To those I have known and loved
Who share the bliss of God's elect
And delight in His comely praise

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James Cardinal Gibbons
Archbishop of Baltimore

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A TREASURY OF CATHOLIC SONG

COMPRISING SOME TWO HUNDRED HYMNS
FROM CATHOLIC SOURCES OLD AND NEW

GATHERED, EDITED
AND ALLOTTED TO FITTING TUNES
FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE

BY

SIDNEY S. HURLBUT
PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

"Sanguis Christi, inebria me ut cum sanctis Tuis laudem Te in saecula saeculorum. Amen."

FOR THE EDITOR

J. FISCHER & BRO., PUBLISHERS
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**PREFACE**

The collection of Hymns and Tunes here put forth has been designed primarily for the Editor's own Parish. It is witness to a conviction that sacred song is not only a natural and fitting vehicle of Christian devotion, but its reflex value is great, in that genuine, wholesome, virile religious spirit may be powerfully fostered and stimulated by worthy Christian song. Endeavor is here made to present, in ample variety, hymnic matter for processional and recessional use, as well as for non-liturgical services in Church, for Low Mass, Benediction, Way of the Cross, Devotions for Lent, to the Holy Eucharist, to the Sacred Heart, the Holy Name, the Blessed Virgin Mary; and to uphold consistently, for the Glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom, a two-fold standard of excellence, Good Verse and Good Music: Verse not more correct doctrinally than suitable for devotional use by Catholic congregations, while conformed to the canons of literary shape and rhythmic flow; Music not lacking in expression of the varying phases of prayer and praise, yet marked throughout by a certain “nobility of form” befitting sacred use and in keeping with the *motu proprio* “code” of the lamented Pope Pius X. With what success others must judge; but to search out and bring together only the excellent, with due regard to availability in our day and the exigencies of times and seasons, not sparing cost and regardless of whatever personal predilection or tender association, such has been through long labor of love the Editor's unvarying aim. Idea of compromise to satisfy divergent and drooping taste has not for a moment been entertained.

Catholic sources alone have been drawn on for words of this collection. From first to last every hymn presented is of undoubted Catholic authorship. The greater number of them were written in the traditional Latin of the Church and have been hallowed by centuries of pious use in the household of the faith: of these, in spirit of highest honor for the originals, preference is given to such translations, by whomsoever made, as in the Editor's view seem to combine, in best measure, fidelity to writer's thought, happy English diction and fitness to musical setting. The latter quality oftentimes suffices to turn the
scale, and in a few cases the problem of choice among translations has found solution in a cento.

The fact that many of our Catholic hymns, both original and translated, were written with no distinct view to musical use, entails frequent employment of the "editorial file" if one will do away with halting metres, than which some think a more glaring fault can scarcely disfigure a hymn-book. When possible an Author has been consulted as to minor changes in his text, but in many more cases consultation has been impossible, the Author's glad approval has been presumed, and his work thus gently fitted to fluent Christian song. Is this to mutilate or destroy? No, it is to establish. Disrespect to a writer, will some say? Rightly viewed, rather is it not to honor him the more?

Tunes in this book, taken *en masse*, are likewise from Composers who have gloried in Catholic name. Ages past and the fleeting twentieth century, Continental Europe, Britain, Ireland, America, all have furnished their quota of loyal enlistment. Many tunes of great merit by Catholic Composers, that among our people are quite unknown or well-nigh completely forgotten, it is a special pleasure to include and as from alien grasp reclaim. Benefit of doubt moreover is taken with certain fine old tunes of which the Composer's identity and status can not be learned, while only for the exactions of peculiar metre is a modicum of original melody admitted. Finally, if in few instances musical work known to be of other than Catholics be found herein, the marked excellence and devotional value of the tunes is thought to afford warrant in Christian charity for their use, especially since in no case are they coupled with words of non-catholic vogue. Tunes ascribed to non-catholic Composers are about sixteen in number: their inclusion here is subject to correction: if authority or sound criticism so bid, they may be omitted from future editions of this work.

After saints and heroes of God who long since or but yesterday entered into rest, whose songs yet re-echo here the good and the true, grateful acknowledgment of favors received is extended to the following:

Mr. Julius Bas, for Gregorian harmonies:
The Rev. Fr. John J. Burke, C.S.P., for tunes by the late Father Alfred Young:
The Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., for a beautiful hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary:
Messrs. Cary & Co., London, for several fine tunes by Sir Edward Elgar and others:
The Rt. Rev. L. C. Casartelli, D.D., Bishop of Salford, for a translation in honor of St. Joseph:
The Rev. Fr. F. C. Devas. S.J., for his happy lines to St. Ignatius:
The Hon. D. J. Donahoe, may whose muse long enthral us, for generous
permission to draw from his two volumes of beautifully translated “Early Chris-
tian Hymns”:
Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro., for many tunes collected by the late Dr. A. E. Tozer
and covered by their copyright:
Mr. Charles T. Gatty, for share in the wealth of exquisite music stored in his
monumental work for English Catholics, “Arundel Hymns”:
The Rev. Dr. H. T. Henry, for kind permission to use his lines in cenotonization
and for superb translations taken from his “Eucharistica”:
Messrs. Novello & Co., London, for a tune by Charles Gounod:
The Rev. Fr. John O’Connor, for translations and original verse of rarest
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The Rev. Dom S. Gregory Ould, O.S.B., for selections from his “Book of
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The house of L. Schwann, Duesseldorf, for a fine tune by Joseph Groiss:
Mr. Orby Shipley, who through his “Annis Sanctus” and “Carmina Mariana”
has made all English-reading Catholics his debtors:
Dr. R. R. Terry, editor of the “Westminster Hymnal,” for excellent tunes and
arrangements:
The French Vincentian Fathers, for several selections from their “Cantuale”:
Mr. Wilfrid Ward, for verses of Aubrey de Vere:
Mr. George Herbert Wells, for a tune, for harmonizations, musical arrange-
ments and proof-reading; his patient collaboration and ready counsel have been
simply invaluable at every stage of the Editor’s task:
The Rev. Fr. J. B. Young, S.J., for helpful suggestions and for harmonies
found in his “Roman Hymnal.”

Diligent effort has been made to communicate with Authors, Composers and
with owners of copyrights. If any rights have been unwittingly infringed, apology
is hereby offered with promise of due reparation. Original work herein, musical
and literary, likewise revisions, arrangements and adaptations, are covered by the
Editor’s copyright.

While it is foreseen that many will hastily disregard this collection as unprac-
tical, unsympathetic, uncalled for or what not, one ventures the thought “Qui
potest capere, capiat.” As time passes and the Papal Reform of Liturgical Music
gains more general appreciation and wider sway, those interested will judge
whether, in the minor sphere of Hymnody, some measure of encouragement and
resource, contributive to the beauty of divine worship and to intelligent devotion,
may possibly be derived from this little Treasury of Catholic Song.

St. Mary’s,
Hagerstown, Maryland,
Feast of the Purification, 1915.
CONTENTS CLASSIFIED

Morning .......... 1-6
Advent .......... 7-12
Christmas ........ 13-25
St. Stephen ........ 26
St. John Evangelist ........ 27
Holy Innocents ........ 28
New Year ........ 29
Holy Name .......... 30-34
Epiphany .......... 35-39
Lent and Passion ........ 40-54
Palm Sunday ........ 55
Easter ........ 56-62
Ascension .......... 63-66
Pentecost .......... 67-75
Holy Trinity ........ 76-79
Holy Eucharist .......... 80-123
Sacred Heart .......... 124-142
Precious Blood .......... 143-147
Blessed Virgin Mary .......... 148-174
St. Joseph .......... 175-178
St. Michael .......... 179
Holy Angels .......... 180-183

Sts. Peter and Paul ........ 184-186
St. John Baptist ........ 187, 188
St. Ignatius .......... 189
Apostles .......... 190
Evangelists .......... 191
Martyrs .......... 192
Confessors .......... 193
Virgins .......... 194
Holy Women .......... 195
All Saints .......... 196-198
Heaven .......... 199-210
Faithful Departed .......... 211, 212
Transfiguration .......... 213, 214
Divine Splendor .......... 215
Divine Beauty .......... 216
Divine Perfections .......... 217, 218
Praises of Jesus .......... 219-221
Good Shepherd .......... 222, 223
Catholic Faith .......... 224
Church and Pope .......... 225-227
Penance .......... 228, 229
Evening .......... 230-236
ALPHABETIC INDEX
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>First Words</th>
<th>Author or Source of Words</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>A Year is dead, a Year is born</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Adeste fideles laeti triumphantes</td>
<td>St. Bonaventure (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td>Adoremus ... Laudate Dominum</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Adoro te devote, latens Deitas</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101</td>
<td>Adoro te devote, latens Deitas</td>
<td>St. Hilary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Again the slowly circling year</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Again the time appointed see</td>
<td>St. Theodulph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>All glory, laud and honor</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>All hail, ye little Martyr Flowers</td>
<td>J. O'Connor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>All the skies to-night sing o'er us</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213</td>
<td>All who desire with Christ to rise</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>All ye who seek a comfort sure</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Alleluia! O sons and daughters, let us sing</td>
<td>Bishop Chadwick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Angels we have heard on high</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>As at morn's golden ray</td>
<td>St. Ambrose (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234</td>
<td>As now the daylight dies away</td>
<td>Jacopone of Todi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>At the Cross her station keeping</td>
<td>Jacopone of Todi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td>At the Cross her station keeping</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>At the Lamb's high Feast we sing</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td>Ave verum Corpus, natur</td>
<td>St. Ambrose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td>Ave verum Corpus, natur</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td>Ave verum Corpus, natur</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>Behold the radiant sun departs</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Bethlehem, of noblest cities</td>
<td>&quot;Ambrosian&quot; Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td>Blessed be God</td>
<td>R. R. Terry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>Best Author of the world</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125</td>
<td>Best Author of the world</td>
<td>Prudentius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td>Blest Martyr, let thy triumph-day</td>
<td>J. G. Seidenbusch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Christ the Glory of the sky</td>
<td>St. Bonaventure (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td>Christ the Lord is my true Shepherd</td>
<td>Pope St. Gregory I. (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Christ the Lord is risen today</td>
<td>Pope Innocent III.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Come all ye creatures of the Lord</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Come all ye faithful</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Come O Creator, Spirit blest</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>Come Thou Holy Spirit, come</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td>Cor Jesu sacratissimum</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Creator bounteous and benign</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Creator of the starry skies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Crown Him with many crowns</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>189</td>
<td>Dauntless Ignatius, whose generous soul</td>
<td>&quot;Ambrosian&quot; Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>183</td>
<td>Dear Angel ever at my side</td>
<td>M. Bridges</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>142</td>
<td>Dear Jesus, Thou a haven art</td>
<td>F. C. Devas, S. J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216</td>
<td>Earth has nothing sweet nor fair</td>
<td>F. W. Faber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231</td>
<td>Eternal Source of Light's clear stream</td>
<td>F. Stanfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Faith of our Fathers, living still</td>
<td>J. Scheffler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>224</td>
<td>For thee, O dear dear country</td>
<td>Pope St. Gregory I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>From Sinai’s trembling peak</td>
<td>F. W. Faber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>191</td>
<td>From Sinai’s trembling peak</td>
<td>Bernard of Clugny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Translator</td>
<td>Remarks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Monsignor Hall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abridged</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101</td>
<td></td>
<td>Abridged</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>R. Campbell</td>
<td>Abridged</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>J. M. Neale</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>A. Riley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213</td>
<td>T. J. Potter and others</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>E. Caswall, J. M. Neale and others</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>R. Campbell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234</td>
<td>Cardinal Newman</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td></td>
<td>A cento</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>168</td>
<td></td>
<td>A cento</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>R. Campbell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>R. Campbell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>H. T. Henry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125</td>
<td>H. T. Henry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>192</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>R. Campbell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>J. E. Leeson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>G. R. Woodward</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Canon Oakeley and others</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>F. C. Husenbeth</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
<td>Adapted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>First Words</td>
<td>Author or Source of Words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>186</td>
<td>From thee, illustrious Teacher, Paul</td>
<td>St. Peter Damian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>From where the rising sun ascends</td>
<td>Sedulius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163</td>
<td>Glorious Virgin, thee we sing</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144</td>
<td>Glory be to Jesus</td>
<td>St. Alphons Liguori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>Glory be to Jesus</td>
<td>St. Alphons Liguori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>178</td>
<td>Great St. Joseph, son of David</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>Hail Angelic Bread of Heaven</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>179</td>
<td>Hail bright Archangel, Prince of Heaven</td>
<td>F. W. Faber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Hail festal day, made sacred by our Lord</td>
<td>St. Venantius Fortunatus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>177</td>
<td>Hail holy Joseph, hail</td>
<td>F. W. Faber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>173</td>
<td>Hail holy Queen, Mother of mercy sweet</td>
<td>Hermann Contractus (?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>147</td>
<td>Hail holy Wounds of Jesus, hail</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143</td>
<td>Hail Jesus, Who for my poor sake</td>
<td>St. Alphons Liguori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>152</td>
<td>Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace</td>
<td>B. Camm, O.S.B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>Hail O New Jerusalem</td>
<td>J. O’Connor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>149</td>
<td>Hail O Star of Ocean</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150</td>
<td>Hail Ocean’s beauteous Star</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172</td>
<td>Hail Queen of Heaven; the Ocean’s Star</td>
<td>Dr. Lingard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>171</td>
<td>Hail Queen of the Heavens; hail Mistress of earth</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Hail the Body bright and glorious</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Hail this joyful Day’s return</td>
<td>St. Hilary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>Hail Thou living Victim blest</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Hail true Blood of Jesus, given</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>Hail true Blood of Jesus, given</td>
<td>“Ambrosian” Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Hark, a Herald Voice is calling</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97</td>
<td>Haste my soul, in fashion neatest</td>
<td>“Ambrosian” Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>146</td>
<td>He Who once in righteous vengeance</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>195</td>
<td>High let us all our voices raise</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>Holy God, we praise Thy Name</td>
<td>Cardinal S. Antoniano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Holy Godhead, One in Three</td>
<td>“Ambrosian” Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>157</td>
<td>How bright with joy the morn</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>How vain the cruel Herod’s fear</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>Humbly I adore Thee, Hidden Deity</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>Humbly I adore Thee, Hidden Deity</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>197</td>
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<td>Jesus, the very thought of Thee</td>
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<td>Jesus the Virgins’ Crown, do Thou</td>
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<td>Jesus, Who from Thy Father’s throne</td>
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<td>Joseph, our certain hope below</td>
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<td>Joseph, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride</td>
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<td>Joy and triumph everlasting</td>
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<td>Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes</td>
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<td>Let old things pass away</td>
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<td>Lo, how the cruel power</td>
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<td>Long live the Pope! his praises sound.</td>
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<td>Lord, help the Souls which Thou hast made</td>
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<td>Lord, Thou Thyself hast said this golden word</td>
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<td>Mary mild, undefiled</td>
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<td>Mother of Majesty</td>
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<td>My Angel and Defender</td>
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<td>My dearest Saviour, I would fain</td>
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<td>My God, how wonderful Thou art</td>
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<td>O Christ, behind Thy temple’s veil</td>
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<td>O come and mourn with me a while</td>
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<td>O come, O come, Emmanuel</td>
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<td>O Gate of endless Bliss</td>
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<td>O glorious Virgin, throned on high</td>
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<td>O Jesus Christ, remember</td>
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<td>O Jesus Christ, most mighty King</td>
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<td>O kindly help us, Holy John the Baptist</td>
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<td>O Mary, dearest Mother</td>
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<td>O purify the first soft ray</td>
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<td>O sing the great Apostle</td>
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<td>O tender Heart, strong Ark which doth enshrine</td>
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<td>On the night of that Last Supper</td>
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<td>One great and final Sabbath day</td>
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<td>Our Father's Home eternal</td>
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<td>Our life is here a brief one</td>
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<td>Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium</td>
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<td>Parce Domine</td>
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<td>Praise to the Holiest in the night</td>
<td>Cardinal Newman</td>
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<td>161</td>
<td>Raise your voices, vales and mountains</td>
<td>St. Alphons Liguori</td>
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<td>64</td>
<td>Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise</td>
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<td>Saint of the Sacred Heart</td>
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<td>Shepherds, tell your beauteous story</td>
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<td>52</td>
<td>Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle</td>
<td>St. Venantius Fortunatus?</td>
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<td>Sion, thy Redeemer praising</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
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<td>48</td>
<td>Slow and mournful be our tone</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Spirit of Grace and Union</td>
<td>Adam of St. Victor</td>
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<td>Spirit of Holiness and Might</td>
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<td>Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go</td>
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<td>Swift as shadows of the night</td>
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<td>Tantum ergo Sacramentum</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
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<td>Tantum ergo Sacramentum</td>
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</tr>
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<td>Th' eternal gifts of Christ the King.</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
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<td>83</td>
<td>Th' Eternal Word that still on high</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>The Coming of our God</td>
<td>Latin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>The darkness fleets and joyful earth</td>
<td>Paul the Deacon</td>
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<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>The Dawn was purpling o'er the sky</td>
<td>St. Venantius Fortunatus</td>
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<tr>
<td>148</td>
<td>The God Whom earth and sea and sky</td>
<td>St. Bernard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>The leaves are green, the flowers are sweet</td>
<td>Cardinal Newman</td>
</tr>
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<td>26</td>
<td>The Lord and King of all things</td>
<td>St. Anatolius</td>
</tr>
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<td>The morn had spread her crimson rays</td>
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</tr>
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<td>37</td>
<td>The princely city passing by</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>The prophets sang in sacred lay</td>
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<td>53</td>
<td>The Royal Banners forward go</td>
<td>Breviary Latin</td>
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<td>Thee with joyful soul I hail</td>
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<td>There is found the Everlasting</td>
<td>St. Peter Damian</td>
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<td>202</td>
<td>There no cloud nor passing vapor</td>
<td>Thomas of Kempen (?).</td>
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<td>There the holy souls are vestedured</td>
<td>St. Peter Damian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>They leave the land of gems and gold</td>
<td>Aubrey de Vere</td>
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<td>166</td>
<td>This is the image of the Queen</td>
<td>E. Caswall</td>
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<tr>
<td>193</td>
<td>This the Confessor of the Lord, whose triumph</td>
<td>St. Thomas of Aquin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>This the truth to Christians given</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Thou Who canst never change nor fail</td>
<td>“Ambrosian” Latin</td>
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<td>233</td>
<td>'Tis now the hour our prayers to pour</td>
<td>Bl. L. M. Grignon de Montfort</td>
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<td>To Christ the Prince of Peace</td>
<td>Pope St. Gregory I. (?)</td>
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<td>To win my heart with visions bright and fair</td>
<td>Pope Innocent III</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Veni Creator Spiritus</td>
<td>St. Ephrem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>Veni Sancte Spiritus</td>
<td>German</td>
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<td>Virgin wholly marvellous</td>
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<td>When first begins the day</td>
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<td>When morning gilds the skies</td>
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<td>Whene'er I doubt if one so base as I</td>
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<td>Who can sing in fitting numbers</td>
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<td>Who is she that stands triumphant</td>
<td>St. Bernard</td>
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<td>123</td>
<td>With what a cruel dart</td>
<td>St. Fulbert</td>
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<td>Word of God to earth descending</td>
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<td>Ye choirs of faith, rejoice and sing</td>
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A Morning shines with Eastern Light; Earth is glad the day to see; Flee, ye phantoms of the night; Thoughts and deeds of darkness, flee.

2 So, when breaks our latest morn, And we rise our Lord to meet, Songs shall welcome in its dawn, Shouts of joy its coming greet. Amen.

3 Glory to the Father be, Equal glory to the Son, With the Spirit, One and Three, While eternal ages run.
MORNING

Splendor paternae gloriae

1. Splendor of the Father's Glory,
2. Truest Sun, upon us brighten
3. Christ, be Thou our Bread from Heaven

Source of all things fair to sight, Light of Light, let
With Thy pure and constant gleam; Fill our hearts, our
And our cup, faith's holy light, Whence the Spirit,

all adore Thee, Day in Whom the day is bright.
free ly given, Shall with us Himself unite.

4. So our day, serenely flowing,
   Pure will be as morning dawn;
   Bright our faith like noontide glowing,
   O'er our eye no darkness drawn.

5. Now all praise and adoration
   To the Blessed Trinity;
   Praise our God through time's duration;
   Praise Him through eternity.
1. Christ, the Glory of the sky, Christ, of earth the 
   hope secure, Only Son of God most high, 
   Offspring of the Maiden pure.

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

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

4. Faith in Him Whose Name we bear, 
   In our heart of hearts abound; 
   Hope, thy brightest torch prepare; 
   All with holy Love be crowned.

5. Praise the Father; praise the Son; 
   Spirit blest, to Thee be praise; 
   To th' eternal Three in One 
   Glory be through endless days.
MORNING
Nox et tenebrae et nubila

1. Swift as shadows of the night
2. To Thy light, O heavenly King,
3. Many stains our souls defile;

Haste before the morning light,
Undivided hearts we bring,
Many snares to sin beguile;

Powers of darkness quickly fly;
Seek in praise and prayer Thy grace,
Much we need Thy light divine;

See the Day-spring from on high.
Hide not, Lord, from us Thy face. Amen.
Light of Angels, on us shine.

4. Glory be to God on high;
   Father, Thee we magnify,
   Equally the Son adore,
   And the Spirit evermore.
1. As at morn's golden ray Flee the shadows of night, Thou true Light of the day, Shades of known, And recorded on high As each love; Let no strife intervene, All be

2. To Thine all-seeing eye Every secret is ill chase away, Give Thy people Thy light. hour passes by Are the deeds we have done. Amen. pure and serene As the ray from above.

3. Let our thoughts then be clean And our actions be

4. To the Father be praise, Equal praise to the Son And the Spirit always, While the infinite days Of eternity run.
1. Thou Who canst never change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale
Glowing warm in mid-day sky.

2. Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life
To our souls Thy peace impart. Amen.

3. Grant this, O Father, only Son
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To Whom all glory, Three in One, Be
Given in every time and place.
1. Creator of the starry skies, Thy people's Light for evermore, Jesus, Redeemer lost in depth of Satan's snare, Love brought Thee down to mitigating Thy pure Blood to flow, Didst issue from Thy of mankind, Be near us who Thine aid implore. cure our ills By taking of those ills a share. Amen. Virgin shrine And to the Cross a Victim go.

4. So great the glory of Thy might, If we but chance Thy Name to sound, At once all Heaven and hell unite In bending low with awe profound.

5. Great Judge of all, in that last day, When friends shall fail and foes combine, Be present then with us we pray To guard us with Thine arm divine.

