

CONGREGAVIT NOS IN UNUM

A PEW BOOK

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

CONTENTS

1	Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days	5
	Proper of the Season	5
	Proper of the Saints	52
2	The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass	81
	Mass of the Catechumens	81
	Mass of the Faithful	89
	Prayers after Low Mass	104
3	Kyriale	106
	I. In Paschal Time.	107
	II. For feasts of the I class.	110
	IV. For feasts of the II class.	112
	VII. For feasts of the II class.	114
	VIII. For feasts of the II class.	117
	IX. For feasts of the Blessed Virgin.	119
	X. For feasts of the Blessed Virgin.	121
	XI. For Sundays throughout the Year.	123
	XII. For feasts of the III class.	125
	XIII. For feasts of the III class.	127
	XVI. For ferias throughout the Year.	129
	XVII. For the Sundays of Advent and Lent.	130
	XVIII. For the ferias of Advent and Lent.	131
	Credo I	132
	Credo II	133
	Credo III	135
	Credo IV	137
	Credo V	139
	Credo VI	140
4	Hymns for the Church's Year	144
	Advent	144
	Christmas	150

	Lent	165
	Easter	180
	Pentecost	186
	Corpus Christi	190
	Sacred Heart	197
	Christ the King	199
5	Hymns for the Saints	202
	Our Lady	202
	Saints' Days	211
	Holy Souls	220
6	Hymns for Mass	227
	Processional/Recessional	227
	Offertory	236
	Communion	240
7	Prayers	242
	Litany of the Saints	242
	Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus	249
	Indulged prayers to the Sacred Heart	251
	Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus	254
	Litany of the Precious Blood of Jesus	258
	Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary	259
	Litany of St. Joseph	262
8	Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament	264
	Index	271

HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH'S YEAR

ADVENT

For English see
below.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 CONDITOR alme síderum,
Aetérna lux credéntium,
Christe, Redémptor
ómnium,
Exáudi preces súpplicum.</p> <p>2 Qui cóndolens intéritu
Mortis períre saéculum,
Salvásti mundum
lánguidum,
Donans reis remédium:</p> <p>3 Vergénte mundi vésperē,
Uti sponsus de thálamo,
Egréssus honestíssima
Víriginis matris cláusula.</p> | <p>4 Cuius forti poténtiae
Genu curvántur ómnia,
Caeléstia, terréstria,
Nutu faténtur súbdita.</p> <p>5 Te deprecámur, hágie,
Ventúre iudex saéculi,
Consérva nos in témpore,
Hostis a telo pérfidī.</p> <p>6 Laus, honor, virtus, glória
Deo Patri et Fílio
Sancto simul Paráclito,
In saeculórum saécula.
Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

- 2 **C**REATOR of the starry skies!
Eternal Light of all who live!
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind!
An ear to Thy poor suppliants give.

- 2 When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
By taking of those ills a share.
- 3 Thou, for the sake of guilty men,
Causing Thine own pure blood to flow,
Didst issue from Thy virgin shrine
And to the Cross a Victim go.

For original see
above.

- 4 So great the glory of Thy might,
If we but chance Thy name to sound
At once all heaven and earth unite
In bending low with awe profound.
- 5 Great Judge of all! in that last day
When friends shall fail and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
To guard us with Thy arm divine.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
All praise and power and glory be;
With Thee, O holy Comforter!
Henceforth through all eternity.

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

3 **V**ENI, O Sapiéntia,
Quae hic dispónis ómnia,
Veni, viam prudéntiae
Ut dóceas et glóriæ.

Refrain Gaude! Gaude!
Emmánuel,
Nascétur pro te Israel!

2 Veni, veni, Adonái,
Qui pópulo in Sínai
Legem dedísti vértice
In majéstate glóriæ.

3 Veni, O Jesse vírgula,
Ex hostis tuos úngula,
De spectu tuos tártari
Educ et antro bárathri.

4 Veni, Clavis Davídica,
Regna reclúde caélica,
Fac iter tutum súperum,
Et claude vias ínferum.

5 Veni, veni O Oriens,
Soláre nos advéniens,
Noctis depélle nébulas,
Dirásque mortis ténebras.

6 Veni, veni, Rex géntium,
Veni, Redémptor ómnium,
Ut salvas tuos fámulos
Peccáti sibi cóncios.

7 Veni veni, Emmánuel
Captívum solve Israel,
Qui gemit in exsílio,
Privátus Dei Fílio.

4

O COME, O come Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

Refrain: Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

- 2 O come, Desire of nations, bind
All peoples in one heart and mind;
Bid envy, strife and quarrels cease;
And fill the world with heaven's peace.
- 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night
And death's dark shadows put to flight!
- 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
- 5 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
- 6 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
- 7 O come, Thou Wisdom from on high,
And order all things, far and nigh;
To us the path of knowledge show,
And cause us in her ways to go.

John Mason Neale, 1818–66
verses 2 and 7 by others

5

R Orá-

te

cæ-

li

dé-

super,

et

nubes

plu- ant

justum.

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

I Ne irascáris Dómine,
ne ultra memíneris iniquitátis:

Be not angry, O Lord,
and remember no longer our iniquity :
behold the city of Thy sanctuary
is become a desert,
Sion is made a desert.
Jerusalem is desolate,
the house of our holiness and of Thy glory,
where our fathers praised Thee.

Ecce civitas Sancti facta est desérta:
 Sion desérta facta est:
 Jerúsalem desoláta est:
 Domus sanctificatiónis tuae et glóriæ tuae,
 ubi laudavérunt te patres nostri.

- 2 Peccávimus, et facti sumus
 tamquam immúndus nos,
 et cecídimus
 quasi fólium univérsi:
 et iniquitátes nostrae
 quasi ventus abstulérunt nos:
 abscondísti fáciem tuam a nobis,
 et allisísti nos in manu iniquitátis nostrae.
- 3 Vide Dómine afflictiónem pópuli tui
 et mitte quem missúrus es:
 emítte Agnum dominatórem terrae,
 de Petra desérta ad montem fíliae Sion:
 ut áuferat ipse jugum captivitátis nostrae.
- 4 Consolámini, consolámini,
 pópule meus:
 cito véniet salus tua:
 quare moeróre consúmeris,
 quia innovávit te dolor?
 Salvábo te, noli timére,
 ego enim sum Dóminus Deus tuus,
 Sanctus Israel, Redémptor tuus.
- We have sinned,
 and we are become as one unclean,
 and we have all fallen as a leaf;
 and our iniquities, like the wind,
 have taken us away
 Thou hast hid Thy face from us,
 and hast crushed us by the hand of our
 iniquity.
- See, O Lord, the affliction of Thy people,
 and send Him whom Thou hast promised.
 Send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the
 earth,
 from the Rock of the desert
 to the mount of the daughter of Sion,
 that He Himself may take off
 the yoke of our captivity.
- Be comforted, be comforted, My people;
 thy salvation shall speedily come.
 Why wilt thou waste away in sadness?
 why hath sorrow seized thee?
 I will save thee; fear not:
 for I am the Lord thy God,
 the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer.

6

HARK, a herald voice is calling;
 "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 earthbound 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 heav'n;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiv'n.
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,
Shrouding all the earth in fear,
May He then as our defender,
On the clouds of heav'n appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit
While eternal ages run.

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-75

7

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within,
Prepare we in our hearts a home
Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Charles Coffin, 1736

Tr. John Chandler, 1837

8

COME, divine Messiah!
 The world in silence waits the day
 When hope shall sing its triumph,
 And sadness flee away.

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

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

3 Thou'll come in peace and meekness,
 And lowly will Thy cradle be;
 All clothed in human weakness
 Shall we Thy Godhead see.

Venez Divin Messie, Abbé Simon J. Pellegrin, 1663–1745

Tr. Sister Mary of St. Philip, SND, 1825–1904

9

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for our salvation slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Alleluia! alleluia! alleluia!
 Christ the Lord returns to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing, deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Those dear tokens of His Passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears,

Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers;
 With what rapture, with what rapture, with what
 rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!

- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 Alleluia! alleluia! alleluia!
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

John Cennick, 1718–1755

as altered by Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

and then altered by Martin Madan, 1726–1790

CHRISTMAS

10

A_{DESTE} fidèles laeti triumphántes;
 Veníte, veníte in Bétlehem;
 Natum vidéte Regem Angelórum:

For English see
 below.

Refrain Veníte, adorémus,
 Veníte, adorémus,
 Veníte, adorémus Dóminum.

- 2 Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lúmine,
 Gestant puéllae víscera,
 Deum verum, Génitum non factum.
- 3 Aetérni Paréntis splendórem aetérnum,
 Velátum sub carne vidébimus;
 Deum infántem pannis involútum.
- 4 Cantet nunc lo chorus Angelórum;
 Cantet nunc aula caeléstium,
 Glória in excélsis Deo.
- 5 Ergo qui natus die hodiérna,
 Jesu, tibi sit glória,
 Patris aetérni Verbum caro factum.

John Francis Wade, 1711–86

11

O COME, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels.

For original see
 above.

Chorus: O come let us adore Him,
 O come let us adore Him,
 O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

- 2 God from God, Light from Light
 Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
 Very God begotten, not created:
- 3 The splendour eternal of eternal Godhead
 Veiled with infirmities of flesh we see:
 Hiding His glory, swaddling clothes He weareth:
- 4 Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
 Glory to God; glory in the highest:
- 5 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning;
 Jesu, to Thee be glory giv'n;
 Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.

12

STILLE Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
 Alles schläft; einsam wacht
 Nur das traute hoch heilige Paar.
 Holder Knab' im lockigen Haar,
 Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh!
 Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh!

For English see
 below.

- 2 Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
 Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht
 Lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
 Da uns schlägt die rettende Stund'.
 Jesus in deiner Geburt!
 Jesus in deiner Geburt!
- 3 Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
 Die der Welt Heil gebracht,

Aus des Himmels goldenen Höhn,
 Uns der Gnaden Fülle läßt sehn,
 Jesum in Menschengestalt!
 Jesum in Menschengestalt!

- 4 Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
 Wo sich heut alle Macht
 Väterlicher Liebe ergoß,
 Und als Bruder huldvoll umschloß
 Jesus die Völker der Welt!
 Jesus die Völker der Welt!
- 5 Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
 Hirten erst kundgemacht
 Durch der Engel Alleluja,
 Tönt es laut bei Ferne und Nah:
 "Jesus der Retter ist da!"
 "Jesus der Retter ist da!"

Joseph Mohr, 1816

13

SILENT night, holy night
 All is calm, all is bright
 Round yon Virgin Mother and Child
 Holy Infant so tender and mild
 Sleep in heavenly peace
 Sleep in heavenly peace

- 2 Silent night, holy night!
 Shepherds quake at the sight
 Glories stream from heaven afar
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
 Christ, the Saviour is born
 Christ, the Saviour is born
- 3 Silent night, holy night
 Son of God, love's pure light
 Radiant beams from Thy holy face
 With the dawn of redeeming grace
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth

For original see
 above.

Tr. John Freeman Young, ca. 1859

14

Lo! how a Rose e'er blooming
 From tender stem hath sprung,
 Of Jesse's lineage coming,
 As men of old hath sung;
 It came, a flow'ret bright,
 Amid the cold of winter,
 When half-spent was the night.

- 2 Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
 The Rose I have in mind.
 With Mary we behold it,
 The Virgin Mother kind;
 To show God's love aright,
 She bore to men a Saviour,
 When half-spent was the night.
- 3 O Flower, whose fragrance tender,
 With sweetness fills the air,
 Dispel with glorious splendour
 The darkness everywhere.
 True man, yet very God,
 From sin and death now save us,
 And share our every load.

Theodore Baker, 1851-1934

15

ANGELS we have heard on high,
 Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
 And the mountains in reply
 Echoing their joyous strains.

Refrain Gloria, in excelsis Deo!
 Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

- 2 Shepherds, why this jubilee?
 Why your joyous strains prolong?
 Say what may the tidings be
 Which inspire your heavenly song.

- 3 Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.
- 4 See within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth! Mary,
Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Saviour's birth.

Tr. Bishop James Chadwick, 1813–82

16

HARK! The herald angels sing,
“Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th’angelic host proclaim,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem!”

Refrain Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!

- 2 Christ, by highest Heav’n adored;
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin’s womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th’incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
- 3 Hail the heav’n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris’n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die.
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

17

U_NTO us is born a Son,
King of Quires supernal:
See on earth His life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

- 2 Christ, from heav'n descending low
Comes on earth a stranger;
Ox and ass their Owner know,
Becradled in a manger.
- 3 This did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.
- 4 Of His love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story;
O that Mary's gentle Child
Might lead us up to glory!
- 5 O and A, and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let the merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino.

Tr. George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1859–1934

18P UER natus in Béthlehem, allelúia:
Unde gaudet Jerúsalem,
allelúia, allelúia.

A Boy is born in Bethlehem,
Joy bringing to Jerusalem.

Ant.

Ant

In

cordis

jú-

bi-lo

Christum

natum

adorémus,

Cum

novo

cántico

In jubilee of heart, let us adore with one
accord,
The birth of Christ, Our Lord.

Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And Heaven and nature sing,
 And Heaven and nature sing,
 And Heaven, and Heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy,
 Repeat the sounding joy,
 Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found,
 Far as the curse is found,
 Far as, far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love,
 And wonders of His love,
 And wonders, wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

based on Psalm 98

20 GAUDETE, gaudete!

Christus est natus,

Ex Maria Virgine, gaudete!

- 1 Tempus ad est gratiae
 Hoc quod optabamus,
 Carmina laetitiae
 Devote redamus.

- 2 Deus homo factus est,
 Natura mirante,

Mundus renovatus est
 A Christo regnante.

- 3 Ezechielis porta
 Clausa per transitur,
 Unde lux est orta
 Salus invenitur.

- 4 Ergo nostra contio
 Psallat jam in lustro,
 Benedicat Domino,
 Salus Regi nostro.

Rejoice, rejoice! Christ is born, Of the Virgin Mary, rejoice!

The time of grace has come for which we have prayed Let us devoutly sing songs
of joy.

God is made man, while nature wonders The world is renewed by Christ the
King.

The closed gate of Ezechiel has been passed through; Whence the light has
risen, salvation is found.

Therefore let our assembly sing praises at this time of purification Let us bless
the Lord: greetings to our King.

21

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all His wond'rous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew.
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child who seemed so helpless
Is our Lord in heaven above;

And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing round,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818–1895

22

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray;

Cast out our sin and enter in,
 Be born in us today.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893

23

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

Chorus 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.
- 3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say
 What your joyful news today;
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep?
- 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."
- 5 Sacred infant, all divine,
 What a tender love was Thine,
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this.
- 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
 By Thy Face so meek and mild,
 Teach us to resemble Thee,
 In Thy Sweet humility!

Edward Caswall, 1814–78

EPIPHANY

For English see
below.

24 PERSONENT hodie
Voces puerulae,
Laudantes iucunde
Qui nobis est natus,
Summo Deo datus,
Et de Vir-, Vir-, Vir-,
Et de Vir-, Vir-, Vir-,
Et de Virgineo
 ventre procreatus.

2 In mundo nascitur,
Pannis involvitur
Praesepe ponitur
Stabulo brutorum,
Rector supernorum.
Perdidit, -dit, -dit,
Perdidit, -dit, -dit,
Perdidit spolia
 princeps
 infernorum.

3 Magi tres venerunt,
Parvulum inquirunt,
Bethlehem adeunt,
Stellulam sequendo,
Ipsam adorando,
Aurum, thus, thus, thus,
Aurum, thus, thus, thus,
Aurum, thus, et
 myrrham
 ei offerendo.

4 Omnes clericuli,
Pariter pueri,
Cantent ut angeli:
Advenisti mundo,
Laudes tibi fundo.
Ideo, -o, -o,
Ideo, -o, -o,
Ideo gloria
 in excelsis Deo.

For original see
above.

25 **S**ING aloud on this day,
Children all raise the lay,
Cheerfully we and they,
Hasten to adore Thee,
Sent from highest glory.
For us born, born, born,
For us born, born, born,
For us born, on this morn,
Of the Virgin Mary.

- 2 Now a child, He is born,
Swathing bands Him
adorn,
Manger bed, He'll not
scorn,
Ox and ass are near Him;
We as Lord revere Him,
And the vain, vain, vain,
And the vain, vain, vain,
And the vain powers of
hell,
Spoiled of prey now fear
Him.

- 3 From the far Orient
Guiding star wise men
sent;
Him to seek their intent,
Lord of all creation;
Kneel in adoration.
Gifts of gold, gold, gold,
Gifts of gold, gold, gold,
Gifts of gold, frankincense,
Myrrh for their oblation.

- 4 All must join Him in
praise;
Men and boys voices raise
On this day of all days;
Angel voices ringing,
Christmas tidings
bringing.
Join we all, all, all,
Join we all, all, all,
Join we all, Gloria
In excelsis singing.

26

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 By its lambent beauty guided
See the eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

- 4 Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.
- 5 Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Piae Cantiones

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

27

THE first Nowell, the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!

- 2 They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far
And to the earth it gave great light
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!
- 3 And by the light of that same star
Three Wise Men came from country far
To seek for a King was their intent
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!
- 4 This star drew nigh to the northwest
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest
And there it did both stop and stay
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!
- 5 Then entered in those Wise Men three
Full rev'rently upon their knee,

And offered there, in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!

- 6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought
And with His Blood mankind has bought.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell
Born is the King of Israel!

Old English

28

WE three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we travel afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

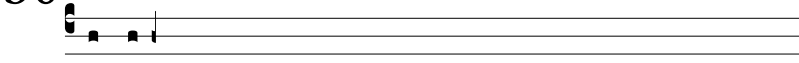
- Chorus O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect Light.
- 2 Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold we bring to crown Him again;
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh,
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him God most high.
- 4 Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.
- 5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice:
Heav'n sings, "Alleluia!"
"Alleluia!" the earth replies.

- 29 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

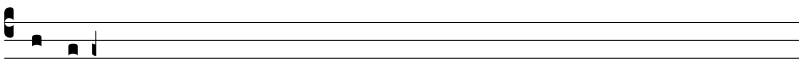
Bishop Heber, 1783–1826

LENT

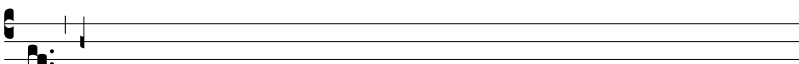
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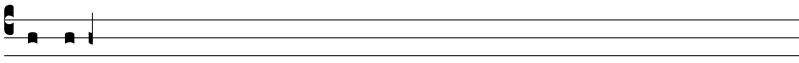
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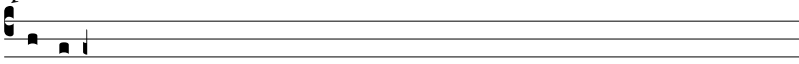
Dómi-



ne,



parce



pópu-

lo
tu-
o:
ne
in
æternum
i-
ra-
scá-
ris
no-bis

The musical notation is written on a five-line staff. It begins with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The final note of the melody is a quarter note, followed by a double bar line.

Spare, Lord, spare Thy people, do not be angry with us forever

- I Flectámus iram vándicem,
Plorémus ante Júdicem;
Clamémus ore súplici,
Dicámus omnes cérnui:

Let us appease His wrath, beg mercy from our Judge,
Call upon Him in suppliant entreaty, let all of us offer this prayer.

- 2 Nostris malis offéndimus
Tuam Deus cleméntiam
Effúnde nobis désuper
Remíssor indulgéntiam.

Our sins have offended Thy divine Mercy
Yet pour out on us from heaven the grace of pardon.

31

AUDI, benígne Córditor,
Nostras preces cum flétibus,
In hoc sacro jejúnio.
Fusas quadragenário.

For English see
below.

- 2 Scrutátor alme córdium,
Infírma tu scis vírium;
Ad te revérsis éxhibe
Remissiónis grátiam.
- 3 Multum quidem peccávimus,
Sed parce confiténtibus,
Ad nóminis laudem tui.
Confer medélam lánguidis.
- 4 Concéde nostrum cónteri
Corpus per abstinéntiam
Culpaе ut relínquant pábulum
Jejúna corda críminum.
- 5 Praesta, beáta Trínitas,
Concéde, simplex Unitas,
Ut fructuósa sint tuis
Jejuniórum múnера. Amen.

32

THOU loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep!
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

For original see
above.

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

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

33

- W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.
 - 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 - 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

34

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

Refrain: 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 deserved,
 Death and endless misery;
 Hell with all its pains and torments
 And for all eternity
- 3 By my sins I have abandoned
 Right and claim to heaven above,
 Where the saints rejoice forever,
 In a boundless sea of love.
- 4 See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
 On the cross of Calvary;
 To that cross my sins have nail'd Him,
 Yet He bleeds and dies for me.

Edmund Vaughan, 1827-1908

35

A Ttén-de

Domine,

et

mi-

se-

ré-

re,

qui-

a

peccá-

vimus

ti-bi

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy,
Who have sinned against Thee.

- 1 Ad te Rex summe, ómnium redémptor,
Oculos nostros sublevámus flentes:
Exáudi, Christe, supplicántum preces.

King, high exalted, all the world's Redeemer,
To Thee we lift our eyes with weeping:
Christ, we implore Thee, hear Thy suppliant's prayers.

- 2 Déxtera Patris, lapis anguláris,
Via salútis jánua caeléstis,
Ablue nostri máculas delícti.

Right hand of Godhead, headstone of the corner,
 Path of salvation, gate of heaven,
 Wash away the stains of our sins.

- 3 Rogámus, Deus, tuam majestátem:
 Auribus sacris gémitus exáudi:
 Crimina nostra plácidus indúlge.

We, Thy eternal majesty entreating,
 With Thy blessed ears hear our sighing:
 Graciously grant pardon to our sins.

- 4 Tibi fatémur crímina admíssa:
 Contríto corde pándimus occúlta:
 Tua Redémptor, píetas ignóscat.

Humbly confess we, who have sinned against Thee,
 With contrite hearts we reveal things hidden;
 O Redeemer, may Thy pity grant forgiveness.

- 5 Innocens captus, nec repúgnans ductus,
 Téstibus falsis pro ímpiis damnátus:
 Quos redemísti, tu consérva, Christe.

Led away captive, guiltless, unresisting,
 Condemned by false witnesses unto death for sinners,
 Christ do Thou keep us whom Thy blood hath ransomed.

36

LORD Jesus, think on me,
 And purge away my sin;
 From earthborn passions set me free,
 And make me pure within.

- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
 With care and woe oppressed;
 Let me Thy loving servant be,
 And taste Thy promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
 Nor let me go astray;
 Through darkness and perplexity
 Point Thou the heavenly way.

- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may th'eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
Praise to the Father and to Thee,
And to the Holy Dove.

Bishop Synesius of Cyrene, c.373–414

Tr. Allen William Chatfield, 1808–96

37

- FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.
- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore;
Flesh or spirit should assail
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail!
- 4 So shall we have peace Divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.
- 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That we Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide.

George Hunt Smyttan, 1822–1870

PASSIONTIDE

38 **V** **EXILLA** Regis pródeunt;
Fulget Crucis mystérium,
Qua víta mortem pértulit,
Et morte vitam prótulit.

2 Quae vulneráta lánceae
Mucróné diro críminum
Ut nos laváret sórdibus,
Manávit unda et sáanguine.

3 Impléta sunt quae cóncinit
David fidéli cármine,
Dicéndo natió nibus:
Regnávit a ligno Deus.

4 Arbor decóra et fúlghida,
Ornáta Regis púrpura,

Electa digno stípíte
Tam sancta membra
tángere.

5 Beáta, cujus bráchiis
Prétium pepéndit saéculi:
Statéra facta córporis,
Tulítque praedam tártari.

6 O Crux ave, spes única,
Hoc Passióis témpore.
Piis adáuge grátiam,
Reísque dele crímina.

7 Te, fons salútis Trínitas,
Colláudet omnis spíritus:
Quibus Crucis victóriam
Largíris, adde praémium.
Amen.

Venantius Fortunatus, 530–609

39

A **BROAD** 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 That which the prophet-king of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold,
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
God ruling nations from a Tree.

4 O lovely and refulgent Tree,
Adorned with purple majesty;
Culled from a worthy stock, to bear
Those limbs which sanctified were.

For original see
above.

- 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, our hope; on thee we call,
Who keep this mournful festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.
- 7 Blest Trinity, we praises sing
To Thee, from whom all graces spring;
Celestial crowns on those bestow
Who conquer by the Cross below.

Tr. Walter Kirkham Blount, d 1717
and Evening Office, 1710

PALM SUNDAY

40

G ló-

ri-

a,

laus

et

honor

ti-
bi
sit,
Rex
Christe
Redemptor :
Cu-
i
pu-
e-
ri-
le

de-
cus
prompsit
Hosanna
pi- um

For English see
below.

- I Israel es to Rex, Davídis et ínclitya proles:
Nómine qui in Dómini, Rex benedícite, venis.
- 2 Coétus in excélsis te laudat caélicus omnis,
Et mortális homo, et cuncta creáta simul.
- 3 Plebs Hebraéa tibi cum palmis óbvia venit:
Cum prece, voto, hymns, ádsumus ecce tibi.
- 4 Hi tibi passúro solvébant múnia laudis:
Nos tibi regnánti pángimus ecce melos.
- 5 Hi placuére tibi, pláceat devótio nostra:
Rex bone, Rex clemens, cui bona cuncta placent.

