THE
ST. ANDREW HYMNAL

AUTHORIZED BY THE
ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF SCOTLAND
FOR USE IN THE
SCOTTISH DIOCESES

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JOHN S. BURNS & SONS
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* Suitable for singing at Holy Mass.
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* Suitable for singing at Holy Mass.
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ADVENT
HARK! A HERALD VOICE IS SOUNDING

EN CLARA VOX
87 87
R. L. de Pearsall

ALTERNATIVE VERSION
87 87
W. H. Monk, 1823-89

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.

5th or 6th Cent. Tr. E. Carroll, 1814-78
COME, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

Sweet Saviour, haste: come, come to earth:
Dispel the night, and show Thy face,
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

COME, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

2 O Thou, Whom nations sighed for,
Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
Wilt break the captive fetters,
Redeem the long-lost fold.

3. Shalt come in peace and meekness,
And lowly will Thy cradle be:
All clothed in human weakness
Shall we Thy Godhead see.

[Sister Mary of St. Philip.]
LIKE THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING

TOCHTER SION

Köln 1741. J. Hintze 1622. Harmonized by J. S. Bach

LIKE the dawning of the morning,
On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
On the gloom of cloudy nights,
Like a secret told by angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
Of Messiah's speedy birth!

2 Thou wert happy, blessed Mother!
With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the Angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given;

Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wert anointed Queen,
Like a river overflowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

3 Thou hast waited, child of David!
And thy waiting now is o'er!
Thou hast seen Him, blessed Mother!
And wilt see Him evermore!
Oh, His Human Face and Features!
They were passing sweet to see:
Thou beheld them this moment!
Mother, show them how to me.

[Rev. F. W. Faber]

O MASTER OF THIS HOUSE

BAVARIAN UNISON

Irregular

Old Bavarian Folk Carol
Arr. by Fr. Launcelot Long, Mus.B.

1 O Master of this house,
Pray now come down;
We beg for shelter here,
In this royal town.
Joseph and Mary dear,
Pray you for shelter here,
"O Master of this house
Come let us in."

2 "Who knocks at closed door
So late at night?
Who now in Bethlehem
Stands in such plight?"
One who is poor and sad,
One oh so thinly clad,
"But with rich strangers
My house is full."

3 Joseph, that holy man,
Laments full sore,
That they no shelter find
From cold so raw.
They have walked all day long,
Walked through the heedless throng.
"Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
No pity here?"

4 Mary, dear Lady,
Be no more sad:
 Thy Child and Heaven's Lord
Bids thee be glad.
Maiden and Mother;
Never another;
God's fairest Daughter,
Yet He her Son.
O 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.

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

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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

Psalteriolum Cantionum Catholicurn, Cologne, 1710.
Tr. R. A. Knox.
6 The Coming of Our God

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 '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.

[Colin, 1676-1749. Tr. R. Campbell, 1814-68, and Compilers.]

---

7 We long to see Thee so!

WE long to see Thee so!
To see Thee newly born,
We long for Christmas morn,
The sands of time run slow.

O come, O come, O come,
Our Saviour dear to be,
O come, O come, O come,
We have no King but Thee.

3 We long to see Thee so!
No other joys can please us,
We want Thee, Baby Jesus,
The sands of time run slow.

O come, etc.

4 We long to see Thee so!
The world will not receive Thee,
But we will never leave Thee
To whom, Lord, could we go?

O come, etc.

2 We long to see Thee so!
To see the Angel's glory,
To hear their midnight story,
And with the shepherds go.

O come, etc.

5 We long to see Thee so!
Sweet Christ-Child, do not tarry,
O bring Him to us, Mary,
Amid the frost and snow.

O come, etc. [S.N.D.]
**ADVENT**

**Word From the Father Evermore**

"As Hymnodus Sacer," Leipzig, 1625

Adapted and harmonized by F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

**CHRISTMAS**

**A Babe is Born in Bethlehem**

Traditional

**PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM 8 8 and Alleluias**

G. Shaw, 1879-1943

**II**

**8**

**BRESLAU**

**LM**

**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.]

**9**

**A BABE is born in Bethlehem,**

Great joyance for Jerusalem.

2 Born of His Mother, Maid Marie,
   No earthly father knoweth He,

3 He took our flesh, to man akin,
   In all things like us, save in sin,

4 In narrow crib, He lieth low,
   King everywhere and evermo',

5 Both ox and ass, tho' beasts they be,
   Yet in that Child their Maker see,

6 Now Yule-tide come, sing high, sing low,
   Benedicamus Domino,

7 To Holy Trinity give praise,
   With "Deo Gratias" always.

   [Traditional.]

**II**
LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES

ANGELS We Have Heard
77 77 and Refrain

French Proper Melody

UNISON

ANGELS we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains;
And the mountains, in reply,
Echo still their joyous strains.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why the rapturous strain prolong?
Say, what may the tidings be
Which inspired this heavenly song?

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Come to Bethlehem, and see
Him, Whose birth the Angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ our Lord, the new-born King.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth:
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
To acclaim our Saviour's birth.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

[Tr. Bishop Chadwick.]
CHRISTMAS

11

ALL THE SKIES TO-NIGHT

WARUM SOLLT' ICH MICH DENN GRAMEN

J. G. EBELING

(From the German)

A LL 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 souls' peace be given.
All our wrong by Him is righted,
In Whose birth
Heaven 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.

[Copyright, 1932, Renewal. Hope Publishing Company, owner.]

A WAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus: I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

[Anon.]
CHRISTMAS

13

AT BETHLEHEM THE LOWLY

IN BETHLEHEM NATUS 76 76 46 German Proper Melody

At Bethlehem the lowly
Is born a lowly Child—
The Son of God all-holy
And Mary undefiled.
Glory! Glory!
To God, and Mary's Child.

He cometh veiled in weakness,
He cometh not in might:
His victory is meekness,
His veiling is our light.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Child-God of Christmas night.

His Angels chant above Him
Glad songs Himself hath wrought;
Let us adore and love Him,
Whose birth our souls hath bought.
Seek Him! Seek Him!
Whom kings and shepherds sought.

Lord Jesus Christ, enrol us
In chivalry of grace:
With gentle hand control us
Swift running heaven's high race.
Lead us! Lead us!
To joy before Thy face.

3 From Bethlehem now glorious
Turn we to cope with life,
To quell by grace victorious
The heart with passion rife.
Serve Him! Serve Him!
Who crowneth lawful strife.

3 In a manger poor and lowly,
See where an Infant lies;
A T the dawning of creation
Man from his glory fell,
But with promise of salvation
By his Emmanuel.

Sleep, Emmanuel,
Peace to Thy slumbering,
Till the winter night is o'er.
2 Shining angels now appearing
Sing in the starry sky,
And the peaceful shepherds hearing
Know that the Lord is nigh.
Sleep, 0 Lamb of God,
Peace to Thy slumbering,
Till the winter night is o'er.

4 King of glory, Lord of Heaven,
Born of a Maiden mild!
Happy Marie, favoured Virgin,
God has become thy Child!
Sleep, Thou little One,
Peace to Thy slumbering,
Till the winter night is o'er.

5 Come and see Him, ev'ry nation,
Come to your gentle King!
Offer Him your adoration,
Love be the gift you bring.
Sleep, 0 gentle King,
Peace to Thy slumbering,
Till the winter night is o'er.

[Dom Fabian Duggan, O.S.B.]
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 beasts
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 paraded of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.

3 The persons in that poor attire
His royal livery's 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.

[Heads R. Southwell, S.J., 1561-95]
Come, come, come to the manger,
Children, come to the children's King;
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels,
Stars of morning, o'er Bethlehem sing.

He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall,
Who is Maker and Lord of us all,
The wintry wind blows cold and dreary,
See, He weeps, the world is weary,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.

Come, come, etc.

2. He leaves all His glory behind,
To be born and to die for mankind;
With grateful beasts His cradle chooses,
Thankless man His love refuses,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.

Come, come, etc.

3. To the manger of Bethlehem come,
To the Saviour Emmanuel's home;
The heavenly hosts above are singing,
Set the Christmas bells a-ringing,
Lord, have pity and mercy on me.

Come, come, etc.
HARK, the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King:
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark, the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, th’ incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

[Charles Wesley, 1707-88; George Whitefield, 1714-70; Martin Madan, 1726-90; and others.]
CHRISTMAS

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

RESONET IN LAUDIBUS

German, 16th century

R. V. WILLIAMS

CHRIST was born on Christmas day:
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay,
Christus natus hodie:
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

2 He is born to set us free,
   He is born our Lord to be,
   Ex Maria Virgine:
   The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

3 Let the bright red berries glow
   Everywhere in goodly show:
   Christus natus hodie:
   The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing
   'Tis the birthday of a King,
   Ex Maria Virgine:
   The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

[Tradational]

HE SMILES WITHIN HIS CRADLE

PRAESEPE

Austrian Melody, 1649

HE smiles within His cradle,
   A Babe with Face so bright,
   It beams most like a mirror
   Against a blaze of light:
   This Babe so burning bright.

3 And who would rock the cradle
   Wherein this Infant lies,
   Must rock with easy motion
   And watch with humble eyes,
   Like Mary, pure and wise.

2 This Babe we now declare to you
   Is Jesus Christ our Lord;
   He brings both peace and gladness.
   haste, haste, with one accord
   To feast with Christ our Lord.

4 O Jesus, dearest Babe of all,
   And dearest Babe of mine,
   Thy love is great, Thy limbs are small
   O flood this heart of mine
   With overflow from Thine!

[Tr. R. Graves]
IN DULCI JUBILO

IN DULCI JUBILO 6665 765 German Proper Melody, 14th cent.

1

IN dulci jubilo,
Let us our homage show:
Our heart's joy reclineth
In praesepio;
And, like a bright star, shineth
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O.

2

O Jesu parvule,
Right poor art Thou to-day!
Hear me, I beseech Thee,
O puer optime;
My praying, let it reach Thee!
O princeps gloriae.
Trahe me post te.

3

O Patris caritas!
O Nati lenitas!
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina:
But Thou for us hast gained
Caesurum gaudia.
Qualis gloria!

4

Ubi sunt gaudia,
If that they be not there?
There are angels singing
Nova cantica;
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curia.
O that we were there!

[Tr. R. L. de Pearsall.]
I SING of a maiden
That is makeles,
The King of all kinges,
To her sone she ches.
He came all so stillé
There his mother was,
As dew in Aprillé
That falléth on the grass.

2. He came all so stillé
To his mother's bower,
As dew in Aprillé
That falléth on the flower.
He came all so stillé
There his mother lay,
As dew in Aprillé
That falléth on the spray.

ONCE in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

[Traditional]
OF THE FATHER SOLE-BEGOTTEN

Ere the worlds began to be,
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-blessed 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, ye heavens 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:
Cons substantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

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

[Phillips Brooks, 1835-93.]
Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flow'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love a right,
She bore to men a Saviour,
When half-spent was the night.

"Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen," Speier Gesangbuch, 1599.
Tr. Theodore Baker, d. 1934.
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 blessed 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.]
See! amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See! the tender Lamb appear
Promised from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever blessed 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 height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.

Hail, etc.

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

Hail, etc.

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, etc.

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

Hail, etc.

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

Hail, etc.

7 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, etc.

[E. Caswall, 1814-78]
CHRISTMAS

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

GLENDALOUGH 77 77 D Trad. Irish Melody. Adapted

S EE! amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
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Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.

Hail, etc.

[E. Caswall, 1814-78]
SILENT night, hallowed night,
Earth is hush'd, heaven alight,
Angels throng the starlit air
Whisp'ring round the Child so fair,
Sleep, O Baby King, sleep, they softly sing.

2 All is still, Jesus sleeps,
Holy watch Joseph keeps,
Mary bends, His face to see
Murmuring low her lullaby,
Sleep, my Babe Divine,
Sleep, God's Son and mine.

3 Blissful night, prophesied,
Angels' hopes glorified,
Wondrous news do shepherds tell,
Heavenly harps their chorus swell,
Sleep then, Jesus dear,
Sleep, Thy Heart doth hear.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6. "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

[Naum Twete, 1652-1715 Based on St. Luke, 2, 8-14]
CHRISTMAS

SLEEP, HOLY BABE

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;
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, holy Babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

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.

Then must those hands,
Which now so fair I see;
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me.

Then must that brow,
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred
That I thereby may live.

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]
THE FIRST NOWELL

Irregular

Trad. English Carol (R.R.T.)

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THE FIRST NOWELL

Irregular

Trad. English Carol (R.R.T.)

CHRISTMAS

THE FIRST NOWELL

Irregular

Trad. English Carol (R.R.T.)

CHRISTMAS

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay;
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, etc.

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, etc.

4 The 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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

[Old English—Traditional.]
The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born on Christmas night.*

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall at Bethlehem;
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph, too, was by, to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.

5 The angels hovered round, and sang this song:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

6 And thus that manger poor became a throne;
For He Whom Mary bore was God the Son.

7. O come then, let us join the heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

8. Venite, adoremus Dominum,
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

* Second line of each verse to be repeated.
A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: ccwatershed.org/hymn

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. Jesus, 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.

O CRUEL Herod! why thus fear
Thy King and God, who comes below?
No earthly crown comes He to take,
Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.

2 The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts that Light adore.

3 Behold at length the heavenly Lamb
Baptised in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by His touch
Water to cleanse us in His blood.

4 But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, reddening at His word,
Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

5. To Thee, O Jesus, who Thyself
Hast to the Gentile world display'd,
Praise, with the Father evermore,
And with the Holy Ghost, be paid. Amen.
EPIPHANY

THE FLOWER OF JESSE’S STEM

Rondeau

Dom Gregory Brusey, O.S.B.

1

THE Flower of Jesse’s stem
Gives joy and peace to men:
Let bells now ring and angels sing
To tell Jerusalem
That we should bring, like Orient king,
Our gifts to Bethlehem.

2

The lowly shepherds keep
Night watch amid their sheep:
With sore affright, they see strange light
Across the hillside creep:
From angels bright, they hear aright
Where Christ the Lord doth sleep.

3

Frankincense, myrrh, and gold,
As prophets long foretold,
The wise men bring to greet the King,
Whom swaddling clothes enfold;
While angels sing, on hovering wing,
And love divine unfold.

4

Sweet Mary, Mother mild,
We come, with hearts defiled;
Saint Joseph dear, allay our fear,
Outside is cold and wild,
O bring us near, that we may hear
The pardon of that Child.

5

Sound trumpet, harp and horn,
For Christ our Lord is born!
From heaven’s height, at dead of night,
He comes, a Babe forlorn,
Yet brings delight, that all men might
Make mirth this hallowed morn. Amen.

Alternative Harmony.

EPIPHANY
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.
We, Three Kings of Orient Are

The Kings.

We, three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Melchior.

2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring, to crown Him again—
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign:
O star of wonder, etc.

Gaspar.

3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity high:
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high:
O star of wonder, etc.

Balthazar.

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

All.

5. Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice!
Heaven sings alleluia,
Alleluia the earth replies:
O star of wonder, etc.
THE HOLY FAMILY

40

THE HOLY CHILD OF BETHLEHEM

DOUNGE

CM

J. McQuaid

HOLY FAMILY

41

THY KINGDOM COME

ZEUCH MEINEN GEIST

LM

KÖNIG'S Choralbuch, 1738 (A.G.M.)

