THE LEEDS CATHOLIC HYMNAL

MUSIC AND WORDS EDITION

THE LEEDS CATHOLIC HYMNAL

Compiled by

Rev. J. E. D. KENNEDY, O.S.C.

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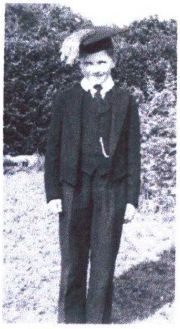

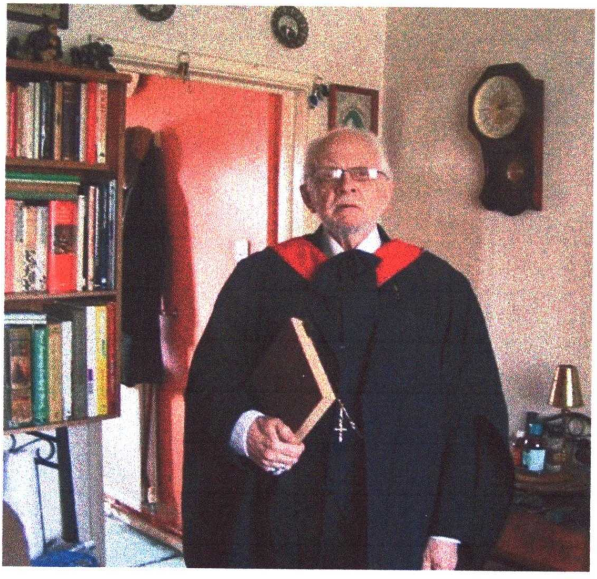

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J. E. D. KENNEDY, O.S.C.

Our Lady of the Holy Souls,
Kensal, W 10.

O.S.C. = Crosiers (Canons Regular of the Order of the Holy Cross)

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The numbers in parenthesis refer to early editions of "The Leeds Catholic Hymnal." namely those purchased prior to June, 1955.

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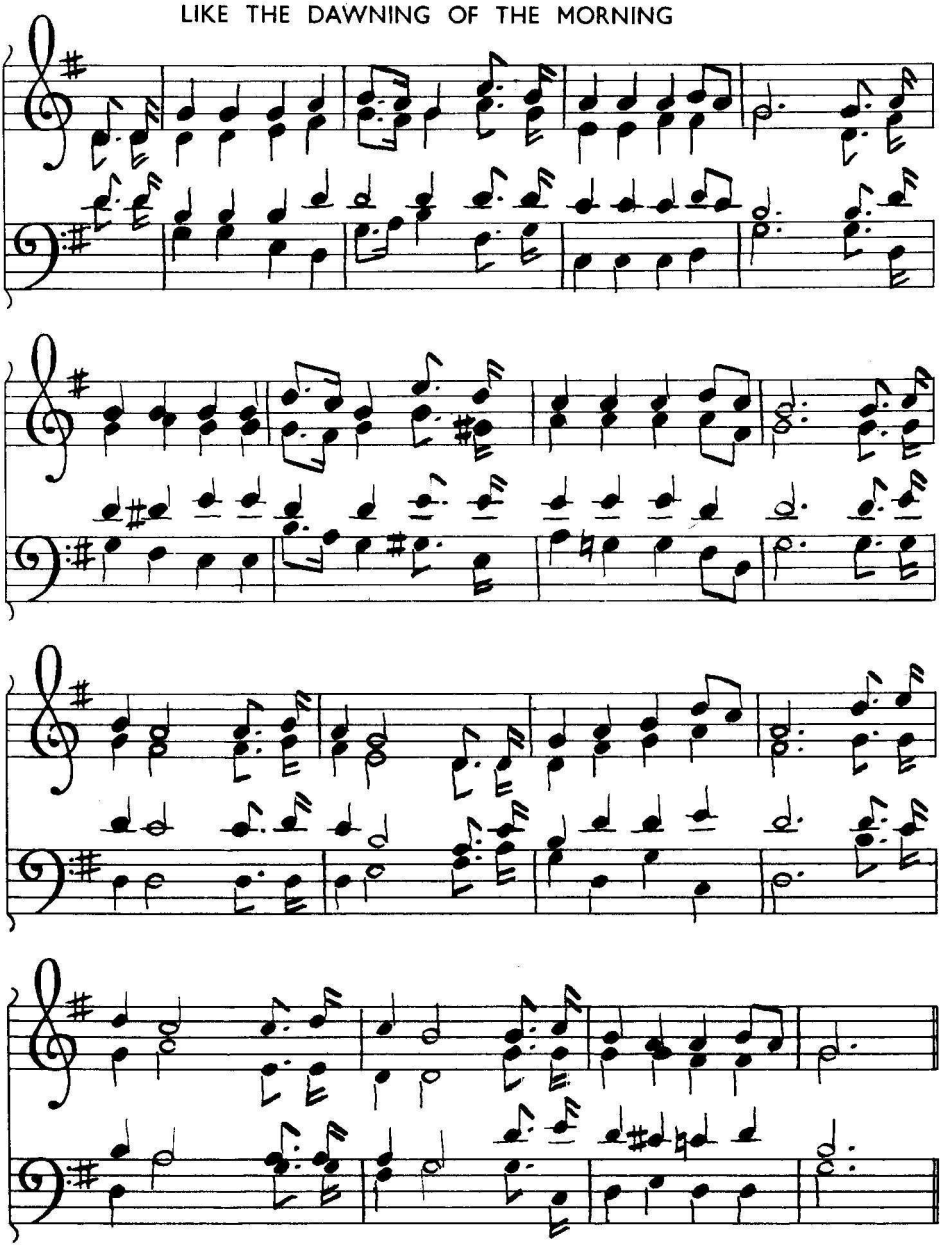
The numbers in parenthesis refer to early editions of "The Leeds Catholic Hymnal", namely, those purchased prior to June, 1955.

I

LIKE THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING



Advent and Christmas

1 LIKE THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING

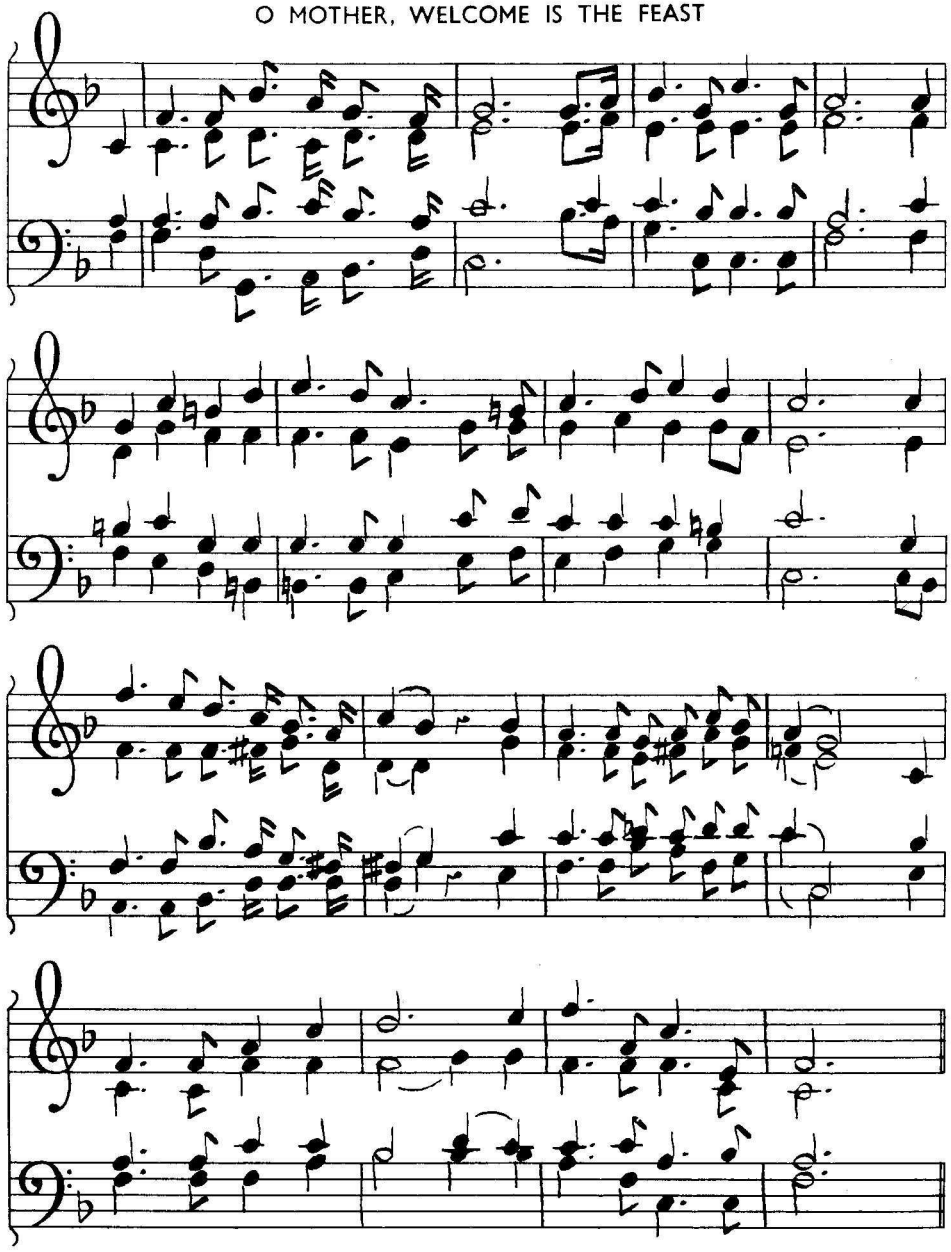
Like the dawning of the morning,
  On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
  On the gloom of cloudy nights,
Like a secret told by angels,
  Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
  Of Messias' speedy birth !

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother !
  With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the angel's salutation
  In thy raptured ear was given;
Since the Ave of that midnight,
  When thou wert anointed Queen,
Like a river overflowing
  Hath the grace within thee been.

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

2

O MOTHER, WELCOME IS THE FEAST



2 O MOTHER, WELCOME IS THE FEAST

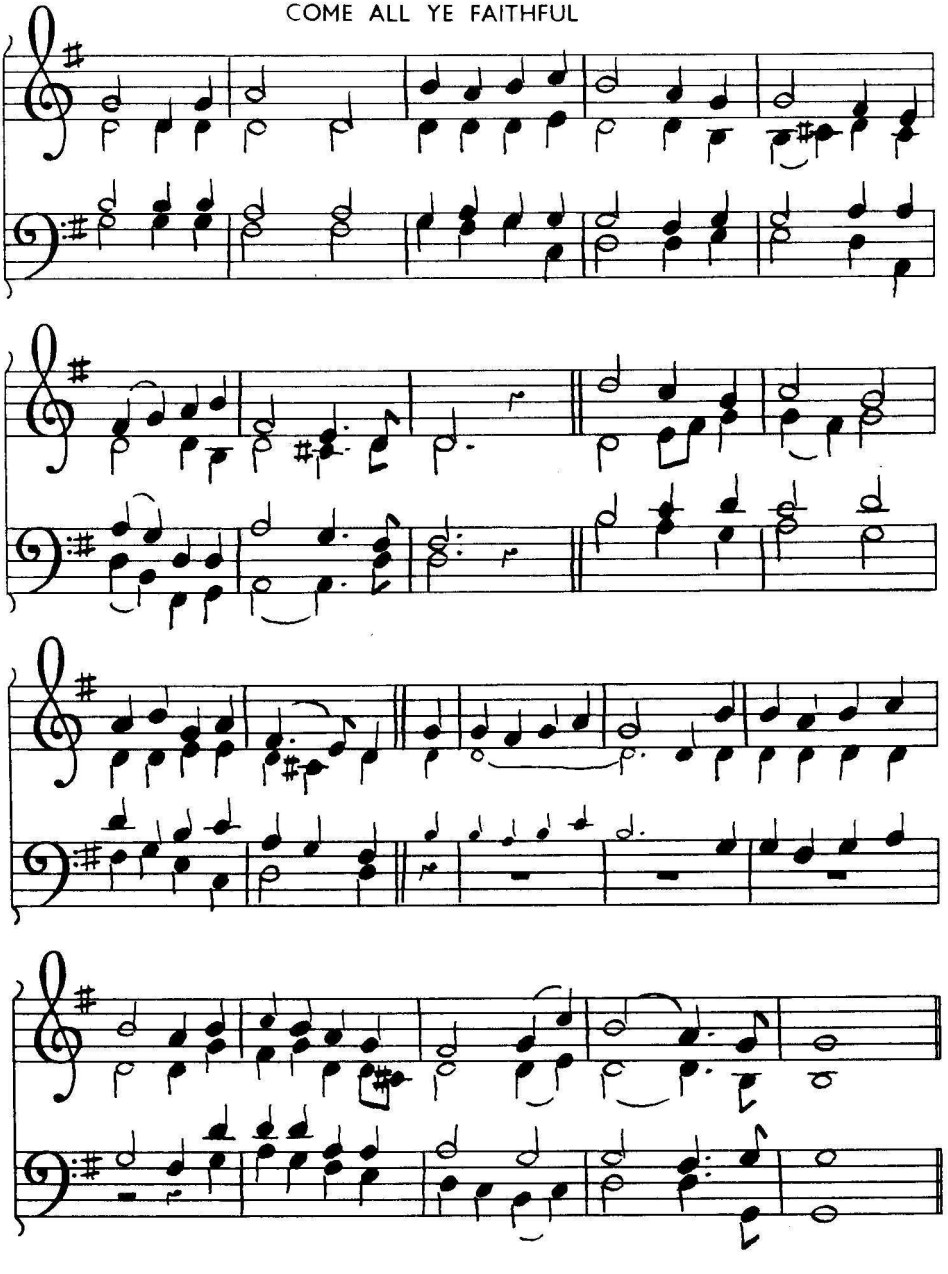
O Mother, welcome is the Feast
  Which gladdens us to-day,
And sheds o'er earth's lone wilderness
A bright celestial ray.
Our trust and joy shall be in Thee
For hope shines from thy purity,
  Bright Star immaculate (2).

O Christians join with joyous heart
  The universal praise,
Let every son of earth to God
A grateful tribute raise;
For one fair flower still doth bloom
Untouched by Eden's hapless doom,
  Fair and Immaculate (2).

O Sinless from Creation's hour
  All innocent and blest,
A Haven 'mid a sea of sin
Where Jesu's Heart could rest.
A Shrine where God from heaven above
Could dwell as in an Ark of love,
  O heart Immaculate (2).

3

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL



COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

Come, all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O hasten, O hasten to Bethlehem,
See in a manger
The Monarch of all Angels.
O come and let us worship
Christ the Lord.

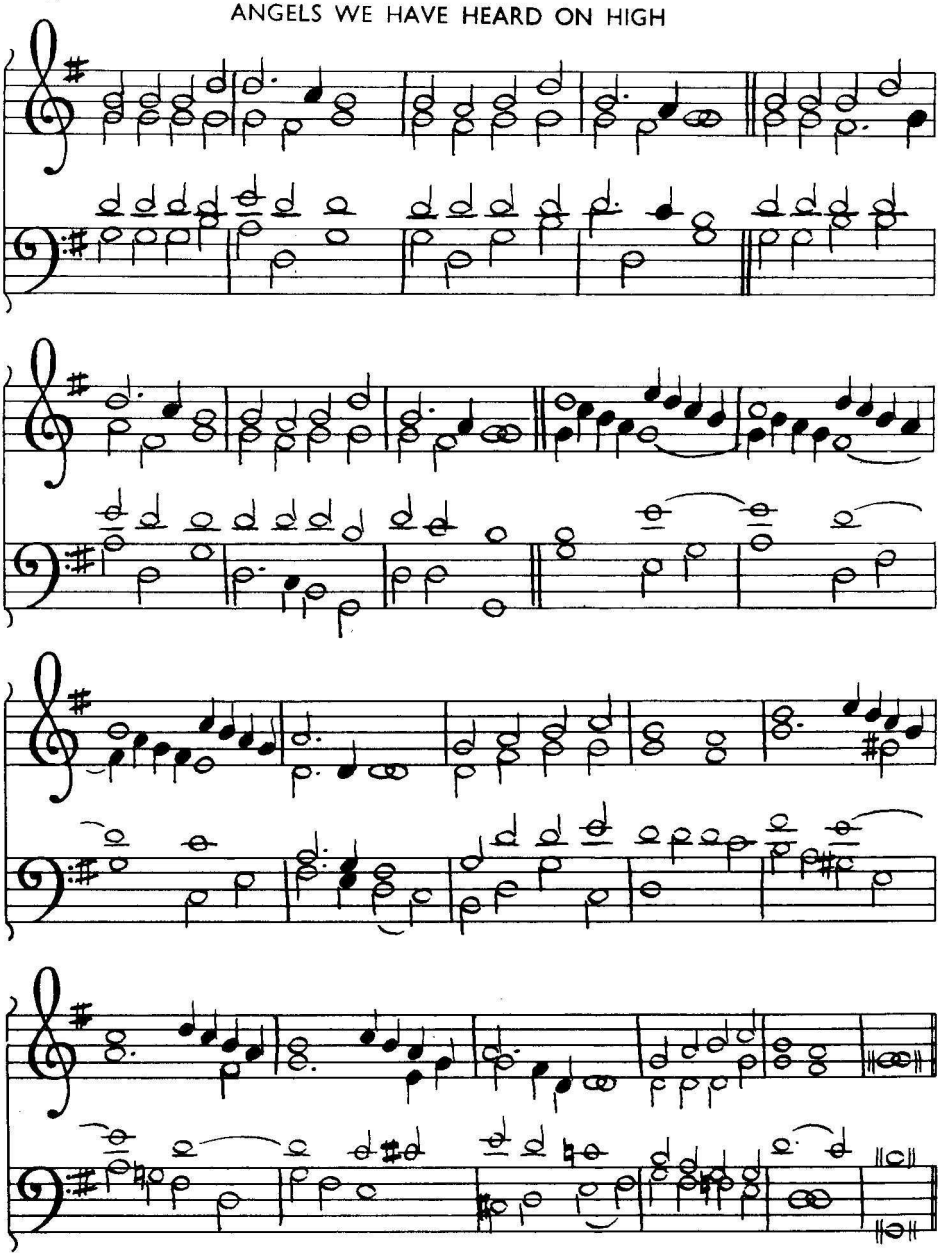
God of God eternal,
Light from light proceeding,
He deigns in the Virgin's womb to lie;
Very God of very God,
Begotten, not created.
O come, &c.

Sing Alleluia,
All ye choirs of Angels;
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest.
O come, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
To Thee, O Jesus, be glory given;
True Word of the Father,
In our flesh appearing.
O come, &c.

4

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH



4 ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

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

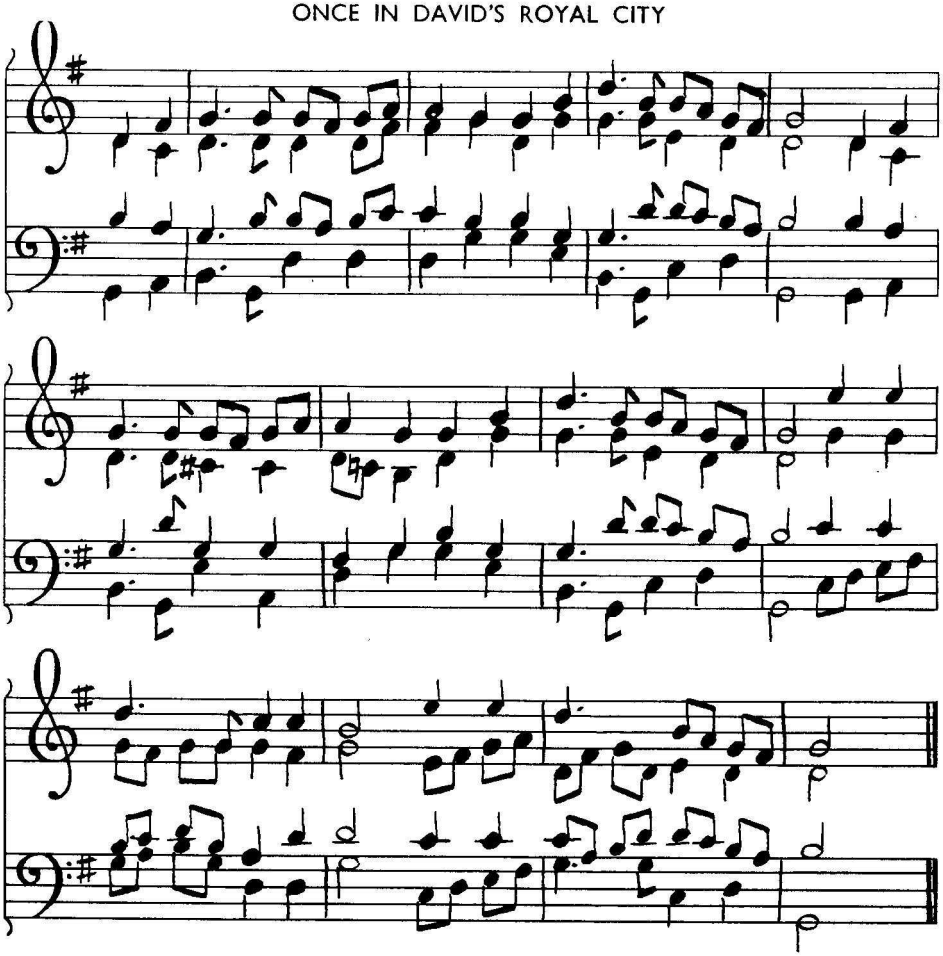
Shepherds, why this jubilee ?
Why your rapturous strains prolong ?
Say, what may the tidings be,
Which inspire your heavenly song ?
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem, come and see,
Him Whose birth the Angels sing:
Come, adore on bended knee,
The Infant Christ, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth !
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
To celebrate our Saviour's birth.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

5

ONCE IN DAVID'S ROYAL CITY



5 ONCE IN DAVID'S ROYAL CITY

Once in David's royal city,
  Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a maiden laid a baby,
  With a manger for his bed,
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her only child.

He came down to earth from heaven
  Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
  And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood,
  He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
  In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

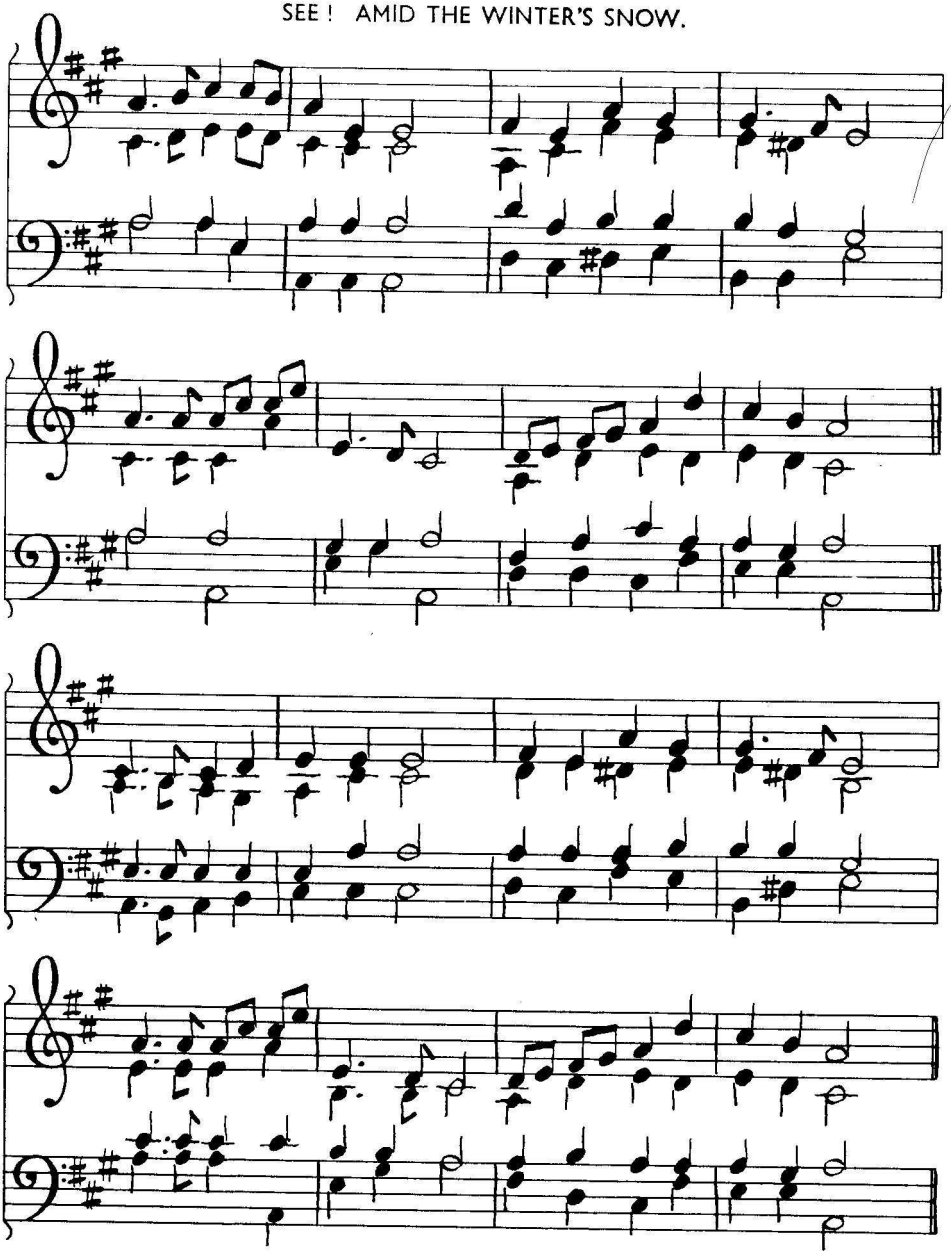
For He is our childhood's pattern,
  Day by day like us He grew :
He was little, weak and helpless,
  Tears and smiles, like us, He knew.
And He feeleth for our sadness
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
  Through His own redeeming love ;
For that child so dear and gentle
  Is our Lord in heaven above.
And He leads His children on
To the home where He is gone.

Not in that poor lonely stable,
  With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him : but in heaven,
  Sit at God's right hand on high.
When like stars His children crowned,
And in white shall wait around.

6

SEE! AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.



6 SEE ! AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW

See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Hail! thou ever blessèd morn ;
Hail, redemption's happy dawn !
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo ! within a manger lies,
He who built the starry skies ;
He, who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

" Say, ye holy Shepherds," say ?
What's your joyful news today ?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep ?

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light,
Angels singing Peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.

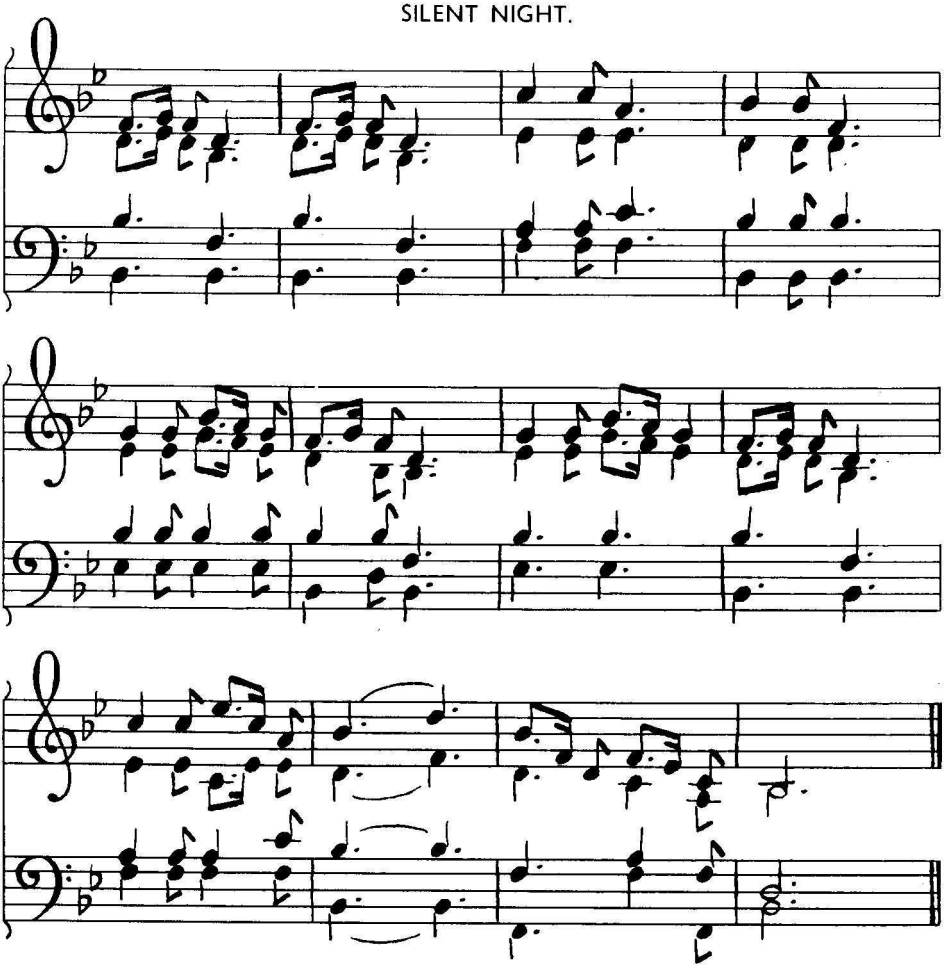
Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this.

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

Virgin Mother ! Mary blest !
By the joys that fill Thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.

7

SILENT NIGHT.



SILENT NIGHT.

Silent night, hallowed night,
Earth is hush'd, heaven alight,
Angels throng the starlit air
Whisp'ring round the Child so fair,
Sleep, O Baby King,
Sleep, they softly sing.

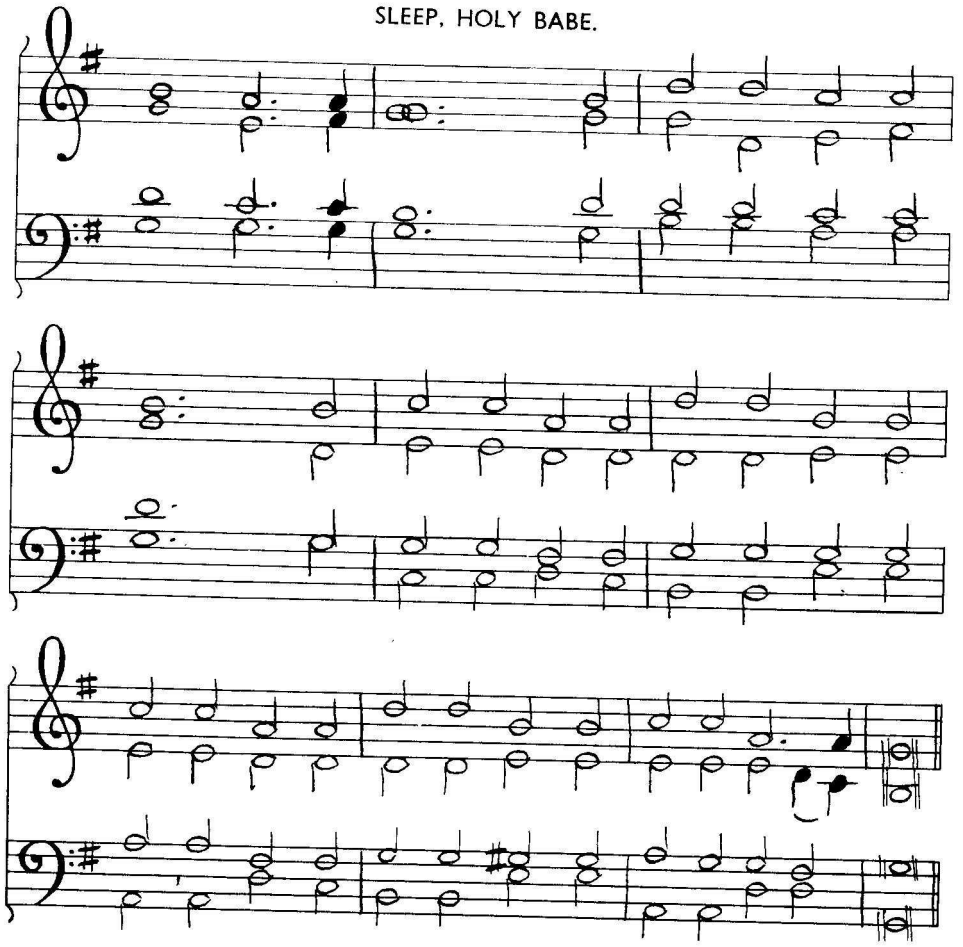
All is still, Jesus sleeps,
Holy watch Joseph keeps,
Mary bends, His face to see
Murmuring low her lullaby,
Sleep, my Babe Divine,
Sleep, God's Son and mine.

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

Gather round children dear;
Little ones gather near,
Though art closed those eyes so sweet,
Lo! His Heart doth watchful beat,
Sleep the seraph sings,
Peace the Saviour brings.

8

SLEEP, HOLY BABE.



Sleep, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy Mother's breast;
The Lord of earth, and sea and sky
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.
Sleep, holy Babe! sleep, holy Babe!

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Oh, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumber break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake
Which death alone shall close.
Sleep, holy Babe! sleep, holy Babe!

Then must those hands,
Which now so fair I see,
Those feet so lovely and divine,
That flesh so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me?
O cruel wounds! O cruel wounds!

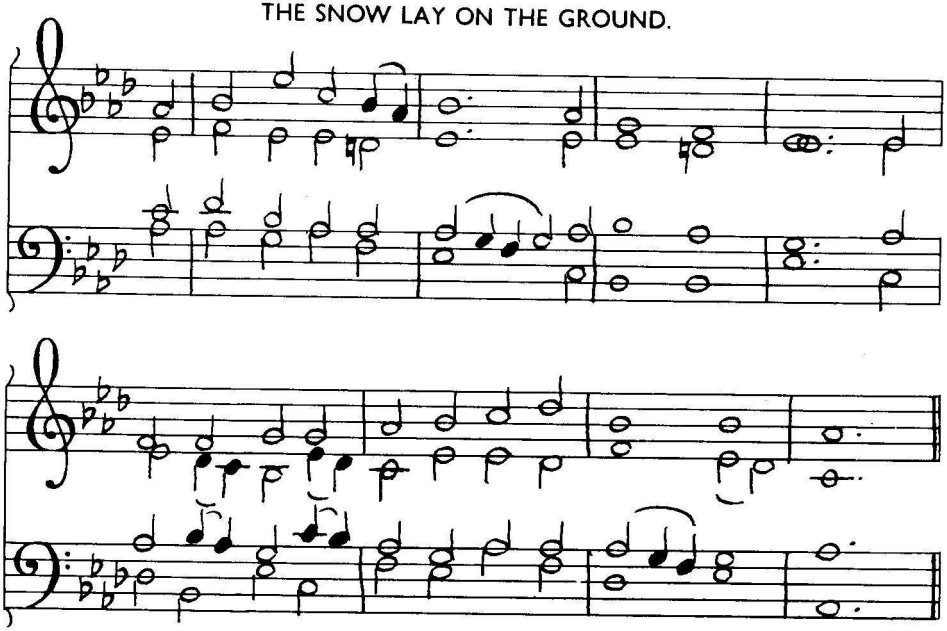
Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive,
That cheek more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood and marr'd with blows,
That I may thereby live?
O cruel sin! O cruel sin!

O Lady blest
To thee I suppliant cry;
Forgive the wrong that I have done,
In causing, by my sins, Thy Son
Upon the Cross to die.
O Lady blest! O Lady blest!
O Jesus, Lord!

By Thy sweet childhood years,
Blot out from their terrific page,
My sins of youth and latter age,
In these my contrite tears.
O Jesus, Lord! Jesus, Lord!

9

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.



9 THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born,
On Christmas night.

'Twas Mary, daughter pure
Of holy Anne,
That brought into this world,
The God made man.

She laid Him in a stall,
At Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared
The roof with them.

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

The angels hovered round,
And sang this song:
Venite adore—
mus Dominum.

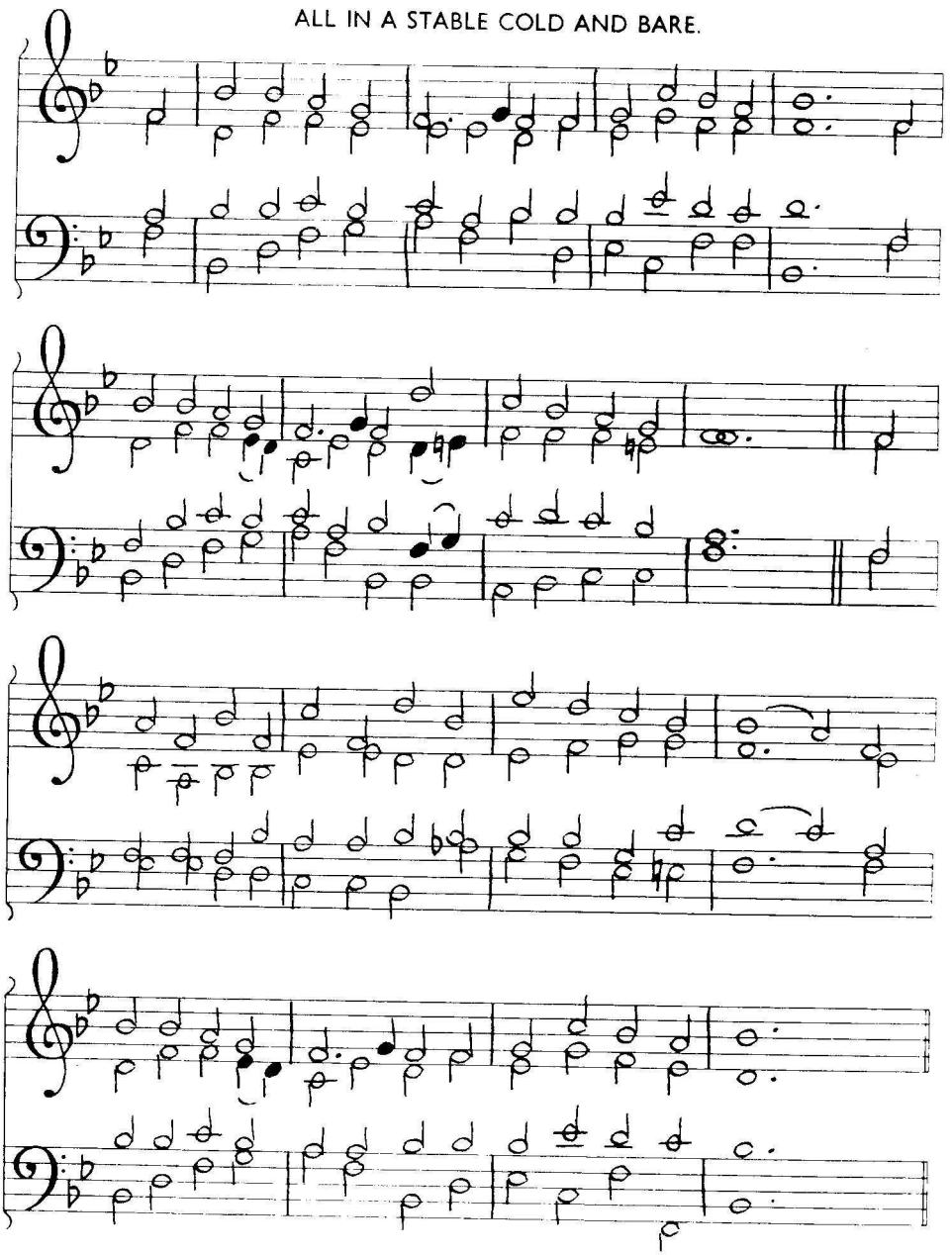
And thus that manger poor
Became a throne;
For He whom Mary bore,
Was God the Son.

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

Venite adore—
mus Dominum.
Venite adore—
mus Dominum.

10

ALL IN A STABLE COLD AND BARE.



10 ALL IN A STABLE COLD AND BARE.

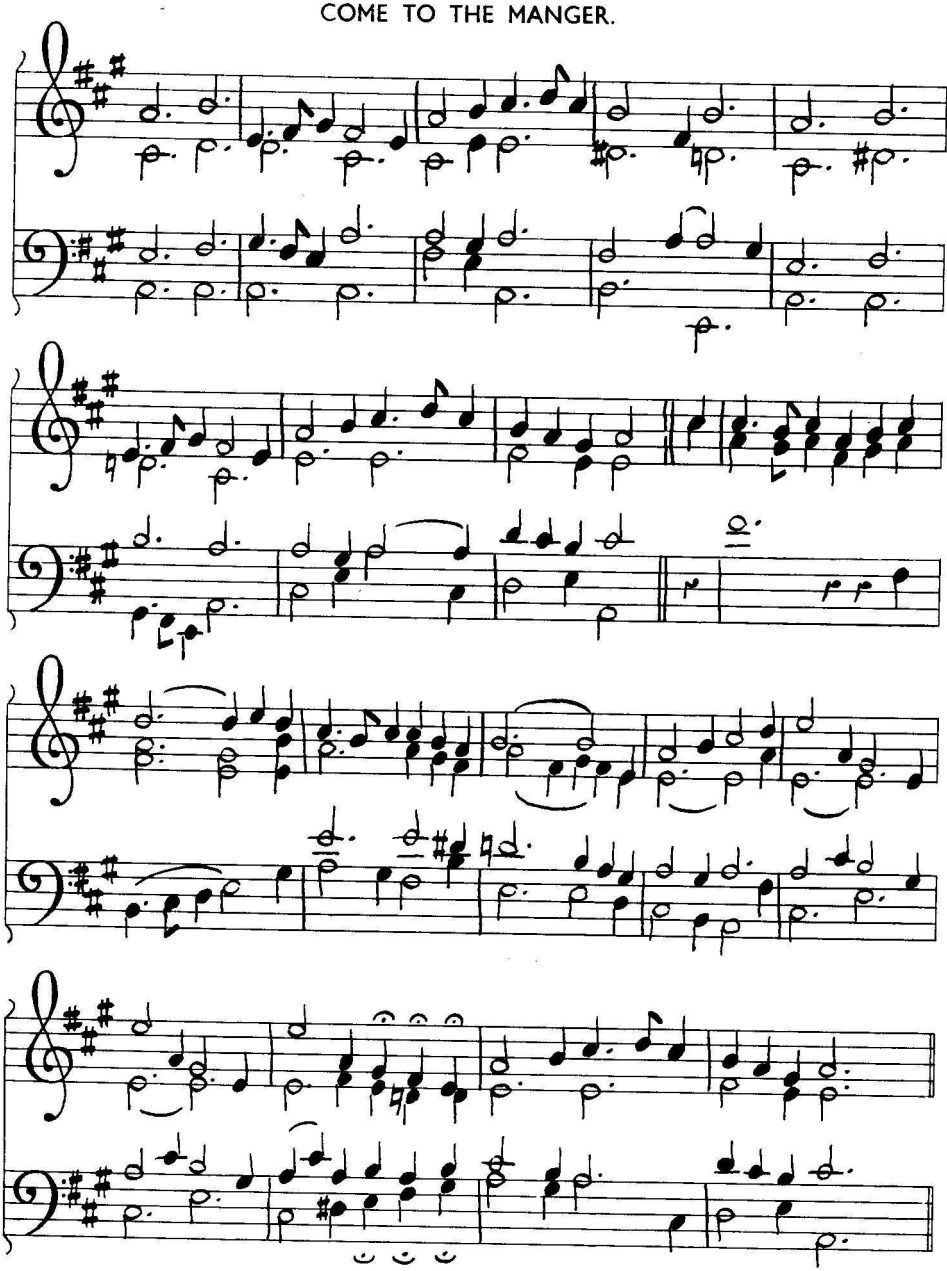
All in a stable cold and bare
A lovely Infant lay ;
The night was dark, but round that Babe
Was bright as summer day.
A lowly maiden watched beside
To soothe His plaintive cry,
While angel voices filled the air
With sweetest lullaby.

The wond'ring shepherds heard the strain,
As by their flocks they staid ;
The light of heav'n around them shone,
And they were sore afraid.
But—"Fear ye not," an angel said,
"Good news to you I bring :
This night is born in Bethlehem
Your Saviour and your King."

" Yet, not in kingly state he lies,
In royal robes arrayed :
But meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."
Then carolled forth a heavenly throng
Beyond all human ken :—
" To God be glory in the height,
And peace on earth to men!"

11

COME TO THE MANGER.



COME TO THE MANGER.

Come, come come to the manger,
Children come to the children's King;
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels,
Stars of morning o'er Bethlehem sing.

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

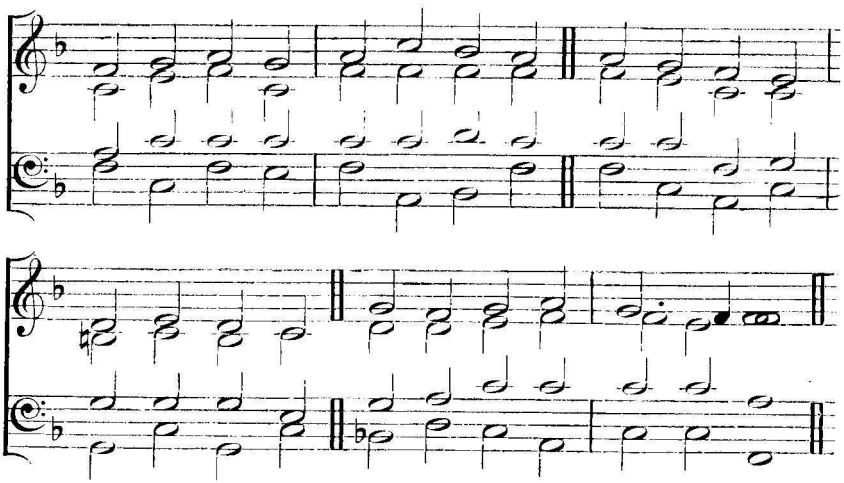
Come, &c.

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

Come, &c.

12

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING



12 AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last;
Through her heart, His sorrow sharing
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword has pass'd.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that mother, highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

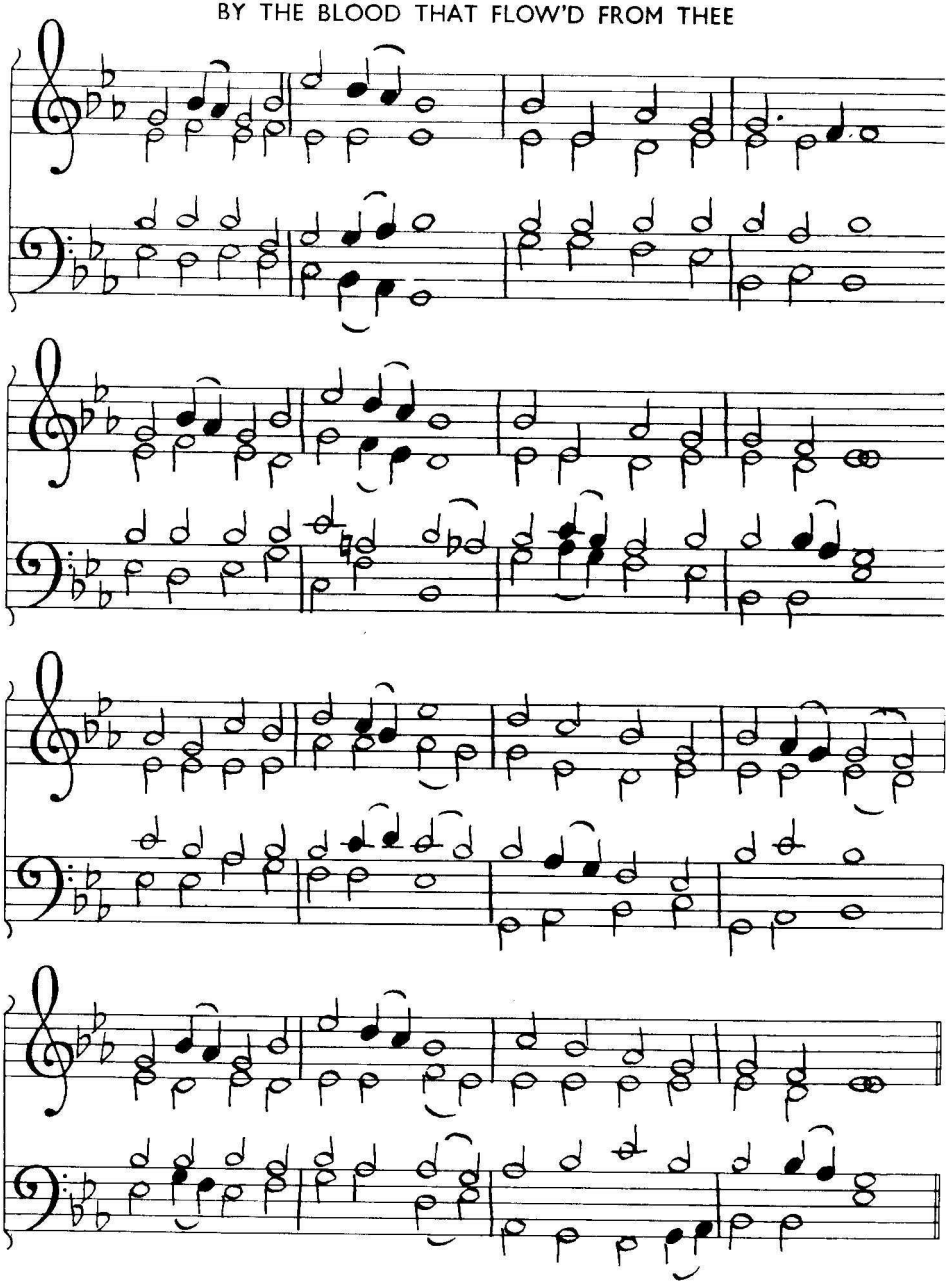
Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent
For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord;
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified;
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13

BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOW'D FROM THEE



13 BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOW'D FROM THEE

By the blood that flow'd from Thee
In Thy grevious agony ;
By the traitor's guileful kiss,
Filling up Thy bitterness ;

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry:
Thou wert suff'ring once as we ;
Now enthroned in majesty
Countless angels sing to Thee.

By the cords that, round Thee cast,
Bound Thee to the pillar fast ;
By the scourge so meekly borne ;
By Thy purple robe of scorn ;

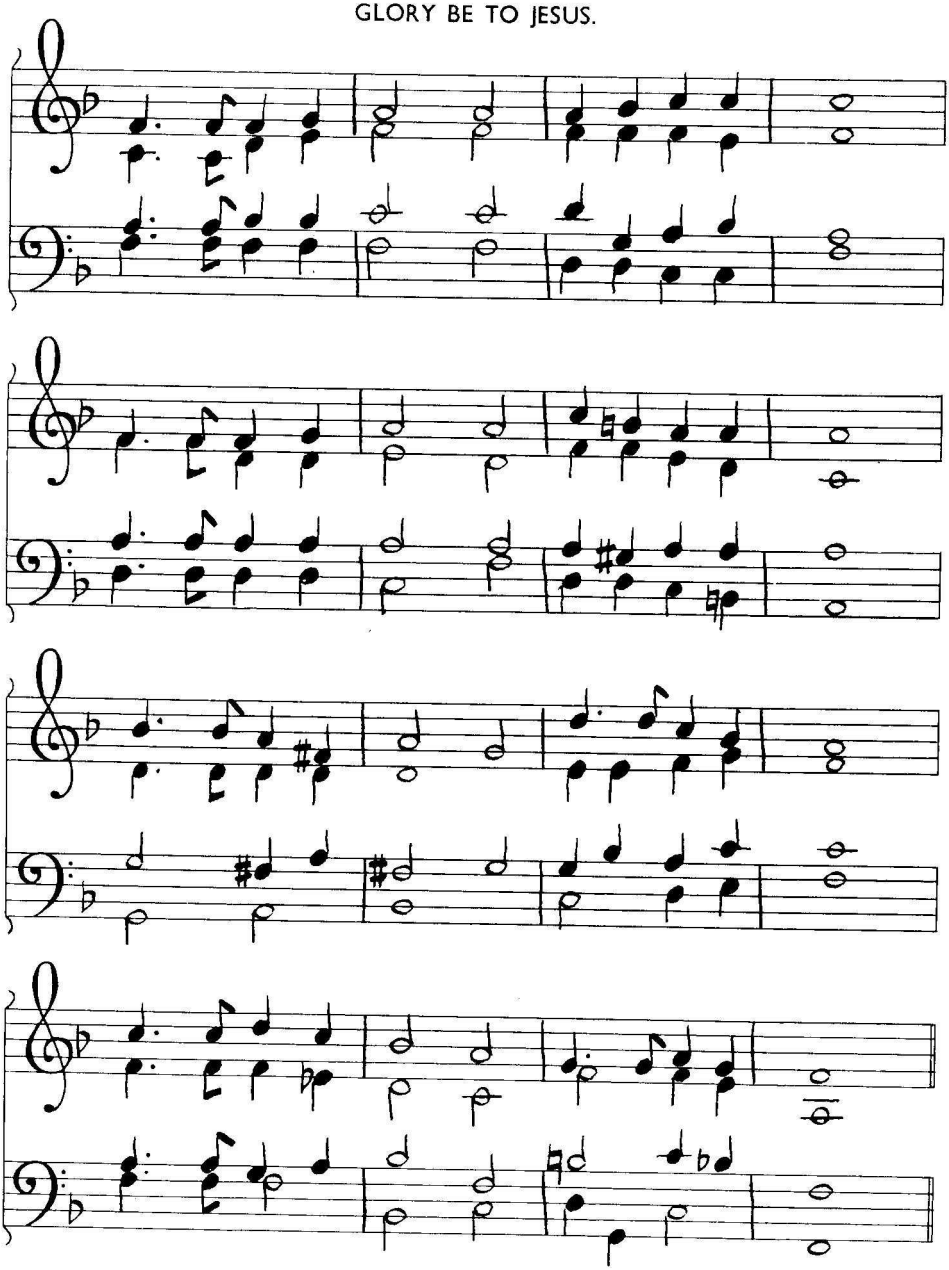
By the thorns that crown'd Thy head ;
By Thy sceptre of a reed ;
By Thy foes on bending knee,
Mocking at Thy royalty ;

By the people's cruel jeers ;
By the holy women's tears ;
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weigh'd beneath Thy cross of woe ;

By Thy weeping Mother's woe ;
By the sword that pierced her through,
When in anguish standing by,
On that cross she saw Thee die ;

14

GLORY BE TO JESUS.