6. To God the Father, with the Son And Holy Spirit, One in Three, Be honor, glory, blessing, praise, All through the long eternity.
1. Supernal Word, proceeding from Th'E-
2. Enlighten, Lord, and set on fire Our
3. So when before the judgment-seat The

ternal Father's breast, And
spirits with Thy love, That
sinner hears his doom, And

in the course of ages come To
dead to earth we may aspire And
when a voice divinely sweet Shall

aid a world distressed:
live to joys above: Amen.
call the righteous home,

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. Safe from the black and fiery flood, 
That sweeps the dread abyss, 
We may behold the face of God 
In everlasting bliss.

5. To God the Father, with the Son 
And Spirit, evermore 
Be glory while the ages run, 
As in all time before.
Are you a Roman Catholic music director? Explore the terrific new resources available to you! As of 15 April 2023, more than 900 free rehearsal videos have been uploaded to the Brébeuf Hymn Portal—and they’re free to download, without even a login! The Brébeuf Hymnal set, which includes the marvelous Choral Supplement and 3-volume spiral bound Organ Accompaniment, has been described as “the peerless and indispensable resource for any parish musician serious about authentic Catholic music.”
ADVENT

*Instantis adventum Dei*

1. The Coming of our God Must now our thoughts em-
ploy; Then let us meet Him on the road With
songs of holy joy.

2. The co-e-ter-nal Son A Mai-den's Off-spring see; A ser-vant's form Christ put-teth on To
make His peo-ple free. A-men.

3. In glo-ry from His throne A-gain will Christ de-
scend, And sum-mon all that are His own To
joys that nev-er end.

4. Let deeds of darkness fly Before th' approaching morn, For unto sin'tis ours to die, And serve the Virgin-born.

5. Our joyful praises sing To Christ that set us free, Like tribute to the Father bring, And Holy Ghost to Thee.
1. Hark, a Herald Voice is calling;
2. Startled at the solemn warning,
3. Now the Lamb so long expected

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

dreams of darkness, O ye children of the Day!
sloth dispelling, Shines upon the morning skies. Amen.
tears of sorrow, One and all to be forgiven.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

5. Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run.
NOTHING is more nerve-racking than programming a hymn for Mass only to discover that nobody else knows it—which leaves the poor musician singing all alone, trying desperately not to crumble.

The Saint John Brébeuf Hymnal uses an inspired series of “common melodies” with powerful texts for each feast of the liturgical year: the Baptism of the Lord, the Epiphany, the Ascension, Ordinary Time, and so forth. This strategy means your congregation can be gently weaned off the secular, Broadway-inspired, undignified hymns that have become all too common since the 1970s.

One of the main writers for the official blog of the Church Music Association of America declared (6/10/2022) that the Brébeuf Hymnal “has no parallel and not even any close competitor.”

Explore the game-changing book everyone is talking about: https://ccwatershed.org/hymn/
1. Storm and terror, grief and error,
2. O true Splendor, bright and tender,
3. Now Thou keepest rest and sleepest

Comes the Sun to chase away, And the morning,
Sun of Righteousness on high, Port Thou showest,
In that zodiac of delight, Joy hereafter

fast adorning All the sky, proclaims the Day.
source Thou ownest To the Virgin's purity. Amen,
shall with laughter Hail the coming Monarch's sight.

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4. Satan gnashing sees it flashing
Through that cloud so pure and white,
Thou endarest ever purest,
Virgin Mother of the Light.

5. Earth rejoices, heavenly voices
Render praise to God above,
Now renewing and bedewing
Every soul with fuller love.
1. O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Through our great Saviour’s blood;
O come, let us now worship
With one accord to the giver of light.

2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan’s tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
Christ, by Whom to the Father we sing:
Glory, Might, Wisdom, Righteousness, Faithfulness, and Love.

3. O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
All thy saints and servants here;
That mourns in lonely exile here
Through our great Saviour’s blood:
O come, let us now worship
With one accord to the giver of light.

How has this never been done before? Rehearsal videos—each individual voice—for the best Roman Catholic hymns... completely free of charge! Search the Brébeuf Portal: https://www.ccwatershed.org/brebeuf/list/ for items like “Easter” or “Advent” or “Eucharist.”
4. O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our Heavenly Home;
Make safe the way that leads on high
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! .......

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

Until the Son of God appear.
And give them victory o'er the grave.
And earth's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Em manuel
Rejoice! Rejoice! Em manuel
Rejoice! Rejoice! Em manuel

Shall come to thee O Israel.
Shall come to thee O Israel. Amen.
Shall come to thee O Israel.
1. All the skies tonight sing o'er us.
2. Glory in the highest Heaven.
3. Sons of men, let nothing grieve you.

Sweet and far Star to star Maketh solemn chorus.
And again unto men Tru'est Peace be given.
Evermore Heaven's door Widens to receive you.

Time the midnight blest is telling When our Lord
All our wrong by Him is righ ted In Whose Birth
Brothers of the Babe Eternal, In His Name

God the Word Made with us His dwelling.
Heaven and earth Stand for ay uni ted. Amen.
Come and claim Grace and bliss supernatural.

From Arundel Hymns by permission.
1. O perfect Noon of Loveliness, 
2. Thyself His beginning Ray, So 
3. O Thou Who all things fair dost plan, Re - 

blaze ere any morning woke! O Jesus, Thee the 
Thou art our unending cheer; Bend low as earth a 
member how the Mother mild Her substance gave Thee,

Fa-ther spoke, Com-peer of all His peerless-ness. 
gracious ear To what Thy servants ask to-day. A-men. 
unde - filed, And made Thee more than kin to man.

From Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. Bright witness is this day, the best Of all the year's bejeweled crown, That our distress beguiled Thee down, O love-lorn God, from glorious rest.

5. Now earth and stars and heaving sea, And all that heavenly influence own, Their new-discovered praise intone, O Fount of endless hope, to Thee.

6. And we, all gemmed with ruby rain Outpouring from Thy love and life, With all Thy creatures make sweet strife To pay Thy Birth a seemly strain.

7. Of all Thy fair delights the most, That Thou O Christ art Mary's Son, Be this to Thee, Who still art One With Sire Supreme and Holy Ghost.
CHRISTMAS
A solis ortus cardine

1. From where the rising sun ascends To
2. The great Creator deigns assume Our
3. By Heaven o'er-shadowed, filled with grace, A

where his daily pathway ends, Through every region
servile form from Mary's womb, That clothed in flesh He,
spotless Maid of David's race, Surpassing nature's

let us sing The Maiden's Offspring, Christ our King.
may re-claim The fallen flesh Himself did frame. Amen.

4. O dwelling ever pure and bright,
The fane where dwells the God of Might,
To which descends at Heaven's behest
The Word conceived in Mary's breast.

5. The Angel's voice the deed foretells,
And Christ within her bosom dwells,
And John unborn exults to find
The Lord made Flesh to save mankind.

6. In manger laid your Lord behold,
The hay His bed in winter's cold;
Behold Him fed on infant fare
Who feeds the feathered fowls of air.

7. And hark, the Choir Angelic raise
To God the joyful song of praise,
And bid the lowly shepherds know
The Shepherd-Lord of all below.

8. To God the Father, God the Son
Of Mary born, be homage done;
The like to God the Spirit be,
Eternal Godhead, One in Three.
CHRISTMAS

Laetabundus exultet

1. Ye choirs of faith, rejoice and sing,
2. Disdaining not the Virgin's womb,
3. Of Mary, shining Star of Morn,

Your wreaths of love and praises bring:
The Angel of the Council come
The glorious Sun of Noon is born:

From stainless Maid is born our King.
To earth from His Celestial Home.
With hymns and prayers His path adorn.

Alleluia!
Alleluia!
Alleluia!

4. That Sun shall never setting know,
That Star shall ever brightly glow,
Our light above, our hope below.
Alleluia!

5. And as the Star sends forth its light,
Unsullied by that radiance bright,
So Mary brings the King of Might.
Alleluia!
1. A - de - ste fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes, Ve -
2. De - um de De - o, Lu - men de, lu - mi - ne,
3. En gre - ge re - lic - to, Hu - mi - les ad cu - nas, Vo -
4. Stel-la du - ce Ma - gi, Chi - stum a - do - ran - tes,
5. Ae - ter - ni Pa - ren - tis Splen - do - rem ae - ter-num Ve -
6. Pro no - bis e - ge - num Et foe - no cu - ban - tem
7. Can - tet nunc I - o Cho - rus an - ge - lo - rum,
8. Er - go qui na - tus Di - e ho - di - er - na

ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem:
Ge - stant pu - el - lae vi - sce - ra:
ca - ti pa - sto - res ap - pro - pe - rant:

Au - rum, thus et myr - rham dant mu - ne - ra:
la - tum sub Car - ne vi - de - bi - mus,
Pi - is fo - ve - a - mus am - plex - i - bus.
Can - tet nunc au - la coe - le - sti - um,
Je - su ti - bi sit glo - ri - a,

H OW HAS THIS never been done before? Rehearsal videos—each individual voice!—for
the best Roman Catholic hymns ... completely free of charge! Search the Brèbeuf Portal:
https://www.ccwatershed.org/brebeuf/list/ for items like “Easter” or “Advent” or “Eucharist.”
Natum vide te Regem angelorum: Verum,
Deum verum, Genitum non factum: Verum,
Et nos o van ti Gradu festinemus: Verum,

Jesu Infantii Corda praebeamus: Verum,
Deum Infan tem Pannis involutum: Verum,
Sic nos amantem Quis non redimaret? Verum,
Gloria In excelsis Deo! Verum,
Patris aeterni Verbum caro factum: Verum,

Ninite adoremus, Ninite adoremus, Verum,

CHRISTMAS

Adeste fideles

1. Come all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant,
2. God of God, Light of Light,
3. See how the shepherds, Summoned to His cradle,
4. Lo, starred chief-tains, Magi, Christ adoring,
5. Splendor eternal Of th' Eternal Father,
6. Child for us sinners, Poor and in the manger,
7. Sing, Choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation.
8. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee Born this happy morning:

Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Lo He disdains not the Virgin's womb:
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear:

Offer Him incense, gold and myrrh:
Veiled under human flesh to greet human view,
Fain we embrace Thee with awe and love.
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Come and behold Him Born the King of Angels. O
Very God Begotten not created: O
We too will thither Bend our joyful footsteps. O

We to the Christ Child Bring our heart's oblations. O
Infinite Deity, Wrapped in Infant's clothing, O
Who would not love Thee Loving us so dearly? O
Glory to God In the Highest! O
Word of the Father Now in Flesh appearing. O

come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him, O
come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.
1. Let the nations now rejoice. Join with Heav'n in glad-some voice.
2. From the spot-less Virgin's womb Through the Spirit doth he come;
3. Lo, He comes, and by His grace Heals the woes of Adam's race;

Let the tidings of the morn Loud-ly ring, Loud-ly ring.
Peace and love for strife and scorn Doth He bring, Doth He bring.
Rising from our lot forlorn Let us sing, Let us sing.

Unto us today is born Christ the King, Christ the King.
Unto us today is born Christ the King, Christ the King. Amen.
For to us today is born Christ the King, Christ the King.

Tune from Westminster Hymnal.

4. Loving Jesus, evermore
Thee we praise and Thee adore.
Love to Thee both night and morn
Shall we bring, Shall we bring:
Unto us today is born
Christ the King, Christ the King.
CHRISTMAS

1. Angels we have heard on high Sweetly singing
2. Shepherds, why this Jubilee? Why this ecstasy?
3. Come to Bethlehem, come and see Him Whose Birth the
   o'er the plains, And the mountains in reply Echoing their
   song? Say what may the tidings be That inspire yon
   Angels sing: Come, adore on bended knee Jesus Christ the
   joyous strains: Gloria
   heavenly throng: Gloria
   Infant King: Gloria
   -ria in excelsis Deo.
   -ria in excelsis Deo.
   -ria in excelsis Deo. Amen.

4. 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.
1. Stars of glory, shine more brightly, Purer be the moonlight's beam,
   Glide ye hours and moments light-ly, Swift-ly down time's deepening stream:

2. See a beauteous Angel soaring in the bright celestial blaze;
   On the shepherds, low adoring, Rest his mild eff-ful-gent rays.

3. See the shepherds quickly rising, Hastening to the humble stall,
   And the new-born Infant prizing As the migh-ty Lord of all.

4. Hark, the swell of heavenly voices
   When the shepherds heard with gladness Ti-dings of a Savior's Birth.

Peals along the vaulted sky;
Weeping in a low-ly manger, Shepherds, haste ye to be-hold! Amen.

Angels sing, while earth rejoices,
Firm-ly faith-ful, they a-dore Him And His greatness cel-e-brate.

'Glory to our God on high,
Peace to humble men on earth;
Joy to these and bliss is given
In the great Redeemer's Birth!'
1. Oft as Thee, my Infant Saviour, In Thy Mother's arms I view, Straight a thousand thrilling
great your bliss must be, Each enfolded in the charm o'er nature's face, So the Child to Mary
raptures Penetrate my heart anew.
other, Breathing pure felicity. Amen.
clinging Decks her with diviner grace.

4. Lovely Jesus, gentle Brother,
   How I wish a smile from Thee,
   Meant for Thy immortal Mother,
   Only might alight on me.
1. Of the Father's love begotten
2. At His word the worlds were framed:
3. He is found in human fashion,

Ere the worlds began to be,
He commanded; it was done:
Death and sorrow here to know,

He is Alpha and Omega,
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
That the race of Adam's children

He the source, the ending He,
In their three-fold order one;
Doomed by law to endless woe,
Of the things that are, that have been,
All that grows beneath the shining
May not henceforth die and perish

And that future years shall see,
Of the moon and burning sun,
In the dreadful gulf below

Ev er - more and ev er - more.
Ev er - more and ev er - more.
Ev er - more and ev er - more.  A - men.

4. O that Birth for ever blessed,
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

6. O ye Hights of Heaven adore Him;
Angel-hosts His praises sing;
All Dominions bow before Him
And extol our God and King.
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

5. This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord,
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word:
Now He shines, the long-expected
Let creation praise its Lord
Evermore and evermore.

7. Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
Glad their voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo
And the heart its praises bring
Evermore and evermore.

8. Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And O Holy Ghost to Thee,
Hymn and chant, with all thanksgiving
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.
O Christian, a rise, and with carols of grateful and jubilant song, Resounding from earth to the welkin, The message of Christmas prolong.
1. Of Mary a Virgin remember, That
2. By far the most beautiful of children, Dis-
3. How precious that heavenly message To

midnight in Bethlehem's stall,
vine how e'er humble His Birth,
shpherdson Judean hill,

Was born the Awaited of Nations, The
What love must it be that impelled Him For
All Glory to God in the Highest And

Lord and Redeemer of all.
sinners to come thus to earth! Amen.
Peace be to men of goodwill!

4. Now let us our own jubilation
To that of the Angels unite,
Their hymns and their brightest of carols
To Heaven re-echo with might.
O Christian........

5. The manger where Mary laid Jesus
Surrounding, with tenderest love,
Let praise and devotion most grateful
Ascend to Him reigning above.
O Christian.........
1. Shep-herds, tell your beau-tiful sto-ry, How the daz-zling
2. Beth-le-hem hath now be-hol-den Kings of tribes far-
3. So with Ma-ry's glad-ness blen-ding, Let our thankful-

An-gel-glo-ry Sang to Ju-da's hill-sides hoa-ry
off and ol- den, In-cense, myrrh, and trea-sure gol-den,
ness, as-cen-ding, Scale high Heaven in sweet con-tend-ing

'Born is your E-ter-nal King.'
To her con-quering Li-on bring, A-men.
With the An-gels' glo-rious choir.

From Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. God with us through Mary dwelleth;
This dear grace all praise excelleth;
Let the song such bliss that telleth
In its own great joy expire.
SAINT STEPHEN

1. The Lord and King of all things But yester-day was born,
2. Come ye that love the Martyrs, And pluck the flowers of song,
3. Thou first of all Confessors, Of all the Deacons crown,

And Stephen's glorious offering His birth-tide shall adorn.
And weave them in a garland For this our suppliant throng,
Of every following athlete The glory and renown,

No pearls of orient splendor, No jewels can he show,
And cry 'O thou that shinest In grace's brightest ray,
Make supplication, standing Before the King enthroned,

But with his own true heart's blood His shining vestments glow.
Christ's valiant Protomartyr, For peace and favor pray! Amen.
That we may see His beauty Who for our sins atoned.
SAINT JOHN EVANGELIST

1. Saint of the Sacred Heart, Sweet Teacher
2. Thou to whom grace was given To stand where
3. When the last evening came, Thy head was

of the Word, Partner of Mary's woes,
Peter fell, Whose heart could brook the Cross
on His breast, Pillowed on earth where now

And favorite of the Lord:
Of Him it loved so well: Amen.
In Heaven the Saints find rest

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. His Heart with quickened love,
Knowing His hour drew near,
Now throbbed against thy head,
Now beat into thine ear.

5. The gifts He gave to thee
He gave thee to impart,
And I too claim with thee
His Mother and His Heart.

6. O teach me now, dear Saint,
The secrets Christ taught thee,
The beatings of His Heart
And how it beat for me.
HOLY INNOCENTS
Salve flores martyrum

1. All hail, ye little Martyr Flowers, Sweet rose-buds cut in dawning hours: When Herod sought the Christ to
2. First victims of the Martyr bands, With crowns and palms in tender hands, A-round the very altar,
3. What profited this great offence? What use was Herod's violence? A Babe survives that dreadful find, Ye fell as blooms before the wind.
gay And innocent, ye seem to play. Amen.
day, And Christ is safely borne away.

4. All honor, laud and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.
NEW YEAR
*Lapsus est annus: redit annus alter*

1. A Year is dead, a Year is born;
2. For all past gifts we render thanks,
3. O Lord, our daily wants supply,

Thus time flies by on silent wing;
For graces new we humbly pray;
Protect from sickness and disease,

Thou Lord alone canst guide our course
O grant that we and those we love
And deign to give, O God of Love,

And safe to Heaven Thy people bring.
May not from faith and duty stray. Amen.
The blessing of unbroken peace.

4. O blot out all our former sins
And give us strength to fall no more;
When fight is o'er and victory won,
Then crown us on th' eternal shore.

5. For all the old year's sins we grieve,
Our hearts we consecrate to Thee;
Grant us, when all our years are sped,
Our Heavenly Father's face to see.
1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see And in Thy presence rest.

2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name, The Saviour of mankind. Amen.

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? O this Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is None but His loved ones know.

5. Jesus, our only joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be; O Jesus, be our glory now And through eternity.
HOLY NAME OF JESUS

Jesu Rex admirabilis

1. O Jesus, Lord, most mighty
   King of the world, With its vain pomp, decayed,
   O Sweetness infinite, for Whom Our souls unceasing pine.
   O dearest Jesus, let me feel

2. When Thou art in my heart, the conqueror divine,
   And in my heart, Thou living Spring of Light,
   The truth shines bright, and love lights up its ready kindled blaze.
   The fulness of Thy love,

3. O Jesus, sweetness of the
   O Jesus, sweetness of the
   O Jesus, sweetness of the
   And cleanse mine eyes to see Thy face

4. O Jesus, brighter than the Sun,
   O Balm with healing blest,
   Of all things sweet, of all things fair,
   In Thy bright courts above.

5. O Jesus, brightest, fairest, best.
1. Jesus, King o'er all adored, Jesus our vic-
torious Lord, Sweetness Thou that speech transcends,
dost impart; Earth's deceitful pleasures fall,
inward sight, Every joy Thou dost excel,
Hope of earth's remotest ends:
Thou alone art All in all. Amen.
Sweetest love's overflowing well.

2. Coming to the faithful heart, Light and love Thou
dost impart; Earth's deceitful pleasures fall,
inward sight, Every joy Thou dost excel,
Hope of earth's remotest ends:
Thou alone art All in all. Amen.
Sweetest love's overflowing well.

3. Jesus, Lord of pure delight, Cleanser of the

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.
1. O Jesus, Thou the Beauty art Of
Angel Worlds above; Thy Name is music

2. Celestial sweetness unalloyed, Who
eat Thee hunger still, Who drink of Thee still

3. O dearest Jesus, hear the sighs Which
unto Thee I send; To Thee mine inmost

to the heart, Enchanting it with love.
feel a void Which only Thou canst fill. Amen.

spirited cries, My being's hope and end.

4. Abide with us and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss,

5. O Jesus, spotless Virgin-flower,
Our life and joy, to Thee

Dispel the darkness of our night
Be praise, beatitude, and power

And fill the world with bliss.
Through all eternity.
HOLY NAME OF JESUS

Jesu decus angelicum

1. Jesus, highest Heaven's completeness,
2. Eating Thee the soul may hunger,
3. Jesus, all delight exceeding,

Name of music to the ear, To the lips sur-
Drinking still a-thirst may be, But for earthly
Only hope of heart distressed, Weeping eyes and

passing sweetness, Wine the fainting heart to cheer.
food no longer Nor for any stream but Thee. Amen.
spirits bleeding Find in Thee a place of rest.

4. Stay, O Beauty uncreated,
   Ever ancient, ever new;
   Banish clouds of darkness hated,
   With Thy sweetness all bedew.

5. Jesus, fairest Blossom, springing
   From the womb of Virgin pure,
   May our lips Thy praise be singing
   While eternal years endure.
1. How vain the cruel Herod's fear When told that
2. The Eastern Sages saw from far And followed
3. Within the Jordan's sacred flood The heavenly

Christ the King is near: He takes not earthly realms a-
on His guiding star; By light their way to Light they
Lamb in meekness stood, That He to Whom no sin was

way Who gives the realms that ne'er decay.
trod And by their gifts confessed their God. Amen.
known Might cleanse His people from their own.

4. And O what miracle divine When water reddened into wine!
5. All glory, Jesus, be to Thee For this Thy glad Epiphany,
He spake the word and forth it flowed Whom with the Father we adore
In streams that nature ne'er bestowed. And Holy Ghost forevermore.
EPIPHANY

1. Bethlehem, of noblest cities
2. Fairer than the sun at morning
3. By its lambent beauty guided,

None can once with thee compare; Thou alone the
Was the star that told His birth, To the lands their
See the Eastern Kings appear; See them bend their

Lord from heaven Didst for us Incarnate bear.
God announcing, Hid beneath a form of earth. Amen.
gifts to offer, Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

4. Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal Child proclaims,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

5. Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.
1. The princely city passing by, The
   Magi turn to greet The goal of all their
   toilsome march In Bethlehem's lowly street,
   And while from many tuneful lips Spon-

2. Transpor ting joy, when once again The
   star that they had lost, With heav'ly light and
   promise bright Their eager pathway crossed,
   Nor stayed its radiant course until It

3. No glint is here of ivory, No
   blaze of burnished gold, No purple robes the
   infant limbs In gorgeous hues enfold.
   His palace is a stable rude, His
ta-neous an-thems rise, Tri-um-phant faith takes
took its gol-den rest A-bove the place where
throne a man-ger wild, And rai-ment rough in

wings of hope And wafts them to the skies.
Je-sus lay Up-on His Mo-ther's breast. A-men.
web and woof The pur-ple of that child.

