

THE WESTMINSTER HYMNAL

THE WESTMINSTER HYMNAL •
In 1936 Ronald Knox was appointed to a committee to revise the Westminster Hymnal. He took the task thoroughly in hand, eventually contributing 47 out of the 106 translations from Latin and four original hymns. Bishop Mathew noted in his preface that 'no student of this book can fail to realize the great debt that it owes to Monsignor Knox'. The revised hymnal clearly bears his marks.

THE WESTMINSTER HYMNAL

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

AUTHORISED BY
THE HIERARCHY OF ENGLAND AND WALES
FOR USE IN ALL CHURCHES AND ORATORIES

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PREFACE

BY

THE MOST REV. DAVID MATHEW

THE revised *Westminster Hymnal* is intended to contain a representative selection of the body of Catholic hymn-writing in English. In the view of the Committee appointed after the Low Week meeting of the Hierarchy in 1936 the norm of a Catholic hymn is the ancient Office hymn of the Church. This view has guided the Committee in their choice. The late Sir Richard Terry was in process of forming a collection of melodies in preparation for the book. This collection has been completed and edited by the Rev. W. S. Bainbridge, and it is hoped that both words and music will help to raise the standard of Catholic vernacular hymns.

Care has been taken in regard to the translations from the Latin. Many of these versions have been amended or replaced and the Committee considered that there was no objection in principle to the occasional use of a non-Catholic translation when this possessed outstanding merit. The encouragement which the Holy See has given to the development of the liturgical spirit among the laity was borne in mind in the choice of hymns. At the same time it is hoped that this new edition will be considered to include a truly representative selection of popular Catholic hymnology.

Among the hymns chosen a few are of mediæval English provenance, like the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* ascribed to Cardinal Langton and the *Ave vivens hostia* of Archbishop Peckham. It is fitting to begin with the acknowledgement of this debt to the See of Canterbury in the Catholic ages. William Dunbar's Christmas hymn represents the last years of the unbroken Catholic life, and among the Elizabethan writers who are included stand two martyred *Beati*, the Earl of Arundel and Robert Southwell. Verstegan represents the exiles of the end of the Elizabethan time and Sir John Beaumont stands here for the later Jacobean Catholic world. Crucial in the development of the English Catholic literary tradition is *Jerusalem, my happy home*, attributed to Laurence Anderton, *alias* Brerely. In this hymn there breathes the tough, quick gaiety of the driven generations and their assurance of spiritual victory.

A very different spirit enters with the work of the Caroline converts Richard Crashaw and John Austin. They form a preparation for those hymns over which there hangs the name and touch of Dryden. The closing years of the seventeenth century are marked by Blount's translation of the *Vexilla Regis*.

The hymns included from the Primer of 1706 reflect very soberly the integrity of the old Catholic spirit, so determined and yet terrestrially so unhopeful. In this connection it is worth noting that the translation of *O filii et filiae*, which was first published in the Evening Office of 1748, does not in any way suggest the mood of

PREFACE

Bishop Challoner. It is too faithful to the letter of the Latin original. The last hymn from the generations which grew up before Emancipation is that for the Vespers of the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, which mirrors the confident, staunch faith of Provost Husenbeth.

It is always surprising to recollect that the first of modern English Catholic hymns, *Hail, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star*, should have been composed so long ago by Dr. Lingard. Coming next to this work in time is Cardinal Wiseman's pæan *Full in the panting heart of Rome*, with which he ushered in the rather different hymns of the convert Tractarian clergy. Among these Cardinal Newman and Canon Oakeley were the senior. It is curious that Faber, Caswall, Aubrey de Vere and Campbell should all have been born in the same year. Bishop Chadwick, who represented the old Catholic writing, and Fr. Aylward, the Dominican translator of the *Lauda Sion*, were a few months older. Exigencies of space have forbidden the present compilers to make a wider selection from Fr. Faber and Fr. Caswall, who have left upon so much of Catholic hymn-writing the imprint of their thought and metaphor. Under another aspect the translation of *Dem Herzen Jesu Singe*, by Fr. Albany Christie, S.J., was very typical of the taste of just this period.

With Gerard Manley Hopkins' translation of the *Adoro te* and that solitary hymn of Digby Mackwork Dolben we reach an approach which is very much more modern. But all the warmth of one school of Tractarian converts comes through in Lady Catherine Petre's simple verses. The hymns of the next period are familiar to every Catholic childhood, *Daily, daily, sing to Mary*, and Fr. Vaughan's *God of mercy and compassion*, and Fr. Stanfield's *Sweet Sacrament divine*. Those who join the Church in later life often find this range of hymns quite strange to them. At the same time the feeling and manner of J. M. Neale's *Jerusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest*, which is included in this edition, is at least equally alien to those who have been reared in the atmosphere of the homely Catholic services of the last fifty years, with their loud and draughty singing.

It is, perhaps, invidious to refer to living authors, but no student of this book can fail to realize the great debt that it owes to Monsignor Knox. From among the work of Catholic writers who have died within this century there are hymns by Francis Thompson, Gilbert Chesterton, Lionel Johnson and Canon Gray, and by the authors who wrote under the pen name of Michael Field. A hymn with an interesting background is that translated by Catherine Winkworth from the original of Johann Scheffler, *Angelus Silesius*. It is our hope that the supplement of Latin hymns will be welcomed. The constant and so varied translations from Latin liturgical sources throw a light upon the backbone of our Catholic tradition. A clear and consistent unity marks the whole body of Catholic hymnology. Native and redolent of the soil, yet so influenced in their style by changing taste, there was one factor constant in these writers. Serene or didactic, unflinching or flamboyant, they were all faithful to the See of Rome.

✠ DAVID MATHEW.

MUSICAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE revision of the words of the *Westminster Hymnal* by a Committee appointed by the Hierarchy of England and Wales, and under the Chairmanship of the Very Reverend Canon Smith, D.D., Ph.D., necessitated considerable changes in the music of the book.

The death of Sir R. R. Terry occurred in the very early stages of the revision of the words of the hymns. He had, however, gathered much material, and the Editor wishes to acknowledge the kindness of his executors in allowing him access to this. As much of it as has been possible is included in this edition.

It had always been a matter of keen regret to Sir Richard, and indeed to many others, to feel that, while Catholic hymn-tunes are amongst the finest in existence, English Catholics know little or nothing about them; yet many of these tunes are included in non-Catholic hymn-books, and there is a danger, as far as our own people are concerned, of all traces of their Catholic origin being lost.

An opportunity for remedying this state of affairs has been taken in the compilation of the tunes for this hymnal. Melodies from the old German hymnaries and the French diocesan books are now restored to their proper place in Catholic worship. Many of these are already familiar to a large number of Catholics, and all should join in recognizing the debt of gratitude owed to those earlier English musicians who by their research and work have made them popular throughout the country. Tunes of outstanding merit, whose sources were probably of pre-Reformation times, are to be found in the Metrical Psalters of the seventeenth century; some of the best of these are included in the hymnal. A place has also been found for other fine melodies which can rightly be considered part of our English heritage.

Finally, throughout the book will be found melodies of our own Catholic composers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. A certain number of tunes whose merits lie chiefly in their associations have been retained in an Appendix. Those who have the welfare of the younger generation at heart will need no reminder that these people have not those associations, and furthermore, that many tunes of the latter part of the nineteenth century are lacking in that virility and rhythmic interest which are so essential to a hymn-tune.

No tunes have been repeated in the hymnal, with the exception of some of those in the Latin section. There are some hymns (*e.g.*, those for certain Saints) that can only rarely be sung; the difficulty that naturally arises amongst small congregations of learning the proper tunes for these can be solved by a judicious reference to the metrical index. It is hoped, nevertheless, that in time each hymn will be associated with its own melody.

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The Latin section has been considerably enlarged, and for the most part the melodies therein are taken from the chant of the Church. The choirmaster will be well repaid by a study of this portion of the book; he will find in these hymns and motets—and especially in the proses with their short refrains to be sung by the people—material with which he can fulfil that precept of His Holiness Pope Pius XI: "In order that the faithful may more actively participate in divine worship, let them be made once more to sing the Gregorian chant."

The choice of the melodies in this hymnal is that of the Editor; but he gratefully acknowledges the valuable advice and help received from many of the clergy and laity. Correspondence has shown a large and healthy interest in hymnology, and this, in itself, has been a source of great encouragement.

In conclusion, the Editor desires to express the great debt of gratitude he owes to Dom A. Gregory Murray; he has harmonized many of the melodies in the book; he has written the accompaniments to the Plainsong; and lastly, he very kindly undertook the tedious labour of the correction of the proofs.

WM. S. BAINBRIDGE.


Westminster Cathedral.

THE PLAINSONG

1. THE MELODIES

The Gregorian Chant was described by Pope Pius X in his juridical code of sacred music as "the chant proper to the Roman Church . . . which she directly proposes to the faithful as her own." No Catholic hymnal, therefore, is complete without a fair proportion of examples of this exclusively Catholic music. Hence a generous selection of plainsong hymns and other chants is given in the Latin section of this book. The sources whence these melodies have been taken are chiefly the official Vatican Edition of the *Graduale* and *Antiphonale*. Other chants, which have already established themselves in general use, are from the various publications of Solesmes. A few melodies are culled from ancient English manuscripts and various other sources.

In singing plainsong certain fundamental principles must be borne in mind:

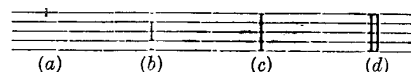
1. The normal plainsong note, represented in modern notation by the quaver, is always constant in length. Some notes, represented by crotchets, are of double value; others, marked with a horizontal episema (e.g., ) are only slightly prolonged (not doubled). All the remaining notes are strictly equal in length, no matter whether they occur singly or in groups. The widespread tendency to hurry groups of notes, especially in descending phrases, must therefore be resisted. Nevertheless, although the notes are equal, they must all flow one from another in a perfectly legato manner.

2. It is of equal importance to recognize that the accents of the words have no necessary connection with the rhythm of the music. The primary character of the accented syllable in Latin (i.e., in the liturgical Latin of the Gregorian age) is melodic elevation, not heavy stress. The Gregorian composers were chiefly concerned to associate the accented syllable with higher notes; they were quite indifferent as to its position in regard to the rhythm. The verbal accent and the musical rhythm are two distinct things, and it is a cardinal error to ignore the distinction.

3. Hence in singing plainsong it is essential to avoid that heavy system of accentuation which is characteristic of modern English speech, but which is quite foreign both to the liturgical Latin and to its proper music, the Gregorian Chant. Similarly it is necessary to guard against the common fault of lengthening the notes—especially the single notes—which coincide with accented syllables, and of hurrying or shortening the notes—especially the groups of notes—which coincide with unaccented syllables. The time-value of the normal note (the quaver) is constant and remains unaffected by the verbal accentuation.

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Four types of bar-line are employed in plainsong, which provide a ready means of recognizing the structure of the melody, the proper balance and proportion of its phrases, and so conduce to a more artistic rendering.



(a) The quarter-bar indicates a point where breath may be taken if necessary. No extra time is allowed for breathing. If a breath be taken, it must be snatched during the value of the preceding note.

(b) The half-bar indicates a point where breathing is normally necessary. But here again the breath must be taken during the value of the preceding note, and the musical movement must not be interrupted. (Note, however, that in hymn melodies a half-bar occurring half-way through the verse is to be interpreted as a full-bar.)

(c) The full-bar shows the end of a more important division of the melody. Here breath may be taken deliberately, and at least the value of a simple note is allowed for the purpose.

(d) The double-bar marks a cadence of even greater importance. In antiphonal singing (*i.e.*, when the choir is divided into two parts) the double-bar denotes that the other half of the choir is to continue. In this case there is no pause for breathing.

According to the accepted convention when plainsong is written in modern notation, the quilisma is represented by the sign \sim . The precise interpretation of the quilisma is uncertain. But the best modern authorities and the best modern exponents agree that the quilisma should be sung lightly, though without clipping its length. The preceding note is always slightly prolonged.

Finally it is recommended that the plainsong melodies be sung simply and without exaggeration of any kind. The expression should be on broad lines and the general style should be characterized by dignified and sober restraint. A moderate rallentando should accompany the important cadences, but all extravagant changes of tempo should be avoided.

2. THE ACCOMPANIMENTS

1. The first requisite of a plainsong accompaniment is that it should be scrupulously faithful to the rhythm of the melody. The rhythmic basis of plainsong is the simple note or quaver, whose time-value is constant. The notes of plainsong are grouped into measures of two or three quavers each, and these binary and ternary measures follow one another in free sequence. Thus the rhythm of plain-

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song is "free," as opposed to the regular metrical rhythm (binary or ternary throughout) of most other music. Nevertheless, although free, the rhythm of a plainsong melody is as definite as that of a melody in regular rhythm. Furthermore, the rhythm of plainsong is indicated chiefly by purely musical considerations and has no necessary connection with the accentuation of the words. It follows that in a plainsong accompaniment the proper place for a change of chord is the first beat of a measure (*i.e.*, the down-beat or ictus)—not the verbal accent.

The accompaniments in the present book are carefully designed to show the correct rhythm of the melodies. Each rhythmic ictus is clearly marked by some movement, however slight, in the harmony. In justification of this plan it may be pointed out that a hymnal is primarily a book for congregational use, and that a congregation generally requires the support of an accompaniment which marks each step of the rhythm.

2. The second requisite of a plainsong accompaniment is that it should faithfully express the harmonic atmosphere or tonality implied by the melody. In this respect the accompaniments here provided claim to follow with scrupulous fidelity every indication given by the melodies.

3. Finally the organist is reminded that in accompanying plainsong the organ should be as soft and unobtrusive as is consistent with its function of supporting the voices. As a rule congregations need solid support. But for more experienced singers the use of 16-ft. pedal stops is unnecessary and the manual stops should be confined to soft 8-ft. tone. With really expert choirs the organist is recommended to play merely the accompanying parts and to leave the melody to the singers. In all circumstances the utmost legato is to be maintained.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

Downside Abbey.

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EDITORS' NOTE

At the end of each hymn is given the name and dates of the author ; where that has been found impossible, the source from which the hymn has been taken is given. If the hymn is a translation, the title of the original is given, and the name of the translator, preceded by Tr., follows the name of the author. No dates are given of living authors or translators. It has been the aim of the Committee to present these hymns in their original form. The spelling of some words has been modernized, and where the Committee have found it necessary to make a slight verbal alteration, this is indicated by a † ; in the rare cases where a verse has been altered, the words " and compilers " are added.

In this edition of the *Westminster Hymnal* the usual custom of prefixing to each melody its own name has been followed ; the composer or the source from which it has been taken is given. The names of composers who have harmonized or adapted melodies have been added ; the harmonizations and adaptations of Sir R. R. Terry and Dom A. Gregory Murray are shown by their initials.

The last portion of the book should help to satisfy the desire, expressed by many, to have a varied selection of Latin hymns, sequences, proses and litanies suitable for congregational worship during Benediction ; some of them might well be sung by the congregation at Mass in the place of the customary motet.

Throughout the book, hymns-taken from the Roman Breviary are prefixed by the name of the office from which they have been taken, *e.g.*, Matins, Lauds, etc., but it should be borne in mind that most of these hymns, apart from the definitely evening hymns, may be sung at any time.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

THE *Westminster Hymnal* Committee are grateful to the various hymn-writers and translators for permission to include the hymns to which their names are attached ; to Messrs. A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd., for permission to reprint from *The Cowley Carol Book* " Unto us is born a Son," by G. R. Woodward ; to the executors of the late G. K. Chesterton for permission to reprint " O God of earth and altar," from *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton* ; to the Oxford University Press for permission to include Mrs. D. F. Gurney's " O perfect Love " ; to the Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's Abbey for Fr. A. H. Collins' " Jesu meek and lowly " ; to Messrs. James B. Pinker & Son for Mgr. R. H. Benson's " Father, within thy house to-day " ; and to Miss Evelyn Brooke for the Rev. S. A. Brooke's translation of " Stille Nacht."

The Musical Editor wishes to thank those who submitted tunes for inclusion in the book ; for various reasons, chiefly that melodies had already been assigned to the words, or that the metres were not those required, he regrets that he was unable to use many of these.

He offers his grateful thanks to Dom A. Gregory Murray, M.A., F.R.C.O., for allowing him an extensive choice from his very admirable compositions ; to Mr. G. J. Malcolm, B.A., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M. (No. 198) ; to Dom W. Alphege Shebbeare (Nos. 141, 189) ; to Mr. H. Stanley Taylor, A.R.C.M., who has so successfully overcome some of the more uncommon metres in the book (Nos. 107, 126, 134, 159, 204, 227).

Permission has kindly been given by Mr. W. H. A. Somervell for the use of No. 186 (second tune) ; by J. T. Masser and Co. (No. 170) ; by Mr. J. Sewell (No. 120) ; by Messrs. Schott and Co. for Dr. G. R. Woodward's harmonies, from *Songs of Sion*, to Nos. 5, 60, 69 ; by the Oxford University Press for Dr. R. Vaughan Williams' harmonies, from the *English Hymnal*, to No. 51.

If, through inadvertence, the Committee or the Musical Editor have failed in the acknowledgement of any copyright, they beg to offer their sincere apologies, and will rectify the omission in future editions. The copyright of the harmonizations and adaptations made especially for the *Westminster Hymnal*, and, in many instances, of the tunes, is the property of the Musical Editor.

**EVELYN WAUGH (1903-1966) writing about the work by
Fr. Ronald Knox on the NEW WESTMINSTER HYMNAL:**

At the Low Week meeting of the hierarchy in 1936 Ronald had been appointed to a committee to revise the *Westminster Hymnal*. Some converts from Protestantism repine at their lost opportunities for congregational singing. Indeed, many adult English Catholics do not hear a hymn from one year's end to another. Ronald attributed this silence to the low literary quality of many Catholic hymns. He took the work of revision very seriously, and his taste, more than that of any other individual, pervaded the committee, whose deliberations were protracted for two years. He attended every meeting, succeeded in introducing several hymns from Catholic sources which had previously been known only to those who used the *English Hymnal*, and the work of comparatively modern poets such as Francis Thompson, G. K. Chesterton, Lionel Johnson, Canon Gray, and 'Michael Field'. More than this he made 47 translations from the Latin, out of a total of 106, only 9 of which were by living writers, and contributed 4 original hymns. The new book bears his personal marks clearly; it was issued in 1940 and cordially welcomed by informed critics. Catholic parishes are slow to change their habits. They still sing what the oldest members learned at school. A full generation must pass before the innovations, so patiently debated, are allowed to fulfil their work of enrichment.

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ADVENT

1

CREATOR ALME SIDERUM. L.M. Mode iv. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Creator alme siderum.

DEAR Maker of the starry skies,
Light never lost by faithful eyes,
Christ, the salvation sent to all,
Be near thy servants when they call.

2 Thy love that pitied from on high
A guilty race foredoomed to die,
Was fain that sentence to repeal,
Those failing energies to heal.

3 So, at the eventide of earth,
From that bridechamber of thy birth
Our mortal flesh thou didst assume,
Born of a spotless Virgin's womb.

4 O thou, at whose august decree,
Once heard, creation bends the knee.
While heaven and earth obey thy will,
Trembling before thee, and are still,

5 Holiest of holy ones, from whom
Eternity receives its doom,
In this brief world of time, we pray,
Keep Satan's treacherous darts at bay.

6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Glory and power and majesty
Through everlasting ages be.

[7TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

ADVENT

2

'As Hymnodus Sacer,' Leipzig, 1625.

Adapted and harmonized

by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

BRESLAU.

L.M.



MATINS.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

WORD from the Father evermore
Proceeding, now in mercy sent
In these last ages to restore
A fallen world and ill content,

- 2 Our minds illumine with thy light,
With thy warm love our hearts inflame ;
Let thy dread summons pierce the night
And purge the secret haunts of shame.
- 3 So when thou comest to disclose
The hidden thoughts of every breast,
Requite the treason of thy foes,
And call the faithful to their rest,
- 4 Let us not fall in hell's abyss
Each with his sin for ever bound,
But find our heritage of bliss,
For ever throned, for ever crowned.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, One in Three,
While everlasting ages run
All honour, praise, and glory be.

[10TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(2)

ADVENT

3

MERTON.

87.87.

W. H. MONK, 1823-89.



LAUDS.

En clara vox redarguit.

HARK ! a herald voice is sounding ;
" Christ is nigh ! " it seems to say ;
" Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day ! "

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo ! the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next he comes with glory,
Shrouding all the earth in fear,
May he then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit
While eternal ages run.

[5TH OR 6TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78. ††]

(3)

ADVENT

4

VENI EMMANUEL.

88.88.88.

Adapted by T. HELMORE from a
French Missal. (A.G.M.)



(4)

ADVENT

Veni, O Sapientia.

0 COME, thou Wisdom whose decree
Doth govern all things peacefully;
The way of prudence here below
And life hereafter deign to shew.
Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel
Is born to save thee, Israel.

2 O come, thou everlasting Lord,
Who once by Israel's host adored
Thy dread commandment madest known,
In majesty of glory shewn.
Rejoice, &c.

3 O Rod of Jesse, mystic bough,
From Satan's cruel snares do thou,
From death's grim dungeon, we implore,
And hell's abyss thine own restore.
Rejoice, &c.

4 O come, thou Key of David's store,
Unlock the heavenly gates once more;
Safe journey to thy courts bestow,
And shut the way that leads below.
Rejoice, &c.

5 O come, thou Daystar seen on high,
With healing for our hearts draw nigh;
Do thou the mists of night dispel,
And death's foreboding darkness quell.
Rejoice, &c.

6 O come, of Gentile hearts the King,
A world that needs thee ransoming,
And save thy servants, who confess
With humbled hearts their faithlessness.
Rejoice, &c.

7 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
Redeem thy captive Israel,
That doth in exile homeless mourn
Until her Saviour Christ be born.
Rejoice, &c.

[PSALTERIOLUM CANTIONUM CATHOLICARUM, COLOGNE, 1710.
TR. R. A. KNOX]

(5)

ADVENT

5

OPTATUS.

S.M.

Anon.
Harmonized by G. R. WOODWARD.



Instantis adventum Dei.

THE coming of our God
Our thoughts must now employ ;
Then let us meet him on the road
With songs of holy joy.

- 2 The co-eternal Son,
A Maiden's offspring see ;
A servant's form Christ putteth on,
To set his people free.
- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To greet thine infant King ;
Nor let thy stubborn heart despise
The pardon he doth bring.
- 4 In glory from his throne
Again will Christ descend,
And summon all that are his own
To joys that never end.
- 5 Let deeds of darkness fly
Before the approaching morn,
For unto sin 'tis ours to die,
And serve the Virgin-born.
- 6 Our joyful praises sing
To Christ, that set us free ;
Like tribute to the Father bring,
And, Holy Ghost, to thee.

[C. COFFIN, 1676-1749. TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68, AND COMPILERS]

(6)

ADVENT

6

WINCHESTER NEW.

L.M.

Adapted from the
'Musikalisches Handbuch,' Hamburg, 1690.
(A.G.M.)



Jordanis oras praevia.

HARK, how the banks of Jordan ring,
The Baptist's utterance echoing !
Your drowsy slumbers cast away,
Those warning accents to obey.

- 2 The conscious earth, and sea and sky
Welcome his advent from on high
Who did their groaning fabric build,
With pangs of expectation thrilled.
- 3 And shall our hearts unpurified
The coming of their King abide ?
Strew all his path, and lodging meet
Prepare a royal guest to greet.
- 4 Jesus, our souls with health endow ;
Our strength and consolation thou ;
Creatures of earth, without thy aid
We languish like the flowers that fade.
- 5 Stretch out thy hand, we faint no more ;
The fallen to their feet restore ;
Show but thy face, and wintry earth
Shall bring her dallying flowers to birth.
- 6 Jesus, our ransom divine,
Let praise beyond all praise be thine ;
Praise to the Father endlessly
And his life-giving Spirit be.

[C. COFFIN, 1676-1749. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(7)

CHRISTMAS

7

VOM HIMMEL HOCH.

L.M.

'Geistliche Leide,' Leipzig, 1539.
(A.G.M.)



MATINS.

Christe Redemptor omnium.

- SAVIOUR of all, for ever One
With God the Father ; only Son,
Whom he alone, when time was not,
Past our imagining, begot,
- 2 Splendour and light of his own fire,
Eternal hope of man's desire,
Look down and hear the prayers that we
In world-wide homage make to thee.
- 3 Author of life, remember still
In former times thy loving will,
Our mortal nature to assume,
Born of a spotless Virgin's womb.
- 4 Each waning year doth testify
That from thy Father's throne on high
Thou, and no other, on this morn
Didst come to save a world forlorn.
- 5 Earth, sea, and sky, thy three-fold plan,
And all that heaven's wide vault doth span,
Echo thy praise in mute accord
To greet the advent of their Lord.
- 6 We in our turn, whose life to save
That hallowed blood redemption gave,
On this the birthday of our King
New songs of salutation bring.
- 7 Jesus, of Virgin Mother born,
Praise be to thee this holy morn ;
Praise to the Father endlessly
And his life-giving Spirit be.

[5TH-6TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(8)

CHRISTMAS

8

ST. VENANTIUS.

L.M.

Rouen Church melody. (A.G.M.)



LAUDS.

A solis ortus cardine.

Part 1.

- A FAR from where the sun doth rise
To lands beneath the western skies,
Homage to Christ our King we pay,
Born of a Virgin's womb this day.
- 2 Blessed Creator, thou didst take
A servant's likeness for our sake,
And didst in flesh our flesh restore
To bid thy creature live once more.
- 3 Chaste was the womb where thou didst dwell,
Of heavenly grace the hidden cell ;
Nor might the blessed Maid proclaim
Whence her dread Guest in secret came.
- 4 Down from on high God came to rest
His glory in a sinless breast ;
Obedience at his word believed,
And virgin innocence conceived.
- 5 Ere long, that holy Child she bore
By Gabriel's message named before,
Whom, yet unborn, with eager pride,
The swift forerunner prophesied.
- 6 Fast doth he sleep, where straw doth spread
A humble manger for his bed ;
A Mother's milk that strength renewed
Which gives the birds of heaven their food.
- 7 Glory to God, the angels cry ;
Earth hears the echo from on high ;
Mankind's true Shepherd and its Lord
By shepherd hearts is first adored.

(9)

CHRISTMAS

9

ST. VENANTIUS.

L.M.

Rouen Church melody. (A.G.M.)



(10)

CHRISTMAS

Part 2.

(Used for Vespers of Epiphany.)

HEROD, why thrills thy heart with fear ?
The royal Babe thou seekest here
Envies no earthly toys, for he
A heavenly crown doth offer thee.

2 In haste to Bethlehem that day
The wise men took their star-led way,
Their light to seek, where light doth shew,
Gifts on the Giver to bestow.

3 Killed at the tyrant's anxious call,
For Christ a thousand victims fall ;
And mothers' hearts the piteous tale
Of murdered innocents bewail.

4 Lo, dipped in Jordan's cleansing stream,
The Lamb of God would whiter seem ;
Yet 'twas our sins, in foul array,
He bore, and bearing washed away.

5 Marvels the Pharisees refute
That would his heavenly birth dispute ;
The sick no more with fever burn,
And at his voice the dead return.

6 New evidence of wondrous power
Behold in Cana's marriage-dower ;
Swift its own nature to resign,
The water blushes into wine.

Doxology for Christmas :

Jesus, of Virgin Mother born,
Praise be to thee this holy morn ;
Praise to the Father endlessly
And his life-giving Spirit be.

Doxology for Epiphany :

Jesus, to thee our praise we own,
To Gentile pilgrims here made known ;
Praise to the Father endlessly
And his life-giving Spirit be.

[CORLIUS SEDULIUS, C. 450. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(11)

CHRISTMAS

10

ADESTE FIDELES.

Irreg.

Anon., 18th cent.
(A.G.M.)



(12)

CHRISTMAS

Adeste fideles.

- 1 COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels.
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.
- 2 A virgin his Mother;
God of God she beareth,
Beareth the Light who doth from Light proceed,
True, uncreated,
From all time begotten:
O come, &c.
- 3 Their flocks left behind them,
To his lowly cradle
The shepherds obedient with haste repair:
Thither with joyful
Footsteps we would follow:
O come, &c.
- 4 Star-led, the Magi,
Christ their King adoring,
Gold, myrrh and incense at his feet bestow;
We on his birthday
Bring our hearts' oblation:
O come, &c.
- 5 The splendour eternal
Of eternal Godhead
Veiled with infirmities of flesh we see:
Hiding his glory,
Swaddling clothes he weareth:
O come, &c.
- 6 Then tenderly greet him,
For our sakes despised,
Homeless this night and in a manger laid:
Love so unsparing
Nought but love can answer:
O come, &c.
- 7 Sing alleluia,
All ye choirs of angels,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Chanting his glory;
Glory in the highest:
O come, &c.
- 8 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
To thee, O Jesus, be the glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
O come, &c.

[18TH CENT. TR. F. OAKELEY. 1802-80, AND R. A. KNOX]

(13)

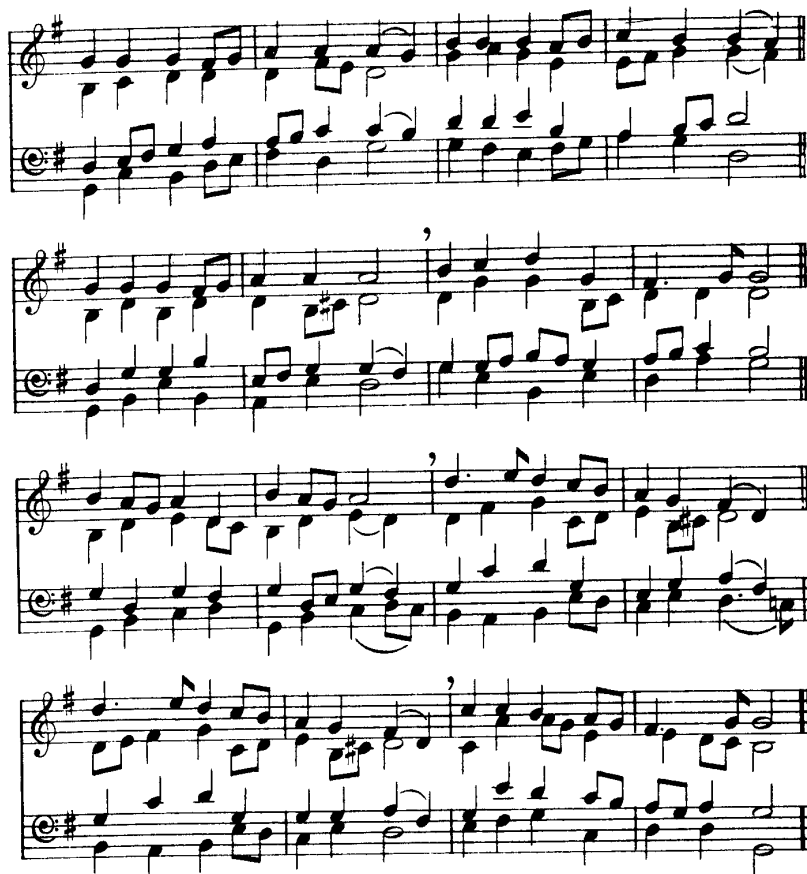
CHRISTMAS

11

CHRISTMAS MORN.

77.77.D.

Traditional melody.
(A.G.M.)



(14)

CHRISTMAS

SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn,
Hail redemption's happy dawn !
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies ;
He, who throned in heights sublime
Sits amid the cherubim.
Hail, &c.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day ?
Wherefore have ye left your sheep.
On the lonely mountain steep ?
Hail, &c.

4 " As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light ;
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."
Hail, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this !
Hail, &c.

6 Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us, that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.
Hail, &c.

[E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(15)

CHRISTMAS

12

LES ANGES DANS NOS
COMPAGNES.

87.87.99.

French Noël. (R.R.T.)

Glo ri - a
in ex - cel - sis De - o, Glo
ri - a in ex - cel - sis, De - o.

ANGELS we have heard in heaven
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountain-tops in answer
Echoing their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

2 Shepherds, why this exultation?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
Tell us of the glad tidings
Which inspire your joyous song.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

3 Come to Bethlehem, and see him
O'er whose birth the angels sing:
Come, adore, devoutly kneeling,
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

4 See him in a manger lying
Whom the choir of angels praise!
Mary, Joseph, come to aid us
While our hearts in love we raise.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

[J. CHADWICK, 1813-82, AND COMPILERS]

CHRISTMAS

13

EDGBASTON.

4.6.88.6.

Traditional melody.
(A.G.M.)

SLEEP, holy Babe,
Upon thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest.

SLEEP, holy Babe,
Upon thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest.

- 2 Sleep, holy Babe;
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.
- 3 Sleep, holy Babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

- 4 Sleep, holy Babe;
Ah, take thy brief repose;
Too quickly will thy slumbers break
And thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

- 5 O Lady blest,
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry;
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die.

[E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

CHRISTMAS

14

THE FIRST NOWELL.

Irreg.

Traditional English Carol.
(R.R.T.)



(18)

CHRISTMAS

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2 They look'd above and there saw a star,
That shone in the east beyond them afar,
And which to earth did give a great light,
And so it continued by day and by night.
Nowell, &c.

3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far,
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, &c.

4 This star drew near to the north west,
At length over Bethlehem seemed to rest,
And there it stayed by night and by day,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, &c.

5 Then entered in those wise men three
Most reverently with bended knee,
And offered there, in his presence,
Both gold and myrrh, with frankincense.
Nowell, &c.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That made both heaven and earth of nought
And with his blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, &c.

[OLD ENGLISH — TRADITIONAL]

(19)

CHRISTMAS

15

WARUM SOLLT.

8.33.8.D.

J. G. EBELING, c. 1620-76.



(20)

CHRISTMAS

ALL the skies to-night sing o'er us !
 Sweet and far
 Star to star
 Maketh solemn chorus.
 Time the midnight blest is telling
 When our Lord
 God the Word
 Made with us his dwelling.

2 Glory in the highest heaven !
 And again
 Unto men
 Their soul's peace be given !
 All our wrong by him is righted
 In whose birth
 Heav'n and earth
 Stand for aye united.

3 Sons of men, let nothing grieve you !
 Evermore
 Heaven's door
 Widens to receive you !
 Brothers of the Babe eternal !
 In his name
 Come and claim
 Grace and bliss supernal.

[J. O'CONNOR]

(21)

CHRISTMAS

16

NEW PRINCE.

D.C.M.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

Tenderly

rall.

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(22)

CHRISTMAS

BEHOLD a simple tender Babe
 In freezing winter night
 In homely manger trembling lies,
 Alas ! a piteous sight.
 The inns are full ; no man will yield
 This little pilgrim bed ;
 But forced he is with silly beasta
 In crib to shroud his head.

- 2 Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
 Nor beasts that round him press ;
 Weigh not his Mother's poor attire,
 Nor Joseph's simple dress.
 This stable is a prince's court,
 The crib his chair of state ;
 The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
 The wooden dish his plate.
- 3 The persons in that poor attire
 His royal liveries wear ;
 The Prince himself is come from heaven,
 This pomp is prized there.
 With joy approach, O Christian soul,
 Do homage to thy King ;
 And highly prize his humble pomp,
 Which he from heaven doth bring.

[BLESSED R. SOUTHWELL, S.J., 1561-95.]

(23)

CHRISTMAS

17

ADDISON'S.

D.L.M.

J. SHEERES, c. 1720. (R.R.T.)

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and a keyboard accompaniment. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system introduces a new melodic line in the treble staff. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The fifth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

(24)

CHRISTMAS

RORATE caeli desuper ;
 Heavens, distil your balmy showers,
 For now is risen the bright Day-star
 From the rose Mary, queen of flowers ;
 The clear sun, whom no cloud devours,
 Surmounting Phoebus in the east,
 Is comen of his heavenly towers ;
Et nobis Puer natus est.

2 Sinners, be glad, and penance do,
 And thank your Maker heartfully,
 For he, that ye might not come to,
 To you is comen full humbly,
 Your souls with his blood to buy
 And loose you of the fiend's arrest,
 And only of his own mercy ;
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

3 Now spring up, flowers, from the root,
 Revert you upward naturally,
 In honour of the blessèd Fruit
 That rose up from the rose Mary ;
 Lay out your leaves lustily,
 From dead take life now at the last
 In worship of that Prince worthy,
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

4 Sing, heaven imperial, most of height,
 Regions of air, make harmony ;
 All fish in flood, and fowl of flight,
 Be mirthful and make melody ;
 All *Gloria in excelsis* cry,
 Heaven, earth, sea, man, bird and beast ;
 He that is crowned above the sky
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

[W. DUNBAR, 1465-1530]

(25)

CHRISTMAS

18

AUCH JETZT MACHT GOTT. 86.86.88.

'Koch's Choralbuch,' 1816.
(R.R.T.)



UPON my lap my Sovereign sits,
And feeds upon my breast ;
Meanwhile, his love sustains my life
And gives my body rest.
Sing lullaby, my little Boy,
Sing lullaby, my life's joy.

CHRISTMAS

2 When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my Babe, on me ;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, &c.

3 The earth is now a heaven become,
And this base bower of mine
A princely palace unto me,
My Son doth make to shine.
Sing lullaby, &c.

4 This sight I see, this Child I have,
This Infant I embrace,
O endless comfort of the earth,
And heaven's eternal grace.
Sing lullaby, &c.

5 My Babe, my bliss, my Child, my choice,
My fruit, my flower and bud,
My Jesus, and my only joy,
The sum of all my good.
Sing lullaby, &c.

6 Three kings their treasures thither brought,
Of incense, myrrh, and gold,
The heaven's treasure and their King
That here they might behold.
Sing lullaby, &c.

7 And let the ensuing blessed race
Thou wilt succeeding raise,
Join all their praises unto mine
To multiply thy praise.
Sing lullaby, &c.

[R. ROWLANDS ALIAS R. VERSTEGAN, 1565-1620]

CHRISTMAS

19

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR.

77.77.

'Piae Cantiones,' 1582.
(A.G.M.)



Puer nobis nascitur.

UNTO us is born a Son,
King of quires supernal;
See on earth his life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

2 Christ, from heav'n descending low,
Comes on earth a stranger:
Ox and ass their Owner know
Becradled in a manger.

3 This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder;
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.

4 Of his love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story:
And O that Mary's gentle Child
Might lead us up to glory!

5 O and A and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let the merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino.

[14TH CENT., FROM PIAE CANTIONES. TR. G. R. WOODWARD 1839-1934]

(28)

CHRISTMAS

20

STILLE NACHT.

Irreg.

F. GRUBER, 1787-1863.
(A.G.M.)



Stille Nacht.

STILL the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

2 Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long,
Far and near, the angel-song,
Christ the Redeemer is here.

3 Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born!

[J. MOHR, 1792-1848. TR. S. A. BROOKE, 1832-1916]

(29)

CHRISTMAS

21

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM.

87.87.877.

'Piae Cantiones,' 1582.
(A.G.M.)

(30)

CHRISTMAS

Corde natus ex Parentis.

OF the Father sole-begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 He is here, whom seers of old time
Chanted of while ages ran ;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began :
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore.

3 O that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race ;
And that Child, the world's redeemer,
First displayed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

4 Praise him, O ye heav'ns of heavens !
Praise him, angels in the height !
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright :
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing ;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering :
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

6 Laud and honour to the Father ;
Laud and honour to the Son ;
Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
Ever Three and ever One :
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore.

[AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS, 348-413. TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(31)

THE HOLY NAME

22

METZLER.

C.M.

German. Adapted and
harmonized by R. REDHEAD.



Alternative Tune, Appendix No. 1

VESPERS.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his lovers know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

[11TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(32)

THE HOLY NAME

23

OLD 44TH.

D.C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter, 1592. (R.R.T.)



Jesu dulcis memoria.

JESU, the only thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter still it is to see
And on thy beauty feast.
Thee, then, I'll seek, retired apart,
From world and business free;
When noise invades I'll shut my heart
And keep it all for thee.

2 An early pilgrim thus I'll come,
With Magdalen, to find
In sighs and tears my Saviour's tomb,
And there refresh my mind;
My tears upon his grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill;
Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek his will.

3 Jesus, in thy blest steps I'll tread,
And haunt thee through the ways;
I'll mourn, and never cease to plead,
Till I'm restored to grace.
Great Conqueror of death, thy fire
Does such sweet flames excite,
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills it with delight.

4 Thy quickening presence shines so clear
Through every sense and way
That souls, who once have seen thee near,
See all things else decay.
Come, then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
And chase the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with thy flaming dart
And ever-shining light.

[11TH CENT. TR. PRIMER, 1700]

(33)

THE HOLY NAME

24

Oriel.

87.87.87.

C. Err, 1788-1847,
'Cantica Sacra,' 1840. (A.G.M.)



Gloriosi Salvatoris.

TO the Name that brings salvation
Honour, worship, laud we pay :
That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But to every tongue and nation
Holy Church proclaims to-day.

2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
By the tongue ineffable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable ;
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name of adoration,
'Tis the name of victory ;
'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the name by right exalted
Over every other name :
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame :
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesu, we thy Name adoring,
Long to see thee as thou art :
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

[15TH CENT. TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(34)

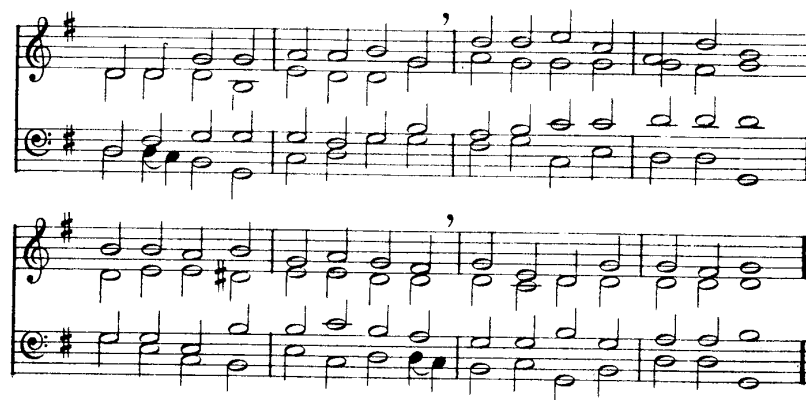
EPIPHANY

25

STUTT GART.

87.87.

German. Adapted probably
by C. F. Witt, c. 1660-1716.



LAUDS.

O sola magnarum urbium.

BETHLEHEM ! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare ;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth ;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the eastern kings appear ;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

4 Solemn things of mystic meaning !—
Incense doth the God disclose ;
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth ;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world display'd,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to thee be paid.

[AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS, 348-413. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78. †]

(35)

EPIPHANY

26

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR (II).

Composed or adapted by
L.M. M. PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621. (A.G.M.)



Quae stella sole pulchrior.

- WHAT star is this with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light ?
'Tis sent t'announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.
- 2 'Tis now fulfilled as God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed" :
And lo ! the eastern sages stand
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them with force benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.
- 4 Impatient love knows no delay ;
Through toil and danger lies their way,
And yet their home, their friends, their all.
They leave at once at God's high call.
- 5 O while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Let not our stubborn hearts defy
The light that beckons from on high.

[C. COFFIN, 1876-1749. TR. J. CHANDLER, 1896-76. ††]

(36)

EPIPHANY

27

ROTTENBURG.

D.L.M.

'Rottenburg Gesangbuch,' 1865,
from 'VEHE's Gesangbüchlein,' 1537.
(A.G.M.)



THEY leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the east ;
For him, the Woman's seed foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.
He, he is King, and he alone,
Who lifts that infant hand to bless ;
Who makes his Mother's knee his throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness.

- 2 To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn ;
They track the lonely Syrian waste ;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.
He, he is King, &c.
- 3 O happy eyes, that saw him first !
O happy lips that kissed his feet !
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst :
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, he is King, &c.

[A. DE VERE. 1814-1902]

(37)

EPIPHANY

28

ALSATIAN CRADLE SONG.

88.88.88.

'Cantiques de Strasburg,' 1697.
(R.R.T.)



(38)

EPIPHANY

WHEN in the crib, so weak and small,
The Saviour lay, there came the wise
To worship him, the Lord of all,
Whose star they saw in other skies,
Thy glory drew the wise from far :
Thy messenger a shining star.

2 When Jesus came to be baptized
The Spirit hovered as a dove,
And those who saw were yet surprised
To hear the Father's voice above,
Commending the eternal Son
The wellbeloved, O blessed One.

