

CATHOLIC HYMNS

GREGORIAN INSTITUTE HYMNAL

Third and Augmented Edition

by

REV. JOHN C. SELNER, S.S., D.D.

John C. Selner, S.S.



GREGORIAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

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REV. JOHN C. SELNER, S.S., D.D.
St. Mary's Seminary
Baltimore

Melody Edition \$1.00

GREGORIAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
2132 Jefferson Avenue • Toledo 2, Ohio

NIHIL OBSTAT

Rev. Ignatius T. Kelly, S.T.D.
Censor Deputatus

IMPRIMATUR

+ George J. Rehring, S.T.D.
Bishop of Toledo

September 16, 1954

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FOREWORD TO THE THIRD EDITION

This collection of hymns is a considerable extension of the former Gregorian Institute Hymnal. It contains all the hymns in previous editions of that hymnal besides many additional tunes, some of which are original while others are well-known melodies which in the author's opinion are legitimate for vernacular texts. Among the latter hymns, some have been over-used, no doubt; but intrinsically they are acceptable from the standpoint of hymnody and the pressure on them may be gradually relieved by the wider use of other hymns found in this collection.

Many texts in this hymnal have their origin in the Roman Breviary and will doubtless be welcomed by those who believe, and rightly so, that the sentiments expressed in the official prayers of the Church are ideal for public worship.

Vernacular hymns, having up to the present only an informal and subordinate place in Catholic worship, may be appropriately set to a more familiar idiom in music, provided they adhere to the just restrictions of the *Motu Proprio* of St. Pius X. which directs that all music of a typically profane character be eliminated from our churches. Hence, the tunes presented here are, for the most part, a compromise between the strict solemnity of half-note choral hymns—many of which are excellent—and the weak conventionalism and sentimentality of some of the "old tunes of our childhood." We have tried to furnish here melodies which the great number of non-musicians in our congregations would find natural, simple, ingenuous, informal, without being trite and wearisome; intelligent and religious, without being cold or forbidding; stirring, devotional, full of sentiments of piety, without being soft or maudlin.

All accompaniments for this edition were written by the author and were intended to be rudimentary though not stilted. Proficient organists, recognizing the harmonic engredients, will be able to amplify what they find here, and those of lesser talent will be able to support a congregation sufficiently by playing just what is written. It is suggested that pieces written in the key of F be raised to the key of F# when the organist feels capable of doing so. F is a somber key and congregations tend to sing flat when it is used.

The chant accompaniments are frankly melodic. While they adhere to the general rules of modality and rhythm, they are conceived horizontally rather than vertically. The author believes that the ancient Gregorian masters would have thus conceived them had they been able to give any thought or theory to the art of accompanying chant. It should be noted, however, that in this form of accompaniment the melody of the chant is supreme and the cantilenes beneath it are not in any strict sense polyphonic, since polyphony gives equal rights to all voices. Hence the name "melodic."

We have tried to limit ourselves to melodies and texts which are either original or in public domain; any infringement upon existing copyrights, if such can be found, is unintentional and will be remedied in future editions of this hymnal.

John C. Selner, S.S., D.D.,
Director of Sacred Music,
St. Mary's Seminary,
Baltimore 10, Maryland.

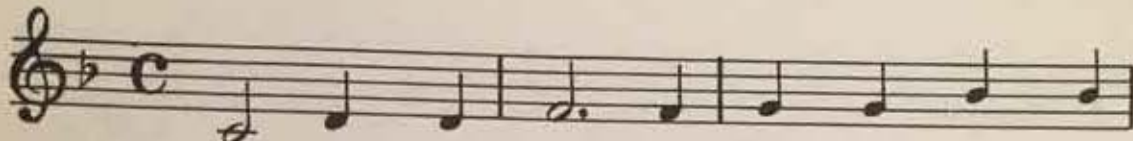
August 15, 1954.



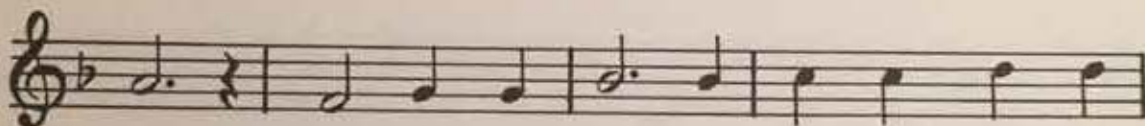
*Allow your Ordinary Form Congregation
to enter more deeply into the Holy Mass:*

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

1. LO, FAINTER NOW

*(Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra)*St. Gregory the Great
(540—604)Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878). Alt.

1. Lo, faint- er now lie spread the shades of
 2. That His sweet love may all our sins for-
 3. Fa- ther su- preme! this grace on us con-



night, And up- ward flame the tremb-ling gleams of
 give, That He may make our mis- er- ies to
 fer; And Thou, O Son, by an e- ter- nal



morn: Sup- pliant we bend be- fore the Lord of
 cease; May grant us health and give our soul de-
 birth! With Thee, co- e- qual Spir- it Com- for-

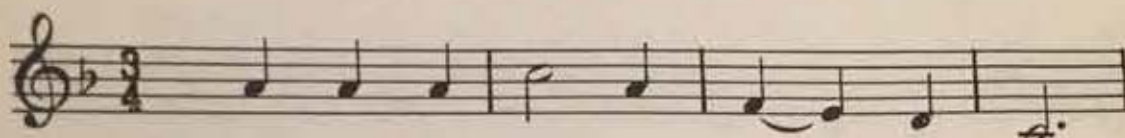


Light, And pray at ear- ly dawn:
 lights Of ev- er- last- ing peace.
 ter, Whose glo- ry fills the earth!

2. O THOU, THE FATHER'S IMAGE BLEST

(Splendor paternae gloriae)

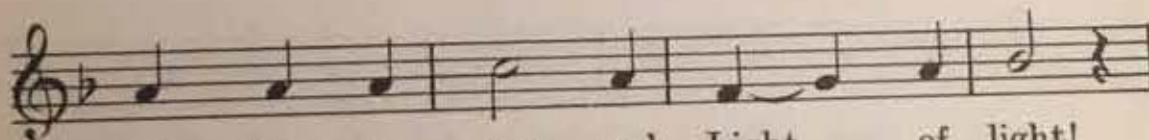
St. Ambrose (340—397)

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

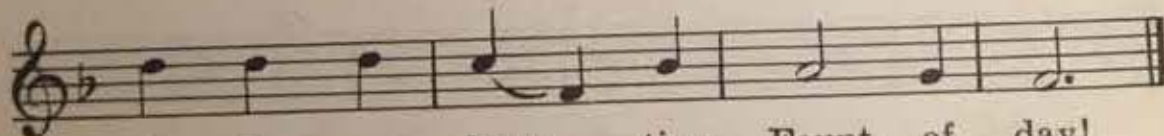
1. O Thou the Fa-ther's im-age blest!
 2. True Sun! up-on our souls a-rise,
 3. To God the Fa-ther glo-ry be,



Who call-est forth the morn-ing ray;
 Shin-ing in beau-ty ev-er-more;
 And to His sole-be-got-ten Son;



O Thou e-ter-nal Light of light!
 And thru' each sense the quick-'ning beam
 Glo-ry O Ho-ly Ghost to Thee,



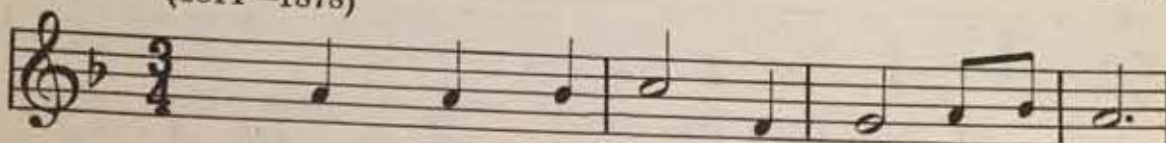
An in-ex-haus-tive Fount of day!
 Of Thy E-ter-nal Spir-it pour.
 While ev-er-last-ing a-ges run.

3. O LORD OF ETERNAL TRUTH

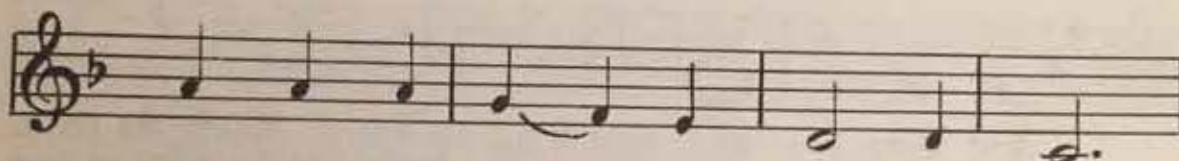
(Rector potens verax Deus)

Ambrosian, 4th Century
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

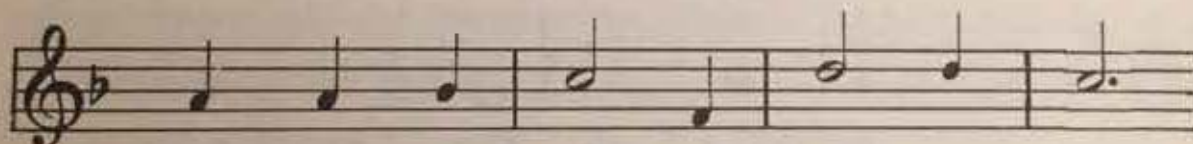
J. C. S.



1. Lord of e-ter-nal truth and might!
2. Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,
3. Fa-ther of mer-cies, hear our cry:



Rul-er of Na-ture's chang-ing scheme,
And bid the heat of pas-sion cease;
Hear us, O sole-be-got-ten Son!



Who dost bring forth the morn-ing light,
From per-ils guard our fee-ble life
Who with the Ho-ly Ghost most high



And tem-per noon's ef-ful-gent beam:
And keep our souls in per-fect peace.
Dost reign while end-less ag-es run!

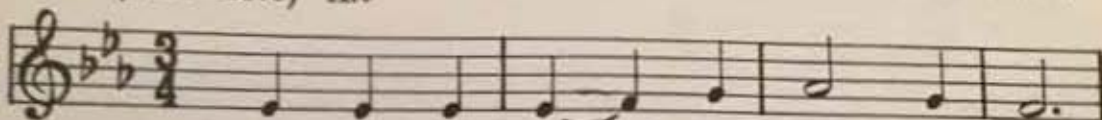
[Morning]

4. NOW DOTH THE SUN ASCEND

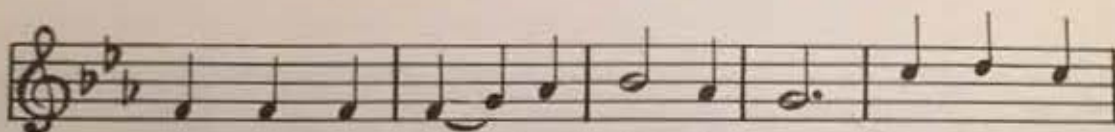
(Jam lucis orto sidere)

5th Century.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1879) Alt

Hurley (arr.)



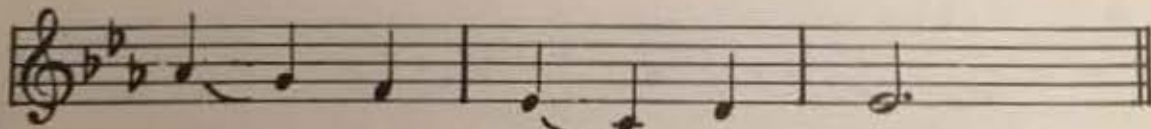
1. Now doth the sun as- cend the sky,
2. Let not our tongues un- guard- ed be
3. So when the eve- ning stars ap- pear



And wake cre- a- tion with its ray: Keep us from
Teach us to love the ways of peace; Close Thou our
And in their train the darkness bring; May we, O



sin, O Lord most high, Through all the
eyes lest they should see Earth's all-ab-
Lord, with con- science clear, Our prais-es

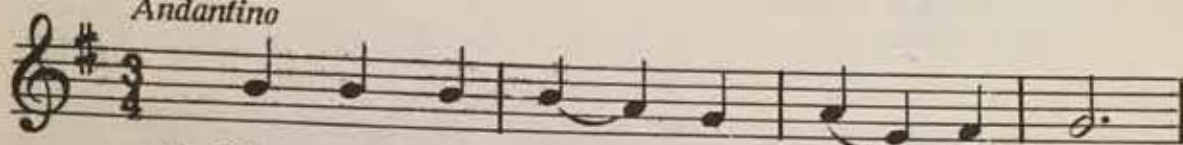


act- sorb- tions of the day.
to ing van- i- ties.
Thy glo- ry sing.

5. NOW WITH THE FAST DEPARTING LIGHT

(Te lucis ante terminum)

Ambrosian (7th century)
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814-1878)

Andantino

1. Now with the fast de - part - ing light,
2. Far off let i - dle vi - sions fly,
3. Fa - ther of mer - cies hear our cry;



Mak - er of all, we ask of Thee,
No phan - tom of the night mo - lest;
Hear us, O sole - be - got - ten Son!



Of Thy great mer - cy through the night Our
Curb Thou our rag - ing en - e - my, That
Who with the Ho - ly Ghost most high, —

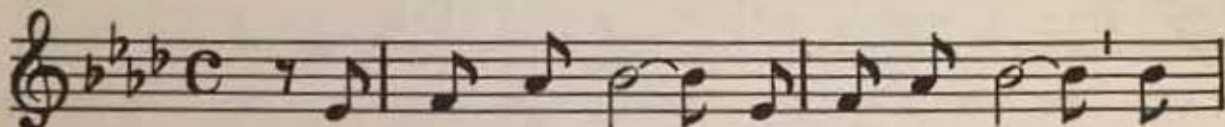


guard - ian and de - fense to be.
we in chaste re - pose may rest.
Reignest while end - less a - ges run!

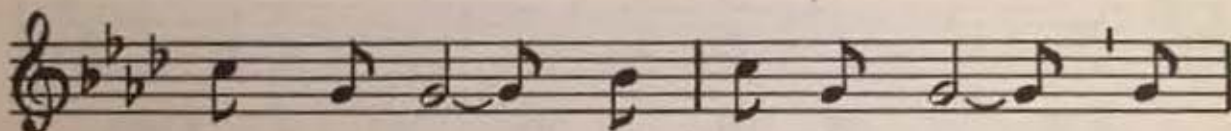
6. O THOU TRUE LIFE

(Rerum Deus tenax vigor)

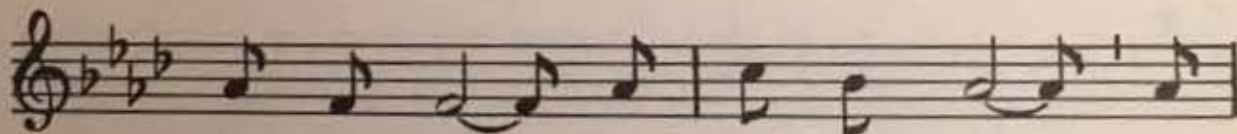
St. Ambrose (340—397)?
 Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
 (1814—1878)



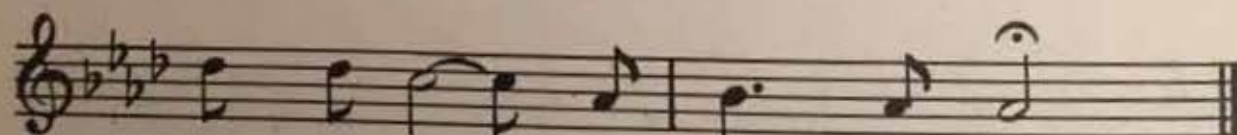
1. O Thou true life of all that live! Who
 2. Thy light up-on our eve-ning pour: So



dost, un-moved, all mo-tion sway, Who
 may our souls no sun-set see; But



dost the morn and eve-ning give, And
 death to us an o-pen door Of



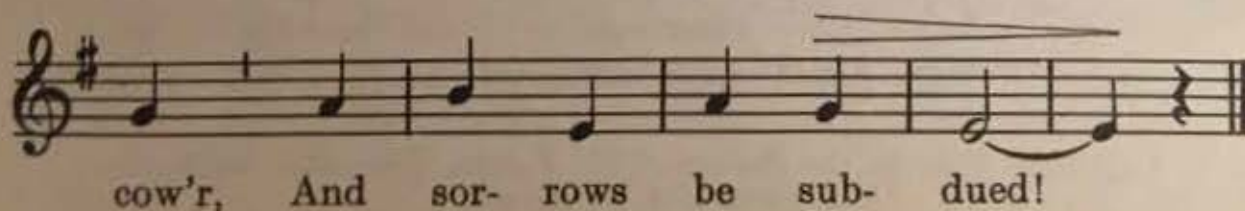
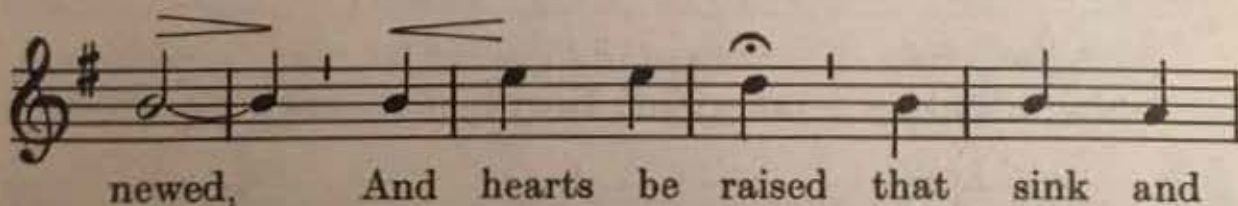
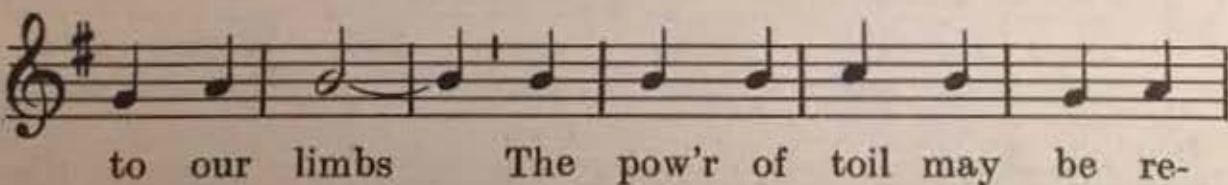
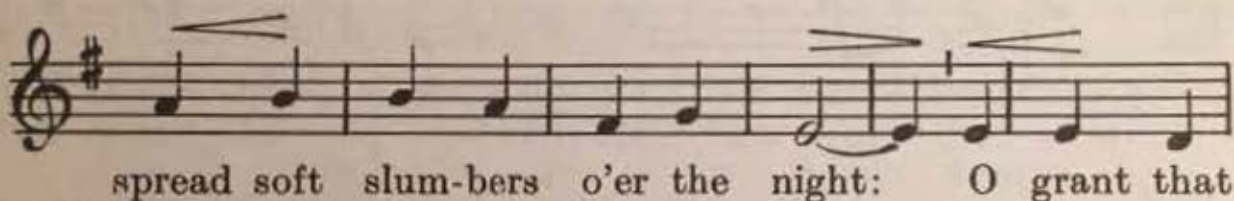
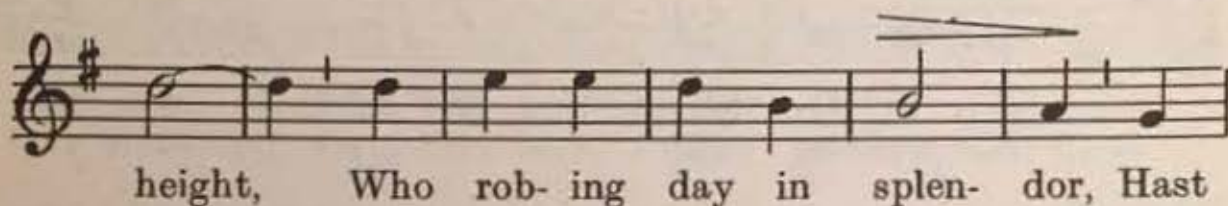
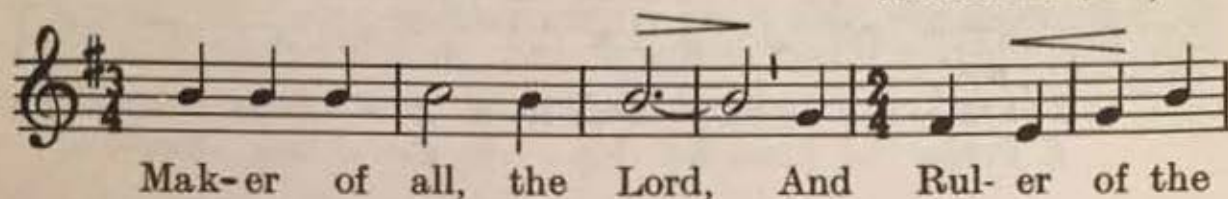
through its chang-es guide the day:
 an e-ter-nal mor-ning be!

7. MAKER OF ALL, THE LORD

(Deus Creator omnium)

St. Ambrose (340—397)

Tr. found in Pusey's translation of St. Augustine's Confessions. (Alt.)

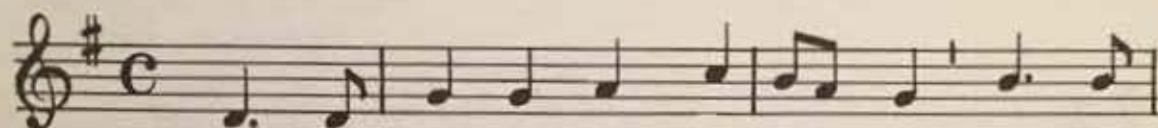


8. PRAISE THE LORD

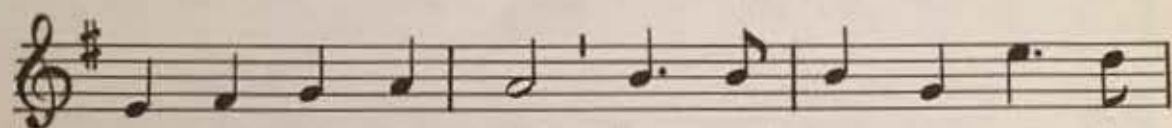
Tr. of Psalm 148.

Translator unknown.

Found as far back as 1735.



1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns a-dore Him, Praise Him
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is, glo-ri-ous, Nev-er



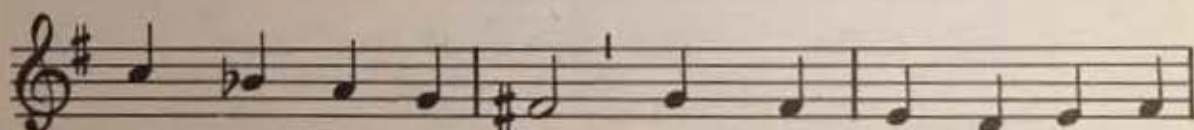
an- gels in the height; Sun and moon re- joice be-
 shall His prom-ise fail; God hath made His saints vic-



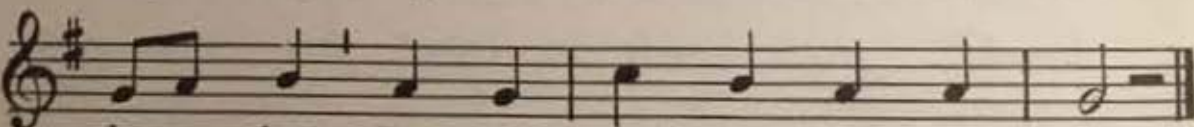
fore Him, Praise Him all ye stars of light. Praise the
 to-ri-ous, Sin and death shall not pre-vail. Praise the



Lord for He hath spo- ken, Worlds His
 God of our sal- va- tion, Hosts on



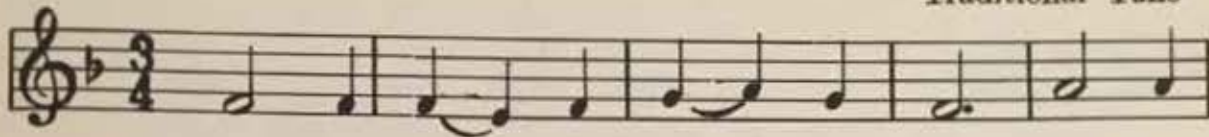
might-y voice o- beyed: Laws which nev- er shall be
 high His pow'r pro- claim; Heav'n and earth and all cre-



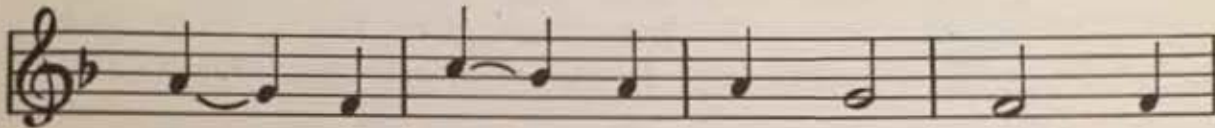
bro- ken, For their guid- ance He hath made.
 a- tion, Laud and mag- ni- fy His name!

9. HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME

Traditional Tune



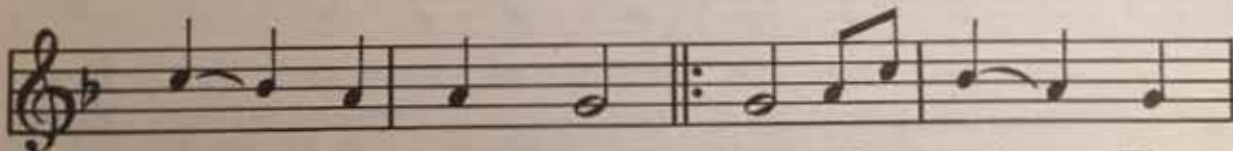
1. Ho- ly God, we praise Thy name; Lord of
 2. Hark, the loud, ce- les- tial hymn An- gel



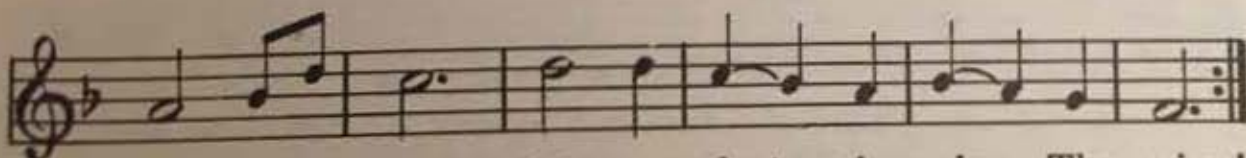
all, we bow be- fore Thee! All on
 choirs a- bove are rais- ing! Cher- u-



earth Thy rule ac- claim, All in heav'n a-
 bim and Ser- a- phim In un- ceas- ing



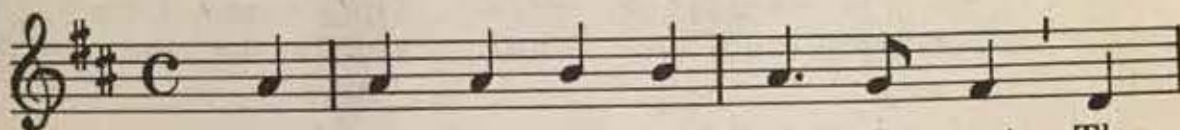
bove a- dore Thee: In- fi- nite Thy
 cho- rus prais- ing; Fill the heaven's with



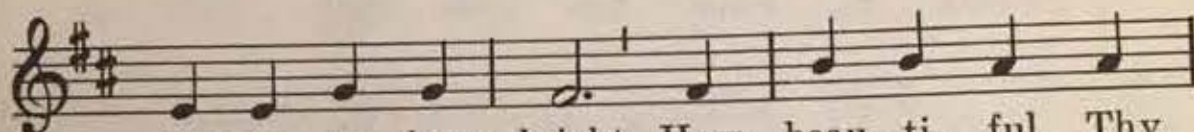
vast do- main, Ev- er- last- ing is Thy reign!
 sweet ac- cord, Ho- ly, Ho- ly, Ho- ly Lord!

10. MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART

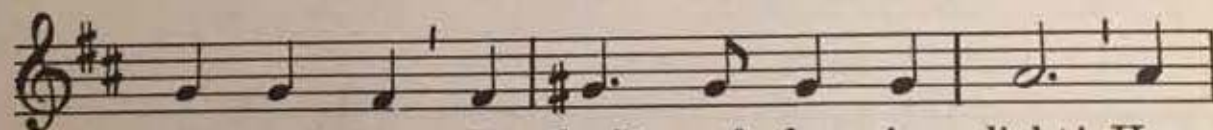
Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863)



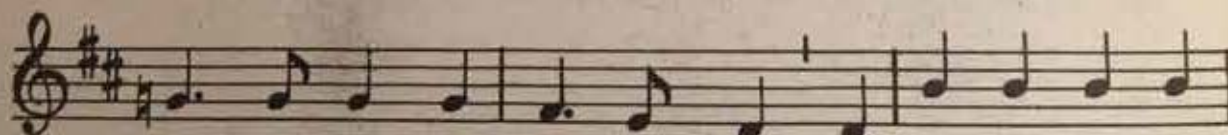
1. My God! how won-der-ful Thou art. Thy
2. Oh, how I fear Thee, Liv-ing God! With
3. No earth-ly fa-ther loves like Thee, No



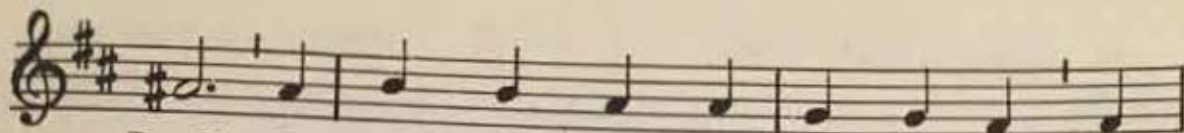
maj-es-ty how bright, How beau-ti-ful Thy
deep-est ten-d'rest fears, And wor-ship Thee with
moth-er half so mild Bears and for-bears as



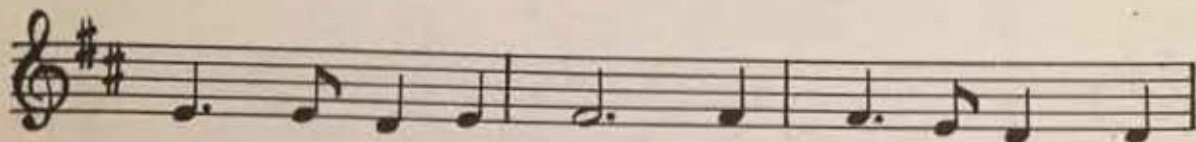
mer-cy-seat In dephts of burn-ing light! How
trem-bling hope And pen-i-ten-tial tears. Yet
Thou hast done With me, Thy sin-ful child, On-



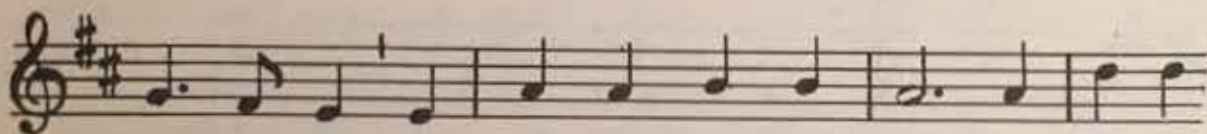
dread are Thine e-ter-nal years, O ev-er-last-ing
I may love Thee too, O Lord, Al-might-y as Thou
ly to sit and think of God, Oh, what a joy it



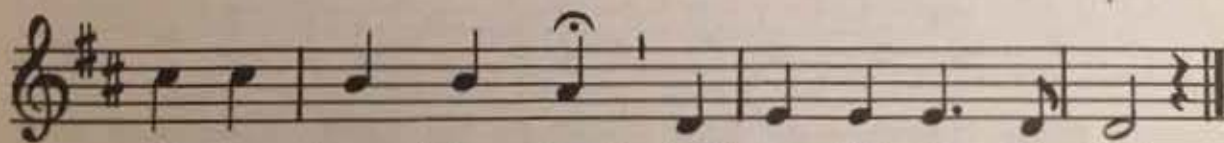
Lord! By pros-trate spir-its day and night In-
art, For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The
is! To think the thought, to breathe the Name, Earth



ces-sant-ly a-dored! How beau-ti-ful, how
love of my poor heart. Oh then, this worse than
has no high-er bliss! Fa-ther of Je-sus,



beau-ti-ful The sight of Thee must be, Thine end-less
worth-less heart In pit-y deign to take. And make it
love's re-ward, What rap-ture will it be; Pros-trate be-

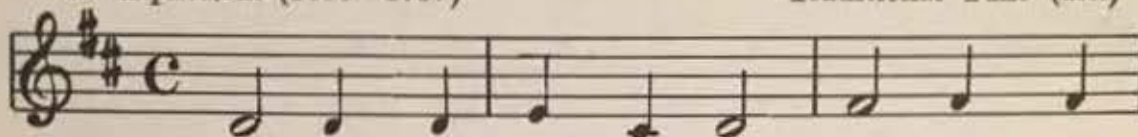


wis-dom bound-less pow'r And aw-ful pu-ri-ty!
love Thee for Thy-self And for Thy glo-ry's sake.
fore Thy throne to lie And gaze and gaze on Thee!

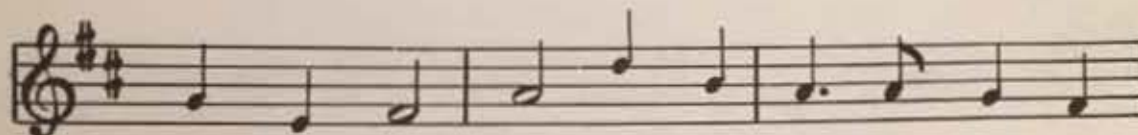
II. O GOD OF LOVELINESS

St. Alphonsus (1696—1787)

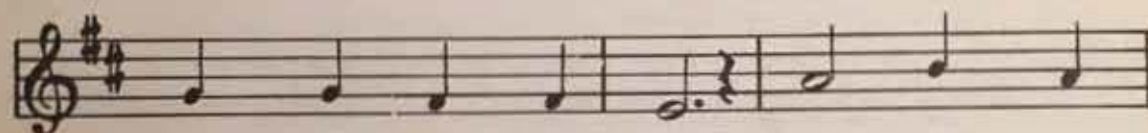
Traditional Tune (alt.)



1. O God of love- li- ness! O Lord of
 2. Thou art blest Three in one, Yet un- di-
 3. To think Thou art my God! O thought for-



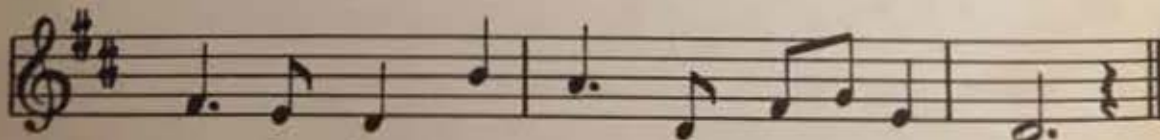
heav'n a- bove, How wor- thy to pos- sess my
 vid- ed still; Thou art that One a- lone whose
 ev- er blest! My heart has ov- er-flow'd with



heart's de- vot- ed love! So sweet Thy
 love my heart can fill. The heav'ns, the
 joy with- in my breast; My soul so



coun- te- nance, so gra- cious to be- hold That one, one
 earth be- low were fash- ioned by Thy word; How a- mia-
 full of bliss is plunged as in a sea, Deep in the

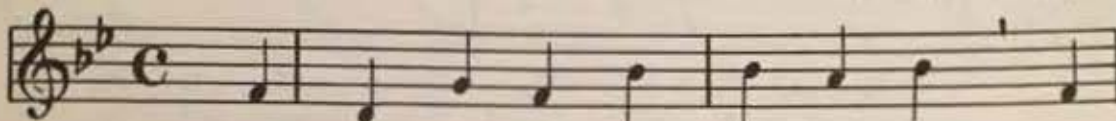


on- ly glance To me were bliss un- told!
 ble art Thou, My ev- er dear- est Lord!
 sweet a- byss Of ho- ly char- i- ty.

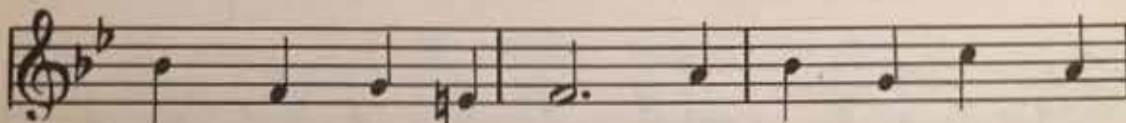
12. O ALL YE NATIONS

(Laudate Dominum)

St. Anne's Tune.



1. O all ye na- tions up- on earth, Give
 2. Be- cause His mer- cy is as- sured, And



praise un- to the Lord; O all ye peo- ples
 with us ev- er stays; God's truth a- bides for-



ev'- ry- where Praise Him with one ac- cord!
 ev- er- more, Through- out e- ter- nal days.

13. FIRMLY I BELIEVE AND TRULY

Cardinal Newman
(1801—1890)

J. C. S.



1. Firm-ly I be-lieve and tru-ly,
2. And I trust and hope most ful-ly
3. Sim-ply to His grace and whol-ly
4. And I hold in ven-er-a-tion,
5. Ad-or-a-tion aye be-giv-en



God is Three and God is One; And I next ac-
 In that Man-hood cru-ci-fied; And each thought and
 Light and life and strength be-long, And I love su-
 For the love of Him a-lone, Ho-ly Church as
 With and through th'an-gel-ic host, To the God of



knowl-edge du-ly Man-hood tak-en by the Son.
 deed un-ru-ly Do to death, as He has died.
 preme-ly, sole-ly, Him, the ho-ly, Him, the strong.
 His cre-a-tion And her teach-ings as His own.
 earth and heav-en, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

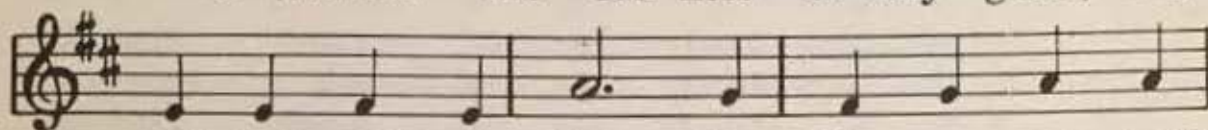
14. O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD

Ps. 62

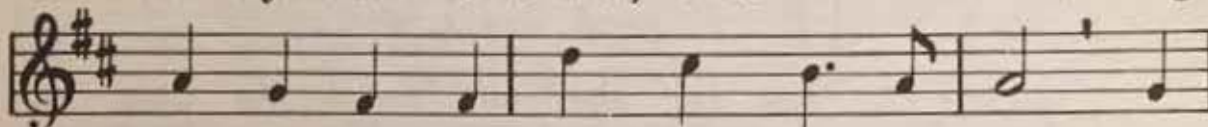
J. C. S.



