

SECOND EDITION

St. Mark's
Hymnal

FOR USE IN
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN THE
UNITED STATES



FOR THE COMPILERS
J. FISCHER & BRO.
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✠ E. M. DUNNE,

Bishop of Peoria

PREFACE

Of all external influences experience affords, there is none more potent than music. Not without reason has it been called the speech of angels. Music liberates the emotions and gives wings to daily life. Trials are smoothed away, weariness is forgotten, if the heart sings, and men have gone blithely into the very jaws of death with a song upon their lips. Throughout countless ages God's praise has been voiced in song; the whole realm of music holds no greater riches than the hymns of the Church. The poets of the early Church lived so close to God that their hymns are as deathless as the Church Herself, and the songs of Anatolius, Prudentius, Fortunatus, Bernard of Cluny, Joseph of Exeter, and their fellows are as sweet, as clear, as deep, as strong, as inspiring, as when first they were given voice.

A hymn is valued by its inspirational force, and the music to which it is set should be an expression of the sentiment of the hymn, should color that sentiment, not detract from it. The compilers of this hymnal have been at great pains to bring about this happy blending of words and music, essential to reverence and devotion. That the music might reveal more clearly the meaning of the words, and at the same time be singable and of a quality to appeal alike to the trained musician and the natural lover of song, has been the editors' aim. The children of our schools have been constantly in mind in the preparation of the work; let it be remembered that while children cannot, of necessity, grasp the full significance of many of these hymns, yet no hymn that children cannot sing will have a wide appeal to their elders. The hymns of the Church are the children's birthright and should not be denied them. Receiving them in youth, they will find them an ever unfolding treasure as the years go by.

Never has the Church had greater occasion for service than to-day; never has the world had greater need of Her service, and in that service the Church may find rich use for the love of song God has put in men's hearts to draw them closer to Him. Many a weary wanderer may echo Father Faber's words, "*the music of the Gospel leads us home.*"

For all His children, young and old, this book has been prepared, and is here dedicated to the services of Holy Church, the honor of the Blessed Mother, and the Glory of God.

St. Mark's Parish, Peoria, Ill.
Candlemas Day, 1910.

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Advent.

1

Emmanuel 8s - 6 lines
Ancient Plain-song.

1. *mf*

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el,
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free
3. O come, Thou Day - Spring, come and cheer

mf

And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
Thine own from Sa - tan's ty - ran - ny; From depths of hell Thy
Our spir - its by Thine Ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y

p

ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
peo - ple save, And give them vic - tory o'er the grave.
clouds of night, And death's dark shad - ows put to flight.

ff

Rejoice! Rejoice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee O Is - ra - el A - men.

4. O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads to Thee,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! etc.

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

Amen.

From the Latin. 12th Century.

2

Advent.

Caress. C. M.
R. P. Stewart.

2. *mf*

1. O ver - y God of ver - y God,
2. Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
3. And e - ven now, though dull and gray,

mf

p

And ver - y Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark
Thick dark - ness blinds our eyes; Cold is the night: Thy
The east is bright - 'ning fast, And kind - ling to the

p

cresc.

val - ley trod, That so it might be bright;
peo - ple long That Thou, their Sun, would'st rise. A - men.
per - fect day, That nev - er shall be past.

cresc.

4. Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5. We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

6. O Father, that we ask be done
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord;
Great One in Three and Three in One,
Forever be adored.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Advent.

3

Expectation 8-7-8-7.
Störl.

Joyful.
mf

3. 1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus,
2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion,
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er,

mf

Born to set Thy peo - ple free; From our fears and
Hope of all the earth Thou art, Dear de - sire of
Born a Child and yet a King, Born to reign in

sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart. A - men.
us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

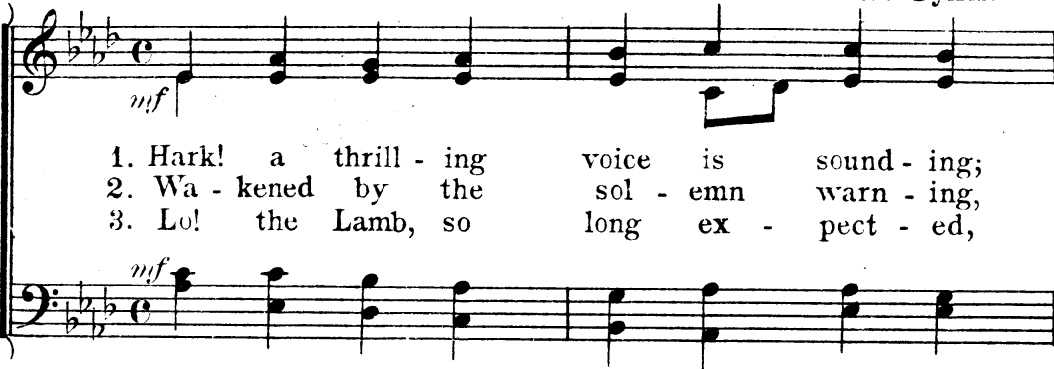
4. By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
Amen.
Selected.

4

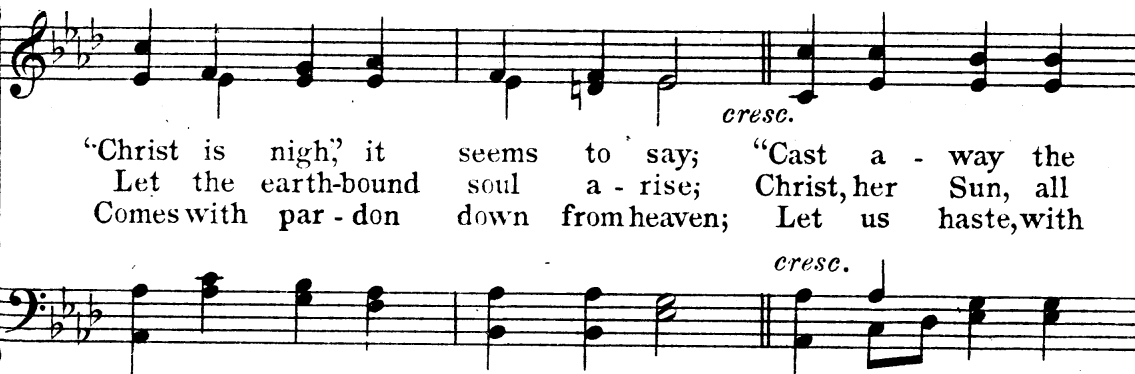
Advent.

Arundel 8-7-8-7.
J. B. Dykes.

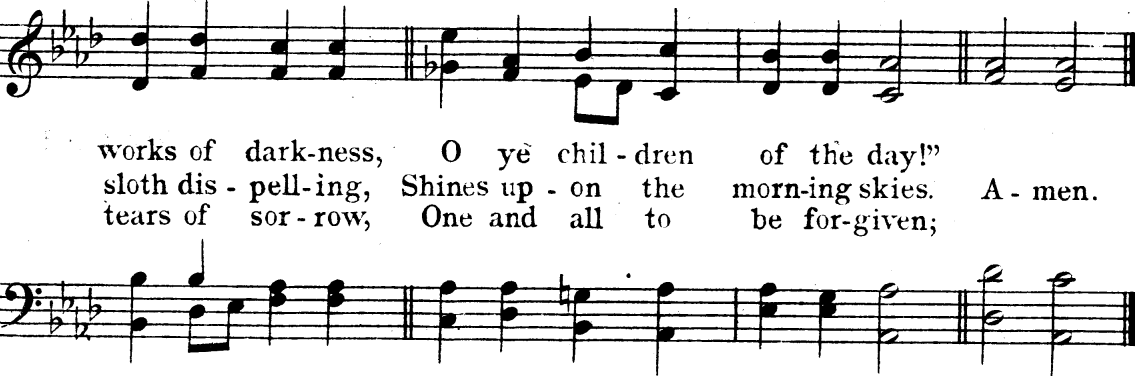
4. *mf*



1. Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound - ing;
2. Wa - kened by the sol - emn warn - ing,
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long ex - pect - ed,



cresc.
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say; "Cast a - way the
Let the earth-bound soul a - rise; Christ, her Sun, all
Comes with par - don down from heaven; Let us haste, with
cresc.



works of dark-ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!"
sloth dis - pell-ing, Shines up - on the morn-ing skies. A - men.
tears of sor - row, One and all to be for-given;

4. So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.
Amen.

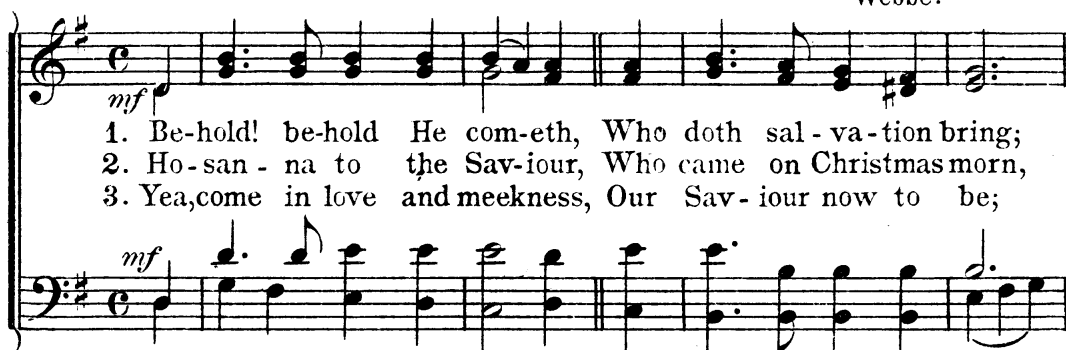
From the Latin.

Advent.

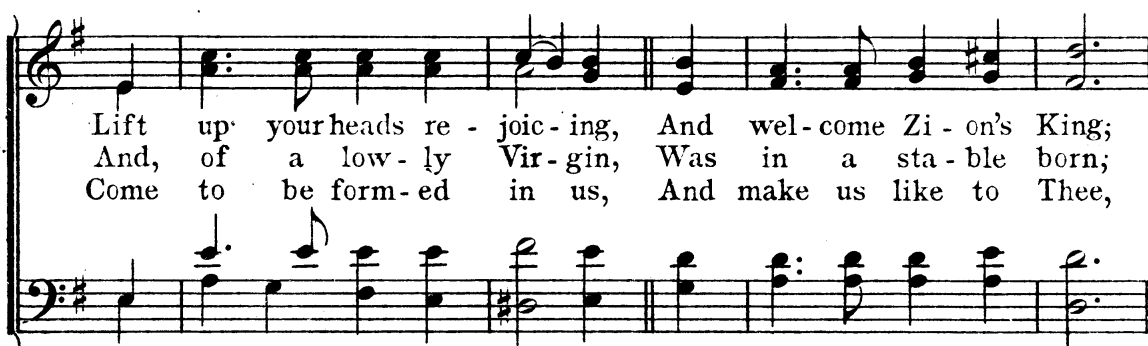
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Cometh 7-6-7-6-8-8.
Webbe.

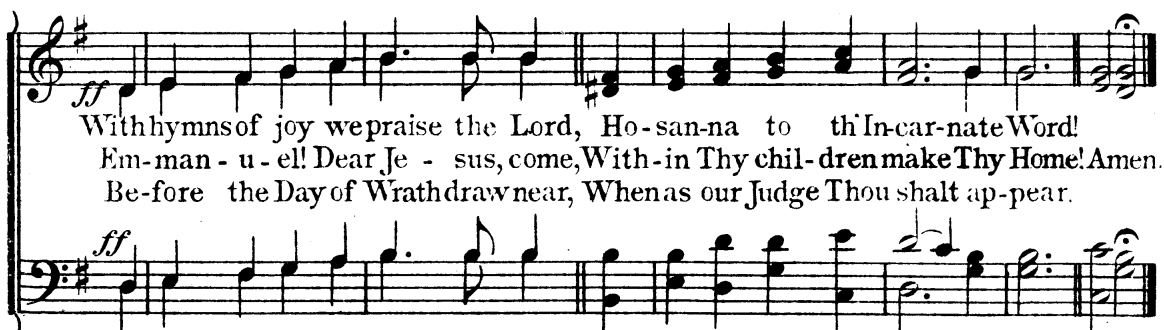
5.



1. Be-hold! be-hold He com-eth, Who doth sal-va-tion bring;
2. Ho-san-na to the Sav-iour, Who came on Christmas morn,
3. Yea, come in love and meekness, Our Sav-iour now to be;



Lift up your heads re-joic-ing, And wel-come Zi-on's King;
And, of a low-ly Vir-gin, Was in a sta-ble born;
Come to be form-ed in us, And make us like to Thee,



With hymns of joy we praise the Lord, Ho-san-na to th' In-car-nate Word!
Em-man-u-el! Dear Je-sus, come, With-in Thy chil-dren make Thy Home! Amen.
Be-fore the Day of Wrath draw near, When as our Judge Thou shalt ap-pear.

4. Soon shalt Thou sit in glory
Upon the great White Throne,
And punish all the wicked,
And recompense Thine own;
When ev'ry word and deed and thought
To righteous judgment shall be brought.

5. Here, good and bad are mingled,
But on that Judgment Day
The angels shall divide them,
And take the bad away;
Grant, Lord, that we be faithful found
When that last trumpet-call shall sound.

Amen.

Tr. from the Latin.

Advent.

Voice Eternal 6-5-6-5 D. with refrain.

E. J. Hopkins.

6.

1. Hark! the voice e - ternal Robed in majes - ty, Calling in - to be - ing
 2. Long the nations waited, Thro' the troubl'd night, Looking, longing, yearning,
 3. Bright - ly dawned the Advent Of the new - born King, Joyous - ly the watchers

Earth and sky and sea, Hark! in count - less num - bers All the an - gel - throng
 For the promised light. Prophets saw the morn - ing Break - ing far a - way,
 Heard the angels sing. Sad - ly closed the eve - ning Of His hallowed life,

Hail cre - a - tion's morning With one burst of song. - High in re - gal glo - ry,
 Minstrel sang the splen - dor Of that open - ing day, - Whilst in re - gal glo - ry,
 As the noontide darkness Veiled the last dread strife. - Lo! again in glo - ry,

'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign, O King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fin - ite.
 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigned the King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fin - ite. A - men.
 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigns the King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fin - ite.

4. Lo! again He cometh,
 Robed in clouds of light,
 As the Judge eternal,
 Armed with power and might.
 Nations to His footstool
 Gathered then shall be;
 Earth shall yield her treasures,
 And her dead, the sea.
 Till the trumpet soundeth,
 'Mid eternal light
 Reign, Thou King Immortal,
 Holy, infinite.

5. Jesus! Lord and Master,
 Prophet, Priest and King,
 To Thy feet triumphant
 Hallowed praise we bring.
 Thine the pain and weeping,
 Thine the victory;
 Power, and praise, and honour,
 Be, O Lord, to Thee.
 High in regal glory,
 'Mid eternal light,
 Reign, O King immortal,
 Holy, infinite.

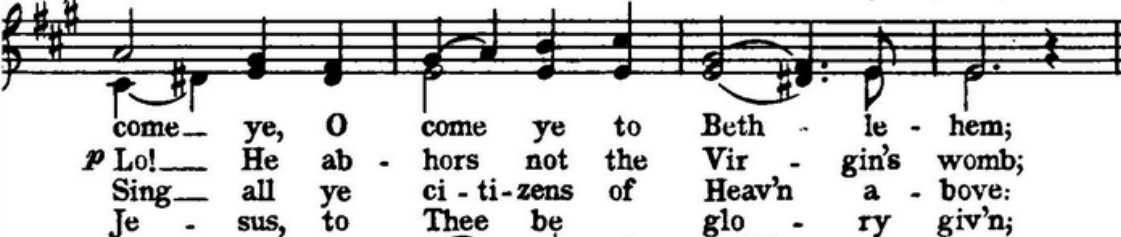
Amen.
 Selected.

Christmas.

7

Adeste P. M.
J. Reading.


1. *f* O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O
 2. *f* God of God Light of Light
 3. *f* Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion,
 4. *f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing,



come— ye, O come ye to Beth-le-hem;
p Lo!— He ab-hors not the Vir-gin's womb;
 Sing— all ye ci-ti-zens of Heav'n a-bove:
 Je-sus, to Thee be glo-ry giv'n;




Come and be-hold Him Born, the King of An-gels;
f Ve-ry God, Be-got-ten, not cre-a-ted;
 Glo-ry to God In the high-est;
 Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing;



After each verse. *cresc.*



p O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O




come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-men.



From the Latin

8

Christmas.

Corde Natus 8-7-8-7-8-7-7
Henry Smart.

8.

mf

1. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be -
 2. Oh, that ev - er bless - ed birth day, When the Vir - gin,
 3. Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heav-ens! Praise Him, an - gels

mf

gan to be, He the Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the
 full of grace, By the Ho-ly Ghost conceiv-ing, Bare the Sav-iour
 in the height! Ev-'ry pow'r and ev - 'ry vir-tue Sing the praise of

end - ing He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu-ture
 of our race; And that Child, the world's Redeem-er, First displayed His
 God a-right; Let no tongue of man be si-lent, Let each heart and

years shall see, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!
 sa - cred face, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more! A - men!
 voice u - nite, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!

Org.

4. Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
 Thee let choirs of infants sing;
 Thee the matrons and the virgins,
 And the children answering;
 Let their guileless song re-echo,
 And their heart its praises bring,
 Evermore and evermore!

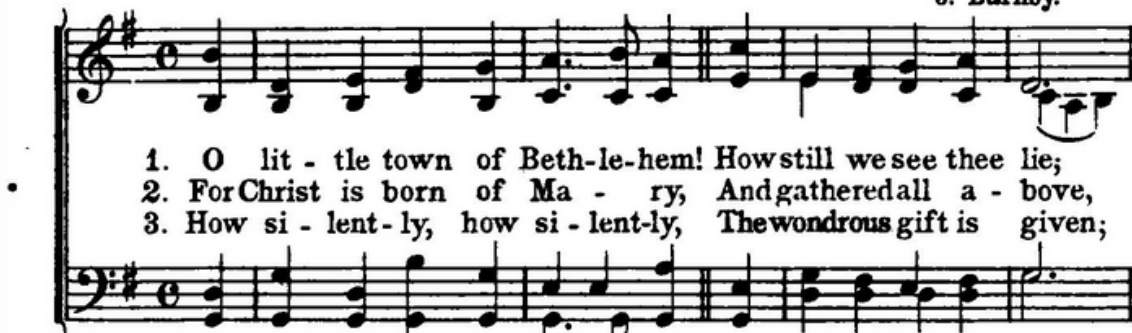
5. Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
 And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praises be:
 Honor, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore!

Amen.

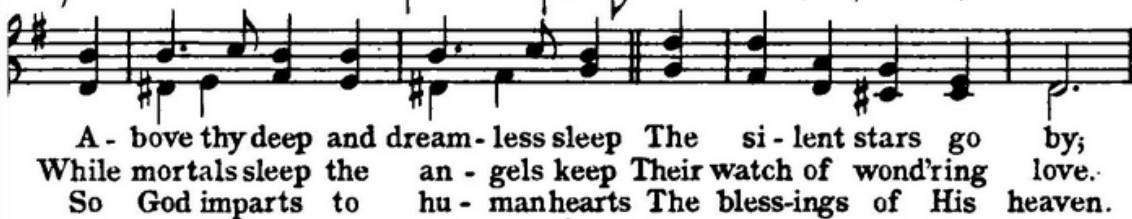
Prudentius 5th Century.

Christmas.

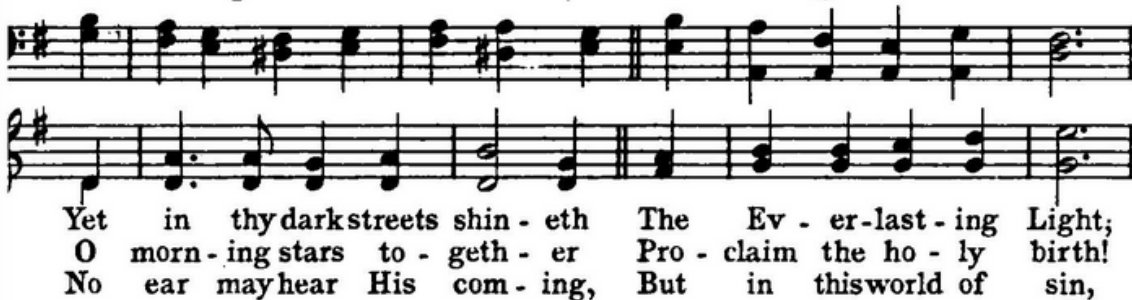
9

Bethlehem C. M. D.
J. Barnby.


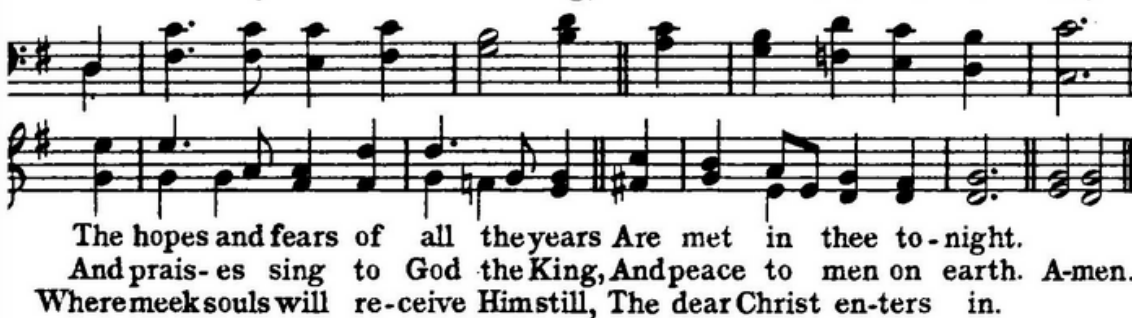
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem! How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gathered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is given;



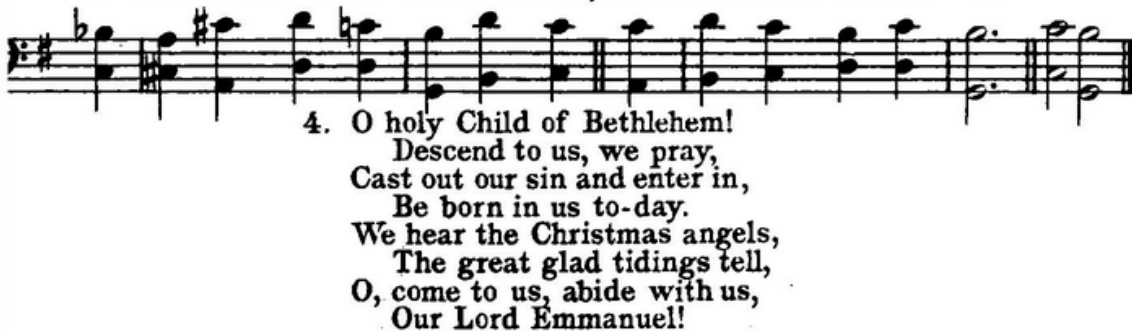
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mortals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God imparts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The Ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. A - men.
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.



4. O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to - day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Amen.

Selected.

10

Christmas.

Carol C. M. D.
R. S. Willis.

10.

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glor - ious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heavenly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With fee - ble steps and slow!

mf
 "Peace on the earth to all goodmen From Heaven's all gra - cious King,"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
 Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;

p
 The world in sol - emn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The blessed an - gels sing. A - men.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.

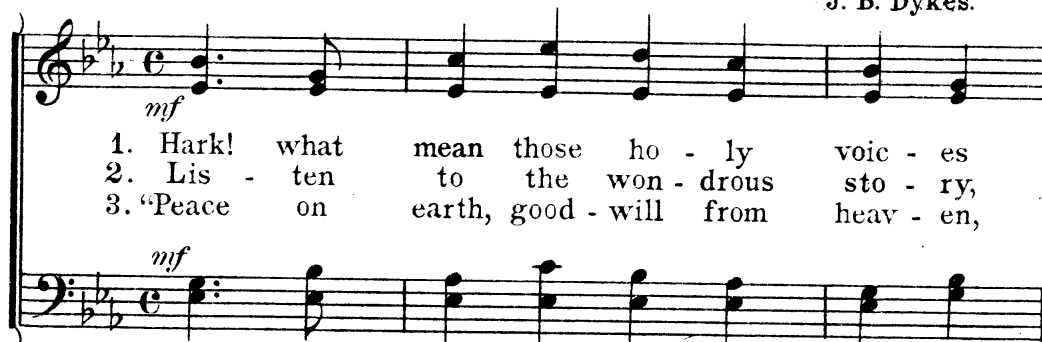
Adapted.

Christmas.

11

St. Oswald 8-7-8-7.
J. B. Dykes.

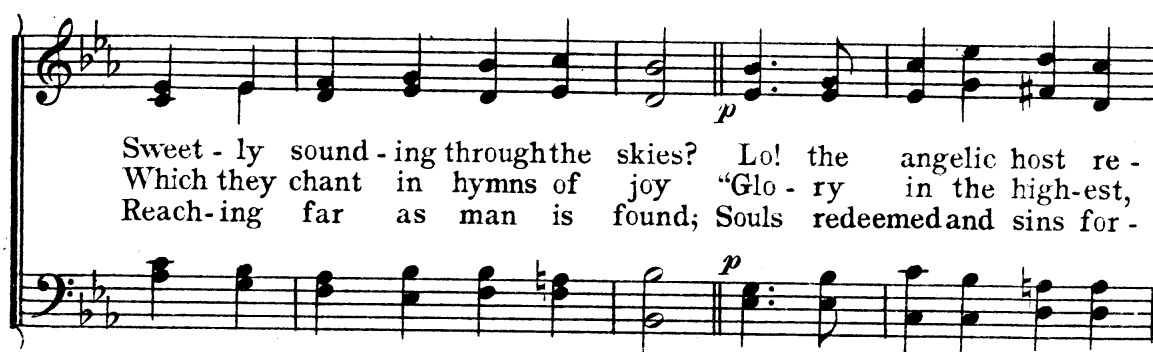
11.



mf

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es
2. Lis - ten to the won - drous sto - ry,
3. "Peace on earth, good - will from heav - en,

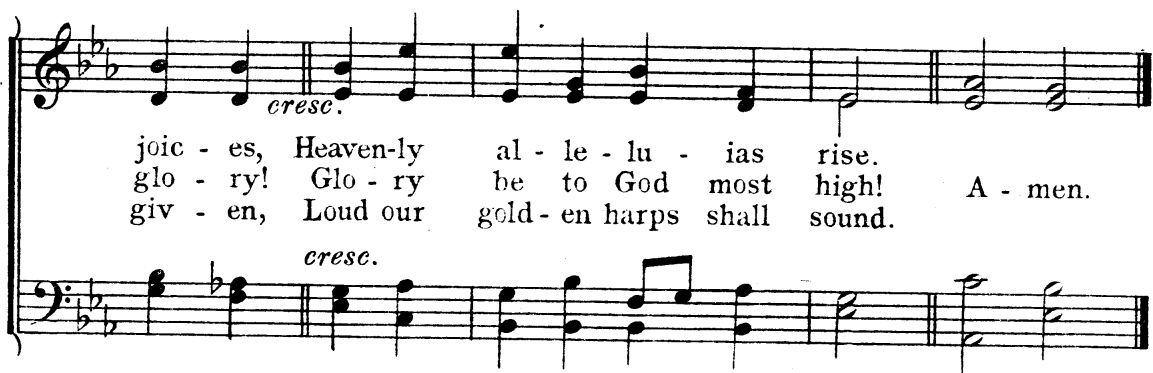
mf



p

Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies? Lo! the angelic host re -
Which they chant in hymns of joy "Glo - ry in the high - est,
Reach - ing far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins for -

p



cresc.

joic - es, Heaven - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.
glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high! A - men.
giv - en, Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.

cresc.

4. "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5. "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

Amen.

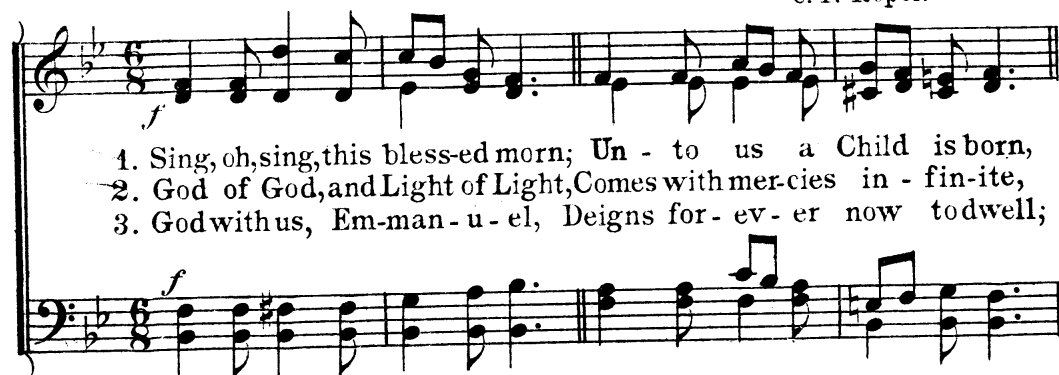
Selected.

12

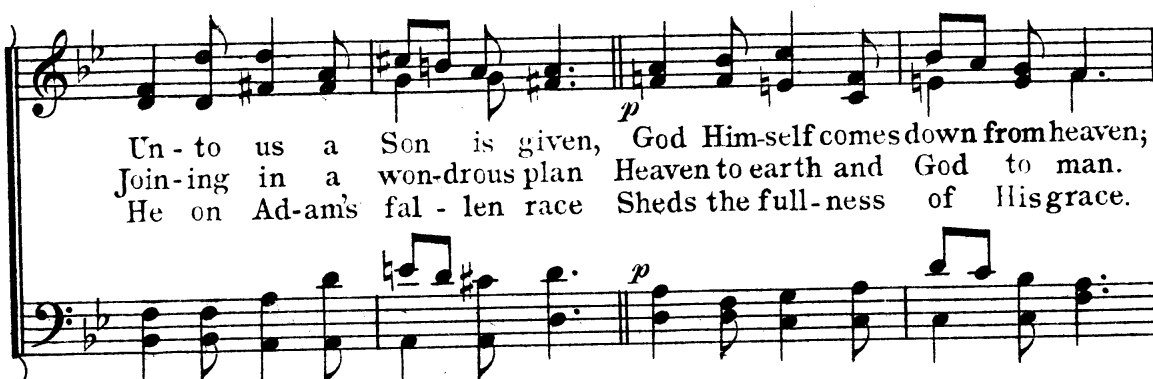
Christmas.

Holy Morn 7s with Refrain.
C. F. Roper.

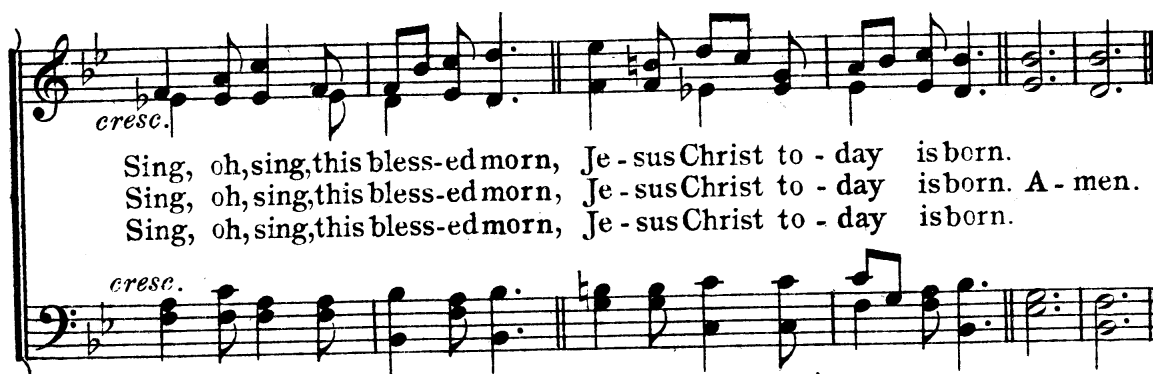
12.



1. Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn; Un - to us a Child is born,
2. God of God, and Light of Light, Comes with mercies in - fin-ite,
3. God with us, Em-man-u-el, Deigns for - ev - er now to dwell;



Un - to us a Son is given, God Him-self comes down from heaven;
Join-ing in a won-drous plan Heaven to earth and God to man.
He on Ad-am's fal - len race Sheds the full-ness of His grace.



Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.
Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - men.
Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

4. God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5. Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
Selected.

Christmas.

13

Holy Night P. M.

13.

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark,
 2. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! On - ly for
 3. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Child of Heav'n!

save the Light, Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep,
 shep - herds sight, Came blest vi - sions of An - gel throngs,
 O! how bright God smiled on us when Thou wast born,

O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
 With their glad Al - le - lu - ia songs,
 Blest in - deed was that hap - py morn,

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, — Rests in heav - en - ly peace. —
 Say - ing Je - sus is come, — Say - ing Je - sus is come. —
 Full of heav - en - ly joy, — Full of heav - en - ly joy. —

14

Christmas.

Slumber P. M.

14.

1. Sleep, my Sav-iour, sleep, On Thy bed of
2. Sleep, my Sav-iour, sleep, On Thy bed of
3. Sleep, my Sav-iour, sleep, Sweet on Ma-ry's

hay, An-gels in the span-gled Heav-en Sing their glad-some
hay, Ere the mourn-ing An-gel com-eth To the moon-lit
breast, Now the shep-herds kneel a - dor-ing, Now the Moth-er's

Christ-mas car-ols Till the dawn of day.
ol - ive gar-den, Wip-ing tears a - way. A - men.
heart is joy-ous, Take a hap-py rest.

4. Sleep, my Saviour, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast;
Crucified, with wounds and bruises,
Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest

Old Song.

Christmas.

15

Orient. 8-8-8-6-8-7-8-7.

5.

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are Bear - ing gifts we
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring to
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owes a

traverse a - far, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yon - der star;
 crown Him a - gain, King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.
 De - i - ty nigh, Pray'r and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God most High.

CHORUS.

O Star of won - der, Star of Night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy perfect light. A - men.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
 Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
 Star of wonder, etc.

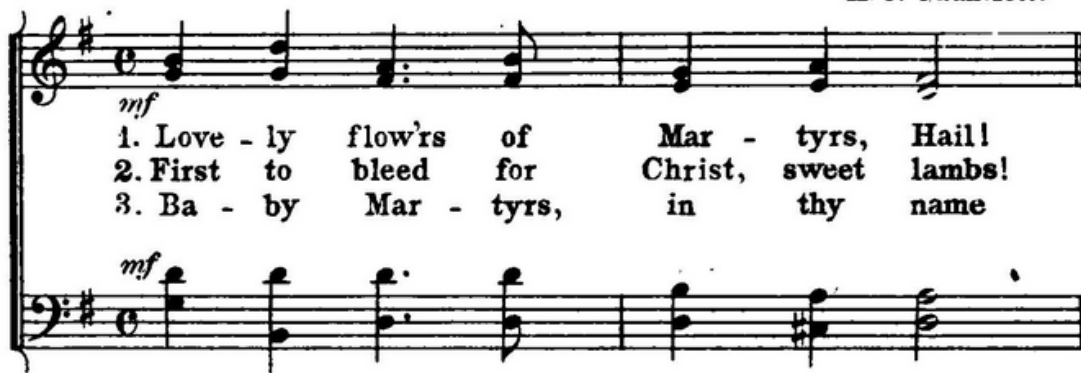
5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
 King and God and Sacrifice,
 Heaven singing Alleluia;
 Joyous the earth replies,
 Star of wonder, etc.

16

Holy Innocents.

Baby Martyrs 7s
H. J. Gauntlett.

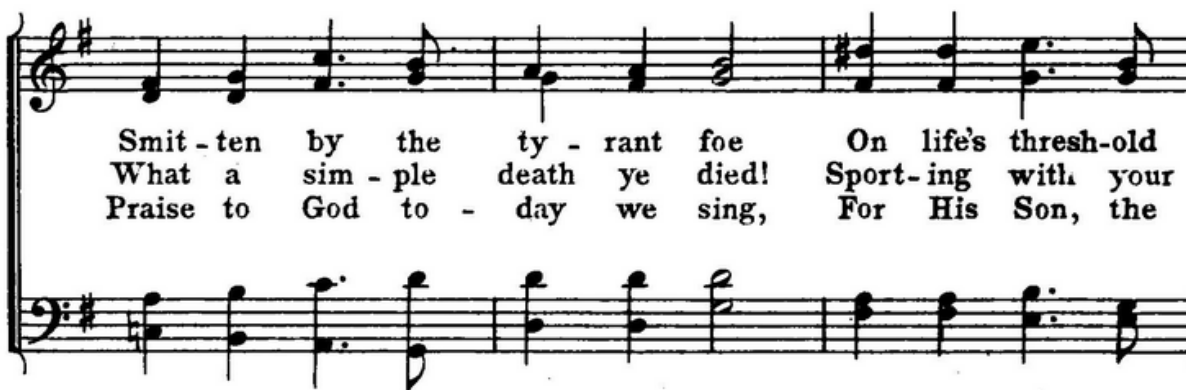
16.



mf

1. Love - ly flow'rs of Mar - tyrs, Hail!
 2. First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
 3. Ba - by Mar - tyrs, in thy name

mf



Smit - ten by the ty - rant foe On life's thresh-old
 What a sim - ple death ye died! Sport-ing with your
 Praise to God to - day we sing, For His Son, the



as the gale Strews the ro - ses ere they blow.
 wreath and palms At the ver - y al - tar - side! A - men.
 Christ, Who came, Our Re-deem-er, Lord and King!

From the Latin.

Holy Innocents.

17

Holy Innocents.
R. Mc Cartney.

17.

mf

1. O happy lit-tle chil-dren, First martyrs for your Lord,
2. O God, Who hath so hon-ored, Thy lit-tle children dear,

mf

Whose cru-el suff'rings brought ye Ex-ceed-ing great re-ward;
Thy lit-tle ones may all know The love that casts out fear,

At home with God, your Fa-ther, Through-out e-ter-ni-ty,
Grant us Thy grace and pow-er To keep the faith al-way,

cresc.

The brightness of His glo-ry Beams ev-er o-ver thee. Amen.
And make us pure and ho-ly, And in-no-cent as they.

cresc.

J. C. D.

18

Circumcision.

Schumann No 2. S. M.

R. Schumann.

18.

mf

1. The an - cient law de - parts
2. The Light of Light di - vine,
3. To - day the Name is Thine,

mf

And all its ter - rors cease; For Je - sus makes with
True Bright-ness un - de - filed, He bears for us the
At which we bend the knee; They call Thee Je - sus,

faith-ful hearts A cov - e - nant of peace.
shame of sin, A ho - ly, spot-less child. A - men.
Child di - vine! Our Je - sus deign to be.

*Tr. from the Latin.
Abbé Bernault.
18th Century.*

Epiphany.

19

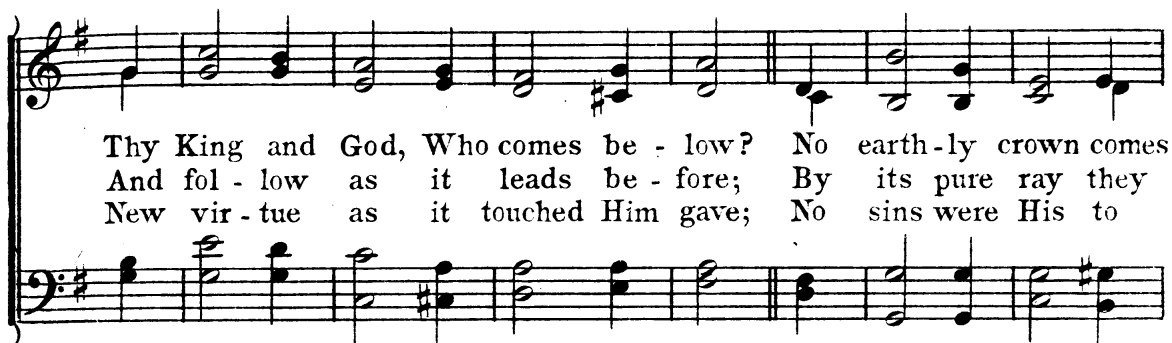
Epiphany L. M.
T. Southgate.

19.

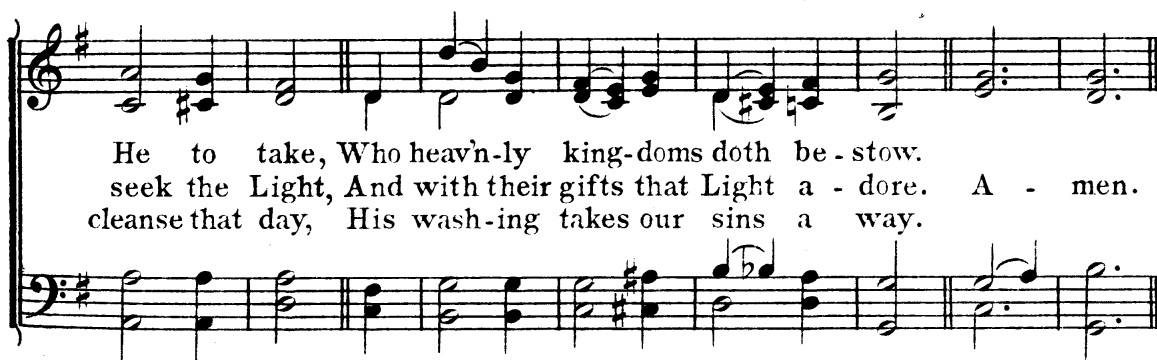


mf
1. O cru - el He - rod! why thus fear
2. The wis - er Ma - gi see the star,
3. The Lamb of God to Jor - dan's wave

mf



Thy King and God, Who comes be - low? No earth-ly crown comes
And fol - low as it leads be - fore; By its pure ray they
New vir - tue as it touched Him gave; No sins were His to



He to take, Who heav'n-ly king-doms doth be - stow.
seek the Light, And with their gifts that Light a - dore. A - men.
cleanse that day, His wash-ing takes our sins a way.

4. But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, red'ning at His word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine.

5. All glory, Jesus, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost forevermore.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Epiphany.

St. Joseph 11-10-11-10.

J. P. Harding.

20.

mf

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning,
 2. Cold on His cra-dle the dew - drops are shin-ing,
 3. Shall we not yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,

mf

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;—
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;—
 O - dors of E - dom and off - 'rings di - vine,—

Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a - dorn - ing,
 An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
 Gems of the moun - tain, and pearls of the o - cean,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all. A - men.
 Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Amen.

By permission of
 C. L. Hutchins.

Selected.

Epiphany.

21

Guiding Star 7s Six lines.
C. Kocher.

21.

mf

1. As with glad - ness men of old
 2. As with joy - ful steps they sped
 3. As they off - ered gifts most rare

mf

Did the guid - ing star be - hold; As with joy they
 To that low - ly man - ger - bed; There to bend the
 At that man - ger rude and bare; So may we with

hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beaming bright; So, most gra - cious
 knee be - fore Him Whom heav'n and earth a - dore So may we with
 ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost - liest

Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
 will - ing feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat. A - men.
 treas - ures bring, Christ! to Thee our heav'n - ly King.

4. Holy Jesus! ev'ry day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heav'nly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

Amen.

Selected.

22

Epiphany.

Morning Star 8-7-8-7.

Von Weber.

22.

mf

1. Earth has man - y a no - ble cit - y;
 2. Fair - er than the sun at morn - ing;
 3. By its ra - diant beau - ty guid - ed,

mf

Beth - le - hem, thou dost ex - cel: Out of thee the
 Was the star that told His birth; To the lands their
 See, the East - ern Kings ap - pear! See them bend, their

Lord from heav-en Came to rule His Is - ra - el.
 God an - nouncing, Hid be - neath a form of earth. A - men.
 gifts to of - fer, Gifts of in - cense, gold, and myrrh.

4. Offerings of mystic meaning!
 Incense doth the God disclose;
 Gold a Royal Child proclaimeth,
 Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

5. Holy Jesus! in Thy brightness
 To the Gentile world displayed.
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 Endless praise to Thee be paid.
 Amen.

Prudentius.

Week before Septuagesima.

23

Dulce Carmen 8-7-6-6 lines
M. Haydn.

23.

1. Al-le-lu-ia! song of glad-ness, Voice of joy that
2. Al-le-lu-ia! thus re-sound-est, True Je-ru-sa-
3. Al-le-lu-ia! can-not al-ways Be our song while
can-not die; Al-le-lu-ia is the an-them
lem and free; Al-le-lu-ia joy-ful moth-er,
here be-low; Al-le-lu-ia our trans-gressions
Ev-er dear to choirs on high; In the house of
All thy chil-dren sing with thee But by Ba-by-
Make us for a-while fore-go; For the sol-lemn
God a-bid-ing Thus they sing e-ter-nal-ly.
lon's sad wa-ters Mourn-ing ex-iles now are we. A-men.
time is com-ing When our tears for sin must flow.

4. Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our heavenly home with Thee;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Amen.

From the Latin 11th Century

24

Septuagesima, etc.

Cardinal C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

24.

f

1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height
2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God!
3. O wis - est love! that flesh and blood,

f

p

And in the depth be praise; In all His words most
When all was sin and shame, A sec - ond Ad - am
Which did in Ad - am fail, Should strive a - fresh a -

p

won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.
to the fight And to the res - cue came. A - men.
gainst their foe, Should strive and should pre - vail.

4. And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all divine.

5. O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo.

6. And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

Amen.

J. Card. Newman.

Septuagesima, etc.

25

Moscow P. M.
Giardini.

25.

1. Thou, Whose al - might - y word
 2. Thou Who didst come to bring
 3. Spir - it of truth and love,

Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight;
 On Thy re - deem - ing wing Heal - ing and sight,
 Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight!

p Hear us we hum - bly pray, And where the Gos - pel day
 Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the in - ly blind,
 Move on the wa - ters' face, Bear - ing the lamp of grace,
cresc.

ff Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!
 Oh, now, to all man - kind, Let there be light! A - men.
 And in earth's dark - est place Let there be light!

4. Holy and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might;
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world far and wide,
 Let there be Light.

Amen!
 Selected.

26

Lent.

Xavier C. M.
A. Reinagle.

26.

mf

1. My God, I love Thee: not be-cause
2. But, O my Je-sus, Thou didst me
3. And griefs and tor-ments num-ber-less

mf

I hope for heav'n there-by; Nor yet be-cause if
Up-on the cross em-brace; For me didst bear the
And sweat of ag-o-ny, E'en death it-self; and

I love not I must for-ev-er die.
nails and spear; And man-i-fold dis-grace. A-men.
all for me Who was Thine en-e-my.

4. Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

5. Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6. E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Amen.

St. Francis Xavier. 16th Century.

Lent.

27

Sammon C. M.
Barnby.

27.

1. Now, with the slow re - volv - ing year,
2. That Fast, by Law and Proph - et taught,
3. Hence - forth more spar - ing let us be

A - gain the Fast we greet, Which in its mys - tic
By Je - sus Christ re - stored; Je - sus, of seas - ons
Of food, of words, of sleep; Hence-forth be - neath a

cir - cle moves Of for - ty days com - plete.
and of times The Mak - er and the Lord. A - men.
strict - er guard The rov - ing sens - es keep.

4. And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart,
And let us shut our souls against
The tyrant tempter's art.

5. Much have we sinned, O Lord, and still
We sin each day we live,
Yet look in pity from on high
And of Thy grace forgive.

6. Undo past evil: grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

Amen.

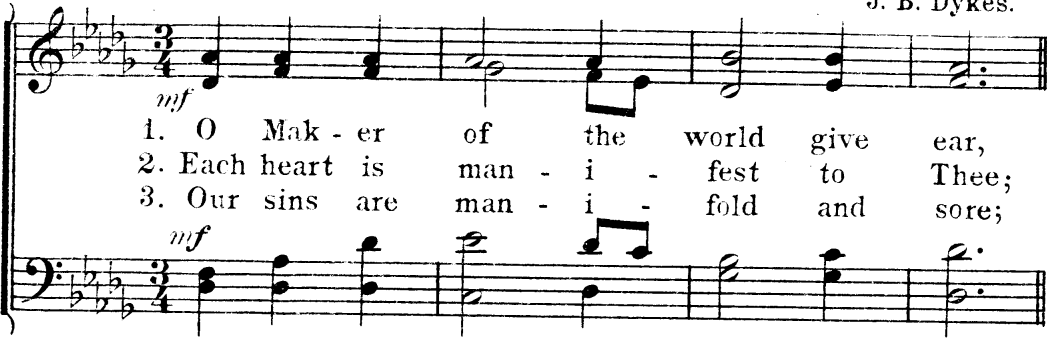
From the Latin.

