

THE
BOOK OF HYMNS
WITH TUNES

EDITED BY

SAMUEL GREGORY OULD O. S. B.

AND

WILLIAM SEWELL A. R. A. M.

Deo nostro sit jucunda decoraque laudatio! Ps. cxlvj. 1.

To our God let there be pleasant and comelie praise!

THE BOOK OF PSALMES: DOWAY, 1610

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THE BOOK OF HYMNS WITH TUNES

N.B. THE FOLLOWING TUNES REQUIRE REPETITION
OF WORDS.

11 (line 2). 74 (last line). 79 (last line). 81 (last line). 92 (lines 3 and 5). 103 (last line). 104 (last two lines). 106 (last line). 114 (O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore; I will never more offend Thee—O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore; I will never more offend Thee—no, never more). 167 (Ave, Ave, Ave Maria! Ave, Ave, Ave Maria!). 184 (last line).

The verses marked * may be omitted as occasion may require. For instance, hymn 105 is available for use out of England by omitting the third verse; and hymn 154, though written for Scotland, may be used elsewhere without the fifth verse. Hymns 55 and 173 make excellent processional hymns, besides being useful for general occasions in their shortened form.

Advent or Coming Time.

1

L. M.



Creator alme siderum.

- 1 Bright builder of the heavenly poles,
Eternal light of faithful souls,
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,
Our humble prayers vouchsafe to mind.
- 2 Who, lest the fraud of hell's black king
Should all men to destruction bring,
Didst, by an act of generous love,
The fainting world's physician prove.
- 3 Who, that Thou mightst our ransom pay
And wash the stains of sin away,
Wouldst from a Virgin's womb proceed
And on the Cross a victim bleed.
- 4 Whose glorious power, Whose saving name
No sooner any voice can frame,
But heaven and earth and hell agree
To honour them with trembling knee.
- 5 Thee, Christ, Who at the latter day
Shalt be our judge, we humbly pray
Such arms of heavenly grace to send
As may Thy Church from foes defend.
- 6 Be glory given and honour done
To God the Father and the Son
And to the Holy Ghost on high,
From age to age eternally.

1

1

8. 7. 8. 7.

*En clara vox redarguit.*

- 1 Hark, an awful voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day."
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb so long expected
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next He comes with glory
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son
With the coeternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run

S. M.

*Instantis adventum Dei.*

- 1 The coming of our God
Our thoughts must now employ:
Then let us meet Him on the road
With songs of holy joy.
- 2 The coeternal Son
A maiden's offspring see:
A servant's form Christ putteth on,
His people to make free.
- 3 Mother of Saints, arise
To greet thine infant King,
And do not thanklessly despise
The pardon He doth bring.
- 4 In glory from His throne
Again will Christ descend,
And summon all that are His own
To joys that never end.
- 5 Let deeds of darkness fly
Before the approaching morn,
For unto sin 'tis ours to die,
And serve the Virgin-born.
- 6 Our joyful praises sing
To Christ, That set us free;
Like tribute to the Father bring,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee.

Advent.

7. 8. 7. 6. with Refrain.

V.

P.

Harmony.

R.

Unison.

P.

Venez, divin Messie.

1 *V.* Come, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

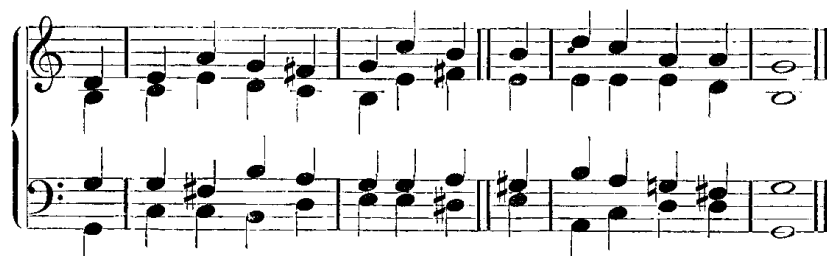
R. Sweet Saviour, haste: come, come to earth:
Dispel the night, and show Thy face,
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.
Come, O divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

2 *V.* O Thou, Whom nations sighed for,
Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
Wilt break the captive fetters,
Redeem the long-lost fold. *R.*

3 *V.* Shalt come in peace and meekness,
And lowly will Thy cradle be:
All clothed in human weakness
Shall we Thy Godhead see. *R.*

Advent.

C. M. with Refrain.



THE O ANTIPHONS.

December 17. *O Sapientia.*

O Wisdom! Of the Father bred,
How strong, how sweet Thy sway!
Come teach our wayward feet to tread
The strait and narrow way.

R. Mystic dew from heav'n
Unto earth is given:
Break, O earth, a Saviour yield—
Fairest Flower of the Field.

December 18. *O Adonai.*

O Adonai! Thou shalt lead
Thy people as of old;
Though now 'with hand outstretched to plead
And win us to Thy fold. R.

December 19. *O Radix Jesse.*

O Root of Jesse! Fruitful tree:
Before Thy royal sign
All men shall bow on bended knee,
And kings their crowns resign. R.

December 20. *O Clavis David.*

O Key of David! Set us free
From sin's dark prison-place:
Be Thou our Conqueror! And we
The captives of Thy grace! R.

December 21. *O Oriens.*

O Orient! Arise and make
The darksome valleys bright,
And from their deathly slumber wake
Our souls to greet Thy light. R.

December 22. *O Rex Gentium.*

O King of Nations! 'Fore Thy throne
Shall Jew and Gentile pray:
O longed-for Saviour, save Thine own,
Whom Thou hast formed from clay. R.

December 23. *O Emmanuel.*

Law-Giver! Lord of Israel!
Thine own Messiah send
Whom men shall call Emmanuel—
God-with-us, till the end. R.

Christmastide or Yuletide.

L. M.

A - men.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

- 1 JESUS, the Ransomer of man,
Who, ere created light began,
Didst from the sovereign Father spring,
His power and glory equalling.
- 2 Thou brightness of Thy Father's rays,
Thou hope and end of all our ways;
With gracious ear the prayers attend
Which round the world to Thee ascend.
- 3 Remember, Lord, that heretofore,
When Thee Thy Virgin Mother bore,
Thou from her womb didst breathe our air,
And human nature for us wear.
- 4 To Thee, this present solemn day,
We yearly adorations pay;
The world's Redeemer Thee we own,
Descending from Thy Father's throne.
- 5 The joyful heavens, earth and main,
With whatsoever they contain,
In new harmonious accents sing
New life restored by new-born King.
- 6 We, ransomed by that bloody tide
That issued from Thy sacred side,
With double hymns of heart and voice
For this Thy birthday now rejoice.
- 7 JESUS, to Thee, the Virgin's Son,
Be everlasting homage done.
To God the Father we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

Christmastide.

8. 3 3. 6. D.



MIDNIGHT.

1 All the skies tonight sing o'er us!
 Sweet and far,
 Star to star
 Maketh solemn chorus.
 Time the midnight blest is telling
 When our Lord,
 God the Word,
 Made with us His dwelling.

2 Glory in the highest heaven!
 And again
 Unto men
 Their souls' peace be given!
 All our wrong by Him is righted,
 In Whose birth
 Heaven and earth
 Stand for ay united.

3 Sons of men, let nothing grieve you!
 Evermore
 Heaven's door
 Widens to receive you.
 Brothers of the Babe eternal,
 In His name
 Come and claim
 Grace and bliss supernal.

Christmastide.

7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 12 12.





- 1 At hour of silent midnight—
O mystery of love!
Earth's long-expected Saviour
Descended from above.
Awake, awake, creation;
Arise, for light is come;
Lo, earth is changed to heav'n,
For earth is JESU's home.

R.

Glory to God on high; praise to our new-born King:
Peace unto men on earth, sweet infant Jesus bring!

- 2 Amid the star-lit heav'ns
There shines a glorious light,
And hosts of gleaming Angels
Illume the lonely night;
They leave their thrones of glory
To seek their new-born King,
And ranged in countless armies
Glad hymns of triumph sing. R.

- 3 The praises of the Angels
Were wafted from above,
And shepherds left their night watch
To seek the God of love;
They longed to gaze on JESUS,
To see the wondrous Child;
They found the God of heav'n
An Infant meek and mild. R.

- 4 And there the Mother kneeling
Bends fondly o'er her Son,
With bless'd Joseph, watching
Her cherished Little One:
See JESUS in the manger,
How still and meek He lies;
Now smiles play on His features,
Now tears are in His eyes. R.

- 5 O ransomed Christians, hasten
To Bethlem's sacred shrine.
Around our JESUS gather
To seek His grace divine:
O bless our new-born Saviour,
Our Infant-God adore,
Till love shall sweetly lead us
Home to the eternal shore. R.

Christmastide.

6. 6. 6. 5. 7. 6. 5.



- 1 *In dulci jubilo*
Let us our homage show:
Our heart's joy reclineth
In præsepio;
And, like a bright star, shineth
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O.
- 2 *O JESU parvule,*
Right poor art Thou today!
Hear me, I beseech Thee,
O puer optime;
My praying, let it reach Thee!
O princeps gloriæ.
Trahe me post te.
- 3 *O Patris caritas!*
O Nati lenitas!
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina:
But Thou for us hast gainèd
Cælorum gaudia.
Qualis gloria!
- 4 *Ubi sunt gaudia,*
If that they be not there?
There are Angels singing
Nova cantica;
And there the bells are ringing
In Regis curia.
O that we were there!

7. 6. 7. 6. 4. 6.



1 - At Bethlehem the lowly
 Is born a lowly Child—
 The Son of God all-holy
 And Mary undefiled.
 Glory! Glory!
 To God, and Mary's Child.

2 He cometh veiled in weakness,
 He cometh not in might:
 His victory is meekness,
 His veiling is our light.
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Child-God of Christmas night.

3 His Angels chant above Him
 Glad songs Himself hath wrought:
 Let us adore and love Him,
 Whose birth our souls hath bought.
 Seek Him! Seek Him!
 Whom kings and shepherds sought.

4 Lord JESUS CHRIST, enrol us
 In chivalry of grace:
 With gentle hand control us
 Swift running heaven's high race.
 Lead us! Lead us!
 To joy before Thy face.

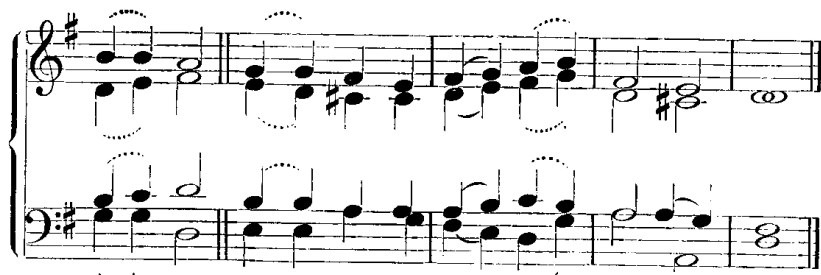
5 From Bethlehem now glorious
 Turn we to cope with life,
 To quell by grace victorious
 The heart with passion rife.
 Serve Him! Serve Him!
 Who crowneth lawful strife.

Christmastide.

Irregular.



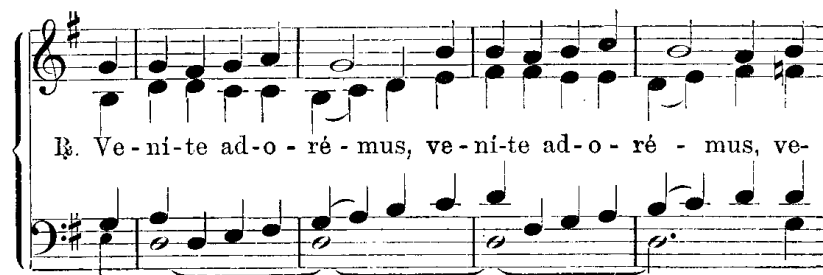
1. Ad - è - ste fi - dè - les — læ - ti, tri - um-
2. De - um de De - o, — lu - men de
3. En gre - ge re - li - cto — hú - mi - les ad
4. Stel-la du - ce Ma - gi — Christum ad - o-
5. Æ - tér - ni Pa - rén - tis splen-dò - rem æ-
6. Pro no - bis e - gé - num et fœ - no cu-
7. Can - tet nunc I - o — cho - rus An - ge-
8. Er - go qui na - tus — di - e ho - di-



1. phân-tes; Ve-ni - te, ve-ni - te in Bêth-le - hem:
2. lû-mi-ne, Ge-stant pu-êl - læ — ví - sce - ra,
3. cu - nas Vo - cá - ti pa-stó - res ap - pró - pe - rant:
4. rân-tes Aurum, thus et myrrham dant mú - ne - ra:
5. tér-num Ve - lá - tum sub car - ne vi - dé - bi - mus,
6. bân-tem Pi - is fo - ve - á - mus am-plè - xi - bus:
7. iò-rum, Can - tet nunc au - la cæ - lé - sti - um:
8. ér - na. Jr - su, — ti - bi sit glé - r' - a,



1. Na - tum vi - dè - te Re - gem An - ge - lô - rum.
2. De - um — ve - rum, gé - ni - tum, non fa - ctum.
3. Et nos o - vãn - ti gra - du fe - sti - né - mus.
4. JE - su in - fân - ti cor - da præ - be - á - mus.
5. De - um in - fân - tem pan - nis in - vo - lû - tum.
6. Sic nos a - mán - tem quis non red - a - má - ret?
7. Gló - ri - a — in ex - cèl - sis De - o.
8. Pa - tris æ - tér - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fa - ctum.



R. Ve-ni-te ad-o - ré - mus, ve-ni-te ad-o - ré - mus, ve-



ni - te, ad - o - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

7. 7. 7. 7. D.



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

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

- 2 Lo! within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, throned in height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim. R.

- 3 "Say, ye holy shepherds, say
What your joyful news today?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?" R.

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

- 5 Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such an earth as this! R.

- 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility. R.

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

10. 10.



- 1 The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born on Christmas night. ¶
- 2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.
- 3 She laid Him in a stall at Bethlehem;
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.
- 4 Saint Joseph too was by, to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.
- 5 The Angels hovered round, and sang this song:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
- 6 And thus that manger poor became a throne;
For He Whom Mary bore was God the Son.
- 7 O come then, let us join the heavenly host
To praise the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
- 8 *Venite, adoremus Dominum.*
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

¶ Second line of each verse to be repeated.

Christmastide.

7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain.

4/4

4/4

4/4

4/4

R. Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o,

Glo

ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o.

Les anges dans nos campagnes.

- 1 Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains;
And the mountains, in reply,
Echo still their joyous strains.
R. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*
- 2 Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why the rapturous strain prolong?
Say, what may the tidings be
Which inspired this heavenly song? R.
- 3 Come to Bethlehem, and see
Him, Whose birth the Angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ our Lord, the new-born King. R.
- 4 See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth:
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
To acclaim our Saviour's birth. R.

Christmastide.

4. 6. 8 8. 6.

A - men.

- 1 Sleep, holy Babe,
Upon Thy Mother's breast:
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!
- 2 Sleep, holy Babe!
Thine Angels watch around—
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before the incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.
- 3 Sleep, holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.
- 4 Sleep, holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose.
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.
- 5 Then must those hands,
Which now so fair I see;
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me.
- 6 Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.
- 7 O Lady blest,
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die.

8. 6. 8. 6. 6 6. 10 10.



- 1 When Jesus first appeared on earth
A Babe in Bethlehem,
The winter midnight of His birth
Did fair as noontide seem;
Ne'er shone the stars so bright
As on that wondrous night:
Swift to the East the brightest of them all
Darts through the sky, the wise three kings to call.
- 2 The watchful shepherds kept by night
The flocks of Bethlehem,
When lo! an Angel clothed in light
Appeared, and said to them:
"Good shepherds, do not fear,
Our gladsome tidings hear;
For peace and joy upon the world arise,
And sinful earth becomes a paradise!
- 3 To you this day in Bethlehem
A Saviour-King is born;
The Long-expected—to redeem
And save a world forlorn.
Then haste, and you will find
The Saviour of mankind—
An Infant, swathed, and lying in a stall,
Amongst the poor, the poorest one of all."
- 4 The angel-choirs in glittering throng
From heaven to earth descend,
And in one sweet melodious song
Their countless voices blend:
"Glory to God above!
Born is the King of Love!
Peace be, on earth, to men who have good will;
Let grateful concerts earth and heaven fill!"

Christmastide.

7 7. 7 7. 7. 7. 7.



Unison.



PART I.

LITANY OF THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

- 1 By the word to Mary given:
By Thy first descent from heaven:
By Thine infant form so fair,
Trembling in the midnight air:

R. Babe of Bethlem, hear our cry,
Thou wast helpless once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.
- 2 By Thy poor and lowly lot:
By the manger and the grot:
By Thy tender feet and hands,
Folded fast in swaddling bands: R.
- 3 By the worship, shepherds paid:
By the gifts that sages made—
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet
Laid in homage at Thy feet: R.
- 4 By Saint Joseph's thoughts amazed,
When he first upon Thee gazed,
And his Lord and Maker saw
Laid upon a bed of straw: R.
- 5 And, O, more than all the rest,
By the joy of Mary's breast,
When she kneeling first adored
Thee, her child, and yet her Lord: R.

Christmastide.

7 7. 7 7. 7. 7. 7.



Unison.



PART II.

LITANY OF THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

- 1 By the Name which Thou didst take,
Suffering early for our sake—
Name adored on bended knee,
Name of grace and majesty:

- ℞. Child of Mary, hear our cry,
Thou wast little once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

- 2 By the joy of Simeon blest,
When he clasped Thee to his breast:
By the widowed Anna's song,
Poured amid the wondering throng: ℞.

- 3 By Thine angel-bidden flight
Into Egypt in the night:
By Thy home, at Herod's death,
In despised Nazareth: ℞.

- 4 By Thy Mother's anxious fears:
By her many sighs and tears,
As she sought Thee night and day,
Turning back upon her way: ℞.

- 5 By her wondering love and awe
In the temple, when she saw
Thee, her Child so young and fair,
Wiser than the wisest there: ℞.

4 4. 8. 4 4. 8.

A - men.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

Felix dies quam proprio.

- 1 O happy day!
That could display
The first sweet drops of JESU's Blood!
O happy day!
That should essay
The triumph of the Holy Rood!
- 2 Lo! scarcely born,
His Blood this morn
Purples the Orient from above:
This funeral
Libation shall
Become the prelude of His love.
- 3 He would fulfil
His Father's will
Not sadly, but rejoicing: so
Forestalls the day
(Too far away!)
Whereon His precious Blood must flow.
- 4 The guilt He takes
For our poor sakes,
The pain He suffers, innocent:
Who made the law
Would not withdraw
Himself from all its punishment.
- 5 Beneath Thy wound,
O Christ, hath swooned
The ancient law, and ceased to be:
Its follower—
The holier
Eternal law of charity.
- 6 O loving Christ,
Be sacrificed
Whatso within us is not Thine!
Our hearts enframe
Alone Thy Name;
Within, Thy law alone enshrine!

Christmastide.

11. 11. 11. 5.

A - men.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Lapsus est annus: redit annus alter.

- 1 Cometh a new year—buried is the olden:
Thus, too, our life goes out with pinion sleeping:
Thou, Lord, its Master; for its course is holden
Safe in Thy keeping.
- 2 Joyous we praise Thee for its gifts allotted:
But for the greatest, Lord, which Thou hast given,
Pray we, Thy children keep the faith unspotted,
Rentless, unriven!
- 3 Give us our daily bread, beseech we lowly:
Far from our borders drive all sickly humours:
Shower Thy gifts of peace, and banish wholly
War and its rumours.
- 4 O may Thy pardon our misdoing cover:
Be the endeavours of the bad repressèd:
Grant to the victors, when the strife is over,
Palms of the blessèd.
- 5 Sinful affections, sinful acts reproving,
Offer we, Saviour, hearts with love o'erflowing:
Make our years fruitful—Thou a Father's loving
Countenance showing.
- 6 Days, years and epochs—Time in all its phases
Runneth to Thee, Lord, as a mighty river:
May Thy creation offer worthy praises
Unto Thee ever.

8. 7. 8. 7.

*O sola magnarum urbium.*

- 1 Bethlehem! of noblest cities,
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord of Heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a Form of earth.
- 3 By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern Kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer—
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.
- 4 Offerings of mystic meaning:—
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a Royal Child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.
- 5 Holy JESUS, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.



- 1 King of Israel, Word incarnate,
Now with joy we turn to Thee,
In the brightness of Thy rising,
At Thy first Epiphany:
Sleeping in the arms of Mary,
Thou art God for ever blest:
Thee Thy servants love and worship
In the sweetness of Thy rest.
- 2 Taught of God, three Eastern Sages
Come to greet Thee from afar;
First-fruits of the Gentile kingdoms,
Guided by the promised star:
Soon they find Thee with Thy Mother,
Soon their treasures they unfold,
Offerings for prophetic welcome—
Incense, bitter myrrh and gold.
- 3 King of Gentiles, Light of ages,
Very gracious, Lord, art Thou;
Save us by Thy holy childhood;
By the crowns upon Thy brow:
Bring us to the heavenly Eden,
Where the Living live in Thee,
Likened to Thy changeless beauty
In the great Epiphany.



- 1 Who are these that ride so fast o'er the Desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents
broad;
Whose camel bells are tinkling through the long and starry night,
Who ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight? ¶
- 2 Who are these that ride so fast? They are eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high
degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the wellknown voices
kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains—they've left them all
behind.
- 3 The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the
Star:
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them
mad;
Messiah's Star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.
- 4 And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The everlasting Child
They saw upon His Mother's lap—earth's Monarch meek and mild:
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving kiss;
O what were thrones, O what were crowns to such a joy as this?
- 5 O glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings:
For Jasper and for Melchior and Balthasar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star.

¶ Latter half of last line in each verse to be repeated.

Lent.

L. M.

*Audi benigne Conditor.*

- 1 Creator, bounteous and benign,
• With tears we pray, Thine ear incline,
As in these hallowed days of Lent,
Our contrite sighs to heaven are sent.
- 2 Great Searcher of the reins and heart,
Thou seest us frail, Thy grace impart;
We turn to Thee, Thy mercy show,
And pardon for our sins bestow.
- 3 Our sins are multiplied and great,
But spare us in our helpless state;
And for Thy name's renown and praise,
Our souls to health and virtue raise.
- 4 May we, by wholesome penance, now
Compel our sinful flesh to bow;
That, tutored in this sacred time,
Our humbled hearts may fast from crime.
- 5 Grant us, O blessed Three in One,
To end with fruit our course begun;
May contrite fasts and ardent love
Secure us endless joys above.

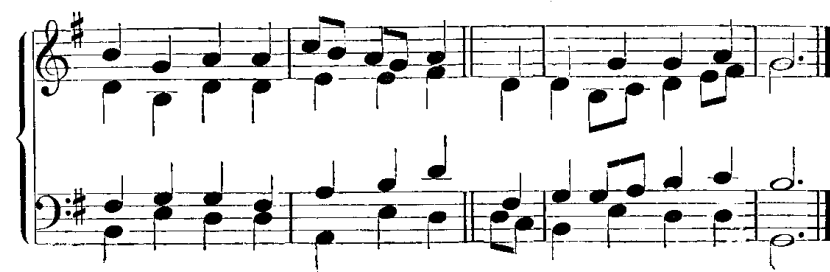
Lent.

L. M.

*O sol salutis, intimis.*

- 1 O sovereign Sun, diffuse Thy light,
And clear our inmost minds of night;
Thy beams drive all that's dark away,
And give the world a better day.
- 2 Now days of grace with mercy flow,
O Lord, the gift of tears bestow,
To wash our stains in every part,
Whilst heavenly fire consumes the heart.
- 3 Rise, crystal tears, from that same source
From whence our sins derive their course;
Nor cease, till hardened hearts relent
And, softened by your streams, repent.
- 4 Behold, the happy days return,
The days of joy for them that mourn;
May we of their indulgence share,
And bless the God that grants our prayer.
- 5 May heaven and earth aloud proclaim
The Trinity's almighty fame;
And we, restored to grace, rejoice
In newness both of heart and voice.

8 8 8. 6. 6. 8. 6.



1 Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.

R. O hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father, in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear!

2 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years! R.

3 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn. R.

4 Full long in sin's dark ways we went,
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent. R.

Passiontide.

8 7. 8 7. 8 7. with Refrains.

R. 1.

R. 2.

V.

A - men.

- ℞. 1. Crux fidelis, inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine.
- ℞. 2. Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet.
- 1 V. Pange lingua gloriōsi
Prælium certāminis,
Et super crucis trophæum
Dic triūmphum nobilem:
Quāliter Redēptor orbis
Immolātus vicerit. ℞. 1.
- 2 V. De parētis protoplāsti
Fraude Factor cōdolens,
Quando pomi noxiālis
Morsu in mortem cōrruit:
Ipse lignum tunc notāvit,
Damna ligni ut sōlveret. ℞. 2.
- 3 V. Hoc opus nostræ salūtis
Ordo depopōscerat:
Multifōrmis proditōris
Ars ut artem fālleret:
Et medēlam ferret inde,
Hostis unde læserat. ℞. 1.
- 4 V. Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitūdo tēporis,
Missus est ab arce Patris
Natus, orbis Cōnditor:
Atque ventre virgināli
Caro factus prōdiit. ℞. 2.

- 5 V. Vagit infans inter arcia
Cōditus præsēpia:
Membra pannis involūta
Virgo Mater alligat:
Et manus pedēque et crura
Stricta cingit fāscia. ℞. 1.
- 6 V. Lustris sex qui jam perāctis.
Tempus implens cōporis,
Se volēte, natus ad hoc,
Passiōni dēditus,
Agnus in crucis levātur
Immolāndus stīpite. ℞. 2.
- 7 V. Hic acētum, fel, arūdo,
Sputa, clavi, lancea:
Mite corpus perforātur:
Sanguis, unda prōfluit:
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus,
Quo lavāntur flūmine! ℞. 1.
- 8 V. Flecte ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa viscera,
Et rigor lentēscat ille,
Quem dedit nativitas:
Ut supēri membra Regis
Miti tendas stīpite. ℞. 2.
- 9 V. Sola digna tu fuisti
Ferre sæcli prētium,
Atque portum præparāre
Nauta mundo nāufrago:
Quem sacer cruor perūnxit,
Fusus Agni corpore. ℞. 1.
- 10 V. Glōria et honor Deo
Usquequāque Altīssimo:
Una Patri Filiōque,
Inclito Parāclito:
Cui laus est et potestas
Per ætēna sæcula. Amen. ℞. 2.

Passiontide.

8 8 6. 8 8 6.

*Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis.*

- 1 Come then, my soul, and gladly sing
The happy combat of our King,
Which on the Cross He fought:
Where He, the all-victorious Lamb,
Sin, death and hell itself o'ercame,
And our full safety wrought.
- 2 * He saw with pity our sad fate,
When our first parents rashly ate
Of that unhappy tree:
He saw and marked the deadly wound,
And soon this sovereign balsam found
To save our souls by thee.
- 3 * This way our cure required, as fit
That heaven's high wisdom should outwit
The dire black art of hell:
And from the source of all our bane
A powerful antidote be ta'en
The poison to expel.
- 4 * When the blest time was fully come,
The Father from His glorious home
Sent His eternal Son:
He that created heaven and earth,
Of a poor Virgin took His birth,
And our frail flesh put on.

- 5 * The tender Infant, as He lies
In the cold manger, shrinks and cries
As little children use:
While His chaste Mother binds His hands,
His feet, His legs in swathing bands;
Nor does He worse refuse.
- 6 * He does not only not refuse,
But out of pure love freely choose
Death on this bitter Cross;
Where He, the sinless Lamb, was slain—
Eternal life for us to gain,
And so repair our loss.
- 7 * Behold the gall and vinegar,
The mocking reed and cruel spear—
Their hate, His love display:
Behold the Body cold and wan,
Whence streams of blood and water ran
To wash our stains away.
- 8 Hail, holy Cross, to thee we bow,
To whose blest Fruit our lives we owe;
Our earth bears no such tree:
Dear are the nails, and dear the wood
On which our dear Lord shed his blood
'Twas heaven that planted thee.

- 9 Bend, gentle tree, O quickly bend
Thy softened branches, and suspend
Thy native stubborn heart:
O give at least this small relief
To God of heaven, but Man of grief—
At least abate His smart.
- 10 'Twas thou alone wert worthy thought
To bear Him, Who our ransom brought
And on thee paid it down:
'Twas He alone and His dear Blood
That saved us from the common flood,
Which else the world would drown.
- 11 All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All honour, bliss and praise!
O may we still adore Thy name,
Thy power and goodness still proclaim
Beyond the end of days.

Passiontide.

L. M.



1 Vexilla Regis proudeunt:
Fulget Crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

2 Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

3 Implata sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens: In nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

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

5 Beata, cujus brachiis
Saeculi pependit pretium:
Statéra facta corporis,
Praedamque tulit tartari.

6 O Crux, ave, spes unica:
Hoc Passionis tempore,
Auge piis justitiam,
Reisque dona veniam.

7 Te summa Deus Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quos per Crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per saecula.

Passiontide.

L. M.

A - men.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

- 1 Abroad the Regal Banners fly,
Now shines the Cross's mystery:
Upon it Life did death endure,
And yet by death did life procure.
- 2 Who, wounded with a direful spear,
Did, purposely to wash us clear
From stain of sin, pour out a flood
Of precious water mixed with blood.
- 3 Fully accomplished are the things
David, in faithful metre, sings:
Where he to nations does attest,
God on a tree His reign possessed.
- 4 O lovely and refulgent tree,
Adorned with purpled majesty:
Culled from a worthy stock, to bear
Those limbs which sanctified were.
- 5 Blest tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore:
The beam that did that Body weigh
Which raised up hell's expected prey.
- 6 Hail, Cross, of hopes the most sublime!
Now, in this mourning Passion time,
Improve religious souls in grace,
The sins of criminals efface.
- 7 Blest Trinity, salvation's spring,
May every soul Thy praises sing:
To those Thou grantest conquest by
The holy Cross, rewards apply.

Passiontide.

L. M.

A - men.

Gloriam sacra celebremus omnes.

- 1 JESUS, when on Thy fatal day
Thy people turn their awe-struck eyes,
Thy latest vesture's history dread
Distinct before their memory lies.
- 2 Thy suffering o'er, from hands and feet
They drew the nails who loved Thee well—
Into the linen's spotless folds
Thy soul-less Body gently fell.
- 3 O Word of God, the conquest won,
Thy trophies still around Thee lay;
Clothed in a vesture dipped in blood
Thou restedst victor from the fray.
- 4 With our salvation's awful price
Still wet upon Thy gaping side
And mangled feet and hands and brow,
The virgin web was redly died.
- 5 If blood from Thee, let tears from us
In spirit on Thy grave-clothes fall:
The price was Thine, the debt was ours;
For us, for us was suffered all.
- 6 Thou Who Thine own blest life didst give
A sacrifice for ours to be,
Teach us, O God, in least return
Our blood-bought lives to give to Thee.
- 7 Word of the self-existent One,
Word uttered with the breath divine,
Word clad in vesture dipped in blood,
All praise eternally be Thine!

Passiontide.

L. M.

A - men

Jesu dulcis amor meus.

- 1 Jesus, as though Thyself wert here,
I draw in trembling sorrow near;
And, gazing on Thy Form divine,
Kneel down to kiss those Wounds of Thine.
- 2 Ah me! how naked art Thou laid,
Blood-stained, distended, cold and dead—
Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet—
Upon the sacred winding-sheet.
- 3 Hail, awful Brow! Hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, Countenance, now pale in death,
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.
- 4 And hail to Thee, my Saviour's side—
And hail to Thee, Thou Wound so wide,
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes.
- 5 O, by those sacred Hands and Feet
For me so mangled, I entreat,
My JESUS, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

Eastertide.

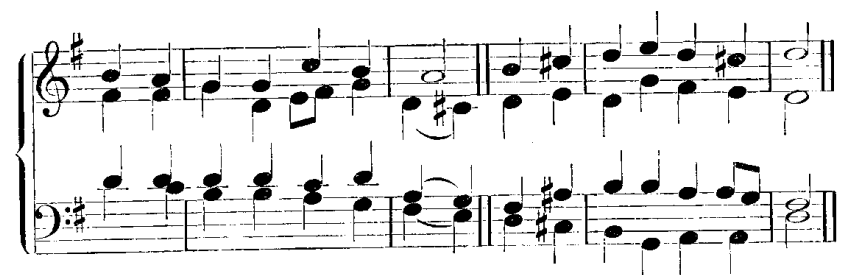
L. M.

*Ad regias Agni dapes.*

- 1 Sing, for the dark Red Sea is past,
The Lamb's high feast is won at last;
In snow-white stoles to Christ our King
Loud Paschal Alleluias sing.
- 2 Victim and Priest—His Flesh our food,
The chalice crowned with His dear Blood;
His love divine, in death made known,
That royal feast for us hath won.
- 3 Hail! heavenly Victim, Lord of life,
True conqueror in the unearthly strife,
True Lord of life's unfailing crown,
Whom death and hell their Sovereign own.
- 4 O Christ, from death of sin set free
The sons of life new-born to Thee;
So on our inmost souls shalt Thou
Unceasing Paschal joy bestow.
- 5 Father of heaven, all praise to Thee;
To Jesus risen all glory be;
Dread Paraclete, to Thee we raise
Through endless years the song of praise.

Eastertide.

7 7. 7 7. D.

*Victimæ paschali laudes.*

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen today:
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled
Sinless in the sinner's stead:
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Liveth now, no more to die.
- 2 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled:
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay:
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Liveth now, no more to die.
- 3 Say, O wondering Mary, say,
What didst see upon Thy way?
"I beheld where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and Angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light:
Christ my hope is risen again;
Liveth now, for ay to reign."
- 4 Christ Who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power:
Liveth, reigneth evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

8 8 8 4 with Refrain.

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rit. Fine.

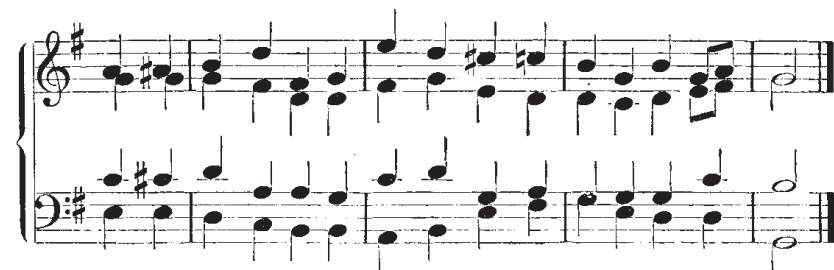
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V. Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

R. Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 V. O filii et filiae,
Rex cælestis, Rex glóriæ,
Morte surrexit hodie.
Alleluia. R. | 7 V. Ut intelléxit Didymus
Quia surrexerat Jésus,
Remansit fere dubius.
Alleluia. R. |
| 2 V. Et mane prima sabbati
Ad ostium monuménti
Accessérunt discipuli.
Alleluia. R. | 8 V. Vide, Thóma, vide látus,
Vide pèdes, vide mánus,
Nóli esse incredulus.
Alleluia. R. |
| 3 V. Et Maria Magdaléne
Et Jacóbi et Salóme
Venérunt corpús ungere.
Alleluia. R. | 9 V. Quando Thómas Christi látus,
Pèdes vidit atque mánus,
Dixit: Tu es Déus méus.
Alleluia. R. |
| 4 V. In álbis sédens Angelus
Prædixit muliéribus:
In Galilæa est Dóminus.
Alleluia. R. | 10 V. Beáti qui non vidérunt,
Et firmiter credidérunt,
Vítam ætérnam habébunt.
Alleluia. R. |
| 5 V. Et Joánnes Apóstolus
Cucúrrit Pétro citius,
Monuménto vénit prius.
Alleluia. R. | 11 V. In hoc fêsto sanctíssimo
Sit laus et jubilátio,
BENEDICAMUS DOMINO.
Alleluia. R. |
| 6 V. Discípulis astántibus
In médio stétit Christus
Dicens: Pax vóbis ómnibus.
Alleluia. R. | 12 V. De quibus nos humillimas,
Devótas atque débitas
DEO dicámus GRATIAS.
Alleluia. R. |



1 Alleluia, alleluia! Let the holy anthem rise,
Let the choirs of heaven chant it in the temple of the skies:
Let the mountains skip with gladness, let the joyful valleys ring
With Hosannas to the Highest—to our Saviour and our King.

2 Alleluia, alleluia! He endured the knotted whips,
And the jeering of the rabble and the scorn of mocking lips,
And the terrors of the gibbet upon which He would be slain:
But His death is seed of glory: He is risen up again.

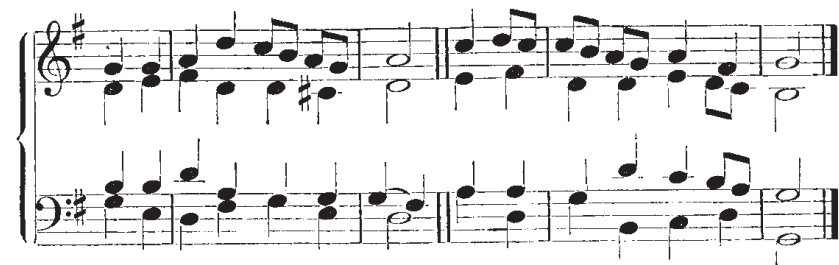
3 Alleluia, alleluia! Like the sun from out the wave,
He hath risen up in triumph from the darkness of the grave:
He the splendour of the nations, He the lamp of endless day,
He the very Lord of glory, Who hath risen up today.

4 Alleluia, alleluia! He hath burst our prison bars,
He hath lifted up the portals of our home beyond the stars,
He hath won for us our freedom, 'neath His feet our foes are trod,
He hath purchased back our birthright to the kingdom of our God.

5 Alleluia, alleluia! Blessèd Jesus, make us rise
From the life of this corruption to the life that never dies:
May we share with Thee Thy glory when the days of time are past,
And the dead shall be awakened by the trumpet's mighty blast.



7 7. 7 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.



LITANY OF THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

- 1 By the first bright Easter Day,
When the stone was rolled away:
By the glory round Thee shed
At Thy rising from the dead:

R. King of glory, hear our cry!
Make us soon Thy joys to see;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.
- 2 By Thy Mother's fond embrace:
By her joy to see Thy face
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
Thee she welcomed from the tomb: R.
- 3 By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw Thee once again,
And, entranced in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss Thy sacred feet: R.
- 4 By their joy who greeted Thee
'Mid the hills of Galilee:
By Thy keys of might divine,
Vested in Saint Peter's line: R.
- 5 By Thy parting blessing given
As Thou didst ascend to heaven:
By the cloud of living light
That received Thee out of sight: R.

Eastertide.

8. 7. 8 8. 8 8. 7 7.

A-men.

- 1 One great and final Sabbath day,
The Sun of our salvation
In death and darkness hid His ray,
And in His broken Temple lay.
But, ere the holy night was fled,
He raised His body from the dead
To rule the new creation
Of our sanctification.
- 2 Close-hidden in the sealed tomb
He wrought His peaceful wonder,
And broke the locks and bars of doom
As gently as the garden-gloom.
But Michael, mailed in blinding light,
Came flashing from the heavenly height,
And rolled the stone asunder,
And shook the world with thunder.
- 3 The Feet that trod the winepress lone
Go shod with wine-red roses;
The mighty Hands hold fast their own
Deep writ in living ruby stone;
And from the Heart for evermore
His sacred Side, like heav'n's door,
To contrite men uncloses,
And wine of life disposes.
- 4 O God, Whose Son hath made away
With death's dominion hoary,
Unlock to them that grope and stray
Wide avenues of endless day:
Enrich with fruit of all desire
The longing which Thou dost inspire,
That we, who guard His story,
May gaze upon His glory.



Salutis humane Sator.

- 1 Saviour of men, Who dost impart
Pure pleasure to the faithful heart,
Creator of our world redeemed,
Thy light on loving souls hath beamed.
- 2 O victim of triumphant love,
The bearer of our sins to prove!
All guiltless to resign Thy breath
To free our souls from endless death!
- 3 Forcing the gloomy gates of hell,
Thou freest its slaves from bondage fell,
Victorious with Thy ransomed band,
Enthroned on high at God's right hand.
- 4 May kind compassion move Thee now,
Repair the ills with which we bow,
Grant us to see Thy radiant face,
Enrich our souls with light and grace.
- 5 Be Thou our heavenly guide and way,
The leader whom our hearts obey,
The joy that bids our weeping cease,
Our sweet reward in life and peace.



Hymnum canamus glorie.

- 1 A hymn of glory let us sing;
New be the songs of triumphing;
For Christ, by a new path, hath gone
To God, and to His throne.
- 2 With Mary, the Disciples met
On mystic Mount of Olivet;
They saw the wonder, and adored
The glory of the Lord.
- 3 To whom the angel-message given:
"Why stand ye looking up to heaven?
This Jesus Who hath left you, thus
Shall come all-glorious."
- 4 O Saviour, draw our hearts above
With strongest bands of faith and love;
There, seated at the Father's side,
Thou dost for ever bide.
- 5 Be Thou our joy on earth, dear Lord,
Who shalt in heaven be our reward:
Let all our glory be in Thee
While countless ages flee.

