



A  
CATHOLIC  
BOOK  
OF  
HYMNS  
&  
CHANTS



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Four-Part Sacred Songs and Gregorian Chants  
for a Singing Congregation

Sacred Music Library  
Augusta, Kentucky



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Imprimatur:      † Most Reverend Roger J. Foys, D.D.  
                                 Bishop of Covington

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# Table of Contents

HYMNS BY ALPHABET	PAGE
A .....	1
B .....	20
C .....	38
D .....	62
E .....	70
F .....	71
G .....	88
H .....	98
I .....	122
J .....	134
K .....	148
L .....	149
M .....	172
N .....	181
O .....	184
P .....	237
R .....	242
S .....	247
T .....	264
V .....	292
W .....	292
Y .....	312
 GREGORIAN CHANTS .....	 321
 INDICES	
I. First Lines with Tunes .....	320
II. Tunes with First Lines .....	326
III. Liturgical .....	331
Proper of the Seasons .....	331
Proper of the Saints .....	333
Commons .....	333
Rites .....	334
Masses for Various Needs and Occasions .....	335
IV. Topical .....	336
V. Metrical .....	342
VI. Scriptural Passages Related to Hymns .....	ONLINE
VII. Gregorian Chants According to Use .....	406
VIII. First Lines and Common Titles of Gregorian Chants .....	408



# Introduction

“Music and silence—how I detest them both!”

Screwtape, under-secretary to the devil,  
*The Screwtape Letters* by C. S. Lewis

It's easy to see why the enemies of mankind would hate and fear both sacred silence and sacred music. Both bring joy, spur contemplation, and draw the soul nearer to the Lord. Both have been part of our private prayer as well as our communal liturgy for thousands of years.

The Psalms—biblical songs of praise, supplication, and wonder—have been sung for three thousand years. Naturally, Jesus, his disciples, and later the early Christian community also sang hymns (from the Greek word meaning “songs of praise”), as The New Testament makes clear.

We sing because we love, and sung praise elevates our words, takes them out of the realm of the commonplace, and increases our joy. The holy pleasure of singing to God involves the entire person—spirit, heart, mind, and body—and unites us not only with the Divine but also with one another as a worshipping community.

This collection of hymns for the singing Catholic congregation exemplifies the best of the genre. These songs are religiously orthodox, beautiful, sacred, and—for the most part—familiar. But here you will also find worthy hymn tunes and texts that are new to you.

Sung hymns have been an important part of the Liturgy of the Hours for century upon century, so they are nothing new, although singing them at Mass is relatively recent.

We present this book to propose not that hymns replace the proper chants for a particular day's Mass but live happily alongside them. In most instances the chants for processions are the prerogative of cantors and choirs and, as the texts change with every Sunday and solemnity, it's not practical for the congregation to learn and sing them.

Hymns, on the other hand, belong to all the faithful and serve as a key means of the “active participation” spoken of in Vatican II's Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy.

May this book bring joy to all who sing from it!



# HYMNS





## Abide With Me

10 10 10 10

EVENTIDE

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;  
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its  
 3 I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour. What but thy grace can

Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts  
 glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a - round I  
 foil the tempt - er's power? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 see. O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
 be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.

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

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

BASED ON LUKE 24:29  
 HENRY F. LYTE, 1793-1847

## Accept, Almighty Father

7676 D

L. HEROLD'S *GESANGBUCH*, 1908

1 Ac - cept, Al - might - y Fa - ther, These gifts of bread and wine;  
 2 That blest and con - se - crat - ed, The Sac - ri - fice may plead  
 3 With these al - though un - worth - y, Some of - f'ring we would make  
 4 O God, by that co - min - gling Of wa - ter and of wine,

Which now the Priest doth of - fer For us be - fore thy shrine;  
 For mer - cy un - a - bat - ed, As we poor sin - ners need;  
 But all we have thou gav - est Then what thou gav - est take  
 May he who took our na - ture Give us his life di - vine.

But soon the word will make them His bod - y and his blood,  
 A - las, we are frail mor - tals, But through his flesh and blood,  
 Our hearts, our souls, our sens - es We give through Ma - ry's hands  
 Come, thou who mak - est ho - ly And bless this Sa - cri - fice.

The Sac - ri - fice re - new - ing, Once of - fered on the Rood.  
 Who o - pen'd heav - en's por - tals, We hope to rise to God.  
 Who by the Cross once stand - ing Now by the al - tar stands.  
 Then shall our gift be pleas - ing To thee a - bove the skies.

*NIMM AN, O HERR, DIE GABEN*; FRANZ SERAPH VON KOHLBRENNER, 1728–1783  
 TR. BY ANON.

## All Glory, Laud, and Honor

7676 D

ST. THEODULPH

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1584-1635

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. *Fine*

1 Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing thee on high;  
3 The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore thee went:

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.  
And mor - tal men, and all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.  
Our praise and prayers and an - thems Be - fore thee we pre - sent. *D.C. al Fine*

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.

GLORIA, LAUS ET HONOR; THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, C. 760-821

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

86 86 86

CORONATION

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1836

1 All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring  
 2 Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail  
 3 Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To  
 4 O that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem And crown him Lord of all; Bring  
 him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail  
 him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all; To  
 join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy-al di-a-dem And crown him Lord of all.  
 him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
 him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726-1792  
 ALT. BY JOHN RIPPON, 1751-1836



## All People That on Earth Do Dwell

88 88

OLD HUNDREDTH

MELODY FROM *GENEVAN PSALTER*, 1551

ATTR. TO LOUIS BOURGEOIS, C. 1510–1561, ALT.

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing  
2 Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With -  
3 O en - ter then his gates with praise; Ap -

to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his  
out our aid he did us make; We are his folk, he  
proach with joy his courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless his

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - joice.  
doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.  
name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good: His mercy is forever 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 heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel host Be praise and glory evermore.
- 6 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.

BASED ON PSALM 100

VSS. 1–5, WILLIAM KETHE, D. C. 1594, ALT.

VS. 6, THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711

## All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure

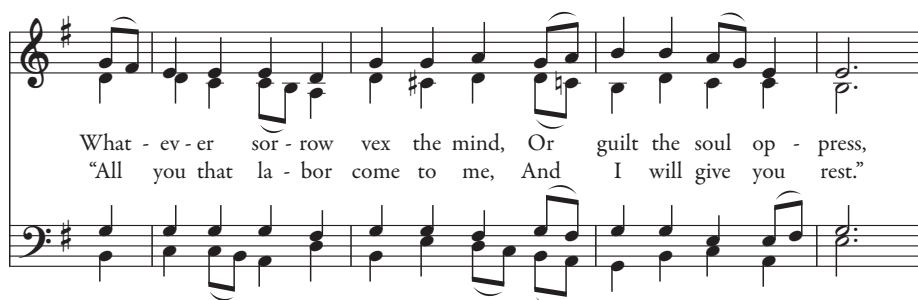
86 86 D

KINGSFOLD

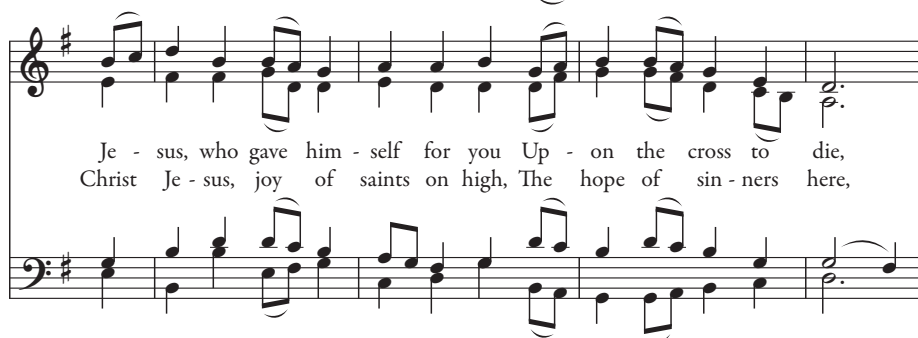
TRADITIONAL ENGLISH FOLK SONG

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958


1 All you who seek a com-fort sure In trou-ble and dis-tress,  
2 You hear how kind-ly he in-vites; You hear his words so blest:



What-ev-er sor-row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op-press,  
"All you that la-bor come to me, And I will give you rest."



Je-sus, who gave him-self for you Up-on the cross to die,  
Christ Je-sus, joy of saints on high, The hope of sin-ners here,



O-pens to you his Sa-cred Heart; Oh, to that heart draw nigh.  
At-tract-ed by those lov-ing words To you we lift our prayer.

*QUINCUMQUE CERTUM QUÆRITIS*, 18TH CENT.

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

## Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven

87 87 D


HYMN TO JOY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827


ADAPT. AND HARM. BY EDWARD HODGES, 1796-1867



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;  
 2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,  
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;



Sing to God a hymn of glad ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.  
 Glo - rious life and life im - mor - tal, On this res - ur - rec - tion morn.  
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior Who has won the vic - to - ry;



He, who on the cross as Sav - ior For the world's sal - va - tion bled,  
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer By his might - y en - ter - prise,  
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.  
 We with him to life e - ter - nal By his res - ur - rec - tion rise.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Maj - es - ty.


CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885, ALT.

# 8 Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise

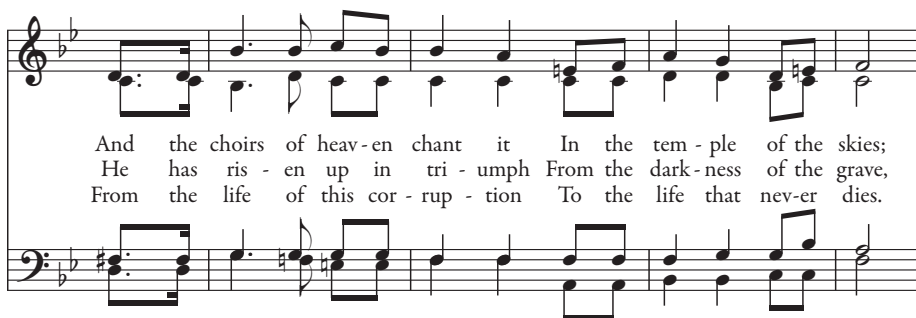
87 87 D

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the ho - ly an - them rise,  
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Like the sun from out the wave,  
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Bless - ed Je - sus, make us rise



And the choirs of heav - en chant it In the tem - ple of the skies;  
 He has ris - en up in tri - umph From the dark - ness of the grave,  
 From the life of this cor - rup - tion To the life that nev - er dies.



Let the moun - tain skip with glad - ness, And the joy - ful val - leys ring  
 He's the splen - dor of the na - tions, He's the lamp of end - less day;  
 May your glo - ry be our por - tion When the days of time are past,



With Ho - san - nas in the high - est To our Sav - ior and our King.  
 He's the ver - y Lord of glo - ry Who is ris - en up to - day.  
 And the dead shall be a - wak - ened By the trum - pet's might - y blast.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

## Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

87 87 D

HYFRYDOL

ROWLAND H. PRITCHARD, 1811-1887

1 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the  
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we  
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on

scep - ter, his the throne. Al - le - lu - ia! His the  
 left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia! He is  
 earth our food, our stay; Al - le - lu - ia! Here the

tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.  
 near us, Faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how;  
 sin - ful Flee to thee from day to day:

Hark! The songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der  
 Though the cloud from sight re - ceived him When the  
 In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re -

like a migh - ty flood, Je - sus out of  
 for - ty days were o'er, Shall our hearts for -  
 deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of

ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deemed us by his blood.  
 get his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more?"  
 all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the cry - stal sea.

- 4 Alleluia! King eternal, Thee the Lord of lords we own;  
 Alleluia! Born of Mary, Earth thy footstool, Heav'n 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.
- 5 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus! His the scepter, his the throne.  
 Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory alone.  
 Hark! The songs of holy Zion Thunder like a mighty flood,  
 Jesus out of every nation Hath redeemed us by his blood.

BASED ON REVELATION 5:9-14  
 WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837-1898



# Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast

86 86

DUNDEE

MELODY FROM *SCOTTISH PSALTER*, 1615

ADAPT. AND HARM. BY THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, 1592-1635

1 Al - migh - ty God, Your Word is cast Like seed in - to the ground;  
 2 Nor let Your Word so kind - ly sent To raise us to Your throne  
 3 Great God, come down and on Your Word Your migh-ty power be - stow,

Now let the dew of Heav'n de-scend And right-eous fruits a - bound.  
 Re - turn to You, and sad - ly tell That we re - ject Your Son.  
 That all who hear the joy - ful sound Your sav - ing grace may know.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1775-1852, ALT.

# 11 Angels, From the Realms of Glory

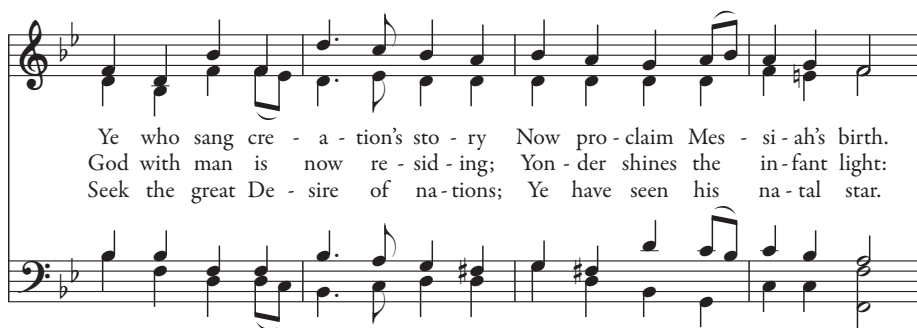
87 87 87

REGENT SQUARE

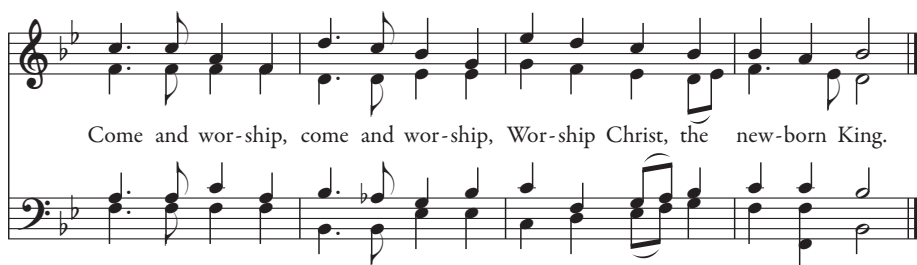
HENRY T. SMART, 1813–1879



1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
2 Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,  
3 Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far;



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.  
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light:  
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions; Ye have seen his na - tal star.



Come and wor-ship, come and wor-ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

- 4 Saints before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear;  
Suddenly the Lord, descending, In his temple shall appear.
- 5 All creation, join in praising God, the Father, Spirit, Son,  
Evermore your voices raising, to the eternal Three-in-One:

VSS. 1–4, JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854  
VS. 5, SALISBURY HYMN BOOK, 1857

## Angels We Have Heard on High

77 77 WITH REFRAIN

GLORIA

TRADITIONAL FRENCH CAROL

1 An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,  
 2 Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?  
 3 Come to Beth - le - hem, and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;

And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy - ous strains.  
 Say, what may the ti - dings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?  
 Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.

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

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

*LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES*; TRADITIONAL FRENCH CAROL, C. 18TH CENT.  
 TR. BY JAMES CHADWICK, 1813–1882, AND OTHERS, ALT.

## 13

## As With Gladness Men of Old

77 77 77

DIX

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872

ADAPT. AND HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;  
 2 As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger-bed,  
 3 As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;  
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heav'n and earth a-dore;  
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee.  
 So may we with will-ing feet Ev-er seek thy mer-cy seat.  
 All our cost-liest treas-ures bring, Christ, to thee, our heav'n-ly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, ev'ry day Keep us in the narrow way;  
 And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heav'nly country bright Need they no created light;  
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown, Thou its sun which goes not down;  
 There for ever may we sing Alleluias to our King.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837-1898

# 14 At the Cross Her Station Keeping

887

STABAT MATER

MAINTZISCH GESANGBUCH, 1661

1 At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful  
 2 Through her heart, his sor - row shar - ing, All his bit - ter  
 3 Oh, how sad and sore dis - tressed, Was that moth - er  
 4 Christ a - bove in tor - ment hangs; She be - neath be -

moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus to the last.  
 an - guish bear - ing, Now at length the sword had passed.  
 high - ly blest Of the sole be - got - ten One!  
 holds the pangs Of her dy - ing glo - rious Son.

- 5 Is there one who would not weep,  
 Whelmed in miseries so deep  
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?
- 6 Can the human heart refrain  
 From partaking in her pain,  
 In that Mother's pain untold?
- 7 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
 She beheld her tender Child  
 All with bloody scourges rent;
- 8 For the sins of his own nation,  
 Saw him hang in desolation,  
 Till his Spirit forth he sent.
- 9 O thou Mother! Fount of love!  
 Touch my spirit from above,  
 Make my heart with thine accord:
- 10 Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
 Make my soul to glow and melt  
 With the love of Christ my Lord.
- 11 Holy Mother! pierce me through;  
 In my heart each wound renew  
 Of my Savior crucified:
- 12 Let me share with thee his pain,  
 Who for all my sins was slain,  
 Who for me in torment 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 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 lastest breath,  
 In my body bear the death  
 Of that dying Son of thine.
- 17 Wounded with his ev'ry wound,  
 Steep my soul till it hath swooned  
 In his very blood away.
- 18 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
 Lest in flames I burn and die,  
 In that awful Judgment day.
- 19 Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,  
 Be thy Mother my defence,  
 Be thy Cross my victory;
- 20 While my body here decays,  
 May my soul thy goodness praise,  
 Safe in Paradise with thee. Amen.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA; JACAPONE DA TODI, 1230-1306

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

# 15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

77 77 D

SALZBURG

JAKOB HINTZE, 1622-1702

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
 2 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
 3 Might - y Vic - tim from on high, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath thee lie;  
 4 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy, These a - lone do sin de - stroy.

Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;  
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light:  
 From sins pow'r do thou set free Souls new - born, O Lord, in thee.

Praise we him whose love di - vine Gives his sa - cred blood for wine,  
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, pas - chal bread;  
 Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;  
 Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise:

Gives his Bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.  
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.  
 Thou hast o - pened Par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.  
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to thee With the Spi - rit ev - er be.

AD REGLAS AGNI DAPES, 17TH CENT.

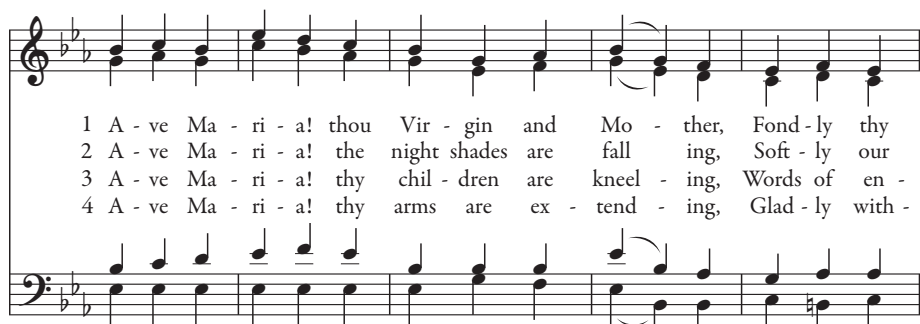
TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1868, ALT.



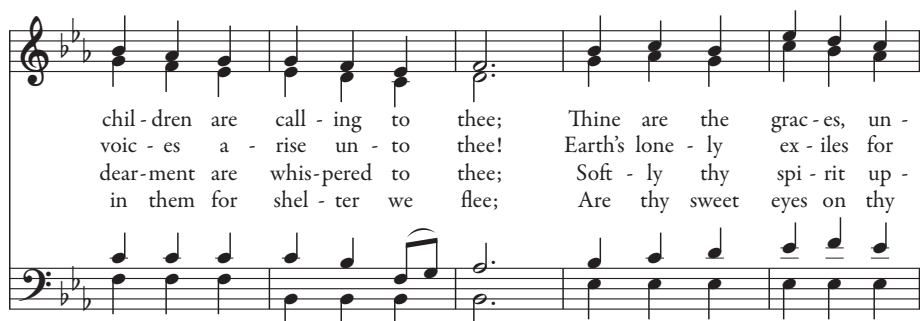
# 16 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother

11 10 11 10

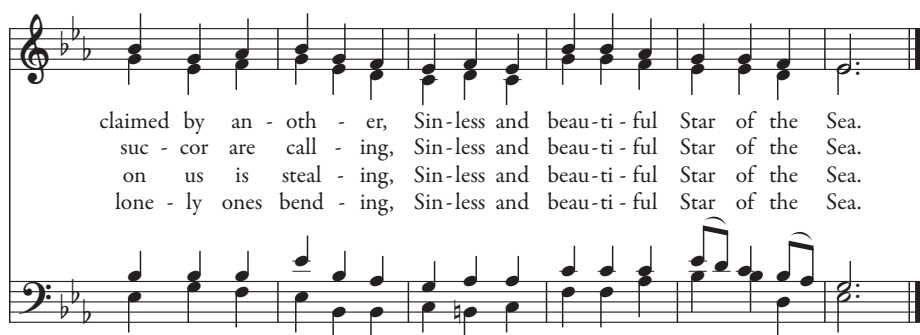
AUGUSTUS EDMONDS TOZER, 1857-1919



1 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou Vir - gin and Mo - ther, Fond - ly thy  
 2 A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall ing, Soft - ly our  
 3 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy chil - dren are kneel - ing, Words of en -  
 4 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy arms are ex - tend - ing, Glad - ly with -



chil - dren are call - ing to thee; Thine are the grac - es, un -  
 voic - es a - rise un - to thee! Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for  
 dear - ment are whis - pered to thee; Soft - ly thy spi - rit up -  
 in them for shel - ter we flee; Are thy sweet eyes on thy



claimed by an - oth - er, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.  
 suc - cor are call - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.  
 on us is steal - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.  
 lone - ly ones bend - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.

AUGUSTUS EDMONDS TOZER, 1857-1919

## Away in a Manger

11 11 11 11

CRADLE SONG

WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921

1 A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,  
 2 The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes,  
 3 Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask thee to stay

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet head.  
 But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing he makes;  
 Close by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray;

The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,  
 I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky  
 Bless all the dear chil - dren in thy ten - der care,

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
 And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.  
 And fit us for Heav - en to live with thee there.

VSS. 1-2, *LITTLE CHILDREN'S BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES*, C. 1885

VS. 3, JOHN T. MCFARLAND, 1851-1913

## Be Joyful, Mary

85 84 7

REGINA CAELI

CATHOLICUM HYMNOLOGIUM GERMANICUM, 1584

1 Be joy - ful, Ma - ry, heav'n - ly Queen, Gau - de, Ma - rí -  
 2 The Son you bore by heav - en's grace, Gau - de, Ma - rí -  
 3 The Lord has ris - en from the dead, Gau - de, Ma - rí -

a: Your Son who died was liv - ing seen,  
 a: Did all our guilt and sin ef - face,  
 a: He rose with might as he had said,

Al - le - lu - ia; lae - ta - re, O Ma - rí - a.

REGINA CAELI, JUBILA, 17TH CENT.

TR. ANON. IN *PSALLITE*, 1901, ALT.

SLANE

TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY

1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;  
 3 High King of heav - en, when vic - t'ry is won,

All else be nought to me, save that thou art.  
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
 May I reach heav - en's joys, bright heav - en's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
 Thou my great Fa - ther, thine own may I be:  
 Heart of my heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.  
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.  
 Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

ANCIENT IRISH  
 TR. BY MARY E. BYRNE, 1905

# 20 Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy

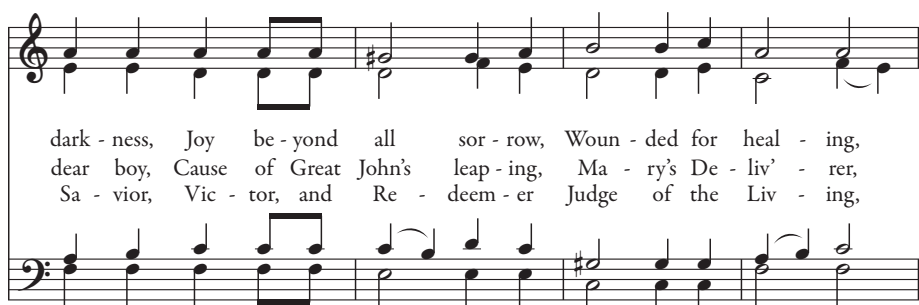
56 56 56 5

ST. RICHARD GWYN

NOEL JONES, 1947-



1 Beau - ti - ful Sa - vior, Migh - ti - est in Mer - cy, Light pier - cing  
 2 Son of the Fa - ther, Child of Ma - ry Mo - ther, Just Jo - seph's  
 3 All laud we bring now Prais - ing our Be - lov - ed, Christ Je - sus,



dark - ness, Joy be - yond all sor - row, Woun - ded for heal - ing,  
 dear boy, Cause of Great John's leap - ing, Ma - ry's De - liv' - rer,  
 Sa - vior, Vic - tor, and Re - deem - er Judge of the Liv - ing,



Dy - ing for our sav - ing, Vic - tim and High Priest.  
 Tru - est friend to Laz' - rus True God, our High King.  
 Judge of the de - par - ted, Come quick - ly, Je - sus.

VINCENT UHER, 1963-

# 21 Before the Day's Last Moments Fly

88 88

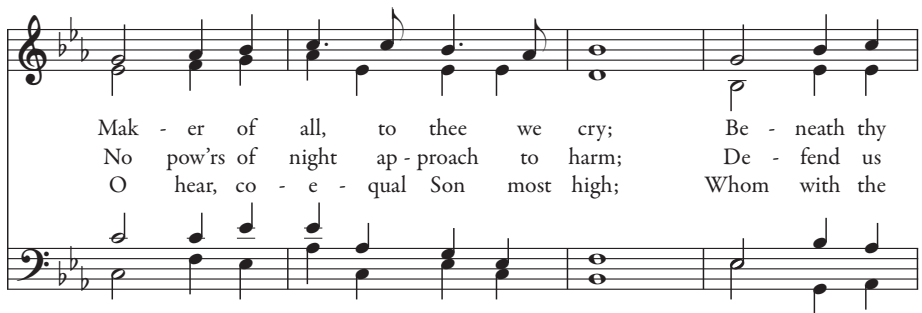
TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM

ANDERNACH GESANGBUCH, 1608

ADAPT. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992



1 Be - fore the day's last mo - ments fly,  
 2 Let no ill dreams our souls a - larm,  
 3 Fa - ther of mer - cies, hear our cry;



Mak - er of all, to thee we cry; Be - neath thy  
 No pow'rs of night ap - proach to harm; De - fend us  
 O hear, co - e - qual Son most high; Whom with the



kind pro - tec - tion take, And shield us for thy mer - cy's sake.  
 from the tempt - er's art, And keep us ev - er pure in heart.  
 Spir - it we a - dore, One on - ly God for ev - er - more.

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM, 7TH CENT.

TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1868

MERTON

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823–1889

1 Beth - le - hem, of no - blest ci - ties None can once with thee com - pare;  
 2 Fair - er than the sun at morn - ing Was the star that told his birth;  
 3 By its lam - bent beau - ty guid - ed See, the east - ern kings ap - pear;

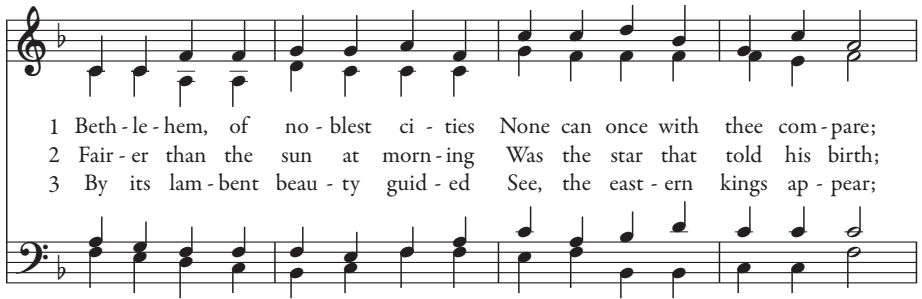
Thou a - lone the Lord from heav - en Didst for us in - car - nate bear.  
 To the lands their God an - nounc - ing, Seen in flesh - ly form of earth.  
 See them bend, their gifts to of - fer, Gifts of in - cense, gold, and myrrh.

- 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.

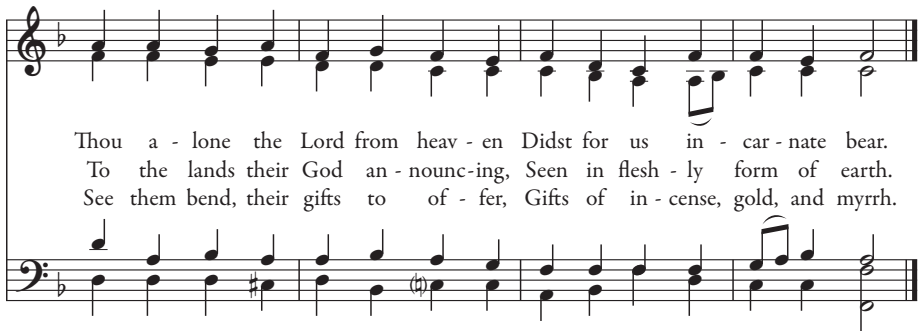
*O SOLA MAGNARUM URBIVM*; AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIVS, 348–410

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878

STUTT GART

WITT'S *PSALMODIA SACRA*, GOTH A, 1715  
ADAPT. BY HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876


1 Beth-le-hem, of no-blest ci-ties None can once with thee com-pare;  
2 Fair-er than the sun at morn-ing Was the star that told his birth;  
3 By its lam-bent beau-ty guid-ed See, the east-ern kings ap-pear;



Thou a-lone the Lord from heav-en Didst for us in-car-nate bear.  
To the lands their God an-nounc-ing, Seen in flesh-ly form of earth.  
See them bend, their gifts to of-fer, Gifts of in-cense, 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.

*O SOLA MAGNARUM URBIVM*; AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIVS, 348-410  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878



## Bless Me, Befriend Me

10 10 10 10

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918

1 Bless me, be - friend me, sweet an - gel, I pray; Watch me, de -  
 2 Beam on my glad - ness, thy joy shall I share; Shine on my  
 3 An - gel so ho - ly! whom God sends to me, Sin - ful and

fend me by night and by day. Shel - ter, en - fold me, with -  
 sad - ness, and sor - row I'll bear. Go thou be - fore me, my  
 low - ly, my guar - dian to be. Wilt thou not cher - ish the

in thy bright wings: Guide me, up - hold me in life's wan - der - ings.  
 path shall be clear, Hov - er thou o'er me, no foe shall I fear.  
 child of thy care? Let me not per - ish, my trust is thy prayer.

- 4 O, may I never forget thou art near;  
 Keep, keep me ever in love and in fear.  
 Waking and sleeping, in labor and rest,  
 In thy sweet keeping my life shall be blest.
- 5 Till my last sorrow I'll walk in thy light;  
 Till the tomorrow eternal and bright.  
 Till thy soft pinions shall waft me on high,  
 To those dominions more fair than the sky.

E. F. MACGONIGLE'S *THE SODALIST'S HYMNAL*, PHILADELPHIA, 1887

## Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word

78 78 88

LIEBSTER JESU

JOHANN R. AHLE, 1625-1673

ADAPT. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 Bless - ed Je - sus, at thy word we are gath - ered  
2 Glo - rious Lord, thy - self im - part, Light of Light, from  
3 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise to thee and

all to hear thee; Let our hearts and souls be stirred  
God pro-ceed - ing; O - pen thou our ears and heart,  
ad - o - ra - tion! Grant that we thy Word may trust

now to seek and love and fear thee, By thy teach - ings,  
help us by thy Spir - it's plead - ing; Hear the cry thy  
and ob - tain true con - so - la - tion While we here be -

sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love thee sole - ly.  
peo - ple rais - es, Hear and bless our prayers and prais - es.  
low must wan - der, Till we sing thy prais - es yon - der.

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER; TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1619-1684

TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1828-1878

## Blest Guardian of All Virgin Souls

88 88

H. FARMER, SJ

1 Blest guar - dian of all vir - gin souls! Por -  
 2 Fair Li - ly found a - mid the thorns! Most  
 3 Thou Tower, a - gainst the dra - gon proof! Thou

tal of bliss to man for - given! Pure Mo - ther of Al -  
 beau - teous Dove with wings of gold! Rod from whose ten - der  
 Star, to storm-tossed voy - gers dear! Our course lies o'er a

might - y God! Thou hope of earth, and joy of heaven!  
 root up - spring That heal - ing Flower long since fore - told.  
 treach - rous deep, Thine be the light by which we steer.

4 Scatter the mists that round us hang;  
 Keep far the fatal shoals away;  
 And while through darkling waves we sweep,  
 Open a path to light and day.

5 O Jesu, born of Virgin bright,  
 Immortal glory be to Thee;  
 Praise to the Father infinite  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

*PRÆCLARA CUSTOS VIRGINUM, 17TH CENT.*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

1 Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken,  
 2 Oh, see the heart by sor - row bro - ken,  
 3 E - ter - nal Word, our Lord, our Sav - ior,  
 4 O Lamb of God, our Friend and Bro - ther,

Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed, By whom the words of  
 Here too the tears by Ma - ry shed; Blest is this Feast more  
 Tak - ing a - way our sin and shame, In - car - nate Love, our  
 We cry for joy to meet thee here; Now send us out to

life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead:  
 than mere to - ken, The bo - dy bro - ken, thy blood red.  
 hope, our Trea - sure, We wor - ship and a - dore thy name.  
 do thee ho - nor; Stay with us till that day ap - pear.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

RENDEZ À DIEU

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1510-1561

1 Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,  
2 E - ter - nal Word, our Lord, our Sav - ior, Ta - king a - way our sin and shame,

by whom the words of life were spo - ken, and in whose death our sins are dead:  
In - car - nate Love, our Hope, our Trea - sure, we wor - ship and a - dore thy name.

O, see thy Heart by sor - row bro - ken, here too the tears by Ma - ry shed;  
O Lamb of God, our Friend and Bro - ther, we cry for joy to meet thee here;

Blest is this Feast more than mere to - ken, Thy Bo - dy bro - ken, thy blood red.  
Now send us out to do thee ho - nor; Stay with us till that day ap - pear.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

## 29

## Bright the Vision That Delighted

87 87

LAUS DEO (REDHEAD)

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820–1901



1 Bright the vi - sion that de - light - ed Once the sight of Ju - dah's seer;  
 2 Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - ub - im and ser - aph - im  
 3 'Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its full - ness stored;  
 Sweet the count - less tongues u - nit - ed To en - trance the proph - et's ear.  
 Filled his tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:  
 Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord.'

- 4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,  
 'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'
- 5 With his seraph train before him,  
 With his holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:
- 6 'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;  
 Earth is with its fullness stored;  
 Unto thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

BASED ON ISAIAH 6  
 HYMN COMMEMORATIVE OF THE "THRICE HOLY"; RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848

## Brightest and Best

11 10 11 10

LIEBSTER IMMANUEL

HIMMELSLUST, JENA, 1679

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 Bright - est and best of the stars of the morn - ing,  
 2 Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,  
 3 Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,  
 4 Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple o - bla - tion,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 O - dors of E - dom, and of - f'ings di - vine,  
 Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure,

Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,  
 An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,  
 Gems of the moun - tain, and pearls of the o - cean,  
 Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
 Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sav - ior of all.  
 Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?  
 Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

## Brightest and Best

11 10 11 10

MORNING STAR

JAMES P. HARDING, 1850-1911

1 Bright - est and best of the stars of the morn - ing,  
 2 Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,  
 3 Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,  
 4 Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple o - bla - tion,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 O - dors of E - dom, and of - f'rings di - vine,  
 Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure,

Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,  
 An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,  
 Gems of the moun - tain, and pearls of the o - cean,  
 Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,

Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
 Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sav - ior of all.  
 Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?  
 Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826



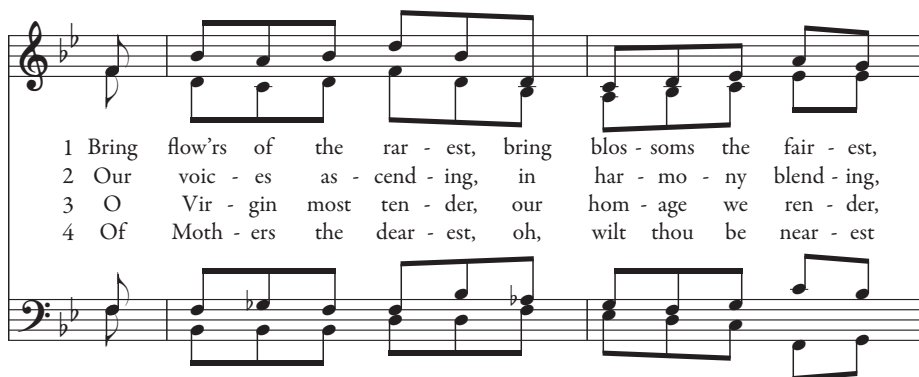
## Bring Flowers of the Rarest

12 11 WITH REFRAIN

QUEEN OF THE ANGELS

WREATH OF MARY, 1883

HARM. ALT. BY NOEL JONES, 1947-



1 Bring flow'rs of the rar - est, bring blos - soms the fair - est,  
 2 Our voic - es as - cend - ing, in har - mo - ny blend - ing,  
 3 O Vir - gin most ten - der, our hom - age we ren - der,  
 4 Of Moth - ers the dear - est, oh, wilt thou be near - est



From gar - den and wood - land and hill - side and vale;  
 O thus may our hearts turn, dear Moth - er, to thee;  
 Thy love and pro - tec - tion, sweet Moth - er, to win;  
 When life with temp - ta - tion is dark - ly re - plete?



Our full hearts are swell - ing, our glad voic - es tell - ing  
 O thus shall we prove thee how tru - ly we love thee,  
 In dan - ger de - fend us, in sor - row be - friend us,  
 For - sake us, O nev - er! our hearts be they ev - er

The praise of the love - li - est Rose of the vale.  
 How dark with - out Ma - ry life's jour - ney would be.  
 And shield our hearts from con - ta - gion and sin.  
 As pure as the lil - ies we lay at thy feet.

O Ma - ry, we crown thee with blos - soms to-day,

Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May. O Ma - ry, we crown thee with

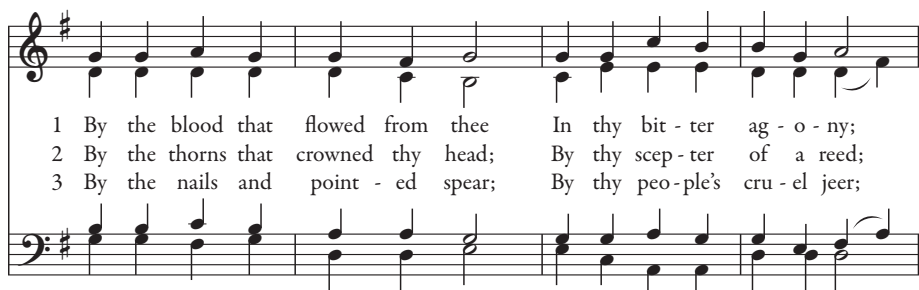
blos - soms to - day, Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May.

MARY E. WALSH

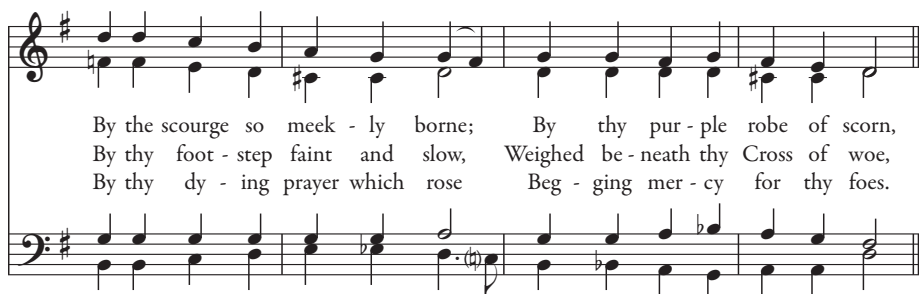
# 33 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee

77 77 D

AUGUSTUS EDMONDS TOZER, 1857-1919



1 By the blood that flowed from thee In thy bit - ter ag - o - ny;  
 2 By the thorns that crowned thy head; By thy scep - ter of a reed;  
 3 By the nails and point - ed spear; By thy peo - ple's cru - el jeer;



By the scourge so meek - ly borne; By thy pur - ple robe of scorn,  
 By thy foot - step faint and slow, Weighed be - neath thy Cross of woe,  
 By thy dy - ing prayer which rose Beg - ging mer - cy for thy foes.



Je - sus, Sav - ior, hear our cry; Thou wert suf - f'ring once as we;



Hear the lov - ing Li - ta - ny We thy chil - dren sing to thee.

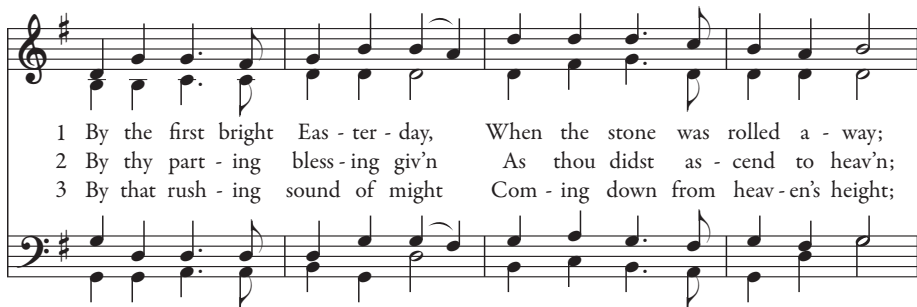
4 By the darkness thick as night  
 Blotting out the sun from sight;  
 By the cry with which in death  
 Thou didst yield thy parting breath.

5 By thy weeping Mother's woe;  
 By the sword that pierced her through,  
 When, in anguish standing by,  
 On the Cross she saw thee die.

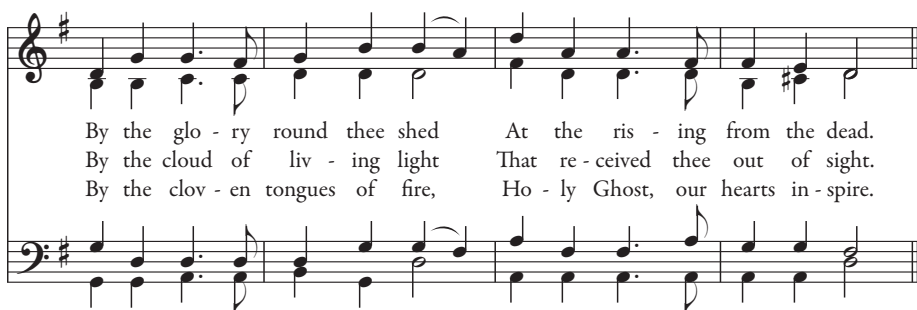
ATTR. TO FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847



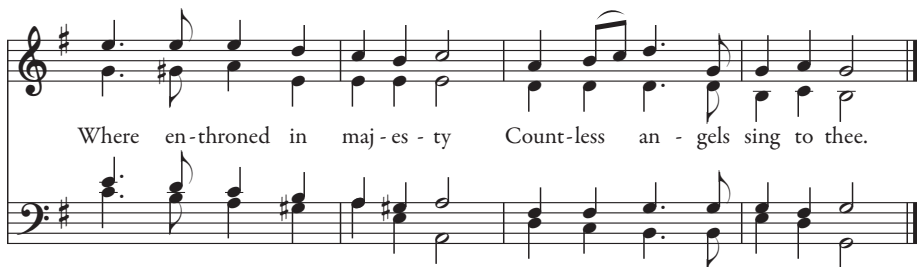
1 By the first bright Eas - ter - day, When the stone was rolled a - way;  
 2 By thy part - ing bless - ing giv'n As thou didst as - cend to heav'n;  
 3 By that rush - ing sound of might Com - ing down from heav - en's height;



By the glo - ry round thee shed At the ris - ing from the dead.  
 By the cloud of liv - ing light That re - ceived thee out of sight.  
 By the clov - en tongues of fire, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire.



King of glo - ry, hear our cry; Make us soon thy joy to see,



Where en - throned in maj - es - ty Count - less an - gels sing to thee.

4 See the Virgin Mother rise,  
 Angels bear her to the skies;  
 Mount aloft, imperial Queen,  
 Plead on high the cause of men!

5 Mary reigns upon the throne  
 Pre-ordained for her alone;  
 Saints and angels round her sing,  
 Mother of our God and King.

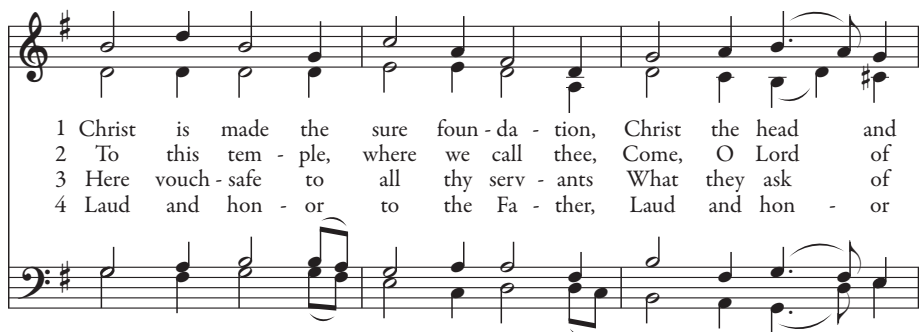
ATTR. TO FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

# 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation

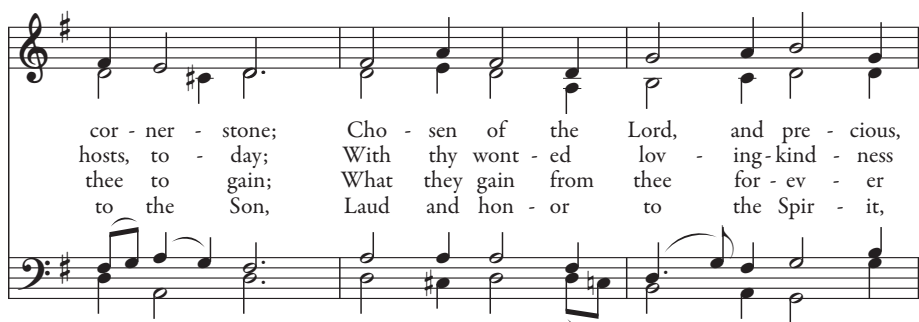
87 87 87

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

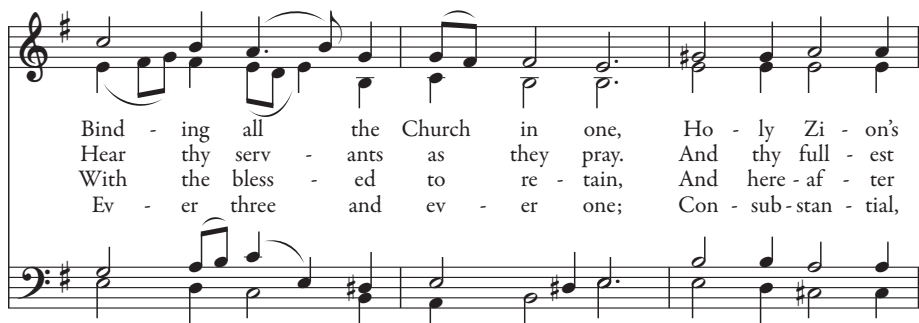
HENRY PURCELL, 1659-1695



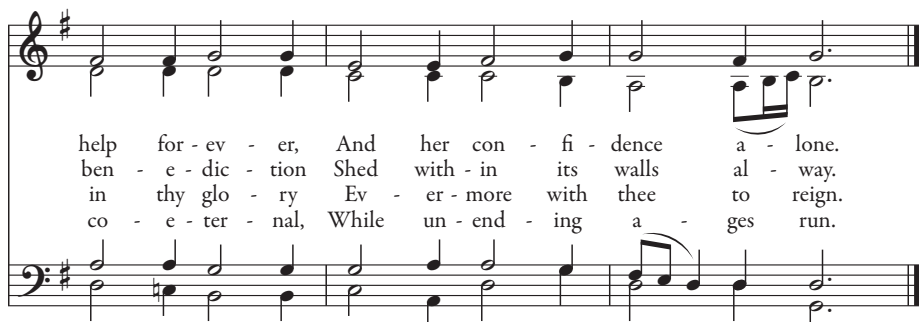
1 Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and  
 2 To this tem - ple, where we call thee, Come, O Lord of  
 3 Here vouch - safe to all thy serv - ants What they ask of  
 4 Laud and hon - or to the Fa - ther, Laud and hon - or



cor - ner - stone; Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious,  
 hosts, to - day; With thy wont - ed lov - ing-kind - ness  
 thee to gain; What they gain from thee for - ev - er  
 to the Son, Laud and hon - or to the Spir - it,



Bind - ing all the Church in one, Ho - ly Zi - on's  
 Hear thy serv - ants as they pray. And thy full - est  
 With the bless - ed to re - tain, And here - af - ter  
 Ev - er three and ev - er one; Con - sub - stan - tial,



help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
 ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in its walls al - way.  
 in thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with thee to reign.  
 co - e - ter - nal, While un - end - ing a - ges run.

ANGULARIS FUNDAMENTUM, 7TH CENT.  
 TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

# 36 Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels

11 11 11 5

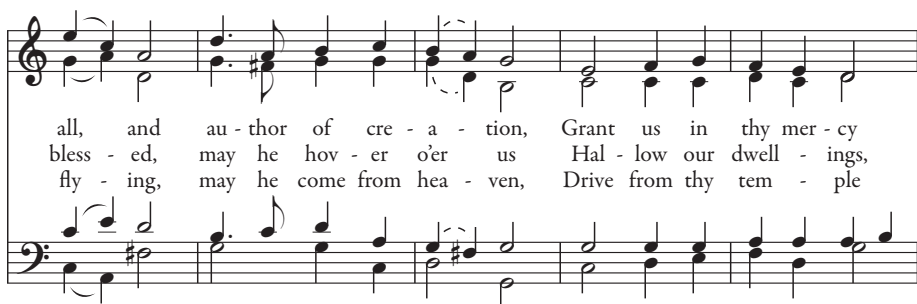
CAELITES PLAUDANT

ANTIPHONER, ROUEN, 1728


HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958



1 Christ, the fair glo - ry of the ho - ly an - gels, Ru - ler of  
 2 Send forth thine an - gel Mich - ael from thy pres - ence: Peace - mak - er  
 3 Send forth thine an - gel Gab - ri - el the migh - ty; On strong wings



all, and au - thor of cre - a - tion, Grant us in thy mer - cy  
 bless - ed, may he hov - er o'er us Hal - low our dwell - ings,  
 fly - ing, may he come from hea - ven, Drive from thy tem - ple



grace to win by pa - tience Realms ev - er - last - ing.  
 that for us thy chil - dren All things may pros - per.  
 Sa - tan the old foe - man, Suc - cor our weak - ness.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Send forth thine angel Raphael the healer,<br/>             Through him with wholesome medicines of salvation,<br/>             Heal our backsliding, and in paths of goodness<br/>             Guide our steps daily.</p> | <p>5 May the blest mother of God and Savior,<br/>             May the celestial company of angels,<br/>             May the assembly of the saints in heaven,<br/>             Help us to praise thee.</p> |
|---|--|
- 6 Father almighty, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 God ever blessed, hear our thankful praises;  
 Thine is the glory which from all creation  
 Ever ascendeth.

CHRISTE SANCTORUM DECUS ANGELORUM; ATTR. TO RABANUS MAURUS, C. 776-856

TR. BY J. ATHELSTAN L. RILEY, 1858-1945, ALT.

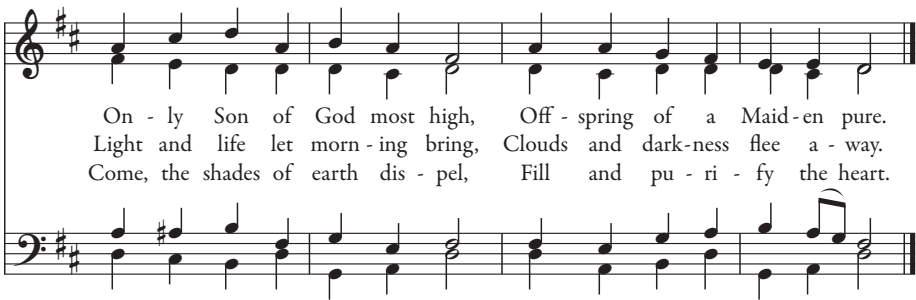
## Christ, the Glory of the Sky

77 77

CULBACH

SHEFFLER'S *HEILIGE SEELELUST*, 1657


1 Christ, the glo - ry of the sky, Christ, of earth the hope se - cure,  
2 Help us now thy praise to sing, Praise for this re - turn - ing day;  
3 Pur - est Light, with - in us dwell, Nev - er from our souls de - part;



On - ly Son of God most high, Off - spring of a Maid - en pure.  
Light and life let morn - ing bring, Clouds and dark - ness flee a - way.  
Come, the shades of earth dis - pel, Fill and pu - ri - fy the heart.

- 4 Faith in him whose name we bear  
In our heart of hearts abound;  
Hope, thy brightest torch prepare;  
All with holy love be crowned.
- 5 Praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Spirit blest, to thee be praise;  
To the eternal Three in One  
Glory be through endless days.

*ÆTERNA CAELI GLORIA*, 5TH CENT.  
TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1866

1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day,  
 2 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King;  
 3 Love's re - deem - ing work is done,  
 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,

Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of man and an - gels say!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won,  
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed head;

Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,  
 Once he died our souls to save,  
 Death in vain for - bids him rise;  
 Made like him, like him we rise,

Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'n and earth re - ply,  
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?  
 Christ has o - pened par - a - dise.  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - le - lu - ia!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.



## Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today

77 77 WITH ALLELUIAS

LLANFAIR

ROBERT WILLIAMS, 1781-1821

1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day,  
 2 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King;  
 3 Love's re - deem - ing work is done,  
 4 Soar we now where Christ has led, } Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say!  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won.  
 Fol - lowing our ex - alt - ed head; } Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,  
 Once he died our souls to save,  
 Death in vain for - bids him rise;  
 Made like him, like him we rise, } Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'n, and earth re - ply,  
 Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?  
 Christ has o - pened par - a - dise.  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. } Al - le - lu - ia!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

## Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today

77 77 D

VICTIMAE PASCHALI

WÜRTH'S *KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH*, 1859

1 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Christ-ians, haste your vows to pay;  
 2 Christ, the Vic - tim un - de - filed, Man to God hath rec - on - ciled;  
 3 Say, O won - d'ring Ma - ry, say, What thou saw - est on thy way;  
 4 Christ, who once for sin - ners bled, Now the first - born from the dead,

Of - fer ye your prais - es meet At the Pas - chal Vic - tim's feet,  
 When in strange and aw - ful strife Met to - geth - er death and life;  
 I be - held where Christ had lain, Emp - ty tomb and an - gels twain.  
 Throned in end - less might and pow'r, Lives and reigns for - ev - er - more.

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less in the sin - ner's stead;  
 Christ-ians, on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay.  
 I be - held the glo - ry bright Of the ris - en Lord of Light;  
 Hail, e - ter - nal Hope on high! Hail, thou King of Vic - to - ry!

Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now he lives, no more to die.  
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now he lives, no more to die.  
 Christ, my hope, is ris'n a - gain; Now he lives, and lives to reign.  
 Hail, thou Prince of Life a - dored! Help and save us, gra - cious Lord.

VICTIMAE PASCHALI LAUDES; ATTR. TO WIPO OF BURGUNDY, C. 1000-1050

TR. BY JANE E. LEESON, 1807-1882, ALT.

## Christ, the True Light of Us

88 88

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS

OLD FRENCH MELODY

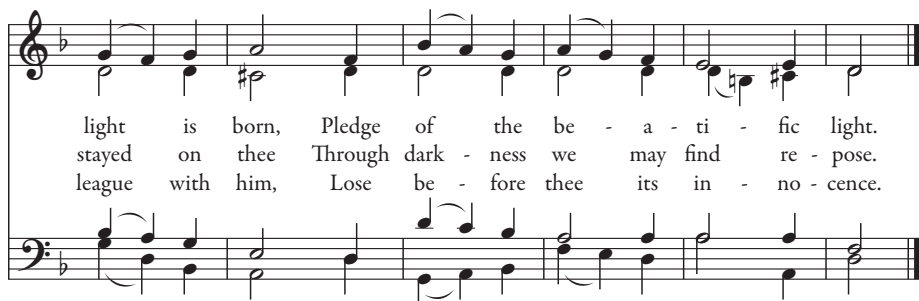
ADAPT. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992



1 Christ, the true light of us, true morn, Dis - pers - ing  
 2 Thou all the night our guard - ian be, Whose watch no  
 3 But let no sloth our will be - dim Nor Sa - tan



far the shades of night, Light where - of ev - 'ry  
 sleep or slum - ber knows; Thou be our peace, that  
 steal the bur - dened sense, Lest the frail flesh, in



light is born, Pledge of the be - a - ti - fic light.  
 stayed on thee Through dark - ness we may find re - pose.  
 league with him, Lose be - fore thee its in - no - cence.

4 Sleep then our eyes, but never sleep  
 The watchful heaven-directed heart,  
 And may thy hand in safety keep  
 The servants whose desire thou art.

5 Look on us thou, and at our side  
 Our foes and thine repulse afar;  
 Through every ill the faithful guide  
 Who in thy blood redeemèd are.

6 While soul within the body clings,  
 Body and soul defend us, Lord,  
 Sure in the shadow of thy wings,  
 Kept in thy lasting watch and ward.

*CHRISTE QUI LUX ES ET DIES, 8TH CENT.*

TR. BY WALTER H. SHEWRING, 1906-1990

## Come Down, O Love Divine

66 11 D

DOWN AMPNEY

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 Come down, O Love di - vine; Seek thou this soul of  
 2 O let it free - ly burn, Till earth - ly pas - sions  
 3 Let ho - ly char - i - ty Mine out - ward vest - ure  
 4 And so the yearn - ing strong, With which the soul will

mine, And vis - it it with thine own ar - dor glow - ing.  
 turn To dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;  
 be, And low - li - ness be - come mine in - ner cloth - ing;  
 long, Shall far out - pass the pow'r of hu - man tell - ing.

O Com - fort - er, draw near, With - in my heart ap -  
 And let thy glo - rious light Shine ev - er on my  
 True low - li - ness of heart, Which takes the hum - bler  
 For none can guess its grace, Till he be - come the

pear, And kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.  
 sight, And clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.  
 part, And o'er its own short - com - ings weeps with loath - ing.  
 place Where - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes his dwell - ing.

DISCENDI, AMOR SANTO; BIANCO DA SIENA, D. 1434  
 TR. BY RICHARD F. LITLEDALE, 1833-1890

## Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest

88 88 WITH REPEAT

LAMBILLOTTE

LOUIS LAMBILLOTTE SJ, 1796-1855

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, And in our hearts take  
2 O Com - fort - er, to thee we cry, Thou heav'n - ly gift of  
3 Praise be to thee, Fa - ther and Son, And Ho - ly Spir - it,

up thy rest; Come with thy grace and heav'n - ly  
God most high, Thou font of life and fire of  
Three in one; And may the Son on us be -

aid To fill the hearts which thou hast made.  
love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove.  
stow The gifts that from the Spir - it flow.

To fill the hearts which thou hast made.  
And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove.  
The gifts that from the Spir - it flow.

*VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS; ATTR. TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776-856*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

## Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest

88 88

KOMM, GOTT SCHÖPFER

J. KLUG'S *GEISTLICHE LIEDER*, 1543

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, And in our  
2 O Com - fort - er, to thee we cry; Thou heav'n - ly  
3 Praise be to thee, Fa - ther and Son, And Ho - ly

hearts take up thy rest, Come with thy grace and heav'n - ly  
gift of God most high. Thou font of life and fire of  
Spir - it, Three in one; And may the Son on us be -

aid To fill the hearts which thou hast made.  
love, And sweet a - noint - ing from a - bove.  
stow The gifts that from the Spir - it flow.

*VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS*; ATTR. TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776–856  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878, ALT.

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, From thy bright  
2 Thou who art called the Par - a - clete, Best gift of  
3 Thou who art sev'n - fold in thy grace, Fin - ger of

heav'n - ly throne; Come, take pos - ses - sion of our  
God a - bove, The liv - ing spring, the liv - ing  
God's right hand; His prom - ise, teach - ing lit - tle

souls, And make them all thine own.  
fire, Sweet unc - tion and true love.  
ones To speak and un - der - stand.

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 flame.

5 Far from us drive our deadly foe;  
True peace unto us brings;  
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-blessèd 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.

*VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS; ATTR. TO RABANUS MAURUS, 776–856*

TR. BY ANON.

## Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One

88 88

LUDBOROUGH

TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS, 1826-1910

1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, who ev - er one Are  
 2 In will and deed, by heart and tongue, With  
 3 Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, hear our cry Through

with our Fa - ther and the Son; Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our  
 all our pow'rs, your praise be sung; And love light up our  
 Je - sus Christ our Lord most high, Whom with the Spir - it

souls pos - sess With your full flood of ho - li - ness.  
 mor - tal frame, Till oth - ers catch the liv - ing flame.  
 we a - dore And sing your praise for - ev - er - more.

*NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS; AMBROSE OF MILAN, 340-397*

TR. BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890, ALT.



## 47

## Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One

88 88

O JESU, MI DULCISIME

CLAUSENER GESANGBUCH, 1655

1 Come Ho - ly Ghost, who ev - er one Are with our Fa - ther and the Son;  
 2 In will and deed, by heart and tongue, With all our pow'rs, your praise be sung;  
 3 Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, hear our cry Through Je - sus Christ our Lord most high,

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls pos - sess With your full flood of ho - li - ness.  
 And love light up our mor - tal frame, Till oth - ers catch the liv - ing flame.  
 Whom with the Spir - it we a - dore And sing your praise for - ev - er - more.

NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS; AMBROSE OF MILAN, 340-397

TR. BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890, ALT.

## 48

## Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life

77 77

THE CALL

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a  
 2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a  
 3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a

way as gives us breath; Such a truth as ends all  
 light as shows a feast; Such a feast as mends in  
 joy as none can move; Such a love as none can

strife; Such a life as kill - eth death.  
length; Such a strength as makes his guest.  
part; Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1633

## 49 Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life

77 77

TUNBRIDGE

JEREMIAH CLARKE, c. 1673-1707

1 Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a way as gives us breath;  
2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a light as shows a feast;  
3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a joy as none can move;

Such a truth as ends all strife; Such a life as kill - eth death.  
Such a feast as mends in length; Such a strength as makes his guest.  
Such a love as none can part; Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1633

## Come, Thou Almighty King

66 4 666 4

ITALIAN HYMN

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1716-1796

1 Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,  
 2 Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Who for us death en - dured,  
 3 Come, Ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear  
 4 To thee, O Trin - i - ty, E - ter - nal prai - ses be

Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our prayer at - tend; Come and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy  
 In this glad hour: To us thy grace im - part; And rule in  
 For - ev - er - more! Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 word suc - cess; Fill us with right - eous - ness, Sav - ior and friend.  
 ev - 'ry heart! Nev - er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

ANON., C. 1757, ALT.

## 51

## Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come

777 777

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

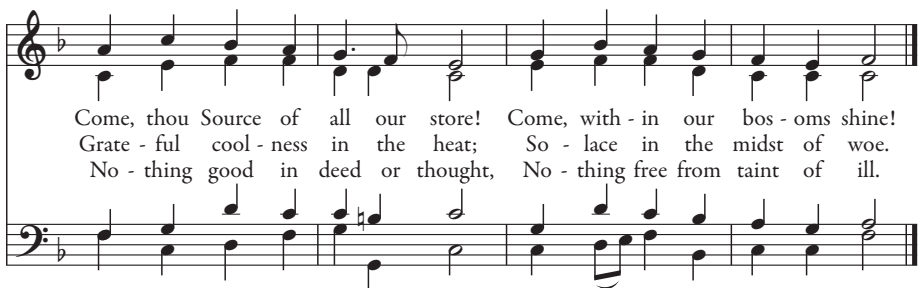
SAMUEL WEBBE, SR., 1740-1816



1 Come, thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from thy ce - les - tial home  
 2 Thou of com - for - ters the best; Thou, the soul's most wel - come Guest;  
 3 O most bless - ed Light di - vine, Shine with - in these hearts of thine,



Shed a ray of light di - vine! Come, thou Fa - ther of the poor!  
 Sweet re - fresh - ment here be - low; In our la - bor rest most sweet;  
 And our in - most be - ing fill! Where thou art not, man hath naught,



Come, thou Source of all our store! Come, with - in our bos - oms shine!  
 Grate - ful cool - ness in the heat; So - lace in the midst of woe.  
 No - thing good in deed or thought, No - thing free from taint of ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;  
 On our dryness pour thy dew;  
 Wash the stains of guilt away;  
 Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
 Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore  
 And confess thee, evermore  
 In thy sev'nfold gift descend:  
 Give them virtue's sure reward,  
 Give them thy salvation, Lord,  
 Give them joys that never end.

FROM THE SEQUENCE FOR PENTECOST SUNDAY  
*VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS*; ATTR. TO STEPHEN LANGTON, 1160-1228  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

## Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

87 87

STUTT GART

WITT'S *PSALMODIA SACRA*, GOTH A, 1715

ADAPT. BY HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876

1 Come, thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy  
 2 Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the  
 3 Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and  
 4 By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it Rule in all our

peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us;  
 earth thou art: Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion,  
 yet a king, Born to reign in us for - ev - er,  
 hearts a - lone; By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it

Let us find our rest in thee.  
 Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.  
 Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.  
 Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788

## Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

7676 D

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

JOHANN HORN, C. 1495-1547

1 Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness;  
 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst his pris-on,  
 3 Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor,  
 4 Nei-ther might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark por-tal,

God hath brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;  
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris-en;  
 With the roy-al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren-der;  
 Nor the watch-ers, nor the seal Hold thee as a mor-tal;

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;  
 All the win-ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly-ing  
 Comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem, Who with true af-fec-tion  
 But to-day a-midst the twelve Thou didst stand, be-stow-ing

Led them with un-mois-tened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters.  
 From his light, to whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing.  
 Wel-comes in un-wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion.  
 That thy peace which ev-er-more Pass-eth hu-man know-ing.

BASED ON EXODUS 15

Αἰσωμεν, πάντες λαοί; JOHN OF DAMASCUS, C. 675-749

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866

## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

77 77 D

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1816-1893

1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;  
 2 We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;  
 3 Ev - en so, Lord, quick - ly come Bring thy fi - nal har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown;  
 Gath - er all thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;  
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;  
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In thy pres - ence to a - bide:

Come, to God's own tem - ple come; Raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 Come, with all thine an - gels, come; Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

BASED ON PSALM 100:4

AFTER HARVEST; HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871, ALT.

## Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

87 87 77 88

GENEVAN 42

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, C. 1510-1561

HARM. BY CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, C. 1505-1572

1 Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
 2 Hark, the voice of one that cri - eth In the des - ert far and near,  
 3 Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er plac - es plain;

Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sor - row's load.  
 Bid - ding all men to re - pent - ance Since the king - dom now is here.  
 Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, As be - fits his ho - ly reign.

Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;  
 O that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way;  
 For the glo - ry of the Lord Now o'er earth is shed a - broad;

Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war - fare now is o - ver.  
 Let the val - leys rise to meet him And the hills bow down to greet him.  
 And all flesh shall see the to - ken That his word is nev - er bro - ken.

BASED ON ISAIAH 40:1-8

TRÖSTET, TRÖSTET MEINE LIEBEN; JOHANN G. OLEARIUS, 1611-1684

TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1827-1878, ALT.



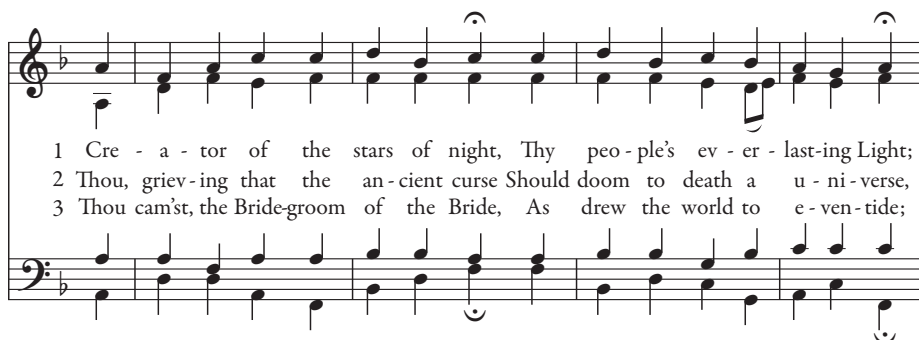
## Creator of the Stars of Night

88 88

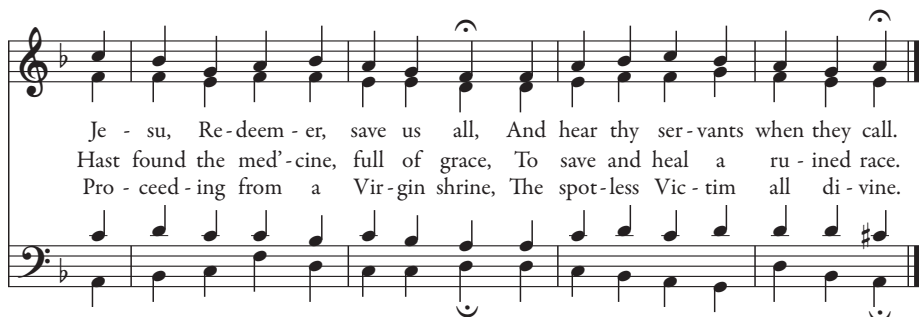
CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM

SARUM PLAINSONG, MODE IV

HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959



1 Cre - a - tor of the stars of night, Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last-ing Light;  
2 Thou, griev-ing that the an - cient curse Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,  
3 Thou cam'st, the Bride-groom of the Bride, As drew the world to e - ven - tide;



Je - su, Re-deem - er, save us all, And hear thy ser - vants when they call.  
Hast found the med' - cine, full of grace, To save and heal a ru - ined race.  
Pro - ceed - ing from a Vir - gin shrine, The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine.

- 4 At whose dread Name, majestic now,  
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow:  
And things celestial thee shall own,  
And things terrestrial, Lord alone.
- 5 O thou, whose coming is with dread  
To judge and doom the quick and dead,  
Preserve us, while we dwell below,  
From ev'ry insult of the foe.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Laud, honor, might, and glory be  
From age to age eternally.

*CONDITOR (CREATOR) ALME SIDERUM; 7TH CENT.*

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

CROSS OF JESUS

JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901

1 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of  
 2 Here the King of all the a - ges, Throned in light ere  
 3 O mys - ter - ious con - de - scend - ing! O a - ban - don -  
 4 Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the blood of

Christ was shed, Per - fect Man on thee did suf - fer,  
 worlds could be, Robed in mor - tal flesh is dy - ing,  
 ment sub - lime! Ve - ry God him - self is bear - ing  
 Christ was shed, Per - fect Man on thee did suf - fer,

Per - fect God on thee has bled!  
 Cru - ci - fied by sin for me.  
 All the suf - fer - ings of time.  
 Per - fect God on thee has bled!

WILLIAM J. SPARROW-SIMPSON, 1860-1952

1 Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;  
 2 Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,  
 3 Crown him the Lord of love, Be - hold his hands and side,

Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.  
 And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those he came to save.  
 Rich wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,  
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,  
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,

And hail him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.  
 But down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace,  
Whose pow'r a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round his piercèd feet  
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime,  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

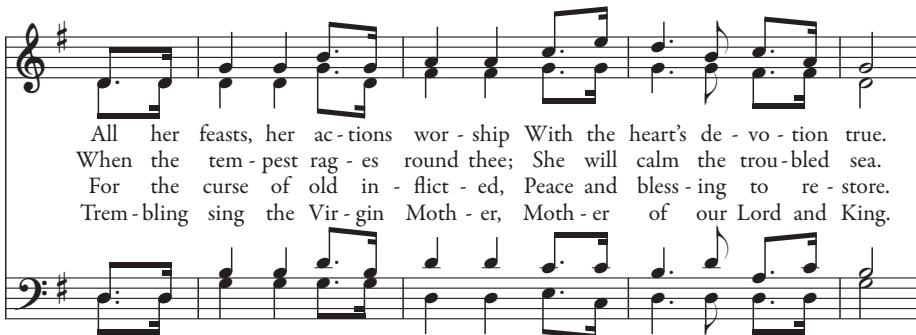
VSS. 1, 3–5, MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800–1894, ALT.  
VS. 2, GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903

DAILY, DAILY

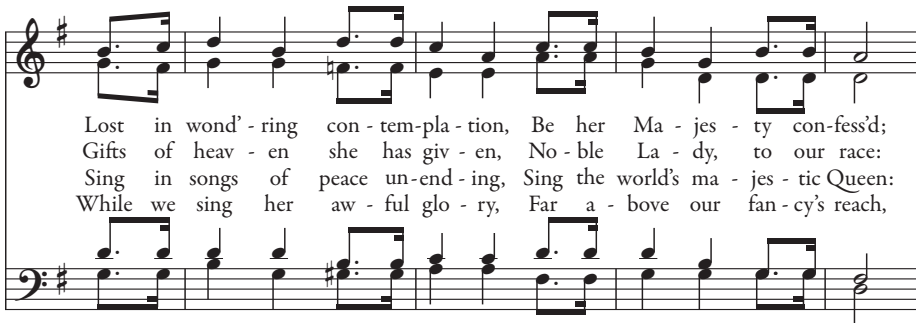
19TH CENT. FORM OF MARIA ZU LIEBEN



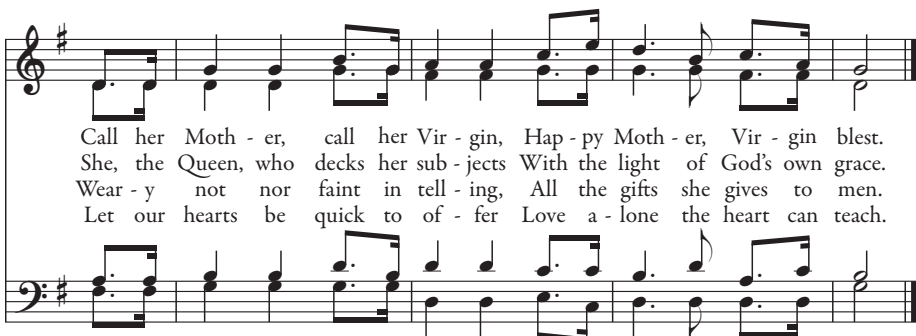
1 Dai - ly, dai - ly, sing to Ma - ry Sing, my soul, her prais - es due:  
 2 She is migh - ty to de - liv - er; Call her, trust her lov - ing - ly,  
 3 Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro - phies Who for us her Mak - er bore,  
 4 All our joys do flow from Ma - ry; All then join her praise to sing:



All her feasts, her ac - tions wor - ship With the heart's de - vo - tion true.  
 When the tem - pest rag - es round thee; She will calm the trou - bled sea.  
 For the curse of old in - flic - ed, Peace and bless - ing to re - store.  
 Trem - bling sing the Vir - gin Moth - er, Moth - er of our Lord and King.



Lost in wond' - ring con - tem - pla - tion, Be her Ma - jes - ty con - fess'd;  
 Gifts of heav - en she has giv - en, No - ble La - dy, to our race:  
 Sing in songs of peace un - end - ing, Sing the world's ma - jes - tic Queen:  
 While we sing her aw - ful glo - ry, Far a - bove our fan - cy's reach,



Call her Moth - er, call her Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er, Vir - gin blest.  
 She, the Queen, who decks her sub - jects With the light of God's own grace.  
 Wear - y not nor faint in tell - ing, All the gifts she gives to men.  
 Let our hearts be quick to of - fer Love a - lone the heart can teach.

OMNI DIE DIC MARIAE; ATTR. TO BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12TH CENT.

TR. BY HENRY BITTLESTON, 1818-1886

# Daughter of a Mighty Father

87 87 WITH REFRAIN

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918



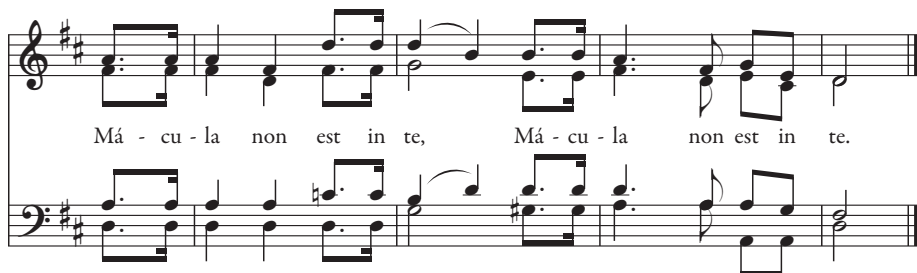
1 Daugh-ter of a might - y Fa - ther, Stain-less Maid - en Queen of May;  
 2 Moth - er of the Son and Sav - ior, Of the Truth, the Life, the Way;  
 3 Spouse of the E - ter - nal Spir - it, Lis - ten to our ear - nest lay;  
 4 Bright-est Star in heav - en's glo - ry, Let thy splen - dor light our way;



An - gel forms a - round thee gath - er: Ma-cu - la non est in te.  
 Guide our foot - steps, calm our pas - sions: Ma-cu - la non est in te.  
 Grant we may thy love in - her - it: Ma-cu - la non est in te.  
 Guide and help us, love and bless us: Ma-cu - la non est in te.