GLORY BE TO JESUS

Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins!

Chorus: Lift ye, then, your voices:
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the Precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem!

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

Oh! the Blood of Christ!
It soothes the Father's ire;
Opes the gates of heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

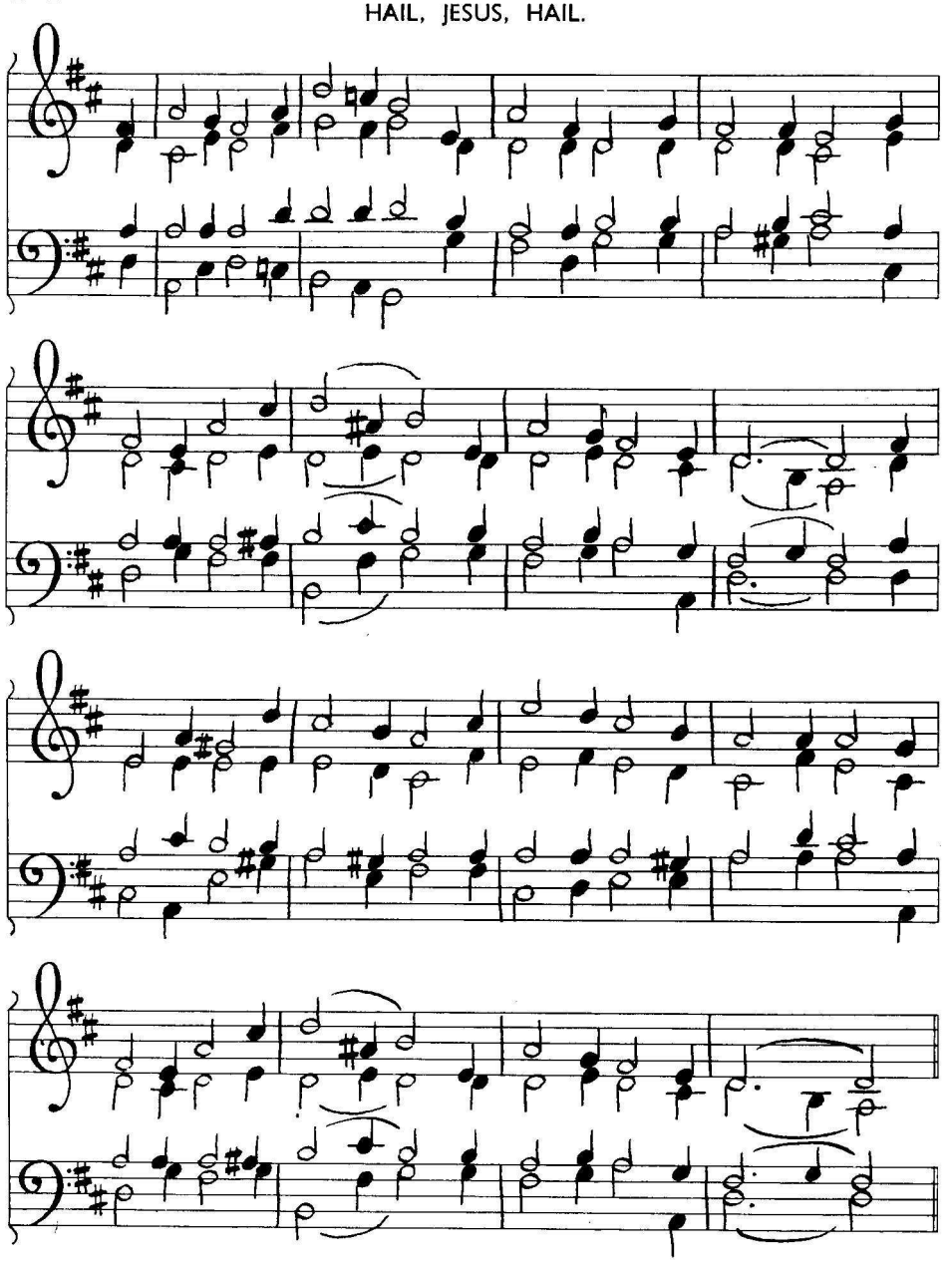
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus,
For our pardon cries.

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

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

15

HAIL, JESUS, HAIL.



HAIL, JESUS, HAIL

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

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

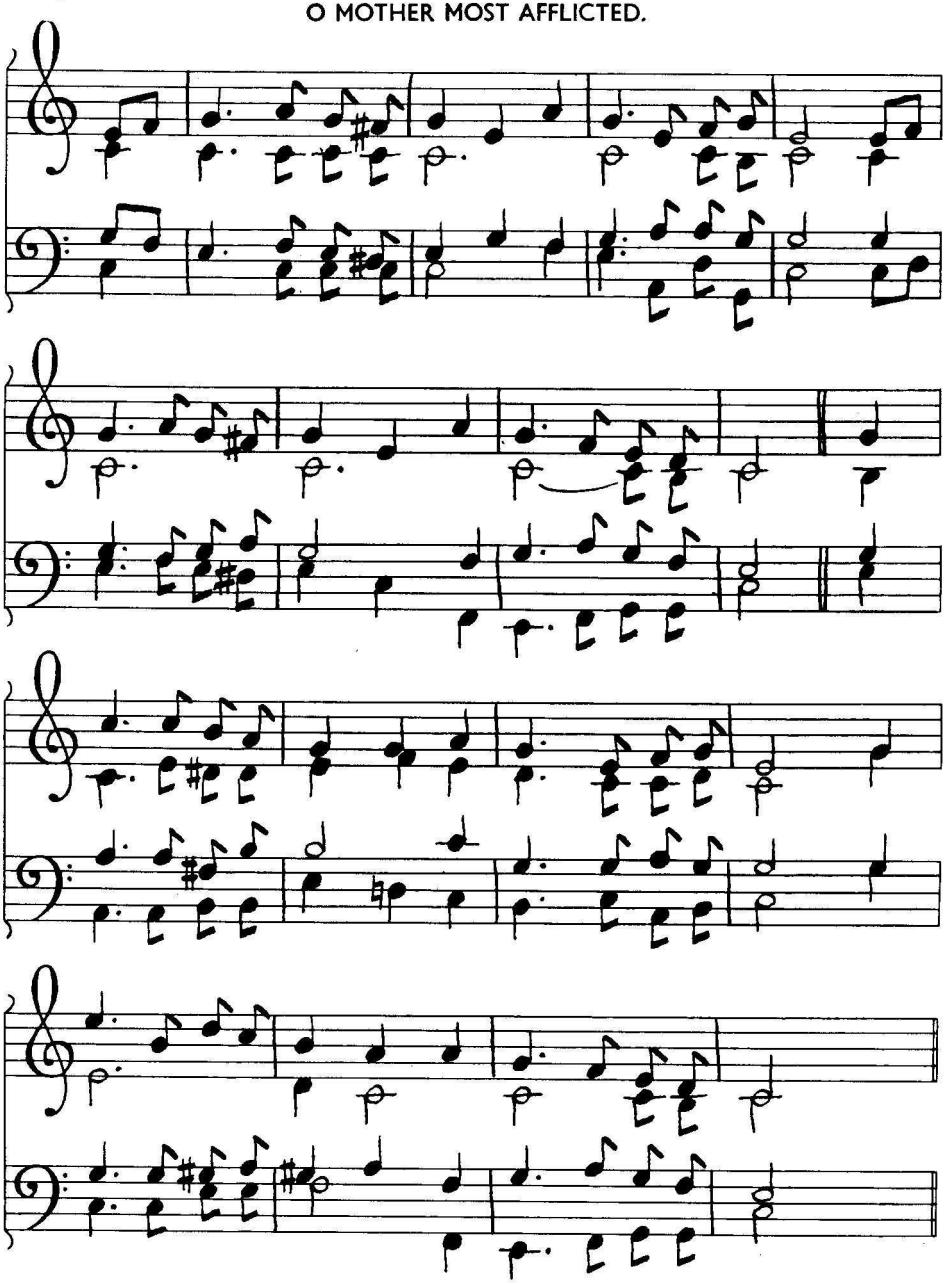
O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost ;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh ! to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own Sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.

Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise ;
Oh ! louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise.

16

O MOTHER MOST AFFLICTED.



O MOTHER MOST AFFLICTED

O Mother most afflicted,
Standing beneath that tree,
Where Jesus hangs rejected
On the hill of Calvary.

O Mary, sweetest Mother,
We love to pity thee,
Oh ! for the sake of Jesus,
Let us thy children be.

Thy heart is well nigh breaking,
Thy Jesus thus to see,
Derided, wounded, dying,
In greatest agony.

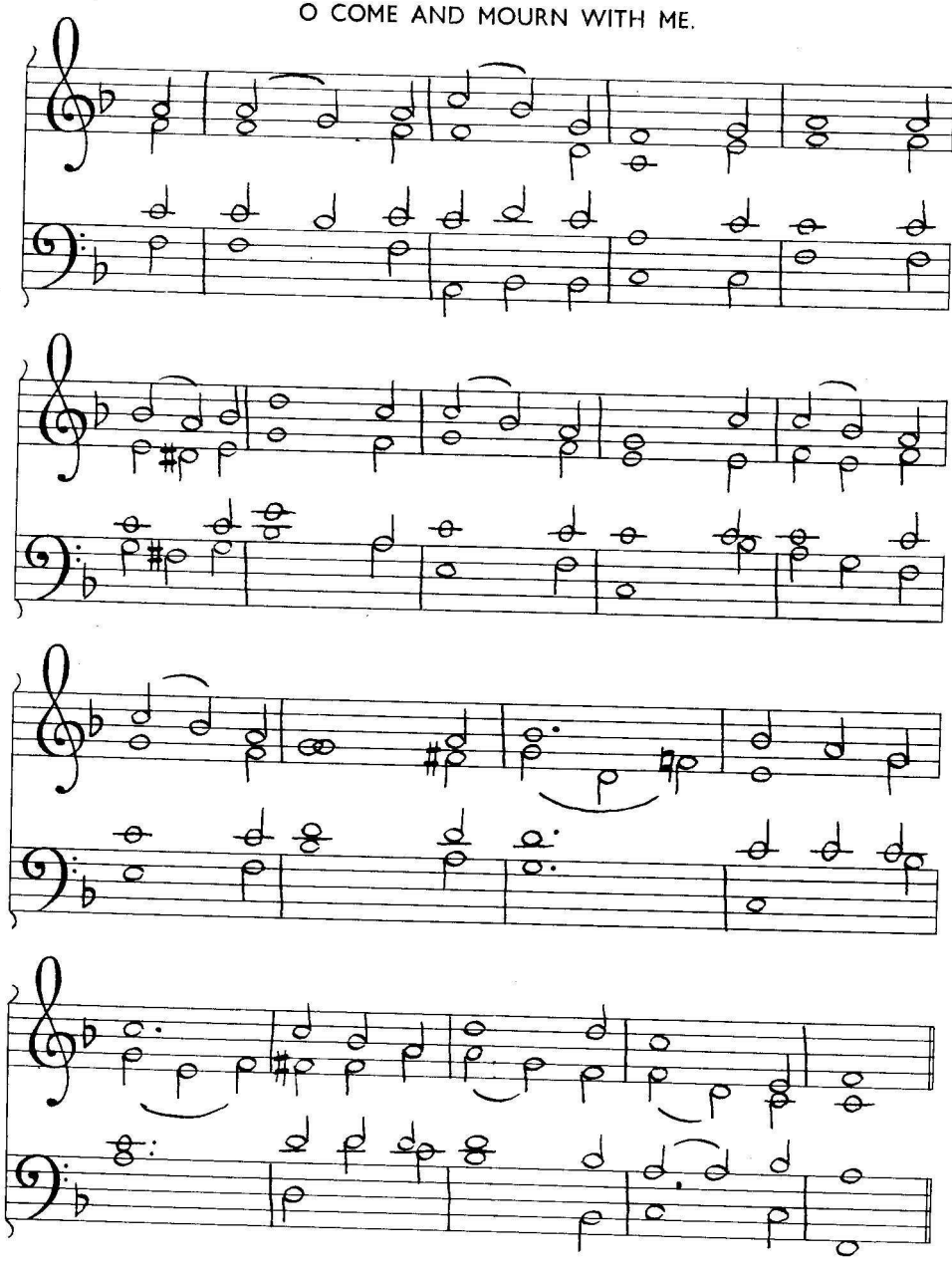
His livid form is bleeding,
His soul with sorrow wrung,
Whilst thou, His Mother, sharest
The torments of thy Son.

O Mary ! Queen of Martyrs,
The sword has pierced thy heart,
Obtain for us of Jesus,
In thy grief to take a part.

O dear and loving Mother,
Entreat that we may be,
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus,
Now and eternally.

17

O COME AND MOURN WITH ME.



17 O COME AND MOURN WITH ME

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.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs,
Jesus, our love is crucified.

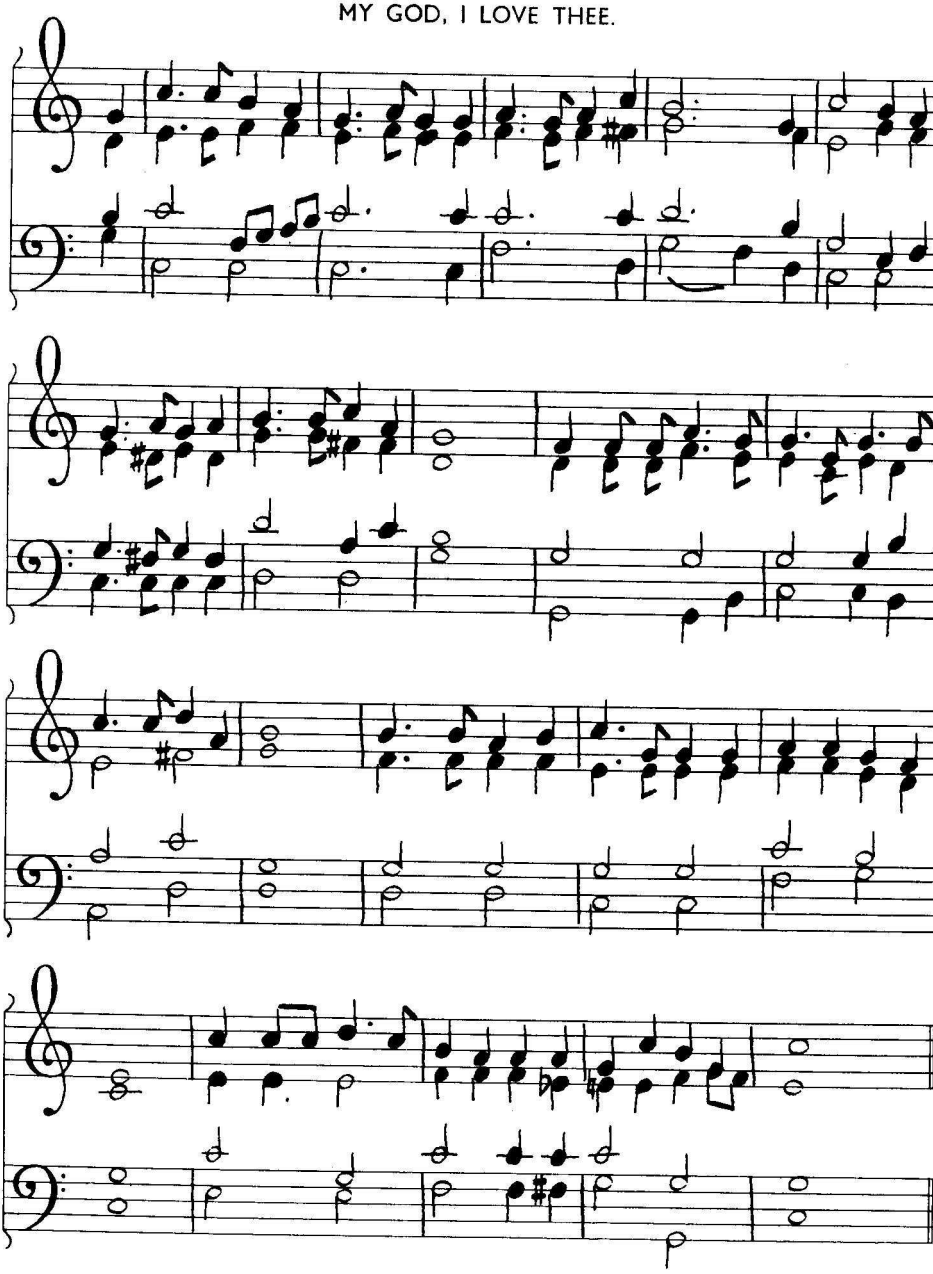
Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

Come, take the stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop,
Jesus, our love, is crucified.

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.

18

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.



MY GOD, I LOVE THEE

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby:
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of Agony ;
E'en death itself—and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

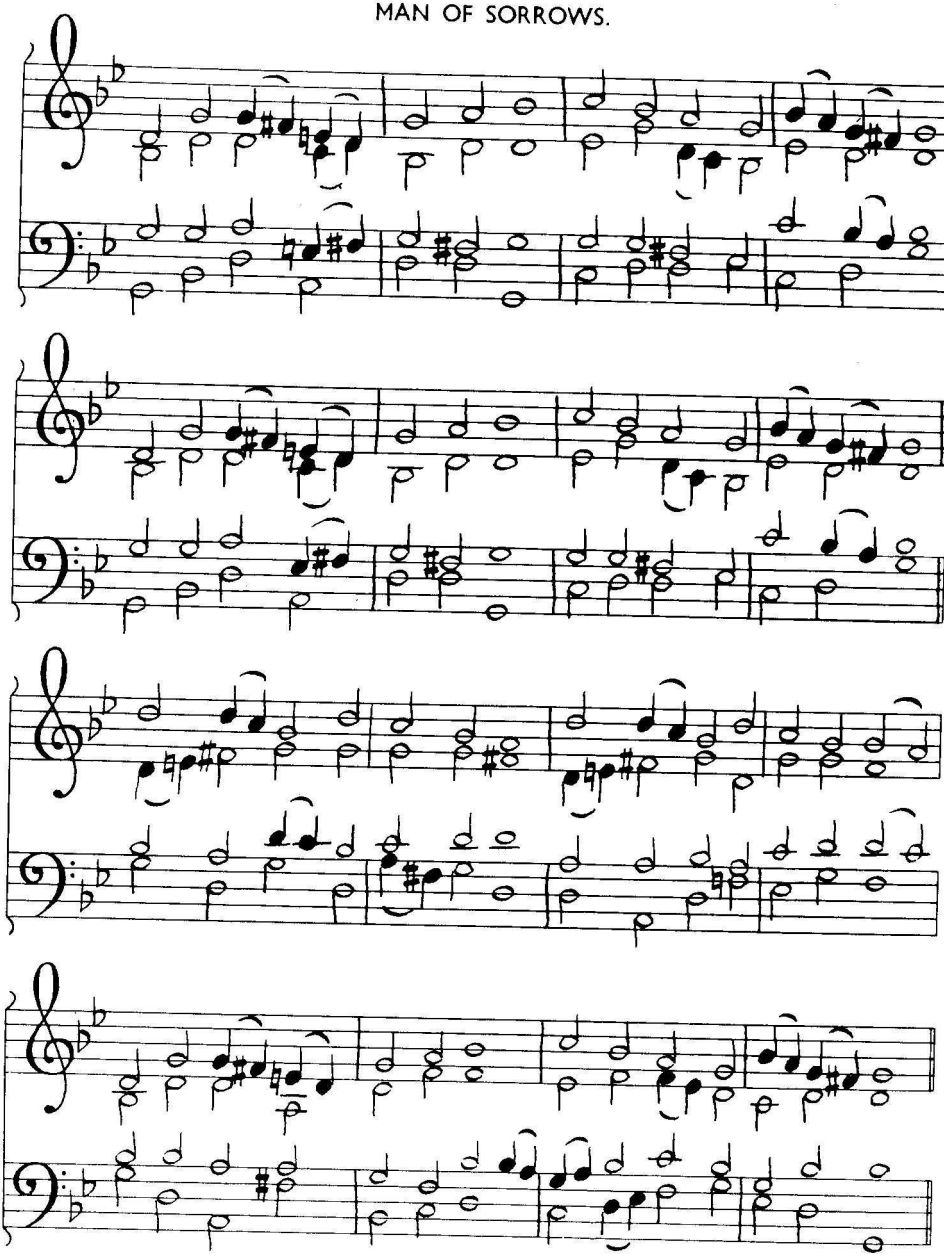
Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ
Should I not love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell:

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But, as Thyself has loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

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.

19

MAN OF SORROWS.



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.

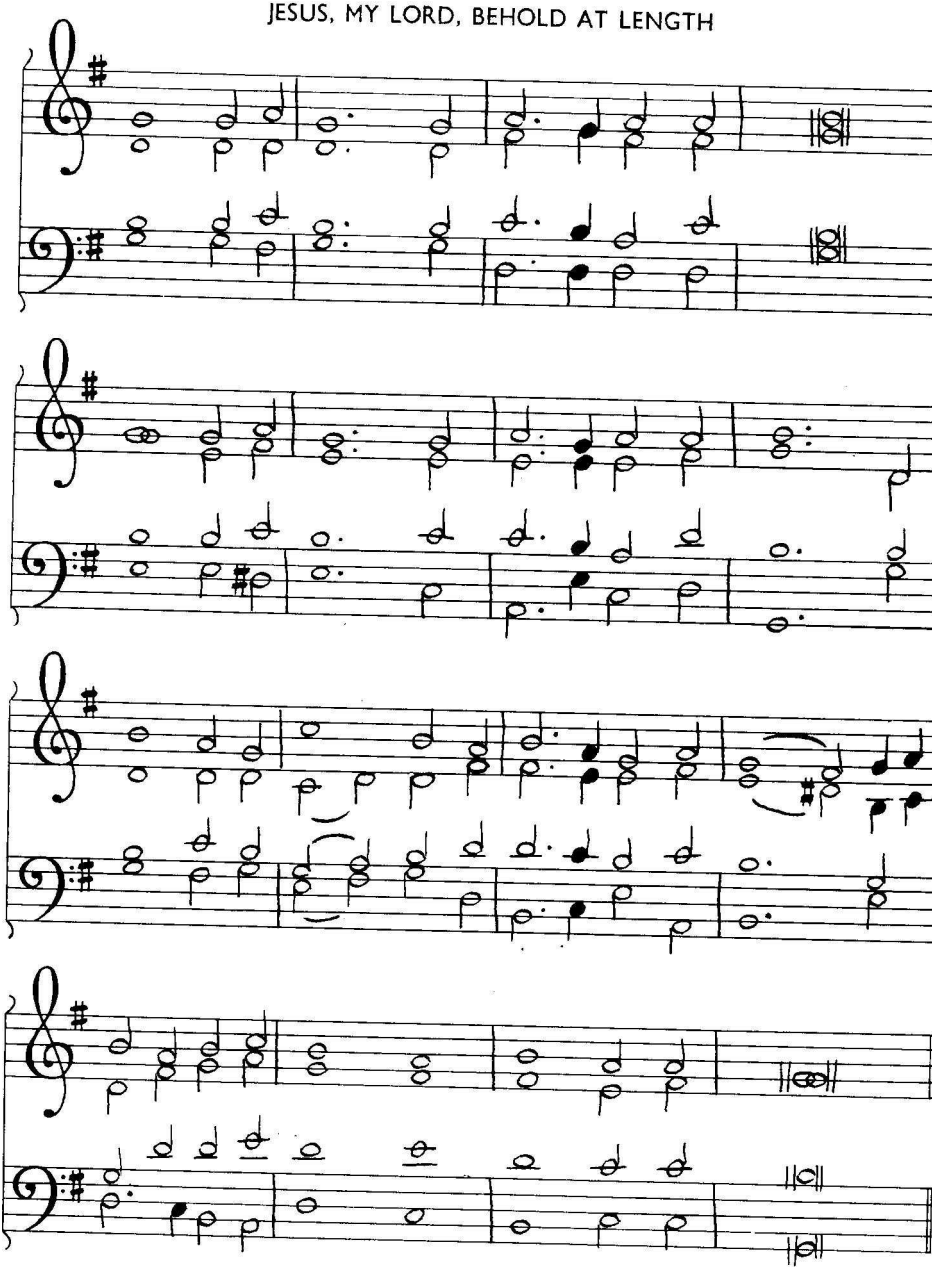
By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither Thou full oft wouldst go;
By Thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless—
Lord, our tears in mercy see:
Hearken to our Litany.

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.

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.

20

JESUS, MY LORD, BEHOLD AT LENGTH



20 JESUS, MY LORD, BEHOLD AT LENGTH

Jesus, my Lord, behold at length the time
When I resolve to turn away from crime.

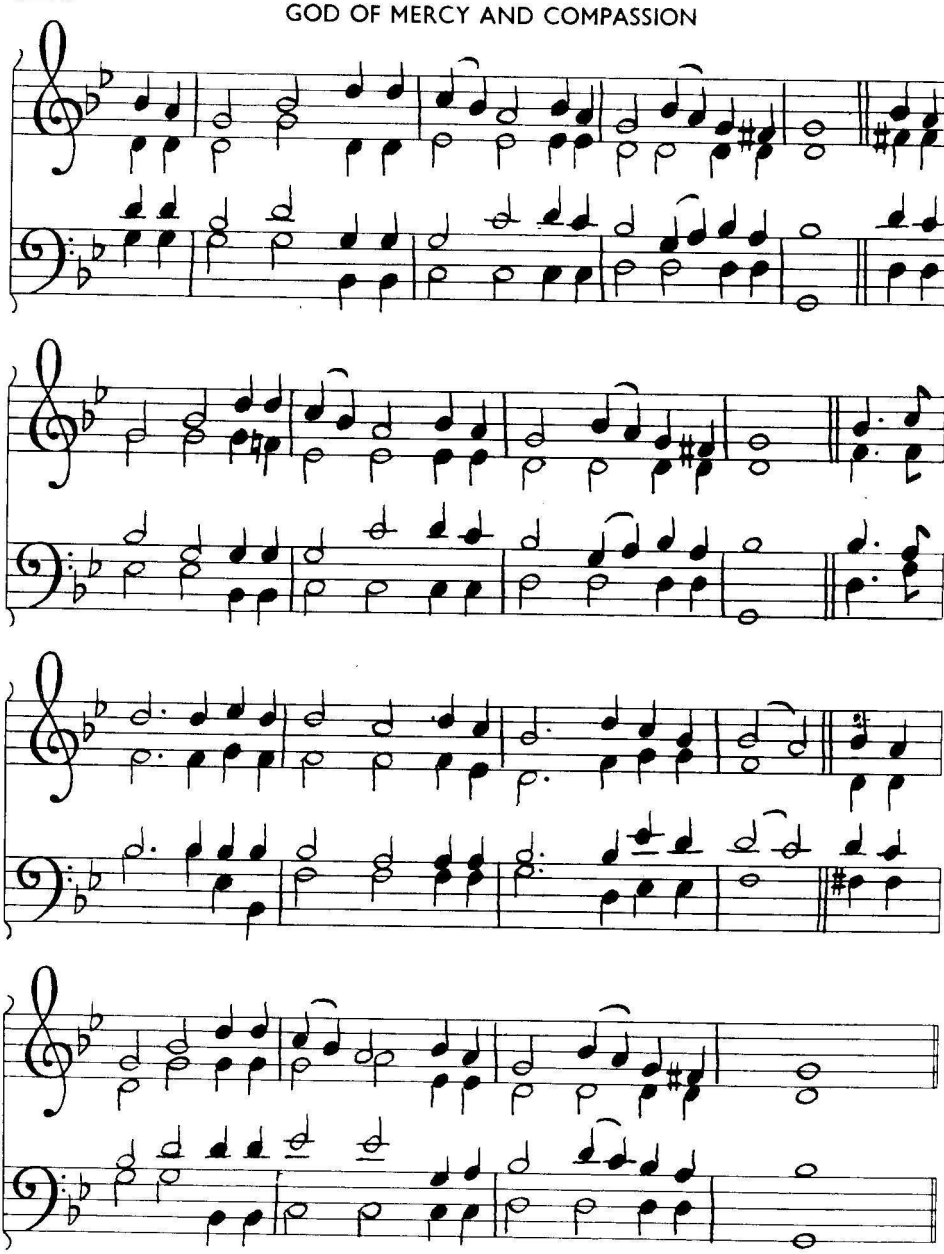
Oh, pardon me, Jesus ;
Thy mercy I implore ;
I will never more offend Thee,
No, never more.

Since my poor soul Thy precious Blood has cost,
Suffer it not for ever to be lost.
Oh, pardon, &c.

Kneeling in tears, behold me at Thy feet ;
Like Magdalene, forgiveness I entreat.
Oh, pardon, &c.

21

GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION



21 GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION

God of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me;
Father, let me call Thee Father,
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

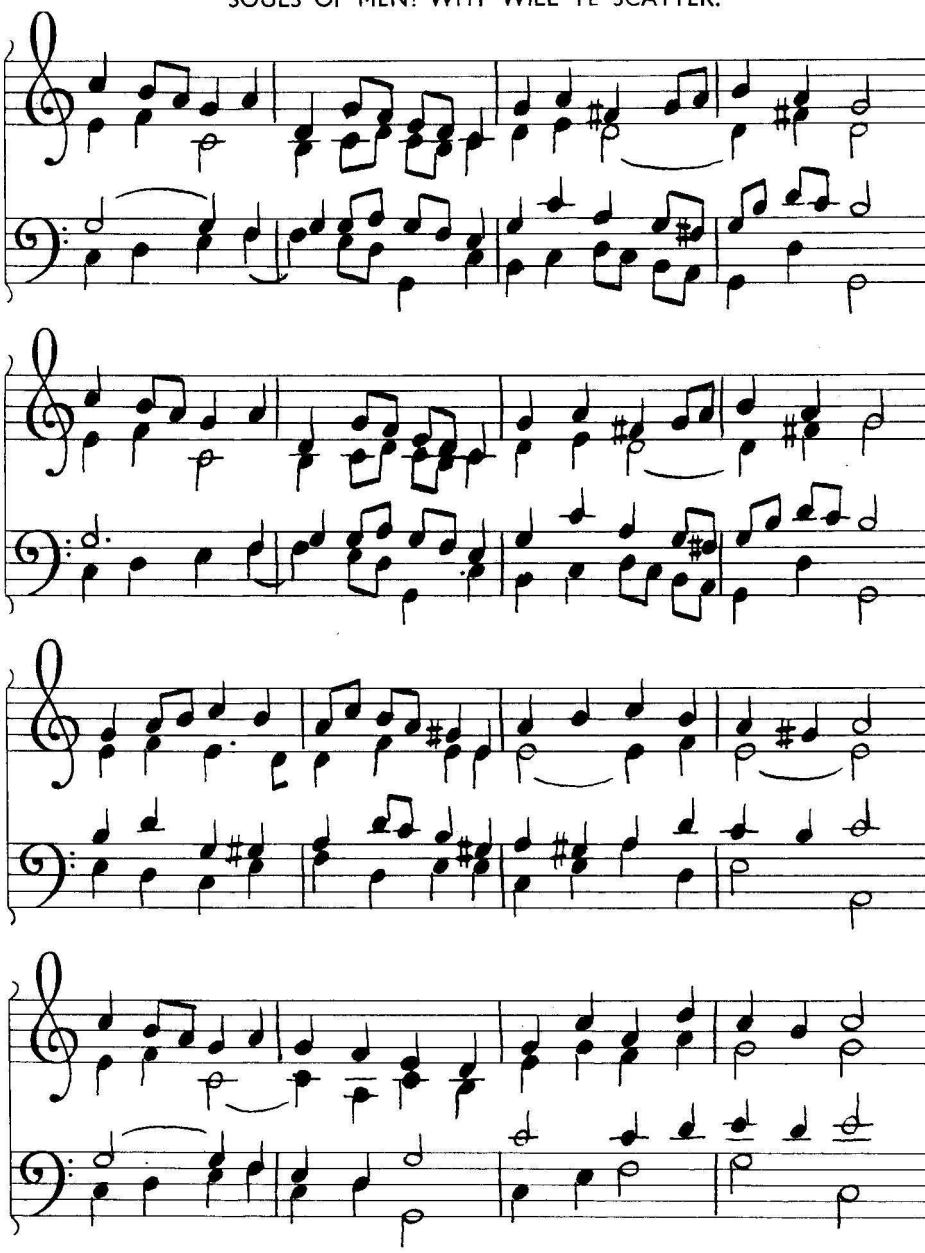
Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy;
Let me not implore in vain;
All my sins I now detest them,
Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery,
Hell, with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

By my sins I have abandon'd
Right and claim to Heav'n above,
Where the Saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the cross of Calvary;
To that cross my sins have nail'd Him,
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Jesus, Lord, &c.

SOULS OF MEN! WHY WILL YE SCATTER.



22 SOULS OF MEN! WHY WILL YE SCATTER

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?

Was there ever kindest Shepherd
  Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
  Come and gather round His feet?

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.

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.

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

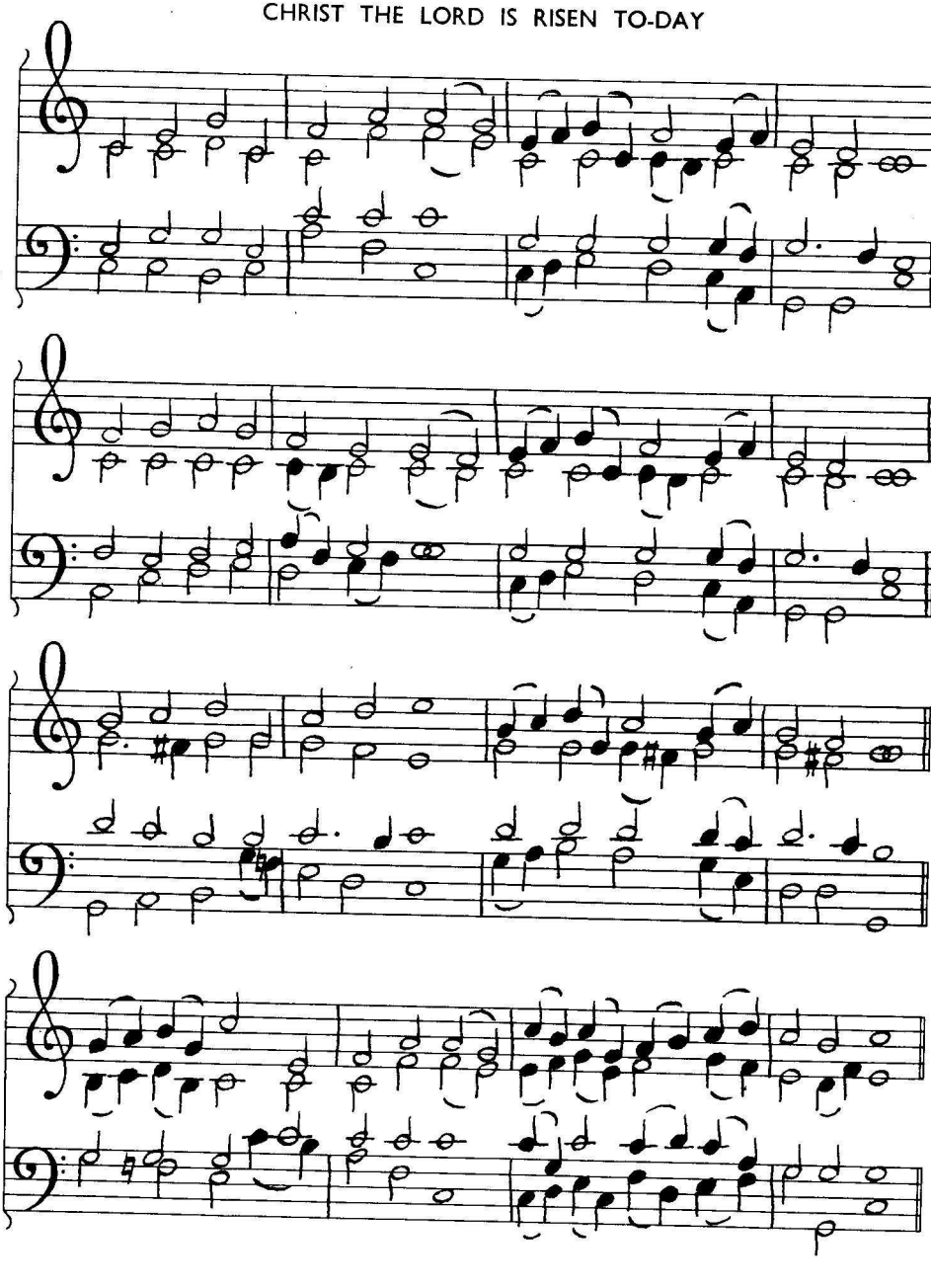
There is plentiful redemption
  In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
  In the sorrows of the Head.

Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
  And oh, come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
  His huge tenderness for us.

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.

23

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY



Easter and Pentecost

23 CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet;
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead.
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high;
Now He lives, no more to die.

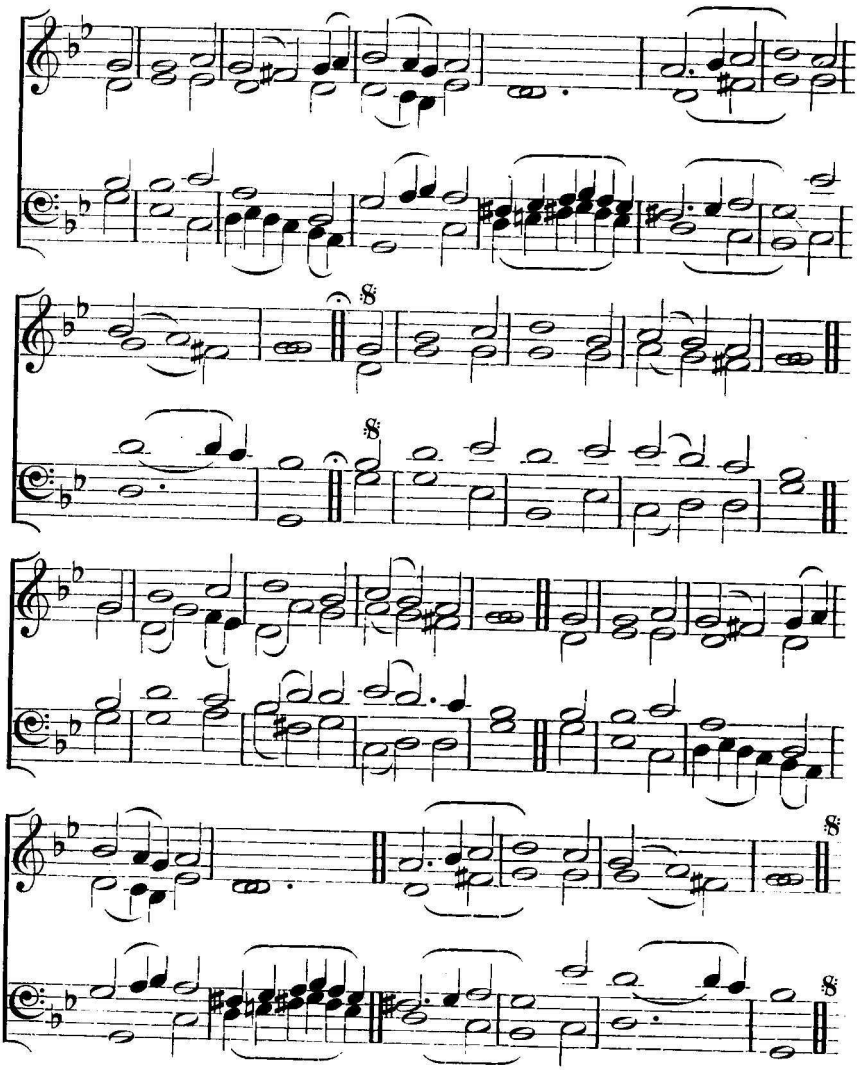
Christ the Victim, undefiled,
Man to God hath reconcil'd;
When in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life;
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay.
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high;
Now He lives, no more to die.

Say, O wond'ring Mary, say,
What thou sawest on thy way.
"I beheld, where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light:
Christ my hope is ris'n again;
Now He lives, and lives to reign."

Christ, Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Thron'd in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of life ador'd!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

24

YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE LORD



24 YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE LORD

Ye sons and daughters of the Lord,
The King of Heaven, the King ador'd,
From death this day Himself restor'd.
Alleluia.

On Sunday morn at break of day,
The holy women went their way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.
Alleluia.

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three;
" Your Lord hath gone to galilee."
Alleluia.

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

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

" Behold My side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to Thee;
Not faithless, but believing be." Alleluia.

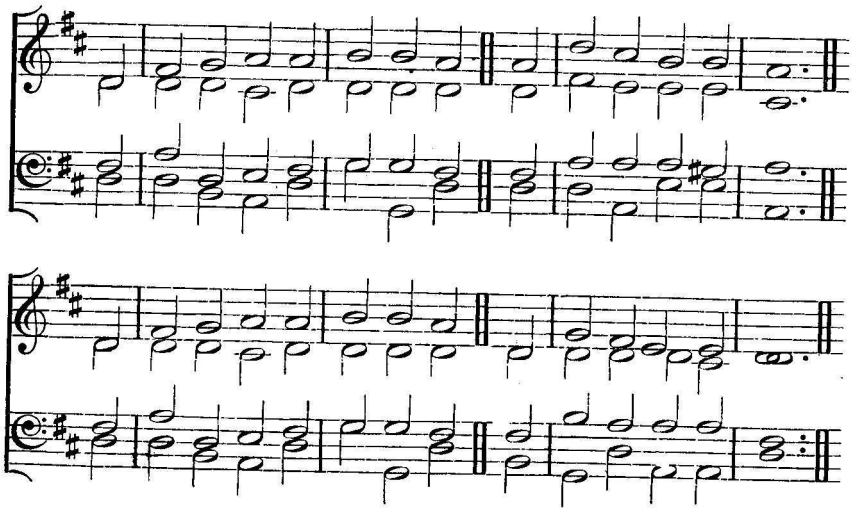
When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
" Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia.

Oh, blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him;
Eternal life awaiteth them.
Alleluia.

On this most holy Day of Days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise. Alleluia.

25

COME, HOLY GHOST



COME, HOLY GHOST

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From Thy bright heav'nly throne,
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thy own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

Thou who art sev'nfold in Thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

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.

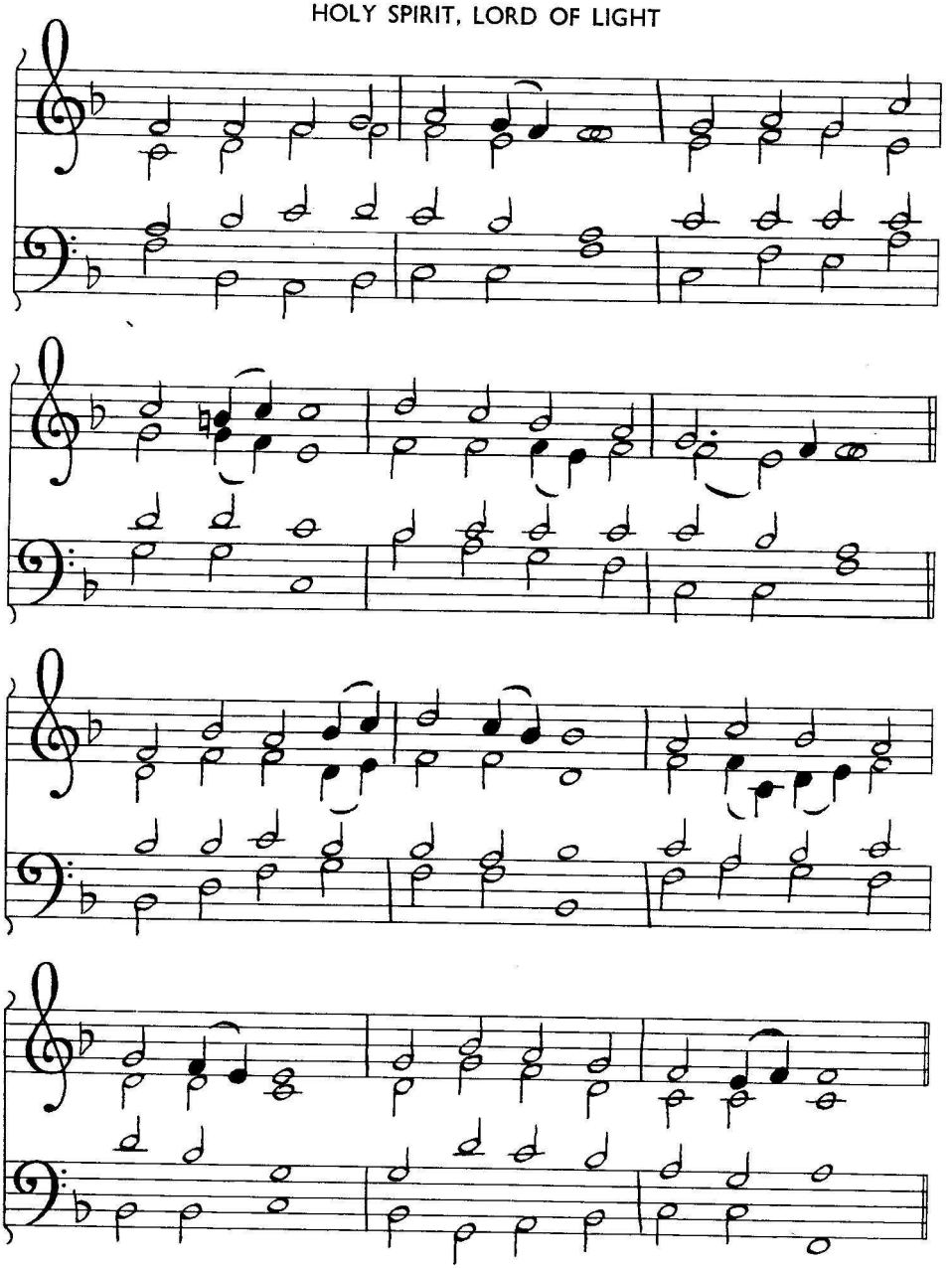
Far from us drive our deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee th' eternal Son,
And Thee, the Spirit of them both,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son;
The same to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

26

HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT



HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT

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 !

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
  Dost refreshing peace bestow :
Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
Pleasant coolness in the heat ;
  Solace in the midst of woe.

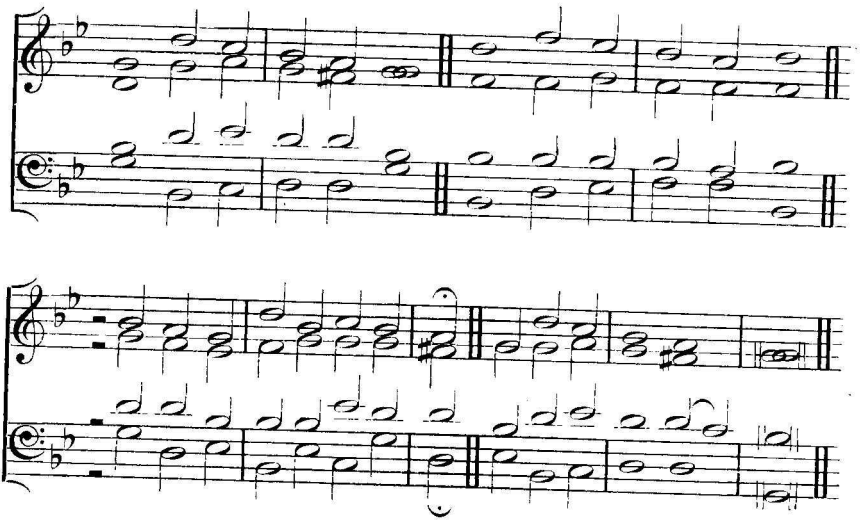
Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
  And our inmost being fill :
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay ;
  All His good is turned to ill.

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.

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.

27

BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD



27 BREATHE ON ME, BREATH OF GOD

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.

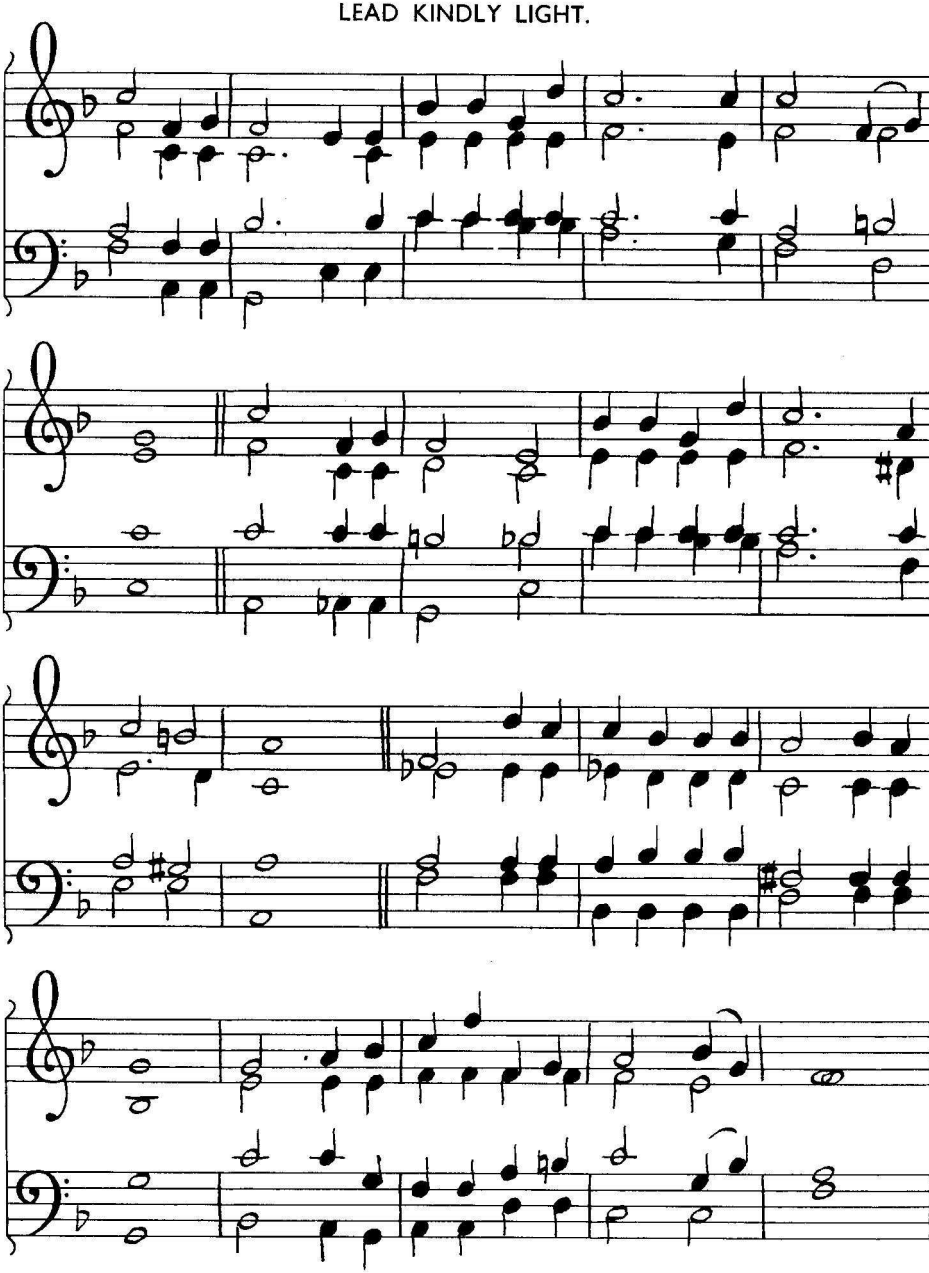
Breathe on me Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure :
Until with Thee I have one will
To do and to endure.

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

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

28

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.



