unabated penance  
Made the desert so renown'd,  
Hermits, tell us, for your rigours,  
What delights ye now have found ?

ANSWER.

For the pleasures we relinquished,  
For our homes and friends below,  
Joys delicious, pour in torrents,  
Fill our hearts and overflow.

QUESTION.

Ye, the Virgins, whose betrothals  
Bound you to a heavenly Spouse,  
With what favours does He own you,  
Faithful to your three-fold vows ?

ANSWER.

Happy brides, in spotless garments,  
Close beside our Lord we throng ;  
Where the Lamb goes there we follow,  
While we sing "the unknown Song."

QUESTION.

As we gaze upon your glory,  
Saints of God, in Heaven's own light,  
Teach us how we too may join you,  
How to win those crowns so bright.

ANSWER.

Would you come where we have entered,  
Fight with all your strength and power ;  
Would you live the life eternal,  
Die to self at every hour.

QUESTION.

Ah ! we shrink from pain and sorrow,  
We are frightened when we hear,  
We must live in constant struggles,  
We must die to all that's dear.

ANSWER.

If the path be rough and thorny,  
At the end all pain shall cease ;  
If the battle be a fierce one,  
There shall be eternal peace !

( 131 )

## 113. Sweet Saint Philip!

PHILIP BERNARD.



SWEET Saint Philip! thou hast won us,  
Though our hearts were hard as stone;  
Sin had once well-nigh undone us,  
Now we live for God alone.

CHO.—Help in Mary! Joy in Jesus!  
Sin and Self no more shall please,  
We are Philip's gift to God.

Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping,  
Not for sorrow, but for glee,  
Bless thy converts, bravely keeping,  
To the bargain made with thee

Sweet Saint Philip! old friends want us,  
To be with them as before;  
And old times, old habits, haunt us  
Old temptations press us sore.

Sweet Saint Philip! do not fear us;  
Get us firmness, get us grace;  
Only thou, dear Saint, be near us;  
We shall safely run the race.

Sweet Saint Philip! make us wary,  
Sin and Death are all around;  
Bring us Jesus! Bring us Mary!  
We shall conquer and be crowned!

Sweet Saint Philip! keep us humble,  
Make us pure as thou wert pure;  
Strongest purposes will crumble,  
If we boast and make too sure.

Sweet Saint Philip! come and ease us,  
Of the weary load we bear;  
Put us in the heart of Jesus,  
Dearest Saint, and leave us there.

( 132 )

## 114. Dearest Saint.

E. WALTERS.



DEAREST Saint, look down from heaven,  
From thy throne of glory there,  
On thy children who are raising  
Unto thee their song and prayer.

Saint whose pure young heart was given,  
All to God in life's bright morn,  
Let our hearts all fresh to Jesus  
By thy loving hands be borne.

Purest Saint, with eyes so holy,  
Never lifted but to God;  
Keep us 'mid life's dazzling sunshine,  
In the path thy feet have trod.

Meekest Saint, with voice so gentle,  
Haunt us with its soothing tone;  
And in times of doubt and danger  
Bid the tempter to be gone.

Saint of all who learn, the patron;  
Saint of all who teach, the guide;  
While we teach, and while we study,  
Be for ever at our side.

( 133 )

## 115. We see thee cast thy wealth aside.

J. WILLIAMS.

REFRAIN. (may be omitted.)

( 134 )

[COPYRIGHT.]

We see thee cast thy wealth aside  
And trample on thy coronet,  
And now a brighter diadem  
Upon thy pure young brow is set.  
O teach us that the joys which last  
Alone are worthy of our love,  
That so our hearts like thine may be  
There, where our treasure is,—above.

CHO.—O gentle Patron of our youth,  
Gonzaga's lily, pearl of Rome,  
Keep us unspotted in the way  
And bring us safely to our home.