HOLY FAMILY


THE Holy Child of Bethlehem
Beholds His Mother's face,
And laughs to see reflected there
His own dear gift of grace;

2 And Joseph, resting from his toil,
Adores what love has won,
The double treasure that is his,
The Mother and the Son.

O daughter of the Nazarenes,
Throw wide thy humble door,
That all who sigh for vanished grace
May share thy endless store;

4 That all who suffer pain and loss
May find their sure release,
And in their sad house rebuild
With thee, a home of peace.

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.

3 Wherever on this earth shall be
A child, a woman, and a man,
Imaging that sweet trinity
Wherewith Thy kingdom first began.

5 Now to the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost,
We raise our hearts in harmony
With all the Heavenly Host.

[J. K. Robertson.]
WHEN SIMEON RAISED HIM IN HIS ARMS

LUX MUNDI 8888 D and Refrain  F. TURNBULL, R.S.C.J.

1

When Simeon raised Him in his arms,
The Child looked upwards in his face,
And in that Light his patient eyes
Looked onward to the years of Grace.
The Light shall fall on every man
And no one in the dark may hide.
Accept, reject, the rise, the fall—
So surely must the sword divide.

Thou art the Light of all the world,
Emmanuel, God with us still.
Oh, take the darkness from our souls,
That we may do Thy holy Will.

2

When Mary in her Bethlehem
Bent over Him on Christmas night,
She was the very Gate of Heaven
And Mirror of His wondrous Light.
But when she stood beneath the cross,
Ah, then! her heart was opened wide,
Her love about us, every one,
She leads us to His Sacred Side.

Thou art, etc.

3

The sword divides, the shepherds came
And at His feet their hearts they laid;
The holy Innocents were slain
And Herod in his palace stayed.
So Peter rose and Judas fell,
One thief to live and one to die.
The throng about the Saviour cried
"Hosanna" and then "Crucify."

Thou art, etc.

4

O great and glorious Lord of Light,
None can be saved but in Thy Faith.
Enlighten all the blind who sit
In darkness and the shade of death.
And make us bearers of Thy Light
That none may fall, that all may rise,
And we may see Thee at the last,
Eternal Light in Paradise.

Thou art, etc.

[Charles Fraser]
Joy! Joy! The Mother Comes

1. Joy! Joy! the Mother comes, and in her arms she brings
   The Light of all the world, the Christ, the King of Kings;
   And in her heart the while all silently she sings.

2. Saint Joseph follows near, in rapture lost and love,
   While angels round about in glowing circles move,
   And o'er the Mother broods the Everlasting Dove.

3. There in the temple court doth Simeon's heart beat high,
   And Anna feeds her soul with food of prophecy;
   But see! The shadows pass, the world's True Light draws nigh.

4. O Infant God, O Christ, O Light most beautiful,
   Thou comest Joy of Joys all darkness to annul;
   And brightest lights of earth beside Thy Light are dull.

Glory be to Jesus

1. Abel's blood for vengeance
   Pleadeth to the skies;
   But the blood of Jesus
   For our pardon cries.

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.

Viva, viva, Gesù.
**In the Lord's Atoning Grief**

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

1. 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.

---

**By the Blood that flowed from Thee**

*By the blood that flowed from Thee in Thy bitter agony:
  By the scourge so cruelly borne:
  By Thy purple robe of scorn:*

*Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry!
  Thou wast suffering once as we;
  Hear the loving hymn:
  We, Thy children, sing to Thee.*

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

*Jesus, Saviour, etc.*

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*Cecilia M. Caddell*
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, etc.

3 By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to heaven above,
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, etc.

4 See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the cross of Calvary;
To that cross my sins have nailed Him,
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus, Lord, etc.

[E. Vaughan, C.SS.R., 1827-1908.]
GOD, of Thy pity, unto us Thy children
Bend down Thy ear in Thine own loving-kindness,
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]
HAIL, JESUS, HAIL!

VIVA JESU

VIVI, JESUS, VIVI!

HAIL, JESUS, HAIL!

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 life, my light, my only good.
To all eternity.

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.

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.

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.

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.

[Viva, viva Gesù che per mio bene.

[Viva, viva Gesù, che per mio bene.

[18th Cent. Tr. F. W. Faber, 1814-63.]
Viva, viva Gesù! che per mio bene.

**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,
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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, 1814-63]
JESUS, Lord, who madest me
And with Thy blood my soul hast bought,
Forgive the grief I give to Thee
By word, and deed, and sinful thought.
Jesus, in whom is all my trust,
Who died upon the cross for me,
Withdraw my heart from earthly love
To find its only joy in Thee.

2 Jesus, by those bitter wounds
In Thy dear hands and sacred feet,
O make me humble, meek of heart,
And strong to love Thee, I entreat.
Jesus, keep them that are good,
Bring back the wanderers to Thy way,
And grant to all who trust in Thee,
Thy daily bread of life this day.

"Prayer to Jesus," Richard de Castre. Adapted.
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, etc.*

3 Kneeling in tears, behold me at Thy feet;  
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.

*O pardon, etc.*

---

*Chadwick, 1813-82.*
JESUS, As Though Thyself Wert Here

JESUS DULCIS AMOR MEUS

LM

DOM A. J. POLLARD-URQUHART, O.S.B.

1. JESUS, as though Thyself wert here, I draw in trembling sorrow near, And, gazing on Thy form divine, Kneel down to kiss those wounds of Thine.

2. Ah me, how naked art Thou laid, Blood-stained, distended, cold and dead, Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet, Upon the sacred winding-sheet.

3. Hail, sacred brow and thorn-crowned head, Hail, sacred face, now cold and dead, Hail, pitiful eyes, whose single glance Pierced Peter's soul with sorrow's lance.

4. And hail to Thee, my Saviour's side, And hail to Thee, thou wound so wide, Thou wound more ruddy than the rose, True antidote of all our woes.

5. O by those sacred hands and feet, For me so mangled— I entreat, My Jesus, turn me not away, But let me with Thee ever stay.

[Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
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 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]
My Jesus, say what wretch has dared
Thy sacred hands to bind?
And who has dared to buffet so,
Thy face so meek and kind?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been;
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
O spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.
NOW are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.

Oh, hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father! in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear I

2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song.
When ailing souls grow well and strong.

Oh, hearken, etc.

3 The feast of penance! Oh, so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!

Oh, hearken, etc.

4 Oh, happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears
Undoing all our evil years.

Oh, hearken, etc.

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.
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.
O SACRED Head, surrounded
Melody by H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612
(J. S. Bach)

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn,
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn,
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death, with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony of dying,
O love to sinners free;
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4 O Jesus, I adore Thee,
My thorn-crowned Lord and King;
I bow my heart before Thee,
Thy gracious Name I sing:
Thy Name that brought salvation,
Thy Name in life my stay,
My hope and consolation
When life shall fade away.

["Salve caput cruentatum," P. Gerhardt, 1607-76.
Tr. Sir H. W. Baker and others.]
LENT AND PASSIONTIDE

O WOUNDS UPON THE HEALING HANDS
VULNERA CHRISTI LM Old German. (J.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.]
OE R W E L M E 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 pierced His Mother's heart
And whelmed her soul in night.

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

5 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs;
Come, rich and poor, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.

6 Come, fall before His cross,
Who shed for us His blood;
Who died, the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

7 Jesus, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen. [Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78.]

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO

THE royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There, whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

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

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

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

[Venantius Fortunatus, c. 530-609.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, and Compilers of Hymns A. & M.]
YE priestly hands, which on the cruel cross
Were stretched so wide to welcome all our race,
Lift up your wounds before your Father's eyes,
That I may one day feel your dear embrace.

2 Ye weary feet, way-worn and pierced for me,
Which contrite Mary bathed with tearful grief,
O let me lie, like her, beneath your wounds,
And find for sin's disease a sure relief.

3 And Thou—Thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
Through which my way lies to the Father's throne,
Teach me the love which rent that crimson path,
Gave us Thy life, but made our pains Thine own. Amen.

[Ch. Bampfield.]
BY THE FIRST BRIGHT EASTER DAY

BY the first bright Easter Day,
When the stone was rolled away:
By the glory round Thee shed
At Thy rising from the dead:

King of glory, hear our cry!
Make us soon Thy joys to see;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

2 By Thy Mother's fond embrace:
By her joy to see Thy face
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
Thee she welcomed from the tomb:

King of glory, etc.

3 By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw Thee once again,
And, entranced in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss Thy sacred feet:

King of glory, etc.

4 By their joy who greeted Thee
'Mid the hills of Galilee:
By Thy keys of might divine,
Vested in Saint Peter's line:

King of glory, etc.

5 By Thy parting blessing given
As Thou didst ascend to heaven:
By the cloud of living light
That received Thee out of sight:

King of glory, etc.

[Cecilia M. Caddell]
EASTER

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

EASTER

BY the first bright Easter Day,
When the stone was rolled away:
By the glory round Thee shed
At Thy rising from the dead:

King of glory, hear our cry!
Make us soon Thy joys to see;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.
2 By Thy Mother's fond embrace:
   By her joy to see Thy face
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
   Thee she welcomed from the tomb:
King of glory, etc.

3 By the joy of Magdalen,
   When she saw Thee once again,
And, entranced in rapture sweet,
   Knelt to kiss Thy sacred feet:
King of glory, etc.

4 By their joy who greeted Thee
   'Mid the hills of Galilee:
By Thy keys of might divine,
   Vested in Saint Peter's line:
King of glory, etc.

5 By Thy parting blessing given
   As Thou didst ascend to heaven:
By the cloud of living light
   That received Thee out of sight:
King of glory, etc.

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

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 choiring, alleluia.

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

[Symphonia Sirenum, 1695. Tr. R. A. Knox.]
A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN

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 reconcile'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 weeping 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

O SONS AND DAUGHTERS, LET US SING

Proper melody (modern version) as given in WEBBE’S Motets (1792)

O FILII ET FILIAE

888 and Alleluias

O sons and daughters, let us sing,
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O’er death has risen triumphing:
Alleluia!

2 On Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
Their spices in the tomb to lay:
Alleluia!

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee":
Alleluia!

4 That night th’ Apostles met in fear,
Amongst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, “My peace be on all here”:
Alleluia!

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard
That they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples’ word;
Alleluia!

6 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, my feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be”:
Alleluia!

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried:
Alleluia!

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win:
Alleluia!

9 On this most holy day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise:
Alleluia!

(Jean Titelouze, died 1494. Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-66, and others.)
**EASTER**

**OF OUR SOUL’S SINCERE AND HEAVENLY BREAD**

*Probably by P. Nicolai, 1556-1608 (J. S. Bach)*

**WACHET AUF**

Irregular

---

**O F 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.

U. O’Connor.
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.
EASTER

THIS JOYFUL EASTER TIDE

VRIECHTEN

67 57 D Dutch Melody (17th Cent.)

EASTERN THROUGH THE RED SEA

STRAF MICH NICHT

77 33 7 and Alleluias

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. Knox.]

THIS joyful Eastertide,
Away with sin and sorrow.
My Love, the crucified,
Hath sprung to life this morrow:

Had Christ, that once was slain,
Ne'er burst His three-day prison,
Our faith had been in vain:
But now hath Christ arisen.

2 My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber:
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number:

Had Christ, etc.

3 Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus crossed the river:
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver:

Had Christ, etc.

[George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1849-1934]
EASTER

REJOICE, ALL YE THAT SORROWED SOROE

LAETAMINI    L.M and Alleluias  German Proper Melody

1

REJOICE, all ye that sorrowed sore; Alleluia!
Maria weeps and sighs no more: Alleluia!
The clouds are scattered far away; Alleluia!
Sweet sunshine glorifies the day: Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2

Where, martyred Mother, all thy pain? Alleluia!
'Tis gone, and cometh not again: Alleluia!
O broken heart, 'tis well with thee; Alleluia!
Thy grief is turned to ecstasy. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

Ah Mary, purest maiden, say—Alleluia!
From Jesus hast thou heard to-day? Alleluia!
It must be so. Such joy divine, Alleluia!
Comes only from that Son of thine: Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

Five wounds He suffered for our sake; Alleluia!
From each there flows a joyful lake—Alleluia!
Five seas of joy: and from His side, Alleluia!
Flows o'er thy heart the blissful tide. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

5

That glorious sea hath ne'er a shore; Alleluia!
Its rising surges whelm thee o'er: Alleluia!
Ah Lady, listen to our prayer; Alleluia!
And in thy plenty let us share: Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Amen.

[Tr. J. O'Connor]
GOOD SHEPHERD

CHRIST JESUS, SHEPHERD OF OUR SOULS

HILARY

DCM

J. McQuaid

2. Without Thy strong and guiding hand,
   Thy sheep must ever stray;
   Walk Thou before us, Lord, and show
   The sure and peaceful way.
   Thy hands are pierced, Thy feet all bruised,
   Thy head with thorns arrayed;
   O make us humbly follow Thee,
   Whom we have sore betrayed.

3. With Thee our guide, we will not fail
   Nor falter evermore,
   E'en through the darksome vale of death,
   For Thou dost go before.
   O bring us, Shepherd dear, we pray,
   To that bright heavenly fold,
   Where Father, Holy Ghost and Thee
   Do dwell in bliss untold.

[D. McRoberts.]
75

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore;
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

2 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds—they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee, in saving Thy sheep:
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed;
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

3 Ah, me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair,
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath!
And, lo, on Thy face is the shadow of death!

4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Ah then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn!

[E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain.
As homeward He carried His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore;
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.

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How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath!
And, lo, on Thy face is the shadow of death!

4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Ah, then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn! Amen.

[E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
GOOD SHEPHERD

WHEN THE LOVING SHEPHERD

PASTOR BONUS 65 65 D J. HALLETT SHEPHERD

WHEN the loving Shepherd,
Ere He left the earth,
Shed, to pay our ransom,
Blood of priceless worth,
These His lambs so cherished,
Purchased for His own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.

120

121

GOOD SHEPHERD

2 Ere He makes us partners
Of His realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky,
Love immense, stupendous,
Makes Him here below
Partner of our exile.
In this world of woe.

3 Jesus, food of angels,
Monarch of the heart,
O that I could never
From Thy face depart.
Yes, Thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden Thou remainest,
God of Majesty.

4. Soon I hope to see Thee
And enjoy Thy love
Face to face, sweet Jesus,
In Thy heaven above.
But on earth an exile,
My delight shall be
Ever to be near Thee,
Veiled for love of me.

[St. Alphonsus Liguori. Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
O THOU eternal King most high!
Who didst the world redeem;
And conquering death and hell, receive
A dignity supreme.

2 Thou, through the starry orbs, this day,
Didst to Thy throne ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
And glory without end.

3 There, seated in Thy majesty,
   To Thee submissive bow
The heav'n of heav'ns, the earth beneath,
The realms of hell below.

4 With trembling there the angels see
The changed estate of men;
The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd;
Man in the Godhead reign.

5 There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,
   Be Thou to us, O Lord!
Our joy of joys while here we stay,
In heav'n our great reward.

6 Renew our strength; our sins forgive:
   Our miseries efface;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee,
By Thy celestial grace.

7 So, when Thou shinest on the clouds
   With Thy angelic train,
May we be saved from deadly doom
And our lost crowns regain.