Ascensiontide.

L. M. with Alleluias.

A - men.

•| 2nd line of 1st verse begins here.

Cælos ascendit hodie.

- 1 He mounts the heav'ens triumphing,
Alleluia:
Christ the Saviour, glorious King,
Alleluia.
He sitteth at the Father's right,
Alleluia:
And ruleth heaven and earth with might,
Alleluia.
- 2 Thus Father David's wondrous psalm,
Alleluia:
Hath ended in the conquering Lamb,
Alleluia.
My Lord now reigneth with the Lord,
Alleluia:
Upon the Father's throne adored,
Alleluia.
- 3 On this triumphal day of days,
Alleluia:
Sing to the Lord your hymns of praise,
Alleluia.
Unto the Trinity be laud.
Alleluia:
Thanksgiving make we unto God,
Alleluia.

L. M.



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

2 Qui Paracletus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas
Et spiritalis unctio.

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermonem ditans guttura.

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

5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te praevio,
Vitemus omne noxium

6 Per te sciamus de Patrem
Noscimus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7 Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paracleti,
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

* The hymn is printed here as in the Vatican Gradual. The modern recension may be found at the end of the book.

Whitsuntide.

C. M.

*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From Thy bright heavenly throne;
Come take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thine own.
- 2 Thou Who art called the Paraclete,
Best Gift of God above,
The Living Spring, the Living Fire,
Sweet Unction and True Love.
- 3 Thou Who art sevenfold in Thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand,
His Promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.
- 4 O guide our minds with Thy blest light,
With love our hearts inflame,
And, with Thy strength which ne'er decays,
Confirm our mortal frame.
- 5 Far from us drive our hellish foe,
True peace unto us bring,
And through all perils guide us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.
- 6 Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee, the Eternal Son,
And Thee—the Spirit of Them Both,
Thrice-blessèd Three in One.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
With His coequal Son;
The same to Thee, O Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

7 7. 7. 7 7. 7.



1 Veni Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cælitus
Lucis tuæ rādium.
Veni pater pāuperum,
Veni dator mūnerum,
Veni lumen cōrdium.

2 Consolātor óptime,
Dulcis hospes ánimæ,
Dulce refrigerium.
In labóre réquies,
In æstu tempéries,
In fletu solātium.

3 O lux beatíssima,
Reple cordis íntima
Tuórum fidélium.
Sine tuo númine
Nihil est in hómine,
Nihil est innóxium.

4 Lava quod est sórdidum,
Riga quod est áridum,
Sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rígidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est dévium.

5 Da tuis fidélibus
In te confidéntibus
Sacrum septenárium.
Da virtútis méritum,
Da salútis éxitum,
Da perénne gáudium.

Whitsuntide.

7 7. 7. 7 7. 7.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus.*

- 1 Holy Spirit, come and shine
On our souls with beams divine,
Issuing from Thy radiance bright.
Come, O Father of the poor,
Ever bounteous of Thy store,
Come, our heart's unfailing light.
- 2 Come, consoler kindest, best,
Come, our bosom's dearest guest,
Sweet refreshment, sweet repose.
Rest in labour, coolness sweet,
Tempering the burning heat,
Truest comfort of our woes.
- 3 O divinest light, impart
Unto every faithful heart
Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.
But for Thy blest Deity,
Nothing pure in man could be,
Nothing harmless, nothing good.
- 4 Wash away each sinful stain,
Gently shed Thy gracious rain
On the dry and fruitless soul.
Heal each wound and bend each will,
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
All our wayward steps control.
- 5 Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign the sevenfold gift to send.
Grant us virtue's blest increase,
Grant a death of hope and peace,
Grant the joys that never end.

Almighty God.

TRISAGION OF THE CHURCHES OF SPAIN.
Santo dios.

God all Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Al - might - y!

Holy, deathless God! From all ill, good Lord, de - liv - er us!

Almighty God.

7 8 7 8 7 7.

Holy, deathless God! From all ill, good Lord, de - liv - er us!

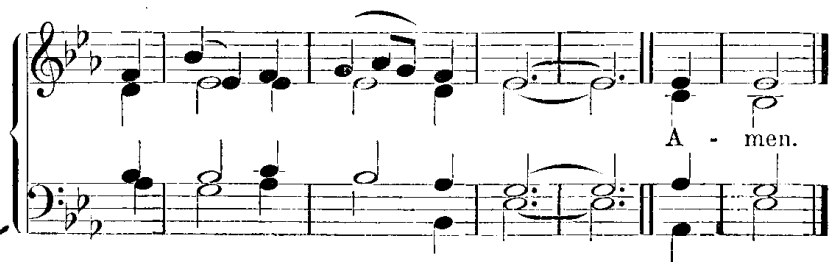
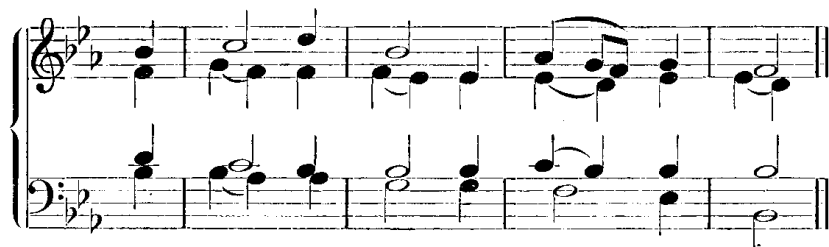
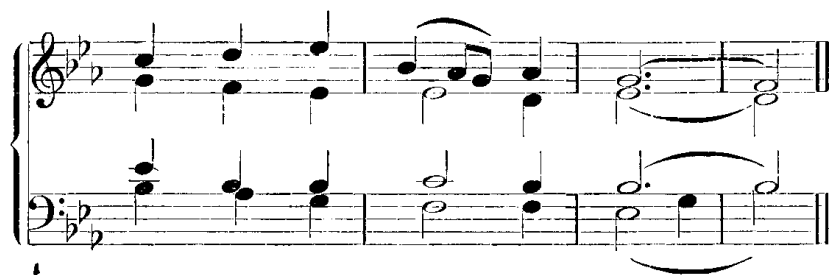
Amen.

Grosser Gott, wir loben dich.

- 1 Holy God, we praise Thy Name,
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heaven above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.
- 2 Hark, the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
- 3 Lo, the Apostolic train
Join, Thy sacred name to hallow:
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed Martyrs follow:
And, from morn till set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.
- 4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in Essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee:
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.
- 5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ;
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary:
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened heaven to faith.
- 6 From Thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that Thou shalt come
In the dreadful Doomsday morning;
When Thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled dead come forth.
- 7 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin today,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo, I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

Almighty God.

C. M.



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

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

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

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

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

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

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

Almighty God.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

*Il tuo gusto, e non il mio.*

- 1 'Tis Thy good pleasure, not mine own
In Thee, my God, I love alone;
And nothing I desire of Thee
But what Thy goodness wills for me.

R. O Will of God! O Will Divine!
All, all our love be ever Thine.

- 2 Thou makest crosses soft and light,
And death itself seem sweet and bright:
No cross nor fear that soul dismays
Whose will to Thee united stays. R.

- 3 To Thee I consecrate and give
My heart and being while I live:
JESUS, Thy heart alone shall be
My love for all eternity. R.

- 4 Alike in pleasure and in pain
To please Thee is my joy and gain:
That, O my Love, which pleases Thee
Shall evermore seem best to me.

R. May heaven and earth with love fulfil,
My God, Thy ever-blessèd Will!

The Holy Trinity.

6. 10 8. 5 5 5.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, often using chords. The score is divided into two systems by a double bar line. The first system contains four measures, and the second system contains four measures. The music is written in a clear, legible font.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the first line of music. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

- 1 O Blessèd Trinity!
Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty.
- R. Holy Trinity,
 Blessèd equal Three,
 One God, we praise Thee.
- 2 O Blessèd Trinity!
O simplest Majesty, O Three in One,
Thou art for ever God alone. R.
- 3 O Blessèd Trinity!
O unbegotten Father, give us tears
To quench our love, to calm our fears. R.
- 4 O Blessèd Trinity!
Bright Son, Who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten, and not made. R.
- 5 O Blessèd Trinity!
Coequal Spirit, wondrous Paraclete,
By Thee the Godhead is complete. R.
- 6 O Blessèd Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single throne. R.

The Holy Trinity.

8 8. 8. 8 8. 8.

A - men.

1 Father, Creator, God most high,
 Maker of all in earth and sky,
 Thou God of love and majesty:
 O save Thy creature, I implore,
 For whom Thine Own-Begotten wore
 The weeds of frail humanity.

2 O Jesus, Thou didst heaven forsake,
 On Thee our human flesh to take,
 And pour Thy blood on Calvary.
 Whatever stain of sinful clay
 Our hearts have caught, O wash away
 Within that fount of purity.

3 O holy Spirit, Lord of grace,
 Our inmost soul's most secret place
 Burn with the fire of charity.
 Make clean our hearts, and then infuse
 Rich largess of Thy heavenly dews,
 To gift them with fertility.

4 In persons three: in substance one:
 In gifts inseparate: Father, Son
 And Spirit, blessed Trinity:
 O bear our fainting steps along,
 And make us out of weakness strong
 In faith and hope and charity.

The Holy Trinity.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.



1 God the Father, Who didst make me
 To adore and worship Thee,
 Who didst fashion and create me
 Thine for evermore to be:
 From Thy ways oft have I wandered,
 E'en each day and every hour;
 Time so precious spent and squandered
 Let me now with tears deplore.

2 JESUS CHRIST, Who didst redeem me
 From eternal misery,
 Who didst shed Thy blood to save me
 On the Cross of Calvary:
 O what sorrow there I caused Thee!
 O what bitter agony!
 By that Cross I now beseech Thee
 Look with pity down on me.

3 Holy Ghost, Whose grace descended
 Sevenfold to strengthen me,
 By Whose grace my soul was cleansed
 From a dark iniquity:
 Many gifts of Thine I slighted—
 Gifts bestowed so lovingly;
 Be Thy love at length requited!
 Bid my heart keep faith with Thee!

4 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
 Ever-blessèd Trinity—
 O what love from me They merit
 For such wondrous charity!
 Thou, O God, hast made and saved me,
 Thou alone my Lord shalt be:
 Take me, then, to love and serve Thee
 Now and in eternity.

God the Father.

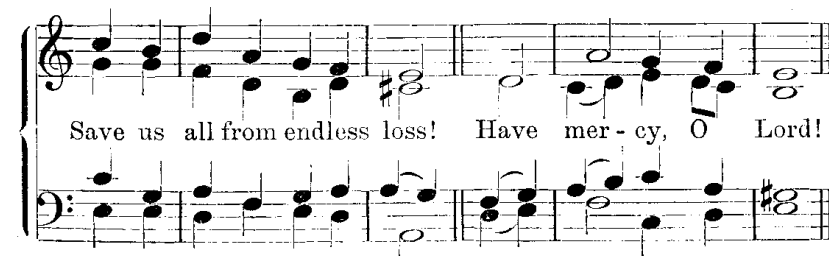
C. M.



- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art:
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 O then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take;
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.
- 7 Father of JESUS, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

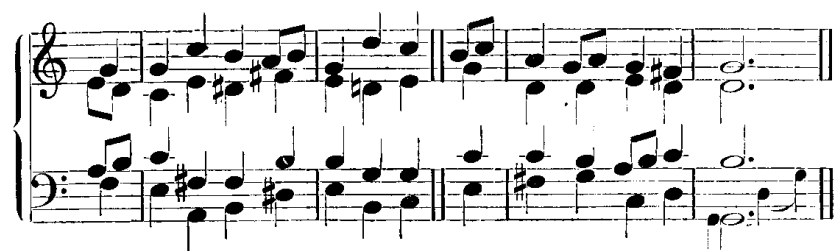
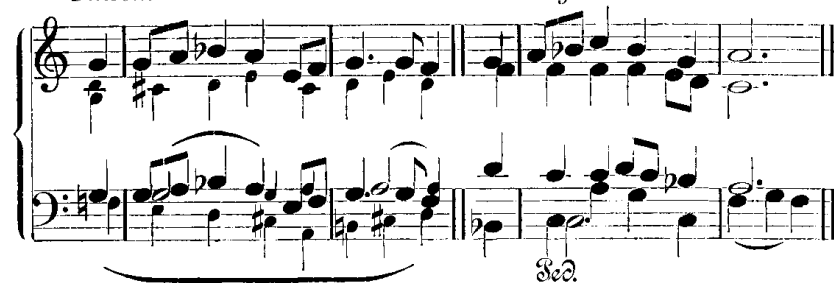
God the Son.

TRISAGION OF THE CHURCHES OF GERMANY.

Heiliger Herr und Gott.

God the Son.

D. C. M.

*Unison.**Harmony.**Sec.**A-men.*

1 JESUS is God! The solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 JESUS is God! The glorious bands
Of golden Angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true God,
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

3 JESUS is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord!

4 JESUS is God! O could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
O had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud—
JESUS, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

God the Son.

6 6. 6. 6 6. 6.

*Beim frühen Morgenlicht.*

- 1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Alike at work and prayer
To JESUS I repair.
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 2 The sacred minster bell—
It peals o'er hill and dell:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 3 To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 4 * My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting in the choir:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
This song of sacred joy—
It never seems to cloy:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

- 5 * When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 6 * Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 7 * Though break my heart in twain,
Still this shall be my strain:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
In want and bitter pain
None ever said in vain:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 8 * When you begin the day,
O never fail to say:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
And at your work rejoice
To sing with heart and voice:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 9 * Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Should guilt your spirit wring,
Remember Christ, your King:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

- 10 * Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
The night becomes as day
When from the heart we say:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 11 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 12 To God the Word on high
The hosts of Angels cry:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 13 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Let air and sea and sky
From depth to height reply:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
- 14 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on:
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised!

God the Son.

D. S. M.

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

- 2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

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

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

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

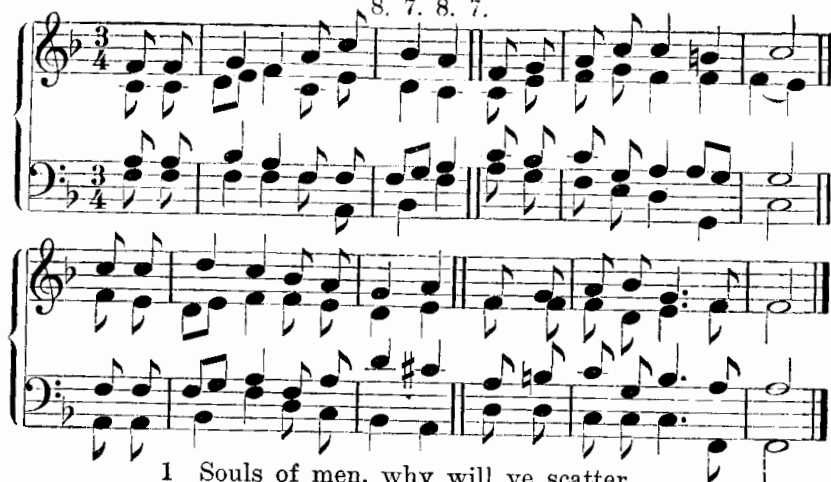
- 6 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

11 11. 11 11.

A - men.

- 1 I met the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one again.
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore;
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to adore.
- 2 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds—they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee, in saving Thy sheep:
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed;
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?
- 3 Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair,
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath!
And, lo, on Thy face is the shadow of death!
- 4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Ah then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne.
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn!

8. 7. 8. 7.



- 1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
- 2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour, Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?
- 3 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.
- 5 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.
- 6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 7 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

10. 10. 10. 10.

*Le monde en vain.*

- 1 To win my heart with visions bright and fair,
In vain the world with all its craft has tried:
Harmless and weak its dazzling weapons are,
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.
- 2 Come, all ye proud ones of the earth, array
Your gathering hosts around me far and wide:
My heart is calm amid the loud affray,
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.
- 3 Death has for me no fears, its bitter pains
Shall never from my King my heart divide:
Faithful to Him till death my will remains;
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my only hope and shield;
No powers of ill before Thee can abide:
I trust in Thee upon the battle field;
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

7 7. 7 7. D.



THE COMINGS OF JESUS.

- 1 Christmas brings the world's Desire,
Kindler of the heavenly fire;
Brightly dawns the Light of Light
Through the gloom of ancient night;
God has come with men to dwell,
Christ is born in Israel:
Thrilling songs His Angels sing,
Worshipping their Infant King.
- 2 Easter with its gleaming crown
Trampleth all the darkness down;
Powers of evil crouch in fear
As the Conqueror draweth near;
Christ hath left the rock-hewn cave,
All can see the empty grave:
Thrilling songs His Angels sing,
Worshipping their Risen King.
- 3 Girt with might, at God's right hand
Jesus doth for ever stand;
Yet delighteth here to dwell
In the midst of Israel;
He is on His altar now,
At His feet the faithful bow:
Thrilling songs His Angels sing,
Worshipping their Hidden King.

God the Son.

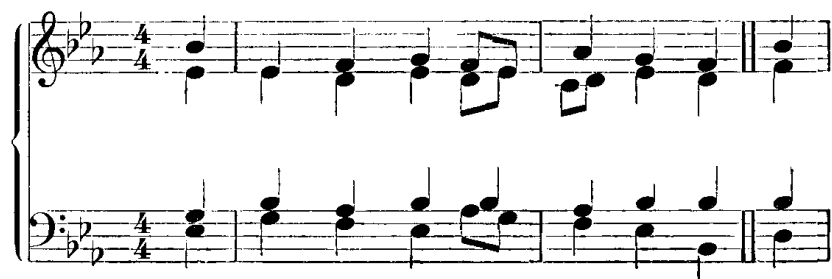
8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.



- 1 JESUS, all hail! Who for my sin
Didst die, and by that death didst win
Eternal life for me:
Send me Thy grace, good Lord, that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
And hide my life with Thee.
- 2 JESUS, Who on that fatal wood
Poured forth Thy life's last drop of blood,
Nailed to a shameful cross:
O may we bless Thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All grief, all pain, all loss.
- 3 JESUS, Who, by Thine own love slain,
By Thine own power took'st life again,
And from the grave didst rise:
O may Thy death our souls revive,
And at our death a new life give,
The life that never dies.
- 4 JESUS, Who to Thy heaven again
Returned in triumph, there to reign
Of men and angels King:
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever sing.

The Holy Name.

C. M.

*Jesu dulcis memoria.*

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

The Holy Name.

7 7. 7 7.

Musical score for 'The Holy Name' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has two staves (treble and bass clef). The second system also has two staves. The music is a simple, hymn-like accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

A - men.

Jesu Rex admirabilis.

- 1 JESUS, King o'er all adored,
JESUS, our victorious Lord,
Sweetness Thou that speech transcends;
Hope of earth's remotest ends.
- 2 Coming to the faithful heart,
Light and love Thou dost impart;
Earth's deceitful pleasures fall,
Thou alone art all in all.
- 3 JESUS, Lord of pure delight,
Cleanser of the inward sight,
Every joy Thou dost excel,
Sweetest love's o'erflowing well.
- 4 Unto Thee let us repair,
Seek Thy face with earnest prayer;
Earnest seek Thy love to know;
Seeking, still more earnest grow.
- 5 JESUS, let our lips proclaim
And our lives confess Thy Name;
Thou our joy and portion be
Now and in eternity.

The Blessed Sacrament.

13. 13.

Musical score for 'The Blessed Sacrament' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple, hymn-like accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

O Sa - crament most ho - ly, O Sa - cra - ment di - vine,

Musical score for 'The Blessed Sacrament' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple, hymn-like accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

All praise and all thanks - giv - ing be,

Musical score for 'The Blessed Sacrament' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple, hymn-like accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ev - ery moment, Thine, be, ev - ery mo - ment, Thine!

By permission of Messrs Novello & Co.

The Blessed Sacrament.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.



Pange lingua gloriósi
 Corporis mystérium
 Sanguinisque pretiósí,
 Quem in mundi prètium
 Fructus ventris generósi
 Rex effúdit gèntium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
 Ex intácta Vírgine,
 Et in mundo conversátus,
 Sparso verbi sémine,
 Sui moras incolátus
 Miro clausit órđine.

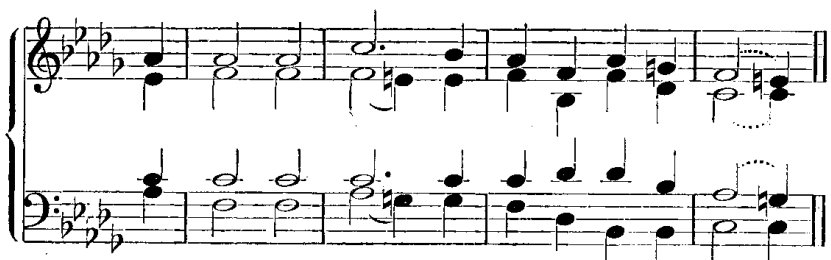
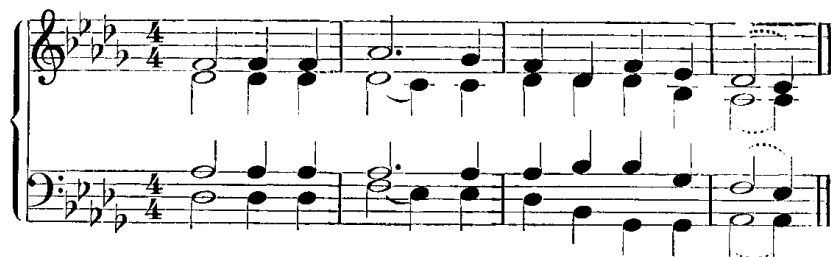
In suprémæ nocte cenæ
 Recúmbens cum frátribus,
 Observáta lege plene
 Cibis in legálibus,
 Cibum turbæ duodénæ
 Se dat suis mânibus.

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

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

Genitóri, Genitóque
 Laus et jubilátio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio:
 Procedénti ab utróque
 Compar sit laudátio.

11 11. 11 11.

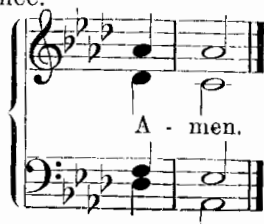
*Adoro te devote, latens Deitas.*

- 1 O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the forms before me;
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.
- 2 Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived;
The ear alone most safely is believed;
I believe all the Son of God has spoken;
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.
- 3 God only on the Cross lay hid from view;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood too;
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.
- 4 Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see,
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God to be;
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.
- 5 O thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying;
O living Bread, to mortals life supplying;
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live,
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.
- 6 O loving Pelican; O JESUS, Lord;
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood;
Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,
Can purge the universe from all its guilt.
- 7 Jesus, Whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, O vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding.



Anima Christi, sanctifica me.

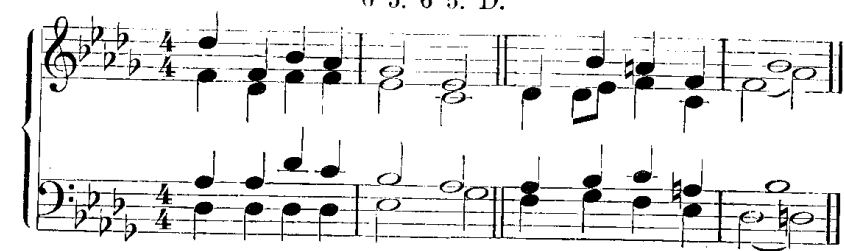
- 1 Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast:
Body of Christ, be Thou my saving Guest:
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in Thy tide:
Wash me, ye waters gushing from His side.
- 2 Strength and protection may Thy Passion be:
O blessed JESUS, hear and answer me:
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me:
So shall I never, never part from Thee.
- 3 Guard and defend me from the foe
malign:
In death's dread moment make me
only Thine:
Call me, and bid me come to Thee
on high;
Where I may praise Thee with Thy
Saints for ay.



Vi adoro ogni momento.

- 1 Hail! Thou living Bread from heavèn;
Sacrament of awful might:
I adore Thee, I adore Thee
Every moment, day and night.
- 2 Heart from Mary's heart created;
Heart of JESUS all divine:
Here before Thee I adore Thee;
All my heart and soul are Thine.

6 5. 6 5. D.

*Partendo dal mondo.*

- 1 When the loving Shepherd,
Ere He left the earth,
Shed, to pay our ransom,
Blood of priceless worth,—
These His lambs so cherished,
Purchased for His own,
He would not abandon
In the world alone.
- 2 Ere He makes us partners
Of His realm on high,
Happy and immortal
With Him in the sky,—
Love immense, stupendous
Makes Him here below
Partner of our exile
In this world of woe.
- 3 JESUS, food of Angels!
Monarch of the heart,
O that I could never
From Thy face depart!
Yes, Thou ever dwellest
Here for love of me,
Hidden Thou remainest,
God of Majesty!
- 4 Soon I hope to see Thee,
And enjoy Thy love,
Face to face, sweet JESUS,
In Thy heaven above.
But on earth an exile,
My delight shall be
Ever to be near Thee,
Veiled for love of me.

C. M.



ACT OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

- 1 In this sweet Sacrament, to Thee
My God, be ceaseless praise!
And to the name of Jesus be
All love through endless days!
- 2 And blessed too be Mary's womb,
Which gave to us that Son,
More pure, more fair than lily-bloom,
Jesus, the Blessed One.
- 3 Come now, my loving Lord, to me,
O come into my heart;
Inflame it all with love of Thee,
And never thence depart.
- 4 And let this wretched heart be Thine,
Yes, Thine, dear God, alone!
And, Mary, may this soul of mine
Henceforth be all thine own!



The Blessed Sacrament.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.



PART I.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
R. Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore:
O make us love Thee more and more!
- 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King!
O with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, JESUS, would I sing! R.
- 3 Ah see, within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee. R.
- 4 Thy Body, Soul and Godhead, all!
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine. R.

PART II.

- 1 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels, to our aid,
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God
Whose power both men and angels made!
R. Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore:
O make us love Thee more and more!
- 2 Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!
And wave, O wave, ye censers bright!
'Tis JESUS cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God, and Light of Light! R.
- 3 O earth, grow flowers beneath His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our JESUS comes upon His way! R.
- 4 He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee. R.

The Blessed Sacrament.

11. 10. 11. 10. D.

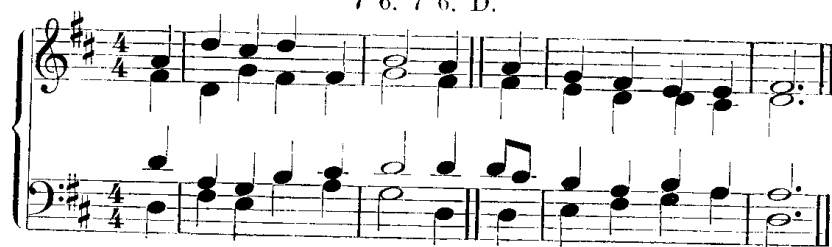


REPARATION.

- 1 O King and Lord, Who dwellest on this altar,
We come to Thee, with loving hearts and true,
To thank Thee for Thy love, which cannot falter
In spite of all ungrateful man may do.
We come to tell Thy heart, despised and lonely,
That we are fain Thy loyal friends to be;
That we will strive through life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we would comfort Thee.
- 2 We thank Thee that, from rising sun to setting,
Thou standest on our altar, Lord, as slain:
We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,
Men leave Thee in Thy death alone again.
We come to tell Thy heart, thus scorned and slighted,
That in the daily Mass our strength shall be;
That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,
That in this sorrow we would comfort Thee.
- 3 We thank Thee (O how can we thank Thee, JESUS?)
That in this Sacrament Thou art our food;
That we can find all sweetness that may please us
In this dear banquet of Thy flesh and blood.
We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee
To hearts made over to Thine enemy:
O let our love some reparation make Thee!
In this great sorrow let us comfort Thee!

- 4 We thank Thee, Lord, that all Thy pain expecting
Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night:
We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,
In Thy sweet company find no delight.
We grieve that men for all things else have leisure,
That other friends they joy to hear and see:
O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure,
That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee!
- 5 And for ourselves, who knowing and believing
Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,
Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,
And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing will.
We promise now Thy heart, despised and lonely,
That we are fain Thy truer friends to be;
That we will strive through life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we would comfort Thee.

7 6. 7 6. D.



1 O JESUS CHRIST, remember,
 When Thou shalt come again,
 Upon the clouds of heav'n,
 With all Thy shining train;
 When every eye shall see Thee
 In Deity revealed,
 Who now upon this altar
 In silence art concealed.

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

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

The Blessed Sacrament.

6. 6. 6. 6. 8 8. 6.



1 Sweet Sacrament divine,
Hid in Thine earthly home;
Lo, round Thy lowly shrine
With suppliant hearts we come:
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heartfelt praise;
Sweet Sacrament divine.

2 Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home for every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart:
There, in Thine ear, all trustfully
We tell our tale of misery;
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

3 Sweet Sacrament of rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar;
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore:
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves;
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

4 Sweet Sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee;
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's Majesty:
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away;
Sweet Sacrament divine.



75

The Sacred Heart.

10. 10.

O sa - cred Heart of JE - sus, we im - plore

That we may love Thee dai - ly more and more.

76

The Sacred Heart.

S. M.

A-men.

144

Summi Parentis Filio.

- 1 To Christ, the Prince of Peace
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.
- 2 Deep in His Heart for us
The wound of love He bore;
That love, wherewith He still inflames
The hearts that Him adore.
- 3 O JESUS, Victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That Sacred Heart of Thine?
- 4 O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near.
- 5 Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.
- 6 Praise to the Father be
And sole-begotten Son;
Praise, holy Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

145

10

The Sacred Heart.

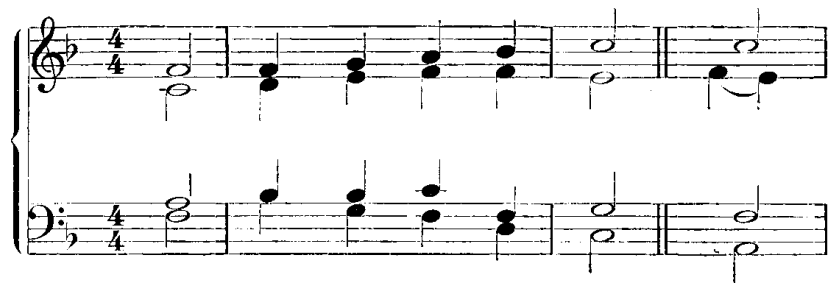
C. M.

*Cor, arca legem continens.*

- 1 JESUS, behind Thy Temple's veil,
Hid in an ark of gold,
On stones engraven, lay the Law
Thy finger wrote of old.
- 2 But, in Thy Body's Temple new,
Thy Life-Blood's throbbing shrine
Held, upon Fleshly Tables graved,
The Law of Love Divine.
- 3 And when that Heart in death was stilled
Each Temple's veil was riven:
And lo! within Thy love's red shrine
To us to look was given.
- 4 There make us gaze and see the love
Which drew Thee for our sake,
O great High Priest, Thyself to God
A Sacrifice to make.
- 5 Thou, Saviour, cause that every soul
Which Thou hast loved so well,
May will within Thine opened Heart
In life and death to dwell.
- 6 Grant it, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To Whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

The Sacred Heart.

6. 6. 6. 6.

*Auctor beate sæculi.*

- 1 Blest Author of the world,
Redeemer of our race,
Thou very God of God,
Light of the Father's face:
- 2 'Twas love that bade Thee take
Our frame of mortal clay,
New Adam! and bring back
What the Old bore away!
- 3 Thy love that builded fair
The earth, the sea, the stars—
That pitied olden faults,
And brake our prison-bars:
- 4 O may Thy Heart retain
For ay such wondrous love!
Let all approach the Fount,
And Thy sweet mercy prove.
- 5 For this alone the lance
Set free Its saving flood,
To wash our sins away
In water and in blood.
- 6 To Father and to Son
And Holy Spirit be
The kingdom and the power
Through all eternity.

The Sacred Heart.

7. 6. 7. 6. 6 6. 7. 6.

*Dem Herzen Jesu singe.*

- 1 To Jesu's Heart, all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.
R. While ages course along,
Blest be, with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By every heart and tongue!
- 2 O Heart, for me on fire
With love no tongue can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake. R.
- 3 Too true, I have forsaken
Thy love by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back by Thy grace again. R.
- 4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart. R.
- 5 O that to me were given
The pinions of a dove!
I'd speed aloft to heaven,
My Jesu's love to prove. R.
- 6 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done;
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all Thine own. R.

The Sacred Heart.

6. 6. 6. 6.



- 1 I rise from dreams of time,
And an Angel guides my feet
To the sacred altar-throne,
Where Jesu's Heart doth beat.
- 2 The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low still voice
The Holy One complains:
- 3 "Long have I waited here,
And, though thou heedst not Me,
The Heart of God's own Son
Beats ever on for thee."
- 4 In the womb of Mary meek,
In the cradle, on the tree,
Heart of pure, undying love—
It lived, loved, bled for me.
- 5 Ever pleading, day and night,
Thou canst not from us part,
O veiled and wondrous love!
O love of the Sacred Heart!

The Sacred Heart.

4 6 8 8 4.



1

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

2

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

3

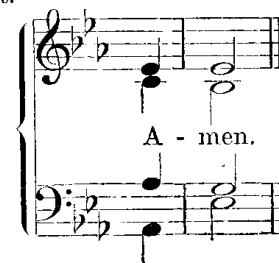
O Sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in Thee;
For, though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest where Thou art near,
O Sacred Heart.

4

O Sacred Heart,
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
And save us from the tempter's snare,
O Sacred Heart.

6

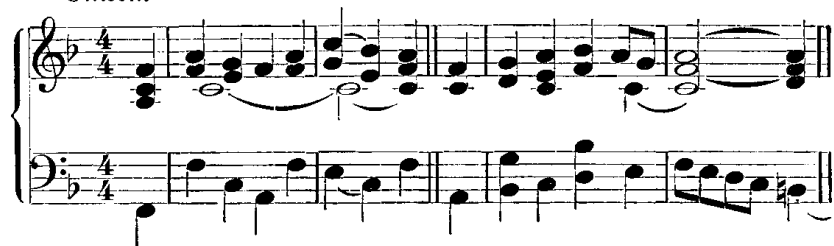
O Sacred Heart,
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near Thee,
In peace and joy eternally,
O Sacred Heart.



The Passion.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Unison.

*O Gottes Lamm, dein Leben.*

- 1 O Lamb of God, Thy life-blood
Upon the Cross was spent;
The whole round world to ransom,
Thy head in death was bent:
Have mercy on Thy faithful,
Whose faith is Thy sheer grace;
And join us to Thy Blessèd
In Thine high dwelling-place.
- 2 O Lamb of God, the victim
On Whom Thy Father laid
The sins that man's frail children
Had wrought since man was made:
Have mercy on Thy faithful,
Who humbly hope in Thee;
In life give strength for warfare,
In death give victory.
- 3 O Lamb of God, Who lovest
With everlasting love;
And, by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy charity dost prove:
Grant peace unto Thy faithful,
Who love Thee, though they fall;
Forgive forgiving sinners,
Grant love and peace to all.

The Passion.

S. M.

*Sævo dolorum turbine.*

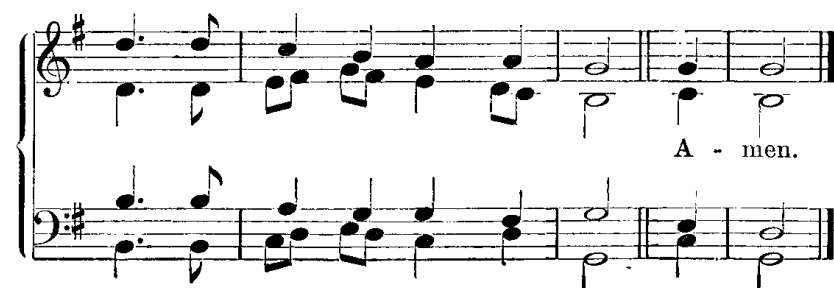
- 1 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.
- 2 See how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See down His face and neck and breast
His sacred blood descend!
- 3 Hark, with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight:
That cry, it pierced His Mother's heart
And whelmed her soul in night.
- 4 The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe
Their Maker's death bewail.
- 5 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs,
Come, rich and poor, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears.
- 6 Come, fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His blood;
Who died, the Victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.
- 7 Jesus, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,
Our Crown amid the Blest.

*In passione Domini.*

- 1 In the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief:
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.
- 2 Thorns and cross and nails and lance,
Wounds our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar and gall and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed:
- 3 May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root
And mature its glorious fruit.
- 4 Crucified, we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
Us with saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.
- 5 Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee!



- 1 JESUS, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying,
Come I to Thee flying.
- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing,
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.
- 4 See the red wounds streaming,
With Christ's life-blood gleaming;
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.
- 5 Fountain rich in blessing!
Christ's fond love expressing,
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.
- 6 Lord in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me.



- 1 Man of sorrows, wrapt in grief,
Bow Thine ear to our relief:
Thou for us the path hast trod
Of the dreadful wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained
Till its light alone remained.
Lamb of love, we look to Thee:
Hear our mournful litany.
- 2 By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither Thou full oft wouldst go;
By Thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless—
Lord, our tears in mercy see:
Hearken to our litany.
- 3 By the chalice brimming o'er
With disgrace and torment sore;
By those lips which fain would pray
That it might but pass away;
By the heart which drank it dry,
Lest a rebel race should die—
Be Thy pity, Lord, our plea:
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 Man of sorrows, let Thy grief
Purchase for us our relief:
Lord of mercy, bow Thine ear,
Slow to anger, swift to hear:
By the Cross's royal road
Lead us to the throne of God,
There for ay to sing to Thee
Heaven's triumphant litany.

The Passion.

D. C. M.

Unison.

Gesù mio, con dure funi.

- 1 V. My Jesus! say, what wretch has dared
Thy sacred hands to bind?
And who has dared to buffet so
Thy face so meek and kind?
R. 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been:
Yet, Jesus, pity take;
O, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake!
- 2 V. My Jesus! who with spittle vile
Profaned Thy sacred brow?
And whose un pitying scourge has made
Thy precious blood to flow? R.
- 3 V. My Jesus! whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross
Which weighs Thy shoulders down? R.
- 4 V. My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?
Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands,
And made the hammer fall? R.
- 5 V. My Jesus! say who dared to nail
Those tender feet of Thine?
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce that heart divine? R.
- 6 V. And, Mary, who has murdered thus
Thy loved and only One?
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand
That robbed thee of thy Son?
R. 'Tis I have thus ungrateful been
To Jesus and to thee;
Forgive me for thy Jesu's sake,
And pray to Him for me.

The Passion.

7 7. 7 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

LITANY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS.

- 1 By the blood that flowed from Thee
In Thy bitter agony:
By the scourge so meekly borne:
By Thy purple robe of scorn:
- R. Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry!
Thou wast suffering once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.
- 2 By the thorns that crowned Thy head:
By Thy sceptre of a reed:
By Thy footstep faint and slow,
Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe: R.
- 3 By the nails and pointed spear:
By Thy people's cruel jeer:
By Thy dying prayer which rose,
Begging mercy for Thy foes: R.
- 4 By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight:
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath: R.
- 5 By Thy weeping Mother's woe:
By the sword that pierced her through
When, in anguish standing by,
On the Cross she saw Thee die: R.

The Five Wounds.

10. 10. 10. 10.



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

The Five Wounds.

8 6. 8 6. 8 6.



TO THE WOUND OF THE RIGHT FOOT.

FOR HUMILITY.

- 1 HAIL, Wound! o'erflowing with the blood
Of Christ, sweet source of grace:
Be ours a fruitful heart, unstained
With sin's untoward trace,
In simple, humble zeal, that loves
To take the lowest place!

TO THE WOUND OF THE LEFT FOOT.

FOR CHASTITY.

- 2 HAIL, Wound! all flowing with delight
And consolation sweet:
By Thee let all our flesh receive
What chastisement is meet,
Thee tranquilly our heart embrace
With purity replete!

TO THE WOUND OF THE RIGHT HAND.

FOR OBEDIENCE.

- 3 HAIL, Wound! with Jesu's blood to bleed
From His right Hand how blest!
With haste let us His bidding seek
And execute with zest,
And promptly be it e'er in thought
And word and deed expressed!

TO THE WOUND OF THE LEFT HAND.