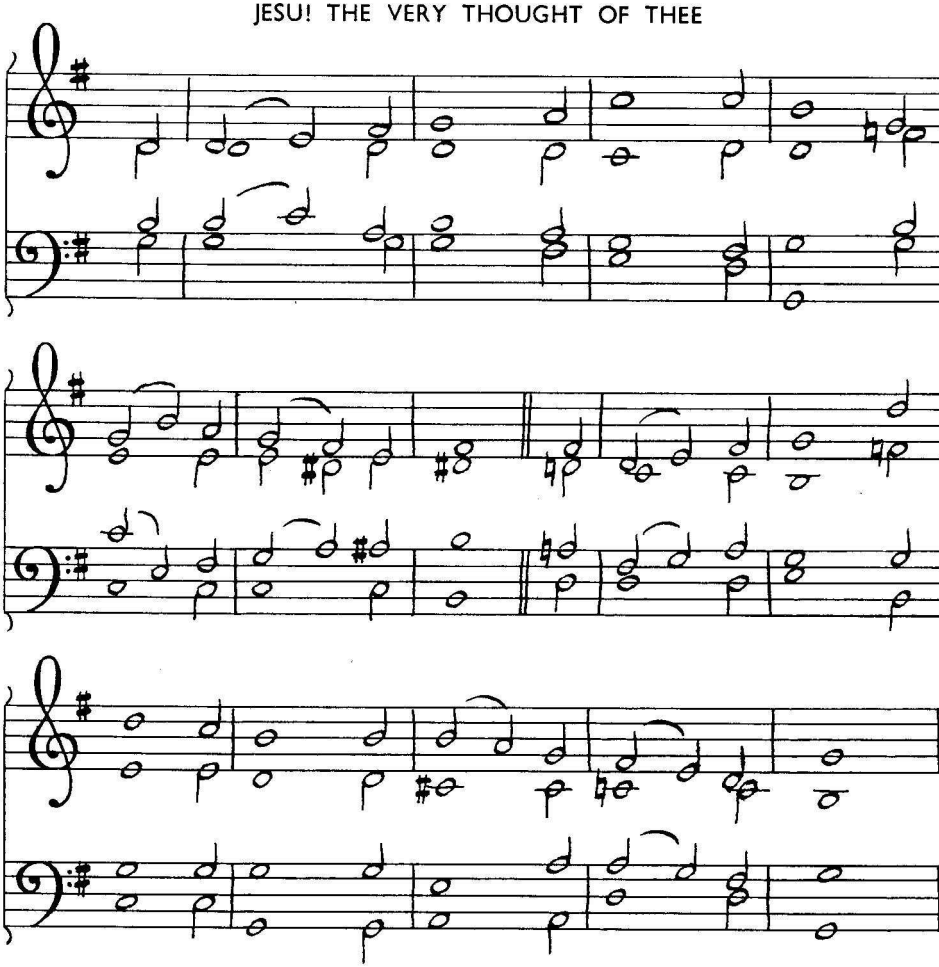
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy 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.

29

JESU! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE



Our Blessed Lord

29 JESU ! THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !

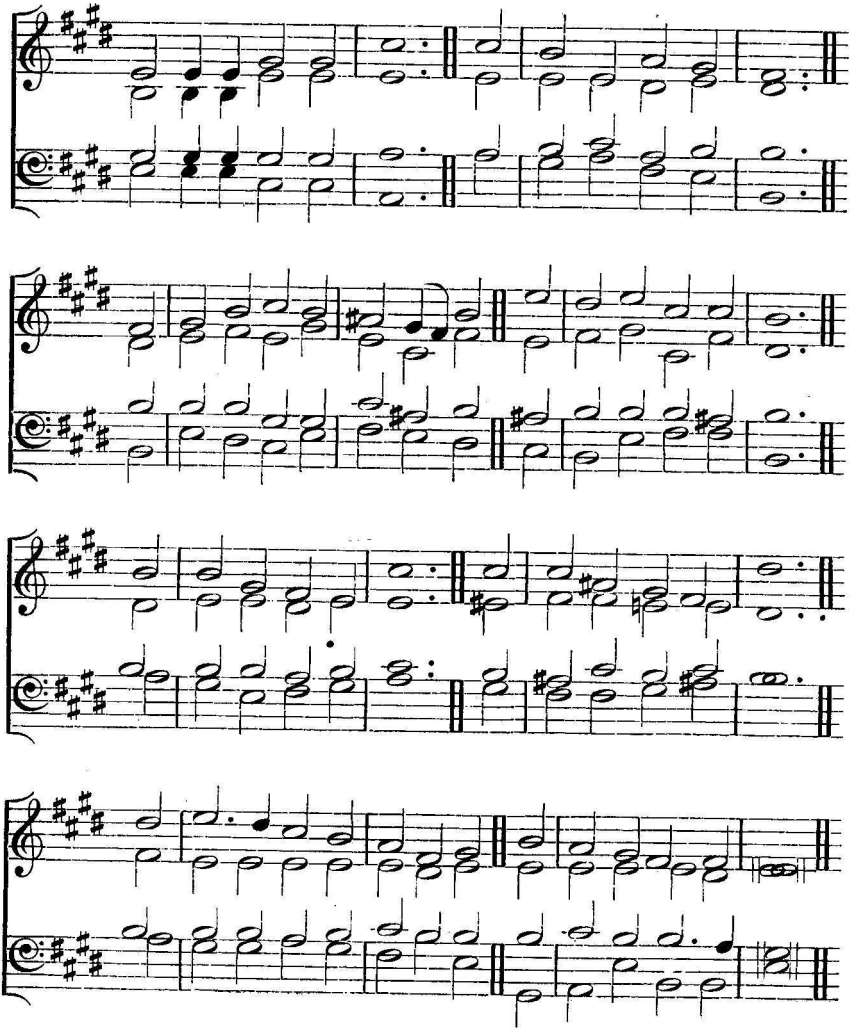
O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

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.

Jesu ! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu ! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

30

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS



CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

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.

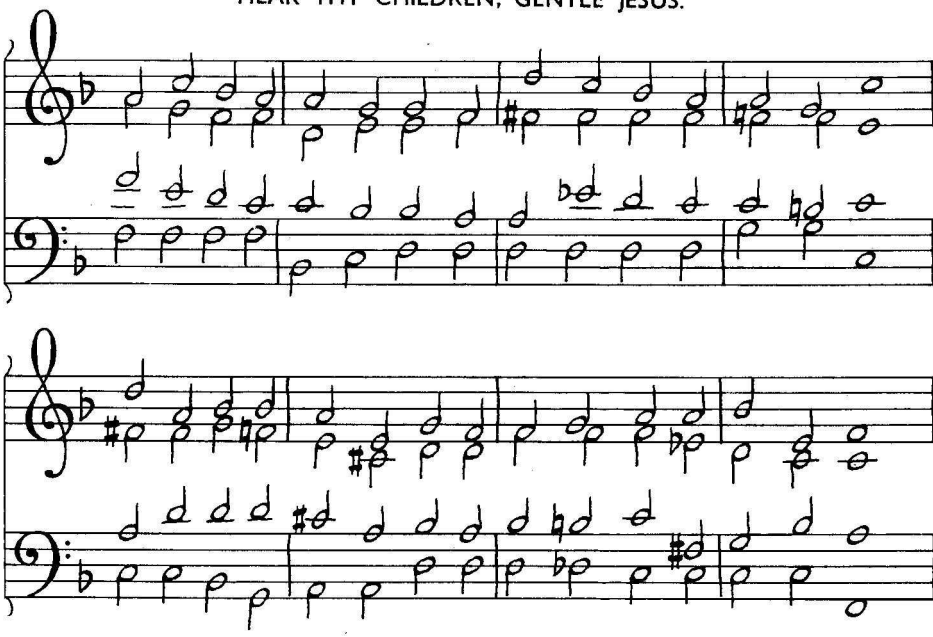
Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born ;
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn !
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem ;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

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.

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.

31

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.



31 HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS

Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
  While we breathe our evening prayer ;
Save us from all harm and danger,
  Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.

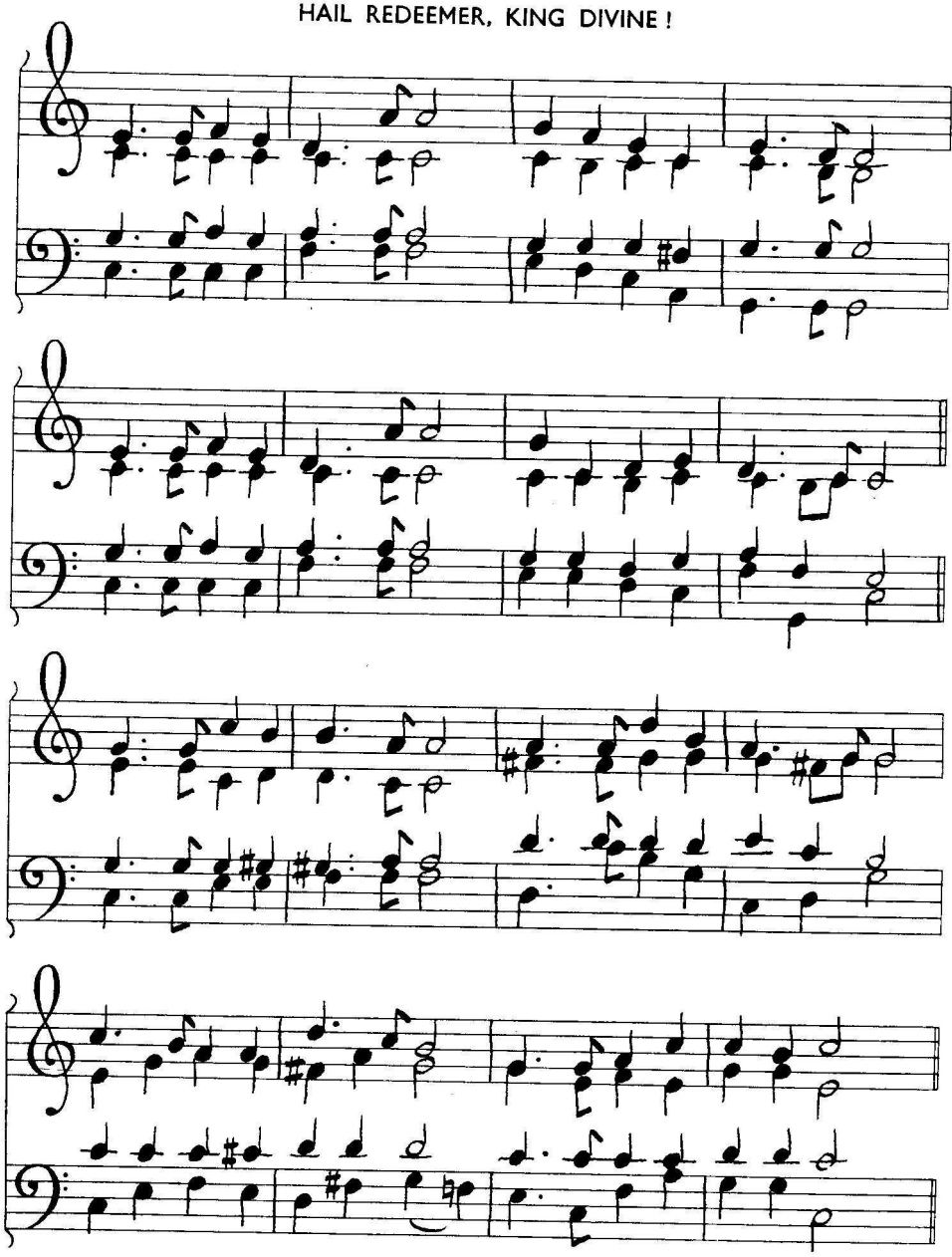
Save us from the wiles of Satan,
  'Mid the lone and sleepful night ;
Sweetly may bright Guardian Angels
  Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesus, look in pity
  From Thy glorious throne above ;
All the night Thy heart is wakeful
  In Thy Sacrament of love.

Shades of even fast are falling,
  Day is fading into gloom ;
When the shades of death fall round us,
  Lead Thine exiled children home.

32

HAIL REDEEMER, KING DIVINE!



Hail Redeemer, King Divine !
Priest and Lamb, the Throne is Thine,
King, whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of ever-lasting peace !

Chorus: Angels, Saints and Nations sing
" Praised be Jesus Christ, our King ;
Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
King of Love on Calvary."

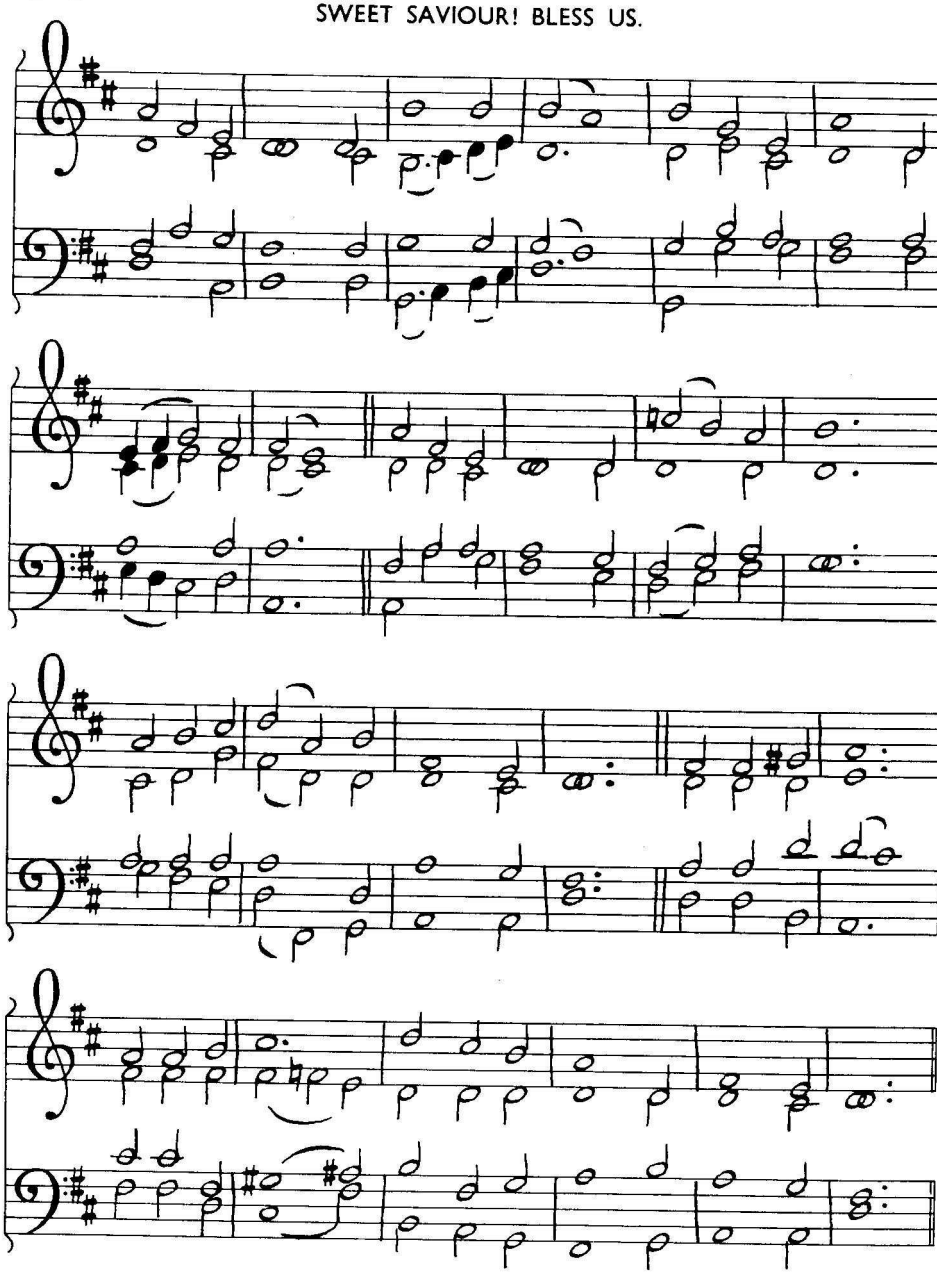
King, Whose Name Creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With Thy praises, King of kings !
Angels, Saints and &c.

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 &c.

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 &c.

33

SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US.



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.

Chorus :

Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O Gentle Jesus, be our light.

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, &c.

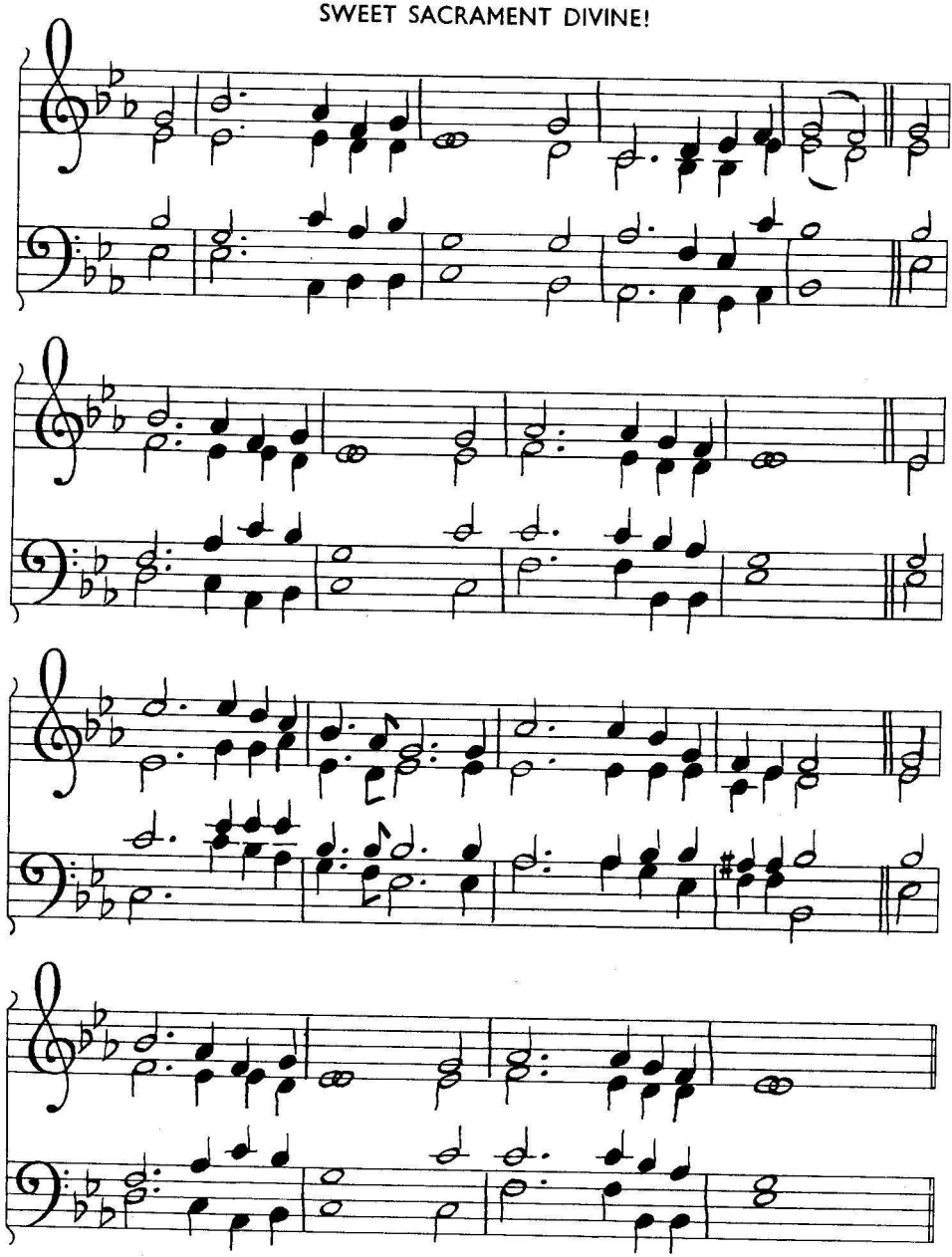
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;
O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All !

Through life's long day, &c.

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.

34

SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE!



34 SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE !

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 !

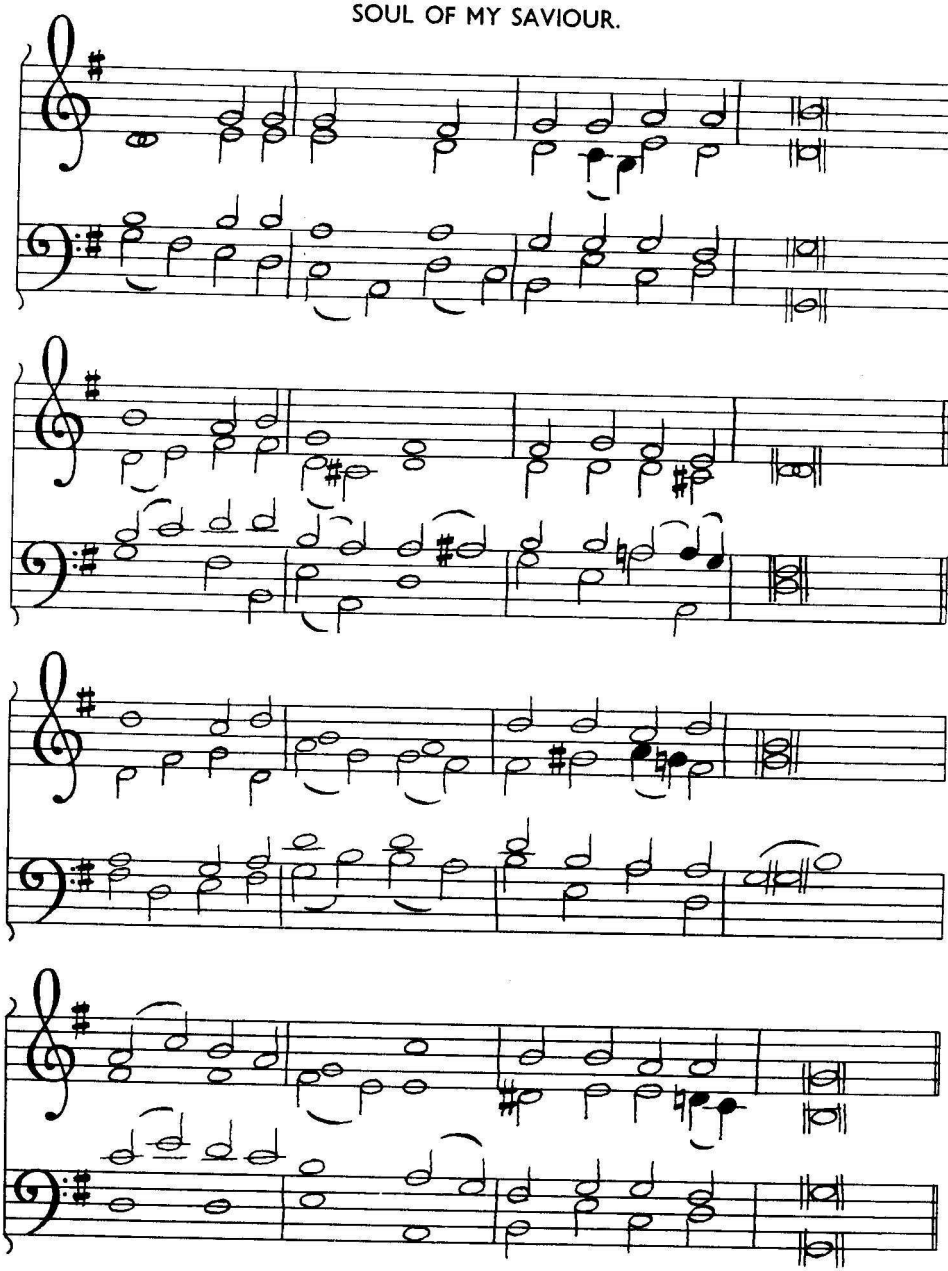
Sweet Sacrament of Peace !
  Dear home of every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
  And sorrows all depart.
There in Thine ear, all trustfully
We tell our tale of misery,
  Sweet Sacrament of Peace !

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 !

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 !

35

SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR.



SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR

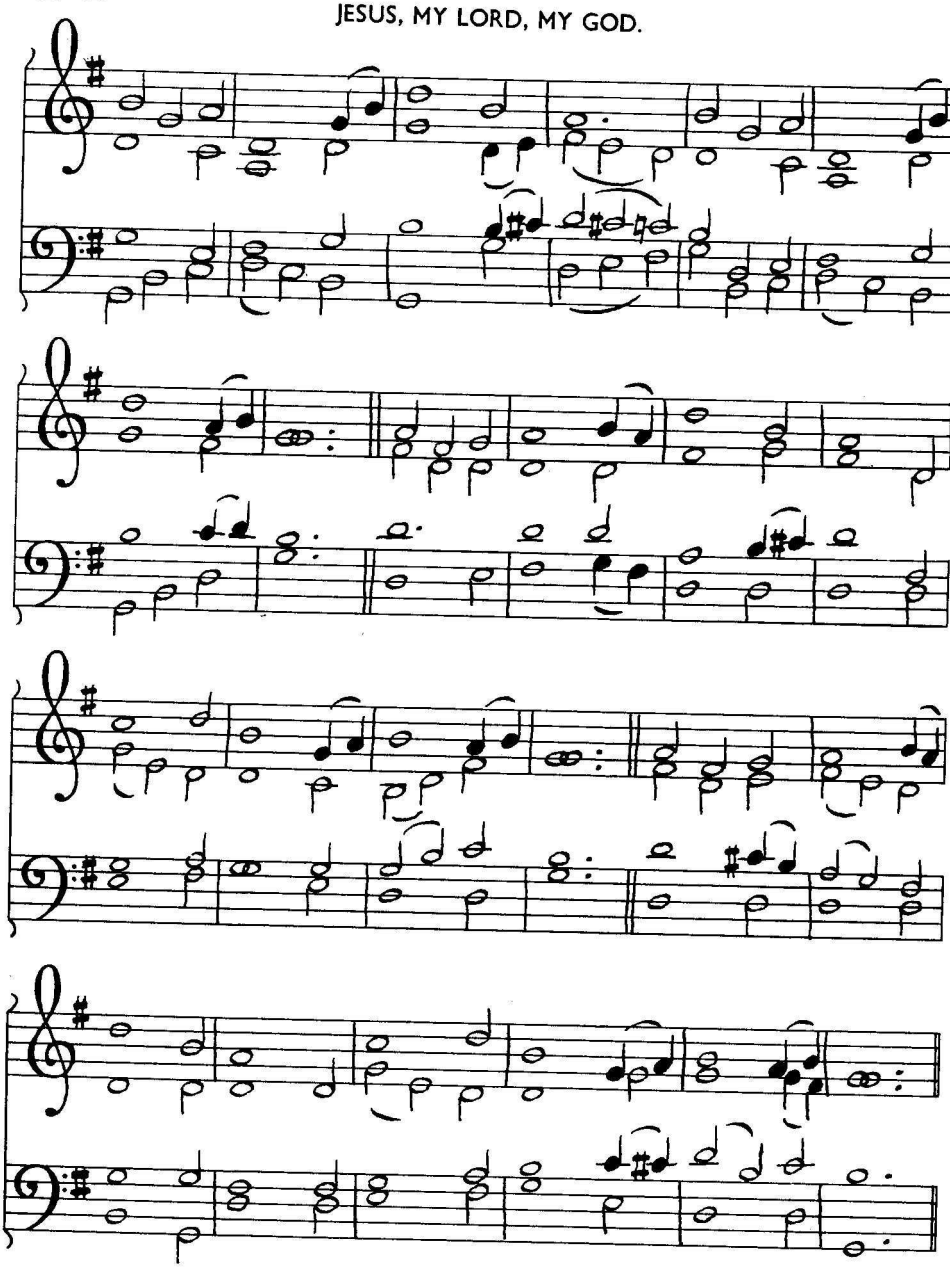
Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast !
Body of Christ, be Thou my saving guest !
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in Thy tide !
Wash me, ye waters, gushing from His side.

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

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,
When I may praise Thee with Thy saints for aye.

36

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD.



Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

Chorus:

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
O make us love Thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart,
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise,
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.

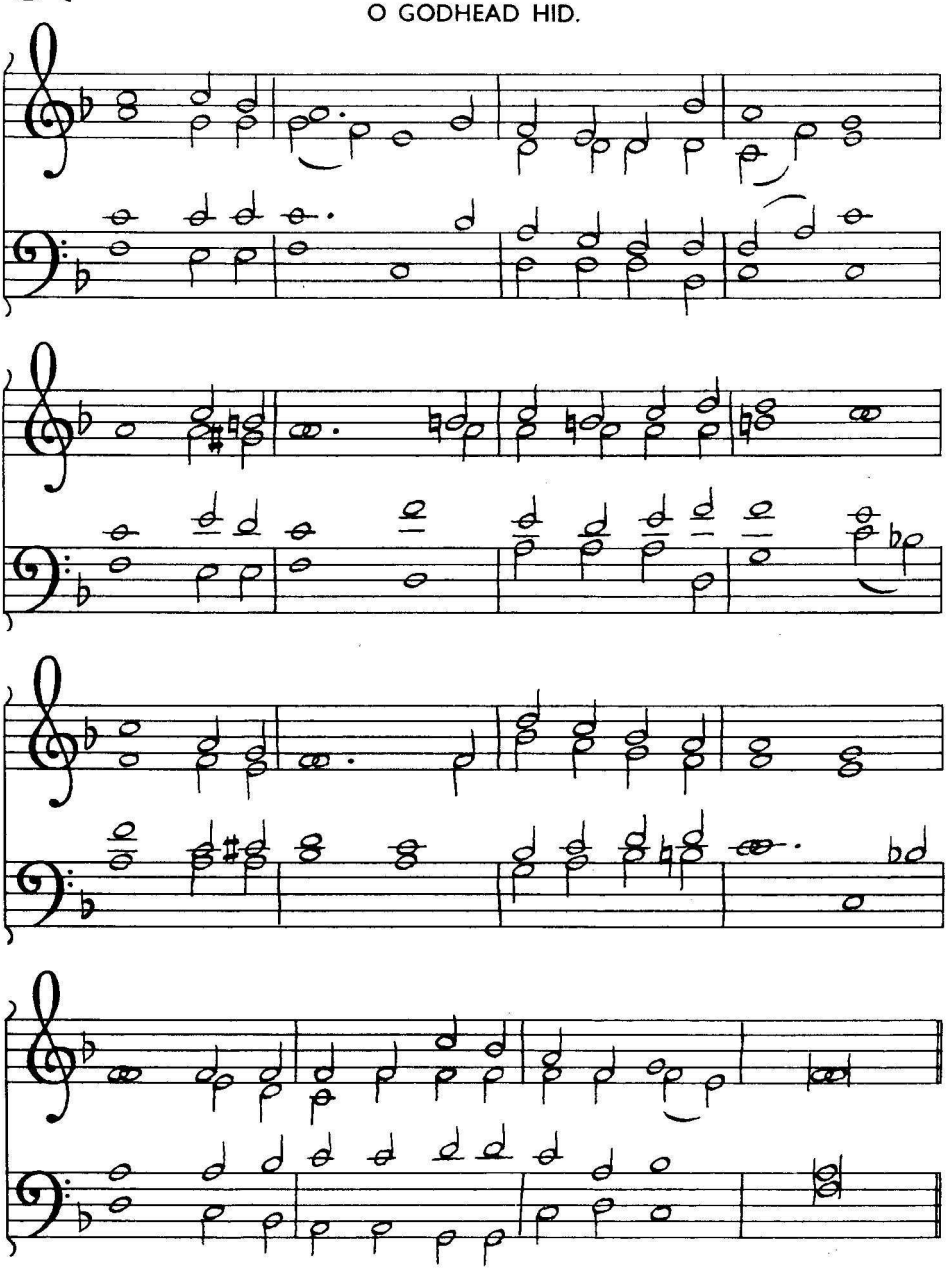
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

O see, within a creature's hand,
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing, infant-like, as though,
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead all;
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have—
For all Thou hast and art are mine.

37

O GODHEAD HID.



37 O GODHEAD HID

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.

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

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.

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.

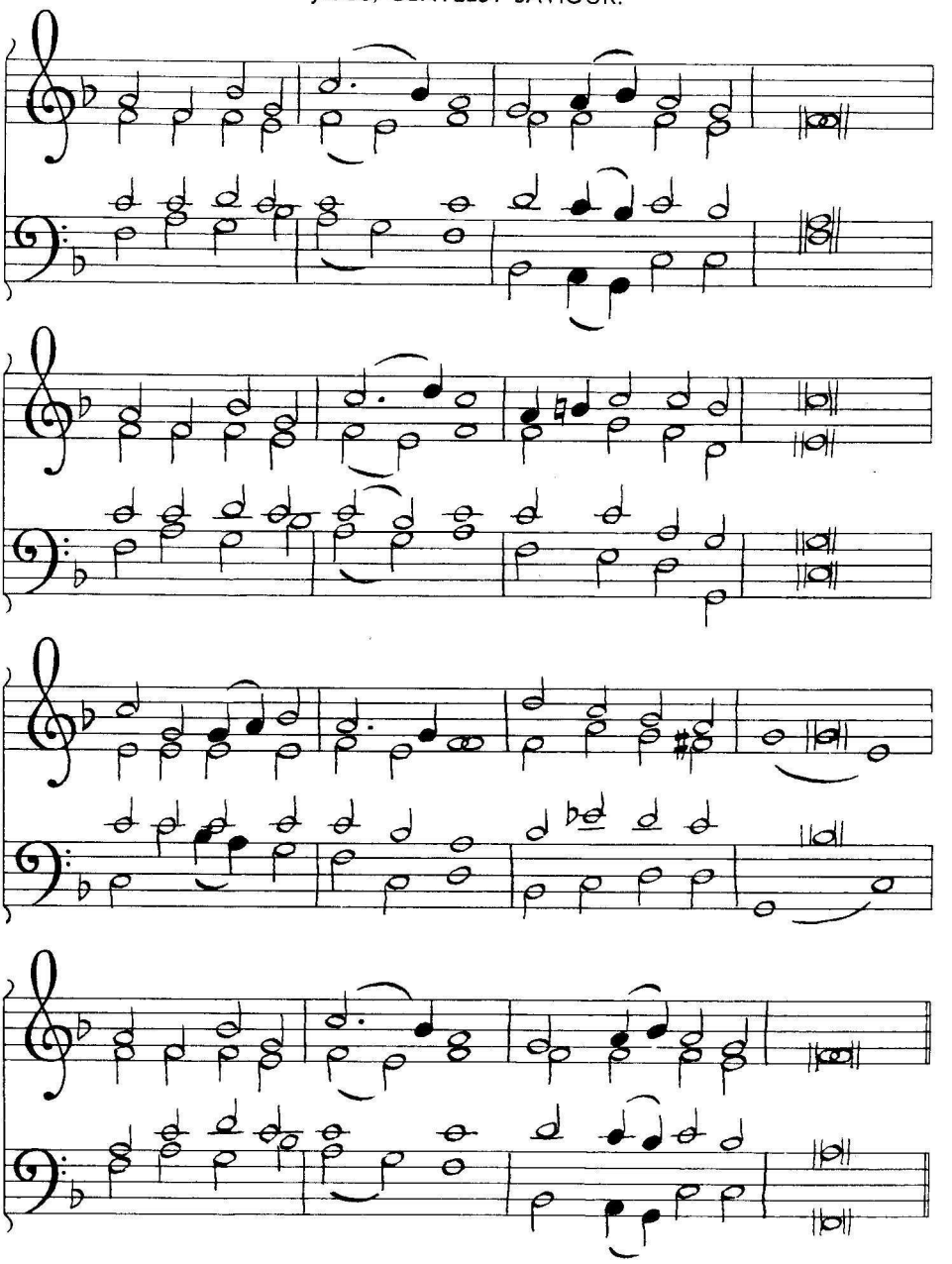
O thou memorial of our Lord's own dying!
O Bread that living art and vivifying!
Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live;
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

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

Jesu! whom for the present veil'd I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.

38

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.



JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou, Thyself, art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Chorus:

Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now,
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the God of Wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

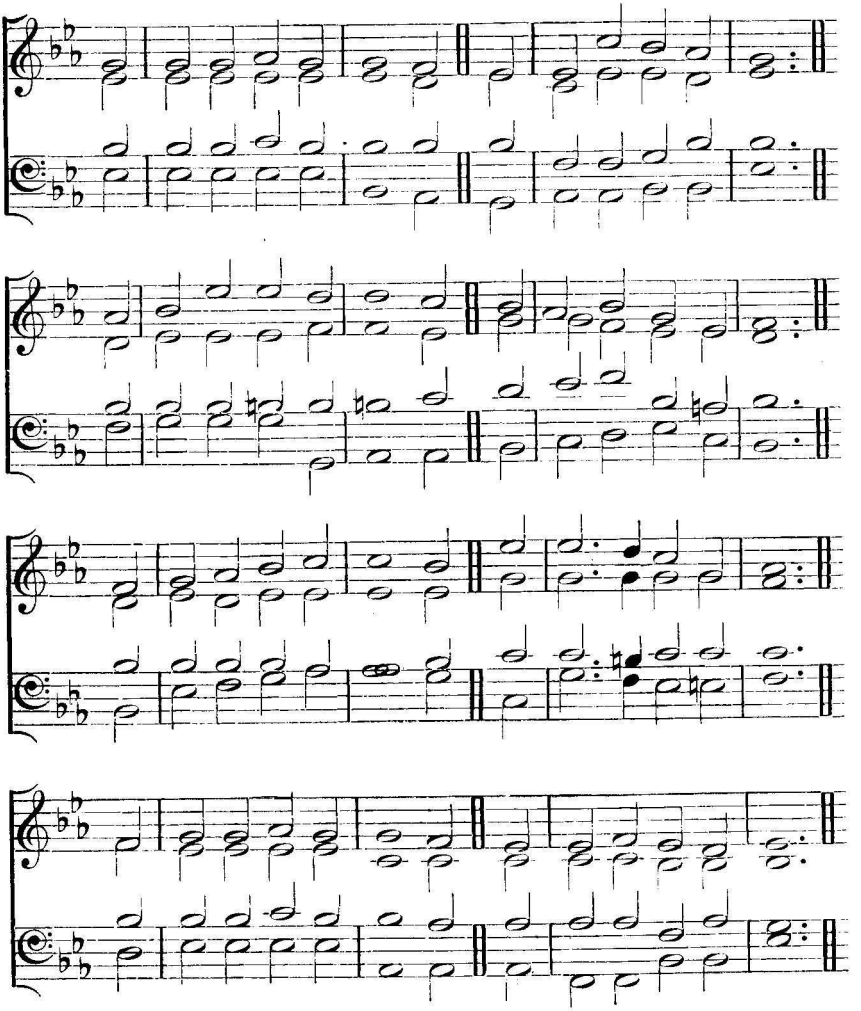
As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

Now at least we'll keep Thee,
All the time we may—
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.

When our hearts Thou leavest
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour, &c.

39

O JESUS CHRIST, REMEMBER



39 O JESUS CHRIST, REMEMBER

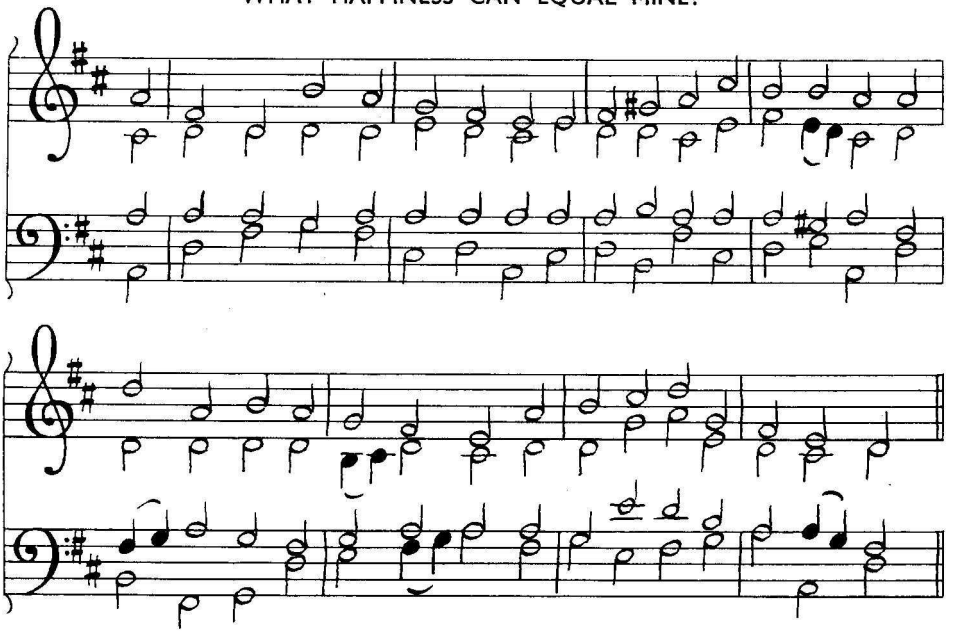
O Jesus Christ, remember,
When Thou shalt come again,
Upon the clouds of Heaven,
With all Thy shining train:—
When every eye shall see Thee
In Deity reveal'd,
Who now upon this altar
In silence art conceal'd;—

Remember then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bow'd before Thee,
Upon my bended knee;
That here I own'd Thy Presence,
And did not Thee deny;
And glorified Thy greatness
Though hid from human eye.

Accept, Divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be Thou the light and honour
And glory of my days.
Be Thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh;
Be Thou my only treasure
Through all eternity.

40

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?



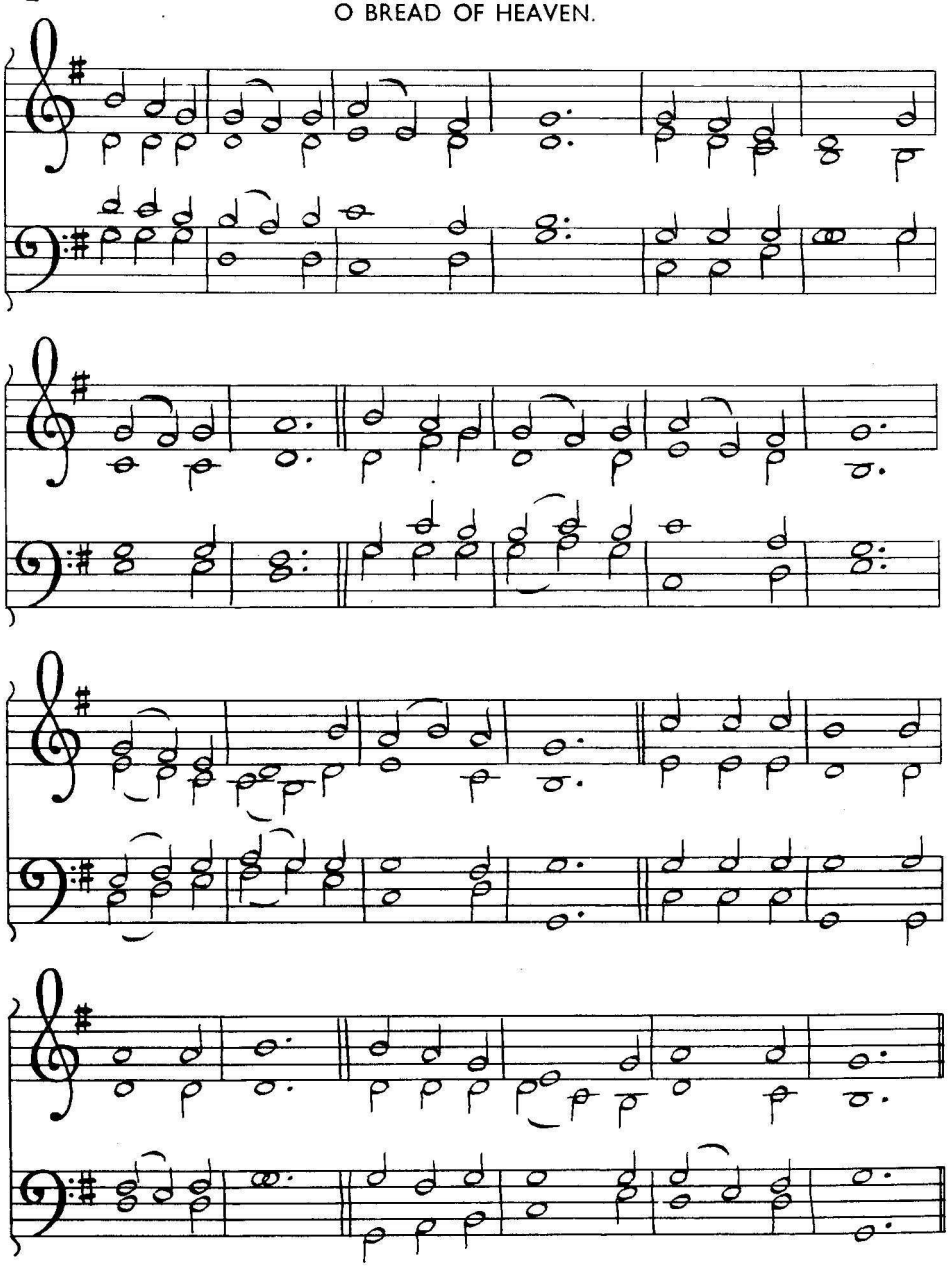
What happiness can equal mine ?
I've found the object of my love ;
My Saviour and my Lord divine
Is come to me from heaven above.
He makes my heart His own abode,
His flesh becomes my daily bread ;
He pours on me His healing blood,
And with His life my soul is fed.

My love is mine, and I am His ;
In me He dwells, in Him I live ;
Where could I taste a purer bliss ?
What greater boon could Jesus give ?
O royal banquet ! heavenly feast !
O flowing fount of life and grace !
Where God the giver, man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine,
Oh, may it never from Thee fly ;
My God, be Thou for ever mine,
And I Thine own eternally.
No more, O Satan, thee I fear !
O world, thy charms I now despise,
For Christ Himself is with me here,
My joy, my Life, my Paradise !

41

O BREAD OF HEAVEN.



O BREAD OF HEAVEN

O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil
  Thou dost my very God conceal:
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail;
  I love Thee, and adoring kneel;
Each loving soul by Thee is fed
With Thy own Self in form of bread.

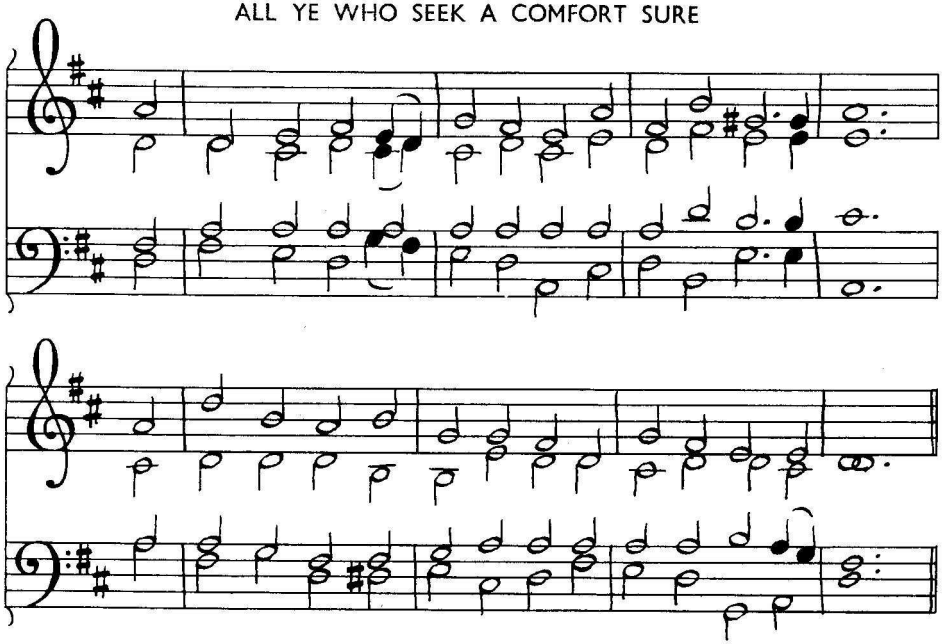
O Food of life, Thou who dost give
  The pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 'tis not I that live;
  God gives me life, God lives in me;
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, that dost unite
  The servant to his loving Lord;
Could I dare live, and not requite
  Such love,—then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasur'd love.

Beloved Lord, in Heaven above,
  There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;
  Yes, thus, I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can He deny me Heaven
Who here on earth Himself hath given?

42

ALL YE WHO SEEK A COMFORT SURE



42 ALL YE WHO SEEK A COMFORT SURE

All ye who seek a comfort sure
  In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
  Or guilt the soul oppress:

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

Ye hear how kindly He invites;
  Ye hear His words so blest;—
"All ye that labour, come to Me,
  And I will give you rest."

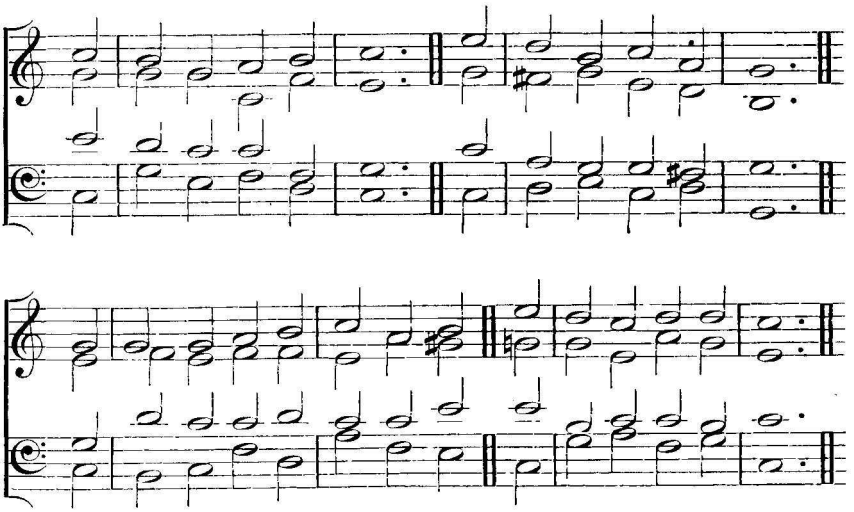
What meeker than the Saviour's Heart
  As on the Cross He lay,
It did His murderers forgive,
  And for their pardon pray.

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

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

43

TO CHRIST THE PRINCE OF PEACE.



43 TO CHRIST THE PRINCE OF PEACE

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
  And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
  Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His Heart for us
  The wound of love He bore ;
That love wherewith He still inflames
  The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu ! Victim blest !
  What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
  That sacred Heart of Thine ?

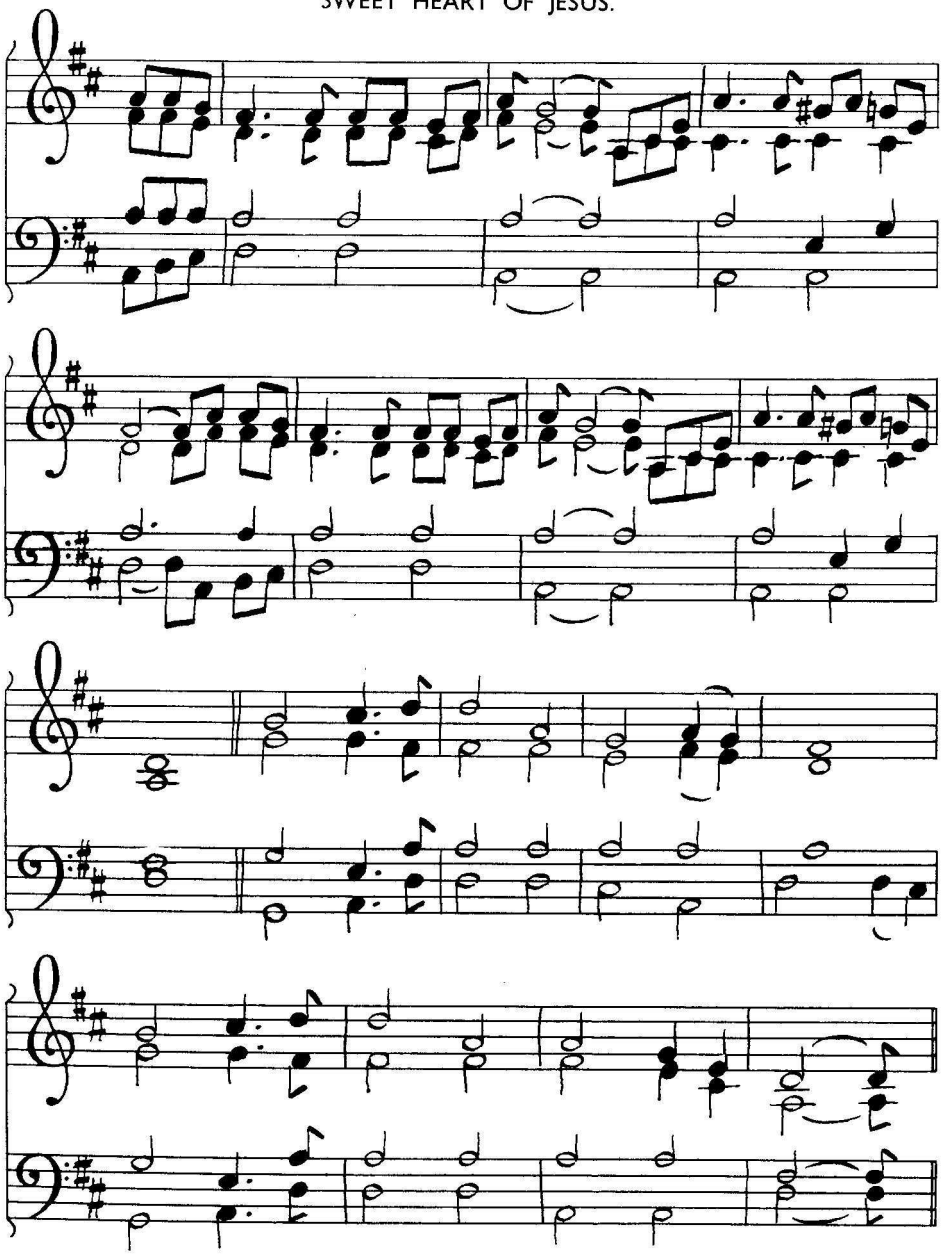
O Fount of endless life !
  O Spring of water clear !
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
  Who unto Thee draw near !

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
  For thither do I fly ;
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
  Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
  And sole-begotten Son ;
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

44

SWEET HEART OF JESUS.



