SECOND EDITION

St. Mark's
Hymnal

FOR USE IN
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN THE
UNITED STATES

FOR THE COMPILERS
J. FISCHER & BRO.
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Imprimatur

✠ E. M. Dunne,

Bishop of Peoria
PREFACE

Of all external influences experience affords, there is none more potent than music. Not without reason has it been called the speech of angels. Music liberates the emotions and gives wings to daily life. Trials are smoothed away, weariness is forgotten, if the heart sings, and men have gone blithely into the very jaws of death with a song upon their lips. Throughout countless ages God's praise has been voiced in song; the whole realm of music holds no greater riches than the hymns of the Church. The poets of the early Church lived so close to God that their hymns are as deathless as the Church Herself, and the songs of Anatolius, Prudentius, Fortunatus, Bernard of Cluny, Joseph of Exeter, and their fellows are as sweet, as clear, as deep, as strong, as inspiring, as when first they were given voice.

A hymn is valued by its inspirational force, and the music to which it is set should be an expression of the sentiment of the hymn, should color that sentiment, not detract from it. The compilers of this hymnal have been at great pains to bring about this happy blending of words and music, essential to reverence and devotion. That the music might reveal more clearly the meaning of the words, and at the same time be singable and of a quality to appeal alike to the trained musician and the natural lover of song, has been the editors' aim. The children of our schools have been constantly in mind in the preparation of the work; let it be remembered that while children cannot, of necessity, grasp the full significance of many of these hymns, yet no hymn that children cannot sing will have a wide appeal to their elders. The hymns of the Church are the children's birthright and should not be denied them. Receiving them in youth, they will find them an ever unfolding treasure as the years go by.

Never has the Church had greater occasion for service than to-day; never has the world had greater need of Her service, and in that service the Church may find rich use for the love of song God has put in men's hearts to draw them closer to Him. Many a weary wanderer may echo Father Faber's words, "the music of the Gospel leads us home."

For all His children, young and old, this book has been prepared, and is here dedicated to the services of Holy Church, the honor of the Blessed Mother, and the Glory of God.

St. Mark's Parish, Peoria, Ill.
Candlemas Day, 1910.

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Advent.

Emmanuel 8s - 6 lines
Ancient Plain-song.

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,
   And ransom captive Israel, that mourns in lonely exile here,
   Until the Son of God appear,
   And give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel Amen.

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
   Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From depths of hell Thy spirits by Thine Advent here; Disperse the gloomy cloud of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight.

4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,
   And open wide our heavenly home;
   Make safe the way that leads to Thee,
   And close the path to misery.
   Rejoice! etc.

5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
   Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
   In ancient times didst give the law,
   In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
   Amen.

   From the Latin, 12th Century.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Advent.

Caress. G. M.
R. F. Stewart.

1. O very God of very God,
2. Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
3. And even now, though dull and gray,

And very Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark
Thick darkness blinds our eyes; Cold is the night: Thy
The east is bright'ning fast, And kindling to the

valley trod, That so it might be bright;
people long That Thou, their Sun, would'st rise. Amen.
perfect day, That never shall be past.

cresc.

cresc.

4. Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5. We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

6. O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord;
Great One in Three and Three in One,
Forever be adored.

Amen.
From the Latin.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Advent.

Expectation 8 - 7- 8-7.
Störl.

1. Come, Thou long expected Jesus,
2. Israel's strength and consolation,
3. Born Thy people to deliver,

Born to set Thy people free; From our fears and hope of all the earth Thou art, Dear desire of Born a Child and yet a King, Born to reign in

sins release us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
every nation, Joy of ev'ry long-ing heart. Amen.
us for-ev-er, Now Thy gracious king-dom bring.

4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,
   Rule in all our hearts alone,
   By Thine all-sufficient merit,
   Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
   Amen.
   Selected.
Advent.

Arundel 8 - 7 - 8 - 7.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;
2. Wakened by the solemn warning,
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,

"Christ is nigh! it seems to say; "Cast away the
Let the earth-bound soul arise; Christ, her Sun, all
Comes with pardon down from heaven; Let us haste with

cresc.

works of darkness, O ye children of the day!"
sloth dispelling, shines upon the morning skies. Amen.
tears of sorrow, One and all to be forgiven;

4. So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Amen.
From the Latin.
Advent.

Cometh 7-6-7-6-8-8.

Webbe.

1. Behold! behold He cometh, Who doth salvation bring;
2. Hosanna to the Saviour, Who came on Christmasmorn,
3. Yea, come in love and meekness, Our Saviour now to be;
4. Soon shalt Thou sit in glory
   Upon the great White Throne,
   And punish all the wicked,
   And recompense Thine own;
   When ev'ry word and deed and thought
   To righteous judgment shall be brought.
5. Here, good and bad are mingled,
   But on that Judgment Day
   The angels shall divide them,
   And take the bad away;
   Grant, Lord, that we be faithful found
   When that last trumpet-call shall sound.

Amen.

Tr. from the Latin.
Advent.

Voice Eternal 6.5-6.5 D. with refrain.
E. J. Hopkins.

1. Hark! the voice eternal, Robed in majesty, Calling into being.
2. Long the nations waited, Thro' the troubled night, Looking longing, yearning.
3. Brightly dawned the Advent Of the newborn King, Joyously the watchers.

Earth and sky and sea; Hark! in countless numbers All the angel throng
For the promised light. Prophets saw the morning Break ing far away,
Heard the angels sing. Sad-ly closed the evening Of His hallowed life,

Hail creation's morning With one burst of song. High in regal glory,
Minstrels sang the splendor Of that opening day. Whilst in regal glory,
As the noontide darkness Veiled the last dread strife. Lo! again in glory,

'Mid eternal light, Reign, O King immortal, Holy, infinite.
'Mid eternal light, Reigned the King immortal, Holy, infinite. A - men.
'Mid eternal light, Reigns the King immortal, Holy, infinite.

4. Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, infinite.

5. Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
The pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honour,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

Amen. Selected.
Christmas.

Adeste Fideles

1. O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, O
2. God of God Light of Light
3. Sing, choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation,
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning,

O come, ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;

Come and behold Him Born, the King of Angels;
Very God, Begotten, not created;
Glory to God In the highest;
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

After each verse.

O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord. Amen.

From the Latin
Christmas.

Corde Natus 8-7-8-7-8-7-7
Henry Smart.

1. Of the Father's love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-
2. Oh, that ev-er bless-ed birth-day, When the Vir-gin,
3. Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav'ns! Praise Him, an-gels
gan to be, He the Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the
full of grace, By the Ho-ly Ghost con-ceiv-ing, Bare the Sav-our
in the height! Ev'ry pow'r and ev'-ry vir-tue Sing the praise of

end-ing He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu-ture
of our race; And that Child, the world's Redeem-er, First displayed His
God a-right; Let no tongue of man be si-lent, Let each heart and

years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
sa-cred face, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! A-men!
voice u-nite, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

4. Thee let age, and Thee let manhood, 5. Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
Thee let choirs of infants sing; And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Thee the matrons and the virgins, Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And the children answering; And unwearied praises be:
Let their guileless song re-echo, Honor, glory, and dominion,
And their heart its praises bring, And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Amen.
Prudentius 5th Century.
Christmas.

Bethlehem C. M. D.
J. Barnby.

1. O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth The Everlasting Light;
O morning stars together Proclaim the holy birth!
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee this night.
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. Amen.

2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,
No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. Amen.

3. How silently, how silently, The wondrous Gift is given;
While mortals sleep the angels keep Their watch of wondering love.
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

4. O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Amen.
Selected.
Christmas.

1. It came upon the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
   From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;

2. Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled,
   And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world;

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
   Who toil along the climbing way With feeble steps and slow!

"Peace on the earth to all good men From Heaven's all gracious King,"
Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing,
Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing;

The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing,
And ever o'er its Ba-bel sounds The blessed angels sing. A-men.
O rest beside the weary road And hear the angels sing.

Adapted.
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices
2. Listen to the wondrous story,
3. Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
4. "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
   Heaven and earth His praises sing!
   Oh, receive Whom God appointed
   For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
5. "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
   Learn His name to magnify
   Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
   Glory be to God most high!"
   Amen.
   Selected.
Christmas.

Holy Morn 7s with Refrain.
C. F. Roper.

1. Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn; Unto us a Child is born, 
2. God of God, and Light of Light, Comes with mercies in-finite, 
3. God with us, Em-man-u-el, Deigns for ev-er now to dwell; 

Un-to us a Son is given, God HIm-self comes down from heaven; Join-ing in a won-drous plan Heaven to earth and God to man. He on Ad-ams fal-len race Sheds the full-ness of His grace.

4. God comes down that man may rise, 
   Lifted by Him to the skies; 
   Christ is Son of Man that we 
   Sons of God in Him may be. 
   Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5. Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray, 
   With Thy Spirit day by day, 
   That we ever one may be 
   With the Father and with Thee. 
   Sing, oh, sing, etc.

By permission of C. L. Hutchins.

Amen. Selected.
1. Holy night! peaceful night! All is dark,
   save the Light, Yonder where they sweet vigil keep,
   O'er the Babe who in silent sleep,
   Rests in heavenly peace,
   Saying Jesus is come.

2. Holy night! peaceful night! Only for shepherds sight,
   Came bluest visions of Angelthronges,
   With their glad Alleluia songs,
   Rests in heavenly peace,
   Saying Jesus is come.

3. Holy night! peaceful night! Child of Heavn!
   O! how bright God smiled on us when Thou wast born,
   Blest indeed was that happy morn,
   Full of heavenly joy.
   Full of heavenly joy.
Christmas.

Slumber P. M.

1. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, 
   On Thy bed of hay.
2. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, 
   On Thy bed of angels in the span-gled Heaven.
3. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, 
   Sweet on Mary's breast, 
   Ere the mourn-ing Angel com-eth To the moon-lit breast, 
   Now the shep-herds kneel a-dor-ing, Now the Mother's breast,
   Sing their glad-some heart is joy-ous, Take a hap-py rest.

4. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep, 
   Sweet on Mary's breast; 
   Crucified, with wounds and bruises, 
   Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured; 
   One day Thou wilt rest

   Old Song.
Christmas.

Orient. 8-8-8-6 8-7-8-7.

1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are Bear-ing gifts we
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owes a

traverse a-far, Field and fountain, moor and mountain. Follow ing yon-der star;
crown Him again, King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er O-ver us all to reign.
De-i-ty nigh, Pray'r and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God most High.

CHORUS.

O Star of won-der, Star of Night, Star with roy-al bea-ty bright,

West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy perfect light. A-men.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
   Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
   Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
   Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
   Star of wonder, etc.

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
   King and God and Sacrifice,
   Heaven singing Alleluia;
   Joyous the earth replies,
   Star of wonder, etc.
Holy Innocents.
Baby Martyrs 75
H. J. Gauntlett.

1. Lovely flowers of Martyrs, Hail!
2. First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
3. Baby Martyrs, in thy name

Smiten by the tyrant foe
What a simple death ye died!
Praise to God today we sing,
As the gale strews the roses ere they blow.

On life’s threshold
Sporting with your wreath and palms
For His Son, the Christ, Who came, Our Redeemer, Lord and King!

From the Latin.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Holy Innocents.

Holy Innocents.
R. MC Cartney.

1. O happy little children, First martyrs for your Lord,
Whose cruel sufferings brought ye Exceeding great reward,
At home with God, your Father, Throughout eternity,
The brightness of His glory Beams ever o'er thee.

2. O God Who hath so honored, Thy little children dear,
Thy little ones may all know The love that casts out fear,
Grant us Thy grace and power To keep the faith always,
And make us pure and holy, And innocent as they.

J. C. D.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Circumcision.

1. The ancient law departs
2. The Light of Light divine,
3. Today the Name is Thine,

And all its terrors cease; For Jesus makes with True Brightness undefiled, He bears for us the At which we bend the knee; They call Thee Jesus,

faithful hearts A covenant of peace.
shame of sin, A holy, spotless child. Amen.
Child divine! Our Jesus deign to be.

_tr. from the Latin._
Abbé Bernault.
18th Century.
Epiphany.

Epiphany L. M.
T. Southgate.

1. O cruel Herod! why thus fear
2. The wis - er Ma - gi see the star.
3. The Lamb of God to Jordan’s wave

Thy King and God, Who comes below?
And follow as it leads before;
New virtue as it touched Him gave;
No earthy crown comes
By its pure ray they
No sins were His to

He to take, Who heav’nly kingdoms doth bestow.
seek the Light, And with their gifts that Light adore.
cleanse that day, His washing takes our sins a way.

4. But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, redning at His word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine.

5. All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost forevermore.

Amen.
From the Latin.
Epiphany.

St. Joseph 11-10-11-10.
J. F. Harding.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
   Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

3. Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
   O - dors of E - dom and offer - ings di - vine,

   Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
   Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
   Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
   Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
   Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
   Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;

   Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.
Epiphany.

Guiding Star 7s Six lines.
C. Koehler.

1. As with gladness men of old
2. As with joyful steps they sped
3. As they offered gifts most rare

Did the guiding star behold;
To that lowly manger bed;
At that manger rude and bare;

So may we with hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious knee before Him Whom heav'n and earth adore
So may we with holy joy, Pure and free from sin's alloy,

Lord, may we evermore be led to Thee.
Willing feet ever seek the mercy seat.
Treasures bring, Christ! to Thee our heav'nly King.

4. Holy Jesus! ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Amen.
Selected.
Epiphany.

Morning Star 8-7-8-7.

Von Weber.

1. Earth has many a noble city;
2. Fairer than the sun at morning;
3. By its radiant beauty guided,

Bethlehem, thou dost excel: Out of thee the
Was the star that told His birth; To the lands their
See, the Eastern Kings appear! See them bend, their

Lord from heaven Came to rule His Israel.
God announcing, Hid beneath a form of earth. Amen.
gifts to offer, Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

4. Offerings of mystic meaning!
   Incense doth the God disclose;
   Gold a Royal Child proclameth,
   Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

5. Holy Jesus! in Thy brightness
   To the Gentile world displayed.
   With the Father and the Spirit,
   Endless praise to Thee be paid.
   Amen.

Prudentius.
Week before Septuagesima.

Dulce Carmen 8-7-6-6 lines
M. Haydn.

1. Alleluia! song of gladness, Voice of joy that
cannot die; Alleluia is the anthem

2. Alleluia! thus resoundest, True Jerusalem
lem and free; Alleluia joyous mother,
here below; Alleluia our transgressions

3. Alleluia! cannot always Be our song while

Ever dear to choirs on high; In the house of
All thy children sing with thee But by Baby-
Make us for a while forego; For the solemn

God abiding Thus they sing eternally.
lon's sad waters Mourning exiles now are we. Amen.
time is coming When our tears for sin must flow.

4. Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our heavenly home with Thee;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Amen.

From the Latin 11th Century
Septuagesima, etc.

Cardinal C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Praise to the Holiest in the height
2. O loving wisdom of our God!
3. O wisest love! that flesh and blood,

And in the depth be praise; In all His words most wonderful, Most sure in all His ways.

4. And that a higher gift than grace
   Should flesh and blood refine;
   God's presence and His very Self,
   And essence all divine.

5. O generous love! that He, Who smote
   In Man for man the foe;
   The double agony in Man
   For man should undergo.

6. And in the garden secretly,
   And on the cross on high,
   Should teach His brethren, and inspire
   To suffer and to die.

7. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
   And in the depth be praise;
   In all His words most wonderful,
   Most sure in all His ways.

   Amen.

Septuagesima, etc.

M. Giardini.

1. Thou, Whose almighty word
   Chaos and darkness heard. And took their flight;
   Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light!
   Holy and blessed Three,

2. Thou Who didst come to bring
   On Thy redeeming wing Healing and sight,
   Oh, now, to all mankind, Let there be light! Amen.
   Glorious Trinity,

3. Spirit of truth and love,
   Life-giving, holy Dove, Speed forth Thy flight!
   Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in-ly blind,
   Boundless as ocean's tide,

4. Holy and blessed Three,
   And in earth's darkest place Let there be light!
   Moving in fullest pride,
   Through the world far and wide,

   Amen.
   Let there be Light.
   Let there be Light.
   Amen!
Lent.

Xavier O. M.
A. Reinagble.

1. My God, I love Thee: not because

2. But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me

3. And griefs and torments numberless

mf

I hope for heav'n thereby; Nor yet because if

Up - on the cross embrace; For me didst bear the

And sweat of agony, E'en death itself; and

I love not I must for - ev - er die.
nails and spear; And man - i - fold dis - grace. A - men.

all for me Who was Thine en - e - my.

4. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,

Should I not love Thee well?

Not for the hope of winning heaven,

Nor of escaping hell.

5. Not with the hope of gaining aught;

Not seeking a reward;

But as Thyself hast loved me,

O ever-loving Lord!

6. 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.

Amen.

St. Francis Xavier. 16th Century.
Lent.

Sammon C. M.
Barnby.

1. Now, with the slow revolving year,
   Again the Fast we greet,
   And let us shun whatever things
   Distract the careless heart,
   Much have we sinned, O Lord, and still
   We sin each day we live,
   Undo past evil: grant us, Lord,
   More grace to do aright;

2. That Fast, by Law and Prophet taught,
   By Jesus Christ restored;
   Of forty days complete,
   Of forty days complete,
   The tyrant tempter's art.
   Of forty days complete,
   The Maker and the Lord.
   Of forty days complete.

3. Henceforth more sparing let us be
   Which in its mystic
   Of Forty days complete,
   The Maker and the Lord.
   Acceptance in Thy sight.