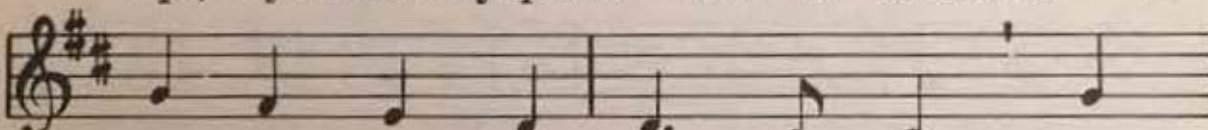
1. O God, Thou art my God, at dawn I
 2. For bet- ter far Thy mer- cy is Than
 3. With all the ful- ness of Thy grace, Oh,



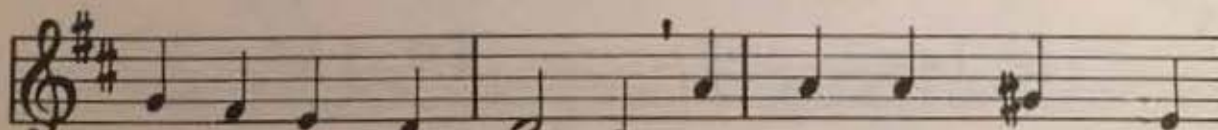
wait and watch to Thee, For Thee my soul hath
 man- y lives like mine, My lips and tongue shall
 let my soul a- bound; And with ex- ult- ing



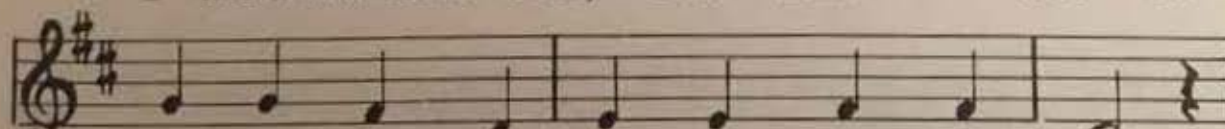
thirsted, and My flesh yearns wistful- ly. Thus,
 praise, O Lord, Thy maj- es- ty di- vine. Thus,
 lips, my mouth Thy praise shall ev- er sound. If



on this des- ert, path- less earth Where-
 will I ev- er bless Thee, Lord, Through
 on my bed I think of Thee, When



in no wa- ters flow, To see Thy pow'r and
 all my life each day; And in Thy ho- ly
 I the dawn have seen, I'll med- i- tate on

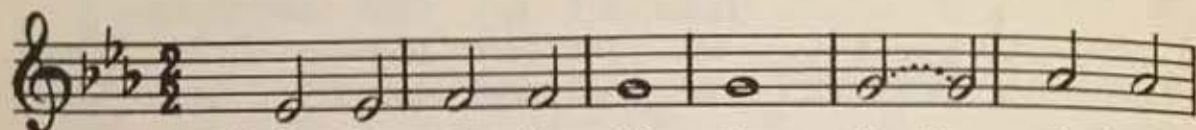


maj- es- ty I to Thy tem- ple go.
 name will lift My hands to Thee and pray.
 Thee, for Thou Hast e'er my Help- er been.

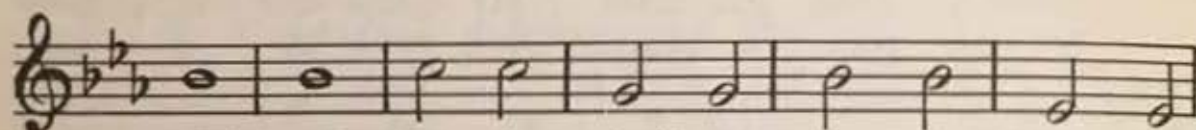
15. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Reginald Heber, D. D.
(1783—1826)

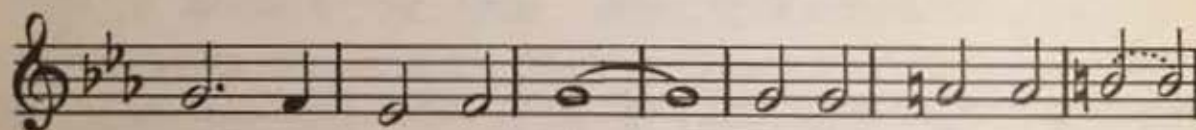
Taken from Apocal. 4:
8—11. (Alt.)



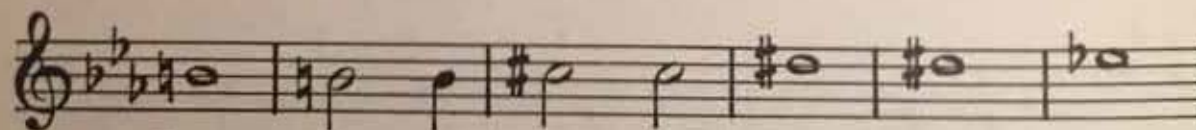
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, All the Saints a-
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-



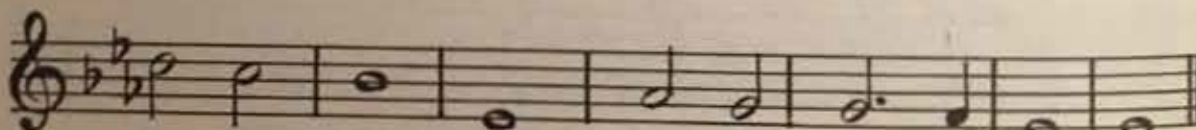
might-y! Ear-ly shall our morn-ing song of
dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-
might-y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in



praise a- rise to Thee Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-
round the glass-y sea, Cher-u- bim and Ser-a-
earth and sky and sea, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-



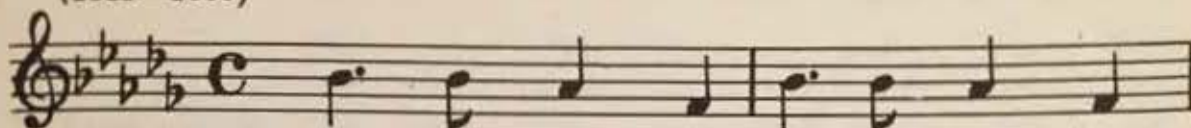
ly, Mer- ci- ful and Might-y! God
phim fall- ing down be- fore Thee Which
ly, Mer- ci- ful and Might-y! God



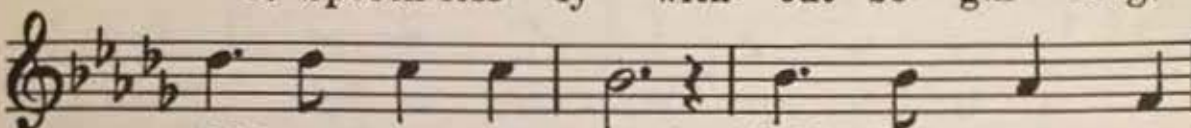
in Three Per- sons, Bless- ed Trin- i- ty!
wert and art and ev- er- more shalt be!
in Three Per- sons, Bless- ed Trin- i- ty!

16. FULL OF GLORY

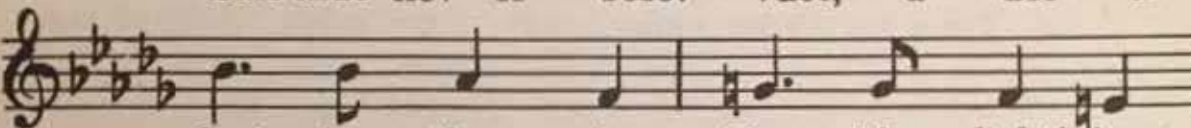
Rev. F. W. Faber
(1841—1863)



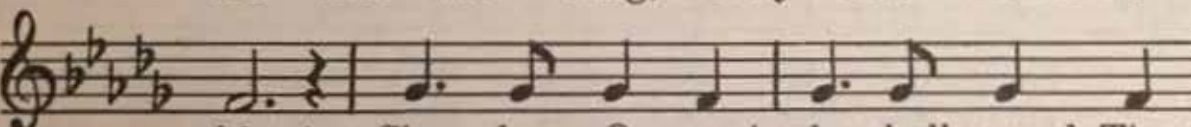
1. Full of glo- ry, full of won- ders,
2. Time- less, space- less. sin- gle, lone- ly,
3. Speech- less- ly with- out be- gin- ning.



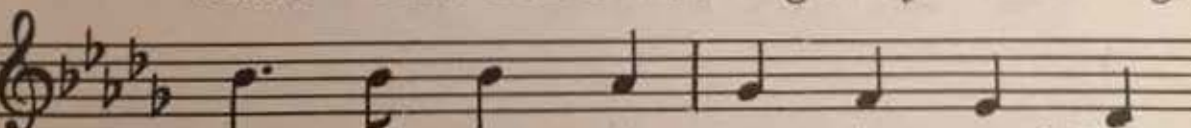
Maj- es- ty Di- vine! 'Mid Thine ev- er-
Yet sub- lime- ly Three, Thou art grand- ly,
Sun that nev- er rose! Vast, a- dor- a-



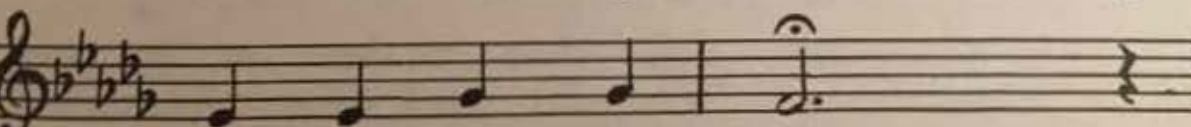
last- ing thun- ders How Thy light'nings
al- ways, on- ly God in u- ni-
ble and win- ning, Day that hath no



shine! Shore- less O- cean! who shall sound Thee?
ty! Lone in grandeur, lone in glo- ry,
close! Bliss from Thine own glo- ry tast- ing,

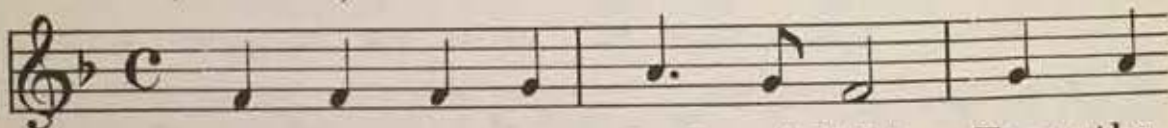


Thine e- ter- ni- ty is round Thee,
Who shall tell Thy won- drous sto- ry,
Ev- er- liv- ing, ev- er- last- ing.

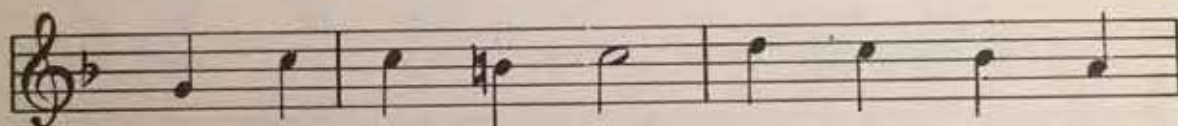


Maj- es- ty Di- vine!
Aw- ful Trin- i- ty?
Life that nev- er grows!

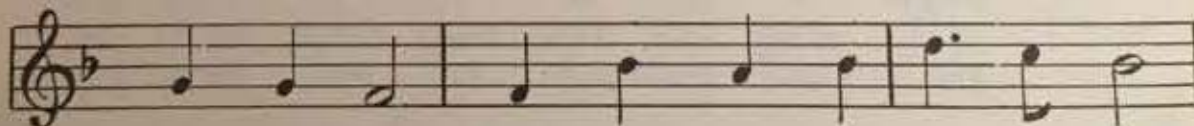
17. HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT

*(Veni Sancte Spiritus)*Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)Samuel Webbe
(1740—1816)

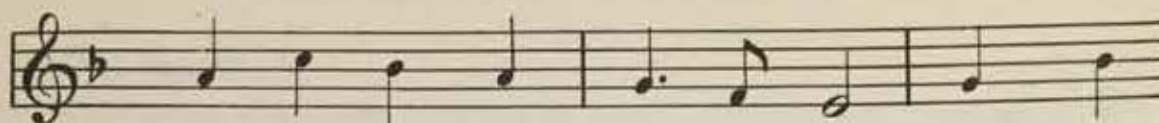
- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|-----------|
| 1. Ho- ly Spir- it, | Lord of light, | From the |
| 2. Thou, of all con- | sol- ers best, | Thou, the |
| 3. Light im- mor- tal, | Light di- vine, | Vis- it |
| 4. Heal our wounds, our | strength re- new, | On our |
| 5. Thou, on those who | ev- er- more | Thee con- |



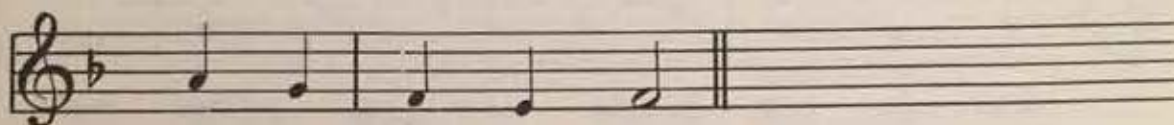
clear ce- les- tial height,	Thy pure beam- ing
soul's de- light-some guest,	Dost re- fresh- ing
Thou these hearts of Thine,	And our in- most
dry- ness pour Thy dew;	Wash the stains of
fess and Thee a- dore,	In Thy sev'n- fold



ra- diance give.	Come Thou Fa- ther of the poor,
peace be- stow.	Thou in toil art com- fort sweet,
be- ing fill.	If Thou take Thy grace a- way,
guilt a- way.	Bend the stub- born heart and will,
gifts de- scend.	Give them com- fort when they die,



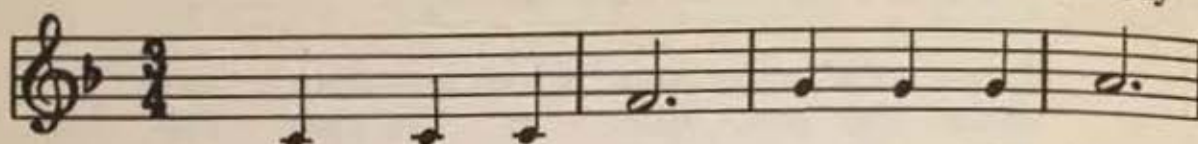
Come with treas- ures which en- dure, Come, Thou
 Pleas- ant cool- ness in the heat, Sol- ace
 Noth- ing pure in man will stay, All his
 Melt the fro- zen, warm the chill; Guide the
 Give them life with Thee on high, Give them



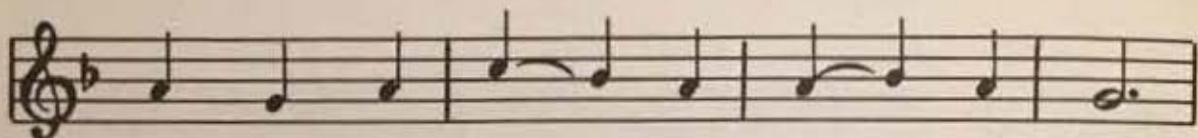
light of all that live.
 in the midst of woe.
 good is turn'd to ill.
 steps of those who stray.
 joys that nev- er end.

18. COME, HOLY GHOST

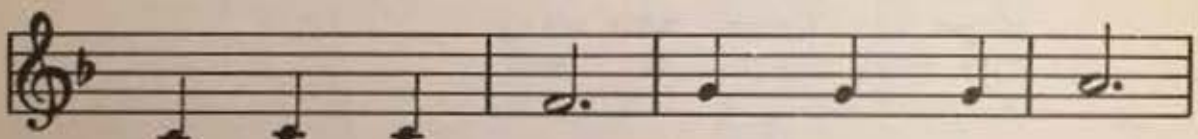
Traditional Melody



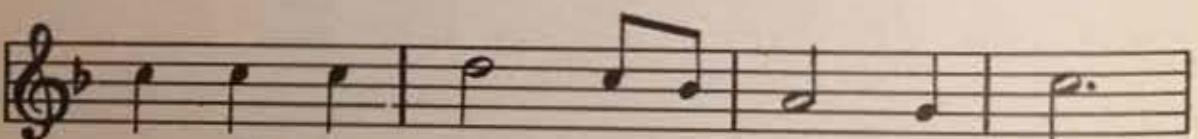
1. Come Ho- ly Ghost, Cre- a- tor blest,
 2. O Com- fort- er, to thee we cry,



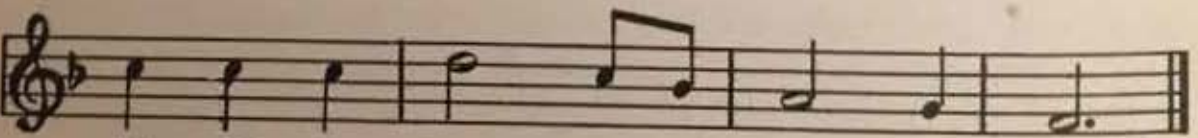
And in our hearts take up Thy rest;
 Thou heav'n-ly Gift of God most high;



Come with Thy grace and heav'n-ly aid
 Thou Fount of life and Fire of love,



To fill the hearts which Thou hast made,
 And sweet a- noint- ing from a- bove,



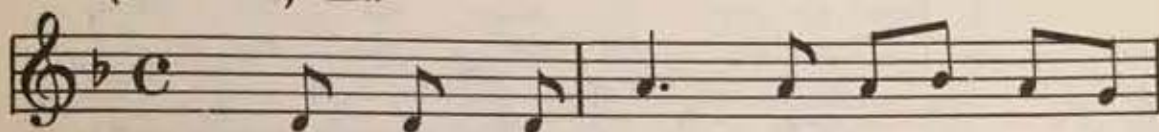
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
 And sweet a- noint- ing from a- bove.

19. COME HOLY GHOST

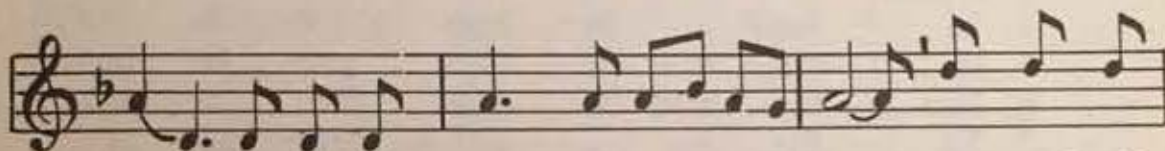
(Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus)

Ambrosian, 4th Century
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878) Alt.

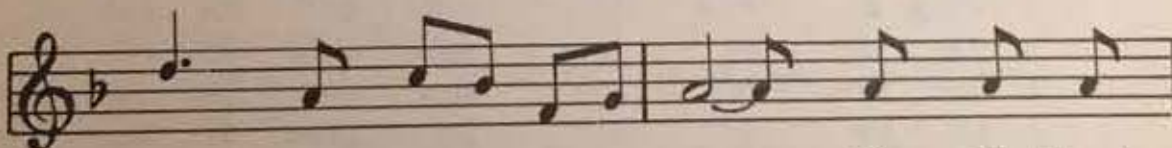
J. C. S.



1. Come Ho - ly Ghost, and through each
2. Let voice and mind and strength con-
3. Fa- ther of mer- cies, hear our



heart Refreshing floods of glo- ry pour, Who with the
spire Salvation's an- them to re- sound; So shall our
cry: Hear us, O sole- be- got- ten Son! Who with the



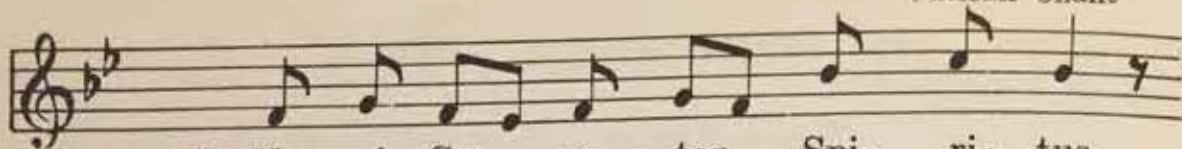
Son and Fa- ther art One Godhead
hearts be set on fire And kindle
Ho- ly Ghost most high Dost reign while



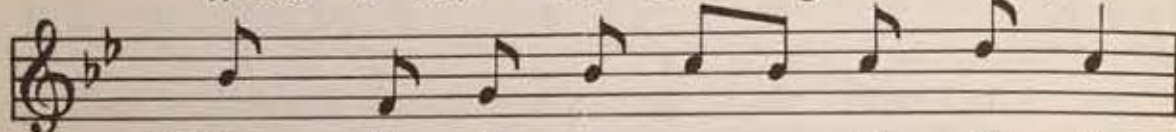
blest forev- er- more.
ev' ry heart a- round.
end- less ag- es run.

20. VENI CREATOR

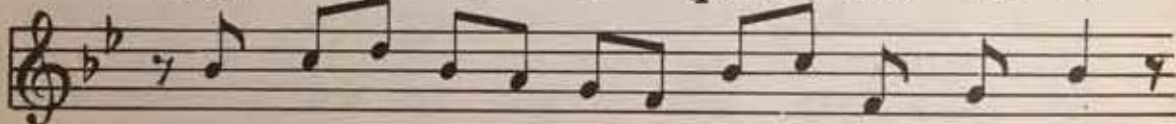
Vatican Chant



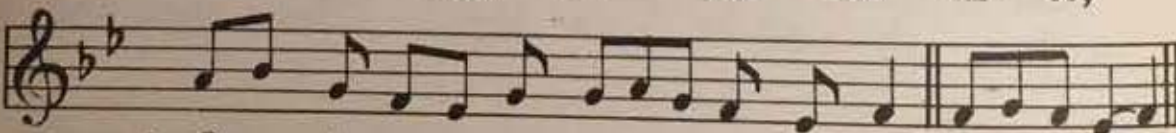
1. Ve ni Cre a - tor Spi ri tus,
2. Qui di ce ris Pa ra cli tus,
3. Tu sep ti for mis mu ne re,
4. Ac cen de lu men sen si bus,
5. Ho stem re pel las lon gi us,
6. Per te sci a mus da Pa trem,
7. De o Pa tri sit glo ri a,



1. Men tes tu o rum vi si ta:
2. Al tis si mi do num De i,
3. Digi tus pa ter nae dex te rae,
4. In fund' a mo rem cor di bus,
5. Pa cem que do nes pro ti nus;
6. Nos ca mus at que Fi li um,
7. Et Fi li o qui a mor tu is



1. Im ple su per na gra ti a,
2. Fons vi vus, i gnis ca ri tas,
3. Tu ri te pro mis sum Pa tris
4. In fir ma no stri cor po ris
5. Duc to re sic te prae vi o,
6. Te que u tri us que Spi ri tum,
7. Sur re xit, ac Pa ra cli to,

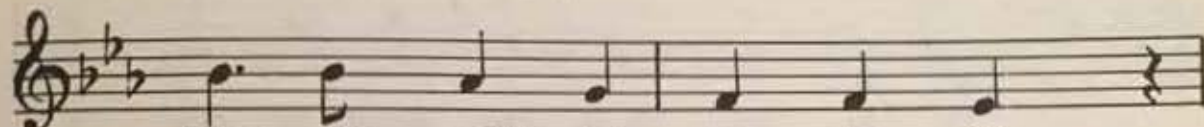


1. Quae tu cre a sti pe cto ra,
2. Et spi ri ta lis un cti o.
3. Ser mo ne di tans gut tu ra.
4. Vir tu te fir mans per pe ti.
5. Vi te mus o mne no xi um.
6. Cre da mus o mni tem po re.
7. In sae cu lo rum sae cu la. A----men.

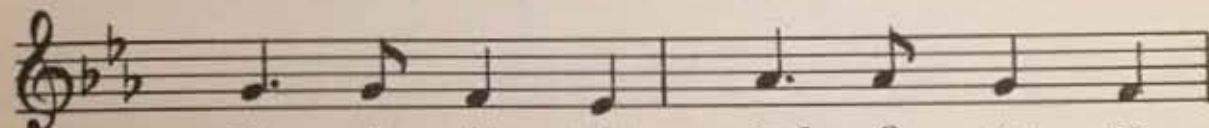
21. OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius
(348—413)Tr. by J. M. Neale
(1818—1866)

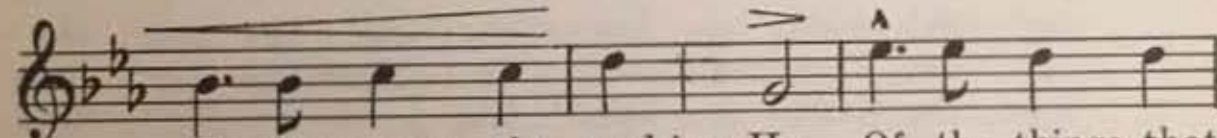
1. Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten,
 2. O that Birth for-ev-er bless-ed,
 3. O ye heights of heav'n a-dore Him,



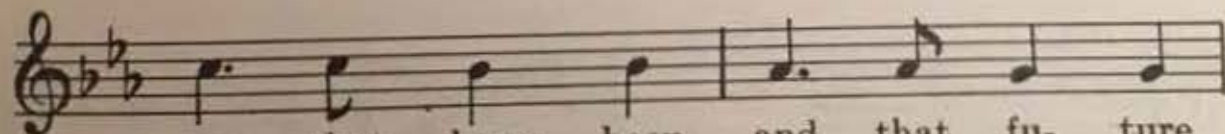
E'er the worlds be-gan to be,
 When the Vir-gin, full of grace,
 An-gel hosts, His prais-es sing;



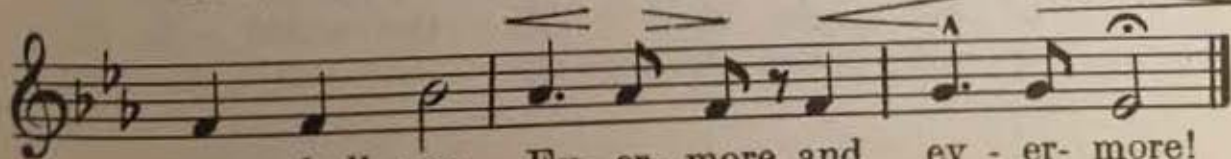
He is Al-pha and O-me-ga,
 By the Ho-ly Ghost con-ceiv-ing,
 Pow'rs, Do-min-ions, bow be-fore Him,



He the source, the end-ing He, Of the things that
 Bare the Sav-ior of our race; And the Babe, the
 And ex-tol our God and King; Let no tongue on



are that have been, and that fu-ture
 world's Re-deem-er, First re-vealed His
 earth be si-lent, Ev-'ry voice in



years shall see Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
 sa-cred face, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!
 con-cert ring Ev-er-more and ev-er-more!

22. O JESU, THOU THE BEAUTY ART

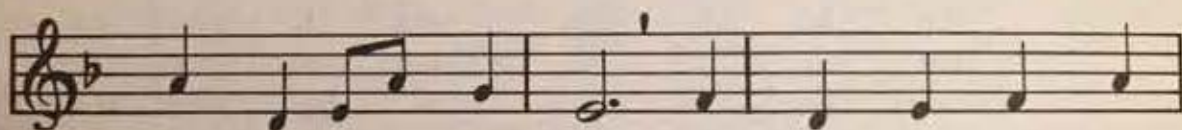
(Jesu decus angelicum)

J. C. S.

Tr. by Fr. Caswall (Alt.)



1. O Je- su, Thou the beau- ty art Of
2. O Bless- ed Je- su, hear the sighs Which
3. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light Il-
4. O Je- su, spot- less Vir- gin-Flower, Our



an- gel worlds a- bove; Thy name is mu- sic
 un- to Thee I send: To Thee my in- most
 lume the soul's a- byss; Dis- perse the dark- ness
 life and joy, to Thee Be praise and maj- es-



to the heart, En- chant- ing it with love.
 spir- it cries, My on- ly hope and end.
 of our night And fill the world with bliss.
 ty and power Through all e- ter- ni- ty!

23. LIGHT OF THE ANXIOUS HEART

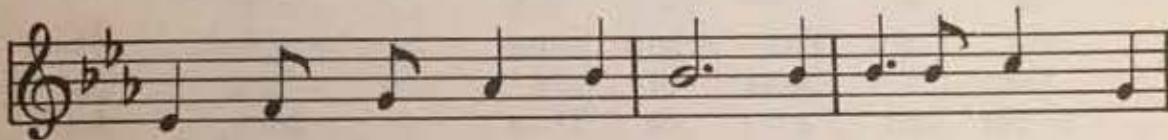
(Lux alma, Jesu mentium)

St. Bernard (1091—1153)
Tr. by Cardinal Newman
(1801—1890) Alt.

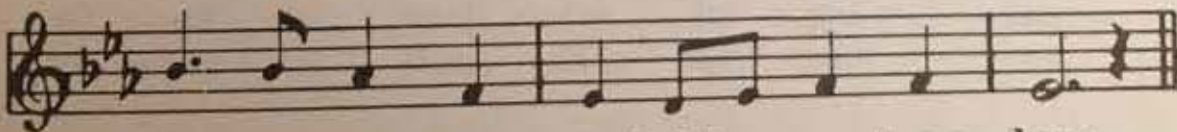
J. C. S.



1. Light of the anxious heart,
2. Joy-ous is he with whom,
3. Brightness of God a-bove,



Je-sus, Thou dost ap-pear To bid the gloom of
God's Word, Thou dost a-bide: Sweet light of our e-
Fath-om-less grace Thou art! Thy Pres-ence be a

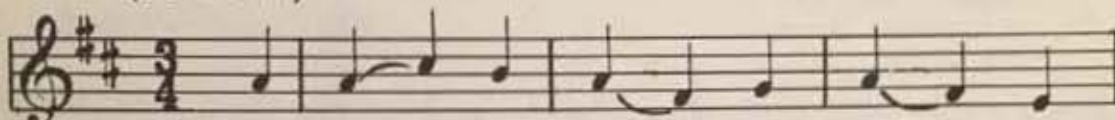


guilt de-part, And shed Thy sweet-ness here.
ter-nal home To flesh-ly sense de-nied.
fount of love To fill our long-ing heart.

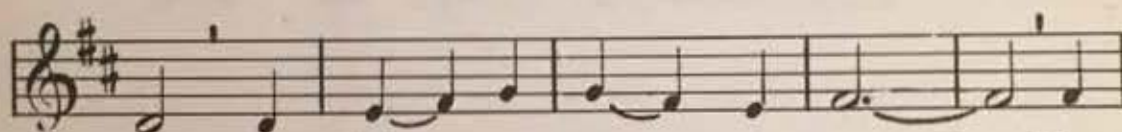
24. O JESU, KING MOST WONDERFUL

*(Jesu, Rex admirabilis)*Tr. by Fr. Caswall (Alt.)
(1814—1878)

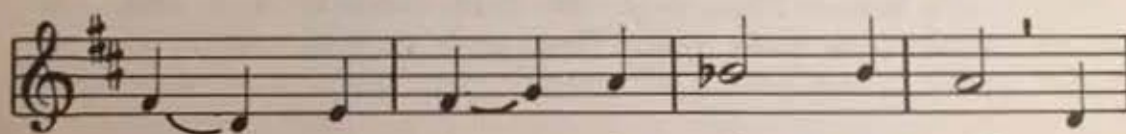
J. C. S.



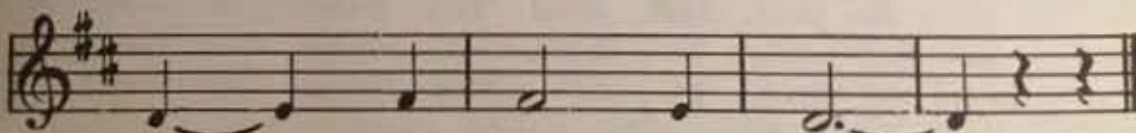
1. O Je- su, King most won- der-
 2. O Je- su, Light of all be-
 3. May ev' ry heart con- fess Thy



ful, Thou Vic- tor most re- nowned! Thou
 low, Thou fount of life and fire, Sur-
 name And ev- er Thee a- dore; And



sweet- ness in- de- scrib- a- ble In
 pass- ing all the joys we know Or
 seek- ing Thee it- self in- flame To

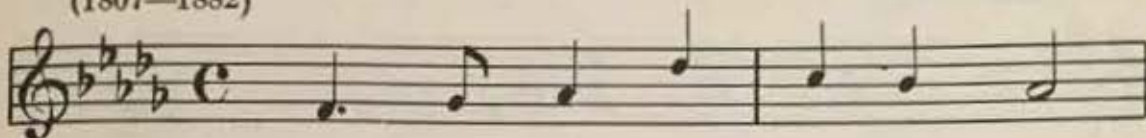


Whom all joys are found!
 ev- er could de- sire.
 seek Thee more and more.

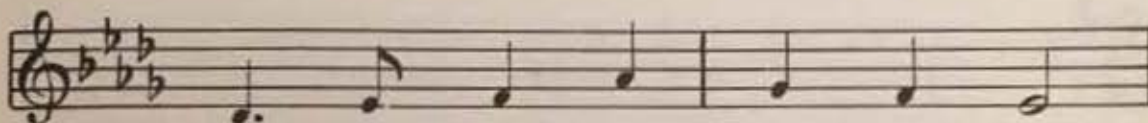
25. LOVING SHEPHERD OF THY SHEEP

J. E. Leeson
(1807—1882)

Traditional melody



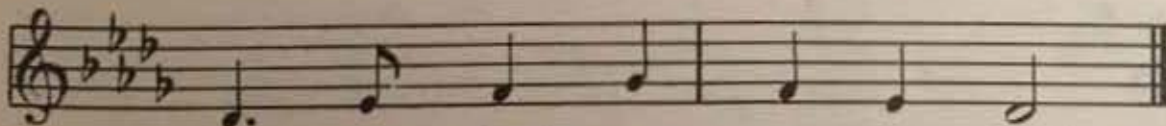
1. Lov- ing Shep- herd of Thy sheep,
 2. Lov- ing Shep- herd, Thou didst give
 3. Where Thou lead- est may I go,



Keep me, Lord, in safe- ty, keep;
 Thine own life that I might live;
 Walk- ing in Thy steps be- low;



Noth- ing can Thy power with- stand,
 May I love Thee day by day,
 Then be- fore Thy Fa- ther's throne,



None can pluck me from Thy hand.
 Glad- ly Thy sweet will o- bey.
 Je- su, claim me for Thine own.

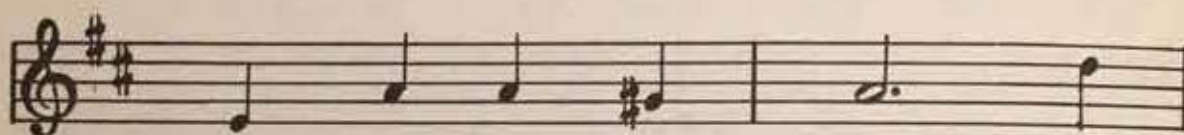
26. CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

Matthew Bridges
(1800—1893)

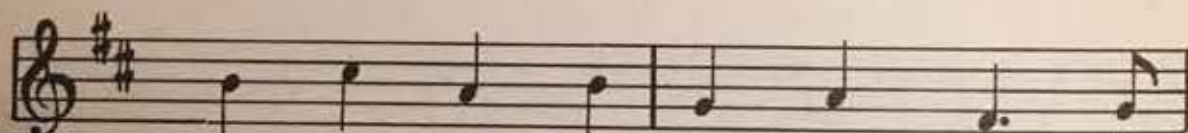
Richard Terry



1. Crown Him with man- y crowns, The
 2. Crown Him the Vir- gin's Son, The
 3. Crown Him the Lord of love: Be-
 4. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose
 5. Crown Him the Lord of years, The




Lamb up- on His Throne; Hark
 God In- car- nate born, Whose
 hold His hands and side, Rich
 power a scep- ter sways From
 Po- ten- tate of time, Cre-




how the heaven- ly an- them drowns All
 arm those crim- son tro- phies won Which
 wounds yet vis- i- ble a- bove In
 pole to pole that wars may cease, Ab-
 a- tor of the roll- ing spheres In-




mu- sic but its own: A-
 now His brow a- dorn! Fruit
 beau- ty glo- ri- fied: No
 sorbed in prayer and praise: His
 ef- fa- bly su- blime: Glazed



wake, my soul, and sing Of
of the Mys- tic Rose, As
an- gel in the sky Can
reign shall know no end, And
in a sea of light Whose



Him who died for thee, And
of that Rose the stem: The
ful- ly bear that sight, But
round His pierc- éd feet Fair
ev- er- last- ing waves Re-



hail Him as thy match- less King Through
Root whence mer- cy ev- er flows, The
down- ward bends his burn- ing eye At
flowers of Pa- ra- dise ex- tend, Their
flect His form, the In- fi- nite, Who



all e- ter- ni- ty.
Babe of Beth- le- hem.
mys- ter- ies sc bright.
fra- grance ev- er sweet.
lives and loves and saves.

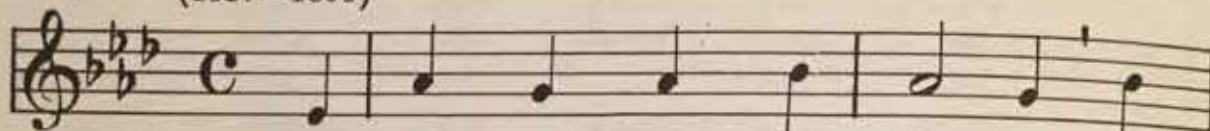
27. TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING

(Dem Herzen Jesu singe)

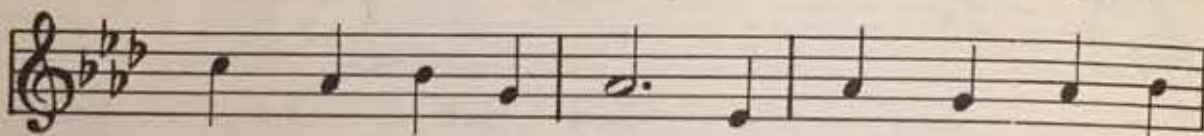
Aloys Schlör (1805—1852)

Tr. Rev. A. J. Christie, S. J.
(1817—1891)

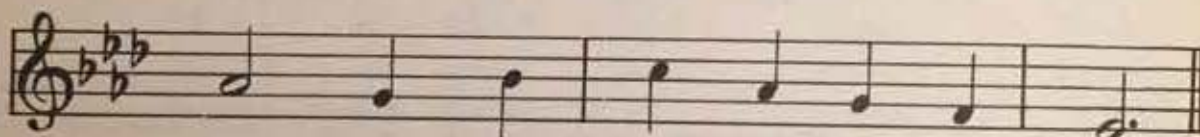
From Hartig's "Siona" (1832)



1. To Je- sus' Heart all burn- ing With
 2. O Heart for me on fire With
 3. Too true I have for- sak- en Thy

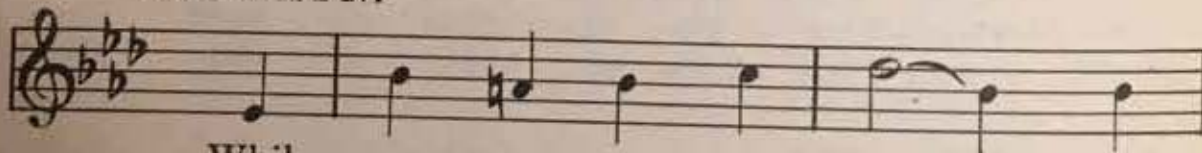


fer- vent love for men, My heart with fond- est
 love no man can speak, My yet un- told de-
 love by wil- ful sin: Yet now let me be

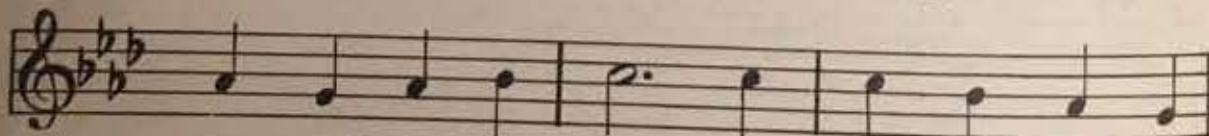


yearn- ing Shall raise its joy- ful strain.
 sire God gives me for Thy sake.
 tak- en Back by Thy grace a- gain.

REFRAIN:



While ag- es course a- long, Blest

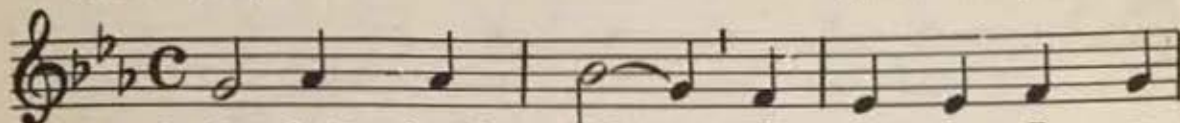


be with loudest song The Sa- cred Heart of

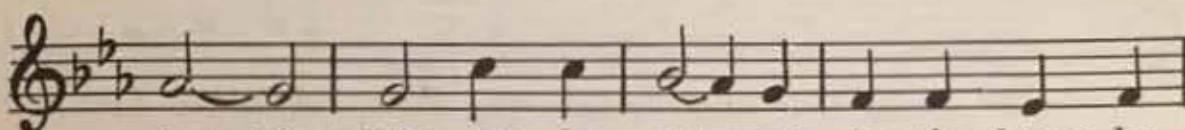


Je- sus By ev'- ry heart and tongue.

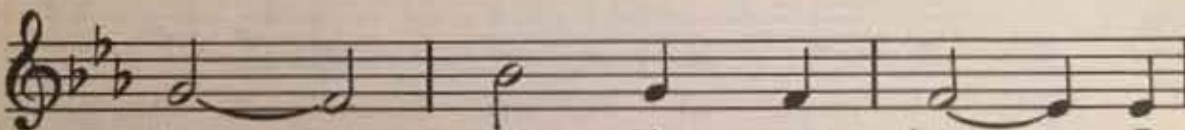
28. O GODHEAD HID

*(Adoro te devote)*St. Thomas Aquinas
(1227—1274)Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878). Alt.