3 At Cana in the holy land,
The bridegroom and his guests recline
And at the Saviour's mere command
The water vessels pour with wine.
They wondered, Lord : but blest are they
Who do whatever thou shalt say.

4 O grant us to be truly wise,
To seek the things that are above,
To look to thee with humble eyes,
Thy word to heed, and thee to love.
And guide us to the place, O Lord,
Where thou art evermore adored.

[J. GRAY, 1866-1934]

[The second part of the Christmas Hymn, *A solis ortus cardine* (No. 9),
is sung in Epiphanytide.]

THE FIRST AND ONLY book for the congregation
to contain the complete Vatican II Mass Propers:
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

(39)

LENT

29

BABYLON'S STREAMS.

L.M.

T. CAMPION, 1575-1619.
(A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Audi, benigne Conditor.

HEAR, O thou bounteous Maker, hear
Our humble vows with gracious ear;
Turn not thy saving face away
Whilst on this solemn fast we pray.

2 Great searcher of our hearts, to thee
We here deplore our misery;
Behold, we to thy mercies fly,
Do thou thy healing grace apply.

3 Great are our sins, O Lord, but thou
Canst pardon more than we can do;
May our defects, like shadows, raise
The beauty and the life of grace.

4 May fasts extinguish in our will
The fuel and desire of ill,
And thus our souls, from fetters free,
May only thirst and follow thee.

5 Grant, O most sacred Trinity,
One undivided Unity,
That abstinence may here improve
Our claim to reign with thee above.

[ASCRIBED TO ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, 540-604. TR. PRIMER, 1706. ++]

(40)

LENT

30

SAXONY.

L.M.

'Christliches Gesangbüchlein,' 1568.
(A.G.M.)



MATINS.

Ex more docti mystico.

KEEP we the fast that men of old
Learned from on high in mystic ways,
Till yonder sun hath duly told
His hallowed tale of forty days.

2 This covenant long since revealed
To patriarchs and ardent seers
Christ by his own example sealed,
Author of time, and Lord of years.

3 More wisely therefore let us walk,
Sparing of food and wine and sleep;
Over our trifles and our talk
More jealous be the watch we keep.

4 Still by our sins, O Lord, we grieve
Thy love, so full of pardon free:
Author of mercy, still reprieve
The souls that turn again to thee.

5 Remember whence our fashion came,
Frail creatures, yet thy creatures still,
Crush, for the glory of thy name,
The murmurings of our stubborn will.

6 The guilt that dooms us put away,
With larger grace our prayers requite;
At last, and ever from this day,
Teach us to live as in thy sight.

7 Hear us, O Trinity sublime,
And undivided Unity;
So let this consecrated time
Bring forth thy fruits abundantly.

[ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, 540-604. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(41)

LENT

31

O INVIDENDA MARTYRUM.

L.M.

Dijon Church melody.
(A.G.M.)



LENT

LAUDS.

O Sol salutis, intimis.

JESUS, the sun of ransomed earth,
Shed in our inmost souls thy light,
As in spring days a fairer birth
Heralds, each morn, the doom of night.

- 2 This hour of grace thou dost impart ;
Teach us with flowing tears the stain
To cleanse from every victim-heart
That longs to feel love's welcome pain.
- 3 From the soul's inmost fountain, whence
That poison came, those tears must flow,
Forced by the rod of penitence
From stubborn rock, as long ago.
- 4 The day is come, the accepted day,
When grace, like nature, flowers anew ;
Trained by thy hand the surer way
Rejoice we in our spring-time too.
- 5 Let the whole earth in worship bow,
Great God, before thy mercy-seat,
As we, renewed by grace, do now
With praises new thy presence greet.

[6TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

LENT

32

HERZLIEBSTER JESU.

11.11.11.5.

J. CRÜGER, 1598-1662.
Melody adapted by J. S. BACH.



These harmonies are adapted from Bach

(44)

LENT

Aures ad nostras.

GOD, of thy pity, unto us thy children
Bend down thy ear in thine own lovingkindness,
And all thy people's prayers and vows ascending
Hear, we beseech thee.

2 Look down in mercy from thy seat of glory,
Pour on our souls the radiance of thy presence,
Drive from our weary hearts the shades of darkness,
Lightening our footsteps.

3 Free us from sin by might of thy great loving,
Cleanse thou the sordid, loose the fettered spirit,
Spare every sinner, raise with thine own right hand
All who are fallen.

4 Christ, very light and goodness, life of all things,
Joy of the whole world, infinite in kindness,
Who by the crimson flowing of thy life-blood
Life hast restored us,

5 Plant, sweetest Jesus, at our supplication
Deep in our hearts thy charity : upon us
Faith's everlasting light be poured, and increase
Grant us of loving.

6 Glory to God the Father everlasting,
Glory for ever to the Sole-begotten,
With whom the Holy Spirit through the ages
Reigneth coequal.

[ANTE-TRIDENTINE ROMAN BREVIARY. TR. A. G. McDOUGALL. †]

(45)

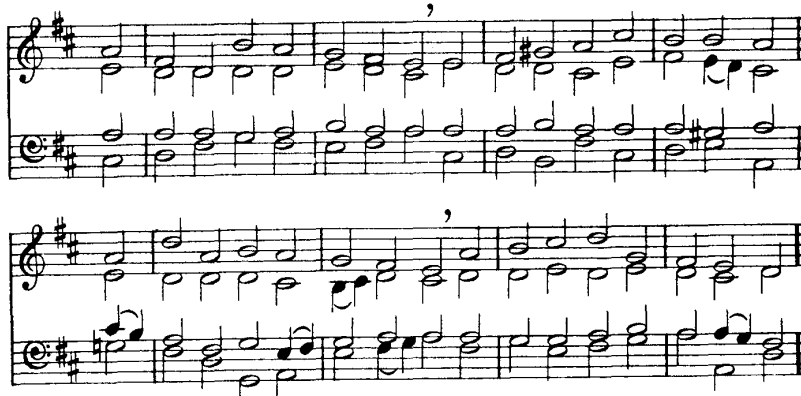
LENT

33

ST. BONIFACE.

L.M.

'Mainz Gesangbuch,' 1833.
(A.G.M.)



Summi largitor praemii.

SOLE hope of all the world and Lord,
Bestower of the great reward,
Receive the prayers thy servants raise
Mixt with meet psalms and chants of praise.

- 2 And though our conscience doth proclaim
Our deep transgressions and our shame,
Cleanse us, O God, we humbly plead,
From sins of thought and word and deed.
- 3 Our sins remember thou no more ;
Forgive : thy mercy can restore ;
So take upon thee, Lord, our care,
That pure in heart we make our prayer.
- 4 Therefore accept, O Lord, this tide
Of fast which thou hast sanctified,
That we may reach by mystic ways
The sacraments of Paschal days.
- 5 May he who is the threefold Lord
On us confer this high reward,
In whom so long as worlds abide
One only God is glorified.

[SARUM BREVIARY. TR. A. G. McDougall. †]

PASSIONTIDE

34

ANDERNACH.

L.M.

'Andernach Gesangbuch,' 1608.
(A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Vexilla Regis.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>A BROAD the regal banners fly,
Now shines the Cross's mystery ;
Upon it Life did death endure,
And yet by death did life procure.</p> | <p>4 O lovely and refulgent Tree,
Adorned with purple majesty ;
Culled from a worthy stock, to bear
Those limbs which sanctified were.</p> |
| <p>2 Who, wounded with a direful spear,
Did, purposely to wash us clear
From stain of sin, pour out a flood
Of precious water mixed with blood.</p> | <p>5 Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore ;
The beam that did that body weigh
Which raised up hell's expected prey.</p> |
| <p>3 That which the prophet-king of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold,
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
God ruling nations from a tree.</p> | <p>6 Hail Cross, our hope ; on thee we call,
Who keep this mournful festival ;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.</p> |
| <p>7 Blest Trinity, we praises sing
To thee, from whom all graces spring ;
Celestial crowns on those bestow
Who conquer by the Cross below.</p> | |

[VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530-609. TR. W. K. BLOUNT, D. 1717,
AND EVENING OFFICE, 1710]

PASSIONTIDE

35

F. FILITZ, 1804-76,
'Vierstimmiges Choralbuch.'
(A.G.M.)

MANHEIM.

87.87.87.



MATINS.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

Part 1.

SING, my tongue, of warfare ended,
Of the Victor's laurelled crown;
Let the Cross, his trophy splendid,
Be the theme of high renown;
How a broken world was mended—
Life restored by life laid down.

2 God, for man's rebellion grieving,
When the world his hands had made
Perished by a fruit's deceiving,
In that hour his counsel laid,
By a tree the race reprieving
Whom a tree long since betrayed.

5 See a helpless Infant crying,
Whom a manger doth enfold;
See his Virgin Mother tying
Rags about him in the cold;
Bound both hand and feet, and lying
'Mid the beasts, your God behold!

(48)

3 Man's eternal health contriving
Wrought he with unfailing art—
Wisdom 'gainst the wisdom striving
Of the tempter's guileful heart;
From that source the balm deriving
Where the foe had steeped his dart.

4 Therefore, when that hallowed hour
Time to its fulfilment brought,
From his Father's heavenly tower
Came he, who the worlds had wrought,
From his Mother's secret bower,
Clothed in flesh, and welcome sought.

PASSIONTIDE

36

NORTHUMBERLAND.

87.87.87.

Anon. (R.R.T.)



LAUDS.

Part 2.

NOW, his years of life perfected,
Our atonement's price to be,
By the doom long since elected,
Bound and nailed to set us free,
Christ, our Victim, hangs rejected
On the Cross of Calvary.

2 Gall he drinks; his strength subduing,
Reed and thorn and nail and spear
Plot his gentle frame's undoing;
Blood and water thence appear,
With their cleansing tide renewing
Earth and sea and starry sphere.

3 Hail, true Cross, of beauty rarest,
King of all the forest trees;
Leaf and flower and fruit thou bearest,
Medicine for a world's disease;
Fairest wood, and iron fairest—
Yet more fair, who hung on these.

4 Bend thy branches down to meet him,
Bend that stubborn heart of thine;
Let thy native force, to greet him,
All its ruggedness resign;
Gently let thy wood entreat him,
Royal sufferer, and divine.

5 Victim of our race, he deigned
On thy arms to lay his head;
Thou the ark, whose refuge gained,
Sinful man no more may dread;
Ark, whose planks are deeply stained
With the blood the Lamb hath shed.

6 Honour, glory, might and merit
To the eternal Trinity,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Throned in heaven co-equally;
All that doth the world inherit,
Praise one God in Persons three.

[VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530-609. TR. R. A. KNON.]

(49)

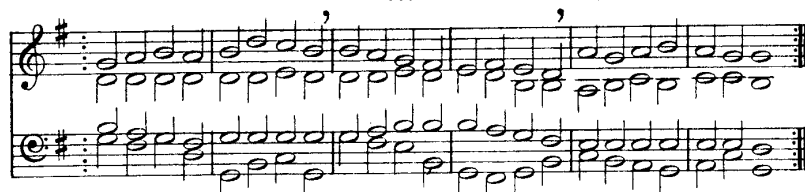
PASSIONTIDE

37

Later form (1748) of melody
from 'Maintzisch Gesangbuch,' 1661.
(A.G.M.)

STABAT MATER.

887.D.



ALTERNATIVE VERSION

STABAT MATER.

887.D.

Later form of melody.
(A.G.M.)



Stabat mater.

BY the Cross her vigil keeping
Stands the Queen of sorrows weeping,
While her Son in torment hangs ;

2 Now she feels—O heart afflicted
By the sword of old predicted !—
More than all a mother's pangs.

3 Sad and heavy stands beside him
She who once had magnified him
One-begotten, only-born ;

4 While she sees that rich atoning,
Long the moaning, deep the groaning
Of her mother-heart forlorn.

(50)

PASSIONTIDE

- 5 Who, Christ's Mother contemplating
In such bitter anguish waiting,
Has no human tears to shed ?
- 6 Who would leave Christ's Mother, sharing
All the pain her Son is bearing,
By those tears uncomforted ?
- 7 Victim-priest of Jewry's nation,
There he hangs in expiation ;
Scourge and nail have had their will ;
- 8 Earth and heaven his cause forsaking,
Now his noble heart is breaking,
Now the labouring breath is still.
- 9 Mother, fount whence love flows truest,
Let me know the pain thou knewest,
Let me weep as thou hast wept ;
- 10 Love divine within me burning,
That diviner love returning,
May thy Son this heart accept.
- 11 Mother, if my prayer be granted,
Those five wounds of his implanted
In my breast I fain would see ;
- 12 Love exceeding hangs there bleeding,
My cause pleading, my love needing—
Bid him share his cross with me.
- 13 Till life fails, I would not fail him,
Still remember, still bewail him,
Born thy Son, and crucified ;
- 14 By the cross my vigil keeping
I would spend those hours of weeping,
Queen of sorrows, at thy side.
- 15 Virgin, boast of all creation,
Heed my tears, nor consolation
In thy bitterness repel ;
- 16 At thy side his livery wearing,
His cross bearing, his death sharing,
Of those wounds the beads I'll tell.
- 17 Wounds of Christ, in spirit bruise me,
Chalice of his blood, bemuse me,
Cross of Christ, be thou my stay !
- 18 Lest I burn in fires unending;
Sinless Maid, my cause befriending,
Shield me at the judgement day !
- 19 Jesus, when earth's shadows leave me,
Through thy Mother's prayers receive me
With the palm of victory ;
- 20 When my body lies forsaken
Let my ransomed soul awaken
Safe, in Paradise, with thee.

[ASCRIED TO JACOPONE DA TODI O.F.M. D 1306. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(51)

PASSIONTIDE

38

ST. BRIDE.

S.M.

S. HOWARD, 1710-82.
(A.G.M.)



Saevo dolorum turbine.

O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend ;
See down his face, and neck, and breast
His sacred blood descend.

3 Hark, with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight ;
That cry, it smote his Mother's heart
And wrapt her soul in night.

4 The sun withdraws its light ;
The midday heavens grow pale ;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

5 Come, fall before his Cross
Who shed for us his blood ;
Who died, the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

6 Jesu, all praise to thee,
Our joy and endless rest ;
Be thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

[FREIBURG BREVIARY. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

PASSIONTIDE

39

ST. CROSS.

L.M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-76.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.2

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

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently he hangs ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

3 How fast his feet and hands are nailed :
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied ;
His failing eyes are blind with blood ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

4 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

5 O break, O break, hard heart of mine :
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart, love's cradle is ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

7 O love of God ! O sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

PASSIONTIDE

40

Welsh variant of an old French Noël.
'O vous dont les tendres aus.'
(R.R.T.)

ARFON.

77.77.D.



PASSIONTIDE

MAN of sorrows, wrapt in grief,
Bow thine ear to our relief;
Thou for us the path hast trod
Of the dreadful wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained
Till its light alone remained.
Lamb of love ! we look to thee :
Hear our mournful litany.

2 By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither thou full oft wouldst go ;
By thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there ;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless—
Lord, our tears in mercy see :
Hearken to our litany.

3 By the chalice brimming o'er
With disgrace and torment sore ;
By those lips which fain would pray
That it might but pass away ;
By the heart which drank it dry,
Lest a rebel race should die—
Be thy pity. Lord, our plea :
Hear our solemn litany.

4 Man of sorrows ! let thy grief
Purchase for us our relief :
Lord of mercy ! bow thine ear,
Slow to anger, swift to hear :
By the Cross's royal road
Lead us to the throne of God,
There for aye to sing to thee
Heaven's triumphant litany.

[M. BRIDGES, 1800-94]

PASSIONTIDE

41

PASSION CHORALE.

76.76.D.

H. HASSLER, 1564-1612.
Arranged by J. S. BACH.



(56)

PASSIONTIDE

Salve caput cruentatum.

O SACRED head ill-usèd,
By reed and bramble scarred,
That idle blows have bruised,
And mocking lips have marred,
How dimmed that eye so tender,
How wan those cheeks appear,
How overcast the splendour
That angel hosts revere !

2 What marvel if thou languish,
Vigour and virtue fled,
Wasted and spent with anguish,
And pale as are the dead ?
O by thy foes' derision,
That death endured for me,
Grant that thy open vision
A sinner's eyes may see.

3 Good Shepherd, spent with loving,
Look on me, who have strayed,
Oft by those lips unmoving
With milk and honey stayed ;
Spurn not a sinner's crying
Nor from thy love out cast,
But rest thy head in dying
On these frail arms at last.

4 In this thy sacred Passion
O that some share had I !
O may thy Cross's fashion
O'erlook me when I die !
For these dear pains that rack thee
A sinner's thanks receive ;
O, lest in death I lack thee,
A sinner's care relieve.

5 Since death must be my ending,
In that dread hour of need,
My friendless cause befriending,
Lord, to my rescue speed ;
Thyself, dear Jesus, trace me
That passage to the grave,
And from thy Cross embrace me
With arms outstretched to save.

[13TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(57)

PASSIONTIDE

42

Abridged by W. H. Monk from
'LEISENTRITT's Gesangbuch,' 1567.
(A.G.M.)

RAVENSHAW.

66.66.



JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On thy love relying,
Come I to thee flying.

- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view thee,
Calling sinners to thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing ;
Bending low before thee,
Helpless I adore thee.
- 4 See the red wounds streaming,
With Christ's life-blood gleaming :
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.
- 5 Fountain rich in blessing,
Christ's fond love expressing,
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.
- 6 Lord in mercy guide me,
Be thou e'er beside me ;
In thy ways direct me,
'Neath thy wings protect me.

[A. H. COLLINS, O.C.R., 1827-1919]

PASSIONTIDE

43

LLANSANNAN.

87.87.44.7.

Old Welsh melody. (R.R.T.)



- | | |
|---|---|
| B LESSED Lamb ! On Calvary's moun-
tain
Slain to take our sins away :
Let the drops of that rich fountain
Our tremendous ransom pay :
Sacred Saviour ! Sacred Saviour !
Lowly at thy feet we pray. | 2 Blessed Lamb ! vouchsafe us pardon,
In thy love our souls confide :
By thy groans within the garden,
By the death which thou hast died,
Let thy Passion—let thy Passion
Evermore with us abide ! |
| 3 So shall peace, sweet peace be given,
Purchase of thy precious pain ;
So shall earth but lead to heaven,
Since for us the Lamb was slain :
Dear Redeemer ! Dear Redeemer !
Thou canst not have died in vain. | |

[M. BRIDGES, 1800-94]

PASSIONTIDE

44.

HEILEIN.

77.77.

Probably by M. HERST, 1654-81.
(A.G.M.)



ALTERNATIVE HARMONY

(A.G.M.)



(60)

PASSIONTIDE



In Passione Domini.

IN the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Deep within our hearts we'll store
Those dear pains and wrongs he bore.

2 Thorns and cross and nails and spear,
Wounds that faithful hearts revere,
Vinegar and gall and reed
And the pang his soul that freed,

3 May these all our spirits fill,
And with love inflame our will;
Plant in us contrition's root,
Ripen there its saving fruit.

4 Crucified, we thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
With the saints our souls unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

5 Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter tree,
Slain for man, be praise to thee.

[ST. BONAVENTURE, 1221-74.
TR. F. OAKELEY, 1802-60, AND COMPILERS]

(61)

PASSIONTIDE

45

SARDINIA.

10.10.10.10,

V. NOVELLO, 1781-1861.
(A.G.M.)



BOW down, my soul, for he hath bowed his head ;
Adore and weep and pray,—thy Lord is dead.
His soul into his Father's hands commended ;
His tears, his woes,—yea, everything is ended.

- 2 Oh, for the gift of tears that I might weep ;
Oh, for the gift of prayer that I might keep
Beneath the Cross, in spirit, night and day,
And never from its shade be torn away !
- 3 The earth is darkened, rent the temple's veil ;
Now do the hearts of men with terror fail ;
Rend thou my heart, O God, in this dread hour ;
Break it with sweet contrition's holy power.
- 4 Into thy hands my spirit I commend,
That thou mayst keep it safe unto the end ;
Keep it, lest earth and sin should tear away
The grace my Saviour won for me this day.
- 5 Mary ! I claim thy aid that thou mayst bless ;
Thy Son's last words within my heart impress ;
O precious words ! And may they be to me
Watchwords in time, until eternity.

[LADY CATHERINE PETRE, 1831-82]

EASTER

46

SALZBURG

77.77.D.

J. HINTZE, 1622-1702.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



VESPERS.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

- A T the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his pierced side.
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives the guests his blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Love the victim, love the priest.
- 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Christ, the Lamb, whose blood was shed.
Paschal victim, Paschal bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath thee lie ;
Death is conquered in the fight ;
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now thy banner thou dost wave ;
Vanquished Satan and the grave ;
Angels join his praise to tell—
See o'erthrown the prince of hell.
- 4 Paschal triumph, Paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy ;
From the death of sin set free,
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

[7TH CENT. TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68]

EASTER

47

SURREXIT CHRISTUS.

L.M.

14th cent. melody.
(A.G.M.)



(64)

EASTER

MATINS.

Rex sempiternae caelorum.

ETERNAL King of realms on high,
Maker of all our thought can span,
Who with the Father equally
Didst reign before the worlds began ;

2 Thou, craftsman of that primal day,
Thy image gavest to a son,
Whose spirit pure with baser clay
Mysteriously was joined in one.

3 Anon, when Satan's envious will
Had warped our nature, thou didst take
This mortal flesh, with sovereign skill
The form thou madest to remake.

4 Thou camest from a Virgin's womb—
A grave, new sealed, is now thy bed ;
Thou bid'st us, buried in thy tomb,
Rise with thy rising from the dead.

5 Eternal Shepherd, thou thy sheep
Dost in baptismal waters dye ;
Here let our hearts their nature steep,
Here let our vices buried lie.

6 By that dear stream of life-blood spilt,
Nailed to the Cross thyself hast paid
The full requital of our guilt,
So well deserved, so long delayed.

7 Jesus, our joy in Paschal days,
Could but that joy outlast the year !
Let not the souls thy love doth raise
In sin's corruption persevere.

8 Praise we the Father, praise the Son
Who rose again from death this night,
And Holy Ghost, for ever one
With them in uncreated light.

[6TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(65)

EASTER

48 49

ROUEN.

L.M. Rouen Church melody. (A.G.M.)



LAUDS.

Aurora lucis rutilat.

Part 1.

FAIR breaks the dawn of endless day,
In heaven triumphant thunders play,
Earth answers with exulting lay,
Hell mourns aloud its ravished prey,

2 Seeing our valiant Prince lay low
The powers of death with mortal blow,
Tread under foot the infernal foe,
And let his pining captives go.

3 He, whom that rocky barrier bound
While sentries kept their guard around,
A wondrous triumph here hath found,
Of death by death the Victor crowned.

(66)

EASTER

49

Part 2.

4 Mourning is done and sorrow fled,
The pains of hell discomfited,
Since first that dazzling angel said,
"Your Lord is risen from the dead."

5 Lord Christ, whose mercy proves thee King,
Our hearts beneath thy sceptre bring!
Our bounden homage offering,
Thy praise eternally we'll sing.

FORLORN the Apostles waiting nigh
Still for their murdered King did sigh,
Whom, with a gibbet raised on high,
Rebellious servants doomed to die.

2 O welcome voice those women three
Heard of angelic prophecy!
"Anon your Master you shall see
In his dear land of Galilee."

3 Even as they run with footsteps fleet
The apostles with that news to greet,
Jesus, their life, alive they meet
And fall adoring at his feet.

4 Those joyful tidings heard and proved,
To Galilee his friends removed,
Where at their side his presence moved,
So deeply mourned, so dearly loved.

5 Its early rays the sun sent wide
In that clear dawn of Eastertide,
When living gaze his form espied,
How fair, how bright, how glorified!

6 His dazzling wounds he doth disclose,
Bathed in the light heaven's glory knows;
Whose clear-seen testimony shows
That Christ who died is Christ who rose.

7 Lord Christ, whose mercy proves thee King,
Our hearts beneath thy sceptre bring!
Our bounden homage offering,
Thy praise eternally we'll sing.

[4TH OR 5TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(67)

EASTER

50

EASTER HYMN.

77.77.D. 'Lyra Davidica,' 1708 (altered).



EASTER

Victimae Paschali laudes.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal victim's feet ;
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead.
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high ;
Now he lives, no more to die.

2 Christ, the victim undefil'd,
Man to God hath reconcil'd ;
When in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life ;
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay.
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high ;
Now he lives, no more to die.

3 Say, O wond'ring Mary, say,
What thou sawest on thy way.
" I beheld, where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain ;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light :
Christ my hope is ris'n again ;
Now he lives, and lives to reign."

4 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Thron'd in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high !
Hail, thou King of victory !
Hail, thou Prince of life ador'd !
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

[WIPO, 11TH CENT. TR. JANE E. LEESON, 1807-82]

EASTER

51

Geistliche Kirchengesang.
Cöln, 1623.
Harmonized by

UNISON



From the *English Hymnal*, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

(70)

EASTER

Victimae Paschali laudes.

BRING, all ye dear-bought nations, bring, alleluia,
Your richest praises to your King, alleluia,
That spotless Lamb, who more than due, alleluia,
Paid for his sheep, and those sheep you, alleluia,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

2 That guiltless Son, who bought your peace, alleluia,
And made his Father's anger cease, alleluia.
Then, Life and Death together fought, alleluia,
Each to a strange extreme were brought, alleluia.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

3 Life died, but soon revived again, alleluia,
And even death by it was slain, alleluia.
Say, happy Magdalen, oh, say, alleluia,
What didst thou see there by the way ?, alleluia,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

4 " I saw the tomb of my dear Lord, alleluia ;
I saw himself, and him adored ; alleluia.
I saw the napkin and the sheet, alleluia,
That bound his head and wrapt his feet, alleluia.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

5 " I heard the angels witness bear, alleluia,
' Jesus is risen ; he is not here : alleluia,
Go, tell his followers they shall see, alleluia,
Thine and their hope in Galilee, alleluia.' "
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

6 We, Lord, with faithful hearts and voice, alleluia,
On this thy rising day rejoice ; alleluia.
O thou, whose power o'ercame the grave, alleluia,
By grace and love us sinners save, alleluia.
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

[WIFO, 11TH CENT. TR. W. K. BLOUNT. D. 1717]

(71)

EASTER

52

Probably by P. NICOLAI, 1556-1608.
Adapted and
Irreg. harmonized by J. S. BACH.

WACHET AUF.



(72)

EASTER



OF our soul's sincere and heavenly bread
Let us partake with Paschal gladness,
For Jesus, our eternal feast,
From death came back to-day !
From death came back to-day !
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia !
He dwells with us for evermore.

2 Let the citizens of heaven be glad !
Oh ! sound the trumpet of salvation
For this most high and holy day
Of Christ, the shepherd-king !
Of Christ, the shepherd-king !
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia !
Who gives his life to save his sheep.

[J. O'CONNOR]

THE FIRST AND ONLY book for the congregation
to contain the complete Vatican II Mass Propers:
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

(73)

EASTER

53

O FILII ET FILIAE.

888 and Alleluias. 'Motetts or Antiphons,' 1792.

WEBBE'S

Al - le - lu - ia, — al - le - lu - ia,

Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia.

For alternative version see No. 242

(74)

EASTER

O filii et filiae.

ALLELUIA, alleluia, alleluia.
Young men and maids, rejoice and sing;
The King of heaven, the glorious King
This day from death rose triumphing. Alleluia

- 2 On Sunday morn by break of day,
His dear disciples haste away
Unto the tomb wherein he lay. Alleluia.
- 3 Nor Magdalen, nor Salome,
Nor James' mother now delay
To embalm the precious corpse straightway. Alleluia.
- 4 An angel clothed in white they see,
When thither come, and thus spake he,
"The Lord is gone to Galilee." Alleluia.
- 5 The dear beloved apostle John
Much swifter than St. Peter run,
And first arrived at the tomb. Alleluia.
- 6 While in a room the apostles were,
In midst of them did Christ appear,
And said, "Peace be upon all here." Alleluia.
- 7 When Didymus had heard it said
That Christ was risen from the dead,
His feeble faith yet staggered. Alleluia.
- 8 "O Thomas, view my side and see
The wounds in hands and feet that be;
Renounce thine incredulity." Alleluia.
- 9 When Thomas Jesus had surveyed,
And on his wounds his fingers laid,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he said. Alleluia.
- 10 Blessèd are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith entire hath been,
Them endless life from death shall screen. Alleluia.
- 11 On this most solemn feast let's raise
Our hearts to God in hymns of praise,
And let us bless the Lord always. Alleluia.
- 12 Our grateful thanks to God let's give
In humble manner, while we live,
For all the favours we receive. Alleluia.

[JEAN TISSERAND, O.F.M., D. 1494.
TR. EVENING OFFICE, 1748, AND DIVINE OFFICE, 1763]

(75)

EASTER

54

ST. FULBERT.

C.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-76.



Chorus novae Jerusalem.

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 How Judah's Lion burst his chains,
And crushed the serpent's head;
And brought with him, from death's domains,
The long-imprisoned dead.

3 From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where he hath gone before.

4 Triumphant in his glory now
His sceptre ruleth all,
Earth, heaven, and hell before him bow,
And at his footstool fall.

5 While joyful thus his praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

[ST. FULBERT OF CHARTRES, C. 1000. TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68]

(76)

EASTER

55

SURREXIT.

888 and Alleluias. A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



Finita jam sunt proelia.

BATTLE is o'er, hell's armies flee;
Raise we the cry of victory
With abounding joy resounding, alleluia.

2 Christ, who endured the shameful tree,
O'er death triumphant welcome we,
Our adoring praise outpouring, alleluia.

3 On the third morn from death rose he,
Clothed with what light in heaven shall be,
Our unswerving faith deserving, alleluia.

4 Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,
Paradise door thrown wide we see;
Never-tiring be our choring, alleluia.

5 Lord, by the stripes men laid on thee,
Grant us to live from death set free,
This our greeting still repeating, alleluia.

[SIMPHONIA SIRENUM, 1695. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(77)

EASTER

56

HOLCOMBE.

87.88.88.77.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



(78)

EASTER

ONE great and final sabbath day,
The Sun of our salvation
In death and darkness hid his ray,
And in his broken temple lay.
But, ere the holy night was fled,
He raised his body from the dead
To rule the new creation
Of our sanctification.

2 Close-hidden in the sealed tomb
He wrought his peaceful wonder,
And broke the locks and bars of doom
As gently as the garden-gloom.
But Michael, mailed in blinding light,
Came flashing from the heavenly height,
And rolled the stone asunder,
And shook the world with thunder.

3 The feet that trod the winepress lone
Go shod with wine-red roses ;
The mighty hands hold fast their own
Deep writ in living ruby stone ;
And from the heart for evermore
His sacred side like heaven's door
To contrite men uncloses
And wine of life disposes.

4 O God, whose Son hath made away
With death's dominion hoary,
Unlock to them that grope and stray
Wide avenues of endless day :
Enrich with fruit of all desire
The longing which thou dost inspire ;
That we, who guard his story,
May gaze upon his glory.

[J. O'CONNOR]

(79)

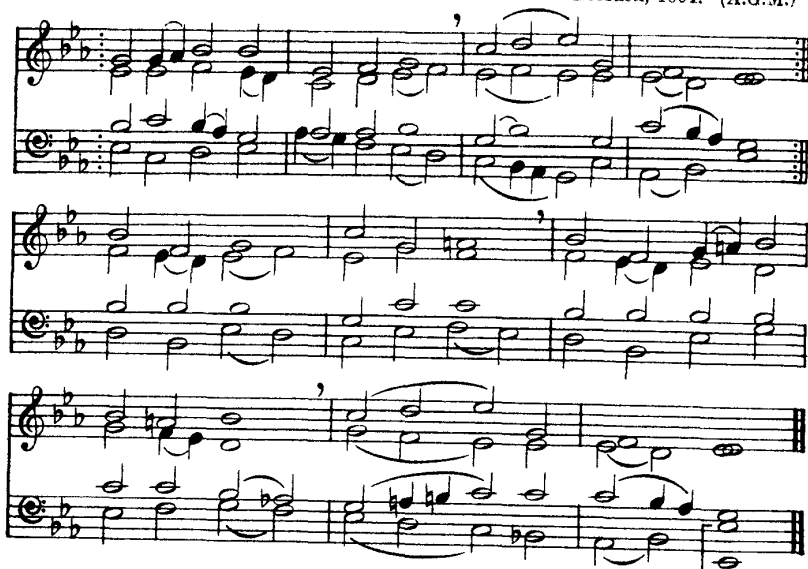
EASTER

57

STRAF MICH NICHT.

77.33.7. and Alleluias.

'Hundert Arien,'
Dresden, 1694. (A.G.M.)



THROUGH the Red Sea brought at last, alleluia,
Egypt's chains behind we cast, alleluia,
Deep and wide
Flows the tide
Severing us from bondage past, alleluia.

2 Like the cloud, that overhead, alleluia,
Through the billows Israel led, alleluia,
By his tomb
Christ makes room,
Souls restoring from the dead, alleluia.

3 In that cloud and in that sea, alleluia,
Buried and baptized were we, alleluia,
Earthly night
Brought us light
Shall be ours eternally, alleluia.

4 Then, deceitful world, adieu, alleluia,
Egypt's land in distant view, alleluia!
Christ our love
Draws above,
Dead with him, and risen anew, alleluia.

[R. A. KNOTT]

(80)

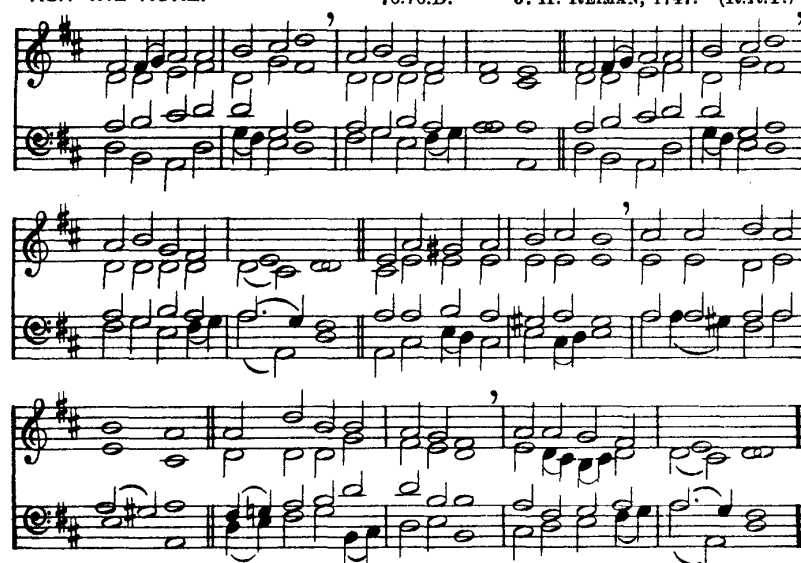
EASTER

58

ACH WIE KURZ.

76.76.D.

J. H. REIMAN, 1747. (R.R.T.)



Αἰσωμεν πάντες λαοί

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's 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 the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

[ST. JOHN DAMASCENE, C. 750. TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(81)

ASCENSION

59

PANGAMUS
MELOS GLORIAE.

L.M. and Alleluia.

Prague, 15th cent.
(R.R.T.)



Alternative Tune, No. 47

Aeterne Rex altissime.

MATINS.

- O** SAVIOUR Christ, O God most high,
Whose glorious triumph decks the
Arising from the world's defeat [sky,
With tyrant death beneath thy feet,
- 2 Called from above, thou, as thy own,
In right of God resum'st thy throne,
And dost this universe survey
Whilst all thy creatures homage pay.
- 3 Both heaven and earth, nay, death and hell,
And all that in their confines dwell,
With bended knees fall down before
The general victor and adore.
- 4 The angels stand amazed to see
Such change in our mortality,
That human flesh, the root of sin,
Should serve their God to triumph in.
- 5 May he our great reward bestow,
Whose influence on this world below
Makes heaven alone seem worth our care,
And all things else insipid here.
- 6 Then, Lord, with the release of sin,
Let thy triumphant grace begin,
And sweetly draw our hearts to thee,
Our centre and felicity;
- 7 May endless worlds Christ's triumphs own,
Ascending his immortal throne,
And one eternal praise repeat
To Father and to Paraclete.

[C. 5TH CENT. TR. PRIMER, 1706. ††]

ASCENSION

60

LES COMMANDEMENS
DE DIEU.

98.98.

L. BOURGEOIS, 1510-? .
Harmonized by G. R. WOODWARD.



LAUDS.

Salutis humanae sator.

- S**OWER and seed of man's reprieving,
Jesus, the longing heart's repose,
Thy own creation's fault retrieving,
Pure light thy lover only knows;
- 2 What sovereign pity earthward drew thee,
Our load of sins thy charge to make,
Slain, that the guilty race which slew thee
Life from thy guiltless death might take?
- 3 Now hell is harrowed, now is stricken
From captive hands the age-long chain;
Thronged by the souls thy life doth quicken,
Thou at thy Father's side dost reign.
- 4 Mercy is thine; let mercy move thee
Our weakened nature to repair;
Grant us in heaven to know, to love thee,
And win the light of glory there.
- 5 Be thou the end of our wayfaring,
As thou the guide, as thou the way,
Our friend, these earthly shadows sharing,
Our crown of life in perfect day.

[C. 5TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

ASCENSION

61

JOANNA.

11 11.11 11. Welsh Hymn melody. (A.G.M.)



Hymnum canamus gloriæ.

- NEW praises be given to Christ newly crowned,
Who back to his heaven a new way hath found;
God's blessedness sharing before us he goes,
What mansions preparing, what endless repose!
- 2 His glory still praising on thrice holy ground
The apostles stood gazing his Mother around;
With hearts that beat faster, with eyes full of love,
They watched while their Master ascended above.
- 3 "No star can disclose him," the bright angels said;
"Eternity knows him, your conquering head:
Those high habitations he leaves not again,
Till, judging all nations, on earth he shall reign."
- 4 Thus spoke they, and straightway, where legions defend
Heaven's glittering gateway, their Lord they attend,
And cry, looking thither, "Your portals let down
For him who rides hither in peace and renown."
- 5 They asked, who keep sentry in that blessed town,
"Who thus claimeth entry, a king of renown?"
"The Lord of all valiance," that herald replied,
"Who Satan's battalions laid low in their pride."
- 6 Grant, Lord, that our longing may follow thee there,
On earth who are thronging thy temples with prayer;
And unto thee gather, Redeemer, thine own,
Where thou with thy Father dost sit on the throne.

[ST. BEDE THE VENERABLE, 673-735. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(84)

PENTECOST

62

TALLIS' ORDINAL

C.M.

T. TALLIS, c. 1510-85.



VESPERS.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

- COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From thy bright heavenly throne,
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all thy own.
- 2 Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.
- 3 Thou who art sev'nfold in thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.
- 4 O guide our minds with thy blest light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with thy strength, which ne'er decays,
Confirm our mortal frame.
- 5 Far from us drive our deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath thy sacred wing.
- 6 Through thee may we the Father know,
Through thee th' eternal Son,
And thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
With his co-equal Son:
The same to thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

[ASCIBED TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776-856. TR. ANON.]

(85)

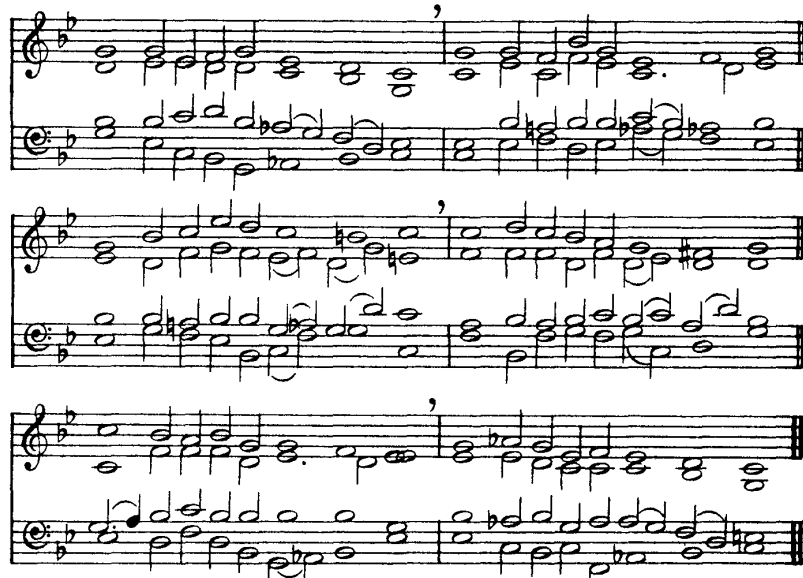
PENTECOST

63

PSALM 112.

88.88.88.

Scottish Psalter, 1635. (R.R.T.)



VESPERS.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
Come, visit every pious mind ; [laid,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

[ASCRIED TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776-856.
FREELY TR. J. DRYDEN, 1631-1701]

(86)

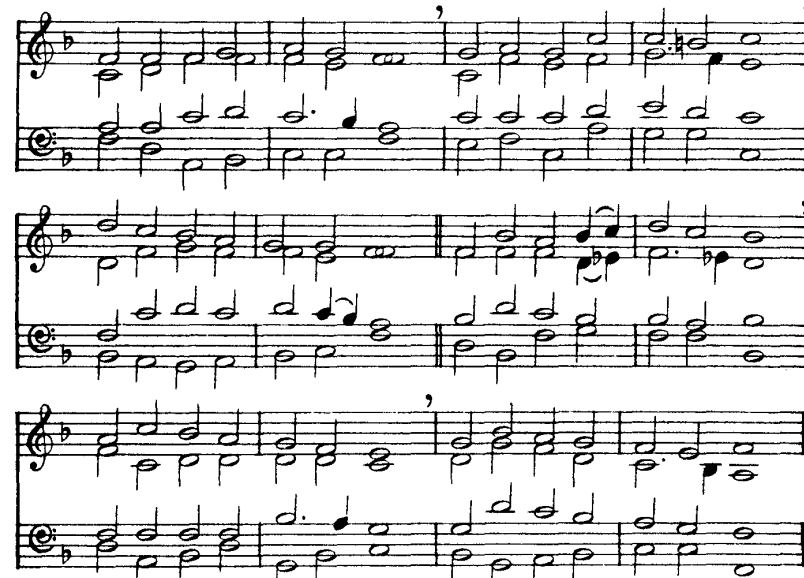
PENTECOST

64

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

777.D.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816. (A.G.M.)



SEQUENCE.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

HOLY Spirit, from the height
Send thy uncreated light,
Earthly darkness shining through ;
Helpless, for thy grace we sue,
On the poor thy bounty strew,
Come like flame our hearts into.

2 Comfort of the care-oppressed,
None e'er found more gracious guest,
Shade more welcome no man knew ;
Rest, till weary tasks are done,
Coolness in the noon-day sun,
Solace when our friends are few.

5 Faithful souls that trust in thee
With thy sevenfold mystery
Consecrate, thy works to do,
Win the crown to victors due,
Bid in peace the world adieu,
Then, in heaven, thy glory view.

[ASCRIED TO STEPHEN LANGTON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
D. 1228. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(87)

PENTECOST

65

ST. GEORGE.

77.77.D.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-93.



(88)

PENTECOST

LAUDS.

Beata nobis gaudia.

HAIL, this joyful day's return,
Hail the pentecostal morn,
Morn when our ascended Head
On his church his Spirit shed !
Like to cloven tongues of flame
On the twelve the Spirit came—
Tongues, that earth may hear their call,
Fire that love may burn in all.

2 Hear the speech before unknown ;
Trembling crowds the wonder own ;
What though hardened some abide,
And the holy work deride ?
Mystic hour, when Easter's sun
Seven times seven its course hath run ;
Church of Christ, from debt made free,
Hail thy day of jubilee.

3 Lord, to thee thy people bend ;
Unto us thy Spirit send ;
Blessings of this sacred day
Grant us, dearest Lord, we pray.
Thou who didst our fathers guide,
With their children still abide ;
Grant us pardon, grant us peace,
Till our earthly wanderings cease.

[ASCRIED TO ST. HILARY, BISHOP OF POITIERS, D. 368.
TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68, AND COMPILERS]

(89)

PENTECOST

66

Later form of melody probably by
J. B. KÖNIG, 1691-1758.
(A.G.M.)