8 To Christ returning gloriously
With victory to heaven,
Praise with the Father evermore
And Holy Ghost be given.

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.]
ASCENSION

79

HE MOUNTS THE HEAVENS TRIUMPHING

CAELOS ASCENDIT  LM and Alleluias  F. DUFFY

_2 And thus King David's wondrous psalm_,
_Hath ended in the conquering Lamb_,
_My Lord now reigneth with the Lord_,
_Affluia:_
_Upon the Father's throne adored_,
_Affluia_.

_3. On this triumphal day of days_,
_Affluia:_
_Sing to the Lord your hymns of praise_,
_Affluia:_
_Un to the Trinity be laud_,
_Affluia:_
_Thanksgiving make we unto God_,
_Affluia_.

Caelos ascendit hodie.

_H_E mounts the heav'ns triumphing,
_Affluia:_
_Our Lord and Saviour, glorious King_,
_Affluia:_
_He sitteth at the Father's right_,
_Affluia:_
_And ruleth heaven and earth with might_,
_Affluia._
COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE

O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let Thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illumining.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

[Stanzas 1 and 2, then followed by a musical notation and an additional stanza.]

Discendi, Amor santo.

COME down, O Love divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.
BREATHE on me, Breath of God:
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Gloves with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

[Edwin Hatch, 1835-89]
2 Come, consoler kindest, best,
Come, our bosom's dearest guest,
Sweet refreshment, sweet repose.
Rest in labour, coolness sweet,
Tempering the burning heat,
Truest comfort of our woes.

3 O divinest Light, impart
Unto every faithful heart
Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.
But for Thy lost Deity,
Nothing pure in man could be,
Nothing harmless, nothing good.

4 Wash away each sinful stain,
Gently shed Thy gracious rain
On the dry and fruitless soul.
Heal each wound and bend each will,
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
All our wayward steps control.

5. Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign the sevenfold gift to send.
Grant us virtue's blest increase,
Grant a death of hope and peace,
Grant the joys that never end.

[W. J. D. Aylward, O.P., 1813-1872]
PENTECOST

CREATOR SPIRIT, BY WHOSE AID

Psalm 112

Scottish Psalter, 1635
Harmonized by R. R. Terry, 1865-1938

PSALM 112

88888

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
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 found, 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's Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

[Ascribed to Rabanus Maurus, 776-856. Freely Tr. by J. Dryden, 1631-1701.]

THE HOLY TRINITY

ALL HAIL, ADORÉD TRINITY

Old 100th

French Psalter, 1551

ALL HAIL, Adored Trinity,
All hail, Eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One.

2 Behold, O Lord, this festal day,
We pour to Thee our thankful lay;
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
And Thee, th' Eternal One adore,
In Thy sure mercy ever kind,
May we our true protection find.

4 O Trinity, O Unity,
Be present as we worship Thee;
And to the angels' songs in light
Our prayers and praises now unite.

[Ave colenda Trinitas.

[Before 11th cent.]
BE THOU MY VISION

1. Be Thou my Vision,
O Lord of my heart,
Naught is all else to me
Save that Thou art—
Thou, my great Father,
I, Thy dear son,
Thou, in me dwelling,
I with Thee one.

2. Be Thou my battle-shield,
Sword for the fight,
Be Thou my dignity,
Thou my delight,
Thou my soul’s shelter,
Thou my high tower,
Raise Thou me heavenwards,
Power of my power.

3. Thou, and Thou only
First in my heart,
High King in Heaven,
My treasure Thou art,
Heart of my own heart,
Whate’er befal,
Still be my vision,
O Ruler of all.

[Translated from Old Irish]

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]
O Blessed Trinity!
Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty.

_Holy Trinity,_
_Blessed equal Three,_
_One God, we praise Thee._

2
O Blessed Trinity!
O simplest Majesty, O Three in One,
Thou art for ever God alone.

_Holy Trinity, etc._

3
O Blessed Trinity!
O unbegotten Father, give us tears
To quench our love, to calm our fears.

_Holy Trinity, etc._

4
O Blessed Trinity!
Bright Son, who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten, and not made.

_Holy Trinity, etc._

5
O Blessed Trinity!
Co-equal Spirit, wondrous Paraclete,
By Thee the Godhead is complete.

_Holy Trinity, etc._

6
O Blessed Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single throne.

_Holy Trinity, etc._

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
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.

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.]
Go ye afar. Go teach all nations; Bear witness unto Me, On earth in every clime; And I with you shall be, Until the end of time.

REFRAIN

Love-ly ap-pear, o-ver the moun-tains The feet of them that preach, And bring good news of peace.

2 Spirit Divine, Fount of all graces!
Thy chosen ones inspire,
With love their hearts inflame;
And grant them tongues of fire,
To witness Jesus' name.

3 Mary most pure, Queen of Apostles!
In pagan lands afar,
'Mid darkness, pain and strife,
Be thou their guiding star,
Their hope, their joy, their life.

4 Envoys of Christ, glad tidings bearing,
On every heathen shore
The cross you raise on high,
Proclaiming night is o'er
And day at last is nigh.

5 Blessed are they who leave all dearest;
In life a hundredfold
Shall they rewarded be,
With joy, with bliss untold
For all eternity.

[Fr. Burke, C. S. Sp.]
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.
CHRIST THE KING

CROWN Him with Many Crowns

CORONA

DSM

R. R. TERRY, 1865-1938

A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: ccwatershed.org/hymn

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 trinite throne:
All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

[M. Bridges, 1800-94]
HAIL to Thee, Christ our King!  
Behold us at Thy feet! 
Our glory is to do Thy will  
Whose yoke is light and sweet. 
The Lord of all art Thou,  
Thy rule from sea to sea,  
Thy power shall be for evermore,  
Thy reign shall endless be. 

2 Hail to Thee, Christ our King!  
The Word made Flesh art Thou!  
When Mary held Thee in her arms,  
When we receive Thee now. 
Our Eucharistic Lord,  
To Thee our love we bring,  
O come and reign within our hearts,  
We want Thee for our King! 

3. Hail to Thee, Christ our King!  
Once reigning from the tree.  
Thy wounds in wondrous beauty shine,  
And draw all hearts to Thee. 
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord:  
Make all the world Thine own,  
Till one in faith and hope and love,  
We kneel around Thy throne.
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, saints, etc._

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, saints, etc._

4 Shepherd-King, o'er mountains steep,
Homeward bring the wand'ring sheep:
Shelter in one royal fold
States and kingdoms new and old.

_Angels, saints, etc._

[O. Brennan, C.SS.R.]
CHRIST THE KING

CHRIST IS KING OF EARTH AND HEAVEN

DRESDEN (REDHEAD No. 46) 87 87 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.

[J. J. E. Daniel]

CHRIST THE KING

JESUS, KING O'ER ALL ADORED

JESU REX ADMIRABILIS 77 77

V. NOVELLO, 1781-1861

Jesus Rex admirabilis.

JESUS, King o'er all adored,
Jesus, our victorious Lord,
Sweetness Thou that speech transcends
Hope of earth's remotest ends.

2 Coming to the faithful heart,
Light and love Thou dost impart;
Earth's deceitful pleasures fall,
Thou alone art all in all.

3 Jesus, Lord of pure delight,
Cleanser of the inward sight,
Every joy Thou dost excel,
Sweetest love's overflowing well.

4 Unto Thee let us repair,
Seek Thy face with earnest prayer;
Earnest seek Thy love to know;
Seeking, still more earnest grow.

5 Jesus, let our lips proclaim
And our lives confess Thy Name;
Thou our joy and portion be
Now and in eternity.

[Tr. R. Campbell, 1814-68]
CHRIST THE KING

CHRIST THE GLORY OF THE SKY

"AETerna CAELI GLORIA" 77 77  "Geistreiches Gesangbuch," 1704

CHRIST, the glory of the sky,  
Christ, of earth the hope secure,  
Only Son of God most high,  
Offspring of a Maiden pure.

Help us now Thy praise to sing,  
Praise for this returning day;  
Light and life let morning bring,  
Clouds and darkness flee away.

Purest Light, within us dwell,  
Never from our souls depart;  
Come, the shades of earth dispel,  
Fill and purify the heart.

Faith in Him whose name we bear  
In our heart of hearts abound;  
Hope, Thy brightest torch prepare;  
All with holy love be crowned.

Praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Spirit blest, to Thee be praise;  
To the eternal Three in One  
Glory be through endless days.

[L. Clausnutzer, 1619-1684; Tr. G. R. Woodward.]
OUR LORD

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, 1814-63]
**Infant Jesus, in Thy meekness**

1. **QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE**  
   Look on me in all my weakness:  
   Pity mine and pity me,  
   Suffer me to come to Thee.

2. **Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee:**  
   Heart of Mary, I implore thee:  
   Heart of Joseph, pure and just—  
   In these hearts I put my trust.

3. **Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee:**  
   Heart of Mary, I implore thee:  
   Heart of Joseph, pure and just—  
   In these hearts I put my trust.

4. **Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee:**  
   Heart of Mary, I implore thee:  
   Heart of Joseph, pure and just—  
   In these hearts I put my trust.

5. **Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee:**  
   Heart of Mary, I implore thee:  
   Heart of Joseph, pure and just—  
   In these hearts I put my trust.

6. **Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee:**  
   Heart of Mary, I implore thee:  
   Heart of Joseph, pure and just—  
   In these hearts I put my trust.

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**Lord, I would love Thee**

1. **O Deus, ego amo te.**

2. **Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me**  
   Upon the cross embrace;  
   For me didst bear the nails and spear  
   And manifold disgrace;  
   And grief and torments numberless  
   And sweat of agony;  
   E'en death itself; and all for one  
   Who was Thine enemy.

3. **Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,**  
   Should I not love Thee well?  
   Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
   Or of escaping hell:

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

5. **Thus I would love Thee, and will love,**  
   And in Thy praise will sing;  
   Solely because Thou art my God  
   And my Eternal King.

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**J. J. Furniss.**
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?

5 There is welcome for the sinner
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair
May Jesus Christ be praised!

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?

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
In the blood that has been shed;
There's a kindness in His justice,
There is joy for all the members
Which is more than liberty.

7 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

9 To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 The sacred minster bell—
It peals o'er hill and dell:
O hark to what it sings,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

10 To God the Word on high
The hosts of angels cry:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63.]
All ye who seek a comfort sure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress.

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you His sacred Heart—
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh!

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."

What meeker than the Saviour's heart?—
As on the cross He lay,
It did His murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.

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

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire anew
And better heart bestow.

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

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

Death will come one day to me;
Jesus, cast me not from Thee:
Dying, let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.
THE SACRED HEART

FOR ALL THE SINS THAT CAUSE THEE PAIN

Melody from Corners's "Geistliche Nachtigall," 1649

FOR all the sins that cause Thee pain,
That wound Thy sacred Heart;
For all who take Thy name in vain,
Who from Thy ways depart:
We would console Thee, Lord.

2 For all the tears that Thou hast shed
For erring human kind
Who, walking not where Thou hast led,
Stray from Thee as though blind:
We would console Thee, Lord.

3 For every outrage 'gainst Thy will—
The will of God above;
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,
Who neither fear nor love:
We would console Thee, Lord.

4 For those who all Thy gifts despise,
Who, heedless of Thy grace,
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,
Care not to see Thy face:
We would console Thee, Lord.

5 For all who mock Thee day by day,
Blaspheming Thee with scorn,
Who never kneel to Thee to pray
At noon or night or morn:
We would console Thee, Lord.
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,
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.

4  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.

5  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.]
O TAKE me to Thy Sacred Heart,
And seal the entrance o'er,
That from that home my wayward soul
May never wander more.

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

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

O Jesus, etc.

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

O Jesus, etc.

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

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

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

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

*Sweet Heart, etc.*

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

*Sweet Heart, etc.*

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

*Sweet Heart, etc.*

[Traditional.]
JESUS! 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 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
   As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now
   And through eternity.

TO Christ, the prince of peace,
   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 Jesus, 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.]
THE SACRED HEART

TO JESUS’ HEART, ALL BURNING

COR JESU

Traditional

1

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 tongue can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.

While ages course along, etc.

3

Too true, I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back by Thy grace again.

While ages course along, etc.

4

As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.

While ages course along, etc.

5

Oh, that to me were given
The pinions of a dove!
I’d speed aloft to heaven,
My Jesus’ love to prove.

While ages course along, etc.

6

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 course along, etc.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

114

DRAW NIGH AND TAKE THE BODY

GUSTATE

10 10 10 10

Old Irish Melody (A.G.M.)

UNISON

 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, ransomer 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'ly 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 Bemchar, 7th Cent.  
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1818-66]
I AM NOT WORTHY, HOLY LORD

AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou design to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay—
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay?

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

*Or evening. [Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77]

O FOOD that way-worn pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel-hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee,
Nor may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy sweetness faints.

2 O Fount of Love, O cleansing tide,
Which from the Saviour's pierced Side
And Sacred Heart dost flow,
Be ours to drink from Thy pure rill,
Which can alone our spirits fill
And all we need bestow.

3. Lord Jesus, Whom by power Divine
Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
We worship and adore:
Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore.

[Fr. J. O'Connor]
HAIL! Thou living Bread from heaven;
Sacrament of awful might:
I adore Thee, I adore Thee
Every moment, day and night.

2. Heart from Mary's heart created;
Heart of Jesus all divine:
Here before Thee I adore Thee;
All my heart and soul are Thine.

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.

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.
VENI JESU

4 Jesus, Jesus, come to me;
Oh, how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.

In Thy absence joy is pain—
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.

Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love alone;
Worthless must all treasures be
To the soul that hath not Thee.

Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.

All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this self-same hour.

Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Make my darksome soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me fall from Thee.

Most holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and right merciful Saviour!
Everlasting God!

By Thy Passion and Thy Cross
Save us all from endless loss!
Have mercy, O Lord!
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

JESUS, MY LORD

"Crown of Jesus Hymnbook," 1864

1. 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.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

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.

2 Had I but Mary’s sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
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For all Thou hast and art are mine;

Sweet Sacrament, etc.

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, etc.

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
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 require
Such love,—then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasur'd love.

4 Beloved Lord in heaven above,
There, Jesus, Thou waitest 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?

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ADORO TE

O GODHEAD HID

JOHN STORER

3 God only on the cross lay hid from view;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too;
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

4 Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be;
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

5 O thou memorial of our Lord's own dying;
O living bread, to mortals life supplying;
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live,
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

6 O loving Pelican; O Jesus, Lord;
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood;
Of which a single drop, for sinners split,
Can purge the universe from all its guilt.

7 Jesus, whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, O vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78]
Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.

GODHEAD hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me;
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

1 Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived;
The ear alone most safely is believed;
I believe all the Son of God has spoken;
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.

3 God only on the cross lay hid from view;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too;
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

4 Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be;
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

5 O thou memorial of our Lord's own dying;
O living bread, to mortals life supplying;
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live,
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

6 O loving Pelican; O Jesus, Lord;
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood;
Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
Can purge the universe from all its guilt.

7. Jesus, whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, O vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.

[St. Thomas Aquinas. Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
O 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 revealed,  
Who now upon this altar  
In silence art concealed.

2 Remember then, O Saviour,  
I supplicate of Thee,  
That here I bowed 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.  
Be Thou my consolation  
When death is drawing nigh;  
Be Thou my only treasure  
Through all eternity.