41

ALL glory, laud and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

- I Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

For original see
above.

- 2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on High,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

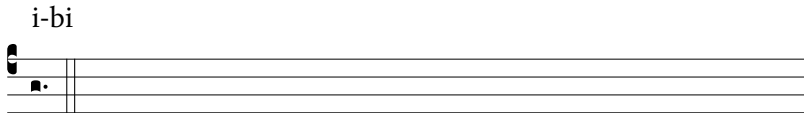
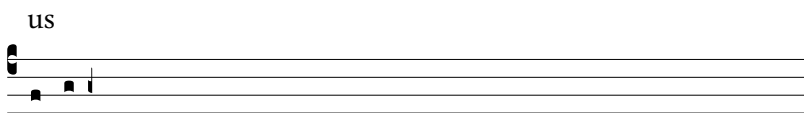
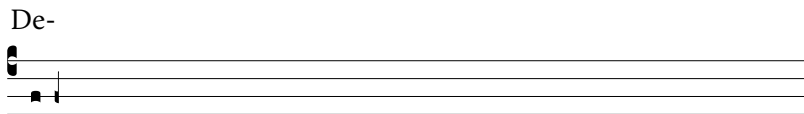
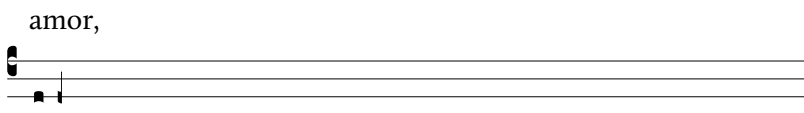
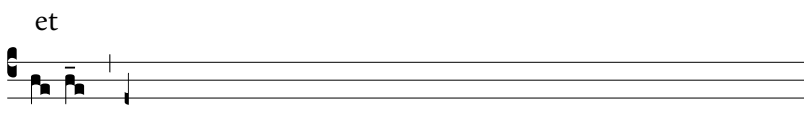
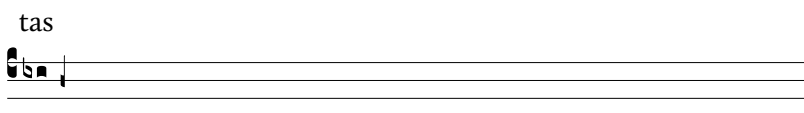
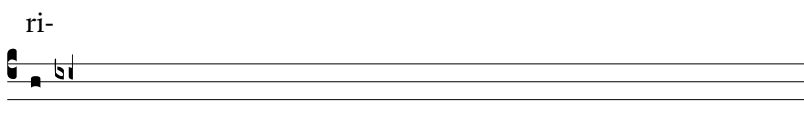
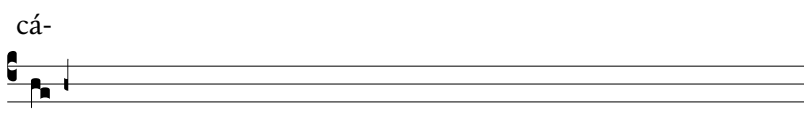
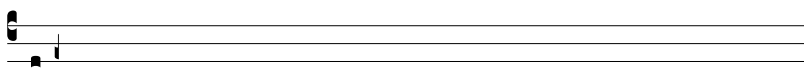
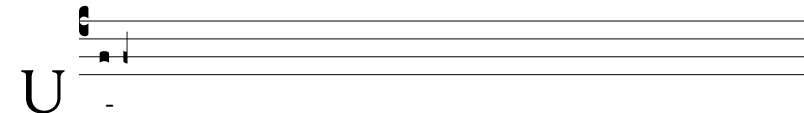
- 3 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our prayer and praise and anthems
Before Thee we present.

- 4 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

- 5 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

HOLY THURSDAY

42



- 1 Congregávit nos in unum, Christi amor.
Exsultémus, et in ipso jucundémur.
Timeámus, et amémus Deum vivum.
Et ex corde diligámus nos sincéro.
- 2 Simul ergo cum in unum congregámur:
Ne nos mente dividámur caveámus.
Cessent júrgia máligna, cessent lites.
Et in médio nostri sit Christus Deus.
- 3 Simul quoque cum beátis videámus
Gloriánter vultum tuum, Christe Deus:
Gáudium, quod est imménsum, atque probum,
Saécula per infiníta saeculórum. Amen.

Where true charity and love are, God is dwelling there.

Love of Christ has gathered all of us into one With joy let us now
rejoice and be pleased in Him Let us fear Him, let us love Him,
the living God And may we love one another with sincere hearts.

As we gather now united all into one Keep our minds free from
division, let us beware Let evil urges be ended, let trouble cease
And in the midst of us be here, the Christ our God.

Like the blessed up in heaven, let us now see Thy dear Face in
glory shining, O Christ our God The joy immense and rewarding,
both meet and good Through endless ages of ages, world without
end. Amen.

THE PASSION

- 43 **S**TABAT Mater dolorósa
Juxta crucem lacrimósa,
Dum pendébat Fílius.
- 3 O quam tristis et afflícta
Fuit illa benedícta
Mater Unigéniti!
- 2 Cujus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátem et doléntem
Pertransívit gládius.
- 4 Quæ mærébat et dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum vidébat
Nati pœnas ínclýti.

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 5 | Quis est homo qui non
fleret,
Matrem Christi si vidéret
In tanto supplício? | 13 | Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolére,
Donec ego víxero. |
| 6 | Quis non posset
contristári,
Christi Matrem
contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio? | 14 | Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In planctu desídero. |
| 7 | Pro peccátis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
Et flagéllus súbditum. | 15 | Virgo vírginem præclára,
Mihi jam non sis amára:
Fac me tecum plángere. |
| 8 | Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum. | 16 | Fac ut portem Christi
mortem
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plagas recólere. |
| 9 | Eia Mater, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | 17 | Fac me plagis vulnerári,
Fac me Cruce inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii. |
| 10 | Fac ut árdeat cor meum
In amándo Christum
Deum,
Ut sibi compláceam. | 18 | Flammis ne urar
succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus
In die judícii. |
| 11 | Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide. | 19 | Christe, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ. |
| 12 | Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum dívide. | 20 | Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen. |

Jacapone da Todi, 1230–1306

44

BY THE CROSS her vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

- 2 Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.

For original see
above.

- 3 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother highly blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!
- 4 Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.
- 5 Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?
- 6 Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain
In that Mother's pain untold?
- 7 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.
- 8 For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.
- 9 O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.
- 10 Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.
- 11 Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.
- 12 Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.
- 13 Let me mingle tears with thee.
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.

- 14 By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.
- 15 Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.
- 16 Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.
- 17 Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swooned
In His very Blood away.
- 18 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In that awful Judgement day.
- 19 Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.
- 20 While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

45

- O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet hosts of heaven adore Thee
And tremble as they gaze.
- 2 I see Thy strength and vigour,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour,
Bereaving Thee of life;

- O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
Turn Thou Thy face on me.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.
- 4 In this Thy bitter Passion
Good Shepherd, think of me.
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
Forever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.
- 5 Be Thou my consolation,
My shield, when I must die;
Remind me of Thy Passion
When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee;
Upon Thy Cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee;
Who dieth thus, dies well.

Salve caput cruentatum

Tr. Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77
and James Waddel Alexander, 1804-1859

GOOD FRIDAY

46

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
 Sing the last, the dread affray;
 O'er the cross, the victor's trophy,
 Sound the high triumphal lay,
 How, the pains of death enduring,
 Earth's Redeemer won the day.

- 2 When at length the appointed fulness
 Of the sacred time was come,
 He was sent, the world's Creator,
 From the Father's heavenly home,
 And was found in human fashion,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
- 3 Now the thirty years are ended
 Which on earth He willed to see,
 Willingly He meets His passion,
 Born to set His people free;
 On the cross the Lamb is lifted,
 There the sacrifice to be.
- 4 There the nails and spear He suffers,
 Vinegar and gall and reed;
 From His sacred body piercèd
 Blood and water both proceed:
 Precious flood, which all creation
 From the stain of sin hath freed.
- 5 Faithful Cross, above all other,
 One and only noble Tree,
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peer may be;
 Sweet the wood, and sweet the iron,
 And thy load, most sweet is He.
- 6 Bend, O lofty Tree, thy branches,
 Thy too rigid sinews bend;
 And awhile the stubborn hardness,
 Which thy birth bestowed, suspend;
 And the limbs of heaven's high Monarch
 Gently on thine arms extend.

- 7 Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's Ransom to sustain,
 That a shipwrecked race for ever
 Might a port of refuge gain,
 With the sacred Blood anointed
 Of the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 8 Praise and honour to the Father,
 Praise and honour to the Son,
 Praise and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One:
 One in might, and One in glory,
 While eternal ages run.

Venantius Fortunatus, 530–609

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66

EASTER

47

ALLELUIA, Allelúia, Allelúia.

- 1 O filii et filiae,
 Rex caeléstis, Rex glóriæ
 Morte surréxit hódie. Allelúia.
- 2 Ex mane prima Sábbati
 Ad óstium monuménti
 Accessérunt discípuli. Allelúia.
- 3 Et María Magdaléne,
 Et Jacóbi, et Salóme
 Venérunt corpus úngere Allelúia.
- 4 In albis sedens ángelus
 Praedíxit muliéribus:
 In Galilaéa est Dóminus. Allelúia.
- 5 Et Joánnes apóstolus
 Cucúrrit Petro cítius,
 Monuménto venit prius. Allelúia.
- 6 Discípulis adstántibus,
 In medio stetit Christus,
 Dicens: Pax vobis ómnibus. Allelúia.

For English see
 below.

- 7 Ut intelléxit Dídymus
Quia surréxerat Jesus,
Remánsit fere dúbius. Allelúia.
- 8 Vide Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incrédulus. Allelúia.
- 9 Quando Thomas Christi latus,
Pedes vidit atque manus,
Dixit: Tu es Deus meus. Allelúia.
- 10 Beáti qui non vidérunt
Et firmiter credidérunt;
Vitam aetérnam habébunt. Allelúia.
- 11 In hoc festo sanctíssimo
Sit laus et jubilátio:
BENEDICAMUS DOMINO. Allelúia.
- 12 Ex quibus nos humíllimas
Devótas atque débitas
DEO dicámus GRATIAS. Allelúia.

Jean Tisserand, O.F.M., d. 1494

48

ALLELUIA, Alleluia, Alleluia.

- 1 O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
Over death today rose triumphing. Alleluia!
- 2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay. Alleluia!
- 3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee." Alleluia!
- 4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here." Alleluia!

For original see
above.

- 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word. Alleluia!
- 6 "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be." Alleluia!
- 7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Alleluia!
- 8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been;
For they eternal life shall win. Alleluia!
- 9 On this most holy day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise,
In laud and jubilee and praise. Alleluia!

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66

49

- 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 sinners' stead.
"Christ is risen," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.
- 3 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
God and man hath reconciled
While in strange and awe-full strife
Met together Death and Life:
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay.
"Christ is risen," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.
 - 5 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the First-born from the dead,

Throned in endless might and power,
 Lives and reigns forevermore.
 Hail, eternal Hope on high!
 Hail, Thou King of victory!
 Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
 Help and save us, gracious Lord.

Tr. Jane E. Leeson, 1807–82

50

JESUS Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
 Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
 Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!
 Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
 Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
 Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
 Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!
- 3 But the pain which He endured Alleluia!
 Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
 Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
 Where the Angels ever sing. Alleluia!

Lyra Davidica, 1708

51

BRING, all ye dear-bought nations, bring
 Your richest praises to your King,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 That spotless Lamb, who more than due,
 Paid for His sheep, and those sheep you,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

- 2 The guiltless Son, who bought your peace,
 And made His Father's anger cease,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Then, life and death together fought,
 Each to a strange extreme were brought.

- 3 Life died, but soon revived again,
And even death by it was slain.
Alleluia, alleluia,
Say, happy Magdalen, oh say,
What didst thou see there by the way?
- 4 "I saw the tomb of my dear Lord,
I saw Himself and Him adored,
Alleluia, alleluia,
I saw the napkin and the sheet,
That bound His head and wrapped His feet.
- 5 "I heard the angels witness bear,
Jesus is ris'n; He is not here;
Alleluia, alleluia,
Go, tell His followers they shall see,
Thine and their hope in Galilee.
- 6 We, Lord, with faithful hearts and voice,
On this Thy rising day rejoice.
Alleluia, alleluia,
O Thou, whose power o'ercame the grave,
By grace and love us sinners save.

Victimae Paschali Laudes, attributed to Wipo of Burgundy, 11th century
Tr. Walter Kirkham Blount, d 1717

52

- ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus
His the sceptre, His the throne,
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.
- 2 Alleluia, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,

Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 'I am with you evermore'?

- 3 Alleluia, Bread of Angels,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;
 Alleluia, here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day;
 Intercessor, friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.
- 4 Alleluia, King eternal,
 Thee the Lord of lords we own;
 Alleluia, born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne;
 Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
 Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
 In the Eucharistic Feast.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837-98

53

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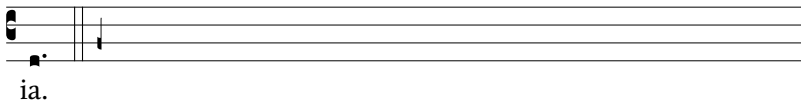
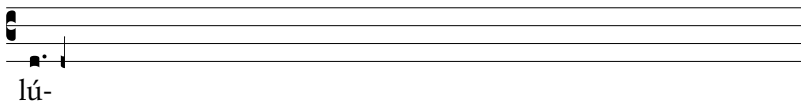
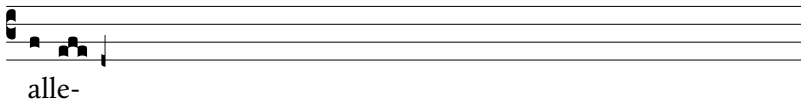
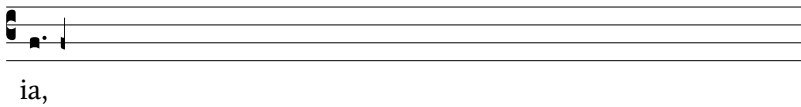
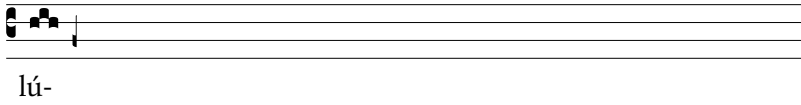
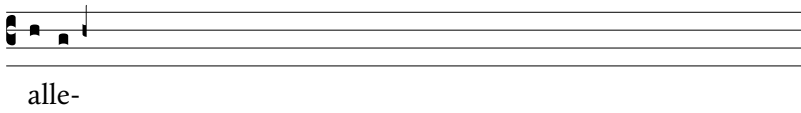
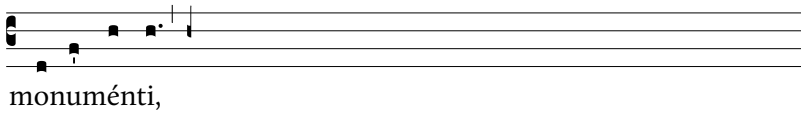
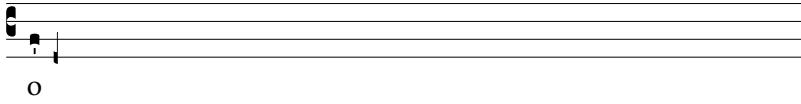
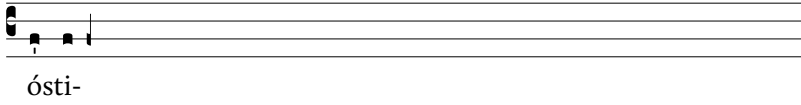
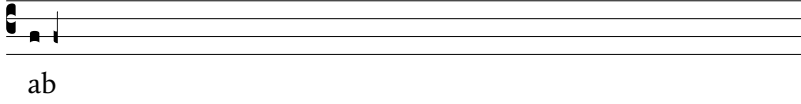
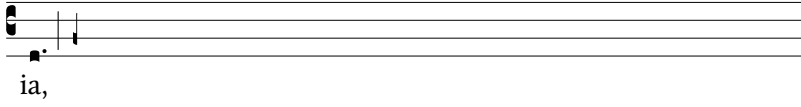
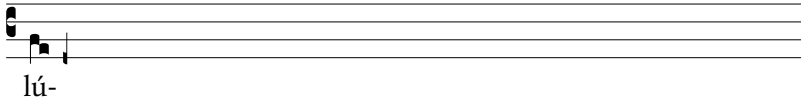
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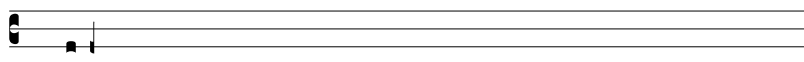
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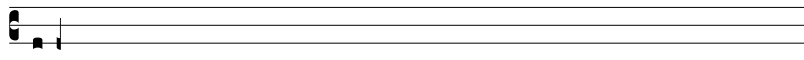
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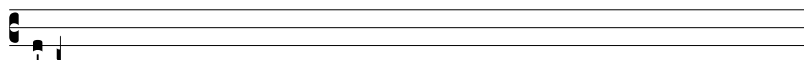




