

The following (shared by permission) demonstrates the “comparison tables” used by the editorial team of the Saint Jean de Brébeuf Hymnal:

COELIUS SEDULIUS (5th century)	ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIMER (1706)	MONS. RONALD KNOX	FATHER WALLACE, OSB	FATHER TRAPPES	BISHOP E. G. BAGSHAWE	JUDGE D. J. DONAHOE	FATHER FITZPATRICK	JOHN MASON NEALE (non-Catholic)
ASOLIS ortus cárdine Ad usque terrae límitem, Christum canámus Príncipem, Natum María Vírgine.	From every part o’er which the sun Does in its rolling compass run, May creatures all conspire to sing The praises of our new-born king.	Afar from where the sun doth rise To lands beneath the western skies, Homage to Christ our King we pay, Born of a Virgin’s womb this day.	Now, from the rising of the sun Unto the utmost bounds of earth, We sing the praise of Christ our King, Sweet Mary’s Child of virgin-birth.	From where the rising sun ascends, To where his daily pathway ends, Through every region let us sing, The Maiden’s offspring, Christ, our King.	Unto the furthest bounds of earth, E’en from the rising of the morn, The Christ, our Prince, O let us sing, Of Mary ever Virgin born.	From where the sun awakes the morn Unto his utmost westering, We sing the Christ, the Virgin-born, The Prince of heav’n and earth we sing.	From dawn to sunset let us sing, Where’er day’s orb his course doth run, The birth of Christ, our Lord and King, The Virgin Mary’s little Son.	From lands that see the sun arise, To earth’s remotest boundaries, The Virgin-born today we sing, The Son of Mary, Christ the King.
BEÁTUS Auctor saéculi Servíle corpus índuit: Ut carne carnem líberans, Ne pérderet quos cóndidit.	The God of nature, for our sake, Our servile nature chose to take; With flesh to lend our flesh his aid, And save the works his hand had made.	Blessed Creator, thou didst take A servant’s likeness for our sake, And didst in flesh our flesh restore To bid thy creature live once more.	The blessèd Founder of the World, In form of guilty slave arrayed; The flesh redeemed which He assumed, Lest they should perish whom He made.	The great Creator deigns assume Our servile form from Mary’s womb, That clothed in flesh he might reclaim The fallen flesh himself did frame.	So did the world’s Creator blest To bear a servile Body choose, That, by His Flesh, He flesh might free, And thus His creatures might not lose.	Behold, the God of ages comes And taketh flesh of humble clay; Man’s Maker man’s poor form assumes To wash the stains of flesh away.	The world’s Creator, ever blest, A servile body deigns to don, His flesh our flesh deliv’ring, lest He lose what first He wrought upon.	Blest Author of this earthly frame, To take a servant’s form he came, That, liberating flesh by flesh, Whom he had made might live afresh.
CASTAE Paréntis víscera Caeléstis intrat grátia: Venter puéllae bájulat Secréta, quae non nóverat.	In Mary’s womb he takes his place, And there erects his seat of grace; In silence she adored and blest The sacred mystery in her breast.	Chaste was the womb where thou didst dwell, Of heavenly grace the hidden cell; Nor might the blessed Maid proclaim Whence her dread Guest in secret came.	The splendor of celestial grace Illumines that unspotted breast; A Virgin’s womb becomes the shrine, Where God unseen takes up His rest.	By Heaven o’ershadowed, filled with grace, A spotless maid of David’s race, Surpassing nature’s law, contains The fruit without the mother’s pains.	Then into His chaste Mother’s breast, There entereth a Heavenly grace, And Holy Fruit, before unknown, In a pure Maiden’s womb finds place.	A virgin’s womb becomes the shrine That holds the Lord of heav’n and earth, Through stainless maid, by grace divine, The God-child hath his wondrous birth.	Now, grace celestial ent’ring there, This Mother’s womb, as chaste as snow, Doth virginally myst’ries bear, Which she had never learned to know.	In that chaste parent’s holy womb, Celestial grace hath found its home: And she, as earthly bride unknown, Yet call that Offspring blest her own:
DOMUS pudíci péctoris Templum repénite fit Dei: Intácta nésciens vírum, Concépít alvo Fílium.	Her virgin-womb, that chaste abode, Becomes the temple of her God; And she, of nature’s works alone Above nature’s laws, conceives a son.	Down from on high God came to rest His glory in a sinless breast; Obedience at his word believed, And virgin innocence conceived.	The chaste enclosure of that frame Becomes a temple all divine; In stainless purity she bore The Son of God within that shrine.	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.	The house of her most holy breast God’s Temple now is forthwith made; And she, who knew not man, conceived Her only Son without man’s aid.	Her modest breast is made his home, The temple of her God is she; Enshrined in Mary’s spotless womb, He comes the world from doom to free.	Her modest bosom’s pure abode Is suddenly God’s temple made; She, who to man has nothing owed, Conceives within that virgin shade.	The mansion of the modest breast Becomes a shrine where God shall rest; The pure and undefiled one Conceivèd in her womb the Son.