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

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

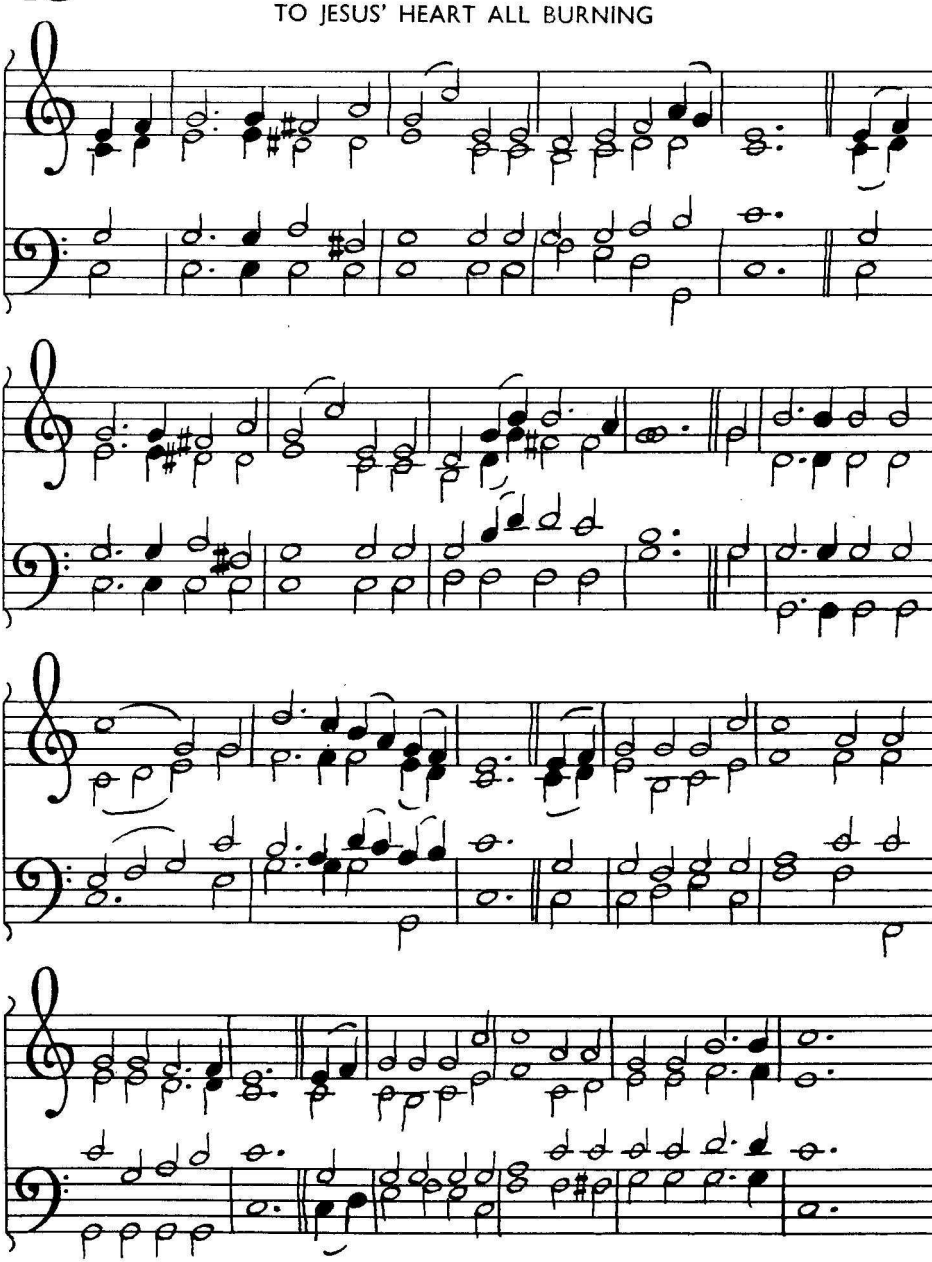
Sweet Heart of Jesus ! make us know and love Thee,
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace,
That so our hearts from things of earth uplifted,
May long alone to gaze upon Thy face.

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

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

45

TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING



45 TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING

To Jesus' Heart, all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.

While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue!

O Heart, for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.

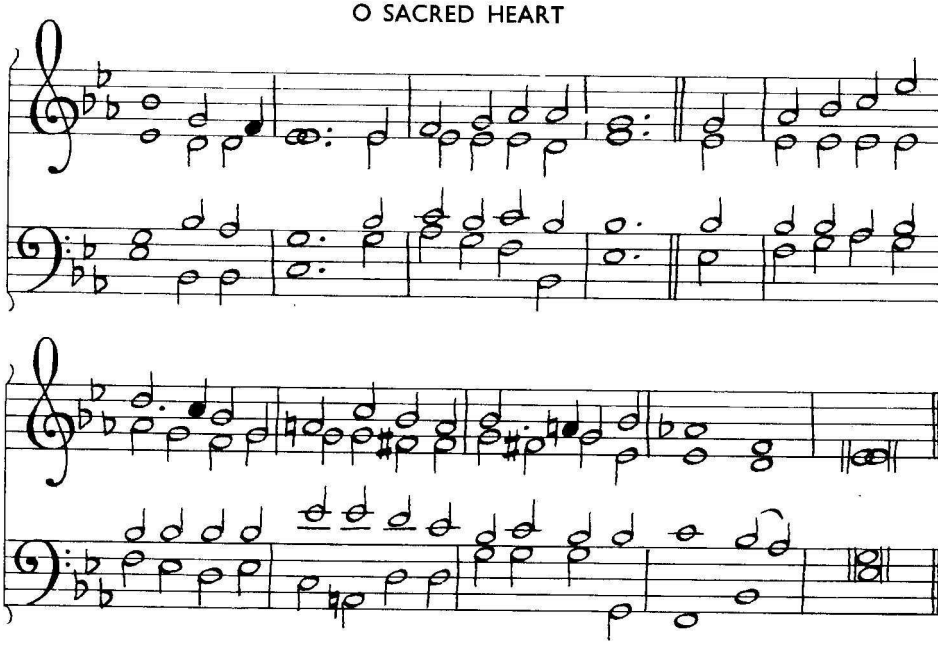
Too true I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet now let me be taken
Back by Thy grace again.

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

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done;
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all Thine own.

46

O SACRED HEART



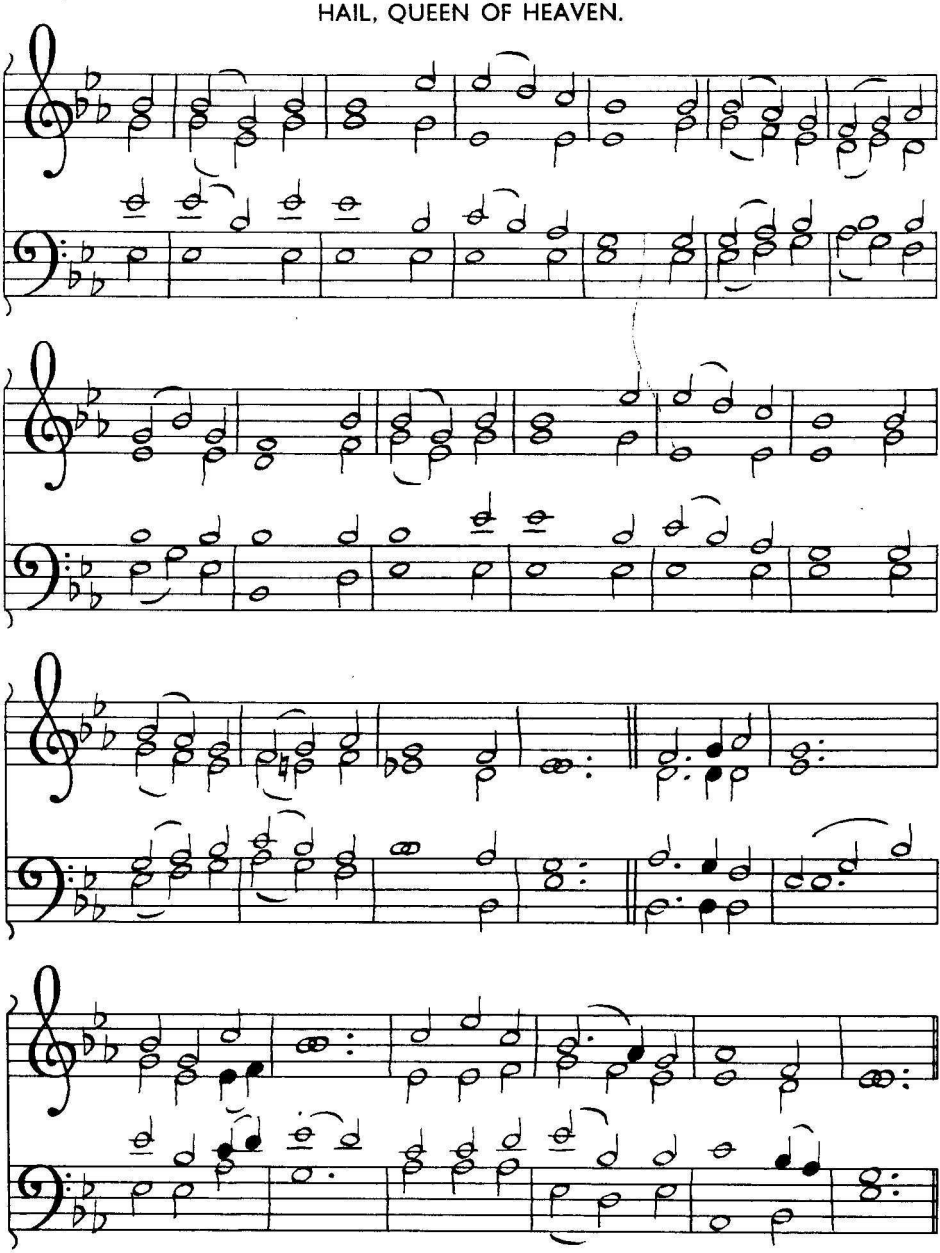
O SACRED HEART

O Sacred Heart !
Our home lies deep in Thee.
On earth Thou art an exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest :
O Sacred Heart !

O Sacred Heart !
Thou fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow:

O Sacred Heart !
Bless our dear native land.
May all its sons to truth e'er stand,
With faith's bright banner still in hand :

HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.



Our Blessed Lady

47 HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

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.

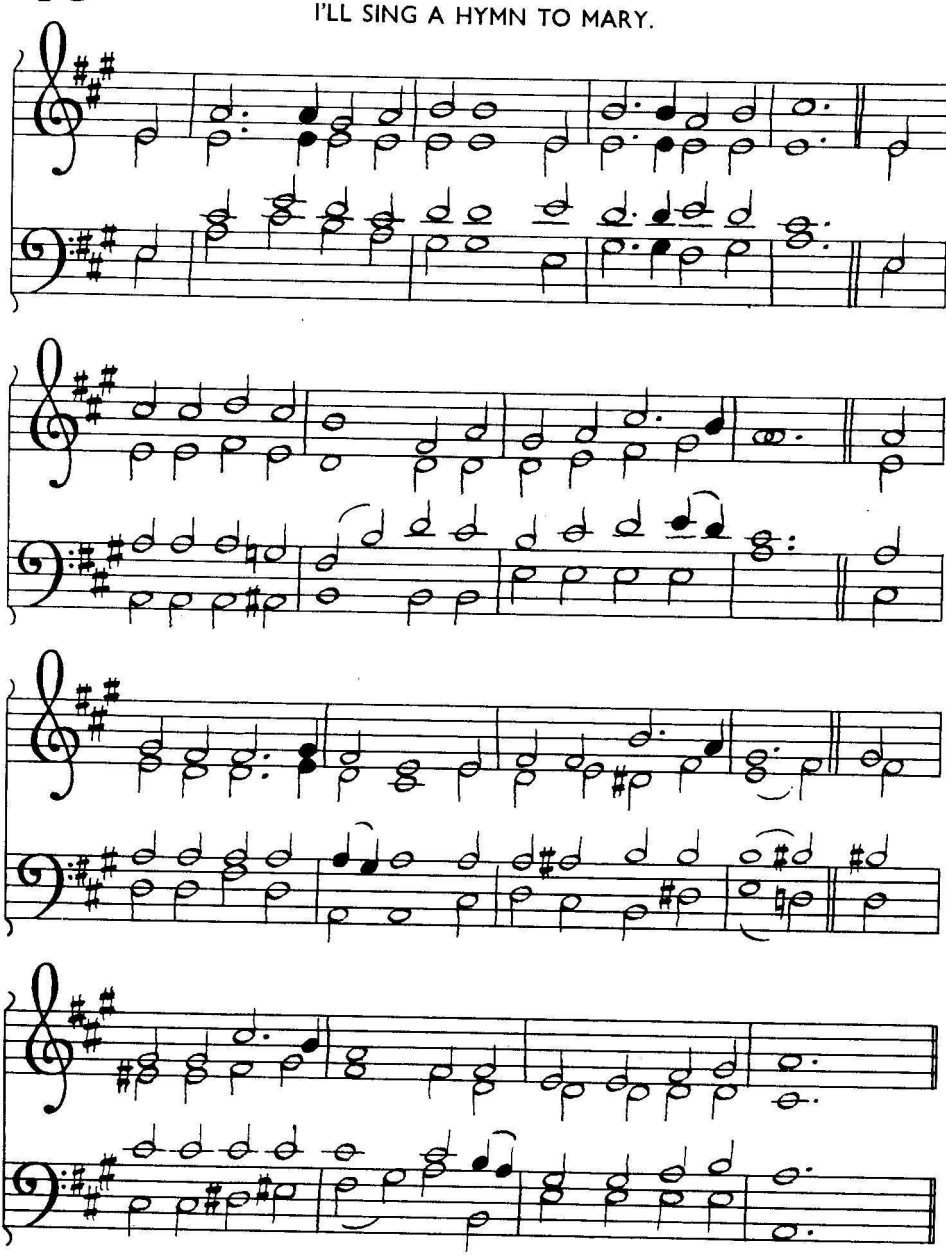
O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

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.

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.

48

I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY.



I'll sing a hymn to Mary,
The Mother of my God,
The Virgin of all virgins,
Of David's royal blood,
O teach me, holy Mary,
A loving song to frame,
When wicked men blaspheme Thee,
To love and bless Thy name.

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

O noble Tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The gate of Heav'n to me.
To live and not to love thee
Would fill my soul with shame ;
When wicked men blaspheme Thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

When troubles dark afflict me,
In sorrow and in care,
Thy light doth ever guide me,
O beauteous Morning Star.
So I'll be ever ready,
Thy goodly help to claim,
When wicked men blaspheme Thee,
To love and bless thy name.

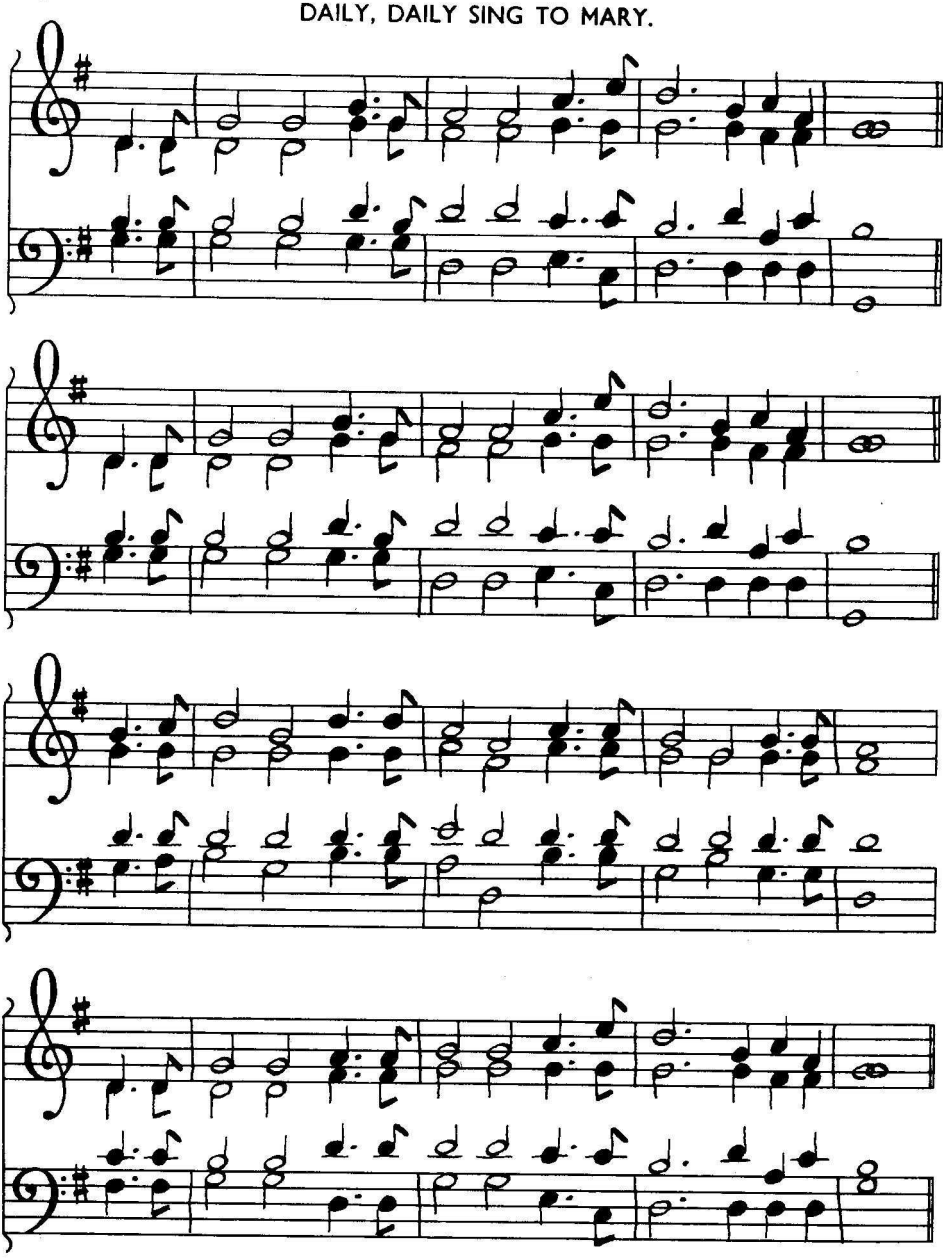
The Saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright ;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light.
O that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim.
When wicked men blaspheme Thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

But in the crown of Mary
There lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the Angels,
Which Mary shares with them.
" No sin hath e'er defiled thee,"
So doth our faith proclaim,
When wicked men blaspheme Thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

And now, O Virgin Mary,
My Mother and my Queen,
I've sung thy praise—so bless me,
And keep my heart from sin ;
When others jeer and mock thee,
I'll often think how I,
To shield my Mother Mary,
Would lay me down and die.

49

DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY.



DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

Daily, daily, sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul her praises due,
All her feasts, her actions worship,
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wond'ring contemplation
Be her majesty confess'd ;
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver ;
Call her, trust her lovingly ;
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of Heaven she has given,
Noble lady, to our race ;
She the Queen who decks her subjects,
With the light of God's own grace.

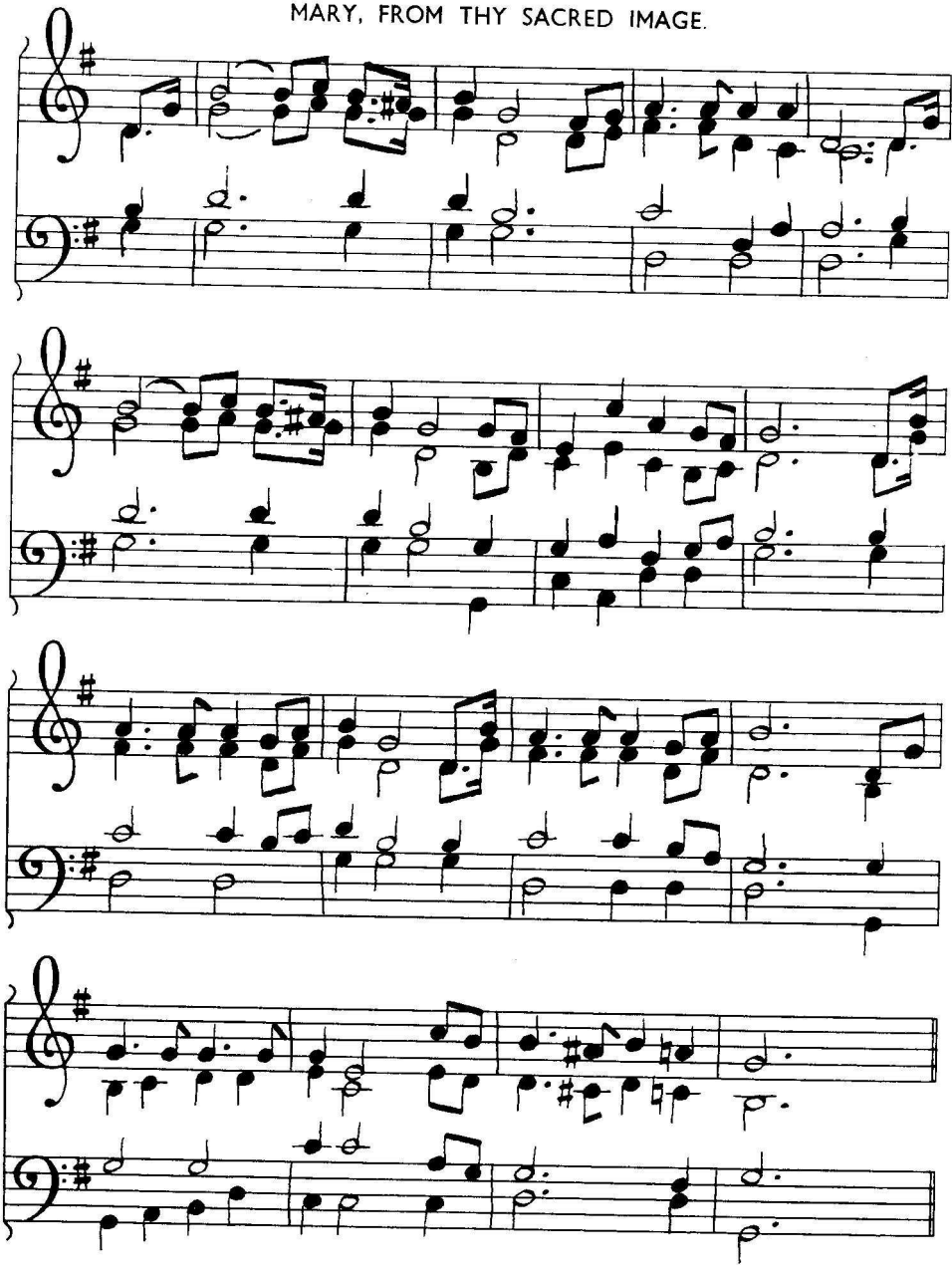
Sing my tongue the Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore ;
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessings to restore,
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen,
Weary not, nor faint in telling,
All the gifts she gives to men.

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

All our joys do come from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing ;
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer,
Love the heart alone can teach.

50

MARY, FROM THY SACRED IMAGE.



MARY, FROM THY SACRED IMAGE

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.

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

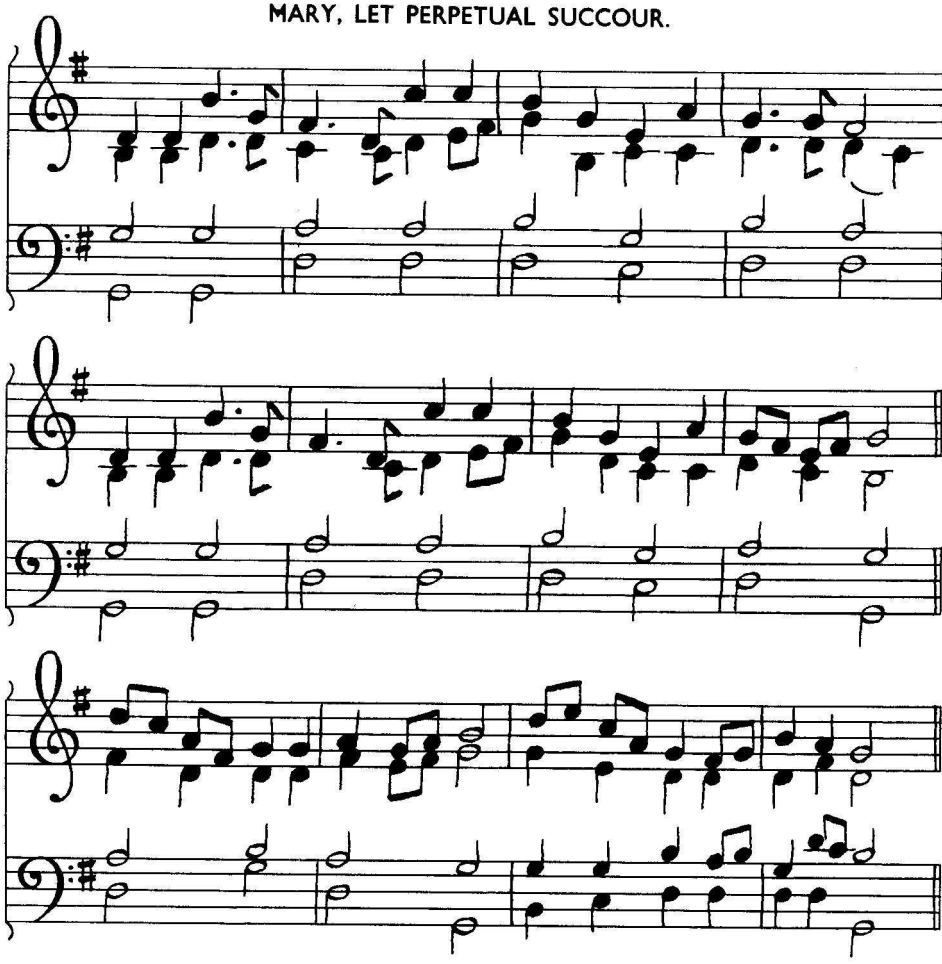
And for Him thine eyes are pleading
While to us they look and cry;
Sinners spare my Child! your Saviour,
Seek not still to crucify.
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother,
But, poor sinners we are weak;
At thy feet thy helpless children,
Thy Perpetual Succour seek.

Succour us when clouds of sadness
Hide the light of Heaven above,
Hope expires and faith still 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.

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, ah! then indeed.

51

MARY, LET PERPETUAL SUCCOUR.



MARY, LET PERPETUAL SUCCOUR

Mary, let perpetual succour
Be the answer to our prayer;
For thy Son, of all the wretched,
Gives to thee perpetual care.

Chorus:
Ever-ready help hast thou,
Let thy children feel it now.

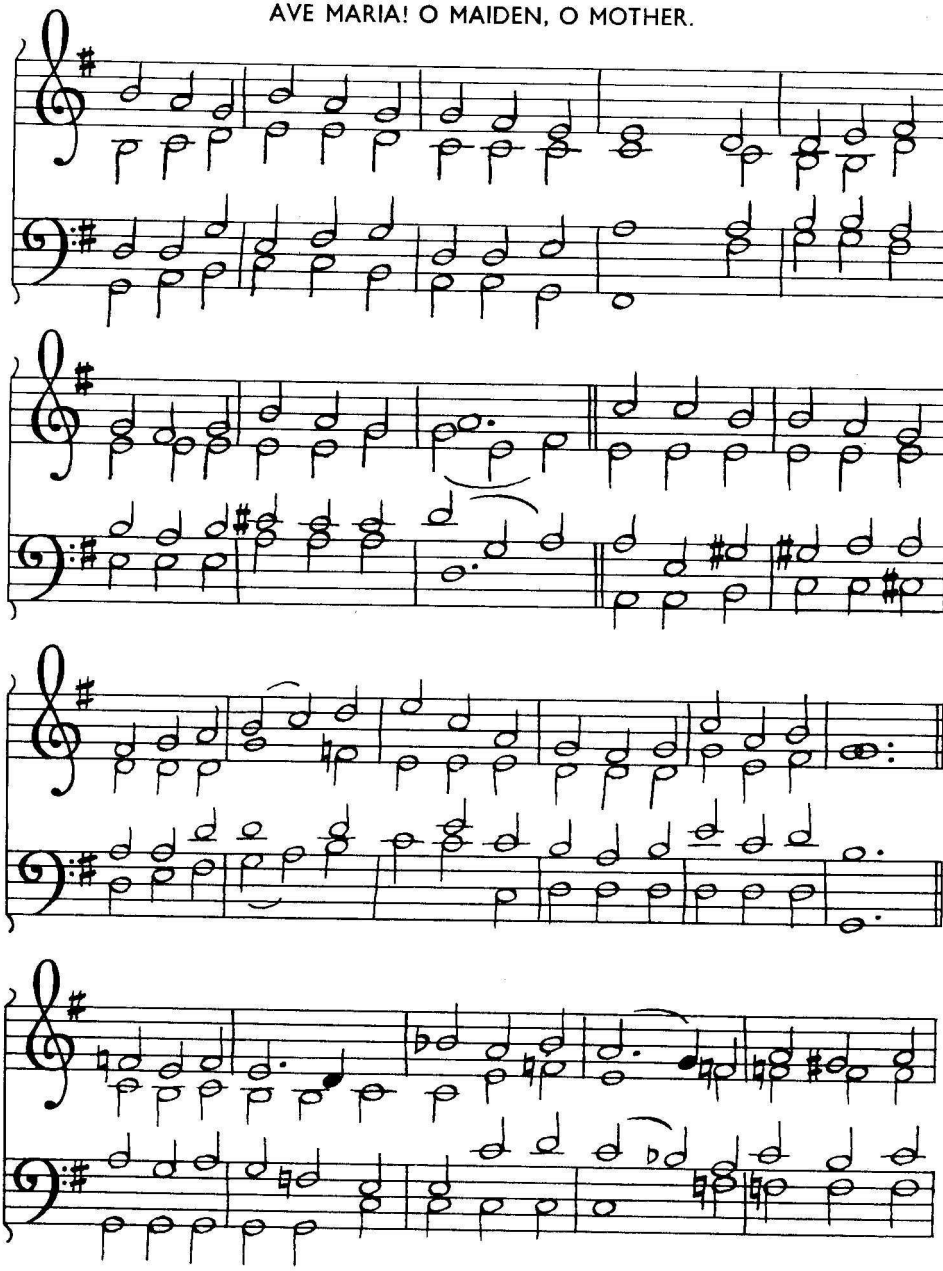
Of our passions we are weary,
Weary of the yoke of sin;
Yet, though longing to be holy;
Faint of heart we ne'er begin.

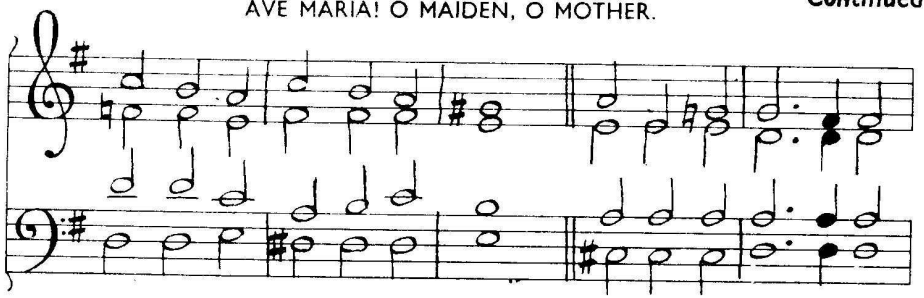
Though we try to rise, yet ever
Down in misery we fall;
And, like feeble children, sadly,
For our Mother's help we call.

Let us feel thy help in sorrow,
Mourners look for joy to thee;
Spurn not God's unhappy creatures,
Whatso'er their faults may be.

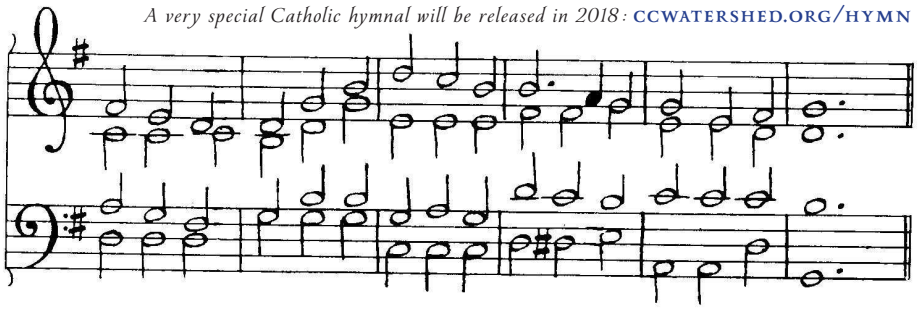
52

AVE MARIA! O MAIDEN, O MOTHER.





A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN



52 AVE MARIA! O MAIDEN, O MOTHER

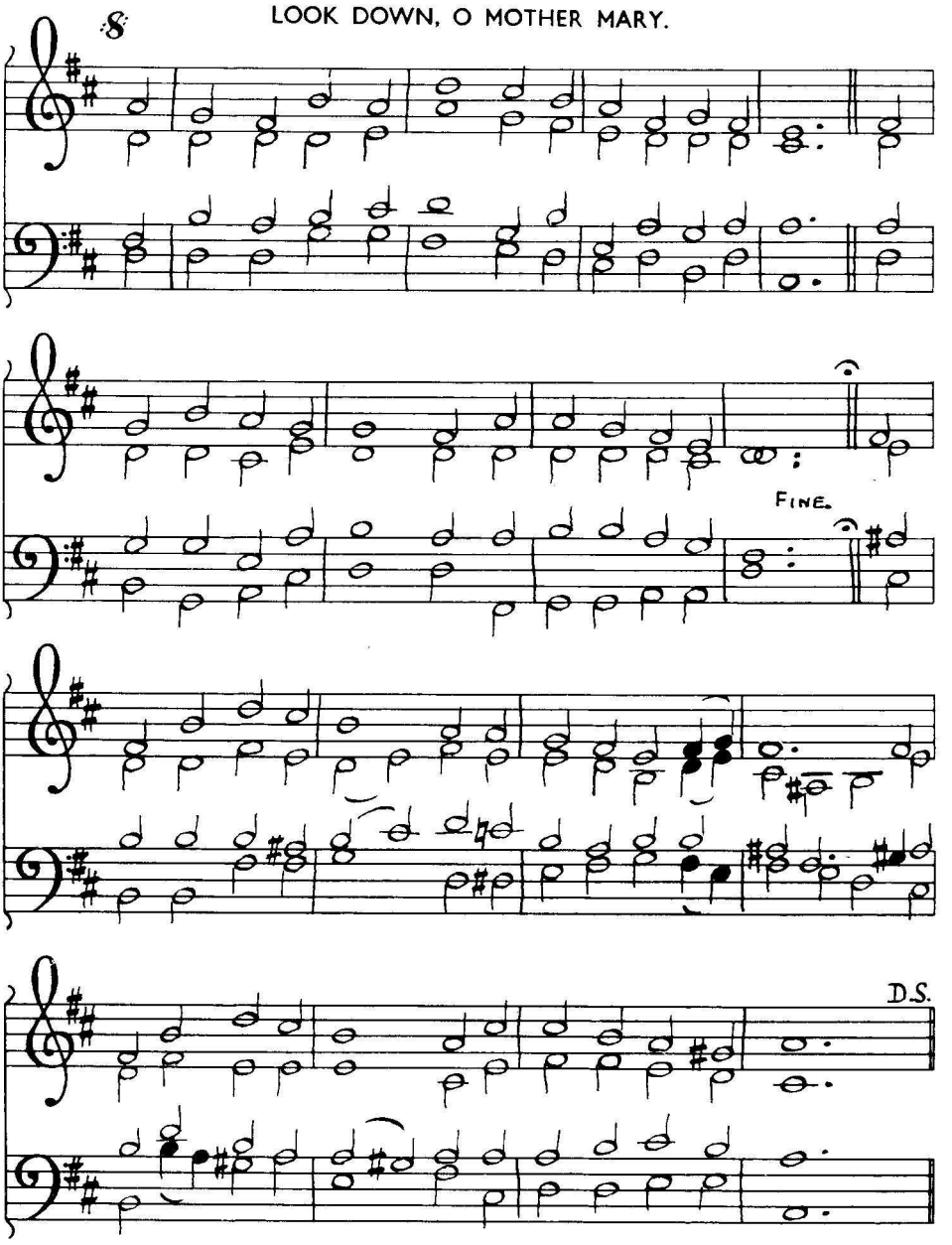
Ave Maria! O Maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!
Pray for thy children who call upon thee;
Ave Sanctissima! Ave Purissima!
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee,
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! 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!

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,
Harbour of refuge to thee do we flee;
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea!


LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.
FINE.
D.S.

53 LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY

Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love :

And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother,
And look on us no more.

See how, ungrateful sinners,
We stand before thy Son ;
His loving heart upbraids us
The evil we have done.

But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us but one word ;
For thus thou canst obtain us
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And Jesus will forgive.

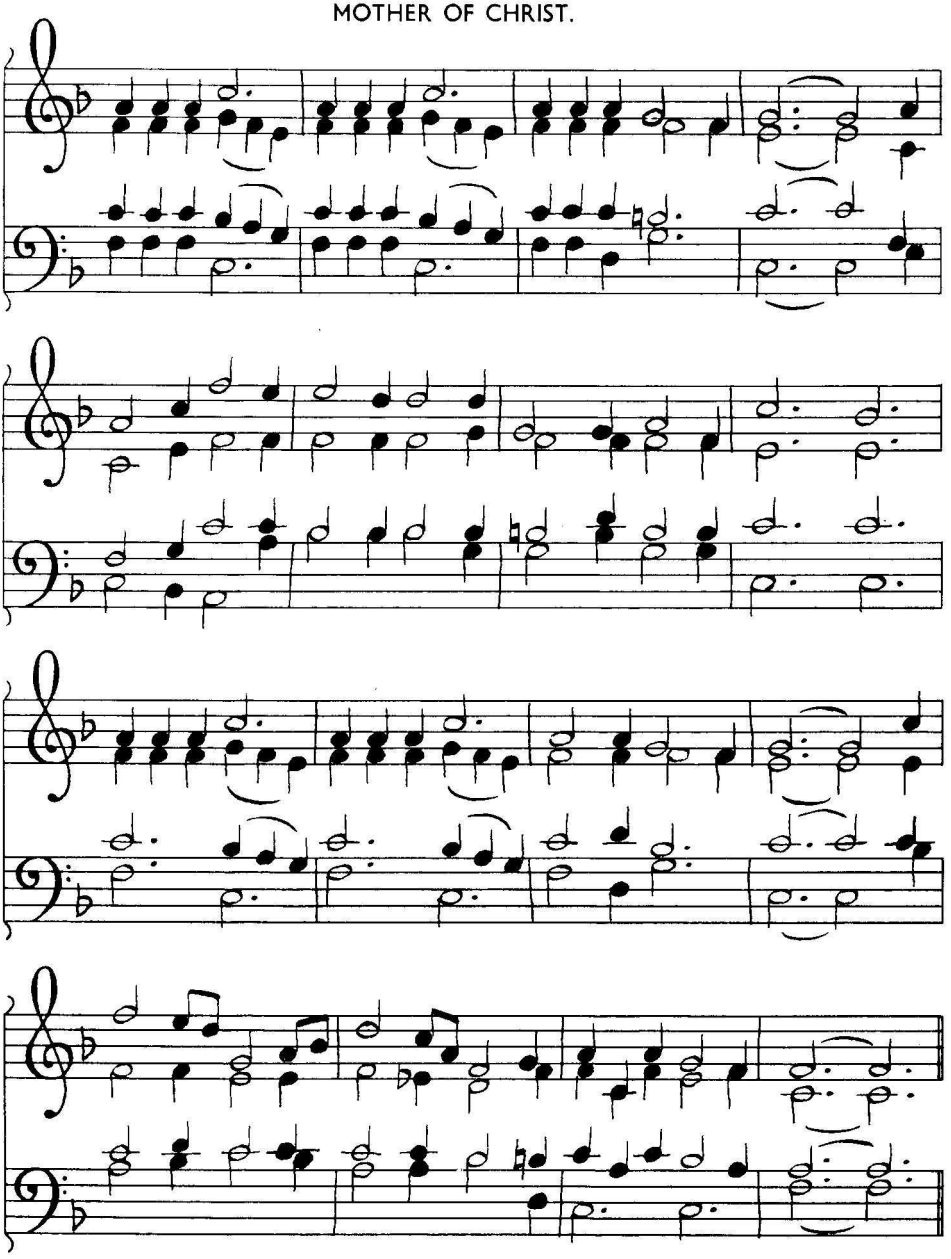
Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear,
But thou art still our Mother,
Then show a Mother's care.

Unfold to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear ;
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near ?

O kindest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save ;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.

54

MOTHER OF CHRIST.



Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I ask of thee ?
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,
For the joys that fade and flee ;
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I long to see,
The Bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He was All-in-all to thee—
In the Winter's cave, in Nazareth's Home,
In the hamlets of Galilee.
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He will not say nay to thee ;
When He lifts His face to thy sweet embrace,
Speak to Him, Mother of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
The world will bid Him flee—
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,
Too blind His charms to see—
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
Come, with thy Babe to me,
Tho' the world be cold, my heart shall hold
A shelter for Him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I do for thee ?
I will love thy Son with the whole of my strength
My only King shall He be.
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This will I do for thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished here,
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
I toss on a stormy sea.
O lift thy Child as a Beacon-light
To the Port where I fain would be,
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I ask of thee,—
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the shore,
And show Him at last to me.

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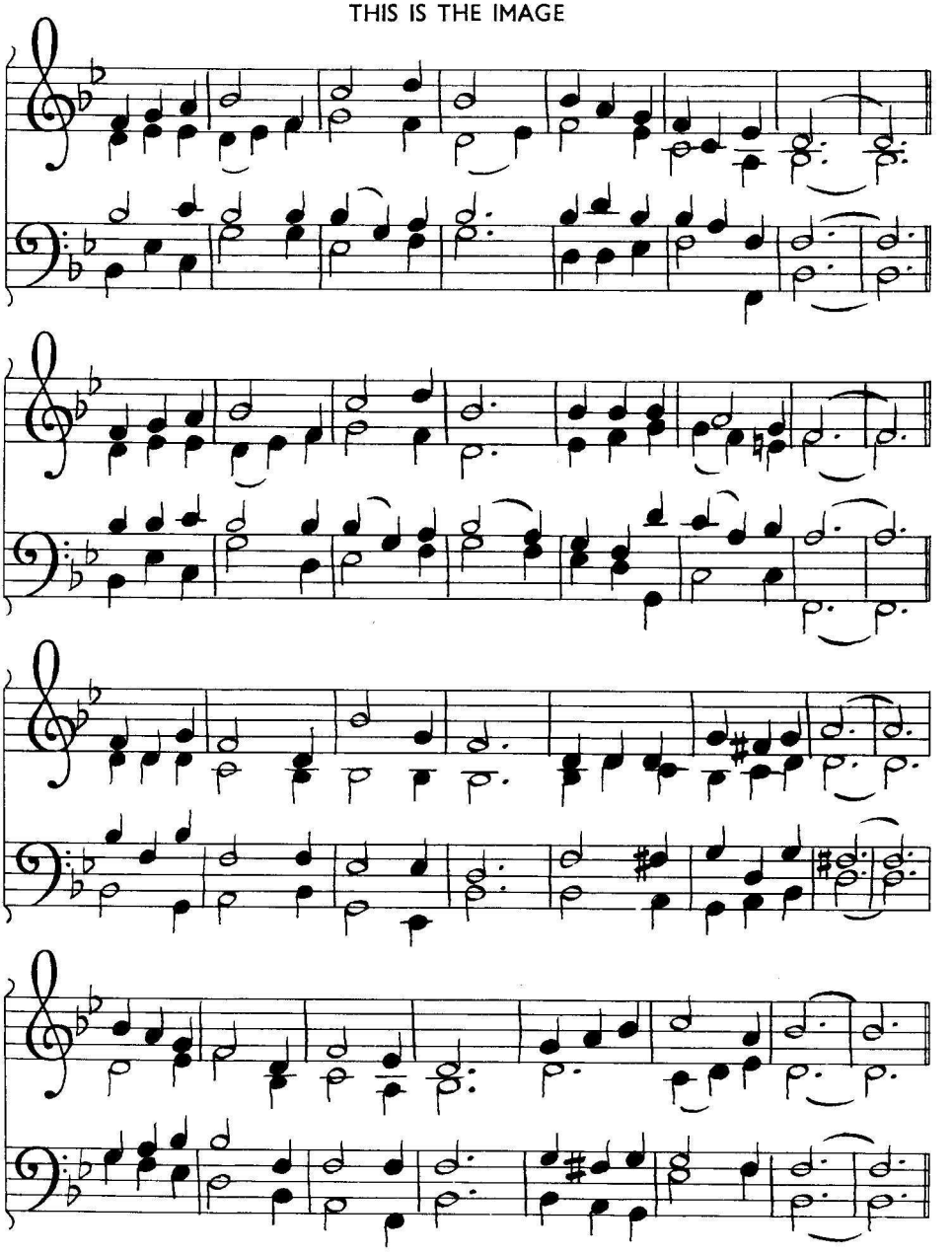
55

THIS IS THE IMAGE



This is the image of the Queen
Who reigns in bliss above;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In this thy own sweet month of May,
Do thou remember me!

The homage offered at the feet
Of Mary's image here
To Mary's self at once ascends
Above the starry sphere.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In all my joy, in all my pain,
Do thou remember me!

How fair soever be the form
Which here your eyes behold,
Its beauty is by Mary's self
Excell'd a thousandfold.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In my temptations each and all,
Do thou remember me!

Sweet are the flow'rets we have cull'd,
This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn!

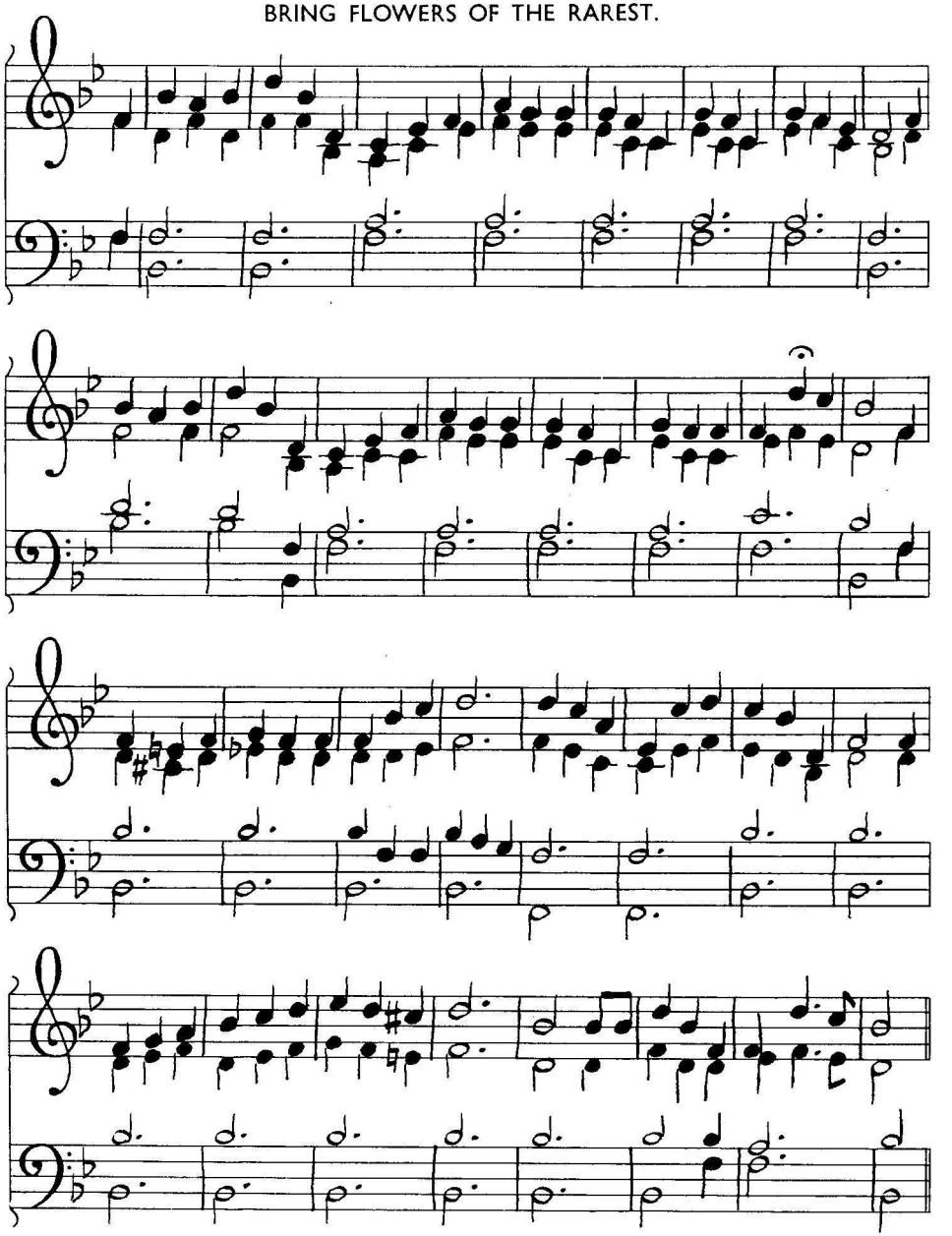
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
When on the bed of death I lie,
Do thou remember me!

O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead;

Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In this thy own sweet month of May,
Do thou remember me!

56

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST.



Bring flowers of the rarest,
Bring blossoms of the fairest,
From garden and woodland and hillside and dale,
Our full hearts are swelling,
Our glad voices telling
The praise of the loveliest Flower of the Vale.

O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels and Queen of the May.

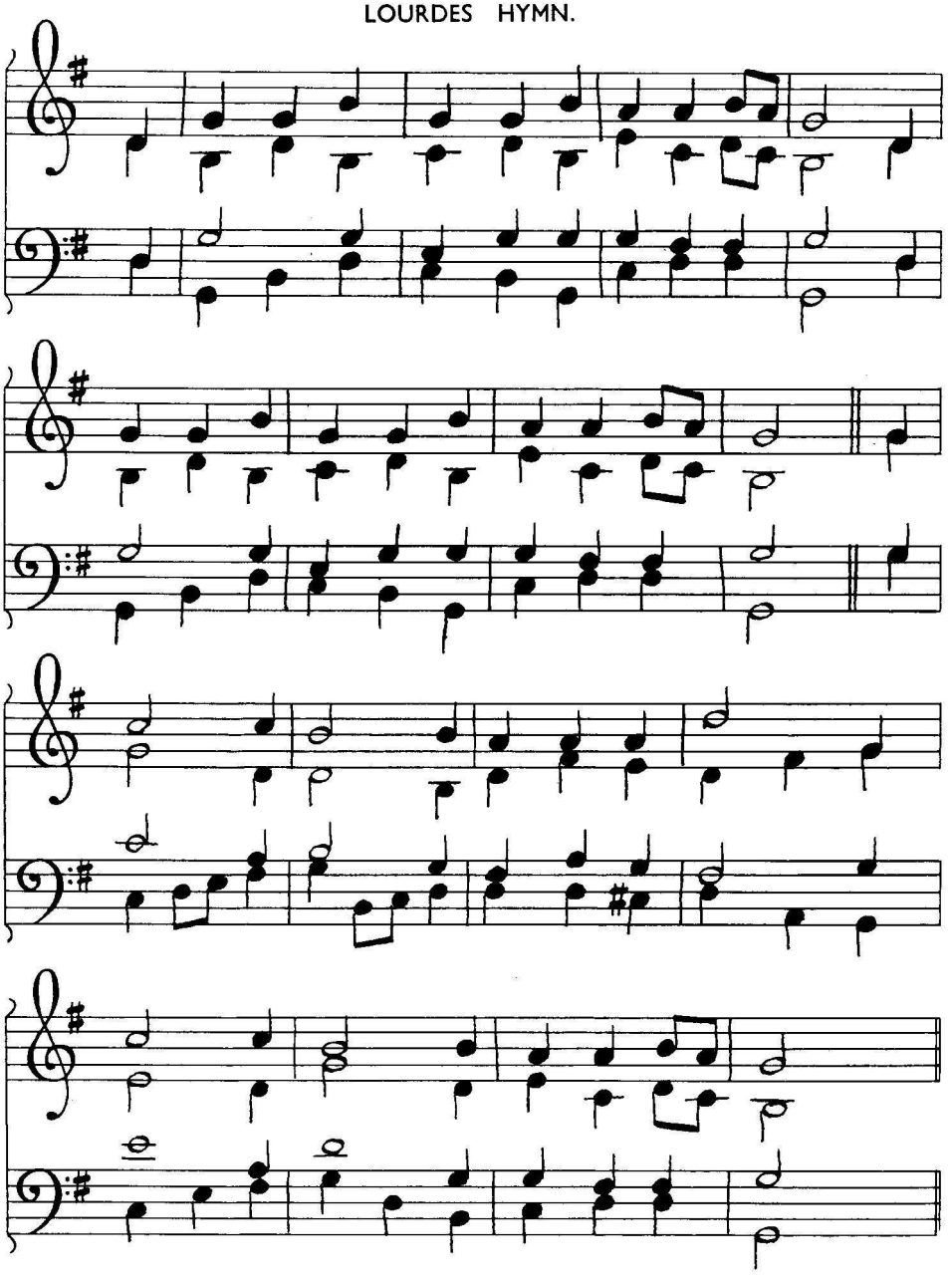
Their lady they name thee,
Their mistress proclaim thee,
Ah! grant that thy children on earth be as true ;
As long as the bowers
Are radiant with flowers.
As long as the azure shall keep its bright hue.

