

CONGREGAVIT NOS IN UNUM

A PEW BOOK

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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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 vésperé,
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 pérfidí.</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! Em-
mánuel,
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.

For original see
above.

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

SAVIOUR of the nations, come,
Virgin's son, make here Thy home!
Marvel now, O heav'n and earth,
That the Lord chose such a birth.

- 2 Not by human flesh and blood
By the Spirit of our God

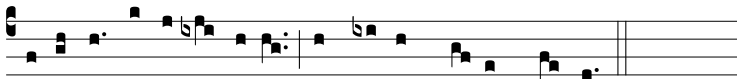
Was the Word of God made flesh—
Woman's Offspring, pure and fresh.

- 3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child
Of the Virgin undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heav'n enthroned.
- 4 From the Father forth He came
And returneth to the same,
Captive leading death and hell—
High the song of triumph swell!
- 5 Thou the Father's only Son,
Hast o'er sin the vict'ry won.
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?
- 6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine,
Glorious is its light divine.
Let not sin o'ercloud this light;
Ever be our faith thus bright.
- 7 Praise to God the Father sing,
Praise to God the Son, our King,
Praise to God the Spirit be
Ever and eternally.

St. Ambrose, 397

Tr. William M. Reynolds, 1860

6



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.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I Ne irascáris Dómine,
ne ultra memíneris iniquitátis:
Ecce cívitas Sancti facta est desérta:
Sion desérta facta est:</p> | <p>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.</p> |
|--|---|

Jerúsalem desoláta est:
 Domus sanctificatiónis tuae et glóriae 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.
- 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.
- 3 Vide Dómine afflictiónem pópuli tui
 et mitte quem missúrus es:
 emítte Agnum dominatórem terrae,
 de Petra desérti ad montem filiae Sion:
 ut áuferat ipse jugum captivitátis nostrae.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

THE ANGEL GABRIEL from heaven came,
 His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
 "All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary,"
 "Most highly favoured lady!" Gloria!

2 "For know a blessed Mother thou shall be,
 All generations laud and honour thee,
 Thy son shall be Emmanuel, by seers foretold."
 "Most highly favoured lady!" Gloria!

3 Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;
 "To me be as it pleaseth God!" she said.
 "My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name."
 "Most highly favoured lady!" Gloria!

4 Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born

In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn;
 And Christian folk throughout the world will ever
 say:
 “Most highly favoured lady!” Gloria!

Tr. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834–1924

11

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 rap-
 ture
 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

12

ADESTE fideles laeti triumphantes;
 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

13

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.

14

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,
Jesus in Menschengestalt!
Jesus 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

15

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

For original see
 above.

- 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

Tr. John Freeman Young, ca. 1859

16

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

17

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

18

AWAY in a manger
 No crib for a bed
 The little Lord Jesus
 Laid down His sweet head.
 The stars in the bright sky
 Looked down where He lay

The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.

- 2 The cattle are lowing
The Baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my bedside
Til morning is nigh.
- 3 Be near me, Lord Jesus;
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever,
And love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with Thee there.

Traditional American

19

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

20

PUER nobis náscitur
Rector angelórum;
In hoc mundo páscitur
Dóminus dominórum.

For English see
below.

- 2 In præsépe pósito
Sub fœno asinórum.
Cognovérunt Dóminum
Christum Regem Cœlórum.
- 3 Nunc Heródes tímuit,
Magno cum timóre,
In infántes írruit,
Hos caedes infuróre.
- 4 Qui natus est ex María,
Die hodiérna
Duc nos tua grátia
Ad gáudia supérna.
- 5 O et A et A et O
Cum cántibus in choro,
Cantémus in órgano,
Benedicámus Dómino.

21

- UNTO 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

22

- IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER, frosty wind made
 moan,
 earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
 snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
 in the bleak midwinter, long ago.
- 2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth
 sustain;
 heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes
 to reign.
 In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
 the Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
- 3 Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
 cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
 but his mother only, in her maiden bliss,

worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

- 4 What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
if I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830–94

23P UER natus in Béthlehem, allelúia:
Unde gaudet Jerúsalem,
allelúia, allelúia.

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

Ant.

- 7 Ut rédderet nos hómines, allelúia, That like Him He might make us be,
Deo et sibi símiles, And with Himself and God agree.
allelúia, allelúia.
- 8 In hoc natáli gaudio, allelúia: To this birth's joy let all accord,
Benedicámus Dómino, And bless forever Christ the Lord.
allelúia, allelúia.
- 9 Laudétur sancta Trínitas, allelúia, And praise the Holy Trinity,
Deo dicámus grátias, Now and to all eternity.
allelúia, allelúia.

Tr. the Transalpine Redemptorist Christmas Book, 2010

24

- Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
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

- 25 **G**AUDETE, 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
Clausam 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.

26 **O**NCE 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

27

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

28

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

For English see
below.

EPIPHANY

29 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 in-
fernorum.

- 3 Magi tres venerunt,
Parvulum inquirunt,
Bethlehem adeunt,
Stellulam sequendo,
Ipsum 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.

30

- SING 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 bring-
ing.
Join we all, all, all,
Join we all, all, all,
Join we all, Gloria
In excelsis singing.

31

- 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

32

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

33

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

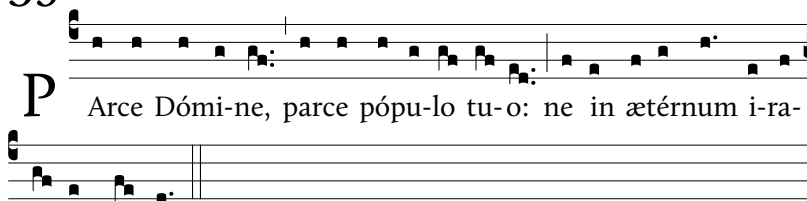
- Chorus O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to the perfect Light.
- 2 Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold we bring to crown Him again;
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense 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.

- 34 **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

35



scá-ris no-bis

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

- 1 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.

36

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

- 2 Scrutátor alme córdium,
 Infirma 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 múnera. Amen.

37

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

- 2 Searcher of hearts! Thou dost discern
 Our ills, and all our weakness know;

For English see
 below.

For original see
 above.

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

38

WHEN 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

39

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

40

A Tténdé Domine, et mi-se-ré-re, qui-a peccá-vimus ti-bi
Hear, O Lord, and have mercy,
Who have sinned against Thee.