ENÍTITUR puérpera Quem Gábriel praedíxerat, Quem ventre matris géstiens Baptísta clausum sénserat.	Thus does the bearing Maid unfold The mystery Gabriel foretold; Which John within his mother’s womb Foresaw, and blest the Lamb to come.	Ere long, that holy Child she bore By Gabriel’s message named before, Whom, yet unborn, with eager pride, The swift forerunner prophesied.	The time fulfilled, she gave Him birth Whom Gabriel had once foretold; And whom, when yet within the womb, Saint John exulted to behold.	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.	She beareth, when her time has come, Him, whom Saint Gabriel had foretold, Whom, leaping in his mother’s womb, Saint John in spirit did behold.	He comes upon this happy morn, Announced by angel’s heralding, Known by the Baptist, yet unborn, Adoring in the womb his King.	She brings the Babe Divine to birth, Announced to her by Gabriel’s voice, Whose unborn presence upon earth Has made the unborn John rejoice.	That Son, that royal Son she bore, Whom Gabriel’s voice had told afore; Whom, in his Mother yet conceal’d, The Infant Baptist had reveal’d.
FENO jacére pértulit, Praesépe non abhórruit: Parvóque lacte pastus est Per quem nec ales ésurit.	Behold him in the manger laid, A sheaf of straw his royal bed; And he, whose bounty feeds the rest, Lies craving at his Mother’s breast.	Fast doth he sleep, where straw doth spread A humble manger for his bed; A Mother’s milk that strength renewed Which gives the birds of heaven their food.	A manger was His lowly bed, Disdaining not on hay to lie; And He was nourished at the breast Who feeds the ravens when they cry.	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.	He deigned on humble straw to lie, The manger He did not refuse, Upon a little milk He fed, Whose gifts all, e’en the birds, must use	On lowly bed of hay he lies, His palace but a stable poor; The God that rules the earth and skies Doth all our wants and woes endure.	He wills among the hay to lie, Disdaining not a manger-bed; Who feeds the birds to Him that cry, He with a little milk is fed.	The manger and the straw he bore; The cradle did he not abhor: By milk in infant portions fed, Who gives e’en fowls their daily bread.
GAUDET chorus caeléstium, Et ángeli canunt Deo; Palámque fit pastóribus Pastor, Creátor ómnium.	Here angels to their maker sing; Here heaven’s loud choirs with echoes ring; Whilst shepherds here adore, and know Their pastor and creator too. Father Edw. Caswall	Glory to God, the angels cry; Earth hears the echo from on high; Mankind’s true Shepherd and its Lord By shepherd hearts is first adored.	The choirs of heav’n exult with joy, And angels sing before His throne; The Shepherd of our souls supreme To shepherds makes His Glory known. Dr. Fortescue (Literal, not metered)	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.	The Choir of saints is filled with joy, Angels to God their praises sing, And of the Shepherd, Lord of all, To holy shepherds tidings bring.	The angel choirs rejoice on high, Through radiant skies their voices ring, The shepherds see the blazing sky, And bow before the Infant King.	The heav’nly choirs their joy outpour, To God the songs of Angels sing: The shepherds know, from Heav’n’s own lore, The Shepherd Who made everything.	The Heav’nly chorus fill’d the sky. The Angels sang to God on high, What time to shepherds watching lone They made Creation’s Shepherd known.
HOSTIS Heródes ímpie, Christum veníre quid times? Non éripit mortália, Qui regna dat caeléstia.	O Cruel Herod! why thus fear Thy King and God, who comes below? No earthly crown comes He to take, Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.	Herod, why thrills thy heart with fear? The royal Babe thou seekest here Envies no earthly toys, for he A heavenly crown doth offer thee.	Cruel Herod, why dost thou fear when the divine king comes? He will not take away an earthly kingdom who brings a heavenly one.	Why, cruel Herod, dost thou fear, Lest our great God and King appear? He who can heav’nly crowns bestow, Comes not to seize thy throne below.	That God Himself as King should come, Why, cruel Herod, fearest thou? He takes no earthly realms away, Who doth with Heav’nly ones endow.	Why fear the coming of the king, O cruel Herod? Christ, the Son Asks nought of earth, but comes to bring To all who seek, a heavenly throne.	Why, cruel Herod, dost thou fear When told that God, the King, is near? He comes no mortal crown to seize, Who crowns in Heaven our loyalties.	Why, impious Herod, vainly fear, That Christ the Saviour cometh here? He takes not earthly realms away, Who gives the crown that lasts for aye.