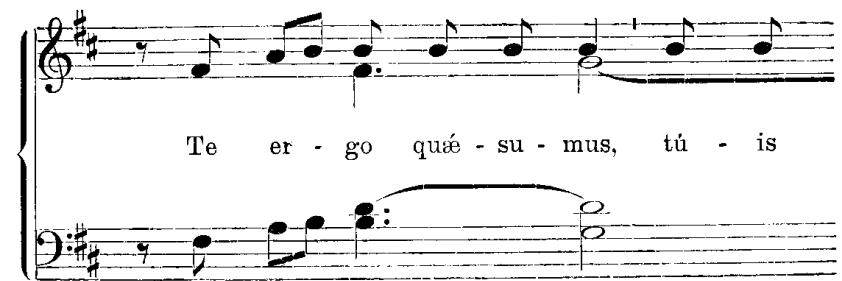
FOR MECKNESS.

- 4 HAIL, holy Wound of Christ's left Hand,
Empurpled with His blood!
Be we—what grief soe'er befall—
Kind, peaceful, mild and good,
Gentle to all, whom Christ to save
As advocate hath stood!

TO THE WOUND OF THE HEART

FOR CHARITY.

- 5 HAIL, Heart divine, with sorrow torn—
Jesus, Thy sweetest Heart!
Love, open wide thy portal there,
And all its bliss impart:
Bright charity, into our souls
Thy rays of virtue dart



The Precious Blood.

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

*Viva, viva Gesù! che per mio bene.*

- 1 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me;
O blessèd be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.
- 2 To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.
- 3 O sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore—
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What JESUS shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.
- 4 O, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.
- 5 Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
O, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise.

To all the faithful who say or sing the above hymn, Pope Pius VII. granted an indulgence of one hundred days, applicable also to the souls in purgatory.

The Precious Blood.

6 5. 6 5.

*Viva, viva Gesù! che per mio bene.*

- 1 Glory be to JESUS,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-Blood
From His sacred veins!
- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!
- 8 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem!

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

- 5 O the Blood of Christ! It
Soothes the Father's ire,
Opes the gate of heav'n,
Quells eternal fire.

- 6 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.

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

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

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

To all the faithful who say or sing the above hymn, Pope Pius VII. granted an indulgence of one hundred days, applicable also to the souls in purgatory.

The Precious Blood.

6. 6. 6. 4.



- 1 Blood is the price of heaven,
All sin that price exceeds,
O come to be forgiven:
My Saviour bleeds!
- 2 Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads
The blood drops from His brows;
My Saviour bleeds!
- 3 While the fierce scourges fall
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall
My Saviour bleeds!

- 4 Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down:
My Saviour bleeds!
- 5 Bearing the fatal wood
His band of Saints He leads,
Marking the way with blood,
My Saviour bleeds!
- 6 On Calvary His shame
With blood still intercedes;
His open wounds proclaim—
My Saviour bleeds!
- 7 He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds.
He sheds His blood for me:
My Saviour bleeds!
- 8 Ah me, His soul is fled!
Yet still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead:
My Saviour bleeds!
- 9 His blood is flowing still,
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill:
My Saviour bleeds!
- 10 O sweet, O precious blood!
What love, what love it breeds!
Ransom, Reward and Food,
My Saviour bleeds!

The Seven Last Words.

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

*Ave Jesu, qui mactaris.**"Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."*

- 1 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who, while they slay,
Dost freely for Thy murderers pray
Pardon for that they owe:
O make us easy to forgive,
Not seeking vengeance while we live,
In thought or word or blow.

"This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

- 2 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who to the thief
Repenting him, of goods the chief
Didst promise to restore:
O with contrition such as his,
Both now and when our 'death-hour is
Endow us, we implore.

"Woman, behold thy son. [Son,] behold thy mother."

- 3 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who, 'neath the rood
The while Thy mother weeping stood,
Commendedst her to John:
With a like care for us provide,
That we may stedfastly abide
When dangers hurry on.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

- 4 Hail, JESUS, hail! By that sad way
Thou didst unto Thy Father say
"Thou hast forsaken Me:"
Forsake us not, but bid us stand
Secure by Thy supporting hand
In our extremity.

"I thirst."

- 5 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who criest "I thirst",
And with a sponge in gall immersed
Wast drenched, yet feedest all:
O make us thirst for joys above,
Nor waste below a foolish love
On joys that fade and fall.

"It is finished."

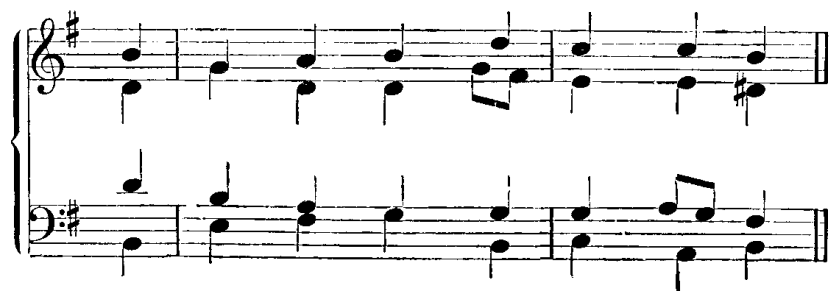
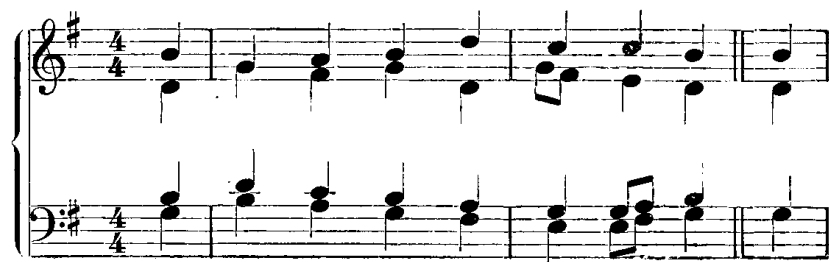
- 6 Hail, JESUS, hail! Who didst fulfil
Wholly, for us, Thy Father's will,
For us Thy merits stand!
"Tis finished:" may what we intend
Beginning well still better end,
The fruit of Thy command.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

- 7 Hail, JESUS, hail! ere death could close
Thy loving speech and dying throes,
Delivering up Thy soul
Unto Thy Father: grant that we
Live cleansed and justified in Thee,
And dying win the goal.

The Holy Cross.

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

*Crux fidelis.*

Hail, holy Cross, to thee we bow,
 To whose blest Fruit our lives we owe,
 Our earth bears no such Tree:
 Dear are the Nails, and dear the Wood
 On which our dear Lord shed His Blood;
 'Twas Heaven that planted thee.

The Holy Cross.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Laudes Crucis attollamus.

- 1 Come, let us with glad music For by the Cross we triumph,
 Extol the holy Cross; Our foemen we destroy;
 'Tis our especial glory, Its standard is our signal
 Exult we in the Cross: For victory and joy.

- 2 Now let our hymns most tuneful
 Reach far into the skies;
 The sweetest wood shall merit
 The sweetest melodies:
 Nor be our life in discord
 With what our voices sing,
 These may not clash together
 True symphony to bring.

- 3 All ye, the Cross's servants,
 Be in its praises rife;
 Without the Cross ye perish—
 The fountain of your life:
 "Hail, all the world's salvation!"
 Your salutation be,
 In loudest proclamation
 Of this all-healing tree.

- 4 How blest, how bright this altar,
 Wherefrom salvation beams;
 Pours down the Lamb upon it
 His blood in ruddy streams:
 The Lamb, that hath no blemish,
 From their primeval crime
 Hath purified all ages
 Until the end of time.

- 5 Lo, here the sinner's ladder
 Where Christ, from heavenly throne,
 Hath to Himself drawn all things,
 And made each step His own:
 See, with the Cross's banner
 The truth itself unfurled,
 Its four points comprehending
 The confines of the world.

- 6 Hear all Thy Cross's praises,
 Thou Hallower of the Cross,
 Nor let Thy Cross's servants
 Hereafter suffer loss;
 But in the heavenly mansions,
 Departed hence, appear,
 Where God Himself their light is,
 And dried is every tear.

A-men.

God the Holy Ghost.

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

A-men.

Qui procedis ab utroque.

- 1 Spirit of grace and union,
Who from the Father and the Son
Dost equally proceed;
Inflame our hearts with holy fire,
Our lips with eloquence inspire,
And strengthen us in need.
- 2 Thou to the lowly dost display
The beautiful and perfect way
Of justice and of peace:
Shunning the proud and stubborn heart,
Thou to the simple dost impart
True wisdom's rich increase.
- 3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below:
Cleanse us from sin; direct us right;
Illuminate us with Thy light;
Thy peace on us bestow.
- 4 And as Thou didst, in days of old,
On the first shepherds of the fold
In tongues of flame descend;
Now also on its pastors shine,
And fill with fire of grace divine
The world from end to end.
- 5 So unto Thee, Who with the Son
And Father art for ever One,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Be, through eternal length of days,
All honour, glory, blessing, praise
And adoration given.

4. 6. 10. 4. D.

A-men.

1 Grace increate!
 From Whose vivific fire
 All acts, that to immortal glory tend,
 Their force acquire.
 Hail, Life of life!
 Hail, Paraclete divine!
 All justice, sanctity, obedience, love
 And truth are Thine.

2 Thou in the Blood
 Of Him Who died for men,
 By sacramental element applied,
 Dost wash us clean.
 Thou to the deeds
 Of every passing hour
 In Thee performed, impartest merit new
 And heavenly power.

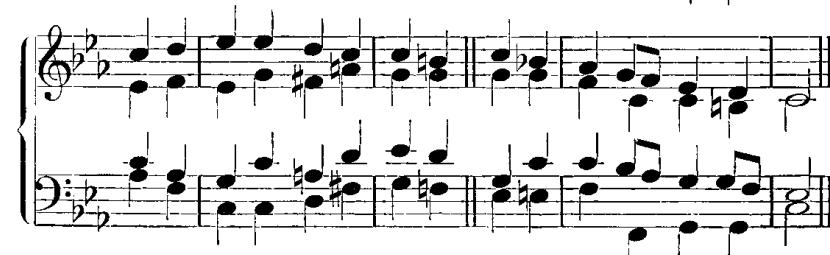
3 From grace to grace
 O grant me to proceed;
 And with assisting hand my faltering steps
 To Sion lead!
 So may I mount
 In peace the holy hill;
 And safe at last by Life's eternal Fount,
 There drink my fill!



- 1 O Lord of hosts, be mindful of our pleading,
O let our prayer find favour in Thy sight:
Hark to Thy Church Triumphant interceding,
Pity Thy Church that groaneth in the fight.
O God of truth, no battle line can shake her,
Trusting in Thee, we shall not lose our hope:
Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not forsake her?
Hear, then, our prayer for the Church and the Pope!
- 2 O Master dear, we sink, and Thou art sleeping;
Dark is the night, the waves our vessel fill:
Wake, wake, O Lord! Thy children here are weeping;
Speak to the wind and waters: "Peace, be still!"
Let not men say Thy promises are failing,
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost her hope,
Let them not deem the gates of hell prevailing,
Hear Thou our prayer for the Church and the Pope.
- 3 Shepherd of souls, the wolves are all around us;
Whisper again, "O fear not, little flock:"
Jesus, our King, the enemies surround us;
Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.
Show us Thine Angels camping round about us,
Strengthen our hearts in Faith and Love and Hope;
If Thou art with us, legions shall not rout us,
None shall prevail o'er the Church and the Pope.

The Church.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.



- 1 Who is she that stands triumphant,
 Rock in strength upon the Rock;
 Like some city crowned with turrets,
 Braving storm and earthquake shock?
 Who is she with arms extended,
 Hallowing a world restored;
 All the anthems of creation
 Lifting to creation's Lord?
 R. Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre;
 Kneel, ye nations, at her feet:
 Hers that Truth whose fruit is Freedom;
 Light her yoke; her burthen sweet.
- 2 As the moon that takes its splendour
 From a sun unseen all night,
 So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
 Evermore she draws her light.
 Hers alone the hands of healing;
 Bread of Life; Absolving Key:
 God Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
 And the Spirit's temple, she. R.
- 3 Empires rise and sink like billows;
 Nations know their place no more:
 Glorious as the star of morning
 She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
 Hers the Household all embracing;
 Hers the Vine that shadows earth:
 Blest thy children, mighty Mother!
 Safe the stranger at thy hearth! R.

The Church.

8. 10. 8. 10. 10. 10. 8.

- 1 The one true Faith, the ancient Creed,
Martyrs for it were fain to fight and bleed;
The holy Sign, our awful spell,
It is the Cross, triumphant over hell:
The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest!
They sanctify our brow and lips and breast.
The Cross, the Creed, the Faith, O triply blest!
Are on our brow and lips and breast.
- 2 The Church of God, that world-wide name,
Found in all lands, yet everywhere the same;
Love, with its thrilling unison,
Knows how to knit ten thousand hearts in one.
Behold a triple bond, where'er we rove
'Tis one, 'tis catholic, 'tis strong in love:
O triply blest! 'tis ours where'er we rove,
One, catholic, and strong in love.
- 3 God's Mother dear, sweet lily flower,
And Saints on high, creations of His power;
While to and fro the Church is driven,
Angels descend and rivet her to Heaven:
The warring Church below, the Church on high,
A golden chain unites the earth and sky;
Angels, the Church below, the Church on high,
O triply blest! to us are nigh.
- 4 The eternal Sire, the gracious Son,
And the dread Spirit, heavenly Three in One;
On earth, the fair, the wondrous Child,
Joseph the meek, the Mother undefiled:
Three are in heaven above, on earth are three
Bright images of heaven in their degree;
Three are in heaven above, on earth are three,
O blest, and triply blest, are we!

The Church.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.



- 1 Faith of our Fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
 R. Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Our Fathers—chained in prisons dark—
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee! R.
- 3 Faith of our Fathers, Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee:
And, through the truth that comes from God,
This land shall then indeed be free. R.
- 4 Faith of our Fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too—as love knows how—
By kindly words and virtuous life. R.

The Church.

10. 10. 10. 10. 5. 5. 6. 6.



Pitié, mon Dieu! c'est pour notre patrie.

- 1 Pity, my God! 'tis for our lovèd land
And for Thy Church we humbly bow in prayer:
Captive Thy Vicar—break his prison band,
Thy Church's losses in Thy might repair.

R. God of mighty power,
Take Thy Vicar's part:
O save him in this hour,
For JESU's Sacred Heart.

- 2 Our island home, so long estranged from truth,
Looks up for solace to Thy sacred throne;
Light up her faith, that, like the eagle's youth,
It be renewed, and shine as once it shone. R.
- 3 Pity, my God, Thy Church in other lands,
Beat down the foes that seek to break her walls;
O may she keep, beneath the spoilers' hands,
Her faith to Thee, whatever else befalls! R.
- 4 Pity, my God, on those misguided men
Who outrage Thee, but know not what they do!
In mercy wait, and draw them back again,
Their faith and love in sorrow to renew. R.

The Church.

C. M.



1 O Lord, behold the suppliant band
That kneels before Thy throne;
Come back, come back unto the land
That once was all Thine own.

2 By all Thy toil, by all Thy pain,
By every sigh and tear,
We pray Thee, let not Satan gain
The souls that cost so dear.

3 Remember, Lord, Thy mercies old,
Thy grace so freely given,
When nations thronged into Thy fold
Intent on gaining Heaven.

4 *Remember how Our Lady's Dower
Was England's glorious name;
O bid her show her former power,
Her ancient right proclaim.

5 O for the sake of Saints who prayed
At altars now laid low,
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,
Thy vengeance, Lord, forgo.

6 And for the sake of those who stood
Amid the nation's fall,
Who kept their faith and shed their blood,
Have mercy now on all.

The Church.

8 8. 8 8. 8.

A-men.

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

2 The golden roof, the marble walls,
 The Vatican's majestic halls
 The note redouble: till it fills
 With echoes sweet the seven hills: R.

3 Then surging through each hallowed gate,
 Where Martyrs glory, in peace, await,
 It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
 Peals over Alps, across the main: R.

4 From torrid south to frozen north,
 The wave harmonious stretches forth,
 Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
 Than rings within our hearts and homes: R.

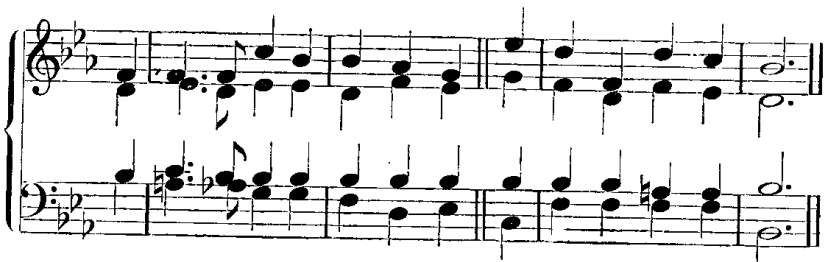
5 For like the sparks of unseen fire
 That speak along the magic wire,
 From home to home, from heart to heart,
 These words of countless children dart. R.



- 1 Firmly I believe and truly,
God is Three, and God is One:
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
- 2 And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified:
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
- 3 Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong;
And I love supremely, solely
Him the Holy, Him the Strong.
- 4 And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church as His creation,
And her teachings as His own.
- 5 And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me—pain or fear:
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
- 6 Adoration ay be given,
With and through the angelic host
To the God of earth and heaven—
Father. Son and Holy Ghost.

Faith.

D. C. M.



THE FOUR GREAT TRUTHS.

- 1 There is one true and only God—
Our Maker and our Lord;
And He created everything
By His almighty word.

B. All this and all the Church doth teach,
My God, I do believe;
For Thou hast bid us hear the Church,
And Thou canst not deceive.

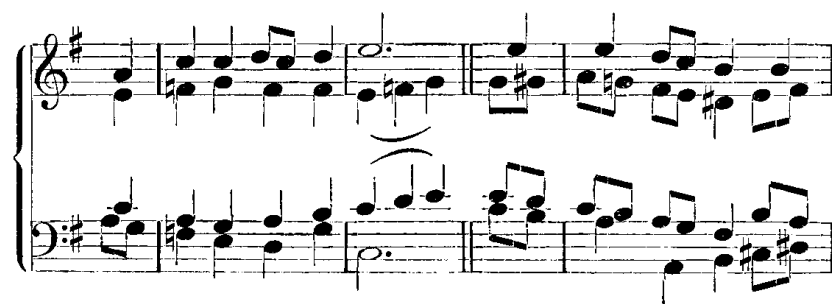
- 2 But in this one and only God
There yet are Persons three—
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One Blessèd Trinity. B.

- 3 The Second Person—God the Son—
Came down on earth to dwell,
Took flesh, and died upon the Cross
To save our souls from hell. B.

- 4 The good with God in heaven above
Will ever happy be:
The wicked in the flames of hell
Will burn eternally. B.

Hope.

D. C. M.



- 1 O Brightness of eternal light,
I worship at Thy feet;
Though all unworthy in Thy sight,
Thy mercies I repeat.
To save our souls from sin and strife
Is still Thy work divine;
The gates of everlasting life,
O gracious Lord, are Thine.
- 2 I love to praise Thee when the sun
Pours forth his early light,
And when the bright stars one by one
Come twinkling out at night.
If I am free from care and loss,
I love to praise Thy name;
If I am called to bear Thy Cross,
I bless Thee all the same.
- 3 If roses on my path I meet,
I feel the gift is Thine;
If thorns spring up to pierce my feet,
I still will not repine.
The blessings sent to win my love,
O Lord, I freely take;
The trials sent my faith to prove,
I bear for Thy dear sake.
- 4 Then let me on my journey go,
And fear not for the end;
It matters not who is my foe,
If Jesus be my friend.
In Thee, sweet Lord, I put my trust;
O guard me while I live;
And when this dust returns to dust,
My soul in heaven receive.

Hope.

C. M.

A - men.

- 1 O Jesus, my beloved King,
I give all thanks to Thee,
Who by Thy Cross hast merited
Celestial grace for me.
- 2 In Adam, raised to dignities
Transcendent and divine;
In Adam, fallen from the bliss
That once in him was mine:
- 3 That grace to which my native strength
Could never have attained,
That grace, O my incarnate God,
In Thee I have regained.
- 4 O gift of love, O gift immense—
Surpassing nature's law!
What strength to will and to perform
From this pure fount I draw!
- 5 By this, how many acts which else
Had worthless been and vain,
Endued with meritorious power,
A prize eternal gain!
- 6 By this, to me is opened wide
Through death's inviting door,
A nobler realm, a brighter crown
Than Adam lost of yore.
- 7 O Jesus, on whose grace alone
I by Thy grace depend;
Grant me the grace to persevere
In grace unto the end!

Charity.

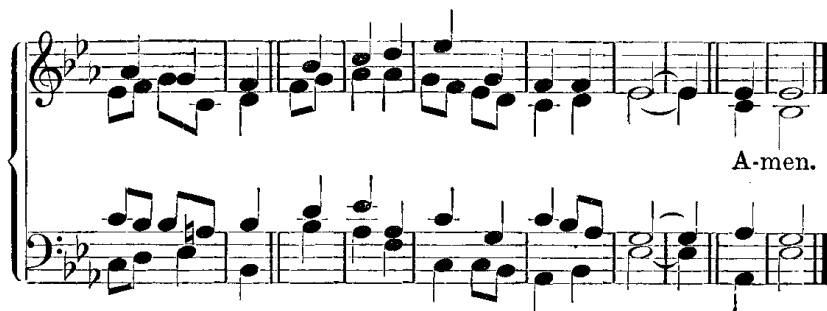
C. M.

*O Deus, ego amo te.*

- 1 Lord, I would love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And grief and torments numberless
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed JESUS CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell:
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 Thus I would love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God
And my Eternal King.

Charity.

L. M.

*Suscipe Domine universam meam libertatem.*

- 1 I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast loved me:
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.
- 2 May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee—its only end.

- 3 My God, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine:
Whatever Thou hast given me
I here again to Thee resign.
- 4 All mine is Thine: say but the word,
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done:
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord,
I know it seeks my good alone.
- 5 Apart from Thee all things are nought:
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought:
Thou givest all in giving this.

Contrition.

C. M.



- 1 I have offended Thee, my God,
Alas! my dearest Lord;
Thou Sea of Goodness infinite,
And Fount of Love adored.
- 2 Ungratefully, without a cause,
I have offended Thee,
Who on the Cross to give me life
Didst die through love for me.
- 3 But I am sorry, O my God!
In mercy, Lord, forgive;
I never will offend Thee more,—
No, never while I live.
- 4 May every moment of my life
Be spent in bitter tears,
'To mourn my past ingratitude,
The sins of former years!

Contrition.

10. 10. 12. 12.



Mon doux Jésus, enfin voici le temps.

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

R. O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore;
I will never more offend Thee—no, never more.

- 2 Since my poor soul Thy precious Blood hath cost,
Suffer me not for ever to be lost! R.

- 3 Kneeling, in tears, behold me at Thy feet;
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat. R.

Contrition.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.



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

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

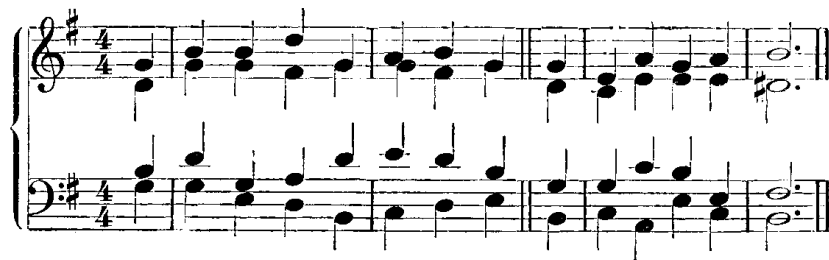
2 By my sins I have deserv'd
 Death and endless misery,
 Hell, with all its pains and torments—
 And for all eternity. R.

3 By my sins I have abandoned
 Right and claim to heaven above,
 Where the Saints rejoice for ever
 In a boundless sea of love. R.

4 See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
 On the Cross of Calvary;
 To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
 Yet He bleeds and dies for me. H.

116 Faith, Hope, Charity, Contrition.

D. C. M.



A-men.

ACT OF FAITH

- 1 Great God, whatever through Thy Church
Thou teachest to be true,
I firmly do believe it all,
And will confess it too.
Thou never canst deceived be,
Thou never canst deceive;
For Thou art Truth itself, and Thou
Dost tell me to believe.

ACT OF HOPE.

- 2 My God, I firmly hope in Thee,
For Thou art great and good;
Thou gavest us Thine only Son
To die upon the Rood.
I hope, through Him, for grace to live
As Thy Commandments teach;
And, through Thy mercy, when I die,
The joys of heaven to reach.

ACT OF LOVE.

- 3 With all my heart and soul and strength
I love Thee, O my Lord;
For Thou art perfect, and all things
Were made by Thy blest Word.
Like me to Thine own image made,
My neighbour Thou didst make:
And, as I love myself, I love
My neighbour for Thy sake.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

- 4 Most holy God, my very soul
With grief sincere is moved,
Because I have offended Thee,
Whom I should e'er have loved.
Forgive me, Father; I am now
Resolved to sin no more,
And, by Thy holy grace, to shun
What made me sin before.

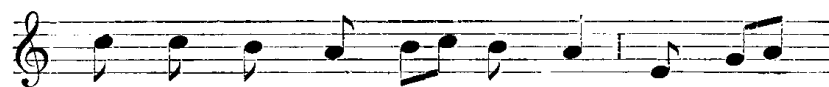


1. Te Dé - um lau - dá - - mus:



te Dó - mi - num con - fi - té - mur.

2. Te æ - tér-num Pá - trem ómnis tér-ra ve-ne-rá - tur.



3. Tí - bi ó - mnes An - ge - li, tí - bi



cæli et univér - - sæ pot - e - stá - tes,

4. Tí - bi Ché - ru - bim et Sé - ra-



phim in - ces - sá - bi - li vó - ce pro - clá - mant:



5. Sán - - - - ctus,

6. Sán - - - - ctus,



7. Sán - ctus Dó - mi - nus Dé - us Sá - ba - oth.

8. Plé - ni sunt cæ - li et tēr - -



ra ma - je - stá - tis gló - ri - æ tú - æ.



9. Te glo - ri - ó - sus A-po - sto - ló - rum chó - rus,

10. Te Pro-phe - tá - rum lau-dá - bi - lis nú - me - rus,

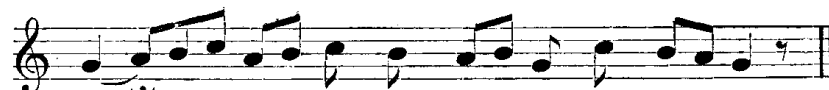


11. Te Már-ty - rum candi-dá - tus lau-dat ex-ér - ci - tus.

12. Te per ór - bem ter - rá - - .



rum sán-cta con-fi - té - tur Ec-clé - si - a:



13. Pá - - trem im-mén - sæ ma - je - stá - tis,

14. Ve-ne-rán-dum tú-um vé - rum et ú - ni-cum Fí - li - um,

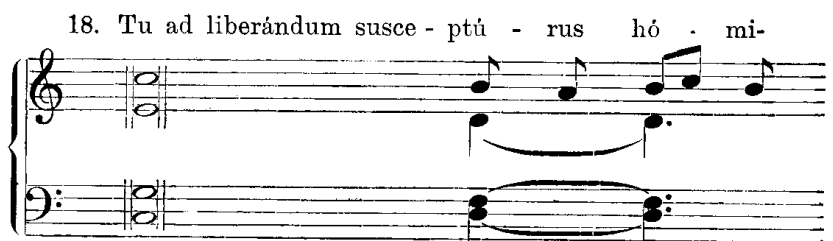


15. Sán - ctum quo-que Pa - rá - cli - tum Spi - ri - tum.

16. Tu Rex gló - ri - æ, Chri - ste.



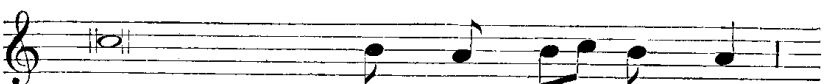
17. Tu Pá - tris sem - pi - tér - nus es Fí - li - us.



18. Tu ad liberándum susce - ptú - rus hó - mi -



nem, non hor - ru - i - sti Vír - gi - nis ú - te - rum.



19. Tu devicto mór - tis a - cú - le - o



a - pe - ru - i - sti cre - dén - ti - bus re - gna cæ - ló - rum.

20. Tu ad dexteram Dé - i sé - des in gló - ri - a Pá - tris.



21. Jú - - dex cré - de - ris és - se ven - tú - rus.

22. Te er - go quæ - su - mus, tú - is fá - mu - lis súb - ve - ni,



quos pre - ti - ó - so sán - gui - ne red - e - mí - sti.



23. A - tér - na fac cum Sán - ctis tú -

is in gló - ri - a nu - me - rá - - ri.

24. Sál - vum fac pópulum túum Dó - mi - ne, — et

bé - ne - dic he - re - di - tá - ti tú - æ.

25. Et ré - ge é - os — et ex - tól - le

il - los us - que in æ - tér - - num.

26. Per sín - gu - los di - es be - ne - di - ci - mus te.

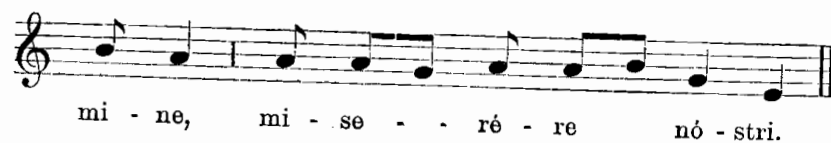
27. Et lau - dā - mus nómen tú - um in sæ -

cu - lum et in sæ - cu - lum sæ - cu - li.

28. Di - gná - re Dó - mi - ne dí - e i - -

sto si - ne pec - cá - to nos cu - sto - dí - re.

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non con - fūn - dar in æ - tēr - - num.



- V. Benedicāmus Pātrē et Filium cum Sācto Spi - ri - tu.
R. Laudēmus et superexaltēmus eum in sē - cu - la.
V. Benedictus es Dōmine in firmamēto cæ - li.
R. Et laudābilis et gloriōsus et superexaltātus in sē - cu - la.
V. Dōmine exāudi oratiōnem mē - am.
R. Et clāmor mēus ad te vē - ni - at.
V. Dōminus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Deus, cujus misericordiæ non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus: piissimæ majestati tuæ pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes; ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deserens, ad præmia futura disponas.



... Per Christum Dōminum nō - strum. R. A - men.

Thanksgiving.

6. 7. 6. 7. D.

A-men.

Bénissons à jamais.

- 1 Praise we our God with joy
And gladness never ending:
Angels and Saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
With parent's love o'erflowing;
Mercies unsought, unknown
On wayward hearts bestowing.
- 2 He is our Shepherd true
With watchful care unsleeping;
On us, His erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping.
He with a mighty arm
The bonds of sin hath broken,
And to our burdened hearts
The words of peace hath spoken.
- 3 Bleeding we lay, but He
With soothing bands hath bound us:
Dark was our path, but He
Hath poured His light around us.
Graces in copious stream
From that pure fount are welling
Where, in our heart of hearts,
Our God hath set His dwelling.
- 4 His word our lantern is,
His peace our consolation,
His sweetness all our rest,
Himself our great salvation.
Then live we all to God,
On Him in faith relying:
He be our guide in life,
Our joy and hope in dying.

Baptismal Vows.

8. 7. 8. 7.



1 Jesus, Saviour, God of mercy,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Keep, O keep us now and always
In the shadow of Thy wings.

2 As we chose at life's beginning
Thee for our eternal Friend,
So in faith and love maintain us
Persevering to the end.

3 Holy Mary, to thy bosom
As the trembling doves we fly;
In thy dear remembrance hold us
While we live, and when we die.

4 Holy Joseph, Saints and Angels,
Intercede for us above;
From a wicked world's temptations
Shield the children of your love;

5 Till with you, in glory's kingdom,
We the song of glory sing
To the Father, Son and Spirit—
Your and our Eternal King.

After Confirmation.

8 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with the word 'A-men.' written below the final measure of the fourth system.

- 1 Signed with the Cross that Jesus bore,
We kneel, and tremblingly adore
Our King upon His throne.
The lights upon the altar shine
Around His Majesty divine,
Our God and Mary's Son.
- 2 Now, in that presence dread and sweet,
His own dear Spirit we entreat,
Who sevenfold gifts hath shed
On us, who fall before Him now,
Bearing the Cross upon our brow,
On which our Master bled.
- 3 Spirit of Wisdom, turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of Understanding true,
Our souls with heavenly light endue
To seek the things above.
- 4 Spirit of Counsel, be our guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win:
Spirit of Fortitude, Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.
- 5 Spirit of Knowledge, lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod;
Where Thou our guardian true shalt be,
Spirit of gentle Piety,
To keep us close to God.
- 6 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy Fear,
Within our inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy Will,
All-righteous and divine.
- 7 So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
Where only rest can be;
And grant where'er our lot is cast,
We may in peace be brought at last
To Mary and to Thee.

L. M.

*Sancti venite, Christi corpus sumite.*

- 1 Draw nigh, ye holy ones, draw nigh,
And take the Body of the Lord;
And drink the hallowed Blood outpoured,
By Which redeemed ye shall not die.
- 2 The giver of salvation, He—
The Christ, the Son of God above,
Restored unto His Father's love
The world by blood and by the tree.
- 3 From north to south, from west to east,
For all the sacrifice is given;
For all is slain the Lord of heaven—
Himself the offering and the priest.
- 4 Read well the story through and through
Of victims bleeding at the shrine,
Types of a mystery more divine,
And shadows of a truth more true:
- 5 The source and stream, the first and last—
E'en Christ the Lord Who died for men
Now cometh; and will come again
To judge the world when time hath passed.

Before Holy Communion.

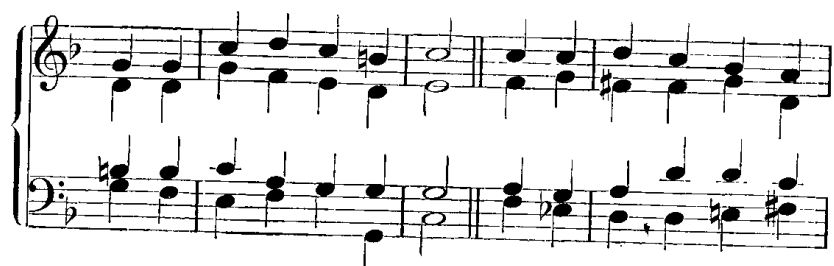
7 7. 7 7.

*Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir.*

- 1 JESUS, JESUS, come to me;
O how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.
- 2 In Thy absence joy is pain—
Consolations all are vain;
Thou alone canst satisfy,
Keenly, then, for Thee I sigh.
- 3 Though the world were mine alone
Nought could for Thy love atone;
Worthless must all treasure be
To the soul that hath not Thee.
- 4 Take, O Lord, this heart of mine,
Fill it with Thy love divine;
For I fain would cleave to Thee
Through a glad eternity.
- 5 All unworthy, Lord, am I,
Yet Thou wilt not pass me by;
Only speak one word of power,
Heal me in this selfsame hour.
- 6 Come, Lord JESUS, quickly come,
Make my darksome soul Thy home;
Cleanse, absolve and strengthen me,
Never let me fall from Thee.

Before Holy Communion.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.



1 In this sacrament, sweet JESUS,
 Thou dost give Thy flesh and blood,
 With Thy soul and Godhead also
 As our own most precious food.
 Yes, dear JESUS, I believe it,
 And Thy presence I adore,
 And with all my heart I love Thee,
 May I love Thee more and more!

2 Come, sweet JESUS, in Thy mercy
 Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
 Come to me, O dearest JESUS,
 Come, my soul's true life to be.
 Come that I may live for ever,
 Thou in me and I in Thee;
 Living thus, I shall not perish,
 But shall live eternally.

3 Blessèd be the love of JESUS,
 Giving us His flesh and blood;
 Blessèd be His Mother Mary,
 Mother ever kind and good.
 Blessèd be the great Saint Joseph;
 Sing then with devotion true;
 "Dearest JESUS, Mary, Joseph,
 Heart and life I give to you."

Before Holy Communion.

6 5. 6 5. D.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system has a key signature change from one sharp to no sharps or flats. The second system continues the melody. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

ADORATION AND FAITH.

- 1 JESUS, Thou art coming,
 Holy as Thou art,
 Thou, the God Who made me,
 To my sinful heart.
 JESUS, I believe it,
 On Thine only word;
 Kneeling, I adore Thee
 As my King and Lord.

HUMILITY AND SORROW.

- 2 Who am I, my JESUS?
 Comest Thou to me?
 I have sinned against Thee,
 Often, grievously;
 I am very sorry
 I have caused Thee pain,
 JESUS, I will never
 Wound Thy heart again.

TRUST.

- 3 Put Thy kind arms round me
 Feeble as I am;
 Thou art my Good Shepherd,
 I, Thy little lamb;
 Since Thou comest, JESUS,
 Now to be my Guest,
 I can trust Thee always,
 Lord, for all the rest.

LOVE AND DESIRE.

- 4 Dearest Lord, I love Thee,
 With my heart of heart,
 Not for what Thou givest,
 But for what Thou art.
 Come, O come, sweet Saviour,
 Come to me, and stay,
 I desire Thee, JESUS,
 More than I can say.

OFFERING AND PETITION.

- 5 Ah! what gift or present,
 JESUS, can I bring?
 I have nothing worthy
 Of my God and King:
 But Thou art my Shepherd,
 I, Thy little lamb;
 Take myself, dear JESUS,
 All I have and am.
- 6 Take my body, JESUS,
 Eyes and ears and tongue;
 Never let them, JESUS,
 Help to do Thee wrong.
 Take my heart, and fill it
 Full of love for Thee:
 All I have I give Thee,
 Give Thyself to me.

6. 5. 6. 5.



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

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

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

4 JESUS, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now:
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

5 Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise:
Sing the song that Angels
Sing above the skies.

6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear;
And, dear Lord, the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

7 O, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this—
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

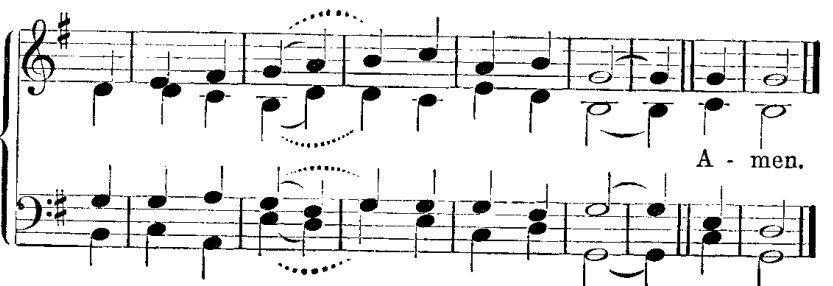
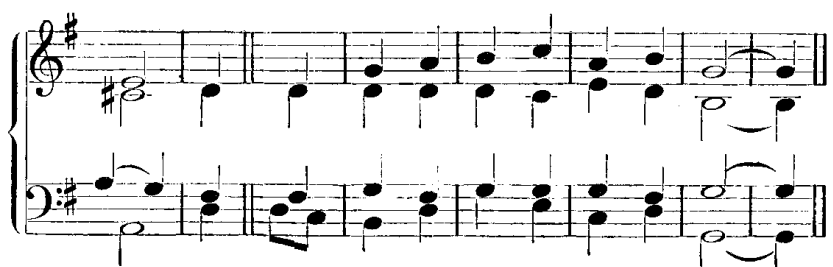
8 Ah, when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for heaven,
Then the day will come.

9 Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may:
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep away.

10 When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.

After Holy Communion.

5 5. 8. 5 5. 8. 5 5. 9. 5 5. 9.



1 The Lord of glory
 (O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my breast:
 Bow down before Him,
 My soul, adore Him
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
 Good Angels, aid me;
 The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my Guest:
 Ah, softly sing Him
 Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.

2 My God, I bless Thee,
 Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my heart:
 Thy child is wailing
 Each fault and failing
That caused Thee pain, or tear, or smart
 Dear Lord, forgive me
 My sins that grieve Thee,
Because I love Thee for all Thou art:
 To know Thee clearly,
 To love Thee dearly
Be now my portion, my only part.

3 My JESUS, never
 Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of Thee
 Ah, do not let me,
 My King, forget Thee!
And O do Thou remember me!
 My only Treasure,
 My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress for ever be:
 In strife defend me,
 In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.

4 When daylight shineth,
 When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me:
 In joy and gladness,
 In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.
 Good Shepherd, feed me,
 And guard, and lead me
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,
 To make in glory
 (O wondrous story!)
One long Communion eternally.