4. Henceforth more sparing let us be
   Henceforth beneath a
   A circle moves Of forty days complete.
   And of times The Maker and the Lord.

5. Henceforth more sparing let us be
   Henceforth beneath a
   A-men.

6. Henceforth more sparing let us be
   Henceforth beneath a
   A-men.
Lent.

Frawley L. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. O Maker of the world give ear,
2. Each heart is manifest to Thee;
3. Our sins are manifold and sore;

Accept our prayer and own the tear,
Towards Thy seat of Thou knowest our infirmity; Forgive Thou then each
But pardon them that sin deplore; And for Thy Name's sake

Mercy sent In this most holy fast of Lent.
Soul that fain Would look to Thee, and turn again. Amen.
Make each soul That feels and owns its languor, whole.

4. So mortify we every sense
   By grace of outward abstinence,
   That from each spot and stain of sin
   The soul may keep her fast within.

5. Grant, O Thou blessed Trinity,
   Grant, O Essential Unity,
   That this our fast of forty days
   May work our profit and Thy praise.
   Amen.
   From the Latin.
Lent.

Andrew of Crete 6-5-6-5D.
J.B. Dykes.

1. Christ-ian! dost thou see them, On the holy ground,
   How the pow'rs of darkness Rage thy steps around?
   Always fast and vigil? Always watch and prayer?

2. Christ-ian! dost thou feel them, How they work within,
   Striving, tempting, luring, Goad-ing into sin?
   "Always fast and vigil? Always watch and prayer?"

3. Christ-ian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
   Christ-ian! up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;
   Christ-ian! never tremble; Never be downcast;
   Christ-ian! answer boldly: "While I breathe I pray!"

4. "Well I know thy trouble,
   O My servant true;
   Thou art very weary,
   I was weary too;
   But that toil shall make thee
   Some day all Mine own,
   And the end of sorrow
   Shall be near My throne."
   Amen.

Andrew of Crete 7th Century.
Lent.

Edith 7-6-7-6 D.
Husband and Knecht.

1. O Je-su, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door,
   In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er;
   Shame on us, Christian broth-ers, His Name and sign who bear:
   Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him standing there!

2. O Je-su, Thou art knock-ing: And lo! that hand is scarred,
   And thorns Thy brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
   O love that pass-eth know-ledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait!
   O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate! A-men.

3. O Je-su, Thou art plead-ing In ac-cents meek and low,
   "I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"
   O Lord with shame and sor-row We o-pen now the door:
   Dear Sav-iour en-ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more.
Lent.

Guerdon 8-5-8-3.
Bullinger.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid,
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
3. Is there diadem, as monarch,

Art thou sore distress? "Come to Me," saith
If He be my guide? "In His feet and
That His brow adorns? "Yea, a crown, in

One, "and coming, Be at rest."
hands are wound-prints, And His side?" Amen.
very surely, But of thorns."

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
   What His guerdon here?
   "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
   Many a tear."

mf 5. If I still hold closely to Him,
   What hath He at last?
   "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
   Jordan past."

mf 6. If I ask Him to receive me
   Will He say me nay?
   "Not till earth, and not till heaven
   Pass away."

mf 7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
   Is He sure to bless?
   Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
   Answer, "Yes."

Amen.
From the Greek.
Lent.

Mercy's Day 7-7-7.
W. H. Monk.

1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
2. Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
3. Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour.

Ere the time shall pass away,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,

On our knees we fall and pray.
Ere that day of doom appears. Amen.
Ere it close for evermore.

4. By Thy night of agony,
   By Thy supplicating cry,
   By Thy willingness to die,

5. By Thy tears of bitter woe
   For Jerusalem below,
   Let us not Thy love forego.

6. Judge and Saviour of our race,
   Grant us, when we see Thy face,
   With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7. On Thy love we rest alone,
   And that love shall then be known
   By the pardon, round Thy Throne.
   Amen.
   Selected.
Lent.

Spanish Chant 7-7-7-7 D.

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow thia-dor-ing knee,
When repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our solemn litany.

2. By Thy helpless in-fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore dis-tress In the sav-age wil-der-ness,
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

3. By the burthen Thou didst bear, By Thine ag-o-ny of pray’r,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn, Pier-cing spear and tortur-ing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies O’er the dread-ful sac-ri-fice;
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our solemn litany.

4. By Thy deep expiring groan;
Oh! by all Thy pain and woe Suffered once for man be-low;
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our solemn litany.

By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee,
Held in vain the rising God;
Hear our solemn litan-y.
Oh! from earth to Heaven restored,
Mighty re-as-cended Lord,
A-men.
Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee,
A-men.
Adapted.
Lent.

Penitence 6-5-6-5 D.
S. Lane.

1. In the hour of trial, Jesus, be with me;
   Lest by base denial I depart from Thee;
   When Thou seest me waver, With a look recall
   Not for fear or favour Suffer me to fall.

2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm;
   Or its sordid treasures Spread to work me harm;
   Bring to my remembrance Sad Gethsemene,
   Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary. Amen.

3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe;
   Or should pain attend me On my path below;
   Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to see
   Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.

4. When my last hour cometh,
   Fraught with strife and pain,
   When my dust returneth
   To the dust again;

   When my last hour cometh,
   Fraught with strife and pain,
   When my dust returneth
   To the dust again;

   On Thy truth relying,
   Through that mortal strife,
   Jesu, take me, dying,
   To eternal life.

   Amen.

Selected.
Lent.

Prosper. 8-8-8-4
Arthur Sullivan.

1. Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
2. Look down on me, for I am weak;
3. I am bewildered on my way,

For I am weary and oppressed; I come to cast my
I feel the toil-some journey's length; Thine aid omnipotent,
Dark and tempestuous the night; Oh, send Thou forth some

35.

For I am weary and oppressed; I come to cast my
I feel the toil-some journey's length; Thine aid omnipotent
Dark and tempestuous the night; Oh, send Thou forth some

self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.
tent I seek; Thou art my Strength. Amen.
cheer- ing ray! Thou art my Light.

4. When Satan flings his fiery darts,
    I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
    Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
    Thou art my Peace.

5. Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
    In that tremendous, latest strife,
    Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
    Thou art my Life.

6. Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply,
    Even to the end, whatever befall:
    Through life, in death, eternally,
    Thou art my All.

Amen.
Selected.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Lent.

Adelaide 6-5-6-5.
J. E. Roe.

1. Jesus, meek and gentle,
2. Pardon our offenses;
3. Give us holy freedom,

Son of God most high,
Loose our captive chains,
Fill our hearts with love;
Pitying, loving
Break down every
Draw us, holy

cresc.

Saviour, hear Thy children's cry.
Idol Which our soul detains.
Jesus, To the realms above.
Amen.

4. Lead us on our journey,
   Be Thyself the way
   Through terrestrial darkness
   To celestial day.

5. Jesus, meek and gentle,
   Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour
Hear Thy children's cry.
Amen.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Selected.
Passiontide.

Royal Banners L. M.
E. J. Hopkins.

1. The royal banners forward go,
2. There whilst He hung, His sacred side
3. Fulfilled is now what David told

The cross shines forth in mystic glow; Where He in flesh, our
By soldier's spear was o-pened wide; To cleanse us in the
In true prophetic song of old, How God the heathen's

fleshWho made Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.
precious flood Of wa-ter mingled with His blood. Amen.
King should be; For God is reigning from the tree.

4. O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5. Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6. To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Amen.
V. Fortunatus 6th Century.
Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Palm Sunday and Holy Week.

Theodulph 7-6-7-6 D.
M. Teahner.

1. All glory, laud, and honour, To Thee, Redeemer, King!
   To Whom the lips of children Make sweet hosannas ring.

2. Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son,
   Who in the Lord's name comest, The King and blessed One.

3. The company of angels Are praising Thee on high;
   And mortal men, and all things Created, make reply.

After each verse.

4. The people of the Hebrews
   With palms before Thee went:
   All glory, etc.

5. To Thee before Thy Passion
   They sang their hymns of praise:
   All glory, etc.

6. Thou didst accept their praises;
   Accept the prayers we bring,
   All glory, etc.
   Amen.

Theodulph 9th Century.
If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

Holy Week.

Gounod 8-7-8-7-8-7.
C. Gounod.

1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle, Tell His triumph far and wide;
2. Eating of the tree for-bidden Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
3. So, when now at length the fullness, Of the time fore-told drew nigh,

Tell aloud the wondrous story Of His Body crucified;
When our pitying Creator Did this second tree prepare,
God the Son, the worlds Creator, Left His Father's throne on high,

How upon the Cross a victim, Vanquishing in death, He died.
Destined, many ages later, That first evil to repair. Amen.
From the Virgin's womb appearing Clothed in our humanity.

4. Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
   In our mortal flesh attain;
   Then of His free choice He goeth
   To a death of bitter pain;
   He, the Lamb upon the altar
   Of the Cross, for us was slain.

5. Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,
   See the thorns upon His brow;
   Nails, His tender flesh are rending;
   See, His side is pierced now;
   Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
   Streams of blood and water flow.

6. Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
   And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
   Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
   And unwearied praises be;
   Honor, glory and dominion
   And eternal victory.

Amen.
Fortunatus.
Holy Week.

St. Christopher 7–6–7–6 D.

F. C. Maker.

1. O sacred Head surrounded By crown of piercing thorn!
2. I see Thy strength hand vigorous, All fading in the strife,
3. On this, Thy bitter Passion, Good Shepherd think of me

O bleeding Head, so wounded, Reviled and put to scorn!
And death with cruel rigour, Reaving Thee of life;
With Thy most sweet compassion, Unworthy though I be;

Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life decays,
O agony and dying! O love to sinners free!
Beneath Thy Cross abiding Forever would I rest,

Yet angel hosts adore Thee, And tremble as they gaze.
Jesus, all grace supply ing, O turn Thy face on me. Amen.
In Thy dear love confiding And with Thy presence blest

cresc.

4. Jesu, when death shall call me,
Be near me to the end,
Whatever may befall me,
Do Thou, O Christ, defend;

O hold Thy Cross before me,
My faith confirm, fear quell,
In death may I adore Thee;
Who dieth thus dies well.

Amen.

Bernard of Clairvaux.
Holy Week.

Holy Cross L. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Oh come and mourn with me a while,
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
3. Sev'n times He spake, sev'n words of love;

And tarry here the cross beside. Oh come, together
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride? Ah! look how patient-
And all three hours His silence cried For mercy on the

let us mourn; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
ely He hangs; Jesus, our Lord, is crucified. Amen.
souls of men. Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4. O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Amen.

Fr. Faber.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Holy Week.

Fortunatus 7-7-7-7.
R. Redhead.

1. See the destined day arise!
2. Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
3. Who but Thou had dared to drain
See a willing sacrifice! Jesus, to receive
Lifted on that tree of scorn, Every pang and
Steeped in gall the cup of pain, And with tender

dee our loss, Hangs upon the shameful cross.
bodily bear, Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4. Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5. Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.
Amen.
Fortunatus.
Easter.

Happy Morning 11-11-11-11-11.

Sullivan.

1. "Wel-come hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say,

2. Earth her joy con-fess-es, cloth-ing her for spring,

3. Months in due suc-ces-sion, days of length-ning light,

4. Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,

5. Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,

   Thou from heav’n beholding human nature’s fall,
   Of the Father’s Godhead true and only Son,
   Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on,
   Hell to-day is vanquished, heav’n is won to-day.

   Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
   Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
   ’Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
   “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.

   God for-ev-er-more! Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His
   mead-ow leaves ev’ry bough, Speak His sor-row end-ed, hail His
   morn-ing, sky and fields sand sea, Van-quish-er of dark-ness, bring their
   works a-dore! “Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!” age to age shall say.

   tri-umph now, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav’n is won to-day. A-men.
   praise to Thee, "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!” age to age shall say.

   A-men.

Fortunatus 6th Century.
Easter.

Christ is Risen 8-7-8-7 D.
G. F. Le Jeune.

1. Christ is ris-en! Sing, ye angels, Join with men your triumph song.
2. Al-le-lu-ia, Christ is ris-en, On this joy-ous East-er morn!
3. Christ is ris-en, Hea-v'n re-joic-es! Ev-er-more on high to reign!

Life is vic-tor, death is vanquished, Burst a-part its por-tals strong.
Now complete the great re-demp-tion, 'Twas for this that He was born!
All the world bows down be-fore Him, Wor-shipping the Lamb once slain.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! See the con-quering Christa-rise!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Life e-ter-nal He doth bring
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ is ris-en, so may we

He has left the tomb for-ev-er, Glorious is our Sac-ri-fice.
To the hum bst and the saddest, Ev'-ry heart with joy doth sing, A-men.
From the death of sin and sorrow To im-mor-tal vic-to-ry.

By permission of
C.L. Hutchins.

J. C. D.
Easter.

Mendelssohn 7-7-7-7 D.
Mendelssohn.

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our victorious King,
   Who hath washed us in the tide Cresc. Flowing from His pierced side;
   Praise we Him Whose love divine Gives His sacred blood for wine,
   Gives His body for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2. Where the Paschal blood is poured, Death's dark angel sheaths his sword Cresc. Through the wave that drowns the foe.
   Praise we Christ Whose blood was shed, Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
   With sincerity and love, Eat we manna from above. Amen.
   With sin, the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

3. Mighty victim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'rs be beneath Thee lie;
   Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light.
   Now no more can death appall, Now no more the grave enthral;
   Thou hast opened Paradise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;
   Easter triumph, Easter joy, Sin alone can this destroy;

Amen.

From the Latin.
Easter.

Aremathæa 7-7-7-7-8-7. Roper.

1. Angels, roll the rock away! Death, yield up the mighty prey!
   See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
   Beaming with immortal bloom. Alleluia!

2. Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise Your e-
   ter nal song of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound
   Echo to the blissful sound. Alleluia!

3. Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Spirit, Three in One, Glory as of old to Thee,
   Now and evermore, shall be. Alleluia!

   Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen today
   Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen today
   Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen today

   Amen.
Easter.

Kevin. 7-6-7-6 D. Sullivan.

1. Come ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness;
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day, Christ hath burst His prison;
3. Now the Queen of seasons bright With the day of splendor,

God hath brought His Israel Into joy from sadness;
And from three days sleep in death, As a sun hath risen;
With the royal feast of feasts, Comes her joy to render;

Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke, Jacob's sons and daughters,
All the winter of our sins, Long and dark, is flying,
Comes to glad Jerusalem, Whose true affection,

Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea waters:
From His light to whom we give Laud and praise unceasing. Amen.
Welcomes in unwearyed strains Jesus' resurrection.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst Thine own,
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

Amen.

Tr. from Greek.
Easter.

Palestrina P. M.

Palestrina.

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done, The victory of life is won; The song of triumph has begun. 
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shout of holy joy outburst, Alleluia! 
3. The three sad days are quickly sped, He rises glorious from the dead; All glory to our risen Head! 
4. He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from Heaven's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell, Alleluia! 
5. Lord! by the stripes that wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Alleluia! Amen.

Palestrina 16th Century.
Easter.

Alleluia. Ts & Alleluia.
Monk.

1. Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
3. But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heav'n-ly King, Alleluia!
Our salvation have secured, Alleluia!

Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia! Amen.
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

4. Sing we to our God above,
    Alleluia!
Praise eternal as His love,
    Alleluia!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
    Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
    Alleluia!
    Amen.

From the Latin.
Easter.

Easter P. M.
Le Jeune.

1. O the golden, glowing morning, All the waiting earth a-dorning, For this
Hark! the highest heavens ringing, Hark! the quivering angels singing, This is
Shout aloud the wondrous story, For the King in all His glory
Draweth

Easter Day! To the King in all His splendour, Lord of life and death, we render
Easter Day! No more grieving, no more sighing! No more weeping! no more dying!
This Day! Vernal benedic tion giving Christ, the Life the Ever-living!

2. Highest lauds

Highest lauds this day! Let the banners float before us, While we raise the exulting
Christ is King this day! With the blessed ones before us, We will swell the heavenly
On this Easter Day! Let the banners float before us Send a-long the angel

He is risen! Highest lauds this day!

3. chorus Christ is risen! He is risen! This is Easter Day!
chorus Christ is risen! He is risen! This is Easter Day! Amen.
chorus Christ is risen! He is risen! This is Easter Day!

4. On the Festal Altar glowing
Lo! the Paschal Emblems—showing
Forth this Easter Day!
Come with garlands, come with treasure,
Come with anthem’s raptured measure
For this Easter Day!
How the bells are chiming o’er us
While we join the heavenly chorus!
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

5. O that longed-for day of union.
When Thine own, in Thy communion,
Lord of Easter Day—
Into life eternal waking,
Celebrate—Thy love partaking—
Endless Easter Day!
For the joy that waits before us,
We will swell the angel chorus
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day.

Amen.
Selected.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Easter.

Easter skies L. M. D.
with refrain.

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies! Our Lord is ris'n, we too shall rise.

Fair Easter flowers, sweet Easter flowers, Thy beauties grace these golden hours.

O Easter hopes, O Easter joys, Death's cruel reign our Lord destroys.

Nor walls of stone began firm and cold, Nor Roman soldiers brave and bold,
When Christ had passed with in death's gloom, Thou didst keep watch above His tomb;
Victory is won from out the grave, Our blesséd Lord His own will save.

Nor Satan's marshalled hosts could keep The pierced Hands in death-ly sleep;
And when from death He rent the veil, Thy fragrance was his first "All Hail!"
His triumph rings from shore to shore, Our Lord is King for ever-more!