4. Let pomp and splendor other kings
Luxuriously adorn,
For better proves He thus His reign
Supreme, the Babe new-born.
In peasant garb and culture mean
He sways the realms of thought,
And heath the sceptre of His will
The hearts of men are brought.

5. Beside the cradle where He sleeps
They worship on their knees,
And in the Child the eye of faith
The present Godhead sees.
Let us, their offspring in the faith,
Adore the Infant here,
And offer Him our best of gifts,
Hearts filled with sacred fear.

6. Let chaste and ardent love supply
The gold of Eastern kings,
And bodies penance-chastened yield
The myrrh devotion brings.
Our vows and pray'rs, like frankincense
And myrrh, shall sweetly rise
To hail the Babe recumbent here
As Ruler of the skies.
EPIPHANY

1. They leave the land of gems and gold, The
   shining portals of the East:
   For Him, 'the Woman's Seed' foretold, They
   leave the revel and the feast.

2. To earth their sceptres they have cast, And
   crowns by kings ancestral worn:
   They track the lonely Syrian waste, They
   kneel before the Babe newborn.

3. O happy eyes that saw Him first: O
   happy lips that kissed His feet:
   Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst, With
   Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, He is King, and He alone, Who
lifts that infant hand to bless, Who
makes His Mother's knee His throne, Yet
rules the starry wilderness. Amen.

From Arundel Hymns by permission.
EPIPHANY
Jesu thronum majestatis

1. Jesus, Who from Thy Father's throne Didst to this vale of tears come down In our poor nature dressed,
o tears and on earth The faith-ful shep-herds, sing,
o by a star, Brought gifts to Thee their King,
o may the charms of that sweet love Draw up our souls to
may our hymns, which here run low, Shoot up a-loft and
may our hymns, which guide us by Thy light, that we May find Thy face, and
may our hymns, which guide us by Thy light, that we May find Thy face, and

2. Jesus, Whose high and humble Birth, In Heaven the Angels,

3. Jesus, to Whom three kings from far, Led to Thy cradle Above And fix them there to rest.

fruit-ful grow In that et-ernal spring. A-men.

un-to Thee Our-selves for trib-ute bring.

4. Jesus, Who thus began our bliss,
Thus carried on our happiness,
To Thee all praise be paid.
O may the great Mysterious Three
For ever live, and ever be Adored, beloved, obeyed.
LENT
Solemne nos jejunii

1. Again the time appointed see That
calls to fast and sigh, Let priest and people
bend the knee And loud for mercy cry.

2. But vain all outward form of grief And
vain the word of prayer, Unless the heart de-
sire relief And penitence be there. Amen.

3. The forehead prostrate in the dust, The
hair and garments torn, Can never stay the
vengeance just Unless the conscience mourn.

4. Great Three in One, Thy Name we bless,
Thy praises ever sing,
O grant that fruits of righteousness
From Lenten tears may spring.
1. Creator bounteous and benign, With tears we pray, Thine ear incline, As in these hallowed days of Lent Our grace impart, We turn to Thee, Thy mercy show, And contrite sighs to Heav'n are sent. Pardon for our sins bestow, A-men.

2. Great Searcher of the reins and heart, Thou seest us frail, Thy souls to health and virtue raise.

3. Our sins are multiplied and great, But spare us in our help- less state, And for Thy Name's renown and praise Our con-trite sighs to Heav'n are sent. Pardon for our sins bestow, A-men.

4. May we by wholesome penance now Compel our sinful flesh to bow, That, tutored in this sacred time, Our humbled hearts may fast from crime.

5. O grant us, Blessed Three in One, To end with fruit our course begun; May contrite fasts and ardent love Secure us endless joys above.
1. The darkness fleets and joyful earth Now
   greets the newborn day; O Thou true Sun of
   human souls, Ilume us with Thy ray.

2. Who givest this accepted time, Give
   tears that contrite be, Give flames of love our
   hearts to burn As vic-tims un-to Thee. Amen.

3. That fountain whence our sins have flowed Shall
   soon in tears dis-til, If but Thy pen-i-
   ten-tial grace Sub-due the stub-born will.

4. The day is near when all re-blooms,
   Thy own blest day, O Lord;
   We too would joy, by Thy right hand
   To life’s true path restored.

5. All glorious Trinity, to Thee
   Let earth’s vast fabric bend,
   And evermore from souls renewed
   The Saints’ new song ascend.
LENT

Tinctum ergo Christi sanguine

1. O turn those blessed points, all bathed in Jesus' Blood, on me; The sins were mine that may some drops distil Of Blood divine withhilt hands shall harmless be; So from my wounded wrought His death; Be mine the penalty, in my soul And all its evils heal. Amen.

2. Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart; So hands shall harmless be; So from my wounded heart shall each Forbidden passion flee.

3. So shall my feet be slow to sin, My

4. Thee, Jesus, pierced with nails and spear, Let every knee adore, With Thee, O Father, and with Thee, O Spirit, evermore.

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1. Jesus, all hail, Who for my sin Didst
die and by that Death didst win Eternal life for me.
Send me Thy grace, good Lord, that I unto the world and
flesh may die And hide my life with Thee.

2. Jesus, Who at this very hour At
God's right hand in pomp and pow'r Our nature still dost wear,
O let Thy Wounds still intercede And by their simple
silence plead Thy countless merits there. Amen.

3. Jesus, Who shalt in glory come With
Angels to the final doom, Men's works and wills to weigh,
Since from that pomp I cannot flee, Be merciful, great
Lord, to me In that tremendous Day.
1. O come and mourn with me a while; See, Mary calls us
to her side; O come and let us mourn with her.
Jews deride? Behold how patient ly He hangs.
Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.

2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, while soldiers scoff and
silence cried for mercy on the souls of men.
Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.

3. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love; And all three hours His
Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.

4. 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.

5. 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.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.
From Arundel Hymns by permission.

1. O come and mourn with me a while;
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
3. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;

See, Mary calls us to her side; O come and
While soldiers scoff and Jews de-ride? Behold how
And all three hours His silence cried For mercy

let us mourn with her.
patiently He hangs. Jesus, our Love, is Crucified, the souls of men.

fied, Jesus, our Love, is Crucified. Amen.

4. O break, O break, hard heart of mine; 5. O Love of God: O sin of man:
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride In this dread act your strength is tried,
His Pilate and His Judas were. And victory remains with Love.
Jesus, our Love, is Crucified. Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.
1. Overwhelmed in depths of woe, Up on the Tree of scorn Hangs Jesus, 
   And feet so tender rend; See down His face and pierced His Mother's heart, As into God the 

2. See how the nails those hands And of mankind, With anguish torn. neck and breast His sacred Blood descend. Amen. Father's hands He bade His soul depart. 

3. O hear that last loud cry, Which 4. Earth hears and trembling quakes Around that Tree of pain, The rocks are rent, the graves are burst, The veil is rent in twain. 

5. Shall man alone be mute? Have we no griefs, no fears? Come old and young, 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. O Jesus, praise to Thee, Our joy and endless rest: Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here, Our Crown amid the blest.
1. Slow and mournful be our tone,
2. All for man the lash He bore
3. Pierced for us, a double tide

Telling of the grief unknown, Grief that on the
And the thorns His temples tore; Bound and help-less
Floweth from His precious side; Awful Mys-te-

4. Blessed streams forever flow,
   Bringing grace to all below,
   Here our cup of blessing prove
   And our cup of bliss above.
5. Man of sorrows, Man of grief,
   Let us find in Thee relief,
   Till, the night of sorrow o'er,
   Sadly flows Thy praise no more.
PASSION
Salve caput cruentatum

1. O sacred Head, surrounded By
crown of piercing thorn,
bleeding Head, so wounded, Re-

2. I see Thy strength and vigor or All
fading in the strife,
death with cruel rigour or Be-

3. In this Thy bitter Passion, Good
Shepherd, think of me
Thy most sweet compassion, Un-

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viled and put to scorn: Death's
reasoning Thee of life. O
worthy though I be, Be-

pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The
agony and dying: O
neath Thy Cross abiding. For

glow of life decays,
love to sinners free:
love ever would I rest,

Yet Angel hosts a-
O Jesus, grace sup-
In all Thy love con-

dore Thee And tremble as they gaze.
plying, Do turn Thy face on me. A-men.
finding. And with Thy Presence blest.
1. Stabat Mater dolorosa
2. Cujus animam gentem,
3. O quam tristis et afflicta

Juxta crucem lacerosa,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Fuit illa benedicta

Dum pendebat Filius.
Pertransivit gladius. Amen.
Mater Unigeniti!

Harmonies by Julius Bas.
4. Quae mærebat et dolebat
   Pia Mater, dum videbat
   Nati poenas inclyti.

5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
   Matrem Christi si videret
   In tanto supplicio?

6. Quis non posset contristari,
   Christi Matrem contemplari
   Dolentem cum Filio?

7. Pro peccatis suæ gentis
   Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
   Et flagellis subditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
   Moriendo desolatum,
   Dum emisit spiritum.

9. Eia Mater, fons amoris,
   Me sentire vim doloris
   Fac, ut tecum lugam.

10. Fac ut ardeat cor meum
    In amando Christum Deum,
    Ut sibi complaciam.

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
    Crucifixi fige plagas
    Cordi meo valide.

12. Tui Nati vulnerati,
    Tam dignati pro me pati,
    Poenas mecum divide.

13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
    Crucifixo condolere,
    Donec ego vixero.

14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
    Et me tibi sociare
    In planctu desidero.

15. Virgo virginum praclaera,
    Mihi jam non sis amara;
    Fac me tecum plangere.

16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
    Passionis fac consortem,
    Et plagas recolere.

17. Fac me plagis vulnerari,
    Fac me Cruce inebriari,
    Et crure Filii.

18. Flammis ne urar successus,
    Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
    In die judicii.

19. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
    Da per Matrem me venire
    Ad palmam victoriae.

20. Quando corpus morietur
    Fac ut animae donetur
    Paradisi gloria.
PASSION

Stabat Mater

1. At the Cross her station keeping,
2. Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
3. O how sad and sore distressed

Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Was that Mother ever Blessed,

Close to Jesus till the last.
Now at length the sword hath passed. Amen.
Of the Sole-begotten One!

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4. O that silent ceaseless mourning, 
   Dim her eyes yet never turning 
   From that wondrous suffering Son!

5. Who on Christ’s dear Mother gazing 
   In her trouble so amazing, 
   Born of woman, would not weep?

6. Who on Christ’s dear Mother thinking 
   Such a cup of anguish drinking, 
   Would not share her sorrow deep?

7. For His people’s sins atoning, 
   She saw Jesus writhing, groaning, 
   ’Neath the scourge where with He bled.

8. Her beloved One, her Consoler, 
   Saw she whelmed in direst dolor 
   Till at length His spirit fled.

9. Fount of love and sacred sorrow, 
   Mother, may my spirit borrow 
   Somewhat of thy holy woe.

10. May my heart, on fire within me 
    With the love of Jesus, win me 
    Grace to please Him here below.

11. Mother, every wound and tremor 
    Of the Crucified Redeemer 
    Firmly fasten in my soul.

12. Every shame which thou art sharing 
    O divide with me unsparing, 
    Every pang and pain and dole.

13. Grant that I my tears may mingle 
    With thine own in sorrow single 
    For my Saviour Crucified.

14. Let me, till my breath shall falter, 
    Near to thee at Calvary’s altar, 
    Join my heart to Him Who died.

15. Queen of Virgins, best and dearest, 
    Grant the prayer that now thou hearest: 
    Let me ever mourn with thee.

16. Let compassion me so fashion 
    That thy Son’s most sacred Passion 
    Daily be renewed in me.

17. Be His Wounds my own transfixion, 
    May His Blood of benediction 
    Ebriate my soul entire.

18. Virgin, when the mountains quiver, 
    From that flame which burneth ever 
    Shield me on the Day of Ire.

19. Christ, when I account must render, 
    Be Thy Mother my defender, 
    Be Thy Cross my victory.

20. Dust to dust itself betaking, 
    May my soul enraptured waking 
    Paradisal glory see.
1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious Battle,

2. He our Maker, deeply grieving

3. Thus the work for our salvation

Sing the last the dread affray,
That the first made Adam fell,
He ordained to be done,

O'er the Cross the Victor's trophy
When he ate the fruit forbidden
To the traitor's art opposing

Sound the high triumphal lay,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Art yet deeper than his own

Organ
4. Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of th' appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

5. Now the thirty years accomplished,
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself an Offering free.
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

6. There the nails and spear He suffers,
Vinegar and gall and reed,
From His sacred Body pierced
Blood and water both proceed;
Precious Blood, which all creation
From the stain of sin hath freed.

7. Faithful Cross, above all others
One and only noble Tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit Thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

8. Bend thy boughs, O Tree of glory,
Thy relaxing sinews bend,
For a while the ancient rigor
That thy birth bestowed suspend,
And the King of heavenly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

9. Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race forever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

10. Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might and One in glory
While eternal ages run.
1. The Royal Banners forward go, The
2. Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's
3. Fulfilled is all that David told In

Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
torrent rushing from His side,
true prophetic song of old;

Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made, Our
To wash us in that precious flood Where
Amidst the nations, God, saith He, Hath

sentence bore, our ransom paid;
mingled water flowed and Blood.
reigned and triumphed from the Tree.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
O faithful Cross, O noblest Tree, In all our woods there's none like thee;

No earthly groves, no shady bowers, Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers. Amen.

4. O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple light,
Elect, on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest;
O faithful Cross,........

5. O Cross, our one reliance, hail:
This holy Passion-tide avail
To give fresh merit to the saint
And pardon to the penitent.
O faithful Cross,........

6. On whose dear arms so widely flung
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The price of humankind to pay
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.
O faithful Cross,........

7. To Thee eternal Three in One
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore.
O faithful Cross,........
PASSION

Consummatum est

1. It is Finished. He hath seen
2. It is Finished. He hath wept
3. It is Finished. He hath borne

Each beloved one leave His side;
O'er the coming of His woe,
Sceptred reed and mocking stare,

He by one betrayed hath been,
Till the blood in torrents swept
Purple robe and crown of thorn,

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4. It is Finished. He hath stood
By the ribald king, whose hand,
Guilty of the Baptist’s blood,
Mocked Him to his soldier-band.

5. It is Finished. He hath bowed
'Neath the Cross to Calvary’s steep,
And hath seen amidst the crowd
His beloved Mother weep.

6. It is Finished. Not a wail
Told His pain, when hammer sent
To the very head the nail,
Through His sinews crushed and rent.

7. It is Finished. He hath hung
Three long hours in grief to die;
Curses loud on every tongue,
Malice in each heart and eye.

8. It is Finished. Naught is left.
He may yield at last His breath.
Bleeding, bruised, forlorn, bereft,
Life, in dying, conquers death.

(54 - 2)
All glory, laud and honor To Thee Redeemer King,

To Whom the lips of children Made sweet Hosannas ring.

1. Thou art the King of Israel, Thou Davids royal Son, Who
2. The company of Angels Are praising Thee on high, And
3. The people of the Hebrews With palms before Thee went; Our

in the Lords Name comest, The King and Blessed One.
mortal men and all things Created make reply. Amen.
praise and prayer and anthems Before Thee we present.

4. To Thee before Thy Passion
   They sang their hymns of praise;
   To Thee now high exalted
   Our melody we raise.
   All glory....

5. Thou didst accept their praises;
   Accept the prayers we bring,
   Who in all good delightest,
   Thou good and gracious King.
   All glory....
1. Christ the Lord is Risen to day: Christians, haste your vows to pay.
2. Christ the Victim unde-filed Man to God hath reconciled,

Offer ye your praises meet At the Paschal Victim's feet.
Whilst in strange and awful strife Met together Death and Life.
I beheld, where Christ had lain, Empty tomb and Angels twain;

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sinless in the sinner's stead.
Christians, on this happy day, Haste with joy your vows to pay.
I beheld the glory bright Of the rising Lord of Light.

Christ is risen today, we cry, Now He lives no more to die.
Christ is risen today, we cry, Now He lives no more to die. Amen.
Christ my Lord is risen again, Now He lives and lives to reign.

4. Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
   Now first-fruit of all the dead,
   Throned 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 adored.
   Help and save us, gracious Lord.
EASTER

O filii et filiae

Alleluia! Alleluia!

1. O sons and daughters, let us sing: The King of early morning grey Went holy clad in white they see, Who sat

2. In very

3. An Angel

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Heaven, the glorious King, O'er death to
women on their way To see the
spake unto the three: 'Your Lord hath
day rose triumphing.
tomb where Jesus lay.
gone to Galilee.'

Alleluia!........
4. That night th' Apostles met in fear,
But in their midst did Christ appear:
'My Peace,' saith He, 'be to you here.'
Alleluia!

Alleluia!........
5. But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there came the Lord.
Alleluia!

Alleluia!........
6. My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be!
Alleluia!

Alleluia!........
7. When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.
Alleluia!

Alleluia!........
8. O blest are they who have not seen
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
Life everlasting they shall win.
Alleluia!

Alleluia!........
9. Now let us praise the Lord most high,
And strive His Name to magnify
This Day of days through earth and sky.
Alleluia!

(57-2)
EASTER
Ad regias Agni dapes

1. At the Lamb’s high Feast we sing, Alleluia,
2. Praise we Him Whose love divine, Alleluia,
3. Where the Paschal Blood is poured, Alleluia,

Praise to our victorious King, Alleluia,
Gives the guests His Blood for wine, Alleluia,
Death’s dark angels sheath his sword, Alleluia,

Washed our garments in the tide, Alleluia,
Gives His Body for the feast, Alleluia,
Israel’s hosts triumphant go, Alleluia,

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Flowing from His pierced side, Alleluia.
Love the Victim, Love the Priest, Alleluia. Amen.
Through the wave that drowns the foe, Alleluia.

4. Christ the Lamb Whose Blood is shed, Alleluia,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread, Alleluia.
With sincerity and love, Alleluia,
Eat we Manna from above, Alleluia.

5. Mighty Victim from on high, Alleluia,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie, Alleluia.
Death is conquered in the fight, Alleluia,
Thou hast brought us life and light, Alleluia.

6. Now Thy banner Thou dost wave, Alleluia,
Vanquished Satan and the grave, Alleluia.
Overthrown the prince of hell, Alleluia,
Angels join Thy praise to tell, Alleluia.

7. Paschal triumph, Paschal joy, Alleluia,
Only sin can this destroy, Alleluia.
From the death of sin make free, Alleluia,
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee, Alleluia.

8. Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Alleluia,
Father, unto Thee we raise, Alleluia.
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee, Alleluia,
Ever with the Spirit be, Alleluia.
1. Ye choirs of New Jerusalem, Your swee-test notes em-ploy, The Pas-chal Vic-to-
2. How Judah's Lion burst His chains And crushed the ser-pent's head, And brought with Him from lone our Lea-der bore; His ransomed hosts pur-
sue their way Where He hath gone be-fore.

4. Triumphant in His glory now, 5. While joyful thus His praise we sing, His sceptre ruleth all, His mercy we implore, Earth, Heaven and hell before Him bow Into His Palace bright to bring And at His footstool fall. And keep us evermore.

6. Through times unknown to earthly thought, O Father, praise to Thee, To Him Who our salvation wrought And to the Spirit be.
1. The Dawn was pur - pling o'er the sky, With
   al - le - lu - ias rang the air, This earth held glo - rious
   ju - bi - lee, Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce de - spair.

2. When our most val - iant migh - ty King From
dead’s a - byss in dread ar - ray Led long - im - pris - oned
Fath - ers forth In - to the beam of Life and Day. A - men.

3. When He, Whom stone and seal and guard Had
safely to the tomb con - signed, Tri - um - phant rose, and
buried death Deep in the grave He left be - hind.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. Now calm your grief and still your tears; O Jesus, from the death of sin
The Angel to the mourner cries, Keep us we pray, so Thou shalt be
For Christ is risen from the dead The everlasting Paschal Joy
And death is slain, no more to rise. Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

6. To God the Father, with the Son
Who from the grave immortal rose,
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise
While age on endless ages flows.
1. One great and final Sabbath day, The
2. Close hidden in the sealed tomb He
3. The feet that trod the wine press lone Go

Sun of our Salvation In death and darkness
wrought His peaceful wonder, And broke the locks and
shod with wine-red roses; The mighty hands hold

hid His ray, And in His broken Temple lay.
bars of doom As gently as the garden gloom.
fast their own Deep writ in living ruby stone;

The 3rd edition of the Edmund Campion Missal (Sophia Press, 2022) is indispensable for anyone who cares about the Holy Week reforms enacted by Pope Pius XII as it exhaustively explains the similarities and differences between the 1950 Holy Week and the 1962 Holy Week. • https://ccwatershed.org/Campion/
But, ere the holy night was fled, He raised His
But Michael, mailed in blinding light, Came flashing
And from the Heart for evermore His sacred

Body from the dead To rule the new creation
from the heavenly height, And rolled the stone aside, like Heaven's door, To contrite men un

ation Of our sanctification
sun - der And shook the world with thunder
cloes And Wine of Life dispo ses.

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.
1. The morn had spread her crimson rays When rang the skies with shouts of praise, And earth rejoiced the hymn to swell That brought despair to vanquished hell.
2. He comes victorious from the grave, The Lord omnipotent to save, And brings with Him to light of day The Saints who long imprisoned lay. Angel's voice, And in our Risen Lord rejoice.
3. Let hymns of joy to grief succeed; We know that Christ is risen indeed; We hear His white-robed Allelulia! Alleluia!
4. With Christ we died, with Christ we rose, Hymns by permission. When at the font His Name we chose. O let not sin our robes defile Nor turn to grief the Paschal smile. Alleluia! Alleluia!
ASCENSION
Salve festa dies

Hail festal day, made sacred by our Lord, Where-
in He conquered hell and upward soared.

1. See, worldly beauty budding forth anew
2. The earth with flowers is decked, the sky serene,
3. The green-wood leaves, the flowering meadows, tell

Shows with the Lord His gifts returning too.
The heavenly portals glow with brighter sheen. Amen.
Of Christ triumphant over cruel hell.

4. The power of evil crushed, He seeks the skies:
From earth, from stars and ocean, anthems rise.
Hail festal day, .......