I Ad te Rex summe, ómnium redemptor,
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.

41

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

42

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

43

MY SONG is love unknown,
 my Savior's love to me,
 love to the loveless shown,
 that they might lovely be.
 O who am I, that for my sake
 my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

- 2 He came from his blest throne,
 salvation to bestow;
 but men cared not, and none
 the longed-for Christ would know.
 But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,
 who at my need his life did spend!
- 3 Sometimes they strew his way,
 and his sweet praises sing;
 resounding all the day
 hosannas to their King.
 Then "Crucify!" is all their breath,
 and for his death they thirst and cry.
- 4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
 What makes this rage and spite?
 He made the lame to run,
 he gave the blind their sight.
 Sweet injuries! Yet all his deeds
 their hatred feeds; they 'gainst him rise.
- 5 They rise, and needs will have
 my dear Lord sent away;
 a murderer they save,
 the Prince of Life they slay.
 Yet willing he to suff'ring goes,
 that he his foes from thence might free.
- 6 In life, no house, no home
 my Lord on earth might have;
 in death, no friendly tomb
 but what a stranger gave.
 What may I say? Heav'n was his home,
 but mine the tomb wherein he lay.
- 7 Here might I stay and sing,

no story so divine;
 never was love, dear King,
 never was grief like thine.
 This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
 I all my days could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman, 1623–84

PASSIONTIDE

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>44V EXILLA Regis pródeunt;
 Fulget Crucis mystérium,
 Qua vita mortem pértulit,
 Et morte vitam prótulit.</p> <p>2 Quae vulneráta lánceae
 Mucrónē diro críminum
 Ut nos laváret sórdibus,
 Manávit unda et sáanguine.</p> <p>3 Impléta sunt quae cóncinit
 David fidéli cármine,
 Dicéndo natió nibus:
 Regnávit a ligno Deus.</p> <p>4 Arbor decóra et fúlgida,
 Ornáta Regis púrpora,</p> | <p>Electa digno stípíte
 Tam sancta membra
 tángere.</p> <p>5 Beáta, cujus bráchiis
 Prétium pepéndit saéculi:
 Statéra facta córporis,
 Tulítque praedam tártari.</p> <p>6 O Crux ave, spes única,
 Hoc Passiόνis témpore.
 Piis adáuge grátiam,
 Reísque dele crímina.</p> <p>7 Te, fons salútis Trínitas,
 Colláudet omnis spíritus:
 Quibus Crucis victóriam
 Largíris, adde praémium.
 Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

Venantius Fortunatus, 530–609

45

ABROAD the regal banners fly,
 Now shines the Cross's mystery:
 Upon it Life did death endure,
 And yet by death did life procure.

- 2 Who, wounded with a direful spear,
 Did, purposely to wash us clear

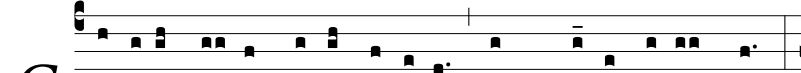
For original see
 above.

- 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.
- 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

46



G ló-ri-a, laus et honor ti-bi sit, Rex Christe Redémptor :



Cu-i pu-e- rí-le de-cus prompsit Hosánna pi-um

For English see
below.

I Israel es to Rex, Davidis et ínclyta 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 Hebraea 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.

47

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

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

For original see
above.

Theodulf of Orleans, 760–821
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66

48

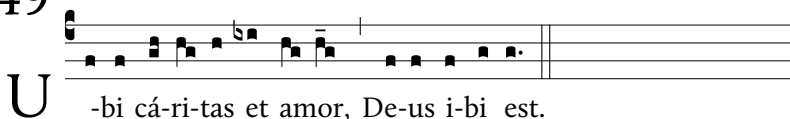
RIDE ON! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Savior meek, pursue thy road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
o'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel-squadrons of the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
the Father on his sapphire throne
expects his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791–1868

HOLY THURSDAY

49



U

-bi cá-ri-tas et amor, De-us i-bi est.

- 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.

For English see
below.

Cessent júrgia málgna, cessent lites.
Et in médio nostri sit Christus Deus.

- 3 Simul quoque cum beáteis 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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>50S <small>TABAT</small> Mater dolorósa
Juxta crucem
lacrimósa,
Dum pendébat
Fílius.</p> <p>2 Cujus ánimam
geméntem,
Contristátem et
doléntem
Pertransívit
gládius.</p> <p>3 O quam tristis et
afflícta
Fuit illa benedícta
Mater Unigéniti!</p> <p>4 Quæ mærébat et</p> | <p>dolébat,
Pia Mater, dum
vidébat
Nati pœnas ínclýti.</p> <p>5 Quis est homo qui
non
fleret,
Matrem Christi si
vidéret
In tanto supplício?</p> <p>6 Quis non posset
contristári,
Christi Matrem
contemplári
Doléntem cum
Fílio?</p> |
|--|--|

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>7 Pro peccátis suæ
gentis,
Vidit Jesum in
torméntis,
Et flagéllus
súbditum.</p> <p>8 Vidit suum dulcem
Natum
Moriéndo
desolátum,
Dum emísit
spíritum.</p> <p>9 Eia Mater, fons
amóris,
Me sentíre vim
dolóris
Fac, ut tecum
lúgeam.</p> <p>10 Fac ut árdeat cor
meum
In amándo
Christum Deum,
Ut sibi
compláceam.</p> <p>11 Sancta Mater, istud
agas,
Crucifíxi fige plagas
Cordi meo válide.</p> <p>12 Tui Nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me
pati,
Poenas mecum
dívide.</p> <p>13 Fac me tecum pie
flere,
Crucifíxo</p> | <p>condolére,
Donec ego víxero.</p> <p>14 Juxta Crucem
tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre
In planctu
desídero.</p> <p>15 Virgo vírginem
præclára,
Mihi jam non sis
amára:
Fac me tecum
plángere.</p> <p>16 Fac ut portem
Christi
mortem
Passiónis fac
consórtem,
Et plagas recólere.</p> <p>17 Fac me plagis
vulnerári,
Fac me Cruce
inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii.</p> <p>18 Flammis ne urar
succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim
defénsus
In die judícii.</p> <p>19 Christe, cum sit
hinc exíre,
Da per Matrem me
veníre
Ad palmam
victóriæ.</p> |
|--|---|

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------------------------------|
| 20 | Quando corpus
moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ | donétur
Paradísi glória.
Amen. |
|----|--|--------------------------------------|

Jacapone da Todi, 1230–1306

51

For original see
above.