1. Miserere mé-
2. Et secúndum multitudinem misera-
tiónum
3. Amplius láva me ab iniquitá-
4. Quóniam iniquitatem méam égo
5. Tibi sóli peccávi, et málum coram
6. Ecce enim in iniquitatibus
7. Ecce enim veritatem di-
8. Aspérget me hyssópo, et
9. Auditui méo dábis gáudium et
10. Avérte faciém tuám a peccá-
11. Cor múndum créa in
12. Ne projicias me a faci-
13. Rédde mihi lætitiám salutá-
14. Docébo iníquos ví-
15. Libera me de sanguinibus Déus,
Déus salú-
16. Dómine lábia méa
17. Quóniam si voluisses sacrificium,
dedis-
18. Sacrificium Déo spíritus contri-
19. Benígne fac Dómine in bóna volun-
táte tú-
20. Tunc acceptábis sacrificium justitiæ,
oblatiónes et ho-
[21. Glória Pátri
22. Sicut érat in principio, et nunc,

i Dé- us,
tu- á- rum,
te- mé- a:
co- gnó- sco:
te- fé- ci:
con- cé-ptus sum:
le- xi- sti:
mun- dá- bor:
læ- tí - ti- am:
tis- mé- is:
me- Dé- us:
e- tú- a:
ris- tú- i:
as- tú- as:
tis- mé- æ:
a- pé - ri- es:
sem- ú - ti- que:
bu- lá- tus:
a- Si- on:
lo- cáu- sta:
et- Fi - li- o
et- sem- per,

1. secúndum mágnam mise- ri- cór- di- am tú- am.
2. dele in- i- qui- tá- tem mé- am.
3. et a pec- cá- to mé- o mún-da me.
4. et peccátum méum con- tra me est sem- per.
5. ut justificéris in sermó- nibus tuis, et vín- cas cum ju- di- cá- ris.
6. et in peccátis concé- pit me má- ter mé- a.
7. incérta et occúlta sapién- tiæ tuæ ma- ni- fe- stá- sti mí- hi.
8. lavábis me, et super ni- vem de- al- bá- bor.
9. et exsultábunt ós- sa hu- mi- li- á- ta.
10. et ómnes iniqui- tá- tes mé- as dé- le.
11. et spíritum réctum in- nova in vi- scé- ri- bus mé- is.
12. et spíritum sánc- tum túum ne- áu- fe- ras a me.
13. et spíritu prin- ci- pá- li con- fir- ma me.
14. et impii ad- te con- ver- tén- tur.
15. et éxsultábit língua méa ju- sti- ti- am tú- am.
16. et os méum annunti- á- bit láu- dem tú- am.
17. holocáu- stis non de- le- ctá-be- ris.
18. cor contrítum et humi- liátum Dó- us non de- spí- ci- es.
19. ut ædificén- tur mún- ri- Je- rú - sa- lem.
20. tunc impónent super al- tá- re tú- um vi - tu- los.
21. et Spi- ri- tu- i Sán- cto.
22. et in sácula sæ- cu- ló- rum. A- men.

Penance.

6 6. 4 4. 10.



1 Awake, O soul, awake,
From sinful slumber break;
Life hurries by,
O hear the cry,
Awake and tarry not, thy end is nigh.

2 Awake, O man, awake:
If but one sin may take
Thy dreaming soul
To death's dark goal,
How canst thou sleep with sin upon thy soul?

3 If but one mortal sin
An endless doom will win,
Can slumber be
So sweet to thee
Upon the brink of thine eternity?

4 Awake, put off thy sin,
A better life begin;
And O confess
Thy sinfulness,
Lest waking thou shouldst wake to wretchedness.

5 Arise, O man, arise,
Think how each moment flies:
Ah, dare not say
Delay! Delay!
Since thou to judgement mayst be called today.

6 O think, unhappy one,
That ere the set of sun
Souls there will be,
As brave as thee,
Cast out to weep for all eternity.

7 O rest not on thy bed
Again thy weary head
Till thou hast striven
To be forgiven,
Till thou thy wandering eyes hast turned to heaven.

8 O look! as yet thy God
Withholds the chastening rod:
How patiently
He waits to be
Entreated that His love may shine on thee!

Penance.

6. 6. 6. 6. 8 8. 4. 6.

Unison. slower

A-men.

1 Say, O say, My people,
Why thus ungrateful prove?
Why repay with coldness
The ardour of My love?
If I am He Who died to save,
Who life-redeeming ransom gave,
Must I complain
That all this love was vain?

2 When for child did father bear
What I for you have borne?
When did child to father give,
Like you, such cause to mourn?
And yet this Heart, though outraged so
Can nought but fond forgiveness show:
Then come, return,
Nor all Its mercy spurn.

3 Think not that My Heart demands
A sacrifice too great;
It asks of guilty man but love,
And man returns but hate:
Heedful of every passion's word,
But deaf to Me, his God and Lord,
The more I press,
He heeds My voice the less.

4 Yes, we come, sweet JESUS,
We hearken to Thy call,
And yield Thee willing tribute
Of life, love, freedom, all.
No more the world's deceitful charms
Shall wrest Thy children from Thine arms,
Nor Satan win
Our hearts from Thee to sin.

Penance.

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 6. 7. 6.

- 1 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
Just because we need Thee so:
None need Thee more than we do,
Nor are half so vile or low.

R. O bountiful salvation!
O life eternal won!
O plentiful redemption!
O Blood of Mary's Son!

- 2 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
None will have us, Lord, but Thee:
And we want none but Jesus,
And His grace that makes us free. *R.*

- 3 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
With our broken faith again:
We know Thou wilt forgive us,
Nor upbraid us, nor complain. *R.*

- 4 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
For to whom, Lord, can we go?
The words of life eternal
From Thy lips for ever flow. *R.*

- 5 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
We have tried Thee oft before;
But now we come more wholly,
With the heart to love Thee more. *R.*

- 6 We come to Thee, sweet Saviour,
And Thou wilt not ask us why:
We cannot live without Thee,
And still less without Thee die. *R.*

Penance.

8. 6. 8. 6. 6.



- 1 For all the sins that cause Thee pain,
That wound Thy sacred Heart;
For all who take Thy name in vain,
Who from Thy ways depart:
We would console Thee, Lord.
- 2 For all the tears that Thou hast shed
For erring human kind
Who, walking not where Thou hast led,
Stray from Thee as though blind:
We would console Thee, Lord.
- 3 For every outrage 'gainst Thy will—
The will of God above;
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,
Who neither fear nor love:
We would console Thee, Lord.
- 4 For those who all Thy gifts despise,
Who, heedless of Thy grace,
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,
Care not to see Thy face:
We would console Thee, Lord.
- 5 For all who mock Thee day by day,
Blaspheming Thee with scorn,
Who never kneel to Thee to pray
At noon or night or morn:
We would console Thee, Lord.

Death.

C. M.



- 1 Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.
- 2 I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
Or kindred, standing by,—
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee
To grant me or deny.
- 3 But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my labouring breath
From out her sacred shrine.
- 4 And let the Cross beside my bed
In its due emblems rest;
And let the absolving words be said,
To ease a laden breast.
- 5 Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid;
But He, who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

Death.

8. 7. 8. 7.



- 1 Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.
- 2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
O that, while we can, we might!
- 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;
- 4 Whence we came, and whither wending:
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Death.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 8. 7.

R.

A - men.

- 1 JESUS, ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me:
Living, I will live to love Thee,
Dying, I will die for Thee.
JESUS! JESUS!
By Thy life and death and sorrow,
Save me in mine agony.
- 2 JESUS, when in cruel anguish
Dying on the shameful tree,
Thou, abandoned by Thy Father,
Didst cry out in agony.
JESUS! JESUS!
By those three long hours of sorrow
Thou didst purchase hope for me.
- 3 When the last dread hour approaching
Fills my guilty soul with fear,
All my sins rise up before me,
All my virtues disappear:
JESUS! JESUS!
Turn not Thou in anger from me:
Mary, Joseph, then be near!
- 4 When the priest, with Holy Unction,
Prays for mercy and for grace,
May the tears of deep compunction
All my guilty stains efface!
JESUS! JESUS!
Let me find in Thee a refuge,
In Thy Heart a resting-place.
- 5 Then, by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day;
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother;
Holy Joseph, near me stay.
JESUS! JESUS!
Let me die, my lips repeating—
JESUS, mercy! Mary, pray!



Dies iræ, dies illa.

- 1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.
- 2 Thou mighty and majestic King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
To guilty man Thy mercy bring.
- 3 Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tossed.
- 4 Give my exalted soul a place
Amongst Thy chosen right-hand race --
The sons of God and heirs of grace.
- 5 Prostrate my contrite heart I rend;
My God, my Father and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in mine end.



- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl;
Exceeding rich and rare.
- 4 Quite through thy streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.
- 5 Thy Saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end!
Thy joys that I might see!



- 1 Yes, Heaven is the prize
My soul shall strive to gain:
One glimpse of Paradise
Repays a life of pain.

R. O God, be with us in the strife!
Grant us to win the crown of life!

- 2 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
My soul, O think of this:
All earthly good despise
For such a crown of bliss. *R.*

- 3 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies,
Where hope and strength are found. *R.*

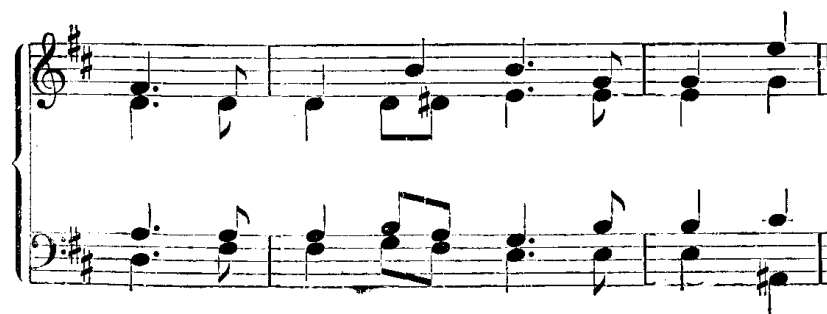
- 4 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
O 'tis not hard to gain:
He surely wins who tries,
For hope can conquer pain. *R.*

- 5 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past:
Faint not, but raise your eyes
And struggle till the last. *R.*

- 6 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain;
Hope lights the way, and dies;
But love will always reign. *R.*

- 7 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given;
And he alone is wise
Who gives up all for Heaven. *R.*

Yes, Heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies
To God for evermore. *R.*



1 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Words that pierce the heart with fire:
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 How my soul doth thee desire!

2 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Hope of hopes to mortal man:
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 I will grasp thee if I can.

3 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Depth on depth of bliss unknown:
 Life eternal! Life eternal!
 Thee I seek in Christ alone.

8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6.



1 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land,
 Where they that loved are blest?

R. Where loyal hearts, and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through
 In God's most holy sight.

2 * O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold? R.

3 * O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Wherefore doth death delay?
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
 Of our eternal day. R.

4 * O Paradise! O Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near. R.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore. R.

6 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me. R.

7 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of thy song. R.



3rd.



- 1 Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

R. Angels of Jesus, Angels of light—
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

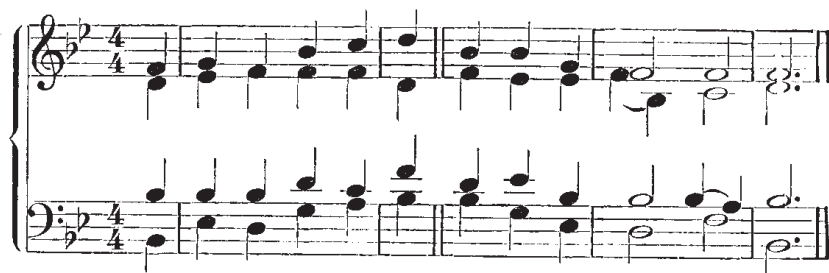
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come":
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home. R.

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The Voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. R.

- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last. R.

- 5 Cheer up, my soul, faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which Angels mean for thee. R.

- 6 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love. R.



A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Ah me! how calm and deep
Those mighty Sabbath days
The courts above do keep
With never-ending praise!
For weariness what rest,
For valour what reward,
When all in all the Blest
Indwelleth God the Lord! | 4 No peril frowneth there,
Undone is every wrong,
Unchilled by any care
They sing salvation's song:
And all Thy gifts of grace
Thy blessed folk, O Lord,
Confess before Thy face
With infinite accord. |
| 2 What king or court is this,
What kind of palace-hall,
What quaint and cunning bliss,
What joy shall there befall?
O let the fortunate
Inheritors of light
Set forth their fair estate,
If words may limn delight! | 5 Nor olden Sabbath wanes
Nor stranger suns arise,
Unbroken Sabbath reigns
Beneath unsaddening skies.
Harmonious Angels bend
To singing souls that soar,
And heavens with heavens
In music evermore. [blend |
| 3 In sooth, Jerusalem
Is that far-famed town,
Which proven peace doth hem
And sovran pleasaunce crown.
No homesick longings guess
What there they realise,
Nor comes attainment less
Than uttermost surmise. | 6 So be it ours meanwhile
To lift our hearts on high,
And out of this exile
For Fatherland to sigh;
From Babylon's ill peace
To Sion's ancient rest
To crave the long release,
And win it, and be blest. |
| 7 Give to the Lord of doom
Eternal jubilee,
Of Whom, through Whom, in Whom
Abide all things that be:
Of Whom—behold the Sire;
Through Whom—behold the Son;
In Whom—Their breathed Fire;
Three Persons, Godhead One. | |

Our Lady.

8 7 8 7. 8 7 8 7. 8 7 8 7.

Trebles and Altos.

V. 1.

Tenors and Basses.

V. 2.

Harmony.

B.

- 1 V. 1. In alternate measure chanting, daily sing we Mary's
praise;
And, in strains of glad rejoicing, to the Lord our
voices raise.
- V. 2. With a twofold choir repeating Mary's never-dying
fame,
Let each ear the praises gather, which our grateful
tongues proclaim.
- R. Judah's Daughter ever glorious—chosen Mother of the
Lord—
Who, to weak and fallen manhood, all its ancient worth
restored.
- 2 V. 1. From the Everlasting Father Gabriel brought the
glad decree
That, the Word Divine conceiving, she should set
poor sinners free.
- V. 2. Of all virgins pure, the purest—ever stainless, ever
bright—
Still from grace to grace advancing, fairest Daughter
of the Light. R.
- 3 V. 1. Wondrous title—who shall tell it?—whilst the Word
Divine she bore,
Though in Mother's name rejoicing, Virgin purer
than before.
- V. 2. By a woman's disobedience, eating the forbidden
tree,
Was the world betrayed and ruined—was by Wo-
man's aid set free. R.

- 4 V. 1. In mysterious mode a Mother, Mary did her God
conceive,
By Whose grace, through saving waters, man did
heavenly truth receive.
- V. 2. By no empty dreams deluded, for the Pearl Which
Mary bore,
Men, all earthly wealth resigning, still are rich for
evermore. R.
- 5 V. 1. For her Son a seamless tunic Mary's careful hand
did weave;
O'er that tunic fiercely gambling, sinners Mary's heart
did grieve.
- V. 2. Clad in helmet of salvation, clad in breastplate shin-
ing bright,
May the hand of Mary guide us to the realms of
endless light. R.
- 6 V. 1. Amen! Amen! loudly cry we—may she, when the
fight is won,
O'er avenging fires triumphing, lead us safely to her
Son.
- V. 2. Holy Angels gathering round us, lo, His saving Name
we greet;
Writ in books of life eternal, may we still that Name
repeat. R.



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

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

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

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

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

6 Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes JESUM,
Semper collætémur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.



Ave maris stella.

- 1 Hail, thou Star of Ocean,
Portal of the sky,
Ever-Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most High.
- 2 O, by Gabriel's Ave
Uttered long ago—
Evas name reversing,
'Stablish peace below.
- 3 Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.
- 4 Show thyself a Mother;
Offer Him our sighs
Who, for us Incarnate,
Did not thee despise.
- 5 Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us:
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.
- 6 Still, as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till, with thee and Jesus,
We rejoice for ever.
- 7 Through the highest heavèn,
To the Almighty Three—
Father, Son and Spirit,
One same glory be.

Our Lady.

L. M.

*Memento rerum Conditor.*

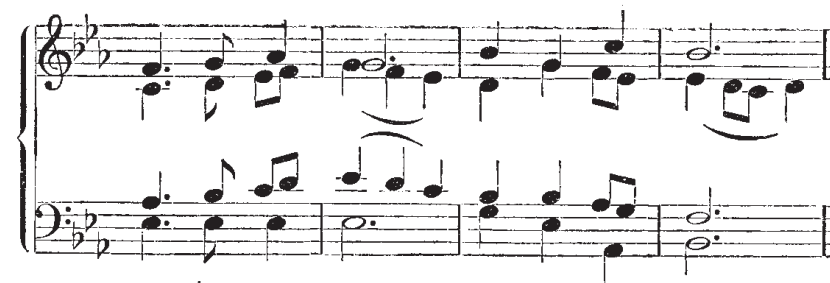
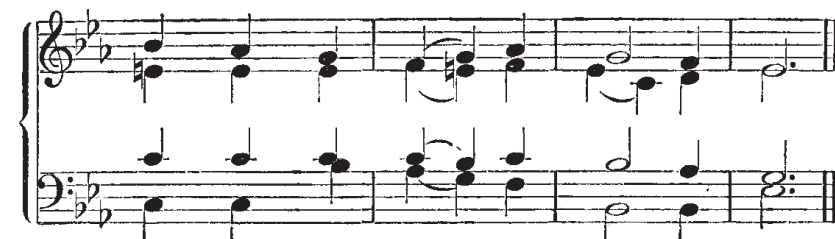
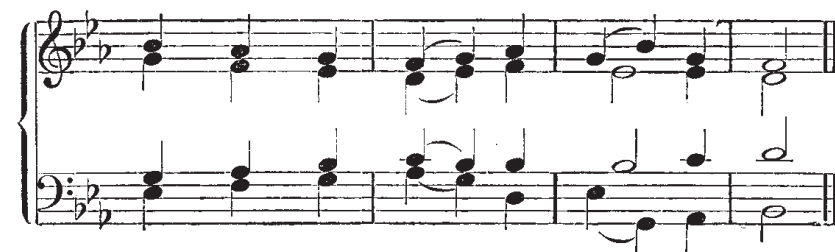
- 1 Remember, O Creator Lord,
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

- 2 Mother of grace, O Mary blest,
To thee, sweet fount of love, we fly:
Shield us through life, and take us hence
To thy dear bosom when we die.

- 3 O JESUS, born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee:
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

Our Lady.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



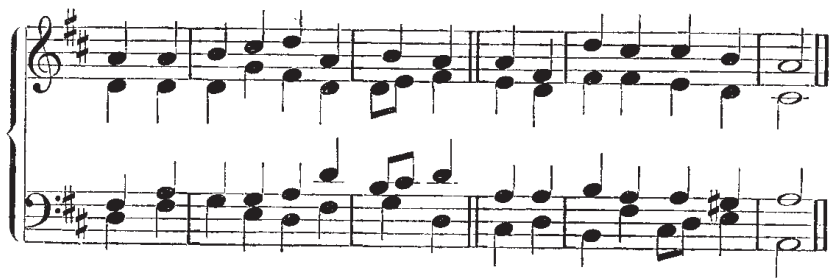
- 1 Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,
Guide of the wanderer here below:
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care;
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.
- 2 O gentle, chaste and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee:
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.
- 3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry:
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears.
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
- 4 And while to Him, Who reigns above
In Godhead One, in Persons Three—
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee:
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

Our Lady.

8 7 8 7 D.

*Omni die dic Mariæ.*

- 1 Daily, daily sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul, her praises due,
All her feasts, her actions worship,
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wondering contemplation,
Be her majesty confessed,
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.
- 2 She is mighty to deliver,
Call her, trust her lovingly;
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given,
Noble lady, to our race;
She the Queen who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.
- 3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
Who for us her Maker bore;
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen,
Weary not, nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.
- 4 All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to show her glory forth;
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongue of eloquence
That can utter hymns befitting
All her matchless excellence?
- 5 All our joys do flow from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing;
Trembling sing the Virgin Mother—
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love the heart alone can teach.



- 1 Holy Queen, we bend before thee—
Queen of purity divine:
Make us love thee, we implore thee,
Make us truly to be thine.
Thou by faith the gates unfolding
Of the kingdom in the skies,
Hast to us, by faith beholding,
Shown the land of Paradise.
- 2 Thine the province to deliver
Souls that deep in bondage lie;
Thine to crush, and crush for ever,
Life-destroying heresy.
Thine to show that earthly pleasures,
All the world's enchanting bloom,
Are outrivalled by the treasures
Of the glorious world to come.
- 3 Teach, O teach us, holy Mother,
How to conquer every sin;
How to love and help each other;
How the prize of life to win.
Thou to whom a Child was given
Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest heaven
To create the world again.
- 4 O by that almighty Maker,
Whom thyself a Virgin bore—
O by thy supreme Creator,
Linked with thee for evermore—
By the hope thy name inspires,
By our doom reversed through thee—
Help us, Queen of angel-choirs,
To a blest eternity.



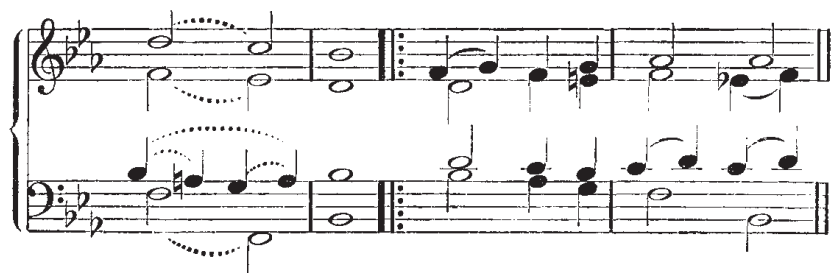
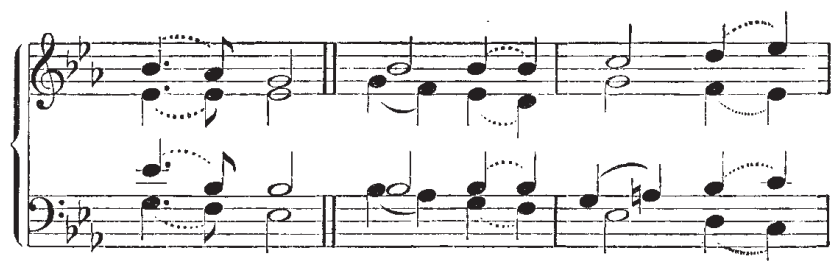
7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

*Funde preces in celis.*

- 1 Radiant Star of Galilee,
Shining o'er this earth's dark sea,
Shed thy glorious light on me.
Queen of clemency and love,
Be my Advocate above,
And, through Christ, all sin remove.
- 2 When the Angel called thee Blest,
And with transports filled thy breast,
'Twas thy Lord became thy Guest.
Purest of earth's creatures thou,
In the heavens exulting now,
With a halo round thy brow.
- 3 Beauty beams in every trace
Of the Virgin-Mother's face,
Full of glory and of grace—
Guiding Beacon to the just,
To the sinner Hope and Trust,
Gladness of the angel-host.
- 4 Ever glorified, thy throne
Standeth where thy blessed Son
Reigneth sure: through Him alone
Plague and pestilence shall cease,
Sin and sinful strife decrease,
And the kingdom come of peace.

Our Lady.

5 5. 7. 5 5. 7.



A - men.

1 O Sanctissima,
O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria.
Mater amata,
Intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

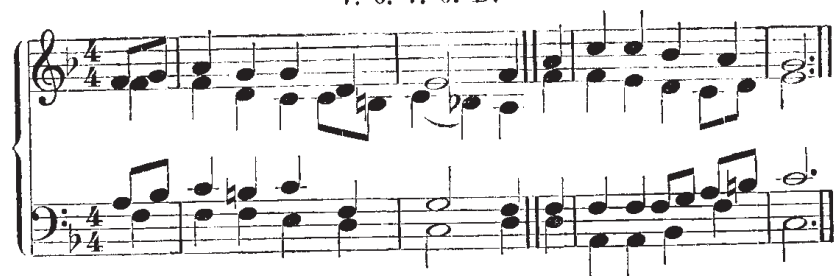
R. Mater amata,
Intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis.

2 Tota pulchra es,
O Maria,
Et macula non est in te.
Mater amata,
Intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis. R.

3 Sicut lilium
Inter spinas,
Sic Maria inter filias.
Mater amata,
Intemerata,
Ora, ora pro nobis. R.

Our Lady.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

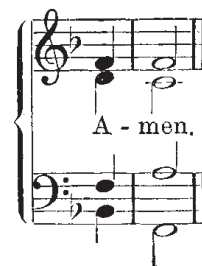
*Dal tuo celeste trono.*

1 Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above;
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love.
And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother,
And look on us on more.

2 See how, ungrateful sinners,
We stand before thy Son;
His loving heart upbraids us
The evil we have done.
But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us—but one word,
One word of thine can gain us
The pardon of our Lord.

3 O Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And Jesus will forgive.
Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear;
But thou art still our Mother,
Then show a Mother's care.

4 Unfold to us thy mantle;
There stay we without fear:
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near?
O kindest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.



Our Lady.

L. M.



- 1 Mother of Mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more;
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.
- 2 Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light, with love of thee?
- 3 But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God;
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.
- 4 They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?
- 5 Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead:
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
O I shall love thee then indeed!
- 6 Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
And O how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

Our Lady.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.



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

- 2 O Lily of the Valley,
O mystic Rose, what tree
Or flower, e'en the fairest,
Is half so fair as thee?
O let me, though so lowly,
Recite my Mother's fame:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.
- 3 O noble Tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The Gate of Heaven to me;
To live, and not to love thee,
Would fill my soul with shame:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.
- 4 When troubles dark afflict me,
In sorrow and in care,
Thy light doth ever guide me,
O beauteous Morning Star.
So I'll be ever ready
Thy goodly help to claim,
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
To love and bless thy name.
- 5 The Saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light;
O that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.
- 6 But in the crown of Mary
There lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the Angels,
Which Mary shares with them;
"No sin hath e'er defiled thee,"
So doth our faith proclaim:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.
- 7 And now, O Virgin Mary,
My Mother and my Queen,
I've sung thy praise—so bless me,
And keep my heart from sin;
When others jeer and mock thee,
I'll often think how I,
To shield my Mother Mary,
Would lay me down and die.

Our Lady.

4 4. 8. 4 4. 8.



- 1 O Mystic Rose,
Christ's garden glows
With countless blossoms grace hath borne;
More sweet and fair
Than any there
Art thou that bloomest 'mid the thorn.

- 2 O Mystic Rose,
Than driven snows
More dazzling fair on winter's morn;
No speck, no soil
Thy petals spoil;
Thou bloomest white amid the thorn.
- 3 O Mystic Rose,
The blood that flows
From that dear Heart, which love hath torn,
Hath dyed thee too
Another hue;
Thou bloomest crimson 'mid the thorn.
- 4 O Mystic Rose,
The great King's foes
Our gardens of thy bloom have shorn,
And waste she lies
Beneath the skies,
That lost the Rose and kept the thorn.
- 5 * But, Mystic Rose,
The south wind blows,
And hope in thy sweet scent is borne:
Ah! bloom once more
On Scotland's shore,
Bright Rose, sweet Rose without a thorn.
- 6 O Mystic Rose,
The gardener knows
Without thee fade all garlands worn:
Then, flower of grace,
Keep still thy place
Within our hearts, edged in by thorn.
- 7 And, Mystic Rose,
When shadows close
Upon our life, and breaks the morn:
Then blossom thou
On every brow,
O fadeless Rose without a thorn.

Our Lady.

THE FOUR ANTHEMS OF THE SEASONS.

From Advent to Candlemas: that is, from the first Vespers of Advent
 Sunday till the second Vespers of Candlemas, both inclusive.
 Andantino.

p
 Al - ma Red - em - ptó - ris Ma - - ter, quæ
p
cres.
 pér - vi - a cæ - li Por - ta ma - nes, et stel - la
cres.
dim. *p*
 ma - - ris, suc - cûr - re ca - dên - ti,
dim. *p*

cres.
 Sûr - ge - re qui cu - rat, pó - pu - lo:
cres.
f *dim.*
 tu quæ ge - nu - i - sti, Na - tú - ra mi - rân - te,
f *dim.*
p
 tu - um sanctum Ge - ni - tó - - rem, Vir - go
p

cres.

pri - us ac post - é - ri - us, Ga - bri - é - lis ab

cres.

dim

o - re Su - mens il - lud A - ve, pec - ca.

dim.

p *rall.*

té - rum mi - se - ré - - re.

p *rall.*

In Advent.

V. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Mariæ.

R. Et concépit de Spiritu Sancto.

From the first Vespers of Christmas inclusive, the Verse and Response are as follows:—

V. Post partum Virgo inviolâta permansisti.

R. Dei Génitrix intercède pro nobis.

Orémus.

Grátiam tuam, quæsumus Dómine, méntibus nostris infúnde: ut qui, Angelo nuntiánte, Christi Filii tui incarnationem cognóvimus, per passiónem ejus et crucem ad resurrectiόνis glóriam perducámur. Per eúndem Christum Dóminum nostrum. *R.* Amen.

Our Lady.

From Candlemas to Easter: that is, from the Compline of the second day of February inclusive to Maundy Thursday exclusive.

Con moto moderato.

p
A-ve Re-gi-na cæ - lô - rum, A-ve Dó-mi-na

p
An - ge - lô - rum: Salve ra - dix, sal-ve por-ta,

p
Ex-quamun-do lux est or - ta. Gau-de Vir-go glo-ri-

cres. f

cres. f

p
ó - sa, Su-per o-mnes spe-ci - ó - sa:

dim. p
Va - le o val - de de - có - ra, Et pro

dim. p
no - bis Chri - stum ex - ó - ra.

rall. rall.

V. Dignare me laudare te Virgo sacrata.

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

Orémus.

Concede, miséricors Deus, fragilitati nostræ præsidium: ut qui sanctæ Dei Genitricis memóriam ágimus, intercessiónis ejus auxilio a nostris iniquitatibus resurgámus. Per eúndem Christum Dóminum nostrum. R. Amen.

Our Lady.

From Easter to Pentecost: that is, from the first Compline of Easter inclusive till the first Vespers of Trinity Sunday exclusive.

Allegro ma non troppo.

Re - gi - na cæ - li læ - tá - re, al -

le - lú - ia: Qui - a quem me - ru -

i - sti por - tá - re, al - le - lú -

ia: Re - sur - ré - xit sic - ut di - xit, al -

le - lú - ia: O - ra pro

no - bis De - um, al - le - lú - ia.

V. Gaude et lætare Virgo Maria, allelúia.

R. Quia surrexit Dóminus vere, allelúia.

Orémus.

Deus, qui per resurrectionem Filii tui Dómini nostri JESU CHRISTI mundum lætificare dignatus es: præsta, quæsumus, ut per ejus Genitricem Virginem Mariam perpétuæ capiamus gáudia vitæ. Per eúndem Christum Dóminum nostrum. R. Amen.

Our Lady.

From Pentecost to Advent: that is, from the first Vespers of Trinity Sunday inclusive till the first Vespers of Advent Sunday exclusive.

Andante moderato.

p

Sal-ve Re - gi-na, . . ma - ter mi - se - ri - cór-di - æ, .

p

cres. *dim.* *p*

Vi - ta, dul - cé-do et spes nostra sal - ve. Ad te cla-má-mus

cres. *dim.* *p*

cres.

éxsu-les, fi-li-i He - væ. Ad te su-spi - rá-mus ge-

cres.

dim. *rall.*

mén-tes et flen-tes in hac la-cri-má-rum val - le....

dim. *rall.*

p a tempo *cres.*

Ei - a er-go ad-vo-cá-ta no - stra, il - los tu - os

p a tempo *cres.*

dim. *p*

mi - se - ri - còr - des ó - cu - los ad nos con - vér - te. Et

dim. *p*

dolce

JE - SUM be - ne - di - ctum fructum ventris tu - - i, no - bis

dolce

p

post hoc ex - si - li - um o - stén - de. O cle - mens, O

p

cres. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

pi - a, O dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri . . . a.

cres. *dim. e rall.* *pp*

¶. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei Génitrix.

¶. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

Orémus.

Omnípotens sempitérne Deus, qui gloriósæ Virginis Matris Mariæ corpus et ánimam, ut dignum Filii tui habitáculum éffici mererétur, Spíritu Sancto cooperánte, præparásti: da, ut cujus commemóratióne lætámur, ejus pia intercessióne ab instántibus malis et a morte perpétua liberémur. Per eúndem Christum Dóminum nostrum. ¶. Amen.

THE LORETTO LITANY OF OUR LADY.

Unison.

V. Kyrie-e-lei-son.
 Chri-ste-lei-son.
 Kyrie-e-lei-son.
 Chri-ste... au-di nos.
 Chri-ste ex-audi nos.
 Pater de-cae-lis De-us:
 Fili Redemptor mun-di De-us:
 Spiritus San-cte De-us:
 Sancta Trinitas u-nus De-us:

Man.

R. Kyrie-e-lei-son.
 Chri-ste-lei-son.
 Kyrie-e-lei-son.
 Chri-ste... au-di nos.
 Chri-ste ex-audi nos.
 Mi-se-re-re no-bis.
 Mi-se-re-re no-bis.
 Mi-se-re-re no-bis.
 Mi-se-re-re no-bis.

V. 1. San-cta Ma-ri-a: . R. O-ra pro no-bis. V.

2. Ma-ter ... Chri-sti: .

3. Ma-ter ca-stis-si-ma: .

4. Ma-ter a-má-bi-lis: .

5. Mater Cre-a-tó-ris: .

6. Virgo ve-ne-rán-da: .

7. Vir-go ... cle-mens: .

8. Se-des sa-pi-én-ti-æ: .

9. Vas ... ho-no-rá-bi-le: .

10. Tur-ris Da-vi-di-ca: .

11. Fœde-ris ... ar-ca: .

12. Sa-lus in-fir-mó-rum: .

13. Au-xí-lium Christia-nó-rum: .

14. Re-gí-na Pro-phe-tá-rum: .

15. Re-gí-na Confes-só-rum: .

16. Regina sine labe origi-

* May be sung in four-part harmony by Semichorus (V.) and Chorus (R.).

V. San-cta De-i Gé-ni-trix: . R. O-ra pro no-bis. V.

Mater-di-vi-næ grá-ti-æ: .

Mater in-vi-o-lá-ta: .

Ma-ter ad-mi-rá-bi-lis: .

Ma-ter Sal-va-tó-ris: .

Vir-go præ-di-cán-da: .

Vir-go fi-dé-lis: .

Cau-sa nostræ læ-ti-ti-æ: .

-síg-ne de-vo-ti-ó-nis: .

Tur-ris e-búr-ne a: .

Já-nu-a ... cæ-li: .

-fú-gi-um pec-ca-tó-rum: .

-gi-na An-ge-ló-rum: .

-gí-na A-po-sto-ló-rum: .

Re-gi-na Vir-gi-num: .

-ná-li con-cé-pta: .

V. 1. San-cta Vir-go vir-gi-num: . R. O-ra pro no-bis.

2. Ma-ter pu-ris-si-ma: .

3. Mater in-te-me-rá-ta: .

4. Ma-ter bo-ni con-sí-li-i: .

5. Vir-go pru-den-tis-si-ma: .

6. Vir-go . . . pot-ens: .

7. Spé-cu-lum ju-stí-ti-æ: .

8. Vas spi-ri-tu-á-le: .

9. Ro-sa . . . mý-sti-ca: .

10. Do-mus . . . áu-re-a: .

11. Stel-la ma-tu-tí-na: .

12. -lá-trix af-fli-ctó-rum: .

13. -gi-na Patriar-chá-rum: .

14. Re-gi-na Már-ty-rum: .

15. -ginaSan-ctó-rum ó-mni-um: .

16. -tís-si-mi Ro-sá-ri-i: .

R.

Unison.

V. Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-cá-ta mun-di: R. Parce no-bis Dómi-ne.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-cá-ta mun-di: Exáu-di nos Dómi-ne.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis pec-cá-ta mun-di: Mi-se-ré-re no-bis.

Man.

p

Sub tú-um præ-si-di-um con-fú-gi-mus, sáncta

p

mp

Dé-i Gé-ni-trix: nóstras de-pre-ca-ti-

mp

Sec.

cres.

ó - nes ne de - spi - ci - as in ne-

cres.

p

ces - si - tá - ti - bus; sed a pe-

p

ri - cu - lis cún - - - ctis

cres.

li - - be - ra nos sem - - per,

cres.

cres. molto

Vir - go glo - ri - ó - - sa et

cres. molto

dim.

sempre

be - ne - di - - cta.

pp

sempre

pp

Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158 may be substituted, each in its season, for *Sub tuum presídium*.

V. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei Génitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

Orémus.

Concede nos fámulos tuos, quæsumus Dómine Deus, perpétua mentis et córporis sanitate gaudere: et gloriósa beátæ Mariæ semper Virginis intercessióne, a præsénti liberári tristitia, et ætérna perfrui lætitia. Per Christum Dóminum nostrum. R. Amen.



1 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
So greets thee, O Mary, the Father Eternal:
Pray thou for us, Child of Glory.

2 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
The Only-Begotten of God calls thee Mother:
Pray thou for us, Blissful Maiden.

3 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
The white Love of Souls is thy Bridegroom for ever:
Pray thou for us, Queen of Heaven.

4 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
So greet thee forever the Blessed in heaven:
Pray thou for us, Joy of Angels.

5 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
So greet thee the sad and the sick and the dying.
Pray thou for all, Perfect Pity.

6 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
So greet thee the Souls of the faithful departed:
Pray thou for them, Star of Morning.

7 *Ave Maria, gratia plena.*
So greets thee a sinner imploring thy pity:
Pray thou for me, Queen of Mercy.

Our Lady.

8. 6. 8 8. 6.



OUR LADY IN SEPTUAGESIMA AND PENITENTIAL SEASONS.

- 1 Sweet Mother, turn those gentle eyes
Of pity down on me:
O hear thy suppliant's tearful cries,
My humble prayer do not despise,
Star of the pathless sea.
- 2 In dark temptation's fearsome hour
To thee, bright Queen, we flee:
O then exert a mother's power,
When threaten storms, and tempests lower,
Star of the raging sea.
- 3 Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid,
May I still look on thee,
Who bore the Price our ransom paid
And ne'er the suppliant's cry hath stayed,
Star of the azure sea.
- 4 And when my last expiring cry
My soul from earth shall free,
Do thou, bright Queen of Saints, stand by,
And bear it up to God on high,
Star of the boundless sea.



A-men.

Our Lady.

8 8. 7.



For proper plainsong melody, see No. 261.

THE PLAINT OF OUR LADY.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius. | 11 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi figo plagas
Cordi meo valide. |
| 2 Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius. | 12 Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide. |
| 3 O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti! | 13 Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero. |
| 4 Quæ mærebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti. | 14 Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero. |
| 5 Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio? | 15 Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere. |
| 6 Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio? | 16 Fac ut portem Christimortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolare. |
| 7 Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum. | 17 Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me Cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii. |
| 8 Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum. | 18 Flammi ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii. |
| 9 Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam. | 19 Christe, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ. |
| 10 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam. | 20 Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. |

Our Lady.

8 8. 7.



OUR LADY OF DOLOURS.

Stabat Mater dolorosa.

- 1 At the Cross her station keeping,
Stands the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to JESUS to the last.
- 2 Through her heart—His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing—
Now at length the sword hath passed.
- 3 Fount of love and holy sorrow,
Mother, may my spirit borrow
Somewhat of thy woe profound!
- 4 Unto Christ, with pure emotion,
Raise my contrite heart's devotion—
Love to read in every Wound.
- 5 Those five Wounds on JESUS smitten,
Mother, in my heart be written
Deep as in thine own they be.
- 6 Thou, my Saviour's Cross who bearest,
Thou, thy Son's rebuke who sharest,
Let me share them both with thee.
- 7 In the Passion of my Maker
Be my sinful soul partaker;
Let me weep till death with thee.
- 8 Mine with thee be that sad station,
There to watch the great Salvation
Wrought upon the atoning Tree.

Our Lady.

L. M.



1 O come and mourn with me awhile!
 See, Mary calls us to her side;
 O come and let us mourn with her;
 JESUS, our Love, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
 JESUS, our Love, is crucified!

3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
 And all three hours his silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men;
 JESUS, our Love, is crucified!

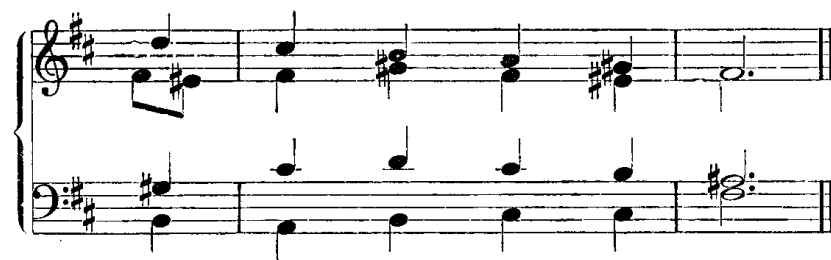
4 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
 And let the Blood from out that Side
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
 JESUS, our Love, is crucified!

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied;
 A broken heart love's cradle is;
 JESUS, our Love, is crucified!

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
 In this dread act your strength is tried;
 And victory remains with love;
 For He, our Love, is crucified!

Our Lady.

C. M.



1 Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower,
I lift my heart to thee:
In every bleak and toilsome hour,
Mary, remember me.

2 Let me but stand where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimsoned Tree:
And by the Water and the Blood,
Mary, remember me.