O help us, Virgin Saint, to keep  
The whiteness of our innocence,  
To guard our ears, our tongue, our eyes,  
To mortify each wandering sense.  
And if, alas! the day should come  
When we the robe of grace should stain,  
O by our penance let us win  
The Angels' virtue once again.

When for thy light and childish faults  
We see thee weep and faint away,  
And think how far from God and Heaven  
Our many sins have made us stray.  
We beg of thee to win for us  
Thy love of God so true and deep,  
The frank avowal of our faults,  
The tears that love will make us weep.

Be with us in our daily toil,  
Dear Patron Saint of all who learn,  
Let us like thee in all our needs  
With filial Love to Mary turn.  
May Jesus on His altar throne  
Be joy and rest to us as thee,  
Communion be our three days' hope,  
Or else our three days' memory.

Ah! guard us, guide us, dearest Saint,  
Along the path which thou hast trod,  
For, blessed Saint, we will not wait  
To give our heart and life to God;  
But when the world seems bright and fair,  
And tries to sever us from thee,  
O then thy motto whisper low,  
"What profit for Eternity?"

( 135 )

## 116. Full in the Panting Heart.

MOIR BROWN.



FULL in the panting heart of Rome,  
Beneath the apostle's crowning dome,  
From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground,  
Breathes in all tongues one only sound—  
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

The golden roof, the marble walls,  
The Vatican's majestic halls,  
The note re-doubled till it fills  
With echoes sweet, the seven hills.

Then surging through each hallowed gate,  
Where martyrs glory in peace await,  
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,  
Peals over Alps, across the main.

From torrid South to frozen North,  
That wave harmonious stretches forth;  
Yet strikes no cord more true to Rome's,  
Than rings within our hearts and homes;

For, like the sparks of unseen fire  
That speak along the magic wire,  
From home to home, from heart to heart,  
These words of countless children dart.

( 136 )

## 117. O Lord of Hosts.

MENDELSSOHN.



O LORD of Hosts be mindful of our  
pleading,

O let our prayer find favour in Thy  
sight: [ceding,

Hark to Thy Church triumphant inter-  
Pity Thy Church, that groaneth in the  
fight.

O God of Truth, no battle-line can shake  
her, [hope;

Trusting in Thee, we shall not lose our  
Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not  
forsake her?

Hear then our prayer for the Church  
and the Pope.

O Master dear, we sink, and Thou art  
sleeping; [fill—

Dark is the night—the waves our vessel  
Wake! wake! O Lord, Thy children  
here are weeping.

Speak to the wind and waters: "Peace  
be still."

Let not men say Thy promises are failing;  
Let them not boast Thy Church hath  
lost her hope, [prevailing,

Let them not deem the gates of Hell  
Hear Thou our prayer for the Church  
and the Pope.

Shepherd of Souls! the wolves are all  
around us;

Whisper again, O fear not little flock  
Jesus our King! the enemies surround us;  
Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.

Show us Thine Angels camping round  
about us,

Strengthen our hearts in Faith, and  
Love, and Hope,

If Thou art with us, legions shall not  
rout us,

None shall prevail o'er the Church and  
the Pope.

One mighty voice from all the Church  
ascendeth,

"Pray for us sinners, holy Mary, now."  
Lift up your eyes, for God His succour  
sendeth,

Mary hath placed her hand upon the  
prow.

Star of the Sea! the Church of Christ is  
calling,

Thou art her life, her sweetness, and  
her hope,

Pray for the souls that waver or are falling,  
Pray for the Church and our Father  
the Pope.

( 137 )

## 118. Faith of our Fathers.

Traditional.



FAITH of our Fathers! living still,  
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;  
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,  
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word:  
 CHO.—Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free:  
 How sweet would be their children's fate,  
 If they like them could die for thee.

Faith of our Fathers: Mary's prayers  
 Shall win our country back to thee;  
 And through the truth that comes from God,  
 England shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our Fathers; we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
 And preach thee too as love knows how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life.