5. The Crucified is God for evermore:
Their Maker all created things adore.
Hail festal day, .......
ASCENSION

Tune = "Moscow"

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise Into Thy
    native skies; Assume Thy right; And where in
    Name prevail From age to age; Lord of the
    more than trod The serpent down: Blow the full
    many a fold The clouds are backward rolled,
    rolling years, Claim for Thine own the spheres,
    trumpets, blow; Wider yon portals throw;

2. Lion of Judah, hail, And let Thy
    Name prevail From age to age; Lord of the
    more than trod The serpent down: Blow the full
    many a fold The clouds are backward rolled,
    rolling years, Claim for Thine own the spheres,
    trumpets, blow; Wider yon portals throw;

3. Enter, Incarnate God; Thy feet have
    Name prevail From age to age; Lord of the
    more than trod The serpent down: Blow the full
    many a fold The clouds are backward rolled,
    rolling years, Claim for Thine own the spheres,
    trumpets, blow; Wider yon portals throw;

Pass through those gates of gold And reign in light.
For Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage. Amen.
Saviour, triumphant, go And take Thy Crown.
1. O King Most High of earth and sky, On
   pros-trate death Thou tread-est, And with Thy Blood dost
   mark the road Where- by to Heav’n Thou lead- est.

2. O Lord of Love, en-throned a- bove Be-
   side th’Al-might- ty Fa- ther, Thou wilt not leave Thy
   flock to grieve, But to Thy-self wilt ga- ther. A-men.

3. O Christ, be-hold Thine or- phaned fold, Which
   Thou hast borne with an-guish, Steeped in the tide of
   Thy rent side; O leave us not to lan-guish.

4. The glorious gain of all Thy pain
   Henceforth Thou dost inherit;

5. Dear Lord, to Thee all glory be,
   Thy Father’s Throne ascending:

Hence comes the hour, then gently shower
Thy reign as One and Three shall run
On us Thy promised Spirit.
Through ages never ending.
1. Crown Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne; Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns All born, Whose arm those crimson trophies won Which side; Rich wounds, yet visible above, In music not its own. Awake, my soul, and sing Of now His brow adorned; Fruit of the mystic rose, As beauty glorified. No Angel in the sky Can

Tune from Westminster Hymnal
Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all eternity.
of that rose the Stem; The Root whence mercy ever flows, The Babe of Beth-le-hem. Amen.
ful-ly bear that sight, But down-ward bends his burning eye At my-ste-ries 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.
From pole to pole, that wars may cease Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.
Fair flowers of Paradise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown Him the Lord of Years, The Potentate of Time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, Ineffably sublime,
In glazen sea of light, Whose everlasting waves
Whose everlasting waves Reflect His form, the Infinite, Who lives and love and saves.
Reflect His form, the Infinite, Who lives and love and saves.

6. Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known, And Holy Spirit through Him given
From yonder triune throne. All hail, Redeemer, hail, For Thou hast died for me;
All hail, Redeemer, hail, For Thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Throughout eternity.
1. Veni, Creator Spiritus,
2. Qui dicereis, Paracletus,
3. Tu septiformis munere,
4. Accende lumen sensibus,
5. Hostem repellas longius,
6. Per te sciamus da Patrem
   Noscamus atque Filium,
   Credamus omni tempore.
7. Deo Patri sit gloria,
   Et Filio qui a mortuis
   In sæculorum sæcula.

Mentes tuorum visitata: Implo superna gratia
Altissimi donum Dei, Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Digitus paternæ dexteræ, Tu rite promissum Patris,
Quae tu creasti pectora.
Et spiritalis unctio. Amen.
Sermoned i tans guttura.

Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.
1. Come, O Creator, Spirit blest, And in our souls take up Thy rest; Come Thou with grace and heavenly gift of God most high, O Fount of Life, O Fire of the Hand divine, The promise of the Father aid To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. Love, And solemn Unction from above. Amen. Thou Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4. Our senses touch with light and fire, Our hearts with charity inspire, With firm endurance from on high The weakness of our flesh supply.

5. Our enemy malign repel, And let Thy peace within us dwell; So may we, having Thee for Guide, From all things hurtful turn aside.

6. O may Thy grace on us bestow The Father and the Son to know, And evermore to hold confessed Thyself, of each the Spirit blest.

7. To God the Father praise be paid, As to the Son Who from the dead Arose, and perfect praise to Thee O Holy Ghost, eternally.
1. Hail this joy-ful Day's re-turn, Hail the Pen-te-cos-tal morn,
2. Hear the speech be-fore unknown, Trembling crowds the won-der own;
3. Thou who didst our fa-thers guide, With their chil-dren still a-bide;

Morn when our as-cended Head On His Church His Spi-rit shed.
What though hardened some a-bide, And the ho-ly work de-ride?
Grant us par-don, grant us peace, Till our earth-ly wanderings cease.

Like to clo-ven tongues of flame On the twelve the Spi-rit came;
Lord, to Thee Thy peo-ple bend, Un-to us Thy Spi-rit send;
To the Fa-ther prai-ses sing, Praise to Christ our ris-en King,

Tongues that earth may hear their call, Fire that love may burn in all.
Bles-sings of this sa-cred day Grant us, dea-rest Lord, we pray. Amen.
Praise to Thee, the Lord of Love, Bles-sed Spi-rit, ho-ly Dove.
1. Again the slowly circling year Brings
round the blessed hour When on the Saints the
Paraclete Came down in grace and power.

2. In fashion of a fiery tongue On each and all He came, Their lips with eloquent with grace divine, While wondering crowds the sequence He strung And filled their hearts with flame. Amen.
cause mistake And deem them drunk with wine.

3. Straight-way with divers tongues they speak, In Thy graces from above,
4. These things were mystically wrought, 6. Thou Who in ages past didst pour Thy grace in us, where lost, restore, The Paschal time complete, Thy peace and love.
When Israel's law remission brought Of every legal debt.

5. O God of grace, to Thee we pray, 7. All glory to the Father be To Thee adoring bend; And to the Son Who rose;
Into our hearts, this sacred day, Glory, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Thy Spirit's fulness send. While age on ages flows.
1. Veni, Sancte Spiritus, Et emitte coelitus
2. Consolator optime, Dulcis hospes animalae, Dulce refrigerium.

Veni pater pauperum, Veni datator
In labore requies, In aestu tempore
Sine tuo numine, Nihil est in munere, Veni lumen cordium.


4. Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

5. Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.
PENTECOST
Veni Sancte Spiritus

1. Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come, And from Thy celestial home shed a ray of Light divine.

2. Comforter art Thou the best, Thou the soul's most welcome guest, Sweet refreshment here below.

3. O most blessed Light Divine, Shine within these hearts of Thine, And our inmost being fill.

Come, Thou Father of the poor, Come, Thou Source of In our labor rest most sweet, Grateful coolness Where Thou art not man hath naught, Nothing good in all our store, Come, within our bosoms shine.

in the heat, Solace in the midst of woe, Amen.

deed or thought, Nothing free from taint of ill.

4. Heal our wounds, our strength renew, 5. On the faithful, who adore

On our dryness pour Thy dew, And confess Thee evermore,

Wash the stains of guilt away. In Thy sevenfold gifts descend.

Bend the stubborn heart and will, Give them virtue's sure reward,

Melt the frozen, warm the chill, Give them Thy salvation, Lord,

Guide the steps that else would stray. Give them joys that never end.
PENTECOST

Qui procedis ab utroque

1. Spirit of Grace and Union, Who
2. O inexhaustive Fount of Light, How
3. Thou to the lowly dost display The

from the Father and the Son Dost equally proceed,
doth Thy radiance put to flight The darkness of the mind,
beautiful and perfect way Of justice and of peace;

Inflame our hearts with holy fire, Our lips with elo-
The pure are only pure through Thee, Thou only dost the
Thou to the simple dost impart What lacks the proud and

quence inspire And strengthen us in need.
guilty free And cheer with light the blind. Amen.
stubborn heart, True wisdom's rich in increase.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
4. O Soother of the troubled heart, At Thy approach all cares depart And melancholy grief. More
5. Thy grace eternal truth in-stils, The ignorant with knowledge fills, Awakest those who sleep, In
are oppressed, Be-friender of the poor: O
6. O Thou the weary pilgrim's Rest, Solace of all that balmy than the summer breeze, Thy presence lulls all spires the tongue, in-forms the eye, Expands the heart with Thou in Whom the wretched find A sweet Consoler agonies And lends a sweet relief. charity And comforts all who weep. Amen.
ever kind, A Refuge ever sure.
7. Spirit of Holiness and Might, Il-
8. And as Thou didst in days of old On
9. So unto Thee, Who with the Son And

lu-mi-nate us with Thy Light, Thy peace on us be-stow,
ear-liest Shep-herds of the Fold In tongues of flame de-scend,
Fa-ther art for ev-er One, The Lord of earth and Heav'n,

Help us to gain the heavenly prize, And for its glo-ry
Now al-so on its Pas-tors shine And fill with fire of
Be through e-ter-nal length of days All hon-or, glo-ry,

to de-spise The world and all be-low.
grace di-vine The world from end to end. A-men.
bles-sing, praise And a-do-ra-tion given.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
MOST HOLY TRINITY
Tu Trinitatis Unitas

1. Holy Godhead, One in Three,
2. Light of light, with morning-shine
3. God of Peace, when falls the even,

Ru - ler of the earth and sea,
Pour on us Thy Light divine,
Let it close on sin forgiven,

Hear us while we lift to Thee
And let charity be benign
Fold us in the peace of Heaven,

Holy chant and psalm,
Breathe on us her balm.
Shed a holy calm.

Tune from Catholic Hymns

4. Holy Godhead, One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.
1. O Thou Immortal Light Divine, Blest
2. Father in majesty enthroned, We
3. As from the Father Increate His

Tri—ni—ty in Uni—ty, Almigh—ty One, Al
Thee confess with Christ Thy Son. Thee, Holy Ghost, e
Son and Word Eternal came, So too from Each the

migh—ty Trine, Give ear to Thy cre—a—tion's cry.

Pa—ra—clete Pro—ceeds, in De—i—ty the same.

4. Three Persons, Whom among is none
Of greater majesty or less,
In substance, essence, nature, One,
Equal in might and holiness:

5. Three Persons, One Immensity
Encircling utmost space and time,
One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
One everlasting Truth sublime:

6. O Thou Most Holy, wise and just,
O Lord of nature, God of grace,
Grant that as now in Thee we trust
So may we see Thee face to face.

7. Thou art the Fount of all that is,
Thou art our Origin and End,
On Thee alone our future bliss
And perpetuity depend.

8. Thou solely didst the worlds create,
Subsisting still by Thy decree,
Thou art the Light, the Glory great
And Prize of all who hope in Thee.

9. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Triunal Lord of earth and Heaven
From earth and from the Heavenly Host
Be sempiternal glory given.
1. In the Light all light excelling,
2. Angels veil their radiant faces;
3. Watch till night is turned to morning,

Light that darkens mortal eye,
Saints are trembling in Thy sight;
Morning of the eternal Day;

Thou, Supreme, hast fixed Thy dwelling,
We the while, in earth's dark places,
Suns our earthly heaven adorning

Everlasting Trinity.
Watch the slowly warning night; Amen.
Fade like star-light from its ray.


4. Grant that here Thy gifts receiving,
We may there Thy glory see;
Gazing then, no more believing,
Trinity in Unity.
1. Holy God, we praise Thy Name,
2. Hark, the loud celestial hymn
3. Lo, the Apostolic train

Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
Angel Choirs above are raising;
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow,

All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Prophets swell the loud refrain

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All in Heaven above adore Thee;
In unceasing chorus praising
And the white-robed Martyrs follow,

Infinite Thy vast domain,
Fill the Heavens with sweet accord:
And from morn till set of sun

Everlasting is Thy reign.
Through the Church the song goes on.

4. Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
Though 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 free from sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded:
Lo, I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.
1. Let old things pass away, Let all be fresh and bright, And welcome we with hearts renewed. This feast of new delight.

2. Upon this hallowed eve Christ with His brethren ate, O obedient to the olden law, The Pasch before Him set. Amen.

3. Which done, Himself entire, The true Incarnate God, A-like on each, a-like on all, His sacred hands bestowed.

Tune reprinted by permission of the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle of the State of New York.

4. He gave His Flesh, He gave His Precious Blood, and said: 'Receive and drink ye all of this For your salvation shed.'

5. Thus did the Lord appoint This Sacrifice sublime, And made His priests its ministers Through all the bounds of time.

6. Farewell to types; henceforth We feed on Angels' Food; The humble servant eats the Flesh Of his Incarnate God.

7. O blessed Three in One, Visit our hearts we pray, And lead us on through Thine own paths To Thy eternal Day.
1. O Food that weary pilgrims love, O Bread of Angel
2. O Fount of Love, O clean-sing Tide, Which from the Saviour's
3. Lord Jesus, Whom by power divine Now hid beneath the

Hosts above, O Manna of the Saints, The hungry soul would
pierced side And Sacred Heart doth flow, Thy quickening Stream be
outward sign We worship and adore, Grant, when the veil a-

feed on Thee, May ne'er the heart unsolaced be Which
ours to share Whose bounty filleth every prayer And
way is rolled, With open face may we behold Thy-

for Thy sweetness faints, Which for Thy sweetness faints.
need of man below. And need of man below. Amen.
self for evermore. Thyself for evermore.
1. Word of God to earth descending,
With the Father present still,
Near His earthly journey's ending,
Hastes His mission to fulfill.

2. Well the traitor's kiss foreknowing,
Miracle of love divine,
See His hands Himself bestowing,
In the hallowed Bread and Wine. Amen.

3. Holy Body, Blood all Precious,
Given by Him to be our Food,
With them both He doth refreshing us,
Formed like Him of flesh and blood.

4. Mighty Victim, earth's salvation,
Heavenly gates unfolding wide,
Help Thy people in temptation,

5. Unto Thee the Hidden Manna,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee
Let us raise the loud Hosanna,
And adoring bend the knee.
1. The Eternal Word, that still on high In glory keeps the Father's side, Choosing to toil and weep and
die, Came to His life's lone even tide.

2. He, by a comrade unto death Soon to His foes to be betrayed, First to the few that kept Him faith Himself betrayed as Living Bread. Amen.

3. To them in two-fold Sacrament His Blood, His Body did He give, That by a double nourish-
ment Body and soul for may live.

4. At birth He gives Himself, our mate: 5. O Victim of our soul's release,
At table gives, and lo, we eat: Flinging celestial portals wide,
Dying, He gives our ransom-price: Our foes would rob us of Thy peace,
Reigning, He gives us Paradise. Bring aid and turn the battle's tide.

6. So from the welter and the strife Praise to the Triune God be given,
And may He grant unending life, Bringing us all safe home to Heaven.
1. Hail the Body bright and glorious, Mystery of

2. Earthly things to things of Heaven Changed by God's In -

3. Now before His altar bending, Let our hearts the

Love divine: Hail the Blood that flows victorious carnate Word, Flesh and Blood in mystery given, Lord revere; Faith, her aid to vision lending,

From the true, the living Vine: Hail our ransom We believe with faith assured; As the Word hath Tells that He unseen is near. Ancient types and

meritorious, Flower and Root of David's line.
said it, even Be that Word believed, adored. Amen. shadows ending, Christ our Paschal Lamb is here.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Pange lingua gloriosi

1. 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
all His brethren Gives Himself with His own Hand.

2. 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. Amen.

3. Down in adoration falling, Now the Sacred
Host we hail: While o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail; Faith for all de-
facts supplying Where the feeble senses fail.
HOLY EUCHARIST
*Ave sacer Christi sanguis*

1. Hail true Blood of Jesus, given
2. Hail thou Chalice of Salvation:
3. In the Torrent ruby-glowing,

To our pilgrim hearts, that Heaven
Never had another nation
From the Saviour's side outflowing,

May be ours and endless bliss.
Such a wondrous gift as this. Amen.
May my sins be washed away.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. Save me Lord from evil-doing:
Let me taste the joy ensuing
In the Land of endless Day.
HOLY EUCHARIST

Ave sacer Christi sanguis

1. Hail true Blood of Jesus, given
2. Hail thou Chalice of Salvation:
3. In the Torrent ruby glowing,

To our pilgrim hearts, that Heaven
Never had another nation
From the Saviour's side outflowing,

May be ours and endless bliss.
Such a wondrous gift as this. Amen.
May my sins be washed away.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. Save me Lord from evil-doing:
   Let me taste the joy ensuing
   In the Land of endless Day.
1. Hail Thou living Victim blest, Truth and Life supernal.

Olden types in Thee confessed Find their end eternal.

Infinite through Thee the praise To the Father given,

While Thy love the Church arrays As an earthly heaven.

Fed on Thee, the loving heart Knows Thy raptured sweetness. Amen.

2. Hail Thou ancient Mercy-seat, Source of grace and favor,

Precious Ointment-box replete With celestial savour.

Thou the God-Man truly art In divine completeness:

Healed by Thee may every heart Endless life inherit.

3. Hail Thou Man-na from the skies, Yet more truly given

To the pilgrim soul that sighs For her promised Heaven.

Mystic Medicine Thou art For the wounded spirit:

While Thy love the Church arrays As an earthly heaven.

Fed on Thee, the loving heart Knows Thy raptured sweetness. Amen.

Healed by Thee may every heart Endless life inherit.
1. O Jesus Christ, remember, When Thou shalt come again

2. Remember then, O Saviour, I supplicate of Thee,

3. Accept, Divine Redeemer, The homage of my praise,

Upon the clouds of heaven With all Thy shining train, That here I bowed before Thee Upon my bended knee, Be Thou the light and honor And glory of my days.

When every eye shall see Thee In majesty revealed, That here I owned Thy Presence And did not Thee deny, Be Thou my consolation When death is drawing nigh,

Who now upon this altar In silence art concealed. And glorified Thy greatness Though hid from human eye. Amen. Be Thou my only Treasure Through all eternity.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.
1. Come, all ye creatures of the Lord Of high or low degree; Come hither and with one accord What hath befallen see.

2. Break forth in song, ye Seraphim, True hearts with zeal a - fire; Ye Prince - doms, Thrones and Cherubim, Your sweet - est an - them choir.

3. Ye Patriarchs of ages old And Prophets great and small, Ye Virgins pure as Ophir gold And twelve Apostles all,

It is the Sacra - ment of Love That Do - minions, Virtues, Powers, com - bine With Confessors too and Martyrs brave, Ye
all must bless, below, above: Short
Angels all in orders nine, To
Heavenly Hosts revered and grave, Praise

be my life or long, 'Tis this shall tune my song.
bless and evermore This Sacrament adore. Amen.
God and evermore This Sacrament adore.

4. Ye sun and moon and stars on high
That light the firmament,
Our common Master magnify
Here in this Sacrament.
Both hill and valley, fruit and seed,
With greenwood tree and grassy mead,
Praise God and evermore
Your Maker's love adore.

5. Ye fish in flood, ye beasts afield
And birds aloft on wing,
Praise Him throughout the world and yield
Due homage to your King:
'Tis God Himself, the Son divine,
Disguised in forms of bread and wine.
Him therefore evermore,
Come, worship and adore.

6. Now let the faithful, old and young,
Sing hymns with heart and voice,
By every tongue His praise be sung
Till heaven itself rejoice.
This is the Bread which Jesus saith
Shall save mankind from endless death:
We therefore more and more
This Sacrament adore.
1. Humbly I adore Thee, Hidden Deity,
2. Taste and touch and vision are deceived in Thee,
3. On the Cross was hidden but Thy Deity;

Who beneath these figures hiddest verily:
And the hearing only can safe witness be.
Here is also hidden Thy Humanity:

Wholly in submission Thee my spirit hails,
I believe whatever God's own Son averred;
But in both believing and confessing, Lord,
4. Though Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I see not now,
   Thee my lips shall ever Lord and God avow.
   Grant that I may ever more and more believe,
   Hope in Thee and love Thee passing all reprieve.

5. O Memorial blessed of the Saviour's death,
   O true Bread that giveth man his vital breath,
   Let my longing bosom feed on Thee alone,
   And my heart for ever but Thy sweetness own.

6. Pelican most tender, Jesus, Lord and God,
   Wash my guilty spirit in Thy Precious Blood,
   Whose one drop availeth all the world to win
   From its ban of bondage and its stain of sin.

7. Jesus, Whom thus veiled see I here below,
   Grant, I pray, the blessing that I long for so,
   That, the veil once riven, in Thy fond embrace
   I may see Thy glory ever face to face.
HOLY EUCHARIST

Adoro te devote

1. Humbly I adore Thee, Hidden Deity;
   Whose beneath these figures hiddest Thee,
   Verily: Wholly in submission
   Witness be. I believe whatever

2. Taste and touch and vision are deceived in Deity;
   And the hearing only can safe
   Maniety: But in both believing

3. On the Cross was hidden but Thy Deity;
   Here is also hidden Thy Hu-
Thee my spirit hails, For in contentment,
Gods own Son averred; Naught can be so
and confessing, Lord, Ask I what the
plotting Thee it wholly fails.
true as Truth's unchanging Word. Amen.
dying thief of Thee implored.

4. Though Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I see not now,
Thee my lips shall ever Lord and God avow.
Grant that I may ever more and more believe,
Hope in Thee and love Thee passing all reprieve.

5. O Memorial blessed of the Saviour's death,
O true Bread that giveth man his vital breath,
Let my longing bosom feed on Thee alone,
And my heart for ever but Thy sweetness own.

6. Pelican most tender, Jesus, Lord and God,
Wash my guilty spirit in Thy Precious Blood,
Whose one drop availeth all the world to win
From its ban of bondage and its stain of sin.

7. Jesus, Whom thus veiled see I here below,
Grant, I pray, the blessing that I long for so,
That, the veil once riven, in Thy fond embrace
I may see Thy glory ever face to face.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Lauda Sion Salvatorem

1. Sion, thy Redeemer praising,
   Songs and hymns most glad some raising,
   Laud thy Pastor,
   Bread from Heaven before thee set;

2. Sing today, the mystery showing
   Of the Living life bestowing
   Joy nor sweetest grace bestowing
   To thy heart and soul today,

3. Loud and clear ring out thy chanting,
   Songs and hymns most glad some raising,
   Joy nor sweetest grace bestowing
   To thy heart and soul today,

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4. Christ our King, by consecration
Of the newer law’s oblation,
Ends the ancient Paschal rite.
Olden forms New Substance chaseth,
Typic shadows Truth displaceth,
Day dispelleth darksome night.

5. What He did at Supper seated,
Christ enjoined to be repeated
When His love we celebrate.
Thus, obeying His dictation,
Bread and wine of our salvation
We the Victim consecrate.
6. This the truth to Christians given,
7. Underneath the species dual,
8. Whoso eateth It can never

Bread becomes His Flesh from Heaven,
Signs not things, is hid a Jewel
Break the Body, rend nor sever;

Wine becomes His Precious Blood:
Far beyond creation's reach.
Christ entire our hearts doth fill.

