

A
DAILY HYMN BOOK



VOICE-PARTS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY

A DAILY HYMN BOOK

ACCOMPANIMENTS

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CANON G. D. SMITH, S. TH., PH. D.
Censor deputatus

IMPRIMATUR
E. MORROGH BERNARD
Vic. Gen.

Westmonasterii, die 26^a Aprilis 1948

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IMPRIMATUR
E. MORROGH BERNARD
Vic. Gen.

Westmonasterii, die 2^a Februarii 1949

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A DAILY HYMN BOOK

CONTAINING

250 ENGLISH AND LATIN HYMNS

WITH A FOREWORD BY

His Eminence Cardinal GRIFFIN

(VOICE PARTS PUBLISHED SEPARATELY)

FOREWORD

BY

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN

I warmly welcome this revised edition of "A DAILY HYMN BOOK". When the first edition appeared some sixteen years ago it fulfilled a great need, especially in our Catholic schools. Numerous teachers will confirm just how useful this book has been in the training of children and I know that its value has also been proved in the parishes.

Now a further selection has been made : new hymns have been added and the whole rearranged. The compiler and her helpers are to be congratulated and thanked for their work, and I hope that this new edition will meet with the success it deserves.

✠ BERNARD CARDINAL GRIFFIN

Archbishop of Westminster

12th November 1948

PREFACE

The arrangement of the first Edition has been more or less adhered to, but an Index of Authors and one of Composers will be found at the end of the Book, immediately preceding the General Index.

In a Hymn-Book of this class, destined chiefly for use in small Churches, Convents, Colleges and Schools, it has not been thought necessary to provide a Metrical Index. For the same reason the names of Tunes have not been given except in a few cases where special requests were made.

In addition to all those who gave such kind and valuable assistance in the first Edition, special expressions of gratitude are now due to the following : —

To the Right Reverend Abbot of Ramsgate and Dom D. Gregory Bish, O. S. B., for permission to use No. 248.

To the Rev. S. S. Myerscough, S. J. for a number of his own compositions and harmonizations.

To the Rev. Justin McLoughlin, O. F. M. for information regarding the Authorship of Latin Hymns, etc.

To Messrs. Desclée & Co. of Tournai, Belgium for their permission to use many extracts from their own publications, including the accompaniments to Plainsong melodies etc., written by Monsieur Henri Potiron, Maître de Chapelle de la Basilique du Sacré Cœur et Professeur à l'Institut Grégorien.

The translation of the Poem by Saint John of the Cross, "In Principio erat Verbum" (No. 98 in this Book) is by Professor E. Allison Peers from the critical edition of P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, C. D., permission for its use being granted by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Special thanks are offered to that Firm, as also to Professor E. Allison Peers for the privilege of including this translation in the Hymn-Book.

The words of Nos. 101 and 102 are taken from "Everyman's Library, No. 953," "Thomas Aquinas", permission for their use being kindly granted by Messrs. Dent & Sons, the Publishers and by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, the Copyright owners.

For the use of the Copyright poem entitled "Homo factus est", beginning "Come to me beloved" by Digby M. Dolben, special thanks are offered to the Executrix and to the Oxford University Press.

Very sincere thanks are due to the Editor of the Ampleforth Journal, Dom Alban Rimmer, O. S. B., for the fine translation of the "Veni Creator Spiritus" by Lieut. Michael Fenwick, an Ampleforth Scholar, who was killed in action, aged 21, during the last World War, December, 1941.

Thanks are offered to Messrs. Novello & Co. for the three Copyright Tunes : — "Joy Bells", (No. 37 in this Book), "Joy of Harvest" (No. 107) and "Jerusalem" (No. 224).

To the Oxford University Press for their kindness and courtesy in granting permission for the inclusion of several of their Copyright Hymns and Tunes from the "Enlarged Songs of Praise" and "The English Hymnal".

To the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for their kindness in allowing the words of No. 71 and No. 214 to be reprinted in this Hymn-Book.

To Miss V. G. Little and her publishers, Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper, for the kind permission to include the Hymn "O may Thy Spirit" (No. 103 of CANTATE DOMINO), and to Mr. H. B. Allen for allowing his harmonization to be used.

To Messrs. Cary & Co. for the kind permission for four Hymns from their publication, "Catholic Hymns".

To Messrs. Curwen & Sons for their permission to use the Copyright Tunes "Riley" and "Gentle Jesus", Nos. 79 and 199 in this Book.

To the Executors of the late Canon G. C. E. Riley, for permission to use the Tune "Sarrett" (No. 35) and to the Authorities of the Royal School of Church Music, Canterbury, who now hold the Copyright of this Tune.

To R. C. Morris Esq. for his kind permission to include the Copyright Tune "Hermitage", (No. 33 in this Book).

For the Hymn "Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te" arranged by the late Sir Richard Terry, special thanks are due to his Executors and to their Trustees, Messrs. Marston & Robinson, as also to Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne for leave to include this arrangement in the Daily Hymn Book.

To Messrs. Alfred Lengnick & Co. for permission to use the Tune "Mit Freuden Zart" (No. 213) and to the Oxford University Press for leave to include the words from the "English Hymnal".

To the Executrix of the late Mrs. G. K. Chesterton for her kind permission to include the Poem "How far is it to Bethlehem" and also to her agents, Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son. For the harmony of the Tune "Stowey" thanks are offered to the Oxford University Press and to Miss Maud Karpeles who composed the Melody of this Tune.

For permission to reprint the words of the Hymn "The Maker of the sun and moon" (No. 17) and those of the Hymn "Father Eternal, Ruler of Creation" (No. 217), both by Mr. Laurence Housman, special thanks are offered to the Oxford University Press.

To Miss Rose Fitzpatrick for the specially composed Hymn of Praise, (No. 99) most grateful thanks are offered.

In a few instances exact ownership is obscure. If, for this reason or through inadvertance, any rights still surviving have not been acknowledged, the compiler hopes that the owners will overlook the omission.

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The Ordinary Form of the Mass will never be the same!



To learn more about the *St. Isaac Jogues Illuminated Missal, Lectionary, & Gradual*, please visit: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

I

PROPER OF THE SEASON

THIS
BOOK OF HYMNS
IS
HUMBLY AND LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO
OUR BLESSED LADY
KNOWING THAT IN THE SWEET
KINDNESS OF HER MATERNAL HEART
SHE WILL GENTLY PARDON ALL ITS
DEFECTS, AND REGARD ONLY THE
LOVE WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN
COMPILED AND THE DESIRE TO GIVE
PRAISE, GLORY AND HONOUR
TO
HER DIVINE SON AND
TO
HERSELF

1

Creator alme siderum

Cre- á- tor al-me sí-de- rum, Æ- tér-na lux cre-dén-ti- um,

4



Je- su, Re-démptor ómni- um, In-tén-de vo- tis súpli-cum. A- men.



1. Creátor alme síderum,
Æterna lux credéntium,
Jesu, Redémptor ómnium,
Intén-de votis súpplicum.
2. Qui dáemonis ne fráudibus
Períret orbis, ímpetu
Amóris actus, lánguidi
Mundi medéla factus es.
3. Commúne qui mundi nefas
Ut expiáres, ad Crucem
E Virginis sacrário,
Intácta prodís víctima.
4. Cujus potéstas glóriæ,
Noménque cum primum sonat,
Et cælités, et inferi
Tremén-te curvántur genu.
5. Te deprecámur últímæ
Magnum diéi Júdicem :
Armís supérnæ grátíæ
Defén-de nos ab hóstibus.
6. Virtus, honor, laus, glória
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula. Amen.

Ambrosian. Tr. Fr. Caswall.

1. Dear Maker of the starry skies,
Light of believers evermore,
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
Be near us who Thine aid implore.
2. When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills
By taking of those ills a share.
3. Thou, for the sake of guilty men,
Permitted Thy pure blood to flow,
Didst issue from Thy 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 Thy arm divine.
6. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,
All through the long eternity. Amen.

Harmonization by Henri Potiron.

2

Come, O Divine Messiah!

Come, O Di- vine Mes- si- ah! The world in si- lence waits the day. When



hope shall sing its tri- umph, And sad- ness flee a- way. Fine



REFRAIN Sweet Sa- viour haste : come, come to Earth : Dis-



pel the night, and show Thy Face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace.



Repeat beginning to Fine

1. Come, O Divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.
Sweet Saviour haste : etc.
2. O Thou, Whom nations sighed for,
Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
Wilt break the captives' fetters,
Redeem the long-lost fold.
Sweet Saviour haste : etc.

- REF. Sweet Saviour haste: come, come to earth,
Dispel the night, and show Thy Face,
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.
Come, O Divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.
3. Shalt come in peace and meekness,
And lowly will Thy cradle be :
All clothed in human weakness
Shall we Thy Godhead see.
Sweet Saviour haste : etc.

Fellegrin 1745 Tr. S. N. D.

French Cantique

3

Like the dawning

Like the daw-ning of the morn- ing On the mountains'gol- den heights,



Like the brea-king of the moon- beams On the gloom of clou- dy nights;



Like a se-cret told by An-gels, Get-ting known up-on the earth,



Is the Mo-ther's Ex-pec-ta-tion Of Mes-si-as' speed-y birth.



1. Like the dawning of the morning
On the mountains' golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moon-beams
On the gloom of cloudy nights;
Like a secret told by Angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

2. Thou wast happy, Blessèd Mother,
With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the Angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given:
Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wast anointed Queen,
Like a river over-flowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

3. Thou hast waited, Child of David,
And thy waiting now is o'er;
Thou hast seen Him, Blessèd Mother,
And wilt see Him evermore!
O His Human Face and Features,
They were passing sweet to see;
Thou beholdest them this moment,
Mother, show them now to me.

4

Rorate cæli

Ro-rá- te cæ-li dé-su-per, et nu-bes plu-ant ju-stum.



Repeat Rorate

1. Ne i-ra-scá-ris Dó-mi-ne, ne ultra me-mí-ne-ris in-i-qui-tá-tis:



ecce cí-vi-tas Sancti fá-cta est de-sér-ta, Si-on de-sér-ta fá-cta est:



Je-rú-sa-lem de-so-lá-ta est: do-mus sancti-fi-ca-ti-ó-nis tu-æ



et gló-ri-æ tu-æ, u-bi lau-da-vé-runt te pa-tres no-stri.



2. Pec-cá-vi-mus, et fá-cti su-mus tamquam immún-dus nos, et ce-cí-di-



mus qua-si fó-li-um u-ni-vér-si: et in-iqui-tá-tes nostræ qua-si



ventus abstu-lé-runt nos: abscon-dí-sti fá-ci-em tu-am a no-bis,



et al-li-sí-sti nos in ma-nu in-i-qui-tá-tis no-stræ.



R. Rorate

3. Vi-de Dó-mi-ne af-fli-cti-ó-nem pó-pu-li tu-i, et mít-te



quem mis-sú-rus es: e-mít-te Agnum do-mi-na-tó-rem tér-



ræ, de pe-tra de-sér-ti ad mon-tem fi-li-æ Si-on:



ut áu-fe-rat i-pse ju-gum ca-pti-vi-tá-tis no-stræ.



R. Rorate

4. Conso-lá-mi-ni, conso-lá-mi-ni, pó-pu-le me-us: ci-to vé-ni-et



sa-lus tu-a: qua-re mœ-ró-re consú-me-ris, qui-a inno-vá-vit



te do-lor? Sal-vá-bo te, no-li ti-mé-re: e-go e-



nim sum Dó-mi-nus De-us tu-us, Sanctus Is-ra-el, Red-émptor tu-us.



R. Rorate

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One.

Be not angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity. Behold, the city of Thy Holy One is desert: Sion is made a desert: Jerusalem is desolate; the house of Thy sanctification and of Thy glory, where our fathers used to praise Thee.

Drop down dew, etc.

We have sinned and have become as a leper: and we have all fallen as a leaf; and our iniquities have carried us away like a wind. Thou hast hidden Thy face from us, and Thou hast crushed us in the hand of our iniquity.

Drop down dew, etc.

See, O Lord, the affliction of Thy people, and send Him whom Thou wilt send; send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth, from the rock in the desert to the mount of the daughter of Sion, that He may take from us the yoke of captivity.

Drop down dew, etc.

The Saviour that cometh:—

Be comforted, be comforted, My people; quickly shall come thy salvation. Why art thou consumed with grief because sorrow hath invaded thee? I will save thee: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer.

Drop down dew, etc.

5

The Great Antiphons

December 17th. I

O Sa- pi- én- ti- a,* quæ ex o- re Al-tis-si-mi pro- dí-
sti at- tin- gens a fi- ne usque ad fi- nem, fór- ti- ter su-
á- vi- ter di- spo- nensque ómni- a: ve- ni ad do- cén- dum nos
vi- am pru- dén- ti- æ. Cant. Ma- gni- fi- cat * ánima mé- a Dó- mi- num.
Et ex- sul- tá- vit spí- ri- tus me- us * in Déo salutá- ri me- o.

"O Wisdom! that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end mightily, and sweetly disposing all things: come and teach us the way of prudence."

December 18th. II

O A-do ná-i, * et Dux dómus Is-ra-el, qui

Mó-y-si in i-gne flammæ ru-bi appa-ru-i-sti,

et é-i in Si-na le-gem de-di-sti: ve-ni ad

red-i-mén-dum nos in brá-chi-o ex-tén-to:

Magnificat as above.

"O Adonai, and Leader of the house of Israel! Who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gavest him the law on Sinai: come and redeem us by Thy outstretched arm."

December 19th. III

O ra-dix Jes-se,*qui stas in signum po-pu-ló-rum,su-per

quem conti-né- bunt re-ges os su- um, quem gentes depre- ca- bún-

tur: ve- ni ad li- be-rán-dum nos, jam no- li tar-dá-re.

"O Root of Jesse, Who standest as the ensign of the people; before Whom Kings shall not open their lips; to Whom the nations shall pray: come and deliver us; tarry now no more."

December 20th. IV

O cla-vis Da-vid,*et sce-ptrum do-mus Is-ra-el: qui

á-pe-ris, et ne-mo clau-dit; clau-dis, et ne-mo á-

pe-rit: ve-ni, et e-duc vin-ctum de do-mo cár-

12

Advent



"O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel! Who openest and no man shutteth; Who shuttest and no man openeth: come and lead the captive from prison, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death."

December 21st. V

"O Orient! Splendor of eternal light, and Sun of Justice! come and enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

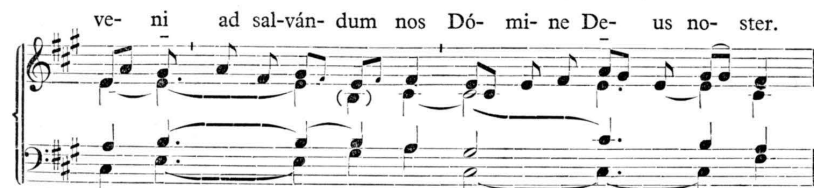
December 22nd. VI

Advent

13



"O King of nations and their Desired One, and the Corner-Stone that maketh both one: come and save man whom Thou formedst out of slime."

December 23rd. VII

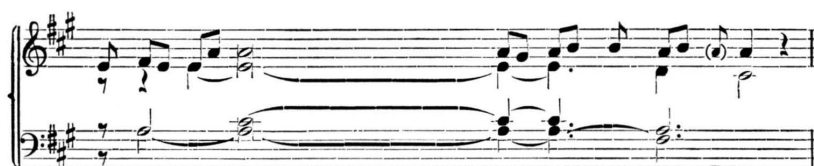
"O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations! come and save us, O Lord our God."

From "Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien" par Henri Potiron.

6

Magnificat

1. Ma-gní- fi- cat * á- ni- ma mé- a Dó- mi- num.



2. Et ex- sul- távit	spí- ri- tus me- us *
3. Qui- a re- spéxit humilitátem	an- cíl- læ su- æ: *
4. Qui- a fe- cit mihi	ma- gna qui po- tens est: *
5. Et mi- se- ricórdia ejus a progéni-	e in pro- gé- ni- es: *
6. Fe- cit po- téntiam in	brá- chi- o su- o: *
7. De- pó- su- it po-	tén- tes de se- de, *
8. E- su- ri- éntes	im- plé- vit bo- nis: *
9. Sus- cé- pit Israel	pú- e- rum su- um, *
10. Sic- ut lo- cútus est	ad pa- tres no- stros, *
11. Gló- ri- a	Pa- tri, et Fí- li- o, *
12. Sic- ut e- rat in princípio,	et nunc, et sem- per, *

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord:

2. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

3. For he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

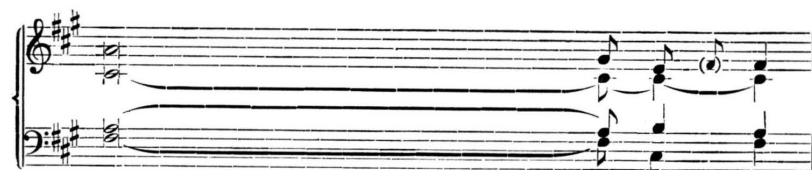
4. For he that is mighty hath done great things unto me: and holy is his name.

5. And his mercy is from generation unto generations: unto them that fear him.

6. He hath showed might with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

for the Great Antiphons

Solemn Tone



2. in Deo salutá-	ri me- o.
3. ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes genera-	ti- ó- nes.
4. et sanctum no-	men e- jus.
5. timénti-	bus e- um.
6. dispérsit supérbos mente cor-	dis su- i.
7. et exaltá-	vit hú- mi- les.
8. et dívites dímisit	in- á- nes.
9. recordátus misericórdi-	æ su- æ.
10. Abraham et sémini ejus	in sæ- cu- la.
11. et Spirítu-	i San- cto.
12. et in sæcula sæculó-	rum. A- men.

7. He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.

8. He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

9. He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his mercy.

10. As he spake to our fathers: to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

11. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

12. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

7

Veni, veni, Emmanuel

Ve-ni, ve-ni, Emmá-nu-el, ca-ptí-vum sol-ve Is-ra-el, Qui
 ge-mit in e-xí-li-o, Pri-vá-tus De-i Fi-li-o. Gau-de, gau-
 de, Emmá-nu-el Na-scé-tur pro te Is-ra-el. A-men.

1. Veni, veni, Emmánuel,
Captivum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exilio.
Privátus Dei Fílio.
Gaude! Gaude! Emmánuel
Nascétur pro te, Israel.
2. Veni, O Jesse vírgula!
Ex hostis tuos úngula,
De specu tuos tártari
Educ, er antro bárathri.
Gaude, etc.
3. Veni, veni, O Oriens!
Soláre nos advéniens;
Noctis depélle nébulas,
Dirásque noctis ténebras.
Gaude, etc.
4. Veni, Clavis Davídica!
Regna reclúde cælica,
Fac iter tutum súperum,
Et claude vias inferum.
Gaude, etc.
5. Veni, veni, Adonái!
Qui pópulo in Sinai
Legem dedísti vértice,
In majestáte glóriæ.
Gaude, etc.

Mediaeval French Missal

1. O come, O come, Emmanuel!
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny:
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice, etc.
3. O come Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits, by Thine Advent here:
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice, etc.
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, etc.
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice, etc.

Psalterium Canticum
Catholicarum. 1710

8

O Master of this house

"O Mas-ter of this house, Pray now come down: We beg for
 shel-ter here, In this roy-al town". Jo-seph and Ma-ry dear,
 Pray you for shel-ter here, "O Mas-ter of this house, Come let us in."

1. "O Master of this house
Pray now come down;
We beg for shelter here,
In this royal town".
Joseph and Mary dear,
Pray you for shelter here,
"O Master of his house
Come let us in".
2. "Who knocks at closed door
So late at night?
Who now in Bethlehem
Stands in such plight?"
One who is poor and sad,
One O so thinly clad,
"But with rich strangers
My house is full".
3. Joseph, that holy man,
Laments full sore,
That they no shelter find
From cold so raw.
They have walked all day long,
Walked through the heedless throng,
"Bethlehem, Bethlehem,
No pity here?"
4. Mary, dear Lady,
Be no more sad;
Thy Child and Heaven's Lord
Bids thee be glad.
Maiden and Mother;
Never another!
God's fairest Daughter,
Yet He her Son.

Bavarian

Old Bavarian Folk Carol
arranged by Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.

Hymn Book (A). — 2

9

Adeste Fideles

A- dé- ste fi- dé- les, læ- ti tri- umphán- tes: Ve- ní- te, ve- ní- te in Béth- le- hem: * Na- tum vi- dé- te Re- gem An- ge- ló- rum: Ve- ní- te, ad- o- ré- mus, ve- ní- te ad- o- ré- mus, ve- ní- te ad- o- ré- mus Dó- mi- num. * Natum.

1. Adeste fideles, læti, triumphantes : Venite, venite in Bethleem : Natum videte Regem Angelorum : Venite, adoramus, venite, adoramus, Venite, adoramus Dominum. Natum, etc.
2. En grege relicto, humiles ad cunas Vocati pastores appropriant : Et nos ovanti gradu festinamus : Venite, adoramus, etc. Et nos, etc.
3. Aeterni Parentis splendorem æternum Velatum sub carne videmus : Deum infantem; pannis involutum : Venite, adoramus, etc. Deum infantem, etc.
4. Pro nobis egenum et fœno cubantem Piis foveamus amplexibus : Sic nos amantem quis non redamaret? Venite, adoramus, etc. Sic nos, etc.

1. In triumph, joy and holy fear, Draw near, ye faithful souls, draw near : The Infant King of Heaven is here: None treads aright but Bethleem-ward : Come hither, come, adore the Lord.
2. By Angels called that bliss to taste, The shepherds leave their flocks and haste To see Him in a manger placed: Then need we further be implored To hasten and adore the Lord?
3. The glory of the Eternal Sire Veiled under flesh we shall admire, Nor quail before His awful fire: That Infant swathed shall be adored: Come hither, come, 'tis Christ the Lord.
4. Such love as this—who would not yearn To love the Lover in return? Behold with reverent zeal we burn To see the Babe proud kings ignored, And kiss the Feet of Christ our Lord.

Tr. J. C. Earle. "Annus Sanctus" from a Sequence in a Cistercian Gradual of the 15th-16th centuries

10

Puer natus

Pu- er na- tus in Béth- le- hem, al- le- lú- ia. Un- de gau- det Je- rú- sa- lem, al- le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia. In cor- dis jú- bi- lo Chri- stum na- tum a- do- ré- mus Cum no- vo cán- ti- co.

1. Puer natus in Bethleem, allelúia. Unde gaudet Jérusalem, allelúia. In cordis júbilo Christum natum adorémus Cum novo cántico.

1. A Boy is born in Bethleem, Joy bringing to Jerusalem. In songs of joy, with one accord, Adore the Birth of Christ our Lord.

2. Hic jacet in præsepío, allelúia, Qui regnat término, allelúia.
3. Cognóvit bos et ásinus, allelúia, Quod Puer erat Dóminus, allelúia.
4. Reges de Saba véniunt, allelúia, Aurum, thus, myrrham offerunt, allelúia.
5. Intrantes domum invicem, allelúia, Novum salútant Principem, allelúia.
6. Sine serpéntis vúlnera, allelúia. De nostro venit sanguíne, allelúia.
7. In carne nobis similis, allelúia, Peccáto sed dissimilis, allelúia.
8. Ut réderet nos hómines, allelúia, Deo et Sibi símiles, allelúia.
9. In hoc natáli gáudio, allelúia, Benedicámus Dómino, allelúia.
10. Laudétur sancta Trínitas, allelúia. Deo dicámus Grátias, allelúia.

2. He lieth in a manger poor, Whose Kingdom shall for aye endure.
3. The ox and ass, knowing, adored The Infant that was Christ the Lord.
4. The Kings of Saba come and bring Gold, myrrh and incense to their King.
5. One after one, the cot forlorn Entering, they hail their Prince new-born.
6. The serpent's venom knows Him not, Though of our blood His own He got.
7. Made like to us in human kin, Unlike us in respect of sin.
8. That like Him He might make us be And with Himself and God agree.
9. In this birth's joy let all accord, And bless for ever Christ the Lord.
10. And praise the Holy Trinity, Now and to all Eternity.

XIV Century.

Tr. Fr. Ryder. Oratorian

11

Jesu Redemptor

Je- su Re- dém- ptor óm-ni- um, Quem lu- cis an-te o-

1

ri- gi- nem, Pa- rem pa- ter-næ gló- ri- æ,

Pa- ter su- pré- mus é- di- dit. A- men.

1. Jesu, Redemptor omnium,
Quem lucis ante originem
Parem paternæ gloriæ
Pater supremus edidit.
2. Tu lumen, et splendor Patris,
Tu spes perennis omnium,
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli.
3. Meménto, rerum Cónditor,
Nostri quod olim corpóris,
Sacráta ab alvo Virgínis
Nascéndo, formam sumpseris.
4. Testátur hoc præsens dies,
Curréns per anni circulum,
Quod solus e sinu Patris
Mundi salus advénérís.
5. Hunc astra, tellus, æquora,
Hunc omne, quod cælo subest,
Salútis auctórem novæ
Novo salutat cántico.
6. Et nos, beáta quos sacri
Rigávit unda sanguínis,
Nátalis ob diem tui,
Hymni tribútum sólvimus.
7. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spirítu,
In sempitérna sæcula. Amen.

Ambrosian. Tr. Fr. Caswall

1. Jesu, Redeemer of the world,
Before the earliest dawn of light
From everlasting ages born,
Immense in glory as in might.
2. Immortal Hope of all mankind,
In Whom the Father's Face we see:
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour
This day throughout the world to Thee.
3. Remember, O Creator Lord,
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.
4. This ever-blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone,
From Thy own Father's Bosom forth,
To save the world thou camest down.
5. O Day, to which the seas and sky,
And earth and heaven, glad welcome sing:
O Day which healed our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King!
6. We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In Thy own fount of Blood Divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song,
On this dear natal day of Thine.
7. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee:
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

From "Vespéral Paroissial" par Henri Potiron

12

Silent Night

Si- lent Night, sa- cred Night, Beth- le- hem sleeps, yet what light

Floats a- round the ho- ly place. Songs of An- gels fill the air,

Strains of heaven- ly peace, Strains of heaven- ly peace.

1. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy place,
Songs of Angels fill the air,
Strains of heavenly peace,
Strains of heavenly peace.

2. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring
Which the Angel Chorus sing,
Christ the Saviour has come,
Christ the Saviour has come.

3. Silent Night, sacred Night,
Son of God, O what light,
Radiates from Thy manger-bed,
Over realms with darkness spread;
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.

"Stille Nacht"
J. Mohr. (1792-1848)

F. Gruber
(1787-1863)

13

Joseph gentle, husband mine

"Jo- seph gen- tle, hus- band mine, Help me nurse my Babe Di- vine:



He will pay thee all thy love, In Heaven a- bove, For



He is King for ev-

Chorus:

er". The snows un- trodden have



bud- ded the Flower That buildeth His bower in Is- ra- el! Ma- ry



hath great new to tell From Ga- bri- el. Lull Thee! Ba- by!



Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Ma- ry.



1.

"Joseph gentle, husband mine,
Help me nurse my Babe Divine:
He will pay thee all thy love,
In Heaven above,
For He is King for ever."

The snows untrodden have budded the Flower
That buildeth His bower in Israel.
Mary hath great news to tell
From Gabriel.
Lull Thee, Baby,
Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Mary.

2.

Angel-host of Paradise,
Ye who gaze with starry eyes
Where the Triune splendours glow,
See here how low
His love has brought the Highest.
Till now was never nor shall be again
'Mid Angels or men such bliss fore-cast;
Maiden Mother claspeth fast
The First and Last.
Lull Thee, Baby,
Dream of Heav'n, but ope Thine Eyes on Mary.

3.

O that earth were sweet and mild,
As her lap to Mary's Child,
O could every heart unfold
This love untold
That shone before the day-star.
The Peaceful King hath uplifted His Throne
And ruleth alone o'er all the kings;
Mercy comes on broad'ning wings,
And Truth up-springs.
Glory! Lord God!
Peace on earth and Glory in the Highest.

Fr. O'Connor

German

14

Sleep, Holy Babe

Sleep, Ho- ly Babe, up- on Thy Mo- ther's breast; Great *fp* *mf*

Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet it is to

see Thee lie In such a place of rest, In *fp*

such a place of rest. *Accomp.*

1. [breast;
Sleep, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

2. [around,
Sleep, Holy Babe. Thine Angels watch
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Fr. Castvall

3.
Sleep, Holy Babe, while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

4.
Sleep, Holy Babe. Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That Death alone shall close.

Dr. Dykes

15

Slumber, Thou Heavenly Child

Slum- ber, Thou Hea- v'nly Child, and take- Thy rest, That

with Thy wak- ing the wear- y world be blest;

Turn this sad world's night in- to Thy per- fect day, And

while the stars shine down on Thee, send forth Thy glo- rious ray.

1. Slumber, Thou Heav'nly Child and take Thy rest,
That with Thy waking the weary world be blest;
Turn this sad world's night into Thy perfect day,
And while the stars shine down on Thee, send forth Thy glorious ray.

2. Slumber, O Prince of Peace. Thou wondrous Child,
O Christ, sweet offspring of Mary, Mother mild;
Let Thy Glory shine, O Christ-Child, through the night
And shed within our hearts Thy ray, O Blessed Heavenly Light.

Ruth Eva Priestly
(Adapted)

Frederick W. Helmsley

16

Sleep, my Little One

"Sleep, my Lit- tle One, sleep, my darl- ing Son", Sings the Mo- ther o'er her



Boy. "Sleep, O Heart of mine, Sleep, Thou Treasure mine", Chants the



Mai- den in her joy. Sing Him and praise Him, re- joice at the



sight, Thy God lies here in all His might. Sing Him and



praise Him, ye Che- ru-bim bright, For Christ is born this win- ter night.



1. "Sleep, my little One, sleep my darling Son,"
Sings the Mother o'er her Boy,
"Sleep, O Heart of mine! Sleep, Thou Treasure mine!"
Chants the Maiden in her joy.
Sing Him, and praise Him, rejoice at the sight;
Thy God lies here in all His might,
Sing Him and praise Him, ye Cherubim bright,
For Christ is born this winter night.

2. "Cease Thy tender cries, close Thy little Eyes,
Though the bitter winds blow free,
Sleep, my little Boy, Thy sweet rest enjoy,
Faithful beasts breathe warm on Thee."
Sing Him, etc.
3. "Sleep my Hope and Joy, sleep, my Baby Boy,
God of Heaven and man's best Friend,
Deep in peaceful rest be Thy slumber blest,
Sleep until the night doth end."
Sing Him, etc.

Alsation Carol

17

The Maker of the sun and moon

NEWBURY

In moderate time

The Ma- ker of the sun and moon, The Ma- ker of our



earth, Lo! late in time, a fair- er boon, Him-self is brought to birth!



1. The Maker of the sun and moon,
The Maker of our earth,
Lo! late, in time, a fairer boon,
Himself is brought to birth!
2. How blest was all creation then,
When God so gave increase;
And Christ, to heal the hearts of men,
Brought righteousness and peace!
3. No star in all the heights of heaven
But burned to see him go;
Yet unto earth alone was given
His human form to know.
4. His human form, by man denied,
Took death for human sin:
His endless love, through faith descried,
Still lives the world to win.
5. O perfect Love, outpassing sight,
O Light beyond our ken,
Come down through all the world to-night,
And heal the hearts of men!

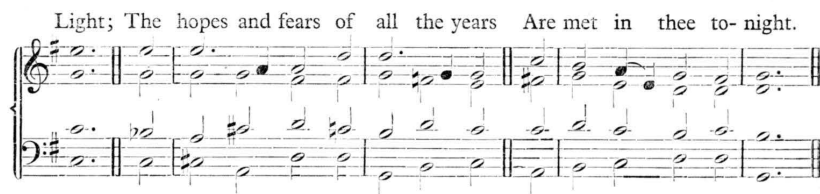
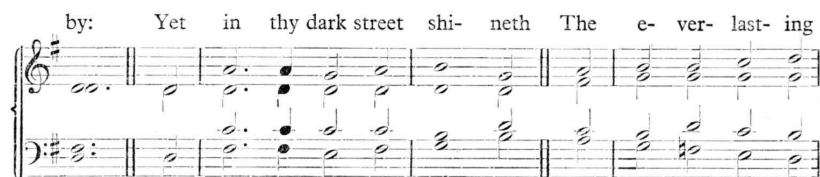
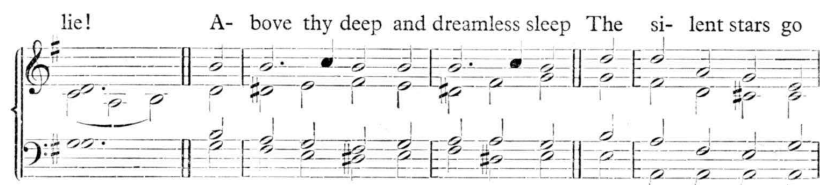
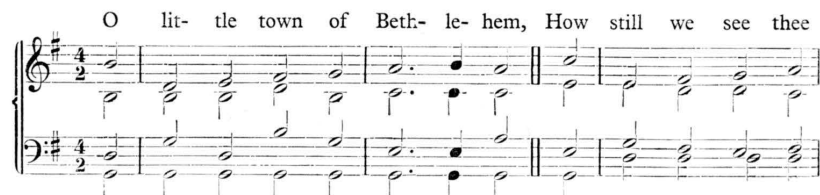
Lawrence Housman

English Traditional Melody

From the ENGLISH HYMNAL, by permission of the Oxford University Press

18

O little town of Bethlehem



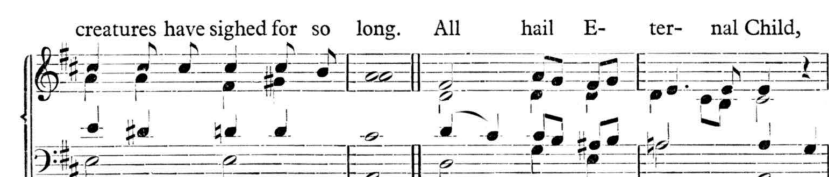
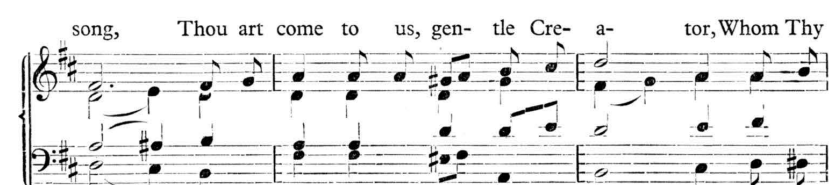
1. O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.
2. For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
3. How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Bishop Phillips Brooks

Sir J. Barnby

19

At last Thou art come, Little Saviour



1. At last Thou art come, little Saviour,
And Thine Angels fill midnight with song,
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.
All hail, Eternal Child,
Hail Mary's little One,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
2. Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother,
She hath gazed on Thy marvellous Face,
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary,
And she was Thy channel of grace.
All hail, etc.
3. Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful par-
And our souls overflow with delight. [don,
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night.
All hail, etc.
4. Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary,
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come,
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,
New Brother, with us in our home.
All hail, etc.
5. Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore,
We will play with Thee, Beautiful Brother,
On Eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, etc.

Fr. Faber † 1863

Traditional

20

Let sweet and holy sound

Let sweet and ho- ly sound En- wrap the earth a-round,
 For all the world's De- light In swath- ing bands is bound,
 And gold- en with His light Is Beth- le- hem's poor stall;
 Hail! First and Last of all! Hail! First and Last of all!

1. Let sweet and holy sound
 Enwrap the earth around,
 For all the world's Delight
 In swathing bands is bound,
 And golden with His light
 Is Bethlehem's poor stall;
 Hail First and Last of all!
 Hail First and Last of all!

2. O Baby soft and weak,
 Thou mak'st my dumb heart speak.
 O little Child most high,
 By this Thy love so meek,
 Grant me to live and die
 In Thy sweet loyalty.
 O call me after Thee!
 O call me after Thee!

Fr. O' Connor

3. O Love of God the Sire,
 O pitying desire
 Of His Eternal Son
 From sin and quenchless fire
 Our souls hath Jesus won
 To deck His palace fair:
 O would that we were there!
 O would that we were there!

4. For gladness never dies
 In those immortal skies:
 The golden tides of song
 From choired Angels rise:
 And in the turrets strong,
 Sweet bells make praise and prayer:
 O would that we were there!
 O would that we were there!

German

21

Christ was born on Christmas Day

Christ was born on Christ- mas Day; Wreathe the hol- ly,
 twine the bay. Chri- stus na- tus hó- dí- e:
 The Babe, The Son, the Ho- ly One of Ma- ry.

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day;
 Wreathe the holly, twine the bay.
 Christus natus hodie:
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
 2. He is born to set us free,
 He is born our Lord to be,
 Ex Maria Virgine:
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

3. Let the bright red berries glow
 Everywhere in goodly show;
 Christus natus hodie:
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
 4. Christian men, rejoice and sing
 'Tis the birthday of a King,
 Ex Maria Virgine:
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

From 12 Christmas Carols

Sir Richard Terry

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 24 Berners Street, London, W. Q.

22

He smiles within His cradle

He smiles with- in His cra- dle, A Babe with Face so
bright, It beams most like a mir- ror, A- gainst a
blaze of light: This Babe so burn- ing bright.

1.

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

2.

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

Tr. R. Graves

3.

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

4.

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

Austrian Melody 1649

23

Gloomy Night

Gloom- y night em- braced the place Where-
in the no- ble In- fant lay: The Babe looked up and
showed His Face, In spite of dark- ness it was day! It
was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise, Not from the East, but from Thine Eyes.

- Gloomy night embraced the place
Wherein the noble Infant lay;
The Babe looked up and showed His Face,
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from Thine Eyes.
- Cold Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars;
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars;
By those sweet Eyes' persuasive powers
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.
- We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day,
We saw Thine Eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away;
We saw Thee, and we blessed the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet Light.
- Welcome, all wonders in one sight,
Eternity shut in a span,
In winter summer, day in night,
And Heaven in earth, and God in Man,
Great Little One, Whose lowly birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth.
- To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King,
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each one of us his lamb will bring,
And each his pair of silver doves:
Till, burnt in fire of Thy fair Eyes,
Ourselves become our sacrifice.

Richard Crashaw † 1649

Hymn Book (A). — 3

Alsation Cradle Song

24

A Babe is born

A Babe is born, all of a Maid, To bring sal-va-tion un- to us, No
more are we to be a-fraid; Ve- ni Cre-á- tor Spi- ri- tus.

The musical score for 'A Babe is born' is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

1. A Babe is born, all of a Maid,
To bring salvation unto us,
No more are we to be afraid;
Veni Creator Spiritus.
2. At Bethlehem, that noble place,
The Child of bliss then born He was;
Him aye to serve God give us grace,
O lux beáta Trinitas.
3. There came three kings out of the East,
To worship there that King so free;
With gold and myrrh and frankincense,
A solis ortus cárdine.
4. The shepherds heard an Angel cry,
A merry song that night sang he,
Why are ye all so sore aghast,
Jam lucis orto sidere?
5. The Angel came down with a cry,
A fair and joyful song sang he,
All in the worship of that Child,
Glória Tibi Dómine.

Words: 15th century

Tune, later form of "Herr Jesu Christ, mein Leben's Licht",
Nuremberg, 1676. Harmonized by Sir Richard Terry

By permission of Messrs. Burns, Oates Washbourne.

25

In Bethlehem city

In Beth-le- hem ci- ty, on Christmas-day morn, Lord, in a bare
ca- vern Thou wouldst be born: And Thou, who for throne hast the
heav-en on high, Wast fain in a ship-pon 'mid ox- en to lie.

The musical score for 'In Bethlehem city' is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

1. In Bethlehem city, on Christmas-day morn,
Lord, in a bare cavern Thou wouldst be born:
And Thou, who for throne hast the heaven on high,
Wast fain in a shippon 'mid oxen to lie.
2. And Thou, whom angelical troops aye surround,
By certain poor herdsmen didst deign to be found,
And this, of Thy goodness to rescue our race;
So sing we, "All glory, and thanks for Thy grace".
3. And at the same season, behold, from afar
There fared unto Bethlehem led by a star,
Three princes of Saba, who knew by that sign
That born upon earth was a monarch divine.
4. Choice treasure they bare Thee, myrrh, incense, and gold;
And though Thou wert cradled 'mid beasts of the fold,
They knelt, for they saw when they rendered Thee praise,
The Son of the Father, the Ancient of Days.

The Rev. G. R. Woodward.

By permission of Messrs. Burns, Oates Washbourne.

Tune, an old Worcestershire melody
in the Seventh Mode,

Harmonized by Sir Richard Terry.

26

How far is it to Bethlehem

STOWEY

In moderate time

1. How far is it to Beth-le-hem? Not ve-ry far. Shall we find the

Omit in V. 5.

sta-ble room Lit by a star? 2. Can we see the lit-tle Child,

Omit in V. 7.

Is He with-in? If we lift the wood-en latch May we go in?

Omit in VV. 6-7.

[For V. 3 and 4. repeat music of V. 1.]

Harmony: From THE OXFORD BOOK OF CAROLS, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

V. 5.
Great kings have pre-cious gifts, And we have naught, Lit-tle smiles and

V. 6.
lit-tle tears are all we brought. For all wea-ry chil-dren,

Ma-ry must weep. Here, on His bed of straw Sleep, child-ren, sleep.

[For V. 7. repeat music of V. 2.]

1.
How far is it to Bethlehem?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star?

2.
Can we see the little Child,
Is He within?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in?

3.
May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, or sheep?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep?

4.
If we touch His tiny hand
Will He awake?
Will He know we've come so far
Just for His sake?

5.
Great kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught,
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we've brought.

6.
For all weary children
Mary must weep.
Here, on His bed of straw
Sleep, children, sleep.

7.
God in His Mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,
Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

Frances Chesterton

Melody by Miss Maud Karpeles

In Masses for the Dead, the following may be added:

REMEMBER your servant **N.**, | whom you have called
[today] | from this world to yourself. Grant that
he [she] who was united with your Son in death like his, |
may also be one with him in his Resurrection.

REMEMBER ALSO your brothers and sisters | who
have fallen asleep in the hope of the resurrection, |
and all who have died in your mercy: | welcome
them into the light of your glory. | Have mercy on us all, we pray, |
that with the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, | with Blessed
Joseph, her Spouse, with the blessed Apostles, | and all the Saints
who have pleased you throughout the ages, | we may merit to be
coheirs to eternal life, | and may praise and glorify you | *He joins his hands,*
through your Son, Jesus Christ.

At this point, please turn to page 305.

