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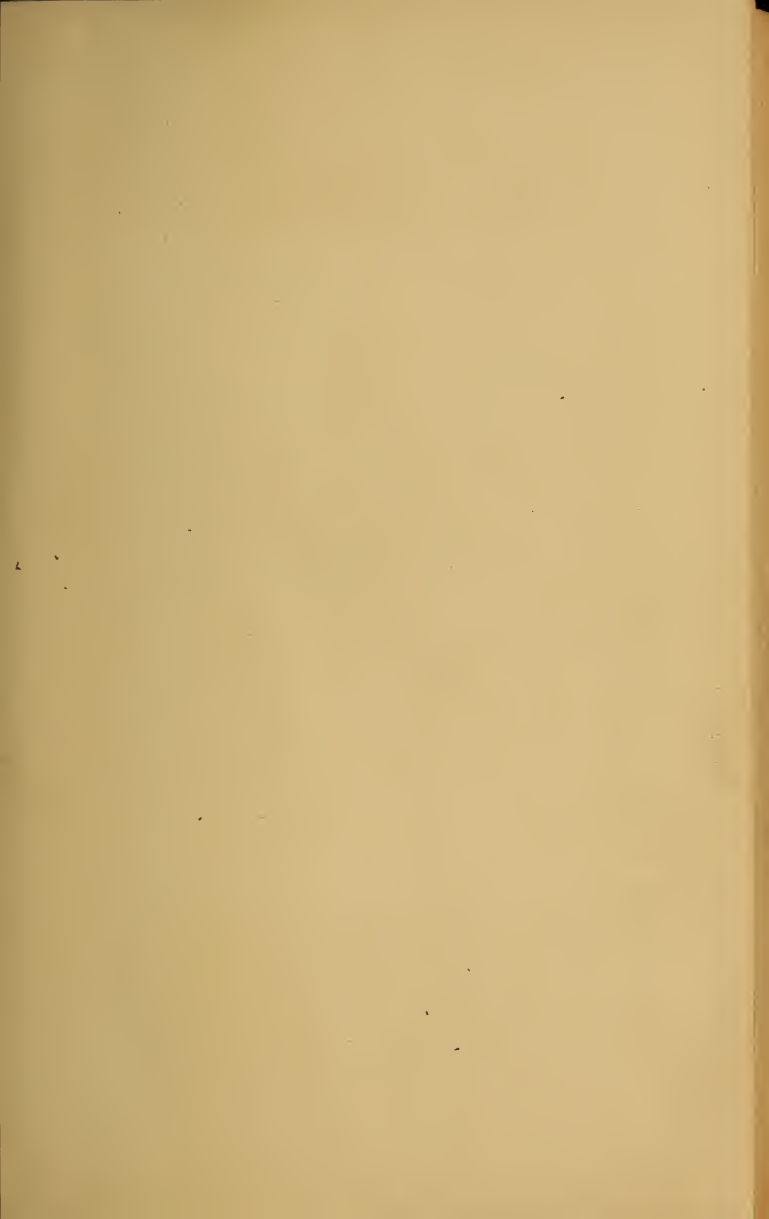
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# AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL

AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION  
OF  
HYMNS, LATIN CHANTS AND  
SACRED SONGS  
FOR  
CHURCH, SCHOOL, HOME

ACCORDING TO THE MOTU PROPRIO OF  
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X

WRITTEN, ARRANGED AND COMPILED ESPECIALLY FOR  
THE CATHOLIC YOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES

BY  
THE MARIST BROTHERS



P. J. KENEDY & SONS  
PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE  
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REMIGIUS LAFORT S. T. L.

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✠ JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY, D. D.

*Archbishop of New York.*

APR 25 1914



*B. 25*

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*no.*

To You,  
Boy Choristers,  
Dear Unto God,



Who in His Sanctuary early trod,  
Whose angel voices sing and soar,  
And lead our hearts to love Him more and more.

\* \* \* \*

To You, who chant the praise of Jesus King,  
Whose reign on earth your innocence will bring,  
Who sing of Mary's power and love,  
Till spirits long to see her throned above.

\* \* \* \*

To You, of Jesus' Heart the chosen band,  
Surpliced adorers, scattered o'er the land,  
These Hymns we dedicate, and pray  
They lure full many to your heavenly way.

Bro. M.





## Preface



WE read in the Life of the Venerable M. B. Champagnat, founder of the Marist Brothers: "Father Champagnat, whose mind was continually occupied with the interests of Religion, considered that it would be contributing largely to the glory of God, to public edification and to the solemnity of the services of the Church, to teach Sacred Music to the school children, and by this means, to prepare singers for the parishes. . . . He proposed, moreover, to attract the children to the school, and attach them to it by the pure and innocent pleasure which singing affords, to keep them happy and cheerful, to make them relish the charms of virtue, to teach them, in a pleasant and attractive manner, the truths of Religion."

Since their foundation (1817), the Brothers have endeavored to realize this desire of their Venerable Superior with the constant experience that the training of children in sacred song is ever productive of these happy results. The better to attain their end, they have published, in different countries, Manuals and Hymnals adapted to Juvenile Choirs.

## THE "AMERICAN CATHOLIC HYMNAL"

is a new endeavor toward the same ideal, an effort to unfold the meaning of the Liturgical Seasons and Feasts of the Ecclesiastical Year, thus giving to the children, as well as to the faithful at large, an insight into the sublimity of Catholic Worship and thereby increasing in their hearts, love for God and His Holy Church. Its appearance seems timely, coming at a moment when so much is done and well done everywhere to respond to the instructions of our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, on Church Music.

Special care has been taken to use words easily understood and retained by young children; for the hymns of the Church are the inheritance of "Little Ones;" and what heart, though bowed down by grief and sin, is not touched by sacred words attuned to sweet music coming forth from their innocent lips?

In returning thanks for help, the Compilers recognize how wide and deep are their obligations. Whilst we pay a due tribute of admiration to the memory of such well known authors of our popular hymns, as: Fr. Caswall, Fr. Faber, Card. Manning, Dr. Neale, Rev. M. Russell, S. J., etc., we must also render thanks to the Rev. Editors of the Ave Maria, the Messenger of the S. Heart, the Rosary Magazine, the Sentinel of the B. Sacrament for use of poems and translations. To the Rev. T. H. Henry, Litt. D., we are under great obligation for his assistance in placing his valuable book "Eucharistica" at our disposal. Though the language of the Church is the consecrated one for the Liturgical rendering of St. Thomas' memorable stanzas to

the Most Blessed Sacrament, Father Henry's almost literal translations will be found very helpful in the classroom to familiarize the children with these great truths and keep alive their devotion.

If this work helps, even a little, to promote the singing of holy hymns in the School and, by means of the School, in the Church and the Home Circle, then shall our dearest hopes be realized.

THE MARIST BROTHERS,  
St. Ann's Hermitage,  
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Feast of the Assumption of the B. V. M.,  
August 15, 1913.





## Morning Prayers

In the name of the Father, † and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

*Morning Offering.*—O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

*The Lord's Prayer.*—Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. *Amen.*

*The Angelical Salutation.*—Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. *Amen.*

*The Apostles' Creed.*—I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord: who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified; died, and was buried. He descended into hell, the third day He rose again

from the dead; He ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

*The Confiteor.*—I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the Saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed. Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault; therefore I beseech blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

May Almighty God have mercy on us, and forgive us our sins, and bring us to life everlasting. *Amen.* May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, † absolution, and remission of our sins. *Amen.*

*An Act of Faith.*—O my God! I firmly believe that Thou art one God in three Divine persons, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; I believe that Thy Divine Son became man, and died for our sins, and that He will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe these and all the truths which the Holy Catholic Church teaches, because Thou hast revealed them, who canst neither deceive nor be deceived.

*An Act of Hope.*—O my God! relying on Thy infinite goodness and promises, I hope to obtain the pardon of my sins, the help of Thy grace, and life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer.

*An Act of Love.*—O my God! I love Thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul, because Thou art all-good and worthy of all love. I love my neighbor as myself for the love of Thee. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

*Prayer to our Lady.*—O Mary, my Queen and my Mother, I give myself entirely to thee, and to show my devotion to thee I consecrate to thee this day, my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart, and my whole being without reserve; and as I am thine, O good Mother, preserve and defend me, as thy property and possession. *Amen.*

*Prayer to the Guardian Angel.*—

Angel of God, my Guardian dear,  
To whom His love commits me here,  
Ever this day be at my side.

To light and guard, to rule and guide.—*Amen.*

## Evening Prayers

Our Father—Hail Mary—I Believe—I Confess—Acts of Faith, Hope and Love. (*As in the morning prayers.*)

*An Act of Thanksgiving.*—O my God, I return Thee thanks for all the benefits which I have ever received from Thee, and particularly this day. Give me light to see what sins I have committed this day, and grant me grace to be truly sorry for them.

[*Here wait a little, and think over what faults you have committed during the day.*]

*An Act of Contrition.*—O my God! I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest all my sins, because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell, but most of all because they offend Thee, my God, who art all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve, with the help of Thy grace, to confess my sins, to do penance, and to amend my life.

*Memorare.*—Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided. Inspired with this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother. To thee, I come; before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word incarnate! despise not my petitions, but, in thy mercy, hear and answer me.  
*Amen.*

Jesus, Mary, Joseph! Be my help at the hour of my death.

May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. *Amen.*

*We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God! despise not our prayers in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin!*





## Devotions at Holy Mass

*"From the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Malach. i, 11).*

### PRAYER BEFORE MASS.\*

O my Saviour, I come before Thy holy Altar to assist at Thy Divine Sacrifice. Do Thou prepare my soul to receive Thy grace; fix my mind on Thee; wash away in Thy precious Blood all the sins of which Thou seest me guilty; I hate them for the love of Thee, and most humbly beg pardon for them. Grant, O sweet Jesus, that uniting my intentions to Thine, I may spend my whole life for Thy glory, as Thou didst give Thy life for the saving of my soul. *Amen.*

I wish to share in the Communion of Saints by gaining all the Indulgences I can to-day; and I place them in the hands of our Blessed Lady for the relief of the souls in Purgatory. My Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!

The Priest begins Mass standing at the foot of the Altar. Call to mind the Garden of Olives, where our Lord went on Holy Thursday night, taking with Him His three chosen Apostles—Peter, James and John. It was then that our Saviour began His Passion. He went a little distance from these, His companions, and prayed, His face bowed to the earth. The pain He felt was so bitter that He sweated blood, which ran in great

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\*These Prayers are from the "Mass Book," published by the Columbus Press.

drops to the ground. He accepted His sufferings, although they cost Him so much, saying to His Heavenly Father, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Let us lovingly remember our dear Lord's agony, which was the beginning of His Passion, as we join ourselves with the Priest, and say the following prayers.

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## THE BEGINNING OF MASS.

*The Priest makes the sign of the Cross (make it with him) and says in Latin:*

In the name of the Father, † and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

I will go unto the altar of God.

To God, who gives joy to my youth.

*Then follows Psalm 42, which is said in Latin; you can say it in English:*

Save me, O God, from those who would harm me; from the unjust and wicked deliver me.

For Thou, O God, art my strength; why hast Thou cast me off, when my enemy the devil is so near me?

Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have brought me to Thy holy altar, and even to Thy tabernacle.

And I will go unto the altar of God: to God who gives joy to my youth.

I will praise Thee and sing to Thee, O God, my God: be not sorrowful, O my soul, and let nothing disturb thee.

Hope in God, for Him will I praise for ever: He is my God and the Saviour I look for.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

I will go unto the altar of God.  
To God, who gives joy to my youth.

*The Priest makes the sign of the Cross.*

Our help † is in the name of the Lord.  
Who made heaven and earth.