28

Lent.

Frawley L. M.
J. B. Dykes.

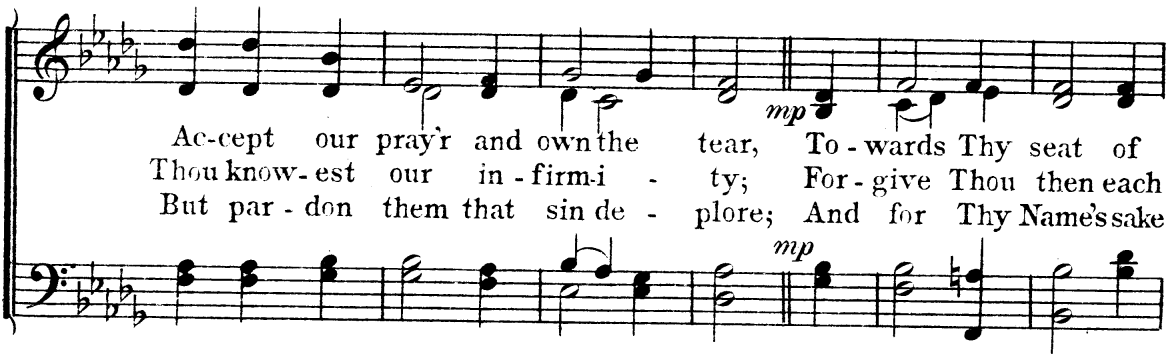
28.



mf

1. O Mak - er of the world give ear,
2. Each heart is man - i - fest to Thee;
3. Our sins are man - i - fold and sore;

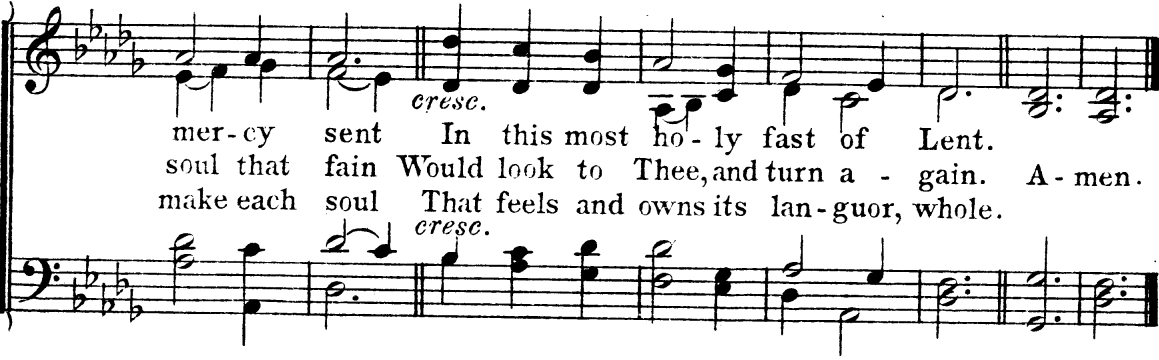
mf



mp

Ac-cept our pray'r and own the tear, To - wards Thy seat of
Thou know - est our in - firmi - ty; For - give Thou then each
But par - don them that sin de - plore; And for Thy Name's sake

mp



cresc.

mer - cy sent In this most ho - ly fast of Lent.
soul that fain Would look to Thee, and turn a - gain. A - men.
make each soul That feels and owns its lan - guor, whole.

cresc.

4. So mortify we ev'ry sense
By grace of outward abstinence,
That from each spot and stain of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

5. Grant, O Thou blessèd Trinity,
Grant, O Essential Unity,
That this our fast of forty days
May work our profit and Thy praise.
Amen.

From the Latin.

Lent.

29

Andrew of Crete 6-5-6-5D.
J. B. Dykes.

29.

mp
1. Christ-ian! dost thou see them, On the ho - ly ground,
2. Christ-ian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
3. Christ-ian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?

cresc. *dim.*
How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?
Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
"Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and pray'r?"

cresc. *dim.*
Christ-ian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Christ-ian! nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;
Christ-ian! an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray!"

ff
In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.
Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast. A - men.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

4. "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."
Amen.

Andrew of Crete 7th Century.

30

Lent.

Edith 7-6-7-6 D.
Husband and Knecht.

30.

mp

1. O Je - su, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
p 2. O Je - su, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - su, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,
mp

In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

cresc.

Shame on us, Christian broth-ers, His Name and sign who bear:
 O love that pass-eth know-ledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait!
 O Lord with shame and sor-row We o - pen now the door:
cresc.

p

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate! A-men.
 Dear Sav-iour en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.
p

Selected.

Lent.

31

Guerdon 8-5-8-3.

Bullinger.

31.

mp

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid,
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch,

mp

Art thou sore dis - trest? "Come to Me," saith
 If He be my guide? "In His feet and
 That His brow a - dorns? "Yea, a crown, in

cresc.

cresc.

One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 hands are wound - prints, And His side? A - men.
 ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."

p

4. If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

mf 6. If I ask Him to receive me
 Will He say me nay?
cr. "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

mf 5. If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
cr. "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past."

mf 7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
cr. Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, "Yes."

Amen.

From the Greek.

32


Lent.

Mercy's Day 7-7-7.
W. H. Monk.

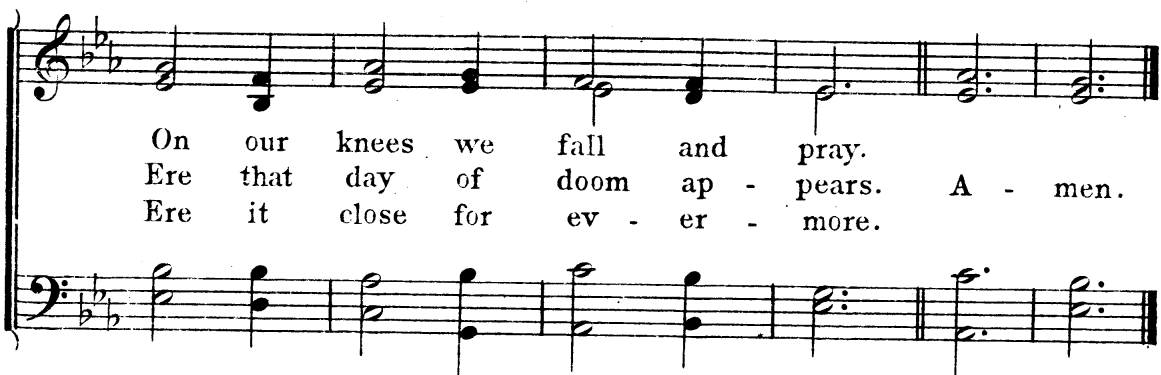
32.



1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day,
2. Ho - ly Je - su, grant us tears,
3. Lord, on us Thy Spir - it pour.



Ere the time shall pass a - way,
Fill us with heart - search - ing fears,
Kneel - ing low - ly at Thy door,



On our knees we fall and pray.
Ere that day of doom ap - pears. A - men.
Ere it close for ev - er - more.

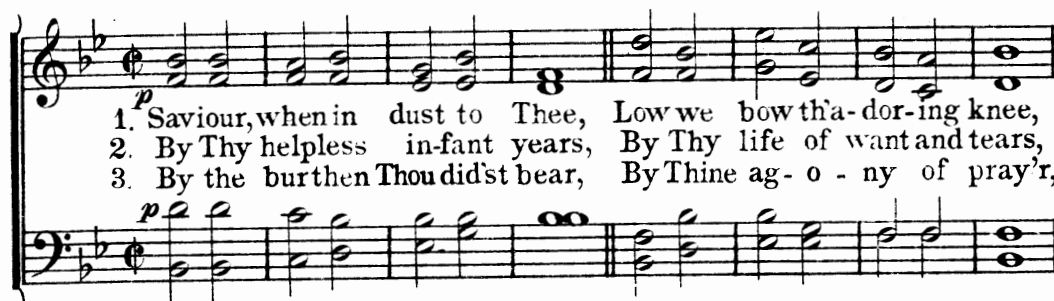
- | | |
|--|---|
| 4. By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die, | 6. Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place. |
| 5. By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego. | 7. On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy Throne.
Amen.
<i>Selected.</i> |

Lent.

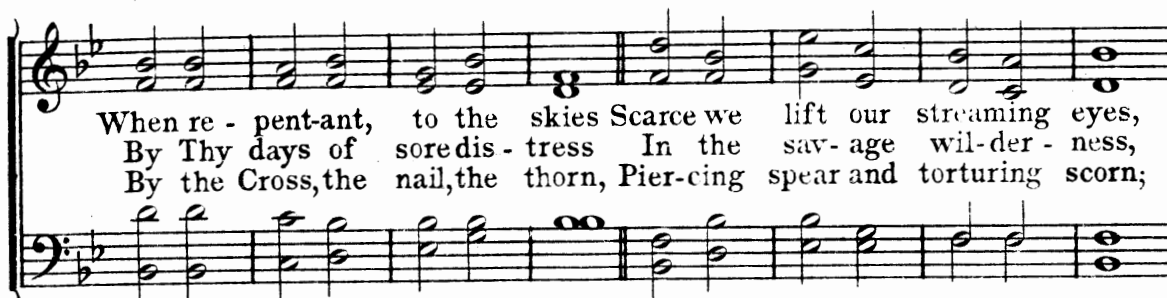
33

Spanish Chant 7-7-7-7 D.

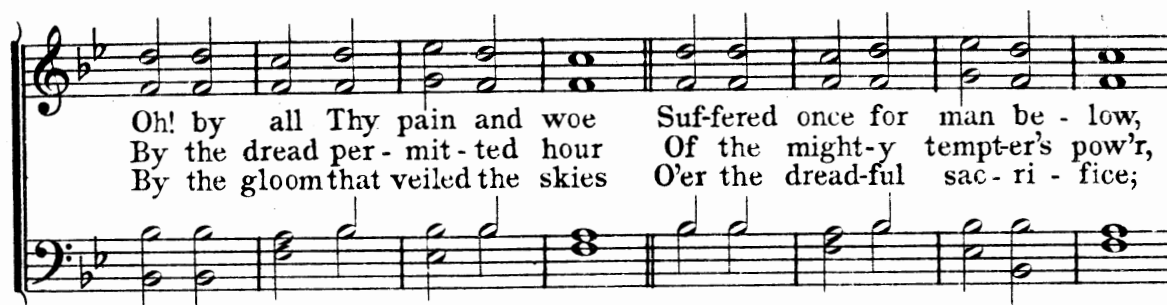
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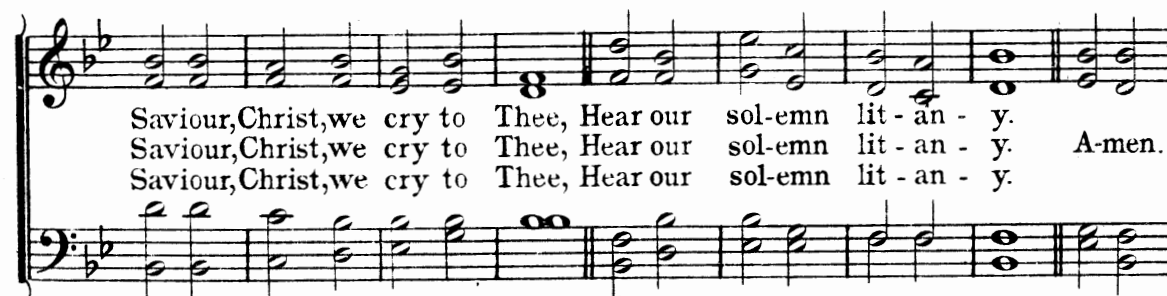
1. *p* Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,
 2. By Thy helpless in-fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
 3. By the burthen Thou didst bear, By Thine ag-o-ny of pray'r,



When re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
 By Thy days of sore dis-tress In the sav-age wil-der-ness,
 By the Cross, the nail, the thorn, Pier-cing spear and torturing scorn;



Oh! by all Thy pain and woe Suffered once for man be-low,
 By the dread per-mit-ted hour Of the might-y tempter's pow'r,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread-ful sac-ri-fice;



Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our sol-lemn lit-an-y.
 Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our sol-lemn lit-an-y. A-men.
 Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee, Hear our sol-lemn lit-an-y.

4. By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 Oh! from earth to Heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Saviour, Christ, we cry to Thee,
 Hear our solemn litany.

Amen.

Adapted.

34

Lent.

Penitence 6-5-6-5 D.
S. Lane.

34.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, be with me;
mf 2. With for-bid-den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm;
p 3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sor-row, toil, and woe;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de-part from Thee;
 Or its sor-did treas-ures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call
p Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth-sem - a - ne,
cr. Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see

rall.
 Not for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall.
pp Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross-crowned Cal - va - ry. A - men.
 Grant that I may ev - er *p* Cast my care on Thee.

pp 4. When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
cr. On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
p Jesu, take me, dying,
cr. To eternal life.

Amen.
Selected.

Lent.

35

Prosper. 8-8-8-4
Arthur Sullivan.

35.

mf

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me,
 2. Look down on me, for I am weak;
 3. I am be - wil - dered on my way,

mf

For I am wea - ry and op - prest; I come to cast my -
 I feel the toil - some jour - ney's length; Thine aid om - nip - o -
 Dark and tem - pest - u - ous the night; Oh, send Thou forth some

p

self on Thee: Thou art my Rest.
 tent I seek: Thou art my Strength. A - men.
 cheer - ing ray! Thou art my Light.

p

4. When Satan flings his fiery darts,
 I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
 Thou art my Peace.

5. Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous, latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
 Thou art my Life.

6. Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall:
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my All.

Amen.

Selected.

36

Lent.

Adelaide 6-5-6-5.
J. E. Roe.

36.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle,
2. Par - don our of - fen - ses;
3. Give us ho - ly free - dom,

Son of God most high, Pity - ing, lov - ing
Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - 'ry
Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, ho - ly

Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
i - dol Which our soul de - tains. A - men.
Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.

4. Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5. Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour
Hear Thy children's cry.

Amen.

Selected.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Passiontide.

37

Royal Banners L. M.
E. J. Hopkins.

37.

1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go,
2. There whilst He hung, His sa - cred side
3. Ful - filled is now what Da - vid told

The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in flesh, our
By sol - dier's spear was o - pened wide, To cleanse us in the
In true pro - phet - ic song of old, How God the heathen's

flesh Who made Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid.
pre - cious flood Of wa - ter mingled with His blood. A - men.
King should be; For God is reigning from the tree.

4. O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!
5. Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
6. To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Amen.

V. Fortunatus 6th Century.



*Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation
to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:*

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

38

Palm Sunday and Holy Week.

Theodulph 7-6-7-6 D.
M. Teschner.

38.

1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon - our, To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Make sweet ho-san-nas ring.

The 2nd and following verses.

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy - al Son,
3. The com-pa - ny of an - gels Are prais-ing Thee on high;

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
And mor-tal men, and all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.

After each verse.

All glo-ry laud, and hon - our, To Thee, Re-deem-er King! A-men.

4. The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5. To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6. Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Amen.

Theodulph 9th Century.

Holy Week.

39

Gounod 8-7-8-7-8-7.
C. Gounod.

39.



1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle, Tell His triumph far and wide;
2. Eat-ing of the tree for-bidden Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
3. So, when now at length the fullness, Of the time fore-told drew nigh,

Tell a - loud the wondrous sto - ry Of His Body cru - ci - fied;
When our pit - y - ing Cre - a - tor Did this second tree pre - pare,
God the Son, the world's Cre - a - tor, Left His Father's throne on high,

How up - on the Cross a vic - tim, Vanquishing in death, He died.
Destined, many a - ges lat - er, That first - vil to re - pair. A - men.
From the Virgin's womb appearing Clothed in our hu - man - i - ty.

4. Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the Cross, for us was slain.

5. Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,
See the thorns upon His brow;
Nails His tender flesh are rending;
See, His side is piercèd now;
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

6. Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be;
Honor, glory and dominion
And eternal victory.

Amen.

Fortunatus.

Holy Week.

St. Christopher 7-6-7-6 D.
F. C. Maker.

40.

p

1. O sa-cred Head surround-ed By crown of piercing thorn!
 2. I see Thy strength and vigour, All fad-ing in the strife,
 3. On this, Thy bit - ter Pas-sion, Good Shepherd think of me

p

O bleed-ing Head, so wounded, Re - viled and put to scorn!
 And death with cru - el rig - our, Be - reav-ing Thee of life;
 With Thy most sweet com-pas - sion, Un - worthy though I be;

pp

Death's pall-id hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays,
 O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!
 Be - neath Thy Cross a - bid - ing For - ev - er would I rest,

pp

cresc.

Yet angel hosts a - dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze.
 Je - su, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn Thy face on me. A-men.
cresc.
 In Thy dear love con - fid - ing And with Thy presence blest.

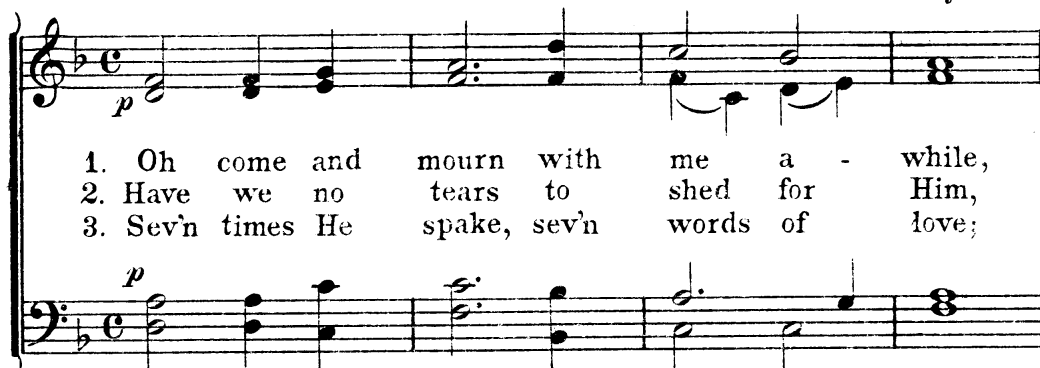
4. Jesu, when death shall call me,
 Be near me to the end,
 Whatever may befall me,
 Do Thou, O Christ, defend;
 O hold Thy Cross before me,
 My faith confirm, fear quell,
 In death may I adore Thee;
 Who dieth thus dies well.
 Amen.
 Bernard of Clairvaux.

Holy Week.

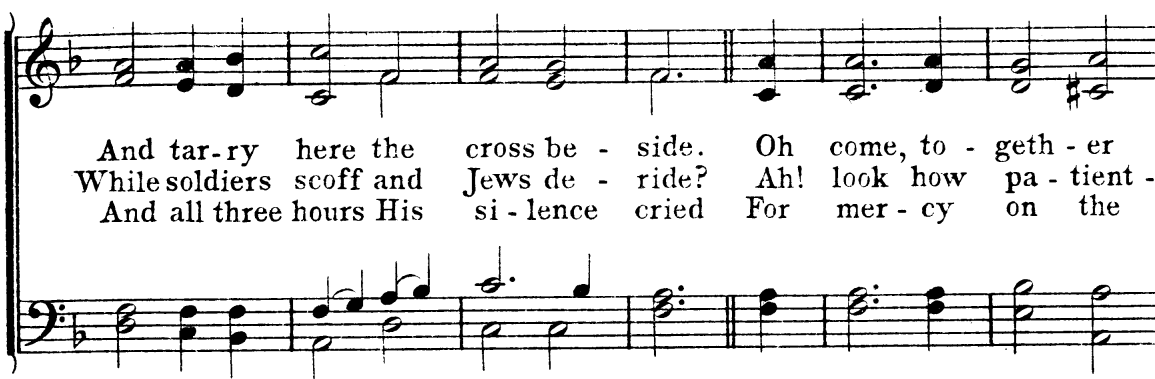
41

Holy Cross L. M.
J. B. Dykes.

41.



1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while,
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him,
3. Sev'n times He spake, sev'n words of love;



And tar-ry here the cross be - side. Oh come, to - geth - er
While soldiers scoff and Jews de - ride? Ah! look how pa - tient -
And all three hours His si - lence cried For mer - cy on the



let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
ly He hangs; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.
souls of men. Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.

4. O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Amen.

Fr. Faber.

42

Holy Week.

Fortunatus 7-7-7-7.
R. Redhead.

42.

1. See the des - tined day a - rise!
2. Je - su, who but Thou had borne,
3. Who but Thou had dared to drain

See a will - ing sac - ri - fice! Je - sus, to re -
Lift - ed on that tree of scorn, Ev - 'ry pang and
Steeped in gall the cup of pain, And with ten - der

deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.
bit - ter throe, Fin - ish - ing Thy life of woe? A - men.
bod - y bear, Thorns, and nails, and pierc - ing spear?

4. Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5. Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.

Amen.

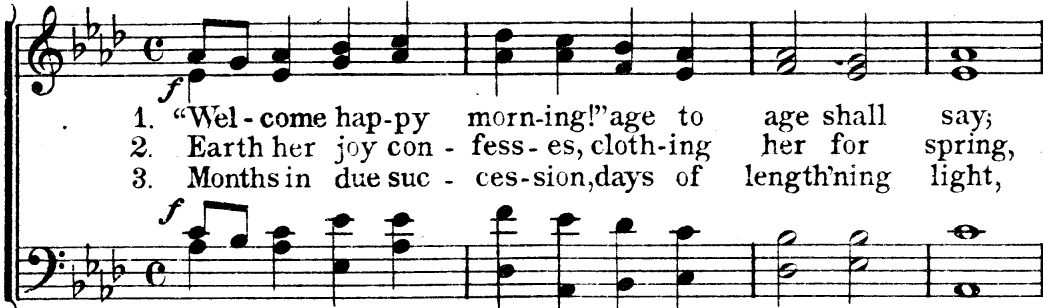
Fortunatus.

Easter.

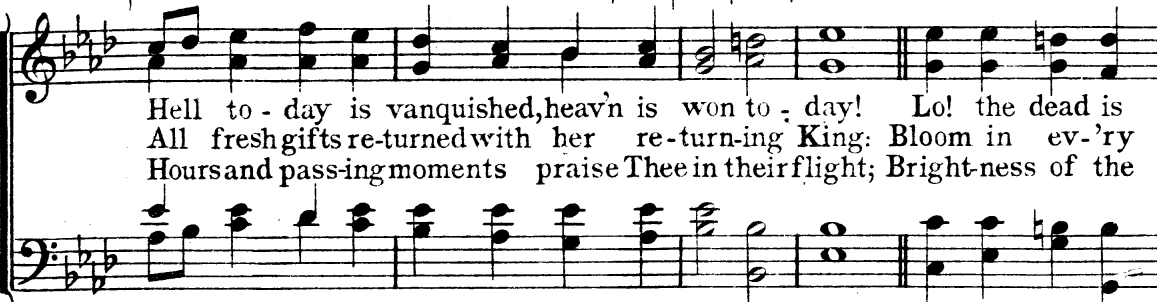
43

Happy Morning 11-11-11-11-11.
Sullivan.

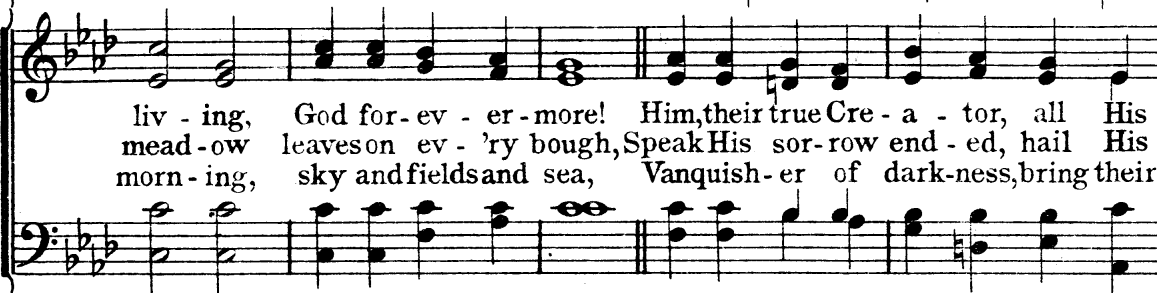
43.



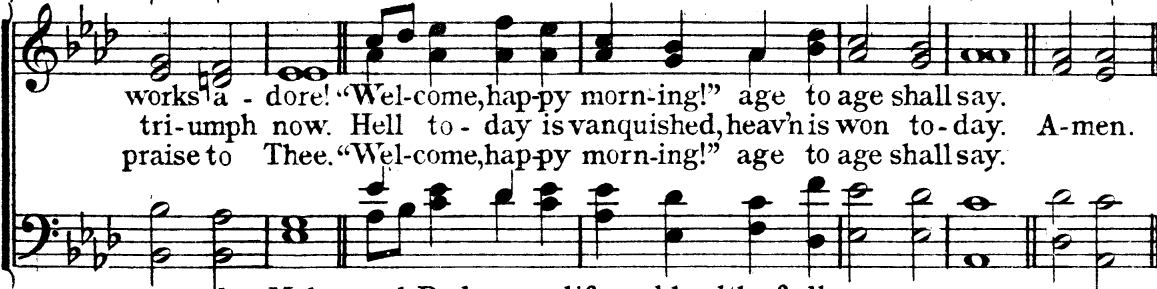
1. "Wel - come hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;
2. Earth her joy con - fess - es, cloth - ing her for spring,
3. Months in due suc - ces - sion, days of length'ning light,



Hell to - day is vanquished, heav'n is won to - day! Lo! the dead is
All fresh gifts re - turned with her re - turn - ing King: Bloom in ev - 'ry
Hours and pass - ing moments praise Thee in their flight; Bright - ness of the



liv - ing, God for - ev - er - more! Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His
mead - ow leaves on ev - 'ry bough, Speak His sor - row end - ed, hail His
morn - ing, sky and fields and sea, Vanquish - er of dark - ness, bring their



works a - dore! "Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say.
tri - umph now. Hell to - day is vanquished, heav'n is won to - day. A - men.
praise to Thee. "Wel - come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say.

4. Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is won to-day.
5. Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Amen.

Fortunatus 6th Century.

Easter.

Christ is Risen 8-7-8-7 D.
G. F. Le Jeune.

44.

1. Christ is ris-en! Sing, ye angels, Join with men your triumph song,
2. Al-le-lu-ia, Christ is ris-en, On this joy-ous East-er morn!
3. Christ is ris-en, Heav'n re-joic-es! Ev-er-more on high to reign!

Life is vic-tor, death is vanquished, Burst a-part its por-tals strong.
Now complete the great re-demp-tion, 'Twas for this that He was born!
All the world bows down be-fore Him, Wor-shipping the Lamb once slain.

Legato
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! See the conquering Christa-rise!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Life e-ter-nal He doth bring
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ is ris-en, so may we

f
He has left the tomb for-ev-er, Glorious is our Sac-ri-fice.
To the humblest and the saddest; Ev-'ry heart with joy doth sing. A-men.
From the death of sin and sorrow To im-mor-tal vic-to-ry.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

J. C. D.

Easter.

45

Mendelssohn 7-7-7-7 D.
Mendelssohn.

45.

1. *f* At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gels sheath his sword
 3. Might - y vic - tim from the sky, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath Thee lie;

p Who hath washed us in the tide *cresc.* Flow - ing from His pierc - éd side;
 Is - rael's hosts tri - umph - ant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light: *cresc.*

f Praise we Him Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,
 Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, Pas - chal bread;
 Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;

Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love, Eat we man - na from a - bove. A - men.
 Thou hast o - pened Par - a - dise, And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy;
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
 Holy Father, praise to Thee,
 With the Spirit, ever be.

Amen.

From the Latin.

46

Easter.

Aremathea 7-7-7-7-8-7.
Roper.

46.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield
 2. Shout, ye ser - aphs; an - gels, raise Your e -
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly

up the might - y Prey! See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb,
 ter - nal song of praise; Let the earth's re - mot - est bound
 Spir - it, Three in One, Glo - ry as of old to Thee,

Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Ech - o to the bliss - ful sound. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Now and ev - er - more, shall be. Al - le - lu - ia!

al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day
 al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day A - men.
 al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to - day

Selected.

Easter.

47

Kevin. 7-6-7-6 D.
Sullivan.

47.

1. *f* Come ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness;
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day, Christ hath burst His pris-on,
 3. Now the Queen of sea-sons bright With the day of splen-dor,

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;
 And from three days sleep in death, As a sun hath ris-en;
 With the roy-al feast of feasts, Comes her joy to ren-der;

mf Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;
 All the win-ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly-ing,
mf Comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem, Who with true af-fec-tion,

f Led them with un-moistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters:
 From His light to whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing. A-men.
 Welcomes in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion.

4. Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal;
 But to-day amidst Thine own,
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

Amen.

Tr. from Greek.

48

Easter.

Palestrina P. M.
Palestrina.

48. *f* Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!

Org.

mf

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to -
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their
 3. The three sad days are quick-ly sped, He ris - es

mf

cresc.

ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph
 le - gions hath dis - persed; Let shout of ho - ly
 glor - ious from the dead; All glo - ry to our

cresc.

has be - gun. *f* Al - le - lu - ia!
 joy out - burst, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men
 ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!

f

4. He closed the yawning gates of hell,
 The bars from Heaven's high portals fell,
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell,
 Alleluia!

5. Lord! by the stripes that wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee,
 Alleluia!

Amen.

Palestrina 16th Century.

Easter.

Alleluia. 7s & Alleluia.
Monk.

49.

1. *f* Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Un - to Christ our heav'n - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Our sal - va - tion have se - cured, Al - le - lu - ia!

mf Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Who en - dured the Cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!

4. Sing we to our God above,
 Alleluia!
 Praise eternal as His love,
 Alleluia!
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Alleluia!
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Alleluia!

Amen.

From the Latin.

Easter.

Easter P. M.
Le Jeune.

50.

1. *f* O the golden, glowing morning, All the waiting earth a-dorning, For this
 2. Hark! the highest heavens ringing, Hark! the quiv'ring angels singing This is
 3. Shout a-loud the wondrous story, For the King in all His glo-ry Draweth

f

Easter Day! To the King in all His splendour, Lord of life and death, we render
 Easter Day! No more grieving! no more sighing! No more weeping! no more dying!
 nigh this Day! Vernal ben-e-diction giv-ing Christ, the Life the Ev-er-living!

Highest lauds

Highest lauds this day! Let the banners float be-fore us, While we raise the exulting
 Christ is King this day! With the blessed ones be-fore us, We will swell the heav'nly
 On this East-er Day! Let the banners float be-fore us Send a-long the angel

He is ris-en! High-est lauds this day!

ff chorus Christ is ris-en! He is ris-en This is Easter Day!
fff chorus Christ is ris-en! He is ris-en This is Easter Day! A-men.
 chorus Christ is ris-en! He is ris-en This is Easter Day!

4. On the Festal Altar glowing
 Lo! the Paschal Emblems—showing
 Forth this Easter Day!
 Come with garlands, come with treasure,
 Come with anthem's raptest measure
 For this Easter Day!
 How the bells are chiming o'er us
 While we join the heavenly chorus!
 Christ is risen! He is risen!
 This is Easter Day!

5. O that longed-for day of union,
 When Thine own, in Thy communion,
 Lord of Easter Day—
 Into life eternal waking,
 Celebrate—Thy love partaking—
 Endless Easter Day!
 For the joy that waits before us,
 We will swell the angel chorus
 Christ is risen! He is risen!
 This is Easter Day.

Amen.
Selected.By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Easter.

51

Easter Skies L. M. D.
with refrain.*Joyful.*

51.

1. Bright Easter skies! Fair Easter skies! Our Lord is ris'n, we too shall rise.
 2. Fair Easter flow'rs, sweet Easter flow'rs, Thy beau-ties grace these golden hours.
 3. O Easter hopes, O Easter joys, Death's cru-el reign our Lord destroys.

Nor walls of stone hewn firm and cold, Nor Ro-man sol-diers, brave and bold,
 When Christ had pass'd with-in death's gloom, Thou didst keep watch a - bove His tomb;
 Vic-t'ry is won from out the grave, Our bless-ed Lord His own will save.

Nor Sat-an's marshalled hosts could keep The pierc-ed Hands in death-ly sleep;
 And when from death He rent the veil, Thy fragrance was his first "All Hail!"
 His tri-umph rings from shore to shore, Our Lord is King for ev-er-more!

Just as the East-er day beams dawn, Our bur-ied Lord is ris'n and gone!
 Sorrow and sad-ness flee a - way, Bloom fair-est flow'rs, on East-er Day.
 Past is the struggle and the strife, Christ gives His own im-mor-tal life!

After each Verse.

Bright East-er skies! Fair Easter skies! Our Lord is ris'n, we too shall rise.

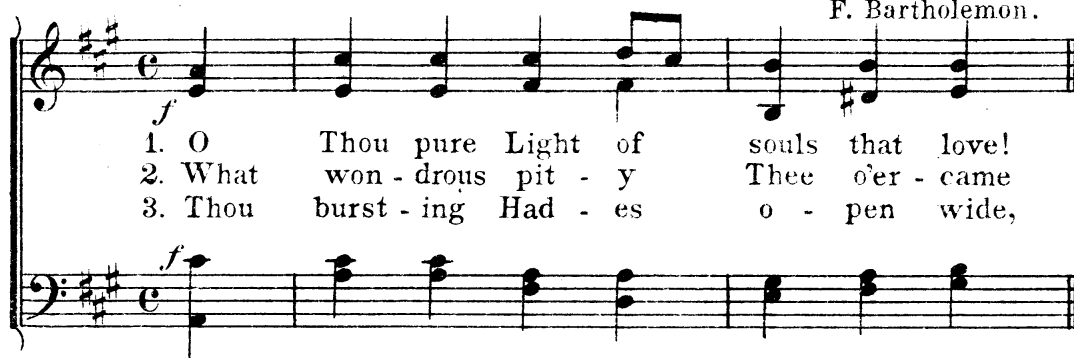
Adapted.

52

Ascension.

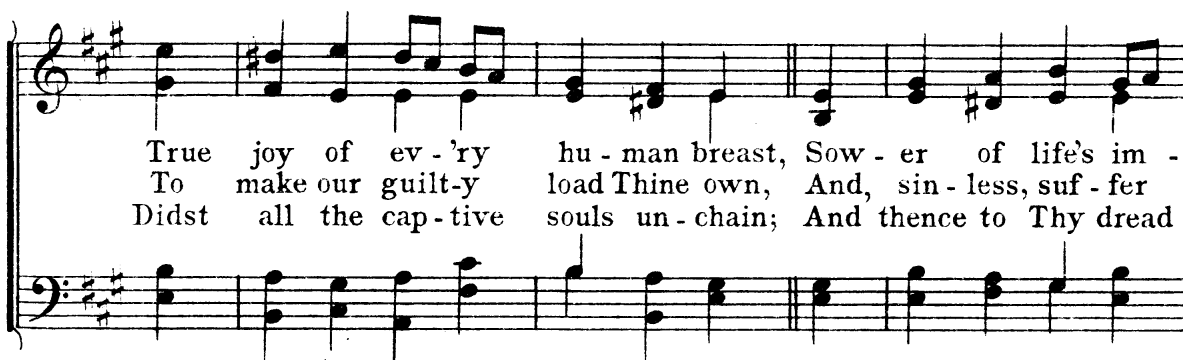
Morning Hymn L. M.
F. Bartholemon.

52.

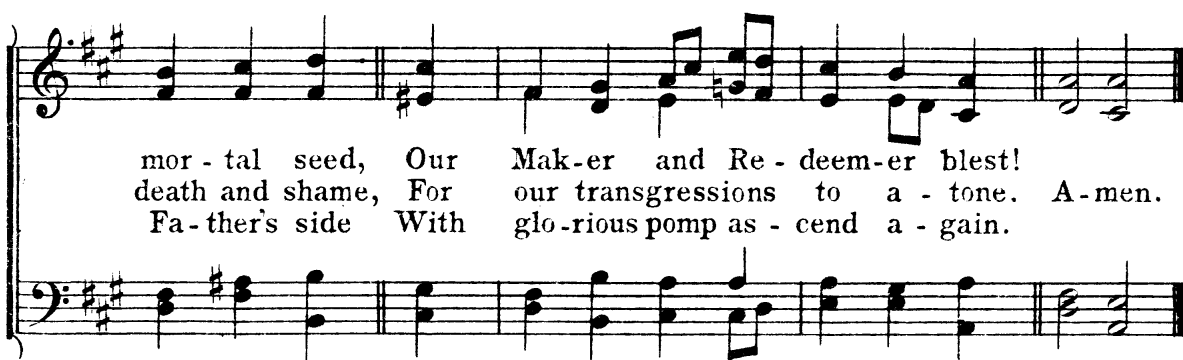


f

1. O Thou pure Light of souls that love!
2. What won - drous pit - y Thee o'er - came
3. Thou burst - ing Had - es o - pen wide,



True joy of ev - 'ry hu - man breast, Sow - er of life's im -
To make our guilt-y load Thine own, And, sin - less, suf - fer
Didst all the cap - tive souls un - chain; And thence to Thy dread



mor - tal seed, Our Mak - er and Re - deem - er blest!
death and shame, For our transgressions to a - tone. A - men.
Fa - ther's side With glo - rious pomp as - cend a - gain.

4. O still may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in Thy light to dwell,
Who for Thy blissful presence sigh.

5. Be Thou our guide; be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our Pathway to the skies;
Our Joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Ascension.

53

Sanctuary 8-7-8-7 D.
J. B. Dykes.

53.

1. Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed! King e-ter-nal, strong to save!
2. There Thy kingdoms all a-dore Thee, Heav'n a-bove and earth be-low;
3. So, when Thou a-gain in glo-ry On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,

Dy-ing, Thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
While the depths of hell be-fore Thee Trembling and de-feat-ed bow.
We Thy flock may stand be-fore Thee, Owned for ev-er-more as Thine.

Thou art gone, where now is giv-en What no mortal might could gain,
We, O Lord, with hearts a-dor-ing, Fol-low Thee a-bove the sky;
Hail! all Hail! In Thee confid-ing, Je-su, Thee shall all a-dore,

On th'e-ter-nal throne of heaven In Thy Fa-ther's pow'r to reign.
Hear our pray'rs, Thy grace im-ploring, Lift our souls to Thee on high. Amen.
In Thy Fa-ther's might a-bid-ing With the Spir-it ev-er-more.

From the Latin.

54

Ascension.

Russian Hymn P. M.
A. T. Lwoff.

54.

1. Hail Christ all glo - ri - ous, to Heav'n's gates as - cend - ing!
2. Hail Him as Con - quer - or, the high heav'ns a - dorn - ing,
3. Hail Christ our great High-Priest, in rapt ex - al - ta - tions,

Throw wide the por - tals! Let the King come in!
Death now is van - quished, o - pened wide the grave:
Now to reign o - ver earth and sky and sea,

An - gels, arch - an - gels, a won - drous host at - tend - ing,
Ra - diant He rides on the fair wings of the morn - ing!
Bless - ing His peo - ple through count - less gen - er - a - tions,

Now shall the end - less tri - umph song be - gin!
Je - sus, our Lord and King, Thy chil - dren save! A - men.
To Him all glo - ry now and ev - er be!

J. C. D.

Ascension.

55

Quinn. 7s with Alleluia.
Monk.

55.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. There for Him high tri-umph waits; Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Lo! the heav'n its Lord re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia!

To His throne a - bove the skies, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
 He hath con - quered death and sin; Al - le - lu - ia!
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heav'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Take the King of glo - ry in, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!

4. Lord, though parted from our sight
 Alleluia!
 Far above the starry height,
 Alleluia!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Alleluia!
 Seeking Thee above the skies,
 Alleluia!
 Amen.
Selected.

Ascension.

Sullivan 8-7-8-7.

Sullivan.

56.

mf

1. Christ our King to heav'n ascendeth, Past the blue sky'sutmostbound;
 2. Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth, Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
 3. Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth, Cloven tongues of fire ap-pear.

mf

Christ our King to heav'n as-cendeth, Clouds of an-gels close Him round.
 Our High-Priest to heav'n as-cendeth, On God's throne He lives a-gain;
 Christ our Lord to heav'n as-cendeth, Lo! the rush-ing wind is here!

f

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia loud they cry:
 Pleads His sac-ri-fice of won-der, Claims the fruit of all His pain:
 Might-y arm-ies forth with ban-ners Conqu'ring and to conquer go:

ff

Christ our King to heav'n as-cendeth, Glo-ry be to God on high.
 Our High-Priest to heav'n as-cendeth, Ev-er-more as King to reign. A-men.
 Christ our Lord to heav'n as-cendeth, He shall reign o'er all be-low.

ff

4. Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
 All His foes before Him fall;
 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
 He shall triumph over all.
 King of kings shall men behold Him,
 Lord of lords for evermore:
 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
 Bow before Him, and adore!

Amen.

Selected.

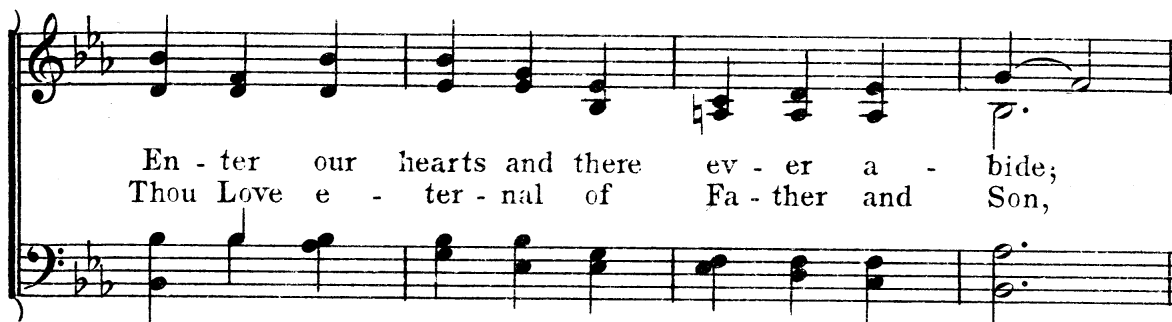
Whitsuntide.

57

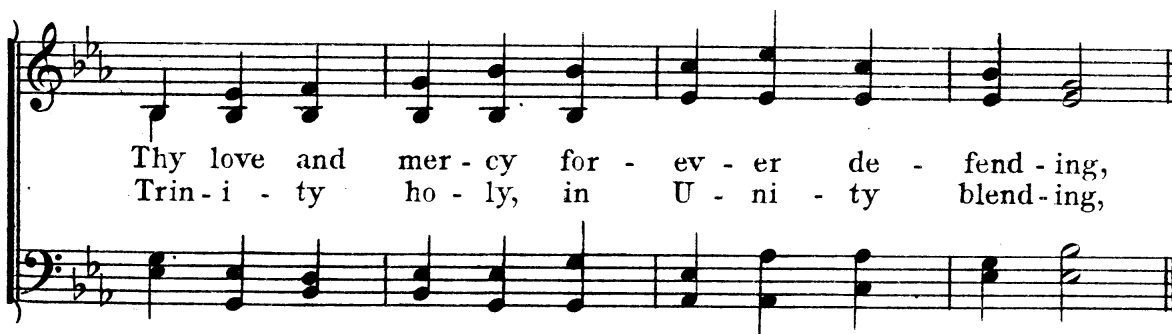
Veni Creator P. M.
Batiste - Kanne.

57.

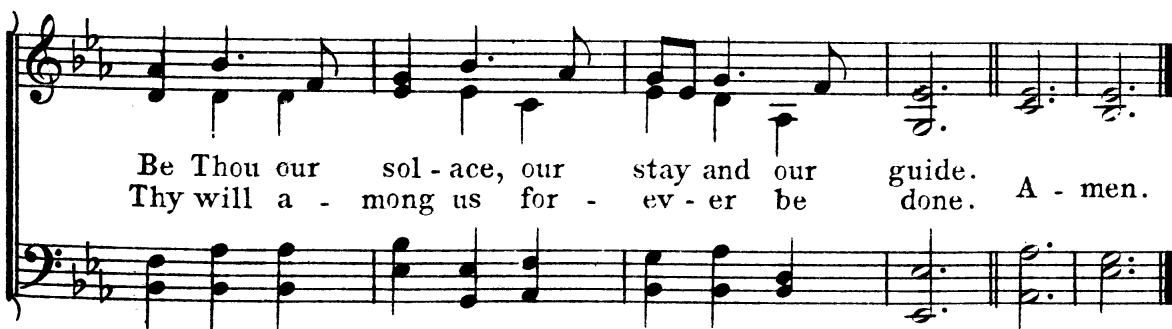
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, up - on us de - scend-ing,
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, give grace nev - er end-ing,



En - ter our hearts and there ev - er a - bide;
Thou Love e - ter - nal of Fa - ther and Son,



Thy love and mer - cy for - ev - er de - fend - ing,
Trin - i - ty ho - ly, in U - ni - ty blend - ing,



Be Thou our sol - ace, our stay and our guide. A - men.
Thy will a - mong us for - ev - er be done.

Whitsuntide hymns can be used in Confirmation.

J. C. D.

58

Whitsuntide.

Evelyn 7-7-7-5.
Sullivan.

58.

mp

1. Gra - 'cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost,
2. Love is kind and suf - fers long,
3. Proph - e - cy will fade a - way,

mp

Taught by Thee we cov - et most Of Thy gifts at
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong, Love than death it -
Melt - ing in the light of day; Love will ev - er

Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly heav'n-ly love.—
self more strong; There - fore give us love.— A - men.
with us stay; There - fore give us love.—

4. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5. Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6. From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Amen.

Selected.

Whitsuntide.

59

Burke C. M.
J. B. Calkin.

59.

mf

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come,
 2. Thou art the Com - fort - er, the gift
 3. Thy gifts are man - i - fold, Thou writ'st

mf

In - spire these souls of Thine; Till ev - 'ry heart which
 Of God, and fire of love; The ev - er - last - ing
 God's law in each true heart; The prom - ise of the

thou hast made Be fill'd with grace di - vine.
 spring of joy, And unc - tion from a - bove. A - men.
 Fa - ther, Thou Dost heav'n - ly speech im - part.

4. Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace;
 Assist our minds, by nature frail;
 With Thy celestial grace.
5. Drive far from us the mortal foe
 And give us peace within;
 That by Thy guidance blest, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.
6. Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, from death revived,
 And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both derived.

Amen.

From the Latin 12th Century.

60

Whitsuntide.

Schumann L. M.
Schumann.

60.

1. O Ho - ly Ghost, we turn to Thee,
2. Thy sev'n - fold gifts on us be - stow,
3. O make us pa - tient, hum - ble, brave,

Blest Com-fort - er, to Thee we pray, Make us e - ter - nal
And with Thy grace our souls now seal, Our Fa - ther's Will we
To help us in our dai - ly strife, Grant wis - dom that a -

truth to see And guide and guard our hearts al - way.
long to know, His love and pow'r to us re - veal. A - men.
lone can save And bring us to e - ter - nal life.

4. When worldly things upon us press
And we are tempted, troubled, tried,
O Holy Ghost, do Thou still bless,
Forever in our hearts abide.

5. Thy blessèd fruits we do implore,
That we may serve Thee faithfully,
With Father, Son, we Thee adore,
To Whom all glory ever be.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Whitsuntide .

61

Robertine L. M.
F. Pieraccini.

61.

mf

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Who ev - er One
2. In will and deed, by heart and tongue,
3. Al - might - y Fa - ther, hear our cry

mf

Art with the Fa - ther and the Son,
With all our pow'rs Thy praise be sung;
Through Je - sus Christ, our Lord most high,

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls pos - sess
And love light up our mor - tal frame,
Who with the Ho - ly Ghost and Thee

With Thy full flood of hol - i - ness.
Till oth - ers catch the liv - ing flame. A - men.
Doth live and reign e - ter - nal - ly.