Just as the Easter day beams dawn, Our buried Lord is ris'n and gone!
Sorrow and sadness flee a-way, Bloom fairest flowers, on Easter Day.
Past is the struggle and the strife, Christ gives His own immortal life!

After each Verse.

Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies! Our Lord is ris'n, we too shall rise.
Ascension.

Morning Hymn L. M. F. Bartholomew.

1. O Thou pure Light of souls that love!
2. What wondrous pity Thee o'er came
3. Thou bursting Hades open wide,

True joy of every human breast, Sower of life's imperfection.
To make our guilty load Thine own, And, sinless, sufferer.
Didst all the captive souls unchain; And thence to Thy dread

mortal seed, Our Maker and Redeemer blest!
death and shame, For our transgressions to atone. Amen.
Father's side With glorious pomp ascend again.

4. O still may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in Thy light to dwell,
Who for Thy blissful presence sigh.

5. Be Thou our guide; be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our Pathway to the skies;
Our Joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

Amen.

From the Latin.
Ascension.

Sanctuary 8-7-8-7 D.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Christ, above all glory seated! King eternal, strong to save!
2. There thy kingdoms all adore thee, heaven above and earth below;
3. So, when thou again in glory on the clouds of heaven shalt shine,

Dying, thou hast death defeated, buried, thou hast spoiled the grave.
While the depths of hell before thee trembling and defeated bow.
We thy flock may stand before thee, owned for evermore as thine.

Thou art gone, where now is given, what no mortal might could gain.
We, O Lord, with hearts adoring, follow thee above the sky.
Hail! all Hail! in thee confiding, Jesu, theeshall all adore,

On the eternal throne of heaven in thy Father's pow'r to reign.
Hear our prayers, thy grace imploring, Lift our souls to thee on high. Amen.
In thy Father's might abiding With the Spirit evermore.

From the Latin.
Ascension.

Russian Hymn P. M.
A. T. Lwoff.

1. Hail Christ all glorious, to Heav'n's gates ascending!

2. Hail Him as Conqueror, the high heavens adorning,

3. Hail Christ our great High-Priest, in rapt exaltations,

Throw wide the portals! Let the King come in!

Death now is vanquished, opened wide the grave:

Now to reign over earth and sky and sea,

Angels, archangels, a wondrous host attending,

Radiant He rides on the fair wings of the morning!

Blessing His people through countless generations,

Now shall the endless triumph song begin!

Jesus, our Lord and King, Thy children save! Amen.

To Him all glory now and ever be!

J. C. D.
Ascension.

Quinn. 7s with Alleluia.
Monk.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
2. There for Him high tri - umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Lo! the heav'n its Lord re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!
Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
He hath con - quered death and sin; Al - le - lu - ia!
Though re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heav'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
Take the King of glo - ry in, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!

4. Lord, though parted from our sight
   Alleluia!
   Far above the starry height,
   Alleluia!
   Grant our hearts may thither rise,
   Alleluia!
   Seeking Thee above the skies,
   Alleluia!

   Selected.
Ascension.

Sullivan 8-7-8-7.

Christ our King to heav'n ascendeth, Past the blue sky's utmost bound;
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth, Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth, Cloven tongues of fire appear.

Christ our King to heav'n ascendeth, Clouds of angels close Him round.
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth, On God's throne He lives again;
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth, Lo! the rushing wind is here!

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia loud they cry:
Pleads His sacrifice of wonder, Claims the fruit of all His pain:
Mighty armies forthwith banners Conquering and to conquer go:

Christ our King to heav'n ascendeth, Glory be to God on high.
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth, Ever-more as King to reign. Amen.
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth, He shall reign o'er all below.

4. Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
   All His foes before Him fall;
   Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
   He shall triumph over all.
   King of kings shall men behold Him,
   Lord of lords for evermore;
   Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
   Bow before Him, and adore!
   Amen.
   Selected.
Whitsuntide.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, upon us descending,
   Enter our hearts and there ever abide,
   Thy love and mercy forever defending,
   Be Thou our solace, our stay and our guide.

2. Come, Holy Spirit, give grace never ending,
   Thou Love eternal of Father and Son,
   Trinity holy, in Unity blending,
   Thy will among us forever be done. Amen.

Whitsuntide hymns can be used in Confirmation.

J. O. D.
Whitsuntide.

Evelyn 7-7-7-5.
Sullivan.

1. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
2. Love is kind and suffers long,
3. Prophecy will fade away,

Taught by Thee we covet most Of Thy gifts at
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong, Love than death it-
Melt-ing in the light of day; Love will ev'er

Pen-te-cost, Holy heav'n-ly love._
self more strong; There-fore give us love._ A - men.
with us stay; There-fore give us love._

4. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5. Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6. From the overshadowing,
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Amen.
Selected.
Whitsuntide.

Burke C. M.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
   Inspire these souls of Thine; Till every heart which
   thou hast made Be filled with grace divine.

2. Thou art the Comforter, the gift
   Of God, and fire of love; The ever-lasting
   spring of joy, And unction from above. Amen.

3. Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
   God's law in each true heart; The promise of the
   Father, Thou dost heav'n-ly speech impart.

4. Enlighten our dark souls, till they
   Thy sacred love embrace;
   Assist our minds, by nature frail;
   With Thy celestial grace.

5. Drive far from us the mortal foe
   And give us peace within;
   That by Thy guidance blest, we may
   Escape the snares of sin.

6. Teach us the Father to confess,
   And Son, from death revived,
   And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
   Who art from both derived.

Amen.

From the Latin 12th Century.
Whitsuntide.

1. O Holy Ghost, we turn to Thee,
   Blest Comforter, to Thee we pray, Make us eternal
   truth to see And guide and guard our hearts alway.
   4. When worldly things upon us press
      And we are tempted, troubled, tried,
      When worldly things upon us press.

2. Thy sev'n-fold gifts on us be stow,
   And with Thy grace our souls now seal, Our Father's Will we
   long to know, His love and pow'r to us reveal. Amen.
   5. Thy blessed fruits we do implore,
      That we may serve Thee faithfully,
      When earthly things upon us press, And we are tempted, troubled, tried,

3. O make us patient, humble, brave,
   To help us in our dail-y strife, Grant wisdom that a-
   lone can save And bring us to eternal life.
   In our dail-y strife, Grant wisdom that alone can save And bring us to eternal life.

4. When worldly things upon us press
   And we are tempted, troubled, tried,
   Forever in our hearts abide.

5. Thy blessed fruits we do implore,
   That we may serve Thee faithfully,
   With Father, Son, we Thee adore,
   Amen.

   With Father, Son, we Thee adore,

   Amen.

   Amen.

   Amen.

   Amen.

J. C. D.
Whitsuntide.

Robertine L. M.
F. Pieraccini.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
   Art with the Father and the Son,
   Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
   With Thy full flood of holiness.

2. In will and deed, by heart and tongue,
   With all our pow’rs Thy praise be sung;
   And love light up our mortal frame,
   Till others catch the living flame. Amen.

3. Almighty Father, hear our cry
   Through Jesus Christ, our Lord most high,
   Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee
   Doth live and reign eternally.

   With Thy full flood of holiness.
   Till others catch the living flame. Amen.
If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/Jogues

Whitsuntide.

Redeemer P. M.

J. B. Dykes.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell, A Guide, a Comforter,
A gracious willing guest, While He can find one
er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
humble heart Wherein to rest. Amen.
calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest, While He can find one
calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

3. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of e'en, That checks each thought, that
er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
humble heart Wherein to rest. Amen.
calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.
Amen.
Selected.
Trinity Sunday.

Nicea P. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Holy, Holy, Holy!
2. Holy, Holy, Holy!
3. Holy, Holy, Holy!

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be. Amen

4. p Holy, Holy, Holy! mf Lord God Almighty!
   ff All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
   mf Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
Trinity Sunday.

Athanasius 7-7-7-7-7-7.
Hopkins.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord, God of Hos-ts, e-ter-nal King,
2. Since by Thee were all things made, And in Thee do all things live,
3. Thousands, tens of thousands, stand, Spirits blest be-fore Thy throne,

By the heav'n's and earth adored; Angels and arch-angels sing,
Be to Thee all hon-our paid, Praise to Thee let all things give,
Speeding thence at Thy command; And when Thy com-mand is done,

Chanting ever-last-ing-ly To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty.
Singing ever-last-ing-ly To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty. Amen.
Singing ever-last-ing-ly To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty.

4. Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5. Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessed Trinity.

6. Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessed Trinity.

Amen.
Selected.
Corpus Christi.

Humility L. M.
S. Tuckerman.

1. The Word of God proceeding forth,
   Yet leaving not the Father's side, And going to His

2. By a disciple to be given
   To rivals, for His Blood a-thirst, Himself the very

3. He gave Himself in either kind,
   His precious Flesh, His precious Blood; Of flesh and blood is

work on earth, Had reached at length life's eventide.
Bread of Heaven, He gave to His disciples first. Amen.

4. In birth man's fellow-man was He;
   man combined, And He of man would be the Food.

   His meat while sitting at the board;
   He died, his Ransomer to be;

   He reigns, to be his great Reward.

5. O saving Victim, slain to bless,
   Who op'st the heav'nly gate to all;
   Attacks of many a foe oppress,
   Give strength in strife and help in fall.

6. To God, the Three in One, ascend
   All thanks and praise forevermore;
   He grants the life that shall not end
   Upon the heav'nly country's shore.

   Amen.

   From the Latin.
Corpus Christi.

Dulce Carmen 8-7-8-7-8-7.
Haydn.

1. Now my tongue the mystery telling
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransomings,
By His Word, His Flesh to be;
Wine, His Blood; which who so taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Shows true hearts the Mystery.

2. Given for us and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending,
Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow;
Till He closed, with wondrous ending,
His most patient life below.

3. That last night at supper lying
Mid the twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand:

4. Word-made-Flesh, true bread He maketh,
Types and shadows have their ending,
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Makes our inward vision clear.

5. Therefore we, before Him bending,
For the newer Rite is here,
Honor, laud, and praise addressing,
Inward sense befriending,
To the Father and the Son,
Equal laud to Thee be done.

6. Glory let us give, and blessing,
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
And eternal benison;
Honor, laud, and praise addressing,
And eternal benison;
Honor, laud, and praise addressing,
Transfiguration.

Keble L. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. O wondrous type! O vision fair
2. From age to age the tale declare;
3. With shining face and bright array,

Of glory that the Church shall share, Which Christ upon the
How with the three disciples there, Where Moses and E-
Christ deigns to manifest to-day What glory shall be

mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows!
their a-bove, Who joy in God with perfect love.

4. And faithful hearts are raised on high,
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5. O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Amen.

From the Latin.
Transfiguration.

Triumphant. L. M.
J. W. Elliott.

1. All ye who seek in hope and love
2. Lo! on the trembling verge of light
3. Hail, Thou the Gentiles' mighty Lord!

For your dear Lord, look up above, Where traced up on the
A something all divine, bright; Immortal, infinite
All hail, O Israel's King adored! To Abraham's sworn in

a-azure sky, Faith may a glorious form descry.
it, sublime! Older than chaos, space or time; Amen.
ages past, And to his seed while earth shall last.

4. To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father did declare
That all who should His glory see
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

5. To Jesus, from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Amen.
From the Latin.
Blessed Sacrament.

Salutaris. L. M.
J. Uglo.

1. O saving Victim, opening wide
2. All praise, and thanks to Thee ascend

The gate of heav'n to man below,
Forever more, blest One in Three;

Our foes press on from every side,
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,

Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

From the Latin.
Blessed Sacrament.

Eucharistic Hymn. 9-8-9-8.
J. S. B. Hodges. S.T.D.

1. Bread of the world in mercy broken,
2. Look on the heart by sorrow broken,

Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;

By Whom the words of life were spoken,
Again the words of life are spoken,

And in Whose death our sins are dead;
And by Thy Body are we fed. Amen.

By permission of the composer.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Blessed Sacrament.

1. Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
2. Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
3. Salvation's giver, Christ the only Son,

And His most holy Blood for you outpoured.
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God. Amen.
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4. Offered was He for greatest and for least,
   Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
5. Victims were offered by the law of old,
   That in a type celestial mysteries told.
6. He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
   Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
7. Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
   And take the safeguard of salvation here.
8. He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
   To all believers life eternal yields;
9. With heav'ly bread makes them that hunger whole,
   Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
10. Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
    All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Amen.
From the Latin.
Blessed Sacrament.

Claretta. 11-11-11-11.
Donizetti.

1. O Sacrament Blessed, most holy, most fair,
   That God in His mercy for me doth prepare;
   Though sick and unclean and despised I may be,
   The pure Bread of Heaven is broken for me.

2. O Christ, Who dost call me before Thee to kneel,
   Acccept my contribution, my misery heal,
   O cleanse from defilement, without and within,
   Enliven my blindness, forgive all my sin. Amen.

3. Thy Body and Blood, it is mine to receive,
   My sorrow, my sin and my shame to relieve,
   O God, make me worthy, for great is my need,
   Through Christ Who redeems me, In His name I plead.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: jjwatershed.org/jogues
Blessed Sacrament.

Aquinas, 8-7-8-7.
Von Flotow.

1. Come unto Him all ye weary,
2. Though all unfit to receive Him,
3. Oft ye wander and deny Him,

Come all ye with sin oppressed. For the Lord of earth and
Crushed beneath the weight of sin, Yet the King of Peace, Christ
Following your own wild will, While the King of Love, your

heaven, Ever waits to be your Guest.
Jesus, Ever waits to enter in. Amen.
Saviour, Patient waits to enter still.

4. Dull your ears are with earth's noises,
Sad your eyes with tears and dim,
While the Heavenly Guest is waiting,
Open now your hearts to Him!

Amen.

J. C. D.
Blessed Sacrament.

St. Dennis. 6-6-6-6.
F. Spinney.

1. O love that casts out fear,
2. True sunlight of the soul,
3. Great love of God, come in!

O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
Surround us as we go,
So shall our way be safe,
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!

But come and dwell within!
Our feet no straying know.
Spring up, and never cease.

4. Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.
Amen.
Selected.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Blessed Sacrament.

Edwin. C. M. Rossini.

1. I am not worthy, holy Lord,
2. I am not worthy; cold and bare
3. I am not worthy; yet, my God,

That Thou shouldst come to me; Speak but the word: one
The lodging of my soul; How canst Thou deign to
How can I say Thee nay; Thee, who didst give Thy

gracious word Can set the sinner free
enter there? Lord, speak and make me whole. Amen.
flesh and blood My ransom-price to pay?

4. Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Amen.
Selected.
Blessed Sacrament.

O’Reilly, L. M.
H. Baker.

1. O Lamb of God, our Sacrifice,
2. Thou Who art sinless yet hast known
3. O Lamb of God, O Sacred Heart,

Who for Thy children paid such price, From sin’s strong chains we
All sin and sorrow, borne alone, Bid the world’s turmoil
Thou, Lord, alone can grace impart, Give to our faltering

seek release, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
for us cease, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace. Amen.
faith increase, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

4. Thou rest for ev’ry weary soul,
Speak but the word and make us whole,
From ev’ry burden comes suence,
O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

Amen.

J. O. D.
Sacred Heart.

1. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, That suffered for our sin,
   Such outward shame and anguish, Such agony within,
   Thy children all unheed,ing, Still lightly turning away.
   O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our frail Heart's Thou wilt bless,

2. O Sacred Heart, we wound Thee, And know not what we do,
   All heedless of Thy sorrow Our careless way pursue.
   Thy love know no abat-ing, Though we from Thee de-part.
   Though we have nought to bring Thee,

3. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Save our unworthiness, Our poverty of pleading,

4. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Our poverty of pleading,

5. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Our burdened, faulty prayer,

6. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Thy gracious interceding

7. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Can make the offering fair.

8. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Amen.

9. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
   The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
   Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
   Amen.

10. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

11. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

12. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

13. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

14. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

15. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

16. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

17. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

18. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

19. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

20. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

21. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

22. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

23. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

24. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

25. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

26. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

27. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

28. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

29. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.

30. O Sacred Heart, for-give us The waywardness and pride,
    The weariness and weakness That keeps us from Thy side.
    Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!
    Amen.
Sacred Heart.

St. Mark. 11-10–11-10.
Barnby.

1. O Sacred Heart, for us the great oblation,
   All so unworthy of Thy love divine,
   We find in Thee the pledge of our salvation,
   Our poor hearts take, dear Lord, and make them Thine.

2. O Sacred Heart, we humbly kneel before Thee,
   Thou who hast suffered for our souls, release,
   With all our love and life we would adore Thee,
   In Thee, O Sacred Heart, alone is peace. Amen.

3. O Sacred Heart, some service we would render,
   Some offering bring to show our love for Thee,
   Vouchsafe, O Heart, so infinitely tender,
   To us Thy endless benediction.

J. C. D.
Sacred Heart.

Heart of Jesus. 7-7-7-8-8-8-8.

Redhead.

Andante legato.

1. Sacred Heart of Jesus, hear, We, Thy children, now draw near;
2. Sacred Heart, blest ever be! Here we offer up to Thee,
3. Plead for us, O Sacred Heart, never let us from Thee part,

We are weary, we are sad, Thou alone can make us glad.
All our thoughts, our words, our deeds, All our sufferings, all our needs,
Thou, who suffered for Thine own, Thou didst for our sins a-tone;

We have sinned, yet we adore Thee, Humbly kneeling now before Thee,
All our lives, tho' poor and lowly, All we bring to Thee most holy,
Thou, the pledge of our salvation, Thou for us the great obligation,

Heart of mercy, hear our sighing, Help us living, save us dying!
Heart of mercy, hear our crying, Help us living, save us dying! Amen.
Heart of mercy, hear our sighing, Help us living, save us dying!