Má - cu - la non est in te, Má - cu - la non est in te,



Má - cu - la non est in te, Má - cu - la non est in te.

*MÁCULA NON EST IN TE, ANONYMOUS*  
*THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S HYMN BOOK, 1871*

## Dear Angel! Ever at My Side

86 86

NICOLA A. MONTANI, 1880-1948

1 Dear An - gel! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be,  
 2 Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face, I see not, tho' so near;  
 3 But when, dear Spir - it, I kneel down, Both morn and night to prayer,

To leave thy home in Heav'n to guide A sin - ful child like me.  
 The sweet - ness of thy soft low voice Too deaf am I to hear.  
 Some - thing there is with - in my heart, Which tells me thou art there.

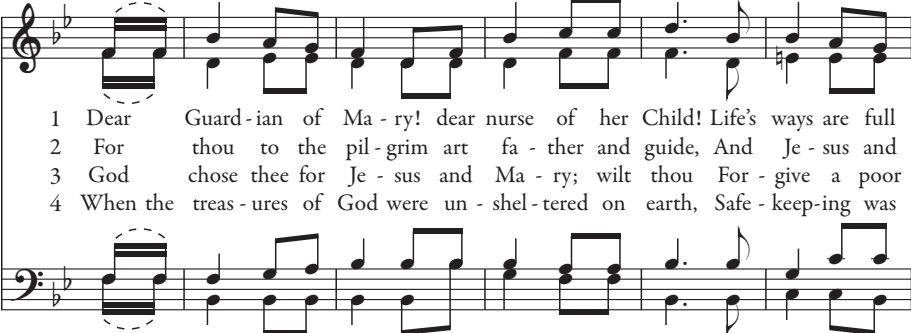
- 4 Oh! when I pray thou prayest too,  
 Thy prayer is all for me;  
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
 But watchest patiently.
- 5 Then, for thy sake, dear Angel! now  
 More humble will I be:  
 But I am weak, and when I fall,  
 O weary not of me.
- 6 Then love me, love me, Angel dear!  
 And I will love thee more;  
 And help me when my soul is cast  
 Upon th'eternal shore.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

## Dear Guardian of Mary

11 11 11 11

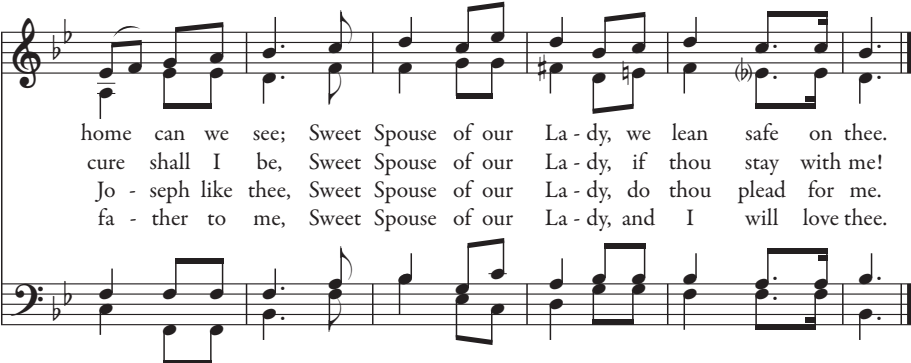
BRO. BONITUS



1 Dear Guard-ian of Ma-ry! dear nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full  
 2 For thou to the pil-grim art fa-ther and guide, And Je-sus and  
 3 God chose thee for Je-sus and Ma-ry; wilt thou For-give a poor  
 4 When the treas-ures of God were un-shel-tered on earth, Safe-keep-ing was



wea-ry, the des-ert is wild, Bleak sands are all round us, no  
 Ma-ry felt safe at thy side. O Glo-ri-ous Pa-tron, se-  
 ex-ile for choos-ing thee now? There's no saint in heav-en, Saint  
 found for them both in thy worth, O Fa-ther of Je-sus! be



home can we see; Sweet Spouse of our La-dy, we lean safe on thee.  
 cure shall I be, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy, if thou stay with me!  
 Jo-seph like thee, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy, do thou plead for me.  
 fa-ther to me, Sweet Spouse of our La-dy, and I will love thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863, ALT.



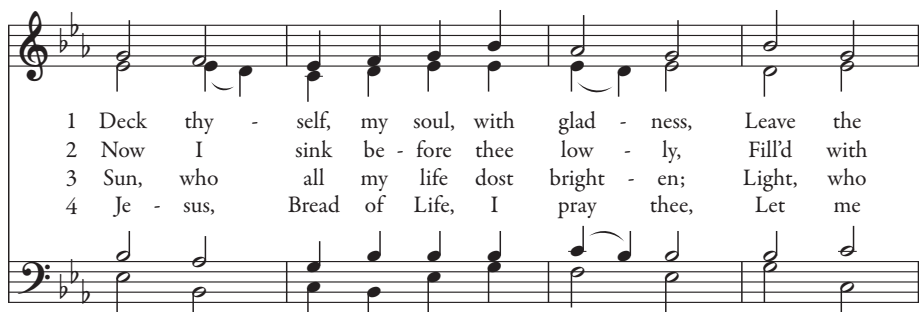
# 63 Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness

88 88 D

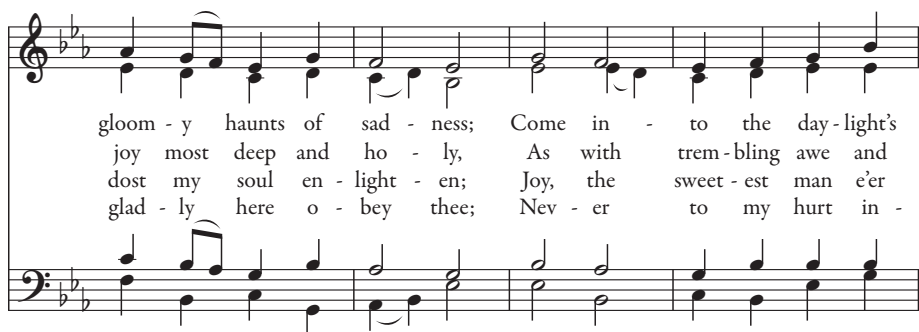
SCHMÜCKE DICH

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662

HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882–1959



1 Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the  
 2 Now I sink be - fore thee low - ly, Fill'd with  
 3 Sun, who all my life dost bright - en; Light, who  
 4 Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray thee, Let me



gloom - y haunts of sad - ness; Come in - to the day - light's  
 joy most deep and ho - ly, As with trem - bling awe and  
 dost my soul en - light - en; Joy, the sweet - est man e'er  
 glad - ly here o - bey thee; Nev - er to my hurt in -



splen - dor, There with joy thy prais - es ren - der  
 won - der On thy might - y works I pon - der;  
 know - eth; Fount, whence all my be - ing flow - eth:  
 vit - ed, Be thy love with love re - quit - ed:

Un - to him, whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this  
 How, by mys - ter - y sur - round - ed, Depths no  
 At thy feet I cry, my Mak - er, Let me  
 From this ban - quet let me meas - ure, Lord, how

won-drous ban-quet found - ed; High o'er all the heav'ns he  
 man hath ev - er sound - ed, None may dare to pierce un -  
 be a fit par - tak - er Of this bless - ed food from  
 vast and deep its treas - ure; Through the gifts thou here dost

reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee he deign - eth.  
 bid - den Se - crets that with thee are hid - den.  
 heav - en, For our good, thy glo - ry giv - en.  
 give me, As thy guest in heav'n re - ceive me.

*SCHMÜCKE DICH, O LIEBE SEELE*; JOHANN FRANCK, 1618–1677  
 TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1827–1878

## Down in Adoration Falling

87 87 87

ST. THOMAS (WADE)

JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786



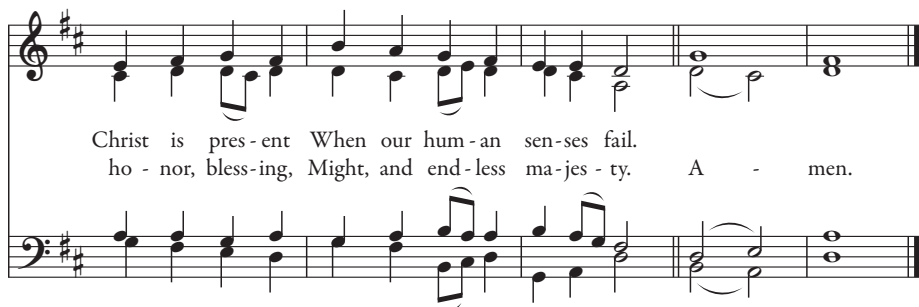
1 Down in a - do - ra - tion fall - ing, This great sac - ra -  
2 To the ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther And the Son who



ment we hail; O - ver an - cient forms of wor - ship,  
made us free And the Spir - it God pro - ceed - ing



New - er rites of grace pre - vail; Faith will tell us  
From them each e - ter - nal - ly, Be sal - va - tion,



Christ is pres - ent When our hum - an sen - ses fail.  
ho - nor, bless - ing, Might, and end - less ma - jes - ty. A - men.

*TANTUM ERGO*; ATTR. TO THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-1274

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

# 65 Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord

10 10

COENA DOMINI

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

1 Draw near and take the bo - dy of the Lord,  
 2 Saved by his bod - y, hal - lowed by his blood,  
 3 Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,

And drink with faith the blood for you out - poured;  
 With souls re - freshed we give our thanks to God.  
 By his dear cross and blood the vic - t'ry won.

4 With heav'nly bread he makes the hungry whole,  
 Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

5 Before thy presence, Lord, all people bow.  
 In this thy feast of love be with us now.

*SANCTI, VENITE, CHRISTE CORPUS SUMITE*, 7TH CENT.

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818–1866, ALT.

## Eternal Father, Strong to Save

88 88 88

MELITA

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,  
 2 O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain O'er which our traf - fic runs a - main  
 3 O Spir - it, whom the Fa - ther sent To spread a - broad the fir - ma - ment;  
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;

Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:  
 By moun - tain pass or val - ley low; Wher - ev - er, Lord, thy breth - ren go,  
 O Wind of heav - en, by thy might Save all who dare the ea - gle's flight,  
 From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go;

O hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.  
 Pro - tect them by thy guard - ing hand From ev - 'ry per - il on the land.  
 And keep them by thy watch - ful care From ev - 'ry per - il in the air.  
 Thus ev - er - more shall rise to thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

VSS. 1, 4, WILLIAM WHITING, 1825-1878, ALT.  
 VSS. 2-3, ROBERT N. SPENCER, 1877-1961, ALT.

## Fairest Lord Jesus

56 8 55 8

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU

MÜNSTER GESANGBUCH, 1677

1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus,      Rul - er of all na - ture,  
 2 Fair are the mead - ows,      Fair - er still the wood - lands,  
 3 Fair is the sun - shine,      Fair - er still the moon - light,  
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior!      Lord of all the na - tions!

O thou of God and man the Son,      Thee will I cher - ish,  
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring:      Je - sus is fair - er,  
 And all the twin - kling, star - ry host:      Je - sus shines bright - er,  
 Son of God and Son of Man!      Glo - ry and hon - or,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.  
 Praise, a - do - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be thine.

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU; ANON. GERMAN HYMN, MÜNSTER GESANGBUCH, 1677

VSS. 1-3, TR. SOURCE UNKNOWN

VS. 4, TR. BY JOSEPH AUGUSTUS SEISS, 1823-1904

## Fairest Lord Jesus

56 8 55 8

ST. ELIZABETH

SCHLESISCHE VOLKSLIEDER, LEIPZIG, 1842

1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O thou of  
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the  
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the  
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of all the na - tions! Son of

God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,  
 bloom - ing garb of spring: Je - sus is fair - er,  
 twin - kling star - ry host: Je - sus shines bright - er,  
 God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.  
 Praise, a - do - ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be thine.

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU; ANON. GERMAN HYMN, MÜNSTER GESANGBUCH, 1677

VSS. 1-3, TR. SOURCE UNKNOWN

VS. 4, TR. BY JOSEPH AUGUSTUS SEISS, 1823-1904

ST. CATHERINE

HENRI F. HEMY, 1818-1888

ADAPT. BY JAMES G. WALTON, 1821-1905

1 Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of  
 2 Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in  
 3 Faith of our fa - thers, Ma - ry's prayers Shall win all  
 4 Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and

dun - geon, fire and sword; O how our hearts beat  
 heart and con - science free; And blest would be their  
 na - tions un - to thee; And through the truth that  
 foe in all our strife; And preach thee, too, as

high with joy, When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word:  
 chil - dren's fate If we, like them, should die for thee.  
 comes from God, Man - kind shall then in - deed be free.  
 love knows how By kind - ly deeds and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863, ALT.



## Faith of Our Fathers

88 88 88 WITH REPEAT

SAWSTON

TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY

ADAPT. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992

1 Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of  
 2 Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in  
 3 Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall win all  
 4 Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friends and

dun - geon, fire and sword. O how our hearts beat high with  
 heart and con - science free; And blest would be their chil - dren's  
 na - tions un - to thee; And through the truth that comes from  
 foe in all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows

joy When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word!  
 fate If we, like them, should die for thee.  
 God, Man - kind shall then in - deed be free.  
 how By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We will be

true to thee till death. We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863, ALT.

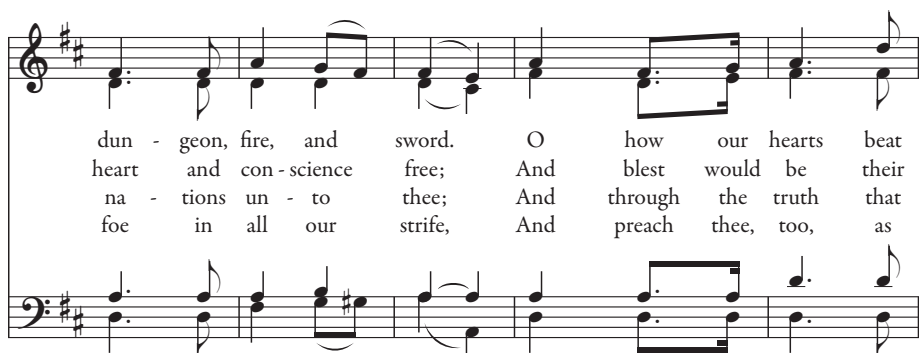
## Faith of Our Fathers

88 88 87 WITH REPEAT

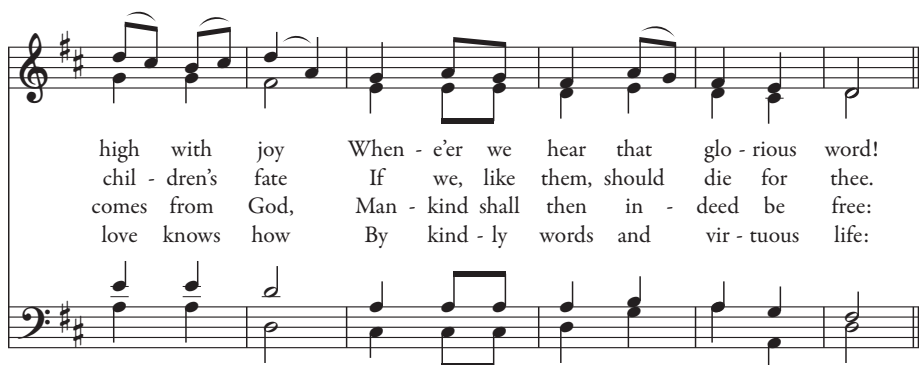
ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918



1 Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of  
 2 Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in  
 3 Faith of our fa - thers! Ma - ry's prayers Shall win all  
 4 Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and



dun - geon, fire, and sword. O how our hearts beat  
 heart and con - science free; And blest would be their  
 na - tions un - to thee; And through the truth that  
 foe in all our strife, And preach thee, too, as



high with joy When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word!  
 chil - dren's fate If we, like them, should die for thee.  
 comes from God, Man - kind shall then in - deed be free:  
 love knows how By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We'll be true to thee till death.

The first system of the musical score is written for a two-part setting in G major (one sharp). The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith! We'll be true to thee till death.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are repeated for the second line of the system.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863, ALT.

## Father, See Thy Children

11 11 11 11

GHENT

MELODY OF *ADORO TE*, CANON VAN DAMME OF GHENT

HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959

1 Fa - ther, see thy chil - dren bend - ing at thy throne,  
2 Not for our wants on - ly we this Of - f'ring plead,

Plead - ing here the Pas - sion of thine on - ly Son;  
But for all thy chil - dren, who thy mer - cy need:

Plead - ing here be - fore thee all his dy - ing love,  
Bless thy faith - ful peo - ple, win thy wan - d'ring sheep,

As he pleads it ev - er in the courts a - bove.  
Keep the souls de - part - ed, who in Je - sus sleep.

WILLIAM HENRY HAMMOND JERVOIS, 1852-1905

AND W. B. TREVELYAN, 1853-1929

DRAKE'S BROUGHTON

EDWARD ELGAR, 1857-1934

1 Firm - ly I be - lieve and tru - ly God is Three, and  
 2 And I trust and hope most ful - ly In that Man - hood  
 3 Sim - ply to his grace and wholl - y Light and life and

God is One; And I next ack - now - ledge du - ly  
 cru - ci - fied; And each thought and deed un - ru - ly  
 strength be - long, And I love su - preme - ly, sole - ly,

Man - hood ta - ken by the Son.  
 Do to death, as he has died.  
 Him the ho - ly, 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.

6 And I take with joy whatever  
 Now besets me, pain or fear,  
 And with a strong will I sever  
 All the ties which bind me here.

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

7 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Parce mihi, Domine.

*SANCTUS FORTIS*; JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890

## Firmly I Believe and Truly

87 87

MERTON

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 Firm - ly I be - lieve and tru - ly God is Three, and  
 2 And I trust and hope most ful - ly In that Man - hood  
 3 Sim - ply to his grace and wholl - y Light and life and

God is One; And I next ack - now - ledge du - ly  
 cru - ci - fied; And each thought and deed un - ru - ly  
 strength be - long, And I love su - preme - ly, sole - ly,

Man - hood ta - ken by the Son.  
 Do to death, as he has died.  
 Him the ho - ly, 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.

6 And I take with joy whatever  
 Now besets me, pain or fear,  
 And with a strong will I sever  
 All the ties which bind me here.

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 With and through th'angelic host,  
 To the God of earth and heaven,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
 De profundis oro te,  
 Miserere, Judex meus,  
 Parce mihi, Domine.

*SANCTUS FORTIS*; JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890

## For All the Saints

10 10 10 WITH ALLELUIAS

SINE NOMINE

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

HARM. ALT. BY NOEL JONES, 1947-



1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who  
 2 Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might;  
 3 O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!  
 4 And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long,  
 5 But then there breaks a still more glo - rious day: The  
 6 From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through

thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed; Thy  
 Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Yet  
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; And  
 saints on the ear - the dis - tant tri - umph song, The  
 gates of pearl streams in the count - less host,

name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest.  
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true light.  
 all are one in thee, for all are thine.  
 hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.  
 King of glo - ry pass - es on his way.  
 Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897

A CATHOLIC BOOK OF HYMNS • 81



## For the Beauty of the Earth

77 77 77

DIX

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,  
 2 For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,  
 3 For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:  
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light:  
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild:

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

4 For thy Church, that evermore  
 Lifteth holy hands above,  
 Off'ring up on ev'ry shore  
 Her pure sacrifice of love:

5 For thyself, best Gift Divine!  
 To our race so freely giv'n;  
 For that great, great love of thine,  
 Peace on earth and joy in heav'n:

*THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE; FOLLIOT S. PIERPOINT, 1835-1917, ALT.*

## Forty Days and Forty Nights

77 77

HEINLEIN

NÜRNBERGISCHES GESANG-BUCH, NUREMBERG, 1676

ATTR. TO MARTIN HERBST, 1654-1681

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;  
 2 Shall not we thy sor - row share And from world - ly joys ab - stain,  
 3 Then, if Sa - tan on us press, Flesh or spir - it to as - sail,  
 4 Keep, O keep us, Sav - ior dear, Ev - er con - stant at thy side;

For - ty days and for - ty nights, Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.  
 Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, Glad with thee to suf - fer pain?  
 Vic - tor in the wil - der - ness, Grant we may not faint nor fail!  
 That with thee we may ap - pear At the e - ter - nal Eas - ter - tide.

GEORGE H. SMYTTAN, 1822-1870, ALT.

## From All Thy Saints in Warfare

7676 D

KING'S LYNN

ENGLISH MELODY

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 From all thy saints in war - fare, For all thy saints at rest,  
2 A - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, And all the sa - cred throng  
3 Then praise we God the Fa - ther, And praise we God the Son

To thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed.  
Who wear the spot - less rai - ment, Who raise the cease - less song—  
And God the Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One,

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - querors be;  
For these, passed on be - fore us, Sav - ior, we thee a - dore,  
Till all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the throne,

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from thee.  
And walk - ing in their foot - steps, Would serve thee more and more.  
And hon - or, power, and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone.

HORATIO NELSON, 1823-1913


## From All Thy Saints in Warfare

7676 D


ST. THEODULPH

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1584-1635  
HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889


1 From all thy saints in war - fare, For all thy saints at rest,  
2 A - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, And all the sa - cred throng  
3 Then praise we God the Fa - ther, And praise we God the Son



To thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed.  
Who wear the spot - less rai - ment, Who raise the cease - less song—  
And God the Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One,



Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con - querors be;  
For these, passed on be - fore us, Sav - ior, we thee a - dore,  
Till all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the throne,



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from thee.  
And walk - ing in their foot - steps, Would serve thee more and more.  
And hon - or, power, and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone.

HORATIO NELSON, 1823-1913

## 80

## From the Depths We Cry to Thee

77 77

HEINLEIN

NÜRNBERGISCHES GESANG-BUCH, NUREMBERG, 1676

ATTR. TO MARTIN HERBST, 1654-1681

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 From the depths we cry to thee, God of sov-'reign maj - es - ty!  
 2 Lord, ac - cept our Lent-en fast And for - give our sin - ful past,

Hear our prayers and hymns of praise; Bless our Lent of for - ty days.  
 That we may par - take with thee In the Eas - ter mys - ter - y.

ALAN GORDON MCDUGAL, 1895-1965, ALT.

## 81

## Full in the Panting Heart of Rome

88 88 WITH REFRAIN

WISEMAN

C.A. COX, 1853-1916

HARM. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992

1 Full in the pant - ing heart of Rome, Be - neath the A -  
 2 The gol - den roof, the mar - ble walls, The Va - ti -  
 3 Then surg - ing through each hal - lowed gate, Where mar - tyr's

post - le's crown - ing dome, From pil - grims' lips that  
can's ma - jes - tic halls, The note re - dou - ble,  
glo - ry, in peace, a - wait, It sweeps be - yond the

kiss the ground, Breathes in all tongues one on - ly sound:  
till it fills With e - choes sweet the se - ven hills:  
so - lemn plain, Peals o - ver Alps, a - cross the main:

"God bless our Pope, God bless our Pope,

God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

NICHOLAS PATRICK WISEMAN, 1802-1865

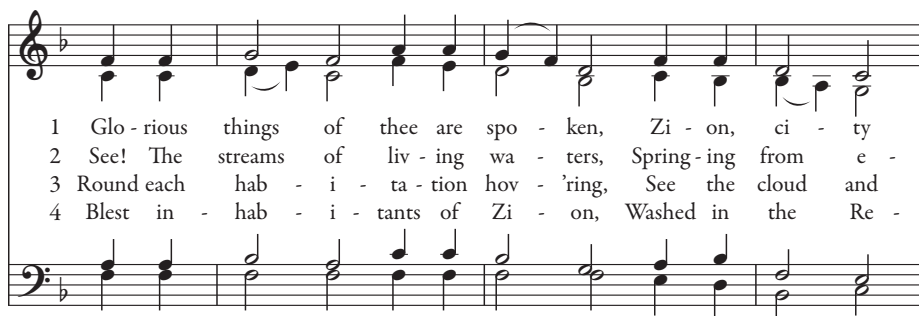
# 82 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

87 87 D

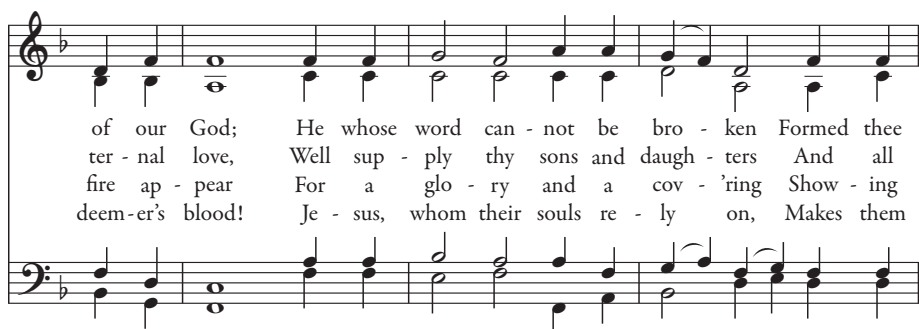
BEACH SPRING

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY, *THE SACRED HARP*, 1844

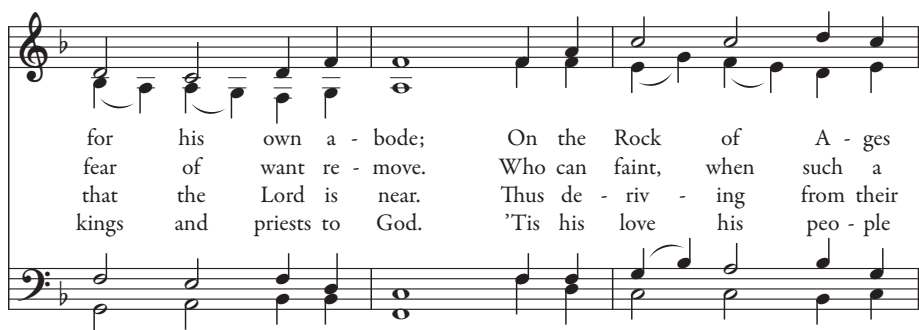
ATTR. TO BENJAMIN F. WHITE, 1800-1879



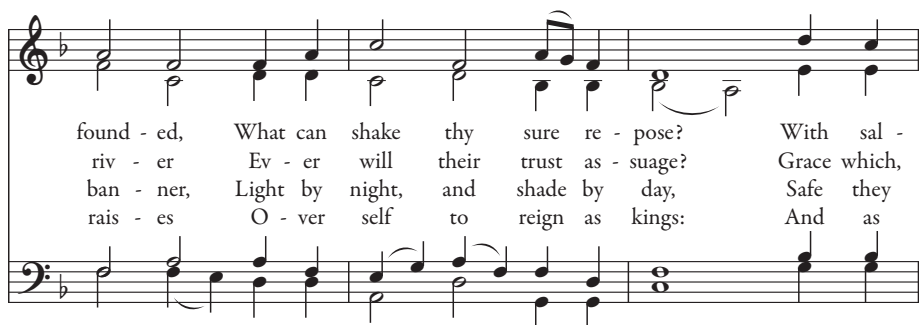
1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty  
 2 See! The streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e -  
 3 Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and  
 4 Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re -



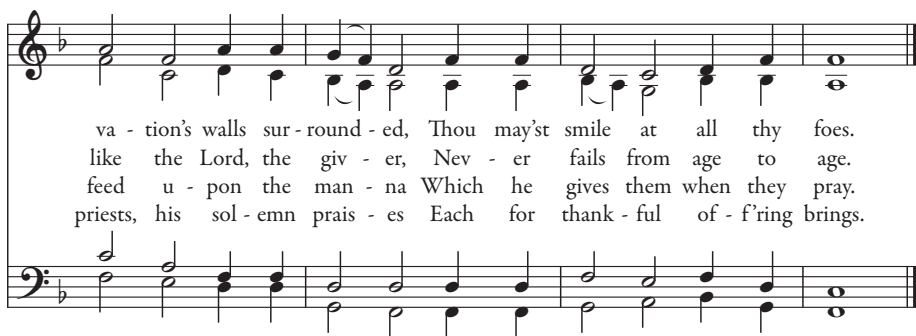
of our God; He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee  
 ter - nal love, Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters And all  
 fire ap - pear For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring Show - ing  
 deem - er's blood! Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them



for his own a - bode; On the Rock of A - ges  
 fear of want re - move. Who can faint, when such a  
 that the Lord is near. Thus de - riv - ing from their  
 kings and priests to God. 'Tis his love his peo - ple



found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal -  
 riv - er Ev - er will their trust as - suage? Grace which,  
 ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by day, Safe they  
 rais - es O - ver self to reign as kings: And as



va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
feed u - pon the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.  
priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for thank - ful of - f'ring brings.

ZION, OR THE CITY OF GOD; JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807, ALT.

## 83

## Glory Be to Jesus

65 65

WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804–1876



1 Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,  
2 Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;  
3 Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream,  
Poured for me the life - blood From his sa - cred veins.  
Blest be his com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind.  
Which from end - less tor - ment Doth the world re - deem.

- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs.

- 6 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Hell with terror trembles,  
Heav'n is filled with joy.
- 7 Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the precious blood.

VIVA! VIVA! GESÙ; ANON., 18TH CENT.  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878



## God of Mercy and Compassion

87 87 D

AU SANG QU'UN DIEU

TRADITIONAL FRENCH MELODY

1 God of mer - cy and com - pas - sion, Look with pit - y up - on me.  
 2 By my sins I have de - serv - ed Death and end - less mis - er - y,  
 3 By my sins I have a - ban - doned Right and claim to heav'n a - bove  
 4 See our Sav - ior, bleed - ing, dy - ing, On the cross of Cal - va - ry;

Fa - ther, let me call thee Fa - ther, 'Tis thy child re - turns to thee.  
 Hell with all its pains and tor - ments, And for all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Where the saints re - joice for ev - er In a bound - less sea of love.  
 To that cross my sins have nailed him, Yet he bleeds and dies for me.

Je - sus, Lord, I ask for mer - cy; Let me not im - plore in vain.

All my sins, I now de - test them, Nev - er will I sin a - gain.

EDMUND VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R., 1827-1908

## God of Our Fathers

10 10 10 10

NATIONAL HYMN

GEORGE W. WARREN, 1828-1902

1 God of our fa - thers, whose al - migh - ty hand  
 2 Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,  
 3 From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,  
 4 Re - fresh thy peo - ple on their toil - some way;

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band  
 In all our days by thee our lot is cast;  
 Be thy strong arm our e - ver sure de - fense;  
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,  
 Be thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide, and stay;  
 Thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in - crease,  
 Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.  
 Thy word our law, thy paths our cho - sen way.  
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.  
 And glo - ry, laud, and praise be e - ver thine.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS, 1841-1907, ALT.

## God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

86 86 86 WITH REFRAIN

GOD REST YOU MERRY

ENGLISH CAROL, 18TH CENT.

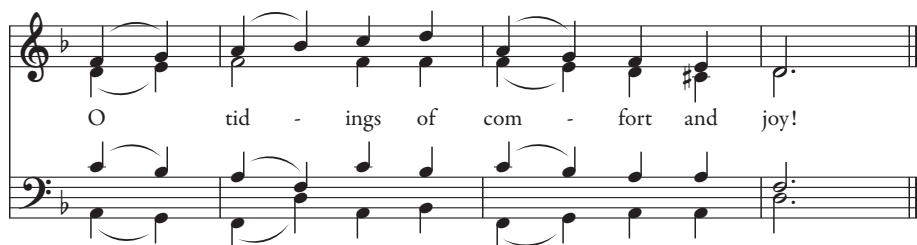
HARM. BY JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901

1 God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may;  
 2 In Beth - le - hem in Jew - ry This bless - ed Babe was born,  
 3 From God our heav'n - ly Fa - ther A bless - ed an - gel came,

Re - mem - ber Christ our Sav - ior Was born on Christ - mas day,  
 And laid with - in a man - ger Up - on this bless - ed morn:  
 And un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought tid - ings of the same;

To save us all from Sa - tan's pow'r When we were gone a - stray:  
 The which his Moth - er Ma - ry Did noth - ing take in scorn:  
 How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by name:

O tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and joy;



- 4 The shepherds at those tidings  
 Rejoicèd much in mind,  
 And left their flocks afeeding  
 In tempest, storm, and wind,  
 And went to Bethlehem straightway,  
 The Son of God to find:
- 5 Now to the Lord sing praises,  
 All you within this place,  
 And with true love and brotherhood  
 Each other now embrace.  
 This holy tide of Christmas  
 Doth bring redeeming grace.

ENGLISH CAROL, 18TH CENT.

## Good Christian Men, Rejoice

66 77 78 55

IN DULCI JUBILO

GERMAN CAROL, 14TH CENT.

HARM. BY ROBERT L. PEARSALL, 1795-1856



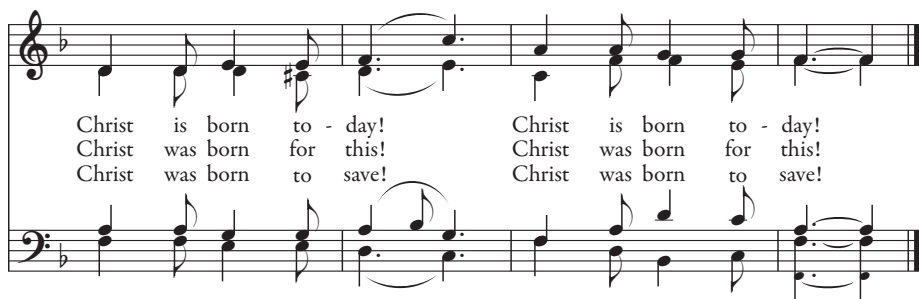
1 Good Chris - tian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice;  
 2 Good Chris - tian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice;  
 3 Good Chris - tian men, re - joice With heart and soul and voice;



Give ye heed to what we say: Je - sus Christ is born to - day!  
 Now ye hear of end - less bliss: Je - sus Christ was born for this!  
 Now ye need not fear the grave: Je - sus Christ was born to save!



Ox and ass be - fore him bow, And he is in the man - ger now.  
 He hath ope'd the heav'n - ly door, And man is bless - ed ev - er - more.  
 Calls you one and calls you all To gain his ev - er - last - ing hall.



Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to - day!  
 Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!  
 Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

IN DULCI JUBILO; GERMAN CAROL, 14TH CENT.

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

## Great Saint in Heaven

11 10 11 10 WITH REFRAIN

CAJETAN ELSHOFF, O.F.M., 1888-1956

1 Great Saint in heav-en, our Pa-tron we greet thee! Be thou our well-spring of  
 2 Lead thou us on-ward through earth's pain and an-guish, Cross-es and tri-als dis-

cour-age and light! Guide thou our steps so that once we may meet thee;  
 heart-en us here; Temp-er our sor-rows, whilst here we still an-guish,

Bright be thy bea-con, tho' dark be the night. } To God be glo-ry, who  
 Make us wax strong in Christ's love and his fear. }


gave thee thy crown; To us be cour-age and to thee re-nown; So may we

ev-er find strength in thy name, Thee as our pa-tron-al Saint, we ac-claim!


REV. HENRY MEYER

## Great Saint Joseph


87 87 D

HURLBURT'S *A TREASURY OF CATHOLIC SONG*, NEW YORK, 1915



1 Great Saint Jo - seph, son of Da - vid, Fos - ter fa - ther of our Lord,  
 2 Three long days, in grief, in an - guish, With his Moth - er sweet and mild,  
 3 Clasped in Je - sus' arms and Ma - ry's, When death gen - tly came at last,



Spouse of Ma - ry ev - er - Vir - gin, Keep - ing o'er them watch and ward:  
 Ma - ry Vir - gin, didst thou wan - der, Seek - ing the be - lov - ed Child.  
 Thy pure spir - it, sweet - ly sigh - ing, From its earth - ly dwell - ing passed.



In the sta - ble thou didst guard them With a fa - ther's lov - ing care;  
 In the tem - ple thou didst find him: O what joy then filled thy heart!  
 Dear Saint Jo - seph, by that pass - ing, May our death be like to thine,



Thou by God's com - mand didst save them From the cru - el Her - od's snare.  
 In thy sor - rows, in thy glad - ness, Grant us, Jo - seph, to have part.  
 And with Je - sus, Ma - ry, Jo - seph, May our souls for ev - er shine. A - men.

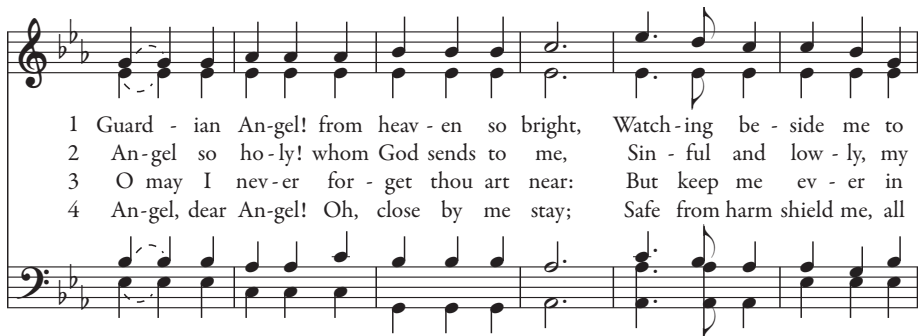
ANONYMOUS

# 90 Guardian Angel! From Heaven So Bright

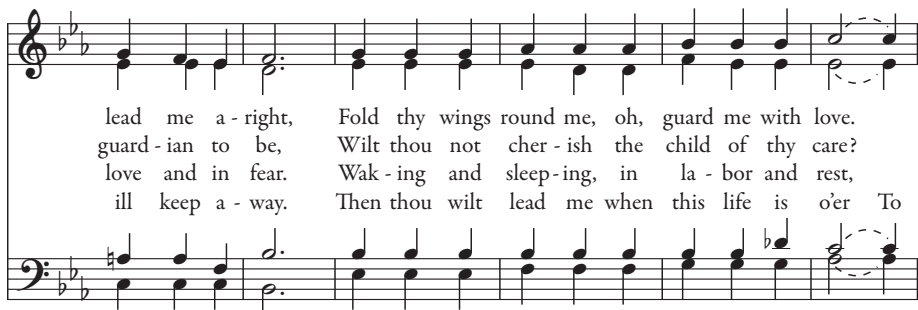
10 10 10 10 WITH REFRAIN

ANONYMOUS

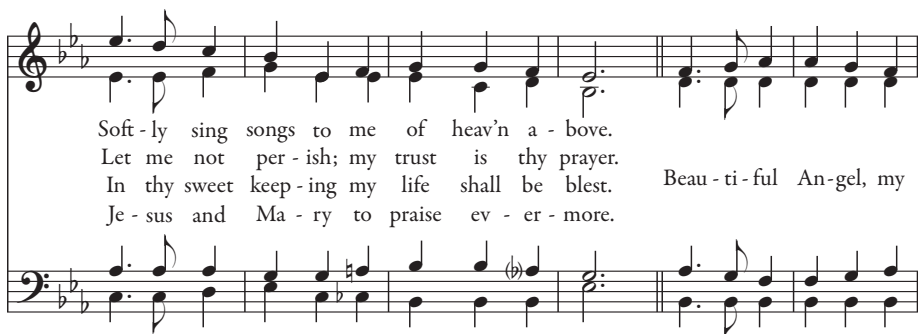
HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959



1 Guard - ian An-gel! from heav - en so bright, Watch - ing be - side me to  
 2 An-gel so ho - ly! whom God sends to me, Sin - ful and low - ly, my  
 3 O may I nev - er for - get thou art near: But keep me ev - er in  
 4 An-gel, dear An-gel! Oh, close by me stay; Safe from harm shield me, all



lead me a - right, Fold thy wings round me, oh, guard me with love.  
 guard - ian to be, Wilt thou not cher - ish the child of thy care?  
 love and in fear. Wak - ing and sleep - ing, in la - bor and rest,  
 ill keep a - way. Then thou wilt lead me when this life is o'er To



Soft - ly sing songs to me of heav'n a - bove.  
 Let me not per - ish; my trust is thy prayer. Beau - ti - ful An-gel, my  
 In thy sweet keep - ing my life shall be blest.  
 Je - sus and Ma - ry to praise ev - er - more.



guard - ian so mild, Ten - der - ly guide me, for I am thy child.

ANONYMOUS



## Hail, Glorious Saint Patrick

11 11 11 11 WITH REFRAIN

HENRI F. HEMY, 1818-1888

1 Hail, glo - rious Saint Pa - trick, dear saint of our isle!  
 2 Hail, glo - rious Saint Pa - trick, thy words were once strong,  
 3 In the war a - gainst sin, in the fight for the faith,

On us, thy poor chil - dren, be - stow a sweet smile;  
 A - gainst Sa - tan's wiles and a her - e - tic throng;  
 Dear saint, may thy chil - dren re - sist to the death;

And now thou art high in thy man - sions a - bove,  
 Not less in thy might where in heav - en thou art;  
 May their strength be in meek - ness, in pen - ance, and prayer,

On E - rin's green val - leys look down in thy love.  
 Oh, come to our aid, in our bat - tle take part.  
 Their ban - ner the cross which they glo - ry to bear.

On E - rin's green val - leys, On E - rin's green val - leys,  
 Oh, come to our aid, Oh, come to our aid,  
 Their ban - ner the cross, Their ban - ner the cross,

On E - rin's green val - leys look down in thy love.  
 Oh, come to our aid, in our bat - tle take part.  
 Their ban - ner the cross which they glo - ry 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.  
 Its warmth undiminished, its warmth undiminished,  
 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 wheresoever we roam,  
 For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.  
 For God and Saint Patrick, For God and Saint Patrick,  
 For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.

SISTER AGNES

# 92 Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above

84 84 WITH REFRAIN

SALVE REGINA COELITUM

MELCHIOR LUDWIG HEROLD, 1753–1810

1 Hail, ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma - ri - a,  
 2 The cause of joy to all be - low, O Ma - ri - a,  
 3 O gen - tle, lov - ing, ho - ly one, O Ma - ri - a,

Hail, Moth - er of mer - cy and of love, O Ma - ri - a.  
 The spring through which all grac - es flow, O Ma - ri - a.  
 The God of light be - came your Son, O Ma - ri - a.

Tri - umph, all ye Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim, Heav'n and earth re -

sound the hymn: Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.

GEGRÜßET SEIST DU, KÖNIGIN (SALVE, REGINA COELITUM);

JOHANN GEORG SEIDENBUSCH, 1641–1729

TR. ANONYMOUS IN ROMAN HYMNAL, 1884

1 Hail, O star that point - est T'wards the port of Hea - ven,  
 2 When the sa - lu - ta - tion Ga - bri - el had spo - ken,  
 3 Bound by Sa - tan's fet - ters, Health and vi - sion need - ing,

Thou to whom as maid - en God for Son was giv - en.  
 Peace was shed up - on us, E - va's bonds were bro - ken.  
 God will aid and light us At thy gen - tle plead - ing.

4 Jesus' tender mother,  
 Make thy supplication  
 Unto him who chose thee  
 At his incarnation;

5 That, O matchless maiden,  
 Passing meek and lowly,  
 Thy dear Son may make us  
 Blameless, chaste, and holy.

6 So, as now we journey,  
 Aid our weak endeavor,  
 Till we gaze on Jesus,  
 And rejoice forever.

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

*AVE MARIS STELLA*; ANONYMOUS, C. 9TH CENT.

TR. BY J. ATHELSTAN L. RILEY, C. 1858-1945

## Hail, Queen of Heaven

88 88 88

STELLA (ENGLISH)

HENRI FRIEDRICH HEMY, 1818-1888

1 Hail, Queen of heav'n, the o - cean star, Guide of the wan - d'r'er  
 2 O gen - tle, chaste, and spot - less maid, We sin - ners make our  
 3 So - journ - ers in this vale of tears, To thee, blest Ad - vo -  
 4 And while to him who reigns a - bove, In God-head one, in

here be - low! Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,  
 prayers through thee, Re - mind thy Son that he has paid  
 cate, we cry, Pit - y our sor - rows, calm our fears  
 per - sons three, The source of life, of grace, of love,

Save us from per - il and from woe. Moth - er of Christ,  
 The price of our in - i - qui - ty. Vir - gin most pure,  
 And soothe with hope our mis - er - y. Ref - uge in grief,  
 Hom - age we pay on bend - ed knee. Do thou bright Queen,

Star of the sea, Pray for the wan - der - er, pray for me!  
 Star of the sea, Pray for the sin - ner, O pray for me!  
 Star of the sea, Pray for the mourn - er, O pray for me!  
 Star of the sea, Pray for thy chil - dren, O pray for me!

JOHN LINGARD, 1771-1851

## Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise

77 77 WITH ALLELUIAS

LLANFAIR

ATTR. TO ROBERT WILLIAMS, 1781-1821

1 Hail the day that sees him rise,  
 2 There for him high tri-umph waits:  
 3 See, he lifts his hands a - bove;  
 4 High - est heav'n its Lord re - ceives,

Al - le - lu - ia!

To the throne a - bove the skies;  
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates!  
 See, he shows the prints of love;  
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves;

Al - le - lu - ia!

Pas - chal Lamb for sin - ners giv'n  
 Christ has con - quered death and sin;  
 Though re - turn - ing to his throne,  
 Hark, his gra - cious lips be - stow,

Al - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heav'n.  
 Take the King of glo - ry in!  
 Still he calls man - kind his own.  
 Bless - ings on his church be - low.

Al - le - lu - ia!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

## Hail, Thou Living Bread

87 87

GERMAN CHORALE

1 Hail, thou liv - ing Bread from heav - en, Sac - ra - me  
2 Ho - liest Je - su! Heart of Je - su! O'er me

ment of thy aw - ful might! I a - dore thee,  
shed thy gifts di - vine, Ho - liest Je - su!

I a - dore thee; Ev - 'ry mo - ment day and night.  
my Re - deem - er! All my heart and soul are thine.

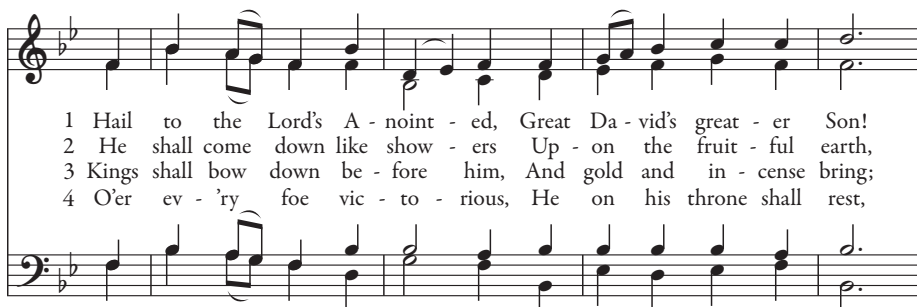
*VÍ ADORO OGNI MOMENTO*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

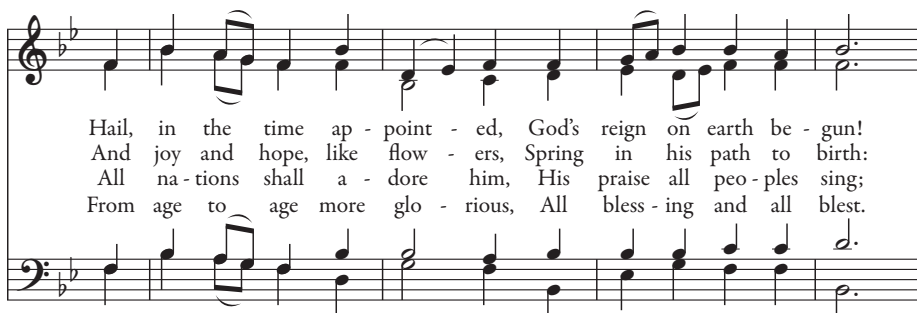
## Hail to the Lord's Anointed

7676 D

ELLACOMBE

MAINZER GESANGBUCH, MAINZ, 1833  
HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889


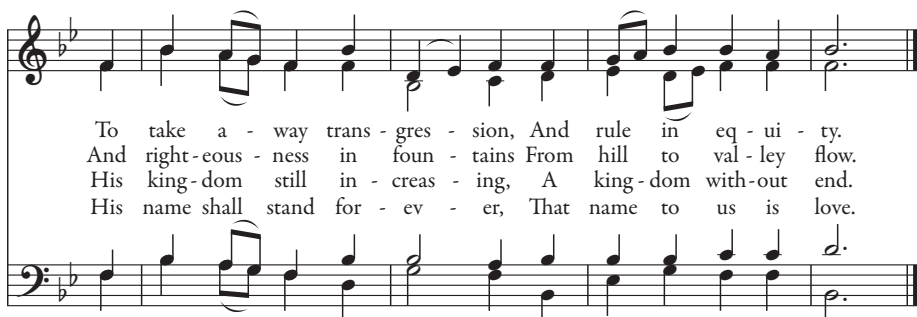
1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!  
2 He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,  
3 Kings shall bow down be - fore him, And gold and in - cense bring;  
4 O'er ev - 'ry foe vic - to - rious, He on his throne shall rest,



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, God's reign on earth be - gun!  
And joy and hope, like flow - ers, Spring in his path to birth:  
All na - tions shall a - dore him, His praise all peo - ples sing;  
From age to age more glo - rious, All bless - ing and all blest.



Christ comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;  
Be - fore him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go;  
To him shall prayer un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend;  
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.  
And right - eous - ness in foun - tains From hill to val - ley flow.  
His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.  
His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is love.

PSALM 72:1-7, 10-11, 15, 19; JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854, ALT.



## Hail to the Lord's Anointed

7676 D

ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN

TRADITIONAL GERMAN, 17TH CENT.

1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!  
 2 He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,  
 3 Kings shall bow down be - fore him, And gold and in - cense bring;  
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 The tide of time shall ne - ver His cov - e - nant re - move;

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.  
 And right - eous - ness in foun - tains From hill to val - ley flow.  
 His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.  
 His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is love.

PSALM 72:1-7, 10-11, 15, 19; JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854, ALT.

## Hail, Virgin, Dearest Mary

7676 D

QUEEN OF MAY

S. M. YENN

1 Hail Vir - gin, dear - est Ma - ry! Our love - ly Queen of May!  
 2 Be - hold earth's blos - soms spring - ing In beau - teous form and hue.  
 3 Hail Vir - gin, dear - est Ma - ry! Our love - ly Queen of May!

O spot-less, bless-ed La - dy, Our love - ly Queen of May.  
 All na - ture glad - ly bring - ing Her sweet-est charms to you.  
 O spot-less, bless-ed La - dy, Our love - ly Queen of May.

Thy chil-dren, hum - bly bend - ing, Sur - round thy shrine so dear;  
 We'll gath - er fresh, bright flow - ers, To bind our fair Queen's brow;  
 And now, our bless - ed Moth - er, Smile on our fes - tal day;

With heart and voice as - cend - ing, Sweet Ma - ry, hear our prayer.  
 From gay and ver - dant bow - ers, We haste to crown thee now.  
 Ac - cept our wreath of flow - ers, And be our Queen of May.

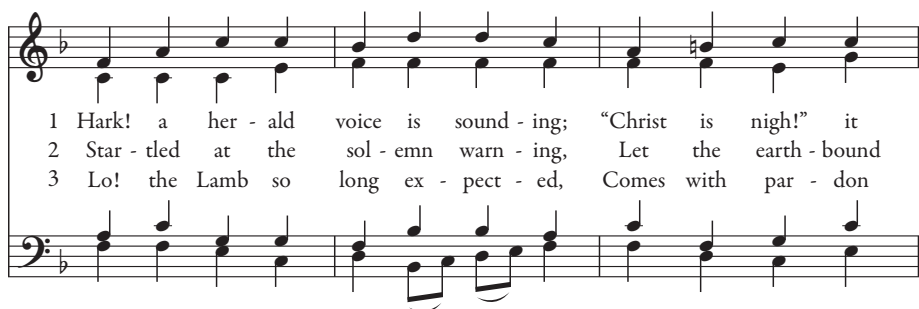
ANONYMOUS

# 100 Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding

87 87

MERTON

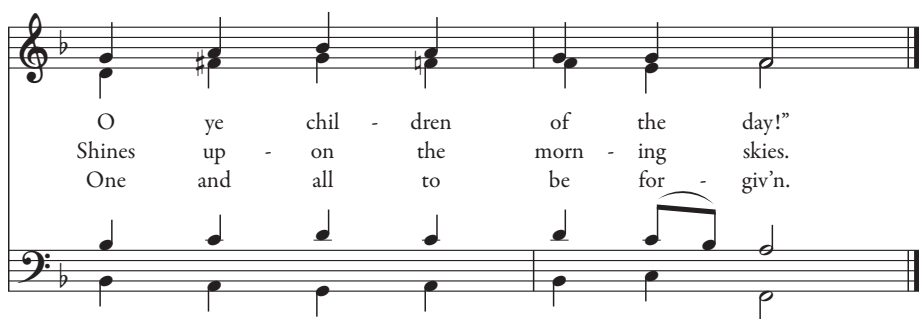
WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889



1 Hark! a her - ald voice is sound - ing; "Christ is nigh!" it  
 2 Star - tled at the sol - emn warn - ing, Let the earth - bound  
 3 Lo! the Lamb so long ex - pect - ed, Comes with par - don



seems to say; "Cast a - way the dreams of dark - ness,  
 soul a - rise; Christ her sun, all sloth dis - pel - ling,  
 down from heav'n; Let us haste, with tears of sor - row,



O ye chil - dren of the day!"  
 Shines up - on the morn - ing skies.  
 One and all to be for - giv'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 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
 To the Father and the Son,  
 With the coeternal Spirit  
 While eternal ages run.

*VOX CLARA ECCE INTONAT, 5TH CENT.*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

SURGE

A. GREGORY MURRAY, O.S.B., 1905-1992

1 Hark, my soul, how ev - 'ry-thing Strives to serve our boun-teous King;  
 2 Na - ture's chief and sweet-est choir Him with cheer - ful notes ad - mire;  
 3 Though their voic - es low - er be, Streams have too their mel - o - dy;

Each a dou - ble trib - ute pays, Sings its part, and then o - beys.  
 Chant - ing ev - 'ry day their lauds, While the grove their song ap - plauds.  
 Night and day they war - bling run, Nev - er pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring  
 Hither their still music bring;  
 If heaven bless them, thankful, they  
 Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Only we can scarce afford  
 This short office to our Lord;  
 We, on whom his bounty flows,  
 All things gives, and nothing owes.

6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
 Wake, and gladly sing thy part;  
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
 How to use thy nobler powers.

7 Call whole nature to thy aid;  
 Since 'twas he whole nature made;  
 Join in one eternal song,  
 Who to one God all belong.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1613-1669

## Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

77 77 D WITH REFRAIN

MENDELSSOHN

FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847

ARR. BY WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, 1831–1915

1 Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;  
 2 Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;  
 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right - eous - ness!

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
 Late in time be - hold him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb.  
 Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;  
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty;  
 Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th'an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
 Pleased as man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!  
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth!

Hark! The her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

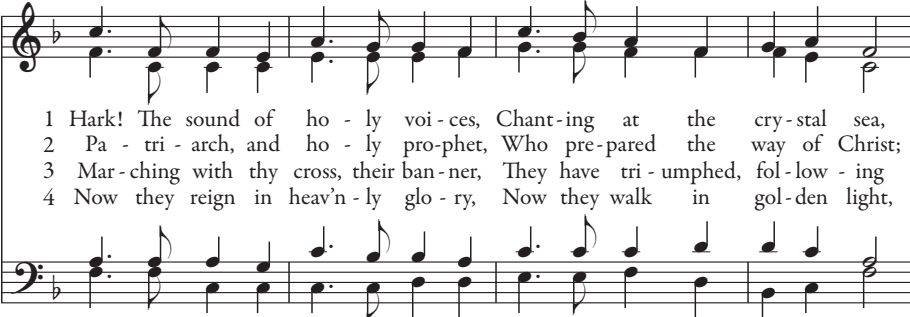
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788, ALT.

# 103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices


87 87 D

MOULTRIE

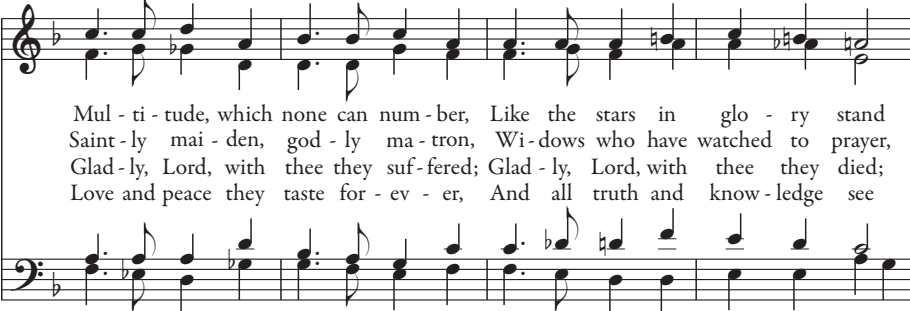
GERARD F. COBB, 1838-1904



1 Hark! The sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the cry - stal sea,  
 2 Pa - tri - arch, and ho - ly pro - phet, Who pre - pared the way of Christ;  
 3 Mar - ching with thy cross, their ban - ner, They have tri - umphed, fol - low - ing  
 4 Now they reign in heav'n - ly glo - ry, Now they walk in gol - den light,



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, to thee;  
 King, A - po - stle, saint, con - fes - sor, Mar - tyr and e - van - ge - list;  
 Thee, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sa - vior and their King;  
 Now they drink, as from a ri - ver, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite:



Mul - ti - tude, which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand  
 Saint - ly mai - den, god - ly ma - tron, Wi - dows who have watched to prayer,  
 Glad - ly, Lord, with thee they suf - fered; Glad - ly, Lord, with thee they died;  
 Love and peace they taste for - ev - er, And all truth and know - ledge see



Clothed in white ap - pa - rel, hold - ing Palms of vic - tory in their hand.  
 Joined in ho - ly con - cert, sing - ing To the Lord of all, are there.  
 And by death to life im - mor - tal They were born and glo - ri - fied.  
 In the be - a - ti - fic vi - sion Of the bless - ed Tri - ni - ty.

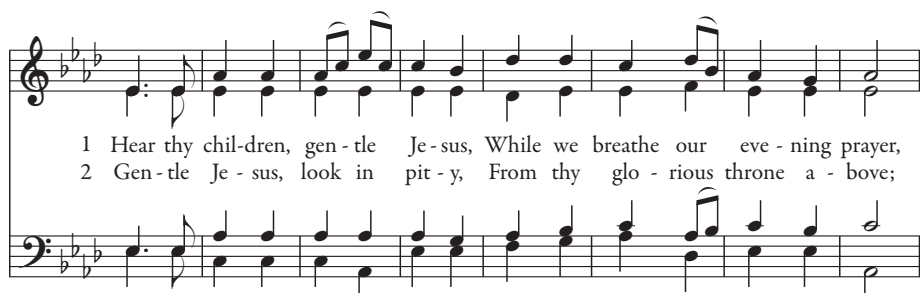
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885

## Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus

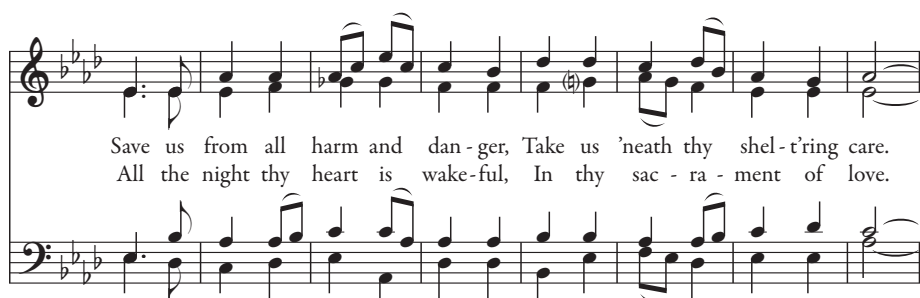
87 87 D

J. MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806

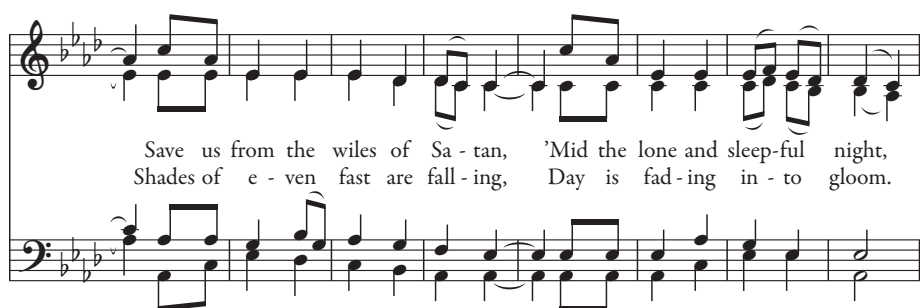
HARM. BY NICOLA A. MONTANI, 1880-1948



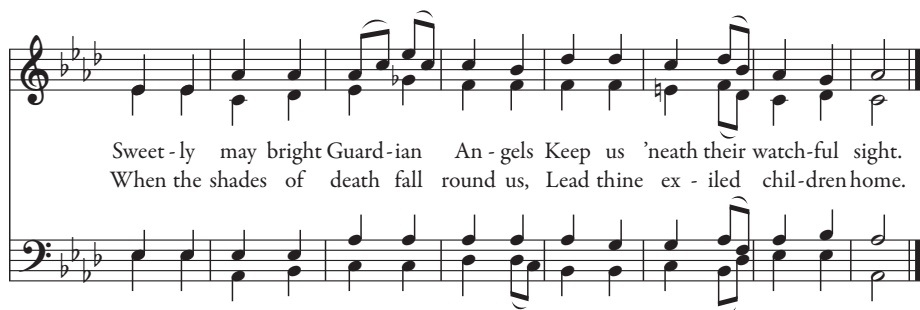
1 Hear thy chil-dren, gen-tle Je-sus, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer,  
2 Gen-tle Je-sus, look in pit-y, From thy glo-rious throne a-bove;



Save us from all harm and dan-ger, Take us 'neath thy shel-t'ring care.  
All the night thy heart is wake-ful, In thy sac-ra-ment of love.



Save us from the wiles of Sa-tan, 'Mid the lone and sleep-ful night,  
Shades of e-ven fast are fall-ing, Day is fad-ing in-to gloom.



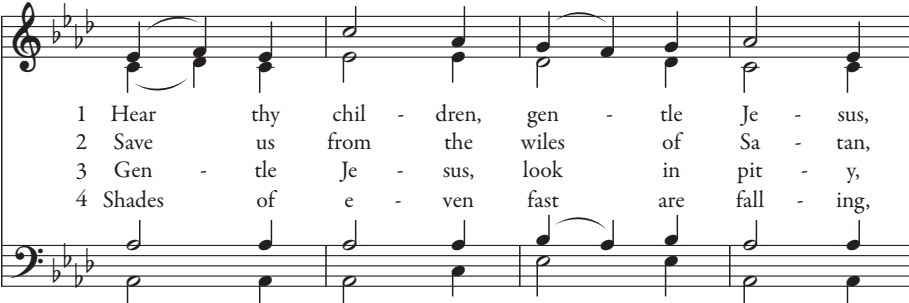
Sweet-ly may bright Guard-ian An-gels Keep us 'neath their watch-ful sight.  
When the shades of death fall round us, Lead thine ex-iled chil-dren home.

FRANCIS STANFIELD, 1835-1914

# 105 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus

87 87

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918



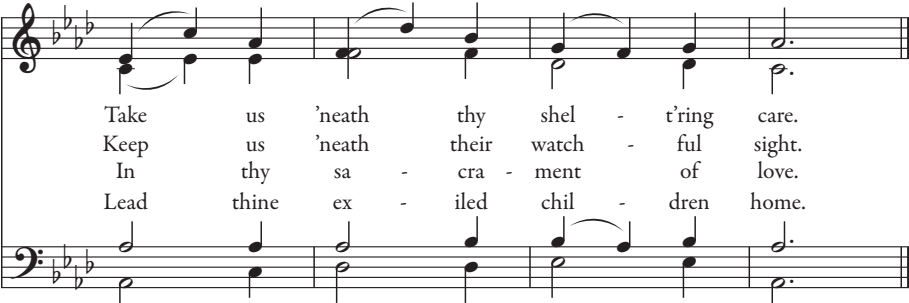
1 Hear thy chil - dren, gen - tle Je - sus,  
 2 Save us from the wiles of Sa - tan,  
 3 Gen - tle Je - sus, look in pit - y,  
 4 Shades of e - ven fast are fall - ing,



While we breathe our eve - ning prayer,  
 'Mid the lone and peace - ful night,  
 From thy glo - rious throne a - bove,  
 Day is fad - ing in - to gloom;



Save us from all harm and dan - ger,  
 Sweet - ly may our Guard - ian An - gels  
 All the night thy heart is wake - ful  
 When the shades of death fall round us,



Take us 'neath thy shel - t'ring care.  
 Keep us 'neath their watch - ful sight.  
 In thy sa - cra - ment of love.  
 Lead thine ex - iled chil - dren home.

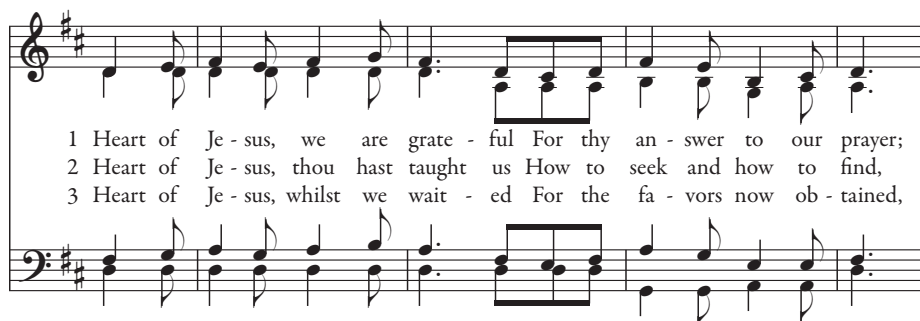
FRANCIS STANFIELD, 1835-1914



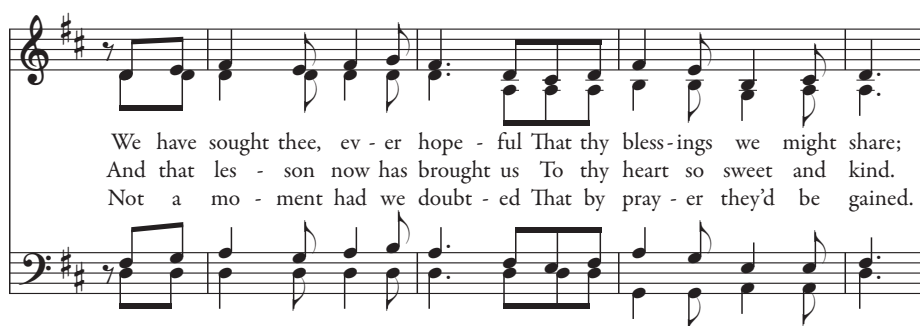
## Heart of Jesus, We Are Grateful

87 87 D WITH REFRAIN

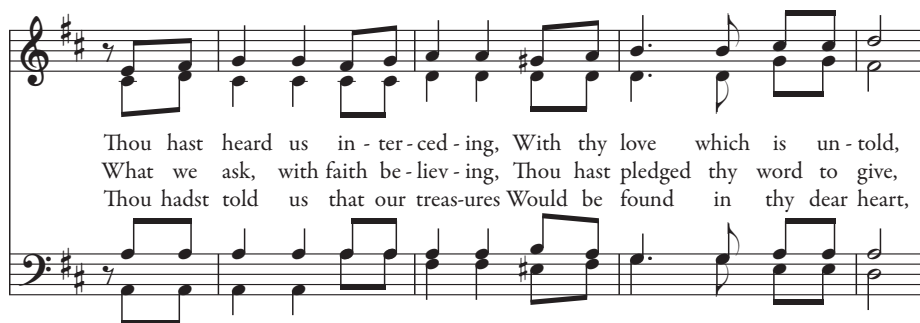
THEODORE A. METCALF, 1843-1920



1 Heart of Je - sus, we are grate - ful For thy an - swer to our prayer;  
 2 Heart of Je - sus, thou hast taught us How to seek and how to find,  
 3 Heart of Je - sus, whilst we wait - ed For the fa - vors now ob - tained,



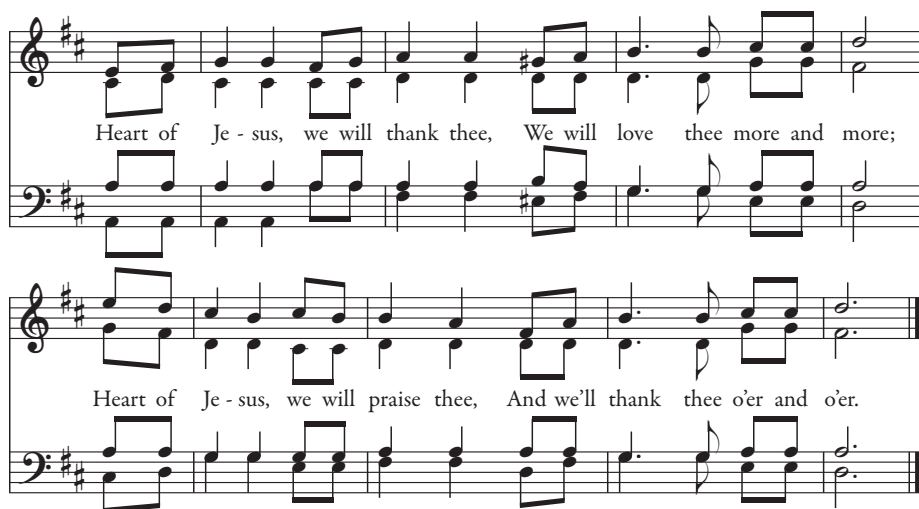
We have sought thee, ev - er hope - ful That thy bless - ings we might share;  
 And that les - son now has brought us To thy heart so sweet and kind.  
 Not a mo - ment had we doubt - ed That by pray - er they'd be gained.



Thou hast heard us in - ter - ced - ing, With thy love which is un - told,  
 What we ask, with faith be - liev - ing, Thou hast pledged thy word to give,  
 Thou hadst told us that our treas - ures Would be found in thy dear heart,



And in an - swer to our plead - ing All thy treas - ures dost un - fold.  
 And thy word is not de - ceiv - ing, But the truth by which we live.  
 And we knew that with - out meas - ure Thou dost all thy gifts im - part.



Heart of Je - sus, we will thank thee, We will love thee more and more;

Heart of Je - sus, we will praise thee, And we'll thank thee o'er and o'er.

THEODORE A. METCALF, 1843-1920

## 107 Help, Lord, the Souls That Thou Hast Made

86 86

REQUIEM

A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992



1 Help, Lord, the souls that thou hast made, The souls to thee so dear,  
2 These ho - ly souls, they suf - fer on, Re - sign'd in heart and will,  
3 For dai - ly falls, for par - don'd crime, They joy to un - der - go

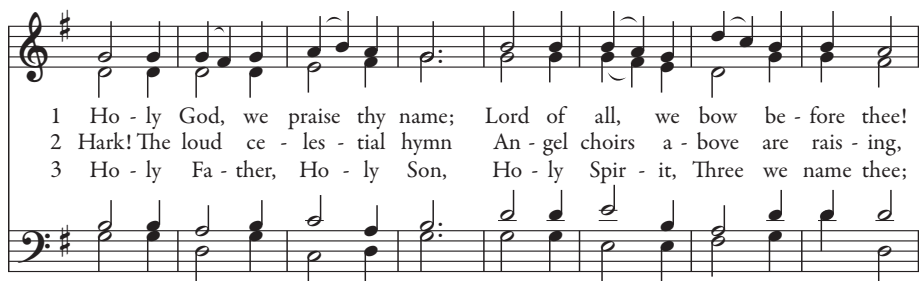
In pris - on for the debt un - paid Of sin com - mit - ted here.  
Un - til thy high be - hest is done, And jus - tice has its fill.  
The shad - ow of thy Cross sub - lime, The rem - nant of thy woe.

4 Oh, by their patience of delay,  
Their hope amid their pain,  
Their sacred zeal to burn away  
Disfigurement and stain;

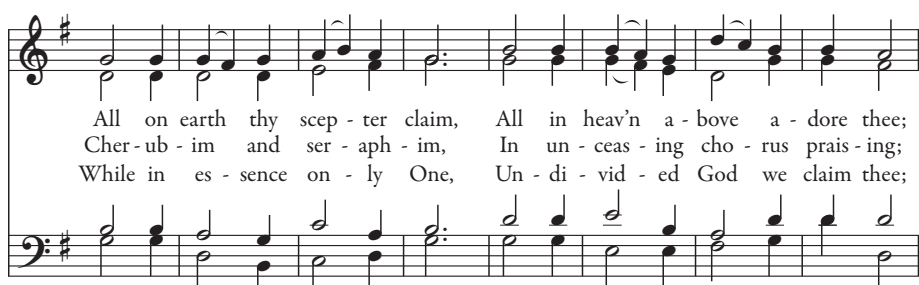
5 Oh, by their fire of love, not less  
In keenness than the flame;  
Oh, by their very helplessness,  
Oh, by their own great Name;

6 Good Jesu, help! Sweet Jesu, aid The souls to thee most dear,  
In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890




1 Ho - ly God, we praise thy name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee!  
 2 Hark! The loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing,  
 3 Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three we name thee;



All on earth thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore thee;  
 Cher - ub - im and ser - aph - im, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing;  
 While in es - sence on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God we claim thee;



In - fi - nite thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.  
 Fill the heav'n's with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."  
 And a - dor - ing, bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.



In - fi - nite thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.  
 Fill the heav'n's with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."  
 And a - dor - ing, bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.

*TE DEUM LAUDAMUS*; GERMAN PARAPHRASE ATTR. TO IGNAZ FRANZ, 1719-1790

TR. BY CLARENCE A. WALWORTH, 1820-1900

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
 2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,  
 3 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,  
 4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee.  
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,  
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 Cher - ub - im and ser - aph - im fall - ing down be - fore thee,  
 On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

## Holy, Holy Name of Jesus

87 87 87

RT. REV. MSGR. HENRY TAPPERT, 1855-1929

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly Name of Je - sus, Name of sweet-ness we a - dore;  
 2 Hail! the hour when An - gel's mes - sage Brought that Name to Ma - ry blest;  
 3 An - gels' lips can sound none sweet - er Than the sweet-ness of that Name,

Lo, through a - ges still un - num-bered Was that Name in Heav-en's store.  
 Hail! the joy that straight from heav - en Filled the Vir - gin Moth-er's breast;  
 Earth - ly ears can list none bet - ter For that Name from Heav - en came.

Hid - den then in aw - ful si - lence, Now it sounds from shore to shore.  
 Hail! the light up - on his fea - tures, When his Moth - er him ca - ressed.  
 Let us then with heav'n u - nit - ed Of - fer hom - age still the same.

ANONYMOUS

BLAENWERN

WILLIAM P. ROWLANDS, 1860-1937

1 Ho - ly light on earth's ho - ri - zon, Star of hope to fall - en man,  
 2 Moth - er of the world's Re - deem - er, Prom - ised from the dawn of time:  
 3 Earth be - low and high - est heav - en Praise the splen - dor of thy state,

Light a - mid a world of shad - ows, Dawn of God's re - demp - tive plan.  
 How could one so high - ly fa - vored Share the guilt of A - dam's crime?  
 Thou who now art crowned in glo - ry Wast con - ceived im - mac - u - late.

Cho - sen from e - ter - nal a - ges, Thou a - lone, of all our race,  
 Sun and moon and stars a - dorn thee, Sin - less Eve, tri - um - phant sign;  
 Hail, be - lov - ed of the Fa - ther, Moth - er of his on - ly Son,

By thy Son's a - ton - ing mer - its Wast con - ceived in per - fect grace.  
 Thou art she who crushed the ser - pent, Ma - ry, pledge of life di - vine.  
 Mys - tic bride of Love e - ter - nal, Hail, thou, fair and spot - less one!

ALMA LUX, 17TH CENT.