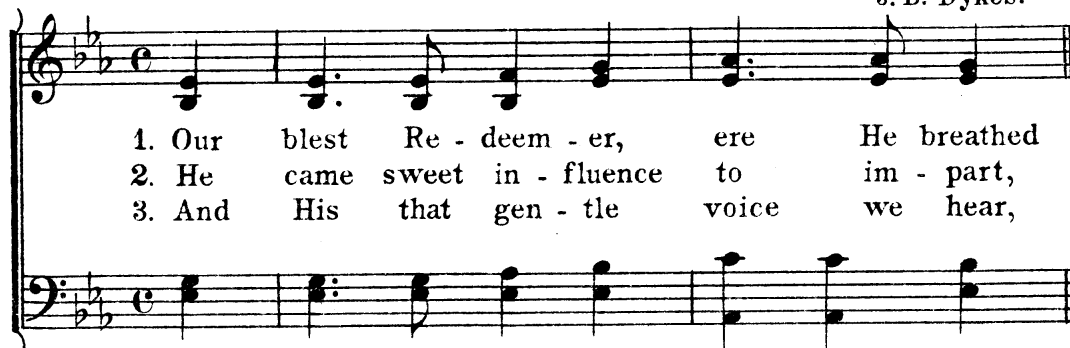
Cardinal Newman.

62

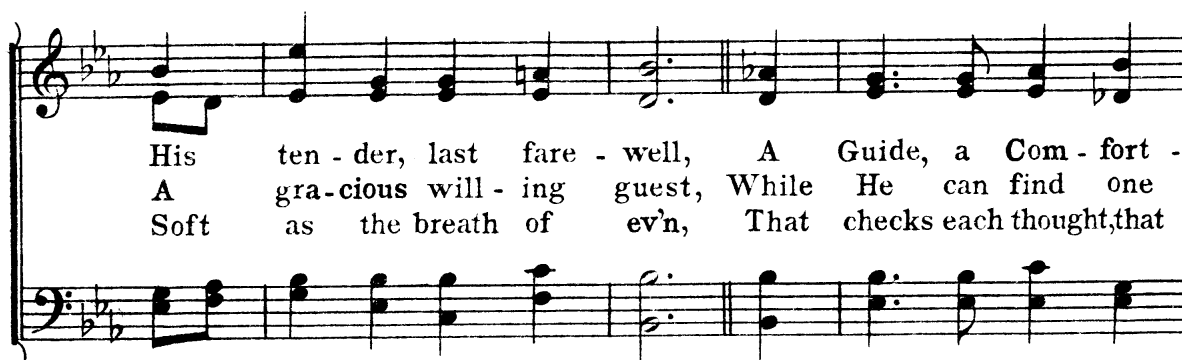
Whitsuntide.

Redeemer P. M.
J. B. Dykes.

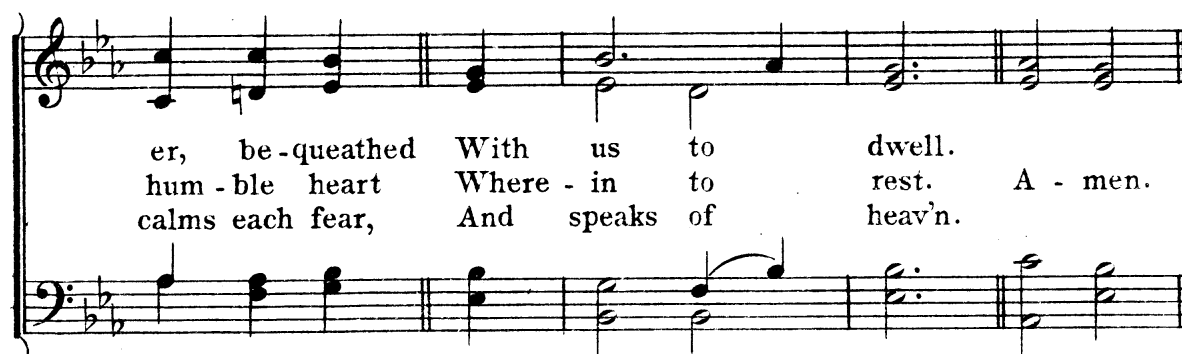
62.



1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed
2. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part,
3. And His that gen - tle voice we hear,



His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort -
A gra - cious will - ing guest, While He can find one
Soft as the breath of ev'n, That checks each thought, that



er, be - queathed With us to dwell.
hum - ble heart Where - in to rest. A - men.
calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling - place,
And worthier Thee.

Amen.

Selected.

Trinity Sunday.

63

Nicea P. M.
J. B. Dykes.

63.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! *cresc.* Lord God Al-might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! *cresc.* Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee,
 Casting down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! *mf* mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - men
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

4. *p* Holy, Holy, Holy! *mf* Lord God Almighty!
ff All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
mf Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
f God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Amen.

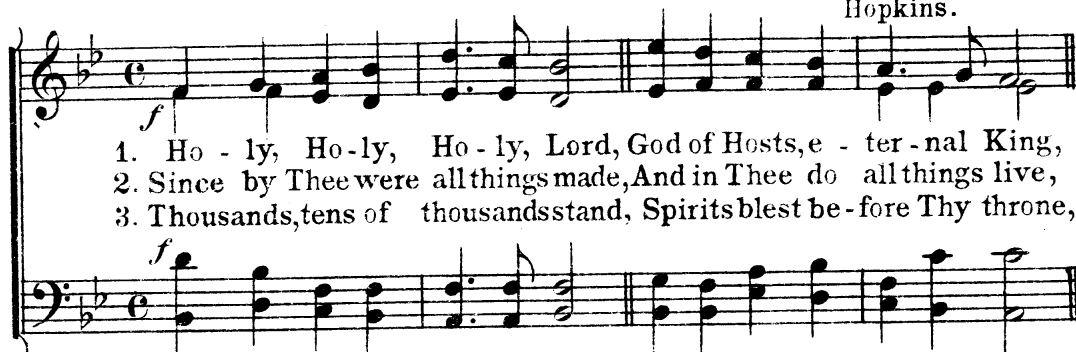
Selected.

64

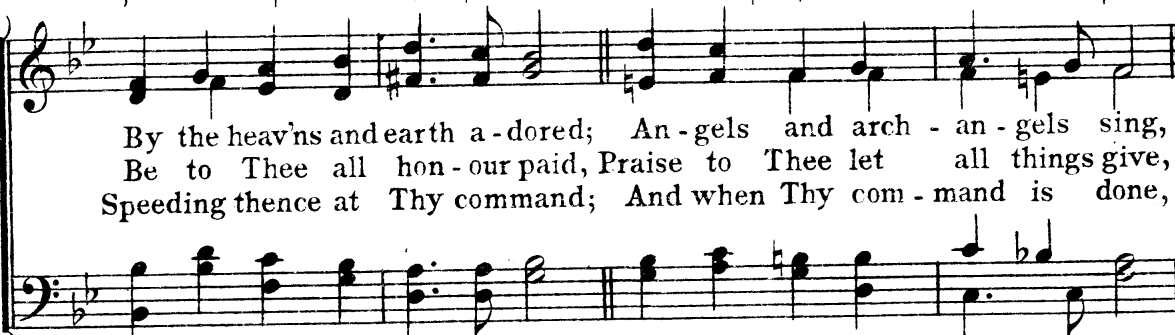
Trinity Sunday.

Athanasius 7-7-7-7-7-7.
Hopkins.

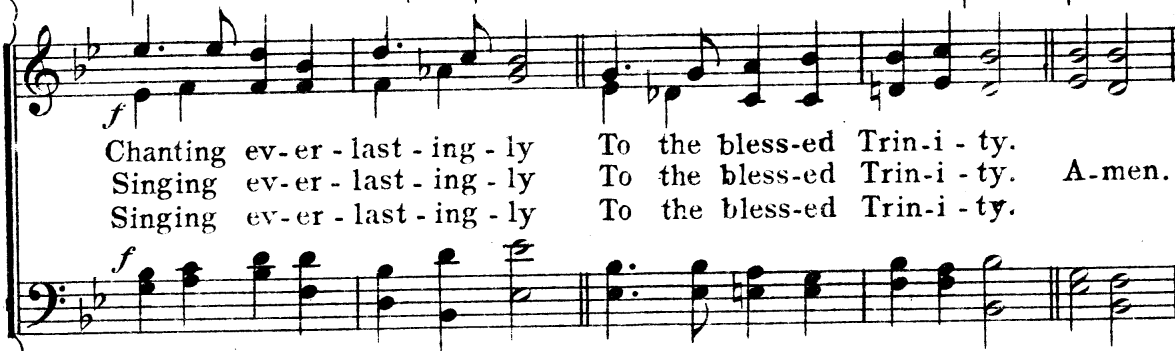
64.



f Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,
f Since by Thee were all things made, And in Thee do all things live,
 3. Thousands, tens of thousands stand, Spirits blest be - fore Thy throne,



By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
 Be to Thee all hon - our paid, Praise to Thee let all things give,
 Speeding thence at Thy command; And when Thy com - mand is done,



f Chanting ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Singing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.
 Singing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

4. Cherubim and seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blessed Trinity.

5. Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee, the Church in every land;
 Singing everlastingly,
 To the blessed Trinity.

6. Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly,
 To the blessed Trinity.

Amen.

Selected.

Corpus Christi.

Humility L. M.
S. Tuckerman.

65.

mp

1. The Word of God pro - ceed - ing forth,
 2. By a dis - ci - ple to be giv'n
 3. He gave Him - self in ei - ther kind,

mp

Yet leav - ing not the Fa - ther's side, And go - ing to His
 To ri - vals, for His Blood a - thirst, Him - self the ver - y
 His pre - cious Flesh, His pre - cious Blood; Of flesh and blood is

work on earth, Had reach'd at length life's e - ven - tide.
 Bread of Heav'n, He gave to His dis - ci - ples first. A - men.
 man com - bined, And He of man would be the Food.

4. In birth man's fellow - man was He;
 His meat while sitting at the board;
 He died, his Ransomer to be;
 He reigns, to be his great Reward.
5. O saving Victim, slain to bless,
 Who op'nt the heav'nly gate to all;
 Attacks of many a foe oppress,
 Give strength in strife and help in fall.
6. To God, the Three in One, ascend
 All thanks and praise forevermore;
 He grants the life that shall not end
 Upon the heav'nly country's shore.

Amen.

From the Latin.

66

Corpus Christi.

Dulce Carmen 8-7-8-7-8-7.
Haydn.

66.

1. Now my tongue the mystery tell-ing Of the glor - ious Bod-y sing,
2. Giv'n for us and condescend-ing To be born for us be-low,
3. That last night at supper ly-ing 'Mid the twelve, His cho-sen band,

And the Blood, all price ex - cell - ing, Which the Gen-tiles' Lord and King,
He with men in con-verse blend-ing Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Je-sus, with the law com- ply - ing, Keeps the feast its rites de-mand:

In a Vir - gin's womb once dwelling, Shed for this world's ransom-ing.
Till He closed, with wondrous end-ing, His most pa-tient life be - low. A-men.
There more pre-cious Food sup- ply - ing, Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4. Word-made-Flesh, true bread He maketh,
By His Word, His Flesh to be;
Wine, His Blood; which who so taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the Mystery.
5. Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer Rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

6. Glory let us give, and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
Honor, laud, and praise addressing,
And eternal benison;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal laud to Thee be done.

Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

Transfiguration.

Keble L.M.
J. B. Dykes.

67.

1. O won-drous type! O vi-sion fair;
2. From age to age the tale de-clare;
3. With shin-ing face and bright ar-ray,

Of glo-ry that the Church shall share, Which Christ up-on the
How with the three dis-ci-ples there, Where Mo-ses and E-
Christ deigns to man-i-fest to-day What glo-ry shall be

moun-tain shows, Where bright-er than the sun He glows!
li-as meet, The Lord holds con-verse high and sweet. A-men.
theirs a-bove, Who joy in God with per-fect love.

4. And faithful hearts are raised on high,
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5. O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Amen.

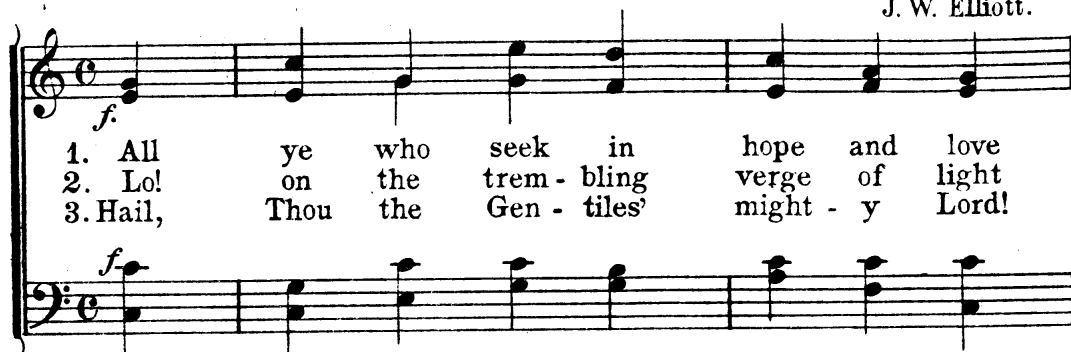
From the Latin.

68

Transfiguration.

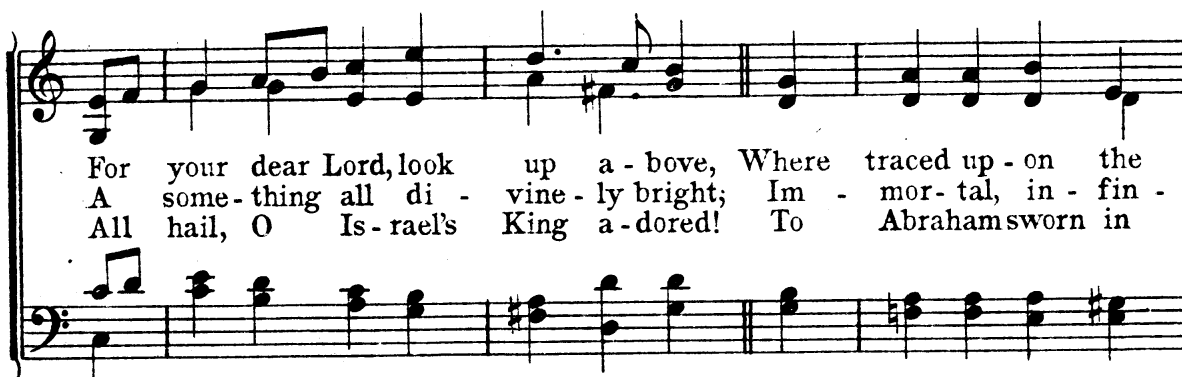
Triumphant. L. M.
J. W. Elliott.

68.

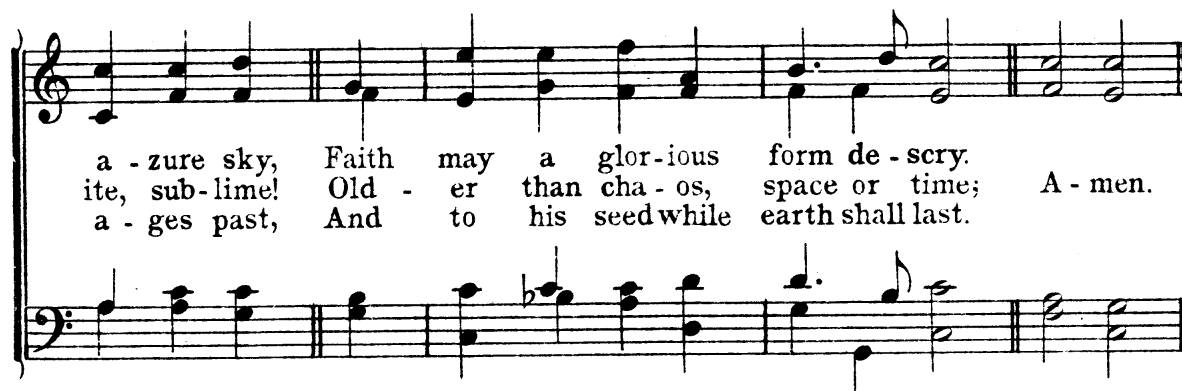


f.

1. All ye who seek in hope and love
2. Lo! on the trem-bling verge of light
3. Hail, Thou the Gen-tiles' might-y Lord!



For your dear Lord, look up a-bove, Where traced up-on the
A some-thing all di-vine-ly bright; Im-mor-tal, in-fin-
All hail, O Is-rael's King a-dored! To Abrahams worn in



a-zure sky, Faith may a glor-ious form de-scry.
ite, sub-lime! Old-er than cha-os, space or time; A-men.
a-ges past, And to his seed while earth shall last.

4. To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father did declare
That all who should His glory see
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

5. To Jesus, from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Blessed Sacrament.

69

Salutaris. L. M.
J. Uglo.

69.

1. O sav - ing Vic - tim, ope - ning wide
2. All praise, and thanks to Thee as - cend

The gate of heav'n to man be - low,
For - ev - er - more, blest One in Three;

cresc. Our foes press on from ev - 'ry side,
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,

Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow. A - men.
In our true na - tive land with Thee.

From the Latin.

70

Blessed Sacrament.

Eucharistic Hymn. 9-8-9-8.
J. S. B. Hodges. S. T. D.

70.

1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken,
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken,

Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
Look on the tears by sin - ners shed;

By Whom the words of life were spo - ken,
A - gain the words of life are spo - ken,

And in Whose death our sins are dead;
And by Thy Bod - y are we fed. A - men.

By permission of the composer.

Adapted.

Blessed Sacrament.

71

Sacrament. 10-10.
Sullivan.

71.

1. Draw nigh and take the Bod - y of the Lord,
2. Saved by that Bod - y and that ho - ly Blood,
3. Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ the on - ly Son,

And His most ho - ly Blood for you out - poured.
With souls re - freshed, we ren - der thanks to God. A - men.
By His dear cross and blood the vic - t'ry won.

4. Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
5. Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial myst'ries told.
6. He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
7. Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
8. He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
9. With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
10. Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Amen.

From the Latin.

72

Blessed Sacrament.

Claretta. 11-11-11-11.
Donizetti.

72.

pp

1. O Sac - ra - ment Bless - ed, most ho - ly, most fair,
 2. O Christ, Who dost call me be - fore Thee to kneel,
 3. Thy Bod - y and Blood, it is mine to re - ceive,

pp

That God in His mer - cy for me doth pre - pare;
 Ac cept my con - tri - tion, my mis - er - y heal,
 My sor - row, my sin and my shame to re - lieve,

cresc.

Though sick and un - clean and de - spised I may be,
 O cleanse from de - file - ment, with - out and with - in,
 O God, make me wor - thy, for great is my need,

cresc.

p

The pure Bread of Heav - en is bro - ken for me.
 En - light - en my blind - ness, for - give all my sin. A - men.
 Through Christ Who re - deems me; In His name I plead.

p

J. C. D.

Blessed Sacrament.

73

Aquinata. 8-7-8-7.
Von Flotow.

73.

1. Come un - to Him all ye wea - ry,
2. Though all un - fit to re - ceive Him,
3. Oft ye wan - der and de - ny Him,

Come all ye with sin op - prest, For the Lord of earth and
Crushed be-neath the weight of sin, Yet the King of Peace, Christ
Fol - low-ing your own wild will, While the King of Love, your

heav - en, Ev - er waits to be your Guest.
Je - sus, Ev - er waits to en - ter in. A - men.
Sav - iour, Pa - tient waits to en - ter still.

4. Dull your ears are with earth's noises,
Sad your eyes with tears and dim,
While the Heav'nly Guest is waiting,
Open now your hearts to Him!
Amen.

J. C. D.

74

Blessed Sacrament.

St. Dennis. 6-6-6-6.
F. Spinney.

74.

mf

1. O love that casts out fear, —
2. True sun - light of the soul, —
3. Great love of God, come in! —

mf

O love that casts out sin, — Tar - ry no more with - out,
Sur - round us as we go, — So shall our way be safe,
Well-spring of heav'n - ly peace; Thou Liv - ing Wa - ter, come!

But come and dwell with - in! A - men.
Our feet no stray - ing know.
Spring up, and nev - er cease.

4. Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.
Amen.
Selected.

Blessed Sacrament.

75

Edwin. C. M.
Rossini.

75.

mf

1. I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord,
2. I am not wor - thy; cold and bare
3. I am not wor - thy; yet, my God,

That Thou shouldst come to me; Speak but the word: one
The lodg - ing of my soul; How canst Thou deign to
How can I say Thee nay; Thee, who didst give Thy

p

gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free
en - ter there? Lord, speak and make me whole. A - men.
flesh and blood My ran - som - price to pay?

4. Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Amen.

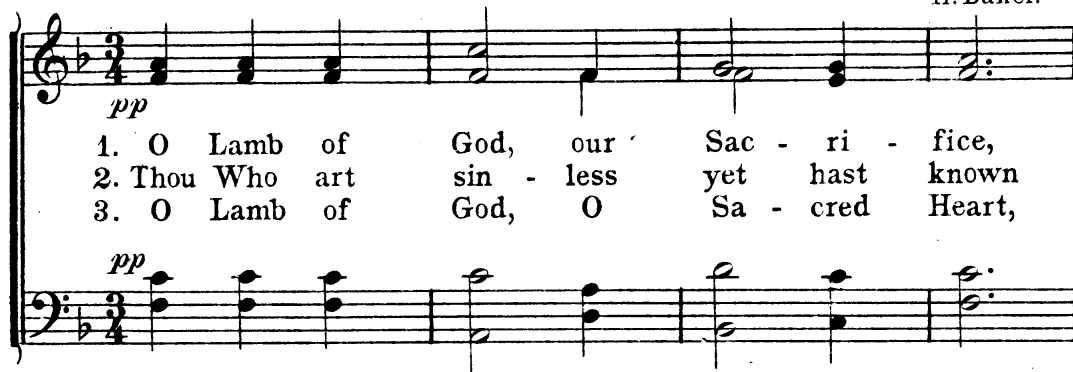
Selected.

76

Blessed Sacrament.

O' Reilly, L. M.
H. Baker.

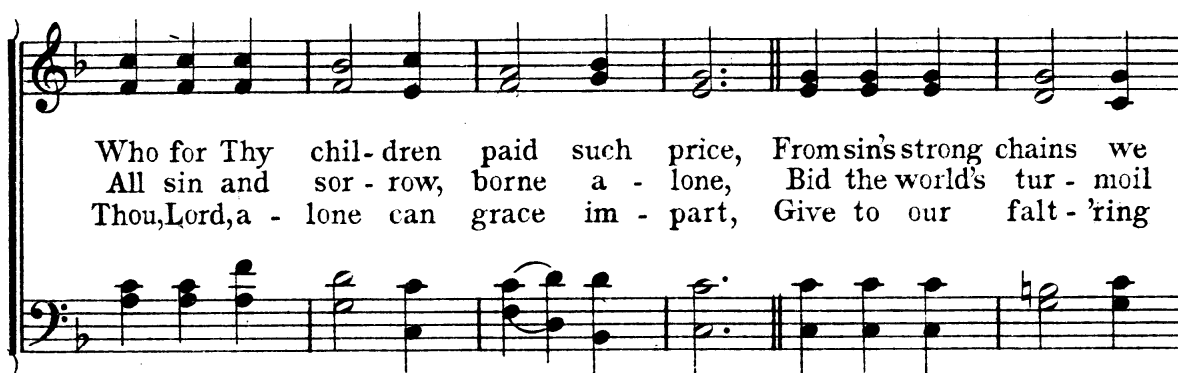
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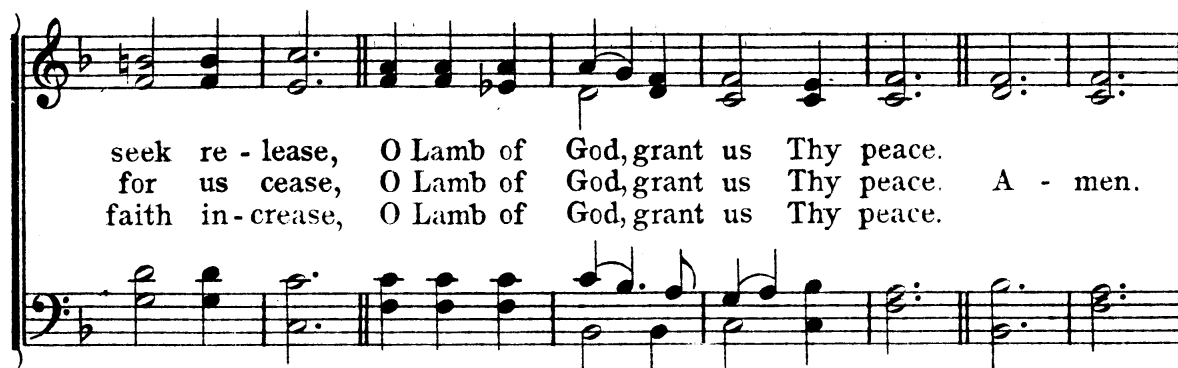
pp

1. O Lamb of God, our Sac - ri - fice,
2. Thou Who art sin - less yet hast known
3. O Lamb of God, O Sa - cred Heart,

pp



Who for Thy chil - dren paid such price, From sin's strong chains we
All sin and sor - row, borne a - lone, Bid the world's tur - moil
Thou, Lord, a - lone can grace im - part, Give to our falt - 'ring



seek re - lease, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
for us cease, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace. A - men.
faith in - crease, O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

4. Thou rest for ev'ry weary soul,
Speak but the word and make us whole,
From ev'ry burden comes surcease,
O Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Sacred Heart.

77

Leo. 7-6-7-6 D.
F. Schubert.

77.

pp

1. O Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, That suffered for our sin,
 2. O Sa-cred Heart, we wound Thee, And know not what we do,
 3. O Sa-cred Heart, for - give us The way-wardness and pride,

pp

Such out-ward shame and an - guish, Such ag - o - ny with - in,
 All heed-less of Thy sor - row Our care-less way pur - sue.
 The wea-ri - ness and weak-ness That keeps us from Thy side.

Up - on Thy al - tars plead - ing Thou'rt suff'ring still to - day,
 So pa-tient - ly Thou'rt wait - ing, O torn and tor-tured Heart,
 We put the world a - bove Thee, How of - ten, Lord, we fall,

Thy children all un-heed - ing, Still light-ly turn a - way.
 Thy love knows no ab - a - ting, Though we from Thee de - part. A - men.
 Yet we would serve and love Thee, Our Saviour and our all!

4. O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 Our frail Hearts Thou wilt bless,
 Though we have nought to bring Thee,
 Save our unworthiness,
 Our poverty of pleading,
 Our burdened, faulty prayer,
 Thy gracious interceding
 Can make the offering fair.

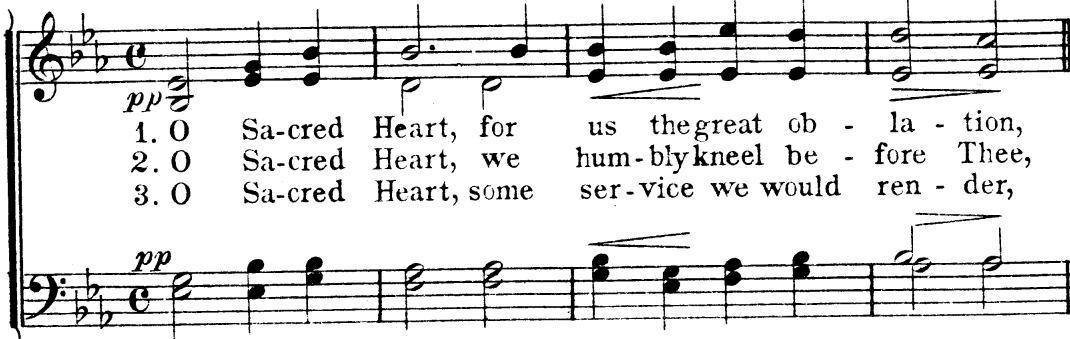
Amen.
 J. C. D.

78

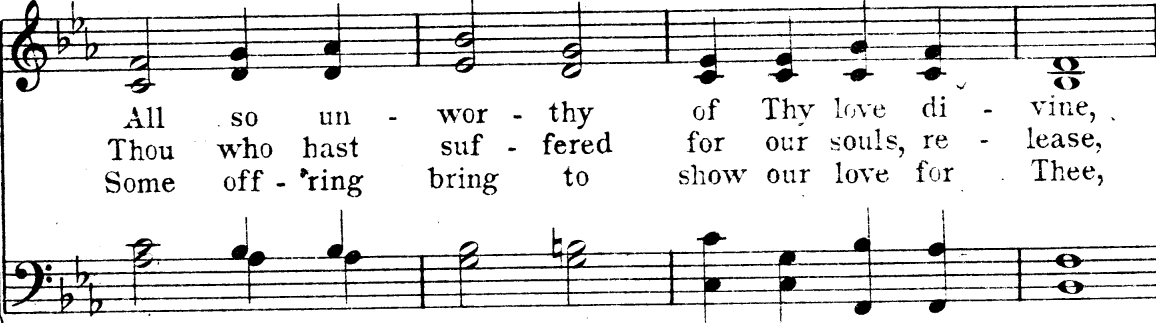
Sacred Heart.

St. Mark. 11-10-11-10.
Barnby.

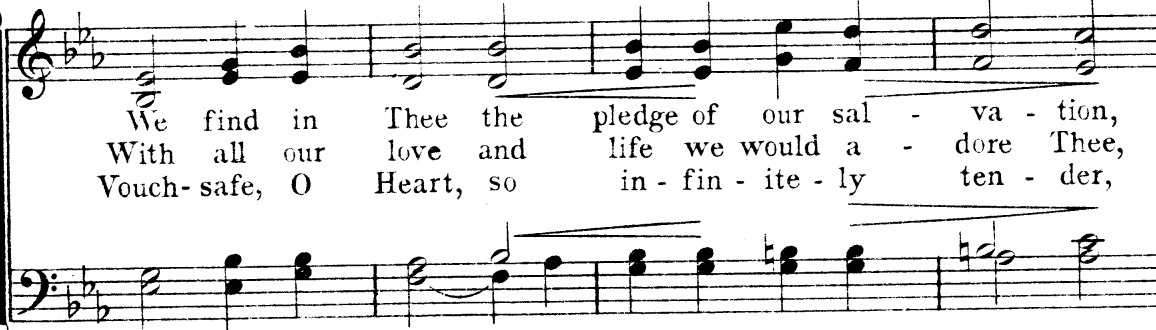
78. *pp*



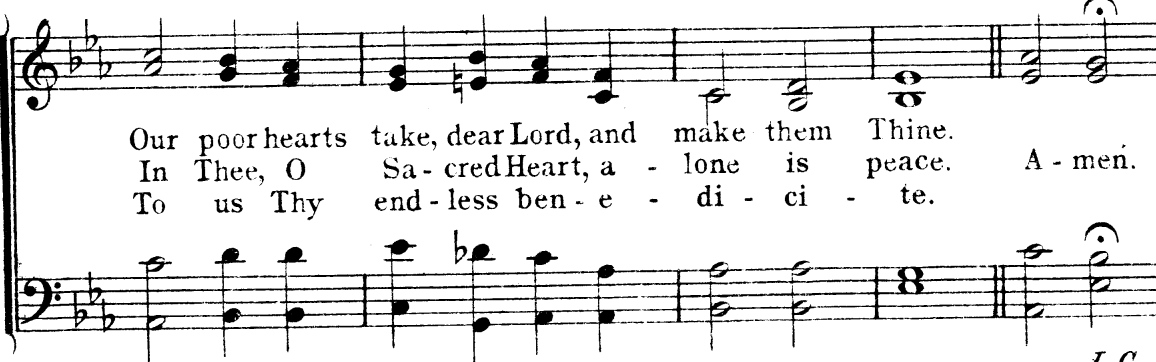
1. O Sa-cred Heart, for us the great ob - la - tion,
2. O Sa-cred Heart, we hum-bly kneel be - fore Thee,
3. O Sa-cred Heart, some ser-vice we would ren - der,



All so un - wor - thy of Thy love di - vine,
Thou who hast suf - fered for our souls, re - lease,
Some off - ring bring to show our love for Thee,



We find in Thee the pledge of our sal - va - tion,
With all our love and life we would a - dore Thee,
Vouch - safe, O Heart, so in - fin - ite - ly ten - der,



Our poor hearts take, dear Lord, and make them Thine.
In Thee, O Sa - cred Heart, a - lone is peace. A - men.
To us Thy end - less ben - e - di - ci - te.

J. C. D.

Sacred Heart.

79

Heart of Jesus. 7-7-7-7-8-8-8-8.
Redhead.

Andante legato.

pp

79. 1. Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, hear, We, Thy chil-dren, now draw near;
2. Sa-cred Heart, blest ev - er be! Here we of - fer up to Thee,
3. Plead for us, O Sa-cred Heart, Nev - er let us from Thee part,

cresc.

We are wea - ry, we are sad, Thou a - lone can make us glad.
All our thoughts, our words, our deeds, All our suff'rings, all our needs,
Thou, who suf - fered for Thine own, Thou didst for our sins a - tone;

cresc.

p

We have sinned, yet we a - dore Thee, Hum - bly kneel - ing now be - fore Thee,
All our lives, tho' poor and low - ly, All we bring to Thee most ho - ly,
Thou, the pledge of our sal - va - tion, Thou for us the great ob - la - tion,

p

cresc.

f

Heart of mer - cy, hear our sigh - ing, Help us liv - ing, save us dy - ing!
Heart of mer - cy, hear our cry - ing, Help us liv - ing, save us dy - ing! A - men.
Heart of mer - cy, hear our sigh - ing, Help us liv - ing, save us dy - ing!

cresc.

f

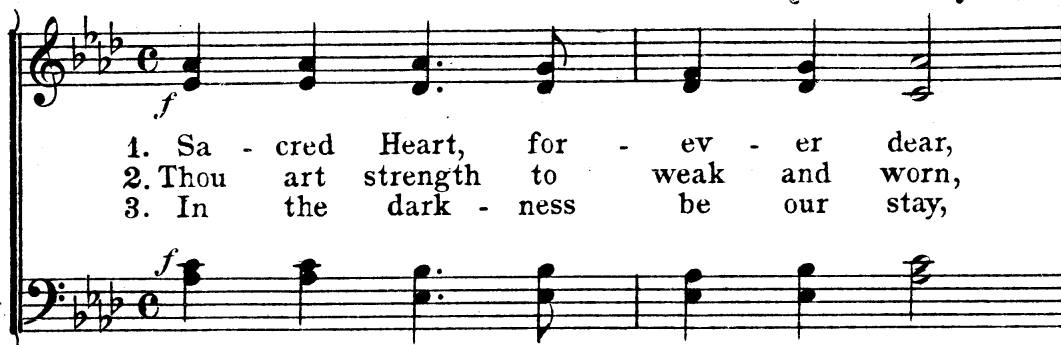
J. C. D.

80

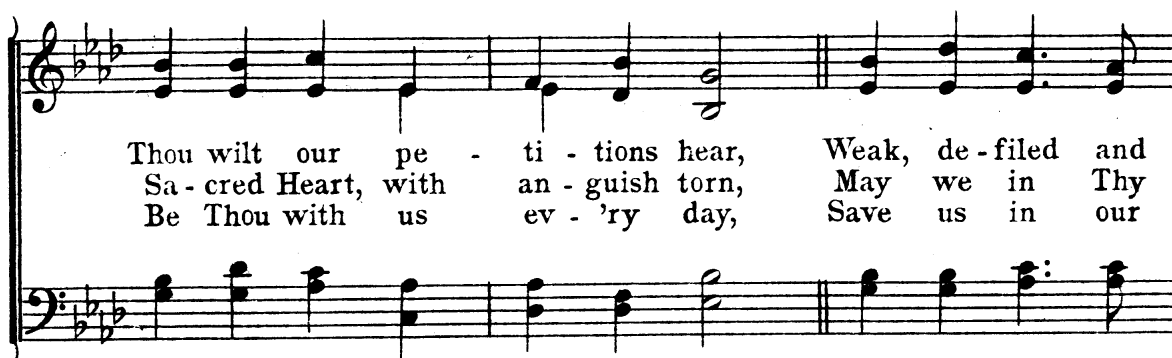
Sacred Heart.

Engelbert. 7-7-7-7.
J. B. Dykes.

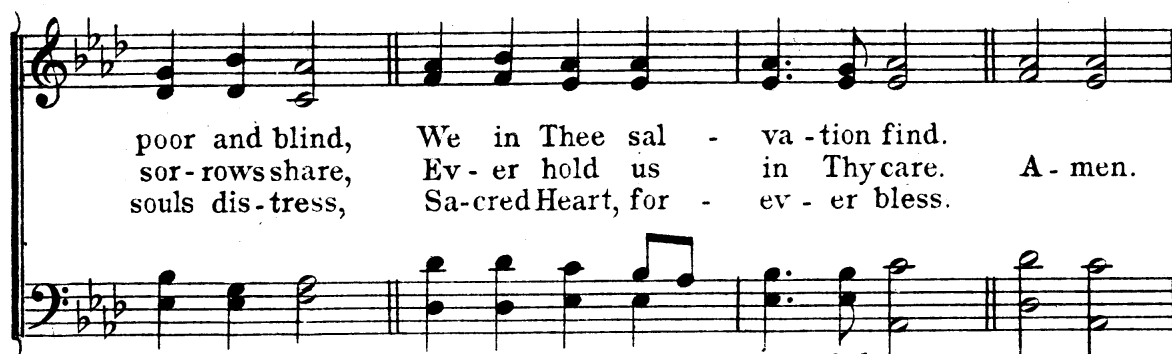
80.



1. Sa - cred Heart, for - ev - er dear,
2. Thou art strength to weak and worn,
3. In the dark - ness be our stay,



Thou wilt our pe - ti - tions hear, Weak, de - filed and
Sa - cred Heart, with an - guish torn, May we in Thy
Be Thou with us ev - 'ry day, Save us in our



poor and blind, We in Thee sal - va - tion find.
sor - row share, Ev - er hold us in Thy care. A - men.
souls dis - tress, Sa - cred Heart, for - ev - er bless.

4. Thou by Whom our hearts are fed,
Thou, the true and living Bread,
Thou, the love that can not cease,
Sacred Heart, grant us Thy peace.
5. Sacred Heart, with us abide,
Thou our Saviour, Lord and Guide,
Never more from us depart,
Holy, Loving Sacred Heart.

Amen.


J. C. D.

Sacred Heart.

81

Margaret C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

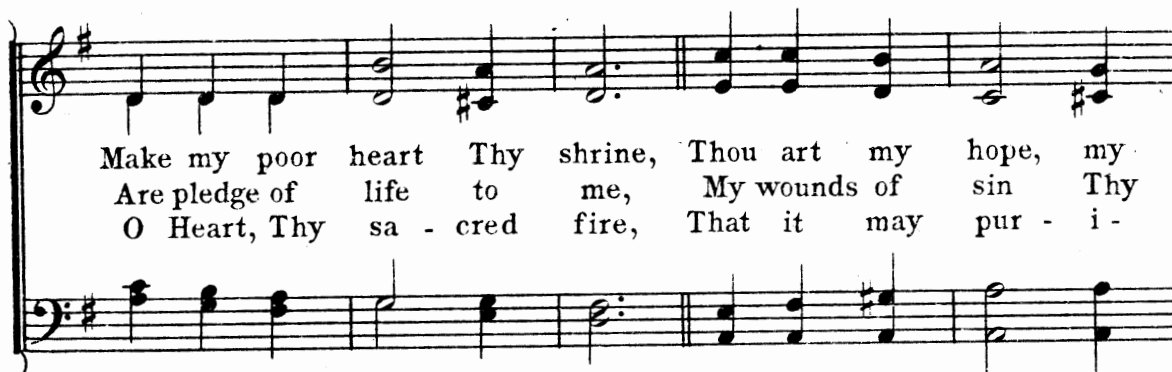
81.



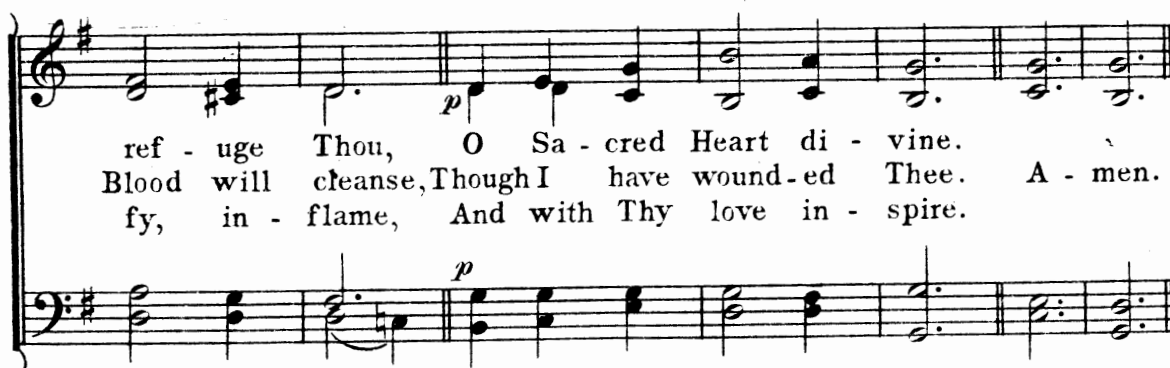
mf

1. O Sa - cred Heart, to Thee I come,
2. O lov - ing Heart, Thy cru - el wounds
3. Kin - dle with - in my soul a - gain,

mf



Make my poor heart Thy shrine, Thou art my hope, my
Are pledge of life to me, My wounds of sin Thy
O Heart, Thy sa - cred fire, That it may pur - i -



p

ref - uge Thou, O Sa - cred Heart di - vine.
Blood will cleanse, Though I have wound - ed Thee. A - men.
fy, in - flame, And with Thy love in - spire.

p

4. May my whole being be employed
Loving and serving Thee,
O bless me now, Most Sacred Heart,
And through eternity.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Sacred Heart.

St. Christopher 7-6-7-6.
Maker.

82.

mp

1. Dear pa - tient Heart of Je - sus, My sins Thy wounds re - new,
 2. O lov - ing Heart of Je - sus, Thy bless - ing now be - stow,
 3. O bless - ed Heart of Je - sus, I off - er Thee my life,

mp

cresc.

By all that Thou hast suf - fered, For par - don now I sue.
 Be Thou my strength, my ref - uge, My guide where'er I go.
cresc.
 Its thoughts, its deeds, its sor - rows, Its pleasures and its strife,

p

By Thy great love that saves me, So in - fi - nite, so free,
 O keep me ev - er near Thee Through - out life's weary way,
 My weak - ness, my con - tri - tion, I bring them all to Thee,

cresc.

I plead, dear Heart of Je - sus, For un - ion sweet with Thee.
 O ho - ly Heart of Je - sus, In death be Thou my stay. A - men.
cresc.
 O keep my heart in Thy Heart Through all e - ter - ni - ty

Sacred Heart.

83

Wondrous Mystery C. M. D.
S. Thalberg.

83.

1. O won-drous myster - y of love That Christ to us doth give,
2. Though poor and humble matters not, It mat-ters not our need,
3. In Thee a - lone our trust shall be, In Thee is ev-'ry grace,

To hold us close to things a - bove, To teach us how to live,
Though sin hath left its cru - el blot, Our on - ly plea, our need,
When fears dis-tress, we turn to Thee, Our shield, our hid-ing place,

The grace of life it doth supply, Such joy it doth im - part,
In pit - y Thou wilt hear our cry, Though we are far a - part,
To ev - er feel Thy sa - cred pow'r, All glo - rious as Thou art,

The strength to live, in peace to die, O lov-ing Sacred Heart.
Nor ev - er will our hope de - ny, O lov-ing Sacred Heart.
Our guide and stay through ev - 'ry hour, O lov-ing Sacred Heart.

J. C. D.

84

Precious Blood.

Blessed Light 10-4-10-4-10-10.

A. Pease.

84.

mf

1. O Lamb of God, a won-drous gift was Thine,
 2. Poor though we be, Thy rich-es for us flow,
 3. To Thee we come, the blind, the sick, the lame,

mf

O Pre-cious Blood, A springe - ter - nal of the love di - vine,
 O Pre-cious Blood, Thy crimson tide as - sua-ges ev - 'ry woe,
 O Pre-cious Blood, Burdened with ills, with grief, with sin and shame,

p

O Pre-cious Blood, Cleanse Thou our souls, from ev - 'ry stain now free,
 O Pre-cious Blood, In Thee we hope, thro' Thee we cast out fear,
 O Pre-cious Blood, Thou canst re-store, con - sole, re-deem and bless,

cresc.

cresc.

dim. *p*

O Pre-cious Blood, that flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 Thou art our strength, our joy in dark-ness drear. A - men.
 O Pre-cious Blood, for us all Right-eous - ness.

dim. *p*

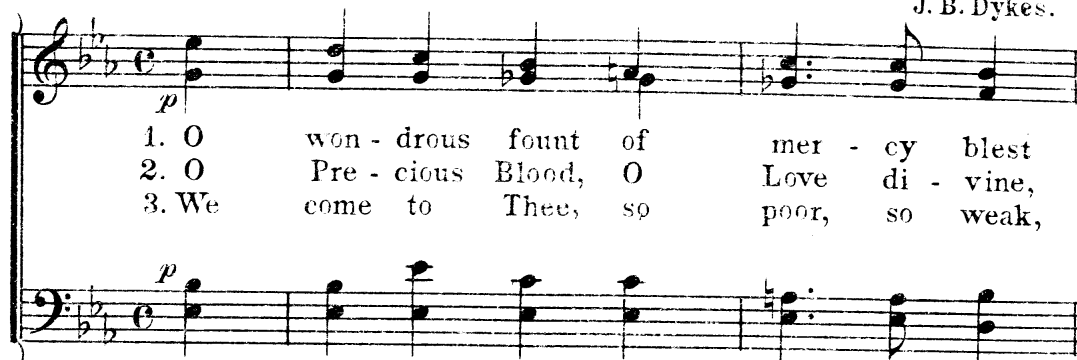
J. C. D.

Precious Blood.

85

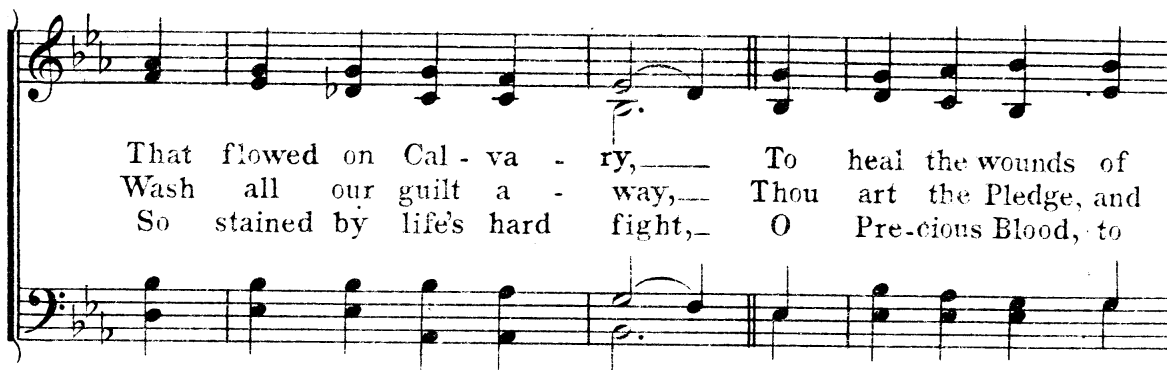
Trinity C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

85.

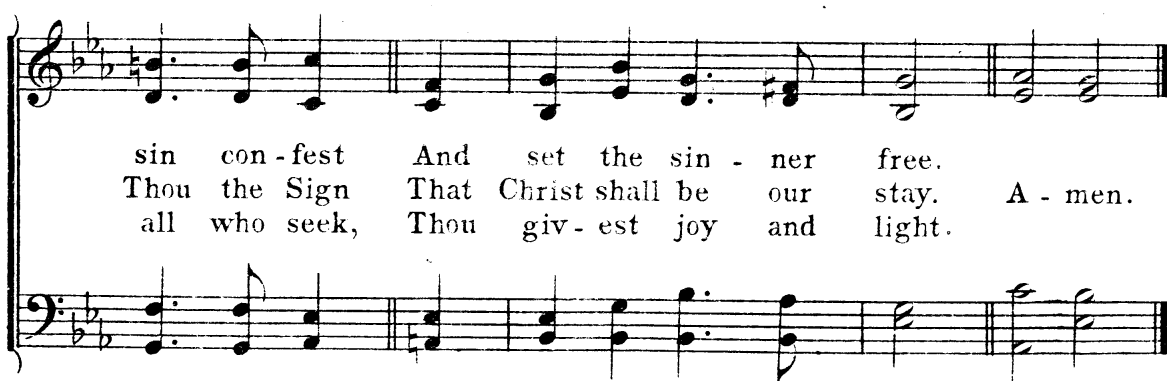


p

1. O won - drous fount of mer - cy blest
2. O Pre - cious Blood, O Love di - vine,
3. We come to Thee, so poor, so weak,



That flowed on Cal - va - ry, — To heal the wounds of
Wash all our guilt a - way, — Thou art the Pledge, and
So stained by life's hard fight, — O Pre - cious Blood, to



sin con - fest And set the sin - ner free.
Thou the Sign That Christ shall be our stay. A - men.
all who seek, Thou giv - est joy and light.