J. C. D.
Sacred Heart.

1. Sacred Heart, forever dear,
   Thou wilt our petitions hear,
   Weak, defiled and poor and blind,
   We in Thee salvation find.

2. Thou art strength to weak and worn,
   Sacred Heart, with anguish torn,
   Ever hold us in Thy care.
   Ev'ry heart, for ev'ry bless.

3. In the darkness be our stay,
   Be Thou with us every day,
   Salvation find.
   Amen.

4. Thou by Whom our hearts are fed,
   Thou, the true and living Bread,
   Sacred Heart, grant us Thy peace.

5. Sacred Heart, with us abide,
   Thou our Saviour, Lord and Guide,
   Holy, Loving Sacred Heart.
   Amen.

J. C. D.
1. O Sacred Heart, to Thee I come,
Make my poor heart Thy shrine, Thou art my hope, my
refuge Thou, O Sacred Heart divine.
4. May my whole being be employed
Loving and serving Thee,
Blood will cleanse, Though I have wounded Thee. Amen.
Amen.

2. O loving Heart, Thy cruel wounds
Are pledge of life to me, My wounds of sin Thy
inflame, And with Thy love inspire.
O Heart, Thy sacred fire, That it may purify.

3. Kindle within my soul again,
O Heart, Thy sacred fire, That it may purify.

Sacred Heart.

Margaret C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

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Sacred Heart.

St. Christopher 7-6-7-6.

Maker.

1. Dear patient Heart of Jesus, My sins Thy wounds renew,
By all that Thou hast suffered, For pardon now I sue.

2. O loving Heart of Jesus, Thy blessing now bestow,
Be Thou my strength, my refuge, My guide where'er I go.

3. O bless-ed Heart of Jesus, I offer Thee my life,
Its thoughts, its deeds, its sorrows, Its pleasures and its strife,

By Thy great love that saves me, So infinite, so free,

O keep me ever near Thee Through-out life's weary way,

My weakness, my con-tri-tion, I bring them all to Thee,

I plead, dear Heart of Jesus, For union sweet with Thee.


O keep my heart in Thy Heart Throughout all e-ter-ni-ty

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Sacred Heart.

Wondrous Mystery C. M. D.
S. Thalberg.

1. O wondrous mystery of love That Christ to us doth give,
   To hold us close to things above, To teach us how to live,
   The grace of life it doth supply, Such joy it doth impart,
   The strength to live, in peace to die, O loving Sacred Heart.

2. Though poor and humble matters not, It matters not our need,
   Though sin hath left its cruel blot, Our only plea, our need,
   In pity Thou wilt hear our cry, Though we are far apart,
   Nor ever will our hope deny, O loving Sacred Heart.

3. In Thee alone our trust shall be, In Thee is ev'ry grace,
   When fears distress, we turn to Thee. Our shield, our hiding place,
   To ever feel Thy sacred pow'r, All glorious as Thou art,
   Our guide and stay through ev'ry hour, O loving Sacred Heart.

J. G. D.
Precious Blood.

Blessed Light 10-4-10-4-10-10.
A. Pease.

1. O Lamb of God, a wondrous gift was Thine,
2. Poor though we be, Thy riches for us flow,
3. To Thee we come, the blind, the sick, the lame,

O Precious Blood, A spiritual gift of the love divine,
O Precious Blood, Thy crimson tide as suages ev'ry woe,
O Precious Blood, Burdened with ills, with grief, with sin and shame,

O Precious Blood, Cleanse Thou our souls, from ev'ry stain now free,
O Precious Blood, In Thee we hope, thro' Thee we cast out fear,
O Precious Blood, Thou canst re-store, con-sole, re-deem and bless,

O Precious Blood, that flowed on Calvary.
Thou art our strength, our joy in dark-ness drear. Amen.
O Precious Blood, for us all Righteousness.

J. C. D.
Precious Blood.

1. O wondrous fount of mercy blest
2. O Precious Blood, O Love divine,
3. We come to Thee, so poor, so weak,

That flowed on Calvary, To heal the wounds of
Wash all our guilt away, Thou art the Pledge, and
So stained by life's hard fight, O Precious Blood, to

sin confess And set the sinner free.
Thou the Sign That Christ shall be our stay. Amen.
all who seek, Thou givest joy and light.

4. O Precious Blood, O gift of grace,
Grant us to know Thy peace,
Thou hast redeemed a fallen race,
Flow on and never cease!
Amen.

J. C. D.
Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Precious Blood.

Blood of Jesus 6-5-6-5 D.
F. Filitz.

1. Glory be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains
   Pouréd for me the lifeblood From His sacred veins!

2. Blest through endless ages, Be the precious stream,
   Which from sin and sorrow Does the world redeem!

3. Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high,
   Angel hosts, rejoicing, Make their glad reply.

Grace and life eternal In that blood I find,
Abel's blood for vengeance Pleadéd to the skies;
Lift ye then your voices; Swell the mighty flood;

Blest be His compassion In-finite-ly kind!
But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries. Amen.
Loud'er still and loud'er, Praise the precious Blood.

From the Latin.
Precious Blood.

Benediction 10-10-10-10.
Hopkins.

1. O Precious Blood, the balm of ev’ry ill,
   Strengthen our weakness, bid our fears be still,
   In Thee is comfort sweet for all our woe,
   O Precious Blood, that flows for ever more.

2. O Precious Blood, so infinitely kind,
   In Thee do we our souls’ salvation find,
   Cleanse us from sin, from evil set us free,
   O Precious Blood, that flows on Calvary. Amen.

3. O Precious Blood, throughout our length of days,
   In love and service, we would hymn Thy praise,
   Then through the ages may we still adore,
   O Precious Blood, that from Christ’s wounds doth flow.

J. C. D.
Precious Blood.

Precious Blood C. M.
Sullivan-Kanne.

1. O Precious Blood, that for us flows
   Forth from our Saviour's side, In mercy He on us bestows
   Thy full, free, cleansing tide, To wash from every stain of sin,
   To make us pure, without guilt away, O Holy Precious Blood.

2. O Precious Blood, that for us paid
   A price beyond all price, In love and mercy for us made
   Thy self a sacrifice, Forever wash our ter nal day,
   Forever make us Thine, Till dawns for us eternal day,

out, within, 0 Holy Precious Blood, A men.

J. C. D.
Precious Blood.

Grace P. M. Kanne.

1. O Precious Blood, to us the token
2. We come to Thee, our guilt confessing.

Of Jesus' love, for us outpoured.
We come to Thee by sin oppressed.

'Twas by our sin His Heart was broken,
O Precious Blood, forever blessing,

And for us sinners died our Lord.
We find in Thee all peace and rest. Amen.

J. C. D.
Holy Name of Jesus.

St. Paul C. M. D.
Walch-Donizetti.

1. Je-su, the ver-y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
   But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest;
   No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ry find,
   A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' Name. The Saviour of man-kind.

2. O hope of ev-ry con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
   To those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
   But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue, nor pen can show;
   The love of Je-sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-men.

3. Je-su, our on-ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;
   In Thee be all our glo-ry now, And through e-ter - ni - ty,
   Je-su, the ver-y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast,
   But sweet-er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres-ence rest.

From the Latin.

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Holy Name of Jesus.

Eleanor 7-6-7-6 D.
A.H. Mann.

1. O holy Name of Jesus, All other names above,
   For ev'ry tongue confess Thee, Our Lord and Saviour King,
   We bow our heads before Thee, Thy holy Name to say,
   We worship and adore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray.

2. May ev'ry tongue confess Thee, Our Lord and Saviour King,
   And forward we are pressing, Thy Name upon our brow;
   We bow our heads before Thee, Thy holy Name to say,
   We worship and adore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray.

3. O Saviour, ev'ry blessing, Our chosen Leader Thou,
   And forward we are pressing, Thy Name upon our brow;
   We bow our heads before Thee, Thy holy Name to say,
   We worship and adore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray.
Holy Name of Jesus.

Holy Name C. M. D.
W. Spinney.

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1. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear!
2. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place,
3. Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives away our fear.
My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast.
Jesus my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,
Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting breath.

'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring. Amen.
And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my soul in death.

Harmony. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

By permission of C. L. Hatchins. Amen.

Selected.
Confirmation.

St. James P. M. Barnby.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, the Love that has no ending,
   Grant we may know and feel God's great salvation,
   Grant us Thy peace when earthly cares assail us.

2. Be with us now, Thy seven-fold gifts attending,
   Grant us to see and meet life's obligation,
   Thy joy, Thy faith, when strife and storm prevail,

3. Stay, keep us from all offending, Blest Spirit, hear us.
   Grace to conquer each temptation, Blest Spirit, hear us.
   The Love that never fail eth, Blest Spirit, hear us.

4. O Holy Ghost, our vows to Thee addressing,
   Reign in our hearts, O Spirit, ever blessing,
   Till Death shall call, then still the faith confessing,
   Blest Spirit, hear us.

Amen.

J. C. D.

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Confirmation.

Troyte 7-7-7-5.

1. Spirit blest, Who art adored
2. Source of strength and knowledge clear,
3. Thou Who cam'est like a dove

With the Father and the Word, One eternal
Wisdom, godliness sincere, Understanding,
From the opened skies above, With the Father's

God and Lord; Hear us, Holy Ghost.
Counsel, fear, Hear us, Holy Ghost. Amen.
Power and love, Hear us, Holy Ghost.

4. Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
   Gave to cheer and help His own,
   That they might not be alone,
   Hear us, Holy Ghost.

5. Thou Who yet the Church dost fill,
   Making Jesus present still,
   Showing us God's perfect will,
   Hear us, Holy Ghost.

6. Come to help the hearts that yearn
   More of truth divine to learn,
   And with deeper love to burn,
   Hear us, Holy Ghost.

7. Now Thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
   Gifts of grace, our God to know;
   Gifts of strength to quell our foe,
   Hear us, Holy Ghost.

Amen.
Selected.
Burial of the Dead.

Moore. 11-10-11-10.
Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis- con-so-late, where-’er ye lan-guish;
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying,
3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing

Cresc.

Earth has no sor-row that heav’n can-not heal.
Earth has no sor-row but heav’n can re-move.

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Burial of the Dead.

Barrett, P. M.
Old Gaelic Air.

1. Mary, grief bowed we kneel, Mary, hear us;
2. Comfort us in our woe, Mary, hear us;
3. Let us not go astray, Mary, hear us;

To thy love we appeal, All our misery heal,
Thou who saw Christ's Blood flow, Thou all sorrowdest know,
We our Lord would obey, Close to thee let us stay,

Thy mercy now reveal, Be thou near us.
Who suffered here below, Be thou near us. Amen.
O comfort us we pray, Be thou near us.

J. C. D.
Burial of the Dead.

Helen. 10-10-10-10-10-10.
Barnby.

1. O God, Who know-est all our grief, our woe,
   In Thy sweet pit-y com-fort now be-stow; Thou who hast
   giv-en and dost take a-way, Thy will be done; teach
   us, O Lord, to say; Thou Who dost gov-ern all be-low, a
   bow in tears be-fore Thy Throne, Lord, we may feel that
   Teach us through sor-row, Lord, to know Thy love.

2. Speak but one word, our pain shall have sur-cease,
   Our hearts are healed if Thoudost whis-per peace. And as we
   bow in tears be-fore Thy Throne, Lord, we may feel that
   Thee, Fa-ther, Son and Spir-it, ev-er-more. A-men.
   dim. ritt.

J. C. D.
Burial of the Dead.

Jeannette. 8-7-8-3.
E. Turpin.

1. Lord, we come before Thee weeping,
2. Lord, we wander broken-hearted,
3. By the prayer of Christ when dying,

Grief our hearts has sore oppress,
Grant poor souls now all our day is changed to night,
Grant to those from "Lord, they know not what they do;"
God, for-give, and

in Thy keep-ing, Joy and rest.
still their sigh-ing, Bless them too.

4. By His tender intercession,
By His love that can not cease,
Free them now from pain's oppression,
Grant them peace.

5. When death comes may we not fear it,
All poor souls shall Thee adore,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Evermore.
A-men.
J. C. D.

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Ember Days.

America. 6-6-4 6-6-6-4.
H. Carey.

1. Our fathers' God! to Thee,
2. Bless Thou our native land!
3. For her our prayer shall rise

Author of liberty, To Thee we sing;
Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night;
To God, above the skies; On Him we wait;

Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;
When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave,
Thou Who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye

Protect us by Thymight, Great God, our King!
Do Thou our country save By Thy great might. Amen.
To Thee aloud we cry, God save the state!

Selected.
Ember Days.

Sehmann. L. M.

1. Lord, touch Thy priests that they may speak
2. O lead them, Lord, that they may lead
3. O strength-en them, that while they stand

In living echoes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so
The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet; O feed them, Lord, that
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee, They may stretch out a

let them seek Thy cry-ing chil-dren, lost and lone.
they may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man-na sweet. A-men.
lov-ing hand To wrestlers with the trou-bled sea.

4. O teach them, Lord, that they may teach
   The precious things Thou dost impart;
   And wing their words, that they may reach
   The hidden depths of many a heart.

5. Oh let them, Lord, of service be,
   Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
   Until Thy blessed face they see,
   Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

   Amen.

Adapted.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Ember Days.

Melita. 8-8-8-8-8-8.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Thou Who the night in pray'r didst spend,
2. Oh, may Thy pas-tors faith-ful be,
3. Oh, may Thy peo-ple faith-ful be,

And then Thy twelve a-pos-tles send; And bidd'st us pray the harvest's Lord
Not lab'ring for themselves, but Thee; Give grace to feed with wholesome food
And in Thy pas-tors hon-or Thee, And with them work, and for them pray.

To send forth sowers of Thy word, Hear, and Thy chosen
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood; To tend Thy flock, and
And glad-ly Thee in them o-bey; Re-ceive the prophet's

ser-vants bless With sev'n-fold gifts of hol-i-ness.
thus to prove How de-arl-ly they the Shep-herd love! A-men.
of the Lord, And gain the prophet's own re-ward!

4. So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne;
And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
A-men.

From the Latin.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Ember Days.

Ember Days, 10-10-10-10.
Ancient Plain-Song.

1. Lord of the Church, we to Thee humbly pray,
   For those ordained to guide us on our way,
   With love divine, Lord, their hearts now inspire,
   Touch Thou their lips, Lord, with Thy hallowed fire.
   Low before Thee with our praises we fall,
   Of Whom, and in Whom and thro' Whom are all;
   Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son;
   Thro' Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever one.

2. Lord, pour Thy Spirit on them from on high,
   Wisdom and love and faith ever supply;
   In all their service do Thou Thy priests bless,
   Ever defend them with Thy righteousness.
   Of Whom, and in Whom and thro' Whom are all;
   Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son;
   Thro' Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever one.
   Amen.

3. Lord, may they spread afar Thy glorious Name,
   Thy saving grace for all sinners proclaim;
   Grant them, dear Lord, when their work here is o'er,
   Vision of peace that brings joy ever more.
   Of Whom, and in Whom and thro' Whom are all;
   Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son;
   Thro' Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever one.
   Amen.

4. Low before Thee with our praises we fall,
   Of Whom, and in Whom and thro' Whom are all;
   Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son;
   Thro' Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever one.
   Amen.

Adapted.
Ember Days.

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
   And Thou hast sworn to hear; Thine is the harvest,
   Thine the seed, The fresh and fading year.
   Thine too by right, and ours by grace,

2. Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
   We trusted, Lord, with Thee: And now that spring has
   on us smiled, We wait on Thy decree, Amen.
   The wondrous growth unseen,

3. The former and the latter rain,
   The summer sun and air, The green ear, and the
   golden grain, All Thine, are ours by pray'r.
   The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,

4. Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
   The wondrous growth unseen,
   The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
   The love that shines serene.

5. So grant the precious things brought forth
   By sun and moon below,
   That Thee, in Thy new heav'n and earth,
   We never may forego.

   Amen.
   Selected.
Dedication of a Church.

1. Christ is our corner stone,
   On Him alone we build; With His true saints alone
   These hallowed courts shall ring; Our voices we will raise
   The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great love our
   hopes we place, Of joys above and present grace.

2. Oh, then with hymns of praise
   These hallowed courts shall ring; Our voices we will raise
   For evermore draw nigh; Accept each faithful vow,
   The Three in One to sing, And thus in joyful
   song pro-claim, Both loud and long, that glorious Name. Amen.
   all who pray Thy blessings pour each holy day.

3. Here, Gracious God, do Thou
   These hallowed courts shall ring; Our voices we will raise
   For evermore draw nigh; Accept each faithful vow,
   The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great love our
   hopes we place, Of joys above and present grace.

4. Here may we gain from heav'n
   The grace which we implore;
   And may that grace once given,
   Be with us evermore;
   Until that day when all the blest
   Are called away to endless rest.
   Amen.
   From the Latin.

Foundation. 6-6-6-6-8-8.
G. F. Handel.

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Blessed Virgin.

1. Hail, bright Star of Ocean, God's own Mother blest,
   Ever sinless Virgin, Guide to peace and rest!
   Every bliss implore. Show thyself a mother,
   Born for us thine Infant, Hear our prayer's through thine.