( 138 )

## 119. On Earth there is only one good for me.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

ON earth there is one only good for me,  
 And it is God, my every treasure He;  
 'Tis God, and God alone, that can impart  
 The balm of comfort to the troubled heart.  
 In Him it finds true pleasure,  
 And joy that knows no measure.  
 Then, spurning earth, let this my watch-  
 word be,  
 Lord, I am Thine, my love is all for  
 Thee.

God hath a charm, to solace every pain,  
 And aiding powers, each weakness to  
 sustain;  
 And true to Him, though storms o'ercloud  
 the way,  
 The just man turns and finds a guiding  
 ray.

Wouldst thou rejoice, possessing  
 The first, last, only blessing.  
 Then, then, henceforth, thy cry of fealty  
 be,  
 Lord, I am Thine, my love is all for  
 Thee.

Oh, say, what care can cloud the tranquil  
 breast [its rest,  
 Which God has taught to place in Him  
 How can that heart feel trouble or alarm,  
 That finds a shield in God's protecting  
 arm:  
 Then, then, with fond devotion,  
 Till death shall still life's motion.  
 Let this our cry of joyous triumph be,  
 Lord! we are Thine, our love is all for  
 Thee.

( 139 )

## 120. O Paradise! O Paradise!

A. FRANCIS.



O PARADISE! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek thy happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest?

CHO.—Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Wherefore doth death delay?  
Bright death that is the welcome dawn  
Of our eternal day.

O Paradise! O Paradise! [COPYRIGHT.]  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel to see Him near.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is furnishing for me.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I feel 'twill not be long!  
Patience: I almost think I hear,  
Faint fragments of thy song.

( 140 )

## 121. Sweet Saviour! bless us.

GEORGE HERBERT.



SWEET Saviour! bless us ere we go  
Thy word into our minds instil;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.

CHO.—Through life's long day and  
death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run;  
And Thou hast taken count of all—  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways  
True absolution and release:  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty;  
And simple hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled;  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
Ah! never let our words be soiled,  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful—unto Thee we call;  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus and our all.

Sweet Saviour! bless us, night is come,  
Mary and Philip near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home;  
And we are one day nearer Thee.

[COPYRIGHT.]

( 141 )

## 122. They are waiting for our petitions.

S. N. D.



( 142 )



THEY are waiting for our petitions,  
Silent and calm.  
Their lips no prayer can utter,  
No suppliant psalm ;  
We have made them all too weary  
With long delay,  
For the Souls in their still agony,  
Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

For the soul thou holdest dearest  
Let prayers arise,  
The voice of love is mighty  
And will pierce the skies ;  
Waste not in selfish weeping  
One precious day,  
But speeding thy love to Heaven,  
Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

For the soul by all forgotten,  
Even its own ;  
By its nearest and its dearest,  
Left all alone ;  
Whisper a De Profundis  
Or gently lay  
Alms in some beggar's outstretched  
palm,  
Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

Our lovely lips can cry aloud  
The pleading word  
Through all that silent kingdom,  
Unknown, unheard ;  
Oh, canst thou turn from their bitter want  
Coldly away ;  
Kneel humbly at the altar's foot,  
Christian, and pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

For the soul that is nearest Heaven,  
That sees the gate  
Now ajar, and the light within,  
And yet must wait  
Ere the angels come to convoy it  
In bright array,  
For the eager soul so near to joy,  
Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

The soul that most loved our Lady,  
For our Lady's love,  
Speed with thy supplication  
To its home above ;  
And our Mother in benediction  
Her hand will lay  
Tenderly on thy bowed-down head,  
Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

For the love of the heart of Jesus,  
They love it too,  
By all the sweet affections  
That once they knew ;  
As thou hopest in thy utmost need  
To find thy stay  
In the prayers of those who loved thee  
once.

Good Christian, pray.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

( 143 )

## 123. Tears on Thy Sacred Face.

*Slowly.*

MOIR BROWN.