3 There let me wash my sinful soul,
And be from sin set free:
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole,
Mary, remember me.

4 Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,
Let me but follow thee:
And when temptation wields its power,
Mary, remember me.

5 When I have trod life's weary way,
And earth is sped for me,
Sweet Mother, be thou then my stay;
Mary, remember me.

Our Lady.

L. M. with Alleluias.

V. Unison. R. Harmony.

V. R.

V. R.

V. R.

A - men.

OUR LADY IN EASTERTIDE.

- 1 Rejoice, all ye that sorrowed sore; Alleluia!
Maria weeps and sighs no more: Alleluia!
The clouds are scattered far away; Alleluia!
Sweet sunshine glorifies the day: Alleluia!
R. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 2 Where, martyred Mother, all thy pain? Alleluia!
'Tis gone, and cometh not again: Alleluia!
O broken heart, 'tis well with thee; Alleluia!
Thy grief is turned to ecstasy. Alleluia! R.
- 3 Ah Mary, purest maiden, say—Alleluia!
From Jesus hast thou heard today? Alleluia!
It must be so. Such joy divine Alleluia!
Comes only from that Son of thine: Alleluia! R.
- 4 Five Wounds He suffered for our sake; Alleluia!
From each there flows a joyful lake—Alleluia!
Five seas of joy: and from His Side Alleluia!
Flows o'er thy heart the blissful tide. Alleluia! R
- 5 That glorious sea hath ne'er a shore; Alleluia!
Its rising surges overwhelm thee o'er: Alleluia!
Ah Lady, listen to our prayer; Alleluia!
And in thy plenty let us share: Alleluia! R.

Our Lady.

6. 5. 6. 5 with refrain.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Immaculate Mary,
Our hearts are afire;
That title so wondrous
Fills all our desire.
R. Ave Maria! | 7 There is no need, Mary,
Nor ever hath been,
Which thou canst not succour,
Immaculate Queen. R. |
| 2 We pray for God's glory,
May His kingdom come!
We pray for His Vicar,
Our Father, and Rome. R. | 8 In grief and temptation,
In joy and in pain,
We seek thee, our Mother,
Nor seek thee in vain. R. |
| 3 We pray for our Mother,
The Church upon earth;
And bless, sweetest Lady,
The land of our birth. R. | 9 O bless us, dear Lady,
With blessings from heaven;
And to our petitions
Let answer be given. R. |
| 4 O Mary, O Mother,
Reign o'er us once more;
Be England thy Dowry
As in days of yore. R. | 10 In death's solemn moment,
Our Mother, be nigh,
As children of Mary
O teach us to die! R. |
| 5 We pray for all sinners,
And souls that now stray
From Jesus and Mary
In heresy's way. R. | 11 And crown thy sweet mercy
With this special grace,
To behold soon in heaven
God's ravishing Face. R. |
| 6 For poor, sick, afflicted,
Thy mercy we crave;
And comfort the dying,
Thou light of the grave. R. | 12 Now to God be all glory
And worship for ay:
And to God's Virgin Mother
An endless Ave. R. |

Our Lady.

8 8. 7. 8 8. 7.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Cantant hymnos cœlites

1. See!... to God's... high tem ple a - bove
 2. All... the sor-rows her bo - - som bore,
 3. There... she lives as a fount... of grace
 4. La - dy, than all... the heav - ens more high,

1. Mounts, a - mid an - gel hymns... of love,
 2. All... her pains and af - flic - tions sore,
 3. Ev - - er flow-ing for Ad - am's race,
 4. More... than ser-aph in pu - ri - ty,

1. The mys - tic - al ark... of grace.
 2. At length... su - preme-ly re - paid:
 3. And still... for ev - er to flow:
 4. A glance... of pi - ty in - cline:

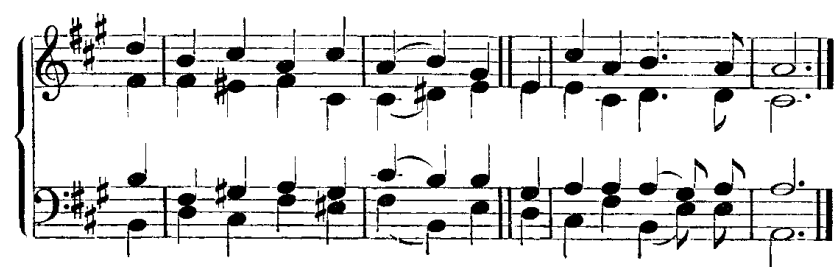
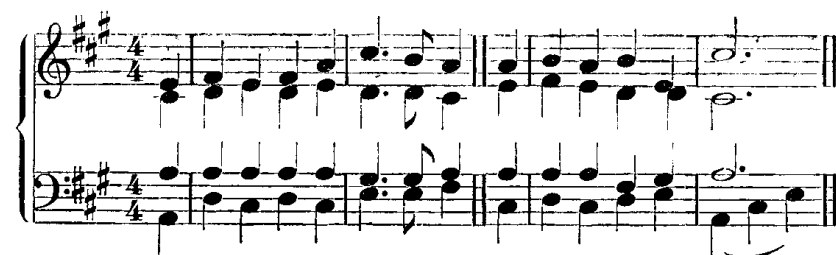
1. See!... a - loft... on vic - to - ry's throne,
 2. There... she reigns on the cloud - less height,
 3. There... while a - ges on a - - ges run,
 4. Teach us to feel,... O teach us to know,

1. Blended in glo - ry both Mo-ther and Son,
 2. On - - ly less than the Lord... of light,
 3. Sweet - ly, sweet-ly she pleads with her Son,
 4. Teach us in life and in death... to show

1. In one... e - ter - nal em - brace.
 2. In hues... im - mor - tal ar - rayed.
 3. For us... her child-ren be - low.
 4. What trea-sures of grace... are thine. A - men.

Our Lady.

7. 6. 7. 6 D.

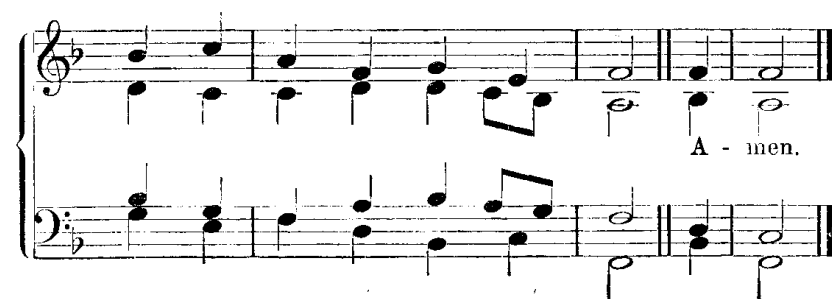


OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

- 1 Queen of the holy Rosary,
O bless us, as we pray
And offer thee our roses
In garlands day by day;
While from our Father's garden,
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to thine honour
Buds white and red and gold.
- 2 Queen of the holy Rosary,
Each mystery blends with thine
The sacred life of JESUS
In every step divine:
Thy soul was His fair garden,
Thy virgin breast His throne,
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror
Reflecting Him alone.
- 3 Sweet Lady of the Rosary,
White roses let us bring,
And lay them round thy footstool,
Before our infant King:
For nestling in thy bosom
God's son was fain to be—
The Child of thine obedience
And spotless purity.
- 4 Dear Lady of the Rosary,
Red roses cast we down,
But let thy fingers weave them
Into a worthy crown:
For how can we poor sinners
Do aught but weep with thee,
When in thy train we follow
Our God to Calvary.
- 5 Queen of the holy Rosary,
What radiancy of love,
What splendour and what glory
Surround thy Court above!
O in thy tender pity,
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this our offering—
Our flowers white, red and gold.

Our Lady.

8. 7. 8. 7.

*O stella Jacob fulgida.*

- 1 Star of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine;
'Midst the stars of highest heav'n
Glow's no purer ray than thine.
- 2 All in stoles of snowy whiteness
Unto thee the Angels sing,
Unto thee the virgin choirs,
Mother of the eternal King.
- 3 Joyful in thy path they scatter
Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy celestial beauty
Rose nor lily may compare.
- 4 O that this low earth of ours,
Answering to the angelic strain
With thy praises might re-echo
Till the heavens replied again!
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit
While eternal ages run.

Our Lady.

11. 10. 11. 10.



- 1 Mary Immaculate, Star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, in the light of thy dawning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.
- 2 Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness
Veiling thy splendour, thy course thou hast run:
Now thou art throned in all glory and gladness,
Crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.
- 3 Sinners, we worship thy sinless perfection;
Fallen and weak, for thy pity we plead:
Grant us the shield of thy sovereign protection,
Measure thine aid by the depth of our need.
- 4 Frail is our nature, and strict our probation,
Watchful the foe that would lure us to wrong:
Succour our souls in the hour of temptation,
Mary Immaculate, tender and strong.
- 5 See how the wiles of the serpent assail us,
See how we waver and flinch in the fight:
Let thine immaculate merit avail us,
Make of our weakness a proof of thy might.
- 6 Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying,
Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod:
Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
Mary Immaculate, Mother of God.



The musical score for 'Our Lady' is written in 3/4 time and consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody. The third system also continues the melody. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass staff.

PART I.

- 1 O Purest of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 2 Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled:
And the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 3 The Church doth what God had first taught her to do:
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were true;
Through the ages He looked, and He found none but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 4 He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair;
For the empire of sin—it had never been there:
None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 5 Earth gave Him one lodging—'twas deep in thy breast;
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest:
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee;
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 6 O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast:
For the heav'n He left, He found heav'n in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

PART II.

- 1 To sinners what comfort, to Angels what mirth
That God found one creature unfallen on earth;
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be—
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!
- 2 O shine on us brighter than ever, then shine,
For the primest of honours, dear Mother, is thine:
"Conceived-without-sin" thy fair title e'er be,
Clear light from thy birthspring, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 3 So worship we God in these rude latter days,
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gift He gave thee—
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.
- 4 Deep night hath come down on us, Mother—deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light:
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

Our Lady.

11 11. 11 11.

HYMNS FROM THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Salve mundi Domina, cælorum Regina.

MATINS.

- 1 Hail, Queen of the heavens; hail, Mistress of earth;
Hail, Virgin most pure, of immaculate birth;
Clear star of the morning, in beauty enshrined;
O Lady, make speed to the help of mankind.
- 2 Thee God in the depth of eternity chose,
And formed thee all fair as His glorious spouse,
And called thee His own Word's true Mother to be,
By Whom He created the earth, sky and sea.

PRIME.

- 3 * Hail, Virgin most wise; hail, Deity's shrine,
With seven fair pillars and table divine,
Preserved from the guilt which has come on us all,
Exempt in the womb from the taint of the fall.
- 4 * O new star of Jacob, of Angels the Queen,
O gate of the Saints, O Mother of men,
O terrible as the embattled array,
Be thou of the faithful the refuge and stay.

TERCE.

- 5 * Hail, Solomon's throne, true ark of the law,
Fair rainbow, and bush which the patriarch saw:
Hail, Gideon's fleece; hail, blossoming rod;
Hail, Samson's sweet honeycomb, portal of God.
- 6 * Well fitting it was that a Son so divine
Should preserve from all touch of original sin—
Nor suffer by smallest defect to be stained
That Mother, whom He for Himself had ordained.

SEXT.

- 7 * Hail, virginal Mother; hail, purity's cell,
Fair shrine where the Trinity loveth to dwell;
Hail, garden of pleasure, celestial balm;
Hail, cedar of chastity, martyrdom's palm.
- 8 * Thou land set apart from uses profane,
And free from the curse which in Adam began;
Thou city of God, thou gate of the east,
In thee is all grace, O joy of the Blest.

NONE.

- 9 * Hail, city of refuge; hail, David's high tower,
With battlements crownèd and girded with power;
Filled at thy conception with love and with light,
The dragon by thee was shorn of his might.
- 10 * O woman most valiant, O Judith thrice blest!
As David was cherished at Abisag's breast,
As the saviour of Egypt upon Rachel's knee,
So the world's great Redeemer was fondled by thee.

VESPERS.

- 11 * Hail, dial of Achaz! on thee the true Sun
Told backward the course which from old He had run;
And, that man might be raisèd, submitting to shame,
A little more low than the Angels became.
- 12 * Thou, wrapt in the blaze of His infinite light,
Dost shine as the morn on the confines of night,
As the moon on the lost through obscurity dawns;
The serpent's destroyer, a lily 'mid thorns.

COMPLINE.

- 13 Hail, Mother most pure; hail, Virgin renowned;
Hail, Queen with the stars as a diadem crownèd;
Above all the Angels in glory untold,
Standing next to the King in a vesture of gold.
- 14 O Mother of mercy, O star of the wave,
O hope of the guilty, O light of the grave:
Through thee may we come to the haven of rest,
And see heavèn's King in the courts of the Blest.

COMMENDATION.

- 15 These praises and prayers I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins, O Mary most sweet:
Be thou my true guide through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side when death draweth near.



Our Lady.

8. 7. 8. 7 D.



OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.

- 1 Like the dawning of the morning
On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
On the gloom of cloudy nights;

Like a secret told by Angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's Expectation
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

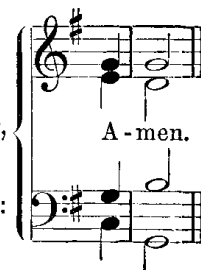
- 2 Thou wast happy, blessed Mother,
With the very bliss of heaven,
Since the Angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given;
Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wast anointed Queen,
Like a river overflowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

- 3 On the mountains of Judæa,
Like the chariot of the Lord,
Thou wast lifted in thy spirit
By the uncreated Word;
Gifts and graces flowed upon thee
In a sweet celestial strife,
And the growing of thy Burden
Was the lightening of thy life.

- 4 And what wonders have been in thee
All the day and all the night,
While the Angels fell before thee,
To adore the Light of Light;
While the Glory of the Father
Hath been in thee as a home,
And the sceptre of creation
Hath been wielded in thy womb.

- 5 And the sweet strains of the psalmist
Were a joy beyond control,
And the visions of the prophets
Burn like transports in thy soul;
But the Burden that was growing,
It was felt so tenderly,
It was heaven, it was heaven,
Come before its time to thee.

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



Our Lady.

7 7. 7 7. 7 7. 6.

Welcome, Month of Ma - ry, welcome, Month of Ma - ry!

THE MONTH OF MAY.

- 1 Welcome to this world of woe,
To each pilgrim here below;
Nature's voice o'er hill and dale
Bids thee, Month of Mary, hail:
Come, ye children of the spring,
Fair and fragrant flowerets bring.
Welcome, Month of Mary!
- 2 Come, that from thy treasures sweet
We may twine a chaplet meet
To be offered at the shrine
Of the Mother-Maid Divine:
Bring the rose, for in its hue
Mary's ardent love we view.
Welcome, Month of Mary!
- 8 Mystic Rose! that precious name
Mary from the Church doth claim:
In the lily's silver bell
Mary's purity doth dwell:
In the myrtle's fadeless green
Mary's constancy is seen.
Welcome, Month of Mary!
- 4 Month of bright and radiant skies,
Tribute flowers to greet thee rise.
Come, for we are weary here,
Till thy music greets the ear;
Till thy rosy fingers fair
Scatter perfumes on the air.
Welcome, Month of Mary!
- 6 Well we love thee, month most fair,
Name of grace art blest to bear;
Nations hail thee with delight,
Mary's name sheds lustre bright:
Every floweret seems to say,
Mary's is the month of May.
Welcome, Month of Mary!

Our Lady.

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8 8. 6.

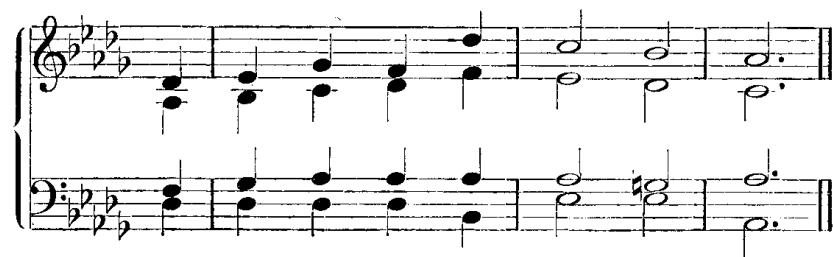


THE MONTH OF MAY.

- 1 V. This is the image of the Queen
Who reigns in bliss above;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee:
- R. In this thine own sweet Month of May,
Dear Mother of my God, I pray,
Do thou remember me.
- 2 V. The homage offered at the feet
Of Mary's image here
To Mary's self at once ascends
Above the starry sphere.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee:
- R. In all my joy, in all my pain,
O Virgin born without a stain,
Do thou remember me.
- 3 V. Sweet are the flowerets we have culled,
This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee:
- R. When on the bed of death I lie,
By Him Who did for sinners die,
Do thou remember me.
- 4 V. O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead;
When at the judgement-seat I stand,
And my dread Saviour see;
- R. When waves of night around me roll,
And hell is raging for my soul,
O then remember me!

The Holy Angels.

4. 6. 8. 10 12.



ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

- 1 Thou champion high
 Of Heaven's imperial Bride,
 For ever waiting on her eye,
 Before her onward path, and at her side,
 In war her guard secure, by night her ready guide

- 2 To thee was given,
 When those false angels rose
 Against the Majesty of Heaven,
 To hurl them down the steep, and on them close
 The prison where they roam in hopeless unreprieve.

- 3 Thee, Michael, thee,
 When sight and breathing fail,
 The disembodied soul shall see;
 The pardoned soul with solemn joy shall hail,
 When holiest rites are spent, and tears no more avail.

- 4 And thou, at last,
 When time itself must die,
 Shalt sound that dread and piercing blast,
 To wake the dead, and rend the vaulted sky,
 And summon all to meet the Omniscient Judge on high.

The Holy Angels.

7. 6. 7. 6. 10 10.

The musical score for 'The Holy Angels' is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of grand staves. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system has a repeat sign. The fourth system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written above the final measure of the right-hand staff.

ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in praelio.

- 1 The din of battle rages,
Our enemies are strong;
Yet hope our fear assuages
Amid the clamouring throng.
O Michael, Prince of heav'n's army bright,
Put thou the haughty foe to speedy flight!
- 2 When Satan, proudly daring,
Was coveting God's crown,
Thou, with a wrath unsparing,
Didst hurl the traitor down;
And, therefore, God on thee doth strength bestow
To shield us from that never-dying foe.
- 3 Thy loving aid bestowing,
Descend on speedy wing;
Back to their dungeon glowing
All Satan's legions fling,
And lead us onward, chanting victory,
To share the peace and joy of heaven with thee

The Holy Angels.

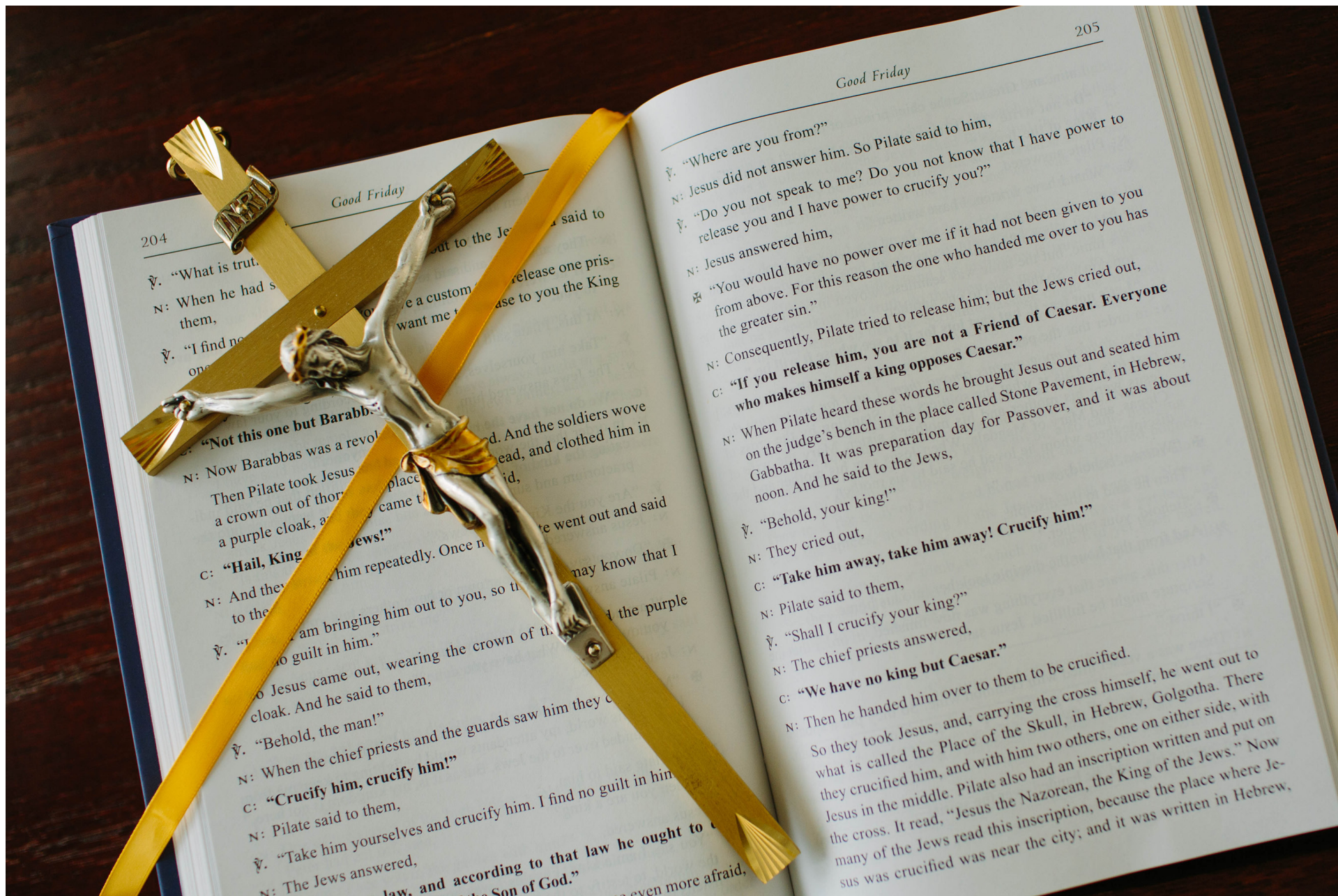
10. 10. 10. 6.



ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Christe, sanctorum decus Angelorum.

- 1 O Christ, the beauty of the angel worlds,
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest,
Grant us one day to reach those bright abodes,
And in Thy glory rest.
- 2 Angel of peace, thou, Michael, from above
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native hell.
- 3 Angel of strength, thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revisit once again.
- 4 And Raphael, physician of the soul—
Let him descend from his pure halls of light
To heal the sick, and guide each doubtful course
Through all our life aright.
- 5 Thou too, O Virgin, with the angel choirs,
Mother of Light and Queen of Peace, descend,
Bringing with thee the radiant Court of heaven,
Thy children to befriend.
- 6 This grace on us bestow, O Father blest;
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth;
With Thee, from Both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth.



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

The Holy Angels.

C. M.

A - men.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

- 1 My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death;
- 2 Thou hast been ever at my side:
My Maker to thy trust
Consigned my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.
- 3 Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known
And blest, as thou hast blest.
- 4 Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.
- 5 And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, of patience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.
- 6 Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burned away.
- 7 And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home.

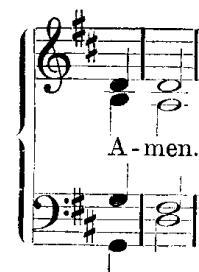
The Holy Angels.

C. M.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

- 1 Dear Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A sinful soul like me.
- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.
- 6 Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now
More humble will I be;
But I am weak, and when I fall,
O weary not of me!
- 7 O weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Full wayward oft have been.
- 8 Then love me, love me, Angel dear,
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.





APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

Aeterna Christi munera.

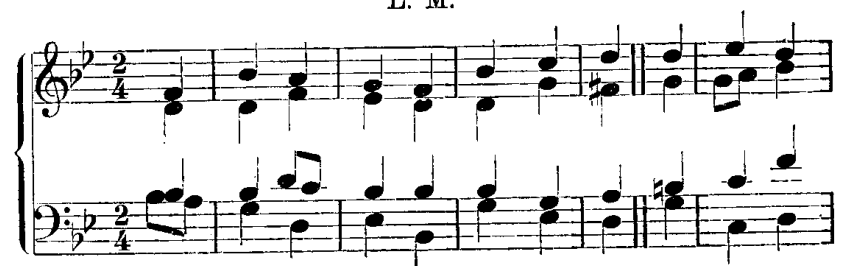
- 1 The Lord's eternal gifts,
The Apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories and high reward
Sing we in joyful lays.
- 2 Lords of the Churches they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the heavenly camp,
True lights for evermore.
- 3 Theirs was the Saints' high faith,
And quenchless hope's pure glow,
And perfect charity which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.
- 4 In them the Father shone,
In them the Son o'ercame,
In them the Holy Spirit wrought
And filled their hearts with flame.
- 5 Praise to the Father, Son
And Spirit, One and Three:
As evermore hath been before
And shall for ever be.



A MARTYR BISHOP.

- 1 Behold a great High Priest, with rays
Of martyrdom's red sunset crowned;
None other like him, in the days
Wherein he trod the earth, was found.
- 2 The swords of men unholy met
Above that just one, and he bled:
But God, the God he served, hath set
A wreath unfading on his head.
- 3 Blest is the people, blest and strong,
Whose pontiffs count a martyred Saint;
His virtuous memory, lasting long,
Shall keep their altars pure from taint.
- 4 The heathen plot; the tyrants rage;
But in their Saint the poor shall find
A shield, or after many an age
A light restored to guide the blind.
- 5 To God the Father glory be
And to the Father's only Son;
Glory, O Paraclete, to Thee,
Both now and while the ages run.

L. M.



ONE MARTYR.

Invicte Martyr, unicum.

- 1 Unvanquished Martyr, who didst tread
Where'er thy Lord's example led;
And now in triumph mount'st the skies,
Loaded with palms and victories:
- 2 Implore that blood which Christ has spill'd
To wash the leavings of our guilt;
That, freed from sin's infectious bane,
Our lingering souls may live again.
- 3 Thy soul is now from danger free,
Untied from our mortality;
Teach us to soar on wings of love
From earthly ties to realms above.
- 4 May age to age Thy wonders tell,
Eternal praise Thy works reveal,
And sing, with the celestial host,
Thee—Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The last line of each verse is repeated.

L. M.



MANY MARTYRS.

Rex gloriose Martyrum.

- 1 O thou the Martyrs' glorious King,
Of Confessors the crown and prize,
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise:
- 2 By all the praise Thy Saints have won,
By all their pains in days gone by,
By all the deeds which they have done,
Hear Thou Thy suppliant people's cry.
- 3 Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight,
Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive:
May we find mercy in Thy sight,
And in Thy sacred presence live.
- 4 To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee
While everlasting ages run.

A - men.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.

- 1 Redeemer Christ, Thou priceless gem—
Thy sacred prelates' diadem;
Resume Thy clemency today,
And grant the gifts for which we pray.
- 2 Today the Church transmits to fame
The great Confessor of Thy name;
Whilst faithful choirs with joy rehearse
His solemn day in festal verse.
- 3 Thrice happy he that could despise
This fading world's vain pageantries;
And fix his everlasting rest
On surer grounds amongst the Blest.
- 4 May we this bright example take,
And the deluding world forsake;
That by his intercession we
May die to sin and live to Thee.
- 5 From henceforth may all ages sing
The source of grace, and mercy's spring
And bless, with all the heavenly host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

A - men.

A CONFESSOR.

Iste Confessor Domini, colentes.

- 1 The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipped with solemn rite,
¶ This day with merits full, his labours o'er,
Went to his seat in light.

- ¶ If it be not the day of his death, sing thus:
The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipped with solemn rite,
This day receives those honours which are his,
High in the realms of light.

- 2 Holy and innocent were all his ways,
Sweet, temperate, unstained:
His life was prayer, his every breath was praise
While breath to him remained.

- 3 Ofttimes have miracles in many a land
His sanctity displayed;
And still does health return at his command
To many a frame decayed.

- 4 Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay
And yearly songs renew,
Praying our glorious Saint for us to pray
All the long ages through.

- 5 To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given;
Who sways the mighty world, through all its course,
From the bright throne of heaven.

10 10. 8 8.

A - men.

A VIRGIN MARTYR.

Virginis proles, opifexque matris.

- 1 O Virgin's offspring, Christ, who wast alone
Thy parent's Maker and a Virgin's Son:
A virgin's triumph asks our praise;
With heavenly thoughts our numbers raise.
- 2 Her double courage did at once engage
Her sex's weakness and the tyrant's rage;
And, over both victorious, now
A double wreath adorns her brow.
- 3 Permit, great God, her prayers may set us free
From hateful sin's enchanted tyranny;
And purest hymns shall sound Thy Name
In songs of everlasting fame.
- 4 Glory to God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost, with Both in nature One;
Whose equal power unites the Three
In One eternal Trinity.

L. M.



VIRGINS.

Jesu corona Virginum.

- 1 Jesus, of Maidens pure the crown,
Whom Thy pure Mother did conceive
And bear with virgin's rare renown,
In mercy these our vows receive.
- 2 Thy path lies 'mid the lilies fair,
And virgin pageants hem Thee round:
Thy spouses, who Thy glory share,
In Thee their rich reward have found.
- 3 Where'er Thou leadest, Virgins bright
Attend, and follow Thee with praise:
Treading Thy footsteps with delight,
Melodious hymns of joy they raise.
- 4 Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free:
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.
- 5 To God, the Father and the Son,
Praise, honour, might and glory be,
And to the Spirit, with Them One,
Through age on age eternally.



S. M.



A - men.

A HOLY WOMAN.

Fortem virili pectore.

- 1 Laud we the Saint most sweet,
Shining in glory blest;
Who bore a hero's noble heart
Within a woman's breast.
- 2 Pierced with the love of Christ,
The world's false love she fled;
And heavenward with might and main
Upon her journey sped.
- 3 With fasts she pined the flesh,
But on sweet food of prayer
Feasted her spirit pure; and now
Doth joys eternal share.
- 4 O Christ, our King and God,
Thou strength of all the strong,
To Whom alone all holy deeds
And all great works belong;
- 5 For her deep plaints on high,
To us propitious be:
And, in the glorious Trinity,
Eternal praise to Thee.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



384

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem.

- 1 Jerusalem, whose heavenly mien
Betrays the peace that reigns within;
Whose quarries living rocks supply
To build and raise thy towers so high;
Heaven's brightest Angels crown the pile,
And God does on thy labours smile.
- 2 O Sion's daughter well betrothed,
With all thy Father's glory clothed,
In all thy Spouse's graces dressed,
In thee the Spouse Himself is blessed;
Thou bounteous queen of heavenly love,
Whom Christ espouses from above.
- 3 Thy orient gates, with pearl arrayed,
Stand always open and displayed
For all who, thither drawn by love,
Have nobly fixed their hearts above;
Such as here thought it high reward
To suffer with their suffering Lord.
- 4 Hither, O God, direct Thy flight,
And fill these temples with Thy light;
Hither repair, and here espouse
The interest of Thy people's vows:
Sion was once Thy chosen place;
On Sion shower Thy streams of grace.
- 5 Resume Thy mercy-seat, and show—
As once our father's God, so now—
Art God and Father prone to hear;
Be bounteous e'en beyond our prayer:
And crown our souls amongst the Blest
In seats of everlasting rest.
- 6 To Thee, Most High, our voice we raise—
To Thee Most High in all Thy ways:
We both the Father and the Son
And Paraclete, adore in One:
Whilst endless anthems sound Thy fame,
Hosannas echo to Thy Name.

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25

*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris.*

- 1 O Sylvan Prophet, whose eternal fame
Resounds from Jewry's hills and Jordan's stream,
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voice to sing thy praise.
- 2 Heaven's messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name,
And told thy sire each prodigy
That heaven designed to work in thee.
- 3 He heard the news, and dubious with surprise
His faltering speech in fettered accents dies:
But Providence with happy choice
In thee restored thy father's voice.
- 4 All other prophets did foretell afar
The glorious rising of a future star:
But greater than a prophet, thou
The star didst both foretell and show.
- 5 Thus God the greatest-born of human kind
Elected thee, and thee alone designed
Him to baptise in Jordan's flood
Who all the world baptised in blood.
- 6 * Then powerful patron, teach us to repent,
Make all the rocks of hardened hearts relent:
Our rough and crooked ways redress,
And cultivate our wilderness.
- 7 * That our Redeemer, when He comes, may find
No sins like weeds that over-run the mind:
But, like some crystal fountain clear,
May know His own resemblance there.
- 8 Heaven's brightest citizens sing praise to Thee,
One God in nature, and in person Three:
On us let not Thy love be lost,
But spare our souls for what they cost.

6 6 6 6.



ST. JOSEPH.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Husband of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale. | 4 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of Angels, hail!
Cheerthou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail. |
| 2 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed,
Father be thou to those
Thy foster Son redeemed. | 5 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wast thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son. |
| 3 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed. | 6 Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame:
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name. |
| 7 Mother of Jesus, bless,
And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry. | |

11. 11. 11. 11.



ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 Dear husband of Mary, dear nurse of her Child,
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see:
Sweet spouse of our Lady, we lean upon thee.
- 2 For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, if thou wert with me!
- 3 O blessed Saint Joseph, how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth,
As father to Jesus—ah then, wilt thou be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, a father to me?
- 4 When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth:
As father to Jesus, be father to me,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, and I will love thee.

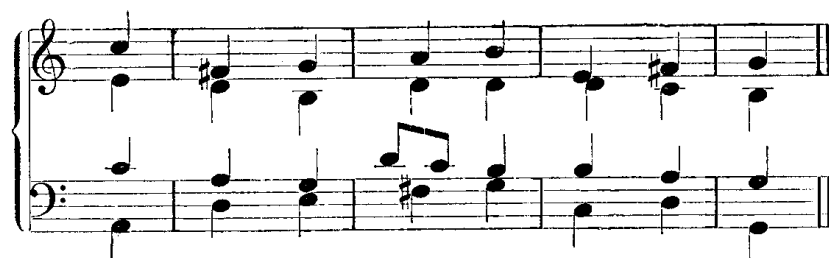
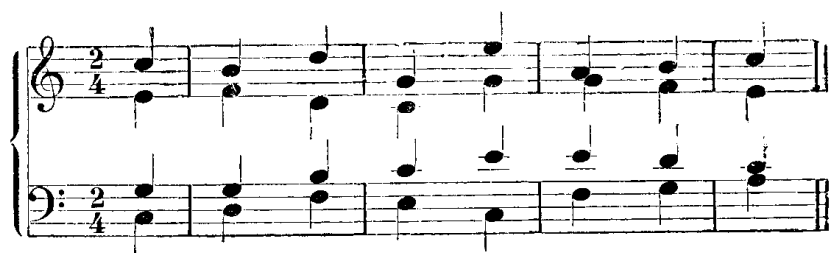
ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 There are many Saints above
Who love us with true love,
Many Angels ever nigh:
But, Joseph, none there be—
O none—who love like thee.
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.
- 2 Thou wast guardian of our Lord,
Foster-father of the Word,
Who in thine arms did lie:
If we His brothers be,
We are foster-sons to thee.
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.
- 3 Thou wast Mary's earthly guide,
For ever at her side;
O for her sake hear our cry:
For we follow in thy way,
Loving Mary as we may.
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.
- 4 Sadly o'er the desert sand,
Into Egypt's darksome land
As an exile didst thou fly:
And we are exiles too,
With a world to travel through.
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.
- 5 When thy gentle years were run,
On the bosom of thy Son
Like an infant didst thou lie:
O by thy happy death
In that tranquil Nazareth,
Dearest of Saints, be near us when we die.

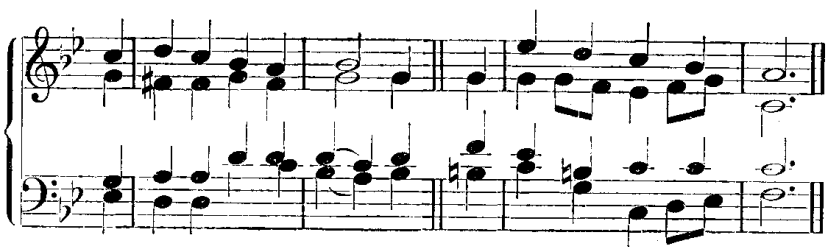
THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF ST. JOSEPH.

- 1 V. Guardian of Christ and spouse of His sweet Mother,
Trusting to thee our simple prayer we make:
Father to us, since we may call Him brother,
Canst thou refuse to hear us for His sake?
R. Blessed Saint Joseph, remember that never
Thy clients in vain to their father have prayed:
Urge our petition, for Jesus must ever
Listen to him whom on earth He obeyed.
- 2 V. O by the grief thy tender spirit filling
Ere Mary's secret thou hadst understood:
O by thy joy to hear the Angel telling
That blessed wonder of her motherhood: R.
- 3 V. O by thy grief to see the King of glory
Born in the crib in poverty and cold:
O by thy joy to hear the Angel's story,
And the adoring Wise-Men to behold: R.
- 4 V. O by thy grief to see the Infant weeping
While the first blood-drops fell beneath the knife:
O by the joy with which thy heart was leaping
At the sweet music of the Name of life: R.
- 5 V. O by thy grief with Mary's sinless spirit,
Hearing a sword must pierce her soul in twain:
O by thy joy that many should inherit
Peace and salvation through her Child again: R.
- 6 V. O by thy grief when, Child and Mother taking,
Thou didst by night to distant Egypt fly:
O by thy joy to see the idols breaking
While the All-Holy passed in silence by: R.
- 7 V. O by thy grief when from the Angel learning
Reigned still a tyrant after Herod's death:
O by thy joy from exiled years returning
To that dear home in holy Nazareth: R.
- 8 V. O by thy grief when thou hadst lost thy Treasure,
By those three days of darkness and of pain:
O by thy joy beyond all thought and measure
When, with thy Jesus, light came back again: R.

L. M.

*Decora lux aeternitatis auream.*

- 1 It is no earthly summer's ray
That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crowned.
- 2 The blessed seer to whom was given
The hearts of men to teach and school,
And he who keeps the keys of heaven
For those on earth that own his rule,—
- 3 Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word
Shall pass the doom of life or death,
By humble cross and bleeding sword
Well have they won their laurel wreath.
- 4 O happy Rome, made holy now
By these two Martyrs' glorious blood,
Earth's best and fairest cities bow,
By thy superior claims subdued.
- 5 For thou alone art worth them all,
City of Martyrs! thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.
- 6 All honour, power and praise be given
To Him Who reigns in bliss on high,
For endless, endless years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity!

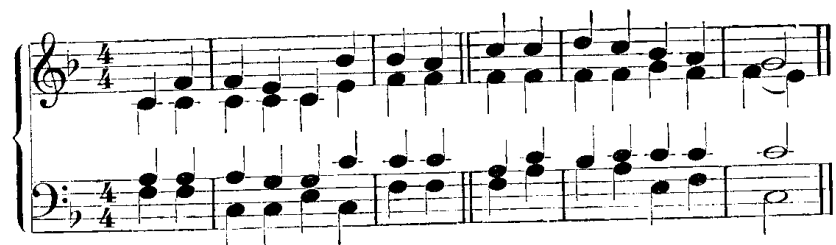


1 O sing the great Apostle,
In memory of the rock—
The basis of that fabric
Which fears not tempests' shock.
To our Creator's glory
That festal chant shall burst;
We praise the second shepherd,
To glorify the First.

2 O Peter, light of doctrine,
And torch of holy love;
The very type of fervour
And wisdom from above.
Type too of sad transgression—
The fruit of faithless fears;
And, from thy lapse uprisen,
Of penitential tears.

3 'Twas thine to tread the waters;
And when about to sink,
Christ's hand of help sustained thee
Close on destruction's brink.
So, when our faith is shaken,
And tossed by storms of ill,
May Christ, for ever present,
Bid winds and waves be still.

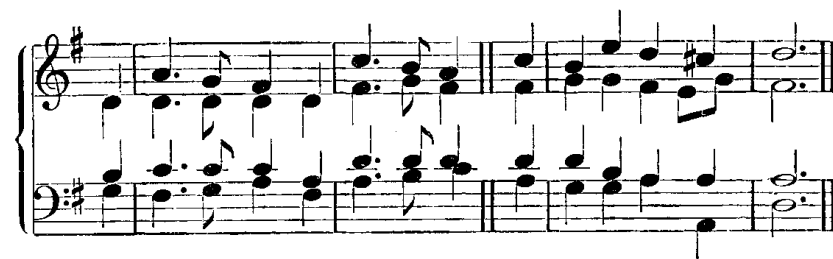
4 Thou from the cross didst follow
Thy Master to the skies;
And O, be thou our leader,
That we too there may rise.
By our good shepherd's merits,
And by his saving prayer,
Thy trespass-laden people,
Eternal Shepherd, spare.



ST. ANDREW THE APOSTLE.