I BANT Magi, quam víderant, Stellam sequéntes praevíam: Lumen requírant lúmíne: Deum faténtur múnere.	The wiser Magi see the star, And follow as it leads before; By its pure ray they seek the Light, And with their gifts that Light adore.	In haste to Bethlehem that day The wise men took their star-led way, Their light to seek, where light doth show, Gifts on the Giver to bestow.	The wise men go, following the star which guides them; by its light they seek the light, by his grace they confess God.	The Wise Men followed that bright star, Which shone to them in realms afar: While Light itself by light they seek, Their gifts, their faith and love bespeak.	The Magi saw the star revealed, And followed as it went before; The true Light by its light they seek, And as true God by gifts adore.	The Magi follow through the night The mystic star that goes before; By light, they seek the Lord of Light, The King and God whom they adore.	The Wise Men, guided by the star, Pursued their way from lands afar; Lit by that light, the Light they seek; Their gifts the present God bespeak.	To greet His birth the wise men went, Led by the star before them sent: Call’d on by light, towards Light they press’d, And by their gifts their God confess’d.
KATÉRVA matrum pérsonat conlísa deflens pígnora, quorum tyránnus mília Christo sacrávit víctimam.		Killed at the tyrant’s anxious call, For Christ a thousand victims fall; And mothers’ hearts the piteous tale Of murdered innocents bewail.						
LAVÁCRA puri gúrgitis Caeléstis Agnus áttigit: Peccáta, quae non détulit, Nos abluéndo sústulit.	Behold at length the heavenly Lamb Baptized in Jordan’s sacred flood; There consecrating by his touch Water to cleanse us in his blood.	Lo, dipped in Jordan’s cleansing stream, The Lamb of God would whiter seem; Yet ’twas our sins, in foul array, He bore, and bearing washed away.	The Lamb of God is washed in baptism of water; so he, himself without sin, cleanses us of sin.	The heav’nly Lamb the waters lave, He sanctifies the crystal wave: And he, whom sin could never stain, Bids none upon our souls remain.	The pure and Heav’nly Lamb of God, Into the limpid waters went, And washed and cleansed us from our sins, All pure Himself, and innocent.	Oh, purer than the morning ray, Celestial Lamb, thou com’st to bear Our sins, and wash our guilt away, That we with thee, God’s love may share.	The Lamb of God to Jordan gave New virtue, when He felt the wave: Sins—none of His—He bore, the day He washed men’s grievous guilt away.	In holy Jordan’s purest wave The heav’nly Lamb vouchsaf’d to lave: That He, to Whom was sin unknown, Might cleanse His people from their own.
MIRÁCULIS dedit fidem Habére se Deum patrem, Infirma sanans córpora Et súscitans cadáverá.	But Cana saw her glorious Lord Begin his miracles divine; When water, reddening at his word, Flow’d forth obedient in wine.	Marvels the Pharisees refute That would his heavenly birth dispute; The sick no more with fever burn, And at his voice the dead return.						
NOVUM genus poténtiae: Aquae rubéscunt hýdriae: Vinúmque jussa fúndere, Mutávit undá originem.	To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself Hast to the Gentile world display’d., Praise, with the Father evermore, And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.	New evidence of wondrous power Behold in Cana’s marriage-dower; Swift its own nature to resign, The water blushes into wine.	A new kind of miracle. The jars of water are red; the water commanded to become wine changes its nature.	Behold a new display of might, The pallid waters redden bright, The mandate for the change once heard, Wine flows obedient at the word.	The water-jars blush rosy red, New prodigy of Pow’r Divine! The water its own nature changed, When bidden to pour forth as wine.	O Fount of Love! O power divine! We bow before thy holy might; Thy word makes water pour as wine; Thy love brings day unto our night.	Lo! a new kind of pow’r divine: The water blushes into wine; The pitchers, when they wine outpour, Prove their old fountain theirs no more.	New miracle of Pow’r Divine! The water reddens into wine: He spake the word, and pour’d the wave In other streams than nature gave.