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER III

YOU ARE INDEED HOLY, O Lord, | and all
you have created | rightly gives you praise, | for
through your Son our Lord Jesus Christ, | by the
power and working of the Holy Spirit, | you give
life to all things and make them holy, | and you never cease to gather
a people to yourself, | so that from the rising of the sun to its setting |
a pure sacrifice may be offered to your name.

He joins his hands and, holding them extended over the offerings, says:

THEREFORE, O LORD, we humbly implore you: | by the same
Spirit graciously make holy | these gifts we have brought to you
for consecration, | *He joins his hands and makes the Sign of the Cross once over the bread
and chalice together, saying:* that they may become the Body and **✠** Blood |
of your Son our Lord Jesus Christ, | *He joins his hands,* at whose command
we celebrate these mysteries.



THE PRIEST EXTENDS HIS HANDS OVER THE OBLATA AT THE EPIKLESIS

27

Come to me, beloved

Come to me, be- lov- ed, Babe of Beth- le- hem; Lay a- side thy scep- tre

And thy di- a- dem. Bid all fear and doubt- ing From my soul de- part

As I feel the beat- ing Of thy hu- man heart.

From POEMS of D. M. Dolben, by permission of the Executrix, and the Oxford University Press.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Come to me, beloved
Babe of Bethlehem;
Lay aside thy sceptre
And thy diadem.
Bid all fear and doubting
From my soul depart,
As I feel the beating
Of thy human heart.</p> | <p>3. Then, my own beloved,
Take me home to rest;
Whisper words of comfort,
Lay me on thy breast.
By the quiet waters
Sweetest Jesu, lead;
'Mid the virgin lilies,
Purest Jesu, feed.</p> |
| <p>2. Look upon me sweetly
With thy human eyes;
With thy human finger
Point me to the skies.
Guide me, ever guide me
With thy pierced hand
Till I reach the borders
Of the pleasant land.</p> | <p>4. Only thee, beloved,
Only thee I seek,
Thee, the man Christ Jesus,
Strength in flesh made weak.
Come to me, beloved,
Babe of Bethlehem,
Lay aside thy sceptre
And thy diadem.</p> |

Digby M. Dolben

From a Dutch Hymnal
Utrecht, 1912 Slightly adapted

28

Let folly praise what fancy loves

Let fol- ly praise what fan- cy loves, I praise and love that Child Whose

Heart no thought, Whose Tongue no word, Whose Hand no deed de- filed;

I praise Him most, I love Him best, All praise and love is His;

While Him I love, in Him I live, And can-not live a- miss.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Let folly praise what fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child,
Whose Heart no thought, Whose Tongue no
Whose Hand no deed defiled; [word,
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.</p> | <p>3. Though young yet wise, though small yet
Though Man yet God He is: [strong,
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.</p> |
| <p>2. Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light;
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will find Him true.</p> | <p>4. Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants,
Yet do His Angels sing,
Out of His tears, His sighs, His throbs
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, Whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.</p> |

Blessed Robert Southwell S. J. † 1595

Tune: "The Holy Well"
Harmonized by Sir Richard Terry

29

When the herds were watching



1. When the herds were watching
In the midnight chill,
Came a spotless lambkin
From the heavenly hill.

2. Snow was on the mountains,
And the wind was cold,
When from God's own garden
Dropped a rose of gold.

3. When 'twas bitter winter,
Houseless and forlorn,
In a starlit stable
Christ the Babe was born.

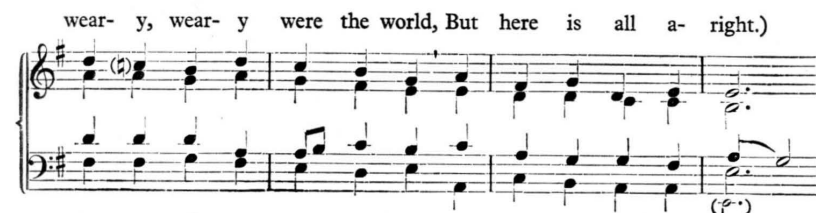
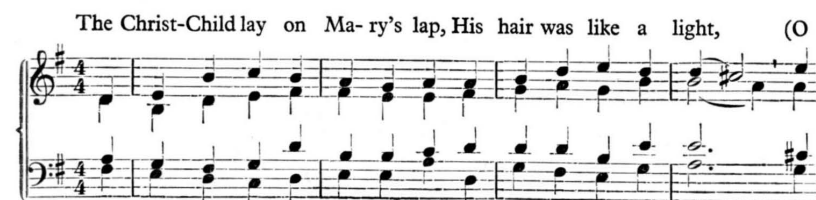
4. Welcome, heavenly lambkin,
Welcome, Golden Rose,
Alleluia, Baby,
In the swaddling clothes.

Carol by W. Canton
from "The Invisible Playmate"
Permission from Messrs, J. M. Dent & Sons.

Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.

30

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap



1.

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light,
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

2.

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star,
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

3.

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire,
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

4.

The Christ-Child, stood on Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

G. K. Chesterton
Permission from Messrs, J. M. Dent and Sons.

Fr. Leo. O. S. F. C. Mus. B.

31

Regina cæli lætare

1. Ho- ly may- den, blys- sid thou be, God- es Sonne is
 2. Hail wyfe, hail may- den, hail bride of bliss, Hail daughter, hail sister, hail
 3. Thou art empress of hea- ven so free, Wor- thy mayden in



born of thee, The Fa- ther of hea- ven wor- ship we,
 full of pi- té, Hail cho- sen to the Per-son-ys three, 1.-3. Re-
 ma- jes- té, Now wor- ship we the Trin- y- té,



gi- na cæ- li, læ- ta- re, Re- gi- na cæ- li, læ- ta- re!



1. Holy mayden, blyssid thou be,
 God-es Sonne is born of thee,
 The Father of heaven worship we,
 Regina cæli lætare.
2. Hail wyfe, hail mayden, hail bride of bliss,
 Hail daughter, hail sister, hail full of pité,
 Hail chosen to the Personys three,
 Regina cæli, lætare.
3. Thou art empress of heaven so free,
 Worthy mayden in majesté,
 Now worship we the Trinité,
 Regina cæli, lætare.
4. So gracious, so precious in royalté,
 Thus gentyl, thus good, thus finde we,
 There is none such in non countré,
 Regina cæli, lætare.
5. And therefore kneel we down on our knee,
 This blyssid Birth worship we,
 This is a song of humyleté,
 Regina cæli, lætare.

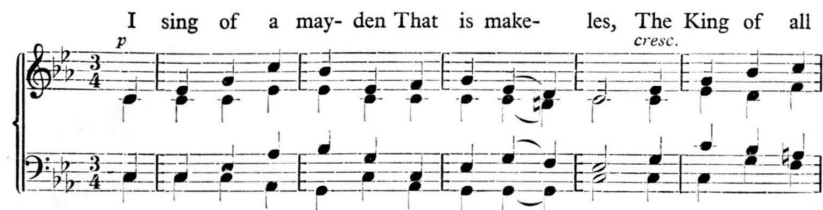
From 12 Christmas Carols

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 24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

Sir Richard Terry

32

I sing of a Mayden



king- es, To her sone she ches. He came all so still- é There



his mo-ther was, As dew in Ap- ril- lé That fall'th on the grass.



1. I sing of a mayden
 That is makeles,
 The King of all kinges,
 To her sone she ches.
 He came all so stillé
 There his mother was,
 As dew in Aprillé
 That fall'th on the grass.
2. He came all so stillé
 To is mother's bower,
 As dew in Aprillé
 That fall'th on the flower.
 He came all so stillé
 There his mother lay,
 As dew in Aprillé
 That fall'th on the spray.

From 12 Christmas Carols

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 24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

Sir Richard Terry

33

Love came down at Christmas

HERMITAGE

Not too fast. Unison

Love came down at Christ- mas, Love all love- ly, Love di- vine;



Love was born at Christ- mas, Stars and An- gels gave the sign.



Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Stars and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti

R. O. Morris

From SONGS OF PRAISE by permission of
R. O. Morris Esq. and the Oxford University Press.

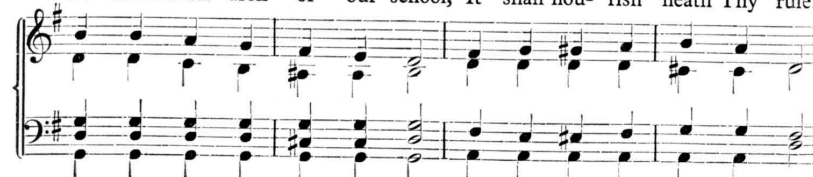
34

Little King, so fair and sweet

Lit- tle King, so fair and sweet, See us gath- ered round Thy Feet,



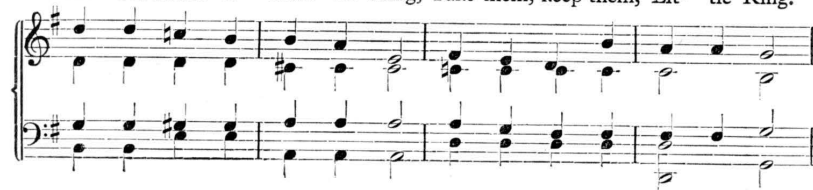
Be Thou Mon- arch of our school, It shall flou- rish 'neath Thy rule.



We will be Thy sub- jects true, Brave to suf- fer, brave to do,



All our hearts to Thee we bring, Take them, keep them, Lit- tle King.



1. Little King, so fair and sweet,
See us gathered round Thy Feet,
Be Thou Monarch of our school,
It shall flourish 'neath Thy rule.
We will be Thy subjects true,
Brave to suffer, brave to do,
All our hearts to Thee we bring,
Take them, keep them, Little King.
2. Raise Thy little Hand to bless
All our childhood's happiness;
Bless our sorrow and our pain,
That each cross may be our gain.
By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,
Sanctify each thought and word,
Set Thy seal on everything
Which we do, O Little King.
3. Be our Leader in the fight,
In the darkness be our Light,
O'er the rough and o'er the smooth,
Safely guide our wayward youth.
Wheresoe'er our path may be,
We will try to follow Thee,
To Thy mantle we will cling,
Help us, save us, Little King.
4. Be our Teacher when we learn,
All the hard to easy turn;
Be our Playmate when we play,
So we shall indeed be gay.
Keep us happy, keep us pure,
While our childhood shall endure,
All its days to Thee we bring,
Bless them, guard them, Little King.
5. Little King, so dear and sweet,
Here we cast before Thy Feet
All we are or yet may be,
Every sense and faculty;
All our body, all our soul,
We subject to Thy control;
Let them all Thy praises sing,
Now and always, Little King.
6. And when Holidays have come
Call Thy children to Thy Home,
In that gentle voice of Thine,
Which we know, sweet Child Divine.
At the gate, O meet us thus,
As we loved Thee-Child, like us,
Stretch Thy Hands in welcoming
To Thine Own, O Little King.

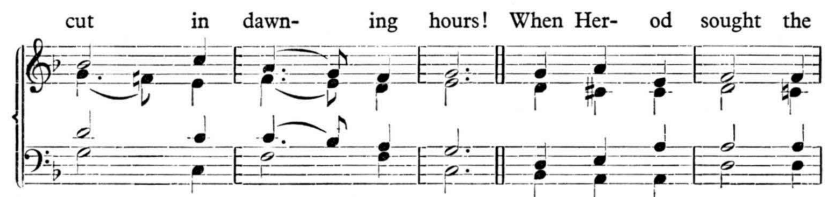
S. N. D.

Fr. R. W. Ratcliffe S. J.

35

All hail ye little Martyr flowers

SARRAT

Moderately slow*"Copyright by the Royal School of Church Music, Canterbury, 1943."*

1. All hail, ye little Martyr flowers,
Sweet rosebuds cut in dawning hours!
When Herod sought the Christ to find
Ye fell as bloom before the wind.
2. First victims of the Martyr bands,
With crowns and palms in tender hands,
Around the very altar, gay
And innocent, ye seem to play.
3. What profited this great offence?
What use was Herod's violence?
A Babe survives that dreadful day,
And Christ is safely borne away.
4. All honour, praise and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet
To Father and to Paraclete.

Canon G. C. E. Ryley
From the *ENGLISH HYMNAL*,
by permission of the
Oxford University Press

"Salvete, flores Martyrum"
Prudentius, b. 348 Tr. A. R.

36

Another year is dawning

CHERRY TREE

In moderate time, not slow

An- oth- er year is dawn- ing, Dear Mas- ter, let it



1. Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.
2. Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy Face.
3. Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy Presence all the days.
4. Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
5. Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

F. R. Havergal

From a traditional English Carol Melody
Harmonized by Dr. Martin Shaw
From the *ENGLISH HYMNAL*,
by permission of the Oxford University Press.

37

Joy bells

Tune: "Joy Bells"

Sir John STAINER

Joy bells are sounding sweet- ly, Wak-ing the new-born year



O that some heavenly mu- sic List'ning my heart may hear.



Hark! 'tis the voice of Je- sus, O- ver my life's dark sea:



"Be not a- fraid, Be- lov- ed, Trust the New Year to Me."



Chorus

"Trust in my love for ev- er, Trust till life's day is o'er,



Trust till the New Year's morn- ing Breaks on the Heaven- ly shore."



By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.

1.

Joy bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music,
List'ning, my heart may hear.
Hark! 'Tis the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,
"Be not afraid, Beloved,
Trust the New Year to Me."
"Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

2.

Master, with Thee communing
Life has no fears for me:
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;
Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown today;
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say:
"Trust in My love"

3.

More of Thy love, dear Master,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin.
This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold.
"Trust in My love for ever,
Trust till life's day is o'er,
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore."

4.

Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light.
Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
Grief cannot touch my spirit,
Hearing Thy voice at last:
"Trust in My love"

Sir John Stainer

38

Christ be thy Light this year

Christ be thy Light this year. And thou, when things to thee look dark and dim, Light not thy lit- tle rushlights, see by Him Who marks what is, from what doth but ap- pear, Christ be thy Light this year.

1. Christ be thy Light this year.
And thou, when things to thee look dark and dim,
Light not thy little rush-lights, see by Him
Who marks what is, from what doth but appear.
Christ be thy Light this year.
2. Christ be thy Strength this year,
And thou, when thou shalt weary feel or weak,
Do not in human love thy comfort seek,
Lean all thy weight upon this Brother dear.
Christ be thy Strength this year.
3. Christ be thy Peace this year,
And do not thou, when storm-winds toss thy breast,
In things of sense look to find calm and rest;
Unto this Prince of Peace creep very near.
Christ be thy Peace this year.
4. Christ be thy Love this year.
Do thou love Him with all thou hast and art,
May He love thee still more with His great Heart;
Each grow to each more intimate and dear;
Christ be thy Love this year.

S. N. D.

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

39

Jesu dulcis memoria

Je- su dul- cis me- mó- ri- a, Dans ve- ra cor- dis gáu- di- a Sed
su- per mel et ómni- a, E- jus dul- cis præ- sèn- ti- a. A- men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Jesu dulcis memória,
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia,
Ejus dulcis præséntia. | 1. <i>Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.</i> |
| 2. Nil cánitur suávius,
Nil auditur jucúndius,
Nil cogitátur dúlcus,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius. | 2. <i>Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.</i> |
| 3. Jesu spes pœniténtibus,
Quam pius es peténtibus!
Quam bonus te quæréntibus!
Sed quid inveniéntibus? | 3. <i>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!</i> |
| 4. Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere:
Expértus potest crédere
Quid sit Jesum diligere. | 4. <i>But what to those who find? ah this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.</i> |
| 5. Sis, Jesu, nostrum gáudium,
Qui es futúrus præmium,
Sit nostra in te glória,
Per cuncta semper sæcula.
Amen. | 5. <i>Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.
Amen.</i> |

XI. C. MS. Tr. Fr. Castwall.

40

Jesu dulcis memoria

Je- su dul- cis me- mó- ri- a, Dans ve- ra cor- dis
 gáu- di- a, Sed su- per mel et ó- mni- a E-
 jus dul- cis præ- sèn- ti- a. A- men.

1. Jesu dulcis memória,
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præséntia.
2. Jesu, dulcédo córdium,
Fons vivus, lumen méntium,
Excédens omne gáudium
Et omne desidérium.
3. Mane nobíscum, Dómine,
Et nos illústra lúmine,
Pulsa mentis calígine,
Mundum replens dulcédine.
4. Jesu, flos matris virginis,
Amor nostræ dulcédinis,
Tíbi laus, honor núminis,
Regnum beatitúdinis.
5. Jesu, summa benignitas,
Míhi cordis jucúnditas,
Incomprehénsa bónitás,
Tua me stringat caritas.
Amen.

XI. C. MS. Tr. Archbp. Goodier. S. J.

1. Sweet Jesus, sweetest memory,
Pure joy of heart to them that see,
But more than all the world to me
Within Thy presence sweet to be.
2. Jesus, the fond heart's fond delight;
Jesus, the sunshine gleaming bright,
Fountain of life, fountain of light,
More than the world within my sight.
3. Jesus, my Lord, beside us stay,
Shed down Thy light upon our way,
Dispel the darkness from our day,
Spread o'er the world Thy soothing sway.
4. Jesus, the Virgin-Mother's flower,
Jesus, love's ever blissful bower,
Jesus, our pride in every hour,
Jesus, our strong abiding tower.
5. Jesus, immensity benign,
Delight the heart ne'er dared divine,
Goodness beyond compare is Thine,
Then keep this little heart of mine.
Amen.

41

Jesu dulcis memoria

1. Je- su dul- cis me- mó- ri- a Dans ve- ra cor- dis gáu- di- a,
 Sed su- per mel et ómni- a E- jus dul- cis præ- sènti- a. A- men.
 2. Nil cá- ni- tur su- á- vi- us, Nil au- dí- tur ju- cún- di- us,
 Verses 2 and 4
 Nil co- gi- tá- tur dúl- ci- us, Quam Je- sus De- i Fí- li- us.

1. Jesu dulcis memória
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præséntia.
2. Nil cántur suáviús,
Nil audítur jucúndius,
Nil cogítatur dúlcíus,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.
3. Jesu spes poeniténtibus,
Quam pius es peténtibus!
Quam bonus te queréntibus!
Sed quid inveniéntibus!
4. Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere:
Expértus potest crédere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.
5. Sis, Jesu, nostrum gáudium,
Qui es futúrus præmíum:
Sit nostra in te glória
Per cuncta semper sæcula. Amen.

XI. C. MS. Tr. Fr. Castvall

1. Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.
3. O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!
4. But what to those who find? ah this
Nor tongue, nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.
5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be,
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

Harmony. Mother B. Michálek R. S. C. J.

42

Jesus, Name all names above

Je- sus, Name all names a- bove... Je- sus, Best and Dear- est,



Je- sus, Fount of per- fect love Ho- liest, Tenderest, Near- est!



Je- sus, Source of Grace comple- test, Je- sus Pur-est, Je- sus Sweet-



est, Je- sus, Well of power Di- vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!



1. Jesus, Name all names above,
Jesus, Best and Dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, Tenderest, Nearest.
Jesus, Source of Grace completest,
Jesus Purest, Jesus Sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power Divine
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

2. Mary, sweetest gift of Heav'n,
Mary, Virgin rarest,
Mary, through whom Grace is giv'n,
Gentlest, loveliest, fairest,
Mary, full of mercy surest,
Mary kindest, Mary purest,
Mary, Queen beyond compare,
Guard me, keep me in thy care.

Verse 1 St. Theoctistus c. 890
Verse 2 S. N. D.

Fr. S. S. Myerscough. S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

43

Crudelis Herodes

Cru- dé- lis He- ró- des, De- um Re- gem ve- ní-



re quid ti- mes? Non é- ri- pit mor- tá- li-



a, Qui re-gna dat cæ- lé- sti- a. A- men.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Crudélibus Heródes, Deum
Regem veníre quid times?
Non éripit mortália,
Qui regna dat cælestia. | 1. O cruel Herod, why thus fear
Thy King and God, Who comes below?
No earthly crown comes He to take,
Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow. |
| 2. Ibant Magi, quam viderant,
Stellam sequentes præviam:
Lumen requirunt lumine:
Deum faténtur múnere. | 2. The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts that Light adore. |
| 3. Lacrâva puri gurgitis
Cælestis Agnus attingit:
Peccata quæ non detulit,
Nos abluendo sústulit. | 3. Behold at length the heavenly Lamb,
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by His touch
Water to cleanse us in His blood. |
| 4. Novum genus poténtiæ:
Aquæ rubescunt hydriæ,
Vinumque jussa fundere,
Mutâvit unda originem. | 4. But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, reddening at his word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine. |
| 5. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui apparuisti gèntibus,
Cum Patre, et almo Spíritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen. | 5. To thee, O Jesus, Who Thyself
Hast to the Gentile world displayed,
Praise, with the Father evermore,
And with the Holy Ghost be paid.
Amen. |

Sedulius, Priest, 5th. century
Tr. Fr. Caswall

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

44

Bethlehem of noblest cities

Beth- le- hem, of no- blest ci- ties None can e'er with thee com- pare;



Thou a- lone the Lord from Hea- ven Didst for us In- car- nate bear.



1. Bethlehem, of noblest cities
None can e'er with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.
2. Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.
3. By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.
4. Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.
5. Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Praise eterne to Thee be paid.

Aurelius Prudentius
Tr. Fr. Caswall

C. F. Witt

45

Full of joy His beauteous Mother

Full of joy His beaut-eous Mo- ther Stood be- side our



new- born Bro- ther, Who was cra- dled in the hay;



And her spi- rit's ex- ul- ta- tion, Thrilled her frame with



sweet e- la- tion, To be- hold Him where He lay.



1. Full of joy His beauteous Mother
Stood beside our new-born Brother,
Who was cradled in the hay;
And her spirit's exultation
Thrilled her frame with sweet elation,
To behold Him where He lay.
2. O what deep ecstatic feeling,
O'er the stainless Mother stealing,
Marked the Sole-Begotten's birth.
How her soul's own silent laughter
Filled her gaze the moment after
She first saw His Face on earth.
3. Whose the eyes that would not measure,
Wonder-wide, that Mother's pleasure,
Like to which no bliss hath been?
His in sooth were utmost rapture
Who one glimpse of her could capture,
At her mother-play serene.
4. Christ she saw in wintry weather,
Housed with ox and ass together,
For His sinful human race;
Saw His creatures bend before Him,
Wailful Sweeting! to adore Him,
In His lowly lodging-place.
5. Fount of love, my Mother Mary,
Yield me love, nor let me vary
In this love that flows from thee,
Let me love my God and Saviour
So that with my heart's behaviour
Even His well-pleased may be.
6. Make me joy with thee more truly,
To thy little Jesus duly
Clinging till my life be past.
When my dust to dust returneth,
That for which my spirit yearneth
Grant me, too, to see His Face.

"Stabat Mater speciosa"
Jacopone da Todi. O. F. M. † 1306
Tr. "The Inner Court"

Probably by J. B. König
1691-1758

46

The Angels sing around the Stall

The An-gels sing a- round the Stall Where Je- sus cra- dled lies, The
 shepherds hear the joy- ful call That wakes the si- lent skies. Hark
 to the mu- sic float- ing by, Ere yet its e- choes cease. Poured
 forth by An- gels' minstrel- sy Is heard the song of peace.

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 24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

1. The Angels sing around the Stall
 Where Jesus cradled lies,
 The shepherds hear the joyful call
 That wakes the silent skies.
 Hark to the music floating by,
 Ere yet its echoes cease,
 Poured forth by Angels' minstrelsy
 Is heard the song of peace.
2. The Eastern Kings the star have seen,
 They hasten on their way,
 The time they've watched and waiting been
 The dawning of that day, —
 The dawning of that day of grace,
 The gleam of Jacob's star,
 The Virgin's Child of Jesse's race,
 Whom prophets saw afar.

Fr. Gallwey S. J.

3. And now they open treasures rare
 That Indian silks enfold,
 Of myrrh that sweetly scents the air,
 Of frankincense and gold.
 Their kingly heads they meekly bow
 The cradled Babe before;
 Their God confess, and kneeling low,
 In humble faith adore.
4. With them I come to greet my King,
 Yet not with them to part.
 No gold, no frankincense I bring,
 I offer Him my heart.
 With Him to live, with Him to die,
 Who by His lowly birth
 Gave glory to our God on high
 And peace to men on earth.

Sir Richard Terry

47

Come ye shepherds hear the call

Come ye shepherds, hear the call Of your Je- sus in the stall. Come to
 Beth- le- hem, To the Lord of us all. From the
 snow He calls you in: Claims you for His kin. Come this
 glad sight to view: Here He lies in the stall for you.

1. Come ye shepherds, hear the call
 Of your Jesus in the stall.
 Come to Bethlehem,
 To the Lord of us all.
 From the snow He calls you in:
 Claims you for His kin.
 Come this glad sight to view:
 Here He lies in the stall for you.
2. Come ye wise men, hither bring
 Gold and every precious thing.
 Bring a diadem
 For your Lord and your King.
 Kneel ye now in homage meet
 At His little Feet.
 Bring Him myrrh, incense rare,
 As He lies in the stall, so fair.
3. Come good Christians, one and all,
 To your Jesus in the stall.
 Come to Bethlehem.
 (Broken now Satan's thrall.)
 Tenderly He calls you in
 From a world of sin.
 Bring Him hearts leal and true
 As He lies in the stall for you.

Sir Richard Terry

"Flemish Melody"
 Harmonized by Sir Richard Terry

48

They leave the land of gems and gold

They leave the land of gems and gold, The shin-ing port-als of the east; For



Him, the Wo-man's Seed fore-told They leave the rev-el and the feast. To



earth their scep-tres they have cast, And crowns by kings an-ces-tral worn; They



track the lone-ly Sy-rian waste; They kneel be-fore the Babe new-born.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>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.
To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.</p> | <p>2. 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.</p> |
|---|---|

Aubrey de Vere

Trier Gesangbuch. 1917

49

From the eastern mountains

SUTTON VALENCE

In moderate time

From the east-ern moun-tains Press-ing on they come,



Wise men in their wis-dom, To His hum-ble home;



Stirred by deep de-vo-tion, Hasting from a-far,



Ev-er journey-ing on-ward, Guid-ed by a star.



Org.

From the ENGLISH HYMNAL, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1. From the Eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To his humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.</p> | <p>3. Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of thy guiding star.</p> | <p>5. Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together
By thy guiding star.</p> |
| <p>2. There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.</p> | <p>4. Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of thy guiding star.</p> | <p>6. Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath thy star-lit banner
Jesu, follows thee,
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.</p> |

G. Thring
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S. L. Russell

50

Audi, benigne Conditor

Au- di, be- nigne Cón-di- tor, No- stras pre- ces cum flé- ti-bus,



In hoc sa-cro je-jú-ni- o Fu- sas quadra- ge- ná- ri- o. A- men.



1. Audi, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum flétibus,
In hoc sacro jejúnio
Fusas quadragenário.
2. Scrutátor alme córdium,
Infirma tu scis vírium;
Ad te revérsis exhibe
Remissiónis grátiam.
3. Multum quidem peccávimus,
Sed parce confiténtibus,
Ad nóminis laudem tui
Confer medélam lánguidis.
4. Concéde nostrum cónteri
Corpus per abstinentiam:
Culpæ ut relínquant pábulum
Jejúna corda criminum.
5. Præsta, beáta Trínitas,
Concéde simplex Unitas:
Ut fructuósa sint tuis
Jejúniórum múnera.
Amen.

St. Gregory the Great
Tr. Fr. Caswall

1. Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
O strengthen us with grace Divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.
2. Searcher of hearts, Thou dost discern
Our ills, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
Again to us Thy mercy show.
3. Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;
Oh, for the praise of Thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore.
4. And grant us while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.
5. Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest.
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry:
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.
Amen.

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

51

Jesus, as though Thyself wert here

Je- sus, as though Thy- self wert here, I draw in



trembling sor- row near; And, gaz- ing on Thy Form Di-



vine Kneel down to kiss those Wounds of Thine.



1. Jesus, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near,
And, gazing on Thy form Divine,
Kneel down to kiss those Wounds of Thine.
2. Ah me, how naked art Thou laid,
Blood-stained, distended, cold and dead,
Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet,
Upon the sacred Winding-Sheet.
3. Hail, Sacred Brow and Thorn-crowned Head,
Hail, Sacred Face, now cold and dead,
Hail, Piteous Eyes, whose single glance
Pierced Peter's soul with sorrow's lance.
4. And hail to Thee, my Saviour's Side,
And hail to Thee, thou Wound so wide,
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.
5. O by those Sacred Hands and Feet,
For me so mangled, — I entreat,
My Jesus, turn me not away,
But let me with Thee ever stay.

"Jesu dulcis amor meus"
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Dom A. J. Pollard-Urquhart, O. S. B.

52

Stabat Mater

1. Sta- bat Ma- ter do- lo- ró- sa Jux- ta cru- cem la- cri- mó-



sa, Dum pen- dé- bat Fí- li- us. A- men.



(If desired, the alternate verses may be sung to the following harmony.)

2. Cu- jus á- ni- mam ge- mén- tem, Con- tri- stá- tam et do- lén- tem,



Per- tran- sí- vit glá- di- us.



1. Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
2. Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam, et dolentem,
Pertransiit gladius.
3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

1. At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.
2. Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.
3. O how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4. Quæ mærebat, et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati penas inclyti.
5. Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplicio?
6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Dolentem cum Filio?
7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis súbditum.
8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emisit spiritum.
9. Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.
10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.
11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.
12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Penas mecum divide.
13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condólere,
Donec ego víxero.
14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre,
In plancu desídero.
15. Virgo vírginum præclára,
Míhi jam non sis amára,
Fac me tecum plângere.
16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.
17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me cruci inebriári,
Et cruóre Filii.
18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judicii.
19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ.
20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glóriæ. Amen.
4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.
5. Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?
7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.
8. For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.
9. O thou Mother, fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above
Make my heart with thine accord.
10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.
11. Holy Mother, pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.
12. Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.
13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him Who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.
14. By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.
16. Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.
17. Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away.
18. Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment-day.
19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.
20. While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Jacopone da Todi, O. F. M.
Tr. "The Inner Court"

Harmony: Mother B. Michalek

Hymn Book (A). — 5

53

O quot undis lacrymarum

O quot un-dis la-cry-má-rum, Quo do-ló-re vól-vi-tur



Lu-ctu-ó-sa de cru-én-to Dum re-vúl-sum stí-pi-te,



Cer-nit ul-nis in-cu-bán-tem Vir-go Ma-ter Fí-li-um. A-men.



1. O quot undis lacrymarum,
Quo dolore volvitur,
Luctuosa de cruento
Dum revulsus stipite,
Cernit ulnis incubantem
Virgo Mater Filium.
2. Os suave, mite pectus,
Et latus dulcissimum,
Dexteramque vulneratam
Et sinistram sauciam,
Et rubras cruore plantas
Ægra tingit lacrymis.
3. Eia, Mater, obsecramus
Per tuas has lacrymas,
Filiique triste funus,
Vulnerumque purpuram,
Hunc tui cordis dolorem
Conde nostris cordibus.
4. Esto Patri, Filiique,
Et Coævo Flámini;
Esto summæ Trinitátis
Sempiterna glória;
Et perennis laus honorque,
Hoc et omni sæculo. Amen.

Callisto Palumbella, O. S. M.
Tr. Fr. Caswall

1. What a sea of tears and sorrow
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss:
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the Cross.
2. O that mournful Virgin-Mother,
See her tears how fast they flow,
Down upon His mangled Body,
Wounded Side and thorny Brow,
While His Hands and Feet she kisses,
Picture of immortal woe.
3. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and anguish sore,
By the death of thy dear Offspring,
By the bleeding Wounds He bore,
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.
4. To the Father everlasting,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

54

What a sea of tears and sorrow

What a sea of tears and sor-row Did the soul of Ma-ry tos



To and fro up-on its bil-lows, While she wept her bit-ter loss;



In her arms her Je-sus hold-ing, Torn so new-ly from the Cross.



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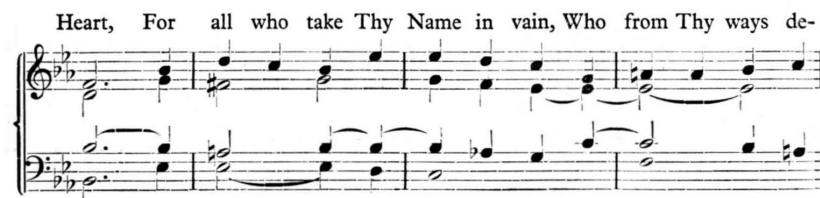
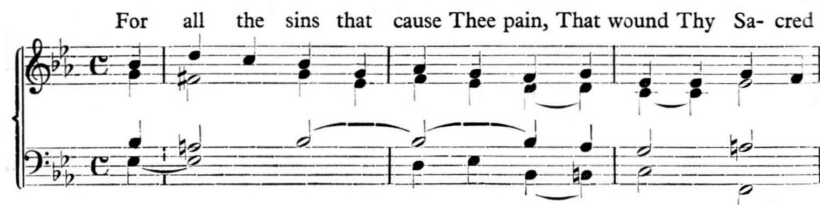
1. What a sea of tears and sorrow
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn so newly from the Cross.
2. O that mournful Virgin-Mother,
See her tears, how fast they flow
Down upon His mangled Body,
Wounded Side and thorny Brow;
While His Hands and Feet she kisses,
Picture of immortal woe.
3. Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
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Touch our hearts with that true sorrow,
Which afflicted thee of yore.
4. To the Father everlasting,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honor, blessing.
Now and through eternity.

Tr. Fr. Caswall

Sir Richard Terry

55

For all the sins that cause Thee pain



1. For all the sins that cause Thee pain,
That wound Thy Sacred Heart,
For all who take Thy Name in vain,
Who from Thy ways depart,
We will console Thee, Lord.
2. For all the tears that Thou hast shed
For erring humankind,
Who, walking not where Thou hast led,
Stray from Thee, as though blind,
We will console Thee, Lord.

3. For every outrage 'gainst Thy will,
The Will of God above,
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,
Who neither fear nor love,
We will console Thee, Lord.
4. For those who all Thy gifts despise,
Who, heedless of Thy grace,
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,
Care not to see Thy Face,
We will console Thee, Lord.

Mother B. Michalek R. S. C. J.

56

Hail Wounds

Hail Wounds, which, through e-ter-nal years, The love of Je-sus



show: Hail Wounds, from whence un-fail-ing streams Of grace and glo-ry



flow. Through you is o-pened to our souls A re-fuge safe and



calm, Where-in no rag-ing en-e-my Can reach to work us harm.



1. Hail Wounds, which, through eternal years,
The love of Jesus show:
Hail Wounds, from whence unfailing streams
Of grace and glory flow.
Through you is opened to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Wherein no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.
2. How doth the blood-stained, thorny Crown
That beauteous Brow transpierce,
How do the nails those Hard's and Feet
Contract with tortures fierce.
He bows His Head, and forth at last
His loving Spirit soars,
Yet even after Death His Heart
For us its tribute pours.
3. Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His Blood for us He drains,
Till for Himself, O wondrous Love!
No single drop remains.
Praise Him Who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies,
Whose Blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

"Salvete Christi Vulnere"
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.

57 Man of Sorrows

Man of Sor-rows, wrapt in grief, Bow Thine ear to our re- lief:



Thou for us the path hast trod Of the dread-ful wrath of God;



Thou the cup of fire hast drained Till its light a- lone re- mained.



Lamb of Love, we look to Thee: Hear our mourn-ful lit- a- ny.



1. Man of Sorrows, wrapt in grief,
Bow Thine ear to our relief:
Thou for us the path hast trod
Of the dreadful wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained
Till its light alone remained.
Lamb of Love, we look to Thee:
Hear our mournful litany.
2. By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither Thou full oft wouldst go;
By Thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless —
Lord, our tears in mercy see:
Hearken to our litany.

M. Bridges

3. By the chalice brimming o'er
With disgrace and torment sore;
By those Lips which fain would pray
That it might but pass away;
By the Heart which drank it dry,
Lest a rebel race should die —
Be Thy pity, Lord, our plea:
Hear our solemn litany.
4. Man of Sorrows, let Thy grief
Purchase for us our relief:
Lord of mercy, bow Thine ear,
Slow to anger, swift to hear:
By the Cross's royal road
Lead us to the throne of God,
There for aye to sing to Thee
Heaven's triumphant litany.

German

58 Jesus, ever-loving Saviour

Je- sus, ev- er- lov- ing Sa- viour, Thou didst live and die for me;



Liv- ing, I will live to love Thee; Dy- ing I will die for Thee.



Je- sus, Je- sus, by Thy life and death and sor-row, Help me in my a- gon- y.



1. Jesus, ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me;
Living, I will live to love Thee,
Dying, I will die for Thee.
Jesus, Jesus,
By Thy life and death and sorrow
Help me in my agony.
2. Jesus, when in cruel anguish
Dying on the shameful tree,
All abandoned by Thy Father,
Thou didst hang in agony.
Jesus, Jesus,
By those three long hours of sorrow
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

3. When the last dread hour approaching
Fills my guilty soul with fear,
All my sins rise up before me,
All my virtues disappear.
Jesus, Jesus,
Turn not Thou in anger from me;
Mary, Joseph, then be near.
4. When the priest, with holy unction,
Prays for mercy and for grace,
May the tears of deep compunction
All my guilty stains efface.
Jesus, Jesus,
Let me find in Thee a refuge,
In Thy Heart a resting-place.

5. Then, by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day;
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother,
Holy Joseph, near me stay.
Jesus, Jesus,
Let me die my lips repeating,
Jesus mercy. Mary pray.

Moir Brown

59

O Sacred Head, surrounded

O Sa-cred Head, sur- round- ed By crown of pier- cing
thorn. O Bleed- ing Head, so wound- ed, Re- viled and put to
scorn! Death's pal- lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de-
cays, Yet An- gel hosts a- dore Thee, And trem- ble as They gaze.

1. O Sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn,
O Bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn,
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.
2. I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And Death, with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony of dying,
O love to sinners free;
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me.

"Salve caput cruentatum" P. Gerhardt 1607-76
Tr. Sir H. W. Baker & Others

3. In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest.
4. O Jesus, I adore Thee,
My thorn-crowned Lord and King;
I bow my heart before Thee,
Thy gracious Name I sing:
Thy Name that brought salvation,
Thy Name in life my stay,
My hope and consolation
When life shall fade away.

Melody by H. L. Hassler 1564-1612
Harmonized by J. S. Bach

60

O turn those Blessed Points

1. O turn those bless- ed points, all bath'd In Christ's dear Blood, on
me: Mine were the sins that wrought His death, Mine be the pen- al-
ty. 2. Pierce thro' my feet, my hands, my heart; So may some drop dis-
til Of Blood Di- vine, in- to my soul, And all its e- vils heal.

1. O turn those blessed points, all bathed
In Christ's dear Blood, on me:
Mine were the sins that wrought His death,
Mine be the penalty.
2. Pierce through my feet, my hands, my heart;
So may some drop distil
Of Blood Divine into my soul,
And all its evils heal.
3. So shall my feet be slow to sin,
My hands shall harmless be;
So from my wounded heart shall each
Forbidden passion flee.
4. Thee, Jesus, pierced with nails and spear,
Let every knee adore;
With Thee, O Father, and with Thee,
O Spirit, evermore.

Tr. Fr. Caswall

W. Austin

61

Glory be to Jesus

Glo- ry be to Je- sus, Who in bit- ter pains Pour'd for me the



Chorus

Life- Blood From His sa- cred veins. Lift ye, then, your voi- ces,



Swell the mighty flood; Loud-er still and loud- er, Praise the Precious Blood.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the Life-Blood
From His sacred veins.
Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.</p> | <p>3. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.
Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.</p> |
| <p>2. Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.
Lift ye, then, etc.</p> | <p>4. There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill,
There as in a fountain
Cleansed can be at will.
Lift ye, then, etc.</p> |

Italian "Viva, viva Gesù"
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.

62

Ye Priestly Hands

Ye Priest- ly Hands, which on the cru- el Cross Were stretched so



wide to wel- come all our race, Lift up Your Wounds be- fore Your Fa-ther's



eyes, That I may one day feel Your dear em- brace.



1. Ye Priestly Hands, which on the cruel Cross,
Were stretched so wide to welcome all our race,
Lift up Your Wounds before Your Father's eyes
That I may one day feel Your dear embrace.
2. Ye weary Feet, way-worn and pierced for me,
Which contrite Mary bathed with tearful grief,
O let me lie, like her, beneath Your Wounds,
And find for sin's disease a sure relief.
3. And Thou, — Thou wounded Heart of pity deep,
Through which my way lies to the Father's throne,
Teach me the love which rent that crimson path,
Gave us Thy life, but made our pains Thine own.

Fr. G. Bampffield. S. J.

T. Haigh

63

Steep is the hill and weary is the road

Steep is the hill, and wear-y is the road Be- neath that crush-ing
load, And He, Who treads it with a grace so meek, Is
brui- sed, and faint, and weak: His might- y love a-
lone can aid Him there That hea- vy Cross to bear.

1.
Steep is the hill, and weary is the road
Beneath that crushing load,
And He, Who treads it with a grace so meek,
Is bruised, and faint, and weak:
His mighty love alone can aid Him there
That heavy Cross to bear.

2.
Oh if we would in spirit, day by day,
Follow the blood-stained way
With loving sorrow, storing as a prize
The contrite thoughts which rise,
For us the road to Calvary would be
The road to sanctity.

Lady Catherine Petre

3.
Alas, the world's bright fields have ever been
So gay and fair a scene
That our good Angels have hard work to do
To keep us brave and true;
To turn our wandering thoughts with constant care
To the calm paths of prayer.

4.
Let us henceforth with our own hearts be stern
That they may quickly learn
The rules of daily self-denying strife,
While dangers are so rife:
O let us urge them on with mighty sway
Nor linger on the way.

W. Austin

64

Tears on Thy Sacred Face

Tears on Thy Sa-cred Face, my God, Long sor- row told by tears;
A wreath of tor- ture crowns at last The a- gon- y of years, Thy
glo- ry dimmed, Thy beau- ty fled, Thy ten- der, tou- ching grace, Beams
on us now no lon- ger here, O Sa- cred suff'- ring Face.

1. Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
Long sorrow told by tears;
A wreath of torture crowns at last
The agony of years.
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,
Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.
2. Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin,
The sin whose deadly hands have laid
So deep, so sad a trace
On brow, on lips and weeping eyes,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.
3. Love on Thy Sacred Face, my God,
The love that liveth on
Though light and loveliness and joy,
To sight of earth are gone;
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,
And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears, my God,
O Sacred, suff'ring Face.
4. Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God,
Bow down Thy weary head;
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy Precious Blood be shed
O royal flood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless Thou the eyes and hearts that seek
Thy Sacred, suff'ring Face.