2. Virgin all excelling, Mild-est of the mild,
   Freed from guilt, preserve us Meek and undefiled;
   Joy for evermore. Thro' the highest heaven
   Father, Son, and Spirit, One same glory be.

From the Latin.

Star of Ocean. 6-5-6-5 D.
J. Haydn.
Blessed Virgin.

Berthold 7-6-7-6
B. Tours.

1. Hail, Mary! we acclaim thee,
   Mother and Virgin blest,

2. Hail, Mary! Mother tender,
   True sunlight of the soul,

3. Hail, Mary! through ages,
   All honor we accord,

Thy children love to name thee,
Our hope, our joy, our rest;
To thee our hearts surrender,
O bring us to our goal;
Thy love our hope presages,
Sweet Mother of our Lord,

O holy Queen transcendent,
Thou lightest all our way,
Thy mercy now revealing,
Though oft afar we roam,
Thy sacred name addressing,
Our joyful songs we raise,

Reign glorious and resplendent,
In realms of endless day.
Like bells of evening pealing,
Thy sweet voice calls us home. Amen.
Thy prayer forever blessing,
We sing thy ceaseless praise.

J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Herbert. 7-7-7-7-7-7.
G. Lissant.

1. Mary, Queen of love and light,
   Christ's own gift to cheer our night,
   Never fail, Our defence when wrongs prevail,
   Mother, hear our prayer, Ever shield us with thy care.

2. Grant thy help to all who need,
   Make us true in word and deed,
   Give them rest, So lace be to those oppressed,
   Mother, hear our prayer, Ever shield us with thy care.

3. Mary, Mother, Queen confessed,
   Thou of women art most blest,
   Heaven above, Still vouchsafe to us thy love,
   Mother, hear our prayer, Ever shield us with thy care.

Grant, and make their joy increase;
Those who received the light,
Those who received the grace;
Amen.

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Blessed Virgin.

Blessed Mother 8-7-8-7 D.
B. Tours.

1. All ye wea-ry, all ye wand’rers, All ye bowed with grief and care,

2. Ye who would o- bey yet fal-ter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,

3. Yewho’ve giv-en up the bat-tle, Yewho bear sin’s deepest scar,

Turn ye to the Bless-ed Moth-er, All your tri- als she will share;
Ye who stum-ble with your bur-dens, Turn ye, turn ye, one and all;
Ye who dare not face your Mak-er, Turn to her as guid-ing star,

She will be your con-so-la-tion In your pain and lone-li-ness;
For the Bless-ed Moth-er’s wait-ing, She will hear your faint-est cry;
She will lead you gen-tly, sure-ly, Back to faith and hope and love,

Ask her pray’rs, she waits to aid you, Wait to com-fort and to bless.
Christ, your Sav- iour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die. A-men.
Ye may know in her Gos-mer-cy, Shining on us from a-bove.
Blessed Virgin.

Mercy. 7-7-7-7.  
L. Gottschalk.

1. Mary, unto thee I call,
   Virgin Mother of us all, From my sin I would be free, Mary, Mother, pray for me.

2. bowed am I 'neath sin and shame,  
   Thou, to whom the Angel came, In thy radiant purity, Mary, Mother, pray for me. Amen.

3. Thou who know'st of sin no stain,  
   Yet hast borne all grief and pain, By the Cross on Calvary, Mary, Mother, pray for me.

4. Mary, grace and joy are thine,  
   Death and darkness must be mine, Help me find the Light thro' thee, Mary, Mother, pray for me.

5. Sin hath made the way grow dim,  
   Lead me, Mother, back to Him, He Who died my soul to free, Mary, Mother, pray for me.

   Amen.  
   J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Aventia, C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,
   Whom Jesus loves so well, And to His glory,
   Year by year, Thy joy and honor tell?

2. Bound with the curse of sin and shame
   We helpless sinners lay, Until in tender
   Love He came To bear the curse away. Amen.

3. And thee He chose from whom to take
   True flesh His Flesh to be, In it to suffer
  joy and honor tell?

4. Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
   Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
   Thy love for our sake, By it to make us free.

5. Joy to be Mother of the Lord—
   Th'Incarnate Son of God.
   And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
   O wondrous depths of grace divine
   That He should bend so low!
   We too will love thee well,

6. And thine the truer bliss,
   In ev'ry thought and deed and word
   And to His glory year by year,
   To be forever His.

7. Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
   We praise thee and adore,
   Amen.
   We praise thee and adore,
   Who art with God the Father One
   Amen. (Selected.)
   And Spirit evermore.

8. And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
   And to His glory year by year,
   Thy joy and honor tell.
   Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
   We praise thee and adore,
   Amen. (Selected.)
   Who art with God the Father One
   And Spirit evermore.
Blessed Virgin.

Harriet 8-8-7-7.
Medieval Melody.

1. Virgin-born, we kneel before Thee;
2. Blessed was the breast that fed Thee;
3. Blessed she by all creation,

Blessed was the womb that bore Thee; Mary, Mother
Blessed was the hand that led Thee; Blessed was the
Who brought forth the world's salvation, Blessed they, for-

meek and mild, Blessed was she in her Child.
watch she kept As the Holy Christ Child slept. Amen.
ever blest, Who love most and serve Thee best.

4. Virgin-born, we bow before Thee;
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee;
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.
Amen.
Selected.
Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary

Queen of Heaven 8-7-8-7 D.
Lo Jeune.

1. Glorious Mother! from high heaven Bend to hear thy children's pray'r,
   Queen most holy, yet our Mother, Giving us a Mother's care,
   Guiding us in happy childhood, Guarding us in sunny youth,
   Comforting the worn and weary, With the light of love and truth.

2. Gentle Mother, when we call thee In our weakness, in our pride,
   Be our refuge make us humble, Ever in our hearts abide,
   Praise the God of our salvation, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
   Praying, in thy holy keeping, They may be as pure as thine, Amen.

3. Gracious Mother, to thy altars Fair-est flow'rs of May we bring,
   Ever grateful for God's goodness, Thee He gave us, and the spring.
   Let the voice of all creation, Earth and Heav'n's triumphant hosts,
   By permission of C. L. Hutchins.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

1. Re-joice, all men to-day, Re-joice, give thanks and sing,
2. We bring her gar-lands fair, Our hearts to her we bring,
3. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid-ens, sing,

Our bless-ed Mother hon-or now, In this sweet time of spring,
That she may help us keep them pure, In this sweet time of spring,
Raise high your songs to Ma-ry, Queen, In this sweet time of spring,

Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks and sing.
Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks and sing. A-men.
Re-joice, re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks and sing.

4. O Mother, for us pray, To thee Thy children cling,
Keep us till night and death be past, And we behold the King.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing. Amen.
J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

1. Mary, Mother, Queen of Heav'n, Radiant as the morning,
   Bring we fairest flow'rs to-day For thy shrine's adornment;
   Now thy children hymn thy praise, Pledging all their treasure.
   To the Queen, whose grace divine Pass-eth human measure.

2. Hail our Mother and our Queen, Who has brought us gladness,
   In this happy month of May Banished all our sadness;
   All the beauties of the spring, Now acclaim thy splendor,
   Birds and trees and flow'rs and fields Would their homage render. Amen.

3. Mary, who with Christ thy Son, suffered in our sinning,
   We would give our hearts to thee A new life beginning,
   In this glorious time of May, Rich and poor and lowly,
   Kneel before our Virgin Queen, Mother high and holy.

Kevin 7-6-7-6 D. Sullivan.

J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

1. Mary, blessed Mother,
2. We would love and praise thee,
3. Virgin pure and holy,

Hear us while we pray,
Serve thee night and day,
Help us find the way
Best to please thee,

side thee This sweet month of May.
Mother, This sweet month of May. Amen.
Mother, This sweet month of May.

4. Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Glorious as the day,
Guide and bless thy children,
This sweet month of May.
Amen.

J. C. D.
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Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

Elsa 7-6.7-6.
F. Humphreys.

1. The woods and fields are blossoming
2. Our gentle Mother calls us,
3. But not alone our blossoms,

Be beneath the sun's warm ray, It is the month of
We bring our flowers sweet, As incense for her
Our hearts too she would share, To keep them pure and

Mary, The lovely month of May.
altar Their fragrance is most meet. Amen.
holly With in her loving care.

4. Dear Mary, tendrest Mother,
Our hearts are thine today,
Then keep them like the flowers,
So sweet and pure alway.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
J. O. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Immaculate Conception.

1. O Mary, Virgin holy, From sin forever free,
2. What words can ever measure Such innocence as thine,
3. O Mary, Mother tender, We who are torn and tried,

Our love and service lowly We gladly bring to thee,
Such peace beyond all treasure, 0 gift of grace divine!
Our hearts to thee surrender, 0 keep us by thy side.

Thy innocence adoring, Thy purity so fair,
To know no degradation, Of sin to feel no stain,
Thou who no evil knowing Yet sorrows for our fall,

Thy love and aid imploring, 0 Mary, hear our pray'r.
To triumph o'er temptation, And now in Heav'n to reign. Amen.
Thy love and care bestowing, 0 Mary, help us all.

J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Immaculate Conception.

1. Mary, fair and pure and humble,
   Of all creatures honored most, Sinless thou from thy conception.

2. Ever more to be His temple,
   And the Holy Child to bear, Ever more to feel His presence.

3. By the honor thus accorded,
   By thy innocence divine, Hear our pray'rs, O Virgin Mother, Lowly kneeling at thy shrine.

4. Scarred are we by deep transgression,
   Thy pure prayers, O holy Mother, Turn our hearts to heavenly joys.

5. Praise the Father, earth and Heaven,
   Praise the Son, the Spirit praise, Glory through eternal days.

Immaculate 8-7-8-7.

C. A. Barnard.

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Blessed Virgin.

Annunciation.

1. Praise we the Lord this day,
2. The prophet gave the sign
3. Ask not how this should be,

This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin born of
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's

cheering ray
David's line
majesty

4. Meekly she bowed her head
   To hear the gracious word,
   Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
   The favored of the Lord.

5. Blessed shall be her name
   In all the Church on earth,
   Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
   Thy Incarnate Saviour's birth.
   Amen.
   From the Latin.

Gabriel C. M. Barnby.
Blessed Virgin.

Annunciation.  

Snowdrops 6-4-6-4.  
P. Sleath.

2. For on this blessed day She knelt at pray'r;
3. Be still, ye clouds of Heavn! Be si - lent, Earth!

O bring a gar-land bright For Ma - ry's shrine.
When lo! be - fore her shone An an - gel fair. A - men.
And hear an an - gel tell Of Je - sus' birth.

4. "Hail, Mary!" infant lips  
   Lisp it today;  
   "Hail, Mary!" with faint smile  
   The dying say.

5. "Hail, Mary!" many a heart  
   Bowed down with grief,  
   In that angelic prayer  
   Has found relief.

6. "Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings  
   Through ages on;  
   "Hail, Mary!" it shall sound  
   Till time is done.

Amen.  
A. A. Proctor.
Blessed Virgin.

Visitation.

1. O Mary, Mother of our Lord,
2. As thou didst honor with thy love,
3. Thou unto whom all grace was given,

We keep thy feast today, Visit thy children
Elizabeth of old, So dost thou minister,
Yet had no thought of pride, Let thy humility

Here below And ever with us stay.
Here to us; How can such love be told! Amen.
Here be ours, Ever with us abide.

4. O Mary, Mother of our Lord,
   We keep thy feast today,
   Visit thy children here below
   And ever with us stay.

   Amen.

   J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Visitation.

1. Mary, Mother, sweetest guest
2. When my heart is glad and light,
3. When the way is dark and drear,

Of Elizabeth the blest, Honored was she in thy love,
When my faith is clear and bright, When I know no pain or care,
When I fight with sin and fear, When I suffer grief or loss,

Honored thou all else above, In this votive
When all life is fresh and fair, In this votive
When I bow beneath my cross, In this votive

mystery, Mary, Mother, visit me.
mystery, Mary, Mother, visit me.
mystery, Mary, Mother, visit me.

4. When at last comes death's still call,
When before my Judge I fall,
Then, O Mother, for me plead,
Now and ever intercede,
In this votive mystery,
Mary, Mother, visit me.

Amen. J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

1. The Saviour left high Heaven to dwell
2. She unto us divinely bore
3. She too our joyful hope shall be,

Within the Virgin's womb, And there arrayed Him-
Salvation's King and God, Who died for us up-
And drive away all fears, Offering for us to

self in Flesh, Our Victim to become.
on the Cross, Who saves us in His Blood. Amen.
her dear Son Our penitential tears.

4. That Son, He hears His Mother's prayer,
   And grants, ere it be said;
   Be ours to love her and invoke,
   In every strait her aid.

5. Praise to the glorious Trinity
   While endless times proceed,
   Who in that bosom pure of stain,
   Sowed such immortal seed.
   Amen.
   From the Latin.
Blessed Virgin.

Purification.

St. Mary 6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6.

F. H. Champneys.

1. Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His temple gate;
2. But, borne up - on the throne Of Mary's gentle breast,
3. Hail to the great First-born Whose ransom-price they pay!

Not with His an-gel host, Not in His king-ly state;
Watched by her duteous love, In her fond arms at rest;
The Son, be - fore all worlds, The Child of man to-day;

No shouts pro-claim Him nigh, No crowds His com-ing wait.
Thus to His Fa-ther's house He comes, the heav'n-ly guest. A-men.
That He might ransom us Who still in bond-age lay.

4. O Light of all the earth,
   Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

Amen.

Selected.
Blessed Virgin.

Presentation 8-7-8-7-8-7.
arr. J. C. Bach.

1. In His tem-plate now be-hold H.m,
2. In the arms of her who bore Him,
3. Je-sus, by Thy Pres-en-ta-tion,

See the long-ex-pect-ed Lord! An-cient proph-ets
Vir-gin pure, be-hold Him lie, While His ag-ed
Thou, Who didst for us en-duce, Make us see Thy

had fore-told Him; God hath now ful-filled His word.
saints a-dore Him, Ere in per-fect faith they die:
great sal-va-tion, Seal us with Thy prom-ise sure;

Now to praise Him, His redeemed Shall break forth with one accord.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Lo, thin-car-nate God most high! A-men.
And present us in Thy glo-ry To Thy Fa-ther cleansed and pure.

cresc.

4. Prince and author of salvation,
   Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme!

Amen.
Selected.
Blessed Virgin.

Mother of Sorrows.

1. O Mother thou of Sorrows sev'n,
2. His broken Body thou didst hold,
3. O by thine anguish, by thy tears,

That none but thee can tell, The spear that pierced the
And kissed His wounded Side, The Lord and Saviour's
From sin help us be free, And touch our hearts with

Saviour's Heart, Pierced thy dear heart as well,
strife was o'er, It was thy Child Who died! Amen.
sorrow true, And draw us nearer thee.

4. To God, the Father, God, the Son,
And God, the Spirit blest,
To One in Three and Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.
Amen.

J. C. D.
Blessed Virgin.

Mother of Sorrows.

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1. O Mother of Sorrows, who sorrows for all,
   And pities thy children, who on thee now call,
   Dark shadows creep round us, and death draweth near,
   The coming of night bringeth anguish and fear.

2. O Mother of Sorrows, who saw thy Son slain,
   Thou knowest of parting the sadness and pain,
   Thou knowest our hearts bowed with sin and with woe,
   Thy tender compassion upon us be stow Amen.

3. O Mother of Sorrows, look down from above,
   And shed o'er thy children the balm of thy love,
   In darkness and death we shall not be afraid,
   If thy hand, O Mother, upon us is laid.

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If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
1. Mary, Mother, now ascending, Thy long night of sorrow past,
   All thy anguish now is over, Christ has called thee home at last.
   Ever faithful, ever patient, Now canst claim thy great reward,
   Alleluia! Alleluia! Now forever with the Lord.

2. Angels and archangels greet thee, All thy children praises sing,
   Queen of Heaven, yet our Mother, Joy and love our offering,
   As we honor thine assumption, Thy release from earth’s dark night,

3. Pardon, Lord, our deep transgressions, All our weakness, all our pride,
   By our Mother’s intercession With her Son, Who for us died,
   She is with Him now in glory, Sheltered in His love and peace.
   Alleluia! Alleluia! May her blessings never cease.

Assumption 8-7-8-7 D. H. Henry.
Blessed Virgin.

Assumption.

Ave 8-7-8-7-4-7.

Hopkins.

1. Virgin blest, thy sorrows ended,
On - ly joy a - waits thee now, Reign in Heav'n, with
Christ asc - cend - ed Star - ry crown up - on thy brow.
Ma - ry, Moth - er, See thy chil - dren low - ly bow.

2. When we feel temp - ta - tion press - ing,
When we lose the nar - row way, Ma - ry blest, for -
ev - er bless - ing, Guide us lest we go a - stray.
Ma - ry, Moth - er, High in Heav - en, for us pray. A - men.

3. Praise we Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it,
For the joy that thou dost share, Thy ac - claim, O
may we hear it, In that land of love so fair!
Ma - ry, Moth - er, High and ho - ly, hear our pray'r.

J. C. D.
1. O Virgin Mother, hear us while we say
2. Obtain for us all other gifts above,
3. By all the joys that thro' Christ thou didst know,

Thy rosary. We keep thy feast upon this holy day,
The greatest three; Faith deep and strong, divinest Hope, and Love,
Our prays ascend; By all the shame and pain and bitter woe,

In love of thee. O gentle Mother, our petitions hear,
Blest trinity. O Mary, Mother, for us sinners pray,
Do thou attend! By all the glory that is thine today,

Our help, our refuge, ever be Thou near!
In life, in death, Oh plead for us alway. Amen.
O Mary, Mother, ever for us pray!
Holy Rosary.