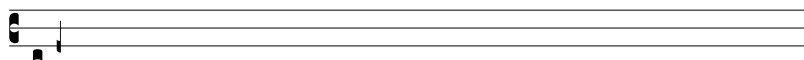
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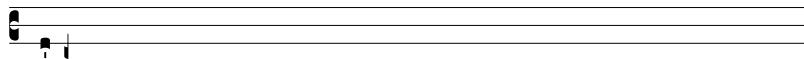
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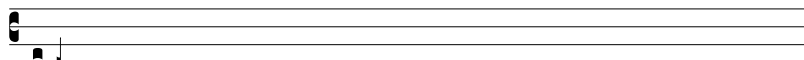
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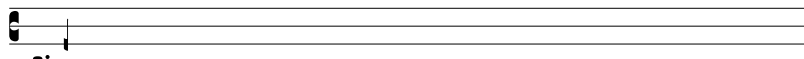
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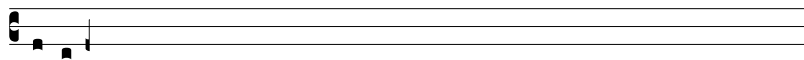
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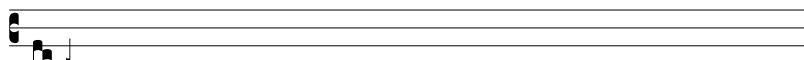
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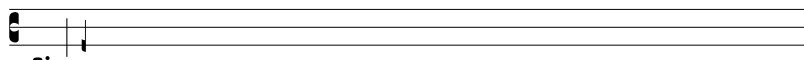
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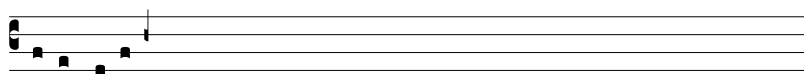
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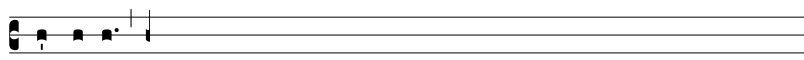
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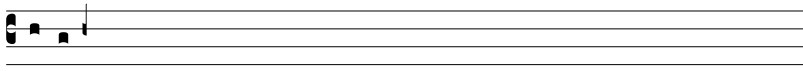
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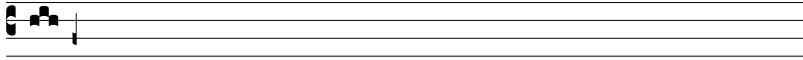
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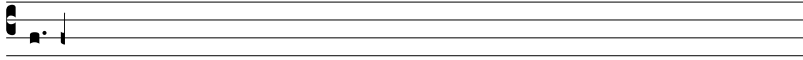
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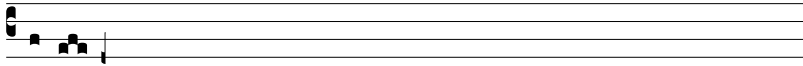
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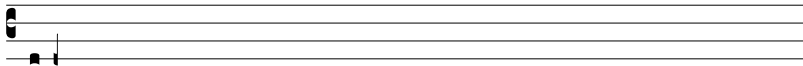
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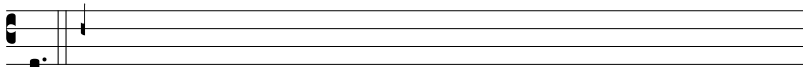
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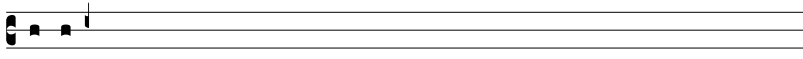
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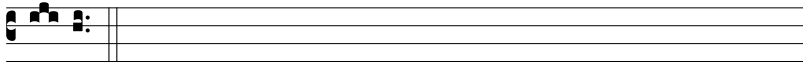
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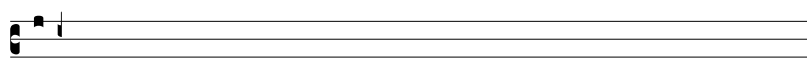
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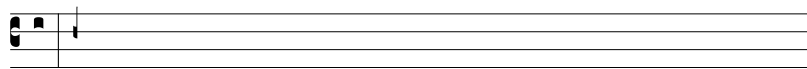
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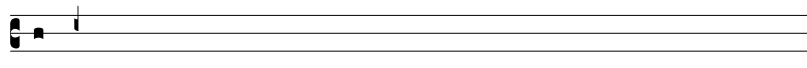
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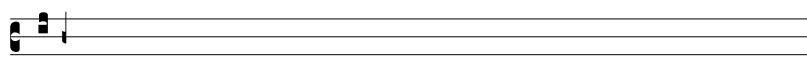
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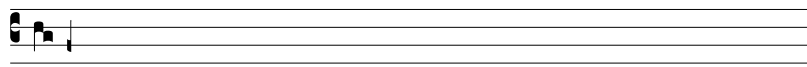
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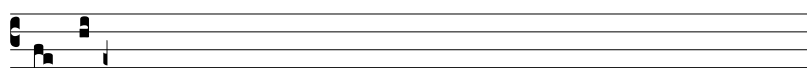
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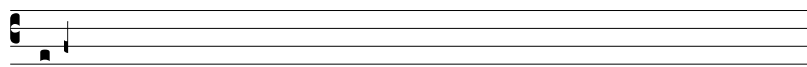
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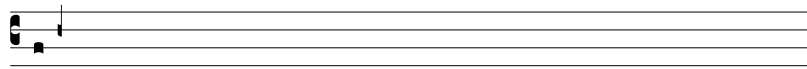
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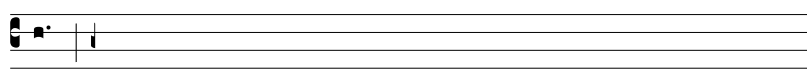
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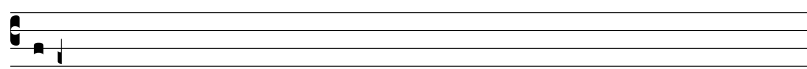
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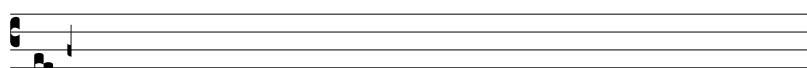
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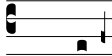
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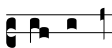
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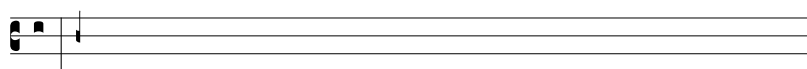
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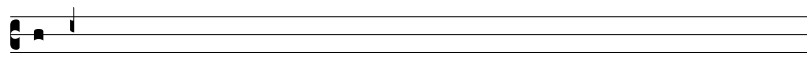
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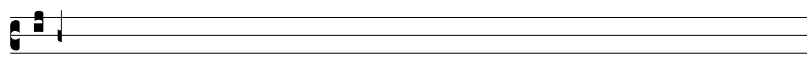
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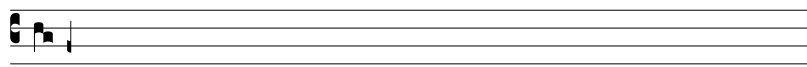
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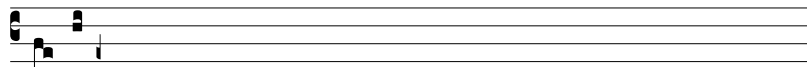
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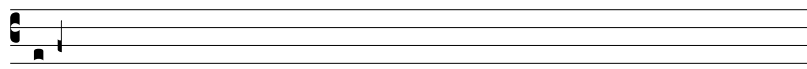
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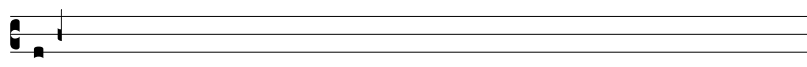
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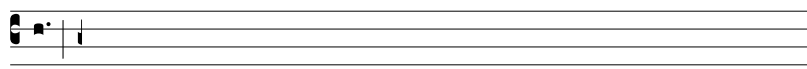
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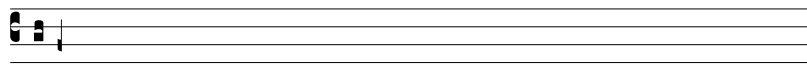
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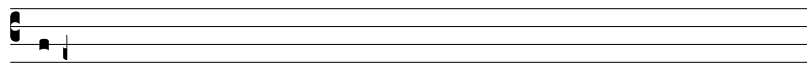
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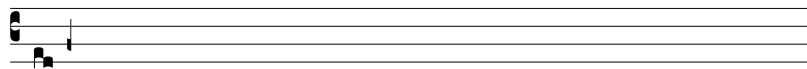
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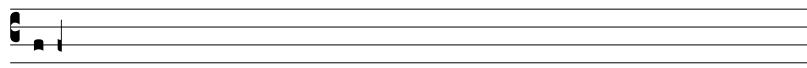
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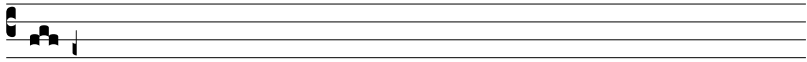
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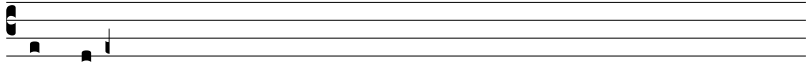
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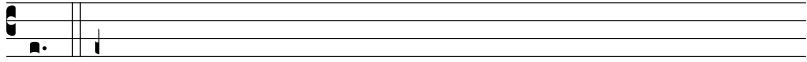
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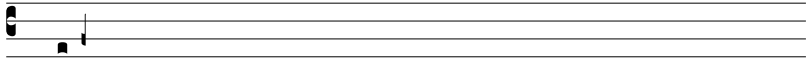
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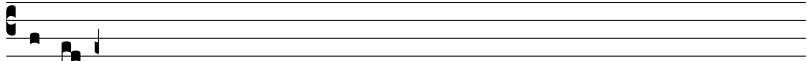
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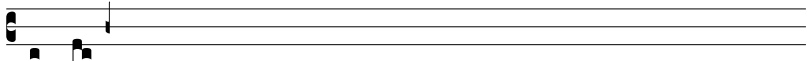
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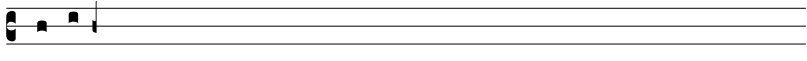
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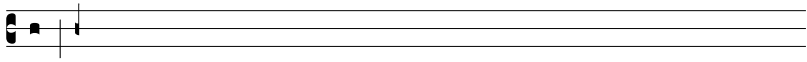
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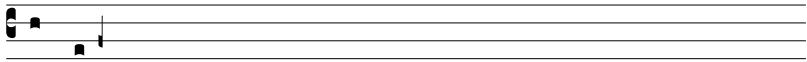
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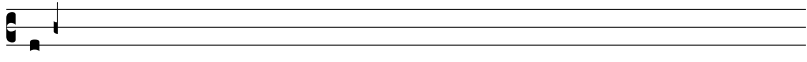
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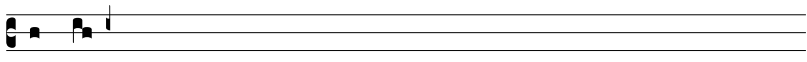
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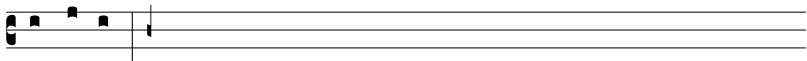
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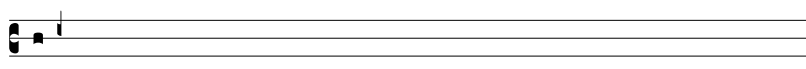
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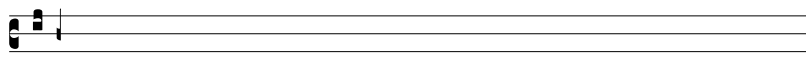
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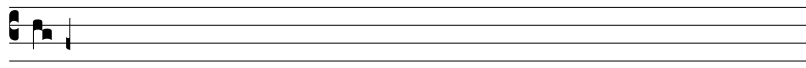
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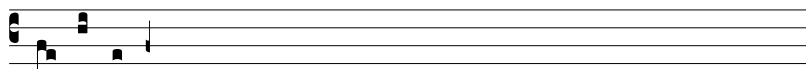
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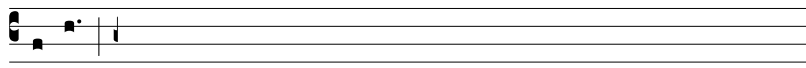
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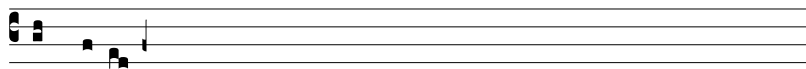
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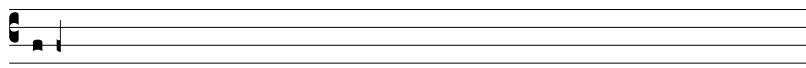
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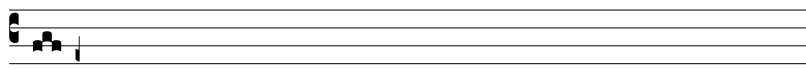
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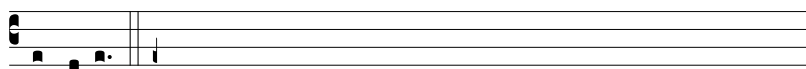
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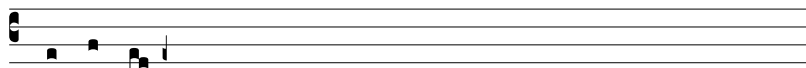
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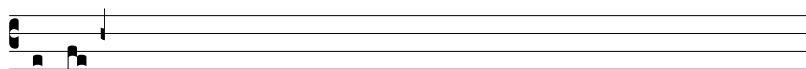
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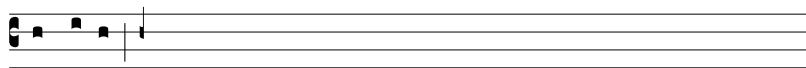
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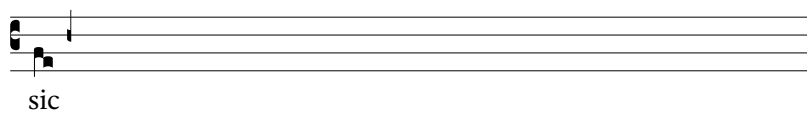
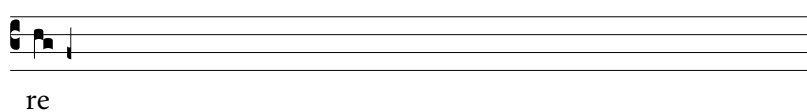
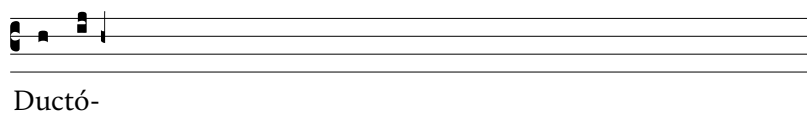
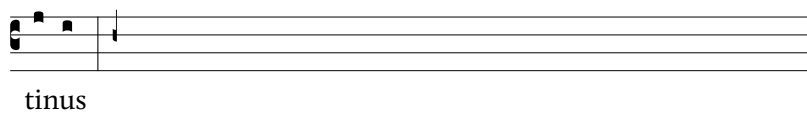
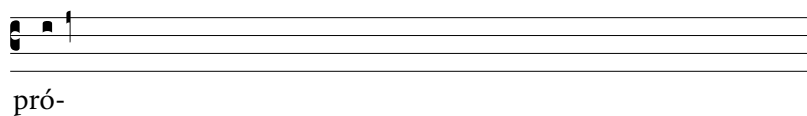
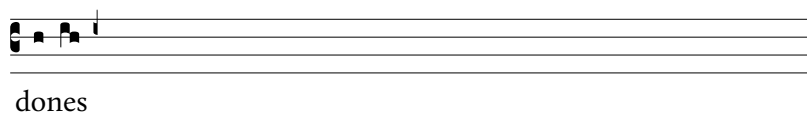
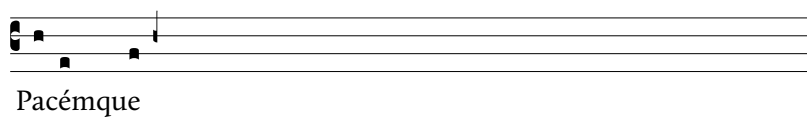
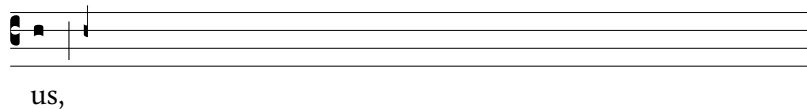
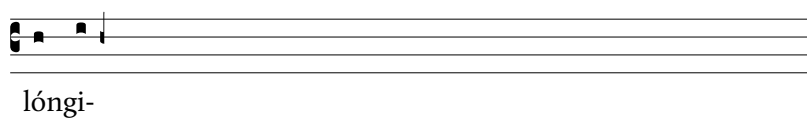
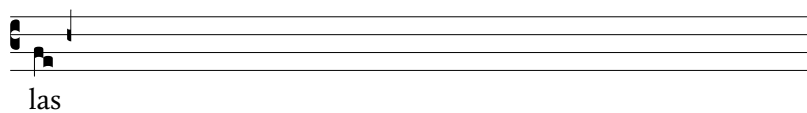
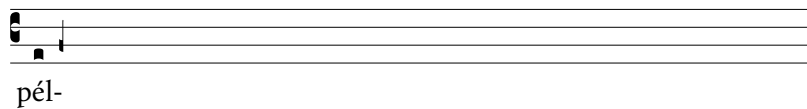
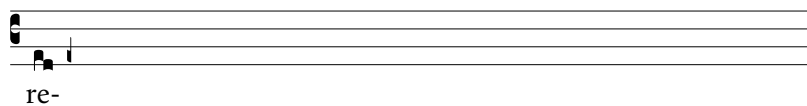
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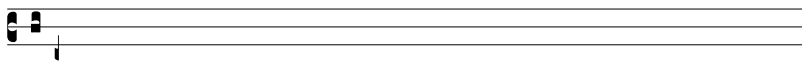


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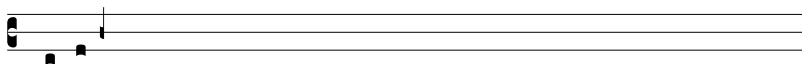


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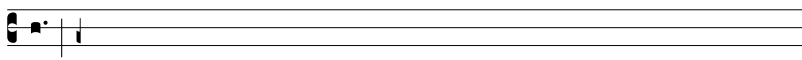




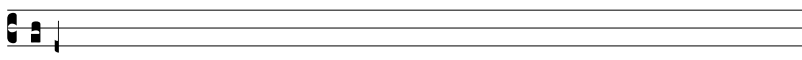
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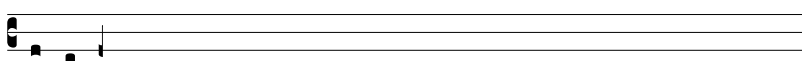
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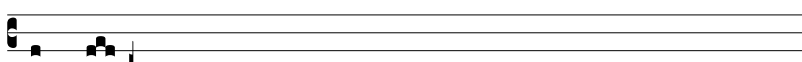
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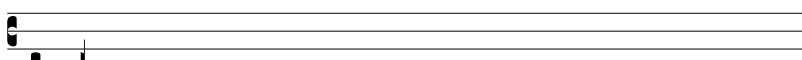
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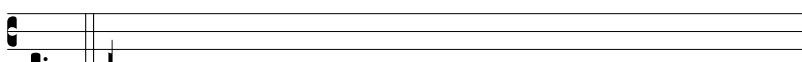
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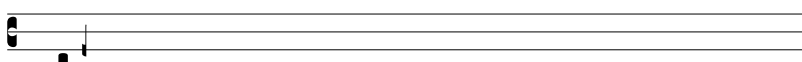
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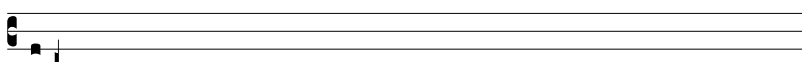
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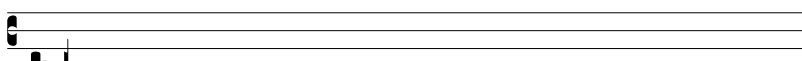
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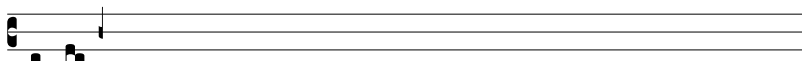
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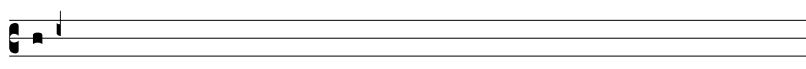
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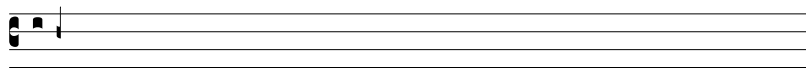
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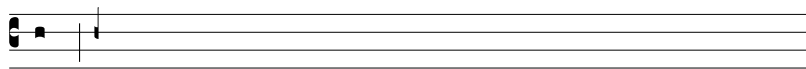
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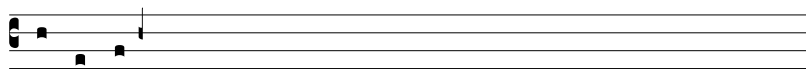
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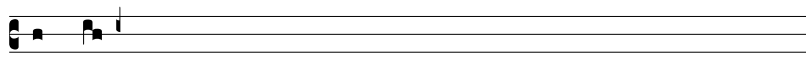
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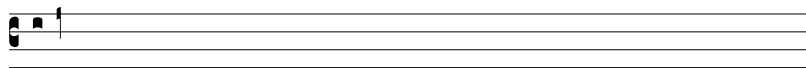
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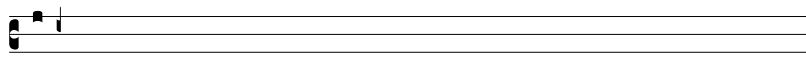
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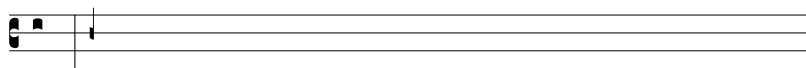
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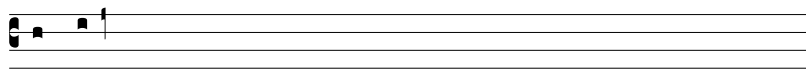
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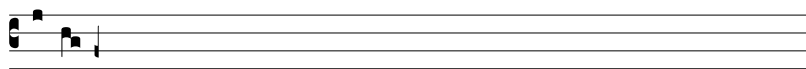
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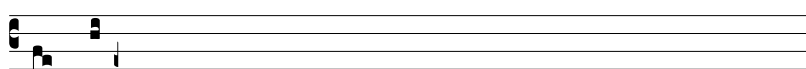
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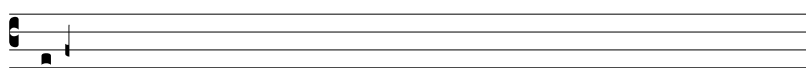
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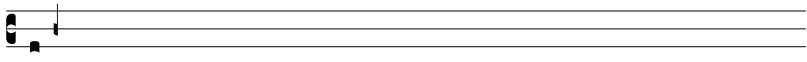
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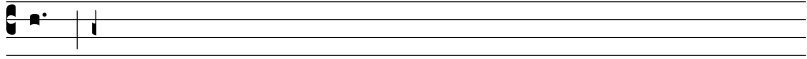
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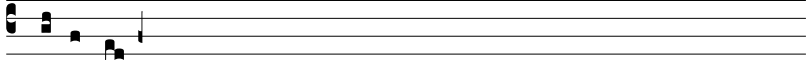
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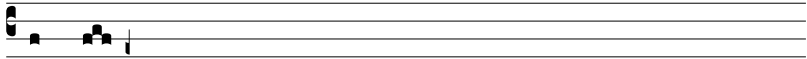
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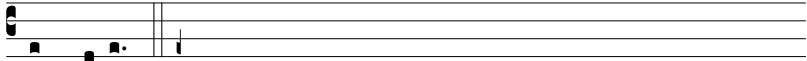
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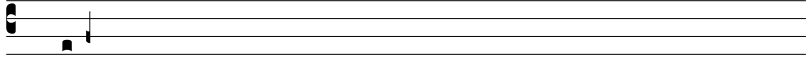
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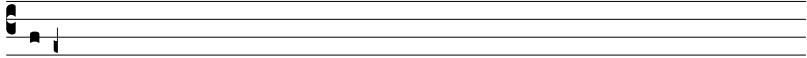
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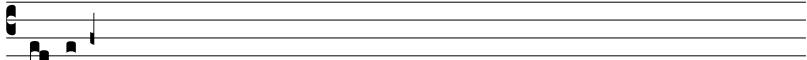
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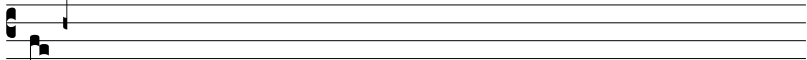
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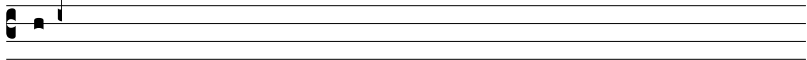
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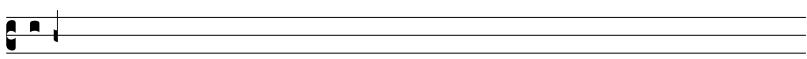
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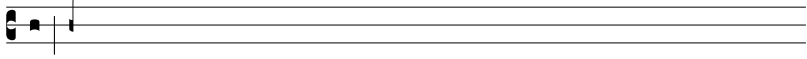
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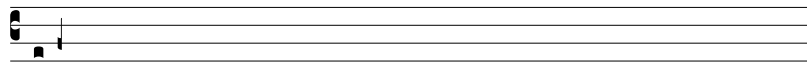
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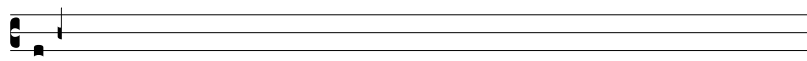
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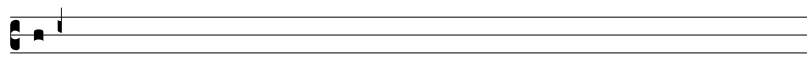
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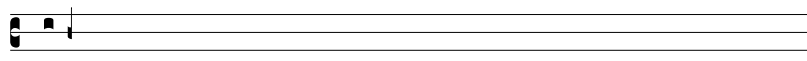
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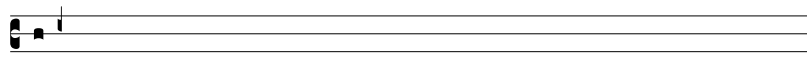
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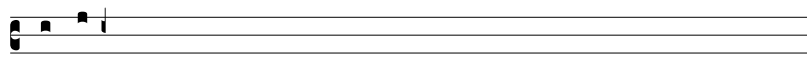
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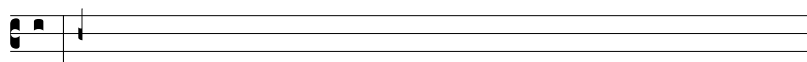
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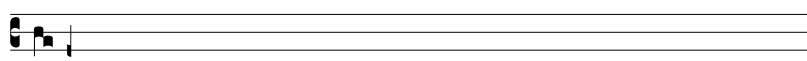
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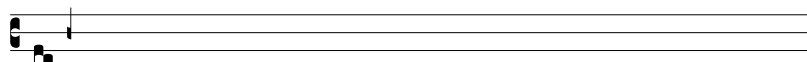
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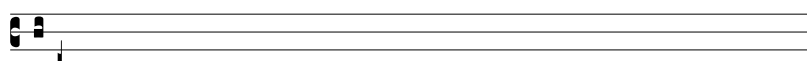
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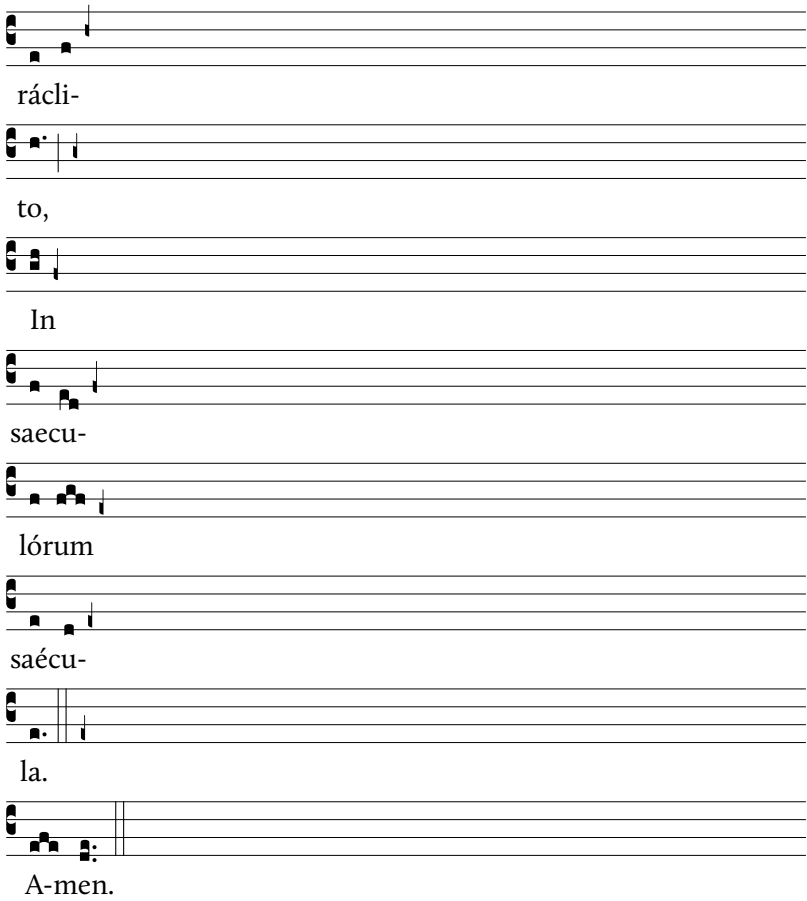
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A-men.

Rabanus Maurus, 776–856

55

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

For original see
 above.

- 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 deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.
- 6 Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee th'eternal Son,
And Thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.
- 7 All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son:
The same to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

56 **V**ENI, Sancte Spíritus,
Et emítte caélitus
Lucis tuae rádium.

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

3 Consolátor óptime,
Dulcis hospes ánimae,
Dulce refrigérium.

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

5 O lux beatíssima,
Reple cordis íntima
Tuórum fidélium.

6 Sine tuo númine,
Nihil est in hómine,
Nihil est innóxium.

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

8 Flecte quod est rígídum,
Fove quod est frígídum,
Rege quod est dévium.

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

10 Da virtútis méritum,
Da salútis éxitum,
Da perénne gáudium,
Amen, Allelúia.

57

For original see
above.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

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

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

58

COME down, O Love Divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing.

O Comforter, draw near,
 Within my heart appear,
 And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
 'Til earthly passions turn
 To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
 And let Thy glorious light
 Shine ever on my sight,
 And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 Let holy charity
 Mine outward vesture be,
 And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
 True lowliness of heart,
 Which takes the humbler part,
 And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
 With which the soul will long,
 Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
 For none can guess its grace,
 'Till he become the place
 Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

Bianco of Siena, d.1434

Tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1833-1890

59

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

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

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

- 4 O breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity

Edwin Hatch, 1835–89

CORPUS CHRISTI

60

ADORO (te) devôte, latens Déitas,
 Quae sub his figúris vere látitas;
 Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,
 Quia te contémplans totum déficit.

- 2 Visus, tactus, gustus in te fállitur,
 Sed audítu solo tuto créditur.
 Credo quidquid dixit Dei Fílius;
 Nil hoc verbo veritátis vérius.
- 3 In cruce latébat sola Déitas,
 At hic latet simul et Humánitas,
 Ambo tamen credens atque cónfitens,
 Peto quod petívit latro paénitens.
- 4 Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intúeor:
 Deum tamen meum te confíteor.
 Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,
 In te spem habére, te dilígere.
- 5 O memoriále mortis Dómini!
 Panis vivus, vitam praéstans hómimi!
 Praesta meae menti de te vívere,
 Et te illi semper dulce sápere.
- 6 Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
 Me immúndum munda tuo ságuine:
 Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
 Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.
- 7 Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspício,
 Oro, fiat illud quod tam sítio:
 Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,
 Visu sim beátus tuae glóriæ. Amen

For English see
 below.