ALLES IST AN GOTTES SEGEN. 887.D.



(90)

PENTECOST

Qui procedis ab utroque.

HOLY Paraclete, life-giver,
Who in love proceedest ever
From the Father, from the Son,
Loose our tongues, thy praises learning,
Fire our hearts, with ardours burning
From thy living flame begun ;

2 Love, that equally enchainest
Son and Father, Love that reignest
Equally, of both the peer,
All things fillest, all things lovest,
Planets guidest, heaven movest,
Yet unmoved dost persevere.

3 Of thy gift is all man knoweth ;
To his feet thy guidance sheweth
Ways of justice, paths of peace,
Sinners hardened still rejecting,
Sinners pardoned still protecting
By thy wisdom's sure increase.

4 Thou canst change the heart of being ;
Sacraments by thy decreeing
Win their power to heal and bless ;
Thou canst conquer sin's illusion,
Thou canst put to quick confusion
All our foes' deceitfulness.

5 Help defending souls oppressèd,
Hope befriending souls distressèd,
Refuge of the poor, be nigh ;
Make us scorn what earth holds blessèd,
All our heart's desire possessèd
With the love of things on high.

6 Thou, who camest down in olden
Time to comfort and embolden
Christ's apostles faint with fear,
Send on us, thy comfort needing,
Grace, our little worth exceeding,
Every faithful soul to cheer.

7 As the Father is, so thou art ;
As before all worlds, so now art ;
Praise to him, while ages live,
With the Son whose blood hath bought us,
With thyself, whose light hath taught us,
We thy earthly servants give.

[ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, 12TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(91)

THE HOLY TRINITY

67

LINCOLN.

C.M.

RAVENSCHROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



Aeterna lux, Divinitas.

- O** MYSTERY, hid in blinding light,
One God in Persons three,
We offer, trembling in thy sight,
Our faltering prayers to thee.
- 2** We praise one Father, throned above,
One Lord, begotten thence,
One Spirit, of their mutual love
The gracious influence.
- 3** The Father in that endless Word
His endless Being knows ;
From either's love the Spirit poured
In equal Godhead flows.
- 4** Greater is here and holier none,
Equal of each the power ;
Three Persons, yet in Substance one,
Alike doth glory dower.
- 5** One boundless life in Persons three,
Each of one love the chain,
Each of one mystic truth the key,
The joy our souls attain.
- 6** Creatures in thee begin and end,
Their ocean and their spring ;
The life we live by thou dost lend,
To thee our hope doth cling.
- 7** Eternal Fount of Godhead, hear,
And thou, his equal Son,
And Holy Ghost, of both the peer,
Three, yet for ever one.

[COROLLA HYMNORUM, COLOGNE, 1806. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(92)

THE HOLY TRINITY

68

ST. FLAVIAN.

C.M.

Adapted from DAY'S Psalter, 1563.



MOST ancient of all mysteries,
Before thy throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity.

- 2** When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou, in thy bliss and majesty,
Didst live and love alone.
- 3** Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
From which thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which thou canst reach :
But thou art simply God.
- 4** How wonderful creation is,
The work that thou didst bless ;
And oh, what then must thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness !
- 5** Most ancient of all mysteries,
Still at thy throne we lie ;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

(93)

THE HOLY TRINITY

69

Bayeux melody.

1111.115. Harmonized by G. R. WOODWARD.

DIVA SERVATRIX.



O Pater sancte, mitis atque pie.

FATHER most holy, gracious and forgiving,
Christ, high exalted, prince of our salvation,
Spirit of counsel, nourishing creation,
God ever-living ;

2 Trinity blessed, Unity unshaken,
Only true Godhead, sea of bounty endless,
Light of the angels, succour thou the friendless,
Shield the forsaken.

3 All things thou madest—nothing doth but preach thee,
Serving thee ever in its course ordained ;
We too would hymn thee ; this our prayer unfeigned
Hear, we beseech thee.

4 Boundless thy praise be, whom no limit boundeth,
God in three Persons, high in heaven living,
Where adoration, homage and thanksgiving
Ever resoundeth.

[C. 10TH CENT. TR R. A. KNOX]

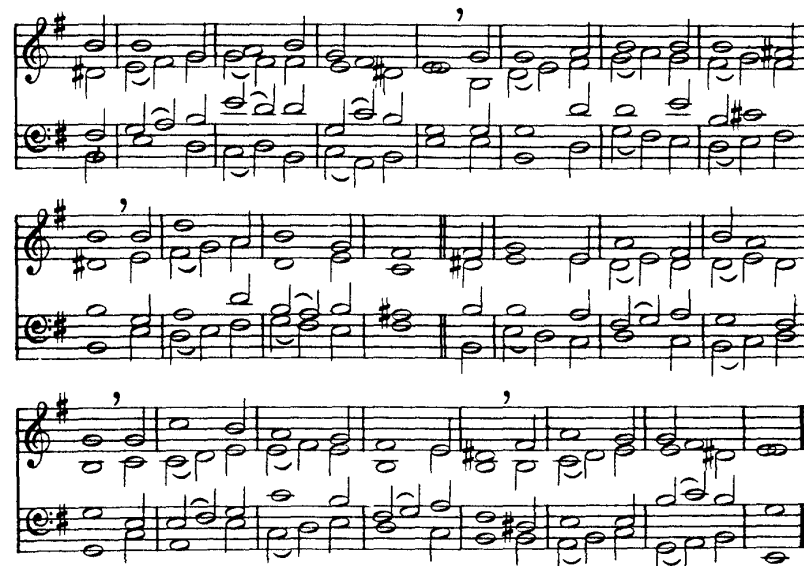
(94)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

70

SONG 18.

886.D. O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Pange lingua.

BEGIN, my tongue ; the mystery sing
Of thine and of the nations' King ;
Praise the great gift of Christ,
The glorious fruit of noble bud,
His body, and the precious blood
Whereat the world was priced.

2 God, at his birth given for our sakes,
Flesh from a spotless Virgin takes ;
Walks his own world, a man ;
He sows the word ; sojourns with friends ;
Then, with majestic order, ends
The wonder he began.

3 He and the Twelve, on the last eve,
The victim of the Law receive,
That all accomplished be ;
Then his own hand, on them he chose,
That other food of grace bestows,
The victim which is he.

4 The Word made flesh the word hath said,
And lo, his flesh where once was bread,
His blood, where once was wine ;
While reason sinks and bows the knee
The single heart by faith shall see
The God beneath the sign.

5 Falling in adoration down,
Hail of all marvels this the crown ;
The ancient rites are past ;
Let the new covenant prevail
And faith, when all the senses fail,
Hold her fruition fast.

6 All height and depth of praise be done
To him the Father, him the Son,
And him proceeding thence ;
Strength and salvation are of them,
And kingdom, and the diadem
Of One omnipotence.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

(95)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

71

○ SALUTARIS.

L.M. ABBÉ DUGUET, c. 1767. (A.G.M.)



LAUDS.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

SENT from his Father's throne on high,
Still at his side in glory crowned,
The Word of God went forth to die—
Shades of the evening closed his round.

2 Ere by his own false friend betrayed,
Given to his foes, to death went he,
His own true self, in form of bread,
He gave his friends, their life to be.

3 Twofold the gift his love did plan,
His flesh to feed, his blood to cheer,
That flesh and blood, the whole of man,
Might find its own fulfilment here.

4 The manger, Christ their equal made,
That upper room, their souls' repast,
The Cross, their ransom dearly paid,
And heaven, their high reward at last.

5 Great Victim, whose deserts avail
The gate of heaven so wide to throw,
Thou seest what fears, what foes assail;
On trembling hearts thy aid bestow.

6 To God, the blessed One in Three,
Be praise and worship evermore;
So may we pass eternity,
Poor exiles, on our native shore.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(96)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

72

ADORO TE.

11 11.11 11.

Proper melody. (A.G.M.)



Adoro te devote.

GODHEAD here in hiding, whom I do adore
Masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at thy service low lies here a heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

2 Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived;
How says trusty hearing? That shall be believed;
What God's Son hath told me, take for truth I do;
Truth himself speaks truly, or there's nothing true.

3 On the Cross thy Godhead made no sign to men;
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken;
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

4 I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he;
This faith each day deeper be my holding of,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

5 O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,
Lend this life to me then; feed and feast my mind,
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

6 Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech thee send me what I long for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light
And be blest for ever with thy glory's sight.

[ASCIBED TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74.
TR. G. MANLEY HOPKINS, S.J., 1844-89]

(97)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

73

ROCKINGHAM

L.M.

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1731-1807.
(A.G.M.)



(98)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Adoro te devote.

WITH all the powers my poor soul hath
Of humble love and loyal faith ;
Thus low, my God, I bow to thee,
Whom too much love bowed lower for me.

2 Down, down, proud sense, discourses die,
And all adore faith's mystery !
Faith is my skill, faith can believe
As fast as love new laws can give.

3 Faith is my force, faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerful words :
And words more sure, more sweet than they,
Love could not think, truth could not say.

4 O dear memorial of that death,
Which still survives, and gives us breath,
Live ever, bread of life, and be
My food, my joy, my all to me.

5 O soft, self-wounding Pelican !
Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man,
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sin from me.

6 Come, glorious Lord, my hopes increase,
And fill my portion in thy peace :
Come hidden life, and that long day
For which I languish, come away,

7 When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unsealed source of thee ;
When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
Then for thy veil, give me thy face.

[ASCRIED TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1224-74. ADAPTATION, MADE
IN 1668 BY J. AUSTIN, 1613-69, OF PORTIONS OF A TRANSLATION
BY R. CRASHAW, 1613-50]

(99)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

74

[There is no tune for this Hymn.]

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

- SING forth, O Sion, sweetly sing
The praises of thy Shepherd-King,
In hymns and canticles divine;
Dare all thou canst, thou hast no song
Worthy his praises to prolong,
So far surpassing powers like thine.
- 2 To-day no theme of common praise
Forms the sweet burden of thy lays—
The living, life-dispensing food—
That food which at the sacred board,
Unto the brethren twelve our Lord
His parting legacy bestowed.
- 3 Then be the anthem clear and strong,
Thy fullest note, thy sweetest song,
The very music of the breast:
For now shines forth the day sublime
That brings remembrance of the time
When Jesus first his table blessed.
- 4 Within our new King's banquet-hall
They meet to keep the festival
That closed the ancient paschal rite:
The old is by the new replaced;
The substance hath the shadow chased;
And rising day dispels the night.
- 5 Christ willed what he himself had done
Should be renewed while time should run,
In memory of his parting hour:
Thus, tutored in his school divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine;
And lo—a Host of saving power.
- 6 This faith to Christian men is given—
Bread is made flesh by words from
heaven:
Into his blood the wine is turned:
What though it baffles nature's powers
Of sense and sight? This faith of ours
Proves more than nature e'er
discerned.
- 7 Concealed beneath the two-fold sign,
Meet symbols of the gifts divine,
There lie the mysteries adored:
- The living body is our food;
Our drink the ever-precious blood;
In each, one undivided Lord.
- 8 Not he that eateth it divides
The sacred food, which whole abides
Unbroken still, nor knows decay;
Be one, or be a thousand fed,
They eat alike that living bread
Which, still received, ne'er wastes
away.
- 9 The good, the guilty share therein,
With sure increase of grace or sin,
The ghostly life, or ghostly death:
Death to the guilty; to the good
Immortal life. See how one food
Man's joy or woe accomplisheth.
- 10 We break the Sacrament; but bold
And firm thy faith shall keep its hold;
Deem not the whole doth more enfold
Than in the fractured part resides:
Deem not that Christ doth broken lie;
'Tis but the sign that meets the eye;
The hidden deep reality
In all its fulness still abides.
- 11 Behold the bread of angels, sent
For pilgrims in their banishment,
The bread for God's true children meant,
That may not unto dogs be given:
Oft in the olden types foreshowed;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient paschal food,
And in the manna sent from heaven.
- 12 Come then, good Shepherd, bread divine,
Still show to us thy mercy sign;
Oh, feed us still, still keep us thine;
So may we see thy glories shine
In fields of immortality;
O thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present food, our future rest,
Come, make us each thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of thine, and comrades blest
With saints whose dwelling is with
thee.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74. TR. J. D. AYLWARD, O.P., 1813-72]

(100)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

75

AVE VERUM.

Irreg.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



Alternative tune No. 253

Ave verum Corpus natum.

HAIL true Body, born of Mary,
Spotless Virgin's virgin birth;
Thou who truly hangedst weary
On the Cross for sons of earth;
Thou whose sacred side was riven,
Whence the water flowed and blood,
O may'st thou, dear Lord, be given
At death's hour to be my food;
O most kind! O gracious One!
O sweetest Jesu, holy Mary's Son!
[ASCRIED TO POPE INNOCENT VI, D. 1362. TR. H. N. OXENHAM, 1829-88]

(101)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

76

COBLENZ.

87.87.77. Bremen melody, 1680. (R.R.T.)



(102)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Hoste dum victo triumphans.

WHEN the patriarch was returning
Crown'd with triumph from the fray,
Him the peaceful king of Salem
Came to meet upon his way ;
Meekly bearing bread and wine,
Holy priesthood's awful sign.

2 On the truth thus dimly shadow'd,
Later days a lustre shed ;
When the great High-Priest eternal,
Under forms of wine and bread,
For the world's immortal food,
Gave his flesh and gave his blood.

3 Wondrous gift !—The Word who fashion'd
All things by his might divine,
Bread into his body changes,
Into his own blood the wine ;—
What though sense no change perceives ?
Faith admires, adores, believes.

4 He who once to die a victim,
On the Cross, did not refuse,
Day by day, upon our altars,
That same sacrifice renews ;
Through his holy priesthood's hands,
Faithful to his last commands,

5 While the people all uniting
In the sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to his high Father,
Offer up themselves with him ;
Then together with the priest
On the living Victim feast.

[CLUNIAN BREVIARY, 1686. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(103)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

77

SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

11 11.12 8. Old Downside Melody. (A.G.M.)



(104)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

MATINS.

Sacris solemniss.

GREET we this mystery yearly returning—
Still doth its history set our hearts burning ;
Gone are the former things, all shall be new again,
Thoughts, words, actions be true again.

2 Christ, in the sight of his brethren reclining
On that last night of his, gave them for dining
Bread where no leaven was, lamb that was slain for them—
So did Moses ordain for them.

3 After that offering made for a token
There stood he proffering his body broken,
Now in those hands of his, now within reach of them,
Whole for all as for each of them.

4 His body fortified spirits that sickened ;
Hearts sad and mortified his blood requickened ;
“ Drink of this cup that is offered,” he said, “ for you ;
Drink my blood that is shed for you.”

5 Thence this unaltering sacrifice floweth ;
Still his unaltering grace he bestoweth
Where priests do consecrate, worthily taking it,
Then to Christians breaking it.

6 Man makes repast in this banquet supernal ;
Shadows fade fast in this sunlight eternal ;
Wondrous our heritage, Lord, in receiving thee,
Earth's poor slaves—yet believing thee.

7 O gracious Trinity, fill, we implore thee,
With thy Divinity hearts that adore thee ;
Dwelling in light, to that light bring us home again,
From thy paths ne'er to roam again.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(105)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

78

AVE VIRGO VIRGINUM.

76.76.D.

'LEISENTRITT's Gesangbuch,' 1584.
(A.G.M.)



CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Ave vivens hostia.

- H**AIL, true Victim, life and light
Unto sinners lending—
Every older form and rite
Hath in thee its ending—
Spotless in the Father's sight
Evermore ascending,
Holy church in bitter fight
Evermore befriending.
- 2** Hail, true Manna from the sky—
Israel never knew thee ;
Pilgrims, for the day's supply,
Daily homage do thee ;
When our souls in sickness lie,
Yields that sickness to thee ;
Christians, when they come to die,
Live immortal through thee.
- 3** Hail, Christ's Body—gift he made,
His own death foreshewing,
(Godhead under earthly shade
Like a jewel glowing),
Sacred memories, ne'er to fade,
On his Church bestowing,
When to earth farewell he bade,
To his Passion going.
- 4** Jesus truly in this place
God and Man resideth ;
Him no shadow doth replace,
Him no rent divideth,
Very flesh, although his face,
Glorified, he hideth ;
Garnered in this little space
All of Christ abideth.
- 5** Seen in heaven by blessed eyes
This his body reigneth ;
Form of bread, in other wise,
Here its scope containeth ;—
Mystery he alone descries
Who the same ordaineth ;
Well may he such thing devise
Whom no power restraineth.
- 6** Plead, true Victim, in our stead
To the Father crying,
Thou, thy children's daily bread,
Daily health supplying ;
Banquet for the exile spread,
Grant us life undying ;
May our love from thine be fed,
Self and sense denying !

[JOHN PECKHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1240-92.
TR. R. A. KNOX]

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

79

EISENACH.

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586-1630.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.



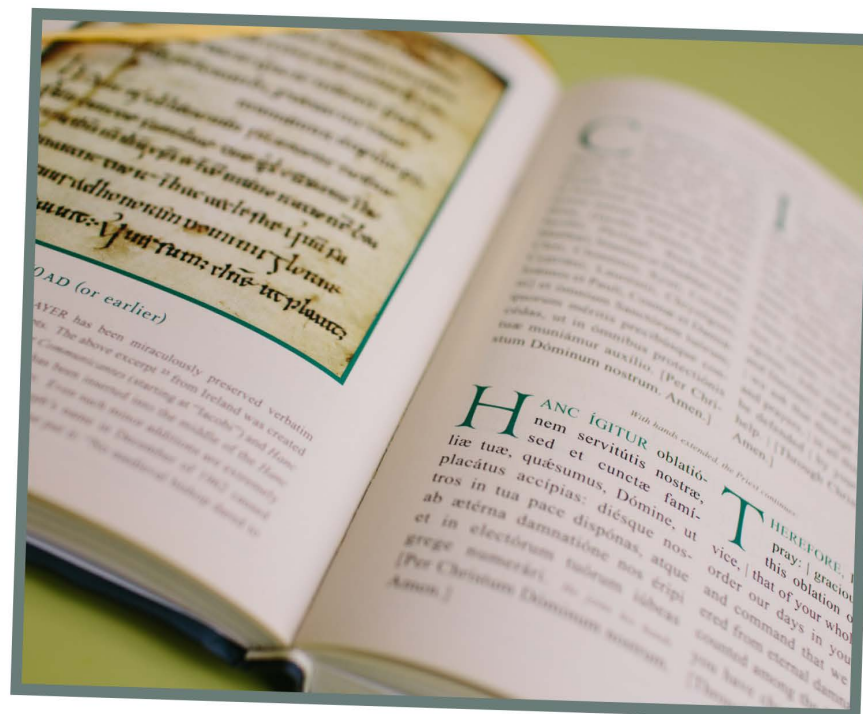
O esca viatorum.

O FOOD of travellers, angels' bread,
Manna wherewith the blest are fed,
Come nigh, and with thy sweetness fill
The hungry hearts that seek thee still.

2 O fount of love, O well unpriced,
Outpouring from the heart of Christ,
Give us to drink of very thee,
And all we pray shall answered be.

3 And bring us to that time and place
When this thy dear and veiled face
Blissful and glorious shall be seen—
Ah Jesu !—with no veil between.

[17TH CENT. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]



IF YOU'RE A CATHOLIC PRIEST who offers the Ordinary Form, you owe it to your congregation to consider the layout—the beautiful, thoughtful, enlightening, inspiring layout—of the Mass found in the JOGUES PEW LECTIONARY. Decide for yourself whether this book helps Catholics in the pews to deepen their devotion at Mass: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES



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CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

80

MYSTERIUM FIDEI.

88.88.88.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

UNISON



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 3

- | | |
|--|--|
| JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
How can I love thee as I ought ?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought ?
Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore ;
Oh, make us love thee more and more. | 3 Ah, see ! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
Sweet Sacrament, &c. |
| 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !
Sweet Sacrament, &c. | 4 Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all ;
O mystery of love divine !
I cannot compass all I have,
For all thou hast and art are mine ;
Sweet Sacrament, &c. |
| 5 Sound, sound his praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid ;
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,
Whose power both man and angels made.
Sweet Sacrament, &c. | |

[F. W. FABER. 1814-63]

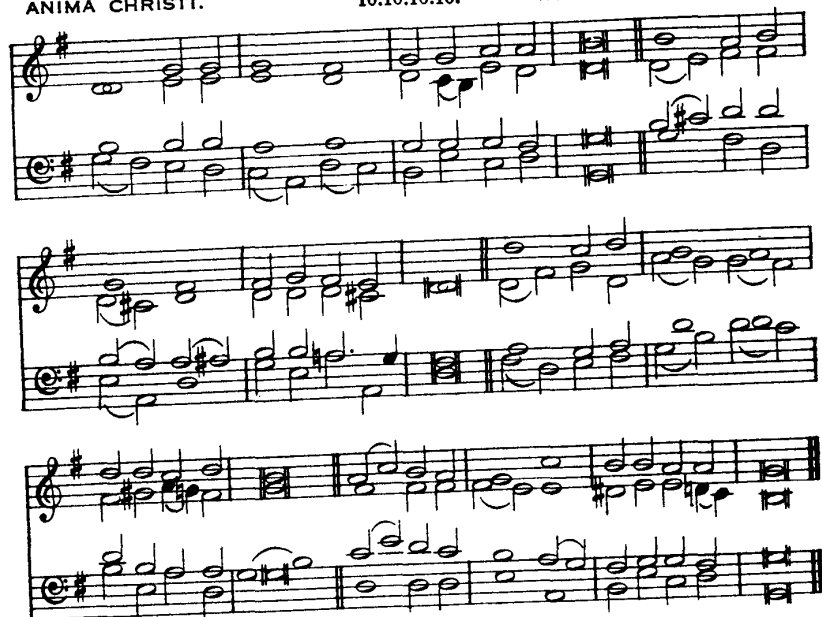
CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

81

ANIMA CHRISTI.

10.10.10.10.

W. J. MAHER, S. J., 1823-77.



Anima Christi.

SOUL of my Saviour, sanctify my breast ;
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest ;
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
Wash me with water flowing from thy side.

2 Strength and protection may thy Passion be ;
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me ;
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me ;
So shall I never, never part from thee.

3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign ;
In death's dread moments make me only thine ;
Call me, and bid me come to thee on high,
When I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

[ASCIBED TO POPE JOHN XXII, 1249-1334. TR. UNKNOWN]

(110)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

82

AURELIA.

76.76.D.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-76.



0 JESUS Christ, remember,
When thou shalt come again,
Upon the clouds of heaven,
With all thy shining train ;—
When every eye shall see thee
In deity reveal'd,
Who now upon this altar
In silence art concealed ;—

2 Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of thee,
That here I bow'd before thee
Upon my bended knee ;
That here I owned thy presence,
And did not thee deny,
And glorified thy greatness
Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise ;
Be thou the light and honour
And glory of my days.
By thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh ;
Be thou my only treasure
Through all eternity.

[E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(111)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

83

SANCTISSIMUM.

66.66.886.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 4

(112)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

SWEET Sacrament divine,
Hid in thy earthly home,
Lo ! round thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come.
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament divine.

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

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

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

[F. STANFIELD. 1835-1914]

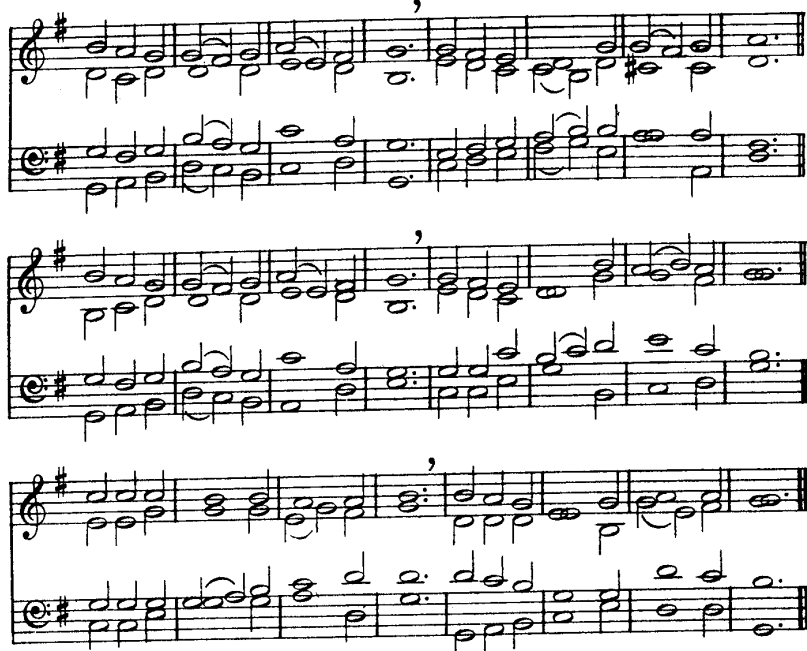
(113)

CORPUS CHRISTI AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST

84

TYNEMOUTH.

88.88.88. H. F. HEMY, 1818-88. (R.R.T.)



O BREAD of heaven, beneath this veil
Thou dost my very God conceal :
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail ;
I love thee and adoring kneel ;
Each loving soul by thee is fed
With thy own self in form of bread.

2 O Food of life, thou who dost give
The pledge of immortality ;
I live ; no, 'tis not I that live ;
God gives me life, God lives in me :
He feeds my soul, he guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.

3 O Bond of love, that dost unite
The servant to his living Lord ;
Could I dare live, and not requite
Such love,—then death were meet re-
I cannot live unless to prove [ward :
Some love for such unmeasur'd love.

4 Belovèd Lord in heaven above,
There, Jesus, thou awaitest me ;
To gaze on thee with changeless love ;
Yes, thus, I hope, thus shall it be :
For how can he deny me heaven
Who here on earth himself hath given ?

[ST. ALPHONSUS, 1696-1787. TR. E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R., 1827-1908]

(114)

THE SACRED HEART

85

BRESLAU.

L.M.

'As Hymnodus Sacer,' Leipzig, 1625.
(A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

En ut superba criminum.

LOOK on this wounded heart, and know
For our offence 'twas cloven so ;
For guilty man's perfidious deeds
The pure and heavenly Victim bleeds.

2 What worse than heathen souls are here
Whose sins direct the heathen spear
And wound that blessed heart from whence
Proceed our succour and defence ?

3 Wherefrom, as Eve from Adam's side,
Is born the new mysterious Bride ;
Wherethrough, like Noe's faithful band,
Forth from the ark we pass to land.

4 Thence like a sevenfold river flows
Grace that no bound or measure knows ;
Thither the sinful tribes repair
And wash their robes to whiteness there.

5 Oh may our hearts the semblance take
Of his who suffered for our sake,
And in our bosoms burn the same
Divine and ever-during flame.

6 Christ, from whose heart all grace is poured,
Be everlastingly adored,
And equal praises still repeat
The Father and the Paraclete.

[18TH CENT. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

(115)

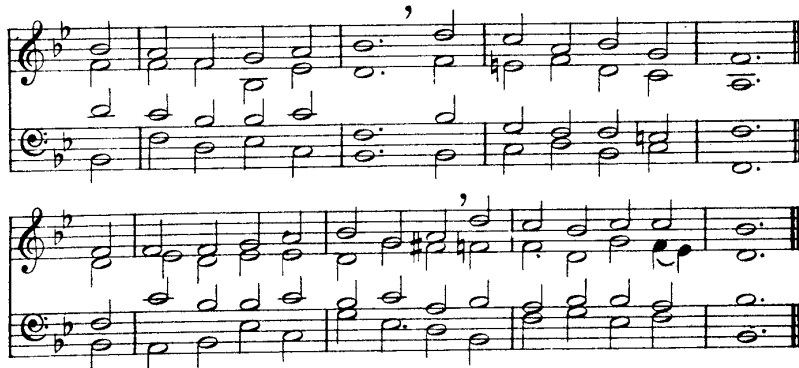
THE SACRED HEART

86

NARENZA.

S.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870,
founded on 'Ave Maria Klare,'
Cöln Gesangbuch, 1619.



Summi parentis filio.

TO Christ, the prince of peace,
And Son of God most high,
The father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

2 Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore;
That love wherewith he still inflames
The hearts that him adore.

3 O Jesu, victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

4 O fount of endless life,
O spring of water clear,
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

5 Hide us in thy dear heart,
For thither do we fly;
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

6 Praise to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son;
Praise, holy Paraclete, to thee
While endless ages run.

[CATHOLICUM HYMNOLOGIUM GERMANICUM, 1587.
TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(116)

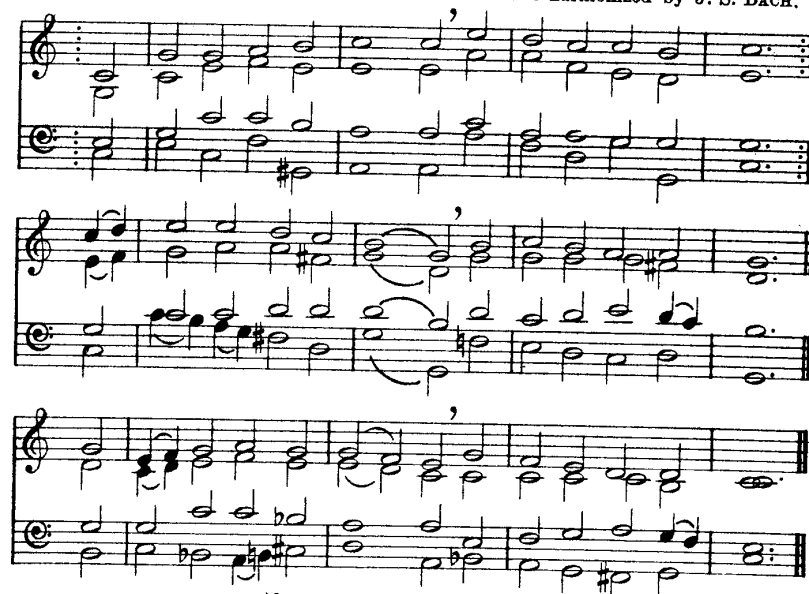
THE SACRED HEART

87

VALET WILL ICH
DIR GEBEN.

76.76.66.76.

M. TESCHNER, c. 1613. Adapted
and harmonized by J. S. BACH.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 5

Dem Herzen Jesu singe.

TO Jesus' heart, all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.
While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song
The sacred heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue.

2 O Heart, for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for thy sake.
While ages, &c.

3 Too true, I have forsaken
Thy love for wilful sin;
Yet now let me be taken
Back by thy grace again
While ages, &c.

4 As thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of thine the counterpart.
While ages, &c.

5 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done;
Still, sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all thine own.
While ages, &c.

[ALOYS SCHLÖR, 1805-52. TR. A. J. CHRISTIE, S.J., 1817-91]

(117)

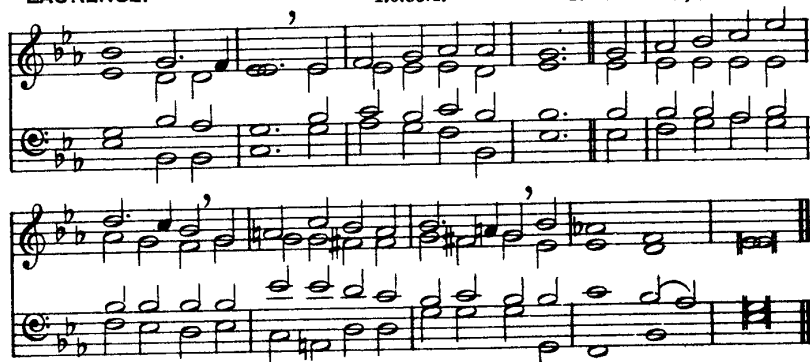
THE SACRED HEART

88

LAURENCE.

4.6.88.4.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



O SACRED Heart,
Our home lies deep in thee ;
On earth thou art an exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest,
O sacred Heart.

2 O sacred Heart,
Thou fount of contrite tears ;
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,
O sacred Heart.

3 O sacred Heart,
Bless our dear native land ;
May England's sons in truth e'er stand,
With faith's bright banner still in hand,
O sacred Heart.

4 O sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in thee ;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where thou art near,
O sacred Heart.

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

6 O sacred Heart,
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near thee,
In peace and joy eternally,
O sacred Heart.

[F. STANFIELD, 1835-1914]

THE SACRED HEART

89

ST. BERNARD.

C.M.

'Tochter Sion,' Cologne, 1741.
(A.G.M.)



Quicumque certum quaeritis.

ALL ye who seek a comfort sure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart,—
Oh, to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;
Ye hear his words so blest ;
" All ye that labour, come to me,
And I will give you rest."

4 What meeker than the Saviour's heart ?
As on the Cross he lay,
It did his murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

5 O Heart ! thou joy of saints on high !
Thou hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.

6 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow.

[18TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

THE SACRED HEART

90

SONG 13.

77.77.

Melody and bass by O. GIBBONS,
1583-1625. (A.G.M.)



Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te.

JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in thy heart to stay;
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in thy wounded side.

2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

4 Death will come one day to me;
Jesu, cast me not from thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In thy heart and wounded side.

[17TH CENT. TR. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1821-77]

(120)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

91

ALBANO.

C.M. V. NOVELLO, 1781-1861. (A.G.M.)



LAUDS.

Salvete Christi vulnera.

ON the dear wounds of Christ we call—
No other gage could prove,
Like that red fountain's endless fall,
His heart's excess of love.

2 How oft his shoulders, meekly bared,
The bitter lash withstood,
The stones of Pilate's hall declared,
Stained with redeeming blood.

3 Look, where his noble brow doth feel
The mocking crown of thorn!
Look on those nails, whose blunted steel
His hands and feet hath torn!

4 But when his spirit he resigned
With loving, conscious will,
Water and blood their streams combined
That sacred fount to fill.

5 Come hither, all who vainly weep,
With sin's pollution dyed:
Cleansed is the soul that plunges deep
In this atoning tide.

6 To Christ, beside his Father's throne
Ruling on high, be praise,
Whose blood could for our sins atone,
Whose Spirit guides our ways.

[17TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(121)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

92

UFFINGHAM.

L.M.

Melody and bass by J. CLARKE,
1670-1707. (A.G.M.)



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

AND now, my soul, canst thou forget
That thy whole life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on this tree
Paid back the flesh he took for thee ?

2 Lo, how the streams of precious blood
Flow from five wounds into one flood ;
With these he washes all thy stains,
And buys thy ease with his own pains.

3 Hail, Tree of life ! We clearly now
That doubt of former ages know ;
It was thy wood should make the throne
Fit for a more than Solomon.

4 Hail, throne of love, royally spread
With purple of too rich a red :
Strange, costly price ! thus to make good
Thine own esteem with thy King's blood.

5 Hail, fairest tree of Paradise !
To thee with hope we lift our eyes :
O may aloft thy branches shoot,
And fill the nations with thy fruit.

6 O may all reap from thy increase,
The just more strength, the sinner peace,
While our half-withered hearts and we
Engraft ourselves, and grow on thee.

7 Live, O for ever live and reign,
Blest Lamb ! whom thine own love has slain ;
And may the lost sheep live to be
True lovers of thy Cross and thee.

8 All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
As it hath been in ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.

[ADAPTATION OF CRASHAW'S VEXILLA REGIS, BY J. AUSTIN, 1613-69]

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

93

VULNERA CHRISTI.

L.M.

Old German. (A.G.M.)



O WOUNDS upon the healing hands
In pain stretched forth to bless all lands,
Be sign unseen in every mart
That vain is human toil and art.

2 O Wounds upon th' unmoving feet,
Be set o'er every stirring street,
That all who pass may see and say
"What good save by the dolorous way?"

3 O Wound within the loving side,
Press hard upon our hate and pride,
That we may know the broken heart
Alone with God hath deathless part.

4 Five wounds upon the Holy One—
O hands of mine, what have ye done?
O foolish feet, where have ye trod?
O heart, by thee is pierced God.

[SHANE LESLIE]

(124)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

94

DOLOR MEUS.
UNISON

L.M.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



Vide, homo, quae pro te patior.

WAS ever, Man—look well, and see—
Such sorrow as I bear for thee?
See in what lingering pains doth die
Love's victim, and that victim, I.

2 Look on the wounds these nails have wrought;
Or think, if all that goes for nought,
These nails less wound my outward part
Than thy ingratitude, my heart.

3 Wherefore dost thou neglect thy case,
Nor once make clean thy soiled face,
Nor once thy heart for heaven set free?
Love is not love that loves not me.

4 When earth was young, I bade thee rise,
A noble creature, fair and wise,
My willing tool, my faithful friend,
Apt for whate'er of grace I lent.

5 The tempter whispered, and one word
Ensnared thee in his toils abhorred:
The gates of Eden clanged, and now
The traveller by the road wast thou,

6 Naked, whom grace had clothed before,
Thy native virtue wounded sore,
Left there for dead, where timely aid
No good Samaritan conveyed.

7 To ransom thee, I left a throne,
Weeds of mortality put on;
Nor gems, nor gold thy surety stood,
But, as thou seest, this my blood.

[PHILIP THE CHANCELLOR, D. 1236. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(125)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

95

Ascribed to H. ISAAC, c. 1450-1527.
Adapted and harmonized by
J. S. BACH.

INNSBRUCK.

886.D.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.6

(126)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Viva, viva, Gesù.

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

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

3 Oh, sweetest blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost ;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong him most.

4 Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of his.

5 Ah, there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise :
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious blood to praise.

[18TH CENT. TR. F. W. FABER, 1814-68]

(127)

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

96

CASWALL.

65.65.

F. FILITZ, 1804-76. (A.G.M.)



THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Viva, viva, Gesù.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find :
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.
- 4 There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill ;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.
- 5 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 6 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.
- 7 Oft as earth exalting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles ;
Heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 8 Lift ye, then, your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

[18TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

CHRIST THE KING

97

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM.

L.M. Grenoble Church melody. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Te saeculorum Principem.

TO Christ the Lord of worlds we sing,
The nations' universal King.
Hail, conquering Christ, whose reign alone
Over our hearts and souls we own.

2 Of old, in blindness and in pride,
The faithless Jews thy rule denied ;
The Church in joy proclaims to-day
Thy sovereign everlasting sway.

(130)

CHRIST THE KING

3 Christ, who art known the prince of peace,
Bid all rebellious tumults cease ;
Call home thy straying sheep, and hold
For ever in one faithful fold.

4 For this, thine arms, on Calvary,
Were stretched across th' empurpled tree,
And the sharp spear that through thee ran
Laid bare the heart that burned for man.

5 For this, in forms of bread and wine
Lies hid the plenitude divine,
And from thy wounded body runs
The stream of life to all thy sons.

6 May those who rule o'er men below
Thee for their greater Sovereign know,
And human wisdom, arts, and laws
In thee repose as in their cause.

7 Let kingly signs of pomp and state
Unto thy name be dedicate,
City and hearth and household be
Under thy gentle sceptre free.

8 Praise be to Christ, whose name and throne
O'er every throne and name we own ;
And equal praises still repeat
The Father and the Paraclete.

[ROMAN BREVIARY. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

(131)

CHRIST THE KING

98

CORONA (*First Tune*).

D.S.M.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



(132)

CHRIST THE KING

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne ;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn ;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem ;
The root, whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown him the Lord of love :
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder triune throne :
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

[M. BRIDGES, 1800-04]

(133)

CHRIST THE KING

98

DIADEMATA (*Second Tune*).

D.S.M.

G. J. ELVEY, 1816-93.



(134)

CHRIST THE KING

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne ;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn ;
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem ;
The root, whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown him the Lord of love :
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder triune throne :
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

[M. BRIDGES, 1800-94]

(135)

CHRIST THE KING

99

DRESDEN (REDHEAD No. 46)

87.87.

German. Adapted by R. REDHEAD,
1820-1901.



CHRIST is King of earth and heaven!
Let his subjects all proclaim
In the splendour of his temple
Honour to his holy name.

2 Christ is King! No soul created
Can refuse to bend the knee
To the God made Man who reigneth,
As 'twas promised, from the tree.

3 Christ is King! Let humble sorrow
For our past neglect atone,
For the lack of faithful service
To the Master whom we own.

4 Christ is King! Let joy and gladness
Greet him; let his courts resound
With the praise of faithful subjects
To his love in honour bound.

5 Christ is King! In health and sickness,
Till we breathe our latest breath,
Till we greet in highest heaven
Christ the victor over death.

[I. J. E. DANIEL]

(136)

CHRIST THE KING

100

WERDE MUNTER.

17.77.D.

J. SCHOP, c. 1664. (A.G.M.)



HAIL Redeemer, King divine!
Priest and Lamb, the throne is
thine,
King, whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of everlasting peace.
Angels, saints and nations sing
"Praised be Jesus Christ, our King;
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of love on Calvary."

2 King, whose name creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With thy praises, King of kings.
Angels, &c.

3 King most holy, King of truth,
Guide the lowly, guide the youth;
Christ thou King of glory bright,
Be to us eternal light.
Angels, &c.

4 Shepherd-King, o'er mountains steep,
Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
Shelter in one royal fold
States and kingdoms, new and old.
Angels, &c.

[P. BRENNAN, C.S.S.R.]

(137)

OUR LADY

101

AVE MARIS STELLA.

66.66,

C. ETT, 'Cantica Sacra,' 1840.
(A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Ave maris stella.

- STAR of ocean, lead us ;
God for mother claims thee,
Ever-Virgin names thee ;
Gate of heaven, speed us.
- 2 AVE to thee crying
Gabriel went before us ;
Peace do thou restore us,
Eva's knot untying.
- 3 Loose the bonds that chain us,
Darkened eyes enlighten,
Clouded prospects brighten,
Heavenly mercies gain us.
- 4 For thy sons thou carest ;
Offer Christ our praying—
Still thy word obeying—
Whom on earth thou barest.
- 5 Purer, kinder maiden
God did never fashion ;
Pureness and compassion
Grant to hearts sin-laden.
- 6 From that sin release us,
Shield us, heavenward faring ;—
Heaven, that is but sharing
In thy joy with Jesus.
- 7 Honour, praise and merit
To our God address we ;
Three in One confess we,
Father, Son, and Spirit.

[9TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(138)

OUR LADY

102

LAUDES.

65.65.D.

J. RICHARDSON, 1816-79.
(A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Ave maris stella.

HAIL, thou star of ocean,
Portal of the sky ;
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most high.
Oh ! by Gabriel's AVE,
Utter'd long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
'Stablish peace below.

- 2 Break the captive's fetters :
Light on blindness pour ;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.
Show thyself a mother ;
Offer him our sighs,

Who for us incarnate
Did not thee despise.

- 3 Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us ;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.
Still, as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour ;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.
- 4 Through the highest heaven,
To the almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

[9TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(139)

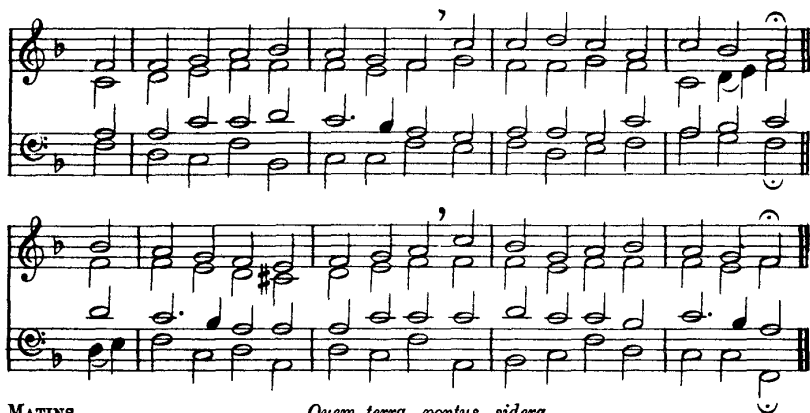
OUR LADY

103

ST. AMBROSE.

L.M.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782.



MATINS.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera.

THE God whom earth, and sea, and sky
Adore and laud and magnify,
Who o'er their threefold fabric reigns,
The Virgin's spotless womb contains.

2 The God whose will by moon and sun
And all things in due course is done,
Is borne upon a Maiden's breast
By fullest heavenly grace possest.

3 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The great Artificer divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Vouchsafed, as in his ark, to lie !