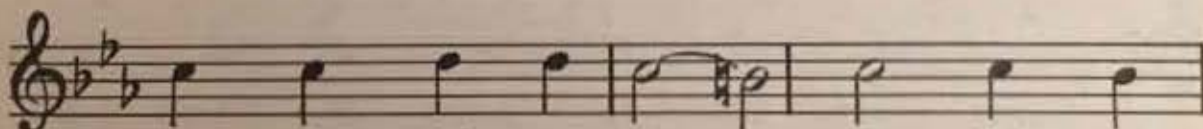
1. O God- head hid, de- vout- ly I a-
 2. I can- not see Thee, Je- su glo- ri-
 3. Je- su, whom for the pres- ent veil'd I



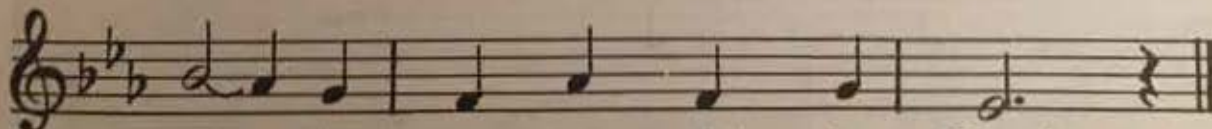
dore Thee, Who tru- ly art with- in the forms be-
 fied, Nor touch Thy wounds in hand or riv- en
 see, What I so thirst for, grant Thou un- to



fore me; To Thee my heart I
 side; Yet, at Thy feet with
 me: When faith shall cease, and



give with bend- ed knee, As fail- ing
 Thom- as here I fall And wor- ship
 shad- ows fade a- way, Let me be-

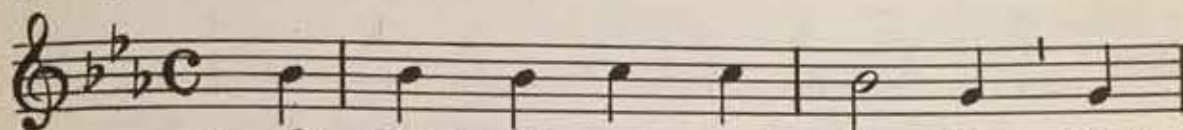


quite in con- tem- plat- ing Thee!
 Thee, My Lord, my God, my All!
 hold Thy face in end- less day!

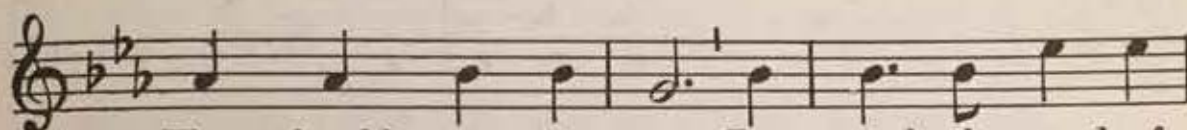
30. O LORD I AM NOT WORTHY

Traditional Words

Alt. by J. C. S.



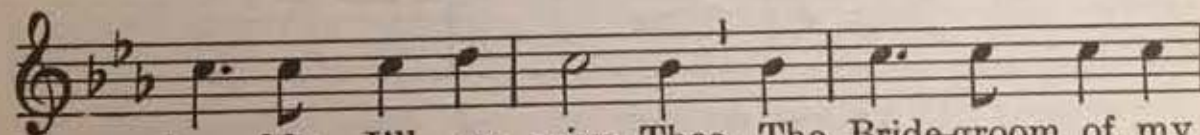
1. O Lord I am not wor- thy That
2. O hap- py race of mor- tals In-



Thou shouldst come to me; But speak the word of
vit- ed to the Feast In which the God of



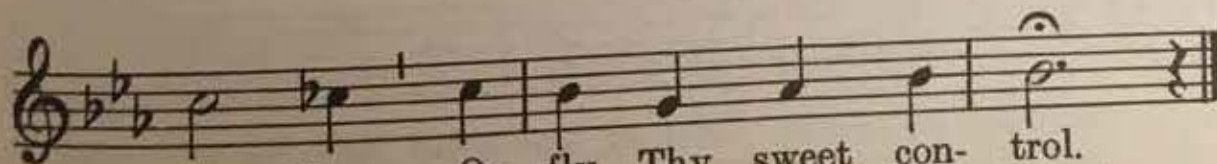
com- fort, My spir- it healed shall be; And
Heav-en Will come as Host and Priest: O



hum- bly I'll re- ceive Thee, The Bride-groom of my
Sac- ra- ment most ho- ly! O Sac- ra- ment di-



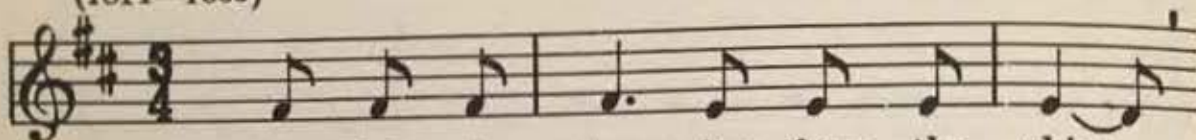
soul:
vine! No more by sin to
All praise and all thanks-



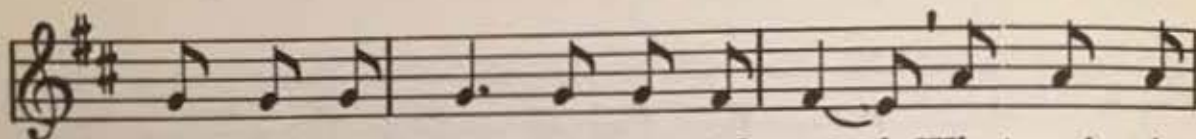
grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet con- trol.
giv- ing Be- ev- ry mo- ment Thine!

31. WHAT LIGHT IS STREAMING FROM THE SKIES?

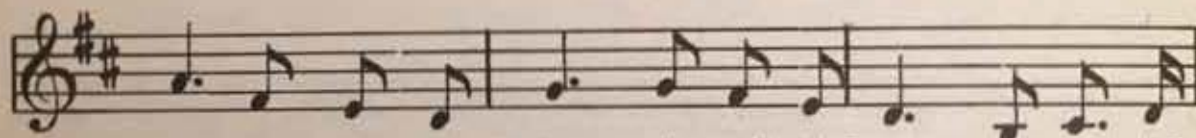
Father Faber?
(1814—1863)



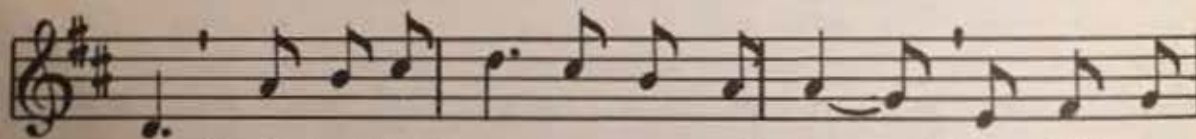
1. What light is stream-ing from the skies,
2. He com-eth not in fier-y cloud,



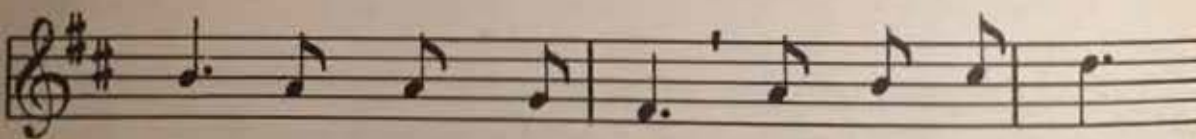
Re-veal-ing heav'n to mor-tal eyes? What voice is
He speak-eth not in thunder loud: He looseth not



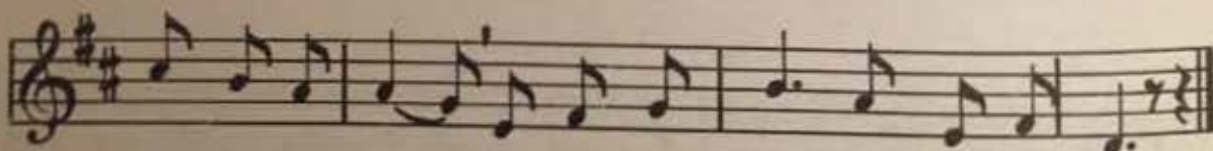
sing-ing from the spheres An-gel-ic hymns to mor-tal
not the storm wind's breath To frighten men with fear of



ears? O ho-liest mys-ter-y of love, From His re-
death. But as He is in heav'n a-bove, He comes in



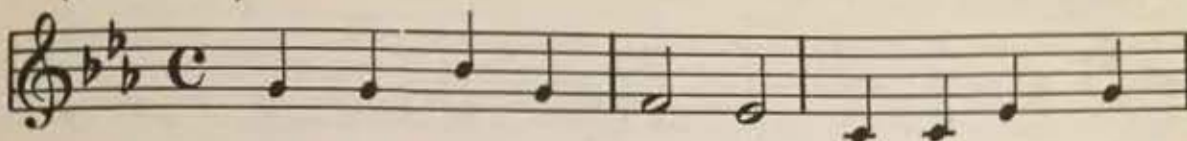
splend-ent throne a-bove, The Sav-ior comes,
beau-ty and in love, To fill with sweet-



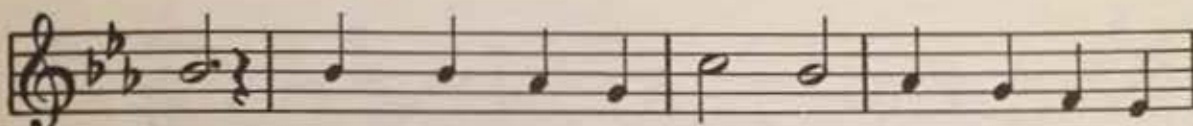
unseen, to dwell A-mong the souls He lov-eth well.
est peace and cheer The hearts His own heart holds so dear.

32. JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOR

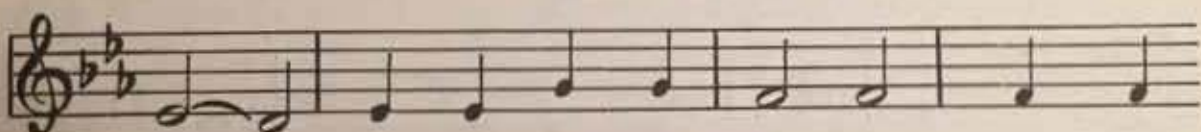
Father Faber
(1814—1863)



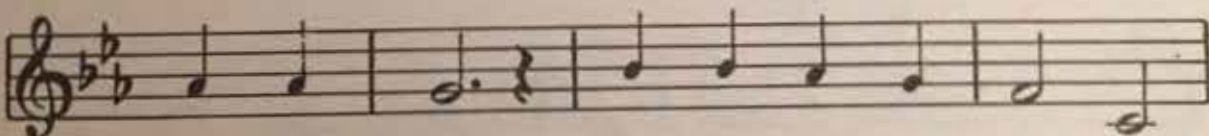
1. Je - sus, gent-lest Sav- ior, God of might and
2. Out be- yond the shin- ing Of the fur- thest
3. Oh, how can we thank Thee For a gift like



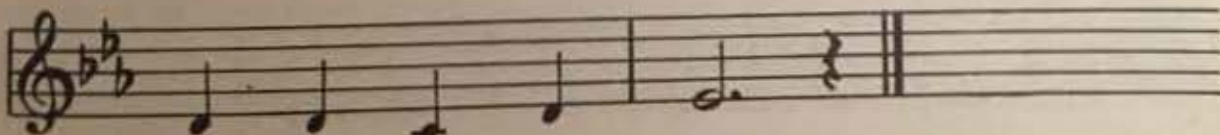
power, Thou, Thy-self art dwell- ing In us at this
star, Thou art ev- er stretch- ing In- fi- nite- ly
this, Gift that tru- ly mak- eth Heav'ns e- ter- nal



hour, Na- ture can- not hold Thee, Heav'n is
far; Yet the hearts of chil- dren Hold what
bliss! Ah, when wilt Thou al- ways Make our



all too straight For Thy end- less glo- ry
worlds can- not, And the God of won- ders
hearts Thy home? We must wait for heav- en

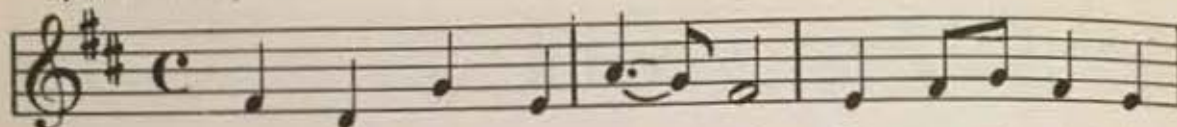


And Thy roy- al state.
Loves the low- ly spot.
'Ere the day will come.

33. JESUS, FOOD OF ANGELS

St. Alphonsus
(1696—1787)

Traditional Tune



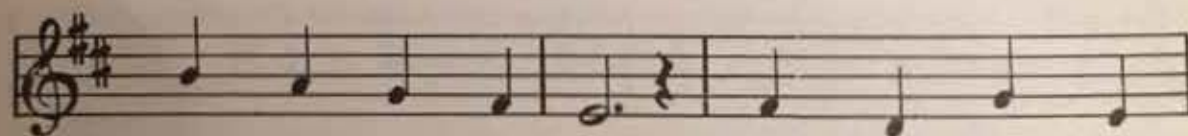
1. Je- sus, Food of an- gels, Mon- arch of the
 2. When the lov- ing Shep- herd, 'Ere He left the
 3. 'Ere He makes us part- ners Of His realm on



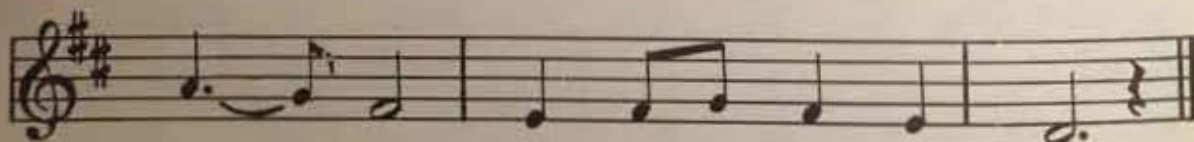
heart; Oh, that I could nev- er From Thy
 earth, Shed, to pay our ran- som, Blood of
 high, Hap- py and im- mor- tal, With Him



face de- part! Yes, Thou ev- er dwell- est
 price- less worth, These, His lambs so cher- ished,
 in the sky; Love, im- mense, stu- pen- dous,



Here for love of me, Hid- den, Thou re-
 Pur- chased for His own, He would not a-
 Makes Him here be- low Part- ner to our



main- est, God of maj- es- ty.
 ban- don In the world a- lone.
 ex- ile In this world of woe.

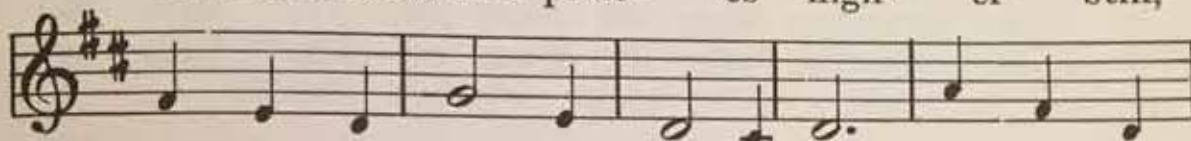
34. JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

Father Faber (1814—1863)

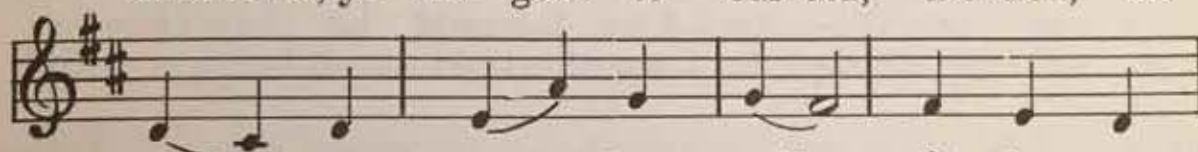
Traditional Tune



1. Je- sus, my Lord, my God, my all,
2. Had I but Ma- ry's sin- less heart
3. Thy Bo- dy, Soul and God- head, all!
4. Sound, sound His prais- es high- er still,



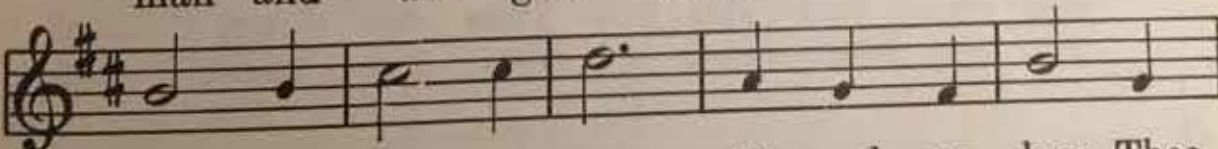
How can I love Thee as I ought! And how re-
To love Thee with, my dear- est King, Oh, with what
O mys- ter- y of love di- vine! I can- not
And come, ye an- gels to our aid, 'Tis God, 'tis



vere this won- drous gift So far sur-
bursts of fer- vent praise, Thy goodness,
com- pass all I have, For all Thou
God, the ver- y God, Whose pow'r both

REFRAIN:

pass- ing hope or thought. Sweet Sac- ra-
Je- sus, would I sing.
hast and art are mine.
man and an- gels made.



ment, we Thee a- dore: Oh, make us love Thee

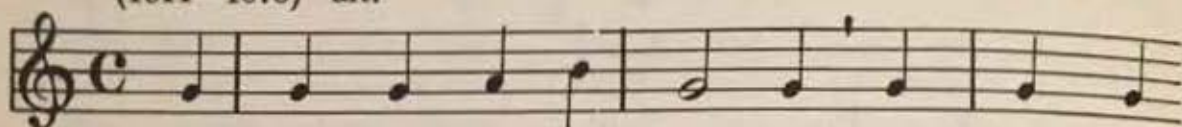


more and more, Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

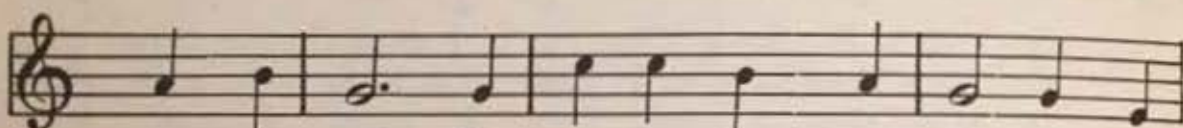
35. O JESUS, LORD, REMEMBER

Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878) alt.

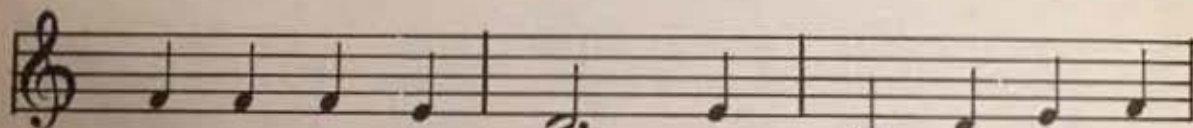
J. C. S.



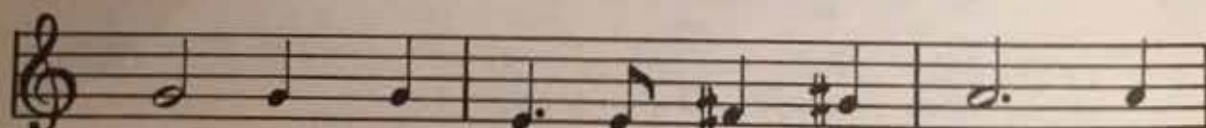
1. O Je- sus, Lord, re- mem- ber, When Thou shalt
2. Re- mem-ber then O Sav- ior, I sup- pli-
3. Ac- cept, Di- vine Re- deem- er, The hom- age



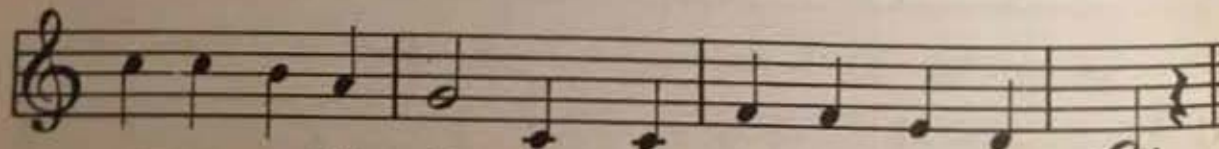
come a- gain Up- on the clouds of heav-en With
cate of Thee, That here I bowed be- fore Thee Up-
of my praise; Be Thou the light and hon- or And



all Thy shin- ing train; When ev'- ry eye shall
on my bend- ed knee; That here I owned Thy
glo- ry of my days; Be Thou my con- so-



see Thee In De- i- ty re- vealed Who
pres- ence And did not Thee de- ny, And
la- tion When death is draw- ing nigh; Be

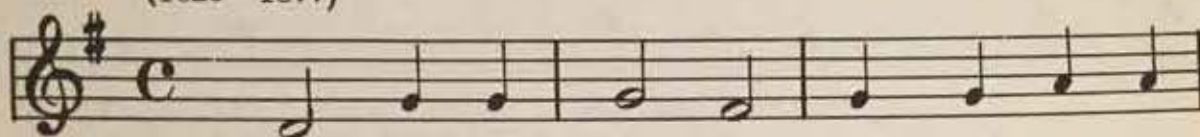


now up- on this al- tar In si- lence art con- cealed.
glo- ri- fied Thy great-ness Though hid from hu- man eye.
Thou my on- ly treas- ure Through all e- ter- ni- ty.

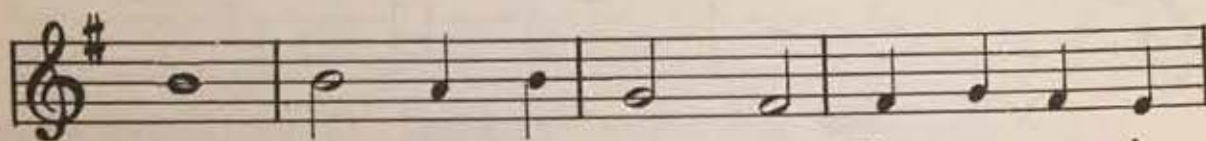
36. SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

(Anima Christi)

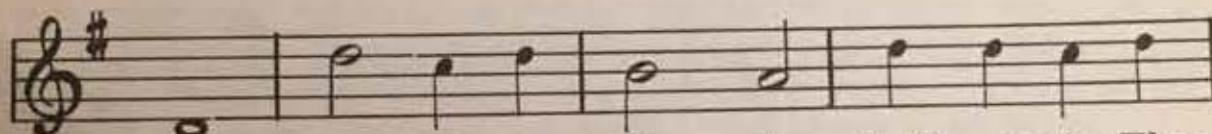
Rev. W. J. Maher, S. J.
(1823—1877)



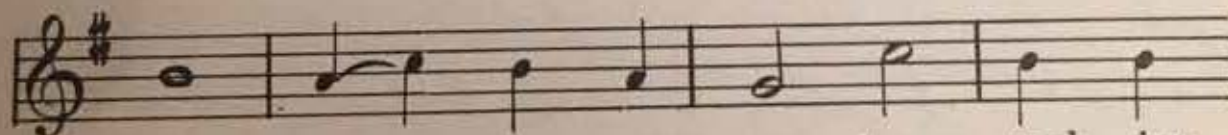
1. Soul of my Sav-ior, sanc-ti-fy my
2. Strength and pro-tec-tion may His Pas-sion
3. Guard and de-fend me from the foe ma-



breast, Bo-dy of Christ be Thou my sav-ing
be; O bless-ed Je-sus hear and ans-
lign; In death's drear mo-ments make me on-ly



Guest! Blood of my Sav-ior, bathe me in Thy
me! Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel-ter
Thine; Call me and bid me come to Thee on



tide, Wash me, ye wa-ters, gush-ing
me, So shall I nev-er, nev-er
high, Where I may praise Thee with Thy



from His side!
part from Thee.
saints for aye!*

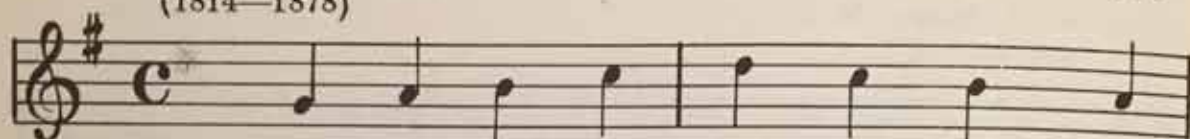
* Pronounced "a"

37. SING MY TONGUE THE SAVIOR'S GLORY

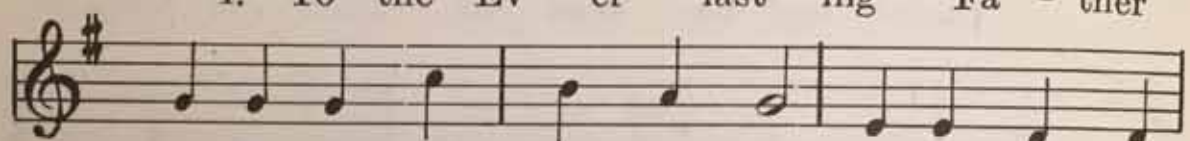
(Pange lingua)

St. Thomas (1227—1274)
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

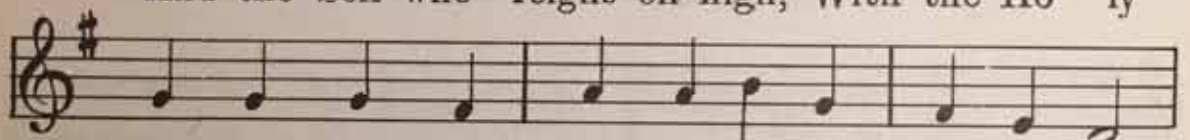
M. Haydn



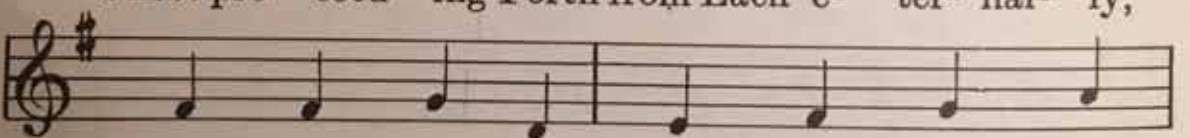
1. Sing, my tongue the Sav- ior's glo - ry,
2. On the night of that Last Sup - per,
3. Down in ad- o- ra- tion fall - ing,
4. To the Ev- er- last- ing Fa - ther



Of His Flesh the mys-t'ry sing; Of the Blood, all
Seat-ed with His chos-en band, He the Pas-chal
Lo, the Sa-cred Host we hail; Lo, o'er an-cient
And the Son who reigns on high, With the Ho-ly



price ex-ceed-ing, Shed by our Im-mor-tal King,
vic-tim eat-ing, First ful-fills the Law's command;
forms de-part-ing, New-er rites of grace prevail;
Ghost pro-ceed-ing Forth from Each e-ter-nal-ly,



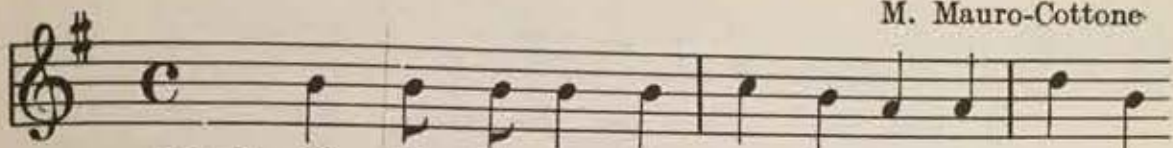
Des-tined, for the world's re-demp-tion,
Then, as Food to His A-pos-tles,
Faith for all de-fects sup-ply-ing
Be sal-va-tion, hon-or, bless-ing,



From a no-ble womb to spring.
Gives Him-self with His own Hand.
Where the fee-ble sen-ses fail.
Might and end-less ma-jes-ty.

38. O SALUTARIS

M. Mauro-Cottone



- Ⓐ 1. O Sa-lu-ta-ris Ho-sti-a, Que cae-li
 2. U-ni Tri-no-que Do-mi-no Sit sem-pi-
- Ⓑ 1. O Saving Vic-tim, op'ning wide The gate of
 2. All praise and thanks to Thee ascend For ev-er



pan-dis o-sti-um, Bel-la pre-munt ho-sti-li-
 ter-na glo-ri-a, Qui vi-tam si-ne ter-mi-
 heav'n to man be-low: Foes press on us from ev'-ry
 more, Blest One in Three; Oh, grant us life that shall not



a, Da ro-bur, fer au-xi-li-um. A-men.*
 no, No-bis do-net in pa-tri-a.
 side; Thine aid supply, Thy strength be-stow.
 end In our true na-tive land with Thee.

* Use Latin Amen (Ah-men) for English Text.

39. PANIS ANGELICUS

St. Thomas of Aquin
(1227—1274)

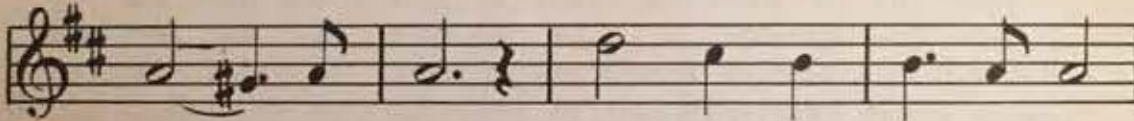
Lambilotte



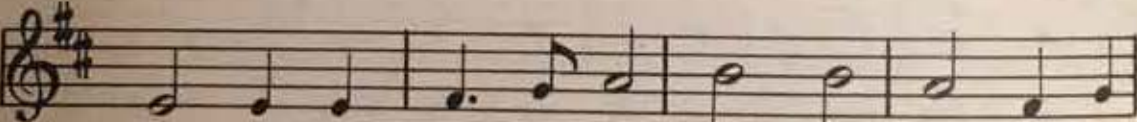
1. Pa- nis an- ge- li- cus, Fit pa- nis
2. Te tri- na De- i- tas U- na- que



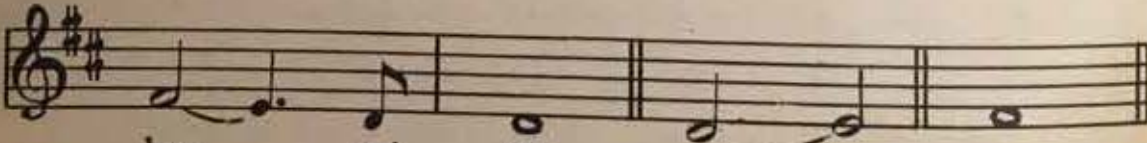
ho- mi- num, Dat pa- nis cae- li- cus Fi- gu- ris
pos- ci- mus, Sic nos tu vi- si- ta, Si- cut te



ter- mi- num; O res mi- ra- bi- lis!
co- li- mus: Per- tu- as se- mi- tas,



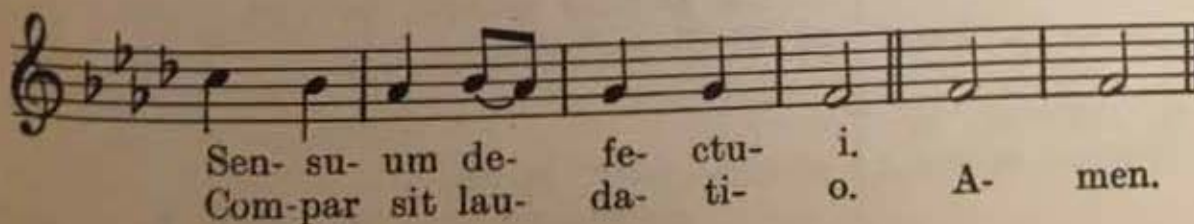
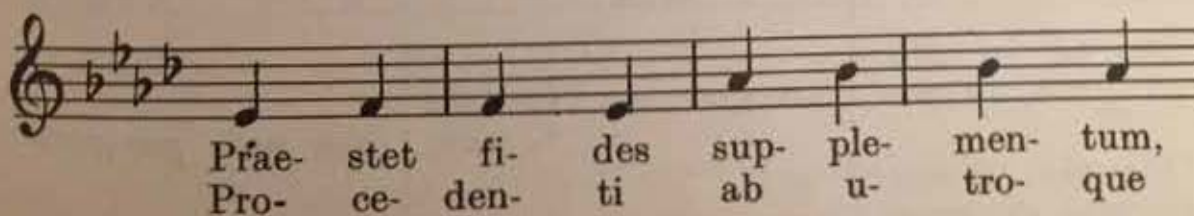
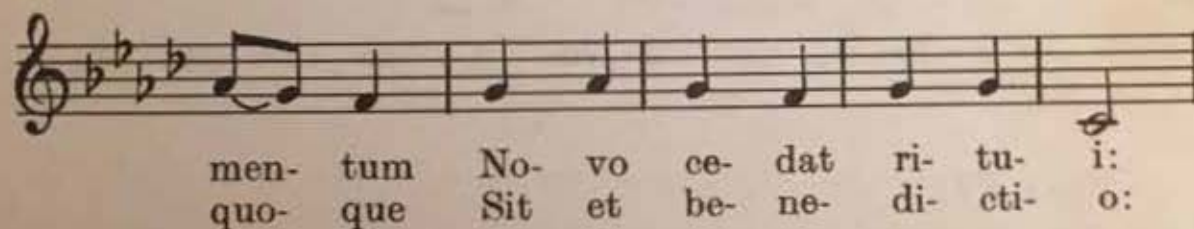
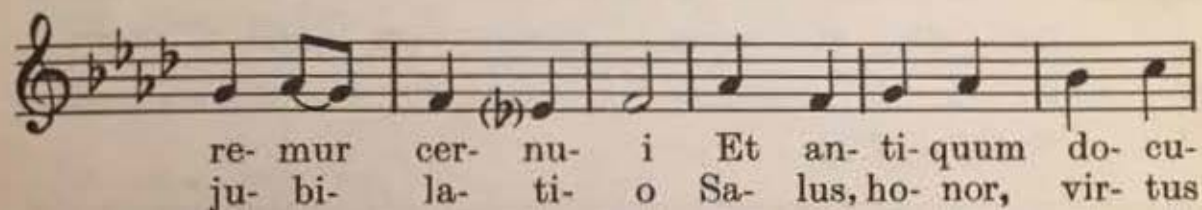
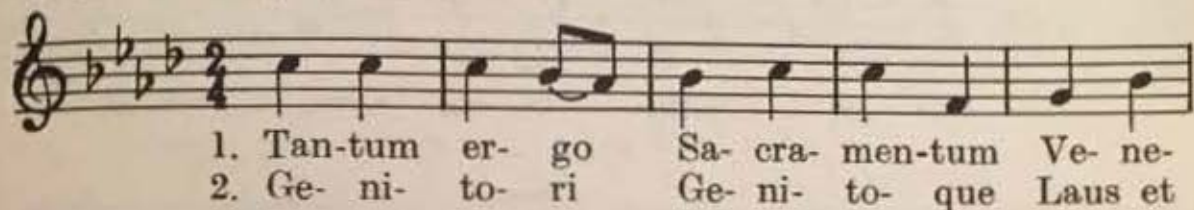
Man- du- cat Do- mi- num Pau- per, ser- vus et
Duc nos quo ten- di- mus: Ad lu- cem quam in-



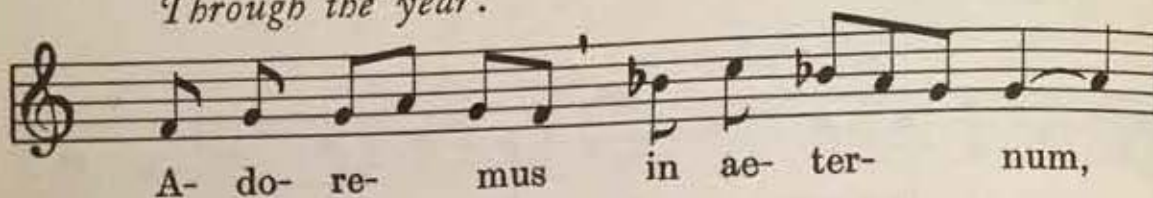
hu- mi- lis.
ha- bi- tas. A- - men.

40. TANTUM ERGO

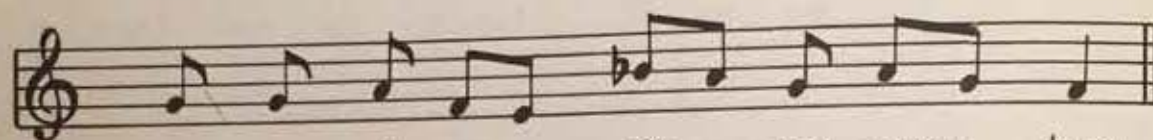
Arrangement from a
Gregorian melody by J. C. S.



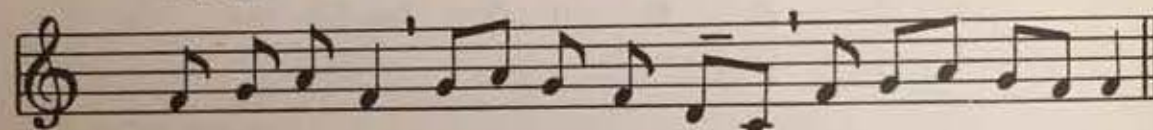
41 LAUDATE DOMINUM AND ANTIPHONS

Through the year:

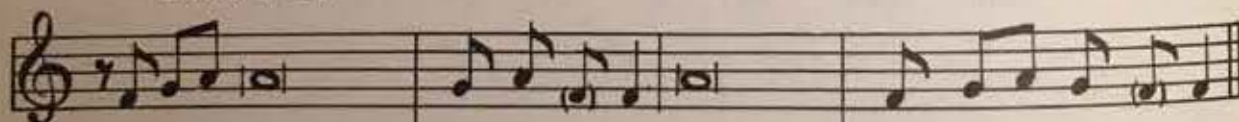
A- do- re- mus in ae- ter- num,



San- ctis- si- mum Sa- cra men- tum.

Paschal Time:

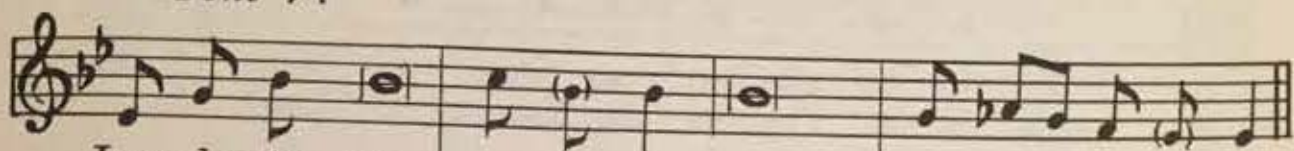
Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia.

Tone VI:Lau- da- te Do-
minum om-nes gen- tes:* laudate
eum

om- nes po- pu- li.

Quo- ni- am con-
firmata est super
nos miseri- cordi-a e- jus:* et veri-
tas Domini manet
et Fi- li- o:* et Spiri-in ae- ter- num.
tu- i San- cto.Si- cut erat in
principio et nuncet sem- per:* et in
saecula saecu-

lo- rum A- men.

Tone V:

Lau-da-te Do-
minum omnes

Quo-ni-am con-
firmata est super
nos misericordia

Glo-ri-a Patri et

Si-cut e-rat in
principio et nunc
et

gen-tes:* laudate
eum

e-jus:* et veri-
tas Domini manet
Fi-li-o:* et Spiri-

sem-per:* et in sae-
cula saecu-

om-nes po-pu-li.

in ae-ter-num.
tu-i San-cto.

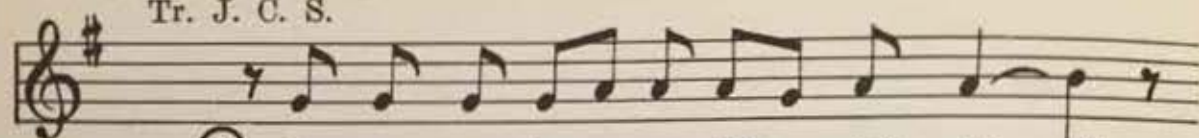
lo-rum. A-men.