*The Priest bows down and says I confess, etc.*

*The Clerk now bows down and says I confess, etc., in the  
name of the people.*

May Almighty God be merciful to you, and,  
forgiving you your sins, bring you to life everlasting.  
*Amen.*

May the Almighty and most merciful Lord grant  
us pardon, † absolution, and forgiveness of all  
our sins. (*Make the sign of the Cross while say-  
ing this.*) *Amen.*

O God, Thou being turned towards us, wilt give  
us the life of grace.

And Thy people will rejoice in Thee.

Show us, O Lord, Thy mercy.

And grant us the grace to save our souls.

O Lord, hear my prayer.

And let my cry come unto Thee.

The Lord be with you.

And with thy spirit.

*The Priest goes up to the altar, and as he advances, full  
of holy fear, says in a low tone of voice:*

## PRAYERS.

Take away from us our sins, we beseech Thee,  
O Lord, that we may be worthy to enter with pure  
minds into the Holy of Holies; through Jesus  
Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

We beseech Thee, O Lord, by the merits of Thy  
Saints whose relics are here, and of all the Saints,

that Thou wouldst mercifully forgive me all my sins. *Amen.*

## THE INTROIT.

The *Introit* is the first prayer the Priest reads at the right or Epistle side of the Altar. This prayer reminds us how much those who lived holy lives under the Old Law wished for the coming of our blessed Redeemer. "Glory be to the Father" is added in honor of the Blessed Trinity.

*Prayer during the reading of the Introit.*

Let the name of the Lord be blessed both now and for ever. From the rising to the setting of the sun let all praise be given to the name of the Lord. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen.*

The *Kyrie Eleison* is a cry for mercy. It is repeated three times to God the Father, three times to God the Son, and three times to God the Holy Ghost.

Lord have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

Christ have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us.

Lord have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

## THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

The *Gloria* begins with the hymn which the angels sang on Christmas night to honor the birth of our Lord. Let us give to God the glory due Him, and let us humbly ask for ourselves that peace which the world cannot give, but which God can bring into our hearts, as the angels then foretold.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise Thee; we bless Thee; we adore Thee; we glorify Thee. We

give Thee thanks for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; Thou who takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayers; Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord: Thou only, O Jesus Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

*At the end of the Gloria the Priest kisses the Altar, and turns to the people, saying:*

The Lord be with you.

*The Server answers:* And with thy spirit.

This is a blessing the Priest and people wish each other many times during Mass.

## THE COLLECT.

The *Collect*, which means "gather together," is so called because in it the Priest offers to God the united prayers of the faithful. It ends in the name of Jesus Christ to show that we can only come to God through His Divine Son. You must now think for what particular intention you are hearing this Mass, and ask the Blessed Virgin and your patron saint to pray for you and with you. Sometimes there are two or more Collects.

O merciful God and Father, hear the prayers of Thy children and of Thy Church. We beg of Thee to help us. Give us Thy grace, without which we cannot keep from sin, or do any good. Help us to get what we need for our bodies. Help us to love Thee with our whole hearts, and bring us all to Thy heavenly kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

## THE EPISTLE.

*Epistle* means a "letter." It is often taken from the letters of the Apostles to the faithful in different towns, from the writings of the prophets, or from other parts of Holy Scripture. As a part of the Mass, it reminds us of the Old Law.

*While the Priest reads the Epistle, you may read the following:*

My child, all the days of thy life have God in thy mind, and take heed that thou never consent to sin, nor break the commandments of the Lord our God. Never suffer pride to reign in thy mind or in thy words. See thou never do to another what thou wouldst hate to have done to thee by another. Bless God at all times, and desire Him to direct thy ways. If sinners entice thee, consent not. The Lord says to thee: My son, give Me thy heart, and let thine eyes keep My ways.

The Book or Missal is carried to the left or Gospel side of the Altar. This reminds us that when the Jews refused to listen to the teachings of our Lord, the Apostles preached the true faith to the Gentiles in their stead. Before beginning the Gospel the Priest bows down to pray at the middle of the Altar. Join with him and say:

Create a clean heart in me, O God, and grant that I may listen to Thy holy Gospel with respect, and bless Thy name for ever.

## THE GOSPEL.

No longer Prophets and Apostles speak to us, but Jesus Christ Himself. We stand out of reverence for the words of Christ, and to signify that we should always be ready to obey Him. Make the sign of the Cross on your forehead to show that you believe the Gospel; on your lips to show that you will never deny it or speak against it; and on your heart because you love it and will follow it faithfully.

*While the Priest reads the Gospel, you may read the following:*

Gospel—*St. Matt. v. 1-12.* At that time, Jesus seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain; and when He was sat down, His disciples came unto Him. And opening His mouth, He taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for My sake; be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven.

*At the end the Server says: Praise be to Thee, O Christ. After reading the Gospel the Priest kisses the Missal.*

## THE NICENE CREED.

The Nicene Creed (that is, the Creed of the Council of Nice) is an explanation of several points of Catholic doctrine. Almighty God likes to hear us tell Him what we believe.

We kneel with the Priest when he says: *Et homo factus est*, "and was made man," in grateful remembrance of our Lord coming down from heaven and taking flesh for us.

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, born of the Father

before all ages. God of God; Light of Light; very God of very God; begotten not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, AND WAS MADE MAN. [*Kneel in reverence for Christ's Incarnation.*] He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. The third day He arose again according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father: and He shall come again with glory to judge both the living and the dead: of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Life-giver, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified: who spoke by the prophets. And One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. *Amen.*

## THE OFFERTORY, OR OFFERING.

*The First Principal Part of the Mass.*

The best gift we can make to God is our heart, if it is humble and full of sorrow for sin. Let us then join ourselves to the Host which the Priest is about to offer to Almighty God, and which, later on, in the middle of the Mass, will become the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

### WHAT THE PRIEST DOES AT THE OFFERTORY.

At the beginning of Mass the Priest placed on the Altar a chalice with a silver plate on it, called a paten. These are covered with a silk veil. He now takes off the veil, and holding up, with both hands, the paten, on which lies a large Host—the bread which is to be changed into our Lord's Body and Blood—he prays:



Accept, O holy Father, Almighty and eternal God, this unspotted Host, which I, Thy unworthy servant, offer unto Thee for my many sins, my faults, and my carelessness. I offer it also for all here present in this Church, as well as for all faithful Christians, both living and dead, that it may help both them and me to gain eternal life.

THE PRIEST POURS WINE AND WATER INTO  
THE CHALICE.

The mixing of wine and water reminds us that the Son of God took to Himself our human nature, and makes us sharers in His divine nature.

*Prayer.*

O my God, I believe that Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, became man for my sake. May I live in Thy love, and never lose Thy grace by mortal sin. *Amen.*

OFFERING OF THE CHALICE.

*The Priest now offers the wine, which will soon be changed into our Lord's Precious Blood.*

Let us ask that this Precious Blood may be applied to our own souls, and the souls of those for whom we ought to pray.

*Prayer.*

We offer Thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation, humbly begging Thy mercy, that it may ascend to Thee for our salvation, and that of the whole world. *Amen.*

OFFERING OF THE FAITHFUL.

*The Priest makes the following prayer for himself and for the people:*

Accept us, O Lord, who come to Thee with contrite and humble hearts; and grant that the sacri-

fice we offer this day in Thy sight may be pleasing to Thee, O Lord God.

#### THE BLESSING OF THE BREAD AND WINE.

All is now ready for the sacrifice. First the bread, next the wine, and lastly the hearts of the people, have been separately offered up to God. Then, as nothing is ever done in the order of grace without the help of the Holy Spirit, the Priest prays:

Come, O Almighty and eternal God, and bless this sacrifice prepared for the glory of Thy holy Name.

#### THE PRIEST WASHES HIS HANDS.

This action is to remind us how pure our hearts ought to be when we assist at Holy Mass.

#### *Prayer.*

O Jesus, most pure of heart; O spotless Lamb of God; help me that I may keep my heart pure; that all through my life I may never displease Thee by any wicked thing. Give me the blessing of the clean of heart.

#### PRAYER TO THE BLESSED TRINITY.

*The Priest returns to the middle of the Altar, and, bowing down, offers the Sacrifice to the Most Holy Trinity.*

#### *Prayer.*

O blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, accept this Holy Mass which we offer Thee in memory of the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honor of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, of blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, St. Joseph, our Angel Guardians and Patron Saints. And may all the Saints and Angels, whom we now honor upon earth, intercede for us in heaven.  
*Amen.*

## ORATE FRATRES: OR BRETHREN, PRAY.

*The Priest turns to the congregation, and, with his hands stretched out, invites them to pray with him:*

Brethren, pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.

*The Server answers:*

May the Lord receive the sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of His name, to our benefit and that of all His Holy Church.

*The Priest now prays in a low tone of voice.*

During this time, do you in charity think of the thousands who are to pass to-day from this world to the next. Say most earnestly for them this prayer:

Heart of Jesus, once in agony, have pity on the dying.

## THE PREFACE.

The *Preface* leads to the *Canon*, and the Altar bell is rung to tell us that the Priest is entering upon the most solemn part of the Mass. Let us heartily join the Angels in praising God.

*Prayer.*

It is truly right and just that we should always, and in all places, give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, eternal God, through our Lord: Through whom the Angels praise Thy Majesty, adore Thee, reverence Thee, and sing Thy everlasting praise. Together with them we beseech Thee that Thou wouldst allow our voices also to be admitted, whilst we humbly say:

## THE SANCTUS.

*(The bell rings.)*

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the

highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

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## THE CANON OF THE MASS.

The word "*Canon*" here means "*rule*," and it is used for this part of the Mass because the prayers said during it are seldom changed. The Angels gather round with awe and reverence; the Priest prays in a low tone, and all should be quiet and still, for the great moment is fast approaching when our Lord Jesus Christ will come down upon the Altar.

The Priest begins the Canon by kissing the Altar, to show he is united to Christ, the invisible High-Priest. He then prays for the living.

### PRAYER DURING THE CANON.

O Jesus, dying on the Cross for love of poor sinners, through Thy Sacred Head, crowned with thorns, I beg Thee to have mercy on the Pope, all Bishops, Priests, especially our own Priests, all religious orders, and all those placed over us.

Through the Wound in Thy right Hand I recommend to Thee my father, mother, brothers, sisters, relations, friends, and benefactors.

And through the Wound in Thy left Hand my enemies, all poor sinners, and those who have never been baptized. Help Thy servants who are trying to convert them.

Through the wound in Thy right Foot I pray for the poor, the sick and the dying, and for all who are in any kind of pain, temptation, or trouble.

Through the Wound in Thy left foot I beg of Thee mercifully to grant eternal rest to the souls of the faithful departed.

Through Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus, I offer myself to do and suffer all things for Thy love. Give

me all graces I stand in need of, and especially the grace I am hearing this Holy Mass to obtain.  
(*Name it.*)

*The Clerk rings the bell once—"the warning bell."*

Make an act of contrition, and join yourself to the Angels present around the Altar.

## THE CONSECRATION, OR ELEVATION.

*The Second Principal Part of the Mass.*

The solemn moment has arrived. The Priest takes in his hands the bread, and lifting his eyes to heaven to show that this great wonder is worked by the power of God, he says the very words of our Lord at the Last Supper: "*This is my Body.*" The bread at that moment is changed into the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ. The Priest falls on his knees in deepest reverence, and then holds up the Sacred Host for the people to adore. The bell is rung three times.

*Prayer.*

O my God, I *adore* Thee through Jesus; I beg *pardon* through Jesus; I *thank* Thee through Jesus; I humbly *ask* every blessing and grace through Jesus. May I lead a holy life and die a good death. My Jesus, mercy. My Jesus, mercy. My Jesus, mercy.

The Consecration bell rings again three times. The Priest is now changing the wine into our Lord's Precious Blood. He says over the wine: "*This is my Blood,*" and the wine itself is no longer in the Chalice, but the Blood of our Lord is there instead. Bow down and pray.