4 Blest, in the message Gabriel brought ;
Blest, by the work the Spirit wrought :
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

5 All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee !
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

[ASCRIED TO VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530-609.
TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(140)

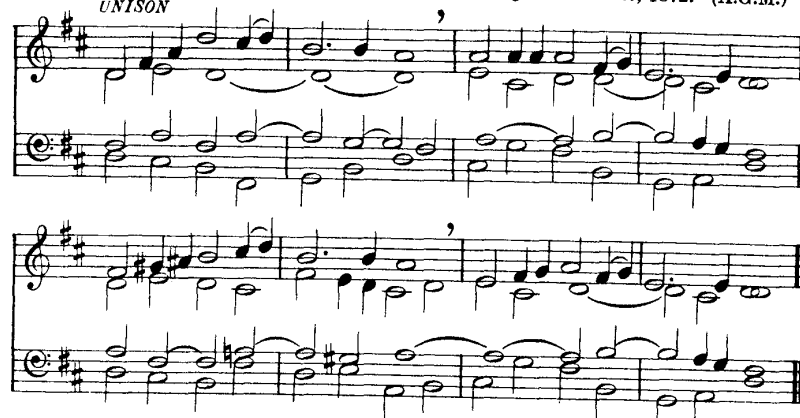
OUR LADY

104

WELLS.

UNISON

L.M. European Psalmist, 1872. (A.G.M.)



LAUDS.

O gloriosa virginum.

QUEEN, on whose starry brow doth rest
The crown of perfect maidenhood,
The God who made thee, from thy breast
Drew, for our sakes, his earthly food.

2 The grace that sinful Eve denied,
With thy Child-bearing, reappears ;
Heaven's lingering door, set open wide,
Welcomes the children of her tears.

3 Gate, for such royal progress meet,
Beacon, whose rays such light can give,
Look, how the ransomed nations greet
The virgin-womb that bade them live !

4 O Jesus, whom the Virgin bore,
Be praise and glory unto thee ;
Praise to the Father evermore
And his life-giving Spirit be.

[VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530-609. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(141)

OUR LADY

105

MARIA JUNG UND ZART.

66.66.

'Psalterium Harmonicum,' 1642.



THE PRESENTATION.

THEY say it is a King
His temple entering ;
His temple doth not rock
With gust and earthquake shock.

2 But all the air is stilled,
As at a law fulfilled ;
Mary, to keep God's word,
Brings Babe and turtle-bird.

3 Lo, Simeon draweth in,
And doth his song begin ;
Great doom is for her Son,
And Mary's heart undone.

4 Oh, Simeon is blessed ;
Christ in his arms is pressed ;
Mary's sweet doves are slain ;
She takes her Babe again,

5 And in her heart she knows
He will be slain, as those ;
And on her journey home
She feels God's kingdom come.

[MICHAEL FIELD]

(142)

OUR LADY

106

ASSUMPTA EST.

75.75.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



THE ASSUMPTION.

WHO is she ascends so high,
Next the heavenly King,
Round about whom angels fly
And her praises sing ?

2 Who is she adorned with light,
Makes the sun her robe,
At whose feet the queen of night
Lays her changing globe ?

3 This is she in whose pure womb
Heaven's Prince remained ;
Therefore in no earthly tomb
Can she be contained.

4 Heaven she was, which held that fire,
Whence the world took light,
And to heaven doth now aspire
Flames with flames t' unite.

5 She that did so clearly shine
When our day begun,
See how bright her beams decline :
Now she sits with the Sun.

[SIR JOHN BRAUMONT, 1583-1627]

(143)

OUR LADY

107

ASSUMPTION.

L.M.

H. STANLEY TAYLOR.



(144)

OUR LADY

THE ASSUMPTION.

0 LADY Mary, thy bright crown
Is no mere crown of majesty ;
For with the reflex of his own
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.

2 The red rose of this Passion tide
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary.

3 The soldier struck a triple stroke
That smote thy Jesus on the tree ;
He broke the Heart of hearts and broke
The saint's and mother's hearts in thee.

4 Thy Son went up the angels' ways.
His passion ended ; but, ah me !
Thou found'st the road of further days
A longer way to Calvary.

5 On the hard cross of hopes deferred
Thou hung'st in living agony,
Until the mortal dreaded word,
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.

6 The Angel Death, from this cold tomb
Of life, did roll the stone away,
And he thou barest in the womb
Caught thee at last into the day.

[FRANCIS THOMPSON, 1859-1907]

L

(145)

OUR LADY

108

NUN KOMM DER
HEIDEN HEILAND.

77.77.

'WALTHER's Gesangbüchlein,'
1524. (A.G.M.)



THE SEVEN SORROWS.

Summae Deus clementiae.

GOD in whom all grace doth dwell !

Grant us grace to ponder well

On the Virgin's dolours seven,

On the wounds to Jesus given.

2 May the tears which Mary poured

Gain us pardon of the Lord—

Tears excelling in their worth

All the penances of earth.

3 May the contemplation sore

Of the wounds which Jesus bore,

Source to us of blessings be

Through a long eternity.

[ASCRIBED TO CALLISTO PALUNABELLA 18TH CENT.
TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

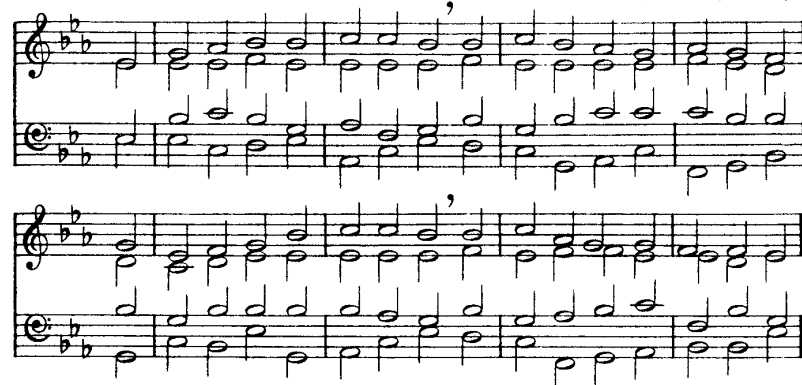
(146)

OUR LADY

109

ST. GALL.

L.M. CANTARIUM S. GALLI, 1845. (A.G.M.)



THE HOLY ROSARY.

Te gestientem gaudiis.

THE gladness of thy motherhood,
The anguish of thy suffering,
The glory now that crowns thy brow,
O Virgin Mother, we would sing.

2 Hail, blessed Mother, full of joy
In thy consent, thy visit too :
Joy in the birth of Christ on earth,
Joy in him lost and found anew.

3 Hail, sorrowing in his agony—
The blows, the thorns that pierced his brow ;
The heavy wood, the shameful Rood—
Yea ! Queen and chief of martyrs thou.

4 Hail, in the triumph of thy Son,
The quickening flames of Pentecost ;
Shining a Queen in light serene,
When all the world is tempest-tost.

5 O come, ye nations, roses bring,
Culled from these mysteries divine,
And for the Mother of your King
With loving hands your chaplets twine.

6 We lay our homage at thy feet,
Lord Jesus, thou the Virgin's Son,
With Father and with Paraclete
Reigning while endless ages run.

[AUGUSTINE RUCCINI, O.P., 18TH CENT.
TR. FROM MARQUIS OF BUTE'S BREVIARY]

(147)

OUR LADY

110

LEIBSTER IMMANUEL.

11 10.11 10.

'Himmels-Lust,' 1679.
Adapted by J. S. BACH.



(148)

OUR LADY

MARY immaculate, star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, for thy bridal adorning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.

2 Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness
Veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run ;
Now thou art throned in all glory and gladness,
Crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.

3 Sinners, we worship thy sinless perfection ;
Fallen and weak, for thy pity we plead ;
Grant us the shield of thy sovereign protection,
Measure thine aid by the depth of our need.

4 Frail is our nature, and strict our probation,
Watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong ;
Succour our souls in the hour of temptation,
Mary immaculate, tender and strong.

5 See how the wiles of the serpent assail us,
See how we waver and flinch in the fight ;
Let thine immaculate merit avail us,
Make of our weakness a proof of thy might.

6 Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying,
Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod ;
Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
Mary immaculate, Mother of God.

[F. W. WEATHERELL. ††]

(149)

OUR LADY

111

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS.

77.77. P. DE CORBEIL, d. 1222. (A.G.M.)



(150)

OUR LADY

VIRGIN, wholly marvellous,
Who didst bear God's Son for us,
Worthless is my tongue and weak
Of thy purity to speak.

2 Who can praise thee as he ought ?
Gifts, with every blessing fraught,
Gifts that bring the gifted life,
Thou didst grant us, Maiden-Wife.

3 God became thy lowly Son,
Made himself thy little one,
Raising men to tell thy worth
High in heav'n as here on earth.

4 Heav'n and earth, and all that is,
Thrill to-day with ecstasies,
Chanting glory unto thee,
Singing praise with festal glee.

5 Cherubim with fourfold face
Are no peers of thine in grace ;
And the six-wing'd seraphim
Shine, amid thy splendour, dim.

6 Purer art thou than are all
Heav'nly hosts angelical,
Who delight with pomp and state
On thy beauteous Child to wait.

[ST. EPHREM SYRUS, c. 307-373.
TR. J. W. ATKINSON, S.J., 1866-1921]

(151)

OUR LADY

112

ST. URSULA.

86.86.75.75. F. WESTLAKE, 1840-98. (A.G.M.)



(152)

OUR LADY

Sei pura, sei pia.

O MOTHER blest, whom God bestows
On sinners and on just,
What joy, what hope thou givest those
Who in thy mercy trust.
Thou art clement, thou art chaste,
Mary, thou art fair ;
Of all mothers sweetest, best ;
None with thee compare.

2 O heavenly Mother, mistress sweet !
It never yet was told
That suppliant sinner left thy feet
Unpitied, unconsolated.
Thou art clement, &c.

3 O Mother pitiful and mild,
Cease not to pray for me ;
For I do love thee as a child,
And sigh for love of thee.
Thou art clement, &c.

4 Most powerful Mother, all men know
Thy Son denies thee nought ;
Thou askest, wishest it, and lo !
His power thy will hath wrought.
Thou art clement, &c.

5 O Mother blest, for me obtain,
Ungrateful though I be,
To love that God who first could deign
To show such love for me.
Thou art clement, &c.

[ST. ALPHONSUS, 1696-1787. TR. E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R., 1827-1908]

(153)

OUR LADY

113

MARIA ZU LIEBEN.

11 11.11 11.

'Paderborn Gesangbuch,' 1765.



(154)

OUR LADY

O PUREST of creatures ! sweet Mother, sweet Maid ;
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid.
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

2 Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled ;
And the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee
They look to thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

3 He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair ;
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;
None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but he,
And he blessed thy clear shining, sweet star of the sea.

4 Earth gave him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest ;
His home and his hiding-place, both were in thee ;
He was won by thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

5 Oh, blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;
For the heaven he left he found heaven in thee,
And he shone in thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

(155)

OUR LADY

114

UNE VAINÉ CRAINTE.

65.65.D.

French Noël. (A.G.M.)



(156)

OUR LADY

Vergine Madre.

MAIDEN, yet a Mother,
Daughter of thy Son,
High beyond all other—
Lowlier is none ;
Thou the consummation
Planned by God's decree,
When our lost creation
Nobler rose in thee !

2 Thus his place preparèd,
He who all things made
'Mid his creatures tarried,
In thy bosom laid ;
There his love he nourished,—
Warmth that gave increase
To the Root whence flourished
Our eternal peace.

3 Noon on Sion's mountain
Is thy charity ;
Hope its living fountain
Finds, on earth, in thee :
Lady, such thy power,
He, who grace would buy
Not as of thy dower,
Without wings would fly.

4 Nor alone thou hearest
When thy name we hail ;
Often thou art nearest
When our voices fail ;
Mirrored in thy fashion
All creation's good,
Mercy, might, compassion
Grace thy womanhood.

5 Lady, lest our vision,
Striving heavenward, fail,
Still let thy petition
With thy Son prevail,
Unto whom all merit
Power and majesty
With the Holy Spirit
And the Father be.

[DANTE ALIGHIERI, 1265-1321. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(157)

OUR LADY

115

JENA.

L.M.

'VULPIUS's Gesangbuch,' 1609.
(A.G.M.)



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 7

- M**OTHER of mercy, day by day
My love of thee grows more and
more ;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.
- 2 Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light with love of thee ?
- 3 But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God ;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.
- 4 They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me ;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee ?
- 5 Get me the grace to love thee more ;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;
And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.
- 6 Jesus, when his three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me,
And oh ! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee ?

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

OUR LADY

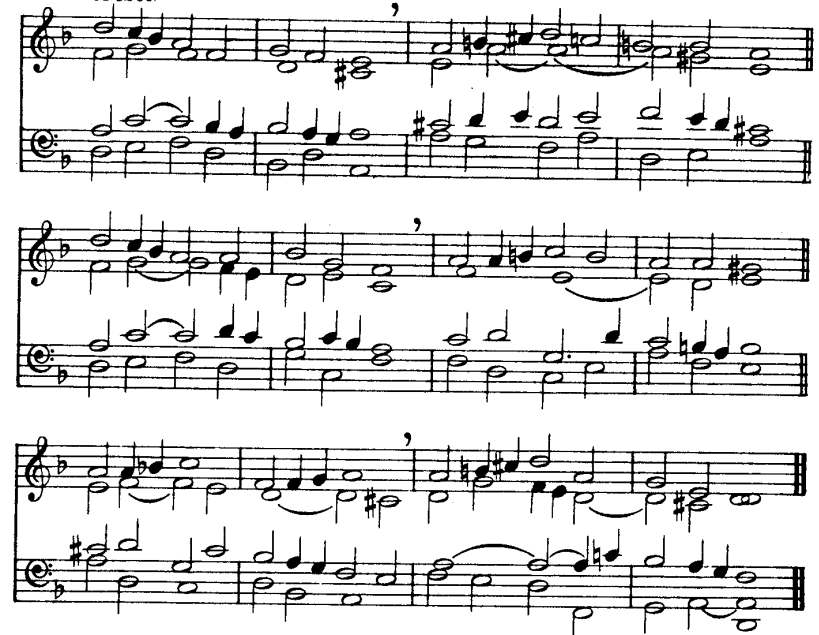
116

REGINA CAELORUM

88.88.88.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

UNISON



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 8

- H**AIL, Queen of heav'n, the ocean star,
Guide of the wand'rer here below :
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care—
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.
- 2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through
thee ;
Remind thy Son that he has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me .
- 3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry ;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
- 4 And while to him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee ; [sea,
Do thou, bright Queen, star of the
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

[JOHN LINGARD, 1771-1851]

OUR LADY

117

LAUDES MARIAE

87.87.D.

H. F. HEMY, 1818-1888.
(A.G.M.)



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 9

(160)

OUR LADY

Omni die dic Mariae.

DAILY, daily, sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul, her praises due;
All her feasts, her actions worship,
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wond'ring contemplation
Be her majesty confessed:
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

2 She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly:
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given,
Noble Lady! to our race:
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore;
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessings to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen;
Weary not nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.

4 All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to sound her glory forth:
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongues of eloquence,
That can utter hymns beseeching
All her matchless excellence?

5 All our joys do flow from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing:
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love the heart alone can teach.

[ASCIBED TO ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12TH CENT.
TR. H. BITTLESTON, 1818-86]

(161)

OUR LADY

118

IVER.

86.86.87.886.

H. F. HEMY, 1818-1888.



OUR LADY



FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

THIS is the image of the Queen
Who reigns in bliss above ;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
In this thy own sweet month of May,
Dear Mother of my God, I pray,
Do thou remember me.

2 The homage offered at the feet
Of Mary's image here
To Mary's self at once ascends
Above the starry sphere.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
In all my joy, in all my pain,
O Virgin born without a stain,
Do thou remember me.

3 Sweet are the flow'rets we have cull'd,
This image to adorn ;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee ;
When on the bed of death I lie,
By him who did for sinners die,
Do thou remember me.

4 O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head ;
And by the pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead ;
When at the Judgement-seat I stand,
And my dread Saviour see ;
When waves of night around me roll
And hell is raging for my soul ;
O then remember me.

[E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

HOLY ANGELS

119

CALVISIUS.

L.M.

S. CALVISIUS, 1594. Adapted and
harmonized by J. S. BACH.



(164)

HOLY ANGELS

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

VESPERS.

Te splendor et virtus Patris.

THE splendour of the Father's rays,
Thee, our heart's life, we gladly praise,
Jesus, our hymns to thee we bring,
And 'midst thy prostrate angels sing.

2 Ten thousand warriors armed on high,
Embattled angels fill the sky :
Michael the conquering chief appears,
On high the glorious cross he rears. .

3 He with salvation's sign unfurled,
The dragon down the abyss has hurled,
The rebels with their chief are driven,
Scathed by the lightning flash, from heaven.

4 Then faithful at the chieftain's side
Pursue the hateful king of pride,
Till from the Lamb a heavenly crown
Rewards us with unquenched renown.

5 To God the Father glory give,
To God the Son through whom we live,
The like, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
Which ever was, shall ever be.

[THE REVISED VERSION (1632) OF *Tibi Christe splendor Patris* ASCRIBED
TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776-856. TR. F. C. HUSENBETH, 1796-1872]

(165)

HOLY ANGELS

120

QUIS UT DEUS.

Irreg.

J. SEWELL, 1833-1909.
Adapted by W. SEWELL.



(166)

HOLY ANGELS

ST. MICHAEL.

THOU champion high
Of heaven's imperial bride,
For ever waiting on her eye,
Before her onward path, and at her side,
In war her guard secure, by night her ready guide ;

2 To thee was given,
When those false angels rose
Against the majesty of heaven,
To hurl them down the steep, and on them close
The prison where they roam in hopeless unreprieve.

3 Thee, Michael, thee,
When sight and breathing fail,
The disembodied soul shall see ;
The pardoned soul with solemn joy shall hail,
When holiest rites are spent, and tears no more avail.

4 And thou, at last,
When time itself must die,
Shalt sound that dread and piercing blast,
To wake the dead, and rend the vaulted sky,
And summon all to meet the omniscient Judge on high.

[J. H. NEWMAN, 1801-90]

(167)

HOLY ANGELS

121

VICTORINUS.

11 11.9 10.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

UNISON



Regnator orbis summus et arbiter.

GREAT God, creation's destinies ordering,
Bowed down before thee worship the holy ones;
Thy voice alone these worlds engendered,
Thine is the fatherly care that rules them.

2 Yet more we owe thee; doth not thy Providence
Send earth-frequenting angels to succour us,
Their charge to keep thy wayward children
Holy of heart in the midst of evil?

3 Else might the unseen author of wickedness
Waylay our footsteps, heedlessly wandering,
Nor spare the souls Christ died to ransom,
Scattered like sheep for the wolf to tear them.

4 Praise we the Father; Christ, be our praise of thee;
Nor less at all times praise we the Paraclete;
Whose word the unseen hosts obeying
Safe to our country in heaven escort us.

[J. B. DE SANTEUIL, 1630-97. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(168)

HOLY ANGELS

122

ANGEL'S SONG (SONG 34).

L.M.

Melody and bass by O. GIBBONS,
1583-1625. (A.G.M.)



THEY come, God's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away,
God willeth you with us to stay.

3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the faithful heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

4 Blest Jesu, thou whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weigh'd,
Thou didst not scorn thine angel's aid;

5 An angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by thine own almighty power
O shield us in the last dread hour.

6 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.

[R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68]

(169)

HOLY ANGELS

123

PILGRIMS.

11 10.11 10.9 11.

H. SMART, 1813-79.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.10

(170)

HOLY ANGELS



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
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come :
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

[F. W. FABER 1814-63]

(171)

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS

124

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA. L.M.

(A.G.M.)



MATINS.

Aeterna Christi munera.

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The apostles' glorious deeds, we sing;
And while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2 The Church in these her princes boasts,
These victor chiefs of warrior hosts;
The soldiers of the heavenly hall,
The lights that rose on earth for all.

3 'Twas thus the yearning faith of saints,
The unconquered hope that never faints,
The love of Christ that knows not shame,
The prince of this world overcame.

4 In these the Father's glory shone;
In these the will of God the Son;
In these exults the Holy Ghost;
Through these rejoice the heavenly host.

5 Redeemer, hear us of thy love,
That with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of thy endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

[ASCRIBED TO ST. AMBROSE, 340-397.
TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

For a Feast in Paschal-time, see No. 48.

(172)

MARTYR

125

HEROLD.

L.M.

'M. L. HEROLD'S Gesangbuch,'
1808. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Deus tuorum militum.

O GOD, the lot, reward and prize
That crowns thy martyrs' victories,
Grant, while we sing this martyr's praise,
We may renounce our evil ways.

2 The world with specious cheats disguised
He soon discovered and despised,
And laboured for a nobler gain
Than palling pleasures mixed with pain.

3 No force could make his mind relent,
No racks his resolution bent;
Fearless of death he sheds his blood,
And wades to heaven through the flood.

4 O vocal blood, now pierce the skies,
And deal with heaven to hear our cries,
That on his glorious triumph we
May find indulgence, Lord, with thee.

5 May age to age for ever sing
The Virgin's Son and angels' King;
And praise with the celestial host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[6TH CENT. TR. PRIMER, 1706]

(173)

MARTYRS

126

SANCTORUM MERITIS.

10 10.10 8.

H. STANLEY TAYLOR.



MARTYRS

VESPERS.

Sanctorum meritis.

BY help of saints, come let our tongues relate
Their famous joys, and their courageous deeds;
Our mind desires in songs to celebrate
Their conquest, which all gain exceeds.

2 While here they lived, the world these men abhorred,
For they this withered soil did much despise
Whose flowers are barren, and with thee, their Lord,
Up to thy heavenly joys did rise.

3 They for thy sake with stout contempt have borne
The causeless rage of men, and torment fierce,
And cruel hooks, which have their bodies torn,
But had not power their souls to pierce.

4 They like mild sheep to slaughter are assigned,
At which they never murmur nor complain,
But with a silent heart and guiltless mind
Their constant patience they maintain.

5 What voice, what tongue those gifts can fitly shew
Which thou prepar'st for martyrs? Who, once stained
With streams of blood, which from their wounds did flow,
Have now bright crown of laurel gained.

6 We thee beseech, one highest Deity,
To wash our sins, to drive our harms away,
To give thy servants peace, that we to thee
May everlasting praise repay.

[8TH CENT. TR. PRIMER, 1615]

MARTYRS

127

ALTA TRINITA BEATA.

87.87.D.

Laude Spirituali, 14th cent.
(A.G.M.)



(176)

MARTYRS



O beata beatorum.

BLESSED feasts of blessed martyrs,
Saintly days of saintly men,
With affection's recollections
Greet we your return again.

2 Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders,
While a frame of flesh they bore ;
We with meekest praise and sweetest
Honour them for evermore.

3 Faith unblenching, hope unquenching,
Well-loved Lord, and single heart,—
Thus they glorious and victorious
Bore the martyrs' happy part.

4 By contempt of worldly pleasures,
And by mighty battles done,
Have they merited with angels
To be knit for ay in one.

5 Wherefore made co-heirs of glory,
Ye that sit with Christ on high,
Join to ours your supplications,
As for grace and peace we cry ;

6 That, this weary life completed,
And its many labours past,
We may merit to be seated
In our Father's home at last.

[OLD GERMAN SEQUENCE, 12TH CENT. TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(177)

CONFESSOR

128

ISTE CONFESSOR.

11 11.11.5.

Angers Church melody.
(A.G.M.)

UNISON



(178)

CONFESSOR

VESPERS AND MATINS.

Iste confessor.

THIS is the day whereon the Lord's true witness,
Whom all the nations lovingly do honour,
Worthy at last was found to wear for ever
Glory transcendent.

2 Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest-minded,
So kept he well an even course unstained,
Ever while in his frame of manhood lingered
Life's fitful breathings.

3 Oft hath it been thro' his sublime deserving
Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken,
Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness,
Healed divinely.

4 Wherefore to him we raise the solemn chorus,
Chanting his praise and his surpassing triumph ;
So may his pleading help us in the battle
All through the ages.

5 Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour
Always be his, who shining in the highest
Ruleth and keepeth all the world's vast order,
One God, three Persons.

[8TH CENT TR. J. O'CONNOR]

(179)

VIRGIN

129

PATRI MONSTRAT.

L.M.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du Plainchant,' 1782. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Jesu, corona Virginum.

- JESU, the virgins' crown, do thou
Accept us as in prayer we bow ;
Born of that Virgin whom alone
The Mother and the Maid we own.
- 2 Amongst the lilies thou dost feed,
With virgin choirs accompanied—
With glory decked, the spotless brides
Whose bridal gifts thy love provides.
- 3 They, wheresoe'er thy footsteps bend,
With hymns and praises still attend ;
In blessed troops they follow thee,
With dance, and song, and melody.
- 4 We pray thee therefore to bestow
Upon our senses here below
Thy grace, that so we may endure
From taint of all corruption pure.
- 5 All laud to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete.

[ST. AMBROSE, 340-97. TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

(180)

HOLY WOMAN

130

HORNBY.

L.M.

'Easy Music for Catholic Choirs,'
1853.



VESPERS AND LAUDS.

Fortem virili pectore.

- A VALIANT woman we proclaim,
Whose constancy her sex belied,
Clear as the sun her virtue's fame,
And as the earth itself is wide.
- 2 Our treacherous earthly loves she spurned,
Touched with a fire more pure and deep ;
Heavenward her eager steps she turned,
Nor found the rugged pathway steep.
- 3 Her flesh with rigorous fasts subdued,
The lasting joys of heaven to win,
She quenched, with prayer's delightful food,
The hunger of the soul within.
- 4 Lord Christ, through thee thy saints have striven,
Their glorious secret thou dost know :
Moved by the prayer she makes in heaven,
An audience grant to ours below.
- 5 Praise to the Father, as is meet,
Praise to the Sole-begotten Son,
Praise to the holy Paraclete
While everlasting ages run.

[SILVIO ANTONIANO, 1540-1603. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(181)

ST. ANDREW

131

CONTEMPLATION.

87.87.D.

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY,
1809-47.



(182)

ST. ANDREW

GREAT Saint Andrew, friend of Jesus,
Lover of his glorious Cross,
Early by his voice effective
Called from ease to pain and loss,
Strong Saint Andrew, Simon's brother,
Who with haste fraternal flew,
Fain with him to share the treasure
Which, at Jesus' lips, he drew.

2 Blest Saint Andrew, Jesus' herald,
True apostle, martyr bold,
Who, by deeds his words confirming,
Seal'd with blood the truth he told.
Ne'er to king was crown so beauteous,
Ne'er was prize to heart so dear,
As to him the Cross of Jesus
When its promised joys drew near.

3 Loved Saint Andrew, Scotland's patron,
Watch thy land with heedful eye,
Rally round the Cross of Jesus
All her storied chivalry !
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Fount of sanctity and love,
Give we glory, now and ever,
With the saints who reign above.

[F. OAKLEY, 1802-80. ††]

(183)

ST. DAVID

132

ST. DAVID.

11 10.11 10.11 10.11 9. A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



(184)

ST. DAVID



0 GREAT Saint David, still we hear thee call us,
Unto a life that knows no fear of death ;
Yea, down the ages, will thy words enthrall us,
Strong happy words : " Be joyful, keep the faith."
On Cambria's sons stretch out thy hands in blessing ;
For our dear land thy help we now implore.
Lead us to God, with humble hearts confessing
Jesus, Lord and King for evermore.

2 Christ was the centre rock of all thy teaching,
God's holy will—the splendour of its theme.
His grace informed, his love inflamed thy preaching ;
Christ's sway on earth, the substance of thy dream.
On Cambria's sons, &c.

3 In early childhood, choosing Jesus only,
Thy fervour showed his yoke was light and sweet !
And thus for thee, life's journey was not lonely—
The path made plain by prints of wounded feet.
On Cambria's sons, &c.

4 O glorious saint, we wander in the dark ;
With thee we seek our trusted guide in Rome.
Help him to steer on earth Saint Peter's barque,
That we may safely reach our heavenly home.
On Cambria's sons, &c.

[F. E. MOSTYN, 1860-1939]

(185)

ST. GREGORY

133

ANGLORUM APOSTOLUS.

L.M.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



(186)

ST. GREGORY

Anglorum jam apostolus.

THAT voice is now by angels heard
Which late to Anglia preached the Word ;
But Christian folk, as heretofore,
Saint Gregory's loving aid implore.

2 Rich was thy fortune ; on thy birth
Smiled the deluding shows of earth ;
These didst thou forfeit, Christ's to be,
And serve thy Master, poor as he.

3 Yet he delights to honour still
The humble servant of his will ;
Soon must thou prove, on Peter's throne,
That Peter's spirit was thy own.

4 Noblest of pontiffs, shall not we
Our hope, our glory find in thee,
Feel thee, in peril, at our side,
Who dost with heavenly counsels guide ?

5 What other lips like thine impart
The honied word that soothes the heart,
And lingers in the mind at prayer,
Like fragrant spices on the air ?

6 O thou, whom apostolic care
Made worthy of the apostle's chair,
From sin's enchantment set us free,
And bid us share thy heaven with thee.

7 Praise to the Father, gendered not,
Praise to the Son his love begot ;
Spirit of both, as both Divine,
Eternal majesty be thine.

[ST. PETER DAMIAN, 1007-72. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(187)

ST. PATRICK

134

EIRE.

10 10 10.8.

H. STANLEY TAYLOR.



ST. PATRICK

O PATRICK, hail, who once the wand'ring race
Didst win to be God's faithful resting-place,
And Ireland's love to soothe his wounded face.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

2 In dreams thou heard'st thy distant children cry
To bid thee, holy one of God, draw nigh,
Lest all the Gaelic clans but live to die.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

3 Christ was thy sword, thy breastplate and thy shield,
And Christ the living strength, that helped thee wield
A sacred spell o'er hill and lake and field.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

4 Christ was thine eye, and Christ thine ear and tongue,
And Christ the peerless song thy brave lips sung,
And Christ thy challenge to the Druids flung.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

5 O lonely strife no man can ever tell,
The years thou barest cross and staff and bell,
To war with all the powers and hate of hell.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

6 Yet Ulster's plain thou choosest for thine own,
Armagh thou madest be thy royal throne,
To holy Down thou left'st thy burying stone.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

7 But now behold thy sons are scattered far,
Thy western children weary wandering are,
And lone thy priests beneath the southern star.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

8 Yet comes a day to ease thy people's pain,
Thy saints shall rise from glen and sea and plain,
When thou with Christ, in glory, com'st again.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

[SHANE LESLIE]

ST. PATRICK

135

ORBO TADDEO.

11 10.66.10. 'Laude Spirituali,' 1710. (A.G.M.)



(190)

ST. PATRICK

FATHER of all those far-scattered sheep of Christ
Wherein sad Erin hath the mother's claim,
Lo ! fourteen centuries
And shores of all the seas
Music make to God in thy mighty name.

- 2 Thy God is theirs, O Patrick, the living God,
Comfort and crown of thine unfriended youth,
Bringing thy prison-land
Thrall to thy croziered hand
In the bright allegiance of holy truth.
- 3 Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered peace,
Till every sobbing gale
Sang thee the Irish wail,
Pleading with the night for the day's release.
- 4 Fresh from the field where foes of th' incarnate Son
Sunk ne'er to rise beneath the word of Rome ;
Thou, binding fast to thee
Christ and the Trinity,
Comest, white-haired man, o'er the white sea-foam.
- 5 Christ in thy heart and Christ upon either hand,
Christ's is the land where'er thy feet have trod !
Make us for evermore,
As those our sires of yore,
Faithful and beloved of the Triune God !
- 6 O by thy last sublime and prevailing prayer,
Poured where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
May we through every clime
And in each faithless time
Show thy might with God and his might in thee.

[J. O'CONNOR]

(191)

ST. PATRICK

136

CLONMACNOISE.

11 11.11 11.

Old Irish melody. (R.R.T.)



(192)

ST. PATRICK

HAIL, glorious Saint Patrick, dear saint of our isle,
On us thy poor children bestow a sweet smile :
And now thou art high in the mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

2 Hail, glorious Saint Patrick ! thy words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and an infidel throng ;
Not less is thy might where in heaven thou art ;
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

3 In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,
Dear saint, may thy children resist unto death ;
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, in prayer,
Their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

4 Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more ;
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

5 Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wert on earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn, wheresoever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

[SISTER AGNES. †]

(193)

ST. JOSEPH

137

ST. JOSEPH.

10 10.10 6.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

UNISON

(194)

ST. JOSEPH

VESPERS.

Te Joseph celebrent agmina caelitus.

JOSEPH, pure spouse of that immortal Bride,
Who shines in ever-virgin glory bright,
Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung,
Through all the realms of light.

2 Thee, when amazed concern for thy betrothed
Had fill'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,
An angel visited, and, with blest words,
Scattered thy fears away.

3 Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born ;
With him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee ;
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find ;
Oh grief, oh joy for thee.

4 Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain ; but unto thee was given
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God,
As do the blest in Heaven.

5 Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
Unto the starry mansions to attain ;
There, with glad tongues, thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain.

[17TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(195)

ST. JOSEPH

138

TRISAGION.

10 10.10 10.

H. SMART, 1813-79.



MATINS.

Caelitum Joseph.

- F**RRIEND of the angels in Paradise still,
Helpless humanity's refuge from ill,
Joseph, the worship and strength of our days,
Graciously hear us who sing to thy praise.
- 2 Chosen thou wert by thy Maker's decree
Spotless virginity's bridegroom to be ;
Thee the Eternal his father would call,
Steward on earth of his bounty to all.
- 3 Housed with the oxen he lay in the cold—
Kings had but dreamed of it, prophets foretold,
Thou thy Redeemer rejoicing didst see,
Father and worshipper, bending the knee.
- 4 Monarch of monarchs, whom worlds must obey—
Hell doth acknowledge him, bowed to his sway ;
Heaven in its courses his word doth fulfil—
He became subject on earth to thy will.
- 5 Glory to God, Three in One, let us own,
Who 'mid the angels thy merits doth crown ;
Would but he grant, through those merits, that we
Live everlastingly, Joseph, with thee.

[17TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

ST. JOSEPH

139

LISBON.

66.66. Anon. Harmonized by S. S. WESLEY.



HAIL, holy Joseph, hail !
Husband of Mary, hail !
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

- 2 Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
Father of Christ esteemed,
Father be thou to those
Thy foster Son redeemed.
- 3 Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
Prince of the house of God,
May his blest graces be
By thy pure hands bestowed.
- 4 Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
Comrade of angels, hail :
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.
- 5 Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
God's choice wert thou alone ;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.
- 6 Mother of Jesus, bless,
And bless, ye saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to St. Joseph cry.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-65 †]

ST. JOSEPH

140

AIMABLE ENFANT.

D.L.M.

Adaptation of a French Noël.
(A.G.M.)

UNISON

(198)

ST. JOSEPH

JOSEPH, the scriptures love to trace
The glories of thy kingly line ;
Yet no succession of thy race,
No long posterity was thine—
Of her the everlasting spouse
Who must a Virgin ever be,
The faithful ruler of his house
Who owns no fatherhood in thee.

2 There were no songs of old renown,
No crowds to greet you when you came,
Two wanderers, to your native town,
That lost inheritance to claim ;
But hard the hearts, and cold the air,
And mean the lodging where you lay,
And long the exile you must bear
Till upstart Herod's dying day.

3 And though thy Son were God indeed,
Over that home no angels sang,
But still, through years of toil and need,
Hammer and mallet bravely rang ;
And surely 'twas a gracious thing
When, standing at his father's knee,
The world's great Craftsman and its King
Not king but craftsman learned to be.

4 But, king or craftsman, die we must :
Who would not change his lot with thine,
In such sweet peace and holy trust
His earthly being to resign ?
With Mary's comfort at thy side,
Thy spirit, freed from mortal clay,
Out of God's presence satisfied
Into God's presence passed away.

5 Joseph, the Church of God protect ;
Her priests with holy care endow ;
Shield of the virgin-souls elect,
Hope of the fatherless, be thou :
And, when our parting spirits cling
To earthly joys that cannot bide,
Make Nazareth in our homes, and bring
Jesus and Mary to our side.

[R. A. KNOX]

(199)

ST. BENEDICT

141

OLD BATH.

10 10.10 10.

W. A. SHEBBEARE, O.S.B.



(200)

ST. BENEDICT

FATHER of many children, evermore
While ages roll, how beautiful thou art !
And still, dear saint, the nations as of yore
Drink peace from out thine unexhausted heart.

- 2 There are sweet waters in thy fountains still ;
Unfailing through the centuries they flow ;
And faithful sons thy destinies fulfil
Through the wide world, as mighty rivers go.
- 3 Kings, with thy wisdom in their hearts, dear saint,
Have grown more royal 'neath thy Christlike rule :
And, when the earth with ignorance was faint,
Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.
- 4 Deserts have blossomed where thy feet have trod,
Thy homes have sheltered hearts with 'care oppress :
And in dark times the glory of our God
Within thy walls hath found its place of rest.
- 5 O Benedict, thy special gifts are peace,
Freedom of heart, and sweet simplicity ;
They fail not with the ages, but increase
As thine own graces grew of old in thee.
- 6 Give us great hearts, dear father—hearts as wide
As thine, that was far wider than the world ;
Hearts by incessant labour sanctified,
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.
- 7 Thou art the Christian Abraham : to thee,
Saint of insatiate love, thy God hath given
For thy grand faith a saintly family,
Countless as are the crowded stars in heaven.
- 8 Kind shepherd, tend us with thy pastoral love
Across the mountains to our heavenly rest :
Father, we see thee beckoning from above :
We come, we come—to bless thee and be blest.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63. ††]

(201)

ST. GEORGE

142

O DU LIEBE MEINER LIEBE.

87.87.D.

J. THOMMEN's 'Christen-Schatz,'
1745.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 11

ST. GEORGE

LEADER now on earth no longer,
Soldier of th' eternal King,
Victor in the fight for heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.
Great Saint George, our patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh ;
Help us in that daily battle,
Where each one must win or die.

2 Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapon,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.
Great Saint George, &c.

3 Who, when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown ;
Fought, and won a nobler glory—
Won the martyr's purple crown.
Great Saint George, &c.

4 Help us when temptation presses ;
We have still our crown to win ;
Help us when our soul is weary,
Fighting with the powers of sin.
Great Saint George, &c.

5 Clothe us in thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand ;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onward towards the heavenly land.
Great Saint George, &c.

[J. W. REEKS. 1849 1900]

ENGLISH MARTYRS

143

PRAETORIUS.

C.M.

Görlitz Gesangbuch, 1599.
(A.G.M.)



O LORD, behold the suppliant band,
That kneels before thy throne;
Come back, come back, unto the land
That once was all thine own.

- 2 By all thy toil, by all thy pain,
By every sigh and tear,
We pray thee, let not Satan gain
The souls that cost so dear.
- 3 Remember, Lord, thy mercies old,
Thy grace so freely given,
When nations thronged into thy fold
Intent on gaining heaven.
- 4 Remember how our Lady's dower
Was England's glorious name,
Oh, bid her show her former power,
Her ancient right reclaim.
- 5 Oh, for the sake of saints who prayed
At altars now laid low,
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,
Thy vengeance, Lord, forego.
- 6 And for the sake of those who stood
Amid the nation's fall,
Who kept the faith and shed their blood,
Have mercy now on all.

[T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 1829-99]

(204)

ENGLISH MARTYRS

144

MEIN SEEL. O GOTT,
MUSS LOBERN DICH.

L.M.

M. PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621.



CHRIST, in whose Passion once was sown
All virtue of all saints to be,
For the white field of these thy own
We praise the seed and sower, thee.

- 2 Thine was the first and holiest grain
To die and quicken and increase;
And thence came these, and died again,
That spring and harvest should not cease.
- 3 From thee the martyrs, we from those,
Each in thy grace's measure, spring;
Their strength upon our weakness flows
And guides us to the goal we sing.
- 4 These were thy great ones: we, thy least,
One in desire and faith with them,
Called by one Lord to keep one feast,
Journey to one Jerusalem.

[W. H. SHEWRING]

(205)

ENGLISH MARTYRS

145

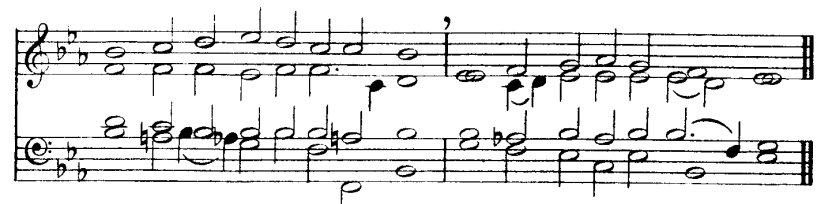
PSALM 68.

Composed or adapted by M. GRIETER,
887.887.D. c. 1525. (R.R.T.)



(206)

ENGLISH MARTYRS



O ENGLISH hearts, what heart can know
How spent with labours long ago
Was England's Church that bore you ?
The paths you tread, in lane or street,
Long since were trodden by the feet
Of saints that went before you ;
When priests, like sudden angels, came
To light in distant shires the flame
That faith's dull embers cherished,
When Mass and shrift were sought for still
In silent farm, on lonely hill,
Ere ancient memories perished.

2 Their kindred and their homes forgot,
The traitor's name, the wanderer's lot
For all their portion choosing,
God's hungry sheep they toiled to save,
The peace that only exile gave
For love of Christ refusing ;
Till, late or early, go they must
(Who not in princes put their trust)
Where earthly justice waited ;
From rack and dungeon freed at last,
The hurdle's way, to death they passed,
From death to life translated.

3 O saints of English speech and race,
Caught up to heaven, of heavenly grace
A double portion send us ;
From faint resolves and mean desires
And all this languid age inspires
Of worldly aims, defend us !
And, if such influence love can earn,
O bid the faith you loved return,
The land you loved awaking ;
An England sunk in long despair
To holier thoughts, sublimer prayer,
And larger hopes awaking.

[R. A. KNOX]

(207)

ST. ALOYSIUS

146

CAELESTIS AGNI NUPTIAS. L.M. Grenoble Church melody. (A.G.M.)



(208)

ST. ALOYSIUS

TRIPHANT saint, whose splendid shield
No base betrayal cast away,
On this our lowlier battlefield
We crave your comradeship to-day.

2 The ancient glories of your race
Bequeathed you many a princely crown :
You prayed your thorn-crowned King for grace
To wear a wreath more like his own.

3 Your palace-tower to prison turned ;
Too high your heart for golden hoard ;
From toilsome Nazareth you learned
That he is king who serves the Lord.

4 The far horizon, pagan lands,
Displayed in dream a martyr's grave :
God gave to your untravelled hands
The sick, the captive, and the slave :

5 And while the city crouched in fear,
And plague exhaled its fetid breath,
You found the force to persevere,
And battled hand to hand with death.

6 In gospel-page, at altar-rail,
You found your Comrade, Friend and Guide :
Like him you lived, and would not fail
To face your death as Jesus died.

7 On earth, the armour of your prayer
Be helm and buckler, shield and sword !
Win grace, that into heaven we bear
New trophy-crowns for Christ our Lord.

[C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.]

(209)

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

147

THE BLACK DECREE.

10 10.88.

Traditional English melody.
(A.G.M.)



(210)

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

VESPERS.

Ut queant laxis.

O SYLVAN prophet, whose eternal fame
Resounds from Jewry's hills and Jordan's stream,
The music of our numbers raise
And tune our voice to sing thy praise.

2 Heaven's messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name,
And told thy sire each prodigy
That heaven designed to work in thee.

3 He heard the news, and dubious with surprise,
His faltering speech in fettered accents dies ;
But providence with happy choice
In thee restored thy father's voice.

4 From the recess of nature's inmost room,
Thou knew'st thy Lord unborn from womb to womb,
Whilst each glad parent told and blest
The secrets of each other's breast.

5 Glory to God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, with both in nature one,
Whose equal power unites the three
In one eternal Trinity.

[ASCRIBED TO J. DRYDEN 1631-1701]

(211)

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

148

DECORA LUX.

12 12.12 12.

S. WEBBE, 1740-1816.
(A.G.M.)



(212)

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

MATINS.

Decora lux.

WHAT fairer light is this than time itself doth own,
The golden day with beams more radiant brightening ?
The princes of God's Church this feast-day doth enthrone,
To sinners heavenward bound their burden lightening.

2 One taught mankind its creed, one guards the heavenly gate ;
Founders of Rome, they bind the world in loyalty ;
One by the sword achieved, one by the cross his fate ;
With laurelled brows they hold eternal royalty.