A religious of the Institute of the B. M. V.

65

Once Thou wert lifted up

Once, Thou, wert lift- ed up, On Cal-vary's Tree, To draw, O



lov- ing Lord, All hearts to Thee; So, in the Mass, When



Thou art lift- ed high, Draw me to Thee, Teach me to live-to die.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Once, Thou wert lifted up,
On Calvary's Tree,
To draw, O loving Lord,
All hearts to Thee;
So, in the Mass,
When Thou art lifted high,
Draw me to Thee,
Teach me to live-to die.</p> | <p>2. Teach me to live for Thee,
Who art my life;
Teach me to walk Thy way
In peace and strife;
From things of earth
Lift up my heart to Thee,
Draw me, O Lord,
For I would nearer be.</p> |
| <p>3. When Thou art lifted up
That all may see,
Look down, O loving Lord,
With love on me;
My Lord, my God,
Thy Presence I adore;
Draw me to Thee,
That I may love Thee more.</p> | |


S. N. D.

S. N. D.

66

Jesus, Lord, Who madest me

Je- sus, Lord, Who ma- dest me And with Thy Blood my soul



hast bought, For- give the grief I give to Thee By word and




deed, and sin- ful thought. Je- sus, in Whom is all my trust,



Who died up- on the Cross for me, With-draw my



heart from earth-ly love To find its on- ly joy in Thee.



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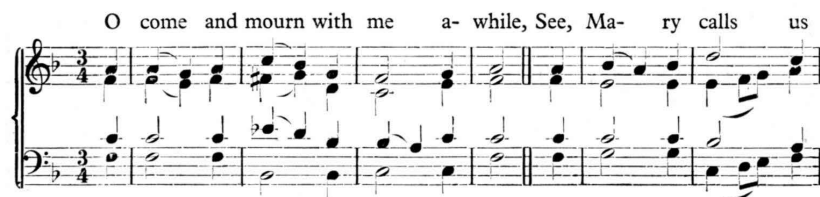
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|--|--|
| <p>1. Jesus, Lord, Who madest me
And with Thy Blood my soul hast bought,
Forgive the grief I give to Thee
By word, and deed, and sinful thought.
Jesus, in Whom is all my trust,
Who died upon the Cross for me,
Withdraw my heart from earthly love
To find its only joy in Thee.</p> | <p>2. Jesus, by those bitter Wounds
In Thy dear Hands and Sacred Feet,
O make me humble, meek of heart,
And strong to love Thee, I entreat.
Jesus, keep them that are good,
Bring back the wanderers to Thy way,
And grant to all who trust in Thee,
Thy daily Bread of Life this day.</p> |
|--|--|

"Prayer to Jesus" Richard de Castre, adapted

Sir Richard Terry

67

O come and mourn with me awhile



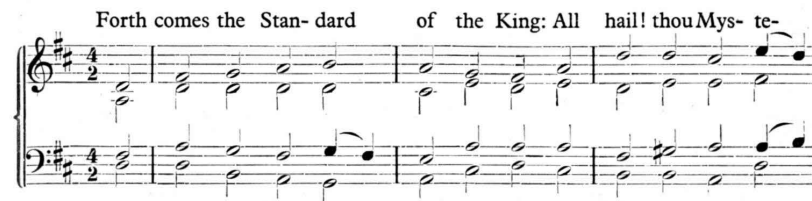
1. O come and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
Whole soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah look how patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
3. Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
4. Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood, from out that Side
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop,
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,
For He, our Love, is crucified.

Fr. Faber

Mgr. J. Crookhall

68

Forth comes the Standard



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1.
Forth comes the Standard of the King:
All hail, thou Mystery adored!
Hail, Cross, on which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.</p> <p>2.
On which the Saviour's holy Side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Its stream of blood and water poured
To wash us from defilement clear.</p> <p>3.
O sacred Wood, fulfilled in thee
Was holy David's truthful lay,
Which told the world that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.</p> <p>7.
Salvation's Fount, blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and skies:
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; Oh give us too the prize!</p> | <p>4.
Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beautifully thy stem doth shine!
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine!</p> <p>5.
Thrice blessed, upon whose arms outstretched
The Saviour of the world reclined;
Balance sublime! upon whose beam.
Was weighed the ransom of mankind.</p> <p>6.
Hail Cross, thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion day!
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.</p> |
|---|---|

Fr. Caswall

German

Hymn Book (A). — 6

69

Just as I am, without one plea

Just as I am, with- out one plea But that Thy
 Blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
 come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
2. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without:
O Lamb of God, I come.
3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find:
O Lamb of God, I come.
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come.
5. Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone:
O Lamb of God, I come.
6. Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above:
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott 1789-1871

H. Smart

70

Art thou weary

Art thou wear- y, art thou lang- uid, Art thou sore dis- tressed?
 Come to Me, saith One, and com- ing, Be at rest!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.
Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest!"</p> <p>2.
Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."</p> <p>3.
Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"</p> | <p>4.
If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."</p> <p>5.
If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."</p> <p>6.
If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."</p> <p>7.
Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"</p> |
|---|--|

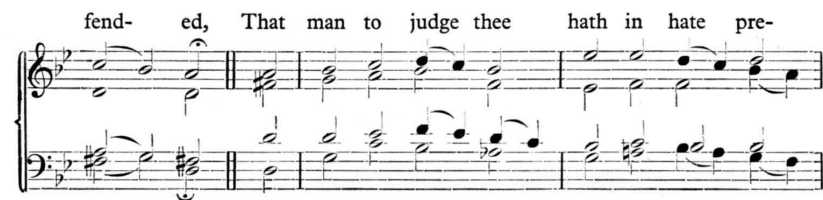
Dr. John Mason Neale

Sir F. W. Baker

71

Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

Very slow and solemn

1.

Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

2.

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone thee,
'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

3.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

4.

For me, kind Jesu, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

5.

Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

J. Heermann, 1585-1647

Tr. Y. H.

Melody by J. Crüger, 1598-1662

Adapted by J. S. Bach

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72

Salve, mundi salutare

Sal- ve, mun- di sa- lu- tá- re: Sal- ve, sal- ve, Je- su ca- re,



Cru- ci tu- æ me ap- tá- re Vel- lem ve- re, tu scis qua- re,



Da mi- hi tu- i có- pi- am. R̃. O dul- cis Je- su! mi- se- ré- re me- i.



1. Salve, mundi salutáre:
Salve salve, Jesu care,
Cruci tuæ me aptáre
Vellem vere, tu scis quare,
Da mihi tui cópiam.
O dulcis Jesu, miserére mei.

2. Ac si præsens sis accédo,
Imo te præséntem credo,
O quam mundum hic te cerno
Ecce tibi me prostérno:
Sis fácilis ad véniam.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

1. Hail, Salvation of our race;
Hail, sweet Jesus, Lord of grace.
On Thy Cross with Thee to die
I would wish: Thou knowest why,
So to win Thee all.
Sweet Jesus, have mercy on me.

2. Lo, I come as Thou wert by,
Nay, believe Thee to be nigh,
O how pure I see Thee now,
Prone before Thy Feet I bow,
Gracious be to me.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

3. Clavos pedum, plagas duras,
Et tam gravis impressúras
Circumpléctor cum afféctu,
Tuo pavens in aspéctu,
Tuórum memor vúlnerum.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

4. Te in tua cruce quaero,
Prout queo, corde mero;
Me sanábis hic, ut spero:
Sana me et salvus ero,
In tuo lavans ságuine.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

5. Plagas tuas rubicúndas,
Et fixúras tam profúndas,
Cordi meo fac inscribí,
Ut configar totus tibi,
Te modis amans ómnibus.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

6. Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus,
Ad te clamo licet reus:
Præbe mihi te benígnum,
Ne repéllas me indignum
De tuis sanctis pédibus.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

7. Coram cruce procumbéntem,
Hosque pedes amplecténtem,
Jesu bone, non me spernas,
Sed de cruce sancta cernas
Compassiónis grátia.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

8. In hac cruce stans dirécte
Vide me, O mi dilécte,
Ad te totum me convérte;
Esto sanus, dic apérte,
Dimitto tibi ómnia.
O dulcis Jesu, etc.

3. Feet through which the nails are driven,
Sacred Feet so direly riven
With affection I embrace:
Pallor seizes all my face
Looking on Thy Wounds.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

4. Thee upon Thy Cross I seek
As I may, with yearning meek,
Trusting Thou wilt succour me;
Heal me, and I safe shall be
By Thy saving Blood.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

5. Thy sweet Wounds so ruby-red,
Wounds so willingly that bled,
In my heart be deep impressed,
Seal of all the worthiest,
Proving me Thy own.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

6. Sweetest Jesus, God on high,
Hear a guilty sinner's cry:
Turn to me a willing ear;
Keep me, though unworthy, near
To Thy Sacred Feet.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

7. By Thee be my resting-place,
Let me Thy poor Feet embrace;
Do not, Jesus, spurn my sighs,
Turn to me Thy brimming Eyes,
For Thy pity's sake.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

8. Hanging on the cruel wood,
Look on me, my only Good,
Bend to Thee my heart and soul,
Say to me: "Be thou made whole,
Go, thou art forgiven."
Sweet Jesus, etc.

St. Bernard † 1153
Tr. from Devotions for Holy Communion

73

There is a green hill far away

There is a green hill far a- way, With- out a ci- ty wall, Where

the dear Lord was cru- ci- fied Who died to save us all.

1.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

W. Horsley, 1774-1858

74

O Blessèd Feet of Jesus

O Bles- sèd Feet of Je- sus, Wear- y with, serv- ing

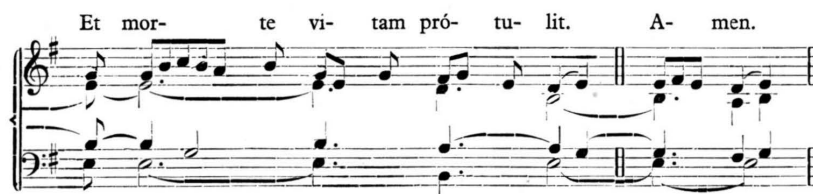
me, Stand at God's bar of jus- tice And in- ter- cede for me.

1. O Blessèd Feet of Jesus,
Weary with serving me,
Stand at God's bar of justice
And intercede for me.
2. O Knees that bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the Throne of Glory,
And intercede for me.
3. O Side from whence the Spear-point
Brought Blood and Water free,
For healing and for cleansing,
Still intercede for me.
4. O Hands that were extended
Upon the awful Tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints,
And intercede for me.
5. O Head so deeply piercèd,
With thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before Thy Father
And intercede for me.
6. O loving risen Jesus,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory
Still intercede for me.

Fr. Leo, O. S. F. C. Mus. B.

75

Vexilla Regis



1.

Vexilla Regis proudeunt:
Fulget Crucis mysterium,
Qua vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.

2.

Quæ, vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

1.

Forth comes the standard of the King:
All hail, thou mystery adored!
Hail Cross! On which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.

2.

On which the Saviour's holy Side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Its stream of blood and water poured,
To wash us from defilement clear.

3.

Impléta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata Regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5.

Beata cujus brachiis
Præitum pependit sæculi,
Statéra facta corporis,
Tulitque prædam tartari.

6.

O Crux, ave, spes unica,
Hoc Passiōis tempore *
Piis adauge grātam
Reisque dele crimina.

7.

Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quibus crucis victoriā
Largiris, adde præmium.
Amen.

* (May 3rd) Paschale quæ fers gaudium
(Sept. 14th) In hac triumpfi glória.

Venantius Fortunatus † 609
Tr. Fr. Caswall

3.

O sacred Wood! fulfilled in thee
Was holy David's truthful lay
Which told the world that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.

4.

Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beautifully thy stem doth shine.
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those limbs so holy and divine.

5.

Thrice blest, upon whose arms outstretched
The Saviour of the world reclined:
Balance sublime! upon whose beam
Was weighed the ransom of mankind.

6.

Hail, Cross, thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion day! *
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

7.

Salvation's fount, Blest Trinity,
Be praise to thee through earth and skies.
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; oh, give us too the prize!
Amen.

(May 3rd) Now in this joyous Paschal time
(Sept. 14th) Hail on this glorious triumph day

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

76

Victimæ Paschali laudes

1. Vi-cti-mæ paschá- li lau-des * Immo-lent Chri-sti- á-ni. 2. Agnus re-dé-



mit o-ves : Christus inno-cens Pa-tri Re-conci-li-á-vit pec-ca-tó-res.



3. Mors et vi-ta du-él-lo Confli-xé-re mi-rá-do : Dux vi-tæ mórtu-us Regnat vi-



vus. 4. Dic no-bis Ma-rí-a, Quid vi-dí-sti in vi-a? 5. Se-púlchrum Chri-



sti vi-vén-tis : et gló-ri-am vi-di re-sur-gén-tis. 6. Angé-li-cos te-



stes, Su-dá-ri-um et ve-stes. 7. Sur-ré-xit Chri-stus spes me- a : præ-cé-det



su-os in Ga-li-læ-am. 8. Sci-mus Christum sur-re-xís-se a mórtu-is ve-



re : Tu no-bis, vi-ctor Rex, mi-se-ré-re. A-men. Al-le-lú-ia.

1. Victimæ paschali laudes
Immolent, Christiáni.2. Agnus redemit oves:
Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit peccatores.3. Mors et vita duello
Confluxere mirando:
Dux vitæ mortuus
Regnat vivus.4. Dic nobis, María,
Quid vidisti in via?5. Sepulchrum Christi viventis:
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis.6. Angélicos testes,
Sudarium et vestes.7. Surrexit Christus spes mea:
Præcedet suos in Galilæam.8. Scimus Christum surrexisse
A mortuis vere:
Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere.
Amen. Alleluia.1. Let Christians offer to the Paschal
Victim the sacrifice of praise.2. The Lamb hath redeemed the sheep:
The innocent Jesus hath reconciled
sinners to His Father.3. Death and life fought against each
other, and wonderful was the duel:
the King of life was put to death;
yet now He lives and reigns.4. Tell us, O Mary,
What sawest thou on the way?5. I saw the sepulchre of the living Christ:
I saw the glory of Him that had risen.6. I saw the Angels that were the witnesses:
I saw the winding sheet and the cloth.7. Christ, my hope, hath risen! He shall go
before you in to Galilee.8. We know that Christ hath truly risen from
the dead.
Do Thou, O Conqueror and King,
Have mercy upon us. Amen. Alleluia.Wipo. Chaplain to the Emperor
Konrad II. XI. Cent.From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

77

Ad regias Agni dapes



1.

Ad régias Agni dapes
Stolis amicti cándidis,
Post trãsitum maris Rubri,
Christo canãmus Príncipi.

2.

Divína cujus caritas
Sacrum propínat sãguinem,
Almíque membra córporis
Amor Sacérdos immolat.

1.

Now at the Lamb's high royal feast,
In robes of saintly white, we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

2.

O depth of love-for us He drains
The chalice of His agony;
For us a victim on the Cross
He meekly lays him down to die.

3.

Sparsum cruórem póstibus
Vastátor horret Angelus,
Fugitque divisum mare,
Mergúntur hostes flúctibus.

4.

Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschális idem víctima,
Et pura puris méntibus
Sinceritátis ázyna.

5.

O vera cæli Víctima,
Subjécta cui sunt tártara,
Solúta mortis vincula,
Recépta vitæ præmia.

6.

Victor subáctis ínferis,
Trophæa Christus éxplicat,
Cælóque apérto, súbditum
Regem tenebrárum trahit.

7.

Ut sis perénne méntibus
Paschále, Jesu, gáudium,
A morte díra críminum
Vitæ renátos libera.

8.

Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

Ambrosian. Tr. Fr. Caswall

3.

And as the avenging Angel pass'd
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave,
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er;

4.

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through;
While for unleaven'd bread he asks
But heart sincere and purpose true.

5.

Hail, purest Victim heav'n could find
The powers of hell to overthrow;
Who didst the bonds of death unbind;
Who dost the prize of life bestow.

6.

Hail, victor Christ, hail, risen King!
To Thee alone belongs the crown,
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred,
And cast the Prince of darkness down.

7.

O Jesu, from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

8.

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.
Amen.

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

78

O filii et filiae

Al- le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia al- le- lú- ia.



Chorus repetit Allelúia.

1. O fi- li- i et fi- li- æ Rex cæ- lé- stis, Rex gló- ri-



æ, Mor- te sur- ré- xit hó- di- e: Al- le- lú- ia.



Ry. Allelúia.

1.

O filii et filiae
Rex cælestis, Rex gloriæ
Morte surrexit hodie:
Allelúia, etc.

2.

Et mane prima Sábati
Ad óstium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli,
Allelúia, etc.

1.

Ye sons and daughters of the Lord,
The King of glory, King adored,
This day Himself from death restored.
Allelúia, etc.

2.

All in the early morning grey,
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
Allelúia, etc.

3.

Et María Magdaléne
Et Jacóbi et Salóme
Venérunt corpus úngere:
Allelúia, etc.

4.

In albis sedens Angelus
Prædixit mulieribus,
In Galilæa est Dóminus,
Allelúia, etc.

5.

Et Joánnes Apóstolus
Cucúrrit Petro citius:
Monumento venit prius.
Allelúia, etc.

6.

Discipulis adstantibus
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens: "Pax vobis ómnibus,"
Allelúia, etc.

7.

Ut intelléxit Didymus,
Quod surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius
Allelúia, etc.

8.

Vide, Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incredulus,
Allelúia, etc.

9.

Quando Thomas Christi latus,
Pedes vidit atque manus,
Dixit: Tu es Deus meus,
Allelúia, etc.

10.

Beáti qui non vidérunt,
Et firmiter credidérunt:
Vitam ætérnam habébunt,
Allelúia, etc.

11.

In hoc festo sanctíssimo,
Sit laus et jubilatio,
Benedicámus Dómino.
Allelúia, etc.

Jean Tisserand, O. F. M.
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Hymn Book (A). — 7

3.

Of spices pure a precious store
In their pure hands those women bore,
To anoint the Sacred Body o' er.
Allelúia, etc.

4.

An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord hath gone to Galilee."
Allelúia, etc.

5.

This told they Peter, told they John;
Who forthwith to the Tomb are gone,
But Peter is by John out-run.
Allelúia, etc.

6.

That night th' Apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in the midst appear:
"My peace," He saith, "be on you all."
Allelúia, etc.

7.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of this brethern's word;
Wherefore again there came the Lord.
Allelúia, etc.

8.

"My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Allelúia, etc.

9.

When Thomas saw that wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Allelúia, etc.

10.

O blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him,
Eternal life awaiteth them.
Allelúia, etc.

11.

On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Allelúia, etc.

79

Christ the Lord is risen today

RILEY. Brightly.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Chris-tians, haste your vows to pay;



Of-fer ye your prai-ses meet At the Pas-chal Vic-tim's feet;



For the sheep the Lamb hath bled Sin-less in the sin-ner's stead:



Christ the Lord is risen on high; Liv-eth now, no more to die.



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24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

1.

Christ the Lord is risen today,
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet;
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled
Sinless in the sinner's stead:
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Liveth now, no more to die.

2.

Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
When in strange and awful strife
Met together death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay:
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Liveth now, no more to die.

3.

Say, O wondering Mary, say,
What thou sawest on thy way.
"I beheld where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and Angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light:
Christ my hope is risen again;
Liveth now, and lives to reign."

4.

Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power
Liveth, reigneth evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

"Victimæ Paschali laudes"
Wipo. XI. C. Tr. Jane E. Leeson

Dr. Martin Shaw

80

Christus vincit

Chri- stus vin- cit, Chri- stus re- gnat, Chri- stus ím- pe- rat.



1. Lau-dá- te Dóminum o-mnes gen- tes : * laudáte eum omnes pó-pu- li.



2. Quóniam confirmáta
est super nos mise-
ricórdi- a e- jus :

2. et véritas Dó-
mini manet in æ- tér- num.

Christus etc.

Christus etc.

3. Glória Patri, et Fí- li- o, 3. et Spirí- tu- i San- cto :

4. Sicut erat in princí-
pio, et nunc, et sem- per, 4. et in sæcula
sæcu- ló- rum. A- men.

Christus etc.

Christus vincit,
Christ conquers,

Christus regnat,
Christ reigns,

Christus ímperat.
Christ rules.

Psalm 116

1. Laudáte Dóminum omnes gentes:
laudáte eum omnes pópuli.

Christus vincit, etc.

2. Quóniam confirmáta est
super nos misericórdia ejus:
Et véritas Dómini manet in ætérnum.

Christus vincit, etc.

3. Glória Patri, et Filio,
et Spiritui Sancto:

Christus vincit, etc.

4. Sicut erat in principio,
et nunc et semper,
Et in sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

Christus vincit, etc.

1. O praise the Lord, all ye nations:
praise Him, all ye people.

Christ conquers, etc.

2. For His mercy is confirmed upon us:
and the truth of the Lord endureth for
ever.

Christ conquers, etc.

3. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.

Christ conquers, etc.

4. As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen.

Christ conquers, etc.

81

When the Loving Shepherd

When the Lov- ing She- pherd, Ere He left the earth,



Shed, to pay our ran- som, Blood of price- less worth.



These His lambs so cher- ished, Purchased for His own,



He would not a- ban- don In the world a- lone.



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

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

St. Alphonsus Liguori
Tr. Fr. Caswall

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

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

J. Hallett Shephard

82

I met the Good Shepherd

I met the Good Shepherd But now on the plain, As homeward He
car-ried His lost one a- gain. I marvelled how gent- ly His
bur- den He bore, And as He passed by me I knelt-to a- dore.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. I met the Good Shepherd
But now on the plain,
As homeward He carried
His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently
His burden He bore,
And as He passed by me
I knelt to adore.</p> <p>2. O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
Thy Wounds they are deep,
The wolves have sore hurt Thee
In saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over
With crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent
They have made in Thy Side?</p> | <p>3. Ah me, how the thorns
Have entangled Thy Hair,
And cruelly riven
That Forehead so fair.
How feebly Thou drawest
Thy faltering breath;
And lo, on Thy Face
Is the shadow of death.</p> <p>4. O Shepherd, Good Shepherd,
And is it for me
This grievous affliction
Has fallen on Thee?
Ah then, let me strive,
For the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer
Occasion to mourn.</p> |
|--|--|

Fr. Caswall

83

Salutis humanæ Sator

Sa- lú- tis hu- má- næ Sá- tor, Jé- su vo- lú- ptas
cór- di- um, Or- bis red- émp- ti Cón- di- tor, et ca- sta
lux a- mán- ti- um. A- men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Salutis humanæ Sator,
Jesu, voluptas cordium,
Orbis redempti Conditor,
Et casta lux amantium.</p> <p>2. Qua victus es clementia,
Ut nostra ferres crimina,
Mortem subires innocens,
A morte nos ut tolleres!</p> <p>3. Perrumpis infernum chaos,
Vinctis catenas detrahis:
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.</p> <p>4. Te cogat indulgentia,
Ut damna nostra sarcias,
Tuique vultus cōmpotes
Dites beato lumine.</p> <p>5. Tu dux ad astra et semita,
Sis meta nostris cordibus,
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,
Sis dulce vite præmium.
Amen.</p> | <p>1. O Thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Maker, and Redeemer blest!</p> <p>2. What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,
To make our guilty load Thine own,
And, sinless, suffer death and shame,
For our transgressions to atone.</p> <p>3. Thou, bursting Hades open wide,
Didst all the captive souls unchain:
And thence to Thy dread Father's side
With glorious pomp ascend again.</p> <p>4. O still may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in Thy light to dwell,
Who for Thy blissful presence sigh.</p> <p>5. Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.
Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

Probably 7th. or 8th. Cent.

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

84

Crown Him with many crowns

Crown Him with ma- ny crowns. The Lamb up- on His throne. Hark,



how the heavenly an- them drowns All mu- sic but its own: A-



wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And



hail Him as thy match-less King Through all E- ter- ni- ty.



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1.

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

2.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3.

Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4.

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

5.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glazed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His form, the Infinite,
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

6.

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

M. Bridges

Sir George Elvey

85

Crown Him with many crowns

Crown Him with ma- ny crowns, The Lamb up- on His



throne; Hark, how the heaven-ly an- them drowns All



mu- sic but its own: A- wake, my soul, and



sing Of Him who died for thee; And



hail Him as thy matchless King Through all e- ter- ni- ty.



1.

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

2.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3.

Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His Hands and Side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No Angel in the sky
Can fully, bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4.

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

5.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glazed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His form, the Infinite,
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

6.

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

M. Bridges

Sir Richard Terry



Help your congregation better appreciate the Mass: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

86

Why is thy face so lit with smiles?

Why is thy face so lit with smiles, O Bless- ed Mo-ther, why? And
 where-fore is Thy beam- ing look So fixed up- on the sky? From
 out thine o- ver- flow- ing eyes Bright lights of glad- ness part, As
 though some gush- ing fount of joy Had bro- ken in thy heart.

1. Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
O Blessed Mother, why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?
From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.
2. Mother, how canst thou smile today?
How can thine eyes be bright?
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Has vanished from thy sight?
The Feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living Feet are gone;
And now thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

Fr. Faber

3. Yes, He hath left thee, Mother dear.
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy,
When thou hast lost thy Love?
Ah no! Thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee.
4. 'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel His presence near,
Yet loyal love His glory holds
A thousand times more dear.
Oh never is our love so true
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain.

87

Veni Creator

Ve- ni Cre- á- tor Spí- ri- tus, Men- tes tu- ó- rum ví- si- ta, Im-
 ple su- pér- na grá- ti- a, Quæ tu cre- á- sti péc- to- ra. A- men.

1. Veni, Creátor Spíritus,
Mentes tuórum visita,
Imple supérna grátia,
Quæ tu creásti, pécтора.
2. Qui diceris Paráclitus,
Altíssimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis únctio.
3. Tu septifórmis múnere,
Dígitus patérnæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promíssum Patris
Sermóne ditans gúttura.
4. Accénde lumen sénsibus,
Infúnde amórem córdibus
Infírma nostri córporis
Virtúte firmans pérpeti.
5. Hostem repéllas lóngius,
Pacémque dones prótinus;
Ductóre sic te prævio,
Vitémus omne nóxiúm.
6. Per te sciámus da Patrem,
Noscámus atque Fílium,
Teque utríusque Spíritum
Credámus omni témpore.
7. Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Fílio qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula.
Amen.

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

Possibly Rhabanus Maurus † 856

88

Veni Sancte Spiritus

1. Ve- ni San-cte Spí- ri- tus Et e- mít- te cá- li- tus
2. Ve- ni pa- ter páu- pe- rum, Ve- ni da- tor mú- ne- rum,



1. Lu- cis tu- æ rá- di- um. 3. Con- so- lá- tor ó- pti- me, Dul- cis
2. Ve- ni lumen cór- di- um. 4. In la- bó- re ré- qui- es, In æ-



3. ho- spes á- nimæ, Dul- ce re- fri- gé- ri- um. 5. O lux be- a-
4. stu tempé- ri- es, In fle- tu so- lá- ti- um. 6. Si- ne tu- o



5. tís- si- ma, Re- ple cor- dis ín- ti- ma, Tu- ó- rum fi- dé- li- um.
6. nú- mi- ne, Ni- hil est in hó- mi- ne, Ni- hil est in- nó- xi- um.



7. La- va quod est sór- di- dum, Ri- ga quod est á- ri- dum, Sa- na
8. Fle- cte quod est rí- gi- dum, Fo- ve quod est frí- gi- dum, Re- ge



7. quod est sáu- ci- um. 9. Da tu- is fi- dé- li- bus, In te con- fi- dén- ti-
8. quod est dé- vi- um. 10. Da vir- tú- tis mé- ri- tum, Da sa- lú- tis éx- i-



9. bus Sa- crum septe- ná- ri- um. A- men. Al- le- lú- ia.
10. tum, Da per- énné gáu- di- um.



1. Veni Sancte Spiritus
Et emitte cælitus
Lucis tuæ rádium.

2. Veni pater páuperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen córdium.

3. Consolátor óptime,
Dulcis hospes ánimæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

4. In labóre réquies,
In æstu tempéries,
In fletu solátium.

5. O Lux beatíssima,
Reple cordis íntima,
Tuórum fidélium.

6. Sine tuo númine,
Nihil est in hómine,
Nihil est innóxi- um.

7. Lava quod est sórdidum,
Riga quod est áridum,
Sana quod est sáucium.

8. Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est dévium.

9. Da tuis fidélibus,
In te confidéntibus,
Sacrum septenárium.

10. Da virtútis méritum,
Da salutis éxitum,
Da perénne gáudium.
Amen. Alleluia.

1. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

2. Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3. Thou, of all Consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4. Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5. Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.

6. If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

7. Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew,
Wash the stains of guilt away.

8. Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

9. Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore
In Thy Sevenfold Gifts descend.

10. Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.
Amen. Alleluia.

Stephen Langton

From "Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien
pour les Bénédictiones du Très Saint Sacrement"
by Henri Potiron

89

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light

Ho- ly Spi- rit, Lord of Light, From the clear cel- es- tial height,

Thy pure beam- ing ra- diance give. Come, Thou Fa- ther of the poor,

Come, with trea- sures which en- dure; Come, Thou Light of all that live.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live. | 3. Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill. |
| 2. Thou, of all Consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe. | 4. Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray. |
| 5. Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end. | |

"Veni Sancte Spiritus"
Tr. Fr. Caswall

S. Webbe

90

Breathe on me, Breath of God

Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a- new,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.

1.
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

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

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

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

Rev. Edwin Hatch, D. D.
"Copyright by Miss Beatrice Hatch."
Hymn Book (A). — 8

Chetham Psalms. 1718.

91

Come, Holy Ghost, creating fire

Come, Ho- ly Ghost, cre- a- ting fire, Thy
 child- ren's wait- ing hearts poss- ess; With heavenly grace their
 breasts in- spire Fa- shioned of Thine al- might- i- ness.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, creating fire,
Thy children's waiting hearts possess;
With heavenly grace their breasts inspire
Fashioned of Thine almightiness.
2. Giver of counsel, this Thy name,
Whom God omnipotent bestows:
Of life the fount, of love the flame,
And balm that for the spirit flows.
3. Thou, bounteous from Thy sevenfold store,
Of God's supernal power the sign,
The Father's promise, evermore
Enriching tongues with speech divine.
4. Kindle our thoughts with light most pure,
Desire of Thee in us instil;
With lasting fortitude assure
Our frailest flesh and weakling will.
5. Afar the invading foe repel
And long-continuing peace bestow,
That, fleeing all that is not well,
In Thine own footsteps we may go.
6. Grant, Holy Ghost, that we may know
Through Thee the Father and the Son;
Still Thee their breath believe, although
Eternity its course should run.

7. To Thee be glory, Father, Lord,
And to the risen Christ repeat
Glory: and ever be adored
The co-eternal Paraclete.

"Veni Creator Spiritus"
Tr. Michael Fenwick Aged 17

M. Vulpus

92

Creator Spirit, Lord of grace

Cre- a- tor Spi- rit, Lord of grace, Make
 Thou our hearts Thy dwell- ing- place, And, with Thy might ce-
 les- tial, aid The souls of those whom Thou hast made.

1. Creator Spirit, Lord of grace,
Make Thou our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And, with Thy might celestial, aid
The souls of those whom Thou hast made.
2. Come from the Throne of God above,
O Paraclete, O Holy Dove,
Come, oil of gladness, cleansing fire,
And living spring of pure desire.
3. O finger of the Hand Divine,
The seven-fold gifts of grace are Thine,
And, touched by Thee, the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most Holy Name.
4. Then to our souls Thy light impart,
And give Thy Love to every heart;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the source of Life and Light.
5. Far from us keep our cruel foe,
And peace from Thine own hand bestow;
Upheld by Thee, our strength and guide,
No evil can our steps betide.
6. Spirit of faith, on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know;
And of the Twain, the Spirit, Thee —
Eternal One, Eternal Three.
7. To God the Father let us sing,
To God the Son, our Risen King,
And equally with These adore
The Spirit, God for evermore.

"Veni Creator Spiritus"
Paraphrase R. Campbell
from "Annus Sanctus"

Fr. S. S. Myerscough. S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

93

O may Thy Spirit

Tune. Il tuo Spirto Signor
Lightly, in free rhythm

Italian melody
Harmonized by H. P. Allen

O may Thy Spi- rit, Lord, on us de-scend- ing, In- flame our hearts with



love and wor-ship blend-ing; Our voi-ces guide in anthems oft re-peat-ed,



To that fair land a-bove where Thou art seat- ed: How love-ly are Thy



Courts, O King e- ter-nal! How longs my heart to reach those realms su-per- nal!



'Tis ve- ry balm in sad-ness To catch the e-choes of those songs of glad-ness.



O may Thy Spirit, Lord, on us descending,
Inflame our hearts with love and worship blending;
Our voices guide, in anthems oft repeated,
To that fair land above where Thou art seated:
How lovely are Thy Courts, O King eternal!
How longs my heart to reach those realms supernal!
'Tis very balm in sadness
To catch the echoes of those songs of gladness.

Dear Lord, when shall I come to stand before Thee?
When shall my soul within Thy House adore Thee?
When shall I join that noble throng of sages
Who chant Thee Lauds through everlasting ages?
Ah! haste the day whereon I shall behold Thee,
When Thy strong arms of love shall aye enfold me;
When, lost in rapture lowly,
My lips shall sing Thee: Holy, Holy, Holy.

A. E. E.
No. 103 of "CANTATE DOMINO"
(Compiled and edited by V. G. L.)

Harmonized by
H. P. Allen

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94

Come down, O Love divine

DOWN AMPNEY
Moderately slow

Come down, O Love di- vine, Seek thou this soul of
mine, And vi- sit it with thine own ar- dour glow- ing;
O Com- for- ter, draw near, With- in my heart ap-
pear, And kind- le it, thy ho- ly flame bes- tow- ing.

From the ENGLISH HYMNAL, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

1. Come down, O Love divine,
Seek thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.
2. O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight, [illuminating].
And clothe me round, the while my path
3. Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part, [loathing].
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with
4. And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human tell-
For none can guess its grace, [singing].
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

*"Descendi, Amor santo" Bianco da Siena, d. 1434
Tr. R. F. Littledale**Dr. R. Vaughan Williams*

95

Full of glory, full of wonders

Full of glo- ry, full of won- ders, Ma- jes- ty Di- vine!
'Mid Thine e- ver- last- ing thun- ders How Thy lightnings shine!
Shore- less O- cean, who shall sound Thee? Thine E- ter- ni-
ty is round Thee, Ma- jes- ty Di- vine!

1. Full of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine!
'Mid Thine everlasting thunders
How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean, who shall sound Thee?
Thine Eternity is round Thee,
Majesty Divine!
2. Timeless, spaceless, simple, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three,
Thou art grandly, always, only,
God in Unity.
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell Thy wondrous story?
Awful Trinity!
3. Speechlessly, without beginning,
Sun that never rose.
Vast, adorable and winning,
Day that hath no close.
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Ever living, everlasting,
Life that never grows.
4. Splendours upon splendours beaming
Change and intertwine;
Glories over glories streaming
All translucent shine.
Blessings, praises, adorations,
Greet Thee from the trembling nations
Majesty Divine!

*Fr. Faber**Sir Richard Terry*

96

Praise to the Holiest

Praise to the Ho- liest in the height, And in the
depth be praise In all His words most
won- der- ful, Most sure in all His ways.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. | 4. And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine. |
| 2. O loving Wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came. | 5. O generous love! That He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo. |
| 3. O wisest Love! That flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail. | 6. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die. |

Cardinal Newman † 1890

Sir Arthur Somervell

97

Most ancient of all mysteries

Most an- cient of all mys- ter- ies, Be-
fore thy throne we lie; Have mer- cy now, most
mer- ci- ful, Most Ho- ly Trin- i- ty.

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

Fr. Faber

H. Purcell. 1658-95

98

Far away in the beginning

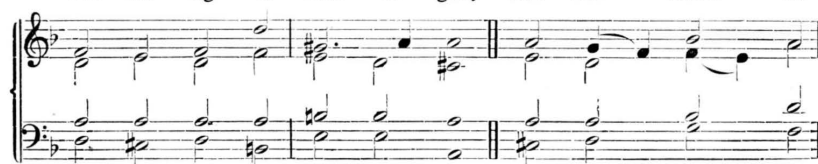
Far a- way in the be- gin- ning Dwelt the Word of
And in God His bliss e- ter- nal Had He ev- er-



God on high.
last- ing- ly. That same Word was God Al- migh- ty,



Ere the ag- es were be- gun, For He dwelt in



the be- gin- ning And be- gin- ning had He none.



The first 4 Bars of the Music are not repeated in Verse 6.

1.

Far away in the beginning
Dwelt the Word of God on high
And in God His bliss eternal
Had He everlastingly.
That same Word was God Almighty,
Ere the ages were begun,
For He dwelt in the beginning
And beginning had He none.

2.

He Himself was that beginning
Wherefore He Himself had none.
He that sprang from that beginning
Was the Word, called also Son.
Everpast has God conceived Him,
And conceives Him evermore,
Gives Him ever of His substance
Ever shares it as of yore.

3.

Thus the glory in the Father
Is the glory of the Son:
All His glory had the Father
In His best Belovèd One.
As Belovèd dwells in lover
Each in other did reside,
And that same love that unites Them
Did in both of Them abide;

4.

Each was equal to the Other
And in worth ranked equally,
Thus there were in that tri-union
One Belovèd, Persons three.
One the love that did unite Them,
One the Lover in all three:
Lover that is the Belovèd,
In whom each dwelt equally.

5.

For the Being of three Persons
They possess'd it every one,
Each One loving both the Others
Since They had it as Their own.
This same Being was each Person
Naught but this conjoin'd them well
In a tie so strange and wondrous
That its nature none can tell.

6.

Infinite and everlasting
Was the love that bound Them so.
One alone this love that bound Them
Which as Essence we may know,
And this love, the more its oneness,
More and more in love did grow.

*Saint John of the Cross.
Tr. Professor E. Allison Peers*

J. S. Bach

99 a

Praise God, ye saints

LANGHAM

Moderately slow

Praise God, ye saints, ye an- gel choirs a- dore Him,



Ce- les- tial throngs cre- a- ted by His hand,



Sun, moon and stars in ho- mage bow be- fore Him,



And all things that in- ha- bit sea or land;



Let all cre- a- tion ev- er sing His praise.



1.

Praise God, ye saints, ye angel choirs adore Him,
 Celestial throngs created by His hand,
 Sun, moon and stars in homage bow before Him,
 And all things that inhabit sea or land:
 Let all creation ever sing His praise.

2.

Praise God on high, O West wind softly blowing,
 Fire, hail and snow obedient to His will,
 Sweet-throated bird and bright-hued blossom growing,
 Tall, whispering tree and purple-shadowed hill.
 Let all creation ever sing His praise.

3.

Princes and kings who have received your power
 From God alone, to Him give ceaseless praise;
 Patient old age and youth's first tender flower,
 Praying for grace to walk in all His ways.
 Let all creation ever sing His praise.

4.

Let each man's voice like incense sweet ascending
 With angels' sweeter harmony unite,
 And may His ceatures' hymn of praise unending
 Find favour in the great Creator's sight.
 Let all creation ever sing His praise.

Rose Fitzpatrick
 Psalm 148

Dr. Geoffrey Shaw.
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 Association of Great Britain and Northern
 Ireland who own the Copyright)

99 b

Lucis Creator

Lu- cis Cre- á tor ó- pti- me, Lu- cem di-
 é- rum pró- fe- rens, Pri- mór- di- is lu- cis no- vā
 Mun- di pa- rans o- rí- gi- nem. A- men.

1. Lucis Creātor óptime,
Lucem diērum próferens,
Primórdiis lucis novāe
Mundi parans originem.
2. Qui mane junctum vésperi
Diem vocāri prācipis,
Illābitur tetrum chaos:
Audi preces cum flētibus.
3. Ne mens gravāta crimine
Vitāe sit exsul mūnere,
Dum nil perēnne cōgitat,
Sesēque culpis illigat.
4. Caelēste pulset óstium:
Vitāle tollat prāmium,
Vitēmus omne nōxium
Purgēmus omne pēssimum.
5. Præsta, Pater piīssime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spīritu Paráclito,
Regnans per omne sǽculum.
Amen.

Ambrosian
Tr. Fr. Caswall

1. O Blest Creator of the light
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And framing Nature's depth and height,
Didst, with the light, Thy work begin:
2. Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
O hear us as we weep and pray.
3. Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime,
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.
4. Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.
5. Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son,
Who with the Holy Ghost most high
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen.

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

100

Lauda Sion

1. Lau-da Si- on Sal-va- tó-rem, Lau-da du- cem et pas- tó- rem,
 2. Quan- tum pot- es, tan- tum au- de: Qui- a ma- jor ómni lau- de,
 In hymnis et cán- ti- cis. 3. Lau- dis the- ma spe- ci- á- lis, Pa- nis vi-
 Nec lau- dá- re súf- fi- cis. 4. Quem in sa- cræ men- sa cœ- næ, Turbæ fra-
 vus et vi- tá- lis Hó- di- e pro- pó- ni- tur.
 trum du- o- dé- nā Da- tum non ambí- gi- tur. 5. Sit laus ple- na, sit so- nó-
 ra, Sit ju- cúnda, sit de- có- ra Men- tis ju- bi- lá- ti- o. 6. Di- es e-
 nim so- lémnis á- gi- tur, In qua men- sæ pri- ma re- có- li- tur Hu- jus

insti- tú- ti- o. 7. In hac men-sa no- vi Re- gis, No- vum Pascha no- vae le-

gis, Pha- se, ve- tus térmi- nat. 8. Ve- tustá- tem nó- vi- tas Umbram fu- gat

vé- ri- tas Noctem lux e- lí- mi- nat. 9. Quod in cœ- na Chri- stus ges- sit, Fa-
10. Dó- cti sa- cris in- sti- tú- tis Pa-

ci- éndum hoc exprés- sit In su- i me- mó- ri- am. 11. Dogma da-
nem, vi- num in sa- lú- tis Con- se- crá- mus hó- sti- am. 12. Quod non ca-

tur Chri- sti- á- nis, Quod in carnem tran- sit pa- nis, Et vi- num, in
pis, quod non vi- des, A- ni- mó- sa firmat fi- des, Præ- ter re- rum

sángui- nem. 13. Sub di- vér- sis spe- ci- é- bus, Si- gnis tan- tum, et
ór- di- nem. 14. Ca- ro ci- bus, Sanguis po- tus: Ma- net ta- men Chri-

non re- bus, La- tent res ex- í- mi- æ. 15. A su- mén- te non con- cí- sus,
stus to- tus Sub u- tráque spé- ci- e. 16. Su- mit un- us, su- munt mil- le:

Non confrá- ctus, non di- ví- sus: In- te- ger ac- cí- pi- tur. 17. Sumunt bo- ni,
Quán- tum i- sti, tan- tum il- le: Nec sumptus con- súmi- tur. 18. Mors et ma- lis

sumunt má- li: Sor- te tamen i- næquá- li, Vi- tæ vel in- té- ri- tus.
vi- ta bo- nis: Vi- de pa- ris sumpti- ó- nis Quam sit dis- par éx- i- tus.