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9. Good and bad they come to greet Him:

Though the Sacrament ye sever,
Unto life the former eat Him
And the latter unto death.
These find death and those find Heaven.
Lo, from one same Life-Seed given
How the harvest differeth!

In each Part endureth ever
What the Whole contained before.
In the sign though change obtaineth,
The Reality remaineth
Ever Perfect as of yore.

(94-2)
11. Hail, Angelic Bread of Heaven,
12. Through prophetic signs narrated,

Now become the Pilgrim's Leaven, Bread of Life to
Once as Isaac immolated, By the Paschal

children given, That to dogs must not be thrown,
Lamb predated, In the olden Manna known,

That to dogs must not be thrown. Amen.
In the olden Manna known. Amen.

13. Living Bread, Good Pastor, tend us; 14. Thou Who all things canst and knowest,
Jesus, of Thy love befriend us; Who Thyself as Food bestowest,
Thou refresh us, Thou defend us; Make us, where Thy face Thou showest,
Thy surpassing Treasures lend us With Thy Saints, though least and lowest,
In the Land of Life to see. Guests and fellow-heirs to be.
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, ye waters gushing from His side.

2. Strength and protection may His Passion be;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
So shall I never, never, part from Thee. Amen.

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,
Ever with Saints my Lord to magnify.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.
1. Haste my soul, in fashion neatest
2. In His presence, passing measure,
3. Wherefore rise and run to meet Him

Deck thee ere the Bridegroom come,
There is joy and charity,
Ere before the door He stand;

Sweep the house in manner meetest,
And His friendship bringeth pleasure;
Soul, make ready now to greet Him,

In thy heart prepare Him room.
Altogether lovely He.
Purify thee, heart and hand.
Soon shalt thou receive a Guest,
At thy house He fain would stay,
Holding, see thou hold Him fast,

Gentlest, meekest, bravest, best;
Break His journey there today,
Let Him not depart in haste,

Soon to thee there shall be given
Sit and rest beneath thy gable,
Cords of love be thine to bind Him

Christ, the very Bread of Heaven.
Eat and drink with thee at table. Amen.
Till He blessing leave behind Him.
1. Lord, Thou Thyself hast said this golden word:
2. Silver and gold, and every precious thing
3. What can I wish for on this earth below?

'Wher'eer thy treasure, there thy heart shall be.'
That thief can steal or moth and rust consume,
What can I wish for in the heavens above?

Here at Thy feet, my Eucharistic Lord,
Not to such fragile fleeting goods I cling;
Heaven in this Holy Mystery I know;

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The meaning of the word grows plain to me.
For treasures infinite my heart hath room.
Here at the altar I have all I love.

Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with

Thee My heart must be.
Thee My heart must be.
Thee My heart must be.
Amen.

4. This altar is the school where I am taught
To hear Thy word and love Thy holy law.
Here in Thy Heart sweet modesty is sought,
Fervor and charity I hence may draw.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.

5. Thrice happy he who gazes thus on Thee
Before Thy altar dwelling night and day.
Such happiness as that is not for me;
But, when I leave, my love behind will stay.
Thou art my Treasure, Jesus, and with Thee
My heart must be.
1. Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
2. Nature can not hold Thee,
3. Jesus, gentlest Saviour,

God of might and power, Thou Thyself art
Heaven is all too strait For Thine endless
Thou art in us now, Fill us full of

dwelling In us at this hour.
glory And Thy royal state. A-men.
goodness Till our hearts o'erflow.

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

5. And when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven,
Then the day will come.
1. Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,
2. Jesus, quem velatum nunc aspicio,

Quae sub his figuris vere latitas.
Oro fiat illud quod tam siti o,

Tibi se cor meum to-tum subjicit,
Ut te re-velata cernens facie

Qui-te con-tem-plans to-tum de-fi-cit.
Vis sim be-a-tus tu-ae glo-ri-ae. Amen.

Harmonies by Julius Bas
1. Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,
2. Jesu, quem veletum nunc aspicio,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas. Tibi
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio, Ut te
se cor meum to tum subjicit, Quia a
reveleta cernens facie, Visu

te contemplans to tum deficit. Sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Hymn at Exposition

1. Ave verum Corpus, natum
2. Cujus latus perfurat

Ex Maria Virgine, Vere passum,
Fluxit aqua et sanguine, Esto nobis

immaculatum In cruce homoimine,
praegustatum Mortis in examine,

Jesus Filii Mariae. Amen.

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HOLY EUCHARIST
Hymn at Exposition

Ave verum Corpus, natum

Ex Maria virgine, Vere passum

immaculatum. In cruce prohomme

Cujus latus perforatum
Flu-xit a-qua et san-gui-ne, Es-to no-bis
praegu-sta-tum Mor-tis in ex-
am-i-ne. O cle-mens, O pi-e,

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
1. Ave verum Corpus, natum
2. Cujus latus perforatum

Ex Maria a virgine,
Fluxit aqua et sanguine,

Vere passum immolatum
Es to nobis praegustatum
In crucem pro nomine.
Mortis in examine.

O clemens, O pie,

O dulcis, dulcis Jesu,

1. O salutatarius Hostia
2. Uniteraque Domino

Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Sit sempiterna gloria,

Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxillium.
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Hymn at Exposition

1. O salutarius Hostia Quae
   coeli pandis ostium,
   Bella premunt hostilia, Da
   robur, fer auxilium. Amen.

2. Uni trinque Domino Sit
   sempi ter na gloriosa,
   Qui vitam sine termino No-
   bis donet in patria. Amen.
1. O salutaris Hostia Quae

2. Uniterinaque Domino Sit

coeleipandis ostium,
sempiterna gloria,

Bella premunt hostilia, Da
Qui vitam sine termino No-

robur, fer auxilium.
bis donet in patria. Amen.
1. O salutationis Hosti-
2. Uní tri no que Domi-
   a Quae coeli pandis ostium,
   no Sit sem pi ter na glo ri a,
   Bella premunt hostilia, Da
   Qui vitam sine termino No-
   robur, fer auxili um. Bis donet in patria. Amen.
1. O salutaris Hostia
2. Uniternoque Domino

Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Sit semper ina gloria,
Bellemunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium.
Nobis donet patria. Amen.
1. O salutarius Hostia
2. Uniternoque Domino

Quae coeli pandis ostium,
Sit sempierna gloria,

Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Dabo, ver auxilium.
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
1. O salutaris Hostia
2. Unijtrioque Domino

Quae coelepandis ostium,
Sit sempiternagloria,

Bella premmunthostili
Qui vitam sine termino

Darobburer, fer auxiliun.
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Hymn at Exposition

1. O salutaris Hostia Quae
2. Uniternoque Domino Sit

coelestis ostium, bella premunt ho-
semperterna gloria, Qui vitam si-

stilia, Darobur, fer auxilium.
termino Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

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https://www.cowatershed.org/brebeuf/list/ for items like “Easter” or “Advent” or “Eucharist.”
1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si
    Cor - po - ris my - ste - ri - um,
    San - gui - ni - sque pre - ti - o - si,
    Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um

2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus
    Ex in - tac - ta vir - gi - ne,
    Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus,
    Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne,

3. In su - pre - mae noc - te coe - nae
    Re - cum - bens cum fra - tri - bus,
    Ob - ser - va - ta le - ge ple - ne
    Ci - bis in le - ga - li - bus,
4. Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum;
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

5. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6. Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio.
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur
cernui, Et antiquum documentum

Novo cedat riti: Praestet fides

supplementum Sensuum defectu.
2. Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubilatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

Sit et benedictio: Procedenti ab utroque Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur
   cernui, Et antiquum documentum
   Novocedat ritui: Praestet fides
   supplemenrum Sensum defectu i.

2. Genitorii Genitoreque Laus et jubibi-
   latio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
   Sit et benedictio: Procidenti
   ab utroque Cmpar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum Venere mur
2. Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubil

cernui, Et antiquum documentum
latio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

Novo cedit ritual: Praestet fides
Sit et Benedictio: Procedenti

supplementum Sensum delectui.
ab utroque Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur
   cernui, Et antiquum documentum
   No vo cedat ritui: Praestet fides
   supplementum Sensuum defec tu i.

2. Genitori Genitouque Laus et jubil
   latio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
   Sit et benedictio: Procedenti
   ab utroque Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur
cernui, Et antiquum documentum
latico, Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

2. Genitório Genitotique Laus et jubi-
Novecédat ritui: Praestet fides
Sit et benedictio: Proceedenti

supplementum Sensum defectui.
ab utroque Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
2. Genitori Genitoreque

Venere murceruni,
Laus et jubilatio,

Et antiquum documentum
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

Novocedartuiti:
Sitet benedicatio:
Prae-stet fides supplementum
Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que

Sensus sum de-fec-tu-i,
Com-par sit lau-da-ti-o,

Prae-stet fides supplementum
Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-tro-que

Sensus sum de-fec-tu-i.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Hymn before Benediction

1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
2. Genitori Genitore

Ve ne remur cer nu i,
Laus et jubilatio,

Et antiquum documentum
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

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Novo cedat rimu:
Sit et benedictio:
Praestet fides supplementum
Procedenti ab utroque

Sensusum defectu.
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
2. Genitorum Genitique

Venere remur cerneui,
Laus et jubilatio,

Et antiquum documentum
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,

Novo cedat ritu i
Silet et beneficatio:
Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i,
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o,

Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.    A - - - men.
Blessed be God. Blessed be His Holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ true God and true Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart.
Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be the Name of Mary Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.
HOLY EUCHARIST
Psalm after Reposition

Adoremus in aeternum

Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes,

laudate eum omnes populi,
Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia eia, et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper,

Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Repeat Adoremus etc.
1. Blest Author of the world, Redeemer
2. 'Twas Love that bade Thee take Our frame of
3. Thy Love that builded fair The earth, the

of our race, Thou very God of
mortal clay, New Adam, and bring
sea, the stars, That pitied old en

rall

God, Light of the Father's face:
back What Adam bore away: Amen.
faults And brake our prison bars.

4. O may Thy Heart retain
For ay such wondrous Love.
Let all approach the Fount
And Thy sweet mercy prove.

5. For this alone the lance
Set free its saving flood,
To wash our sins away
In water and in Blood.

6. To Father, and to Son
And Holy Spirit, be
The kingdom and the power
Through all eternity.
1. Blest Author of the world, Redeemer of our race, Thou very God of God, Light clay, New Adam, and bring back What stars, That pitied olden faults And of the Father's face: Adam bore away: Amen.

2. 'Twas Love that bade Thee take Our frame of mortal race, Thou very God of God, Light clay, New Adam, and bring back What stars, That pitied olden faults And of the Father's face: Adam bore away: Amen.

3. Thy Love that build-ed fair The earth, the sea, the race, Thou very God of God, Light clay, New Adam, and bring back What stars, That pitied olden faults And of the Father's face: Adam bore away: Amen.

4. O may Thy Heart retain For ay such wondrous Love. Let all approach the Fount And Thy sweet mercy prove.

5. For this alone the lance Set free its saving flood, To wash our sins away In water and in Blood.

6. To Father, and to Son And Holy Spirit, be The kingdom and the power Through all eternity.
1. O Christ, the world's Creator bright, Who
2. Thy love compelled Thee to assume A
3. That love which once created all, The

didst mankind from sin redeem,
mortal Body, man to save;
earth, the stars, the wondrous sea,

The Father's ever glorious Light, True
Reversing olden Adam's doom, The
T ook pity on our parents' fall, Broke

God of God, in bliss supreme:
Newer Adam ransom gave. Amen.
all our bonds and set us free.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. O Saviour, let Thy potent love 5. Thy Heart for this was opened wide,
Flow ever from Thy bounteous Heart; And wounded by the soldier's spear,
To nations that pure fount above That freely from Thy sacred side
The grace of pardon will impart. Might flow the streams our souls to clear.

6. To God the Father, to the Son
And to the Holy Ghost the same,
Be glory, power, while ages run,
And endless rule in endless fame.
1. O Christ, the world's Creator bright,
Who didst mankind from sin redeem,
The Father's everlasting glorious Light,
True God of God, in bliss supreme:
O Saviour, let Thy potent love
Flow ever from Thy bounteous Heart; And wounded by the soldier's spear,
To nations that pure fount above That freely from Thy sacred side
The grace of pardon will impart. Might flow the streams our souls to clear.
4. O Saviour, let Thy potent love

2. Thy love compelled Thee to assume
A mortal Body, man to save;
Reversing olden Adam's doom,
True God of God, in bliss supreme:
To God the Father, to the Son

3. That love which once created all,
The earth, the stars, the wondrous sea,
Took pity on our parents' fall,
The Newer Adam ransom gave. Amen.
To the Holy Ghost the same,
And endless rule in endless fame.

5. Thy Heart for this was opened wide,
Flowing from Thy bounteous Heart; And wounded by the soldier's spear,
To nations that pure fount above That freely from Thy sacred side
The grace of pardon will impart. Might flow the streams our souls to clear.
1. With what a cruel dart The haughty hosts of sin
2. The soldier poised the spear, 'Twas sin that shaped the aim:
3. From Jesus' riven side The Church is born; again

Have torn the Saviour's Heart, That love alone should win!
Its steel grew keen and clear On whetstone of our shame.
Salvation's Ark swings wide Its portals unto men.

Have torn the Saviour's Heart, That love alone should win!
Its steel grew keen and clear On whetstone of our shame. Amen.
Salvation's Ark swings wide Its portals unto men.

4. And mercy, from within,
   Doth pour a sevenfold flood,
   To wash our robes of sin
   In God's atoning Blood.

5. O shame if we return
   To sins that wound Him so:
   Our hearts should rather learn
   Such love as His can show.

6. To Father, and to Son
   And Holy Spirit, be
   An equal honor done
   Through all eternity.
1. Lo, how the cruel power Of our proud sins hath rent The Heart of our all gracious God, That Heart so innocent.
2. O wounded Heart, whence sprang The Church, the Saviour's Bride, Thou Door of our salvation's Ark, Set in its mystic side: A men.
3. Thou holy Fount, whence flows The sacred seven-fold flood, Where we our robes defiled may cleanse In Jesus' saving Blood.

4. By sorrowful relapse Thee we will rend no more, But like Thy flames, those types of love, Strive heavenward to soar.

5. Father and Son supreme, And Spirit, hear our cry, To Whom be glory, praise and power, Through all eternity.
1. O Heart, the Ark of Covenant, That never-
more a law shall hold Of fear and bondage,
as of old, But laws that peace and pardon grant:


3. O tender Heart, all wounded thus That mortal eyes might find in Thee A mirror of that charity Unseen, but wounded still for us.

4. O Symbol, speaking to our eyes The altered Love, where He our Priest Hath spread for us a twofold feast, Bloody and bloodless Sacrifice.

5. Who would not love that loving Breast? What ransomed soul can utter Nay Nor choose to make that Heart for ay The tabernacle of his rest?
1. O Christ, behind Thy temple's veil, Enter'd in glory and seat of might.

2. But in Thy Body's Temple new, Thy heart closed in ark of gold,

3. And when that Heart in death was still, Each soul life's throbbing Shrine,

4. There make us gaze, and see the love Which drew Thee, for our sake.

5. Thou, Saviour, cause that every soul Which Thou hast loved so well

6. O grant it, Father, only Son And Spirit, God of grace,

O great High-Priest, Thyself to God May will within Thine opened Heart A Sacrifice to make.

To Whom all worship shall be done In life and death to dwell.

In every time and place.
1. O tender Heart, strong Ark which doth en-shrine
2. O Heart, O Sanctu-a-ry un-de-filed,
3. Un-der love’s sym-bol, sweet to us and dread,

The whole sweet law that rules the heart of man;
Of that new law of love un-to us given:
Mystic and hu-man woes hath Christ en-dured,

No lon-ger held as slaves be-neath a ban,
O Veil more pre-cious than of old was riven:
Our Priest Whose sa-cri-fice our Heaven se-cured,
Grateful and free we live by love divine,
O Temple holier than the ancients piled,
Offering His Blood and Flesh as wine and bread,

Grateful and free we live by love divine.
O Temple holier than the ancients piled. Amen.
Offering His Blood and Flesh as wine and bread.

4. What living heart is there that will not come
At His redeeming call, that doth not sigh
To give Him love for love, and will not fly
Into His Heart, our everlasting home?

5. Honor be to the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit honor be:
All power, glory, sway, is of the Three
Who through all ages live and love in one.
1. All ye who seek a comfort sure in trouble and distress, Whatever sorrow vex the mind or guilt the soul oppress: Sacred Heart, O to that Heart draw nigh. Amen.

2. When Jesus gave Himself for you upon the Cross to die, For you was pierced His hear those words so blest, 'All ye that labor, come to Me And I will give you rest.'

3. To sad and contrite hearts what joy To feel the mind of Christ Thy love, O God, I share a new life, and I have peace, I have peace.

4. What meeker than the Saviour’s Heart As on the Cross He lay? It did His murderers forgive And for their pardon pray.

5. O Heart, Thou Joy of Saints on high, Thou hope of sinners here, Attracted by those loving words, To Thee I lift my prayer.

6. Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood Which forth from Thee doth flow: New grace, new hope inspire, a new And better heart bestow.
1. O dearest Love divine, 'My heart to Thee I give,

2. Who can re-quit the love That marks the wondrous plan

3. Thy Heart is o-pened wide, That, free-ly en-tering in,

Ex-chang-ing it for Thine, That Thou in me mayst live.
Where-by the God a-bove, For me became a Man?
I may Thy guest a-bide And new-er life be-gin.

Most lov-ing and most meek, Hearts on-ly dost Thou seek: O
Thou sayst, 'Give Me thy heart? With it I free-ly part, In
This do-est Thou to gain My love and e'er re-tain: O

may my heart but prove A love like Thine, sweet Love.
hopethat it may prove A love like Thine, sweet Love. Amen.
may my an-swer prove A love like Thine, sweet Love.
1. O sole-begotten Son, Father of the world to be, O Prince of Peace, to
2. Thou, Who within Thy breast wound of love didst bear, Mak'st them the pain to
3. O Victim of our sin: Who bade the lance make wide The portals that would

hide The woundwithin?

4. O wondrous Fount of Love: O panting heart's desire: O sin-consuming Fire Allumed above!

5. Within Thy Heart, dear Lord, Our trembling spirits place: Grant us abundant grace And Heaven's reward.

6. To Jesus, Mary's Son, Father and Paraclete, Let endless honor meet And praise be done.
1. To Christ the Prince of Peace, And
2. Deep in His Heart for us The
3. O Jesus, Victim blest, What

Son of God most high, The Father of the
wound of love He bore, That love where-with He
else but love divine Could Thee constrain to

world to come, Our joyful praise we cry.
still in flames The hearts that Him adore. Amen.
open thus That Sacred Heart of Thine.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. O Fount of endless life: 5. Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
O Spring of waters clear: For thither do I fly;
O Flame celestial cleansing all There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Who unto Thee draw near. Thine immortality.

6. To God the Father praise,
Praise to th’Eternal Son,
And praise to God the Holy Ghost
While endless ages run.
1. O Heart of Jesus, purest Heart, A Shrine of Holiness Thou art,
Most humble Heart of all that beat, Heart full of goodness, meek and sweet,
But even were my heart on fire With all the Seraphim's desire,

2. Cleanse Thou my heart, so sordid, cold, And stained by sins so manifold.
Give me a heart more like to Thine, And light the flame of love in mine. Amen.
Till love a conflagration proved, Not yet wouldst Thou enough be loved.

4. That therefore Thou mayst worthily Be loved, O loving Lord, by me,
That love wherewith Thy Heart doth burn Give me to love Thee in return.
1. O Heart of Jesus, Heart of God, O
2. The poorest, saddest heart on earth May
3. The very sound of those sweet words, 'The

source of boundless love, By Angels praised, by
claim Thee for its own, O burning, throbbing
Sacred Heart,' can give To loneliest of

Saints adored, From their bright thrones above.
Heart of Christ, Too late, too little known. Amen.
burdened souls Strength to endure and live.

4. To Thee, O Jesus, thus I come,
A poor and helpless child,
And on Thy saying 'Come to Me'
My only hope I build.
1. My dear-est Sav-iour I would fain With-
in Thy Sa-cred Heart re-main: O let me safe a-
vain the bribe of world-ly wares: He can not tempt a
guil-ty pleas-ures to con-trol, For me is o-pened
bide For-ev-er in Thy Woun-ded Side.
wide The por-tal of Thy Woun-ded Side.

4. When fading sight and fluttering breath
Proclaim the near approach of death,
O Saviour, let me hide
And die within Thy Wounded Side.
1. Jesus, grant me this, I pray,
   Ever in Thy Heart to stay;
   Hidden in Thy Wounded Side.
   In Thy Heart and Wounded Side. Amen.

2. If the evil one prepare,
   Or the world, a tempting snare,
   Let me ever more abide
   I am safe when I abide
   In Thy Heart and Wounded Side.

3. If the flesh, more dangerous still,
   Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
   Naught I fear when I abide
   In Thy Heart and Wounded Side.

4. Death will come one day to me;
   Jesus, cast me not from Thee;
   Dying let me still abide
   In Thy Heart and Wounded Side.
1. Thee with joyful soul I hail, Heart of Jesus, heavenly King; Let Thy love for me a-
vail While my tongue Thy praise shall sing.

2. By what love wert Thou o'ercome, By what wringing grief and pain, E'en to sink within the tomb, So from death our souls to gain. A-men.

3. O how sharp the cruel strife And Thy life, When Thou gav'st Thy life for me.

4. By that Death upon the Rood,
Loving Heart of Christ my King,
Let me show my gratitude,
Seek Thee, cleave to Thee and cling.

5. Tender Heart, with love afire,
Wash my heart of sinful stain,
Kindle thoughts of pure desire,
Driving forth the vile and vain.

6. Be Thy love my living cure,
Weak and sinful though I be;
Thou canst make my healing sure,
Wound my soul with love for Thee.

7. Heart of Jesus, open wide,
Sweeter Thou than fragrant rose;
Let my soul in Thee abide,
There to soothe all pains and woes.

8. Let me live for love of Thee
And forget Thee nevermore;
Let Thy love my glory be
Still to honor, praise, adore.
1. Dear Jesus, Thou a haven art From life's tempestuous sea; All find a refuge in Thy Heart Who turn in love to Thee.

2. Thy name falls sweet on exiles' ear As music from above; It stays the mourner's anxious fear And telleth naught but love. Amen.

3. The broken heart with healing balm Thy change-less love doth fill; Thou sayest 'Peace,' the winds are calm And every wave is still. Winds will turn to blissful day May longing exiles hear Thee call And earth to Paradise.

4. O hope and joy of life's lone way, May Thy sweet peace arise, Which turns the night to blissful day May longing exiles hear Thee call And earth to Paradise.