3 Rejoice, O Rome, this day ; thy walls they once did sign
With princely blood, who now their glory share with thee.
What city's vesture glows with crimson deep as thine ?
What beauty else has earth that may compare with thee ?

4 To God the Three in One eternal homage be,
All honour, all renown, all songs victorious,
Who rules both heaven and earth by one divine decree
To everlasting years in empire glorious.

[ASCRIBED TO ELPIS (D. 493), WIFE OF BOETHIUS. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(213)

ST. PETER

149

O QUAM GLORIFICA.

65.65.666.5.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782. (A.G.M.)



(214)

ST. PETER

Si vis patronum quaerere.

WOULDEST thou a patron see
Thy cause defending ?
Christ's chief apostle be
All thy befriending.
Key-bearer, we implore,
Grace by thy prayers restore ;
Grant us through heaven's door
Entrance hereafter.

2 Thou didst thy Master grieve,
Yet pardon borrow ;
May we our faults retrieve
With daily sorrow.
Key-bearer, we implore, &c.

3 As once an angel freed
The chains that bound thee,
Loose thou the souls in need
Thou seest around thee.
Key-bearer, we implore, &c.

4 Firm rock (our Saviour saith),
Pillar unyielding,
Strengthen the Church, her faith
From error shielding.
Key-bearer, we implore, &c.

5 Let not the tempter's snare
Our feet entangle,
Nor wolves presumptuous dare
Thy flock to mangle.
Key-bearer, we implore, &c.

6 In death's tremendous hour
On thee relying,
His rage we'll overpower,
Valiant in dying.
Key-bearer, we implore, &c.

[18TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(215)

ST. PAUL

150

AB ASCENDENTE.

L.M.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782. (A.G.M.)*Sat, Paule, sat terris datum.*

PAUL, 'tis the end ; the task is done,
The good fight fought, the course well run ;
Enter the heavenly rest, and wear
The righteous crown that waits thee there.

- 2 Come ; for thou must endure no more
Those perils of the sea and shore,
Stonings and scourgings, chains and cell,
And deaths that all about thee dwell.
- 3 Thy master Christ, who at his side
So long hath held thee crucified,
Bids thee to quiet after strife,
And death is gain, for death is life.
- 4 Still yearns thy love, remembering yet
Those that thou didst in Christ beget,
Sons of the travail of thy soul
Whose tears would keep thee from the goal ;
- 5 Yet be content ; thy Lord and theirs
Justly for them and thee prepares ;
The hour is come ; heaven calls its own ;
Amidst the judges take thy throne.
- 6 Praised and adored for ever be
The sovereign Godhead, One in Three,
Who from the darkness of our night
Hath called us to his glory's light.

[G. DE LA BRUNETIÈRE, PARIS BREVIAIRY, 1680.
TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

(216)

ST. MARY MAGDALEN

151

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

L.M.

Adapted from an Italian Laude,
c. 1500. (R.R.T.)

LAUDS.

Summi Parentis unice.

- O CHRIST, sole refuge in distress,
Exert for us that tenderness
Which turned the sinner's prayers to gems,
That shine in endless diadems.
- 2 The drachma's found now cleared from rust,
The diamond sifted from the dust,
And set with shining stars to vie
In heaven's enamelled canopy.
 - 3 O Jesus, who alone wast sent
To heal the wounded penitent,
Thy Mary's sweetest balms apply,
And make her tears our remedy.
 - 4 Mother of Jesus, next prevail,
That Eve's descendants weak and frail
May 'scape the dangers that infest
The way to our eternal rest.
 - 5 All glory to one God alone
For many gracious bounties shewn
To sinners, by that sacred art
That works and crowns the change of heart.

[ST. ODO OF CLUNY, 879-942. TR. PRIMER, 1706]

(217)

ST. THOMAS MORE AND ST. JOHN FISHER

152

REX GLORIOSE.

L.M.

'Andernach Gesangbuch,' 1608.
(A.G.M.)



(218)

ST. THOMAS MORE AND ST. JOHN FISHER

WHEN Herod, for an impious bride,
His eager lust would fain fulfil,
John in that hour a martyr died,
Unschool'd to serve a tyrant's will :

2 Nor less resolved, when Norman rage
The rights of holy Church gainsaid,
That wanton fury to assuage
Thomas his glorious blood must shed.

3 So, when a tyrant fiercer yet
His wedlock and his faith forswore,
A second John his sentence met,
A second Thomas witness bore.

4 Time-serving priests their aid might lend,
Smooth courtiers tremble at his sway ;
Two loyal hearts no force could bend
Their God, their conscience to betray.

5 O love that burned when love grew cold,
O faith that shone when faith was dim,
The Cross your Master bore of old
You bore to Calvary with him.

6 Twin beacon-lights, serenely set
At God's right hand for all the earth,
Look down on England, nor forget
The thankless home that gave you birth ;

7 To freedom and to wisdom friends,
Look on a world unwisely free ;
To bear the cross our Master sends
How slow, how frail, how faint are we !

8 To God, who crowns his saints above,
Be praise henceforth as heretofore,
Who throned in perfect truth and love
Liveth and reigneth evermore.

[R..A. KNOX]

(219)

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

153

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA (11). L.M. Rouen Church melody. (A.G.M.)



(220)

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

IGNATIUS, may your soul of fire
To us new courage bring ;
Inflame us with your one desire —
The glory of the King.

2 On Pampeluna's stricken wall
Dissolved your dreams of fame ;
In answer to a nobler call
You took a prouder name.

3 Your company vowed fealty
To Jesus Crucified,
And all your wealth was poverty,
The scorn of men your pride.

4 The spirit's sword your keener blade,
Undaunted faith your shield,
Conquest for Christ your new crusade,
Man's soul your battlefield.

5 Back rolled the menace from the North,
And 'mid the clash of war,
Your eager spirit still stretched forth
To Christian lands afar.

6 The fight you fought is still to win,
Your foes are still to fear ;
And still amid the battle's din
Your cry—" For Christ ! "—rings clear.

7 Ignatius, may your soul of fire
To us new courage bring ;
Inflame us with your one desire —
The glory of the King.

[T. CORBISHLEY, S.J.]

(221)

ST. DOMINIC

154

GRAFTON.

87.87.44.7.

'Chants Ordinaires de L'Office
Divin,' 1881. (A.G.M.)



(222)

ST. DOMINIC

Novus athleta Domini.

SOUND the mighty champion's praises ;
Raise the song for him who came
Charged to tell the gospel tidings,
Charged to spread the gospel flame—
Lordly errand
Suited well his lordly name.

2 Stainless as a virgin lily,
Fervent as a flaming brand,
Lo, he flies, still onward speeding,
Flies to do his Lord's command :
Flies to rescue
Captive souls from Satan's hand.

3 Treading down this world of evil,
To his mighty task he goes :
Stript of all, he seeks the conflict,
Turns him to Christ's banded foes,
Grace sustaining
With the fire that inward glows.

4 Lo, his arms, of heavenly temper,
Words and signs of wondrous power,
Prayers of love and tears of pity,
Whilst his warrior children bore
His commission
Onward still from shore to shore.

5 Sing we to the Triune Godhead,
Honour, glory, power and praise ;
May he at our Father's pleading
Deign his children's souls to raise,
Cleansed and perfect,
To his reign of endless days.

[DOMINICAN BREVIARY, 13TH CENT.
TR. J. D. AYLWARD, O.P., 1813-72]

223)

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

155

ST. FRANCIS.

87.87.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



FRANCIS, thou wast lonely plying
For thy bread from door to door,
Till God heard thy bitter sighing
For his wounds and for his poor ;

2 Till he bade thee all things leaving
Love the Lady Poverty,
Whom in joyfulness receiving
Thou didst wed as poor as thee.

3 Blind to earthen pomp and glory
Thou didst see the Crucified,
When the scars, that tell Love's story,
Smote thee, hands and feet and side ;

4 And his eyes upon the mountain
Left each burning wound with thee,
As they looked upon the fountain
Of thy soul in ecstasy

5 Now thy feet like ensigns glowing
March above the starry plain,
And thy hands are rich bestowing
Love for all thy children's pain.

6 To the Father glory giving
And the wondrous-wounded Son,
Let us glorify the living
Spirit, ever Three in One.

[SHANE LESLIE]

(224)

ST. TERESA OF LISIEUX

156

SEDULIUS.

L.M.

'Nurenburgisches Gesangbuch,' 1676.
(A.G.M.)



ONE through the world the gospel cries ;
Martyrs beneath the sword advance ;
Thomas is master of the wise,
And Joan has won the field for France.

2 Not with the voice that called to these
Her Master to Teresa spoke ;
He bids her serve where he shall please ;
She hears, and takes the gentle yoke.

3 Her yoke and grace is charity,
Her gift and burden, staff and goal ;
This binds her, this declares her free,
All-hoping, all-enduring soul.

4 She sees her place and calling clear ;
Shapes to perfection common things,
And finds her Lord too homely-near
To ask of him an eagle's wings.

5 With humble steps that dare not stray,
With single purpose unbeguiled,
She looks not for a loftier way,
But childlike runs to Christ the child.

6 With him she is ; her burning prayer,
Her love that never idle stood
Still pleading through the glory there,
Still eager, working still to good.

[W. H. SHEWRING]

(225)

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

157

ALL SAINTS.

87.87.87.

'Darmstadt Gesangbuch,' 1698.
(A.G.M.)



GLORIOUS Saint whose deeds immortal
We extol and magnify,
Radiant star, whose rising splendour
Set ablaze the orient sky;
Oh, how bright to-day thy shining
Midst the saints of God on high!

2 Beautiful those feet that carried
News of God's redemptive plan,
Crossing lands and furthest oceans,
Bringing peace to fallen man,
Herald who with torch uplifted
Realms of darkness overran.

3 Great thy labours in the vineyard,
Great the harvest gathered in,
Greater still thy soul's ambition
Further continents to win;
But God willed thy greatest conquests
Should henceforth in heaven begin.

4 Father, may we share thy triumphs,
Join thee henceforth in the fight,
May our lives be flaming torches,
Pure and holy, burning bright,
Driving hence the powers of darkness,
Leading to eternal light.

[J. DRISCOLL, S.J.]

(226)

ALL SAINTS

158

SOLEMNIS HAEC FESTIVITAS

L.M.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782. (A.G.M.)



VESPERS.

Christe Redemptor omnium.

O CHRIST, before whose throne of
grace
Thy mother stands to plead our case,
Exert thy love, and grant that we
May share thy Father's clemency.

2 Angels, archangels, thrones and powers
And all who guard the heavenly towers,
From present, past, and future ill
With watchful eye preserve us still.

3 Blest prophets and apostles, plead
Our guilty cause, and intercede
With our offended Judge, that we
With tears may move his clemency.

4 May martyrs' robes of purple dye
With stoles of white confessors vie,
And both prevail to call us home
From exile, and reverse our doom.

5 Chaste train of virgins, blest supplies
Who, nursed in deserts, fill the skies,
And all the choirs of saints, obtain
That we with you may jointly reign.

6 Preserve thy faithful kingdom free
From unbelievers' tyranny,
That all mankind united may
One Pastor of our souls obey.

7 Great ever-living God, to thee,
In Essence One, in Persons Three,
May all thy works their tribute bring
And every age thy glory sing.

[ASCRIBED TO RABANUS MAURUS 776-856. TR. PRIMER. 1706]

(227)

HOLY SOULS

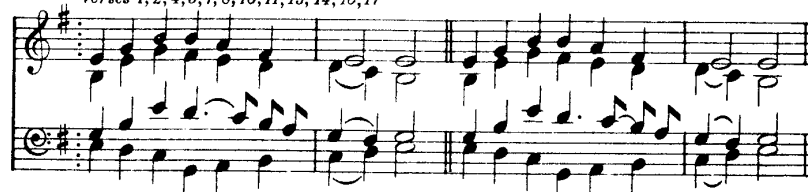
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DIES IRAE.

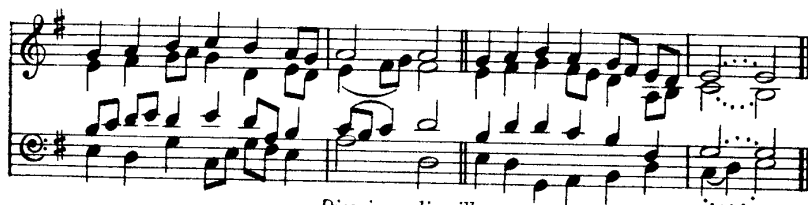
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H. STANLEY TAYLOR.

Verses 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17



Verses 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 19



Dies irae, dies illa.

DAY of wrath ! O Day of mourning !
See fulfill'd the prophets' warning !
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning !

- 2 O, what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet fingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking—
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo ! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgement be awarded.

(228)

HOLY SOULS

- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesu !—my salvation
Caus'd thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation.
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me :
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?
- 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.
- 13 Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !
- 15 With thy favoured sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me :
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission ;
See, like ashes, my contrition—
Help me, in my last condition !
- 18 Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgement must prepare him !
- 19 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessèd Requiem.

[THOMAS OF CELANO, O.F.M., 13TH CENT.
TR. W. J. IRONS. 1812-83]

(229)

HOLY SOULS

160

REQUIEM.

C.M.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



HELP, Lord, the souls that thou hast made,
The souls to thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sin committed here.

- 2 These holy souls, they suffer on,
Resign'd in heart and will,
Until thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
- 3 For daily falls, for pardon'd crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of thy woe.
- 4 Oh, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain ;
- 5 Oh, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame ;
Oh, by their very helplessness,
Oh, by thy own great Name ;
- 6 Good Jesu, help ! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

[J. H. NEWMAN, 1801-90]

HOLY SOULS

161

LUX PERPETUA.

66.66.

' Rhaw Gesangbuch,' 1589.



O PLACE of happy pains,
And land of dear desires,
Where love divine detains
Glad souls among sweet fires !

- 2 Where sweet, white fires embrace
The red-scarred, red-stained soul,
That it may see God's face,
Perfectly white and whole.
- 3 While with still hope they bear
These ardent agonies,
Earth pleads for them, in prayer
And wistful charities.
- 4 O place of patient pains,
And land of brave desires !
Us now God's will detains
Far from those holy fires.
- 5 Us the sad world rings round
With passionate flames impure ;
We tread on impious ground,
And hunger and endure,
- 6 That, earth's ordeal done,
Those sweet, white fires may fit
Us for our home, and one
Who is the Light of it.

[LIONEL JOHNSON, 1867-1902]

MORNING

162

FARRANT.

C.M.

Adapted from an anthem
by R. FARRANT, c. 1530-85.



PRIME.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

NOW that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That he, the uncreated light,
May guide us on our way.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love ;

3 And, while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe,—
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour, Lord.
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy blessing end ;

5 And, less the flesh in its excess
Should lord it o'er the soul,
Let taming abstinence repress
The rebel, and control.

6 To God the Father glory be,
And to his only Son,
And to the Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run.

[5TH CENT. TR. J. H. NEWMAN, 1801-90]

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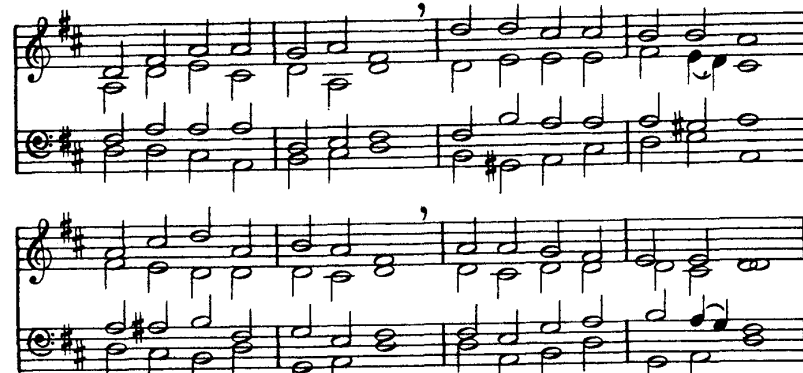
MORNING

163

CULBACH.

77.77.

SCHEFFLER's 'Heilige Seelenlust,'
1657.



LAUDS (FRIDAY).

Aeterna caeli gloria.

CHRIST, the glory of the sky,
Christ, of earth the hope secure,
Only Son of God most high,
Offspring of a Maiden pure.

2 Help us now thy praise to sing,
Praise for this returning day ;
Light and life let morning bring,
Clouds and darkness flee away.

3 Purest Light, within us dwell,
Never from our souls depart ;
Come, the shades of earth dispel,
Fill and purify the heart.

4 Faith in him whose name we bear
In our heart of hearts abound ;
Hope, thy brightest torch prepare ;
All with holy love be crowned.

5 Praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
Spirit blest, to thee be praise ;
To the eternal Three in One
Glory be through endless days.

[5TH CENT. TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68]

(233)

MORNING

164

FARLEY CASTLE.

10.10.10.10. H. LAWES, 1596-1662. (A.G.M.)



Astre que l'Olympe revère.

- 0 STAR, for whose pure light the heaven makes room,
Hope of the world thy death redeemed and won,
Though veiled thy rising in a Virgin's womb,
Before time was, the Father's Word and Son ;
- 2 Strengthen the waverer ; let thy Church below,
Still lifting unproved hands to heaven,
In worthier strains thy deathless glory shew,
And those free mercies count, thy grace hath given.
- 3 Now doth the day-star, ushering in the dawn,
Salute this meaner sun's returning ray ;
Fades the wan mist, from silver skies withdrawn ;
Shine in our hearts, more pure, more welcome Day.
- 4 Sustain our weakness, light our path obscure,
Pierce the dull shades of this dark night beneath ;
Arm our frail thoughts against the dazzling lure
Of those deceitful loves whose fruit is death.
- 5 Mysterious Trinity, be endless praise,
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, thine,
Long as time's star this twilight world displays,
And when outwearied suns no more shall shine.

[J. RACINE, 1639-99. BASED ON 'AETERNA CAELI GLORIA.'
TR. R. A. KNOX]

(234)

MORNING

165

SURGE.

77.77.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

- 2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
- 4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.
- 7 Call whole nature to thy aid ;
Since 'twas he whole nature made ;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

[J. AUSTIN. 1613-69]

(235)

EVENING

166

STRENGTH AND STAY.

11 10.11 10.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-76.



NONE.

Rerum Deus tenax vigor.

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide :

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With glories of the eternal day.

3 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

[ST. AMBROSE 340-97.
TR. J. ELLERTON, 1826-93, F. J. A. HORT, 1828-92]

(236)

EVENING

167

TALLIS' CANON.

L.M.

T. TALLIS, c. 1510-85.



VESPERS (SUNDAY).

Lucis Creator optime.

LIGHT of all days that were and be,
Maker of light, outflows from thee,
Whence on the world's unshapen frame
Light at the first beginning came ;

2 Thou to the morn the evening ray
Joinest, and bid'st us call them day :
Now draws the void of darkness near ;
We pray in sorrow ; thou give ear.

3 Be not the soul, once made for thee,
Exiled from thy felicity,
Nor stayed by sin that weights and clings
From thinking on perpetual things :

4 Let it to heaven's own gate arise,
Knock, and obtain the eternal prize ;
Now and hereafter evil shun,
Repent and purge all evil done.

5 Thou with the Father hear our prayer,
Who dost the Father's glory share,
And thou, proceeding from the twain
In equal everlasting reign.

[6TH CENT. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

(237)

EVENING

168

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS. L.M. Old French melody. (A.G.M.)



Christe qui lux es et dies.

CHRIST, the true light of us, true morn,
Dispersing far the shades of night,
Light whereof every light is born,
Pledge of the beatific light,

2 Thou all the night our guardian be,
Whose watch no sleep or slumber knows;
Thou be our peace, that stayed on thee
Through darkness we may find repose.

3 But let not sloth our will bedim
Nor Satan steal the burdened sense,
Lest the frail flesh, in league with him,
Lose before thee its innocence.

4 Sleep then our eyes, but never sleep
The watchful heaven-directed heart,
And may thy hand in safety keep
The servants whose desire thou art.

5 Look on us thou, and at our side
Our foes and thine repulse afar;
Through every ill the faithful guide
Who in thy blood redeemed are.

6 While soul within the body clings,
Body and soul defend us, Lord,
Sure in the shadow of thy wings,
Kept in thy lasting watch and ward.

[8TH CENT. TR. W. H. SHEWRING]

EVENING

169

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM. L.M. 'Andernach Gesangbuch,' 1608. (A.G.M.)



COMPLINE.

Te lucis ante terminum.

BEFORE the day's last moments fly,
Maker of all, to thee we cry;
Beneath thy kind protection take,
And shield us for thy mercy's sake.

2 Let no ill dreams our souls alarm,
No powers of night approach to harm;
Defend us from the tempter's art,
And keep us ever pure in heart.

3 Father of mercies, hear our cry;
O hear, co-equal Son most high;
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One only God for evermore.

[7TH CENT. TR. R. CAMPBELL, 1814-68]

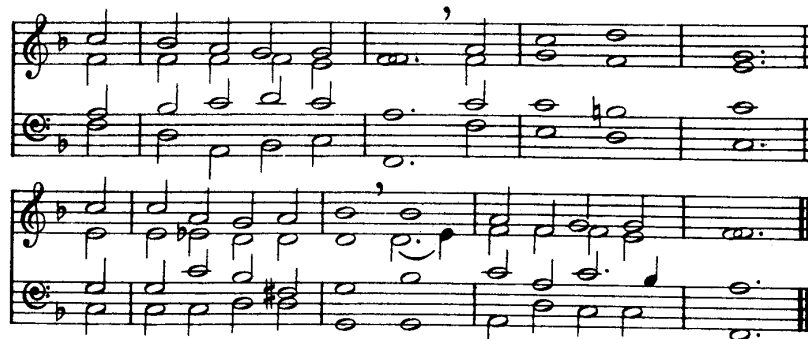
EVENING

170

ST. COLUMBA.

64.66.

H. S. IRONS, 1834-1905.



Sol praeceps rapitur.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross,
In death reclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits 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 power and love
Henceforth alive in me—

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
Myself for ever his,
And he for ever mine!

[18TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL. 1814-78]

(240)

EVENING

171

NOCTE SURGENTES.

11.11.11.5.

Cassinese melody. (A.G.M.)



JESU! the dying day hath left us lonely;
All fadeth from us; thou remainest only;
Earth's light goes out, but thou, true light, art near us,
And thou wilt hear us.

2 Bring home the feet that far from thee have wandered,
The minds that all but thee all day have pondered;
We yield them evermore, awake or sleeping,
To thy safe-keeping.

3 O let our souls keep day, though night be round us!
So shall the sons of darkness not confound us,
But blameless rest delight thy gaze paternal,
Untired Eternal!

4 White Dove of peace, great God of consolation,
Brood o'er the souls that moan in tribulation,
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows
Soothe all their sorrows.

5 Mother of holy hope, all-blessed Mary,
Whose high-throned mother-love can never vary,
This night, and at our death's deep nightfall aid us,
With him who made us.

[J. O'CONNOR]

(241)

R

EVENING

172

SUNSET.

88.88.88.

G. HERBERT, 1817-1906.



(242)

EVENING

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is done ; its hours have run ;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace has won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

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.
Through life's long day, &c.

4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto thee we call ;
Oh let thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day, &c.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

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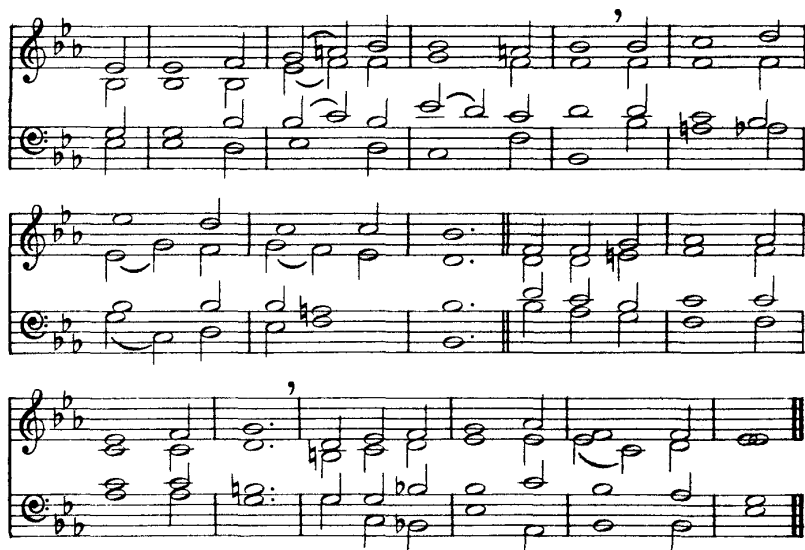
EVENING

173

ANGELUS.

L.M.

G. JOSEPH, 1657.
'Cantica Spiritualia,' 1847.



VESPERS (SATURDAY).

Jam sol recedit igneus.

THE fiery sun now rolls away,
And hastens to the close of day ;
Thy brightest beams, O Lord, impart,
And rise in our benighted heart.

2 To us the praises of thy name
Are morning-song and evening-theme ;
Thus may we sing ourselves to rest
Amidst the music of the blest.

3 To God the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.

[ASCRIED TO ST. AMBROSE, 340-97. TR. PRIMER, 1706]

(244)

FOR THE YOUNG

174

DUNDEE.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

2 He at a mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was he ;
He learnt the first small words he said
At a meek mother's knee.

3 Close to his loving heart he press'd
The children of the earth ;
He lifted up his hands and bless'd
The babes of human birth.

4 Lo ! from the stars his face will turn
On us with glances mild ;
The angels of his presence yearn
To bless the little child.

5 Keep us, O Jesus, Lord, for thee,
That so, by thy dear grace,
We, children of the font, may see
Our heavenly Father's face.

[R. S. HAWKER, 1804-72]

(245)

FOR THE YOUNG

175

CAPETOWN.

77.75.

F. FILITZ, 1804-76.



CHILDREN in thy presence met,
Fill our hearts with holy fear ;
Father, be compassionate ;
God of mercy, hear.

2 Though we do not yet by sight,
God most high, behold thy face,
Pour into our minds the light
Of thy saving grace.

3 Tender Father, gracious Friend,
Mighty one, tremendous Lord,
Unto all the ages' end
Be thy name adored.

4 Glory to the Father be ;
To the uncreated Son ;
Blessèd Spirit, praise to thee ;
God for ever One.

[J. GRAY. 1866-1934]

(246)

FOR THE YOUNG

176

GOTT EIN VATER.

65.65.

F. SILCHER, 1789-1860. (A.G.M.)



COME to me, beloved
Babe of Bethlehem ;
Lay aside thy sceptre
And thy diadem.

2 Bid all fear and doubting
From my soul depart,
As I feel the beating
Of thy human heart.

3 Look upon me sweetly
With thy human eyes ;
With thy human finger
Point me to the skies.

4 Guide me, ever guide me
With thy piercèd hand
Till I reach the borders
Of the pleasant land.

5 Then, my own beloved,
Take me home to rest ;
Whisper words of comfort ;
Lay me on thy breast.

6 By the quiet waters,
Sweetest Jesu, lead ;
'Mid the virgin lilies,
Purest Jesu, feed.

7 Only thee, beloved,
Only thee I seek,
Thee, the man Christ Jesus,
Strength in flesh made weak.

[D. M. DOLHEN 1848-1867]

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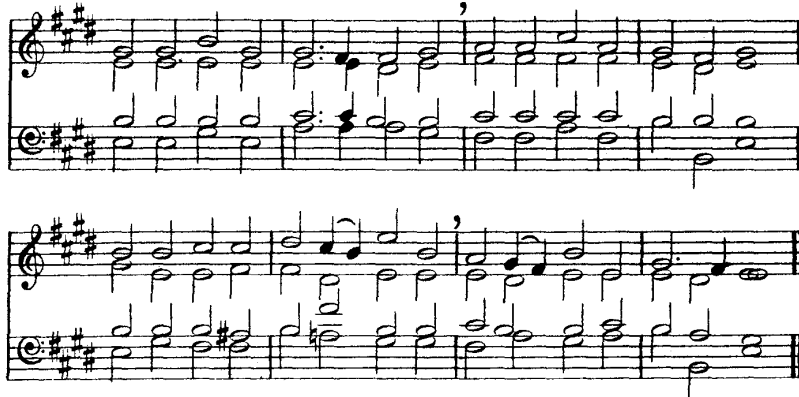
FOR THE YOUNG

177

DRAKES BOUGHTON.

87.87.

E. ELGAR, 1857-1934.



HEAR thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath thy shelt'ring care.

2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3 Gentle Jesus, look in pity,
From thy great white throne above,
All the night thy heart is wakeful
In thy Sacrament of love.

4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom.
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead thine exiled children home.

[F. STANFIELD, 1835-1914]

(248)

FOR THE YOUNG

178

LÜBECK.

77.77.

'FREYLINGHAUSEN's Gesangbuch,'
1704.



LOVING Shepherd of thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd, thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love thee day by day,
Gladly thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

4 Where thou leadest may I go,
Walking in thy steps below;
Then before thy Father's throne,
Jesu, claim me for thine own.

[J. E. LEESON, 1807-82]

(249)

FOR THE YOUNG

179

GUSTATE.

10 10.10 10.

Old Irish melody. (A.G.M.)

UNISON

(250)

FOR THE YOUNG

BEFORE COMMUNION.

Sancti, venite, Christi Corpus sumite.

DRAW nigh, and take the body of our Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured,
Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

- 2 Salvation's giver, Christ the only Son,
By that his Cross and blood the victory won.
Offered was he for greatest and for least :
Himself the victim, and himself the priest.
- 3 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.
He, ransom from death and light from shade,
Giveth his holy grace his saints to aid.
- 4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
He that in this world rules his saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,
- 5 With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.
Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

[FROM THE ANTIPHONARY OF BENNHAR, 7TH CENT.
TR. J. M. NEALE, 1818-66]

THE FIRST AND ONLY book for the congregation
to contain the complete Vatican II Mass Propers:
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

(251)

FOR THE YOUNG

180

PRINCETHORPE.

65.65.D.

W. PITTS, 1829-1903.



(252)

FOR THE YOUNG

AFTER COMMUNION.

JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.
Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory
And thy royal state.

2 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

3 Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise ;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

(253)

FOR THE YOUNG

181

VAUGHAN

76.76.D. J. RICHARDSON, 1816-79. (A.G.M.)

(254)

FOR THE YOUNG

Dal tuo celeste.

LOOK down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above;
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love;
And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother,
And look on us no more.
Repeat : Look down, &c.

2 See how, ungrateful sinners,
We stand before thy Son;
His loving heart upbraids us
The evil we have done.
But if thou wilt appease him,
Speak for us but one word;
For thus thou canst obtain us
The pardon of our Lord.
Repeat : Look down, &c.

3 O Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And Jesus will forgive.
Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear,
But thou art still our Mother;
Then show a mother's care.
Repeat : Look down, &c.

4 Unfold to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear;
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near?
O kindest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.
Repeat : Look down, &c.

[ST. ALPHONSUS. 1696-1787. TR. E. VAUGHAN. C.S.S.R., 1827-1908]

(255)

FOR THE YOUNG

182

CRÜGER.

76.76.D. J. CRÜGER, 1598-1662. (A.G.M.)



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.12

(256)

FOR THE YOUNG

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

2 O noble tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The ark of God's own promise,
The gate of Heav'n to me.
To live and not to love thee
Would fill my soul with shame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

3 The saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light.
Oh, that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee
I'll love and bless thy name.

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

[J. WYSE, 1825-98]

S

(257)

FOR THE YOUNG

183

AVE MARIA.

Irreg.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



(258)

FOR THE YOUNG



Ave Maria ! O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful star of the sea !
Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis !
Pray for thy children who call upon thee ;
Ave sanctissima ! Ave purissima !
Sinless and beautiful, star of the sea

2 Ave Maria ! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee,
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, star of the sea !
Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis ! &c.

3 Ave Maria ! thou portal of heaven,
Harbour of refuge, to thee do we flee,
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven ;
Shine on our pathway, fair star of the sea !
Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis ! &c.

[SISTER M.]

(259)

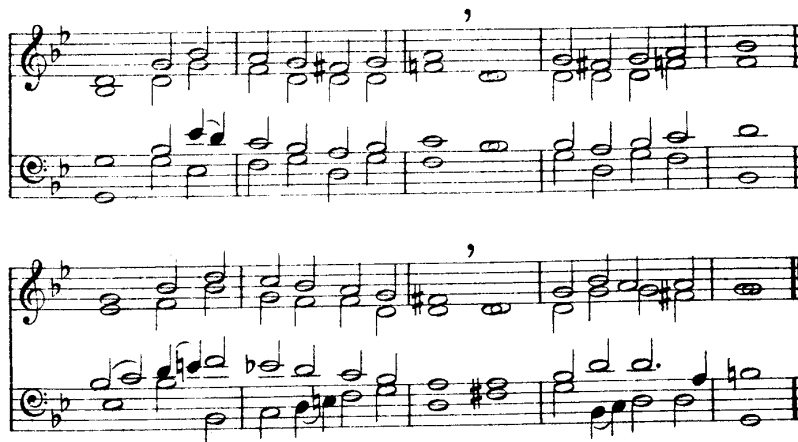
FOR THE YOUNG

184

CULROSS.

C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635. (R.R.T.)



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No. 13

DEAR angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A sinful child like me.

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

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

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

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

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63. ††]

GENERAL

185

OMNI DIE.

87.87.

'CORNER'S Gesangbuch,' 1631.
Arranged by W. S. ROCKSTRO.



FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son ;

2 And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as he has died.

3 Simply to his grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong ;
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, him the strong.

4 And I hold in veneration,
For the love of him alone,
Holy Church, as his creation,
And her teachings, as his own.

5 Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[J. H. NEWMAN 1801-90]

GENERAL

186

BILLING (*First Tune*).

C.M.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



CHORUS ANGELORUM
(*Second Tune*).

C.M.

A. SOMERVELL, 1863-1937.



(262)

GENERAL

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.

- 2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
- 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.

[J. H. NEWMAN, 1801-90]

(263)

GENERAL

187

GROSSER GOTT.

78.78.77.

'Katholisches Gesangbuch,' 1774.
(A.G.M.)

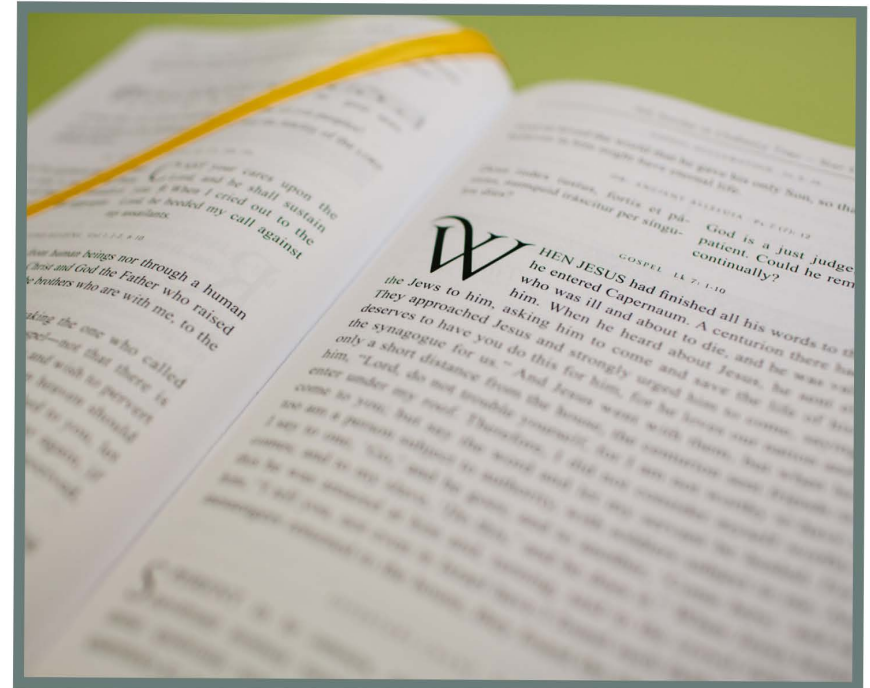


HOLY God, we praise thy name ;
Lord of all, we bow before thee !
All on earth thy sceptre own,
All in heaven above adore thee.
Infinite thy vast domain,
Everlasting is thy reign.

- 2 Hark ! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising ;
Cherubim and seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 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.
- 4 Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded ;
Keep us without sin to-day ;
Never let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in thee—
Never, Lord, abandon me.

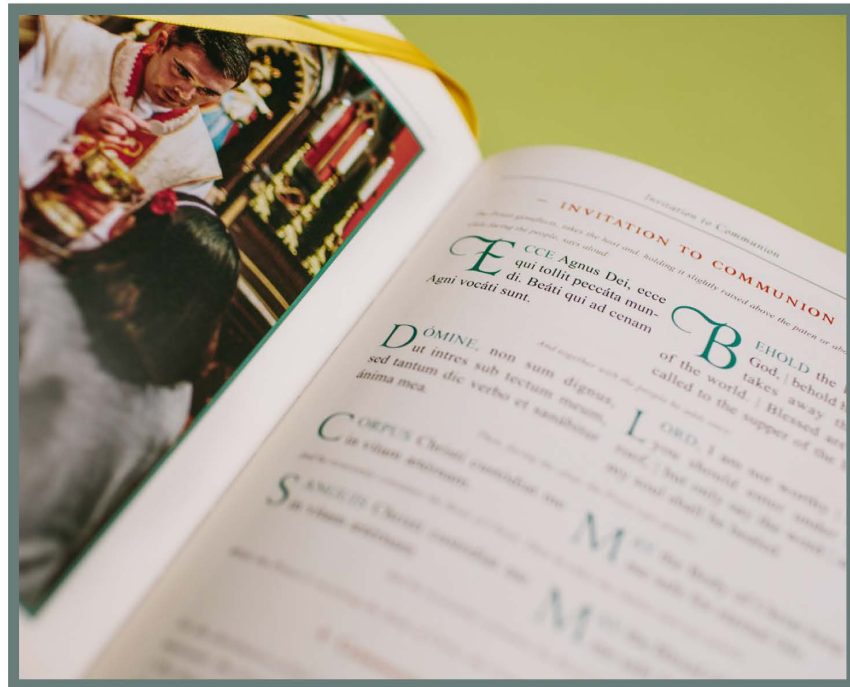
[C. A. WALWORTH 1820-1900]

(264)



IF YOU'RE A CATHOLIC PRIEST who offers the Ordinary Form, you owe it to your congregation to consider the layout—the beautiful, thoughtful, enlightening, inspiring layout—of the Mass found in the JOGUES PEW LECTIONARY. Decide for yourself whether this book helps Catholics in the pews to deepen their devotion at Mass: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

(265)



IF YOU'RE A CATHOLIC PRIEST who offers the Ordinary Form, you owe it to your congregation to consider the layout—the beautiful, thoughtful, enlightening, inspiring layout—of the Mass found in the JOGUES PEW LECTIONARY. Decide for yourself whether this book helps Catholics in the pews to deepen their devotion at Mass: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

GENERAL

188

NUN DANKET.

67.67.66.66. J. CRÜGER, 1598-1662. (A.G.M.)



PRAISE we our God with joy
And gladness never ending ;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
O'erfilled with parent's love ;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
He showers from above.

2 He is our Shepherd true ;
With watchful care unsleeping,
On us, his erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping ;
He with a mighty arm
The bonds of sin doth break,
And to our burden'd hearts
In words of peace doth speak.

3 Graces in copious stream
From that pure fount are welling,
Where, in our heart of hearts,
Our God hath set his dwelling.
His word our lantern is,
His peace our comfort still,
His sweetness all our rest,
Our law, our life, his will.

(F. OAKELEY, 1802-80. AND COMPILERS)

GENERAL

189

OLDFIELD (*First Tune*).

C.M.

W. A. SHEBBEARE. O.S.B.



CHALVEY (*Second Tune*).

C.M.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



(266)

GENERAL

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !

2 How dread are thine eternal years
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother e'er so mild
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee !

[F. W. FABER, 1814-63]

(267)

GENERAL

190

PROVIDENCE.

84.84.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



- L**ORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.
- 2 Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.
- 3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.
- 4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.
- 5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay ;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Just for to-day.
- 6 And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.
- 7 In Purgatory's cleansing fires
Brief be my stay ;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.
- 8 So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

[SISTER M. XAVIER]

(268)

GENERAL

191

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

10 4.10 4.10 10.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.14

- L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

[J. H. NEWMAN, 1801-90]

(269)

GENERAL

192

ELLACOMBE.

D.C.M.

'Mainz Gesangbuch,' 1833.



(270)

GENERAL

JESUS is God ! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, the golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God ! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true God.
He who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God ! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill ;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil ;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our *Credo* we might own
The Godhead of our Lord.

[F. W. FABER, 1811-63]

(271)

GENERAL

193

TYE.

D.C.M.

C. TYE, c. 1510-72.



(272)

GENERAL

LET folly praise what fancy loves,
 I praise and love that Child,
 Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
 Whose hand no deed defiled.
 I praise him most, I love him best,
 All praise and love is his ;
 While him I love, in him I live,
 And cannot live amiss.

2 Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
 Man's most desired light,
 To love him, life, to leave him, death.
 To live in him, delight.
 He mine by gift, I his by debt,
 Thus each to other due,
 First friend he was, best friend he is,
 All times will find him true.

3 Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong,
 Though Man, yet God he is ;
 As wise he knows, as strong he can,
 As God he loves to bless.
 His knowledge rules, his strength defends,
 His love doth cherish all ;
 His birth our joy, his life our light,
 His death our end of thrall.

[BLESSED R. SOUTHWELL, S.J., 1561-95]

(273)

GENERAL

194

JESU, JESU DU MEIN HIRT. 77.77.77. P. HEINLEIN, 1626-80. (A.G.M.)



(274)

GENERAL

MY beloved, passing fair,
Love has drawn thy likeness, see,
In my inmost Heart, and there—
Lost or straying unaware—
Thou must seek thyself in me.

2 Well I know that thou shalt find
This thine image in my Heart,
Pictured to the life, with art
So amazing, that thy mind
Sees thy very counterpart.

3 If by chance thou e'er shalt doubt
Where to turn in search of me,
Seek not all the world about ;
Only this can find me out—
Thou must seek myself in thee.

4 In the mansion of thy mind
Is my dwelling-place ; and more—
There I wander, unconfined,
Knocking loud if e'er I find
In thy thought a closed door.

5 Search for me without were vain,
Since, when thou hast need of me,
Only call me, and again
To thy side I haste again ;
Thou must seek myself in thee.

[ST. TERESA, 1515-82. TR. A. STIRLING, 1867-19

(275)

GENERAL

195

OLD 25TH

D.S.M.

Anglo-Genevan Psalter, 1558.
(A.G.M.)

(276)

GENERAL

O CHRIST, the glorious crown
Of virgins that are pure,
Who dost a love and thirst for thee
Within their minds procure,
Thou art the spouse of those
That chaste and humble be,
The hope, the life, the only help
Of such as trust in thee.

2 All charity of those
Whose souls thy love doth warm,
All simple plainness of such minds
As think no kind of harm,
All sweet delights wherewith
The patient hearts abound,
Do blaze thy name, and with thy praise
They make the world resound.

3 The sky, the land, the sea,
And all on earth below,
The glory of thy worthy name
Do with their praises show.
The winter yields thee praise,
And summer doth the same ;
The sun, the moon, the stars and all,
Do magnify thy name.

4 The roses that appear
So fair in outward sight,
The violets which with their scent
Do yield so great delight ;
The pearls, the precious stones,
The birds, thy praise do sing ;
The woods, the wells, and all delights
Which from this earth do spring.

5 What creature, O sweet Lord,
From praising thee can stay ?
What earthly thing, but filled with joy,
Thine honour doth bewray ?
Let us therefore with praise
Thy mighty works express,
With heart and hand, with mind and all
Which we from thee possess.

[FROM A WORK WRITTEN IN THE TOWER OF LONDON BY THE
BLESSED PHILIP HOWARD, EARL OF ARUNDEL. 1557-95]

(277)

GENERAL

196

BREMEN.

88.88.88.

G. NEUMARK, 1621-81.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.
(Slightly adapted.)



(278)

GENERAL

Liebe die du mich zum Bilde.