Aimo 7.7-7.7 D.
arr. Kanne.

1. Virgin blest, we kneel to thee, Hear our solemn rosary;
2. By the sorrows thou hast borne, By Christ's heart in anguish torn,
3. By the glories that shall save, By Christ's triumph o'er the grave,

By its mysteries of joy, Sin nor death can not destroy,
By the stripes that for us heal All sin's wounds and doom repeal,
Conqu'ring death and sin and night, By the Holy Spirit's light,

By thy grace, O Mother mild, By Christ's coming as a Child,
By the cruel crown He wore, By the cross our Saviour bore,
By the honor that is thine, Crowned by Christ, thy Son divine,

By God's love, so full and free, Mary, hear our rosary.
By His death on Calvary, Mary, hear our rosary. Amen.
Virgin blest, we kneel to thee, Mary, hear our rosary.

J. C. D.
Joyful Mysteries.

134.

Holy Rosary.

Joyful 8-7-8-7.

E.S. Carter.

1. Mary, unto whom was given
2. Mary, thou dost come to aid us,
3. Mary, sheltered in a manger

Grace to bear our Lord, thy Son, By His Holy
Thou, whose Son the race restored! What are we to
At the coming of the King, Pray that we, as

In-car-nation, Help us say "Thy will be done."
be thus honored By the Mother of our Lord! A-men.
lit-tle chil-dren, Ev-er may His prais-es sing.

4. Mary, thou didst to the temple
Bring the Holy Child so fair,
Pray that we may bring our treasure
And our hearts as offering there.

5. Mary, o'er the Christ Child watching,
Kept all these things in thy heart,
Pray we ever may remember
In God's work we have our part.

A-men

J. C. D.
Holy Rosary.

Sorrowful Mysteries

1. By the agony Christ suffered.
2. By the scourges laid upon Him,
3. By the cruel thorns that crowned Him,

In the dark Gethsemane,
Pray for us, O Mary,
Through His sacred flesh did rend,
Pray for us, O Mary,
By the Blood upon His brow,
Pray for us, O Mary,

Mother, we may ever faithful be.
Mother, that we never more offend.
Mother, that His grace may save us now.

4. By the Cross our Saviour carried,
   By the burden of His woe,
   Pray for us, O Mary, Mother,
   In His footsteps we would go.

5. By His Body, broken, wounded,
   By His lonely struggle there,
   By His pleading, in His dying,
   Mary, Mother, hear our prayer.

Amen.

J. G. D.
Holy Rosary.

Glorious Mysteries

1. Mary, by the love that saves us,
2. Thou who saw thy Son ascending,
3. When the Comforter, Christ promised,

Love unceasing, full and free,
Blessing all He left below,
Comes to us, all strife shall cease,

rec-tion morn-ing, May we share thy joy with thee.
host at-ten-ding, Grant that blessing we may know.
been His tem-ple, Pray that we may know His peace.

4. Blessed Mary, Mother Holy,
Not for thee was death's sharp fear,
Entered with thy Son in glory,
Pray for us when death is near.

5. Glorious Virgin, Queen of Heav'n,
Angel hosts before thee fall,
Ever interceding for us,
Mary, Mother of us all.

Amen.

J. C. D.

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CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
St. Michael.

St. Michael L. M.
Calkin.

1. O Jesus! life-spring of my soul!

2. Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread

3. He in that sign the rebel pow'rs

The Father's pow'r and glory bright! Thee with the angels
Em-battled o'er the azure sky: But Michael bears Thy
Did with their dragon prince expel; And hurled them, from the

we ex-tol; From Thee they draw their life and light.
stand-ard dread, And lifts the might-y Cross on high. A-men.
heav'n's high towers, Down like a thun-der-bolt to hell.

4. Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

5. Now to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,
As ever was in ages gone,
And shall be so eternally.

Amen.
From the Latin.

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St. Raphael.

Salvation 8-7, 8-7-7-7.

J. Neander.

1. Jesu, brightness of the Father!
2. Hail, too, ye angelic powers!
3. O may Christ, by thy protection,

Life and strength, of all who live! In the presence
Hail ye thrones celestial! Hail, Physician!
 Shelter us from harm this day; Keep us pure in

of the Angers, Glory to Thy Name we give, And Thy wondrous
of Salvation, Guide of life, Blest Raphael, Who the foe of
flesh and spirit, And all evil drive away; And vouchsafe us,

praise rehearse, Singing in alternate verse.
all mankind Didst in links of iron bind. Amen.
of His grace, In His Paradise a place.

4. Glory to th'Almighty Father
Sing we now in anthems sweet,
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Paraclete;
Three in One and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.
Amen.

From the Latin.
Holy Guardian Angels.

Margaret C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Dear Guardian Angel hear my pray'r,
2. Trials be set and, burdens press,
3. I am but weak and often fall,

Ever beside me be; God in His love grants
Temporary I would flee; Dear Guardian, pity
The way I can not see; Dear Guardian Angel,

me thy care To guide and comfort me.
my distress, Come and abide with me. Amen.
hear my call, Ever beside me be.

4. Watch over me by day, by night,
    Hear, though but faint, my plea;
    Help me to know and choose the right;
    Dear Guardian, stay with me.

5. God sent thee: gratitude and praise
    To Him forever be,
    Glory be His through endless days,
    Most Holy Trinity.

Amen.
J. C. D.

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Holy Guardian Angels.

Guardians 7-6-7-6 D.
J. Stainer.

1. O Holy Guardian Angels, So beautiful and bright,
   Although we can not see thee, Thou'ret with us day and night,
   When ever danger threatens, Ye shield us with your care,
   O Holy Guardian Angels, So beautiful and fair!

2. 'Tis God, our Heavenly Father, Who doth the Angels send
   To guide and guard His children, Until our life shall end.
   When wayward we would wander, Our Guardian Angels call,
   To keep our feet from straying, To save us from a fall. Amen.

3. O Holy Guardian Angels, Be ever at our side,
   Thy love and care o'er shad'wing, In peace may we abide.
   When darkness lowers o'er us, From evil thou'llt defend,
   O Holy Guardian Angels, Be with us to the end.

Adapted.
Holy Guardian Angels.

1. O Holy Guardian Angels,
2. When dark tempations hover,
3. Defend and keep our country,

Our Father's love bestows
And we are sore beset,
Watch o'er her every need,

Thy ministering
We will not fear the
In peace and honor

cresc.

cresc.

presence,
battle,
keep her,

To guard us from our foes.
If ye are with us yet.
In faith and word and deed.

f
f
f

4. O Holy Guardian Angels,
   All glory ever be
   To Father, Son and Spirit,
   Throughout eternity.
   Amen.
   From the Latin.

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Holy Guardian Angels.

Francis L. M. Calkin.

1. They come, God's messengers of love,
   They come from heav'nly realms above, From homes of never fading light, From blissful mansions ever bright.
   Not a-way, God will-eth you with us to stay. Amen.

2. They come to watch around us here,
   To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear; Ye heav'n-ly guides, speed sorrow weighed, Thou didst not scorn Thine Angel's aid; 4. An Angel guard to us supply,
   When on the bed of death we lie;
   And by Thine own Almighty pow'r
   O shield us in the last dread hour.

3. Blest Jesus, Thou Whose groans and tears
   Have sanctified frail nature's fears, To earth in bitter 5. To God the Father, God the Son,
   And God the Spirit, Three in One,
   From all above and all below
   Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

   Amen.

R. Campbell.

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St. Joseph.

St. Joseph 11-10-11-10.
Harding.

1. Blessed St. Joseph, though humble thy station,
   Yet what great honor with thine can accord?
   Thine to watch over the world's Salvation,
   Guardian thou of our Saviour and Lord.

2. Faithful wert thou to the trust God appointed,
   Honored above all the great ones of earth.
   Thou the protector for, God thus anointed.
   Mary, the blest, and the Child from His birth.

3. Gentle St. Joseph, hear our supplications,
   Grant thy protection, we plead for thy care.
   Help us be true to all life's obligations,
   In thought and action, in praise and in pray'r.

4. Keep us from straying, to chastity hold us,
   Patient, enduring and true to the last,
   Then when death's shadows shall strive to enfold us,
   Pray for us then, till all shadows be past.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
J. C. D.
1. Thou who held within thy arms,
   Jesus Christ, the Lord of all,
   Keep us safe from doubt's alarms,
   Keep us faithful, valiant, strong,
   Stand beside us in our need,
   Bear us up lest we should fall,
   Thou, who guarded Christ the Son,
   As we fight with sin and wrong,
   Blest St. Joseph, hear our plea,

2. Keep us pure in thought and deed,
   When a Child He clung to thee,
   Help us evil now to shun,
   Guard us now from all our foes,
   And when Death's approach we see,
   Guard us with thy chastity,
   Happy may our eyelids close.

Amo 7-7-7-7 D.
J. Blumenthal.

H. B. D.
St. Joseph.

Galilee 8.7.8.7.
W. H. Jude.

1. Blest St. Joseph, guide and guard us,
   O'er our life's wild restless sea, Keep us true and pure and hum-bie,
   Help us to be more like thee.

2. Thou who wast by God ap-point-ed,
   friend us, Guide us to the per-fect day.

3. Blest St. Joseph, our pro-tect-or,
   From thy side ne'er let us stray, When death calls us, still be-

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St. Joseph.

Hear our Prayer 8-8-8-6.
E. Dowett.

1. Gentle St. Joseph, hear our pray'r,
2. Thou who didst guard the Holy Child,
3. When all our light seems far a way,

Keep us forever in thy care, Save us from sin's in-
So watchful, loving, faithful, mild, Help us to still our
When all in vain we strive to pray, When darkness falls be

sidious snare, St. Joseph pray for us.
passions wild, St. Joseph pray for us. Amen.
thou our stay, St. Joseph pray for us.

4. Be thou our help to cheer and bless,
That we may grow in holiness,
Be thou our staff when death shall press,
St. Joseph pray for us.

Amen.
J. C. D.
St. Peter.

St. Peter 6-6-6-6-8-8.

Elliott.

1. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord,
   With blessedness unpriced, Who, taught of God, confessed
   That Name in earth and sky, In which though mortal
   The saints of God at last prevail!

2. Oh, surely he was blest
   The bitter lesson learnt, That heart for Thee, O Lord,
   The God-head in the Christ! For of Thy Church, Lord.
   Thou didst own Thy saint a true foundation-stone. Amen.

3. Thrice fallen, thrice restored!
   That heart for Thee, O Lord,
   With triple ardor burnt. The cross he took he
   Laid not down Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

4. Oh bright triumphant faith!
   Oh courage void of fears!
   Oh love, most strong in death!
   Oh penitential tears!

   By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
   And make us go where Thou shalt call.

   Amen.

Selected.
1. Lead us, great teacher, Paul, in wisdom's ways,
2. Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,

And lift our hearts with thine to Heaven's high throne
Be to the Trinity immortal giv'n,

Till Faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,
Who in pure unity profoundly sways

And in the soul reigns Charity alone.
Eternally all things in earth and Heaven. Amen.

From the Latin.
St. Mark.

1. Hail, great St. Mark, our patron, hail! Now at thy shrine thy children pray. Our hymns of praise shall never fail.

2. Thou whom in weakness God made strong, Thou who the Gospel story told, Help us to fight against the wrong.

3. There is one truth, the truth of God, That Christ came down from Heaven to show; One life that His redeeming Blood

4. Thou who the truth to us revealed, Help us the faith to steadfast hold.

5. O Way divine, through gloom and strife Bring us the Father's face to see!

Pius X 8s 6 lines. Stainer. 
In Unison. 
cresc. 
cresc. 

Verse 1: As thou didst fight the world of old! O may thy word light receive our pray'r, Grant us thy care, grant us thy care!

Verse 2: For His children here below. O great St. Mark, now be in dark, Be with us yet, O blest St. Mark! Amen.

Verse 3: That truth may know, that life may see!

Verse 4: That truth, the life, the way! Amen.

Verse 5: O great St. Mark, hear thou our pray'r, Grant us thy care, grant us thy care!

J. C. D.
St. Mark.

1. O Lord of Hosts, we praise Thy Name
2. The saint who fled in danger's hour
3. The Gospel story St. Mark told

For all Thy saints of old; The weakest in Thy
And turned back from the fight, Behold at last the
That all the world may hear And know of Thy re-

He showed the way that leads to Thee,
The way our Saviour bless'd,
The way that is eternal life,
And peace and joy and rest.

We bless Thy Name, O Lord, for him,
O may we not forget
That in Thy Name he conquered sin;
Thy Name prevails yet.

6. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Amen.

J. C. B.
St. Patrick.

1. O blest. Apostle, Patrick, saint, all glorious,

2. Hear thou our prayer, we ask thy intercession

3. Bless all who labor for their flocks, salvation,

Upon thy children thou didst faith bestow,
That to the faith we evermore may cling,
From sin's assault keep our dear land we pray,

Against the powers of darkness all victorious,
Rich are our hearts that faith as our possession,
Thou didst declare God's glory to a nation,

Watch and defend us now where'er we go,
Our love and gratitude to thee we bring. Amen.
Thy people guide and guard and bless alway.

4. To thee, great saint, we pledge our hearts' devotion,
Thou who art one amongst the heavenly host,
Thy faith still leads from ocean unto ocean;
Praise God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

J. C. D.
1. O Benedict, thy prayers we seek,
Thou who wert strong now help the weak;
The pomp of life, its snares, its pride,
God in youth, Pray that we too may know His truth.

2. Pray that we too may put aside
The pangs of death, its death, its pain.
Pray that we too may conquer sin,
Amen.

3. Fatigue and pain were nought to thee,
Save as they taught thee sanctity,
Thou turned a-way from friends most dear,

4. Saint Benedict, our pray'rs attend,
And with thy pray'rs our souls defend,
And when death's terrors we must meet,
Saint Benedict, our pray'rs attend,

5. To Father, Son and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow,
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise,
To Father, Son and Spirit now

Choral L. M.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
St. Francis.

1. God grant thee peace, Saint Francis, Who taught His peace to men,
   On this thy day, Saint Francis, We ask thy help again.
   Thou who in thy frail body, The wounds of Christ didst bear
   O grant us thy protection And hear, O Saint, our pray'r.

2. O help us, sweet Saint Francis, The world's ways to disdain,
   Nor fear its lures may harm us, Nor poverty nor pain,
   If humble, loving, faithful, We strive to do God's will,
   As Thou didst do, Saint Francis, Thy mission to fulfill. Amen.

3. O teach us, sweet Saint Francis, To ever gentle be,
   To love all God's creation, And know no vanity,
   To follow Christ our Master However hard the way,
   As Thou didst follow, Francis; Sweet Saint, for us now pray.

J. C. D.
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St. Dominic.

Bernardina 8-7-8-7.

J. B. Dykes.

1. O Saint serene, of men most blest,
   Great Dominic, the preacher, Who labored for the
   world oppressed, Of charity the teacher.

2. To those who knew not of God's grace
   Thou taught the wondrous story, That sinners poor and
   weak and base Might find the King of Glory. Amen.

3. So close to God thou held thy way,
   His love and mercy showing, Thy name, great Saint, we
   bless for aye, Our gratitude o'er flowing.

4. For thy reward has been our aid,
   world oppressed, Of charity the teacher.
   6. Great Saint, thy prayer we ask of thee
      Through thee the Church upraises
      With Mary's prayer's most holy,
      Our souls from sin defending.

5. On thee the holy vision shone,
   Her voice to Mary, Holy Maid,
   O ever may we near her be,
   In fervent prayer attending,
   In service high or lowly.

7. To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
   That made the rosary our own,
   Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
   Our souls from sin defending.

Amen.

J. C. D.
St. Bernard.

Crusaders 11-10-11-10.
Barnby.

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1. O holy Bernard, grant thy inspiration
2. Thou didst love peace yet at thy word crusaders,
3. Thou felt no hunger, on God’s rich word feeding,

To all who ever call upon thy name,
Signed with the Cross, fought for the Holy Land,
And quenched thy thirst with the sweet wine of pray’r;

Thou who didst spread the gospel of salvation,
Gladly gave all to drive out the invaders,
O great St. Bernard, still the world is need’ning

And with a holy zeal didst men inflame.
For in thy word they knew God’s guiding hand. Amen.
Thy burning zeal, thy counsel, and thy care.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
St. Ignatius Loyola.

Breen 7-7-7-7 D.
G. Elvey.

1. Blessed Saint, to thee we raise Hymns of gratitude and praise,
   For thy labors for all men, lifting high the Cross again;
   Learned, patient, wise and brave, Thou didst strive the world to save,
   Sent the word forth far and wide, drawing all to Jesus' side

2. All to God, His glory all. Caring not what might befall,
   If His holy will be done, everywhere beneath the sun;
   Counting human glory dross, and rejoicing in the Cross,
   Warring long 'gainst sin and shame, conqu'ring all in Jesus' name.
   Free to say God's will be done, Praising Father, Spirit, Son.

3. St. Ignatius, help us be Brave, obedient, true, and free,
   Free to follow Jesus' rule, Free, our passions fierce to school,
   Free to put the world away; Yet to help the world obey,
   Free to say God's will be done, Praising Father, Spirit, Son.
St. Anthony.

Carless C. M. Stewart.