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

## Holy Spirit, Lord of Light

777 777

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

AN ESSAY ON THE CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, LONDON, 1782

ATTR. TO SAMUEL WEBBE, 1740-1816

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of Light, From thy clear ce - les - tial height,  
 2 Thou, of all con - sol - ers best, Thou, the soul's de - light-some guest,  
 3 Light im - mor - tal, Light di - vine, Vis - it thou these hearts of thine,

Thy pure beam - ing ra - diance give. Come, thou Fa - ther of the poor,  
 Dost re - fresh - ing peace be - stow. Thou in toil art com - fort sweet;  
 And our in - most be - ing fill. If thou take thy grace a - way,

Come with treas - ures which en - dure; Come, thou Light of all that live.  
 Pleas - ant cool - ness in the heat; Sol - ace in the midst of woe.  
 Noth - ing pure in man will stay; All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;  
 On our dryness pour thy dew;  
 Wash the stains of guilt away.  
 Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
 Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou, on those who evermore  
 Thee confess and thee adore,  
 In thy sev'nfold gifts descend:  
 Give them comfort when they die;  
 Give them life with thee on high;  
 Give them joys that never end.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS; ATTR. TO POPE INNOCENT III, 1161-1216

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

1 How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy  
 3 "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say than to  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength - ten thee, help thee, and  
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy

you he hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om - ni - po - tent hand.  
 trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

1 COR 3:11; RIPPON'S *SELECTION OF HYMNS*, LONDON, 1787, ALT.



KINGSFOLD

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH FOLK SONG

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
 2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, So wea - ry, worn, and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

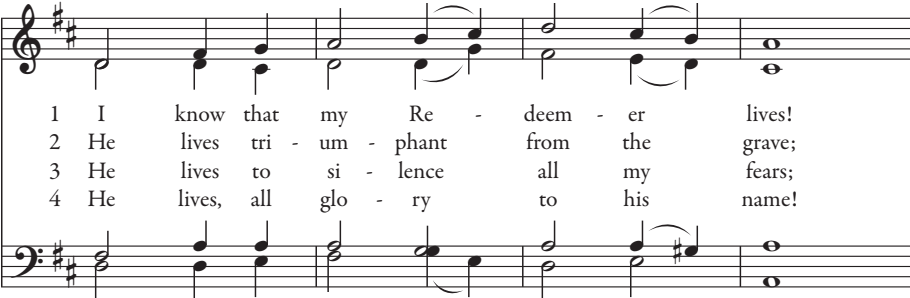
HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889

# 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

88 88

DUKE STREET

JOHN WARRINGTON HATTON, 1710-1793




1 I know that my Re - deem - er lives!  
 2 He lives tri - um - phant from the grave;  
 3 He lives to si - lence all my fears;  
 4 He lives, all glo - ry to his name!



What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!  
 He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save;  
 He lives to wipe a - way my tears;  
 He lives, my Sav - ior, still the same;



He lives, he lives, who once was dead;  
 He lives in maj - es - ty a - bove;  
 He lives to calm my trou - bled heart;  
 What joy this blest as - sur - ance gives:



He lives, my ev - er - last - ing head!  
 He lives to guide his Church in love.  
 He lives all bless - ings to im - part.  
 I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

BASED ON JOB 19:23

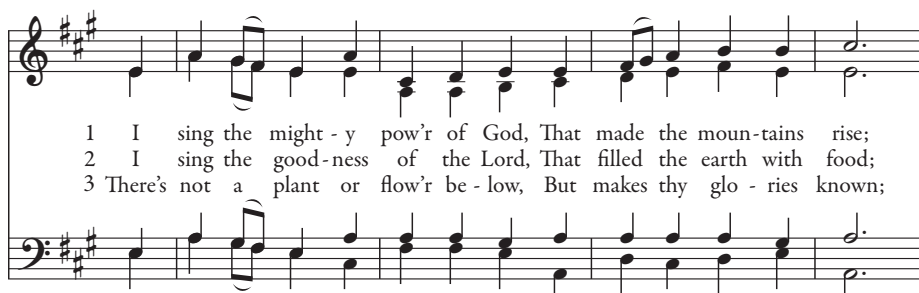
SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1738-1799, ALT.

# 116 I Sing the Mighty Power of God

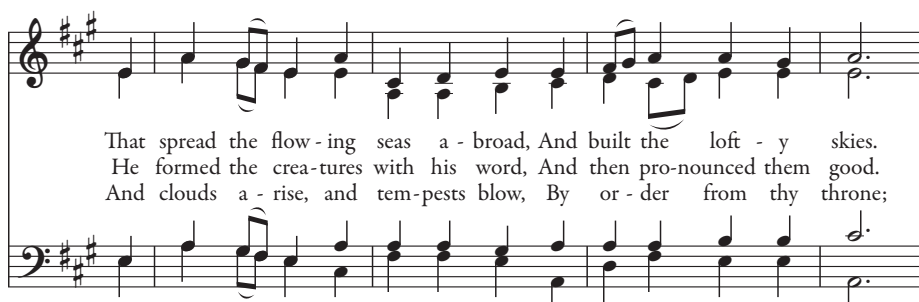
7676 D

ELLACOMBE

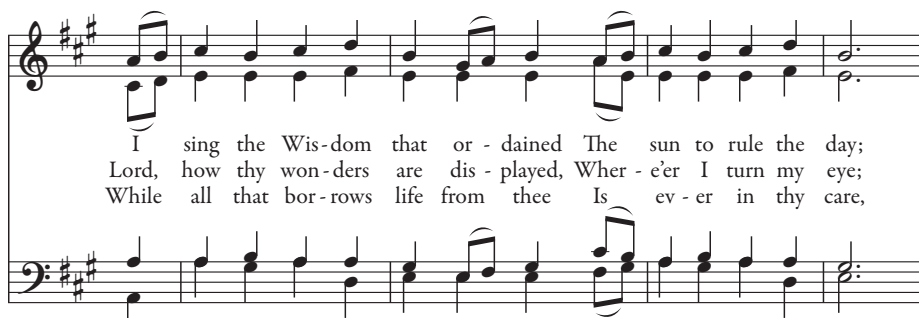
MAINZER GESANGBUCH, MAINZ, 1833  
HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889



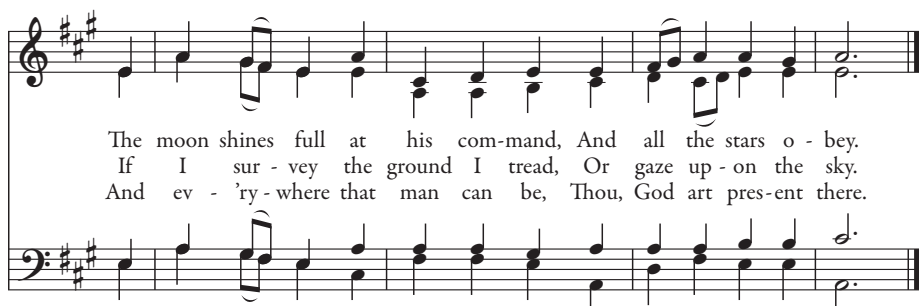
1 I sing the might - y pow'r of God, That made the moun-tains rise;  
2 I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;  
3 There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes thy glo - ries known;



That spread the flow-ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.  
He formed the crea-tures with his word, And then pro-nounced them good.  
And clouds a - rise, and tem-pests blow, By or - der from thy throne;



I sing the Wis-dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day;  
Lord, how thy won-ders are dis - played, Wher - e'er I turn my eye;  
While all that bor-rows life from thee Is ev - er in thy care,



The moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky.  
And ev - 'ry - where that man can be, Thou, God art pres-ent there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

## Immaculate Mary

11 11 WITH REFRAIN

LOURDES HYMN

TRADITIONAL PYRENEAN MELODY

1 Im - mac - u - late Ma - ry! Our hearts are on fire;  
 2 We pray for God's glo - ry, May his King - dom come;  
 3 We pray for our Moth - er, The Church up - on earth,  
 4 O Ma - ry! O Moth - er! Reign o'er us once more:

That ti - tle so won - drous Fills all our de - sire!  
 We pray for his Vi - car, Our Fa - ther in Rome.  
 And bless, sweet - est La - dy, The land of our birth.  
 Be all lands thy "dow - ry" As in days of yore.

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

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

VSS. 1-3, ANON. IN TOZER'S *CATHOLIC CHURCH HYMNAL*, 1906VS. 4, ANON. IN RONAN'S *JUBILEE HYMNS*, BOOK 2, 1949

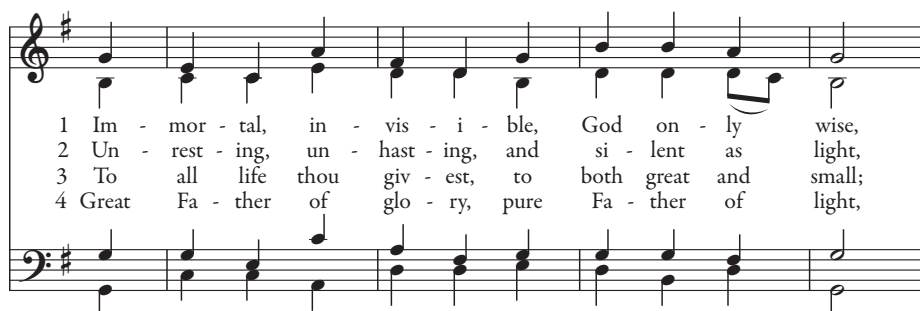
# 118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

11 11 11 11

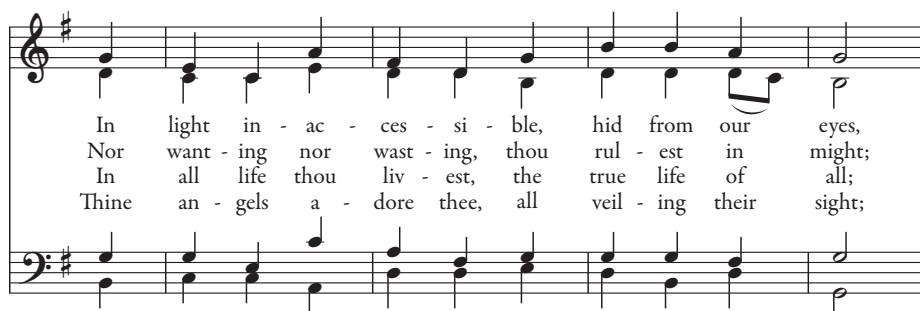
ST. DENIO

WELSH MELODY, *CANLADAU Y CYSSSEGR*, DENBIGH, 1839

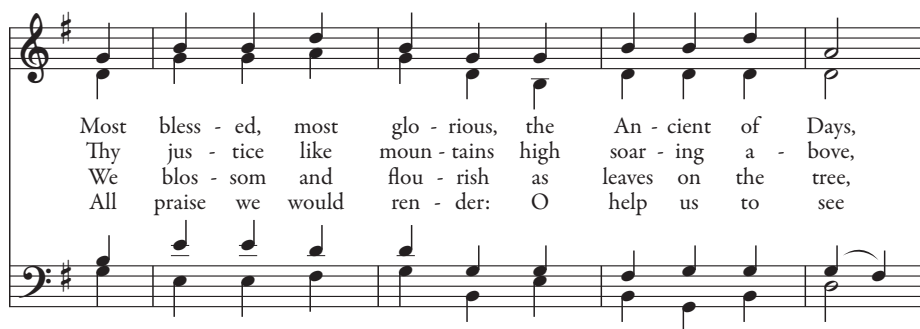
HARM. BY *THE ENGLISH HYMNAL*, LONDON, 1906, ALT.



1 Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,  
 2 Un - rest - ing, un - hast - ing, and si - lent as light,  
 3 To all life thou giv - est, to both great and small;  
 4 Great Fa - ther of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light,



In light in - ac - ces - si - ble, hid from our eyes,  
 Nor want - ing nor wast - ing, thou rul - est in might;  
 In all life thou liv - est, the true life of all;  
 Thine an - gels a - dore thee, all veil - ing their sight;



Most bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days,  
 Thy jus - tice like moun - tains high soar - ing a - bove,  
 We blos - som and flou - rish as leaves on the tree,  
 All praise we would ren - der: O help us to see



Al - might - y, vic - to - rious, thy great name we praise.  
 Thy clouds, which are foun - tains of good - ness and love.  
 And with - er and per - ish, but naught chang - eth thee.  
 'Tis on - ly the splen - dor of light hid - eth thee.


*GOD, ALL IN ALL*; WALTER C. SMITH, 1824-1908, ALT.

# 119 In His Temple Now Behold Him


87 87 87

ST. THOMAS (WADE)


JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786



1 In his tem - ple now be - hold him, See the long ex - pect - ed Lord;  
 2 In the arms of her who bore him, Vir - gin pure, be - hold him lie,  
 3 Je - sus, by your pres - en - ta - tion, When they blest you, weak and poor,  
 4 Prince and auth - or of sal - va - tion, Be your bound - less love our theme!



An - cient proph - ets had fore - told him; God has now ful - filled his word,  
 While his a - ged saints a - dore him Ere in faith and hope they die.  
 Make us see our great sal - va - tion, Seal us with your prom - ise sure,  
 Je - sus, praise to you be giv - en, By the world you did re - deem,



Now, to praise him, his re - deem - ed Shall break forth with one ac - cord.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lo, the In - car - nate God most high.  
 And pre - sent us in your glo - ry To your Fa - ther, cleansed and pure.  
 With the Fa - ther and the Spir - it, Lord of maj - es - ty su - preme.

BASED ON LUKE 2:22-24  
 VSS. 1-3, HENRY J. PYLE, 1825-1903  
 VS. 4, WILLIAM COOKE, 1821-1894

CRANHAM

GUSTAV HOLST, 1874-1934

1 In the bleak mid-win-ter, Frost-y wind made moan,  
 2 Our God, heav'n can-not hold him, Nor earth sus-tain;  
 3 E-nough for him, whom cher-u-bim Wor-ship night and day, A  
 4 An-gels and arch-an-gels May have gath-ered there,  
 5 What can I give him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as i-ron, Wa-ter like a stone;  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee a-way When he comes to reign:  
 breast-ful of milk And a man-ger-ful of hay; E-  
 Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim Throng-ed the air;  
 If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fall-en, snow on snow, Snow on snow,  
 In the bleak mid-win-ter A sta-ble-place suf-ficed The  
 nough for him, whom an-gels Fall down be-fore, The  
 But his moth-er on-ly, In her maid-en bliss,  
 If I were a wise man, I would do my part; Yet

In the bleak mid-win-ter, Long a-go.  
 Lord God In-car-nate, Je-sus Christ.  
 ox and ass and cam-el Which a-dore.  
 Wor-shipped the be-lov-ed With a kiss.  
 what I can I give him— Give my heart.

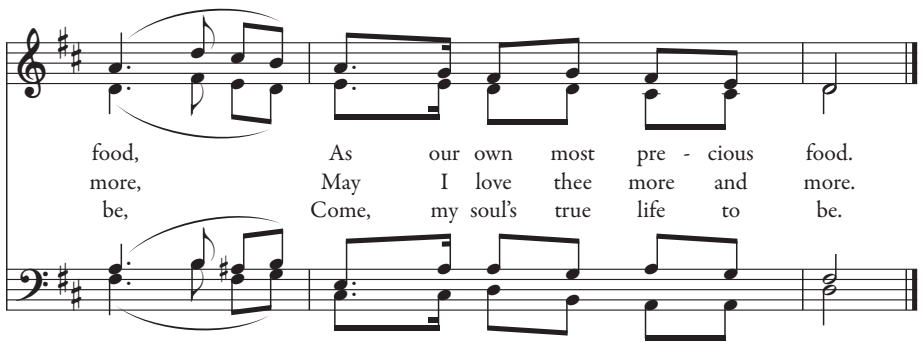
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894



1 In this sac - ra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give thy flesh and  
 2 Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And thy pres - ence I a -  
 3 Come, sweet Je - sus, in thy mer - cy, Give thy flesh and blood to



blood, With thy soul and God-head al - so, As our own most pre - cious  
 dore; And with all my heart I love thee, May I love thee more and  
 me; Come to me, O dear - est Je - sus, Come, my soul's true life to



food, As our own most pre - cious food.  
 more, May I love thee more and more.  
 be, Come, my soul's true life to be.

4 Come, that I may live forever,  
 Thou in me, and I in thee;  
 Living thus, I shall not perish,  
 But shall live eternally.

5 Blessèd be the love of Jesus,  
 Giving us his flesh and blood,  
 Blessèd be his Mother Mary,  
 Mother ever kind and good.

6 Blessèd be the great Saint Joseph,  
 Sing then with devotion true;  
 Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
 Heart and life I give to you.

ANONYMOUS



1 In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus thou dost  
2 Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And thy  
3 Come, sweet Je - sus, in thy mer - cy, Give thy

give thy flesh and blood, With thy soul and  
pres - ence I a - dore, And with all my  
flesh and blood to me; Come to me, O

God - head al - so As our own most pre - cious food.  
heart I love thee, May I love thee more and more.  
dear - est Je - sus, Come, my soul's true life to be.

4 Come, that I may live forever,  
Thou in me, and I in thee;  
Living thus, I shall not perish,  
But shall live eternally.

5 Blessèd be the love of Jesus,  
Giving us his flesh and blood,  
Blessèd be his Mother Mary,  
Mother ever kind and good.

6 Blessèd be the great Saint Joseph,  
Singing then with devotion true;  
Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
Heart and life I give to you.

ANONYMOUS

1 In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For his bed a cat - tle stall;  
2 Flocks were sleep - ing, shep - herds keep - ing Vig - il till the morn - ing new

Ox - en low - ing, lit - tle know - ing Christ the Babe is Lord of all.  
Saw the glo - ry, heard the sto - ry, Tid - ings of a gos - pel true.

Swift are wing - ing an - gels sing - ing, No - els ring - ing, tid - ings bring - ing:  
Thus re - joic - ing, free from sor - row, Prais - es voic - ing, greet the mor - row:

Christ the Babe is Lord of all, Christ the Babe is Lord of all.  
Christ the Babe was born for you. Christ the Babe was born for you.

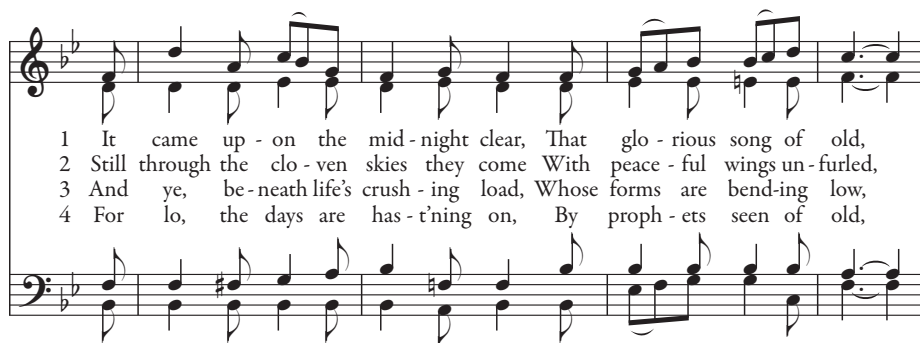
*W ŻŁOBIE LEŻY KTOŻ POBIEŻY*; ATTR. TO PIOTROWI SKARDZE, 1536-1612  
TR. BY EDITH M. REED, 1885-1933

# 124 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

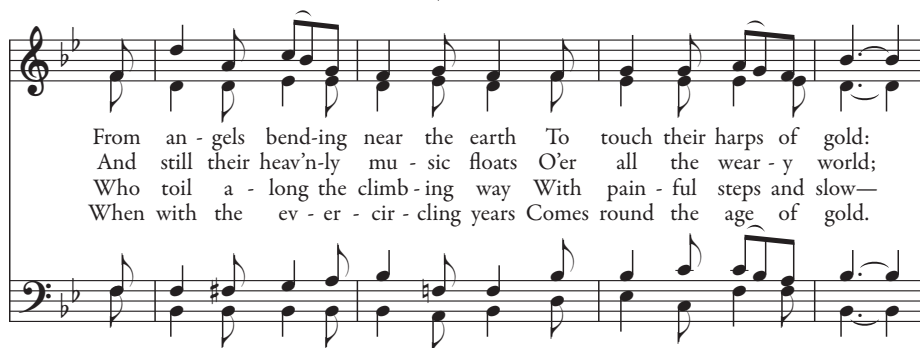
86 86 D

CAROL

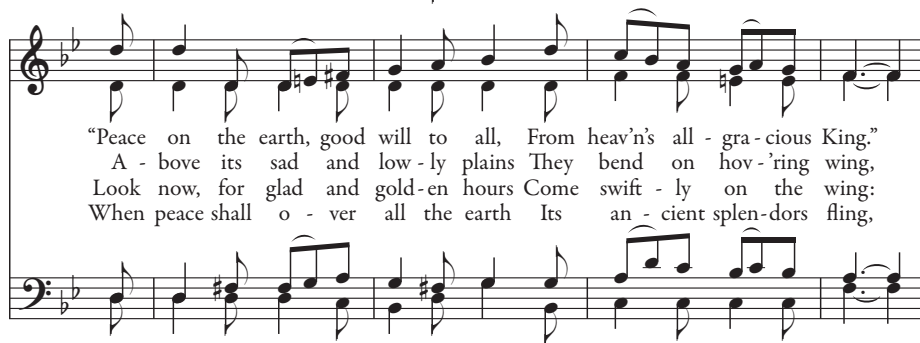
RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1819-1900



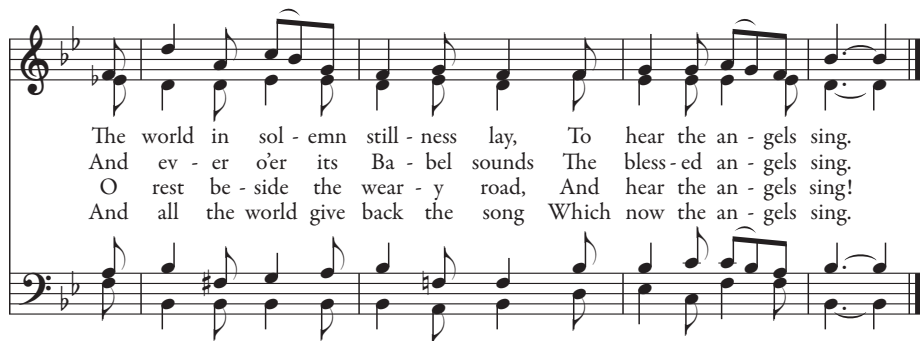
1 It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
 2 Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,  
 3 And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,  
 4 For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;  
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow—  
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold.



"Peace on the earth, good will to all, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King."  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,  
 Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:  
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing!  
 And all the world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1810-1876, ALT.

HERONGATE

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 It is a thing most won - der - ful, Al - most too  
2 And yet I know that it is true: He chose a  
3 I can - not tell how he could love A child so

won - der - ful to be, That God's own Son should  
poor and hum - ble lot, And wept and toiled and  
weak and full of sin; His love must be most

come from heav'n, And die to save a child like me.  
mourned and died For love of those who loved him not.  
won - der - ful If he could die my love to win.

4 I sometimes think about the cross,  
And shut my eyes, and try to see  
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,  
And Jesus crucified for me.

6 It is most wonderful to know  
His love for me so free and sure;  
But 'tis more wonderful to see  
My love for him so faint and poor.

5 But even could I see him die,  
I could but see a little part  
Of that great love which, like a fire,  
Is always burning in his heart.

7 And yet I want to love thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love thee more and more,  
Until I see thee as thou art.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897

## Jerusalem, My Happy Home

86 86

LAND OF REST

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY

HARM. BY ANNABEL MORRIS BUCHANAN, 1889-1983

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When  
2 O hap - py har - bor of the saints, O  
3 Your gar - dens and your gal - lant walks Con -

shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
sweet and pleas - ant soil! In you no sor - row  
tin - ual - ly are green; There grow such sweet and

have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?  
may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen.

4 There, trees forevermore bear fruit  
And evermore do spring,  
There, evermore the angels sit  
And evermore do sing.

5 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
God grant that I may see  
Your endless joy, and of the same  
Partaker ever be!

BASED ON AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO, 5TH CENT.  
F.B.P., 16TH CENT., IN *SONG OF MARY*, LONDON, 1601


# 127 Jesu! The Dying Day Hath Left Us Lonely

11 11 11 5


NOCTE SURGENTES

CASSINESE MELODY


ADAPT. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905-1992



1 Je - su! the dy - ing day hath left us lone - ly; All fad - eth  
2 Bring home the feet that far from thee have wan - dered, The minds that  
3 O let our souls keep day, though night be round us! So shall the



from us; thou re - main - est on - ly; Earth's light goes out, but  
all but thee all day have pon - dered; We yield them ev - er -  
sons of dark-ness not con - found us, But blame - less rest de -



thou, true light, art near us, And thou wilt hear us.  
more, a - wake or sleep - ing, To thy safe - keep - ing,  
light thy gaze pa - ter - nal, Un - tired E - ter - nal!

- 4 White Dove of peace, great God of consolation,  
Brood o'er the souls that moan in tribulation,  
And with the whisper of serene tomorrows  
Soothe all their sorrows.
- 5 Mother of holy hope, all-blessed Mary,  
Whose high-throned mother-love can never vary,  
This night, and at our death's deep nightfall aid us,  
With him who made us.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 1870-1952

1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day,  
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
3 But the pains which he en-dured,  
4 Sing we to our God a - bove, } Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day,  
Un - to Christ, our heav'n - ly King,  
Our sal - va - tion have pro-cured;  
Praise e - ter - nal as his love; } Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross,  
Who en - dured the cross and grave,  
Now he reigns a - bove as King,  
Praise him, all ye heav'n - ly host, } Al - le - lu - ia!

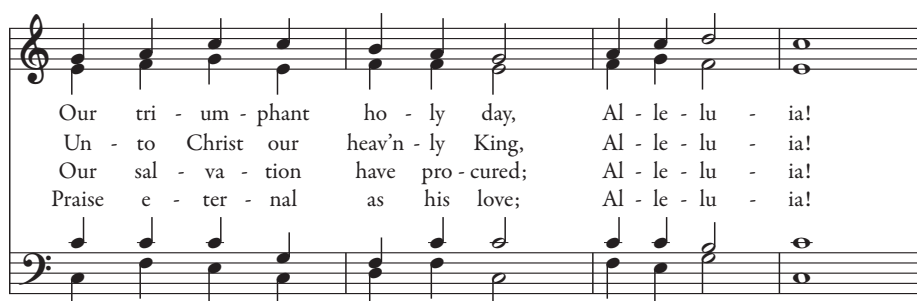
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.  
Sin - ners to re - deem and save.  
Where the an - gels ev - er sing.  
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. } Al - le - lu - ia!

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE; LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708, ALT.

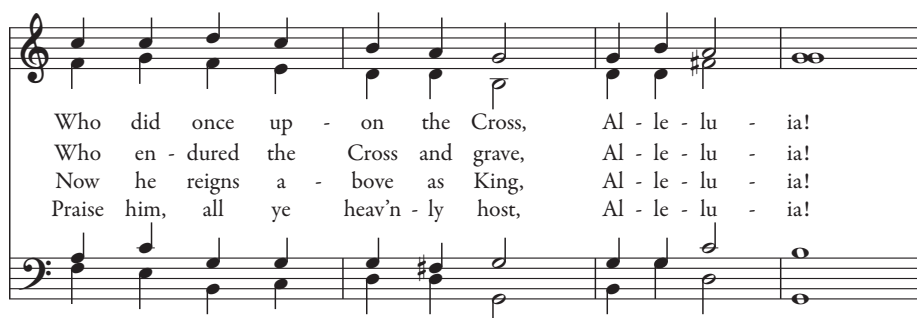
THE COMPLEAT PSALMIST, LONDON, 1749; VS. 4, CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.



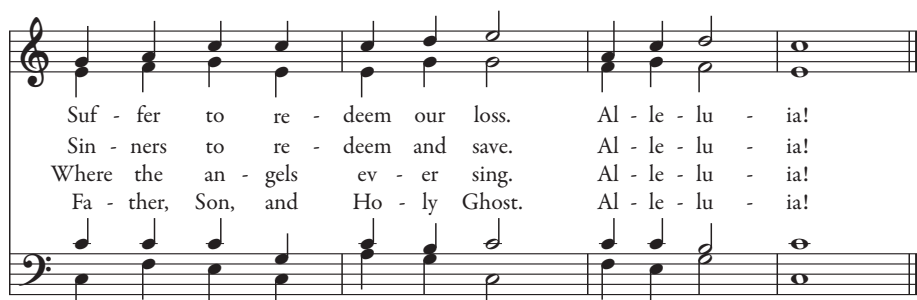
1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3 But the pains which he en - dured, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 4 Sing we to our God a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Un - to Christ our heav'n - ly King, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Praise e - ter - nal as his love; Al - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the Cross, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Who en - dured the Cross and grave, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Now he reigns a - bove as King, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Praise him, all ye heav'n - ly host, Al - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia!

*SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE; LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708, ALT.  
 THE COMPLEAT PSALMIST, LONDON, 1749; VS. 4, CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.*



## Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me

IRREGULAR

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, All my long - ing is for thee,  
 2 Je - sus, I live for thee, Je - sus, I die for thee,  
 3 Com-fort my poor soul dis-tressed, Come and dwell with - in my breast,

Of all friends the best thou art, Make of me thy coun - ter - part.  
 I be - long to thee, For - e'er in life and death.  
 Oh how oft I long for thee, Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics provided for three verses. The first verse is the most common, while the second and third are variations. The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the second system.

ANONYMOUS

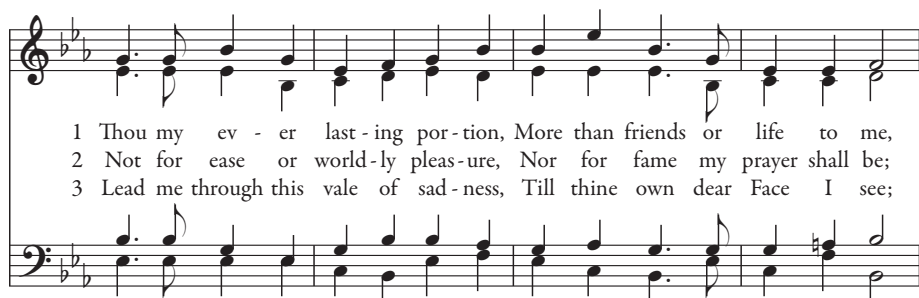
TR. BY SISTER JEANNE MARIE

## 131

## Jesus, Keep Me Close to Thee

87 87 D

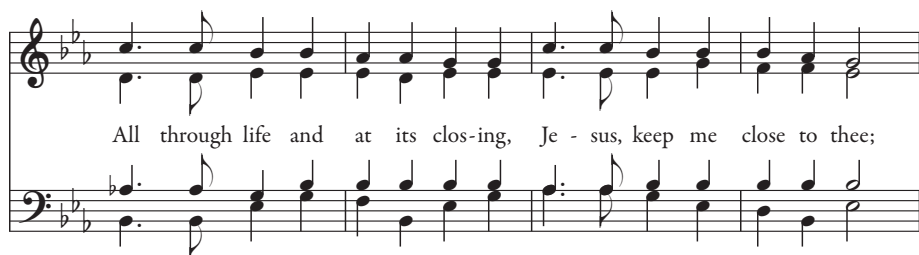
MOTHER MARY ALEXIS DONNELLY, RSM, 1857-1936



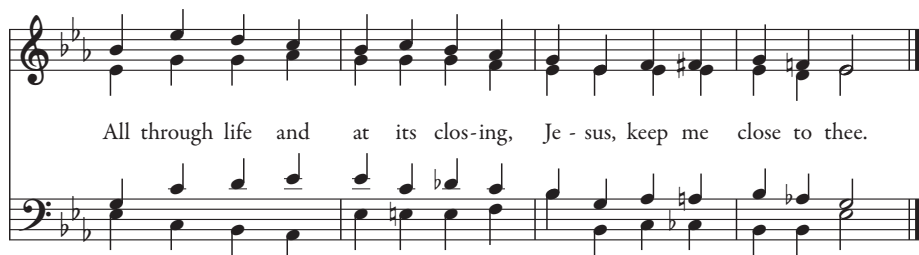
1 Thou my ev - er last - ing por - tion, More than friends or life to me,  
2 Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
3 Lead me through this vale of sad - ness, Till thine own dear Face I see;



All a - long my wea - ry jour - ney, Je - sus, keep me close to thee.  
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly keep me close to thee.  
Then the home of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.



All through life and at its clos - ing, Je - sus, keep me close to thee;



All through life and at its clos - ing, Je - sus, keep me close to thee.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY

# 132 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All

88 88 WITH REFRAIN

SWEET SACRAMENT

RÖMISCH-KATHOLISCHES GESANGBÜCHLEIN, 1826



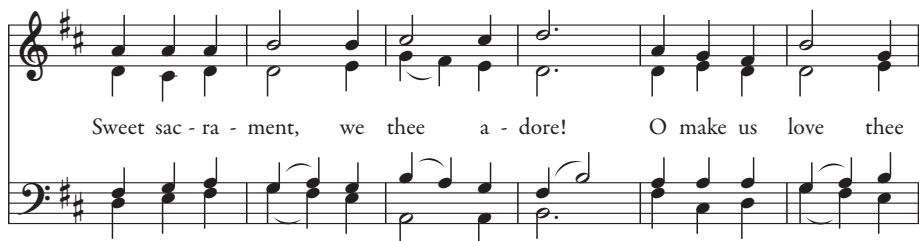
1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all! How can I  
2 Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart, To love thee  
3 O, see, with - in a crea - ture's hand, The vast Cre -



love thee as I ought? And how re - vere this  
with, my dear - est King; O with what bursts of  
a - tor deigns to be, Re - pos - ing in - fant -



wond - rous gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?  
fer - vent praise, Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!  
like, as though On Jo - seph's arm, or Ma - ry's knee.



Sweet sac - ra - ment, we thee a - dore! O make us love thee

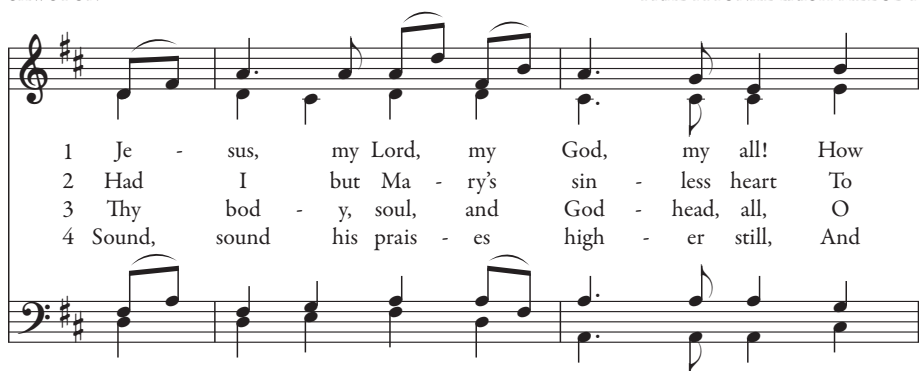


- 4 Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all,  
 O mystery of love divine!  
 I cannot compass all I have,  
 For all thou hast and art are mine.
- 5 Sound, sound his praises higher still,  
 And come, ye Angels, to our aid;  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,  
 Whose pow'r both man and angels made.

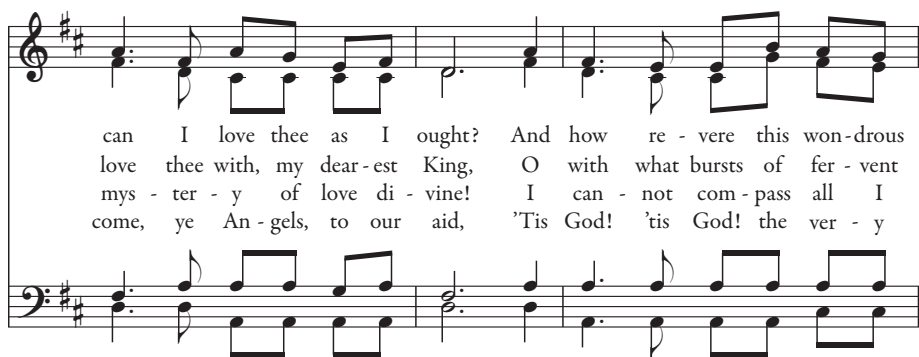
FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

SAWSTON

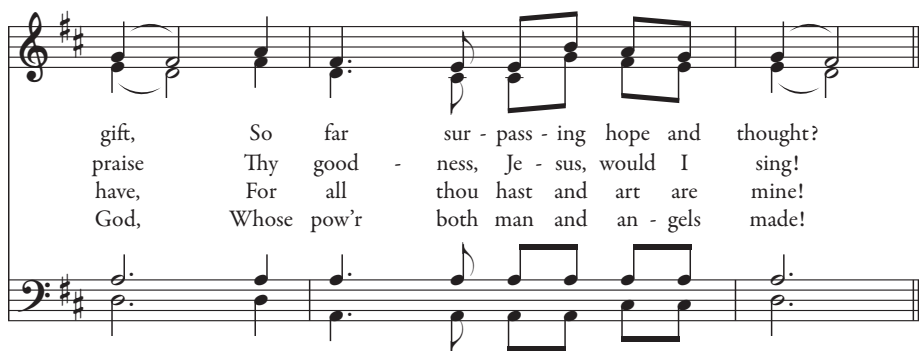
TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY



1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all! How  
 2 Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart To  
 3 Thy bod - y, soul, and God - head, all, O  
 4 Sound, sound his prais - es high - er still, And



can I love thee as I ought? And how re - vere this won - drous  
 love thee with, my dear - est King, O with what bursts of fer - vent  
 mys - ter - y of love di - vine! I can - not com - pass all I  
 come, ye An - gels, to our aid, 'Tis God! 'tis God! the ver - y



gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope and thought?  
 praise Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!  
 have, For all thou hast and art are mine!  
 God, Whose pow'r both man and an - gels made!



Sweet sac - ra - ment, we thee a - dore! O make us



love thee more and more, O make us love thee more and more.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

## 134 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

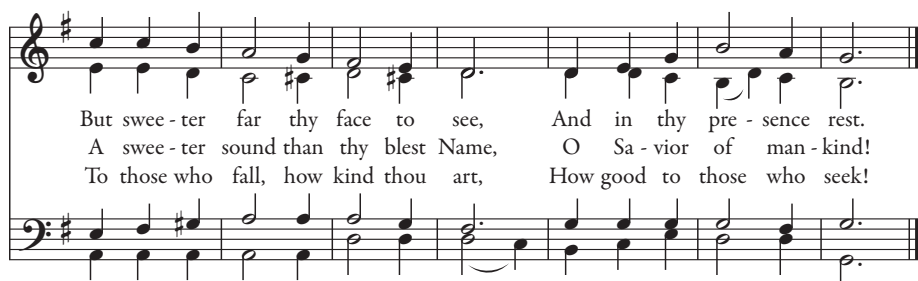
86 86

ST. AGNES

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876



1 Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;  
2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find,  
3 O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,



But swee - ter far thy face to see, And in thy pre - sence rest.  
A swee - ter sound than thy blest Name, O Sa - vior of man - kind!  
To those who fall, how kind thou art, How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
No tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize will be;  
Jesus, be thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

*JESU DULCIS MEMORIA*, C. 12TH CENT.  
ATTR. TO BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

1 Je - sus, thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as thou art,  
 2 Who am I, my Je - sus, That thou com'st to me?  
 3 Put thy kind arms round me, Fee - ble as I am;

Thou, the God who made me, To my sin - ful heart.  
 I have sinned a - gainst thee, Of - ten, griev - ous - ly;  
 Thou art my Good Shep - herd, I, thy lit - tle lamb;

Je - sus, I be - lieve it On thy on - ly word;  
 I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused thee pain;  
 Since thou com - est, Je - sus, Now to be my Guest,

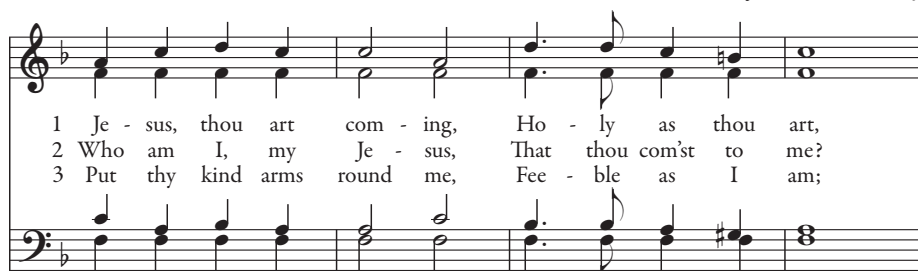
Kneel - ing, I a - dore thee As my King and Lord.  
 I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound thy heart a - gain.  
 I can trust thee al - ways, Lord, for all the rest.

4 Dearest Lord, I love thee,  
 With my whole, whole heart,  
 Not for what thou givest,  
 But for what thou art.  
 Come, oh, come, sweet Savior!  
 Come to me, and stay,  
 For I want thee, Jesus,  
 More than I can say.

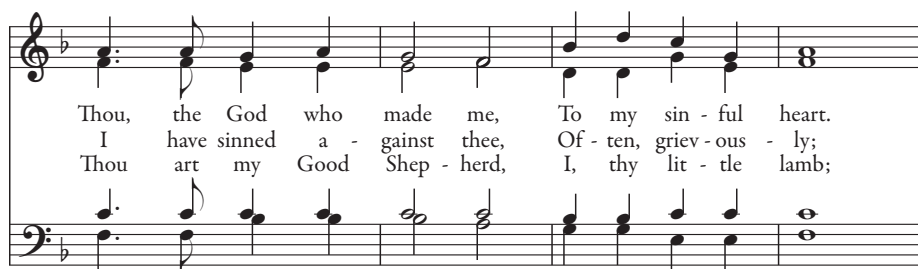
5 Ah! what gift or present,  
 Jesus, can I bring?  
 I have nothing worthy  
 Of my God and King;  
 But thou art my Shepherd,  
 I, thy little lamb;  
 Take myself, dear Jesus,  
 All I have and am.

6 Take my body, Jesus,  
 Eyes, and ears, and tongue;  
 Never let them, Jesus,  
 Help to do thee wrong.  
 Take my heart, and fill it  
 Full of love for thee;  
 All I have I give thee,  
 Give thyself to me.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME



1 Je - sus, thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as thou art,  
2 Who am I, my Je - sus, That thou com'st to me?  
3 Put thy kind arms round me, Fee - ble as I am;



Thou, the God who made me, To my sin - ful heart.  
I have sinned a - gainst thee, Of - ten, griev - ous - ly;  
Thou art my Good Shep - herd, I, thy lit - tle lamb;



Je - sus, I be - lieve it On thy on - ly word;  
I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused thee pain;  
Since thou com - est, Je - sus, Now to be my Guest,



Kneel - ing, I a - dore thee As my King and Lord.  
I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound thy heart a - gain.  
I can trust thee al - ways, Lord, for all the rest.

4 Dearest Lord, I love thee,  
With my whole, whole heart,  
Not for what thou givest,  
But for what thou art.  
Come, oh, come, sweet Savior!  
Come to me, and stay,  
For I want thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

5 Ah! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King;  
But thou art my Shepherd,  
I, thy little lamb;  
Take myself, dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.

6 Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes, and ears, and tongue;  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do thee wrong.  
Take my heart, and fill it  
Full of love for thee;  
All I have I give thee,  
Give thyself to me.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME



## Joy to the World

86 86 WITH REPEAT

ANTIOCH

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1685-1759

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872

1 Joy to the world! The Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her  
 2 Joy to the world! The Sav - ior reigns: Let men their songs em -  
 3 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions

King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room,  
 ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 prove The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
 And won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his  
*And heav'n and na - ture sing,*

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.  
*heav'n and na - ture sing,*

BASED ON PSALM 98; ISSAC WATTS, 1674-1748

## 138

## Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

87 87 D

HYMN TO JOY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827

ARR. BY EDWARD HODGES, 1796-1867

1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;  
 2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect thy rays,  
 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,  
 4 Mor-tals, join the might - y chor - us Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore thee, O - p'ning to the sun a - bove.  
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;  
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean - depth of hap - py rest!  
 Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth - er love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;  
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,  
 Thou art Fa - ther, Christ our broth - er, All who live in love are thine;  
 Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!  
 Chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain, Call us to re - joice in thee.  
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the Joy Di - vine.  
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun - ward In the tri - umph song of life.

HENRY VAN DYKE, 1852-1933, ALT.

## King of Kings Is He Anointed

86 86 87 85 85

MARGARET LEDDY

1 King of kings is he a - noint - ed; Let all men a - dore him;  
2 Son of God and yet our Broth - er, Let all men a - dore him;

Lord a - bove all lords ap - point - ed; Let us bow be - fore him.  
Son of Ma - ry our sweet Moth - er, Let us bow be - fore him.

Christ who leads us, Christ who loves us, Christ our rul - er from his birth,  
Christ who made us, Christ who saves us, Christ who can all foes de - fy,

He shall tri - umph, he shall tri - umph, O - ver all the earth.  
He shall tri - umph, he shall tri - umph, From his throne on high;

King of kings is he a - noint - ed O - ver all the earth.  
Son of God and yet our Broth - er From his throne on high.

CATHERINE MAGUIRE

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid then - cir - cling gloom, Lead thou me  
 2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me  
 3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead  
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The

thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to  
 thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of  
 night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fac - es

see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.  
 smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

# 141 Let Thy Blood in Mercy Poured

78 78 77

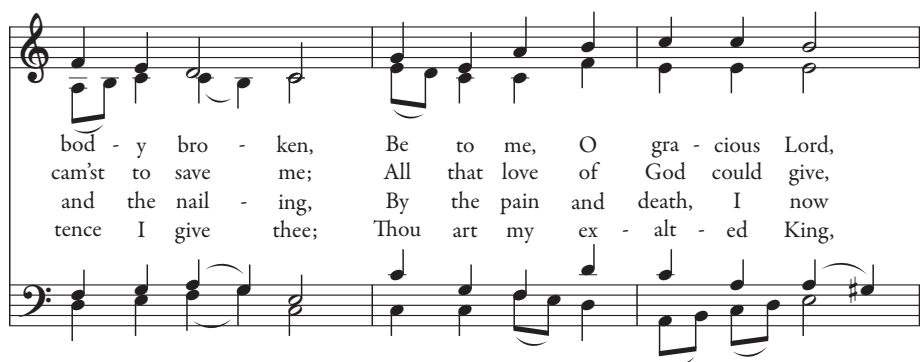
JESUS MEINE ZUVERSICHT

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598–1662

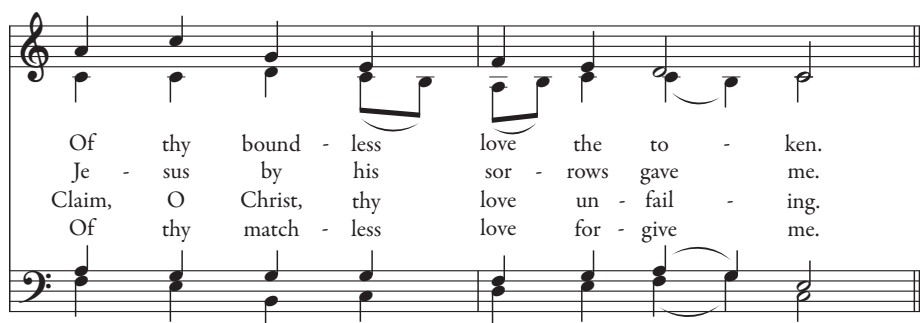
HARM. FROM *THE CHORALE BOOK FOR ENGLAND*, 1863



1 Let thy blood in mer - cy poured, Let thy gra - cious  
 2 Thou didst die that I might live; Bless - ed Lord, thou  
 3 By the thorns that crowned thy brow, By the spear-wound  
 4 Wilt thou own the gift I bring? All my pen - i -



bod - y bro - ken, Be to me, O gra - cious Lord,  
 cam'st to save me; All that love of God could give,  
 and the nail - ing, By the pain and death, I now  
 tence I give thee; Thou art my ex - alt - ed King,



Of thy bound - less love the to - ken.  
 Je - sus by his sor - rows gave me.  
 Claim, O Christ, thy love un - fail - ing.  
 Of thy match - less love for - give me.



Thou didst give thy - self for me, Now I give my - self to thee.

JOHN BROWNLIE, 1859–1925

TRURO

WILLIAMS' *PSALMODIA EVANGELICA II*, 1789

HARM. BY LOWELL MASON, 1792-1827, ALT.

1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates; Be - hold the  
 2 O blest the land, the ci - ty blest, Where Christ the  
 3 Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; Make it a  
 4 So come, my Sov - 'reign; en - ter in! Let new and

King of glo - ry waits! The King of kings is draw -  
 rul - er is con - fessed! O hap - py hearts and hap -  
 tem - ple, set a - part From earth - ly use for heav'n's  
 no - bler life be - gin; Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide

ing near; The Sav - ior of the world is here.  
 py homes To whom this King of tri - umph comes!  
 em - ploy, A - dorned with prayer and love and joy.  
 us on, Un - til the glo - rious crown be won.

BASED ON PSALM 24

*MACHT HOCH DIE TÜR*; GEORGE WEISSEL, 1590-1635

TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1827-1878, ALT.

TALLIS' CANON

THOMAS TALLIS, C. 1505–1585

1 Light of all days that were and be, Mak - er of light, out-flows from thee, Whence  
 2 Thou to the morn the eve - ning ray Join - est, and bid'st us call them day: Now  
 3 Be not the soul, once made for thee, Ex - iled from thy fe - lic - i - ty, Nor

on the world's un - shap - en frame Light at the first be - gin - ning came;  
 draws the void of dark - ness near; We pray in sor - row; thou give ear.  
 stayed by sin that weights and clings From think - ing on per - pet - ual things:

4 Let it to heav'n's own gate arise,  
 Knock, and obtain th'eternal prize;  
 Now and hereafter evil shun,  
 Repent and purge all evil done.

5 Thou with the Father hear our prayer,  
 Who dost the Father's glory share,  
 And thou, proceeding from the twain  
 In equal everlasting reign.

*LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME; ATTR. TO GREGORY THE GREAT, C. 540–604*

TR. BY WALTER H. SHEWRING, 1906–1990

## 144 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending

87 87 12 7

HELMSLEY

LOCK HOSPITAL COLLECTION, LONDON, 1765

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872–1958, ALT.

1 Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for our  
 2 Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dread -  
 3 Those dear to - kens of his pas - sion Still his daz -  
 4 Yea, a - men! Let all a - dore thee, High on thine

sal - va - tion slain; Thou - sand, thou - sand saints at -  
ful maj - es - ty; Those who set at nought and  
zling bo - dy bears, Cause of end - less ex - ul -  
e - ter - nal throne; Sav - ior, take the pow'r and

tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of his train:  
sold him, Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
ta - tion To his ran - somed wor - ship - ers;  
glo - ry; Claim the king - dom for thine own:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -  
Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly  
With what rap - ture, with what rap - ture, with what  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign.  
wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.  
rap - ture Gaze we on those glo - rious scars!  
lu - ia! Thou shalt reign and thou a - lone.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

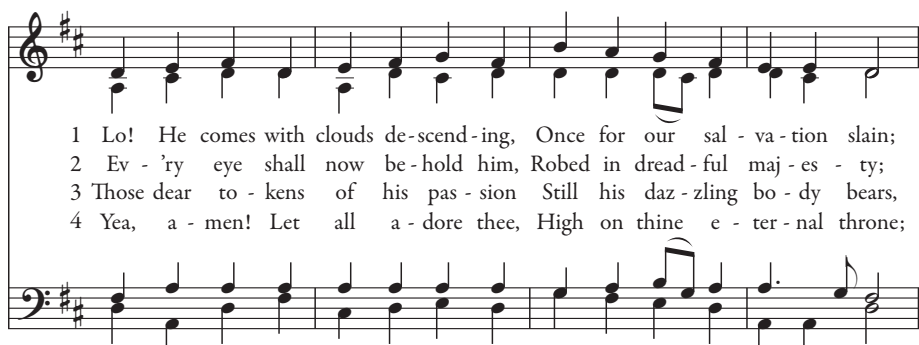


# 145 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending

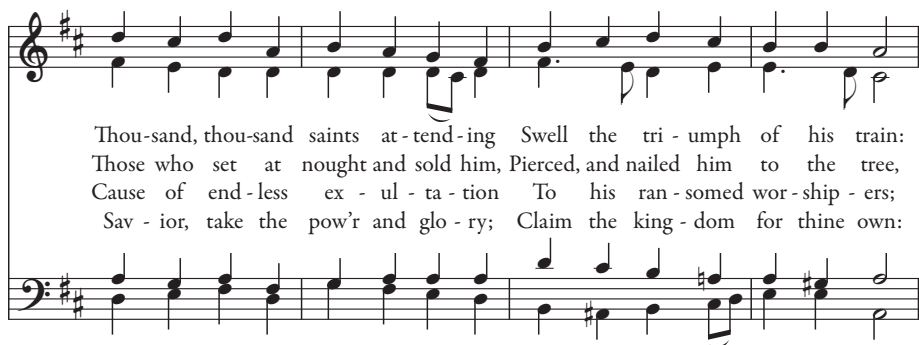
87 87 87

ST. THOMAS (WADE)

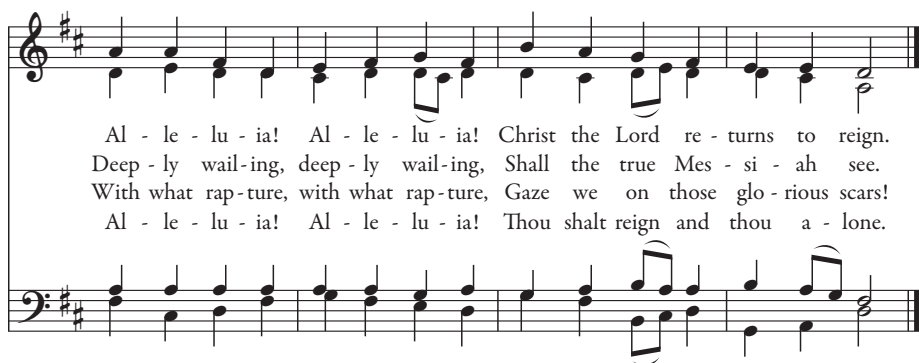
JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786



1 Lo! He comes with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;  
 2 Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty;  
 3 Those dear to - kens of his pas - sion Still his daz - zling bo - dy bears,  
 4 Yea, a - men! Let all a - dore thee, High on thine e - ter - nal throne;



Thou-sand, thou-sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of his train:  
 Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
 Cause of end - less ex - ul - ta - tion To his ran - somed wor - ship - ers;  
 Sav - ior, take the pow'r and glo - ry; Claim the king - dom for thine own:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord re - turns to reign.  
 Deep - ly wail - ing, deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.  
 With what rap - ture, with what rap - ture, Gaze we on those glo - rious scars!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou shalt reign and thou a - lone.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

## Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

7676 676

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN

SPEIERISCHES GESANGBUCH, COLOGNE, 1599

HARM. BY MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621

1 Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath sprung!  
2 I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The rose I have in mind:

Of Jes - se's lin - eage co - ming As men of old have sung.  
With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind.

It came, a flow'r - et bright, A - mid the cold of  
To show God's love a - right, She bore to men a

win - ter, When half - spent was the night.  
Sav - ior, When half - spent was the night.

BASED ON ISAIAH 11:11

ES IST EIN ROS ENTSPRUNGEN; TRADITIONAL GERMAN CAROL

TR. BY THEODORE BAKER, 1851-1934

## 147

## Lo! Round the Throne

88 88 WITH ALLELUIAS

ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH TAG

NIKOLAUS HERMAN, C. 1480-1561

1 Lo! Round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in  
 2 Through tri - bu - la - tion great they came; They bore the  
 3 They see their Sa - vior face to face, And sing the

count - less my - riads stand, Of eve - ry tongue re - deemed to  
 cross, des - pised the shame; From all their la - bors now they  
 tri - umphs of his grace; Him day and night they cease - less

God, Ar - rayed in gar - ments washed in blood. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 rest, In God's e - ter - nal glo - ry blest. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 praise, To him the loud thanks - giv - ing raise. Al - le - lu - ia!

ROWLAND HILL, 1744-1833, ALT.

## 148

## Long Live the Pope!

86 86 D WITH REPEAT

PAPAL HYMN

HENRY GEORGE GANSS, 1855-1912

1 Long live the Pope! His prais - es sound A - gain and yet a - gain:  
 2 Be - lea - guered by the foes of earth, Be - set by hosts of hell,  
 3 His sig - net is the Fish - er - man's; No scep - ter does he bear;  
 4 Then raise the chant, with heart and voice, In church and school and home:

His rule is o - ver space and time; His throne the hearts of men:  
 He guards the loy - al flock of Christ, A watch - ful sen - ti - nel:  
 In meek and low - ly maj - es - ty He rules from Pe - ter's Chair:  
 "Long live the Shep-herd of the flock! Long live the Pope of Rome!"

All hail! the Shep-herd-King of Rome, The theme of lov - ing song:  
 And yet, a - mid the din and strife, The clash of mace and sword,  
 And yet from ev - 'ry tribe and tongue, From ev - 'ry clime and zone,  
 Al - might - y Fa - ther, bless his work, Pro - tect him in his ways,

Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro - long.  
 He bears a - lone the shep-herd staff, This cham-pion of the Lord.  
 Three hun-dred mil - lion voic - es sing The glo - ry of his throne.  
 Re - ceive his prayers, ful - fill his hopes, And grant him "length of days."

Let all the earth his glo - ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro - long.  
 He bears a - lone the shep-herd staff, This cham-pion of the Lord.  
 Three hun-dred mil - lion voic - es sing The glo - ry of his throne.  
 Re - ceive his prayers, ful - fill his hopes, And grant him "length of days."

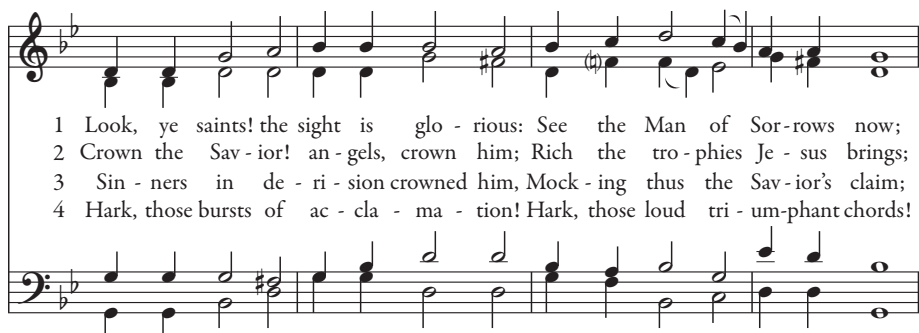
HUGH T. HENRY, 1862-1946

# 149 Look, Ye Saints! The Sight Is Glorious

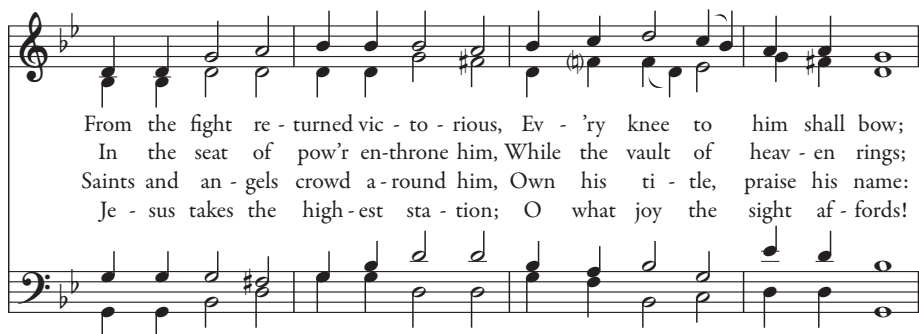
87 87 444 77

BRYN CALFARIA

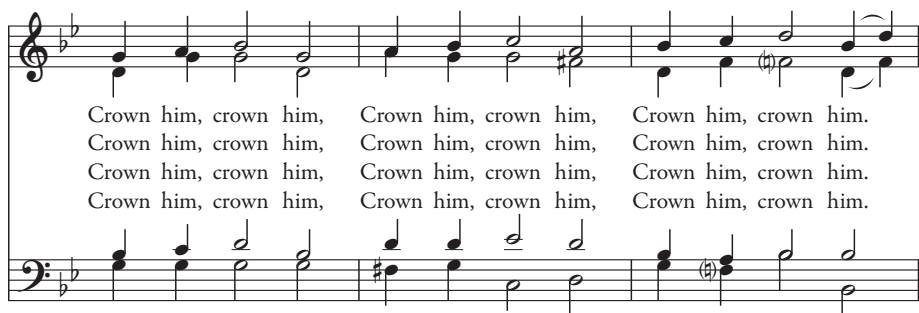
WILLIAM OWEN, 1814-1893



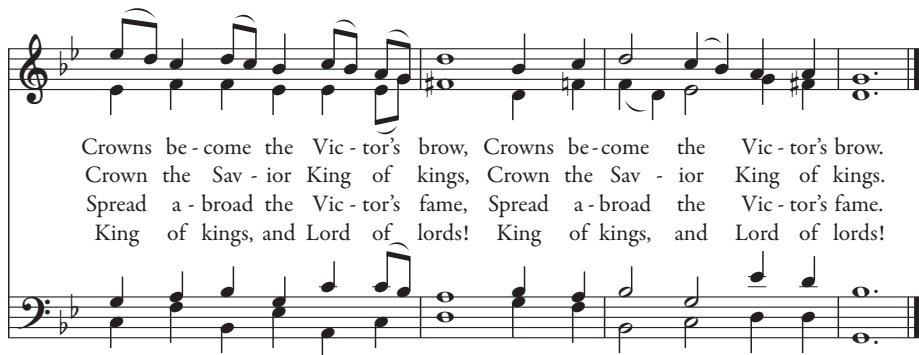
1 Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious: See the Man of Sor - rows now;  
 2 Crown the Sav - ior! an - gels, crown him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;  
 3 Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crowned him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - ior's claim;  
 4 Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow;  
 In the seat of pow'r en - throne him, While the vault of heav - en rings;  
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:  
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion; O what joy the sight af - fords!



Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him.  
 Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him.  
 Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him.  
 Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him, Crown him, crown him.



Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.  
 Crown the Sav - ior King of kings, Crown the Sav - ior King of kings.  
 Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame, Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

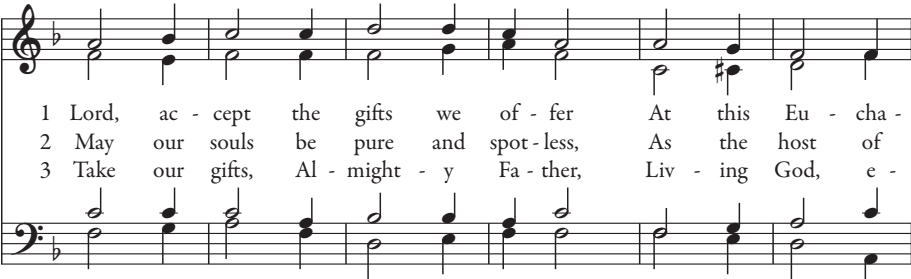
THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1855

# 150 Lord, Accept the Gifts We Offer

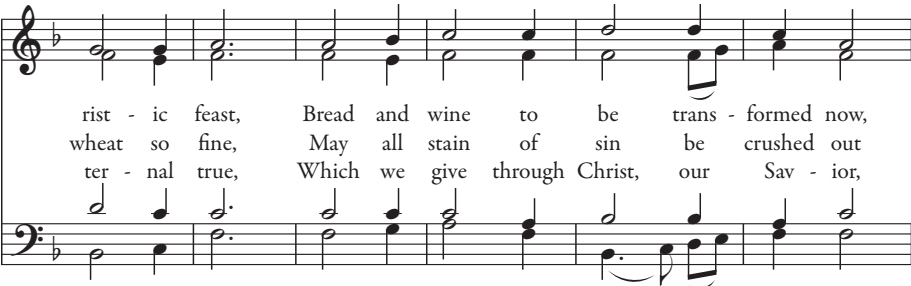
87 87 87

BRYNTIRION

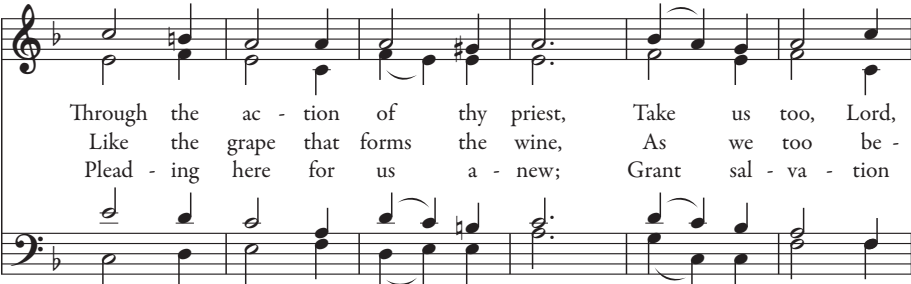
ATTR. TO HEINRICH ROTH, 1802-1899



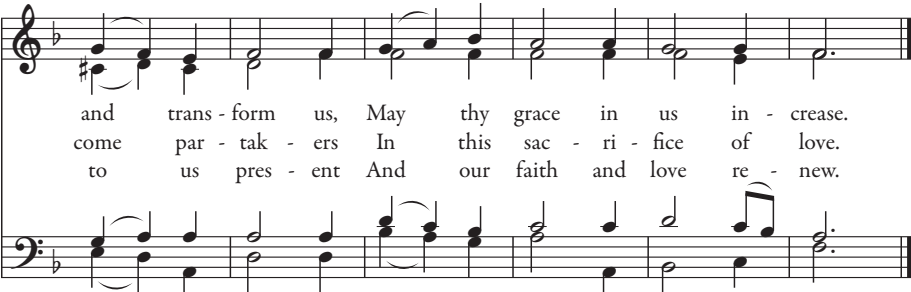
1 Lord, ac - cept the gifts we of - fer At this Eu - cha -  
 2 May our souls be pure and spot - less, As the host of  
 3 Take our gifts, Al - might - y Fa - ther, Liv - ing God, e -



rist - ic feast, Bread and wine to be trans - formed now,  
 wheat so fine, May all stain of sin be crushed out  
 ter - nal true, Which we give through Christ, our Sav - ior,



Through the ac - tion of thy priest, Take us too, Lord,  
 Like the grape that forms the wine, As we too be -  
 Plead - ing here for us a - new; Grant sal - va - tion



and trans - form us, May thy grace in us in - crease.  
 come par - tak - ers In this sac - ri - fice of love.  
 to us pres - ent And our faith and love re - new.

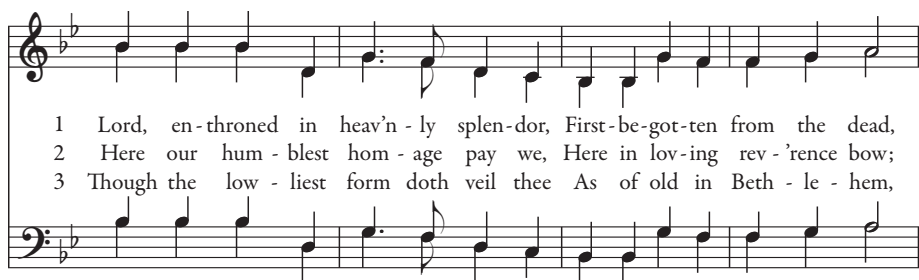
ANONYMOUS

# 151 Lord, Enthroned in Heavenly Splendor

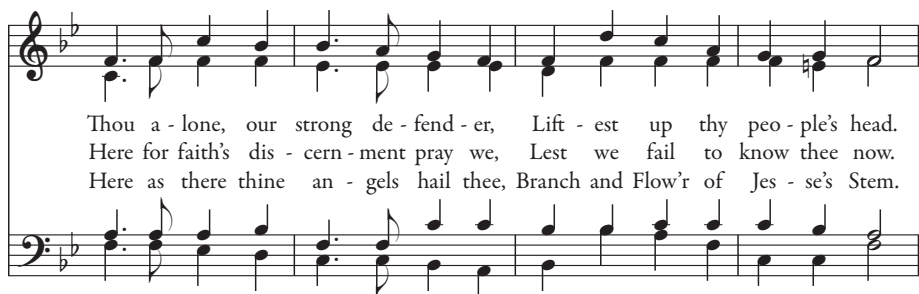
87 87 87

ST. HELEN

GEORGE CLEMENT MARTIN, 1844-1916



1 Lord, en-throned in heav'n - ly splen-dor, First-be-got-ten from the dead,  
 2 Here our hum - blest hom - age pay we, Here in lov-ing rev - 'rence bow;  
 3 Though the low - liest form doth veil thee As of old in Beth - le - hem,



Thou a - lone, our strong de - fend - er, Lift - est up thy peo - ple's head.  
 Here for faith's dis - cern - ment pray we, Lest we fail to know thee now.  
 Here as there thine an - gels hail thee, Branch and Flow'r of Jes - se's Stem.



Al - le-lu - ia, al - le-lu - ia, Je - su, true and liv - ing bread.  
 Al - le-lu - ia, al - le-lu - ia, Thou art here, we ask not how.  
 Al - le-lu - ia, al - le-lu - ia, We in wor - ship join with them.

4 Paschal Lamb, thine off'ring, finished  
 Once for all when thou wast slain,  
 In its fullness undiminished  
 Shall for evermore remain.  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Cleansing souls from ev'ry stain.

5 Life-impacting heav'nly manna,  
 Stricken rock with streaming side,  
 Heav'n and earth with loud hosanna  
 Worship thee, the Lamb who died.  
 Alleluia, alleluia,  
 Ris'n, ascended, glorified!

GEORGE HUGH BOURNE, 1840-1925

# 152 Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs

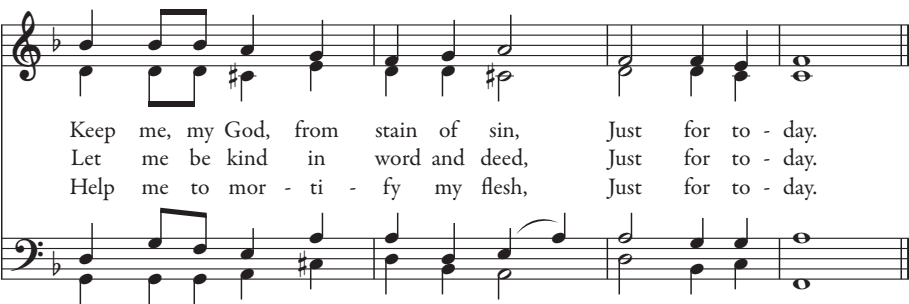
84 84

PROVIDENCE

RICHARD R. TERRY, 1865–1938



1 Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;  
 2 Let me both di - li - gent - ly work And du - ly pray;  
 3 Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o - bey;



Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.  
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.  
 Help me to mor - ti - fy my flesh, Just for to - day.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4 Let me no wrong or idle word<br>Unthinking say;<br>Set thou a seal upon my lips,<br>Just for today.         | 6 And if today my tide of life<br>Should ebb away,<br>Give me thy sacraments divine,<br>Sweet Lord, today. |
| 5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,<br>In season, gay;<br>Let me be faithful to thy grace,<br>Just for today. | 7 In Purgatory's cleansing fires<br>Brief be my stay;<br>Oh, bid me, if today I die,<br>Go home today.     |
| 8 So for tomorrow and its needs<br>I do not pray;<br>But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,<br>Just for today. |  |

SISTER MARY XAVIER PARTRIDGE, SND, 1856–1917



SOUTHWELL

WILLIAM DAMAN, C. 1540–1591

*THE PSALMES OF DAVID IN ENGLISH METRE, LONDON, 1579*

1 Lord Je - sus, think on me, And purge a - way my sin;  
 2 Lord Je - sus, think on me, With care and woe op - pressed;  
 3 Lord Je - sus, think on me, A - mid the bat - tle's strife;

From earth-born pas - sions set me free, And make me pure with - in.  
 Let me thy lov - ing ser - vant be, And taste thy prom - ised rest.  
 In all my pain and mis - er - y Be thou my health and life.

- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 Nor let me go astray;  
 Through darkness and perplexity  
 Point thou the heav'nly way.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 That, when the flood is past,  
 I may th'eternal brightness see,  
 And share thy joy at last.
- 6 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
 That I may sing above  
 To Father, Spirit, and to thee  
 The strains of praise and love.

μνῶεο Χριστέ (*MNŌEO CHRISTE*); SYNESIUS OF CYRENE, C. 375–430

TR. BY ALLEN W. CHATFIELD, 1808–1896, ALT.

# 154 Lord Jesus, When I Think of Thee

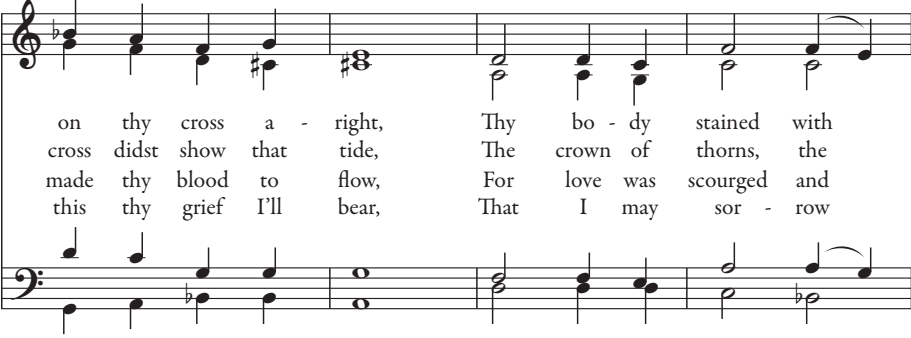
88 88

WORD OF FIRE

NOEL JONES, 1947-



1 Lord Je - sus, when I think of thee, And look up -  
 2 Je - sus, true love I owe to thee Who on the  
 3 Je - sus, love made thy tears to fall, 'Twas love that  
 4 Ma - ry, I pray, as thou art free, A part of



on thy cross a - right, Thy bo - dy stained with  
 cross didst show that tide, The crown of thorns, the  
 made thy blood to flow, For love was scourged and  
 this thy grief I'll bear, That I may sor - row



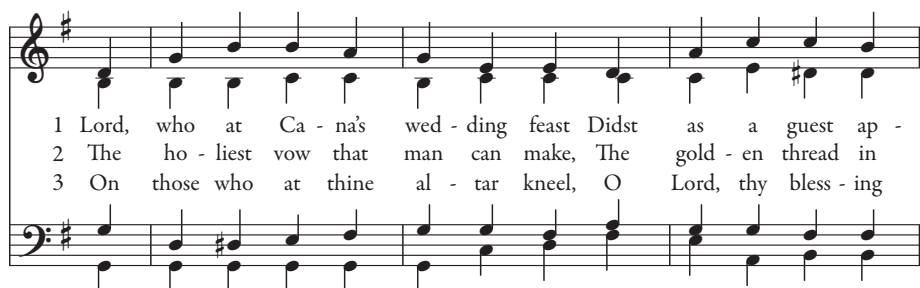
blood I see, Lord, pierce my heart with that sad sight!  
 sharp nails three, The cru - el spear that pierced thy side.  
 smit - ten all, For love thy life thou didst for - go.  
 here with thee, And bliss with thee here - af - ter share!

RICHARD ROLLE, C. 1300-1349

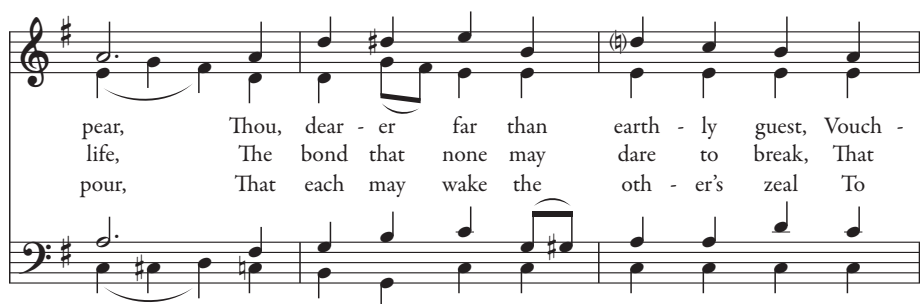
# 155 Lord, Who at Cana's Wedding Feast

86 86 D

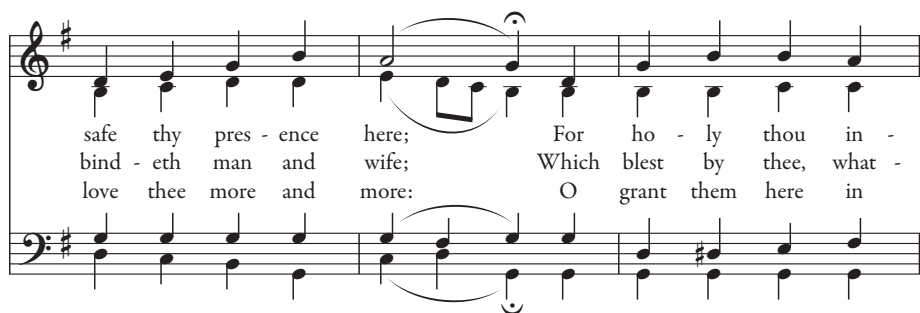
JOHN LEWIS BROWNE, 1866-1933



1 Lord, who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap -  
 2 The ho - liest vow that man can make, The gold - en thread in  
 3 On those who at thine al - tar kneel, O Lord, thy bless - ing



pear, Thou, dear - er far than earth - ly guest, Vouch -  
 life, The bond that none may dare to break, That  
 pour, That each may wake the oth - er's zeal To



safe thy pres - ence here; For ho - ly thou in -  
 bind - eth man and wife; Which blest by thee, what -  
 love thee more and more: O grant them here in



deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be, Pro -  
 e'er be - tides, No ev - il shall de - stroy, Through  
 peace to live, In pur - i - ty and love, And,

claim - ing it a type of love Be - tween the Church and  
care - worn days each care di - vides, And dou - bles ev - 'ry  
this world leav - ing, to re - ceive A crown of life a -

thee.  
joy.  
bove! A - men. A - men. A - men.