Sing gaily in chorus,
The bright angels o'er us
Re-echo the strain we begin upon earth ;
Their harps are repeating
The notes of our greeting,
For Mary herself is the cause of our mirth.

Our voices ascending,
In harmony blending,
Oh thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to thee ?
And thus shall we prove thee,
How truly we love thee,
How dark without Mary life's journey would be.

57

LOURDES HYMN.



LOURDES HYMN

Immaculate Mary!
Our hearts are on fire,
That title so wondrous
Fills all our desire.
Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!

We pray for God's glory,
May His Kingdom come!
We pray for His Vicar,
Our Father and Rome.

We pray for our Mother
The Church upon earth,
And bless sweetest Lady
The land of our birth.

O Mary! O Mother!
Reign o'er once more,
Be England thy "Dowry"
As in the days of yore.

We pray for all sinners,
And souls that now stray
From Jesus and Mary,
In heresy's way.

For poor, sick afflicted,
Thy mercy we crave;
And comfort the dying—
Thou light of the grave.

There is no need Mary,
Nor ever hath been,
Which thou canst not succour
Immaculate Queen.

In grief and temptation,
In joy or in pain,
We'll ask thee our Mother
Nor seek thee in vain.

O bless us dear Lady
With blessings from Heaven,
And to our petitions
Let answer be given.

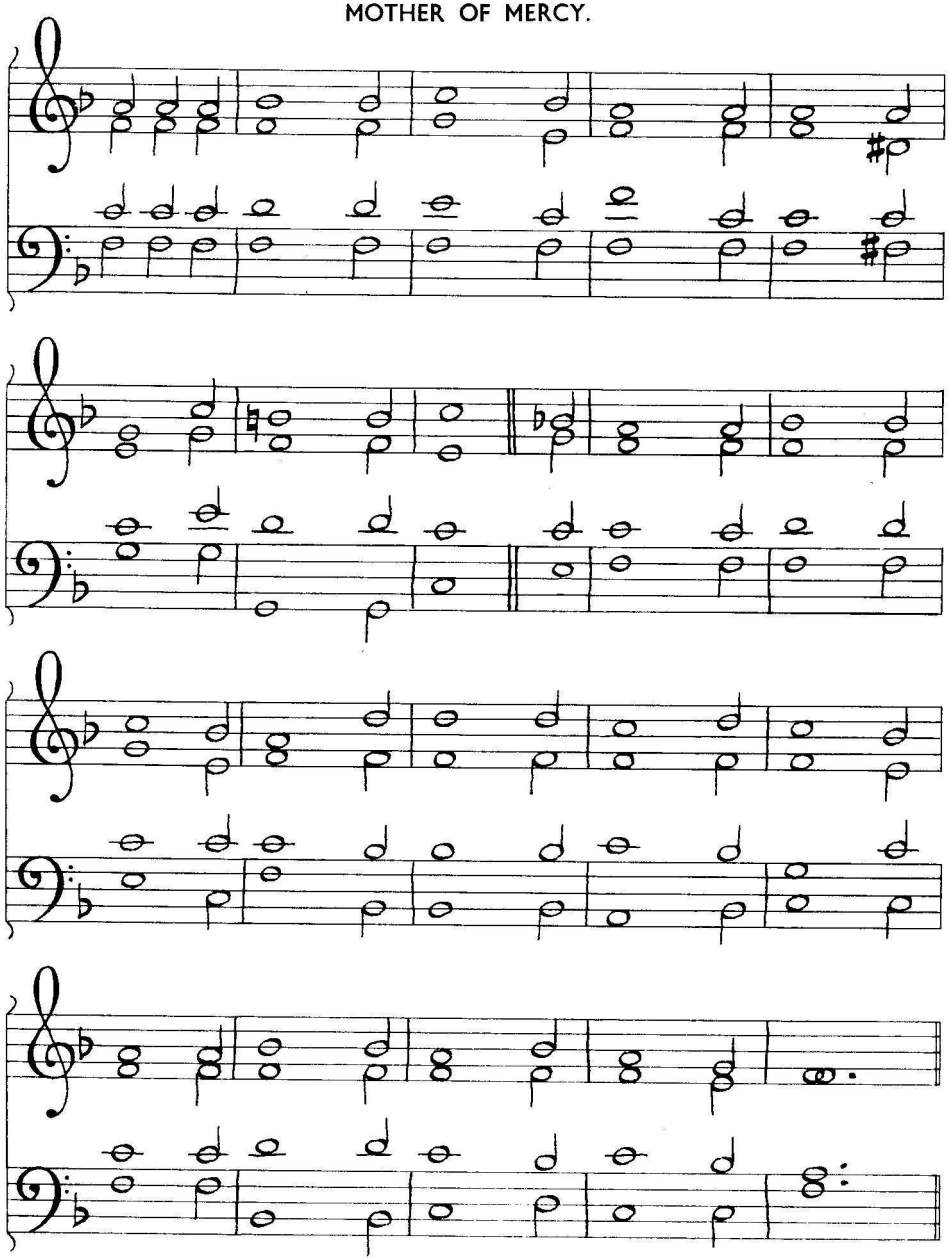
In death's solemn moment
Our Mother be nigh,
As children of Mary—
O teach us to die.

And crown thy sweet mercy
With this special grace,
To behold soon in Heaven
God's ravishing Face.

Now to God be all glory
And worship for aye,
And to God's Virgin Mother,
And endless Ave.

58

MOTHER OF MERCY.



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

Through poverty and work and woe
  The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
  Darkness is light with love of thee ?

But scornful men have coldly said
  Thy love was leading me from God ;
And yet in this I did but tread
  The very path my Saviour trod.

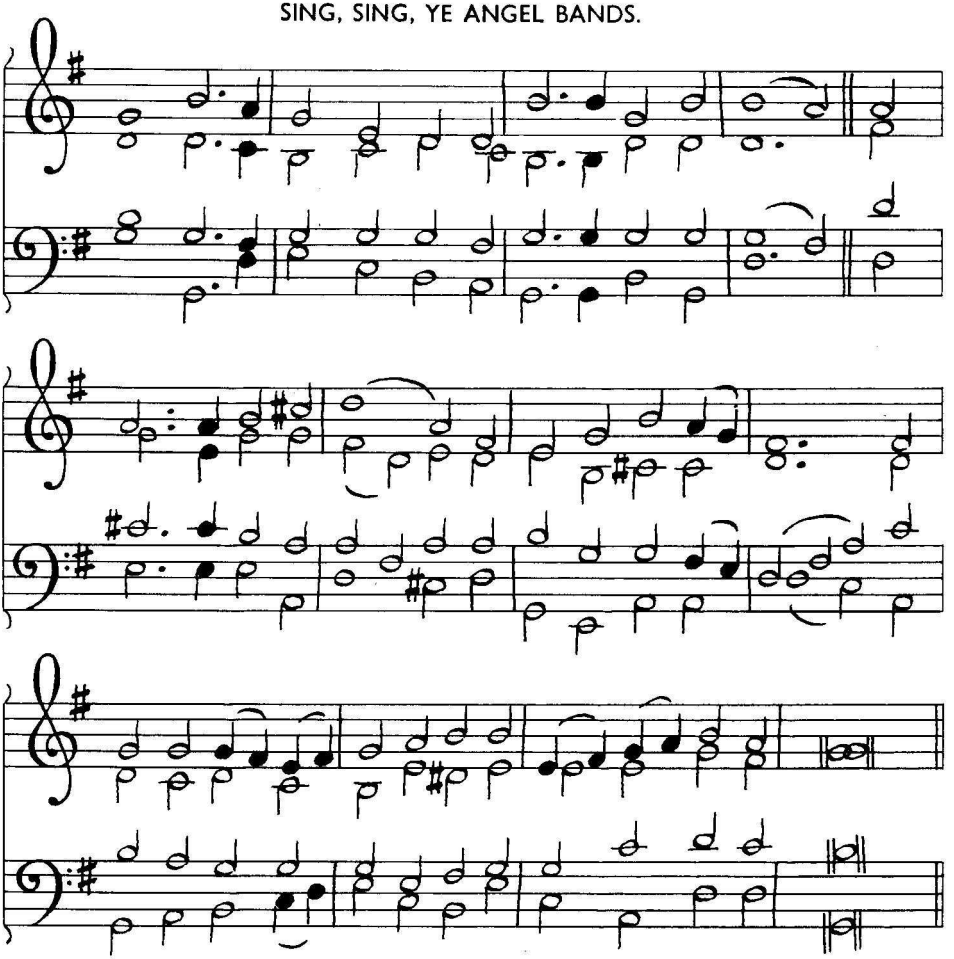
They know but little of thy worth
  Who speak these heartless words to me ;
For what did Jesus love on earth
  One half so tenderly as thee ?

Get me the grace to love thee more ;
  Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;
And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,
  Oh, I shall love thee then indeed !

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
  Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me,
And oh ! how can I love thy Son,
  Sweet Mother ! if I love not thee ?

59

SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS.



SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still and higher,
Through fields of starring light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

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

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

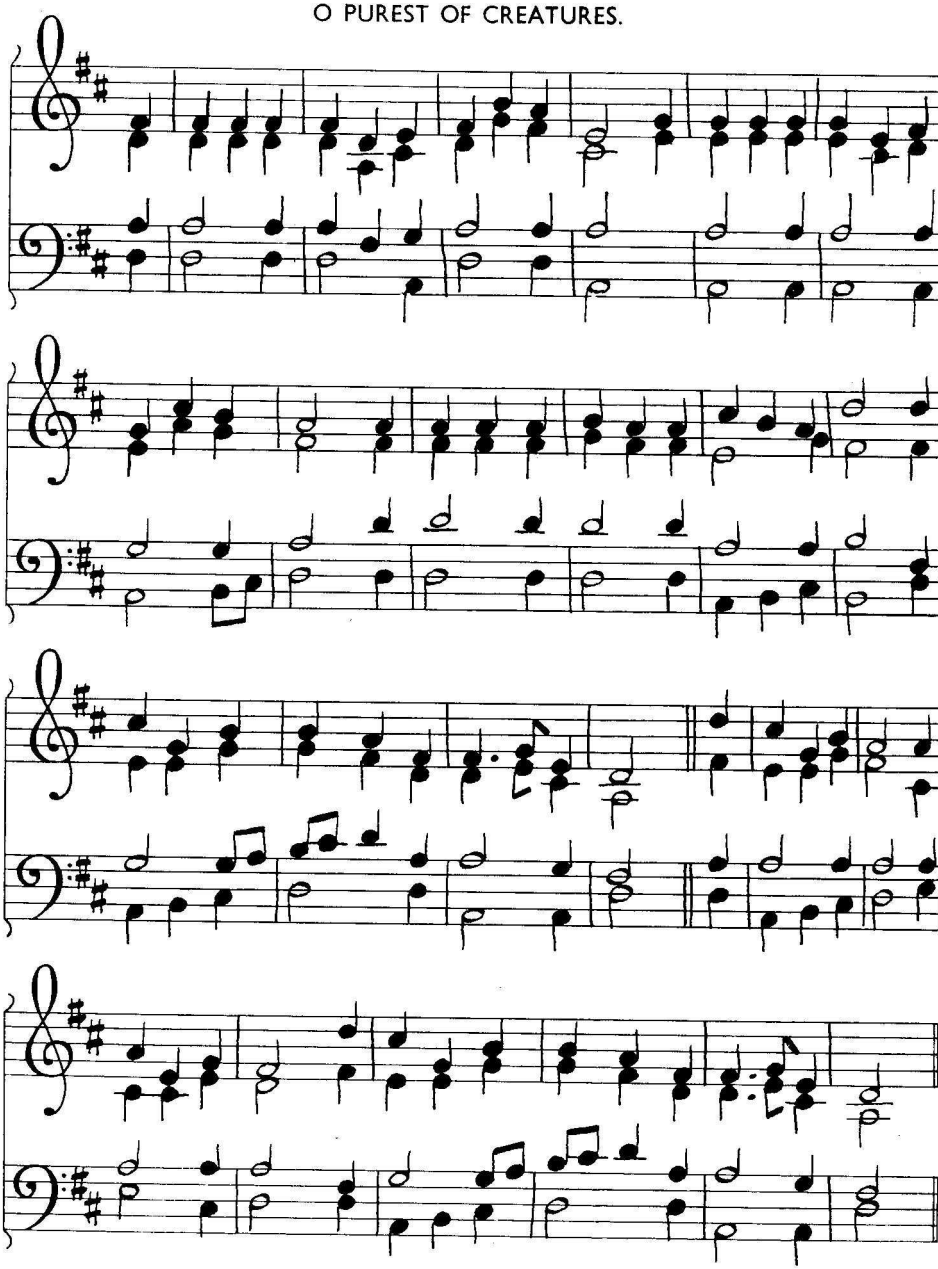
On — through the countless stars
Proceeds the bright array;
And Love Divine comes forth
To light her on her way,
Through the short gloom of night
Into celestial day.

Hark, hark! through highest Heaven
What sounds of mystic mirth!
Mary by God proclaimed
Queen of Immaculate Birth,
And diademed with stars,
The lowliest of the earth!

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

60

O PUREST OF CREATURES.



O PUREST OF CREATURES

O Purest of creatures ! sweet Mother, sweet Maid !
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid ;
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

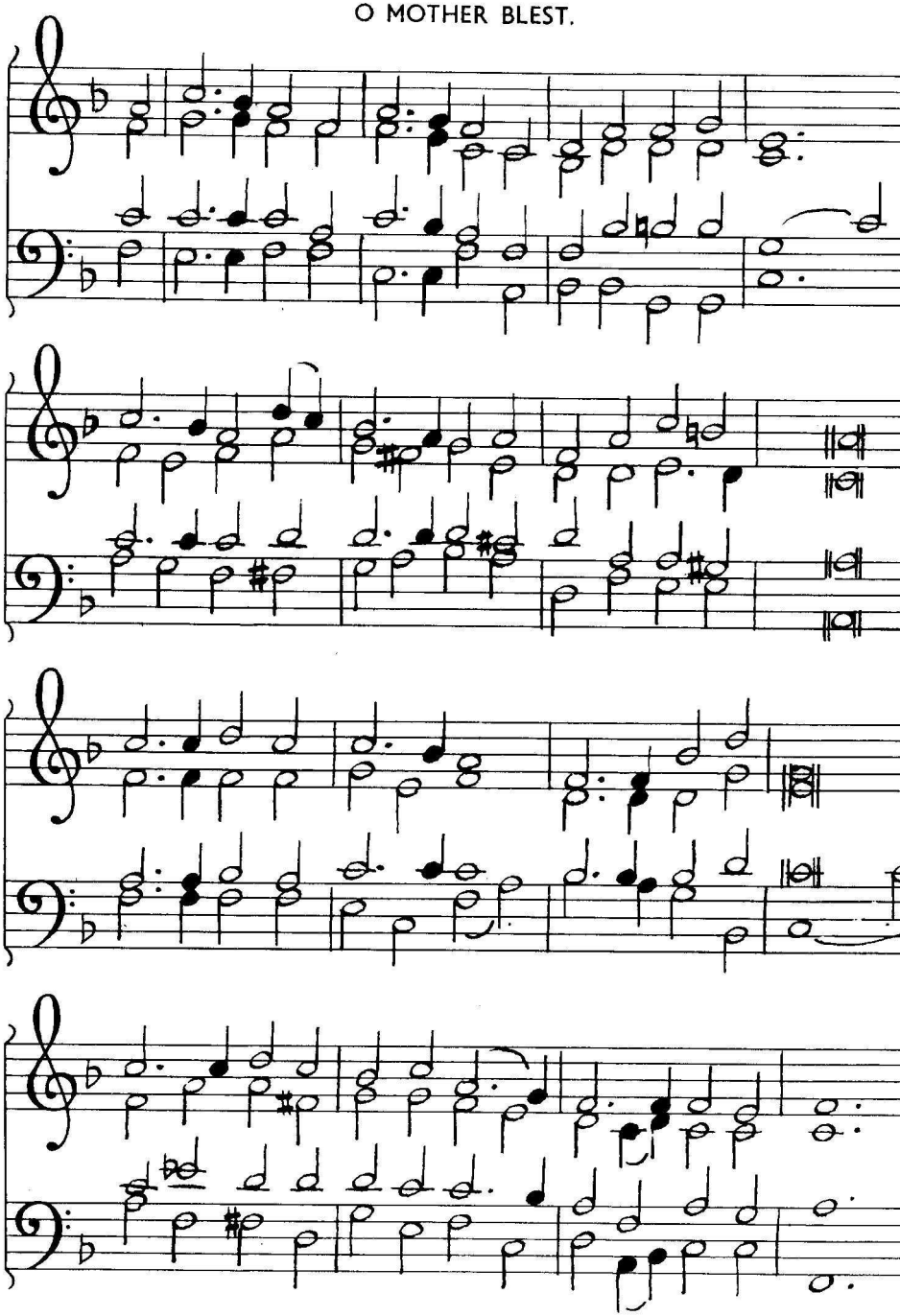
Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled:
And the tempest-tost Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

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

Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest ;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee ;
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

Oh, blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;
For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

O MOTHER BLEST.



O MOTHER BLEST

O Mother blest, whom God bestows
On sinners and on just,
What joy, what hope thou gavest 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.

O heavenly Mother, Mistress sweet!
It never yet was told
That suppliant sinner left thy feet
Unpitied, unconsoled.
Thou art clement, &c.

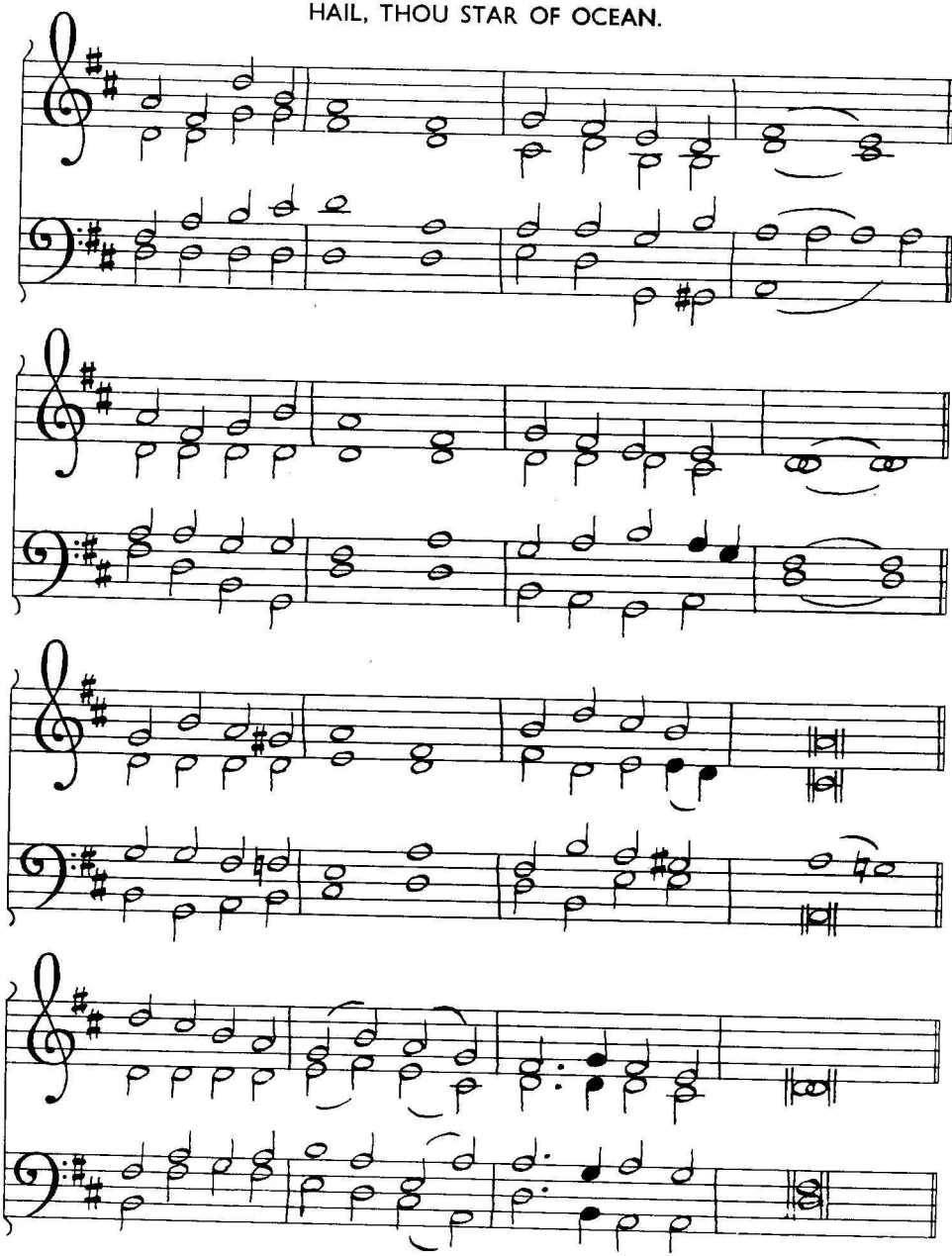
O Mother pitiful and mild,
Cease not to pray for me;
For I do love thee as a child,
And sigh for love of thee.
Thou art clement, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

62

HAIL, THOU STAR OF OCEAN.



Hail, thou Star of ocean,
  Portal of the sky,
Ever Virgin Mother
  Of the Lord most High,
Oh! by Gabriel's Ave,
  Utter'd long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
  'Stablish peace below.

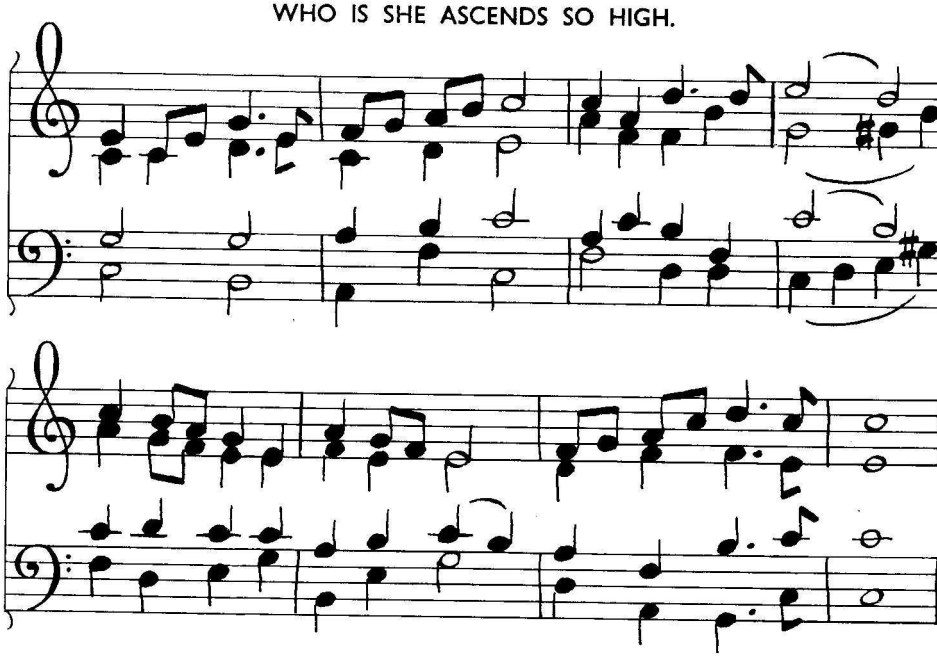
Break the captive's fetters;
  Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
  Every bliss impore.
Show thyself a Mother;
  Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
  Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins,
  To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
  Chaste and gentle make us.
Still as on we journey,
  Help our weak endeavour:
Till with thee and Jesus
  We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest Heaven,
  To the Almighty Three.
Father, Son, and Spirit,
  One same glory be.

63

WHO IS SHE ASCENDS SO HIGH.



63 WHO IS SHE ASCENDS SO HIGH.

Who is she ascends so high,
  Next the heavenly King,
Round about whom angels fly
  And her praises sing?

Who is she adorned with light,
  Makes the sun her robe,
At whose feet the queen of night
  Lays her changing globe?

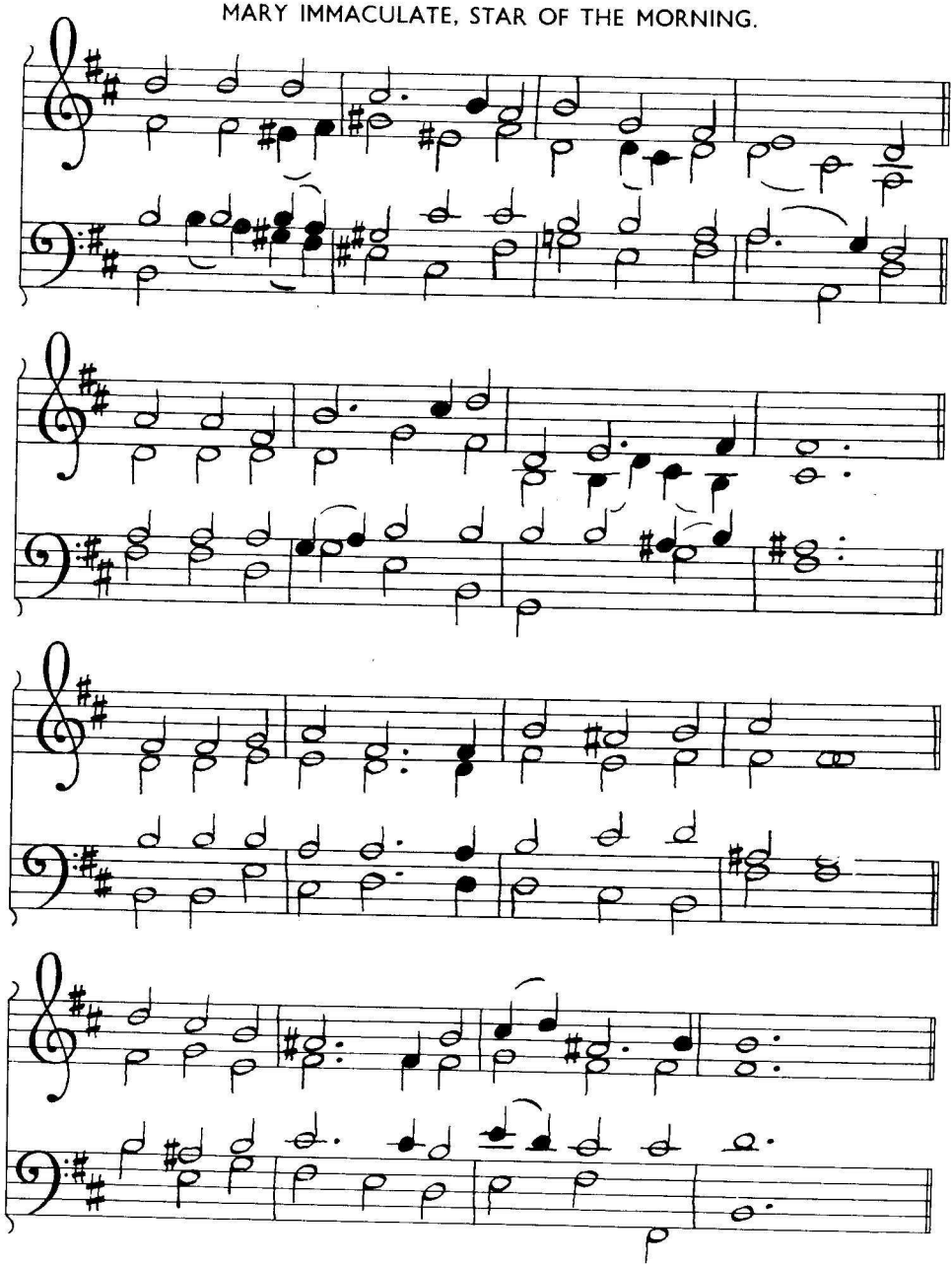
This is she in whose pure womb
  Heaven's Prince remained;
Therefore in no earthly tomb
  Can she be contained.

Heaven she was, which held that fire,
  Whence the world took light,
And to heaven doth now aspire
  Flames with flames t'unite.

She that did so clearly shine
  When our day begun,
See how bright her beams decline:
  Now she sits with the Sun.

64

MARY IMMACULATE, STAR OF THE MORNING.



64 MARY IMMACULATE, STAR OF THE MORNING

Mary immaculate, star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, for thy bridal adorning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.

Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness,
Veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run ;
Now that art throned in all glory and gladness,
Crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.

Sinners, we worship thy sinless perfection ;
Fallen and weak, for thy pity we plead ;
Grant us the shield of thy sovereign protection,
Measure thine aid by the depth of our need.

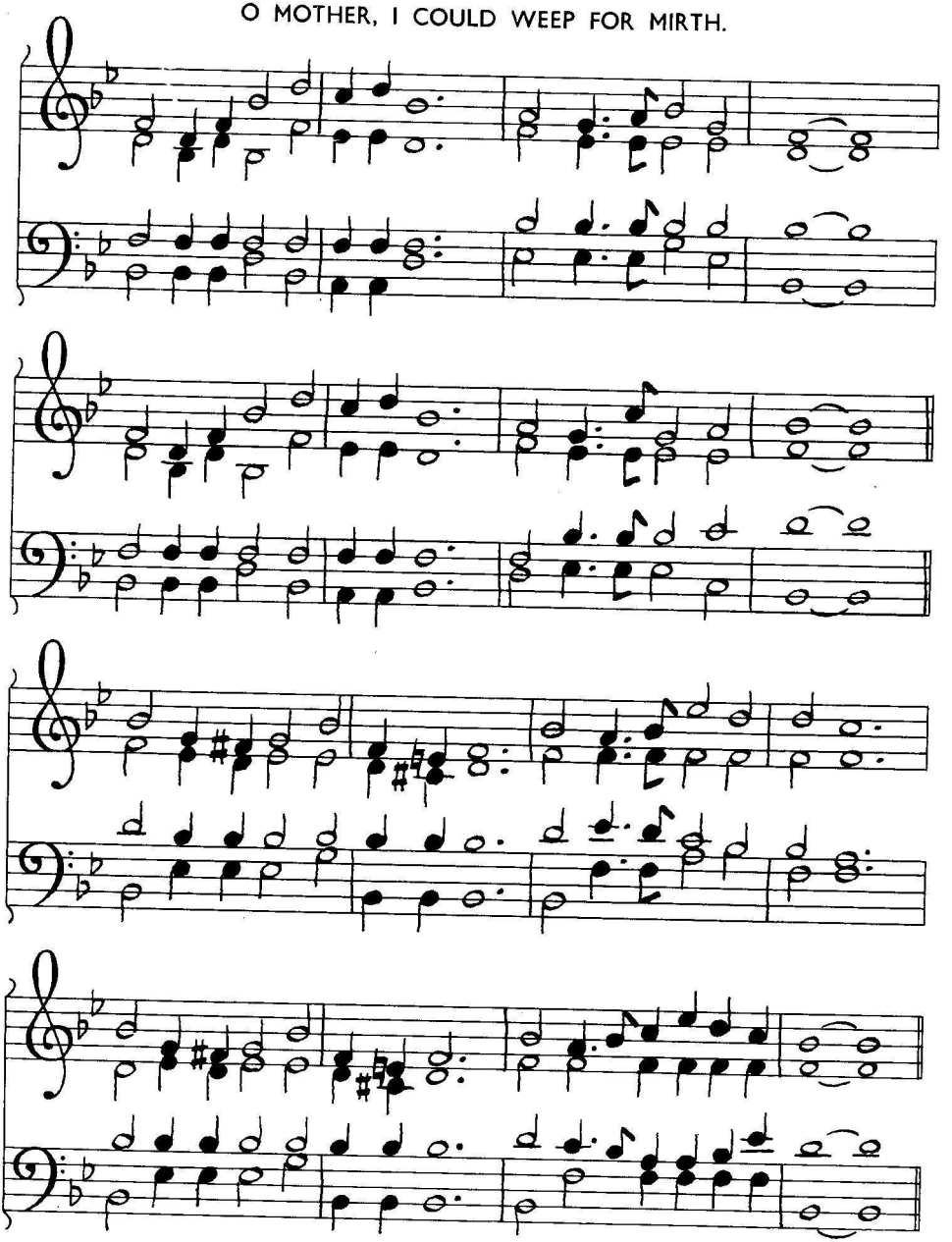
Frail is our nature, and strict our probation,
Watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong ;
Succour our souls in the hour of temptation,
Mary, immaculate, tender and strong.

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.

Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying,
Bent to this earth which thy footsteps have trod ;
Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
Mary immaculate, Mother of God.

65

O MOTHER, I COULD WEEP FOR MIRTH.



65 O MOTHER, I COULD WEEP FOR MIRTH

O Mother, I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast ;
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
Oh ! could the transport last.

Chorus:

I think of thee and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state ;
And I keep singing in my heart,
Inmmaculate, Immaculate.

The angels answer with their songs,
Bright choirs in gleaming rows ;
And Saints flock round thy feet in throngs,
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.

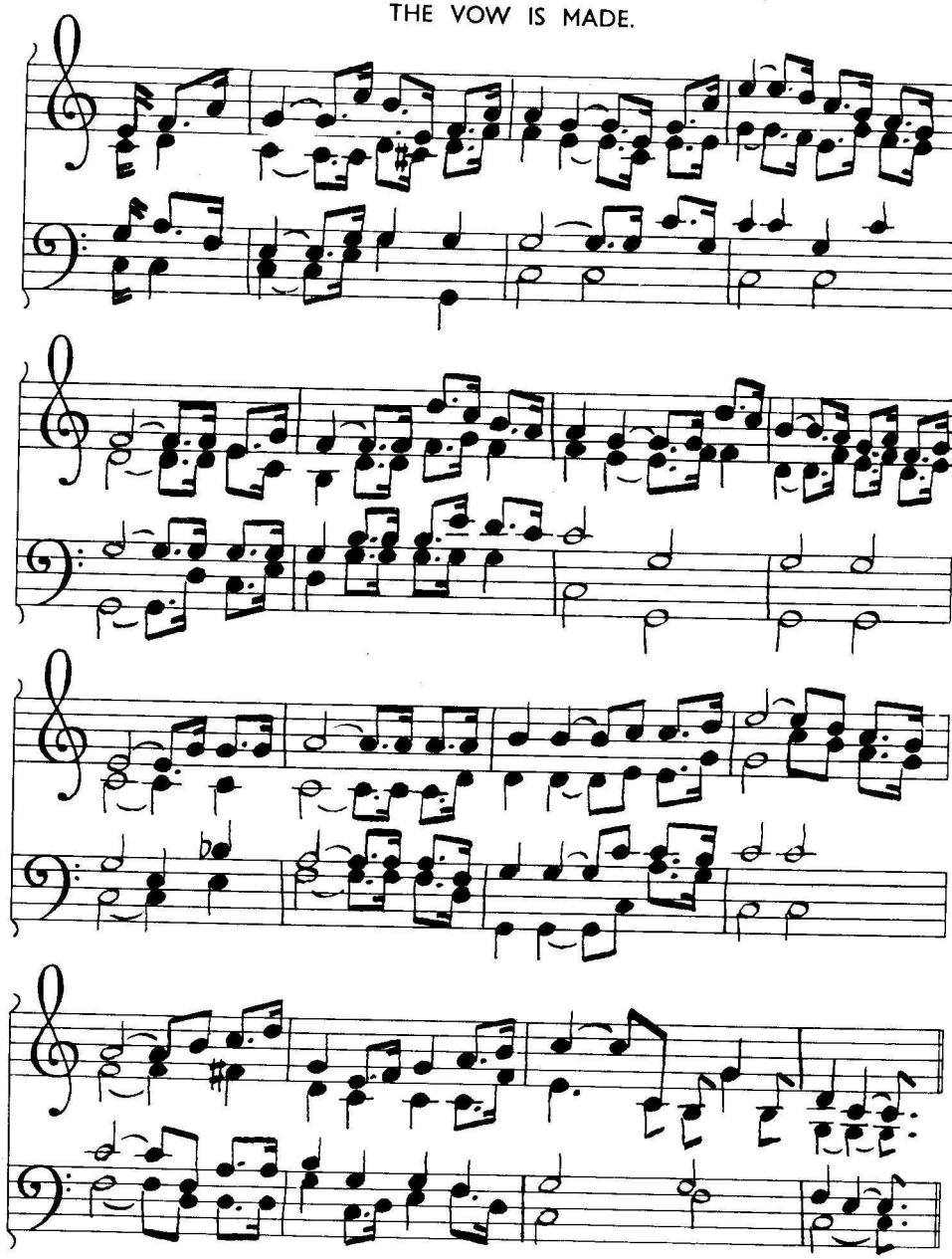
O, I would rather Mother dear,
Thou shouldst be what thou art ;
Than sit where thou dost, oh ! so near,
Unto the Sacred Heart.

O, I would forfeit all for thee,
Rather than thou shouldst miss
One jewel from thy majesty,
One glory from thy bliss.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate,
O what a joy for thee ;
Conceived, conceived Immaculate,
O greater joy for me.

66

THE VOW IS MADE.



The vow is made and we belong to Mary,
After her Son to her we give our love;
Life is but short to offer in her service,
Even in death our loyal love we'll prove.

Chorus:

The vow is made, we'll break it never,
Mother of God, we are thine for ever.

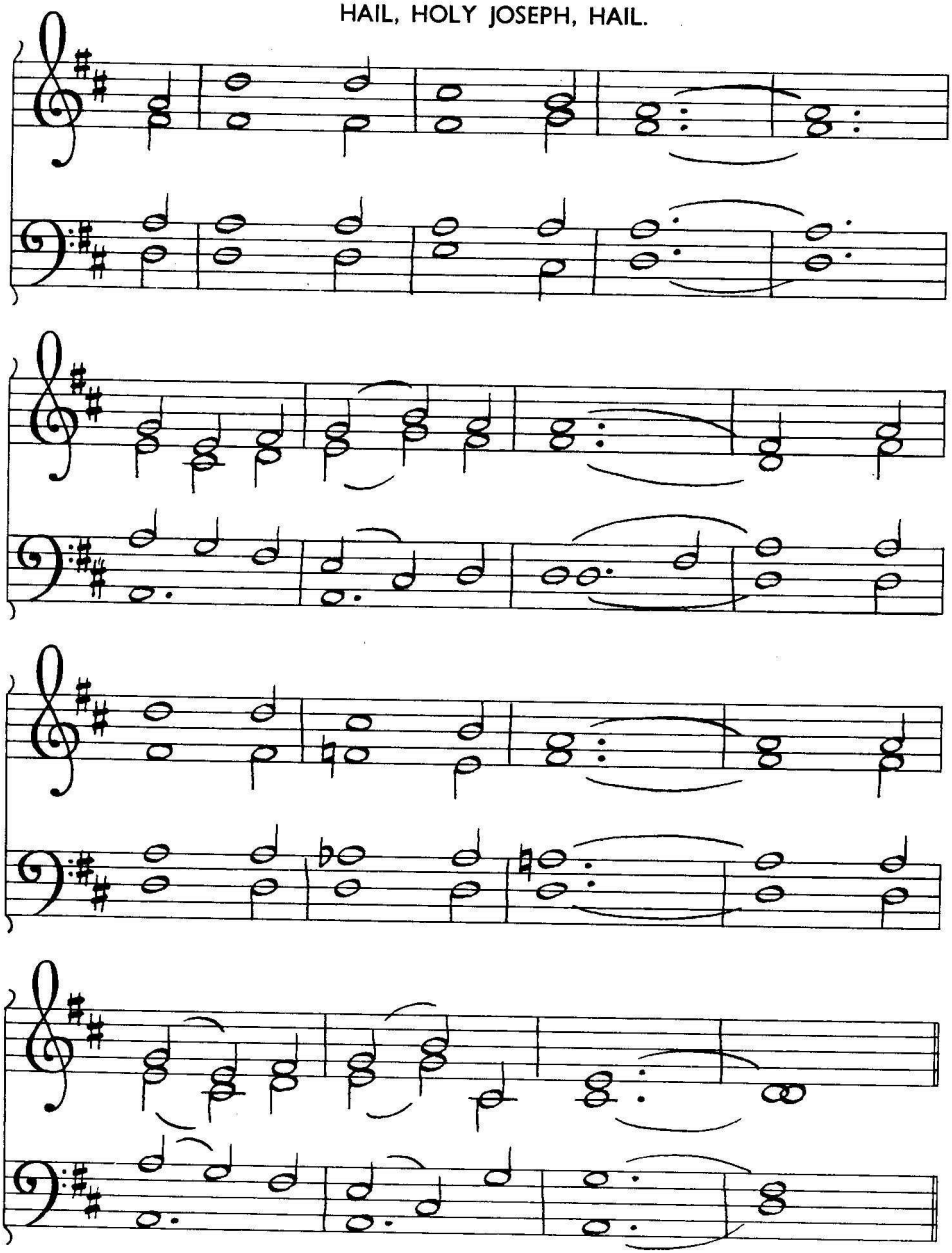
The vow is made unto our dearest Mother,
O world, we know thy false and fatal charm,
Yet though our hearts be weak and faint our voices,
Mary can keep us safe from sin and harm.

The vow is made, it is before thine altar,
And here we give our hearts and souls to thee ;
Mary, retrace thy gentle image on them,
Mary, thine own, O let them ever be.

The vow is heard, 'tis heard by God on high,
Angels have listened to its trembling tones ;
And she their Queen, has looked with eyes benign,
On those whom now she as her children owns.

67

HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL.



67 HAIL, HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL

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

Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
  Father of Christ esteemed,
Father be thou to those
  Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.

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

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

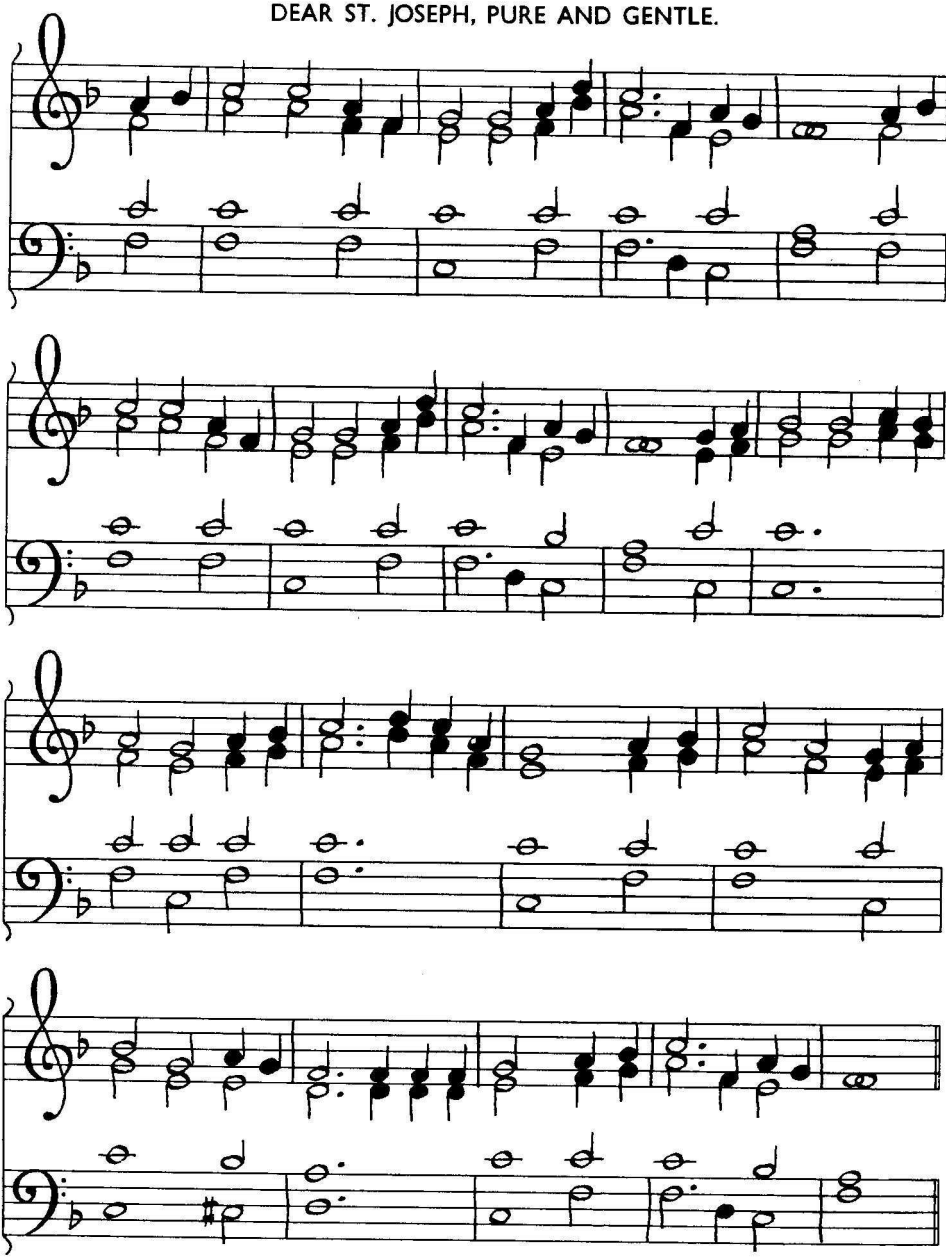
Hail, holy Joseph, hail !
  God's choice wert thou alone ;
To thee the Word made Flesh
  Was subject as a Son.

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

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

68

DEAR ST. JOSEPH, PURE AND GENTLE.



Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle,
Guardian of the Saviour child,
Treading with the virgin mother,
Egypt's deserts rough and wild.

Chorus:

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

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

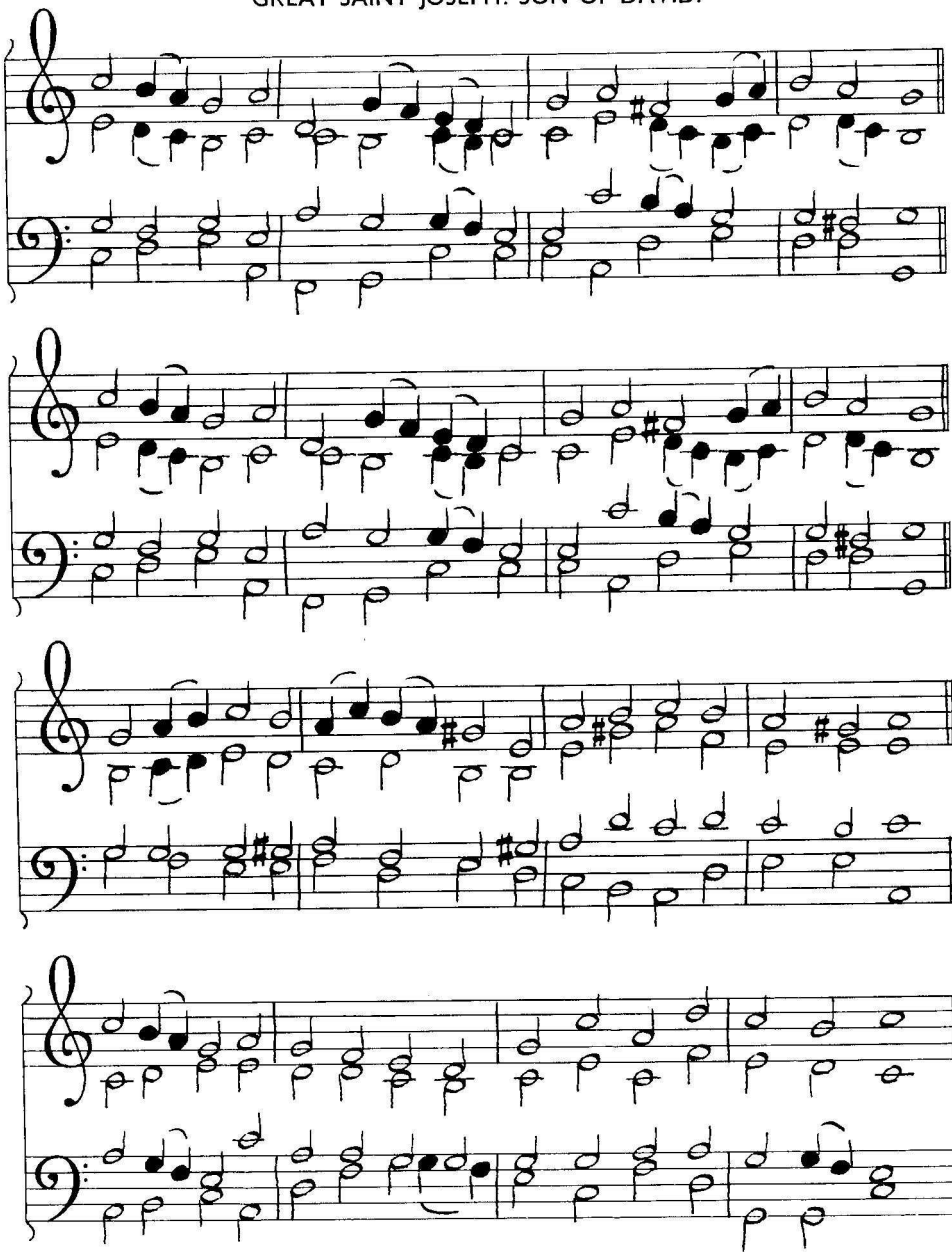
Now to thee no gift refusing,
Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer;
Then, dear saint, from thy fair dwelling,
Give to us a father's care.

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

In the strife of life be near us,
And in death, Oh, hover nigh;
Let our souls on thy sweet bosom,
To their home of gladness fly.

69

GREAT SAINT JOSEPH! SON OF DAVID.



69 GREAT SAINT JOSEPH ! SON OF DAVID

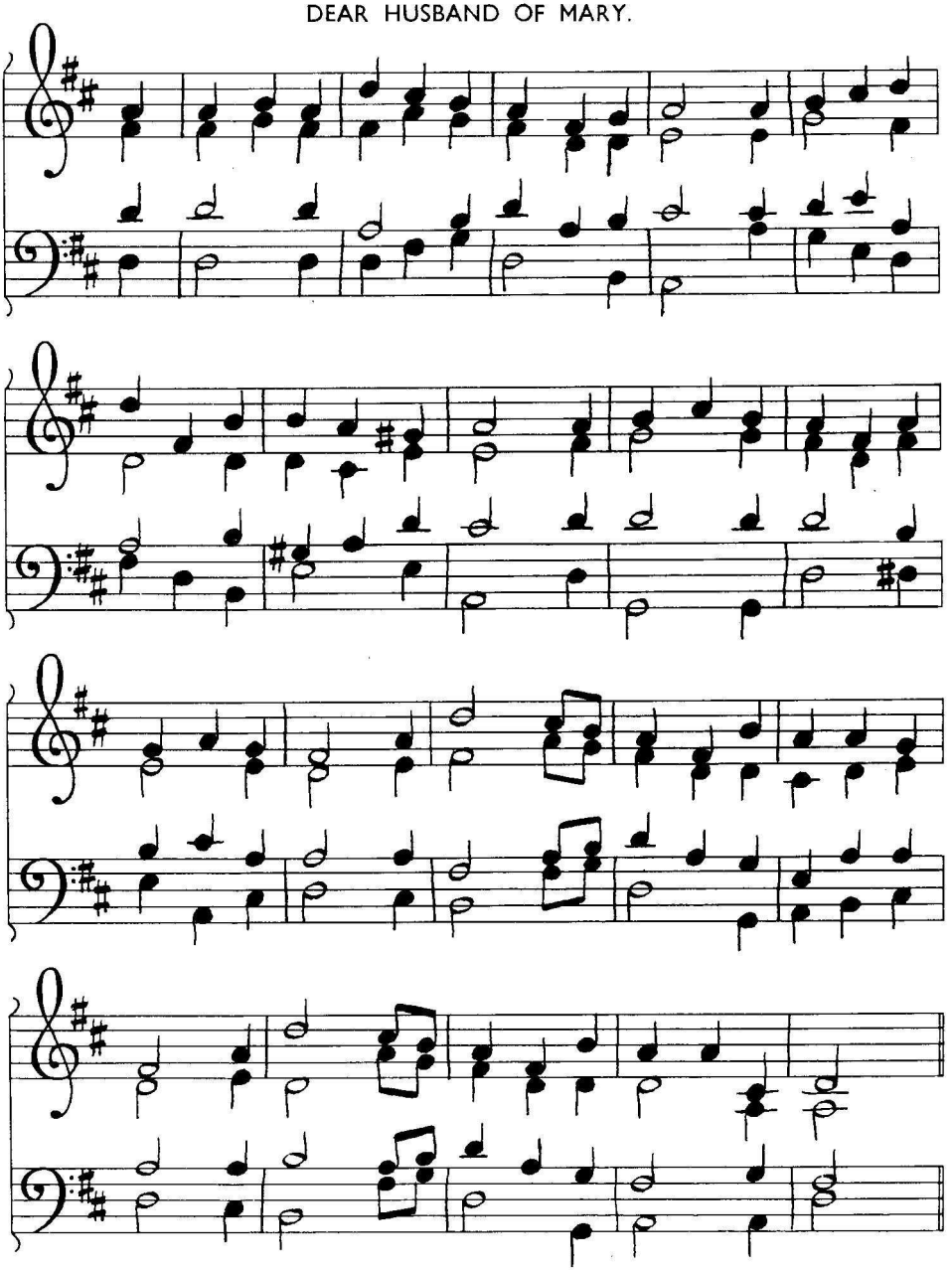
Great Saint Joseph ! Son of David,
  Foster-father of our Lord,
Spouse of Mary ever Virgin,
  Keeping o'er them watch and ward !
In the stable thou didst guard them
  With a father's loving care ;
Thou by God's command didst save them
  From the cruel Herod's snare.