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1225–74

61 **G**ODHEAD here in hiding, whom I do adore,
Mask'd by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at Thy service low lies here a heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God Thou art.

For original see
above.

- 2 Seeing, touching, tasting are in Thee deceived:
How says trusty hearing? That shall be believed;
What God's Son hath told me, take for truth I do;
Truth Himself speaks truly, or there's nothing true.
- 3 On the cross Thy Godhead made no sign to men;
Here Thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.
- 4 I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call Thee Lord and God as he;
This faith each day deeper be my holding of,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.
- 5 O Thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread, the life of us for whom He died,
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,
There be Thou the sweetness man was meant to find.
- 6 Like what tender tales tell of the Pelican;
Bathe me, Jesu Lord, in what Thy bosom ran
Blood whereof a single drop has power to win
All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.
- 7 Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech Thee send me what I long for so,
Some day to gaze on Thee face to face in light
And be blest for ever with Thy glory's sight. Amen.

Tr. Gerard Manley Hopkins S.J., 1844–89

62 **A**NIMA Christi, sanctifica me.
Corpus Christi, salva me.
Sanguis Christi, inébria me.
Aqua láteris Christi, lava me.

For English see
below.

- 2 Pássio Christi, confórta me.
O bone Iesu, exáudi me.
Intra tua vúlnera abscónde me.
Ne permíttas me separári a te.
- 3 Ab hoste malígno defénde me.
In hora mortis meae voca me.
Et jube me veníre ad te,
Ut cum Sanctis tuis laudem te
In saécula saeculórum.
Amen.

Ascribed to Pope John XXII, 1249–1334

63

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 with water flowing from Thy 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 moments, make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee, with Thy saints for aye.

64

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

- 2 Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home of ev'ry heart,

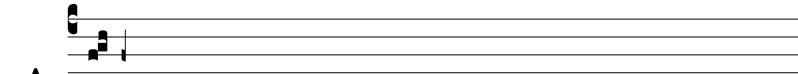
For original see
above.

Where restless yearnings cease,
 And sorrows all depart;
 There in Thine ear all trustfully
 We tell our tale of misery,
 Sweet Sacrament of peace,
 Sweet Sacrament of peace.

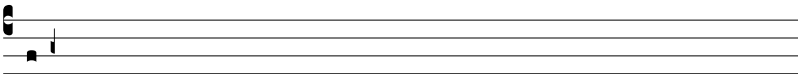
- 3 Sweet Sacrament of rest,
 Ark from the ocean's roar,
 Within Thy shelter blest
 Soon may we reach the shore;
 Save us, for still the tempest raves,
 Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
 Sweet Sacrament of rest,
 Sweet Sacrament of rest.
- 4 Sweet Sacrament divine,
 Earth's light and jubilee,
 In 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,
 Sweet Sacrament divine.

Francis Stanfield, 1835–1914

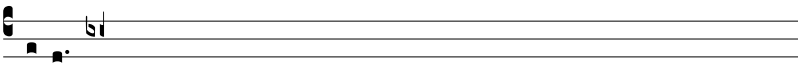
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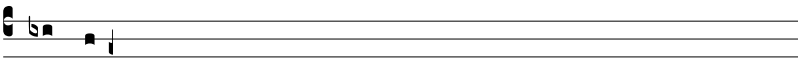
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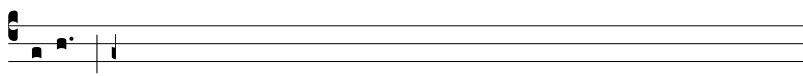


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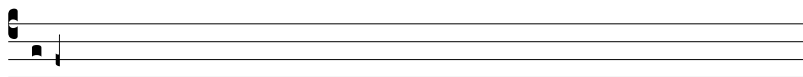


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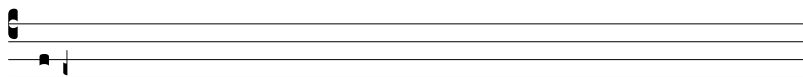
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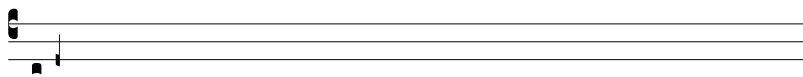
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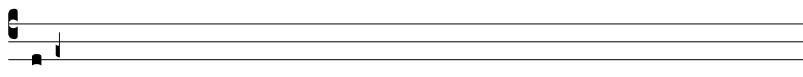
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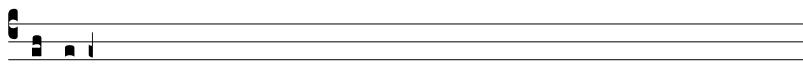
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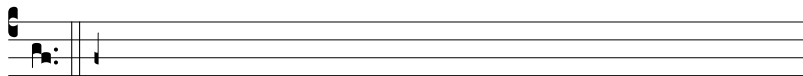
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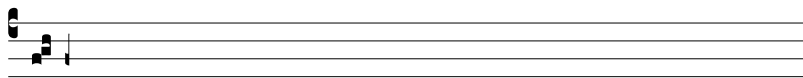
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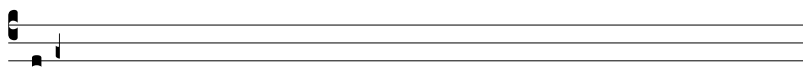
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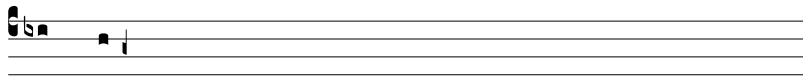
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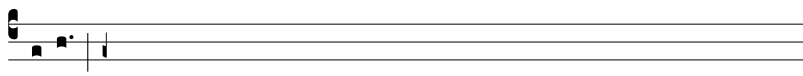
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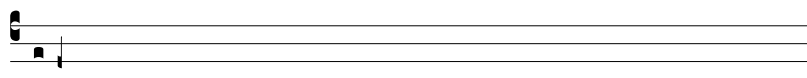
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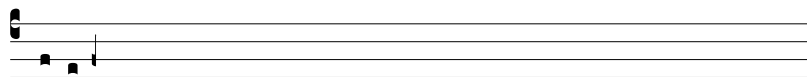
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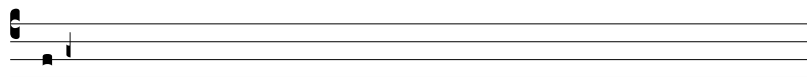
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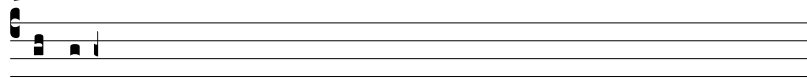
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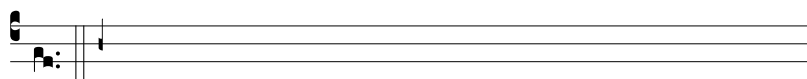
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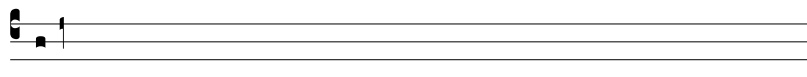
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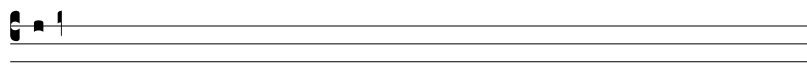
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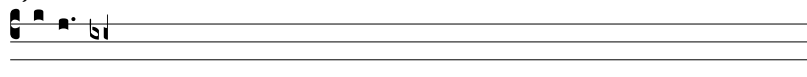
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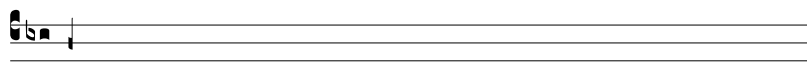
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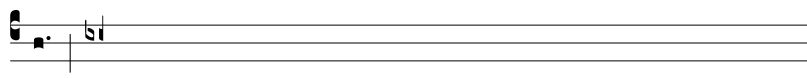
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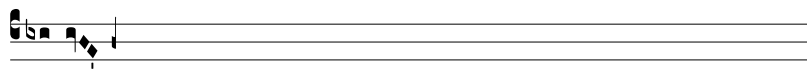
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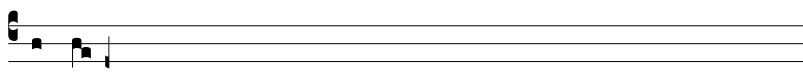
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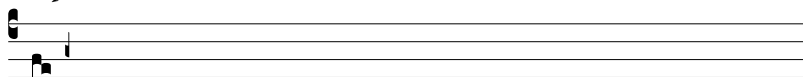
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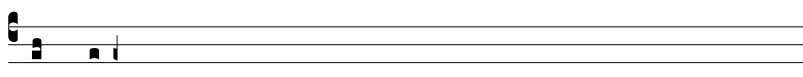
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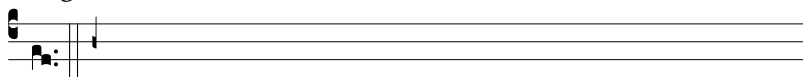
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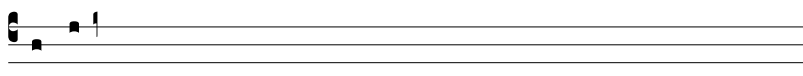
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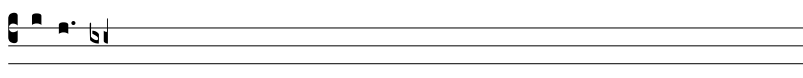
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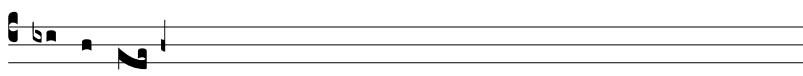
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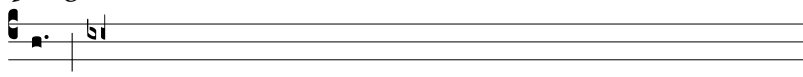
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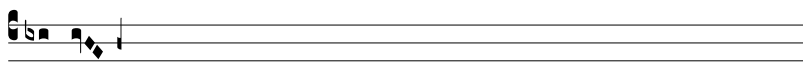
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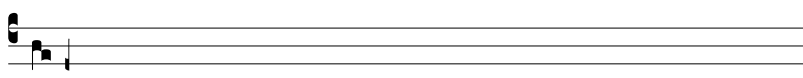
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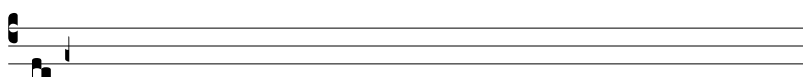
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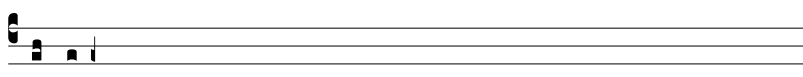
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Ascribed to Pope Innocent VI, d 1362

66

HAIL to Thee, true Body sprung
 From the Virgin Mary's womb!
 The same that on the Cross was hung,
 And bore for man the bitter doom!
 Thou, whose Side was pierc'd and flow'd
 Both with water and with blood;
 Suffer us to taste of Thee,
 In our life's last agony.
 Son of Mary, Jesus blest!
 Sweetest, gentlest, holiest!

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-78

67

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?

For original see
 above.

Refrain: Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

- 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
- 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.
- 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;
- 5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,
Whose power both man and angels made

Frederick William Faber, 1814–63

68

LET all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded,
For with blessing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

- 2 King of kings, yet born of Mary,
As of old on earth He stood,
Lord of lords in human vesture,
In the Body and the Blood
He will give to all the faithful
His own self for heavenly food.
- 3 Rank on rank the host of heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way.
As the Light of Light descendeth
From the realms of endless day,

That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

- 4 At His feet the six-winged Seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord most high.

from the Liturgy of St James, 4th century

Tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1829–64

69

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

- 2 O food of life, Thou who dost give
The pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 'tis not I that live;
God gives me life, God lives in me:
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.
- 3 O bond of love, that dost unite
The servant to his living Lord;
Could I dare live, and not requite
Such love then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasured love.
- 4 Belovèd Lord in heaven above,
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me;
To gaze on Thee with changeless love,
Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can He deny me heaven
Who here on earth Himself hath given?

St. Alfonso Maria de Liguori, 1696–1787

Tr. Edmund Vaughan, 1827–1908

SACRED HEART

70

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

Refrain While ages course along,
 Blest be with loudest song
 The Sacred Heart of Jesus
 By ev'ry heart and tongue.

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

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

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

5 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.

Aloys Schlör, 1805-52

Tr. A. J. Christie, 1817-91

71

SWEET Heart of Jesus, fount of love and mercy,
 Today we come, Thy blessings to implore;
 Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so ungrateful,
 And make them, Lord, Thine own for evermore.

Refrain Sweet Heart of Jesus, we implore
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

- 2 Sweet Heart of Jesus, make us know and love Thee
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace;
That so our hearts, from things of earth uplifted,
May long alone to gaze upon Thy face.
- 3 Sweet Heart of Jesus, make us pure and gentle,
And teach us how to do Thy blessed will;
To follow close the print of Thy dear footsteps,
And when we fall, sweet Heart, Oh, love us still.
- 4 Sweet Heart of Jesus, bless all hearts that love Thee,
And may Thine own Heart ever blessed be;
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends we cherish,
And keep us true to Mary and to Thee.

72 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd 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.
- 3 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 Abel's blood for
vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 6 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.
- 7 Oft as earth exalting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror
trembles;
Heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 8 Lift ye, then, your
voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious
Blood.

Viva viva Gesu attributed to St Alphonsus Liguori, 1696–1787

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

73

CHRIST THE KING

HAIL Redeemer, King divine!
 Priest and Lamb, the throne is Thine;
 King, whose reign shall never cease,
 Prince of everlasting peace.

- Chorus: Angels, saints and nations sing :
 Praised be Jesus Christ our King;
 Lord of life, earth, sky and sea,
 King of love on Calvary!
- 2 King most holy, King of truth,
 Guard the lowly, guide the youth;
 Christ Thou King of glory bright,
 Be to us eternal light.
 - 3 Shepherd-king, o'er mountains steep
 Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
 Shelter in one royal fold
 States and kingdoms, new and old.
 - 4 Crimson streams, O King of grace,
 Drenched Thy thorn-crowned head and face;
 Floods of love's redeeming tide
 Tore Thy hands, Thy feet, and side.
 - 5 Eucharistic King, what love
 Draws Thee daily from above,
 Clad in signs of bread and wine :
 Feed us, lead us, keep us Thine!
 - 6 King, whose name creation thrills,
 Rule our hearts, our minds, our wills;
 'Till in peace, each nation rings
 With Thy praises, King of kings.
- Lastly: Sing with joy in ev'ry home :
 Christ our King, Thy kingdom come!
 To the King of ages, then,
 Honour, glory, love : Amen!

74

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 heaven,
 One with the Father known,
 And blest Spirit through Him given
 From yonder heav'nly throne;

All hail, Redeemer, hail,
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1800–94

HYMNS FOR THE SAINTS

OUR LADY

For English see
below.

- 75 **A**_{VE} maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix caeli porta.
- 2 Sumens illud Ave
Gabriélis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Hevae nomen.
- 3 Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.
- 4 Monstra te esse
matrem:
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.
- 5 Virgo singuláris,
Inter omnes mites,
Nos culpis solútos,
Mites fac et castos.
- 6 Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum:
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collaétemur.
- 7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spíritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

- 76 **A**_{VE}, Star of Ocean,
Child Divine who barest,
Mother, Ever-Virgin,
Heaven's Portal fairest.
- 2 Taking that sweet Ave
Erst by Gabriel spoken,
Eva's name reversing,
Be of peace the token.
- 3 Break the sinner's fetters,
Light to blind restoring,
- All our ills dispelling,
Every boon imploring.
- 4 Show thyself a mother
In thy supplication,
He will hear who chose
thee
At His Incarnation.
- 5 Maid all maids excelling,
Passing meek and lowly,
Win for sinners pardon,
Make us chaste and holy.

6 As we onward journey
Aid our weak endeavor,
Till we gaze on Jesus
And rejoice forever.

7 Father, Son, and Spirit,
Three in One confessing,
Give we equal glory
Equal praise and blessing.

Tr. Athelstan Riley, 1858–1945

77

HAIL, Queen of Heav'n, the ocean Star,
Guide of the wand'rer 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.

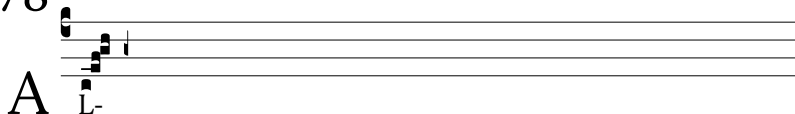
3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

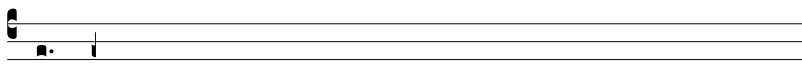
4 And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee.
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

John Lingard, 1771–1851

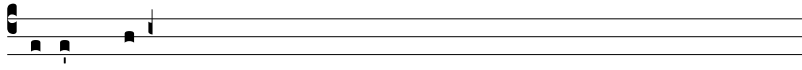
For Advent and Christmas

78

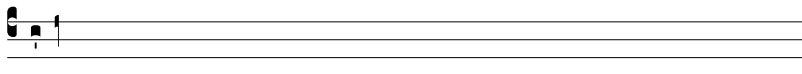




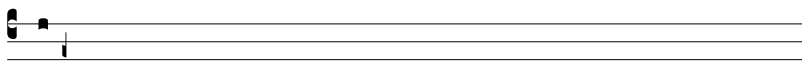
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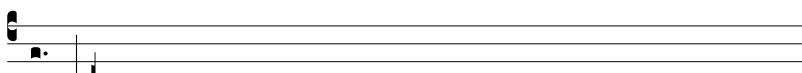
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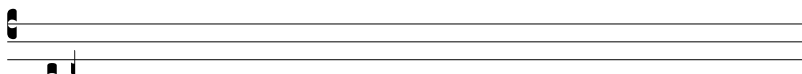
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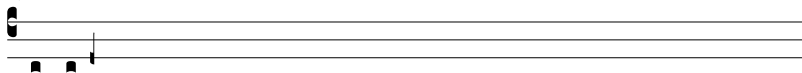
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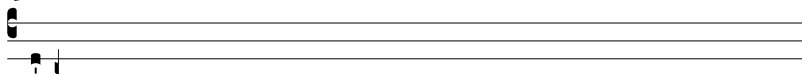
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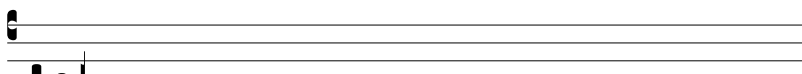
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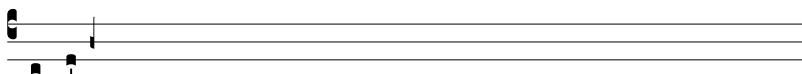
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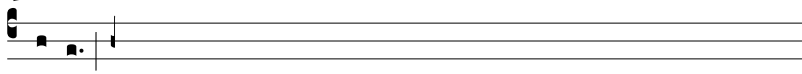
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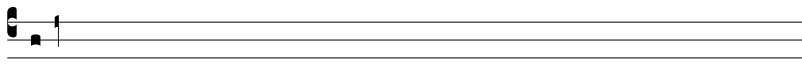
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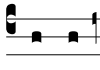
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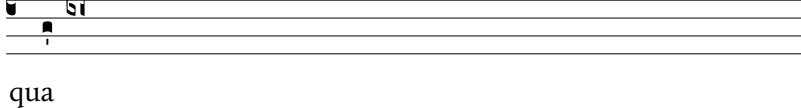
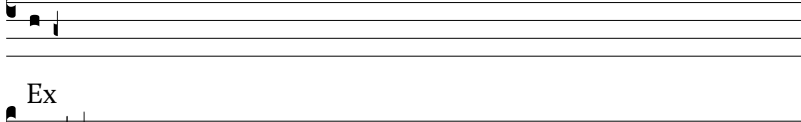
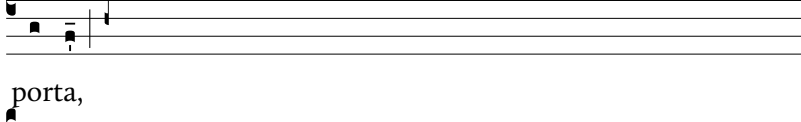
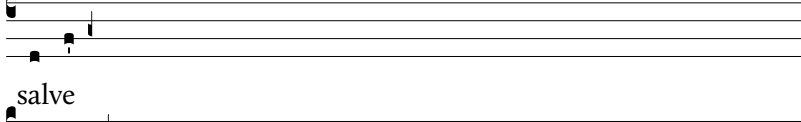
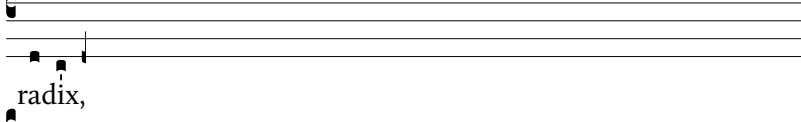
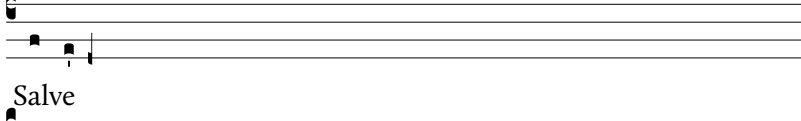
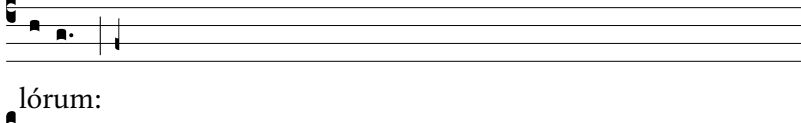
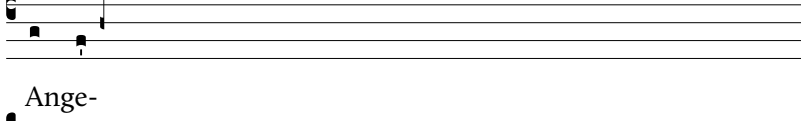
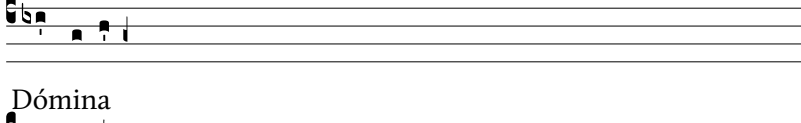
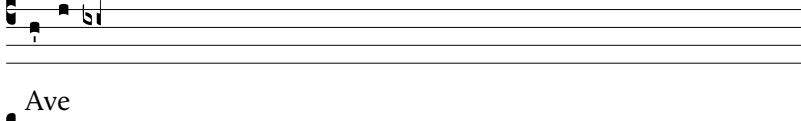
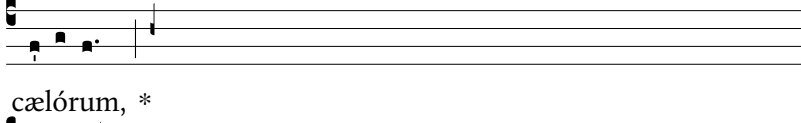
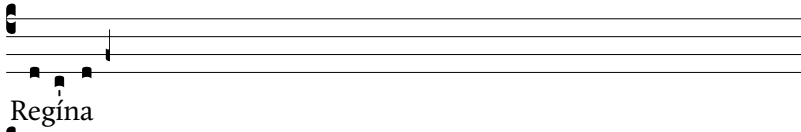
O sweet Mother of the Redeemer,
 who abidest the open door of heaven, and star of the sea,
 Give aid to a falling people who strives to rise;
 O Thou who, nature wondering, begot thy holy Father,
 Virgin before and after, receiving that "Ave" from the mouth of Gabriel,
 have mercy on sinners.