- B**Y 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.
- 3 Oh, how sad and sore distresséd
Was that mother highly blesséd
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

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

53

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

54

- A**D regias Agni dapes,
 Stolis amicti candidis
 Post transitam maris Rubri
 Christo canamas Principi.
- 2 Divina cujus caritas
 Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
 Almique membra corporis
 Amor sacerdos immolat.
- 3 Sparsum cruorem postibus
 Vastator horret Angelus:
 Fugitque divisum mare,
 Merguntur hostes fluctibus.
- 4 Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
 Paschalis idem victima:
 Et pura puris mentibus
 Sinceritatis azyma.
- 5 O vera caeli victima,
 Subjecta cui sunt tartara,

For English see
 below.

Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitae praemia.

- 6 Victor subactis inferis
Trophaea Christus explicat,
Caeloque aperto, subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.
- 7 Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,
A morte dira criminum
Vitae renatos libera.
- 8 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna saecula.

Ambrosian, 7th century

55

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd Side;
Praise we Him, whose love Divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

- 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.
- 3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath Thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;

For original see
above.

Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquished Satan and the grave;
Angels join His praise to tell—
See o'erthrown the prince of hell.

- 4 Paschal triumph, Paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free,
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

Tr. Robert Campbell, 1814–68

56

ALLELUIA, Allelúia, Allelúia.

- 1 O filii et filiae,
Rex caeléstis, Rex glóriae
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.
- 7 Ut intelléxit Dídymus
Quia surréxerat Jesus,
Remánsit fere dúbius. Allelúia.

For English see
below.

- 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

57

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!
- 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples’ word. Alleluia!

For original see
above.

- 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

58

- 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

59

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

60

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

61

- A**LLELUIA, 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

62

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
 The victory of life is won;
 The song of triumph has begun: Alleluia!

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst;
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
 Let shouts of holy joy outburst: Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
 He rises glorious from the dead;
 All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell! Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live, and sing to Thee: Alleluia!

Tr. Francis Pott, 1832–1909

63

THIS joyful Eastertide, away with sin and
 sorrow! My Love, the Crucified, has
 sprung to life this morrow:

Refrain: Had Christ, who once was slain,
 not burst His three-day prison,
 Our faith had been in vain;
 But now has Christ arisen,
 arisen, arisen!

2 Death's flood has lost its chill since Je-
 sus crossed the river; Lover of souls,
 from ill my passing soul deliver:
 [Refrain]

3 My flesh in hope shall rest and for a sea-
 son slumber Till trump from east to
 west shall wake the dead in num-
 ber: [Refrain]

George Ratcliffe Woodward, 1848-1934

64

L ápis revo-lútus est, alle-lú-
 ia, ab ósti-o monuménti, alle-
 lú-ia, alle-lú-ia. 2. Nó-li flé-re,
 Ma-rí-a, alle-lú-ia : resurréxit Dó-
 minus, alle-lú-ia, alle-lú-ia. Al-
 le-lú-ia,

PENTECOST

65

V

Eni Cre-á-tor Spí-ri-tus,

Méntes tu-órum ví-si-ta: Imple

su-pérna grá-ti-a Quae tu cre-ás-

ti péctora. 2. Qui dí-ce-ris Pa-rá-

cli-tus, Altíssimi donum De-i,

Fons vi-vus ignis cá-ri-tas, Et spi-

ri-tá-lis úncti-o. 3. Tu septi-fór-

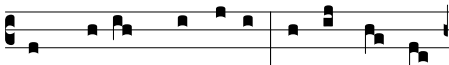
mis múne-re, Dígitus pa-térnae

déterae, Tu ri-te promíssum Pa-

tris, Sermóne di-tans gúttura.

4. Accénde lumen sénsibus, Infún-


For English see
below.



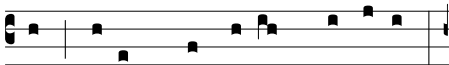
de amórem córdibus, Infírma nos-




tri córpo-ris Virtú-te firmans pér-



pe-ti. 5. Hóstem re-pél-las lóngi-



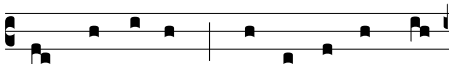
us, Pacémque dones pró-tinus




Ductó-re sic te praevi-o, Vi-témus



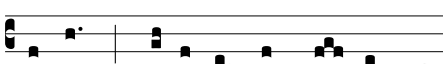
omne nóxi-um. 6. Per te sci-á-



mus da Patrem, Noscámus atque



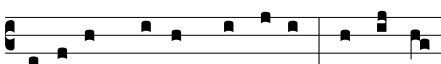
Fí-li-um, Téque utri-úsque Spí-




ri-tum Credámus omni témpo-



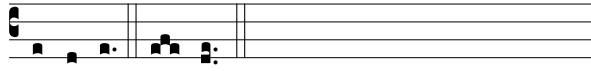
re. 7. De-o Patri sit gló-ri-a, Et



Fí-li-o qui a mórtu-is Surré-xit,



ac Pa-rácli-to, In saecu-lórum



saécu-la. A-men.

Rabanus Maurus, 776–856

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.
- 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.

For original see
above.

- 7 VENI, Sancte hómine,
 Spíritus, Nihil est in-
 Et emítte caélitus nóxium.
 Lucis tuae rá- Lava quod
 dium. est sór-
 2 Veni, pater páu- didum,
 perum, Riga quod est
 Veni, dator áridum,
 múnorum Sana quod est
 Veni, lumen cór- sáucium.
 dium. 8
 3 Consolátor óp- Flecte quod est
 time, rígidum,
 Dulcis hospes Fove quod est frí-
 ánimae, gidum,
 Dulce re- Rege quod est
 frigérium. dévium.
 9
 4 In labóre réquies, Da tuis fidélibus,
 In aestu tem- In te confidénti-
 péries bus,
 In fletu solátium. Sacrum septenárium.
 10
 5 O lux beatíssima, Da virtútis
 Reple cordis ín- méritum,
 tima Da salútis éx-
 Tuórum fidélium. itum,
 Da perénne gáu-
 6 Sine tuo númine, dium,
 Nihil est in Amen, Allelúia.

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

For original see
above.