4. O Precious Blood, O gift of grace,
Grant us to know Thy peace,
Thou hast redeemed a fallen race,
Flow on and never cease!

Amen.

J. C. D.



*Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation
to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:*

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

86

Precious Blood.

Blood of Jesus 6-5-6-5 D.
F. Filitz.

86.

mp 1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
2. Blest through end-less a - ges, Be the pre - cious stream,
3. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts its praise on high,
mp

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Which from sin and sor - row Does the world re - deem!
An - gel hosts, re - joic - ing, Make their glad re - ply.

Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find,
A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead-ed to the skies;
Lift ye then your voic - es; Swell the might - y flood;

Blest be His com - pass - ion In - fi - nite - ly kind!
But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries. A - men.
Loud-er still and loud - er, Praise the pre - cious Blood.

From the Latin.

Precious Blood.

87

Benediction 10-10-10-10.
Hopkins.

87.

mf

1. O Pre-cious Blood, the balm of ev-'ry ill,
2. O Pre-cious Blood, so in-fi-nite-ly kind,
3. O Pre-cious Blood, through-out our length of days,

mf

p

Strength-en our weak-ness, bid our fears be still,
In Thee do we our souls' sal-va-tion find,
In love and ser-vice, we would hymn Thy praise,

p

In Thee is com-fort sweet for all our woe,
Cleanse us from sin, from e-vil set us free,
Then through the a-ges may we still a-dore,

cresc.

O Pre-cious Blood, that from Christ's wounds doth flow.
O Pre-cious Blood, that flows on Cal-va-ry. A-men.
O Pre-cious Blood, that flows for ev-er-more.

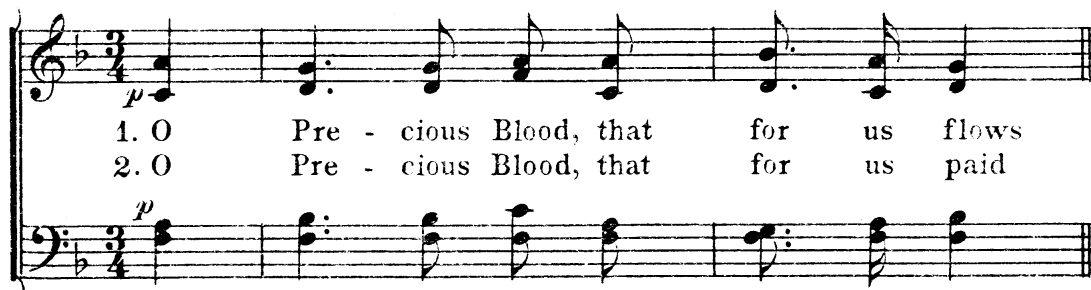
cresc. *p*

J. C. D.

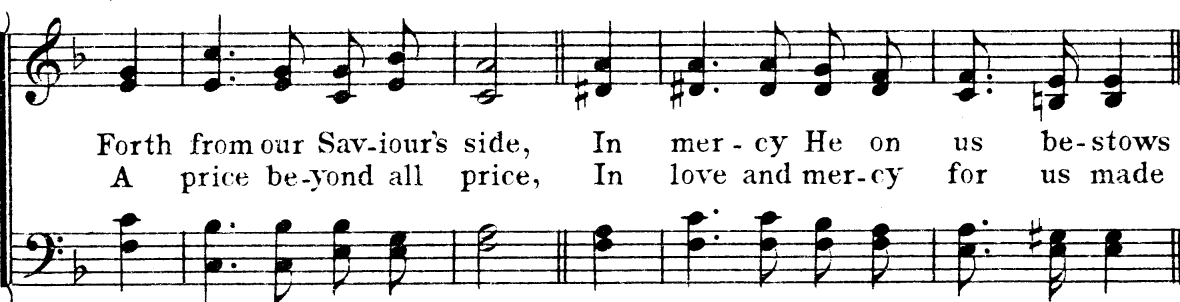
88

Precious Blood.

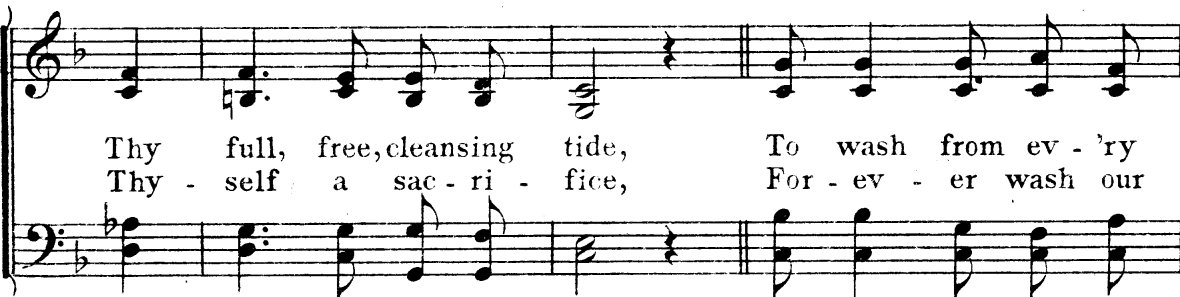
Precious Blood C. M.
Sullivan-Kanne.

88. 

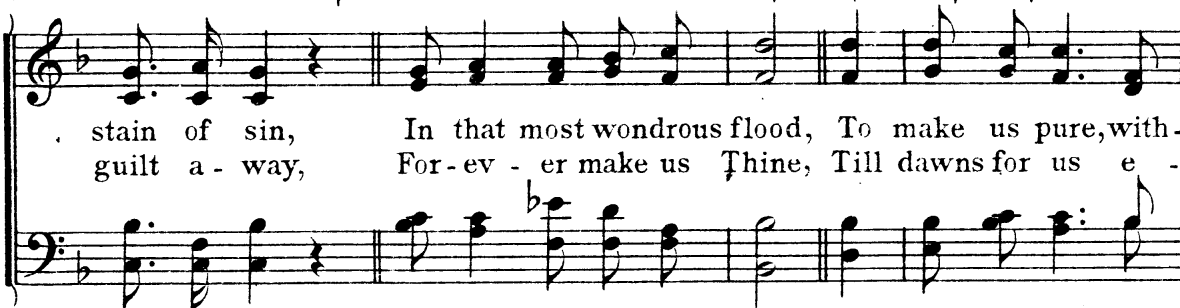
1. O Pre - cious Blood, that for us flows
2. O Pre - cious Blood, that for us paid



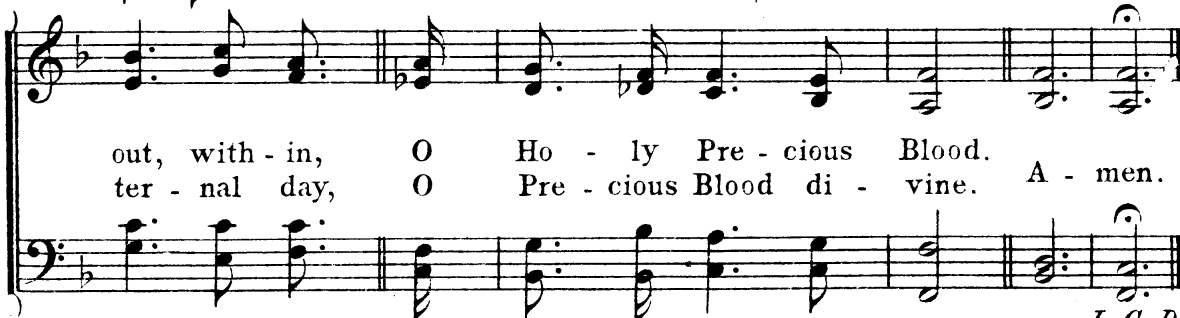
Forth from our Sav-iour's side, In mer - cy He on us be-stows
A price be-yond all price, In love and mer-cy for us made



Thy full, free, cleansing tide, To wash from ev - 'ry
Thy - self a sac - ri - fice, For - ev - er wash our



stain of sin, In that most wondrous flood, To make us pure, with-
guilt a - way, For - ev - er make us Thine, Till dawns for us e -



out, with - in, O Ho - ly Pre - cious Blood.
ter - nal day, O Pre - cious Blood di - vine. A - men.

J. C. D.

Precious Blood.

89

Grace P. M.
Kaune.

89.

mp

1. O Pre - cious Blood, to us the to - ken
2. We come to Thee, our guilt con - fess - ing.

mp

Of Je - sus' love, for us out - poured.
We come to Thee by sin op - prest,

'Twas by our sin His Heart was bro - ken,
O Pre - cious Blood, for - ev - er bless - ing,

p

And for us sin - ners died our Lord. A - men.
We find in Thee all peace and rest.

p

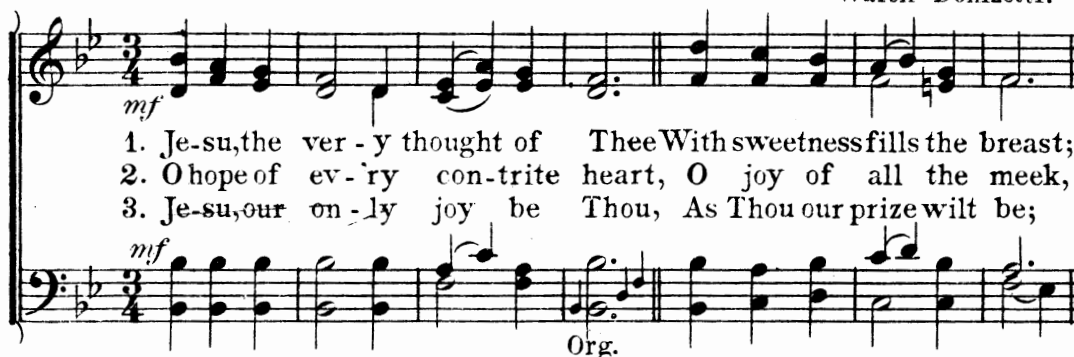
J. A. D.

90

Holy Name of Jesus.

St. Paul C. M. D.
Walch-Donizetti.

90.

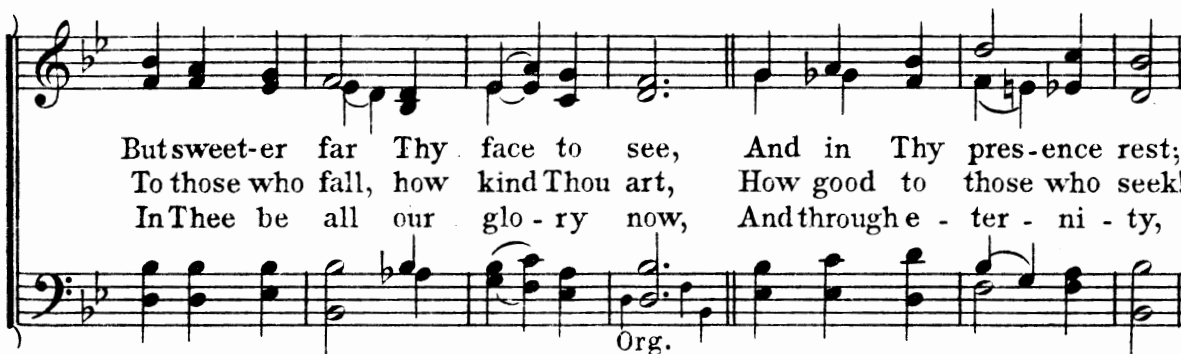


mf

1. Je-su, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;
2. O hope of ev - ry con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
3. Je-su, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prizewilt be;

mf

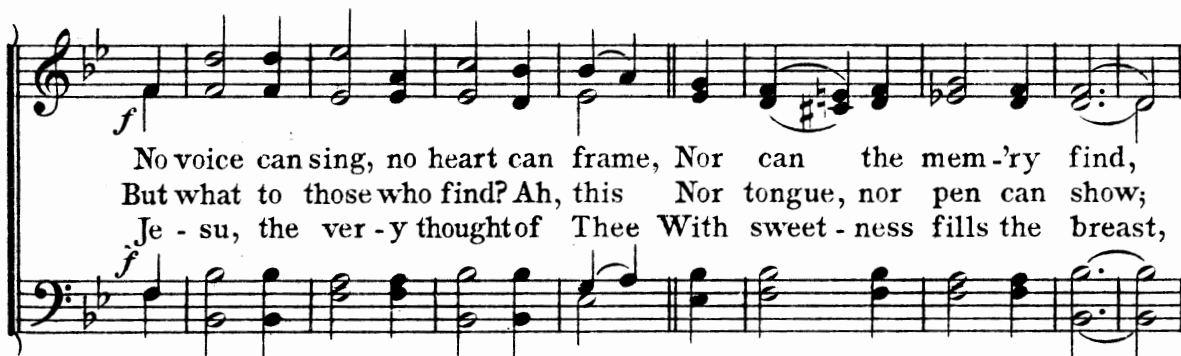
Org.



mf

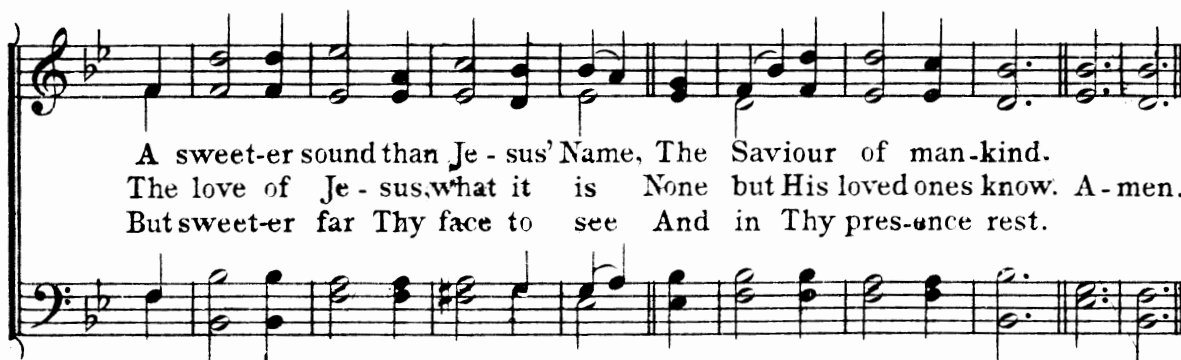
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty,

Org.



f

No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find,
But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue, nor pen can show;
Je - su, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills the breast,



f

A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' Name, The Saviour of man-kind.
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A - men.
But sweet-er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres-ence rest.

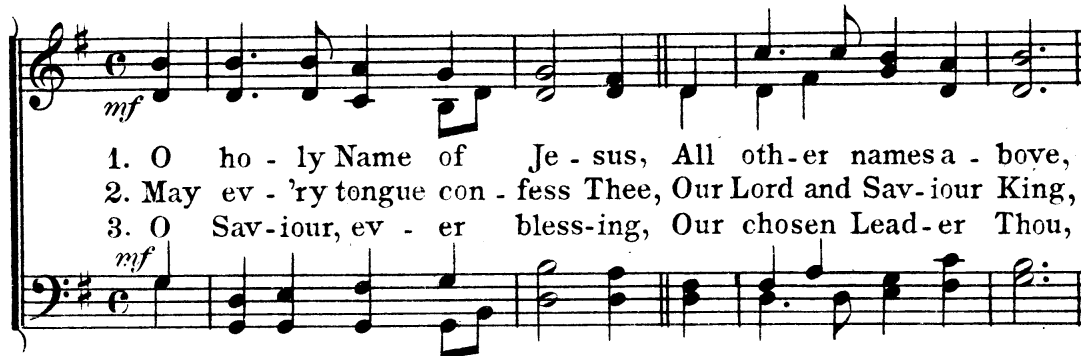
From the Latin.

Holy Name of Jesus.

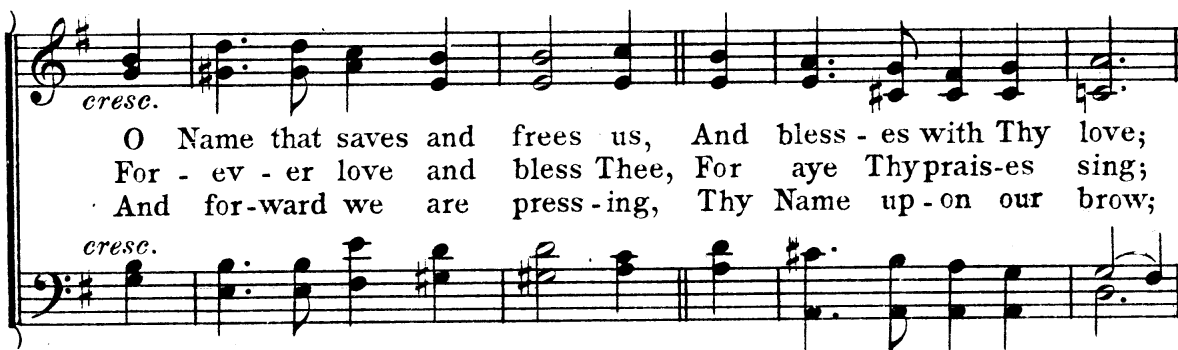
91

Eleanor 7-6-7-6 D.
A.H. Mann.

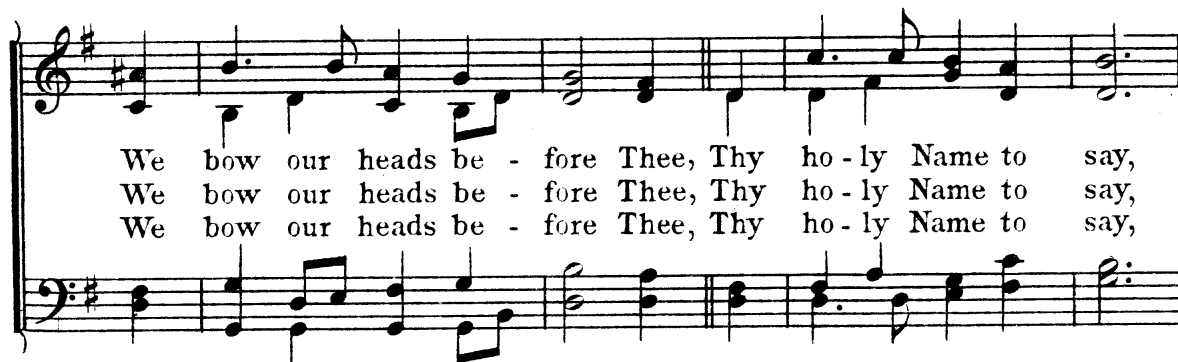
91.



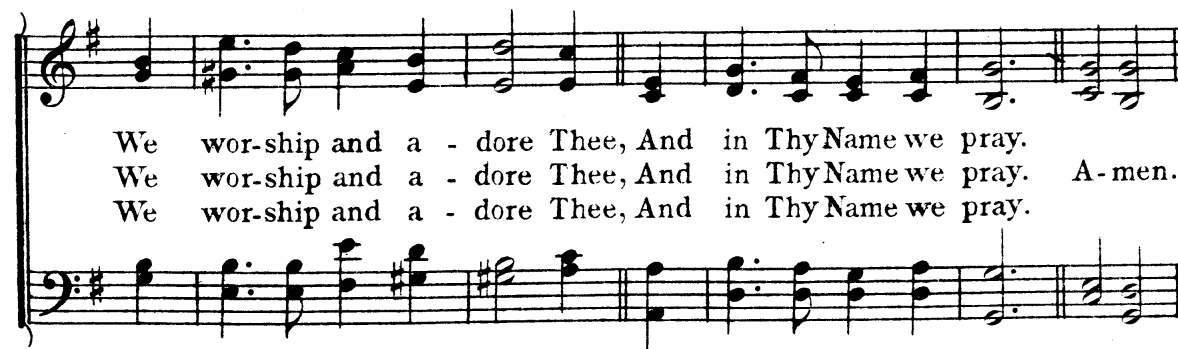
1. O ho - ly Name of Je - sus, All oth - er names a - boye,
2. May ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Thee, Our Lord and Sav - iour King,
3. O Sav - iour, ev - er bless - ing, Our chosen Lead - er Thou,



O Name that saves and frees us, And bless - es with Thy love;
For - ev - er love and bless Thee, For aye Thy prais - es sing;
And for - ward we are press - ing, Thy Name up - on our brow;



We bow our heads be - fore Thee, Thy ho - ly Name to say,
We bow our heads be - fore Thee, Thy ho - ly Name to say,
We bow our heads be - fore Thee, Thy ho - ly Name to say,



We wor - ship and a - dore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray.
We wor - ship and a - dore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray. A - men.
We wor - ship and a - dore Thee, And in Thy Name we pray.

J. G. D.

92

Holy Name of Jesus.

Holy Name C. M. D.
W. Spinney.

92. *HARMONY.*

mf

1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought

mf

p *cresc.* *Fine.*

It soothes our sor - rows, heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

p *cresc.*

UNISON.

p

It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast,
 Je - sus my Shep - herd, Guardian, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King,
 Till then I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath,

p

'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring. A - men.
 And may the mus - ic of Thy Name Re - fresh my soul in death.

Harmony. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

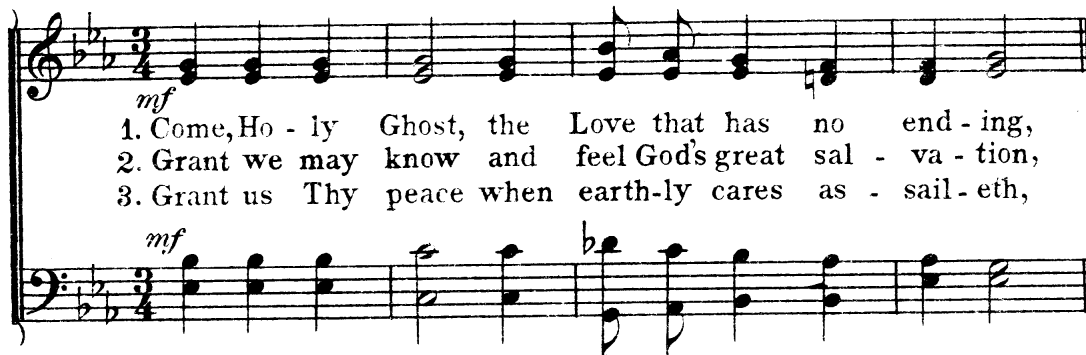
By permission of
 C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
 Selected.

Confirmation.

St. James P. M.
Barnby.

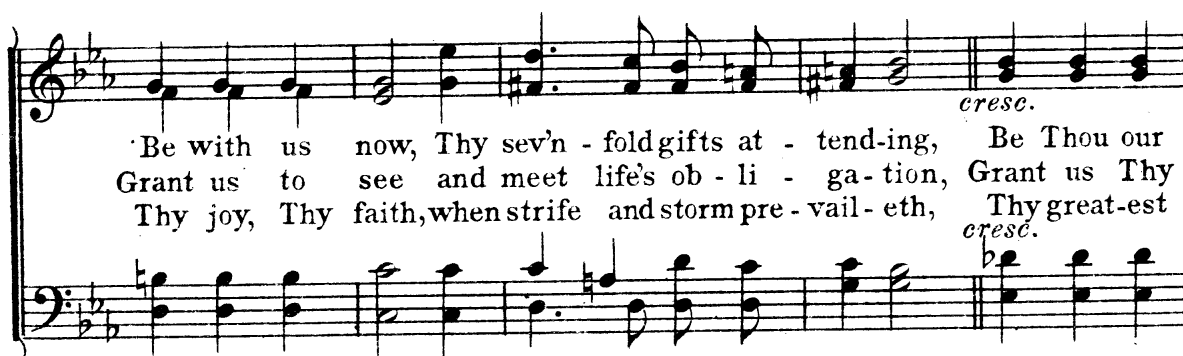
93.



mf

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, the Love that has no end - ing,
 2. Grant we may know and feel God's great sal - va - tion,
 3. Grant us Thy peace when earth - ly cares as - sail - eth,

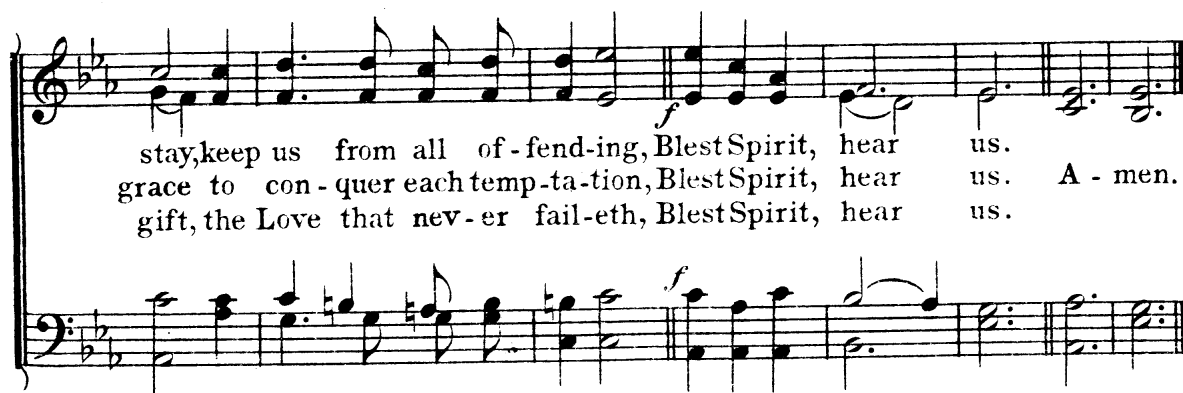
mf



cresc.

Be with us now, Thy sev'n - fold gifts at - tend - ing, Be Thou our
 Grant us to see and meet life's ob - li - ga - tion, Grant us Thy
 Thy joy, Thy faith, when strife and storm pre - vail - eth, Thy great - est

cresc.



f

stay, keep us from all of - fend - ing, Blest Spirit, hear us.
 grace to con - quer each temp - ta - tion, Blest Spirit, hear us. A - men.
 gift, the Love that nev - er fail - eth, Blest Spirit, hear us.

4. O Holy Ghost, our vows to Thee addressing,
 Reign in our hearts, O Spirit, ever blessing,
 Till Death shall call, then still the faith confessing,
 Blest Spirit, hear us.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Confirmation.

Troyte 7-7-7-5.
Troyte.

94.

mf

1. Spir - it blest, Who art a - dored
 2. Source of strength and know - ledge clear,
 3. Thou Who cam - est like a dove

mf

With the Fa - ther and the Word, One e - ter - nal
 Wis - dom, god - li - ness sin - cere, Un - der - stand - ing,
 From the o - pened skies a - bove, With the Fa - ther's

God and Lord; Hear us, Ho - ly Ghost.
 coun - sel, fear, Hear us, Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.
 pow'r and love, Hear us, Ho - ly Ghost.

4. Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
 Gave to cheer and help His own,
 That they might not be alone,
 Hear us, Holy Ghost.

6. Come to help the hearts that yearn
 More of truth divine to learn,
 And with deeper love to burn,
 Hear us, Holy Ghost.

5. Thou Who yet the Church dost fill,
 Making Jesus present still,
 Showing us God's perfect will,
 Hear us, Holy Ghost.

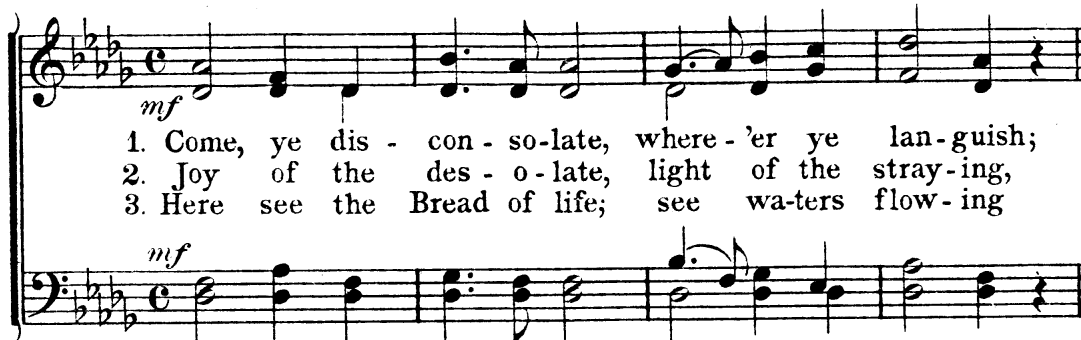
7. Now Thy sevenfold gifts bestow;
 Gifts of grace, our God to know,
 Gifts of strength to quell our foe,
 Hear us, Holy Ghost.
 Amen.

Selected.

Burial of the Dead.

Moore. 11-10-11-10.
Webbe.

97.



mf

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, where - 'er ye lan - guish;
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
 3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing

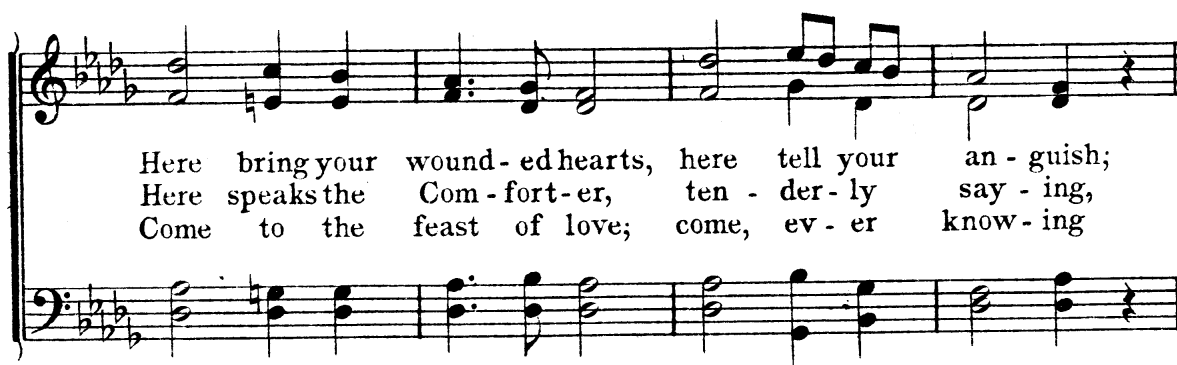
mf



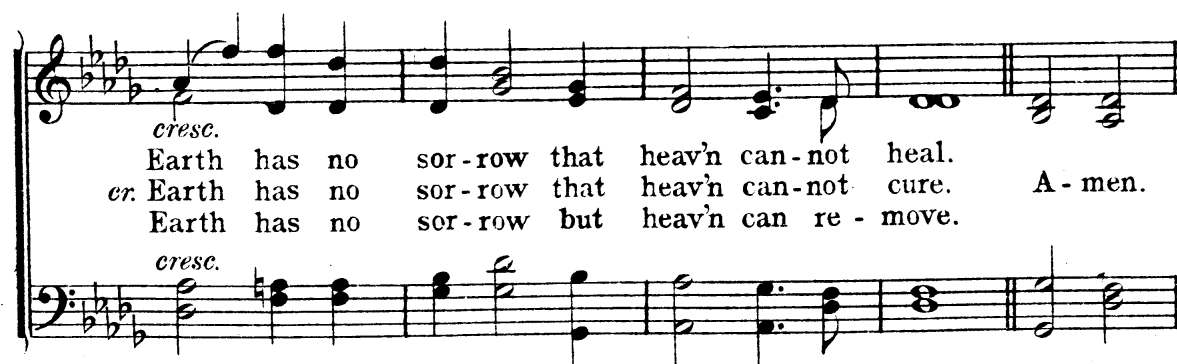
p

Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure,
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

p



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing



cresc.

Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
er. Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure. A - men.
 Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.


cresc.

98

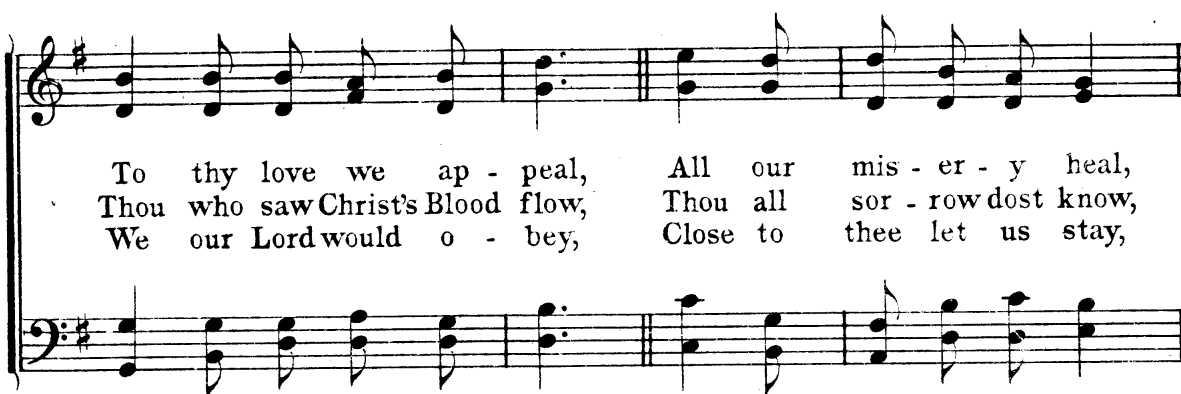
Burial of the Dead.

Barrett, P. M.
Old Gaelic Air.

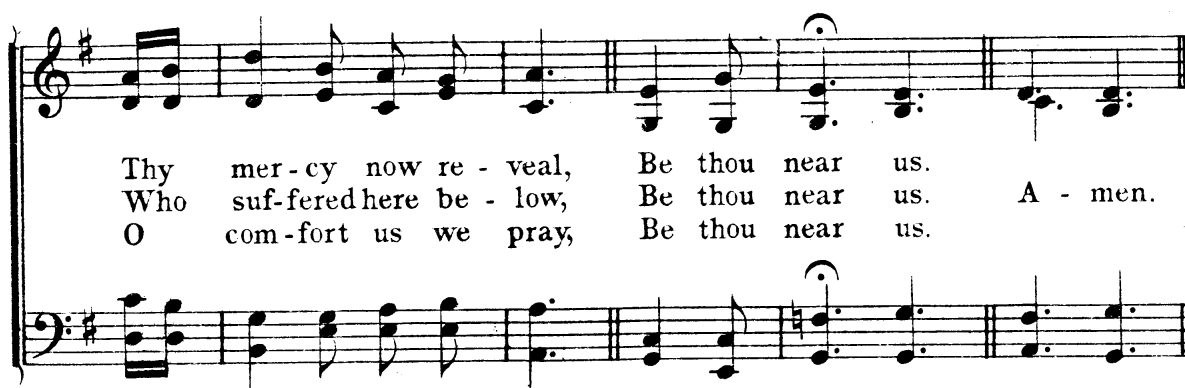
98.



1. Ma - ry, grief bowed we kneel, Ma - ry, hear us;
2. Com-fort us in our woe, Ma - ry, hear us;
3. Let us not go a - stray, Ma - ry, hear us;



To thy love we ap - peal, All our mis - er - y heal,
Thou who saw Christ's Blood flow, Thou all sor - row dost know,
We our Lord would o - bey, Close to thee let us stay,



Thy mer - cy now re - veal, Be thou near us.
Who suf-fered here be - low, Be thou near us. A - men.
O com-fort us we pray, Be thou near us.

J. C. D.

Burial of the Dead.

99

Helen. 10-10-10-10-10-10.
Barnby.

99.

1. O God, Who know-est all our grief, our woe,
2. Speak but one word, our pain shall have sur- cease,

In Thy sweet pit - y com-fort now be - stow; Thou who hast
Our hearts are healed if Thou dost whis-per peace, And as we

giv - en and dost take a - way, "Thy will be done" teach
bow in tears be - fore Thy Throne, Lord, we may feel that

us, O Lord, to say; Thou Who dost gov - ern all be-low, a - bove,
we are not a - lone. Liv - ing and dy - ing, Lord, may we a - dore

Teach us through sor - row, Lord, to know Thy love. A - men.
Thee, Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, ev - er - more.

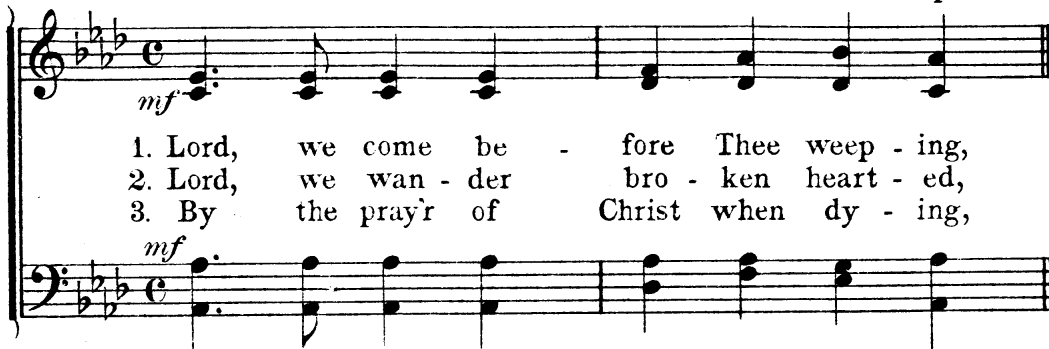
J. C. D.

100

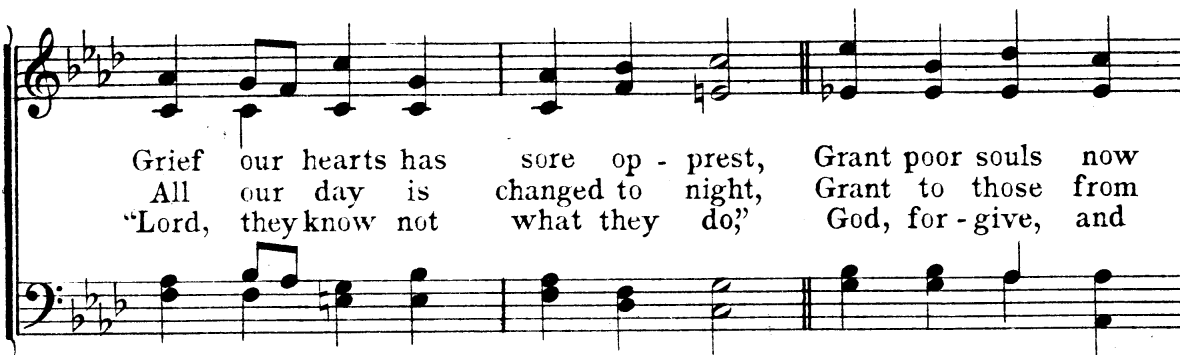
Burial of the Dead.

Jeannette. 8-7-8-3.
E. Turpin.

100.



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee weep - ing,
2. Lord, we wan - der bro - ken heart - ed,
3. By the pray'r of Christ when dy - ing,



Grief our hearts has sore op - prest, Grant poor souls now
All our day is changed to night, Grant to those from
"Lord, they know not what they do," God, for - give, and



in Thy keep - ing, Joy and rest.
whom we're part - ed Love and light. A - men.
still their sigh - ing, Bless them too.

4. By His tender intercession,
By His love that can not cease,
Free them now from pain's oppression,
Grant them peace.

5. When death comes may we not fear it,
All poor souls shall Thee adore,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Evermore.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Ember Days.

101

America. 6-6-4-6-6-6-4.
H. Carey.

101.

mf

1. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee,
2. Bless Thou our na - tive land!
3. For her our pray'r shall rise

mf

Au - thor of li - ber - ty, To Thee we sing:
Firm may she ev - er stand, Through storm and night;
To God, a - bove the skies; On Him we wait;

cresc.

Long may our land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light;
When the wild tem - pests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave,
Thou Who art ev - er nigh, Guard-ing with watch-ful eye

cresc.

Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!
Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A - men.
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state!

f

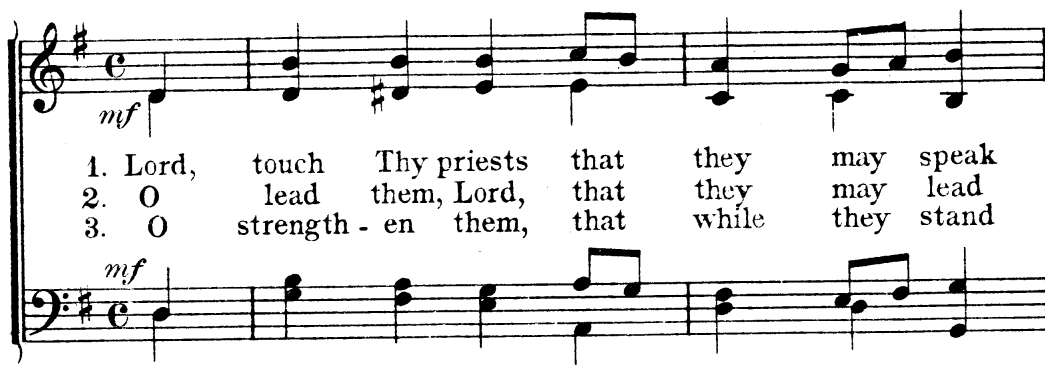
Selected.

102

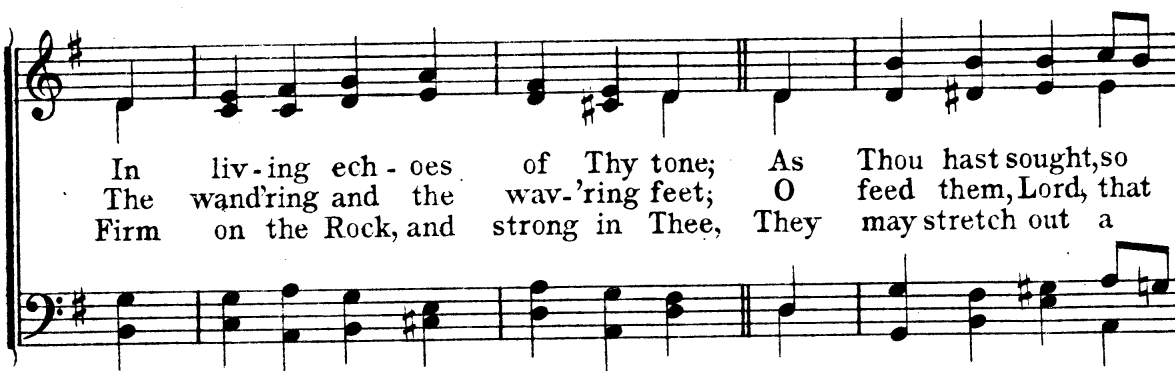
Ember Days.

Schumann. L. M.
Schumann.

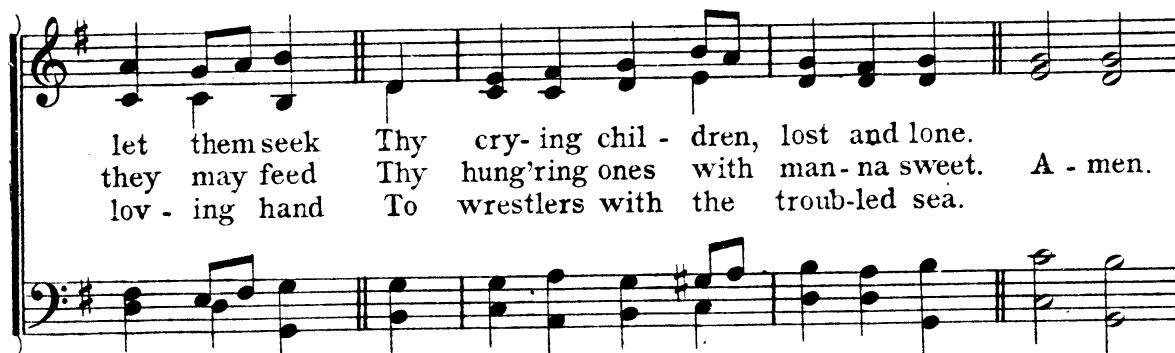
102.



1. Lord, touch Thy priests that they may speak
2. O lead them, Lord, that they may lead
3. O strength - en them, that while they stand



In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so
The wand'ring and the wav - 'ring feet; O feed them, Lord, that
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee, They may stretch out a



let them seek Thy cry - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.
they may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man - na sweet. A - men.
lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the troub - led sea.

4. O teach them, Lord, that they may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing their words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5. Oh let them, Lord, of service be,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face they see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Amen.

Adapted.

Ember Days.

103

Melita. 8-8-8-8-8-8.
J. B. Dykes.

103.

mp

1. Thou Who the night in pray'r didst spend,
 2. Oh, may Thy pas - tors faith - ful be,
 3. Oh, may Thy peo - ple faith - ful be,

mp

And then Thy twelve a - pos - tles send; And bidd'st us pray the har - vest's Lord
 Not lab'ring for themselves, but Thee; Give grace to feed with wholesome food
 And in Thy pas - tors hon - or Thee, And with them work and for them pray;

To send forth sow - ers of Thy word, Hear, and Thy cho - sen
 The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood; To tend Thy flock, and
 And glad - ly Thee in them o - bey; Re - ceive the proph - et

ser - vants bless With sev'n - fold gifts of hol - i - ness.
 thus to prove How dear - ly they the Shep - herd love! A - men.
 of the Lord, And gain the prophet's own re - ward!

4. So may we, when our work is done,
 Together stand before the throne;
 And joyful hearts and voices raise
 In one united song of praise,
 With all the bright celestial host,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Ember Days.

Ember Days. 10-10-10-10.
Ancient Plain-Song.

104.

mf

1. Lord of the Church, we to Thee hum-bly pray
 2. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it on them from on high,
 3. Lord, may they spread a - far Thy glor-ious Name,

For those or - dained to guide us on our way,
 Wis - dom and love and faith ev - er sup - ply;
 Thy sav - ing grace for all sin - ners pro - claim;

With love di - vine, Lord, their hearts now in - spire,
 In all their ser - vice do Thou Thy priests bless,
 Grant them, dear Lord, when their work here is o'er,

cresc.
 Touch Thou their lips, Lord, with Thy hal - lowed fire.
 Ev - er de - fend them with Thy right - eous - ness. A - men.
cresc.
 Vi - sion of peace that brings joy ev - er - more.

4. Low before Thee with our praises we fall,
 Of Whom, and in Whom and thro' Whom are all;
 Of Whom, the Father, and in Whom, the Son;
 Thro' Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever one.

Amen.

Adapted.

Ember Days.

105

Alban. C. M.
W. Richardson

105.

mf

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser-vants plead,
2. Our hope, when au-tumn winds blew wild,
3. The for-mer and the lat-ter rain,

mf

And Thou hast sworn to hear; Thine is the har-vest,
We trust-ed, Lord, with Thee: And now that spring has
The sum-mer sun and air, The green ear, and the

p

Thine the seed, The fresh and fa-ding year.
on us smiled, We wait on Thy de-cree. A-men.
gold-en grain, All Thine, are ours by pray'r.

p

4. Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5. So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new heav'ns and earth,
We never may forego.

Amen.

Selected.

106

Dedication of a Church.

Foundation. 6-6-6-6-8-8.
G. F. Handel.

106.

1. Christ is our cor - ner - stone,
 2. Oh, then with hymns of praise
 3. Here, Gra - cious God, do Thou

On Him a - lone we build; With His true saints a - lone
 These hallowed courts shall ring; Our voices we will raise
 For ev - er - more draw nigh; Ac - cept each faith - ful vow,

The courts of heav'n are filled; *ff* On His great love our
 The Three in One to sing, And thus in joy - ful
 And mark each sup - pliant sigh; In cop - ious show'r on

hopes we place, Of joys a - bove and pres - ent grace.
 song pro - claim, Both loud and long, that glo - rious Name. A - men.
 all who pray Thy bless - ings pour each ho - ly day.