*Prayer.*

Hail, Sacred Blood, flowing from the Wounds of Jesus Christ, and washing away the sins of the world. O cleanse, sanctify, and keep my soul, that nothing may ever separate me from Thee. Eternal Father! through the death of Thy Son

Jesus on the Cross, and through the shedding of His precious Blood, have mercy on me and on all Thy creatures. *Amen.*

### AFTER THE ELEVATION.

We firmly believe that Jesus Christ is *now* present on the Altar. He has come to us for our good—to hear us tell Him what we want, and to help us. Remember His own words, “Ask and you shall receive,” and pray with all your heart.

#### *Prayer.*

O Jesus, who after Thy death upon the Cross wast laid in the grave and didst raise Thyself to life on the third day, help me to keep my soul in the life of grace. Help me so to live that on the last day I may rise in glory and be happy with Thee in heaven.

### PRAYER FOR THE DEAD.

As soon as our Lord died, His blessed Soul went down into Limbo, to comfort the saints of the Old Law who were waiting to be set free. Let us not forget the poor souls in Purgatory, but ask Him to set them free from their dreadful pains.

#### *Prayer.*

Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants, who are gone before us, with the sign of faith, and sleep in the sleep of peace. O most merciful Lord Jesus, give unto them eternal rest.

Say the name of your friends for whom you wish to pray, especially those lately dead.

To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace. Through the same Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*Here, striking his breast and raising his voice, the Priest says Nobis quoque peccatoribus.*

*Prayer.*

And to us sinners, O Lord, also show mercy and admit us to the happy company of Saints, not considering what we deserve, but forgiving us all our sins. We ask this favor of Thee, *through Christ our Lord*. It is through Him Thou givest us every good thing. And *through Him and with Him and in Him* be to Thee, God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory. For ever and ever. *Amen.*

**THE PATER NOSTER: "OUR FATHER."**

The Priest is going to speak to God in our Lord's own words. Say the *Our Father* with him, and add a *Hail Mary* for the conversion of sinners.

*The Priest continues:*

Deliver us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, from all evils, past, present, and to come; and by the prayers of the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the Saints, mercifully grant peace in our days, that with Thy help we may be always free from sin and safe from harm. Through the same Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord; who with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God.

*Then he says aloud:*

World without end. *Amen.*

May the peace of the Lord be always with you.  
And with thy spirit.

*Breaking the Host, the Priest puts a part of it into the Chalice.*

*Prayer.*

Thy Body was broken and Thy Blood was shed for us! Grant O sweet Jesus, that we, who receive Thee in this Holy Sacrament, may ever believe in Thee, and hope in Thee, and love Thee more and more. *Amen.*

**AGNUS DEI: "LAMB OF GOD."**

God is so glorious in heaven, so powerful on earth, and so terrible in hell! But here He comes mild and gentle as a lamb, full of sweetness and humility. He comes to take away the sins of the world, and chiefly our own. How good He is!

*Strike your breast and say:*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

In Masses for the Dead, the Priest says, "*Dona eis requiem,*" "Give them eternal rest."

**PREPARATION FOR HOLY COMMUNION.**

Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst to Thy Apostles, Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, look not upon my sins but upon the faith of Thy Church, and give her that peace which Thou dost love to see among her children: who livest and reignest God for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who by the will of Thy Father, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, hast by Thy death given life to the world, deliver me, by this Thy most Sacred Body and Blood, from all my sins and from all evils; and make me always follow Thy command-



ments, and never let me be separated from Thee: who, with the same God the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest God for ever and ever.

*Amen.*

May this Holy Communion, which I am about to receive, O Lord, keep my soul and body from all evil: who with God the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest God for ever and ever. *Amen.*

*The Priest takes the Sacred Host in his hands, and says:*

I will take the Bread of Heaven, and call upon the name of the Lord.

*Then he strikes his breast three times, saying:*

Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; say but the word, and my soul shall be healed. (*Say it three times.*)

*The Server rings the bell.*

## THE PRIEST'S COMMUNION.

*The Third Principal Part of the Mass.*

The Priest bows down and gives himself Holy Communion. This part of the Mass is not finished until he has received the Precious Blood in the Chalice.

If you are obliged, through sickness or any other cause, to leave the church before the Priest has done this, you must take care, on Sundays or Holydays of Obligation, to hear another Mass if you can, for the first one does not count for your Mass of Obligation.

During this time, if you are not going to receive Holy Communion make a

### SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

This means *to wish* to receive our Lord.

*Prayer.*

My Jesus, I believe that Thou art truly and really present in the Sacrament of the Altar. I

adore Thee; I love Thee; come into my heart. May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to life everlasting.

*After a short pause, in which he is speaking quietly to our Lord; the priest says:*

*Prayer.*

What shall I give to the Lord for all that He hath given me? I will take the Chalice of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord. Praising I will call upon the Lord, and I shall be saved from my enemies.

*While the Priest drinks the Chalice, think of the power of the Precious Blood to take away all sin.*

*Prayer.*

Dear Jesus, wash my soul in Thy Precious Blood. May the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul to life everlasting. Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins, and for the needs of Thy Holy Church. *Amen.*

## FORM OF GIVING HOLY COMMUNION TO THE PEOPLE.

Those who are going to receive Holy Communion go up to the Altar-rails when the bell rings the last time at the *Domine non sum dignus*. As soon as the Priest's Communion is finished, and the Server has said the "*I confess*," the Priest turns to the communicants, and says:

May the Almighty God have mercy upon you, and, forgiving you your sins, bring you to life everlasting. *Amen.*

*Making the sign of the Cross over them, he says:*

May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and forgiveness of our sins. *Amen.*

*Then the Priest takes the Ciborium—the cup or vessel containing the Blessed Sacrament—and, holding up the Blessed Sacrament, turns again to the people, saying:*

Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; say but the word, and my soul shall be healed.

*This prayer is repeated three times. Strike your breast each time.*

*The Priest now goes down the altar steps and places the Blessed Sacrament on the tongue of each communicant, saying:*

May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul to life everlasting. *Amen.*

*While the Priest is giving Holy Communion say the Rosary, or Litany of the Holy Name, or any other prayers.*

## THE ABLUTIONS.

*The Communion of the faithful being over, the Priest holds out the Chalice to the Server, who pours wine into it, which the Priest drinks, saying:*

*Prayer.*

Grant, O Lord, that what we have taken with our mouth we may receive with a pure mind; and may it do us good both for time and eternity. *Amen.*

*Then the Server pours wine and water over the fingers of the Priest.*

*Prayer.*

May Thy Body, O Lord, which I have received, and Thy Blood, which I have drunk, remain with

me; and grant that no stain of sin may be left on my soul, which has been fed with such pure and holy Sacraments: who livest and reignest one God, world without end. *Amen.*

*The Priest now wipes the chalice and covers it with the veil. He then reads the prayers called the Communion and the Post-Communion.*

## COMMUNION.

My God, I thank Thee for all Thou hast done for me. In return for all Thy mercies I wish never more to displease Thee. Make me wholly Thine, and let me always love Thee more and more.

### • POST-COMMUNION.

Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee daily more and more. O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee. St. Joseph, friend of the Sacred Heart, pray for us.

*Afterwards the Priest turns again to the people, and says:*

The Lord be with you. And with thy spirit.  
Go; the Victim has been offered. Thanks be to God.

*Or, in Lent and Advent:*

Let us bless the Lord. Thanks be to God.

*Or, in Masses for the Dead:*

May they rest in peace. *Amen.*

*The Priest, bowing down before the Altar, says:*

*Prayer.*

O Holy Trinity, let what I have done be pleasing to Thee; and grant that the sacrifice which I, though unworthy, have offered up in the sight of Thy Majesty may be accepted by Thee; and through Thy mercy may I, and all for whom it has been offered, receive forgiveness of our sins: through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

*He now kisses the Altar, and then turning to the people blesses them, making over them the sign of the Cross.*

May Almighty God, the Father, † Son, and Holy Ghost, bless you.

*In Masses for the dead the Blessing is not given, showing that the Church does not claim the same power over the dead as she does over the living. We can pray for the dead, but their deliverance is entirely in the hands of God.*

*Going to the Gospel side while the people rise, he says:*

The Lord be with you. And with thy spirit.

### **THE LAST GOSPEL.**

The beginning † of the holy Gospel according to St. John.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God: the same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made: in Him was life, and the life was the light of men: and the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony of the light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the light, but came to give testimony of the light. He was the true light

which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them He gave the power to become the sons of God: to those that believe in His name, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH [*Here the Priest and people kneel down*], and dwelt among us; and we saw His glory, as it were the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Thanks be to God.

## PRAYERS.

Ordered by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., to be said kneeling, after the celebration of Low Mass, in all Churches in the world.

Hail Mary, etc., *to be said thrice by the Priest and people.*

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy; our life our sweetness, and our hope! To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us; and after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus; O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

*V.* Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

*R.* That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

## LET US PRAY.

O God, our refuge and our strength, look down in mercy on Thy people who cry to Thee; and by the intercession of the glorious and immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of Saint Joseph her spouse, of Thy blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the Saints, in mercy and goodness hear our prayers for the conversion of sinners, and for the liberty and exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church. Through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Holy Michael, Archangel, defend us in the day of battle; be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; and do thou, Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God thrust down to hell Satan and all wicked spirits, who wander through the world for the ruin of souls. *Amen.*

*Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., grants to all those who recite the above prayers an Indulgence of three hundred days.*

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## Prayers for Holy Communion

1. Say these Prayers *slowly*, a few words at a time.
2. It is well to *stop after every few words* that they may sink into the heart.
3. Each prayer may be said *several times*.

### BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

*Prayer for Help.*—O my God, help me to make a good Communion. Mary, my dearest Mother, pray to Jesus for me. My dear Angel Guardian, lead me to the Altar of God.

*Act of Faith.*—O God, because Thou hast said it, I believe that I shall receive the Sacred Body of Jesus Christ to eat, and His precious Blood to

drink. My God, I believe this with all my heart.

*Act of Humility.*—My God, I confess that I am a poor sinner; I am not worthy to receive the Body and Blood of Jesus on account of my sins. Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; say but the word, and my soul shall be healed.

*Act of Sorrow.*—My God, I detest all the sins of my life. I am sorry for them, because they have offended Thee, my God, who art so good. I resolve never to commit sin any more. My good God, pity me, have mercy on me, forgive me.

*Act of Adoration.*—O Jesus, great God, present on the Altar, I bow down before Thee, I adore Thee.

*Act of Love and Desire.*—Sweet Jesus, I love Thee. I desire with all my heart to receive Thee. Most sweet Jesus, come into my poor soul, and give me Thy Flesh to eat and Thy Blood to drink. Give me *Thy whole Self*, Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity, that I may live for ever with Thee.

### AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

*Act of Faith.*—O Jesus, I believe that I have received Thy Flesh to eat and Thy Blood to drink, because Thou hast said it, and Thy word is true.

*Act of Adoration.*—O Jesus, my God, my Creator, I adore Thee, because from Thy Hands I came and with Thee I am to be happy for ever.

*Act of Humility.*—O Jesus, I am but dust and ashes, and yet Thou hast come to me, and my poor heart may speak to Thee.

*Act of Love.*—Sweet Jesus, I love Thee; I love Thee with all my heart. Thou knowest that I love Thee, and wish to love Thee daily more and more.



*Act of Thanksgiving.*—My good Jesus, I thank Thee with all my heart. How good, how kind Thou art to me, sweet Jesus. Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

*Act of Offering.*—O Jesus, receive my poor offering. Jesus, Thou hast given Thyself to me, and now let me give myself to Thee:

I give Thee my body, that it may be chaste and pure.

I give Thee my soul, that it may be free from sin.

I give Thee my heart, that it may always love Thee.

I give Thee every breath that I shall breathe, and especially my last; I give Thee myself in life and in death, that I may be Thine for ever and ever.

O Jesus, wash away my sins with Thy precious Blood.

O Jesus, the struggle against temptation is not yet finished. My Jesus, when temptation comes near me, make me strong against it. In the moment of temptation may I always say, "Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!"