- 2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
 Come with treasures which en-
 dure,
 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

69 COME down, O Love Divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glow-
ing.
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 cloth-
 ing;
 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 dwell-
 ing.

Bianco of Siena, d.1434

Tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1833–1890

70 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

- 71 **A**DORO (te) devôte, latens Déitas,
Quae sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit,
Quia te contémplans totum dé-
fícit.
- 2 Visus, tactus, gustus in te fállitur,
Sed audítu solo tuto crédito.
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 cón-
fitens,
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 hómini!
Praesta meae menti de te vívere,
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

For English see
below.

6 Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Dómine,
 Me immúndum munda tuo sán-
 guíne:
 Cujus una stilla salvum fácere
 Totum mundum quit ab omni scélere.

7 Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspí-
 cio,
 Oro, fiat illud quod tam sítio:
 Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,
 Visu sim beátus tuae glóriæ. Amen

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1225–74

GODHEAD 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

73 **A**_{NIMA} Christi, sanctifica me.
 Corpus Christi, salva me.
 Sanguis Christi, inébria me.
 Aqua láteris Christi, lava me.

- 2 Pássio Christi, confórta me.
O bone Iesu, exáudi me.
Intra tua vúlnera abscónde me.
Ne permíttas me separári a te.
- 3 Ab hoste málgno 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

84 **S**oul 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.

For original see
above.

- 2 Strength and protection may Thy Pas-
sion 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.

75 **S**weet 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,
 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

English see

A -ve verum * corpus natum
 de Ma-rí-a Vírgi-ne : Ve-re pas-
 sum immo-látum in cruce pro
 hómi-ne : Cu-jus latus perforá-
 tum fluxit aqua et sán-gui-ne
 Esto nobis praegustá- tum mor-
 tis in ex-ámi-ne O Je-su dul-
 cis! O Je-su pi- e! O Je- su
 fi-li Ma-rí- ae.

Ascribed to Pope Innocent VI, d 1362

7^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

For original see
above.

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

78 **J**ESUS, 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?

Refrain: Sweet Sacrament, we Thee ad-
 ore;
 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 an-
 gels made

Frederick William Faber, 1814–63

79 **L**ET 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 van-
 ish
 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

80 **B**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

81 **T**O 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

82 SWEET Heart of Jesus, fount of love
and mercy,
Today we come, Thy blessings to im-
plore;
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.

- S**TORY be to Je- stream.
sus, Which from
Who in bitter endless
pains torment
Pour'd for me the Doth the world
life- redeem.
blood 4 There the faint-
From His sacred ing spirit
veins. Drinks of life her
fill;
2 Grace and life There as in a
eternal fountain
In that Blood I Laves herself at
find: will.
Blest be His
compas-5 Abel's blood for
sion, vengeance
Infinitely kind. Pleaded to the
skies;
3 Blest through But the Blood of
endless Jesus
ages For our pardon
Be the precious cries.

- 6 Oft as it is trembles;
 sprinkled Heav'n is fill'd
 On our guilty with joy.
 hearts, 8 Lift ye, then,
 Satan in confu- your
 sion voices;
 Terror-struck Swell the mighty
 departs. flood;
- 7 Oft as earth ex- Louder still and
 alting louder,
 Wafts its praise Praise the pre-
 on high, cious
 Hell with horror Blood.

Viva viva Gesu attributed to St Alphonsus Liguori, 1696–1787
 Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

CHRIST THE KING

84 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!

Patrick Brennan C.Ss.R., 1877-1951

8CROWN 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 piercéd 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.

- | | | | |
|---|------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| | 86 _E | maris | natus, |
| | | stella, | Tulit esse tuus. |
| | | Dei Mater alma, | |
| | | Atque semper ₅ | Virgo singuláris, |
| | | Virgo, | Inter omnes |
| | | Felix caeli porta. | mites, |
| | | | Nos culpis solú- |
| 2 | | Sumens illud Ave | tos, |
| | | Gabriélis ore, | Mites fac et cas- |
| | | Funda nos in | tos. |
| | | pace, | |
| | | Mutans Hevaë ₆ | Vitam praesta |
| | | nomen. | puram, |
| | | | Iter para tutum: |
| 3 | | Solve vincla reis, | Ut videntes Je- |
| | | Profer lumen | sum |
| | | caecis | Semper col- |
| | | Mala nostra | laétemur. |
| | | pelle, | |
| | | Bona cuncta po ₇ | Sit laus Deo |
| | | sce. | Patri, |
| | | | Summo Christo |
| 4 | | Monstra te esse | decus, |
| | | matrem: | Spirítui Sancto, |
| | | Sumat per te pre- | Tribus honor |
| | | ces, | unus. |
| | | Qui pro nobis | Amen. |

- 87** WE, Star of Ocean, He will hear who
 Child Divine thee chose
 who At His Incarna-
 barest, tion.
- Mother, Ever-5 Maid all maids
 Virgin, excelling,
 Heaven's Portal Passing meek
 fairest. and
- 2 Taking that lowly,
 sweet Ave Win for sinners
 Erst by Gabriel pardon,
 spoken, Make us chaste
 Eva's name re- and holy.
 versing, 6 As we onward
 Be of peace the journey
 token. Aid our weak en-
 deavor,
- 3 Break the sin- Till we gaze on
 ner's fet- Jesus
 ters, And rejoice
 Light to blind forever.
 restoring,
 All our ills dis- Father, Son, and
 pelling, Spirit,
 Every boon im- Three in One
 ploring. confess-
 ing,
- 4 Show thyself a Give we equal
 mother glory
 In thy supplica- Equal praise and
 tion, blessing.

Tr. Athelstan Riley, 1858–1945

88 MARY, 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

89

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody. Below the staves, the Latin text is written in a serif font.

Vlrgo De- i Génitrix, quem
 totus non capit orbis In tu-a



se clausit vísce-ra factus homo

- 2 Vera fides Géniti
Purgávit crímina mundi
Et tibi virgínitas
Invioláta manet.
- 3 Te matrem pietátis,
Opem te clámitat orbis:
Subvénias famulis,
O benedícta tuis.
- 4 Glória magna Patri
Compar sit glória Nato,
Spirítui Sancto
Glória magna Deo. Amen.

O Virgin Mother of God, He whom the
world could not contain
enclosed Himself in thy womb and was
made man.

True faith in thy Son has cast out the sins of
the world,
and thy virginity remains inviolate.