- O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear :
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as Man wast born
And like to us in all things made :
O Love, &c.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know :
O Love, &c.
- 4 O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour :
O Love, &c.
- 5 O Love, who lovest me for ay,
Who for my soul dost ever plead :
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead :
O Love, &c.
- 6 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers :
O Love, &c.

[J. SCHEFFLER, 1621-77. TR. C. WINKWORTH, 1829-78]

(279)

GENERAL

197

OLD 124TH.

English form of melody in Genevan
10 10.10 10.10. Psalter, 1551. (R.R.T.)



(280)

GENERAL

Le monde en vain.

TO win my heart with visions bright and fair
In vain the world with all its craft has tried.
Harmless and weak its dazzling weapons are ;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

2 Come, all ye proud ones of the earth, array
Your gathering hosts around me far and wide :
My heart is calm amid the loud affray ;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

3 Death hath for me no fears ; its bitter pains
Shall never from my King my heart divide :
Faithful to him till death my will remains ;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

4 Though all the terrors of the last dread day
With earth and hell together were allied ;
Though heaven and earth before me fled away,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

5 Jesu my Lord, my only hope and shield,
No power of ill before thee can abide ;
I trust in thee upon the battlefield,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

[BLESSED L. M. GRIGNON DE MONTFORT, 1673-1716.
TR. H. E. MANNING, 1808-92.]

(281)

GENERAL

198

LISIEUX.

D.L.M.

G. J. MALCOLM.

*La Rose effeuillée.*

JESUS, to aid thy feeble powers
I see thy Mother's arms outspread,
As thou on this sad earth of ours
Dost set thy first, thy faltering tread :
See, in thy path I cast away
A rose in all its beauty dressed,
That on its petals' disarray
Thy feet, so light, may softly rest.

2 Dear Infant Christ, this fallen rose
True image of that heart should be
Which makes, as every instant flows,
Its whole burnt-sacrifice to thee.
Upon thy altars, Lord, there gleams
Full many a flower whose grand display
Charms thee ; but I have other dreams—
Bloomless, to cast myself away.

3 Dear Lord, the flowers that blossom yet
Thy feast-day with their perfume fill ;
The rose that's fallen, men forget
And winds may scatter where they will ;
The rose that's fallen questions not,
Content, as for thy sake, to die,
Abandonment, its welcome lot—
Dear Infant Christ, that rose be I !

4 Yet those same petals, trampled down,—
I read the message in my heart—
In patterns here and there are blown
That seem too beautiful for art :
Living to mortal eyes no more,
Rose of a bloom for ever past,
See to thy love a life made o'er,
A future on thy mercy cast !

(282)

GENERAL

5 For love of Loveliness supreme
Dying, to cast myself away
Were bright fulfilment of my dream ;
I'd prove my love no easier way ;—
Live, here below, forgotten still,
A rose before thy path outspread
At Nazareth ; or on Calvary's hill
Relieve thy last, thy labouring tread.

[ST. TERESA OF LISIEUX, 1873-97. TR. R. A. KNOX]

199

WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

J. TURLE, 1802-82.

*O Deus, ego amo te.*

MY God, I love thee—though there
No heaven for me to win, [were
No hell to punish those who dare
Against thy love to sin.

2 Upon the Cross thy wide embrace
Made me, dear Lord, thy own ;
The nails, the spear, the long disgrace
For me should all atone.

3 That night of fear, those hours of pain,
Those bitter griefs of thine,
That death itself was borne, to gain
A sinner's love—'twas mine.

4 And shall the fear of hell below
Or hope of heaven above
Be all the reason heart can know
This loving Lord to love ?

5 The love that asks not anything,
Love like thy own love free,
Jesus, I give, who art my King,
Who art my God, to thee.

[17TH CENT. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(283)

GENERAL

200

UBI CARITAS.

Irreg.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

(284)

GENERAL

Ubi caritas et amor.

WHERE is love and loving-kindness, God is fain to dwell.
Flock of Christ, who loved us, in one fold containèd,
Joy and mirth be ours, for mirth and joy he giveth ;
Fear we still and love the God who ever liveth,
Each to other joined by charity unfeignèd.

- 2 Where is love and loving-kindness, God is fain to dwell.
Therefore, when we meet, the flock of Christ, so loving,
Take we heed lest bitterness be there engendered ;
All our spiteful thoughts and quarrels be surrendered,
Seeing Christ is there, divine among us moving.
- 3 Where is love and loving-kindness, God is fain to dwell.
So may we be gathered once again, beholding
Glorified the glory, Christ, of thy unveiling,
There, where never ending joys, and never failing
Age succeeds to age eternally unfolding.

[FROM THE OFFICE OF THE MANDATUM. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(285)

GENERAL

201

EWING.

76.76.D.

A. EWING, 1830-95.



GENERAL

Urbs Sion aurea.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene :
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 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.

[ST. BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12TH CENT.
TR. J. M. NEALE, 1813-66

GENERAL

202

REGENT SQUARE.

87.87.87.

H. SMART, 1813-79.

*Jerusalem luminosa.*

HEAVENLY Sion, mirror shining
Where our hearts true peace behold,
Palace of his fair designing
Whom no worlds or heavens enfold,
Long ago, thy birth divining,
Prophets of thy glory told.

2 Holiday they keep unending,
Safe and free within thy walls,
Alleluia ever sending
Echoes from thy vocal halls;
Nought is there that needs amending,
There no evil shadow falls.

3 Though no cloud hang o'er thee ever,
Yet thy air refreshment knows;
Eve those noon-days doth not sever
Which the Sun of suns bestows;
Night is none, where toil comes never,
None may labour, none repose.

4 Ah, frail body, earth forsaking,
In what glory wilt thou rise!
Passing fair in thy remaking,
Strong and whole and swift and wise,
Free, and joy in freedom taking,
Framed for life that never dies.

5 Up and stir thee, onward spur thee;
What, though toil be hard to bear,
If God's grace shall count thee worthy
Those unguessed rewards to share?
Brief the pains that shall prefer thee
To eternal glory there.

6 Here, by earthly cares surrounded,
Praise we still the One in Three,
Who those heavenly walls hath founded,
Mansion of the blest to be;
Theirs to sing, with love unbounded,
Praise to his eternity.

[THOMAS A KEMPIS, 1379-1471. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(288)

GENERAL

203

CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN
LEBEN.

76.76.

M. VULPIUS, 1560-1616.
Adapted and harmonized by
J. S. BACH.*Caelestis O Jerusalem.*

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the light that shineth
And never goeth down.

4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Calm hope from thence is leaning;
To her our longings bend;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the sun that lightens
His Church above, below,
To Father, and to Spirit,
All things created bow.

[15TH CENT. TR. I. WILLIAMS, 1802-65]

(289)

GENERAL

204

HEAVEN.

6.10.66 10.

H. STANLEY TAYLOR.



(290)

GENERAL

REGION of life and light,
Land of the good, whose earthly toils are o'er,
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore.

2 There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good Shepherd ; blossoms red and white
Round his meek temples cling ;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

3 He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted ; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

4 From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

5 Might but a little part
—A wandering breath—of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, by thee !

6 Ah, then my soul should know,
Beloved, where thou liest at noon of day ;
And, from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

[FRA LUIS DE LEÓN. 1528-91.
TR. W. CULLEN BRYANT, 1794-1875]

(291)

GENERAL

205

REGNATOR ORBIS.

11 11.11 11.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782. (R.R.T.)



GENERAL

O quanta qualia.

OH what high holiday, past our declaring,
Safe in his palace God's courtiers are sharing,
Rest after pilgrimage, spoil after fighting !
God, all in all, is their crown and requiting.

2 Truly Jerusalem's townsmen we call them—
Peace everlasting doth fold and enthrall them ;
Never they crave, but the boon hath been granted,
Never that boon leaves their hope disenchanting.

3 Wondrous that King, and his lieges who reign there,
Wondrous the peace and the joy they attain there :
Could they but tell of that rapture, who feel it !
Had we but ears, or they words to reveal it !

4 Yet in the meanwhile our eyes thither turn we ;
Home of our hearts, for thy loveliness yearn we :
Long though this Babylon's exile detaineth,
Yonder we press, where a city remaineth.

5 Free from all cares that on earth can annoy us,
Sion's sweet anthems shall wholly employ us,
Grateful at last for those infinite graces
Time nor eternity ever effaces.

6 Holidays still one another o'ertaking
Give them fresh joy of their holiday-making ;
Still of that chorus the echoes are ringing,
Angels and men join together in singing.

7 Praise to the Godhead unceasingly give we,
Of whom, in whom and by whom ever live we,
God all-creating and God all-sustaining,
God in three Persons eternally reigning.

[P. ABELARD, 1079-1142. TR. R. A. KNOX]

GENERAL

206

ST. COLUMBA.

C.M.

Old Irish melody. (A.G.M.)



(294)

GENERAL

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Part I.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 O happy harbour of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

4 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There every soul shines as the sun ;
There God himself gives light.

5 There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

6 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay may be !

7 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl ;
Exceeding rich and rare ;

8 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine ;

9 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear ;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there.

10 Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean,
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

11 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

(295)

GENERAL

207

GRAFENBERG.

C.M.

J. CRÜGER, 1598-1662. (A.G.M.)



THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Part 2.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy saints are crowned with glory great ;
They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still rejoice :
Most happy is their case.
- 3 We that are here in banishment,
Continually do moan ;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.
- 4 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
- 5 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.
- 6 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare ;
- 7 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]
- 8 There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden underfeet.
- 9 There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound ;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joys that there are found ?
- 10 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

(296)

GENERAL

208

BALLERMA.

C.M.

Adapted by
B. SIMPSON, 1790-1832. (A.G.M.)

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Part 3.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Quite through the streets with silver
The flood of life doth flow, [sound
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.
- 3 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing ;
- 4 There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir :
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.
- 5 Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tunes surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting around her feet.
- 6 Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like ;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.
- 7 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
- 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

[F. B. P., PROBABLY LAURENCE ANDERTON, ALIAS J. BRERELY, S.J.
10TH CENT.]

(297)

GENERAL

209

ECCLESIA.

87.87.D. and refrain.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.

REFRAIN

(298)

GENERAL

WHO is she that stands triumphant,
 Rock in strength, upon the Rock,
 Like some city crowned with turrets,
 Braving storm and earthquake shock ?
 Who is she her arms extending,
 Blessing thus a world restored,
 All the anthems of creation
 Lifting to creation's Lord ?
 Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre ;
 Fall, ye nations, at her feet ;
 Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom ;
 Light her yoke, her burden sweet.

2 As the moon its splendour borrows
 From a sun unseen all night,
 So from Christ, the sun of justice,
 Evermore she draws her light.
 Touch'd by his, her hands have healing,
 Bread of life, absolving key :
 Christ incarnate is her bridegroom,
 God is hers, his temple she.
 Hers the kingdom, &c.

3 Empires rise and sink like billows,
 Vanish, and are seen no more ;
 Glorious as the star of morning
 She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
 Hers the household all-embracing,
 Hers the vine that shadows earth :
 Blest thy children, mighty mother ;
 Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
 Hers the kingdom, &c.

[AUBREY DE VERE, 1814-1902]

(299)

GENERAL

210

COLERAINE.

88.88.88. 'La Scala Santa,' 1681. (A.G.M.)



Alternative Tune Appendix No. 15

(300)

GENERAL

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

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free :
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our fathers ! Holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-68]

(301)

GENERAL

211

PEARSALL.

76.76.D.

R. L. DE PEARSALL, 1795-1856.



(302)

GENERAL

Rex regum in splendore.

0 KING of kings, in splendour
Of glory throned on high,
Do thou, our strong defender,
Thy Church still magnify ;
Our holy Father shielding,
His enemies o'erthrow :
May Peter's faith unyielding
The path to heaven foreshew.

2 That citadel surrounding,
The angry foeman raves ;
Upon that rock resounding,
Dash high the sullen waves.
Our holy Father shielding, &c.

3 Yet, Lord, in siege laborious,
Though hell itself should rage,
Thou wondrous, thou victorious,
Art known from age to age.
Our holy Father shielding, &c.

4 We trust thy conquering power
Now and in time to be
The gift of peace to shower
On those who trust in thee.
Our holy Father shielding, &c.

5 Still, still with light supernal
Those battlements shall gleam,
And Peter's rock, eternal,
Confront the restless stream.
Our holy Father shielding, &c.

[L. CAMATARI, S.J. TR. R. A. KNOX]

(303)

GENERAL

212

WILLSBRIDGE.

76.76.D.

R. L. DE PEARSALL, 1795-1856.



(304)

GENERAL

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die ;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

2 From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord !

3 Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all ;
In ire and exultation,
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

[G. K. CHESTERTON, 1874-1936]

(305)

GENERAL

213

ZEUCH MEINEN GEIST.

L.M.

'König's Choralbuch,' 1738.
(A.G.M.)



THY kingdom come ; yea, bid it come
But, when thy kingdom first began
On earth, thy kingdom was a home,
A child, a woman, and a man.

2 The child was in the midst thereof,
O blessed Jesus, holiest One !
The centre and the fount of love,
Mary and Joseph's little Son.

3 Wherever on this earth shall be
A child, a woman, and a man,
Imaging that sweet trinity
Wherewith thy kingdom first began,

4 Establish there thy kingdom ! Yea,
And o'er that trinity of love
Send down, as in thy appointed day,
The brooding spirit of thy Dove.

[K. TYNAN HINKSON, 1861-1931]

214

COLCHESTER.

88.88.88.

S. S. WESLEY, 1810-76.



(306)

GENERAL



FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

O GOD, whose Spirit brought again
Into one Church at Pentecost
Races and tongues—a world of men,
To Adam born, in Adam lost ;
While earthly dreams and fancies stale,
Thy kingdom come, thy truth prevail.

2 Christians at Peter's throne unite ;
From Israel's eyes the veil unfold ;
The minds of rulers frame aright
Whose laws thy Church in bondage hold ;
Where faith grows dim, and hearts are frail,
Thy kingdom come, thy truth prevail.

3 Where the false Prophet's breed obey
The old grim law that knows not ruth ;
Where eastern sages preach the Way,
Despairing still of life and truth ;
Where the spent lamps of Bramah pale ;
Thy kingdom come, thy truth prevail.

4 And where, unvanquished through the years
By light more favoured eyes have seen,
Witchcrafts abound, and slavish fears,
And crooked faiths, and rites unclean ;
Where dying souls dead gods bewail,
Thy kingdom come, thy truth prevail.

5 And we, so filled with rays from heaven,
We, the spoilt children of thy grace,
Lest we, to whom so much is given,
Our high apostleship debase,
In Christian hearts that faint and fail,
Thy kingdom come, thy truth prevail.

[R. A. KNOX]

(307)

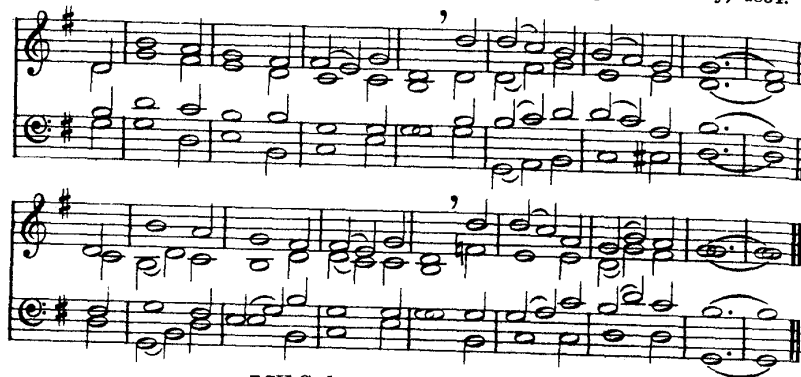
GENERAL. CONFIRMATION

215

BELMONT.

C.M.

'Islington Psalmody,' 1854.



MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it wholly thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
While endless ages run.

[M. BRIDGES, 1800-94]

(308)

GENERAL. MARRIAGE

216

HIGHWOOD.

11.10.11.10.

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938.



O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

[D. F. GURNEY, 1858-1932]

(309)

GENERAL. MARRIAGE

217

SURREY.

88.88.88.

H. CAREY, 1685-1743. (A.G.M.)



(310)

GENERAL. MARRIAGE

FATHER, within thy house to-day
We wait thy kindly love to see :
Since thou hast said in truth that they
Who dwell in love are one with thee,
Bless those who for thy blessing wait ;
Their love accept and consecrate.

2 Dear Lord of love, whose heart of fire,
So full of pity for our sin,
Was once in that divine desire
Broken, thy Bride to woo and win,
Look down and bless them from above,
And keep their hearts alight with love.

3 Blest Spirit, who with life and light
Didst quicken chaos to thy praise
Whose energy, in sin's despite,
Still lifts our nature up to grace,
Bless those who here in troth consent.
Creator, crown thy sacrament.

4 Great One in Three, of whom are named
All families in earth and heaven,
Hear us, who have thy promise claimed,
And let a wealth of grace be given ;
Grant them in life and death to be
Each knit to each, and both to thee.

[R. H. BENSON, 1871-1914]

(311)

GENERAL. EXTREME UNCTION

218

PENSHURST.

L.M.

V. NOVELLO, 1781-1861.



UPON the eyes, the lips, the feet,
On all the passages of sense,
The atoning oil is spread with sweet
Renewal of lost innocence.

- 2 The feet, that lately ran so fast
To meet desire, are soothly sealed;
The eyes, that were so often cast
On vanity, are touched and healed.
- 3 From troublous sights and sounds set free,
In such a twilight hour of breath,
Shall one retrace his life, or see,
Through shadows, the true face of death?
- 4 Vials of mercy! Sacring oils!
I know not when nor where I come,
Nor through what wanderings and toils
To crave of you Viaticum.
- 5 Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,
In such an hour, it well may be,
Through mist and darkness, light will break,
And each anointed sense will see.

[E. Dowson, 1887-1900]

(312)

MISSIONS

219

MON DOUX JESUS.

Irreg.

Traditional melody. (A.G.M.)



JESUS, my Lord, behold at length the day
When I resolve from sin to turn away.
O pardon me, Jesus;
Thy mercy I implore;
I will never more offend thee,
No, never more.

- 2 Since my poor soul thy precious Blood has cost,
Suffer it not to be for ever lost.
O pardon, &c.
- 3 Kneeling in tears, behold me at thy feet;
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.
O pardon, &c.

[J. CHADWICK, 1813-82. ††]

(313)

MISSIONS

220

CONSUMMATUM EST. 10 9.10 9.99.99.10 11. A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.
UNISON

(314)

MISSIONS

OUR Life hangs dead upon Calvary's hill,
Our sins have undone and dethron'd him :
The Heart of all hearts is broken and still,
Since they of his household disown'd him.
Oh lend us light from thy sinless eyes,
Thou sorrowful Mother that bore him,
To see how he bleeds for our misdeeds,
To own our offences that tore him.
Oh soften our souls with sorrow like thine
Till in them he rise again deathless, divine.

2 O kind strong hands of my Brother and Friend,
So willing to help and to heal me,
My hardness at last has nailed you fast
Lest back from my sins you should steal me.
O feet that followed my faithless ways,
Nor ever grew weary of questing,
You seek me no more, your toil is o'er,
Ah me ! for your pitiful resting !
You rest on the nails, the dust of the road
Is washed from you now in your own meek blood.

3 O bruised Innocence ! Where is thy power ?
Hath hell and its fury prevailed ?
Or is it thine own omnipotent hour
When glory and power have failed ?
O silent Jesu ! Thy dead lips tell
The love that no words ever told me ;
Thy helpless dead hands, in faithful bands
For ever and ever shall hold me
And no one shall e'er be master of me
Till love shall undo him more sadly than thee.

[J. O'CONNOR]

(315)

MISSIONS

221

AU SANG QU'UN DIEU.

D.C.M.

Traditional French melody
adapted from G. B. PERGOLESI,
1710-36. (A.G.M.)



(316)

MISSIONS

GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me ;
Father, let me call thee Father,
'Tis thy child returns to thee.
Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy ;
Let me not implore in vain ;
All my sins I now detest them,
Never will I sin again.

2 By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery,
Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

3 By my sins I have abandon'd
Right and claim to heaven above,
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

4 See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the cross of Calvary ;
To that cross my sins have nail'd him,
Yet he bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

[E. VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R., 1827-1008]

(317)

MISSIONS

222

SALVATOR.

12 11.12 11.

'Strasburg Gesangbuch,' 1697.
(A.G.M.)



(318)

MISSIONS

O COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold his dear children in closest embrace ;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you his beautiful face.

3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of his love ;
And fear not ! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter,
As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 Have you sinned as none else in the world has before you ?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt ?
O fear not, and doubt not ! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt.

5 Come, come to his feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-68]

(319)

MISSIONS

223

RINGE RECHT.

87.87.

'Erbaulicher Musikalischen,
Christenschayz,' 1745. (A.G.M.)



SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet ?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
And oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

[F. W. FABER, 1814-68]

(320)

MISSIONS

224

ST. RICHARD.

87.87. 'Trier Gesangbuch,' 1872. (R.R.T.)



DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have spread their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might !

3 Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

4 Whence we came and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

[E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(321)

W2

PILGRIMAGES

225

LOURDES.

65.65. and refrain.

French melody. (A.G.M.)

PILGRIMAGES

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Adesto Christe vocibus.

- P**ROTECT us, while telling
Thy praises we sing,
In faithful hearts dwelling,
Christ Jesus, our King.
Ave, ave, ave Maria ;
Ave, ave, ave Maria.
- 2 Thou cam'st to redeem us,
A pure Maiden's Child ;
Pure bodies beseech us,
And hearts undefiled.
Ave, &c.
- 3 And thou, ever glorious
'Midst children of Eve,
God's Mother victorious,
Our praises receive.
Ave, &c.
- 4 By God's visitation
Thy chaste womb did bear
The King of creation,
King David's true heir.
Ave, &c.
- 5 Whose glory in heaven
And earth is confessed,
To thee it was given
To nurse at thy breast.
Ave, &c.
- 6 On thy bosom playing
From Bethlehem brought,
His own law obeying,
His temple he sought.
Ave, &c.
- 7 While thou didst embrace him,
The Magi adored
With gifts brought to praise him,
Their King and their Lord.
Ave, &c.
- 8 Then Egypt received him,
Its idols o'erthrown ;
And strangers believed him,
Denied by his own.
Ave, &c.
- 9 With Joseph, thou losing
The joy of mankind,
His Father's house using
Thy Truant didst find.
Ave, &c.
- 10 The prayer from him earneth
A mystical sign,
When water he turneth
To life-giving wine.
Ave, &c.
- 11 Thy heart, ever truest,
Is pierced by the sword,
As dying thou viewest
Thy King and thy Lord.
Ave, &c.
- 12 His thunders he sends thee,
While life doth endure ;
To John he commends thee,
The pure to the pure.
Ave, &c.
- 13 Day breaks ; he is risen,
Thy Lord and thy Son,
Set free from death's prison ;
His glory is won.
Ave, &c.
- 14 Heaven's true Light returning
To heaven thou didst see,
Who once, heaven spurning,
Came down unto thee.
Ave, &c.
- 15 When Pentecost crowned thee
What praises were thine.
While star-like around thee
Apostles did shine !
Ave, &c.
- 16 Through thee, who all graces
Canst win from thy Son,
For these our poor praises
Acceptance be won.
Ave, &c.
- 17 And while we revere her,
Chaste Mother and Maid,
Emmanuel, hear her,
And lend us thine aid.
Ave, &c.

[BASED ON A HYMN BY ST. BEDE THE VENERABLE, 673-735.
TR. R. A. KNOX]

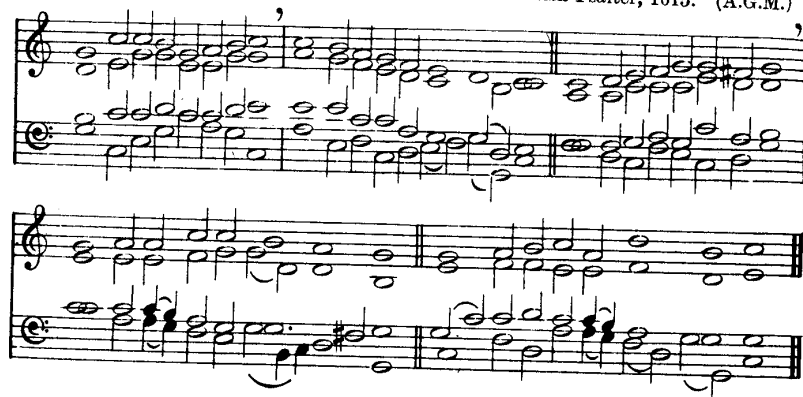
PILGRIMAGES

226

PSALM 117.

88.88.8.

Adapted from
Scottish Psalter, 1615. (A.G.M.)



Alternative Tune, Appendix, No.16

THE ROMAN PILGRIMAGE.

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

2 The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills :
" God bless our Pope," &c.

3 Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main :
" God bless our Pope," &c.

4 From torrid south to frozen north,
That wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's,
Than rings within our hearts and homes :
" God bless our Pope," &c.

[N. WISEMAN, 1802-65]

(324)

PILGRIMAGES

227

ST. WINEFRIDE.

C.M.

H. STANLEY TAYLOR.



ST. WINEFRIDE.

Virgo vernans velut rosa.

MORE fair than all the vernal flowers
Embosom'd in the dales,
St. Winefride in beauty bloom'd,
The rose of ancient Wales.

2 With every loveliest grace adorn'd,
The Lamb's unsullied bride,
Apart from all the world she dwelt
Upon this mountain side.

3 Caradoc then, with impious love,
Her fleeing steps pursued,
And in her sacred maiden blood
His cruel hands imbrued.

4 He straight the debt of vengeance paid,
Ingulf'd in yawning flame ;
But God a deed of wonder work'd
To her immortal fame.

5 For where the grassy sward received
The martyr's sever'd head,
This holy fountain upward gush'd,
Of crystal vein'd with red.

6 Here miracles of might are wrought ;
Here all diseases fly ;
Here see the blind, and speak the dumb,
Who but in faith draw nigh

7 Assist us, glorious Winefride,
Dear virgin, ever blest !
The passions of our hearts appease,
And lull each storm to rest.

[15TH CENT. TR. E. CASWALL, 1814-78]

(325)

PILGRIMAGES

228

WALSINGHAM.

D.L.M.

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

UNISON

(326)

PILGRIMAGES

OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM.

HERE journeyed, on the Pilgrim's Way,
With Christendom in youth and flower,
The faithful of a happier day
When all the land was Mary's dower.
And after many a faithless year,
Since not in vain the martyrs sowed,
We, as God wills, to worship here
Return along the ancient road.

2 Once more with invocation due,
Lady, thy solemn names ascend,
While for thy prayer we ask anew
To guard our days and bless our end.
Maiden most humble, angels' Queen,
Mother and handmaid of the Lord,
Of God's design the goal foreseen,
Fountain of hope and love's reward :

3 Thou, by the grace of God thy Son
Our pillar and our ground of grace,
Perfect in us the work begun
And sanctify the rescued race.
In worldly storm, in stress of ill,
Be thou the star that lights our sea ;
Keep us in courage, set our will
And guide us whither we would be.

4 Mistress of truth in depth and height,
Good counsel's mother, wisdom's throne,
Teach us by light to gaze on light
Till we shall know as we are known.
So prayed our fathers at thy feet,
So hailed thee at the selfsame shrine,
And knew no mother's name so sweet
Nor any home so dear as thine.

5 We, coming by the way they came,
Confessing that which they confessed,
In their communion bless the name
To every generation blessed.
With theirs and ours thy voice be one,
Thou, under God exalted most,
Adoring always with the Son,
The Father and the Holy Ghost.

[W. H. SHEWRING]

(327)

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME

229

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME.

LORD, have mercy on us.
 Christ, have mercy on us.
 Lord, have mercy on us.
 Jesus, hear us.
Jesus, graciously hear us.
 God the Father of heaven,
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
 God the Holy Ghost,
 Holy Trinity, one God,
 Jesus, Son of the living God,
 Jesus, splendour of the Father,
 Jesus, glow of eternal light,
 Jesus, king of glory,
 Jesus, sun of justice,
 Jesus, Child of the Virgin Mary,
 Jesus, most amiable,
 Jesus, most admirable,
 Jesus, mighty God,
 Jesus, father of the world to come,
 Jesus, angel of great counsel,
 Jesus, most powerful,
 Jesus, most patient,
 Jesus, most obedient,
 Jesus, meek and humble of heart,
 Jesus, lover of chastity,
 Jesus, lover of us men,
 Jesus, God of peace,
 Jesus, author of life,
 Jesus, example of virtues,
 Jesus, zealous lover of souls,
 Jesus, our God,
 Jesus, our refuge,
 Jesus, father of the poor,
 Jesus, treasure of the faithful,
 Jesus, Good Shepherd,
 Jesus, true light,
 Jesus, eternal wisdom,
 Jesus, infinite goodness,
 Jesus, our way and our life,
 Jesus, joy of Angels,
 Jesus, king of Patriarchs,
 Jesus, master of Apostles,
 Jesus, teacher of Evangelists,
 Jesus, strength of Martyrs,
 Jesus, light of Confessors,
 Jesus, purity of Virgins,
 Jesus, crown of all Saints,
 Be merciful unto us.
Spare us, O Jesus.
 Be merciful unto us.
Graciously hear us, O Jesus.

From all evil,
 From all sin,
 From thy wrath,
 From the snares of the devil,
 From the spirit of uncleanness,
 From everlasting death,
 From the neglect of thy inspirations,
 Through the mystery of thy holy Incarnation,
 Through thy Nativity,
 Through thy infancy,
 Through thy most divine life,
 Through thy labours,
 Through thy agony and Passion,
 Through thy Cross and dereliction,
 Through thy faintness and weariness,
 Through thy death and burial,
 Through thy Resurrection,
 Through thy Ascension,
 Through thy institution of the most holy Eucharist,
 Through thy joys,
 Through thy glory,
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Jesus.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Jesus.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us, O Jesus.
 Jesus, hear us.
Jesus, graciously hear us.

Jesus, deliver us.

Have mercy on us.

Let us pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast said : Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : we beseech thee that thou wouldst grant to us, who ask it of thee, the influence of thy divine love, that we may own thee in all our thoughts, words, and actions, setting forth thy praise unceasingly.
 Lord, make us love and fear thy name at all times : for they are never disappointed of thy guidance, whom thou dost firmly establish in thy friendship. Who livest and reignest, world without end. *Ry. Amen.*

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART

230

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

LORD, have mercy on us.
 Christ, have mercy on us.
 Lord, have mercy on us.
 Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
 God the Father of heaven,
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
 God the Holy Ghost,
 Holy Trinity, one God,
 Heart of Jesus, whom the eternal Father hath begotten,
 Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost in the Virgin's womb,
 Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Word of God,
 Heart of Jesus, infinite in majesty,
 Heart of Jesus, God's holy temple,
 Heart of Jesus, house of God and gate of heaven,
 Heart of Jesus, glowing furnace of charity,
 Heart of Jesus, store-house of love and justice,
 Heart of Jesus, full of loving-kindness,
 Heart of Jesus, deep well of all virtues,
 Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
 Heart of Jesus, royal home of all hearts,
 Heart of Jesus, treasure-house of wisdom and knowledge,
 Heart of Jesus, wherein abides all the fulness of the Godhead,
 Heart of Jesus, in which the Father is well pleased,
 Heart of Jesus, of whose fulness we have all received,
 Heart of Jesus, desire of the eternal hills,
 Heart of Jesus, patient and rich in mercy,
 Heart of Jesus, bountiful to all who call upon thee,
 Heart of Jesus, fount of life and holiness,
 Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our offences,

Have mercy on us.

Heart of Jesus, overwhelmed with reproaches,
 Heart of Jesus, bruised for our iniquities,
 Heart of Jesus, patient even unto death,
 Heart of Jesus, opened by the spear on Calvary,
 Heart of Jesus, fountain of all consolation,
 Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
 Heart of Jesus, our peace and our atonement,
 Heart of Jesus, victim of all our sins,
 Heart of Jesus, health of them that trust in thee,
 Heart of Jesus, hope of them that die in thee,
 Heart of Jesus, delight of all Saints,
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy upon us.
 Y. Jesus, who art meek and humble of heart,
 Ry. Make the hearts of thy servants conform with thine.

Have mercy on us.

Let us pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, look upon the Heart of thy well-beloved Son, honouring thee and making amends in the name of sinners ; and whereas they implore thy pity, do thou in his name mercifully grant forgiveness, even the same thy Son Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen.

LITANY OF OUR LADY

231

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

LORD, have mercy on us.
 Christ, have mercy on us.
 Lord, have mercy on us.
 Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
 God the Father of heaven,
Have mercy on us.
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
 God the Holy Ghost,
 Holy Trinity, one God,
 Holy Mary, *Pray for us.*
 Holy Mother of God,
 Holy Virgin of virgins,
 Mother of Christ,
 Mother of divine grace,
 Mother most pure,
 Mother most chaste,
 Mother inviolate,
 Mother undefiled,
 Mother most amiable,
 Mother most admirable,
 Mother of good counsel,
 Mother of our Creator,
 Mother of our Saviour,
 Virgin most prudent,
 Virgin most venerable,
 Virgin most renowned,
 Virgin most powerful,
 Virgin most merciful,
 Virgin most faithful,
 Mirror of justice,
 Seat of wisdom,
 Cause of our joy,
 Spiritual vessel,
 Vessel of honour,
 Singular vessel of devotion,
 Mystical rose,
 Tower of David,
 Tower of ivory,
 House of gold,
 Ark of the covenant,
 Gate of heaven,

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Morning star,
 Health of the sick,
 Refuge of sinners,
 Comfort of the afflicted,
 Help of Christians,
 Queen of Angels,
 Queen of Patriarchs,
 Queen of Prophets,
 Queen of Apostles,
 Queen of Martyrs,
 Queen of Confessors,
 Queen of Virgins,
 Queen of all Saints,
 Queen conceived without original sin,
 Queen assumed into heaven,
 Queen of the most holy Rosary.
 Queen of peace,
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
 the world,
Spare us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
 the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
 Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
 the world,
Have mercy on us.
 Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
 Y. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.
 R. That we may be made worthy of the
 promises of Christ.

Pray for us.

Let us pray.

Grant, we beseech thee, O Lord God,
 continual health of body and soul to us thy
 servants; that, through the glorious advocacy
 of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may be
 made free from the tribulations of this
 present life, and rejoice in everlasting
 happiness. Through Christ our Lord.
 Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

LATIN HYMNS

232

ADVENT.

Veni, O Sapientia.

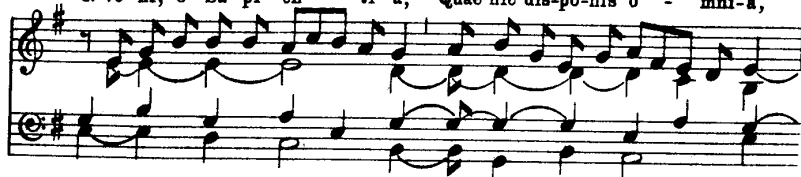
[For translation, see No. 4]

VENI, VENI EMMANUEL.

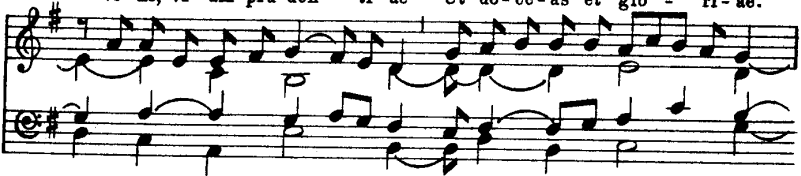
88.88.88.

Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

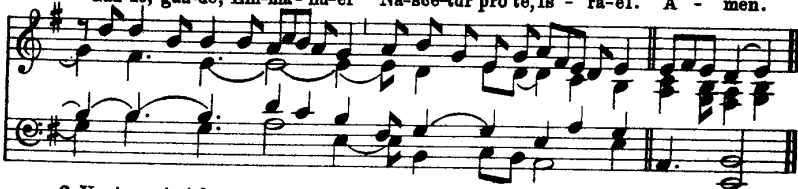
1. Ve-ni, O Sa-pi-én - ti-a, Quae hic dis-pó-nis ó - mni-a,



Ve-ni, vi-am pru-dén - ti-ae Ut dó-ce-as et gló - ri-ae.



Gau-de, gau-de, Em-má-nu-el Na-scé-tur pro-te, Is - ra-el. A - men.



2 Veni, veni, Adónai,
Qui pópulo in Sínai
Legem dedisti vértice
In majestáte glóri-ae.
Gaude, &c.

3 Veni, O Jesse vírgula,
Ex hostis tuos úngula,
De specu tuos tártari
Educ et antro bá-rathri.
Gaude, &c.

4 Veni, clavis Davidica,
Regna reclúde caélica,
Fac iter tutum súperum,
Et claude vias inferum.
Gaude, &c.

5 Veni, veni, O Óriens,
Solári nos advéniens,
Noctis depélle nébulas,
Dirásque mortis ténebras.
Gaude, &c.

6 Veni, veni, Rex Géntium,
Veni, Redemptor hómínium,
Ut salves tuos fámulos
Peccáti sibi cónsocios.
Gaude, &c.

7 Veni, veni, Emmánuel,
Captívum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exílio,
Privátus Dei Fílio.
Gaude, &c.

[PSALTERIOLUM CANTIONUM CATHOLICARUM, COLOGNE, 1710]

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LATIN HYMNS

233

Rorate Caeli.

[For translation, see page 337]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Ro-rá - te cae-li dé - su - per et nu-bes plu - ant ju - stum.



Repetitur Rorate

1. Ne i - ra - scá-ris Dó - mi-ne, ne ul-tra me-mí-ne-ris in - i - qui - tá - tis:



ec-ce eí-vi-tas Sán-oti fa-cta est de-sér-ta: Si-on de-sér-ta fa - cta est:



Je - rú - sa - lem de - so - lá - ta est: do-mus san-oti-fi-ca-ti-ó-nis tu-ae



et gló-ri-ae tu - ae u - bi lau-da-vé - runt te pa - tres nos - tri.



R. Rorate

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LATIN HYMNS

2. Pec-cá - vi-mus, et fa-cti su-mus tan-quam im-mún-dus nos,



et ce-cí-di-mus qua-si fó-li-um u-ni-vér-si:



et in-i-qui-tá-tes nos-trae qua-si ven-tus ab-stu-lé-runt nos:



ab-soon-dí-sti fá-ci-em tu-am a no-bis, et



al-li-sí-sti nos in ma-nu in-i-qui-tá-tis nos-trae.



R. Rorate

LATIN HYMNS

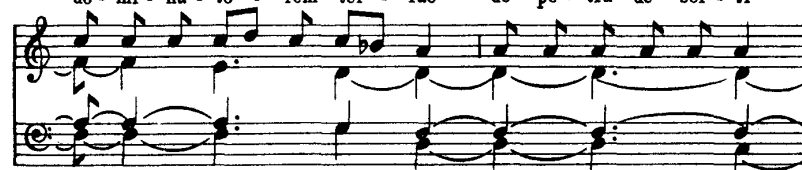
3. Vi-de Dó-mi-ne af-fli-cti-ó-nem pó-pu-li tu-i



et mit-te quem mi-sú-rus es: e-mít-te A-gnum



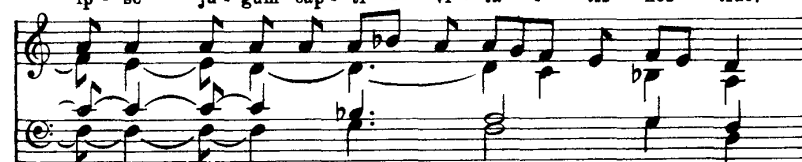
do-mi-na-tó-rem ter-rae de pe-tra de-sér-ti



ad mon-tem fi-li-ae Si-on: ut áu-fe-rat



ip-se ju-gum cap-ti-vi-tá-tis nos-trae.



R. Rorate

LATIN HYMNS

4. Con-so-lá-mi-ni, con-so-lá-mi-ni, pó-pu-le me-us: ci-to
 vé-ni-et sa-lus tu-a: qua-re mœ-ró-re con-sú-me-ris,
 qui-a in-no-vá-vit te do-lor? Sal-vá-bo te,
 no-li ti-mé-re, e-go e-nim sum Dó-mi-nus
 De-us tu-us, San-ctus Is-ra-el, re-dém-ptor tu-us.

R. Rorate

LATIN HYMNS

233a

Drop down dew, ye heavens.

DRop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down the Just One.
(Repeat.)

1. Be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity : behold, the city of thy Holy One is become a desert : Sion is become a desert : Jerusalem is desolate : the house of thy sanctification and of thy glory, where our fathers praised thee. *R.* Drop down dew, &c.

2. We have sinned and are become as one that is unclean : and we have all fallen as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind have carried us away : thou hast hidden thy face from us, and hast crushed us in the hold of our iniquity. *R.* Drop down dew, &c.

3. Behold, O Lord, the affliction of thy people, and send forth him who is to come : send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth, from the rock of the desert, to the mount of the daughter of Sion : that he may take away the yoke of our captivity. *R.* Drop down dew, &c.

4. Be comforted, be comforted, my people : thy salvation cometh quickly : why art thou consumed with grief ? for sorrow hath estranged thee : I will save thee ; fear not, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy redeemer. *R.* Drop down dew, &c.

LATIN HYMNS

234

CHRISTMAS.

[For translation, see No. 10]

ADESTE FIDELES.

Irreg.

Anon., 18th century. (A.G.M.)

1. Ad - é - ste fi - dé - les, Lae-ti tri-um - phan - tes; Ve - ní - te, ve -

- ní - te in Bêth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - dé - te,

Re-gem an - ge - ló - rum; Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te ad - o -

- ré - mus, Ve - ní - te ad - o - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

* This first note is omitted in verses 2, 3 and 7.

+ A crotchet rest is substituted for this note in verses 2, 3 and 7.

(338)

LATIN HYMNS

- 2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera :
Deum verum,
Génitum, non factum :
Veníte, &c.
- 3 En grege relicto
Húmiles ad cunas
Vocáti pastóres adpróperant ;
Et nos ovánti
Gradu festinémus :
Veníte, &c.
- 4 Stella duce, Magi
Christum adorántes
Aurum thus et myrrham dant múnera :
Jesu infánti
Corda praebeámus,
Veníte, &c.
- 5 Aetérni Paréntis
Splendórem aetérnum
Velátum sub carne vidébimus ;
Deum infántem
Pannis involútum :
Veníte, &c.
- 6 Pro nobis egénium
Et foeno cubántem,
Piis foveámus amplexibus :
Sic nos amántem
Quis non redamáret ?
Veníte, &c.
- 7 Cantet nunc Io !
Chorus angelórum :
Cantet nunc aula coeléstium,
Glória
In excélsis Deo !
Veníte, &c.
- 8 Ergo qui natus
Die hodiérna,
Jesu tibi sit glória :
Patris aetérni
Verbum caro factum !
Veníte, &c.

[18TH CENT.]

(339)

LATIN HYMNS

235

Corde natus ex Parentis.

[For translation, see No. 21]

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM.

87.87.877.

Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Cor-de na-tus ex Pa-rén-tis An-te mund'ex-ór-di-um, A et O co-



-gnomi-ná-tus, Ip-se fonset cláu-su-la Om-ni-um quae sunt, fu-é



-runt, Quae-que post fu-tú-ra sunt, Sae-cu-ló-rum saé-cu-lis. A - men.



2 Ecce, quem vates vetústis
Concinébat saéculis,
Quem prophetárum fidéles
Páginae spopónderant,
Emicat promissus olim;
Cuncta conláudent eum,
Saeculórum saéculis.

3 O beátus ortus ille,
Virgo cum puérpera
Edidit nostram salútem,
Feta sancto Spíritu,
Et puer, redemptor orbis,
Os sacrátum prótulit,
Saeculórum saéculis.

1 Psallat altitúdo caeli,
Psallant omnes ángeli;
Quidquid est virtútis usquam
Psallat in laudem Dei:

Nulla linguárum siléscat,
Vox et omnis cónsonet,
Saeculórum saéculis.

5 Te senes et te juvéntus,
Parvulórum te chorus
Turba matrum virginúmque,
Simplices puéllulae,
Voce concórdes pudícis
Pérestrepent concéntibus,
Saeculórum saéculis.

6 Glóriam Patri melódis
Personémus vóci-bus:
Glóriam Christo caná-mus,
Glóriam Paráclito:
Qui trinus, et unus Deus
Exstat ante saécula,
Saeculórum saéculis.

[AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS, 348-413]

LATIN HYMNS

236

THE HOLY NAME.

Jesu dulcis memoria.

[For translation, see No. 22]

L.M.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Je-su dul-cis me-mó-ri-a, Dans ve-ra cor-dis gáu-di-a:



Sed su-per mel, et óm-ni-a, E-jus dul-cis praesén-ti-a. A - men.



2 Nil cánitur suá-vius,
Nil audítur jucúndius,
Nil cogitátur dúlcus,
Quam Jesus Dei Fílius.

3 Jesu spes poeniténtibus,
Quam pius es peténtibus!
Quam bonus te quaeréntibus!
Sed quid inveniéntibus?

4 Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec lítera exprímere:
Expértus potest crédere,
Quid sit Jesum díligere.

5 Sis, Jesu, nostrum gáudium,
Qui es futúrus praémium:
Sit nostra in te glória,
Per cuncta semper saécula.

[11TH CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

237

LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME.
[For translation, see No. 229]

Downside Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

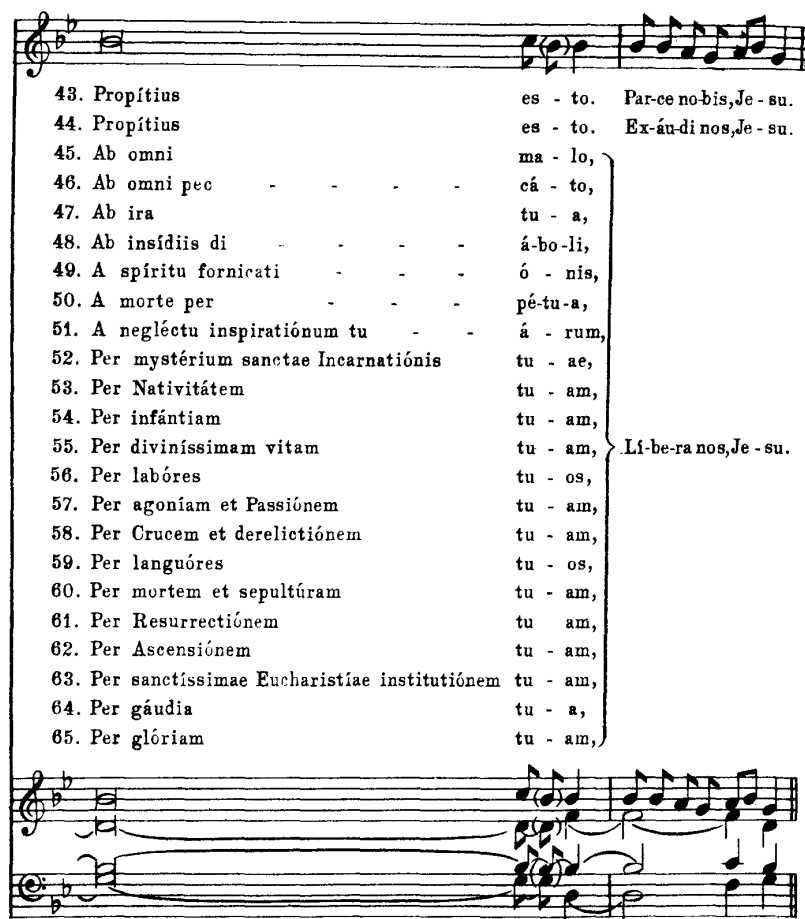


1. Pater de cae - - lis	De - us,	} Mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
2. Fili Redemptor mun - di	De - us,	
3. Spíritus San - - cte	De - us,	
4. Sancta Trínitas, u - nus	De - us,	
5. Jesu, Fili De - - i	vi - vi,	
6. Jesu, splen - - dor	Pa - tris,	
7. Jesu, candor lucis	ae - tér - nae,	
8. Jesu, rex	gló - ri - ae,	
9. Jesu, sol jus - - stí - ti - ae,		
10. Jesu, Fili Maríae	Vír - gi - nis,	
11. Jesu, a - - má - bi - lis,		
12. Jesu, admi - - rá - bi - lis,		

LATIN HYMNS

13. Jesu, De - - us	for - tis,	} Mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
14. Jesu, pater futúri	saé - cu - li,	
15. Jesu, magni consíllii	án - ge - le,	
16. Jesu poten - - tis	si - me,	
17. Jesu patien - - tis	si - me,	
18. Jesu obedien - - tis	si - me,	
19. Jesu, mitis et húmi - lis	cor - de,	
20. Jesu, amátor ca - sti	tá - tis,	
21. Jesu, amá - - tor	no - ster,	
22. Jesu, De - - us	pa - eis,	
23. Jesu, au - - ctor	vi - tae,	
24. Jesu, exémp lar	vir - tú - tum,	
25. Jesu, zelátor a - ni	má - rum,	
26. Jesu, De - - us	no - ster,	
27. Jesu, refúgi - - um	no - strum,	
28. Jesu, pater	páu - pe - rum,	
29. Jesu, thesáure fi - dé	li - um,	
30. Jesu, bo - - ne	pa - stor,	
31. Jesu,	lux ve - ra,	
32. Jesu, sapiéntia	ae - tér - na,	
33. Jesu, bónitas in - fi	ní - ta,	
34. Jesu, via et vi - ta	no - stra,	
35. Jesu, gáudium an - ge	ló - rum,	
36. Jesu, rex patri - ar	chá - rum,	
37. Jesu, magister apo - sto	ló - rum,	
38. Jesu, doctor evange - li	stá - rum,	
39. Jesu, fortitúdo	Már - ty - rum,	
40. Jesu, lúmen con - fes	só - rum,	
41. Jesu, púritas	vír - gi - num,	
42. Jesu, coróna sanctórum	óm - ni - um,	


LATIN HYMNS




43. Propítius	es - to.	Par-ce no-bis, Je - su.
44. Propítius	es - to.	Ex-áu-di nos, Je - su.
45. Ab omni	ma - lo,	
46. Ab omni pec	cá - to,	
47. Ab ira	tu - a,	
48. Ab insidiis di	á-bo-li,	
49. A spíritu fornicati	ó - nis,	
50. A morte per	pé-tu-a,	
51. A neglectu inspiratiónum tu	á - rum,	
52. Per mystérium sanctae Incarnatiónis	tu - ae,	
53. Per Nativitatem	tu - am,	
54. Per infántiam	tu - am,	
55. Per diviníssimam vitam	tu - am,	Lí-be-ra nos, Je - su.
56. Per labóres	tu - os,	
57. Per agoníam et Passiόνem	tu - am,	
58. Per Crucem et derelictiónem	tu - am,	
59. Per languóres	tu - os,	
60. Per mortem et sepultúram	tu - am,	
61. Per Resurrectiόνem	tu - am,	
62. Per Ascensiόνem	tu - am,	
63. Per sanctíssimae Eucharistiae institutióem	tu - am,	
64. Per gáudia	tu - a,	
65. Per glóriam	tu - am,	

LATIN HYMNS


A-gnus De - i, qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, { Par-ce no-bis, Je - su.
Ex-áu-di nos, Je - su.



A-gnus De - i, qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, Mi-se-ré-re



no-bis, Je - su. Je - su, au-di nos. Je - su, ex-áu-di nos.



Oremus.

Dómine Jesu Christe, qui dixisti, Pétite, et accipiétis; quaérite, et inveniétis; pulsáte, et aperiétur vobis; quaesumus, da nobis peténtibus diviníssimi tui amóris afféctum, ut te toto corde, ore et ópere diligámus, et a tua nunquam laude cessémus.

Sancti Nóminis tui, Dómine, timórem páriter et amórem fac nos habére perpétuum: quia nunquam tua gubernatióne destítuis, quos in soliditáte tuae dilectiόνis institúis. Qui vivis et regnas in saécula saeculórum. R. Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

238

LENT.

Attende Domine.

[For translation, see page 347]

Solesmes Plainsong.

(A.G.M.)

At-tén-de Dó-mi-ne, et mi-se-ré-re, qui-a pec-cá-vi-mus ti-bi.

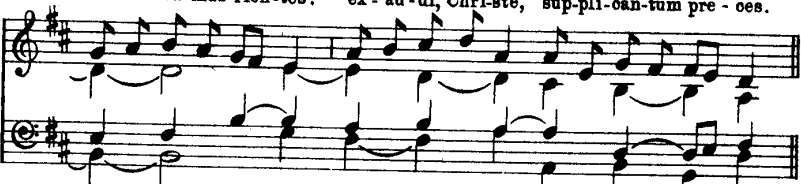


Repetitur: Attende

1. Ad te Rex sum-me, óm-ni-um re-dém-ptor, ó-cu-los nos-tros



sub-le-vá-mus flén-tes; ex-áu-di, Chri-ste, sup-pli-cán-tum pre-ces.



R. Attende

2. Dextera Patris, lápis angularis, via salutis, jánuā caeléstis, áblue nostri máculas delícti. *R. Attende, &c.*

3. Rogámus Deus tuam majestátem: áuribus sacris gémitus exáudi: crimina nostra plácidus indúlge. *R. Attende, &c.*

4. Tibi fatémur crimina admissa: contríto corde pándimus occúlta: tua, Redémptor, píetas ignóscat. *R. Attende, &c.*

5. Innocens captus, nec repúgnans ductus, téstibus fálsis pro ímpiis damnátus: q̄ redemísti, tu consérva, Chri-ste. *R. Attende, &c.*

(346)

LATIN HYMNS

238a

Hear us, O Lord.

HEAR, O Lord, and have mercy upon us, for we have sinned against thee. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

1. King high exalted, all the world's redeemer, to thee thy children lift their eyes with weeping; Christ, we implore thee, hear our supplications. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

2. Right hand of Godhead, headstone of the corner, path of salvation, gate of heaven's kingdom, cleanse thou thy people, stained with their transgressions. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

3. We, thy eternal majesty entreating, make lamentation in thy holy hearing; graciously grant thou to our sins indulgence. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

4. Humbly confess we, who have sinned against thee, all our misdoings, hidden now no longer; may thy redeeming mercy find us pardon. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

5. Led away captive, guiltless, unresisting, brought by false witness unto death for sinners, Christ, do thou keep us whom thy blood hath ransomed. *R. Hear, O Lord, &c.*

(347)

LATIN HYMNS

239

STABAT MATER.

887.D.

Later form (1748) of melody from
'Maintzisch Gesangbuch,' 1661.
(A.G.M.)



ALTERNATIVE VERSION

Later form of melody. (A.G.M.)



(348)

LATIN HYMNS

PASSIONTIDE.

[For translation, see No. 37]

STABAT mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymōsa,
Dum pendēbat Filius.
Cujus animam gemēntem,
Contristatam et dolēntem,
Pertransiuit gladius.

2 O quam tristis, et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigēniti !
Quae moerēbat, et dolēbat,
Pia Mater, dum vidēbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

3 Quis est homo, qui non flet,
Matrem Christi si vidēret
In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristāri,
Christi matrem contemplāri,
Dolēntem cum Filio ?

4 Pro peccātis suae gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis sūbditum.
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriēdo desolātum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

5 Eja, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lūgeam.
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amāndo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complāceam.

6 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifigi fige plagas
Cordi meo vālide.
Tui nati vulnerāti,
Tam dignāti pro me pati,
Poenas mecum dīvide.

7 Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolēre,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociāre
In planctu desīdero.

8 Virgo virginum praeclāra,
Mihi jam non sis amāra :
Fac me tecum plāngere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiōnis fac consōrtem,
Et plagas recōlere.

9 Fac me plagis vulnerāri,
Fac me Cruce inebriāri,
Et cruōre Filii.
Flammis ne urar succēnsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defēnsus
In die judicii.

10 Christe, cum sit hinc exīre,
Da per Matrem me venīre
Ad palmam victōriae.
Quando corpus moriētur,
Fac ut animae donētur
Paradisi glōria.

[ASCRIBED TO JACOPONE DA TODI, O.F.M., D. 1306]

(349)

LATIN HYMNS

240

Vexilla Regis.

[For translation, see No. 34]

L.M.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Ve - xil - la Re - gis pród - e - unt:

Ful - get Cru - cis my - sté - ri - um, Qua vi - ta

mor - tem pér - tu - lit, Et mor - te

vi - tam pró - tu - lit. A - men.

(350)

LATIN HYMNS

- 2 Quae vulneráta lanceae
Mucróne diro, críminum
Ut nos lávaret sórdibus,
Manávit unda et sáanguine.
- 3 Impléta sunt, quae cóncinit
David fidéli cármine,
Dicéndo natióibus :
Regnávit a ligno Deus.
- 4 Arbor decóra et fúlgida,
Ornáta Regis púrpura,
Elécta digno stípíte
Tam sancta membra tángere.
- 5 Beáta, cujus bráchiis
Prétium pepéndit saéculi,
Statéra facta córporis,
Tulítque praedam tártari.
- 6 O Crux, ave, spes única
Hoc Passiónis témpore*
Piis adáuge grátiam
Reisque dele crímina.
- 7 Te, fons salútis Trínitas,
Colláudet omnis spíritus :
Quibus crucis victóriam
Largíris, adde praémium.

[VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 580-609]

* (May 3) Paschále quae fers gáudium.
(Sept. 14) In hac triúmphí glória.

(351)

LATIN HYMNS

241

EASTERTIDE.

Victimae Paschali laudes.
[For translation, see No. 50]

Vatican Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Vi-cti-mae Pas-chá-li lau-des Im-mo-lent Chri-sti-á-ni;

Ag-nus re-dé-mit o-ves: Chri-stus in-no-cens Pa-tri Re-con-ci-

-li-á-vit pec-ca-tó-res. Mors et vi-ta du-él-lo Con-fli-xé-re

mi-rán-do: Dux vi-tae mór-tu-us, Re-gnat vi-vus. Dic no-bis,

Ma-rí-a, Quid vi-dí-sti in vi-a? Se-púl-chrum Chri-sti vi-

(352)

LATIN HYMNS

-vén-tis, Et gló-ri-am vi-di re-sur-gén-tis. An-gé-li -

-cos tes-tes, Su-dá-ri-um et ves-tes. Sur-ré-xit Chri-stus spes

me-a; Prae-cé-det su-os in Ga-li-laé-am. Sei-mus Chri-

-stum sur-re-xís-se A mór-tu-is ve-re; Tu no-bis, Vi-ctor

Rex, mí-se-ré-re. A-men. *Al-le-lu-ia.

[WIPO, 11th CENT.]

**Alleluia* is added only when the sequence is sung at Mass.

(353)

LATIN HYMNS

242

O filii et filiae.

[For translation, see No. 53]

888. and Alleluias.

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)



Repetitur: Allelúia



R. Allelúia, etc.

For modern version of this melody see No. 53

2 Et mane prima sabbati,
Ad óstium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli, allelúia
R. Allelúia, &c.

3 Et María Magdaléne,
Et Jacóbi et Salóme,
Venérunt corpus úngere, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

(354)

LATIN HYMNS

4 In albis sedens, ángelus
Prædixit mulieribus :
In Galilæa est Dóminus, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

5 Et Joánnes apóstolus
Cucúrrit Petro citius,
Monúmento venit prius, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

6 Discípulis adstántibus,
In médio stetit Christus,
Dicens : Pax vobis ómnibus, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

7 Ut intelléxit Dídymus
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remánsit fide dubius, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

8 Vide Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incredulus, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

9 Quando Thomas Christi latus,
Pedes vidit atque manus,
Dixit : Tu es Deus meus, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

10 Beáti qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam aetérnam habébunt, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

11 In hoc festo sanctíssimo
Sit laus et jubilátio,
BENEDICÁMUS DÓMINO, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

12 De quibus nos humillimas
Devótas atque débitas
DEO dicámus GRÁTIAS, allelúia.
R. Allelúia, &c.

[JEAN TISSERAND, O.F.M., D. 1494]

(355)

LATIN HYMNS

243

Finita jam sunt proelia.

[For translation, see No. 55]

SURREXIT.

UNISON

888. and Alleluias. A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

1. Fi-ni-ta jam sunt proe-li - a, , Est par-ta jam vi - ctó - ri - a!

Gau-de-á-mus et ca-ná-mus; Al-le - lú-ia, al-le - lú - ia.

2 Post fata mortis bárbara
Devíciť Jesu tártara!
Applaudámus et psallámus:
Alleluia.

3 Surréxit die tértia
Caelésti clarus grátia!
Insonémus et cantémus:
Alleluia.

4 Sunt clausa stygis óstia,
Et caeli patent átria!
Gaudeámus et cánamus:
Alleluia.

5 Per tua, Jesu, vúlnera
Nos mala morte líbera,
Ut vivámus et canámus:
Alleluia.

[SIMPHONIA SIRENUM, 1695]

(356)

LATIN HYMNS

244

ASCENSION.

Salutis humanae sator.

[For translation, see No. 60]

L.M.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Sa-lu - tis hu - má - nae sa - tor Je - su vo -

- lúp - tas oór-di - um, Or - bis re - dém-pti cón - di -

- tor, Et ca - sta lux a - mán - ti - um. A - men.

2 Qua victus es cleméntia,
Ut nostra ferres crimina,
Mortem subíres innocens,
A morte nos ut tólleress!

3 Perrúmpis inférnum chaos,
Vinctis caténas détrahis:
Victor triúmpho nóbili,
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

4 Te cogat indulgéntia,
Ut damna nostra sárCIAS,
Tuíque vultus cómpotes
Dites beáto lúmíne.

5 Tu lux ad astra, et sémita,
Sis meta nostris córdibus,
Sis lacrimárum gáudium,
Sis dulce vitæ praémium.

[5TH CENT.]

(357)

LATIN HYMNS

245

PENTECOST.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

[For translation, see No. 62]

L.M.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Ve - ni, Cre - á - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu -



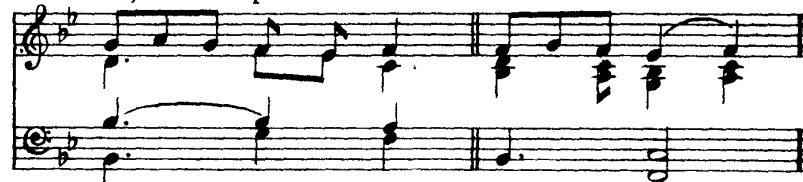
- ó - rum ví - si - ta, Im - ple su -



- pér - na grá - ti - a Quæ tu cre - á -



- sti, pé - oto - ra. A - men.



(358)

LATIN HYMNS

2 Qui díceris Paráclitus,
Altíssimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis únctio.

3 Tu septifórmis múnere,
Dígitus patérnae dóxterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermóne ditans gúttura.

4 Accénde lumen sénsibus,
Infúnde amórem córdibus,
Infirma nostri córporis
Virtúte firmans pérpeti.

5 Hostem repéllas lóngius,
Pacémque dones prótinus;
Ductóre sic te praévio,
Vitémus omne nóxium.

6 Per te sciámus da Patrem,
Noscámus atque Fílium,
Teque utriúsque Spíritum
Credámus omni témpore.

7 Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio qui a mórtuis
Surrexit, ac Paráclito,
In saeculórum saecula.

[ASCRIBED TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776-856]

(359)

LATIN HYMNS

246

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

[For translation, see No. 64]

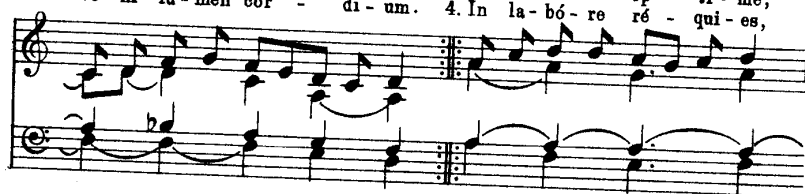
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Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

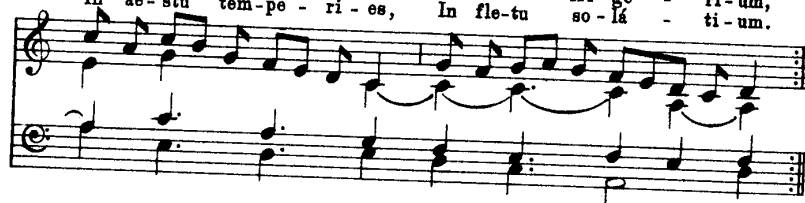
1. Ve-ni, San-cte Spi-ri-tus, Et e-mit-te cae-li-tus
2. Ve-ni pa-ter pa-tri-pe-rum, Ve-ni da-tor mu-ne-rum,



Lu-cis tu-ae ra-di-um; 3. Con-so-la-tor op-ti-me,
Ve-ni lu-men cor-di-um. 4. In la-bo-re re-qui-es,



Dul-cis hos-pes a-ni-mae, Dul-ce re-fri-ge-ri-um,
In ae-stu tem-pe-ri-es, In fle-tu so-la-ti-um.



5. O lux be-a-ti-si-ma, Re-ple cor-dis in-ti-ma
6. Si-ne tu-o nu-mi-ne, Ni-hil est in ho-mi-ne,



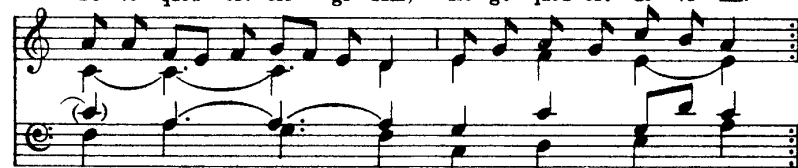
(360)

LATIN HYMNS

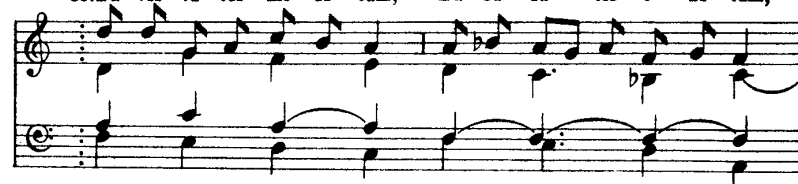
Tu-o-rum fi-de-li-um; 7. La-va quod est sor-di-dum,
Ni-hil est in-no-xi-um. 8. Fle-cte quod est ri-gi-dum,



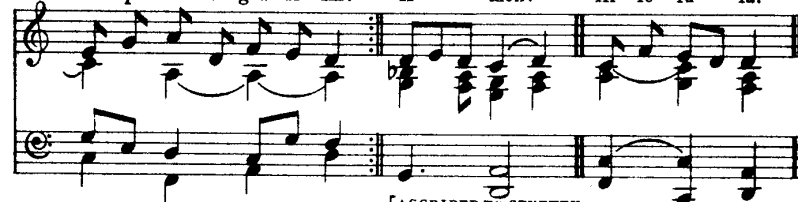
Ri-ga quod est a-ri-dum, Sa-na quod est sau-ci-um,
Fo-ve quod est fri-gi-dum, Re-ge quod est de-vi-um.



9. Da tu-is fi-de-li-bus, In te con-fi-de-nti-bus,
10. Da vir-tu-tis me-ri-tum, Da sa-lu-tis e-xi-tum,



Sa-crum sep-te-na-ri-um; A-men. * Al-le-lu-ia.
Da pe-re-a-ne gau-di-um.



[ASCRIBED TO STEPHEN
LANGTON, ARCHBISHOP OF
CANTERBURY, D. 1228]

* Alleluia is added only when the sequence is sung at Mass.

(361)

LATIN HYMNS

247

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.

[For translation, see No. 74]

Vatican Plainsong.

(A.G.M.)

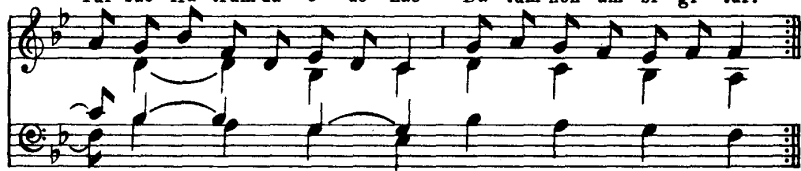
1. Lau-da, Si-on, Sal-va-tó-rem, Lau-da du-cem et pa-stó-rem,
Quantum po-tes, tan-tum au-de, Qui-a ma-jor om-ni lau-de,



In hymnis et cán-ti-cis: 2. Lau-dis the-ma spe-ci-á-lis,
Neo lau-dá-re suf-fi-cis. Quem in sa-crae men-sa coe-nae,



Pa-nis vi-vus et vi-tá-lis Hó-di-e pro-pó-ni-tur;
Tur-bae fra-trum du-o-dé-nae Da-tum non am-bí-gi-tur.

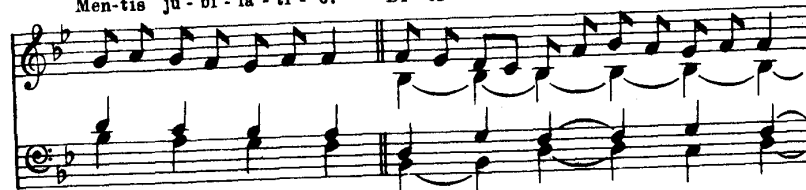


3. Sit laus ple-na, sit so-nó-ra, Sit ju-cún-da, sit de-có-ra

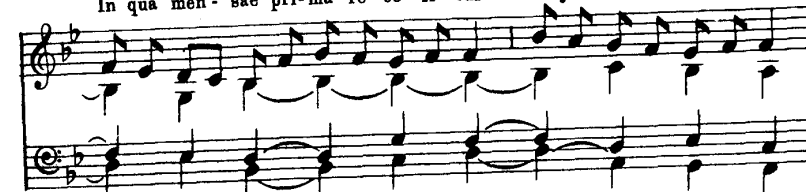


LATIN HYMNS

Men-tis ju-bi-lá-ti-o: Di-es e-nim sol-ém-nis á-gi-tur,



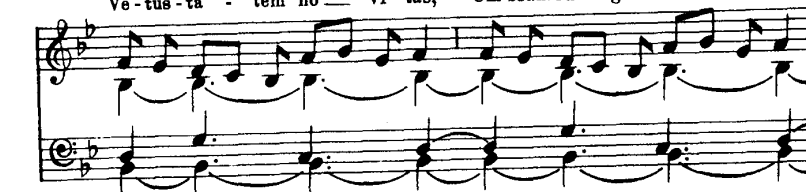
In qua men-sae pri-ma re-có-li-tur Hu-jus in-sti-tú-ti-o.



4. In hac mensa no-vi-Re-gis, Novum Pascha novae legis, Pha-se ve-tus tér-mi-nat:



Ve-tus-tá-tem nó-vi-tas, Um-bram fu-gat vé-ri-tas,



LATIN HYMNS

No-tem lux e - li - mi - nat.

5. Quod in coe - na — Christus ges - sit,
Do - cti sa - cris in - sti - tú - tis,



Fa - ci - én - dum hoc ex - prés - sit In su - i me - mó - ri - am:
Pa - num, vi - num, in sa - lú - tis Con - se - crá - mus hó - sti - am.



6. Dog - ma da - tur Chri - sti - á - nis, Quod in car - nem transit pa - nis,
Quod non ca - pis, quod non vi - des, A - ni - mó - sa fir - mat fi - des,



Et vi - num in — sán - gui - nem: 7. Sub di - vér - sis spe - ci - é - bus,
Praeter re - rum ór - di - nem. Ca - ro ci - bus, san - guis po - tus;



LATIN HYMNS

Sig - nis tan - tum et non re - bus, La - tent res ex - í - mi - ae:
Ma - net ta - men Christus to - tus Sub u - trá - que spé - ci - e.



8. A su - mén - te non con - cí - sus, Non con - frá - ctus, non di - vi - sus,
Su - mit u - nus, su - munt mil - le: Quantum i - sti, tan - tum il - le:



In - ter - ger ac - cí - pi - tur: 9. Su - munt bo - ni, su - munt ma - li:
Nec sumptus con - sú - mi - tur. Mors est ma - lis, vi - ta bo - nis:



Sor - te ta - men in - ae - quá - li, Vi - tae, vel in - tér - i - tus:
Vi - de pa - ris sum - pti - ó - nis Quamsit dis - par ex - i - tus.



LATIN HYMNS

10. Fra-cto de-mum Sa-cra-mén-to, Ne va-cíl-les, sed me-mén-to
Nul-la re-i fit scis-sú-ra: Si-gni tan-tum fit fra-ctú-ra



Tan-tum es-se sub frag-mén-to Quan-tum to-to té-gi-tur:
Qua nec sta-tus nec sta-tú-ra Si-gná-ti mi-nú-i-tur.



11. Ec-ce pa-nis an-ge-ló-rum, Fac-tus ci-bus vi-a-tó-rum,
In fi-gú-ris prae-si-gná-tur, Cum I-sá-ac im-mo-lá-tur,



Ve-re pa-nis fi-li-ó-rum, Non mit-tén-dus cá-ni-bus.
A-gnus paschae de-pu-tá-tur, Da-tur man-na pá-tri-bus.



LATIN HYMNS

12. Bo-ne Pas-tor, pa-nis ve-re, Je-su, no-stri mi-se-ré-re:



Tu nos pa-sce, nos tu-é-re: Tu nos bo-na fao-vi-dé-re



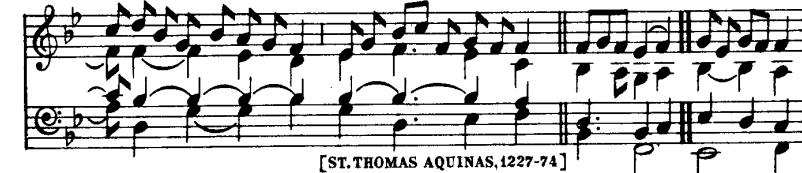
In ter-ra vi-vén-ti-um, Tu qui cun-cta scis et va-les,



Qui nos pa-scis hic mor-tá-les, Tu-os i-bi com-men-sá-les



Co-he-ré-des et so-dá-les Fac sanctó-rum ci-vi-um. A-men. * Alle-lu-ia.



[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74]

* *Alleluia* is added only when the Sequence is sung at Mass.

LATIN HYMNS

248

Pange lingua.

[For translation, see No. 70]

87.87.87. Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Pan-ge lin-gua glo-ri - ó - si Cór-po-ris my-sté-ri - um,



San-gui-nis-que pre-ti - ó - si, Quem in mun-di pré-ti - um



Fru-ctus ven-tris ge-ne-ró - si Rex ef-fú-dit gén-ti-um. A - men.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE

ST. THOMAS.

87.87.87.

S. WEBBE's 'Motetts or Antiphons,'
1792. (A.G.M.)

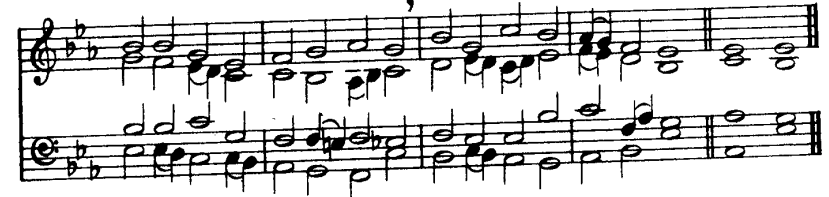


(368)

LATIN HYMNS



A - men.



PANGE lingua gloriósi
Córporis mystérium,
Sanguinisque pretiósi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generósi
Rex effúdit génitium.

2 Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intácta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversátus,
Sparso verbi sémine,
Sui moras incolátus
Miro clausit órđine.

3 In suprémae nocte coenae
Recúmbens cum frátribus,
Observáta lege plene
Cibis in legálibus,
Cibum turbæ duolénæ
Se dat suis mánibus.

4 Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem effícit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum
Et, si sensus déficit,
Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

5 Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui,
Et antíquum documéntum
Novo cedat rítui :
Praestet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

6 Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus, et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio :
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74]

(369)

LATIN HYMNS

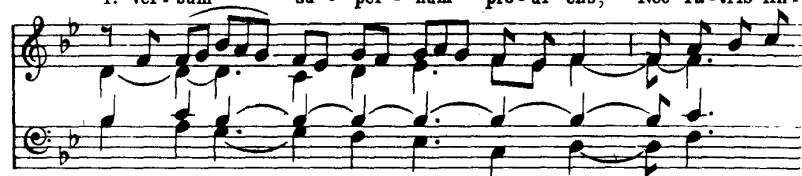
249

Verbum supernum prodiens.

[For translation, see No. 71]

L.M. Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

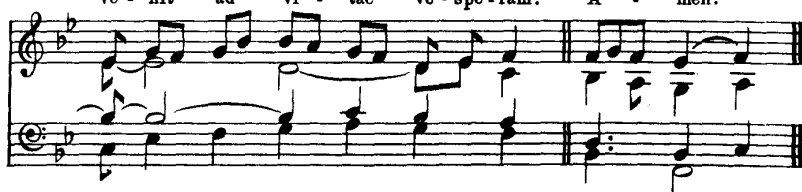
1. Ver - bum su - pér - num pró - di - ens, Neo Pa - tris lin -



- quens déx - te - ram, Ad o - pus su - um é - xi - ens,



Ve - nit ad vi - tae vé - spe - ram. A - men.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE

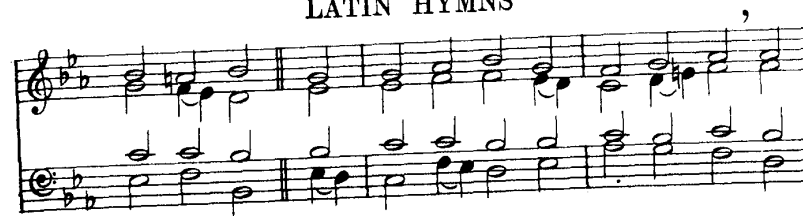
MELCOMBE.

L.M S. WEBB, 1740-1816. (A.G.M.)



(370)

LATIN HYMNS



A - men.



VERBUM supérnum pródiens,
Neo Patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum éxiens,
Venit ad vitae vésperam.

- 2 In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus aémulis,
Prius in vitae férulo
Se trádedit discipulis.
- 3 Quibus sub bina spécie
Carnem dedit et ságuinem :
Ut dúplicit substántiae
Totum cibáret hóminem.
- 4 Se nascens dedit sócium,
Convéscens in edúlium,
Se móriens in prétium,
Se regnans dat in praémium.
- 5 O salutáris hóstia,
Quae caeli pandis óstium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxílium.
- 6 Uni trinóque Dómino
Sit sempitérna glória,
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 12:7-74]

(371)

LATIN HYMNS

250

Sacris solemnibus.

[For translation, see No. 77]

11 11.12 8.

Sarum Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. Sa-cris sol-é - mni-is jun-cta sint gáu - di - a,



Et ex prae-cór - di - is so - nent prae-có - ni - a;



Re-cé-dant vé - te - ra, no - va sint óm-ni - a, Cor - da,



vo - ces, et ó - pe - ra. A - men.



(372)

LATIN HYMNS

2 Noctis recólitur coena novíssima,
Qua Christus créditur agnum et ázyna
Dedisse frátribus, juxta légítima
Priscis indúlta pátribus.

3 Post agnum typicum, explétis épulis,
Corpus Domínicum datum discípulis,
Sic totum ómnibus, quod totum síngulis,
Ejus fatémur mánibus.

4 Dedit fragíltibus, córporis férculum,
Dedit et tristibus sánguinis póculum,
Dicens : Accípite, quod trado vásculum,
Omnes ex eo bíbite.

5 Sic sacrificium istud instituit,
Cujus officium commítte vóluit
Solis presbýteris, quibus sic cóngruit
Ut sumant, et dent céteris.

6 Panis angélicus fit panis hóminum ;
Dat panis caélicus figúris términum ;
Or res mirábilis ! mandúcat Dóminum
Pauper, servus, et húmilis !

7 Te trina Déitas únaque pócimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te cólimus :
Per tuas sémitas duc nos quo téndimus,
Ad lucem quam inhábitas.

[ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-74]

(373)

LATIN HYMNS

251

O esca viatorum.

[For translation, see No. 79]

NE VUEILLES PAS, O SIRE.

776.776.

L. BOURGEOIS, 1542. (A.G.M.)



O ESCA viatōrum.
O panis angelōrum,
O manna caelītum !
Esuriētes ciba,
Dulcēdine non priva,
Corda quaerēntium.

2 O lympha, fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatōris
E corde prófluīs !
Te sitiētes pota,
Haec sola nostra vota,
His una súfficiēs.

3 O Jesu tuum vultum,
Quem cōlimus occúltum
Sub panis spēcie,
Fac, ut remóto velo,
Apértā nos in caelo
Cernámus ácie.

[17TH CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

252

Adoro te devote.

[For translation, see No. 72]

11 11.11 11.

Solesmes Plain-song. (A.G.M.)

1. A-dó-ro te de-vó-te la-tens Dé-i-tas, Quae sub his fi-gú-ris



ve-re lá-ti-tas: Ti-bi se cor me-um to-tum súb-ji-cit,



Qui-a te con-tém-plans to-tum dé-fi-cit. A - men.



* This note is sung only in the first verse.

2 Visus, tactus, gustus in te fállitur,
Sed audíto solo tuto créditur :
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius,
Nil hoc verbo Veritátis véríus.

3 In cruce latébat sola Déítas,
At hic latet simul et humánitas ;
Ambo tamen credens, atque cónfítens
Peto quod petívit latro póenitens.

4 Plagas sicut Thomas non intúeor,
Deum tamen meum te confíteor ;
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te díligere.

5 O memoriále mortis Dómini,
Panis vivus, vitam praestans hómini :
Praesta meae menti de te vívere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6 Pie pellicáne, Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum munda tuo ságuine :
Cujus una stilla saluum fácere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7 Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspício,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut te reveláta cernens fácies,
Visu sim beátus tuae glóriæ.

[ASCRIBED TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. 1227-74]

LATIN HYMNS

253

Ave verum Corpus natum.

[For translation, see No. 75]

Solesmes Plain-song.
(A.G.M.)

A - ve ve - rum Cor - pus na - tum De Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne,

Ve - re pas - sum, im - mo - lá - tum In or - u - ce pro hó - mi - ne,

Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - rá - tum Flu - xit a - qua et sán - gui - ne,

E - sto no - bis prae - gus - tá - tum Mor - tis in e - xá - mi - ne.

O Je - su dul - cis, O Je - su pi - e,

(376)

LATIN HYMNS

254

O sacrum convivium. Sarum Plain-song. (A.G.M.)

O Je - su, fi - li Ma - ri - ae.

[ASCIBED TO POPE INNOCENT VI, D.1362]

O sa - crum con - vi - vi - um, in quo Chri - stus sú - mi - tur, re - có - li - tur

me - mó - ri - a Pas - si - ó - nis e - jus, mens im - plé - tur grá -

- ti - a, et fu - tú - rae gló - ri - ae no - bis pi - gnus da - tur.

254a

O SACRED Banquet, wherein Christ is made our food, the remembrance of his passion is renewed, the soul is filled with grace, and there is given us the pledge of future glory.

(377)

LATIN HYMNS

255

SACRED HEART.

Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te.
[For translation, see No. 90]

PSALM CX.

10.10.8.10. Scottish Psalter, 1635. (R.R.T.)

DIGNARE me, O Jesu, rogo te,
In cordis vulnere abscondere,
Permitte me hic vivere,
In tuo latere quiescere.

2 Si praeparet daemon insidias,
Et mundus offerat divitias,
In tuo corde tutus sum,
In tuo latere securus sum.

3 Fallacior si caro lúbricis
Mentem exágitet blanditiis,
Nil metuo, hic tutus sum,
Est meum latus hoc refúgium.

4 Si óculos claudat fatális sors,
Et vitam términet ferális mors,
O Jesu, ne dimitte me,
Da tuo móriar in latere.

(378)

[17TH CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

256

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

[For translation, see No. 230]

Downside Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

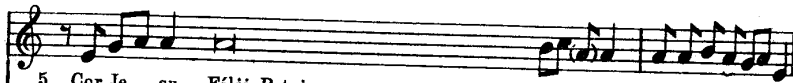
Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste e - lé - i - son.

Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste au - di nos. Chri - ste ex - áu - di nos.

1. Pater de caelis	De - us,	} Mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
2. Fili Redemptor mundi	De - us,	
3. Spiritus Sancte	De - us,	
4. Sancta Trinitas, unus	De - us,	

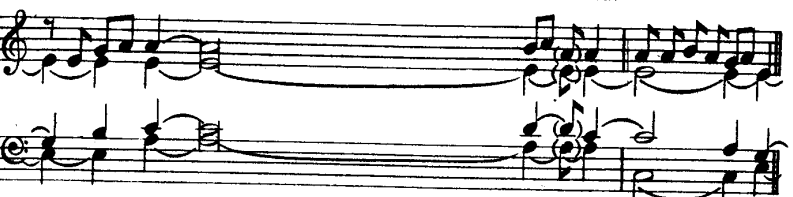
(379)

LATIN HYMNS



5. Cor Je - su, Fílii Patris ae	tér - ni,
6. Cor Je - su, in sinu Virginis Matris a Spiritu	má - tum,
7. Cor Je - su, Verbo Dei substantiáliter u	Sancto for -
8. Cor Je - su, majestátis infi	ni - tae,
9. Cor Je - su, templum Dei	san - otum,
10. Cor Je - su, tabernáculum Al	tís - si - mi,
11. Cor Je - su, domus Dei et porta	cae - li,
12. Cor Je - su, fornax ardens cari	tá - tis,
13. Cor Je - su, justítiae et amóris recep	tá - culum,
14. Cor Je - su, bonitáte et amóre	ple - num,
15. Cor Je - su, virtútum ómnium a	býs - sus,
16. Cor Je - su, omni laude di	gníssimum,
17. Cor Je - su, rex et centrum cordium	cor - di - um,
18. Cor Je - su, in quo sunt omnes thesauri	en - ti - ae,
19. Cor Je - su, in quo hábitat omnis plenitúdo	sapiéntiae et soi -
20. Cor Je - su, in quo Pater sibi bene com	divini -
21. Cor Je - su, de cujus plenitúdine omnes nos ac	plá - cu - it,
22. Cor Je - su, desidérium cóllium aeter	cé - pi - mus,
23. Cor Je - su, pátiens et multae miseri	nó - rum,
24. Cor Je - su, dives in omnes qui invo	cór - di - ae,
25. Cor Je - su, fons vitae et sancti	cant te,
26. Cor Je - su, propitiátio pro peccátis	tá - tis,
27. Cor Je - su, saturátum op	no - stris,
28. Cor Je - su, attritum propter scélera	pró - bri - is,
29. Cor Je - su, usque ad mortem obédiens	no - stra,
30. Cor Je - su, lancea perfo	fa - ctum,
31. Cor Je - su, fons totíus consolati	rá - tum,
32. Cor Je - su, vita et resurréctio	ó - nis,
	no - stra.

Mi-se-ré-re no-bis.



LATIN HYMNS



33. Cor Je - su, pax et reconciliátio	no - stra,
34. Cor Je - su, víctima pecca	tó - rum,
35. Cor Je - su, salus in te spe	rán - ti - um,
36. Cor Je - su, spes in te mori	en - ti - um,
37. Cor Je - su, deliciae sanctórum	óm - ni - um,

Mi-se-ré-re no-bis.

A-gnus De - i, qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun - di, {par-ce no-bis, Dó-mi-ne.}

{ex-áu-di nos, Dó-mi-ne.}



A-gnus De - i, qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun - di, mi-se-ré-re no - bis.



V. Jesu, mitis et húmilis corde.

R. Fac cor nostrum secúndum Cor tuum.

Oremus.

Omnípotens sempitérne Deus réspice in Cor dilectíssimi Filii tui, et in laudes et satisfactíones, quas in nómine peccatórum tibi persólvit, iisque misericórdiam tuam peténtibus tu véniam concéde placátus, in nómine ejúsdem Filii tui Jesu Christi, qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitáte Spíritus Sancti Deus, per ómnia saécula saeculórum. Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

257

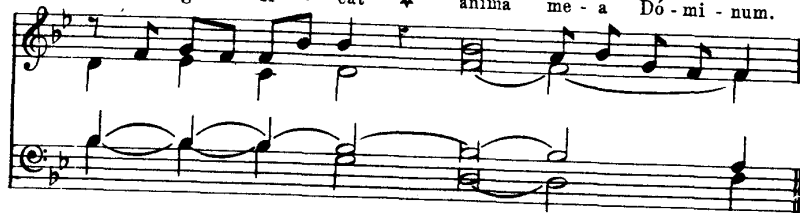
THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Magnificat.