Tears on Thy sa - cred face, my God,  
Tears on Thy face, my God,

[COPYRIGHT.]

( 144 )

TEARS on Thy Sacred Face, my God !

Long sorrow, told by tears,  
A wreath of torture crowns at last

The agony of years.

Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,

Thy tender, touching grace

Beams on us now no longer here,

O Sacred, Suffering Face !

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God !

The anguish that shall win

Hope for the desolate, with peace

And pardon for the sin,

The sin whose deadly hands have laid

So deep, so sad a trace

On Brow, and Lips, and weeping Eyes,

O Sacred, Suffering Face !

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God !

The love that liveth on

Though light, and loveliness, and joy,

To sight of earth are gone ;

The love that calls us to Thy Feet,

And folds in Thine embrace

The children of Thy tears, my God !

O Sacred, Suffering Face !

We pray Thee for Thy straying sheep,

We pray Thee for the Eyes,

The lips, the hearts, that always bid

Thine own hot teardrops rise ;

We pray Thee for this world of Thine,

Its wandering, wilful race.

Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy Shrine,

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face !

Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God !

Bow down Thy weary Head,

Over the souls that prostrate lie

Thy precious Blood be shed.

O royal flood, O golden flood

Of faith, of hope, of grace,

Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

( 145 )

124.

## Martyrs of England.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



( 146 )



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## FIRST CHORUS.

MARTYRS of England ! Standing on high,  
Warrior-band of the Great White Throne  
Martyrs of England ! hark to our cry ;  
Pray for the country you called your  
own.

Not as strangers of far-off land ;  
Not as heroes of long ago ;  
Our English speech ye can understand ;  
Our cities, and hills, and fields ye know.  
Nighest to us of the White-robed Host,  
Bound to us as our kith and kin ;  
Get us the love that counts no cost,  
That knows no fear but the fear of sin.

CHO.—Martyrs of England ! keep us true ;  
True to Jesus, whate'er the pain ;  
Martyrs of England ; we look to  
you,  
Win our Country to Christ again.

Many, alas ! your blood forget ;  
Many your combat do not know ;  
We, your children, will pay the debt  
Our thankless land to you doth owe.  
Few are the shrines o'er your scattered  
dust,  
Grateful hearts are your living fane ;  
Your incense our love, and pray'r, and  
trust,  
Till England honour her saints again.

Times are peaceful, but times are ill ;  
Need have we both of sword and shield ;  
Faith is weakly and love is chill,  
And many are they that flinch or yield.  
Martyrs brave ! may your story ring  
Through the camp till the fight is o'er ;  
Lift up for us to Christ our King  
The hands that for Him the fetters  
wore.

Faith was dying :—to save its spark  
Welcome were hunger, cold, and thirst,

Welcome the dungeon foul and dark,  
And the rack was free to do its worst.  
What were chains but a burden light ?  
What was the loss of life or limb ?  
Your Captain had fought a harder fight,  
Torments were sweet that led to Him.

Calm and glad on the hurdle's shame,  
Smiling still from the hangman's cart,  
Your white lips gasping your Leader's  
Name,  
When a hand was laid on your quiver-  
ing heart.

Martyrs of England ! dare we shrink,  
As we lift our eyes to Tyburn's tree ?  
Dare we ever refuse to drink  
The chalice of Jesus, whate'er it be ?

Past for you are the rope and knife,  
Yours are the joys that ne'er shall  
cease ;

Death hath merged into endless life,  
Combat brief into endless peace.  
Teach, oh ! teach us what faith is worth,  
Take the veil from our blinded eyes,  
Tell us we were not made for earth,  
That the real and true are beyond the  
skies.

Jesus, Master ! how long, how long,  
Shall the nations' rage Thy glory foil ?  
The blood of Thy martyrs—a mighty  
throng—  
Cries to Thee from our hallow'd soil.  
Lord of glory, Holy and true,  
Honour those that have honour'd Thee ;  
Bid Thy people, the whole earth through,  
Hail them as Saints on bended knee.