42. IN MANUS TUAS

(Into Thy Loving Hands)

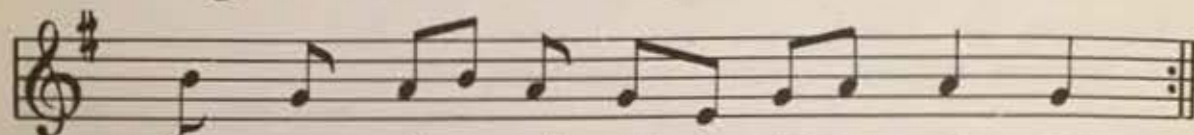
Responsory for Compline.

Tr. J. C. S.



(A) In ma-nus tu-as Do-mi-ne *

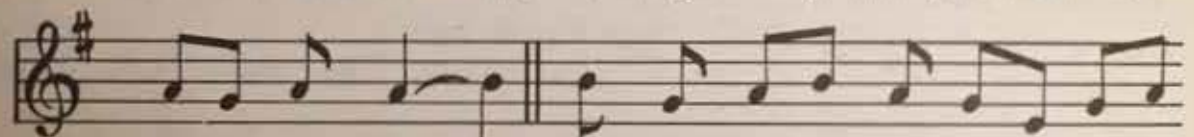
(B) In-to Thy lov-ing Hands, O Lord,



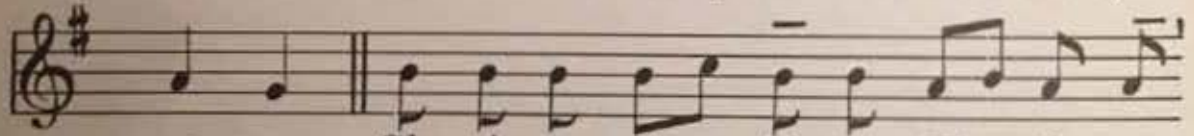
Com-men-do spi-ri-tum me-um.
I in peace com-mend my spir-it.



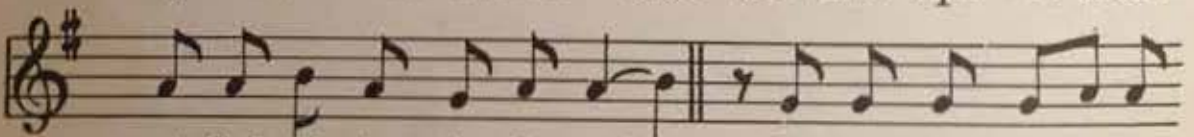
Re-de-mi-sti nos, Do-mi-ne, De-us ve-
Thou hast saved us, O might-y Lord, God of e-



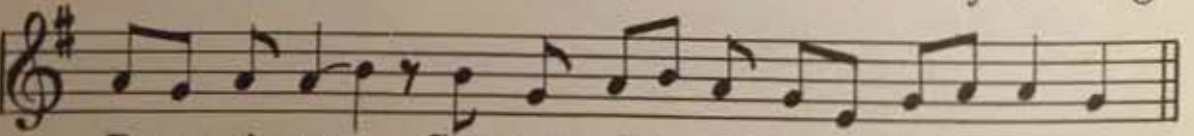
ri-ta-tis! Com-men-do spi-ri-tum
ter-nal truth! I in peace com-mend my



me-um. Glo-ri-a Pa-tri et Fi-li-o,
spir-it. To Father and Son and Spir-it blest



et Spi-ri-tu-i San-cto. In ma-nus tu-as,
be glo-ry ev-er lasting. In-to Thy lov-ing



Do-mi-ne, Com-men-do Spi-ri-tum me-um.
Hands, O Lord, I in peace com-mend my spir-it.

43. O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL

(Great "O" Antiphons)

Tr. J. M. Neale
(1818—1866)

Traditional Melody



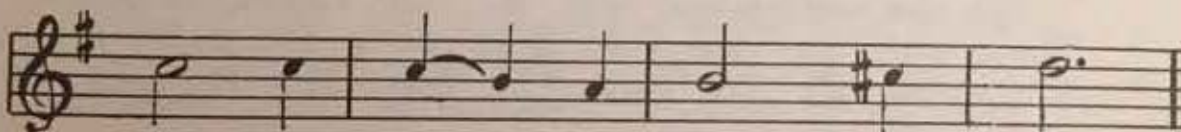
1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-
 2. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and
 3. O come, O come, Thou Lord of



el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-
 cheer—Our spir-its by Thine ad-vent
 might Who to Thy tribes on Si-nai's



el That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here Un-
 here; Dis-purse the gloom-y clouds of night And
 height In an-cient times didst give the law In



til the Son of God ap-pear.
 death's dark shad-ows put to flight.
 cloud and maj-es-ty and awe.

REFRAIN



Re-joice, re-joice, O Is-ra-el, To thee shall

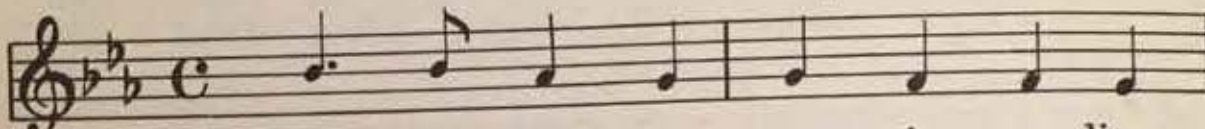


come Em-man-u-el.

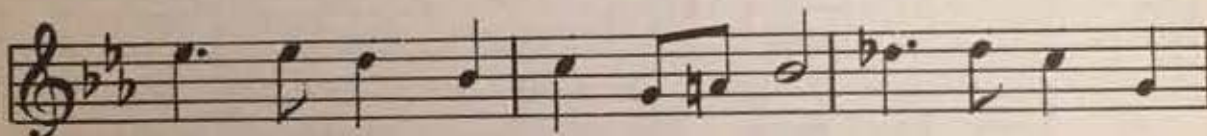
44. HARK, A MYSTIC VOICE

(En Clara Vox Redarguit)

Ambrosian, 5th Cen.

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878 (Alt))

1. Hark! a mys- tic voice is sounding:
2. Startled at the sol- emn warning,
3. Lo! the Lamb so long ex- pect- ed
4. So when next He comes in glo- ry,



"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 heav'n: Let us haste with
Wrap- ping all the earth in fear, May He then as



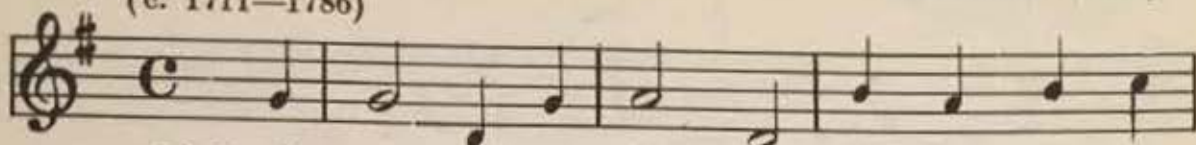
dreams of dark- ness, O ye chil- dren of the day!"
sloth dis- pel- ling, Shines up- on the morn- ing skies.
tears of sor- row, One and all, to be for- giv'n.
our De- fen- der On the clouds of heav'n ap- pear.

45. O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

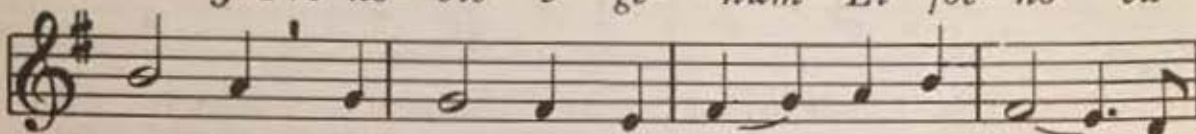
(Adeste Fideles)

Probably by F. J. Wade
(c. 1711—1786)

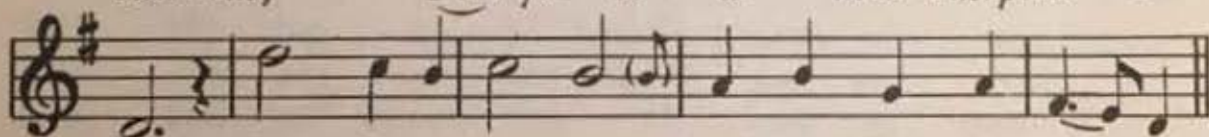
Traditional Melody



- (A) 1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-
 2. God of God e-qual, Light of Light e-
 3. O Sav-ior, we greet Thee, Born for us this
- (B) 1. A-des-te fi-de-les, Lae-ti tri-um-
 2. De-um de De-o, Lu-men de
 3. Pro no-bis e-ge-num Et foe-no cu-

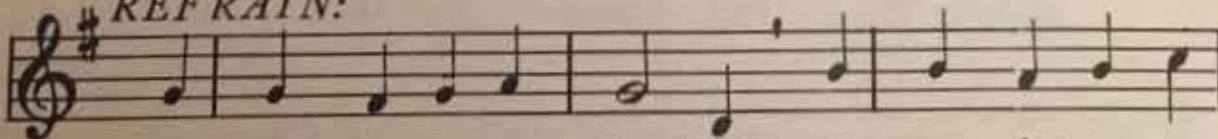


um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to Beth-le-
 ter-nal, Deign-ing to come to us in Ma-ry's
 morn-ing, Join we theshepherds and the an-gel
 phan-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te in Beth-le-
 Lu-mine, Ges-tant pu-el-lae vis-ce-
 ban-tem, Piis fo-ve-a-mus am-plex-i-

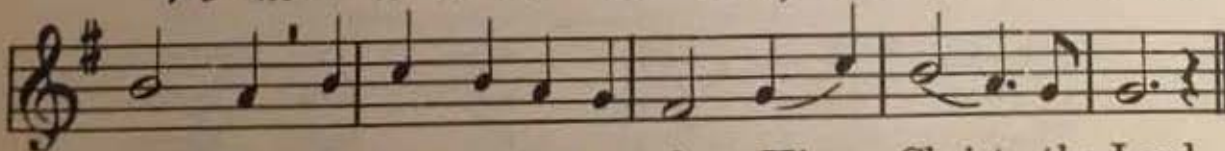


hem. See in a man-ger Christ the King of An-gels:
 womb! God of ver-y God,—Be-got-ten, not cre-a-ted:
 choir! Glo-ry to God,—Glo-ry in the high-est:
 hem. Na-tum vi-de-te Re-gem an-ge-lo-rum:
 ra. De-um ve-rum, Ge-ni-tum non fa-ctum:
 bus: Sic nos a-man-tem Quis non re-da-ma-ret:

REFRAIN:



O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-
 Ve-ni-te a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te a-do-

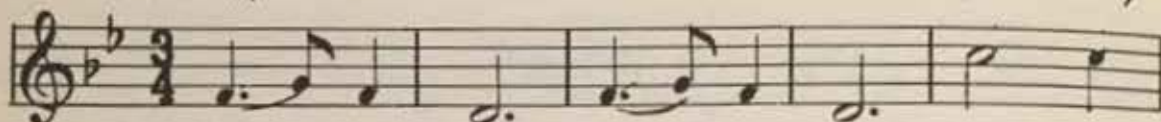


dore Him, O come let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.
 re-mus, Ve-ni-te a-do-re-mus Do-mi-num!

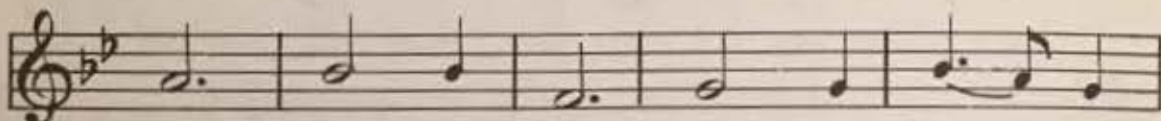
46. SILENT NIGHT

Rev. Joseph Mohr
(1792—1848)

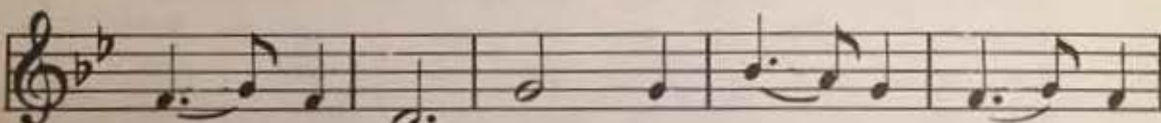
Franz Gruber
(1787—1863)



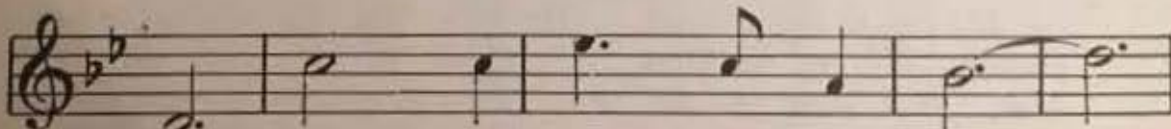
1. Si- lent night! Ho- ly night! Bethlehem
2. Si- lent night! Ho- ly night! Shep-herds
3. Si- lent night! Ho- ly night! Son of



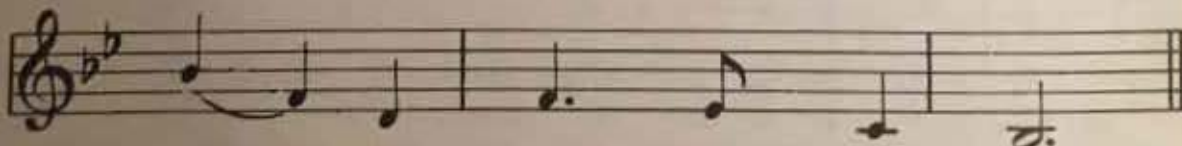
sleeps, yet what light Floats a- round the
first see the light; Hear the al- le-
God! oh, what light Ra- diates round Thy



ho- ly pair: Songs of an- gels fill the
lu- ias ring, Which the an- gel cho- rus
man- ger bed O- ver realms in dark- ness



air; Strains of heav- en- ly peace!
sing: Christ the Sav- ior has come!
spread, Thou in Beth- le- hem born!



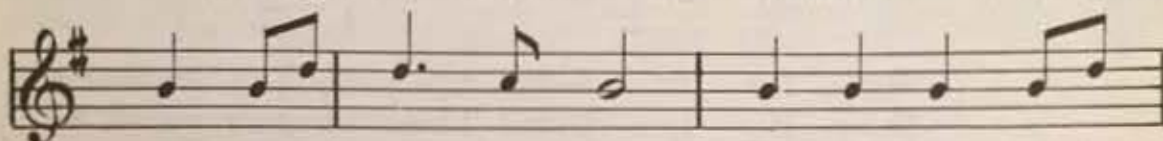
Strains of heav- en- ly peace!
Christ the Sav- ior has come!
Thou in Beth- le- hem born!

47. ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

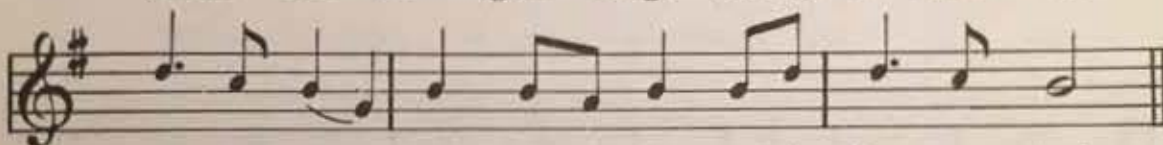
Old French Carol



1. An- gels we have heard on high Sweet- ly
 2. Shepherds, why this ju- bi- lee, Why your
 3. Come to Beth-le- hem and see Him whose

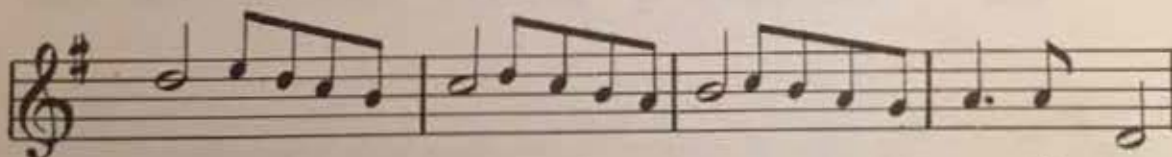


sing- ing o'er the plains, And the moun- tains
 rap-turous strains pro- long? What may the glad
 birth the an- gels sing, Come, a- dore on

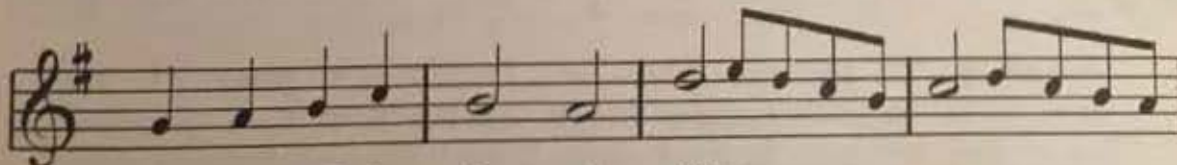


in re- ply Ech- o- ing their joy- ous strains:
 ti-dings be Which in- spire your heav'n-ly song?
 bend-ed knee Christ, the Lord, the new-born King!

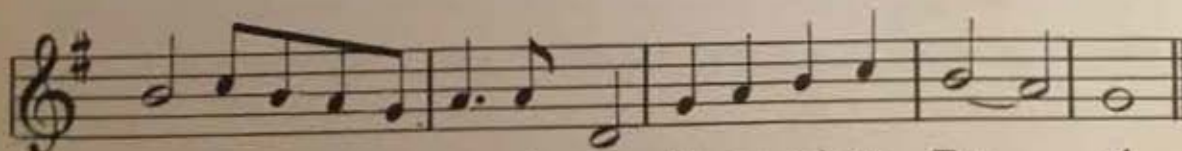
REFRAIN:



Glo- _____ ri- a



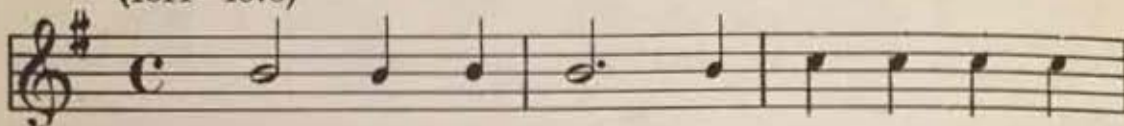
in ex- cel-sis De- o! Glo- _____



_____ ri- a in ex- cel-sis De- o!

48. SLEEP, HOLY BABE

Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)



1. Sleep, Ho- ly Babe up- on Thy Mother's
2. Sleep, Ho- ly Babe! Thine an- gels watch a-
3. Sleep, Ho- ly Babe, While I with Ma- ry
4. Sleep, Ho- ly Babe! Ah, take Thy brief re-



breast! Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How
round, All bending low with fold- ed wings Be-
gaze In joy up- on that face a- while, Up-
pose! Too quick- ly will Thy slumbers break And

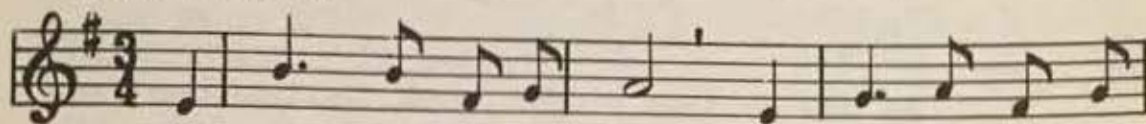


sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest!
fore th'In-carnate King of kings In rev'rent awe pro-found!
on the lov-ing in-fant smile Which there divine-ly plays.
Thou to lengthened pains a-wake Which only death shall close.

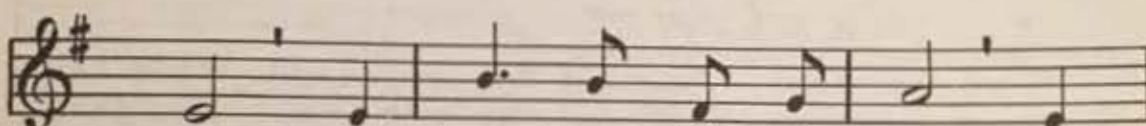
49. ALL HAIL, ETERNAL CHILD

Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863) alt.

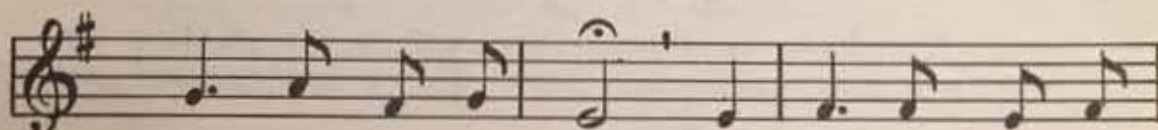
French Melody, 15th Cent.



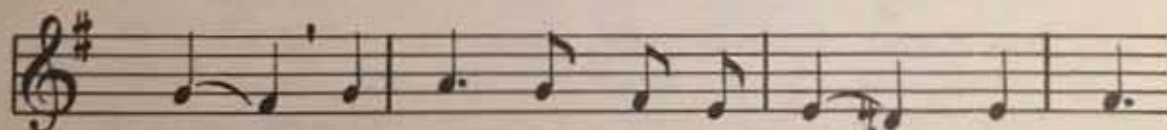
All hail! E-ter-nal Child! Dear Ma-ry's lit-tle



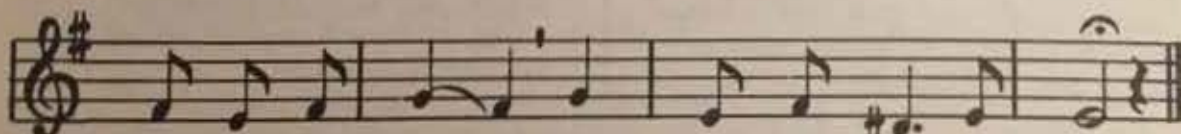
Flower! God hard-ly born an hour, Sweet



Babe of Beth-le-hem. Hail Ma-ry's lit-tle



One, Hail God's e-ter-nal Son, Sweet Babe



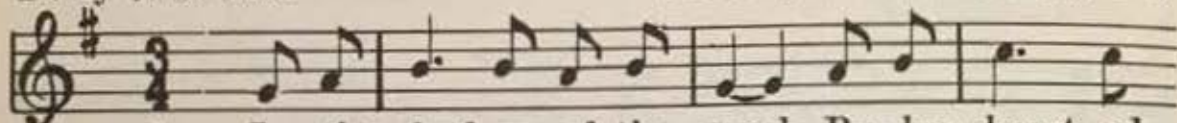
of Beth-le-hem, Sweet Babe of Beth-le-hem!

50. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROOD

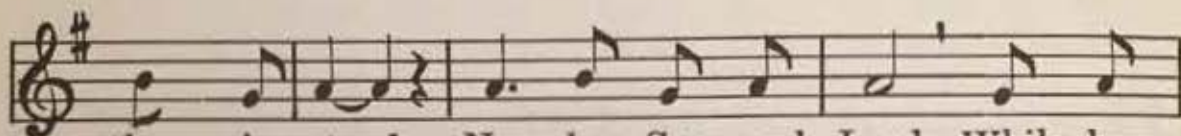
(Stabat Mater)

Tr. by J. B. Tabb

Music by B. F. Marcetteau, S. S.



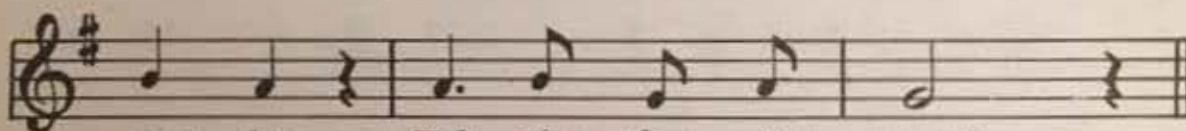
1. In the shad-ow of the rood, Bro-ken heart-ed
 2. Who so lost to human feeling As to hide his



there she stood Near her Son and Lord; While her
 tears revealing Sym- pa- thy with thine? Who that



soul, His doom la - ment - ing, Yet in sac - ri - fice con-
 e'er was born of wom - an In a ten - der - ness so-



sent - ing, Felt the cleav - ing sword,
 hu - man Sees not love di - vine?

3.

Thou alone no ransom needing,
 Let thy Son, the Victim bleeding,
 For my sin atone:
 What for me my God and Brother
 Deigns to bear, O sinless Mother,
 Learn not Thou alone.

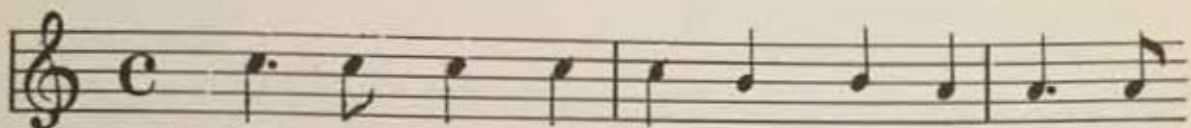
4.

One with Thee thy vigil keeping,
 One with Thee, the Mourner, weeping,
 Near His sacred side,
 Where thy soul in desolation
 Waits of woe the consummation,
 Let my soul abide.

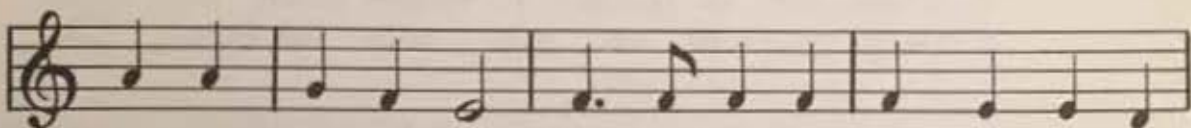
51. SING MY TONGUE

*(Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream certaminis)*Tr. by Fr. Caswall (Alt).
(1814—1878)

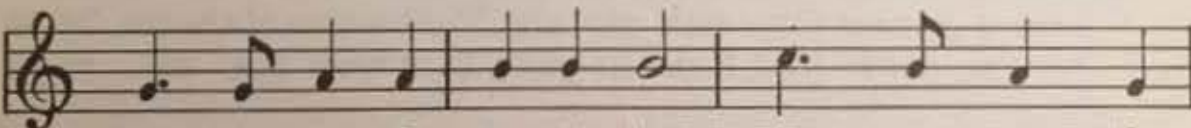
J. C. S.



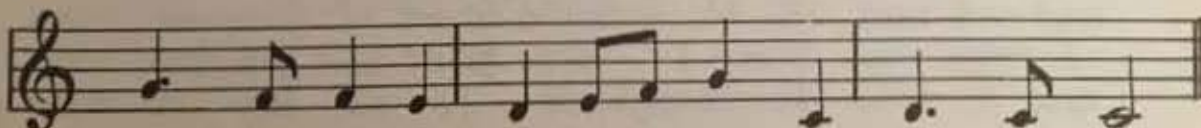
1. Sing my tongue the Sav-ior's glo-ry: Tell His
2. Lo! with gall His thirst He quenches, See the
3. Loft- y tree, bend down thy branch-es To em-
4. Tree which sole- ly was found wor-thy Earth's great
5. Hon- or, bless- ing ev- er- last- ing To the



tri-umph far and wide; Tell a-loud the won-drous sto-ry
 thorns up- on His brow! Nails His ten-der flesh are rend-ing,
 brace thy sa-cred load; Oh, re- lax the na- tive ten-sion
 Vic- tim to sus-tain; Har- bor from the rag- ing tem-pest,
 glo-rious De- i- ty; To the Fa-ther, Son and Spir- it



Of His Bo- dy cru- ci- fied: How up- on the
 See, His side is open'd now! Whence to cleanse the
 Of that all too ri- gid wood: Gen- tly, gen- tly
 Ark that saved the world a- gain! Tree with sa- cred
 Praise be paid co- e- qual- ly! Glo- ry through the

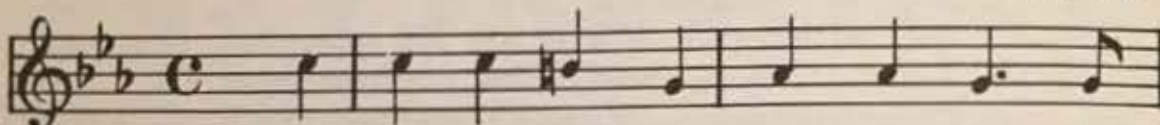


Cross a Vic- tim, Vic- tor still in death, He died,
 whole cre- a- tion Streams of blood and wa- ter flow.
 bear the mem- bers Of thy dy- ing King and God!
 blood a- noint- ed Of the Lamb for sin- ners slain!
 earth and heav- en To the Three in Un- i- ty!

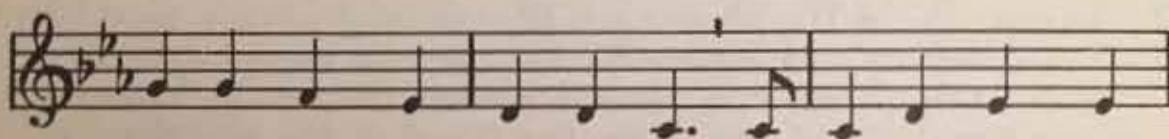
52. I SEE MY JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Fr. Caswall (?)

J. C. S.



1. I see my Je- sus cru- ci- fied, His
2. Those cru- el nails, I drove them in Each
3. Deep grav- en on my sin- ful heart, Oh,



wounded hands and feet and side, His sa- cred flesh, all
time I pierced Him with my sin; That crown of thorns, 'twas
nev- er may that form de- part, That with me al- ways

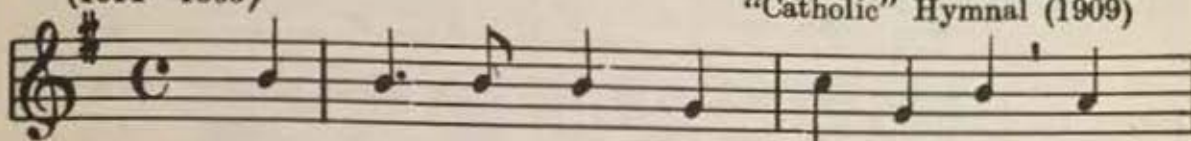


rent and torn, His bloodstain'd crown of sharp- est thorn.
I who wove When I des- pised His gra- cious love.
may a- bide The thought of Je- sus cru- ci- fied.

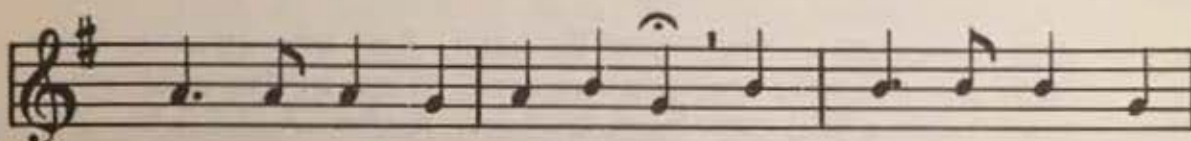
53. O COME AND MOURN

Father Faber
(1814—1863)

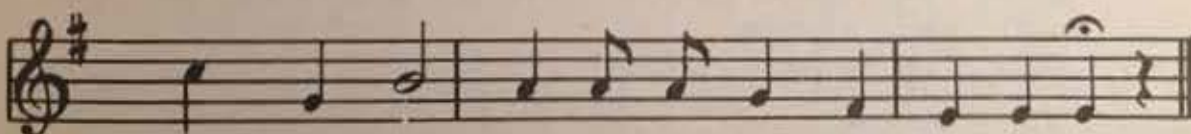
Melodie adapted from Paulist
"Catholic" Hymnal (1909)



1. O come and mourn with me a- while, See
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While
3. Come, take thy stand be- neath the Cross, And



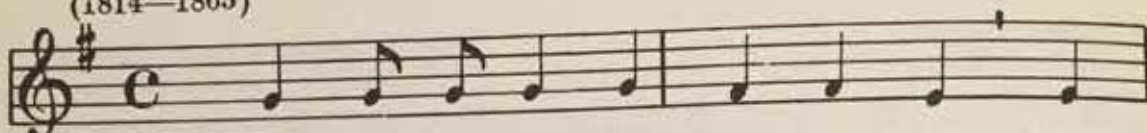
Ma- ry calls us to her side: Oh, come and let us
sol-diers scoff and Jews de-ride? Ah, look how pa-tient-
let the Blood from out that Side Fall gent- ly on thee



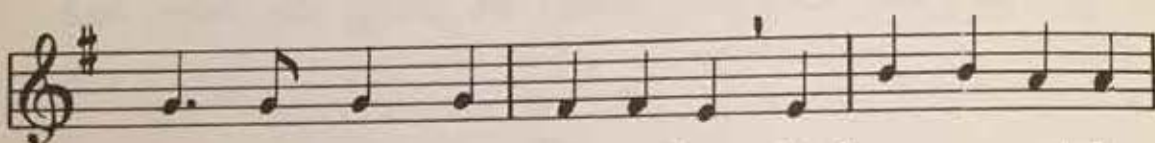
mourn with her; Je- sus, our Love is cru- ci- fied.
ly He hangs: Je- sus, our Love is cru- ci- fied.
drop by drop: Je- sus, our Love is cru- ci- fied.

54. NOW ARE THE DAYS OF HUMBLEST PRAYER

Father Faber
(1814—1863)

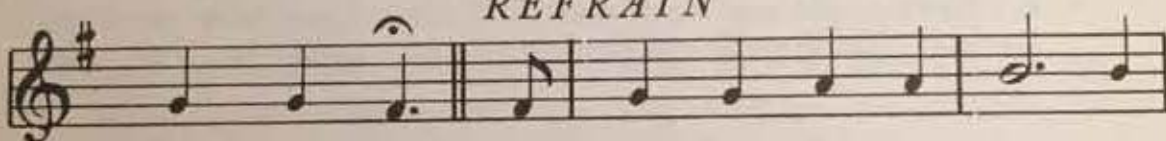


1. Now are the days of hum-blest prayer, When
2. Now is the sea-son wise-ly long, Of
3. We who have loved the world must learn, Up-

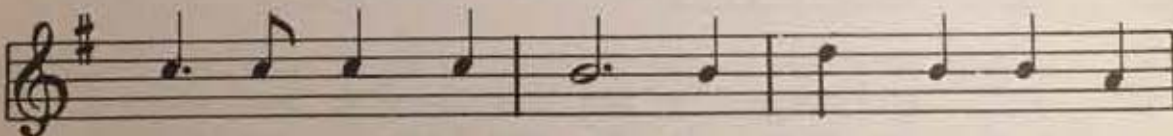


con- sciences to God lie bare, And mer-cy most de-
sad- der thought and grav-er song, When ail-ing souls grow
on that world our back to turn, And with the love of

REFRAIN



lights to spare. Oh, heark-en when we cry, Chas-
well and strong.
God to burn.



tise us with Thy fear; Yet Fa- ther, in the

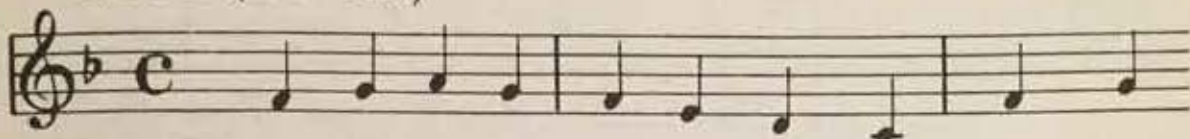


mul- ti- tude of Thy com- pas- sions, hear!

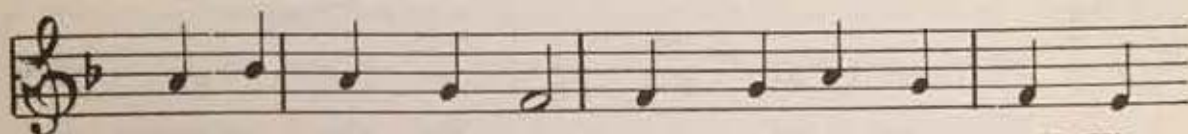
55. GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION

Rev. Edmund Vaughan
C. S. S. R. (1827—1908)

Traditional Melody



1. God of mer- cy and com- pas- sion, Look with
2. By my sins I have a- ban- doned Right and
3. See our Sav- ior, bleed- ing, dy- ing, On the

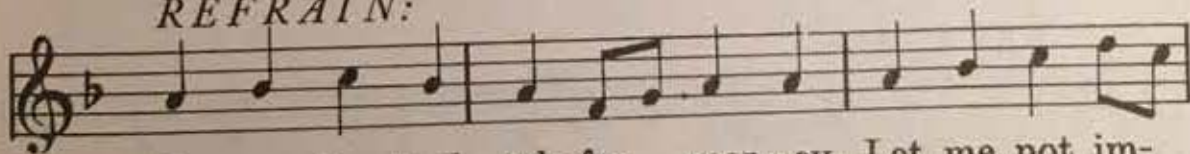


pit- y down on me; Fa- ther, let me call Thee
claim to heav'n a- bove, Where the saints re- joice for
Cross of Cal- va- ry: To that Cross my sins have



Fa- ther: 'Tis Thy child re- turns to Thee.
ev- er In a bound- less sea of love.
nailed Him, Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

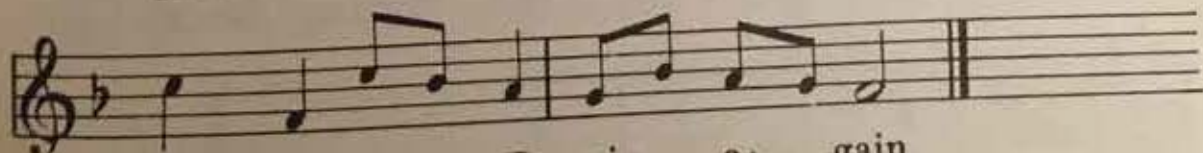
REFRAIN:



Je- sus, Lord, I ask for mer- cy, Let me not im-



plore in vain; All my sins, I now de- test them:

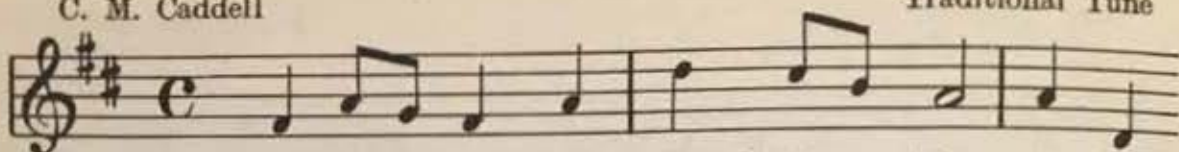


Nev- er will I sin a- gain.