4. Here may we gain from heav'n
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace once giv'n,
 Be with us evermore;
 Until that day when all the blest
 Are called away to endless rest.
 Amen.

From the Latin.

Blessed Virgin.

107

Star of Ocean. 6-5-6-5 D.
J. Haydn.

107.

1. Hail, bright Star of o - cean, God's own Moth - er blest,
2. Vir - gin all ex - cel - ling, Mild - est of the mild,

Ev - er sin - less Vir - gin, Guide to peace and rest! Break the cap - tive's
Freed from guilt, pre - serve us Meek and un - de - filed; Keep our life all

fet - ters Light on blind - ness pour; All our ills ex - pell - ing
spot - less, Make our way se - cure, Till we find in Je - sus

Ev - ry bliss im - plore. Show thyself a moth - er; May the Word Di - vine,
Joy for ev - er - more. Thro' the highest heav - en To th' Al - migh - ty Three,

Born for us thine In - fant, Hear our pray'rs through thine. A - men.
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, One same glo - ry be.

From the Latin.

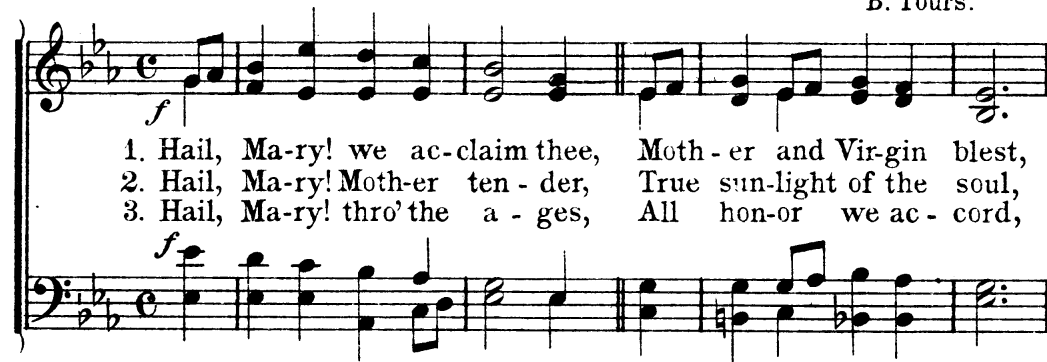
108

Blessed Virgin.

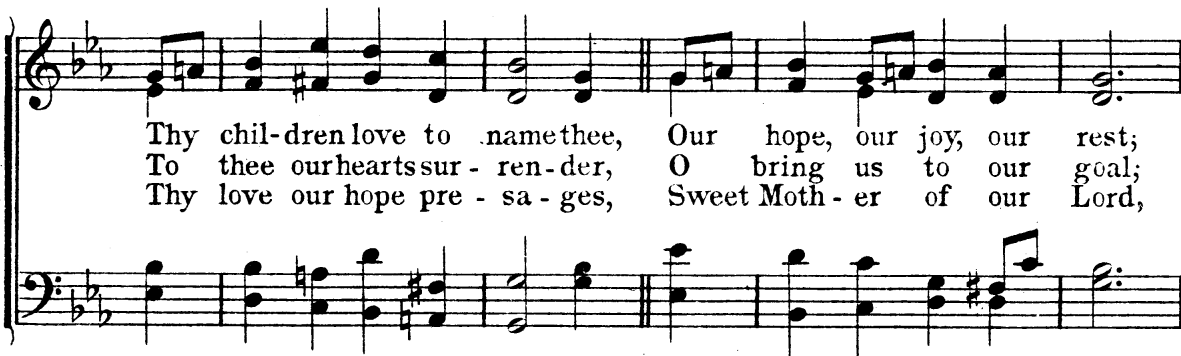
Berthold. 7-6-7-6 D.
B. Tours.

108.

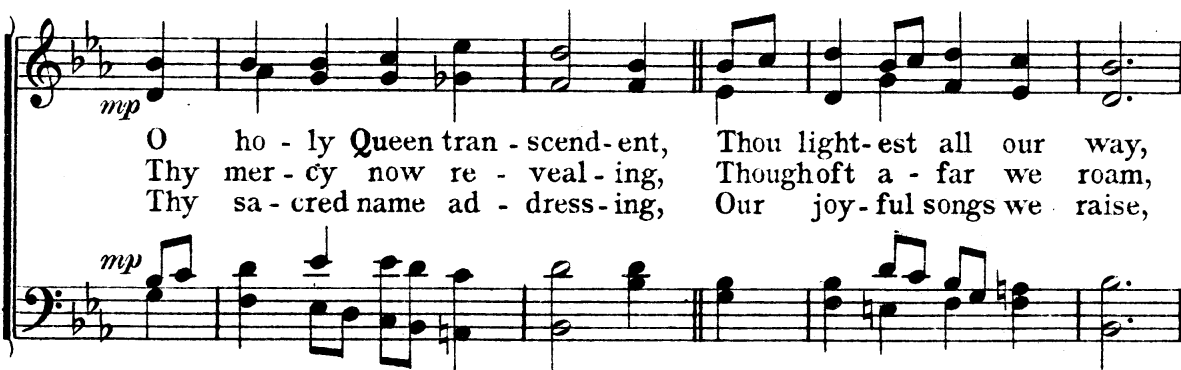
1. Hail, Ma-ry! we ac-claim thee, Moth-er and Vir-gin blest,
 2. Hail, Ma-ry! Moth-er ten-der, True sun-light of the soul,
 3. Hail, Ma-ry! thro' the a-ges, All hon-or we ac-cord,



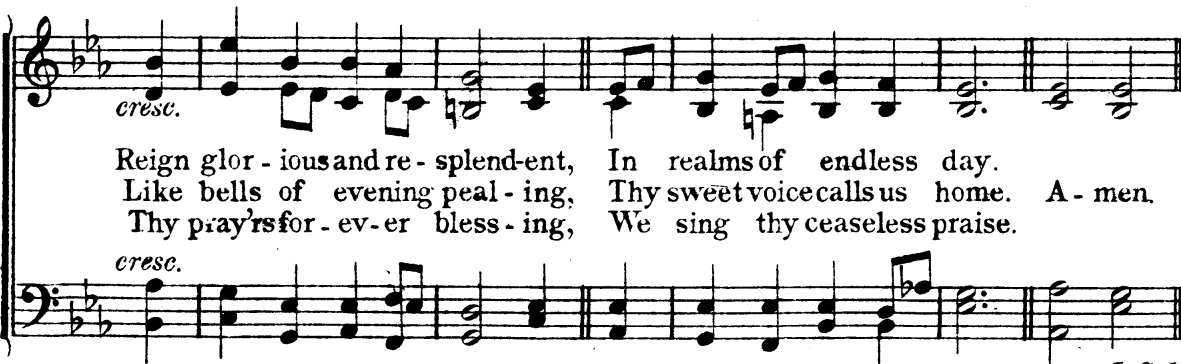
Thy chil-dren love to name thee, Our hope, our joy, our rest;
 To thee our heart sur-ren-der, O bring us to our goal;
 Thy love our hope pre-sa-ges, Sweet Moth-er of our Lord,



O ho-ly Queen tran-scend-ent, Thou light-est all our way,
 Thy mer-cy now re-veal-ing, Though oft a-far we roam,
 Thy sa-cred name ad-dress-ing, Our joy-ful songs we raise,



Reign glor-ious and re-splend-ent, In realms of endless day.
 Like bells of evening peal-ing, Thy sweet voice calls us home. A-men.
 Thy pray'rs for-ev-er bless-ing, We sing thy ceaseless praise.



J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

109

Herbert. 7-7-7-7-7-7.
G. Lissant.

109.

1. Ma - ry, Queen of love and light,
2. Grant thy help to all who need,
3. Ma - ry, Moth - er, Queen con - fest,

Christ's own gift to cheer our night, Thou thy chil - dren
Make us true in word and deed, Those who sor - row,
Thou - of wom - en art most blest, Crowned by Christ in

nev - er fail, Our de - fence when wrongs pre - vail, Ma - ry,
give them rest, So - lace be to those op - prest, Ma - ry,
Heav'n a - bove, Still vouch - safe to us thy love, Ma - ry,

Moth - er, hear our pray'r, Ev - er shield us with thy care.
Moth - er, hear our pray'r, Ev - er shield us with thy care. A - men.
Moth - er, hear our pray'r, Ev - er shield us with thy care.

by permission of
Hutchins.

J. C. B.

Blessed Virgin.

Blessed Mother. 8-7-8-7 D.
B. Tours.*Softly, (Not too fast.)*

110.

1. All ye wea-ry, all ye wand'ers, All ye bowed with grief and care,
 2. Ye who would o - bey yet fal - ter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
 3. Ye who've giv - en up the bat - tle, Ye who bear sin's deepest scar,

cresc.

Turn ye to the Bless-ed Moth-er, All your tri - als she will share;
 Ye who stum-ble with your bur-dens, Turn ye, turn ye, one and all;
 Ye who dare not face your Mak-er, Turn to her as guid - ing star;

cresc.

pp

She will be your con-so - la - tion In your pain and lone - li - ness;
 For the Bless-ed Moth-er's wait-ing, She will hear your faint-est cry:
 She will lead you gen - tly, sure - ly, Back to faith and hope and love,

pp

p

Ask her pray'rs: she waits to aid you, Waits to com-fort and to bless.
 Christ, your Sav-iour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die. A-men.
 Ye may know in her God's mer-cy, Shining on us from a-bove.

p

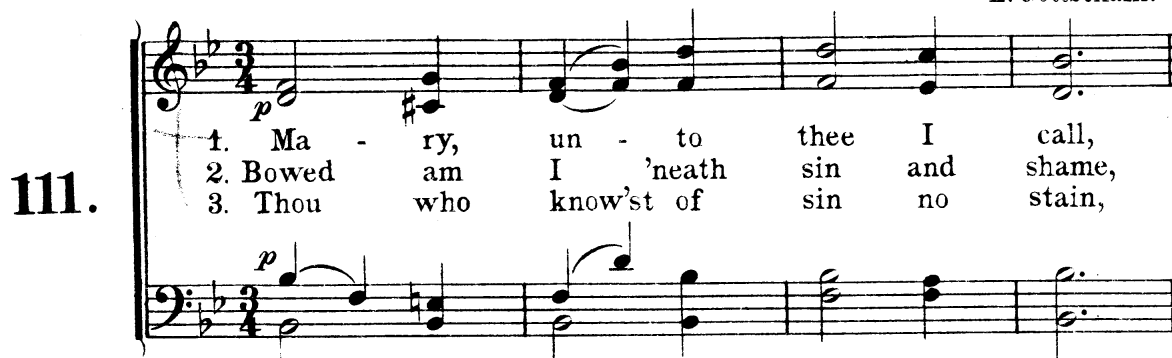
J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

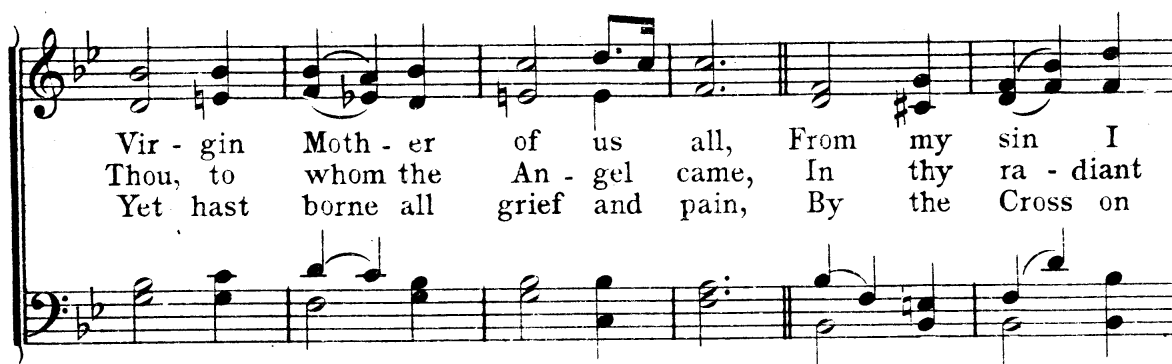
111

Mercy. 7-7-7-7.
L. Gottschalk.

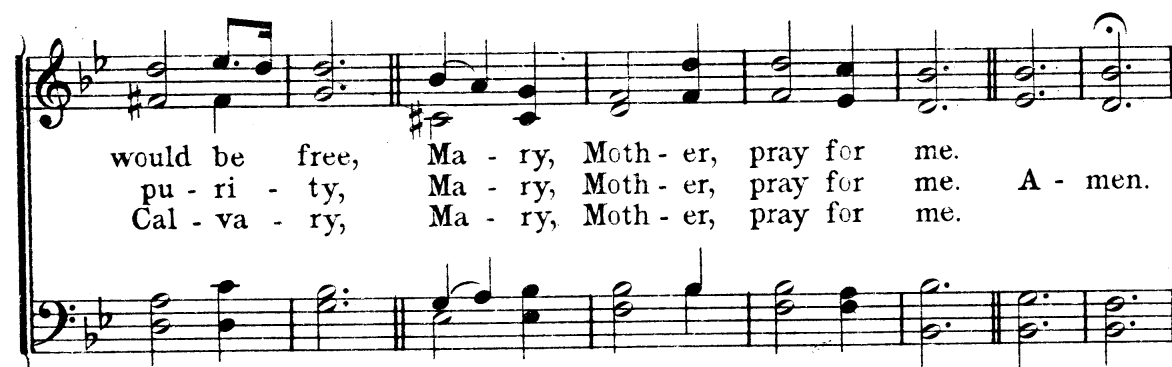
111.



1. Ma - ry, un - to thee I call,
2. Bowed am I 'neath sin and shame,
3. Thou who know'st of sin no stain,



Vir - gin Moth - er of us all, From my sin I
Thou, to whom the An - gel came, In thy ra - diant
Yet hast borne all grief and pain, By the Cross on



would be free, Ma - ry, Moth - er, pray for me.
pu - ri - ty, Ma - ry, Moth - er, pray for me. A - men.
Cal - va - ry, Ma - ry, Moth - er, pray for me.

4. Mary, grace and joy are thine,
Death and darkness must be mine,
Help me find the Light thro' thee,
Mary, Mother, pray for me.

5. Sin hath made the way grow dim,
Lead me, Mother, back to Him,
He Who died my soul to free,
Mary, Mother, pray for me.

Amen.

J. C. D.

112

Blessed Virgin.

Aventia. C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

112.

mf

1. Shall we not love thee, Moth - er dear,
 2. Bound with the curse of sin and shame
 3. And thee He chose from whom to take

mf

Whom Je - sus loves so well, And to His glo - ry,
 We help - less sin - ners lay, Un - til in ten - der
 True flesh His Flesh to be, In it to suf - fer

p

year by year, Thy joy and hon - or tell?
 love He came To bear the curse a - way. A - men.
 for our sake, By it to make us free.

p

4. Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
 To thee He turned for food;
 Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest
 Th' Incarnate Son of God.

5. O wondrous depths of grace divine
 That He should bend so low!
 And, Mary, Oh, what joy 'twas thine
 In His dear love to know.

6. Joy to be Mother of the Lord—
 And thine the truer bliss,
 In ev'ry thought and deed and word
 To be forever His.

7. And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
 We too will love thee well,
 And to His glory year by year,
 Thy joy and honor tell.

8. Jesu, the Virgin's Holy Son,
 We praise thee and adore,
 Who art with God the Father One
 And Spirit evermore.

Amen.

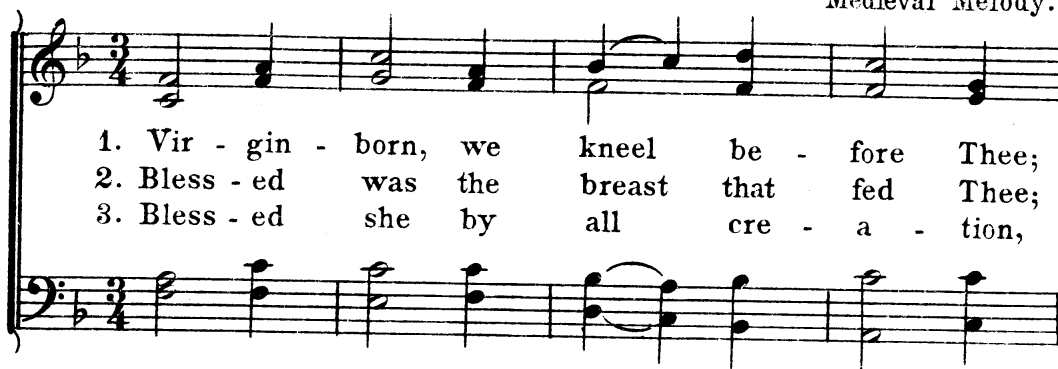
Selected.

Blessed Virgin.

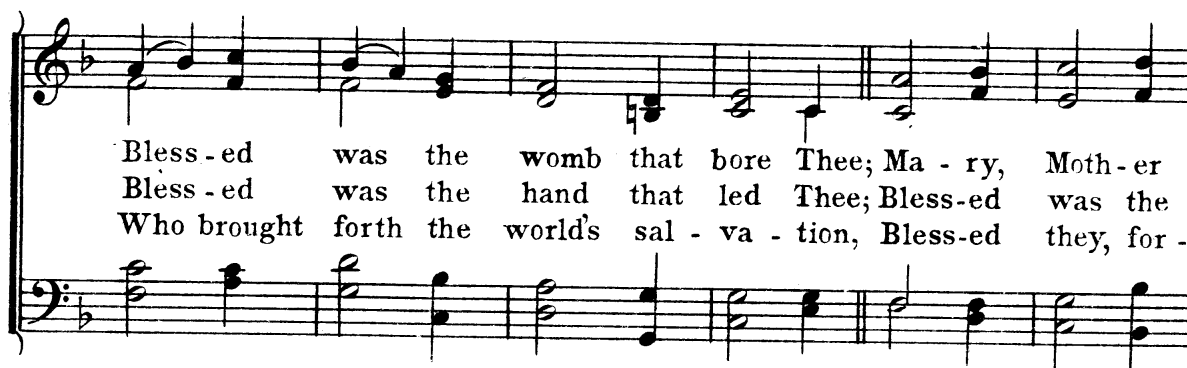
113

Harriet 8-8-7-7.
Medieval Melody.

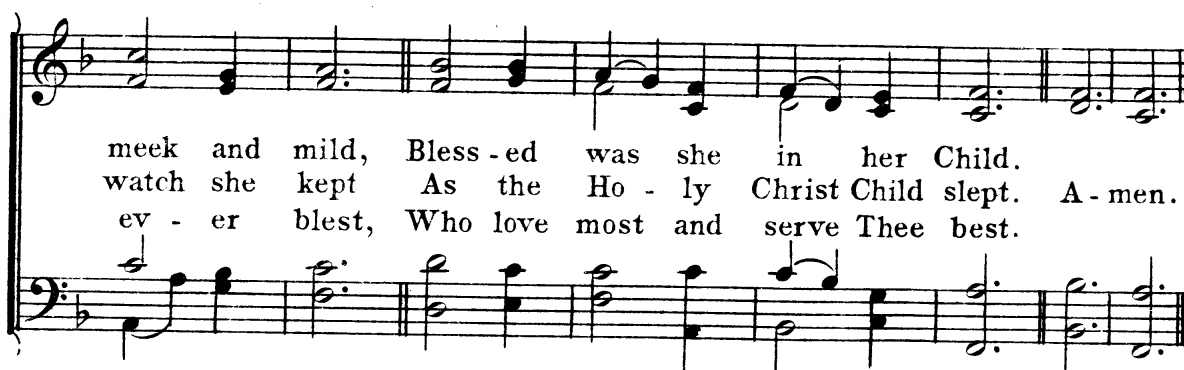
113.



1. Vir - gin - born, we kneel be - fore Thee;
2. Bless - ed was the breast that fed Thee;
3. Bless - ed she by all cre - a - tion,



Bless - ed was the womb that bore Thee; Ma - ry, Moth - er
Bless - ed was the hand that led Thee; Bless - ed was the
Who brought forth the world's sal - va - tion, Bless - ed they, for -



meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her Child.
watch she kept As the Ho - ly Christ Child slept. A - men.
ev - er blest, Who love most and serve Thee best.

4. Virgin-born, we bow before Thee;
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee;
Mary, Mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.
Amen.

Selected.

Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary

Queen of Heaven 8-7-8-7 D.
Le Jeune.

114.

mf

1. Glorious Mother! from high heaven Bend to hear thy children's pray'r;
 2. Gentle Mother, when we call thee In our weakness, in our pride,
 3. Gracious Mother, to thy al-tars Fair-est flow'rs of May we bring,

mf

Queen most ho - ly, yet our Mother, Giv - ing us a Moth - er's care,
 Be our ref - uge make us humble, Ev - er in our hearts a - bide.
 Ev - er grate - ful for God's goodness, Thee He gave us, and the spring.

p

Guid - ing us in hap - py child - hood, Guarding us in sun - ny youth,
 Bless - ed Moth - er, thus a - bid - ing, Glad - ly we our hearts re - sign,
 Let the voice of all cre - a - tion, Earth and Heav'n's tri - umphant hosts,

p

crese. Com - fort - ing the worn and weary With the light of love and truth.
dim. Pray - ing, in thy ho - ly keeping, They may be as pure as thine. A - men.
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

crese. *dim.*

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

J. C. D.

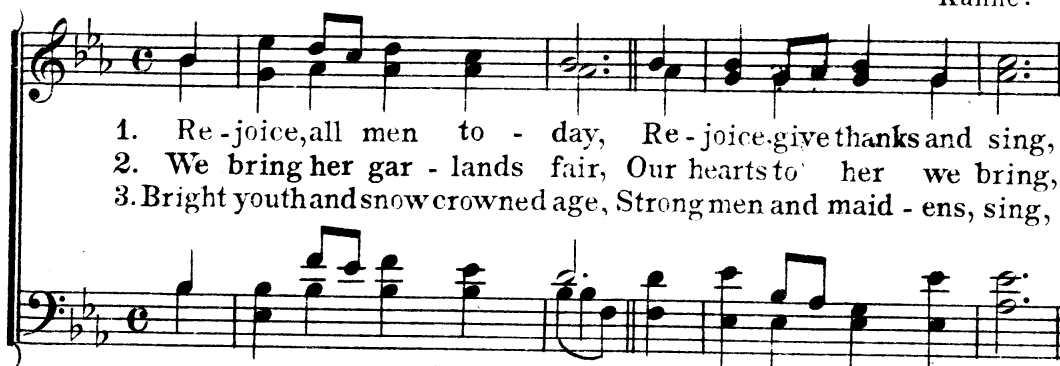
Blessed Virgin.

115

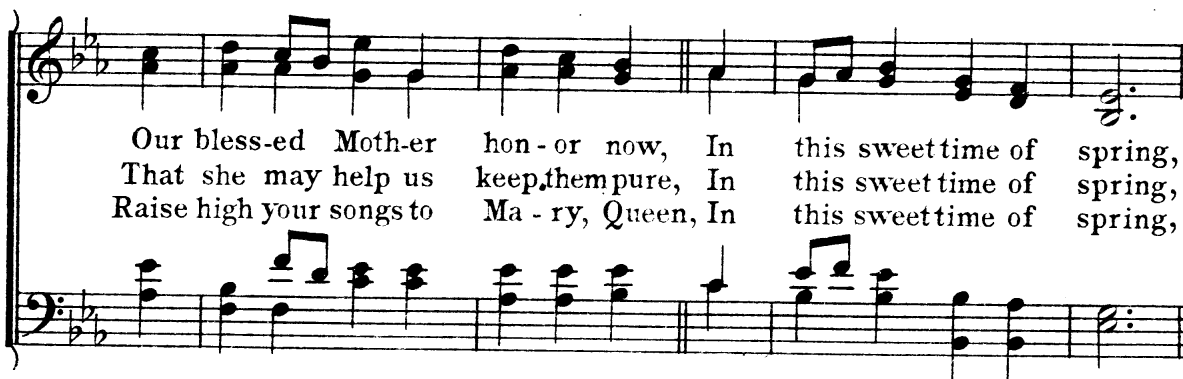
Month of Mary.

O'Neill P. M.
Kanne.

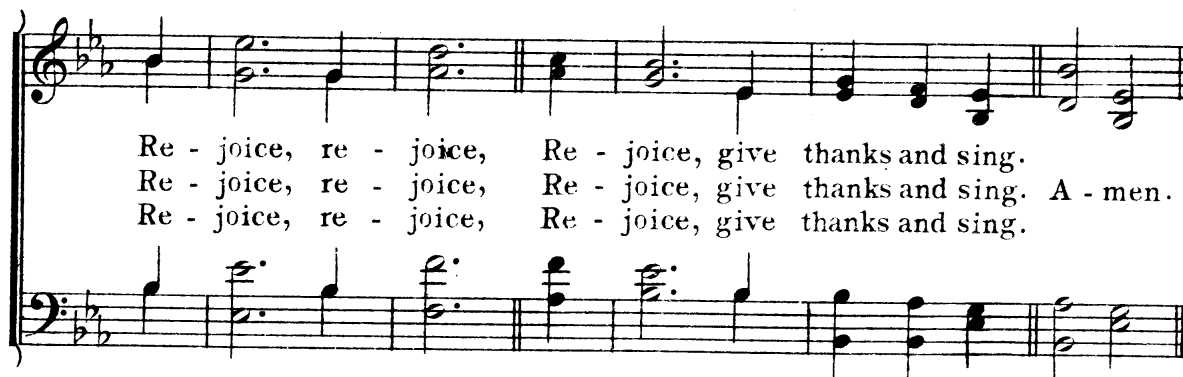
115.



1. Re-joice, all men to - day, Re-joice, give thanks and sing,
2. We bring her gar - lands fair, Our hearts to' her we bring,
3. Bright youth and snow crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens, sing,



Our bless-ed Moth-er hon-or now, In this sweet time of spring,
That she may help us keep them pure, In this sweet time of spring,
Raise high your songs to Ma-ry, Queen, In this sweet time of spring,



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.

4. O Mother, for us pray,
To thee Thy children cling,
Keep us till night and death be past,
And we behold the King.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
Amen.

J. C. D.

116

Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

Kevin 7-6-7-6 D.
Sullivan.

116.

- f*
1. Ma-ry, Moth-er, Queen of Heav'n, Radiant as the morning,
 2. Hail our Moth-er and our Queen, Who has brought us gladness,
 3. Ma-ry, who with Christ thy Son, suffered in our sinning,

f

Bring we fair - est flow'rs to - day For thy shrine's a - dorn-ing;
 In this hap - py month of May Banished all our sad - ness;
 We would give our hearts to thee A new life be - gin - ning,

Now thy chil-dren hymn thy praise, Pledg-ing all their treas-ure
 All the beau-ties of the spring, Now ac-claim thy splen-dor,
 In this glo-rious time of May, Rich and poor and low - ly,

To the Queen, whose grace di - vine Pass-eth hu-man measure.
 Birds and trees and flow'rs and fields Would their homage ren-der. A-men.
 Kneel be - fore our Vir - gin Queen, Mother high and ho - ly.

J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

117

Month of Mary.

Bud 6-5-6-5.
Kreutzer-Kanne.

117.

1. Ma - ry, bless - ed Moth - er,
2. We would love and praise thee,
3. Vir - gin pure and ho - ly,

Hear us while we pray, Keep us close be -
Serve thee night and day, Ten - der Ma - ry,
Help us find the way Best to please thee,

side thee This sweet month of May.
Moth - er, This sweet month of May. A - men.
Moth - er, This sweet month of May.

4. Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Glorious as the day,
Guide and bless thy children,
This sweet month of May.
Amen.
J. C. D.

118

Blessed Virgin.

Month of Mary.

Elsa 7-6-7-6.
F. Humphreys.

118.

mf

1. The woods and fields are blos - som - ing
2. Our gen - tle Moth - er calls us,
3. But not a - lone our blos - soms,

mf

Be - neath the sun's warm ray, It is the month of
We bring our flow - ers sweet, As in - cense for her
Our hearts too she would share, To keep them pure and

Ma - ry, The love - ly month of May.
al - tar Their fra - grance is most meet. A - men.
ho - ly With - in her lov - ing care.

4. Dear Mary, tend'rest Mother,
Our hearts are thine today,
Then keep them like the flowers,
So sweet and pure always.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

119

Immaculate Conception.

Caroline 7-6-7-6 D.
T. Perkins.

119.

mf

1. O Ma-ry, Vir-gin ho - ly, From sin for-ev - er free,
2. What words can ev - er measure Such in-no-cence as thine,
3. O Ma-ry, Mother ten - der, We who are torn and tried,

mf

Our love and service low - ly We glad - ly bring to thee,
Such peace be-yond all treas-ure, O gift of grace di - vine!
Our hearts to thee sur - rend - er, O keep us by thy side.

Thy in - no-cence a - dor - ing, Thy pur - i - ty so fair,
To know no de - gra - da - tion, Of sin to feel no stain,
Thou who no e - vil know-ing Yet sor-rows for our fall,

Thy love and aid im - plor - ing, O Ma-ry, hear our pray'r.
To triumph o'er temp - ta - tion, And now in Heav'n to reign. A - men.
Thy love and care be - stow-ing, O Ma-ry, help us all.

J. C. D.

120

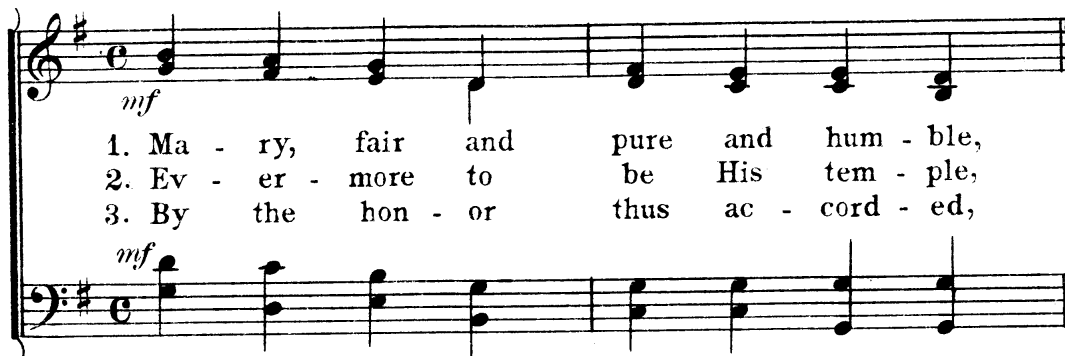
Blessed Virgin.

Immaculate Conception.

Immaculate 8-7-8-7.

C. A. Barnard.

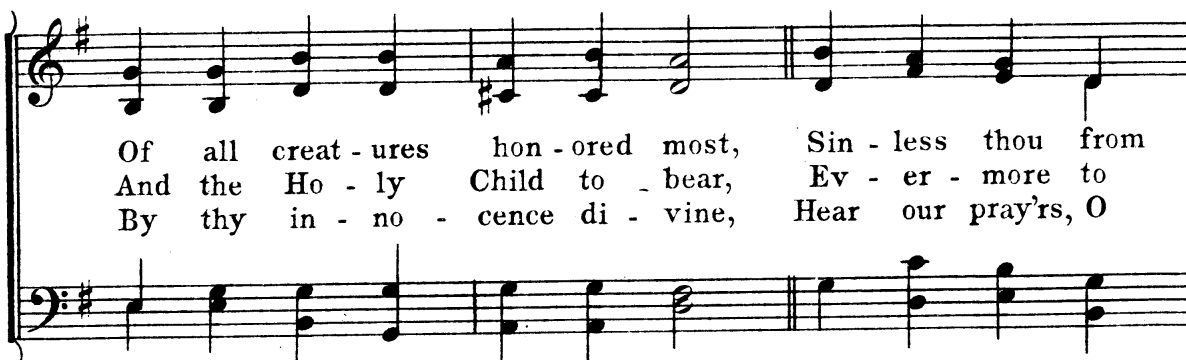
120.



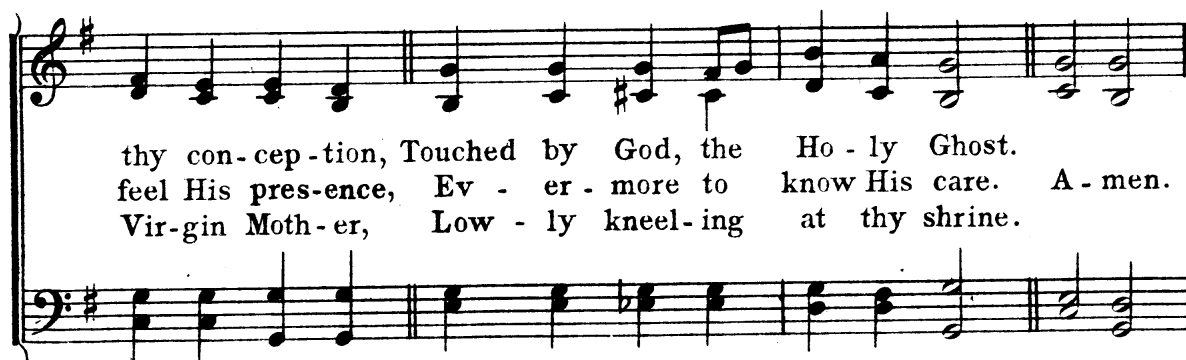
mf

1. Ma - ry, fair and pure and hum - ble,
2. Ev - er - more to be His tem - ple,
3. By the hon - or thus ac - cord - ed,

mf



Of all creat - ures hon - ored most, Sin - less thou from
And the Ho - ly Child to - bear, Ev - er - more to
By thy in - no - cence di - vine, Hear our pray'rs, O



thy con - cep - tion, Touched by God, the Ho - ly Ghost.
feel His pres - ence, Ev - er - more to know His care. A - men.
Vir - gin Moth - er, Low - ly kneel - ing at thy shrine.

4. Scarred are we by deep transgression,
Weary of the world's vain toys,
Thy pure prayers, O holy Mother,
Turn our hearts to heavenly joys.

5. Praise the Father, earth and Heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

Amen.

J. C. D.

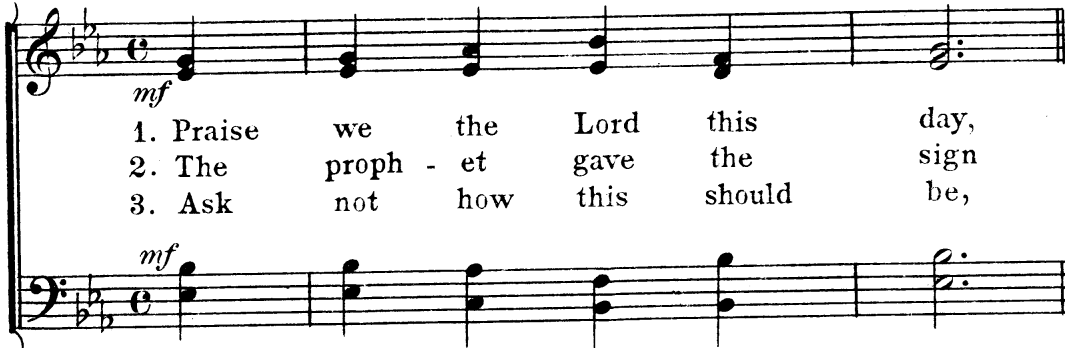
Blessed Virgin.

121

Annunciation.

Gabriel C. M.
Barnby.

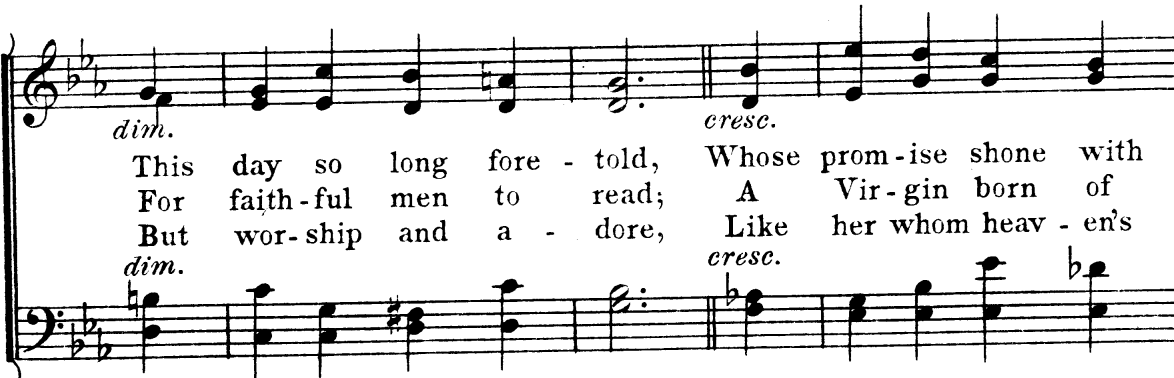
121.



mf

1. Praise we the Lord this day,
2. The proph - et gave the sign,
3. Ask not how this should be,

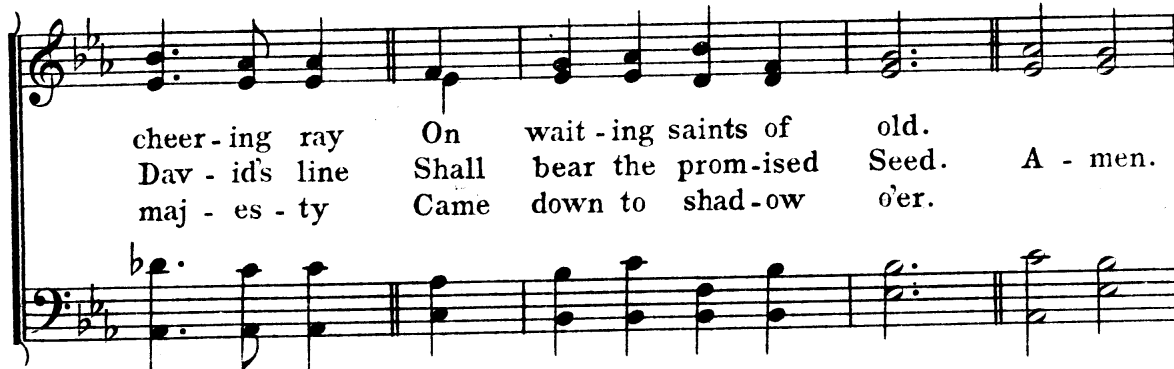
mf



dim. *cresc.*

This day so long fore - told, Whose prom-ise shone with
For faith-ful men to read; A Vir-gin born of
But wor-ship and a - dore, Like her whom heav - en's

dim. *cresc.*



cheer-ing ray On wait-ing saints of old.
Dav - id's line Shall bear the prom-ised Seed. A - men.
maj - es - ty Came down to shad-ow o'er.

b. *cresc.*

4. Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

5. Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
Th'Incarnate Saviour's birth.

Amen.

From the Latin.

122

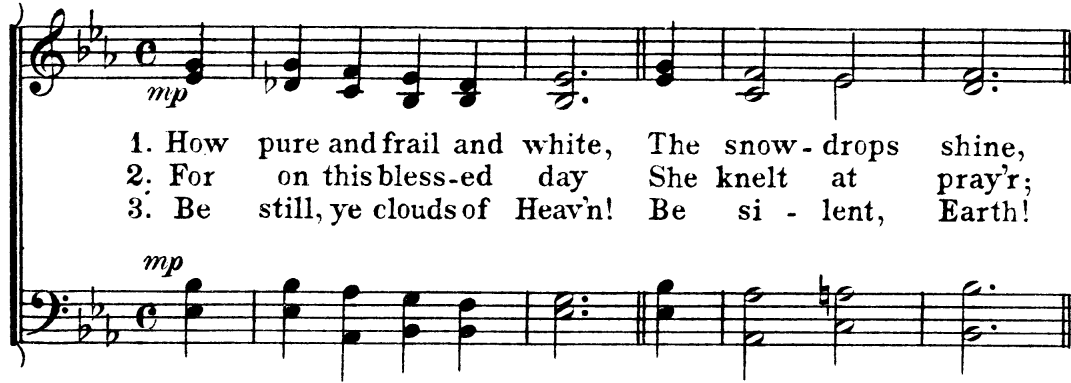
Blessed Virgin.

Annunciation.

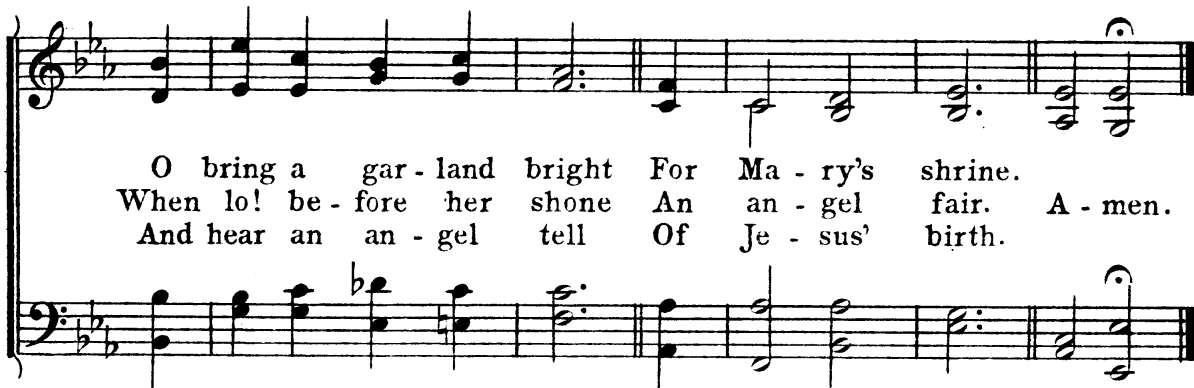
Snowdrops 6-4-6-4.

P. Sleath.

122.



1. How pure and frail and white, The snow-drops shine,
2. For on this bless-ed day She knelt at pray'r;
3. Be still, ye clouds of Heav'n! Be si-lent, Earth!



O bring a gar-land bright For Ma-ry's shrine.
When lo! be-fore her shone An an-gel fair. A-men.
And hear an an-gel tell Of Je-sus' birth.

4. "Hail, Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it today;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile
The dying say.

5. "Hail, Mary!" many a heart
Bowed down with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

6. "Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound
Till time is done.

Amen.

A. A. Proctor.

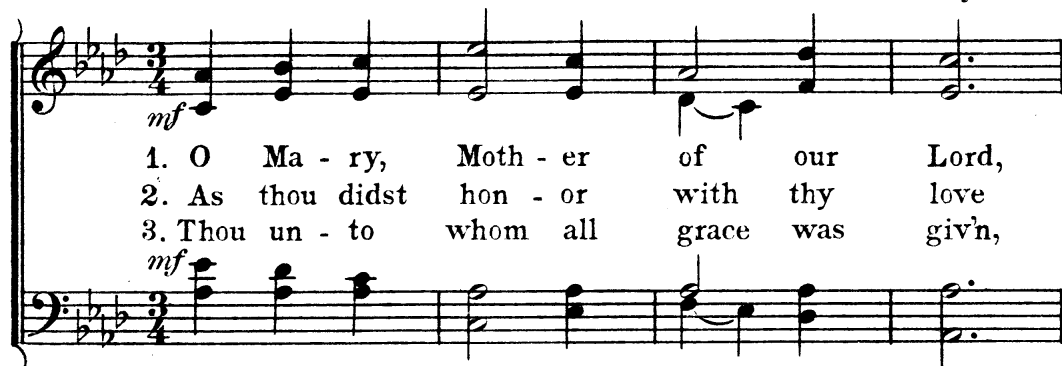
Blessed Virgin.

123

Visitation.

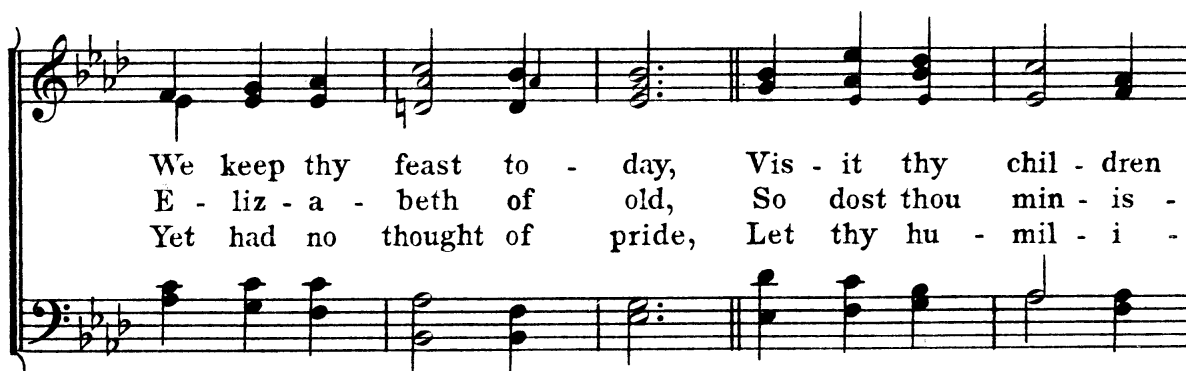
Beatitude C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

123.

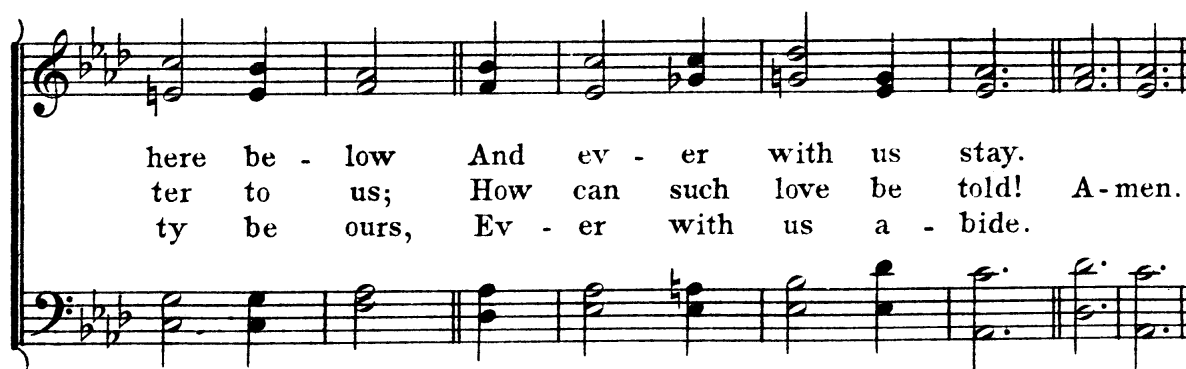


mf

1. O Ma - ry, Moth - er of our Lord,
2. As thou didst hon - or with thy love
3. Thou un - to whom all grace was giv'n,
mf



We keep thy feast to - day, Vis - it thy chil - dren
E - liz - a - beth of old, So dost thou min - is -
Yet had no thought of pride, Let thy hu - mil - i -



here be - low And ev - er with us stay.
ter to us; How can such love be told! A - men.
ty be ours, Ev - er with us a - bide.

4. O Mary, Mother of our Lord,
We keep thy feast today,
Visit thy children here below
And ever with us stay.

Amen.

J. C. D.

124

Blessed Virgin.

Visitation.

St. Elizabeth 7-7-7-7-7-7.
Gounod.

124.

1. Ma - ry, Moth - er, sweet - est guest
2. When my heart is glad and light,
3. When the way is dark and drear,

Of E - liz - a - beth the blest, Honored was she in thy love,
When my faith is clear and bright, When I know no pain or care,
When I fight with sin and fear, When I suf - fer grief or loss,

Hon - ored thou all else a - bove, In this vo - tive
When all life is fresh and fair, In this vo - tive
When I bow be - neath my cross, In this vo - tive

mys - ter - y, Ma - ry, Moth - er, vis - it me.
mys - ter - y, Ma - ry, Moth - er, vis - it me. A - men.
mys - ter - y, Ma - ry, Moth - er, vis - it me.

4. When at last comes death's still call,
When before my Judge I fall,
Then, O Mother, for me plead,
Now and ever intercede,
In this votive mystery,
Mary, Mother, visit me.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

125

Maternity.

Edward C. M.
Webbe.