Thou art the Mother of divine love, Thou
the aiding power the world cries out to:
come in aid, O blessed one, to thy servants.

Great glory be to the Father, equal glory to
the Son, great glory to God the Holy Spirit.

<p>QUINCÓRDI lætítia, Propúlsa mæstí- tia, Maríæ præcónia Récolat Ecclésia: Virgo María.</p>	<p>2 Quæ felíci gaú- dio, Resurgénte Dómino, Floruit ut lílium: Vivum cernens Fílium: Virgo María.</p>
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For English see
below.

- 3 Quam concéntu Et post mortis
 párlí stádium,
 Chori láudant Vitae cónfer
 cóelici, práemium:
 Et nos cum Virgo María.
 cælésti-
 bus,
 Novum melos⁵ Glóriosa Trín-
 pángimus; itas,
 Virgo María. Indivísa Unitas,
 Ob Maríæ mer-
 4 O Regína Vír- ita,
 ginum, Nos salva per
 Votis fave súp- saecula:
 plicum, Virgo María.

Pierre de Corbeil, died 1222

9SOUNDS of joy have put to flight
 All the sadness of the night:
 Now a maid beyond compare
 Hears her praises fill the air:
 Virgo María.

- 2 Who with glad and joyful sighs,
 When the Lord from death did rise,
 Flowered as the lily bloom,
 Seeing Son His life resume:
 Virgo María.
- 3 Who is she whom angels sing,
 Making all creation ring?
 She it is who wins our praise,
 As on earth our voice we raise:
 Virgo María.
- 4 Queen of virgins, Maiden mild,
 Hear me, take me for your child.
 Ever my protector be;
 Bring eternal life to me:
 Virgo María.
- 5 Mighty Godhead, Three in One,

For original see
 above.

While eternal ages run,
 Look to Mary, full of grace,
 And forgive the human race:
 Virgo María.

2nd verse by Jeffrey C. Kalb, Jr., studialiberalia.com

92 VIRGIN, wholly marvellous,
 Who didst bear God's Son for us,
 Worthless is my tongue and weak
 Of thy purity to speak.

2 Who can praise thee as he ought?
 Gifts, with every blessing fraught,
 Gifts that bring the gifted life,
 Thou didst grant us, maiden-wife.

3 God became thy lowly Son,
 Made himself thy little One,
 Raising men to tell thy worth
 High in heav'n as here on earth.

4 Heav'n and earth, and all that
 is,
 Thrill to-day with ecstasies,
 Chanting glory unto thee,
 Singing praise with festal glee.

5 Cherubim with fourfold face
 Are no peers of thine in grace;
 And the six-wing'd Seraphim
 Shine, amid thy splendour, dim.

6 Purer art thou than are all
 Heav'nly hosts angelical,
 Who delight with pomp and state
 On thy beauteous Child to wait.

St. Ephrem Syrus, c. 307–373

Tr. J. W. Atkinson, S.J., 1866–1921

For Advent and Christmas



A
L- ma * Redemptó- ris Ma-
ter, quæ pérv- a caeli porta ma-
nes, Et stella ma- ris, succúrre cá-
dénti súrge- re qui curat pópu-
lo: Tu quæ genu- ísti, natúra mi-
ránte, tu- um san- ctum Geni- tó-
rem: Virgo pri- us ac posté- ri- us,
Gabri- é- lis ab ore sumens illud A-
ve, peccatórum mi- se- ré- re.

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



A -ve, Regína cælórum, * A-
ve Dómina Ange-lórum: Salve ra-
dix, salve porta, Ex qua mundo
lux est orta: Gaude Virgo glo-ri-
ósa, Super omnes spe-ci-ósa:
Va-le, o valde decó-ra, Et pro no-
bis Christum 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.

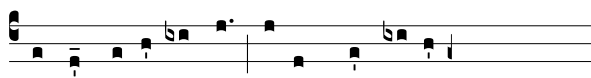
For Easter and Whitsuntide

95

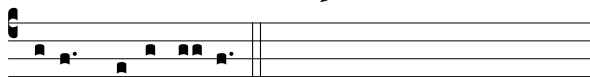
Marian antiphon for Paschaltide



R Egína cæ-li, * lætá-re, alle-
lú-ia: Qui-a quem meru-ísti por-
tá-re, alle-lú-ia: Resurréxit, sicut



di-xit, alle-lú-ia: Ora pro nobis



De-um, alle-lú-ia.

O Queen of heaven, rejoice, alleluia.

For He whom thou didst merit to bear, alleluia.

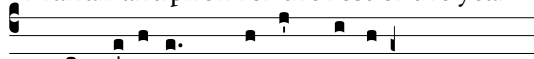
Is risen as He said, alleluia.

Pray for us to God, alleluia.

For the rest of the year

96

Marian antiphon for the rest of the year



S Alve, Regína, * ma-ter mi-se-



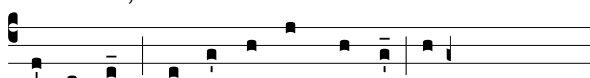
ricórdi-æ: Vi-ta, dulcé-do, et spes



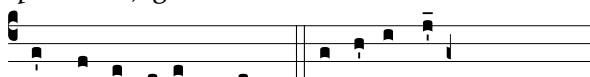
nostra, salve. Ad te clamámus,



éxsu-les, fí-li-i Hevæ. Ad te sus-



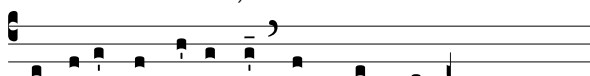
pi-rámus, geméntes et flentes in



hac lacrimárum valle. E-ia ergo,



Advocá-ta nostra, illos tu-os mi-



se-ricórdes ócu-los ad nos con-

vérté. Et Jesum, benedíctum fru-
ctum ventris tu-i, nobis post hoc
exsíl-li-um osténde. O cle-mens:
O pi- a: O dulcis * Virgo
Ma-ri- a.

For translation, see page 104, Hail Holy Queen.

HAIL, holy Queen enthroned above,
O Maria!
Hail, Queen of mercy and of love, O
Maria!

Refrain: Triumph, all ye cherubim,
Sing with us, ye seraphim!
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn:
Salve, salve, salve, Regina!