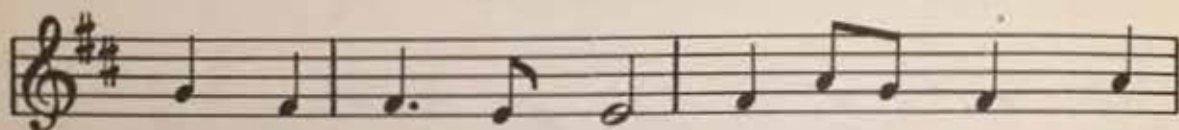
56. BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOWED FROM THEE

C. M. Caddell

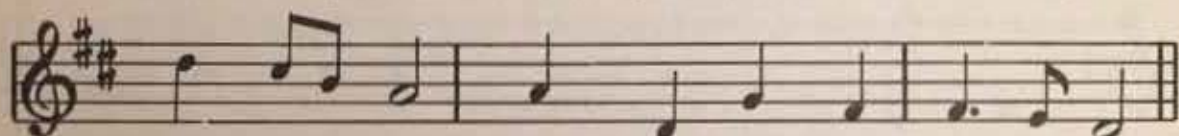
Traditional Tune



1. By the Blood that flow'd from Thee In Thy
2. By the thorns that crown'd Thy head, By Thy
3. By the nails and point-ed spear, By Thy
4. By Thy weep-ing Moth-er's woe, By the

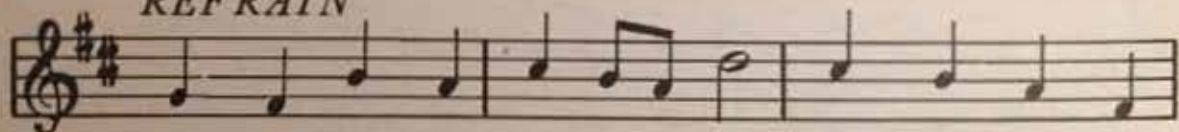


bit-ter ag-o-ny, By the scourge so
 scep-ter of a reed, By Thy foot-steps,
 peo-ple's cru-el jeer, By Thy dy-ing
 sword that pierc'd her through, When in an-guish,

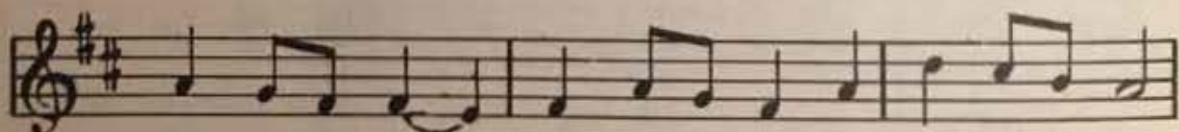


meek-ly borne, By Thy pur-ple robe of scorn:
 faint and slow, Weighed be-neath Thy cross of woe:
 prayer which rose Beg-ging mer-cy for Thy foes:
 stand-ing by, On the cross she saw Thee die:

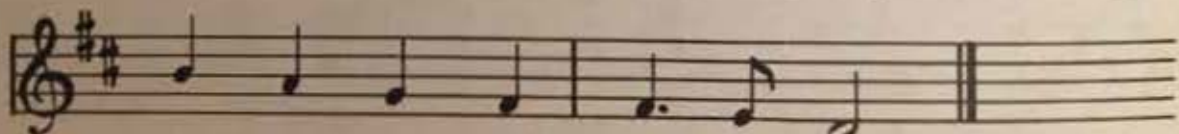
REFRAIN



Je-sus, Sav-ior, hear our cry! Thou wert suf-f'ring



once as we; Hear the lov-ing lit-a-ny



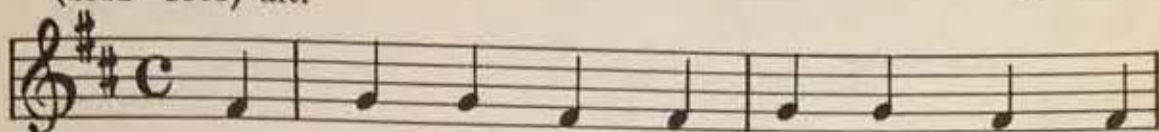
We, Thy chil-dren sing to Thee.

[Lent]

56A. O SOUL OF JESUS

Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863) alt.

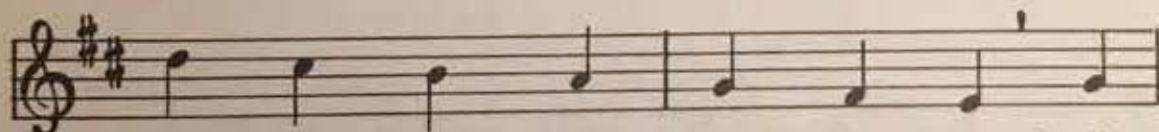
J. C. S.



1. O Soul of Je- sus, sick to death! Thy
2. Deep wa- ters have come in, O Lord, All
3. Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love Grant
4. And in temp- ta- tion make me see Thy



Blood and pray'r to- geth- er plead: My
dark- ly on Thy hu- man Soul; And
Thou to me a ho- ly fear; And
form be- neath the moon-pierc'd shade: My



sins have bowed Thee to the ground As
clouds of su- per- nat- ural gloom A-
give me of Thy flow- ing Blood To
lov- ing God out- stretched and bruis'd, And



storm winds bow the fee- ble reed.
round Thee are al- lowed to roll.
wash my guilt- y con- science clear!
bleed- ing on the earth He made.

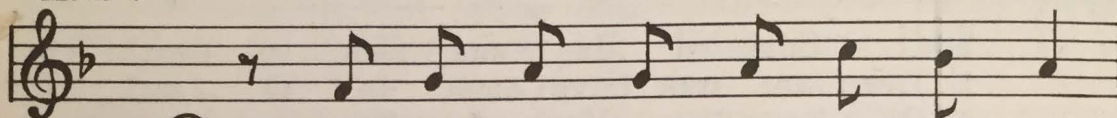
[Lent]

56B. STABAT MATER

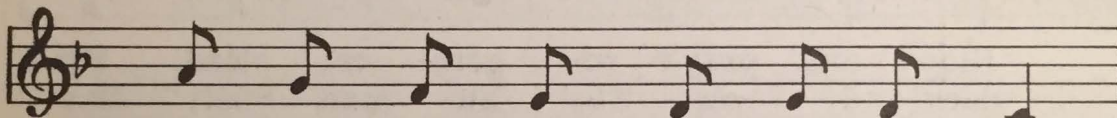
Jacopone da Todi (d. 1306)
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

Vatican Chant

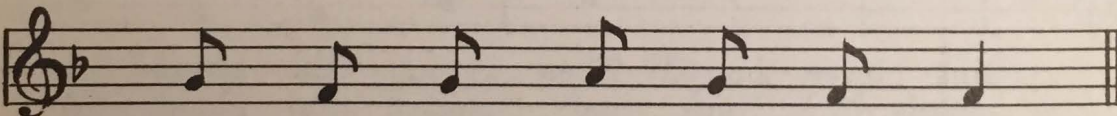
Mode 6



Ⓐ 1. Sta- bat Ma- ter do- lo- ró- sa
Ⓑ 1. At the Cross her sta- tion keep- ing,



Jux- ta cru- cem la- cri- mó- sa,
Stood the mourn- ful Moth- er weep- ing,



Dum pen- dé- bat Fí- li- us.
Close to Je- sus to the last.

2. Cujus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátam, et doléntem,
Pertransívit gládius.

3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigéniti!

4. Quæ mærébat, et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

2. Through her heart His sorrow shar-
ing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

3. O how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4. Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious Son.

5. Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplicio?
6. Quis non posset contristári,
Christi Matrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio?
7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllis súbditum.
8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spiritum.
9. Eia, Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam.
10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam.
11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.
12. Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum dívide.
13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec ego víxero.
14. Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre,
In planctu desídero.
15. Virgo vírginum præclára.
Mihi jam non sis amára,
Fac me tecum plángere.
16. Fac ut portem Christi mor-
tem,
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.
17. Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me cruci inebriári,
Et cruóre Filii.
18. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judicii.
19. Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,

Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ.
20. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen.
5. Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
6. Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?
7. Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.
8. For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.
9. O thou Mother, fount of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.
10. Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.
11. Holy Mother, pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.
12. Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.
13. Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him Who mourned for
me,
All the days that I may live.
14. By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
This I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request :
Let me share thy grief divine.
16. Let me, to my latest breath,

In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.
17. Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away.
18. Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment-day.
19. Christ, when Thou shalt call me
hence
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.
20. While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen

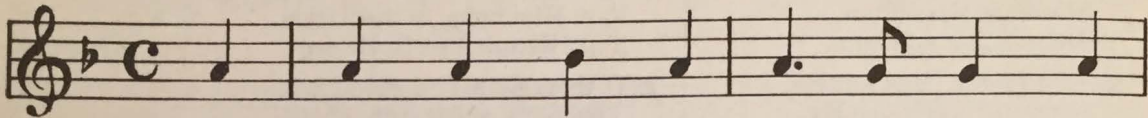
[Lent]

56C. THOU LOVING MAKER

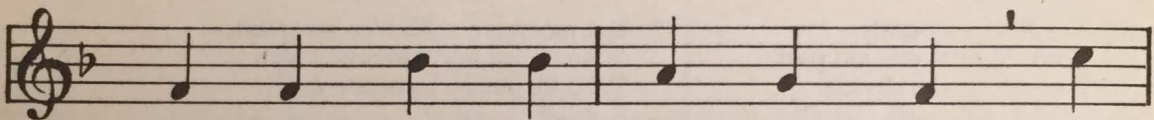
(*Audi benigne Conditor*)

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878) alt.

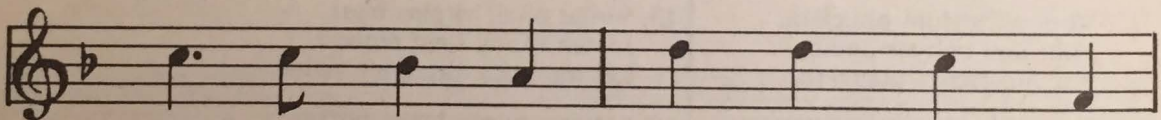
J. C. S.



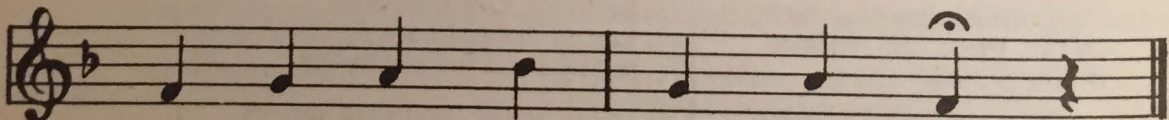
1. Thou lov- ing Mak- er of mankind, Be-
2. Our hearts are o- pen, Lord, to Thee; Thou
3. Oh, grant us, while by fasts we strive This
4. Hear us, O Trin- i- ty, thrice blest; Sole



fore Thy throne we pray and weep: Oh,
dost our ills and weak- ness know; Con-
mor- tal bod- y to con- trol, To
U- ni- ty, to Thee we cry: Grant



strengthen us with grace di- vine, That
trite a- gain, to Thee we turn, Do
fast from all the food of sin, And
us from fast- ing here be- low De-

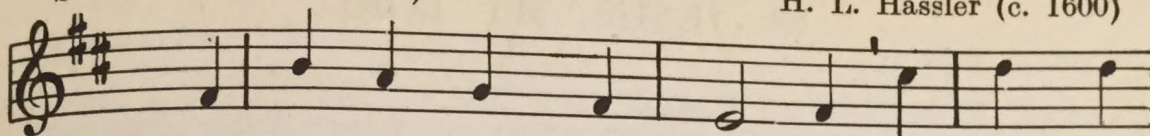


we this sa- cred Lent may keep.
Thou a- gain Thy mer- cy show.
so to pu- ri- fy the soul.
light and joy with Thee on high!

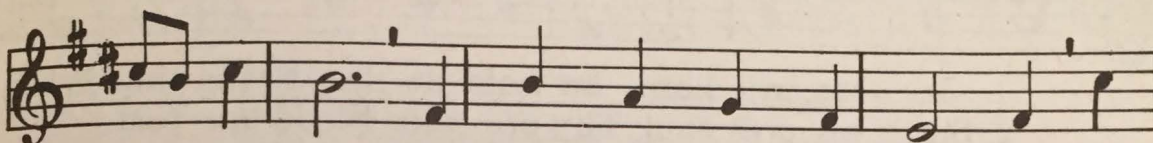
57. O SACRED HEAD

St. Bernard (1091—1153)

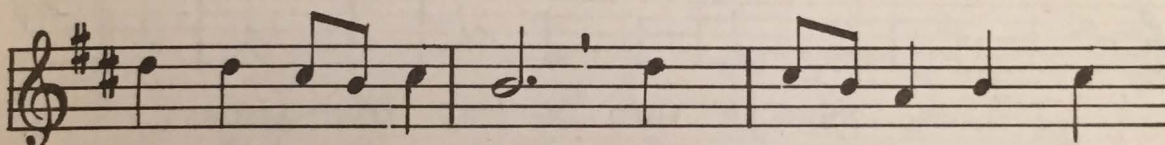
H. L. Hassler (c. 1600)



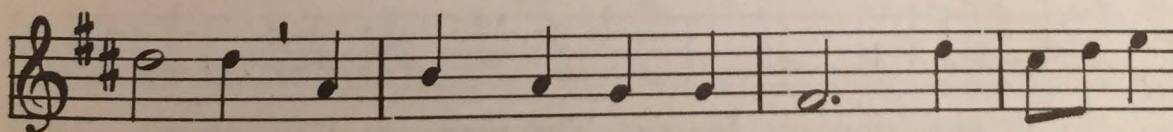
1. O Sa-cred Head sur-round-ed By crown of
2. I see Thy strength and vig-or All fad-ing
3. In this, Thy bit-ter Pas-sion, Good Shep-herd,



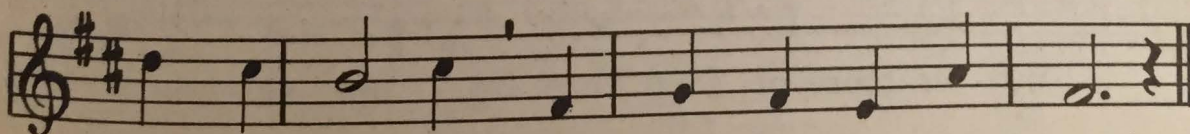
pierc-ing thorn! O bleed-ing Head, so wound-ed, Re-
in the strife, And death, with cru-el rig-or, Be-
think of me With Thy most sweet com-pas-sion, Un-



viled and put to scorn. Death's pal-lid hue comes
reav-ing Thee of life. O ag-o-ny and
wor-thy though I be; Be-neath Thy cross a-



o'er Thee, The glow of life de-cays. Yet an-gel
dy-ing! O love to sin-ners free! Je-sus, all
bid-ing, For-ev-er would I rest In Thy dear



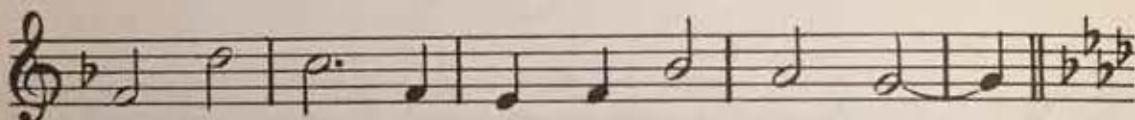
hosts a-dore Thee And trem-ble as they gaze!
grace sup-ply-ing, Oh, turn Thy face on me!
love con-fid-ing, And with Thy pres-ence blest!

58. JESUS, MY LORD

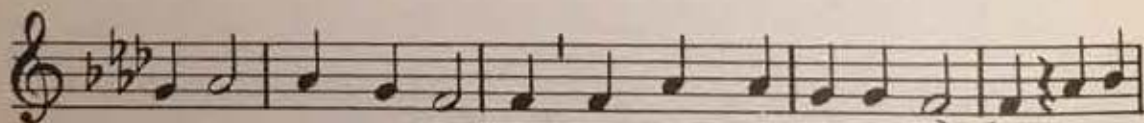
Rt. Rev. J. W. Chadwick .
(1841—1882)



1. Je- sus, my Lord, be- hold at length the time When
2. Since my poor soul Thy pre- cious Blood has cost,
3. Kneel- ing in tears, be- hold me at Thy feet; Like



I re- solve to turn a- way from crime.
Suffer it not for- ev- er to be lost.
Mag- da- len for- give- ness I en- treat.



O par- don me Je- sus, Thy mer- cy I im- plore; I will

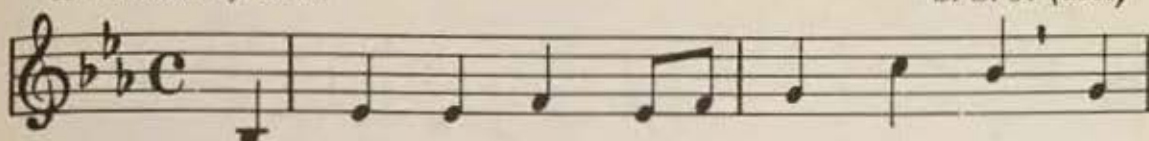


nev- er more of- fend Thee, No, nev- er more!

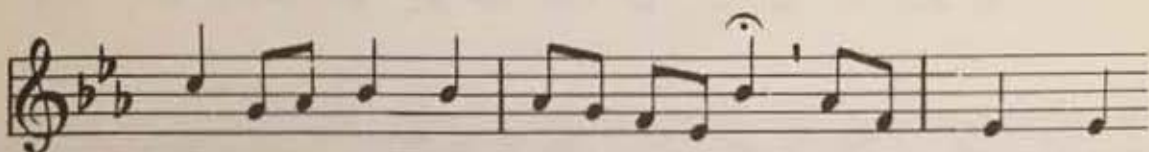
59. ROLL BACK YE HEAVENS

A. Reinhart, O. P.

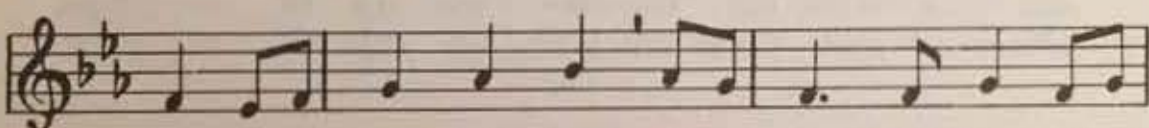
S. S. J. (arr.)



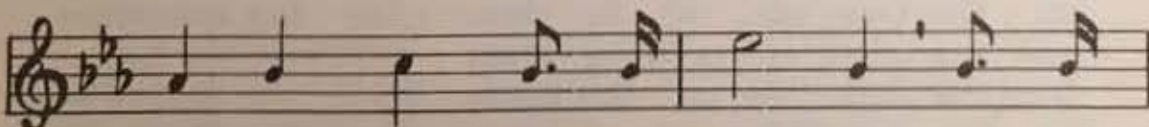
1. Roll back, ye heav'ns, your clouds of gloom, Re-
 2. Where once was dark-ness now is light, Where
 3. O soul of mine, how canst thou sin And



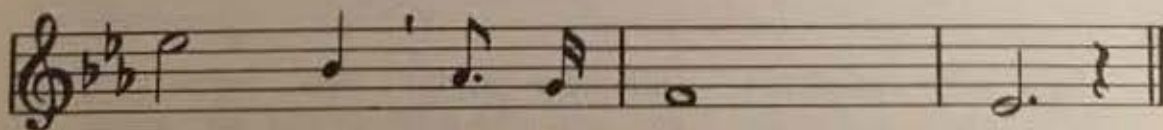
joice, o ransom'd world re-joice! Forth comes the
 death be-fore now throb-bing life! Where faint-ing
 keep the dead-ly shade of guilt! The light is



Vic-tor from His tomb, Greet Him and cry with
 then, now val-iant might And sooth-ing peace where
 thine, o en-ter in, And be with joy un-



glad-some voice: Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-
 all was strife: Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-
 ceas-ing filled: Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-

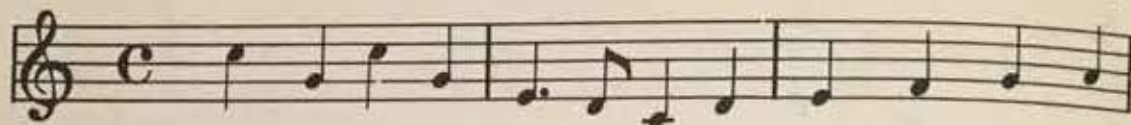


lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!
 lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!
 lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia!

60. ALLELUIA

Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878)

Richard Terry (arr.)



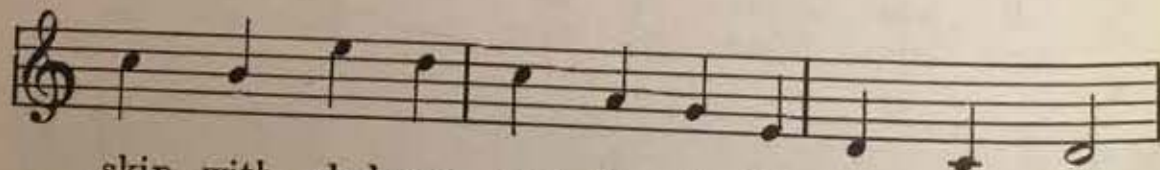
1. Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, let the ho- ly
2. Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, He en- dured the
3. Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, like the sun from
4. Al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, Bless- ed Je- sus,



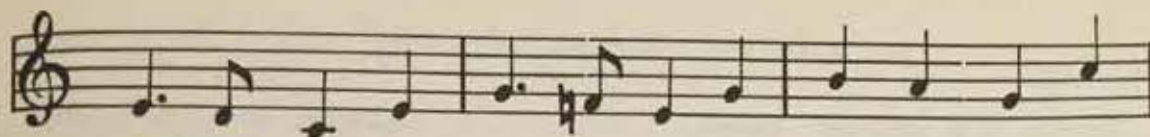
an- them rise, And the choirs of heaven chant it
 knotted whips, And the jeer- ing of the rab- ble
 out the wave, He has ris- en up in tri-umph
 make us rise From the life of this cor- rup- tion



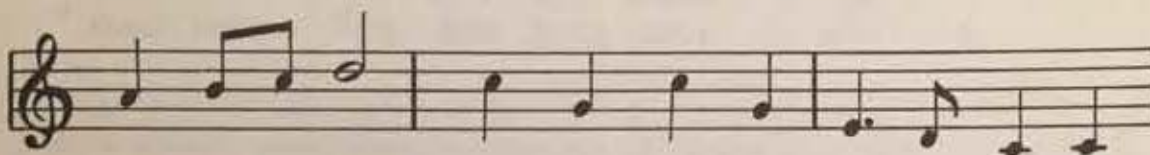
in the tem- ple of the skies: Let the mountains
 and the scorn of mocking lips; And the ter- rors
 from the dark- ness of the grave. He's the splen- dor
 to the life that nev- er dies. May we share with



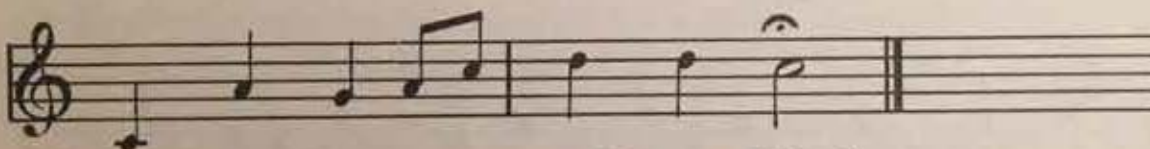
skip with gladness, and the joyful val- leys ring
 of the gib- bet up- on which He would be slain,
 of the na- tions, He's the Lamp of end- less day
 Thee Thy glo- ry when the days of time are past



With ho- san- nas in the high-est to our Saviour
 But His death was on- ly slum-ber: He is ris- en
 He's the ver- y Lord of glo- ry Who is ris- en
 And the dead shall be a-wak-ened by the trumpet's

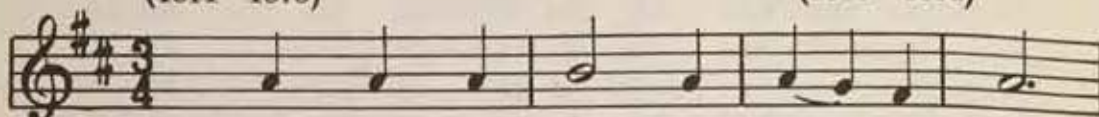


and our King: With ho- san- nas in the highest
 up a- gain: But His death was on- ly slumber:
 up to- day; He's the ver- y Lord of glo- ry
 mighty blast: And the dead shall be a-wak-ened

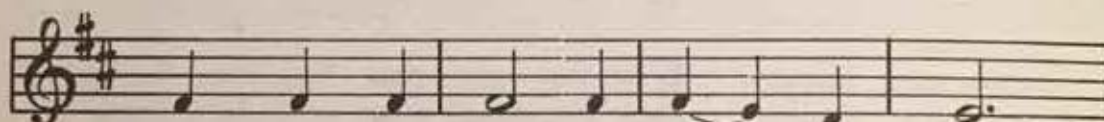


To our Saviour and our King!
 He is ris- en up a- gain!
 Who is ris- en up to- day!
 By the trumpet's mighty blast!

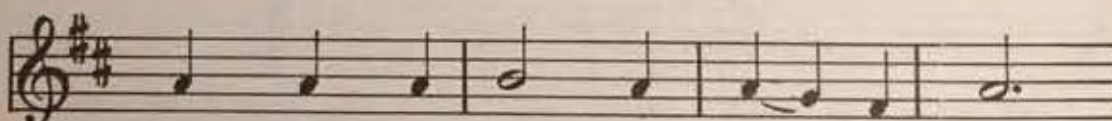
61. THE DAWN WAS PURPLING O'ER THE SKY

*(Aurora caelum purpurat)*Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)Adapted from Palestrina
(1525—1594)

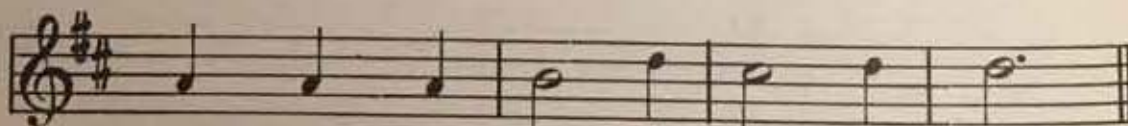
1. The dawn was pur-pling o'er the sky;
2. When our most val-iant, might-y King,
3. When He, whom stone and seal and guard
4. "Calm all your grief, and still your fears,"



With al-le-lu-ias rang the air;
 From death's a-byss in dread ar-ray
 Had safe-ly to the tomb con-signed,
 Hark! the des-cend-ing an-gel cries!



Earth held a glo-rious ju-bi-lee;
 Led the long-pris-oned Fa-thers forth
 Tri-um-phant rose and bur-ied death,
 "For Christ is ris-en from the dead,



Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce des-pair;
 In-to the beam of life and day.
 Deep in the grave He left be-hind.
 And death is slain, no more to rise."

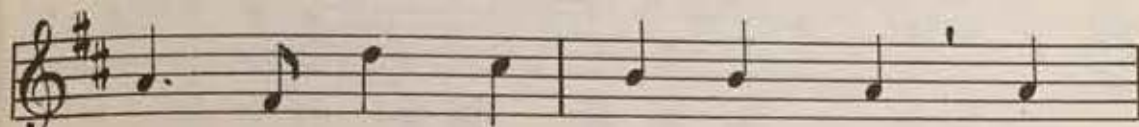
62. ALL HAIL, THOU CONQUEROR

Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863)

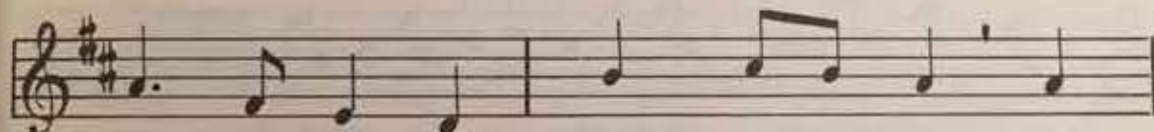
J. C. S.



1. All hail, Thou Con-quer- or, all hail! Oh,
2. Thou cam- est at the dawn of day And
3. How sang they in the heav'n-ly courts, How
4. Down, down, all loft- y things on earth, And



what a vic- to- ry is Thine! How
 throngs of souls a- round Thee were: Blest
 sang the an- gel choirs that day When
 wor- ship Him with joy- ous dread! O



beau- ti- ful Thy strength ap- pears, Thy
 spir- its com- ing to a- dore Thy
 from His tomb our might- y God, Like
 Sin! Thou art out- done by Love! O



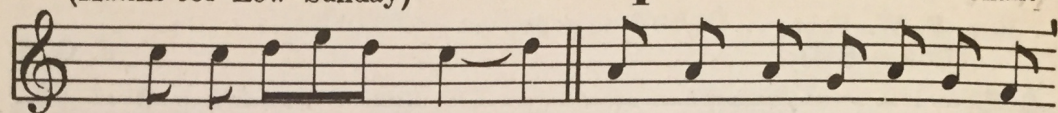
crim- son wounds, how bright they shine!
 won- drous Flesh, so bright, so fair!
 burst- ing sun- rise, broke a- way?
 Death! Thou art dis- com- fit- ed!

63. RESURREXIT

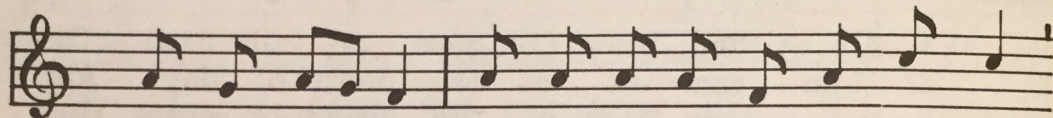
(Matins for Low Sunday)

1

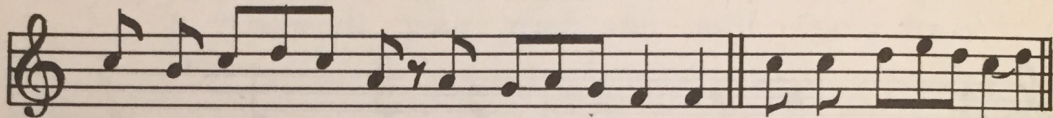
Vatican Chant



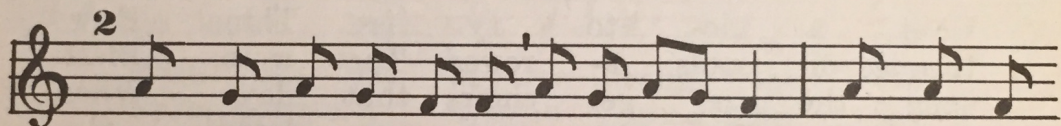
Al- le- lu- ia! La- pis re- vo- lu- tus est,



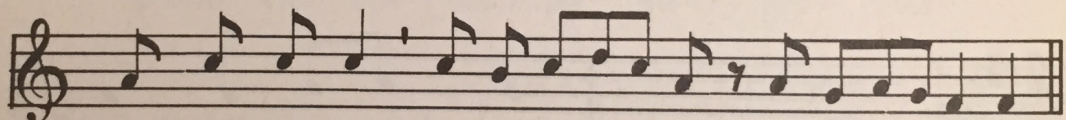
al- le- lu- ia! ab o- sti- o mo- nu- men- ti,



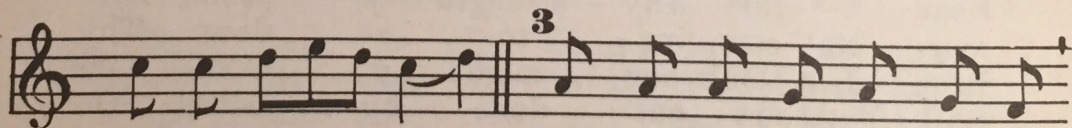
al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia!



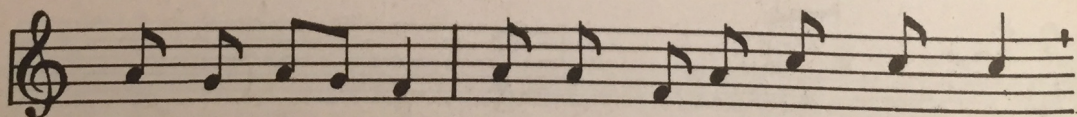
Quem quaeris mu- li- er? al- le- lu- ia! vi- ven- tem



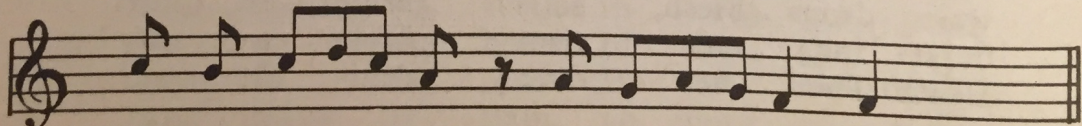
cum mor- tu- is, al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia!



Al- le- lu- ia! No- li fle- re Ma- ri- a!



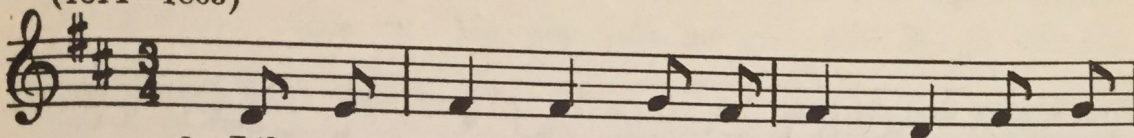
al- le- lu- ia! re- sur- rexit Do- mi- nus!



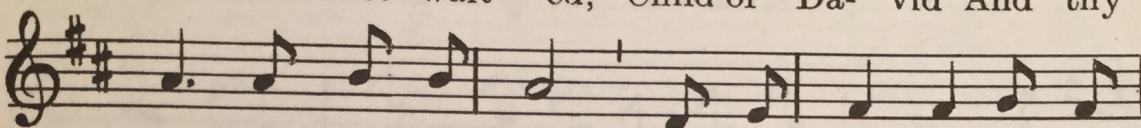
al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia!

64. LIKE THE DAWNING

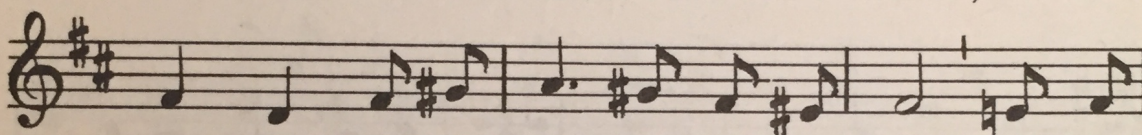
Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863)



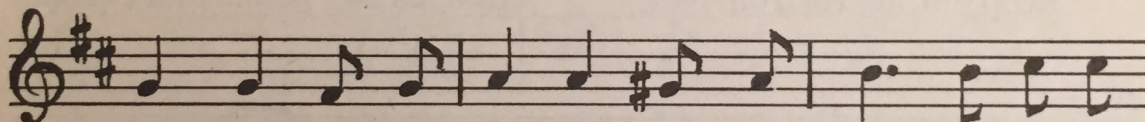
1. Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the
2. Thou wert hap-py, Bless-ed Moth-er, With the
3. Thou hast wait-ed, Child of Da-vid And thy



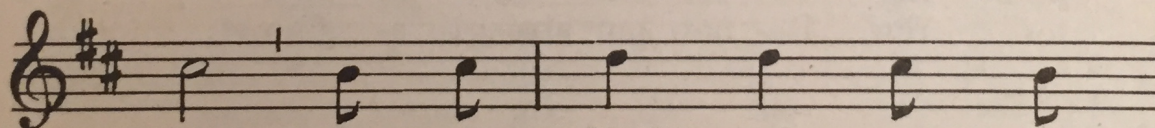
moun-tain's gold-en heights, Like the break-ing of the
ver-y bliss of heav'n, Since the an-gel's sal-u-
wait-ing now is o'er; Thou hast seen Him, Bless-ed



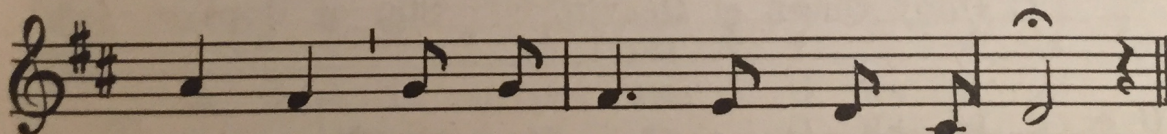
moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights; Like a
ta-tion In thy rap-tured ear was giv'n; Since the
Moth-er, And wilt see Him ev-er-more! Oh, His



se-cret told by an-gels Get-ting known up-on the
A-ve of that mid-night When thou wert a-noint-ed
Hu-man Face and Fea-tures, They were pass-ing sweet to



earth Is the Moth-er's ex-pec-
Queen, Like a riv-er o-ver-
see: Thou be-hold-est them this



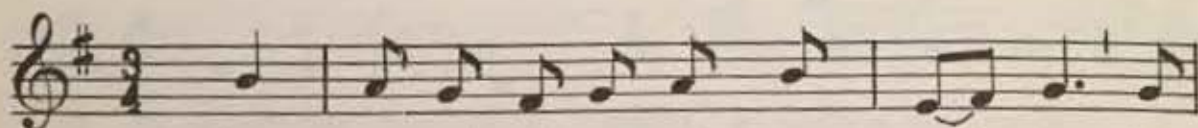
ta-tion Of Mes-si-ah's speed-y birth.
flow-ing Hath the grace with-in thee been.
mo-ment, Moth-er show them now to me!

65. EVENING HYMN TO OUR LADY

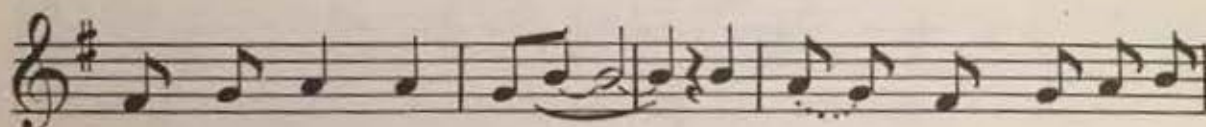
First stanza and refrain
adapted from a French hymn*;
second stanza original

Old French Melody
arr. by J. C. S.

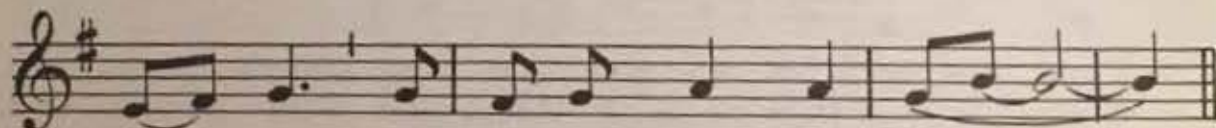
* *L'ombre s'étend sur la terre.*



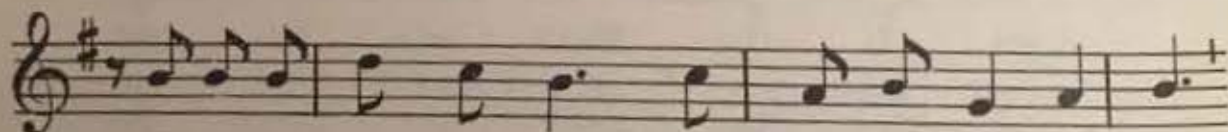
1. Soft- ly and still as night comes steal- ing, We
2. Guard us with love un- til the mor- row, And



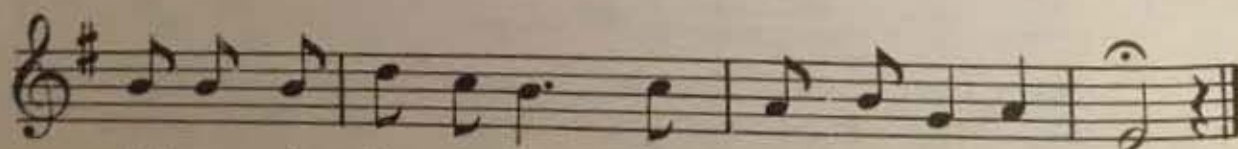
sing our ves- per lay; Sil- v'ry chimes of eve are
keep our hearts from pain; Give us thy peace and ban-ish



peal- ing: It is the end of day.
sor- row, Re- new our strength a- gain.



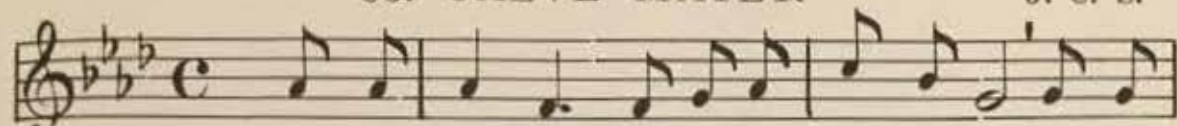
O Ho-ly Queen of Heav'n, O Star of Hope so fair!



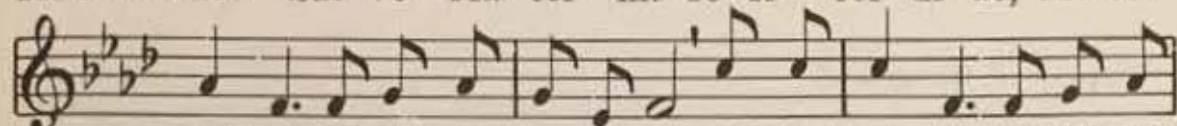
All grace to thee is giv'n, Hear thou our ev'-ning pray'r.