ADELAIDE THRUPP, 1831-1908

# 156 Lord, Who at Thy First Eucharist

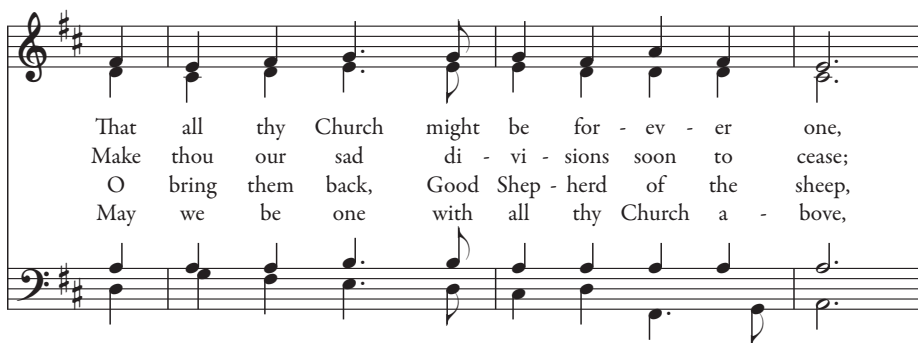
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UNDE ET MEMORES

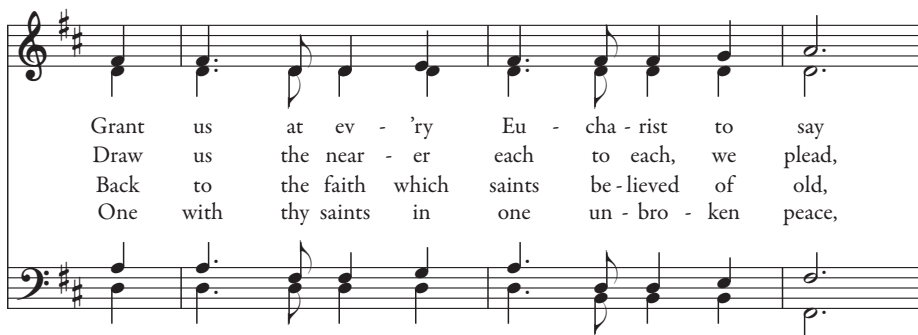
WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889, ALT.



1 Lord, who at thy first Eu - cha - rist didst pray  
 2 For all thy Church, O Lord, we in - ter - cede;  
 3 We pray thee, too, for wan - d'ers from thy fold;  
 4 So, Lord, at length when sac - ra - ments shall cease,



That all thy Church might be for - ev - er one,  
 Make thou our sad di - vi - sions soon to cease;  
 O bring them back, Good Shep - herd of the sheep,  
 May we be one with all thy Church a - bove,



Grant us at ev - 'ry Eu - cha - rist to say  
 Draw us the near - er each to each, we plead,  
 Back to the faith which saints be - lieved of old,  
 One with thy saints in one un - bro - ken peace,



With long - ing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."  
 By draw - ing all to thee, O Prince of peace;  
 Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;  
 One with thy saints in one un - bound - ed love;

O may we all one bread, one bod - y be,  
 Thus may we all one bread, one bod - y be,  
 Soon may we all one bread, one bod - y be,  
 More bless - ed still in peace and love to be

1-3 Through this blest sac - ra - ment of u - ni - ty.  
 4 One with the Trin - i - ty in u - ni - ty.

WILLIAM H. TURTON, 1856-1938

# 157 Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days

86 86

ST. FLAVIAN

THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMES IN FOURE PARTES, 1563

ADAPT. BY RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820-1901

HARM. FROM HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN, 1875, ALT.

1 Lord, who through-out these for - ty days For us didst fast and pray,  
 2 As thou with Sa - tan didst con - tend, And didst the vic - t'ry win,  
 3 As thou didst hun - ger bear and thirst, So teach us, gra - cious Lord,

Teach us with thee to mourn our sins, And close by thee to stay.  
 O give us strength in thee to fight, In thee to con - quer sin.  
 To die to self, and ev - er live By thy most ho - ly word.

4 And through these days of penitence,  
 And through thy Passiontide,  
 Forevermore, in life and death,  
 O Lord, with us abide.

5 Abide with us that when this life  
 Of suffering is past,  
 An Easter of unending joy  
 We may attain at last!

CLAUDIA F. HERNAMAN, 1838-1898, ALT.

# 158 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

87 87 D

BLAENWERN

WILLIAM PENFRO ROWLANDS, 1860-1937

1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n to  
 2 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy  
 3 Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less

earth come down, Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All thy  
 life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re - turn and nev - er, Nev - er -  
 let us be; Let us see thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect -

faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com -  
 more thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - ways  
 ly re - stored in thee: Changed from glo - ry in - to

pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love thou art; Vis - it us with  
 bless - ing, Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise thee  
 glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our

thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
 with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.  
 crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.



## Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

87 87 D

HYFRYDOL

ROWLAND H. PRITCHARD, 1811-1887

1 Love, di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of  
 2 Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us  
 3 Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and

heav'n to earth come down, Fix in us thy hum - ble  
 all thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re - turn and  
 spot - less let us be; Let us see thy great sal -

dwel - ling, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
 nev - er, Nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave.  
 va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in thee:

Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un -  
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve thee  
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in

bound - ed love thou art; Vis - it us with  
as thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise thee  
heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our

thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in thy per - fect love.  
crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

1 Maid - en Moth - er, meek and mild, Take, oh, take me  
 2 Teach me, when the sun - beam bright, Calls me with its  
 3 Teach me al - so through the day Of to raise my

for thy child, All my life, oh, let it be  
 gol - den light, How my wak - ing thoughts may be,  
 heart and say, "Maid - en Moth - er, meek and mild,

My best joy to think of thee, Vir - go Ma - ri - a!  
 Turned to Je - sus and to thee, Vir - go Ma - ri - a!  
 Guard, oh, guard thy faith - ful child! Vir - go Ma - ri - a!

4 When my eyes are closed in sleep,  
 Through the night my slumbers keep,  
 Make my latest thought to be  
 How to love thy Son and thee,  
*Virgo María!*

5 Thus, sweet Mother, day and night  
 Thou shalt guide my steps aright;  
 And my dying words shall be  
 "Virgin Mother, pray for me!"  
*Virgo María!*

CECILIA MARY CADDELL, 1814-1877

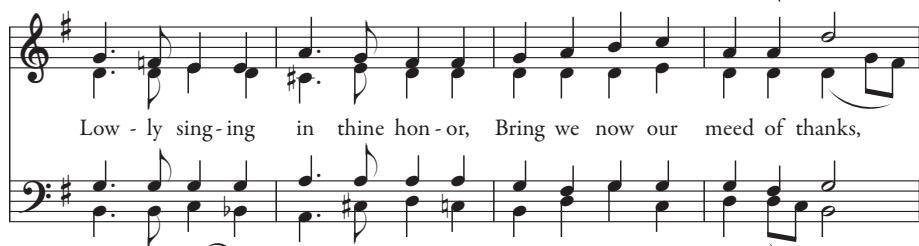
# 161 Michael, Prince of Highest Heaven

87 87 WITH REFRAIN

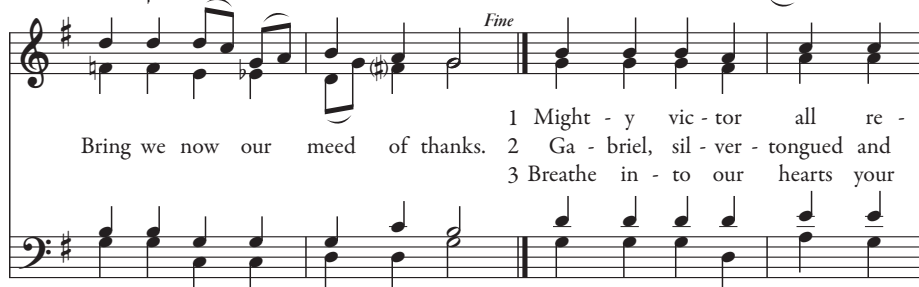
JULES BRAZIL, fl. 1910-1925



Mi - chael, Prince of high - est heav'n, No-blest of ce - les - tial ranks,

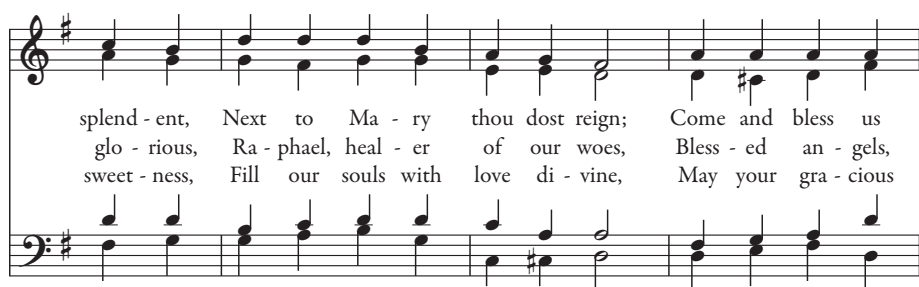


Low - ly sing - ing in thine hon - or, Bring we now our meed of thanks,

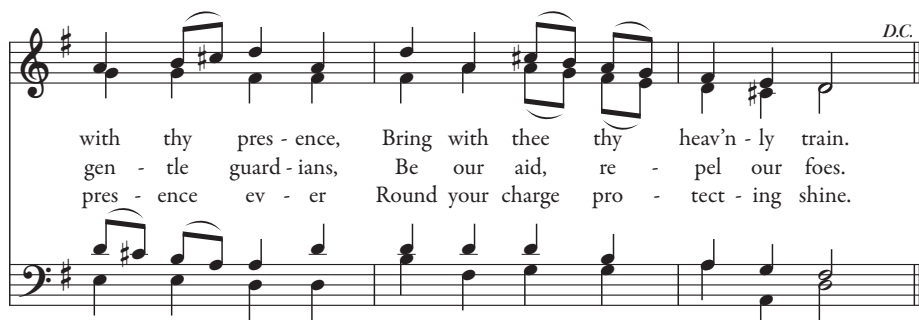


Bring we now our meed of thanks. *Fine*

1 Might - y vic - tor all re -  
2 Ga - briel, sil - ver - tongued and  
3 Breathe in - to our hearts your



splend - ent, Next to Ma - ry thou dost reign; Come and bless us  
glo - rious, Ra - phael, heal - er of our woes, Bless - ed an - gels,  
sweet - ness, Fill our souls with love di - vine, May your gra - cious



with thy pres - ence, Bring with thee thy heav'n - ly train. *D.C.*  
gen - tle guard - ians, Be our aid, re - pel our foes.  
pres - ence ev - er Round your charge pro - tect - ing shine.

ANONYMOUS

1 Moth-er dear, O pray for me! Whilst far from heav'n and thee  
 2 Moth-er dear, O pray for me! Should pleas-ure's si-ren lay,  
 3 Moth-er dear, O pray for me! When all looks bright and fair,

I wan-der in a fra-gile bark O'er life's tem-pes-tuous sea,  
 E'er tempt thy child to wan-der far From Vir-tue's path a-way,  
 That I may all my dan-ger see, For sure-ly then 'tis near.

O Vir-gin Moth-er, from thy throne, So bright in bliss a-bove,  
 When thorns be-set life's de-vi-ous way, And dark-ling wa-ters flow,  
 A moth-er's pray'r how much we need If pros-p'rous be the ray

Pro-TECT thy child and cheer my path With thy sweet smile of love,  
 Then, Ma-ry, aid thy weep-ing child, Thy-self a moth-er show,  
 That paints with gold the flow-ry mead, Which blos-soms in our way.

Moth - er dear, re - mem - ber me, And nev - er cease thy care,

Till in heav'n e - ter - nal - ly, Thy love and bliss I share.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1819-1858

1 Mo-ther dear-est, Moth-er fair-est, Help of all who call on thee,  
 2 La-dy, help in pain and sor-row, Soothe those rack'd on beds of pain,  
 3 Help our priests, our vir-gins ho-ly, Help our Pope, long may he reign,

Vir-gin pur-est, bright-est rar-est, Help us, help, we cry to thee.  
 May the gold-en light of mor-row, Bring them health and joy a-gain.  
 Pray that we who sing thy prais-es, May in heav'n all meet a-gain.

Ma-ry, help us, help we pray, Ma-ry, help us, help we pray,

Help us in all care and sor-row: Ma-ry, help us, help we pray.

4 Lady, help the wounded soldier,  
 Set the pining captive free,  
 Help the sailor in mid-ocean,  
 Help those in their agony.

5 Lady, help the absent loved ones,  
 How we miss their presence here,  
 May the hand of thy protection  
 Guide and guard them far and near.

ANONYMOUS

## Mother of Christ

IRREGULAR

MOTHER OF CHRIST

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME DE NAMUR, ENGLAND

1 Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I ask of thee? I  
 2 Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, What shall I do for thee? I will  
 3 Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, I toss on a storm-y sea, O

do not sigh for the wealth of earth, For the joys that fade and flee; But,  
 love thy Son with the whole of my strength, My on - ly King shall he be. Yes,  
 lift thy Child as a bea - con light To the port where I fain would be. And,

Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This do I long to see, The  
 Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This will I do for thee, Of  
 Moth-er of Christ, Moth-er of Christ, This do I ask of thee, When the

bliss un - told which thine arms en - fold, The treas-ure up-on thy knee.  
 all that are dear or cher-ished here, None shall be dear as he.  
 voy-age is o'er, O stand on the shore, And show him at last to me.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME DE NAMUR, ENGLAND



# 165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day

86 86

NICOLA A. MONTANI, 1880-1948

1 My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways thine,  
 2 Be - fore the cross of him who died, Be - hold I pros - trate fall;  
 3 A - noint me with thy heav'n - ly grace, A - dopt me for thine own,  
 That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee de - cline.  
 Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, Let Christ be all in all.  
 That I may see thy glo - rious face And wor - ship at thy throne.

- 4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
 My best 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 giv'n  
 Then life shall be thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven!

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800-1894

LOVE UNKNOWN

JOHN IRELAND, 1879-1962

1 My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to me, Love  
 2 He came from his blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow; But  
 3 Some - times they strew his way, And his sweet prais - es sing; Re -

to the love-less shown, That they might love - ly be. O who am  
 men cared not, and none The longed - for Christ would know. But oh, my  
 sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their King. Then "Cru - ci -

I, that for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?  
 Friend, my Friend in - deed, Who at my need his life did spend!  
 fy!" 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, 1624-1683

## My Soul Doth Long for Thee

66 86 D

MOTHER MARY ALEXIS DONNELLY, RSM, 1857-1936

HARM. COMPOSITE

1 My soul doth long for thee, To dwell with - in my breast,  
 2 Un - til it come to thee, In vain I look a - round;  
 3 Naught else can take his place, My soul longs more and more

Un - wor - thy though, O Lord, I be, Of so Di - vine a Guest.  
 In all I have, in all I see No rest is to be found.  
 To see my Je - sus face to face When this short life is o'er.

Of so Di - vine a Guest, Un - wor - thy though I be,  
 No rest is to be found, But in thy sweet em - brace;  
 When this short life is o'er, And wea - ry strife shall cease;

Yet hath my long - ing heart no rest, Un - til it come to thee.  
 Oh! when I have my Je - sus Lord, Naught else can take his place.  
 O may I dwell for - ev - er more, In ev - er last - ing peace.


VSS. 1-2, JOHN BYROM  
 VS. 3, SISTERS OF MERCY

# 168 Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling


87 87 87

DOWLING


NOEL JONES, 1947-



1 Now, my tongue, the mys - t'ry tell - ing, Of the glo - rious bo - dy sing,  
 2 Giv'n for us, and con - des - cend - ing To be born for us be - low,  
 3 That last night, at sup - per ly - ing With the twelve, his cho - sen band,



And the blood, all price ex - cel - ling, Which the na - tions' Lord and King,  
 He, with us in con - verse blend - ing, Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,  
 Je - sus, with the law com - ply - ing, Keeps the feast its rites de - mand;



Once on earth a - mong us dwell - ing, Shed for this world's ran - som - ing.  
 Till he closed with won - drous end - ing His most pa - tient life of woe.  
 Then, more pre - cious food sup - ply - ing, Gives him - self with his own hand.

4 Word made flesh, by word he maketh  
 Very bread his flesh to be,  
 Wine his blood for whoso taketh;  
 And if senses fail to see,  
 Faith alone the true heart waketh  
 To behold the mystery.

5 Therefore we, before him bending,  
 This great sacrament revere;  
 Types and shadows have their ending,  
 For the newer rite is here;  
 Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
 Makes our inward vision clear.

6 Glory let us give, and blessing,  
 To the Father and the Son;  
 Honor, thanks, and praise addressing  
 While eternal ages run,  
 And the Spirit's power confessing,  
 Who from both with both is one.

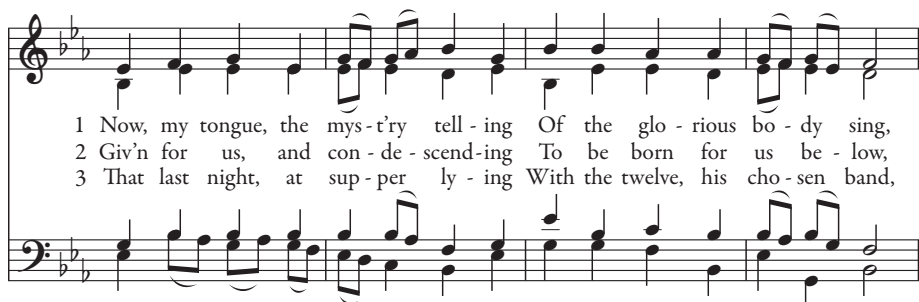
*PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI*; ATTR. TO THOMAS AQUINAS, C. 1225-1274  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

# 169 Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling

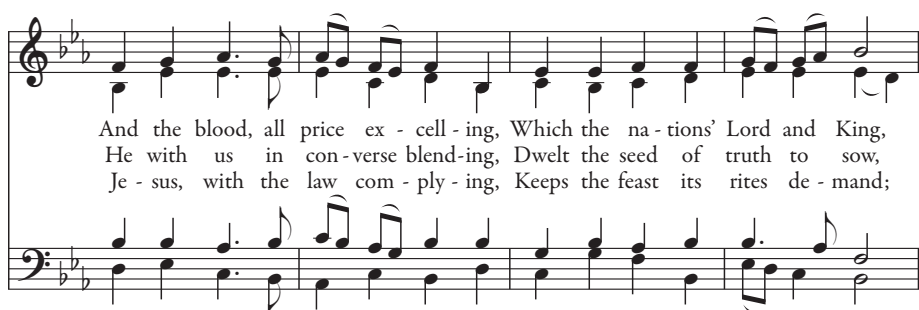
87 87 87

GRAFTON

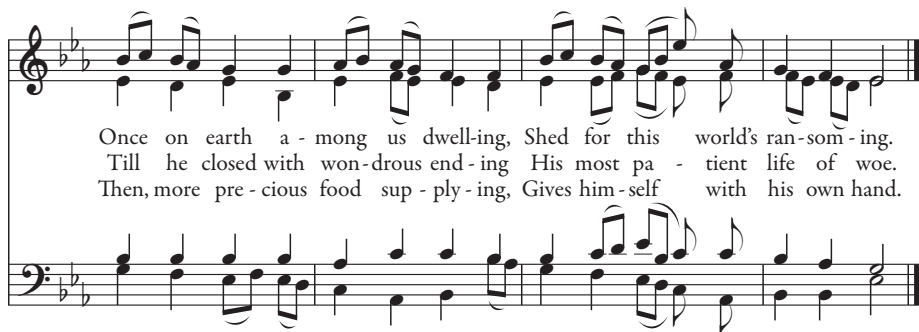
CHANTS ORDINAIRES DE L'OFFICE DIVIN, PARIS, 1881



1 Now, my tongue, the mys-t'ry tell - ing Of the glo - rious bo - dy sing,  
 2 Giv'n for us, and con - de - scend - ing To be born for us be - low,  
 3 That last night, at sup - per ly - ing With the twelve, his cho - sen band,



And the blood, all price ex - cell - ing, Which the na - tions' Lord and King,  
 He with us in con - verse blend - ing, Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,  
 Je - sus, with the law com - ply - ing, Keeps the feast its rites de - mand;



Once on earth a - mong us dwell - ing, Shed for this world's ran - som - ing.  
 Till he closed with won - drous end - ing His most pa - tient life of woe.  
 Then, more pre - cious food sup - ply - ing, Gives him - self with his own hand.

4 Word made flesh, by word he maketh  
 Very bread his flesh to be,  
 Wine his blood for whoso taketh;  
 And if senses fail to see,  
 Faith alone the true heart waketh  
 To behold the mystery.

5 Therefore we, before him bending,  
 This great sacrament revere;  
 Types and shadows have their ending,  
 For the newer rite is here;  
 Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
 Makes our inward vision clear.

6 Glory let us give, and blessing,  
 To the Father and the Son;  
 Honor, thanks, and praise addressing  
 While eternal ages run,  
 And the Spirit's power confessing,  
 Who from both with both is one.

*PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI*; ATTR. TO THOMAS AQUINAS, C. 1225-1274  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

NUN DANKET

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662

HARM. BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847

1 Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voices,  
 2 O may this gracious God Through all our life be near us,  
 3 All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joic - es;  
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;  
 The Son, and him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

Who from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way  
 Pre - serve us in his grace, And guide us in dis - tress,  
 E - ter - nal, Tri - une God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all sin, Till heav - en we pos - sess.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

BASED ON SIRACH 50:22-24

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT; MARTIN RINCKART, 1586-1649

TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1827-1878, ALT.

# 171 Now That the Day-Star Glimmers Bright

86 86

FARRANT

RICHARD FARRANT, 1525-1580



1 Now that the day - star glim - mers bright, We sup - pli - ant - ly pray  
 2 No sin - ful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that id - ly rove;  
 3 And, while the hours in or - der flow, O Christ, se - cure - ly fence

That he, the un - cre - a - ted light, May guide us on our way.  
 But sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love;  
 Our gates, be - lea - guer'd by the foe: The gate of ev - 'ry sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,  
 Our daily toil may tend;  
 That we begin it at thy word,  
 And in thy blessing end;

5 And, lest the flesh in its excess  
 Should lord it o'er the soul,  
 Let taming abstinence repress  
 The rebel, and control.

6 To God the Father glory be,  
 And to his only Son,  
 And to the Spirit, One and Three,  
 While endless ages run.

*I AM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE, 6TH CENT.*

TR. BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890

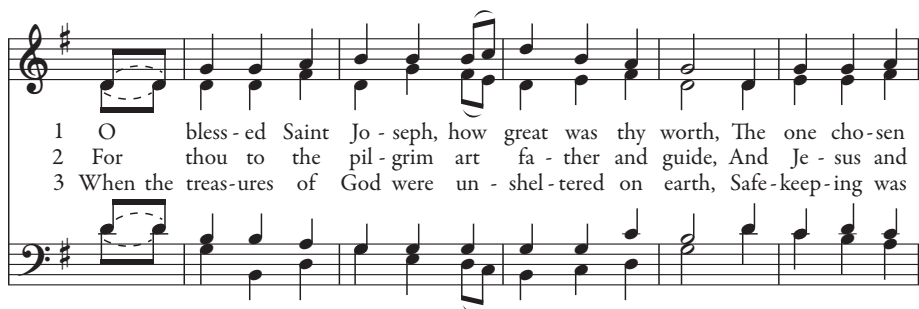
# 172 O Blessed Saint Joseph

11 11 11 11

MARIA ZU LIEBEN

MELODY FROM THE *TRIER GESANGBUCH*, 1872

HARM. AFTER *ST. GREGORY HYMNAL AND CATHOLIC CHOIR BOOK*, 1920



1 O bless - ed Saint Jo - seph, how great was thy worth, The one cho - sen  
 2 For thou to the pil - grim art fa - ther and guide, And Je - sus and  
 3 When the treas - ures of God were un - shel - tered on earth, Safe - keep - ing was

shad - ow of God up - on earth, The fa - ther of Je - sus!— Ah,  
Ma - ry felt safe by thy side; Ah, bless - ed Saint Jo - seph, how  
found for them both in thy worth; O fa - ther of Je - sus, be

then, wilt thou be, Sweet spouse of our La - dy! a fa - ther to me?  
safe I should be, Sweet spouse of our La - dy! if thou wert with me!  
fa - ther to me, Sweet spouse of our La - dy! and I will love thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

## 173 O Breathe on Me, O Breath of God

86 86

ST. COLUMBA (IRISH)

TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY

HARM. BY CHARLES V. STANFORD, 1852-1924, ALT.

1 O breathe on me, O Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,  
2 O breathe on me, O Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure;  
3 O breathe on me, O Breath of God, So shall I ne - ver die,

That I may love the things you love, And do what you would do.  
Un - til my will is one with yours, To do and to en - dure.  
But live with you the per - fect life For all e - ter - ni - ty.

EDWIN HATCH, 1835-1889, ALT.



## O Christ, Our Hope

86 86 WITH REPEAT

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN

NIKOLAUS HERMAN, C. 1480-1561

1 O Christ, our hope, our hearts' de - sire, Re - demp - tion's  
2 How vast the mer - cy and the love Which laid our  
3 But now the bands of death are burst, The ran - som

on - ly spring; Cre - a - tor of the world art thou, Its  
sins on thee, And led thee to the cross to die To  
has been paid; And thou art on thy Fa - ther's throne In

Sa - vior and its King, Its Sa - vior and its King.  
set thy peo - ple free, To set thy peo - ple free.  
maj - es - ty ar - rayed, In maj - es - ty ar - rayed.

- 4 O may thy mighty love prevail Our sinful souls to spare;  
O may we come before thy throne And find acceptance there, And find acceptance there!
- 5 Christ Jesus, be our present joy, Our future great reward;  
Our only glory may it be To glory in the Lord, To glory in the Lord!
- 6 All praise to thee, ascended Lord; All glory ever be  
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost Through all eternity, Through all eternity.

*JESU, NOSTRA REDEMPTIO*, C. 8TH CENT.

TR. BY JOHN CHANDLER, 1806-1876

# 175 O Christ, the Heavens' Eternal King

88 88

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 1833-1915

1 O Christ, the heav'ns' e - ter - nal King, Cre - a - tor, un - to thee we sing,  
 2 Thy hand, when first the world be - gan, Made in thine own pure im - age man,  
 3 And when the en - vious craft - y foe Had marred thy no - blest work be - low,

With God the Fa - ther ev - er One, Co - e - qual, co - e - ter - nal Son.  
 And linked to flesh - ly form of earth A liv - ing soul of heav'n - ly birth.  
 Thou didst our ru - ined state re - pair By deign - ing flesh thy - self to wear.

4 Once of a virgin born to save,  
 And now new born from death's dark grave,  
 O Christ, thou bidd'st us rise with thee  
 From death to immortality.

6 Divine Redeemer, thou didst deign  
 To bear for us the cross of pain,  
 And freely pay the precious price  
 Of all thy blood in sacrifice.

5 Eternal Shepherd, thou art wont  
 To cleanse thy sheep within the font,  
 That mystic bath, that grave of sin,  
 Where ransomed souls new life begin.

7 Jesu, do thou to every heart  
 Unceasing Paschal joy impart;  
 From death of sin and guilty strife  
 Set free the new born sons of life.

8 All praise be thine, O risen Lord,  
 From death to endless life restored;  
 All praise to God the Father be  
 And Holy Ghost eternally.

*REX ÆTERNE DOMINE, 6TH CENT.*

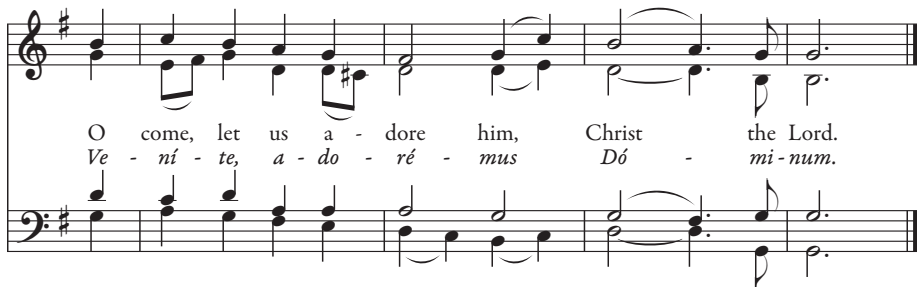
TR. BY THE COMPILERS OF *HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN*, 1861

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant;  
 2 God of God, Light of Light,  
 3 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion;  
 4 Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,  
 1 *Ad - é - ste, fi - dé - les, laé - ti, tri - um - phán - tes;*  
 2 *De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lú - mi - ne,*  
 3 *Can - tet nunc i - o cho - rus an - ge - ló - rum.*  
 4 *Er - go qui na - tus di - e ho - di - ér - na,*

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem.  
 Lo! he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:  
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n - a - bove!  
 Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry giv'n;  
 1 *Ve - ní - te, ve - ní - te in Béth - le - hem.*  
 2 *Ge - stant pu - él - lae ví - sce - ra,*  
 3 *Can - tet nunc au - lae cae - lé - sti - um.*  
 4 *Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a.*

Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;  
 Ve - ry God, be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;  
 Glo - ry to God, glo - ry in the high - est;  
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;  
 1 *Na - tum vi - dé - te Re - gem an - ge - ló - rum.*  
 2 *De - um ve - rum, Gé - ni - tum, non fa - ctum.*  
 3 *Gló - ri - a, gló - ri - a in ex - cé - lis De - o.*  
 4 *Pa - tris ae - té - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum.*

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,  
 1 *Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus,*



O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.  
Ve - ni - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

ADESTE FIDELES, ATTR. TO JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786

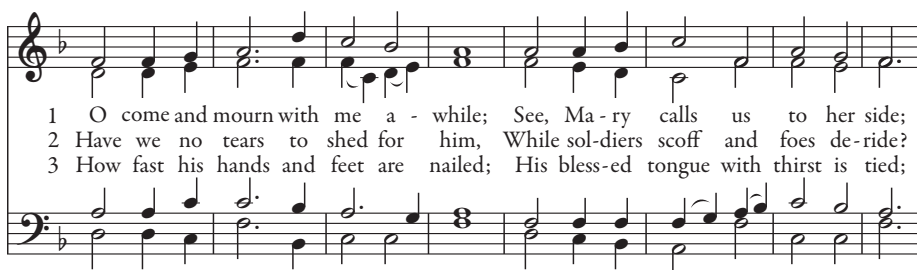
TR. BY FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1802-1880, ALT.

## 177 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

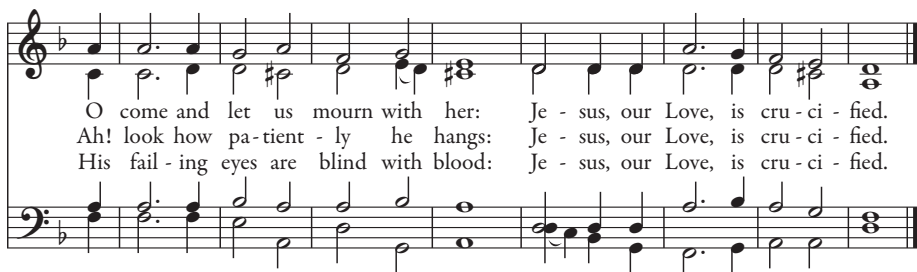
88 88

ST. CROSS

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876



1 O come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - ry calls us to her side;  
2 Have we no tears to shed for him, While sol - diers scoff and foes de - ride?  
3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed; His bless - ed tongue with thirst is tied;



O come and let us mourn with her: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
Ah! look how pa - tient - ly he hangs: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
His fail - ing eyes are blind with blood: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

4 His Mother cannot reach his face;  
She stands in helplessness beside;  
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and his Judas were:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Sev'n times he spoke, sev'n words of love;  
And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

7 A broken heart, a fount of tears;  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
A broken heart love's cradle is:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

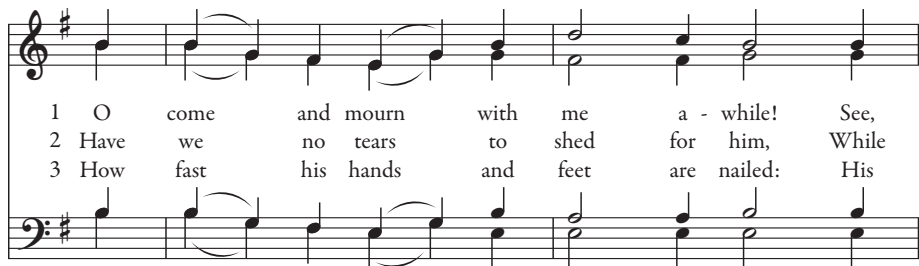
8 O Love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love:  
For he, our Love, is crucified.

JESUS CRUCIFIED; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

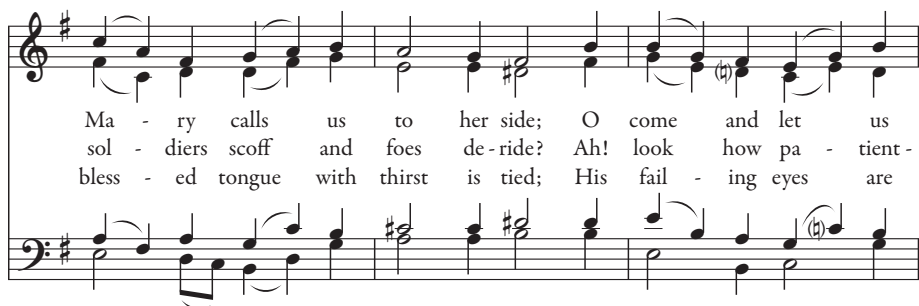
# 178 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

88 88

NICOLA A. MONTANI, 1880-1948



1 O come and mourn with me a - while! See,  
 2 Have we no tears to shed for him, While  
 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed: His



Ma - ry calls us to her side; O come and let us  
 sol - diers scoff and foes de - ride? Ah! look how pa - tient -  
 bless - ed tongue with thirst is tied; His fail - ing eyes are



mourn with her; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!  
 ly he hangs; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!  
 blind with blood; Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!

4 His Mother cannot reach his face;  
 She stands in helplessness beside;  
 Her heart is martyred with her Son's:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!  
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
 His Pilate and his Judas were:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5 Sev'n times he spoke, sev'n words of love;  
 And all three hours his silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:  
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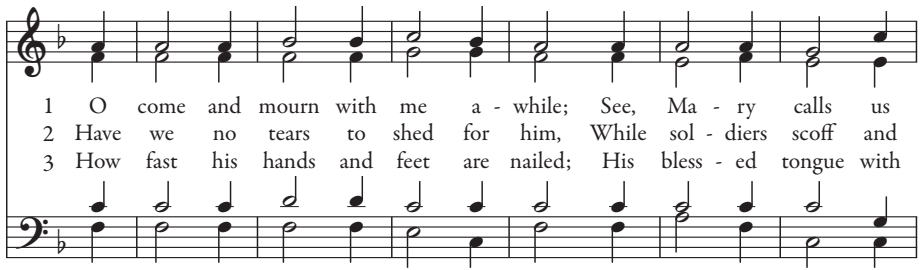
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 In this dread act your strength is tried;  
 And victory remains with love:  
 For he, our Love, is crucified.

*JESUS CRUCIFIED; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863*

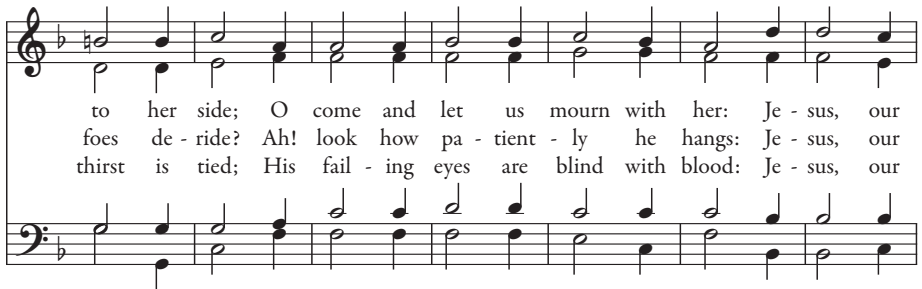
# 179 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

88 88

ST. CECILIA HYMNAL, 1935



1 O come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - ry calls us  
2 Have we no tears to shed for him, While sol - diers scoff and  
3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed; His bless - ed tongue with



to her side; O come and let us mourn with her: Je - sus, our  
foes de - ride? Ah! look how pa - tient - ly he hangs: Je - sus, our  
thirst is tied; His fail - ing eyes are blind with blood: Je - sus, our



Love, is cru - ci - fied, Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
Love, is cru - ci - fied, Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
Love, is cru - ci - fied, Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

4 His Mother cannot reach his face;  
She stands in helplessness beside;  
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:  
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Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and his Judas were:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

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And all three hours his silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men:  
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8 O Love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love:  
For he, our Love, is crucified.

JESUS CRUCIFIED; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE

FRENCH CAROL, 16TH CENT.

1 O come, di - vine Mes - si - ah! The world in  
 2 O thou, whom na - tions sighed for, Whom priests and  
 3 Shalt come, in peace and meek - ness, And low - ly

si - lence waits the day When hope shall sing its  
 proph - ets long fore - told, Wilt break the cap - tive  
 will thy cra - dle be; All clothed in hu - man

tri - umph, And sad - ness flee a - way.  
 fet - ters, Re - deem the long - lost fold.  
 weak - ness Shall we thy God - head see.

Dear Sav - ior, haste; Come, come to earth, Dis - pel the

night and show thy face, And bid us hail the dawn of

grace. O come, di-vine Mes-si-ah; The

world in si-lence waits the day When hope shall sing its

tri-umph and sad-ness flee a-way.

*VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE*; SIMON-JOSEPH PELLEGRIN, 1663-1745  
 TR. BY SISTER MARY OF ST. PHILIP, 1825-1904



## O Come, Little Children

11 11 11 11

IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET

JOHANN A. P. SCHULTZ, 1747-1800

HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959

1 O, come, lit - tle chil - dren, O, come, one and all,  
 2 O, see in the man - ger, in hal - low - ed light  
 3 O, there lies the Christ Child, on hay and on straw;  
 1 *Ihr Kin - der-lein, kom - met, O kom - met doch all!*

To Beth - le - hem's sta - ble, in Beth - le - hem's stall,  
 A star throws its beam on this hol - i - est sight.  
 The shep - herds are kneel - ing be - fore him with awe.  
*Zur Krip - pe her kom - met in Beth - le - hems Stall,*

And see with re - joic - ing this glo - ri - ous sight  
 In clean swad - dling clothes lies the hea - ven - ly Child,  
 And Ma - ry and Jo - seph smile on him with love,  
*Und seht, was in die - ser hoch - hei - li - gen Nacht*

Our Fa - ther in hea - ven has sent us this night.  
 More love - ly than an - gels, this Ba - by so mild.  
 While an - gels are sing - ing sweet songs from a - bove.  
*Der Va - ter im Him - mel für Freu - de uns macht.*

IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET; JOHANN C. VON SCHMID, 1768-1854

TR. ANONYMOUS

VENI EMMANUEL

ADAPT. BY THOMAS HELMORE, 1811-1890

1 O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el  
2 O come, O Wis-dom from on high, Who or-dered all things might - i - ly;  
3 O come, O come, great Lord of might, Who to your tribes on Si - nai's height

That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
To us the path of knowl-edge show And teach us in its ways to go.  
In an - cient times did give the law In cloud and maj-es - ty and awe.

Re - joice! Re-joyce! Em-man - u - el Shall come to you, O Is - ra - el.

4 O come, O Branch of Jesse's stem,  
Unto your own and rescue them!  
From depths of hell your people save,  
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.

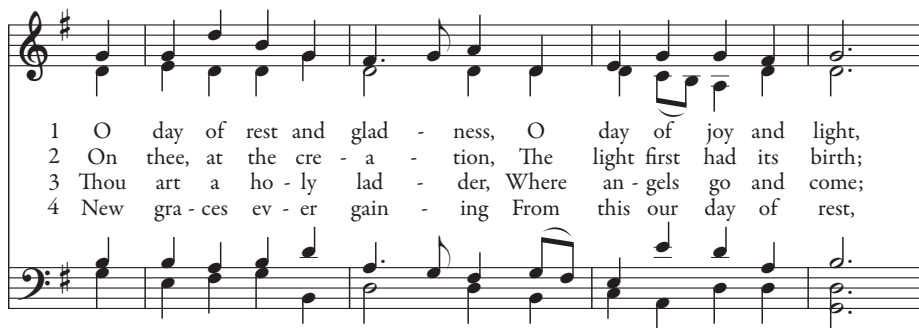
6 O come, O Bright and Morning Star,  
And bring us comfort from afar!  
Dispel the shadows of the night  
And turn our darkness into light.

5 O come, O Key of David, come  
And open wide our heav'nly home.  
Make safe for us the heav'nward road  
And bar the way to death's abode.

7 O come, O King of nations, bind  
In one the hearts of all mankind.  
Bid all our sad divisions cease  
And be yourself our King of Peace.

*VENI, VENI EMMANUEL*; PARA. OF THE ANCIENT ANTIPHONS, 12TH CENT.

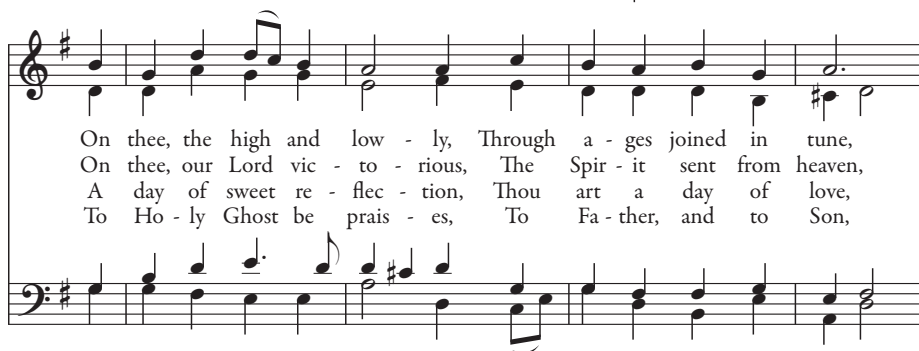
TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866



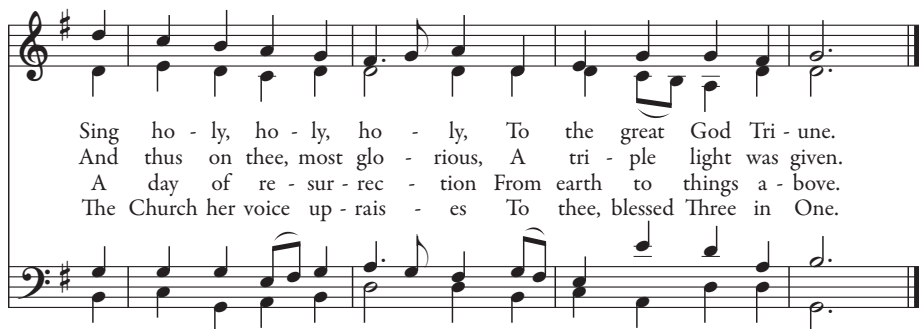
1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,  
 2 On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;  
 3 Thou art a ho - ly lad - der, Where an - gels go and come;  
 4 New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright:  
 On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 Each Sun - day finds us glad - der, Near - er to heaven, our home;  
 We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blessed.



On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,  
 On thee, our Lord vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven,  
 A day of sweet re - flec - tion, Thou art a day of love,  
 To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son,



Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.  
 And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.  
 A day of re - sur - rec - tion From earth to things a - bove.  
 The Church her voice up - rais - es To thee, blessed Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885, ALT.

INNSBRUCK

HEINRICH ISAAC, C. 1450-1517

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 O Food to pil - grims giv - en, Bread of the hosts of Heav - en,  
 2 O Foun - tain ru - by glow - ing, O Stream of love out - flow - ing  
 3 We love thee, Je - su ten - der, Who hid'st thine aw - ful splen - dor

Thou Man - na of the sky! Feed with the bless - ed sweet - ness,  
 From Je - sus' pierc - ed Side! This thought a - lone shall bless us  
 Be - neath these veils of grace: O let the veils be riv - en,

Of thy di - vine com - plete - ness The hearts that for thee sigh.  
 This one de - sire pos - sess us, To drink of thy sweet tide.  
 And our clear eye in heav - en Be - hold thee face to face.

*O ESCA VIATORUM, 17TH CENT.*

TR. BY HUGH T. HENRY, 1862-1946

# 185 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

86 86

AZMON

CARL G. GLÄSER, 1784–1829

HARM. BY LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

1 O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My  
2 Je - sus, the Name that charms our fears, And  
3 He speaks; and, list - 'ning to his voice, New

great Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my  
bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the  
life the dead re - ceive, The mourn - ful bro - ken

God and King, The tri - umphs of his grace!  
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.  
hearts re - joice, The hum - ble poor be - lieve.

4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold, your Savior come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim  
And spread through all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy Name.

*EXHORTING AND BESEECHING TO RETURN TO GOD;*  
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788, ALT.

ST. ANNE

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727

1 O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,  
 2 Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;  
 3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
 Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
 From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less 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 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

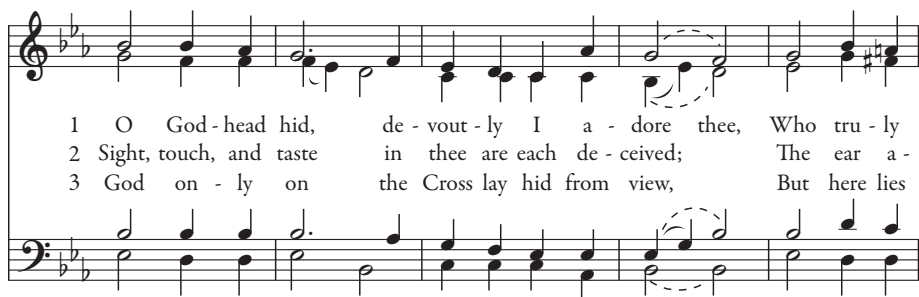
PSALM 90:1-2, 4-6, 12  
 ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748, ALT.

# 187 O Godhead Hid, Devoutly I Adore Thee

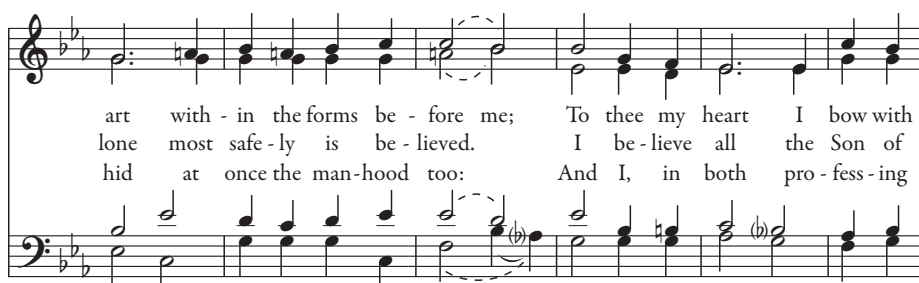
11 11 11 11

AQUINAS

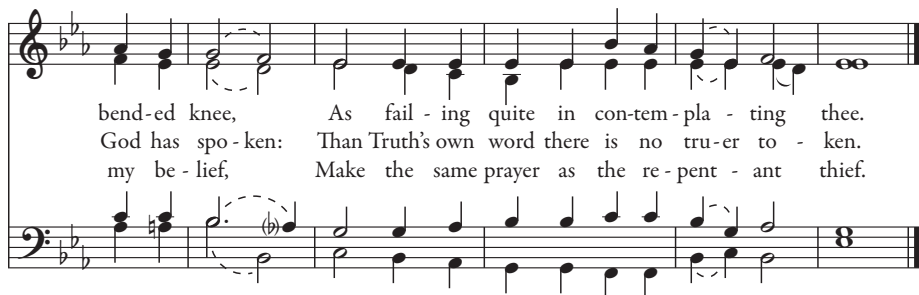
RICHARD R. TERRY, 1865-1938



1 O God-head hid, de-vout-ly I a-dore thee, Who tru-ly  
 2 Sight, touch, and taste in thee are each de-ceived; The ear a-  
 3 God on-ly on the Cross lay hid from view, But here lies



art with-in the forms be-fore me; To thee my heart I bow with  
 lone most safe-ly is be-lieved. I be-lieve all the Son of  
 hid at once the man-hood too: And I, in both pro-fess-ing



bend-ed knee, As fail-ing quite in con-tem-pla-ting thee.  
 God has spo-ken: Than Truth's own word there is no tru-cr to-ken.  
 my be-lief, Make the same prayer as the re-pent-ant thief.

4 Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see;  
 Yet thee confess my Lord and God to be.  
 Make me believe thee ever more and more,  
 In thee my hope, in thee my love to store.

6 O loving Pelican! O Jesu, Lord!  
 Unclean I am, but cleanse me in thy blood:  
 Of which a single drop, for sinners spilt,  
 Can purge the entire world from all its guilt.

5 O thou, memorial of our Lord's own dying!  
 O living bread, to mortals life supplying!  
 Make thou my soul henceforth on thee to live;  
 Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

7 Jesu! whom for the present veiled I see,  
 What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:  
 That I may see thy countenance unfolding,  
 And may be blest thy glory in beholding.  
 Amen.

*ADÓRO TE DEVOTE*; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

AURELIA

SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1810-1876

1 O Je - sus Christ, re - mem - ber, When thou shalt come a - gain,  
 2 Re - mem - ber, then, O Sav - ior, I sup - pli - cate of thee,  
 3 Ac - cept, di - vine Re - deem - er, The hom - age of my praise,

Up - on the clouds of heav - en With all thy shin - ing train;  
 That here I bowed be - fore thee, Up - on my bend - ed knee;  
 Be thou the light and hon - or And glo - ry of my days.

When ev - 'ry eye shall see thee In De - i - ty re - vealed,  
 That here I owned thy pres - ence, And did not thee de - ny;  
 Be thou my con - so - la - tion When death is draw - ing nigh;

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

PRAYER TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878



## O Jesus Christ, Remember

7676 D

"BURNS" TRADITIONAL MELODY

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918

1 O Je - sus Christ, re - mem - ber, When thou shalt come a - gain,  
 2 Re - mem - ber, then, O Sav - ior, I sup - pli - cate of thee,  
 3 Ac - cept, di - vine Re - deem - er, The hom - age of my praise,

Up - on the clouds of heav - en With all thy shin - ing train;  
 That here I bowed be - fore thee, Up - on my bend - ed knee;  
 Be thou the light and hon - or And glo - ry of my days.

When ev - 'ry eye shall see thee In De - i - ty re - vealed,  
 That here I owned thy pres - ence, And did not thee de - ny;  
 Be thou my con - so - la - tion When death is draw - ing nigh;

Who now up - on this al - tar In si - lence art con - cealed.  
 And glo - ri - fy thy great - ness, Though hid from hu - man eye.  
 Be thou my on - ly treas - ure, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

PRAYER TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT; EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

ST. ANNE

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727

1 O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful; Thou con - quer - or re - nowned,  
 2 When once thou vi - sit - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine,  
 3 O Je - sus, light of all be - low! Thou fount of liv - ing fire,

Thou sweet-ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found!  
 Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.  
 Sur - pass - ing all the joys we know, And all we can de - sire.

4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,  
 Thy wondrous love adore;  
 And, seeking thee, themselves inflame  
 To seek thee more and more.

6 Abide with us, and let thy light  
 Shine, Lord, on every heart;  
 Dispel the darkness of our night,  
 And joy to all impart.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,  
 Thee may we love alone,  
 And ever in our lives express  
 The image of thine own.

7 Jesus, our love and joy, to thee,  
 The Father's only Son,  
 All might, and praise, and glory be,  
 While endless ages run.

*JESU REX ADMIRABILIS*; BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

TALLIS' CANON

THOMAS TALLIS, C. 1505–1585

1 O kind Cre - a - tor, bow thine ear To  
 2 Our hearts are o - pen, Lord, to thee; Thou  
 3 Our sins are man - y, this we know; Spare

mark the cry, to know the tear Be - fore thy throne of  
 know - est our in - fir - mi - ty; Pour out on all who  
 us, good Lord, thy mer - cy show; And for the hon - or

mer - cy spent In this thy ho - ly fast of Lent.  
 seek thy face A - bun - dance of thy par - d'ning grace.  
 of thy name Our faint - ing souls to life re - claim.

4 Give us the self-control that springs  
 From discipline of outward things,  
 That fasting inward secretly  
 The soul may purely dwell with thee.

5 We pray thee, Holy Trinity,  
 One God, unchanging Unity,  
 That we from this our abstinence  
 May reap the fruits of penitence.

*AUDI, BENIGNE CONDITOR*; ATTR. TO GREGORY THE GREAT, C. 540–604  
 TR. BY THOMAS A. LACEY, 1853–1931

FOREST GREEN

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by.  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.

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

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

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1835-1893

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!  
 2 For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,  
 3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
 4 O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
 No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;

The hopes and fear of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

1 O Lord, I am not wor - thy That thou should'st come to me;  
 2 And hum - bly I'll re - ceive thee, The bride - groom of my soul,  
 3 E - ter - nal Ho - ly Spir - it, Un - wor - thy though I be,

But speak the words of com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.  
 No more by sin to grieve thee, Or fly thy sweet con - trol.  
 Pre - pare me to re - ceive him, And trust the Word to me.

4 Increase my faith, dear Jesus,  
 In thy real presence here,  
 And make me feel most deeply  
 That thou to me art near.

5 O Sacrament most holy!  
 O Sacrament divine!  
 All praise and all thanksgiving  
 Be ev'ry moment thine!

BASED ON MATTHEW 8:8  
*O HERR, ICH BIN NICHT WÜRDIG; LANDSHUTER GESANGBUCH, 1777*  
 TR. ANONYMOUS

1 O praise ye the Lord! pre - pare a new song;  
 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, as - cend;  
 3 Be joy - ful, ye saints, sus - tain'd by his might,  
 4 Then praise ye the Lord! pre - pare a glad song;

And let all his saints in full con - cert join;  
 Let each grate - ful heart be glad in its King;  
 And let your glad songs a - wake with each morn:  
 And let all his saints in full con - cert join;

With voic - es u - nit - ed the an - them pro - long,  
 For God, whom we wor - ship, our songs will at - tend,  
 For those who o - bey him are still his de - light;  
 With voic - es u - nit - ed the an - them pro - long,

And show forth his prais - es with mu - sic di - vine.  
 And view with com - pla - cence the of - f'ring we bring.  
 His hand with sal - va - tion the meek will a - dorn.  
 And shew forth his prais - es with mu - sic di - vine.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751

1 O pur - est of crea - tures! sweet Moth - er! sweet Maid! The one spot - less  
 2 Deep night hath come down on this rough - spok - en world, And the ban - ners of  
 3 He gazed on thy soul; it was spot - less and fair; For the em - pire of  
 4 Earth gave him one lodg - ing; t'was deep in thy breast, And God found a

womb where - in Je - sus was laid! Dark night hath come down on us,  
 dark - ness are bold - ly un - furled: And the tem - pest - tossed Church— all her  
 sin— it had nev - er been there; None had ev - er owned thee, dear  
 home where the sin - ner finds rest; His home and his hid - ing - place

Moth - er! and we Look out for thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!  
 eyes are on thee, They look to thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!  
 Moth - er, but he, And he blessed thy clear shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!  
 both were in thee, He was won by thy shin - ing, sweet Star of the Sea!

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863



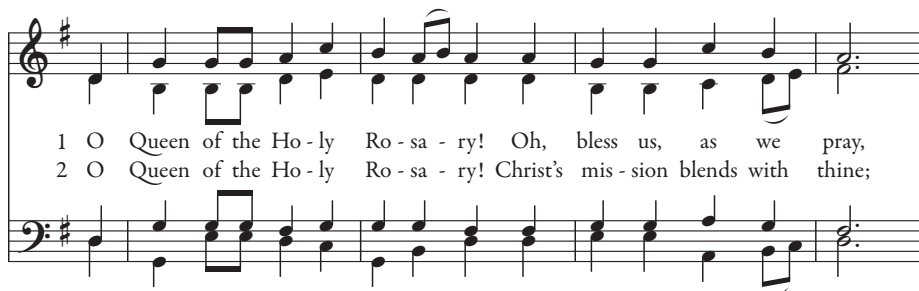
## O Queen of the Holy Rosary

96 76 76 76

ACH GOTT VOM HIMMELREICHE

MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621


ALT. AND HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959



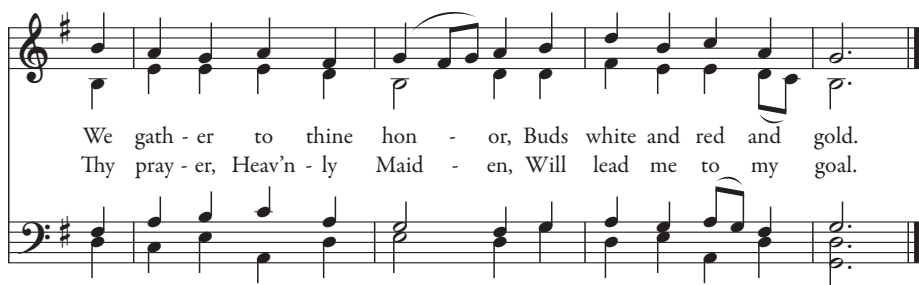
1 O Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry! Oh, bless us, as we pray,  
2 O Queen of the Ho-ly Ro-sa-ry! Christ's mis-sion blends with thine;



And of-fer thee our ros-es, In gar-lands day by day;  
And so each bead I fin-ger Is rich with grace di-vine;



While from our Fa-ther's gar-den, With lov-ing hearts and bold,  
Each A-ve, nec-tar lad-en, Brings sweet-ness to my soul,



We gath-er to thine hon-or, Buds white and red and gold.  
Thy pray-er, Heav'n-ly Maid-en, Will lead me to my goal.

EMILY M. C. SHAPCOTE, 1828-1909

REVISED BY REV. HENRY MEYER

ELLACOMBE

MAINZER GESANGBUCH, MAINZ, 1833

HARM. AFTER ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918

1 O Queen of the Ho - ly Ro - sa - ry! Oh, bless us as we pray,  
 2 O Queen of the Ho - ly Ro - sa - ry! Each mys - t'ry blends with thine  
 3 Sweet La - dy of the Ro - sa - ry, White ros - es let us bring,  
 4 Dear La - dy of the Ro - sa - ry, Red ros - es cast we down,

And of - fer thee our ros - es In gar - lands day by day,  
 The sa - cred life of Je - sus In ev - 'ry step di - vine,  
 And lay them round thy foot - stool Be - fore our In - fant King.  
 But let thy fin - gers weave them In - to a wor - thy crown.

While from our Fa - ther's gar - den With lov - ing hearts and bold,  
 Thy soul was his fair gar - den, Thy vir - gin breast his throne,  
 For nest - ling in thy bos - om God's Son was fain to be,  
 For how can we poor sin - ners Do aught but weep with thee,

We gath - er to thine hon - or Buds white and red and gold.  
 Thy thoughts his faith - ful mir - ror, Re - flect - ing him a - bove.  
 The Child of thy o - be - dience And spot - less pu - ri - ty.  
 When in thy train we fol - low Our God to Cal - va - ry?

EMILY M. C. SHAPCOTE, 1828-1909

## 199

## O Sacrament Most Holy

7676

O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY

TRADITIONAL

O Sac - ra - ment most Ho - ly, O Sac - ra - ment Di - vine,

All praise and all thanks - giv - ing Be ev - 'ry mo - ment thine.

ANONYMOUS

## 200

## O Sacred Head, Surrounded

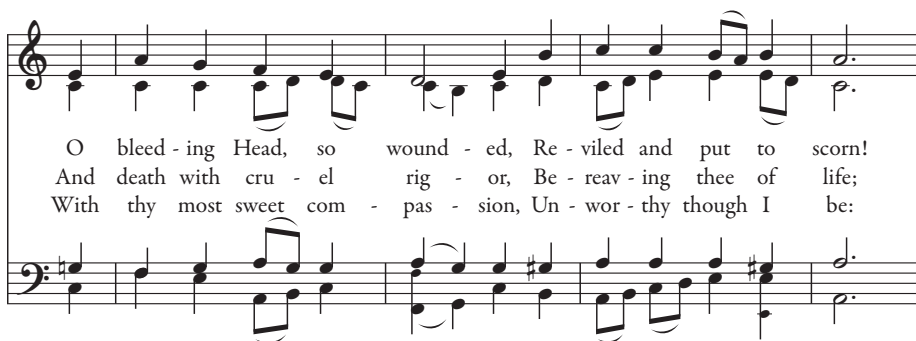
7676 D

PASSION CHORALE

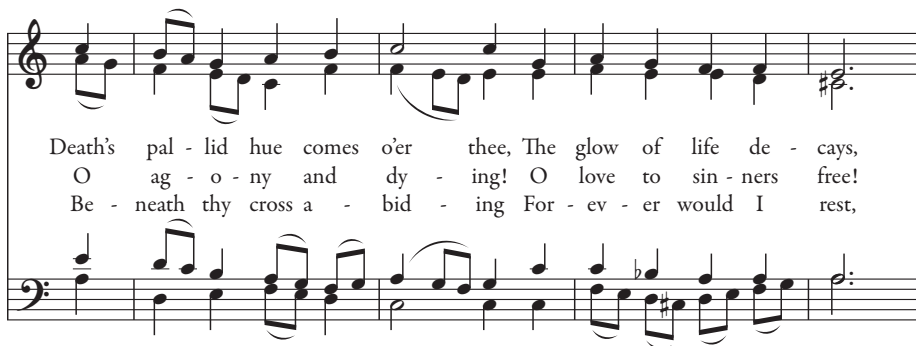
HANS L. HASSLER, 1564-1612

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

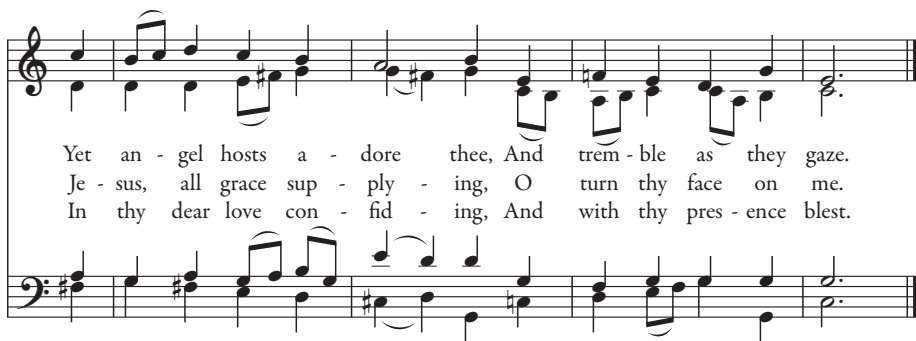
1 O Sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!  
 2 I see thy strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,  
 3 In this, thy bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!  
And death with cru - el rig - or, Be - reav - ing thee of life;  
With thy most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - wor - thy though I be:



Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er thee, The glow of life de - cays,  
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!  
Be - neath thy cross a - bid - ing For - ev - er would I rest,



Yet an - gel hosts a - dore thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.  
Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn thy face on me.  
In thy dear love con - fid - ing, And with thy pres - ence blest.

*SALVE CAPUT CRUENTATUM; ATTR. TO BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153*

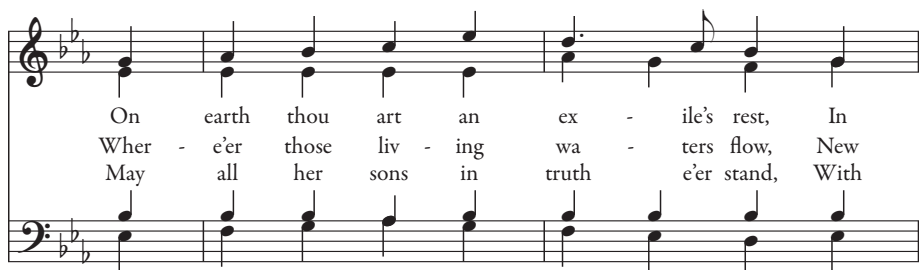
TR. BY HENRY BAKER, 1821-1877

LAURENCE

RICHARD R. TERRY, 1865-1938



1 O Sa - cred Heart, Our home lies deep in thee;  
2 O Sa - cred Heart, Thou fount of con - trite tears;  
3 O Sa - cred Heart, Bless our dear na - tive land;



On earth thou art an ex - ile's rest, In  
Wher - e'er those liv - ing wa - ters flow, New  
May all her sons in truth e'er stand, With



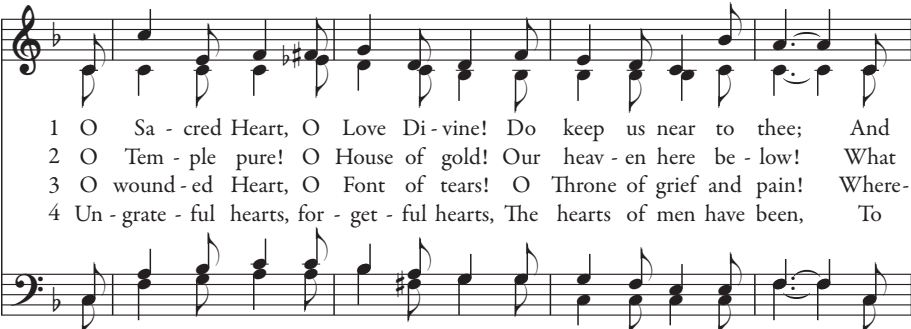
heav'n the glo - ry of the blest, O Sa - cred Heart.  
life to sin - ners they be - stow, O Sa - cred Heart.  
faith's bright ban - ner still in hand, O Sa - cred Heart.

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

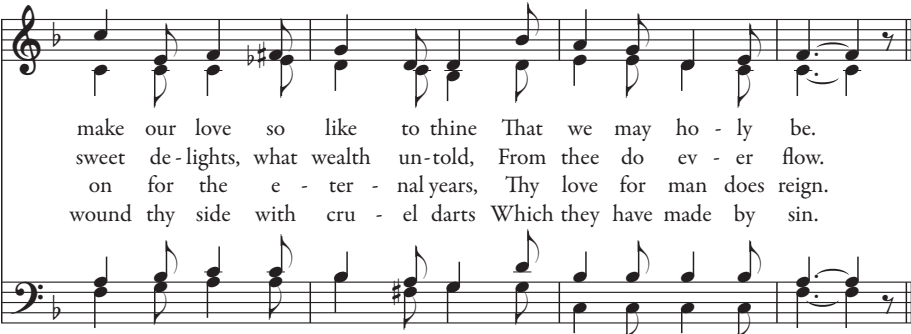
5 O Sacred Heart,  
When shades of death shall fall,  
Receive us 'neath thy gentle care,  
And save us from the tempter's snare,  
O Sacred Heart.

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

FRANCIS STANFIELD, 1835-1914, ALT.



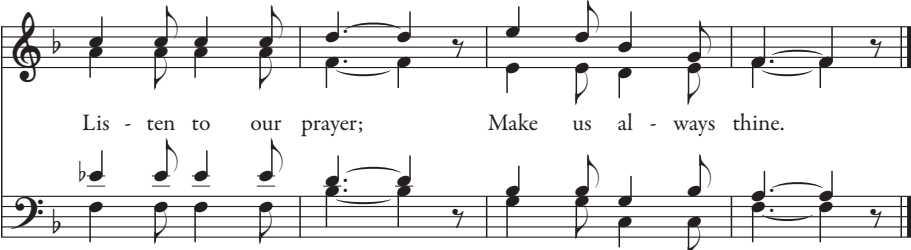
1 O Sa - cred Heart, O Love Di - vine! Do keep us near to thee; And  
 2 O Tem - ple pure! O House of gold! Our heav - en here be - low! What  
 3 O wound - ed Heart, O Font of tears! O Throne of grief and pain! Where -  
 4 Un - grate - ful hearts, for - get - ful hearts, The hearts of men have been, To



make our love so like to thine That we may ho - ly be.  
 sweet de - lights, what wealth un - told, From thee do ev - er flow.  
 on for the e - ter - nal years, Thy love for man does reign.  
 wound thy side with cru - el darts Which they have made by sin.



Heart of Je - sus, hear! O Heart of Love Di - vine!

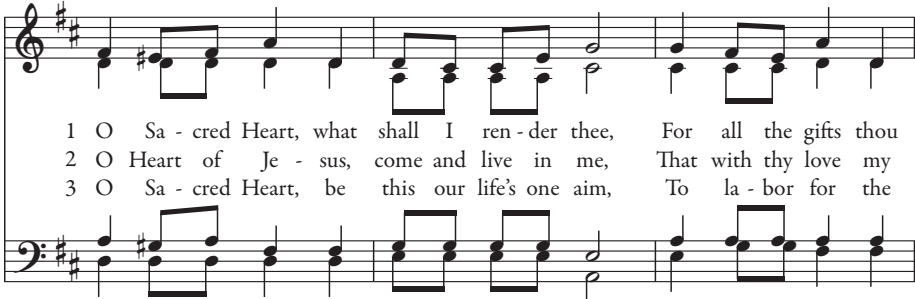


Lis - ten to our prayer; Make us al - ways thine.

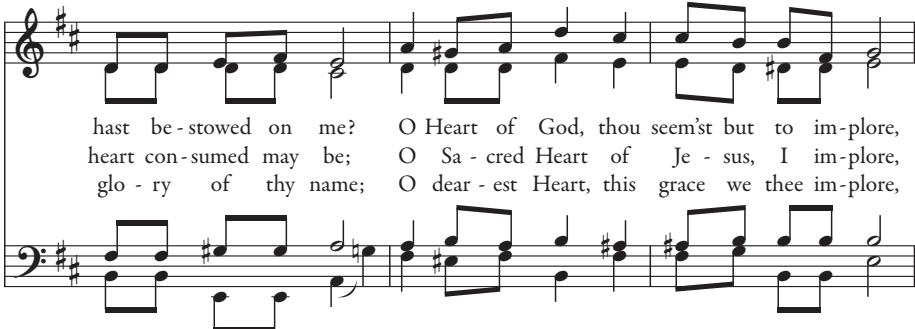
# 203 O Sacred Heart, What Shall I Render Thee

10 10 10 10 WITH REFRAIN

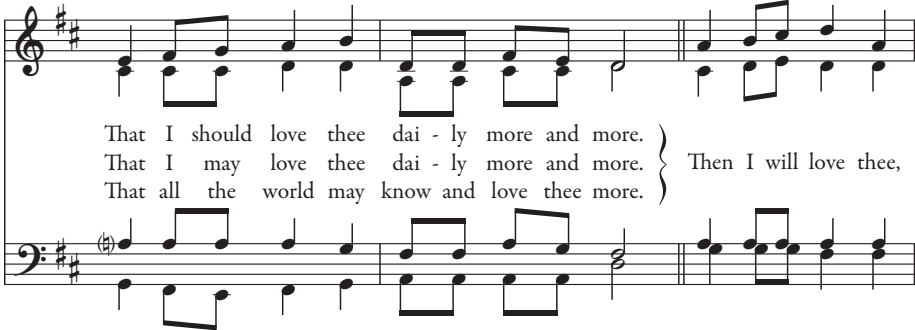
NOTRE DAME HYMN TUNE BOOK, 1905



1 O Sa - cred Heart, what shall I ren - der thee, For all the gifts thou  
2 O Heart of Je - sus, come and live in me, That with thy love my  
3 O Sa - cred Heart, be this our life's one aim, To la - bor for the



hast be - stowed on me? O Heart of God, thou seem'st but to im - plore,  
heart con - sumed may be; O Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, I im - plore,  
glo - ry of thy name; O dear - est Heart, this grace we thee im - plore,



That I should love thee dai - ly more and more. } Then I will love thee,  
That I may love thee dai - ly more and more. }  
That all the world may know and love thee more. }



then I will love thee, then I will love thee dai - ly more and more.

ANONYMOUS

DUGUET

DIEUDONNÉ DUGUET, 1794-1849

1 O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti - a, Quae  
2 U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit

cae - li pan - dis ó - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho -  
sem - pi - tér - na gló - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

stí - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um.  
tér - mi - no No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men.

*VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274*



WERNER

ANTHONY WERNER, fl. 1863

1 O sa - lu - tá - ris hó - sti - a, Quae cae - li pan - dis  
2 U - ni tri - nó - que Dó - mi - no Sit sem - pi - tér - na

ó - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - stí - li - a,  
gló - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne tér - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xí - li - um.  
No - bis do - net in pá - tri - a. A - men.

*VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274*

SICILIAN MARINERS

TRADITIONAL SICILIAN MELODY, 18TH CENT.

1 O san - ctís - si - ma, O pi - ís - si - ma,  
 2 Tu, so - lá - ti - um Et re - fú - gi - um,  
 3 Ec - ce dé - bi - les, Per - quam flé - bi - les,  
 4 Vir - go, ré - spi - ce, Ma - ter, á - spi - ce,

Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - rí - a! Ma - ter a - má - ta,  
 Vir - go Ma - ter Ma - rí - a! Quid - quid o - ptá - mus,  
 Sal - va nos, Ma - rí - a! Tol - le lan - guo - res,  
 Au - di nos, Ma - rí - a! Tu me - di - cí - nam,

In - te - me - rá - ta,  
 Per - te spe - rá - mus;  
 Sa - na do - ló - res,  
 Por - tas di - ví - nam;

O - ra, o - ra pro no - bis!

LATIN HYMN, 18TH CENT.

# O Saving Victim

88 88

DUGUET

DIEUDONNÉ DUGUET, 1794-1849

1 O sav - ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The  
2 To thy great Name be end - less praise; Im -

gate of Heav'n to man be - low; Our foes press on from  
mor - tal God - head, One in Three; O grant us end - less

ev - ery side; Thine aid sup - ply, thy strength be - stow.  
length of days, In our true na - tive land with thee. A - men.

*O SALUTÁRIS HÓSTIA*; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

## O Saving Victim

88 88

HERR JESU CHRIST

CANTICUM GERMANICUM, 1628

ADAPT. AND HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 O sav - ing Vic - tim, o - pening wide The  
2 All praise and thanks to thee as - cend For

gate of heaven to us be - low; Our foes press on from  
ev - er - more, blest One in Three; O grant us life that

ev - ery side; Thine aid sup - ply, thy strength be - stow.  
shall not end In our true na - tive land with thee.

*O SALUTÁRIS HÓSTIA*; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

## O Saving Victim

88 88

WERNER

ANTHONY WERNER, fl. 1863

1 O sav - ing Vic - tim, o - p'ning wide The gate of Heav'n to  
2 To thy great Name be end - less praise; Im - mor - tal God - head,

man be - low; Our foes press on from ev - ery side;  
One in Three; O grant us end - less length of days,

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

*O SALUTÁRIS HÓSTIA*; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225–1274  
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878

# 210 O Splendor of God's Glory Bright

88 88

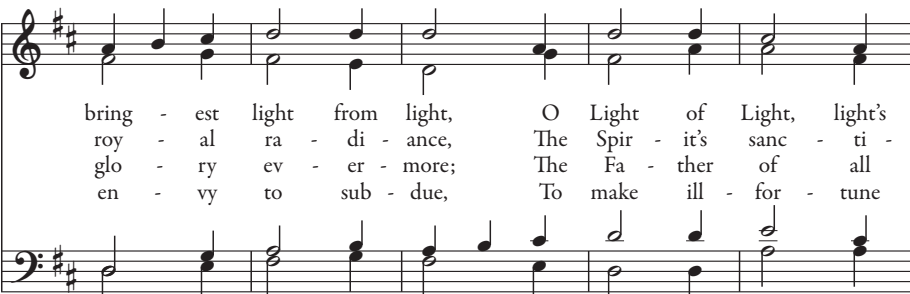
PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

TRIER MANUSCRIPT, 15TH CENT.