125.

mf

1. The Sav - iour left high Heav'n to dwell
2. She un - to us di - vine - ly bore
3. She too our joy - ful hope shall be,

mf

With - in the Vir - gin's womb, And there ar - rayed Him -
Sal - va - tion's King and God, Who died for us up -
And drive a - way all fears, Off - ring for us to

self in Flesh, Our Vic - tim to be - come.
on the Cross, Who saves us in His Blood. A - men.
her dear Son Our pen - i - ten - tial tears.

4. That Son, He hears His Mother's prayer,
And grants, ere it be said;
Be ours to love her and invoke
In every strait her aid.

5. Praise to the glorious Trinity
While endless times proceed,
Who in that bosom pure of stain,
Sowed such immortal seed.

Amen.

From the Latin.

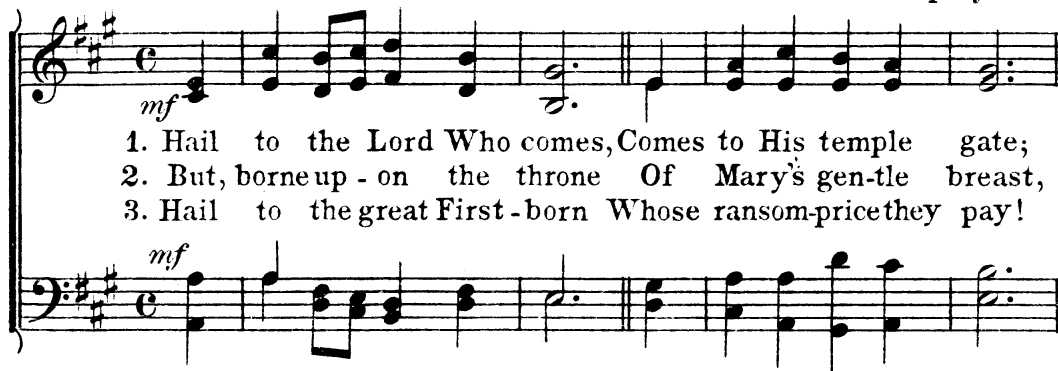
126

Blessed Virgin.

Purification.

St. Mary 6-6-6-6-6-6.
F. H. Champneys.

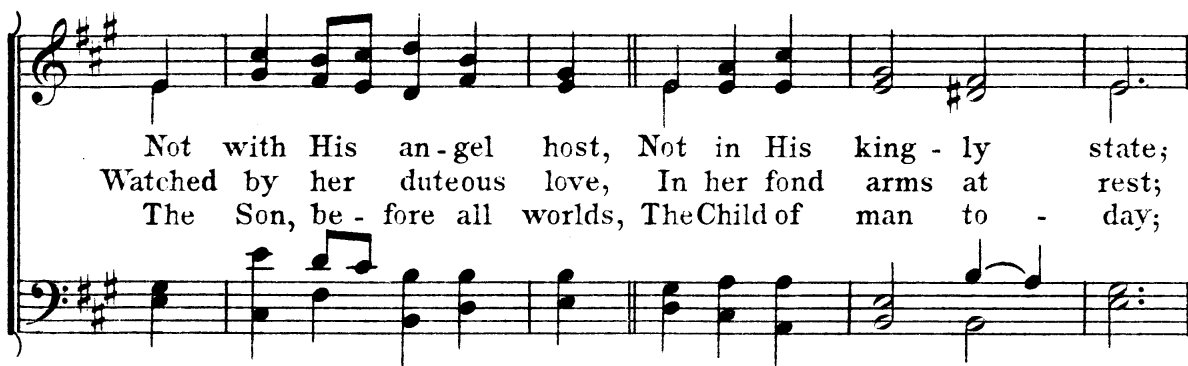
126.



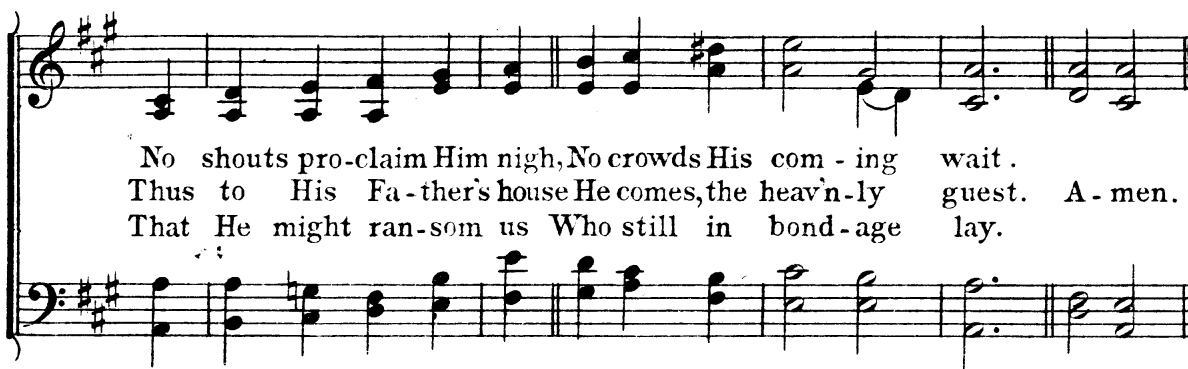
mf

1. Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His temple gate;
2. But, borne up - on the throne Of Mary's gen-tle breast,
3. Hail to the great First-born Whose ransom-price they pay!

mf



Not with His an-gel host, Not in His king - ly state;
Watched by her duteous love, In her fond arms at rest;
The Son, be - fore all worlds, The Child of man to - day;



No shouts pro-claim Him nigh, No crowds His com - ing wait.
Thus to His Fa - ther's house He comes, the heav'n - ly guest. A - men.
That He might ran-som us Who still in bond-age lay.

4. O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

Amen.

Selected.

Blessed Virgin.

127

Purification.

Presentation 8-7-8-7-8-7.
arr. J. C. Bach.

127.

mf

1. In His tem - ple now be - hold Him,
 2. In the arms of her who bore Him,
 3. Je - sus, by Thy Pres - en - ta - tion,

mf

See the long - ex - pect - ed Lord! An - cient proph - ets
 Vir - gin pure, be - hold Him lie, While His ag - ed
 Thou, Who didst for us en - dure, Make us see Thy

had fore - told Him; God hath now ful - filled His word.
 saints a - dore Him, Ere in per - fect faith they die:
 great sal - va - tion, Seal us with Thy prom - ise sure;

cresc.

Now to praise Him, His redeemed Shall break forth with one accord.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lo, th'in - car - nate God most high! A - men.
 And present us in Thy glo - ry To Thy Fa - ther cleansed and pure.

cresc.

4. Prince and author of salvation,
 Be Thy boundless love our theme!
 Jesus, praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem,
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 Lord of majesty supreme!

Amen.

Selected.

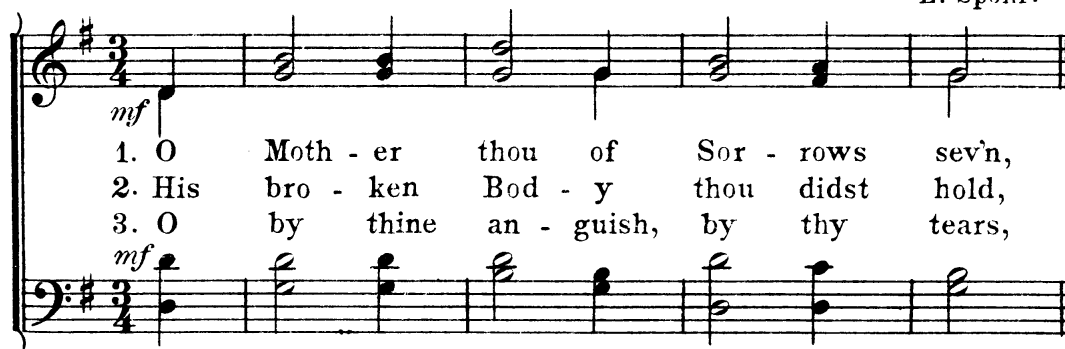
128

Blessed Virgin.

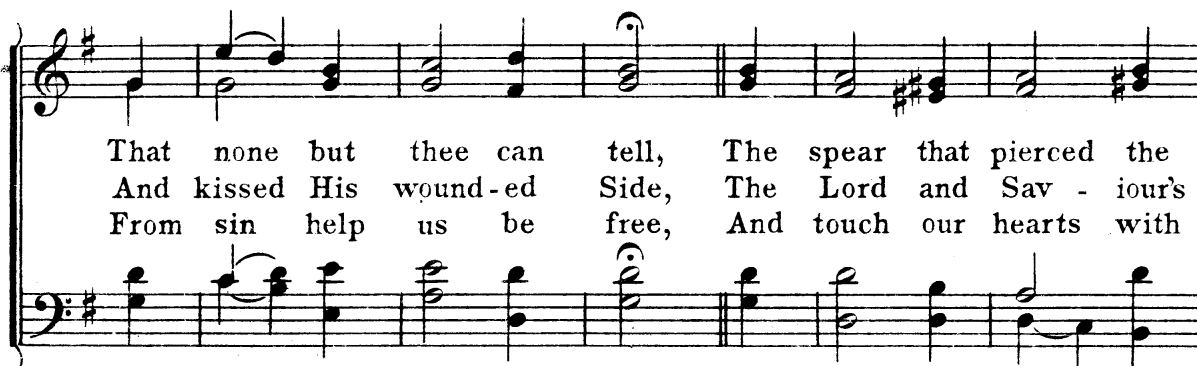
Mother of Sorrows.

Spohr C. M.
L. Spohr.

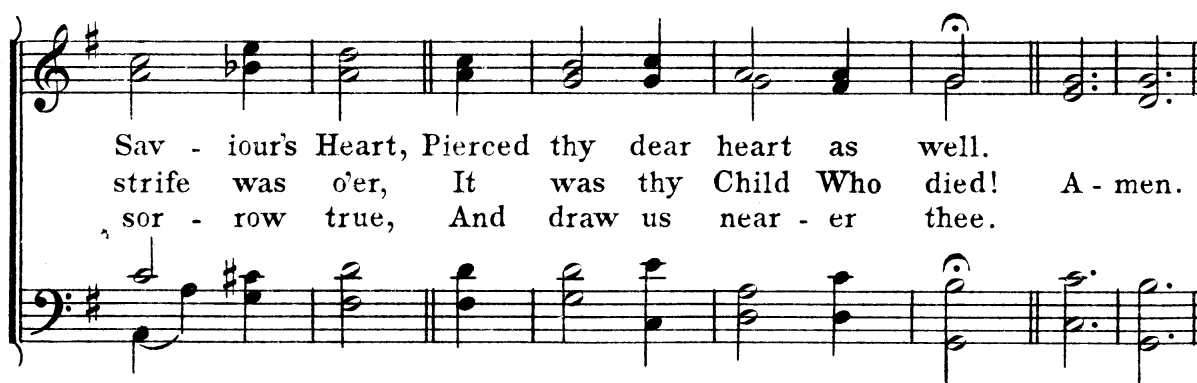
128.



mf
1. O Moth - er thou of Sor - rows sev'n,
2. His bro - ken Bod - y thou didst hold,
3. O by thine an - guish, by thy tears,



That none but thee can tell, The spear that pierced the
And kissed His wound-ed Side, The Lord and Sav - iour's
From sin help us be free, And touch our hearts with



Sav - iour's Heart, Pierced thy dear heart as well.
strife was o'er, It was thy Child Who died! A - men.
sor - row true, And draw us near - er thee.

4. To God, the Father, God, the Son,
And God, the Spirit blest,
To One in Three and Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Amen.

J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

129

Mother of Sorrows.

Hamilton 11-11-11-11.

arr. Kanne.

129.

1. O Moth-er of Sor-rows, who sor - rows for all,
 2. O Moth-er of Sor-rows, who saw thy Son slain,
 3. O Moth-er of Sor-rows, look down from a - bove

And pit - ies thy chil - dren, who on thee now call,
 Thou know - est of part - ing the sad - ness and pain,
 And shed o'er thy chil - dren the balm of thy love,

Dark shad - ows creep round us, and death draw - eth near,
 Thou know - est our hearts bowed with sin and with woe,
 In dark - ness and death we shall not be a - fraid,

cresc. The com - ing of night bringeth anguish and fear.
 Thy ten - der com - pas - sion up - on us be - stow. A - men.
 If thy hand, O Moth - er, up - on us is laid.

May be used for Burial of the Dead.

H. B. D.

130

Blessed Virgin.

Assumption.

Assumption 8-7-8-7 D.
H. Henry.

130.

1. Ma-ry, Moth-er, now ascend-ing, Thy long night of sor-row past,
2. Angels and arch-angels greet thee, All thy chil-dren prais-es sing,
3. Pardon, Lord, our deep transgressions, All our weakness, all our pride,

All thy an-guish now is o-ver, Christ has called thee home at last.
Queen of Heav-en, yet our Moth-er, Joy and love our of-fer-ing,
By our Moth-er's in-ter-ces-sion With her Son, Who for us died,

Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er pa-tient, Now canst claim thy great re-ward,
As we hon-or thine as-sumption, Thy re-lease from earth's dark night,
She is with Him now in glo-ry, Shel-tered in His love and peace.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Now for-ev-er with the Lord.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Ev-er-more to reign in light. A-men.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! May her blessings nev-er cease.

J. C. D.

Blessed Virgin.

131

Assumption.

Ave 8-7-8-7-4-7.
Hopkins.

131.

1. Vir - gin blest, thy sor - rows end - ed,
2. When we feel temp - ta - tion press - ing,
3. Praise we Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it,

On - ly joy a - waits thee now, Reign in Heav'n, with
When we lose the nar - row way, Ma - ry blest, for -
For the joy that thou dost share, Thy ac - claim, O

Christ as - cend - ed Star - ry crown up - on thy brow.
ev - er bless - ing, Guide us lest we go a - stray.
may we hear it, In that land of love so fair!

Ma - ry, Moth - er, See thy chil - dren low - ly bow.
Ma - ry, Moth - er, High in Heav - en, for us pray. A - men.
Ma - ry, Moth - er, High and ho - ly, hear our pray'r.

J. C. D.

132

Holy Rosary.

Monica P. M.
A. Purdy.

132.

1. O Vir - gin Moth - er, hear us while we say
 2. Ob - tain for us all oth - er gifts a - bove,
 3. By all the joys that thro' Christ thou didst know,

Thy ro - sa - ry. We keep thy feast up - on this ho - ly day,
 The great - est three; Faith deep and strong, di - vin - est Hope, and Love,
 Our pray'rs as - cend; By all the shame and pain and bit - ter woe,

In love of thee. O gen - tle Moth - er, our pe - ti - tions hear,
 Blest trin - i - ty. O Ma - ry, Moth - er, for us sin - ners pray,
 Do thou at - tend! By all the glo - ry that is thine to - day,

cresc. Our help, our re - fuge, *dim.* ev - er be Thou near!
 In life, in death, Oh plead for us al - way. A - men.
 O Ma - ry, Moth - er, ev - er for us pray!
cresc. *dim.*

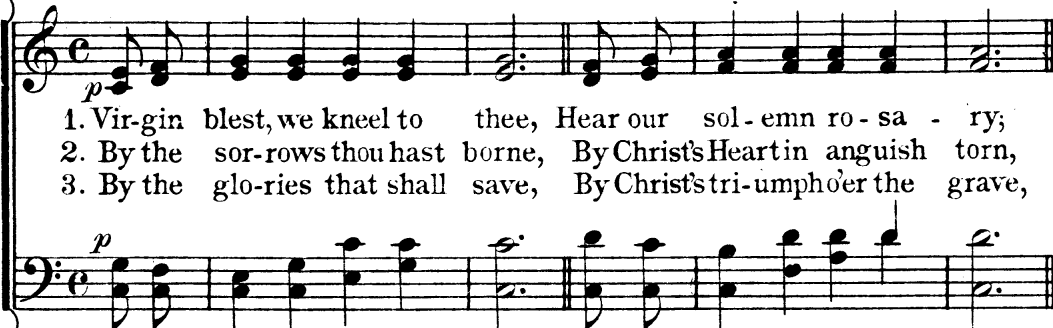
J. C. D.

Holy Rosary.

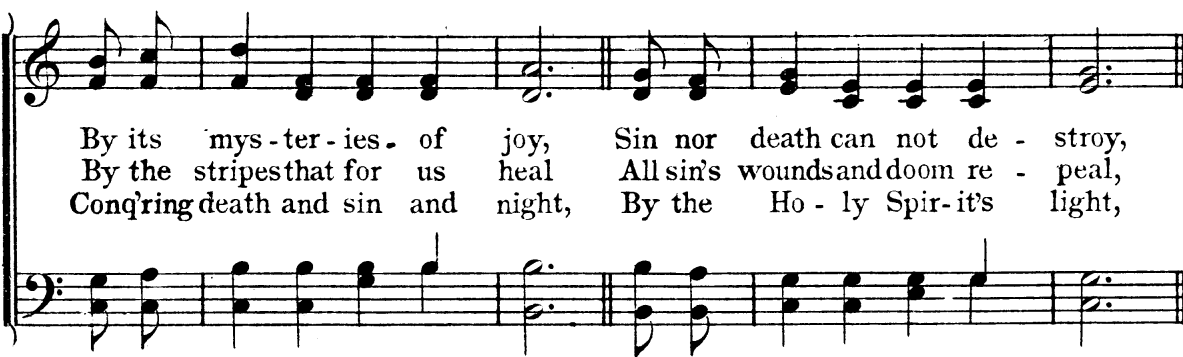
133

Aimo 7-7-7-7 D.
arr. Kanne.

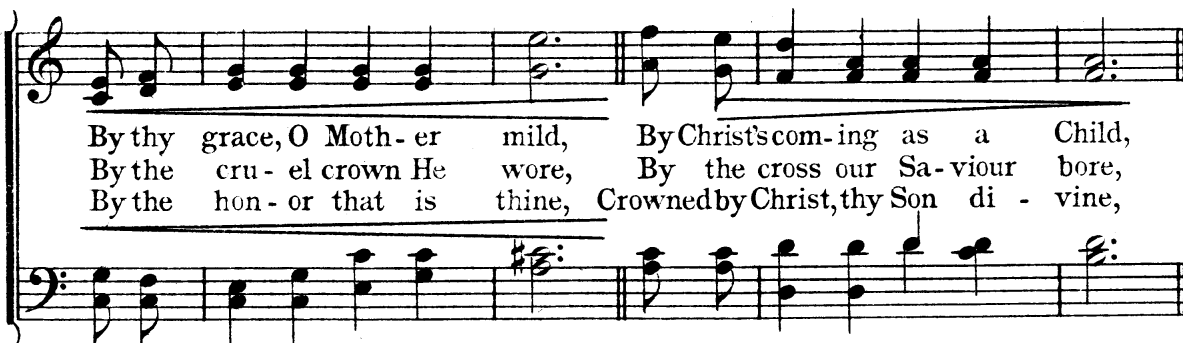
133.



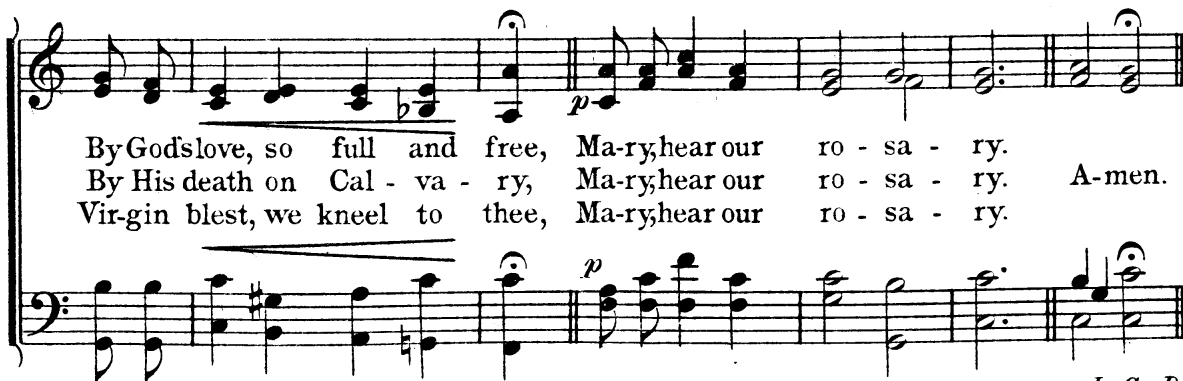
1. Vir-gin blest, we kneel to thee, Hear our sol- emn ro- sa - ry;
2. By the sor-rows thou hast borne, By Christ's Heart in anguish torn,
3. By the glo-ries that shall save, By Christ's tri-umph o'er the grave,



By its mys-ter-ies of joy, Sin nor death can not de- stroy,
By the stripes that for us heal All sin's wounds and doom re- peal,
Conq'ring death and sin and night, By the Ho- ly Spir-its light,



By thy grace, O Moth-er mild, By Christ's com-ing as a Child,
By the cru- el crown He wore, By the cross our Sa- viour bore,
By the hon- or that is thine, Crowned by Christ, thy Son di- vine,



By God's love, so full and free, Ma-ry, hear our ro- sa - ry.
By His death on Cal- va- ry, Ma-ry, hear our ro- sa - ry. A-men.
Vir-gin blest, we kneel to thee, Ma-ry, hear our ro- sa - ry.

J. C. D.

134

Holy Rosary.

Joyful Mysteries.

Joyful 8-7-8-7.

E. S. Carter.

134.

1. Ma - ry, un - to whom was giv - en
2. Ma - ry, thou dost come to aid us,
3. Ma - ry, shel - tered in a man - ger

Grace to bear our Lord, thy Son, By His Ho - ly
Thou, whose Son the race re - stored! What are we to
At the com - ing of the King, Pray that we, as

In - car - na - tion, Help us say "Thy will be done"
be thus hon - ored By the Moth - er of our Lord! A - men.
lit - tle chil - dren, Ev - er may His prais - es sing.

4. Mary, thou didst to the temple
Bring the Holy Child so fair,
Pray that we may bring our treasure
And our hearts as offering there.

5. Mary, o'er the Christ Child watching,
Kept all these things in thy heart,
Pray we ever may remember
In God's work we have our part.

Amen

J. C. D.

Holy Rosary.

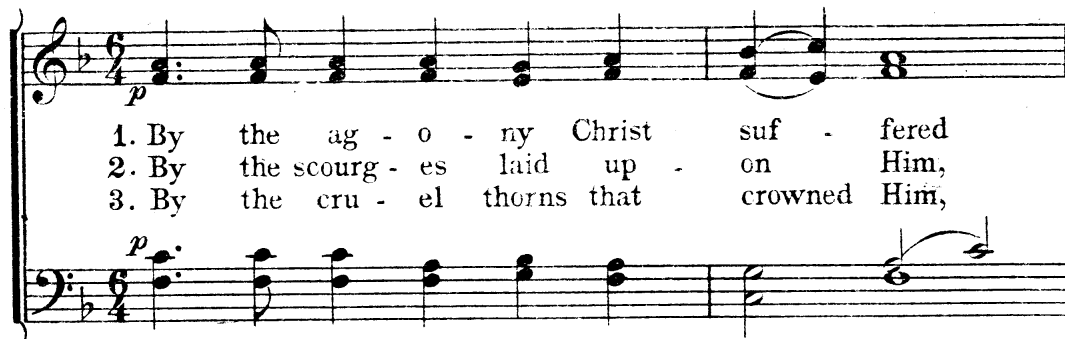
135

Sorrowful Mysteries

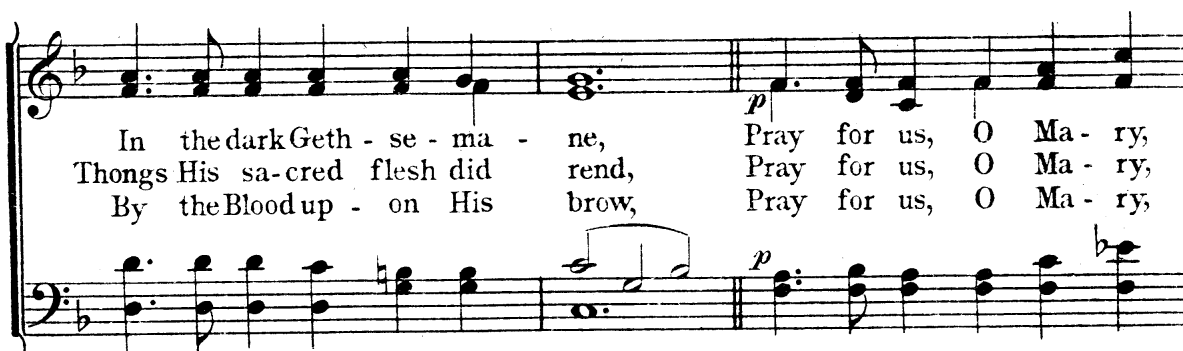
Sorrow 8-7-8-7.

J. B. Dykes.

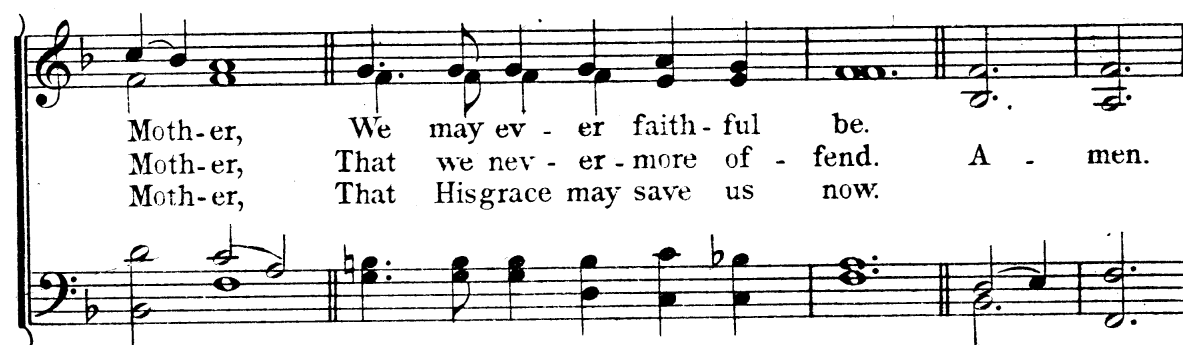
135.



1. By the ag - o - ny Christ suf - fered
 2. By the scourg - es laid up - on Him,
 3. By the cru - el thorns that crowned Him,



In the dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Pray for us, O Ma - ry,
 Thongs His sa - cred flesh did rend, Pray for us, O Ma - ry,
 By the Blood up - on His brow, Pray for us, O Ma - ry,



Moth - er, We may ev - er faith - ful be.
 Moth - er, That we nev - er - more of - fend. A - men.
 Moth - er, That His grace may save us now.

4. By the Cross our Saviour carried,
 By the burden of His woe,
 Pray for us, O Mary, Mother,
 In His footsteps we would go.

5. By His Body, broken, wounded,
 By His lonely struggle there,
 By His pleading, in His dying,
 Mary, Mother, hear our prayer.
 Amen.

J. C. D.

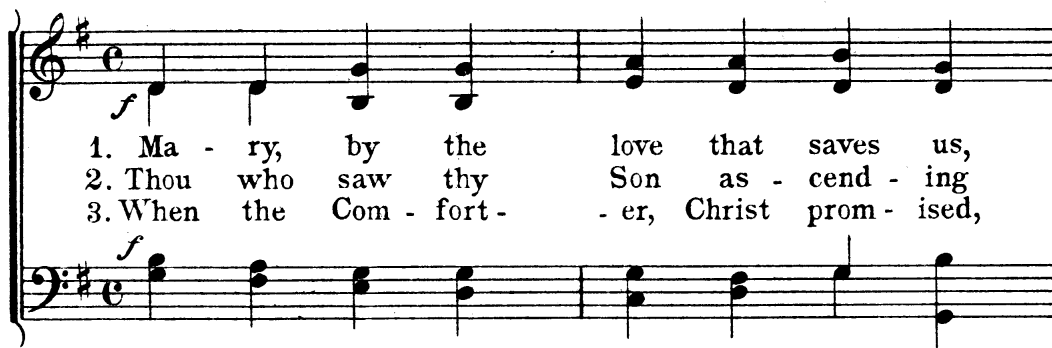
136

Holy Rosary.

Glorious Mysteries

Expectation 8-7-8-7.
Störl.

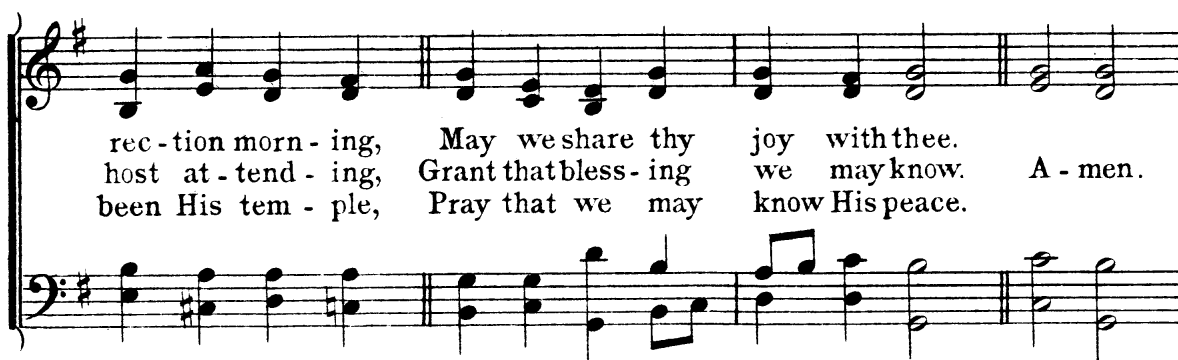
136.



1. Ma - ry, by the love that saves us,
2. Thou who saw thy Son as - cend - ing
3. When the Com - fort - er, Christ prom - ised,



Love un - ceas - ing, full and free, On the Res - ur -
Bless - ing all He left be - low, All the an - gel
Comes to us, all strife shall cease, Ma - ry, thou hast



rec - tion morn - ing, May we share thy joy with thee.
host at - tend - ing, Grant that bless - ing we may know. A - men.
been His tem - ple, Pray that we may know His peace.

4. Blessed Mary, Mother Holy,
Not for thee was death's sharp fear,
Entered with thy Son in glory,
Pray for us when death is near.
5. Glorious Virgin, Queen of Heav'n,
Angel hosts before thee fall,
Ever interceding for us,
Mary, Mother of us all.

Amen.

J. C. D.



*Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation
to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:*

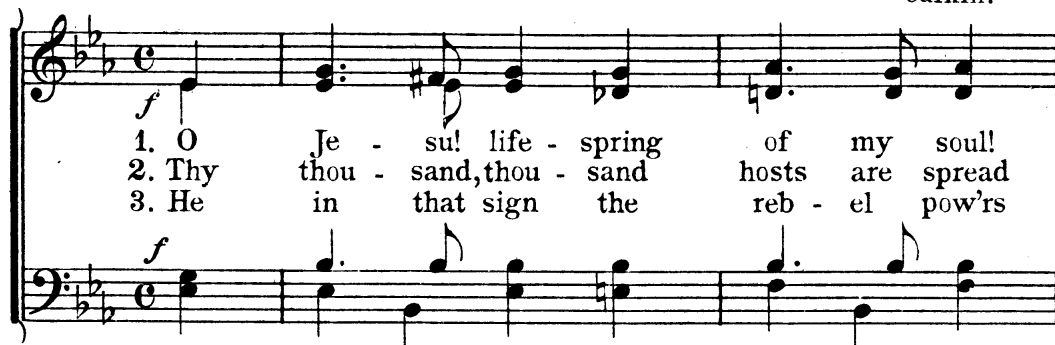
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

St. Michael.

137

St. Michael L. M.
Calkin.

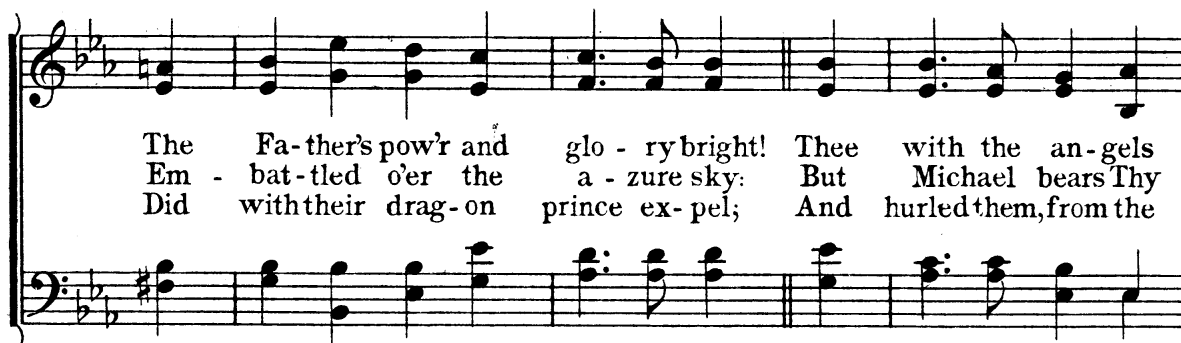
137.



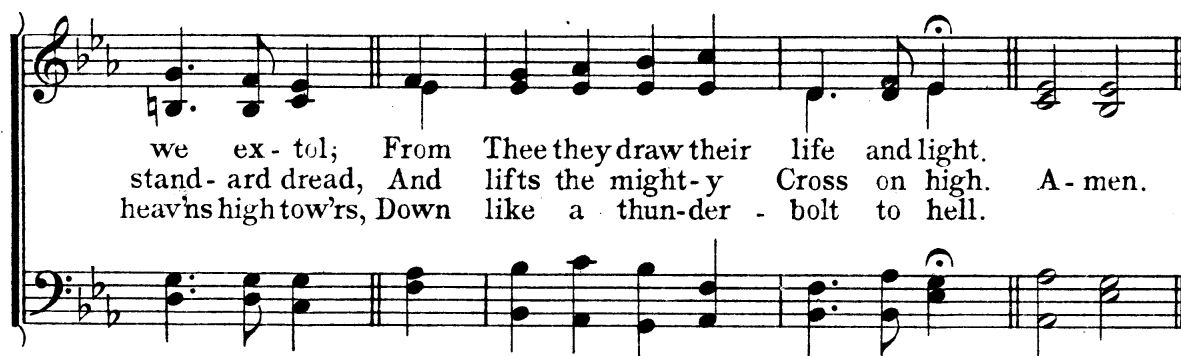
f

1. O Je - su! life - spring of my soul!
2. Thy thou - sand, thou - sand hosts are spread
3. He in that sign the reb - el pow'rs

f



The Fa - ther's pow'r and glo - ry bright! Thee with the an - gels
Em - bat - tled o'er the a - zure sky: But Michael bears Thy
Did with their drag - on prince ex - pel; And hurled them, from the



we ex - tol; From Thee they draw their life and light.
stand - ard dread, And lifts the might - y Cross on high. A - men.
heav'n's high tow'rs, Down like a thun - der - bolt to hell.

4. Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.

5. Now to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,
As ever was in ages gone,
And shall be so eternally.

Amen.

From the Latin.

138

St. Raphael.

Salvation 8-7-8-7-7-7.
J. Neander.

138.

1. Je - su, bright - ness of the Fa - ther!
2. Hail, too, ye an - gel - ic pow - ers!
3. O may Christ, by thy pro - tec - tion,

Life and strength, of all who live! In the pres - ence
Hail ye thrones ce - les - ti - al! Hail, Phy - si - cian
Shel - ter us from harm this day; Keep us pure in

of the An - gels, *f* Glo - ry to Thy Name we give, *ff* And Thy wondrous
of Sal - va - tion, Guide of life, Blest Raph - a - el, Who the foe of
flesh and spir - it, And all e - vil drive a - way; And vouchsafe us,

praise re - hearse, Sing - ing in al - ter - nate verse.
all man - kind Didst in links of i - ron bind. A - men.
of His grace, In His Par - a - dise a place.

4. Glory to th'Almighty Father
Sing we now in anthems sweet,
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Paraclete;
Three in One and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Holy Guardian Angels.

139

Margaret C. M.
J. B. Dykes.

139.

mf

1. Dear Guard - ian An - gel hear my pray'r,
2. Tri - als be - set and, bur - dens press,
3. I am but weak and oft - en fall,

mf

Ev - er be - side me be; God in His love grants
Temp - ta - tion I would flee; Dear Guard - ian, pit - y
The way I can not see; Dear Guard - ian An - gel,

me thy care To guide and com - fort me.
my dis - tress, Come and a - bide with me. A - men.
hear my call, Ev - er be - side me be.

4. Watch over me by day, by night,
Hear, though but faint, my plea;
Help me to know and choose the right;
Dear Guardian, stay with me.

5. God sent thee: gratitude and praise
To Him forever be,
Glory be His through endless days,
Most Holy Trinity.

Amen.
J. C. D.

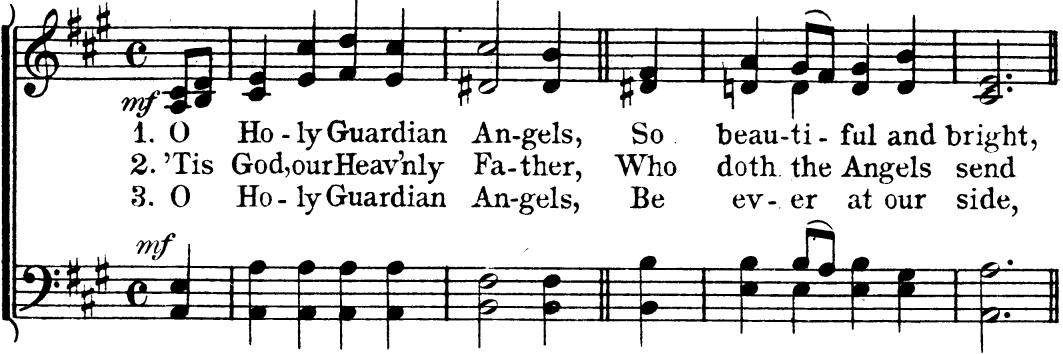
140

Holy Guardian Angels.

Guardians 7-6-7-6 D.
J. Stainer.

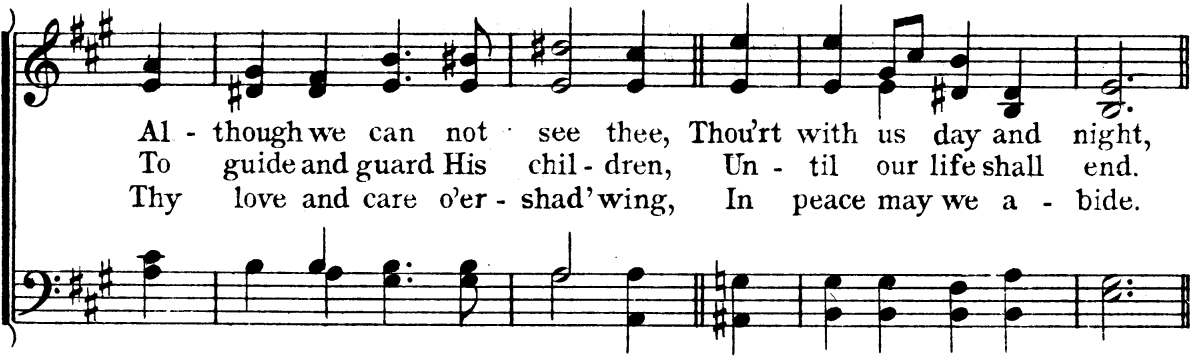
140.

mf

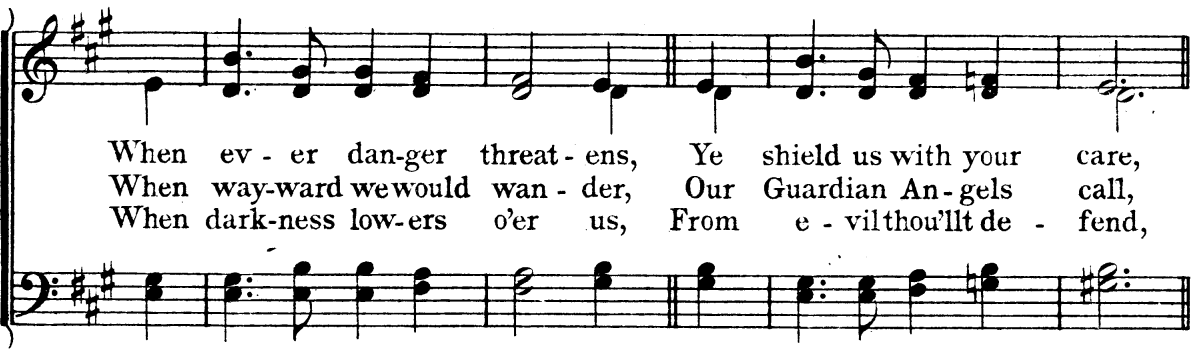


1. O Ho - ly Guardian An - gels, So beau - ti - ful and bright,
2. 'Tis God, our Heav'nly Fa - ther, Who doth the Angels send
3. O Ho - ly Guardian An - gels, Be ev - er at our side,

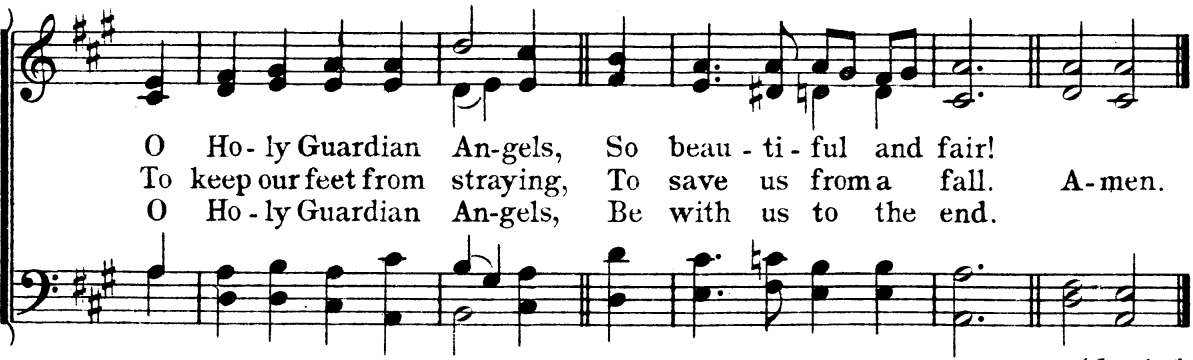
mf



Al - though we can not see thee, Thou'rt with us day and night,
To guide and guard His chil - dren, Un - til our life shall end.
Thy love and care o'er - shad'wing, In peace may we a - bide.



When ev - er dan - ger threat - ens, Ye shield us with your care,
When way - ward we would wan - der, Our Guardian An - gels call,
When dark - ness low - ers o'er us, From e - vil thou'llt de - fend,



O Ho - ly Guardian An - gels, So beau - ti - ful and fair!
To keep our feet from straying, To save us from a fall. A - men.
O Ho - ly Guardian An - gels, Be with us to the end.

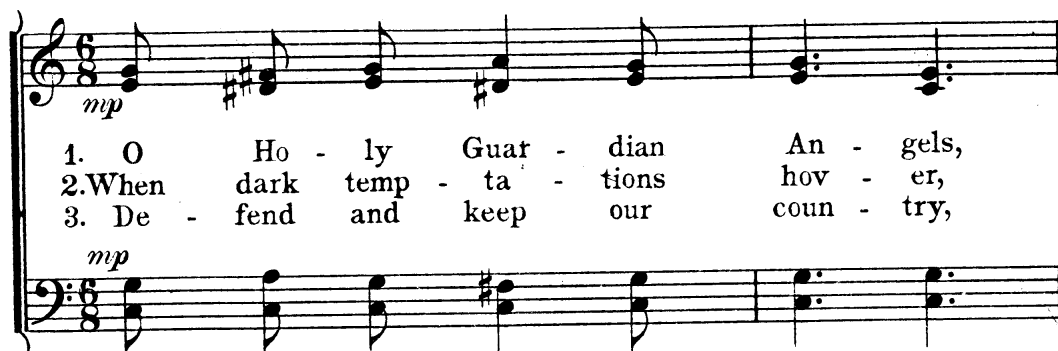
Adapted.

Holy Guardian Angels.

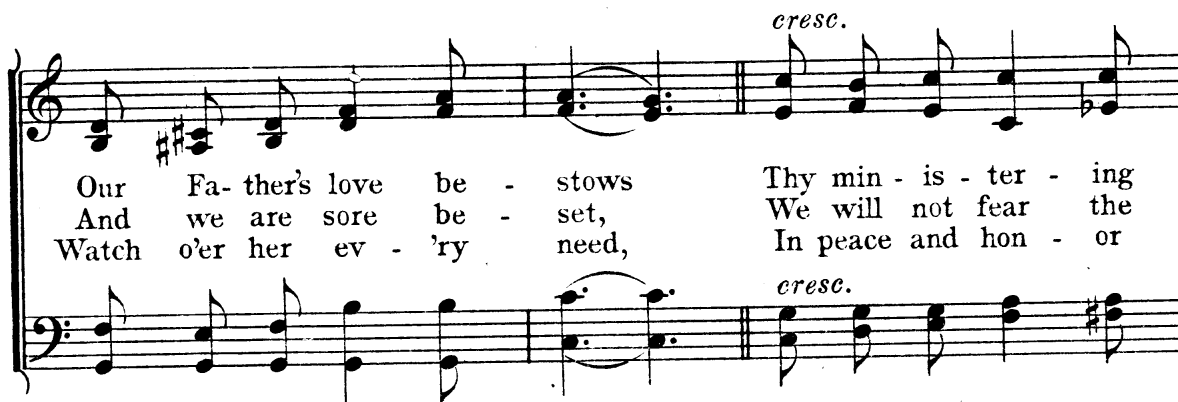
141

Holy Angels 7-6-7-6.

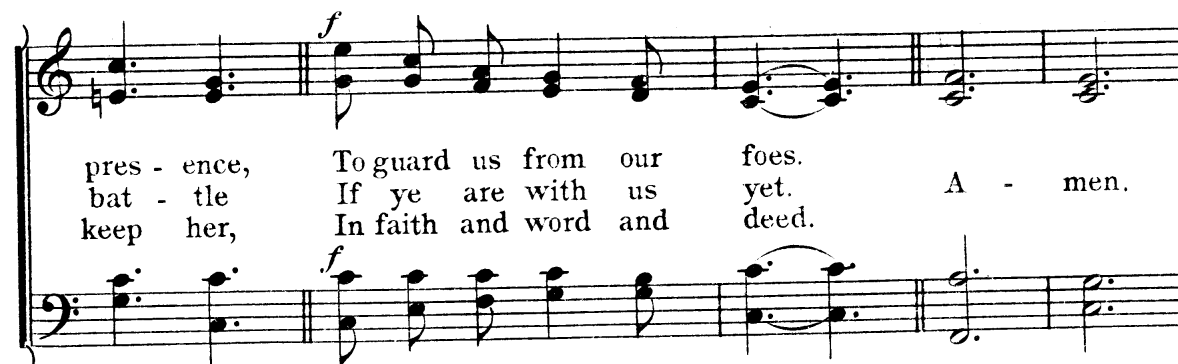
141.



1. O Ho - ly Guar - dian An - gels,
2. When dark temp - ta - tions hov - er,
3. De - fend and keep our coun - try,



Our Fa - ther's love be - stows Thy min - is - ter - ing
And we are sore be - set, We will not fear the
Watch o'er her ev - 'ry need, In peace and hon - or



pres - ence, To guard us from our foes. A - men.
bat - tle If ye are with us yet.
keep her, In faith and word and deed.

4. O Holy Guardian Angels,
All glory ever be
To Father, Son and Spirit,
Throughout eternity.

Amen.

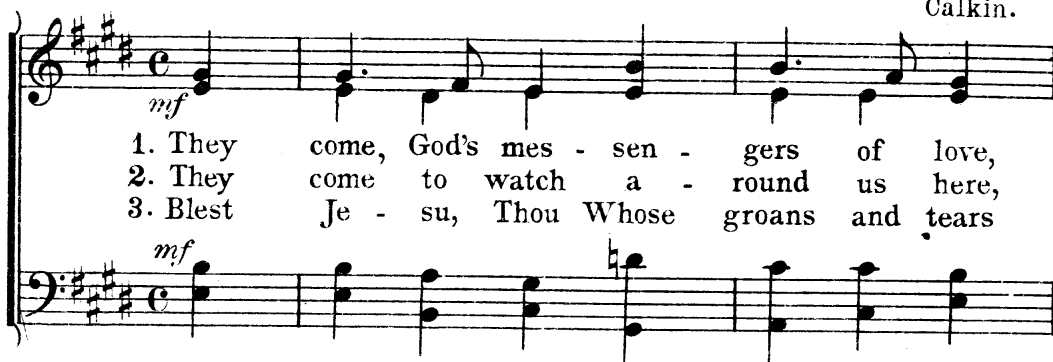
From the Latin.

