

Te saeculorum Principem

Monsignor H. T. Henry <i>Plainsong professor St. Ch. Borromeo Seminary</i>	Father Fitzpatrick <i>Courtesy of the Brébeuf Hymnal</i>	Alan G. McDougall (†1965) <i>Adopted by Farnborough Abbey in 2011</i>	1967 Dominican Breviary <i>Author unknown</i>	Walter Hayward Francis SHREWRING (d. 1990)	Father James Veale (1873–1939) <i>Irish Priest</i>	1953 Saint Andrew Missal <i>Author unknown</i>
1. Thee, Prince of all the centuries, Thee, Christ, the King of all mankind, Sole Ruler of the heart and mind, Thee we confess on bended knees.	King of the ages and of man, Christ, we confess that Thou art He: Our minds, our hearts, nor will nor can Acknowledge any Lord but Thee.	Thee, Lord of every age, we sing: Thee, Christ, we hail the nations’ King; Confess Thy right Thy realm to find Within the hearts of all mankind.	To you, O Christ, the nations’ King And Prince of every age we sing; Of hearts and minds we you declare The only Lord without compare.	To Christ the Lord of worlds we sing, The nations’ universal King. Hail, conqu’ring Christ, whose reign alone Over our hearts and souls we own.	Christ, Prince of ages, we avow O’er all the nations Thy domain; Nor ever other King but Thou In minds and hearts of men may reign.	Ruler of all from heaven’s high throne, O Christ, our King ere time began, We kneel before Thee, Lord, to own Thy empire o’er the heart of man.
2. But wicked clamors we recall: “The Christ shall never o’er us reign!” Therefore again and yet again We hail Thee: “King Supreme o’er all!”	The wicked mob’s harsh outcry rings: We will not that the Christ should reign; But our voice, that triumphant sings, Hails Thee as King Supreme again.	The hate-swayed mob cries, pride-enticed, They will not have Thy kingdom, Christ; But we exultant round Thy throne Thy reign o’er all creation own,	The rabble cried, with voice profane, “We do not want the Christ to reign.” But our exultant voices ring, “You are supreme, creation’s King.”	2 Of old, in blindness and in pride, The faithless crowd thy rule denied; The Church in joy proclaims to-day Thy sovereign everlasting sway.	The impious flaunt their hollow vaunt: “We Christ for King will never own”; Raise we, then, our triumphal chant: “High King of all is Christ alone.”	While bands of shameless men recall The homage due to Christ their Lord, We own Thee Sov’reign Lord of all, The King by heaven and earth ador’d.
3. O Christ, the Prince who bringest peace, Make all rebellious wills obey: By love compel the sheep that stray Thy one true sheep-fold to increase.	O Christ, peace-making Prince of Peace, Rebellious minds to Thee subject, And, in Thy love that doth not cease, Stray sheep in Thy one fold collect.	O Christ, our Prince, that bringest peace, Let every rebel impulse cease, And sheep astray Thy love would fain Bring back to Thy one fold again.	O Christ, O Prince of Peace, we pray, Make all rebellious souls obey; By love, your erring sheep constrain To seek your fold, to know your reign.	Christ, who art known the prince of peace, Bid all rebellious tumults cease; Call home thy straying sheep, and hold For ever in one faithful fold.	O Christ, Prince Advocate of Peace, Subdue the wayward wills of men; For love of Thee may discord cease, Lead Thou the errant home again.	O Prince of Peace, O Christ, subdue Those rebel hearts, Thy peace restore; Into Thy sheep-fold lead anew Thy scattered sheep, to stray no more.
4. For this, upon Thy Cross of shame Embracing arms Thou stretchest wide: For this, the spear-head found Thy side To show Thy Heart with love aflame.	For this, upon the blood-stained Tree Thou hangest, with Thy arms outspread, The spear-thrust showing cruelly Thy Heart wherein love’s fires are red.	For this Thine arms wide-stretched in plea Hung bleeding on the atoning Tree; For this the spear’s revealing dart Laid bare Thy love-enflamed Heart.	For this you hang from bloodstained tree With wounded arms out-stretched in plea; And, pierced by lance’s cruel blow, Your heart with love on fire you show.	4 For this, thine arms, on Calvary, Were stretched across th’empurpled tree, And the sharp spear that through thee ran Laid bare the heart that burned for man.	For this upon the bitter tree Thou open’st wide thine arms apart, So that all men may plainly see Through deep spear-wound Thy flaming heart.	For this upon the tree of shame Thy body hung, with arms spread wide, The spear revealed the heart of flame That burned within Thy sacred side.