66. SALVE MATER

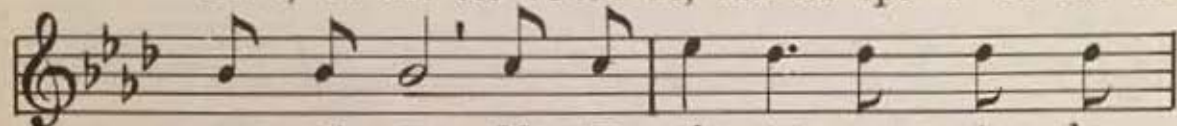
J. C. S.



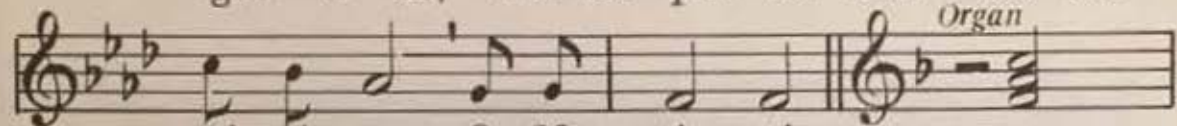
REFRAIN: Sal-ve Ma-ter mi-se-ri-cor-di-ae, Ma-ter



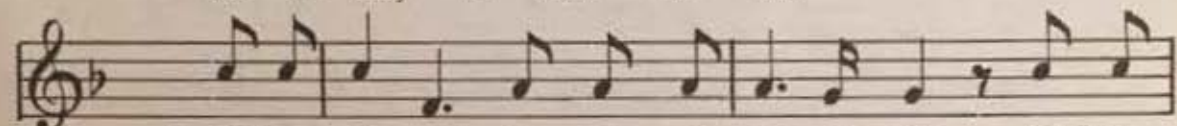
De-i, et Ma-ter ve-ni-ae, Ma-ter spe-i et Ma-ter



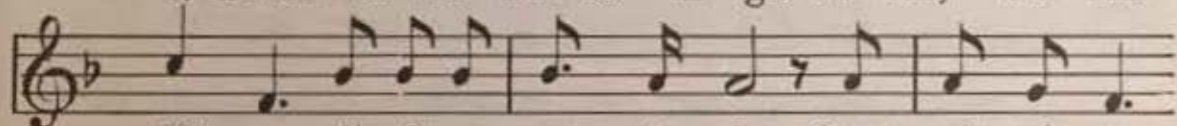
gra-ti-ae, Ma-ter ple-na sanc-tae lae-



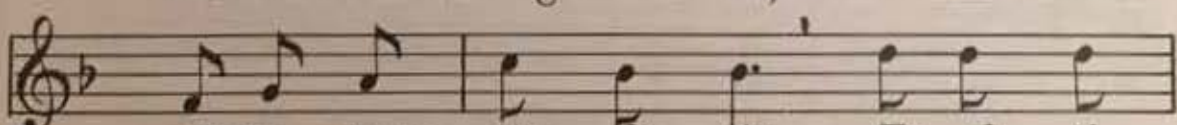
ti-ti-ae, O Ma-ri-a!



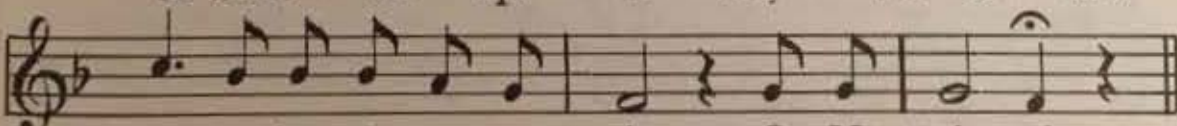
1. Salve de-cus hu-ma-ni ge-ne-ris, Salve
2. Salve fe-lix Vir-go pu-er-pe-ra; Nam qui
3. Te cre-a-vit Pa-ter in-ge-ni-tus, Ob-um-



Vir-go digni-or ce-te-ris, Quae vir-gi-nes
se-det in Pa-tris dex-te-ra, Cae-lum re-gens,
bra-vit te U-ni-ge-ni-tus, Fe-cun-da-vit



omnes trans-gre-de-ris, Et al-ti-
terram et ae-the-ra, Intra tu-
te Sanc-tus Spi-ri-tus, Tu es fac-



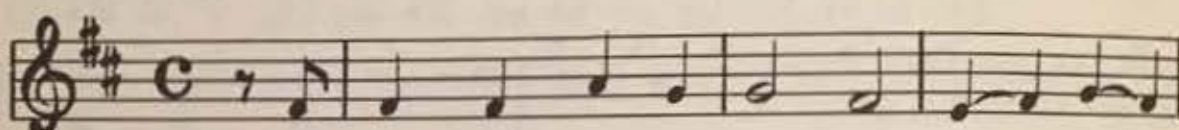
us sedes in su-pe-ris, O Ma-ri-a!
a se clausit visce-ra, O Ma-ri-a!
ta to-ta di-vi-ni-tus, O Ma-ri-a!

*Repeat Refrain.**Dedicated to the Sisters of Mercy, Worcester Mass.*

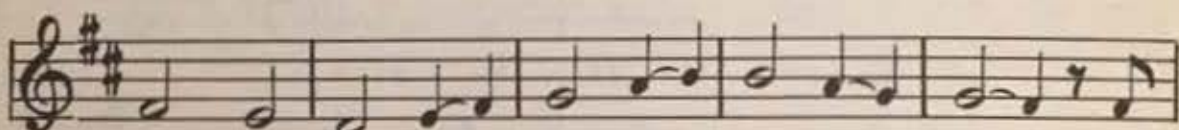
67. MEMORARE

Sisters of St. Joseph
Alt.

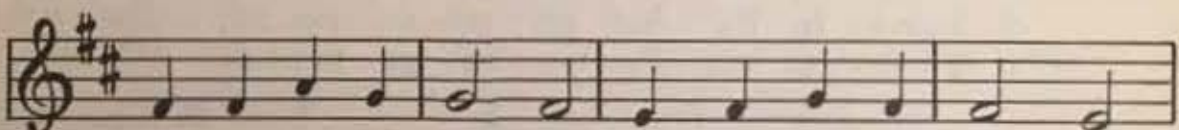
J. C. S.



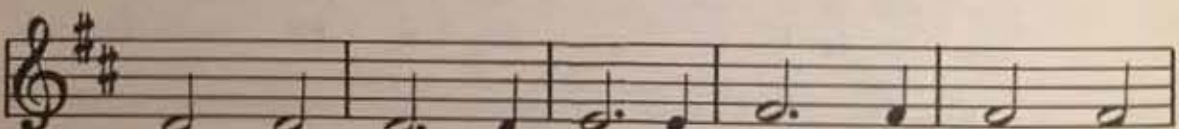
REFRAIN: Re- mem- ber, oh re- mem-ber, dear- est



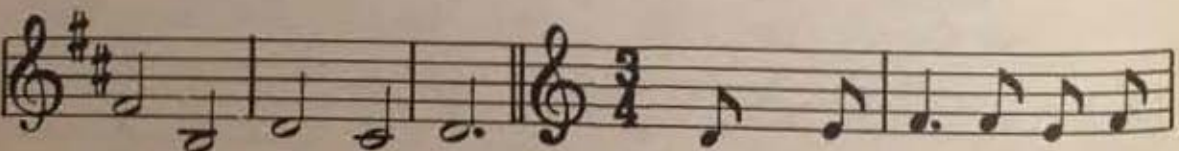
Moth- er, nev- er, nev- er was it known That



an- y sin or sor- row, trembling in thy sun- shine,

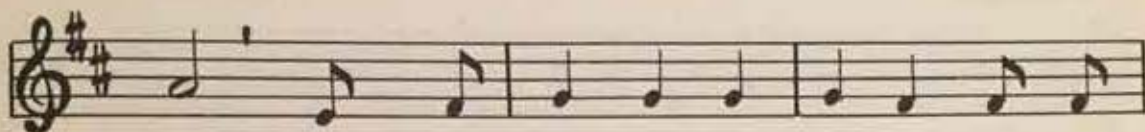


Told too oft' its wailing moan, or wept un-

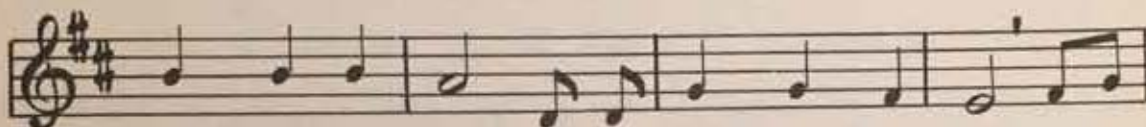


pit- ied or a- lone.

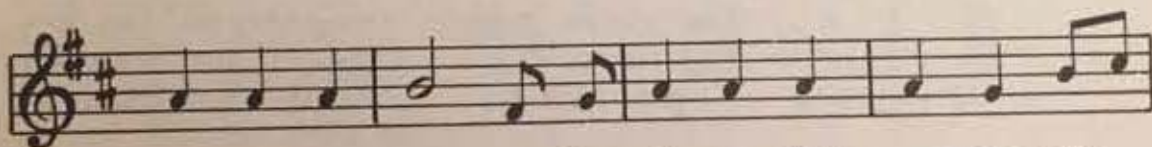
1. Through the a- ges that are
2. Thou art fair as the



past, Through the years that lie sleeping Cold and
stars, Thou art pure as the morn-ing, Thou art



dark in the tomb of the dead long a- go, No
strong as a host a- gainst e- vil foes cast, Yet



soul ev- er came in its de- so- late weep-ing In-
thy lov-ing heart, nev-er sad sin- ner scorning In-



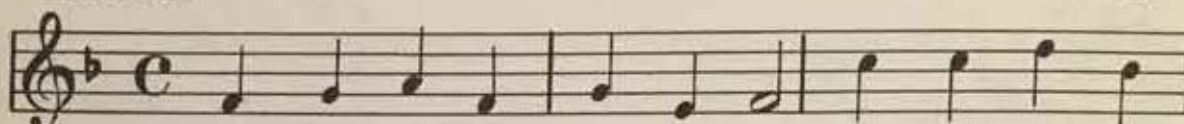
vok- ing in vain thy pit- y for its woe.
vites to its re- pose the fol- ly of the past.

Repeat Refrain.

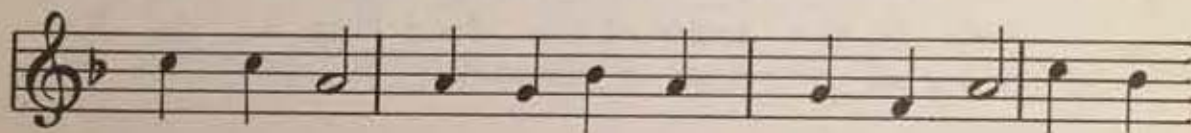
68. CONCORDI LAETITIA

Eastertide

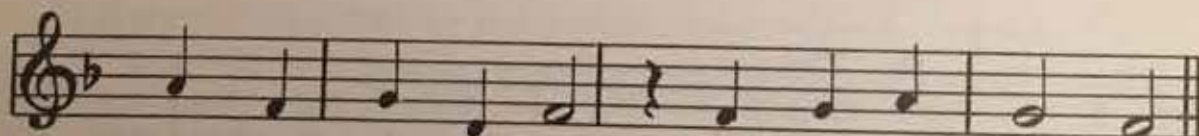
Modernized Chant



1. Con- cor- di lae- ti- ti- a, Pro- pul- sa mae-
 2. Que fe- li- ci gau- di- o, Re- sur- gen- te
 3. O Re- gi- na vir- gi- num, Vo- tis fa- ve



sti- ti- a Ma- ri- ae prae- co- ni- a Re- co-
 Do- mi- no, Flo- ru- it ut li- li- um Vi- vum
 sup- pli- cum, Et post mor- tis sta- di- um Vi- tae



lat Ec- cle- si- a, Vir- go Ma- ri- a!
 cer- nens Fi- li- um, Vir- go Ma- ri- a!
 con- fer prae- mi- um, Vir- go Ma- ri- a!

69. O VIRGO PULCHERRIMA

(Pothier, *Cantus Marialès*, 1903)

O Vir-go pul-chérri-ma, O Ma-ter mel-lí-flu-a,

O De-i fí-li-a! O stel-la clarís-si-ma,

O ro-sa pu-rís-si-ma, O pascens lí-li-a!

O lu-men lú-mi-num, O flos con-vál-lium,

O la-bis nés-ci-a! O de-cus vír-gi-num,

O spes fi-dé-li-um, O ple-na grá-ti-a!

Fac nos tu-um Fí-li-um a-má-re in

per-pé-tu-um, Ma-ter pi-a! Ac perduc in

gaú-di-um o-lým-pi su-a-vís-si-mum, O Ma-rí-a!

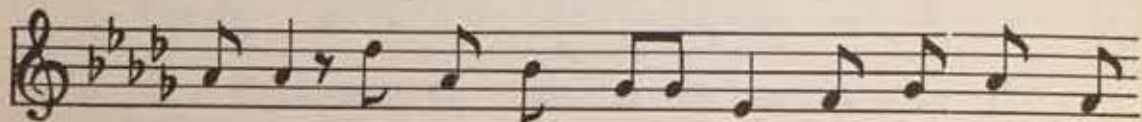
70. HAIL QUEEN OF HEAVEN

(Salve Regina)

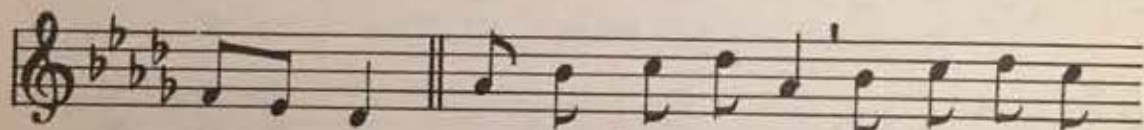
Tr. J. C. S.

From Trinity to Advent
Vatican Chant

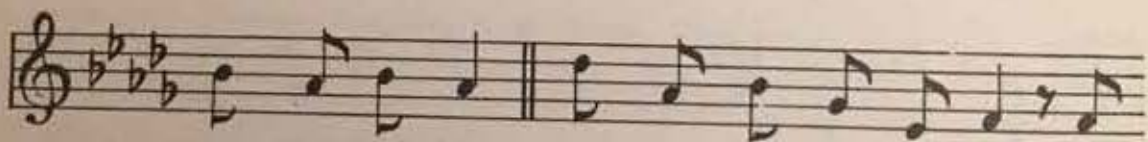
Hail, Queen of heav-en, thou, our moth-er com-pas-



sion-ate, our life, our com- fort and our hope, we



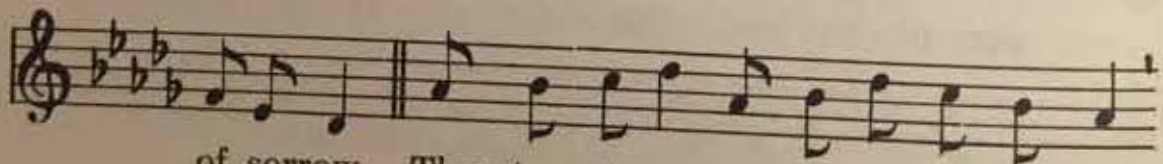
greet thee! To thee we exiles, children of Eve,



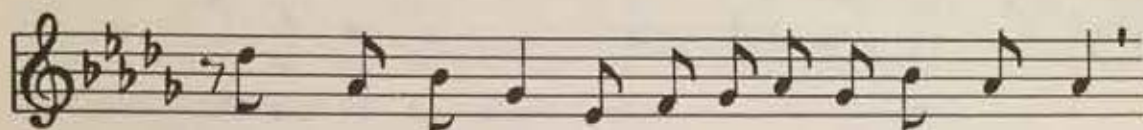
raise our voices. Our sighs to thee a- rise, as



mourning and weeping, we pass through this vale



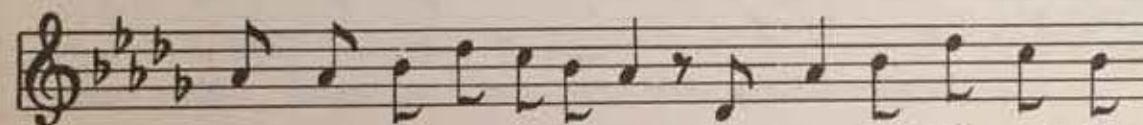
of sorrow. Then turn to us, O thou gracious La-dy,



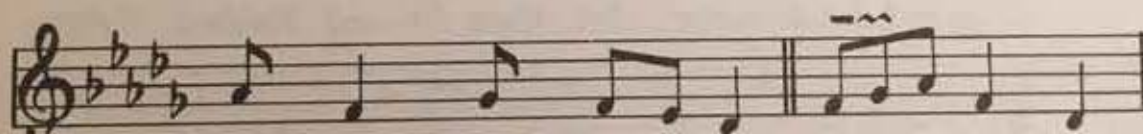
those eyes of thine, so full of mercy from a- bove,



so full of pit- y. And do thou, after these,



our days of lonely exile, show us thy Blessed Son



and Lord, Christ Je- sus. O gen- tle:



O _____ lov- ing: O _____ Ma- ry,



sweet vir- gin Moth- er!

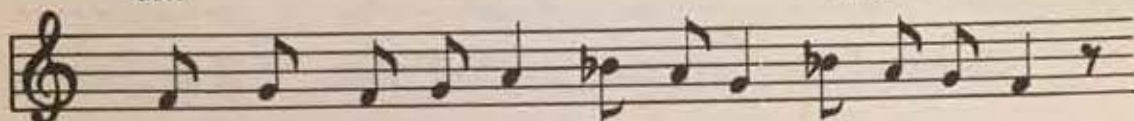
71. GRACIOUS MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOR (Alma Redemptoris Mater)

Tr. J. C. S.

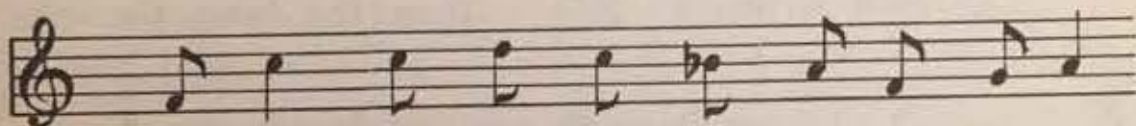
From Advent to Purification
Vatican Chant

Gra - cious Moth- er of our Sav- ior,
gate-way of hea-ven e'er a- bid- ing, and Star
of O- cean, lend thine aid to mortals, who,
though falling, try to rise a- gain. Na- ture
gazed in won-der: lo! thou blessed Maiden, bring-
ing forth the God who made thee! Ho- ly
Virgin! so thou didst re- main af-ter Gab-riel's
joy-ous cry, that ce- les- tial A- ve: un- to
sin- ners show thy pit- y.

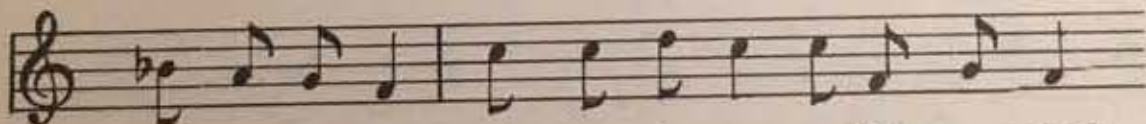
72. O QUEEN OF HEAVEN

*(Regina Caeli)*Tr. Canon Douglas
alt.From Easter to Trinity
Vatican Chant

O Queen of heav-en, be joy-ful, al-le-lu-ia:



For He whom thou hast meet-ly borne for us,

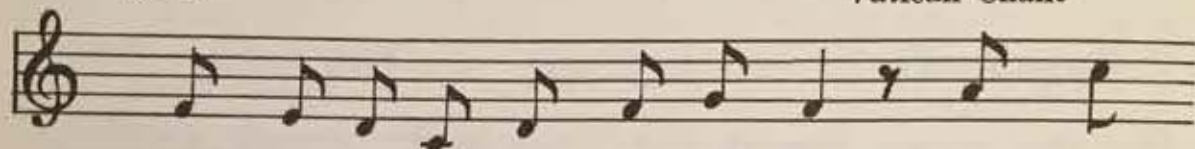


al-le-lu-ia, Hath a-ris-en, as He prom-ised,

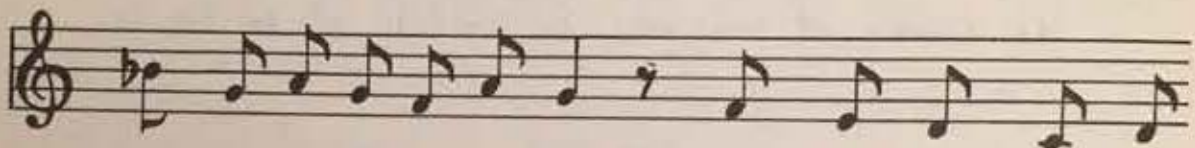


al-le-lu-ia, Of-fer thou our pray'r to God, al-le-lu-ia.

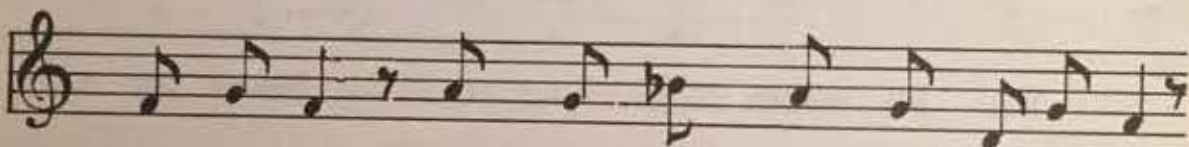
73. QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS

*(Ave Regina caelorum)*Tr. by Canon Douglas
(alt.)From Purification to Easter
Vatican Chant

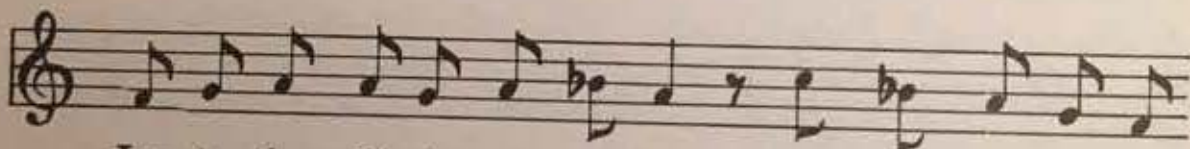
Queen of the heav-ens, we hail thee, Hail thee,



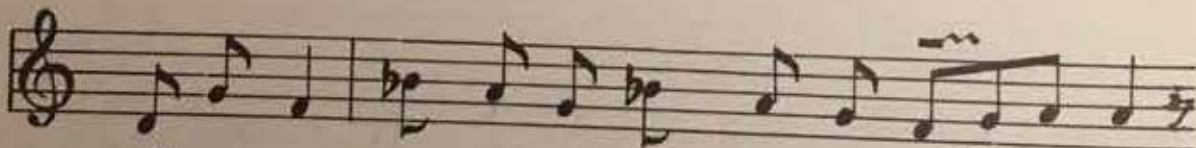
La- dy of all the an- gels, Thou, the dawn, the door



of morn-ing, Whence the world's true light is ris- en.



Joy to thee, O glo-rious Vir-gin, Beau- ti- ful beyond

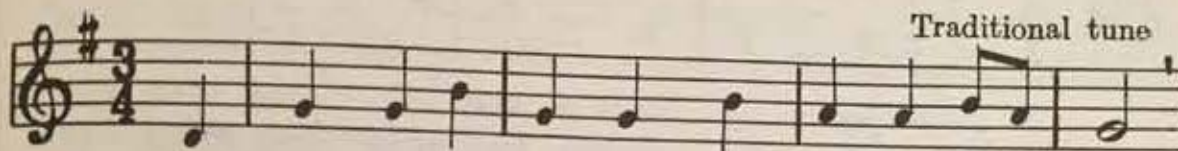


all wo-men, Hail and fare-well, O most gra - cious,



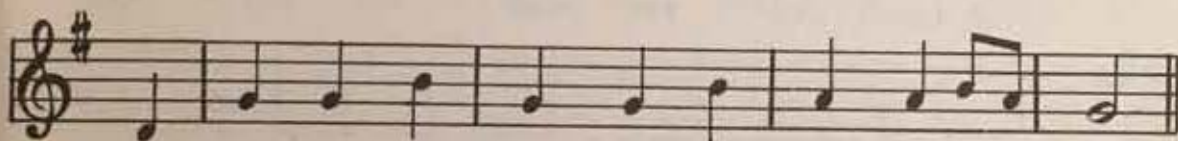
In- ter- cede for us always to Je- sus.

74. LOURDES HYMN



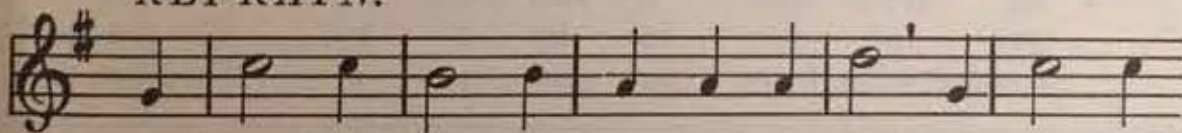
Traditional tune

1. Hail Queen of the Heavens, Hail Mis-tress of earth:
2. Clear Star of the morn-ing In beau-ty en-shrined,
3. Hail Moth-er, the pur-est, Hail Vir-gin re-nowned,
4. A-bove all the an-gels In glo-ry un-told,



Hail Vir-gin most pure Of Im-mac-u-late birth.
 O La-dy make speed To the help of man-kind.
 Hail Queen with the stars As a di-a-dem crowned.
 Next on-ly to Je-sus In ves-ture of gold.

REFRAIN:



A - ve, A - ve, A - ve Ma - ri - a, A - ve, A -



ve, A - ve Ma - ri - a!

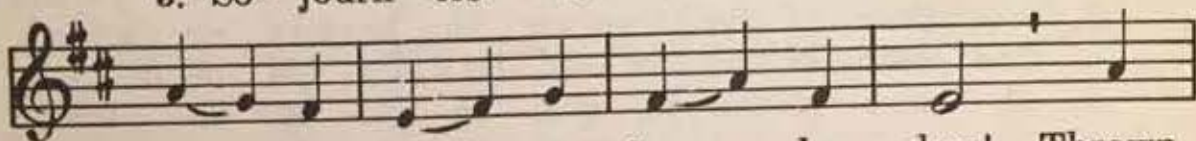
75. HAIL QUEEN OF HEAVEN

(Salve Regina)

Traditional tune

Tr. Rev. John Lingard
(1771—1851)

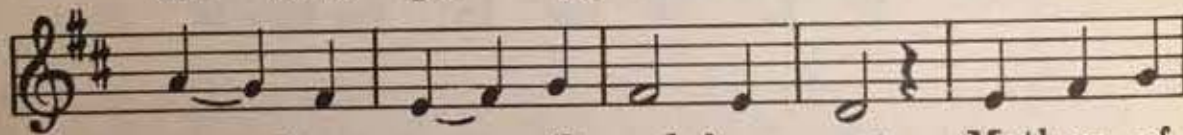
1. Hail Queen of heav'n, the o- cean star, Guide
 2. Oh, gen- tle, chaste and spot- less Maid, We
 3. So- journ- ers in this vale of tears, To



of the wand'r- er here be- low! Thrown
 sin- ners make our pray'rs through thee; Re-
 thee, blest Ad- vo- cate we cry: Our



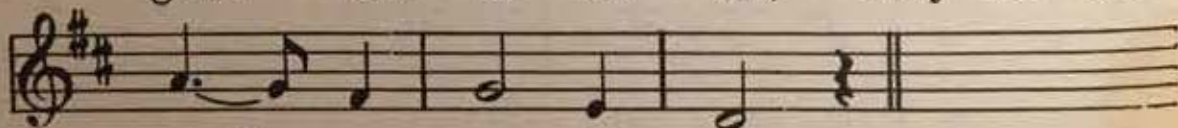
on life's surge, We claim thy care; Save
 mind thy Son That He has paid The
 sor- rows pit- y, calm our fears And



us from per- il and from woe. Moth-er of
 price of our in- iq- ui- ty. Vir- gin most
 soothe with hope our mis- er y. Re- fuge in



Christ, Star of the sea, Pray for the
 pure, Star of the sea, Pray for the
 grief. Star of the sea, Pray for the

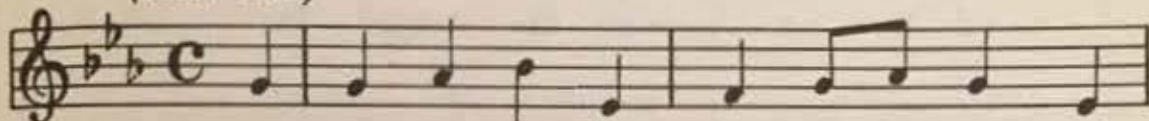


wand'r- er, pray for me!
 sin- ner, pray for me!
 mourn- er, pray for me!

76. O SION, OPEN WIDE THY GATES

*(Templi sacratas pande)*Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

J. C. S.



1. O Si- on o- pen wide thy gates, Let
 2. No more the sim- ple flock shall bleed: Be-
 3. In si- lence knelt the Moth- er blest Of

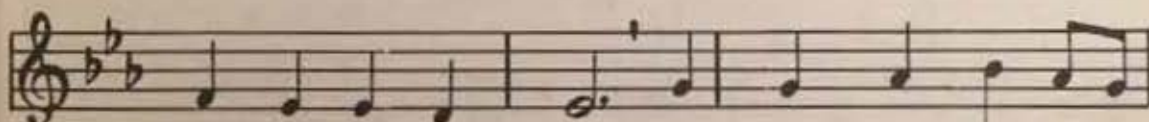
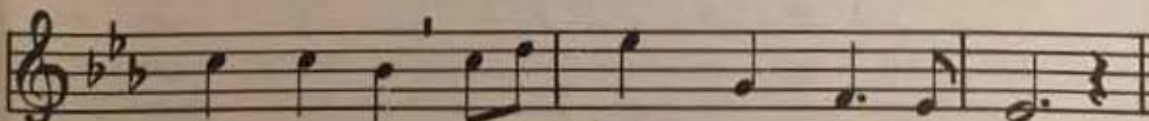


fig-ures dis- ap- pear: A Priest and Vic- tim
 hold the Fa-ther's Son Him- self to His own
 that yet si- lent Word, And pond'-ring all things

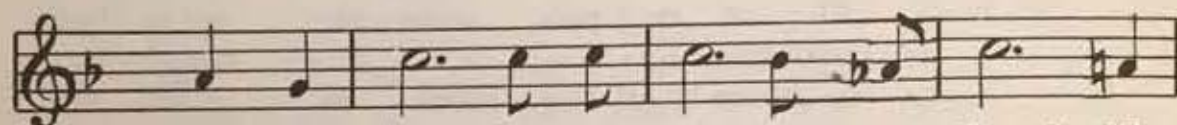


both in one, The Truth Him- self is here.
 al- tar comes For sin- ners to a- tone.
 in her heart, With speech- less praise a- dored.

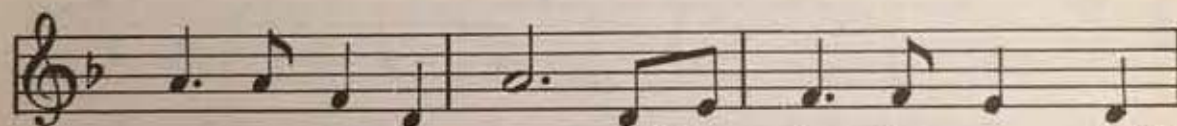
77. O MAGNIFY THE LORD

Sister M. Justina, S. S. J.
(arr.)

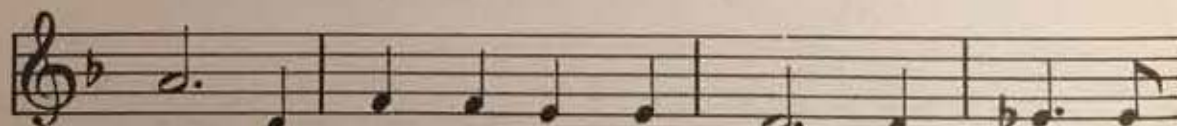
1. O mag-ni-fy the Lord, Break forth in
 2. My low-li-ness He sought, On me His



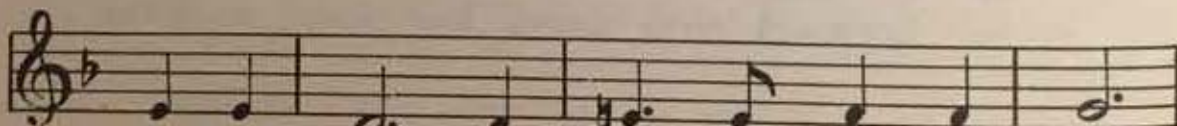
songs my voice, In my Sav-ior a-dored My
 eyes He cast, And in me He hath wrought A



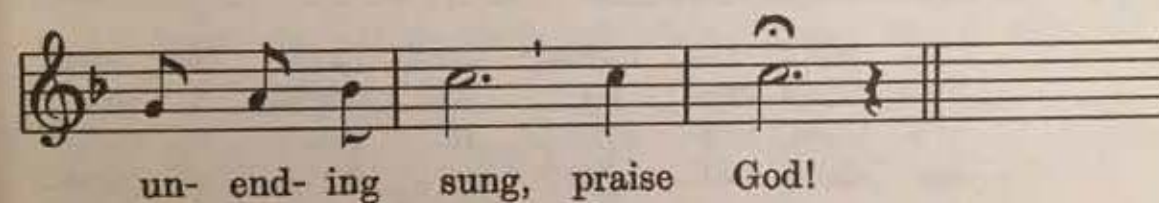
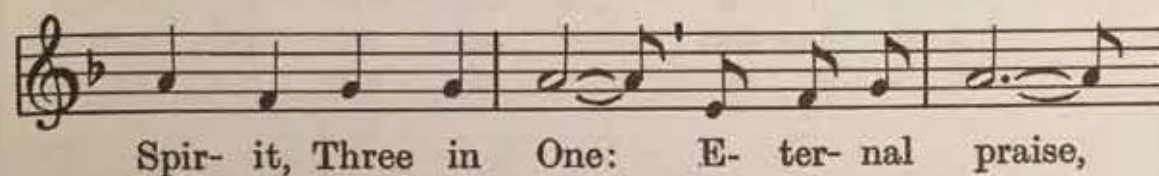
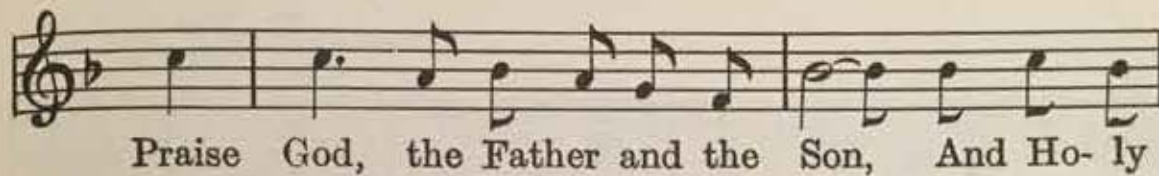
spir-it doth re-joice; While time its course shall
 won-der un-sur-passed; His mer-cies to the



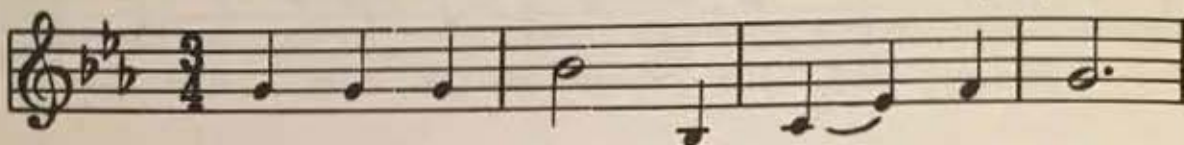
run, All ag-es shall pro-claim What God hath
 just From age to age He shows, But hum-bles



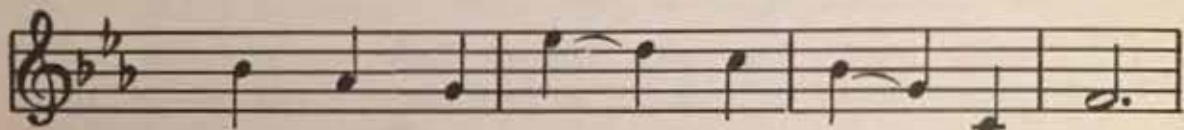
in me done, And bless-ed call my name.
 to the dust His proud and haugh-ty foes.

REFRAIN:

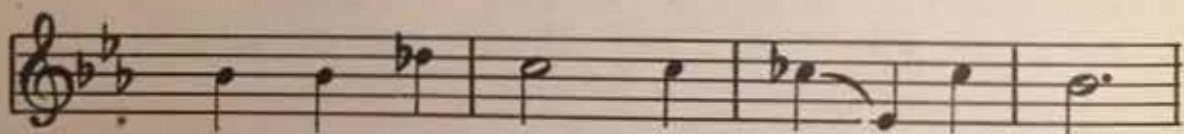
78. O GLORIOUS MAID

*(O gloriosa virginum and Quem terra, pontus)*Fr. Finn, C. S. P.
(arr.)

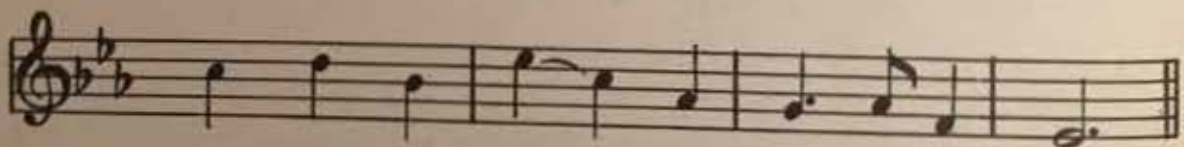
1. O glo- rious Maid, en- thron'd on high,
 2. Lo! in a hum- ble vir- gin's womb,
 3. To thee was sent an an- gel down,
 4. O Je- su, born of vir- gin bright,



A- bove the lights that deck the sky!
 O'er- shad-owed by Al- might- y pow'r;
 In thee the Spir- it was en- shrined;
 Im- mor- tal glo- ry be to thee:



O Maid, at whose ma- ter- nal breast
 He whom the stars and sun and moon,
 From thee came forth that Might- y One,
 Praise to the Fa- ther in- fi- nite,

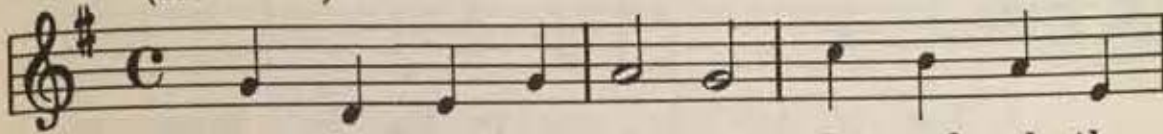


Thy in- fant Mak- er fed, ca- ressed.
 Each serve in their ap- point- ed hour.
 The long- de- sir'd of all man- kind.
 And Ho- ly Ghost e- ter- nal- ly.

79. HAIL THOU STAR OF OCEAN

*(Ave Maris Stella)*Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

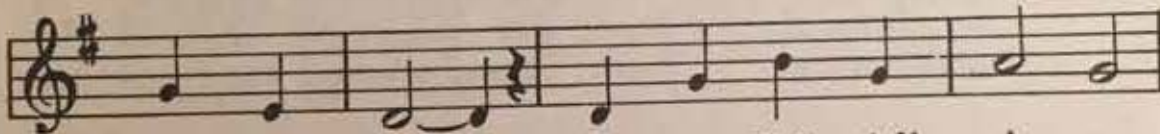
E. G. Hurley



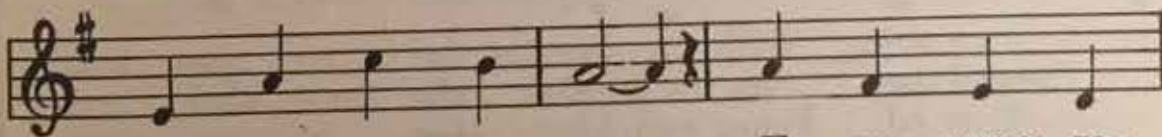
1. Hail, thou star of o- cean, Por- tal of the
 2. Break the cap- tives' fet- ters, Light on blind-ness
 3. Vir- gin of all vir- gins, To thy shel- ter



sky, Ev- er vir- gin Moth- er Of the
 pour; All our ills ex- pel- ling, Ev'-ry
 take us, Gen- tlest of the gen- tle, Chaste and



Lord most high! Oh, by Gab- riel's A- ve,
 bliss im- plore. Show thy-self a moth- er,
 gen- tle make us. Still, as on we jour- ney,



Ut- tered long a- go, E- va's name re-
 Of- fer Him our sighs, Who for us in-
 Help our weak en- deavor, Till with thee and

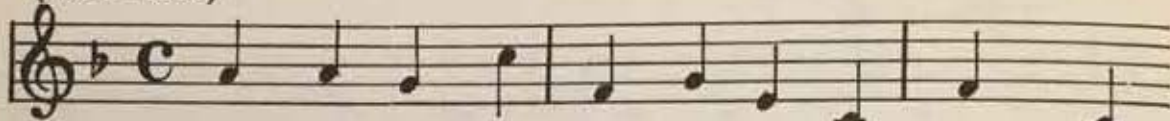


vers- ing, Give us peace be- low.
 car- nate Did not thee des- pise.
 Je- sus We re- joice for- ev- er.