5. Dear Jesus, when death's night shall fall, By all Thy love so blest, The weary to their rest.
1. Hail Jesus, Who for my poor sake Sweet
2. To endless ages let us praise The
3. O Blood that can from God implore His

Blood from Mary's veins didst take And
Precious Blood, whose price could raise The
graceful pardon and restore The

shed it all for me, And shed it all for me.
world from wrath and sin, The world from wrath and sin.
Heaven which sin had lost, The Heaven which sin had lost.
O blessed be my Saviour's Blood, My
Whose streams our inward thirst appease, And
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads, What

life, my light, my only good, My life, my light, my
heal the sinner's worst disease, And heal the sinner's
Jesus shed still intercedes What Jesus shed still

only good To all eternity.
worst disease If he but bathe therein. Amen.
in-tercedes For those who wrong Him most.

4. To be but sprinkled from the wells
Of Jesus' Precious Blood excels
Earth's best and highest bliss.
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.

5. O there is joy amid the Saints
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise.
Now louder, yes and louder still,
This earth with mighty chorus fill
The Precious Blood to praise.
1. Glory be to Jesus,
   Who in bitter pains Poured for me the
   In that Blood I find; Blest he His com-
   Be the precious stream Which from endless

2. Grace and life eternal
   Life Blood From His sacred Veins.
   Passion In infinitely kind. Amen.
   Torment Doth the world redeem.

3. Bless through endless ages
   Blood of Christ overflowing
   Soothes the Father's ire,
   Quells eternal fire.

4. There the fainting spirit
   Drinks of life her fill,
   There as in a fountain Laves herself at will.

5. Oft as it is sprinkled
   On our guilty hearts,
   Satan in confusion
   Terror-struck departs.

6. Blood of Christ outflowing
   Soothes the Father's ire,
   Opes the gate of Heaven,
   Quells eternal fire.

7. Oft as it is exulting
   Wafts its praise on high
   Hell with terror trembles,
   Heaven is filled with joy.

8. Abel's blood for vengeance
   Pleadeth to the skies,
   But the Blood of Jesus
   For our pardon cries.

9. Lift ye then your voices,
   Swell the mighty flood,
   Louder still and louder
   Praise the Precious Blood.
1. Glory be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains Poured for me the life-Blood From His sacred Veins.
2. Grace and eternal In that Blood I find; Bless he His com-passion Infinite kind. Amen.
3. Blest through endless Be the precious stream Which from endless torment Doth the world redeem.
4. There the fainting spirit Drinks of life her fill, There as in a fountain Laves herself at will.
5. Blood of Christ outflowing Soothes the Father's ire, Opes the gate of Heaven, Quells eternal fire.
6. Abel's blood for vengeance Pleased to the skies, But the Blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.
7. Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion Terror-struck departs.
8. Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Hell with terror trembles, Heaven is filled with joy.
9. Lift ye then your voices, Swell the mighty flood, Louder still and louder Praise the Precious Blood.
1. He, Who once in righteous vengeance Whelmed the world beneath the flood, Once again in mercy
2. O the Wisdom of th’Eternal: O the depth and hight divine: O the sweetness of that of His broken laws, May the Blood of His Re-
cleansed it With His own Most Precious Blood, Coming mercy Which in Jesus Christ doth shine: Slaves we demp tion Cry aloud and plead our cause, Bid our
from His throne on high On the cruel Cross to die. were condemned to die, Jesus pays the penalty. Amen. guilty terrors cease, Be our pardon and our peace.

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Lord of Majesty supreme,
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem:
To the Father glory be
And the Spirit One with Thee.
1. Hail, holy Wounds of Jesus, hail, Sweet
2. More bright than brightest stars ye show, Than
3. Ye Portals are to that dear home Where-

pledges of the saving Rood, Whence flow the streams that
sweetest rose your scent more rare, No Indian gem may
in our weared souls may hide, Where to no angry

never fail, Those purple streams of Precious Blood.
match your glow; No honey's taste with yours compare. Amen.
foe can come, The Heart of Jesus crucified.

4. In full atonement of our guilt,
Not sparing self, the Saviour trod,
E'en till His Heart's best Blood was spilt,
The wine-press of the wrath of God.

5. Come, bathe you in that healing flood,
All ye who mourn, by sin oppressed;
E'en till His Heart's best Blood was spilt,
Your only hope is Jesus' Blood,
The wine-press of the wrath of God.

6. All praise to Him, th' Eternal Son,
At God's right hand enthroned above,
Whose Blood our full redemption won,
Whose Spirit seals the gift of love.
1. The God Whom earth and sea and sky
2. The God Whose will by moon and sun
3. How blest that Mother, in whose shrine

Adore and laud and magnify,
And all things in due course is done,
The world’s Creator, Lord divine,

Who o’er their three-fold fabric reigns,
The Is borne upon a Maiden’s breast By
Whose hand contains the earth and sky, Vouch-

Virgin’s faultless form contains.
Fullest heavenly grace possessed. Amen.
Safed as in His Ark to lie.

4. How blest in words by Gabriel brought,
5. All honor, laud and glory be,
How blest by work the Spirit wrought,
From whom the great Desire of Earth Took human flesh and human birth.

O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee;
Be glory also as is meet
To Father and to Paraclete.
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
Ave maris stella

1. Hail O Star of Ocean,
   God's own Mother blest,
   Virgin, Gate of Heavenly Rest.
   Show thyself a Mother,
   Keep our life all spotless,
   Praise to God the Father,
   Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

2. Taking that sweet Ave,
   Which from Gabriel came,
   Ever sinless Peace confirm with
   May the Word Divine,
   Make our way secure,
   Honor to the Son,

3. Break the sinner's fetters,
   Make our blindness day,
   Chase all evil
   Born for us thine Infant,
   Till we find in Jesus
   In the Holy Spirit

4. Show thyself a Mother,
   Born for us thine Infant,
   Virgin all excelling,
   Keep our life all spotless,
   Honor to the Son,
   In the Holy Spirit

5. May the Word Divine,
   Born for us thine Infant,
   Mildest of the mild,
   Free from guilt preserve us,
   Joy for evermore.
   Be the glory one.
1. Hail Ocean's beauteous Star, Hail
   God's own Mother bless, Hail ever Virgin
   Queen, Hail Gate of Heavenly Rest.

2. Establish us in peace; Re-
   versing Eve's name; Let Gabriel's Ave
   be For us a truer claim. Amen.

3. A Mother show, thy self, Us
   children make thy care, To Him Who thine be-
   came For us convey our prayer.

4. Things evil drive away,
   Unloose the captive's chain,
   All needed favors gain.

5. O pure, O spotless Maid,
   Whose virtues all excel,
   And all our passions quell.

6. Preserve our lives unstained
   And guard us on our way,
   The joys that ne'er decay.

7. To God the Father praise,
   With Christ His only Son,
   Thrice-blessed Three in One.
1. O glorious Virgin, throned on high Above the star illumined sky, There-to ordained, thy person lost through hapless Eve, And Heav'n to mortals open path-way glis-te-ning. Ye ransomed na-tions, hail to lent To thy Cre-a-tor nourish-ment.

2. Through thy dear Off-spring we re-ceive The bliss once lies, Now thou art Portal of the skies. Amen. Heaven Our Life-Spring through a Virgin given.

4. All honor, laud and glory, be O Jesus Virgin-born to Thee, All glory ever as is meet To Father and to Paraclete.
1. Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace, Pure flower of Adam's race, And vessel rare of God's election; 
   Thou Queen of high estate, Conceived Immaculate.

2. Late To form Incarnate Love's pure dwelling:
   Race, For man's debt giving God in payment:

3. A fairer, purer Eve, Didst thou her fall retrieve, Unstained as virgin snow, Serene as sunset
   Thy spotless feet are pressed Upon the serpent's glow, We sinners crave thy sure protection.

4. Through His dear Blood Who died, Westminster Hymnal. By sinners crucified,
   By sinners crucified, Art thou preserved, and we forgiven.
   Art thou preserved, and we forgiven. Help us to conquer sin,
   Help us to conquer sin, That we may enter in,
   That we may enter in, Through thee, the golden Gate, to Heaven.
1. No grace so full as hers, Incarnate Wisdom's shrine,
2. No joy so pure as hers, The Virgins' chosen Queen,
3. No love so strong as hers, Th'Eternal Spirit's Bride,

His Temple paved with gold, Where glories mingled shine;
Up on whose faultless soul No stain of sin has been;
Which Seraphim know not In flowing of its tide,

For there our human life Was linked with Life divine.
The purest joy by far That highest Heaven has seen. Amen.
Where reigning with the King She never leaves His side.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
4. No peace so deep as hers
Who reigns among the blest,
Where sorrow comes no more,
Where weary souls find rest;
Of peaceful realms the Queen
On Sion's highest crest.
5. No light so sweet as hers
The crown of pure desires,
Where glory dazzles not,
Where sweetness never tires,
Above the Saints redeemed,
Above the Angel choirs.
1. Mary Immaculate, 
2. Here, in an orbit of 
3. Sinners, we worship thy 

Star of the Morning, Chosen beauty 
shadows and sadness, Veiling thy 
sinless perfection; Fallen and 

fore the creation began, 
splendor, thy course thou hast run; 
weak, for thy pity we plead; 

From Rev. S. Gregory Ould's Book of Hymns by permission.
4. Frail is our nature and strict our probation;
   Watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong;
   Succor 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 note of our crying,
   Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod:
   Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
   Mary Immaculate, Mother of God.
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
Immaculate Conception

1. O purest of creatures, sweet
2. Deep night hath come down on this
3. The Church doth what God had first

Mother, sweet Maid, The one spotless
rough-spoken world; The banners of
taught her to do; He looked o'er the

shrine wherein Jesus was laid,
darkness are boldly unfurled;
world to find hearts that were true;

Tune from Joseph Groiss, op. 29, 12 German Hymns in honor of St. Mary,
with permission of L. Schwann, publisher, Düsseldorf, Germany.
Dark night hath come down on us,
The tempest-tossed Church, all her
Through ages He looked and He

Mother, and we Look out for thy
eyes are on thee, They look to thy
found none but thee: He loved thy clear

shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
shining, sweet Star of the Sea. Amen.
shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

4. He gazed on thy soul: it was spotless and fair,
The trail of the serpent had never been there.
None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but He:
He blest thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

5. 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 joyed in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

6. O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
Thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast.
If Heaven He left He found heaven in thee;
He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
1. O purify the first soft ray That lights the morning sky, And tints with gold the snowy clouds A-let, And crown the opening rose-bud’s brow With flake, The water-lilies as they float Up-

2. And purify the crystal drops That gem the vi-o-

3. Then purify with all your skill That light-some snowy long its path-way high; And purify the diamond co-ro-net; The hy-a-cinth a-

4. moon-beam fair That smiles o’er land and sea; mid its leaves, The blossom on the tree; plumes fresh bathed, The pearls be-neath the sea;
For though their light is very pure,'Tis far less pure than
Though pure in nature's love-li-ness, Less pure are they than
For though they all are very pure, Less pure are they than
she: O far less pure than she who stood Be-
she: Less pure than she, that Vir-gin Blest, For
she, The Vir-gin-Mo-ther of our God With-
fore the tem-ple-gate, Her soul a fount of
who can es-ti-mate Her more than an-gel
out the tem-ple-gate: The Flower of Is-rael,
heaven-ly light, Ma-ry Im-ma-cu-late.
pur-i-ty? Ma-ry Im-ma-cu-late. A-men.
snow-white Pearl, Ma-ry Im-ma-cu-late.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

(156 -2)
1. How bright with joy the morn told of peace and love; To man, the ruined and forlorn, Descending from above. And in the lowlier tomb

2. Though far from Eden's bowers, A lovelier Eden shall be ours, For Christ came down from Heaven. Amen. He scorned not to lie,

3. From God's eternal breast, And found with thee, O Maiden blest, His lowly dwelling-place. That our frail mortal might assume His immortality.

4. And in the lowlier tomb He scorned not to lie, That our frail mortal might assume His immortality.

5. Praise to the Virgin-born As to the Father be, Through endless life's unwaning morn, And Holy Ghost to Thee.
1. O Guardian blest of virgin souls, Thou Gate of Bliss to man forgiven, True Mother of Almighty
2. Fair Lily found amid the thorns, Most beautiful Dove with wings of gold, Thou Rod whose tender root gave
3. Thou Tower against the dragon proof, Thou Star to storm-tossed voyagers dear, Our course lies 'er a treacherous

God, Thou hope of earth and joy of Heaven. forth That healing Flower since long foretold. Amen.
deep, Be thine the light by which we steer.

4. Dispel the mists that round us hang, Keep far the fatal shoals away, And while through darkling waves we sweep, Make clear a path to life and day.

5. O Jesus, born of Virgin bright, All praise and glory be to Thee, To God the Father infinite And Holy Ghost eternally.
1. Star of Jacob, ever beam- ing
With a ra- diance
all di- vine, Mid the stars of high- est
Glows no pu- rer
4. O that this low earth of mortals,
Answering to th' angelic strain,
Glo- ws no pur- rer ray than thine.
Rose nor li- ly may com- pare.
5. Honor, glory, virtue, merit
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,
5. Honor, glory, virtue, merit
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,

2. All in stoles of snow- y white- ness
Unto thee the
An- gels sing, Unto thee the vir- gin choir- us,
Moth- er of th' E- ter- nal King: A- men.

3. Joy- ful in thy path they scat- ter
Ros- es white and
lil- ies fair, Yet with thy sur- pass- ing beau- ty
Rose nor li- ly may com- pare.

Till the heavens replied again.
With the Father and the Spirit,

While eternal ages run.
1. Virgin wholly marvelous,

Who didst bear God's Son for us,

Worthless is my tongue and weak,

Of thy holiness to speak.

4. Purer art thou than are all

Heavenly Hosts angelical,

Sing thy praise with festive glee. Amen.

Mid thy splendor, shine but dim.

2. Heaven and earth, and all that is,

Thrilled today with ecstasies,

Chanting glory unto thee,

Of thy holiness to speak.

3. Cherubim with fourfold face

Are no peers of thine in grace,

And the six-winged Seraphim,

Sing thy praise with festive glee. Amen.

Heavenly Hosts angelical,

Who delight with pomp and state

On thy beauteous Child to wait.
1. Raise your voices, vales and mountains, Flowery meadows,
   streams and fountains, Praise, O praise the loveliest Maiden
   The Creator ever made.
2. Murm'ring brooks your tribute bringing, Little birds with
   joyful singing, Come with mirthful praises laden:
   To your Queen be homage paid. Amen.
3. Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee, Say what beauty
   God sheds o'er thee: Praise and thanks to Him be given
   Who in love created thee.
4. Like a sun with splendor glowing
   Gleams thy heart with love overflowing;
   Like the moon in starry heaven
   Shines thy peerless purity.
5. Like the rose and lily blooming,
   Sweetly heaven and earth perfuming,
   Stainless, spotless, thou appearest:
   Queenly beauty graces thee.
6. But to God, in Whom thou livest,
   Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,
   When, to Him in beauty nearest,
   Yet so humble thou canst be.
1. O Gate of endless Bliss, Whose
2. My soul unfurls her wings To
3. The prophet saw that Fane Of

sweet celestial ray Comes shining o'er the
soar aloft to thee, And far removed from
heavenly beauty fair, Where Deity it-

vast abyss That severs night from day:
earthly things Adores thy Mystery. Amen.
self would deign To find a dwelling there.

4. One Portal stood alone,
   Of peerless pearl its frame;
   There would the Lord ascend His throne
   And Mary was its name.

5. All hail, thou matchless Maid:
   An entrance make for me
   Where He in glory is displayed
   Who came to us through thee.
1. Glorious Virgin, thee we sing, Mother of our
   Lord and King, Loving aid in all our woes,
   Bringing solace and repose.

2. Though the powers of evil rage And their fiercest
   battles wage, Though the ancient foe assail,
   'Gainst thy help shall naught prevail. Amen.

3. Fury's shaft shall harmless be To the pure that
   call on thee, Seek thy intercession sweet,
   Bending at thy blessed feet.

4. Thou hast saved us from the rod
   By the strong right hand of God;
   Yield us still thy tender care,
   Everlasting God and King.

5. To the glorious Trinity
   Endless love and power shall be;
   Heaven and earth Thy praise shall sing,
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
Hymn for Month of May

1. O Mary, dearest Mother, We greet thee once again,
   This month of all most welcome To Angels and to men;
   The month of birds and blossoms, The flowery sunny May,
   When earth and sky, dear Mother, To thee fond tribute pay.

2. And so, O dearest Mother, Before the simple shrine
   Which we have decked with flowers Because we call it thine,
   We kneel to offer fragrance And prayer and song to thee,
   Look down, O dearest Mother, Lookdown to hear and see. Amen.

3. Look down on us thy children, O Mother dear, look down;
   The Mother's face beams kindly When other faces frown.
   So though thou'rt Queen of Heaven And reignst in joy above,
   Yet still, O dearest Mother, Lookdown on us with love.

4. In Heaven's eternal May-time,
   Whose sunlight is the Lamb,
   The gladness and the glory,
   We'll praise thee and we'll bless thee
   With happy Saints above,
   If now, O mighty Mother,
   Thou look on us with love.
1. The leaves are green, the flowers are sweet, And rich the hues of May. We see them in the gardens fair And wither. The flowrets, brightly as they smile, Shall
dome, They image forth a tenderer bower, A.

2. The grass is green, but wait a while, 'Twill grow and then will market places gay, And all along our perish altogether. The merry sun, you
more resplendent home. They tell us of that

3. The green, green grass, the glittering grove, The heaven's majestic roads and lanes, Outspread to meet our eye;
sure would say It ne'er could set in gloom,
Paradise Of everlasting rest,

From Arundel Hymns by permission.
The verdant fields keep kindly pace
With blue transparent sky.
But earth's best joys have all an end
And sin a heavy doom.

Of Salem's Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

O Mother-Maid, be thou our aid
Now in the opening year,
Lest sights of earth to stars above thy brow,
The beauteous moon be art the Queen of May:
Our garlands wear a -

sin give birth And bring the temper near,
neath thy feet, For ever throned art thou. A-men.
bout thy hair And ne'er will they de - cay.
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.

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

3. Full sweet the flowrets we have culled This image to adorn, But sweeter far is Mary's self, That rose without a thorn.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet I
Most holy Mary, at thy feet I
Most holy Mary, at thy feet I
bend a suppliant knee: In this thine own sweet
bend a suppliant knee: In all my joy, in
bend a suppliant knee: When I on bed of

month of May, Dear Mo - ther of my
all my pain, O Vir - gin born with -
death shall lie, By Him Who did for

God, I pray Do thou re - mem - ber me.
out a stain, Do thou re - mem - ber me. A - men.
sin - ners die, Do thou re - mem - ber me.

Tune from Westminster Hymnal.

4. O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head,
And by thy pure uplifted hands
That for thy children plead,
When at the Judgment-seat I stand
And my Redeemer see,
When waves of night around me roll
And hell is raging for my soul,
O then remember me.
1. Stabat Mater doloresa
2. O quam tristis et afflicta
3. Quis est homo qui non fret,

Justa crucem lacrimosa,
Fuit illa be ne dicta
Matrem Christi si vi de ret

Dum pendebat Filius.
Mater Unigeniti!
In tanto suppliantio?

Cujus animam gemen tem,
Quae mærebat et dolabat,
Quis non posset contristari,

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission
Con - tri - sta - tam et do - len - tem,  
Pi - a Ma - ter, dum vi - de - bat  
Chri - sti Ma - trem con - tem - pla - ri

Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us.  

Do - len - tem cum Fi - li - o?

4. Pro peccatis suæ gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulem Natum  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

5. Eia Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.

6. Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.  
Tuis Nati vulnerati,  
Tam dignati pro me pati,  
Pœnas mecum divide

7. Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolere,  
Donec ego vixerio.  
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare  
In planctu desidero.

8. Virgo virginum praëclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara;  
Fac me tecum plangere.  
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recolere.

9. Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Fac me Cruce inebriari,  
Et cruore Filii.  
Flammis ne urar succensus,  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
In die judicii.

10. Christe, cum sit hinc exire,  
Da per Matrem me venire  
Ad palmam victoriae.  
Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animæ donetur  
Paradisi gloria.
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY
Stabat Mater

1. At the Cross her station keeping,
   Stood the mournful Mother weeping,

2. O how sad and sore distressed
   Was that Mother, ever Blessed,

3. Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing
   In her trouble so amazing,

   Close to Jesus till the last.

   Of the Solebe got ten One!

   Born of woman, would not weep?

   Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,

   O that silent ceaseless mourning,

   Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
4. For His people's sins atoning,
   She saw Jesus writhing, groaning,
   'Neath the scourge wherewith He bled.
   Her beloved One, her Consoler,
   Saw she welmed in direst dolor
   Till at length His spirit fled.

5. Fount of love and sacred sorrow,
   Mother, may my spirit borrow
   Somewhat of thy holy woe.
   May my heart, on fire within me
   With the love of Jesus, win me
   Grace to please Him here below.

6. Mother, every wound and tremor
   Of the Crucified Redeemer
   Firmly fasten in my soul,
   Every shame which thou art sharing
   O divide with me unsparing,
   Every pang and pain and dole.

7. Grant that I my tears may mingle
   With thine own in sorrow single
   For my Saviour Crucified.
   Let me, till my breath shall falter,
   Near to thee at Calvary's altar,
   Join my heart to Him Who died.

8. Queen of Virgins, best and dearest,
   Grant the prayer that now thou hearest:
   Let me ever mourn with thee.
   Let compassion me so fashion
   That thy Son's most sacred Passion
   Daily be renewed in me.

9. Be His Wounds my own transfixion,
   May His Blood of benediction
   Ebriate my soul entire.
   Virgin, when the mountains quiver,
   From that flame which burneth ever
   Shield me on the Day of Ire.

10. Christ, when I account must render,
    Be Thy Mother my defender,
    Be Thy Cross my victory.
    Dust to dust itself betaking,
    May my soul enraptured waking
    Paradisal glory see.

(168-2)
1. Mary mild, undefiled, Help of all the lowly, O despise not our cries, Spring of hope most holy.
2. Glorified as the Bride, Gabriel's Ave warns thee, And the Word, Christ the Lord, For His birth adorns thee. Amen.
3. Shine afar, Morning Star, Christ the Sun-light leading, Lend thine ear, Mother dear, To our prayer and pleading.