2 Our life, our sweetness here below,
O Maria!
Our hope in sorrow and in woe, O
Maria!

3 As exiles all to you we cry, O Maria!
Come, soothe with hope our misery.
O Maria!

4 Turn then, most gracious advocate,
O Maria!
Toward us your eyes compassionate,
O Maria!

5 O gentle, loving, holy one, O Maria!
Make us each day more like your Son,
O Maria!

6 And when from death to life we've
passed, O Maria!
Show us your Son, our Lord, at last,
O Maria!

Tr. Roman Hymnal, 1884

98

Most ancient Marian antiphon

S UB tu-um præsí-di-um con-
fúgimus sancta De-i Génitrix: nos-
tras depreca-ti-ónes ne despí-ci-as
in necessi-tá-tibus: sed a pe-rícu-
lis cunctis líbe-ra nos semper
Virgo glo-ri-ó-sa et be- ne-díc-

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.

99 **A**VE 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.

1000 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 sper-
ámus
Ora, ora pro nobis.

B01 BRING flow'rs of the fairest,
Bring flow'rs of the rarest
From garden and woodland and hill-
side and vale;

Our full hearts are swelling,
 Our glad voices telling
 The praise of the loveliest Rose of the
 vale.

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

2 Our voices ascending
 In harmony blending,
 O thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother
 to thee.
 O thus shall we prove thee,
 How truly we love thee,
 How dark without Mary, life's jour-
 ney would be.

102 **D**AILY, daily sing to Mary,
 Sing my soul, her praises due;
 All her feasts, her actions wor-
 ship,
 With the heart's devotion true.
 Lost in wondering contempla-
 tion
 Be her majesty confessed;
 Call her Mother, call her Vir-
 gin,
 Happy mother, Virgin blest.

2 She is mighty to deliver,
 Call her, trust her lovingly,
 When the tempest rages round
 thee
 She will calm the troubled sea.

Gifts of heaven she has given,
 Noble Lady to our race,
 She the Queen, who decks her
 subjects
 With the light of God's own grace.

Omni die dic Mariae attributed to St. Bernard of Cluny, 12th century

Tr. Henry Bittleston, 1818–86

1031 I'll sing a hymn to Mary,
 The Mother of my God,
 The Virgin of all virgins,
 Of David's royal blood.
 O teach me, holy Mary,
 A loving song to frame,
 When wicked men blaspheme
 thee,
 To love and bless thy name.

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

John Wyse, 1825–98

104 ~~THE~~ PREST of creatures! sweet Mother,
 sweet Maid;
 The one spotless womb wherein Je-
 sus 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 sin-
ner 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 won-
derful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy vir-
ginal 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

105 **I**MMACULATE 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.

106 MOTHER of God, thy sinless heart
 Grieves for thy sinless Child
 For Him who suffered for us and
 died
 And now again is crucified
 By sins of men defiled.

Chorus Lady of the Rosary
 Ave Maria!
 Lady of the Rosary
 Ave Maria!
 O Virgin heart Immaculate
 Sancta Maria
 To thee our hearts we consec-
 rate
 Ave Maria!

2 Queen of the World and Queen of
 Peace
 Help us in sorrow and pain

By penance and prayer, for sin to
atone
That over the world thy Son alone
In His glorious Peace may reign.

107 **M**OTHER dearest, mother fairest,
Help of all who call on thee,
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest
Help us, help we cry to thee.

Chorus Mary, help us, help we pray
Mary, help us, now, we pray.
Help us in all care and sorrow,
Mary, help us, help we pray

2 Lady, help in pain or sorrow,
Soothe those racked on bed of pain,
May the golden light of morrow,
Bring them health and joy again.

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

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

10 **M**OTHER of Mercy, day by day
My love of thee grows more and
more;

Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great seashore.

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

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

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

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63

Chorus **11** **O**N this day, O beautiful Mother
On this day we give thee our love.
Near thee Madonna, fondly we
hover,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

1 On this day we ask to share,
Dearest Mother thy sweet care;
Aid us ere our feet astray
Wander from thy guiding way.

2 Queen of angels, deign to hear
Lisping children's humble pray'r;
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,
Sweetly to thy self allure.

3 Rose of Sharon, lovely flow'r,
Beauteous bud of Eden's bow'r;

Cherished lily of the vale,
 Virgin Mother, Queen we hail.

- 4 In vain the flowers of love we bring,
 In vain sweet music's note we sing,
 If contrite heart and lowly prayer,
 Guide not our gifts to thy bright sphere.
- 5 Fast our days of life we run,
 Soon the night of death will come;
 Tower of strength in that dread hour,
 Come with all thy gentle power.

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

- 2 A fairer flower than she
 On earth hath never been;
 And, save the Throne of God,
 Your Heavens have never seen
 A wonder half so bright
 As your ascending Queen!
- 3 And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee,
 Ah, no—the Angels' Queen
 Man's Mother still will be,
 And thou upon thy throne
 Wilt keep thy love for me.
- 4 See! see! the Eternal Hands
 Put on her radiant crown,
 And the sweet Majesty
 Of Mercy sitteth down,
 For ever and for aye
 On her predestined throne!

Tr. Frederick William Faber, 1814–63

- 112** **W**HO is she ascends so high
 Next the heavenly King
 Round about whom angels fly
 And her praises sing?
- 2 Who is she adorned with light
 Makes the sun her robe
 At whose feet the queen of night
 Lays her changing globe?
- 3 This is she in whose pure womb
 Heaven's Prince remained;
 Therefore in no earthly tomb
 Can she be contained.
- 4 Heaven she was, which held that
 fire
 Whence the world took light
 And to heaven doth now aspire
 Flames with flames t'unite.
- 5 She that did so clearly shine
 When our day begun,
 See how bright her beams decline:
 Now she sits with th' Son.

Sir John Beaumont, 1583–1627

- M**ARY immaculate, star of the morn-
 ing,
 Chosen before the creation began,
 Chosen to bring for thy bridal adorn-
 ing,
 Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.
- 2 Here in an orbit of shadow and sad-
 ness
 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

114

CANTICUM BEATAE MARIAE VIRGINIS

- 1 Magnificat * ánima mea Dóminum.
- 2 Et exsultávit spíritus méus * in Déo salutári méo.

For English see
below.

- 3 Quia respéxit humilitátem ancíllae súae : *
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
misericórdiae súæ.
- 10 Sicut locútus est ad pátres nóstros, * Ab-
raham et sémini éjus in saécula.
- 11 Glória Pátri, et Fílio, * et Spirítui Sáncto.
- 12 Sicut érat in princípíio, et núnc, et sém-
per, * et in saécula sæculórum. Amen.