## LAST CHORUS.

King of the Martyrs ! these are they  
Whose blood was shed in our land for  
Thee ;  
King of the Martyrs ! hasten the day,  
When we their triumph on earth shall  
see.

( 147 )

125. Soul of my Saviour.

REV. F. MAHER.



SOUL of my Saviour sanctify my breast,  
Body of Christ be thou my saving Guest,  
Blood of my Saviour bathe me in Thy tide,  
Wash me ye waters gushing from His side.

Strength and protection may His Passion be,  
O, Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me,  
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me  
So shall I never, never part from Thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,  
In Death's drear moments make me only Thine.  
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,  
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye.

( 148 )

126. O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord.

ROBERT EDGAR.



[COPYRIGHT.]

CHO.—O JESUS! Jesus! dearest Lord,  
Forgive me if I say  
For very love Thy Sacred Name  
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so I know not how  
My transports to control;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.

O wonderful! that thou should'st let  
So vile a heart as mine,  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.

For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honour and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

What limit is there to Thee, Love  
Thy flight where wilt Thou stay!  
On! on! Our Lord is sweeter far  
To day than yesterday.

O Love of Jesus! blessed love!  
So will it ever be;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity.

( 149 )

## 127. Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

JESUS, Jesus, dearest Jesus !  
Thou hast left Thy Throne above,  
And art come to dwell within us,  
O Thou mighty God of love.

CHO.—We adore Thee, we adore Thee,  
May we never from Thee part !  
Jesus ! be our King and Saviour,  
For our Lord and God Thou art.

We believe we have received Thee,  
And in humble trust adore ;  
Praises be to Thee, Sweet Jesus,  
May we love Thee more and more.

We can never thank our Jesus  
For this gift, so great, so high ;  
Saints and Angels, Bless Him for us  
In your hymns beyond the sky.

Make us humble, make us patient,  
Pure of heart and strong to dare,  
Give us, too, that crowning blessing,  
Thy dear Mother's special care.

Sacred Heart take Thou our offering ;  
All we have to give to Thee,  
Life and strength, and soul, and body,  
To be Thine eternally.

( 150 )

## 128. O Lord ! behold.

MOIR BROWN.



[COPYRIGHT.]

O Lord ! behold the suppliant band  
That kneels before Thy Throne ;  
Come back, come back, unto the land  
That once was all Thine own.

By all Thy toil, by all Thy pain,  
By every sigh and tear,  
We pray Thee let not Satan gain  
The souls that cost so dear.

Remember, Lord, Thy mercies old,  
Thy grace so freely given,  
When nations thronged into Thy fold,  
Intent on gaining heaven.

Remember how Our Lady's Dower  
Was England's glorious name :  
Oh ! bid her show her former power,  
Her ancient right reclaim.

May Peter rule again the isle  
Which loved him once so well ;  
That England, freed from error's guile,  
In Christian peace may dwell.

Oh ! for the sake of Saints who prayed  
At altars now laid low,  
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,  
Thy vengeance, Lord, forego.

And for the sake of those who stood  
Amid the nation's fall,  
Who kept their faith and shed their blood,  
Have mercy now on all.

May priestly hearts, with fiery zeal,  
Like Blessed Fisher's burn ;  
For souls a tender pity feel,  
The threats of tyrants spurn.

May laymen, like the Blessed More,  
Their faith o'er all esteem,  
And by a life that's brave and pure,  
An evil age redeem.

( 151 )

129.

**Lead, Kindly Light.**

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone.And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile,

( 152 )

*Popular tune in MS. in Sacred Heart book (French)  
Adapted from hymn book 232*

130.

**Hail, glorious St. Patrick.**

Traditional.