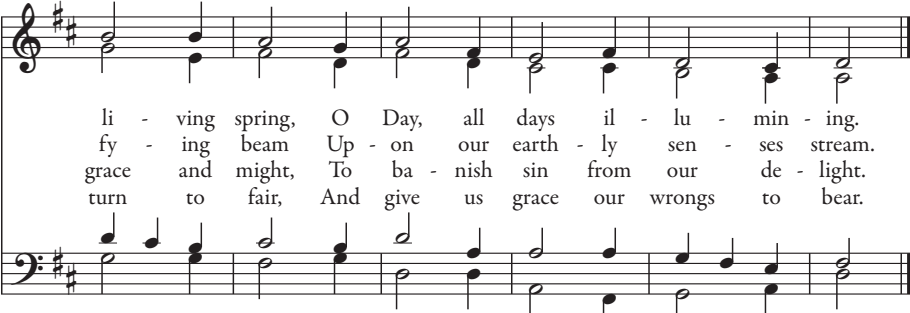
ADAPT. BY MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621



1 O splen - dor of God's glo - ry bright, O thou that  
 2 O thou true Sun, on us thy glance Let fall in  
 3 The Fa - ther, too, our prayers im - plore, Fa - ther of  
 4 To guide what - e'er we nob - ly do, With love all



bring - est light from light, O Light of Light, light's  
 roy - al ra - di - ance, The Spir - it's sanc - ti -  
 glo - ry ev - er - more; The Fa - ther of all  
 en - vy to sub - due, To make ill - for - tune



li - ving spring, O Day, all days il - lu - min - ing.  
 fy - ing beam Up - on our earth - ly sen - ses stream.  
 grace and might, To ba - nish sin from our de - light.  
 turn to fair, And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

5 Our mind be in his keeping placed,  
 Our body true to him and chaste,  
 Where only faith her fire shall feed  
 To burn the tares of Satan's seed.

7 Rejoicing may this day go hence,  
 Like virgin dawn our innocence,  
 Like fiery noon our faith appear,  
 Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

6 And Christ to us for food shall be,  
 From him our drink that wellethe free,  
 The Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,  
 And mocking not, exalts the soul.

8 Morn in her rosy car is borne:  
 Let him come forth our Perfect Morn,  
 The Word in God the Father One,  
 The Father perfect in the Son. Amen.

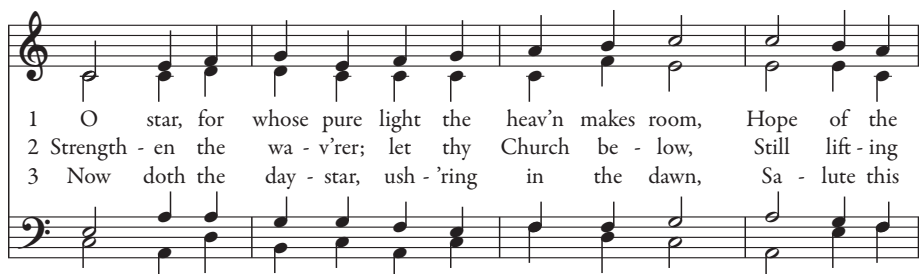
*SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE; AMBROSE OF MILAN, C. 340-397*

TR. BY ROBERT BRIDGES, 1844-1930

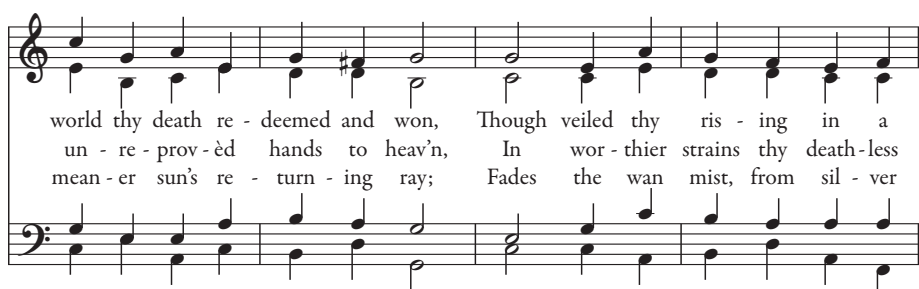
FARLEY CASTLE

HENRY LAWES, 1596–1662

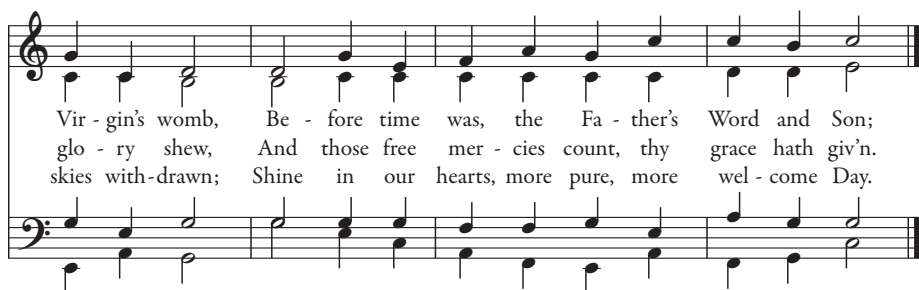
ADAPT. BY A. GREGORY MURRAY, 1905–1992



1 O star, for whose pure light the heav'n makes room, Hope of the  
2 Strength - en the wa - v'rer; let thy Church be - low, Still lift - ing  
3 Now doth the day - star, ush - 'ring in the dawn, Sa - lute this



world thy death re - deemed and won, Though veiled thy ris - ing in a  
un - re - prov - ed hands to heav'n, In wor - thier strains thy death - less  
mean - er sun's re - turn - ing ray; Fades the wan mist, from sil - ver



Vir - gin's womb, Be - fore time was, the Fa - ther's Word and Son;  
glo - ry shew, And those free mer - cies count, thy grace hath giv'n.  
skies with-drawn; Shine in our hearts, more pure, more wel - come Day.

- 4 Sustain our weakness, light our path obscure,  
Pierce the dull shades of this dark night beneath;  
Arm our frail thoughts against the dazzling lure  
Of those deceitful loves whose fruit is death.
- 5 Mysterious Trinity, be endless praise,  
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, thine,  
Long as time's star this twilight world displays,  
And when outwearied suns no more shall shine.

*ASTRE QUE L'OLYMPÉ REVÈRE; BASED ON AETERNA CAELI GLORIA*

JEAN-BAPTISTE RACINE, 1639–1699

TR. BY RONALD KNOX, 1888–1957

1 O Strength and Stay up - hold - ing all cre - a - tion,  
 2 Grant to life's day a calm un - cloud - ed end - ing,  
 3 Hear us, O Fa - ther, gra - cious and for - giv - ing.

Who ev - er dost thy - self un - moved a - bide,  
 An eve un - touched by shad - ows of de - cay,  
 Through Je - sus Christ thy co - e - ter - nal Word,

Yet day by day the light in due gra - da - tion  
 The bright-ness of a ho - ly death-bed blend - ing  
 Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost, by all things liv - ing

From hour to hour through all its chang - es guide.  
 With glo - ries of the e - ter - nal day.  
 Now and to end - less a - ges art a - dored.

*RERUM DEUS TENAX VIGOR*; ATTR. TO AMBROSE OF MILAN, 340-397  
 TR. BY JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893 & FENTON J. A. HORT, 1828-1892



## O Trinity of Blessed Light

88 88

BROMLEY

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809, ALT.

1 O Tri - ni - ty of bless - ed light,  
 2 To thee our morn - ing song of praise,  
 3 All laud to God the Fa - ther be,

O Un - i - ty of prince - ly might,  
 To thee our even - ing prayer we raise;  
 All praise, e - ter - nal Son, to thee;

The fie - ry sun now goes his way;  
 O grant us with thy saints on high  
 All glo - ry, as is ev - er meet,

Shed thou praise with - in our hearts thy ray.  
 To praise thee through e - ter - ni - ty.  
 To God the ho - ly Pa - ra - clete.

*O LUX BEATA TRINITAS*; ATTR. TO AMBROSE OF MILAN, C. 340–397  
 TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818–1866, ALT.

## O Trinity of Blessed Light

88 88

DANBY

PARKER'S *WHOLE PSALTER*, C. 1561

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 O Trin - i - ty of bless - ed light,  
2 To thee our morn - ing song of praise,  
3 All laud to God the Fa - ther be;

O U - ni - ty of prince - ly might,  
To thee our eve - ning prayer we raise;  
All praise, e - ter - nal Son, to thee;

The fier - y sun now goes his way;  
O grant us with thy saints on high  
All glo - ry, as is ev - er meet,

Shed thou with - in our hearts thy ray.  
To praise thee through e - ter - ni - ty.  
To God the ho - ly Par - a - clete.

*O LUX BEATA TRINITAS*; ATTR. TO AMBROSE OF MILAN, C. 340-397

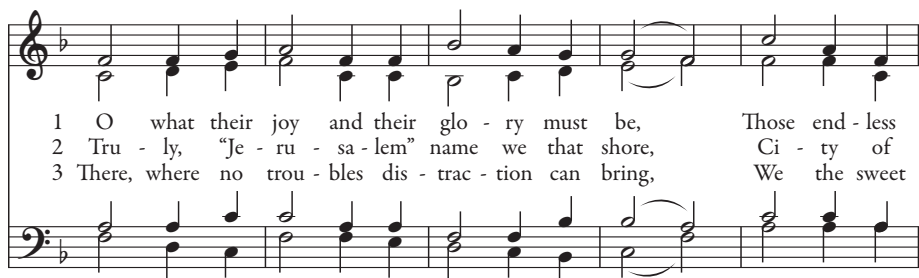
TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

# 215 O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be

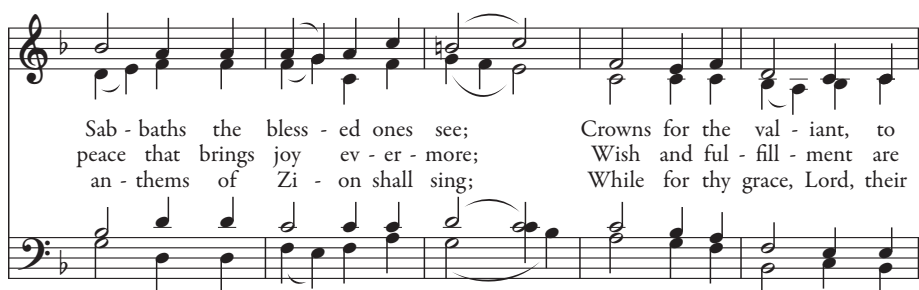
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O QUANTA QUALIA

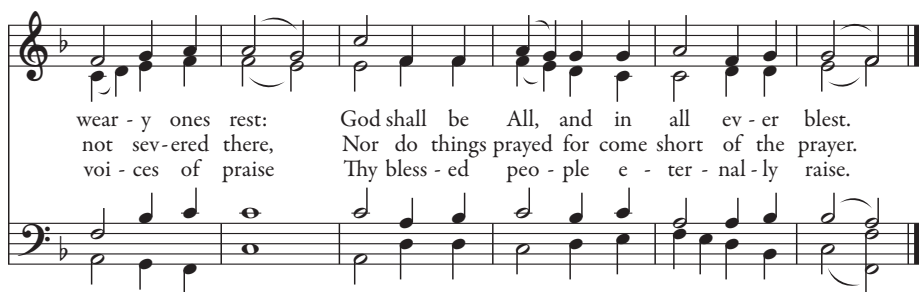
PARIS ANTIPHONER, 1681



1 O what their joy and their glo - ry must be, Those end - less  
2 Tru - ly, "Je - ru - sa - lem" name we that shore, Ci - ty of  
3 There, where no trou - bles dis - trac - tion can bring, We the sweet



Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see; Crowns for the val - iant, to  
peace that brings joy ev - er - more; Wish and ful - fill - ment are  
an - thems of Zi - on shall sing; While for thy grace, Lord, their



wear - y ones rest: God shall be All, and in all ev - er blest.  
not sev - ered there, Nor do things prayed for come short of the prayer.  
voi - ces of praise Thy bless - ed peo - ple e - ter - nal - ly raise.

4 Now, in the meantime, with hearts raised on high,  
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native Land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

5 Low before him with our praises we fall,  
Of whom and in whom and through whom are all;  
Of whom, the Father; and in whom, the Son;  
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.

*O QUANTA QUALIA SUNT ILLA SABBATA; PETER ABELARD, 1079-1142*

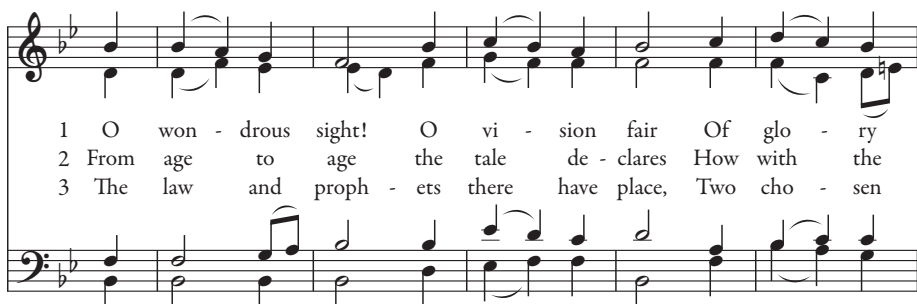
TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

# 216 O Wondrous Sight! O Vision Fair

88 88

WAREHAM

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698–1768



1 O won - drous sight! O vi - sion fair Of glo - ry  
 2 From age to age the tale de - clares How with the  
 3 The law and proph - ets there have place, Two cho - sen



that the Church shall share, Which Christ up - on the  
 three dis - ci - ples there Where Mos - ses and E -  
 wit - ness - es of grace; The Fa - ther's voice from



moun - tain shows, Where bright - er than the sun he glows!  
 li - jah meet, The Lord holds con - verse high and sweet.  
 out the cloud Pro - claims his on - ly Son a - loud.

- 4 With shining face and bright array,  
 Christ deigns to manifest that day  
 What glory shall be theirs above  
 Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 5 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
 By this great vision's mystery;  
 For which in joyful strains we raise  
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

COELESTIS FORMAM GLORIAE, 15TH CENT.  
 TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818–1866, ALT.

## O Word of God Incarnate

7676 D

MUNICH

NEUVERMEHRTES MEININGISCHES GESANGBUCH, 1613

ADAPT. BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847

1 O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
 2 The Church from you, dear Sav - ior, Re - ceived this gift di - vine;  
 3 O make your Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of pur - est gold

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky:  
 And still that light is lift - ed On all the earth to shine.  
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Your true light, as of old;

We praise you for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
 It is the chart and com - pass That, all life's voy - age through,  
 O teach your wan - d'ring pil - grims By this our path to trace,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.  
 A - mid the rocks and quick-sands Still guides, O Christ, to you.  
 Till, clouds and storms thus end - ed, We see you face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897, ALT.

HANOVER

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678–1727

1 O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove! O grate - ful - ly  
 2 O tell of his might! O sing of his grace! Whose robe is the  
 3 The earth, with its store of won - ders un - told, Al - might - y thy

sing his power and his love! Our shield and de - fend - er, the  
 light, whose can - o - py space. His cha - riots of wrath the deep  
 power hath found - ed of old, Hath stab - lished it fast by a

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 thun - der - clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.  
 change - less de - cree, And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.

- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;  
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;  
 Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

ROBERT GRANT, 1779–1838

WINCHESTER NEW

MUSICALISCHES HANDBUCH, HAMBURG, 1690

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An -  
 2 Then cleansed be ev - 'ry heart from sin; Make  
 3 For thou art our sal - va - tion, Lord, Our

noun - ces that the Lord is nigh; A - wake and heark - en,  
 straight the way for God with - in, And let each heart pre -  
 ref - uge and our great re - ward; With - out thy grace we

for he brings Glad ti - dings of the King of kings.  
 pare a home Where such a might - y guest may come.  
 waste a - way Like flow'rs that with - er and de - cay.

- 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 forevermore.

JORDANIS ORAS PRAEVLIA; CHARLES COFFIN, 1676-1749

TR. BY JOHN CHANDLER, 1806-1876, ALT.

# 220 On This Day, O Beautiful Mother

77 77 WITH REFRAIN

BEAUTIFUL MOTHER

LOUIS LAMBILLOTTE, 1796-1855

On this day, O beau - ti - ful Moth - er, On this

day we give thee our love. Near thee, Ma - don - na,

fond - ly we hov - er, Trust - ing thy gen - tle care to prove.

*Fine*

1 On this day we ask to share, Dear - est Moth - er, thy sweet care;  
2 Queen of an - gels, deign to hear Hum - ble chil - dren's ten - der prayer;

Aid us ere our feet a - stray Wan - der from thy guid - ing way.  
Young hearts gain, O Vir - gin pure, Je - sus' love for them as - sure.

*D.C. al Fine*

FAVORITE CATHOLIC MELODIES, BOSTON, 1854



## On This Day, the First of Days

77 77

LÜBECK

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH*, HALLE, 1704

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870

1 On this day, the first of days, God the Fa-ther's  
 2 On this day, the eter-nal Son O-ver death his  
 3 Fa-ther, who didst fash-ion man God-like in thy

name we praise; Who, cre-a-tion's Lord and spring,  
 tri-umph won; On this day the Spir-it came  
 lov-ing plan, Fill us with that love di-vine,

Did the world from dark-ness bring.  
 With his gifts of liv-ing flame.  
 And con-form our wills to thine.

4 Word-made-flesh, all hail to thee!  
 Thou from sin hast set us free;  
 And with thee, we die and rise  
 Unto God in sacrifice.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,  
 Shine, blest Spirit, in each heart;  
 Give us light and grace, we pray,  
 Fill our hearts this holy day.

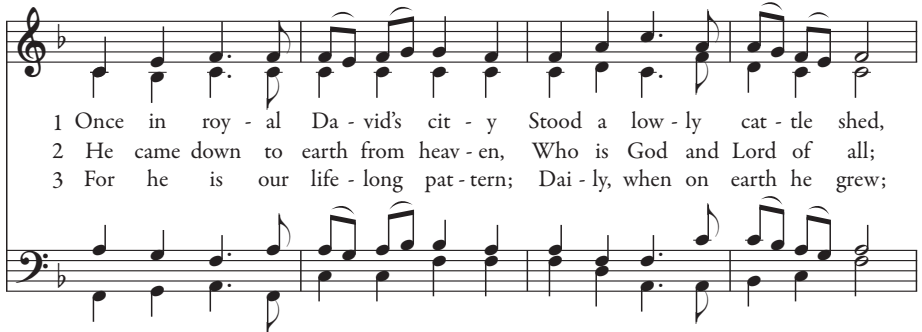
6 God, the blessed Three-in-One,  
 May thy holy will be done;  
 In thy word our souls are free,  
 And we rest this day with thee.

*DIE PARENTE TEMPORUM; CARCASSONNE BREVLARY*, 1745

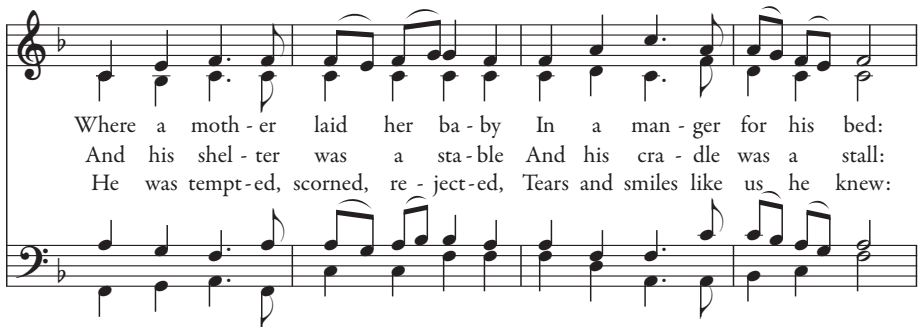
TR. BY HENRY W. BAKER, 1821-1877, ALT.

IRBY

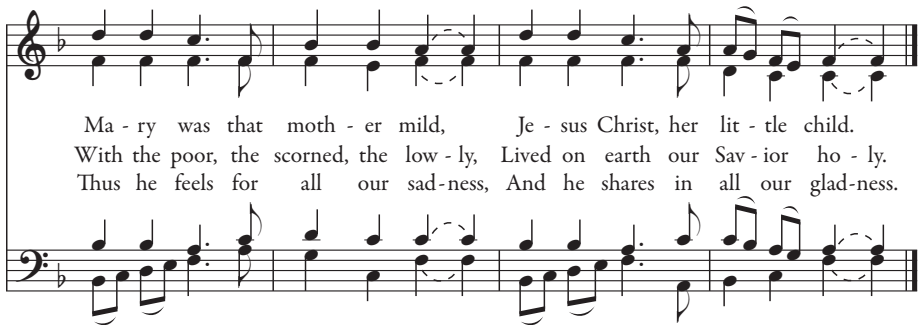
HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876



1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
2 He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is God and Lord of all;  
3 For he is our life - long pat - tern; Dai - ly, when on earth he grew;



Where a moth - er laid her ba - by In a man - ger for his bed:  
And his shel - ter was a sta - ble And his cra - dle was a stall:  
He was tempt - ed, scorned, re - ject - ed, Tears and smiles like us he knew;



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child.  
With the poor, the scorned, the low - ly, Lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.  
Thus he feels for all our sad - ness, And he shares in all our glad - ness.

- 4 And our eyes at last shall see him, Through his own redeeming love,  
For that child who seemed so helpless Is our Lord in heav'n above:  
And he leads his children on To the place where he is gone.
- 5 Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing round,  
We shall see him, but in heaven, Where his saints his throne surround:  
Christ, revealed to faithful eye, Set at God's right hand on high.
- 6 We, like Mary, rest confounded That a stable should display  
Heaven's Word, the world's creator, Cradled there on Christmas Day!  
Yet this child, our Lord and brother, Brought us love for one another.

*WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY;*

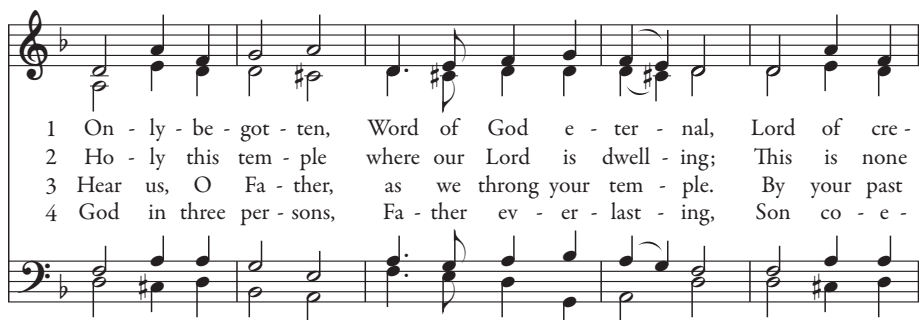
CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1818-1895, ALT.

# 223 Only-Begotten, Word of God Eternal

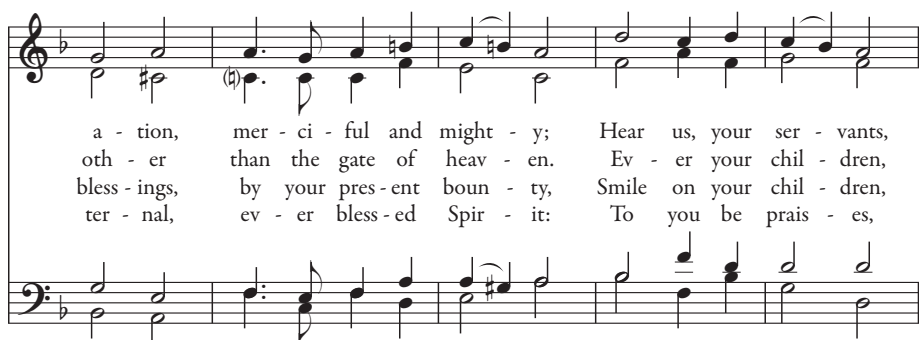
11 11 11 5

ISTE CONFESSOR

ANTIPHONER, POITIERS, 1746



1 On - ly - be - got - ten, Word of God e - ter - nal, Lord of cre -  
 2 Ho - ly this tem - ple where our Lord is dwell - ing; This is none  
 3 Hear us, O Fa - ther, as we throng your tem - ple. By your past  
 4 God in three per - sons, Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing, Son co - e -



a - tion, mer - ci - ful and might - y; Hear us, your ser - vants,  
 oth - er than the gate of heav - en. Ev - er your chil - dren,  
 bless - ings, by your pres - ent boun - ty, Smile on your chil - dren,  
 ter - nal, ev - er bless - ed Spir - it: To you be prais - es,



as our tune - ful voic - es Rise in your pres - ence.  
 year by year re - joic - ing, Chant in your tem - ple.  
 and in grace and mer - cy Hear our pe - ti - tion.  
 thanks, and ad - o - ra - tion, Glo - ry for - ev - er.

CHRISTE CUNCTORUM DOMINATOR ALME, 9TH CENT.

TR. BY MAXWELL J. BLACKER, 1822-1888, ALT.

## Panis Angelicus

12 12 12 8

SACRIS SOLEMNIIS

LOUIS LAMBILLOTTE, 1796-1885

1 Pa - nis an - gé - li - cus fit pa - nis hó - mi - num,  
2 Te tri - na Dé - i - tas ú - na - que pó - sci - mus,

Dat pa - nis cáe - li - cus fi - gú - ris tér - mi - num;  
Sic nos tu ví - si - ta, si - cut te có - li - mus;

O res mi - rá - bi - lis! man - dú - cat Dó - mi - num  
Per tu - as sé - mi - tas duc nos quo tén - di - mus

Pau - per, ser - vus et hú - mi - lis.  
Ad lu - cem quam in - há - bi - tas.

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274

## Praise God! Who in His Grace

86 86 8

MELODY AS USED IN OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959

1 Praise God! Praise God! Who in his grace, Now comes to  
2 O great Je - ho - vah, God of Might, Here too is

bless this ho - ly place. Hark, Cher - u - bim and  
now thy throne of light. Here is our rest, our

Ser - a - phim! With An - gel - voic - es wel - come  
strength, our food; Here is thy liv - ing flesh and

him! Ho - san - nas raise! To God be praise!  
blood, Here is thy new Je - ru - sa - lem.

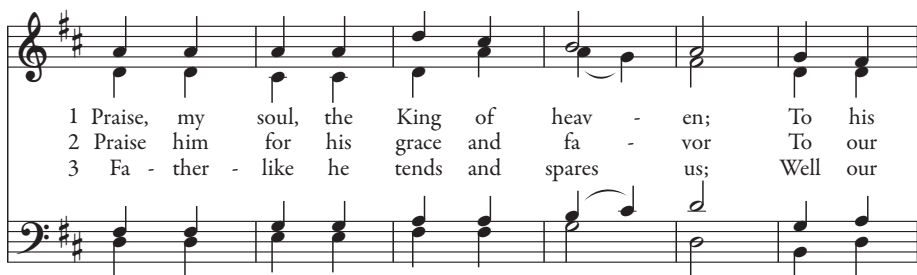
REV. HENRY MEYER

# 226 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

87 87 87

LAUDA ANIMA

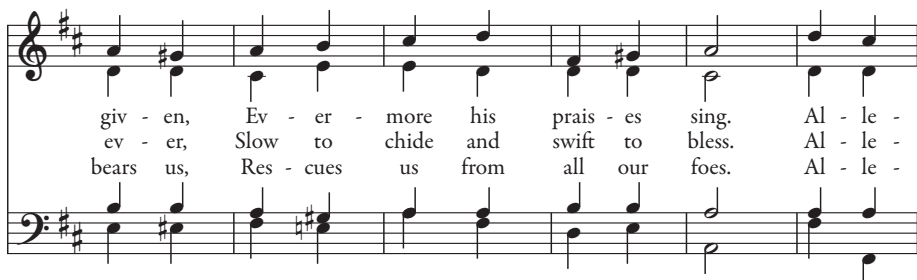
JOHN GOSS, 1800-1880



1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his  
2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our  
3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our



feet thy tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -  
fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as  
fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly



giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing. Al - le -  
ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le -  
bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le -



lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.

4 Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish;  
Blows the wind and it is gone.  
But while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the high eternal one.

5 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.

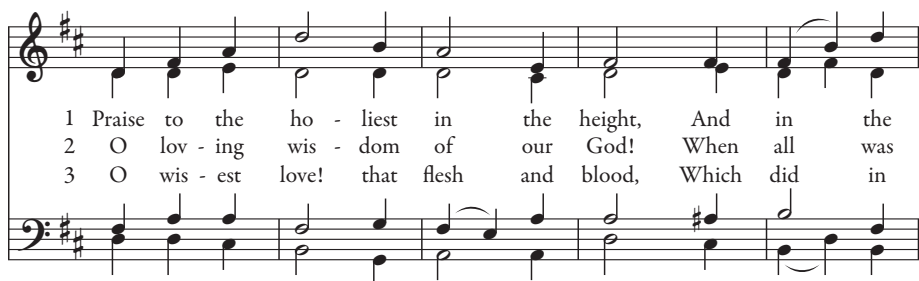
HENRY F. LYTE, 1793-1847, ALT.

# 227 Praise to the Holiest in the Height

86 86

BILLING

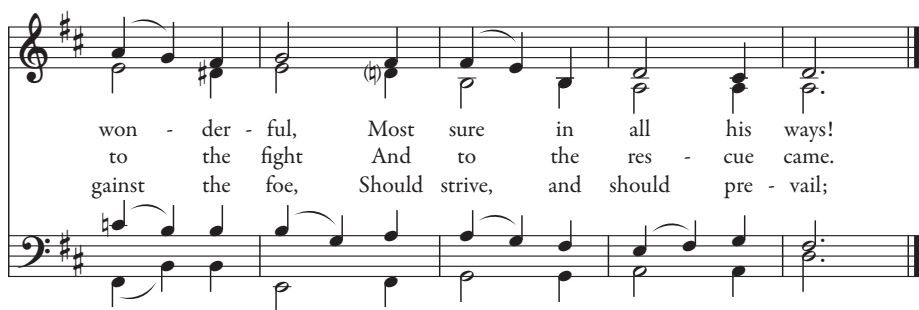
RICHARD R. TERRY, 1865-1938



1 Praise to the ho - liest in the height, And in the  
 2 O lov - ing wis - dom of our God! When all was  
 3 O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, Which did in



depth be praise; In all his words most  
 sin and shame, A sec - ond A - dam  
 A - dam fail, Should strive a - fresh a -



won - der - ful, Most sure in all his ways!  
 to the fight And to the res - cue came.  
 gainst the foe, Should strive, and should pre - vail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace  
 Should flesh and blood refine:  
 God's presence and his very self,  
 And essence all-divine.

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

6 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!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890

LOBE DEN HERREN

ERNEUERTES GESANGBUCH, STRALSUND, 1665  
HARM. FROM *THE CHORALE BOOK FOR ENGLAND*, LONDON, 1863

1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a -  
2 Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend  
3 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly reign -  
4 Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me a - dore

tion; O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal -  
thee; Sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at -  
eth, Shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so gent - ly sus -  
him! All that hath life and breath come now with prais - es be -

va - tion. All ye who hear, Now to his al - tar draw  
tend thee. Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can  
tain - eth. Hast thou not seen All that is need - ful hath  
fore him! Let the A - men Sound from his peo - ple a -

near, Join - ing in glad a - do - ra - tion.  
do, Who with his love doth be - friend thee.  
been Grant - ed in what he or - dain - eth?  
gain, Now as we wor - ship be - fore him.

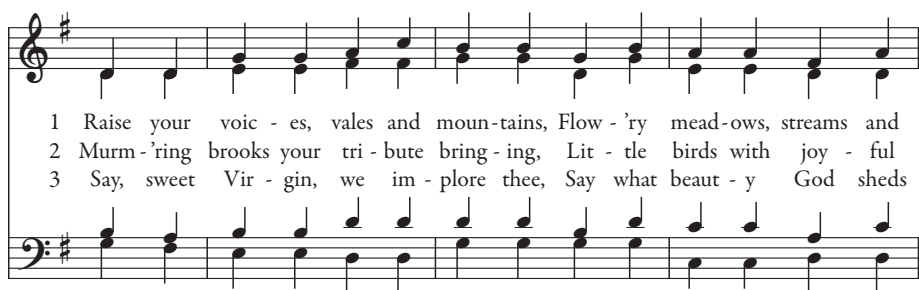
LOBE DEN HERREN DEN MÄCHTIGEN KÖNIG; JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650-1680  
TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1827-1878, ALT.



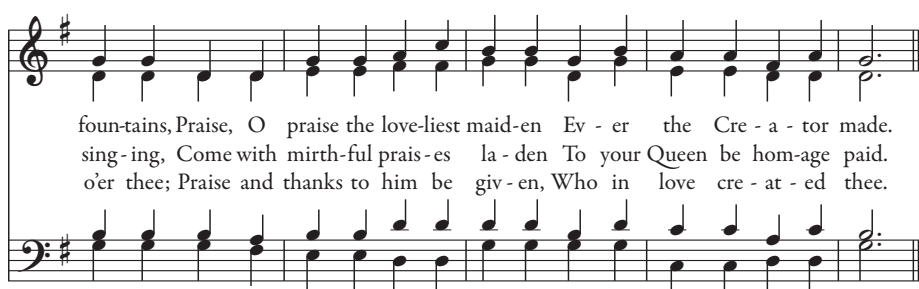
# 229 Raise Your Voices, Vales and Mountains

88 87 WITH REFRAIN

OLD ENGLISH HYMNAL



1 Raise your voic - es, vales and moun-tains, Flow - 'ry mead-ows, streams and  
 2 Murm - 'ring brooks your tri - bute bring - ing, Lit - tle birds with joy - ful  
 3 Say, sweet Vir - gin, we im - plore thee, Say what beaut - y God sheds



foun-tains, Praise, O praise the love-liest maid-en Ev - er the Cre - a - tor made.  
 sing - ing, Come with mirth-ful prais - es la - den To your Queen be hom-age paid.  
 o'er thee; Praise and thanks to him be giv - en, Who in love cre - at - ed thee.



Lau - da - te, Lau - da - te, Lau - da - te Ma - ri - am;



Lau - da - te, Lau - da - te, Lau - da - te Ma - ri - am.

CAUSA NOSTRA LAETITIAE; ALPHONSUS M. DE LIGUORI, 1696-1787  
 TR. BY EDMUND VAUGHAN, C.S.S.R., 1827-1908

## 230

## Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

7676 D

LLANGLOFFAN

TRADITIONAL WELSH MELODY

1 Re - joice! re - joice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear!  
 2 See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - ple - nish them with oil;  
 3 Our hope and ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;

The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.  
 Look now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.  
 A - rise, thou Sun so longed for, A - bove this dark-ened sphere!

The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon he will draw nigh;  
 The mar - riage - feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;  
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see

Up, watch in ex - pec - ta - tion! At mid - night comes the cry.  
 Rise up, ye heirs of glo - ry; The Bride-groom is at hand!  
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, And ev - er be with thee!

*ERMUNTERT EUCH, IHR FROMMEN; LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1660-1722*  
 TR. BY SARAH LAURIE FINDLATER, 1823-1907, ALT.

## Rejoice, the Lord Is King

66 66 88

DARWALL'S 148<sup>TH</sup>

JOHN DARWALL, 1731-1789

1 Re - joice, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a - dore!  
 2 Je - sus, the Sav - ior reigns, The God of truth and love;  
 3 His king - dom can - not fail, He rules o'er earth and heav'n;  
 4 Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Our Lord and judge shall come

Re - joice, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more.  
 When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove;  
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus giv'n:  
 And take his ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home:

Lift up your heart, Lift up your voice,

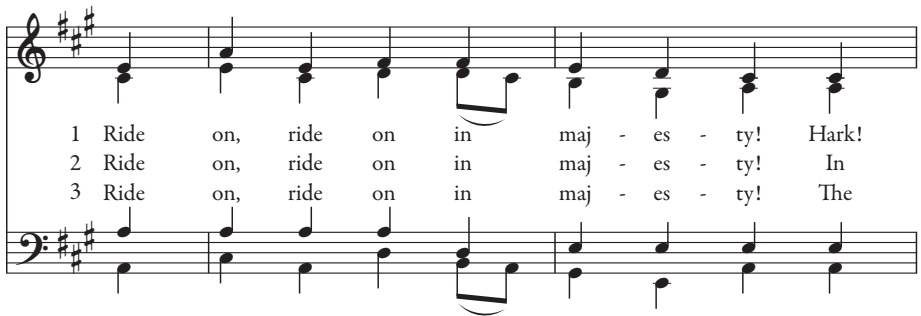
Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice!

ON THE RESURRECTION; CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788, ALT.

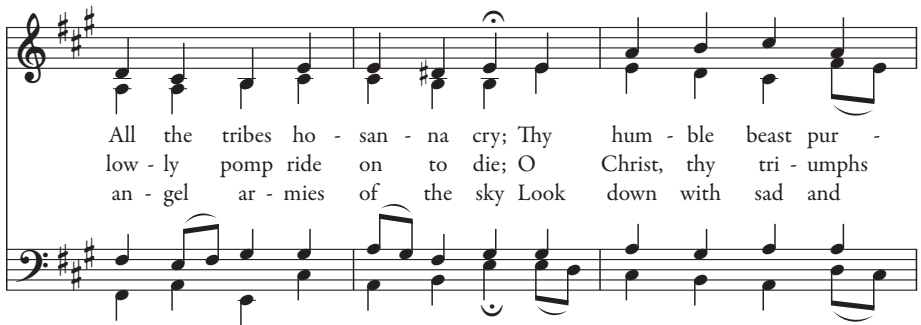
WINCHESTER NEW

MUSICALISCHES HANDBUCH, HAMBURG, 1690

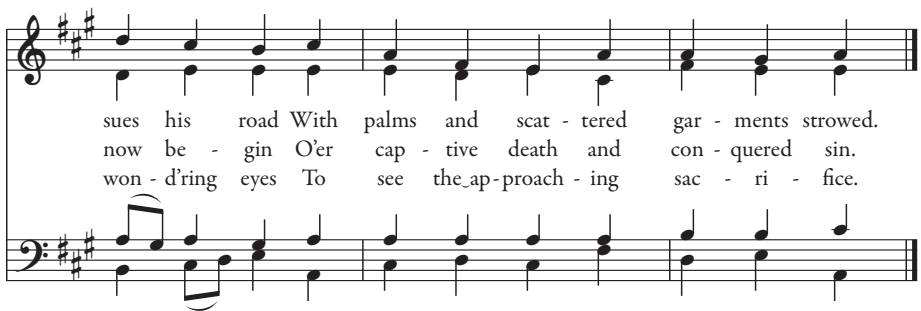
HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889



1 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark!  
 2 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In  
 3 Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The



All the tribes ho - san - na cry; Thy hum - ble beast pur -  
 low - ly pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy tri - umphs  
 an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and

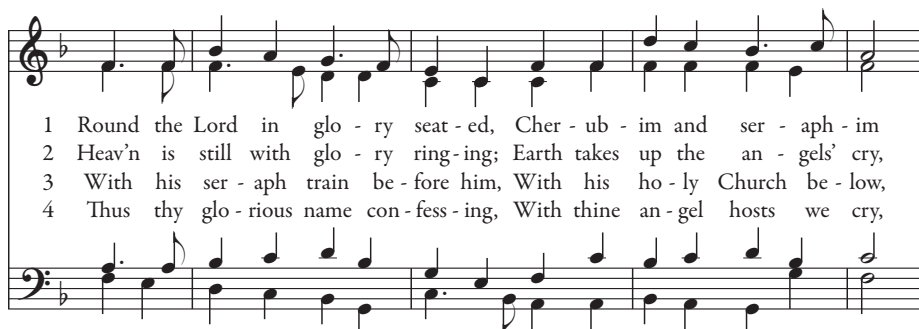


sues his road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments stowed.  
 now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.  
 won - d'ring eyes To see the ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.

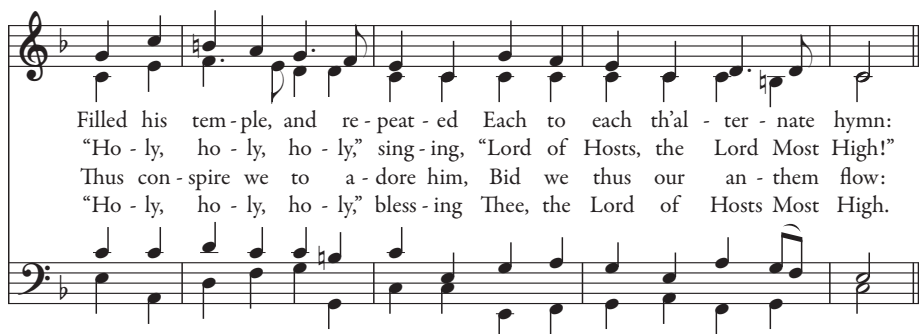
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
 The Father on his sapphire throne  
 Expects his own anointed Son.

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 pow'r and reign.

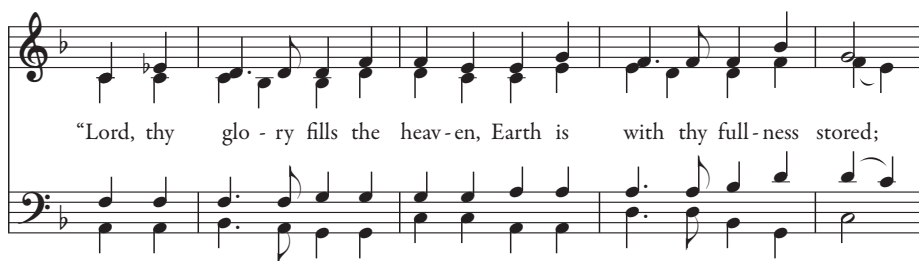
PALM SUNDAY; HENRY H. MILMAN, 1791-1868, ALT.



1 Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - ub - im and ser - aph - im  
 2 Heav'n is still with glo - ry ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,  
 3 With his ser - aph train be - fore him, With his ho - ly Church be - low,  
 4 Thus thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, With thine an - gel hosts we cry,



Filled his tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn:  
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High!"  
 Thus con - spire we to a - dore him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:  
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," bless - ing Thee, the Lord of Hosts Most High.



"Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with thy full - ness stored;



Un - to thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."

*TE DEUM LAUDAMUS*; RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848

## Savior of the Nations, Come

77 77

NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN HEILAND

GEYSTLICHE GESANGK BUCHLEYN, WITTENBERG, 1524

HARM. BY MELCHIOR VULPIUS, C. 1560-1615

1 Sav - ior of the na - tions, come; Vir - gin's Son, make here thy home.  
 2 Not by hu - man flesh and blood, By the Spir - it of our God.  
 3 Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Hast o'er sin the vic - t'ry won.  
 4 Bright - ly doth thy man - ger shine; Glo - rious is its light di - vine.

Mar - vel now, both heav'n and earth, That the Lord chose such a birth.  
 Was the Word of God made flesh, Ma - ry's off - spring, pure and fresh.  
 Bound-less shall thy king - dom be; When shall we its glo - ries see?  
 Let not sin o'er - cloud this light; Ev - er be our faith thus bright.

VENI REDEMPTOR GENTIUM; AMBROSE OF MILAN, C. 340-397

PARA. BY MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546: NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND

TR. BY WILLIAM M. REYNOLDS, 1812-1876, ALT.

1 See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low;  
 2 Lo, with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies;  
 3 Teach, O teach us, ho - ly Child, By thy face so meek and mild;  
 4 Sa - cred In - fant, all Di - vine, What a ten - der love was thine;

See, the ten - der lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years!  
 He, who throned in height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the Cher - ub - im!  
 Teach us to re - sem - ble thee, In thy sweet hu - mil - i - ty.  
 Thus to come from high - est bliss, Down to such a world as this!

Hail! thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

*HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS; EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ABR.*

## See, Amid the Winter's Snow

77 77 D

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, 1918

1 See! a - mid the win - ter's snow Born for us on earth be - low,  
 2 Lo! with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies,  
 3 Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say What your joy - ful news to - day;  
 4 "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo, we saw a won - drous light;

See the ten - der lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.  
 He who throned in height sub - lime Sits a - mid the cher - ub - im.  
 Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?  
 An - gels sing - ing peace on earth, Told us of the Sav - ior's birth."

Hail! thou ev - er bless - ed morn, Hail! re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn;

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS; EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ABR.

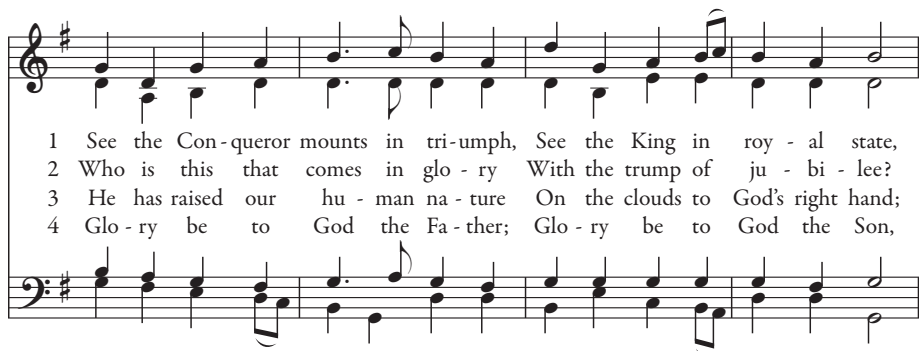


# 237 See the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

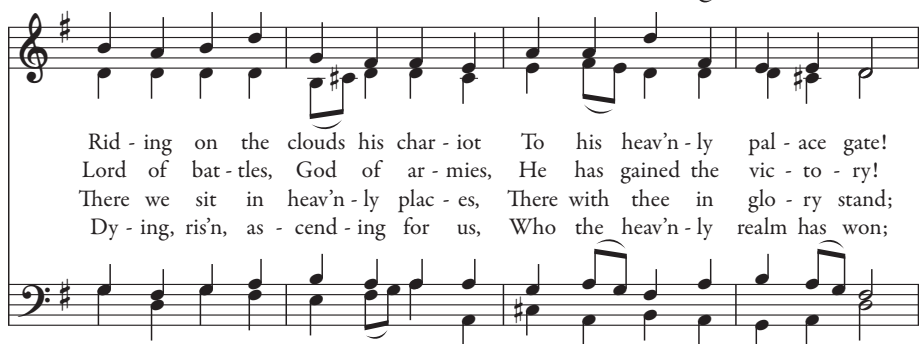
87 87 D

REX GLORIAE

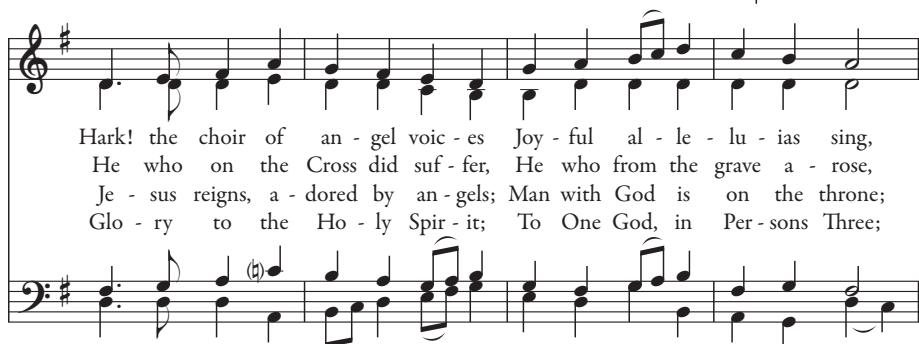
HENRY SMART, 1813–1879



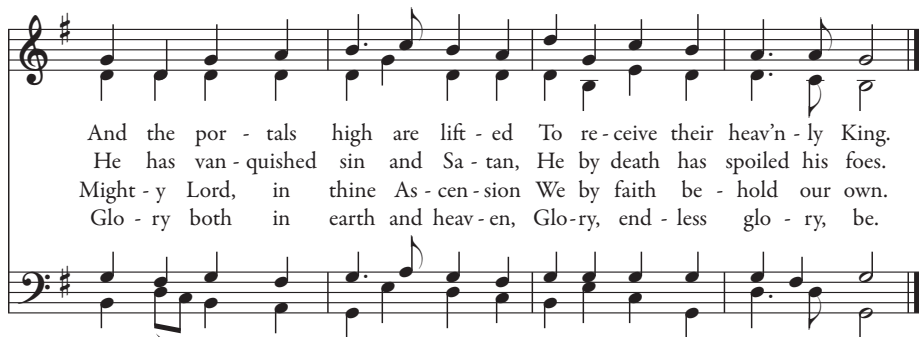
1 See the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph, See the King in roy - al state,  
 2 Who is this that comes in glo - ry With the trump of ju - bi - lee?  
 3 He has raised our hu - man na - ture On the clouds to God's right hand;  
 4 Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther; Glo - ry be to God the Son,



Rid - ing on the clouds his char - iot To his heav'n - ly pal - ace gate!  
 Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry!  
 There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es, There with thee in glo - ry stand;  
 Dy - ing, ris'n, as - cend - ing for us, Who the heav'n - ly realm has won;



Hark! the choir of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,  
 He who on the Cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,  
 Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;  
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it; To One God, in Per - sons Three;



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n - ly King.  
 He has van - quished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled his foes.  
 Might - y Lord, in thine As - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.  
 Glo - ry both in earth and heav - en, Glo - ry, end - less glo - ry, be.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–1885

1 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright Round yon  
 2 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep-herds quake at the sight; Glo - ries  
 3 Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant  
 1 *Stil - le Nacht, hei-li-ge Nacht! Al - les schläft, ein - sam wacht Nur das*

Vir - gin Moth-er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant, so ten-der and mild,  
 stream from heav-en a - far, Heav'n-ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia;  
 beams from thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,  
*trau-te hoch - hei - li - ge Paar. Hol - der Kna - be im loc - ki - gen Haar,*

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - ior, is born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.  
*Schlaf in himm - li - scher Ruh, Schlaf in himm - li - scher Ruh.*

*STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT; JOSEPH MOHR, 1792–1848*

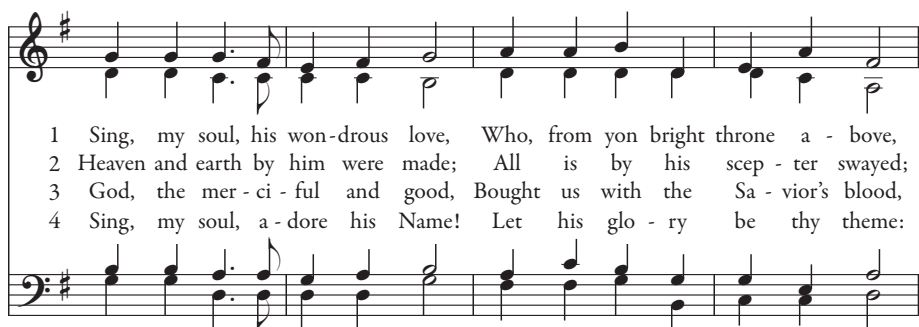
TR. BY JOHN F. YOUNG, 1820–1885

## 239 Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love

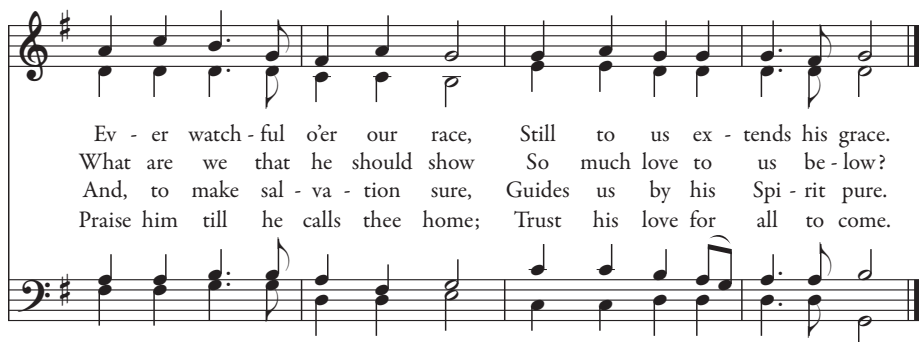
77 77

ST. BEES

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876



1 Sing, my soul, his won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove,  
 2 Heaven and earth by him were made; All is by his scep - ter swayed;  
 3 God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sa - vior's blood,  
 4 Sing, my soul, a - dore his Name! Let his glo - ry be thy theme:



Ev - er watch - ful o'er our race, Still to us ex - tends his grace.  
 What are we that he should show So much love to us be - low?  
 And, to make sal - va - tion sure, Guides us by his Spi - rit pure.  
 Praise him till he calls thee home; Trust his love for all to come.

ANONYMOUS, 19TH CENT.

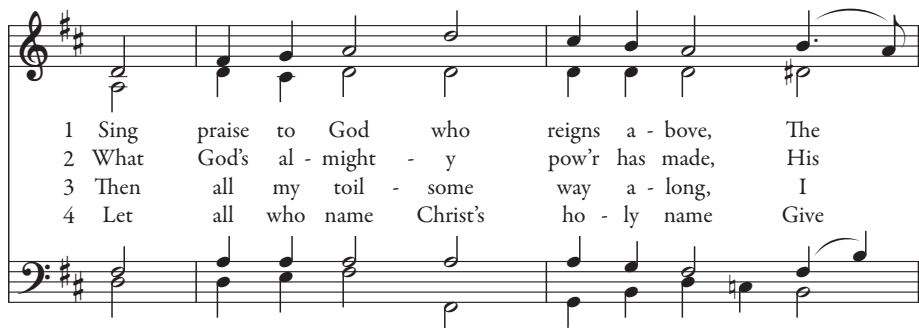
## 240 Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

87 87 887

MIT FREUDEN ZART

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN'S KIRCHENGESANG, IVANČICE, 1566

HARM. THE ENGLISH HYMNAL, LONDON, 1906



1 Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The  
 2 What God's al - might - y pow'r has made, His  
 3 Then all my toil - some way a - long, I  
 4 Let all who name Christ's ho - ly name Give

God of all cre - a - tion, The God of pow'r, the  
gra - cious mer - cy keep - ing; By morn - ing glow or  
sing a - loud your prais - es, That all may hear the  
God all praise and glo - ry; All you who own his

God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion; With  
eve - ning shade His watch - ful eye ne'er sleep - ing; With -  
grate - ful song My voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be  
pow'r pro - claim A - loud the won - drous sto - ry! He

heal - ing balm my soul he fills, And ev - 'ry faith - less  
in the king - dom of his might, Lo! all is just and  
joy - ful in the Lord, my heart, Both soul and bod - y  
reigns tri - um - phant on his throne; The Lord is God, and

mur - mur stills: To God all praise and glo - ry.  
all is right: To God all praise and glo - ry.  
sing your part: To God all praise and glo - ry.  
he a - lone: To God all praise and glo - ry.

BASED ON PS 95:1-7; JOHANN J. SCHÜTZ, 1640-1690  
TR. BY FRANCES A. COX, 1812-1897, ALT.

## Sing Praise to the Lord

10 10 11 11

LAUDATE DOMINUM

CHARLES HUBERT H. PARRY, 1840-1918

1 Sing praise to the Lord! praise God in the height;  
 2 Sing praise to the Lord! praise God up - on earth,  
 3 Sing praise to the Lord! all things that give sound;  
 4 Sing praise to the Lord! thanks - giv - ing and song

Re - joice in his word, you an - gels of light;  
 In tune - ful ac - cord, all men of new birth;  
 Each ju - bi - lant chord, re - ech - o a - round;  
 To him be out - poured all a - ges a - long;

O heav - ens, a - dore him by whom you were made,  
 Praise him who has brought you his grace from a - bove,  
 Loud or - gans, his glo - ry tell forth in deep tone,  
 For love in cre - a - tion, for heav - en re - stored,

And wor - ship be - fore him in bright - ness ar - rayed.  
 Praise him who has taught you to sing of his love.  
 And trum - pets, the sto - ry of what God has done.  
 For grace of sal - va - tion, sing praise to the Lord!

HENRY W. BAKER, 1821-1877, ALT.

# 242 Sing We Triumphant Hymns of Praise

88 88 WITH ALLELUIAS

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNGE, COLOGNE, 1623  
HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 Sing we tri - um - phant hymns of praise To greet our Lord  
2 In won-d'ring awe his faith - ful band Up - on the Mount  
3 O ris - en Christ, as - cend - ed Lord, All praise to you

these fes - tive days, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Who by a road  
of O - lives stand, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! And with the Vir -  
let earth ac - cord, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Who are, while end -

be - fore un-trod As - cend - ed to the throne of God,  
gin Moth - er see Their Lord as - cend in maj - es - ty.  
less a - ges run, With Fa - ther and with Spir - it, One.

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

HYMNUM CANAMUS GLORIAE; BEDE THE VENERABLE, 673-735

VSS. 1-2: TR. BY JOHN D. CHAMBERS, 1805-1893, ALT.

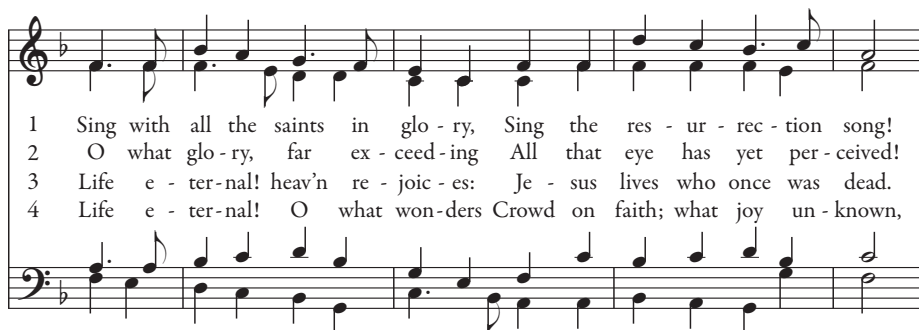
VS. 3: TR. BY BENJAMIN WEBB, 1819-1885

# 243 Sing With All the Saints in Glory

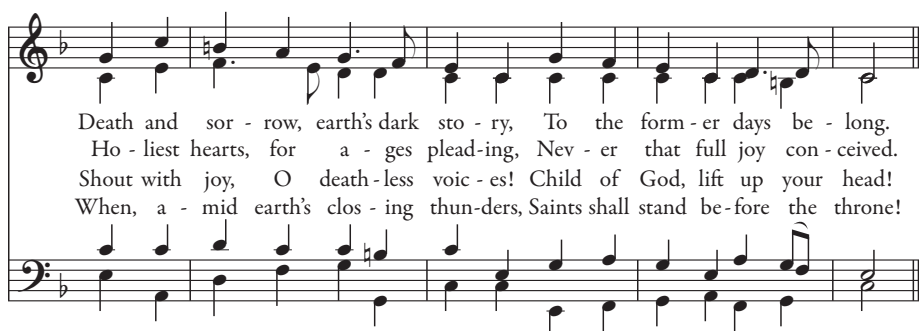
87 87 D

RUSTINGTON

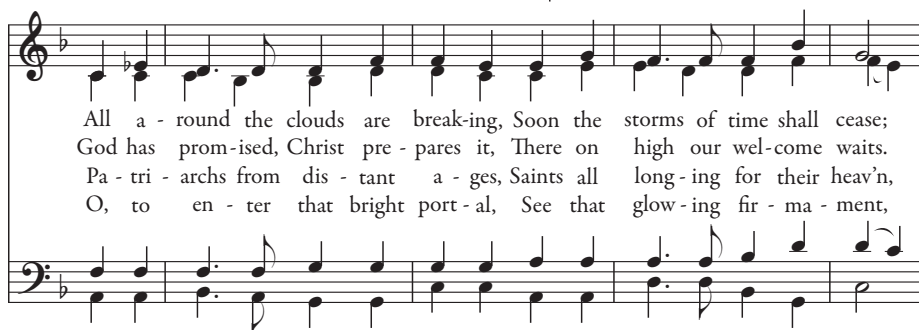
CHARLES HUBERT H. PARRY, 1848-1918



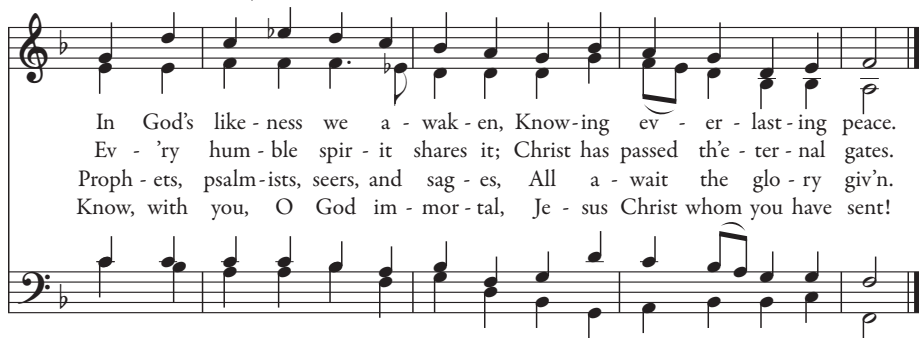
1 Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!  
 2 O what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet per - ceived!  
 3 Life e - ter - nal! heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus lives who once was dead.  
 4 Life e - ter - nal! O what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un - known,



Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form - er days be - long.  
 Ho - liest hearts, for a - ges plead - ing, Nev - er that full joy con - ceived.  
 Shout with joy, O death - less voic - es! Child of God, lift up your head!  
 When, a - mid earth's clos - ing thun - ders, Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!



All a - round the clouds are break - ing, Soon the storms of time shall cease;  
 God has prom - ised, Christ pre - pares it, There on high our wel - come waits.  
 Pa - tri - archs from dis - tant a - ges, Saints all long - ing for their heav'n,  
 O, to en - ter that bright port - al, See that glow - ing fir - ma - ment,



In God's like - ness we a - wak - en, Know - ing ev - er - last - ing peace.  
 Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it; Christ has passed th'e - ter - nal gates.  
 Proph - ets, psalm - ists, seers, and sag - es, All a - wait the glo - ry giv'n.  
 Know, with you, O God im - mor - tal, Je - sus Christ whom you have sent!

WILLIAM J. IRONS, 1812-1883, ALT.

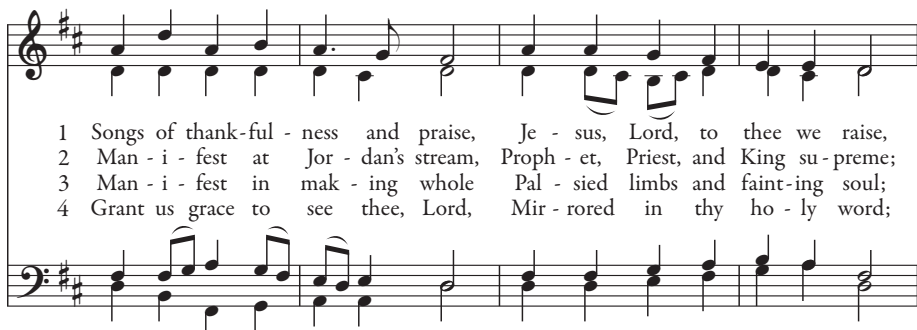
# 244 Songs of Thankfulness and Praise

77 77 D

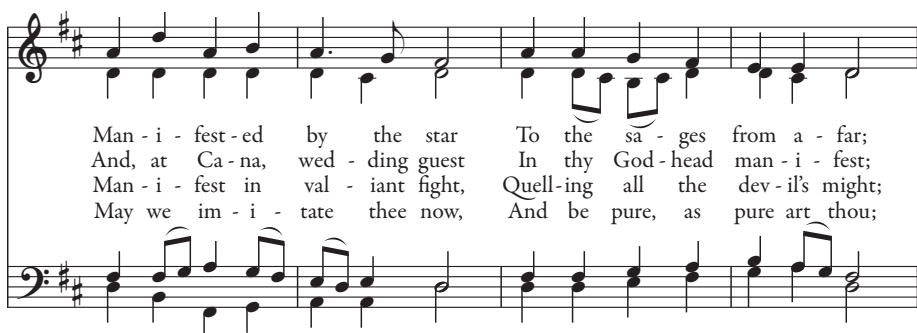
SALZBURG

JAKOB HINTZE, 1622-1702

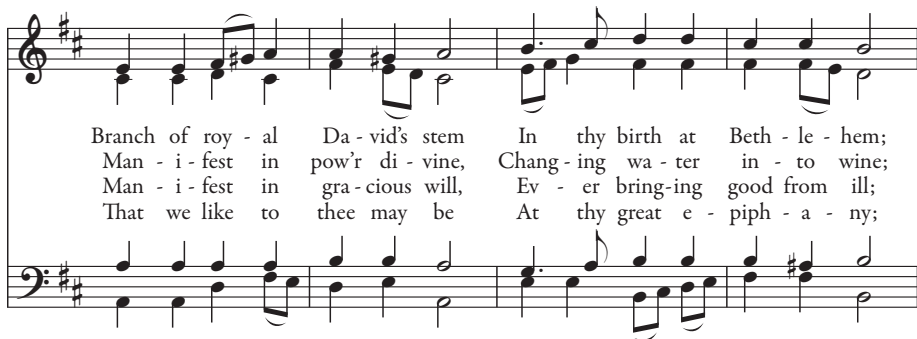
HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750




1 Songs of thank-ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we raise,  
 2 Man - i - fest at Jor - dan's stream, Proph - et, Priest, and King su - preme;  
 3 Man - i - fest in mak - ing whole Pal - sied limbs and faint - ing soul;  
 4 Grant us grace to see thee, Lord, Mir - rored in thy ho - ly word;



Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far;  
 And, at Ca - na, wed - ding guest In thy God - head man - i - fest;  
 Man - i - fest in val - iant fight, Quell - ing all the dev - il's might;  
 May we im - i - tate thee now, And be pure, as pure art thou;



Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In thy birth at Beth - le - hem;  
 Man - i - fest in pow'r di - vine, Chang - ing wa - ter in - to wine;  
 Man - i - fest in gra - cious will, Ev - er bring - ing good from ill;  
 That we like to thee may be At thy great e - piph - a - ny;



An - thems be to thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.  
 An - thems be to thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.  
 An - thems be to thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.  
 And may praise thee, ev - er blest, God in man made man - i - fest.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885



1 Soul of my Sav - ior, sanc - ti - fy my breast;  
 2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas - sion be;  
 3 Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;

Bod - y of Christ, be thou my sav - ing guest;  
 O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;  
 In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly thine;

Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide;  
 Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me;  
 Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

Wash me with wa - ter flow - ing from thy side.  
 So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from thee.  
 Where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

*ANIMA CHRISTI*; ATTR. TO POPE JOHN XXII, 1249-1334  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

## Soul of My Savior

10 10 10 10

LORENZO DOBICI

1 Soul of my Sav - ior, sanc - ti - fy my breast;  
 2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas - sion be;  
 3 Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;

Bod - y of Christ, be thou my sav - ing guest;  
 O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;  
 In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly thine;

Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide;  
 Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me;  
 Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

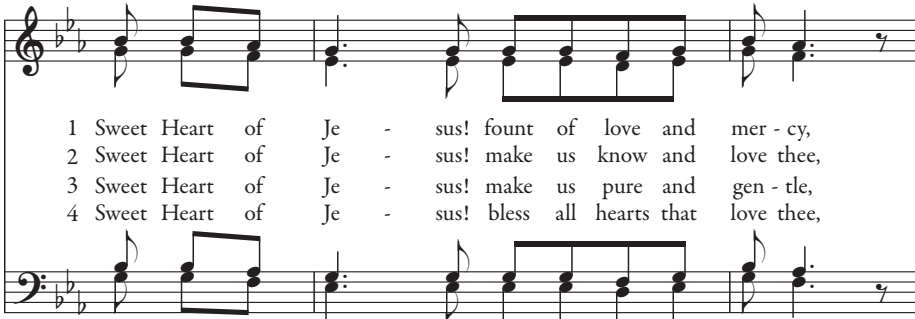
Wash me with wa - ter flow - ing from thy side.  
 So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from thee.  
 Where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

*ANIMA CHRISTI*; ATTR. TO POPE JOHN XXII, 1249-1334  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878


## Sweet Heart of Jesus

11 10 11 10 WITH REFRAIN

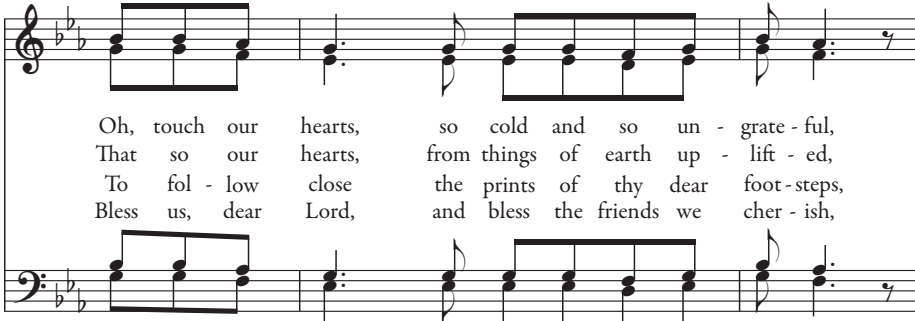
HOLY GHOST HYMNAL, IRELAND, 1954




1 Sweet Heart of Je - sus! fount of love and mer - cy,  
 2 Sweet Heart of Je - sus! make us know and love thee,  
 3 Sweet Heart of Je - sus! make us pure and gen - tle,  
 4 Sweet Heart of Je - sus! bless all hearts that love thee,



To - day we come thy bless - ing to im - plore;  
 Un - fold to us the treas - ures of thy grace,  
 And teach us how to do thy bless - ed will,  
 And may thine own Heart ev - er bless - ed be.



Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so un - grate - ful,  
 That so our hearts, from things of earth up - lift - ed,  
 To fol - low close the prints of thy dear foot - steps,  
 Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends we cher - ish,




And make them, Lord, thine own for ev - er - more.  
 May long a - lone to gaze up - on thy face.  
 And when we fall— Sweet Heart, oh love us still.  
 And keep us true to Ma - ry and to thee.

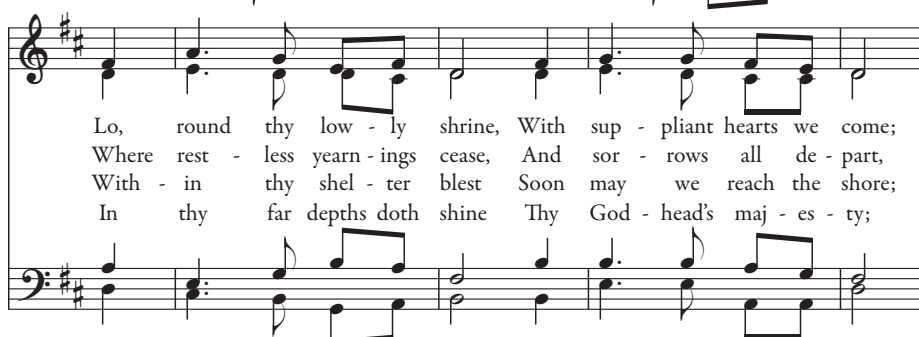
Sweet Heart of Je - sus! we im - plore,

Oh, make us love thee more and more.

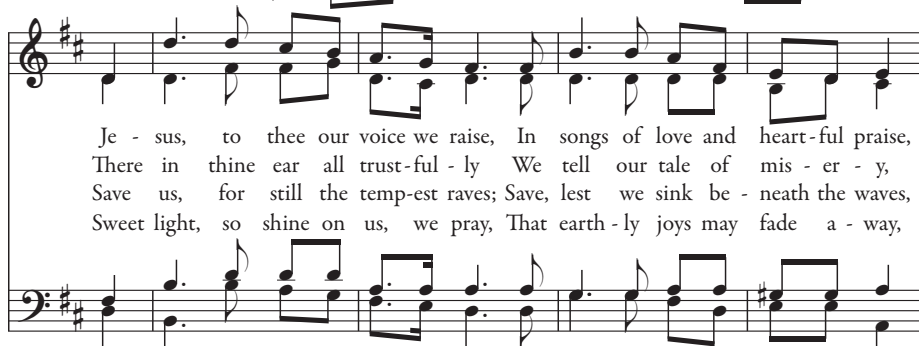
ANONYMOUS



1 Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine, Hid in thy earth - ly home,  
 2 Sweet sac - ra - ment of peace, Dear home of ev - 'ry heart,  
 3 Sweet sac - ra - ment of rest, Ark from the o - cean's roar,  
 4 Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine, Earth's light and ju - bi - lee,



Lo, round thy low - ly shrine, With sup - pliant hearts we come;  
 Where rest - less yearn - ings cease, And sor - rows all de - part,  
 With - in thy shel - ter blest Soon may we reach the shore;  
 In thy far depths doth shine Thy God - head's maj - es - ty;



Je - sus, to thee our voice we raise, In songs of love and heart - ful praise,  
 There in thine ear all trust - ful - ly We tell our tale of mis - er - y,  
 Save us, for still the temp - est raves; Save, lest we sink be - neath the waves,  
 Sweet light, so shine on us, we pray, That earth - ly joys may fade a - way,



Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine, Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine.  
 Sweet sac - ra - ment of peace, Sweet sac - ra - ment of peace.  
 Sweet sac - ra - ment of rest, Sweet sac - ra - ment of rest.  
 Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine, Sweet sac - ra - ment di - vine.

# 249 Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go

88 88 88

SUNSET

GEORGE HERBERT, 1817–1906

1 Sweet Sav - ior, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our  
 2 The day is done; its hours have run; And thou hast tak - en  
 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion

minds in - still; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow  
 count of all, The scant - y tri - umphs grace has won,  
 and re - lease; And bless us more than in past days

With low - ly love and fer - vent will. } Through life's long day  
 The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall. }  
 With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace. }

and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy, Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy, That only long to be like thee.
- 5 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled, And care is light, for thou hast cared;  
Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
- 6 For all we love— the poor, the sad, The sinful— unto thee we call;  
O let thy mercy make us glad; Thou art our Jesus and our all.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814–1863

1 "Take up your cross," the Sav - ior said, "If you would  
 2 Take up your cross, let not its weight Fill your weak  
 3 Take up your cross, heed not the shame, And let your

my dis - ci - ple be; Take up your cross with will - ing  
 spir - it with a - larm; Christ's strength shall bear your spir - it  
 fool - ish heart be still; The Lord for you ac - cept - ed

heart, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me."  
 up, And brace your heart, and nerve your arm.  
 death Up - on the cross, on Cal - v'ry's hill.

- 4 Take up your cross, then, in Christ's strength,  
 And calmly ev'ry danger brave:  
 It guides you to abundant life  
 And leads to vict'ry o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up your cross, and follow Christ,  
 Nor think till death to lay it down;  
 For only those who bear the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1814-1877, ALT.

## Take Up Your Cross

88 88 88

ERHALT UNS, HERR

J. KLUG's *GEISTLICHE LIEDER*, WITTENBERG, 1543

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 "Take up your cross," the Sav - ior said, "If  
 2 Take up your cross; let not its weight Fill  
 3 Take up your cross, heed not the shame, And

you would my dis - ci - ple be; Take up your cross with  
 your weak spir - it with a - larm; Christ's strength shall bear your  
 let your fool - ish heart be still; The Lord for you ac -

will - ing heart, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me."  
 spir - it up And brace your heart and nerve your arm.  
 cept - ed death Up - on the cross, on Cal - v'ry's hill.

4 Take up your cross, then, in Christ's strength,  
 And calmly ev'ry danger brave:  
 It guides you to abundant life  
 And leads to vict'ry o'er the grave.

5 Take up your cross, and follow Christ,  
 Nor think till death to lay it down;  
 For only those who bear the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1814-1877, ALT.



## Tantum Ergo

87 87 87

ST. THOMAS (WADE)

JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786

1 Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum Ve - ne - ré - mur  
2 Ge - ni - tó - ri Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi -

cér - nu - i: Et an - tí - quum do - cu - mén - tum  
lá - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des  
Sit et be - ne - díc - ti - o: Pro - ce - dén - ti

sup - ple - mén - tum Sén - su - um de - fé - ctu - i.  
ab u - tró - que Cóm - par sit lau - dá - ti - o. A - men.

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274

UNSER HERRSCHER

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650-1680

1 Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum Ve - ne - ré - mur  
2 Ge - ni - tó - ri Ge - ni - tó - que Laus et ju - bi -

cér - nu - i: Et an - tí - quum do - cu - mén - tum  
lá - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des  
Sit et be - ne - díc - ti - o. Pro - ce - dén - ti

sup - ple - mén - tum Sén - su - um de - fé - ctu - i.  
ab u - tró - que Cóm - par sit lau - dá - ti - o. A - men.

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225-1274

ST. THOMAS (WILLIAMS)

AARON WILLIAMS, 1731-1776

1 The ad - vent of our King Our prayers must now em - ploy,  
 2 The ev - er - last - ing Son In - car - nate deigns to be:  
 3 O Zi - on's Daugh - ter, rise To meet thy low - ly King,

And we must hymns of wel - come sing In strains of ho - ly joy.  
 Him - self a ser - vant's form puts on To set his ser - vants free.  
 Nor let thy faith - less heart de - spise The peace he comes to bring.