[Edwin Carrell, 1814-78]
Sing, My Tongue, The Saviour's Glory

LAUDES DOMINI 87 87 87

Sir J. Goss

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

2 Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

3 On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfills the Law's command;
Then, as Food to His Apostles
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5 Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith, for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

6 To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.

[Tr. Rev. E. Caswall, 1814-78]
SWEET Sacrament divine,
Hid in Thine 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 for 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, 1833-1914]
O SACRAMENT most holy,
O Sacrament divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment Thine!

[Traditional]
Soul of My Saviour

W. Maher, S.J.

1. 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.

[Ascribed to Pope John XXII, 1269-1334. Tr. Unknown.]
WHEN the Patriarch was returning
Crowned 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 shadowed
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 fashioned
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.

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.
OUR LADY

Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother

AVe MARIA

11 10 11 10 and Refrain A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother,
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! etc.

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! etc.

[Sister M.]
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 wondering 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 blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen,
Weary not, nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.

4 All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to show her glory forth;
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongue of eloquence
That can utter hymns becomimg
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.

[Tr. H. Beilston]
HOLY light on earth's horizon,
Star of hope to fallen man,
Light amid a world of shadows,
Dawn of God's redemptive plan.
Chosen from eternal ages,
Thou alone of all our race,
By thy Son's atoning merits
Wast conceived in perfect grace.

2. Mother of the world's Redeemer,
Promised from the dawn of time:
How could one so highly favoured
Share the guilt of Adam's crime?
Sun and moon and stars adorn thee,
Sinless Eve, triumphant sign;
Thou art she who crushed the serpent,
Mary, pledge of life divine.

3. Earth below and highest heaven
Praise the splendour of thy state,
Thou who now art crowned in glory
Wast conceived immaculate.
Hail, beloved of the Father,
Mother of His only Son,
Mystic Bride of Love eternal,
Hail, thou fair and spotless one!

[Tr. E. Cusmoll, 1814-78.]
2 Thine the province to deliver
Spirits that deep in bondage lie;
Thine to crush, and crush for ever,
Life-destroying heresy.
Thine to show that earthly pleasures,
All the world's enchanting bloom,
Are outvied by the treasures
Of the glorious world to come.

3 Teach, O teach us, holy Mother,
   How to conquer every sin;
How to love and help each other;
How the prize of life to win.
Thou to whom a Child was given
   Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest heaven
To create the world again.

4. O by that almighty Maker,
   Whom thyself a Virgin bore—
O by thy supreme Creator,
Linked with thee for evermore—
By the hope thy name inspires,
By our doom reversed through thee—
Help us, Queen of angel-choirs,
To a blest eternity.

[Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78]

**Holy Queen, we bend before thee**—
Queen of purity divine:
Make us love thee, we implore thee,
Make us truly to be thine.
Thou by faith the gates unfolding
Of the kingdom in the skies,
Hast to us, by faith beholding,
Shown the land of Paradise.
Hail, Mary, Pearl of Grace,
   Pure flower of Adam’s race,
And vessel rare of God’s election;
Unstained as virgin snow,
Serene as sunset glow,
We sinners crave thy sure protection.

2 Thou Queen of high estate,
Conceived immaculate
To form Incarnate Love’s pure dwelling:
The Spirit found His rest
Within thy sinless breast,
And thence flow joys beyond all telling.

3 A fairer, purer Eve,
Didst thou her fall retrieve,
For man’s debt giving God in payment:
Thy spotless feet are pressed
Upon the serpent’s crest—
God’s stars thy crown, His sun thy raiment.

4 Through His dear Blood who died,
By sinners crucified,
Art thou preserved, and we forgiven;
Help us to conquer sin,
That we may enter in,
Through thee, the Golden Gate to Heaven.

[Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.]
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.
I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

TURRIS DAVIDICA

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

3 O noble Tower of David,
   Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The Gate of Heaven 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.

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.
IMMACULATE Mary, our hearts are on fire,
That title so wood’rous fills all our desire.
_Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria;
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria._

2 We pray for God’s glory—may His kingdom come,
We pray for His Vicar, our Father and Rome.
_Ave, etc._

3 We pray for our Mother the Church upon earth,
And bless, sweetest lady, the land of our birth.
_Ave, etc._

4 For poor, sick, afflicted, thy mercy we crave,
And comfort the dying, thy light of the grave.
_Ave, etc._

5 There is no need, Mary, nor ever has been,
Which thou canst not succour, Immaculate Queen.
_Ave, etc._

6 In grief and temptation, in joy or in pain,
We’ll seek thee, our Mother, nor seek thee in vain.
_Ave, etc._

7 In death’s solemn moment, our Mother, be nigh,
As children of Mary, O teach us to die.
_Ave, etc._

8. Now to God be all glory, and worship for aye,
And to God’s Virgin Mother an endless Ave.
_Ave, etc._

[Anonymous.]

**ALTERNATIVE WORDS**

**THE** bell of the Angelus
Calleth to pray,
In sweet tones announcing
The sacred Ave.
_Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria;
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria._

2 An angel of mercy
Led Bernadette’s feet
Where flows the deep torrent—
Our Lady to greet.
_Ave, etc._

3 Then rose on a sudden
A wind strong and wild,
The hour of grace coming
Made known to a child.
_Ave, etc._

4. On Massabiellé,
With wondering eyes
She saw in her glory
The morning star rise.
_Ave, etc._

[Anonymous.]
I. THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

GABRIEL to Mary in the Holy House
Tells the great story of the Royal Birth.
Her Lord appeals; she speaks the shining word
That brings the Word of God from heaven to earth.

Mother and Queen of the Holy Rosary,
In joy and bitter pain and glory won.
As we remember, O remember us,
Defend and guard the Kingdom of thy Son.

2 There on the threshold of her Visitation,
Ark of her God, bearing the Child, she stays,
And, graced in greeting, John leaps up for joy.
From this day forward all shall tell her praise.

Mother and Queen, etc.

3 In Bethlehem, made little for our sake,
Lord of the World, against her heart He lies,
And in the dark a sudden glory breaks
Of angels singing in the Christmas skies.

Mother and Queen, etc.

4 Now in the temple court, uplifting Him,
Simeon, the just, beholds at last his Lord.
The Mother and the Child for our reprieve
Must share alike the Passion and the Sword.

Mother and Queen, etc.

5. The long search ends; she finds again her Son,
Wisdom made young, who learns of human art.
Unseen the final parting, still she keeps
The memory of all within her heart.

Mother and Queen, etc.
II. THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

THE hour is come. Beneath the olive trees
Lonely He prays and comfort there is none.
Our sins upon Him, Passion all foreseen,
In blood and sweat, "Thy Will, Thy Will be done."

Mother and Queen of the Holy Rosary,
In joy and bitter pain and glory won.
As we remember, O remember us.
Defend and guard the Kingdom of thy Son.

2 They tie Him to the pillar. Arms aloft,
Silent He stands and swift the lashes fall,
On Him is laid the guilt, the guilt of all.

Mother and Queen, etc.

3 The scarlet cloak, the rod, the tangled thorns
Crowning the sacred head, the gentle brow,
And underneath the red blood trickling down.
O King of Glory, on our knees we bow!

Mother and Queen, etc.

4 He bears the heavy cross we laid on Him
Into the crowded street, the clamorous day.
Before Him stands the hill of Sacrifice
And Mary waits beside the dolorous way.

Mother and Queen, etc.

5. In agony of death, He lifts His Voice,
Crying aloud against the sombre skies,
"It is achieved!"—our ransoming, our grace,
Our way to life—then bows His head and dies.

Mother and Queen, etc.

[Charles Fraser]
III. THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

He rises in the dawn behind the stone,
Jesus, our Life and pledge of victory.
Beyond all pain, still lovingly He wears
The Wounds He bore for us upon the Tree.

Mother and Queen of the Holy Rosary,
In joy and bitter pain and glory won.
As we remember, O remember us.
Defend and guard the Kingdom of thy Son.

2 He lifts His hands in blessing and ascends,
Climbing above the stars to Paradise.
Now in the holy place beyond the veil
The pleadings of His Wounds for ever rise.

Mother and Queen, etc.

3 The Holy Ghost comes down; the Church is born,
Kingdom of God revealed in wind and flame.
So quickened and made strong, she ever tells
In every tongue the glories of His Name.

Mother and Queen, etc.

4 She comes forth from the portals of the grave
Fair as the moon and like the morning light.
She moves in beauty and in innocence
To meet again her Son on Heaven's height.

Mother and Queen, etc.

5. The Saints in glory see the face of God,
Thronging the ways about His mercy-seat,
And Mary of the Sorrows is their Queen
The stars her crown, the whole world at her feet.

Mother and Queen, etc.

[Charles Fraser.]
Mother of God, Our Lady of Good Succour

How silent in the lonely cave of Bethlehem,
The Child is born
And, helpless on the Virgin Mother's breast,
He lies on Christmas morn!
A mother's love, a creature's adoration
In her behold!
Emmanuel, Salvation of mankind
Her gentle arms enfold.
Mother of God, etc.

2. Beneath the cross, where hangs the dying Christ she stands,
In grief apart.
And there the seven swords and sorrows meet
Within the mother's heart.
Ah, see, across what gulf of pain she offers up
The Crucified—
For us the nails, the thorns, the thirst, the lance
Deep in His sacred side.
Mother of God, etc.

3. The golden altar stands before the throne of God
In paradise,
And still the pleadings of the wounds of Christ
For us poor sinners rise.
And she is there, our hope, our queen, our mother,
All sorrow past,
Who loving lifts the wounded hands that plead
Till we come home at last.
Mother of God, etc.
OUR LADY

LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY

VAUGHAN

76D 76D and Refrain J. RICHARDSON, 1816-79 (A.G.M.)

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.

   Look down, etc.

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.

   Look down, etc.

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.

   Look down, etc.


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.

   Look down, etc.
MARY, from thy Sacred Image
With those eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succour!
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thine arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows
Mother, thou alone canst know.

2. On thy face He is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned His glance,
For His anxious gaze He fixes
On the Cross, and Reed, and Lance.
To thy hand His hands are clinging
As a child would cling, in fear
Of that vision of the torments
Of His passion drawing near.

[C.SS.R.]
MARY Immaculate, Star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, in the light of thy dawning,
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 tred:
   Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
   Mary Immaculate, Mother of God.
MARY Immaculate, Star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, in the light of thy dawning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.

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Veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run:
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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. Wetherell]
MOTHER OF GOD, WE HAIL THY HEART

Mother of God, when near thy heart
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love
For sinners gone astray.

O sinless heart, etc.

Mother of God, He broke thy heart
That it might wider be,—
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.

O sinless heart, etc.

Mother of God, thy heart hath heights
On which God loves to dwell;
And yet the lowliest child of earth
Is welcome there as well.

O sinless heart, etc.

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
Mother Mary! at Thine Altar

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

2. We have seen thy picture often
   With thy little Babe in arms,
   And it ever seemed to soften
   All our sorrows with its charms;
So we want thee for our Mother,
   In thy gentle arms to rest,
   And to share with Him our Brother
   That sweet pillow on thy breast.

3. We have none but thee to love us
   With a Mother's fondling care;
   And our Father, God above us,
   Bids us fly for refuge there.
All the world is dark before us,
   We must out into its strife;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
   Oh, how sad will be our life!

4. So we take thee for our Mother,
   And we claim our right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
   Loving children unto thee;
And our humble consecration
   Thou wilt surely not despise,
From thy bright and lofty station
   Close to Jesus in the skies.

[J. McKee (H.M.)]
OUR LADY

FAIR Queen of all creation,
Thou new and faithful Eve,
Who didst for our salvation
The Prince of Peace conceive.

Light of the western seas,
Star of the Hebrides,
Our Lady of the Isles!

2 O Mary, sinless Virgin,
When God became thy Son,
Our earth and highest heaven
Were made in thee but one.

Light of the western seas, etc.

3 New dawn of grace and glory,
Bright Morning Star serene,
True hope of all who love thee,
Thou Mother, Maid and Queen.

Light of the western seas, etc.

4 So far from home we wander,
Beset by Satan’s wiles;
Oh, lead us by thy splendour,
Our Lady of the Isles.

Light of the western seas, etc.

5 Be near us with thy shining
To banish all our fears,
When we shall see declining
The sun of earthly years.

Light of the western seas, etc.

6 And when the night is over,
And shadows fade away,
Then may we see for ever
The dawn of endless day.

Light of the western seas, etc.

Dom Fabian Duggan, O.S.B.
MOTHER of Mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

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.
OUR LADY

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ALTERNATIVE VERSION

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

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,
Bequeathed 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.
O F one that is so fair and bright,
Velut maris Stella;
Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella;
I cry to thee to turn to me,
Lady, pray thy Son for me,
Tam pia.
That I may come to thee,
Maria.

2 In sorrow counsel thou art best,
Felix fecundata;
For all the weary thou art rest,
Mater honorata;
Beseech Him in thy mildest mood,
Who for us did shed His Blood,
In cruce,
That we may come to Him,
In luce.

3. Lady, flower of everything,
Rosa sine spina;
Thou bore Jesus, Heaven’s King,
Gratia divina;
Of all I say thou bore the prize,
Lady, Queen of Paradise,
Electa;
Maiden mild, Mother
Es effecta.

[Medieval]
HAIL, Queen of Heav'n, the ocean
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.

Salve Regina

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;
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
   Pray for thy children, pray for me.

[Dr. Lingard,]
O COME to the throne of grace,
O come to the heart most pure—
To Mary our hope of life,
In whom salvation is sure.

O Lady of Fatima, hail,
Immaculate Mother of grace;
O pray for us, help us to-day—
Thou hope of the human race.

2 Immaculate Heart, we kneel
To consecrate all to Thee;
The present—its pain and joy
The future—all it may be.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

3 The Sun at thy Royal word
Spun round like a splendid toy;
The rose-petals showering down
Proclaim thee cause of our joy.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

4 The Rosary, white and gold,
We take from thy Virgin hand;
A pledge of the power of God
To heal and strengthen our land.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

5. O Mother of all mankind,
Lead Russia back home again,
That over a peaceful world
Thy heart may graciously reign.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

[Mother J. Sweetman, R.S.C.J.]
2 Immaculate Heart, we kneel
To consecrate all to Thee;
The present—its pain and joy
The future—all it may be.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

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Spun round like a splendid toy;
The rose-petals show'ring down
Proclaim thee cause of our joy.

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We take from thy Virgin hand;
A pledge of the power of God
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5 O Mother of all mankind,
Lead Russia back home again,
That over a peaceful world
Thy heart may graciously reign.

O Lady of Fatima, etc.

[Mother I. Sweetman, R.S.C.J.]
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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

[St. Alphonsus, 1696-1787. Tr. E. Vaughan, C.SS.R., 1827-1908.]
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**OUR LADY**

**O PUREST OF CREATURES!**

PURISSIMA

11 11 D    H. F. HEMY, 1818-88 (H.M.)

3 He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair; For the empire of sin—it had never been there; None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother, but He, And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

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!

[O. W. Faber, 1814-63]

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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: An the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee, They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!
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:
An 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 had e'er 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!

[Em. W. Faber, 1814-63.]
1. Queen of the World, the stars around her spread,
   Up on the summit of the world she stands.
   Her heel is set upon the serpent's head
   And grace falls shining from her outstretched hands.