1. Saint Anthony, we turn to thee
2. For thou didst hear His gentle voice,
3. O gentle Saint, tell Him our needs,

When troubles sore distress, Sure of thy love for
Didst clasp Him to thy breast, Didst feel His pretty
His children too are we, O ask Him now to

thou didst know The Christ-Child's soft caress.
cheek against thine, His arms about thee pressed. Amen.
grant our pray'rs, And we at peace shall be.

4. We would, O blessed Saint, with thee,
The Holy Child adore,
With hearts as pure as thine, dear Saint,
Now and forevermore.

Amen.
J. C. L.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
St. Aloysius.

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Aloysius 11-10 - 11-10.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Blest Aloysius, in God's love rejoicing,
And light like thine, God's mercy we may see;
Now holy Saint, our supplications voicing,
Help us to know and strive God's will to do.

2. Obtain for us faith, like thine own, enduring,
Strength for the fight when evil cometh nigh,
Pray that His grace be given us, assuring
From grievous sin we ever may be free. Amen.

3. Pray we may seek upon God's holy altar
And at the last, great Saint, may we not falter,
Grant then thy prayers and teach us how to die.

J. C. D.
St. Mary Magdalene.  

Magdalene P. M. Kanne.

1. Burdened, bewildered, weak and weary,
2. Dare we to hope that He will hear us?
3. Thou who hast known sin's sting and terror,

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Dark is the night, the way is dreary,
Magdalene, help us, now be near us,
Thou who hast felt the scars of error,

Sin hath en chained us, guilt oppresses,
Thou who hast known His consolation,
E ver on thee His mercy fall eth,

Seek we for One who ever blesses,
Pray that we too may find salvation. Amen.
Pray for us now who on thee call eth.

J. C. D.
St. Cecilia.

Handel 7-7-7-7.
Handel.

1. Saint Cecilia, who dost sing
2. Thou to music gave thy powers,
3. Inspiration still it brings,

Praise forever to the King, Make our hearts thy
It will aid in darkest hours, Music, the di-
Dullest word it lendeth wings; Thou who heav'nly

Instrument, In His service ever spent.
Viest art, For in heav'n it hath a part. Amen.
Choirs dost lead, Saint Cecilia, for us plead.

4. Thou whose life was charity,
Help us to be more like thee,
Thou who martyr's crown didst wear,
Hear and grant our fervent prayer.

5. May we sing while life shall last,
May we sing till death is past,
May we sing when Heaven is won,
Praise to God, Great Three in One.
Amen.

J. C. D.
1. O gentle Saint Theresa, Shut from the world away,
    So patient in thy sufferings,

2. Thou who for years did linger In prison house of pain,
    Yet sang sweet songs of courage,

3. We too would know thy patience, Thy faith so firm, so sure,
    Thy love for Christ, thy Master,

4. O loving Saint Theresa,
    Hear our petitions now,
    Teach us to sing God's praises
    And serve Him too as thou.

Amen.

J. C. D.
Blessed Jeanne d’Arc.

1. O Maid-en ho-ly, of thy land de-fend-er,

2. The mys-tic an-gel voic-es ev-er call-ing,

3. On-ward, yet on-ward! The Cross ev-er lead-ing!

A might-y arm-y fled be-fore thy sword;
The heav’n-ly vis-ion with thee night and day,
The mar-tyr’s crown to be thine in the end!

Thy flam-ing ban-ners bade the foe sur-ren-der,
Thy faith tri-um-phant o-ver all be-fall-ing,
O Maid-en ho-ly, for us in-ter-ced-ing,

For in thy vis-ions thou hadst seen the Lord!
So pure, de-vout and brave thou kept the way. A-men.
Guide us, in-spire us and our souls de-fend.

4. Thine was the triumph; be to God the glory,
Who gave thee strength to conquer and to die;
Age unto age shall tell thy glowing story;
Praise we the Lord with Whom thou art on high!
Amen.

J. C. D.
All Saints.

Spalding C. M.
H. S. Cutler.

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1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain:
2. The martyr first, whose eag- le eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
3. A glorious band— the cho- sen few, On whom the Spir-it came.

His blood-red ban- ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mast - er in the sky, And called on Him to save.
Twelve val- iant saints, their hope they knew; And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant, o-ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don, on His tongue. In midst of mortal pain,
They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's gory mane,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train? A-men.
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?

4. A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Amen.

Selected.
All Saints.

Conquerors F. M. Barnby.

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thou by
faith before the world confessed, Thy Name, O Jesus,
Cap-tain in the well-fought fight; Thou in the darkness
be forever blest. Alleluia, Alleluia.

2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
wurt the one true Light. Alleluia, Alleluia. Amen.
vic tor's crown of gold. Alleluia, Alleluia.

3. Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold, Fight as the
saints who nobly fought, of old, And win, with them, the

4. O blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia, Alleluia.

5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long; Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave and arms again are strong. Alleluia, Alleluia.

6. The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia, Alleluia.

7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day; The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia, Alleluia.

8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Amen. Selected.
All Saints.

Holy Voices 8-7-8-7 D.
Cobb.

1. Hark! the sound of holy voices, Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord, to Thee!

2. Patriarch and holy prophet, Who prepared for Christ the way,
   His Apostles, His Disciples, Holy Martyrs, for us pray;
   Ever be our intercessors, That God's mercy we may know;

3. All ye saints, now high in glory, Ye did suffer here below,
   Multitude, which none can number, Like the stars in glory, stands,
   Priests, Confessors, Virgins, Matrons, All who do the Lord attend,
   Pray for all poor souls in sufferance, From their sin they would be free

Clothed in white apparel, holding Palms of victory in their hands,
Pray for us and all the faithful, With thy prayer, our souls defend. Amen.
Evermore to sing the praises Of the blessed Trinity.

Adapted.
Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:

ccwatershed.org/jogues
All Saints.

Mac Donald 7-6-7-6 D. Dykes.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright,
2. What rush of alleluias Fills all the earth and sky!
3. Bring near Thy great salvation, Thou Lamb for sinners slain;

The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ringing of a thousand harps Be-speaksthe triumph nigh!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign!

'Tis finished! all is finished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day for which creation And all its tribes were made!
Appear, Desire of nations! Thine exiles long for home:

Fling openwide the golden gates, And let the victors in.
O joy of all its former woes A thousand-fold re-paid! Amen.
Show in the heav'n's Thy promised sign! Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
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All Saints.

Weber 7-6-7-6 D.
F. Weber.

1. From all Thy saints in war-fare, for all Thy saints at rest,

To Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, all praises be ad-dressed.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat-tle that they might conquerors be;

Their crowns of liv-ing glo-ry are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.

(Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.)

ST. ANDREW.

2. Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

3. All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.
ST. STEPHEN.
4. Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
   To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God’s right hand.
   Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
   On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
5. Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos’ shore;
   Praise for the faithful record, be to Thy Godhead bore,
   Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed
   May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.
6. Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
   Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
   O Rachel! cease thy weeping; they rest from pains and cares
   Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.
7. Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
   Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
   Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
   So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit’s ray.

ST. MATTHIAS.
8. Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
   For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
   Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
   And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

ST. MARK.
9. For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
   Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
   May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
   And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine abide.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.
10. All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew;
    And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
    And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life
    To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

ST. BARNABAS.
11. The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
    Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
    As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
    That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.
ST. JOHN BAPTIST.
12. We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray.
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.
13. Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold:
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold,
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble earnest will.

ST. JAMES.
14. For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who slain by Herod’s sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.
15. All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.
16. Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whatever our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.
17. For that “beloved physician,” all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.
18. Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the Faith of Christ maintain,
And bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.
19. Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps would serve Thee more and more.

20. Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power and glory ascribe to God alone.
Amen.

Selected.
Common of Apostles.

1. Let all on earth their voices raise
   Re-echoing heavenly, triumphant praise
   To Him, Who gave th’A-
   Of Gospel truth o’er heathen night, To us that heav’n-ly
   To bind and loose in earth and heav’n, Our chains un-bind, our
   post-les grace To run on earth their glorious race.

2. Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
   light impart, To glad our eyes and cheer our heart. A-men.
   sins undo, And in our hearts Thy grace re-new.

3. Thou, at Whose will they gave them was giv’n

4. Thou, in Whose might they spake the word
   Which cured disease and health restored,
   To us its healing power prolong,
   Support the weak, confirm the strong.

5. And when the thrones are set on high,
   And judgment’s awful hour draws nigh,
   Then Lord, with them pronounce us blest,
   And take us to Thy endless rest.

6. Praise to the Father, with the Son,
   And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
   As ever was in ages past,
   And shall be so while ages last.
   Amen.

From the Latin.
Common of Apostles and Evangelists.

Eastertide.

Paschal Joy L. M.
Burnaby.

1. When Christ, by His own servants slain, Had died upon the bitter Cross,
   Th'Apostles of their joy bereft, We're weeping their dear Master's loss:
   Meanwhile an angel at the tomb To holy women hath foretold,
   The faithful flock with joy shall soon Their Lord in Galilee behold.

2. Who as they run the news to bring, Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
   All radiant bright with heavenly light, And falling clasp His sacred feet.
   To Galilee's lone mountain height The Apostolic band retire,
   There blest with their dear Saviour's sight, Enjoy in full their souls' desire. Amen

3. O Jesus from the death of sin, Keep us, we pray; so shall Thou be
   The ever-lasting Paschal joy of all the souls new-born in Thee.
   To God the Father with the Son Who from the grave immortal rose,
   To Thee, O Piacente, be praise While age on endless ages flows.

From the Latin.
Common of One Martyr.

Beethoven L.M.
Beethoven.

1. O God, Thy soldiers’ Crown and Guard,
2. The pleasures of the world he spurned,
3. For Thee through many a woe he ran,

And their exceeding great Reward, From all transgressions
From sin’s pernicious lures he turned, He knew their joys im-
In many a fight he played the man; For Thee his blood he

set us free, Who sing Thy Martyr’s victory,
bued with gall, And thus he reached thy heav’nly hall. Amen.
dared to pour, And thence hath joy forever more

4. We therefore pray Thee, full of love,
Regard us from Thy throne above;
On this Thy Martyr’s triumph day
Wash every stain of sin away.

5. O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

Amen.
From the Latin.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Common of All Martyrs and Confessors.

Martyrdom L. M.
H. Oakeley.

1. All glorious King of Martyrs Thou,
   Crown of Confessors here below;
   Joys away Thou guidest to celestial day.

2. O quickly bend a gracious ear
   To this our suppliant voice of pray'r;
   Triumphs chant, For-giv'ness to our errors grant. Amen.

3. In Martyrs victory is Thine,
   In Thy Confessors, mercies shine;
   Wicked-ness, and us with loving par don bless.

4. Now to the Father, and the Son,
   Who rose from death, all glory be,
   Amen.

   From the Latin.

   If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Common of Confessors.

Confessors of the Faith.

1. Safe now forever, Jesus true Confessor,
2. Gentle was he, wise, pure and lowly-hearted,
3. Wherefore our choir, in thankfulness adoring,

Whose happy festival here His people keep, Doth of his sober and modest, ever foe to strive, While in his Lift eth its voice with melody of land, While he on labors for His mighty Bless er, Rich harvest reap, Frame there flowed as yet unpart ed The stream of life. Amen. High for us his prayer is pouring Unto his God.

4. Glory and honor, virtue and salvation
Be unto Him, who, in His might divine,
Ruleth supremely over all creation,
One and yet Trine.

Amen.
From the Latin.
Common of Virgins.

1. Jesus, the Vir-gins' Crown, do Thou
   Ac-cept us as in pray'r we bow; Born of that
   Vir-gin whom a-lone The moth-er and the maid we own.
   4. We pray Thee therefore to bestow
      Upon our senses here below
      Thy grace, that so we may endure
      Upon our senses here below
      Thy grace, that so we may endure
      From taint of all corruption pure.

2. Amongst the lil-ies Thou dost feed,
   With Vir-gin choirs ac-com-pa-nied; With glo-ry
   decked, the spotless brides Whose brid-al gifts Thy love pro-vides. A-men.
   5. All laud to God the Father be;
      With hymns and prais-es still at-tend; In bless-ed
      All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee;
      With hymns and prais-es still at-tend; In bless-ed
      All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee;
      From the Latin.

3. They, where-so-e'er Thy foot-steps bend,
   With hymns and prais-es still at-tend; In bless-ed
   troops they fol-low Thee, With dance and song and mel-o-dy.

Langton. L. M.
H.K. Oliver.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Common of Holy Women.

Mozart L. M.
Mozart.

1. High let us all our voices raise
2. Filled with a pure celestial glow
3. With fasts her body she subdued,

In that heroic woman's praise Whose name, with saintly
She spurned all love of things below; And heedless here on
But filled her soul with prayer's sweet food; In other worlds she

glory bright Shines in the starry realms of night.
earth to stay. Climbed to the skies her toil-some way. Amen.
tastes the bliss For which she left the joys of this.

4. O Christ, the strength of all the strong,
   To Whom all our best deeds belong,
   Through her prevailing prayers on high,
   In mercy hear Thy people's cry.

5. To God the Father, with the Son,
   And Holy Spirit. Three in One,
   Be glory while the ages flow,
   From all above and all below.
   Amen.

From the Latin.
All Souls.

Requiem. 8-7-8-7-7-7.
W. Schultes.

1. Gracious Saviour, hear Thy children
2. Thou who came to bring Thy people
3. Thou didst promise, Christ our Saviour,

Pleading for the holy dead; Death en-folds them in its shadows,
Light and life for-ev-er-more, Thou who suffered ev-ry sor-row,
Life to all who turned to Thee, By the love Thougavest free-ly,

There to wait the judg-ment dread, Be their
For poor souls we Thee im-plore, Be their
For poor souls, Lord, hear our plea. Thou Who

stay till peace is won, Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son.
stay till pain is done Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son. A-men.
died the Cross upon, Ky-ri-e e-le-i-son.

J. C. D.
All Souls.

William. 8-8-8-8-8-8.
Barnby.

1. Jē - sus, for all poor souls we plead,
2. Grant them remis - sion of all sin,
3. O bless - ed Ma - ry, in - ter - cede,

Thou Who canst help their di - est need, Grant them the hap - pi -
Cleanse them, O Christ, with - out, with - in, Thou Who hast suf - fered
O all ye saints, now with us plead For all poor souls who

ness of rest, Peace that is prom - ised to the blest, Grant them the
for Thine own, Who paid the price, Who did a - tone, Our lov - ing
need thy aid, Un - til the debt of sin is paid, Pray that God's

clear - ness of Thy light, Shine thro' the gloom, give day for night.
sup - pli - ca - tions hear, O grant them par - don, Sa - viour dear. A - men.
grace may give re - lease, And light e - ter - nal, rest and peace.
All Souls.

1. Father, to Thee we bring Our humble plea
2. O Lord, most merciful, Our prayer attend,
3. Let light perpetual Shine on them there,

For those whom Death has called, Set them free.
They strove to serve Thee here To the end;
Send, Lord, to guide their way Angels fair.

In realms unknown and far, Beyond the grave,
Absolve their souls from sin, Grant them release,
Father, to Thee we cry With Thy Saints blest,

They pay the price of sin; Thou wilt save!
Lead them to Paradise, Give them peace. Amen.
Pleading for all poor souls, Grant them rest.

By permission of C. L. Hutchins.

Calvary. 6-4-6-3 D.
J. Hurst.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
All Souls.

Penitentia. 10-10-10-10.
E. Dearle.

1. O God, Whose mercy can no measure know,
   Who sent Thy Son to save us from our sin,
   By that pure stream that from His Side did flow,
   Grant all poor souls Thy crowning joys to win.

2. O God, be merciful to them and bless,
   Though they must go down to the gates of Hell,
   Theirs was the guilt but Thine the righteousness,
   O bring them home at last with Thee to dwell.

3. O Mary, Mother, pray for them today,
   O all ye Saints, who ever dost adore
   The Father, Son and Spirit, with us pray
   For rest for all poor souls for ever more.

J. C. D.
Evening.

Anatolius 7-6-7-6 with Refrain.
Barry.

1. The day is past and over: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that of fence-less The hours of dark may be. O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, and save me through the coming night!

2. The joys of day are over: I lift my heart to Thee; And call on Thee that sin-less The hours of gloom may be. O Jesus, make their darkness light, and save me through the coming night! Amen.

3. The toils of day are over: I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that free from peril The hours of fear may be: O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, and guard me through the coming night.

4. Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour, Or sleep in death shall I, And he, my wakeful tempter, Triumphant shall cry “He could not make their darkness light, Nor guard them through the hours of night.”

5. Be thou my soul's Preserver, O God! for Thou dost know How many are the perils Through which I have to go. O loving Jesus, hear my call, And guard and save me from them all!

Amen.

Anatolius.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Evening.

St. Matthias 8-8-8-8-8-8.
Monk.

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word into our minds instill,
And make our hearts to glow with lowly love and fervent will.

2. The day is gone, its hourshaverun, AndThou hast taken count of all,
The triumphs grace hath won, The broken vow, the frequent fall.

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

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

5. Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Amen.

Fr. Faber.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Evening.

Lux Benigna F. M.
J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead kindly Light amid then circling gloom,
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home,
Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile,

The distant scene; on step enough for me.
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years. Amen.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

Evening.

Eventide 10-10-10-10.

Monk.

1. Abide with me: fast falls the evening; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide: When other helpers dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thyself, my

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me. All around I see; O Thou Who changest not, abide with me. Amen.

3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes: Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Amen.