115

CANTICLE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

- 1 My soul doth magnify the Lord. 2 And
my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Sa-
viour.
- 3 Because He hath regarded the humility of
His handmaid; for behold from hence-
forth 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 con-
ceit 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.

For original see
above.

- 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.

SAINTS' DAYS

- F16** 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!

William Walsham How, 1823–97

THIS 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 beautiful 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

118

- GREAT 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 Clapsed 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

119 EAR 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 dwell-
ing,
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 sor-
rows,
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

120 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 fol-
 low
 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.

121 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.

122 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 Incarna-
 tion;

His baptism in Jordan river;
 His death on cross for my salvation;
 His bursting from the spiced 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 burn-
 ing,
 The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
 Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

123 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

124

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 man-
 sions 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.

Sister Agnes, c 19th century

125 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."

126 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

127

For English see
below.

- DIES irae, dies sonum
illa Per sepúlcrâ re-
Solvat saeculum giónum,
in favilla, Coget omnes
Teste David cum ante
Sibýlla. thronum.
- 2 Quantus tremor est
est natúra,
futúrus, Cum resúrget
Quando iudex creatúra
est Judicánti re-
ventúrus sponsúra.
- Cuncta stricte
dis- 5 Liber scriptus
cussúrus! profer-
étur,
- 3 Tuba mirum In quo totum
spargens con-

	tinétur Unde mundus judicétur.	passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus.
6	Judex ergo cum ^{II} sedébit, Quidquid latet appar- ébit: Nil inúltum re- manébit.	Juste judex ultiónis, Donum fac remis- siónis, Ante diem ratiónis.
7	Quid sum miser ^{I2} tunc dictúrus? Quem patrónum rog- atúrus? Cum vix justus sit secúrus.	Ingemísco, tamquam reus: Culpa rubet vultus meus: Supplicánti parce Deus.
8	Rex treméndae ^{I3} majestátis, Qui salvándos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pietátis.	Qui Mariám absolvísti Et latrónem exaudísti, Mihi quoque spem dedísti.
9	Recordáre, Jesu ^{I4} pie, Quod sum causa tuae viae: Ne me perdas illa die.	Preces meae non sunt dignae: Sed tu, bonus, fac benígne, Ne perénni cremer igne.
10	Quaerens me sedísti lassus: 15 Redemísti crucem	Inter oves locum praesta, Et ab haedis me

	se-	cinis:
	quéstra,	Gere curam mei
	Statúens in parte	finis.
	dextra. 18	Lacrimósa dies
16	Confutátis mal-	illa,
	edíctis,	Qua resúrget ex
	Flammis ácribus	favílla
	addíctis:	Judicándus
	Voca me cum	homo
	benedíc-	reus:
	tis.	Huic ergo parce,
		Deus.
17	Oro supplex et 19	Pie Jesu Dómine,
	acclínis,	dona eis
	Cor contrítum	réquiem.
	quasi	Amen.

Ascribed to Thomas of Celano, d. 1260

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

For original see
above.

- 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.
- 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 groan-
ing!
- 13 Thou that sinful woman savedst,
Thou the dying thief forgavest,
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sigh-
ing;
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 unboun-
ded,
Call me, with Thy saints surroun-
ded.
- 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

129 **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

E30 ~~E~~TERNAL rest grant unto them O Lord
 And let perpetual light shine upon them
 May they rest in peace
 May they rest in peace.

A31 ~~A~~BIDE with me; fast falls the even-
 tide;
 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 bit-
 terness.

- 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

- 132.** O 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

133 **N**EARER, 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

- 134 **F**IRMLY 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

135 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trin-
ity!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore
thee,
casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
cherubim and seraphim falling down
before thee,
who wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the dark-
ness hide thee,
though the eye of sinful man thy glory
may not see,
only thou art holy; there is none be-
side thee
perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in
earth and sky and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trin-
ity!

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

136 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 in-
spire
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

B37 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 be-
fall,
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

1 ~~1~~ **8** All 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

139 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

140

Te Deum




T E De-um laudámus: * te

For English see
below.



Dóminum confi-témur. Te aetér-




num Patrem omnis terra vene-rá-



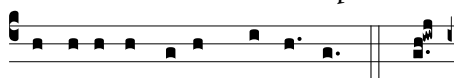
tur. Ti-bi omnes Ange-li, ti-bi



Caeli et uni-vérsae Potestá-tes :




Ti-bi Chérubim et Sé-raphim in-



cessábi-li voce proclámant : San-



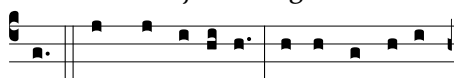
ctus : Sanctus : Sanctus Dóminus



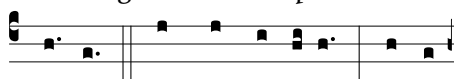
De-us Sába-oth. Pleni sunt caeli




et terra ma-jestá-tis gló-ri-ae tu-



ae. Te glo-ri-ósus Aposto-lórum



cho-rus : Te Prophe-tárum laudá-



bi-lis númerus : Te Mártyrum can-



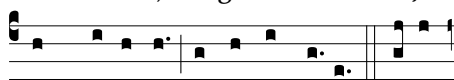
didátus laudat exérci- tus Te per
 orbem terrárum sancta confi-té-
 tur Ecclé-si-a : Patrem imménsae
 ma-jestá-tis Vene-rándum tu-um
 verum et únicum Fí-li-um : San-
 ctum quoque Pa-rácli-tum Spí-ri-
 tum. Tu Rex gló-ri-ae, Christe.
 Tu Patris sempi-térnus es Fí-li-
 us. Tu ad libe-rándum susceptú-
 rus hóminem, non horru-ísti Vír-
 ginis úterum. Tu de-vícto mortis
 acú-le-o, aperu-ísti credéntibus



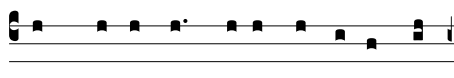
regna caeló-rum Tu ad déxte-ram



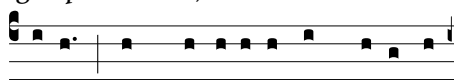
De-i se-des, in gló-ri-a Patris. Ju-



dex créde-ris esse ventúrus. Te er-




go quaésumus, tu-is fámu-lis súb-




veni, quos pre-ti-óso sáanguine re-




demísti. Aetérna fac cum Sanctis



tu-is in gló-ri-a nume-rá-ri.