19. Fra- cto demum sa- cra- mén- to, Ne va- cil- les, sed me- mén- to Tan- tum es-
20. Nul- la re- i fit scis- sú- ra: Si- gni tan- tum fit fra- ctú- ra Qua nec sta-

se sub fragmén- to, Quantum to- to té- gi- tur. 21. Ec- ce pa- nis an- ge- ló-
tus nec sta- tú- ra Signá- ti mi- nú- i- tur. 22. In fi- gú- ris præ- signá-

rum Fa- ctus ci- bus vi- a- tó- rum; Ve- re pa- nis fi- li- ó- rum, Non
tur, Cum I- sa- ac im- mo- lá- tur, Agnus Paschæ de- pu- tá- tur, Da-

mit- tēdus cá-ni- bus. 23. Bo- ne Pa- stor, Pa- nis ve- re, Je- su, no-
tur mánnā pá-tri- bus. 24. Tu qui cuncta scis et vá- les, Qui nos pa-
stri mi- se- ré- re: Tu nos pasce, nos tu- é- re, Tu nos bo- na fac so- dá-
scis hic mor- tá- les: Tu- os i- bi commen- sá- les, Co- hæ- ré- des et vi- dé-
re, In ter- ra vi- vén- ti- um. A- men, al- le- lú- ia.

1. Lauda Sion Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In hymnis et cánticis.
2. Quantum potes, tantum aude:
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare súfficis.
3. Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitális
Hódie propónitur.
4. Quē in sacræ mensa cœna,
Turbæ fratrum duodénæ
Datum non ambigitur.
5. Sit laus plena, sit sonóra,
Sit jucúnda, sit decóra
Mentis jubilatio.
6. Dies enim solémnis ágitur,
In qua mensæ prima recólitur
Hujus institútio.
7. In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novæ legis,
Phase vetus términat.
8. Vetustátem nóvitas,
Umbra fugat véritas,
Noctem lux elíminat.

1. Sing forth, O Sion, sweetly sing
The praises of thy Shepherd-King,
In hymns and canticles divine.
2. Dare all thou canst, thou hast no song
Worthy His praises to prolong,
So far surpassing powers like thine.
3. Today no theme of common praise
Forms the sweet burden of thy lays-
The living, life-dispensing Food.
4. That Food which at the sacred board
Unto the brethren twelve our Lord
His parting legacy bestowed.
5. Then be the anthem clear and strong,
Thy fullest note, thy sweetest song,
The very music of the breast:
6. For now shines forth the day sublime
That brings remembrance of the time
When Jesus first His table blest.
7. Within our new King's banquet-hall
They meet to keep the festival
That closed the ancient Paschal rite:
8. The old is by the new replaced;
The substance hath the shadow chased;
And rising day dispels the night.

9. Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In sui memóriam.
10. Docti sacris institútis,
Panem, vinum in salútis
Consecrámus hóstiam.
11. Dogma datur christiánis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sánguinem.
12. Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animósa firmat fides,
Præter rerum órđinem.
13. Sub divérsis speciébús,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res exímie.
14. Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus
Sub utrâque spécie.
15. A suménte non concísus,
Non confráctus, non divísus:
Integer accipitur.
16. Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consumitur.
17. Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquáli,
Vitæ vel intéritus.
18. Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptiónis
Quam sit dispar éxitus.
19. Fracto demum sacraméto,
Ne vacilles, sed meméto
Tantum esse sub fragméto,
Quantum toto tégitur.
20. Nulla rei fit scissúra:
Signi tantum fit fractúra,
Qua nec status, nec statúra
Signáti minúitur.
21. Ecce panis Angelórum,
Factus cibus viatórum;
Vere panis filiórum,
Non mittendus cánibus.
22. In figúris præsignátur,
Cum Isaac immolátur,
Agnus Paschæ deputátur,
Datur manna pátribus.
23. Bone Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserére:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére,
Tu nos bona fac vidére,
In terra vivéntium.
24. Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales:
Tuos ibi commensáles,
Cohéredes et sodáles
Fac sanctorum civium. Amen.
9. Christ willed what He Himself had done
Should be renewed while time should run
In memory of his parting hour.
10. Thus, tutored in His school divine,
We consecrate the bread and wine;
And lo, a Host of saving power.
11. This faith to Christian men is given-
Bread is made Flesh by words from Heaven;
Into His Blood the wine is turned.
12. What though it baffles nature's powers
Of sense and sight? This faith is ours,
Proves more than nature e'er discerned.
13. Concealed beneath the two-fold sign
Meet symbols of the Gifts Divine,
There lie the mysteries adored:
14. The living Body is our Food;
Our Drink the ever-Precious Blood;
In each, one undivided Lord.
15. Not he that eateth it divides
The sacred Food, which whole abides
Unbroken still, nor knows decay:
16. Be one, or be a thousand fed,
They eat alike that Living Bread
Which, still received, ne'er wastes away.
17. The good, the guilty share therein,
With sure increase of grace or sin,
The ghostly life, or ghostly death:
18. Death to the guilty; to the good
Immortal life. See how one food
Man's joy or woe accomplisheth.
19. We break the Sacrament; but bold
And firm thy faith shall keep its hold:
Deem not the whole doth more enfold
Than in the fractured part resides:
20. Deem not that Christ doth broken lie;
'Tis but the sign that meets the eye;
The hidden deep reality
In all its fulness still abides.
21. Behold the Bread of Angels, sent
For pilgrims in their banishment,
The Bread for God's true children meant,
That may not unto dogs be given.
22. Oft in the olden types foreshowed;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient Paschal food,
And in the manna sent from Heaven.
23. Come then, Good Shepherd, Bread Divine,
Still show to us Thy mercy-sign;
O feed us still, still keep us Thine,
So may we see Thy glories shine
In fields of immortality.
24. O Thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present Food, our future Rest,
Come, make us each Thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of Thine, and comrades blest
With Saints whose dwelling is with Thee.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. Fr. Aylward O. P.

101

Of the glorious Body telling

Of the glor-ious Bod- y tell- ing, O my tongue, Its mys- tery sing;



And the Blood, all price ex- cell- ing, Which for this world's ran- som- ing



In a no- ble womb once dwell- ing He shed forth, the Gen- tiles' King.



1. Of the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, Its mystery sing;
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming
In a noble womb once dwelling
He shed forth, the Gentiles' King.
2. Given for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending
Scattered He the Gospel seed:
Till His sojourn drew to ending
Which He closed in wondrous deed.
3. At the Last Great Supper seated,
Circled by His brethren's band,
All the Law required, completed,
In the Feast its statutes planned,
To the twelve Himself He meted
For their Food, with His own Hand.

4. Word made Flesh, by word He maketh
Very bread His Flesh to be;
Man for wine Christ's Blood partaketh;
And if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the Mystery.
5. Therefore, we, before It bending,
This great Sacrament adore;
Types and shadows have their ending
In the new rite evermore;
Faith, our outward sense amending,
Maketh good defects before.
6. Honour, laud and praise addressing
To the Father and the Son,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal laud to Thee be done.

St. Thomas Aquinas
"Pange lingua" Tr. Dr. Neale
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F. Filitz 1847

102

Let old things pass away

Let old things pass a- way; Let all be fresh and



bright; And wel- come we with hearts re- newed This Feast of new de-



light. Up- on this hall- owed eve, Christ with His breth- ren



ate, O- be- dient to the old- en Law, The Pasch be- fore Him set.



- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1.
Let old things pass away;
Let all be fresh and bright;
And wel come we with hearts re-
This Feast of new delight. [newed
Upon this hallowed eve,
Christ with His brethren ate,
Obedient to the olden Law,
The Pasch before Him set. | 2.
Which done,— Himself entire,
The True Incarnate God,
Alike on each, alike on all,
His sacred Hands bestowed.
He gave His Flesh; He gave
His Precious Blood; and said,
"Receive and drink ye all of
For your salvation shed." [This | 3.
Thus did the Lord appoint
This sacrifice sublime, [nisters
And made His Priests the mi-
Through all the bounds of time.
O Blessed Three in One!
Visit our hearts we pray,
And lead us on through Thine
To Thy eternal day. [own paths |
|--|---|--|

St. Thomas Aquinas Tr. Fr. E. Caswall
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Attributed to J. S. Bach

103

Pange lingua

Pange, lingua, glo-ri-ó-si Cór-po-ris my-sté-ri-um,



Sangui-nisque pre-ti-ó-si, Quem in mundi pré-ti-um Fructus ven-



tris ge-ne-ró-si Rex ef-fú-dit gén-ti-um. A-men.



1.

Pange, lingua, gloriósi
Córporis mystérium,
Sanguinisque pretiósí,
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generósi
Rex effúdit gén-tium.

2.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intácta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversátus,
Sparso verbi sémíne,
Sui moras incolátus
Miro clausit ór-díne.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

In suprémae nocte cœnae
Recúbens cum frátribus,
Observáta lege plene
Cibis in legálibus,
Cibum turbæ duodénæ
Se dat suis mânibus.

4.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et, si sensus déficit,
Ad firmándum cor sincérum
Sola fides súfficit.

5.

Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui:
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides suppléméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

6.

Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

St Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. Fr. Castwall

3.

On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the law's command,
Then as food to His Apostles,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4.

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

5.

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

6.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.
Amen.

104

Adoro te devote

A- dó- ro te de- vó- te la- tens Dé- i-

Verse 1

tas. (Organ) Quæ sub his fi- gú- ris ve- re lá- ti-

mf

tas. (Organ) Ti- bi se cor me- um to- tum súb- ji-

cit, Qui- a te con- témp- lans to- tum dé- fi- cit.

p pp

The musical score is written for voice and organ. It features a 4/2 time signature and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and an organ accompaniment. The organ part is marked with '(Organ)' and includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'p' (piano), and 'pp' (pianissimo). The lyrics are in Latin and English, with the English translation provided in parentheses.

1.
Adóro te devóte, latens Déitas,
Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,
Quia te contémp- lans totum dé- fí- cit.

2.
Visus, tactus, gustus, in te fállitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto créditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius:
Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.

3.
In cruce latébat sola Déitas,
At hic latet simul et Humánitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque cónfítens,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.

4.
Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor,
Deum tamen meum te confíteor,
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te diligere.

5.
O memoriále mortis Dómini.
Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini.
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6.
Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum munda tuo ságuine,
Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7.
Jesu, quem velátum nunc adspício,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut, te reveláta cernens fácie,
Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. W. H. E. "Devotions for Holy Communion"

1.
Thee, hidden God! devoutly I revere,
Most truly hidden in the symbols here;
Profoundly I adore on low-bent knee,
My soul is faint while contemplating Thee.

2.
The sight, the touch, the taste, these all deceive,
The hearing, only I secure believe:
Firmly I hold the word of God my Lord,
No truer word can be than Truth's own word.

3.
The Godhead on the Cross was hid that day,
But here the Manhood, too, is hid away;
Yet I in both believe, and both profess:
The Good Thief's prayer is mine: my faith not less.

4.
The wounds which Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet I confess Thee very God to be:
Teach me by Faith Thee evermore to know,
And ever in Thy Hope and Love to grow.

5.
O sweet Memorial of my Saviour dead.
O ever-living, and Life-giving Bread.
Grant that my soul on Thee may always live,
And taste the sweetness it is Thine to give.

6.
O loving Pelican, Jesus, my God,
Cleanse me, unclean, with Thy all-saving Blood,
One only drop of which the world can lave,
And every soul from every sin can save.

7.
Jesus, Whom, veiled, I now so dimly see,
Quench, quick, the thirst with which I thirst for Thee,
Lift up the veil that hides Thy face from sight,
And let Thy glory be my soul's delight.

Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.

105

Adoro te devote

[Verse 2 and the others]

Vi-sus, ta-ctus gu- stus,



A-dó-ro te de-vó- te, la- tens Dé- i- tas, Quæ sub his fi- gú-



ris ve- re lá- ti- tas; Ti- bi se cor me- um to- tum súb- ji- cit,



* Qui- a te con- té- plans to- tum dé- fi- cit. A- men.



* 2nd and 6th Verses

2. Nil hoc ver- bo ve- ri- ta- tis vé- ri- us.

6. To- tum mundum quit at omni scé- le- re.



1.

Adóro te devóte, latens Déitas,
Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,
Quia te contéplans totum déficit.

2.

Visus, tactus, gustus, in te fállitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto créditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius :
Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.

3.

In cruce latébat sola Déitas,
At hic latet et Humánitas :
Ambo tamen credens atque cónfitemus,
Peto quod petivit latro pœnitens.

4.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor,
Deum tamen meum te confíteor,
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
In te spem habére, te diligere.

5.

O memoriále mortis Dómini.
Panis vivus, vitam præstans hómini.
Præsta meæ menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6.

Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
Me immúndum munda tuo ságuine,
Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7.

Jesu, quem velátum nunc adspício,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut, te reveláta cernens fácie,
Visu sim beátus tuæ glóriæ

1.

*Thee, hidden God ! devoutly I revere,
Most truly hidden in the symbols here ;
Profoundly I adore on low-bent knee,
My soul is faint while contemplating Thee.*

2.

*The sight, the touch, the taste, these all deceive,
The hearing only I secure believe ;
Firmly I hold the word of God my Lord,
No truer word can be than Truth's own word.*

3.

*The Godhead on the Cross was hid that day,
But here the Manhood, too, is hid away ;
Yet I in both believe, and both profess :
The Good Thief's prayer is mine ; my faith not less.*

4.

*The wounds which Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet I confess Thee very God to be :
Teach me by Faith Thee evermore to know,
And ever in Thy Hope and Love to grow.*

5.

*O sweet Memorial of my Saviour dead.
O ever-living, and Life-giving Bread.
Grant that my soul on Thee may always live,
And taste the sweetness it is Thine to give.*

6.

*O living Pelican, Jesus, my God.
Cleanse me, unclean, with Thy all-saving Blood,
One only drop of which the world can lave,
And every soul from every sin can save.*

7.

*Jesus, Whom, veiled I now so dimly see,
Quench, quick, the thirst with which I thirst for Thee ;
Lift up the veil that hides Thy face from sight,
And let Thy glory be my soul's delight.*

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

Tr. W. H. E. "Devotions for Holy Communion"

106

O sacrum convivium

O sa- crum con- ví- vi- um! * in quo Chri- stus

sú- mi- tur: re- có- li- tur me- mó- ri- a pas-

si- ó- nis é- jus: mens im- plé- tur grá- ti- a;

et fu- tú- ræ gló- ri- æ † no- bis pi- gnus

dá- tur, al- le-

lú- ia.

Out of Paschaltide † nó- bis pi- gnus dá- tur.

O sacrum convivium, in quo
Christus súmitur, recólitur
memória passionis eius,
mens implétur grátia, et
futúrá glóriæ nobis
pignus datur.
Alleluia.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

O Sacred Banquet, wherein
Christ is received; the
memorial of His Passion is
celebrated; the mind is filled
with grace; and a pledge of
future glory is given unto us.
Alleluia.

From "Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien"
Harmonized by Henri Potiron

107

Sit Laus Altissimo

Tune: "Joy of Harvest"

J. H. MAUNDER

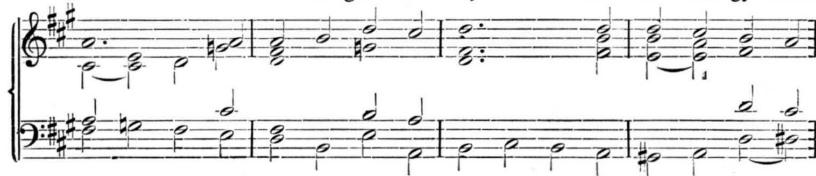
Sit laus al- tis- si- mo De- o abs- cón- di- to, Sit



laus, ab o-mni pó- pu- lo Vo- ce et ór- ga- no. Col- láu- dent æ- mu-



li De- i ma- gná- li- a, Per to- tum gy- rum



sæ- cu- li Can- tent præ- có- ni- a. Te lau- do Dó- mi- num,



Te lau- do mí- li- es, O Man- na cá- li- tum Qui- a be- ní- gnus



dá- bo Te abs- cón- di- tum Per o- mne sæ- cu- lum. A- men.



By Permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.

1. Sit laus altissimo
Deo abscondito,
Sit laus ab omni populo
Voce et organo.
Collaudent æmuli
Dei magnalia,
Per totum gyrum sæculi
Cantent præcònia.

Te laudo Dóminum,
Te laudo milies
O Manna cælitum,
Quia benígnus es.
Te laudo Dóminum,
O Esca hóminum
Laudábo Te absconditum
Per omne sæculum.

2. Fratres attendite,
Et obstupescite,
Modum quo nobis Dóminus
Se dat absconditus.
O res mirabilis,
Se dat salvificum.
Manducat pauper, húmilis,
Panem Angélicum.
Te laudo etc.

3. Hic Christus corpore
Et suo sanguine,
Devótos firmat robore
Sacro libamine.
Fratres, accédite
Ad datum Féculum.
O tristes omnes, bibite
Oblátum póculum.
Te laudo etc.

4. Jesu refectio
In hoc exilio,
Esuriéntes sátiá
Nunc et in pátria.
Patri et Filio,
Deo abscondito,
Spíritui Paráclito
Compar laudátio.
Te laudo etc.

1. Praise to the God of Majesty
Now hidden in obscurity:
Praise from His creatures weak and strong,
With harp and pipe and song.
With zeal and fervour let them praise
The wondrous works of God, and raise
A glad, resounding, joyous lay
Unto eternal day.

Praise be to Thee, O Lord;
For ever be adored
O Bread from Heaven above,
Great proof of God's dear love.
Praise be to Thee, O Lord,
Who bid'st me to Thy Board,
Thee, hidden God, I will adore
Both now and evermore.

2. My brethren, gather round and see,
And filled with awe and wonder be
That God in wondrous, hidden way
Amongst men loves to stay.
O miracle of Love Divine,
Was ever power to heal like Thine?
The poor partake, and e'en are fed,
With this Angelic Bread.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

3. Here Christ's own Body, real and true,
And Precious Blood, once shed for you,
To worthy hearts gives plenteous grace
And strength in sweet embrace.
Attend, my brethren, and receive
This Banquet Christ for you, did leave:
O all ye sad, come, drink anew
The chalice filled for you.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

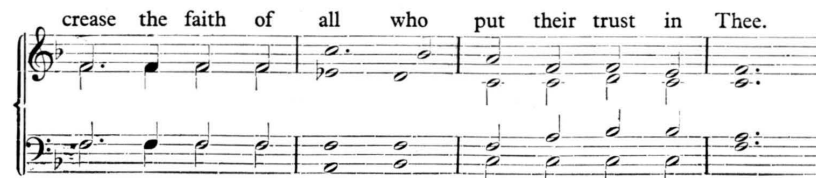
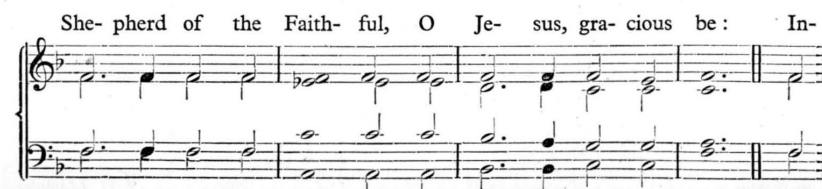
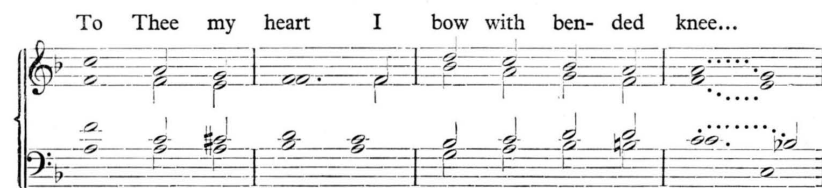
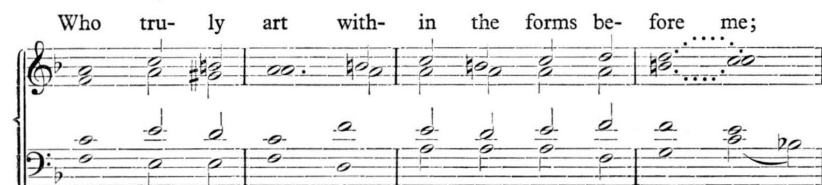
4. O Jesus, our Refreshment dear
In this our weary exile here,
O satisfy our thirst for Thee
Now and eternally.
To God the Father and the Son,
Who is our worshipped Hidden One,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Be given praises meet.
Praise be to Thee, etc.

Copyright

J. H. Maunder

108

O Godhead hid



1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

O Thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying,
O Bread that living art and vivifying,
Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live;
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

6.

O loving Pelican, O Jesu, Lord,
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy Blood,
Of which a single drop for sinners spilt,
Is ransom for a world's entire guilt.

7.

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

8.

O Shepherd of the Faithful,
O Jesus, gracious be:
Increase the faith of all
Who put their trust in Thee.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274
Tr. Fr. Castvall

Hymn Book (A). — 10

Sir Richard Terry

109

Ego sum panis vivus

E- go sum pa- nis vi- vus, * qui de cæ- lo de- scén- di :

1

si quis mandu- cá- ve- rit ex hoc pa- ne, vi- vet in æ-

tér- num : et pa- nis quem e- go da- bo, ca- ro me- a

est pro mundi vi- ta, al- le- lú- ia.

Antiphon for the Magnificat, Vespers, Ember Wednesday: Whitsuntide.

Ego sum panis vivus, qui
de cælo descendi : si
quis manducáverit ex hoc
pane, vivet in ætérnum :
et panis quem ego dabo, caro
mea est pro mundi vita, allelúia.

*I am the Living Bread which
came down from Heaven : if any
man eat of this Bread, he shall
live for ever : and the Bread that
I shall give is My Flesh for the
life of the world, allelúia.*

110

O Esca Viatorum

O e- sca vi- a- tó- rum, O pa- nis an- ge-

ló- rum, O man- na cæ- li- tum! E- su- ri- én- tes

ci- ba, Dul- cé- di- ne non pri- va Cor- da quæ- rén- ti- um.

1. O esca viatorum,
O panis angelorum,
O manna cælitum.
Esuriéntes ciba,
Dulcédi-ne non priva
Corda quæréntium.
2. O lympa, fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde prófluis.
Te sitiéntes pota,
Hæc sola nostra vota,
His una súfficit.
3. O Jesu, Tuum vultum,
Quem cólimus occúltum
Sub panis spécie:
Fac, ut remóto velo,
Post líbera in cælo
Cernámus ácie.

Tr. Fr. O'Connor

1. O Food of way-worn exiles,
O Bread of all the Angels,
O Manna of the Blest.
Come down to us that hunger,
And do not hide Thy sweetness
From hearts that truly seek.
2. O Love's unfailing well-spring,
That from the Heart of Jesus
Dost pour Thy shining flood.
Refresh our thirsty spirit
And drown all baser longing,
Thyself be all in all.
3. Thy blessed Face, O Jesu,
That even now we worship
Beneath the Bread's disguise;
May we at last in Heaven
Behold unveiled for ever
With free, enraptured eyes.

111

Ecce panis

1. Ecce pa-nis Ange-ló-rum, Factus ci-bus vi- a-tó-rum: Ve-re pa-nis
 2. In fi-gú-ris præ-signá-tur, Cum I-sa-ac im-mo-lá-tur: Agnus Paschæ



- fi-li-ó-rum, Non mit-tén-dus cá-ni-bus. 3. Bo-ne Pas-tor, Pa-nis
 de-pu-tá-tur: Da-tur man-na pá-tri-bus. 4. Tu, qui cuncta scis et



- va-les: Je-su, nostri mi-se-ré-re: Tu nos pa-sce, nos tu-é-re, Tu
 ve-re, Qui nos pas-cis hic mor-tá-les: Tu-os i-bi commensá-les, Co-



- nos bo-na fac vi-dé-re In ter-ra vi-vén-ti-um. A-men.
 hæ-ré-des et so-dá-les Fac sanctó-rum cí-vi-um. A-men.



1. Ecce Panis Angelórum,
 Factus cibus viatórum:
 Vere Panis filiórum,
 Non mittendus cánibus.
 2. In figuris præsignatur,
 Cum Isaac immolatur:
 Agnus Paschæ deputatur:
 Datur manna pátribus.

1. Lo! upon the Altar lies,
 Hidden deep from human eyes,
 Bread of Angels from the skies,
 Made the Food of mortal man.
 2. Children's meat, to dogs denied:
 In old types foreshadowed:
 In the manna heaven-supplied,
 Isaac, and the Paschal Lamb.

3. Bone Pastor, panis vere,
 Jesu nostri miserere:
 Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
 Tu nos bona fac videre
 In terra viventium.
 4. Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales:
 Qui nos pascis hic mortales:
 Tuos ibi commensales,
 Cohæredes et sodales
 Fac sanctórum civium.
 Amen. Alleluia.

3. Jesu, Shepherd, Bread indeed,
 Thou, take pity on our need:
 Thou Thy flock in safety feed,
 Thou protect us, Thou us lead
 To the land of heavenly grace.
 4. Thou, Who feedest us below,
 Source of all we have or know,
 Grant that, at Thy feast of Love,
 Sitting with the Saints above,
 We may see Thee face to face.
 Amen. Alleluia.

A. le Guemant from "Lauda Sion"
 With permission of the Editor
 Vve L. J. Biton,
 St.-Laurent-sur-Sèvre, France

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1264
 Tr. Fr. Caswall

112

Panis angelicus



- nis cæ-li-cus fi-gú-ris tér-mi-num: O res mi-rá-bi-lis! man-dú-



- cat Dó-mi-num Pau-per, ser-vus, et hú-mi-lis. A-men.



1. Panis angélicus fit panis hóminum;
 Dat panis cælicus figuris términum:
 O res mirabilis! manducat Dóminum
 Pauper, servus, et húmilis.
 2. Te Trina Déitas unáque póscimus,
 Sic nos tu visita, sicut te cólimus:
 Per tuas sémitas duc nos quo téndimus,
 Ad lucem quam inhábitas. Amen.

1. Thus Angel's bread is made the food of man to-day;
 The living Bread from heaven with figures doth away;
 O wondrous gift indeed! The poor and lowly may
 Upon their Lord and Master feed.
 2. O Triune Deity, to Thee we meekly pray,
 O may'st Thou visit us, as we our homage pay:
 And in Thy footsteps bright conduct us on our way
 To where Thou dwellest in cloudless light. Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas Tr. The Inner Court

113

Ave verum

A- ve ve-rum * Corpus na-tum de Ma- ri- a Vír- gi- ne :



Ve- re pas-sum, immo- lá- tum in cru- ce pro hó- mi- ne.



Cu- jus la- tus per-fo- rá- tum flu- xit a- qua et sán- gui- ne :



E- sto no- bis præ- gu- stá- tum mor- tis in ex- á- mi- ne.



O Je- su dul- cis! O Je- su pi- e! O



Je- su fi- li Ma- ri- æ.



1.

Ave verum Corpus, natum
De Maria virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum
In cruce pro homine.

2.

Cujus latus perforatum
Vero fluxit sanguine,
Esto nobis prægustatum
Mortis in examine.

O clemens, O pie,
O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariae.

Innocent VI
Tr. Fr. Caswall

1.

Hail to Thee, true Body, sprung
From the Virgin Mary's womb,
The same that on the Cross was hung
And bore for man the bitter doom.

2.

Thou Whose Side was pierced, and flowed
Both with water and with blood;
Suffer us to taste of Thee
In our life's last agony.

O kind, O loving One,
O sweet Jesu, Mary's Son!

From "Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien"
by Henri Potiron

114

Sweet Sacrament Divine

Sweet Sa- cra-ment Di- vine, Hid in Thine earthly home Lo!

round Thy low- ly shrine, With sup- pliant hearts we come: Je-

sus, to Thee our voice we raise, In songs of love and

heartfelt praise, Sweet Sa- cra-ment Di-vine! Sweet Sa- cra-ment Di- vine!

1. Sweet Sacrament Divine,
Hid in Thine earthly home,
Lo, round Thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.
2. Sweet Sacrament of Peace,
Dear Home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart;
There in Thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of mystery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace.

Fr. Stanfield

3. Sweet Sacrament of Rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of Rest.
4. Sweet Sacrament Divine,
Earth's Light and Jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's Majesty:
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament Divine.

Fr. Stanfield

115

Hail, Thou Living Bread

Hail, Thou Liv- ing Bread of Heav- en, Sa- cra-

ment of aw- ful might: I a- dore Thee, I a-

dore Thee, Eve- ry mo- ment, day and night.

1.

Hail, Thou Living Bread of Heaven,
Sacrament of awful might:
I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
Every moment, day and night.

2.

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

Italian "Vi adoro ogni momento"
Tr. Fr. Caswall

John Sewell
Adapted by W. Sewell

116

O Food that way-worn pilgrims love

O Food that way- worn pil- grims love, O Bread of An- gel-



hosts a- bove, O Man- na of the Saints, The hun- gry soul would



feed on Thee, Nor may the heart un- sol- aced be Which



for Thy sweetness faints, Which for Thy sweetness faints.



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

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

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

Tr. Fr. O'Connor

Dutch Melody

117

Quicumque certum quæritis

Qui-cum-que cer-tum quæ-ri- tis Re- bus le- vá-men ás-pe- ris,



Seu cul-pa mordet ánxí- a, Seu pœ- na vos pre- mit comes. A- men.



1. Quicumque certum quæritis
Rebus levámen áspéris,
Seu culpa mordet ánxia,
Seu pœna vos premit comes.

2. Jesu, qui ut agnus innocens
Sese immolándum trádidit,
Ad Cor reclusum vulnere,
Ad mite Cor accédite.

3. Audítis, ut suavíssimis
Invítet omnes vóci- bus :
Veníte, quos gravat labor,
Premítque pondus criminum.

4. Quid Corde Jesu mítius?
Jesum cruci qui affixerant
Excúsat, et Patrem rogat,
Ne perdat ultor ímpios.

5. O Cor volúptas cáelítum,
Cor fída spes mortálitum,
En híscé tracti vóci- bus,
Ad te vénimus súpplices.

6. Tu nostra terge vúlnera
Ex te fluén- te sán- guine:
Tu da novum cor ómnibus
Qui te gemén- tes ínvocant.
Amen.

1. Haste, all who 'mid life's thorny ways,
Sure comfort seek and peace and rest;
Haste, all by burning care weighed down,
By sharp and bitter pain oppress.

2. To Jesu haste, the spotless Lamb,
The Lamb by love for sinners slain,
Haste to His meek and wounded Heart,
The solace sweet for every pain.

3. O list those sweet and loving words,
His mercy list, His ardent call :
"To Me, poor weary wanderers, haste;
Haste all oppress by sin's dark thrall."

4. O, say what heart more sweet, more meek,
Than His, Who nailed unto the Cross,
Doth for His murderers mercy beg,
To ward away their souls' sad loss?

5. O Heart, the joy of heavenly hosts,
Of man the hope, the only stay,
Drawn by Thy sweet and loving voice,
To Thee we haste and humbly pray.

6. O, free us from our sinful stains,
And wash us in Thy saving gore,
A new heart give to all who now
With weeping hearts Thy love implore.
Amen.

XVIII. Cent.
Tr. J. G. Potter
Annus Sanctus

From the Reverend
Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes
Accep't: Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

118

Auctor beate sæculi

Auctor be- a- te sæ- cu- li, Chri- ste Re-dém-ptor

7

ómni- um, Lu-men Pa- tris de lú-mi- ne, De- ús- que ve- rus

de De- o. A- men.

1. Auctor beate sæculi,
Christe Redemptor omnium,
Lumen Patris de lumine,
Deusque verus de Deo.
2. Amor coëgit te tuus
Mortale corpus sumere,
Ut novus Adam redderes
Quod vetus ille abstulerat.
3. Ille amor almus artifex
Terre marisque et siderum,
Errata patrum miserans,
Et nostra rumpens vincula.
4. Non corde discédât tuo
Vis illa amoris inclyti:
Hoc fonte gentes hauriant
Remissionis gratiam.
5. Percussum ad hoc est lancea,
Passumque ad hoc est vulnere,
Ut nos lavaret sordibus
Unda fluente, et sanguine.
6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui Corde fundis gratiam,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

XVIII. Cent. Tr. Fr. Caswall

1. Jesu Creator of the world,
Of all mankind Redeemer blest:
True God of God! In Whom we see
The Father's Image clear express'd.
2. Thee, Saviour, love alone constrained
To make our mortal flesh Thine own,
And as a second Adam come
For the first, Adam to atone.
5. That self-same love which made the sky,
Which made the sea and stars and earth,
Took pity on our misery
And broke the bondage of our birth.
4. O Jesu! In Thy Heart Divine
May that same love for ever glow,
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow.
5. For this Thy Sacred Heart was pierc'd,
And both with blood and water ran
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.
6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Who from Thy Heart dost grace outpour,
With Father and with Holy Ghost
Through endless ages evermore.
Amen.

119

Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te

Di- gná- re me, O Je- su, ro- go te, In

cor- dis vúl- ne- re abscón-de- re, Per- mít- te me hic ví-

ve- re, In tu- o lá- te- re qui- és- ce- re.

By permission of Messrs. Burns, Oates, Washbourne and the Executors of Sir Richard Terry.

1. Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te,
In cordis vulnere adscendere,
Permitte me hic vivere,
In tuo latere quiescere.
2. Si præparet dæmon insidias,
Et mundus offerat divitias,
In tuo corde tutus sum,
In tuo latere securus sum.
3. Fallacior si caro lúbricis
Mentem exagitet blanditiis,
Nil metuo, hic tutus sum,
Est meum latus hoc refugium.
4. Si óculos claudat fatális sors,
Et vitam términet ferális mors,
O Jesu, ne dimitte me,
Da tuo moriar in latere.

17th Century
Tr. Sir. H. W. Baker

1. Jesu, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy heart to stay:
Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded side.
2. If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.
3. If the flesh, more dangerous still
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Naught I fear when I abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.
4. Death will come one day to me;
Jesu, cast me not from Thee:
Dying let me still abide
In Thy heart and wounded side.

From a Scottish Psalter, 1635
Arranged by Sir Richard Terry

120

O Sacred Heart, all blissful Light

O Sa- cred Heart, all bliss- ful Light of Hea- ven,



Rap- ture of An- gels, beam- ing ev- er bright



Ra- vish- ing joys, in rich and ra- diant splen- dour,



Flow from Thy glo- ry in tor- rents of de- light.



1.

O Sacred Heart, all blissful Light of Heaven,
Rapture of Angels, beaming ever bright,
Ravishing joys, in rich and radiant splendour,
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of delight.

2.

O Sacred Heart, O Hope of sinners' sorrow,
Rest of the weary, careworn and depressed;
Sweetly lead home earth's lone estranged exiles,
Where 'neath Thy love we may lie down and rest.

3.

O Sacred Heart, Thy light is softly rising
O'er the dark night of England's cheerless gloom;
Bright dawns the day of Faith's undying glory,
Sweetly Thou seekest a loved but long-lost home.

4.

O Sacred Heart, as strains of softest rapture,
Sweet falls the music of that voice so blest;
"Come unto Me, all ye who mourn and labour,
Come heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

5.

O Sacred Heart, when shades of death are falling,
Gather Thy children 'neath the wings of love;
Hush us to rest in Thine own gentle mercy,
Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms above.

6.

O Sacred Heart, what bliss, what thrilling rapture,
E'er to rest near Thee on Thine own bright shore;
Ever to gaze upon Thy beaming splendour,
Never to part — to weep, to mourn no more.

Fr. Stanfield

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

121

To Christ, the Prince of peace

To Christ, the Prince of peace, And Son of God most high, The



Fa-ther of the world to come, We lift our joy-ful cry.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. To Christ, the Prince of peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry. | 3. O Jesus, Victim blest,
What else but love Divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of Thine? |
| 2. Deep in His Heart for us
The wound of love He bore,
That love which He enkindles still
In hearts that Him adore. | 4. O wondrous Fount of love,
O Well of waters free,
O heavenly Flame, refining Fire,
O burning Charity. |
| 5. Hide us in Thy dear Heart,
Jesus, our Saviour blest,
So shall we find Thy plenteous grace,
And Heaven's eternal rest. | |

"Summi parentis filio"
Tr. Fr. Caswall & Others

Orlando Gibbons
1583-1625

122

I dwell a captive in this Heart

I dwell a cap-tive in this Heart, On fire with love di-



vine; 'Tis here I live a-lone in peace, And cons-tant joy is



mine. It is the Heart of God's own Son In His hu-man-i-



ty, Who, all enam-oured of my soul, Here burns with love of me.



1.

I dwell a captive in this Heart,
On fire with love divine;
'Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the Heart of God's own Son
In His humanity,
Who, all enamoured of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.

2.

Here like the dove within the ark
Securely I repose;
Since now the Lord is my defence,
I fear no earthly foes.
What though I suffer, still in love
I ever true will be;
My love of God shall deeper grow
When crosses fall on me.

3.

From every bond of earth, O Lord,
Thy grace hath set me free;
My soul, delivered from the snare,
Enjoys true liberty.
Nought more can I desire than this,
To see Thy Face in Heaven;
And this I hope, since He on earth
His Heart in pledge hath given.

St. Alphonsus Liguori † 1787
Tr. Fr. Vaughan C. S.S.R.

Hymn Book (A). — 11

Frederick W. Helmsely

123

Jesus, Creator of the world

Je- sus, Cre- a- tor of the world, Of all man-
 kind Re- deem- er blest; True God of God! In Whom we
 see The Fath- er's Im- age clear ex- pressed.

1. Jesus, Creator of the world,
 Of all mankind Redeemer blest;
 True God of God! In Whom we see
 The Father's Image clear expressed.

2. Thee, Saviour, love alone constrained
 To make our mortal flesh Thine own,
 And as a second Adam come
 For the first Adam to atone.

3. That self-same love which made the sky,
 Which made the sea and stars and earth,
 Took pity on our misery
 And broke the bondage of our birth.

4. O Jesus! In Thy Heart Divine
 May that same love for ever glow,
 For ever mercy to mankind
 From that exhaustless fountain flow.

5. For this Thy Sacred Heart was pierced,
 And both with blood and water ran
 To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
 And be the hope and strength of man.

6. Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
 Who from Thy Heart dost grace outpour,
 With Father and with Holy Ghost
 Through endless ages evermore.

"Auctor beate sæculi"
 XVIII. Cent. Tr. Fr. Caswall

J. Clark 1670-1707

II

PROPER OF SAINTS

164

Dec. 3
St Francis Xavier

124

My God, I love Thee

My God, I love Thee, not be- cause I hope for Heav'n there-by:



Nor yet be- cause who love Thee not, Must burn e- ter- nal- ly.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby:
Nor yet because who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally. | 4. Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell; |
| 2. Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nail and spear,
And manifold disgrace. | 5. Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord. |
| 3. And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself-and all for one
Who was Thine enemy. | 6. E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King. |

St. Francis Xavier S. J. † 1552
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Laurence Ampleforth

Dec. 8
The Immaculate Conception

125

Mary Immaculate

Ma- ry Im- ma- cu- late Star of the morn- ing,

Dec. 8
The Immaculate Conception

165

Chos- en be- fore the cre- a- tion be- gan,



Cho- sen to bring, in the light of thy dawn- ing,



Woe to the ser- pent and res- cue to man.



1. Mary Immaculate, Star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, in the light of thy dawning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.
2. Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness
Veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run:
Now thou art throned in all glory and gladness,
Crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.
3. Sinners, we worship thy sinless perfection;
Fallen and weak, for thy pity we plead:
Grant us the shield of thy sovereign perfection,
Measure thine aid by the depth of our need.
4. Frail is our nature and strict our probation,
Watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong;
Succour our souls in the hour of temptation,
Mary Immaculate, tender and strong.
5. See how the wiles of the serpent assail us,
See how we waver and flinch in the fight:
Let thine immaculate merit avail us,
Make of our weakness a proof of thy might.
6. Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying,
Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod:
Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
Mary Immaculate, Mother of God.

F. W. Weatherell

French Christmas Carol

126

O Virgo pulcherrima

1. O Virgo pul-chér-ri-ma! O Ma-ter mel-lí-flu-a! O De-i fi-li-a!

2. O stel-la cla-ris-si-ma! O ro-sa pu-ris-si-ma! O pascens lí-li-a!

3. O lu-men lú-mi-num! O flos con-vál-li-um! O la-bis né-sci-a.

4. O de-cus vír-gi-num! O spes fi-dé-li-um! O ple-na grá-ti-a.

5. Fac nos tu-um Fí-li-um a-má-re in per-pé-tu-um, Ma-ter pi-a.

6. Ac per-duc in gáu-di-um o-lym-pi su-a-vís-simum. O Ma-rí-a.

1.
O Virgo pulcherrima,
O Mater melliflua,
O Dei filia.

2.
O stella clarissima,
O rosa purissima,
O pascens lilium.

3.
O lumen luminum,
O flos convallium,
O labis nescia.

4.
O decus virginum,
O spes fidelium,
O plena gratia.

5.
Fac nos tuum Filium
Amare in perpetuum,
Mater pia.

6.
Ac perduc in gaudium
Olympi suavissimum,
O Maria.

1.
*O Virgin in beauty excelling,
O Mother by sweetness compelling,
O Daughter, God's glory e'er telling.*

2.
*O Star of the Heavens most brilliant,
O Rose in thy pureness transparent,
To virtue a constant incitement.*

3.
*O shining example of holiness,
O wonderful flower of lowliness,
O handwork of God in thy sinlessness*

4.
*O glory of virgins for ever,
O hope of souls, failing us never,
O Mary, full of Grace.*

5.
*Let us love thy dear Son never faltering,
With a love such as thine never altering,
O tender Mother of God.*

6.
*And lead us when this life is o'er
To Heaven to reign evermore
In blissful joy, O Mary.*

Tr. S. N. D.

Dom Pothier O. S. B.
From "Cantus Mariales"
J. de Gigord, Paris.