Three long days in grief and anguish
  With His Mother, sweet and mild,
Mary Virgin, didst thou wander
  Seeking the beloved Child.
In the temple thou didst find Him:
  Oh ! what joy then filled thy heart !
In thy sorrows, in thy gladness
  Grant us, Joseph, to have part.

Clasped in Jesus' arms and Mary's,
  When death gently came at last,
Thy pure spirit sweetly sighing
  From its earthly dwelling passed.
Dear Saint Joseph ! by that passing
  May our death be like to thine ;
And with Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
  May our souls for ever shine. Amen.

70

DEAR HUSBAND OF MARY.



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.

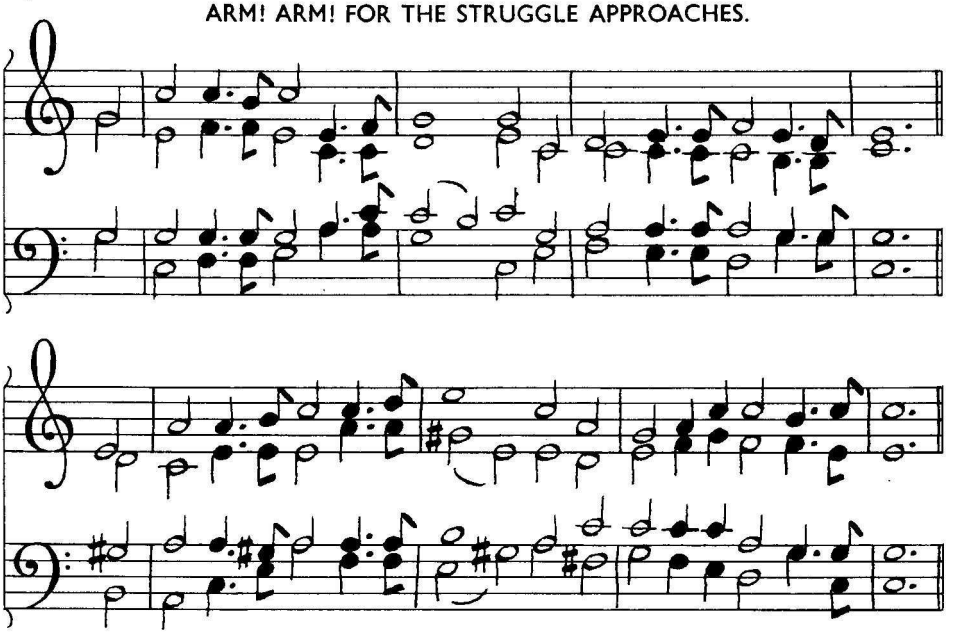
For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side.
Ah, blessed St. Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, and I will love thee.

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 ?

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.

71

ARM! ARM! FOR THE STRUGGLE APPROACHES.



71 ARM! ARM! FOR THE STRUGGLE APPROACHES

(St. George)

Chorus:

Arm ! Arm ! for the struggle approaches,
Prepare for the combat of life ;
Saint George ! be our watchword in battle,
Saint George, be our strength in the strife.

Great Saint, from the throne of thy splendour,
Look down on thy own chosen isle,
Soon, soon may they share in thy glory,
Who faithfully strive here awhile.

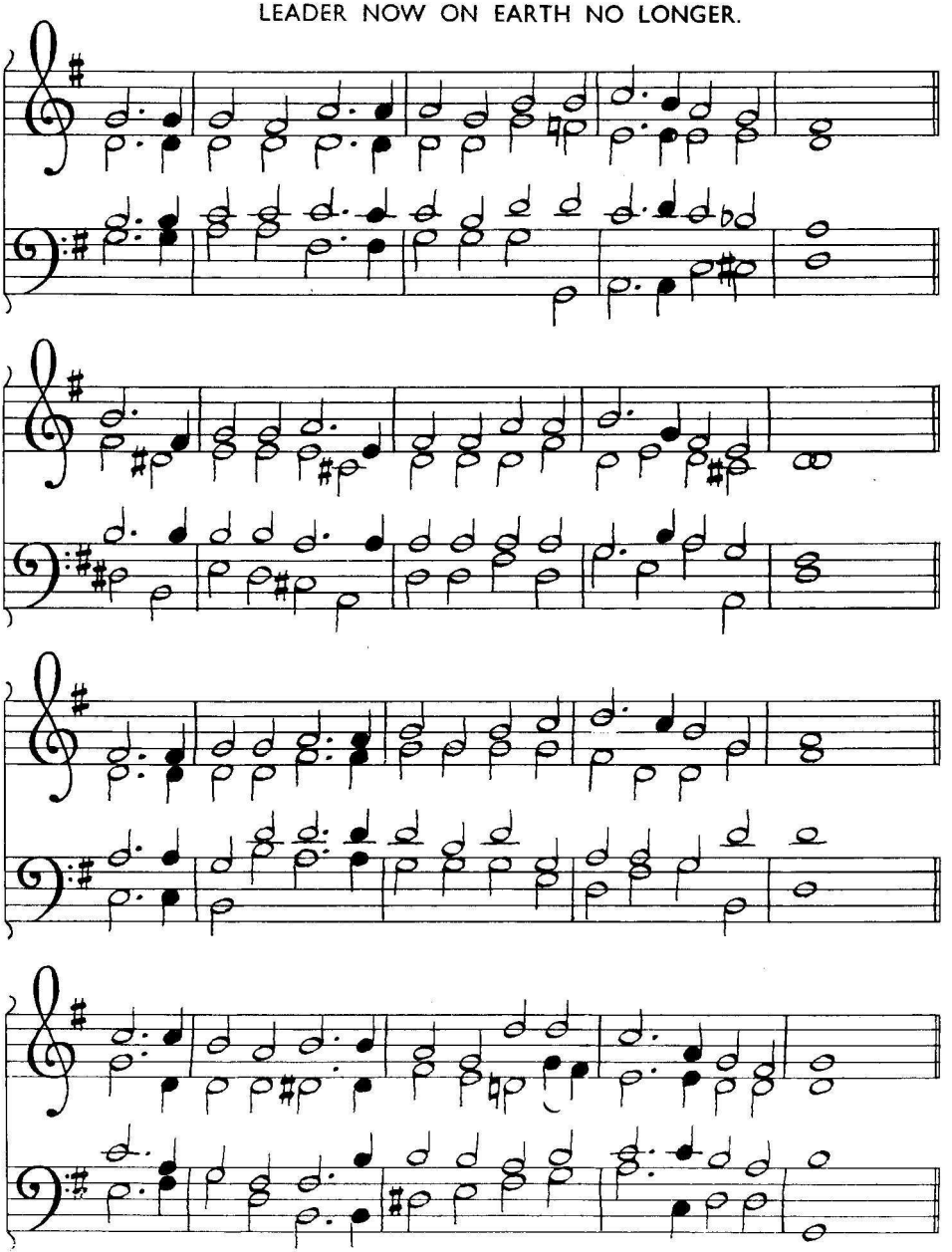
The land of thy love is a desert,
Its temples and altars are bare,
The finger of death is upon it,
The footprints of Satan are there.

Arise in the might of thy power,
And scatter the foes of the Lord ;
As the idols of Rome in their temple
Were crushed at the sound of thy word.

Oh, bring back the faith that we cherish,
For which thou hast nobly withstood
The tortures and rack of the tyrant,
That faith which thou seal'dst with thy blood.

72

LEADER NOW ON EARTH NO LONGER.



72 LEADER NOW ON EARTH NO LONGER.

Leader now on earth no longer,
  Soldier of th' 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.

Praise him who in deadly battle
  Never shrank from foeman's sword,
Proof against all earthy weapon,
  Gave his life for Christ the Lord.

    Great Saint George, &c.

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.

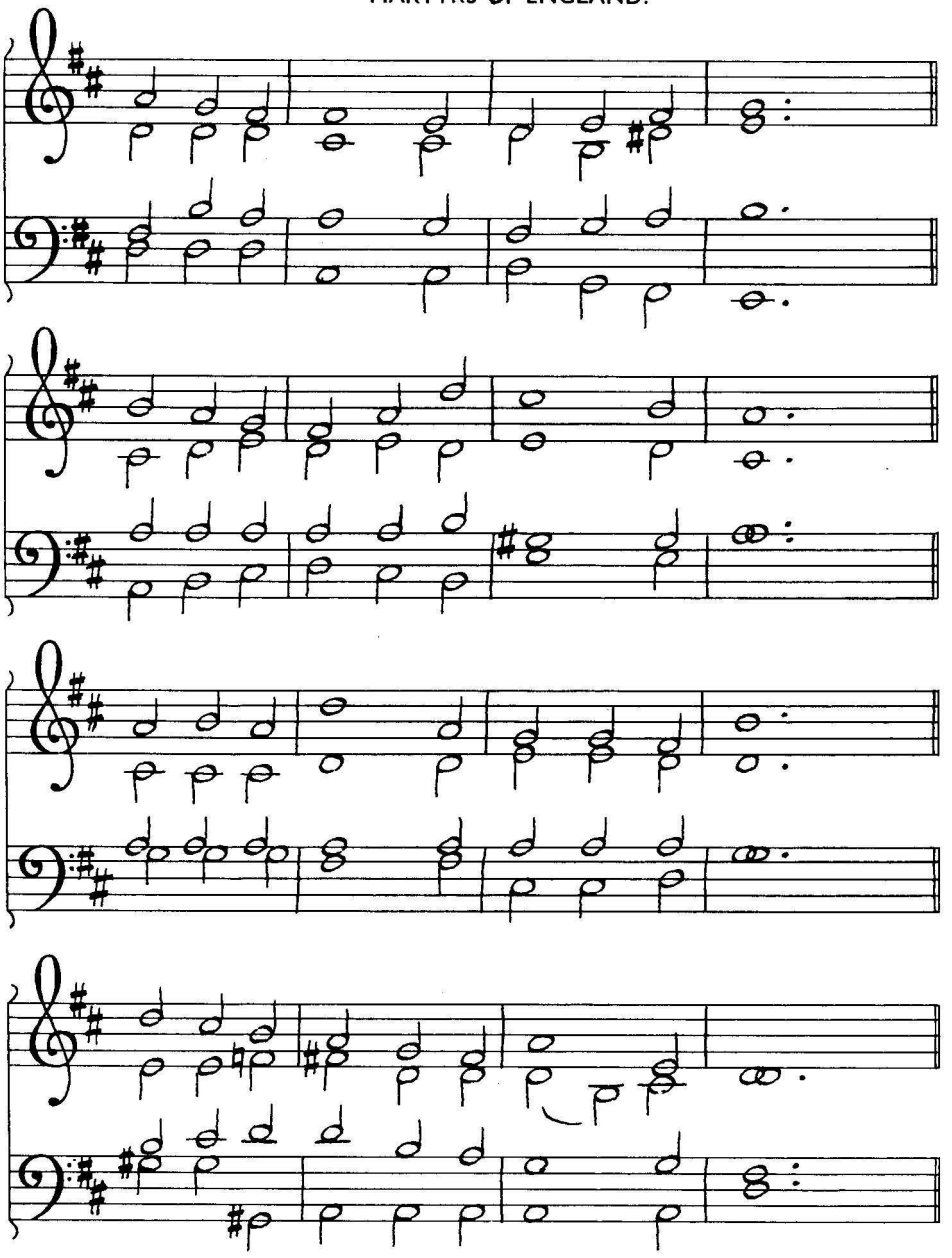
Help us when temptation presses,
  We have still our crown to win;
Help us when our soul is weary,
  Fighting with the powers of sin.

Clothe us in thy shining armour,
  Place thy good sword in our hand;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
  Onward towards the heavenly land.

Onward, till, our striving over,
  On life's battlefield we fall,
Resting then, but ever ready,
  Waiting for the angel's call.

73

MARTYRS OF ENGLAND.

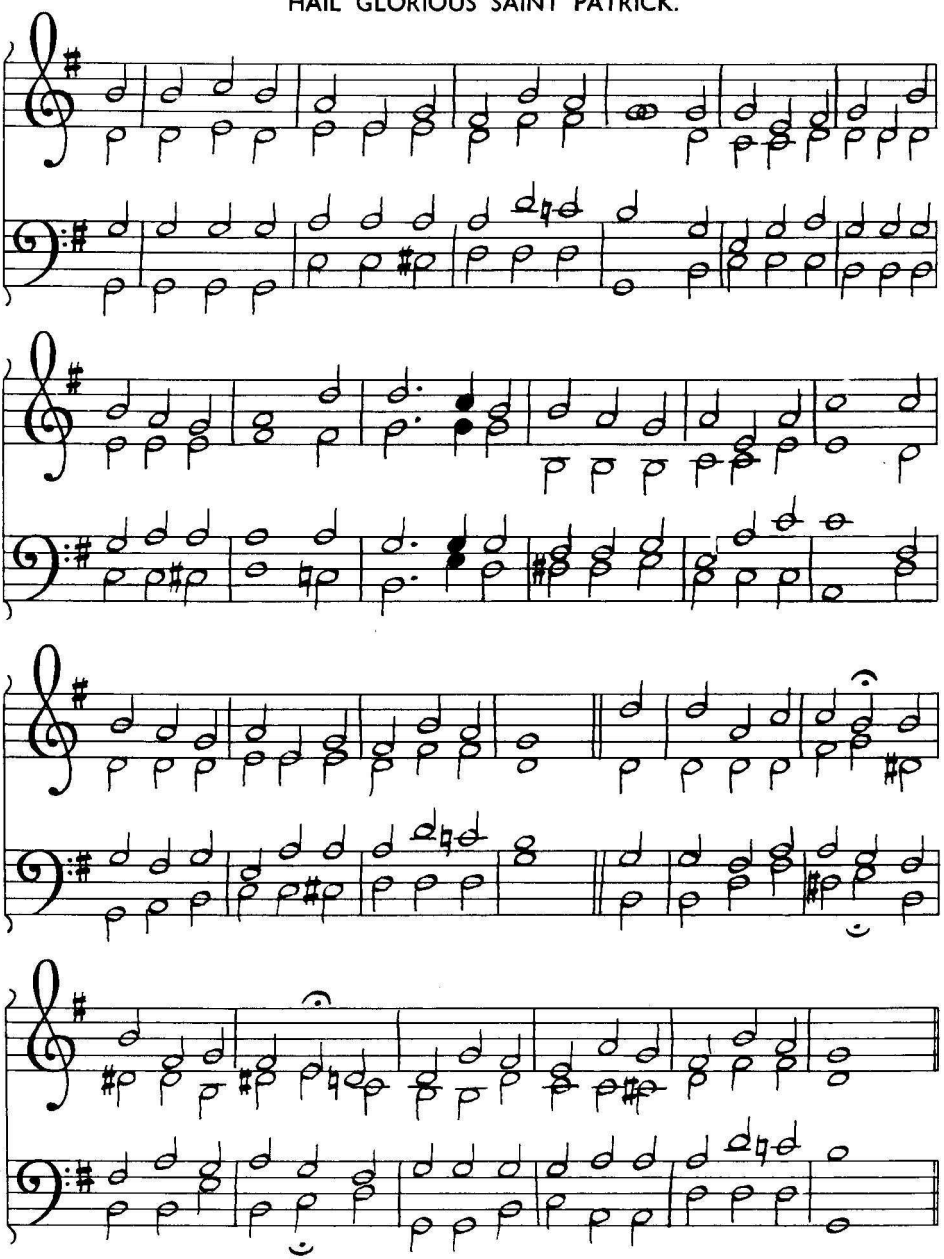


Martyrs of England ! standing on high
  Warrior-band of the great White Throne—
Martyrs of England ! list to our cry,
  Pray for the country you called your own.
Not as strangers of far-off land ;
  Not as heroes of long ago ;
Our English speech ye can understand :
  Our cities, and hills, and fields ye know.

Nighest to us of the White-robed Host ;
  Bound to us as our kith and kin ;
Get us the love that counts no cost,
  That knows no fear but the fear of sin.
Martyrs of England ! keep us true ;
  True to Jesus, whate'er the pain ;
Martyrs of England ! we look to you ;
  Win our country to Christ again.

74

HAIL GLORIOUS SAINT PATRICK.



Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear Saint of our Isle,
On us thy poor children bestow a sweet smile :
And now thou art high in the mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick ! thy words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng ;
Not less is thy might where in Heaven thou art ;
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

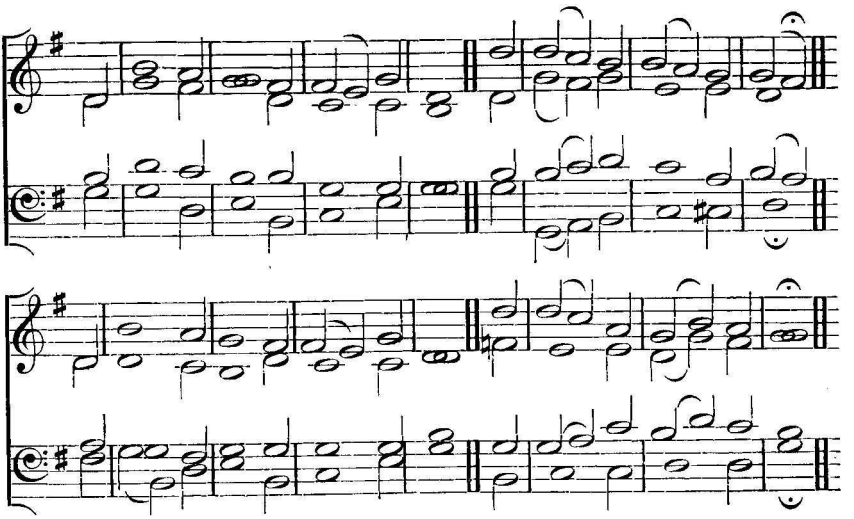
In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,
Dear Saint, may thy children resist unto death ;
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, in prayer,
Their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more ;
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright,
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wert
on earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn, wheresoever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

75

HELP LORD, THE SOULS.



Chorus:

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

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

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

Oh! by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain ;

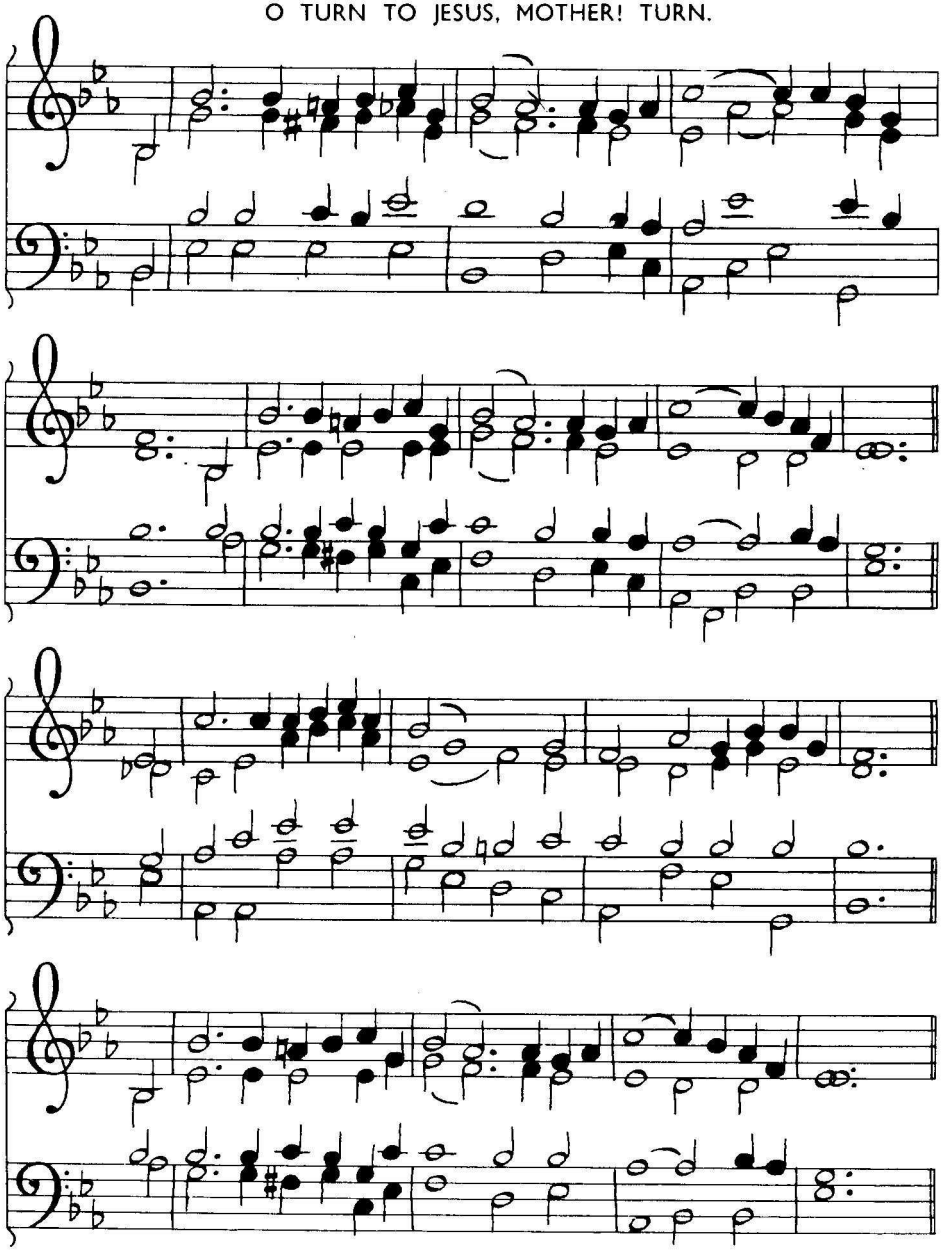
Oh ! by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame ;
Oh ! by their very helplessness,
Oh, by Thy own great Name.

Chorus:

Good Jesus, help, sweet Jesus, aid
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

76

O TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER! TURN.



76 O TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER! TURN

O turn to Jesus, Mother! turn,
And call Him by His tenderest names;
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn,
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

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

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

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

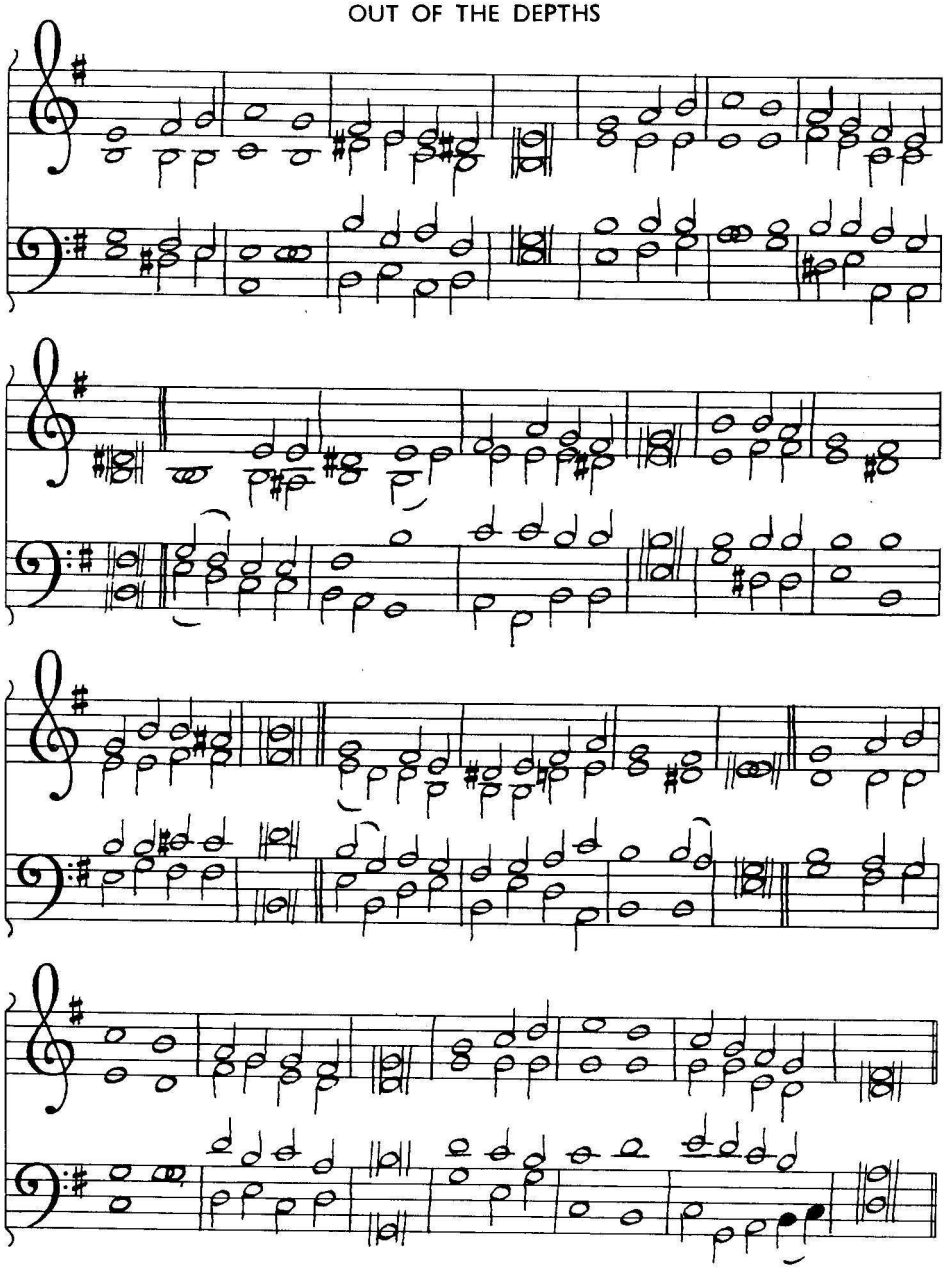
Ah, me, the love of Jesus yearns,
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And as He looks His bosom burns,
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

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

Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed,
Angels and Saints all look to thee,
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

77

OUT OF THE DEPTHS



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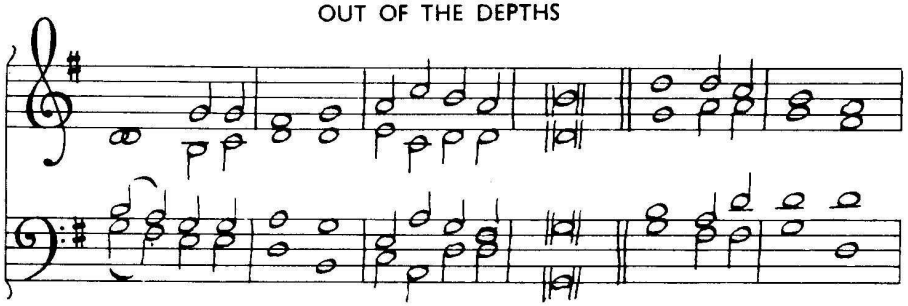
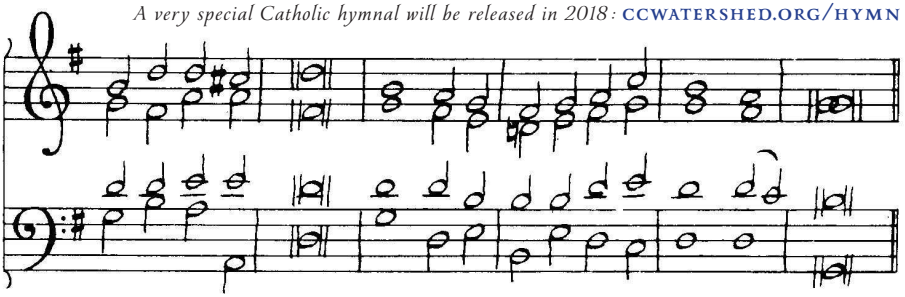
OUT OF THE DEPTHS



A very special Catholic hymnal will be released in 2018: CCWATERSHED.ORG/HYMN



77 OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Out of the depths to Thee, O Lord, I cry,
Lord ! gracious turn Thine ear to suppliant sigh ;
If sins of man Thou scannest, who may stand
That searching eye of Thine, and chastening hand ?

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.

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.

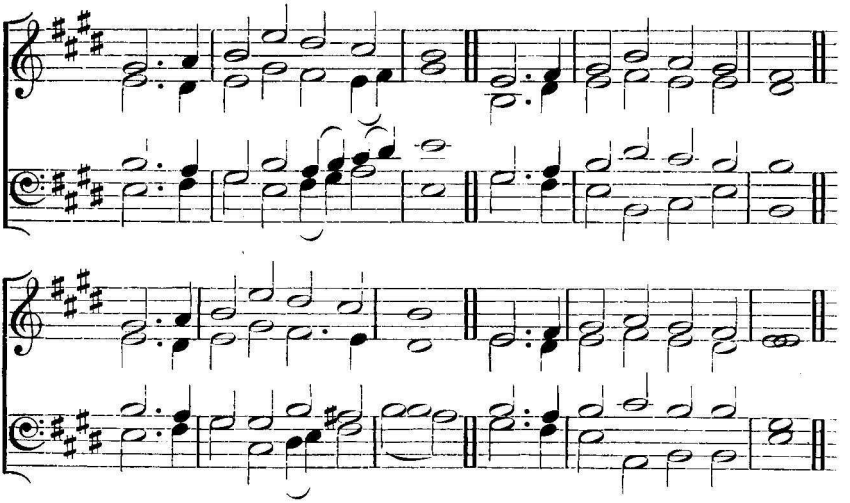
Oh, hear our prayers, &c.

Pledged is Thy word ! however foul the sin,
Repentant sinner shall his pardon win ;
Our souls shall ever hope, then, Lord, in Thee,
And ne'er despair, though great our crimes may be.

Oh, hear our prayers, &c.

78

LOVING SHEPHERD



78 LOVING SHEPHERD

Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep ;
Nothing can Thy power withstand
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

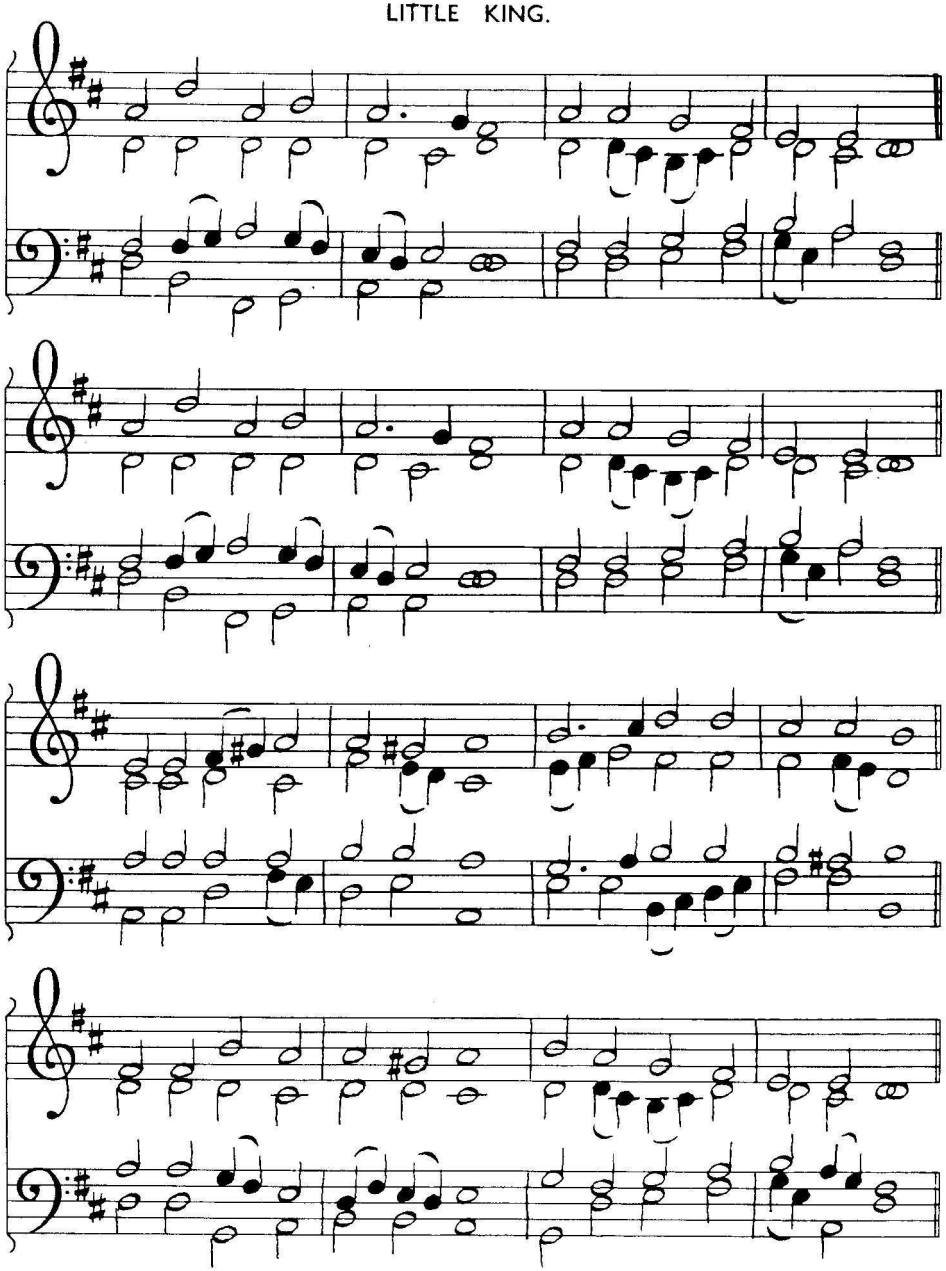
Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live ;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear ;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest may I go,
Walking in Thy steps below ;
Then before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

79

LITTLE KING.



Little King, so fair and sweet,
See us gathered round Thy Feet,
Be Thou Monarch of our School,
It shall prosper '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.

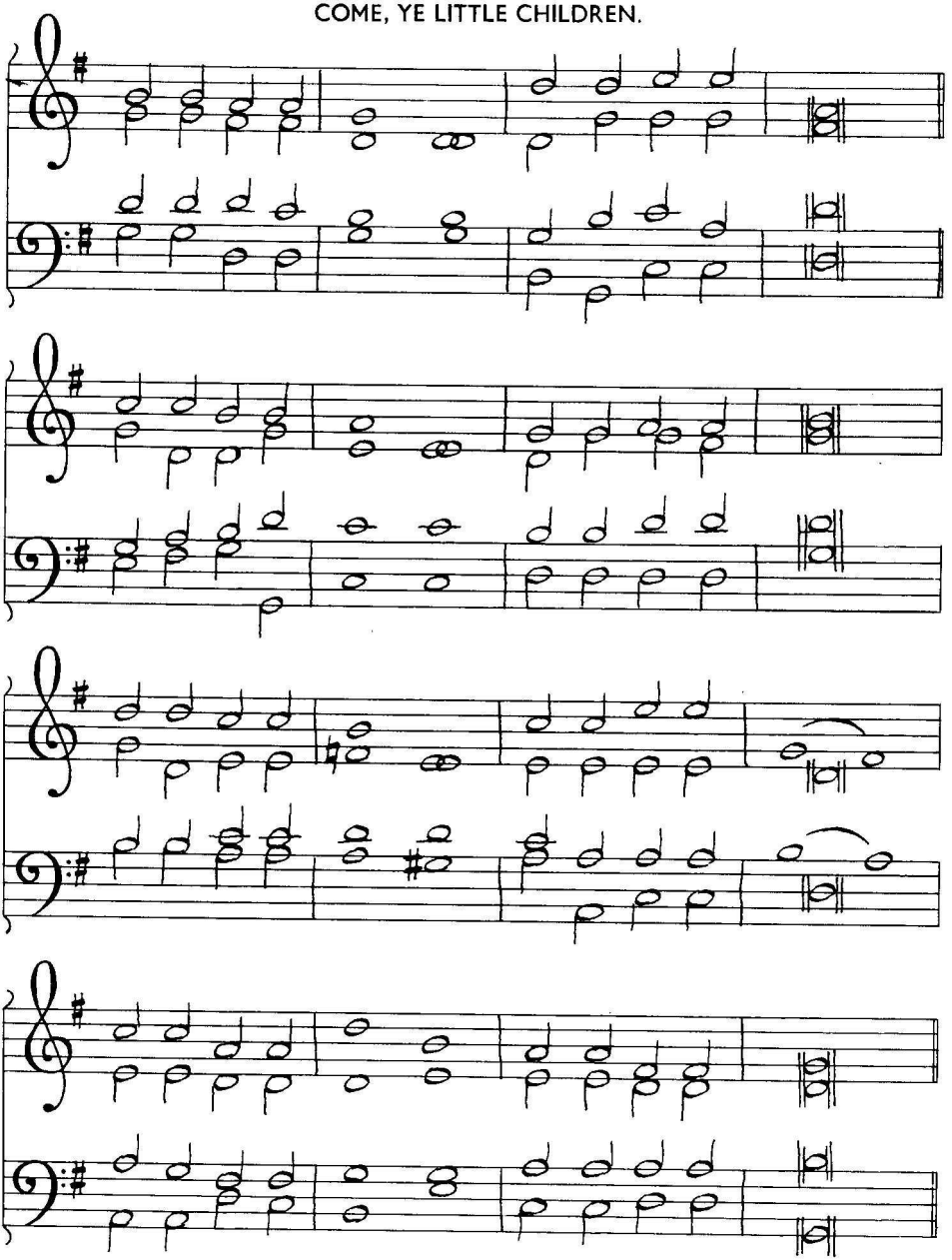
Raise Thy little Hand to bless
All our childhood's happiness ;
Bless our sorrow and our pain,
That each cross may be our gain,
By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,
Sanctify each thought and word ;
Set Thy seal on everything
Which we do, O little King.

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.
Whereso'er our path may be,
We will try to follow Thee,
To Thy mantle we will cling,
Help us, save us, Little King.

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.

80

COME, YE LITTLE CHILDREN.



COME, YE LITTLE CHILDREN

Come, ye little children,
  Unto Me draw nigh;
For 'tis such as you
  That dwell with Me on high;
Who in love and meekness,
  From all malice free,
Serve their dear Redeemer
  With simplicity.

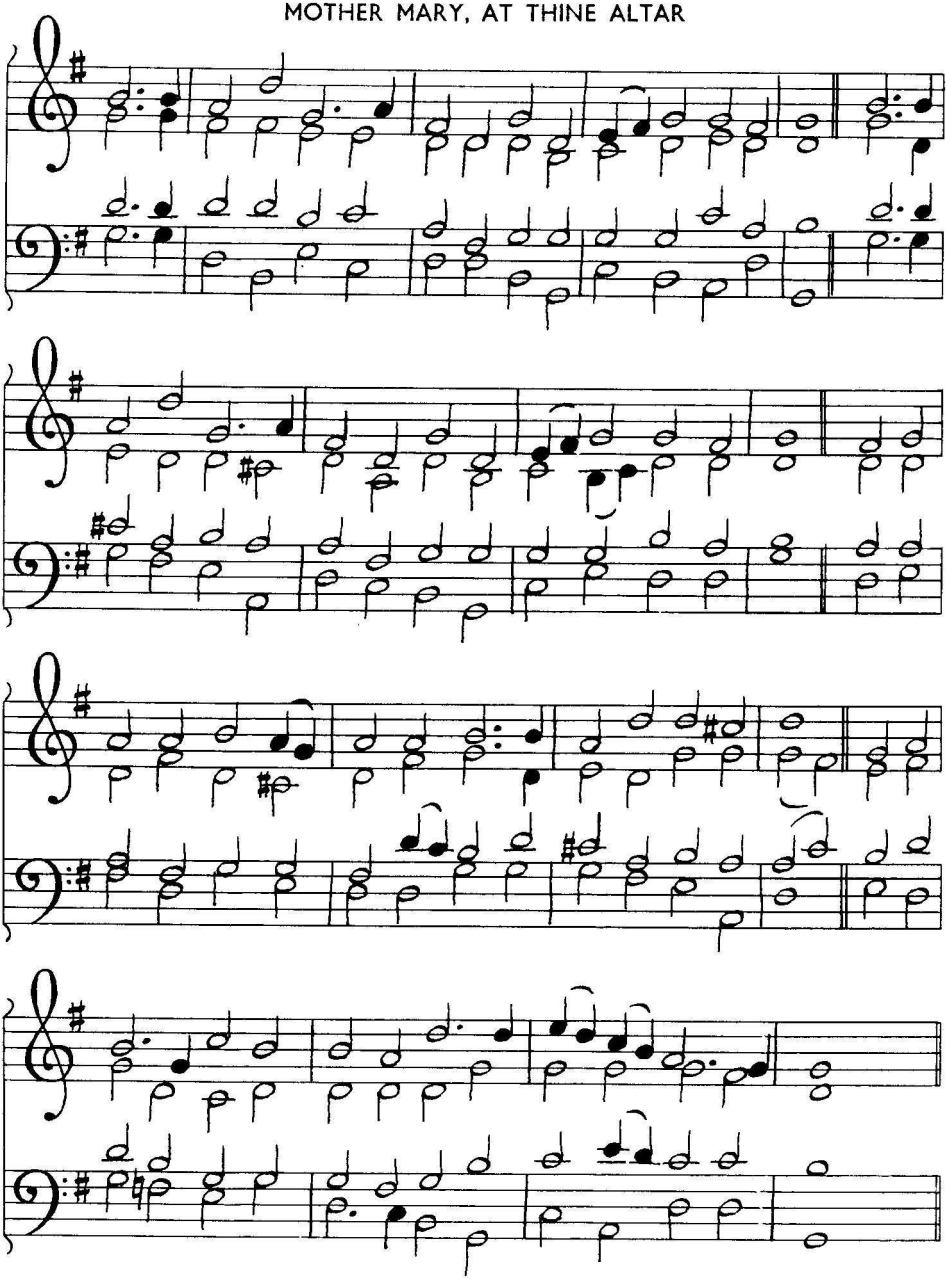
I, who pride and greatness
  Evermore abase,
On the poor and lowly
  Lavish all My grace;
And to humble spirits
  Heavenly things reveal,
Which My secret judgments
  From the proud conceal.

This, O sweetest Jesus,
  Seemest Thou to say,
Ah then, wretched earthlings,
  Cast your pride away;
If the God of glory
  So Himself abase,
How shall man presume
  To choose the highest place.

Sacred charms of childhood,
  Unto Christ so dear,
Bright in generous frankness,
  Innocence sincere,
Love serene, unselfish,
  Void of worldly stain,
Would that in my bosom
  Ye might ever reign!

81

MOTHER MARY, AT THINE ALTAR



81 MOTHER MARY, AT THINE ALTAR

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

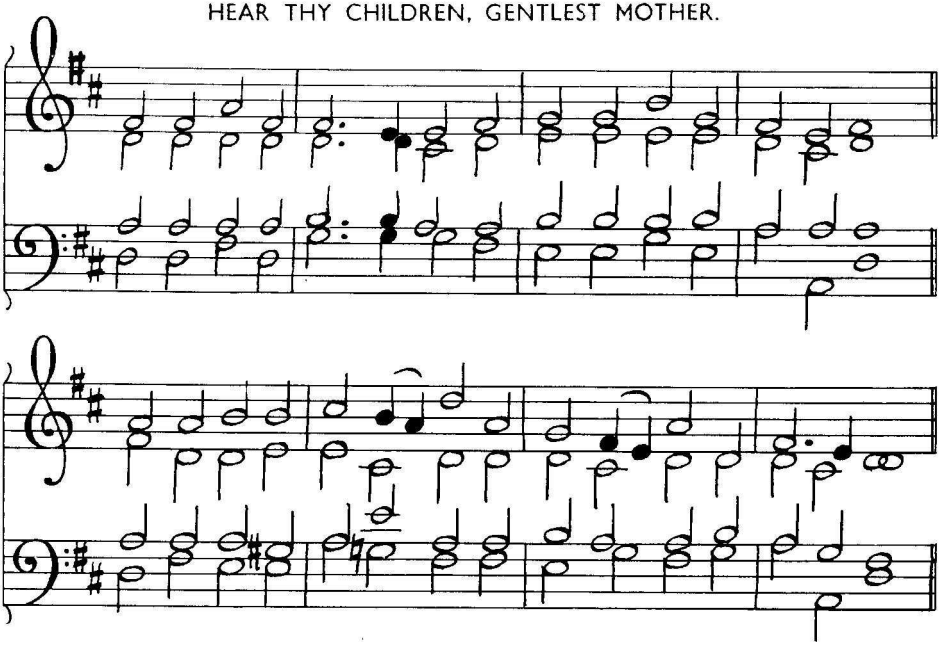
Thou wilt love us, thou wilt guide us,
With a mother's fondest care:
And our Father, God above us,
Bids us fly for refuge there.
Life's temptations are before us,
We must mingle in the strife ;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
All unsafe will be our life.

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

Mother Mary, to thy keeping
We ourselves to thee confide ;
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side.
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
Life and death we trust to thee ;
Thou wilt make them all for Jesus,
And for all eternity.

82

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLEST MOTHER.



Hear thy children, gentlest Mother,
Prayerful hearts to thee arise ;
Hear us while our evening Ave
Soars beyond the starry skies.

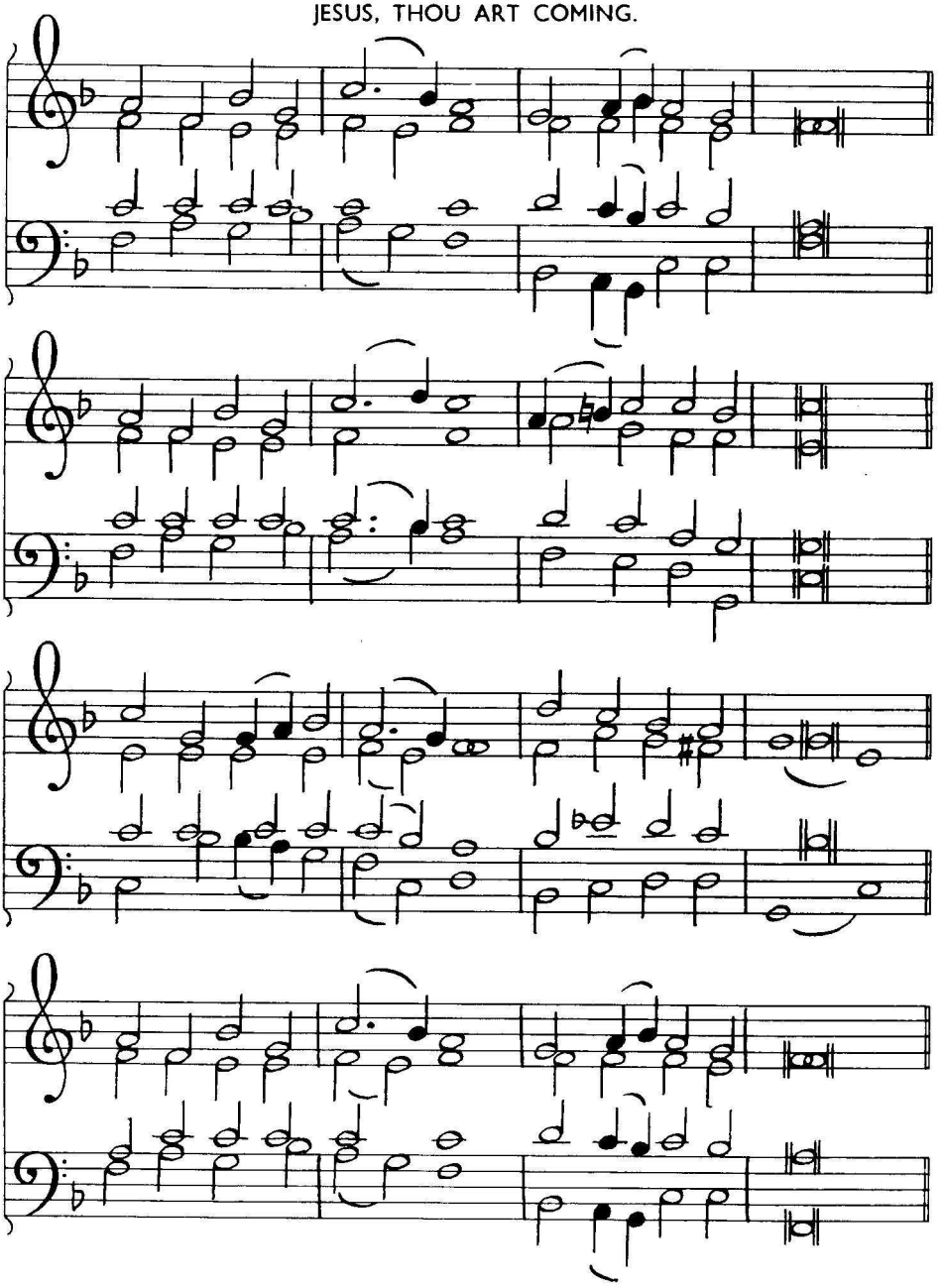
Darkling shadows fall around us,
Stars their silent watches keep ;
Hush the heart oppressed with sorrow,
Dry the tears of those who weep.

Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,
Borne upon life's troubled sea ;
Gentle guiding Star of Ocean,
Lead thy children home to thee.

Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
From thy beauteous throne above,
Guard us from all harm and danger,
'Neath thy sheltering wings of love.

83

JESUS, THOU ART COMING.



Adoration and Faith

Jesus! Thou art coming,
  Holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God who made me,
  To my sinful heart.
Jesus! I believe it,
  On Thy only word;
Kneeling, I adore Thee
  As my King and Lord.

Humility and Sorrow

Who am I, my Jesus,
  That Thou com'st to me?
I have sinned against Thee,
  Often grieviously;
I am very sorry
  I have caused Thee pain.
I will never, never,
  Wound Thy Heart again.

Trust

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.

Love and Desire

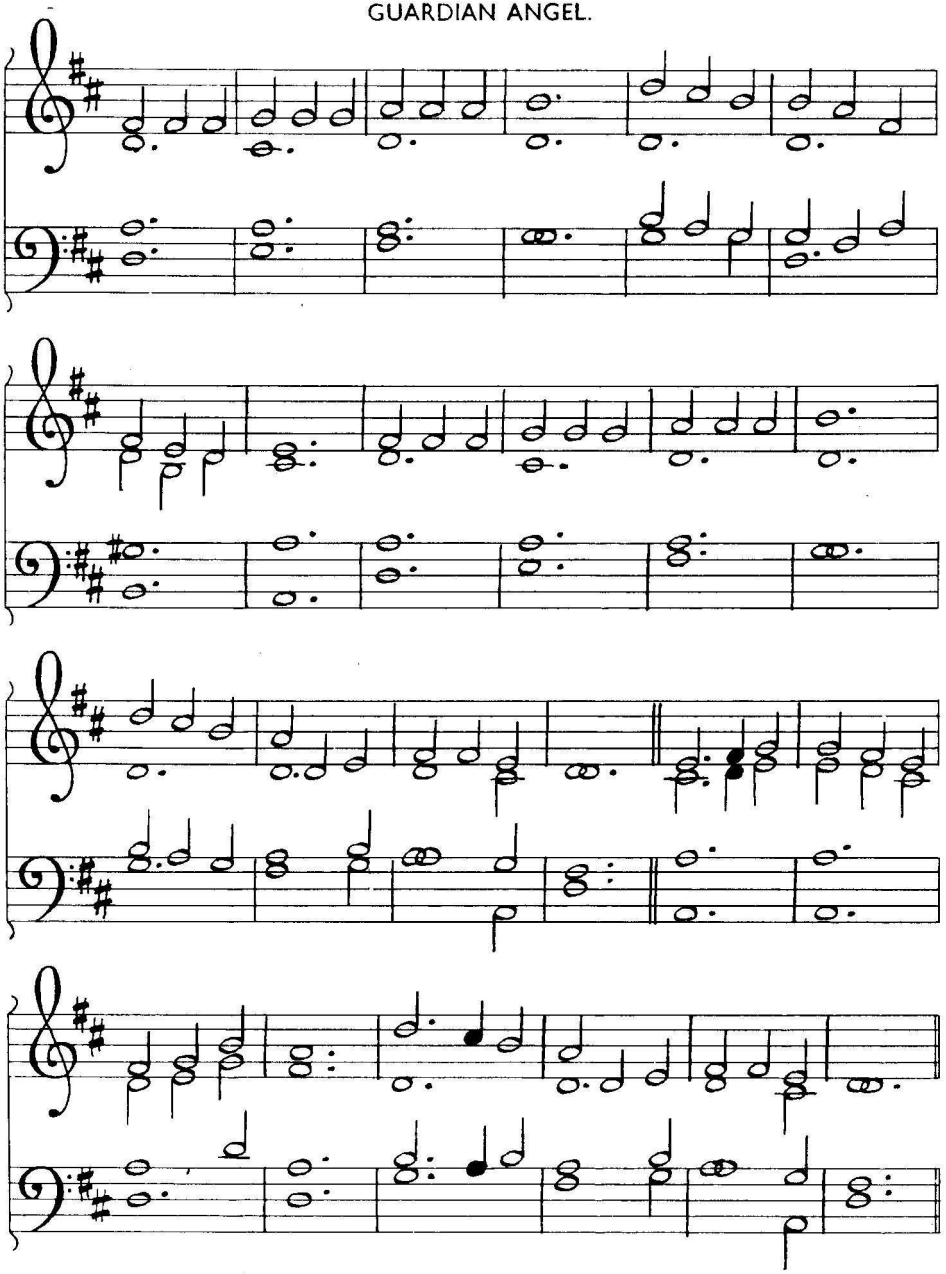
Dearest Lord, I love Thee,
  With my whole, whole heart,
Not for what Thou givest,
  But for what Thou art.
Come, oh, come, sweet Saviour!
  Come to me, and stay,
For I want Thee, Jesus,
  More than I can say.