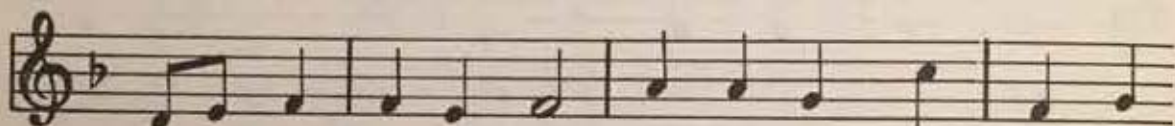
80. DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY

Father Faber
(1814—1863)

Traditional tune



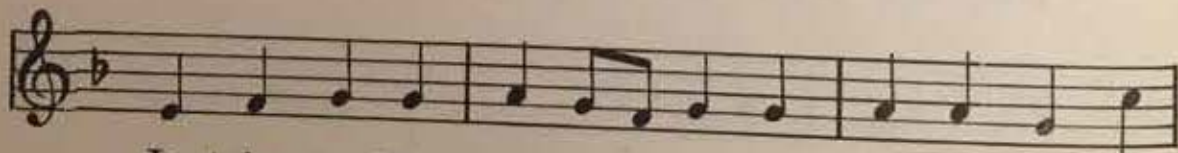
1. Dai- ly, dai- ly sing to Ma- ry, Sing, my
2. She is might- y to de- liv- er, Call her,
3. Sing, my tongue, the Vir- gin's trophies, Who for
4. All my sen- ses, heart, af- fec- tions, Strive to



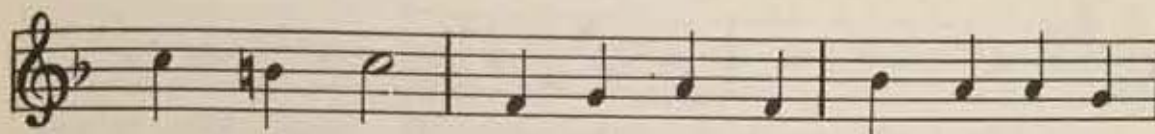
soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her ac- tions
trust her lov- ing- ly; When the tem- pest rag- es
us her Mak- er bore; For the curse of old in-
sound her glo- ry forth: Spread a- broad the sweet me-



wor- ship With a heart's de- vo- tion true.
round thee She will calm the trou- bled sea.
flict- ed, Peace and bless- ing to re- store.
mo- rials, Of the Vir- gin's price- less worth.



Lost in wond'ring con- tem- pla- tion Be her ma- jes-
Gifts of heav- en she has giv- en, No- ble La- dy,
Sing in songs of praise un- end- ing, Sing the world's ma-
Where the voice of mu- sic thrilling, Where the tongue of



ty con-fessed: Call her Moth - er, call her Vir-gin,
to our race: She the Queen who decks her sub-jects
jes- tic Queen; Wea- ry not nor faint in tell- ing
el- o- quence, That can ut- ter hymns be-seem-ing

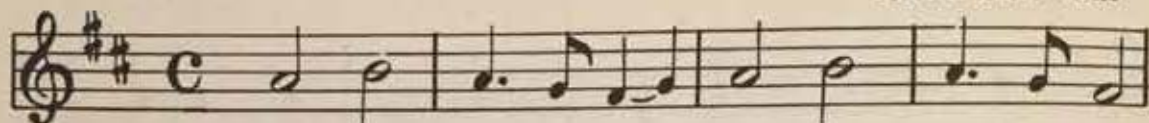


Hap- py Moth- er, Vir- gin blest!
With the light of God's own grace.
All the gifts she gives to men.
All her matchless ex- cel- lence?

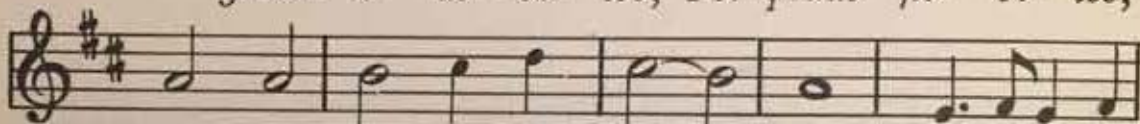
81. O MOST HOLY ONE

(O Sanctissima)

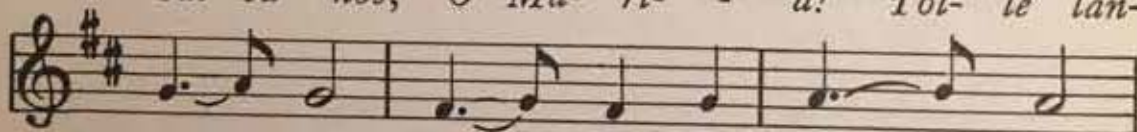
Traditional tune



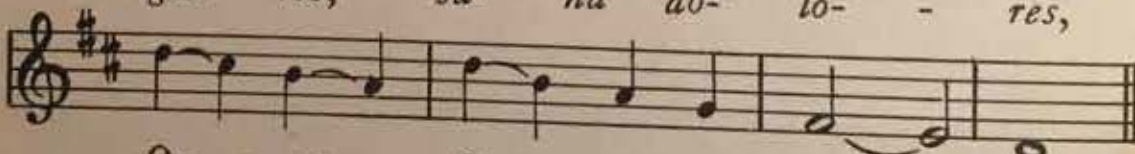
- (A) 1. O most ho-ly-one, O most low-ly one,
 2. Help in sad-ness drear, Port of glad-ness near,
 3. Call we fear-ful-ly, Sad-ly, tear-ful-ly,
 (B) 1. O Sanc-tis-si-ma, O pi-is-si-ma,
 2. Tu so-la-ti-um, Et re-fu-gi-um,
 3. Ec-ce de-bi-les, Per quam fle-bi-les,



Dear-est Vir-gin, Ma-ri-a! Moth-er of
 Vir-gin Moth-er, Ma-ri-a! In pit-y
 Save us now, O Ma-ri-a! Let us not
 Dul-cis Vir-go, Ma-ri-a! Ma-ter a-
 Vir-go Ma-ter Ma-ri-a! Quid-quid op-
 Sal-va nos, O Ma-ri-a! Tol-le lan-



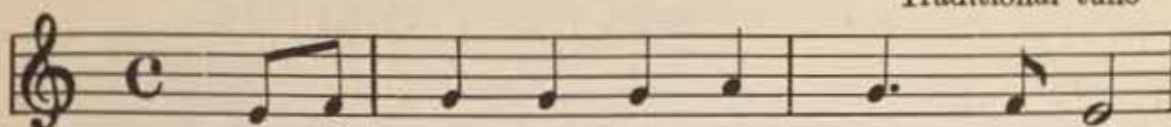
fair love, Home of the Spir-it Dove,
 heed-ing, Hear thou our plead-ing,
 lan-guish, Heal thou our an-guish,
 ma-ta, in-te-me-ra-ta,
 ta-mus, per-te-spe-ra-mus,
 guo-res, sa-na do-lo-res,



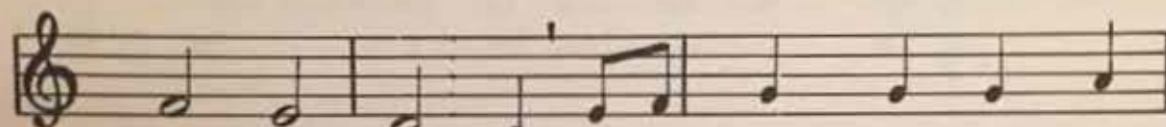
O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.
 O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.
 O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.
 O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.
 O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.
 O - ra, O - ra pro no - bis.

82. HAIL, HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

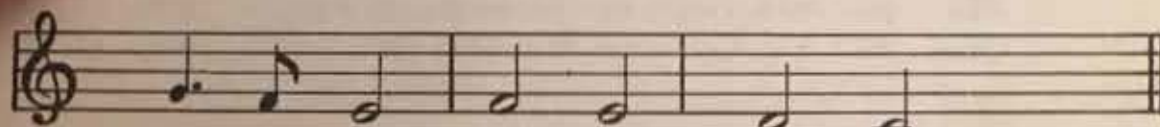
Traditional tune



1. Hail, Ho- ly Queen en- throned a- bove,
 2. Our life, our sweetness here be- low,
 3. To thee we cry, poor sons of Eve,
 4. Turn, then, most gra- cious Ad- vo- cate.

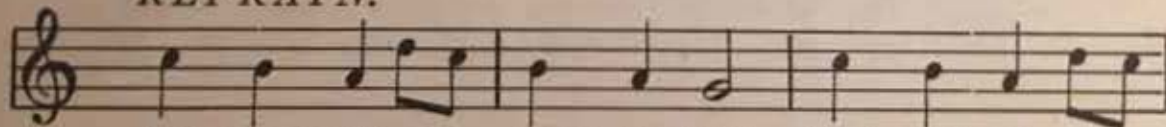


O Ma- ri- a, Hail Mother of mer- cy
 O Ma- ri- a, Our hope in sor- row
 O Ma- ri- a, To thee we sigh, we
 O Ma- ri- a, Towards us thine eyes com-

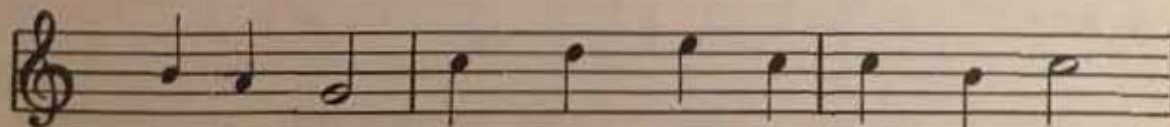


and of love, O Ma- ri- a.
 and in woe, O Ma- ri- a.
 mourn, we grieve, O Ma- ri- a.
 pas- sion- ate, O Ma- ri- a.

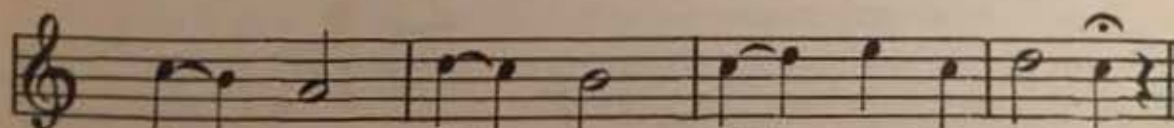
REFRAIN:



Tri- umph all ye Cher- u- bim. Sing with us, ye



Ser- a- phim: Heav'n and earth re- sound the hymn:



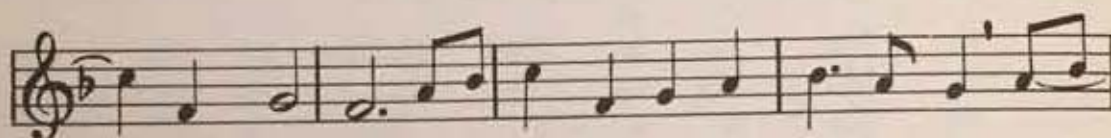
Sal- ve, Sal- ve, Sal- ve, Re- gi- na.

83. SALVE, REGINA CAELITUM

Traditional tune

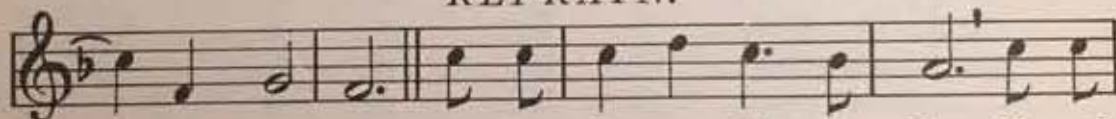


1. Sal- ve, Re- gi- na cae- li- tum, O
 2. Ma- ter mi- se- ri- cor- di- ae, O
 3. Tu vi- tae lux, fons gra- ti- ae, O

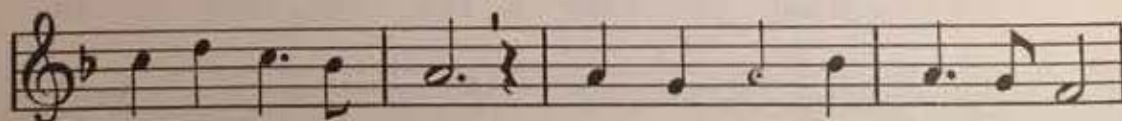


Ma- ri- a! Sors u- ni- ca ter- ri- ge- num, O
 Ma- ri- a! Dul- cis pa-rens cle- men- ti- ae, O
 Ma- ri- a! Cau- sa no- strae lae- ti- ti- ae, O

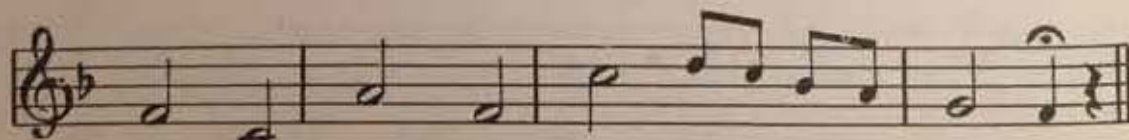
REFRAIN:



Ma- ri- a! Ju- bi- la- te, Che- ru- bim, Ex-sul-
 Ma- ri- a!
 Ma- ri- a!



ta- te Se- ra- phim! Con- so- nan- te per- pe- tim:



Sal- ve, Sal- ve, Sal- ve Re- gi- na!

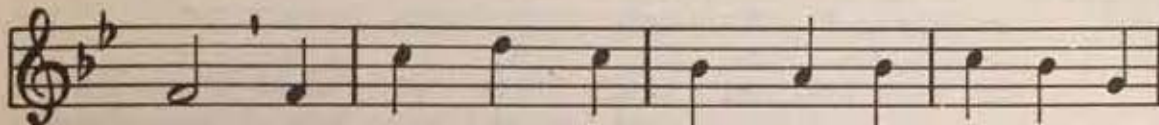
84. O PUREST OF CREATURES

Rev. F. W. Faber
(1814—1863)

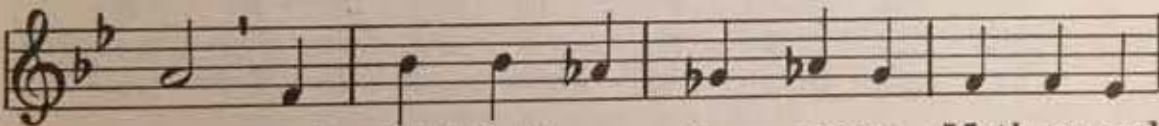
J. C. S.



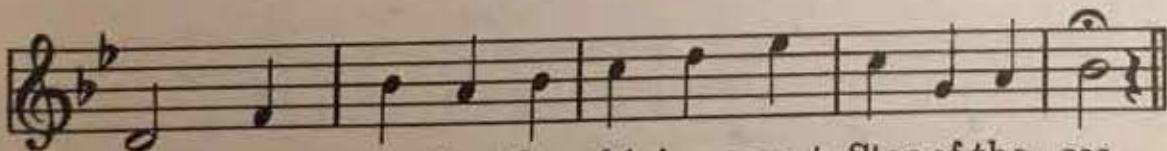
1. O pur- est of crea- tures, sweet Moth- er, sweet
2. Deep night hath come down on this rough- spo- ken
3. He gazed on thy soul, it was spot- less and



Maid, The one spot- less womb wherein Je- sus was
world, The ban- ners of dark- ness are bold- ly un-
fair; The em- pire of sin, it had nev- er been



laid! Dark night hath come down on us, Moth- er, and
furled: The tempest- tossed Church, all her eyes are on
there; And none had e'er owned thee, dear Moth- er, but

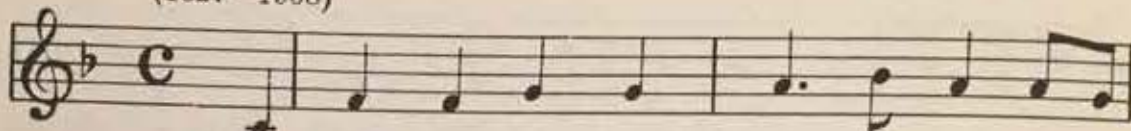


we Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the sea.
thee: They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the sea.
He Who blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the sea.

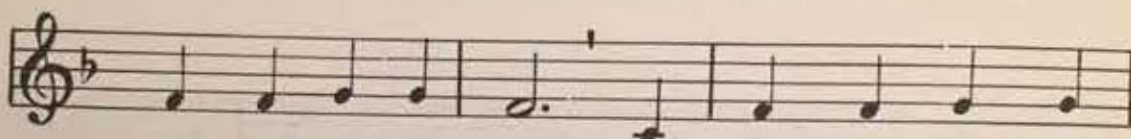
85. O MOTHER BLEST

Fr. Edmund Vaughan C. S. S. R.
(1827—1908)

Traditional tune



1. O Moth- er blest, whom God be-stows on
 2. O heavn'ly Moth- er, Mis- tress sweet, it
 3. O Moth- er blest, for me ob- tain, un-

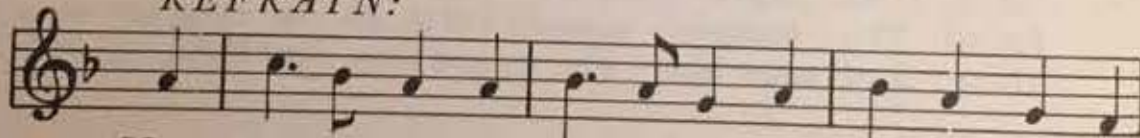


sin- ners and on just; What joy, what hope Thou
 nev- er yet was told That sup- pliant sin- ner
 grate- ful though I be, To love that God who

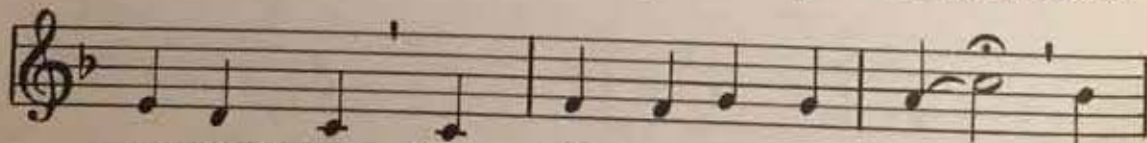


giv- est those who in thy mer- cy trust!
 left thy feet un- pit- ied, un- con- soled.
 first could deign to show such love for me.

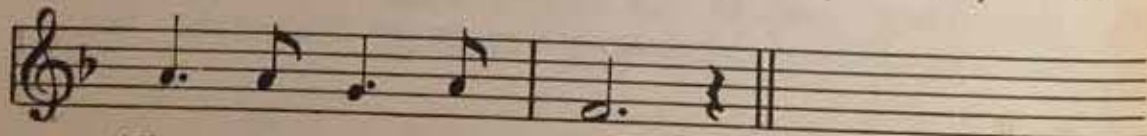
REFRAIN:



Most Ho- ly Ma- ry, at thy feet thy children bend a



suppliant knee, Dear Mother of my God, do



Thou re- mem- ber me!

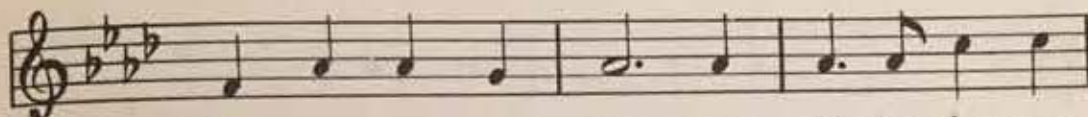
86. QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY

E. M. Shapcote

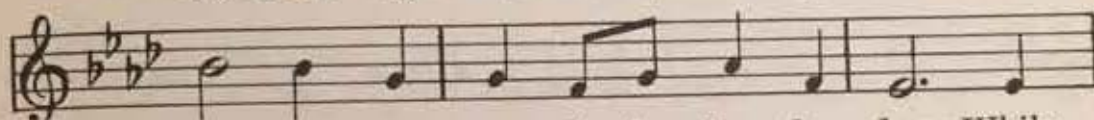
Traditional tune



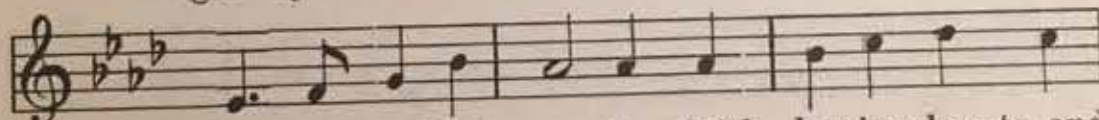
1. Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry, Oh,
 2. Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry, Each
 3. Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry, What



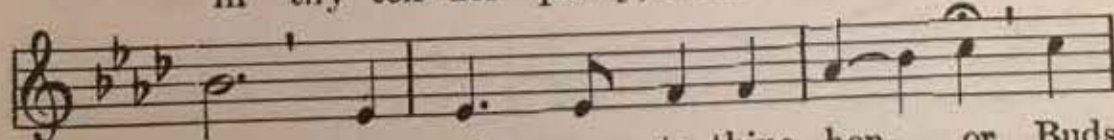
bless us as we pray, And of-fer thee our
 mys-t'ry blends with thine The sa-cred life of
 ra-dian-cy of love, What splendor and what



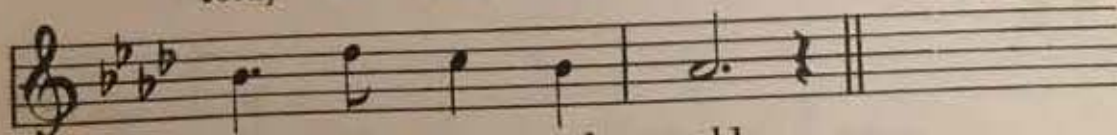
ros-es In gar-lands day by day. While
 Je-sus In ev'-ry step di-vine. Thy
 glo-ry Sur-rounds thy court a-bove! Oh,



from our Father's gar-den With lov-ing hearts and
 soul was His fair gar-den, Thy vir-gin breast His
 in thy ten-der pit-y, Dear source of love un-



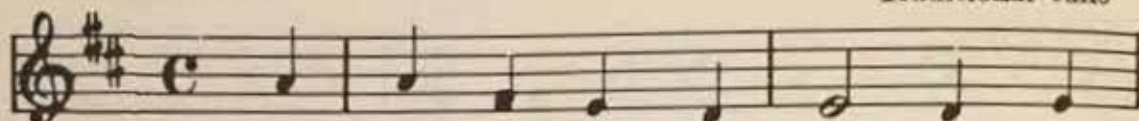
bold, We gath-er to thine hon-or Buds
 throne, Thy thoughts His faithful mir-ror, Re-
 told, Re-fuse not this our off'r-ing Of



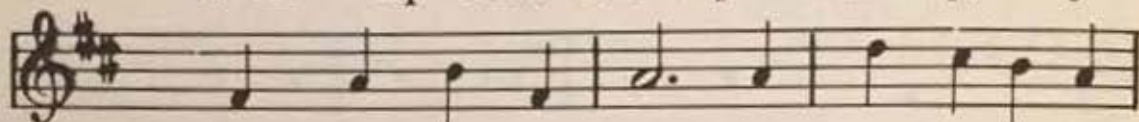
white and red and gold.
 flect-ing Him a-lone.
 flow'r's white, red and gold.

87. HAIL ROSE OF MYSTIC BEAUTY

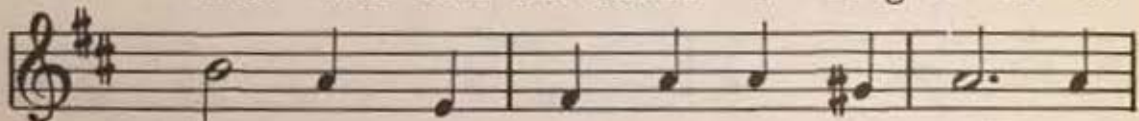
Traditional tune



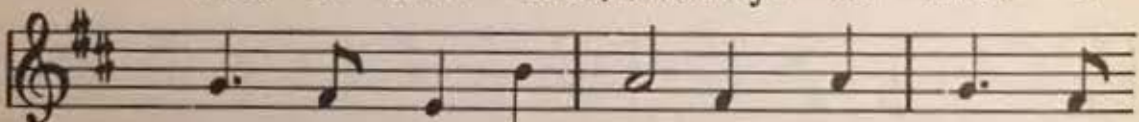
1. Hail Rose of mys- tic beau- ty, Bright
 2. With- in thee, peer- less Flow- er Did
 3. En- rap- tured with thy beau- ty, My



Flow'r in heav-en's field, Far sweet-er is thy
 Je- sus once re- pose, For thou a- lone art
 soul with love o'er- flows: I long to be in



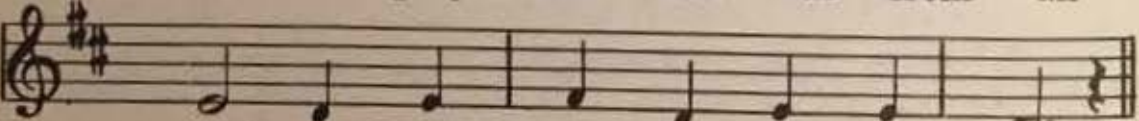
fra- grance Than earth- ly flow'r can yield; Of
 wor- thy To be His Mys- tic Rose. Too
 heav- en With Thee, sweet Mys- tic Rose. O



crea- tures Thou art pur- est, None love- lier
 pure for this world's gar- den, Sweet Rose of
 Ma- ry, Rose of Heav- en, Hear Thou our



can there be, All heav'n re- sounds with
 price- less worth, From heav'n God sent His
 ear- nest prayer: Pro- tect us from all

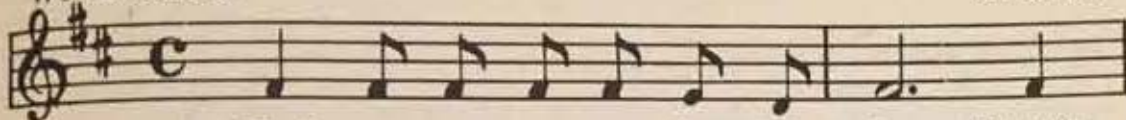


prais- es, Sweet Mys- tic Rose, to thee!
 an- gels Who took thee from this earth.
 dan- ger And take us to thy care..

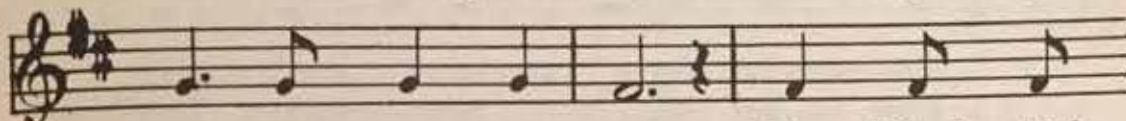
88. MOTHER, UPON MY LIPS TODAY

Words altered

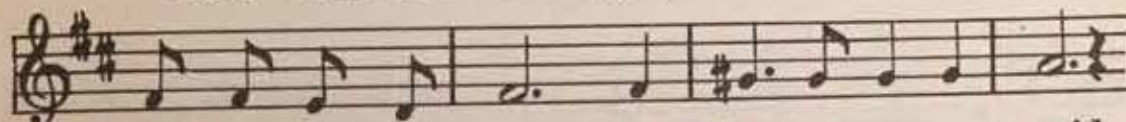
J. C. S.



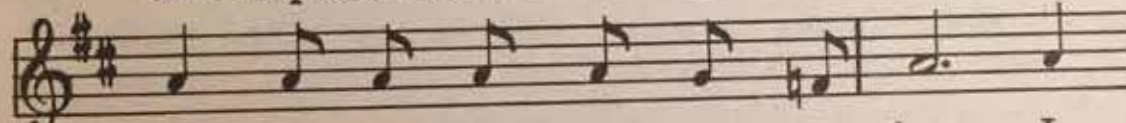
1. Moth- er up- on my lips to- day Christ's
 2. Wilt thou vouchsafe as Por- tress dear To
 3. O Moth- er, thou art mine to- day By



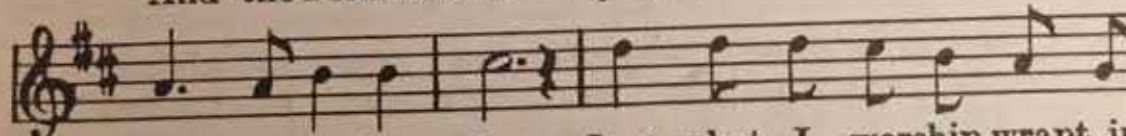
precious Blood was laid: That Blood which
 guard those lips to- day, Less- en my
 more than dou- ble right, That soul where



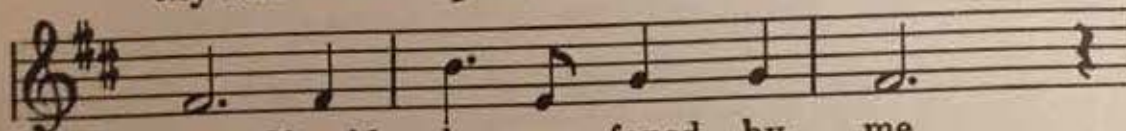
centu- ries a- go Was for my ran- som paid.
 words of i- dle worth And gov- ern all I say.
 Christ reposed must be Most pre- cious in thy sight.



And half in love and half in fear, I
 Keep back all sharp and quick re- torts And
 And thou canst hard- ly think of me From



seek for aid from thee Lest what I worship wrapt in
 each deceit- ful tone, So that my words at length may
 thy dear Son a- part, Then give me from my- self and



awe Should be pro- faned by me.
 be Faint ech- ces of thine own.
 sin A re- fuge in thy heart.

89. JOSEPH, OUR CERTAIN HOPE

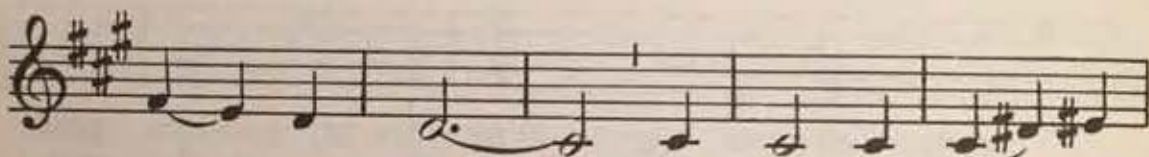
Hymn at Matins: Feast of
St. Joseph

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

J. C. S.



1. Jo- seph our cer- tain hope be- low, Glo-ry of
2. Thee as sal- va- tion's min- is- ter The mighty
3. The Lord of lords and King of kings, Rul-er of



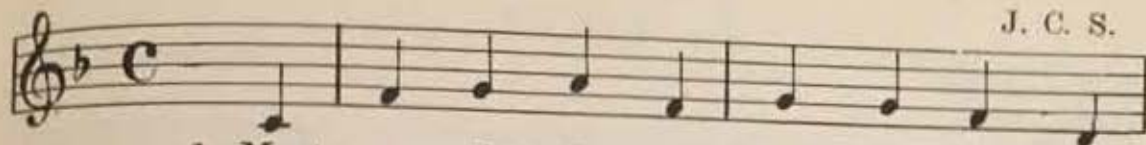
earth and heav'n, Thou Pil- lar of the
Mak- er chose: As fos- ter fa- ther
sky and sea, Whom heav'n and earth and



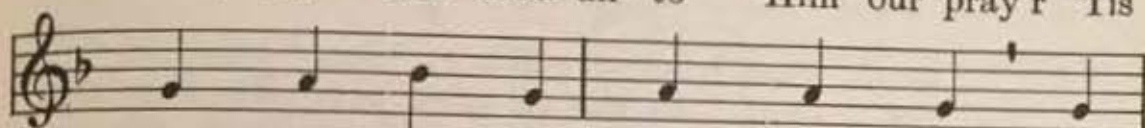
world, to Thee Be praise im- mor- tal giv'n.
of the Word, As Ma- ry's spot- less spouse.
Hell o- bey, Was sub- ject un- to thee!

90. MOST POWERFUL PATRIARCH

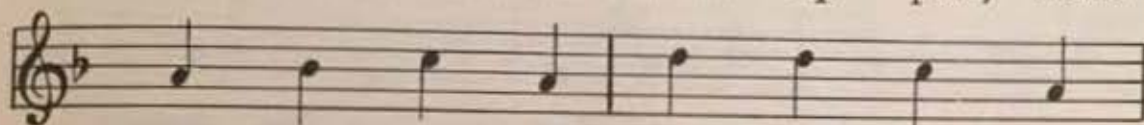
J. C. S.



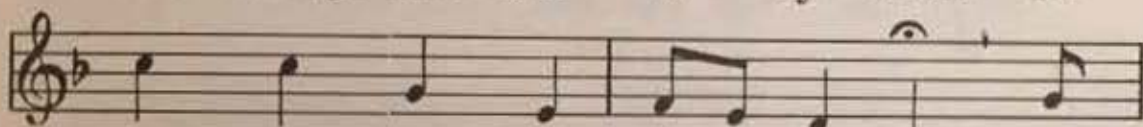
1. Most pow'rful Pa-tri-arch, all hail, Thou
2. Oh, take thou un-to Him our pray'r 'Tis



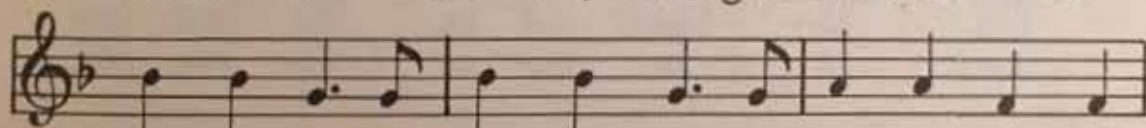
guard-ian of the Word Di-vine, 'We
for His Church we make ap-peal; Make



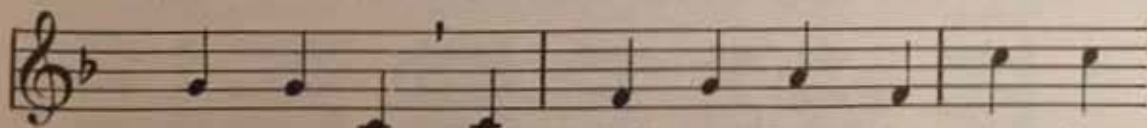
know pe-ti-tion can-not fail When
it through time and ev'-ry-where In-



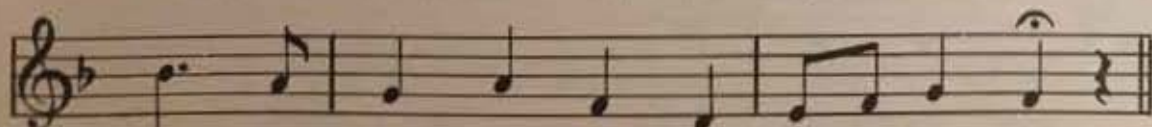
link'd with name en-deared as thine. With-
crease in num-ber, strength and zeal. And



in thy arms, up-on thy breast The in-fant King oft'
thou, il-lus-trious Saint, who art The Pa-tron of the



sought re-pose, And sheltered there in per-fect
Church on earth, Di-rect our days that in His

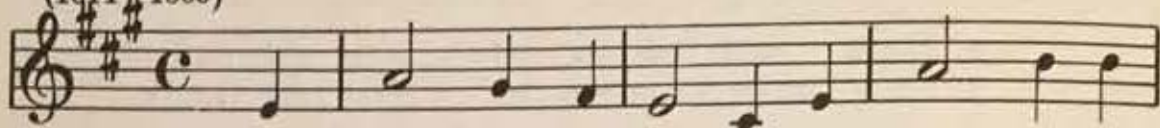


rest Dis-closed to thee His child-ish woes.
Heart Our hearts may wake in heav'n-ly birth.

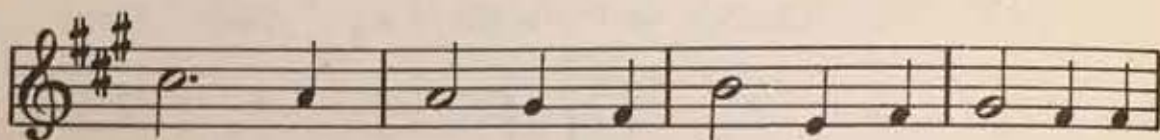
91. DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY

Father Faber
(1814-1863)

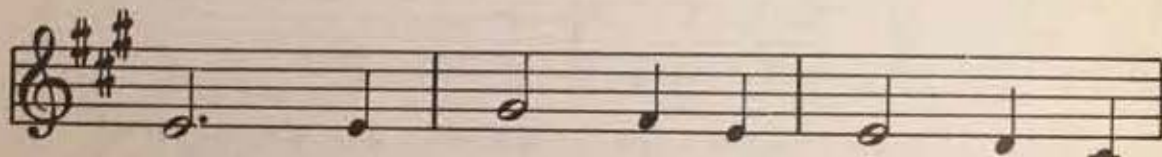
Traditional tune



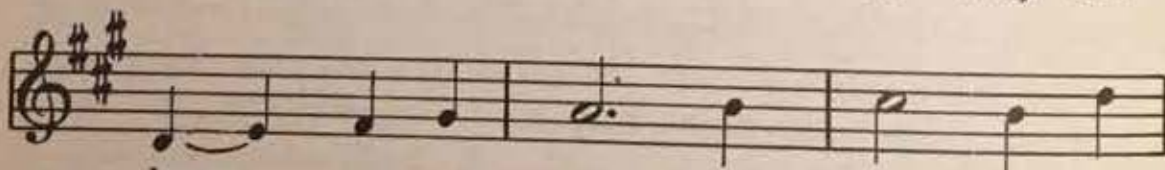
1. Dear Guard-ian of Ma-ry, dear nurse of her
2. For thou to the pil-grim art Fa-ther and
3. O bless-ed St. Jos-eph, how great was thy



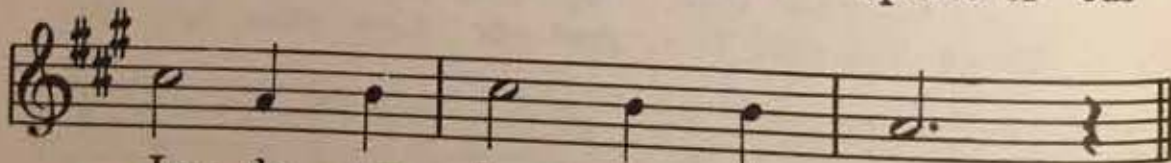
child, Life's ways are full wea-ry, the des-ert is
guide, And Je- sus and Ma-ry felt safe at thy
worth, The one cho- sen shad-ow of God up- on



wild; Bleak sands are all round us, no
side; Ah! bless-ed St. Jo- seph, how
earth: A fa- ther to Je- sus, ah!



home can we see, Sweet Spouse of our
safe should I be, Sweet Spouse of our
then wilt thou be, Sweet Spouse of our



La- dy, we lean up- on thee.
La- dy, if thou wert with me!
La- dy, a fa- ther to me!