127

Alma Parens

1. Al-ma Pa-rens, o-mni ca-rens Cor-ru-pté-læ má-cu-la, Quam
2. Cle-mens, præ-sta ut qui fe-sta Tu-a gau-dent có-le-re, Gra-



e-lé-git qui confré-git Di-ræ mor-tis vín-cu-la. 3. Pri-mum qui
tu-léi-tur et læ-tén-tur Ve-ræ lu-cis lú-mi-ne. 4. Ma-ter De-



dem no-bis fi-dem Tu-is au-ge pré-ci-bus, Spe-la-bén-tes firma men-
i No-stræ spe-i Cau-sa et ex-ór-di-um, Au-fer bel-la et fla-gél-



tes, Ca-ri-tá-te ró-bo-ra. 5. E-ge-nó-rum et vinctó-rum Conso-
la, Fa-men, per-tem, glá-di-um. 6. Pax et qui-es nostros di-es Fá-ci-



lá-re gé-mi-tum: Fa-ve vo-tis, dans ægró-tis Optá-tum re-mé-di-
ant læ-tis-si-mos: In-i-mí-cos, fac a-mí-cos, Se-da ma-los hó-mi-



um. 7. O Ma-rí-a, Ma-ter pi-a, Tu-um da sub-sí-di-um: Ut
nes. 8. Pa-ter De-us, Fi-li De-us, De-us Al-me Spí-ri-tus, Per



regné-mus et lau-dé-mus Tu-um semper Fí-li-um.
æ-tér-na nos gu-bér-na Sæ-cla, De-us Trí-ni-tas. A-men.



1. Alma parens, omni carens
Corruptelæ macula,
Quam elegit qui confrégit
Diræ mortis vincula.
2. Clemens, præsta ut qui festa
Tua gaudent còlere,
Gratulentur et lætèntur
Veræ lucis lúmìne.
3. Primum quidem nobis fidem
Tuis auge précibus,
Spe labèntes firma mentes,
Caritáte róbora.
4. Mater Dei! Nostræ spei
Causa et exórdium,
Aufer bella et flagélla,
Famen, pestem, gládium.
5. Egenórum et vinctórum
Consoláre gémitum:
Fave votis, dans ægrótiis
Optátum remédium.
6. Pax et quies nostros dies
Fáciant lætíssimos:
Inimicos fac amícos,
Seda malos hómines.
7. O María, mater pia,
Tuum da subsidium:
Ut regnémus et laudémus
Tuum semper Fílium.
8. Pater Deus, Fili Deus,
Deus Alme Spíritus,
Per ætérna nos gubérna
Sæcla, Deus Trínitas.
Amen.

1. Holy Mother, all unknowing
Lightest taint or stain of sin,
Whom He chose that brake death's fetters,
Showing forth His love therein.
2. Grant in mercy that thy people,
Gladsome in thy festal rite,
Find their joy and bliss for ever
In the very light of light.
3. First of faith, by thy beseeching
Gain us increase from above,
Stay with hope the hearts that falter,
Strengthen and confirm in love.
4. God's own Mother, cause and fountain
Of the hope our hearts enjoy,
Drive all wars and scourges from us,
Famine, plague and strife destroy.
5. Heed the cries and lamentations
Of the prisoner and the poor:
Grant their vows, and to the ailing
Wished-for health and strength restore.
6. Grant that quiet peace be with us,
Making all our life-days sweet,
Foes make friends, all hate dispelling,
Bring the wicked to thy feet.
7. Holy Mary, loving Mother,
Grant to all thy sons thine aid,
Till enthroned we praise for ever
Christ, thy Child, His fellows made.
8. God the Father, Son co-equal,
Holy Spirit, praise to Thee:
Rule us ever through the ages,
Co-Eternal Trínity.
Amen.

St. Anselm † 1109
Tr. "The Inner Court"

Acqpt. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

128

Ave Maris stella

Harmony for Verses 1, 3, 5 and 7.

1. A- ve ma- ris stel- la, De- i ma- ter- al- ma,

Atque semper Vir-go Fe- lix cæ- li por- ta. A- men. *To end.*

For Verses 2, 4 and 6.

Su- mens il- lud A- ve Ga- bri- é- lis o- re, Fun-

da nos in pa- ce, Mu- tans He- væ no- men.

1.

Ave Maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cæli porta.

2.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

3.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4.

Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

5.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

6.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter paræ tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætémur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

Authorship uncertain
Tr. Fr. Caswall

1.

Hail thou star of ocean!
Portal of the sky!
Ever Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most high!

2.

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,
Uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
Stablish peace below.

3.

Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

4.

Show thyself a Mother;
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise.

5.

Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

6.

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

7.

Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.
Amen.

129

O Sion, open wide thy gates

O Si- on, o- pen wide thy gates, Let
fig- ures dis- ap- pear; A Priest and Vic- tim,
both in one, The Truth Him- self is here.

1. O Sion, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.
2. No more the simple flock shall bleed;
Behold, the Father's Son
Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.
3. Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

From the Latin of J. B. de Santeuil
Tr. Fr. Caswall & Others

M. Greene
1696-1755

130

Joy! Joy! the Mother comes

Joy! Joy! the Mo- ther comes, And in her arms she
brings The Light of all the world, The Christ, the King of
Kings; And in her heart the while All si- lent- ly she sings.

1. Joy! Joy! the Mother comes, and in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world, the Christ, the King of Kings;
And in her heart the while all silently she sings.
2. Saint Joseph follows near, in rapture lost and love,
While Angels round about in glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods the Everlasting Dove.
3. There in the temple court doth Simeon's heart beat high,
And Anna feeds her soul with food of prophecy;
But see! The shadows pass, the world's True Light draws nigh.
4. O Infant God, O Christ, O Light most beautiful,
Thou comest Joy of Joys all darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth beside, Thy Light are dull.

Fr. Faber † 1863

Italian Melody

174

Feb. 11
Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes

131

Omnis expertem maculæ Mariam

O-mnis expér- tem má-cu-læ Ma-ri- am, E-do- cet



summus fi-de- i ma- gis- ter: Vir- gi- nis gau- dens



cé- le-brat fi- dé- lis Ter- ra tri- úm-phum.



1.

Omnis expertem maculæ Mariam,
Edocet summus fidei magister:
Virginis gaudens celebrat fidelis
Terra triumphum.

2.

Ipsa se præbens humili puellæ,
Virgo spectandam, récreat paventem,
Seque conceptam sine labe, sancto
Prædicat ore.

1.

Lo! Mary is exempt from stain of sin,
Proclaims the Pontiff high:
And earth, applauding, celebrates with joy
Her triumph, far and nigh.

2.

Unto a lowly timid maid she shows
Her form in beauty fair,
And the Immaculate Conception truth
Her sacred lips declare.

Feb. 11
Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes

175

3.

O specus felix, decorâte divæ
Matris aspectu! venerânda rupes,
Unde vitæ scaturiens pleno
Gurgite lymphæ.

4.

Huc catervatim pia turba nostris,
Huc ab externis peregrina terris
Affluit supplex, et opem poténtis
Virginis orat.

5.

Excipit Mater lácrimas precántum,
Donat optátam miseris salutem:
Compos hinc voti pátrias ad oras
Turba revértit.

6.

Súpplicum Virgo, miseráta casus,
Semper O nostros réfove labóres,
Impetrans mæstris bona sempitérnæ
Gáudia vitæ.

7.

Sit decus Patri, genitæque Proli,
Et tibi compar utriúsque Virtus,
Spiritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Témporis ævo.
Amen.

Author unknown
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

3.

O honoured cave, by Mary's smile adorned!
O hallowed rock, whence spring
The living waters of a gushing stream,
The gifts of life to bring.

4.

And thither from the farthest bounds of earth
The pilgrims wend their way,
And suppliant around the Virgin's shrine
Her powerful help they pray.

5.

The sufferers' cry the Mother fondly hears,
And grants the longed-for grace:
And health restored, the pilgrim throng returns
Unto its native place.

6.

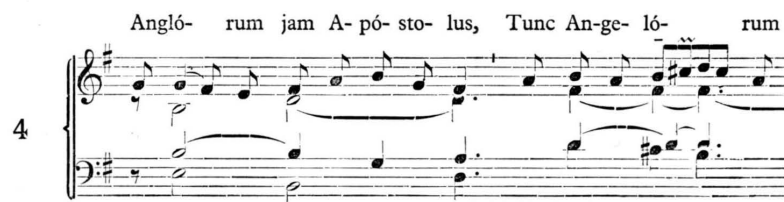
O Virgin! Have compassion on our needs,
Refresh us labouring on:
Obtain for us the joys of heavenly life
When sorrow all is gone.

7.

All praise and honour to the Father be,
And to His only Son,
And to the Spirit, Power of both for aye,
In Godhead ever One.
Amen.

132

Anglorum jam Apostolus



só- ci- us, Ut tunc, Gre- gó- ri, gén- ti- bus,



Su- cúr- re jam cre- dén- ti- bus.



1.

Anglórum jam Apóstolus,
Nunc Anglórum sócius,
Ut tunc, Gregóri, géntibus,
Succúrre jam credéntibus.

2.

Tu largas opum cópias,
Omnémque mundi glóriam
Spernis, ut inops inopem
Jesum sequáris princípem.

1.

*Of Angles once apostle thou,
Companion of the Angels now,
O Gregory, protect our race
By faith in Christ restored to grace.*

2.

*Earth's wealth and riches thou didst spurn,
And from its dazzling glory turn
To follow, needy, Christ the King,
Like Him, too, lacking everything.*

3.

Vidétur egens náufragus,
Dum stipem petit Angelus,
Tu munus jam post géminum,
Præbes et vas argénteum.

4.

Ex hoc te Christus témpore,
Suæ præfert Ecclésiæ :
Sic Petri gradum pèrcipis,
Cujus et normam séqueris.

5.

Mella cor obdulcántia
Tua distillant lábia :
Fragrántum vim arómatum
Tuum vincit elóquium.

6.

Scripturæ sacrae mýstica
Mire solvis ænigmata :
Theórica myséria
Te docet ipsa Véritas.

7.

Tu nactus apostólicam
Vicem simul et glóriam :
Nos solve culpæ nexibus,
Redde polórum sédibus.

8.

O Póntifex egrégie,
Lux et decus Ecclésiæ,
Non sinas in periculis,
Quos tot mandátis instruis.

9.

Sit Patri laus ingénito,
Sit decus Unigénito :
Sit utriúsque párii
Majestas summa Flámini.
Amen.

St. Peter Damian
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

3.

*On outstretched hand thou dost bestow
Two coins, a silver dish, when lo!
'Neath shipwrecked, sorry garb concealed,
A noble Angel stands revealed.*

4.

*Thenceforth Christ sets thee o'er His fold
His Church to rule, His place to hold;
To Peter's honours thou art led,
For in his steps thou firm didst tread.*

5.

*Thy words as honey sweet impart
A strength that conquers every heart:
Than fragrant perfume stronger still,
The wisdom that thy lips distil.*

6.

*With wondrous skill thou dost unfold
Of Holy Writ the depths untold:
The mysteries of Divinity
The Truth Himself did teach to thee.*

7.

*O thou, who Peter's charge didst share,
The Apostle's crown alike dost wear,
Now set us free from bonds of sin
That thrones in Heaven we too may win.*

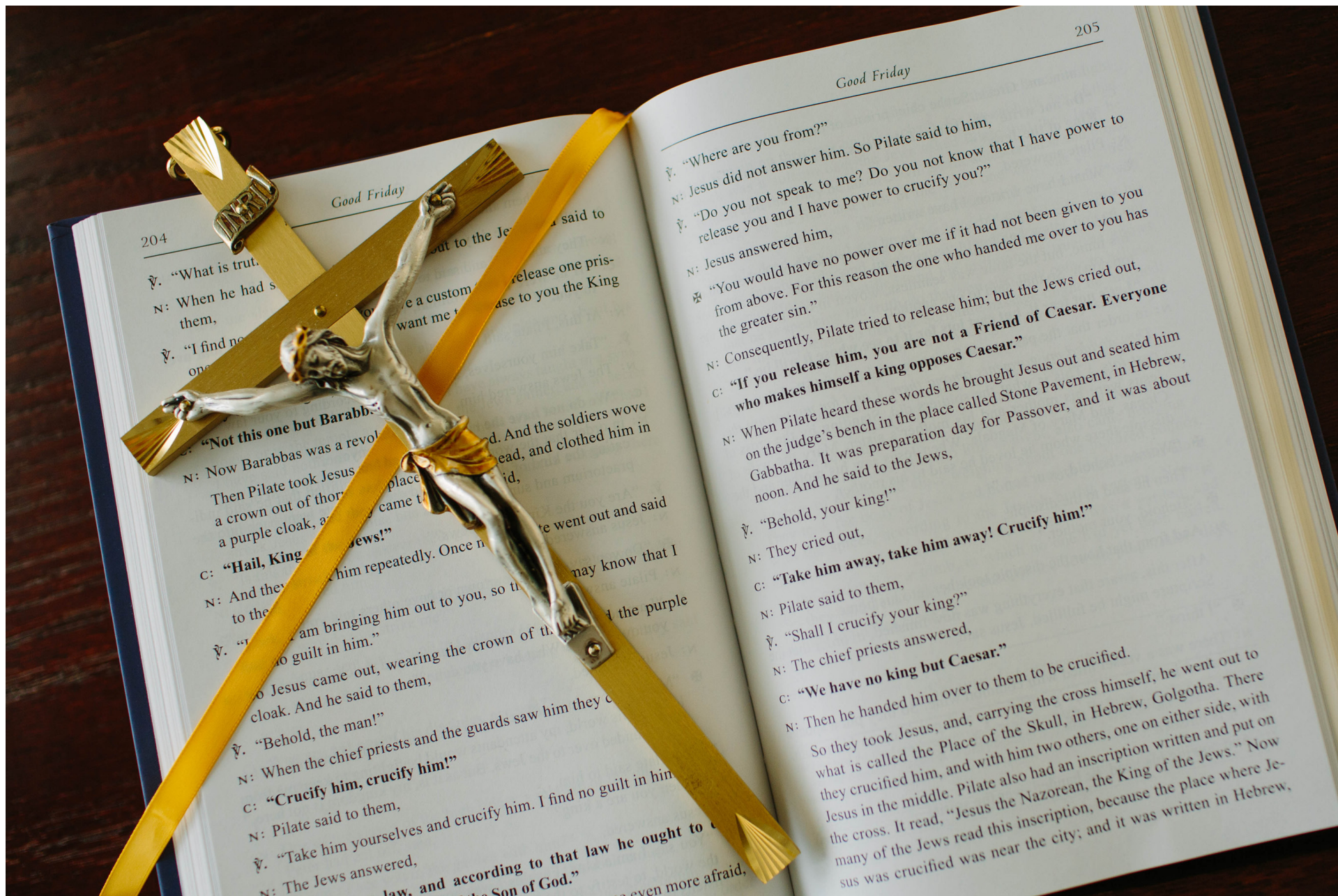
8.

*O Pontiff, high above all praise,
The Church's light in thousand ways,
O leave us not in dangers sore,
Once taught and guided by thy lore.*

9.

*All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
And equal glory, as is meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete.
Amen.*

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.



178

March 17
St. Patrick

133

Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ

Fa-ther of all those far- scattered sons of Christ Where- in sad
E- rin hath the mo- ther's claim, Lo, four- teen cen- tu- ries
And shores of all the seas Mu- sic make to God in thy migh-ty name.

1.
Father of all those far-scattered sons of Christ
Wherein sad Erin hath the mother's claim,
Lo, fourteen centuries
And shores of all the seas
Music make to God in thy mighty name.

2.
Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered
Till every sobbing gale [peace,
Sang thee the Irish wail,
Pleading with the night for the day's release.

5.
O by thy last sublime and prevailing prayer,
Poured where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
May we through every clime
And in each faithless time
Show thy might with God and His might in thee.

Fr. O'Connor

From "Laude Spirituali" 1710

3.
Fresh from the field where foes of th' Incarnate Son
Sank, ne'er to rise beneath the word of Rome;
Thou, binding fast to thee
Christ and the Trinity,
Camest, white-haired man o'er the white sea-foam.

4.
Christ in thy heart, and Christ upon either hand,
Christ's is the land wherein thy feet have trod,
Make us for evermore
As those our sires of yore,
Faithful and beloved of the Triune God.

March 17
St. Patrick

179

134

Christ before me

Christ be- fore me, Christ be- hind, Christ a-
lone my heart to bind, Christ be- neath me, Christ a-
bove, Christ a- round with Arms of Love. Christ in
all who look on me, Christ on ev- 'ry face I see.

1. Christ before me, Christ behind,
Christ alone my heart to bind,
Christ beneath me, Christ above,
Christ around with Arms of Love,
Christ in all who look on me,
Christ on ev'ry face I see.

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

From "By-Paths to the Presence of God"

J. S. Bach

180

March 19
St. Joseph

135

Dear Husband of Mary

Dear Hus-band of Ma- ry, Dear Nurse of her Child, Life's ways are full



wea- ry, the de- sert is wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no



home can we see, Sweet Spouse of Our La- dy, we lean up- on thee.



By kind permission of Messrs. Cary & Co. London.

1. Dear Husband of Mary, dear Nurse of her Child,
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, we lean upon thee.
2. For thou to the pilgrim art Father, and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
O Blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, if thou wert with me.
3. O Blessed Saint Joseph, how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
The Father of Jesus — Ah, then wilt thou be,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, a Father to me?
4. When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth,
O Father of Jesus, be Father to me,
Sweet Spouse of Our Lady, and I will love thee.

Fr. Faber

A. E. Tozer

March 21
St. Benedict

181

136

Inter æternas superum

In- ter æ- tér-nas sú-pe-rum co-ró-nas, Quas sa-cro



par tas ré-ti-nent a-gó-ne, E-mi-cas cel-sis



mé-ri-tis co-rú-sus, O Be-ne-dí-cte.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Inter æternas súperum corónas,
Quas sacro partas rétinent agóne,
Emicas celsis méritis corúscus,
O Benedicte. | 1. Of all Eternity's bright diadems
In faith's high combat won,
Brighter than thine, celestial Benedict,
There glitter none. |
| 2. Sancta te compsit púerum senectus,
Nil sibi de te rápuít volúptas,
Aruit mundi tibi flos ad alta
Mente leváto. | 2. Pleasure in thee had naught: the grace of age
Was o'er thy boyhood shed:
All dust to thee the world's fair bloom, whose heart
To Heaven had fled. |
| 3. Hinc fuga lapsus, pátriam paréntes
Déseris, fervens némorum colónus;
Edomas carnem, subigisque Christo
Tortor acérbus. | 3. Country and home abandoned for the depths
Of the lone forest rude:
There, while to Christ thy soul, self-mastering,
The flesh subdued. |
| 4. Ne diu tutus latébras fovéres,
Signa te produnt óperum piórum;
Spárgitur felix céleri per orbem
Fama volátu. | 4. Lo, thee unknown thy peerless miracles
A Saint of God display:
And forth through all the world thy glory speeds
On wings of day. |
| 5. Glória Patri, genitáque proli
Et Tibi compar utriúsque semper,
Spiritus alme, Deus unus, omni
Témpore sæcli. Amen. | 5. Glory eternal to the Father be
And sole-begotten Son,
With Thee, great Paraclete: Eternal Three
And Trinal One. Amen. |

Benedictine Office
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.

137

Gabriel to Mary went

Ga- bri- el to Ma- ry went, A migh- ty mes- sage



bare he; Deep in awe the maid- en bent To hear the first "Hail



Ma- ry." He spoke as soft as sum- mer air: "Hail!



first a- mong the pure and fair! Thou, un- defi- led, Shalt



bear a Child All glo- rious: Sal- va- tion is through Him: By



thee He comes vic- to- rious, O Queen of Se- ra- phim!"



1.

Gabriel to Mary went, —
A mighty message bare he;
Deep in awe the maiden bent
To hear the first "Hail Mary."
He spoke as soft as summer air:
"Hail, first among the pure and fair.
Thou, undefiled,
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious:
Salvation is through Him:
By thee He comes victorious,
O Queen of Seraphim!"

2.

"How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man has never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3.

Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee, O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel, behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord."

4.

Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banished untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name efulgent
From exile call us home.

Paraphrase of "Angelus ad Virginem"
by Fr. O'Connor

13th Century Melody
harmonized by S. P. Waddington

138

Angelus ad Virginem

7

An- ge- lus ad Vir- gi- nem Sub- in- trans in con- clá- ve,
Vir- gi- nis formí- di- nem De- múl- cens, inquit: "A- ve;
A- ve Re- gí- na Vir- gi- num! Cæ- li, ter- ræ- que Dó- mi- num
Concí- pi- es, Et pá- ri- es In- tá- cta Sa- lú- tem hó- mi- num.

Tu cæ- li por- ta fa- cta Me- dé- la crí- mi- num." A- men.

1. Angelus ad Virginem
Subintrans in conclave,
Virginis formidinem
Demulcens inquit, "Ave;
Ave Regina Virginum;
Cæli terræque Dominum
Concipies
Et paries
Intacta
Salutem hominum;
Tu cæli porta facta
Medela criminum."

2. "Quomodo conciperem
Quæ virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem
Quæ firma mente vovi?"
"Spiritus Sancti gratia
Perficiet hæc omnia.
Ne timeas,
Sed gaudeas,
Secura
Quod castimonia
Manebit in te pura
Dei potentia."

3. Ad hæc Virgo nobilis
Respondens inquit ei:
"Ancilla sum humilis
Omnipotentis Dei.
Tibi cælesti nuntio,
Tanti secreti consilio
Consentians
Et cupiens
Videre
Factum quod audio,
Parata sum parere
Dei consilio."

4. Eia Mater Domini,
Quæ pacem reddidisti
Angelis et homini,
Cum Christum genuisti;
Tuum exora Filium
Ut se nobis propitium
Exhibeat,
Et deleat
Peccata:
Præstans auxilium
Vita frui beata
Post hoc exsilium.

1. Gabriel to Mary went,
A mighty message bare he;
Deep in awe the Maiden bent
To hear the first "Hail Mary."
He spoke as soft as summer air:
"Hail, first among the pure and fair!"
"Thou undefiled
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious:
Salvation is through Him:
By thee He comes victorious
O Queen of Seraphim!"

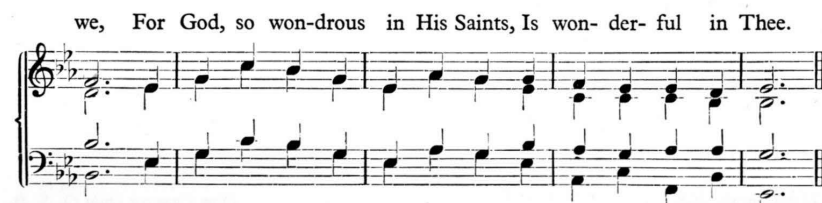
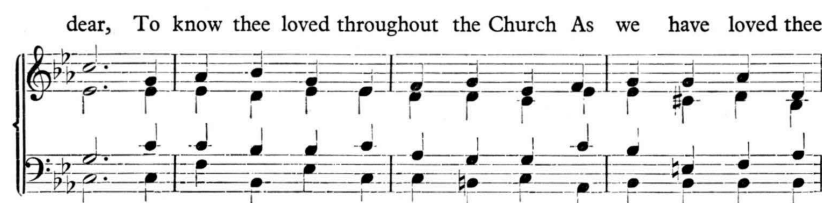
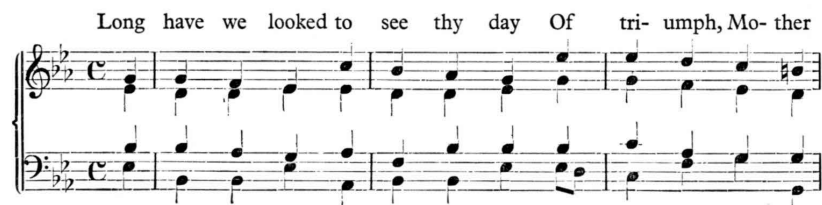
2. "How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man hath never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3. Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee, O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent,
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel, behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord."

4. Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banished untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name effulgent
From exile call us home.

139

Long have we looked to see thy day



1.

Long have we looked to see thy day
Of triumph, Mother dear,
To know thee loved throughout the Church
As we have loved thee here;
To see the Faithful, too, rise up
And call thee blest as we;
For God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Is wonderful in thee.

2.

A spark from out the Heart of Christ
Fell early on thy breast,
And thou wouldst seek for "little souls"
In simple, touching quest.
Sweet child-apostle, teaching thus
The babes of Picardy,
God, Who is wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

3.

Like Jesus, thou didst pass thy youth
So oft in labour rude,
Then for long years wast crucified
In pain and solitude.
Thy body bound, thy soul soared up
On wings of ecstasy,
And God, so wondrous in His Saints
Was wonderful in thee.

4.

Men hunted thee from place to place,
When faith and love were cold,
Because thy valiant word of fire
Made weaker spirits bold.
Martyr in will, no tempest shook
Thy soul's most tranquil sea,
For God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

5.

Healed in the Name of that dear Heart
To which thy life was sworn,
Within its rift of love and pain
Thy Company was born.
Around the Cross, in vision blest,
Didst thou the children see
Whom God, still wondrous in His Saints,
Drew wondrously to thee.

6.

That "God is good" was all thy song
Throughout thy thorny ways,
His Mother's sweet Magnificat
Thy dying note of praise.
O may thy large and simple faith
Our strength and gladness be,
Since God, so wondrous in His Saints,
Was wonderful in thee.

7.

And may we walk with lifted eyes
As God's own children should,
Our hand locked trustingly in His
Because He is so good.
O Blessed Julie, keep our hearts
Strong, tender, true and free
For God, yet wondrous in His Saints,
Is wonderful in thee.

S. N. D.

Dr. Meeres

140

Leader now on earth no longer

Lea-der now on earth no lon-ger, Sol-dier of the Eter-nal King,



Vic-tor in the fight for Hea-ven We thy lov-ing prais-es sing.



Chorus:

Great Saint George, our Pa-tron, help us, In the con-flict be thou nigh,



Help us in that dail-y bat-tle Where each one must win or die.



1.

Leader now on earth no longer,
Soldier of the Eternal King,
Victor in the fight for Heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.

Great Saint George, our Patron, help us,
In the conflict be thou nigh,
Help us in that daily battle
Where each one must win or die.

2.

Praise him who in deadly battle
Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthly weapon,
Gave his life for Christ the Lord.

Great Saint etc.

3.

Who, when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown,
Fought, and won a nobler glory, —
Won the Martyr's purple crown.

Great Saint etc.

4.

Help us when temptation presses,
We have still our crown to win;
Help us when our soul is weary
Fighting with the powers of sin.

Great Saint etc.

5.

Clothe us with thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand,
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onwards towards the heavenly land.

Great Saint etc.

6.

Onward, till, our striving over,
On life's battle-field we fall,
Resting then, but ever ready,
Waiting for the Angel's call.

Great Saint etc.

Fr. Reeks

French Melody

190

May 4
The English Martyrs

141

Martyrs of England

Mar- tyrs of Eng- land, stand- ing on high, Strong war- rior-
band of the Great White Throne; Mar- tyrs of Eng- land,
list to our cry, Pray for the coun- try you called your own.

1. Martyrs of England, standing on high,
Strong warrior-band of the Great White
Martyrs of England, list to our cry, [Throne,
Pray for the country you called your own.

2. You are no strangers from far-off land,
Nor are you heroes of long ago;
Our English speech you well understand,
Our towns and valleys and hills you know.

3. Nighest to us of that white-robed Host:
Bound to our hearts as our kith and kin:
Get us the love that counts not the cost,
That knows no fear but the fear of sin.

4. Martyrs of England, O keep us true,
True to our Master, whate'er the pain,
Martyrs of England, we look to you,
Win our dear country to Christ again.

9. King of the Martyrs, lo, these are they
Whose blood for Thee in our land was given;
King of the Martyrs, Thy children pray
Crown them on earth as Thou hast in Heaven.

S. N. D.

Fr. Lancelot Long. Mus. B.

May 4
The English Martyrs

191

142

O Lord, behold the suppliant band

O Lord, be- hold the supp- liant band That kneels be- fore Thy
Throne; Come back, come back un- to the land That once was all Thine own.

1. O Lord, behold the suppliant band
That kneels before Thy Throne;
Come back, come back unto the land
That once was all Thine own.

2. By all Thy toil, by all Thy pain,
By every sigh and tear,
We pray Thee, let not Satan gain
The souls that cost so dear.

3. Remember, Lord, Thy mercies old,
Thy grace so freely given,
When nations thronged into Thy fold,
Intent on gaining heaven.

4. Remember how "Our Lady's Dower"
Was England's glorious name:
O bid her show her former power,
Her ancient right reclaim.

9. May laymen, like Saint Thomas More,
Their faith o'er all esteem,
And by a life as brave and pure,
An evil age redeem.

5. May Peter rule again the Isle
Which loved him once so well;
That England, freed from error's guile,
In Christian peace may dwell.

6. O for the sake of Saints who prayed
At altars now laid low,
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,
Thy vengeance, Lord, forego.

7. And for the sake of those who stood
Amid the nation's fall,
Who kept their faith and shed their
Have mercy now on all. [blood,

8. May priestly hearts with fiery zeal,
Like Saint John Fisher's burn,
For souls a tender pity feel,
The threats of tyrants spurn.

Fr Bridgett C. SS. R.

T. Haigh

143

Fecunda sanctis insula

Fe- cún- da san- ctis insu- la, Tu- um ca- nas A- pó- sto- lum,

Et fi- li um Gre- gó- ri- i Lau- des pi- is concén- ti- bus.

1. Fecúnda sanctis insula
Tuum canas Apóstolum,
Et filium Gregórii
Laudes piis concéntibus.
2. Ejus labóre fértilis,
Messém dedísti plúrimam,
Quæ sanctitátis flóribus
Diu refúlgēs inclýta.
3. Turma quadragenária
Stipátus intrat Angliam:
Vexílla Christi próferens
Dux pacis affert pignora.
4. Crucis trophæum prómicat,
Verbum salútis spárgitur;
Fidem quin ipse bárbarus
Rex corde prompto súscipit.
5. Mores feros gens éxuit,
Undisque lota flúminis,
Ipsa die renáscitur
Qua sol salútis ortus est.
6. O pastor alme, filios
E sede pascas síderum:
In matris ulnas ánxie
Gregem redúcās dévium.
7. Præsta beáta Trínitas,
Quæ rore jugi grátie
Vitem rigas, ut prístina
Fides resúrgens flóreat.
Amen.

Divine Office
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

1. O Isle of Saints in days of old!
Come, lift the song in accents bold,
And sing the apostle's worthy praise,
To Gregory's son thy music raise.
2. Made fertile by his sweat and toil,
Great harvest came from generous soil:
And glistening flowers thy land did yield,
And rich the harvest of thy field.
3. By forty monks accompanied,
To England's shore he came as bid:
High in the air Christ's banners shine
As pledge of life and peace divine.
4. The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
The healing words now forward go,
The king, though bred in heathenese
Receives the Faith with prompt address.
5. The nation casts its gods aside,
And is baptised in river's tide;
New life it takes by this new birth
The day God's Son is born on earth.
6. O Loving Shepherd, from above
Tend Thou Thy sheep with care and love;
Lead back the flock long gone astray
To anxious Mother, now we pray.
7. O Triune God, Who waterest e'er
With dew of grace Thy vine so fair,
Make flourish in our land once more
The Faith that was its life of yore.
Amen.

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

144

Ut queant laxis

Ut que- ant la- xis re- so- ná- re fi- bris Mi-

ra ge- stó- rum fá- mu- li tu- ó- rum Sol- ve pol- lú- ti

lá- bi- i re- á- tum, San- cte Jo- án- nes. A- men.

1. Ut queant laxis resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum
Sancte Joannes:
2. Nuntius celso veniens Olympo
Te patri magnum fore nasciturum,
Nomen et vitæ seriè gerendæ
Ordine promit.
3. Ille promissi dubius superni,
Perdidit promptæ modulus loquæ:
Sed reformasti génitus præemptæ
Organa vocis.
4. Ventris obstruso récubans cubili,
Senserat Regem thalamo manentem:
Hinc parens, nati méritis, uterque,
Abdita pandit.
5. Sit decus Patri, genitæque Proli,
Et tibi, compar utriusque Virtus
Spiritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Temporis ævo. Amen.

1. Unloose, great Baptist, our sin-fetter'd lips,
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
Thy deeds of matchless fame.
2. O lot sublime! An angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire: while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.
3. Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the angel's word;
But thou on thine eighth day dost re-attune
For him the vocal chord.
4. No marvel: since, yet cloister'd in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fir'd.
5. Immortal glory to the Father be,
With His almighty, sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, co-equal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run. Amen.

Paul Warnefrid † 799
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Hymn Book (A). — 13

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

June 27
Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

145

Mary from thy Sacred Image

Ma- ry, from thy Sac- red im- age, With those
eyes so sad- ly sweet, Mo- ther of Per- pe- tual
Succour, See us kneel- ing at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bear- est, Source of all thy
joy and woe; What thy bliss, how deep thy

June 27
Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

sor- rows, Mo- ther, thou a- lone canst know.

1. Mary, from thy Sacred Image,
With those eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succour,
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows,
Mother, thou alone canst know.
2. On thy face He is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned His glance;
For His anxious look He fixes
On the Cross, the Reed, the Lance;
To thy hand His Hands are clinging,
As a child would cling, in fear
Of that vision of the torments,
Of His Passion drawing near.
3. And for Him thine eyes are pleading,
While to us they look, and cry:
"Sinners, spare my Child, your Saviour,
Seek not still to crucify!"
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother,
But, poor sinners, we are weak,
At thy feet thy helpless children
Thy Perpetual Succour seek.
4. Succour us, when clouds of sadness
Hide the light of Heaven above,
Hope expires and Faith scarce lingers,
And we dare not think we love;
In that hour of gloom and peril
Show to us thy radiant face,
Smiling down from thy loved Image
Rays of cheering light and grace.
5. Succour us, when stormy passions
Sudden rise within the heart;
Quell the tempest, calm the billows,
Peace secure to us impart.
Through this life of weary exile
Succour us in every need;
And when Death shall come to free us
Succour us, O then indeed.

From Manual of Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

F. Westlake

196

June 27
Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

146

Maria, quæ mortalium

Ma- ri- a, quæ mor- tá- li- um Pre- ces a- mán- ter éx- ci- pis,



Ro- gá- mus ec- ce súppli- ces, Succúr- re no- bis pér- pe- tim. A- men.



1. María, quæ mortálum
Preces amáner éxcipis,
Rogámus ecce súpplices,
Succúrre nobis pérpetim.
2. Succúrre, si nos críminum
Caténa stringit hórrida;
Cito resólve cómpedes
Quæ corda culpís illigant.
3. Succúrre, si nos sæculi
Fællax imágo péllicit;
Ne mens salútis trámitem
Oblíta, cæli, déserat.
4. Succúrre, si vel córpori
Advérsa sors impéndeat;
Fac sint quiéta témpora,
Ætéernas. dum lúceat.
5. Succúrre demum filiis
Instántes mortis prælio,
Ut, te juvánte, cónsequi
Perénne detur præmium.
6. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Virgíne,
Cum Patre et almo Spíritu
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen.

From Manual of Our Lady of
Perpetual Succour

1. O Mary, who to every sigh
Of prayer, thy loving ear dost bend,
Behold us suppliant, hear our cry,
And thy Perpetual Succour send.
2. Ah, succour us if hateful chains
Of guilt our wretched souls should bind;
Break every fetter that retains
Enslaved to sin our heart or mind.
3. Ah, succour us if led away
By love of earth's seductive toys;
Lest from salvation's path we stray,
Forgetting heaven's unfading joys.
4. Ah, succour us if cares oppress,
If adverse fortune should impend;
With peace serene life's journey bless,
Till dawns the day that knows no end.
5. And when death's battle is at hand,
Thy children succour in the strife,
That, helped by thee, we faithful stand,
And win the crown, eternal life.
6. O Jesu, Virgin's Son, to Thee
Be glory and eternal praise,
And to the Father equally
With Holy Ghost through endless days.
Amen.

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul
App.

197

147

Faith of our Fathers

Faith of our Fa- thers, liv- ing still In



spite of dungeon, fire and sword: O how our hearts beat high with



joy When- e'er we hear that glo- rious word. Faith



of our Fa- thers, Ho- ly Faith, We will be true to thee till



death, We will be true to thee till death.



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Faith of our Fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
When- e'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death. | 3. Faith of our Fathers, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee:
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death. |
| 2. Our Fathers, chained in prison dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee.
Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death. | 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. |

Fr. Faber

Traditional

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul
App.

148

Who is she that stands triumphant

Who is she that stands tri- um-phant, Rock in strength up-
on the rock, Like some ci- ty crowned with tur- rets
Brav- ing storms and earth- quake shock? Who is she, her
arms ex- ten- ding, Bless- ing thus a world re- stored.
All the an- thems of cre- a- tion, Lift- ing to Cre-

June 29
Sts. Peter and Paul App.

a- tion's Lord? Hers the Kingdom, hers the scep- tre;
Fall, ye na- tions, at her feet, Hers that Truth whose
fruit is Free- dom, Light her yoke, her bur- den sweet.

1.
Who is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength, upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending,
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?

Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,
Fall, ye nations, at her feet,
Hers that Truth whose fruit is Freedom
Light her yoke, her burden sweet.

2.
As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Evermore she draws her light.
Touched by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of Life, absolving Key:
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
God is hers, His Temple she.

Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre,
Fall, ye nations, at her feet,
Hers that Truth whose fruit is Freedom,
Light her yoke, her burden sweet.

3.
Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish, and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
Hers the Household all-embracing;
Hers the Vine that shadows earth:
Blest thy children, mighty Mother,
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.

Hers the kingdom, etc.

Aubrey de Vere

Sir Richard Terry

149

Full in the panting heart of Rome

Full in the pant- ing heart of Rome, Be- neath the A- pos- tle's



crown- ing dome, From pil- grims' lips that kiss the ground Breathes



in all tongues one, on- ly sound: "God bless our Pope,



God bless our Pope, God bless our Pope, the great, the good".



1.

Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

2.

The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills.
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

3.

Then, surging through each hallowed gate,
Where Martyr Saints in peace await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps across the main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

4.

From torrid south to frozen north,
That wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

5.

For like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

Cardinal Wiseman † 1865

Fr. C. A. Cox

150
Hail, Jesus, hail!

Hail, Je- sus, Hail! Who for my sake Sweet blood from Ma- ry's
(V. 3)
veins didst take And shed it all for me, And shed it all for
me; O bless- ed be my Sa- viour's Blood, My light, my life, my
on- ly good, To all e- ter- ni- ty, To all e- ter- ni- ty.

1. Hail, Jesus, Hail! Who for my sake Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take And shed it all for me; O blessed be my Saviour's Blood, My light, my life, my only good, To all eternity.
2. To endless ages let us praise The Precious Blood, whose price could raise The world from wrath and sin; Whose streams our inward thirst appease And heal the sinner's worst disease, If he but bathe therein.
3. O sweetest Blood, that can implore Pardon of God, and Heaven restore, The Heaven which sin had lost; While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads, What Jesus shed still intercedes For those who wrong Him most.
4. O to be sprinkled from the wells Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels Earth's best and highest bliss; The ministers of wrath divine Hurt not the happy hearts that shine With those red drops of His.
5. Ah, there is joy amid the saints, And hell's despairing courage faints When this sweet song we raise: O louder then, and louder still, Earth with one mighty chorus fill, The Precious Blood to praise.

Fr. Faber

Vincent Novello

151
O Salutaris fulgens stella maris

O Sa-lu-tá- ris ful-gens stel-la ma- ris, Gé-ne-rans pro- lem ve-ri- tá-tis
4
so- lem, Ma- ter bo- nó- rum cle-mens fá-mu- ló- rum Sú-sci-pe vo-tum.

1. O Salutaris fulgens stella maris, Générans prolem veritatis solem, Mater bonorum clemens famulorum Súscipe votum.
2. Congratulamur, ut tuas conámur Cánere laudes, quæ Deo congáudes, Sed non condignis prævalémus hymnis Dícere totum.
3. Quam veterána traxit in montána Gressu festínám rosam matutínám, Tibi jubilámus et concebrámus Hæc tua festa.
4. Vocem Rachélis exáudi de cælis, Quæ te nunc orat filiósque plorat Potens regína grátia divína Péllere mæsta.
5. O mediátrix, orbis reparátrix, Laus angelórum, salus infirmórum, Flos femínarum, hostem animárum Réprime sævum.
6. Sit benedícta Trínitas invícta Per quam beáta virgo coronáta Méruit frui fructum ventris sui Nunc et in ævum.
1. Star of the sea that shinest for our healing, Bearing the Sun of very truth for Off-spring, Mother of all good things, in mercy hear us Praying before thee.
2. We in thy joy partake, and strive to sing thee Meet songs of praise, who with thy God rejoice: Yet our poor lips no worthy hymns may utter Summing thy glory.
3. Thee, Rose of morning, whom of old thy Maker Led with glad step across the hills of Juda, Sing we with glad some songs, who this day holdest Glorious festivals.
4. Hear out of Heaven Rachel's voice of sorrow Who now implores thee, weeping for her children, Queen who by God's great grace art rendered mighty Sadness to banish.
5. Thou the world's hope and reconciliation, Praise of the Angels, health of all the ailing, Blossom of women, drive our souls' cruel foeman Down into darkness.
6. Blest be the Triune God of power all-quelling, Through whom the Maiden, blest and ever crownèd, Merited gladness in her own sweet Off-spring Now and for ever.

Tr. from "The Inner Court"

Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.

152

Tota pulchra es, O Maria

To-ta pulchra es, O Ma- ri- a, to-ta pulchra es,



et má-cu-la non est in te. Quam spe-ci- ó-sa, quam su- á- vis



in de- lí- ci- is Con-cép-ti- o il- li- bá- ta. Ve- ni, ve- ni de



Lí- ba- no, ve- ni, ve- ni de Lí- ba- no, ve- ni, ve- ni, co- ro- ná- be- ris.



1. Tota pulchra es, O Maria, tota pulchra es, et mácula non est in te. Quam speciósá, quam suávis in deliciis Concéptio illibáta.
Veni, veni de Líbano, veni, veni de Líbano,
Veni, veni, coronáberis.
2. Tu progréderis ut auróra valde rútilans, affers gáudia salútis. Per te ortus est Christus Deus, sol justitiæ, O fúlgida porta lucis.
Veni, veni de Líbano, etc.
3. Sicut lílium inter spinas: inter filias sic tu Virgo benedícta. Tuum refúlgét vestiméntum ut nix cándidum; sicut sol fácies tua.
Veni, veni de Líbano, etc.
4. In te spes vitæ et virtútis, omnis grátia et viæ et veritátis. Post te currémus in odórem suavíssimum trahéntium unguentórum.
Veni, veni de Líbano, etc.
5. Hortus conclúsus, fons signátus, Dei Génitrix, et gratiæ paradísus. Imber ábiit et recéssit, hiems tránsiit, jam flores apparuérunť.
Veni, veni de Líbano, etc.
6. In terra nostra vox audíta, vox dulcíssima: vox túrturis, vox colúmbæ. Assúme pennas, O colúmba formosíssima. Surge, própera et veni.
Veni, veni de Líbano, etc.