142

Holy Guardian Angels.

Francis L. M.
Calkin.

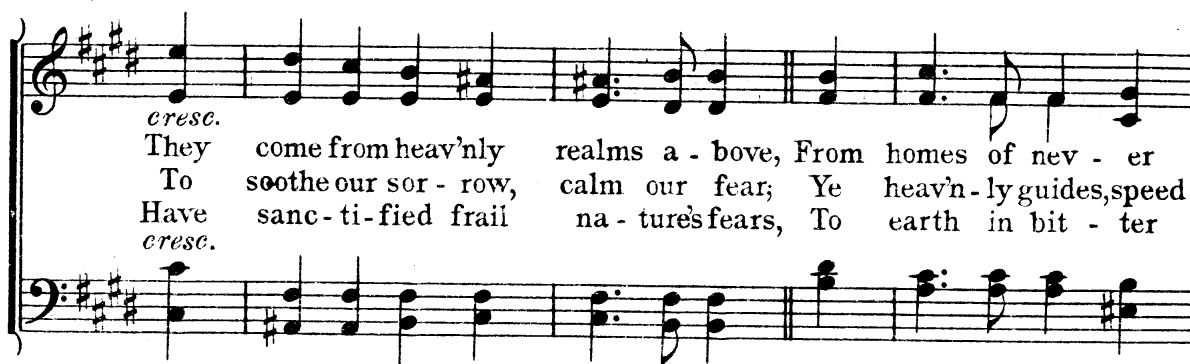
142.



mf

1. They come, God's mes - sen - gers of love,
2. They come to watch a - round us here,
3. Blest Je - su, Thou Whose groans and tears

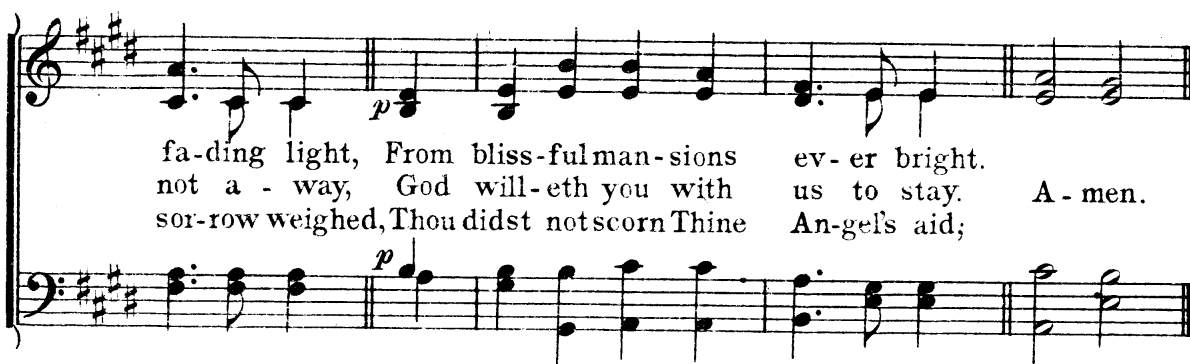
mf



cresc.

They come from heav'nly realms a - bove, From homes of nev - er
To soothe our sor - row, calm our fear; Ye heav'n - ly guides, speed
Have sanc - ti - fied frail na - ture's fears, To earth in bit - ter

cresc.



p

fa - ding light, From bliss - ful man - sions ev - er bright.
not a - way, God will - eth you with us to stay. A - men.
sor - row weighed, Thou didst not scorn Thine An - gel's aid;

p

4. An Angel guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine own Almighty pow'r
O shield us in the last dread hour.

5. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
From all above and all below
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.
Amen.

R. Campbell.

St. Joseph.

143

St. Joseph 11-10-11-10.
Harding.

143.

mf

1. Bless-ed St. Jo-seph, though hum-ble thy sta-tion,
 2. Faith-ful wert thou to the trust God ap-point-ed,
 3. Gen-tle St. Jo-seph, hear our sup-pli-ca-tions,

mf

Yet what great hon-or with thine can ac-cord?—
 Hon-ored a-bove all the great ones of earth,—
 Grant thy pro-tec-tion, we plead for thy care,—

Thine to watch o-ver the wide world's Sal-va-tion,
 Thou the pro-tec-tor for, God thus an-oint-ed,
 Help us be true to all life's ob-li-ga-tions,

Guar-di-an thou of our Sa-viour and Lord.
 Ma-ry, the blest, and the Child from His birth. A-men.
 In thought and ac-tion, in praise and in pray'r.

4. Keep us from straying, to chastity hold us,
 Patient, enduring and true to the last,
 Then when death's shadows shall strive to enfold us,
 Pray for us then, till all shadows be past.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.Amen.
J. C. D.

144

St. Joseph.

Amo 7-7-7-7 D.
J. Blumenthal.

144.

mp

1. Thou who held with in thy arms,
2. Keep us pure in thought and deed,

mp

Je-sus Christ, the Lord of all, Keep us safe from doubt's a-larms,
Keep us faith-ful, val-iant, strong, Stand be-side us in our need,

Bear us up lest we should fall, Thou, who guard-ed Christ the Son,
As we fight with sin and wrong, Blest St. Jo-seph, hear our plea,

When a Child He clung to thee, Help us e-vil
Guard us now from all our foes, And when Death's ap -

now to shun, Guard us with thy chas-ti-ty. A-men.
proach we see, Hap-py may our eye-lids close.

H. B. D.

St. Joseph.

145

Galilee 8-7-8-7.
W. H. Jude.

145.

mf

1. Blest St. Jo - seph, guide and guard us,
2. Thou who wast by God ap - point - ed,
3. Blest St. Jo - seph, our pro - tect - or,

mf

O'er our life's wild restless sea, Keep us true and pure and
Guardian of the Ho - ly Child, Pray for us, O blest St.
From thy side ne'er let us stray, When death calls us, still be -

hum - ble, Help us to be more like thee.
Jo - seph, Make us gen - tle, lov - ing, mild. A - men.
friend us, Guide us to the per - fect day.

J. C. D.

146

St. Joseph.

Hear our Prayer 8-8-8-6.
E. Dewett.

146.

mp

1. Gen - tle St. Jo - seph, hear our pray'r,
2. Thou who didst guard the Ho - ly Child,
3. When all our light seems far a - way,

mp

Keep us for - ev - er in thy care, Save us from sin's in -
So watch - ful, lov - ing, faith - ful, mild, Help us to still our
When all in vain we strive to pray, When dark - ness falls be

si - dious snare, St. Jo - seph, pray for us.
pass - ions wild, St. Jo - seph, pray for us. A - men.
thou our stay, St. Jo - seph, pray for us.

4. Be thou our help to cheer and bless,
That we may grow in holiness,
Be thou our staff when death shall press,
St. Joseph, pray for us.

Amen.

J. C. D.

St. Peter.

147

St. Peter 6-6-6-6-8-8.
Elliott.

147.

p
1. Thou art the Christ, O Lord,
2. Oh, sure - ly he was blest
3. Thrice fall - en, thrice re - stored!

p
The Son of God most high! For - ev - er be a - dored
With bless-ed-ness un - priced, Who, taught of God, con - fessed
The bit - ter les - son learnt, That heart for Thee, O Lord,

cresc.
That Name in earth and sky, In which though mor - tal
The God-head in the Christ! For of Thy Church, Lord,
With tri - ple ar - dor burnt. The cross he took he

cresc.
dim.
strength may fail, The saints of God at last pre - vail!
Thou didst own Thy saint a true foun - da - tion - stone. A - men.
laid not down Un - til he grasped the martyr's crown.

dim.
4. Oh bright triumphant faith!
Oh courage void of fears!
Oh love, most strong in death!
Oh penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call.
Amen.
Selected.

148

St. Paul.

Apostles 10-10-10-10.
J. B. Dykes.

148.

1. Lead us, great teach-er, Paul, in wis-dom's ways,
2. Praise, bless-ing, maj-es-ty, through end-less days,

And lift our hearts with thine to Heav'n's high throne
Be to the Trin-i-ty im-mor-tal giv'n,

Till Faith be-holds the clear me-rid-ian blaze,
Who in pure u-ni-ty pro-found-ly sways

And in the soul reigns Char-i-ty a-lone.
E-ter-nal-ly all things in earth and Heav'n. A-men.

From the Latin.

St. Mark.

149

Pius X 8s 6 lines.
Stainer.

149.

- mf*
1. Hail, great St. Mark, our pa-tron, hail! Now at thy shrine thy
 2. Thou whom in weakness God made strong, Thou who the Gos-pel
 3. There is one truth, the truth of God, That Christ came down from

mf

chil - dren pray. Our hymns of praise shall nev - er fail
sto - ry told, Help us to fight a - gainst the wrong,
Heav'n to show; One life that His re - deem - ing Blood

In Unison

cresc. Up - on thy ho - ly fes - tal day! *f* O great St. Mark, re -
As thou didst fight the world of old! O may thy word light
cresc. Won for His chil - dren here be - low. O great St. Mark, now

ceive our pray'r, Grant us thy care, grant us thy care!
be in dark, Be with us yet, O blest St. Mark! A-men.
pray that we That truth may know, that life may see!

4. Thou who the truth to us revealed,
Help us the faith to steadfast hold,
The truth from wise men oft concealed,
The faith that maketh weakness bold;
Valiant St. Mark, thy people pray,
Show us the truth, the life, the way!

5. O Way divine, through gloom and strife
Bring us the Father's face to see!
O Heav'nly Truth, O precious Life,
Bring us at last to rest in Thee!
O great St. Mark, hear thou our pray'r,
Grant us thy care, grant us thy care!
Amen.

J. C. D.

150

St. Mark.

Patron C. M.
J. Turle.

150.

1. O Lord of Hosts, we praise Thy Name
2. The saint who fled in dan - ger's hour
3. The Gos - pel sto - ry St. Mark told

For all Thy saints of old; The weak - est in Thy
And turned back from the fight, Be - hold at last the
That all the world may hear And know of Thy re -

love were strong, Thy grace made faint hearts bold.
vic - try claims In Thy pre - vail - ing might! A - men.
deem-ing love, The love that casts out fear.

4. He showed the way that leads to Thee, 5. We bless Thy Name, O Lord, for him,
The way our Saviour bless'd, O may we not forget
The way that is eternal life, That in Thy Name he conquered sin;
And peace and joy and rest. Thy Name prevai-leth yet.

6. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Amen.

J. C. D.

St. Patrick.

151

Shannon 11-10-11-10.

arr. Kanne.

151.

1. O blest. A - pos - tle, Pat-rick, saint, all glo - ri - ous,
 2. Hearthou our pray'rs, we ask thy in - ter - ces - sion
 3. Bless all who la - bor for their flocks, sal - va - tion,

Up - on thy chil - dren thou didst faith be - stow,
 That to the faith we ev - er - more may cling,
 From sin's as - sault keep our dear land we pray,

A - gainst the pow'rs of dark - ness all vic - to - ri - ous,
 Rich are our hearts that faith as our pos - ses - sion,
 Thou didst de - clare God's glo - ry to a na - tion,

Watch and de - fend us now where - 'er we go.
 Our love and grat - i - tude to thee we bring. A - men.
 Thy peo - ple guide and guard and bless al - way.

4. To thee, great saint, we pledge our hearts' devotion,
 Thou who art one amongst the heav'nly host,
 Thy faith still leads from ocean unto ocean;
 Praise God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

J. C. D.

152

St. Benedict.

Choral L. M.

152.

mf

1. O Ben - e - dict, thy pray'rs we seek,
 2. Pray that we too may put a - side
 3. Fa - tigue and pain were nought to thee,

mf

Thou who wert strong now help the weak; Thou gav'st thy-self to
 The pomps of life, its snares, its pride, Pray that we too may
 Save as they taught thee sanc - ti - ty, Thou turned a - way from

God in youth, Pray that we too may know His truth.
 con - quer sin, A crown im - mor - tal thus to win. A-men.
 friends most dear, On - ly to Christ thou wouldst be near.

4. Saint Benedict, our pray'rs attend,
 And with thy pray'rs our souls defend,
 And when death's terrors we must meet,
 Pray that we may not know defeat.
5. To Father, Son and Spirit now
 Our hands we lift, our knees we bow,
 To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise,
 With all Thy saints, our songs of praise.
 Amen.

J. C. D.

St. Francis.

153

Assisi 7-6-7-6 D.
R. Parker.

153.

1. God grant thee peace, Saint Francis, Who taught His peace to men,
 2. O help us, sweet Saint Francis, The world's ways to disdain,
 3. O teach us, sweet Saint Francis, To ev - er gen - tle be,

On this thy day, Saint Fran - cis, We ask thy help a - gain.
 Nor fear its lures may harm us, Nor pov - er - ty nor pain,
 To love all God's cre - a - tion, And know no van - i - ty,

Thou who in thy frail bod - y The wounds of Christ didst bear
 If hum - ble, lov - ing, faith - ful, We strive to do God's will,
 To fol - low Christ our Mas - ter How - ev - er hard the way,

dim.
p O grant us thy pro - tec - tion And hear, O Saint, our pray'r.
 As Thou didst do, Saint Fran - cis, Thy mis - sion to ful - fill. A - men.
 As Thou didst fol - low, Fran - cis, Sweet Saint, for us now pray.

J. C. D.

154

St. Dominic.

Bernardina 8 - 7 - 8 - 7.

J. B. Dykes.

154.

mf

1. O Saint se - rene, of men most blest,
 2. To those who knew not of God's grace
 3. So close to God thou held thy way,

mf

Great Dom - in - ic, the preach - er, Who la - bored for the
 Thou taught the wondrous sto - ry, That sin - ners poor and
 His love and mer - cy show - ing, Thy name, great Saint, we

world op - prest, Of char - i - ty the teach - er.
 weak and base Might find the King of Glo - ry. A - men.
 bless for aye, Our grat - i - tude o'er - flow - ing.

4. For thy reward has been our aid,
 Through thee the Church upraises
 Her voice to Mary, Holy Maid,
 In love and pray'r and praises.

5. On thee the holy vision shone,
 In fervent pray'r attending,
 That made the rosary our own,
 Our souls from sin defending.

6. Great Saint, thy pray'rs we ask of thee
 With Mary's pray'rs most holy,
 O ever may we near her be,
 In service high or lowly.

7. To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confest,
 Be highest glory given.

Amen.

J. C. D.

St. Bernard.

155

Crusaders 11-10-11-10.
Barnby.

155.

mf

1. O ho - ly Ber-nard, grant thy in - spi - ra - tion
 2. Thou didst love peace yet at thy word cru - sa - ders,
 3. Thou felt no hun - ger, on God's rich word feed - ing,

mf

To all who ev - er call up - on thy name,
 Signed with the Cross, fought for the Ho - ly Land,
 And quenched thy thirst with the sweet wine of pray'r;

Thou who didst spread the gos - pel of sal - va - tion,
 Glad - ly gave all to drive out the in - vad - ers,
 O great St. Ber - nard, still the world is need - ing

p

And with a ho - ly zeal didst men in - flame.
 For in thy word they knew God's guid - ing hand. A-men.
 Thy burn - ing zeal, thy coun - sel and thy care.

p

J. C. D.

156

St. Ignatius Loyola.

Breen 7-7-7-7 D.
G. Elvey.

156.

1. Bless-ed Saint, to thee we raise Hymns of grat-i - tude and praise,
 2. All to God, His glo-ry all. Car-ing not what might be-fall,
 3. St. Ig-na-tius, help us be Brave, o-be-dient, true, and free,

For thy la-bors for all men, Lift-ing high the Cross a - gain;
 If His ho-ly Will be done Ev-'ry-where be - neath the sun;
 Free to fol-low Je - sus' rule, Free, our pas-sions fierce to school,

Learn-ed, pa-tient, wise and brave, Thou didst strive the world to save,
 Count-ing hu-man glo-ry dross, And re-joic-ing in the Cross,
 Free to put the world a - way, Yet to help the world o - bey,

cresc.
 Sent the word forth far and wide, Draw-ing all to Je - sus' side
 War-ring long 'gainst sin and shame, Con-qu'ring all in Je - sus' name. A-men.
 Free to say God's Will be done, Prais-ing Father, Spir-it, Son.

St. Anthony.

157

Caress C. M.
Stewart.

157.

mp

1. Saint An - tho - ny, we turn to thee
2. For thou didst hear His gen - tle voice,
3. O gen - tle Saint, tell Him our needs,

mp

When trou - bles sore dis - tress, Sure of thy love for
Didst clasp Him to thy breast, Didst feel His pret - ty
His chil - dren too are we, O ask Him now to

thou didst know The Christ-Child's soft ca - ress.
cheek 'gainst thine, His arms a - bout thee pressed. A-men.
grant our pray'rs, And we at peace shall be.

4. We would, O blessèd Saint, with thee,
The Holy Child adore,
With hearts as pure as thine, dear Saint,
Now and forevermore.

Amen.
J. C. D.

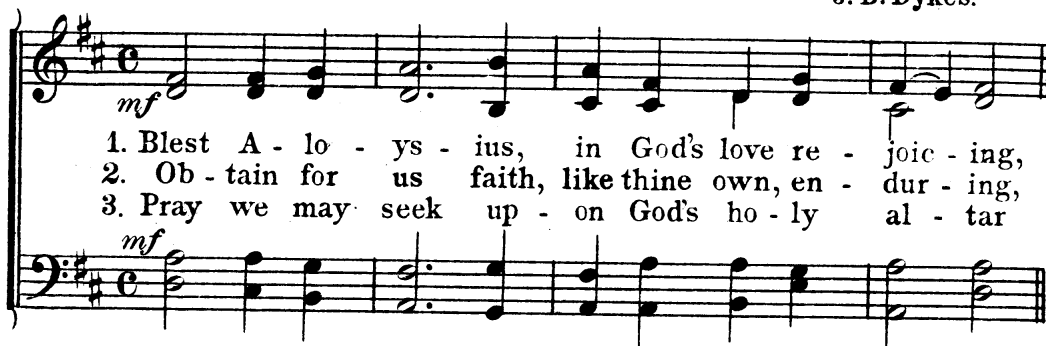
158

St. Aloysius.

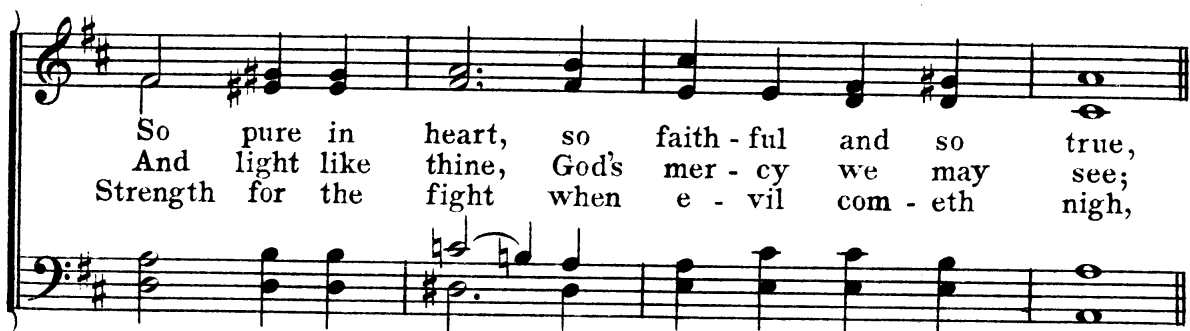
Aloysius 11-10 - 11-10.

J. B. Dykes.

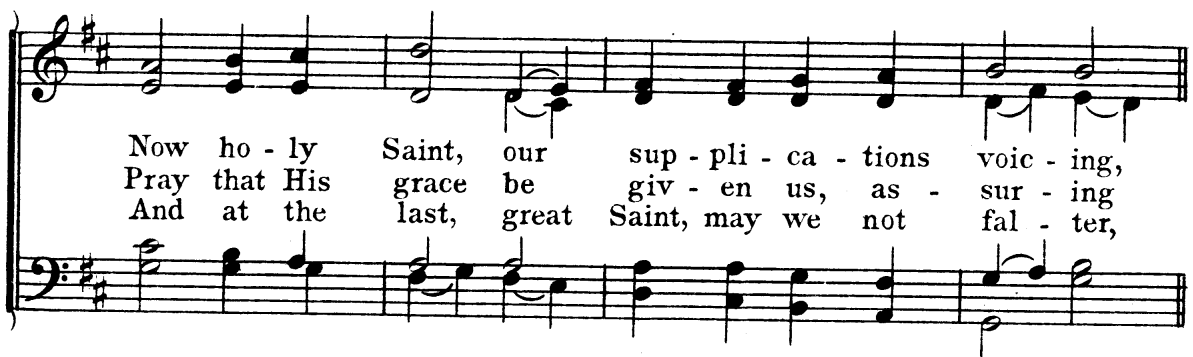
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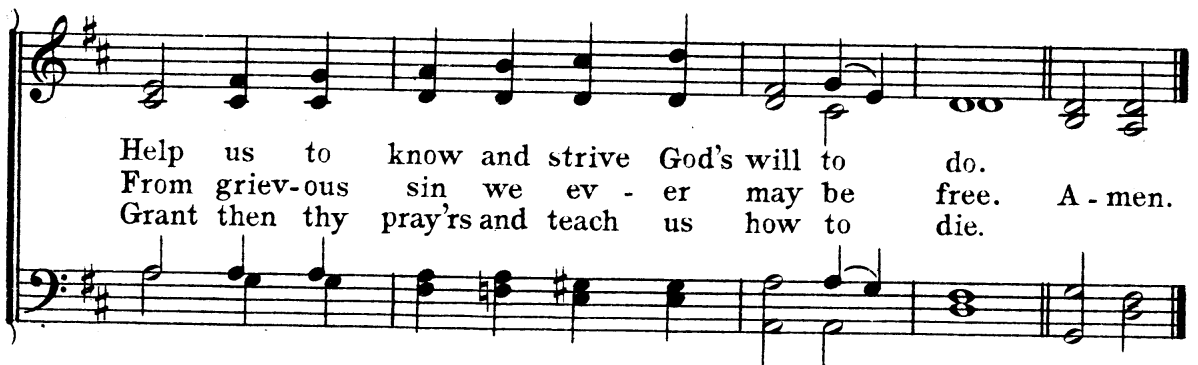
1. Blest A - lo - ys - ius, in God's love re - joic - ing,
 2. Ob - tain for us faith, like thine own, en - dur - ing,
 3. Pray we may seek up - on God's ho - ly al - tar



So pure in heart, so faith - ful and so true,
 And light like thine, God's mer - cy we may see;
 Strength for the fight when e - vil com - eth nigh,



Now ho - ly Saint, our sup - pli - ca - tions voic - ing,
 Pray that His grace be giv - en us, as - sur - ing
 And at the last, great Saint, may we not fal - ter,



Help us to know and strive God's will to do.
 From grievous sin we ev - er may be free. A - men.
 Grant then thy pray'rs and teach us how to die.

J. C. D.

St. Mary Magdalene.

159

Magdalene P. M.
Kanne.

159.

Slowly.

pp

1. Burdened, be - wild - ered, weak and wea - ry,
2. Dare we to hope that He will hear us?
3. Thou who hast known sin's sting and ter - ror,

pp

Dark is the night, the way is drea - ry,
Mag - da - lene, help us, now be near us,
Thou who hast felt the scars of er - ror,

Sin hath en - chained us, guilt op - press - es,
Thou who hast known His con - so - la - tion,
Ev - er on thee His mer - cy fall - eth,

Seek we for One who ev - er bless - es.
Pray that we too may find sal - va - tion. A - men.
Pray for us now who on thee call - eth.

J. C. D.

160

St. Cecilia.

Handel 7-7-7-7.

Handel.

160.

f

1. Saint Ce - ci - lia, who dost sing
2. Thou to mu - sic gave thy pow'rs,
3. In - spi - ra - tion still it brings,

f

Praise for - ev - er to the King, Make our hearts thy
It will aid in dark - est hours, Mu - sic, the di -
Dull - est word it lend - eth wings; Thou who heav'n - ly

in - stru - ment, In His ser - vice ev - er spent.
vin - est art, For in Heav'n it hath a part. A-men.
choirs dost lead, Saint Ce - ci - lia, for us plead.

4. Thou whose life was charity,
Help us to be more like thee,
Thou who martyr's crown didst wear,
Hear and grant our fervent prayer.

5. May we sing while life shall last,
May we sing till death is past,
May we sing when Heaven is won,
Praise to God, Great Three in One.

Amen.

J. C. D.

St. Theresa.

161

Theresa 7-6-7-6.
Stainer.

161.

mp

1. O gen - tle Saint The - re - sa, Shut from the
2. Thou who for years did lin - ger In pris - on
3. We too would know thy pa - tience, Thy faith so

mp

world a - way, — So pa - tient in thy suf - f'rings,
house of pain, — Yet sang sweet songs of cour - age,
firm, so sure, — Thy love for Christ, thy Mast - er,

p

We ask — thy pray'rs to - day. —
Thy pray'rs we would ob - tain. — A - men.
That made thee to en - dure. —

p

4. O loving Saint Theresa,
Hear our petitions now,
Teach us to sing God's praises
And serve Him too as thou.
Amen.

J. C. D.

162

Blessed Jeanne d'Arc.

Chesterton 11-10-11-10.
Barnby.

162.

1. O Maid-en ho - ly, of thy land de - fend - er,
 2. The mys-tic an - gel voic-es ev - er call-ing,
 3. On-ward, yet on - ward! The Cross ev - er lead-ing!

A might - y arm - y fled be - fore thy sword;
 The heav'n - ly vis - ion with thee night and day,
 The mar - tyr's crown to be thine in the end!

Thy flam - ing ban - ners bade the foe sur - ren - der,
 Thy faith tri - um - phant o - ver all be - fall - ing,
 O Maid - en ho - ly, for us in - ter - ced - ing,

For in thy vis-ions thou hadst seen the Lord!
 So pure, de - vout and brave thou kept the way. A-men.
 Guide us, in - spire us and our souls de - fend.

4. Thine was the triumph: be to God the glory,
 Who gave thee strength to conquer and to die;
 Age unto age shall tell thy glowing story;
 Praise we the Lord with Whom thou art on high!
 Amen.

J. C. D.

All Saints.

163

Spalding C. M.
H. S. Cutler.

163.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain:
 2. The martyr first, whose eag-le eye Could pierce be-yond the grave;
 3. A glorious band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spir-it came:

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mast-er in the sky, And called on Him to save.
 Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant, o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mortal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane,

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train? A-men.
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?

4. A noble army: men and boys,
 The matron and the maid;
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil and pain:
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

Amen.

Selected.

164

All Saints.

Conquerors P. M.
Barnby.

164.

1. *f* For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might: Thou, Lord, their
 3. Oh, may Thy sol - diers, faithful, true and bold, Fight as the

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought, of old, And win, with them, the

be for - ev - er blest. *ff* Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.
 wert the one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.
 vic tor's crown of gold. *ff* Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 Alleluia, Alleluia.
6. The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
 Alleluia, Alleluia.
5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph - song,
 And hearts are brave and arms again are strong.
 Alleluia, Alleluia.
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia, Alleluia.
8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Alleluia, Alleluia.

Amen.

Selected.

All Saints.

165

Holy Voices 8-7-8-7 D.
Cobb.

165.

mf

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chanting o'er the cry - stal sea,
 2. Pa - tri - arch and ho - ly prophet, Who prepared for Christ the way,
 3. All ye saints, now high in glo - ry, Ye did suf - fer here be - low,

mf

p Al - le - lu - ia, *f* Al - le - lu - ia, *ff* Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
 His A - pos - tles, His Dis - cip - les, Ho - ly Martyrs, for us pray;
 Ev - er be our in - ter - cess - ors, That God's mercy we may know;

mf *cresc.*

Mul - ti - tude, which none can number, Like the stars in glo - ry, stands,
 Priests, Confess - ors, Virg - ins, Matrons, All who do the Lord at - tend,
 Pray for all poor souls in suff'ring, From their sin they would be free

mf *cresc.*

f

Clothed in white ap - par - el, holding Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands.
 Pray for us and all the faithful, With thy pray'rs our souls de - fend. A - men.
 Ev - er - more to sing the praises Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

Adapted.



*Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation
to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:*

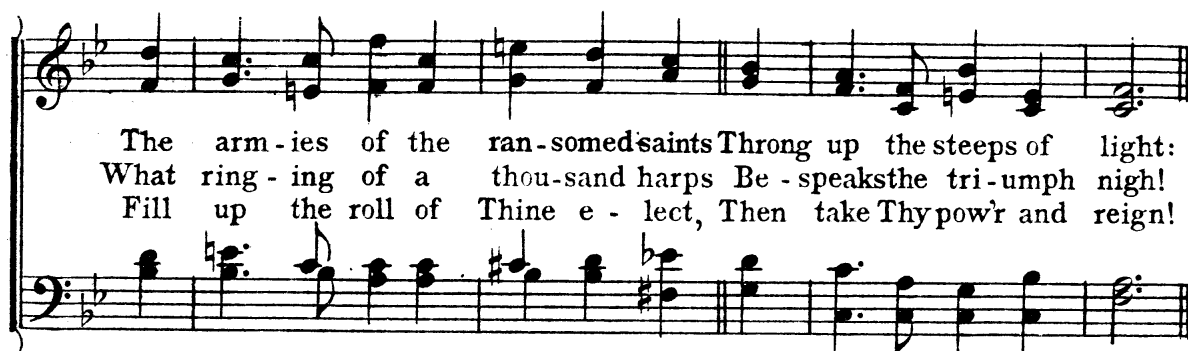
CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

All Saints.

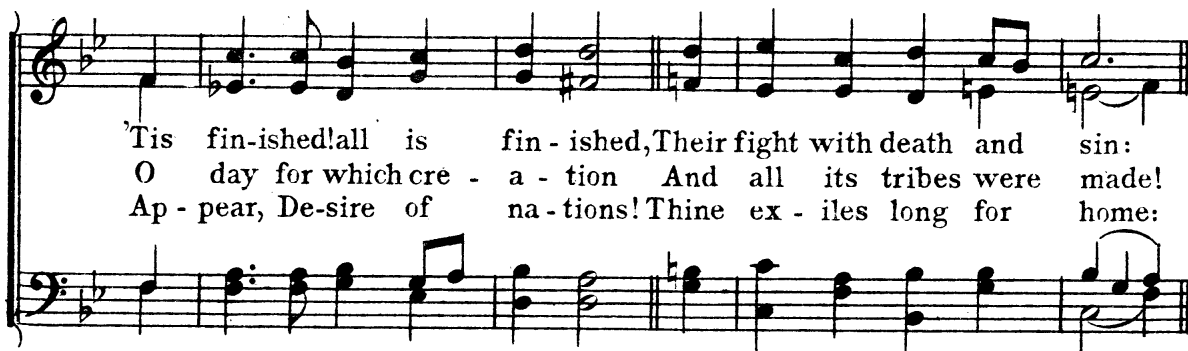
Mac Donald 7-6-7-6 D.
Dykes.

166.

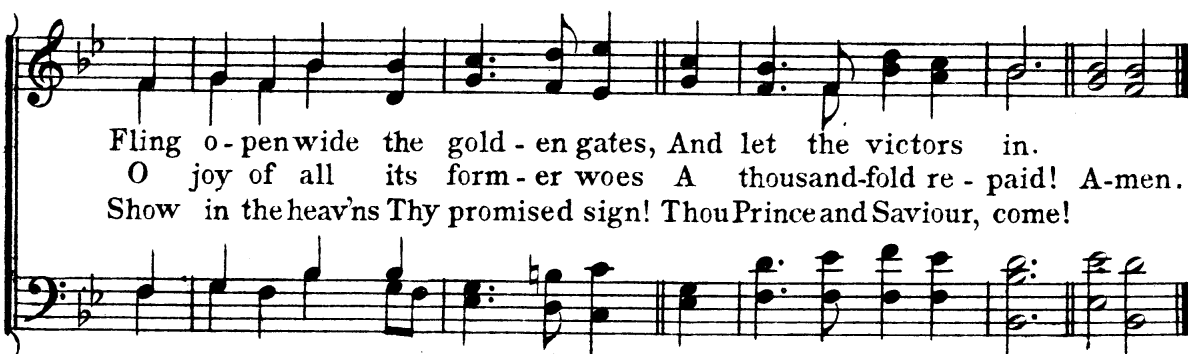
1. Ten thousandtimes ten thousand In sparkling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
3. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



The arm-ies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be - speak the tri-umph nigh!
Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign!



'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Ap - pear, De-sire of na - tions! Thine ex - iles long for home:



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the victors in.
O joy of all its form - er woes A thousand-fold re - paid! A-men.
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign! Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Selected.

All Saints.

167

Weber 7-6-7-6 D.
F. Weber.

167.

1. From all Thysaints in war-fare, for all Thysaints at rest,
To Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, all prais-es be ad-dressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat-tle that they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of liv-ing glo-ry are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.

(Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.)

ST. ANDREW.

2. Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

3. All praise for Thine Apostle, whose short lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN.

4. Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw Thee ready stand,
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5. Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy Godhead bore,
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

6. Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

7. Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

ST. MATTHIAS.

8. Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

ST. MARK.

9. For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine abide.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

10. All praise for Thine Apostle, blest guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

ST. BARNABAS.

11. The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

12. We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray:
Make us the rather blessèd, who love Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

13. Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold,
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

14. For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

15. All praise for Thine Apostle, the faithful, pure and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye all seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

16. Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

17. For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The Healer of the nations, the Sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

18. Praise, Lord, for Thine Apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the Faith of Christ maintain,
And bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19. Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps would serve Thee more and more.
20. Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power and glory ascribe to God alone.

Amen.

Selected.

170

Common of Apostles.

Melanesia L. M.
S. Smith.

168.

1. Let all on earth their voices raise
2. Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
3. Thou, at Whose will to them was giv'n

Re-echoing heav'n's tri-umph-ant praise To Him, Who gave th'A-
Of Gospel truth o'er heath-en night, To us that heav'n-ly
To bind and loose in earth and heav'n, Our chains un-bind, our

pos-tles grace To run on earth their glo-rious race.
light im-part, To glad our eyes and cheer our heart. A-men.
sins un-do, And in our hearts Thy grace re-new.

4. Thou, in Whose might they spake the word
Which cured disease and health restored,
To us its healing power prolong,
Support the weak, confirm the strong.

5. And when the thrones are set on high,
And judgment's awful hour draws nigh,
Then Lord, with them pronounce us blest,
And take us to Thy endless rest.

6. Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

Amen.

From the Latin.

Common of Apostles and Evangelists. Eastertide.

171

Paschal Joy L.M.
Barnby.

169.

1. When Christ, by His own servants slain, Had died up - on the bit - ter Cross,
2. Who as they run the news to bring, Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
3. O Je - su, from the death of sin, Keep us, we pray; so shall Thou be

Th'A postles of their joy be-reft, We're weep-ing their dear Master's loss:
All radiant bright with heav'n - ly light, And fall-ing clasp His sa - cred feet.
The ev - er - last - ing Pas - chal joy of all the souls new-born in Thee.

Voices in Unison.

Mean-while an an - gel at the tomb To ho - ly wom - en hath fore - told,
To Gal - i - lee's lone mountain height The A - pos - tol - ic band re - tire,
To God the Fa - ther with the Son Who from the grave im - mor - tal rose,

Voices in Unison.

The faith-ful flock with joy shall soon Their Lord in Gal - i - lee be - hold.
There blest with their dear Saviour's sight, En - joy in full their souls' de - sire. Amen
To Thee, O Pa - rac - lete, be praise While age on endless a - ges flows.

From the Latin.

172

Common of One Martyr.

Beethoven L. M.
Beethoven.

170.

mf

1. O God, Thy sol - diers' Crown and Guard,
 2. The pleas - ures of the world he spurned,
 3. For Thee through ma - nya woe he ran,

mf

And their ex - ceed - ing great Re - ward, From all trans - gres - sions
 From sin's per - ni - cious lures he turned, He knew their joys im -
 In ma - nya fight he played the man; For Thee his blood he

set us free, Who sing Thy Mar - tyr's vic - to - ry.
 bued with gall, And thus he reached thy heav'n - ly hall. A - men.
 dared to pour, And thence hath joy for - ev - er more

4. We therefore pray Thee, full of love,
 Regard us from Thy throne above;
 On this Thy Martyr's triumph day
 Wash every stain of sin away.
5. O Father, that we ask be done,
 Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
 Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally.

Amen.

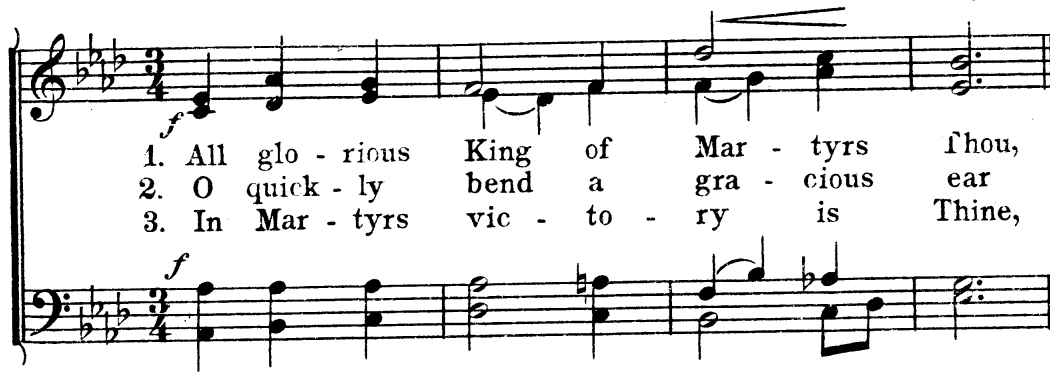
From the Latin.

Common of All Martyrs and Confessors.

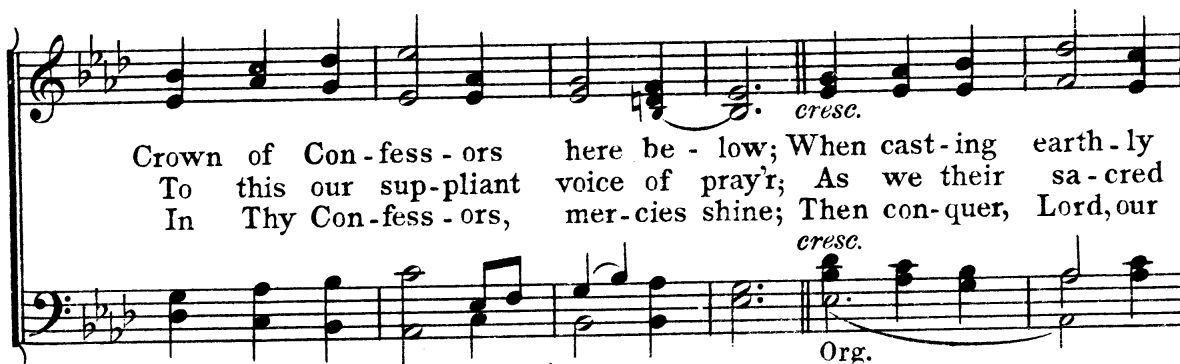
173

Martyrdom L. M.
H. Oakeley.

171.



1. All glo - rious King of Mar - tyrs I thou,
2. O quick - ly bend a gra - cious ear
3. In Mar - tyrs vic - to - ry is Thine,



Crown of Con - fess - ors here be - low; When cast - ing earth - ly
To this our sup - pliant voice of pray'r; As we their sa - cred
In Thy Con - fess - ors, mer - cies shine; Then con - quer, Lord, our

cresc.
cresc.
Org.



joys a - way Thou guid - est to ce - les - tial day.
tri - umphs chant, For - giv' - ness to our er - rors grant. A - men.
wicked - ness, And us with lov - ing par don bless.

4. Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be,
With Thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.

Amen.

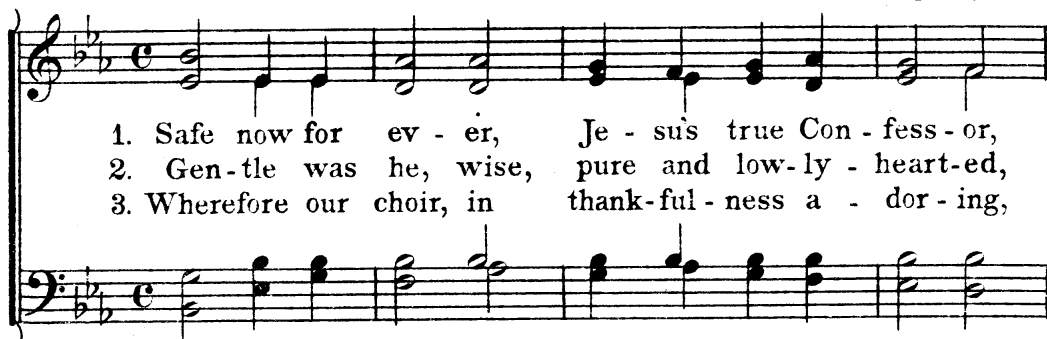
From the Latin.

174

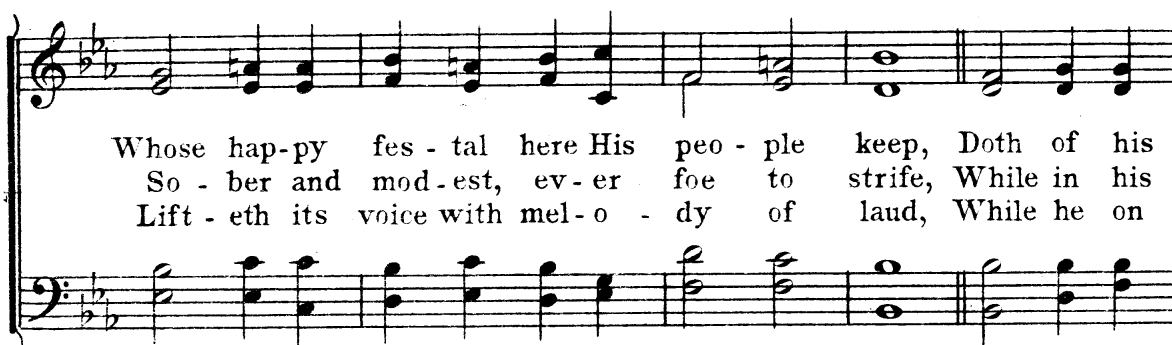
Common of Confessors.

Confessor P. M.
Kanne.

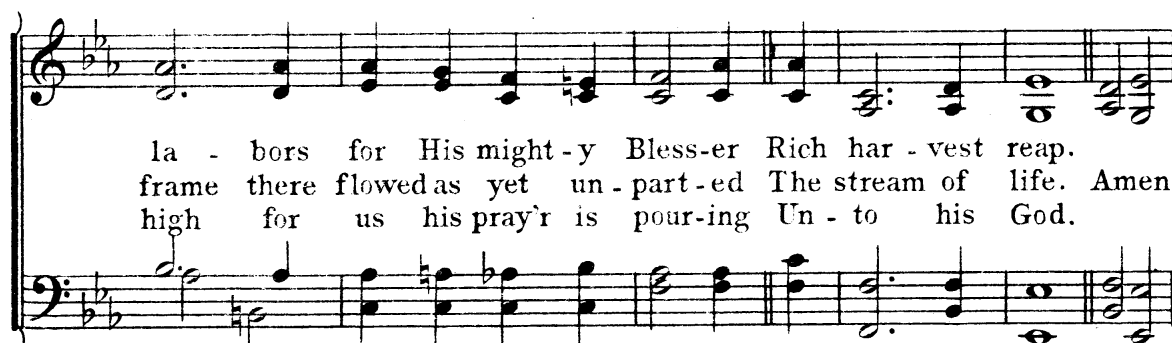
172.



1. Safe now for ev - er, Je - sus true Con - fess - or,
2. Gen - tle was he, wise, pure and low - ly - heart - ed,
3. Wherefore our choir, in thank - ful - ness a - dor - ing,



Whose hap - py fes - tal here His peo - ple keep, Doth of his
So - ber and mod - est, ev - er foe to strife, While in his
Lift - eth its voice with mel - o - dy of laud, While he on



la - bors for His might - y Bless - er Rich har - vest reap.
frame there flowed as yet un - part - ed The stream of life. Amen.
high for us his pray'r is pour - ing Un - to his God.

4 Glory and honor, virtue and salvation
Be unto Him, who, in His might divine,
Ruleth supremely over all creation,
One and yet Trine.

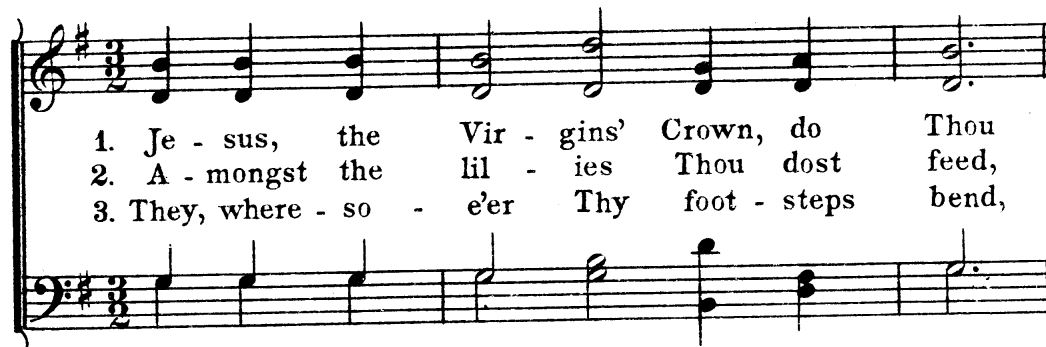
Amen.

From the Latin.

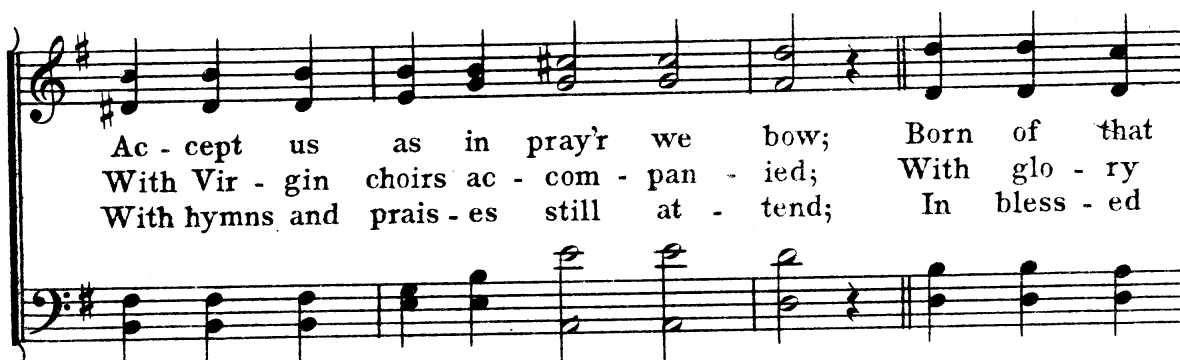
Common of Virgins.

Langton. L. M.
H.K. Oliver.

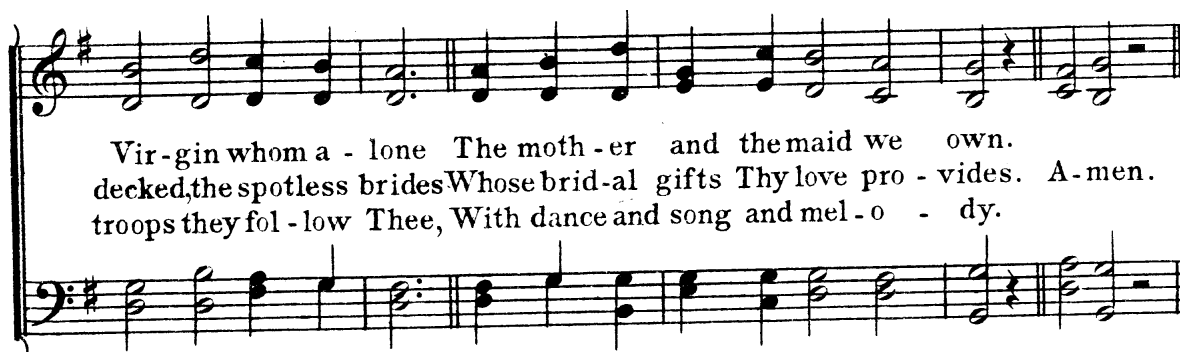
173.