HAIL, glorious St. Patrick, dear saint of our isle,  
On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile ;  
And now thou art high in thy mansions above,  
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, thy words were once strong  
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng :  
Not less in thy might when in heaven thou art,  
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,  
Dear saint, may thy children resist until death ;  
May their strength be in meekness, in penance and prayer,  
Their banner the cross, which they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,  
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more :  
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright—  
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

Ever bless and defend us in this weary life,  
As we labour and toil amid hardship and strife ;  
And our hearts shall yet burn, wherever we roam,  
For God, and St. Patrick, and our native home.

( 153 )

## 131. I was wandering and weary.

FRANK N. BIRCHNELL.



[COPYRIGHT.]

( 154 )

I WAS wandering and weary,  
 When my Saviour came unto me,  
 For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
 And the world had ceased to woo me.  
 And I thought I heard him say,  
 As He came along His way :

O silly souls, come near Me ;  
 My sheep should never fear Me ;  
 I am the Shepherd true ;

At first I would not hearken,  
 And put off till the morrow ;  
 But life began to darken,  
 And I was sick with sorrow ;  
 And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along His way,

O silly souls, &c.

At last I stopped to listen,  
 His voice could not deceive me ;  
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,  
 So anxious to relieve me ;  
 And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along His way,

O silly souls, &c.

He took me on His shoulder.  
 And tenderly He kissed me ;  
 He bade my love be bolder,  
 And said how He had missed me.  
 And I'm sure I heard Him say,  
 As He went along His way,

O silly souls, &c.

I thought His love would weaken,  
 As more and more He knew me ;  
 But it burned like a beacon,  
 And its light and heat go through me ;  
 And I ever hear Him say,  
 As He goes along His way.

O silly souls, &c.

( 155 )

132.

One thing, my God.

MARY MOIR.



( 156 )

ONE thing, my God, I've asked of Thee,  
 It was my childhood's prayer,  
 And tho' dark storms have swept my soul,  
 One hope is steadfast there !  
 It is that I may live for Thee,  
 From earth's vain joys apart,  
 And find a home, a resting place,  
 Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart.

Oh, if I knew there was one chord  
 In this poor heart of mine,  
 That throbb'd with vain and sinful love,  
 And beat not true to Thine,  
 I'd break the tie, however dear,—  
 Tho' long the wound might smart,  
 For I would live and love, and die,  
 Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart.

Then to Thy love a captive bind,  
 My soul with fetters strong,  
 For it has borne the sinner's chains,  
 And wept in darkness long.  
 But now I breathe my childhood's pray'r;  
 "Keep me from sin apart,  
 Let me abide for evermore,  
 Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart."

( 157 )

## 133. I'll never forsake Thee.

MOIR BROWN.



I'll never forsake Thee, I never will be,  
O Church of the Saints, an apostate from thee;  
Though friends may entice me, and fortune may frown,  
My Faith and my Church until death I will own.

They may boast of their wealth, they may talk of their gold,  
I'll be true to the faith like the martyrs of old;  
"A Catholic I'll live, and a Catholic I'll die;"  
Be this my life's watchword, at death my last cry.

I may lose some advantage, and forfeit some gain,  
I may meet with unkindness and suffer some pain,  
But Jesus and Mary will surely bestow  
Richer gifts than from sin and apostacy flow.

They call me a Papist and they laugh at my creed,  
Tis the Faith that will save in the dread hour of need;  
Let them talk, let them laugh, but when death is at hand,  
The priest is the only true friend in the land.

Then we'll cling to the priest, and we'll cling to the Pope;  
We'll cling to Christ's Vicar, for Christ is our hope;  
We'll fight a good battle, and Mary the while,  
From her throne in the skies on her children will smile.

( 158 )

## 134. I am a faithful Catholic.

MOIR BROWN.



I am a faithful Catholic,  
I love my Holy Faith,  
I will be true to Holy Church,  
And steadfast until death.