These are literal translations created by Catholics:

Coelius Sedulius (5th century)

A SOLIS ortus cárdine
Ad usque terrae límitem,
Christum canámus Príncipem,
Natum María Virgine.

B EÁTUS Auctor saéculi
Servíle corpus induit:
Ut carne carnem líberans,
Ne pérderet quos cóndidit.

C ASTAE Paréntis víscera
Caeléstis intrat grátia:
Venter puéllae bájulat
Secréta, quae non nóverat.

D OMUS pudíci péctoris
Templum repénite fit Dei:
Intácta nésciens virum,
Concépit alvo Fílium.

E NÍTITUR puérpera
Quem Gábriel praedíxerat,
Quem ventre matris géstiens
Baptísta clausum sénserat.

F ENO jacére pértulit,
Praesépe non abhórruit:
Parvóque lacte pastus est
Per quem nec ales ésurit.

G AUDET chorus caeléstium,
Et ángeli canunt Deo;
Palámque fit pastóribus
Pastor, Creátor ómnium.

H OSTIS Heródes ímpie,
Christum veníre quid times?
Non éripit mortália,
Qui regna dat caeléstia.

I BANT Magi, quam víderant,
Stellam sequéntes praéviam:
Lumen requírunť lúmíne:
Deum faténtur múnere.

K ATÉRVA matrum pérsonat
conlísa deflens pígnora,
quorum tyránnus mília
Christo sacrávit víctimam.

L AVÁCRA puri gúrgitis
Caeléstis Agnus áttigit:
Peccáta, quae non détulit,
Nos abluéndo sústulit.

M IRÁCULIS dedit fidem
Habére se Deum patrem,
Infirma sanans córpora
Et súscitans cadávera.

N OVUM genus poténtiae:
Aquae rubéscunt hýdriae:
Vinúmque iussa fúndere,
Mutávit unda oríginem.

FATHER A. BYRNES

From the beginning of the
rising of the sun to the limit
of the earth, let us sing Christ
the King, born of the Virgin Mary.

The blessed Creator of the world
assumed a servile body, that,
freeing flesh by His flesh, He
might not lose those whom He created.

Heavenly grace enters the bosom
of the chaste mother: the womb
of the Virgin bears secrets
of which she had no knowledge.

The mansion of her modest bosom
suddenly becomes the temple of God:
unsullied, not knowing man, she
conceived her Son by a word.