O Jesus, may I lead a good life; may I die a happy death. May I receive Thee before I die. May I say when I am dying, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul."

Listen now for a moment to Jesus Christ; perhaps He has something to say to you. There may be some promise you have made and broken, which He wishes you to make again and keep. Answer Jesus in your heart, and tell Him all your troubles. Then *pray for others*.

O Jesus, have mercy on Thy Holy Church; take care of it.

O Jesus, have pity on poor sinners, and save them from hell.

O Jesus, bless my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters, and all I ought to pray for, as Thy Heart knows how to bless them.

O Jesus, have pity on the poor souls in Purgatory, and give them eternal rest.

Sweet Jesus, I am going away for a time, but I trust not without Thee. Thou art with me by Thy grace. I will never leave Thee by mortal sin. I do not fear to do so, though I am so weak, because I have such hope in Thee. Give me grace to persevere. *Amen.*

### INDULGENCED PRAYER.



Behold, O kind and most sweet Jesus, I cast myself on my knees in Thy sight, and with the most fervent desire of my soul I pray and beseech Thee that Thou wouldst impress upon my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, with true repentance for my sins, and a firm desire of amendment, while with deep affection and grief of soul I ponder within myself and mentally contemplate Thy five most precious wounds; having before my eyes that which David spake in prophecy: "They pierced My hands and My feet; they have numbered all My bones."

Say also five times the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* for the Pope and the Church.

EACH MORN AND EVE, O KING  
OF HEAVEN!

(Introductory Hymn.)

By I. WILLIAMS.

1

EACH morn and eve, O King of Heaven,  
To Thee our voices glad we raise;  
To Thee, sole Author of all good,  
We give our hearts in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

When twilight falls, when day returns,  
May all the earth Thy praises sing;  
When twilight falls, when day returns,  
May all the earth Thy praises sing.

2

To His own likeness are we made,  
His bounteous gifts to us are given;  
Then let our grateful eyes be raised  
To Him, our God, who reigns in Heaven.  
—CHORUS.

3

The restful darkness of the night,  
The sunshine, gilding sea and land,  
Our daily bread to nourish life,  
Are blessings from His loving hand.  
—CHORUS.

4

From His great love, my heart He made  
To love Him through eternity;  
Oh! mortal, couldst thou wish for more;  
Couldst ask a sweeter destiny?  
—CHORUS.

# Advent

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2

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

(*Veni, Veni, Emmanuel.*)

Tr. Dr. J. M. NEALE.

I

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

CHORUS.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.

—CHORUS.

3

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

—CHORUS.

4

O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heav'nly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.—CHORUS.

## 5

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,  
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
 In ancient times didst give the law,  
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—CHORUS.

## 3

*Same as No. 2.*

CHORUS.

Rejoice! Rejoice! O Israel,  
 To thee shall come Emmanuel!

## 4

*SING, OH! SING WITH EXULTATION!*

CHORUS.

**S**ING, oh! sing with exultation,  
 Haste we to our Father's home,  
 Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,  
 Now from heav'n to earth are come.

## 1

See, He comes! Whom ev'ry nation,  
 Taught of God desired to see,  
 Filled with hope and expectation,  
 That He would their Saviour be,  
 —CHORUS.

## 2

See, He comes! Whom kings and sages,  
 Prophets, patriarchs of old,  
 Distant climes and countless ages,  
 Waited eager to behold.—CHORUS.

3

See, the Lamb of God appearing,  
God of God, from Heaven above!  
See the heav'nly Bridegroom cheering  
His dear Bride with words of love.  
—CHORUS.

FINAL CHORUS.

Glory to th' Eternal Father,  
Glory to th' Incarnate Son,  
Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
Glory to the Three in One!

5

*HARK! AN AWFUL VOICE IS  
SOUNDING.*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

**H**ARK! an awful voice is sounding;  
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;  
"Cast away the dream of darkness,  
O ye children of the day!"

CHORUS.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heav'n:  
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiv'n.

2

Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.—CHO.

3

So, when next He comes with glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
May He then, as our Defender,  
On the clouds of heav'n appear.—CHO.

4

Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the co-eternal Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.—CHO.

6

CREATOR OF THE STARRY  
HEIGHT.

(*Creator alme siderum.*)

Tr. Dr. J. M. NEALE.

I

CREATOR of the starry height,  
Thy people's everlasting light;  
Jesus, Redeemer, save us all,  
And hear Thy servants when they call.

2

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse  
Should doom to death an universe,  
Hast found the med'cine full of grace,  
To save and heal a ruin'd race.

3

Thou can'st the Bridegroom of the Bride,  
As drew the world to ev'ning tide;  
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,  
The spotless Victim all divine.

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 the living and the dead,  
 Preserve us, while we dwell below,  
 From ev'ry insult of the foe.

## 6

To Him who comes the world to free,  
 To God the Son, all glory be;  
 To God the Father, as is meet,  
 To God the blessed Paraclete.

## 7

*COME, THOU REDEEMER OF THE  
 EARTH.*

*(Invocation.)*

## 1

**C**OME, Thou Redeemer of the earth,  
 Come testify Thy virgin Birth;  
 All lands admire, all times applaud;  
 Such is the birth that fits a God.

## 2

Begotten of no human will,  
 But of the Spirit, mystic still,  
 The Word of God, in flesh arrayed,  
 The promised fruit to man displayed.



## 3

The Virgin's womb that burden gained  
 With Virgin honor all unstained:  
 The banners there of virtue glow:  
 God in His Temple dwells below.

## 4

O equal to the Father, Thou!  
 Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now!  
 The weakness of our mortal state,  
 With deathless might invigorate.

## 5

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,  
 And darkness breathe a newer light,  
 Where endless faith shall shine serene,  
 And twilight never intervene.

# Christmastide

---

8

*SEE, AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

**S**EE! amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below;  
See! the tender Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years!

CHORUS.

Hail! thou ever-blessed morn!  
Hail! Redemption's happy dawn!  
Sing through all Jerusalem,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

2

Lo, within a manger lies,  
He who built the starry skies;  
He who throned in height sublime,  
Sits amid the Cherubim!—CHORUS.

3

Sacred Infant, all divine,  
What a tender love was Thine;  
Thus to come from highest bliss,  
Down to such a world as this!—CHO.

4

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,  
By Thy face so meek and mild,  
Teach us to resemble Thee,  
In Thy sweet humility!—CHO.

46

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

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON  
 HIGH.

(*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*)

By Bishop CHADWICK.

## I

ANGELS we have heard on high,  
 Sweetly singing o'er our plains,  
 And the mountains in reply  
 Echo back their joyous strains:

CHORUS.

“Glória in excélsis Deo!” (*twice.*)

## 2

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
 Why your rapturous strain prolong?  
 Say, what may the tidings be,  
 Which inspire your heav'nly song?

CHORUS.

“Glória in excélsis Deo!” (*twice.*)

## 3

Come to Bethlehem and see  
 Him whose birth the angels sing;  
 Come adore on bended knee,  
 Christ, the Lord, the newborn King.

CHORUS.

“Glória in excélsis Deo!” (*twice.*)

## 4

See, within a manger laid,  
 Jesus, Lord of heav’n and earth!  
 Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,  
 To acclaim the Saviour’s birth.

CHORUS.

“Glória in excélsis Deo!” (*twice.*)

## 10

WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN  
 THIS BE?

## I

WHAT lovely Infant can this be,  
 That in the little crib I see?  
 So sweetly on the straw it lies,  
 It must have come from Paradise.

## 2

Who is that Lady kneeling by,  
 And gazing on so tenderly?  
 Oh! that is Mary, ever blest,  
 How full of joy her holy breast.

## 3

What man is that who seems to smile,  
 And looks so blissful all the while?  
 'Tis holy Joseph, good and true,  
 The Infant makes him happy, too.

## 4

Who are those people kneeling down,  
 With crooked sticks and hands so brown?  
 The shepherds from the mountain top,  
 The little angels woke them up.

## 5

What makes the crib so bright and clear?  
 What voices sing so sweetly here?  
 Ah! see behind the window pane,  
 The little angels looking in.

## 6

Hail, holy cave! though dark thou be,  
 The world is lighted up from thee;  
 Hail, Holy Babe, Creation stands,  
 And moves upon Thy little hands.

## 11

*WITH HEARTS TRULY GRATEFUL.*  
 (*Adeste Fideles.*)

## I

**W**ITH hearts truly grateful,  
 Come all ye faithful,  
 To Jesus, to Jesus in Bethlehem;  
 See Christ, your Saviour,  
 Heaven's greatest favor.

Let's hasten to adore Him;  
Let's hasten to adore Him;  
Let's hasten to adore Him;  
Our God and King.

2

God to God equal;  
Light of Light eternal;  
Carried in Virgin's ever spotless womb.  
He all preceded,  
Begotten, not created.  
Let's hasten, etc.

3

Angels now praise Him,  
Loud their voices raising;  
The heavenly mansions with joy now ring:  
To Him Who's most holy  
Be honor, praise and glory;  
Let's hasten, etc.

4

To Jesus, this day born,  
Grateful homage return;  
'Tis He, who all heavenly gifts does bring;  
Word increated,  
To our flesh united;  
Let's hasten, etc.

5

We, joyfully singing,  
Grateful tributes bringing,  
Praise Him, and bless Him in heavenly  
hymns.  
Angels implore Him,  
Seraphs fall before Him;  
Let's hasten, etc.

## GOD, AN INFANT BORN TO-DAY.

By Rev. FR. EDMUND, H. of M.

## I

GOD, an infant born to-day!  
 Born to live, to die for me!  
 Bow, my soul: adoring say:  
 "Lord, I live, I die for Thee."  
 Humble then, but fearless, rise;  
 Seek the manger where He lies. (bis.)

## 2

Hail, my Jesus, Lord of might!  
 Here in tiny, helpless hand  
 Thy creation's infinite,  
 Holding like a grain of sand!  
 Hail, my Jesus, all my own,  
 Mine as if but mine alone. (bis.)

## 3

Hail, my Lady, full of grace!  
 Maiden-mother, hail to thee!  
 Poring o'er the radiant face,  
 Thine a voiceless ecstasy.  
 Yet, sweet Mother, let me dare  
 Join the homage of thy prayer. (bis.)

## 4

Joseph, hail—of gentlest power!  
 Shadow of the Father thou;  
 Thine to shield in danger's hour  
 Whom thy presence comforts now.  
 Mary trusts to thee her Child;  
 He, His Mother undefiled. (bis.)

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, hail!

Saddest year its Christmas brings;  
Comes the faith that cannot fail,

Come the shepherds and the kings,  
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet

Come to worship at your feet! (bis.)

## 13

*BETHLEHEM! OF NOBLEST CITIES.*

(*O sola magnarum urbium.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**B**ETHLEHEM! of noblest cities  
None can once with thee compare;  
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven  
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

## 2

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the lands their God announcing  
His beneath a form of earth.

## 3

By its lambent beauty guided,  
See, the Eastern kings appear;  
See them bend, their gifts to offer—  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.



## 4

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 display'd!  
 With the Father, and the Spirit,  
 Praise eterne to Thee be paid.

## 14

O CRUEL HEROD! WHY THUS  
 FEAR?

(*Crudelis Herodes Deum.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

O CRUEL Herod! why thus fear  
 Thy King and God, who comes below?  
 No earthly crown comes He to take,  
 Who heav'nly kingdoms doth bestow.

## 2

The wiser Magi see the star,  
 And follow as it leads before;  
 By its pure ray they seek the Light,  
 And with their gifts, that Light adore.

## 3

Behold at length the heavenly Lamb  
 Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;  
 There consecrating by His touch  
 Water to cleanse us in His blood.

## 4

But Cana saw her glorious Lord  
 Begin His miracles divine;  
 When water, reddening at His word,  
 Flow'd forth obedient in wine.

## 5

To Thee, O Jesus, who Thyself,  
 Hast to the Gentile world display'd,  
 Praise, with the Father evermore,  
 And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.