5. For this, upon the altar-stone Hiding ’neath imaged Bread and Wine, From out that pierced Breast of Thine Thou pourest grace upon Thine own.	For this, like bread and wine indeed, Upon our altars Thou dost hide, Outpouring, for Thy children’s need, Salvation from Thy wounded side.	For this Thou dost Thy glory hide, Outpouring from Thy pierced side The riches of Thy love divine Beneath the veils of bread and wine.	For this, concealed in Altar Sign Beneath the forms of bread and wine, Upon your flock from riven breast You pour salvation’s graces blest.	5 For this, in forms of bread and wine Lies hid the plenitude divine, And from thy wounded body runs The stream of life to all thy sons.	For this in guise of bread and wine Thou on our altars dost abide, Redeeming souls in flood divine Outpouring from Thy pierced side.	For this our altars here are spread With mystic feast of bread and wine; Still Thy redeeming blood is shed From that sore-stricken heart of Thine.
6. Thee let the nations’ rulers bless And public honorings decree; Let teachers, judges, worship Thee; Let laws and arts Thy reign express.	With honours, public as the skies, Let heads of nations Thee confess, Let judge and statesman learn to prize, And laws and all the arts express.	May realms and they that rule them vie With solemn rites to raise thee high: May laws and arts Thy servants be, All life be sanctified for Thee.	May nations’ rulers you profess And in a public worship bless; May teachers, judges, you revere, In Arts and Laws may this appear.	6 May those who rule o’er men below Thee for their greater Sov’reign know, And human wisdom, arts, and laws In thee repose as in their cause.	Let ruler, then, of state unite With judge and sage on festal day To honor Thee by public rite, Let Law and Art their tribute pay.	May heads of nations fear Thy name And spread Thy honour through their lands, Our nations’ laws, our arts proclaim The beauty of Thy just commands.
7. Before Thee let all standards fall To rise with prouder glorying: Beneath Thy gentle sceptre bring The homes and fatherlands of all!	Let their insignia anew Flash out when Kings to Thee submit: Raise Thy meek sceptre, and subdue Our country and our homes to it.	Their kingly gear and royal state Kings to their King shall consecrate; Subjects their all before Thee lay In service of Thy gentle sway,	Let every royal standard shine In homage to your pow’r divine; Beneath your gentle rule subdue The homes of all, their countries too.	7 Let kingly signs of pomp and state Unto thy name be dedicate, City and hearth and household be Under thy gentle sceptre free.	Let loyal kings with heart and hand Their royal crowns lay at Thy feet; Take Thou our homes, our native land Beneath Thy scepter mild and sweet.	Let kings the crown and sceptre hold As pledge of Thy supremacy; And Thou all lands, all tribes enfold In one fair realm of charity.
8. To Thee, O Jesus, ruling o’er arth’s rulers all, be glory meet, With Father and the Paraclete, Throughout the ages evermore.	Be glory, Jesus, unto Thee, Who mundane pow’r still rulest o’er; The Father and the Spirt be Likewise adored for evermore.	Jesu, to Thee, beneath whose sway All earth shall bow, all praise we pay; With Father and with Spirit be All glory Thine eternally. Amen	All glory be, O Lord, to you, All earthly powers you subdue; With Father and the Spirit be All glory yours eternally.	Praise be to Christ, whose name and throne O’er every throne and name we own; Let equal adoration greet The Father and the Paraclete.	O Jesus, be all glory Thine Who earthly scepters dost control, With Father and Holy Ghost benign While everlasting ages roll!	Jesus, to Thee be honour done, Who rulest all in equity. With Father, Spirit, ever one, From age to age eternally.