2. Queen of all Pain and Sorrow, she implores
   Our peace and healing with her dying Son;
   And Queen of Glory, opening golden doors,
   She gives the golden treasures He has won.

3. For He has made her Mother of all lands,
   And all our prayer she lifts above the sky,
   And all our grace is favour from her hands,
   Queen of our Intercession, hear our cry!

4. Dark is the earth; our sins blot out the day,
   And evil, armed, sits upon the height.
   Though all things fail, unshaken still we pray;
   Queen of the Dawning, rise upon our night!

5. Queen of the World, the stars around her spread,
   Up on the summit of the world she stands.
   Firm is her foot upon the serpent's head,
   O heal and bless us with those gentle hands!

[Charles Fraser]
REMEMBER, O Creator Lord.
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

2 Mother of grace, O Mary blest,
To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly:
Shield us through life, and take us hence
To thy dear bosom when we die.

3 O Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
Immortals glory be to Thee:
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

[S. Besler, 1574-1625]

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

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

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

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

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

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
OUR LADY

STELLA JACOB

O STELLA JACOB 87 87 J. RICHARDSON

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STAR OF JACOB, EVER BEAMING

1

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine;
'Midst the stars of highest heaven
GloWS no purer ray than thine.

2 All in stoles of snowy whiteness
Unto thee the Angels sing,
Unto thee the virgin choirs,
Mother of the eternal King.

3 Joyful in thy path they scatter
Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy celestial beauty
Rose nor lily may compare.

4 O that this low earth of ours,
Answering to the angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo
Till the heavens replied again!

5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit
While eternal ages run.

[Tr. E. Caswall, 1834-78]
OUR LADY

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MOTHER of God, and daughter of thy Son,
Yet Mother mine!
The Lady of thy Lord, the Holy One,
Thy Child divine;
Show me thy wondrous Babe,
O Mother Maid!
Foretold of yore;
The treasure on thy virgin bosom laid,
Let me adore.

2. Mother of God, commend me to thy Son,
   As here I bend;
   And oh! commend me when my task is done
   And life shall end;
   Within thy outstretched hands
   I leave my heart,
   Lady, with thee:
   A worthless gift with which thou wilt not part
   Eternally.

[Anonymous, S.J.]
The gladness of thy motherhood,
The anguish of thy suffering,
The glory now that crowns thy brow,
O Virgin Mother, we would sing.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

Thou sawest Jesus dead,
Yet in that dreadful loss
Didst thou beneath His cross,
Bowing thy regal head,
Take man instead.

Thou moon of earth’s black night,
And pride of our poor race,
Shade not thy glorious face,
Dwell always in our sight
To give us light.

[Augustine Racchin, O.P., 18th Cent. Tr. from Marquis of Bute’s Breviary.]
OUR LADY

This is the Image of the Queen

The four bars between the last two commas are sometimes omitted, along with the second last line of each verse.

[Music notation]

1. 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 Judgment-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.]
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,
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,
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 Judgment-seat I stand,
And my dread Saviour see;
When waves of night around me roll
O then remember me.

[E. Carwile, 1814-78]
UPLIFT the voice and sing
The daughter and the spouse,
The Mother of the King
To whom creation bows,

Praise to Mary, endless praise,
Raise your joyful voices, raise;
Praise to God who reigns above,
Who has made her for His love.

2 When Mary lingered yet
   An exile from her Son,
Like fairest lily set
   'Mid thorns of earth alone.
   Praise to Mary, etc.

3 To be with God on high;
   Her heart was all on fire!
She sought and asked to die
   With humble, sweet desire.
   Praise to Mary, etc.

4 Then did that beauteous dove
   Spring joyfully on high;
Her Son receives with love,
   And bears her to the sky.
   Praise to Mary, etc.

5 And now, bright Queen of love,
   While seated on thy throne,
High in the realms above,
   Near to thy glorious Son.
   Praise to Mary, etc.

6. Hear, from that blest abode
   A sinner cries to thee;
Teach me to love that God
   Who bears such love to me.
   Praise to Mary, etc.

[St. Alphonsus, 1696-1787]
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.

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 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 Beaumont, 1583-1627.]
Our Lady of Good Succour,
In the city by the sea,
Where the Don flows down the valley
To greet the silver Dee,
The ashes of faith still smoulder
Where the fire of the faith has been:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

2 Our Lady of Good Succour,
In the country saints have trod,
While martyrs and brave confessors
Who gave their lives for God,
O hear the prayer of Columba,
Of Margaret, Saint and Queen:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

3 Our Lady of Good Succour,
The love of God grows cold
In a country that has forgotten
The saving truths of old;
But a brighter dawn is breaking
And a fairer hope is seen:
Bring the old faith back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

4. Our Lady of Good Succour,
In the happy days of old
Men deck'd thy gracious image
With silver and with gold;
Though darker days succeeded
Thou still art Scotland's Queen,
Come back, come back to Scotland
Our Lady of Aberdeen.

[Mother F. A. Forbes, R.S.C.J.]
O MAID, conceived without a stain,
O Mother bright and fair!
Come thou within our hearts to reign,
And grace shall triumph there.

Hail, Mary, ever undefiled!
Hail, Queen of purity!
Oh, make thy children chaste and mild,
And turn their hearts to thee.

2 Thou art far purer than the snow,
Far brighter than the day;
Thy beauty none on earth can know,
No tongue of man can say.

Hail, Mary, etc.

3 O Mother of all mothers best,
Who soothest ev'ry grief;
In thee the weary find their rest,
And anguish'd hearts relief.

Hail, Mary, etc.

[O. S.S.R.]
SAINTS’ DAYS

All Saints
LO! ROUND THE THRONE

DALMILLING

D. L. M. H. McFarlane

SAINTS’ DAYS

2. They see their Saviour face to face,
   And sing the triumphs of His grace;
   Him day and night they ceaseless praise.
   To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:
   “Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
   Through endless years to live and reign,
   Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
   And made us kings and priests to God.”

3. O may we tread the sacred road
   That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;
   Wage to the end the glorious strife,
   And win, like them, a crown of life.
   To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
   That Thou wouldst join to them on high
   Thy servants, who this grace implore,
   For ever and for evermore.

[Trier Gesangbuch. Tr. Anon.]

LO! round the Throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood
Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God’s eternal glory blest.
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Agnes
SAINT AGNES, HOLY CHILD

SAINT Agnes, holy child,
All purity,
O may we undefiled,
Be pure as thee:
Ready our blood to shed
Rather than with sin to wed,
And forth as martyrs led,
To die like thee.

O Gentle Patroness
Of holy youth,
Ask God all those to bless
Who love the truth;
And guide us on our way.
To the bright eternal day,
With our hearts pure and gay.

Dear Saint, like thee.

O Gentle Patroness
Of holy youth,
Ask God all those to bless
Who love the truth.

2 Look down and hear our prayer,
From realms above;
Show us a sister's care,
A mother's love;
Be near us all through life,
Guard and keep us from all strife
Till in eternal life,
We dwell with thee.

Look down and hear our prayer,
From realms above;
Show us a sister's care,
A mother's love.

[From Hymnal.]

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When Christ our Lord to Andrew cried:

"Come, thou, and follow Me,"
The fisher left his net beside
The Sea of Galilee.
To teach the truth his Master taught,
To tread the path He trod
Was all his will, and thus he brought
Unnumbered souls to God.
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Andrew

GREAT SAINT ANDREW

STUTTGART

German, adapted, probably by C. F. Witt (c. 1660-1716)

GREAT Saint Andrew, friend of Jesus,
Lover of his glorious cross,
Early by His voice effective
Called from ease to pain and loss.

2 Strong Saint Andrew, Simon's brother,
Who with haste fraternal flew,
Pain with him to share the treasure
Which, at Jesus' lips, he drew.

3 Blest Saint Andrew, Jesus' herald,
True Apostle, martyr bold,
Who, by deeds his words confirming.
Seal'd with blood the truth he told.

4 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.

5 Loved Saint Andrew, Scotland's patron,
Watch thy land with heedful eye,
Rally round the cross of Jesus
All her storied chivalry!

6. To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Fount of sanctity and love,
Give we glory, now and ever,
With the saints who reign above.

[F. Oakeley, 1892-93.]

LET Christian men his praise proclaim
Whom once the friendly wave
From Erin brought, with zeal aflame,
Our fathers' souls to save.

2 The warlike pagan eagles fled
Before the dove of peace,
And faith by isle and inlet spread
And found a rich increase.

3 Iona's hallowed shrine became
A beacon to the world;
A banner of the sacred Name,
For all the seas unfurled.

4 O thou of kings true-born a king,
Of Christ the herald-dove,
O hear thy grateful children sing
Their joy of thee, their love.

5. Columba, with the heavenly host,
Make thine the praise we bring
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Till all the earth shall ring.

[D. McRoberts.]
LIKE Abraham, his native land forsaking,
For love of God and for his holy name,
With Christ his guide upon the troubled waters,
To fair Iona's shores Columba came.

Hear us, Columba!
Light of Iona!
Lead us to heaven across the wide sea;
When night is falling,
Come at our calling,
Guide us, bright star, to our homeland and thee.

2 Before his sword, the Cross of Man's Redeemer,
From hill and glen all evil fled away;
Where night so long had shrouded all in darkness,
Now dawned the true and holy light of day.

Hear us, Columba! etc.

3 And when at last, to heaven's rest ascending,
He sees unveiled the glorious face of God,
Columba still pours blessings down on Scotland,
Where once the Shepherd of Iona trod.

Hear us, Columba! etc.
O SING that fearless prophet's praise
And sound his name abroad,
Whose voice once rang o'er Juda's hills
To hail the Lamb of God.

2 His hallowed birth, long waited for,
   By angel's voice foretold,
   Announced the world's redemption nigh,
   Desired from days of old.

3 To John, the son of Zachary,
   The mystic charge God gave
   To bathe the world's Redeemer pure
   In Jordan's cleansing wave.

4 In vain did Herod's wicked queen
   Her sinful vengeance seek
   For loud against all tyrant vice
   His lifeless lips still speak.

5 In heaven beyond all mortals blest,
   Great seer with martyr's palm,
   When death's dread angel leads us hence,
   Show us the saving Lamb.

6. All glory to the Father be,
   The Spirit and the Son,
   While grace, the heavenly Jordan flows,
   Where we, baptised, are one.

[David McRoberts]
THOU who didst befriend the friendless,
Toiling here with heart so brave,
By thy love and labour endless
Fondly striving souls to save.

Saint John Bosco, guard and guide us,
We our hearts now pledge to thee.
Grant that we, whate'er betide us,
True to God shall ever be.

2. Our imperfect work perfecting,
   Set our souls aflame with fire,
   All our thoughts and acts directing
   That they may to God aspire.
   Saint John Bosco, etc.

3. For the young thy life was given,
   Thou the poor didst hold most dear.
   Now when thou art throned in heaven,
   Help and bless thy children here.
   Saint John Bosco, etc.

4. Grant that we may, sin defying,
   With the strength that Faith can bring,
   Bravely living, bravely dying,
   Win the fight for Christ our King.
   Saint John Bosco, etc.

5. Oft like thee at Mary's altar,
   Let us crave her loving care,
   That our will may never falter,
   Help of Christians, hear our prayer!
   Saint John Bosco, etc.

6. Unto boys thou wert a father,
   Loving teacher, loyal friend,
   Grant that we may round thee gather
   At our earthly journey's end.
   Saint John Bosco, etc.

[P. McGlynn.]
SAINTS' DAYS

Blessed John Ogilvie

O LOVED OF GOD

CRAIGLOCKHART 10-10-12 MOTHER F. TURNBULL, R.S.C.J.

2 Born of that race
Whose flesh and blood we share,
And of that place
On earth we hold as fair!
We would not have thee shun
For us, one alien soul,
But for our own loved land we cry
Make Scotland whole!

3 O spirit tried!
O sword of supple steel;
Proud will allied
With gentler power to feel!
Beyond all gifts of men
Do we thy grace desire,
That so our altar-stones may spring
A whiter fire!

4 They racked thee long,
But could not wreck thy will;
The rope was strong,
Thy courage stronger still;
Thy joy outstripped all pain
As God supplied thy might;
O may thy faith and force dispel
Our too long night!

5 Pray for all men
That all from sin be free!
Pray yet again
For all blood-link'd with thee!
And for thy brothers pray
Named on the priestly scroll;
So may thy fame not idly die,
O glorious soul.

O LOVED of God,
Wearing the martyr's thorns,
Bright with that blood
The hero best adorns!
From such a proffer'd crown
Our feeble souls would flee;
Yet in our lesser trials we turn
For strength, to thee!

[1. K. Robertson]
SAINTS’ DAYS

Blessed John Ogilvie

ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF SCOTLAND

ON the battlefields of Scotland in the hour of victory,
There was heard the cry of heroes, "Ogilvie, an Ogilvie."
Gallant son of gallant fathers, it was thine to fight,
But with gates of hell contending, thou didst die for truth and right.

2 By the scaffold all undaunted, strong in grace we see thee still,
Looking up, serene and smiling, with a firm, unconquered will.
It is thy bright hour of triumph, like Our Lord on Calvary’s cross,
Victory is thine in dying, endless gain in seeming loss.

3 Blessed Martyr, hear thy children, be our guide and show the way,
Make us strong and keep us steadfast in the warfare of to-day,
Looking down from heights of glory, see in us thy kith and kin,
Teach us thy strong trust in Jesus, that we too may victory win.

[Mother W. Long, R.S.C.J.]
DEAR ST. JOSEPH, PURE AND GENTLE

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

_Hail, St. Joseph, spouse of Mary,
Blessed above all saints on high,
When the death shades round us gather,
Teach, oh, teach us how to die._

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

_Hail, St. Joseph, etc._

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

_Hail, St. Joseph, etc._

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

_Hail, St. Joseph, etc._

[Anon.]
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Joseph

HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL!

SPONSUS MARIAE

HAIL! holy Joseph, hail!
Husband of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

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

2 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed,
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

5 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone!
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

3 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the House of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

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

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

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Joseph

JESUS! LET ME CALL THEE SON

AMPLEFORTH

LAURENCE AMPLEFORTH

3 "Since Thy guardian I must be,
   My treasure I will make Thee;
   Do not Thou abandon me,
   And I will ne'er forsake Thee."
   Blessed Saint Joseph, to thee do we pray;
   Offer our hearts to thy Jesus to-day.

4 "All my love henceforth is Thine,
   My very life I proffer,
   And my heart no more is mine,
   For all I am I offer."
   Blessed Saint Joseph, to thee do we pray;
   Offer our hearts to thy Jesus to-day.

5 "Since to share Thy presence sweet
   To choose me here Thou deignest,
   Shall we not in heaven meet,
   Where Thou for ever reignest?"
   Blessed Saint Joseph, to thee do we pray;
   Offer our hearts to thy Jesus to-day.

[St. Alphonsus, Tr. Rev. E. Vaughan]
THOUGH fair the land that gave
you birth,
Renown’d your royal line on earth,
Chaste son of Israel;
’Twas not from these your glory came
But from the Child whom angels named
Jesus Emmanuel.

2 That child was God, whose infant hand
The mighty universe has planned
And rules its destiny;
Yet subject to his creature’s will
He learned from you the craftsman’s skill
And taught humility.