## 15

*O JESUS, THOU THE BEAUTY ART.*

*(Jesu decus Angelicum.)*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**O** JESUS, Thou the Beauty art  
 Of angel worlds above;  
 Thy Name is music to the heart,  
 Inflaming it with love.

CHORUS.

O Jesus Thou the Beauty art,  
Of angel worlds above;  
Thy Name is music to the heart,  
Inflaming it with love. (*twice.*)

2

Celestial sweetness unalloyed!  
Who eat Thee, hunger still;  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,  
Which naught but Thou can fill.  
—CHORUS.

3

O dearest Jesus! hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee I send!  
To Thee, mine inmost spirit cries,  
My being's hope and end!—CHO.

4

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light  
Illumine the soul's abyss;  
And scatter darkness, scatter night,  
And fill the world with bliss.—CHO.

5

O Jesus! spotless virgin flower,  
Adored on bended knee,  
To Thee be praise and joy and power  
Through all eternity.—CHORUS.

JESUS, THE ONLY THOUGHT OF  
THEE.

(*Jesu, dulcis Memoria.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

JESUS, the only thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far it is to see  
And on Thy beauty feast!  
No sound, no harmony so gay  
Can art of music frame;  
No words, nor even thought can say,  
The sweets of Thy blest Name.

## 2

Jesus, our hope, when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace;  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
Oh, what when face to face!  
Jesus, that Name inspires my mind  
With springs of life and light;  
More than I ask in Thee I find,  
And languish with delight.

## 3

No art or eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love;  
Only the saints can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.  
Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now  
And through eternity.

## O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD!

*(Deus meus et omnia.)*

By Rev. FR. FABER.

## 1

O JESUS, Jesus! dearest Lord!  
 Forgive me if I say  
 For very love Thy Sacred Name  
 A thousand times a day.  
 I love Thee so, I know not how  
 My transports to control;  
 Thy love is like a burning fire  
 Within my very soul.

## 2

O wonderful! that Thou shouldst let  
 So vile a heart as mine,  
 Love Thee with such a love as this,  
 And make so free with Thine.  
 The craft of this wide world of ours,  
 Poor wisdom seems to me;  
 Ah! dearest Jesus, I have grown  
 Childish with love of Thee.

## 3

O Light in darkness, joy in grief,  
 O heaven begun on earth!  
 Jesus, my Love! my Treasure! who  
 Can tell what Thou art worth?  
 For Thou to me art all in all,  
 My honor and my wealth,  
 My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
 My soul's eternal health.

O Jesus, Jesus! sweetest Lord!  
What art Thou not to me?  
Each hour brings joy before unknown,  
Each day new liberty!  
Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned and burned away.

## Lent and Passiontide

---

18

THOU LOVING MAKER OF  
MANKIND.

*(Audi, benigne Conditor.)*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

1

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

2

Great Judge of hearts! Thou dost discern  
Our ills, and all our weakness know;  
Again to Thee with tears we turn;  
Again to us Thy mercy show.

3

Much have we sinned; but we confess  
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;  
Oh, for the praise of Thy great Name,  
Our fainting souls to health restore.

4

And grant us, while by fasts we strive  
This mortal body to control,  
To fast from all the food of sin,  
And so to purify the soul.

5

Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest;  
Sole Unity, to Thee we cry;  
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below  
To reap immortal fruit on high.

## IT IS A JOY OF HEAV'NLY BIRTH.

I

IT is a joy of heav'nly birth,  
 More bright than all the joys of earth,  
 When on the sinner's trembling head  
 The kindly dews of heav'n are shed.

2

When his deep shame and silent tears  
 Efface the stain, the guilt of years;  
 And that dark soul in mercy's glow  
 Shines whiter than the driven snow.

3

When earth's discordant passions cease,  
 He feels at last the threefold peace;  
 Peace with the world, its wrongs forgiven,  
 Peace with himself, and peace with Heaven.

4

Contrition, peace, and light divine!  
 O Jesus! how shall these be mine,  
 Unless Thou Who alone canst give  
 Wilt say the word and bid me live?

## 20

NOW ARE THE DAYS OF  
 HUMBLEST PRAYER.*(Pater, audi nos.)*

By Rev. FR. FABER.

I

NOW are the days of humblest pray'r,  
 When consciences to God lie bare,  
 And mercy most delights to spare. (*twice.*)



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

2

Oh, happy time of blessed tears,  
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,  
Undoing all our evil years. (*twice.*)  
—CHORUS.

3

Full long in sin's dark ways we went,  
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,  
And grace is plentiful in Lent. (*twice.*)  
—CHORUS.

4

The feast of penance! Oh, so bright,  
With true conversion's heavenly light,  
Like sunrise after stormy night! (*twice.*)  
—CHORUS.

21

*JESUS, EVER LOVING SAVIOUR.*

*(Holy Family Hymns.)*

1

**J**ESUS, ever loving Saviour,  
Thou didst live and die for me,  
Living, I will live to love Thee,  
Dying, I will die for Thee.  
By Thy life and death of sorrow,  
Help me in my agony.

61

2

When the last dread hour, approaching,  
Fills my guilty soul with fear,  
All my sins rise up before me,  
All my virtues disappear.  
Turn not Thou in anger from me;  
Mary, Joseph, then be near.

3

Kindest Jesus, Thou wert standing  
By Thy foster-father's bed,  
While Thy Mother, softly praying,  
Held her dying Joseph's head.  
By that death, so calm and holy,  
Soothe me in that hour of dread.

4

Jesus, when in cruel anguish  
Dying on the shameful Tree,  
All abandoned by Thy Father,  
Thou didst hang in agony;  
By these three long hours of sorrow,  
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

5

When the priest, with Holy Unction,  
Prays for mercy and for grace,  
May the tears of deep compunction,  
All my guilty stains efface!  
Let me find in Thee a refuge,  
In Thy Heart a resting-place.

6

Oh, by all that Thou didst suffer,  
Grant me mercy in that day;  
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother;  
Holy Joseph, near me stay.  
Let me die my lips repeating  
"Jesus, mercy; Mary, pray!"

## O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED!

*(Salve Caput Cruentatum.)*

1

O SACRED Head surrounded  
 By crown of piercing thorn!  
 O bleeding Face, so wounded,  
 Reviled, and put to scorn!  
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
 The glow of life decays,  
 Yet angel hosts adore Thee,  
 And tremble as they gaze.  
 O Sacred Head, etc.

2

I see Thy strength and beauty  
 All fading in the strife,  
 And death with cruel duty  
 Bereaving Thee of life;  
 O agony and dying!  
 O love to sinners free!  
 Jesus, all grace supplying,  
 O turn Thy face to me!  
 I see Thy strength, etc.

3

In this, Thy bitter passion,  
 Good Shepherd, think of me,  
 With Thy most sweet compassion,  
 O turn Thy face to me.  
 Beneath Thy Cross abiding,  
 Forever would I rest,  
 In Thy loved Face confiding,  
 And with that vision blest.  
 In this, etc.

## O JESUS, OPEN WIDE THY HEART.

I

O JESUS, open wide Thy Heart,  
 And let me rest therein;  
 For weary is my stricken soul  
 Of sorrow and of sin.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, Jesus! Victim blest,  
 What else but love divine  
 Could Thee constrain to open thus  
 That Sacred Heart of Thine.  
 (*twice*).

2

O Veil of awful mystery!  
 O Temple all sublime!  
 Thou, sanctuary, holier far  
 Than that of olden time.—CHO.

3

O Font of endless life and joy!  
 O Spring of waters clear!  
 O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
 Who unto Thee draw near.—CHO.

4

Beneath this emblem of pure love,  
 'Twas love Himself that died,  
 And offered up Himself for us,  
 A Victim crucified.—CHO.

Blest Heart of Christ, in Thy dear  
Wound,  
The hidden depth we see,  
Of what we else could never know—  
His boundless charity.—CHO.

Oh, who of His redeemed, will Him  
Their mutual love refuse?  
Who would not rather in that Heart  
Their home eternal choose?—CHO.

*FAITHFUL CROSS:*

*(Crux Fidelis.)*

**F**AITHFUL Cross, O Tree all beauteous,  
Tree all peerless and divine!  
Not a grove on earth can show us  
Such a flow'r and leaf as thine.  
Sweet the nails and sweet the wood,  
Laden with so sweet a Load. *(twice.)*

Lofty tree, bend down thy branches,  
To embrace thy sacred Load;  
Oh, relax the native tension  
Of that all too rigid wood.  
Gently, gently bear the members  
Of thy dying King and God. *(twice.)*

Tree, which solely wast found worthy  
 Th' world's great Victim to sustain;  
 Harbor from the raging tempest,  
 Ark, that saved the world again!  
 Tree, with sacred Blood anointed  
 Of the Lamb for sinners slain. (*twice.*)

## 25

OVERWHELMED IN DEPTHS OF  
 SORROW.

(*Saevo dolorum turbine.*)

## I

OVERWHELMED in depths of sorrow,  
 On the tree of pain and scorn,  
 Hangeth bleeding the Redeemer,  
 And with racking anguish torn.

## CHORUS.

Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,  
 Who has nailed Thee to the cross?  
 Oh, 'twas I who sinned and grieved Thee,  
 I, who nailed Thee to the cross.

## 2

See the nails, how cruelly piercing  
 Hands and feet so tender rend;  
 Down His face and down His body  
 See His Sacred Blood descend.—CHO.

3

Hearken! with what cry in dying  
Jesus' spirit takes its flight!  
How it pierced the heart of Mary,  
How it wrapt her soul in night.—CHO.

4

See the sun its light withdrawing  
And the heavens growing pale;  
Bursting rocks, the tombs that open,  
All their Maker's death bewail.—CHO.

26

SOUL OF JESUS, GUEST FOR ME.

By M. S. PINE.

I

**S**OUL of Jesus, Guest for me,  
In the Virgin's breast for me,  
God's Begotten Son! (*bis.*)  
All the manger shines o'er Thee,  
All of Heav'n inclines o'er Thee,  
O Thou glorious One! (*bis.*)

2

Soul of Jesus, weighed for me  
'Neath the yew-tree's shade for me,  
Weighed with sins of mine; (*bis.*)  
Not a soul to wake with Thee,  
No brave heart to take with Thee,  
Thorns and Cross divine! (*bis.*)

67

3

Soul of Jesus, clad for me  
In thy glory, glad for me  
At the Father's side; (*bis.*)  
Down from Heaven, O come to me,  
From Thy Altar-home to me,  
Make my soul Thy bride. (*bis.*)

4

Soul of Jesus, stay in me,  
Soul of Jesus, pray in me,  
Through the creeping hours, (*bis.*)  
Not a minute stray from Thee,  
All is sin away from Thee,  
Stay till shut of flowers. (*bis.*)

5

Soul of Jesus, light for me  
All the slumbering night for me,  
That my heart may still (*bis.*)  
Watch to breathe its love for Thee,  
Kept above all else for Thee,  
Drowned in Thy sweet Will! (*bis.*)

27

*OH, COME AND MOURN.*

*(Amor meus crucifixus est.)*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**O**H, come, and mourn with me awhile;  
See, Mary calls us to her side;  
Oh, come and let us mourn with her:  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis.*)



2

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis.*)

3

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;  
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied;  
His failing Eyes are blind with Blood;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis.*)

4

Oh, break, oh, break, hard heart of mine!  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and His Judas were;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified! (*bis.*)

5

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! (*bis.*)

28

AT THE CROSS HER STATION  
KEEPING.

(*Stabat Mater dolorosa.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

AT the Cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful Mother, weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last.

69

2

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,  
All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.

3

Oh! how sad and sore distressed  
Was that Mother highly blessed  
Of that sole-begotten One!

4

Oh! that silent, ceaseless mourning!  
Oh! those dim eyes never turning  
From that wond'rous, suffering Son!

5

For His people's sins, the All-Holy  
There she saw, a Victim lowly,  
Bleed in torments—bleed and die!