1. Je - sus, the Vir - gins' Crown, do Thou
2. A - mongst the lil - ies Thou dost feed,
3. They, where - so - e'er Thy foot - steps bend,



Ac - cept us as in pray'r we bow; Born of that
With Vir - gin choirs ac - com - pan - ied; With glo - ry
With hymns and prais - es still at - tend; In bless - ed



Vir - gin whom a - lone The moth - er and the maid we own.
decked, the spotless brides Whose brid - al gifts Thy love pro - vides. A - men.
troops they fol - low Thee, With dance and song and mel - o - dy.

4. We pray Thee therefore to bestow
Upon our senses here below
Thy grace, that so we may endure
From taint of all corruption pure.

5. All laud to God the Father be;
All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee;
All laud, as it is ever meet,
To God, the Holy Paraclete.

Amen.

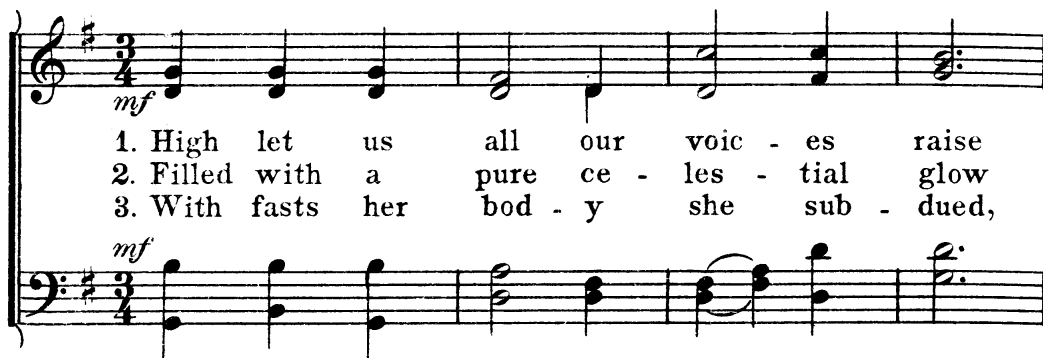
From the Latin.

176

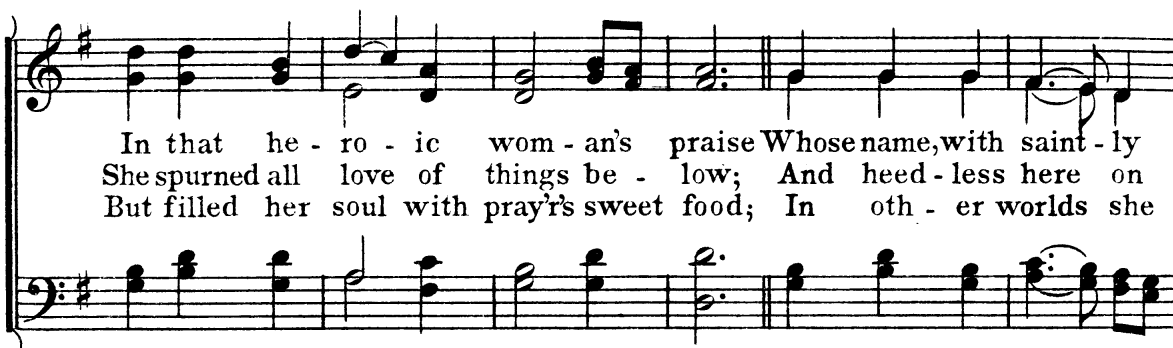
Common of Holy Women.

Mozart L. M.
Mozart.

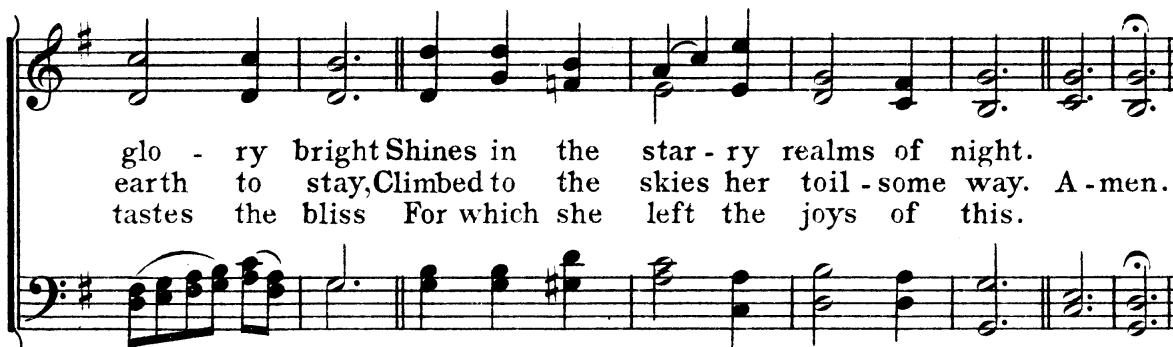
174.



1. High let us all our voices raise
2. Filled with a pure celestial glow
3. With fasts her body she subdued,



In that heroic woman's praise Whose name, with saintly
She spurned all love of things below; And heedless here on
But filled her soul with prayer's sweet food; In other worlds she



glory bright Shines in the starry realms of night.
earth to stay, Climbed to the skies her toilsome way. Amen.
tastes the bliss For which she left the joys of this.

4. O Christ, the strength of all the strong,
To Whom all our best deeds belong,
Through her prevailing prayers on high,
In mercy hear Thy people's cry.

5. To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory while the ages flow,
From all above and all below.

Amen.

From the Latin.

All Souls.

177

Requiem. 8-7-8-7-7-7.
W. Schultes.

175.

mp

1. Gra - cious Sa - viour, hear Thy chil - dren
 2. Thou who came to bring Thy peo - ple
 3. Thou didst prom - ise, Christ our Sa - viour,

mp

Pleading for the ho - ly dead; Death en - fold them in its shadows,
 Light and life for - ev - er - more, Thou who suf - fer - ed ev - 'ry sor - row,
 Life to all who turn to Thee, By the love Thou gave so free - ly,

p

There to wait the judg - ment dread, Be their
 For poor souls we Thee im - plo - re, Be their
 For poor souls, Lord, hear our plea. Thou Who

p

Org.

stay till peace is won, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.
 stay till pain is done Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. A - men.
 died the Cross up - on, Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.

J. C. D.

All Souls.

William. 8-8-8-8-8-8.
Barnby.

176.

mp

1. Je - sus, for all poor souls we plead,
 2. Grant them re - mis - sion of all sin,
 3. O bless - ed Ma - ry, in - ter - cede,

mp

Thou Who canst help their dir - est need, Grant them the hap - pi -
 Cleanse them, O Christ, with - out, with - in, Thou Who hast suf - fered
 O all ye saints, now with us plead For all poor souls who

cresc.

ness of rest, Peace that is prom - ised to the blest, Grant them the
 for Thine own, Who paid the price, Who did a - tone, Our lov - ing
 need thy aid, Un - til the debt of sin is paid, Pray that God's

cresc.

clear - ness of Thy light, Shine thro' the gloom, give day for night.
 sup - pli - cations hear, O grant them par - don, Sa - viour dear. A - men.
 grace may give re - lease, And light e - ter - nal, rest and peace.

J. C. D.

All Souls.

179

Calvary, 6-4-6-3 D.
J. Hurst.

177.

1. Fa - ther, to Thee we bring Our hum - ble plea
 2. O Lord, most mer - ci - ful, Our pray'r at - tend,
 3. Let light per - pet - u - al Shine on them there,

For those whom Death has called, Set them free.
 They strove to serve Thee here To the end;
 Send, Lord, to guide their way An - gels fair.

In realms un - known and far, Be - yond the grave,
 Ab - solve their souls from sin, Grant them re - lease,
 Fa - ther, to Thee we cry With Thy Saints blest,

They pay the price of sin; Thou wilt save!
 Lead them to Par - a - dise, Give them peace. A - men.
 Plead - ing for all poor souls, Grant them rest.

By permission of
C. L. Hutchins.

J. C. D.

All Souls.

Penitential. 10-10-10-10.
E. Dearle.

178.

mp

1. O God, Whose mer - cy can no meas - ure know,
 2. O God, be mer - ci - ful to them and bless,
 3. O Ma - ry, Moth - er, pray for them to - day,

mp

Who sent Thy Son to save us from our sin,
 Though they must go down to the gates of Hell,
 O all ye Saints, who ev - er dost a - dore

cresc.

By that pure stream that from His Side did flow,
 Theirs was the guilt but Thine the right - eous - ness,
 The Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it, with us pray

cresc.

dim.

Grant all poor souls Thy crown - ing joys to win.
 O bring them home at last with Thee to dwell. A - men.
 For rest for all poor souls for - ev - er - more.

dim.

J. C. D.

Evening.

181

Anatolius 7-6-7-6 with Refrain.
Barnby.

179.

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I
 2 The joys of day are o - ver: I lift my heart to Thee; And
 3 The toils of day are o - ver; I raise the hymn to Thee; And

pray Thee that of - fence-less The hours of dark may be. O Je-sus, keep me
 call on Thee that sin - less The hours of gloom may be. O Je-sus, make their
 ask that free from per - il The hours of fear may be. O Je-sus, keep me

in Thy sight, And save me through the com - ing night!
 darkness light, And save me through the com - ing night! A-men.
 in Thy sight, And guard me through the com - ing night.

4. Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphant shall cry
 "He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night?"

5. Be thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 O loving Jesus, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

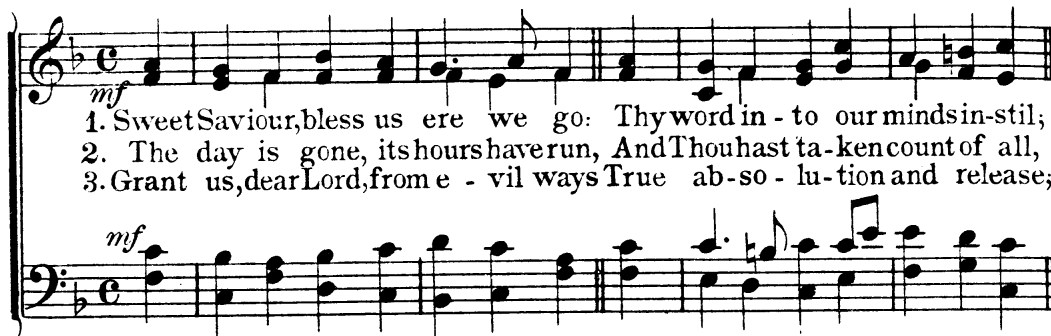
Amen.
 Anatolius.

182

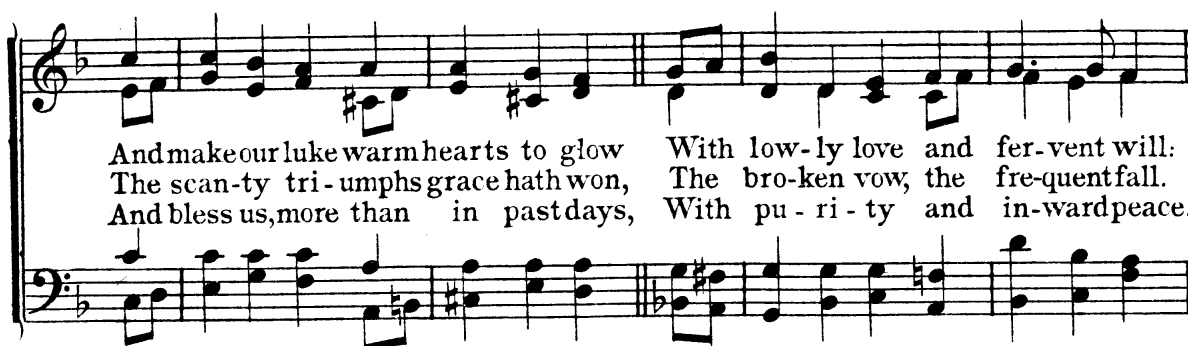
Evening.

St. Matthias 8-8-8-8-8-8.
Monk.

180.



mf
1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast ta - ken count of all,
3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lution and release;



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will:
The scan - ty tri - umphs grace hath won, The bro - ken vow, the fre - quent fall.
And bless us, more than in past days, With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace.



f Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our Light. A - men.
p *cresc.*

4. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

5. Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Amen.

Fr. Faber.

Evening.

183

Lux Benigna P. M.
J. B. Dykes.

181.

mf

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom,
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still

mf

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home,
 Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

p

Lead Thou me on. *cresc.* Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,

p *cresc.*

dim. *p*

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years. A - men.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

dim. *p*

J. Card. Newman.

Evening.

Eventide 10-10-10-10.
Monk.

182.

Quietly.

1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but Thy

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.
 all a-round I see; O Thou Who changest not, a - bide with me. A-men.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord a - bide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Amen.

Selected.

Evening.

185

Susan 7-7-7-7.
Von Weber.

183.

mp

1. Soft - ly now the light of day
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye
3. Soon for me the light of day

mp

Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from
Noughtes - capes with - out, with - in, Par - don each in -
Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and

la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
fir - mi - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin. A - men.
sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Selected.

186

Evening.

Columba 6-4-6-6.
H.S. Irons.

184.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;
2. As Christ up - on the cross His head in - clined,
3. So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give

Let love a - wake, and pay Here eve - ning sac - ri - fice.
And to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - signed; A - men.
In - to His sa - cred charge, In Whom all spir - its live;

4. So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5. Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6. Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His pow'r and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7. One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.
Amen.

From the Latin.

Evening.

187

Proctor C. M.
H. Hiles.

185.

mp

1. The shadows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky;
 2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thoudes - pise,
 3. Slow - ly therays of daylight fade: So fade with-in our heart

mp

Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie.
 But let the in-cense of our pray'rs Be - fore Thy mer-cy rise.
 The hopes in earth-ly love and joy, That one by one de - part.

dim.

Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
 The brightness of the com-ing night Up - on the darkness rolls;
 Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With - in the heav-ens shine:

dim.

cresc.

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
 With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The sha-dows on our souls. A-men.
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n, And trust in things di - vine.

cresc.

p

4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend;
 From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
 Our trembling hearts defend:
 Give us a respite from our toil;
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day we labour, Lord,
 O give us now repose.

Amen.
 A. A. Proctor.

188

For Those at Sea.

Wave. P. M.

186.

mf

1. Star of peace to wan - d'ers wea - ry!
 2. Star of hope! gleam on the bil - low;
 3. Star of faith! when winds are mock - ing

mf

Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's
 Bless the soul that sighs for Thee; Bless the sail - or's
 All his toil, he flies to Thee; Save him on the

vi - sion drear - y, Far, far at sea.
 lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea. A - men.
 bil - lows rock - ing, Far, far at sea.

4. Star divine! oh, safely guide him,
 Bring the wand'rer home to Thee;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.

Amen.

Selected.

For Those at Sea.

189

Billow. P. M.
H. Brown.

187.

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night,
2. Ridge of the moun-tain wave, Low-er thy crest;
3. Je-sus, De-liv-er-er, Come Thou to me:

Oars la-boured heav-i-ly, Foam glim-mered white;
Wail of the tem-pest-wind, Be thou at rest;
Soothe Thou my voy-ag-ing O-ver life's sea:

Mar-i-ners trem-bled, Per-il was night!
Per-il can none be, Sor-row must fly
Thou when death's tem-pest, Roars sweep-ing by,

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!"
Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! It is I!"
Whis-per, O Truth of Truth, "Peace! It is I!" A-men.

Anatolius.

General.

De Contemptu Mundi. 7-6-7-6 D.
A. Pearsall.

188.

mp

1. The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late
 2. A - rise, a - rise, good Christian, Let right to wrong suc - ceed;
 3. 'Mid pow'r that knows no lim - it, And wis - dom free from bound,

mp

Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;
 Let pen - i - ten - tial sor - row To heav'n - ly glad - ness lead:
 Where rests a peace un - trou - bled, Peace ho - ly and pro - found.

cresc.

The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,
 To home of fade - less splen - dor, Of flow'rs that bear no thorn,
 O hap - py, ho - ly por - tion, Re - flec - tion for the blest,

cresc.

To ter - min - ate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.
 Where they shall dwell as chil - dren Who here as ex - iles mourn; A - men.
 True vi - sion of true beau - ty, Sweet cure for all dis - tress!

f

4. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Strive, man, to win that glory,
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.

5. O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest!
 Who art with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.
 Amen.

Bernard of Cluny.

General.

191

St. George. 7-6-7-6 D.
J. Walch.

189.

mf 1. Brief life is here our por-tion, Brief sor-row short lived care;
mf 2. There grief is turned to pleas-ure; Such pleas-ure as be-low
 3. And now we fight the bat-tle, But then shall wear the crown

cresc. The life that knows no end-ing, The tear-less life is there.
 No hu-man voice can ut-ter, No hu-man hearts can know;
cresc. Of full and ev-er-last-ing And pas-sion-less re-nown;

mf O hap-py re-tri-bu-tion! Short toil, e-ter-nal rest;
 And af-ter flesh-ly weak-ness, And af-ter this world's night,
 And He whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known,

For mor-tals and for sin-ners A mansion with the blest.
 And af-ter storm and whirl-wind, Are calm, and joy, and light. A-men.
 And they that know and see Him, Shall have Him for their own.

4. And now we watch the struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Zion in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope;
 But there is David's Fountain,
 And life in fullest glow;
 And there the light is golden,
 And milk and honey flow.

5. The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows flee away,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day;
 For God our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
 We then shall see for ever,
 And worship face to face.

6. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Amen.

Bernard of Cluny.

192

General.

Bona Patria. 7-6-7-6 D.
Sullivan.

190.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun-try, Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 2. O one, O on-ly man-sion! O Par-a-dise of joy!
 3. With jas-per glow thy bul-warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 For ver-y love be-hold-ing Thy ho-ly name, they weep.
 Where tears are ev-er ban-ish'd And smiles have no al-loy;
 The sar-dius and the to-paz U-nite in thee their rays;
 The men-tion of thy glo-ry Is unc-tion to the breast,
 Thy love-li-ness op-press-es All hu-man thought and heart,
 Thine age-less walls are bond-ed With am-e-thyst un-priced;
 And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love and life, and rest.
 And none, O Peace, O Si-on, Can sing thee as thou art. A-men.
 The saints build up thy fab-ric, The cor-ner stone is Christ.

4. The Cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise,
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They build thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

5. O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.
 Amen.

Bernard of Cluny.

General.

193

Jerusalem 7-6-7-6 D.
Sullivan.

191.

mf

1. Jer - u - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Dav - id; And there from care re - leased,
mf

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with man - yan an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The past - ures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen. A - men.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

4. O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit ever blest.

Amen.

Bernard of Cluny.

General.

Pilgrims P. M.
Smart.

192.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! Angel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and

2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, Come, wea-ry souls, for

3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning pealing, The voice of Je - sus

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Je - sus bids you come; And through the dark, its echoes sweet-ly ringing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And lad - en souls by thousands meekly stealing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The mus-ic of the Gospel leads us home. An-gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come The pilgrims of the night. A-men.

4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Amen.

*May be used as processional.**Fr. Faber.*

General.

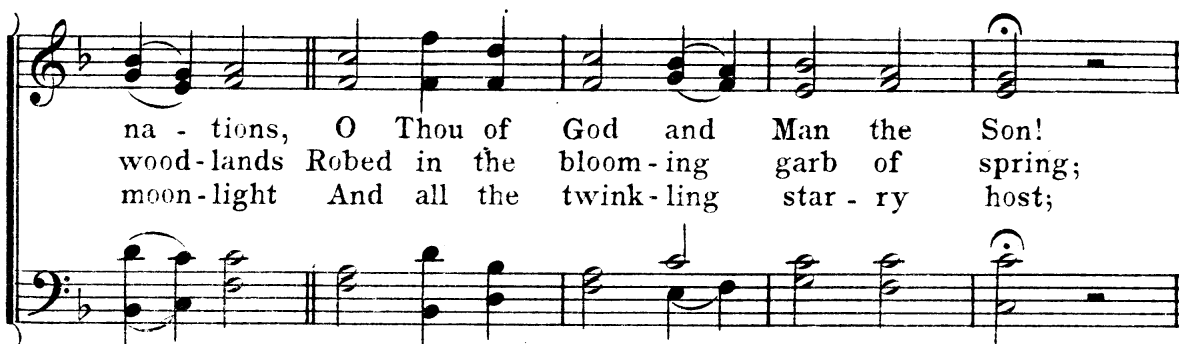
195

Crusaders' Hymn.
Air Unknown.

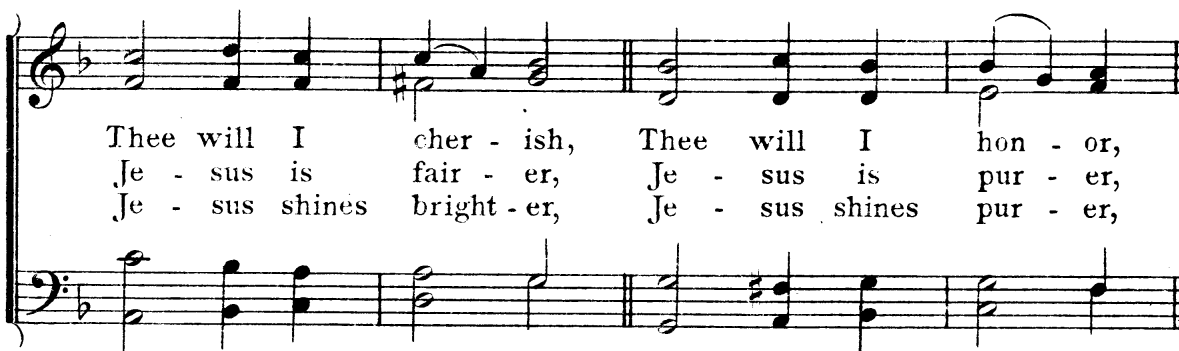
193.



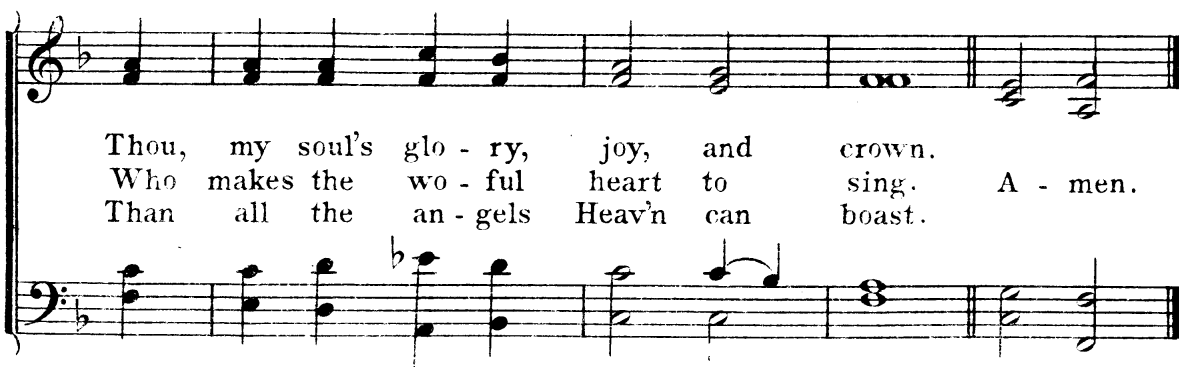
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the



na - tions, O Thou of God and Man the Son!
wood-lands Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
moon-light And all the twink - ling star - ry host;



Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or,
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er,
Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er,



Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
Who makes the wo - ful heart to sing. A - men.
Than all the an - gels Heav'n can boast.

12th Century.

General.

Exeter 7-6-7-6 D.
Barnby.

194.

1. O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread
 2. The Cross that Je-sus car-ried, He car-ried as your due:
 3. The tri-als that be-set you, The sor-rows ye en-dure.

With Je-sus as your Fel-low, To Je-sus as your Head!
 The crown that Je-sus wear-eth, He wear-eth it for you.
 The man-i-fold temp-ta-tions That death a-lone can cure;

O hap-py if ye la-bor As Je-sus did for men,
 The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,
 What are they but His jew-els Of bright ce-les-tial worth?

O hap-py if ye hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then.
 The love that thro' all troubles To Him a-lone will turn. A-men.
 What are they but the lad-der Set up to Heav'n on earth?

4. O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize!
 To Father, Son and Spirit,
 The God Whom we adore,
 Be loftiest praises given,
 Now and forevermore.

Amen.

*Joseph of Exeter 12th Century.**May be used as processional.*

General.

197

Vincent 7-6-7-6 D.
T. Adams.

195.

mp

1. O Thou be-fore Whose presence Nought ev-il may come in,
 2. Fierce is our sub-tle foeman; The for-ces at his hand,
 3. So Thou hast wrought a-mong us The great things that we see;

mp

Yet Who dost look in mer-cy Down on this world of sin;
 With foe that none can num-ber, De-spoil the pleas-ant land;
 For things that are we thank Thee, And for the things to be:

Voices in unison.

cresc.

O give us no-ble pur-pose To set the sin-bound free,
 All they who war a-gainst them, In strife so keen and long,
 For bright Hope is up-lift-ing Faint hands and fee-ble knees,

cresc.

Harmony.

And Christ-like ten-der pit-y To seek the lost for Thee.
 Must in their Sav-iour's ar-mour Be strong-er than the strong. A-men.
 To strive be-neath Thy bless-ing For great-er things than these.

4. Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
 O Purity and Power!
 Lead on, till peace eternal
 Shall close this battle hour;
 Till all who prayed and struggled
 To set their brethren free,
 In triumph meet to praise Thee,
 Most Holy Trinity.

By permission of
 C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.

Selected.

General.

Eternal Bowers 6-5-6-5 D.
T. Morley.

196.

1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
 2. He who wakes from slum - ber At the Spir - it's voice,
 3. He who glad - ly bar - ters All on earth - ly ground;

Those un - fad - ing flow - ers Round the throne of God:
 Dar - ing here to num - ber Things un - seen his choice:
 He who like the mar - tyrs Says, "I will be crowned:"

Who may hope to gain them Af - ter wea - ry fight?
 He who casts his burd - en Down at Je - sus' Cross;
 He whose one ob - la - tion Is a life of love,

Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white?
 Christ's reproach his guer - don, All be - side but loss. A - men.
 Knit in God's sal - va - tion To the blest a - bove.

4. Shame upon you, legions
 Of the heavenly King,
 Citizens of regions
 Past imagining!
 What, with pipe and tabor
 Dream away the light!
 When He bids you labour,
 When he tells you, "Fight"?

5. Jesu, Lord of glory,
 As we breast the tide,
 Whisper Thou the story
 Of the other side;
 Where the saints are casting
 Crowns before Thy feet,
 Safe for everlasting,
 In Thyself complete.

By permission of
 C. L. Hutchins.

Amen.
 From the Latin.

General.

199

Paradise 8-6-8-6-6-6-6-6.
Barnby.

197.

mf

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, The world is grow-ing old;
 3. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, We long to sin no more;

mf

dim.

Who would not seek the hap-py land Where they that loved are blest;
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;

dim.

f

Where loy-al hearts, and true,— Stand ev - er in the light,

f

p

All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

p

4. O Paradise, O Paradise,
 We shall not wait for long;
 E'en now the loving ear may catch
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5. Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 Oh, keep us in Thy love,
 And guide us to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Amen.

Fr. Faber.

200

General.

Geraldine C. M.
J. Booth.

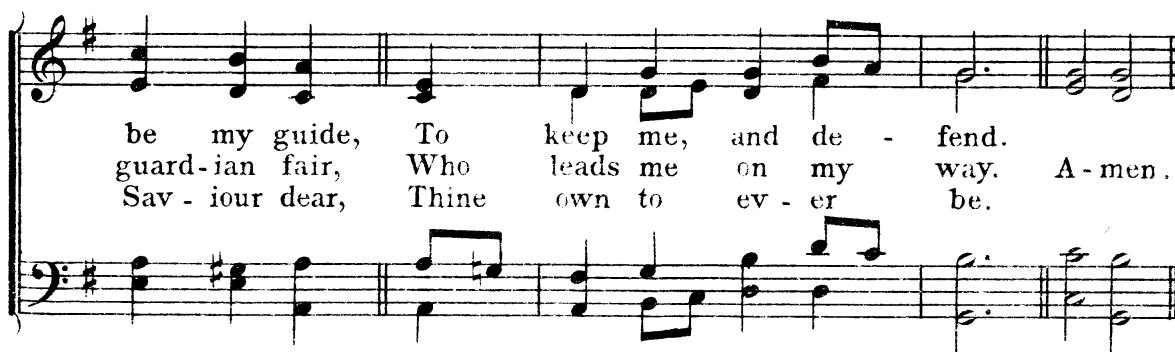
198.



mf
1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side
2. In work and play, in praise and pray'r,
3. Thy lov - ing care doth send him here



Thine An - gel doth at - tend, Through Thy dear love to
In dark or sun - ny day; My heart doth know its
To help me fol - low Thee, To keep me close, O



be my guide, To keep me, and de - fend.
guard - ian fair, Who leads me on my way. A - men.
Sav - iour dear, Thine own to ev - er be.

4. Sleeping or waking I am sure
Thy care will never fail,
And in Thy love I rest secure,
Though wild and fierce the gale.

5. The tempest Thou wilt still at last,
The storm of life shall cease,
And we shall find, all struggle past,
The harbor of Thy peace.
Amen.

J. C. D.

General.

201

Raymond 6-5-6-5.
Barnby.


199.



1. Je - sus, gen - tlest Sav - iour,
2. Na - ture can - not hold Thee,
3. Out be - yond the shin - ing



God of might and pow'r, — Thou Thy - self art
Heav'n is all too strait — For Thine end - less
Of the farth - est star, Thou art ev - er



dwel - ing With us at this hour.
glo - ry, And Thy roy - al state. A - men.
stretch - ing In - fi - nite - ly far.

4. Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonder
Loves the lowly spot.

5. Jesus, gentlest Saviour.
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts overflow.

6. Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

7. Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heav'n's eternal bliss?

Amen.
Fr. Faber.

General.

Holy Church 7-6-7-6 D.
S.S. Wesley.

200.

1. The Church-'s one foun-da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev-'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Though with a scornful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wat - er and the word;
 Her charter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent as - un - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One Ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long"?

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev-'ry grace en - dued. A - men.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.

4. 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace forevermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.
 Amen.

May be used as Processional.
May be used in dedication of a Church.

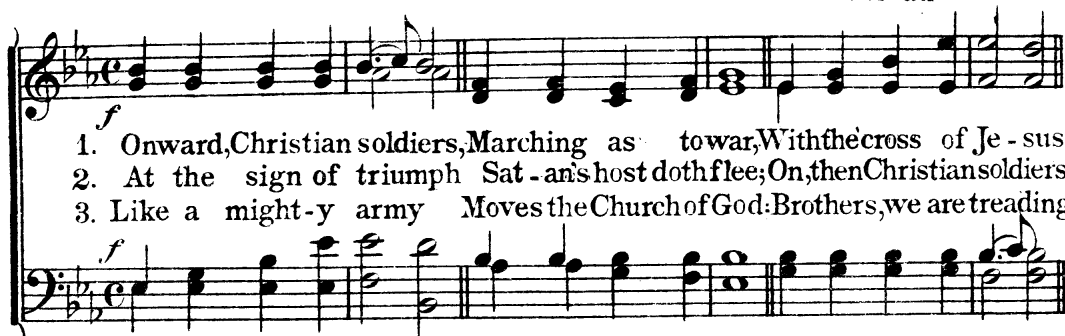
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Processional.

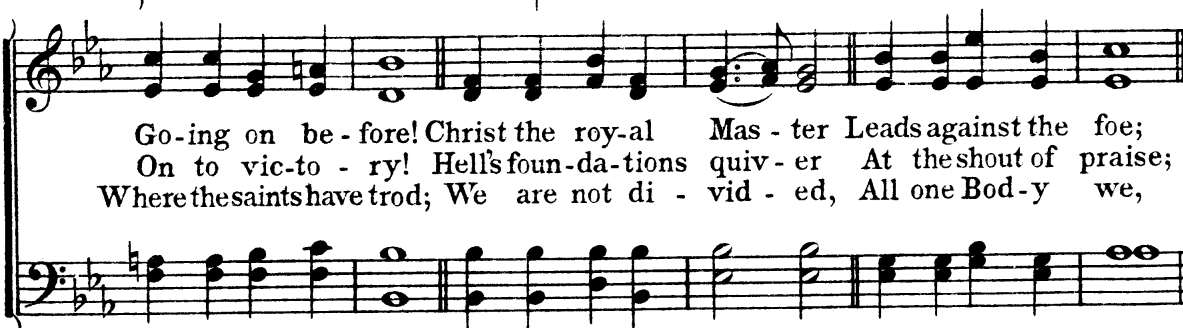
203

St. Gertrude.
6-5-6-5 D. with Refrain.
Sullivan.

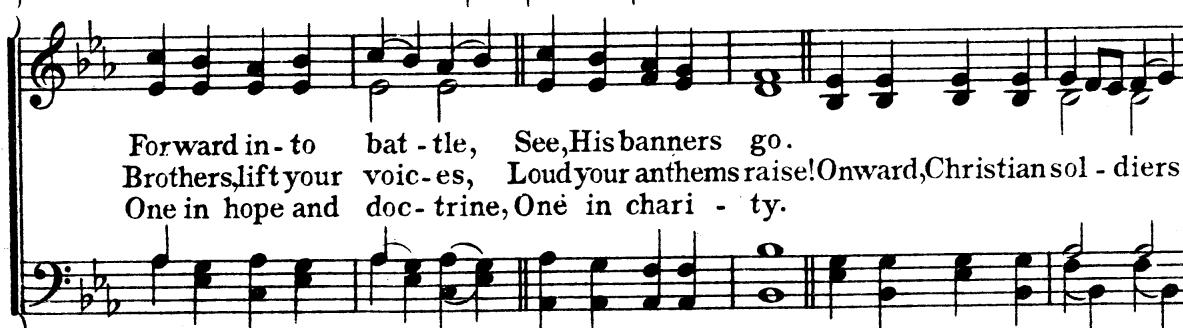
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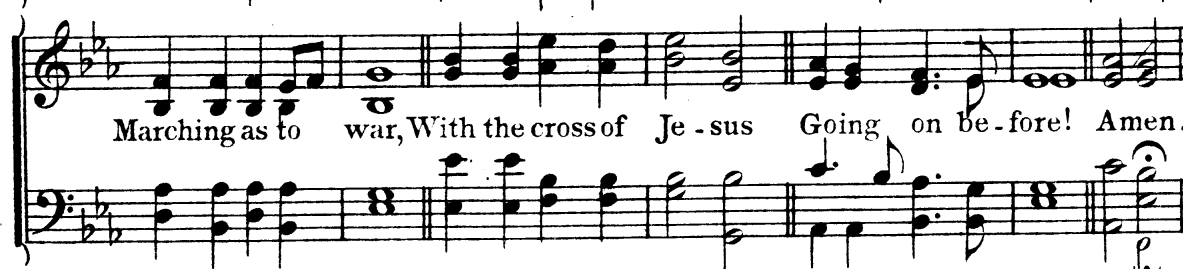
f
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Sat - an's host doth flee; On, then Christians soldiers
3. Like a might - y army Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading



Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one Bod - y we,



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in chari - ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore! Amen.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5. Onward, then, ye people
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.
Amen.

Selected.

204

Processional.

Victory P. M.
Barnby.

202.

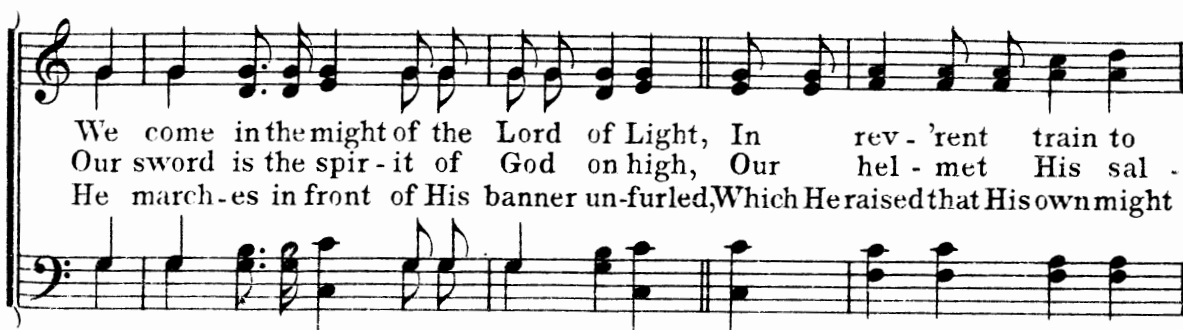
f We march, we march to vic - to - ry!

mf With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing

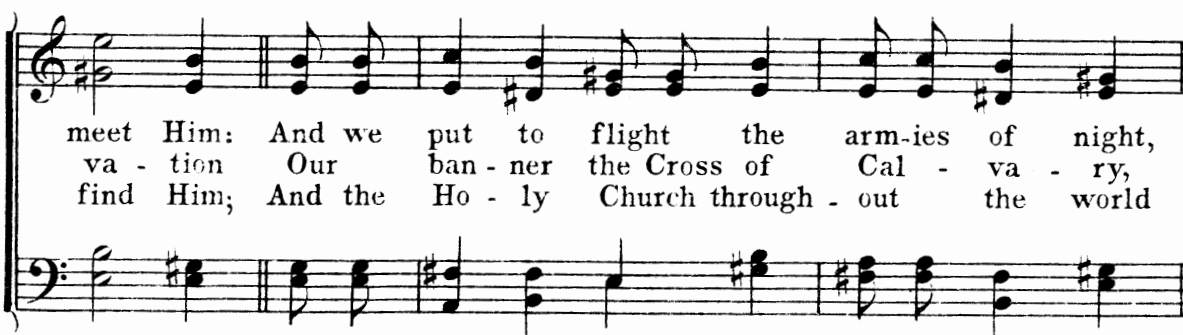
ff down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,

All verses except last. Last verse only.

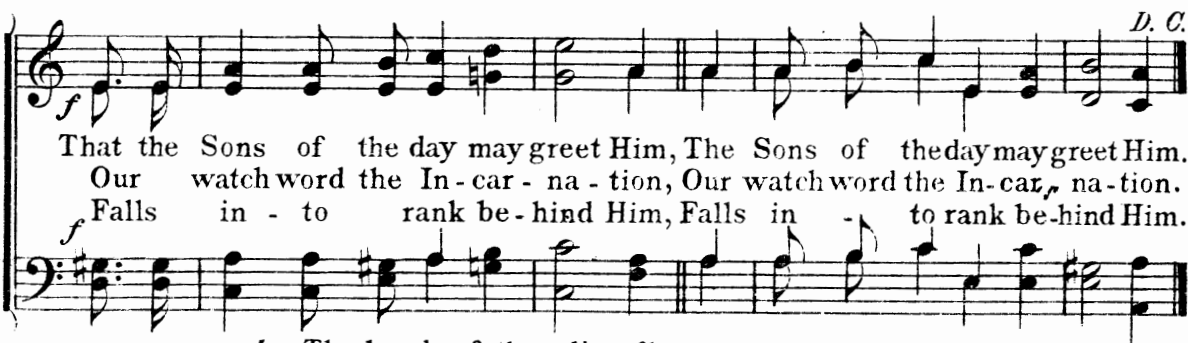
Fine. His ho - ly arm spread o'er us! o'er - us! A - men.



We come in the night of the Lord of Light, In rev - 'rent train to
Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met His sal -
He march - es in front of His banner un - furled, Which He raised that His own might



meet Him: And we put to flight the arm - ies of night,
va - tion Our ban - ner the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
find Him; And the Ho - ly Church through - out the world



D. C.
That the Sons of the day may greet Him, The Sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watch word the In - car - na - tion, Our watch word the In - car - na - tion.
f Falls in - to rank be - hind Him, Falls in - to rank be - hind Him.

4. The bands of the alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder
And the van of the Lord in serried array
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
5. And the choir of Angels with songs awaits
Our march to golden Zion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates
And burst the bars of iron.
And burst the bars of iron.
6. Then onward we march our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us
With His eye of love looking down from above
And His holy arm spread o'er us,
His holy arm spread o'er us.

Selected.

206

Hymn for the Pope.

The Universal Papal Hymn.

H. G. Ganss.

203.

Maestoso.

1. Long live the Pope! His prais - es sound A -
 2. Be - lea-guered by the foes of earth, Be -
 3. His sig - net is the Fish - er - man's; No
 4. Then raise the chant, with heart and voice, In

gain and yet a - gain: His rule is o - ver
 set by hosts of hell, He guards the loy - al
 scep - tre does he bear; In meek and low - ly
 church and school and home: "Long live the Shep - herd

space and time; His throne the hearts of men: All
 flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti - nel: And
 maj - es - ty He rules from Pe - ter's Chair: And
 of the Flock! Long live the Pope of Rome!" Al -

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 J. Fischer & Bro.

hail! the Shep-herd-King of Rome, The theme of lov-ing
yet, a-mid the din and strife, The clash of mace and
yet from ev-'ry tribe and tongue, From ev-'ry clime and
might-y Fa-ther, bless his work, Pro-tect him in his

song: Let all the earth his glo-ry sing, And
sword, He bears a-lone the shep-herd staff, This
zone, Three hun-dred mill-ion voic-es sing, The
ways, Re-ceive his pray'rs ful-fil his hopes, And

heav'n the strain pro-long. Let all the earth his
cham-pion of the Lord. He bears a-lone the
glo-ry of his throne. Three hun-dred mill-ion
grant him "length of days!" Re-ceive his pray'rs ful-

glo-ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro-long.
shep-herd staff, This cham-pion of the Lord.
voic-es sing, The glo-ry of his throne.
fil his hopes, And grant him "length of days."

Rev. Hugh T. Henry. Litt. D.

Doxology.

German Choral 7-8-7-8-7-7.

204.

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name!
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn
 3. Lo! the a - po - stol - ic train

Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee! All on earth Thy
 An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing, Cher - u - bim and
 Join Thy sa - cred Name to hal - low; Proph - ets swell the

rule ac - claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee: In - fi -
 Ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing chor - us prais - ing; Fill the
 glad re - frain, And the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low, And from

nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy Name.
 heav'n's with sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Lord! A - men.
 morn till set of sun, Thro' the Church the song goes on.

4. 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.

Amen.

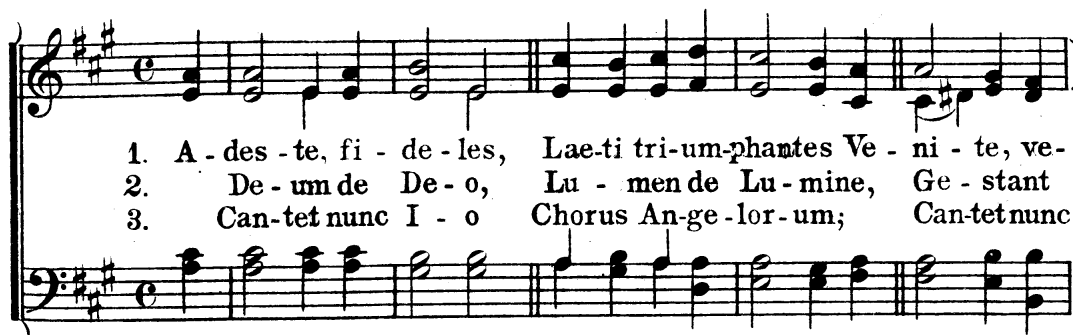
From the Latin.

Appendix.

209

Christmas.

Adeste.



1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae-ti tri-um-phantes Ve - ni - te, ve-
 2. De - um de De - o, Lu - mende Lu - mine, Ge - stant
 3. Can-tet nunc I - o Chorus An-ge - lor - um; Can-tet nunc



ni - te in Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te Regem Ange-lor - um;
 pu - el-lae vis - ce - ra: De - um ver - um, Ge - nitum non factum:
 au - la coe - les - ti - um, Glo - - - ria in-excel-sis De - o:

After each verse.



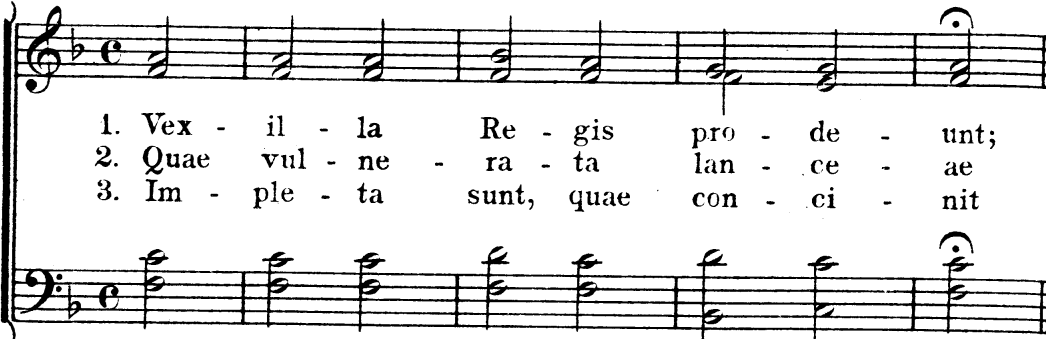
Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve - ni - te a - do - re - mus, Ve -



ni - te a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num. A - men.

4. Ergo qui natus
 Die hodierna,
 Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
 Patris aeterni
 Verbum caro factum;
 Venite adoremus, etc.
 Amen.

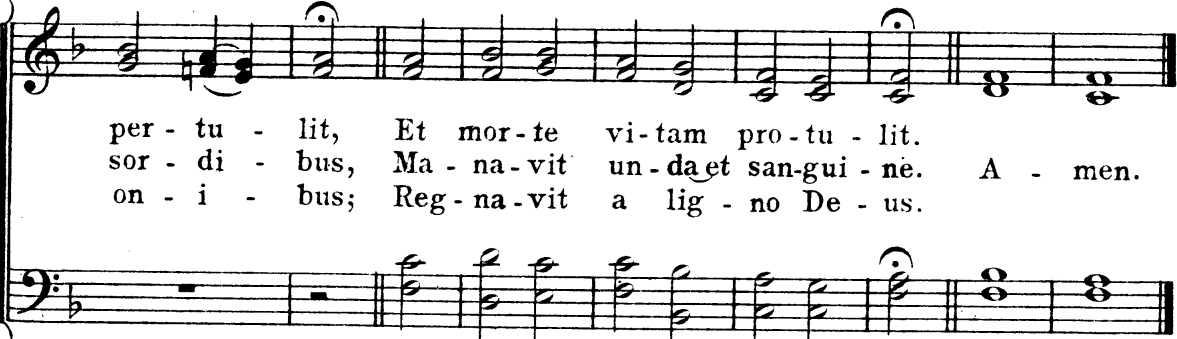
Vexilla Regis.



1. Vex - il - la Re - gis pro - de - unt;
 2. Quae vul - ne - ra - ta lan - ce - ae
 3. Im - ple - ta sunt, quae con - ci - nit



Ful - get Cru - cis mys - te - ri - um, Qua vi - ta mor - tem
 Muc - ro - ne di - ro, cri - mi - num Ut nos la - var - et
 Dav - id fi - de - li car - mi - ne, Di - cen - do na - ti -



per - tu - lit, Et mor - te vi - tam pro - tu - lit.
 sor - di - bus, Ma - na - vit un - da et san - gui - ne. A - men.
 on - i - bus; Reg - na - vit a lig - no De - us.

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

5. Beata, cujus brachiis
 Pretium pendit saeculi,
 Statera facta corporis,
 Tulitque praedam tartari.

6. O Crux ave, spes unica,
 Hoc passionis tempore
 Piis adauge gratiam,
 Reisque dele crimina.

7. Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
 Collaudet omnes spiritus;
 Quibus Crucis victoriam
 Largiris, adde praemium.
 Amen.