- 1 Great Saint Andrew, friend of Jesus,
Lover of His glorious Cross,
Early by His voice effective
Called from ease to pain and loss.
Sweet Saint Andrew, Simon's brother,
Who with haste fraternal flew,
Fain with him to share the treasure
Which from Jesu's lips he drew.
- 2 Blest Saint Andrew, Jesu's herald,
Meek Apostle, Martyr bold,
Who, by deeds his words confirming,
Sealed with blood the truth he told.
Ne'er to king was crown so beauteous,
Ne'er was prize to heart so dear,
As to him the Cross of JESUS
When its promised joys drew near.
- 3 Loved Saint Andrew, Scotland's patron,
Watch thy land with heedful eye,
Rally round the Cross of Jesus
All her storied chivalry!
To the Father, Son and Spirit,
Fount of sanctity and love,
Give we glory, now and ever,
With the Saints who reign above.





- 1 When Christ our Lord to Andrew cried:
 "Come thou, and follow Me,"
 The fisher left his net beside
 The Sea of Galilee.
 To teach the truth his Master taught,
 To tread the path He trod
 Was all his will, and thus he brought
 Unnumbered souls to God.

- 2 When Andrew's hour had come, and he
 Was doomed like Christ to die,
 He kissed his cross exultingly,
 And this his loving cry:
 "O noble Cross! O precious wood!
 I long have yearned for thee;
 Uplift me to my only Good
 Who died on thee for me."

- 3 The faith that Andrew taught once shone
 O'er all this kingdom fair;
 The Cross that Jesus died upon
 Was honoured everywhere.
 But evil men that faith beat down,
 Reviling Andrew's name;
 The Cross, though set in kingly crown,
 Became a sign of shame.

- 4 Saint Andrew, now in bliss above,
 Thy fervent prayers renew
 That Scotland yet again may love
 The faith, entire and true;
 That I the cross allotted me
 May bear with patient love!
 'Twill lift me, as it lifted thee,
 To reign with Christ above.



Jussu tyranni pro fide.

- 1 An exile for the faith
Of thy incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul unprisoned soared:
- 2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled
- 3 There of the kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime;
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- 4 The Holy City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.
- 5 Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all; O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.
- 6 To JESUS, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

8 7. 8 7 D.



- 1 Leader now on earth no longer,
Soldier of the eternal King;
Victor in the fight for heaven,
We thy loving praises sing.

R. Great Saint George, our Patron, help us;
In the conflict be thou nigh:
Help us in that daily battle,
Where each one must win or die.

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

- 3 Who, when earthly war was over,
Fought, but not for earth's renown;
Fought, and won a nobler glory—
Won the Martyr's purple crown. R.

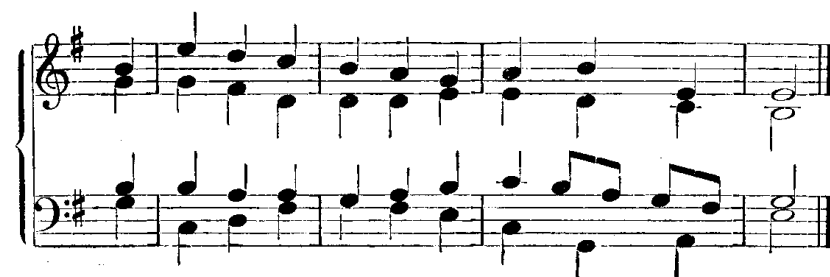
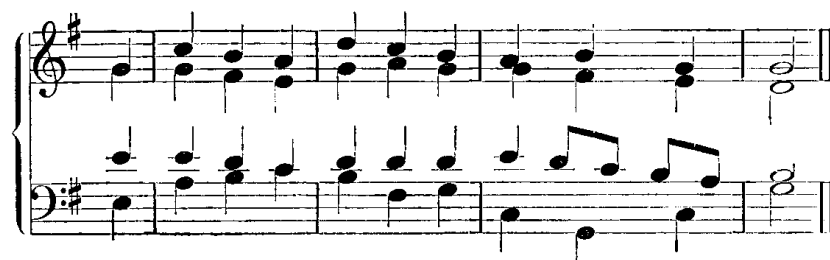
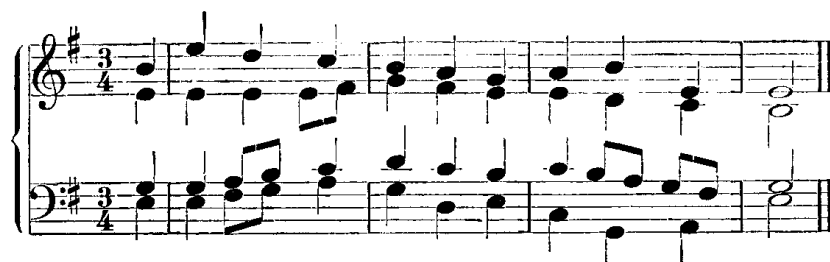
- 4 Help us when temptation presses,
We have still our crown to win:
Help us when our soul is weary
Fighting with the powers of sin. R.

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

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



11. 11. 11. 11.



ST. PATRICK.

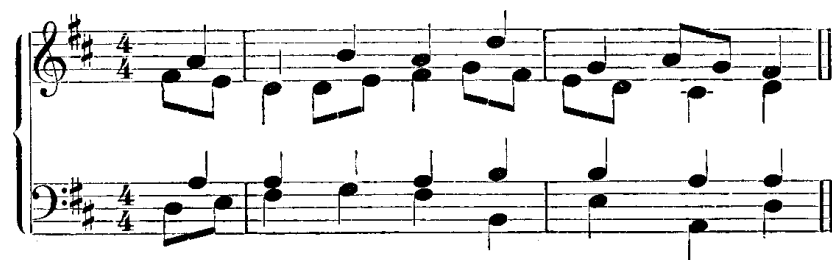
- 1 Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear Saint of our isle,
On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile;
And now thou art high in thy mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.
- 2 Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, thy words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng;
Not less in thy might where in heaven thou art—
O come to our aid, in our battle take part.
- 3 In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,
Dear Saint, may thy children resist to the death;
May their strength be in meekness, in penance and prayer;
Their banner the Cross, which they glory to bear.
- 4 Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more;
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn bright—
Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.
- 5 Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wast on earth;
And our hearts shall yet burn—wheresoever we roam—
For God and Saint Patrick and our native home.

11. 10. 6 6. 10.



ST. PATRICK.

- 1 Father of all those far scattered sheep of Christ
Wherein sad Erin hath the mother's claim,
Lo! fourteen centuries
And shores of all the seas
Music make to God in thy mighty name.
- 2 Thy God is theirs, O Patrick, the living God!
Comfort and crown of thine unfriended youth.
Bringing thy prison-land
Thrall to thy croziered hand
In the bright allegiance of holy truth.
- 3 Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered peace,
Till every sobbing gale
Sang thee the Irish wail,
Pleading with the night for the day's release.
- 4 Fresh from the field where foes of th' Incarnate Son
Sank ne'er to rise beneath the word of Rome;
Thou, binding fast to thee
Christ and the Trinity,
Camest, white-haired man, o'er the white sea-foam.
- 5 Christ in thy heart, and Christ upon either hand,
Christ's is the land where'er thy feet have trod!
Make us for evermore,
As those our sires of yore,
Faithful and beloved of the Triune God!
- 6 O by thy last sublime and prevailing prayer,
Poured where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
May we through every clime
And in each faithless time
Show thy might with God and His might in thee!



Christe pastorum caput atque princeps.

- 1 O Thou, of shepherds Prince and Head,
Now on a Bishop's festal day
Thy flock to many a shrine have sped
Their vows to pay.
- 2 He to the high and dreadful throne,
Urged by no false inspirings, pressed,
Nor on hot daring of his own,
But Thy behest.
- 3 And so, that soldier good and tried,
From the full horn of heavenly grace,
Thy Spirit did anoint, to guide
Thy ransomed race.
- 4 And he becomes a father true,
Spending and spent, when troubles fall,
A pattern and a servant too,
All things to all.
- 5 His pleading sets the sinner free,
He soothes the sick, he lifts the low,
Powerful in word, deep teacher, he,
To quell the foe.
- 6 Grant us, O Christ, his prayers above, -
And grace below to sing Thy praise,
The Father's power, the Spirit's love,
Now and always.

Proper of Saints.

10. 6. 10. 4.

ST. BENEDICT.

PART I.

Quidquid antiqui cecinere vates.

- 1 Whate'er of yore the tuneful Prophets teach
Or Law of olden days,
Great monarch of ascetic multitudes,
Thy life displays.
- 2 A glorious progeny is Abram's boast;
Meekness in Moses shone;
Faultless obedience and a beauteous spouse
Were Isaac's crown.

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- 3 But our exalted heavenly Patriarch,
Immeasurably blest,
Concentres all their glory, virtue, praise
In his sole breast.

- 4 O may his arm of might, that caught us up
From the world's stormy tide,
Here keep us evermore, where halcyon calm
And peace abide.

- 5 *Glory eternal to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son,
With Thee, great Paraclete; eternal Three
And trinal One.

PART II.

Inter aeternas superum coronas.

- 1 Of all eternity's bright diadems
In faith's high combat won,
Brighter than thine, celestial Benedict,
There glitter none.
- 2 Pleasure in thee had naught: the grace of age
Was o'er thy boyhood shed:
All dust to thee the world's fair bloom, whose heart
To heaven had fled.
- 3 Country and home abandoned for the depths
Of the lone forest rude;
There, while to Christ thy soul self-mastering
The flesh subdued;
- 4 Lo, thee unknown thy peerless miracles
A Saint of God display;
And forth through all the world thy glory speeds
On wings of day.
- 5 Glory eternal to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son,
With Thee, great Paraclete; eternal Three
And trinal One.

413

Proper of Saints.

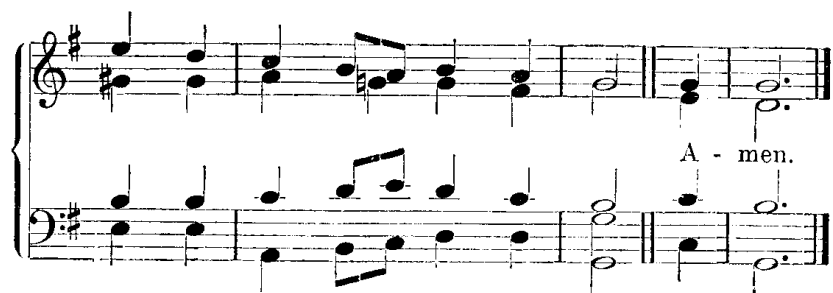
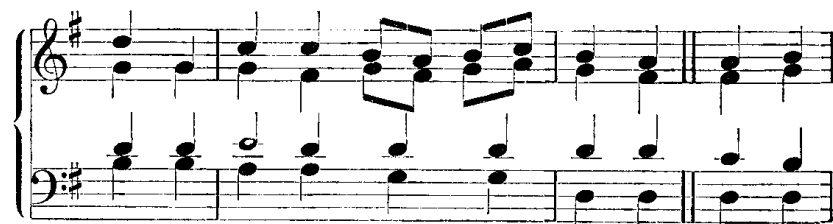
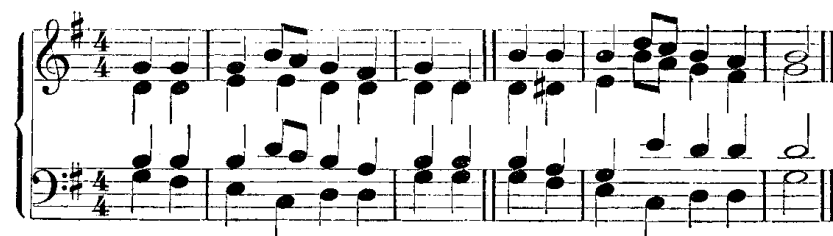
10. 10. 10. 10.



ST. BENEDICT.

- 1 Father of many children, in the gloom
Of the long past, how beautiful thou art:
And still, dear Saint, the weary nations come
To drink from out thine unexhausted heart.
- 2 *There are sweet waters in thy fountains still,
In every changeeful age they have been flowing;
While faithful sons thy destinies fulfil
Through the wide world, like rivers in their going.
- 3 Kings, with thy wisdom in their hearts, dear Saint,
Have grown more royal 'neath thy Christlike rule:
And, when the earth with ignorance was faint,
Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.
- 4 *Deserts have blossomed where thy feet have trod,
Thy homes have been safe shelter for the weary:
And in dark times the glory of our God
Fled to thy houses to find sanctuary.
- 5 O Benedict, thy special gifts are peace,
Freedom of heart, and sweet simplicity;
They fail not with the ages, but increase
As thine own graces grew of old in thee.
- 6 Give us great hearts, dear Father—hearts as wide
As thine, that was far wider than the world;
Hearts by incessant labour sanctified,
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.
- 7 *Thou art the Christian Abraham; to thee,
Saint of insatiate love, thy God has given
For thy grand faith a saintly family,
Countless as are the crowded stars in heaven.
- 8 Kind Shepherd, tend us with thy pastoral love
Across the mountains to our heavenly rest:
Father, we see thee beckoning from above;
We come, we come—to bless thee, and be blest.

8 7. 8 7. 7 7.



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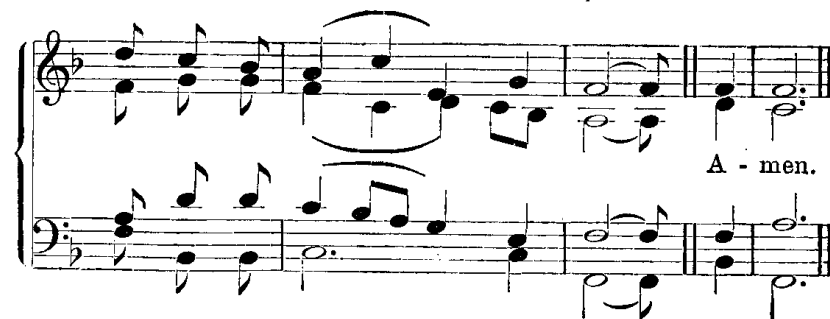
Crucis Christi mons Alvernæ.

- 1 Let Alverna's holy mountain
That high mystery proclaim
Of the stamps of life eternal
Which on blessèd Francis came;
While he sobbed, and while he sighed,
Grieving for the Crucified.
- 2 There, within a lonely cavern,
Far from all the world withdrawn,
As the Saint his watch was keeping,
With incessant scourgings torn;
Ever musing more and more
On the wounds that Jesus bore;—
- 3 As he prayed in cold and hunger;
As he poured his glowing tears;
In his fervent spirit mounting
Far above terrestrial spheres;
Every earthly thing forgot
In his Saviour's bitter lot;—
- 4 Lo to him, in form seraphic,
Borne upon a cross on high,
Six irradiant wings expanding,
Came the King of glory nigh!
Gazing on him with a face
Of benignity and grace.
- 5 He, that tender glance returning,
Saw the Incarnate Light of Light;
Saw his gracious meek Redeemer
Robed in glory infinite;
Drank the words that from Him fell,
Words divine, unspeakable.
- 6 Straightway all the sacred summit
Kindles like a flaming pyre;
Holy Francis sinks enraptured,
Fainting with ecstatic fire;
And upon his flesh appear
Christ's immortal stigmata!
- 7 Honour to the high Redeemer,
Who for us in torments died;
In whose image blessèd Francis
Suffered and was sanctified;
Counting everything but loss
For the glory of the Cross!

8. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.



- 1 Thou who, hero-like, hast striven
For the cause of God and heav'n,
Dominic, whose life was given
Sinners to recall,
Saint of high and dauntless spirit,
By thy vast unmeasured merit,
By thy name which we inherit,
Hear us when we call.
- 2 Flower of chastity, the fairest
Of her lily buds thou bearest
Snow-white as the robe thou wearest,
Gift from hands divine.
With thy brow of starry splendour,
With thine eyes so mild and tender,
Mary's client, truth's defender,
To our prayers incline.
- 3 Great apostle, ever claiming
Souls for Jesus, by the naming
Mary and her Son proclaiming
Mysteries of faith.
Still, O Dominic, the preaching
Of those childlike beads is reaching
Childlike hearts, all sweetly teaching
Christ's own life and death.
- 4 With those Aves, first and plainest
Of the Church's prayers, thou rainest
Blessings on the earth, and gainest
Souls whom Jesus made.
Loving Father, at thy station
Of seraphic contemplation,
In each hour of dark temptation
Give thy saving aid.



ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

- 1 O Margaret, in Scotland's crown of old
 Thou wast the brightest gem
 Till He, who loveth pearls of price untold
 And ever seeketh them,
 Took thee, to set thee in the unfading gold
 Of heaven's diadem.
- 2 Now, from the treasures of the King above,
 Obedient to His will,
 Do thou, as when on earth, with lavish love
 Befriend thy people still;
 So that His bounty every heart may move
 With love's responsive thrill.
- 3 For God, His house, His praise—what zeal was thine
 Thy holy life expressed.
 O pray that we may love all things divine
 And prize what God hath blessed!
 And thus, within our hearts, build up a shrine
 Where He may deign to rest.
- 4 O Margaret, a mother still be thou,
 Our needs from heaven behold;
 May grace and truth possess thy kingdom now
 As surely as of old—
 Thy people, once again, one Faith avow
 Within one only Fold!

A-men.

ALL SAINTS.

- 1 Hail, all elect ones, ye who stand,
Angels and Saints, one glorious band,
We hail your blessed company.
O guard us ever, that we may
Still follow Christ along the way
That leads to immortality.
- 2 Ye Saints, triumphant now above,
Pouring from hearts of joyous love
Strains of perennial jubilee:
O offer unto God our prayer,
And keep us true, as on we fare,
And strong in grace unchangeably.
- 3 Ye Saints who share your Saviour's reign
And chant His praise in glorious strain,
Far from your trampled enemy:
By you be this our mortal state
To God's own glory consecrate!
Be ours your crown of victory!
- 4 Your aid we crave, poor pilgrims we;
But O how graced by God are ye,
Beatified in radiancy!
To Him be glory; songs of praise
To Him let every creature raise,
Sole source of all felicity!

The Faithful Departed.

Réquiem ætér-nam dóna é - is Dó-mi-ne: et lux per-pétua lúce - at é - is.

The Faithful Departed.

V. Re - qui - é - scant in pa - ce.

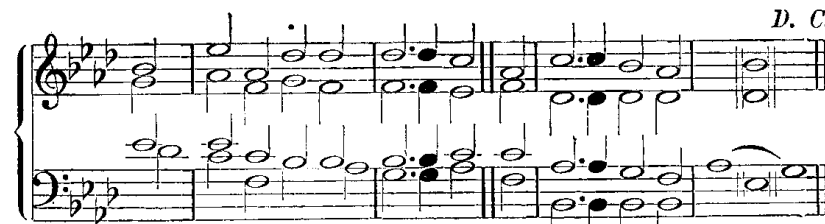
R. Re - qui - é - scant in pa - ce.

The Faithful Departed.

PSALM CXXIX.

1. De profundis clamávi ad te Dó-mi-ne:
2. Fiant áures túæ in - - ten-dén - tes
3. Si iniquitátes observáve - - ris Dó-mi-ne:
4. Quia apud te propitiá - - ti - o est:
5. Sustinuit ánima méa in vér - bo é - jus:
6. A custódia matutína usque ad nó - ctem
7. Quia apud Dóminum mise - ri - cór-di - a:
8. Et ipse rédi - - - met Is - ra - el
9. Réquiem æ - tér - nam

1. Dómine exáudi vó - - - cem mé - am.
2. in vócem deprecatió - - - nis mé - æ.
3. Dómine, quis su - - sti - né - bit?
4. et propter légem túam sustinui te Dó-mi-ne.
5. sperávit ánima méa in Dó-mi-no.
6. spéret Israel in Dó-mi-no.
7. et copiósá apud éum red - ém-pti - o.
8. ex ómnibus iniquitáti - - - bus é - jus.
9. dóna é - - - is Dó-mi-ne.



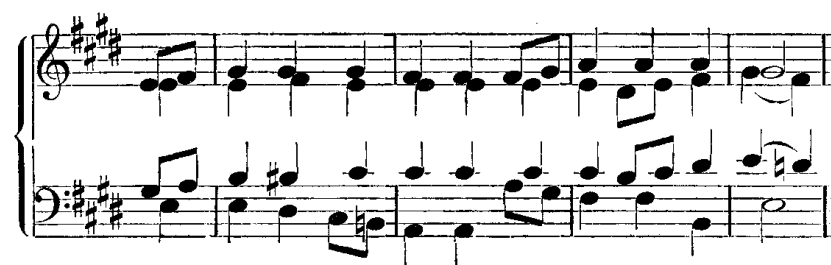
R. Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

1 Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.

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

2 O by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;
O by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
O by their very helplessness,
O by Thy own great Name!--

R. Good JESUS, help! sweet JESUS, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

*O vos fideles animæ.*

- 1 Ye Souls of the faithful who sleep in the Lord,
But as yet are shut out from your final reward:
O would I could lend you assistance to fly
From your prison below to your palace on high!
- 2 O Father of mercies, Thine anger withhold;
These works of Thy hand in Thy mercy behold!
Too oft from Thy path they have wandered aside;
But Thee, their Creator, they never denied.
- 3 O tender Redeemer, their misery see!
Deliver the Souls that were ransomed by Thee:
Behold how they love Thee, despite of their pain!
Restore them, restore them to favour again.
- 4 O Spirit of grace, O Consoler divine,
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine!
Ah, then, to enliven their sadness, descend,
And fill them with peace and with joy in the end.
- 5 All ye who would honour the Saints and their Head,
Remember, remember to pray for the Dead!
And they in return, from their misery freed,
To you will be friends in the hour of your need.

L. M.



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

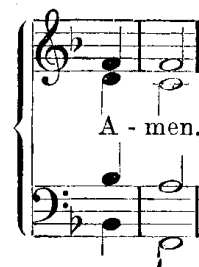
2 Ah, they have fought a gallant fight;
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And, after life's uncheery night,
The arbour of their rest is neared.

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

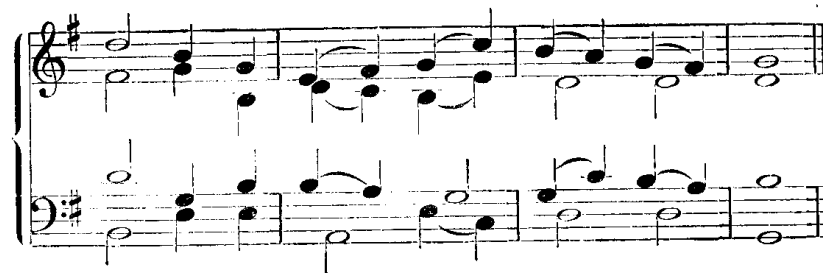
4 They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother, to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

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

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



10. 10. 8. 8.



SUNDAY.

Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.

- 1 Rise, watchful soul, awake thy sweetest praise,
To sovereign Christ thy tuneful numbers raise:
With psalms and hymns thy mind delight,
And sing away the shades of night.
- 2 That as in music now our hearts proclaim,
Like heavenly choirs, our great Creator's fame,
Our end among the Blest may be
To live, O God, and sing to Thee.
- 3 For this petition, Lord, to Thee we fly,
Three sacred Persons in one Deity;
Whose praises, sung from pole to pole,
In endless Alleluias roll.





MONDAY.

Splendor paternæ gloriæ.

- 1 Splendour of the Father's glory,
Source of all things fair to sight,
Light of Light, let all adore Thee,
Day in Whom the day is bright.
- 2 Truest Sun, upon us brighten
With Thy pure and constant gleam;
Fill our hearts, our spirits lighten
With Thy Spirit's cleansing stream.
- 3 Christ, be Thou our bread from heavèn,
And our cup, faith's holy light,
Whence the Spirit, freely given,
Shall with us Himself unite.
- 4 So our day serenely flowing
Pure will be as morning dawn;
Bright our faith like noontide glowing,
O'er our even no darkness drawn.
- 5 Now all praise and adoration
To the Blessèd Trinity;
Praise our God through time's duration;
Praise Him through eternity.



TUESDAY.

Ales diei nuntius.

- 1 Now, while the herald bird of day
Announces morning bright;
Christ also, speaking in the soul,
Wakes her to life and light.
- 2 "Take up your beds," we hear Him say,
"No more in slumber lie;
In justice, truth and temperance
Keep watch; your Lord is nigh."
- 3 O JESUS, art Thou nigh indeed?
Then let us watch and weep;
This truth but once in earnest felt
Forbids the heart to sleep.
- 4 Break, Lord, the spell that wraps us round
In deadly bonds of night;
Unbind the chains of former guilt;
Renew in us Thy light.
- 5 To God the Father glory be,
And sole eternal Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.



WEDNESDAY.

Nox et tenebrae et nubila.

- 1 Haunting gloom and flitting shades,
Ghastly shapes, away!
Christ is rising, and pervades
Highest heaven with day.
- 2 He with His bright spear the night
Dazzles and pursues;
Earth wakes up and glows with light
Of a thousand hues.
- 3 Thee, O Christ, and Thee alone,
With a single mind,
We with chant and plaint would own;
To Thy flock be kind.
- 4 Much it needs Thy light divine,
Spot and stain to clean;
Light of Angels, on us shine
With Thy face serene.
- 5 To the Father and the Son
And the Holy Ghost
Here be glory, as is done
By the angelic host.



THURSDAY.

Lux ecce surgit aurea.

- 1 See, the golden dawn aglow,
Haste the paly shades to go,
Which have led us far and long,
In a labyrinth of wrong.
- 2 May it bring us peace serene;
May it cleanse, as it is clean;
Plain and clear our words be spoke,
And our thoughts without a cloak;
- 3 So the day's account shall stand,
Guileless tongue and holy hand,
Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled,
"Flesh as of a little child."
- 4 There is One Who from above
Watches how the still hours move
Of our day of service done,
From the dawn to setting sun.
- 5 To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three and One,
As of old, and as in heaven,
Now and here be glory given.



FRIDAY.

Æterna cæli gloria.

- 1 Christ, the glory of the sky;
Christ, of earth the hope secure;
Only Son of God most high;
Offspring of a maiden pure!
- 2 Help us now Thy praise to sing,
Praise for this returning day;
Light and life let morning bring,
Clouds and darkness flee away!
- 3 Purest Light, within us dwell,
Never from our souls depart;
Come, the shades of earth expel,
Fill and purify the heart.
- 4 Faith in Him, Whose name we bear,
In our heart of hearts abound!
Hope, thy brightest torch prepare;
All with holy love be crowned!
- 5 Praise the Father; praise the Son
Spirit blest, to Thee be praise!
To the eternal Three in One
Glory be through endless days!



SATURDAY.

Aurora jam spargit polum.

- 1 The dawn is sprinkling in the east
Its golden shower, as day flows in;
Fast mount the pointed shafts of light:
Farewell to darkness and to sin!
- 2 Away, ye midnight phantoms all!
Away, despondence and despair!
Whatever guilt the night has brought,
Now let it vanish into air.
- 3 So, Lord, when that last morning breaks,
Looking to which we sigh and pray,
O may it to Thy minstrels prove
The dawning of a better day!
- 4 To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole begotten Son;
Glory, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

225 Hymns for the Day Hours.

C. M.



PRIME, OR THE FIRST HOUR.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

- 1 Now that the day-star glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And, while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe—
The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favour end.
- 5 And, lest the flesh in its excess
Should lord it o'er the soul,
Let taming abstinence repress
The rebel, and control.
- 6 To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son,
And to the Spirit, One and Three
While endless ages run.

440

The Day Hours.

L. M.

226



TERCE, OR THE THIRD HOUR.

Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Reignest with Father and with Son,
It is the hour, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.
- 2 Let flesh and heart and lips and mind
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame
Till others catch the living flame.
- 3 Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven.

441

The Day Hours.

L. M.

Three systems of musical notation for piano. The first system is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

SEXT, OR THE SIXTH HOUR.

Rector potens, verax Deus.

- 1 O God, Who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours, as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the midday sky;
- 2 Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.
- 3 Grant this, O Father, only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To Whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

The Day Hours.

C. M.

Three systems of musical notation for piano. The first system is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

NONE, OR THE NINTH HOUR.

Rerum Deus, tenax vigor.

- 1 O God, Unchangeable and True,
Of all the Light and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour;
- 2 Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.
- 3 This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.



VESPERS, OR EVENSONG.

Jam sol recedit igneus.

- 1 The fiery sun now rolls away;
Blest Three in One, Eternal Day,
Thy beams of light and love impart
To every cold benighted heart.
- 2 In morning and in evening verse
Thy glorious praises we rehearse;
May we, O God, the same express
Amidst Thy Saints in happiness.
- 3 To God, the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.



VESPERS, OR EVENSONG.

Lucis Creator optime.

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

C. M.



COMPLINE.

Te lucis ante terminum.

- 1 Now that the daylight dies away,
By all Thy grace and love,
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray
To watch our bed above.
- 2 Let dreams depart, and phantoms fly,
The offspring of the night;
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,
Pure in our foe's despite.
- 3 This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
Father, coequal Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Eternal Three in One.

6 4 6 6.

*Sol preceps rapitur, proxima nox adest.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 The sun is sinking fast;
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice. | 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast, |
| 2 As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting Soul resigned; | 5 Save that His Will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside. |
| 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live: | 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me. |
| 7 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
Myself for ever His!
And He for ever mine! | |



- 1 Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.
- 2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night;
Sweetly may bright guardian Angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.
- 3 Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above;
All the night Thy heart is wakeful
In Thy sacrament of love.
- 4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom:
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home.



- 1 Hear thy children, gentlest Mother,
Prayerful hearts to thee arise;
Hear us while our evening Ave
Soars beyond the starry skies.
- 2 Darkling shadows fall around us,
Restful stars their watches keep;
Hush the heart oppressed by sorrow,
Dry the tears of those that weep.
- 3 Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,
Borne upon life's troubled sea;
Gentle guiding Star of Ocean,
Lead thy children home to thee.
- 4 Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
From thy beauteous throne above;
Guard us from all harm and danger,
'Neath the sheltering wings of love.



Eventide.

8 7 8 7.

TO OUR LADY OF DOLOURS.

1. As the de - wy shades of e - ven



Ga - ther o'er the bal - my air,



Li - sten, gen - tle Queen of Hea - ven,



450

Li - sten to my Ve - sper prayer.



2 Holy Mother, near me hover,
 Free my thoughts from aught defiled;
 With thy wings of mercy cover
 Safe from harm thy helpless child.

3 Thine own sinless heart was broken,
 Sorrow's sword had pierced it through;
 Give, O give me some sweet token
 Of thy tender love so true.

4 Queen of Sorrows, guard and guide me,
 Let me to thine arms repair;
 In thy tender bosom hide me,
 Mary, take me to thy care.



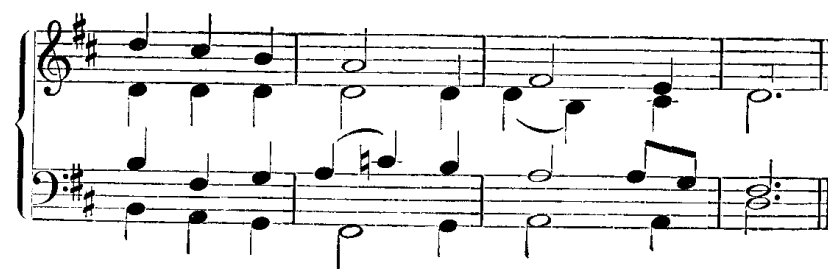
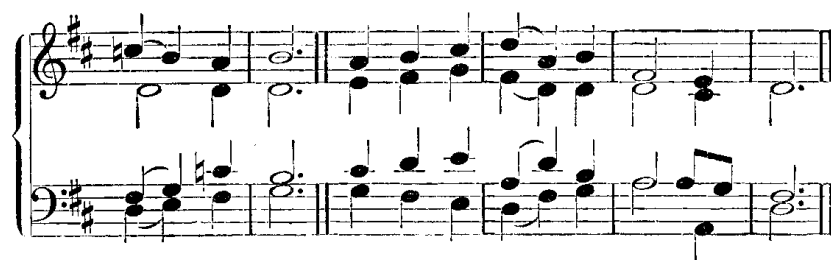
A - men.

451

29*

Eventide.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



- 1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
- R. Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
- 2 The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall. R.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace. R.
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee. R.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared. R.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all. R.
- 7 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Mary and Joseph near us be!
Good Angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer Thee. R.



The Holy Mass.

SPRINKLING OF THE FAITHFUL WITH HOLY WATER.

¶ On Sundays out of Eastertide.

Priest.

Choir.

A-spér - ges me Dó - mi - ne hyssó - po, et...mun-



dá - bor: la - vá - bis me, et su - per ni - vem



Ps. 1. Cantor.

de - al - bá - bor. Mi - se - ré - remé - i Dé - us:



Choir.

se - cún - dum mágnam mi - se - ri - cór - di - am tú - am.



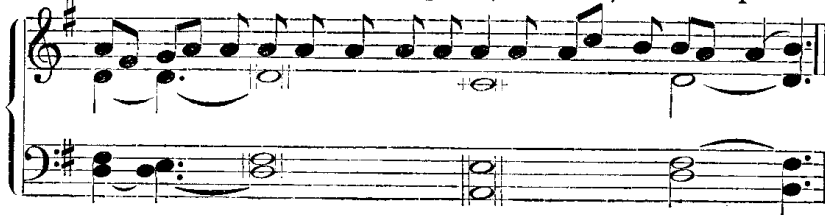
Cantor.

¶ Gló - ri - a Patri et Fi - li - o et Spi - ri - tu - i Sán - cto.



Choir.

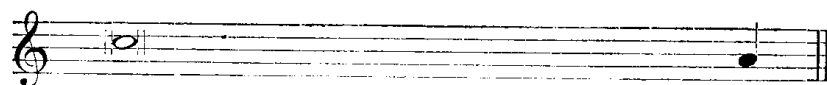
Sic - ut é - rat in prin - ci - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per:



et in sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.



Repeat Antiphon Asperges . . . dealabor.



V. Ostende nobis Dómine misericórdiam tú - - am.

R. Et salutare túum da nó - - - - - bis.

¶ Omit Gloria Patri and Sicut erat in Passiontide.

Holy Mass.

¶ On Sundays in Eastertide.

Priest.

Vi - di

Choir.

a - quam e - gre - di - én - tem



de tē - plo a lá - te - re dē -



- - tro, al - le - - lú - - ia:



et ó - mnes, ad quos per - vé - nit á - qua



i - sta, sál - - - vi



fá - - cti sunt et di - - cent,

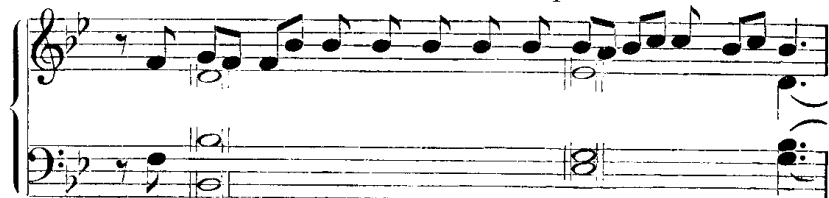


al - le - lú - ia, al - le - . - lú - ia.



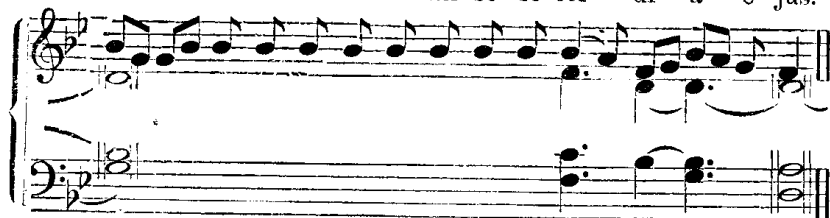
Cantor.

Ps. cxvii. Con - fi - té - mi - ni Dó - mi - no quó - ni - am bó - nus:



Choir.

quó - ni - am in sæ - cu - lum mi - se - ri - còr - di - a é - jus.



Cantor.

Gló - ri - a Pá - tri et Fi - li -



o et Spi - ri - tu - i Sán - cto.



Choir.

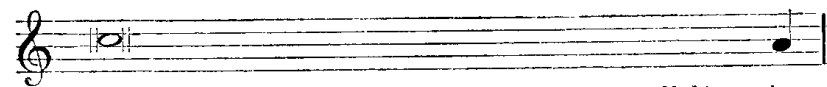
Sic - ut é - rat in prin - ci - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per:



et in sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.

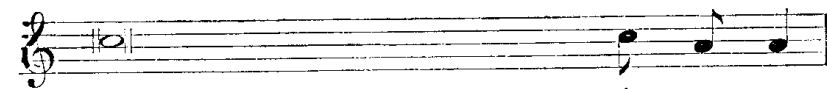


Repeat Antiphon *Vidi aquam . . . alleluia, alleluia.*



V. Ostende nobis Dómine misericórdiam túam, allelú - ia.

R. Et salutare túum da nobis, allelú - - - ia.



V. Dómine exáudi oratióem mé - - am.

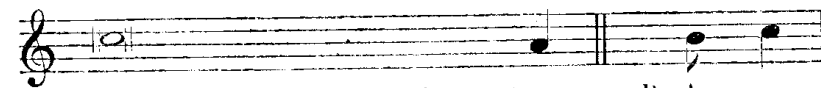
R. Et clámor méus ad te vé - ni - at.

V. Dóminus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Orémus.

Exaudi nos, Domine sancte, Pater omnipotens, æterne Deus: et mittere digneris sanctum Angelum tuum de cælis; qui custodiat, foveat, protegat, visitet atque defendat omnes habitantes in hoc habitaculo.

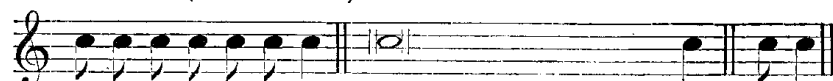


Per Christum Dóminum nó - strum. R. A - men.

Holy Mass.

RESPONSES AT MASS.

COLLECTS (modern tone).



V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum. . . per ómnia sæcula sæculorum. R. Amen.
R. Etcum spi-ri-tu tú-o.

COLLECTS (ancient tone). 1. At Mass.

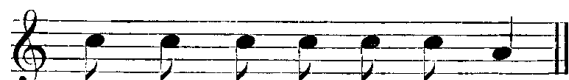


V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum. R. Et cum spi-ri-tu tú-o.
[Pax vó-bis.]

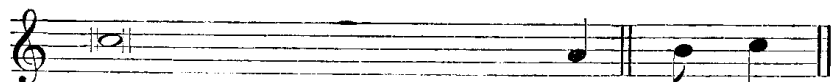


... per ómnia sæcula sæ-cu-ló-rum. R. A-men.

2. At Asperges &c.



V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum.
R. Et cum spi-ri-tu tú-o.

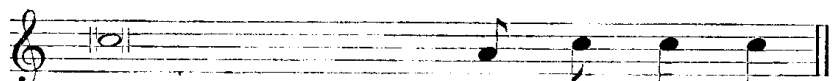


... Per Christum Dóminum nó-strum. R. A-men.

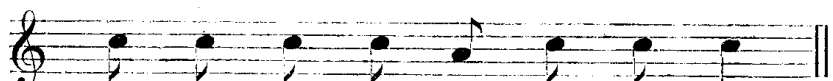


GOSPEL (modern tone).

V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum.
R. Et cum spi-ri-tu tú-o.



Sequéntia sancti Evangélíi secúndum Mat-thæ-um.

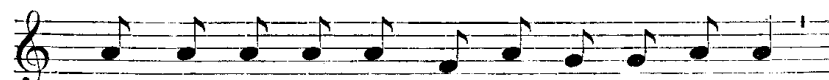


R. Gló-ri-a tí-bi Dó-mi-ne.

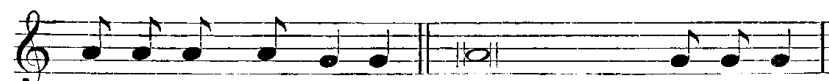
GOSPEL (ancient tone).



V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum. R. Et cum spi-ri-tu tú-o.



Se-quén-ti-a sán-cti E-van-gé-li-i



se-cún-dum Mat-thæ-um. R. Glória tibi Dó-mi-ne.

PREFACE. 1. Solemn.



... per om-ni-a sée-cu-la sæ-cu-ló-rum. R. A-men.



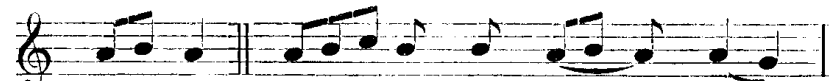
V. Dó-mi-nus vo-bis-cum. R. Et cum spi-ri-tu tú-o.




V. Sur-sum cór-da. R. Ha-bé-mus ad Dó-mi-num.



V. Grá-ti-as a-gá-mus Dó-mi-no Dé-o



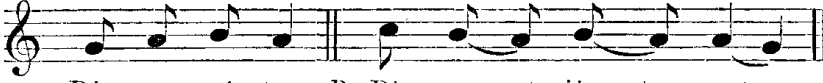
nó-stro. R. Di-gnum et jú-stum est.