1. Thou art all fair, O Mary, thou art all fair, and the original stain is not in thee. How beautiful thou art, what sweetness of delight in thy Immaculate Conception.
Come, come from Libanus; Come, come from Libanus.
Come, come, thou shalt be crowned.
2. Thou didst come forth radiant as the morning star, bearing with thee the joyful tidings of salvation. Through thee, O shining portal of light, arose the Sun of Justice, even Christ our God.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.
3. As the lily among the thorns, so art thou, O Blessed Virgin, among the daughters of Adam. Thy raiment is resplendent as the dazzling snow; thy face beauteous as the sun.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.
4. In thee is all hope of life and of virtue; in thee is all grace of the way and of the truth. After thee do we run in the sweet attraction of thy virtues.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.
5. Thou art a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, the Mother of God, the source of grace. The rain is over and gone, the winter is now past, flowers have appeared again.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.
6. In our land a voice has been heard, a most sweet voice: the voice of the turtle, the voice of the dove. Take wing, O most beautiful dove, arise, make haste and come.
Come, come from Libanus, etc.

Archbishop
John Peckham † 1292

Dom J. Pothier O. S. B.

206

July 31
St. Ignatius

153

I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high

I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high, Be-
cause Thou first hast lov- ed me; I seek no oth- er
lib- er- ty Than that of be- ing bound to Thee.

1. I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
Than that of being bound to Thee.

2. May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend,
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.

5. Apart from Thee all things are nought;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought,
Thou givest all in giving this.

3. My God, I here protest to Thee
No other will I have than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast given to me
I here again to Thee resign.

4. All mine is Thine: say but the word,
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
I know Thy Love, all-gracious Lord,
I know it seeks my good alone.

St. Ignatius of Loyola
Tr. Fr. Caswall

Melody by Klug,
Geistlicher Lieder, 1547
Harmony from J. S. Bach

Aug. 6
The Transfiguration

207

154
O Radiant Face of Jesus

O Ra- diant Face of Je- sus, Trans-fig- ured in the
sight Of Thine A- pos- tles on the Mount,
Shin- ing with Heav'n's own light. Most ho- ly Face, I
cry to Thee, Thus to re- veal Thy- self to me!

1. O Radiant Face of Jesus,
Transfigured in the sight
Of Thy Apostles on the Mount,
Shining with Heav'n's own light.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Thus to reveal Thyself to me!

2. O Pitying Face of Jesus,
Thine eyes on Peter rest,
And bitter tears the Apostle sheds,
Contrite and sore distressed.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Where'er I sin look so on me.

3. O Suffering Face of Jesus,
Bleeding, and soiled, and torn;
Thy Temple and Thy Brow transpierced
With many a cruel thorn.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Offer Thy Wounds to God for me.

4. O Face Benign of Jesus,
The thief with sorrowing eyes
Gazed upon Thee, and repentant went
With Christ to Paradise.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
In loving kindness, look on me.

5. O Dying Face of Jesus,
On the accursed tree,
Crying aloud: "Ah! why, my God,
Hast Thou abandoned me?"
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Plead by Thine Agony for me.

6. O Risen Face of Jesus,
Never was Face like Thine,
Where Godhead joins with Manhood
In Unity Divine.
Most Holy Face, I cry to Thee,
Turn not away Thy gaze from me.

Anonymous

208

Aug. 15
The Assumption

155

O gloriosa Virginum

O glo- ri- ó- sa Vir- gi- num, Su- blí- mis in- ter sí- de-
 ra, Qui te cre- á- vit, pár- vu- lum La- ctén- te nu- tris
 ú- be- re. A- men.

1. O gloriósa Virginum,
Sublimis inter sídera,
Qui te creávit, párvulum
Lactente nutris úbere.
2. Quod Heva tristis ábstulit
Tu reddis almo gérmine:
Intrent ut astra flébiles,
Cæli recludis cárdines.
3. Tu Regis alti jánuas,
Et aula lucis fúlgida:
Vitam datam per Virginem,
Gentes redémpitæ, pláudite.
4. Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spírítu,
In sempitérna sæcula.

Venantius Fortunatus
Tr. Fr. Caswall

156

Jesu dulcis memoria

See No 41

Aug. 20
St. Bernard.Sep. 8
The Nativity of Our Lady

209

157

Ave maris stella

See No 128

October 2
Holy Guardian Angels

158

Dear Angel ever at my side

Dear An- ge, ev- er at my side, How
 lov- ing must thou be To leave thy home in
 Heav'n to guard A sin- ful child like me.

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
I am too deaf to hear.
3. But when, dear Spirit, I kneel down
At 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. Ah me, how 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 the eternal shore.

Fr. Faber

R. L. de Pearsall

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Hymn Book (A). — 14

159

Hark, hark, my soul!

Hark, hark, my soul! an- gel- ic songs are swell- ing O'er Earth's green



fields, and o-cean's wavebeat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are



tell- ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An- gels of Je- sus,



an- gels of light, Sing- ing to wel- come the pilgrims of the night.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
5. Angels sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Fr. Faber

H. Smart

160

Immensa Christi caritas

Immén-sa Chri-sti cá- ri- tas Ma- jó- ra co- git ággre- di A-po-



sto- ló- rum et Már-ty- rum Auctam co- ró-na Vír-gi- nem. A- men.



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Imménsa Christi caritas
Majóra cogit aggredi
Apostolorum et Mátyrum
Auctam coróna virginem. | 1. The boundless love of Christ invites
Teresa to the greatest heights;
The Martyrs' and Apostles' crown
She adds to lilies of her own. |
| 2. Optans amoris víctima
Ex igne adúri mystico,
Sponsum precátur últimas
Flamas vorántes éxcitet. | 2. To be consumed by mystic fire,
Love's victim, is her heart's desire.
Its last consuming flames she prays
Her Spouse to kindle into blaze. |
| 3. Æternitátis núntia
Optáta mors jam pervenit:
Hæc ingemens: Te diligo!
Terésia ad Christum émigrat. | 3. The herald of the eternal day,
E'en death, for her is life for aye.
Teresa sighs: "Thee, Thee, I love!"
And wings her flight to Christ above. |
| 4. Cæléstibus nunc gaudiis,
Fruens ab arce síderum,
Quas lár-giter promiseras,
Rosas meménto spárgere. | 4. In highest heaven thou dost enjoy
A happiness that ne'er can cloy;
Be mindful of thy words of yore,
And showers of roses on us pour. |
| 5. Tu, corde Rex mitissime,
Qui párvulis regnum paras,
Nos hanc secútos ingredi
Præsta beáta límina. | 5. O heart-meek King! Who dost prepare
For little ones demesnes most fair,
O grant us to Thy courts to tread
Who by this child are thither led. |

212

October 3
St. Teresa of Lisieux

6. Virtus, honor, laus, glória
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula. Amen.

6. All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
All glory, as is ever meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

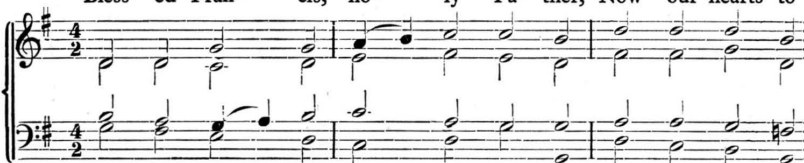
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

October 4
St. Francis of Assisi

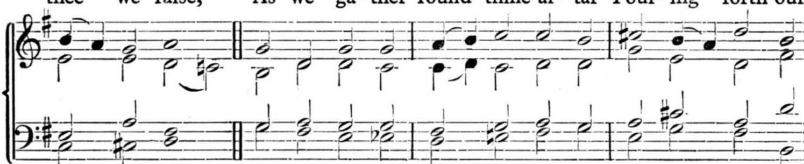
161

Blessed Francis, Holy Father

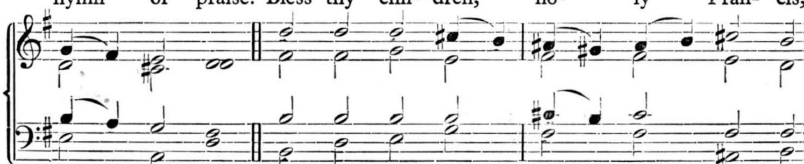
Bless- ed Fran- cis, ho- ly Fa- ther, Now our hearts to




thee we raise, As we ga-ther round thine al- tar Pour- ing forth our



hymn of praise. Bless thy chil- dren, ho- ly Fran- cis,



Who thy might- y help im- plore, For in Hea- ven


October 4
St. Francis of Assisi

213

thou re- main- est Still the Fa- ther of the poor.



1.

Blessed Francis, holy Father,
Now our hearts to thee we raise,
As we gather round thine altar
Pouring forth our hymn of praise.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore,
For in heaven thou remainest
Still the Father of the poor.

2.

By thy love so deep and burning
For thy Saviour crucified;
By the tokens which He gave thee
On thy hands, and feet, and side:
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

3.

Humble follower of Jesus,
Likened to Him in thy birth,
From thy tender youth despising,
For His sake, the goods of earth.
Make us love the priceless virtue
By our hidden God esteemed;
Make it valued, holy Francis,
By the souls of the redeemed.

4.

In thine own belov'd Assisi
Thou didst stir men's hearts to love,
Teaching them that holy penance
Was the road to heaven above.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
Who thy mighty help implore,
For in Heaven thou remainest
Still the father of the poor.

5.

Teach us also, dear Saint Francis,
How to mourn for every sin;
May we walk in thy dear footsteps
Till the crown of life we win.
Bless thy children, holy Francis,
With those wounded hands of thine,
From thy glorious throne in Heaven,
Where resplendently they shine.

Fr. Martin O. S. F. C.

Fr. Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.

162

Queen of the Holy Rosary

Queen of the Ho- ly Ro- sa- ry, O bless us as we



pray And of- fer thee our ro- ses in garl-ands day by day; While



from our Fa- ther's gar- den, With lov- ing hearts and bold, We



gath- er to thine hon- our Buds white and red and gold.



By kind permission of Messrs. Cary & Co. London.

1.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
O bless us as we pray
And offer thee our roses
In garlands day by day;
While from our Father's garden,
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to thine honour
Buds white and red and gold.

2.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Each mystery blends with thine
The sacred life of Jesus
In every step divine:
Thy soul was His fair garden,
Thy virgin breast His throne,
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror
Reflecting Him alone.

3.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary
White roses let us bring,
And lay them round thy footstool,
Before our infant King:
For nestling in thy bosom
God's son was fain to be
The Child of thine obedience
And spotless purity.

4.

Dear Lady of the Rosary,
Red roses cast we down,
But let thy fingers weave them
Into a worthy crown:
For how can we poor sinners
Do aught but weep with thee,
When in thy train we follow
Our God to Calvary.

5.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
What radiance of love,
What splendour and what glory
Surround thy Court above!
O in thy tender pity,
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this our offering,
Our flowers white, red and gold.

Emily M. Shapcote

J. Hallett Sheppard

163

Jesu corona Virginum

Je-su co- ró- na Vir- gi- num, Quem Ma- ter il- la cón-ci- pit,



Quæ so- la Vir- go pár- tu- rit, Hæc vo- ta clemens ác- ci- pe. A- men.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Jesu coróna Virginum,
Quem Mater illa cóncipit,
Quæ sola Virgo párturit:
Hæc vota clemens áccipe. | 1. Dear crown of all the Virgin choir,
That holy Mother's Virgin Son,
Who is, alone of womankind,
Mother and Virgin both in one. |
| 2. Qui pergis inter lília,
Septus choréis Virginum,
Sponsus decórus glória,
Sponsisque reddens præmia. | 2. Encircled by Thy Virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found,
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round. |
| 3. Quocúmque tendis, Vírgines
Sequúntur, atque láudibus
Post te canéntes cúrsitant,
Hymnósque dulcis pèrsonant. | 3. And still wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing. |
| 4. Te deprecámur súpplices,
Nostris ut addas sènsibus,
Nescire prorsus ómnia
Corruptiónis vúlnera. | 4. Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee. |
| 5. Virtus, honor, laus, glória,
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula.
Amen. | 5. To God the Father and the Son,
All honour, glory, praise be given
With Thee, co-equal Paraclete,
For evermore in earth and heaven.
Amen. |

Ambrosian
Tr. Fr. Caswall

164

Jesu nostra redemptio

Je- su nostra re- dém- pti- o, A- mor et de- si-



dé- ri- um, De- us Cre- á- tor ó- mni- um, Ho- mo in fi- ne



tém- po- rum. A- men.



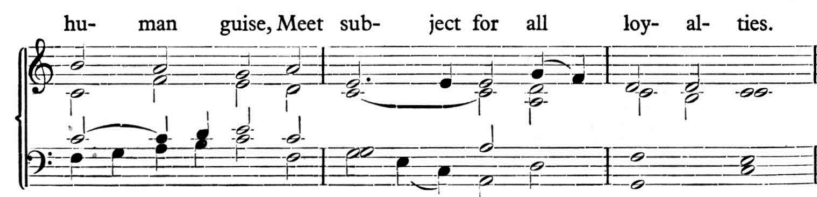
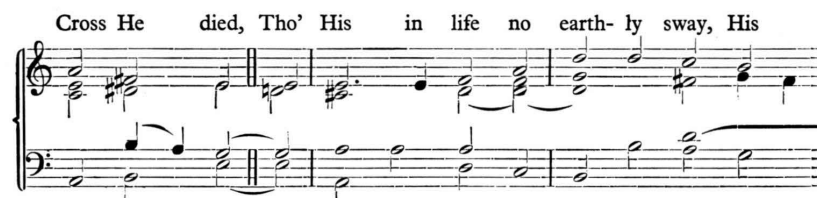
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|---|--|
| 1. Jesu nostra redemptio,
Amor et desidérium,
Deus Créator ómnium,
Homo in fine témporum: | 1. Jesu, Redemption all Divine,
Whom here we love, for Whom we pine,
God, working out creation's plan,
And in the latter time made man; |
| 2. Quæ te vicit cleméntia,
Ut ferres nostra crimina,
Crudélem mortem pátiens,
Ut nos a morte tóllers? | 2. What love of Thine was that which led
To take our woes upon Thy head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear
To ransom us from sin's despair? |
| 3. Inférni claustra pénetrans,
Tuos captivos rédimens,
Victor triúmpho nobíli
Ad dextram Patris résidens : | 3. To Thee hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey:
And now in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the Father's side. |
| 4. Ipsa te cogat piétas
Ut mala nostra súperes
Parcéndo, et voti cómpotes
Nos tuo vultu sátis. | 4. Let very mercy force Thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill,
And, granting that we ask, on high
With Thine own Face to satisfy. |
| 5. Tu esto nostrum gáudium,
Qui es futúrus præmium:
Sit nostra in te glória.
Per cuncta semper sæcula. | 5. Be Thou our joy and Thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward:
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be. |
| 6. Glória tibi Dómine,
Qui scandis supra sidera,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spírítu,
In sempitérna sæcula.
Amen. | 6. All glory, Lord, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.
Amen. |

Tr. from "The Inner Court"

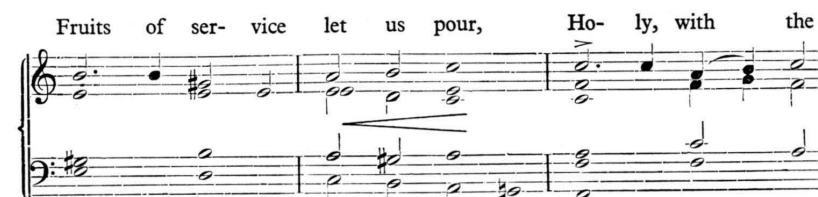
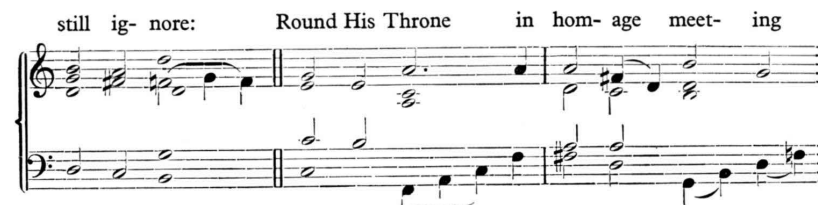
Accept. Dom J. Hébert Desrocquettes O. S. B.

165

A King when in the Crib He lay



Chorus



1.

A King when in the Crib He lay,
A King when on the Cross He died,
Though His in life no earthly sway,
His rule was e'er creation wide,
For He was God in human guise,
Meet subject for all loyalties.

Loudly lift a loyal greeting
To the King men still ignore:
Round His Throne in homage meeting
Fruits of service let us pour,
Holy, with the Saints repeating,
Holy, Holy, evermore.

2.

Thou can'st Thy Kingdom to regain
Thy Kingdom reft from Thee by sin,
Our nature Thou didst not disdain
If so our heart Thou mightest win;
Thy state to ours Thou didst debase,
By love to rule Thy wayward race.

Loudly lift etc.

Fr. Keating S. J.

3.

O hidden Lord, withal so great
That Angels praise Thy royal might,
O King Who, dying desolate,
Heard Rome itself proclaim Thy right.
Have we alone, who love, forgot
Thy claims on those who love Thee not?

Loudly lift a loyal greeting
To the King men still ignore:
Round His Throne in homage meeting
Fruits of service let us pour,
Holy, with the Saints repeating,
Holy, Holy, evermore.

4.

Set wide your gates, ye Kings of men,
And let the King of Glory in,
Keep aye His law before your ken,
To work His righteousness begin,
And ever at your council-boards,
Keep place for Him, the Lord of Lords.

Loudly lift etc.

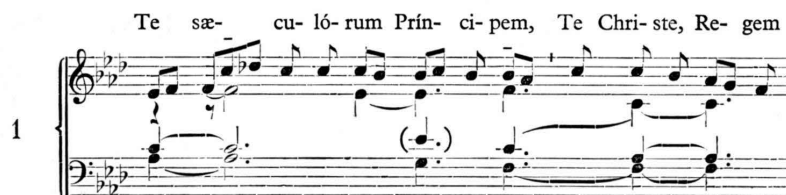
Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.

220

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

166

Te sæculorum Principem



1.

Te sæculorum Principem,
Te, Christe, Regem Géntium,
Te méntium, te córdium
Unum fatémur árbitrum.

2.

Sceléstá turba clámitat:
Regnâre Christum nólumus:
Te nos ovântes ómnium
Regem supremum dicimus.

1.

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.

2.

The hate-swayed mob cries, pride-enticed,
They will noi have Thy Kingdom, Christ;
But we exultant round Thy throne
Thy reign o'er all creation own.

Oct. Last Sunday
The Kingship of Our Lord

221

3.

O Christe, Princeps Pácifer,
Mentes rebélles súbiice;
Tuóque amóre dévios,
Ovíle in unum cóngrega.

4.

Ad hoc cruénta ab árbore
Pendens apértis bráchiis;
Diráque fossum cúspide
Cor igne flagrans éxhibes.

5.

Ad hoc in aris ábderis
Vini dapisque imágine,
Fundens salútem filiis
Transverberátio péctore.

6.

Te natiónum Præsides
Honóre tollant público,
Colant magistri, júdices,
Leges et artes éxprimant.

7.

Submissa regum fúlgeant
Tibi dicáta insignia;
Mítique sceptro pátriam
Domósque subde civium.

8.

Jesu, tibi sit glória,
Qui sceptrá mundi témperas,
Cum Patre, et almo Spírítu,
In sempitérna sæcula.

Amen.

Divine Office
Tr. The Benedictines of Stanbrook

3.

O Christ, our Prince, that bringest peace,
Let every rebel thought surcease;
The lost for whom Thy love is fain
Bring back to Thy one fold again.

4.

For this Thy Hands wide-stretched in plea
Hung bleeding on the atoning tree:
For this the spear's revealing dart
Laid bare Thy love-inflamed Heart.

5.

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.

6.

May realms and they that rule them vie
With solemn rite to raise Thee high;
May laws and arts Thy servants be,
All life be sanctified in Thee.

7.

Their kingly gear and royal state
Kings to their King shall consecrate;
Subjects their all before Thee lay
In service of Thy gentle sway.

8.

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.

From "Vespéral Paroissial"
by Henri Potiron

167

Praised be Jesus Christ our King

Hail Re-deem-er, King Di-vine! Priest and Lamb, the Throne is Thine,



King, Whose reign shall nev- er cease, Prince of ev- er- last- ing peace!



Chorus

An- gels, Saints and Na- tions sing; "Praised be Je- sus Christ, our King;



Lord of life earth, sky and sea, King of Love on Cal- va- ry".



1.

Hail Redeemer, King Divine!
Priest and Lamb, the Throne is Thine,
King, whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of everlasting peace!Angels, Saints and Nations sing:
"Praised be Jesus Christ, our King;
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of Love on Calvary."

2.

King, Whose Name Creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With Thy praises, King of kings!Angels, Saints and *etc.*

3.

King most holy, King of Truth,
Guide the lowly, guide the youth;
Christ, Thou King of Glory bright,
Be to us Eternal Light.Angels, Saints and *etc.*

4.

Shepherd-King, o'er mountains steep,
Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
Shelter in one Royal Fold
States and kingdoms, new and old.Angels, Saints and *etc.*

Fr. P. Brennan C. SS. R.

Grattan Flood

168

King of Kings and Lord of Glory

King of Kings and Lord of Glo- ry, Hal- lowed, worshipped



and a- dored, May all kings and na- tions bless Thee,



May they love, re- vere, con- fess Thee, God E- ter- nal,

*After each Verse*

Ho- ly Lord! Reign as King, Al- migh- ty Lord,



Ev- er- more, through end- less days; Be to Thee, O



Christ a- dored, Wor- ship, hon- our, glo- ry, praise.



1.

King of Kings and Lord of Glory,
Hallowed, worshipped, and adored;
May all kings and nations bless Thee,
May they love, revere, confess Thee,
God Eternal, Holy Lord!

Reign as King, Almighty Lord,
Evermore, through endless days;
Be to Thee, O Christ adored,
Worship, honour, glory, praise.

2.

Jesus, First-born of creation,
Thou shalt rule from sea to sea;
Light of God, shine on our darkness,
Love of Christ, give us Thy sweetness,
Food of Immortality.

Reign as King, etc.

3.

Kind Redeemer, in the Kingdom
Of Thy Heart we long to rest;
Thou hast rescued us from darkness,
Hast had pity on our weakness,
Live in us, O Jesus blest.

Reign as King, etc.

4.

One day we shall see Thee reigning,
Thee, our King, in Heaven enthroned,
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Every heart Thy mercy blessing,
Jesus loved, adored and owned.

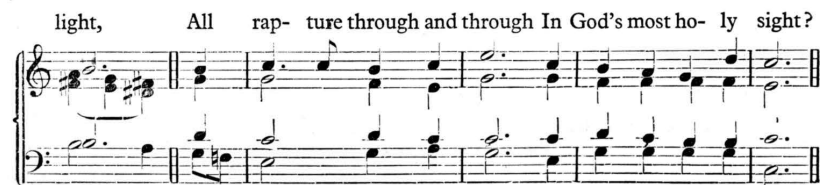
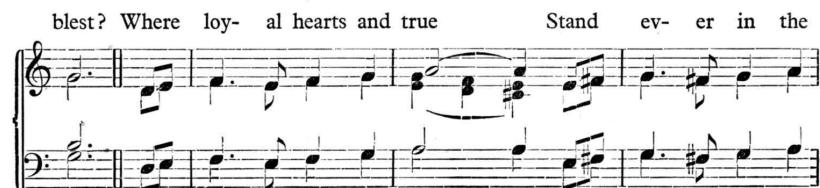
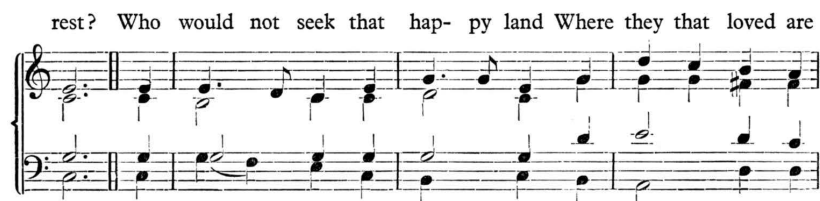
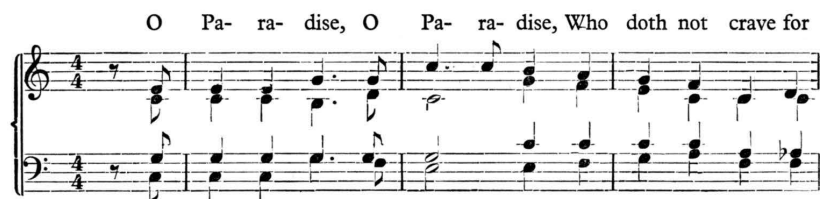
Reign as King, etc.

226

Nov. 1
All Saints

169

O Paradise, O Paradise

Nov. 1
All Saints

227

1.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would no seek that happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

3.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

4.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

5.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

6.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me,
Where loyal hearts, *etc.*

Fr. Faber

F. W. Helmsley

228

Nov. 1
All Saints

170

O Paradise, O Paradise

O Pa- ra- dise, O Pa- ra- dise, Who doth not crave for

rest? Who would not seek that hap- py land Where they that loved are

blest? Where loy- al hearts and true Stand

ev- er in the light, All rap- ture through and

Nov. 1
All Saints

229

through In God's most ho- ly sight?

1.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

2.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6.
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Fr. Faber

Rev. J. B. Dykes

230

Nov. 1
All Saints

171

Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band

Lo! round the Throne, a glo-rious band, The Saints in count-less



my-riads stand, Of ev-ery tongue re-deemed to God Ar-



rayed in gar-ments washed in Blood. Through trib-u-la-tion



great they came; They bore the cross des-pised the shame; From

Nov. 1
All Saints

231

all their la-bours now they rest, In God's e-ter-nal glo-ry blest.



1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

R. Hill

Trier Gesangbuch

232

Nov. 1
All Saints

172

Jerusalem the golden

Je- ru- sa- lem the gol- den, with milk and ho- ney
blest, Be- neath thy con- tem- pla- tion sink heart and voice op-
prest. I know not, Oh I know not What joys a- wait us
there, What ra- dian- cy of glo- ry, what bliss be- yond com- pare.

1. Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh I know not what joys await us there,
What radiance of glory, what bliss beyond compare.
2. They stand, those halls of Sion, all jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel, and all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessed are decked in glorious sheen.
3. There is the throne of David; and there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.
4. O sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect:
O sweet and blessed country that eager hearts expect:
Jesus, in mercy bring us to that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father and Spirit ever Blest

St. Bernard of Cluny. XII. Cent.
Tr. J. M. Neale

A. Ewing

Nov. 2
All Souls

233

173

Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait

Have mer- cy, Lord, on all who wait In place for-
lorn and lone- ly state. Out- side Thy peace- ful
Pal- ace gate. Mi- se- ré- re, Dó- mi- ne.

By kind permission of Messrs. Cary & Co. London.

1. Have mercy, Lord, on all who wait
In place forlorn and lonely state,
Outside Thy peaceful Palace gate.
Miserère, Dómine.
2. These were the work of Thine own Hands;
Thy promise sure for ever stands;
Release them, Lord, from sin and bands.
Miserère, Dómine.
3. By sweat of Blood and Crown of thorn,
By Cross to Calvary meekly borne,
Be Thou to them salvation's dawn.
Miserère, Dómine.
4. By Thy five Wounds and seven cries,
By pierced Heart and closing Eyes,
By Thy dread awful Sacrifice,
Miserère, Dómine.
5. These souls forlorn, Redeemer blest,
Never denied Thee, but confess;
Grant them, at last, eternal rest.
Miserère, Dómine.
6. For these poor souls who cannot pray,
For gone is their probation day,
We plead Thy Cross, and humbly say:
Miserère, Dómine.
7. Remember all their sighs and tears,
One day with Thee a thousand years:
Give peace, O Lord, and calm their fears.
Miserère, Dómine.
8. As pants the hart for cooling spring,
As bird flies home with wearied wing,
Homeward they turn, Lord, homeward bring,
Miserère, Dómine.

Rev. Dr. Lee

A. E. Toze

174

Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry

Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry, O deign to
lend Thine ear to suppliant sight; If sins of man Thou scan-dest,
who may stand That search-ing eye of Thine, and chastening hand?

1. Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry,
O deign to lend Thine ear to suppliant sight:
If sins of man Thou scan-dest, who may stand
That searching eye of Thine, and chastening hand?
2. To be appeased in wrath, dear Lord, is Thine:
Thou mercy with Thy justice canst combine;
Thy Blood our countless stains can wash away,
This is Thy law, our hope and steadfast stay.
3. There is no moment of the night or day,
When contrite sinner may not trustful say,
"There is forgiveness" so let Israel sing
An endless song of hope to Israel's King.
4. For mercy dwells enthroned with God on high,
And spurns not suppliant tear or humble cry;
So countless are the treasures of His store,
He can a thousand worlds redeem, and more.
5. O hear our prayers and sighs, Redeemer blest,
And grant Thy holy souls eternal rest,
And let perpetual light upon them shine;
For though not spotless, still these souls are Thine.

F. W. Helmsley

175

Help, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made

Help, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so
dear, In pris- on for the debt un-paid Of sin committ- ed
here. These ho- ly souls, they suf- fer on, Re- signed in heart and
will, Un- til Thy high be-hest is done, And jus- tice hath its fill.

1. Help, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sin committed here.
These holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
2. For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.
O by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain.
3. O, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame;
O, by their very helplessness,
O, by Thine own great Name;
Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Cardinal Newman

Day, Psalm's. 1563

176

Jesus, Son of Mary

DUN ALUINN

In moderate time

Je- sus, Son of Ma- ry, Fount of life a- lone, Here we hail Thee



pres- ent On Thine al- tar- throne. Humbly we a- dore Thee,



Lord of end- less might, In the mys- tic sym- bols Veiled from earth- ly sight.



1. Jesus, Son of Mary,
Fount of life alone,
Here we hail Thee present
On Thine altar- throne.
Humbly we adore Thee,
Lord of endless might,
In the mystic symbols
Veiled from earthly sight.
2. Think, O Lord, in mercy
On the souls of those
Who, in faith gone from us,
Now in death repose.
Here 'mid stress and conflict
Toils can never cease;
There, the warfare ended,
Bid them rest in peace.

3. Often were they wounded
In the deadly strife;
Heal them, Good Physician,
With the balm of life.
Every taint of evil,
Frailty and decay,
Good and gracious Saviour,
Cleanse and purge away.
4. Rest eternal grant them,
After weary fight;
Shed on them the radiance
Of Thy heavenly light.
Lead them onward, upward,
To that holy place,
Where Thy Saints made perfect
Gaze upon Thy Face.

"Yesu Bin Mariamu" (Written in Swahili)
Tr. E. S. Palmer
From the ENGLISH HYMNAL
by permission of the Oxford University Press.

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

177

O Strength and Stay

O Strength and Stay up- hold- ing all cre- a- tion, Who ev- er



dost thy- self unmoved, a- bide. Yet day by day the light in due gra-



da- tion From hour to hour through all its chan- ges guide.



1. O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide.
2. Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay, —
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.
3. Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-ternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

"Rerum Deus tenax vigor"
St. Ambrose
Tr. J. Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort.

Frederick W. Helmsley

178

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide

A- bide with me; fast falls the ev- en- tide; The darkness
 deep- ens; Lord, with me a- bide! When oth- er help- ers
 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a- bide with me.

1. Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte

W. H. Monk

179

How lovely are Thy tents!

How love-ly are Thy tents! Thy courts, O Lord, how fair! My
 spi- rit longs and faints To ling-er there. The spar- row and the dove Have
 found themselves a nest, Where, with the brood they love, They sleep and rest.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1.
How lovely are Thy tents!
Thy courts, O Lord, how fair!
My spirit longs and faints
To linger there.
The sparrow and the dove
Have found themselves a nest,
Where, with the brood they
They sleep and rest. [love,</p> | <p>3.
He whom Thy counsel guides,
Who puts his trust in Thee,
Ascends by giant strides;
And blessed he!
God blesses him each hour
With virtuous strength to run,
And manifests His power
In such an one.</p> | <p>5.
Better one day of bliss
Within Thy courts, O Lord,
Than all the happiness
Earth can afford
Better beneath Thy wings
To be by all forgot,
Than dwell in homes of kings
Who know Thee not.</p> |
| <p>2.
And I, like them, have made
My nest beneath Thy wing—
Thine altars' blissful shade,
My God and King.
Blessed are they that dwell
Within Thy golden door:
Their lips Thy praise shall tell
For evermore.</p> | <p>4.
O lord of hosts, do Thou
My prayer in mercy, hear:
O God of Jacob, bow
To me Thine ear.
If Thou Thy saving grace
Wouldst on Thy servant shed,
Then look upon His face
Who for me bled.</p> | <p>6.
Compassion Thou dost love
And truth, O God most high:
Them wilt Thou crown above
And glorify.
On them will God bestow
The light which ne'er grows
O blessed all below [dim;
Who trust in Him!</p> |

The Right Rev. Mgr. Canon
Mc. Gettigan

Dom Gregory Ould, O. S. B.

240

Nov. 21
The Presentation of Our Lady

180

Day breaks on temple roofs

Day breaks on tem- ple roofs and towers: The ci- ty
sleeps, the palms are still; The fair- est far of
earth's fair flowers Mounts Si- on's sa- cred hill.

1. Day breaks on temple roofs and towers:
The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
Mounts Sion's sacred hill.
2. O wondrous Babe, O child of grace,
The Holy Trinity's delight.
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright!
3. O Maiden most immaculate,
Make me to choose the better part,
And give my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.
4. Would that my heart, dear Lord, were true,
Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The Blood to save my soul.
5. If here our hearts grudge aught to Thee,—
In that bright land beyond the grave
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.

Fr. Faber

Frank Barat

III OUR LORD

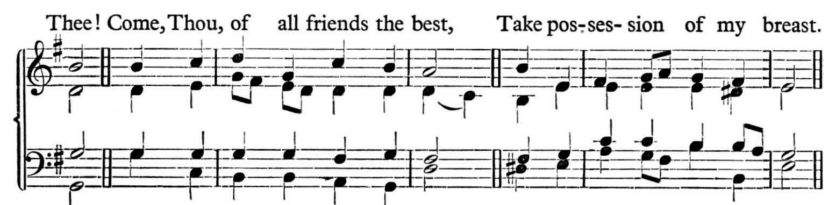
Hymn, Book (A). — 16

242

Our Lord

181

Jesus, Jesus, come to me



1. Jesus, Jesus, come to me;
O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.
2. In Thy absence joy is pain,
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.
3. Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love atone;
Worthless must all treasure be
To the soul that hath not Thee.
4. Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love Divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.
5. All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this selfsame hour.
6. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Make my longing soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me part from Thee.

*Johann Scheffler O. F. M.
otherwise Angelus Silesius † 1677
Tr. Dom Gregory Ould O. S. B.
and others*

German

Our Lord

243

182

Jesus, Jesus, come to me



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O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.
2. In Thy absence joy is pain,
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.
3. Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love atone;
Worthless must all treasure be
To the soul that hath not Thee.
4. Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love Divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.
5. All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this selfsame hour.
6. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
Make my longing soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me part from Thee.

*Johann Scheffler O. F. M.
otherwise Angelus Silesius † 1677
Tr. Dom Gregory Ould O. S. B.
and others*

Trier Gesangbuch

183

Jesus, Thou art coming

Je- sus, Thou art com- ing, Ho- ly as Thou art, Thou, the God Who



made me, To my sin- ful heart. Je- sus, I be- lieve it



On Thine on- ly word; Kneel- ing, I a- dore Thee, As my King and Lord.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Jesus, Thou art coming,
Holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who made me,
To my sinful heart.
Jesus, I believe it
One Thine only word;
Kneeling, I adore Thee
As my King and Lord.</p> | <p>3. Put Thy kind arms round me,
Feeble as I am;
Thou art my Good Shepherd,
I Thy little lamb;
Since Thou comest, Jesus,
Now to be my Guest,
I can trust Thee always,
Lord, for all the rest.</p> |
| <p>2. Who am I, my Jesus,
That Thou com'st to me?
I have sinned against Thee,
Often, wilfully,
I am very sorry
I have caused Thee pain,
Jesus, I will never
Wound Thy heart again.</p> | <p>4. Dearest Lord, I love Thee,
With my whole, whole heart,
Not for what Thou givest,
But for what Thou art.
Come, O come, sweet Saviour,
Come to me, and stay,
For I want Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.</p> |
| <p>5. Ah! What gift or present,
Jesus, can I bring?
I have nothing worthy
Of my God and King:
But Thou art my Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb;
Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.</p> | |

S. N. D.

Fr. J. Fitzpatrick S. J.

184

My soul doth long for Thee

My soul doth long for Thee To dwell with- in my breast, Un-



wor- thy though, O Lord, I be Of so Di- vine a Guest.



1.

My soul doth long for Thee
To dwell within my breast,
Unworthy though, O Lord, I be
Of so Divine a Guest.

2.

Of so Divine a Guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet knows my longing soul no rest,
Until it come to Thee.

3.

Until it come to Thee
In vain I look around;
In all I have, in all I see
No rest is to be found.

4.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy sweet embrace.
O when I have my Jesus found
Nought else can take His place.

185

The Lord of Glory

The Lord of glo- ry, (O won-drous sto- ry!) Hath made His



home with- in my breast: Bowed down be- fore Him My soul, a-



dore Him, Who' neath thy roof vouch- safes to rest. Good An- gels,



aid me, The God Who made me, Who died to save me, is now my



Guest: Ah, soft- ly sing Him sweet songs and bring Him Your burn- ing



love, your wor- ship blest. The Lord of glo- ry, (O won-drous



sto- ry!) Now dwells with- in my breast.



1.

The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
Bowed down before Him,
My soul adore Him
Who 'neath Thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels, aid me,
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.
The Lord of Glory,
(O wondrous story!)
Now dwells within my breast.

2.

My God, I bless Thee,
Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my heart:
Thy child is wailing
Each fault and failing
That caused thee pain, or tear, or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me
My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
To know Thee clearly,
To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.
My God, I bless Thee
Revere, confess Thee,
And love with all my heart.

3.

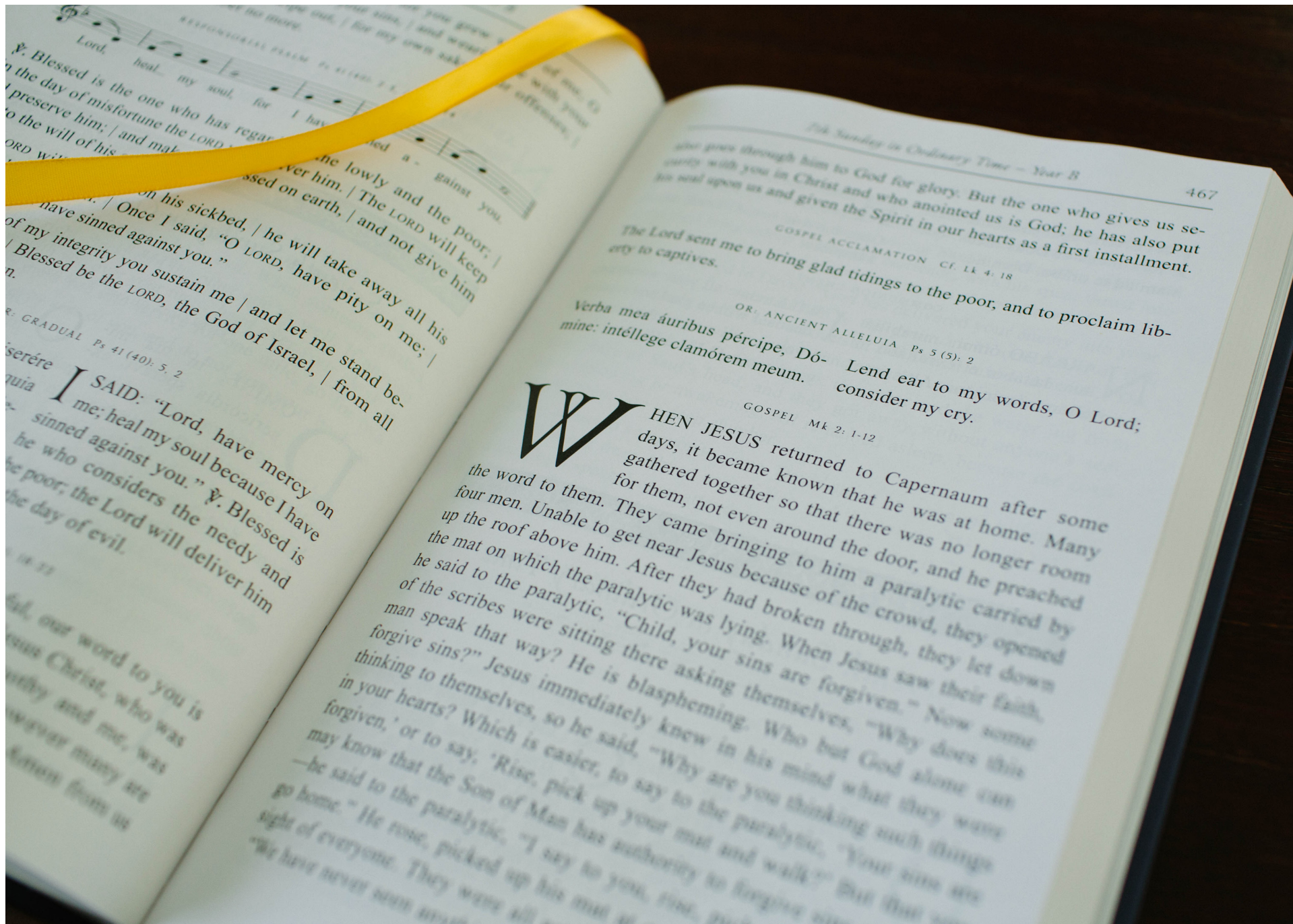
My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee;
Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And O do Thou remember me.
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.
Ah, do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And, Lord, remember me.

4.

When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be night to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.
When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
O Lord, abide with me.

S. N. D.


Melody harmonized by
H. C. Chambers Mus. B.