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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 Praemii; Adoro Te Devote; O Esca Viatorum; Te Deum Laudamus; Auctor Beate Saeculi; Audi Benigne Conditor; Ave Maris Stella; Christe Redemptor; Consorts Paterni; Corde Natus; Creator Alme Siderum; Ave Vivens Hostia; Mundus Effusis 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>

Father Vittorio Genovesi (d. 1967)	Father Aquinas Byrnes <i>Courtesy of the Brébeuf Hymnal</i>	Fr Joseph Connelly <i>PDF file on CCW</i>	Dom Matthew Britt <i>PDF file on CCW</i>	Pius XII Diurnal 1956 <i>Courtesy of the Brébeuf Hymnal</i>	2002 Martin O’Keefe	Added after Vatican II
Te sæculórum Príncipem, Te, Christe, Regem Géntium, Te méntium, te córdium Unum fatémur árbitrum.	We confess that Thou art the King of the ages, that Thou, O Christ, art the King of the nations, that Thou art the sole Ruler of minds and hearts.	We acknowledge You, Christ, to be lord of the ages, king of the nations and only master of man’s soul and heart.	We confess Thee, O Christ, to be the Prince of every age, the nations’ King, and the sole Ruler of the minds and hearts of men.	O Christ, we confess that thou art the Sovereign of the ages, the King of nations the unique Ruler of hearts and minds.	You, O Christ, we profess to be ruler of all ages, king of all peoples; you are the judge supreme of minds and hearts, you and you alone.	
Sceléstá turba clámitat: Regnáre Christum nólumus: Te nos ovántes ómnium Regem supréмум dícimus.	The impious mob cries out: “We do not want Christ to reign”; we in exultation hail Thee as the supreme King of all.	The wicked mob screams out, ‘We don’t want Christ as king’, while we, with shouts of joy, hail You as the world’s supreme king.	The wicked mob cries out: ‘We will not have Christ reign over us!’ But we joyfully proclaim Thee ‘King supreme over all mankind!’	The guilty mob cries: We do not want Christ as King. Enraptured, we proclaim thee the supreme King of all.	You are the one whom the prostrate throngs on high adore; they worship you in song in high heaven above. With ovation full and clear we too name you king most high of peoples one and all.	Quem prona adórant ágmina hymnísque laudant cælitum, te nos ovántes ómnium regem supréмум dícimus.
O Christe, Princeps Pácifer, Mentes rebélles súbjice: Tuóque amóre dévios, Ovíle in unum cóngrega.	O Christ, peace-bringing Prince, subdue our rebellious wills, and by Thy love gather the errant into the one fold.	Christ, peace-bringing prince, subject rebellious souls to Your rule, and in Your love lead back to the one fold those that have strayed from it.	O Christ, our Prince that bringest peace, bring also rebellious hearts under subjection; and, because of Thy love gather into Thy one fold the sheep that are astray.	O Christ, Prince of Peace subdue rebellious hearts, and gather together in the unique fold those who have wandered from thy love.	O Christ, princely maker of peace, make rebellious minds be subject unto you; by your great love bring those who have wandered away back into a single flock once more.	
Ad hoc cruénta ab árbore Pendens apértis bráchiis, Diráque fossum cúspide Cor igne flagans éxhibes.	For this Thou didst hang on the bloody tree with open arms, and expose Thy heart burning with love and pierced with a cruel lance.	For this, with arms outstretched, You hung, bleeding, on the cross, and the cruel spear that pierced You, showed man a heart burning with love.	For this, with arms wide-stretched, Thou didst hang upon the blood-stained Tree; for this, Thou didst lay bare Thy Heart burning with love, and pierced with a cruel spear.	For this, with open arms thou art attached to the tree of sorrow; and thou showest thy Heart, burning with love, pierced by the cruel sword.	This was why you hang from a bloody tree, with arms outstretched full wide, and this is why you show forth your heart, full ablaze and wounded by the soldier’s sharp spear.	
Ad hoc in aris ábderis Vini dapísque imáGINE, Fundens salútem filiis Transverberáto pèctore.	For this art Thou concealed on the altar by the form of bread and wine, pouring forth salvation upon Thy children from Thy pierced heart.	For this, You are hidden on our altars under the form of bread and wine, and pour out on Your children from Your pierced side the grace of salvation.	For this, Thou hidest Thy glory upon our altars under the appearance of wine and bread, pouring forth from Thy pierced side salvation for Thy children.	For this thou remainest hidden on our altars under the appearance of bread and wine, pouring forth salvation upon thy children from thy pierced Heart.	This is why you conceal yourself on our altars under species of wine to drink and bread to eat; from your pierced heart you pour forth graced salvation for your children.	
Te natiónum Præsides Honóre tollant público, Colant magístri, júdices, Leges et artes éxprimant.	Let the rulers of nations exalt Thee with public honor; let the teachers and judges venerate Thee; let the laws and arts express Thee.	May the rulers of the world publicly honour and extol You; may teachers and judges reverence You, may the laws express Your order and the arts reflect Your beauty.	Let the nations’ rulers extol Thee with public marks of honor; let teachers and judges worship Thee, and laws and arts give expression to Thy love.	May all earthly leaders render thee public homage; may teachers and judges adore thee, may the laws and arts bear witness to thee.	[<i>omitted by the 1960s reformers</i>]	
Submissa regum fúlgeant Tibi dicáta insígnia: Mítique sceptro pátriam Domósque subde cívium.	Dedicated to Thee, let the submissive standards of kings flash; do Thou by Thy gentle reign control our country and the homes of our citizens.	May kings find renown in their submission and dedication to You. Bring under Your gentle rule our country and our homes.	Let the insignia of kings be consecrated to Thee in humble submission and shine resplendent; beneath Thy gentle scepter bring Thou our country and the homes of its citizens.	Dedicated to thee, make the emblems of kings to shine brilliantly; and submit to thy gentle authority, our country and the homes of our citizens.	[<i>omitted by the 1960s reformers</i>]	
Jesu, tibi sit glória, Qui scepra mundi témperas, Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu, In sempitérna sæcula.	O Jesus, who rulest the kingdoms of the world, glory be to Thee, together with the Father and. the Holy Ghost unto endless ages.		O Jesus, Thou whose sway is over all earthly rulers, to Thee be everlasting glory, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit who worketh our good.	O Jesus, who governest all the nations of the world, glory be to thee, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, forever and ever.	Jesus, to you be glory without measure; you rule all things in boundless love. Glory too be to the Father given, and the kindly Spirit as well, for all ages e’er yet to come.	

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