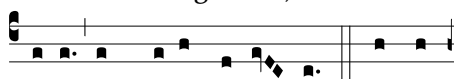
Salvum fac pópu-lum tu-um Dó-




mine, et bédedic haere-di-tá-ti



tu-ae. Et re-ge e-os, et extólle



illos usque in aetér-num. Per sín-



gu-los di-es, benedí-cimus te. Et



laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum,
et in saeculum saeculi.
Dignare Domine deus isto, sine
peccato nos custodire. Mi-se-ré-
re nostri Domine, mi-se-ré-re no-
stri Fi-at mi-se-ricórdi-a tu-a
Dómine super nos, quemádmódum
spe-rá-vimus in te In te Dómine
spe-rá- vi : non confúndar in ae-
tér- num.

Attributed to St Ambrose, circa 338–397

141 OLY God, we praise Thy name;
Lord of all, we bow before Thee
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in heaven above adore Thee.

Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 Lo, the Apostolic train
Join, Thy sacred name to hal-
low:
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 morn-
ing;
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.

142 ALL PEOPLE that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
 Him serve with mirth, His praise
 forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
 Without our aid He did us make:
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name al-
 ways,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth
 adore,
 From men and from the angel host
 Be praise and glory evermore.

William Kethe, died 1594

143 WITH 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 pray-
ers
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:

144 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 ad-
 ore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be ever more.

Martin Rinkart, 1586–1649

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

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

- 2 From all that terror teaches,
 From lies of tongue and pen,
 From all the easy speeches
 That comfort cruel men,
 From sale and profanation
 Of honour and the sword,
 From sleep and from damnation,
 Deliver us, good Lord!
- 3 Tie in a living tether
 The prince and priest and
 thrall,
 Bind all our lives together,
 Smite us and save us all;
 In ire and exaltation,
 Aflame with faith, and free,
 Lift up a living nation,
 A single sword to Thee.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1874–1936

We stand for God! And for His glory;
 The Lord supreme and God of all;
 Against His foes we raise His stand-
 ard;
 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 be-
 side;
 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

147 CHRIST is made the sure founda-
 tion,
 Christ the head and cornerstone,
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one;
 Holy Zion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

- 2 All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, today;
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear Thy servants as they pray,
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee of gain;
 What they gain from Thee, for ever
 With the Blessèd to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.
- 5 Laud and honour to the Father,
 Laud and honour to the Son,
 Laud and honour to the Spirit,
 Ever Three, and ever One,

Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66

148 ~~Y~~ow to thee, my country—all earthly
things above—

Entire and whole and perfect, the
service of my love:

The love that asks no question, the
love that stands the test,

That lays upon the altar the dearest
and the best;

The love that never falters, the love
that pays the price,

The love that makes undaunted
the final sacrifice.

2 And there's another country, I've heard
of long ago,

Most dear to them that love her,
most great to them that know;

We may not count her armies, we may
not see her King;

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her
pride is suffering;

And soul by soul and silently her shin-
ing bounds increase,

And her ways are ways of gentle-
ness and all her paths are Peace.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, 1859–1918

P49 ~~R~~aise the Lord! Ye heavens adore
Him

Praise Him angels in the height;

Sun and moon rejoice before Him;

Praise Him all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord for He hath spoken;

Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;

Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

- 2 Praise the Lord! For He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God has made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His pow'r proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Psalm 148, The Foundling Hospital Collection, 1796

150

Jesu dulcis memó-ri-a, Dans
ve-ra cordis gáudi-a Sed super
mel et ómni-a, E-jus dulcis prae-
sénti-a.

For English see
below.

- 2 Nil cánitur peténti-
suávius, bus!
Nil áuditor Quam bonus te
jucún- quærén-
dius, tibus!
Nil cogitáthur dúl- Sed quid inven-
cius, iéntibus?
Quam Jesus Dei 4 Nec lingua valet
Fílius. dícere,
3 Jesu, spes paen- Nec líttera ex-
iténtibus, prímere:
Quam pius es Expértus potest

	crédere,	praé-
	Quid sit Jesum	mium:
	diligere.	Sit nostra in te
		glória,
5	Sis, Jesu, nos-	Per cuncta
	trum gáu-	semper
	dium,	saécula.
	Qui es futúrus	Amen.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1090–1153

151 **J**ESU, the very thought of Thee,
 With sweetness fills my breast,
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest. For original see
above.

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

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

4 But what to those who find? Ah
 this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be:
 Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity. Amen.

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–87

152 **W**HY GOD, I love Thee; not because

I hope for heav'n thereby,
Nor yet because if I love not
I must forever die.

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

3 And griefs and torments number-
less,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself—and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

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

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

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Because Thou art my loving God,
And my eternal King.

attributed to St. Francis Xavier, 1506–52

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1814–78

153

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heav'n
the news and Prince of Peace.

2 Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
sin doth never cease.

In your deep floods
 Drown all my faults and fears;
 Nor let his eye see sin,
 but through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher, 1582–1650

154 GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the
 night,
 Before the rising sun.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guide while life shall
 last,
 And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

P55 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

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

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that
 Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path;
 but now
 Lead Thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not
 past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
 it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those Angel faces
 smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and
 lost awhile.

Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1801–90

157 ^{ANGEL VOICES} ever singing round
 Thy throne of light, An-
 gel harps, forever ringing,
 rest not day nor night;
 Thousands only live to
 bless Thee and con-

fess thee Lord of might.

2Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou re-
gardest songs of sin-
ful man? Can we feel that
Thou art near us and
wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
o'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands
and voices for Thy praise
combine; Craftsman's art
and music's measure for
Thy pleasure all combine.

4Here, great God, today we of-
fer of Thine own to
Thee; And for Thine ac-
ceptance proffer, all
unworthily, Hearts and
minds and hands and voices
in our choicest melody.

5Honor, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessed Trinity: Of the
best that Thou hast given
earth and heaven render
Thee.

OFFERTORY

158 **AL**MIGHTY 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.

159 **W**HEN the Patriarch was return-
 ing
 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 fash-
 ioned
 All things by His might divine,
 Bread into His Body changes,
 Into His own Blood the wine;
 What though sense no change per-
 ceives,
 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

P60 PRAISE 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.

1 MY 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. 202

FIRST COMMUNION

162 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.

163 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

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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 amend-
ment. 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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