186

The Lord of Glory

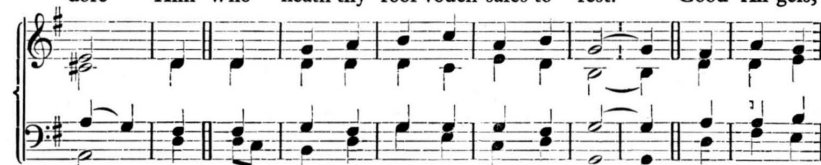
The Lord of glo- ry, (O won-drous sto- ry!) Hath made His




home with- in my breast: Bowed down be- fore Him, My soul, a-




dore Him Who' neath thy roof vouch-safes to rest. Good An-gels,



aid me, The God Who made me, Who died to save me, is



now my Guest: Ah! soft- ly sing Him sweet songs, and



bring Him Your burn-ing love, your wor-ship blest.



1. The Lord of glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
Bowed down before Him,
My soul, adore Him
Who 'neath Thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels, aid me,
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
Ah, softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.
2. My God, I bless Thee,
Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my heart:
Thy child is wailing.
Each fault and failing
That caused thee pain, or tear, or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me
My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
To know Thee clearly,
To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.
3. My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee;
Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And O do Thou remember me.
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.
4. When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.

S. N. D.

Dom Gregory Ould O. S. B.

187

Dearest Jesus, we are here

Dear- est Je- sus, we are here, At Thy call, Thy
 Pres- ence own- ing; Plead- ing now in ho- ly fear
 That great Sa- cri- fice a- ton- ing: Word In- car- nate,
 much in won- der On this myst' ry deep we pon- der.

1. Dearest Jesus, we are here,
 At Thy call, Thy Presence owning;
 Pleading now in holy fear
 That great Sacrifice atoning:
 Word Incarnate, much in wonder
 On this myst'ry deep we ponder.

2. Jesus, strong to save, — the same
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever —
 Make us fear and love Thy Name,
 Serving Thee with best endeavour.
 In this life, O ne'er forsake us,
 But to bliss hereafter take us.

T. Clausnitzer 1619-1684
 Tr. G. R. Woodward

Melody by J. R. Ahle. 1664
 Adapted by J. S. Bach

188

Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus

Je- sus, Je- sus, dear- est Je- sus, Thou hast left Thy Throne a-
 bove, And art come to dwell with- in us, O Thou might- y God of
 Love. *Chorus:* We a- dore Thee, We a- dore Thee, May we nev- er from Thee
 part. Je- sus, be our King and Sa- viour, For our Lord and God Thou art.

1. Jesus, Jesus, dearest, Jesus,
 Thou hast left Thy Throne above,
 And art come to dwell within us,
 O Thou mighty God of Love.
 We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
 May we never from Thee part.
 Jesus, be our King and Saviour,
 For our Lord and God Thou art.

2. We believe we have received Thee,
 And in humble trust adore;
 Praises be to Thee, sweet Jesus,
 May we love Thee more and more.
 We adore Thee, etc.

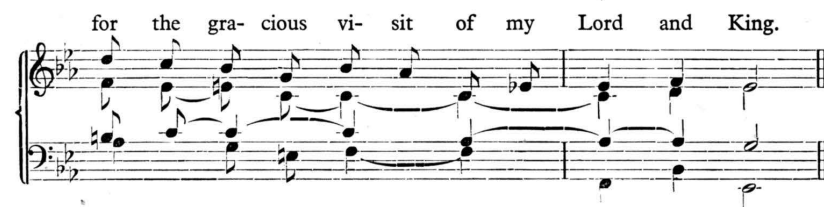
3. We can never thank Thee, Jesus
 For this gift, so great, so high;
 Saints and Angels, bless Him for us
 In your hymns beyond the sky.
 We adore Thee, we adore Thee,
 May we never from Thee part.
 Jesus, be our King and Saviour,
 For our Lord and God Thou art.

4. Make us humble, make us patient,
 Pure of heart, and strong to dare,
 Give us, too, that crowning blessing,
 Thy dear Mother's special care.
 We adore Thee, etc.

5. Sacred Heart, take Thou our offering:
 All we have we give to Thee,
 Life and strength, and soul, and body,
 To be Thine eternally.
 We adore Thee, etc.

189

Jesus, long my soul's desired



1. Jesus, long my soul's desired,
Now at length possessed,
Close my loving heart enfolds Thee,
Thou its cherished Guest.
May each faculty within me
Glad Hosannas sing,
Homage for the gracious visit
Of my Lord and King.

2. Not such brightness bringeth morning
To the night-bound earth,
Not such freshness, showers waking
Flowers to new birth,
As the life, the warmth, the sunlight
Jesus brings to me,
All renewing and refreshing
With His charity.

3. I was nothing; Thou didst drawn me
From oblivion dark,
And my mind Thou dost illumine
With divinest spark
Thou wast born for me an Infant
In a stable poor,
Dying on the Cross in anguish
Didst all pain endure.

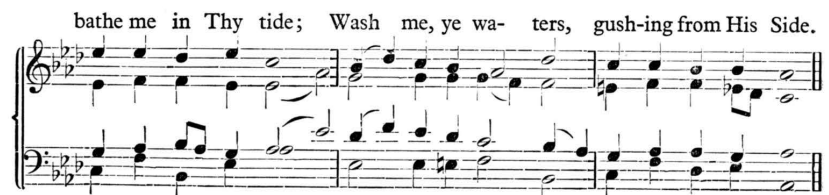
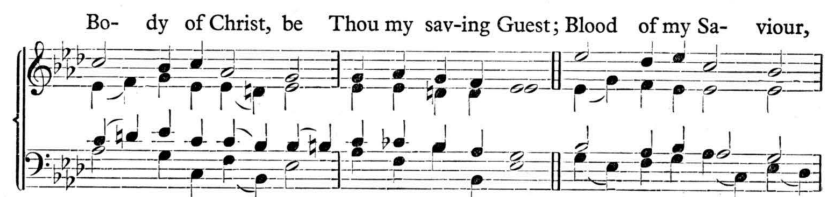
4. And still every hour bringeth
Fresh proofs of Thy care,
And to-day Thyself Thou givest,
Gift beyond compare.
O my soul's delight, my Jesus!
Welcome o'er and o'er!
Reign, O freely reign within me
King for evermore!

5. Stay with me, O stay, my Jesus,
From the morning light,
Stay with me till twilight shadows
Deepen into night:
Stay with me from life's bright morning
Till her shaded eve,
Friend, and King, and Master, Jesus,
All my love receive!

Prince Hohenlohe † 1849

190

Soul of my Saviour



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. | 2. |
| 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. | Strength and protection may His Passion be,
O Blessed Jesus, hear and answer me,
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter
So shall I never, never part from Thee. [me, |

3.
Guard and defend me from the foe malign.
In death's drear moments make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee, with Thy Saints for aye.

Tr. of the "Anima Christi"
Ascribed to Pope John XXII

Fr. W. J. Maher, S. J.

191

Put ye on Christ, our Lord

Put ye on Christ, Our Lord. Be souls of prayer, Build all on
 this, not here a- lone, or there, But mov- ing, what-so- ev- er
 path be trod, With heart and mind up- lift- ed to your God.

1. Put ye on Christ, Our Lord. Be souls of prayer,
Build all on this, not here alone, or there,
But moving, whatsoever path be trod,
With heart and mind uplifted to your God.
2. Put ye on Christ, Our Lord, the livelong day
In selfless labour giving self away,
Choose not, reject not, but unruffled do
Whatever be your Father's Will for you.
3. Put ye on Christ Our Lord. With souls at rest
Through all the toil, because He is their Guest,
Let every thought and word and act increase
In all who touch you, gentleness and peace.
4. Put ye on Christ Our Lord, the great lone Heart,
That, in the crowd of men, dwelt still apart;
There is your strength, your prayer; know ye 'tis good
To keep Christ company in solitude.
5. Put ye on Jesus Christ, the Friend so true
Who says, and does, such tender things to you.
Glad in His love, scatter your love abroad
Because you are in love with Christ Our Lord.

S. N. D.

J. Yoakley

192

O God of Gentleness

O God of Gen- tle- ness De- scending from a- bove, How ea- ger to pos-
 sess My heart's a- bun- dant love! Dear Je- sus, by your cour- te- sy, I
 am Your child of grace, And sa- cramen- tal- ly, Your ho- ly dwelling- place.

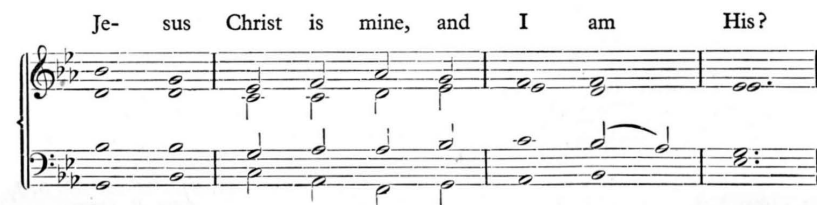
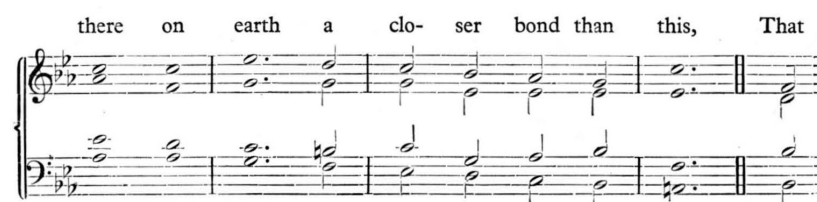
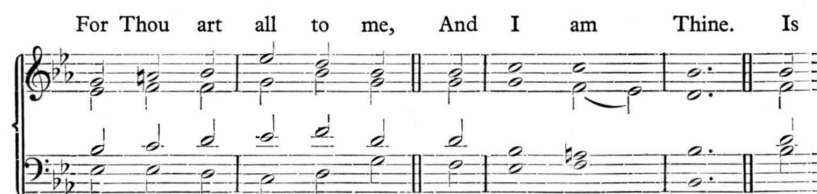
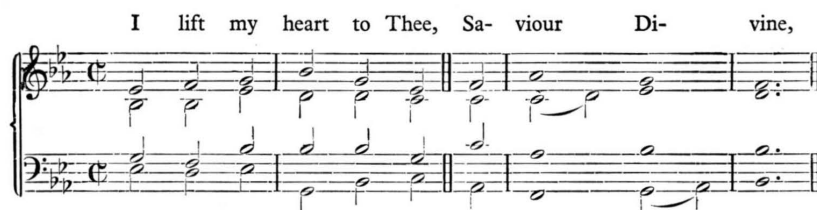
1. O God of Gentleness
Descending from above,
How eager to possess
My heart's abundant love!
Dear Jesus, by Your courtesy,
I am Your child of grace,
And, sacramentally,
Your holy dwelling-place.
2. I try, but cannot find
A prayer to praise You well;
Your Beauty fills my mind
With thoughts no tongue can tell.
I close my eyes in wonderment,
In helplessness I pray, —
But You will be content
With what I cannot say.
3. Beneath The form of Bread
No splendour I perceive;
But rev'rently my head
I bow, I do believe.
With perfect faith I trust You, Lord,
Within the Sacred Host;
And You will be adored
Because I love You most.
4. O Infinite Delight
And Loveliness supremé,
My Starlight in the night,
My soul's eternal dream!
I worship You in silence, and
I hold Your Heart to mine:
And You will understand,
And make my life divine.

Fr. Feeney S. J.

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

193

I lift my heart to Thee



1.

I lift my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this, —
That Jesus Christ is mine, and I am His?

2.

Thine am I by all ties,
But chiefly Thine
That through Thy Sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
About me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3.

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe,
All that I have, and am,
All that I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own, Lord, I am Thine.

4.

How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee
When Thou hast given Thine own sweet self for me?

5.

I pray Thee, Jesus, keep
Me in Thy love,
And in death's holy sleep
Call me above
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie

Sir Ivor Atkins

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194

Blest the day, the hour thrice blessed

Blest the day, the hour thrice bless- ed When Thou com- est, Lord;



Fair be- yond all earth- ly beau- ty Is Thy light a- dor'd:



He who holds Thee wants for noth- ing Since he hath in Thee



Fount and source of joy per- enni- al, Treas- ure full and free.



1. Blest the day, the hour thrice blessed
When Thou comest, Lord;
Fair beyond all earthly beauty
Is Thy light ador'd:
He who holds Thee wants for nothing,
Since he hath in Thee
Fount and source of joy perennial,
Treasure full and free.
2. Who is there that Thy great bounty
Doth not awe and thrill?
Wonder at Thy gracious mercy
Every mind must fill.
Thou, great God, to me descendest,
I to Thee arise,
Thy poor servant Thou embracest;
Lost in Thee he lies.

Prince Hohenlohe † 1849

3. May self-love no more be master,
But give way to Thee;
Thou alone be loved, be honoured,
Everlastingly,
Root out from my heart whatever
Pleases not Thy sight;
Make me Thine, all Thine, Thine only,
Shining pure and bright.
4. Whilst a breath of life remaineth
I Thy praise will sing,
Waiting for the open vision
Of Thy Face, my King.
Then, the veil withdrawn, what raptures
When my Lord I see!
Love and honour with the Angels
For eternity.

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J. Mus. B. Oxon.

195

My Lord, my Love

My Lord, my Love, in plea- sant pain How of- ten have I



said, "Bless- ed that John who on Thy Breast Laid down his gen- tle



head". It was that con- tact all di- vine Transformed him from a-



bove, And made him amongst men the man To show forth ho- ly love.



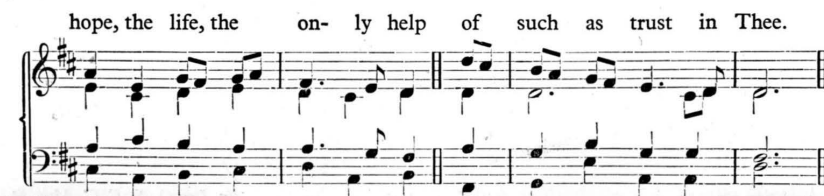
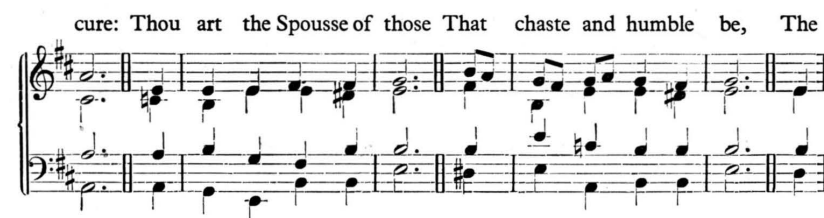
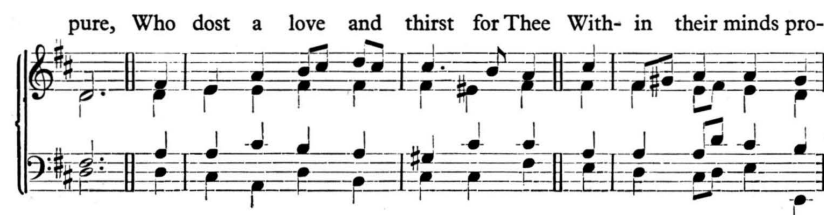
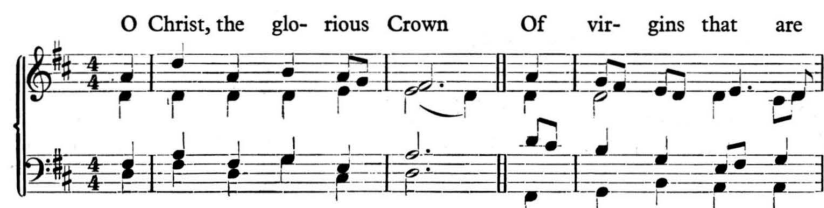
1. My Lord, my Love, in pleasant pain
How often have I said,
"Blessed that John who on Thy Breast
Laid down his gentle head."
It was that contact all divine
Transformed him from above,
And made him amongst men the man
To show forth holy love.
2. Yet shall I envy Blessed John?
Nay, not so verily,
Now that Thou, Lord, both Man and God,
Dost deign to dwell in me:
Upbuilding with Thy Manhood's might
My frail humanity:
Yea, Thy Divinehood pouring forth,
In fulness filling me.
3. Me, Lord, Thy temple consecrate,
E'en me, to Thee alone;
Lord, reign upon my willing heart
Which is Thy humble throne:
To Thee the Seraphim fall down
Adoring round Thy house;
For which of them hath tasted Thee
My Manna and my Spouse?
4. Now that Thy life lives in my soul
And sways and warms it through,
I scarce seem lesser than the world,
Which is Thy temple too.
O God, Who dwellest in my heart,
My God, Who fillest me,
The broad immensity itself
Hath not encompassed Thee.

Christina Rossetti

Fr. Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.

196

O Christ, the glorious Crown



1.

O Christ, the glorious Crown
Of virgins that are pure,
Who dost a love and thirst for Thee
Within their minds procure;
Thou art the Spouse of those
That chaste and humble be,
The hope, the life, the only help
Of such as trust in Thee.

2.

All charity of those
Whose souls Thy love doth warm;
All simple plainness of such minds
As think no kind of harm;
All sweet delights wherewith
The patient hearts abound,
Do praise Thy Name, and with that praise
They make the world resound.

3.

The sky, the land, the sea,
And all on earth below,
The glory of Thy Holy Name
Do with their praises show.
The winter yields Thee praise,
And summer doth the same;
The sun, the moon, the stars and all
Do magnify Thy Name.

4.

The roses that appear
So fair in outward sight;
The lilies pure which with their scent
Do yield so great delight;
The pearls, the precious stones,
The birds Thy praise do sing,
The woods, the wells and all delights
Which from this earth do spring.

5.

What creature, O sweet Lord,
From praising Thee would cease?
Each earthly being, filled with joy,
Thine honour would increase.
Let us therefore, with praise,
Thy mighty works express
With loving heart, and mind, and all
Which we from Thee possess.

Blessèd Philip Howard
Earl of Arundel † 1595

J. W. Franck

197

Lord, for to-morrow

Lord, for to-mor- row and its needs I do not pray;



Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to- day.



Let me both di- li- gent- ly work, And du- ly pray;



Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to- day.



1. Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

2. Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Sister Mary Xavier

3. Let me in season, Lord, be grave
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.
And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

4. In Purgatory's cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

Fr. F. M. de Zulueta S. J.

198

Souls of men

Souls of men, why will ye scat- ter, Like a crowd of frightened



sheep? Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?



1. Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
2. Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His Feet?
3. There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
4. There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
5. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
6. There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
7. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Fr. Faber

Corner † 1631

199

Loving Shepherd of thy sheep

GENTLE JESUS

In moderate time

Lov- ing Shep-herd of thy sheep, Keep me, Lord, in safe- ty keep;



Noth-ing can thy power with stand, None can pluck me from thy hand.



By permission from CURWEN EDITION, No. 6300 published by J. Curwen & Sons Ltd.
24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

1. Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from thy hand.
2. Loving Shepherd, thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love thee day by day,
Gladly thy sweet will obey.
3. Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the strait and narrow way.
4. Where thou leadest may I go,
Walking in thy steps below;
Then before thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for thine own.

J. E. Leeson 1807-1882

Dr. Martin Shaw.

200

As the Bridegroom

As the bride-groom to his cho- sen, As the king un- to his



realm, As the keep un- to the cas- tle, As the



pi- lot to the helm, So, Lord, art Thou to me.



1.

As the bridegroom to his chosen,
As the king unto his realm,
As the keep unto the castle,
As the pilot to the helm,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

2.

As the fountain to the garden,
As the candle in the dark,
As the treasure in the coffer,
As the manna in the ark,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

3.

As the ruby in the setting,
As the honey in the comb,
As the light within the lantern,
As the Father in the home,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

4.

As the sunshine in the heavens,
As the image in the glass,
As the fruit unto the fig-tree,
As the dew unto the grass,
So, Lord, art Thou to me.

Blessed Henry Suso O. P. † 1366

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon.

201

O Love, Who formedst me to wear

O Love, Who form-edst me to wear The im-age of Thy
 God-head here; Who soughtest me with ten-der care Through
 all my wanderings wild and drear; O Love, I give my-
 self to Thee, Thine ev-er, on-ly Thine to be.

1. O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
2. O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, etc.

3. O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
4. O Love, Who lovedst me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst that ransom pay
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, etc.

5. O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, etc.

J. Scheffler
Tr. Catherine Winkworth

G. Neumark
 1657

202

Take my life and let it be

Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord to Thee

Take my moments and my days: Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart — it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal

P. Heinlein

268

Our Lord

203

As pants the hart for cooling streams

As pants the hart for cool- ing streams When heat- ed in the

chase, So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace.

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.
4. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

N. Tate and N. Brady

T. Tallis 1515-85

Our Lord

269

204

O Love of God, how strong and true!

DAS WALT' GOTT VATER

Slow

O Love of God, how strong and true! E- ter- nal, and yet

ev- er new, Un- com- pre- hend- ed

and un- bought, Be- yond all knowledge and all thought!

From SONGS OF PRAISE by permission of the Oxford University Press.

1. O Love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!
2. O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort and to bless.
3. O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read Thee in the sky above;
We read Thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
4. We read Thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.
5. We read Thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
6. O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Horatius Bonar
1808-1889D. Vetter, c. 1713
Harmonized by J. S. Bach

270

Our Lord

205

Christ, the glory of the sky

Christ, the glo- ry of the sky, Christ, of earth the

hope se- cure, On- ly Son of God most high,

Off- spring of a Maid- en pure.

1. Christ, the glory of the sky,
Christ, of earth the hope secure,
Only Son of God most high,
Offspring of a Maiden pure.
2. Help us now Thy praise to sing,
Praise for this returning day;
Light and life let morning bring,
Clouds and darkness flee away.
3. Purest Light, within us dwell,
Never from our souls depart;
Come, the shades of earth dispel,
Fill and purify the heart.
4. Faith in Him whose name we bear
In our heart of hearts abound;
Hope, thy brightest torch prepare;
All with holy love be crowned.
5. Praise the Father; praise the Son;
Spirit blest, to Thee be praise;
To the eternal Three in One
Glory be through endless days.

"Æterna celi gloria"
Tr. R. Campbell, 1814-68

Freylinghausen's
"Geistreiches Gesangbuch" 1704

Our Lord

271

206

Lord, who hast made me free

Lord, who hast made me free, Whose hand up- hold- eth

me, Thy won- drous love hath found me, In

will- ing bonds hath bound me; Nor life nor death for

ev- er Me from thy love can sev- er.

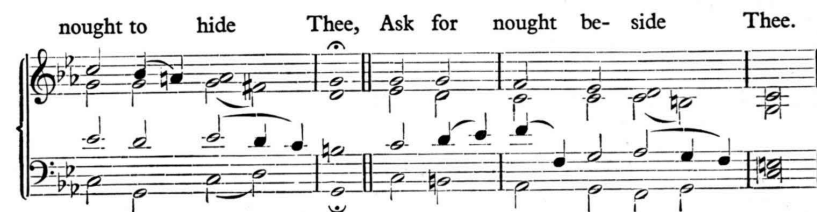
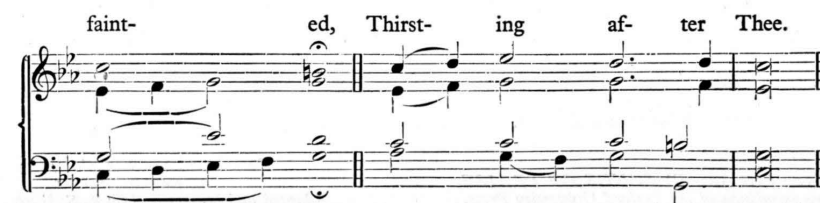
1. Lord, who hast made me free,
Whose hand upholdeth me,
Thy wondrous love hath found me,
In willing bonds hath bound me;
Nor life nor death for ever
Me from thy love can sever.
2. O love, how deep, how high,
On cross of shame to die!
Such love can never fail me,
Thy grace shall still avail me,
In life thou wilt uphold me,
In death thine arms enfold me.
3. My strength is not my own:
I trust in thee alone,
And welcome each tomorrow,
Let it bring joy or sorrow;
For thou art still beside me,
Thy hand will always guide me.
4. Lord of my life and guide,
Be thou but by my side,
Transformed is all life's sadness:
Thee will I serve with gladness,
Till I at last before thee
With eyes unveiled adore thee.

G. W. Briggs
From ENLARGED SONGS OF PRAISE,
by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Melody composed or adapted by
T. Regnart, c. 1574
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach

207

Jesus, priceless treasure



1.

Jesus, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me;
Long my heart hath panted,
Till it well-nigh fainted,
Thirsting after Thee.
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb,
I will suffer nought to hide Thee,
Ask for nought beside Thee.

2.

Hence, all thoughts of sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in:
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure!

*J. Franck 1618-77
Tr. C. Winkworth*

*German Melody adapted by
T. Crüger 1598-1662
Further adapted and
harmonized by J. S. Bach*

208

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness Leave the
Come in- to the day- light's splen- dour There with



gloom- y haunts of sad- ness,
joy thy prais- es rend- er. Un- to Him whose grace un-



bound- ed Hath this won-drous ban- quet found- ed; High o'er



all the heavens He reign- eth Yet to dwell with thee He deign- eth.



1. Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendour,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2. Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder;
How, by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

3. Sun, Who all my life dost brighten;
Light, Who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth:
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

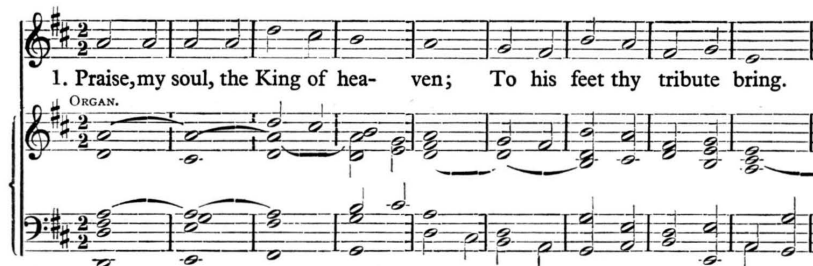
4. Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee;
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited:
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me,
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

J. Franck 1618-77 Tr. C. Winkworth

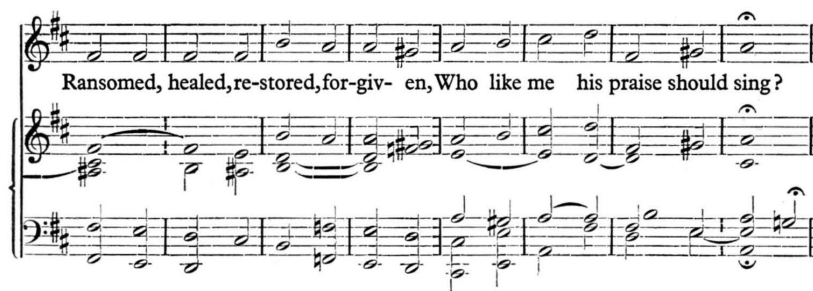
Melody by J. Crüger 1598-1662

209

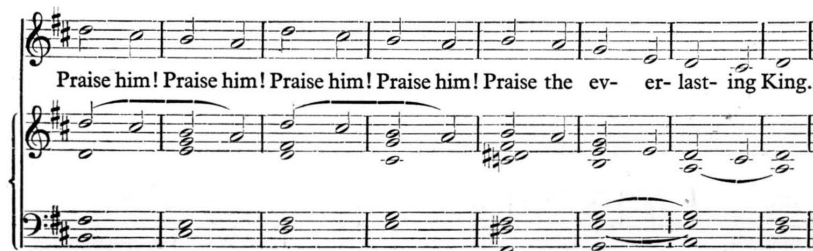
Praise, my soul



1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea- ven; To his feet thy tribute bring.



Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv- en, Who like me his praise should sing?



Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise the ev- er- last- ing King.

(Verses 2 and 3)

2. Praise him for his grace and fa- vour To our fa- thers
3. Fa- ther- like, he tends and spares us; Well our fee- ble

in dis- tress; Praise him still the same for ev- er,
frame he knows; In his bands he gen- tly bears us.

Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Praise him! Praise him!
Res- cures us from all our foes. Praise him! Praise him!

Praise him! Praise him! Glo- rious in his faith- ful- ness.
Praise him! Praise him! Wide- ly as his mer- cy flows.

Unison

4. An- gels, help us to a- dore him; Ye be- hold him face to face;

Sun and moon, bow down be- fore him; Dwell- ers all in time and space.

Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise with us the God of grace.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise the everlasting King. | 3. Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows. |
| 2. Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness. | 4. Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace. |

H. F. Lyte

Sir John Goss

210

Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely

Je- sus, the dy- ing day hath left us lone- ly: All fa- deth
from us, Thou re- main- est on- ly: Earth's light goes out, but
Thou, True Light, art near us, And Thou wilt hear us.

1. Jesus, the dying day hath left us lonely:
All fadeth from us, Thou remainest only:
Earth's light goes out, but Thou, True Light, art near us,
And Thou wilt hear us.
2. Bring home the feet that far from Thee have wandered;
The minds that all but Thee all day have pondered;
We yield them evermore, awake or sleeping,
To Thy safe keeping.
3. O let our souls keep day, though night be round us,
So shall the sons of darkness not confound us,
But blameless rest delight Thy gaze paternal,
Untired Eternal.
4. White Dove of Peace, Great God of consolation,
Brood o'er the souls that sigh in tribulation,
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows,
Soothe all their sorrows.

5. Mother of Holy Hope, all-Blessèd Mary,
Whose high-throned Mother-love can never vary,
This night, and at our death's deep nightfall aid us,
With Him Who made us.

Fr. O'Connor

Fr. S. S. Myerscough, S. J.
Mus. B. Oxon

211

The sun is sinking fast

The sun is sink-ing fast, The day-light dies; Let
love a- wake and pay Her even-ing sa- cri- fice.

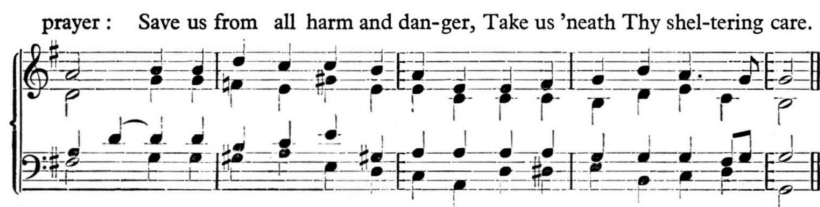
1. The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
2. As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's Hands
His parting Soul resigned,
3. So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In Whom all spirits live.
4. So now beneath His Eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
5. Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
6. Thus would I live;—yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
7. One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Fr. Castwall

Danish Melody

221

Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus



1.

Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.

2.

Save us from the wiles of Satan
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,
Sweetly may bright Guardian Angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3.

Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above;
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful
In Thy Sacrament of Love.

4.

Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom,
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home.

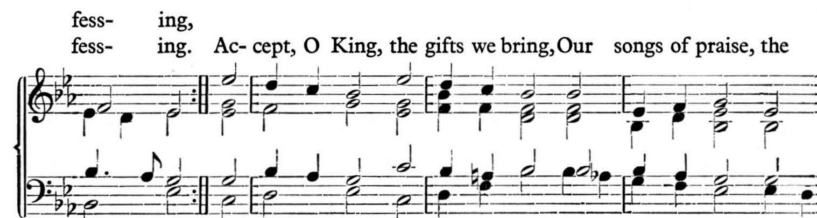
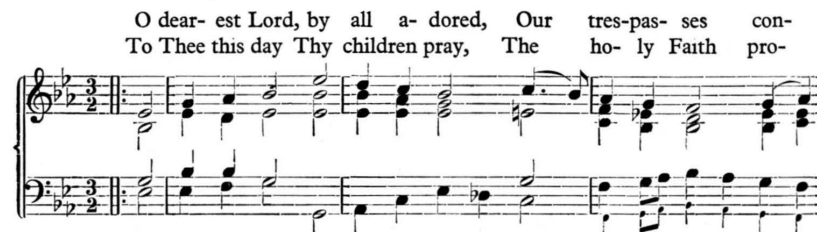
Fr. Stanfield

M. L. Gordon

213

O dearest Lord, by all adored

MIT FREUDEN ZART.



By permission of Messrs. Alfred Lengnick & Co. 14, Berners Street, London.

O dearest Lord, by all adored,
Our trespasses confessing,
To Thee this day Thy children pray,
The holy Faith professing!
Accept, O King, the gifts we bring,
Our songs of praise, the prayers we raise;
And grant us, Lord, Thy blessing.

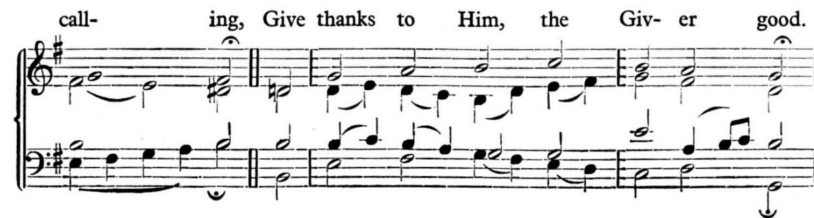
Rev. Maurice F. Bell
From the *ENGLISH HYMNAL*,
by permission of the
Oxford University Press.

Melody of the
Bohemian Brethren

214

The duteous day now closeth

INNSBRUCK



1.

The duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree repositeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

2.

Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

3.

His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4.

Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife;
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

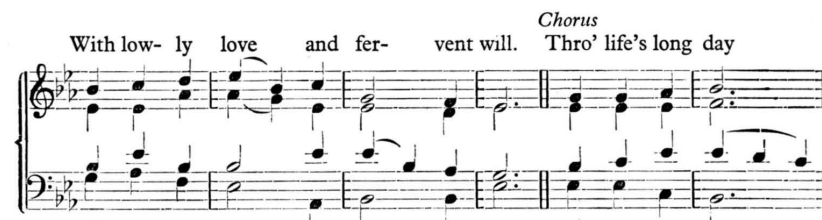
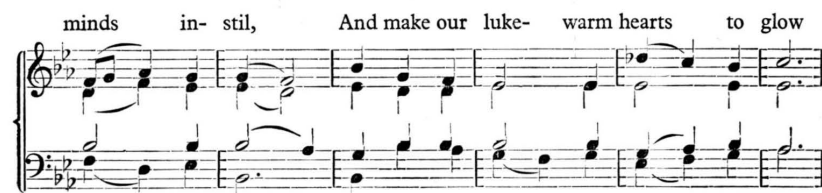
P. Gerhardt 1607-76

From the YATTENDON HYMNAL,
edited by Robert Bridges and
H. Ellis Wooldridge by permission
of the Clarendon Press.

Traditional German Melody
Adapted and harmonized by
J. S. Bach

215

Sweet Saviour! bless us



1. Sweet Saviour! Bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

2. The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

3. 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 and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,

4. Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Mary and Joseph near us be!
Good Angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

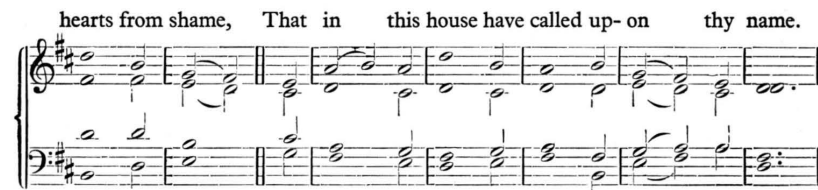
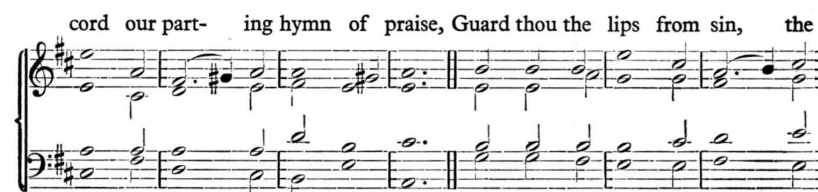
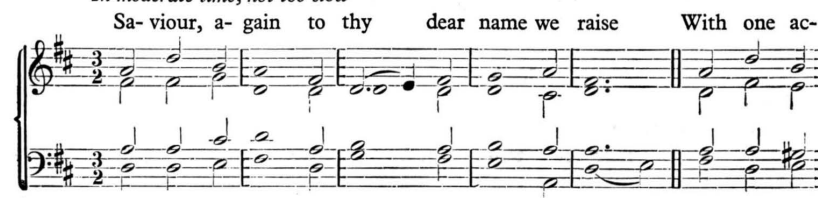
Fr. Faber

G. Herbert

216

Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise

MAGDA

In moderate time, not too slow*From SONGS OF PRAISE, by permission of the Oxford University Press.*

1. Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
2. Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
3. Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, thy Spirit from above:
4. Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton 1826-93

Dr. R. Vaughan Williams

286

Our Lord

217

Father eternal, Ruler of creation

LANGHAM

Moderately slow

Fa- ther e- ter- nal, Ru- ler of cre- a- tion,



Spi- rit of life, which moved ere form was made,



Through the thick dark- ness cover- ing ever- y na- tion



Light to man's blind- ness, O be Thou our aid:



Our Lord

287

Thy king- dom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.



1.

Father eternal, Ruler of creation,
 Spirit of life, which moved ere form was made,
 Through the thick darkness covering every nation
 Light to man's blindness, O be Thou our aid:
 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

2.

Races and peoples, lo we stand divided,
 And sharing not our griefs, no joy can share,
 By wars and tumults Love is mocked, divided,
 His conquering cross no kingdom wills to bear:
 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

3.

Envious of heart, blind eyed, with tongues confounded,
 Nation by nation still goes unforgiven,
 In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,
 Building proud towers which shall not reach to heaven:
 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

4.

Lust of possession worketh desolations,
 There is no meekness in the sons of earth;
 Led by no star, the rulers of the nations
 Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth:
 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

5.

How shall we love Thee, holy hidden Being,
 If we love not the world which Thou hast made?
 O give us brother-love for better seeing
 Thy Word made flesh, and in a manger laid:
 Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

Laurence Housman
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Dr. Geoffrey Shaw.
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218

Lead, kindly Light

Lead kind- ly Light, a- mid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me


 on; The might is dark, and I am far from home,


 Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to


 see The di- stant scene; one step en-ough for me.


1. 2.
 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Lead thou me on; Shouldst lead me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home, I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on. Lead thou me on.
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 The distant scene; one step enough for me. Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3.
 So long thou power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Cardinal J. H. Newman

Dr. J. B. Dykes

IV
OUR LADY

219

Ave plena gratiæ

1. A-ve ple-na grá-ti-æ, Ma-ter mi-se-ri-cór-di-æ,
2. Per quam om-nis grá-ti-æ fons or-tus est Ec-clé-si-æ,

6



- Sancta Ma-ri-a. 3. Lau-de di-gna An-ge-ló-rum, sume laudes
4. Spes re-ó-rum, spes lap-só-rum, læ-ti-ti-a



- pec-ca-tó-rum, be-a-tó-rum, } Sancta Ma-ri-a. 5. Te Gá-bri-el læ-ti-fi-cá-vit,
6. Pa-ter summus magni-fi-cá-vit,



- te Pa-rá-cli-tus ob-umbrá-vit, } Sancta Ma-ri-a. 7. O gló-ri-a!
dum Fí-li-o ma-trem cre-á-vit, 8. O Dó-mi-na!



- O gáu-di-um! dum ge-nu-í-sti Al-tís-si-mi U-ni-gé-ni-tum,
O Dó-mi-num pro-pí-ti-um fac no-bis tu-um pri-mo-gé-ni-tum,



- Sancta Ma-ri-a. 9. Nunc su-per cho-ros An-ge-ló-rum ex-al-tá-ta,
10. No-stri me-mor e-sto in mi-se-ri-cór-di-a,



- A dex-tris Fí-li-i, ma-ter regnas, cæ-lé-sti gló-ri-a circúm-da-
In hac mi-sé-ri-a, nos éx-su-les re-duc ad æ-tér-na ta-berná-cu-



- ta. } Sancta Ma-ri-a. 11. O Vir-go! O Dó-mi-na!



- O Ma-ter Re-gí-na. San-cta Ma-ri-a.



1. Ave plena grátia,
Mater misericórdia,
Sancta María.

2. Per quam omnis grátia
Fons ortus est Ecclésiæ,
Sancta María.

3. Laude digna Angelórum,
Sume laudes peccatórum,
Sancta María.

4. Spes reórum, spes lapsórum,
Lætitia beatórum,
Sancta María.

1. Hail, full of grace,
Mother of Mercy,
Holy Mary!

2. Through thee, O holy Mary,
The Source of all grace was given
To the Church.

3. Thou art worthy of Angels' praise,
But deign to accept the praises of sinners,
O Holy Mary!

4. O Hope of the guilty, O Hope of the fallen,
O Joy of the Blessed,
O Holy Mary!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 5. Te Gábríel lætificávit,
Te Paráclitus obumbrávit,
Sancta María. | 5. <i>Gabriel rejoiced thee,
The Paraclete overshadowed thee,
O Holy Mary!</i> |
| 6. Pater summus magnificávit,
Dum Filio matrem creávit,
Sancta María. | 6. <i>The Almighty Father exalted thee,
When He created a Mother, for His Son,
O Holy Mary!</i> |
| 7. O glória! O gáudium!
Dum genuísti
Altíssimi Unigénitum,
Sancta María. | 7. <i>O glory! O joy!
When thou didst bring forth
The Only-Begotten Son of the Most High,
O Holy Mary!</i> |
| 8. O Dómina! O Dóminum
Propítium fac nobis tuum
Primogénitum, Sancta María. | 8. <i>O Lady, make Our Lord,
Thy first-Begotten Son,
Propitious to us, O Mary!</i> |
| 9. Nunc super choros Angelórum exaltáta
A dextris Filii, mater, regnas
Cæléstis glória circumdata,
Sancta María. | 9. <i>Now, O Holy Mary, exalted above all
The Choirs of Angels, thou dost reign,
O Blessed Mother, at the right hand
Of thy Son encompassed with heavenly glory.</i> |
| 10. Nostri memor esto in misericórdia,
In hac miséria, nos éxules reduc
Ad æténa tabernácula,
Sancta María. | 10. <i>In thy mercy be mindful of us,
Poor exiles: lead us to
The eternal tabernacles.
Holy Mary!</i> |
| 11. O Virgo! O Dómina!
O Mater Regina, Sancta María. | 11. <i>O Virgin! O Sovereign Lady!
Our Mother, and our Queen, Holy Mary!</i> |

*From Cantus Mariales
J. de Gigord, 15 Rue Cassette, Paris*

Dom Pothier O. S. B.