92. SALVE, PATER SALVATORIS

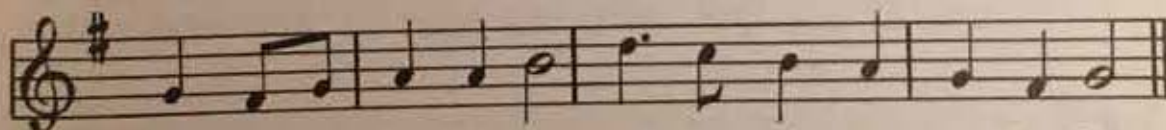
Traditional tune



1. Sal- ve, Pa- ter Sal- va- to- ris,
 2. Sal- ve, spon- se Ma- tris De- i,
 3. O quam fu- it ad- mi- ran- da,
 4. O Jo- se- phe, mi pa- tro- ne,



Sal- ve, cu- stos Re- demp- to- ris, Jo- seph
 Sal- ve, hos- pes De- i me- i, Jo- seph
 Tu- a vi- ta ve- ne- ran- da Ha- bens
 In- ter tu- os me re- po- ne, Me cli-



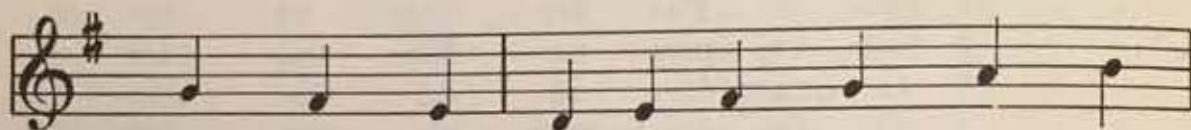
ter a- ma- bi- lis, Jo- seph ter a- ma- bi- lis.
 ter a- ma- bi- lis, Jo- seph ter a- ma- bi- lis.
 De- i Fi- li- um, Ha- bens De- i Fi- li- um.
 en- tem sus- ci- pe, Me cli- en- tem sus- ci- pe.

93. ALL PRAISE TO ST. PATRICK

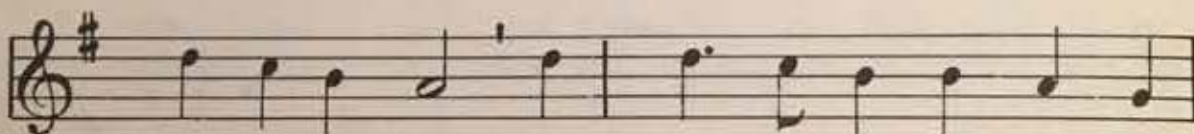
J. C. S.

Father Faber
(1814—1863)

1. All praise to St. Pat- rick who brought to our
2. There is not a saint in the bright courts of



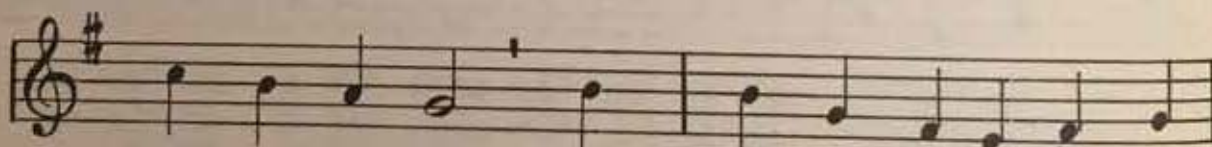
moun- tains The gift of God's faith, the sweet
heav- en More faithful then he to the



light of His love, All praise to the shep-herd who
land of his choice; Oh, well may the na- tion to



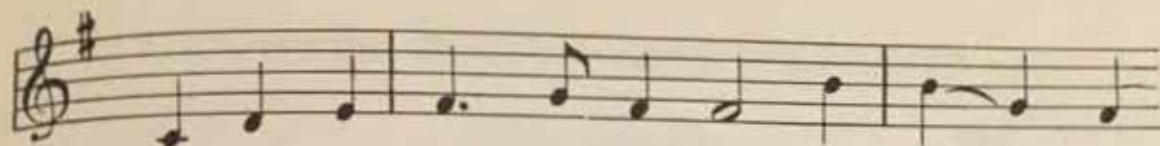
showed us the foun-tains That rise from the Heart of the
whom he was giv- en In the feast of their sire and a-



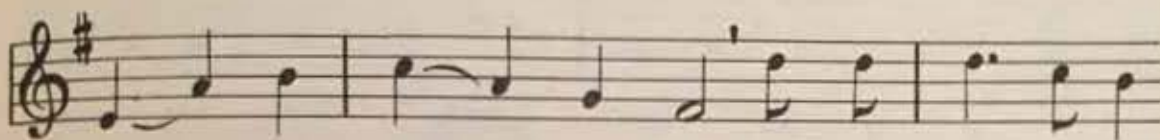
Sav- ior a- bove. Through hun-dreds of years in
pos- tle re- joice. In glo- ry a- bove still



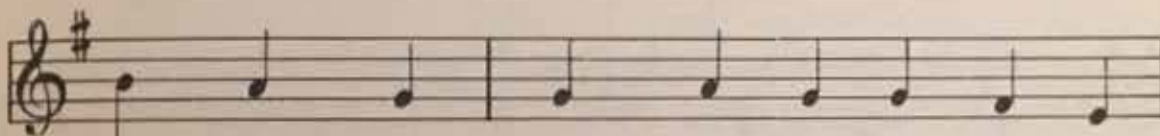
smiles and in tears, Our Saint hath been
true to his love, He keeps the false



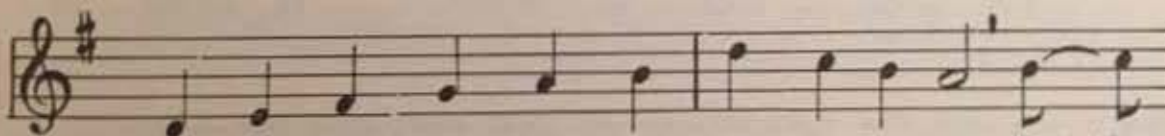
with us, our shield and our stay; All else may have
faith from his chil- dren a- way: The dark false



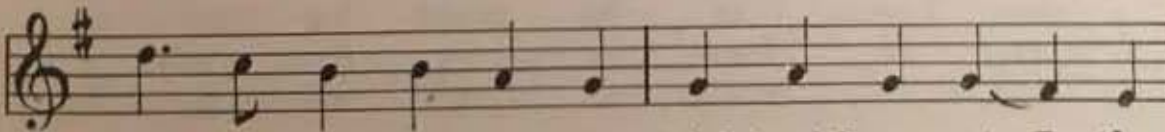
gone, St. Pat- rick a- lone: He hath been to us
faith far worse than death, Oh, he drives it far



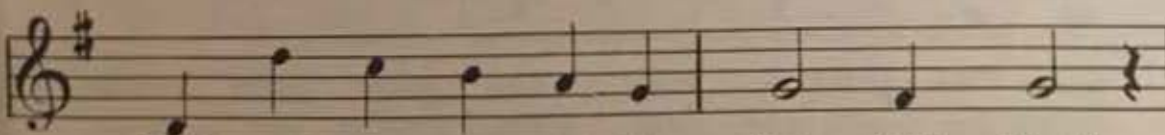
light when earth's lights were all set, For the
off from the green, sun- ny shore, Like the



glo- ries of faith, they can nev- er de- cay, And the
rep- tiles which fled from his curse in dis- may: And



best of our glo- ries is bright with us yet In the
Er- in when er- ror's proud tri- umph is o'er Will

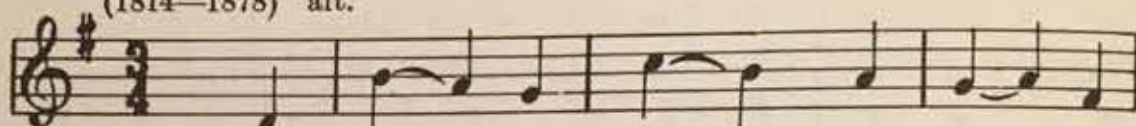


faith and the feast of St. Pat- rick's Day!
still be found keep- ing St. Pat- rick's Day!

94. NOW LET THE EARTH RESOUND

*(Exultet orbis)*Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878) alt.

Traditional tune



1. Now let the earth with joy re-
 2. O ye who, throned in glo- ry
 3. Ye close the sa - cred gates 'on
 4. To God the Fa- ther with the



sound; And Heav'n the chant re- ech- o
 dread, Shall judge the liv- ing and the
 high; At your com- mand a- part they
 Son And Ho- ly Spir- it, Three in



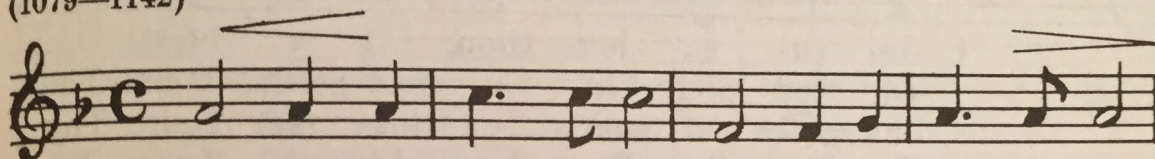
round, Nor Heav'n nor earth too high can
 dead, Lights of the world for- ev- er-
 fly: Oh, loose for us the guilt- y
 One, Be praise as in all ag- es



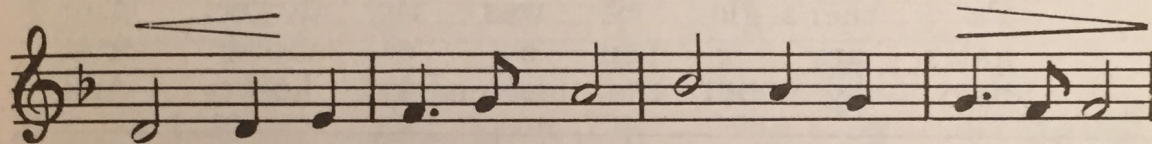
raise The great A- pos- tles' glor- ious praise.
 more, To you our sup- pliant prayer we pour.
 chain We strive to break, but strive in vain.
 past And ev- er- more while ag- es last.

95. O QUANTA QUALIA

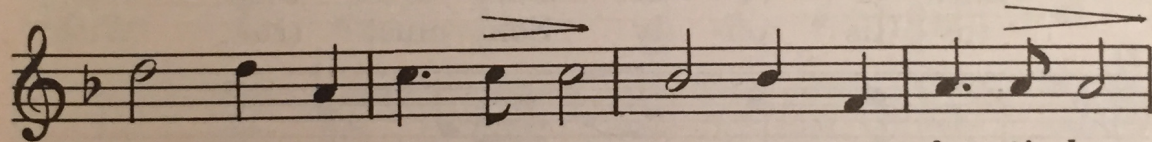
Peter Abelard
(1079—1142)



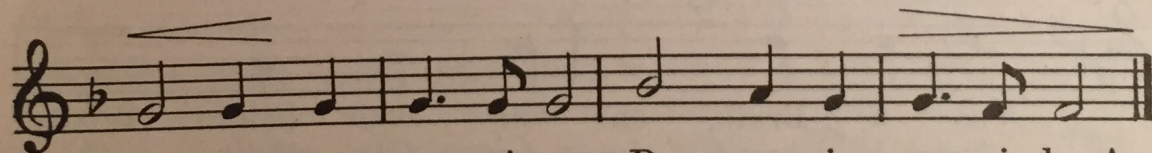
1. O quan-ta qua-li-a sunt il-la sab-ba-ta,
2. Quis rex, quae cu-ri-a, qua-le pa-la-ti-um,
3. Per-en-ni Do-mi-no per-pessit glo-ri-a,



Quae sem-per ce-le-brat su-per-na cu-ri-a;
Quae pax, quae re-qui-es, quod il-lud gau-di-um!
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt om-ni-a;



Quae fes-sis re-qui-es, quae mer-cēs for-ti-bus,
Hu-jus par-ti-ci-pes, ex-po-nant glo-ri-ae,
Ex quo sunt, Pa-ter est, per quem sunt Fi-li-us,



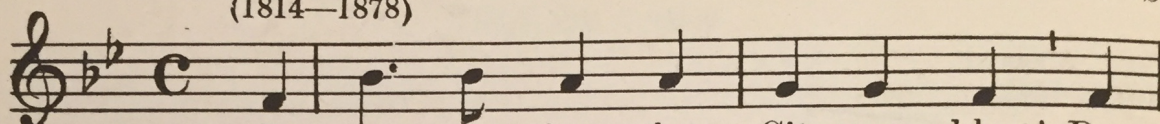
Cum e-rit om-ni-a De-us in om-ni-bus!
Si quan-tum sen-ti-unt, pos-sint ex-pri-me-re.
In quo sunt Pa-tris et Fi-li-i Spi-ri-tus.

Dedicated to Mother M. Antoinette, S. S. J.

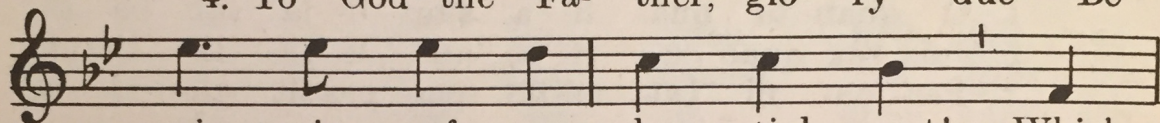
96. JERUSALEM, THOU CITY BLEST

*(Celestis Urbs Jerusalem)*Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall
(1814—1878)

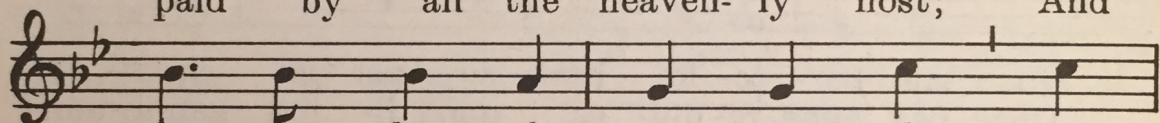
J. C. S.



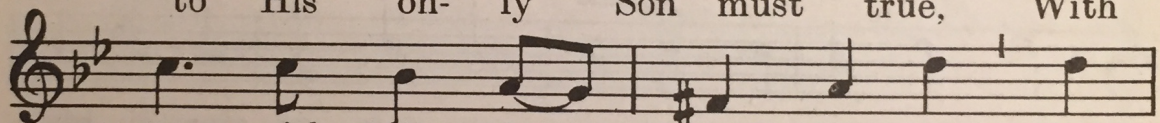
1. Je- ru- sa- lem, thou Cit- y blest! Dear
 2. Oh, wed- ded in a pros- perous hour! The
 3. Thy gates a pearl- y lus- tre pour; Thy
 4. To God the Fa- ther, glo- ry due Be



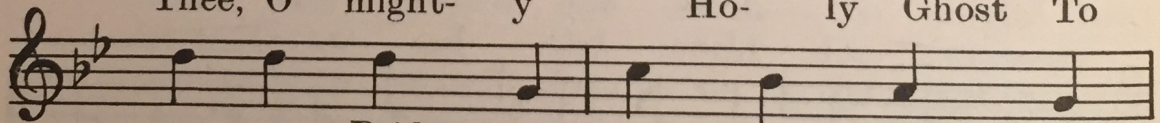
vi- sion of ce- les- tial rest! Which
 Fa- ther's glo- ry was thy dower; The
 gates are o- pen ev- er- more; And
 paid by all the heav- en- ly host; And



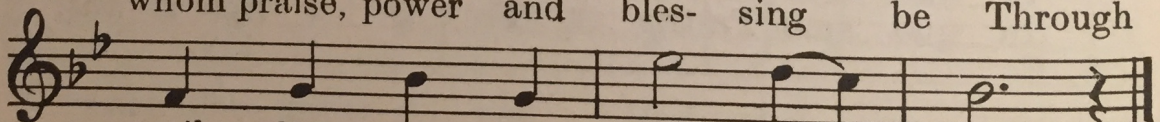
far a- bove the star- ry sky, Piled
 Spir- it all His gra- ces shed, Thou
 thith- er ev- er- more draw nigh All
 to His on- ly Son must true, With



up with liv- ing stones on high, Art,
 peer- less Queen, up- on thy head; When
 who for Christ have dared to die; Or
 Thee, O might- y Ho- ly Ghost To



as a Bride, en- cir- cled bright, With
 Christ es- poused thee for His Bride, O
 smit with love of their dear Lord, Have
 whom praise, power and bles- sing be Through

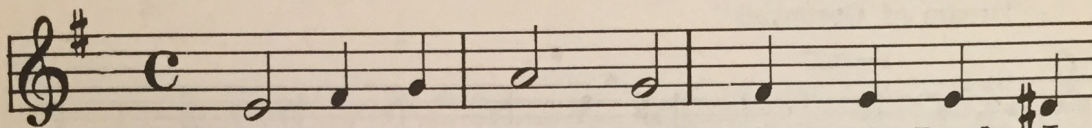


mil- lion an- gel forms of light:
 Cit- y bright and glo- ri- fied!
 pains en- dured and joys ab- horr'd.
 all the long e- ter- ni- ty.

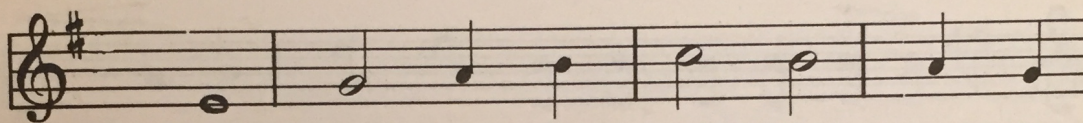
97. OUT OF THE DEPTHS TO THEE

(De Profundis)

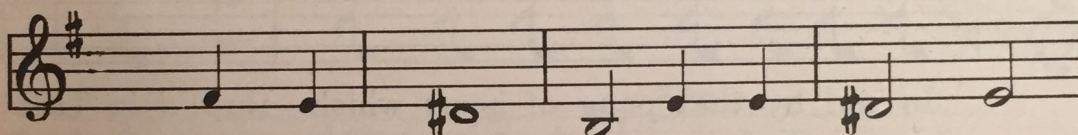
Goudimel — Terry



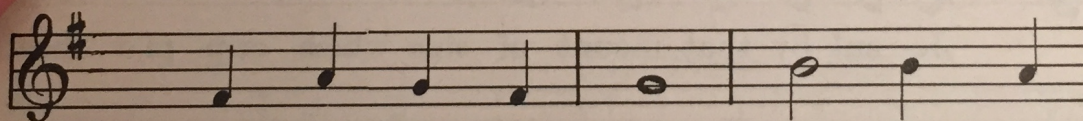
1. Out of the dephts to Thee, O Lord, I
 2. Oh, hear our prayr's and sighs, Re-deem-er
 3. To be ap-peased in wrath, O Lord, is



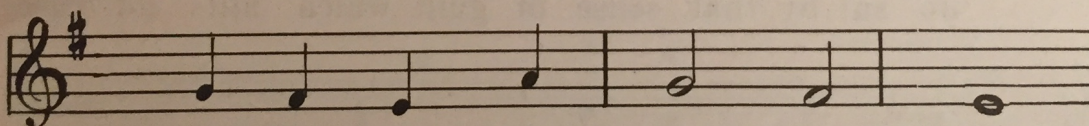
cry! Lord, gra-cious turn Thine ear to
 blest, And grant Thy ho-ly souls e-
 Thine, Thou mer-cy with Thy jus-tice



sup-pliant sigh: If sins of man Thou
 ter-nal rest; And let per-pet-ual
 canst com-bine; Thy Blood our count-less



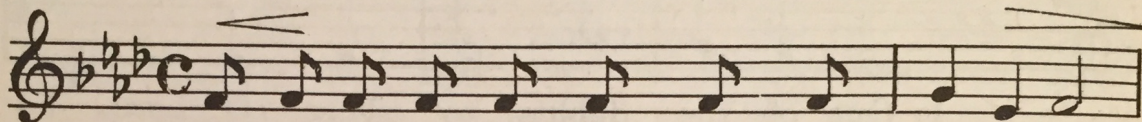
scan-dest, who may stand That search-ing
 light up-on them shine For though not
 stains can wash a-way: This is Thy



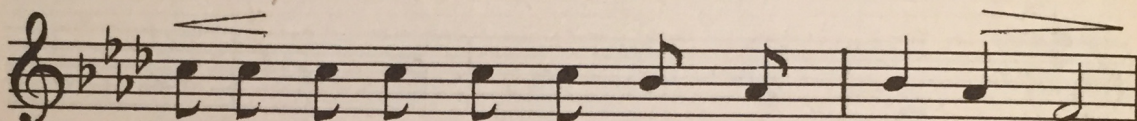
eye of Thine and chast'-ning hand?
 spot-less, still these souls are Thine!
 law, our hope and stead-fast stay!

98. JESU, BY THAT SHUDDERING DREAD

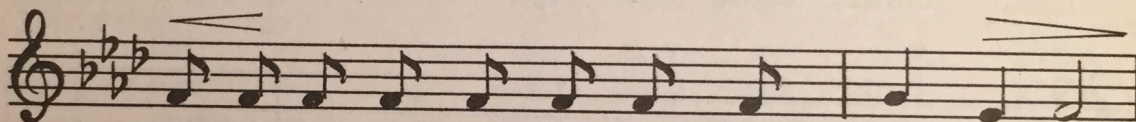
Cardinal Newman (1801—1890)
"Dream of Gerontius"



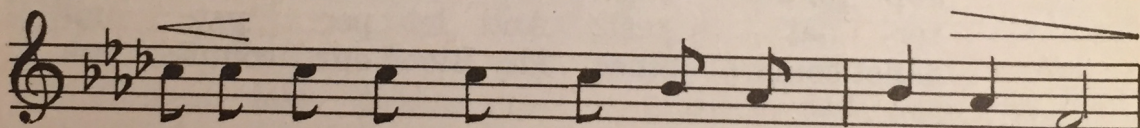
Je- su! by that shud-d'ring dread which fell on Thee;



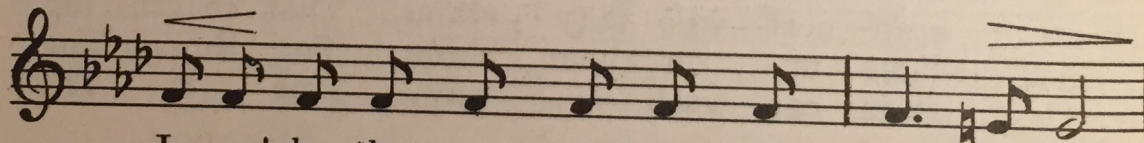
Je- su! by that cold dis- may which sick- en'd Thee;



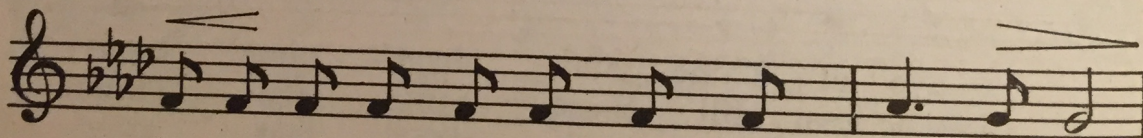
Je- su! by that pang of heart which thrill'd in Thee;



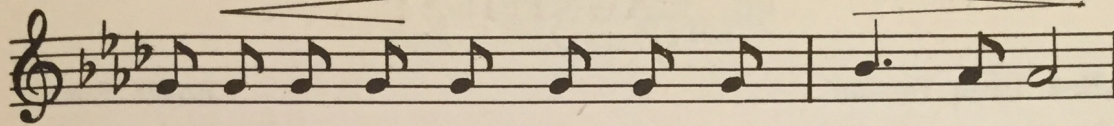
Je- su! by that mount of sins which crip- pl'd Thee;



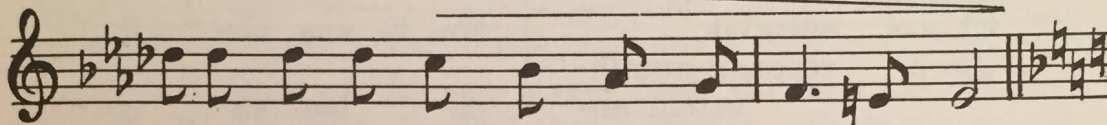
Je- su! by that sense of guilt which stif- l'd Thee;



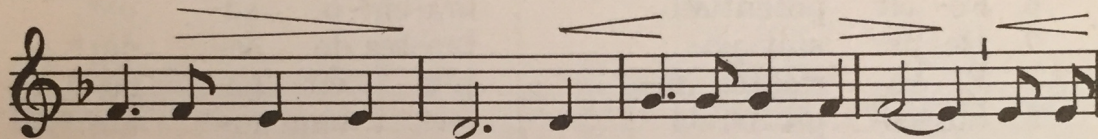
Je- su! by that in- no- cence which gird- l'd Thee;



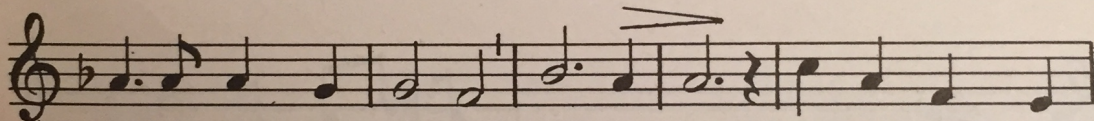
Je- su! by that sanc- ti- ty which reign'd in Thee;



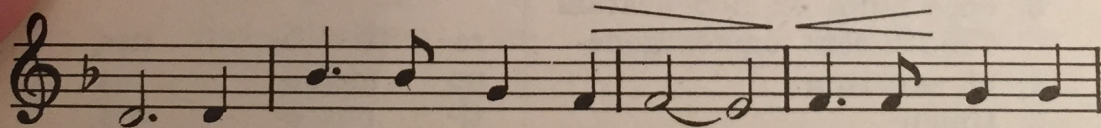
Je- su! by that God-head which was one with Thee;



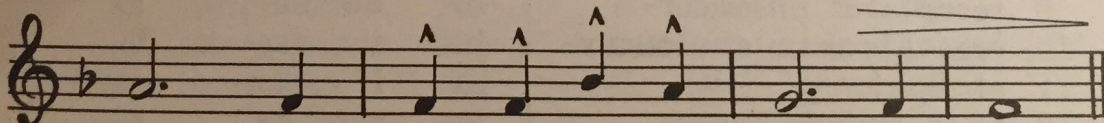
Je- su! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee, Who in



prison calm and pa-tient wait for Thee: Has-ten Lord, their



hour and bid them come to Thee To that glo-rious

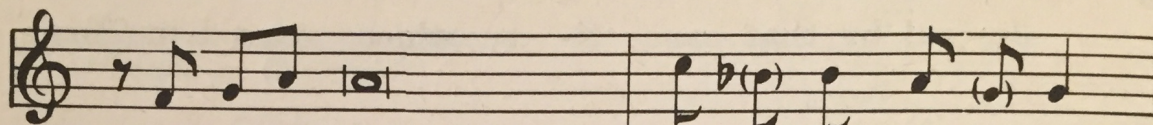


Home where they shall ev- er gaze on Thee!

99. MAGNIFICAT

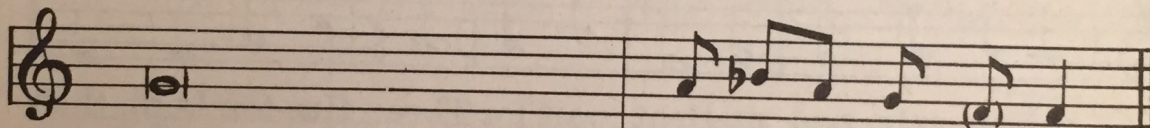
New Latin Version

Royal Tone



1. Ma-gni- ficat:*
2. Et ex- sultavit
3. Qui-a respexit humili-
tatem an-
4. Qui-a fecit mihi
5. Et mi- sericordia ejus a
progenie
6. Fe- cit potentiam
7. De- po- suit po-
8. E- su- rientes im-
9. Sus-ce- pit Israel
10. Si-cut locutus est ad
11. Glo-ri- a
12. Si- cut erat in principio et

- — — — —
- spi- ri- tus me- us:*
- cil- lae su- ae:*
- ma-gna qui po-tens est:*
- in pro- ge-ni- es:*
- bra-chi-o su- o:*
- ten-tes de se- de:*
- ple vit bo- nis:*
- ser- vum su- um:*
- pa- tres no- stros:*
- Pa-tri et Fi-li- o:*
- nunc et sem- per:*



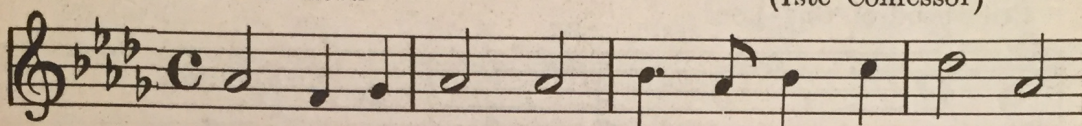
1. anima
2. in Deo salva-
3. ecce enim ex hoc beatam
me dicent omnes gene-
4. et sanctum
5. timen-
6. dispersit superbos mente
7. et exal-
8. et divites dimi-
9. recordatus misericor-
10. erga Abraham et semen e-
11. et Spiri-
12. et in saecula saecu-

- me- a Do- mi- num.
- to- re me- o.
- ra- ti- o- nes.
- no- men e- jus.
- ti- bus e- um.
- cor- dis su- i.
- ta- vit hu- mi- les.
- sit in- a- nes.
- di- ae su- ae.
- jus in sae- cu- la.
- tu- i San- cto.
- lo- rum. A- men.

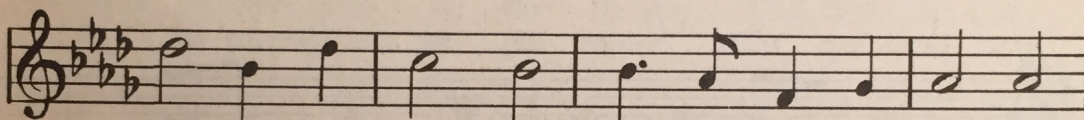
100. QUOS SIBI

Former Sulpician Office:
Priesthood of Our Lord

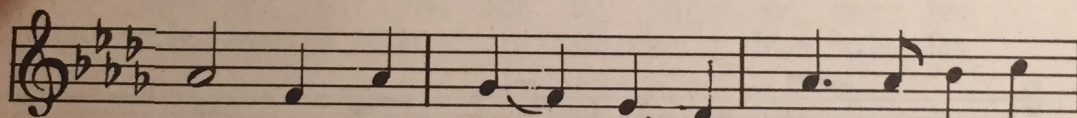
Modernized Chant Melody
(1ste Confessor)



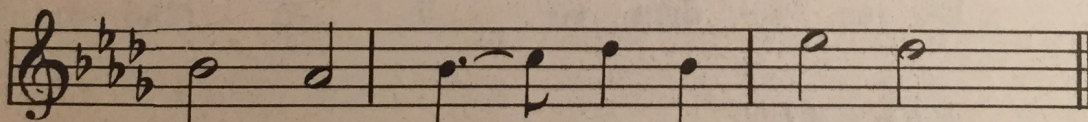
1. Quos si- bi no- stram me- di- tans sa- lu- tem,
2. Vos gre- gi Pa- stor vo- lu- it prae- i- re:
3. Vos de- cet pa- cem po- pu- lis pre- ca- ri,



Ne- xi- bus san- ctis De- us al- li- ga- vit,
In- ter et ser- vos nu- me- ra- re ces- sans,
Mo- ri- bus san- ctis de- cet hanc me- re- ri:



Au- di- ant Chri- stum do- ci- li mo-
In- ti- mos vo- bis a- ni- mi re-
San- cta dum le- gem po- pu- lus re-

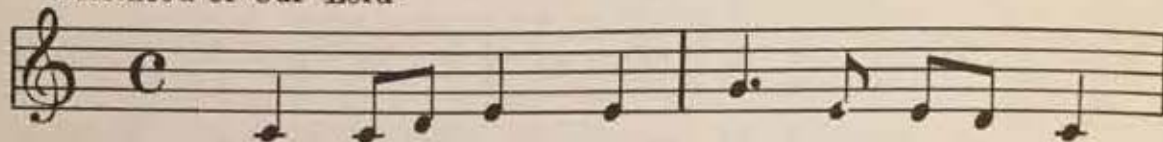


nen- tem Au- re mi- ni- stri.
ces- sus Pan- dit a- mi- cus.
qui- ret, Vi- ta lo- qua- tur.

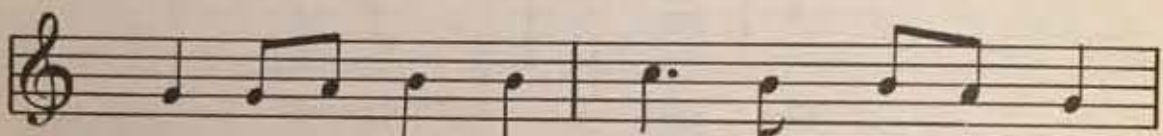
101. LEGIS NOVAE

Former Sulpician Office:
Priesthood of Our Lord

J. C. S.



1. Le- gis no- vae spec- ta do- tem:
 2. Su- per a- ras hic li- ta- ta,
 3. Que cir- cum- stat pro- stra- to- rum
 4. U- bi Chri- stus est ma- gis- ter,

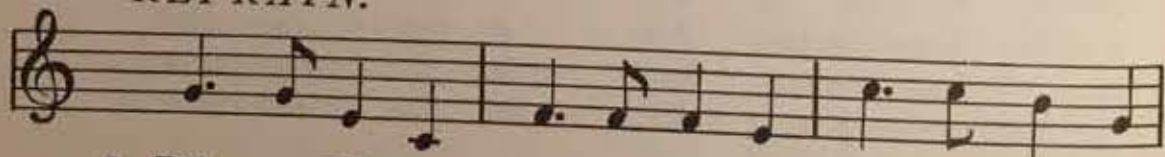


- De- um ha- bet Sa- cer- do- tem,
 Haec in cae- lis stat mac- ta- ta,
 Tur- ba sa- cra se- ni- o- rum,
 Il- lic e- jus est mi- ni- ster,



- De- um sa- cri- fi- ci- um. (1st refrain)
 Su- per thro- num vi- cti- ma. (2nd refrain)
 Cle- ri sunt pri- mi- ti- ae. (1st refrain)
 E- jus se- dens so- li- o. (2nd refrain)

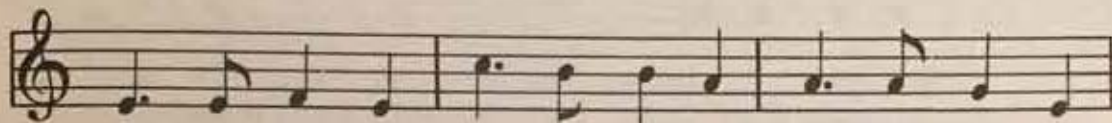
REFRAIN:



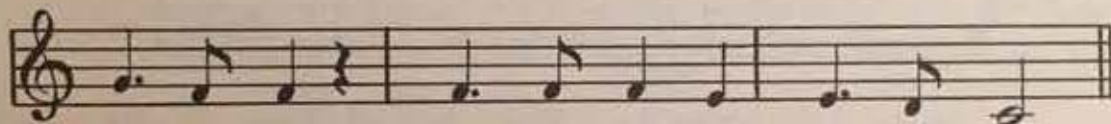
1. Prin- ceps Pa- stor, Pa- stor bo- ne, Em-ptos tu- a
 2. Quos mi- ni- stros das vo- ca- ri, Fac nos te- cum



pas- si- o- ne, Tu- a sa- cros un- cti- o- ne,
com- mo- ra- ri, Te- cum men- te con- ver- sa- ri,



Men- te, ver- bis, a- cti- o- ne, Fac nos ti- bi
A te nun- quam se- pa- ra- ri, Tu qui sal- vas

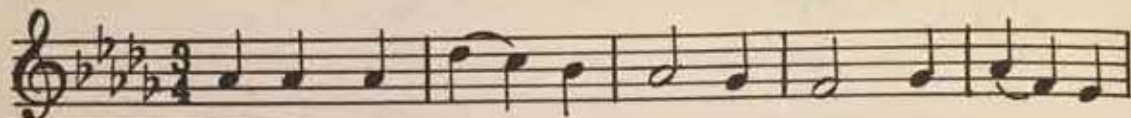


si- mi- les, Fac nos ti- bi si- mi- les.
hu- mi- les, Tu qui sal- vas hu- mi- les.

102. IN SPIRIT HUMBLE

(In spiritu humilitatis)

Tr. by John C. Selner, S. S.



1. In spir- it hum- ble bend-ing low, And soul con-
 2. And grant that this, our Sac-ri - fice, Which now we
 3. O Sanc- ti- fi- er, might-y Lord, E- ter- nal



trite- ly griev'd, We beg of Thee, O lov- ing
 of- fer Thee, May in Thy gra-cious sight this
 God the same, Come, bless this Sac- ri- fice of

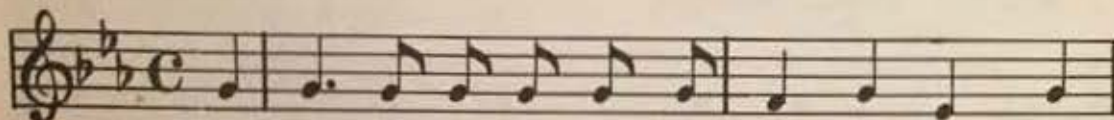


Lord That we may be re- ceiv'd.
 day A gift most pleas- ing be.
 ours, Pre- par'd un- to Thy name!

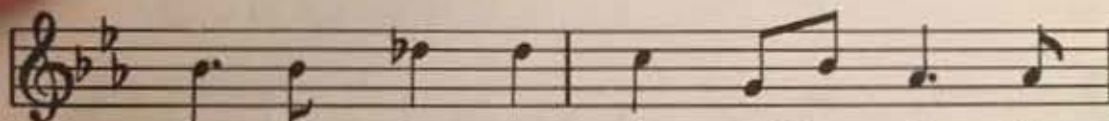
103. ACCEPT ALMIGHTY AND ETERNAL LORD

(Suscipe, Sancte Pater)

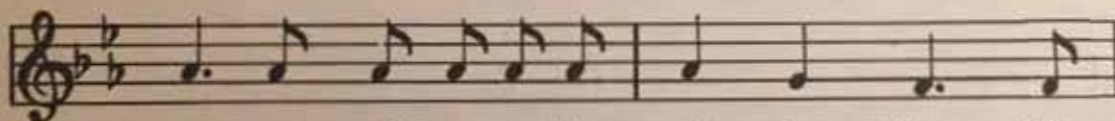
Tr. J. C. Selner, S. S.



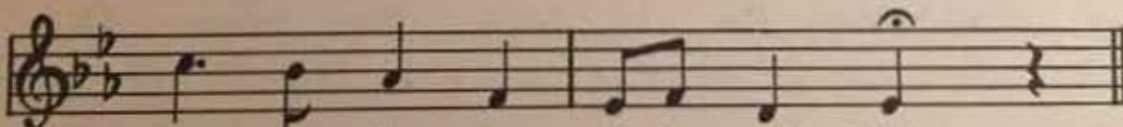
1. Ac-cept, al-mighty and e-ter-nal Lord, This
 2. I of-fer it for my un-num-bered sins, My
 3. Ac-cept, it, Lord, for men a-live and dead, That



host im-mac-u-late which I Thy
 heed-less-ness, my will-ful deeds; I
 it may pro-fit them and me, And



serv-ant all unworthy of-fer Thee, My
 of-fer it for all at-tend-ing here, For
 bring us all to our e-ter-nal home, And

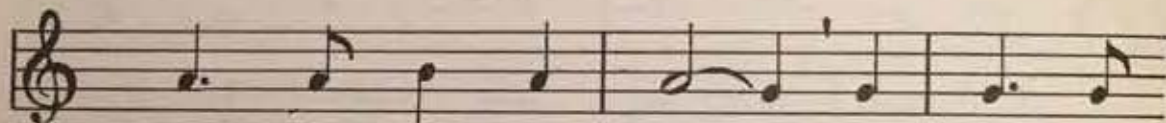


true and liv-ing God most high.
 faith-ful Chris-tians and their needs.
 make us safe at last with Thee.

104. AMONG THE INNOCENT OF HEART

*(Lavabo)*Most Rev. Edward Bagshawe
(1829—1915)

1. A- mong the in- no- cent of heart, O
 2. The beau- ty of Thy house, O Lord, Doth
 3. My feet have stood, my steps have gone In



Lord, I'll wash my hands, And I'll a-
 fill my heart with love, And that re-
 ways of ho- li- ness, And in Thy



dore Thee with the crowd Which round Thy
 splend- ent place where- in Thy glo- ry
 Church, Most Ho- ly Lord, Thy name I'll



al- tar stands.
 dwells a- bove.
 ev- er bless.



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

CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

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