3 When doubting fears your soul had riven
God sent his messenger from Heaven
To calm your mental strife;
So may our homes that peace obtain
Where Jesus and his Mother reign
In perfect family life.

4 From out your home the new-born light
Came swelling o’er the world’s dark night
Enlight’ning every man;
God’s love o’erflowed at Mary’s word
And from her arms He blessed the world
Her reign on earth began.

5 To you, the Guardian of that Child,
To you, the Spouse of Mary mild
The Church high honour pays;
Your living faith and confidence
In God’s abiding providence
Be light in our dark days.

6. O Jesus, grant us, Mary pray,
When death shall come at close of day
Our souls, St. Joseph, bear
Anointed and absolved from sin
Before our Judge, and pardon win,
Through his paternal care.

[Rev. J. McHardy.]
SAINTS’ DAYS

St. Margaret

GREAT SAINT MARGARET, AT THY FEET

MONKSTOWN

188

77 77 and Refrain  Mother F. Turnbull, R.S.C.J.

3 Home and children thy first care;
Kings and queens were nourished there;
Champions of the sacred truth
In the nation’s stormy youth.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

4 Gospel page thy treasure trove,
Food for prayer and burning love;
Well might angels guard thy book
Safe beneath the running brook.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

5 Warm thy welcome, wide thy door
To Christ in His suffering poor;
Thou didst tend them one by one
For thy Jesus’ sake alone.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

6 ‘Twas thy chiepest joy to grace
With some gift God’s dwelling-place;
Where the saving Host was raised
Music worshipped, beauty praised.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

7 Rome and Scotland closer drew;
Priestly fervour flamed anew;
On this land we love so well
Peter’s healing shadow fell.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

8 Lead thy children to the light,
Out of sin and error’s night.
One in faith as long ago,
May we live the truth we know.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

9 Whitening harvest waits our zeal;
Work with us for Scotland’s weal.
Where the broken cisterns fail
Love shall triumph, truth prevail.

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

10 See that Christ the leaven lies
Deep in every enterprise;
And when sunset hour is come,
Ferry us, Saint Margaret, home!

Hail, Saint and Queen! etc.

[Mother J. Sweetman, R.S.C.J.]
SAINT MARGARET, THE WINDS OF YORE

SAINT MARGARET, THE WINDS OF YORE

Oppressed the barque that carried thee;
And drove a treasure from the sea
On Scotland's wild and barren shore.

2 The providence of God is strong
To rule the tempest and the tide;
It gave the king a gracious bride,
And thee a folk to dwell among.

3 The beggar Babe of Bethlehem
Had not a thing to call His own;
He set a pearl in Malcolm's crown,
On Scotland's brow a diadem.

4 Of virtue who could undertake
To tell Thy sweet unending store,
And all thy love for Scotland's poor,
And poverty for Jesus' sake.

5 Beseech the King of endless days
To bless the land in breadth and length;
To clothe its sons with godly strength,
And valiant women with their praise.

SAINT MARGARET, THE WINDS OF YORE

Let Glasgow's People Sing

Let Glasgow's people sing unending praise
Of that first bishop, who in ancient days
Preached here the word of God.

2 Saint Thenew's son, born poor on wintry shore,
Schooled by Saint Serf in Jesus' saving lore,
He grew by all beloved.

3 By Molendinar stream he built that cell,
Where holiness and wisdom came to dwell
And all the joys of peace.

4 Great wonders by his holy hands were wrought;
By word and deed the pagan folk he taught,
And thus built up our Church.

5 Throughout long ages, both in peace and strife,
His sacred tomb has been the heart and life
And safeguard of our town.

6 Great saint, in glory now, at Jesus' side,
Bless this dear city by the River Clyde,
Whose people love thee well.

7 O bring thy faithful children, Mungo blest,
To share with thee that endless, hallowed rest,
Where dwells the Triune God.
GREETING to thee, friend and father,
From whose hands all good we gather,
Guide we own not great as thou;
Pray to God, O blessed Ninian,
That His healthful sweet dominion
Guard thy needy family now.

2 Landward, seaward, watching ever
From their bondage do thou sever
All the straying flock of Christ;
Save us through his grace and merit
From the woes that men inherit
By the fallen flesh enticed.

3 Old and young and high and humble,
Those that triumph, those that stumble,
All have known thy presence blest;
Thus in Christ, with grace so gifted,
Bear us with thyself uplifted
To the Kingdom's endless rest.

[Rev. Rev. J. McHardy.]
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Patrick

HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK Traditional (H.M.)

HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK

1 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.

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,
   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.

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]
CHRIST before me, Christ behind,
Christ alone my heart to bind,
Christ beneath me, Christ above,
Christ around with arms of love,
Christ in all who look on me,
Christ on ev'ry face I see.

2. Christ in all who on me think,
Christ their food, and Christ their drink,
Christ on whom my thoughts seek,
Christ the lowly, Christ the meek,
Christ in all who list to me,
In my heart no thought but Thee.

[From "By-Paths to the Presence of God"]

The first two lines of the first verse are to be repeated at the end of both verses.
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Peter

GIVE GLORY TO SAINT PETER

SAINTS' DAYS

GIVE glory to Saint Peter,
The everlasting Rock,
The watchful Shepherd chosen
To tend and feed the flock.
True friend and trusted servant
Of our Incarnate God,
Who followed, strong and faithful,
The road that Jesus trod.

2 O Prince of all Apostles,
True light of love divine!
Grant us, when darkness gathers,
To draw our light from thine.
And when the world's Redeemer
Is wronged by our offence,
Oh, grant us then thy sorrow
And tears of penitence.

3 Thou once didst walk to Jesus
Upon the stormy sea,
And when thy faith was shaken
His hand supported thee.
When we are sorely troubled
And tossed by storms of ill,
May Christ upon the waters
Bid winds and waves be still.

4 Though thrice thy loving Master
Thou didst through fear deny,
Thy thrice-told love yet won thee
The grace for Him to die.
Oh, teach us, great Saint Peter,
The love that was thine own,
And lead us, holy Shepherd,
To Love's eternal throne.

[Dom Fabian Duggan, O.S.B.]
SAINTS' DAYS

St. Teresa

**Spouse of Christ, Who Through the Ages**

LINCLUDEN

87 87 87

F. DUFFY

**Spouse of Christ, who through the ages,**

Watchful aye, wilt take no rest:
Scattering showers of fragrant roses
On the earth thy feet have press'd,
Hear, oh hear our suppliant prayer,
In thy bounty grant us share.

2 Jesus' Little Flower we name thee,
Once in cloister's shade didst bloom;
Now to heavenly fields transplanted
Still life's desert dost illumine:
Flower of Carmel, flower most fair,
In thy virtues bid us share.

3 Shed thine ardent spirit o'er us,
Make us strong and pure like thee:
Strong to fight the world's allurements,
Pure, that we our God may see,
Teach us all for Him to bear,
Flower of virtue, flower most fair.

4 Shield our priests and guard our altars,
Kindle love's divinest flame,
That to earth's remotest confines
We may carry Jesus' Name.
In th' attack on Satan's hair
Help us e'en grim Death to dare.

5. So, through prayer and labour blended
May we hasten Jesus' reign,
Spread his sweetness all around us
Till at length His side we gain,
This obtain us by thy care,
Flower of Jesus, flower most fair.

[Mgr. Gilbey.]

YE SAINTS OF SCOTLAND'S WESTERN ISLES

IONA

UNISON

LM

DOM BERNARD SOLE, O.S.B.

**Ye saints of Scotland's western isles,**

Who high in heavenly mansions dwell,
Come now, as long ago you came,
And all the shades of night dispel.

2 By love's bright star your course was set,
Through mist and storm, through tranquil seas;
You came with hand upraised to bless,
Great shepherds of the Hebrides.

3 By loch and burn, by healing well,
On moor and brae and mountain height,
You fed the new-born flocks of Christ
With words of joy and peace and light.

4 The cross on every isle was seen,
And altars hushed with mystery,
As day by day was there renewed
The sacrifice of Calvary.

5. O saints who sailed our western seas,
And walked upon these silver sands,
Turn even now from heaven's shore
And bless again these hallowed lands.

[Dom Fabian Duggan, O.S.B.]
GOD bless our Pope, God bless our glorious Pope!
The Rock is He on which the Church firm stands.
Against that rock hell's gates shall not prevail,
The Kingdom's Keys Christ placed within his hands.
O Rock! O Key bearer, unto thee all hail!

2. God bless our Pope, God bless our glorious Pope!
Amidst false teaching leading souls astray,
His faith we follow, it can never fail;
He guides the barque, he drives the wolf away,
O Pastor, O Pilot, unto thee all hail!

3. God bless our Pope, God bless our glorious Pope!
King once again in immemorial Rome,
Vested with rights 'gainst which no powers avail,
Guardian supreme of altar, hearth and home,
O Sovereign, O Father, unto Thee all hail.
FAITH of our Fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Where e'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 prison 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
Th's land 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, 1814-63.]
CHURCH AND POPE

ALTERNATIVE VERSION

FAITH of our Fathers, living still
In spite of dungeons, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

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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 Father, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee:
And through the truth that comes from God
This land 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, 1814-63]
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 redoubles, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:

*God bless our Pope, etc.*

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, etc.*

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, etc.*

[Cardinal Wiseman.]
FULL in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
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That wave harmonious stretches forth,
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God bless our Pope, etc.

[Cardinal Wiseman.]
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, etc.

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, etc.

[Aubrey de Vere, 1814-1902.]
ONE Holy Church Thou hast ordained, one guide,
One faith, one fold, one door and none beside,
One shepherd hast appointed to Thy flock,
And build Thy Church upon that living rock.

2 Thou hast proclaimed: “I build upon this stone,”
Thou hast decreed no power shall touch Thine own,
Nor heresy nor false creed cause to fail,
“The very gates of hell shall not prevail.”

3 To Holy Church through Peter power was given;
Whate’er be bound by him be bound in heaven,
Whate’er be loosed by him be loosed by Thee,
This the absolving, this the heavenly key.

4 We thank Thee for that faithful shepherd Lord,
And in Thy promise rest upon Thy word,
We seek Thy blessing on Thy Church to-day,
Command her, Lord, she waits but to obey.

5. Guard, Lord, we pray, our holy Pope and bless,
Light him upon all paths of holiness,
Guide and protect, give health and length of days,
Rule and inspire and grant him peace always.

—Anonymous—

Jerusalem, my happy home.
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

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 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay may be!

5. 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!

[16th Century]
Ah Me! How Calm and Deep

3 In sooth, Jerusalem
Is that far-famed town,
Which proven peace doth hem
And sovran pleasance crown.
No homesick longings guess
What there they realise,
Nor comes attainment less
Than uttermost surprize.

4 No peril frowneth there,
Undone is every wrong,
Unchilled by any care
They sing salvation's song:
And all Thy gifts of grace
Thy blessed folk, O Lord,
Confess before Thy face
With infinite accord.

5 Nor olden Sabbath wanes
Nor stranger suns arise,
Unbroken Sabbath reigns
Beneath unsaddening skies.
Harmonious Angels bend
To singing souls that soar,
And heavens with heavens blend
Inmusic evermore.

6 So be it ours meanwhile
To lift our hearts on high,
And out of this exile
For Fatherland to sigh;
From Babylon's ill peace
To Sion's ancient rest
To crave the long release,
And win it, and be blest.

7 Give to the Lord of doom
Eternal jubilee,
Of Whom, through Whom, in Whom
Abide all things that be:
Of Whom—behold the Sire;
Through Whom—behold the Son;
In Whom—Their breathed Fire;
Three Persons, Godhead One.

[Tr. J. O'Conor]
How lovely are Thy tents!
Thy courts, O Lord, how fair!
My spirit longs and faints
To linger there.
The sparrow and the dove
Have found themselves a nest,
Where, with the brood they love,
They sleep and rest.

And I, like them, have made
My nest beneath Thy wing—
Thine altars' blissful shade,
My God and King.
Blessèd are they that dwell
Within Thy golden door:
Their lips Thy praise shall tell
For evermore.

He whom Thy counsel guides,
Who puts his trust in Thee,
Ascends by giant strides;
And blessèd he!
God blesses him each hour
With virtuous strength to run,
And manifests His power
In such an one.

O Lord of hosts, do Thou
My prayer in mercy hear;
O God of Jacob, bow
To me Thine ear.
If Thou Thy saving grace
Wouldst on Thy servant shed,
Then look upon His face
Who for me bled.

Better one day of bliss
Within Thy courts, O Lord,
Than all the happiness
Earth can afford.
Better beneath Thy wings
To be by all forgot,
Than dwell in homes of kings
Who know Thee not.

Compassion Thou dost love
And truth, O God most high:
Them wilt Thou crown above
And glorify.
On them will God bestow
The light which ne'er grows dim:
O blessèd all below
Who trust in Him!
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice apprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiance 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!
   Jesus, 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, 1818-66]
**ANGELS**

**DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE**

1. Dearest Angel, ever at my side,
   How loving must thou be,
   To leave thy home in heaven to guard
   A sinful soul like me.

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

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

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

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

6. 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!

7. O weary not, but love me still,
   For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
   She never tired of me, though I
   Full wayward oft have been.

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

IF. W. Faber, 1814-63 J.

J. Crookall
ANGELS

GUARDIAN ANGEL

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

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

2 Angel so holy,
Whom God sends to me,
Sinful and lowly,
My guardian to be.
Wilt thou not cherish
The child of thy care?
Let me not perish,—
My trust is my prayer.
Beautiful Angel, etc.

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

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

*"GUARDIAN" to be sung as TWO syllables, not THREE.
My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death;

2 Thou hast been ever at my side:
My Maker to thy trust
Consign my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

3 Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known
And blest, as thou hast blest.

4 Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

5 And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, of patience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.

6 Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burned away.

7 And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

[J. H. Newman, 1801-91]
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;

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 unrepose.

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, 1801-1890
LIFE and strength of all thy servants,  
Brightness of the Father's light,  
Men with angels, earth with Heaven,  
In thy praise their songs unite.

2 Thou sand, thousand warrior princes,  
In thy angel-army stand;  
Flames the victor cross before them,  
Grasped in Michael's dauntless hand.

3 Hurling back from Heav'n the rebels  
With the lifting of his sword,  
In the might of God he tramples  
On the dragon's head abhorred.

4 Lord of Angels, Christ we pray thee  
Bid them aid us in our strife,  
Chase afar the hosts of evil  
Till we reach the land of life.

5. God the Father, God immortal;  
God the Son, for us who died;  
God the comforter, the Spirit;  
Evermore be glorified.

[From Rabanus Mauro.]
Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

THOSE holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.
Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

2 O by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;
O by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
O by their very helplessness.
O by Thy own great Name!—
Good Jesus, help! sweet Jesus, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.
HOLY SOULS

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ALTERNATIVE VERSION

BELMONT DCM and Refrain S. WEBBE, JUN.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

88 87

MISERERE

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A. E. TOZER

MISERERE

Have Mercy, Lord, on All Who Wait

Belmont DCM and Refrain

S. Webbe, Jun.

Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resolved in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.

For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
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   Their hope amid their pain,
   Their sacred zeal to burn away
   Disfigurement and stain;
   O by their fire of love, not less
   In keenness than the flame,
   O by their very helplessness,
   Good Jesus, help! sweet Jesus, aid
   The souls to Thee most dear,
   In prison for the debt unpaid
   Of sins committed here.