4. Lift our eyes to the skies, Raise our hearts, and bring them Through thy might to the light Of the heavenly kingdom.
1. Mother of Majesty, God’s love adorning,
2. Born without stain of sin, Formed for the Holy,

Thou that hast oped for man Heaven’s high door,
Gabriel’s Ave still Rises to thee;

Star of the Ocean-wave, Gate of the Morning,
Virgin and Mother pure, Tender and lowly,

Look on our wanderings, Thee we implore. Amen.
Hear us and plead for us Bowed at thy knee. Amen.
1. Hail Queen of the Heavens: hail Mistress of earth:
2. Hail Mother the purest; hail Virgin renowned:
3. O Mother of mercy, O Star of the wave,

Hail Virgin most pure of immaculate birth.
Hail Queen with the stars as a diadem crowned:
O Hope of the guilty, O Light of the grave:

Clear Star of the Morning, in beauty enshrined, O
Above all the Angels in glory untold, Next
Through thee may we come to the haven of rest, And

Lady, make speed to the help of mankind.
only to Jesus in vesture of gold. Amen.
see Heaven's King in the courts of the blest.

4. These prayers and these praises I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins, O Mary most sweet.
Be thou my true Guide through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side when my death shall draw near.
1. Hail Queen of Heaven, the Ocean's Star To guide the pilgrim here below; In tempest oft, we claim thy make our prayers through thee: Remind thy Son that He has
2. O gentle, chaste and spotless Maid, We sinners Advo cate, do cry: Assuage our sorrows, calm our care, Save us from peril and from woe. Mother of Christ, paid The price of our iniquity. Virgin most pure, fears And soothe with hope our misery. Refuge in grief,

Star of the Sea, Pray for the wanderer, pray for me. Star of the Sea, Pray for the sinner, pray for me. Amen. 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, We homage pay on bended knee, Pray, O bright Queen, Star of the Sea, Pray for thy children, pray for me.
1. Hail holy Queen, Mother of mercy sweet:
   Life of our souls, our hope, our refuge be.
   Children of Eve, bending at thy dear feet,
   So, while our lives pass from the earth away,

2. Born without stain, plead for our souls we pray;
   Turn unto us thy pitying eyes of love:
   Chiefe of Eve, bending at thy dear feet,
   So, while our lives pass from the earth away,
Out of the gloom, tearful we cry to thee.
Bring thou our souls safe to thy Son above.

Children of Eve, bending at thy dear feet,
So, while our lives pass from the earth away,

Out of the gloom, tearful we cry to thee.
Bring thou our souls safe to thy Son above.
A-men.
1. Whenever I doubt if one so base as I
   Shall share with heavenly choirs their joys serene,
   This thought brings sweetest solace to my soul,
   That thou, my Mother, art the Angels' Queen.

2. No seraph form, to human weakness strange,
   Royalty's sceptre holds in that high place,
   But at the right hand of the King of kings
   Thou sittest throned, a daughter of our race. Amen.

3. Mother of God, Creation's star-crowned Queen:
   Heaven's mightiest spirits bow before thy feet,
   Yet 'mid the splendors of thy pomp divine
   Our Mother and our Sister, too, we greet.

   Tune reprinted by permission of the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle of
   the State of New York. Shall I then fear to face the glittering ranks
   Their flame-tipped swords would lower at the cry:
   'Angels of God, my Mother is your Queen.'
1. Joseph, pure Spouse of that immortal Bride
2. Thee, when amazed concern for thy betrothed
3. Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born:

Who shines in ever virgin glory bright,
Had filled thy righteous spirit with dismay,
With Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee:

Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung,
An Angel visited, and with blest words
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find.

Through all the realms of light
Scattered thy fears away, Amen.
O grief, O joy, for thee!

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain; but unto thee was given,
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God
As do the blest in Heaven.

5. Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
Unto the starry mansions to attain,
There with glad tongues Thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain.
1. Joseph, our certain hope below,
Glory of earth and Heaven, Thou Pillar of the world, to thee Be praise immortal given.


3. Joyful thou sawkest Him newborn, Of Whom the prophets sang, Him in a manger didst adore FromWhom creation sprang.

4. The Lord of lords and King of kings, Ruler of sky and sea, Whom Heaven and earth and hell obey, Was subject unto thee.

5. Praise to the Three in One Who thee Surpassing honors lend, And may thy merits be our aid To joys that never end.
1. Hail, holy Joseph, hail, Chaste Spouse of Mary, hail: Pure as the lily
2. Hail, holy Joseph, hail, God's choice wert thou alone, To thee the Word made
3. Hail, holy Joseph, hail, Prince of the House of God; May His best graces

flower In Eden's peaceful vale.
Flesh Was subject as a Son. Amen.
be By thy dear hands bestowed.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. Hail, holy Joseph, hail, Comrade of Angels, hail: Cheer thou the hearts that faint
And guide the steps that fail.
5. Hail, holy Joseph, hail, Father of Christ esteemed: Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.
1. Great Saint Joseph, son of David, Foster-father of our Lord,

2. Three long days, in grief, in anguish, With His Mother sweet and mild,

3. Clasped in Jesus' arms and Mary's, Where death gently came at last,

Spouse of Mary, ever Virgin, Keeping o'er them watch and ward:

Mary Virgin, didst thou wander, Seeking the beloved Child.

Thy pure spirit, sweetly sighing, From its earthy dwelling passed.

In the stable thou didst guard them With a father's loving care;

In the temple thou didst find Him, O what joy then filled thy heart!

Dear Saint Joseph, by that passing, May our death be like to thine,

Thou by God's command didst save them From the cruel Herod's snare.

In thy sorrows, in thy gladness, Grant us, Joseph, to have part. Amen.

And with Jesus, Mary, Joseph, May our souls for ever shine.
1. Hail bright Arch-an-gel, Prince of Heaven, Spiri-t di-

vine-ly strong, To whose rare mer-it hath been

ranks did move, Thus giv-ing God the sac-

zeals out-ran, With love of Ma-ry’s hon-

given To head th’An-gel-ic throng.
bloom Of young cre-a-tion’s love. A-men.
fired, And of the Word made Man.

4. For God to thee, O vision glad,
The Virgin-Mother showed,
And in His lower nature clad,
Th’ Eternal Word of God.

5. Praise to the Three Whose love designed
Thee, champion of the Lord,
Who first conceived thee in His mind
And made thee with His word.
1. Jesus the Glory of the Holy Angels, Thou Who hast made us, Thou Who o'er us rulest, Grant of Thy mercy unto us Thy blessed, may he banish from us Striving and hatred, so that for the Heaven, may he from us mortals Spurn the old serpent, watching o'er the servants Steps up to Heaven, Steps up to Heaven. Peaceful All things may prosper, All things may prosper. Amen.

2. Let Thy Archangel Michael be our succor; Peace-maker!

3. Send Thy Archangel Gabriel the mighty; Herald of temples Where Thou art worshipped, Where Thou art worshipped.

4. Send Thy Archangel Raphael, restorer
Of the misguided ways of men who wander,
Who at Thy bidding strengthens soul and body
With Thine anointing.

5. May the blest Mother of our God and Saviour,
May the assembly of the Saints in glory,
May the celestial Companies of Angels
Ever assist us.

6. Father Almighty, Son and Holy Spirit,
God ever blessed, Thou be our preserver;
Thine is the glory which the Angels worship,
Veiling their faces.
1. My oldest Friend, mine from the hour When first I drew my breath;
2. Nor patron Saint nor Mary's love, The dearest and the best,
3. And when, ere childhood yet was gone My rebel spirit fell,

My faithful Friend, that shall be mine Unfailing till my death:
Has known me as thyself has known And blessed as thou hast blessed.
Didst thou not see and shudder too Yet bear each deed of hell?

Thou ever hast been at my side; My Maker to thy trust
My Sponsor wast thou at the font, And thou, each budding year,
And then in turn, when judgments came And scared me back again,

Consigned my soul, what time He framed The infant child of dust.
Didst whisper elements of truth Into my childish ear. Amen.
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe And hollow every pain.

4. O who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile
And Peter's royal feet?
And thou wilt hang about my bed
When life is ebbing low,
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.

5. Mine when I stand before the Judge,
And mine if spared to stay
Within the holy furnace till
My sin is burned away;
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.
1. My Angel and Defender, In love I call to thee,
   The Guide and gentle Teacher That Heaven has sent to me.
2. O Master kind and Comrade, Direct my wavering will,
   Be near me as my Leader, Be my Defender still,
3. When I am sad bring comfort, When weak thy power display,
   In thy dear arms up-bear me Across each rugged way.

Thanks for thy loving kindness My soul desires to give;
And keep me in the pathway That leads to fields above;
Let not my footsteps falter Along the road of right;

Tune from Westminster Hymnal
I would not die without thee
Nor would I dare to live.
Enkindle in my bosom
The fire of sacred love. Amen.
Make safe for me the journey
Of justice and of light.

4. My Comrade thou since childhood,
   In truth and love sincere,
   O fail me not, sweet Angel,
   When death's dark hour is near.
   Then aid my will to conquer
   The malice of the foe;
   What most to God is pleasing
   To my faint spirit show.

5. And in my final struggle
   A true contrition bring,
   That after pure confession
   No stains of earth may cling.
   In piety and patience,
   In faith and hope and love,
   So I may leave the regions
   Of earth for life above.

6. And when my trembling spirit
   Before the Judge shall stand,
   Bring then thy aid, dear Angel,
   Be thou at my right hand.
   O loving Guide and Comrade,
   In all my wandering way,
   Be always near to lead me
   To Heaven's eternal day.
1. Dear Angel, ever at my side, How loving must thou be! To leave thy home in Heaven to guard A sinful child like me.

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

3. But when, dear Spirit, I kneel down both morn and night to prayer, Something there is within my heart Which tells me thou art there.

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

5. How very lovely they must be Whom God has glorified! Yet one of them, O sweetest thought, Is ever at my side.

6. Then love me, love me, Angel dear, And I will love thee more, And help me when my soul is cast Upon th’eternal shore.
1. It is no earthly summer's ray That sheds this golden brightness round, To light the day The Princes of the Church were crowned; O happy Rome, made holy now By those two Martyrs' glorious blood: Earth's best and fairest cities bow, By thy superior claims subdued.

2. The blessed Seer to whom was given The keys of Heaven For those on earth that own his rule. Amen. And he that keeps the pass the doom of life or death, By humble cross and blee-ding sword Well have they won their laurel wreath.

3. Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word Shall

4. For thou alone art worth them all;

5. All honor, power and praise, be given

6. To Him who reigns in bliss on high,

For endless, endless years in Heaven,
One only God in Trinity.
1. O sing the great Apostle In memory of the Rock,
   The basis of that fabric Which fears not tempests’ shock.
   To our Creator’s glory That festal chant shall burst,
   We praise the second Shepherd To glorify the First.

2. O Peter, light of doctrine And torch of holy love,
   The very type of fervor And wisdom from above;
   Type too of sad transgression, The fruit of faithless fears,
   And, from thy lapse uprisen, Of penitential tears. Amen.

3. ‘Twas thine to tread the waters; And when about to sink
   Christ’s hand of help sustained thee, Close on destruction’s brink.
   So, when our faith is shaken And tossed by storms of ill,
   May Christ, for ever present, Bid winds and waves be still.

4. Thou from the cross didst follow
   Thy Master to the skies,
   We praise the second Shepherd To glorify the First.
   Thy trespass-laden people,
   And O be thou our leader
   Thy Master to the skies,
   That we too there may rise.
  永恆的羊群的牧者，求你顧念我們。
1. From thee, illustrious Teacher Paul, Sounds forth the Church's trumpet-call, Throughout the world from pole to pole, Like tempest's blast, like thunder's roll.

2. O may thy stirring peal awake Our hearts, beyond all thought: To parched soul with grace to fill. Amen.

3. O bliss of Paul beyond all thought: To Paradise dew and fertile make; And so the rain from Heaven dispise, Yet living caught, He hears the Heavenly Mysteries which mortal tongue may not declare.

4. The Word's good seed around he flings, And straight a mighty harvest springs, And fruits of holy deeds supply God's everlasting granary.

5. The lamp his holy lore displays Hath filled the world with glorious rays, And doubt and error are o'erthrown That truth may reign and reign alone.

6. So long as endless ages run, To God the Father land be done; To God the Son our equal praise And God the Holy Ghost we raise.
1. O kindly help us, Holy John the Baptist, Stained lips to chasten, fettered tongues to loosen; So by thy children may thy deeds of father promise of thy greatness, How he shall name thee, what thy future season power of speech forsake, Till worthy birth-tide joyfully rendered. Meetly be chanted, Meetly be chanted story, Duly revealing, Duly revealing. Amen. tur-neth Voice to the voiceless, Voice to the voiceless.

4. Thou, darkly cradled in thy home so peaceful, Knewest thy Monarch biding in His chamber; Whence the two parents, through their children's merits, Mysteries uttered.

5. Testifies Jesus, of the sons of woman Birth ne'er was holier than of His Precursor; Hence was it given thee to baptize in Jordan Christ the Redeemer.

6. His be the glory, power and salvation, Who over all things reigneth in the highest, Earth's mighty fabric ruling and directing, Only and Trinal.
1. The prophets sang in sacred lay The
   brightness of the coming day; Thy soul the glory
   Saint, it knows no holier birth Than thine whose hands the
   other Martyrs; some receive a double glory,

2. The world shall ever sing thy worth; Great
   saw and calm proclaimed the presence of the Lamb.
   water poured upon the forehead of the Lord. Amen.
   but to thee three hundred shining wreath shall be.

3. Of crowns twice ten the Angels weave For

4. And through thy prayers the Lord shall bless
   And light our souls with holiness,
   Shall lift our heavy hearts and deign
   To wash away all worldly stain.

5. To God the Father glory be,
   The same, Lord Jesus, unto Thee,
   And to the Spirit equal store
   Of praise and honor evermore.
SAINT IGNATIUS LOYOLA
Patron of Maryland Missions

1. Daunt-less Ign - na - tius, whose gen - e - rous soul,
   Early am - bi - tious, made glory its goal,
   O with what cou - rage you con - quered your pride,
   Setting the world’s emp-ty hon - ors a - side!

2. Lea - ving the war - fare of princes, you laid
   Proud - ly your sword at the shrine of the Maid.
   Mary ac - cep - ted your chiv - al - rous sign:
   You would fight on - ly in war - fare di - vine. A - men.

3. Soon to your side in the Ar - my of God
   Ral - lied com - pan - ions and for - ward you trod,
   Glad in the sor - rows of Je - sus to share.
   Proud of the cross which His fol - low - ers bear.

4. Tender as Christ to the wayward and weak,
   You would fight on - ly in war - fare di - vine. A - men.

5. Knight of our Lady courageous and true
   Stern when ’twas needful in anger to speak,
   Like a true soldier, as gentle as brave,
   This was your conquest, to strengthen and save.

   Lead us to battle, we’ll march under you.
   Noble Ignatius, your comrades, we’ll go.
   Fearlessly forward to conquer the foe.
1. The eternal gifts of Christ the King, These apostles' glory let us sing, And, while due hymns of praise we pay, Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

2. The Church in these her Princess boasts, These victor chiefs of warrior hosts, The soldiers of the heavenly hall, The lights that rose on earth for all. (In Paschal Time)

3. In these the Father's glory shone, In these exults the Holy Ghost, Through these rejoice the Heavenly Host. Alleluia. Amen.

4. Redeemer, hear us of Thy love, That with this glorious band above, In heavenly bliss, through bounteous grace, Thy servants also may have place.

5. All laud to God the Father be, All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee; All glory ever, as is meet, To God the Holy Paraclete.
1. From Sinai's trembling peak, In trumpet blasts from heaven
   and thunders of a threatening God, The
   olden law was given.

2. To us the selfsame Lord, At tempered to our gaze By veil of human
   flesh, Himself In love and grace displays. Amen.

3. On granite rock engraved, The law from Sinai's hill Precepts supplied, but
   gave no strength Those precepts to fulfil.

4. Stamped in the heart, the law Which Christ proclaimed anew, Ye wrote, O Scribes of God,
   With its commandment, also gives Preached it by holiest word and deed
   The strength to will and do. And sealed it with your blood.

5. This law with faithful pen

6. O may that Spirit blest,
   Who touched your lips with fire,
   Those same eternal Words of Life
   Deep in our hearts inspire.
1. Blest Martyr, let thy triumph-day God's favoring grace to us convey; The day on
    companion now of Angels bright, Thou shiniest clothed in robes of white; Robes thou hast
stron uphol-der; while we pray That from our

2. Which thy life-blood flowed And He thy crown in washed in streams of blood, A daunt-less Martyr guilt we may be freed, Stand thou before the

throne and plead.

4. All laud to God the Father be, And praise, Eternal Son, to Thee; All glory ever, as is meet, To God the Holy Paraclete.
 CONFESSORS
Iste Confessor Domini co lentes

1. This the Confessor of the Lord, whose triumph
Now all the faithf ul cel ebrate with glad ness,
His joy ous feast day wears the wreath of honor
In realms of glory.

2. Saintly and prudent, modest in demeanor,
Peaceful and sober, chaste was he and lowly,
While that life’s vigor ailments manifold afflicted,
Ofttimes have welcomed cour si ng through his members quickened his being.

3. Sick ones of old time to his tomb resorting,
Sorely by health and strength returning.
At his petition.

4. Whence we in chorus gladly do him honor,
Chanting his praises with devout affection,
That in his merits we may have a portion
Now and forever.

5. His be the glory, power and salvation,
Who over all things reigneth in the highest,
Earth’s mighty fabric ruling and directing,
Only and Trinal.
1. Jesus the Virgins' Crown, do Thou Accept us when in prayer we bow; Born of that Virgin
   Choirs accompanied, With glory decked, the hymns and praises still attend; In blessed troops they

2. Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed, With whom alone The Mother and the Maid we own.
   Spotless brides Whose bridal gifts Thy love provides. Amen.

3. They, wheresoe'er Thy footsteps bend, With follow Thee, With dance and song and melody.
   Upon our senses here below Thy grace, that so we may endure From taint of all corruption pure.

4. We pray Thee therefore to bestow All laud to God the Father be,
   Upon our senses here below All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
   Thy grace, that so we may endure All glory, as is ever meet,
   From taint of all corruption pure. To God the Holy Paraclete.
1. High let us all our voices raise In that Heroic Woman's praise, Whose name with saintly
2. Filled with a pure celestial glow, She spurned all love of things below, And heedless here on filled her soul with prayer's sweet food; In other worlds she
3. With fasts her body she subdued, But glory bright Be-decks the starry realms of light. earth to stay, She climbed to Heaven her toilsome way. Amen. tastes the bliss For which she left the joys of this.

4. O Christ, the strength of all the strong, 5. To God the Father, with the Son, To Whom our holiest deeds belong, And Holy Spirit, Three in One, Through her prevailing prayers on high Be glory while the ages flow, In mercy hear Thy people's cry. From all above and all below.
1. O Christ, Thy guilty people spare: Lo,
kneeling at Thy gracious throne, The Virgin Mother
pours her prayer, Imploring pardon for her own.

2. Ye Angels happy evermore, Who
in your circles nine ascend, As ye have guarded
us before, So still from harm our steps defend. Amen.
death is nigh, And our all-searching Judge appears.

3. Ye Prophets and Apostles high, Be-
hold our penitential tears, And plead for us when
4. Ye Martyrs all, a purple band,
Confessors too, a white-robed train,
O call us to our native land,
From this our exile back again.

5. And ye, O Choirs of Virgins chaste,
Receive us to the realm above,
Where Hermits old from desert waste
Unite to praise the God of love.

6. From Jesus' flock, O Spirits blest,
Keep foe and faithless far away,
That all within One Fold may rest
Secure beneath One Shepherd's sway.

7. To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.
1. If there be that skills to reckon
2. Through the vale of lamentation
3. O what splendor, O what beauty!

All the number of the Blest,
Happily and safely past,
Lightens round the happy place

He per chance can weigh the gladness
Now the years of their affliction
From the King's dear royal Mother,

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.
Of the everlasting Rest,
In their memory they recast,
From that vessel full of grace,
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
And the end of all perfection
While the legions of the Blessed
They by merit have possessed.
They can contemplate at last. Amen.

4. In her joy th’ Angelic Cohorts
And the Saints that fill the skies
With the Apostolic Chorus
And the Martyrs sympathize,
While the Virgins and Confessors
Bend on her their loving eyes.

5. In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here we see alone,
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known,
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the Throne.

6. There the Trinity of Persons
Unclouded shall we see,
There the Unity of Essence
Perfectly revealed shall be,
While we hail the Threefold Godhead
And the simple Unity.

(197-2)
1. Joy and triumph everlasting
Hath the Heavenly Church on high;
For that pure immortal gladness
All our feast-days long and sigh:

2. Here the world's perpetual warfare
Holds from Heaven the soul a part;
Legioned foes in shadowy terror
Vex the quiet of the heart.

3. There the body hath no torment,
There the mind is free from care,
There is every voice rejoicing,
Every heart is loving there.
Yet in death's dark desert wild
O how happy that estate
Angels in that city dwell,

Doth the Mother aid her child;
Where delight doth not abate!
Them their King delighteth well,

Guards celestial hence attend us,
For that home the spirit yearneth,
Still they joy and weary never,

Stand in combat to defend us.

4. There the Seers and Fathers holy,
   There the Prophets glorified,
   All their doubts and darkness ended,
   In the Light of light abide.
There the Saints, whose memories old
   We in faithful hymns uphold,
   Have forgot their bitter story
   In the joy of Jesus' glory.

5. There, from lowliness exalted,
   Dwelleth Mary, Queen of grace,
   Ever with her presence pleading
   'Gainst the sin of Adam's race.
To that glory of the Blest,
   By their prayers and faith confessed,
   Us also, when death hath freed us,
   Christ of His good mercy lead us.
1. Jerusalem, my happy Home, When shall I come to thee?

2. O happy Harbor of the Saints, O sweet and pleasant soil:

3. In thee no sickness may be seen, No hurt, no ache, no sore;

4. No dampish mist is seen in thee, No cold nor darksome night;

5. There lust and lucre cannot dwell, There envy bears no sway,

6. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, God grant I once may see

Thy endless joys, and of the same Partaker ay to be.
Heaven
Urbs Sion aurea

1. Jerusalem the Golden, With milk and honey blest,
   Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed.

2. They stand, those Halls of Zion, All jubilant with song,
   And bright with many an Angel And all the martyr throng.

3. The Throne is there of David, And there, from care released,
   The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast.

I know not, O I know not What joys await us there,

The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene,

And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,

What radiance of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

The pastures of the Blessed Are decked in glorious sheen. Amen.

For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white.

Tune from Arundel 4. O sweet and blessed Country, Hymns by permission.

The home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect.
O Christ, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.
1. Light's A-bode, celestial Sa-lem, Vision whence true peace doth spring, Brigh-ter than the heart can fan-cy, Mansion of the high-est King; O how glo-rious are the prai-ses Which of thee the proph-ets sing!