Selected.
Evening.

Susan 7-7-7-7.

Von Weber.

1. Softly now the light of day
2. Thou, whose all-vading eye
3. Soon for me the light of day

Fades upon my sight away; Free from care, from
Noughtescapes with out, with in, Par don each in - 
Shall forever pass away; Then from sin and

Labor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Firmi ty, Open fault and secret sin. Amen.
Sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Selected.
Evening.

Columba 6-4-6-6.
H. S. Irons.

1. The sun is sinking fast, The daylight dies;
2. As Christ upon the cross His head inclined,
3. So now myself my soul Would wholly give

Let love awake, and pay Her evening sacrifice.
And to His Father's hands His parting soul resigned; Amen.
Into His sacred charge, In Whom all spirit live;

4. So now beneath His eye
   Would calmly rest,
   Without a wish or thought
   Abiding in the breast;

5. Save that His will be done,
   Whate'er betide;
   Dead to herself, and dead
   In Him to all beside.

6. Thus would I live: yet now
   Not I, but He,
   In all His pow'r and love,
   Henceforth alive in me.

7. One sacred Trinity,
   One Lord divine,
   May I be ever His,
   And He forever mine.
   Amen.

   From the Latin.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
Evening.

Proctor C. M.
H. Hilles.

1. The shadows of the evening hours fall from the dark'ning sky;  
2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou des-pise;  
3. Slow ly the rays of daylight fade; So fade within our heart  

Up on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of evening lie.
But let the incense of our pray'rs Before Thy mer-cy rise.
The hopes in earth'ly love and joy, That one by one de-part.

Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
The brightness of the com-ing night Up on the darkness rolls;
Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With in the heav'ns shine:

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The sha-dows on our souls. A-men.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di-vine.

4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Amen.
A. A. Proctor.
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For Those at Sea.

Wave. P. M.

1. Star of peace to wand’rers weary!
   Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pilot’s vision dreary,
   Far, far at sea.

2. Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
   Bless the soul that sighs for Thee; Bless the sailor’s lonely pillow,
   Far, far at sea.

3. Star of faith! when winds are mock-ing
   All his toil, he flies to Thee; Save him on the billows rocking,
   Far, far at sea.

4. Star divine! oh, safely guide him,
   Bring the wand’rer home to Thee;
   Sore temptations long have tried him,
   Far, far at sea.

Amen.

Selected.
For Those at Sea.

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night,
2. Ridge of the moun-tain-wave, Low-er thy crest;
3. Je-sus, De-liv-er-er, Come Thou to me:

Oars la-boured heav-i-ly, Foam glim-mered white;
Wail of the tempest-wind, Be thou at rest;
Soothe Thou my voy-ag-ing O-ver life's sea:

Mar-i-ners trem-bled, Per-il was nigh!
Per-il can none be, Sor-row must fly
Thou when death's tem-pest, Roars sweep-ing by,

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I;"
Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! It is I;"
Whis-per, O Truth of Truth, "Peace! It is I;"

A-men.

Billow. P. M.
H. Brown.

Anatolius.
General.

De Contemptu Mundi. 7-6-7-6 D. A. Pearsall.

1. The world is very evil; The times are waxing late
2. Arise, arise, good Christian, Let right to wrong succeed;
3. Mid pow'r that knows no limit, And wisdom free from bound,

Be sober and keep vigil, The Judge is at the gate;
Let penitential sorrow To heav'nly gladness lead:
Where rests a peaceful troubled, Peace holy and profound.

The Judge Who comes in mercy, The Judge Who comes with might,
To home of fadeless splendor, Of flowers that bear no thorn,
O happy, holy portion, Reflection for the blest,

To terminate the evil, To diadem the right.
Where they shall dwell as children Who here as exiles mourn; Amen.
True vision of true beauty, Sweet cure for all distress!

4. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory,
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.
Amen.

Bernard of Cluny.
General.
St. George. 7-6-7-6 D.
J. Walsh.

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1. Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow short-lived care;
2. There grief is turned to pleasure, Such pleasure as below;
3. And now we fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown

mf
The life that knows no ending, The tearless life is there,
No human voice can utter, No human hearts can know;
Of full and everlasting And passionless renown;

mf O happy retribution! Short toil, eternal rest;
And after fleshly weakness, And after this world's night,
And He whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known,

For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest.
And after storm and whirlwind, Are calm and joy and light. Amen.

4. And now we watch the struggle, And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's Fountain, And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden, And milk and honey flow.

5. The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and Portion, In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever, And worship face to face.

6. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.
Bernard of Cluny.
General.

Bona Patria. 7-6-7-6 D. Sullivan.

1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vigils keep;
   For very love behold ing Thy holy name, they weep.

2. O one, O only mansion! O paradise of joy!
   Where tears are ever banished And smiles have no alloy;

3. With jasperglory thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
   The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays;

4. The Cross is all thy splendour, The Crucified thy praise;
   And medicine in sickness, And love and life, and rest.

5. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect!
   And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. Amen.

   His laud and benediction
   The mention of thy glory Is union to the breast,

   Thy loveliness oppresseth All man thought and heart,
   And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. Amen.

   Thine ageless walls are bonded With ame thyst unpriced;
   The saints build up thy fabric, The cornerstone is Christ.

   Thy ransom people raise,
   And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. Amen.

   Upon the Rock of Ages
   The mention of thy glory Is union to the breast,

   They build thy holy tower;
   And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. Amen.

   Thine is the victors laurel,
   The mention of thy glory Is union to the breast,

   And thine the golden dower.
   And none, O Peace, O Sion, Can sing thee as thou art. Amen.

   Bernard of Cluny.
General.

Jerusalem 7-6 7-6 D.
Sullivan.

1. Jerusalem the golden! With milk and honey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song;
3. There is the throne of David; And there from care released,

Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed;
And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng.
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.

I know not, O I know not What joys await us there;
The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene;
And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,

What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.
The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen. Amen.
For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of Godselect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.
Amen.
Bernard of Cluny.
General.

Pilgrims P. M.
Smart.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
   ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
   Jesus bids you come; And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
   of that new life when sin shall be no more!

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, Come, weary souls, for
   sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
   The music of the Gospel leads us home. Angels of Jesus,
   Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus
   Angels of light, Singing to welcome The pilgrims of the night. Amen.

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
   Angels of Jesus, etc.
   The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
   Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
   And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
   Angels of Jesus, etc.
   Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
   Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
   And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

May be used as processional.    Fr. Faber.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: ccwatershed.org/jogues
General.

Crusaders' Hymn.
Air Unknown.

1. Fair - est Lord, Je - sus, Rul - er of all
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the

na - tions, O Thou of God and Man the Son!
wood - lands Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
moon - light And all the twink - ling star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or,
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er,
Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er,

Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
Who makes the wo - ful heart to sing. A - men.
Than all the an - gels Heav'n can boast.

12th Century.
General.

Exeter 7-6 7-6 D.
Barnby.

1. O happy band of pilgrims, If on-ward ye will tread
2. The Cross that Je-sus car-ried, He car-ried as your due:
3. The tri-als that be-set you, The sor-rows ye en-du-re.

With Je-sus as your Fel-low, To Je-sus as your Head!
The crown that Je-sus wear-eth, He wear-eth it for you.
The man-i-fold temp-ta-tions That death a- lone can cure;

O hap-py if ye la-bor As Je-sus did for men,
The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn.
What are they but His jew-els Of bright ce-les-tial worth?

O hap-py if ye hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then.
The love that thro' all troubles To Him a- lone will turn. A-men.
What are they but the lad-der Set up to Hea'n on earth?

4. O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!
To Father, Son and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and forevermore.

A-men.

Joseph of Exeter 12th Century.

May be used as processional.
General.

1. O Thou before Whose presence Nought evil may come in,
2. Fierce is our sub - tle foe man; The forces at his hand,
3. So Thou hast wrought a mong us The great things that we see;

Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;
With foe that none can num - ber, De - spoil the pleas - ant land;
For things that are we thank Thee, And for the things to be:

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,
All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
For bright Hope is up - lift - ing Faint hands and fee - ble knees,

And Christ-like ten - der pity To seek the lost for Thee.
Must in their Sav - iour's arm - our Be strong - er than the strong. A - men.
To strive be - neath Thy bless - ing For greater things than these.

4. Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
   O Purity and Power!
   Lead on, till peace eternal
   Shall close this battle hour;
   Till all who prayed and struggled
   To set their brethren free,
   In triumph meet to praise Thee,
   Most Holy Trinity.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins. Amen.
Selected.
General.

Eternal Bowers 6-5-6-5 D.
T. Morley.

1. Those eternal bow'rs Man hath never trod,
2. He who wakes from slumber At the Spirit's voice,
3. He who gladly bar'rs All on earth-ly ground;

Those un-fading flow'rs Round the throne of God:
Dar-ing here to num-ber Things un-seen his choice:
He who like the mar-tyrs Says, "I will be crowned:"

Who may hope to gain them Af-ter wea-ry fight?
He who casts his bur-d en Down at Jesus' Cross;
He whose one ob-la-tion Is a life of love,

Who at length at-tain them, Clad in robes of white?
Christ's reproach his guer-don, All be-side but loss. A-men.
Knit in God's sal-va-tion To the blest a bove.

4. Shame upon you, legions Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor Dream away the light!
When He bids you labour, When He tells you, "Fight!"

5. Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

Amen.
From the Latin.

By permission of C.L. Hutchins.
General.

Paradise 8-6-8-6-6-6-6-6-6.

Barnby.

1. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
   Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest;
   Where loyal hearts, and true, Stand ev-er in the light,
   All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight? A-men.

2. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, The world is grow-ing old;
   Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?

3. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, We long to sin no more;
   We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore;

4. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise,
   We shall not wait for long;
   Een now the loving ear may catch
   Faint fragments of thy song;
   Where loyal hearts, etc.

5. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
   Oh, keep us in Thy love,
   And guide us to that happy land
   Of perfect rest above;
   Where loyal hearts, etc.
   Amen.

Fr. Faber.
General.

Geraldine C. M.
J. Booth.

1. Dear Jesus, ever at my side
2. In work and play, in praise and pray'r,
3. Thy loving care doth send him here

Thine Angel doth attend, Through Thy dear love to
In dark or sunny day; My heart doth know its
To help me follow Thee, To keep me close, O

be my guide, To keep me, and defend.
guardian fair, Who leads me on my way. Amen.
Saviour dear, Thine own to ever be.

4. Sleeping or waking I am sure
Thy care will never fail.
And in Thy love I rest secure,
Though wild and fierce the gale.

5. The tempest Thou wilt still at last.
The storm of life shall cease,
And we shall find, all struggle past.
The harbor of Thy peace.

Amen.

J. C. B.
General.

Raymond G-5-6-5. Barnby.

1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
2. Nature cannot hold Thee,
3. Out beyond the shining

God of might and power,
Heaven is all too strait,
Of the farthest star,

Thou Thyself art
For Thine endless
Thou art ever

dwell ing With us at this hour.
glory, And Thy royal state. Amen.
stretch ing In firiely far.

dwelling with us at this hour.

4. Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonder
Loves the lowly spot.

5. Jesus, gentlest Saviour.
Thou art with us now:
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts overflow.

6. Multiply our graces:
Give us love and fear,
And dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to preserve!

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

Amen.
Fr. Faber.
General.

Holy Church 7-6-7-6 D.
S.S. Wesley.

1. The Church’s one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
   She is His new creation By water and the word;
   From heav’n He came and sought her To be His holy Bride;
   With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2. Elect from ev’ry nation, Yet over all the earth;
   Her charter of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
   One Holy Name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,
   And to one hope she presses, With every grace endured. Amen.

3. Though with a scornful wonder Men see her sore oppressed,
   By schisms rent asunder, By heresies distress;
   Yet saints their watch are keeping, Their cry goes up, “How long?”
   And soon the night of weeping Shall be the morn of song.

4. ’Mid toil and tribulation,
   She waits the consummation
   Of peace fore ver more;
   Till with the vision glorious
   And the great Church victorious
   May be used as Processional.
   May be used in dedication of a Church.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
   With God the Three in One,
   With those whose rest is won:
   O happy ones and holy!
   Like them, the meek and lowly,
   Shall be the Church at rest.

   With God, give us grace that we
   On high may dwell with Thee.
   Amen. Selected.

If this book existed after Vatican II, Liturgical Reform would have been different: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES
Processional.

St. Gertrude.

6-5-6-5 D. with Refrain.

Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus.
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers.
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading.

Going on before! Christ the royal Master Leads against the foe;
On to victory! Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, All one Body we,

Forward into battle, See, His banners go.
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud, your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before! Amen.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
   Kingdoms rise and wane,
   But the Church of Jesus
   Constant will remain;
   Gates of hell can never
   'Gainst that Church prevail;
   We have Christ's own promise,
   And that cannot fail.
   Onward, etc.

5. Onward, then, ye people
   Join our happy throng!
   Blend with ours your voices
   In the triumph song!
   Glory, laud, and honor,
   Unto Christ the King;
   This through countless ages
   Men and angels sing.
   Onward, etc.
   Amen.

Selected.
Processional.

Victory P. M. Barnby.

We march, we march to victory!

With the Cross of the Lord before us, With His loving eye looking

down from the sky, And His holy arm spread over us.

All verses except last. Last verse only.

His holy arm spread over us! over us! Amen.
We come in the sight of the Lord of Light,
In reverent train to meet Him:
Our sword is the spirit of God on high,
Our banner is the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword the Incarnation.

He marches in front of His banner unfurled,
Which He raised, that His own might
find Him; And the Holy Church throughout the world
Falls into rank behind Him; Falls into rank behind Him.

4. The bands of the alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder
And the van of the Lord in serried array
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.

5. And the choir of Angels with songs awaits
Our march to golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates
And burst the bars of iron.
And burst the bars of iron.

6. Then onward we march our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us
With His eye of love looking down from above
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

Selected.
Hymn for the Pope.
The Universal Papal Hymn.

H. G. Ganss.

Maestoso.

1. Long live the Pope! His praises sound A -
2. Be - lea - guered by the foes of earth, Be -
3. His sig - net is the Fish - er - man's; No
4. Then raise the chant, with heart and voice, In

again and yet a - gain: His rule is o - ver
set by hosts of hell, He guards the loy - al
scap - tre does he bear; In meek and low - ly
church and school and home: "Long live the Shep - herd

space and time; His throne the hearts of men: All
flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti - nel: And
maj - es - ty He rules from Pe - ter's Chair: And
of the Flock! Long live the Pope of Rome!" Al -

Used by permission of
J. Fischer & Bro.
Hail! the Shepherd-King of Rome, The theme of loving yet, amid the din and strife, The clash of mace and yet from every tribe and tongue, From every clime and might-y Fa-ther, bless his work, Protec-t him in his song: Let all the earth his glo-ry sing, And sword, He bears a-lone the shep-herd staff, This zone, Three hun-dred mill-lion voic-es sing, The ways, Re-ceive his pray’rs ful-fill his hopes, And heav’n the strain pro-long. Let all the earth his cham-pion of the Lord. He bears a-lone the glo-ry of his throne. Three hun-dred mill-lion grant him “length of days!” Re-ceive his pray’rs ful-

glo-ry sing, And heav’n the strain pro-long. shep-herd staff, This cham-pion of the Lord. voic-es sing, The glo-ry of his throne. fil his hopes, And grant him “length of days.”

Rev. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. D.
Doxology.

German Choral 7-8-7-8-7-7.

1. Holy God, we praise Thy Name!
2. Hark! the loud celestial hymn
3. Lo! the apostolic train

Lord of all, we bow before Thee! All on earth Thy
Angel choirs above are raising; Cherubim and
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow; Prophets swell the
rule acclaim, All in heaven above adore Thee; Infin-
Seraphim, In unceasing chorus praising; Fill the
glad refrain, And the white-robed martyrs follow, And from

nate Thy vast domain, Everlasting is Thy Name.
heavens with sweet accord; Holy! Holy! Holy, Lord! Amen.
morn till set of sun, Thro' the Church the song goes on.

4. Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee;
And adoring bend the knee
While we own the mystery.
Amen.

From the Latin.
Appendix.

Christmas.

1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phantes Ve - ni - te, ve -
2. De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lu - mine, Ge - stant
3. Can - tet nunc I - o Chorus An - ge - lor - um; Can - tet nunc ni - te in Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te Regem An - ge - lor - um;
pu - el - lae vis - ce - ra; De - um ver - um, Ge - nitum non factum:
au - la coe - les - ti - um, Glo - ria in - ex - cel - sis De - o:

After each verse.

Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve -

4. Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus, etc.
Amen.
Vexilla Regis.

1. Vex - il - la Re - gis pro - de - unt;
2. Quae vul - ne - ra - ta lan - ce - ae
3. Im - ple - ta sunt, quae con - ci - nit

Ful - get Cru - cis mys - te - ri - um, Qua vi - ta mor - tem
Muc - ro - ne di - ro, cri - mi - num Ut nos la - var - et
Dav - id fi - de - li car - mi - ne, Di - cend - do na - ti -

per - tu - lit, Et mor - te vi - tam pro - tu - lit.
on - i - bus; Reg - na - vit a lig - no De - us.

4. Arbor decora, et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5. Beata, cujus brachiis
Pretium pepedit saeculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Tulitque praedam tartari.

6. O Crux ave, spes unica,
Hoc passionis tempore
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

7. Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnes spiritus;
Quibus Crucis victoriam
Largiris, addae praemium.
Amen.