[V. H. Newman, 1801-90]

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HOLY SOULS

HAVE mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful Palace gate.
Miserere, Domine.

The souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
They never denied Thee, but confest;
Grant them, at last, eternal rest.
Miserere, Domine.

2 These were the work of Thine own hands;
   Thy promise sure for ever stands;
   Release them, Lord, from sin and bands.

Miserere, Domine.

4 By Thy five Wounds and seven cries,
   By pierced Heart and closing Eyes,
   By Thy dread awful Sacrifice.
   Miserere, Domine.

5 These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
   They never denied Thee, but confest;
   Grant them, at last, eternal rest.
   Miserere, Domine.

6 Remember all their sighs and tears.
   One day with Thee a thousand years:
   Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears.
   Miserere, Domine.

7. As pants the hart for cooling spring.
   As bird flies home with weary wing.
   Homeward they turn, Lord, homeward bring.
   Miserere, Domine.

[Rev. Dr. Lee.]
O TURN to Jesus, Mother, turn,
And call Him by His tenderest names;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

2 Ah, they have fought a gallant fight;
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And, after life's uncheery night,
The armour of their rest is neared.

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

4 They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

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

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

[F. W. Faber, 1814-63]
HOLY SOULS

217

THEY ARE WAITING FOR OUR PETITIONS

IN PACE

Irregular

Traditional (H.M.)

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

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

Adapted from an Irish Traditional Melody
Harmonized by Dr. Martin Shaw

FONS VITAE

In moderate time

JESUS, Son of Mary,
Fount of life alone.
Here we hail Thee present
On Thine altar-throne.
Humbly we adore Thee,
Lord of endless might,
In the mystic symbols
Veiled from earthly sight.

2 Think, O Lord, in mercy
On the souls of those
Who, in faith gone from us,
Now in death repose.
Here 'mid stress and conflict
Toils can never cease;
There, the warfare ended,
Bid them rest in peace.

3 Often were they wounded
In the deadly strife;
Heal them, Good Physician,
With the balm of life.
Every taint of evil,
Frailty and decay,
Good and gracious Saviour,
Cleanse and purge away.

4. Rest eternal grant them,
After weary fight;
Shed on them the radiance
Of Thy heavenly light.
Lead them onward, upward,
To that holy place,
Where Thy Saints made perfect
Gaze upon Thy Face.

("Yem Beu Mariana" (Written in Swahili)
Tr. E. S. Palmer.)
HOLY SOULS

YE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL

Ye Souls of the faithful who sleep in the Lord,
But as yet are shut out from your final reward:
O would I could lend you assistance to fly
From your prison below to your palace on high!

Ye Souls of the faithful who sleep in the Lord,
But as yet are shut out from your final reward:
O would I could lend you assistance to fly
From your prison below to your palace on high!

2 O Father of mercies, Thine anger withhold;
These works of Thy hand in Thy mercy behold!
Too oft from Thy path they have wandered aside;
But Thee, their Creator, they never denied.

3 O tender Redeemer, their misery see!
Deliver the Souls that were ransomed by Thee:
Behold how they love Thee, despite of their pain!
Restore them, restore them to favour again.

4. O Spirit of grace, O Consoler divine,
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine!
Ah, then, to enliven their sadness, descend,
And fill them with peace and with joy in the end.

[Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78.]
SACRAMENTS

Confirmation

220

SIGNED WITH THE CROSS THAT JESUS BORE

886 D

H. McFarlane

SIGNED with the Cross that Jesus bore,
We kneel, and tremblingly adore
Our King upon His throne.
The lights upon the altar shine
Around His Majesty divine,
Our God and Mary's Son.

2 Now, in that Presence dread and sweet,
His own dear Spirit we entreat,
Who sevenfold gifts hath shed
On us, who fall before Him now,
Bearing the Cross upon our brow
On which our Master bled.

3 Spirit of Wisdom! turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of understanding true!
Our souls with heavenly light endure
To seek the things above.

4 Spirit of Counsel! be our guide.
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of Fortitude! Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

5 Spirit of Knowledge! lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle piety,
To keep us close to God.

6 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy care!
Within our inmost shrine:
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy Will,
All-righteous and divine.

7. So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
Where only rest may be,
And grant, where'er our lot is cast,
We may in peace be brought at last
To Mary and to Thee!

[Rev. H. A. Rawes.]
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.

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.
SACRAMENTS

Marriage

O FATHER, ALL CREATING

O FATHER, all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

[John Ellerton, 1826-93]
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.

[O. H. Benson, 1871-1914]
Jesus, Redeemer, from Thy Heart,
Wounded by love, all graces flow,
Giver of all good gifts Thou art.
Thy Gift of gifts on us bestow.

2 This crowning Gift escapes our sight:
Faith bids us lovingly recall
How on that blessed Paschal night
Giving Thyself Thou gavest all.

3 Thou Who art throned above the skies,
Ruling the world with royal sway,
Lowly didst kneel in servant's guise,
Washing the stains of guilt away

4 Bread Thou didst bless: 'Take ye and eat;
"This is My Body, which is given
"For all of you." O words most sweet!
Hail, blessed Body, Bread from Heaven!

5 Wine Thou didst bless to give us cheer:
"This is the Chalice of My Blood,
"Shed for you all." O words most dear!
O broken Heart! O cleansing flood!

6. Praise be to Thee, our Host and Guest.
Jesus, our Blessed Lady's Son,
To Father and to Spirit blest,
Praise to one God while ages run.

Amen.  
[Rev. James Quinn, S.J.]
EVENING

JESUS! THE DYING DAY

NOCTE SURGENTES 11 11 11 5 Cassinese Melody (A.G.M.)

JESUS! 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 mourn 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.

WE pray Thee, e'er the day is done
And shadows round us fall,
To guard us with Thy wondrous love,
Creator Lord of all.

2 May no disturbing dreams come near,
No terrors of the night;
Restrain our foe, and keep us pure
And sinless in Thy sight.

3 Almighty Father, grant this grace
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who with Thee and the Holy Ghost
Reigns ever more adored.

[Dom Fabian Duggan, O.S.B.]
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 hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Through life's long day, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

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

Through life's long day, etc.

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

Through life's long day, etc.
HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering 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.

[St. Ambrose, 340-97.]

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.

[Tr. J. Ellerton, 1826-93; F. J. A. HerT, 1828-92.]
PRAISE we now the Lord our God,
All mankind in chorus;
Ceaselessly let seraphim,
Angels, powers and cherubim
Sing with joy their praise of Him,
Holy, Lord of Sabaoth.

2 All the earth and sea and sky
Glorify their Maker:
Blessed martyrs, prophets grand,
Christ's beloved apostle-band,
Holy Church in every land
Sing His praise forever.

3 Hail Thou King of Glory, Christ,
Born before all ages!
Born of Mary, Virgin pure,
Thou did'st us from death secure,
Opening wide to mankind poor
Stores of heavenly treasure.

4 Seated now at God's right hand,
Bless Thy chosen people;
Rule o'er us, dear Lord, we pray,
Keep us free from sin this day,
Save us, Lord, without delay
Lest we be confounded.

5 In the solemn day of doom
We shall hear Thy judgment;
But remember, Lord, we cry,
In that day when we shall die,
How Thy blood on us did lie,
Signing us Thy people.

6. Praise we yet the Lord our God,
Throned in triune splendour:
Praise the Father, Lord of might,
Praise the Son, Redeemer bright,
Praise the Spirit, source of light,
Through eternal ages. [D. McRoberts]
THANKSGIVING

NUN DANKET 67 67 66 66 JHANN CRÜGER, 1593-1662

PRAYSE we our God with joy
And gladness never ending;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
O'er filled with parent's love;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
He showers from above.

2 He is our Shepherd true;
With watchful care unsleping,
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 font! 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.

[Fr. Oakeley, 1802-80.]

THANKSGIVING

HOLY GOD, WE PRAYSE THY NAME

GROSSER GOTT 78 78 77 German Proper Melody

HOLY God, we praise Thy Name,
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
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 Lo, the Apostolic train
Join, Thy sacred name to hallow:
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And, from morn till set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in Essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee:
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ;
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary;
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened heaven to faith.

6 From Thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come,
In the dreadful Doomsday morning:
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.

7. 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.

[Fr. C. A. Wolworth]
GENERAL

O 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, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

5. Still, still with light supernal
Those battlements shall gleam,
And Peter's rock, eternal,
Confront the restless stream.

Our holy Father shielding, etc.

[L. Camarari, S.J. Tr. R. A. Knox]
King of Kings and Lord of Glory

We Thine earth-wide reign profess;
Lord of Lords, yet, shameful story,
Few Thy Right Divine confess.
Leal of heart, we here proclaim Thee,
Proudly bending to Thy sway;
Peace and joy to those who name Thee.
Captain True 'mid life's affray.

Hail, Christ our King!
Hail, Christ our King!

2. Thee, Thy Father's Love hath sent us
Clothed in taintless Virgin's flesh.
Else the deadly foe had rent us—
Sin-sick manhood to refresh.
Rulers blind reject Thy healing,
Spurn Thy Vicar's words for cure,
Deaf to truths of Thy revealing,
Only pledge of safety sure.

Hail, Christ our King, etc.

3. Faithful then at Peter's calling.
Haste we to the Throne of Grace,
Heart of Christ the King—and falling,
Vow to Him our troubled race.
In Thy Kingly Heart, so slighted,
Grant, O King, a rest secure,
Till our Heavenly Prize be sighted.

Hail, Christ our King, etc.

[Fr. Keating, S.J.]
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]
GENERAL

WHERE IS LOVE

UBI CARITAS

Irregular

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B.

WHERE is love and loving-kindness, God is fain to dwell.
Flock of Christ, who loved us, in one fold contained,
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 unfeigned.

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.]
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.]
LUX ALMA

LIGHT OF THE ANXIOUS HEART

LUX ALMA, Jesu, mentium.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus, Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

2 Joyous is he, with whom
God's Word, Thou dost abide;
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

3 Brightness of God above!
Unfathomable grace!
Thy Presence be a fount of love
Within Thy chosen place.

4 To Thee, whom children see,
The Father ever blest,
The Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be endless praise addressed.

[Tr. J. H. Newman.]

MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

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.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

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.]
GENERAL

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PROVIDENCE

R. R. Terry, 1865-1938

LORD, FOR TO-MORROW

1 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
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.

[Sister M. Xavier.]

5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
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.

S. G. Ould

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GERONTIUS

S. G. Ould

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]
SCOTLAND, blest with beauty from on high!
Your silent glens once rang with hymns of praise,
And through your saints, in holy times gone by,
The feet of Christ have walked your mountain ways.

Attend, O God, from Thy eternal throne!
Give grace to us and glory to Thy name;
Make Scotland, Lord, once more Thy very own,
May she with joy her Shepherd's rule proclaim.

2 Remember, Lord, this land in former days:
So firm she stood within Thy tranquil fold,
In peace divine her children sang Thy praise:
Rebuild her faith, O Father, as of old.

Attend, O God, etc.

3 May Scotland soon Thy blessed name revere,
Once more within Thy holy Church reborn;
O let the light of endless day appear,
And shadows fade before the Star of Morn!

Attend, O God, etc.
LATIN HYMNS

ASPERGES
Sung before High Mass on Sundays.

As - per - ges me, Dó - mi - ne, hyss - po - 

et mun - dá - bor: la - vá - bis - me,

Et su - per ní - vem de - al - bá - bor:

Mi - se - ré - ro mé - i Dó - us,

Se - cún - dum má - gaam mi - se - ri - có - 

di - am

Fíli - o et Spi - rí - tu - i Sán - cto

Si - cut é - rat in prin - ci - pi - o, et nunc,

et sém - per,

Et in - sác - cu - la sae -

VIDI AQUAM

Sung before the Parochial Mass from Easter Sunday until Pentecost inclusive.

10th Cent. Mode 8. (J.H.D.)

Ps. 117 Confiteómini Dómino quóniam am bonus; quóniam in sæculum miseriam cordia ejus. Glória Patri, et Filii...
Latin Hymns

Advent

Rorate Caeli

(Isaías 45. 8.)

Harmonized by Henri Potiron

Repeat "Vidi aquam"
ecce civitas Sancti facta est deserta:

si - on de - sér - ta fá - cta est:

Jerú - salem de - so - lá - ta est:

domus sanctifica - ti - ó - nis tú - ae et

gló - ri - ae tú - ae, ubi lauda -

-Si - on de - sér - ta fá - cta est:

re - runt te pátres nó - stri.

Jerú - salem de - so - lá - ta est:

Domus sanctificationis tuae et

gloriae tuae, ubi laudə -

2. Peccá - vi - mus, et fá - eti sú - mus tam quam im - mú - dus

nos, et ce-cí - di - mus qua - si fó - li - um un - ni - vė - si:

et in - qui - tā - tes nó - stres qua - si vén - tus ab stu -

-re - runt nos: abse - con - dí - sti fá - ci - em tú -
am a nóbis, et al·lisístinos in mánu in-
-
-iquítatis nóstrac.

3. Vi·de Dó·mi·ni af·fl·i·ctiónem pó·pu·li tú-
-i, et mi·te quem mis·sú·rus es: e·mitte A-
-
gnum dó·mi·na·tó·rem ter·rae, de pó-

-stra de·sér·ti ad món·tem fí·li·æ Sí··con:

ut aú·fe·rat sp·se jú·gum cap·ti·vi-
-
tá·tis nóstrac.

4. Con·so·lá·mi·ni, con·so·lá·mi·ni,
-
pó·pu·le mó·us: ci·to vé·ni·et sál·ius tú·a:
Latin Hymns

The Holy Name

JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA

Mode 1 (J.H.D.)

1 Jesu, dulcis memoriam, Dans vera
2 Nil canitur suavis, Nil audivi
3 Jesu, spes pae nitibus, Quam pius
4 Nec lingua valet dice re, Nee litor
5 Sis Jesu nostrum gaudium, Qui es fu

cor diis gauidia: Sed super mel et omnia,
-tur jucundus, Nil cogitatur dulcis,
es pe[n]ti bus! Quam bonus te quae[n]ti-bus!
-rama ex prime re: Exper tus po test cre de re,
turus praemi um: Sit nostra in te gloria,

E jus dulcis prae siti a.
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.
Sed quid inveni[n]ti bus?
Quid sit Jesum dilege re.
Per cuncta sem per saecula. Amen.