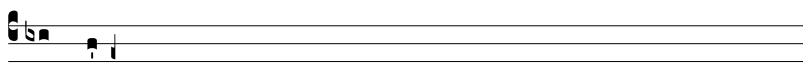
For Septuagesima and Lent

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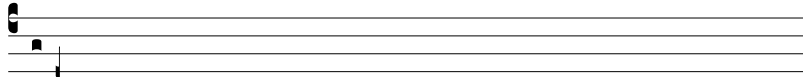
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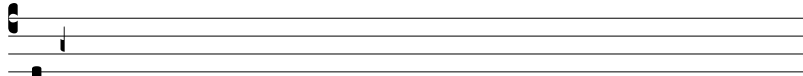




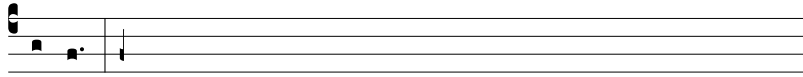
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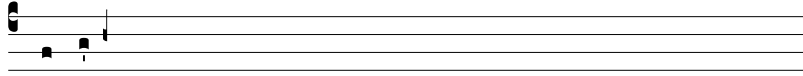
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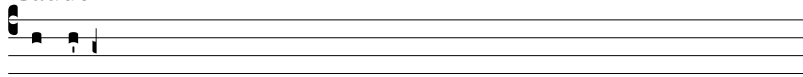
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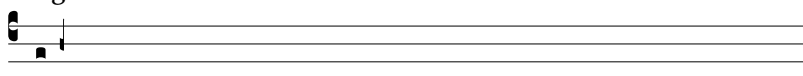
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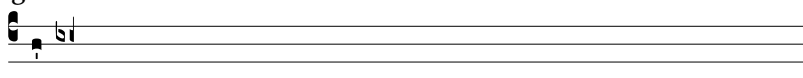
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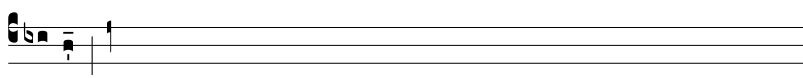
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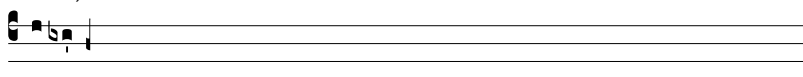
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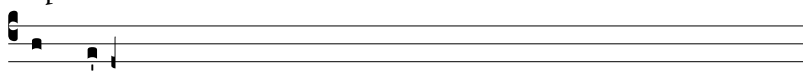
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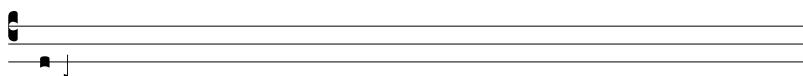
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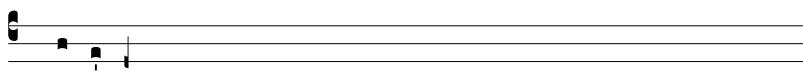


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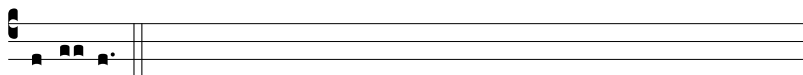


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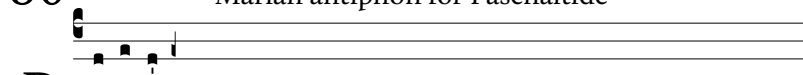
exó-ra.

Hail Queen of heaven, Hail Lady of the angels
 Hail root and door through which Light entered the world
 Rejoice, O glorious Virgin, above all creatures
 Farewell, O most beautiful one, pray for us to Christ.

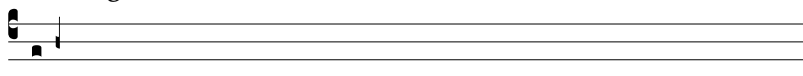
For Easter and Whitsuntide

80

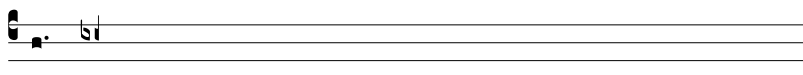
Marian antiphon for Paschaltide



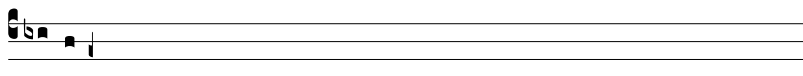
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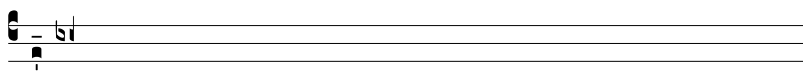
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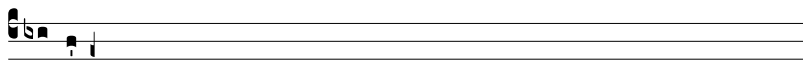
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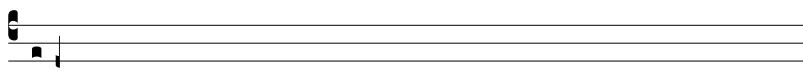
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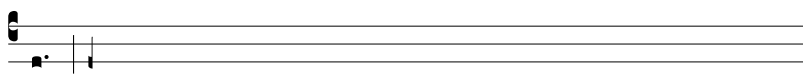
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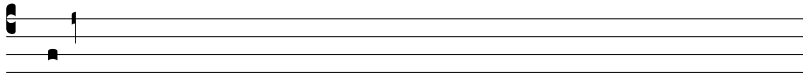
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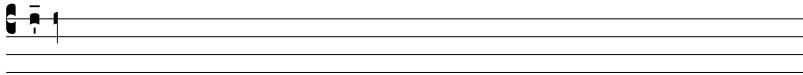
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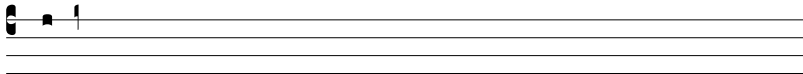
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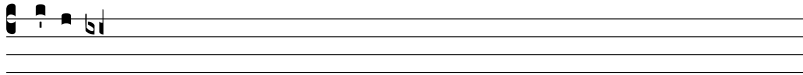
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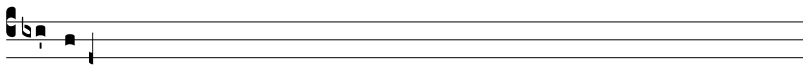
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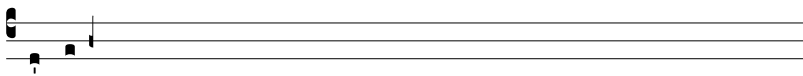
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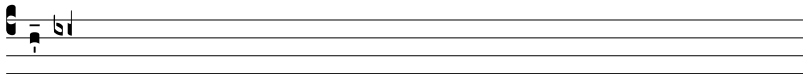
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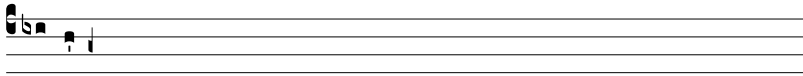
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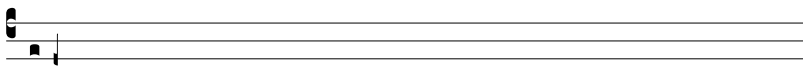
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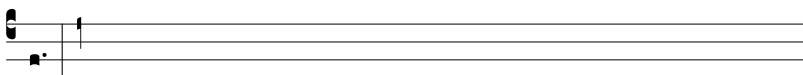
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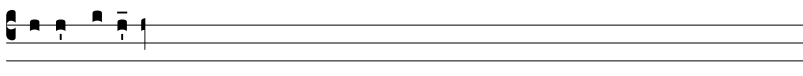
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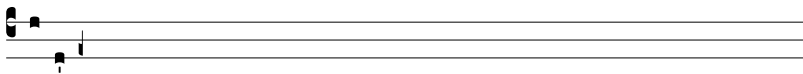
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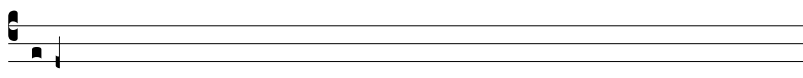
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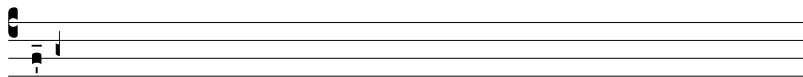
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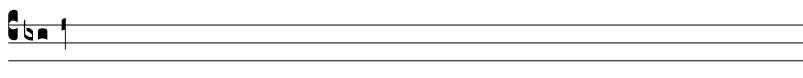
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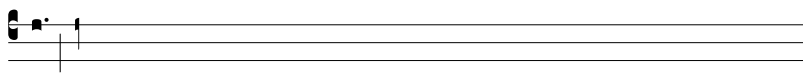
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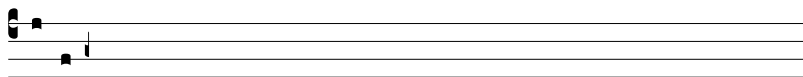
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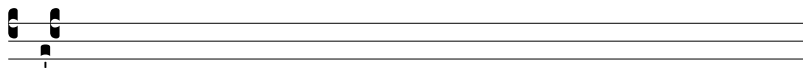
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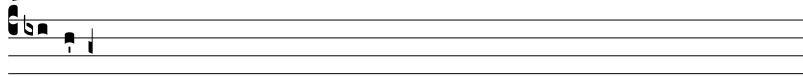
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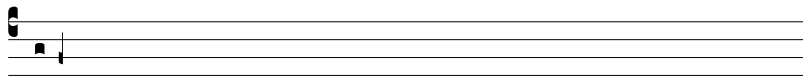
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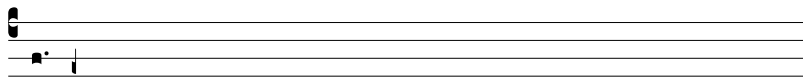
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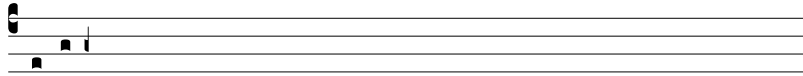
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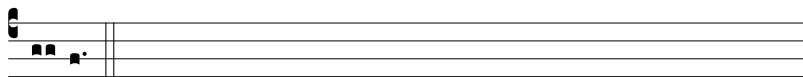
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O Queen of heaven, rejoice, alleluia.

For He whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia.

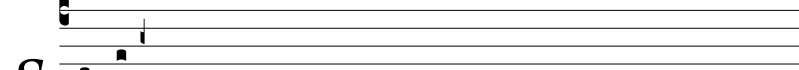
Is risen as He said, alleluia.

Pray for us to God, alleluia.

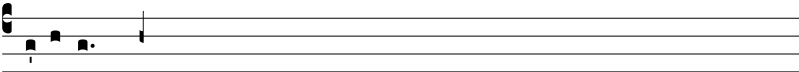
For the rest of the year

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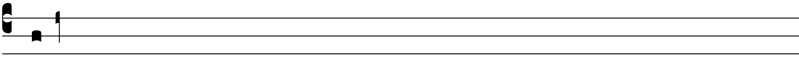
Marian antiphon for the rest of the year



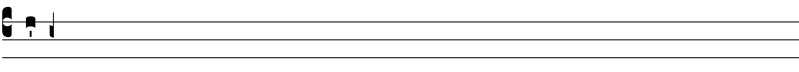
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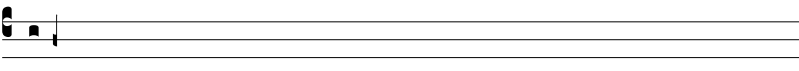
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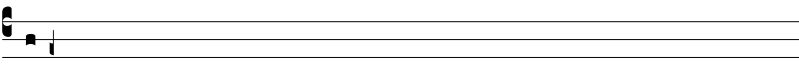
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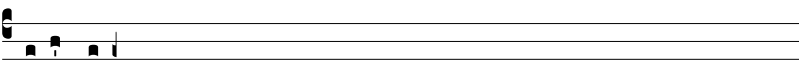
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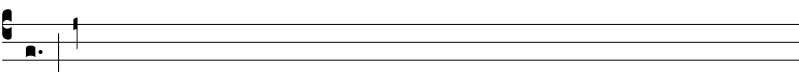
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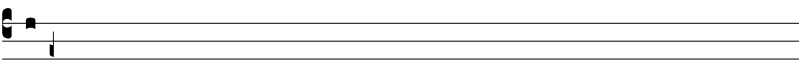
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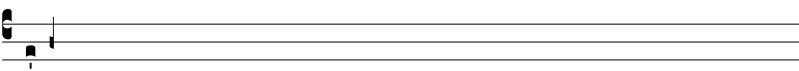
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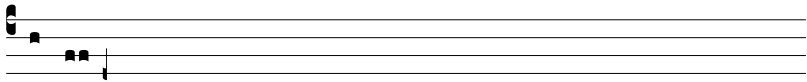
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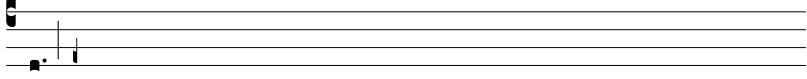
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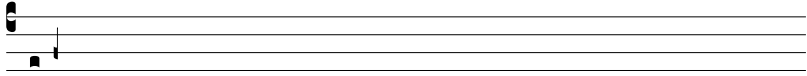
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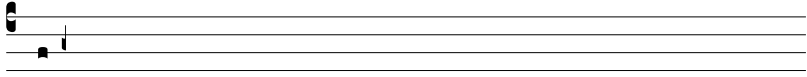
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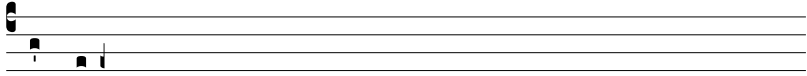
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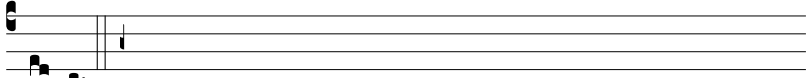
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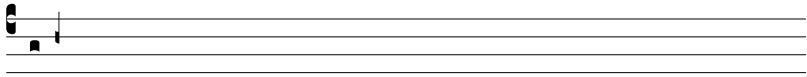
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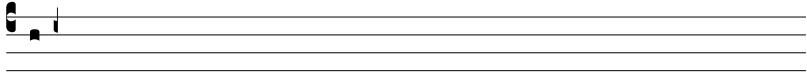
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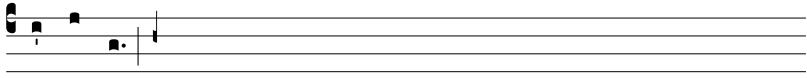
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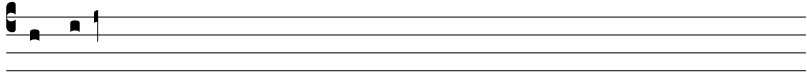
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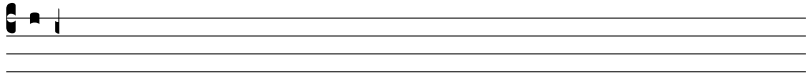
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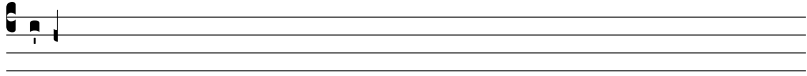
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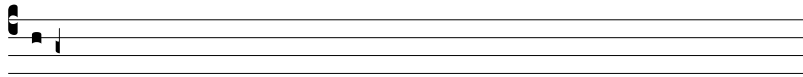
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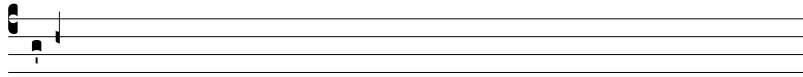
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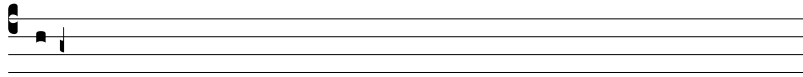
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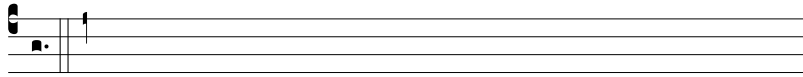
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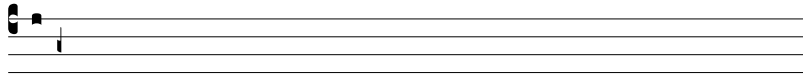
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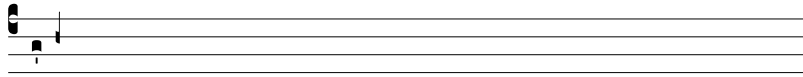
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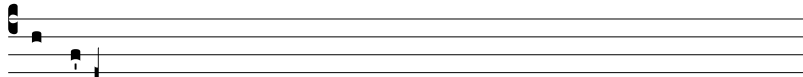
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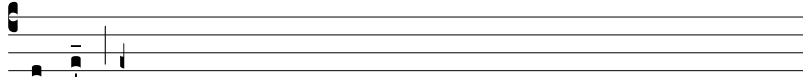
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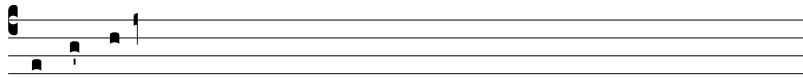
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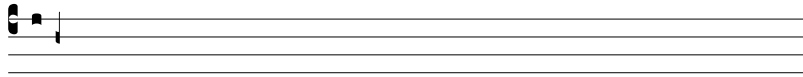
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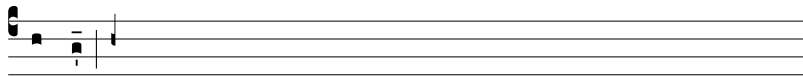
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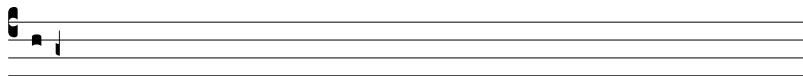
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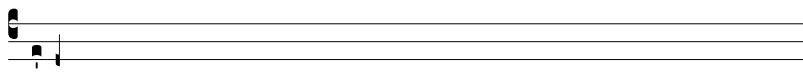
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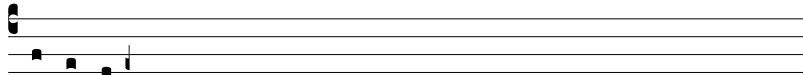
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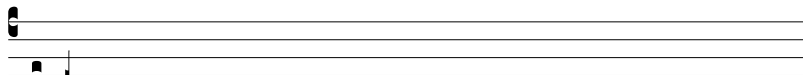
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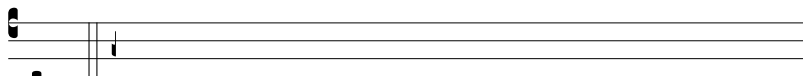
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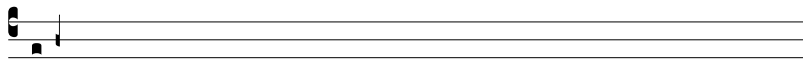
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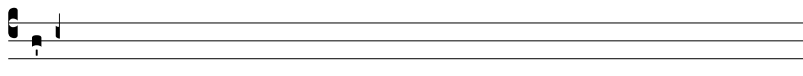
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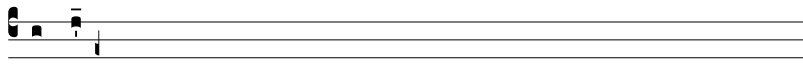
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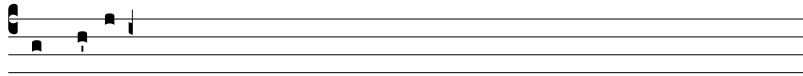
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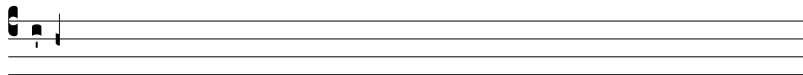
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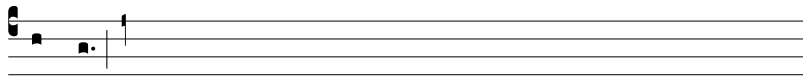
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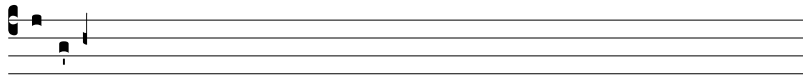
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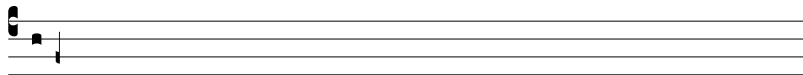
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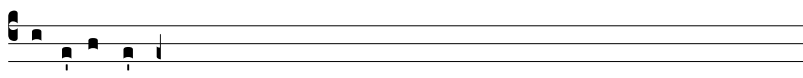
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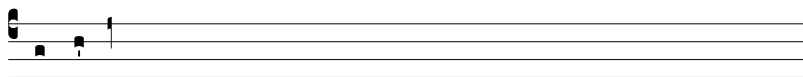
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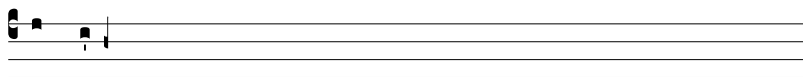
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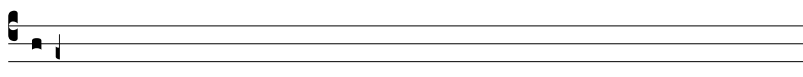
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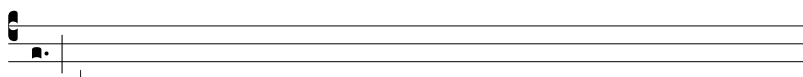
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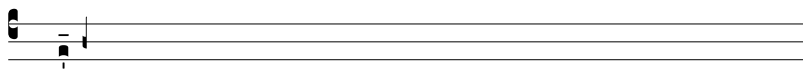
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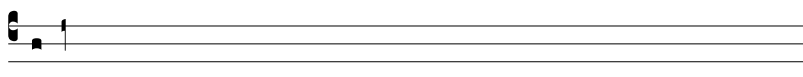
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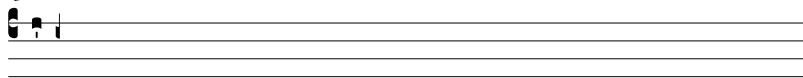
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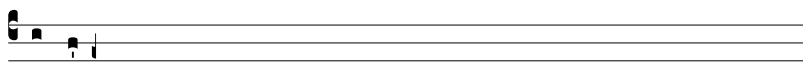
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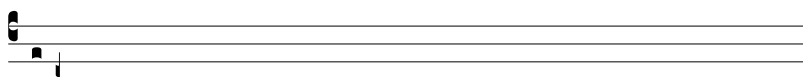
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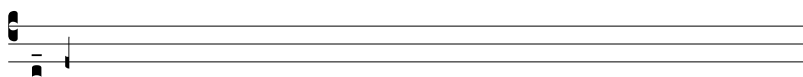
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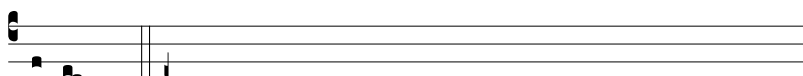
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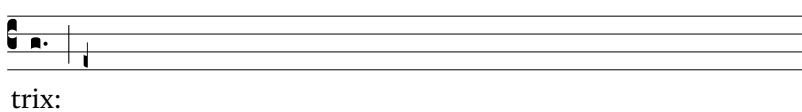
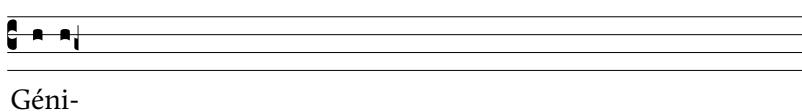
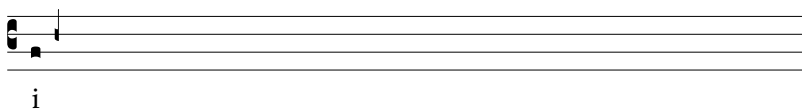
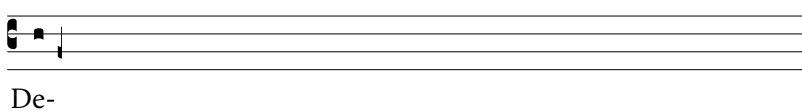
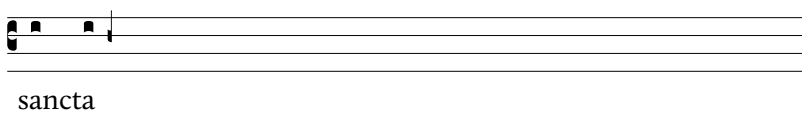
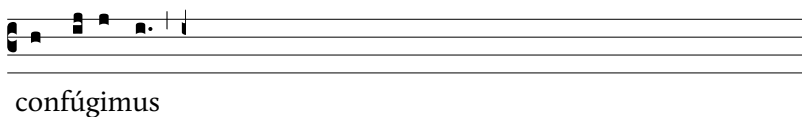
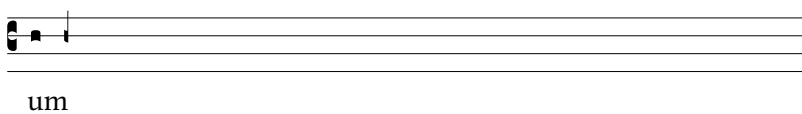
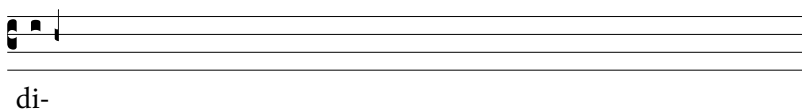
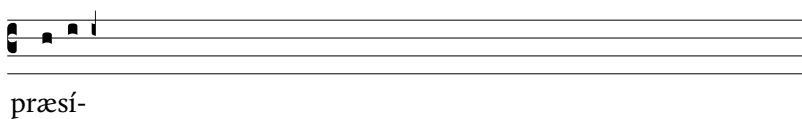
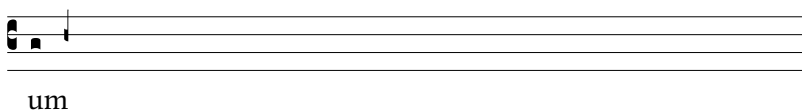
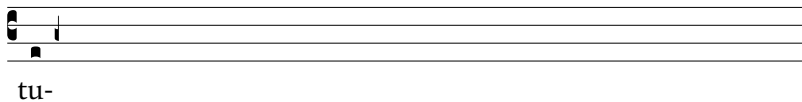
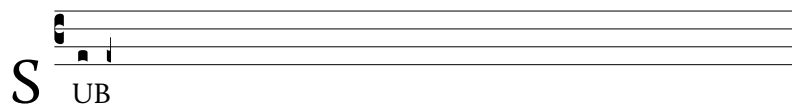
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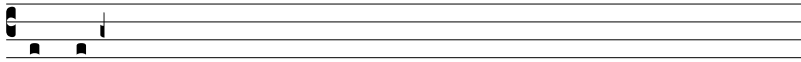
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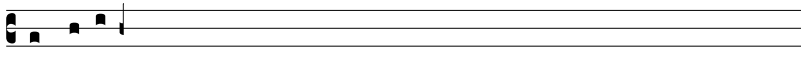
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For translation, see page 104, Hail Holy Queen.