- 4 As Judge on clouds of light, He soon will come again  
 And his true members all unite With him in heav'n to reign.
- 5 Before the dawning day Let sin's dark deeds be gone,  
 The old man all be put away, The new man all put on.
- 6 All glory to the Son, Who comes to set us free,  
 With Father, Spirit, ever One, Through all eternity.

*INSTANTIS ADVENTUM DEI*; CHARLES COFFIN, 1676-1749

TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1866, ALT.

## The Angel Gabriel

10 10 12 10

GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

TRADITIONAL BASQUE CAROL

HARM. BY CHARLES EDGAR PETTMAN, 1866-1943

1 The an - gel Ga - bri - el from heav - en came,  
 2 "For know a bless - ed Moth - er you shall be,  
 3 Then gen - tle Ma - ry meek - ly bowed her head;  
 4 Of her, Em - man - u - el, the Christ, was born

His wings as drift - ed snow, his eyes as flame;  
 All gen - er - a - tions praise con - tin - ual - ly,  
 "To me be as it pleas - es God!" she said.  
 In Beth - le - hem, all on a Christ - mas morn;

"All hail," said he, "O low - ly maid - en Ma - ry,"  
 Your Son shall be Em - man - u - el, by seers fore - told."  
 "My soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name."  
 And Chris - tian folk through - out the world will ev - er say:

"Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy!" Glo - - - ri - a!

BIRJINA GAZTETTOBAT ZEGOEN; TRADITIONAL BASQUE CAROL

TR. BY SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924

1 The Church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;  
 2 E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3 Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed,

She is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word:  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 By schi - sms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.  
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.

- 4 The Church shall never perish!  
Her dear Lord to defend,  
To guide, sustain, and cherish,  
Is with her to the end;  
Though there be those that hate her,  
And false sons in her pale,  
Against both foe and traitor  
She ever shall prevail.
- 5 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace forevermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 6 Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with thee.

*THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH: THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS;*  
SAMUEL J. STONE, 1839–1900

## The Day of Resurrection

7676 D

CHARTRES

TRADITIONAL FRENCH MELODY  
HARM. BY J. ALFRED SCHEHL, 1882-1959

1 The day of Res - ur - rec - tion: Earth, tell it out a - broad!  
 2 Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right  
 3 Now let the heav'n's be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!  
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of Res - ur - rec - tion - light:  
 The round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,  
 And, lis - t'ning to his ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain  
 Let all things seen and un - seen Their notes of glad - ness blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
 For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα (ANASTASEOS HĒMERA); JOHN OF DAMASCUS, C. 675-749  
 TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866

## The Day of Resurrection

7676 D

ELLACOMBE

MAINZER GESANGBUCH, MAINZ, 1833  
HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;  
2 Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right  
3 Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.  
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light;  
The round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,  
And lis - t'ning to his ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain  
Let all things seen and un - seen Their notes in glad - ness blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα (ANASTASEOS IMERA); JOHN OF DAMASCUS, C. 675-749

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866



1 The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;  
 2 Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right  
 3 Now let the heav'n's be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.  
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light;  
 The round world keep high tri - umph, And all that is there - in!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,  
 And lis - t'ning to his ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain  
 Let all things seen and un - seen Their notes in glad - ness blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 His own "All hail!" and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.  
 For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα (ANASTASEOS IMERA); JOHN OF DAMASCUS, C. 675–749

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818–1866

ANGELUS

GEORG JOSEPH, 1630-1668

1 The fier - y sun now rolls a - way, And has - tens  
 2 To us the prais - es of thy name Are morn - ing -  
 3 To God the Fa - ther and the Son, And Ho - ly

to close of the day; Thy bright - ness beams, O  
 song and eve - ning - theme; Thus may we sing our -  
 Spir - it, Three in One, Be end - less glo - ry,

Lord, im - part, And rise in our be - night - ed heart.  
 selves to rest A - midst the mu - sic of the blest.  
 as be - fore The world be - gan, so ev - er - more.

*I AM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS*; ATTR. TO AMBROSE OF MILAN, 340-397  
 TR. PRIMER, 1706

1 The first No - ël the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor  
 2 They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the  
 3 And by the light of that same star, Three wise men

shep - herds in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay  
 east be - yond them far, And to the earth it  
 came from coun - try far, To seek for a King was

keep - ing their sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.  
 gave great light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.  
 their in - tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.

No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, Born is the King of Is - ra - el!

- 4 This star drew nigh to the northwest, O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay Right over the place where Jesus lay.
- 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.
- 6 Then let us all with one accord Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord;  
That hath made heav'n and earth of nought, And with his blood mankind hath bought.

ERHALT UNS, HERR

J. KLUG'S *GEISTLICHE LIEDER*, WITTENBERG, 1543

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 The glo - ry of these for - ty days We  
 2 A - lone and fast - ing Mo - ses saw The  
 3 So Dan - iel trained his mys - tic sight, De -

cel - e - brate with songs of praise: For Christ, by whom all  
 lov - ing God who gave the law; And to E - li - jah,  
 liv - er'd from the li - on's might; And John, the Bride - groom's

things were made, Him - self hath fast - ed and hath prayed.  
 fast - ing, came The steeds and char - i - ots of flame.  
 friend, be - came The her - ald of Mes - si - ah's name.

4 Then grant us, Lord, like them to be  
 Full oft in fast and prayer with thee;  
 Our spirits strengthen with thy grace,  
 And give us joy to see thy face.

5 O Father, Son, and Spirit blest,  
 To thee be ev'ry prayer address;  
 Who art in three-fold Name adored,  
 From age to age the only Lord.

*CLARUM DECUS JEJUNII*; ATTR. TO GREGORY THE GREAT, C. 540-604

TR. BY MAURICE F. BELL, 1862-1947

LEONI

HEBREW MELODY

ADAPT. BY MEYER LYON, 1751-1797

1 The God of A - braham praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove;  
 2 He by him - self hath sworn: We on his oath de - pend;  
 3 There dwells the Lord, our King, The Lord, our Right - eous - ness,

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love;  
 We shall, on ea - gle - wings up - borne, To heaven a - scend:  
 Tri - um - phant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of Peace;

The Lord, the great I AM, By earth and heaven con - fessed:  
 We shall be - hold his face, We shall his power a - dore,  
 On Zi - on's sa - cred heights His king - dom he main - tains,

We bow and bless the sa - cred Name For ev - er blest.  
 And sing the won - ders of his grace For ev - er - more.  
 And, glo - rious with his saints in light, For ev - er reigns.

- 4 The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing,  
And “Holy, holy, holy,” cry,  
“Almighty King!  
Who was, and is, the same,  
And evermore shall be:  
Eternal Father, great I AM,  
We worship thee.”
- 5 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
“Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”  
They ever cry;  
Hail, Abraham’s Lord divine!  
With heaven our songs we raise;  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

BASED ON THE JEWISH *YIGDAL ELOHIM HAI*;  
ATTR. TO DANIEL BEN JUDAH, C. 14TH CENT.  
THOMAS OLIVERS, 1725–1799

## The King of Love

87 87

ST. COLUMBA (IRISH)

TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY

HARM. BY CHARLES V. STANFORD, 1824-1924, ALT.

1 The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose  
 2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My  
 3 Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But

good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
 ran - somed soul he lead - eth, And where the ver - dant  
 yet in love he sought me, And on his shoul - der

I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.  
 pas - tures grow With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
 gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight, Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
 And oh, what transport of delight From thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never,  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise Within thy house forever.

BASED ON PSALM 23

HENRY W. BAKER, 1821-1877

## The Strife Is O'er

888 WITH ALLELUIAS

VICTORY

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, 1525-1594

ADAPT. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; Now is the  
 Death's might - iest pow'rs have done their worst, And Je - sus  
 He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from

Vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the song of  
 hath his foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and  
 heav'n's high por - tals fell; Let hymns of praise his

praise be sung; Al - le - lu - ia!  
 joy out - burst: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 tri - umph tell: Al - le - lu - ia!

D.C.

4 On the third morn he rose again,  
 Glorious in majesty to reign;  
 O let us swell the joyful strain:  
 Alleluia!

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

*FINITA JAM SUN PROELLA IN SYMPHONIA SIRENUM SELECTARUM, COLOGNE, 1695*


TR. BY FRANCIS POTT, 1832-1909, ALT.




## The Sun Is Shining Brightly

76 76 D WITH REFRAIN

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK, LONDON, 1883




1 The sun is shin - ing bright - ly, The trees are clothed with green,  
 2 There's mus - ic in the heav - ens, For birds are sing - ing there,  
 3 And when night clos - es o'er us, And twin - kling stars ap - pear;



The beau - teous bloom of flow - ers On ev - 'ry side is seen;  
 And na - ture's songs and prais - es Are sound - ing through the air;  
 The chaste moon calm - ly reign - eth, In skies so bright and clear.



The fields are gold and em - 'rald, And all the world is gay;  
 And we with hearts o'er - flow - ing With joy will sing to - day;  
 Oh! how that sight re - minds us Of heav - en far a - way,



For 'tis the month of Ma - ry, The love - ly month of May.  
 For 'tis the month of Ma - ry, The love - ly month of May.  
 Where reigns, o'er saints and an - gels, Our love - ly Queen of May.

O Ma - ry, dear Moth - er, We sing a hymn to thee; Thou

art the Queen of heav - en, Thou too the Queen shall be, O

rule us and guide us Un - to e - ter - ni - ty.

ATTR. TO SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME DE NAMUR

## The Sun Is Sinking Fast

64 66

ST. COLUMBA (IRONS)

HERBERT STEPHEN IRONS, 1834-1905

1 The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;  
 2 As Christ up - on the Cross, In death re - clined,  
 3 So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.  
 In - to his Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - signed.  
 In - to his sa - cred charge In whom all spir - its live;

4 So now beneath his eye  
 Would calmly rest,  
 Without a wish or thought  
 Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that his will be done,  
 Whate'er betide,  
 Dead to herself, and dead  
 In him to all aside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now  
 Not I, but he  
 In all his power and love  
 Henceforth alive in me—

7 One sacred Trinity,  
 One Lord divine,  
 Myself for ever his  
 And he for ever mine!

*SOL PRAECEPT RAPITUR*, 18TH CENT.  
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

HORSLEY

WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1774-1858

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,  
 2 We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear,  
 3 He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by his pre - cious blood.

4 There was no other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin;  
 He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heav'n, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has he loved,  
 And we must love him too,  
 And trust in his redeeming blood,  
 And try his works to do.

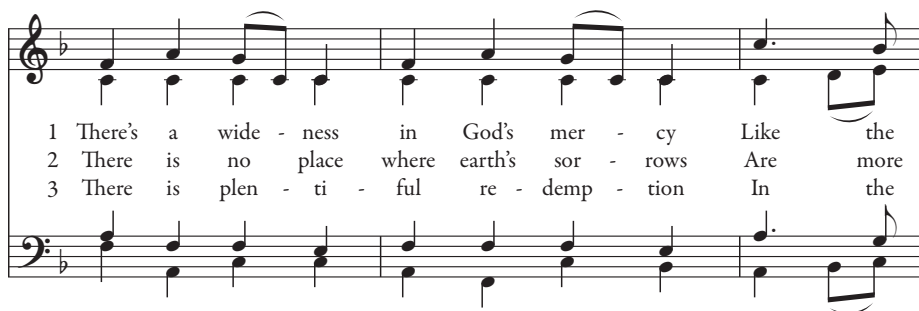
CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1818-1895

# 269 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

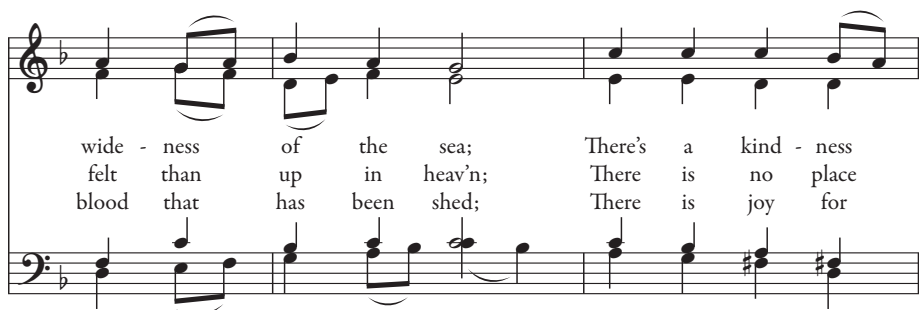
87 87

GOTT WILL'S MACHEN

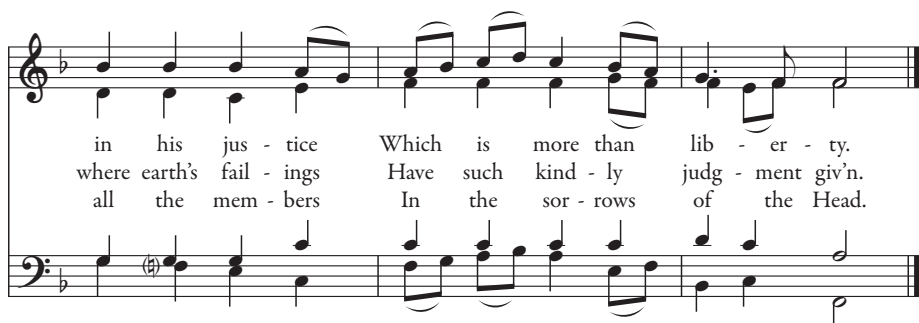
JOHANN LUDWIG STEINER, 1688–1761



1 There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy Like the  
 2 There is no place where earth's sor - rows Are more  
 3 There is plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion In the



wide - ness of the sea; There's a kind - ness  
 felt than up in heav'n; There is no place  
 blood that has been shed; There is joy for



in his jus - tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 where earth's fail - ings Have such kind - ly judg - ment giv'n.  
 all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.

- 4 Souls of men! why will ye scatter  
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
 Foolish hearts! why will ye wander  
 From a love so true and deep?
- 5 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measures of man's mind,  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.

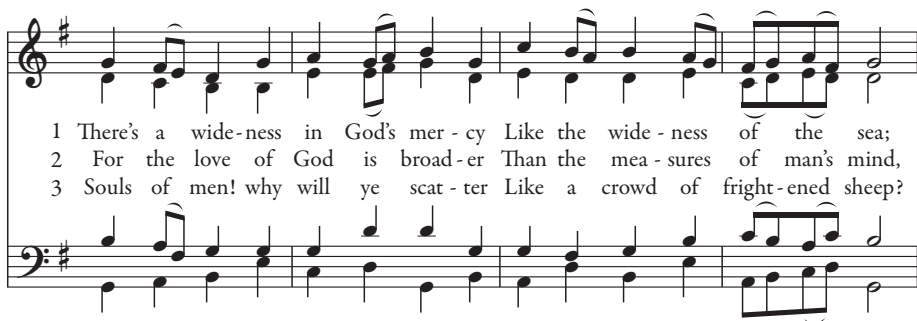
COME TO JESUS; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814–1863

# 270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

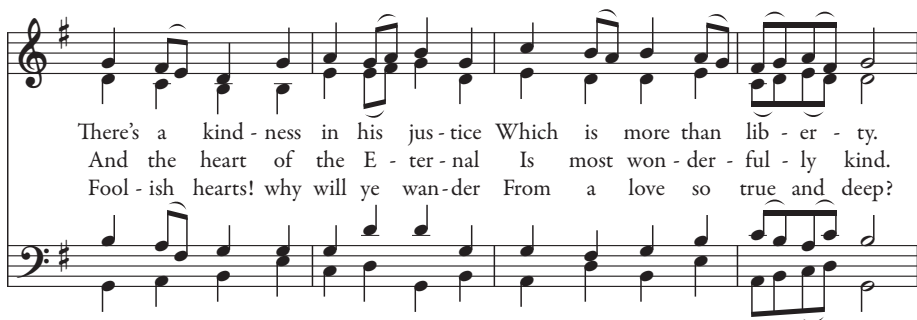
87 87

IN BABILONE

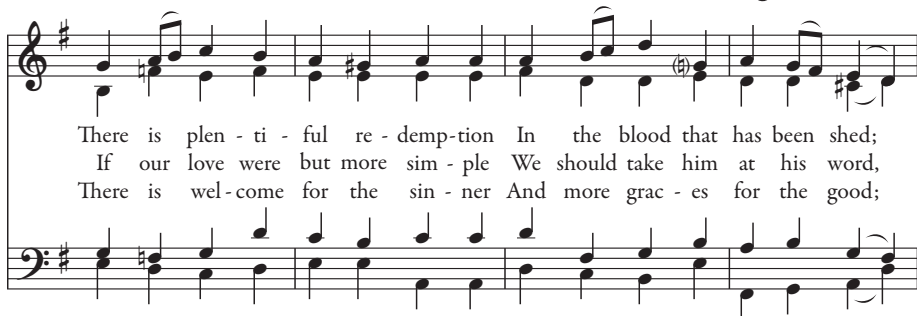
TRADITIONAL DUTCH MELODY



1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
2 For the love of God is broad-er Than the mea-sures of man's mind,  
3 Souls of men! why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?



There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?



There is plen-ti-ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;  
If our love were but more sim-ple We should take him at his word,  
There is wel-come for the sin-ner And more grac-es for the good;



There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor-rows of the Head.  
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.  
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal-ing in his blood.

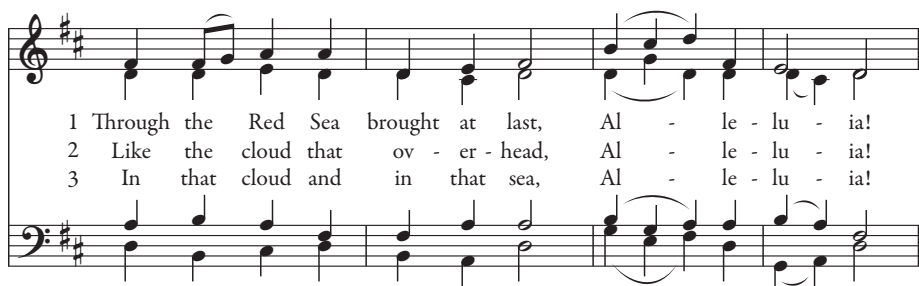
COME TO JESUS; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863

## Through the Red Sea

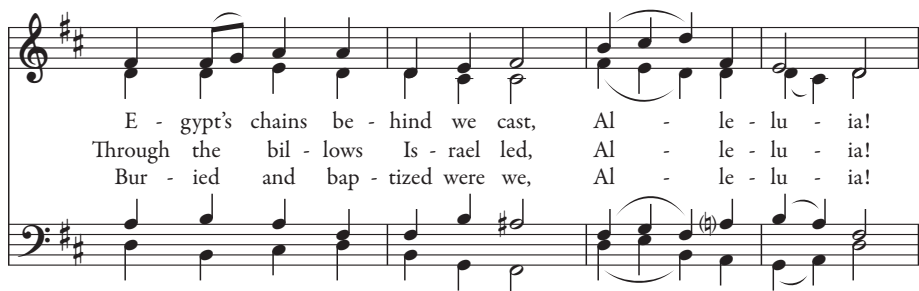
74 74 674

STRAF MICH NICHT

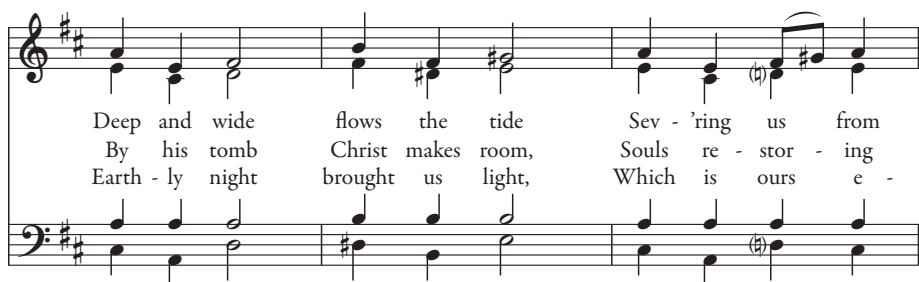
ATTR. TO JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER, C. 1619-1684



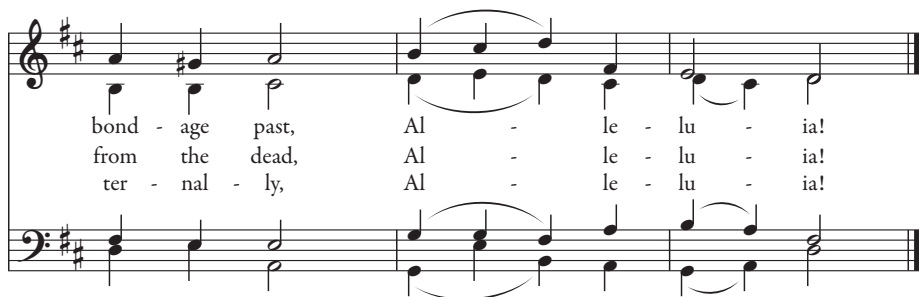
1 Through the Red Sea brought at last, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2 Like the cloud that ov - er - head, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3 In that cloud and in that sea, Al - le - lu - ia!



E - gypt's chains be - hind we cast, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Through the bil - lows Is - rael led, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Bur - ied and bap - tized were we, Al - le - lu - ia!



Deep and wide flows the tide Sev - 'ring us from  
 By his tomb Christ makes room, Souls re - stor - ing  
 Earth - ly night brought us light, Which is ours e -



bond - age past, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 from the dead, Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ter - nal - ly, Al - le - lu - ia!

RONALD A. KNOX, 1888-1957

SWABIA

JOHANN M. SPEISS, 1715-1772

ADAPT. BY WILLIAM A. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870

1 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy glo - ry fills the night; Thy  
 2 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy beau - ty to be - hold, Where  
 3 Ful - fill - er of the past! Prom - ise of things to be! We

face and gar - ments, like the sun, Shine with un - bor - rowed light.  
 Mo - ses and E - li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.  
 hail thy bod - y glo - ri - fied, And our re - demp - tion see.

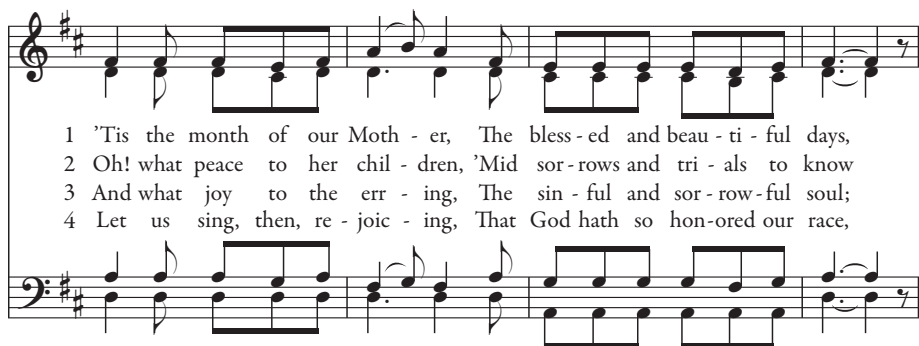
4 Before we taste of death,  
 We see thy kingdom come;  
 We fain would hold the vision bright,  
 And make this hill our home.

5 'Tis good, Lord, to be here!  
 Yet we may not remain;  
 But since thou bidst us leave the mount,  
 Come with us to the plain.

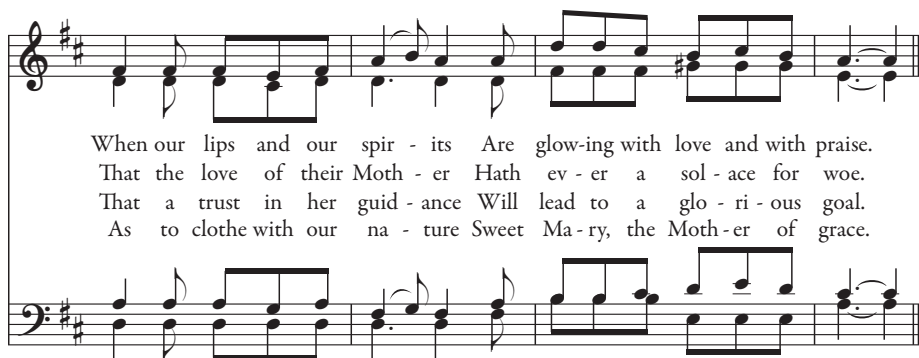
BASED ON LUKE 9:32-33

JOSEPH A. ROBINSON, 1858-1933

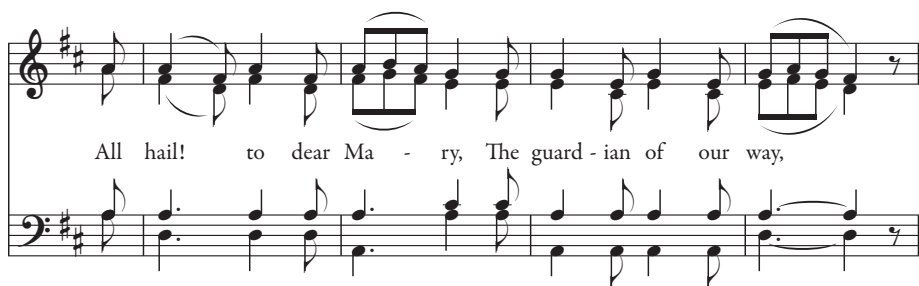




1 'Tis the month of our Moth - er, The bless - ed and beau - ti - ful days,  
 2 Oh! what peace to her chil - dren, 'Mid sor - rows and tri - als to know  
 3 And what joy to the err - ing, The sin - ful and sor - row - ful soul;  
 4 Let us sing, then, re - joic - ing, That God hath so hon - ored our race,



When our lips and our spir - its Are glow - ing with love and with praise.  
 That the love of their Moth - er Hath ev - er a sol - ace for woe.  
 That a trust in her guid - ance Will lead to a glo - ri - ous goal.  
 As to clothe with our na - ture Sweet Ma - ry, the Moth - er of grace.



All hail! to dear Ma - ry, The guard - ian of our way,



To the fair - est of Queens, Be the fair - est of sea - sons, sweet May.

BASED ON *C'EST LE MOIS DE MARIE*, FROM LAMBILLOTTE'S *CHOIX DE CANTIQUES*, 1867

## To Jesus' Heart All Burning

7676 WITH REFRAIN

COR JESU

WILLIAM J. MAHER, 1823-1877

1 To Je - sus' heart all burn - ing With fer - vent love for men,  
 2 O heart for me on fire With love no man can speak,  
 3 Too true, I have for - sak - en Thy love for wil - ful sin,  
 4 As thou art meek and low - ly, And ev - er pure at heart,

My heart with fond - est yearn - ing Shall raise the joy - ful strain.  
 My yet un - told de - sire God gives me for thy sake.  
 Yet now let me be tak - en Back by thy grace a - gain.  
 So may my heart be whol - ly Of thine the coun - ter - part.

While a - ges course a - long, Blest be with loud - est song

The Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus By ev - 'ry heart and tongue,

The Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus By ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

DEM HERZEN JESU SING; ALOYS SCHLOER, 1805-1852

TR. BY ALBANY JAMES CHRISTIE, 1817-1891

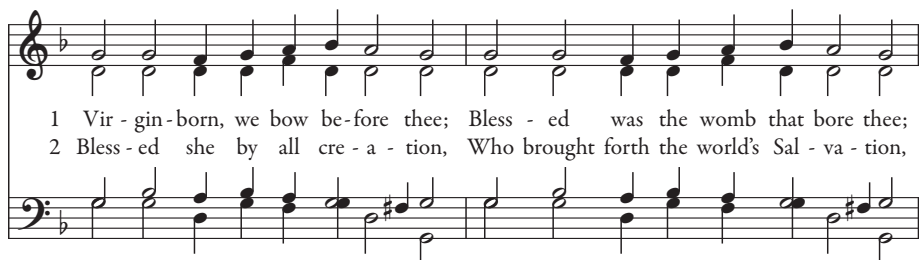
# 275 Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee

88 77 D

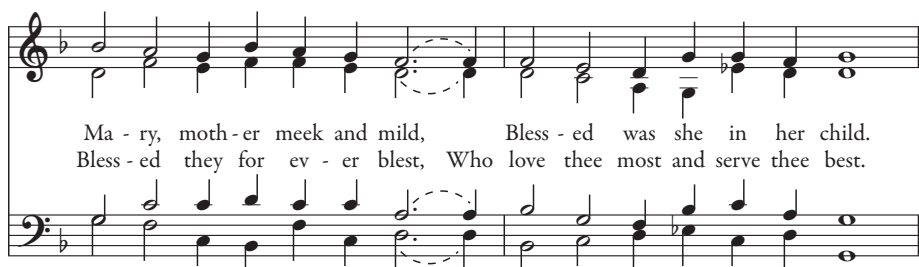
MON DIEU PRETE-MOI L'OREILLE

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, C. 1510-1561

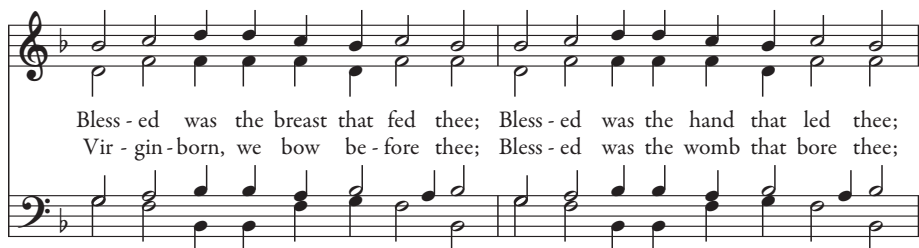
HARM. BY CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, 1514-1572



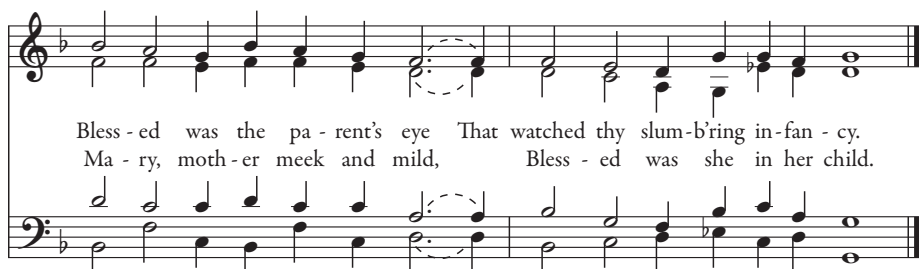
1 Vir - gin-born, we bow be-fore thee; Bless - ed was the womb that bore thee;  
2 Bless - ed she by all cre - a - tion, Who brought forth the world's Sal - va - tion,



Ma - ry, moth - er meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her child.  
Bless - ed they for ev - er blest, Who love thee most and serve thee best.



Bless - ed was the breast that fed thee; Bless - ed was the hand that led thee;  
Vir - gin-born, we bow be - fore thee; Bless - ed was the womb that bore thee;



Bless - ed was the pa - rent's eye That watched thy slum-b'ring in-fan - cy.  
Ma - ry, moth - er meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her child.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

# 276 Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee

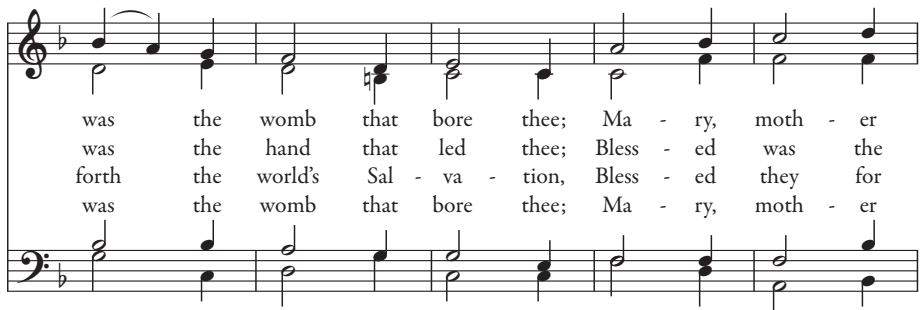
88 77

QUEM PASTORES

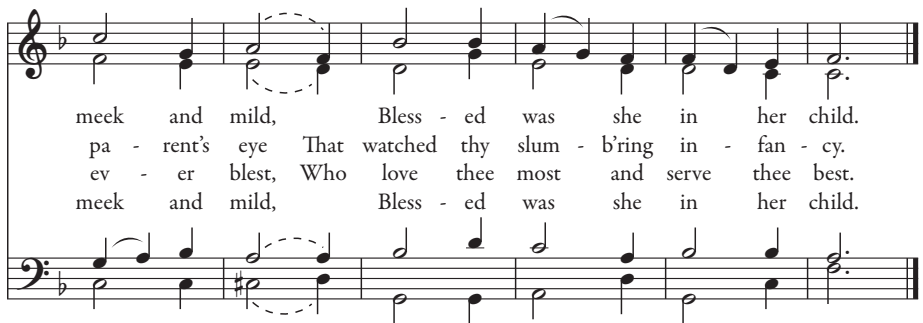
GERMAN 14TH CENT. CAROL



1 Vir - gin - born, we bow be - fore thee; Bless - ed  
 2 Bless - ed was the breast that fed thee; Bless - ed  
 3 Bless - ed she by all cre - a - tion, Who brought  
 4 Vir - gin - born, we bow be - fore thee; Bless - ed



was the womb that bore thee; Ma - ry, moth - er  
 was the hand that led thee; Bless - ed was the  
 forth the world's Sal - va - tion, Bless - ed they for  
 was the womb that bore thee; Ma - ry, moth - er



meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her child.  
 pa - rent's eye That watched thy slum - b'ring in - fan - cy.  
 ev - er blest, Who love thee most and serve thee best.  
 meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her child.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826

## Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

89 8 D 66 4 88

WACHET AUF

PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556-1608

HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750

1 "Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing,"  
 2 Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing;  
 3 Now let all the heav'ns a - dore thee,

The watch - men on the heights are cry - ing;  
 And all her heart with joy is spring - ing;  
 Let men and an - gels sing be - fore thee,

"A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!"  
 She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom;  
 With harp and cym - bal's clear - est tone.

Mid - night hears the wel - come voic - es  
 For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious,  
 Of one pearl each shin - ing por - tal,

And at the thrill - ling cry re - joic - es:  
 The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious,  
 Where, dwell - ing with the choir im - mor - tal,

"Oh, where are ye, ye vir - gins wise?  
 Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.  
 We gath - er round thy ra - diant throne.

The Bride - groom comes, a - wake! Thy  
 "Now come, thou Bless - ed One, Lord  
 No vi - sion ev - er brought, No

lamps with glad - ness take! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Je - sus, God's own Son, Hail! Ho - san - na!  
 ear hath ev - er caught, Such great glo - ry;

With bri - dal care thy - selves pre - pare To  
 The joy - ful call we an - swer all And  
 There - fore will we e - ter - nal - ly Sing

meet the Bride - groom, who is near."  
 fol - low to the nup - tial hall."  
 hymns of praise and joy to thee.

*WACHET AUF, RUFT UNS DIE STIMME*; PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556–1608  
 TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–1878, ALT.

ABERYSTWYTH

JOSEPH PARRY, 1841-1903

1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.  
 2 Watch-man, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends.  
 3 Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn.

Trav -'ler, what a won - drous sight: See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.  
 Trav -'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por - tends.  
 Trav -'ler, shad - ows take their flight; Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn.

Watch-man, does its beau - teous ray News of joy or hope fore - tell?  
 Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Watch-man, you may go your way; Has - ten to your qui - et home.

Trav -'ler, yes, it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.  
 Trav -'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.  
 Trav -'ler, we re - joice to - day, For Em - man - u - el has come!

JOHN BOWRING, 1792-1872, ALT.



## What Child Is This

87 87 WITH REFRAIN

GREENSLEEVES

ENGLISH FOLK SONG, 16TH CENT.

HARM. BY JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901

1 What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep - ing?  
 2 Why lies he in such mean es - tate Where ox and ass are feed - ing?  
 3 So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, Come, peas-ant, king, to own him;

Whom an - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing?  
 Good Chris-tian, fear, for sin-ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 The King of kings sal - va - tion bring, Let lov - ing hearts en-throne him.

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing!  
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through, The cross be borne, for me, for you:  
 Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:

Haste, haste to bring him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!  
 Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!  
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837-1898

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

TRIER MANUSCRIPT, 15TH CENT.

ADAPT. BY MICHAEL PRAETORIUS, 1571-1621

1 What star is this, with beams so bright, More  
 2 'Tis now full-filled what God de-creed, "From  
 3 O Je-sus, while the star of grace Im-  
 4 To God al-might-y, heav'n-ly Light; To

love-ly than the noon-day light? 'Tis sent to an-nounce a  
 Ja-cob shall a star pro-ceed;" And lo! the east-ern  
 pels us on to seek thy face, Let not our sloth-ful  
 Christ, re-vealed in earth-ly night, To God the Ho-ly

new-born King, Glad ti-dings of our God to bring.  
 sa-ges stand To read in heav'n the Lord's com-mand.  
 hearts re-fuse The guid-ance of thy light to use.  
 Spir-it raise An end-less song of thank-ful praise!

QUAE STELLA SOLE PULCHRIOR; CHARLES COFFIN, 1676-1749

TR. BY JOHN CHANDLER, 1806-1876, ALT.

# 281 Whate'er Our God Ordains Is Right

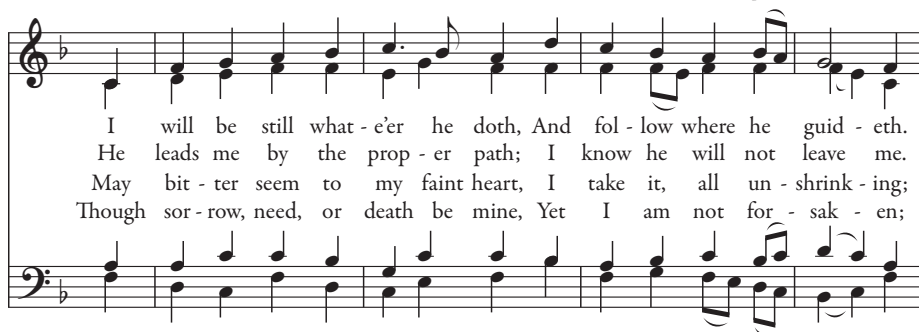
87 87 44 88

WAS GOTT TUT

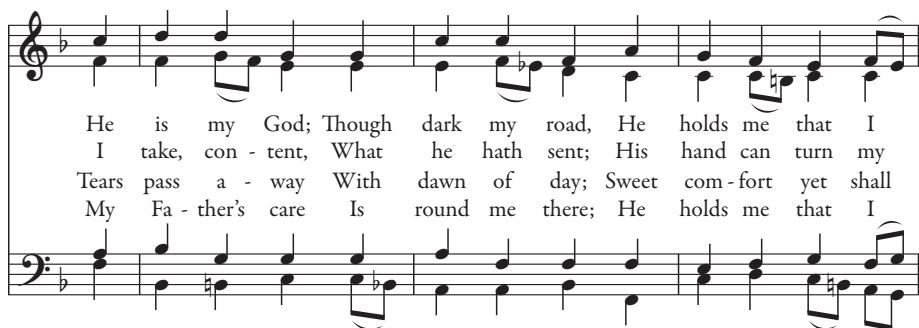
WEIMAR GESANGBUCH, 1681



1 What - e'er our God or - dains is right; Ho - ly his will a - bid - eth;  
 2 What - e'er our God or - dains is right; He nev - er will de - ceive me;  
 3 What - e'er our God or - dains is right; Though now this cup, in drink - ing,  
 4 What - e'er our God or - dains is right; Here shall my stand be tak - en;



I will be still what - e'er he doth, And fol - low where he guid - eth.  
 He leads me by the prop - er path; I know he will not leave me.  
 May bit - ter seem to my faint heart, I take it, all un - shrink - ing;  
 Though sor - row, need, or death be mine, Yet I am not for - sak - en;



He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I  
 I take, con - tent, What he hath sent; His hand can turn my  
 Tears pass a - way With dawn of day; Sweet com - fort yet shall  
 My Fa - ther's care Is round me there; He holds me that I



shall not fall; Where - fore to him I leave it all.  
 griefs a - way, And pa - tient - ly I wait his day.  
 fill my heart, And pain and sor - row shall de - part.  
 shall not fall, And so to him I leave it all.

WAS GOTT TUT DAS IST WOHLGETAN; SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1649-1708

TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878, ALT.

# 282 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

88 88

HAMBURG

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!  
 That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD BY THE CROSS OF CHRIST; ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

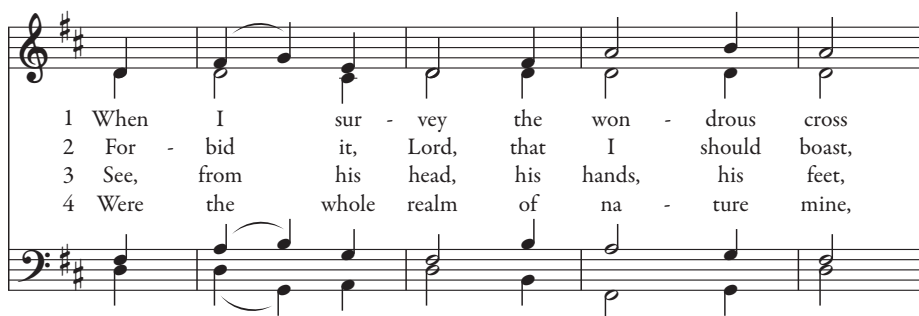
# 283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

88 88

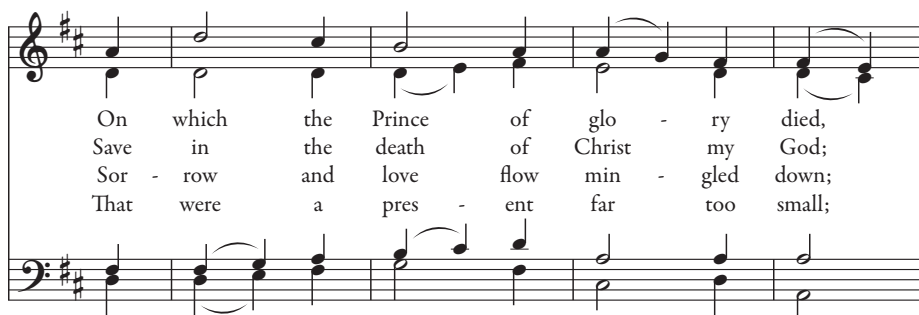
ROCKINGHAM

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO PSALMODY IN MINIATURE, 1783

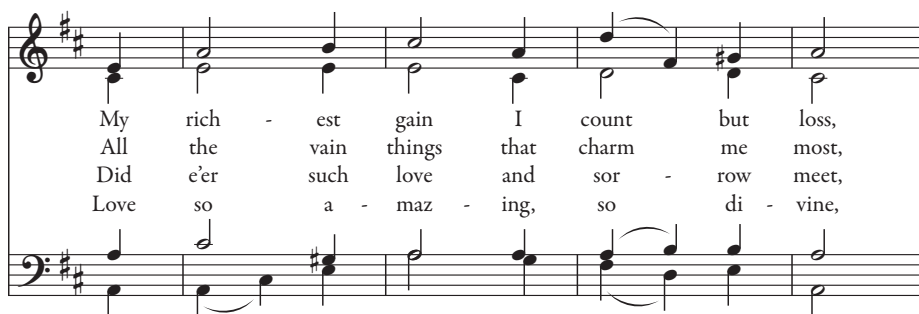
HARM. BY EDWARD MILLER, 1735-1807



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD BY THE CROSS OF CHRIST; ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May  
 2 When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hills and dell, May  
 3 My tongue shall nev - er tire Of chant-ing with the choir, May

Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer To  
 Je - sus Christ be praised: O hark to what it sings, As  
 Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy, It

Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 nev - er seems to cloy, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

- 4 Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find, May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this, May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 5 The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say, May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 The powers of darkness fear, When this sweet chant they hear, May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 6 Be this, while life is mine, My canticle divine, May Jesus Christ be praised:  
 Be this the eternal song Through ages all along, May Jesus Christ be praised.

BEIM FRÜHEN MORGENLICHT; KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, WÜRZBURG, 1828

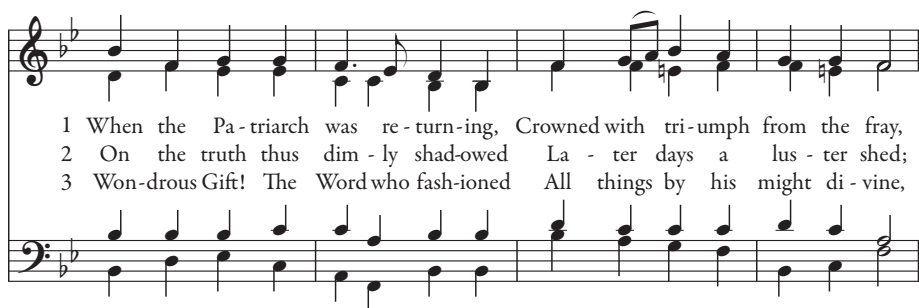
TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878, ALT.

# 285 When the Patriarch Was Returning


87 87 77

ALL SAINTS

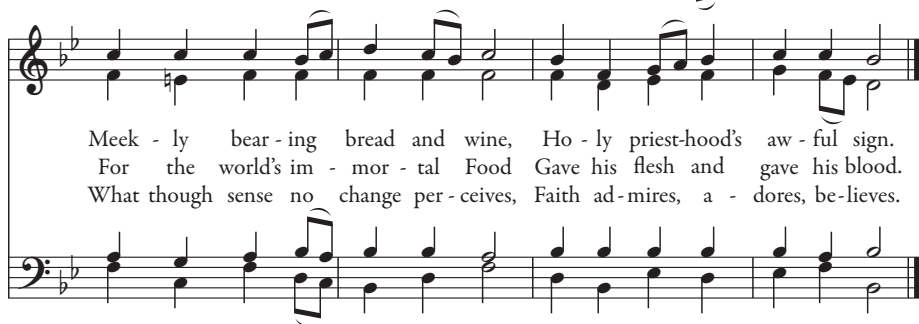
GESANGBUCH, DARMSTADT, 1698



1 When the Pa-triarch was re-turn-ing, Crowned with tri-umph from the fray,  
 2 On the truth thus dim-ly shad-owed La-ter days a lus-ter shed;  
 3 Won-drous Gift! The Word who fash-ioned All things by his might di-vine,



Him the peace-ful king of Sal-em Came to meet up-on his way;  
 When the great High-Priest e-ter-nal, Un-der forms of wine and bread,  
 Bread un-to his bod-y chang-es, In-to his own blood the wine,



Meek-ly bear-ing bread and wine, Ho-ly priest-hood's aw-ful sign.  
 For the world's im-mor-tal Food Gave his flesh and gave his blood.  
 What though sense no change per-ceives, Faith ad-mires, a-dores, be-lieves.

- 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.

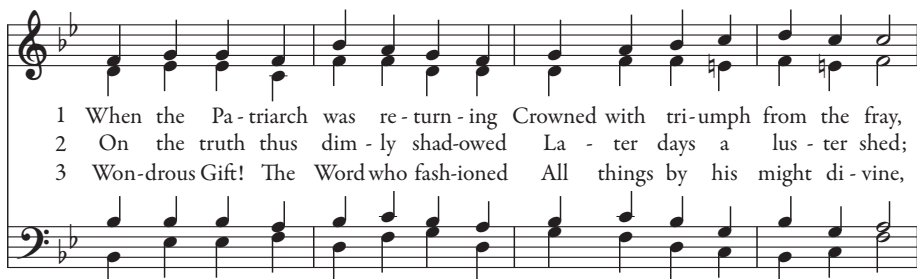
*HOSTE DUM VICTO TRIUMPHANS*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

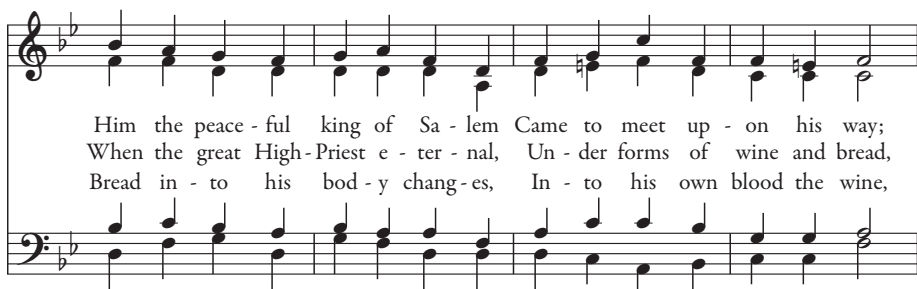
# 286 When the Patriarch Was Returning

87 87 77

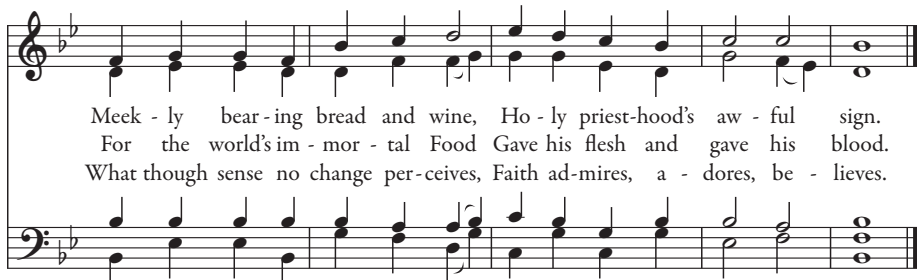
J.C. BOWEN



1 When the Pa-triarch was re-turn-ing Crowned with tri-umph from the fray,  
 2 On the truth thus dim-ly shad-owed La-ter days a lus-ter shed;  
 3 Won-drous Gift! The Word who fash-ioned All things by his might di-vine,



Him the peace-ful king of Sa-lem Came to meet up-on his way;  
 When the great High-Priest e-ter-nal, Un-der forms of wine and bread,  
 Bread in-to his bod-y chang-es, In-to his own blood the wine,



Meek-ly bear-ing bread and wine, Ho-ly priest-hood's aw-ful sign.  
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*HOSTE DUM VICTO TRIUMPHANS*

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

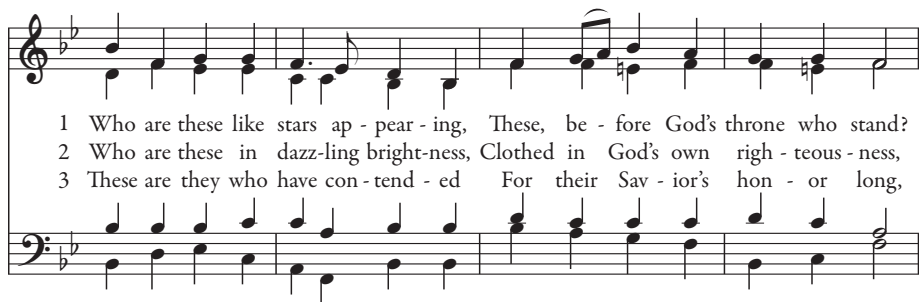


# 287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

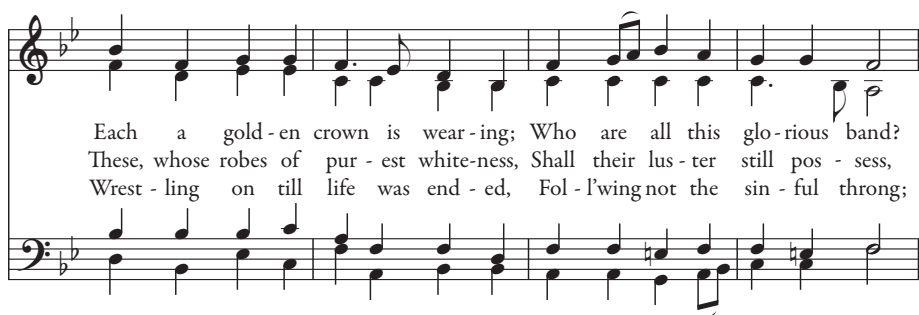
87 87 77

ALL SAINTS

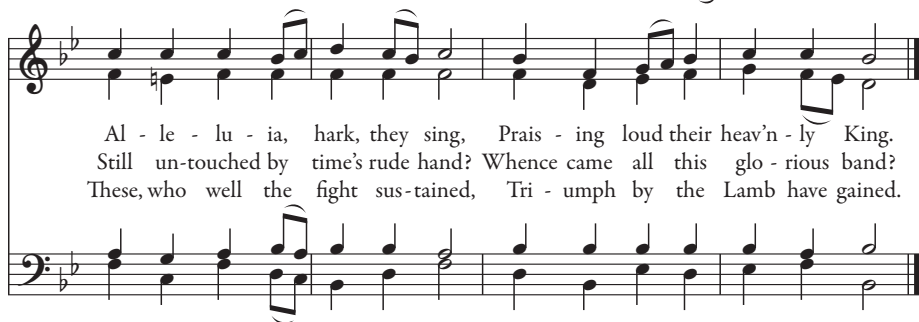
GESANGBUCH, DARMSTADT, 1698



1 Who are these like stars ap - pear - ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand?  
 2 Who are these in daz - zling bright - ness, Clothed in God's own righ - teous - ness,  
 3 These are they who have con - tend - ed For their Sav - ior's hon - or long,



Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?  
 These, whose robes of pur - est white - ness, Shall their lus - ter still pos - sess,  
 Wrest - ling on till life was end - ed, Fol - l'wing not the sin - ful throng;



Al - le - lu - ia, hark, they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n - ly King.  
 Still un - touched by time's rude hand? Whence came all this glo - rious band?  
 These, who well the fight sus - tained, Tri - umph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
 Who in prayer full oft have striven  
 With the God they glorified;  
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
 God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, th'Almighty contemplating,  
 Did as priests before him stand,  
 Soul and body always waiting  
 Day and night at his command:  
 Now in God's most holy place  
 Blest they stand before his face.

WER SIND DIE VOR GOTTES THRONE; HEINRICH SCHENCK, 1656-1727

TR. BY FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812-1897

# 288 Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless

87 87 D

EBENEZER (WILLIAMS)

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, 1869-1944

1 Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly  
 2 Who is this, a Man of Sor - rows, Walk - ing sad - ly  
 3 Who is this? Be - hold him shed - ding Drops of blood up -  
 4 Who is this that hangs there dy - ing While the rude world

He - brew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - tered,  
 life's hard way, Home - less, wea - ry, sigh - ing, weep - ing  
 on the ground! Who is this, de - spised, re - ject - ed,  
 scoffs and scorns, Num - bered with the mal - e - fac - tors,

Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?  
 O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway?  
 Mocked, in - sult - ed, beat - en, bound?  
 Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?

'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous  
 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sav - ior, Who a - bove the  
 'Tis our God, who gifts and grac - es, On his church is  
 'Tis our God, who lives for - ev - er 'Mid the shin - ing

path has trod; He is God from ev - er - last - ing,  
 star - ry sky Is for us a place pre - par - ing,  
 pour - ing down; Who shall smite in ho - ly ven - geance  
 ones on high, In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y,

And to ev - er - last - ing God.  
 Where no tear can dim the eye.  
 All his foes be - neath his throne.  
 Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897, ALT.

## 289 Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless

87 87 D

EIFIONYDD

JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, 1815-1874

1 Who is this, so weak and help - less, Child of low - ly  
 2 Who is this, a Man of Sor - rows, Walk - ing sad - ly  
 3 Who is this? Be - hold him shed - ding Drops of blood up -  
 4 Who is this that hangs there dy - ing While the rude world

He - brew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel - tered,  
 life's hard way, Home - less, wea - ry, sigh - ing, weep - ing  
 on the ground! Who is this, de - spised, re - ject - ed,  
 scoffs and scorns, Num - bered with the mal - e - fac - tors,

Cold - ly in a man - ger laid?  
 O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway?  
 Mocked, in - sult - ed, beat - en, bound?  
 Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?

'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won - drous  
 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sav - ior, Who a - bove the  
 'Tis our God, who gifts and grac - es On his church is  
 'Tis our God, who lives for - ev - er 'Mid the shin - ing

path has trod; He is God from ev - er - last - ing,  
 star - ry sky Is for us a place pre - par - ing,  
 pour - ing down; Who shall smite in ho - ly ven - geance  
 ones on high, In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y,

And to ev - er - last - ing God.  
 Where no tear can dim the eye.  
 All his foes be - neath his throne.  
 Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897, ALT.

# 290 Word of God to Earth Descending

87 87

DRAKE'S BROUGHTON

EDWARD ELGAR, 1857-1934

1 Word of God to earth de - scend - ing, With the Fa - ther  
 2 Well the trai - tor's kiss fore-know - ing, Mir - a - cle of  
 3 Ho - ly bod - y, blood all pre - cious, Giv'n by him to

pres - ent still, Near his earth - ly jour - ney's end - ing  
 love di - vine, See his hands him - self be - stow - ing  
 be our food, With them both he doth re - fresh us,

Hastes his mis - sion to ful - fill.  
 In the hal - lowed Bread and Wine.  
 Formed like him of flesh and blood.

4 Mighty Victim, earth's salvation,  
 Heav'n's own gate unfolding wide,  
 Help thy people in temptation,  
 Feed them from thy bleeding side.

5 Unto thee, the hidden manna,  
 Father, Spirit, unto thee,  
 Let us raise the loud hosanna,  
 And adoring bend the knee.

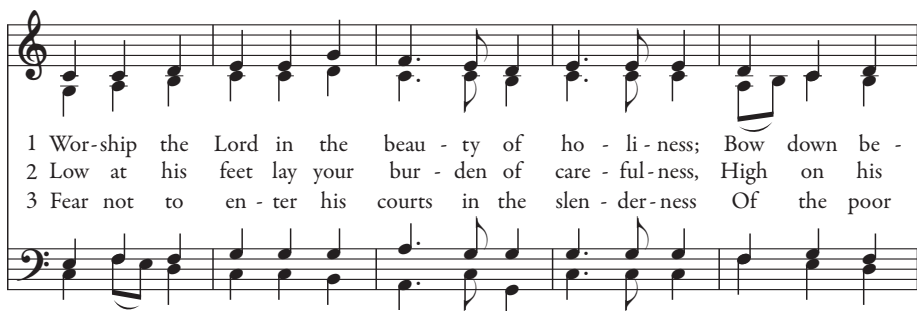
*VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS*; THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227-1274  
 TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1868

# 291 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

12 10 12 10

WAS LEBET WAS SCHWEBET

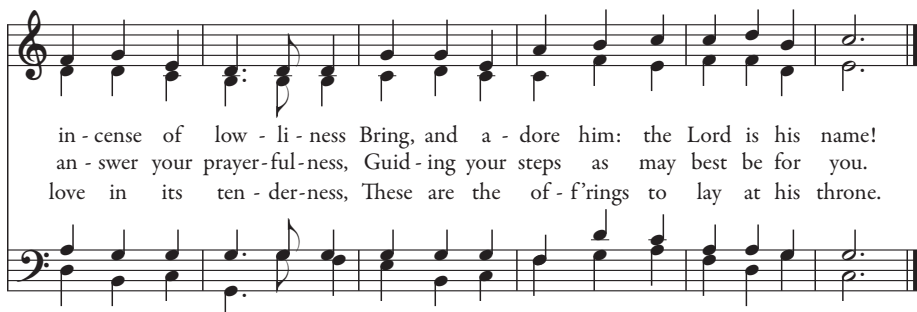
RHEINHARDT MANUSCRIPT, ÜTTINGEN, 1754



1 Wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness; Bow down be -  
 2 Low at his feet lay your bur - den of care - ful - ness, High on his  
 3 Fear not to en - ter his courts in the slen - der - ness Of the poor



fore him, his glo - ry pro - claim; Gold of o - be - dience and  
 heart he will bear it for you, Com - fort your sor - rows, and  
 wealth which is all that you own. Truth in its beau - ty and



in - cense of low - li - ness Bring, and a - dore him: the Lord is his name!  
 an - swer your prayer - ful - ness, Guid - ing your steps as may best be for you.  
 love in its ten - der - ness, These are the of - f'ings to lay at his throne.

4 These things we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
 He will accept for the Name that is dear,  
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
 Trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
 Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;  
 Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness  
 Bring, and adore him: the Lord is his name!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1811-1875, ALT.

DARWALL'S 148<sup>TH</sup>

JOHN DARWALL, 1731-1789

1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand,  
 2 Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race,  
 3 Ye saints, who toil be - low, A - dore your heaven - ly King,  
 4 My soul, bear thou thy part, Tri - umph in God a - bove:

Or through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand,  
 And now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the Sa - vior's face,  
 And on - ward as ye go Some joy - ful an - them sing;  
 And with a well - tuned heart Sing thou the songs of love;

As - sist our song, for else the theme  
 God's prais - es sound, as in his sight  
 Take what he gives and praise him still,  
 Let all thy days till life shall end,

Too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue.  
 With sweet de - light ye do a - bound.  
 Through good or ill, who ev - er lives.  
 What - e'er he send, be filled with praise.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615-1691, ALT.; HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802-1862

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNGE, COLOGNE, 1623  
HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

1 Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright ser - aphs, cher -  
 2 O high - er than the cher - ub - im, More glo - rious than  
 3 Res - pond, ye souls in end - less rest, Ye pa - tri - archs  
 4 O friends, in glad - ness let us sing, Su - per - nal an -

ub - im, and thrones, Raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ia! Cry out, do - min -  
 the ser - aph - im, Lead their prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Thou bear - er of  
 and proph - ets blest, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye ho - ly twelve,  
 them ech - o - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To God the Fa -

ions, prince - doms, powers, Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels' choirs:  
 thē - ter - nal Word, Most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the Lord:  
 ye mar - tyrs strong, All saints tri - umph - ant, raise the song:  
 ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One:

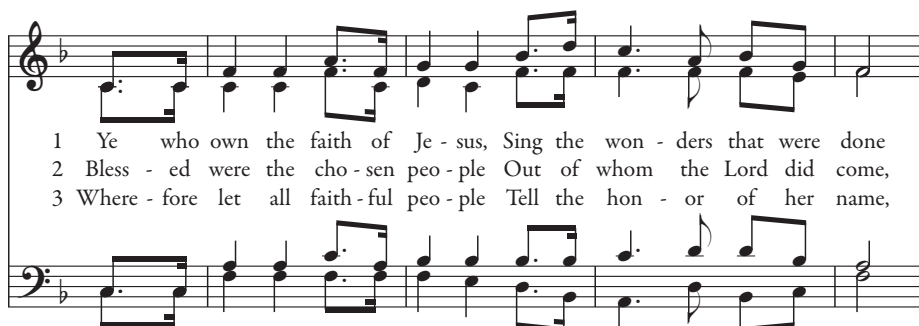
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

J. ATHELSTAN RILEY, 1858-1947

A CATHOLIC BOOK OF HYMNS • 313

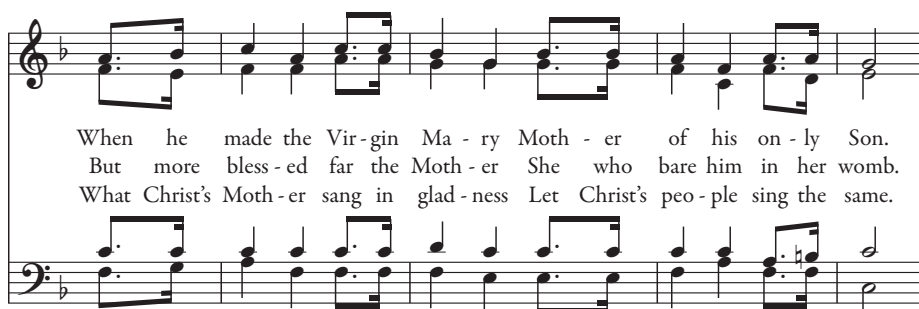





1 Ye who own the faith of Je - sus, Sing the won - ders that were done  
 2 Bless - ed were the cho - sen peo - ple Out of whom the Lord did come,  
 3 Where - fore let all faith - ful peo - ple Tell the hon - or of her name,



When the love of God the Fa - ther O'er our sin the vic - t'ry won,  
 Bless - ed was the land of prom - ise Fash - ioned for his earth - ly home;  
 Let the Church, in her fore - shad - owed, Part in her thanks - giv - ing claim;



When he made the Vir - gin Ma - ry Moth - er of his on - ly Son.  
 But more bless - ed far the Moth - er She who bare him in her womb.  
 What Christ's Moth - er sang in glad - ness Let Christ's peo - ple sing the same.



Hail Ma - ry, Hail Ma - ry, Hail Ma - ry full of grace.

VICTOR STUCKEY STRATTON COLES, 1845-1929

DEN DES VATERS SINN GEBOREN

JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670-1739

HARM. FROM *ZION HARFE*, 1855

1 Ye who own the faith of Je - sus, Sing the won - ders that were done  
 2 Bless - ed were the cho - sen peo - ple Out of whom the Lord did come,  
 3 Where - fore let all faith - ful peo - ple Tell the hon - or of her name,

When the love of God the Fa - ther O'er our sin the  
 Bless - ed was the land of prom - ise Fash - ioned for his  
 Let the Church, in her fore - shad - owed, Part in her thanks -

vic - t'ry won, When he made the Vir - gin Ma - ry  
 earth - ly home; But more bless - ed far the Moth - er  
 giv - ing claim; What Christ's Moth - er sang in glad - ness

Moth - er of his on - ly Son.  
 She who bare him in her womb. Hail, Ma - ry, full of grace.  
 Let Christ's peo - ple sing the same.

VICTOR STUCKEY STRATTON COLES, 1845-1929



# GREGORIAN CHANTS



## Introduction to Gregorian Chants

Over the years, the Mass has been celebrated from books on the altar. There were smaller books for those attending the Mass in a monastery or seminary, which included Scripture and music, and the music was all in Gregorian chant. From these sacred books they would sing parts of the Mass in response.

Around the middle of the last century, the singing of the Ordinary of the Mass in Latin by the congregation was encouraged and was gaining acceptance. At that same time, the Pope Venerable Pius XII asked worldwide that hymns of the people be collected locally. As part of the liturgical reforms that followed the Second Vatican Council, Pope Saint Paul VI granted permission for the Mass to be said and sung in local languages. The parts of the Mass in local languages eventually took over the Latin and the singing of the people in Latin at the Mass was, unfortunately, discarded.

In 2007, Pope Benedict XVI issued the motu proprio *Summorum Pontificum*, granting permission on celebrating the Tridentine Mass or Traditional Latin Mass according to the Missal promulgated by Pope Saint John XXIII in 1962. Catholics are now wanting to be able to sing the Mass in the language of the Church, Latin, as the Popes have encouraged. Hence, in the creation of this Gregorian Chants section, we have included several collections of chant settings for the Ordinary of the Mass and several chants and hymns—all in Gregorian chant notation—further expanding the congregation’s Latin repertoire. Cantors and choirs will continue to sing the changing daily scriptures, the Propers, while the congregation may sing the Ordinary of the Mass, the same words but with changing music at times.

The Church’s great sacred music tradition has handed down to us an inestimable treasure of chants for the Ordinary of the Mass. The collection is commonly called the *Kyriale*—the chant repertoire for the Ordinary of the Mass, which contains eighteen Masses consisting of the Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and six Credo, as well as the chants sung in dialogue between the priest or the deacon and the people. The Masses included in this selection are: Missa Jubilate

Deo, the minimum repertoire of plainchant encouraged by Pope Saint Paul VI in his letter, *Voluntati Obsequens*; Missa I (*Lux et origo*) for Easter Time; Missa II (*Kyrie fons bonitatis*) for solemn feasts; Missa VIII (*De Angelis*), the most widely-known and popular Latin Mass setting; Missa IX (*Cum jubilo*) for the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary; Missa XI (*Orbis factor*) for Sundays in Ordinary Time; Missa XVI for weekdays throughout the year; Missa XVII for Sundays of Advent and Lent; and, Missa XVIII (*Deus Genitor alme*) for weekdays of Advent and Lent. This collection also includes the essential parts of the Missa Pro Defunctis, the chants for a Requiem Mass.

Several essential chants and hymns for various uses are also included in this selection: for the Communion, in honoring the Blessed Sacrament and for Eucharistic procession and benediction, in honoring the Holy Spirit, and in honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Sequences for the Easter and Pentecost Sundays, the familiar chant and hymns in Lent and the Holy Week, as well as chant settings for the Gospel canticles for Lauds and Vespers are also included.

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We thank the Church Music Association of America for their kind permission to print these chants from their excellent book, *The Parish Book of Chant*, edited by Richard Rice. Their website [www.musicasacra.com](http://www.musicasacra.com) is full of resources for Catholic musicians.

— George Baclay, Editor

# Missa Jubilate Deo

296

<sup>III</sup>  
**K**

Y-ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Ký- ri-  
e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son.

297

<sup>V</sup>  
**G**

Ló-ri- a in excél-sis De- o. Et in terra pax homí-ni-bus bo-  
næ vo-luntá- tis. Laudá- mus te. Be-ne-dí- cimus te. Ado-rá- mus te.  
Glo- ri- fi- cámus te. Grá- ti- as á- gimus ti- bi propter magnam gló- ri- am  
tu- am. Dómi- ne De- us, Rex cæ- lé- stis, De- us Pa- ter omní- pot- ens.  
Dómi- ne Fi- li u- ni- gé- ni- te Je- su Chri- ste. Dómi- ne De- us, Agnus  
De- i, Fí- li- us Pa- tris. Qui tol- lis pec- cá- ta mun- di, mi- se- ré- re

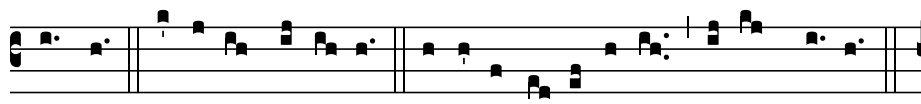




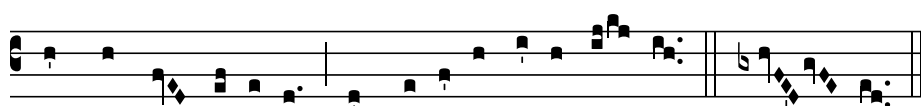
no-bis. Qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi, súsci-pe depre-ca-ti- ónem no-stram.



Qui se-des ad dέxte-ram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Quó-ni-am tu so-lus

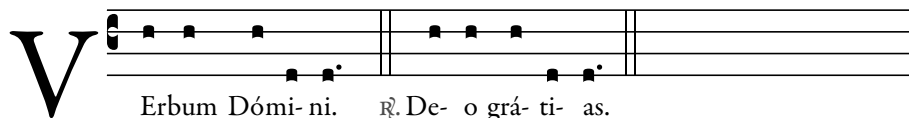


sanctus. Tu so-lus Dómi-nus. Tu so-lus Al-tís-simus, Je-su Chri-ste.



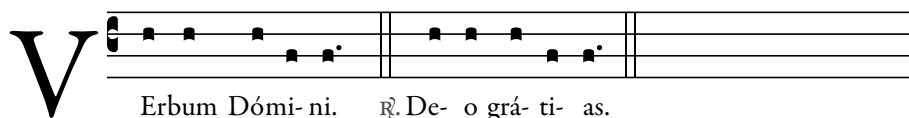
Cum Sancto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i Pa-tris. A-men.

## 298 *After the First Reading:*



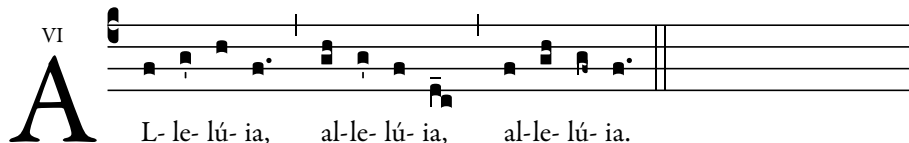
Erbum Dómi-ni. R. De-o grá-ti-as.

## 299 *After the Second (or only) Reading, before the Gospel:*




Erbum Dómi-ni. R. De-o grá-ti-as.

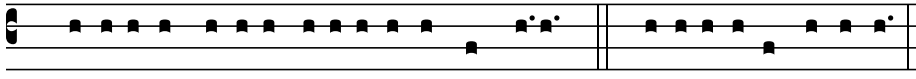
## 300 *Gospel Acclamation:*



L-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia.

### 301 *Before the Gospel:*

**D**  Ominus vo-bíscum. *R.* Et cum spí-ri-tu tu-o.



*V.* † Lécti-o sancti Evangé-li-i se-cúndum *N...* *R.* Gló-ri-a ti-bi Dómi-ne.

### 302 *After the Gospel:*

**V**  Erbum Dómi-ni. *R.* Laus ti-bi, Chri-ste.

### 303

**C** <sup>V</sup>  Re-do in unum De-um, Patrem omni-pot-éntem, factó-rem

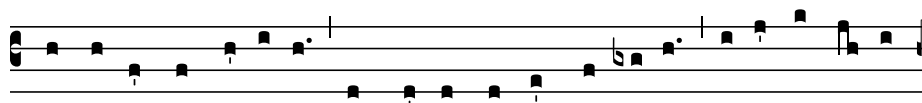
 cæ-li et terræ, vi-si-bí-li-um ó-mni-um, et invi-si-bí-li-um.

 Et in unum Dómi-num Je-sum Christum, Fí-li-um De-i u-ni-gé-ni-

 tum. Et ex Patre na-tum ante ó-mni-a sée-cu-la. De-um de

 De-o, lumen de lúmi-ne, De-um ve-rum de De-o ve-ro. Gé-ni-tum,

 non fa-ctum, consubstanti-á-lem Patri: per quem ó-mni-a fa-cta sunt.



Qui propter nos hómi-nes, et propter nostram sa- lú-tem descéndit de cæ-



lis. Et incarná-tus est de Spí-ri-tu Sancto ex Ma-rí-a Vírgi-ne:



Et homo factus est. Cru-ci-fi-xus ét-i-am pro no-bis: sub Pónti-



o Pi-lá-to passus, et se-púl-tus est. Et re-surré-xit térti-a di-



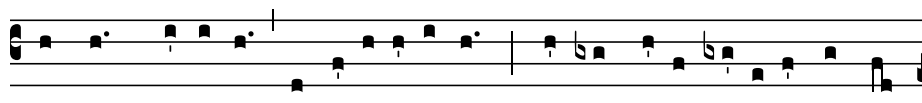
e, se-cúndum Scriptú-ras. Et ascéndit in cæ-lum: se-det ad dexte-



ram Pa-tris. Et í-te-rum ventú-rus est cum gló-ri-a, ju-di-cá-re



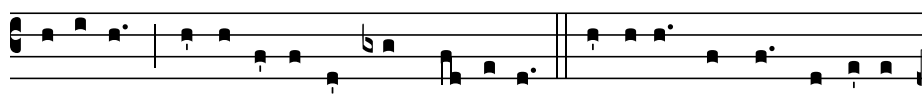
vi-vos et mórtu-os: cu-jus regni non e-rit fi-nis. Et in Spí-ri-tum



Sanctum, Dómi-num, et vi-vi-fi-cántem: qui ex Patre Fi-li-óque pro-



cé-dit. Qui cum Patre et Fí-li-o simul ad-o-rá-tur, et conglo-ri-




fi-cá-tur: qui lo-cú-tus est per Prophé-tas. Et unam sanctam cathó-li-



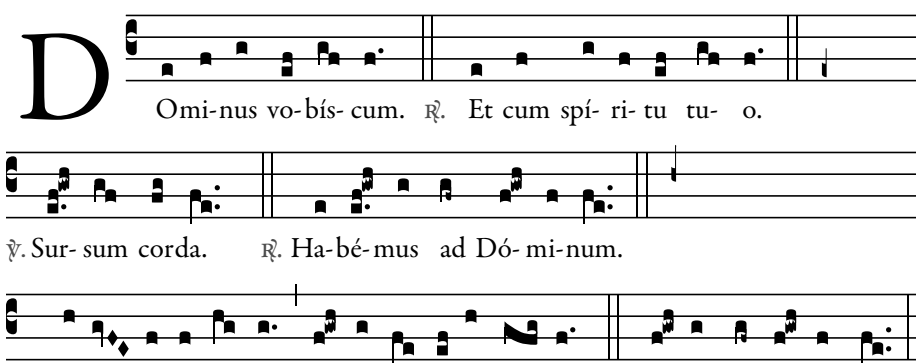
cam et a-postó-li-cam Ecclé-si-am. Confi-te-or unum ba-ptísma  
in remis-si-ónem pecca-tó-rum. Et exspécto re-surrecti-ónem mortu-  
ó-rum. Et vi-tam ventú-ri sǎ-cu-li. A-men.