Ascribed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.
ADESTE, fideles.
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus
Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puerae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3 Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus angelorum:
Cantet nunc aula coelestium:
Gloria,
In excelsis Deo!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4 Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesus tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

[18th Century]
MERITUR viri simplices
Quod dulce canunt caelites:
"Pax fiat inter homines!
In caeli, Deo gloria!"
2 "Hae nocte Illae natus est,
Per Quem iam mundus factus est,
Et nunc in carne visus est
Haece inter animalia."
3 "Ut dixit vates Israel,
Nunc venit Rex Emmanuel,
Qui vobis praebet lac et mel
Et pacis amabilia."
4 In tenebroso stabulo,
Bos, derelicto pahulo,
Stat et mutit prae gaudio,
Dum videt mirabilia.
5 Pastores, in praesepio,
Ingenti cernunt jubilo,
Paschalem agnum, populo
Ferentem cuncta gaudia.
6 Thesauros magi proferunt,
Qui oriente veniunt,
Et magna voce concinnunt
Caelestia magnalia.
7 O Joseph custos humili
Da congregatis famulis
Ut gaudeant cum angelis
In caelitiu laetitia.
8 Maria mater candida
A malo servos liberat,
Qui haec in nocte fulgida,
Psallemus: Alleluia!
9 O Adonai Elohim,
Qui sedes super Cherubim,
In comitatu Seraphim,
Ad Te clamamus: Gloria!
**Latin Hymns**

**Lent**

**Attend, Domine**

*Mode 5 (J.H.D.)*

1. Ad te Rex summ-me, ó-mai-um Red-ém-p-tor,
   
2. Dextera Patris, lápis angu-láris, via salótis, jánua caeléstis, áblue nostri máculas delicti. 
   *Attend, etc.*

   *Attend, etc.*

   *Attend, etc.*

5. Innocens captus nec repógnans ductus, téstibus fálsis pro impiis damná-tus: quos redeemísti, tu constéra, Christe. 
   *Attend, etc.*

---

*Repeat 'Attend'*

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**Latin Hymns**
Victimae Paschali

1 Victimae Paschali laudes
immo-lent Christi-ani.

2 Agnas red-em
mit oves: Christus inno-cens Patri
du-el-lo con-fli-xé-re mi-rando

3 Mors et vita
re-con-cili-á-vit pec-ca-tó-res.

4 Dic no-bis, Ma-ri-a, quid vi-di-sti in vi-a?

5 Sep-ul-crum Christi vi-véntis,
5 Sep-ul-crum Christi vi-véntis,
et gló-ri-am vi-di re-sur-géntis:


7 Sur-re-xit Christus spes me-a:

8 Sei-mus Christum sur-re-xís-se
a mórtu-is ve-re; tu no-bis, vi-c tor Rex,
LATIN HYMNS

Easter
O Filii et Filiae

Solesmes Version of the Traditional French Melody (J.H.D.)

1. O fili - i et fil - iae, Rex cae - lé - stis,
2. Et Ma - rí - a Mag - da - lé - ne, Et Ja - có - bi -
3. In al - bis se - dens, an - ge - lus Prae-dí - xit mu -
4. In hoc fe - sto san - ctís - si - mo Sit laus et ju -
5. De qui - bus nos hu - mí - li - mas, De-vó - tas at -

Rex glo - ri - ae Mor - te sur - ré - xit hó - di - e,
et Sa - ló - me Ve - né - runt cor - pus un - ge - re,
li - é - ri - bus; In Ga - li - la - ó - a est Dó - mi - 

bi - lá - ti - o, Be - ne - di - có - mus Dó - mi - no,
que dé - bi - tas De - o di - có - mus grá - ti - as,

al - le - lú - ia! Al - le - lú - ia, al - le - lú - ia!

VENI, Creator Spiritus,

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuórum visita,
Implé supérmá grátia,
Quae tu créásti, péc-tóra.

1. Acce dé lumen semíbus,
Infúnde amórem córdibus,
Infirma nostri córporis
Virtúte firmáns pérpeti.

2. Qui dícérís Paraclíitus,
Alíssími donum Dei,
Fons vívus, ignis, cáritas.

3. Tu septífiórnis múnera,
Digitus patérnae dextérae,
Tu fit promíssum Patris
Sermóne díams gúttura.


5. Hostem repellás íóngius,
Pucé - nóque donés prótnus;

6. Per te scíamus da Patrem,
Noscamús atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spíritum
Credámus omni tempore.

7. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Filio qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paraclíito,
In séculum sécula. Amen.
Veni, Sancte Spiritus

1 Veni, Sancte Spiritus, Et emite caelitus

2 Veni, pater pauperum, Veni, dator munerum,

Lucis tuae radium. 3 Consolator optime,

Veni, lumen cordium. 4 In labor oro quies,

Dulcis hospes animae, Dulce refugium.

In aestu temperamentis, In flostu solatium.

5 Lux beatissima, Reple cor-dis intimas.

6 Sine tuo numine Nihil est in humano,
**Good Shepherd**

**BONE Pastor**

F. DUFFY

---

**BONE** Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri, miserere;
Tu nos pase, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

2 Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales;
Tuos ibi commensales,
Coheredes et sodales,
Sacrosanctum vivum. Amen.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74]
**LATIN HYMNS**

*The Blessed Sacrament*

**Ave Verum Corpus**

Mode 6 (J.H.D.)

\[A\ -\ ve\ ve\ -\ rum\ Cor\ -\ pus\ na\ -\ tum\]

\[de\ \ Ma\ -\ ri\ -\ a\ Vir\ -\ gi\ -\ ne:\]

\[Ve\ -\ re\ pas\ -\ sum,\ im\ -\ mo\ -\ lá\ -\ tum\]

\[in\ cru\ -\ ce\ pro\ hó\ -\ mi\ -\ ne:\]

\[Cu\ -\ jus\ la\ -\ tus\ per\ -\ fo\ -\ rá\ -\ tum\]

**Latin Hymns**

*Fluxit a qua et sanguine:*

*Esto nobis praegustatum*

*mortis in examine*

**O Jesus dulcis! O Jesus piet!

[Ascribed to Pope Innocent VI, d. 1362.]**
VERBUM SUPERNUM (O SALUTARIS HOSTIA)

Verbum supernum prodiens, nec Patris.

Mode 8 (J.H.D.)

1 O salutaris Hostia,
2 Uniteroque Domino

Quae caeli pandis ostium,
Sit sempera gloria,

Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxiliun.
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

O Salutaris Hostia

VERBUM supernum prœdiens,
Nec Patris linguis dexteram,
Ad opus suum eœiens,
Venit ad vitae vesperam.

2 In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus aemulis,
Prius in vitae ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.

3 Quibus sub bina specie
Carneum dedit et sanguinem;
Ut duplicis substantiae
Totum cibaret hominem.

4 Se nascens dedit socium,
Convences in edulium,
Se moriens in preüum,
Se regnans dat in praéüum.

O Salutaris Hostia

5 O salutaris hostia,
Quae caeli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia;
Da robur, fer auxilium.

6 Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempera glorin:
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, O.P., d. 1274.]
LATIN HYMNS

The Blessed Sacrament
PANGE LINGUA (TANTUM ERGO)

2 Nobs datus, nobis natus
Ex intecia Virgine,
Et in mundo, conversatus,
Sparso verbi sémene,
Sui moras incollatos
Mito clausit órdine.

3 In suprémae nocte caene
Rectumbens cum frátribus,
Observáta lege pléne
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duódænae
Se dat suis mámbus.

4 Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo caræm efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et, si sensus déficit,
Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

Tantum Ergo.

5 Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui;
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praetést fides supplementum
Sénsuum déficit.

6. Genitori, Genitóque
Laus et jubilátio,
Salus, honos, virtus quoque
Sitt et benefictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudatío.

Amen.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74.]
A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: ccwatershed.org/hymn

SACRIS solemnis, juncta sint gaudia,
Et ex praecordiis, sonent praecollis;
Recedant vetera, rova sint omnia,
Corda, voces et opera.

2 Noctis recollit coena novissima,
Qua Christus creditur agnum et azyma,
Dedisse fratibus, juxta legitima,
Priscis indulta patribus.

3 Paris angelicus, fit pasit hominem,
Dat panis caelestis figuris terminum,
O res mirabilis! manudact Dominum
Pauper, servus, et humilis.

4. Te trina Deitas unaque poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te collimus,
Per tus semitas duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quan inhabitas.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, O.P., 1227-34]
**LATIN HYMNS**

*The Blessed Sacrament*

**LAUDA JERUSALEM**

Traditional (H.M.)

LAUDA Jerusalem Dominum,
Lauda Deum tuum Sion,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna Filio David.

**CHRISTUS VINCIT**

Traditional (H.M.)

Christus vincit,
Christus regnat,
Christus, Christus imperat.
LATIN HYMNS
The Sacred Heart
COR JESU SACRATISSIMUM
Litany of the Sacred Heart.

Mode 1 (J.H.D.)

Cor Jesu sacra- tis- simum, Mi- se-

ré- re no- bis. Cor Jesu sa- cra-

-tis-si-num, Mi- se-ré-re no- bis.

Fine

D.C.

LATIN HYMNS
For the Holy Father
OREMUS PRO PONTIFICE

Mode 1 (J.H.D.)

V. O- ré- mus pro Ponti- fi- ce no- stro-

Pa- lo R. Dó- minus con- sé- re- et vi- vi- fi- cet e- um, et be- á- tum-

fá- ciat e- um in ter- ra, et non tra- dat e- um-

in á- ni-mam in- i- mi- có- rum e- jus.
LATIN HYMNS

Our Lord

O QUAM AMABILIS

Andantino

1. O quam a - ma - bi - lis
dolce

2. Rex clem - entis - si - me

3. Quam admirabilis es bone Jesu,
Semper laudabilis es pie Jesu,
O cordis jubilus, mentis solatium,
O bone Jesu, O dulcis Jesu.
LATIN HYMNS

The Solemn Reception of a Bishop

SACERDOS ET PONTIFEX

On the Bishop’s arrival, the following antiphon is sung. The responsary *Ecce sacerdos magnus* may be sung in its place.

Mode 1 (J.H.D.)

**Sa-cé-rd-os et Pon-ti-fex** et vir-tú-tum

*Ecce sa-ce-rd-os pa-stor bo-ne in pó-pa-lo,*

si-o pla-cú-sti Di-o-mi-no. T.P. Al-le-lú-ia.

THE PONTIFICAL BLESSING

The Bishop sings the following versicles and the Choir responds.

**V.** Sit nomen Dómini ben-e-di-ctum R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in

V. Adjutórium nostrum in nomine Dómi-ni. R. Qui fecit caelum et


LATIN HYMNS

Seasonal Hymns of Our Lady

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA


Mode 8 (J.H.D.)

1. **Mágnifi-cat** á-ni-ma me-a Dó-mi-num.

2. Et ex-sul-távit spíri-tus me-us.

3. Qui-a re-spéxit humilitátem anél-ae su-ae.

4. Qui-a fe-ci mi-hi ma-gna qui po-tens est.

5. Et mi-se-ricórdia ejus a pro-gó-ni-e in pro-gó-ni-es.


7. De pó-su-it po-téntes de se-de,

8. E-su-riéntes implé-vit bo-níss:

9. Su-seó-pit Isra-el púe-rum su-um,

10. Si-c ut lo-cútus est ad pa-tres no-stros:

11. Gló-ri-a Patri,

12. Si-c ut e-rat in príncípio, et nunc,

in Deo salu-tá-ri me-o,

eccé enim ex hoc beátam medícent omnes gené-ra-ti-ón-es,

et sanctum ti-mén.

dispensávit supér-bos me-nte cor-dis su-i,

et exal tá-vit hu-mi-les,

et divi-tes dimé-dis si-tín-nás.

recordá-tus misé-ri-cór-

Abra-ham et sé-mi-ni tu-i San-qvi,

et Spíri-tus in saécu-

et in saécu-la sae-cu-

ló-rum A-men.
ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER*

Simple Tone, Mode 5 (J.H.D.)

Alma * Redemptoris Mater,

quae per vi a caeli porta manes,

Et stella maris, succurre cadenti

sur ge re qui curat populet

Tu quae genuisti, natura mirante,

---

Virgo prius a posteriorius,

Gabriolus ab or re sumens

Il lud Ave, peccatorum misere re

---

Tuum sanctum Genitorem:

---

* From Vespers of Saturday before the first Sunday of Advent until Second Vespers of the Purification, February 2.

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[Ascribed to Hermannus Contractus, d. 1054.]
**LATIN HYMNS**

**Seasonal Hymns of Our Lady**

**AVE, REGINA CAELORUM**

Simple Tone, Mode 6 (J.H.D.)

* From Compline of February 2 until Compline of Wednesday in Holy Week.

**Regina Coeli, Laetare**

Simple Tone, Mode 6 (J.H.D.)

* From Easter Sunday until None of Saturday after the Feast of Pentecost.
LATIN HYMNS
Seasonal Hymns of Our Lady

SALVE, REGINA
Simple Tone, Mode 5 (I.H.D.)

Sal -vo, Ro -gi -na, * Ma -ter mis -si-re-ci -òr-di -ae:
Vi -ta, dul -cé -do, et spes no -stra, sal -ve.

Ad te cla -má -mus, óx-su -les, fi -li -i Ho -vae.
Ad te su -spi -rá -mus, ge-mé -n tes et flen -tes
in ha -c la -ori-má -rum val-le. E -ia er -go,

Ad -vo-cá -ta no -stra, il -los tu -os mis -se -ri-ci -òr -des
ó -cu -los ad nos con -vé -te. Et Je -sum, be-ne-
dí -ctum fru -ctum ven -tris tu -i, no -bis post hoc ex -si-

-lí -um o-stén -de. O cle -mens, O pi -a,

0 dul -cis Vir-go Ma - ri -a.

* From First Vespers of the Feast of the Trinity until None on Saturday before the first Sunday of Advent.
A - VO
LATIN HYMNS
Our Lady
Ave Maria
Luke 1. 28, 42.

A - ve M a - ri - a, * grá - ti - a plé - na,

Dó - mi - nus te - cum, be - ne - dá - ca tu

in ma - li - é - ri - bus, et be - ne - di - cta fru - c - tis

vent - ris tu - i, Je - sus. San - cta M a - ri - a,

Ma - ter De - i, o - ra pro no - bis pec - ca - tó - ri - bus,
Ave Maris Stella, 
Dei Mater alma, 
Atque semper Virgo, 
Felix coeli porta.

Sumens illud Ave, 
Gabrielis ore, 
Fundis nos in pace, 
Mutans Hevae nomen.

Solve vincula reis, 
Profer lumen caecis, 
Mala nostra pelle, 
Bona cuncta posse.

Monstra te esse matrem, 
Sumat per te praeces, 
Qui pro nobis natus, 
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis, 
Inter omnes mitis, 
Nos culpis solutos, 
Mites fued castos.

Sic Maria inter filias, 
Mater magna, et cetera. 
Sic Maria inter filias, 
Mater magna, et cetera.

Monstra te esse matrem, 
Sumat per te praeces, 
Qui pro nobis natus, 
Tulit esse tuus.

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Mites fued castos.

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Mater magna, et cetera. 
Sic Maria inter filias, 
Mater magna, et cetera.

Monstra te esse matrem, 
Sumat per te praeces, 
Qui pro nobis natus, 
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis, 
Inter omnes mitis, 
Nos culpis solutos, 
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**LATIN HYMNS**

*For the Faithful Departed*

**DE PROFUNDIS**

By Dom Gregory Ould, O.S.B.

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### DE PROFUNDIS

1. **Do profundi s clemavi ad**
   - Domini exaudi me.
2. **Fiant aures tuae in tenentes**
   - non timet.
3. **Si iniquitates observasti**
   - si deprecavi te.
4. **Quia aede propitiavit**
   - st et nobis.
5. **Sustinuit anima mea in verbo Jesu**
   - et nostra.
6. **A custodia matutina usque ad noctem**
   - et custodiam.
7. **Quia apud Dominum incipit**
   - in Domini.
8. **Et ipso tempore**
   - in Domini.
9. **Requiem**
   - in Domini.
10. **Et lux perpe tu a luocat etis**

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