The mother brought forth Him whom
Gabriel had predicted, whom the
exulting John, while closed in his
mother's womb, had perceived.

He deigned to lie on hay,
nor did He disdain the crib;
and He, by whom even a bird does not
hunger, is nourished with a little milk.

The choir of the heavenly ones makes
glad, and the angels sing to God;
and the Shepherd, the Creator of all,
becomes known to the shepherds.

O Herod, impious foe, why do you
fear that Christ is coming? He takes
not away earthly kingdoms who gives
heavenly ones.

Following the guiding star which they
had seen, the Magi proceeded; by the
aid of light they seek the Light; they
acknowledge God by their gift.

The heavenly Lamb touched the bath of
the pure water: by washing us
He took away the sins which
He had not committed.

A new kind of power: the jars
of water become red, and the
water, bidden to flow as wine,
changed its nature.

Saint Jean de Brébeuf Hymnal

From the hinge of the sun's rising
to the boundary of the land,
let us sing Christ our Sovereign,
born of the Virgin Mary.

2. The blessed Founder of the world
puts on the body of a slave:
that freeing their flesh with his flesh,
he might not lose those whom he fashioned.

3. Heavenly grace enters
the body of the chaste Bearer:
the womb of the Maiden bears
secrets that she has not learned.

4. The house of a modest heart
suddenly becomes the temple of God:
one uncompromised, who knows not man,
conceives the Son in her womb.

5. The expectant Mother brings forth
him whom Gabriel foretold,
whom the Baptist perceived exulting,
enclosed in his mother's womb.

6. He submitted to lying in hay,
did not recoil from the manger:
and he by whom no bird goes hungry
was fed with a little milk.
Cool irony: Shepherd & shepherds
7. The choir of heavenly ones rejoices,
and Angels sing to God;
and clearly known to shepherds becomes
the Shepherd and Creator of all.

8. O Herod, ungodly foe, why dost thou
fear that Christ should come? He who gives
heavenly kingdoms does not snatch away
those which are death-doomed.

9. The Magi went, following
the guiding star they had seen:
by its light they seek the Light:
by their gifts they confess their God.

10. The band of mothers cries,
bemoaning their children dashed together
thousands of whom the tyrant
hallowed as victims for Christ.

11. The heavenly Lamb touched
the bath of pure water:
the sins that he did not bring
in cleansing us he took away.

12. He gave assurance through miracles
that he had God as his Father,
healing sick bodies
and reviving corpses.

13. A new kind of might:
the pots of water grow red:
and bidden to pour wine,
the liquid has changed its source.

FATHER MARTIN O'KEEFE

From the world's east side, the point where rises bright
the sun, thence to the place where the earth comes
finally to its end, Christ our Prince do we praise in song,
Christ Prince, born now of Mary the Virgin blest.

The holy maker of the universe so broad now takes
upon himself the body of a slave: so that by means
of flesh itself might he flesh set free, and thus not
lose what he himself had made.

Heavenly grace invades the inmost parts of the well-
guarded parent mother; the young girl's womb now
carries a hidden burden; would she explain it, she could
not call upon knowledge of man.

The home-site of a chaste breast suddenly becomes
the temple of God: untouched, no carnal intercourse
here, she none the less by only a simple word of assent,
conceives God's Son in human form.

In labor brings she forth the one whom Gabriel
had foretold, the one whom, while still living
peaceably in his mother's womb, John, himself yet
unborn, had recognized and proclaimed.

He endured lying in the straw; from the stable
shrank he not. With a bit of milk did he let himself
be nourished, he, through whom e'en the birds of
the air find freedom from savage hunger.

The heavenly choir rejoices;
the angels sing their praise to God.
To the shepherds there appears openly the
Shepherd Supreme, the creator of us all.

Herod, wicked foe, why fear you
the coming of the Christ? He who
grants heavenly kingdoms
does not take away earthly ones.

The Magi traveled on, following the star that
had led them along the way they had come. By
a heavenly light, they seek the Light of Heaven;
their God they proclaim by the gifts they bring.