6

Saw the Lord's Anointed taken;  
Saw her Child in death forsaken;  
Heard His last expiring cry.

7

Those Five Wounds of Jesus, smitten,  
Mother, in my heart be written,  
Deeply as in thine they be.

8

Thou, my Saviour's cross who bearest,  
Thou, thy Son's rebuke who sharest,  
Let me share them both with thee.

## 9

In the passion of my Maker  
 Be my sinful soul partaker,  
 Weep till death, and weep with thee.

## 10

Mine with thee be that sad station,  
 There to watch the great salvation  
 Wrought upon the atoning Tree.

## 11

Virgin thou of virgins fairest,  
 May the bitter woe thou sharest  
 • Make on me impression deep.

## 12

Thus Christ dying may I carry,  
 With Him in His passion tarry,  
 And His wounds in memory keep.

## 13

May His wounds transfix me wholly,  
 May His cross and life-blood holy  
 Ebriate my heart and mind.

## 14

Thus inflamed with pure affection  
 In the Virgin's Son protection  
 May I at the Judgment find.

CHRISTIANS, WHO OF JESUS'  
SORROWS.

I .

CHRISTIANS, who of Jesus' sorrows,  
Come the doleful tale to hear,  
See what streams of blood flow for us,  
Blend, ah! blend at least a tear!  
Lo! for sins our own devoted,  
Bleeds the victim from on high,  
By his suff'rings animated,  
For Him live and for Him die.

2

In a lonely garden praying  
Conflicts rude oppress His soul;  
Fear and hope His soul assailing  
Strive by turns His will to rule.  
Now doth fear command imperious,  
Now strong efforts love combines;  
Love at length prevails victorious,  
He to death Himself resigns.

3

Doom'd to death new Isaac willing,  
Loaded with the heavy tree,  
In His heart our sins bewailing,  
He ascends Mount Calvary.  
Lo! His hands and feet are pierced through,  
On the bloody Cross He lies;  
Streams of vital blood flow for you,  
Sinners, He's your Sacrifice.

4

Now behold the Man of sorrows,  
On the Cross exalted high ;  
Suff'ring, bleeding, dying for us,  
Now behold salvation nigh.  
Satan, our great foe, lies vanquished,  
Mary's seed has bruised his head ;  
Our redemption is accomplish'd,  
Jesus has our ransom paid.

5

He expires in sad convulsions ;  
Nature comfortless bemoans ;  
Heav'n and earth and all creation  
Trembling echo doleful groans.  
Ah! shall man a sight so woful,  
View alone with tearless eye?  
Grant, O Jesus! I may grateful,  
With Thee mourn and with Thee die.

30

*See No. 29.*

31

THE ROYAL BANNERS FOR-  
WARD GO.

*(Vexilla Regis prodeunt.)*

FROM V. FORTUNATUS.

I

THE Royal Banners forward go ;  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

73

2

Behold His Hands, transfixed and torn!  
His bleeding Brow and Crown of thorn!  
The willing Sacrifice is slain,  
Redemption for mankind to gain.

3

There as He hangs, His sacred side  
By cruel spear is opened wide,  
And sheds forth Water mixed with Blood,  
A cleansing and a saving flood.

4

Fulfilled is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old:  
"Among the nations, God," said he,  
"Is King." He reigneth from the Tree.

5

O Tree of beauty! Tree of light!  
O Tree with royal purple dight!  
What glory can with thine compare,  
Elect such Holy Limbs to bear!

6

Blest Tree, the balance where was weighed  
The Ransom for us sinners paid;  
To take the guilt of man away,  
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

7

O Lord, on this Thy Passion Day,  
Thy Cross we hail, our only stay;  
In holy hearts fresh grace implant,  
And pardon to the sinner grant.

Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,  
 Be praise to Thee through earth and sky,  
 Who through the Cross hast victory given,  
 Grant us its prize—a place in Heaven.

*SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S  
 GLORY.*

*(Pange Lingua Gloriosi.)*

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**S**ING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory;  
 Tell His triumph, far and wide;  
 Tell aloud the famous story  
 Of His Body crucified;  
 How upon the Cross a Victim,  
 Vanquishing in death, He died.

## 2

Eating of the tree forbidden,  
 Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
 When his pitying Creator  
 Did this second Tree prepare;  
 Destined, many ages later,  
 That first evil to repair.

## 3

Such the order God appointed  
 When for sin He would atone;  
 To the serpent thus opposing  
 Schemes yet deeper than his own;  
 Thence the remedy procuring,  
 Whence the fatal wound had come.

## 4

So, when at length the fullness  
 Of the sacred time drew nigh,  
 Then the Son who moulded all things  
 Left His Father's throne on high;  
 From a Virgin's womb appearing,  
 Clothed in our mortality.

## 5

All within a lowly manger,  
 Lo, a tender Babe He lies!  
 See His gentle Virgin Mother  
 Lull to sleep His infant cries!  
 While the Limbs of God Incarnate  
 Round with swatching-bands she ties.

## 6

Honor, blessing everlasting,  
 To th' immortal Deity!  
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 Praise be paid co-equally!  
 Glory through the earth and heaven,  
 To the Threefold Unity!



## ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR.

*(Palm Sunday.)*

By Rev. Dr. J. M. NEALE.

## I

ALL glory, laud, and honor,  
 To Thee, Redeemer King!  
 To whom the lips of children  
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.  
 Thou art the King of Israel,  
 Thou David's Royal Son,  
 Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
 The King and Blessed One.

## 2

The companies of angels  
 Are praising Thee on high;  
 And mortal men, and all things  
 Created, make reply.  
 The children of the Hebrews  
 With palms before Thee went:  
 Our praise and prayer and anthems  
 Before Thee we present.

## 3

To Thee, before Thy Passion,  
 They raised their hymns of praise,  
 To Thee, now throned in glory,  
 Our melody we raise.  
 Thou didst accept their praises:  
 Accept the prayers we bring,  
 Who in all good delightest,  
 Thou good and gracious King.

These palms shall signal for us  
Our vict'ry o'er the foe;  
That in the Conqueror's triumph  
This strain may ever flow:  
All glory, laud, and honor,  
To Thee, Redeemer, King!  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

## Eastertide

---

34

CHRIST, THE LORD, IS RISEN  
TO-DAY.

*(Victimae Paschali Laudes.)*

Tr. M. LEESON.

1

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day  
Christians, haste your vows to pay;  
Offer ye your praises meet,  
At the Paschal Victim's feet;  
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,  
Sinless in the sinner's stead;  
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high,  
Now He lives no more to die!

2

Christ, the Victim undefiled,  
Man to God hath reconciled,  
When in strange and awful strife,  
Met together death and life.  
Christians, on this happy day,  
Haste with joy your vows to pay;  
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n on high,  
Now He lives no more to die!

3

Christ, who once for sinners bled,  
Now the first-born from the dead,  
Thron'd in endless might and pow'r,  
Lives and reigns for ever more.

79

Hail, eternal Hope on high!  
Hail, Thou King of victory!  
Hail! Thou Prince of life ador'd!  
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

35

*ALL HAIL, DEAR CONQUEROR!*

*(Tu Victor Rex.)*

By FR. W. FABER.

I

**A**LL hail, dear Conqueror! all hail,  
Oh, what a victory is Thine?  
How beautiful Thy strength appears,  
Thy crimson wounds, how bright they  
shine!

Thou camest at the dawn of day:  
Armies of souls around Thee were;  
Blest spirits throng to worship Thee,  
In Flesh, now glorified and fair.

2

The everlasting Godhead lay  
Shrouded within those Limbs divine,  
Nor left untenanted one hour  
That Sacred Human Heart of Thine.  
They worshipped Thee, those ransomed  
souls,  
With the fresh strength of love set free;  
They worshipped joyously, and thought  
Of Mary, while they looked on Thee.

80

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul  
 Paused by the Body's wounded Side;  
 Bright flashed the cave, before them stood  
 The living Jesus glorified.  
 All hail, dear Conqueror, all hail!  
 Oh! what a victory is Thine!  
 How beautiful Thy strength appears!  
 Thy Crimson Wounds, how bright they  
 shine!

## 36

THE MORN HAD SPREAD HER  
 CRIMSON RAYS.

(*Aurora Coelum Purpurat.*)

Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

## I

THE morn had spread her crimson rays,  
 When rang the skies with shouts of  
 praise,  
 Earth joined the joyful hymn to swell,  
 That brought despair to vanquished hell.

## 2

He comes victorious from the grave,  
 The Lord omnipotent to save,  
 And brings with Him to light of day  
 The Saints who long imprisoned lay.

## 3

Let hymns of joy to grief succeed,  
 We know that Christ is ris'n indeed;  
 We hear His white-robed Angel's voice,  
 And in our risen Lord rejoice.

With Christ we died, with Christ we rose,  
 When at the font His Name we chose;  
 Oh, let not sin our robes defile,  
 And turn to grief the paschal smile.

## 37

YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE  
 LORD

(*O Filii et Filiae.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

CHORUS.

Allelúia! Allelúia! Allelúia!

1

**T**HE sons and daughters of the Lord,  
 The King of glory, King adored,  
 This day Himself from death restored.  
 Allelúia!

2

All in the early morning grey  
 Went holy women on their way  
 To see the tomb where Jesus lay.  
 Allelúia!

3

Of spices pure a precious store  
 In their pure hands those women bore,  
 To anoint the sacred Body o'er.  
 Allelúia!

4

Then straightway one in white they see,  
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He  
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."

Allelúia!

5

This told they Peter, told they John;  
Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,  
But Peter is by John outrun.

Allelúia!

6

That self-same night, while out of fear  
The doors were shut, their Lord most  
    dear  
To His Apostles did appear.

Allelúia!

7

But Thomas, when of this he heard,  
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;  
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

Allelúia!

8

"Thomas, behold My side," said He;  
"My hands, My feet, My body see,  
And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Allelúia!

9

When Thomas saw that wounded side,  
The truth no longer he denied;  
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

Allelúia!

Oh, blest are they who have not seen  
 Their Lord, and yet believe in Him!  
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Allelúia!

Now let us praise the Lord most high,  
 And strive His name to magnify  
 On this great day, through earth and sky.

Allelúia!

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;  
 Whom men and Angel Hosts adore;  
 To Him be glory evermore.

Allelúia!

## 38

*NOW AT THE LAMB'S HIGH ROYAL  
 FEAST.*

*(Ad Regias Agni Dapes.)*

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

## 1

**N**OW at the Lamb's high royal feast,  
 In robes of saintly white, we sing,  
 Through the Red Sea, in safety brought  
 By Jesus, our immortal King.

## 2

O depth of love! for us he drains  
 The chalice of His agony;  
 For us a Victim on the Cross  
 He meekly lays Him down to die.



3

And as the avenging Angel pass'd  
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;  
As the cleft sea a passage gave,  
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians o'er,

4

So Christ, our Paschal Sacrifice,  
Has brought us safe all perils through;  
While for unleaven'd bread He asks  
But heart sincere and purpose true.

5

Hail, purest Victim Heav'n could find  
The powers of Hell to overthrow!  
Who didst the bonds of Death unbind;  
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

6

Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King!  
To Thee alone belongs the crown;  
Who hast the heavenly gates unbar'd,  
And cast the Prince of darkness down.

7

O Jesus! from the death of sin  
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be  
The everlasting Paschal joy  
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

8

To God the Father, with the Son  
Who from the grave immortal rose,  
And Thee, O Paraclete, be praise,  
While age on endless ages flows.

SING WE TRIUMPHANT HYMNS OF  
PRAISE.

(*Hymnum Canamus Gloriam.*)

ASCENSION

I

SING we triumphant hymns of praise,  
New hymns to heav'n exulting raise;  
Christ by a road before untrod,  
Ascendeth to the throne of God.  
The apostles on the mountain stand  
The mystic mount in Holy Land;  
They, with the blessed Mother see  
Jesus ascend in majesty.