I shun the haunts of those who seek  
To ensnare poor Catholic youth;  
No Church I own, no schools I know,  
But those that teach the Truth.

If base it is to yield before  
The persecutor's rod;  
Then baser far to side with those  
Who insult the Church of God.

Oh, far from me such wickedness!  
One treasure I hold dear,  
My HOLY FAITH. I fear not men  
'Tis God alone I fear.

I love His Altar, where I kneel,  
My Jesus to adore;  
I love my Mother, Mary dear,  
Oh! may I love them more.

I love the Saints of olden time,  
The places where they dwell;  
I love to pray where Saints have prayed,  
And kneel where they have knelt.

I love my Cross, I love my Beads,  
Each emblem of my faith;  
Let foolish men rail as they will,  
I'll love them until death.

( 159 )

## 135. Jesus, teach me how to pray.

MENDELSSOHN.



JESUS, teach me how to pray,  
Suffer not my thoughts to stray,  
Send distractions far away,  
Sweet holy Child:  
Let me not be rude or wild,  
Make me humble, meek, and mild,  
Pure as angels undefiled,  
Sweet holy Child.

When I work or when I play,  
Be Thou with me through the day.  
Teach me what to do or say,  
Sweet holy Child.

Make me love Thy Mother blest  
Safe beneath her care to rest,  
As a bird within its nest,  
Sweet holy Child.

When the hour of death is nigh  
Then may Mary standing by  
Take me in her arms to die,  
Sweet holy Child.  
So through all eternity,  
Will I bless their charity,  
Who first led my steps to Thee,  
Sweet holy Child.

( 160 )

## 136. My God, how wonderful Thou art.

FRANK N. BIRTCHNELL.



My God! how wonderful Thou art!  
Thy Majesty how bright!  
How beautiful Thy Mercy Seat  
In depths of burning light!

CHO — Yet I may love Thee too O Lord!  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me,  
The love of my poor heart.

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful!  
The sight of Thee must be;  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power  
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

No earthly father loves like Thee;  
No mother half so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,  
With me Thy sinful child.

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( 161 )

M

## 137. School Hymn to St. Thomas Aquinas.

WILFRID NEWMAN.



CHORUS.



( 162 )



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"ANGEL of Schools" at the bidding of Peter  
Thousands to-day are saluting thee thus,  
We, too, are claiming thy care and thy counsel,  
Angel of Schools, be an angel to us.  
Oh! by that gift of the girdle Angelic,  
Keeping thee ever as pure as a child,  
Gird us with strength in the days of temptation,  
Keep us in mind and in heart undefiled.

CHO.—Gentlest of Saints and sublimest of Doctors,  
Light of the Church, and the Patron of Youth,  
Take us and keep as thine ardent disciples,  
Shine on our way as the Star of the Truth

Get us the gifts that we need in our labours,  
Minds that are eager to seek for the True,  
Keen to perceive it, and strong to embrace it,  
Wills that are patient and valiant to do.  
Come to our aid when thou hearest us calling,  
Light up the dark, make the rough places plain,  
Bring to our thoughts the unknown or forgotten,  
Give us the words that we seek for in vain.

Be thou our Father both here and hereafter,  
Be thou our Master in all that we learn,  
Be thou our Doctor when we too are teaching,  
Be thou the Helper to Whom we can turn:  
Watch, dearest Saint, lest a toil that is irksome  
Dry up our heart till its love burneth dim,  
Give us thy child-like devotion to Jesus,  
Teach us to cast all our care upon Him.

Let us like thee, at the foot of the Altar  
Seek all our light, all our peace, all our grace  
Gazing with thee on the veils of the Godhead,  
Bring us at last to the bliss of His face.  
May we, like thee, if success be our portion,  
Render all praise to the Giver and Lord,  
May we, like thee, earn the praises of Jesus,  
May we, like thee, seek but Him as reward.

( 163 )

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