2. Ferial. 
... per ómni - a sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. R. Amen.



V. Dó-mi - nus vo - bis - cum. R. Et cum spi - ri - tu tú - o.


V. Sur - sum cór - da. R. Ha - bé - mus ad Dó-mi - num.

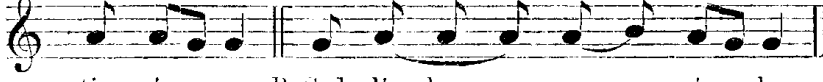

V. Grá - ti - as a - gá - mus Dó - mi - no


Dé - o nó-stro. R. Di - gnum et jú - stum est.

At *Pater noster*.



... per óm - ni - a sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum.



R. A - men. V. Et ne nos in - dú - cas in ten - ta -


ti - ó - nem. R. Sed lí - be - ra nos a má - lo.

Before *Agnus Dei*.


... per óm - ni - a sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum.


R. A - men. V. Pax + Dó - mi - ni sit + sem - per


vo - bis - + cum. R. Et cum spi - ri - tu tú - o.

THE DISMISSAL.

Holy Saturday to Saturday in Easter Week inclusive.

8. 
R. Dé - o grá - ti - as, al - le - lú - ia,


al - le - - - lú - - - ia.

Low Sunday to Ember Saturday in Whitsun Week inclusive.

7. 
R. Dé - o grá - ti - as.

Solemn Feasts.

3. 
R. Dé - o grá - ti - as



Double Feasts.



Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary.



Common Sundays.



Sundays in Advent and Lent.



Simple Feasts.



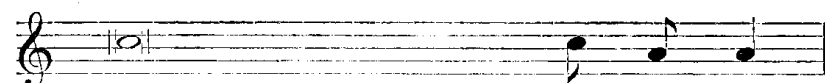
Common Days.



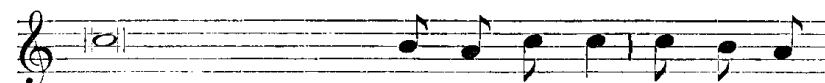
Masses for the Dead.



At the Bishop's Blessing.



V. Sit nómen Dómini benc - di - ctum.
R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in sáe - cu - lum.
V. Adjutórium nóstrum in nómine Dó - mi - ni.
R. Qui fécit cælum et tér - ram.



Benedicat vos omni - pot - ens Dé - us: Pá - ter et



Fi - li - us et Spí - ri - tus Sán - ctus. R. A - men.

Holy Mass.

ORDINARY OF THE MASS.

Ký - ri - - e *

e - - - - - lé - i - son.

Thrice.

Chri - ste *

e - - - - - lé - i - son.

Thrice.

466

Ký - ri - e *

e - - - - - lé - i - son.

Twice.

Ký - ri - e *

** e - - - - - lé - i - son.

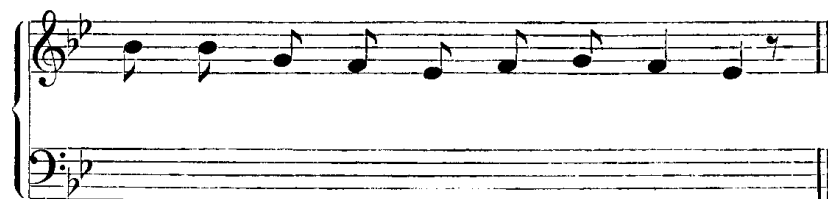
467

30*

Congregations praying the Ordinary Form deserve to see the Propers for each Mass : CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOQUES

Priest.

Gló - ri - a in ex - celsis Dé - o.

*Choir 1.*

Et in terra pax ho-mi-ni-bus bó-næ vo-lun-tá-tis.

*Choir 2.*

Lau-dá - mus te.

Choir 1.

Be-ne-dí-ci-mus te....

*Choir 2.*

Ad-o-rá - mus te.

Choir 1.

Glo - ri - fi - cá-mus te.

*Choir 2.*

Grá-ti - as á-gi-mus tí-bi propter mágnam gló-ri-am tú-am.

*Choir 1.*

Dó-mi - ne Dé - us, Rex cæ - lé-stis, Dé - us Pá-ter o-

*Choir 2.*

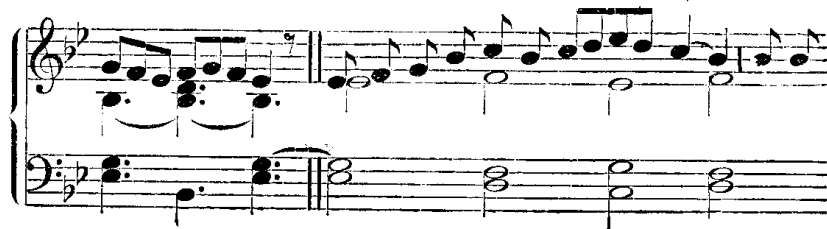
mní - pot - ens. Dó-mi - ne Fí - li u-ni-gé - ni-

*Choir 1.*

te, JE - SU CRISTE. Dó-mi-ne Dé - us, Agnus Dé-i, Fí - li-



Choir 2.
us Pá - tris. Qui tól-lis peccá-tamún - di, mi-se-



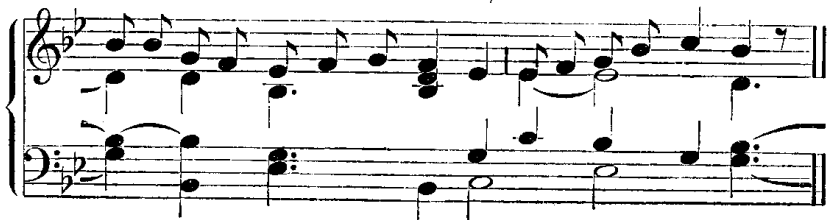
Choir 1.
ré - re nó - bis. Qui tól - lis pec-cá - ta mún-



di, sú-sci-pe de-pre - ca-ti - ó-nem nó - stram.



Choir 2.
Qui sé-des ad dèx-te-ram Pá-tris, mi-se - ré-re nó - bis.



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Choir 1. Quó-ni-am tu só-lus sánctus. *Choir 2.* Tu só-lus Dó - mi - nus.



Choir 1.
Tu só-lus Al - tis - si-mus, JE - SU CHRI-STE.



Choir 2.
Cum Sán-cto Spi - ri - tu, in gló - ri - a



Dé - i Pá - tris. *Choir 1-2.* A - - - - men.



471

Priest.

Cré-do in ú-num Dé - um.

Choir 1.

Pá - trem o-mni-pot-én-



tem, fa-ctó-rem cæ - li et tér-ræ, vi - si - bi - li - um



ó - mni - um et in - vi - si - bi - - li - um.

*Choir 2.*

Et in ú - num Dó - mi - num JE - SUM CHRISTUM,

Fi - li - um Dé - i u - ni - gé - ni - tum. *Choir 1.*
Et ex

Pá-tre ná - tum, an-te ó-mni - a scé - cu - la.

*Choir 2.*

Dé - um de Dé - o, lú-men de lú-mi-ne, Dé - um vé-rum

de Dé - o vé - ro. *Choir 1.*
Gé - ni - tum, non fá - ctum, con-

substan-ti - á - lem Pá-tri: per quem ómni - a fá-cta sunt.



Choir 2.

Qui propter nos hó-mi - nes et propter nostram sa - lú -



tem de-scén-dit de cáe - lis. *Choir 1.* Et in-car-ná-tus est de



Spi - ri - tu Sán - cto ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne: et

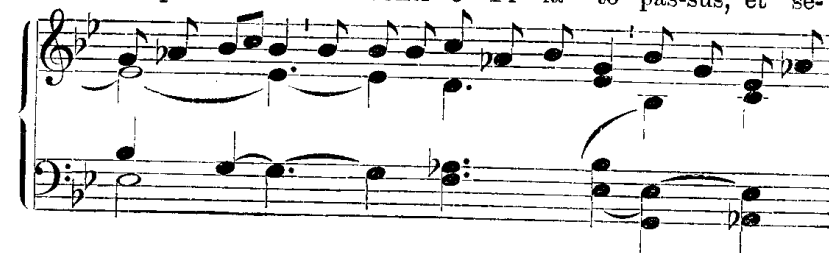


474

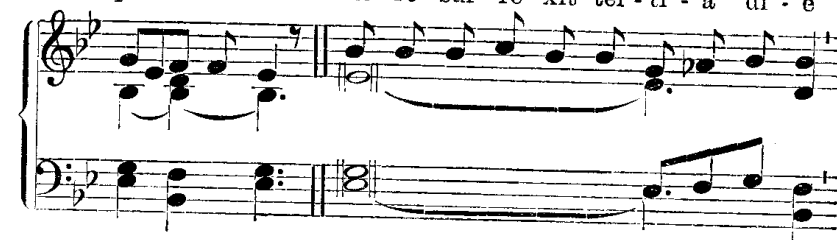
Choir 2.
hó-mo fá-ctus est. Cru - ci - fi - xus ét - i -



am pro nó - bis: sub Pónti - o Pi - lá - to pás-sus, et se -



púl - tus est. *Choir 1.* Et re-sur-ré-xit tér-ti - a dí - e



Choir 2.
se - cún-dum Scriptú-ras. Et a-scén - dit in cáe -



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lum: sé-det ad dèx-te - ram Pà - tris. *Choir 1.* Et i - te-



rum ven-tù - rus est cum gló - ri - a, ju - di - cà - re vi-



vos et mór-tu - os: cù - jus ré-gni non é - rit fi - nis.



Choir 2.

Et in Spi-ri-tum Sánctum, Dó - mi - num et vi - vi - fi - càn - tem:



qui ex Pà-tre Fi - li - ó - que pro - cè - dit. *Choir 1.* Qui cum Pà-



tre et Fi - li - o si - mul ad - o - rá - tur et con-glo-



ri - fi - cá - tur: qui lo - cù - tus est per Pro - phé - tas.



Choir 2.

Et ú - nam, sánctam, ca - thó - li - cam et a - po - stó - li-



cam Ec-clé - si - am. *Choir 1.* Con-fi - te - or ú - num ba - ptí-



sma in re-mis-si-ó-nem pec-ca-tó-rum. *Choir 2.* Et exspé-cto re-



sur-re-cti-ó-nem mor-tú-ó-rum. *Choir 1.* Et vi-tam ventú-ri



sæ-cu-li. *Choir 1-2.* A - - - - - men.



Priest.



(Or thus:)

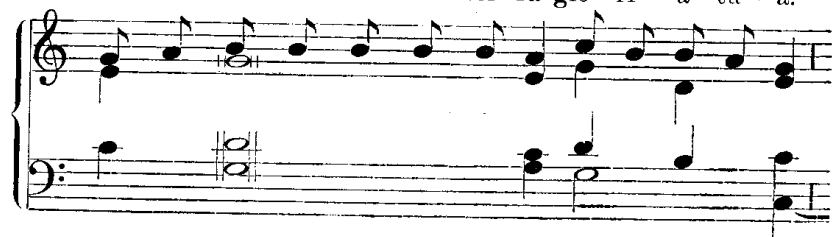


¶ Sanctus follows immediately, at the same pitch as the Preface.

Cantor. *Choir and People.*
*S*ánctus, * *S*ánctus, *S*ánctus Dómi-nus Dē-us Sá-ba-oth.



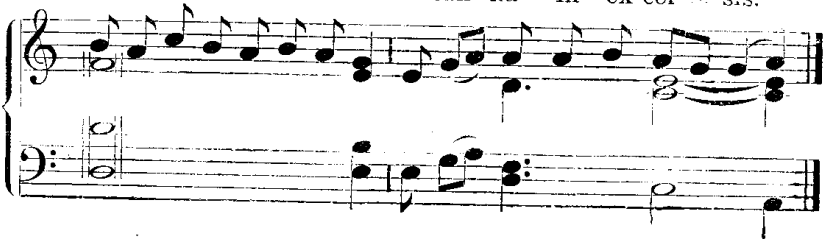
Plé - ni sunt cá - li et tér-ra gló - ri - a tú - a.



Ho - sán-na in ex-cél-sis. Be - ne - dí - ctus qui vé-



nit in nó-mi-ne Dómi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél - sis.



Holy Mass.

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Cantor. *Choir and People.*

Agnus Dē - i, *qui tól-lis pec-cá-ta mún-
 1-2. di: mi - se-



ré - re nó - bis.

3. di: dó-na nó - bis pá - cem.



Holy Mass.

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FOR THE DEAD.

Cantor.

Choir and People.



A - gnus Dē - i, *qui tól-lis pec-cá-ta mún-di:

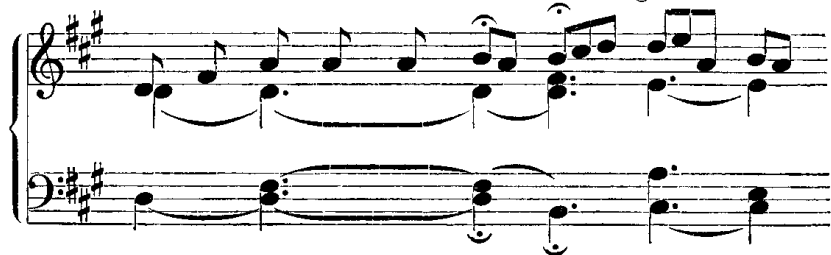


dó-na é - is ré-qui - em. ré-qui - em sempi-tér - nam.

Holy Mass.

PRAYER FOR THE SOVEREIGN.

Dó - mi - ne sál - vum fac Ré - gem no-



strum Ge - ór - gi - um: et ex - áu - di nos in



di - e qua in - vo - ca - vé - ri - mus te.



Gló - ri - a Pá - tri et Fi - li - o et



Spi - ri - tu - i Sán - cto. Sic - ut é - rat in prin-



ci - pi - o, et nunc, et sem - per, et



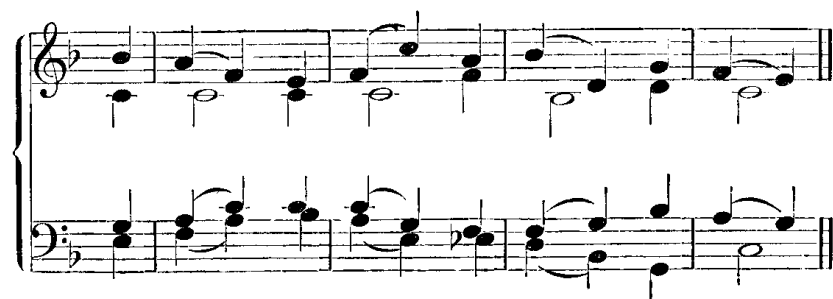
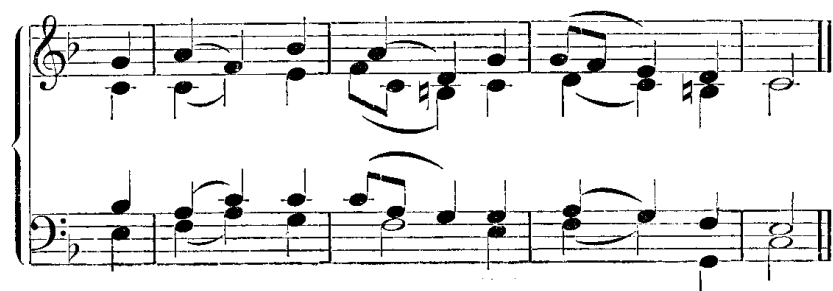
in sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - ló - rum. A - men.



Oremus.

Quæsumus omnipotens Deus: ut famulus tuus Georgius Rex noster, qui tua miseratione suscepit regni gubernacula, virtutum etiam omnium percipiat incrementa; quibus decenter ornatus, et vitiorum monstra devitare, [hostes superare] et ad te, qui via, veritas et vita es, cum Regina consorte et prole regia gratiosus valeat pervenire. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

L. M.



1 Now JESUS CHRIST'S true flesh and blood
Will be our sacrifice divine—
The same in Mass as on the Cross,
Though under forms of bread and wine.

2 We offer, then, the Holy Mass—
Thee our Creator to adore,
To thank Thee for Thy gracious gifts,
And praise Thy name for evermore.

3 We pray for pardon, and for grace
To change the lives that we have led;
And beg Thee, for Thy Son's dear sake,
To bless the living and the dead.

,| Or an Act of Contrition. Nos 113-118

THE GOSPEL.

Let us with the Cross of JE - SUS

Sign our + fore - head, + lips and + heart.

3ed.

I. M.

Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe,
And for Thy help we humbly pray,
That we in thought and word and deed
Thy holy Gospel may obey.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God—the Father almighty Creator of heaven and

earth. And in JESUS CHRIST
—His only Son, our Lord. Who was conceived by the Holy

Ghost—born of the Virgin Mary. Suffered under Pontius

Pilate—was crucified—dead—and buried. He descended into

dim.

hell—the third day He rose again
from the dead. He ascended into

cres.

heaven—sitteth at the right hand of God the Father al-

mighty. From thence He shall come—to judge the living and the

dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost.
The holy Catholic Church—the communion of

dim. sino al fine

Saints. The forgiveness of sins. The resurrection of the

body. And life ever - - last - ing. A - men.

¶ Here follows a hymn of the season or festival.

Hymnus at Low Mass.

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Sanctus.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord God of hosts. Heaven and

f

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earth are full of Thy glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the high-est!

L. M.



THE CANON.

Prayer for the Living.

- 1 O God, be ever with Thy Church,
The Pope and all the Priesthood bless:
Bless every day our parents dear,
Give them eternal happiness.
- 2 We pray for all who need our prayers,
To all poor sinners mercy show:
Ah, why should JESUS die in vain
To save them from eternal woe?

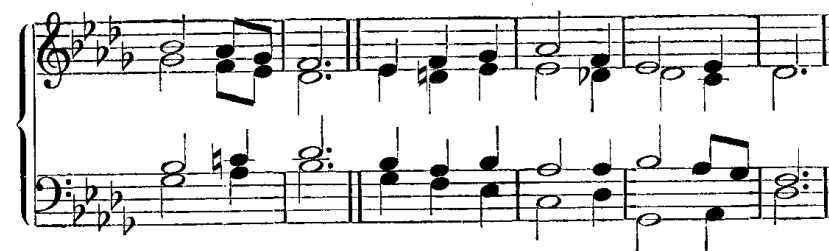
Intercession of Saints.

- 3 We praise Thy Saints: may they for us
With Jesus kindly intercede!
May Mary pray her sweetest prayer
To help her children in their need!

Before the Consecration.

- 4 O God, 'tis now the solemn hour
When bread and wine are truly made
The flesh and blood of JESUS CHRIST
By words of consecration said.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.



AFTER THE ELEVATION.

Act of Faith.

- 1 O Heavens, earth, this wonder hear—
What was but earthly bread and wine,
By God Almighty's wondrous power
Is now Christ's flesh and blood divine.
So God has said, so we believe:
The word of God can not deceive.

Act of Adoration.

- 2 O JESUS, God, Creator, Judge,
Thee present humbly we adore:
To Thee in this great Sacrament
Be praise and glory evermore!
May every tongue to Thee confess,
May every heart Thy presence bless!

Act of Petition.

- 3 Behold, O God, the precious blood
Of Jesus on the altar lies:
O Father, hear how Jesu's blood
For grace and mercy loudly cries.
To Thee it speaketh to forgive:
Forgive us, then, that we may live.

Prayer for the Dead.

- 4 The holy sacrifice of Mass
Assists the Holy Souls that sigh:
Through this most holy sacrifice,
O God of mercy, hear their cry.
May they receive eternal rest,
And with the light of heaven be blest!

OUR LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, Who art in heaven—hallowed be Thy

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name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth—as it is in

heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our

trespasses—as we forgive them that trespass against

us. And lead us not into tempt

ation. But deliver us from e - vil — A - men.

Agnus Dei.

Lamb of God—Who takest away the sins of the

world—have mer - cy up - on us. *Twice.*

Lamb of God—Who takest away the sins of the

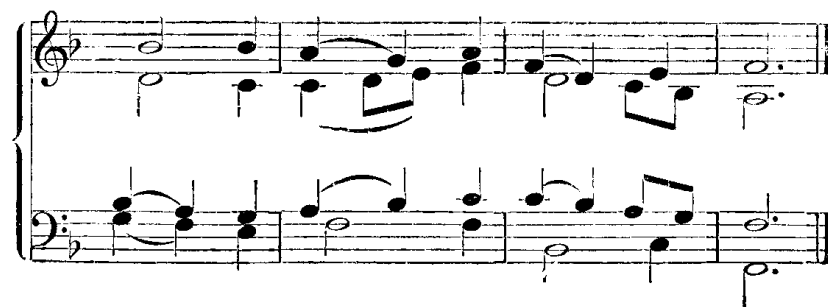
world— grant us Thy peace.

Hymns before Holy Communion, 121, 122, 123, 124.
Hymns after Holy Communion, 125, 126.

L. M.

- 1 Great God, we thank Thee for the grace
Of hearing Holy Mass this day:
May we delight to seek Thy house,
Before Thine altar-throne to pray.
- 2 Now may the grace of Holy Mass
Be with us still in all our need,
And keep us from the stain of sin
In every thought and word and deed.

8 8 7 7.



1 Infant JESUS, in thy meekness
 Look on me in all my weakness:
 Pity mine and pity me,
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Heart of JESUS, I adore Thee:
 Heart of Mary, I implore thee:
 Heart of Joseph pure and just—
 In these hearts I put my trust.

From pain to pain, from woe to woe, With loving hearts and

foot-steps slow, To Cal - va - ry with Christ we go.

See how His precious blood At every station pours!

Was ev - er grief like His? Was ev - er sin like ours?

Caro Gesù, a morire.

O Je - sus, Who for love of me

Didst bear Thy Cross to Cal - va - ry,

In Thy sweet mer - cy grant to me

To suf - fer and to die for Thee. ¶ A - men.

¶ Last time only.

Sancta Mater, istud agas.

Ho - ly Mo - ther, pierce me through,

In my heart each wound re - new

Of my Sa - viour cru - ci - fied. A - men.

¶ Last time only.

Hymn 164 may fitly be sung before, and hymn 87 after the Way of the Cross.

Sán - cta Má - ter, i - stud á - gas, Cru-

ci - fi - xi fi - ge plá - gas Cór - di

mé - o vá - li - de. A - - men.

¶ Last time only.

Or one of the following numbers: 45. 53. 75. 91. 96. 162. 163.

262 Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

C. M.



THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

1. *The Annunciation—Humility.*

Hail, full of grace and purity,
Meek handmaid of the Lord;
Hail, model of humility,
Chaste Mother of the Word.

2. *The Visitation—Charity.*

By that pure love which prompted thee
To seek thy cousin blest,
Pray that the fires of charity
May burn within our breast.

3. *The Birth of our Lord—Poverty.*

This blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,
From Jesus through His birth,
By holy poverty to wean
Our hearts from things of earth.

4. *The Presentation of our Lord—Obedience.*

Most holy Virgin, Maiden mild,
Obtain for us, we pray,
To imitate thy Holy Child
By striving to obey.

5. *The Finding of our Lord—Love of His service.*

By thy dear Son, restored to thee,
This grace for us implore,
To serve our Lord more faithfully,
And love Him more and more.

Concluding verse.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
With tender love look down,
And bless the hearts that offer thee
This chaplet for thy crown.



The Rosary.

C. M.



THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

1. *The Agony of our Lord—Prayer*

Lord, by Thy prayer in agony
On Olivet alone,
Teach us to pray, resigned like Thee,
And say "Thy will be done."

2. *The Scourging—Mortification.*

Sweet Saviour, Who didst bear for me
The scourge's pain intense,
Help me to fly all luxury,
And mortify each sense.

3. *The Crowning with Thorns—Fortitude.*

By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,
And scoffs and buffets rude,
Teach us to bear all pain and scorn
With holy fortitude.

4. *The Carrying of the Cross—Patience.*

Lord, by Thy Cross Thy people spare,
And on us pity take,
Help us our daily cross to bear
With patience for Thy sake.

5. *The Crucifixion—Self-sacrifice.*

O Jesus, victim for man's fall,
Lamb slain on Calvary,
Accept henceforth our lives, our all,
In sacrifice to Thee.

Concluding verse.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
With tender love look down,
And bless the hearts that offer thee
This chaplet for thy crown.



C. M.



THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

1. *The Resurrection—Faith.*

All hail, great Conqueror, to Thee,
 Arisen from the dead!
 Grant us the light of faith, that we
 May in Thy footsteps tread.

2. *The Ascension—Hope.*

To heaven Thou dost ascend again,
 Sweet Saviour of our race,
 With hope our fainting hearts sustain
 To see in heaven Thy face.

3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost—Zeal for Souls.*

O Holy Ghost, Who didst descend
 In cloven tongues of fire,
 Our souls, which all too earthward tend,
 With burning zeal inspire.

4. *The Assumption—Devotion to our Lady.*

Mother of God, enthroned above,
 Beseech thy Son anew
 To fill our hearts with childlike love
 For thee—our Mother too.

5. *The Coronation of our Lady—Perseverance.*

All gracious Queen of Angels, deign
 Our last request to hear,
 For us this crowning gift obtain—
 The grace to persevere.

Concluding verse.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
 With tender love look down,
 And bless the hearts that offer thee
 This chaplet for thy crown.



The Rosary.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, Who art in } name. Thy } come. Thy will
heaven, hallowed be Thy } kingdom } be done on

earth, as it is in hea-vèn. Give us this } bread. And
day our daily } forgive us our

trespasses, as we forgive } us. And lead us not into tempt-
them that trespass against }

ation. But deliver us from e - vil. A - men.

Hail, Mary, full of } thee: { blessed art thou among women,
grace: our Lord is with } and blessed is the fruit of thy womb

JE - sus. { Holy Mary, } God, { pray for us sin-
Mother of } ners now and at } death. A - men.
the hour of our }

Glory be to the } to the Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost.
Father and }

As it was in the be- } ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.
ginning, is now, and }

265 Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

First Tune.

Unison. p

p

3rd

cres.

cres.

f

f

1. *p e lento*

2. *p e lento*

au - xi - li - um. in pá - tri - a. A - men.

1 O salutaris hostia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2 Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

L. M.

Second Tune.



1 O salutaris hostia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2 Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

¶ One of the following numbers may be sung here in due season: 11. 26. 28
34. 41. 43. 65. 117. 127. 143. 150. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 162. 214.

First Tune.

Unison.
p

cres.

p

cres.

Man. *mf*

cres.

mf

cres.

f

f

A - men.

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

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

V. Panem de cælo præstitisti eis [alleluia].

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem [alleluia].

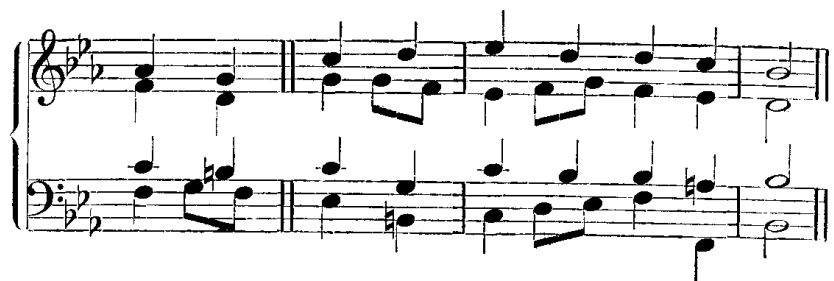
Oremus.

Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue quæsumus ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari; ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum.

R. Amen.

Second Tune.

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.



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

2 Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
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R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem [alleluia].

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Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue quæsumus ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari; ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum.

R. Amen.

Benediction.

First Tune.

Unison. Ad - o - ré - mus in æ - - tær - - num

san-ctis - si - mum Sa - cra - mén - - - tum.

Cantor. *p*

V. 1. Laudáte Dóminum ómnes
V. 2. Glória Pátri et

gên- -
Fí - li-

cres.

Quóniam confirmáta est super nos misericórdia é - - jus:
Sicut érat in principi - - o, et nunc, et sem - per,

cres.

Second Tune.

Ad-o-ré - mus in æ - tér - num san-ctis-si-mum



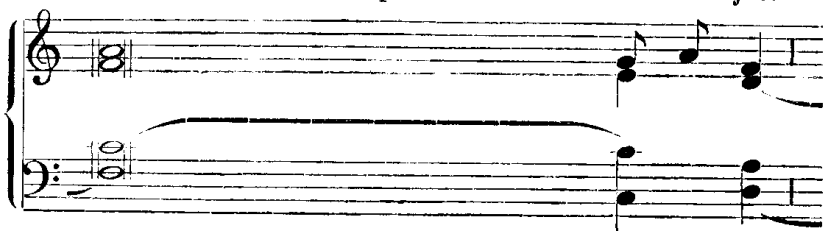
Sa - cra - mén - tum. V. 1. Lau - dá - te Dóminum ó-



mnes gén - tes: laudáte éum ó-mnes pó - pu - li.



Quóniam confirmáta est super nos misericórdi-a é - jus:



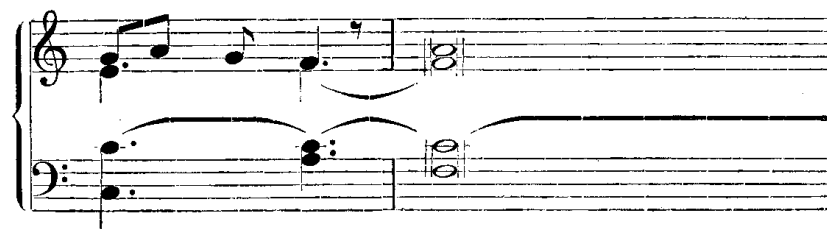
et véritas Dómini mánet in æ - tér-num. Repeat Adoremus.



V. 2. Gló - ri - a Pá - tri et Fi - li - o et Spi - ri - tu-



i . . . Sán - cto. Sicut érat in principio, et nunc,



et semper, et in sæcula sæcu-ló-rum. Amen. Repeat Adoremus.



Benediction.

Cor Jé-su sa-cra-tis - si-mum, mi-se-ré - re nó - bis.



V. 1. Lau-dá - te Dó-mi-num ó-mnes géntes: laudáte éum ó-

mnes pó - pu - li {Quóniam confirmáta
est super nos miseri-} cór-di-a é-jus:

et véritas Dómini mánet in æ - tér-num.. Repeat Cor Jesu.



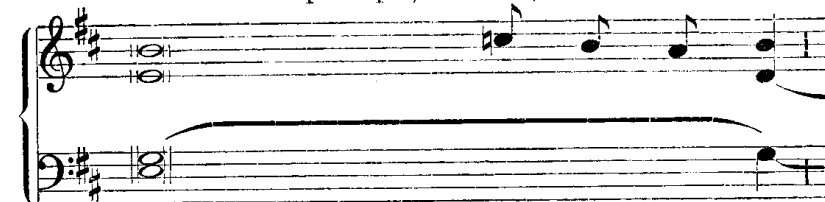
V. 2. Gló - ri - a Pá - tri et Fi - li - o



et Spi - ri - tu - i Sán - cto....



Sicut érat in principio, et nunc, et sem - per,



et in sæcula sæcu - ló-rum. A - men. Repeat Cor Jesu.



Benediction.

Pár - ce Dó-mi - ne, ... pár-ce pó-pu - lo tú - o:...



ne in æ - tér - num i - ra - scá - ris nó - bis. V. I. Laudá -



te Dó-mi - num ó-mnes gen - tes: laudáte eum ó -



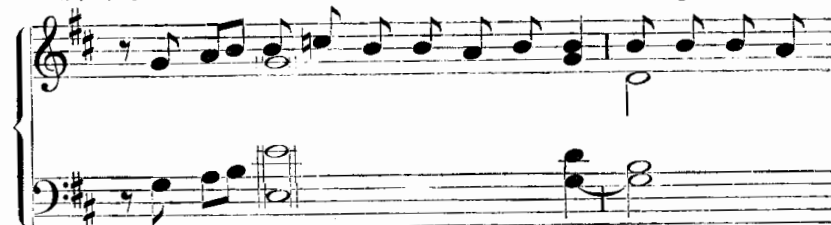
mnes pó-pu-li ... { Quóniam confirmáta } còr-di - a é - jus:
est super nos miseri -



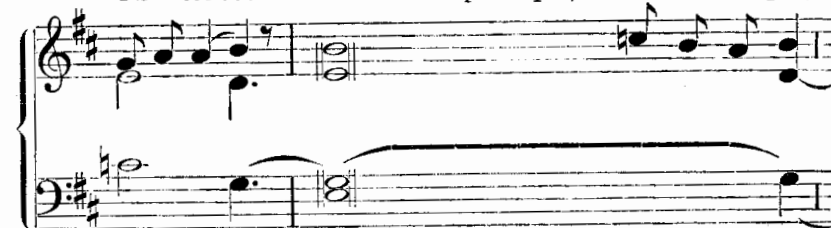
et véritas Dómini mánet in æ - tér - num ... Repeat Parce.



V. 2. Gló - ri - a Pá - tri et Fi - li - o et Spi - ri - tu -



i Sáncto ... Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,



et in sæcula sæcu - ló - rum. A - men. Repeat Parce.



Or one of the following numbers: 45. 53. 64. 68. 75. 91. 257.

6 6 6 4 D.

*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 How lovely are Thy tents!
Thy courts, O Lord, how fair!
My spirit longs and fairs
To linger there.
The sparrow and the dove
Have found themselves a nest,
Where, with the brood they
love,
They sleep and rest.</p> | <p>4 O Lord of hosts, do Thou
My prayer in mercy hear:
O God of Jacob, bow
To me Thine ear.
If Thou Thy saving grace
Wouldst on Thy servant shed,
Then look upon His face
Who for me bled.</p> |
| <p>2 And I, like them, have made
My nest beneath Thy wing—
Thine altars' blissful shade,
My God and King.
Blessed are they that dwell
Within Thy golden door:
Their lips Thy praise shall tell
For evermore.</p> | <p>5 Better one day of bliss
Within Thy courts, O Lord,
Than all the happiness
Earth can afford.
Better beneath Thy wings
To be by all forgot,
Than dwell in homes of kings
Who know Thee not.</p> |
| <p>3 He whom Thy counsel guides,
Who puts his trust in Thee,
Ascends by giant strides;
And blessed he!
God blesses him each hour
With virtuous strength to run,
And manifests His power
In such an one.</p> | <p>6 Compassion Thou dost love
And truth, O God most high:
Them wilt Thou crown above
And glorify.
On them will God bestow
The light which ne'er grows
dim:
O blessed all below
Who trust in Him!</p> |



- 1 Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
This gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of Thy face.
- 2 Till Thou art seen, it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruits abound.
- 3 But when Thy keener, purer beam
Is poured upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.
- 4 Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made Thy blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circled round Thy brow.
- 5 And thus, when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years;
- 6 Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.



- 1 Hail, dread Paternity, whereby
The unbegotten Lord,
Before eternal years, begot
His coeternal Word.
- 2 And hail, thou sweet Maternity,
Whereby—O love sublime!—
That same eternal Word for us
Was born again in time.
- 3 O Father, by Thy Son made Man,
Hear Thou our trembling cry:
O Mother, by thy Babe divine,
Plead thou for us on high.
- 4 JESUS, by Thy dread Father's might,
By Thy sweet Mother's name,
Upon Thy human brethren shed
The Spirit's holy flame!



A-men.

10. 10. 10. 10.



A - men.

Oremus, dilectissimi nobis, pro Ecclesia sancta Dei.

- 1 Look down, sweet Saviour, from Thy holy place;
We are Thy children, this Thy day of Grace,
When friends and foes, the evil with the good,
All claim Thy love, for all have shared Thy Blood.
- 2 Look on Thy Church, Thy handmaid and Thy bride,
Lest sin infect her, or lest harm betide;
Let kings obey, and farthest nations own
Her gentle rule, and bend before her throne.
- 3 Look on Thy Vicar, called by Thee to bear
Thy sceptre's weight and "all the churches' care";
With light direct him, and with strength sustain
The burdens of his charge, and bless his reign.
- 4 And break the chain, and loose the prison-bar,
And guide the steps that travel from afar;
The sick to health, the bruised to peace restore,
And bring the labouring vessel safe to shore.
- 5 Last, on the foes who mar Thy Truth or hide,
Or Thy true Church with causeless strife divide,
Look down in pity! bring them home, O Lord;
That all be one, and Thou by all adored.

6 5 6 5. D.

A - men.

- 1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onwards
To their home on high.
Hail, O holy banner,
Gladly thus we pray;
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.
- 2 Hail, sweet Jesus, Master!
Round Thy sacred feet,
Now, with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas, we've left Thee,
Straying far away;
But once more we enter
On the narrow way.
- 3 Mary, Mother, Ave!
Israel's lily, hail!
Comfort of thy children
In this sinful vale.
'Mid life's surging ocean,
Whither shall we flee,
Save, O stainless Virgin
Mother, unto thee?
- 4 Ave! Joseph, Ave!
Chaste and spotless flower;
Cast thy mantle o'er us
At death's solemn hour.
Be our father ever,
Joseph meek and mild,
Husband of our Mother,
Keeper of her Child.
- 5 Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Sweet and holy three;
List the praise we pay you
On our bended knee.
May we sing your glory
In glad realms above;
Bound for ever to you
By the bonds of love.

9 8 9 8. 9 9 9 9.



PROCESSIONAL HYMN OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

- 1 Hark! the sound of the fight has gone forth,
And we must not tarry at home;
For our Lord from the south and the north
Has commanded His soldiers to come.
We must on, with our banner unfurled:
We must on, it is JESUS who leads:
We must hasten to conquer the world
With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds!
- 2 We must stand to our colours like men,
Our Lord is a leader to love;
For the wounded He heals: and the slain
He crowns in His city above.
We must march to the battle with speed:
Upon earth our one duty is strife:
O blest are the soldiers who bleed
For the Saviour who died to give life!
- 3 There are Three up in heaven above;
There are three upon earth below;
And Theirs is the standard we love,
And Theirs the sole watchword we know.
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb;
Let us sing round our banner so brave;
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood,
That was shed to redeem and to save!

General Hymns.

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

Lead, Kind-ly Light,... a - mid the en-circ-ling

gloom, Lead Thou... me on! The night is

dark, and I am far from home— Lead Thou me

on! Keep Thou my feet;... I do not ask to

see The distant scene— one step e-nough for me.

I was not ev - er thus,... nor prayed that

Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to

choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me

on! I loved the ga-rish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: re-member not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will

lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and

tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long

since, and lost a - while. A - men.

MODERN FORM.

- 1 Vexilla Regis pròdeunt:
Fulget Crucis mystèrium,
Qua vita mortem pèrtulit,
Et morte vitam pròtulit.
- 2 Quæ vulneràta lánceæ
Mucròne diro, criminum
Ut nos lavàret sòrdibus,
Manàvit unda et sànguine.
- 3 Implèta sunt quæ còncinit
David fidèli càrmine,
Dicèndo natiònibus:
Regnàvit a ligno Deus.
- 4 Arbor decóra et fùlgida,
Ornàta Regis pùrpura,
Elècta digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tàngere.
- 5 Beàta, cujus bráchiis
Prètium pepéndit sàeculi,
Statèra facta còrporis,
Tulitque prædam tårtari.
- 6 O Crux ave, spes única,
¶ Hoc Passiònis tèmpace,
Piis adàuge grátiam
Reisque dele crimina.
- 7 Te, fons salútis Trinitas,
Colláudet omnis spíritus:
Quibus Crucis victóriam
Largiris, adde præmium. Amen.