2

To whom the angels drawing nigh,  
"Why stand and gaze upon the sky?  
This is the Saviour," thus they say,  
"This is His noble triumph day."  
"Again shall ye behold Him so  
As ye to-day have seen Him go,  
In glorious pomp ascending high,  
Up to the portals of the sky."

3

"He hastes to mount His heav'nly throne,  
He takes His kingdom for His own;  
And thence again, when time shall end,  
To judge the nations shall descend."  
Jesus! in that tremendous day,  
Our sole Redemption, Thee we pray  
Vouchsafe to number us on high  
Amongst Thy saints' blest company.

HAIL THOU, WHO MAN'S  
REDEEMER ART.

(*Salutis Humanae Sator.*)

ASCENSION.

By Rev. T. J. POTTER.

I

HAIL Thou, Who man's Redeemer art,  
Jesus, the joy of ev'ry heart;  
Great Maker of the world's wide frame,  
And purest love's delight and flame.

2

What nameless mercy Thee o'ercame,  
To bear our load of sin and shame?  
For guiltless, Thou Thy life didst give,  
That sinful, erring man might live.

3

The realms of woe are forced by Thee,  
Its captives from their chains set free;  
And Thou, amid Thy ransom'd train,  
At God's Right Hand dost victor reign.

4

Let mercy sweet with Thee prevail,  
To cure the wounds we now bewail;  
Oh, bless us with Thy holy sight,  
And fill us with eternal light.

5

Our guide, our way to heavenly rest,  
Be Thou the aim of ev'ry breast;  
Be Thou the soother of our tears,  
Our sweet reward above the spheres.

## O JESUS CHRIST, REMEMBER.

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

1

O JESUS Christ, remember,  
 When Thou shalt come again  
 Upon the clouds of heaven  
 With all Thy shining train,  
 When ev'ry eye shall see Thee  
 In Deity reveal'd  
 Who now upon this altar  
 In silence art conceal'd.

2

Remember then, O Saviour,  
 I supplicate of Thee  
 That here I bow'd before Thee,  
 Upon my bended knee;  
 That here I own'd Thy presence,  
 And did not Thee deny,  
 And glorified Thy greatness,  
 Though hid from human eye.

3

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

HOLY SPIRIT, COME AND  
GUIDE ME.

By Rev. W. P. TREACY.

1

HOLY Spirit, come and guide me,  
For Thy Light I daily pine;  
All around is dark and gloomy,  
Let Thy Rays upon me shine. (*twice.*)

2

From my soul dispel all shadows,  
From my heart now banish care;  
Teach me how to bear my crosses,  
Give me sweetness in my prayer. (*twice.*)

3

Speak to me of Heaven's beauties,  
Tell me of Thy Sinless Land;  
Lead me up that Holy Mountain  
Where but Purified may stand. (*twice.*)

4

Lead me o'er the paths of virtue,  
Keep me far from shame and sin;  
Give me peace in holy actions,  
Drive from me all strife and din. (*twice.*)

5

Show the vainness of false pleasures,  
Show how fleeting are man's days,  
Show that Thou alone canst give me  
Force to walk through stainless ways.  
(*twice.*)

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR  
BLEST.

*(Veni, Creator Spiritus.)*

1

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator Blest,  
And in our hearts take up Thy rest;  
Come with Thy Grace and heavenly aid,  
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.  
*(bis.)*

2

O Comforter, to Thee we cry;  
Thou Heavenly Gift of God most high;  
Thou Fount of life, and Fire of love,  
And sweet Anointing from above. *(bis.)*

3

O Holy Ghost, through Thee alone,  
Know we the Father and the Son;  
Be this our never changing creed,  
That Thou dost from Them both proceed.  
*(bis.)*

4

Praised be the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit with Them One;  
And may the Son on us bestow  
The gifts that from the Spirit flow. *(bis.)*

THY KINGDOM, COME.

(*Adveniat Regnum tuum.*)

By Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

## 1

THY Kingdom come, O King of earth  
 and heav'n!  
 Creator, Saviour, Who our chains hast  
 riv'n;  
 Oh, that all hearts would Thy sweet yoke  
 embrace;  
 Reign in my heart forever, King of grace.

## 2

Thee will I serve, for he who serves Thee  
 reigns;  
 Thee will I freely serve while life remains.  
 Till, free no longer, in Thy realm above,  
 Bound in the rapturous thraldom of Thy  
 love.

## 3

Thee as my King, my soul at last shall hail;  
 No more to swerve, no more to faint nor  
 fail.  
 O Father, take Thy weary wand'rer home;  
 O King of glory, may Thy Kingdom come.

## WHEN MEN BLASPHEMING SAY:

By Bro. M.

I

WHEN men blaspheming say:  
 "Away with Jesus Christ!  
 "We will not own His sway,  
 "Our freedom sacrifice!"—  
 O Christians, raise the loyal cry and sing:

CHORUS.

Thy Kingdom come! }  
 Be Thou, O Christ, our King! } (*twice.*)  
 We're Thine, dear Lord,  
 Be Thou our King!  
 Thy Kingdom come, O Christ!  
 Thy Kingdom come!  
 Be Thou our King!  
 Thy Kingdom come! O Christ!

2

The faithless Jews, O Lord!  
 In hate rejected Thee;  
 "Away with Him," their word,  
 "No king, save Caesar, we!"—  
 Thy vassals, Christ, with joyous pride we  
 sing:—CHORUS.

3

With purple robe in scorn  
 They mock Thy regal right;  
 Thy Head is crowned with thorn;  
 Thy blessed Face they smite.  
 We hail Thee, King, by right divine, and  
 sing:—CHORUS.



Thy royal title, see!

Above Thy cruel crown;

They scoff and jeer at Thee:

“O Israel’s King, come down!”

With faith sublime, Christ Crucified, we  
sing:—CHORUS.



## The Time After Pentecost

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46

GOD THE FATHER, WHO DIDST  
MAKE ME.

I

**G**OD the Father, Who didst make me  
To adore and worship Thee,  
Who wouldst have me, soul and body,  
Thine for evermore to be;  
Often from Thy ways I've wandered,  
E'en each day and every hour;  
Time so precious spent and squandered,  
Let me contrite now deplore.

2

Jesus Christ, Who didst redeem me  
From eternal misery,  
Who didst shed Thy Blood to save me  
On the Cross of Calvary;  
Oh, what sorrow there I caused Thee,  
Yes, I caused Thine agony;  
By that Cross I now beseech Thee  
Look in pity down on me.

3

Holy Ghost, Whose grace descended  
Sevenfold to strengthen me,  
By which grace my soul was cleansed  
From a dark iniquity,  
Many gifts of Thine I've slighted,  
Gifts bestowed so lovingly;  
But for love so unrequited,  
Faithful now at last I'll be.

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

## 47

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

(Sunday.)

## I

O DAY of rest and gladness!  
 O Day of joy and light!  
 O balm for care and sadness,  
 Most beautiful, most bright!  
 On thee, the high and lowly,  
 Before th' eternal throne,  
 Sing holy, holy, holy,  
 To God, the Three in One.

## 2

On thee, at the creation,  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On thee, for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,  
 The Spirit sent from heav'n:  
 And thus on thee most glorious,  
 A triple light was giv'n.

3

To-day on weary nations,  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls;  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4

New graces ever gaining  
From this, our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises,  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

48

*LIFE OFFERS ME ONE ONLY  
GOOD.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**L**IFE offers me one only good, one  
treasure,  
My Saviour dear, my God whom I adore.  
'Tis He alone can turn all grief to pleasure,  
'Tis He Who holds my heart forever  
more.

96

'Tis God alone our deepest wounds can heal,  
 And be to us a refuge safe and sure;  
 None other can such wondrous love reveal,  
 To sanctify the holy soul and pure.

What sorrow, then, need heart of mortal  
 fear,  
 Whose loving hope and trust are all in  
 Thee?  
 What grief need trouble us when Thou art  
 near,  
 For Thou our gentle comforter wilt be.

*(This Chorus is to be sung with No. 250.)*

CHORUS.

Repeat, repeat, my soul, this refrain so  
 true, so sweet;  
 This cry of love and joy sincere and deep;  
 'Tis God alone can give true happiness,  
 'Tis God alone can give true happiness.

O GOD OF LOVELINESS!

*(Tuus sum ego.)*

O GOD of loveliness,  
 O Lord of Heaven above,  
 How worthy to possess  
 My heart's devoted love!

So sweet Thy countenance,  
So gracious to behold,  
That one, one only glance  
To me were bliss untold. } (bis.)

2

Thou art blest Three in One,  
Yet undivided still;  
Thou art that One alone  
Whose love my heart can fill.  
The heavens, the earth below,  
Were fashioned by Thy Word;  
How amiable art Thou, } (bis.)  
My ever-dearest Lord!

3

Were hearts as countless mine  
As sands upon the shore,  
All should in choir combine  
To love Thee evermore.  
And ev'ry heart should yearn  
With tenderest desire,  
And in my bosom burn } (bis.)  
With flames of holiest fire.

4

To think Thou art my God,—  
O thought for ever blest!  
My heart has overflowed  
With joy within my breast.  
My soul so full of bliss  
Is plunged as in a sea,  
Deep in the sweet abyss } (bis.)  
Of holy charity.

## 5

No object here below  
 Awakens my desire;  
 No suffering nor woe  
 Can grief or pain inspire.  
 The world I could despise,  
 Though it were all of gold;  
 Thee only do I prize. }  
 O Mine of wealth untold! } (bis.)

## 6

O Loveliness supreme,  
 And Beauty infinite;  
 O ever-flowing Stream,  
 An Ocean of delight;  
 O Life by which I live,  
 My truest life above,  
 To Thee alone I give }  
 My undivided love. } (bis.)

## 50

*JUST ONE TINY SPARK SO BRIGHT.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**J**UST one tiny spark so bright,  
 Of this wondrous fire,  
 Will God's love enkindle,  
 In my heart forever.

## CHORUS.

Oh! fire of holy love, oh! heavenly ray,  
 Come fill my soul by night and by day. (bis.)

2

Hasten, all our hearts consume,  
Heaven's flame divine,  
Fill our souls with rapture,  
They are only Thine.—CHORUS.

3

Peace and happiness are mine,  
When Thou art with me,  
Banished all life's sorrows,  
While I cling to Thee.—CHORUS.

4

Come, then, Master of my soul  
Dear Saviour and King,  
Unto my poor spirit,  
Peace and comfort bring.—CHORUS.

51

*O COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US  
SING.*

I

**O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King:  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

CHORUS.

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame  
An equal honor to His Name?



## 2

Into His presence let us haste,  
 To thank Him for His favors past;  
 To Him address our joyful songs,  
 The praise that to His Name belongs.  
 —CHORUS.

## 3

The depths of earth are in His hand,  
 Her secret wealth at His command;  
 The strength of hills that reach the skies,  
 Subjected to His empire lies.—CHORUS.

## 4

Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there;  
 Down on our knees devoutly all,  
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.—CHO.

## 52

*O GIFT OF GIFTS! O GRACE OF  
 FAITH!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**O** GIFT of gifts! O grace of faith!  
 My God, how can it be  
 That Thou, Who has discerning love,  
 Shouldst give that gift to me?

CHORUS.

Oh, happy, happy that I am!  
If Thou canst be, O Faith!  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death?  
O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!

2

How many hearts Thou mightst have had  
More innocent than mine,  
How many souls more worthy far,  
Of that sweet touch of Thine?—CHORUS.

3

How can they live, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief?—CHORUS.

4

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
Seem trifles less than light;—  
Earth looks so little and so low,  
When faith shines full and bright.—CHO.

5

Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then  
I lovingly adore  
Oh, give me grace to keep Thy grace,  
And grace to merit more.—CHORUS.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

(*Sancte Deus, laudamus te.*)

By Rev. C. WALWORTH.