At the rebirth bath of Jordan stream
most pure did the Lamb of Heaven arrive:
in washing us clean, he took upon himself
sins whose guilt belonged not to him.

A new type of powerful sign:
vessels of water glow bright red, and the
water within, bidden to pour itself out as wine,
changes its lineage, its stock, its kind.

FATHER J. CONNELLY

Let all the world,
from East to West,
sing of Christ the
King, the virgin Mary's Son.

The blessed maker of the world
assumed a servant's form so as
to free man by becoming man and not
to lose those whom He had created.

Heavenly grace enters the chaste
mother and a virgin's womb carries
a secret of which she had
no previous knowledge.

The home of her pure womb
instantly becomes the temple of
God, and she, undefiled and not
knowing man, conceived a son.

In childbirth she brought forth the one that
Gabriel had foretold and that the Baptist,
jumping with joy in his mother's womb,
had recognized as being in Mary's womb.

He deigned to have hay for a bed,
and did not refuse the shelter of a manger.
He does not suffer even a bird to hunger,
and yet He was fed with a little milk.
Cool irony: Shepherd & shepherds
The heavenly choir rejoices
and angels sing to the glory of God,
and the Shepherd, the creator of all,
is made known to the shepherds.

Why, merciless Herod, are
you afraid of God coming as king?
The giver of heaven's kingdom
does not usurp earthly ones.

The Magi went on their way, following
the lead of the star they had seen. By its
light they go in search of the Light and
their gift of incense owns Him to be God.

The Lamb from heaven
touched the Jordan's cleansing
waters and, washing us,
took away sins that were not His.

A new kind of miracle.
The water-jars redden,
for the water, bidden to come out
as wine, changed its nature.

PIUS XII PSALTER

From the land of the sunrise
to the very ends of the earth,
let us sing to Christ our King,
born of the Virgin Mary.

The blessed Creator of the world
assumes the form of a servant, that
thus delivering flesh by flesh, he might
not lose those whom he had created.

Celestial grace enters the bosom
of a chaste mother; the womb of a
Virgin encloses mysteries
of which she had not dreamt.

God chose her innocent
heart to be his sanctuary:
always pure, without stain
she conceives a Son.

She brought forth him whom Gabriel
had foretold, whose presence was felt
by John the Baptist, while still
concealed in his mother's womb.

He consents to lie on straw;
he disdainest not the manger;
he who feeds the very birds
is nourished with a little milk.
Cool irony: Shepherd & shepherds
The heavenly choirs rejoice, the
Angels sing praises to God; the
supreme Pastor, the Creator of the
Universe, reveals himself to poor shepherds.

O cruel Herod, why fearest
thou the coming of the God King?
He seeketh no earthly kingdoms,
he who bestoweth heavenly ones.

The Magi advance, following the
star which guides the way; by its
light they seek the Light, and by
their gifts they confess him to be God.

The heavenly Lamb touched the
waters of the purifying fountain,
and by his Baptism, cleansed us
of sins, of which he was innocent.

NOW IS NOT the time for weak theology in a hymnal. Nor is it time to bring back off-Broadway, undignified, mawkish tunes from the 1970s. Let's bravely proclaim our Catholic Faith! The **Father Brébeuf Hymnal** is based upon the authentic treasury of Catholic hymnody: *Ad Cenam Agni; Summi Largitor Praemi; Adoro Te Devote; O Esca Viatorum; Te Deum Laudamus; Auctor Beate Saeculi; Audi Benigne Conditor; Ave Maris Stella; Christe Redemptor; Consors Paterni Luminis; Corde Natus Ex Parentis; Creator Alme Siderum; Ave Vivens Hostia; Mundus Effusus Redemptus; O Gloriosa Femina; O Salutaris Hostia; Surrexit Christus Hodie; Tantum Ergo; Veni Redemptor Gentium; Veni Veni Emmanuel; Vexilla Regis Prodeunt*; and hundreds more! — <https://ccwatershed.org/hymn>