### 304 *Prayer of the Faithful:*



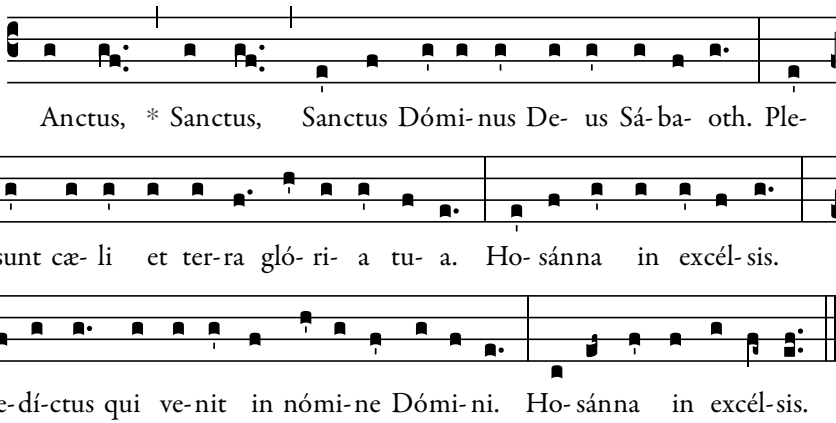
U T nos exaudí-re digné-ris. R. Te ro-gá-mus, audi nos.

### 305 *Preface Dialogue:*

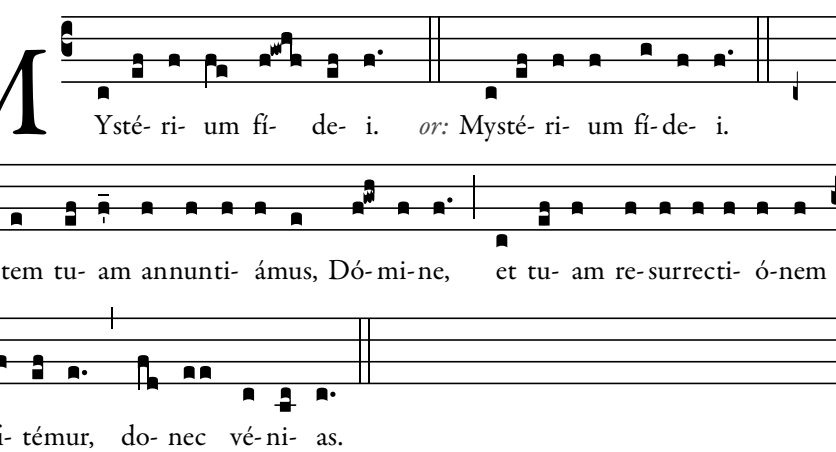


D Omi-nus vo-bís-cum. R. Et cum spí-ri-tu tu-o.  
V. Sur-sum corda. R. Ha-bé-mus ad Dó-mi-num.  
V. Grá-ti-as a-gá-mus Dó-mi-no De-o no-stro. R. Dignum et ju-stum est.


306

**S**  Anctus, \* Sanctus, Sanctus Dómi-nus De- us Sá-ba- oth. Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter-ra gló- ri- a tu- a. Ho- sánna in excél- sis. Be-ne-dí-ctus qui ve-nit in nómi-ne Dómi- ni. Ho- sánna in excél- sis.

307 *Memorial Acclamation:*

**M**  Ysté- ri- um fí- de- i. or: Mysté- ri- um fí- de- i. R. Mortem tu- am annunti- ámus, Dó- mi- ne, et tu- am re- surrecti- ó- nem confi- témur, do- nec vé- ni- as.

308 *After the Doxology:*

**P**  Er ómni- a sæ- cu- la sæ- cu- ló- rum. R. Amen.

**P** A-ter noster, qui es in cæ-lis: sancti-fi-cé-tur nomen tu-um;  
 advé-ni-at regnum tu-um; fi-at vo-lúntas tu-a, sic-ut in cæ-lo,  
 et in terra. Pa-nem nostrum co-ti-di-ánum da no-bis hó-di-e; et di-  
 mítte no-bis dé-bi-ta nostra, sic-ut et nos dimít-timus de-bi-tó-ri-bus no-  
 stris; et ne nos indú-cas in tenta-ti-ó-nem; sed lí-be-ra nos a ma-lo.

### 310 *After the Libera nos:*

...Salva-tó-ris nostri Je-su Chri-sti. *R.* Qui-a tu-um est regnum, et  
 po-té-stas, et gló-ri-a in sæ-cu-la.

311

A



-gnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no- bis.



Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá- ta mundi: mi- se- ré- re no- bis.



Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá- ta mundi: do-na no-bis pa- cem.

312

I



- te, mis- sa est. R. De- o grá- ti- as.

313

*From the Easter Vigil to the Second Sunday of Easter, and on the day of Pentecost:*

I



- te, mis-sa est, al-le- lú- ia, al-le- lú- ia.



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

# Missa I

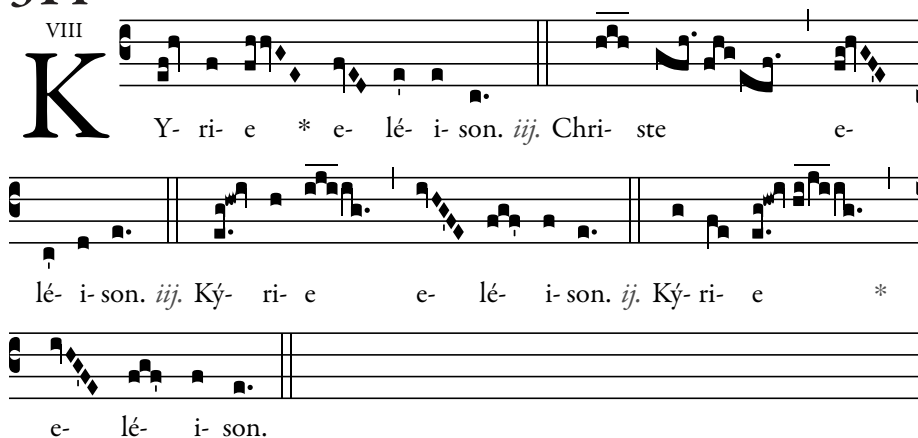
## Lux et origo

*in Paschal Time*

314

VIII

**K**



Y- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Chri- ste e-

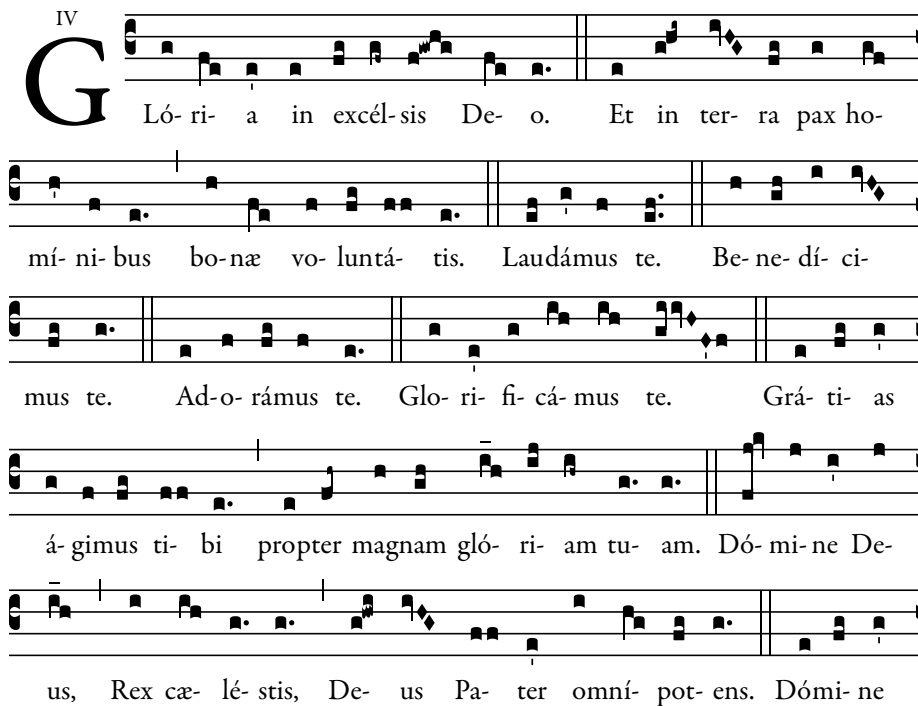
lé- i- son. *ijj.* Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \*

e- lé- i- son.

315

IV

**G**



Ló- ri- a in excél- sis De- o. Et in ter- ra pax ho-

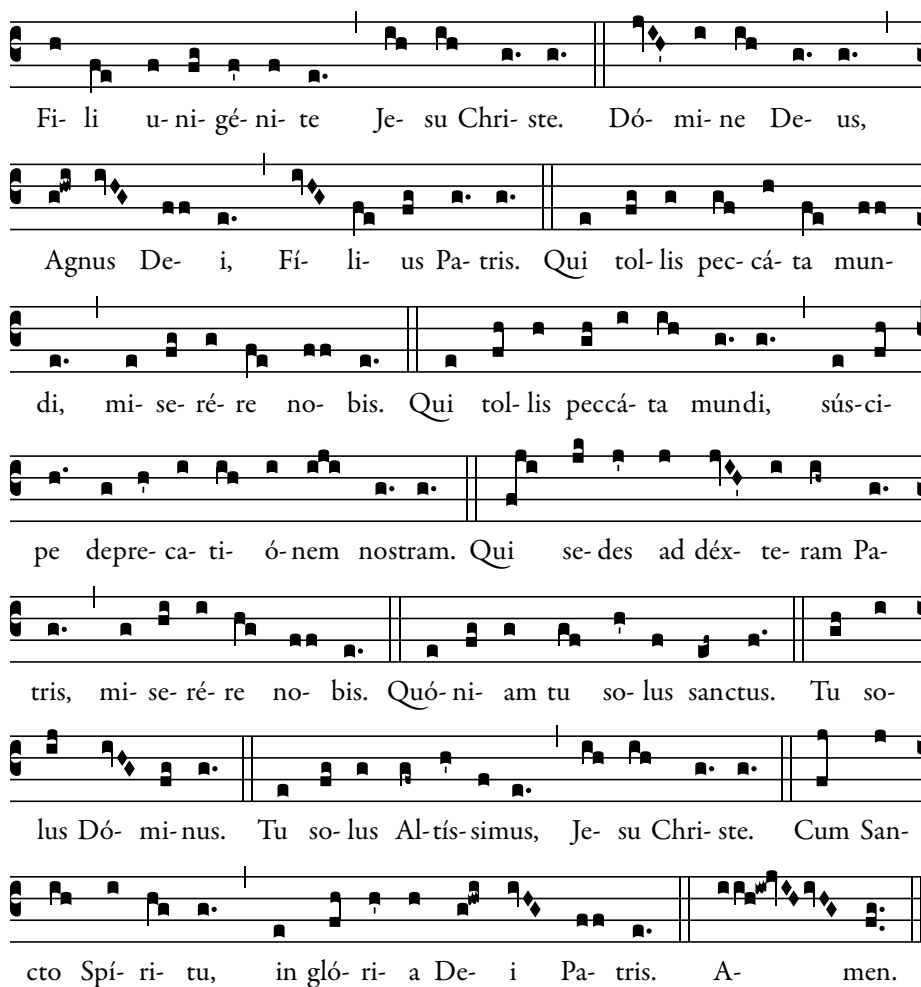
mí- ni- bus bo- næ vo- luntá- tis. Laudámus te. Be- ne- dí- ci-

mus te. Ad- o- rámus te. Glo- ri- fi- cá- mus te. Grá- ti- as

á- gi- mus ti- bi propter magnam gló- ri- am tu- am. Dó- mi- ne De-

us, Rex cæ- lé- stis, De- us Pa- ter omní- pot- ens. Dómi- ne





Fi- li u-ni-gé-ni-te Je- su Chri- ste. Dó- mi- ne De- us,

Agnus De- i, Fi- li- us Pa- tris. Qui tol- lis pec- cá- ta mun-

di, mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi, sús-ci-

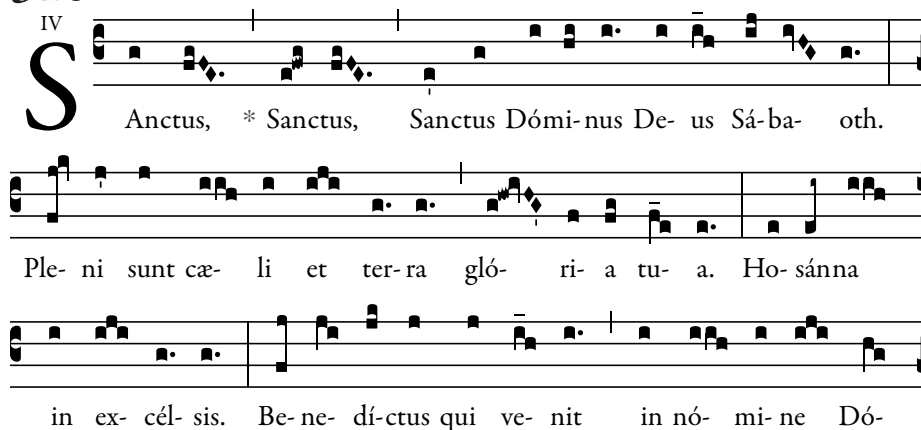
pe depre- ca- ti- ó-nem nostram. Qui se- des ad déx- te- ram Pa-

tris, mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Quó- ni- am tu so- lus sanctus. Tu so-

lus Dó- mi- nus. Tu so- lus Al- tís- simus, Je- su Chri- ste. Cum San-

cto Spí- ri- tu, in gló- ri- a De- i Pa- tris. A- men.

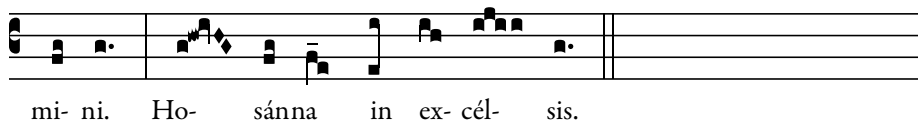
316



<sup>IV</sup>  
**S** Anctus, \* Sanctus, Sanctus Dómi- nus De- us Sá- ba- oth.

Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter- ra gló- ri- a tu- a. Ho- sánna

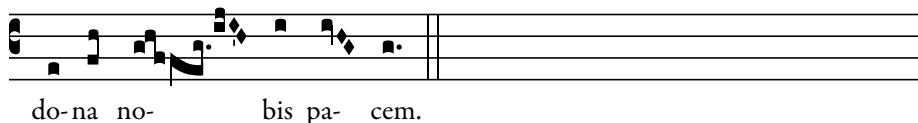
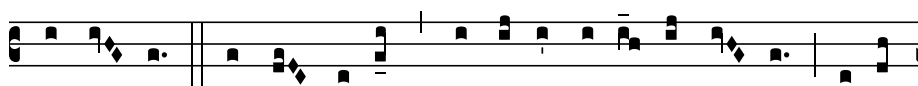
in ex- cél- sis. Be- ne- dí- ctus qui ve- nit in nó- mi- ne Dó-



317

IV

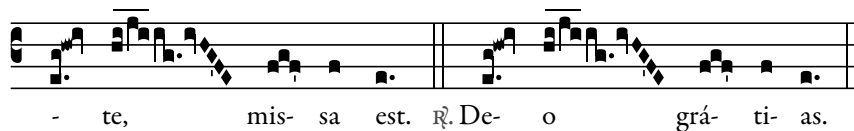
**A**



318

VII

**I**

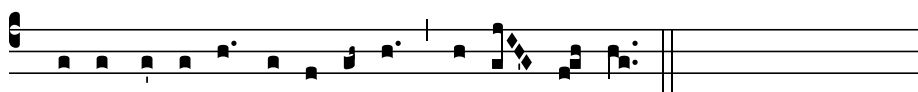


319

*From the Easter Vigil to the Second Sunday of Easter, and on the day of Pentecost:*

VIII

**I**



# Missa II

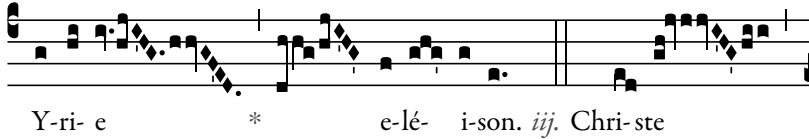
## Kyrie fons bonitatis

for Solemn Feasts

320

III

K



Y-ri e

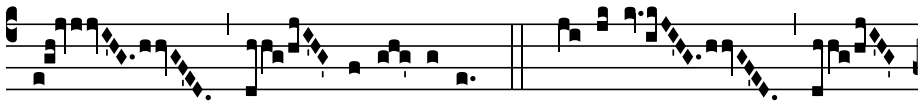
\*

e-lé-

i-son.

iij.

Chri-ste



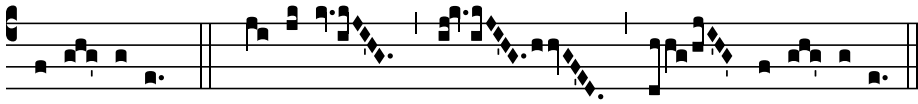
e-lé-

i-son.

iij.

Ký-

ri- e



e-lé-

i-son.

ij.

Ký-

ri- e

\*

\*\*

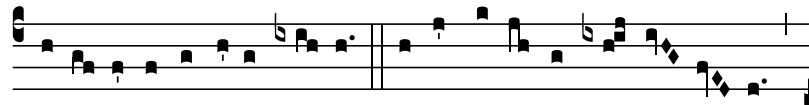
e-lé-

i-son.

321

I

G



Ló-ri

a

in

excélsis

De-

o.

Et

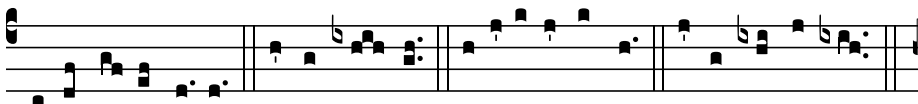
in

terra

pax

ho-mí-

ni- bus



bonæ

vo-

luntá-

tis.

Laudá-

mus

te.

Benedí-

cimus

te.

Ado-

rámus

te.



Glo-ri-

fi-cá-

mus

te.

Grá-

ti-

as

á-

gi-

mus

ti-

bi

propter

ma-

gnam

gló-

ri-



am.

Dómine

De-

us,

Rex

cæ-

léstis,

De-

us

Pa-

ter

omnípot-

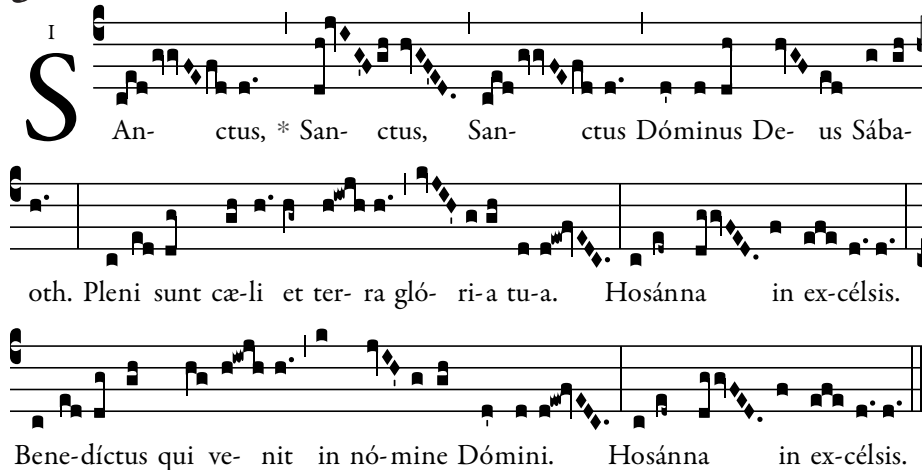
ens.

Dó-



mine Fi-li uni-gé-ni-te Je-su Chri-ste. Dómine De-us, Agnus De-i,  
 Fí-li-us Pa-tris. Qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi, mi-se-ré-re no-  
 bis. Qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi, súscipe depre-ca-ti-ó-nem nostram.  
 Qui sedes ad d́ex-te-ram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Quóni-am tu so-  
 lus sanctus. Tu so-lus Dó-minus. Tu so-lus Al-tíssimus, Je-su Chri-  
 ste. Cum Sancto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i Pa-tris. A-men.

322



**S** An-ctus, \* San-ctus, San-ctus Dóminus De-us Sá-ba-  
 oth. Pleni sunt cæ-li et ter-ra gló-ri-a tu-a. Hosánna in ex-célsis.  
 Bene-díctus qui ve-nit in nó-mine Dómini. Hosánna in ex-célsis.

323

I  
**A** -gnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis pec-cá-ta mun- di :  
 mi-se-ré- re no- bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis pec-cá-ta  
 mun- di : mi-se-ré- re no- bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-  
 lis pec-cá-ta mun- di : dona no- bis pa- cem.

324

III  
**I** - te, mis- sa est.  
 R. De- o grá- ti- as.

325 *Or, more usually:*

V  
**I** - te, mis- sa est.  
 R. De- o grá- ti- as.

# Missa VIII

## De Angelis

326

**K**<sup>v</sup>

Y- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Christe

e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Ký- ri- e e- lé-

i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \* \*\* e- lé- i- son.

327

**G**<sup>v</sup>

Ló-ri- a in excél-sis De- o. Et in terra pax homí-ni-bus bo-

næ vo-luntá- tis. Laudá- mus te. Be-ne-dí- cimus te. Ado-rá- mus te.

Glo- ri- fi- cámus te. Grá- ti- as á- gimus ti- bi propter magnam gló- ri- am

tu- am. Dómi-ne De- us, Rex cæ-lé- stis, De- us Pa- ter omní- pot- ens.

Dómi-ne Fi- li u-ni- gé- ni- te Je- su Chri- ste. Dómi-ne De- us, Agnus

De- i, Fí- li- us Pa- tris. Qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di, mi- se- ré- re  
no- bis. Qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi, súsci- pe depre- ca- ti- ónem no- stram.  
Qui se- des ad d́ex- te- ram Pa- tris, mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Quó- ni- am tu so- lus  
sanctus. Tu so- lus Dómi- nus. Tu so- lus Al- tís- simus, Je- su Chri- ste.  
Cum Sancto Spí- ri- tu, in gló- ri- a De- i Pa- tris. A- men.

328

VI  
**S** An- ctus, \* Sanctus, San- ctus Dó- mi- nus De- us  
Sá- ba- oth. Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter- ra gló- ri- a  
tu- a. Ho- sánna in excél- sis. Be- ne- dí- ctus qui ve- nit  
in nómi- ne Dó- mi- ni. Ho- sán- na in ex- cél- sis.

329

VI  
**A** - gnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta mun-di: mi-se-ré- re  
 no- bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di: mi- se-ré-  
 re no- bis. A- gnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá- ta mun- di: do-  
 na no- bis pa- cem.

330

V  
**I** - te, mis- sa est.  
 R. De- o grá- ti- as.



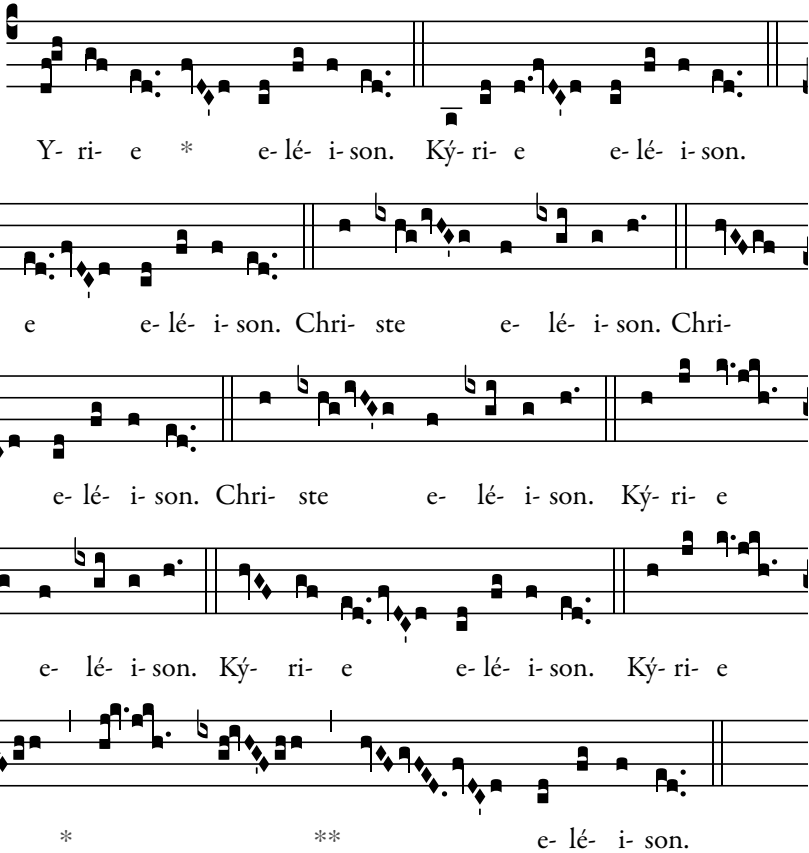
# Missa IX

## *Cum júbilo*

*Feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

331

**I**  
**K**



Y- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son.  
Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. Chri-  
ste e- lé- i- son. Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. Ký- ri- e  
e- lé- i- son. Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. Ký- ri- e  
\* \*\* e- lé- i- son.

332

**VII**  
**G**



Ló- ri- a in excél- sis De- o. Et in ter- ra pax homí- ni-  
bus bonæ vo- luntá- tis. Laudá- mus te. Be- ne- dí- cimus te.



Ado- rá- mus te. Glo- ri- fi- cá- mus te. Grá- ti- as á- gimus ti- bi



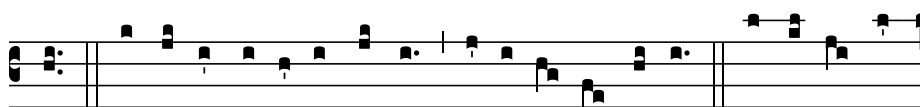
propter magnam gló- ri- am tu- am. Dómi- ne De- us, Rex cæ- lé-



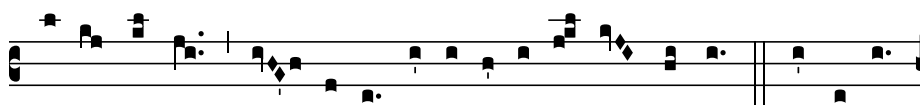
stis, De- us Pa- ter omní- pot- ens. Dómi- ne Fi- li u- ni- gé- ni- te



Je- su Chri- ste. Dó- mi- ne De- us, Agnus De- i, Fí- li- us Pa-



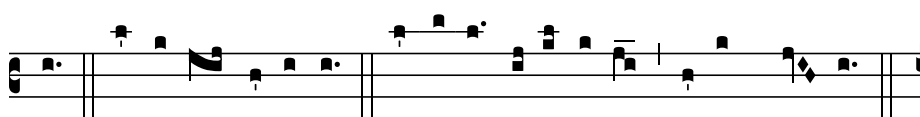
tris. Qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi, mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Qui tol- lis pec-



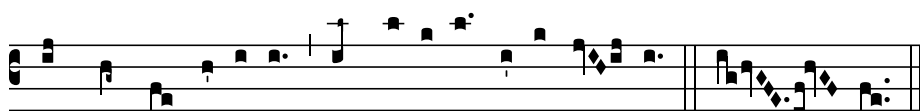
cá- ta mundi, sú- ci- pe depre- ca- ti- ó- nem nostram. Qui se- des



ad dexte- ram Pa- tris, mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Quó- ni- am tu so- lus san-



ctus. Tu so- lus Dómi- nus. Tu so- lus Altís- simus, Je- su Chri- ste.

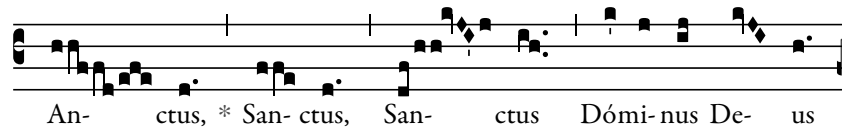


Cum Sancto Spí- ri- tu, in gló- ri- a De- i Pa- tris. A- men.

333

V

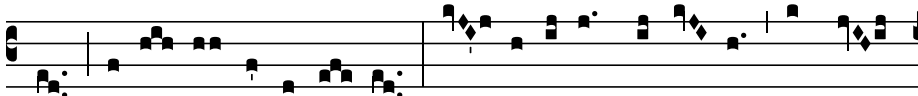
S



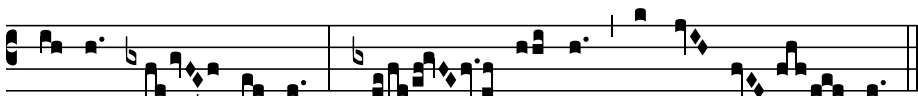
An- ctus, \* San- ctus, San- ctus Dómi- nus De- us



Sá- ba- oth. Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter- ra gló- ri- a tu-



a. Ho- sán- na in excél- sis. Be- ne- díctus qui ve- nit in nó-

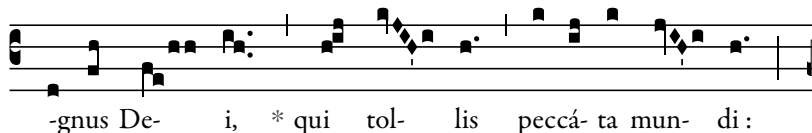


mi- ne Dó- mi- ni. Ho- sán- na in ex- cél- sis.

334

V

A



-gnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di:



mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis pec-



cá- ta mundi: mi- se- ré- re no- bis. Agnus De- i, \*



qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di: do- na no- bis pa- cem.

335

I

I



- te, mis- sa est. R. De- o grá- ti- as.

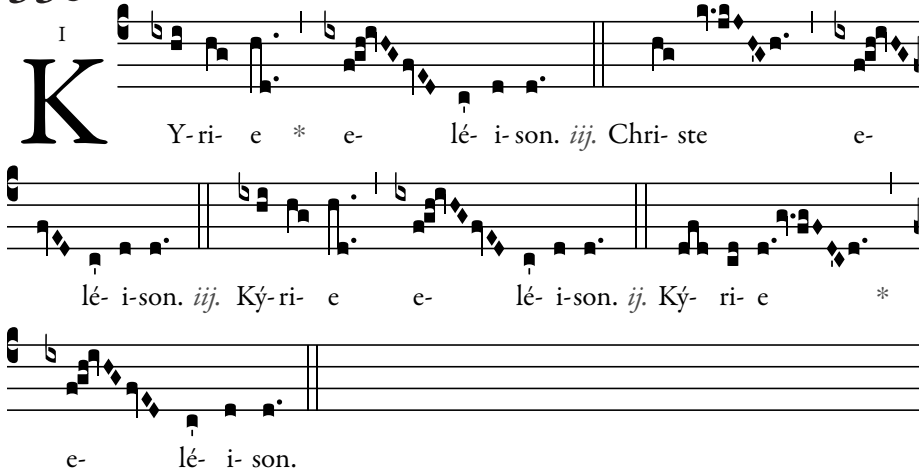
# Missa XI

## Orbis factor

*Sundays in Ordinary Time*

336

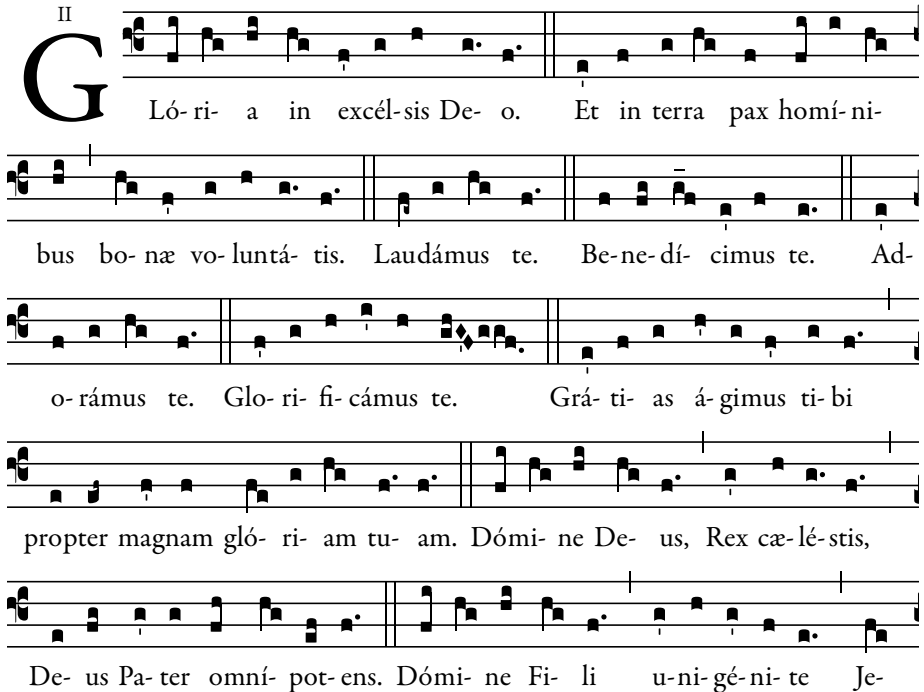
<sup>I</sup>  
**K**



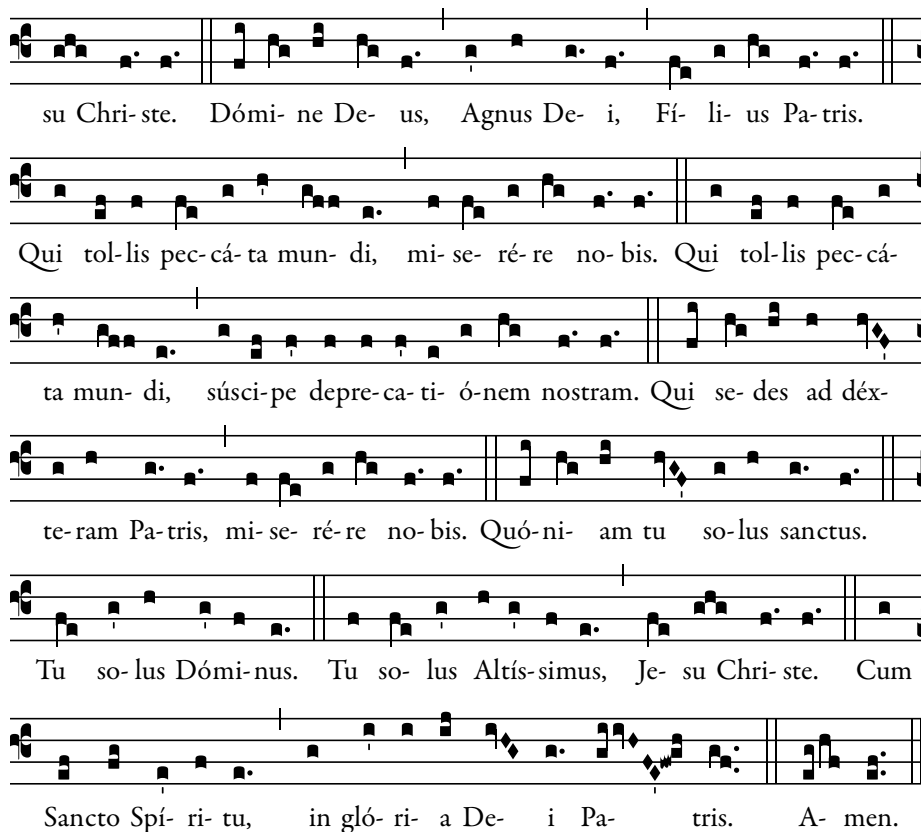
Y-ri- e \* e- lé- i-son. *ijj.* Chri- ste e-  
lé- i-son. *ijj.* Ký-ri- e e- lé- i-son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \*  
e- lé- i- son.

337

<sup>II</sup>  
**G**



Ló-ri- a in excél-sis De- o. Et in terra pax homí-ni-  
bus bo- næ vo- luntá- tis. Laudámus te. Be-ne-dí- cimus te. Ad-  
o- rámus te. Glo- ri- fi- cámus te. Grá- ti- as á- gimus ti- bi  
propter magnam gló- ri- am tu- am. Dómi- ne De- us, Rex cæ-lé- stis,  
De- us Pa- ter omní- pot- ens. Dómi- ne Fi- li u- ni- gé- ni- te Je-



su Chri-ste. Dómi-ne De-us, Agnus De-i, Fí-li-us Pa-tris.

Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Qui tol-lis pec-cá-

ta mun-di, súsci-pe depre-ca-ti-ó-nem nostram. Qui se-des ad délix-

te-ram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Quó-ni-am tu so-lus sanctus.

Tu so-lus Dómi-nus. Tu so-lus Altís-simus, Je-su Chri-ste. Cum

Sancto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i Pa-tris. A-men.

338



**S** An-ctus, \* San-ctus, Sanctus Dó-mi-nus De-us Sá-ba-

oth. Ple-ni sunt cæ-li et ter-ra gló-ri-a tu-a.

Ho-sánna in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-dí-ctus qui ve-nit in

nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sánna in ex-cél-sis.

339

**A**<sup>I</sup> - gnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis pec-cá- ta mundi: mi-se-ré- re  
no-bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá-ta mun-di: mi-se-ré- re no-  
bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis pec- cá- ta mundi: dona no-bis pa-cem.

340

**I**<sup>I</sup> - te, mis- sa est. R. De- o grá- ti- as.

# Missa XVI

*Weekdays throughout the Year*

341

III  
**K**

Y-ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *iij.* Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. *iij.* Ký- ri-  
e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son.

342

II  
**S**

Anctus, \* Sanctus, Sanctus Dómi-nus De- us Sá-ba- oth. Ple-ni  
sunt cæ-li et ter-ra gló-ri- a tu- a. Ho-sánna in ex-cél- sis. Be-  
ne-díctus qui ve- nit in nó-mi- ne Dómi-ni. Ho-sánna in ex-cél- sis.

343

I  
**A**

-gnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá- ta mun- di: mi- se-  
ré- re no- bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis pec- cá- ta mundi:

mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Agnus De-i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta

mun-di: do-na no-bis pa-cem.

344

IV  
I

- te, mis-sa est. R. De-o grá-ti-as.



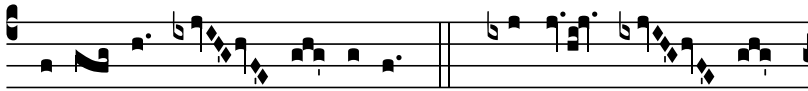
# Missa XVII

*Sundays of Advent and Lent*

345

VI

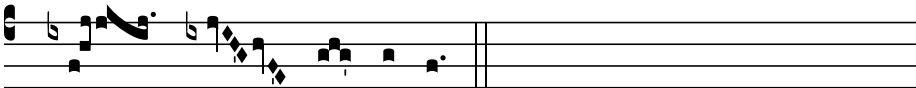
K



Y-ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *iiij.* Chri-ste e- lé-



i- son. *iiij.* Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \*



e- lé- i- son.

346

V

S



An- ctus, \* San- ctus, San- ctus Dómi- nus De- us Sá-



ba- oth. Ple- ni sunt cæ- li et ter- ra gló- ri- a tu- a.



Ho- sán- na in excél- sis. Be- ne- díctus qui ve- nit in nó-



mi- ne Dómi- ni. Ho- sán- na in excél- sis.

347

V

A



- gnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no-



bis. Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no- bis.



Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi: dona nobis pa- cem.

348

IV

I



- te, mis- sa est. R. De- o grá- ti- as.

# Missa XVIII

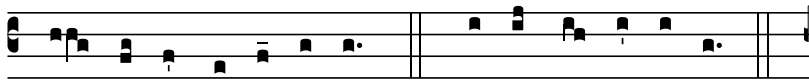
## Deus Genitor alme

*Weekdays of Advent and Lent*

349

IV

K



Y- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. *ijj.*



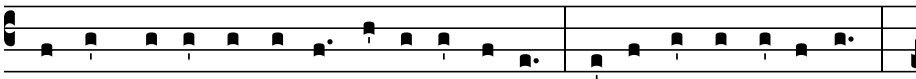
Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son.

350

S



Ancus, \* Sanctus, Sanctus Dómi-nus De- us Sá-ba- oth. Ple-



ni sunt cæ- li et ter-ra gló- ri- a tu- a. Ho- sánna in excél- sis.



Be-ne-dí-ctus qui ve-nit in nómi-ne Dómi-ni. Ho- sánna in excél- sis.

351

A



-gnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi: mi- se- ré- re no- bis.



Agnus De- i, \* qui tol- lis peccá- ta mundi: mi- se- ré- re no- bis.



Agnus De- i, \* qui tol-lis peccá- ta mundi: do-na no-bis pa- cem.

352

IV

I



- te, mis- sa est. R. De- o grá- ti- as.

# Missa Pro Defunctis

for the Requiem Mass

## 353 *Introit*

4 Esd 2: 34, 35. ꝑ. Ps 64:2, 3

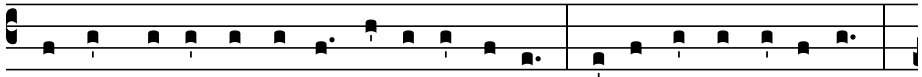
VI  
**R** E-qui- em \* ae- tér- nam do- na e- is Dómi- ne :  
 et lux perpé- tu- a lú- ce- at e- is. *Ps.* Te de- cet hy-  
 mnus De- us in Si- on, et ti- bi reddé- tur vo- tum in Je- rú- sa- lem : \* ex-  
 áudi o- ra- ti- ó- nem me- am, ad te omnis ca- ro vé- ni- et. *Ré- qui- em...*

## 354

VI  
**K** Y- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Chri- ste e- lé- i- son. *ijj.*  
 Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e \* e- lé- i- son.

## 355

**S** Anctus, \* Sanctus, Sanctus Dómi- nus De- us Sá- ba- oth. Ple-



ni sunt cæ-li et ter-ra gló-ri-a tu-a. Ho-sánna in excél-sis.



Be-ne-dí-ctus qui ve-nit in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sánna in excél-sis.

## 356

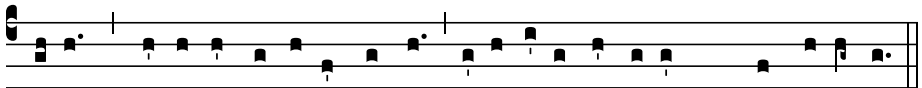
**A**



-gnus De-i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi: dona e-is réqui-em.



Agnus De-i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi: dona e-is requi-em. Agnus



De-i, \* qui tol-lis peccá-ta mundi: dona e-is requi-em. \*\* sempi-térnam.

N.B. In the Ordinary Form, the standard Agnus Dei is sung (Missa XVIII, no. 351).

## 357 *Communion*

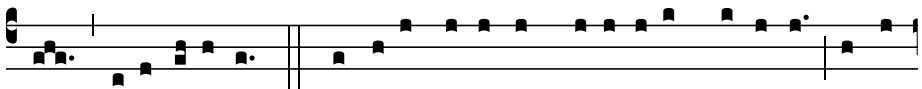
*4 Esd 2: 35, 34*

VIII

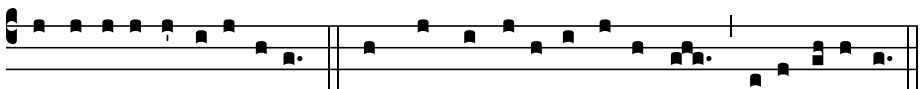
**L**



Ux æ-térna \* lú-ce-at e-is, Dó-mi-ne: Cum sanctis tu-is in æ-tér-



num, qui-a pi-us es. ☩. Réqui-em æ-térnam dona e-is, Dó-mi-ne, et lux



perpé-tu-a lú-ce-at e-is. \* Cum sanctis tu-is in æ-térnum, qui-a pi-us es.

# 358 *Final Commendation (or at the Burial)*

VII  
**I** N pa-ra-dí-sum \* dedúcant te Ange-li: in tu-o advéntu suscí-pi-  
 ant te Mártý-res, et perdúcant te in ci-vi-tá-tem sanctam Je- rú-sa-lem.

# 359 *Final Commendation (or at the Burial)*

VIII  
**C** Ho-rus Ange-ló-rum te sus- cí-pi- at, et cum Lá-za-ro quondam  
 páu-pe re æ-térnam há-be- as réqui- em.

# 360 VICTIMÆ PASCHALI LAUDES, *Sequence for Easter Sunday*


**I**  
**V** Ic-timæ paschá-li laudes \* ímmo-lent Chri-sti-á-ni.

2. Agnus re-dé-mit o-ves: Chris-tus ínno-cens Pa-tri re-conci-li-  
 á-vit pecca-tó-res. 3. Mors et vi-ta du-él-lo confli-xé-re mi-  
 rándo: dux vi-tæ mórtu-us, regnat vi-vus. 4. Dic no-bis Ma-rí-a,  
 quid vi-dí-sti in vi-a? 5. Se-púlcrum Chris-ti vi-véntis, et gló-  
 ri-am vi-di re-surgéntis: 6. Angé-li cos tes-tes, su-dá-ri-um, et  
 ves-tes. 7. Sur-ré-xit Chris-tus spes me-a: præ-cé-det su-os in Ga-  
 li-læ-am. 8. Scimus Chris-tum sur-re-xís-se a mórtu-is ve-re:  
 tu no-bis, vic-tor Rex, mi-se-ré-re. A-men. Al-le-lú-ia.



# 361 VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, *Sequence for Pentecost Sunday*


**V**<sup>I</sup> Eni Sancte Spí-ri-tus, Et emít-te caé-li-tus Lu-cis tu-æ rá-  
di-um. 2. Ve-ni pa-ter páu-pe-rum, Ve-ni da-tor mú-ne-rum, Ve-ni lu-  
men cór-di-um. 3. Conso-lá-tor ó-ptime, Dulcis ho-spes á-nimæ, Dulce  
refri-gé-ri-um. 4. In labó-re réqui-es, In æstu tempé-ri-es, In fle-  
tu so-lá-ti-um. 5. O lux be-a-tís-sima, Reple cordis íntima Tu-ó-  
rum fi-dé-li-um. 6. Si-ne tu-o nú-mi-ne, Ni-hil est in hó-mi-ne, Ni-  
hil est innó-xi-um. 7. La-va quod est sór-di-dum, Ri-ga quod est á-ri-  
dum, Sa-na quod est sáuci-um. 8. Flecte quod est rí-gi-dum, Fo-ve quod  
est frí-gi-dum, Re-ge quod est dé-vi-um. 9. Da tu-is fi-dé-li-bus, In te



con-fi-dén-ti-bus, Sacrum sep-te-ná-ri-um. 10. Da virtú-tis mé-ri-tum, Da  
 sa-lú-tis éx-i-tum, Da per-én-ne gáudi-um. A-men. Alle-lú-ia.

## 362 MANDUCAVERUNT, *Communion*

*Ps (77)78: 29, 30. ṽ. Ps (77)78*



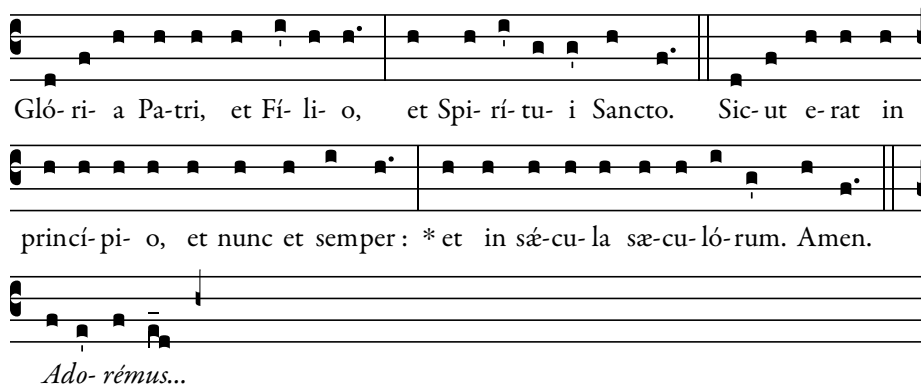
**M** Andu-ca-vé-runt, \* et sa-tu-rá-ti sunt nimis, et de-si-dé-ri-  
 um e-ó-rum áttu-lit e- is Dómi-nus: non sunt fraudá-ti  
 a de-si-dé-ri-o su-o.

## 363 ADOREMUS IN ÆTERNUM, *after the Benediction*

*ṽ. Ps (116)117*

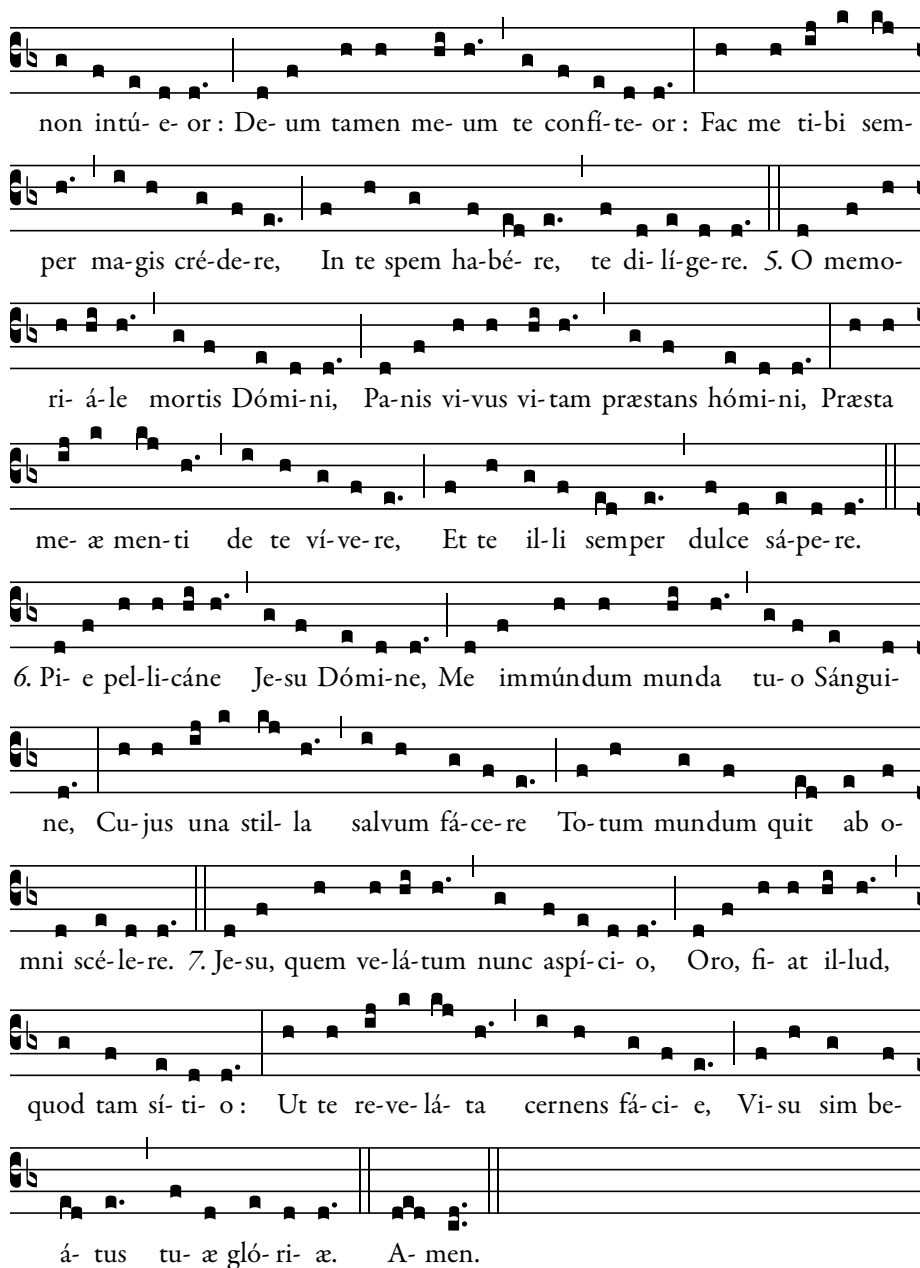


**A** D-o-rémus in æ-tér-num sanctís-simum Sacraméntum.  
*Ps.* Laudá-te Dómi-num omnes gentes: \* laudá-te e-um omnes pópu-li.  
 Quó-ni-am confirmá-ta est su-per nos mi-se-ri-córdi-a e-jus: \* et vé-ri-  
 tas Dómi-ni ma-net in æ-térnum. *Ado-rémus...*



### 364 ADORO TE DEVOTE, *Hymn of Saint Thomas Aquinas*

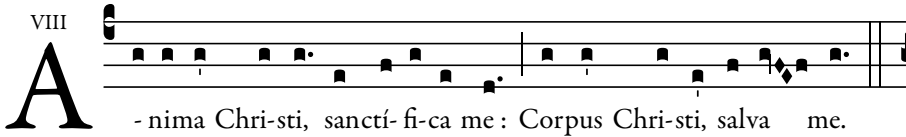
**A**<sup>v</sup> D-ó-ro te de-vó-te, la-tens Dé-i-tas, Quæ sub his fi-gú-ris  
 ve-re lá-ti-tas: Ti-bi se cor me-um to-tum súbji-cit, Qui-a te contém-  
 plans to-tum dé-fi-cit. 2. Vi-sus, tactus, gustus in te fál-li-tur, Sed audí-  
 tu so-lo tu-to cré-di-tur: Credo quidquid di-xit De-i Fí-li-us: Nil  
 hoc verbo ve-ri-tá-tis vé-ri-us. 3. In cru-ce la-té-bat so-la Dé-i-tas,  
 At hic la-tet simul et humá-ni-tas: Ambo tamen cre-dens atque cón-  
 fi-tens, Pe-to quod pe-tí-vit latro páni-tens. 4. Pla-gas, sic-ut Thomas,



non intú- e- or : De- um tamen me- um te confi-te- or : Fac me ti-bi sem-  
 per ma-gis cré-de-re, In te spem ha-bé- re, te di- lí-ge-re. 5. O memo-  
 ri- á-le mortis Dómi-ni, Pa-nis vi-vus vi-tam præstans hómi-ni, Præsta  
 me- æ men-ti de te ví-ve-re, Et te il-li semper dulce sá-pe-re.  
 6. Pi- e pel-li-cáne Je-su Dómi-ne, Me immúndum munda tu-o Sángui-  
 ne, Cu-jus una stil- la sal- vum fá-ce-re To-tum mundum quit ab o-  
 mni scé-le-re. 7. Je-su, quem ve-lá-tum nunc aspí-ci- o, Oro, fi- at il-lud,  
 quod tam sí-ti- o : Ut te re-ve-lá- ta cernens fá-ci- e, Vi-su sim be-  
 á- tus tu- æ gló-ri- æ. A- men.

365 ANIMA CHRISTI, *Thanksgiving after the Mass*

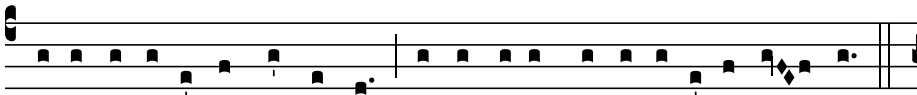
VIII



2. Sanguis Chri-sti, in-ébri- a me : aqua lá-te-ris Chri-sti, la-va me.



3. Pássi- o Chri-sti, confórta me : O bone Je-su, exáudi me. 4. Intra



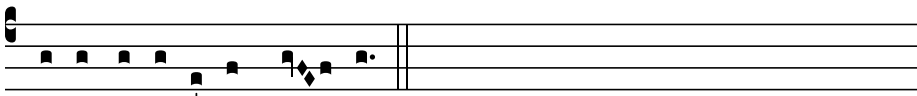
tu- a vúlne-ra abscónde me : ne permíttas me se-pa-rá-ri a te.



5. Ab hoste ma-líño de-fénde me : in ho-ra mortis me- æ vo-ca me.



6. Et ju-be me ve-ní-re ad te : ut cum Sanctis tu- is laudem te in sá-



cu- la sæ-cu-ló-rum. A- men.

# 366 AVE VERUM CORPUS, *in Honor of the Blessed Sacrament*

VI  
**A** - ve ve-rum \* Corpus na-tum de Ma-rí-a Vírgine: Ve-re passum,  
 immo-lá-tum in cruce pro hómine: Cu-jus la-tus perfo-rá- tum flu-xit  
 aqua et sán-guine: Esto nobis præ-gustá- tum mortis in ex-ámine.  
 O Je- su dul- cis! O Je- su pi- e! O Je- su fi-li Ma-rí- æ.

# 367 COR JESU SACRATISSIMUM, *after the Benediction*

I  
**C** Or Je-su sa- cra-tís- simum, mi-se-ré- re no- bis.

# 368 COR JESU SACRATISSIMUM, *after the Benediction*

IV  
**C** Or Je-su sacra- tíssi- mum, mi-se-ré-re no- bis.

### 369 ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM, *in Honor of the Blessed Sacrament*

VII

**E**

Cce pa-nis Ange-ló-rum, Factus ci-bus vi- a-tó-rum : Ve-re pa-nis

fi- li- ó-rum, Non mitténdus cá-ni-bus. In fi-gú-ris præ-signá-tur, Cum I-

sa- ac immo-lá-tur, Agnus Paschæ de-pu-tá-tur, Da-tur manna pá-tri-bus.

Bone Pastor, pa-nis ve-re, Je-su, nostri mi-se- ré-re : Tu nos pasce, nos tu-

é-re, Tu nos bona fac vi-dé-re In terra vi-vénti- um. Tu qui cuncta

scis et va-les, Qui nos pascis hic mor-tá-les : Tu- os i-bi commensá-les,

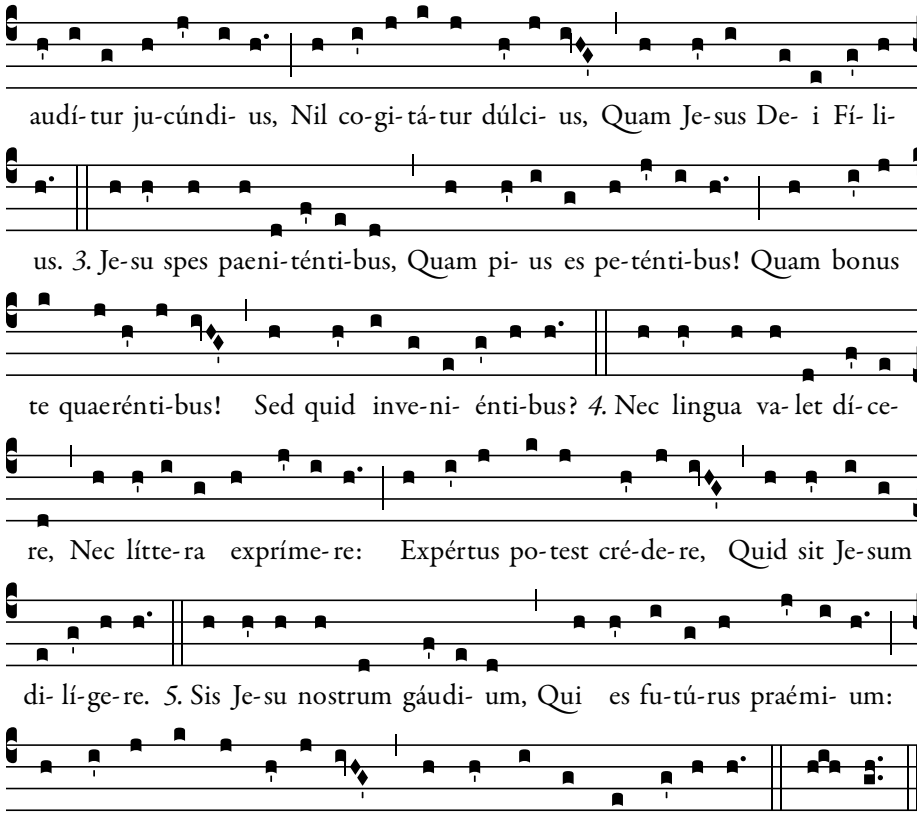
Cohæ-ré-des et sodá-les Fac sanctó-rum cí-vi- um. A- men.

### 370 JESU DULCIS MEMORIA, *in Honor of the Holy Name of Jesus*

I

**J** E-su dulcis memó-ri- a, Dans ve-ra cordis gáudi- a: Sed super mel


et ómni- a, E-jus dulcis prae-sénti- a. 2. Nil cá-ni-tur su- á-vi- us, Nil



audí-tur ju-cúndi- us, Nil co-gi-tá-tur dúlci- us, Quam Je-sus De- i Fí- li-  
us. 3. Je-su spes paeni-ténti-bus, Quam pi- us es pe-ténti-bus! Quam bonus  
te quaerénti-bus! Sed quid inve-ni- énti-bus? 4. Nec lingua va- let dí-ce-  
re, Nec lítte-ra ex-príme-re: Expértus po- test cré-de-re, Quid sit Je-sum  
di- lí-ge-re. 5. Sis Je-su nostrum gáudi- um, Qui es fu-tú-rus praémi- um:  
Sit nostra in te gló- ri- a, Per cuncta semper saécu- la. A- men.

### 371 O SALUTARIS HOSTIA, *in Honor of the Blessed Sacrament*

VIII

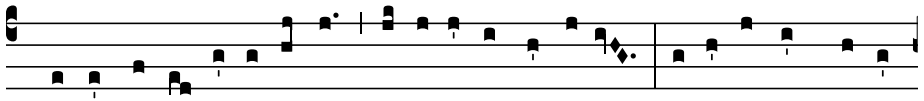


**O** sa- lu- tá- ris Hó-sti- a, Quæ cæ- li pandis ó- sti-  
um, Bel- la premunt ho-stí- li- a, Da ro- bur, fer au- xí- li- um.  
2. Un-i tri- nó- que Dómi- no Sit sempi- térna gló- ri- a: Qui vi-  
tam si- ne térmi- no No- bis do- net in pá- tri- a. A- men.

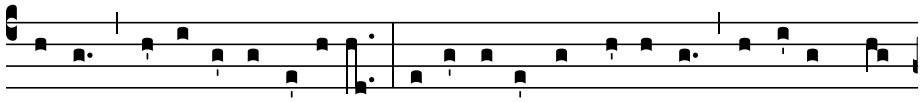


III  
**P** Ange lingua glo-ri-ó-si Córpo-ris mysté-ri-um, Sangui-nís-  
 que pre-ti-ó-si, Quem in mundi pré-ti-um Fructus ventris ge-ne-ró-si Rex  
 effú-dit gén-ti-um. 2. No-bis da-tus, no-bis na-tus Ex intácta Vírgi-  
 ne, Et in mundo conversá-tus, Sparso verbi sémi-ne, Su-i mo-ras  
 inco-lá-tus Mi-ro clau-sit ór-di-ne. 3. In supré-mæ nocte cœ-næ Re-cúm-  
 bens cum frá-tri-bus, Observá-ta le-ge ple-ne Ci-bis in le-gá-li-bus,  
 Ci-bum turbæ du-odénæ Se dat su-is má-ni-bus. 4. Verbum ca-ro, pa-  
 nem ve-rum Verbo carnem éf-fi-cit: Fitque sanguis Chri-sti me-rum, Et  
 si sensus dé-fi-cit, Ad firmándum cor sincé-rum So-la fi-des súf-fi-cit.

# 373 TANTUM ERGO, *Hymn before Benediction*



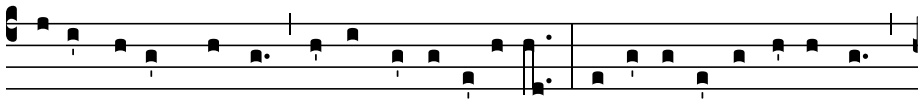
5. Tantum ergo Sacraméntum Ve-ne-rémur céru- i: Et antiqum do-cu-



méntum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu- i: Præstet fi-des suppleméntum Sénsu- um de-



fé-ctu- i. 6. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tóque Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti- o, Sa-lus,



honor, virtus quoque Sit et be-ne-dícti- o: Pro-ce-dénti ab utróque



Compar sit lau-dá- ti- o. A- men.

374 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, *Hymn of Thanksgiving*

III

**T** E De-um lau-dá-mus : \* te Dómi-num confi-témur. Te æ-térnum

Patrem, omnis terra ve-ne-rá-tur. Ti-bi omnes Ange-li, ti-bi Cæ-li,

et u-ni-vérsæ Pot-está-tes : Ti-bi ché-ru-bim et sé-raphim incessá-bi-li

vo-ce proclámant : Sanctus : Sanctus : Sanc-tus Dómi-nus De-us Sá-ba-

oth. Ple-ni sunt cæ-li et terra ma-jestá-tis gló-ri-æ tu-æ. Te glo-ri-

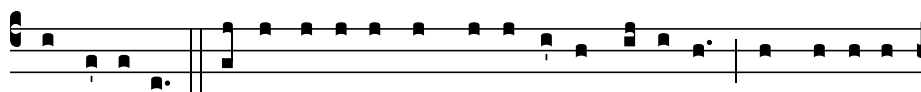
ó-sus Aposto-ló-rum cho-rus : te Prophe-tá-rum laudá-bi-lis núme-rus :

Te Márty-rum candi-dá-tus laudat ex-érci-tus. Te per orbem terrá-rum

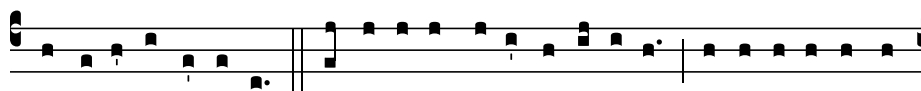
sancta confi-té-tur Ecclé-si-a : Pa-trem imménsæ ma-jestá-tis : Ve-

ne-rádum tu-um ve-rum, et ú-ni-cum Fí-li-um : Sanctum quoque Pa-

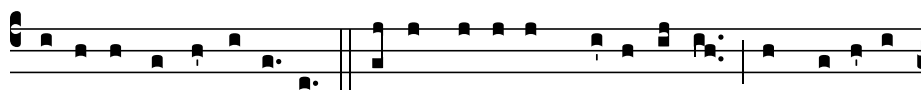
rácli-tum Spí-ri-tum. Tu Rex gló-ri-æ, Chri-ste. Tu Patris sempi-térnus



es Fí- li- us. Tu ad li-be-rándum susceptú-rus hómi-nem, non horru- í-

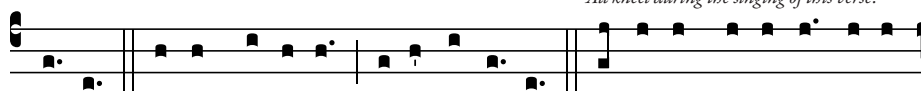


sti Vírgi-nis u-te-rum. Tu de-vícto mortis a-cú-le-o, a-pe-ru- í-sti cre-

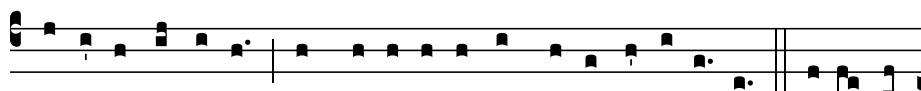


dénti-bus regna cæ-ló-rum. Tu ad dèxte-ram De-i se-des, in gló-ri-a

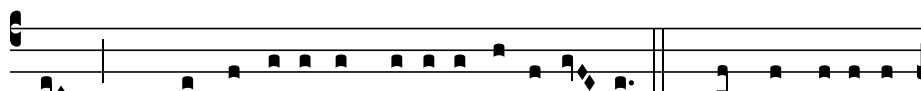
*All kneel during the singing of this verse:*



Pa-tris. Ju-dex cré-de-ris esse ventú-rus. Tè ergo quæ-sumus, tu- is



fámu-lis súbve-ni, quos pre-ti-ó-so sánguine red-emi-sti. Ætér-na



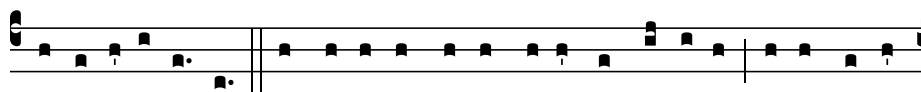
fac cum Sanctis tu- is in gló-ri-a nume-rá-ri. Salvum fac pópu-lum



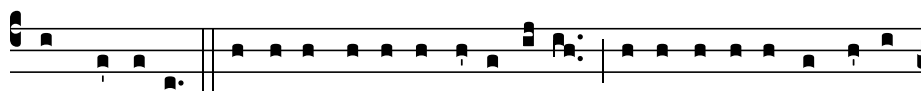
tu-um Dómi-ne, et bé-ne-dic he-re-di-tá-ti tu-æ. Et re-ge e-



os, et extól-le il-los usque in æ-tér-num. Per síngu-los di-es,



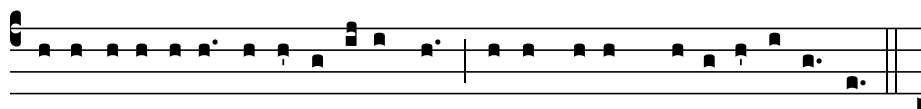
be-ne-dí-cimus te. Et laudá-mus nomen tu-um in sá-cu-lum, et in sá-cu-



lum sá-cu-li. Digná-re Dómi-ne, di-e isto si-ne peccá-to nos custo-



di- re. Mi- se- ré- re nostri Dómi- ne, mi- se- ré- re nostri. Fi- at mi- se-



ri- córdi- a tu- a Dómi- ne super nos, quemádmódum spe- rá- vimus in te.



In te, Dó- mi- ne, spe- rá- vi: non confúndar in æ- té- num.

### 375 VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, *in Honor of the Holy Spirit*

VIII  
V



E- ni Cre- á- tor Spí- ri- tus, Men- tes tu- ó- rum ví- si- ta: Imple



su- pér- na grá- ti- a Quæ tu cre- á- sti péc- to- ra. 2. Qui dí- ce- ris Pa-



rá- cli- tus, Altís- simi do- num De- i, Fons vi- vus, i- gnis, cá- ri- tas,



Et spi- ri- tá- lis úncti- o. 3. Tu septi- fórmis mú- ne- re, Dí- gí- tus pa-



térnæ déxte- ræ, Tu ri- te pro- míssum Pa- tris, Sermó- ne di- tans gút-



tu- ra. 4. Accénde lumen sénsi- bus, Infúnde amó- rem córdi- bus, In-




firma no-stri córpo-ris Virtú-te firmans pérpe-ti. 5. Hostem re-pél-las  
 lóngi- us, Pa-cémque do-nes pró-ti-nus: Ductó-re sic te præ-vi-o,  
 Vi-témus omne nó-xi-um. 6. Per te sci- ámus da Patrem, Noscámus at-  
 que Fí-li-um, Teque utri- úsque Spí-ri-tum Cre-dámus omni témpo-  
 re. 7. De- o Pa-tri sit gló-ri-a, Et Fí-li-o, qui a mórtu- is Sur-  
 ré-xit, ac Pa-rá-cli-to, In sæ-cu- ló-rum sæ-cu-la. A-men.

### 376 SALVE REGINA, *in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

**S**<sup>V</sup> Alve, Re-gí-na, \* ma-ter mi-se-ri-córdi-æ: Vi-ta, dulcé-do, et spes  
nostra, sal-ve. Ad te clamá-mus, éxsu-les, fí-li-i He-væ. Ad te suspi-  
rá-mus, geméntes et flentes in hac lacrimá-rum val-le. E-ia ergo, Ad-  
vo-cá-ta nostra, il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-córdes ó-cu-los ad nos convér-te.  
Et Je-sum, bene-díctum fructum ventris tú-i, no-bis post hoc exsí-li-um  
osténde. O cle-mens: O pi-a: O dulcis Virgo Ma-rí-a.

### 377 ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER, *in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

**A**<sup>V</sup> L-ma \* Redemptó-ris Ma-ter, quæ pérví-a cæ-li porta manes, Et  
stella ma-ris, succúrre cadénti súrge-re qui cu-rat pópu-lo: Tu quæ genu-  
ísti, na-tú-ra mi-ránte, tu-um sanctum Ge-ni-tó-rem: Virgo pri-us ac po-



ísti, na-tú-ra mi-ránte, tu-um sanctum Ge-ni-tó-rem : Virgo pri- us ac po-  
sté-ri- us, Gabri- é-lis ab o-re sumens il-lud Ave, pecca-tó-rum mi-se-ré- re.

### 378 AVE REGINA CÆLORUM, *in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

VI  
**A** -ve Re-gí-na cælórum, \* Ave Dómina Ange-lórum : Salve radix, sal-  
ve porta, Ex qua mundo lux est orta : Gaude Virgo glo-ri- ó-sa, Su- per o-  
mnes spe-ci- ó-sa : Va-le, o valde decó-ra, Et pro no-bis Christum exó-ra.

### 379 REGINA CÆLI, *in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in Paschal Time*

VI  
**R** E-gí-na cæ-li \* læ-tá-re, al-le-lú-ia : Qui- a quem me-ru- í-  
sti portá-re, al-le-lú-ia : Re-surré-xit, sic-ut di-xit, al-le-lú-ia :  
O-ra pro no-bis De- um, al-le-lú-ia.

℣ Gaude et lætare, Virgo María, allelúia. (*Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, alleluia.*)

℟ Quia surrexit Dóminus vere, allelúia. (*For the Lord has truly risen, alleluia.*)



# 380 AVE MARIA, in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary

**A** I  
-ve Ma- rí- a, \* gra-ti- a plena, Dóminus te-cum, bene-dícta tu  
in mu-li- é-ri-bus, et bene-díctus fructus ventris tu- i, Je-sus. Sancta Ma-  
rí- a, Ma-ter De- i, o-ra pro no-bis pecca- tó-ri-bus, nunc et in ho- ra  
mortis nostræ. Amen.

# 381 AVE MARIS STELLA, in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary

**A** I  
- ve maris stella, De- i Mater al- ma, Atque semper Vir-  
go, Felix cæ-li porta. 2. Sumens il-lud A-ve Gabri-é-lis o- re,  
Funda nos in pa-ce, Mutans Hevæ nomen. 3. Solve vincla re-is, Pro-  
fer lumen cæ-cis: Mala nostra pelle, Bona cuncta posce. 4. Monstra te  
es-se matrem: Sumat per te pre-ces, Qui pro nobis natus, Tulit es-



se tu-us. 5. Virgo singu-lá-ris, Inter omnes mi-tis, Nos culpis so-lú-  
 tos, Mites fac et castos. 6. Vitam præsta puram, I-ter pa-ra tu-tum :  
 Ut vidéntes Jesum, Semper collæ-témur. 7. Sit laus De-o Patri, Sum-  
 mo Christo de-cus, Spirítu-i Sancto, Tribus honor u-nus. A- men.

### 382 INVIO-LATA, *in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary*



VI  
**I** N-vi-o-lá-ta, \* ín-te-gra, et ca-sta es Ma-rí-a : Quæ es ef-fé-cta  
 fúl-gi-da cæ-li porta. O Mater al-ma Christi ca-rís-si-ma : Súsci-pe pi-  
 a laudum præcó-ni-a. Te nunc flá-gitant de-vó-ta corda et o-ra :  
 Nostra ut pu-ra pèctora sint et córpo-ra. Tu-a per precá-ta dulcí-so-  
 na : Nobis concé-das vé-niam per sæcu-la. O be-ní-gna! O Re-  
 gí-na! O Ma-rí-a! Quæ so-la in-vi-o-lá-ta perman-sí-sti.

383 PARCE DOMINE, *in Lent*

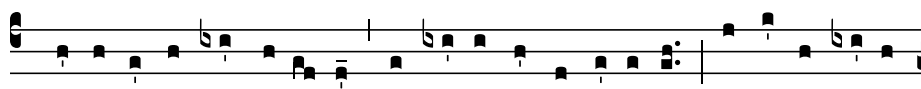
**P** Ar-ce Dómine, \* parce pópu-lo tu- o: ne in ae-térnum i- ra-  
scá-ris no- bis. *Parce Dómine...*

1. Flectámus i- ram víndi-cem, Plo- rémus an-te Jú-dicem; Clamémus o- re  
súppli-ci, Di-cámus omnes céru- i: *Parce Dómine...*

2. Nostris malis offéndi-mus Tu-am Deus cleménti-am Effúnde nobis dé-  
su-per Remíssor indulgénti- am. *Parce Dómine...*

3. Dans tempus ac- ceptábi- le, Da la-crimárum rí-vu-lis La-vá-re cor-  
dis ví-ctimam, Quam læ-ta ad-ú-rat cá-ri- tas. *Parce Dómine...*

4. Audi, be-ní- gne Cóndi-tor, No-stras preces cum flé-ti-bus In hoc sa- cro  
je- jú-ni- o Fusas quadrage-ná-ri- o. *Parce Dómine...*



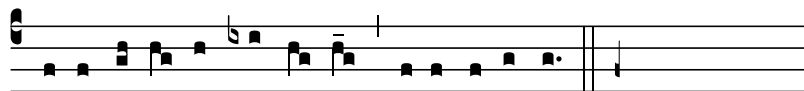
5. Scrutá-tor al- me córdi-um, In- fírma tu scis ví-ri-um; Ad te re- vérsis



éx-hi-be Remissi- ó-nis grá-ti- am. *Parce Dómine...*

## 384 UBI CARITAS ET AMOR, *Hymn for Holy Thursday*

VI  
U



- bi cá-ri- tas et a- mor, Deus i- bi est.