Offering and Petition

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.

Take my body, Jesus,
  Eyes, and ears and tongue;
Never let them, Jesus,
  Help to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart, and fill it
  Full of love for Thee;
All I have I give Thee,
  Give Thyself to me.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.



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

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

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

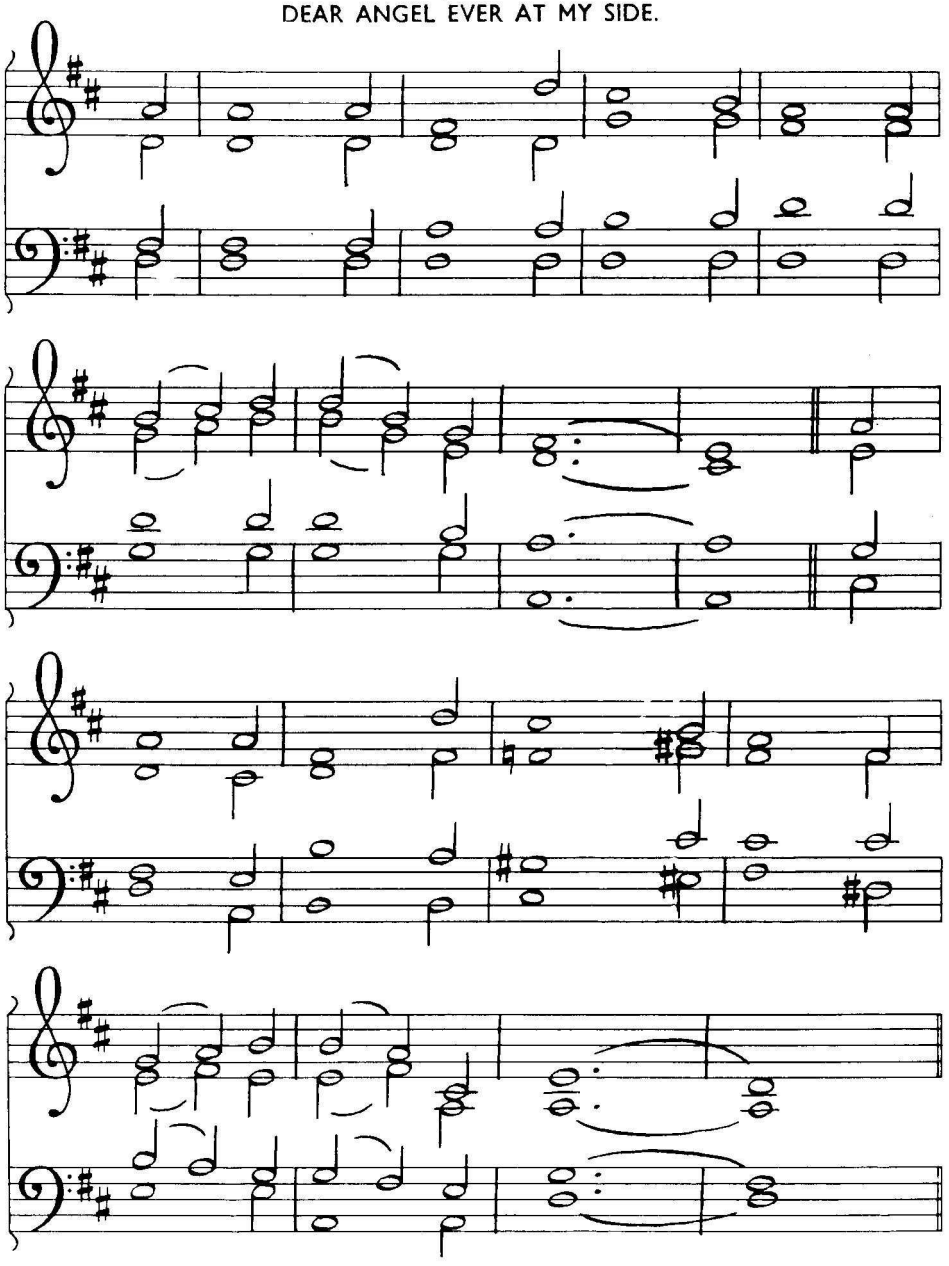
Beautiful Angel,
My guardian so mild,
Tenderly guide me,
For I am thy child.

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

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

85

DEAR ANGEL EVER AT MY SIDE.



85 DEAR ANGEL EVER AT MY SIDE.

Dear Angel! ever at my side,
  How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
  A sinful child like me.

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

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

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

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

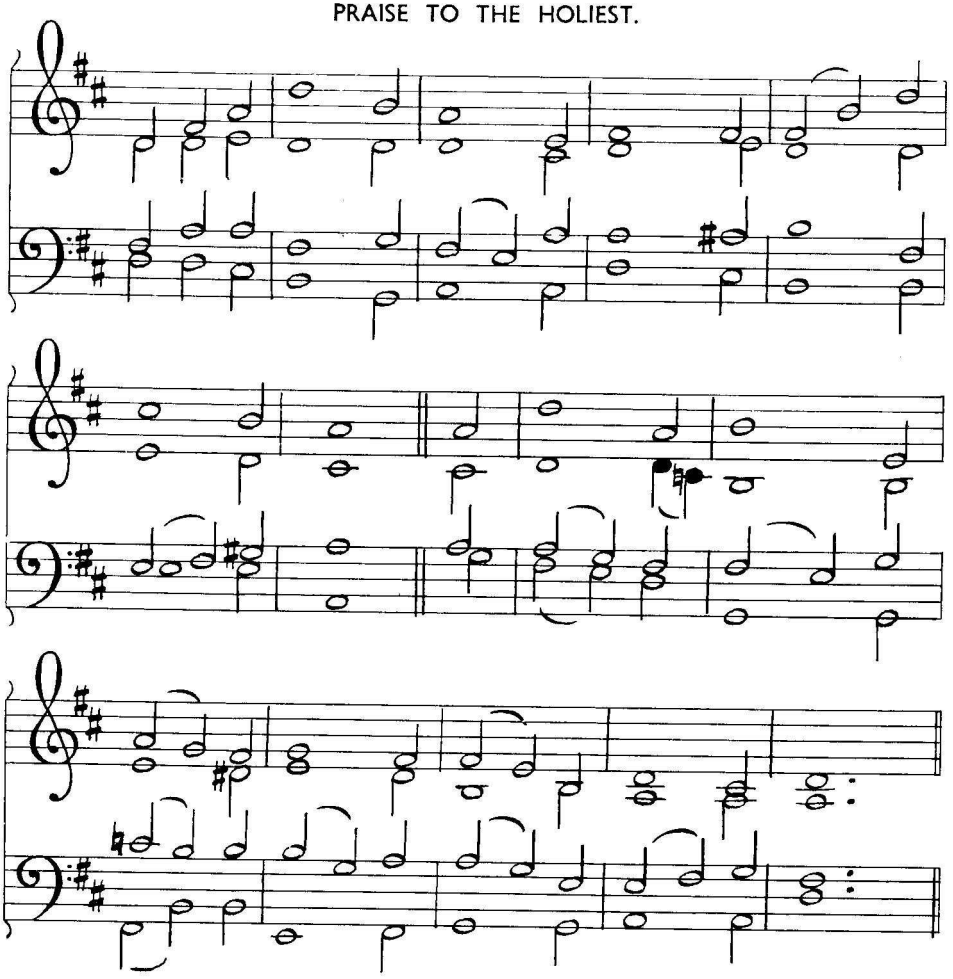
Then, for thy sake, dear Angel! now
  More humble will I be;
But I am weak, and when I fall,
  Oh weary not of me:

Oh weary not, but love me still,
  For Mary's sake, Thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
  Her worst of sons have been.

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.

86

PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST.



General

86 PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST.

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.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
And Essence all divine.

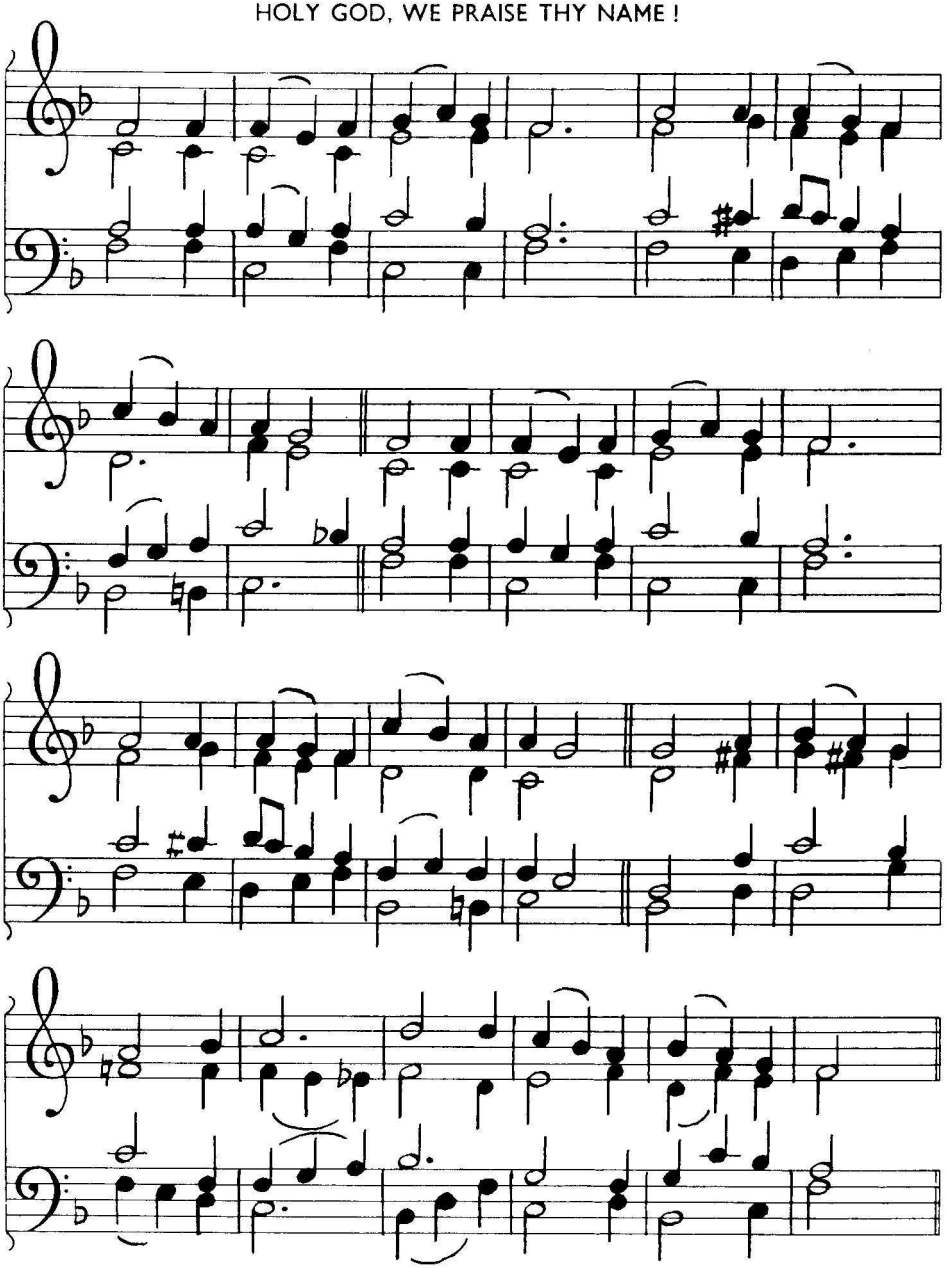
O generous love! that he who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

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.

87

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME!



87 HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME!

Holy God, we praise thy name;
  Lord of all, we bow before thee!
All on earth thy sceptre own,
  All in heaven above adore thee.
Infinite thy vast domain,
Everlasting is thy reign.

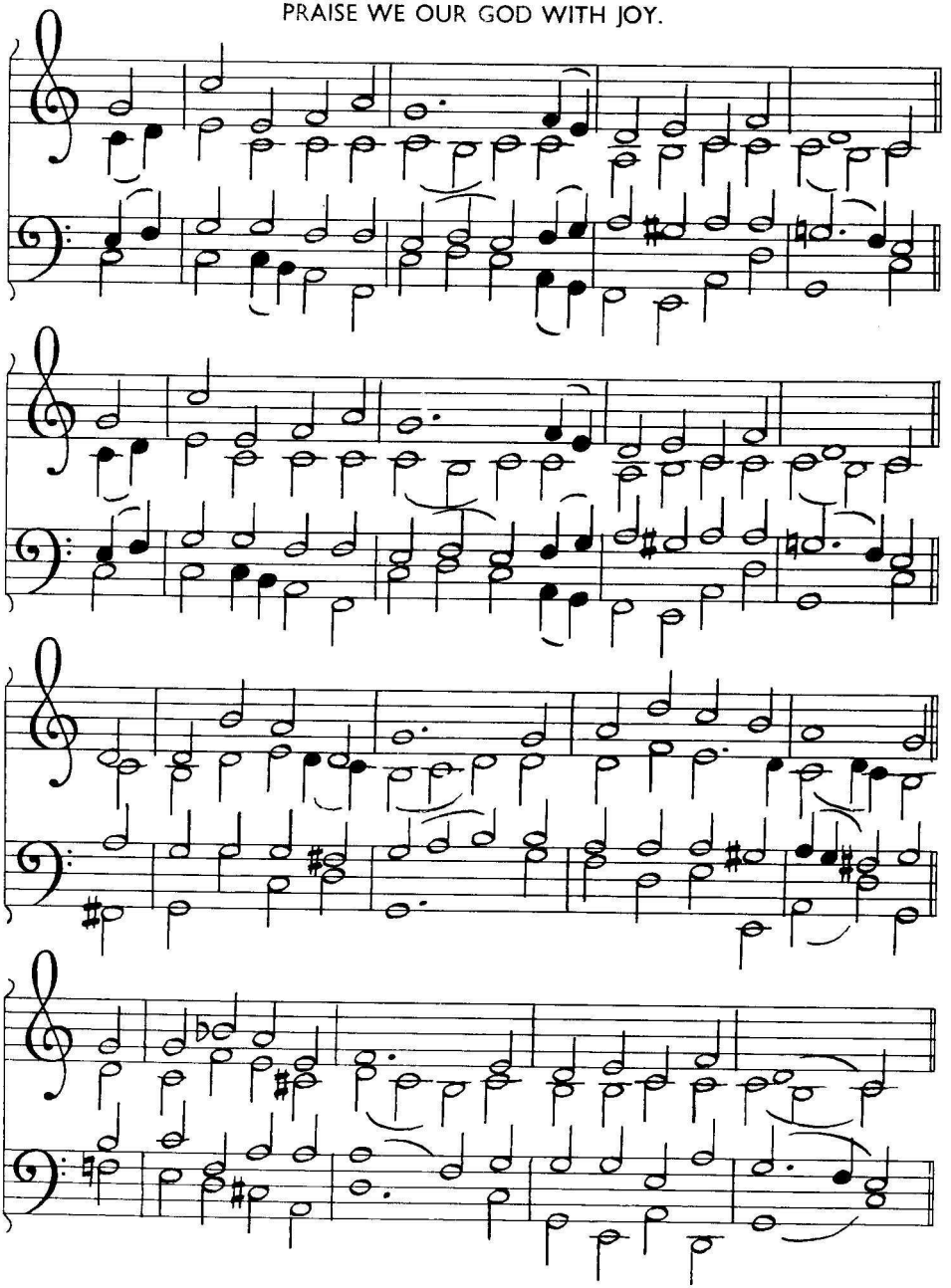
Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
  Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and seraphim,
  In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

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

Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
  By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day;
  Never let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in thee—
Never, Lord, abandon me.

88

PRAISE WE OUR GOD WITH JOY.

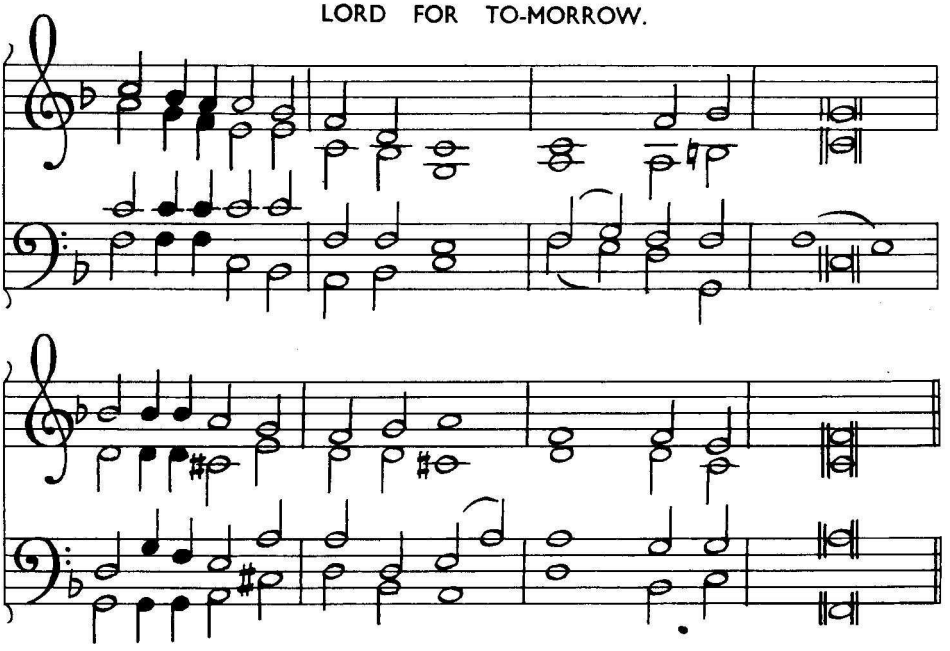


Praise we our God with joy
And gladness never ending ;
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending,
He is our Father dear,
O'er filled with parent's love ;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
He showers from above.

He is our Shepherd true ;
With watchful care unsleeping,
On us, his erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping ;
He with a mighty arm
The bonds of sin doth break,
And to our burden'd hearts
In words of peace doth speak.

Graces in copious stream
From that pure fount are welling,
Where, in our heart of hearts,
Our God hath set his dwelling.
His word our lantern is,
His peace our comfort still,
His sweetness all our rest,
Our law, our life, his will.

89



LORD FOR TO-MORROW.

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.

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.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season, gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

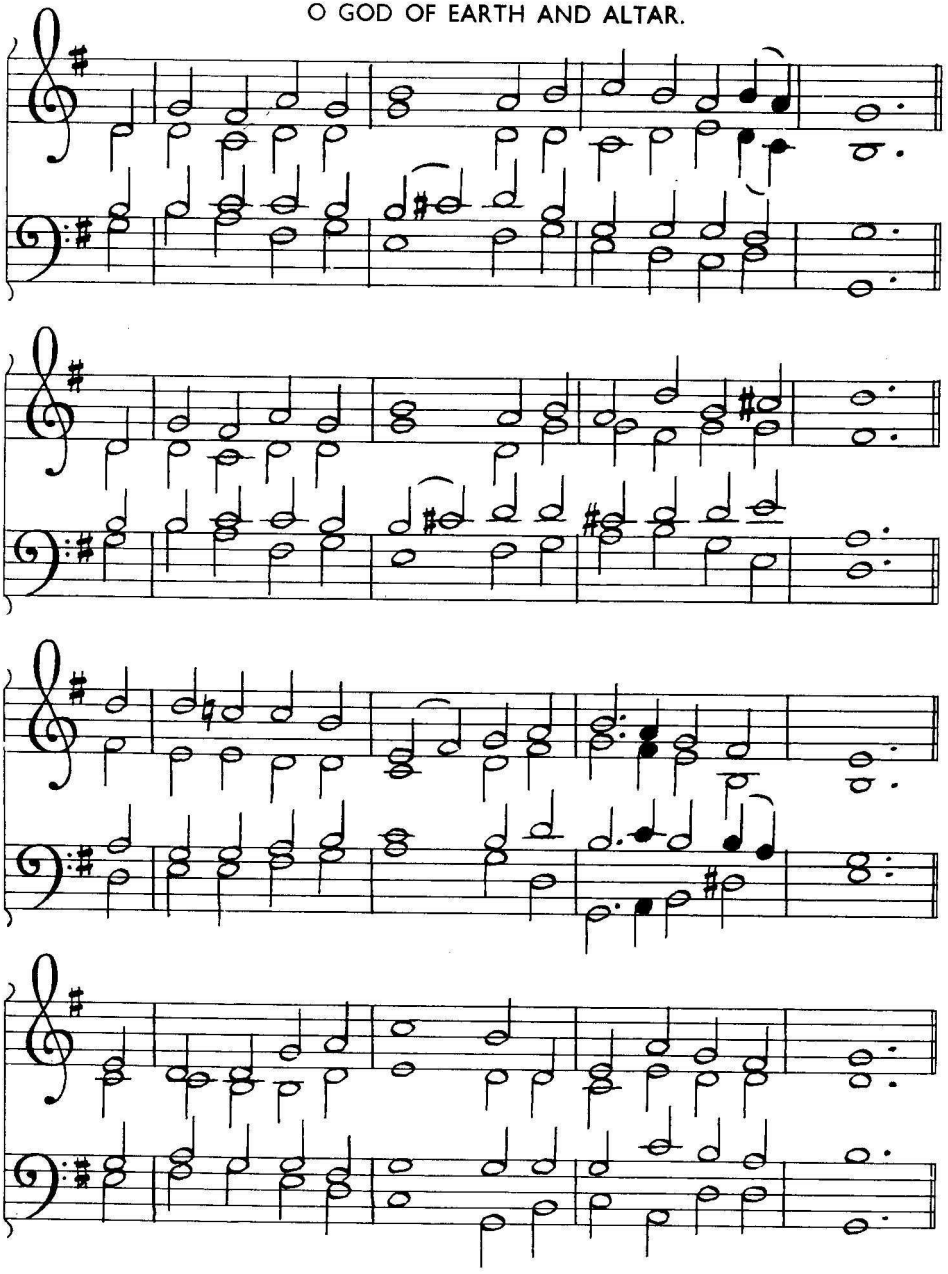
And if to-day my tide of life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

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.

90

O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR.



O GOD OF EARTH AND ALTAR

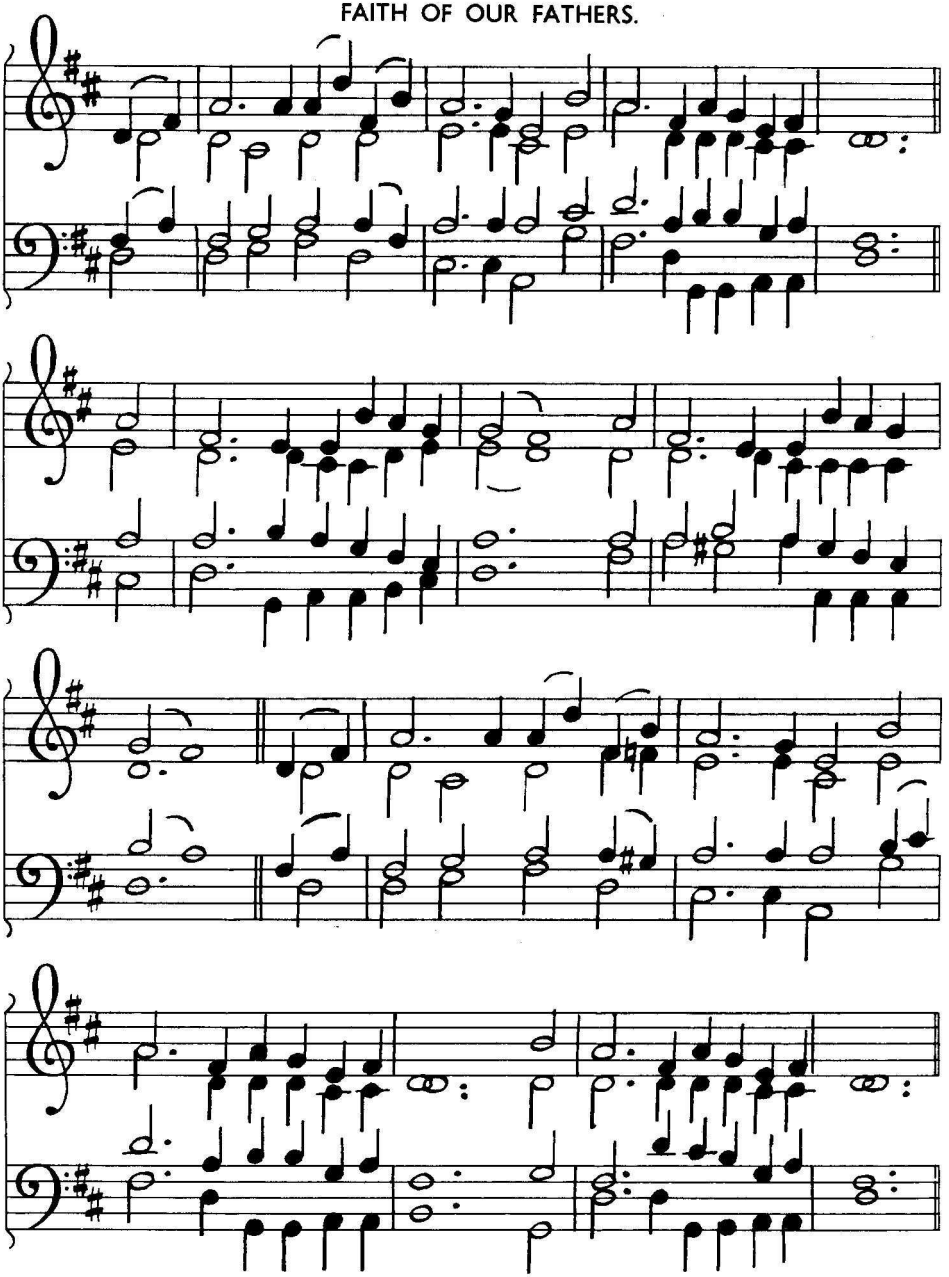
O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord

Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

91

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.



Faith of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

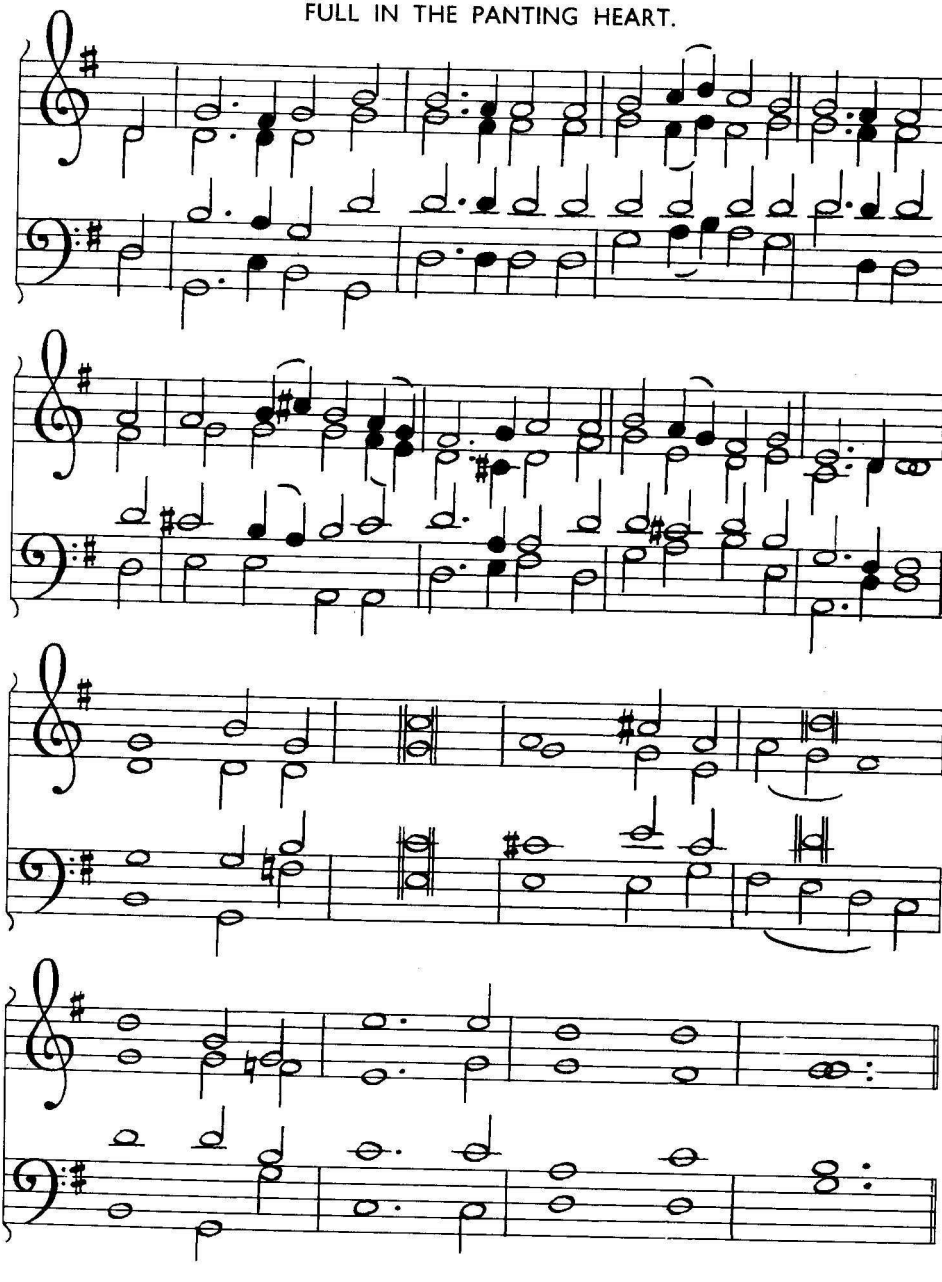
Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

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.

92

FULL IN THE PANTING HEART.



Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound :
" God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

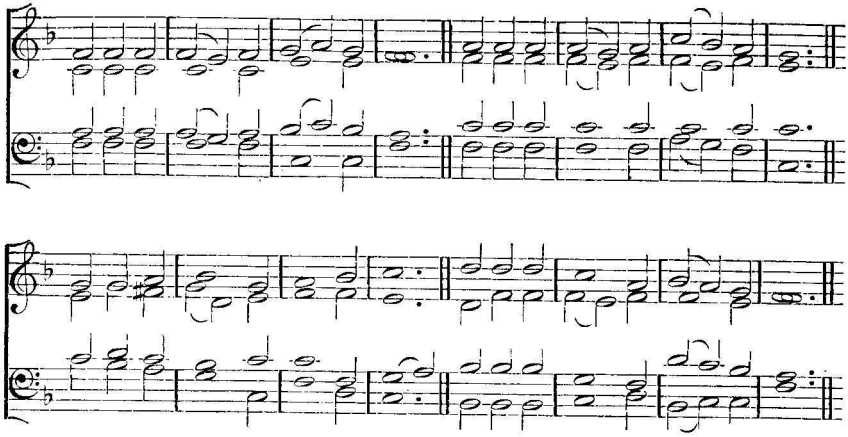
The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:
" God bless our Pope," &c.

Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main:
" God bless our Pope," &c.

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," &c.

93

NOW WITH THE FAST-DEPARTING LIGHT.



93 NOW WITH THE FAST-DEPARTING LIGHT

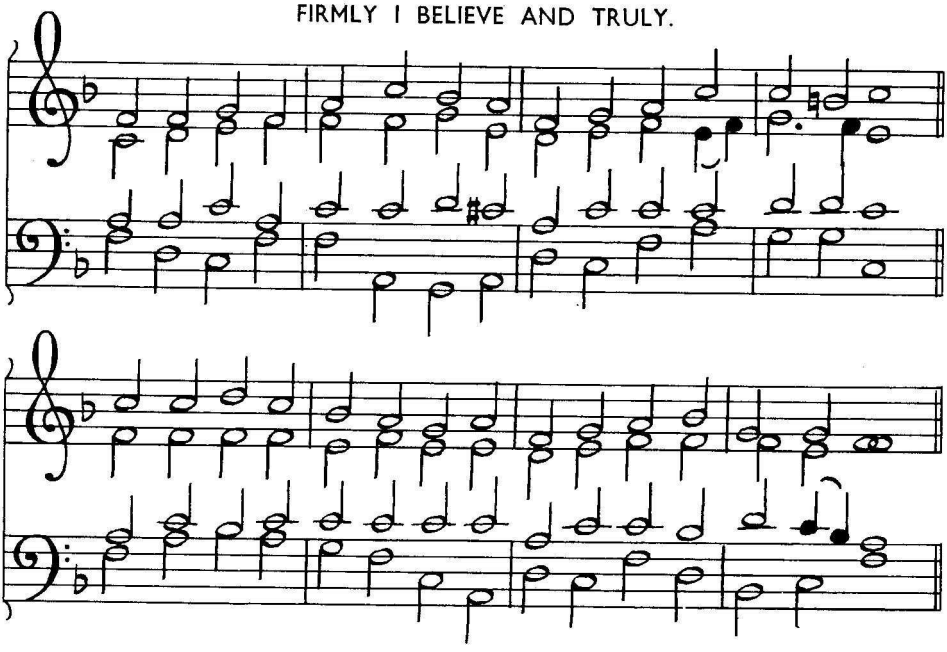
Now with the fast-departing light,
  Maker of all ! we ask of Thee,
Of Thy great mercy, through the night
  Our guardian and defence to be.

Far off let idle visions fly ;
  No phantom of the night molest:
Curb Thou our raging enemy,
  That we in chaste repose may rest.

Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
  Hear us, O sole-begotten Son !
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
  Reignest while endless ages run.

94

FIRMLY I BELIEVE AND TRULY.



Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

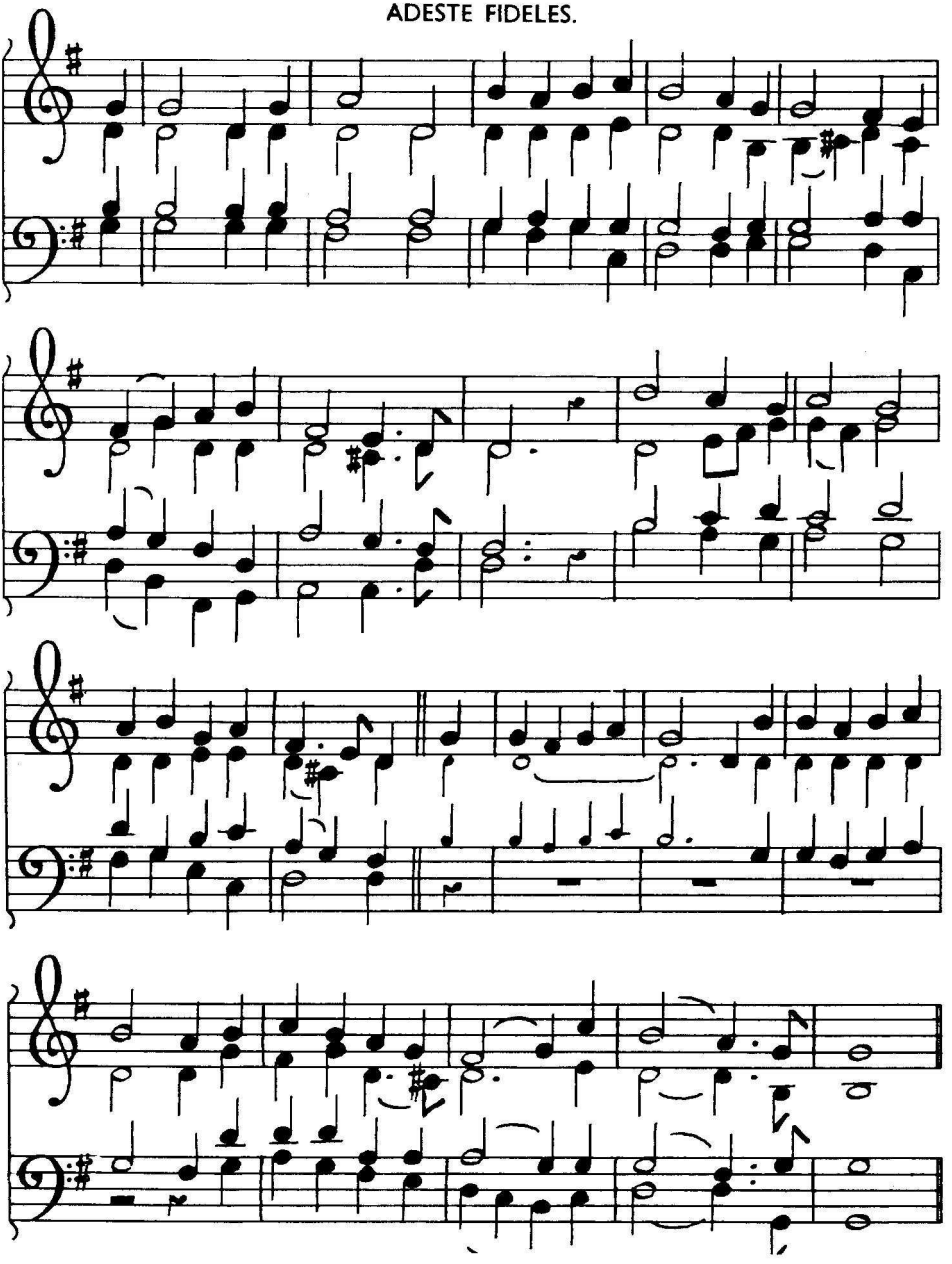
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.

Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong ;
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.

And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.

95

ADESTE FIDELES.



95 ADESTE FIDELES

Adeste, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes ;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem ;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum :
Venite Adoremus,
Venite Adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

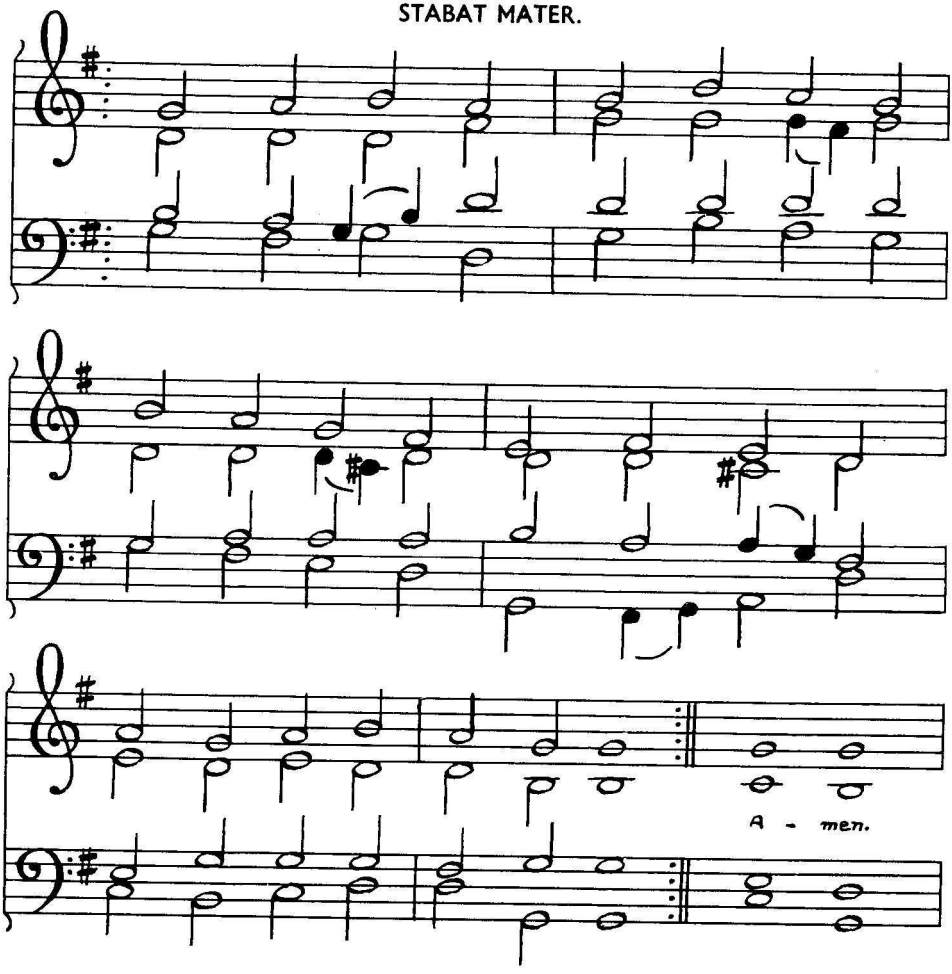
Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera :
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io !
Chorus angelorum :
Cantet nunc aula coelestium
Gloria
In excelsis Deo !
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria :
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum !
Venite adoremus Dominum.
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

96

STABAT MATER.



Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animan gementem
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis, et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti !
Quae moerebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum Filio ?

Pro peccatis suae gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

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

Sancta Mater, istud agas
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

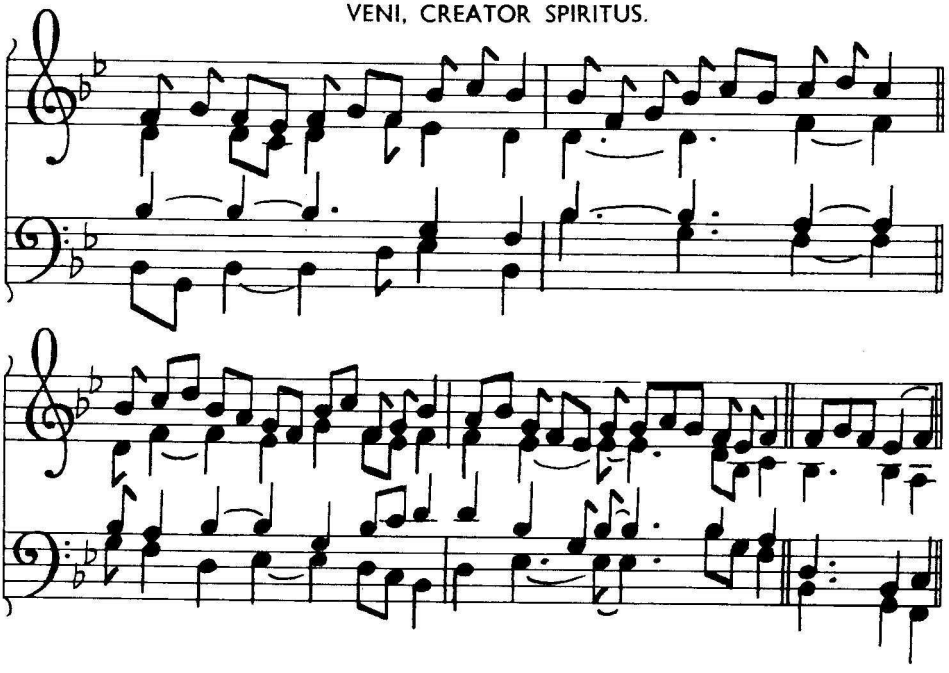
Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

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

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriae.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

97

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.



VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quae tu creasti, pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus paternae dexterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

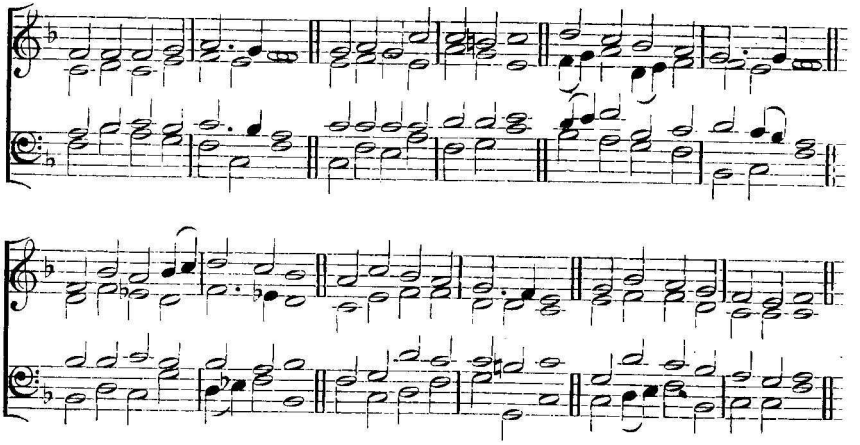
Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus ;
Ductore sic te praevio,
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

98

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.



Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus,
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni pater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

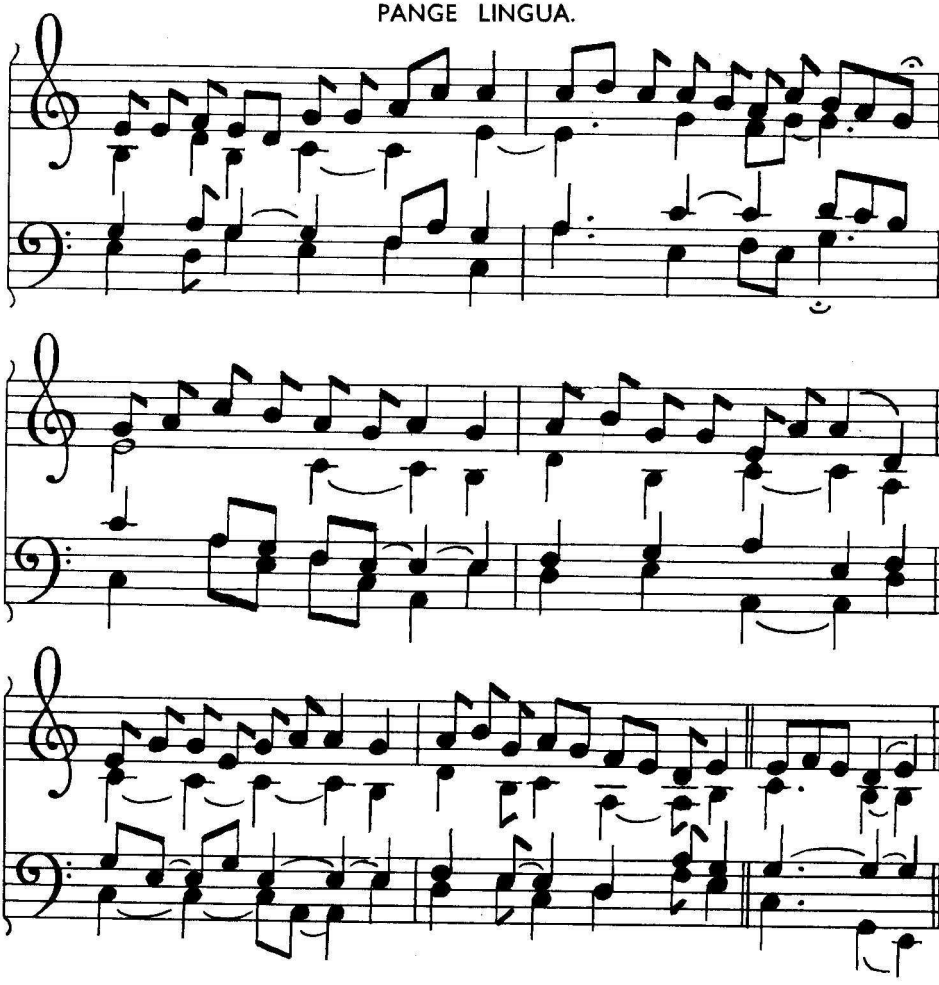
O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima,
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

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

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium. Amen.

99

PANGE LINGUA.



Pange lingua gloriosi
  Corporis Mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
  Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi
  Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
  Ex intacta Virgine ;
Et in mundo conversatus,
  Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
  Miro clausit ordine.

In supremae nocte coenae
  Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
  Cibis in legalibus:
Cibum turbae duodenae
  Se dat suis manibus.

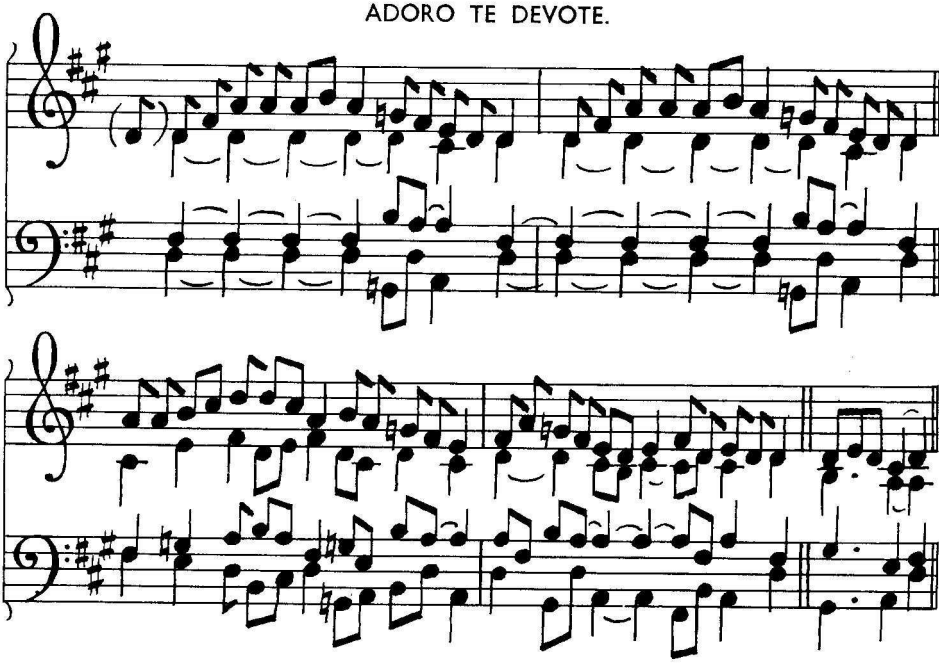
Verbum caro, panem verum
  Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum ;
  Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
  Sola fides sufficit.

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

Genitori, genitoque
  Laus, et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
  Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
  Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

100

ADORO TE DEVOTE.



Adoro te devote latens Deitas
Quae sub his figuris were latitas :
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur :
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nil hoc verbo Veritatis verius.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas ;
Ambo tamen credens, atque confitens
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor,
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

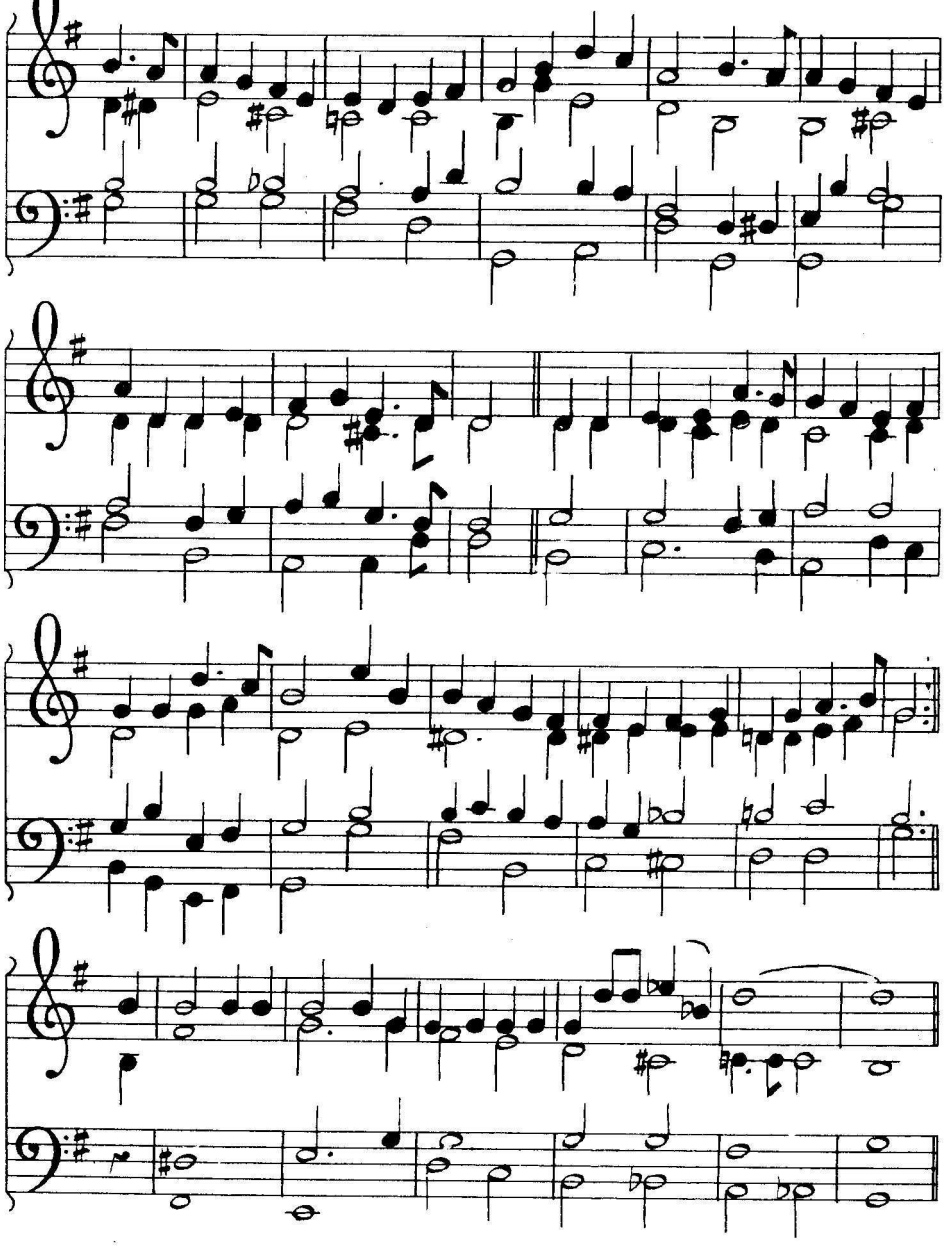
O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini :
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

Pie pellicane, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine:
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.