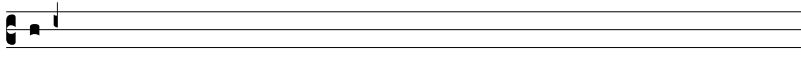




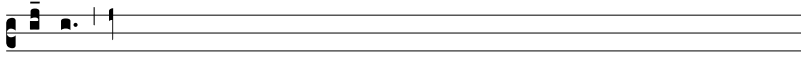
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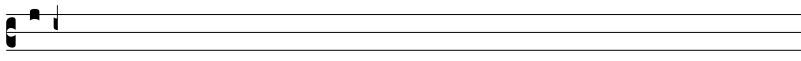
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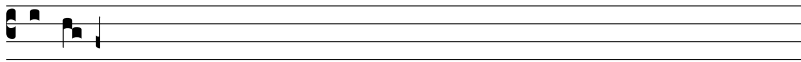
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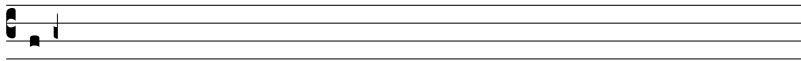
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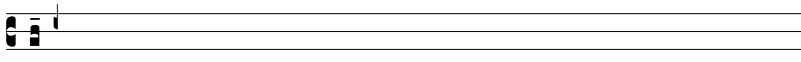
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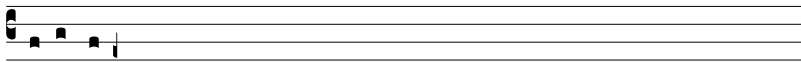
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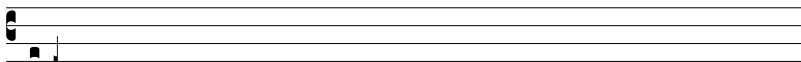
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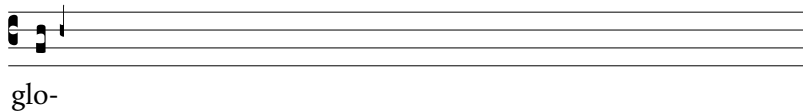
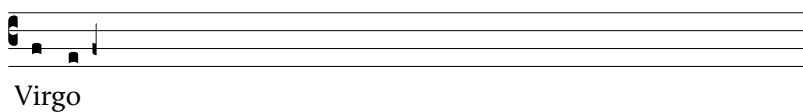
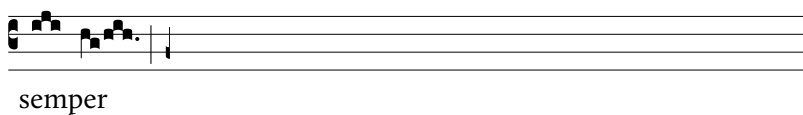
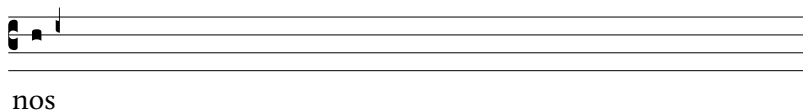
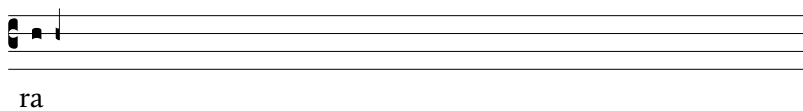
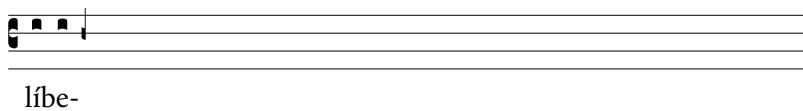
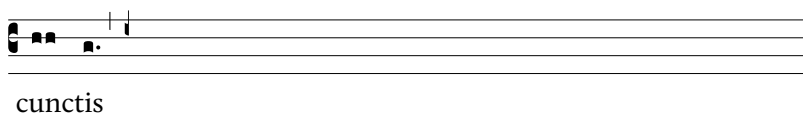
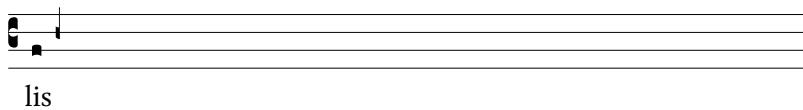
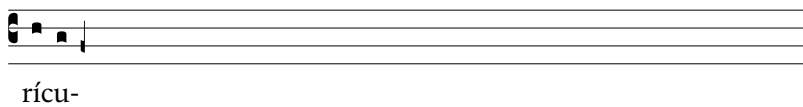
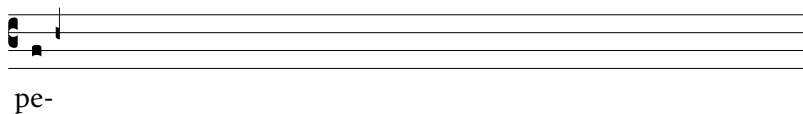
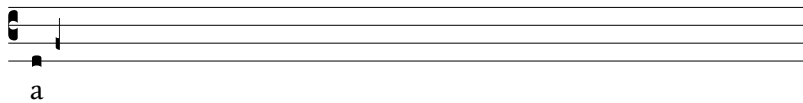
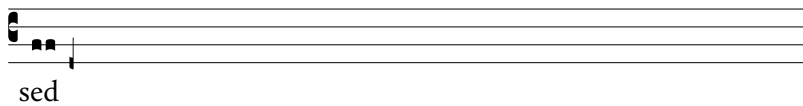
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Under thy patronage we fly, Holy Mother of God
 reject not the prayers we send up to thee in our necessities
 but ever deliver us in time of peril, O Virgin glorious and blessed.

83

AVE María, grátia plena,
 Dóminus tecum.

Benedícta tu in muliéribus,
 et benedíctus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Sancta María, Mater Dei,
 ora pro nobis peccatóribus,
 nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

For translation, see page 104, Hail Mary.

84

O SANCTISSIMA, O piíssima
 Dulcis Virgo María
 Mater amáta, intermeráta
 Ora, ora pro nobis.

- 2 Tota pulchra es, O María
Et mácula non est in te
Mater amáta, intermeráta
Ora, ora pro nobis.
- 3 Sicut lílium inter spinas
Sic María inter fílias
Mater amáta, intermeráta
Ora, ora pro nobis.
- 4 In miséria, in angústia
Ora Virgo pro nobis
Pro nobis ora in mortis hora
Ora, ora pro nobis.
- 5 Tu solátium et refúgium
Virgo Mater María
Quidquid optámus per te sperámus
Ora, ora pro nobis.

- 85 **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 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.
 - 4 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.

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

Tr. Frederick William Faber, 1814–63

86

IMMACULATE Mary,
 Thy praises we sing,
 Who reignest in splendour
 With Jesus our King.

Chorus Ave, ave, ave, Maria!
 Ave, ave, ave, Maria!

- 2 In heaven the blessed
 Thy glory proclaim;
 On earth we thy children
 Invoke thy fair name.
- 3 Thy name is our power,
 Thy virtues our light,
 Thy love is our comfort,
 Thy pleading our might.
- 4 We pray for our mother,
 The Church upon earth,
 And bless, dearest Lady,
 The land of our birth.

87

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

- 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 thy hand to us living and dying,
Mary immaculate, Mother of God.

F. W. Wetherell, 1829–1903

88

CANTICUM BEATAE MARIAE VIRGINIS

For English see
below.

- 1 Magnificat * ánima mea Dóminum.
- 2 Et exultávit spíritus méus * in Déo salutári méo.
- 3 Quia respéxit humilitátem ancíllae súæ : * ecce enim ex hoc
beátam me dícent ómnes generatiónes.
- 4 Quia fécit míhi mágna qui pótens est : * et sánctum nómen
éjus.
- 5 Et misericórdia éjus a progénie in progénies * timéntibus éum.
- 6 Fécit poténtiam in bráchio súo : * dispérsit supérbos ménte
córdis súi.
- 7 Depósuit poténtes de séde, * et exaltávit húmiles.
- 8 Esuriéntes implévit bónis : * et dívites dimísit inánes.
- 9 Suscépit Israel púerum súum, * recordátus misericórdiæ súæ.
- 10 Sicut locútus est ad pátres nóstros, * Abraham et sémini éjus in
saécula.
- 11 Glória Pátri, et Fílio, * et Spirítui Sáncto.
- 12 Sicut érat in princípío, et nunc, et sémper, * et in saécula
saeculórum. Amen.

89

CANTICLE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

- 1 My soul doth magnify the Lord. 2 And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
- 3 Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
- 4 Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His Name.
- 5 And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him.
- 6 He hath shewed might in His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.
- 7 He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.
- 8 He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.
- 9 He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy:
- 10 As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed for ever.
- 11 Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
- 12 As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

For original see
above.

SAINTS' DAYS

- 90 FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesu be forever blessed,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 4 Oh blest communion! fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest:
 Sweet is the calm of paradise the blest.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
 The King of glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!

- 91 **T**HIS is the day whereon the Lord's true witness,
 Whom all the nations lovingly do honour
 Worthy at last was found to wear forever
 Glory transcendent.
- 2 Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest minded,
 So kept he well an even course unstained,
 Ever while in his frame of manhood lingered
 Life's fitful breathings.
- 3 Oft hath it been thro' his sublime deserving
 Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken,
 Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness,
 Healed Divinely.
- 4 Wherefore to him we raise the solemn chorus,
 Chanting his praise and his surpassing triumph;
 So may his pleading help us in the battle
 All through the ages.
- 5 Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour
 Always be His, who shining in the highest,
 Ruleth and keepeth all the world's vast order,
 One God three Persons.

Tr. John O'Connor, 1870-1952

92

- G**REAT Saint Joseph, son of David,
 Fosterfather of our Lord,
 Spouse of Mary, ever virgin,
 Keeping o'er them watch and ward:
 In the stable thou didst guard them
 With a father's loving care;
 Thou by God's command didst save them
 From the cruel Herod's snare.
- 2 Three long days, in grief, in anguish,
 With that mother sweet and mild,
 Mary Virgin, didst thou wander,
 Seeking her beloved Child.

In the temple thou didst find Him:
 Oh, what joy then filled thy heart!
 In thy sorrows, in thy gladness,
 Grant us, Joseph, to have part.

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

Du aus David's Stamm geboren
 Tr. Louis Charles Casartelli, 1852–1925

93

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

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

- 2 He who rested on thy bosom,
 Is by countless saints adored,
 Prostrate angels in His presence,
 Sing Hosannas to their Lord.
- 3 Now to thee no gift refusing,
 Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer,
 Then, dear saint, from thy fair dwelling,
 Give to us a father's care.
- 4 Dear St. Joseph, kind and loving,
 Stretch to us a helping hand;
 Guide us through life's toils and sorrows,
 Safely to the distant land.

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

Sisters of Notre Dame, 19th century

94

St. Peter

- 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, forever 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. Amen.

Petri laudes exsequamur, translation attributed to Mrs. Anstice

95

St. Mary of the Cross

O MOTHER Mary of the Cross
The first Australian saint, we hail.
Thy work to lead the poor to truth
Awaking mercy in thy trail.

- 2 To Joseph's aid thou ever turned,
Strong in the faith that he would be
An advocate to that dear Heart
That bled and died upon the Tree.
- 3 The Tree of life, the Cross of death
To which thy name and life were bound,
The paradox that pain and strife
To everlasting joy redound.
- 4 O Mary! intercede for us
And form us to His holy Will
With Father and the Holy Ghost
And Heart of Jesus burning still.

Veronica Brandt, 1979–
May be copied freely.

96

St. Patrick's Breastplate

I BIND unto myself today
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.

- 2 I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river;
His death on cross for my salvation;

His bursting from the spicèd tomb;
His riding up the heavenly way;
His coming at the day of doom:
I bind unto myself today.

- 3 I bind unto myself the power
Of the great love of cherubim;
The sweet 'Well done' in judgment hour;
The service of the seraphim;
Confessors' faith, apostles' word,
The patriarchs' prayers, the prophets' scrolls;
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.

- 4 I bind unto myself today
The virtues of the starlit heaven
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

- 5 I bind unto myself today
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken, to my need;
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

- 6 Against the demon snares of sin,
The vice that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course;
Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place and in all hours,
Against their fierce hostility
I bind to me these holy powers.

- 7 Against all Satan's spells and wiles,
Against false words of heresy,

Against the knowledge that defiles,
 Against the heart's idolatry,
 Against the wizard's evil craft,
 Against the death wound and the burning,
 The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
 Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

97

CHRIST be with me, Christ within me,
 Christ behind me, Christ before me,
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
 Christ to comfort and restore me.

Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
 Christ in hearts of all that love me,
 Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

- 9 I bind unto myself today
 The strong Name of the Trinity,
 By invocation of the same,
 The Three in One, and One in Three.
 Of whom all nature hath creation,
 Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:
 Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
 Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

St. Patrick, 372–466

Tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818–95

98

St. Patrick

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

Refrain On Erin's green valleys, on Erin's green valleys,
 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 is 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 unto death;
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, their
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 wert on
earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn, wherever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

99

St. Thérèse of Lisieux

HIDDEN by Carmel's cloister-wall,
 But e'en more "hid with Christ in God,"
 Love's victim, who, in giving all,
 Her "Little Way" unswerving trod.

- 2 No earthly cloud e'er came between
 Teresa and her Only Love,
 While all unnotic'd and unseen,
 She lived as angels live above.
- 3 And still her pray'rs make sick men whole,
 To anguish'd minds bring peace and rest—
 More wondrous still, those heal'd in soul
 By thousands "rise, and call her blest."
- 4 Teresa of the Child Divine!
 Styl'd "Saint" by Holy Church's pow'r,
 The sacred aureole is thine—
 But still thou'rt Jesus' "Little Flower."

100

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

- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near;
 The sweetness of thy soft low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 But when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
 Morning and night to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me thou art there.
- 4 Yes! when I pray thou prayest too,
 Thy prayer is all for me;
 But when I sleep thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

- 5 Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.
- 6 Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon th'eternal shore.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63

HOLY SOULS

101

For English see
below.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>DIES irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.</p> <p>2 Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!</p> <p>3 Tuba mirum spargens
sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.</p> <p>4 Mors stupébit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.</p> <p>5 Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.</p> <p>6 Iudex ergo cum sedébit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.</p> | <p>7 Quid sum miser tunc
dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.</p> <p>8 Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.</p> <p>9 Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae:
Ne me perdas illa die.</p> <p>10 Quaerens me sedisti lassus:
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.</p> <p>11 Juste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.</p> <p>12 Ingemisco, tamquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.</p> |
|---|--|

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>13 Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latrónem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.</p> <p>14 Preces meae non sunt
dignae:
Sed tu, bonus, fac benígne,
Ne perénni cremer igne.</p> <p>15 Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequéstra,
Statúens in parte dextra.</p> <p>16 Confutátis maledíctis,
Flammis ácribus addíctis:
Voca me cum benedíctis.</p> | <p>17 Oro supplex et acclínis,
Cor contrítum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.</p> <p>18 Lacrimósa dies illa,
Qua resúrget ex favílla
Judicándus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.</p> <p>19 Pie Jesu Dómine,
dona eis réquiem.
Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

Ascribed to Thomas of Celano, d. 1260

102

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Thro' earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

For original see
above.

- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.
- 9 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution
Ere that day of retribution!
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou that sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest,
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
- 15 With Thy favoured sheep, oh, place me!
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition!

- 18 Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgement must prepare him!
- 19 Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem.

Tr. William Josiah Irons, 1812–83

103

- H**ELP, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sin committed here.
- 2 These holy souls, they suffer on,
Resign'd in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.
- 3 For daily falls, for pardon'd crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy Cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.
- 4 Oh, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;
- 5 Oh, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame:
Oh, by their very helplessness,
Oh, by Thy own great Name:
- 6 Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1801–90

104 ETERNAL rest grant unto them O Lord
 And let perpetual light shine upon them
 May they rest in peace
 May they rest in peace.

105 ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour.
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847

106 THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green: He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own Name's sake.

- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill:
 For Thou art with me,
 And Thy rod and staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me:
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

Psalm 22(23)

Scottish Psalter, 1650

107

- NEARER, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me:
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, to Thee.
- 2 Friends may depart from me,
 Night may come down,
 Clouds of adversity
 Darken and frown:
 Still through my tears I'll see
 Hope gently leading me,
 Nearer, my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 3 What though the shadows fall,
 Naught shall I fear;
 When darkest seems the night,
 Morning is near,
 Sweet shall my trusting be,
 Sorrow still bringing me

Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams, 1805–48

HYMNS FOR MASS

PROCESSIONAL/RECESSIONAL

108

- 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 Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1801–90

109

- 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 the 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.

Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1801–90

110

- B**_E Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Waking and sleeping, Thy presence my light.
- 2 Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my true word,
I ever with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

- 3 Be Thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be Thou my armour and be Thou my might;
Thou my soul's shelter and Thou my high tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.
- 4 Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:
Thou mine inheritance through all my days;
Thou and Thou only the first in my heart;
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.
- 5 High King of heaven, when the battle is done,
Grant heaven's joys to me, O bright heaven's Sun,
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Rob tu mo bhoile, a Comdi cride, Ancient Irish, c. 8th century

Tr. Mary Byrne, 1880–1931

versified by Eleanor Hull, 1860–1935

111

- A**LL creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam:
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.
- 2 O rushing wind so wild and strong,
White clouds that sail in heaven along,
alleluia, alleluia!
New rising dawn, in praise rejoice,
You lights of evening, find a voice:
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
 - 3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light:

- 4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him, alleluia!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them his glory also show:
- 5 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O praise Him, alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on him cast your care:
- 6 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One:

Canticle of the Sun, St. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226

Tr. William Henry Draper, 1855–1933

112

- PRaise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space.
 Alleluia, alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847