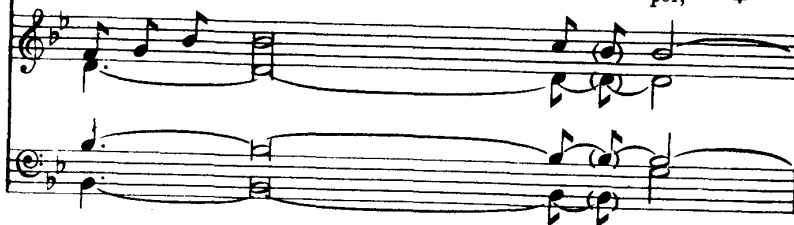
[For translation, see page 383]

Vatican Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

1. Ma - gni - fi - cat * ánima me - a Dó - mi - num.

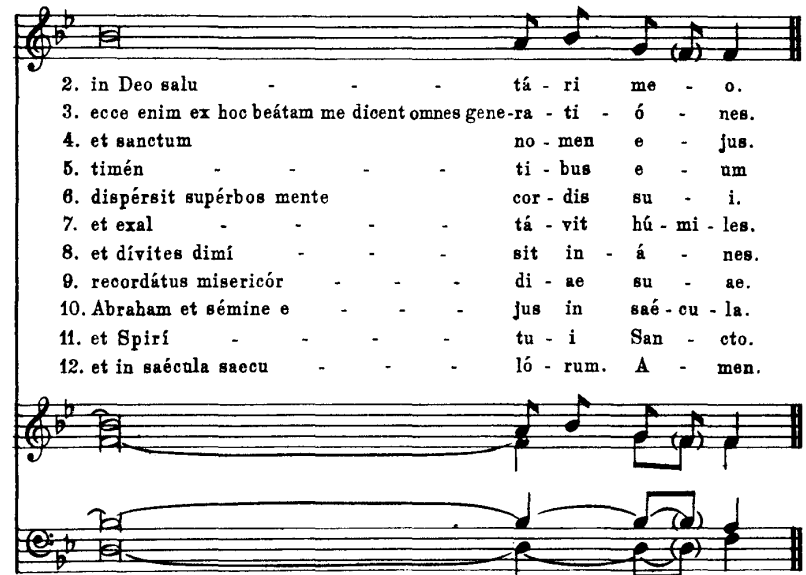


2. Et ex - sul - távit spíritus	me - us *
3. Qui - a re - spéxit humilitátem ancillae	sú - ae: *
4. Qui - a fe - cit mihi mágna qui	po - tens est: *
5. Et mi - se ricórdia ejus a progénie in pro - gé - ni - es *	
6. Fe - cit po - téntiam in bráchio	su - o: *
7. De - pó - su - it poténtes de	se - de, *
8. E - su - ri - éntes implévit	bo - nis: *
9. Sus - cé - pit Israel púerum	su - um, *
10. Si - cut lo - cútus est ad patres	no - stros, *
11. Gló - ri - a Patri et	Fí - li - o, *
12. Si - cut e - rat in princípio, et nunc, et	sem - per, *

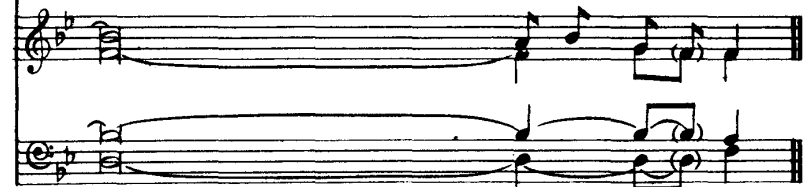


(382)

LATIN HYMNS



2. in Deo salu	- - -	tá - ri me - o.
3. ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes gene-ra - ti -	- - -	ó - nes.
4. et sanctum	- - -	no - men e - jus.
5. timén	- - -	ti - bus e - um
6. dispérsit superbos mente	- - -	cor - dis su - i.
7. et exal	- - -	tá - vit hú - mi - les.
8. et dívites dimí	- - -	sit in - á - nes.
9. recordátus misericór	- - -	dí - ae su - ae.
10. Abraham et sémine e	- - -	jus in saé - cu - la.
11. et Spíri	- - -	tu - i San - cto.
12. et in saécula saecu	- - -	ló - rum. A - men.



257a

Magnificat.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord :

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid : for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done great things to me : and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is from generation to generations : to them that fear him.

He hath showed might in his arm : he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich he hath sent away empty.

He hath received his servant Israel : being mindful of his mercy.

As he spoke to our fathers : to Abraham and his seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

(383)

LATIN HYMNS

258

Ave maris stella.

[For translation, see No. 101]

66.66.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,



At - que sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix cae - li por - ta. A - men.



ALTERNATIVE TUNE

AVE MARIS STELLA.

66.66.

C. Err, 'Cantica Sacra,' 1840.
(A.G.M.)



A - men.



(384)

LATIN HYMNS

258a

A VE maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix caeli porta.

2 Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevae nomen.

3 Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4 Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

5 Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

6 Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collaetémur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui sancto,
Tribus honor unus.

[9TH CENT.]

(385)

LATIN HYMNS

259

Salve Mater misericordiae.

[For translation, see page 387]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Sal-ve Ma-ter mi-se-ri-cór-di-ae, Ma-ter De-i et Ma-ter vé-ni-ae,



Ma-ter spe-i et Ma-ter grá-ti-ae, Ma-ter plena sanctae lae-ti-ti-ae, O Ma-rí-a.



Repetitur: Salve Mater

1. Sal-ve de - cus hu-má-ni gé-ne-ris, sal-ve Vir-go dí-gni-or cé-te-ris,



quae vírgines omnes transgréderis et ál-ti-us se-des in sú-pe-ris, O Ma-rí-a.



R. Salve

(386)

LATIN HYMNS

Salve felix Virgo puérpera : nam qui sedet in Patris dextera, caelum regens, terram et
aëthera, intra tua se clausit viscera,
O María.

R. Salve Mater, &c.

Te creávit Pater ingénitus, obumbrávit te Unigénitus, fecundávit te Sanctus Spiritus,
tu es facta tota divinitus,
O María.

R. Salve Mater, &c.

Te creávit Deus miráblem, te respéxit ancóllam húmílem, te quaesívit sponsam amábilem,
tibi numquam fecit consímilem,
O María.

R. Salve Mater, &c.

Esto Mater nostrum solácium ; nostrum esto tu Virgo gáudium ; et nos tandem post hoc
exsílíum, laetos junge choris caeléstium,
O María.

R. Salve Mater, &c.

259a

Mother of mercy, pardon, hope and grace.

MOTHER of mercy, pardon, hope and grace,
Mother of God, we hail thy blissfulness,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

Boast of mankind, in worth thou dost excel
All maidens, and in higher height dost dwell,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

Sent down from God's right hand, blest Mother-maid,
He, who creation rules, in thee was laid,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

The Father made, the Son o'ershadowed thee,
The Spirit quickened—all's divine in thee,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

God made thee wondrous, saw thy lowly mien,
Thy beauty loved, whose like was never seen,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

Maiden, our joy, Mother, our comfort be ;
Join us, poor exiles, to heaven's company,
Mary Mother.
R. Mother of mercy, &c.

(387)

THE FIRST AND ONLY book for the congregation
to contain the complete Vatican II Mass Propers:
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

LATIN HYMNS

260

O Sanctissima.

[For translation, see page 389]

O SANCTISSIMA.

10.7.10.7.

Sicilian melody. (A.G.M.)



O SANCTISSIMA, O piissima,

Dulcis virgo María !

Mater amáta, intemeráta,

Ora, ora pro nobis.

2 Tu solácium et refúgium,

Virgo, mater María !

Quidquid optámus, per te sperámus

Ora, ora pro nobis.

3 Ecce débiles, perquam flébiles,

Salva nos, O María !

Tolle languóres, sana dolóres,

Ora, ora pro nobis.

(388)

LATIN HYMNS

4 Virgo, réspice, Mater, ádspice,
Audi nos, O María !
Tu medicínám portas divínám,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

5 Tua gáudia et suspíria
Juvent nos, O María !
In te sperámus, ad te clamámus,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

[ANON.]

260a

O Sanctissima.

O MOST holy one,
O most pitiful,
O sweet Virgin Mary !
Mother best beloved,
Mother undefiled,
Pray for us !

2 Thou art our comfort,
And our refuge,
Virgin Mother Mary !
All that we long for,
Through thee we hope for ;
Pray for us !

3 See how weak we are,
Lost in tears,
Save us, O Mary !
Lighten our anguish,
Soothe our sorrows,
Pray for us !

4 Virgin, turn and look,
Mother, behold us ;
Hear us, O Mary !
Thou art the bearer
Of health divine,
Pray for us !

5 May thy joys
And thy sorrows
Be our help, O Mary !
In thee we hope,
To thee we cry,
Pray for us !

(389)

LATIN HYMNS

261

From Vespers of Saturday before First Sunday in Advent to the Purification, inclusive.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

[For translation, see page 391]

Solemes Plain-song.
(A.G.M.)

Al - ma* Re-dem-ptó-ris Ma-ter quae pér-vi-a cae-li Por-ta ma-nes,
et stel-la ma-ris, suc-cúr-re ca-dén-ti, Súr-ge-re qui cu-rat, pó-pu-lo:
tu quae ge-nu-i-sti, Na-tú-ra mi-rán-te, tu-um san-ctum Ge-ni-tó-rem,
Vir-go pri-us ac po-sté-ri-us, Ga-bri-é-lis ab o-re
Su-mens il-lud A-ve, pec-ca-tó-rum mi-se-ré-re.

(390)

[HERMANN THE LAME, D. 1054]

LATIN HYMNS

In Advent.

V. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Mariæ.
R. Et concépit de Spíritu Sancto.

Oremus.

Grátiam tuam, quaesumus, Dómine, méntibus nostris infúnde; ut qui, ángelo nuntiánte, Christi Fílii tui Incarnatiónem cognóvimus, per passióem ejus et crucem ad resurrecti-
glóriam perducámur. Per eúndem Christum, Dóminum nostrum.
R. Amen.

From Christmas Day to the Purification.

V. Post partum Virgo invioláta permansisti.
R. Dei Génitrix, intercède pro nobis.

Oremus.

Deus, qui salútis aetérnae, beátae Mariæ virginitáte foecúnda, humano géneri praemia
praestitisti; tribue quaesumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercédere sentiámus, per quam
meruimus auctórem vitae suscipere, Dóminum nostrum Jesum Christum Fílium tuum.
R. Amen.

261a

Mother of Christ.

MOTHER of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep, and portal of the sky!
Mother of him who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

In Advent.

V. The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary.
R. And she conceived of the Holy-Ghost.

Let us pray.

Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the
Incarnation of Christ thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may, by his
Passion and Cross, be brought to the glory of his Resurrection. Through the same Christ
our Lord.

R. Amen.

From Christmas Day to the Purification.

V. Thou, who after thy child-bearing didst remain a pure virgin.
R. Mother of God, make intercession for us.

Let us pray.

O God, who hast bestowed upon mankind, through the virgin motherhood of Blessed
Mary, the prize of everlasting salvation; grant, we beseech thee, that we may know the
power of her intercession, through whom the giver of eternal life was born for us, even thy
Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

R. Amen.

(391)

LATIN HYMNS

262

From Compline on the Feast of the Purification to Maundy Thursday, exclusively.

Ave, Regina Caelorum!

[For translation, see page 393]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

A - ve, Re-gí-na cae-ló-rum! * A - ve, Dó-mi-na an-ge-ló-rum!



Sal-ve ra-dix, sal-ve por-ta, Ex qua mun-do lux est or-ta.



Gau-de, Vir-go glo-ri-ó-sa, Su-per om-nés spe-ci-ó-sa.



Va-le, o val-de de-oó-ra! Et pro no-bis Chri-stum ex-ó-ra.



[12th CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

V. Dignáre me laudáre te, Virgo sacráta.
R. Da mihi virtútem contra hostes tuos.

Oremus.

Concéde, miséricors Deus, fragilitáti nostræ praesídium ; ut qui sanctae Dei Genitricis memóriam ágimus, intercessiónis ejus auxilio a nostris iniquitatibus resurgámus. Per eúndem Christum, Dóminum nostrum.

R. Amen.

262a

Hail, O Queen of heaven.

HAIL, O Queen of heav'n enthron'd !
Hail, by angels mistress own'd,
Root of Jesse ! Gate of morn !
Whence the world's true light was born :
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in Heaven they see.
Fairest thou where all are fair !
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

V. Reject not my praise, Virgin all holy.
R. Strengthen me to resist all thy enemies.

Let us pray.

Comfort, most merciful God, the frailty of our hearts with thy protection ; that as we do keep the Holy Mother of God in our remembrance, the power of her intercession may raise us up from all our iniquities. Through the same Christ our Lord.
R. Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

263

From Compline on Holy Saturday till First Vespers of Trinity Sunday.

Regina caeli, laetare !
[For translation, see page 395]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Re - gi - na cae - li,* lae - tá - re! al - le - lú - ia.

Qui - a quem me - ru - í - sti por - tá - re; al - le - lú - ia.

Re - sur - ré - xit si - cut di - xit; al - le - lú - ia.

O - ra pro no - bis De - um; al - le - lú - ia.

[12th CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

V. Gaude et laetare, Virgo María ; allelúia.
R. Quia surrexit Dóminus vere ; allelúia.

Oremus.

Deus qui per resurrectionem Filii tui Dómini nostri Jesus Christi mundum laetificare dignatus es ; praesta, quaesumus, ut per ejus Genitricem Virginem Mariam perpétuae capiamus gaudia vitae. Per eundem Christum, Dóminus nostrum.

R. Amen.

263a

Joy to Thee.

JOY to thee, O Queen of Heaven ! alleluia.
He whom thou wast meet to bear ; alleluia,
As he promis'd hath arisen ; alleluia.
Pour for us to him thy prayer ; alleluia.

V. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary : alleluia.
R. For the Lord hath risen indeed : alleluia.

Let us pray.

O God, who didst vouchsafe to give joy to the world through the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ ; grant, we beseech thee, that through his Mother, the Virgin Mary, we may obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

264

From First Vespers of Trinity Sunday to Advent.

Salve Regina.

[For translation, see page 397]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Sal-ve, Re-gí-na,* Ma-ter mi-se-ri-cór-di-ae; vi-ta, dul-cé-do,

et spes no-stra, sal-ve. Ad te cla-má-mus, é-xu-les fí-li-i He-vae,

ad te su-spi-rá-mus, ge-mén-tes et flentes in hac la-cri-má-rum val-le.

E-ia er-go, ad-vo-cá-ta no-stra, il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-cór-des

ó-cu-los ad nos con-vér-te; et Je-sum, be-ne-dí-ctum fru-ctum ven-

(396)

LATIN HYMNS

-tris tu-i, no-bis post hoc e-xí-li-um o-stén-de. O cle-mens,

O pi-a, O dul-cis Vir-go Ma-rí-a.

[HERMANN THE LAME, D. 1054]

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Génitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

Oremus.

Omnípotens, sempitérne Deus, qui gloriósae Virginis Matris Mariæ corpus et ánimam, ut dignum Fílii tui habitáculum éffici mererétur, Spíritu Sancto cooperante, prae-parásti; da, ut cujus commemoratióne laetámur, ejus pia intercessióne ab instantibus malis et a morte perpétua liberémur. Per eúndem Christum, Dóminum nostrum.

R. Amen.

264a

Hail, Holy Queen.

HAIL, holy Queen, Mother of mercy; hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us; and after this our exile, shew unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

Almighty and everlasting God, who through the power of thy Holy Spirit hast procured in the body and soul of the glorious Virgin Mother Mary a habitation meet for thy Son's indwelling: grant that, as we keep her name in joyful remembrance, we may be set free by her loving prayers from the dangers that here beset us, and from everlasting death in the world to come. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

(397)

LATIN HYMNS

265

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Litaniae Lauretanae.

[For translation, see No. 231]

Solesmes Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste e - lé - i - son.



Ký - ri - e e - lé - i - son. Chri - ste au - di nos. Chri - ste ex - áu - di nos.



1. Pater de cae - lis De - us, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
2. Fili Redemptor mun - di De - us, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
3. Spiritus San - cte De - us, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
4. Sancta Trinitas, u - nus De - us, mi - se - ré - re no - bis.



(398)

LATIN HYMNS



5. San - cta Ma - ri - a,
6. Sancta De - i Gé - ni - trix,
7. Sancta Vir - go vír - gi - num,
- 8.
9. Mater di - ví - nae grá - ti - ae,
10. Ma - ter pu - rís - si - ma,
11. Ma - ter ca - stís - si - ma,
12. Mater in - ví - o - lá - ta,
13. Mater in - te - me - rá - ta,
14. Ma - ter a - má - bi - lis,
15. Mater ad - mi - rá - bi - lis,
16. Mater bo - ni con - sí - li - i,
17. Mater Cre - a - tó - ris,
18. Mater Sal - va - tó - ris,
19. Virgo pru - den - tís - si - ma,
20. Virgo ve - ne - ran - da,
21. Virgo prae - di - cán - da,
- 22.
- 23.
24. Vir - go fi - dé - lis,
25. Spéu - lum jus - tí - ti - ae,
26. Sedes sa - pi - én - ti - ae,

Ma - ter Chri - sti,

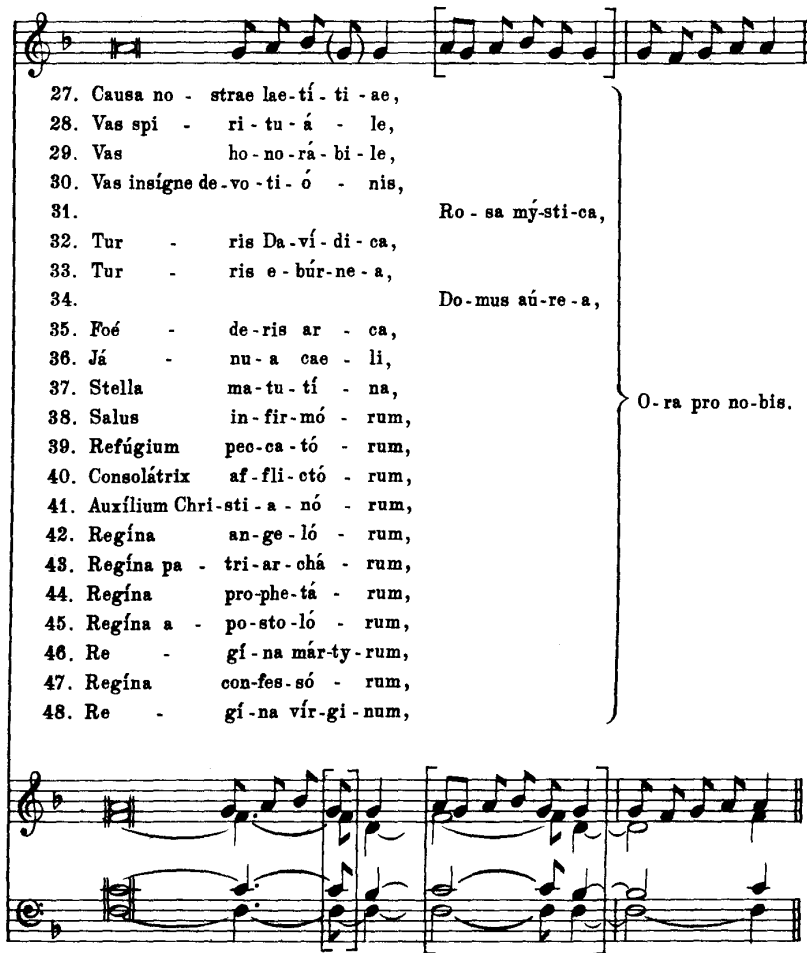
O - ra pro no - bis.

Vir - go po - tens,
Vir - go cle - mens,



(399)

LATIN HYMNS



27. Causa no - strae lae-tí - ti - ae,
 28. Vas spi - ri - tu - á - le,
 29. Vas ho - no - rá - bi - le,
 30. Vas insigne de - vo - ti - ó - nis,
 31. Ro - sa mý - sti - ca,
 32. Tur - ris Da - ví - di - ca,
 33. Tur - ris e - bú - r - ne - a,
 34. Do - mus aú - re - a,
 35. Foé - de - ris ar - ca,
 36. Já - nu - a cae - li,
 37. Stella ma - tu - tí - na,
 38. Salus in - fir - mó - rum,
 39. Refúgium pec - ca - tó - rum,
 40. Consolátrix af - fli - ctó - rum,
 41. Auxílium Chri - sti - a - nó - rum,
 42. Regína an - ge - ló - rum,
 43. Regína pa - tri - ar - chá - rum,
 44. Regína pro - phe - tá - rum,
 45. Regína a - po - sto - ló - rum,
 46. Re - gí - na már - ty - rum,
 47. Regína con - fes - só - rum,
 48. Re - gí - na vír - gi - num,

O - ra pro no - bis.

LATIN HYMNS



49. Regína san - ctó - rum óm - ni - um,
 50. Regína sine labe originá - li con - cé - pta,
 51. Regína in cae - lum as - sum - pta,
 52. Regína sacratíssi - mi ro - sá - ri - i,
 53. Re - gí - na pa - cis,

O - ra pro no - bis.

Agnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, Par - ce no - bis Dó - mi - ne.
 Agnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, Ex - áu - di nos Dó - mi - ne.

Agnus De - i, qui tol - lis pec - cá - ta mun - di, Mi - se - ré - re no - bis.
 rall.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Génitrix.
 R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

Oremus.

Concede nos fámulos tuos, quaesumus, Dómine Deus, perpétua mentis et corporis
 sanitate gaudere: et gloriósa beátae Mariæ semper virginis intercessióne, a praesenti
 liberári tristítia, et aetérna pérfrui laetitia. Per Christum Dóminum nostrum.
 R. Amen.

LATIN HYMNS

266

REGNATOR ORBIS.

12 12.12 12.

LA FEILLÉE, 'Méthode du
Plainchant,' 1782. (R.R.T.)



(402)

LATIN HYMNS

SAINTS.

O quanta qualia.

[For translation, see No. 205]

- O** QUANTA quália sunt illa sábbata,
Quae semper célebrat supérna curia,
Quae fessis réquies, quae merces fórtibus,
Cum erit ómnia Deus in ómnibus !
- 2** Quis rex, quae cúria, quale palátium,
Quae pax, quae réquies, quod illud gáudium !
Hujus participes expónant glóriae,
Si, quantum séntiunt, possint exprímere.
- 3** Vere Jerúsalem illic est cívitas,
Cuius pax jugis est summa jucúnditas,
Ubi non praévenit rem desidérium,
Nec desidério minus est praémium.
- 4** Illic moléstis finítis ómnibus
Secúri cántica Sion cantábimus,
Et juges grátias de donis grátiae
Beáta réferet plebs tibi, Dómine.
- 5** Illic ex sábbato succédet sábbatum,
Perpes laetitia sabbatizántium,
Nec ineffábiles cessábunt júbili,
Quos decantábimus et nos et ángeli.
- 6** Nostrum est interim mentem erigere
Et totis pátriam votis appétere,
Et ad Jerúsalem a Babylónia
Post longa régredi tandem exília.
- 7** Perénni Dómino perpes sit glória,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt ómnia ;
Ex quo sunt, Pater est, per quem sunt, Fílius,
In quo sunt, Patris et Fílii Spíritus.

[PETER ABELARD, 1079-1142]

(403)

LATIN HYMNS

267

CONFESSOR.

Iste confessor.

[For translation, see No. 128]

11 11.11 5. Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

1. I - ste con-fés - sor Dó-mi-ni, co-lén-tes Quem pi - e

lau - dant pó - pu - li per or - bem, Hac di - e lae - tus

mé - ru - it {be - á - tas Scán-de-re se - des.} A men.
 {su - pré - mos Lau-dis ho - nó - res.}

* If it be not the day of his death: *supremos* etc.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sóbriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animávit aurae
Spíritus artus. | 4 Noster hinc illi chorus obsequéntem
Cónceinit laudem celebrésque palmas,
Ut piis ejus précibus juvémur
Omne per aevum. |
| 3 Cujus ob praestans méritum fréquentér,
Ægra quae passim jacuere membra
Víribus morbi dómitis, salúti
Restituúntur. | 5 Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui, super caeli sólio corúscans,
Totíus mundi sériem gubérnat
Trínus et unus. |

[8TH CENT.]

(404)

LATIN HYMNS

268

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

Decora lux.

[For translation, see No. 148]

DECORA LUX.

12.12.12.12. S. WEBBE, 1740-1816. (A.G.M.)

DECORA LUX.

DECÓRA lux aeternitátis áuream
 Diem beátis irrigávit ignibus,
 Apostolórúm quae corónat príncipes,
 Reisque ad astra liberam pandit viam.

- 2 Mundi magister atque caeli jánitor,
 Romae paréntes arbitrique géntium,
 Per ensis ille, hic per crucis victor necem
 Vitae senátum laureáti pössident.
- 3 O Roma felix, quae duórum principum
 Es consecráta glorióso sáanguine !
 Horum cruóre purpuráta, céteras
 Excéllis orbis una pulchritúdines.
- 4 Sit Trinitáti sempitérna glória,
 Honor, potéstas, atque jubilátio,
 In unitáte quae gubérnat ómnia
 Per univérsa saeculórúm saécula.

[ASCRIBED TO ELPIS. D. 493. WIFE OF BOETHIUS]

(405)

LATIN HYMNS

269

THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

*Dies irae, dies illa.**

[For translation, see No. 159]

Vatican Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

Verses 1-2; 7-8; 13-14



2 Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!
7 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

8 Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

13 Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihique spem dedisti.

14 Preces meae non sunt dignae:
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Verses 3-4; 9-10; 15-16



* It is not permissible to play the organ at a Requiem Mass; but in cases where the voices need instrumental support the organ is allowed merely to accompany them. Such a practice, however, is not recommended.

LATIN HYMNS

4 Mors stupébit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

10 Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

9 Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me, perdas illa die.

15 Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequéstra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

16 Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Verses 5-6; 11-12; 17



6 Judex ergo cum sedébit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inúltum remanébit.

12 Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicánti parce Deus.

11 Juste Judex ultiónis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

17 Oro supplex et acclínis,
Cor contrítum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.



LATIN HYMNS

Ju-di-cán-dus ho - mo re-us: 19. Hu-ic er-go par - ce De-us;
 Pi-e Je-su Dó-mi-ne, Do-na e-is ré-qui-em. A - men.
 [THOMAS OF CELANO, O.F.M., 13th CENT.]

270

GENERAL.
Parce Domine.

Solomes Plainsong.
 (A.G.M.)

Par-ce, Dó-mi-ne, par-ce pó-pu-lo tu - o:
 ne in ae-tér-num i-ra-scá-ris no-bis.
 (Ter repetitur)

270a

Spare, O Lord.

S-PARE, O Lord, spare thy people and be not angry with us for ever.
 (Repeat three times.)

LATIN HYMNS

271

Ubi caritas et amor.
 [For translation, see No. 200]

Vatican Plainsong.
 (A.G.M.)

1. U-bi cá-ri-tas et a-mor, De-us i-bi est. Congre-gá-vit
 nos in u-num Christi a-mor. Ex-ul-té-mus, et in ip-so
 ju-cun-dé-mur. Ti-me-á-mus et a-mé-mus De-um vi-vum.
 Et ex cor-de di-li-gá-mus nos sin-cé-ro. A - men.

- 2 Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.
 Simul ergo cum in unum congregámur,
 Ne nos mente dividámur caveámur.
 Cessent júrgia maligna, cessent lites,
 Et in médio nostri sit Christus Deus.
- 3 Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.
 Simul quoque cum beátis videámur
 Gloriánter vultum tuum, Christe Deus;
 Gáudium quod est imménsum, atque probum;
 Saécula per infinita saeculórum.

[FROM THE OFFICE OF THE MANDATUM]

LATIN HYMNS

272

EVENING.

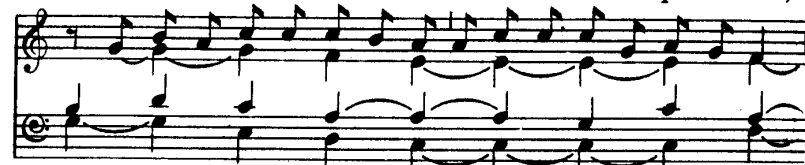
Te lucis ante terminum.

[For translation, see No. 169]


L.M.

Vatican Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

1. Te lu - cis an - te tér - mi - num, Re - rum Cre - á - tor po - sci - mus,



Ut pro tu - a cle - mén - ti - a, Sis praesul et cu - stó - di - a. A - men.



- 2 Procul recédant sómnia,
Et nóctium phantásmata ;
Hostémque nostrum cómpime.
Ne polluántur córpora.
- 3 Praesta, Pater piíssime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spíritu Paráclito
Regnans per omne saéculum.

[7TH CENT.]

LATIN HYMNS

273

VESPERS (SUNDAY).

Lucis Creator optime.

[For translation, see No. 167]

L.M.

Vatican Plainsong.
(A.G.M.)

1. Lu - cis — Cre - á - tor — óp - ti - me — Lu - cem — di -



- é - rum pró - fe - rens, Pri - mór - di - is — lu - cis no -



- vae — Mun - di — pa - rans — o - rí - gi - nem, A - men.



- 2 Qui mane junctum vésperi
Diem vocári praecipis,
Illábitur tetrum chaos ;
Audi preces cum flétibus.
- 3 Ne mens graváta crimine
Vitæ sit exsul múnere,
Dum nil perénne cógitat,
Seséque culpis illigat.
- 4 Caeláte pulset óetium :
Vitále tollat praémium :
Vitémus omne nóxium :
Purgémus omne péssimum.
- 5 Praesta, Pater piíssime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spíritu Paráclito
Regnans per omne saéculum.

[6TH CENT.]

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

N.B.—To provide music for Benediction throughout the year is outside the scope of a hymnal. A selection of tunes for "O salutaris" can be made from those headed "Long Metre" in the metrical index. "Tantum ergo" can be sung to any tune headed 87.87.87. in the metrical index. The proper Plain-song melodies for "O salutaris" and "Tantum ergo" may be found at hymns 249 and 248 respectively.

274

O SALUTARIS.

[For translation, see No. 71, vv. 5, 6]

O SALUTARIS hóstia,
Quae caeli pandis óstium,
Bella premunt hostília,
Da robur, fer auxílium.
Uni trinóque Dómino
Sit sempitérna glória,
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.

Here may be sung an anthem, hymn, or litany.

TANTUM ERGO.

[For translation, see No. 70, vv. 5, 6]

TANTUM ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui :
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui ;
Praestet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedíctio ;
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio.

V. Panem de caelo praestitisti eis. [Alleluia.]

R. Omne delectaméntum in se habéntem. [Alleluia.]

Oremus.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacraménto mirábili passióis tuae memóriam reliquisti : tribue, quaesumus, ita nos córporis et sánguinis tui sacra mystéria venerári, ut redemptiónis tuae fructum in nobis júgiter sentiámus. Qui vivis, &c.

Here may be sung a hymn, or the following Psalm.

BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

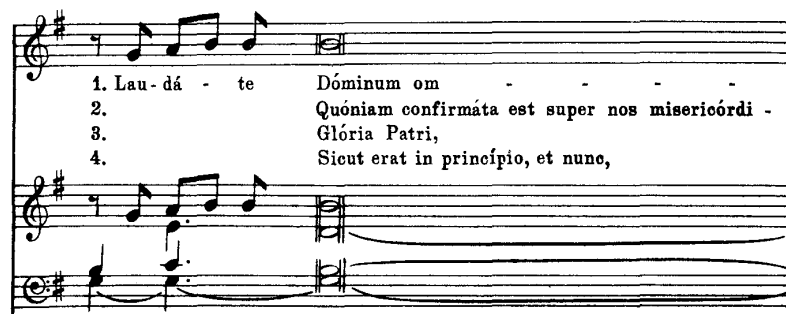
ADOREMUS IN AETERNUM.

Traditional Plainsong.

[For translation, see below]

(A.G.M.)

A-do-ré - mus in ae-tér - num San-ctís-si-mum Sa - cra-mén - tum.



Repetitur Adoremus

Let us adore for ever the most Holy Sacrament.
Praise the Lord, all ye nations : praise him, all ye people.
Because his mercy is confirmed upon us ; and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Let us adore for ever the most Holy Sacrament.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

275

[For translation, see page 419]

TONUS SIMPLEX.

Vatican Plainsong. (A.G.M.)

Te De - um lau - dá - mus: — * te Dó-mi-num con-fi-té - mur.

Te ae-tér-num Pa-trem: omnis ter-ra ve-ne-rá - tur. Ti-bi om-nes An - ge-li;

ti-bi cae-li et u - ni-vér-sae po-tes-tá - tes: Ti-bi Ché-ru-bim et Sé - ra-phim:

in-ces-sá-bi-li vo-ce pro-clá-mant: San - ctus, San - ctus,

San - ctus: Dó-mi-nus De-us Sá-ba-oth. Ple-ni sunt cae-li et ter - ra:

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

ma-jes-tá-tis gló-ri-ae tu - ae. Te glo-ri-ó - sus: A-po-sto-ló-rum cho-rus.

Te Pro-phe-tá - rum: lau-dá-bi-lis nú-me-rus. Te Márt-y-rum can-di-dá - tus:

lau-dat ex-ér-ci-tus. Te per or-bem terrá - rum sancta con-fi-té-tur Ec-clé-si-a;

Pa - trem: imménsae ma-jes-tá - tis; Ve-ne-rán-dum tu-um ve - rum:

et ú - ni-cum Fí-li - um; Sanctum quo-que; Pa - rá-eli-tum Spí-ri - tum.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Tu — Rex gló-ri-ae; Chri-ste; Tu Pa-tris: sem-pi-tér-nus es Fí-li-us.

Tu — ad li-be-rán-dum susce-ptú-rus hó - mi-nem: non hor-ru-í-sti Vir-gi-nis

ú - te-rum. Tu, — de-ví-cto mortis a - cú - le - o: a - pe - ru - í - sti cre-dén-ti -

-bus re-gna cae-ló-rum. Tu — ad dex-té-ram Dé-i se - des: — in gló-ri-a Pa-tris.

Ju-dex cré-de-ris: es - se ven-tú - rus. *Te er-go quaé-su-mus, tu -

*Kneel during this verse

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

-is fá-mu-lis súb-ve-ni: quos pre-ti-ó-so sán-gui-ne re-di-mí-sti.

Ae-tér - na — fac — cum Sanctis tu-is: in gló-ri-a nu-me-rá - ri.

Sal-vum fac pó-pu-lum tu-um, Dó-mi-ne: — et bé - ne-dic hae-re - di-tá -

-ti tu - ae. Et re - ge e-os: — et ex - tól - le il - los us -

-que in ae-tér - num. Per sín-gu-los di - es: — be-ne-dí-ci-mus te;

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Et lau-dá-mus no-men tu-um in saé - cu-lum: et in saé-cu-lum saé-cu-li.

Di-gná-re, Dó-mi-ne, dí - e i - sto: si - ne pec-cá-to nos cu-sto-dí - re.

Mi-se-ré-re no-stri, Dó - mi-ne: mi-se-ré-re no - stri. Fi-at mi-se-ri-cór -

-di - a tu - a, Dó-mi-ne, su - per nos: quem-ád-mo-dum spe-rá-vi-mus in te.

In te Dó - mi-ne, spe-rá - vi: non con-fún-dar in ae - tér - num.

[ASCRIBED TO ST. NICETAS, 385-415]

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

On occasions of Thanksgiving the following are added :

- V. Benedictus es, Dómine, Deus patrum nostrórum.
 R. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus in saécula.
 V. Benedicámus Patrem et Filium, cum Sancto Spiritu.
 R. Laudémus et superexaltémus eum in saécula.
 V. Benedictus es, Dómine, Deus, in firmaménto caeli.
 R. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus, et superexaltátus in saécula.

275a

WE praise thy Godhead, we confess thy lordship.

To thee, the Father eternal, all the earth bows in reverence.
 To thee all the Angels, the heavens, and all the powers thereof,
 To thee Cherubim and Seraphim cry aloud unceasingly :
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts ;
 The heavens and the earth are filled with the majesty of thy glory.
 To thee, triumphant, the choir of the Apostles,
 To thee the Prophets, a company of renown,
 To thee the host of Martyrs in white robes giveth the glory.
 Holy Church in all the world doth acknowledge thee,
 The Father, infinite in majesty,
 Thy true and only-begotten Son, most worshipful,
 The Holy Spirit also, who is our Comforter.
 Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,
 Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
 Thou, when thou wouldest take our flesh to deliver us, didst not disdain the Virgin's womb.
 Thou hast overcome the sting of death ; thou hast opened the kingdom of heaven to all
 who believe in thee.
 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the Father's glory.
 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious
 blood ;
 Grant them to be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.
 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thy inheritance ;
 Be thou their ruler, and evermore exalt them.
 Day by day we give thanks unto thee ;
 And we praise thy name for ever, world without end.
 Be pleased, O Lord, this day to preserve us from all sin.
 Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us ;
 Let thy mercy, O Lord, be shewed upon us, as we have hoped in thee.
 In thee, O Lord, hath been my hope ; let me never be put to confusion.
 V. Blessed art thou, O Lord God of our fathers.
 R. And worthy to be praised, and glorious for ever.
 V. Let us bless the Father and the Son with the Holy Ghost.
 R. Let us praise and highly exalt him for ever.
 V. Blessed art thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven.
 R. And worthy to be praised, and glorious, and highly exalted for ever.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

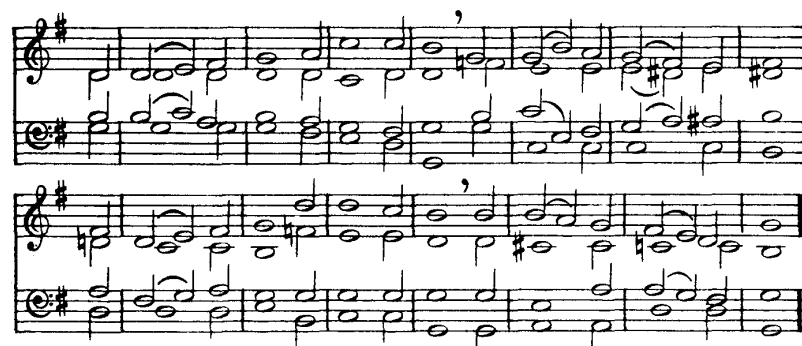
1

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 22.

JAZER.

C.M.

A. E. TOZER, 1857-1910.



2

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 39.

OLD HALL GREEN.

L.M.

J. CROOKALL, 1821-87.

Je-sus, our Love, — Je-sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!

APPENDIX

3

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 80.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

88.88.88.

Traditional. 'Crown of Jesus
Hymnbook,' 1864.

Four systems of musical notation for 'CORPUS CHRISTI'. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

APPENDIX

4

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 83.

DIVINE MYSTERIES.

66.66:886.

F. STANFIELD, 1835-1914.

Four systems of musical notation for 'DIVINE MYSTERIES'. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

APPENDIX

5

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 87.

COR JESU.

76.76.66.76.

Traditional.

Last two lines of words repeated

(424)

APPENDIX

6

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 95.

VIVA JESU.

88.66.D.

V. NOVELLO, 1781-1861.

(425)

APPENDIX

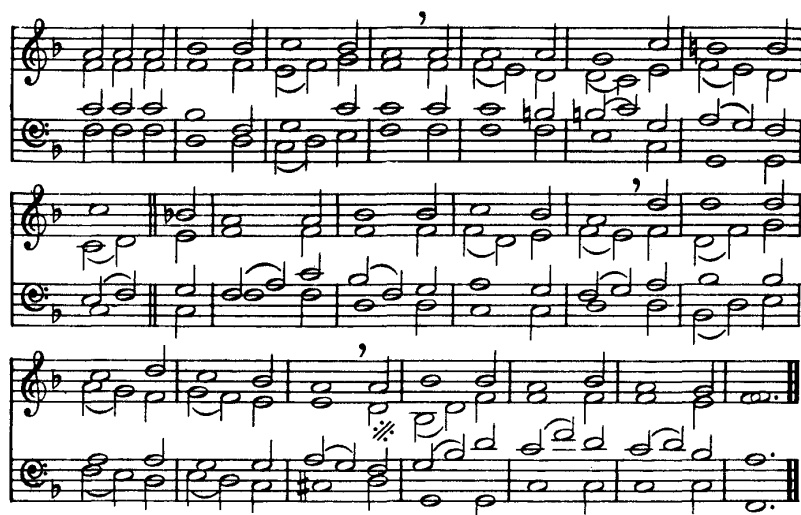
7

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 115.

MATER MISERICORDIAE.

L.M.

H. F. HEMY, 1818-88.



8

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 116.

STELLA.

88.88.88.

H. F. HEMY, 1818-88.



(426)

APPENDIX

9

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 117

DAILY, DAILY.

87.87.D.

Late Version of 'Maria zu lieben.'
'Paderborn Gesangbuch,' 1765.



(427)

APPENDIX

10

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 123.

LA SUISSESSE.

11 10.11 10.9 11.

Swiss melody. Adapted by
J. N. GOULÉ, 1774-1818.

Musical score for 'LA SUISSESSE' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent triplet in the first system. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass.

(428)

APPENDIX

11

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 142.

SWAVESEY.

87.87.D. J. CROOKALL, 1821-87. (A.G.M.)

Musical score for 'SWAVESEY' in D major, 2/4 time. The score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The accompaniment is a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass.

(429)

APPENDIX 12

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 182.

TURRIS DAVIDICA.

76.76.D.

H. F. HEMY, 1818-88. (A.G.M.)

13

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 184.

ANGELUS MEUS.

C.M.

R. L. DE PEARSALL, 1795-1856.

(430)

APPENDIX

14

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 191.

LUX BENIGNA.

10 4.10 4.10 10.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-76.

(431)

APPENDIX

15

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 210.

SAWSTON.

88.88.88.

Traditional. (A.G.M.)

(432)

APPENDIX

16

Alternative Tune to Hymn No. 226.

WISEMAN.

88.88.88.

Melody by C. A. Cox, 1853-1916.
(A.G.M.)

D2

(433)



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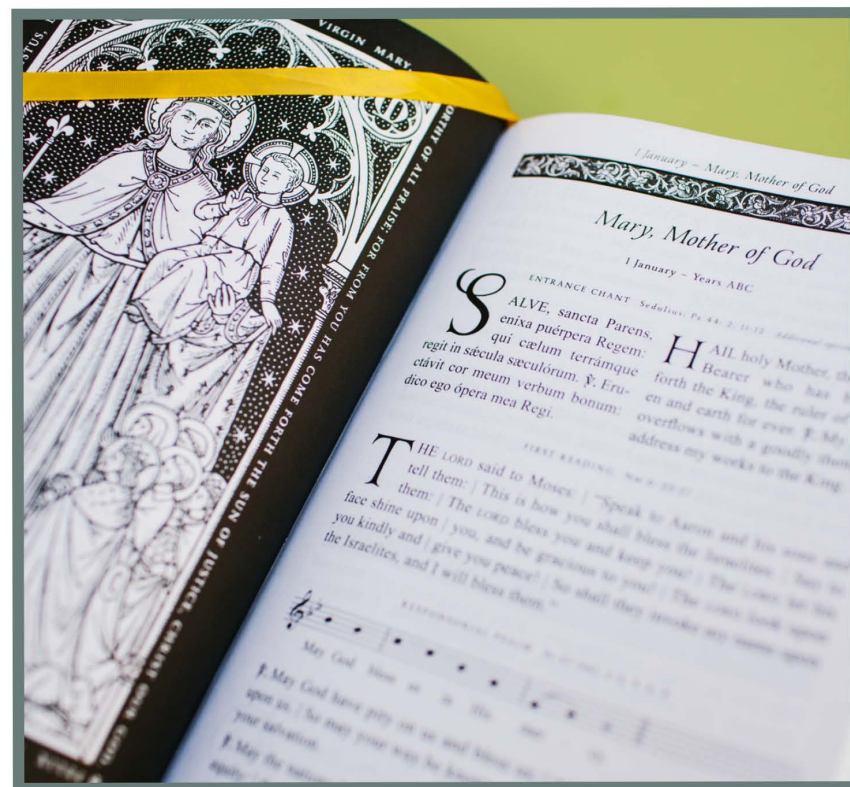
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