101

AVE VERUM.



101

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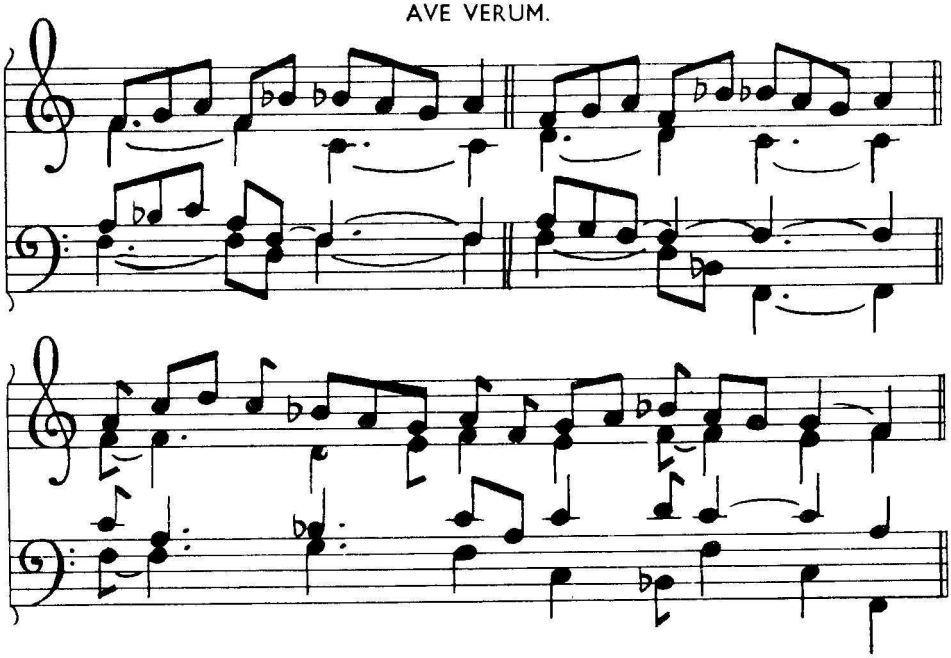
AVE VERUM.

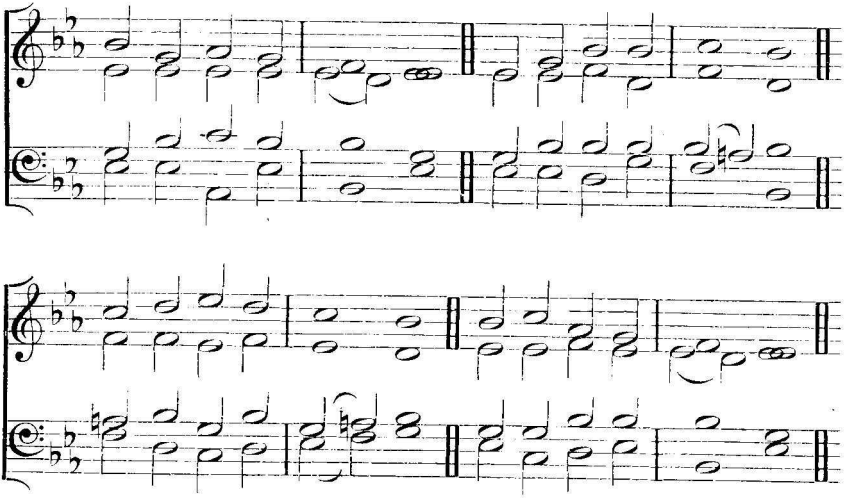


101 AVE VERUM

Ave verum Corpus natum
De Maria Virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum
In cruce pro homine,
Cujus latus perforatum
Fluxit aqua et sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
Mortis in examine.
O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie,
O Jesu, Fili Mariae.

102

AVE MARIS STELLA.



Ave maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix coeli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevae nomen.

Solve vincla reis
Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

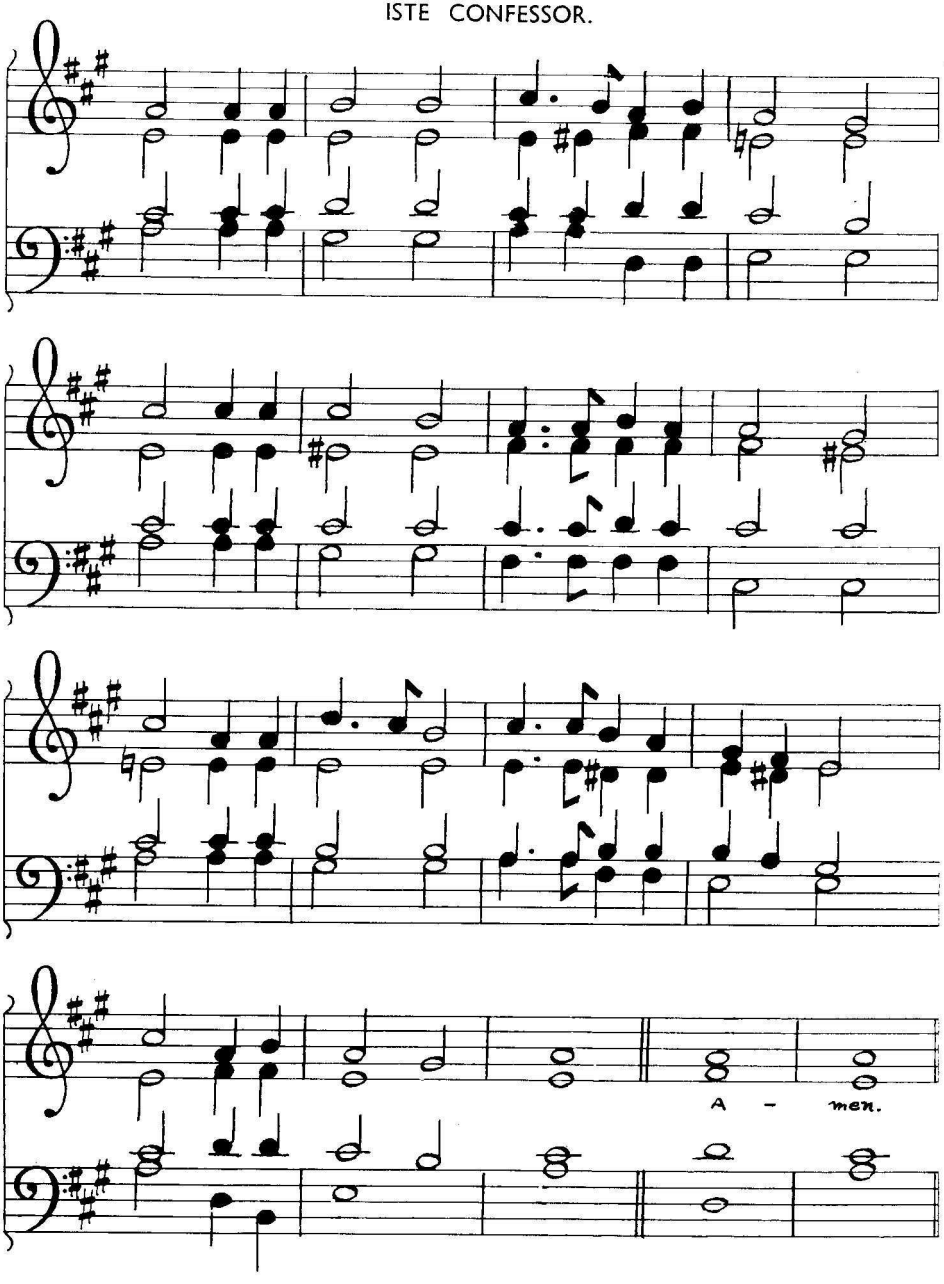
Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

103

ISTE CONFESSOR.



Iste Confessor Domini, colentes
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die laetus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec, humanos animavit aurae
Spiritus artus.

Cujus ob praestans meritum frequenter,
Aegra quae passim Jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.

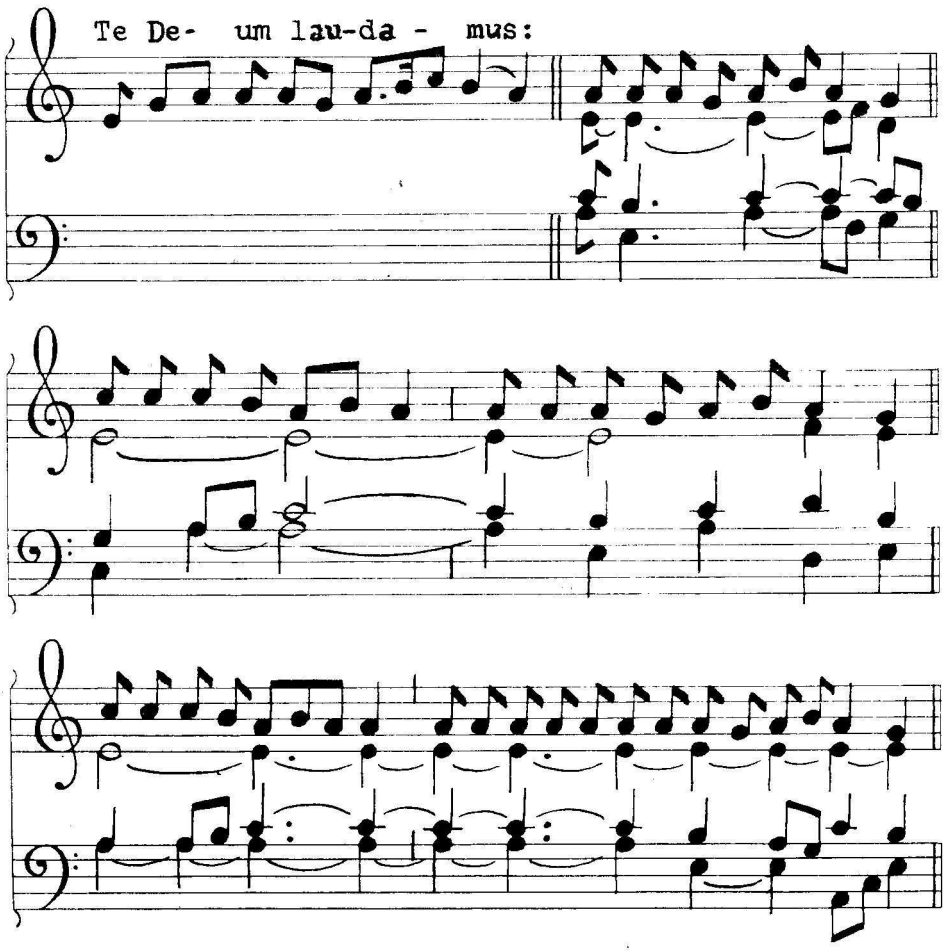
Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem celebresque palmas,
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per aevum.

Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super caeli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et unus. Amen.

Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.
To aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli, tibi coeli, et universae
Potestates:
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant:
Sanctus: Sanctus: Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra majestatis gloriae tuae.
Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus:
Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus:
Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum Sancta confitetur Ecclesia:
Patrem immensae majestatis:
Venerandum tuum verum, et unicum Filium:
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriae, Christe.
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non horruisti
Virginis uterum.
Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus
regna coelorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.
Judex crederis esse venturus.
Te argo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni, quos
pretioso sanguine redemisti,
Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine, et benedic
haereditati tuae.
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.
Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum, et in saeculum
saeculi.
Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire
Miserere nostri Domine, miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua Domine super nos, quemadmodum
speravimus in te.
In te Domine speravi non confundar in aeternum.

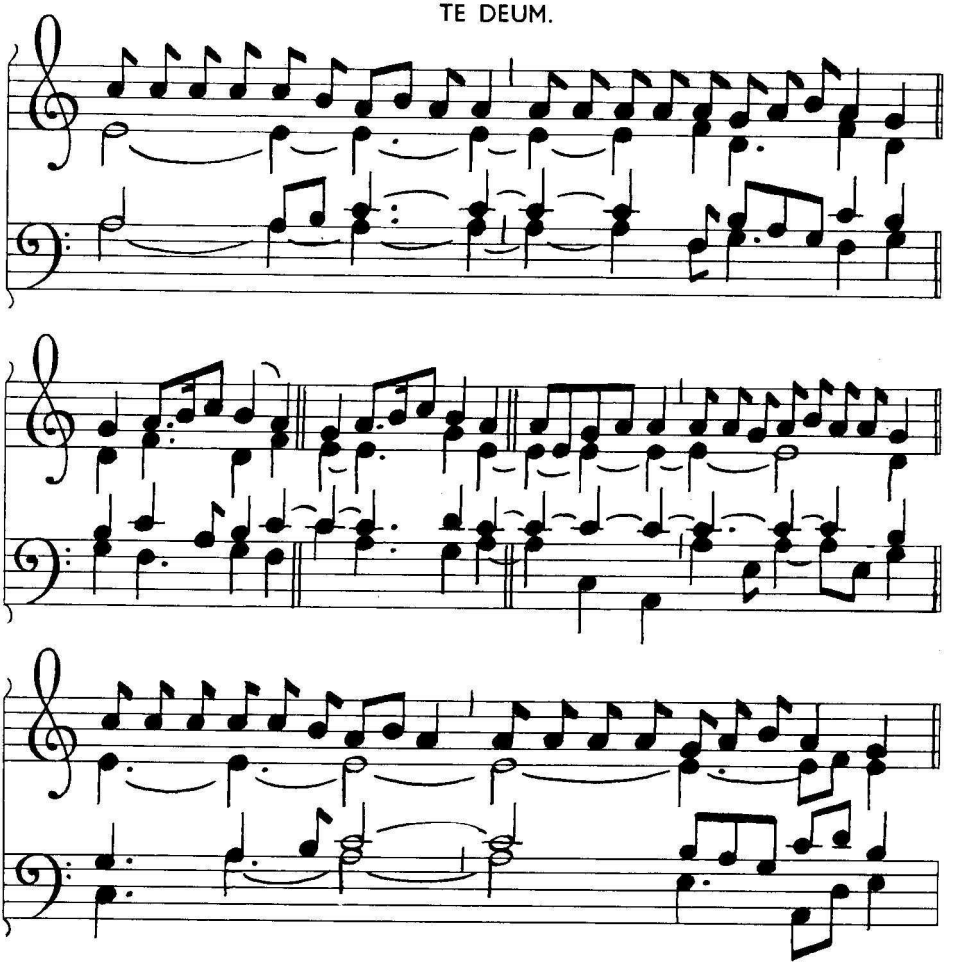
104

TE DEUM.



Te Deum laudamus:
Te Dominum confitemur.
Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli, tibi coeli et universae Potestates:

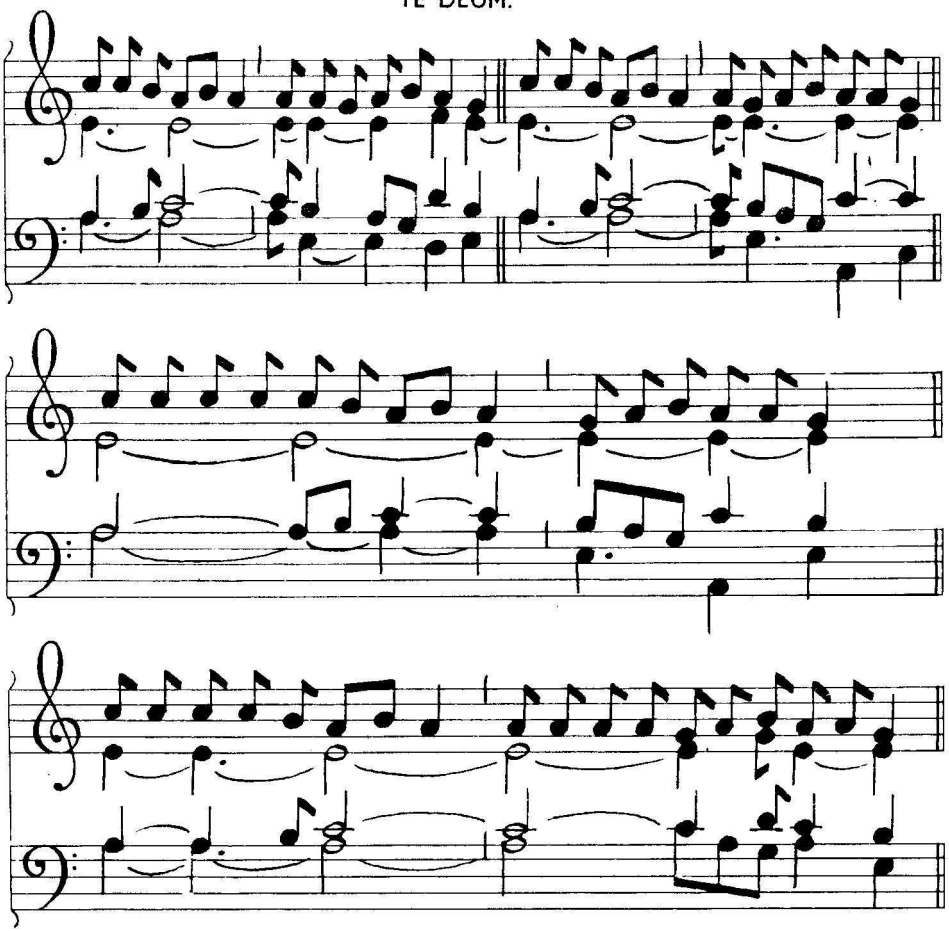
Continuation (i)



Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim
Incessabili voce proclamant:
Sanctus: Sanctus: Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra
Majestatis gloriae tuae.

Continuation (ii)

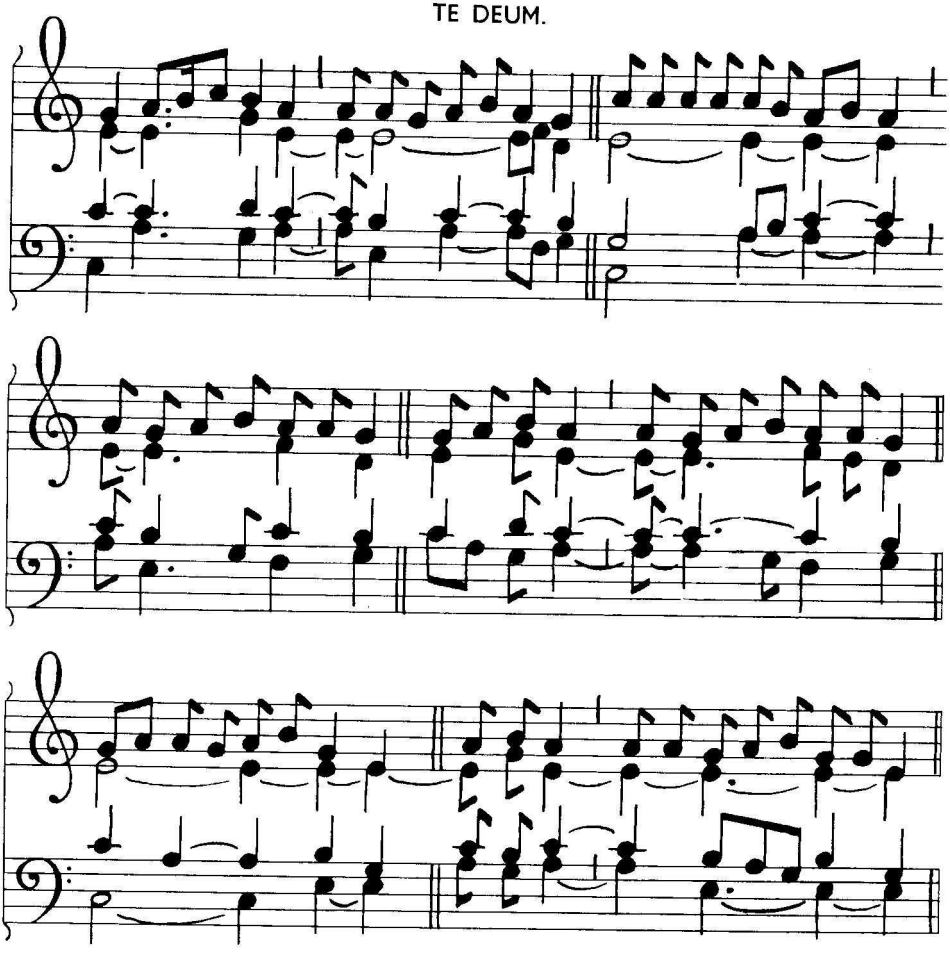
TE DEUM.



Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus:
Te prophetarum laudabilis numerus:
Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum Sancta confitetur ecclesia.

Continuation (iii)

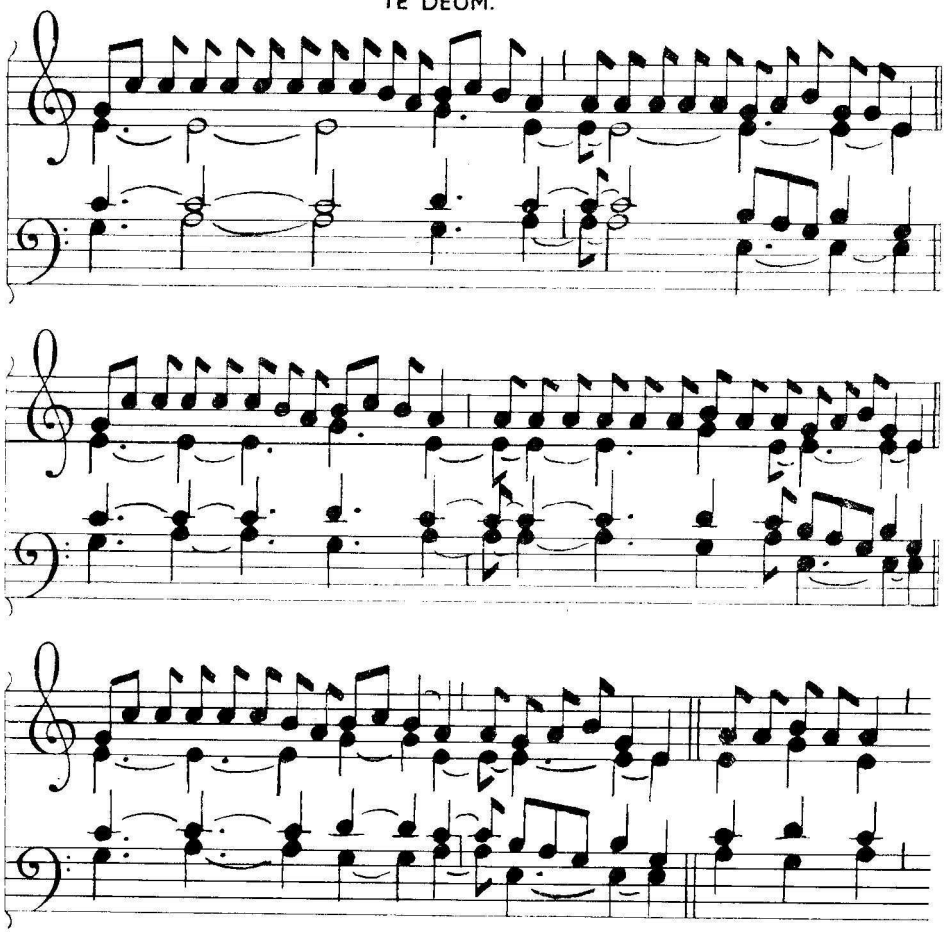
TE DEUM.



Patrem immensae majestatis:
Venerandum tuum verum, et unicum Filium:
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriae Christe.
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.

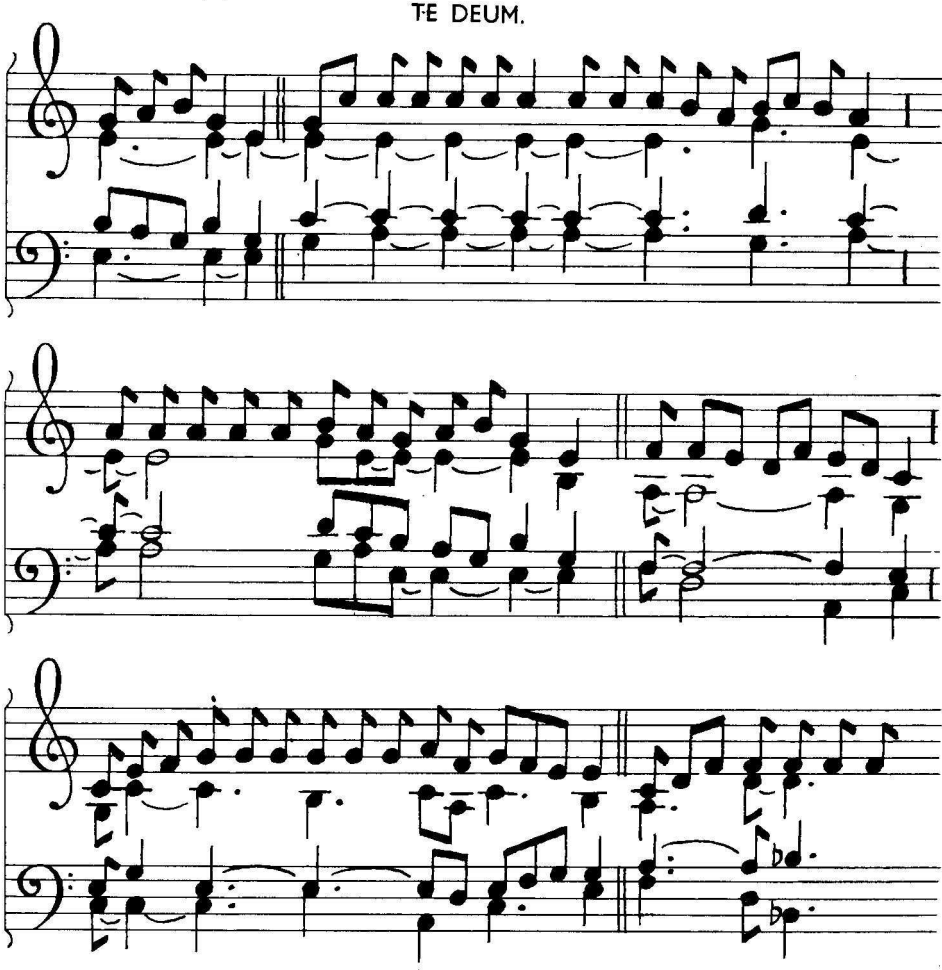
Continuation (iv)

TE DEUM.



Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem,
Non horruisti Virginis uttrum.
Tu devicto mortis acculeo,
Aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.
Judex crederis

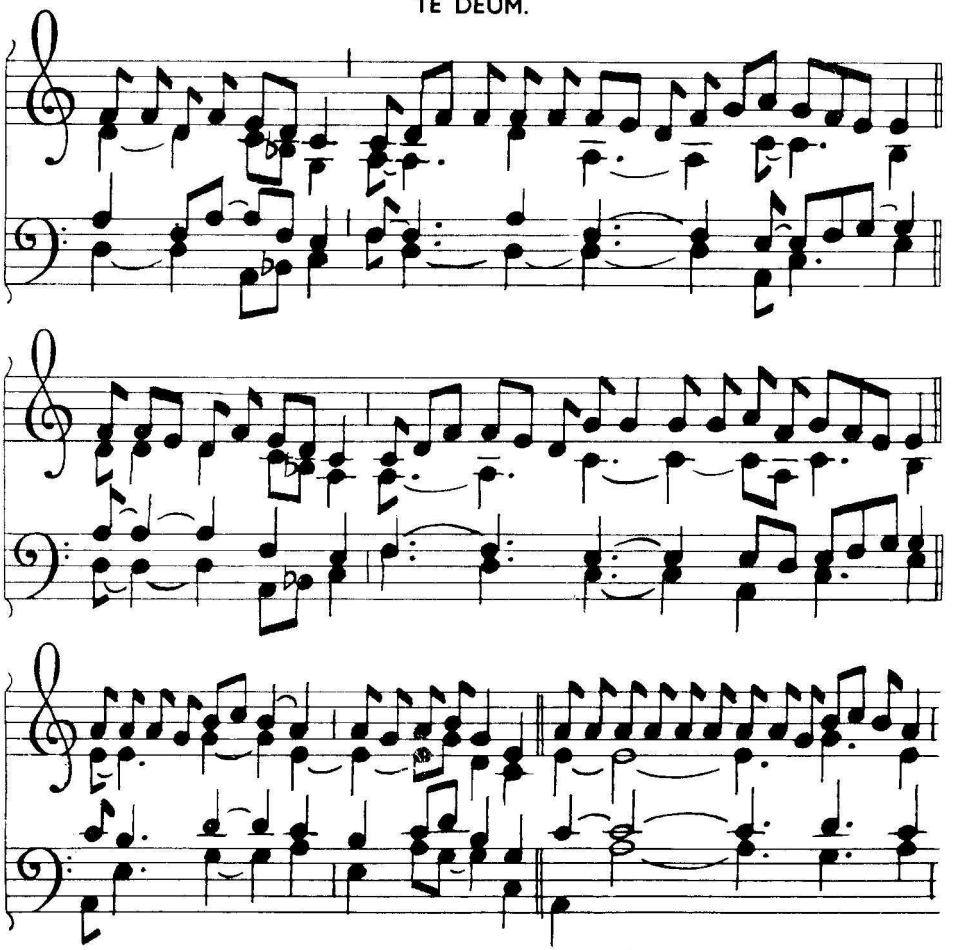
Continuation (v)



esse venturus.
Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni,
Quos pretioso sanguine redemisti,
Aeterna fac cum sanctus tuis in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum

Continuation (vi)

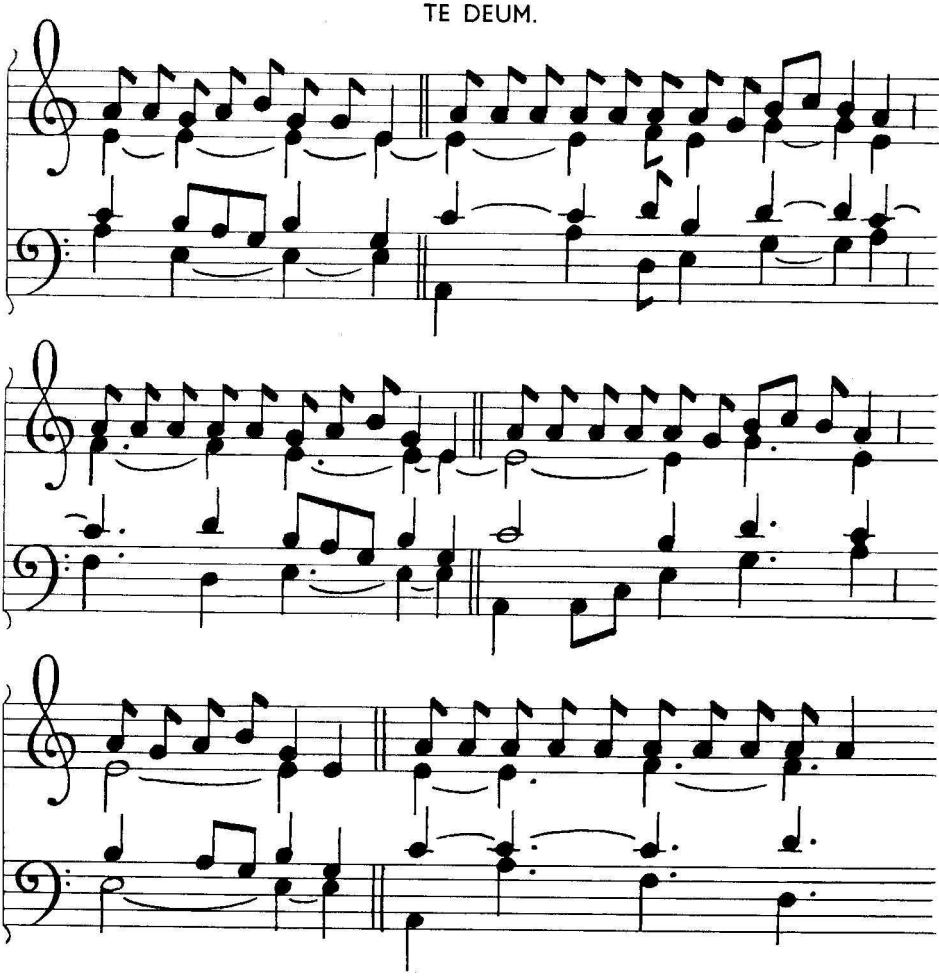
TE DEUM.



tuum Domine, et benedic hereditati tuae.
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.
Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum.

Continuation (vii)

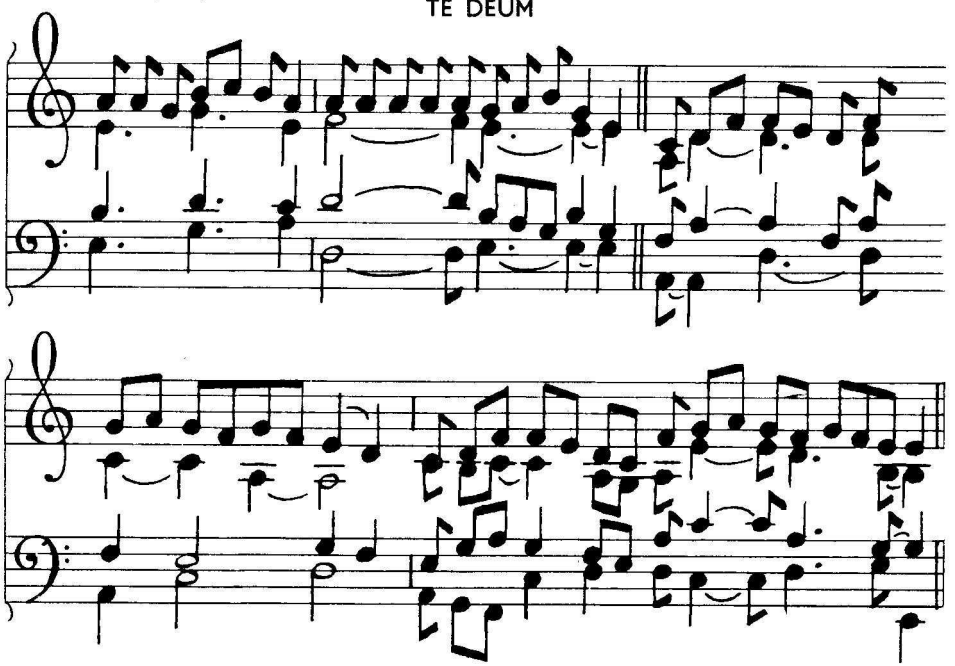
TE DEUM.



Et in saeculum saeculi.
Dignare Domine die isto.
Sine peccato nos custodire.
Misererre nostri Domine, miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua.

Continuation (viii)

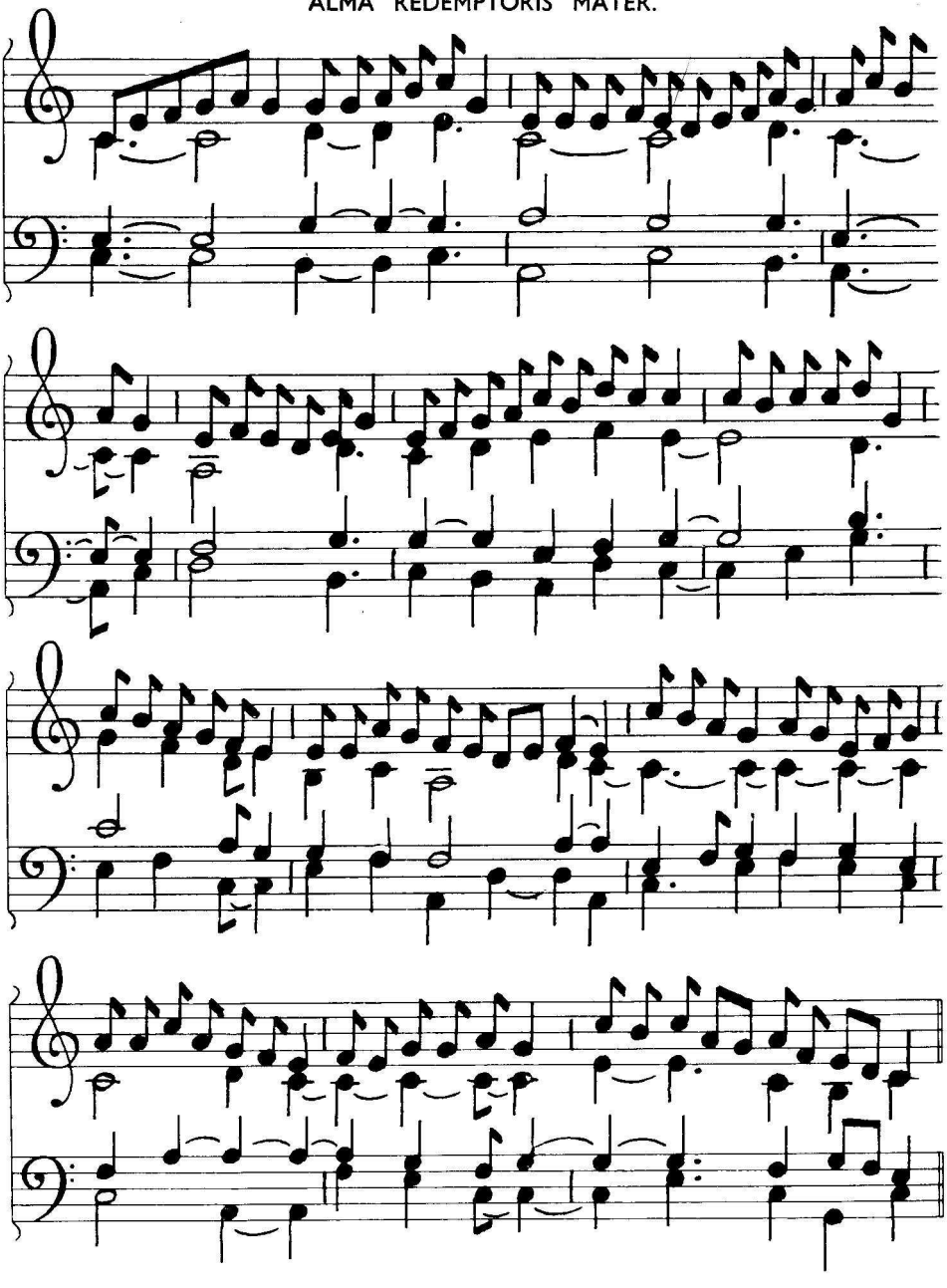
TE DEUM



Domine super nos,
Quemadmodum speravimus in te.
In te Domine speravi
Non confundar in æternum

105

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.



Anthems to Our Lady

105 ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER

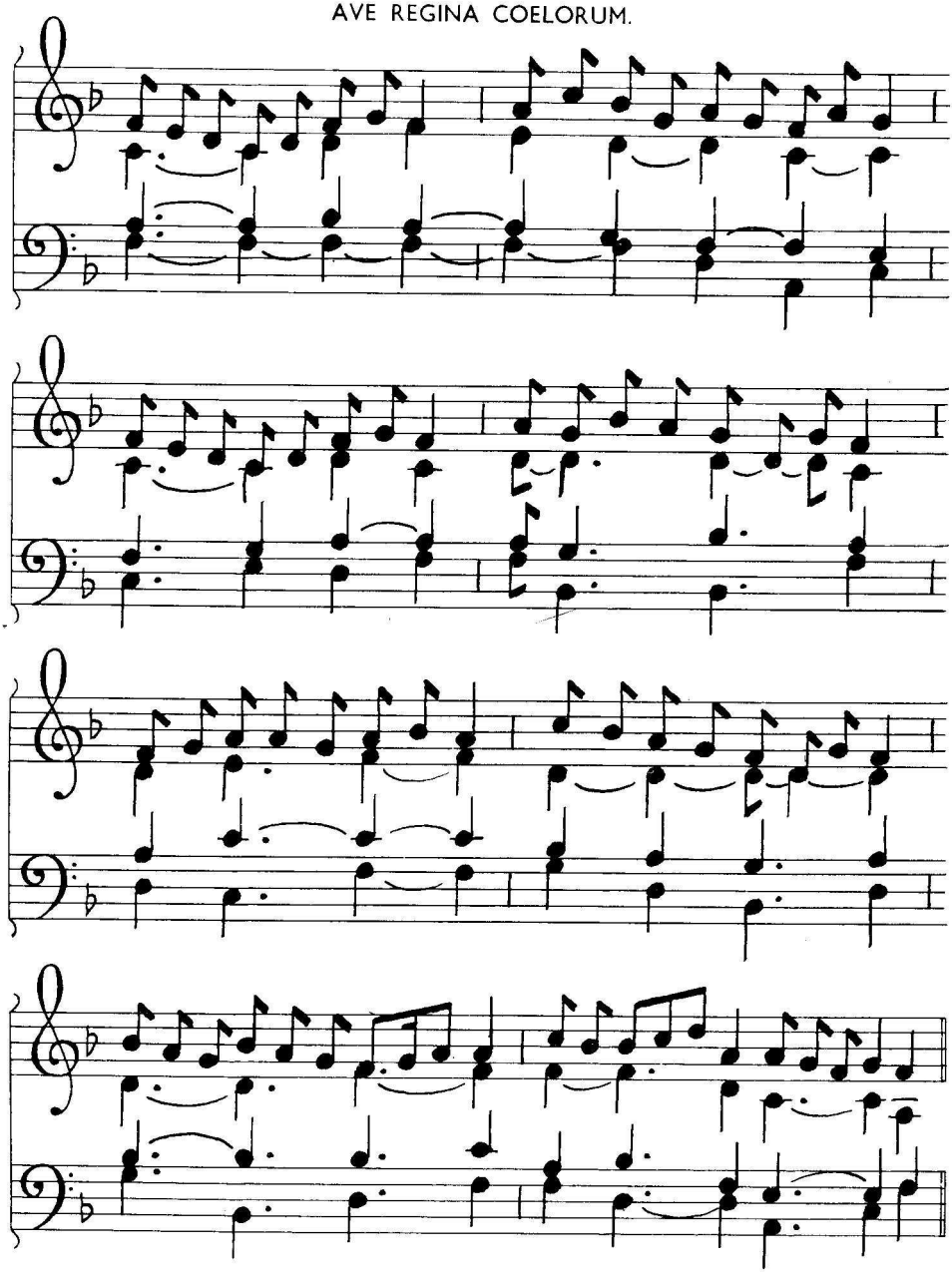
From Advent to the Purification.

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae
pervia coeli, Porta manes,
Et stella maris, succurre
candenti, surgere qui curat
populo:
Tu quae genuisti, Natura
mirante, tuum sanctum
Genitorem:
Virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ab ore,
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum
miserere.

Mother of Christ! hear thou the
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 that Gabriel
brought to thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us
thy mercy see.

106

AVE REGINA COELORUM.

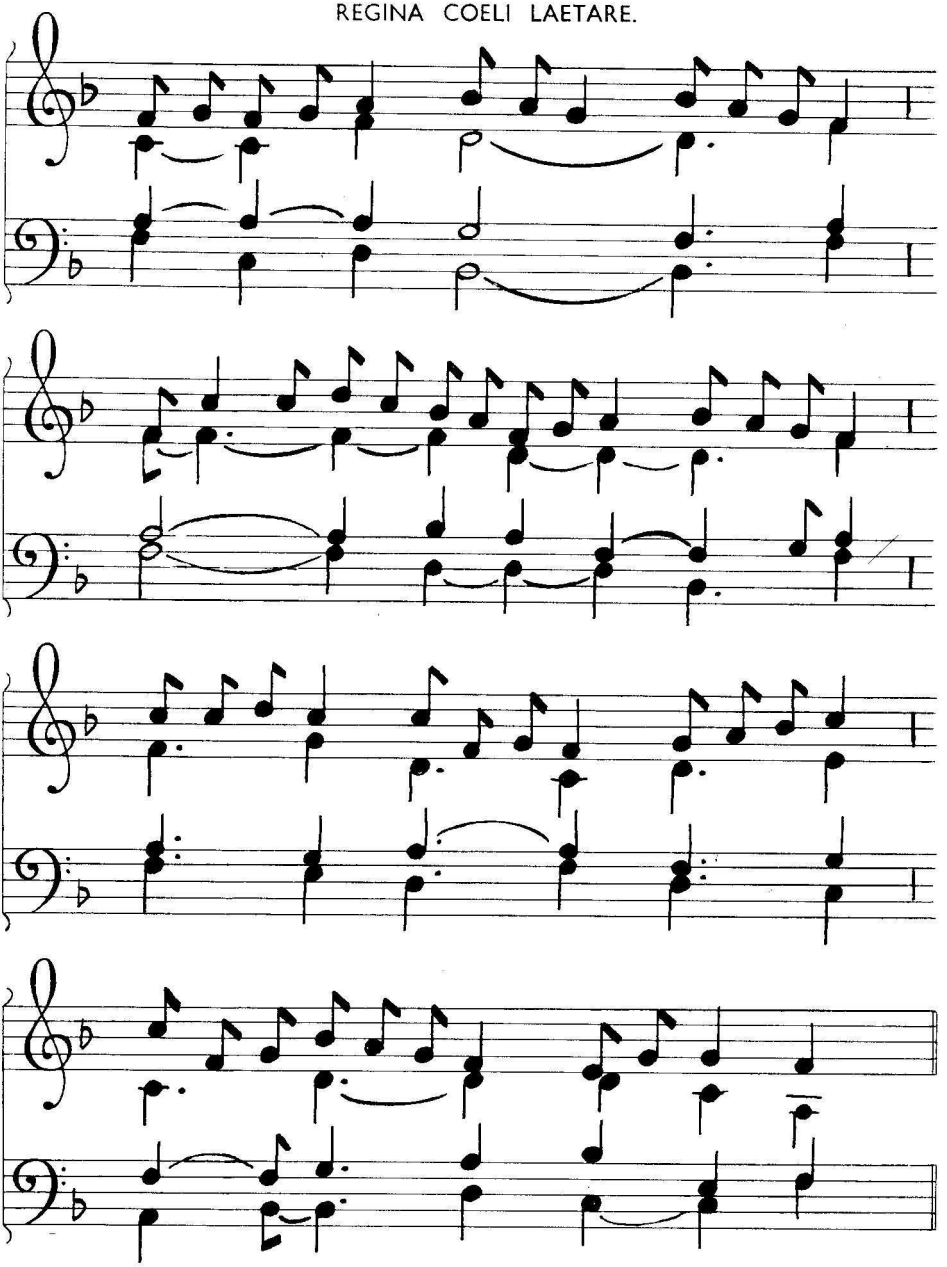


From the Purification to Maundy Thursday.

	enthroned !
Ave Regina coelorum.	Hail, O Queen of heaven
Ave Domina angelorum:	Hail, by angels mistress owned!
Salve radix, salve porta,	Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.	Whence the world's true Light was born;
Gaude Virgo gloriosa	Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,
Super omnes speciosa.	Loveliest whom in Heaven they see ;
Vale, o valde decora,	Fairest thou where all are fair.
Et pro nobis Christum exora.	Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

107

REGINA COELI LAETARE.



From Holy Saturday to Trinity Eve.

Regina coeli laetare,
Alleluia.

Quia quem meruisti portare,
Alleluia.

Resurrexit sicut dixit,
Alleluia.

Ora pro nobis Deum,
Alleluia.

Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven!
Alleluia!

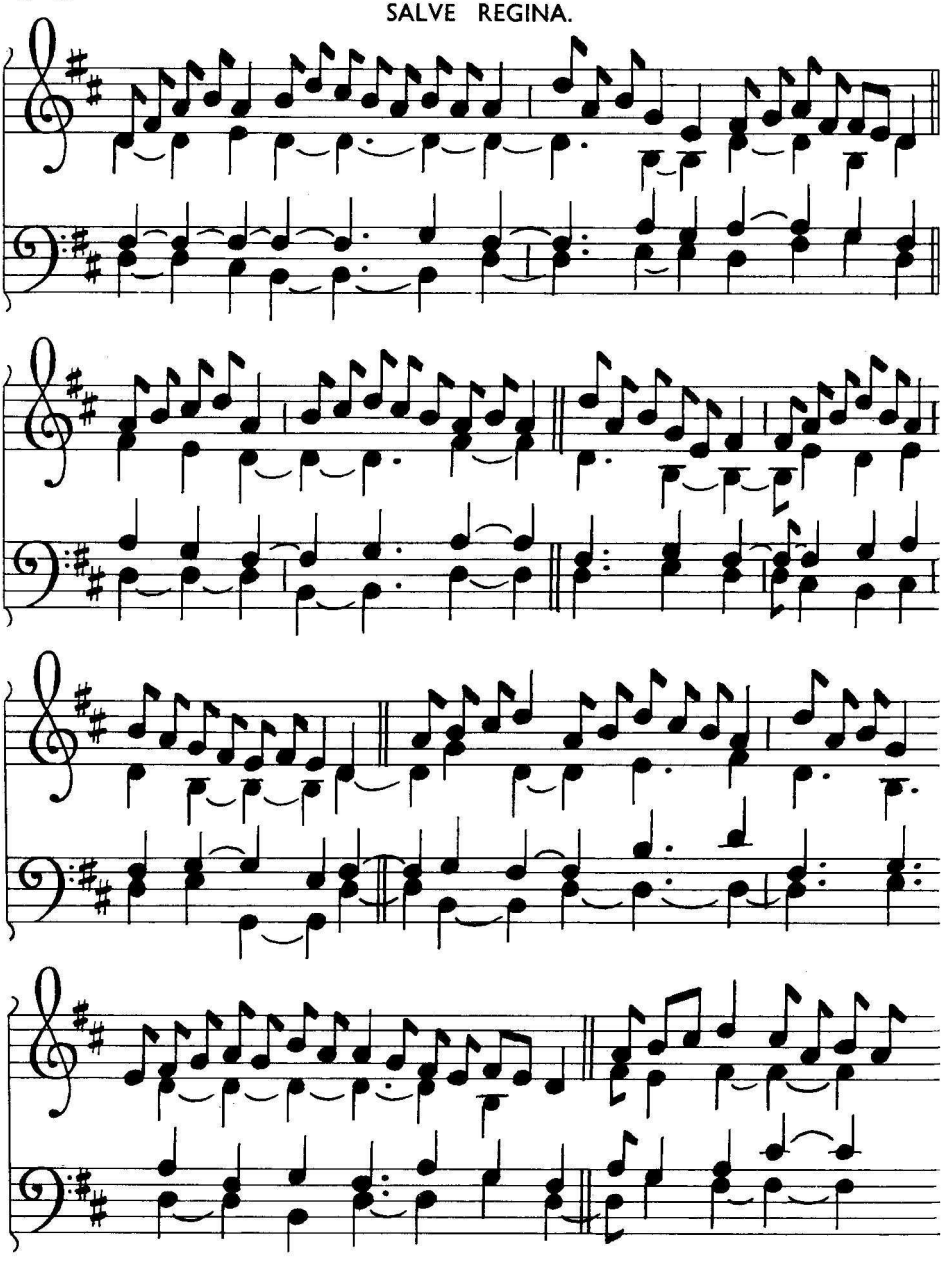
He Whom thou wast meet to bear,
Alleluia!

As He promised, hath arisen,
Alleluia!

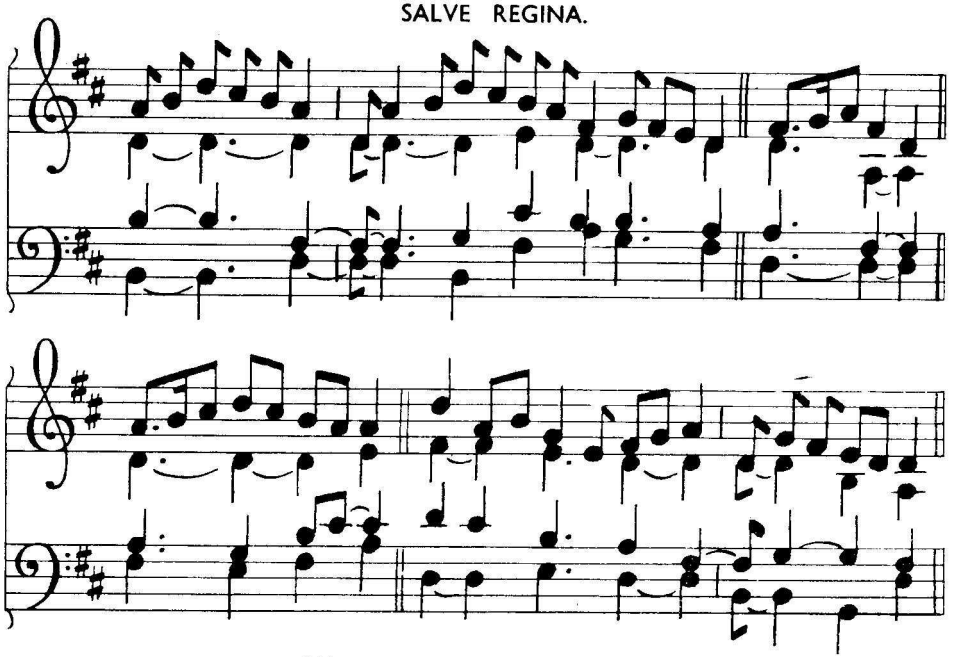
Pour for us to Him Thy prayer,
Alleluia!

108

SALVE REGINA.



SALVE REGINA.



108

SALVE REGINA

From Trinity Eve to Advent

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae.
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra salve.
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevae.
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.
Eia ergo advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum, benedictum, fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende.
O clemens,
O pia,
O dulcis Virgo Maria.

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 do we send up our signs, 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.