1. Congregávit nos in u- num Christi a- mor. Exsultémus, et in i- pso



jucundémur. Time-ámus, et a- mémus Deum vivum. Et ex corde di- li- gá-



mus nos sin- cé- ro. *U- bi cá-ri- tas...*



2. Simul er- go cum in u- num congregámur: Ne nos mente di- vi- dá- mur



ca- ve- á- mus. Cessent júrgi- a ma- lí- gna, cessent li- tes. Et in médi- o nostri



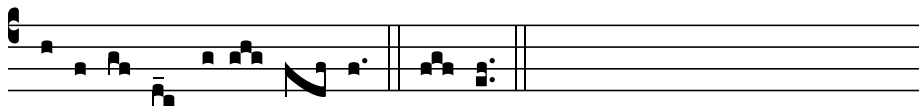
sit Christus De- us. *U- bi cá-ri- tas...*



3. Simul quoque cum be-á- tis vi-de-á-mus. Glori-á-nter vul-tum tu-um,



Christe Deus : Gáudium, quod est imménsum, atque probum. Sácu-la per

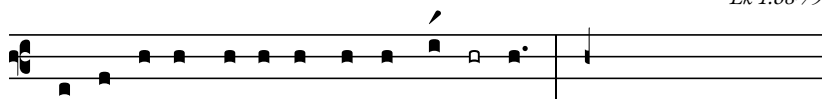


in- fi- ní- ta sæcu- ló- rum. A- men.

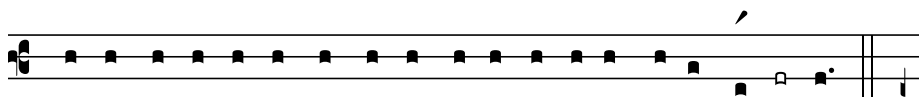
### 385 BENEDICTUS, *Canticle of Zechariah, at Lauds*

*Lk 1:68-79*

II  
B



E- ne- díctus Dóminus De-us Is- ra- el :



\* qui- a vi- si- tá- vit, et fe- cit redempti- ónem plebis su- æ.

2. Et eréxit cornu salútis | **no**-bis, \* in domo David púe- | ri **su**-i:
3. Sicut locútus est per os san- | **cto**-rum, \* qui a sæculo sunt, prophetá- | rum **e**-jus:
4. Salútem ex inimícis | **no**-stris, \* et de manu ómnium qui | o-**de-runt** nos:
5. Ad faciéndam misericórdiam cum pátribus | **no**-stris: \* et memorári testaménti su- | i **san**-cti.
6. Jusjurándum, quod jurávit ad Abraham patrem | **no**-strum, \* datúrum | se **no**-bis:
7. Ut sine timóre, de manu inimicórum nostrórum libe- | **ra**-ti, \* serviá- | mus **il**-li:
8. In sanctitáte et justítia coram | **i**-pso, \* ómnibus dié- | bus **no**-stris.
9. Et tu puer, prophéta Altíssimi vo- | **ca**-be-ris: \* præibis enim ante fáciem Dómini paráre vi- | as **e**-jus:
10. Ad dandam sciéntiam salútis plebi e- | **jus**, \* in remissiónem peccatórum | e-**o**-rum:
11. Per víscera misericórdiæ Dei | **no**-stri: \* in quibus visitávit nos, óriens | ex **al**-to:
12. Illumináre his qui in ténebris et in umbra mortis | **se**-dent: \* ad dirigéndo-  
s pedes nostros in vi- | am **pa**-cis.
13. Glória Patri, et | **Fí**-lí-o, \* et Spíritui- | i **San**-cto.
14. Sicut erat in princípio, et nunc, et | **sem**-per, \* et in sæcula sæculó- | rum. **A**-men.

VIII G

**M**

A- gní- fi- cat \* á- ni- ma me- a Dóminum.

2. Et ex-sul- tá- vit spí- ri- tus me- us \* in De- o sa- lu- tá- ri me- o.

3. Qui- a respéxit humilitátem ancíllæ | **su-æ**: \* Ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes gene- | ra-ti-**ó**-nes.
4. Qui- a fecit mihi ma- gna qui | **pot**-ens, \* et sanctum | no- men **e**-jus.
5. Et mi- sericórdia ejus a progénie in pro- | **gé- ni**-es \* timén- | ti- bus **e**-um.
6. Fe- cit poténtiam in bráchio | **su**-o: \* dispérsit supérbos mente | cor- dis **su**-i.
7. De- pósuit poténtes de | **se**-de, \* et exal- | tá- vit **hú- mi**-les.
8. E- su- riéntes implévit | **bo**-nis: \* et dívites dimí- | sit in- **á**-nes.
9. Su- scépit Israel púerum | **su**-um, \* recordátus misericór- | di- æ **su**-æ.
10. Sic- ut locútus est ad patres | **no**-stros: \* Abraham et sémini e- | jus in **sæ- cu**-la.
11. Gló- ri- a Patri, et | **Fí- li**-o, \* et Spí- ri- | tu- i **San**-cto.
12. Sic- ut erat in princípio, et nunc, et | **sem**-per, \* et in sácula sæcu- | lo- rum.
- A**-men.



# INDICES





# INDICES

I.	FIRST LINES WITH TUNES	380
II.	TUNES WITH FIRST LINES	386
III.	LITURGICAL	391
	PROPER OF SEASONS	391
	PROPER OF THE SAINTS	393
	COMMONS	393
	RITES	394
	MASSES FOR VARIOUS NEEDS AND OCCASIONS	395
IV.	TOPICAL	396
V.	METRICAL	402
VI.	SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES RELATED TO HYMNS	ONLINE
VII.	GREGORIAN CHANTS ACCORDING TO USE	406
VIII.	FIRST LINES AND COMMON TITLES OF GREGORIAN CHANTS	408

Online indices address for fast searching:

**[www.catholicbookofhymns.com/index/](http://www.catholicbookofhymns.com/index/)**

## I. INDEX OF FIRST LINES WITH TUNES

1	Abide With Me	EVENTIDE
2	Accept, Almighty Father	
3	All Glory, Laud, and Honor	ST. THEODULPH
4	All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	CORONATION
5	All People That on Earth Do Dwell	OLD HUNDREDTH
6	All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure	KINGSFOLD
7	Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven	HYMN TO JOY
8	Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise	ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
9	Alleluia! Sing to Jesus	HYFRYDOL
10	Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast	DUNDEE
11	Angels From the Realms of Glory	REGENT SQUARE
12	Angels We Have Heard on High	GLORIA
13	As With Gladness Men of Old	DIX
14	At the Cross Her Station Keeping	STABAT MATER
15	At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing	SALZBURG
16	Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother	
17	Away in a Manger	CRADLE SONG
18	Be Joyful, Mary	REGINA CAELI
19	Be Thou My Vision	SLANE
20	Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy	ST. RICHARD GWYN
21	Before the Day's Last Moments Fly	TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM
22	Bethlehem, of Noblest Cities	MERTON
23	Bethlehem, of Noblest Cities	STUTTGART
24	Bless Me, Befriend Me	
25	Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word	LIEBSTER JESU
26	Blest Guardian of All Virgin Souls	
27	Bread of the World	EUCCHARISTIC HYMN
28	Bread of the World	RENDEZ À DIEU
29	Bright the Vision That Delighted	LAUS DEO (Redhead)
30	Brightest and Best	LIEBSTER IMMANUEL
31	Brightest and Best	MORNING STAR
32	Bring Flowers of the Rarest	QUEEN OF THE ANGELS
33	By the Blood That Flowed From Thee	
34	By the First Bright Easter Day	MENDELSSOHN
35	Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation	WESTMINSTER ABBEY
36	Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels	CAELITES PLAUDANT
37	Christ, the Glory of the Sky	CULBACH
38	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today	EASTER HYMN
39	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today	LLANFAIR
40	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today	VICTIMAE PASCHALI
41	Christ, the True Light of Us	O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS
42	Come Down, O Love Divine	DOWN AMPNEY
43	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest	LAMBILLOTTE
44	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest	KOMM, GOTT SCHÖPFER
45	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come	SOUTHWOLD
46	Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One	LUDBOROUGH
47	Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One	O JESU, MI DULCISSIME
48	Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life	THE CALL
49	Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life	TUNBRIDGE
50	Come, Thou Almighty King	ITALIAN HYMN
51	Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come	VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS
52	Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus	STUTTGART

53	Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain	GAUDEAMUS PARITER
54	Come, Ye Thankful People, Come	ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
55	Comfort, Comfort Ye My People	GENEVAN 42
56	Creator of the Stars of Night	CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM
57	Cross of Jesus	CROSS OF JESUS
58	Crown Him With Many Crowns	DIADEMATA
59	Daily, Daily, Sing to Mary	DAILY, DAILY
60	Daughter of a Mighty Father	
61	Dear Angel! Ever at My Side	
62	Dear Guardian of Mary	
63	Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness	SCHMÜCKE DICH
64	Down in Adoration Falling	ST. THOMAS (Wade)
65	Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord	COENA DOMINI
66	Eternal Father, Strong to Save	MELITA
67	Fairest Lord Jesus	SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU
68	Fairest Lord Jesus	ST. ELIZABETH
69	Faith of Our Fathers	ST. CATHERINE
70	Faith of Our Fathers	SAWSTON
71	Faith of Our Fathers	
72	Father, See Thy Children	GHENT
73	Firmly I Believe and Truly	DRAKE'S BROUGHTON
74	Firmly I Believe and Truly	MERTON
75	For All the Saints	SINE NOMINE
76	For the Beauty of the Earth	DIX
77	Forty Days and Forty Nights	HEINLEIN
78	From All Thy Saints in Warfare	KING'S LYNN
79	From All Thy Saints in Warfare	ST. THEODULPH
80	From the Depths We Cry to Thee	HEINLEIN
81	Full in the Panting Heart of Rome	WISEMAN
82	Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken	BEACH SPRING
83	Glory Be to Jesus	WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN
84	God of Mercy and Compassion	AU SANG QU'UN DIEU
85	God of Our Fathers	NATIONAL HYMN
86	God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen	GOD REST YOU MERRY
87	Good Christian Men, Rejoice	IN DULCIJUBILO
88	Great Saint in Heaven	
89	Great Saint Joseph	
90	Guardian Angel! From Heaven So Bright	
91	Hail, Glorious Saint Patrick	
92	Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above	SALVE REGINA COELITUM
93	Hail, O Star That Pointest	AVE MARIS STELLA
94	Hail, Queen of Heaven	STELLA (English)
95	Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise	LLANFAIR
96	Hail, Thou Living Bread	
97	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	ELLACOMBE
98	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN
99	Hail, Virgin, Dearest Mary	QUEEN OF MAY
100	Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding	MERTON
101	Hark, My Soul	SURGE
102	Hark! The Herald Angels Sing	MENDELSSOHN
103	Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices	MOULTRIE
104	Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus	
105	Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus	
106	Heart of Jesus, We Are Grateful	

107	Help, Lord, the Souls That Thou Hast Made	REQUIEM
108	Holy God, We Praise Thy Name	GROSSER GOTT
109	Holy, Holy, Holy	NICAEA
110	Holy, Holy Name of Jesus	
111	Holy Light on Earth's Horizon	BLAENWERN
112	Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS
113	How Firm a Foundation	FOUNDATION
114	I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say	KINGSFOLD
115	I Know That My Redeemer Lives	DUKE STREET
116	I Sing the Mighty Power of God	ELLACOMBE
117	Immaculate Mary	LOURDES HYMN
118	Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise	ST. DENIO
119	In His Temple Now Behold Him	ST. THOMAS (Wade)
120	In the Bleak Midwinter	CRANHAM
121	In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus	
122	In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus	
123	Infant Holy, Infant Lowly	W ŻŁOBIE LEŻY
124	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear	CAROL
125	It Is a Thing Most Wonderful	HERONGATE
126	Jerusalem, My Happy Home	LAND OF REST
127	Jesu! The Dying Day Hath Left Us Lonely	NOCTE SURGENTES
128	Jesus Christ Is Risen Today	EASTER HYMN
129	Jesus Christ Is Risen Today	EASTER HYMN (Monk)
130	Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me	
131	Jesus, Keep Me Close to Thee	
132	Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All	SWEET SACRAMENT
133	Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All	SAWSTON
134	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee	ST. AGNES
135	Jesus, Thou Art Coming	
136	Jesus, Thou Art Coming	
137	Joy to the World	ANTIOCH
138	Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee	HYMN TO JOY
139	King of Kings Is He Anointed	
140	Lead, Kindly Light	SANDON
141	Let Thy Blood in Mercy Poured	JESUS MEINE ZUVERSICHT
142	Lift Up Your Heads	TRURO
143	Light of All Days	TALLIS' CANON
144	Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending	HELMSLEY
145	Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending	ST. THOMAS (Wade)
146	Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming	ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN
147	Lo! Round the Throne	ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH TAG
148	Long Live the Pope!	PAPAL HYMN
149	Look, Ye Saints! The Sight Is Glorious	BRYN CALFARIA
150	Lord, Accept the Gifts We Offer	BRYNTIRION
151	Lord, Enthroned in Heavenly Splendor	ST. HELEN
152	Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs	PROVIDENCE
153	Lord Jesus, Think on Me	SOUTHWELL
154	Lord Jesus, When I Think of Thee	WORD OF FIRE
155	Lord, Who at Cana's Wedding Feast	
156	Lord, Who at Thy First Eucharist	UNDE ET MEMORES
157	Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days	ST. FLAVIAN
158	Love Divine, All Loves Excelling	BLAENWERN
159	Love Divine, All Loves Excelling	HYFRYDOL

160	Maiden Mother, Meek and Mild	ORIENTIS PARTIBUS
161	Michael, Prince of Highest Heaven	
162	Mother Dear, O Pray for Me	CATHOLIC HARP
163	Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest	
164	Mother of Christ	MOTHER OF CHRIST
165	My God, Accept My Heart This Day	
166	My Song Is Love Unknown	LOVE UNKNOWN
167	My Soul Doth Long for Thee	
168	Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling	DOWLING
169	Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling	GRAFTON
170	Now Thank We All Our God	NUN DANKET
171	Now That the Day-Star Glimmers Bright	FARRANT
172	O Blessed Saint Joseph	MARIA ZU LIEBEN
173	O Breathe on Me, O Breath of God	ST. COLUMBA (Irish)
174	O Christ, Our Hope	LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN
175	O Christ, the Heavens' Eternal King	CHURCH TRIUMPHANT
176	O Come, All Ye Faithful	ADESTE FIDELES
177	O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile	ST. CROSS
178	O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile	
179	O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile	
180	O Come, Divine Messiah	VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE
181	O Come, Little Children	IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET
182	O Come, O Come, Emmanuel	VENI EMMANUEL
183	O Day of Rest and Gladness	ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN
184	O Food to Pilgrims Given	INNSBRUCK
185	O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing	AZMON
186	O God, Our Help in Ages Past	ST. ANNE
187	O Godhead Hid, Devoutly I Adore Thee	AQUINAS
188	O Jesus Christ, Remember	AURELIA
189	O Jesus Christ, Remember	
190	O Jesus, King Most Wonderful	ST. ANNE
191	O Kind Creator, Bow Thine Ear	TALLIS' CANON
192	O Little Town of Bethlehem	FOREST GREEN
193	O Little Town of Bethlehem	ST. LOUIS
194	O Lord, I Am Not Worthly	NON DIGNUS
195	O Praise Ye the Lord	LAUDATE DOMINUM
196	O Purest of Creatures	MARIA ZU LIEBEN
197	O Queen of the Holy Rosary	ACH GOTT VOM HIMMELREICHE
198	O Queen of the Holy Rosary	ELLACOMBE
199	O Sacrament Most Holy	O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY
200	O Sacred Head, Surrounded	PASSION CHORALE
201	O Sacred Heart	LAURENCE
202	O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine	
203	O Sacred Heart, What Shall I Render Thee	
204	O Salutaris Hostia	DUGUET
205	O Salutaris Hostia	WERNER
206	O Sanctissima	SICILIAN MARINERS
207	O Saving Victim	DUGUET
208	O Saving Victim	HERR JESU CHRIST
209	O Saving Victim	WERNER
210	O Splendor of God's Glory Bright	PUER NOBIS NASCITUR
211	O Star, for Whose Pure Light	FARLEY CASTLE
212	O Strength and Stay	STRENGTH AND STAY
213	O Trinity of Blessed Light	BROMLEY
214	O Trinity of Blessed Light	DANBY
215	O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be	O QUANTA QUALIA

216	O Wondrous Sight! O Vision Fair	WAREHAM
217	O Word of God Incarnate	MUNICH
218	O Worship the King	HANOVER
219	On Jordan's Bank	WINCHESTER NEW
220	On This Day, O Beautiful Mother	BEAUTIFUL MOTHER
221	On This Day, the First of Days	LÜBECK
222	Once in Royal David's City	IRBY
223	Only-Begotten, Word of God Eternal	ISTE CONFESSOR
224	Panis Angelicus	SACRIS SOLEMNIIS
225	Praise God! Who in His Grace	
226	Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven	LAUDA ANIMA
227	Praise to the Holiest in the Height	BILLING
228	Praise to the Lord	LOBE DEN HERREN
229	Raise Your Voices, Vales and Mountains	
230	Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers	LLANGLOFFAN
231	Rejoice, the Lord Is King	DARWALL'S 148 <sup>TH</sup>
232	Ride On, Ride On in Majesty	WINCHESTER NEW
233	Round the Lord in Glory Seated	RUSTINGTON
234	Savior of the Nations, Come	NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN HEILAND
235	See, Amid the Winter's Snow	CHRISTMAS MORN
236	See, Amid the Winter's Snow	
237	See the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph	REX GLORIAE
238	Silent Night	STILLE NACHT
239	Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love	ST. BEES
240	Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above	MIT FREUDEN ZART
241	Sing Praise to the Lord	LAUDATE DOMINUM
242	Sing We Triumphant Hymns of Praise	LASST UNS ERFREUEN
243	Sing With All the Saints in Glory	RUSTINGTON
244	Songs of Thankfulness and Praise	SALZBURG
245	Soul of My Savior	ANIMA CHRISTI
246	Soul of My Savior	
247	Sweet Heart of Jesus	
248	Sweet Sacrament Divine	DIVINE MYSTERIES
249	Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go	SUNSET
250	Take Up Your Cross	BRESLAU
251	Take Up Your Cross	ERHALT UNS, HERR
252	Tantum Ergo	ST. THOMAS (Wade)
253	Tantum Ergo	UNSER HERRSCHER
254	The Advent of Our King	ST. THOMAS (Williams)
255	The Angel Gabriel	GABRIEL'S MESSAGE
256	The Church's One Foundation	AURELIA
257	The Day of Resurrection	CHARTRES
258	The Day of Resurrection	ELLACOMBE
259	The Day of Resurrection	LANCASHIRE
260	The Fiery Sun Now Rolls Away	ANGELUS
261	The First Noël	THE FIRST NOWELL
262	The Glory of These Forty Days	ERHALT UNS, HERR
263	The God of Abraham Praise	LEONI
264	The King of Love	ST. COLUMBA (Irish)
265	The Strife Is O'er	VICTORY
266	The Sun Is Shining Brightly	
267	The Sun Is Sinking Fast	ST. COLUMBA (Irons)
268	There Is a Green Hill Far Away	HORSLEY
269	There's a Wideness in God's Mercy	GOTT WILL'S MACHEN

270	There's a Wideness in God's Mercy	IN BABILONE
271	Through the Red Sea	STRAF MICH NICHT
272	'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here	SWABIA
273	'Tis the Month of Our Mother	
274	To Jesus' Heart All Burning	COR JESU
275	Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee	MON DIEU PRETE-MOI L'OREILLE
276	Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee	QUEM PASTORES
277	Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying	WACHET AUF
278	Watchman, Tell Us of the Night	ABERYSTWYTH
279	What Child Is This	GREENSLEEVES
280	What Star Is This	PUER NOBIS NASCITUR
281	Whate'er Our God Ordains Is Right	WAS GOTT TUT
282	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross	HAMBURG
283	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross	ROCKINGHAM
284	When Morning Gilds the Skies	LAUDES DOMINI
285	When the Patriarch Was Returning	ALL SAINTS
286	When the Patriarch Was Returning	
287	Who Are These Like Stars Appearing	ALL SAINTS
288	Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless	EBENEZER (Williams)
289	Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless	EIFIONYDD
290	Word of God to Earth Descending	DRAKE'S BROUGHTON
291	Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness	WAS LEBET WAS SCHWEBET
292	Ye Holy Angels Bright	DARWALL'S 148 <sup>TH</sup>
293	Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones	LASST UNS ERFREUEN
294	Ye Who Own the Faith of Jesus	DAILY, DAILY
295	Ye Who Own the Faith of Jesus	DEN DES VATERS SINN GEBOREN



## II. INDEX OF TUNES AND FIRST LINES

278	ABERYSTWYTH	Watchman, Tell Us of the Night
197	ACH GOTT VOM HIMMELREICHE	O Queen of the Holy Rosary
176	ADESTE FIDELES	O Come, All Ye Faithful
285	ALL SAINTS	When the Patriarch Was Returning
287	ALL SAINTS	Who Are These Like Stars Appearing
8	ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!	Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise
260	ANGELUS	The Fiery Sun Now Rolls Away
245	ANIMA CHRISTI	Soul of My Savior
137	ANTIOCH	Joy to the World
187	AQUINAS	O Godhead Hid, Devoutly I Adore Thee
84	AU SANG QU'UN DIEU	God of Mercy and Compassion
188	AURELIA	O Jesus Christ, Remember
256	AURELIA	The Church's One Foundation
93	AVE MARIS STELLA	Hail, O Star That Pointest
185	AZMON	O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing
82	BEACH SPRING	Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken
220	BEAUTIFUL MOTHER	On This Day, O Beautiful Mother
227	BILLING	Praise to the Holiest in the Height
111	BLAENWERN	Holy Light on Earth's Horizon
158	BLAENWERN	Love Divine, All Loves Excelling
250	BRESLAU	Take Up Your Cross
213	BROMLEY	O Trinity of Blessed Light
149	BRYN CALFARIA	Look, Ye Saints! The Sight Is Glorious
150	BRYNTIRION	Lord, Accept the Gifts We Offer
36	CAELITES PLAUDANT	Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels
124	CAROL	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear
162	CATHOLIC HARP	Mother Dear, O Pray for Me
257	CHARTRES	The Day of Resurrection
235	CHRISTMAS MORN	See, Amid the Winter's Snow
175	CHURCH TRIUMPHANT	O Christ, the Heavens' Eternal King
65	COENA DOMINI	Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord
56	CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM	Creator of the Stars of Night
274	COR JESU	To Jesus' Heart All Burning
4	CORONATION	All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name
17	CRADLE SONG	Away in a Manger
120	CRANHAM	In the Bleak Midwinter
57	CROSS OF JESUS	Cross of Jesus
37	CULBACH	Christ, the Glory of the Sky
59	DAILY, DAILY	Daily, Daily, Sing to Mary
294	DAILY, DAILY	Ye Who Own the Faith of Jesus
214	DANBY	O Trinity of Blessed Light
231	DARWALL'S 148 <sup>TH</sup>	Rejoice, the Lord Is King
292	DARWALL'S 148 <sup>TH</sup>	Ye Holy Angels Bright
295	DEN DES VATERS SINN GEBOREN	Ye Who Own the Faith of Jesus
58	DIADEMATA	Crown Him With Many Crowns
248	DIVINE MYSTERIES	Sweet Sacrament Divine
13	DIX	As With Gladness Men of Old
76	DIX	For the Beauty of the Earth
168	DOWLING	Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling
42	DOWN AMPNEY	Come Down, O Love Divine
73	DRAKE'S BROUGHTON	Firmly I Believe and Truly

290	DRAKE'S BROUGHTON	Word of God to Earth Descending
204	DUGUET	O Salutaris Hostia
207	DUGUET	O Saving Victim
115	DUKE STREET	I Know That My Redeemer Lives
10	DUNDEE	Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast
38	EASTER HYMN	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today
128	EASTER HYMN	Jesus Christ Is Risen Today
129	EASTER HYMN (Monk)	Jesus Christ Is Risen Today
288	EBENEZER (Williams)	Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless
289	EIFONYDD	Who Is This, So Weak and Helpless
97	ELLACOMBE	Hail to the Lord's Anointed
116	ELLACOMBE	I Sing the Mighty Power of God
198	ELLACOMBE	O Queen of the Holy Rosary
258	ELLACOMBE	The Day of Resurrection
251	ERHALT UNS, HERR	Take Up Your Cross
262	ERHALT UNS, HERR	The Glory of These Forty Days
147	ERSCHIENEN IST DER HERRLICH TAG	Lo! Round the Throne
98	ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN	Hail to the Lord's Anointed
183	ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN	O Day of Rest and Gladness
146	ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN	Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming
27	EUCCHARISTIC HYMN	Bread of the World
1	EVENTIDE	Abide With Me
211	FARLEY CASTLE	O Star, for Whose Pure Light
171	FARRANT	Now That the Day-Star Glimmers Bright
192	FOREST GREEN	O Little Town of Bethlehem
113	FOUNDATION	How Firm a Foundation
255	GABRIEL'S MESSAGE	The Angel Gabriel
53	GAUDEAMUS PARITER	Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain
55	GENEVAN 42	Comfort, Comfort Ye My People
72	GHENT	Father, See Thy Children
12	GLORIA	Angels We Have Heard on High
86	GOD REST YOU MERRY	God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen
269	GOTT WILL'S MACHEN	There's a Wideness in God's Mercy
169	GRAFTON	Now, My Tongue, the Mystery Telling
279	GREENSLEEVES	What Child Is This
108	GROSSER GOTT	Holy God, We Praise Thy Name
282	HAMBURG	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross
218	HANOVER	O Worship the King
77	HEINLEIN	Forty Days and Forty Nights
80	HEINLEIN	From the Depths We Cry to Thee
144	HELMSLEY	Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending
125	HERONGATE	It Is a Thing Most Wonderful
208	HERR JESU CHRIST	O Saving Victim
268	HORSLEY	There Is a Green Hill Far Away
9	HYFRYDOL	Alleluia! Sing to Jesus
159	HYFRYDOL	Love Divine, All Loves Excelling
7	HYMN TO JOY	Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven
138	HYMN TO JOY	Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee
181	IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET	O Come, Little Children
270	IN BABILONE	There's a Wideness in God's Mercy
87	IN DULCI JUBILO	Good Christian Men, Rejoice
184	INNSBRUCK	O Food to Pilgrims Given
222	IRBY	Once in Royal David's City

223	ISTE CONFESSOR	Only-Begotten, Word of God Eternal
50	ITALIAN HYMN	Come, Thou Almighty King
141	JESUS MEINE ZUVERSICHT	Let Thy Blood in Mercy Poured
78	KING'S LYNN	From All Thy Saints in Warfare
6	KINGSFOLD	All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure
114	KINGSFOLD	I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say
44	KOMM, GOTT SCHÖPFER	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest
43	LAMBILLOTTE	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest
259	LANCASHIRE	The Day of Resurrection
126	LAND OF REST	Jerusalem, My Happy Home
242	LASST UNS ERFREUEN	Sing We Triumphant Hymns of Praise
293	LASST UNS ERFREUEN	Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones
226	LAUDA ANIMA	Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven
195	LAUDATE DOMINUM	O Praise Ye the Lord
241	LAUDATE DOMINUM	Sing Praise to the Lord
284	LAUDES DOMINI	When Morning Gilds the Skies
201	LAURENCE	O Sacred Heart
29	LAUS DEO (Redhead)	Bright the Vision That Delighted
263	LEONI	The God of Abraham Praise
30	LIEBSTER IMMANUEL	Brightest and Best
25	LIEBSTER JESU	Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word
39	LLANFAIR	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today
95	LLANFAIR	Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise
230	LLANGLOFFAN	Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers
228	LOBE DEN HERREN	Praise to the Lord
174	LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN	O Christ, Our Hope
117	LOURDES HYMN	Immaculate Mary
166	LOVE UNKNOWN	My Song Is Love Unknown
221	LÜBECK	On This Day, the First of Days
46	LUDBOROUGH	Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One
172	MARIA ZU LIEBEN	O Blessed Saint Joseph
196	MARIA ZU LIEBEN	O Purest of Creatures
66	MELITA	Eternal Father, Strong to Save
34	MENDELSSOHN	By the First Bright Easter Day
102	MENDELSSOHN	Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
22	MERTON	Bethlehem, of Noblest Cities
74	MERTON	Firmly I Believe and Truly
100	MERTON	Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding
240	MIT FREUDEN ZART	Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above
275	MON DIEU PRETE-MOI L'OREILLE	Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee
31	MORNING STAR	Brightest and Best
164	MOTHER OF CHRIST	Mother of Christ
103	MOULTRIE	Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices
217	MUNICH	O Word of God Incarnate
85	NATIONAL HYMN	God of Our Fathers
109	NICAEA	Holy, Holy, Holy
127	NOCTE SURGENTES	Jesu! The Dying Day Hath Left Us Lonely
194	NON DIGNUS	O Lord, I Am Not Worthy
170	NUN DANKET	Now Thank We All Our God
234	NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN HEILAND	Savior of the Nations, Come
41	O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS	Christ, the True Light of Us
47	O JESU, MI DULCISSIME	Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One

215	O QUANTA QUALIA	O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be
199	O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY	O Sacrament Most Holy
5	OLD HUNDREDTH	All People That on Earth Do Dwell
160	ORIENTIS PARTIBUS	Maiden Mother, Meek and Mild
148	PAPAL HYMN	Long Live the Pope!
200	PASSION CHORALE	O Sacred Head, Surrounded
152	PROVIDENCE	Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs
210	PUER NOBIS NASCITUR	O Splendor of God's Glory Bright
280	PUER NOBIS NASCITUR	What Star Is This
99	QUEEN OF MAY	Hail, Virgin, Dearest Mary
32	QUEEN OF THE ANGELS	Bring Flowers of the Rarest
276	QUEM PASTORES	Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee
11	REGENT SQUARE	Angels From the Realms of Glory
18	REGINA CAELI	Be Joyful, Mary
28	RENDEZ Á DIEU	Bread of the World
107	REQUIEM	Help, Lord, the Souls That Thou Hast Made
237	REX GLORIAE	See the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph
283	ROCKINGHAM	When I Survey the Wondrous Cross
233	RUSTINGTON	Round the Lord in Glory Seated
243	RUSTINGTON	Sing With All the Saints in Glory
224	SACRIS SOLEMNIIS	Panis Angelicus
92	SALVE REGINA COELITUM	Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above
15	SALZBURG	At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing
244	SALZBURG	Songs of Thankfulness and Praise
140	SANDON	Lead, Kindly Light
70	SAWSTON	Faith of Our Fathers
133	SAWSTON	Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All
63	SCHMÜCKE DICH	Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness
67	SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU	Fairest Lord Jesus
206	SICILIAN MARINERS	O Sanctissima
75	SINE NOMINE	For All the Saints
19	SLANE	Be Thou My Vision
153	SOUTHWELL	Lord Jesus, Think on Me
45	SOUTHWOLD	Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come
134	ST. AGNES	Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee
186	ST. ANNE	O God, Our Help in Ages Past
190	ST. ANNE	O Jesus, King Most Wonderful
239	ST. BEES	Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love
69	ST. CATHERINE	Faith of Our Fathers
173	ST. COLUMBA (Irish)	O Breathe on Me, O Breath of God
264	ST. COLUMBA (Irish)	The King of Love
267	ST. COLUMBA (Irons)	The Sun Is Sinking Fast
177	ST. CROSS	O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile
118	ST. DENIO	Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise
68	ST. ELIZABETH	Fairest Lord Jesus
157	ST. FLAVIAN	Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days
54	ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR	Come, Ye Thankful People, Come
151	ST. HELEN	Lord, Enthroned in Heavenly Splendor
193	ST. LOUIS	O Little Town of Bethlehem
20	ST. RICHARD GWYN	Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy
3	ST. THEODULPH	All Glory, Laud, and Honor
79	ST. THEODULPH	From All Thy Saints in Warfare
64	ST. THOMAS (Wade)	Down in Adoration Falling
119	ST. THOMAS (Wade)	In His Temple Now Behold Him

145	ST. THOMAS (Wade)	Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending
252	ST. THOMAS (Wade)	Tantum Ergo
254	ST. THOMAS (Williams)	The Advent of Our King
14	STABAT MATER	At the Cross Her Station Keeping
94	STELLA (English)	Hail, Queen of Heaven
238	STILLE NACHT	Silent Night
271	STRAF MICH NICHT	Through the Red Sea
212	STRENGTH AND STAY	O Strength and Stay
23	STUTTGART	Bethlehem, of Noblest Cities
52	STUTTGART	Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus
249	SUNSET	Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go
101	SURGE	Hark, My Soul
272	SWABIA	'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here
132	SWEET SACRAMENT	Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All
143	TALLIS' CANON	Light of All Days
191	TALLIS' CANON	O Kind Creator, Bow Thine Ear
21	TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM	Before the Day's Last Moments Fly
48	THE CALL	Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life
261	THE FIRST NOWELL	The First Noël
142	TRURO	Lift Up Your Heads
49	TUNBRIDGE	Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life
156	UNDE ET MEMORES	Lord, Who at Thy First Eucharist
253	UNSER HERRSCHER	Tantum Ergo
180	VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE	O Come, Divine Messiah
182	VENI EMMANUEL	O Come, O Come, Emmanuel
51	VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS	Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come
112	VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS	Holy Spirit, Lord of Light
40	VICTIMAE PASCHALI	Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today
265	VICTORY	The Strife Is O'er
123	W ŻŁOBIE LEŻY	Infant Holy, Infant Lowly
277	WACHET AUF	Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying
216	WAREHAM	O Wondrous Sight! O Vision Fair
281	WAS GOTT TUT	Whate'er Our God Ordains Is Right
291	WAS LEBET WAS SCHWEBET	Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness
83	WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN	Glory Be to Jesus
205	WERNER	O Salutaris Hostia
209	WERNER	O Saving Victim
35	WESTMINSTER ABBEY	Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation
219	WINCHESTER NEW	On Jordan's Bank
232	WINCHESTER NEW	Ride On, Ride On in Majesty
81	WISEMAN	Full in the Panting Heart of Rome
154	WORD OF FIRE	Lord Jesus, When I Think of Thee

# III. LITURGICAL INDEX

## PROPER OF SEASONS

### Advent Season

- 52 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus
- 55 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People
- 56 Creator of the Stars of Night
- 97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
- 100 Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding
- 142 Lift Up Your Heads
- 180 O Come, Divine Messiah
- 182 O Come, O Come, Emmanuel
- 219 On Jordan's Bank
- 234 Savior of the Nations, Come
- 254 The Advent of Our King
- 277 Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying
- 278 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night

### Christmas Season

- 11 Angels, From the Realms of Glory
- 12 Angels We Have Heard on High
- 17 Away in a Manger
- 102 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing
- 120 In the Bleak Midwinter
- 124 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear
- 137 Joy to the World
- 176 O Come, All Ye Faithful
- 181 O Come, Little Children
- 192-193 O Little Town of Bethlehem
- 222 Once in Royal David's City
- 235-236 See, Amid the Winter's Snow
- 238 Silent Night
- 261 The First Noël
- 279 What Child Is This

#### *Holy Family*

- 222 Once in Royal David's City
- See also* CHRISTMAS SEASON

#### *Mary, Mother of God*

- 16 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother
- 60 Daughter of a Mighty Father
- 93 Hail, O Star That Pointest
- 222 Once in Royal David's City
- See also* CHRISTMAS SEASON

#### *Epiphany*

- 13 As With Gladness Men of Old
- 30-31 Brightest and Best
- See also* CHRISTMAS SEASON

#### *Baptism of the Lord*

- 244 Songs of Thankfulness and Praise

### Lenten Season

- 14 At the Cross Her Station Keeping
- 33 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee
- 57 Cross of Jesus
- 77 Forty Days and Forty Nights
- 80 From the Depths We Cry to Thee
- 157 Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days
- 177-179 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile
- 191 O Kind Creator, Bow Thine Ear
- 200 O Sacred Head, Surrounded
- 250-251 Take Up Your Cross
- 262 The Glory of These Forty Days
- 269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy
- 282-283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

#### *Holy Week*

- See* GOOD FRIDAY
- HOLY THURSDAY
- LENTEN SEASON
- PASSION SUNDAY

#### *Passion Sunday (Palm Sunday)*

- 15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing
- 33 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee
- 58 Crown Him With Many Crowns
- 142 Lift Up Your Heads
- 200 O Sacred Head, Surrounded
- 232 Ride On, Ride On in Majesty

- See also* GOOD FRIDAY

#### *Holy Thursday (Chrism Mass)*

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation
- 256 The Church's One Foundation

#### *Holy Thursday*

#### *(Evening Mass of the Lord's Supper)*

- See* HOLY COMMUNION
- HOLY WEEK

#### *Good Friday*

- 6 All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure
- 200 O Sacred Head, Surrounded
- 268 There Is a Green Hill Far Away
- 282-283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

### Easter Season

- 7 Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven
- 8 Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise
- 15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing
- 34 By the First Bright Easter Day

- 38-40 Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today  
 53 Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain  
 58 Crown Him With Many Crowns  
 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
 128-129 Jesus Christ Is Risen Today  
 151 Lord, Enthroned in Heavenly Splendor  
 242 Sing We Triumphant Hymns of Praise  
 257-259 The Day of Resurrection  
 271 Through the Red Sea  
 285-286 When the Patriarch Was Returning  
 293 Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones

#### *Ascension*

- 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus  
 58 Crown Him With Many Crowns  
 95 Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise  
 174 O Christ, Our Hope  
 231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King  
 242 Sing We Triumphant Hymns of Praise

#### *Pentecost*

- 42 Come Down, O Love Divine  
 43-44 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest  
 45 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come  
 46-47 Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One  
 51 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come  
 173 O Breathe on Me, O Breath of God  
 210 O Splendor of God's Glory Bright

*See also* CONFIRMATION

### Ordinary Time

*See* TOPICAL INDEX

### Solemnities of the Lord in Ordinary Time

#### *Trinity Sunday*

- 25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word  
 50 Come, Thou Almighty King  
 73-74 Firmly I Believe and Truly  
 103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices  
 109 Holy, Holy, Holy  
 183 O Day of Rest and Gladness  
 211 O Star, for Those Whose Pure Light  
 213-214 O Trinity of Blessed Light  
 221 On This Day, the First of Days

#### *Sacred Heart*

- 6 All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure  
 83 Glory Be to Jesus  
 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say  
 158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
 201 O Sacred Heart  
 202 O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine  
 203 O Sacred Heart, What Shall I Render Thee  
 245-246 Soul of My Savior

#### *Christ the King*

- 3 All Glory, Laud, and Honor  
 4 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name  
 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
 58 Crown Him With Many Crowns  
 97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed  
 101 Hark, My Soul  
 139 King of Kings Is He Anointed  
 142 Lift Up Your Heads  
 174 O Christ, Our Hope  
 175 O Christ, the Heavens' Eternal King  
 190 O Jesus, King Most Wonderful  
 218 O Worship the King  
 231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King  
 237 See the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

#### *Corpus Christi*

- 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
 65 Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord  
 83 Glory Be to Jesus  
 207-209 O Saving Victim

*See also* HOLY COMMUNION

## PROPER OF THE SAINTS

*Immaculate Conception (8 December)*  
117 Immaculate Mary

*Presentation of the Lord (2 February)*  
119 In His Temple Now Behold Him

*Annunciation (25 March)*  
92 Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above  
94 Hail, Queen of Heaven  
196 O Purest of Creatures  
255 The Angel Gabriel

*Birth of John the Baptist (24 June)*  
55 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People  
219 On Jordan's Bank

*Assumption (15 August)*  
117 Immaculate Mary

*Triumph of the Cross (14 September)*  
57 Cross of Jesus  
174 O Christ, Our Hope  
282-283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

*All Saints (1 November)*  
69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
75 For All the Saints  
103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices  
147 Lo! Round the Throne  
233 Round the Lord in Glory Seated  
243 Sing with All the Saints in Glory  
287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

*All Souls (2 November)*  
69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
75 For All the Saints  
115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

## COMMONS

### Common of the Dedication of a Church

35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
225 Praise God! Who in His Grace  
256 The Church's One Foundation

### Common of the Blessed Virgin Mary

16 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother  
92 Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above  
94 Hail, Queen of Heaven  
111 Holy Light on Earth's Horizon  
117 Immaculate Mary  
196 O Purest of Creatures

### Common of Apostles

69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices  
215 O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be  
233 Round the Lord in Glory Seated  
287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

### Common of Martyrs

69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
75 For All the Saints  
103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices  
215 O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be  
233 Round the Lord in Glory Seated  
287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

### Common of Pastors

264 The King of Love

### Common of Doctors of the Church

75 For All the Saints

### Common of Virgins

*See also* ALL SAINTS (NOVEMBER 1)  
COMMON OF MARTYRS

### Common of Holy Men and Women

*See also* ALL SAINTS (NOVEMBER 1)



## rites

### Baptism for Children

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
256 The Church's One Foundation

*See also* EASTER SEASON  
ALL SAINTS

### Christian Initiation of Adults

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
256 The Church's One Foundation

*See also* EASTER SEASON  
CONFIRMATION  
HOLY COMMUNION  
ALL SAINTS

### Confirmation

- 112 Holy Spirit, Lord of Light  
256 The Church's One Foundation

*See also* PENTECOST  
ALL SAINTS

### Funerals

- 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
126 Jerusalem, My Happy Home  
264 The King of Love

*See also* ALL SOULS  
EASTER SEASON

### Liturgy of the Hours

#### *Office of Readings*

- 10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast  
25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word  
143 Light of All Days

#### *Morning Prayer*

- 171 Now That the Day-Star Glimmers Bright  
284 When Morning Gilds the Skies

#### *Evening Prayer*

- 1 Abide With Me  
16 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother

#### *Night Prayer*

- 21 Before the Day's Last Moments Fly  
127 Jesu! The Dying Day Hath Left Us Lonely  
140 Lead, Kindly Light  
260 The Fiery Sun Now Rolls Away  
267 The Sun Is Sinking Fast  
272 'Tis Good, Lord, to Be Here

*See also* PROPER OF SEASONS  
PROPER OF SAINTS  
COMMONS  
TOPICAL INDEX: PRAISE

### Worship of the Eucharist outside Mass

- 108 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

# MASSES FOR VARIOUS NEEDS AND OCCASIONS

*See also* TOPICAL INDEX: PRAISE

## VOTIVE MASSES

### Holy Trinity

*See* TRINITY SUNDAY

### Holy Cross

- 174 O Christ, Our Hope  
282-283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross  
*See* CHRIST THE KING  
HOLY WEEK

### Holy Eucharist

*See* ORDER OF MASS: COMMUNION

### Precious Blood

- 4 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name  
33 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee  
83 Glory Be to Jesus  
141 Let Thy Blood in Mercy Poured  
245-246 Soul of My Savior  
*See also* HOLY COMMUNION

### Holy Spirit

*See* CONFIRMATION  
PENTECOST

### Blessed Virgin Mary

*See* COMMON OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

### Angels

- 24 Bless Me, Befriend Me  
36 Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels  
61 Dear Angel! Ever at My Side  
90 Guardian Angel! From Heaven So Bright  
103 Hark! The Sound of Holy Voices  
108 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name  
161 Michael, Prince of Highest Heaven  
195 O Praise Ye the Lord  
226 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven  
243 Sing With All the Saints in Glory  
287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing  
292 Ye Holy Angels Bright  
293 Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones

### Apostles

*See* COMMON OF APOSTLES

### All Saints

*See* ALL SAINTS (1 NOVEMBER)

## MASSES FOR THE DEAD

### Funerals

*See* ALL SOULS (2 NOVEMBER)  
EASTER SEASON  
FUNERALS

### Marriage

- 158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

### Order of Mass

- 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus  
15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing  
65 Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord  
83 Glory Be to Jesus  
108 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name  
245-246 Soul of My Savior  
*See also* TOPICAL INDEX: PRAISE

### Ordination

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say  
256 The Church's One Foundation

### Pastoral Care of the Sick

- 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

### Penance

- 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say  
153 Lord Jesus, Think on Me  
269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy  
*See also* TOPICAL INDEX: PRAISE

### Religious Profession

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus

## IV. TOPICAL INDEX

### Adoration

- 3 All Glory, Laud, and Honor
- 4 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name
- 7 Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven
- 8 Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise
- 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus
- 19 Be Thou My Vision
- 50 Come, Thou Almighty King
- 58 Crown Him With Many Crowns
- 75 For All the Saints
- 76 For the Beauty of the Earth
- 83 Glory Be to Jesus
- 85 God of Our Fathers
- 97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed
- 109 Holy, Holy, Holy
- 118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise
- 165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day
- 167 My Soul Doth Long for Thee
- 170 Now Thank We All Our God
- 174 O Christ, Our Hope
- 186 O God, Our Help in Ages Past
- 195 O Praise Ye the Lord
- 207-209 O Saving Victim
- 211 O Star, for Those Whose Pure Light
- 221 On This Day, the First of Days
- 231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King
- 263 The God of Abraham Praise
- 284 When Morning Gilds the Skies
- 289 Who is This, So Weak and Helpless
- 291 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

*See also* PRAISE

### Angels

- 255 The Angel Gabriel
- See* LITURGICAL INDEX: ANGELS

### Beauty

- 76 For the Beauty of the Earth
- 291 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

### Benediction

- 108 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name
- 204-205 O Salutaris Hostia
- 207-209 O Saving Victim
- 252-253 Tantum Ergo

### Blessed Sacrament

- 135-136 Jesus, Thou Art Coming
- 184 O Food to Pilgrims Given

- 187 O Godhead Hid, Devoutly I Adore Thee
- 248 Sweet Sacrament Divine

*See also* HOLY COMMUNION

### Children

- 72 Father, See Thy Children
- 104-105 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus
- 130 Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me
- 132-133 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All
- 125 It Is a Thing Most Wonderful
- 165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day

### Church

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation
- 69-71 Faith of Our Fathers
- 75 For All the Saints
- 76 For the Beauty of the Earth
- 256 The Church's One Foundation
- 277 Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

### City of Our God

- 22-23 Bethlehem, of Noblest Cities
- 82 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

### Comfort and Consolation

- 1 Abide With Me
- 6 All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure
- 25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word
- 55 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People
- 106 Heart of Jesus, We Are Grateful
- 113 How Firm a Foundation
- 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say
- 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives
- 126 Jerusalem, My Happy Home
- 264 The King of Love
- 269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy
- 291 Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness

### Commitment

- 69-71 Faith of Our Fathers
- 221 On This Day, the First of Days
- 287 Who Are These Like Stars Appearing

## Courage

- 69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
113 How Firm a Foundation  
250-251 Take Up Your Cross  
264 The King of Love

## Creation

- 54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come  
69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
76 For the Beauty of the Earth  
118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
*See also* ADORATION AND PRAISE  
THANKSGIVING

## Cross

- See* LITURGICAL INDEX: HOLY CROSS

## Death

- See* LITURGICAL INDEX: FUNERALS  
*See also* COMFORT AND CONSOLATION  
ETERNAL LIFE

## Dedication of a Church

- See* LITURGICAL INDEX: COMMON OF THE  
DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

## Eternal Life

- 9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus  
13 As With Gladness Men of Old  
154 Lord Jesus, When I Think of Thee  
165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day  
212 O Strength and Stay  
264 The King of Love

## Evening

- See* EVENING PRAYER  
*See also* ADORATION AND PRAISE  
THANKSGIVING

## Faith

- 10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast  
65 Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord  
69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
73-74 Firmly I Believe and Truly  
75 For All the Saints  
113 How Firm a Foundation  
118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
294-295 Ye Who Own the Faith of Jesus  
*See* HOPE AND TRUST

## Family Life

- 76 For the Beauty of the Earth

## First Communion

- 2 Accept, Almighty Father  
132-133 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All  
194 O Lord, I Am Not Worthy  
199 O Sacrament Most Holy  
245-246 Soul of My Savior  
*See also* HOLY COMMUNION

## Forgiveness

- See* LITURGICAL INDEX: PENANCE  
*See also* MERCY

## Freedom

- 15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing  
52 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus  
53 Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain  
54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come  
58 Crown Him With Many Crowns  
97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed  
174 O Christ, Our Hope  
180 O Come, Divine Messiah  
182 O Come, O Come, Emmanuel  
263 The God of Abraham Praise  
265 The Strife Is O'er

## God the Father (Creator)

- 5 All People That on Earth Do Dwell  
66 Eternal Father, Strong to Save  
118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
221 On This Day, the First of Days  
226 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven  
240 Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

## Grace

- 4 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name  
10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast  
43-44 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest  
45 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come  
46-47 Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One  
50 Come, Thou Almighty King  
56 Creator of the Stars of Night  
65 Draw Near and Take the Body of the Lord  
73-74 Firmly I Believe and Truly  
76 For the Beauty of the Earth  
83 Glory Be to Jesus  
113 How Firm a Foundation  
118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day  
 170 Now Thank We All Our God  
 180 O Come, Divine Messiah  
 195 O Praise Ye the Lord  
 263 The God of Abraham Praise  
 269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

### Guardian Angel

24 Bless Me, Befriend Me  
 36 Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels  
 61 Dear Angel! Ever at My Side  
 90 Guardian Angel! From Heaven So Bright

### Guidance

1 Abide With Me  
 85 God of Our Fathers  
 113 How Firm a Foundation  
 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say  
 140 Lead, Kindly Light  
 170 Now Thank We All Our God  
 264 The King of Love

### Harvest

54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come  
 76 For the Beauty of the Earth  
*See also* THANKSGIVING

### Healing

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: PASTORAL CARE OF THE SICK

### Heaven

*See* ETERNAL LIFE

### Holy Communion - Eucharist

2 Accept, Almighty Father  
 132-133 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All  
 194 O Lord, I Am Not Worthy  
 199 O Sacrament Most Holy  
 224 Panis Angelicus  
 245-246 Soul of My Savior  
 249 Sweet Savior, Bless Us Ere We Go

### Holy Father

81 Full in the Panting Heart of Rome  
 148 Long Live the Pope

### Holy Ghost ~ Holy Spirit

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: CONFIRMATION  
 PENTECOST

### Holy Name

110 Holy, Holy Name of Jesus  
*See also* LITURGICAL INDEX: HOLY NAME

### Home and Trust

35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
 97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed  
 113 How Firm a Foundation  
 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus  
 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
 126 Jerusalem, My Happy Home  
 186 O God, Our Help in Ages Past  
 264 The King of Love

### Jesus Christ

20 Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy  
 25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word  
 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
 36 Christ, the Fair Glory of the Holy Angels  
 37 Christ, the Glory of the Sky  
 41 Christ, the True Light of Us  
 67-68 Fairest Lord Jesus  
 75 For All the Saints  
 76 For the Beauty of the Earth  
 113 How Firm a Foundation  
 114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say  
 130 Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me  
 131 Jesus, Keep Me Close to Thee  
 158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
 174 O Christ, Our Hope  
 185 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing  
 217 O Word of God Incarnate  
 256 The Church's One Foundation  
 284 When Morning Gilds the Skies  
*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: ADVENT  
 CHRISTMAS  
 LENT  
 HOLY WEEK  
 EASTER  
 CHRIST THE KING

### Joy

5 All People That on Earth Do Dwell  
 48-49 Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life  
 53 Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain  
 69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
 76 For the Beauty of the Earth  
 115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
 126 Jerusalem, My Happy Home  
 158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
 195 O Praise Ye the Lord  
 231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King  
 263 The God of Abraham Praise

## Judgment

- 54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come  
56 Creator of the Stars of Night  
100 Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding  
231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King  
*See* SECOND COMING

## Justice

- 97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed  
118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

## Lamb of God

- 15 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing  
58 Crown Him With Many Crowns

## Life

- 118 Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise  
171 Now that the Day-Star Glimmers Bright  
183 O Day of Rest and Gladness  
*See* CREATION

## Light

- 111 Holy Light on Earth's Horizon  
112 Holy Spirit, Lord of Light  
213-214 O Trinity of Blessed Light  
217 O Word of God Incarnate  
230 Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

## Love (God's Love for Us)

- 25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word  
158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
227 Praise to the Holiest in the Height  
264 The King of Love  
268 There Is a Green Hill Far Away  
269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy  
282-283 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

## Love (Our Love for God)

- 2 Accept, Almighty Father  
174 O Christ, Our Hope  
268 There Is a Green Hill Far Away

## Marriage

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: MARRIAGE

## Mary

- 111 Holy Light on Earth's Horizon  
220 On This Day, O Beautiful Mother  
229 Raise Your Voices, Vales and Mountains

## Month of May

- 32 Bring Flowers of the Rarest  
94 Hail, Queen of Heaven  
111 Holy Light on Earth's Horizon  
266 The Sun is Shining Brightly  
273 'Tis the Month of Our Mother  
275-276 Virgin-Born, We Bow Before Thee  
*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: COMMON OF THE  
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

## Mercy

- 226 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven  
228 Praise to the Lord  
269-270 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy  
*See also* LITURGICAL INDEX: PENANCE

## Ministry and Mission

- 4 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name  
10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast  
69-71 Faith of Our Fathers  
97-98 Hail to the Lord's Anointed  
250-251 Take Up Your Cross

## Morning

- 109 Holy, Holy, Holy  
221 On This Day, the First of Days  
*See* ADORATION  
*See also* PRAISE  
LITURGICAL INDEX: MORNING PRAYER

## Petition

- 10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast  
18 Be Joyful, Mary  
25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word  
35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation  
43-44 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest  
45 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come  
46-47 Come, Holy Ghost, Who Ever One  
50 Come, Thou Almighty King  
52 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus  
56 Creator of the Stars of Night  
77 Forty Days and Forty Nights  
85 God of Our Fathers  
92 Hail, Holy Queen Enthroned Above  
94 Hail, Queen of Heaven  
126 Jerusalem, My Happy Home  
140 Lead, Kindly Light  
142 Lift Up Your Heads  
157 Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days  
180 O Come, Divine Messiah  
182 O Come, O Come, Emmanuel  
200 O Sacred Head, Surrounded  
207-209 O Saving Victim  
245-246 Soul of My Savior  
277 Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

## Poor Souls

107 Help, Lord, the Souls That Thou Hast Made

## Pilgrimage

113 How Firm a Foundation  
114 I Heard the Voice of Jesus  
140 Lead, Kindly Light  
186 O God, Our Help in Ages Past  
264 The King of Love  
277 Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

## Praise

108 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name  
226 Praise, My Soul the King of Heaven  
227 Praise to the Holiest in the Height  
228 Praise to the Lord  
229 Raise Your Voices, Vales and Mountains  
239 Sing My Soul, His Wondrous Love  
240 Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above  
241 Sing Praise to the Lord  
244 Songs of Thankfulness and Praise  
263 The God of Abraham Praise  
281 Whate'er Our God Ordains Is Right  
*See* ADORATION

## Priesthood

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: ORDINATION  
*See also* MINISTRY AND MISSION

## Providence

9 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus  
115 I Know That My Redeemer Lives  
170 Now Thank We All Our God  
186 O God, Our Help in Ages Past  
228 Praise to the Lord  
240 Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

## Reconciliation and Concern

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: PENANCE  
*See also* LOVE (OUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER)  
MERCY

## Repentance

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: PENANCE

## Rosary

197-198 O Queen of the Holy Rosary

## Sacred Heart of Jesus

6 All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure  
106 Heart of Jesus, We Are Grateful  
201 O Sacred Heart  
202 O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine  
203 O Sacred Heart, What Shall I Render Thee  
247 Sweet Heart of Jesus  
274 To Jesus' Heart All Burning  
*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: SOLEMNITIES SACRED HEART

## Saint Joseph

62 Dear Guardian of Mary  
89 Great Saint Joseph  
172 O Blessed Saint Joseph

## Saints

88 Great Saint in Heaven  
*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: PROPER OF SAINTS

## Second Coming

20 Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy  
54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come  
58 Crown Him With Many Crowns  
100 Hark! A Herald Voice Is Sounding  
142 Lift Up Your Heads  
144-145 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending  
158-159 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling  
188-189 O Jesus Christ, Remember  
216 O Wondrous Sight! O Vision Fair  
230 Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers  
*See* JUDGEMENT

## Service

*See* MINISTRY AND MISSION

## Shepherd

5 All People That on Earth Do Dwell  
200 O Sacred Head, Surrounded  
264 The King of Love

## Social Action and Concern

85 God of Our Fathers  
*See* MINISTRY AND MISSION

## Suffering

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: LENT  
HOLY WEEK  
PASTORAL CARE OF THE SICK  
*See also* COMFORT AND CONSOLATION

## **Temptation**

- 1 Abide With Me
- 77 Forty Days and Forty Nights
- 111 Holy Light on Earth's Horizon
- 113 How Firm a Foundation
- 143 Light of All Days
- 157 Lord, Who Throughout These Forty Days
- 171 Now that the Day-Star Glimmers Bright

## **Thanksgiving**

- 54 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come
- 73-74 Firmly I Believe and Truly
- 76 For the Beauty of the Earth
- 170 Now Thank We All Our God
- 231 Rejoice, the Lord Is King

## **Trinity**

*See* LITURGICAL INDEX: TRINITY SUNDAY

## **Truth**

- 48-49 Come, My Way, My Truth, My Life

## **Unity**

- 35 Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation
- 256 The Church's One Foundation

## **Vocation**

*See* MINISTRY AND MISSION

## **Witness**

*See* MINISTRY AND MISSION

## **Word**

- 10 Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast
- 25 Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word
- 50 Come, Thou Almighty King
- 113 How Firm a Foundation
- 217 O Word of God Incarnate
- 223 Only-Begotten, Word of God Eternal



## V. METRICAL INDEX

**4 6 8 8 4**

201 LAURENCE

**5 5 7 5 5 7**

206 SICILIAN MARINERS

**5 6 5 6 5 5**

20 ST. RICHARD GWYN

**5 6 8 5 5 8**

67 SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU

68 ST. ELIZABETH

**6 4 6 6**

267 ST. COLUMBA (Irons)

**6 5 6 5**

83 WEM IN LEIDENSTAGEN

**6 5 6 5 D**

135, 136 Jesus, Thou Art Coming

**6 6 4 6 6 6 4**

50 ITALIAN HYMN

**6 6 6 6**

93 AVE MARIS STELLA

**6 6 6 6 8 8 or Hallelujah Meter (HM)**

231, 292 DARWALL'S 148<sup>TH</sup>

166 LOVE UNKNOWN

**6 6 6 6 8 8 6 6**

248 DIVINE MYSTERIES

**6 6 6 6 6 6**

284 LAUDES DOMINI

**6 6 7 7 7 8 5 5**

87 IN DULCI JUBILO

**6 6 8 4 D**

263 LEONI

**6 6 8 6 or Short Meter (SM)**

153 SOUTHWELL

254 ST. THOMAS (Williams)

272 SWABIA

**6 6 8 6 D or SMD**

58 DIADEMATA

167 My Soul Doth Long for Thee

**6 6 1 1 D**

42 DOWN AMPNEY

**6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6**

170 NUN DANKET

**7 4 7 4 6 7 4**

271 STRAF MICH NICHT

**7 6 7 6**

194 NON DIGNUS

199 O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY

**7 6 7 6 with refrain**

274 COR JESU

**7 6 7 6 D**

188, 256 AURELIA

257 CHARTRES

97, 116,

198, 258 ELLACOMBE

98, 183 ES FLOG EIN KLEINS

WALDVÖGELEIN

53 GAUDEAMUS PARITER

78 KING'S LYNN

259 LANCASHIRE

230 LLANGLOFFAN

217 MUNICH

200 PASSION CHORALE

99 QUEEN OF MAY

3, 79 ST. THEODULPH

2 Accept, Almighty Father

189 O Jesus Christ, Remember

**7 6 7 6 D with refrain**

266 The Sun Is Shining Brightly

**7 6 7 6 6 7 6**

146 ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN

**7 6 8 6 8 6 8 6 with refrain**

162 CATHOLIC HARP

**7 7 7 7**

37 CULBACH

77, 80 HEINLEIN

221 LÜBECK

234 NUN KOMM DER HEIDEN

HEILAND

160 ORIENTIS PARTIBUS

239 ST. BEES

101 SURGE

48 THE CALL

49 TUNBRIDGE

**77 77 with alleluias**

- 38, 128 EASTER HYMN  
 129 EASTER HYMN (Monk)  
 39, 95 LLANFAIR

**77 77 with refrain**

- 220 BEAUTIFUL MOTHER  
 12 GLORIA

**77 77 D**

- 278 ABERYSTWYTH  
 235 CHRISTMAS MORN  
 34 MENDELSSOHN  
 15, 244 SALZBURG  
 54 ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR  
 40 VICTIMAE PASCHALI  
 33 By the Blood That Flowed From Thee  
 236 See, Amid the Winter's Snow

**77 77 D with refrain**

- 102 MENDELSSOHN

**77 77 77**

- 13, 76 DIX

**77 6 77 6**

- 184 INNSBRUCK

**777 777**

- 51, 112 VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

**78 78 with refrain**

- 273 'Tis the Month of Our Mother

**78 78 77**

- 108 GROSSER GOTT  
 141 JESUS MEINE ZUVERSICHT

**78 78 88**

- 25 LIEBSTER JESU

**84 84**

- 152 PROVIDENCE

**84 84 with refrain**

- 92 SALVE REGINA COELITUM

**85 84 7**

- 18 REGINA CAELI

**86 86 or Common Meter (CM)**

- 185 AZMON  
 227 BILLING  
 10 DUNDEE  
 171 FARRANT  
 268 HORSLEY  
 126 LAND OF REST

**107 REQUIEM****45 SOUTHWOLD****134 ST. AGNES****186, 190 ST. ANNE****173 ST. COLUMBA (Irish)****157 ST. FLAVIAN****61 Dear Angel! Ever at My Side****165 My God, Accept My Heart This Day****86 86 with refrain**

- 202 O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine

**86 86 with repeat**

- 137 ANTIOCH  
 174 LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN

**86 86 D or CMD**

- 124 CAROL  
 6, 114 KINGSFOLD  
 155 Lord, Who at Cana's Wedding Feast

**86 86 D with repeat**

- 148 PAPAL HYMN

**86 86 76 86**

- 192 FOREST GREEN  
 193 ST. LOUIS

**86 86 8**

- 225 Praise God! Who in His Grace

**86 86 86**

- 4 CORONATION

**86 86 86 with refrain**

- 86 GOD REST YOU MERRY

**86 86 87 85 85**

- 139 King of Kings Is He Anointed

**87 87**

- 57 CROSS OF JESUS  
 73, 290 DRAKE'S BROUGHTON  
 269 GOTT WILL'S MACHEN  
 29 LAUS DEO (Redhead)  
 22, 74, 100 MERTON  
 264 ST. COLUMBA (Irish)  
 23, 52 STUTTGART  
 96 Hail, Thou Living Bread  
 121, 122 In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus

**87 87 with refrain**

- 279 GREENSLEEVES  
 161 Michael, Prince of Highest Heaven  
 163 Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest  
 60 Daughter of a Mighty Father

**87 87 D**

- 8 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!  
 84 AU SANG QU'UN DIEU  
 82 BEACH SPRING  
 111, 158 BLAENWERN  
 59, 294 DAILY, DAILY  
 295 DEN DES VATERS SINN  
     GEBOREN  
 288 EBENEZER (Williams)  
 289 EIFIONYDD  
 9, 159 HYFRYDOL  
 7, 138 HYMN TO JOY  
 270 IN BABILONE  
 103 MOULTRIE  
 237 REX GLORIAE  
 233, 243 RUSTINGTON  
     89 Great Saint Joseph  
     104 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus  
     131 Jesus, Keep Me Close to Thee

**87 87 D with refrain**

- 106 Heart of Jesus, We Are Grateful

**87 87 44 88**

- 281 WAS GOTT TUT

**87 87 444 77**

- 149 BRYN CALFARIA

**87 87 77**

- 285, 287 ALL SAINTS  
 222 IRBY  
 286 When the Patriarch Was Returning

**87 87 77 88**

- 55 GENEVAN 42

**87 87 87**

- 150 BRYNTIRION  
 168 DOWLING  
 169 GRAFTON  
 226 LAUDA ANIMA  
     11 REGENT SQUARE  
     151 ST. HELEN  
 64, 119,  
 145, 252 ST. THOMAS (Wade)  
 253 UNSER HERRSCHER  
     35 WESTMINSTER ABBEY  
     110 Holy, Holy Name of Jesus

**87 87 887**

- 240 MIT FREUDEN ZART

**87 87 88 77**

- 123 W ŻŁOBIE LEŻY

**87 87 12 7**

- 144 HELMSLEY

**88 7**

- 14 STABAT MATER

**88 77**

- 276 QUEM PASTORES

**88 77 D**

- 275 MON DIEU PRETE-MOI L'OREILLE

**88 87 with refrain**

- 229 Raise Your Voices, Vales and Mountains

**88 88 or Long Meter (LM)**

- 260 ANGELUS  
 250 BRESLAU  
 213 BROMLEY  
 175 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT  
     56 CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM  
     214 DANBY  
 204, 207 DUGUET  
     115 DUKE STREET  
 251, 262 ERHALT UNS, HERR  
     282 HAMBURG  
     125 HERONGATE  
     208 HERR JESU CHRIST  
     44 KOMM, GOTT SCHÖPFER  
     46 LUDBOROUGH  
     41 O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS  
     47 O JESU, MI DULCISSEIME  
     5 OLD HUNDREDTH  
 210, 280 PUER NOBIS NASCITUR  
     283 ROCKINGHAM  
     63 SCHMÜCKE DICH  
     177 ST. CROSS  
 143, 191 TALLIS' CANON  
     21 TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM  
     142 TRURO  
     216 WAREHAM  
 205, 209 WERNER  
 219, 232 WINCHESTER NEW  
     154 WORD OF FIRE  
     26 Blest Guardian of All Virgin Souls  
 178, 179 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

**88 88 with alleluias**

- 147 ERSCHIENEN IST DER  
     HERRLICH TAG  
 242, 293 LASST UNS ERFREUEN

**88 88 with refrain**

- 132 SWEET SACRAMENT  
 81 WISEMAN

**88 88 with repeat**

- 43 LAMBILLOTTE

**88 88 87 with repeat**

- 71 Faith of Our Fathers

**88 88 88**

- 66 MELITA
- 69 ST. CATHERINE
- 94 STELLA (English)
- 249 SUNSET
- 182 VENI EMMANUEL

**88 88 88 with refrain**

- 70, 133 SAWSTON

**888 with alleluias**

- 265 VICTORY

**89 8 D 66 4 88**

- 277 WACHET AUF

**96 76 76 76**

- 197 ACH GOTT VOM HIMMELREICHE

**98 98**

- 27 EUCHARISTIC HYMN

**98 98 D**

- 28 RENDEZ Á DIEU

**10 4 10 4 10 10**

- 140 SANDON

**10 10**

- 65 COENA DOMINI

**10 10 10 with alleluias**

- 75 SINE NOMINE

**10 10 10 10**

- 245 ANIMA CHRISTI
- 1 EVENTIDE
- 211 FARLEY CASTLE
- 85 NATIONAL HYMN
- 215 O QUANTA QUALIA
- 19 SLANE
- 24 Bless Me, Befriend Me
- 246 Soul of My Savior

**10 10 10 10 with refrain**

- 90 Guardian Angel! From Heaven  
So Bright
- 203 O Sacred Heart, What Shall I  
Render Thee

**10 10 10 10 10 10**

- 156 UNDE ET MEMORES

**10 10 11 11**

- 218 HANOVER
- 195, 241 LAUDATE DOMINUM

**10 10 12 10**

- 255 GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

**11 10 11 10**

- 30 LIEBSTER IMMANUEL
- 31 MORNING STAR
- 212 STRENGTH AND STAY
- 16 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother

**11 10 11 10 with refrain**

- 88 Great Saint in Heaven
- 247 Sweet Heart of Jesus

**11 11 with refrain**

- 117 LOURDES HYMN

**11 11 11 5**

- 36 CAELITES PLAUDANT
- 223 ISTE CONFESSOR
- 127 NOCTE SURGENTES

**11 11 11 11**

- 187 AQUINAS
- 17 CRADLE SONG
- 113 FOUNDATION
- 72 GHENT
- 181 IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET
- 172, 196 MARIA ZU LIEBEN
- 118 ST. DENIO
- 62 Dear Guardian of Mary

**11 11 11 11 with refrain**

- 91 Hail, Glorious Saint Patrick

**11 12 12 10**

- 109 NICAEA

**12 10 12 10**

- 291 WAS LEBET WAS SCHWEBET

**12 11 with refrain**

- 32 QUEEN OF THE ANGELS

**12 12 12 8**

- 224 SACRIS SOLEMNIIS

**14 14 4 7 8**

- 228 LOBE DEN HERREN

**Irregular**

- 176 ADESTE FIDELES
- 120 CRANHAM
- 164 MOTHER OF CHRIST
- 238 STILLE NACHT
- 261 THE FIRST NOWELL
- 180 VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE
- 130 Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me

## VII. INDEX OF GREGORIAN CHANTS ACCORDING TO USE

### Missa Jubilate Deo

- 296 Kyrie
- 297 Gloria
- 298 After the First Reading
- 299 After the Second (or only) Reading
- 300 Gospel Acclamation
- 301 Before the Gospel
- 302 After the Gospel
- 303 Credo
- 304 Prayer of the Faithful
- 305 Preface Dialogue
- 306 Sanctus
- 307 Memorial Acclamation
- 308 After the Doxology
- 309 Pater Noster
- 310 After the Libera nos
- 311 Agnus Dei
- 312 Ite
- 313 Ite, alleluia

### Missa I (Lux et origo)

- 314 Kyrie
- 315 Gloria
- 316 Sanctus
- 317 Agnus Dei
- 318 Ite
- 319 Ite, alleluia

### Missa II (Kyrie fons bonitatis)

- 320 Kyrie
- 321 Gloria
- 322 Sanctus
- 323 Agnus Dei
- 324 Ite
- 325 Ite (alternate)

### Missa VIII (De Angelis)

- 326 Kyrie
- 327 Gloria
- 328 Sanctus
- 329 Agnus Dei
- 330 Ite

### Missa IX (Cum júbilo)

- 331 Kyrie
- 332 Gloria
- 333 Sanctus
- 334 Agnus Dei
- 335 Ite

### Missa XI (Orbis factor)

- 336 Kyrie
- 337 Gloria
- 338 Sanctus
- 339 Agnus Dei
- 340 Ite

### Missa XVI

- 341 Kyrie
- 342 Sanctus
- 343 Agnus Dei
- 344 Ite

### Missa XVII

- 345 Kyrie
- 346 Sanctus
- 347 Agnus Dei
- 348 Ite

### Missa XVIII (Deus Genitor alme)

- 349 Kyrie
- 350 Sanctus
- 351 Agnus Dei
- 352 Ite

### Missa Pro Defunctis

- 353 Requiem æternam
- 354 Kyrie
- 355 Sanctus
- 356 Agnus Dei
- 357 Lux æterna
- 358 In paradisum
- 359 Chorus Angelorum

## Sequence

- 360 Victimæ paschali laudes
- 361 Veni Sancte Spiritus

## Hymns and Chants

- 362 Manducaverunt
- 363 Adoremus in æternum
- 364 Adoro te devote
- 365 Anima Christi
- 366 Ave verum Corpus
- 367 Cor Jesu sacratissimum
- 368 Cor Jesu sacratissimum
- 369 Ecce panis Angelorum
- 370 Jesu dulcis memoria
- 371 O salutaris Hostia
- 372 Pange lingua
- 373 Tantum ergo
- 374 Te Deum
- 375 Veni Creator Spiritus
- 383 Parce Domine
- 384 Ubi caritas et amor

## Hymns to the Blessed Virgin Mary

- 376 Salve Regina
- 377 Alma Redemptoris Mater
- 378 Ave Regina cælorum
- 379 Regina cæli
- 380 Ave Maria
- 381 Ave maris stella
- 382 Inviolata

## Gospel Canticles

- 385 Benedictus
- 386 Magnificat

## VIII. INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND COMMON TITLES OF GREGORIAN CHANTS

- |          |  |               |  |
|----------|--|---------------|--|
| 363      | Adoremus in æternum                          | 312, 344,     |  |
| 364      | Adoro te devote                              | 348, 352      | Ite XVI                                    |
| 308      | <i>After the Doxology</i>                    | 370           | Jesu dulcis memoria                        |
| 298      | <i>After the First Reading</i>               | 314           | Kyrie I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )            |
| 302      | <i>After the Gospel</i>                      | 320           | Kyrie II ( <i>Kyrie fons bonitatis</i> )   |
| 310      | <i>After the Libera nos</i>                  | 326           | Kyrie VIII ( <i>De Angelis</i> )           |
| 299      | <i>After the Second (or only) Reading</i>    | 331           | Kyrie IX ( <i>Cum jubilo</i> )             |
| 317      | Agnus Dei I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )          | 336           | Kyrie XI ( <i>Orbis factor</i> )           |
| 323      | Agnus Dei II ( <i>Kyrie fons bonitatis</i> ) | 296           | Kyrie XVI                                  |
| 329      | Agnus Dei VIII ( <i>De Angelis</i> )         | 341           | Kyrie XVI                                  |
| 334      | Agnus Dei IX ( <i>Cum jubilo</i> )           | 345           | Kyrie XVII                                 |
| 339      | Agnus Dei XI ( <i>Orbis factor</i> )         | 349           | Kyrie XVIII ( <i>Deus Genitor alme</i> )   |
| 343      | Agnus Dei XVI                                | 354           | Kyrie, Pro Defunctis                       |
| 347      | Agnus Dei XVII                               | 357           | Lux æterna                                 |
| 311, 351 | Agnus Dei XVIII ( <i>Deus Genitor alme</i> ) | 386           | Magnificat                                 |
| 356      | Agnus Dei, Pro Defunctis                     | 362           | Manducaverunt                              |
| 300      | Alleluia                                     | 307           | <i>Memorial Acclamation</i>                |
| 377      | Alma Redemptoris Mater                       | 307           | Mortem tuam                                |
| 365      | Anima Christi                                | 371           | O salutaris Hostia                         |
| 380      | Ave Maria                                    | 372           | Pange lingua                               |
| 381      | Ave maris stella                             | 383           | Parce Domine                               |
| 378      | Ave Regina cælorum                           | 309           | Pater Noster                               |
| 366      | Ave verum Corpus                             | 304           | <i>Prayer of the Faithful</i>              |
| 301      | <i>Before the Gospel</i>                     | 305           | <i>Preface Dialogue</i>                    |
| 385      | Benedictus                                   | 310           | Quia tuum                                  |
| 359      | Chorus Angelorum                             | 379           | Regina cæli                                |
| 367      | Cor Jesu sacratissimum                       | 353           | Requiem æternam                            |
| 368      | Cor Jesu sacratissimum                       | 376           | Salve Regina                               |
| 303      | Credo III                                    | 316           | Sanctus I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )          |
| 369      | Ecce panis Angelorum                         | 322           | Sanctus II ( <i>Kyrie fons bonitatis</i> ) |
| 315      | Gloria I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )             | 328           | Sanctus VIII ( <i>De Angelis</i> )         |
| 321      | Gloria II ( <i>Kyrie fons bonitatis</i> )    | 333           | Sanctus IX ( <i>Cum jubilo</i> )           |
| 297, 327 | Gloria VIII ( <i>De Angelis</i> )            | 338           | Sanctus XI ( <i>Orbis factor</i> )         |
| 332      | Gloria IX ( <i>Cum jubilo</i> )              | 342           | Sanctus XVI                                |
| 337      | Gloria XI ( <i>Orbis factor</i> )            | 346           | Sanctus XVII                               |
| 300      | <i>Gospel Acclamation</i>                    | 306, 350, 355 | Sanctus XVIII ( <i>Deus Genitor alme</i> ) |
| 358      | In paradisum                                 | 373           | Tantum ergo                                |
| 382      | Inviolata                                    | 374           | Te Deum                                    |
| 318      | Ite I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )                | 384           | Ubi caritas et amor                        |
| 313, 319 | Ite, alleluia I ( <i>Lux et origo</i> )      | 375           | Veni Creator Spiritus                      |
| 324, 325 | Ite II ( <i>Kyrie fons bonitatis</i> )       | 361           | Veni Sancte Spiritus                       |
| 330      | Ite VIII ( <i>De Angelis</i> )               | 360           | Victimæ paschali laudes                    |
| 335      | Ite IX ( <i>Cum jubilo</i> )                 |               |  |
| 340      | Ite XI ( <i>Orbis factor</i> )               |               |  |

# INDICES

I.	FIRST LINES WITH TUNES	380
II.	TUNES WITH FIRST LINES	386
III.	LITURGICAL	391
	PROPER OF SEASONS	391
	PROPER OF THE SAINTS	393
	COMMONS	393
	RITES	394
	MASSES FOR VARIOUS NEEDS AND OCCASIONS	395
IV.	TOPICAL	396
V.	METRICAL	402
VI.	SCRIPTURAL PASSAGES RELATED TO HYMNS	ONLINE
VII.	GREGORIAN CHANTS ACCORDING TO USE	406
VIII.	FIRST LINES AND COMMON TITLES OF GREGORIAN CHANTS	408

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