2. Thou with beau-teous stones and pol-ished Won-drous-ly art raised on high, Thou with pre-ious gems and crys-tal ia is out-poured, For un-en-ding, for un-bro-ken Dec-o-ra-ted glo-rious-ly, And with pearls thy por-Is the feast-day of the Lord. All is pure and all tals glit-ter, And with gold thy high-ways vie. A-men. is ho-ly That with-in thy walls is stored.
4. There no cloud nor passing vapor Ever damps or
shades the air; Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day
From the Sun of suns, is there; There no night brings
rest from labor, There unknown are toil and care.

5. There the everlasting springtide Sheds its dewy green repose, There the summer in its glory sweetest throat, What-so-er de-licious concord
From that Country Drops from music's tender-rest note, Strains a thousand
never know-eth Autumn's storms nor winter's snows. Amen.
times more lovely Round the Heavenly City float.
7. Youth with all its fresh-est vig-or
8. O how glo-rious, how re-splend-ent,
9. Now with glad-ness, now with cou-rage,

Into age there can-not wane;
Frag-ile bo-dy, shalt thou be!
Bear the bur-den on thee laid,

There the old shall nev-er sor-row
When en-dued with so much beau-ty,
That here-af-ter these thy la-bors
For departed years again:
Full of health and strong and free;
May with endless gifts be paid,

Nothing past and nothing future,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
And in everlasting glory

Time doth present still remain.
That shall last eternally. Amen.
Thou with joy mayst stand arrayed.

10. Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.
HEAVEN
O bona patria

1. For thee, O dear dear Country, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep,
2. O one, O on-ly Man-sion, O Pa-ra-dise of joy:
3. With jas-per glow thy bul-warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze,

For ve-ry love be-hol-ding Thy hap-py name they weep.
Where tears are ev-er ban-ished And smiles have no al-loy.
The sar-dius and the to-paz Un-nite in thee their rays.

The men-tion of thy glo-ry Is unc-tion to the breast,
The Lamb is all thy splen-dor, The Cru-ci-fied thy praise,
Thine age-less walls are bon-ded With am-e-thyst un-priced,

And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love and life and rest.
The Saints build up thy fab-ric, The cor-ner-stone is Christ.

4. O sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect.
O Christ, in mercy bring us
To that dear Land of Rest,
Who art with God the Father
And Spirit ever blest.
HEAVEN
In domo Patris

1. Our Father's Home eternal, O Christ, Thou dost prepare
With many divers mansions, And each one passing fair;
They are the victors' guerdon, Who through the hard-won fight
Have followed in Thy footsteps, And reign with Thee in light.

2. A-midst the happy number The Virgins' crown and Queen,
The ever-Virgin Mother, Is first and foremost seen,
The Patriarchs in triumph Thy praises nobly sing,
The Prophets of Thy wisdom adore the nations' King. Amen.

3. Th'Apostles reign in glory, The Martyrs joy in Thee,
The Virgins and Confessors Thy shining brightness see;
And every patient sufferer, Who sorrow dared contemn,
For each especial anguish Hath one especial gem.

4. The holy men and women,
Their earthly struggle o'er,
That they shall need no more;
Beneath their Monarch's eyes,
The harder was the conflict
The brighter is the prize.

5. And every faithful servant,
Made perfect in Thy grace,
'Mid those that see Thy face.
The bondsman and the noble,
All gird one glorious Monarch
In one eternal ring.
1. Our life is here a brief one, Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that hath no

2. O happy retribution, Short toil, eternal rest; For mortals and for

3. And martyrdom hath roses Up on that Heavenly Ground, And white and virgin

4. There grief is turned to pleasure, Such pleasure as below No human voice can utter, No human heart can know.

5. We now must fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown.

6. And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope, And Sion in her anguish With Babylon must cope.

7. But He Whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known, And they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.
1. O Paradise, O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that loved are blest?

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

3. O Paradise, O Paradise! I greatly long to see The special place my dearest Lord In love prepares for me,

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

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. O Paradise, O Paradise!
   I feel 'twill not be long.
   E'en now I almost think I hear
   Faint fragments of thy song,
   Where loyal hearts......
1. Who can sing in fitting numbers
2. Winds of winter never enter
3. Through the greening fields and meadows

All the Joys of Heavenly Peace?
Those Supernal Regions fair;
Streams of sweeter honey flow;

There of living pearls are builded
There the spring is everlasting,
Moving airs of spicy perfumes,

Tune =
Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem
Homes of everlasting bliss,
Roses bloom of radiance rare,
Soft aromas, breathe and blow;

Golden roofs and seats of glory,
Flowers of every glow and odor
And in groves whose leaves are fadeless

Sweet with songs that never cease.
Load with balm the limpid air. Amen.
Bloom and fruit together grow.

4. There the moon and planets change not,
Sun and stars no courses run;
For the Light of that fair Country
Is the Lamb, the Holy One,
And His Day is ever shining,
Ending ne'er as ne'er begun.
5. There the holy souls are vestedured
6. Lifted high o'er all mutations,
7. True delight lives on for ever,

Like the sun, in robes of light,
Unto God they turn their eyes,
Time or change is never near,

Crowned with dazzling wreaths of triumph,
See the present Truth before them
Never malady to torture,
Glorious victors in the fight,
Ever shining in the skies,
Never age, to blight or scar;

While jubilant their praises
And they draw undying sweetness
Health and youth and holy pleasure

Rise unto the God of might.
From the Fount that never dies. Amen.
With no shade of chance nor fear.
1. There is found the Everlasting,
For the flight of time is flown;
There is vigor, health and beauty,
Tune =
Ad Perennis Vitae Fontem

2. High in harmony those spirits
Sound an endless jubilee,
Praise in song the God of Battles

3. Gentle Jesus, Crown of Heroes,
Guide me on Thy radiant way,
Let me dwell in Thy fair City,
For corruption is unknown.
Through Whose mercy they are free,
See the glory of Thy Day,

Death is dead amid the deathless,
Glorify the King Triumphant
March a comrade in Thy Army

All his power for ever gone.
Who hath wrought the Victory. Amen.
In its jubilant array.

4. Fill my soul with strength and vigor
For my warfare here below,
Be Thy Name to me a bulwark
In my struggle with the foe,
And Thy sweet Reward hereafter,
On my soul, dear Lord, bestow.
THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED

1. Ye Souls of the Faithful, who sleep in the Lord,
2. O Father of Mercies, Thine anger withhold;
3. O tender Redeemer, their misery see;

Who yet are shut out from your final reward;
These works of Thy hand in Thy mercy behold;
Deliver the Souls that were ransomed by Thee:

O would I could lend you assistance to fly
Too oft from Thy path they have wandered aside,
Behold how they love Thee despite of their pain:

From prison below to your palace on high.
But Thee their Creator they never denied. Amen.
Restore them, restore them to favor again.

Tune from Rev. of Hymns 4. O Spirit of Grace, Thou Consoler divine, S. G. Ould's Book by permission.
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine.
To lift, to enliven their sadness, descend
And fill them with peace and with joy in the end.
1. Lord, help the Souls which Thou hast made, The
Souls to Thee so dear, In prison for the
signed in heart and will, Until Thy high be-
joy to undergo The shadow of Thy
debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

2. Those Holy Souls, they suffer on, Re-
hest is done And justice has its fill. A-men.

3. For daily falls, for pardoned crime, They
Cross sublime, The remnant of Thy woe.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. O by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;

5. O by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
O by their very helplessness,
O by Thy own great Name;

6. Good Jesus, help, sweet Jesus, aid
The Souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.
1. All who desire with Christ to rise, To
2. Behold a Sun more old than night, A
3. Hail mighty King, Whose loving sway The

Thabor's Mount lift up your eyes,
blaze of uncreated Light,
Gentile and the Jew obey,

See there how Christ in glorious rays The
So high, so deep and vast of space, It
To Abram promised, and decreed, While

majesty of God displays.
knows no bounds of time nor place. Amen.
earth shall last, to rule his seed.

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. The law and prophets Thee unfold And sign the truth by them foretold; Thee God the Father from His throne Commands the world to hear and own.
5. To Him be glory Who displays To little ones His saving ways; To God the Father we repeat The same and to the Paraclete.
1. In days of old, on Sinai, The Lord Almighty came
2. All hours and days inclined there And did Thee worship meet,
3. O holy wondrous vision, But what, when, this life past,

In majesty of terror, In thunder-cloud and flame.
The sun himself adored Thee And bowed him at Thy feet,
The beauty of Mount Thabor Shall end in Heaven at last?

On Thabor, with the glory Of sunniest light for vest,
While Moses and Elias, Upon the holy mount,
But what, when all the glory Of uncreated Light

The excellence of beauty In Jesus was expressed.
The co-e-ter-nal glo-ry Of Christ the Lord recount. Amen.
Shall be the promised guer-don Of them that win the fight?
DIVINE SPLENDOR

1. Morning Star, in midnight gloom Thou that
dost the world illumine, Jesus mine, Come and shine,
In my bosom make Thy shrine.

2. Lord, Thy splendor doth outrun, Nay, e-
clipse the noon-day sun; Jesus, Thine Orb divine
Doth ten thousand suns outshine. Amen.

3. O'er the present, future, past, Streams of
lustre dost Thou cast; Dazzling bright Is the night
In the joy-ance of Thy Light.

4. To Thy beatific ray
Everything doth worship pay;
Star most clear,
Far and near,
Christ, Thy Godhead we revere.

5. Come then, golden Light, from far
Speed the axles of Thy car;
Jesus mine,
Come and shine,
In my bosom make Thy shrine.
1. Earth has nothing sweet nor fair, Love-ly forms nor beauties rare,
2. When the day-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Je-sus' Light,
3. When I see in spring-tide gay Fields their varied tints dis-play,

But be-fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring.
Think how bright that Light will be Shi-ning through-ter-ni-ty.
Wakes the aw-ful thought in me, What must their Cre-a-tor be?

When the mor-n-ing paints the skies, When the gol-den sun-beams rise,
When as moonlight soft-ly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes re-veals,
Lord of all that's fair to see, Come re-veal Thy-self to me,

Then my Sa-viour's form I find Bright-ly im-aged on my mind.
Then I think Who made their light Is a thou-sand times more bright.Amen.
Let me mid Thy ra-diant Light See Thine unveiled glo-ries bright.
1. Praise to the Holiest in the hight,
2. O loving Wisdom of our God:
3. O wisest Love, that flesh and blood,

And in the depth be praise, In all His
When all was sin and shame, A second
Which did in Adam fail, Should strive a -

works most wonderful, Most sure in all His ways.
Adam to the fight And to the rescue came. Amen.
fresh 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.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.

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 hight,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.
1. My God, how wonderful Thou art, Thy Majesty how bright, How beautiful Thy ever-lasting Lord, By prostrate spirits sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, mercy-seat, In depths of burning light. day and night Incessantly adored. Amen. boundless power, And matchless purity.

4. O how I fear Thee, Living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope And penitential tears.

5. No earthly father loves like Thee, No mother, e'er so mild, Forbears as Thou hast long forborne With me Thy sinful child.

6. 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.

7. Eternal Father, love's reward, What rapture will it be Before Thy throne prostrate to lie And gaze and gaze on Thee.
1. When morning gilds the skies My heart awaking
cries: May Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus

2. O'er plain and hill and dell Peals forth the sweet church bell:
bell: May Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus

3. My tongue shall never tire Of chanting in the choir:
choir: May Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus

Christ be praised. Alike at work and prayer To Christ be praised. O hark to what it sings As Christ be praised. This song of sacred joy It

Jesus I repair. May Jesus Christ be praised. joyously it rings: May Jesus Christ be praised. Amen. never seems to cloy: May Jesus Christ be praised.

4. To Thee my God above
I cry with glowing love:
joying Christ be praised.
The fairest graces spring
heart that ever sing:
Jesus Christ be praised.
5. When first begins the day
   O never fail to say:
   May Jesus Christ be praised,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   And while at work rejoice
   To sing with heart and voice:
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

7. Does sadness fill the mind?
   A solace here I find:
   May Jesus Christ be praised,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   Or fades my earthly bliss?
   My comfort still is this:
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

6. Be this at meals our grace
   In every time and place:
   May Jesus Christ be praised,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   Be this, when day is past,
   Of all our thoughts the last:
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

8. Though break my heart in twain,
   Still this shall be my strain:
   May Jesus Christ be praised,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   The night becomes as day
   When from the heart we say:
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

9. In Heaven's eternal bliss
   The loveliest strain is this:
   May Jesus Christ be praised,
   May Jesus Christ be praised.
   The powers of darkness fear
   When this sweet chant they hear:
   May Jesus Christ be praised.

11. Let earth's wide circle round
    In joyful notes resound:
    May Jesus Christ be praised,
    May Jesus Christ be praised.
    Let air and sea and sky
    From depth to height reply:
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

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

12. Be this, while life is mine,
    My canticle divine:
    May Jesus Christ be praised,
    May Jesus Christ be praised.
    Be this th'eternal song
    Through all the ages long:
    May Jesus Christ be praised.
1. To win my heart with visions bright and fair,
2. Come, all ye proud ones of the earth, array
3. Death hath for me no fears; its bitter pains

Vainly the world with all its craft has tried;
Your gathering hosts around me far and wide;
Shall never from my King my heart divide.

Harmless and weak its dazzling weapons are;
My heart is calm amid the loud affray;
Faithful to death to Him my will remains;
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side,
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.
I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

4. Though all the terrors of the last dread day
   With earth and hell together were allied,
   Though heaven and earth before me fled away;
   I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.

5. Jesus my Lord, my only hope and shield,
   No powers of ill before Thee can abide.
   My trust in Thee upon the battle-field;
   I nothing fear with Jesus at my side.
GOOD SHEPHERD

Dominus regit me

1. Christ the Lord is my true Shepherd,
2. He doth rule me, He doth guide;
3. Where the verdant pasture springeth,
   Nothing can I lack if near Him Constant I abide.
4. For His Name's sake He hath led me
   love hath set me On this earth below. Amen.
   soul sustained By His holy might.

5. Where the living waters flow, There His tender
   powers of darkness have no terrors;
   Christ my Lord is near.

6. Though I walk through death's dark valley, Yet no evil shall I fear;
   He with oil my head anointeth In the midst of all my foes,
   He a table doth prepare, And my cup with sweetness filleth
   Furnished well with food celestial Till it overflows.

7. So throughout life's toilsome journey Shall His mercy follow me,
   till at length in radiant glory I my Lord shall see.

8. Bliss supreme, O bliss supernal, Then to see Him and adore,
   In His Heavenly House abiding Blest for evermore.

From Catholic Hymns,

CATHOLIC FAITH

Tune from Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

1. Faith of our Fathers, living still
   In spite of dungeon,
   Our Fathers chained in prisons dark
   Were still in heart and
   Fire and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy
   Con-science free; How sweet would be their
   Un-to thee, And through the truth that comes from God

2. When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
   If they like them could die for thee!
   Our land shall then indeed be free.

3. Holy Faith: We will be true to thee till death.
   Faith of our Fathers,
   Faith of our Fathers,
   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.
1. Who is she that stands triumphantly, Rock in strength upon the Rock, Like some city crowned with turrets, 
   seen all night, So from Christ the Sun of Justice, seen no more, Glorious as the star of morning.

2. As the moon its splendor borrows From a sun un
   Bra - ving storm and earthquake shock? Who is she her Ever - more she draws her light. Touched by His her She o'er - looks the wild up - roar. Hers the House - hold

3. Empires rise and sink like billows, Van - ish and are arms ex - tend - ing, Bless - sing thus a world re - stored, hands have healing, Bread of Life, ab - sol - ving Key, all em - bra - cing, Hers the Vine that sha - dows earth,
All the anthems of creation Lifting to creation
Christ Incarnate is her Bride-groom, God is hers, His
Blest thy children, mighty Mother, Safe the stranger's Lord?

a - tion's Lord?

Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre, at thy hearth.

Fall ye nations at her feet, Hers that Truth whose

fruit is Freedom, Light her yoke, her burden sweet. Amen.

Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.
1. Hail O New Jerusalem, En-
throned as a Bride, Rich with many a
crimson gem From Jesus’ pierced side.
He that built thee on the rock In thee
Heal of strife or stain of clay Thou dost

2. Thou from one Baptismal Stream Re-
cceivst thy citizens; Thy sweet Penance
doeth redeem Poor bartered innocence.
Hence thy heroes’ faithful fight, Hence thy

3. Each new day’s awakening fire Be-
holds thy Banquet spread, Wine enkindling
fair desire And Angels’ Living Bread.
Hence thy heroes’ faithful fight, Hence thy
folds and feeds His flock. He doth light and cool or wash away In these snowy maids' most high delight; Fruit of plenteous

li - ven thee By faith and hope and chari - tem - pered rills From God's e - ter - nal shining Cal - va - ry And seed of im - mor - tal - i -

ty, By liv - ing Faith and Cha - ri - ty. hills, From His un - trod - den daz - zling hills. A-men. ty, Of ev - er - las - ting joys to be.

From Arundel Hymns by permission.

4. When from all our fears and wars
We wait the last release,
May thy Unction smooth our scars
And bring our senses peace.
Then with honor lay us down
And be mindful of thine own,
Mother of our mortal way
And of our spirit's endless day,
Of Heaven's beatific Day.
1. Long live the Pope! His praises sound afar;
   Gain and yet again, His rule is o'er;
   Space and time, His throne the hearts of men.
   Hail the Shepherd-King of Rome, the theme of loving song,

2. Beleaguered by the foes of earth, Be a
   Set by hosts of hell, He guards the loyal
   Flock of Christ, A watchful sentinel. And
   Yet amid the din and strife, The clash of mace and sword,

3. His signet is the Fisherman's, No
   Sceptre does he bear, In meek and lowly
   Majesty He rules from Peter's Chair; And
   Yet from every tribe and tongue, From every clime and zone,
Let all the earth his glory sing And
He bears alone the shepherd-staff, This
Three hundred million voices sing The

Heaven the strain prolong. Let all the earth his champion of the Lord. He bears alone the glory of his throne. Three hundred million
glory sing And Heaven the strain prolong.
shepherd-staff, This champion of the Lord. Amen.
voices sing The glory of his throne.

From Catholic Church Hymnal by permission of J. Fischer & Bro.

4. Then raise the chant with heart and voice
In church and school and home,
Long live the Shepherd of the Flock,
Long live the Pope of Rome.
Almighty Father, bless his work,
Protect him in his ways,
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes
And grant him length of days.
Parce Domine, parce populo tuo,
ne in aeternum irascaris nobis. Parce

Domine, parce populo tuo, ne in aeternum

i-\-ra\-sca\-ris no\-bis. Parce Domine, parce popu-

lo\-tu\-o, ne in aeternum i-ra-sca-ris no-bis.
Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis. Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis. Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis.

Harmonies from Vincentian Cantuale
EVENING
Jam sol recedit igneus

1. Behold the radiant sun departs In glory from our sight, But, O our God, pos-
2. By day, by night, our hymns of love We offer, Lord, to Thee; O may we sing with God Whom we adore, As hath been paid in
3. All praise to Thee, blest Three in One, The saints above Thy praise eternally. A-men. ages gone And shall be evermore.
1. Eternal Source of Light's clear stream, Creator of the sun, 
   stream, Creator of the sun,
2. The morning and the evening tide Alike Thy gifts we hail;
   tide Alike Thy gifts we hail;
3. Remove our past transgressions load, From future ill protect,
   load, From future ill protect,
4. So, knocking at the heavenly door straight-way it was done;
   And straight-way it was done;
5. These blessings of Thy love confer, shades of night prevail, Amen.
   And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
   These blessings of Thy love confer, shades of night prevail, Amen.
   O Father, with the Son
   These blessings of Thy love confer, shades of night prevail, Amen.
   And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
   O Father, with the Son
   And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
   And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
   Eternal Three in One.
1. O Christ, Thou Bright-ness of the Day, That
   chasteest night's dull shades away;
   show'st His glories to our sight.

2. We meek-ly pray Thee, ho-ly Lord, De-
   fend us through the nightly hours;
   that such holy rest be ours. A-men.

3. O Mo-ther gra-cious, lov-ing, mild, Of
   mer-cy Mo-ther, unde-filed,
   duct our souls when life is done.

4. To Thee, O Jesus, Saviour sweet,
   True Son of Mary, sinless Maid,
   To Father and to Paraclete
   All glory be for ever paid.
1. 'Tis now the hour our prayers to pour, So warns the
   day's career: 'Tis time to swell Thy canticle
   cle Of praise, Redeemer dear.

2. The soul make clean, the mind serene, And work the
   work divine; In mercy weigh their prayers who
   pray, And endless life assign. Amen.

3. As one by one, when day is done, The summer
   lights still glow, And o'er the face of eve their
   trace Of ruddy radiance throw;

4. So when the pall of night shall fall
   Around us and above,
   With brightness cheer its mantle drear,
   And warm us with Thy love.

5. All praise to thee, O Father, be,
   In this our day's decline;
   Eternal Son, all holy One,
   Spirit, like praise be Thine.
1. As now the daylight dies away, By all Thy grace and love, Thine Maker of the world, we pray to watch our bed above.

2. Let dreams depart and phantoms flee, The offspring of the night; Keep us like shrines beneath Thine eye, Unstained, our foe despite. Amen.

3. This grace on Thy redeemed confer, O Father, with the Son And Holy Ghost the Comforter, Eternal Three in One.
1. O glad-some Light, O Grace Of God the Fa- ther's face, Th'e-ter nal splen dor wea ring; Ce-
2. Now ere day fa deth quite We see the even ing light, Our won ted hymns out pou ring; Fa-
3. To Thee of right be longs All praise of ho ly songs, O Son of God, Life giv er; Thee les tial, ho ly, blest, Our Sa viour Je sus ther of might un known, Thee His In car nate therefore, O most High, The Heavens do glo ri-

Christ, All joy in Thine ap pea ring. Son, And Ho ly Ghost a do ring. A men.

And shall ex alt for ev er.
1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, Into our minds Thy word instil, And make our lukewarm hearts to glow count of all: The scanty triumphs grace hath won, and release, And bless us more than in past days

With lowly love and fervent will, The broken vow, the frequent fall. Through life's long day With purity and inward peace.

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.

5. 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.

6. 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.
ERRORS

Number 39 should carry acknowledgment: *Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission*

Number 66, fifth verse, eighth line should read: *Who lives and loves and saves.*

Number 70, second verse, third line should read: *With eloquence their lips He strung.*

Number 73, first verse, fifth line should read: *With eloquence our lips inspire.*

Number 74 should carry acknowledgment: *Tune from Arundel Hymns by permission.* In third verse, second line should read: *O Solace Thou of all oppressed.*

Numbers 144 and 145, second verse, third line should read: *Blest be His compassion.*