220

Audi, precor, O bona Domina

Au-di, pre-cor, O bo-na Dó-mi-na, Pec-ca-tó-rum



mæ-sta su-spí-ri-a: Et pro tu-a mi-se-ri-cór-di-a



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Audi, precor, O bona Dómina,
Peccatórum mæsta suspíria:
Et pro tua misericórdia
Deo nostro nos reconcilia,
Mater bona. | 1. <i>Gentle Lady, we beseech thee,
Hear the sinner's plaintive cry,
In thy sweet and tender mercy
Pardon win from God Most High,
Kindest Mother.</i> |
| 2. Nato, Mater, fac acceptábilem
Peccatórum hanc precem fléibilem:
Redde nobis Deum placábilem,
Ne se præstet inexorábilem
Summus Iudex. | 2. <i>May thy Son, O Dearest Mother,
Grant, through thee, our tearful prayer;
Changed to mercy be God's justice,
Through thy pleading may He spare
Erring children.</i> |
| 3. O intácta Virgo puérpera,
Ad te clamat mens nostra mísera,
Quæ nefánda semper ad scélera,
Ab ætáte nunc usque ténera
Inclináture. | 3. <i>Virgin Mother, pure and spotless,
Wayward souls, to thee we turn,
E'en from childhood prone to evil;
Do not our petitions spurn,
Win us pardon.</i> |
| 4. Pia Mater, errántes vísitá,
Pío corde de nobis cógita,
Coram Jesu benígna clámita,
Ut nostrórum remíttat débíta
Peccatórum. | 4. <i>Loving Mother, when we wander,
With compassion think of us;
In the presence of thy Jesus
Cease not still to ask for us
His sweet pardon</i> |
| 5. Esto nobis mater propítia,
Quorum soror es atque sócia;
In tuárum laudum præcónia
Corda nostra fac voluntária
Ac devóta. | 5. <i>Show thyself to us a Mother,
Sister and Companion kind,
In the singing of thy praises
May we all our solace find.
Holy Mother.</i> |
| 6. Benedícta in muliéribus,
Bénédic te benedicéntibus;
Benedictis tuis ubérius,
Qui dat escam esuriéntibus,
Hunc lactásti. | 6. <i>Blesséd thou above all other,
May thy children all be blest;
Thou didst nourish, Gentle Mother,
Our Creator at thy breast.
Blesséd Mary.</i> |
| 7. Benedíctus sit Pater lúminum,
Benedícta sit Virgo vírginum:
Benedícat cor nostrum Dóminum,
Sitiátque fontem dulcédinum
Sempitérnum. Amen. | 7. <i>May the God of Light be blesséd,
Blesséd be the Virgin pure,
May we thirst for that sweet fountain
Of the joys that will endure
Through all ages. Amen.</i> |

*St. Bernard
Tr. S. N. D.*

*Melody from the Reverend
Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes
Acqpt. Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.*

221

Ave Maria, gratia plena

A- ve Ma- ri- a, grá- ti- a ple- na... So greets thee, O



Ma- ry, the Fa- ther E- ter- nal: Pray thou for us, Child of Glo- ry.



1. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greets thee, O Mary, the Father Eternal:
Pray thou for us, Child of Glory.
2. Ave María, grátia plena.
The Only-Begotten of God calls thee Mother:
Pray thou for us, Blissful Maiden.
3. Ave María, grátia plena.
The white Love of Souls is thy Bridegroom for ever:
Pray thou for us, Queen of Heaven.
4. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee for ever the Blessèd in Heaven.
Pray thou for us, Joy of Angels.
5. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee the sad and the sick and the dying:
Pray thou for all, Perfect Pity.
6. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greet thee the souls of the Faithful Departed:
Pray thou for them, Star of Morning.
7. Ave María, grátia plena.
So greets thee a sinner imploring thy pity:
Pray thou for me, Queen of Mercy.

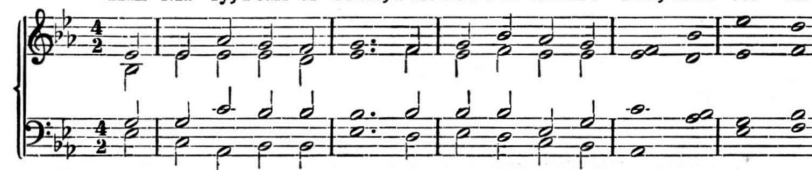
Fr. O'Connor

German

222

Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace

Hail Ma- ry, Pearl of Grace, Pure flow'r of Adam's race, And ves- sel



rare of God's e- lec- tion; Unstain'd as virg-in snow, Se-



rene as suns-et glow, We sinn- ers crave thy sure pro- tec- tion.



1.

Hail Mary, Pearl of Grace,
Pure flower of Adam's race,
And vessel rare of God's election;
Unstained as virgin snow,
Serene as sunset glow,
We sinners crave thy sure protection.

3.

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

2.

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

4.

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

Dom Bede Camm O. S. B.

Sir Richard Terry

296

Our Lady

223

O Mother blest

O Mo- ther blest, whom God bestows On sinn- ers and on just, What



joy, what hope thou giv- est those Who in thy mer- cy trust!



Thou art cle- ment, thou art chaste, Ma- ry, thou art fair;



Of all mo- thers sweet est, best; None with thee com- pare.



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

2. O heavenly Mother, Mistress sweet!
It never yet was told
That suppliant sinner left thy feet
Unpitied, unconsol'd.
Thou art clement, etc.

3. O Mother pitiful and mild,
Cease not to pray for me:
For I do love thee as a child,
And sigh for love of thee.
Thou art clement, thou art chaste,
Mary, thou art fair;
Of all mothers sweetest, best;
None with thee compare.

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

Our Lady

297

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

St. Alphonsus Liguori
Tr. Fr. Vaughan C. SS. R.

F. Westlake

224

O Mother, will it always be

Tune "Jerusalem"

T. W. STANFORTH

O Mo- ther, will it al- ways be That eve- ry pass- ing year Shall



make thee seem more beau- ti- ful, Shall make thee grow more dear?



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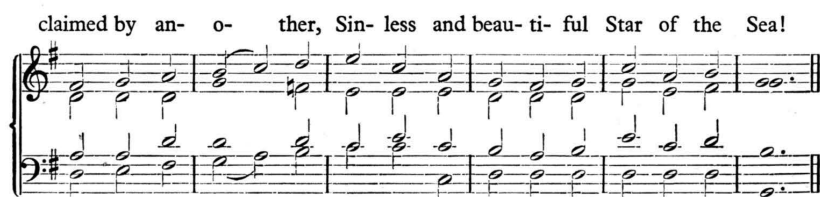
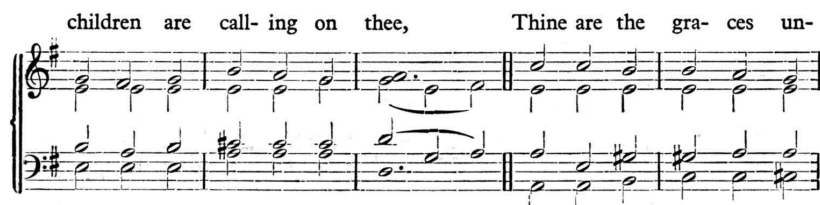
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. O Mother, will it always be
That every passing year
Shall make thee seem more beautiful,
Shall make thee grow more dear? | 4. Yet now it seems we knew thee not;
Each feast-day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
And truer love to win. |
| 2. We know thou art not infinite,
And yet thou dost unfold
Fresh glories every feast that comes,
New grandeurs yet untold. | 5. O Mother, thou art like the life
The blessed lead above,
Unchangeable, yet growing still
In glory and in love. |
| 3. We knew thee to be free from stain
As is the sun's white beam;
We knew God's Mother must be great
Above what we could dream. | 6. How close to God, how full of God,
Dear Mother, must thou be,
For still the more we know of God,
The more we think of thee. |
| 7. This is thy gift — O give it us —
To make God better known:
Ah! Mother, make Him in our hearts
More grand and more alone. | |

Fr. Faber

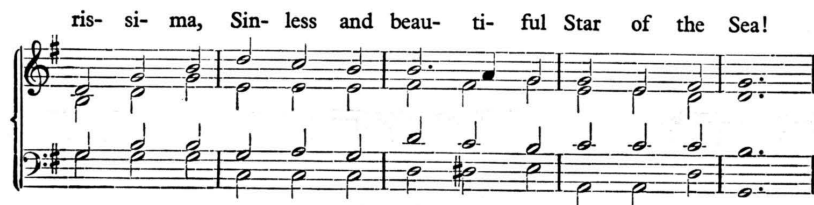
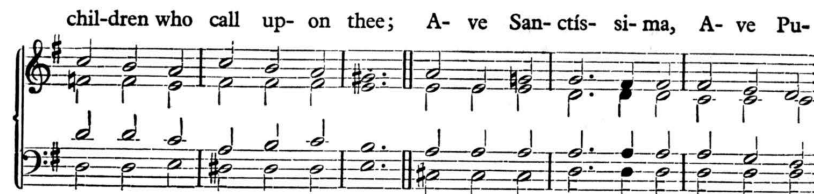
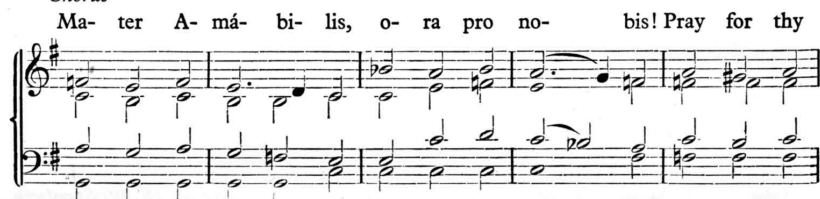
T. W. Staniforth

225

Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother



Chorus



1.

Ave María, O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, ora pro nobis,
Pray for thy children who call upon thee,
Ave Sanctíssima, Ave Puríssima,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

2.

Ave María, the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee,
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, etc.

3.

Ave María, thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee,
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, etc.

4.

Ave María, thou portal of Heaven,
Harbour of refuge, to thee do we flee,
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea!
Mater Amábilis, etc.

Sister M.

L. Ampleforth

226

Blest Guardian of all Virgin souls

Blest Guard-ian of all Vir-gin souls, Gate-
way of bliss to man forgiv-en, Pure Moth-er of Al-
might-y God, Thou hope of earth and joy of heaven.

The musical score is written for piano in G major, 4/2 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Blest Guardian of all Virgin souls,
Gateway of bliss to man forgiven,
Pure Mother of Almighty God,
Thou hope of earth and joy of heaven.
2. Fair lily found amidst the thorns,
Most beauteous dove with wings of gold
Rod from whose tender root up-sprang
That healing flower long since foretold
3. Thou tower against the dragon proof,
Thou star to storm-tossed travellers dear,
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep,
Thine be the light by which we steer.
4. Scatter the mists that round us hang,
Keep far the fatal shoals away,
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.
5. O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee,
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

"*Præclara custos Virginum*"
Tr. "The Inner Court"

Melody by J. H. Schein
Harmonized by J. S. Bach

227

Hail, Queen of Heaven

Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the o-cean Star, Guide of the wand'-rer
here be-low, Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from pe-ril and from woe. Mo-ther of Christ,
Star of the sea, Pray for the wand'-rer, pray for me.

The musical score is written for piano in G major, 3/2 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

1. Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the ocean Star,
Guide of the wanderer here below,
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.
2. O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayer through thee,
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.
3. Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
4. And while to Him Who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of Life, of Grace, of Love,
Homage we pay on bended knee,
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Dr. Lingard

Sir Richard Terry

228

Holy Mother, all unknowing

Ho- ly Moth-er, all un-know-ing Lightest taint or stain of sin;



Whom He chose that brake death's fetters Show-ing, forth His love there- in.



Grant in merc-y that thy peo- ple, Gladsome in thy fest- al rite,



Find their joy and bliss for ev- er In the ver- y light of light.



1.

Holy Mother, all unknowing
Lightest taint or stain of sin,
Whom He chose that brake death's fetters,
Showing forth His love therein.
Grant in mercy that thy people,
Gladsome in thy festal rite,
Find their joy and bliss for ever
In the very light of light.

2.

First of faith, by thy beseeching
Gain us increase from above,
Stay with hope the hearts that falter,
Strengthen and confirm in love.
God's own Mother, cause and fountain
Of the hope our hearts enjoy,
Drive all wars and scourges from us,
Famine, plague and strife destroy.

3.

Heed the cries and lamentations
Of the prisoner and the poor:
Grant their vows, and to the ailing
Wished-for health and strenght restore.
Grant that quiet peace be with us,
Making all our life-days sweet,
Foes make friends, all hate dispelling,
Bring the wicked to thy feet.

"Alma Parens" St. Anselm
Tr. "The Inner Court"

4.

Holy Mary, loving Mother,
Grant to all thy sons thine aid,
Till enthroned we praise for ever
Christ, thy Child, His fellows made.
God the Father, Son co-equal,
Holy Spirit, praise to Thee:
Rule us ever through the ages,
Co-Eternal Trinity.

H. Smart

229

Shall we not love thee, Mother dear

Shall we not love thee, Mo- ther dear, Whom Je- sus loves so



well? And, to His glo- ry, year by year, Thy joy and hon- our tell?



1. Shall we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom Jesus loves so well?
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell?
2. Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.
3. And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be;
In It to suffer for our sake
By It to make us free.
4. O wondrous depth of grace Divine
That He should bend so low!
And Mary, O what joy was thine
In His dear love to know;
5. Joy to be Mother of the Lord,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought and deed and word
To be for ever His.
6. And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well;
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.
7. Jesus, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore.

Sir H. W. Baker

Adapted from Day's Psalter 1563

230

Thou art so wondrous fair

Thou art so won-drous fair, O Mo-ther of fair love, With
thee, the moon a- bove Not pass- ing- ly would dare Once to com- pare.

1. Thou art so wondrous fair,
O Mother of fair love,
With thee, the moon above
Not passingly would dare
Once to compare.
2. O Charity Divine,
O True Love's priceless boon,
When, on that fearful noon,
My God, dear Queen, and thine
Did make thee mine.
3. Thou sawest Jesus dead,
Yet in that dreadful loss
Didst thou beneath His Cross,
Bowing thy regal head,
Take man instead.
4. Thou moon of earth's black night,
And pride of our poor race,
Shade not thy glorious face,
Dwell always in our sight
To give us light.

Fr. Martin O. S. F. C.

Fr. Leo O. S. F. C. Mus. B.

231

O what light and glory

O what light and glo- ry Deck thee, all re- splen- dent,
Thou of roy- al Da- vid Glo- ri- ous de- scend- ant!

1. O what light and glory
Deck thee, all resplendent,
Thou of royal David
Glorious descendant!
2. Mary ever-Virgin,
Who in heaven art dwelling,
All the choirs of Angels
Evermore excelling.
3. Mother, yet the honour
Of a Virgin bearing,
For the Lord of Angels
Dwelling pure preparing.
4. Whom the whole creation
Evermore adoreth,
And all lowly bending
Rightly now imploreth.
5. May His pity grant us,
Far our darkness sending,
With thee in His glory
Joy and light unending.

"O quam glorifica"
VIII or IX Century

Hymn Book (A). — 20

Traditional German Melody

232

Concordi lætitia

Con-cór-di læ-ti-ti-a, Pro-púl-sa mæ-sti-ti-a, Ma-rí-



æ præ-có-ni-a Re-có-lat Ecclé-si-a Vir-go Ma-rí-a.



1. Concórdi lætítia,
Propúl-sa mæstítia,
Mariæ præcónia
Recólat Ecclésia:
Virgo Maria!
2. Quæ felici gáudio,
Resurgente Dómino,
Flóruit ut lílium,
Vivum cernens Fílium:
Virgo Maria!
3. Quam concéntu páрили
Chori laudant cælici,
Et nos cum cælestibus
Novum melos pángimus:
Virgo Maria!
4. O Regína vírginum,
Votis fave súpplicum,
Et post mortis stádium,
Vitæ confer præmium:
Virgo Maria!
5. Gloriósa Trínitas,
Indivísa Unitas,
Ob Mariæ mérita
Nos salva per sæcula:
Virgo Maria!
Amen.

Tr. S. N. D.

1. With voice of joy and gladness,
And banishing of sadness,
Let holy Church unite
And Mary's praise recite.
O Virgin Mary!
2. That happy Easter morn,
Like lily fresh at dawn,
She saw with joy God-given
Her Blessed Son had risen.
O Virgin Mary!
3. The Angels sing her praises,
And Earth her voice too raises
That all a song quite new
May sing in praise of you.
O Virgin Mary!
4. O Queen of Virgins fair,
Now hear thy suppliant's prayer,
Steer us through Death's dark door,
To Heaven for evermore.
O Virgin Mary!
5. O Glorious Three in One,
O Jesus, Mary's Son,
Give us eternal rest
In love of Mary blest.
O Virgin Mary!
Amen.

Dom Pothier O. S. B.

233

O quam glorifica

O quam glo-rí-fi-ca lu-ce cor-ú-scas, Stir-pis Da-



ví-di-cæ ré-gi-a pro-les! Su-blí-mis ré-si-dens Vir-go Ma-



rí-a, Su-pra cæ-lí-ge-nas æ-thé-ris omnes. A-men.



1. O quam glorífica luce corúscas,
Stirpis Davidicæ régia proles!
Sublímis résidens Virgo María,
Supra cæligenas æthéris omnes.
2. Tu cum virgíneo máter honóre
Angelórum Dómino pèctoris aulam
Sacris viscéribus casta parástis;
Natus hinc Deus est corpore Christus.
3. Quem cunctis vénerans orbis adórat,
Cui nunc rite genu fléctitur omne;
A quo te, pétimus, subveniénte,
Abjéctis ténebris, gáudia lucis.
4. Hoc largire Pater lúminis omnis,
Natum per próprium, Flámine sacro,
Qui tecum nítida vivit in æthra
Regnans, ac móderans sæcula cuncta.
Amen.

Tr. From the "Inner Court"

1. O with what glorious radiance thou gleamest,
Kingly descendant of David's royal household,
Mary the Virgin, who reignest enthroned
High o'er the townsmen of heaven thy city.
2. Mother thou art, yet with virginal honour:
Thou the most chaste, for the Lord of the Angels
Madest thy womb a pure cradle and chamber:
There was God born in the flesh, our salvation.
3. He whom the world in meet worship adoreth,
He to whom every knee bends, as is rightful,
Him we beseech at thy prayer to afford us
Light's blessed joys and dispelling of darkness.
4. This do thou grant us, light's Sire and Creator,
Through thine own Son and thy worshipful Spirit,
Who with thee liveth in heaven the gladsome,
Ruling and wielding all worlds and all ages.
Amen.

308

Our Lady

234

Virgo Dei Genitrix

Vir- go De- i Gé- ni- trix quem to- tus non ca- pit or- bis

In tu- a se clau- sit ví- sce- ra fa- ctus ho- mo. A- men.

1. Virgo Dei Génitrix quem totus non capit orbis
In tua se clausit viscera factus homo.
2. Vera fides Géniti purgávit crimine mún- di,
Et tibi virginitas invioláta mánet.
3. Te matrem pietátis, opem et clámitat orbis;
Subvénias fámulis, o benedícta, tuis.
4. Glória magna Patri, compar sit glória Nato,
Spirítui Sancto glória magna Deo. Amen.

1. O Virgin Mother of God, He Whom the whole world
cannot contain — the Word made Flesh — enclosed
Himself within thy womb.
2. Thy Son, true God and Man, has cleansed the world
of its sins, and thy virginity remained inviolate.
3. The whole world sings to thee, O Mother of goodness,
and proclaims thy Power. Come to the aid of thy
servants, O Blessed One.
4. Great glory be to God the Father, to God the Son and
to God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

From "Accompagnement du Chant grégorien"
by Henri Potiron

Our Lady

235 a

Alma Redemptoris Mater

(Simple Tone)

309

Al- ma * Red- emptó- ris Ma- ter, quæ pér- vi- a cæ- li por-
ta ma- nes, Et stel- la ma- ris, suc- cú- re ca- dén- ti, sú- ge- re qui
cu- rat pó- pu- lo: Tu quæ ge- nu- í- sti, na- tú- ra mi- rán- te, tu- um
sanctum Ge- ni- tó- rem: Vir- go pri- us ac po- sté- ri- us, Ga- bri-
é- lis ab- ó- re su- mens il- lud A- ve, pec- ca- tó- rum mi- se- re- re.

Mother of Christ, hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep and portal of the sky,
Mother of Him Who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
O, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

Hermann Contractus
Tr. The Day Hours

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desrocquettes, O. S. B.

235 b

Alma Redemptoris Mater

(Solemn Tone)

Al- ma * Re- demptó- ris

Má- ter quæ pér- vi- a cæ- li por- ta ma- nes,

Et stel- la ma- ris, suc- cú- re ca- dén- ti súr-ge-

re qui cu- rat pó- pu- lo: Tu quæ ge- nu- í- sti, na-

tú- ra mi- rán- te, tu- um sanctum Ge- ni- tó- rem:

Vir- go pri- us ac po- sté- ri- us, Ga- bri- é- lis

ab- ó- ve sumens il- lud A- ve pec- ca- tó- rum mi- se- ré- re.

*Mother of Christ, hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep and portal of the sky,
Mother of Him Who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
O, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.*

Hermann Contractus
Tr. Day Hours.

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desrocquettes, O. S. B.

312

Our Lady

236 a

Ave Regina cælorum

(Simple Tone)

A-ve Re-gi-na cæ-ló-rum, A-ve Dó-mi-na Ange-ló-rum : Sal-

ve ra-dix, sal-ve por-ta, Ex qua mundo lux est or-ta. Gau-de Vir-

go glo-ri-ó-sa, Su-per omnes spe-ci-ó-sa : va-le, o val-de de-

có-ra, Et pro no-bis Chri-stum ex-ó-ra.

Hail, O Queen of heaven enthroned
Hail, by angels Mistress owned.
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born.
Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair,
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

St. Alban's Book
12th Cent.

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desroquettes, O. S. B.

Our Lady

236b

Ave Regina cælorum

(Solemn Tone)

A-ve *Re-gi-na cæ-ló-rum: A-ve Dó-

mi-na An-ge-ló-rum: Sal-ve ra-dix, sal-ve por-ta, Ex

qua mun-do lux est or-ta Gau-de Vir-go glo-ri-ó-

sa, Su-per ó-mnes spe-ci-ó-sa: Va-le, o

val-de de-có-ra, Et pro no-bis Chri-stum *ex-ó-ra.

Hail, O Queen of heaven enthroned
Hail, by angels Mistress owned.
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born.

St. Alban's Book
12th Cent.

Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see:
Fairest thou where all are fair,
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desroquettes, O. S. B.

314

Our Lady

237 a

Regina cæli lætare

(Simple Tone)

Re- gi- na cæ- li, læ- tá- re, al- le- lú- ia. Qui- a quem me- ru-



í- sti por- tá- re, al- le- lú- ia: Re- sur- ré- xit, sic- ut di- xit, al-



le- lú- ia. O- ra pro no- bis De- um, al- le- lú- ia.



*O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia,
For He Whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia,
Hath risen as He said, alleluia.
Pray for us to God, alleluia.*

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desroquettes, O. S. B.

Authorship uncertain

237 b

Regina cæli lætare

(Solemn Tone)

Re- gi- na cæ- li læ- tá- re, al-



Our Lady

315

le- lú- ia: Qui- a quem me- ru- í- sti por-



tá- re, al- le- lú- ia:



Re- sur- ré- xit, si- cut di- xit al- le- lú- ia:



O- ra pro no- bis De- um, al- le- *



** lú- ia.



*O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia,
For He Whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia,
Hath risen as He said, alleluia.
Pray for us to God, alleluia.*

From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desroquettes, O. S. B.

Authorship uncertain

238 a

Salve Regina

(Simple Tone)

Sal-ve Re-gi-na *ma-ter mi-se-ri-cór-di-æ: Vi-ta, dul-

5

cé-do, et spes nostra, sal-ve. Ad te cla-má-mus, ex-sú-

les, fi-li-i He-væ. Ad te su-spi-rá-mus, ge-mén-tes et flen-tes in

hac la-cri-má-rum val-le E-ia er-go, Advo-cá-ta nostra, il-

los tu-os mi-se-ri-cór-des ó-cu-los ad nos convér-te. Et

Je-sum be-ne-di-ctum fru-ctum ventris tu-i, no-bis post hoc ex-sí-li-

um o-stén-de. O cle-mens : O pi-a :

O dul-cis Vir-go Ma-rí-a.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy; hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee we send up our sighs mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us; and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Authorship uncertain

From OFFICIUM, COMPLETORII
Harmonized by
R. P. D. J. Hébert Desroquettes, O. S. B.



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238 b

Salve Regina

(Solemn Tone)

Sal- ve, *Re- gi- na, ma-ter mi- se- ri- cór-di-

1 æ: Vi- ta dul- cé- do, et spes no- stra, sal-

ve. Ad te cla-má- mus, ex-su- les, fi- li- i He- væ.

Ad te su-spi- rá- mus, ge-men- tes et flen- tes in hac la- cri-

ma- rum val- le E- ia er- go, Advo- cá- ta nostra,

il- los tu- os mi- se- ri- cór- des ó- cu- los ad nos con-

vér- te. Et Je- sum, be- ne- dí- ctum fru-ctum ven- tris tu-

i, no- bis post hoc ex- sí- li- um o- sténde.

O cle- mens, O pi- a, O

dul- cis Vir- go Ma- ri- a.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy: hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve: to thee we send up our sighs mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us: and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Authorship uncertain

*From OFFICIUM COMPLETORII
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V VARIOUS

239

Asperges me

A- spér- ges me, * Dó- mi- ne, hys- só- po, et mun-

dá- bor; la- vá- bis me, et su- per ni- vem

de- al- bá- bor. Ps. 50. Mi- se- ré- re me- i, De- us, *

Se- cún- dum ma- gnam mi- se- ri- cór- di- am tu- am.

Gló- ri- a Pa- tri et Fi- li- o, et Spi- rí- tu- i San- cto. *

Sic- ut e- rat in prin- cí- pi- o, et nunc, et sem- per,

et in sæ- cu- la sæ- cu- ló- rum. A- men.

Repeat Antiphon Asperges me.

Antiphon. Asperges me, Dómine, hyssópo et mundábor; lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor.

Psalm 50. Misérére mei Deus, secúndum magnam misericórdiam tuam.

V. Glória Patri, et Filio, et Spirítui Sancto.

R. Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculórum. Amen.

Antiphon. Asperges me, Dómine, hyssópo et mundábor; lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor.

Tr. Roman Missal

Antiphon. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Psalm 50. Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

R. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Antiphon. Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

240

Vidi aquam

Vi- di a- quam * egre- di- én- tem de tem-

8 plo, a lá- te- re dex- tro, al- le- lú-

ia: et o- mnes ad quos per- vé- nit a- qua i-

sta, sal- vi fa- cti sunt, et di-

cent, al- le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia. Ps. 117. Con-fi-

té- mi- ni Dó- mi- no, quó- ni- am bo- nus: * quó- ni- am in sæ- cu-

lum mi- se- ri- cór- di- a- e- jus. Gló- ri- a Pa- tri, et Fí- li-

o, et Spi- rí- tu- i San- cto. * Sic- ut e- rat in prin- cí- pi- o,

et nunc, et sem- per, et in sæ- cu- la sæ- cu- ló- rum. A- men.

Repeat Antiphon Vidi aquam.

Antiphon. Vidi aquam egredién- tem de templo, a látere dextro, allelúia: et omnes ad quos pervé- nit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent, allelúia, allelúia.

Psalm 117. Confitémini Dómino, quóniam bonus: quóniam in sæcu- lum misericórdia ejus.

V. Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spi- ritui Sancto.

R. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæ- culórum. Amen.

Antiphon. Vidi aquam egredién- tem de templo, a látere dextro, allelúia: et omnes ad quos pervé- nit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et dicent, allelúia, allelúia.

Tr. Roman Missal

Antiphon. I saw water coming forth from the temple, on the right side, allelúia: and all those to whom this water came, were saved, and shall say, allelúia, allelúia.

Psalm 117. Give praise to the Lord, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

R. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Antiphon. I saw water coming forth from the temple, on the right side, allelúia: and all those to whom this water came, were saved, and shall say, allelúia, allelúia.

Dom J. Hébert Desroquettes O. S. B.

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241

Various

The Divine Praises

(VOICES)

1. Bene- dí- ctus De- us,

3. Benedictum no- men Je- su

5. Benedicta magna Ma- ter De- i

7. Benedictum nomen Mariæ, Virgi- nis et Ma- tris.

(ORGAN)

2. Benedictus Je- sus Chri- stus,

4. Bene- dí- ctus Je- sus

6. Benedicta San- cta Ec- cles- ius

9. Benedictus Deus in An- ge- lis su- is

To end:

Fi- at, fi- at.

Various

327

1. benedictum no- men San- ctum e- jus.

3. benedictum Cor e- jus Sa- cra- tis- si- mum.

5. Ma- ri- a San- ctis- si- ma.

8. Benedictus Sanctus Joseph ejus ca- stis- si- mus spon- sus.

2. verus De- us, et ve- rus Ho- mo.

4. In Sanctissimo al- tá- ris Sa- cra- mén- to.

6. et im- ma- cu- lá- ta Con- cé- pti- o.

9. et in San- ctis- su- is.

1. Benedictus Deus.
Benedictum nomen sanctum ejus.
2. Benedictus Jesus Christus,
verus Deus, et verus Homo.
3. Benedictum nomen Jesu.
Benedictum Cor ejus Sacratissimum.
4. Benedictus Jesus in sanctissimo
altáris Sacraménto.
5. Benedicta magna Mater Dei,
Maria Sanctissima.
6. Benedicta sancta ejus et
immaculáta Concéptio.
7. Benedictum nomen Mariæ,
Virginis et Matris.
8. Benedictus Sanctus Joseph
ejus castissimus sponsus.
9. Benedictus Deus in Angelis suis
et in Sanctis suis.

Fiat

1. Blessed be God.
Blessed be His Holy Name.
2. Blessed be Jesus Christ,
true God and true Man.
3. Blessed be the Name of Jesus.
Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.
4. Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy
Sacrament of the Altar.
5. Blessed be the great Mother of God,
Mary most holy.
6. Blessed be her holy and
Immaculate Conception.
7. Blessed be the Name of Mary,
Virgin and Mother.
8. Blessed be Saint Joseph,
her most chaste Spouse.
9. Blessed be God in His Angels
and in His Saints.

May it be so.

Chant de Maredsous
by Dom Germain Morin O. S. B.

242 a

O Salutaris Hostia

O Sa-lu-tá-ris Hó-sti-a, Quæ cæ-li pan-dis ó-sti-um: Bel-



la premunt ho-stí-li-a, Da ro-bur, fer au-xí-li-um. A-men.



1.

O Salutaris Hóstia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2.

Uni Trinóque Dómino
Sit sempiterna glória:
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.
Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

1.

*O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.*

2.

*To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.*

242 b

O Salutaris Hostia

O Sa-lu-tá-ris Hó-sti-a, Quæ cæ-li pan-dis ó-



sti-um: Bel-la pre-munt ho-stí-li-a, Da ro-bur, fer



au-xí-li-um. A-men.



1.

O Salutaris Hóstia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2.

Uni Trinóque Dómino
Sit sempiterna glória:
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.
Amen.

1.

*O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.*

2.

*To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.*

242 c

O Salutaris Hostia

7

O Sa-lu-tá-ris Ho-sti-a, Quæ cæ-li pan-dis ó-

sti-um: Bel-la præ-munt ho-sti-li-a, Da ro-bur, fer au-

xi-li-um. A-men.

1.

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2.

Uni Trinoque Dómino
Sit sempiterna glória:
Qui vitam sine término
Nobis donet in pátria.
Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

1.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2.

To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, One in Three,
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

243 a

Tantum ergo

5

Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-mén- tum Ve-ne-ré-mur cérnu- i: Et

an-ti-quum do-cumén-tum No-vo ce-dat rí-tu- i: Præ-stet fi-des

supple-mén- tum Sénsu- um de- fé-ctu- i. A- men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

2. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilatio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

1. Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the Sacred Host we hail:
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing
Never rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

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

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

From "Accompagnement du Chant grégorien"
by Henry Potiron

243 b

Tantum ergo

Tan-tum er- go Sa-cra-mén- tum Ve-ne-rémur cérnu- i:

Et an-tí-quum do-cumén- tum No-vo ce-dat rí- tu- i: Præ-stet fi-

des supple-méntum Sén-su- um de- fé-ctu- i. A- men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui:
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

2. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilatio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

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

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

St. Thomas Aquinas † 1274

243 c

Tantum ergo

Tan-tum er- go Sa-cra- mén- tum Ve-ne-ré- mur cér- nu- i: Et

an-tí-quum do- cu-mén- tum No- vo ce- dat rí- tu- i: Præ- stet fi-

des supple- mén- tum Sénsu- um de- fé- ctu- i. A- men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum
Venerémur cernui:
Et antiquum documéntum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides suppleméntum
Sénsuum deféctui.

2. Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et jubilatio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedénti ab utróque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

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

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

From "Accompagnement du Chant Grégorien"
by Henri Potiron.

244

Benedicta sit Sancta Trinitas

Be-ne-dí-cta sit * sancta Trí-ni-tas, atque indi-vi-

2

sa U-ni-tas: con-fi-té-bi-mur e-i, qui-a fe-cit

no-bís-cum mi-se-ri-cór-di-am su-am. V. Be-ne-di-cá-mus Pa-

trem et Fí-li-um, * cum Sancto Spí-ri-tu. Ps. Quam di-lé-cta

ta-ber-ná-cu-la tu-a, Dó-mi-ne vir-tú-tum! * con-cu-pí-

scit et dé-fi-cit á-ni-ma me-a in á-tri-a Dó-mi-ni.

Repeat Benedicta sit etc.

Ant. Blessed be the Holy Trinity and Undivided Unity; we will give praise to Him for unto us He hath shown His Mercy.

V. Let us bless the Father and the Son with the Holy Ghost.

Ps. How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts: my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

Ant. Blessed be.

(Antiphon 8. from the Mandatum or Washing of Feet Maundy Thursday).

245 a

In manus tuas Domine

During Advent

In ma-nus tu- as Dó-mi-ne, * Comméndo spí- ri-tum me-um.

In ma-nus. √. Re-de- mí-sti nos Dó- mi-ne, De- us ve- ri- tá- tis.

Comméndo. √. Gló- ri- a Pa- tri, et Fí- li- o, et Spi- rí- tu-

i San-cto. In ma-nus.

*Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.
For thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth.
Glory be.*

245 b

In manus tuas Domine

During Paschal Time

In ma-nus tu- as, Dó-mi-ne, comméndo spi- rí- tum me- um : * Al-

le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia. In ma-nus. √. Red- e- mí- sti nos, Dó-mi-

ne, De- us ve- ri- tá- tis. * Al- le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia. √. Gló- ri- a Pa-

tri, et Fí- li- o, et Spi- rí- tu- i Sancto. In ma-nus.

*Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.
For thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth.
Glory be.*

245 c

In manus tuas Domine

During the Year

In ma-nus tu- as Dó- mi- ne, * Comméndo spí- ri- tum

me- um. In ma-nus. V. Red- e- mí- sti nos, Dó- mi- ne De- us ve-

ri- tá- tis. * Comméndo. V. Gló- ri- a Pa- tri, et Fí- li-

o, et Spi- rí- tu- i Sancto. In ma- nus.

*Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.
For thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth.
Glory be.*

246

O Sacrament Host Holy

OLD BRODSWORTH

O Sa- cra-ment most Ho- ly, O Sa- cra-ment Di- vine All

praise and all thanks- giv- ing, Be ever- y mo- ment Thine.

Frederick W. Helmsley

247

O Sacrament Host Holy

O Sa- cra-ment most Ho- ly, O Sa- cra- ment Di- vine

All praise and all thanks- giv- ing, Be ever- y mo- ment Thine.

*Melody by Melchior Vulpius 1560-1616
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach*

248

Adoremus in æternum

Ad-o-ré-mus in æ-tér-num san-ctís-si-mum Sa-

1 a

The first system of music is for a single voice part (1 a). It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, diatonic style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are 'Ad-o-ré-mus in æ-tér-num san-ctís-si-mum Sa-'.

cra-mén-tum. Ps. Lau-dá-te Dó-mi-num omnes gen-tes: *

The second system continues the melody from the first system. It includes the lyrics 'cra-mén-tum. Ps. Lau-dá-te Dó-mi-num omnes gen-tes: *'. The notation remains consistent with the first system.

lau-dá-te e-um omnes pó-pu-li. Quó-ni-am con-firmá-ta

The third system continues the melody. It includes the lyrics 'lau-dá-te e-um omnes pó-pu-li. Quó-ni-am con-firmá-ta'. The notation remains consistent with the previous systems.

est su-per nos mi-se-ri-cór-di-a e-jus: * et vé-ri-tas Dó-

The fourth system continues the melody. It includes the lyrics 'est su-per nos mi-se-ri-cór-di-a e-jus: * et vé-ri-tas Dó-'. The notation remains consistent with the previous systems.

mi-ni ma-net in æ-térnum. Gló-ri-a Pa-tri, et Fí-li-o, *

The first system of music on the second page. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, diatonic style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are 'mi-ni ma-net in æ-térnum. Gló-ri-a Pa-tri, et Fí-li-o, *'.

et Spi-rí-tu-i Sancto. Sic-ut e-rat in prin-cí-pi-o, et

The second system of music on the second page. It continues the melody from the first system. It includes the lyrics 'et Spi-rí-tu-i Sancto. Sic-ut e-rat in prin-cí-pi-o, et'.

nunc, et semper, * et in sæ-cu-la sæ-cu-ló-rum. A-men.

The third system of music on the second page. It continues the melody from the second system. It includes the lyrics 'nunc, et semper, * et in sæ-cu-la sæ-cu-ló-rum. A-men.' and is marked 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

From "Adoremus in æternum" in the eight modes with organ accompaniment by Dom D. Gregory Bish, O. S. B., By kind permission of the Abbot of Ramsgate.

249

Te Deum laudamus

(Solemn Tone)

Te De- um lau- dá- mus: *te Dó- mi-num con-fi- té-

3

mur. Te æ- ténum Pa- trem omnis ter-ra ve-ne- rá- tur.

Ti- bi omnes An-ge- li, ti-bi cæ-li et u-ni- vér-sæ pot- e- stá-

tes: Ti- bi Ché- ru-bim et Sé- ra- phim in-ces- sá-bi- li vo-ce pro-

clá- mant: San- ctus: San- ctus: San- ctus

Dó-mi- nus De- us Sá- ba- oth. Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter- ra ma-

je- stá- tis gló- ri- æ tu- æ. Te glo- ri- ó- sus A-po-sto- ló-

rum cho- rus: Te Prophe- tá- rum lau-dá-bi- lis nú-me- rus:

Te Már-ty- rum can-di- dá- tus lau-dat ex- ér- ci- tus. Te per

orbem ter- rá- rum sancta con-fi- té- tur Ec- clé- si- a: Pa-

trem immén-sæ ma- je- stá- tis: Ve- ne- rándum tu- um ve-

rum et ú-ni-cum Fí-li-um: San-ctum quo-que Pa-rá-clí-

tum Spí-ri-tum. Tu Rex gló-ri-æ, Chri-ste. Tu Pa-tris, sempi-

tér-nus es Fí-li-us. Tu ad li-be-rándum su-sceptú-rus hó-

mi-nem, non hor-ru-fí-sti Vír-gi-nis ú-te-rum. Tu de-vi-

cto mor-tis a-cú-le-o, a-pe-ru-fí-sti cre-dén-ti-bus re-gna

cæ-ló-rum. Tu ad déx-te-ram De-i se-des, in gló-ri-a

Pa-tris. Ju-dex cré-de-ris es-se ven-tú-rus. Te er-

go quæ-sumus, tu-is fá-mu-lis súb-ve-ni, quos pre-ti-ó-so sán-gui-

ne red-e-mí-sti. Æ-tér-na fac cum sanctis tu-is in gló-

ri-a nume-rá-ri. Sal-vum fac pó-pu-lum tu-um Dó-mi-ne,

et bé-ne-dic he-re-di-tá-ti tu-æ. Et re-ge e-os,

et ex-tól-le il-los usque in æ-tér-num. Per sín-gu-los



Ÿ. Benedicámus Patrem et Fílium cum Sancto Spíritu.
Ry. Laudémus et superexaltémus eum in sæcula.

Ÿ. Benedictus es Dómine in firmaménto cæli.
Ry. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus, et superexaltátus in sæcula.

Ÿ. Dómine exáudi oratióem meam.
Ry. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

Ÿ. Dóminus vobíscum.
Ry. Et cum spírítu tuo.

*We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
Thee the Father everlasting, all the earth doth worship.
To Thee, all Angels; to Thee, the Heavens and all the powers;
To Thee, the Cherubim and Seraphim continually cry:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
The heavens and the earth are full: of the majesty of Thy glory.
Thee, the glorious choir of Apostles;
Thee, the admirable company of Prophets;
Thee, the white-robed army of Martyrs praise.
Thee, the Holy Church throughout the world doth acknowledge
The Father of infinite majesty:
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.
Thou, O Christ, art the King of Glory.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
Thou, having taken upon Thee to deliver man, didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
Thou, having overcome the sting of death, hast opened to believers the kingdom of Heaven.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
Thou, we believe, art the Judge to come.
We beseech Thee therefore to help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy
Precious Blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance,
And govern them, and lift them up, for ever.
Day by day, we bless Thee,
And we praise Thy Name for ever: yea, for ever and ever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day: to keep us without sin.
Have mercy upon us, O Lord have mercy upon us.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us; as we have trusted in Thee.
In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.*

250 a

Prayer for the King

Dó-mi-ne sal- vum fac * re-gem no-strum Ge- ór-gi- um



et ex-au-di nos in di- e, qua invo-ca-vé- ri-mus te.

V. Dómine salvum fac Regem
nostrum GEORGIVM.R. Et exáudi nos in die qua
invocavérimus te.V. O Lord save George our
King.R. And hear us in the day
that we shall call upon Thee.

250 b

The National Anthem

God save our gra- cious King, Long live our no- ble King, God save the



King! Send him vic- to- ri- ous, Hap- py and glo- ri- ous,



Long to reign o- ver us, God- save the King!



God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King!

One realm of races four,
Blest more and ever more,
God save our land!
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land!

Kinsfolk in love and birth
From utmost ends of earth,
God save us all!
Bid strife and hatred cease,
Bid hope and joy increase,
Spread universal peace,
God save us all!

Official Peace Version, 1919

Source unknown



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