For English see
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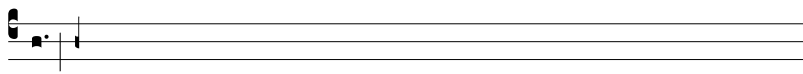
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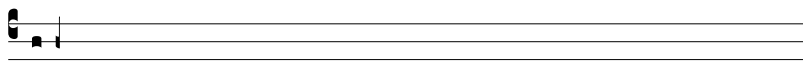
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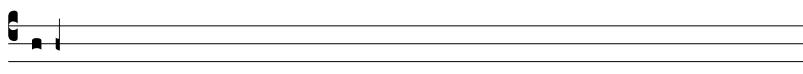
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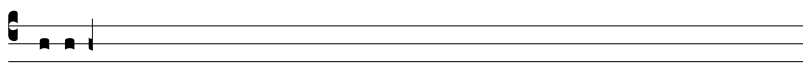
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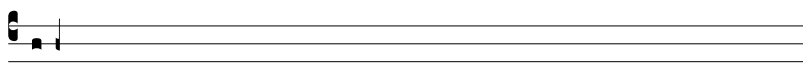
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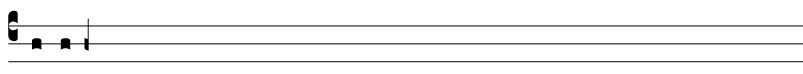
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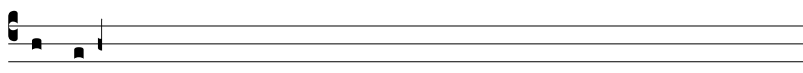
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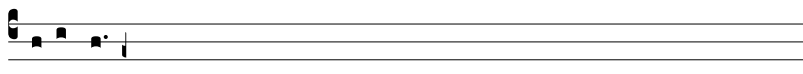
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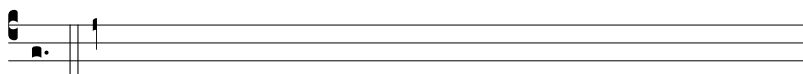
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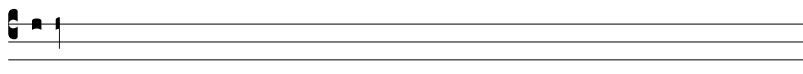
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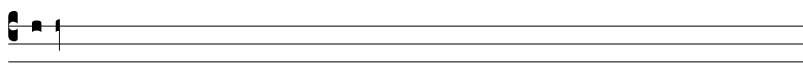
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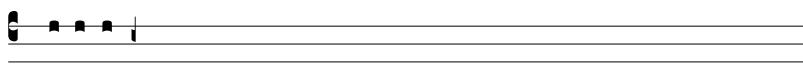
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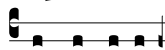
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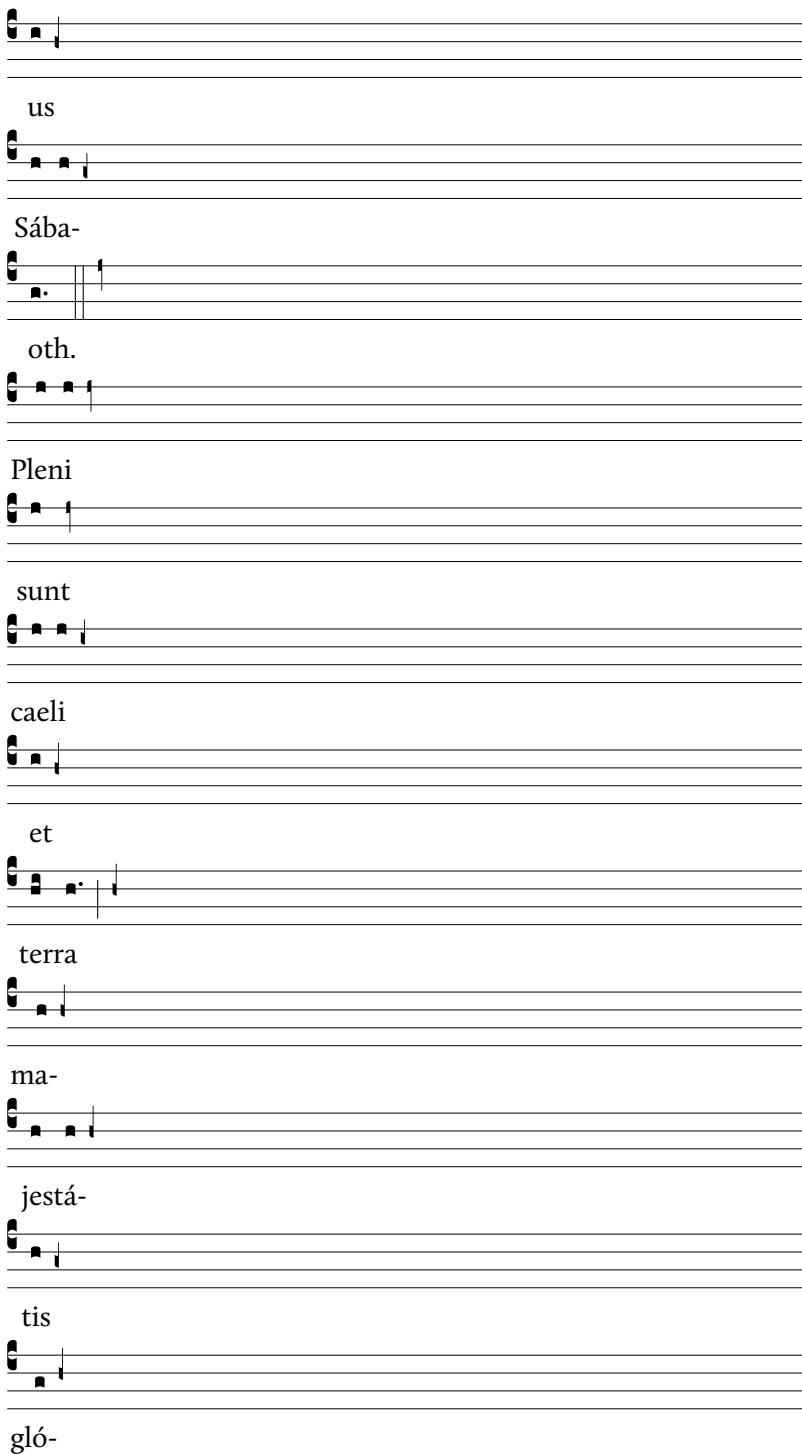
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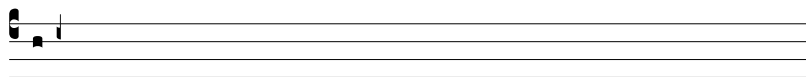
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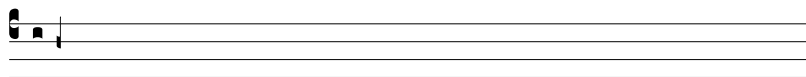
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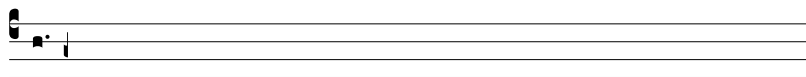
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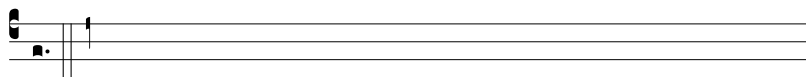
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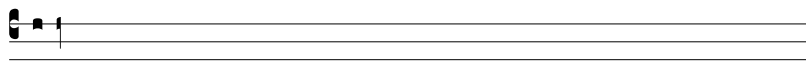
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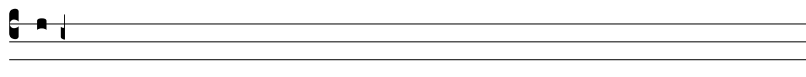
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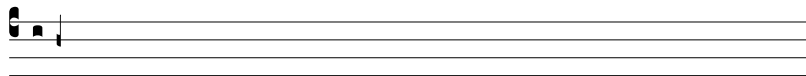
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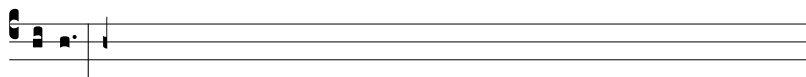
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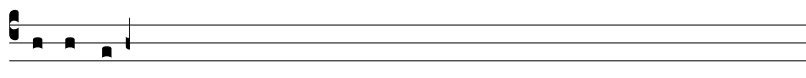
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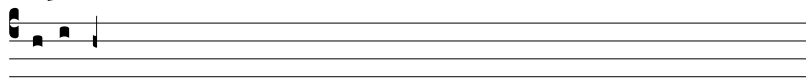
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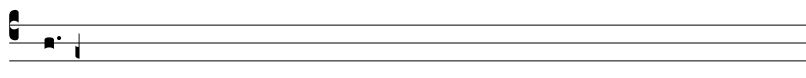
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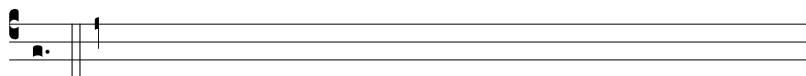
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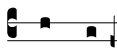
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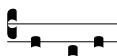
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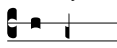
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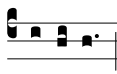
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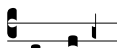
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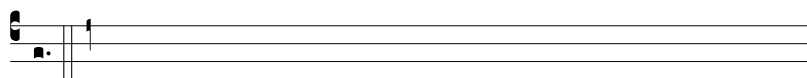
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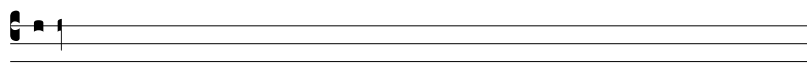
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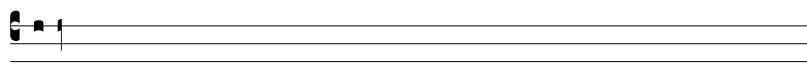
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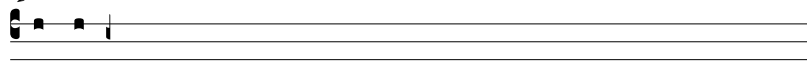
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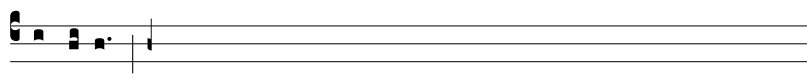
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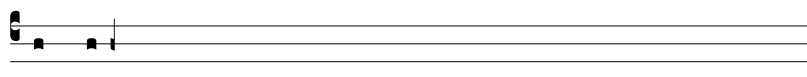
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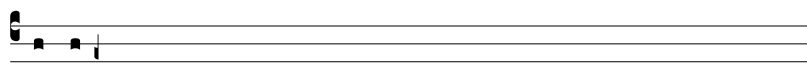
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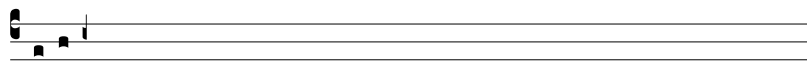
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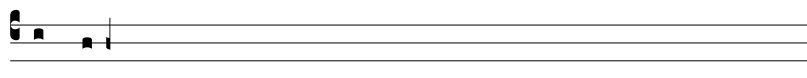
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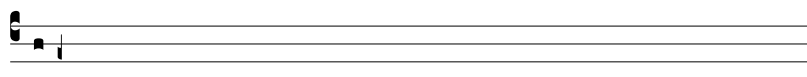
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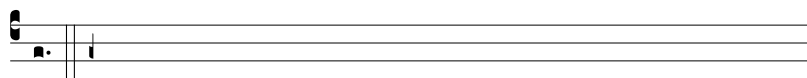
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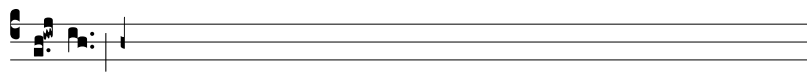
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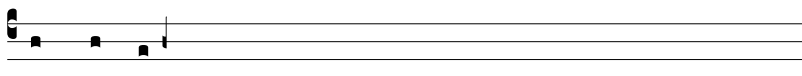
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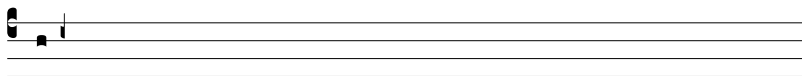
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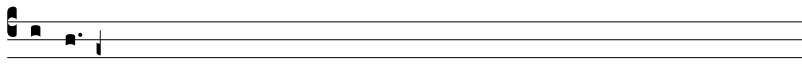
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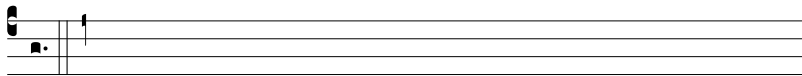
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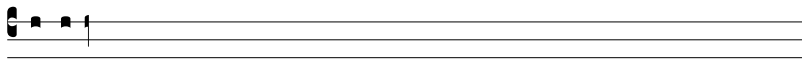
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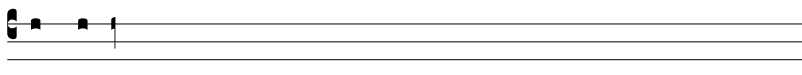
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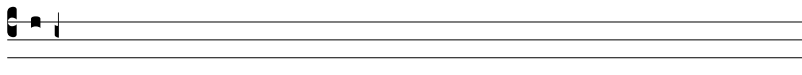
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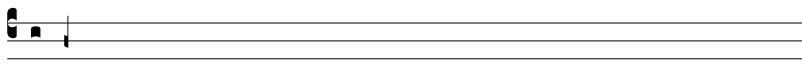
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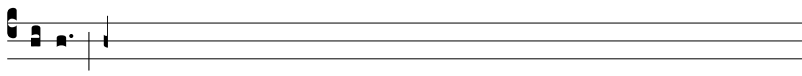
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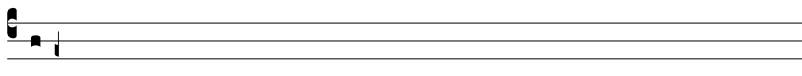
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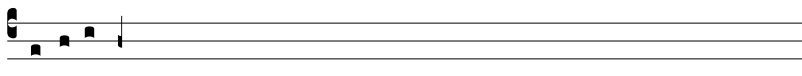
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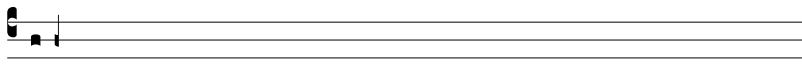
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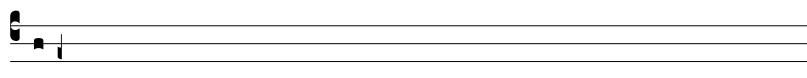
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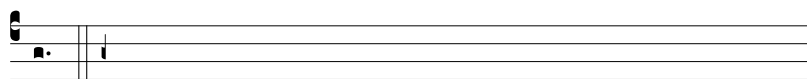
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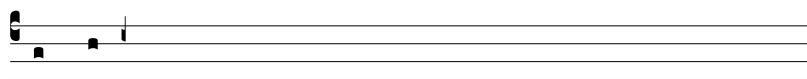
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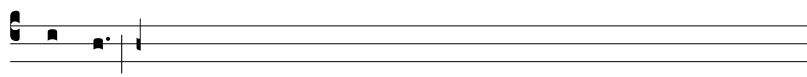
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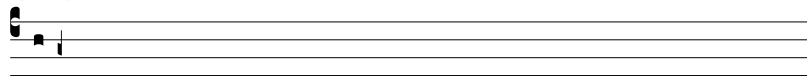
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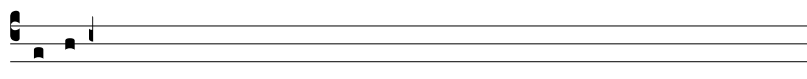
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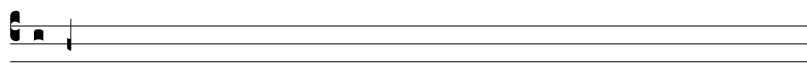
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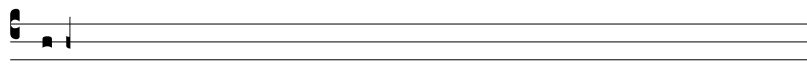
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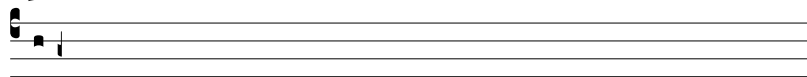
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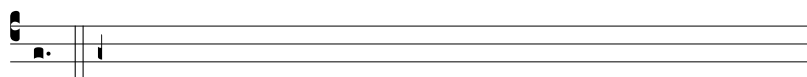
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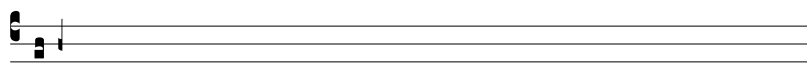
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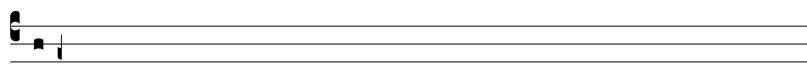
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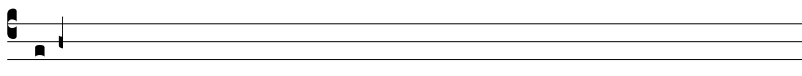
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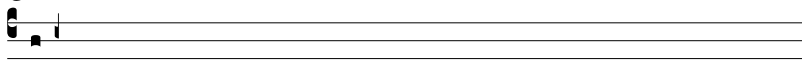
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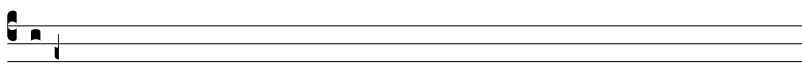
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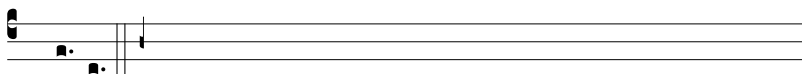
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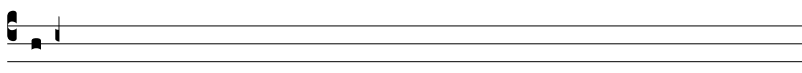
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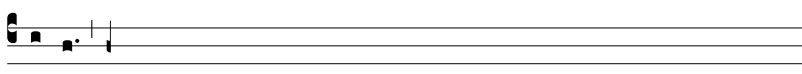
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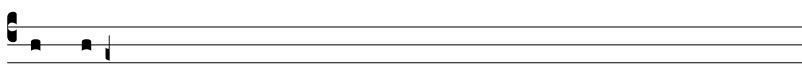
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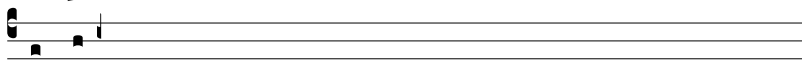
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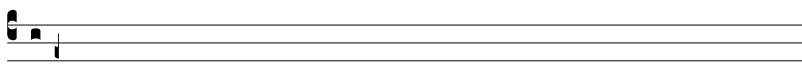
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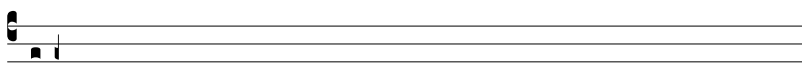
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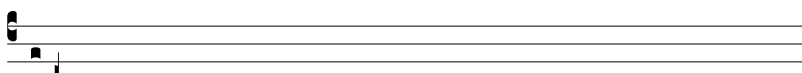
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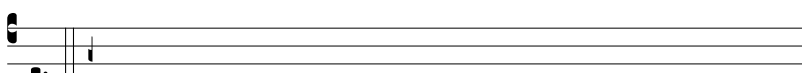
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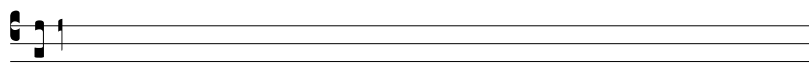
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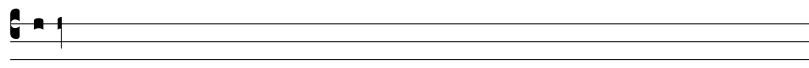
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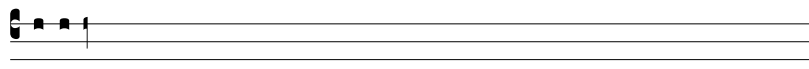
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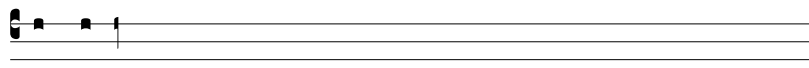
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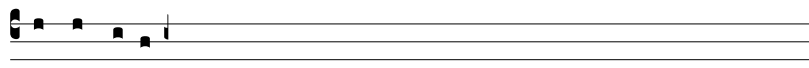
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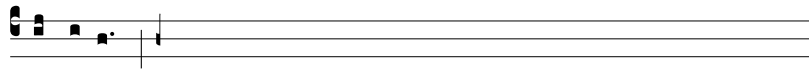
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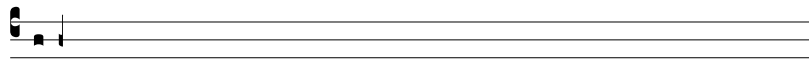
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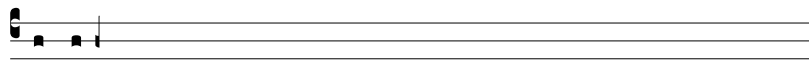
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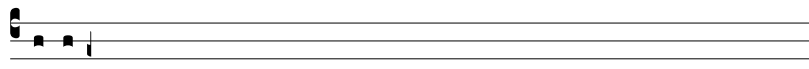
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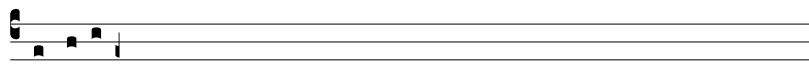
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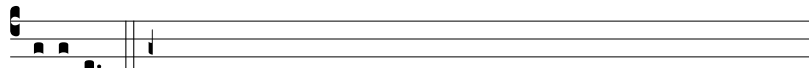
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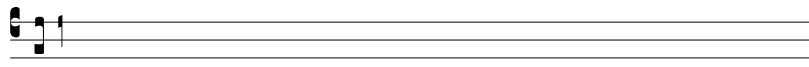
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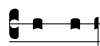
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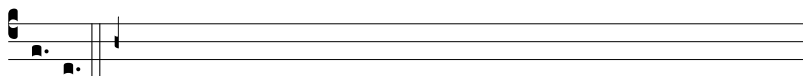
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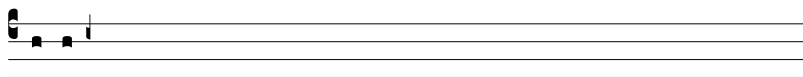
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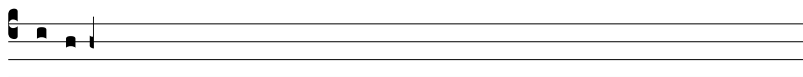
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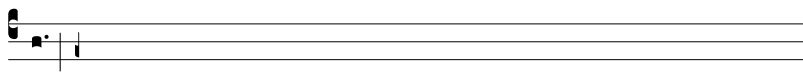
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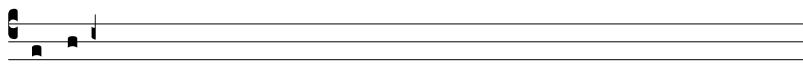
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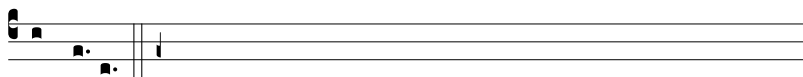
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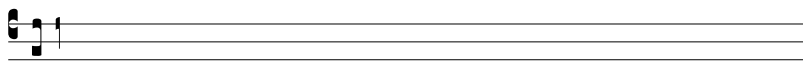
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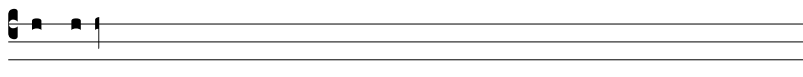
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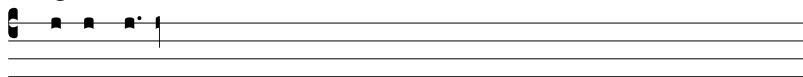
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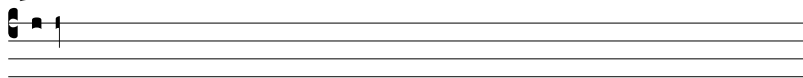
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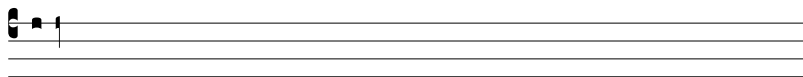
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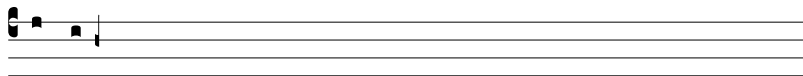
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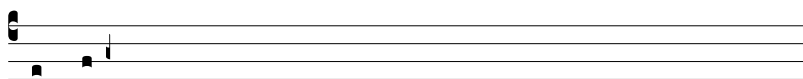
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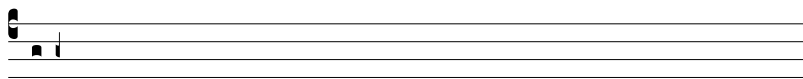
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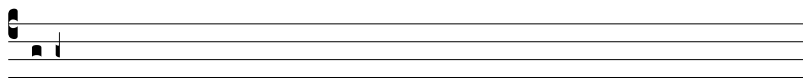
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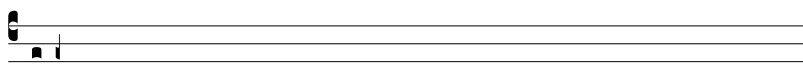
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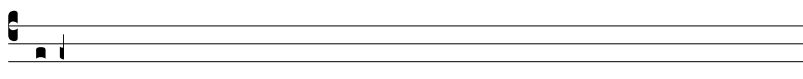
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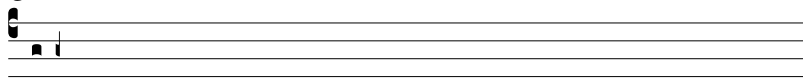
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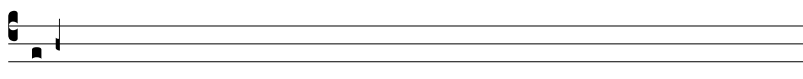
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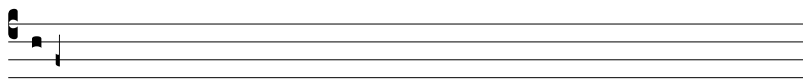
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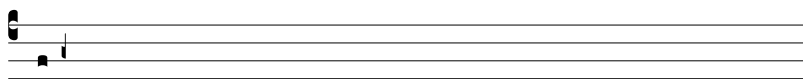
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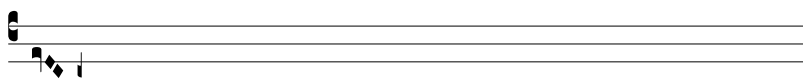
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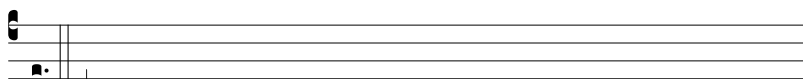
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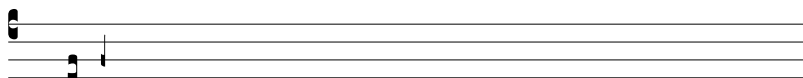
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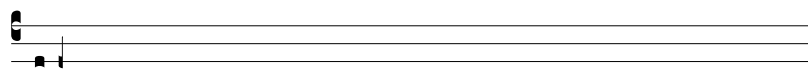
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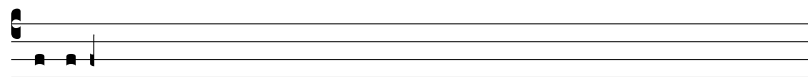
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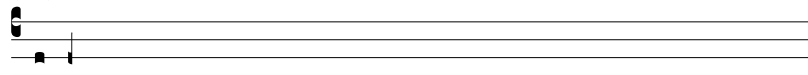
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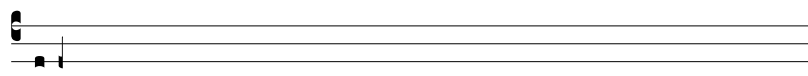
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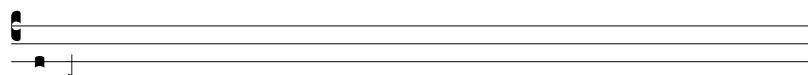
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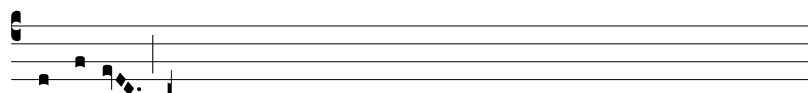
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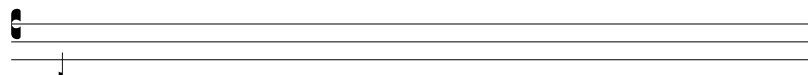
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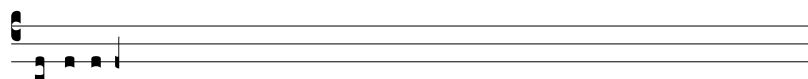
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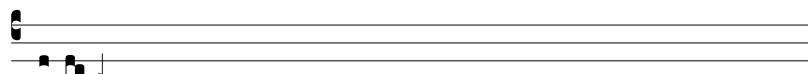
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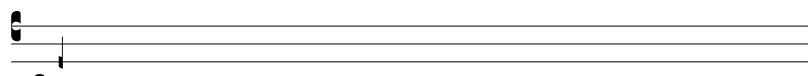
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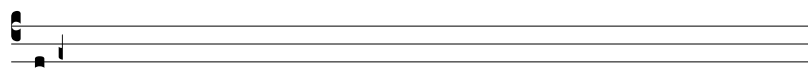
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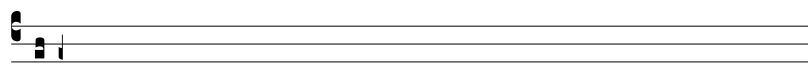
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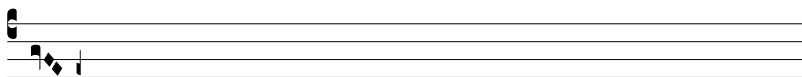
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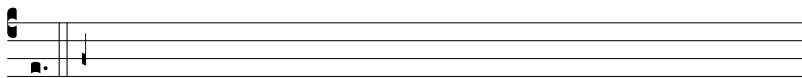
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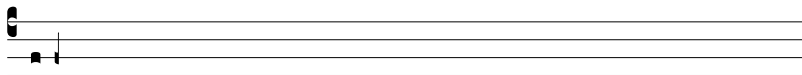
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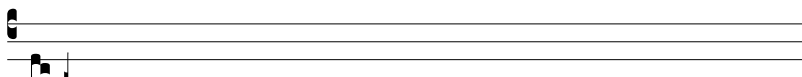
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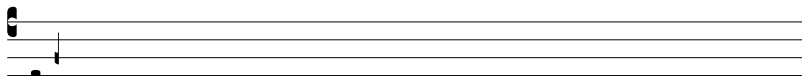
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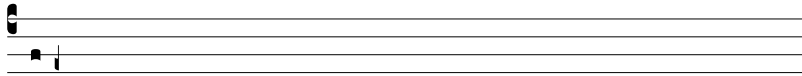
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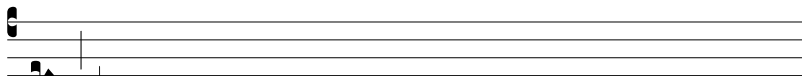
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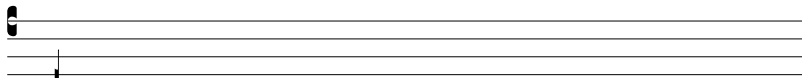
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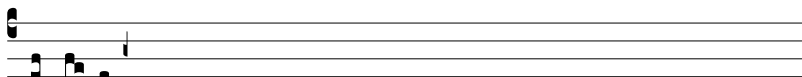
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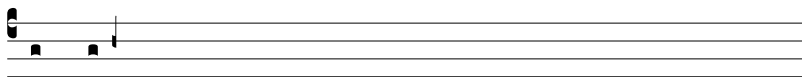
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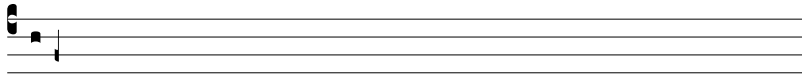
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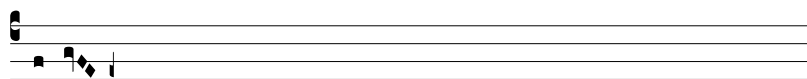
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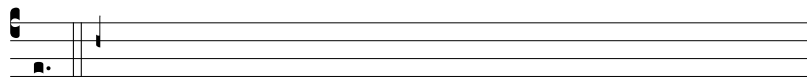
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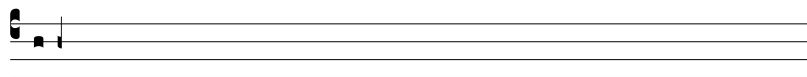
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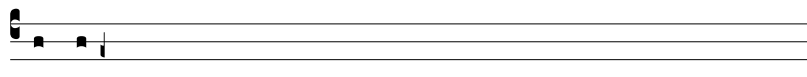
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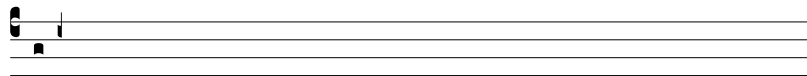
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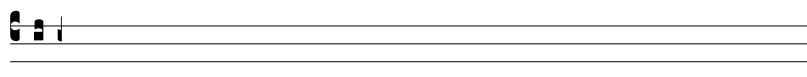
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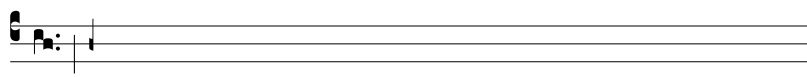
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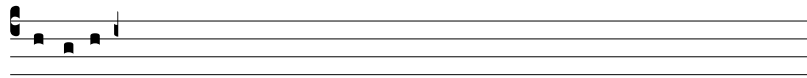
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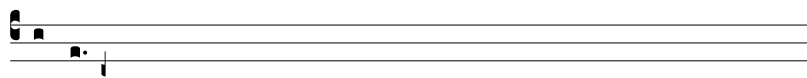
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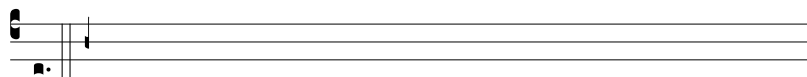
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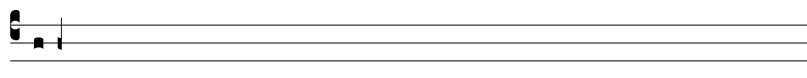
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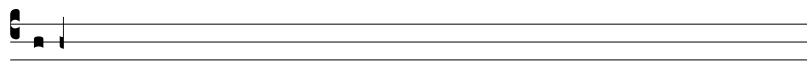
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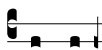
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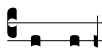
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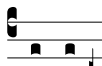
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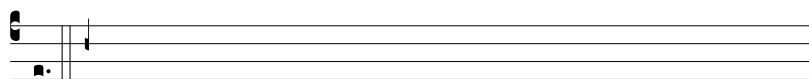
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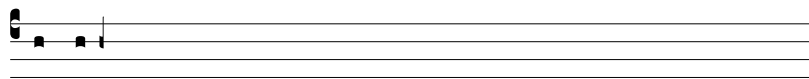
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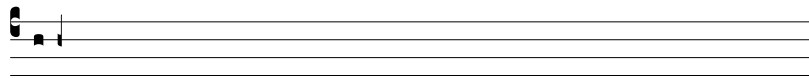
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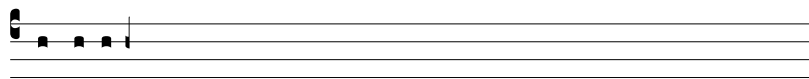
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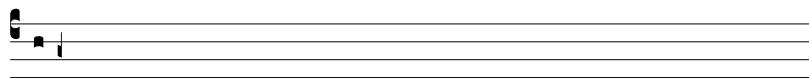
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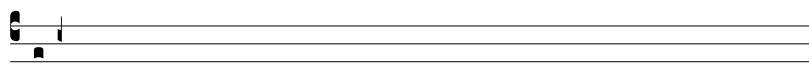
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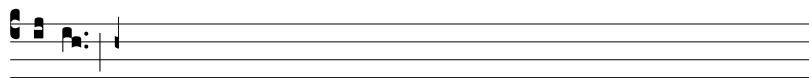
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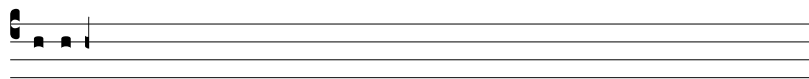
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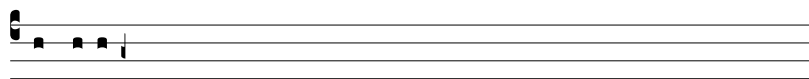
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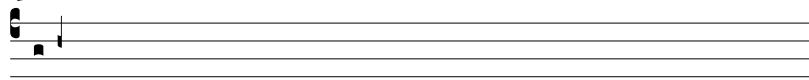
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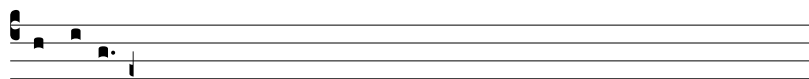
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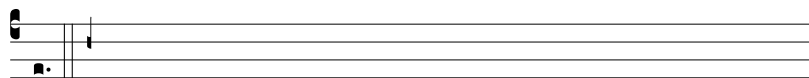
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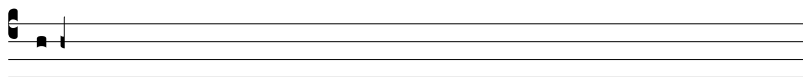
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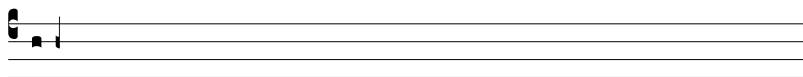
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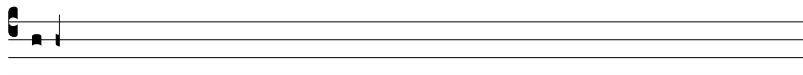
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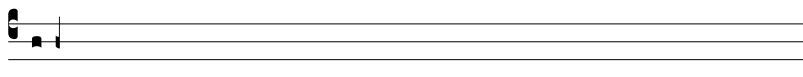
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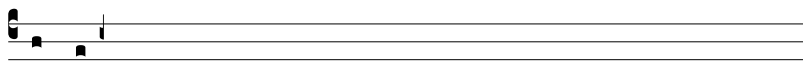
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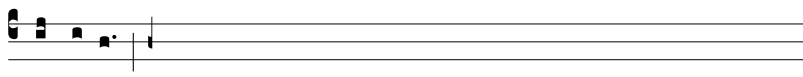
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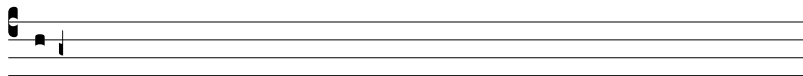
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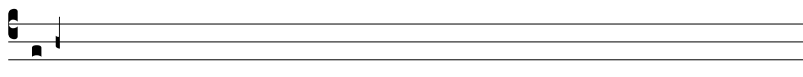
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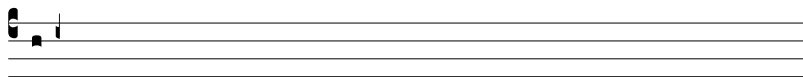
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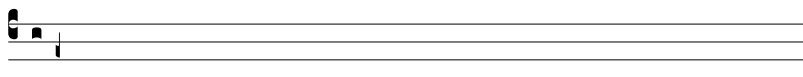
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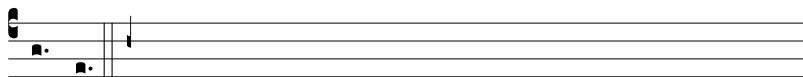
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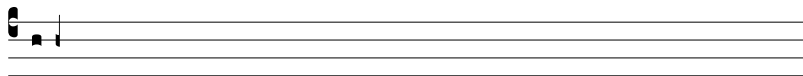
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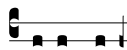
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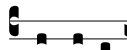
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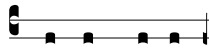
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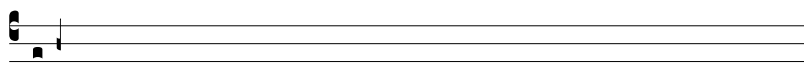
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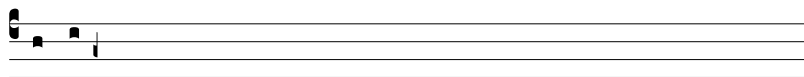
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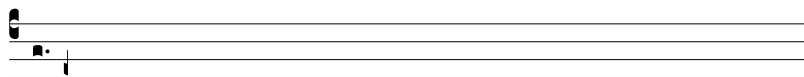
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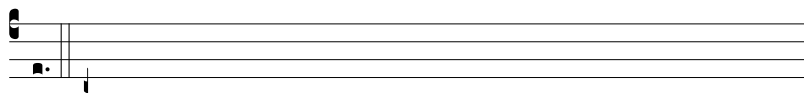
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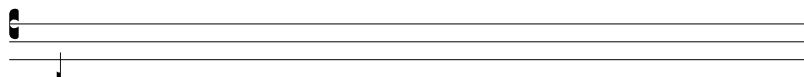
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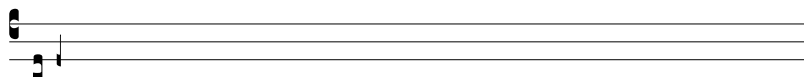
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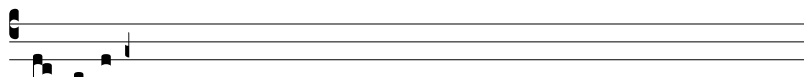
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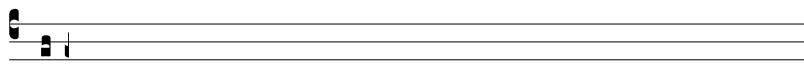
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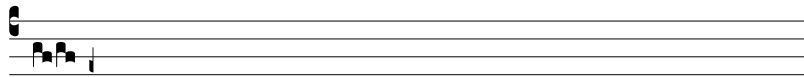
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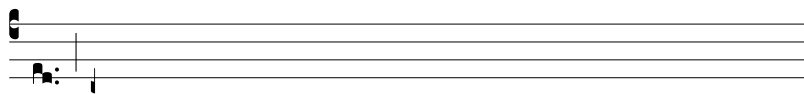
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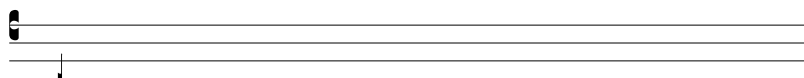
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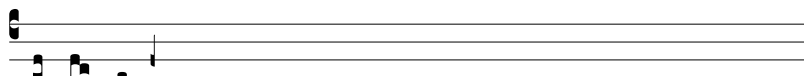
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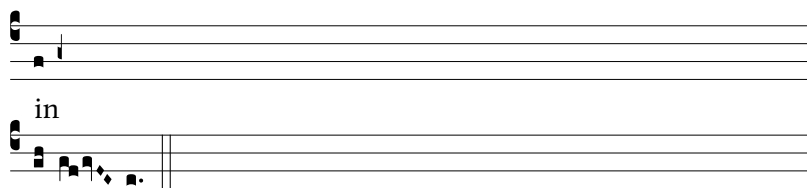
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Attributed to St Ambrose, circa 338–397