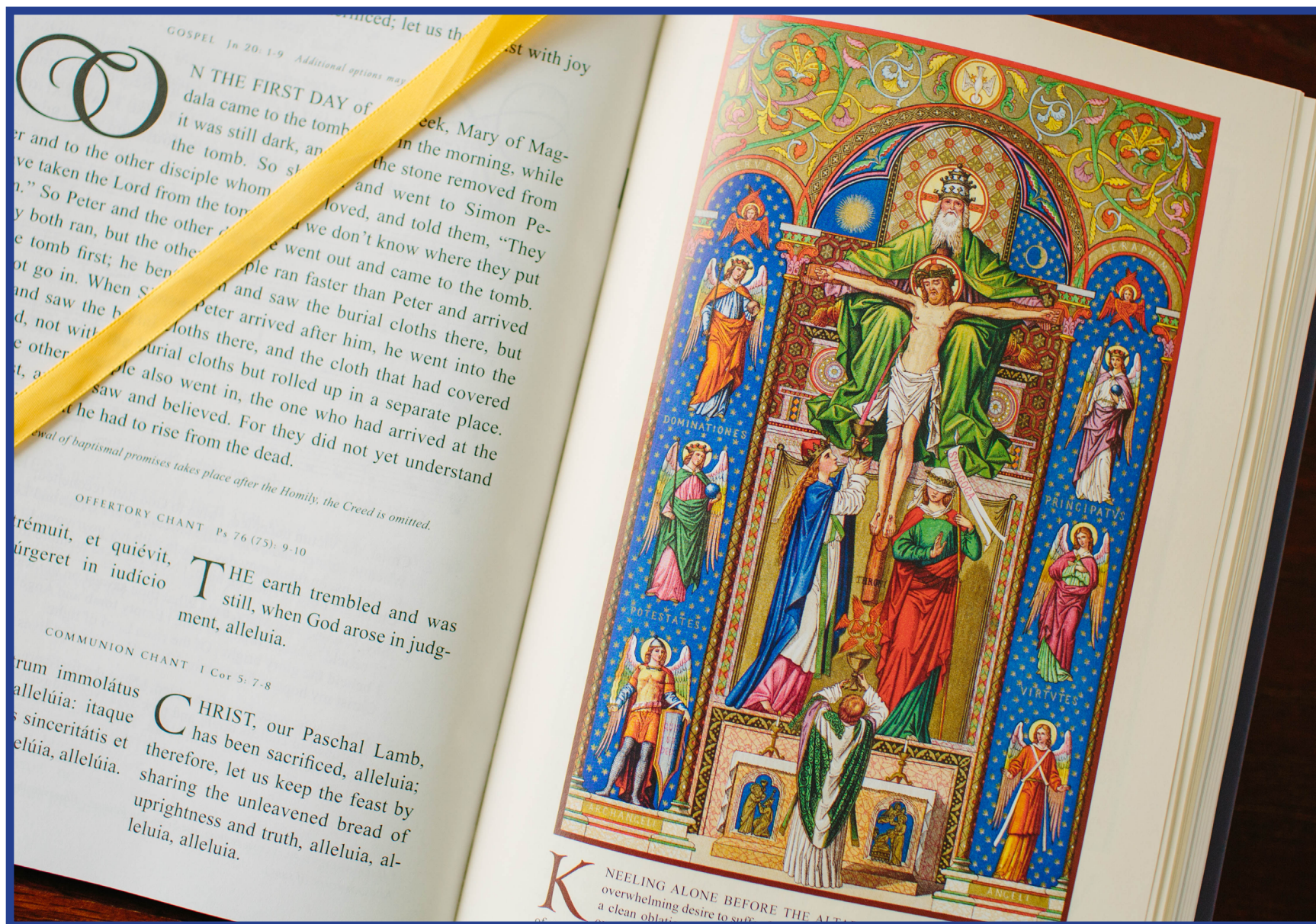
¶ On feasts of the Holy Cross, sing: *In hac triúmphí glória* or (in Eastertide) *Paschále quæ fers gáudium*. The Eastertide variation for the ancient form (No. 28) is: *In hoc Pascháli gáudio*.

MODERN FORM.

- 1 Veni Creátor Spíritus,
Mentes tuórum visita:
Imple supérna grátia
Quæ tu creásti pèctora.
- 2 Qui diceris Paráclitus.
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, càritas,
Et spiritalis únctio.
- 3 Tu septifórmis múnere,
Dígitus patèrnæ dèxteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patrís,
Sermóne ditans gúttura.
- 4 Accènde lumen sènsibus,
Infúnde amórem còrdibus,
Infirma nostri còrporis
Virtúte firmans pèrpeti.
- 5 Hostem repéllas lóngius,
Pacémque dones pròtinus:
Ductóre sic te prævio,
Vitémus omne nóxium.
- 6 Per te sciámus da Patrem,
Noscámus atque Filium,
Teque utriúsque Spíritum
Credámus omni tèmpace.
- 7 Deo Patri sit glória,
Et Filio qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sàeculórum sàecula. Amen.

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WHY HAS IT TAKEN five decades to produce a *Novus Ordo* Pew Missal—including complete Readings & Propers for all Sundays & Major Feasts—truly worthy of Divine Worship? The wait is over: CCWATERSHED.ORG/JOGUES

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Translations are indicated by *Tr* before the translator's name, and the first line of the text from which the translation has been made is preceded by the subtraction sign —.
The symbol of equality = is to be read as "by", in the sense of authorship.
The letter *T* stands for Tune.

- 29 **Abroad the Regal Banners fly**
Tr W. K. Blount—*Vexilla Regis prodeunt* = St Venantius Fortunatus.
T Köln 1623.
- 11 **Adeste fideles læti, triumphantes**
Verses 1, 2, 7, 8 from MS (*Joannes Franciscus Wade scripsit 1750*) in
Euing Library, Glasgow, and MS at Clongowes Wood College, Sallins,
co. Kildare. Verses 3, 4, 5, 6 from various Paroissiens. *T* Proper melody.
- 267 **Adoremus in æternum**
T 1 = S. G. Ould. 2 Plainsong.
- 245 **Agnus Dei . . . dona eis requiem**
T Vatican Gradual, Missa pro Defunctis.
- 244 **Agnus Dei . . . miserere nobis**
St John j 29. *T* Vatican Gradual XVIII.
- 141 **Ah me! how calm and deep**
Tr J. O'Connor—*O quanta qualia sunt illa. Sabbata* = Peter Abelard.
T = T. Haigh.
- 39 **A hymn of glory let us sing**
Tr H. T. Henry—*Hymnum canamus gloriæ* = Venerable Bede. *T* Leisen-
trit 1567. †
- 35 **Alleluia, alleluia! let the holy anthem rise †**
= J. Conolly. † *T* = William Sewell.
- 264 **All hail, great Conqueror, to Thee**
= J. P. Conway. *T* *Freu' dich, erlöste Christenheit* Limburg 1838. †
- 7 **All the skies tonight sing o'er us**
= J. O'Connor. *T* *Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen* = J. G. Ebeling.
- 155 **Alma Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cæli**
= Hermannus Contractus. *T* = William Sewell.
- 201 **An exile for the faith**
Tr E. Caswall—*Jussu tyranni pro fide* = Nicolas Le Tourneux. *T* =
John Sewell.
- 14 **Angels we have heard on high †**
Tr Bishop Chadwick—*Les anges dans nos campagnes*. *T* French proper
melody.
- 237 **Asperges me**
Psalm 119. *T* Vatican Gradual.

- 235 **As the dewy shades of even**
= U. S. Catholic Hymn Book (revised), quoted in Formby and Lambert's
Catholic Hymns 1853. *T* *Laude Spirituali* 1710 (air known as *Petani* or
Scodellino).
- 10 **At Bethlehem the lowly**
= S. G. Ould: after *Zu Bethlehem geboren*. *T* German proper melody.
- 8 **At hour of silent midnight †**
= F. Stanfield. *T* French Christmas carol *Nous voici dans la ville*: R
= S. G. Ould.
- 163 **At the Cross her station keeping**
Cento *Tr* E. Caswall and others—*Stabat Mater dolorosa* = Bl. Jacopone
da Todi. *T* German proper melody, Corner 1631.
- 160 **Ave Maria, gratia plena**
= J. O'Connor: after *Ave . . . So grüßet der Engel die Jungfrau Maria*.
T German proper melody, Paderborn 1617.
- 143 **Ave maris stella**
ix cent. *T* Caspar Ett 1840.
- 156 **Ave Regina cælorum**
xij cent. *T* William Sewell.
- 128 **Awake, O soul, awake**
= Parochial Hymn Book. *T* = S. G. Ould.
- 183 **Behold a great High Priest, with rays**
= A. de Vere: doxology = J. W. Wallace. *T* = Abbot Pothier *Terrena*
cuncta jubilent, Cantus Mariales.
- 20 **Bethlehem! of noblest cities †**
Tr E. Caswall—*O sola magnarum urbium* = Prudentius. *T* = S. G. Ould.
- 78 **Blest Author of the world**
Tr H. T. Henry—*Auctor beate sæculi* = Roman Breviary, Venice 1798.
T Rhaw 1589. †
- 94 **Blood is the price of heaven**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = John E. West.
- 1 **Bright Builder of the heavenly poles**
Tr Primer 1685 and Evening Office 1710—*Creator alme siderum*, modern
recension of *Conditor alme siderum* vj cent. *T* Rheinfels 1666. †
- 274 **Brightly gleams our banner**
= T. J. Potter. *T* = Samuel Wesley.
- 88 **By the blood that flowed from Thee †**
= Cecilia M. Caddell. *T* = J. Richardson.
- 36 **By the first bright Easter Day**
= Cecilia M. Caddell. *T* = J. Richardson. †
- 17 **By the Name which Thou didst take † (part II)**
See *By the word to Mary given*.
- 17 **By the word to Mary given †**
= Cecilia M. Caddell. *T* = Alfred Hollins.
- 60 **Christmas brings the world's desire**
= H. A. Rawes. *T* Köln 1678.
- 223 **Christ, the glory of the sky**
Tr R. Campbell—*Eterna cæli gloria*, modern recension of original v
cent. *T* = W. W. Starmar.
- 33 **Christ the Lord is risen today †**
Tr Jane E. Leeson—*Victimæ Paschali laudes* = Wipo? *T* *Du, mein*
Heiland, bist gestorben Strassburg 1759.

- 42 **Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come**
Tr anon.—*Veni Creator Spiritus* = St. Rabanus Maurus. T = Thomas Tallis.
- 226 **Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever one**
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus* iv cent. T = Samuel Webbe.
- 97 **Come, let us with glad music**
Tr H. W. Lloyd— T = Joseph Mohr.
- 4 **Come, O divine Messiah †**
Sister Mary of St Philip: after *Venez, divin Messie*. T French proper melody.
- 19 **Cometh a New Year—buried is the olden**
Tr H. T. Henry—*Lapsus est annus: redit annus alter* = Meaux Breviary 1713. T Cassinese melody *Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes*.
- 27 **Come then, my soul, and gladly sing †**
Tr W. K. Blount—*Pange lingua gloriosi praelium certaminis* = St. Venantius Fortunatus. T = Heinrich Isaak.
- 268 **Cor Jesu sacratissimum**
T Plainsong.
- 23 **Creator, bounteous and benign**
Tr F. C. Husenbeth—*Audi benigne Conditor*, modern recension of original = St. Gregory the Great. T Freiburg.
- 242 **Credo in unum Deum**
= Council of Nicaea 325. T Vatican Gradual III.
- 56 **Crown Him with many crowns**
= M. Bridges. T = William Sewell.
- 26 **Crux fidelis, inter omnes**
See *Pange lingua . . . praelium*.
- 147 **Daily, daily sing to Mary**
Tr H. Bittleston—*Omni die dic Mariae* = St. Anselm or by Bernard of Cluny. T German proper melody, Trier 1695.
- 133 **Days and moments quickly flying**
= E. Caswall. T German 1858.
- 181 **Dear Angel, ever at my side †**
= F. W. Faber. T = J. Crookall.
- 194 **Dear husband of Mary, dear nurse of her Child †**
= F. W. Faber. T Freiburg. †
- 214 **De profundis clamavi ad te Domine**
Psalm cxxix. T Sarum Manual 1544.
- 246 **Domine, salvum fac Regem**
Psalm xix 10. T = André Mocquereau.
- 121 **Draw nigh, ye holy ones, draw nigh †**
Tr D. F. Maccarthy—*Sancti venite, Christi corpus sumite* = Bangor Antiphoner vij cent. T Zwickau 1525.
- 103 **Faith of our Fathers, living still †**
= F. W. Faber. T Crown of Jesus Music 1864.
- 50 **Father, Creator, God most high**
Tr Paradise of the Christian Soul— T = Samuel Webbe. †
- 204 **Father of all those far scattered sheep of Christ**
= J. O'Connor. T Laude Spirituali 1710 † (air known as *Orbo Taddea* or *Scarpazzo*).

- 207 **Father of many children, in the gloom**
= F. W. Faber. T = E. M. Barrett.
- 107 **Firmly I believe and truly**
= Cardinal Newman. T = S. G. Ould.
- 131 **For all the sins that cause Thee pain †**
T German.
- 258 **From pain to pain, from woe to woe**
= F. W. Faber. T = S. G. Ould.
- 106 **Full in the panting heart of Rome**
= Cardinal Wiseman. T = G. Herbert *Faith of our Fathers, living still*.
- 241 **Gloria in excelsis Deo**
St Luke ij 14. Liturgy of St James. T Vatican Gradual VIII.
- 93 **Glory be to Jesus**
Tr E. Caswall—*Viva, viva Gesù, che per mio bene*, Raccolta di Orazioni. T Rhaw 1589. †
- 262C **Glory be to the Father**
St Matthew xxv 19 and custom of iv cent. T = W. J. Maher.
- 45 **God all-holy**
Tr S. G. Ould—*Santo Dios*. T Spanish proper melody.
- 115 **God of mercy and compassion**
= E. Vaughan. T = Pergolesi: adapted from an air in the opera *Femme sensible*, sung in France to *Au sang qu'un Dieu va répandre. Ah! mêlez du moins vos pleurs*: slightly changed in Crown of Jesus Music.
- 51 **God the Father, Who didst make me †**
= J. Wyse. T = Joseph Smith.
- 99 **Grace increate**
= E. Caswall. T = Alfred Hollins.
- 256 **Great God, we thank Thee for the grace †**
= J. J. Furniss. T German 1819.
- 116 **Great God, whatever through Thy Church**
= J. J. Furniss. T German.
- 199 **Great Saint Andrew, friend of Jesus**
= F. Oakeley. T Tochter Sion 1741 *Heb' die Augen des Gemüthes*.
- 196 **Guardian of Christ and spouse of His sweet Mother †**
T = William Sewell.
- 211 **Hail, all elect ones, ye who stand**
Tr Mrs Anstice—*Ave cohors electorum*. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 272 **Hail, dread Paternity, whereby**
= E. Caswall. T = Vincent Novello.
- 262 **Hail, full of grace and purity**
= J. P. Conway. T = Mathias Gastriz 1571. †
- 203 **Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear Saint of our Isle**
= Sister Agnes. T = S. G. Ould.
- 96 **Hail, holy Cross, to thee we bow**
See *Come then, my soul, and gladly sing*.
- 193 **Hail, holy Joseph, hail**
= F. W. Faber. T = S. G. Ould.
- 92 **Hail, Jesus, hail! Who for my sake**
Tr F. W. Faber—*Viva, viva Gesù, che per mio bene*, Raccolta di Orazioni. T = Vincent Novello.
- 95 **Hail, Jesus, hail! Who while they slay**
Tr H. I. D. Ryder—*Ave Jesu, qui mactaris*. T German xv cent. †

- 262^B **Hail Mary**
St Luke j 28, 42. Council of Ephesus 431. T = W. J. Maher.
- 146 **Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star**
= J. Lingard. T Crown of Jesus Music 1864.
- 173 **Hail, Queen of the heavens, hail, Mistress of earth**
Tr E. Caswall—*Salve mundi Domina, caelorum Regina* 1476. T Maria zu lieben, ist allzeit mein Siun.
- 68 **Hail! Thou living Bread from heaven**
Tr E. Caswall—*Vi adoro ogni momento*, Raccolta di Orazioni. T = John Sewell: adapted by William Sewell.
- 144 **Hail, thou Star of Ocean**
Tr E. Caswall—*Ave maris stella* ix cent. T = J. Richardson.
- 90 **Hail, Wound! o'erflowing with the blood †**
Tr H. W. Lloyd—*Salve vulnus gratiosum*. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 2 **Hark, an awful voice is sounding**
Tr E. Caswall—*En clara vox redarguit*, modern recension of *Vox clara ecce intonat* v cent.? T = R. L. de Pearsall. †
- 140 **Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling**
= F. W. Faber. T = Alfred Hollins.
- 275 **Hark, the sound of the fight has gone forth**
= F. W. Faber. T = C. Harford Lloyd.
- 221 **Haunting gloom and flitting shades**
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Nox et tenebrae et nubila* = Prudentius. T = S. G. Ould.
- 233 **Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus**
= F. Stanfield. T = M. L. Gordon.
- 234 **Hear thy children, gentlest Mother**
= F. Stanfield. T Spanish?
- 215 **Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made**
= Cardinal Newman. T = T. Haigh.
- 40 **He mounts the heavens triumphing**
Tr H. T. Henry—*Caelos ascendit hodie* 1601. T = S. G. Ould.
- 46 **Holy God, we praise Thy Name**
Tr C. A. Walworth—*Te Deum laudamus* v cent. T German proper melody.
- 251 **Holy, holy, holy**
Isaias vj 3. T = William Sewell.
- 260 **Holy Mother, pierce me through**
Tr E. Caswall—*Sancta Mater, istud agas* (see *Stabat Mater dolorosa*). T = S. G. Ould.
- 148 **Holy Queen, we bend before Thee**
Tr E. Caswall—*Pulchra tota, sine nota* = St. Anselm or by Bernard of Cluny. T = G. Herbert *Happy we who thus united*.
- 44 **Holy Spirit, come and shine**
Tr J. D. Aylward—*Veni Sancte Spiritus* = Pope Innocent III. T = Samuel Webbe.
- 270 **How lovely are Thy tents**
= P. McGettigan: after *Quam dilecta tabernacula tua* = Psalm lxxxliij. T = S. G. Ould.
- 250 **I believe in God**
Apostles' Creed.
- 113 **I have offended Thee, my God**
Tr E. Vaughan—

T = Michael Haydn.

- 153 **I'll sing a hymn to Mary**
= J. Wyse. T = H. F. Hemy.
- 112 **I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high**
Tr E. Caswall—*O Deus, ego amo te, Nam prior tu amasti me*: after the prayer of St Ignatius Loyola *Suscipe Domine universam meam libertatem*. T German 1718.
- 57 **I met the Good Shepherd but now on the plain**
= E. Caswall. T = Vincent Novello.
- 167 **Immaculate Mary, our hearts are afire †**
Anonymous: after Lourdes Pilgrims' hymn. T French proper melody.
- 142 **In alternate measure chanting, daily sing we Mary's praise †**
Tr T. J. Potter—*Cantemus in omni die concinentes varie* = St. Cächuimne. T = William Sewell.
- 9 **In dulci jubilo Let us our homage show †**
Tr R. L. de Pearsall—*In dulci jubilo Nun singet und seid froh* = Blessed Henry Suso (third verse altered in xv cent.). T German proper melody xiv cent.
- 257 **Infant Jesus, in Thy meekness †**
= J. J. Furniss. T German *Quem pastores laudavere* xiv cent.
- 84 **In the Lord's atoning grief**
Tr F. Oakeley—*In passione Domini* = St. Bonaventure. T *Jesu zu dir schreien wir* P. M. von Cochem. 1712. †
- 123 **In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus**
= J. J. Furniss. T = Joseph Mohr.
- 70 **In this sweet Sacrament, to Thee**
Tr E. Vaughan— T = Michael Haydn.
- 80 **I rise from dreams of time †**
= Crown of Jesus Hymn Book 1862: altered from *I arise from dreams of time* = R. Monteith. T = S. G. Ould.
- 197 **It is no earthly summer's ray**
Tr F. W. Faber—*Decora lux aeternitatis auream*, modern recension of *Aurea luce et decore roseo* xiv or xv cent. The stanza *O Roma felix* formed no part of *Aurea luce* even as late as Tegernsee Breviary 1576, though introduced into the hymn in a weakened form by Pope St Pius V from *Felix per omnes festum mundi cardines* = St Paulinus of Aquileia. The Dominican Pope's interpolation shared the fate of *Aurea luce* in being recast under Pope Urban VIII. T = William Sewell.
- 136 **Jerusalem, my happy home**
= L. Anderton, otherwise John Brekeley. T = R. L. de Pearsall.
- 191 **Jerusalem, whose heavenly mien**
Tr John Dryden—*Cælestis urbs Jerusalem*, modern recension of *Urbs beata Jerusalem* vij cent. T Scala Santa.
- 61 **Jesus, all hail! Who for my sin**
= F. W. Faber and others. T P. M. von Cochem 1712. †
- 31 **Jesus, as though Thyself wert here**
Tr E. Caswall—*Jesu dulcis amor meus* = Roman Breviary, Bologna 1827: cento from *Salve mundi salutare* = St Bernard? T = A. J. Pollard-Urquhart.
- 77 **Jesus, behind Thy Temple's veil**
Tr John III Marquess of Bute—*Cor, arca legem continens* = Roman Breviary, Venice 1798. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 134 **Jesus, ever-loving Saviour †**
Holy Family Hymns 1860. T = S. G. Ould.

- 125 **Jesus, gentlest Saviour**
= F. W. Faber. *T* adapted from *O Christ hie merk* 1625.
- 51 **Jesus is God! The solid earth**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = John E. West.
- 122 **Jesus, Jesus, come to me**
Tr Crown of Jesus Hymn Book 1862 (verse 1): E. M. Barrett (verses 2, 3, 4): S. G. Ould (verses 5, 6)—*Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir* Trier variant of *Jesu, komm' doch selbst zu mir* = Johann Scheffler, otherwise Angelus Silesius. *T* German.
- 63 **Jesus, King o'er all adored**
Tr R. Campbell—*Jesu Rex admirabilis*: cento from *Jesu, dulcis memoria* = Benedictine Abbess xj cent. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 85 **Jesus, meek and lowly**
= H. Collins. *T* *Ave maris stella*, Birmingham Oratory.
- 114 **Jesus, my God, behold at length the time**
Tr Bishop Chadwick—*Mon doux Jésus, enfin voici le temps*. *T* French proper melody.
- 71 **Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All**
= F. W. Faber. *T* Crown of Jesus Music 1864.
- 189 **Jesus, of Maidens pure the crown**
Tr F. C. Husenbeth and others—*Jesu corona Virginum* modern recension of original iv cent. *T* = W. W. Starmer.
- 119 **Jesus, Saviour, God of mercy**
= E. Caswall. *T* Herold 1808.
- 6 **Jesus, the Ransomer of man †**
Tr Evening Office 1710—*Jesu Redemptor omnium* modern recension of *Christe Redemptor omnium* v or vj cent. *T* Leisentritt 1567.
- 62 **Jesus, the very thought of Thee**
Tr E. Caswall—*Jesu dulcis memoria*: cento from poem of about fifty stanzas = xj cent. *T* = J. Richardson.
- 124 **Jesus, Thou art coming †**
= Sister Mary Xavier. *T* French Christmas carol *Chantons, je vous prie, Noël hautement*.
- 30 **Jesus, when on Thy fatal day**
Tr John III Marquess of Bute—*Gloriam sacre celebremus omnes* = *T* = T. Haigh.
- 21 **King of Israel, Word incarnate**
= H. A. Rawes. *T* Freiburg.
- 159 **Kyrie eleison (Litany of Loretto)**
T = S. G. Ould.
- 240 **Kyrie eleison (Mass)**
T Vatican Gradual VIII.
- 255 **Lamb of God**
St John j 29. *T* = William Sewell.
- 190 **Laud we the Saint most sweet**
Tr E. Caswall—*Fortem virili pectore* = Cardinal Silvio Antoniano. *T* = Samuel Wesley.
- 202 **Leader now on earth no longer**
= J. W. Reeks. *T* *O du Liebe meiner Liebe* in J. Thommen's *Christen-Schatz* 1745.
- 276 **Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom**
= Cardinal Newman. *T* = Alfred Hollins.
- 208 **Let Alverna's holy mountain**
Tr E. Caswall—*Crucis Christi mons Alvernae* = Gerardus Odonis. *T* = Charles Gounod.

- 248 **Let us with the Cross of Jesus**
= J. J. Furniss. *T* = William Sewell.
- 138 **Life eternal! Life eternal**
= E. Caswall. *T* = William Sewell.
- 174 **Like the dawning of the morning**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = B. Luard Selby.
- 151 **Look down, O Mother Mary †**
Tr E. Vaughan—*Dal tuo celeste trono* = St. Alphonsus Liguori. *T* = M. L. Gordon.
- 273 **Look down, sweet Saviour, from Thy holy place**
Cento = F. Oakeley: after *Oremus, dilectissimi nobis, pro Ecclesia sancta Dei*, the prayer for all estates of men on Good Friday. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 263 **Lord, by Thy prayer in agony**
= J. P. Conway. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 111 **Lord, I would love Thee: not because †**
Altered from *My God, I love Thee: not because* *Tr* E. Caswall—*O Deus, ego amo te, Nec amo te ut salves me*: after St. Francis Xavier. *T* = Samuel Webbe the younger.
- 86 **Man of sorrows, wrapt in grief**
= M. Bridges. *T* Italian.
- 171 **Mary Immaculate, Star of the morning**
= F. W. Wetherell. *T* French Christmas carol *Jésus enfant, par une nuit obscure*.
- 127 **Miserere mei Deus**
Psalm l. *T* Plainsong xvj cent.
- 53 **Most holy Lord and God**
Tr S. G. Ould—*Heiliger Herr und Gott* (after *Sancte Deus*). *T* Vehe 1537.
- 152 **Mother of mercy, day by day**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = H. F. Hemy.
- 52 **My God, how wonderful Thou art**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = William Sewell.
- 87 **My Jesus! say what wretch has dared**
Tr E. Vaughan—*Gesù mio, con dure funi* = St. Alphonsus Liguori. *T* = S. G. Ould.
- 180 **My oldest friend, mine from the hour**
= Cardinal Newman. *T* = J. Richardson.
- 25 **Now are the days of humblest prayer**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = W. W. Starmer.
- 247 **Now Jesus Christ's true flesh and blood**
= J. J. Furniss. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 231 **Now that the daylight dies away**
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Te lucis ante terminum* vij cent.? *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 225 **Now that the day-star glimmers bright**
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Jam lucis orto sidere*, as recast by Charles Coffin for Paris Breviary 1736. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 220 **Now while the herald bird of day**
Tr E. Caswall—*Ales dei nuntius* = Prudentius. *T* = Vincent Novello.
- 49 **O Blessed Trinity**
= F. W. Faber. *T* = S. G. Ould.
- 230 **O blest Creator of the light**
Tr E. Caswall—*Lucis Creator optime*, modern recension of original = Pope St. Gregory the Great. *T* = Samuel Webbe.

- 109 O brightness of eternal light
Hymns for the Year 1867. T = Alfred Hollins.
- 179 O Christ, the beauty of the angel worlds
Tr E. Caswall—*Christe, sanctorum decus Angelorum*, modern recension of original = St Rabanus Maurus. T = T. Haigh.
- 164 O come and mourn with me awhile
= F.W. Faber. T = J. Crookall.
- 83 O'erwhelmed in depths of woe
Tr E. Caswall—*Servo dolorum turbine* = Roman Breviary, Bologna 1827. T = William Sewell.
- 206 Of all eternity's bright diadems (Part II)
Tr E. Caswall—*Inter aeternas superum coronas* = Peter the Venerable. T = S. G. Ould.
- 34 O filii et filiae
= Jean Tisserand. T Proper melody.
- 252 O God, be ever with Thy Church
= J. J. Furniss. T Augsburg 1659.
- 66 O Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee
Tr E. Caswall—*Adoro te devote, latens Deitas* = St. Thomas Aquinas. T = John Storer.
- 228 O God, unchangeable and true
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Rerum Deus, tenax vigor* iv cent. T = Vincent Novello.
- 227 O God, Who canst not change nor fail
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Rector potens, verax Deus* iv cent. T London Oratory.
- 18 O happy day
Tr H. T. Henry—*Felix dies, quam proprio* = Sebastien Besnault. T German 1657.
- 253 O heavens, earth, this wonder hear †
= J. J. Furniss. T German 1657.
- 73 O Jesus Christ, remember
= E. Caswall. T = R. L. de Pearsall.
- 110 O Jesus, my beloved King
= E. Caswall. T = Sir John Stevenson.
- 259 O Jesus, Who for love of me
Tr J. J. Furniss—*Caro Gesù, a morire* = St Alphonsus Liguori. T = Thomas Tallis.
- 72 O King and Lord, Who dwellest on this altar †
T = Vincent Novello.
- 82 O Lamb of God, Thy life-blood
= S. G. Ould: verse 1 Tr—*O Gottes Lamm, dein Leben*, anonymous fragment in Mozart's complete works published by Breitkopf & Härtel. T = Mozart.
- 105 O Lord, behold the suppliant band
= T. E. Bridgett. T = T. Haigh.
- 100 O Lord of hosts, be mindful of our pleading
T Fulda 1781.
- 210 O Margaret, in Scotland's crown of old
= E. M. Barrett. T = S. G. Ould.
- 154 O Mystic Rose
= Sister Mary Xavier. T = S. G. Ould: adapted from a plainsong *Miserere*.
- 37 One great and final Sabbath Day
= J. O'Connor. T = Mozart.

- 139 O Paradise! O Paradise
= F. W. Faber. T = H. F. Hemy.
- 172 O purest of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid †
= F. W. Faber. T English carol.
- 64 O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine
Tr anonymous—*Sia lodato e ringraziato ogni momento*, Raccolta di Orazioni. T = Charles Gounod.
- 81 O Sacred Heart
= F. Stanfield. T = Sir John Stevenson.
- 75 O Sacred Heart of Jesus, we implore
Tr anonymous—*Dolce cuor del mio Gesù*, Raccolta di Orazioni. T English.
- 265 O salutaris hostia
= St. Thomas Aquinas: last two verses of his *Verbum supernum prodiens, Nec Patris linguens dexteram*. T 1 = S. G. Ould. 2 = Samuel Webbe.
- 150 O sanctissima
Sicilian Mariner's Hymn. T Proper melody.
- 198 O sing the great Apostle
Tr Mrs Anstice—*Petri laudes exsequamur* in Paradisus 1644. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 24 O sovereign Sun, diffuse Thy light
Tr John Dryden—*O sol salutis, intimis*, modern recension of *Jam Christe sol justitiae* vj cent. T La Feillée 1782.
- 192 O sylvan Prophet, whose eternal fame †
Cento Tr John Dryden—*Ut queant laxius resonare fibris* = Paul the Deacon. T = C. Hubert H. Parry.
- 205 O Thou, of shepherds Prince and Head
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Christe pastorum caput atque princeps* = Guillaume de la Brunetière. T = C. Charlton Palmer.
- 185 O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King
Tr E. Caswall—*Rex gloriose Martyrum* v cent. T Freiburg.
- 217 O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn
= F. W. Faber. T German 1675.
- 254 Our Father (Low Mass)
St Matthew vj 9–13.
- 262A Our Father (Rosary)
T = W. J. Maher.
- 188 O Virgin's offspring, Christ, Who wast alone †
Tr John Dryden—*Virginis proles, opifexque matris*, modern recension of original ix cent. T = C. Charlton Palmer.
- 5 O Wisdom! Of the Father bred
Tr Wilfrid Rooke-Ley—*O Sapientia* and the rest of the O Antiphons. T = S. G. Ould.
- 65 Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium
= St. Thomas Aquinas. T = Palestrina?
- 26 Pange lingua gloriosi Prælium certaminis
= St. Venantius Fortunatus. T = S. G. Ould.
- 269 Parce Domine
= Joel ij 17. Psalm lxxxiv 6. T = Plainsong.
- 104 Pity, my God! 'tis for our loved land
Tr L. Toole—*Pitié! mon Dieu, c'est pour notre patrie* = Jean Blanchon. T = Aloys Kunc.
- 47 Praise to the Holiest in the height
= Cardinal Newman. T = Arthur Somervell.

- 118 Praise we our God with joy
Tr F. Oakeley—*Bénissons à jamais Le Seigneur dans ses bienfaits* == Grignon de Montfort. T Italian.
- 169 Queen of the Holy Rosary
= Emily M. Shapeote. T = William Sewell.
- 149 Radiant Star of Galilee †
Tr R. R. Madden—*Funde preces in caelis* == Savonarola. T Köln 1678.
- 186 Redeemer Christ, Thou priceless gem †
Tr John Dryden—*Jesu Redemptor omnium*, modern recension of original ix cent. T = Peter Piel.
- 157 Regina cæli
xij cent. T = William Sewell.
- 166 Rejoice, all ye that sorrowed sore; Alleluia †
Tr J. O'Connor—*Lasst uns frohlocken herzlich sehr*. T German proper melody.
- 145 Remember, O Creator Lord
Tr E. Caswall—*Memento rerum Conditor*, modern recension of *Memento salutis auctor*. T Besler 1615. †
- 212 Requiem æternam
Office for the Dead. T Sarum Manual 1544.
- 213 Requiescant in pace
Office for the Dead. T
- 218 Rise, watchful soul, awake thy sweetest praise
Tr John Dryden—*Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes*, modern recension of original == Pope St Gregory the Great. T = Vincent Novello.
- 165 Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower †
= M. Bridges. T = Vincent Novello.
- 158 Salve Regina, mater misericordiae
= Hermannus Contractus? T = William Sewell.
- 261 Sancta Mater, istud agas
= B. Jacobus de Benedictis. See *Stabat Mater dolorosa*. T Plainsong proper melody.
- 243 Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
= Isaias vj 3. Psalm cxvij 26. St Luke xix 38. T Vatican Gradual XVIII.
- 38 Saviour of men, Who dost impart
Tr F. C. Husenbeth—*Salutis humane Sator*, modern recension of *Jesu nostra redemptio* vij cent.? T German 1669.
- 129 Say, O say, my people
= Father Kavanagh S.J. T = Alfred Hollins.
- 12 See! amid the winter's snow
= E. Caswall. T = Mendelssohn: adapted from a chorus in his *Festgesang*.
- 222 See the golden dawn aglow †
Tr Cardinal Newman—*Lux ecce surgit aurea*, modern recension of original, which is part of *Nox et tenebrae et nubila* == Prudentius. T perhaps after *Non vi piacque* in Handel's *Siroe*.
- 168 See, to God's high temple above
Tr E. Caswall—*Cantant hymnos cælitæ*. T = J. Richardson.
- 120 Signed with the Cross that Jesus bore
= H. A. Rawes. T = Samuel Webbe the younger.
- 32 Sing, for the dark Red Sea is past
Tr H. N. Oxenham—*Ad Regias Agni dapes*, modern recension of *Ad cenam Agni providi* vj cent. T Innsbruck 1588.
- 15 Sleep, holy Babe
= E. Caswall. T Birmingham Oratory.

- 67 Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast †
Tr anonymous—*Anima Christi, sanctifica me* before 1334. T = William J. Maher.
- 58 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
= F. W. Faber. T Corner 1631.
- 71 Sound, sound His praises higher still (Part II)
See *Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All*.
- 98 Spirit of grace and union
Tr E. Caswall—*Qui procedis ab utroque* == Adam of St Victor. T = John E. West.
- 219 Splendour of the Father's glory
Tr R. Campbell—*Splendor paternæ gloriæ*, modern recension of original = St Ambrose. T *Nach der ew'gen Segensquelle* Homeyer 1840.
- 162 Stabat Mater dolorosa
= Jacobus de Benedictis. T = Giovanni Maria Nanini, or his younger brother Giovanni Bernardino Nanini (sometimes called Nanino).
- 170 Star of Jacob, ever beaming
Tr E. Caswall—*O stella Jacob fulgida* == Pope Benedict XIV. T = J. Richardson.
- 159 Sub tuum præsidium
x cent. T = S. G. Ould.
- 161 Sweet Mother, turn those gentle eyes †
T = Joseph Mohr. †
- 74 Sweet Sacrament divine
= F. Stanfield. T = F. Stanfield.
- 236 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go †
= F. W. Faber. T = G. Herbert *Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all*. Since printing this tune the editors have learned from the composer's family that he wrote *G* natural (not *G* sharp) in the melody of bar 17 (third beat), and that he always resented the liberty invariably taken by the public in sharpening the *G*.
- 266 Tantum ergo Sacramentum
= St Thomas Aquinas: last two verses of his *Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium*. T 1 = S. G. Ould. 2 Samuel Webbe's adaptation of a late plainsong melody.
- 117 Te Deum laudamus
v cent. T Roman plainsong of Vatican Gradual.
- 91 Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni
from *Te Deum laudamus*.
- 3 The coming of our God
Tr R. Campbell—*Instantis adventum Dei* = C. Coffin. T Italian. †
- 187 The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Tr E. Caswall—*Iste Confessor Domini colentes*, modern recension of *Iste Confessor Domini sacratus* ix cent. T = W. W. Starmer.
- 224 The dawn is sprinkling in the east
Tr E. Caswall—*Aurora jam spargit polum*, modern recension of original iv cent.? T German.
- 135 The day of wrath, that dreadful day †
Cento Tr John Dryden—*Dies iræ, dies illa* == Thomas of Celano. T = W. W. Starmer.
- 178 The din of battle rages
Tr E. M. Barrett—*Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in prælio, contra nequitiam* etc. = Pope Leo XIII. T German. †

- 229 **The fiery sun now rolls away**
Tr John Dryden—*Jam sol recedit igneus*, modern recension of *O lux beata Trinitas* = St Ambrose. T Trier. †
- 126 **The Lord of glory**
= Sister Mary Xavier. T = S. G. Ould.
- 182 **The Lord's eternal gifts**
Tr E. Caswall—*Æterna Christi munera*, modern recension of original = St. Ambrose. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 102 **The one true Faith, the ancient Creed**
= Cardinal Newman. T Laude Spirituali 1710 † (air known as *Bergamasca* or *Lerullerulleri*).
- 195 **There are many Saints above †**
= F. W. Faber. T = E. M. Barrett.
- 108 **There is one true and only God**
= J. J. Furniss. T = Père Hermann.
- 13 **The snow lay on the ground, the stars shone bright**
Tr anonymous from Italian Christmas carol, probably of the Abruzzi. T Italian proper melody.
- 232 **The sun is sinking fast**
Tr E. Caswall—*Sol præceps rapitur, proxima nox adest* 1805. T = William Sewell.
- 176 **This is the image of the Queen**
= E. Caswall. T = H. F. Hemy. †
- 177 **Thou champion high**
= Cardinal Newman. T = John Sewell: adapted by William Sewell.
- 209 **Thou who, hero-like, hast striven**
= Augusta Theodosia Drane. T = W. W. Starmer.
- 249 **Thy Gospel, Jesus, we believe**
= J. J. Furniss. T = Vincent Novello.
- 48 **'Tis Thy good pleasure, not mine own**
Tr E. Vaughan—*Il tuo gusto, e non il mio* = St. Alphonsus Liguori. T German modal melody.
- 76 **To Christ, the Prince of Peace**
Tr E. Caswall—*Summi Parentis Filio* 1789. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 79 **To Jesu's Heart, all burning**
Tr A. J. Christie—*Dem Herzen Jesu singe* = Aloys Schlör. T *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus* St. Gallen 1769.
- 172 **To sinners what comfort, to Angels what mirth (Part II)**
See *O purest of creatures, sweet Mother, sweet Maid*.
- 59 **To win my heart with visions bright and fair**
Tr Cardinal Manning—*Le monde en vain, par ses biens et ses charmes* = Grignon de Montfort. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 184 **Unvanquished Martyr, who didst tread**
Tr John Dryden—*Invictæ Martyr, unicum*, modern recension of *Martyr Dei, qui unicum* x cent. T Corner 1625.
- 271 **Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine**
= Cardinal Newman. T = Samuel Wesley.
- 41 **Veni Creator Spiritus**
= St. Rabanus Maurus. This hymn was sung at the national Council of Rheims 1049. T = Peter Phillips.
- 41A **Veni Creator Spiritus**
Modern recension of No. 41.

- 43 **Veni Sancte Spiritus**
= Pope Innocent III. T = Samuel Webbe.
- 28 **Vexilla Regis prodeunt**
= St Venantius Fortunatus. T Köln 1623.
- 28A **Vexilla Regis prodeunt**
Modern recension of No. 28.
- 238 **Vidi aquam**
Ezechiel xlvij 1, 2, 9. T Vatican Gradual.
- 130 **We come to Thee, sweet Saviour**
= F. W. Faber. T = S. G. Ould.
- 175 **Welcome to this world of woe †**
= M. C. A. T German. †
- 206 **Whate'er of yore the tuneful Prophets teach †**
Tr E. Caswall—*Quidquid antiqui cecinere vates* = Peter the Venerable. T = S. G. Ould.
- 200 **When Christ our Lord to Andrew cried**
= E. M. Barrett. T English?
- 132 **Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command**
= Cardinal Newman. T = Vincent Novello †
- 16 **When Jesus first appeared on earth †**
Tr E. Vaughan—*(cento)* = St Alphonsus Liguori. T = John E. West.
- 55 **When morning gilds the skies †**
Tr E. Caswall—*Beim frühen Morgenlicht*. T Tochter Sion 1741 *Erfreue dich mein Herr*.
- 69 **When the loving Shepherd**
Tr E. Vaughan—*Partendo dal mondo* = St Alphonsus Liguori. T = William Sewell.
- 22 **Who are these that ride so fast o'er the Desert's sandy road †**
= F. W. Faber. T French Christmas carol *Allons tous à la crèche entendre un beau sermon*.
- 101 **Who is she that stands triumphant**
= A. de Vere. T *Sündenlast drückt mich darnieder* Kunkel 1838.
- 89 **Ye priestly Hands, Which on the cruel Cross**
= G. Bampffield. T = T. Haigh.
- 137 **res, Heaven is the prize**
= E. Vaughan: after *Le ciel en est le prix*: new B = S. G. Ould. T = Vincent Novello.
- 216 **Ye souls of the faithful who sleep in the Lord**
Tr E. Caswall—*O vos fideles animæ in Cæleste Palmetum* 1669. T German.

The English National Anthem.



- 1 God save our lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!
- 2 O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice--
God save the King!