114

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.

For original see
 above.

- 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 has opened heaven to faith.

- 6 From Thy high celestial home,
 Judge of all, again returning,
 We believe that Thou shalt come
 In the dreaded 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.

Clarence Alphonsus Walworth, 1820–1900

A paraphrase of *Te Deum*.

115

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.

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

Frederick William Faber, 1814–63

116

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and mind and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.

- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

- 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 Eternal Three in One
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be ever more.

Martin Rinkart, 1586–1649

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, d.1878. et al.

117

We stand for God! And for His glory;
 The Lord supreme and God of all;
 Against His foes we raise His standard;
 Around the Cross we hear His call.

- Chorus Strengthen our faith, Redeemer;
 Guard us when danger is nigh;
 To Thee we pledge our lives and service;
 For God we live, for God we'll die,
 To Thee we pledge our lives and service,
 For God we live, for God we'll die.

- 2 We stand for God! Jesus our Master
Has died to save with love untold;
His law divine and truth unchanging
In this our land their place must hold.
- 3 We stand for God! In ages olden
He placed "the Cross" our stars beside;
Oh may our land gracious and golden
Be faithful to the Crucified.

J. P. O'Daly O.P., c. 19th century

Last verse by "John O'Brien", 1878–1953

118 PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637–1711

OFFERTORY

- 119 ALMIGHTY Father, take this bread,
Thy people offer Thee;
Where sins divide us, take instead
One fold and family.
- 2 The wine we offer soon will be
Christ's blood, redemption's price;
Receive it, Holy Trinity,
This holy sacrifice.
- 3 O God, by angels' choirs adored,
Thy name be praised on earth;
On all men be that peace outpoured
Once promised at His birth.

120 WHEN the Patriarch was returning
Crowned with triumph from the fray,

Him the peaceful king of Salem
 Came to meet upon his way;
 Meekly bearing bread and wine,
 Holy Priesthood's awful sign.

- 2 On the truth thus dimly shadowed
 Later days a lustre shed;
 When the great High-Priest eternal,
 Under form of Wine and Bread,
 For the world's immortal food
 Gave His Flesh and gave His Blood.
- 3 Wondrous gift! The Word who fashioned
 All things by His might divine,
 Bread into His Body changes,
 Into His own Blood the wine;
 What though sense no change perceives,
 Faith admires, adores, believes.
- 4 He who once to die a Victim
 On the Cross did not refuse,
 Day by day upon our altars,
 That same Sacrifice renews;
 Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
 Faithful to His last commands
- 5 While the people all uniting
 In the Sacrifice sublime
 Offer Christ to His high Father,
 Offer up themselves with Him;
 Then together with the Priest
 On the living Victim feast.

Edward Caswall, 1814–78

121 **P**RAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation!
 O my soul praise Him, for He is your health and
 salvation.
 All you who hear, now to His altar draw near,
 Join in profound adoration.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, let us offer our gifts at His altar;
Let not our sins and transgressions now cause us to
falter.
Christ the High-Priest bids us all join in His feast,
Victims with Him on the altar.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who will prosper our work and
defend us;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend us;
Ponder anew all the Almighty can do,
He who with love will befriend us.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, oh, let all that is in us adore Him!
All that has life and breath, come now in praises before
Him.
Let the Amen sound from His people again,
Now as we worship before Him.

Lobe den Herren, Joachim Neander, 1650–80

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, et al.

122

- M**Y GOD, accept my heart this day
And make it always Thine
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified
And Christ be All in all.
 - 3 Anoint me with Thy Spirit's grace
And seal me for Thine own
That I may see Thy glorious face
And worship near Thy throne.
 - 4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!
 - 5 Let every thought and work and word
To Thee be ever given;

Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1800–94

COMMUNION

See hymns for Corpus Christi, p. 190

FIRST COMMUNION

123

O MARY Mother, sweetest best;
 From heaven's immortal bowers.
 Do gather for a little child,
 A bouquet of sweet flowers.
 I wish my little heart to be
 A cradle fair and gay,
 Where Blessed Jesus may repose
 On my First Communion Day.
 Where blessed Jesus may repose
 On my First Communion Day.

- 2 My little child, I can obtain
 So bright a wreath for thee.
 That Jesus will delight to come,
 Within thy heart to be.
 I'll give thee lovely charity
 More warm than roses glow.
 I'll give thee heavenly purity
 More white than lily snow
 I'll give thee heavenly purity
 More white than lily snow.
- 3 The violet of humility
 Shall yield a sweet perfume
 And Jesus will delight to be,
 Within thy little room.
 But then remember dearest child,
 The blossoms that I give
 Require the wat'ring of a prayer
 Or they will cease to live
 Require the wat'ring of a prayer
 Or they will cease to live.
- 4 Most tender Mother and most dear,
 Thou knowest how frail I am,

- A very giddy, thoughtless thing,
 A weak and helpless lamb.
 But O if thou wilt but send down
 Those precious flowers to me,
 I doubt not but with thy good help
 Well watered they will be.
- 5 Then Mary from her holy hands
 Those precious flowers sent down,
 As beautiful and pure as those
 That wreath an angel's crown.
 That little soul was richly blest
 In which dear Jesus lay,
 Like the sweet turtle in its nest,
 That first Communion day.

124

- JESUS, Thou art coming,
 Holy as Thou art,
 Thou, the God who made me,
 To my sinful heart.
 Jesus, I believe it,
 On Thy only word;
 Kneeling, I adore Thee
 As my King and Lord.
- 2 Who am I, my Jesus,
 That Thou com'st to me?
 I have sinned against Thee,
 Often grievously;
 I am very sorry
 I have caused Thee pain,
 I will never, never
 Wound Thy Heart again.
- 3 Dearest Lord, I love Thee,
 With my whole, whole heart,
 Not for what Thou givest,
 But for what Thou art.
 Come, oh come, my Saviour,
 Come to me and stay,

For I want Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.

- 4 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.

PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

I give Thee thanks, O holy Lord, Father almighty,
eternal God, who hast vouchsafed, through no merit
of mine, but of Thy great mercy alone, to feed me, a
sinner, Thine unworthy servant, with the precious
Body and Blood of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ.

I pray that this holy Communion be not to me a
condemnation unto punishment, but a saving plea
unto forgiveness. May it be unto me the armour of
faith and shield of good will. May it be the emptying
out of my vices, the extinction of all concupiscence
and lust, the increase of charity and patience, of
humility and obedience, and of all virtues; a strong
defense against the snares of all enemies, visible and
invisible; the perfect quieting of all my evil impulses,
both fleshly and ghostly; a firm cleaving unto Thee,
the one true God; and a pledge of a blessed destiny.

And I beseech Thee, that Thou wouldst vouchsafe to
bring me, a sinner, to that ineffable banquet, where
Thou, with Thy Son and the Holy Ghost, art to Thy
saints true light, fullness of content, eternal joy,
gladness without alloy and perfect happiness.
Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1225–74

INDEX OF HYMNS

HYMN

INDEX

- Abide with me; fast falls the eventide, 103
Abroad the regal banners fly, 39
Adeste fideles laeti triumphantes, 10
Adoremus in aeternum
 chant, 140
 lyrics, 139
Adoro devote, latens Deitas, 60
All creatures of our God and King, 109
All glory, laud and honour, 41
Alleluia, sing to Jesus, 52
Almighty Father, take this bread, 117
Angels we have heard on high, 15
Anima Christi, 62
Attende Domine, et miserere, 35
Audi, benigne Conditor, 31
Ave Maria, gratia plena, 81
Ave maris stella, 75
Ave verum corpus natum, 65
Ave, Star of Ocean, 76
- Be Thou my vision, 108
Bethlehem, of noblest cities, 26
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, 29
Bring, all ye dear-bought nations, bring, 51
By the Cross her vigil keeping, 44
- Canticle of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 87
Canticum Beatae Mariae Virginis, 86
Christ be with me, Christ within me, 95
Christ the Lord is risen today, 49
Come down, O love divine, 58
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come, 55
Conditor alme siderum, 1
Cor Jesu sacratissimum, 141
Creator of the starry skies, 2
Crown Him with many crowns, 74
- Day of wrath, O day of mourning, 100
Dear Angel! ever at my side, 98
Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle, 91
Dies irae, dies illa, 99

Down in adoration falling, 136

Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord, 102

Faith of our Fathers, living still, 113

Firmly I believe and truly, 106

For all the saints who from their labours rest, 88

Forty days and forty nights, 37

Gaudete, gaudete! Christus est natus, 20

Gloria laus et honor tibi sit, 40

Glory be to Jesus, 72

God of mercy and compassion, 34

Godhead here in hiding, 61

Great Saint Joseph, son of David, 90

Hail Redeemer, King divine, 73

Hail to Thee, true Body, 66

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear saint of our Isle, 96

Hail, Queen of Heav'n, 77

Hark! The herald angels sing, 16

Hark, a herald voice is calling, 6

Help, Lord, the souls that thou hast made, 101

Hidden by Carmel's cloister-wall, 97

Holy God, we praise Thy name, 112

Holy Spirit, Lord of light, 57

I bind unto myself today, 94

Immaculate Mary, 84

Jesus Christ is risen today, 50

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all, 67

Jesus, Thou art coming, 122

Joy to the world, the Lord is come, 19

Lapis revolutus est, 53

Laudemus Dominum, 142

Let all mortal flesh keep silence, 68

Litany of the Blessed Virgin, 130

Litany of the Sacred Heart, 127

Litany of the Saints, 124

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, 9

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming, 14

Lord Jesus, think on me, 36

Magnificat anima mea, 86

Marian antiphon

for Paschaltide, 78

most ancient, 80

per annum, 79

Mary immaculate, 85
 My God, accept my heart this day, 120
 My soul doth magnify the Lord, 87

 Nearer, my God, to Thee, 105
 Now thank we all our God, 114

 O bread of heaven, 69
 O breathe on me, breath of God, 59
 O come, all ye faithful, 11
 O come, divine Messiah!, 8
 O come, O come Emmanuel, 4
 O filii et filiae, 47
 O little town of Bethlehem, 22
 O Mary Mother, sweetest best, 121
 O Mother Mary of the Cross, 93
 O purest of creatures, 83
 O Sacred Head, surrounded, 45
 O salutaris
 Gregorian chant, 134
 O salutaris Hostia, 132
 O sanctissima, O piissima, 82
 O saving Victim, 133
 O sing the great Apostle, 92
 O sons and daughters, 48
 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry, 7
 Once in royal David's city, 21

 Parce, Domine, 30
 Personent hodie, 24
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow, 116
 Praise to the Holiest in the height, 107
 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, 119
 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, 110
 Puer natus in Bethlehem, alleluia, 18

 Regina coeli, 78
 Rorate caeli desuper, 5

 Salve Regina, 79
 See amid the winter's snow, 23
 Silent night, holy night, 13
 Sing aloud on this day, 25
 Sing, my tongue, of warfare ended, 46
 Soul of my Saviour, 63
 St. Joseph, 90
 St. Mary of the Cross, 93
 St. Patrick, 96
 St. Patrick's Breastplate, 94
 St. Peter, 92

- St. Thérèse of Lisieux, 97
Stabat Mater dolorosa, 43
Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!, 12
Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, 80
Sweet Heart of Jesus, 71
Sweet Sacrament divine, 64
- Tantum ergo
 Gregorian chant, 137
 Spanish Chant, 138
Tantum ergo Sacramentum, 135
Te Deum, 111
The first Nowell, the angels did say, 27
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want, 104
This is the day whereon the Lord's true witness, 89
Thou loving Maker of mankind, 32
To Jesus Heart, all burning, 70
- Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est, 42
Unto us is born a Son, 17
- Veni veni, Emmanuel, 3
Veni, Creator Spiritus, 54
Veni, O Sapientia, 3
Veni, Sancte Spiritus, 56
Vexilla Regis prodeunt, 38
- We stand for God!, 115
We three kings of Orient are, 28
When I survey the wondrous Cross, 33
When the Patriarch was returning, 118

INDEX OF HYMNS

275

EXTRA PRAYERS

HYMN

PAGE

PRAYER BEFORE A CRUCIFIX

Look down on me, good and gentle Jesus, while before Thy face I humbly kneel and, with burning soul, pray and beseech Thee to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope and charity; true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment. While I contemplate, with great love and tender pity, Thy five most precious wounds, pondering over them within me and calling to mind the words which David, Thy prophet, said of Thee, my Jesus: "They have pierced My hands and My feet, they have numbered all My bones." Amen.

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