I

HOLY God, we praise Thy name,  
 Lord of all, we bow before Thee;  
 All on earth, Thy scepter claim,  
 All in heav'n above adore Thee;  
 Infinite Thy vast domain,  
 Everlasting is Thy reign. } (*bis.*)

2

Hark! the loud celestial hymn,  
 Angel choirs above are raising;  
 Cherubim and Seraphim  
 In unceasing chorus praising,  
 Fill the heav'ns with sweet accord; } (*bis.*)  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,  
 While in essence only One,  
 Undivided God we claim Thee;  
 And adoring bend the knee, } (*bis.*)  
 While we own the mystery.

4

Thou art King of glory, Christ!  
 Son of God yet born of Mary,  
 For us sinners sacrificed,  
 And to death a tributary;  
 First to break the bars of death, } (*bis.*)  
 Thou hast opened heav'n to faith.

*WHAT GOD DOES IS DONE ARIGHT.*

## I

**W**HAT God does is done aright:  
 So His faithful children deem,  
 Though our harvest store be light,  
     Richly flows His mercy's stream;  
 He would draw our falt'ring love  
 Up to changeless joys above.

## 2

What God does is done aright,  
     Question not His sov'reign will,  
 Though He send the with'ring blight,  
     Ere the crops our garners fill:  
 Earthly goods He takes away,  
 That our hope on Him may stay.

## 3

What God does is done aright,  
     Though our dales and uplands mourn,  
 We will praise His love and might,  
     To the future hopeful turn;  
 His eternal Word can give  
 Strength whereby our souls can live.

## 4

What God does, is done aright;  
     E'en if here on earth below.  
 We do find no Canaan bright,  
     And nor milk nor honey flow;  
 God, who doth the ravens feed,  
 Shall supply our daily need.

What God does is done aright,  
 This glad faith shall cheer our way,  
 Till all faith be lost in sight  
 In heav'n's never-ending day;  
 For His promise standeth sure,  
 And His mercies e'er endure.

## 55

*I BELIEVE IN THEE, O TRUTH AND  
 LOVE SUPREME.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

**I** BELIEVE in Thee, I believe in Thee,  
 O Truth and Love supreme, O Truth  
 and Love supreme;  
 Thou art our only Good and Truth itself  
 Thou art;  
 Most humbly I adore Thy sweet and holy  
 name,  
 I believe in Thee, I believe in Thee.

## I

In one God I believe, in God all powerful,  
 Who reigns in heaven and earth, Creator,  
 Lord and King;  
 In His love do I trust, His love so bountiful,  
 From which all light and blessings  
 spring.—CHORUS.

2

In Jesus I believe, the Father's only Son,  
Of Virgin Mother born, yet God e'er  
time began;  
His death upon the Cross, our soul's sal-  
vation won,  
Our Saviour, Master, God made Man.  
—CHORUS.

3

In God the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier blest,  
With Father and with Son, a holy Trinity,  
In Him do I believe; He guides to light  
and rest,  
And blessed, bright eternity.—CHORUS.

4

In one Faith and one Church, most firmly  
I believe;  
To us, her teachings sweet, faith, hope  
and love have given,  
Through her, the Holy Ghost's wise counsel  
we receive,  
It is her hand which leads to Heaven.  
—CHORUS.

56

*O HOLY FAITH! O SACRED LIGHT!*

By Rev. W. P. TREACY.

I

**O** HOLY Faith! O Sacred Light!  
Forever beam on me;  
Oh, like a star, shine on my night,  
And light me o'er life's sea!

## 2

The deep I sail is fierce and dark,  
 A wide unbounded way,  
 I cannot steer my wandering bark  
 Without thy saving ray.

## 3

The shore is far away, I know,  
 And rocks and shoals are nigh,  
 Among a thousand wrecks I go,  
 O star, my starless sky.

## 4

I sail, and sail, but know not where—  
 Before me, death and night;  
 O holy Faith, now hear my prayer,  
 And show thy blessed light.

## 5

Shine on the waves that 'round me roar,  
 Shine on the far-off strand,  
 Be thou my light-house by the shore,  
 My sunshine on the land.

## 57

*GLORY BE TO JESUS!*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**G**LORY be to Jesus,  
 Who in bitter pains  
 Pour'd for me the life-blood  
 From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find;  
Blest be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind!

2

Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torment  
Doth the world redeem!  
There the fainting spirit  
Drinks of life her fill;  
There, as in a fountain  
Laves herself at will.

3

O the Blood of Christ! it  
Soothes the Father's ire;  
Opens the gates of heaven;  
Quells eternal fire.  
Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the Blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

4

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



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS!

(*Fidelis ad mortem.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

FAITH of our Fathers! living still,  
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,  
 Oh! how our hearts beat high with joy,  
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word.

CHORUS.

Faith of our Fathers! holy Faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our Fathers! holy Faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death!

2

Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 How sweet would be their children's fate,  
 If they, like them could die for thee.

—CHORUS.

3

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers  
 Shall win our country back to thee;  
 And through the truth that comes from  
 God,  
 Our land shall then indeed be free.

—CHORUS.

4

Faith of our Fathers! we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife;  
And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life.

—CHORUS.

5

Faith of our Fathers! days of old  
Within our hearts speak gallantly;  
For ages thou hast stood by us,  
Dear Faith, and now we'll stand by thee.

—CHORUS.

59

*BLEST IS THE FAITH, DIVINE AND  
STRONG.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**B**LEST is the Faith, divine and strong,  
Of thanks and praise an endless  
fountain,  
Whose life is one perpetual song,  
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

CHORUS.

Oh, Sion's songs are sweet to sing,  
With melodies of gladness laden;  
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,  
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-  
Maiden! (*bis.*)

2

Blest is the Hope that holds to God  
In doubt and darkness still unshaken;  
And sings along the heav'nly road,  
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.  
—CHORUS.

3

Blest is the Love, that cannot love  
Aught that earth gives of best and  
brightest.  
Whose raptures thrill, like saints above,  
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.  
—CHORUS.

4

Blest is the time that in the eye  
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,  
And grows into eternity,  
Like noiseless trees, when men are  
sleeping.—CHORUS.

60

*LONG LIVE THE POPE!*

By Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

I

**L**ONG live the Pope! His praises  
sound  
Again and yet again:  
His rule is over space and time;  
His throne the hearts of men:  
All hail! the Shepherd-King of Rome,  
The theme of loving song:  
Let all the earth his glory sing, }  
And heav'n the strain prolong. } (*twice.*)

III

Beleaguered by the foes of earth,  
 Beset by hosts of hell,  
 He guards the loyal flock of Christ,  
 A watchful sentinel:  
 And yet, amid the din and strife,  
 The clash of mace and sword,  
 He bears alone the shepherd  
     staff, } (twice.)  
 This champion of the Lord.

His signet is the Fisherman's;  
 No sceptre does he bear;  
 In meek and lowly majesty  
 He rules from Peter's Chair:  
 And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,  
 From ev'ry clime and zone,  
 Three hundred million voices  
     sing } (twice.)  
 The glory of his throne.

Then raise the chant, with heart and voice,  
 In church and school and home:  
 "Long live the Shepherd of the flock!  
 Long live the Pope of Rome!"  
 Almighty Father, bless his work,  
 Protect him in his ways,  
 Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes, } (twice.)  
 And grant him "length of days."

# Feast of Corpus Christi

## The Blessed Sacrament

---

61

WHEN OUR SAVIOUR WISHED TO  
PROVE.

I

WHEN our Saviour wished to prove  
All the fullness of His Love,  
He gave us, ere life was spent,  
The thrice Holy Sacrament.  
It is here His burning heart  
Would to all its flames impart,  
Thus he speaks with love divine,  
“Give Me, oh give Me that heart of } (bis.)  
thine.”

2

When the dark and stormy night  
Fills the soul with wild affright;  
From the cloudlet where he hides  
Soon a ray of comfort glides.  
Where the tear of mis'ry falls,  
Where the voice of sorrow calls;  
Still He speaks with love divine,  
“Give Me, oh give Me that heart of } (bis.)  
thine.”

3

Can the Saints' ecstatic flight,  
Can the winged Seraphs' might,  
To their Lord approach more near  
Than do we poor sinners here?

God Himself we here receive,  
Nobler gift He cannot give;  
Yet He breathes with love divine: }  
"Give Me, oh give Me that heart of } (bis.)  
thine."

62

*I ADORE THEE HUMBLLY.*

(*Adoro Te, devote.*)

By M. E. OLSEN.

I

I ADORE Thee humbly, O Thou hid-  
den God,  
Who in these forms before me truly dost  
abide.  
All my light in darkness, contemplating  
Thee  
Lo! my heart lies prostrate to Love's  
mystery.

CHORUS.

Hail! O Jesus! Thou our true Shepherd be,  
Inflame the faith uniting all who believe  
in Thee.

2

Seeing, touching, tasting, fail in proving  
Thee;  
But Thy word suffices, given sacredly,  
Know we nothing truer ever can be heard,  
Than the words of Jesus, Who is Truth's  
own Word.—CHORUS.

## 3

On the cross was hidden Thy divinity,  
 But these veils hide likewise Thy humanity;  
 I, in both believing, offer my belief,  
 Praying for Thy pardon with the dying  
 thief.—CHORUS.

## 4

Thy open wounds transfigured I may not  
 behold,  
 But confess, with Thomas: Thou art Lord  
 and God!  
 Grant my soul a burning faith; light it  
 from above.  
 Be Thou all my treasure! Be Thou all my  
 love!—CHORUS.

## 5

O remembrance lasting of the Crucified!  
 Living Bread sustaining those for whom  
 He died!  
 Make me a consuming fire, drawing life  
 from Thee!  
 Yield my soul Thy sweetness; let it taste  
 and see.—CHORUS.

## 6

Like a loving pelican, feed me, Jesus, Lord.  
 I am all unholy; wash me in Thy Blood,  
 In that Life-blood flowing o'er the world  
 in pain,  
 Though a drop had cleansed it of its mighty  
 stain.—CHORUS.

Jesus, Love, here present on the altar veiled,  
Oh, fulfill my longing when Thou art  
revealed.

To behold the vision of Thy Holy Face  
And be rapt forever in its perfect peace!

—CHORUS.

## 63

*SION, LIFT THY VOICE AND SING.*

## I

**S**ION, lift thy voice and sing;  
Praise thy Saviour and thy King;  
Praise with hymns the Shepherd true;  
Strive thy best to praise Him well:  
Yet doth He all praise excel;  
None can ever reach his due.

## 2

See to-day before us laid  
Living and life-giving Bread!  
Theme for praise and joy profound:  
The same which at the sacred board  
Was by our Incarnate Lord,  
Giv'n to His Apostles round.

## 3

Let the praise be loud and high,  
Sweet and tranquil be the joy  
Felt to-day in ev'ry breast,  
On this festival divine  
Which records the origin  
Of the glorious Eucharist.



## 4

On this table of the King  
 Our new paschal offering  
 Brings to end the olden rite,  
 Here, for empty shadows fled,  
 Is reality instead,  
 Here, instead of darkness, light.

## 5

His own act, at supper seated,  
 Christ ordained to be repeated,  
 In His memory divine.  
 Wherefore now with adoration  
 We, the Host of our salvation,  
 Consecrate from bread and wine.

## 64

*JESUS! MY LORD, MY GOD,  
 MY ALL!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**J**ESUS! my Lord, my God, my all!  
 How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 And how revere this wondrous gift,  
 So far surpassing hope or thought?

## CHORUS.

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
 Oh, make us love Thee more and more.  
(*twice.*)

2

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love Thee with, my dearest King,  
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise  
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!  
—CHORUS.

3

Ah! see within a creature's hand  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing, infant-like, as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee!—CHO.

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!  
—CHORUS.

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 men and angels made!  
—CHORUS.

6

O earth! grow flow'rs beneath His Feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way!—CHO.

65

*See No. 64.*

118

THE WORD DESCENDING FROM  
ABOVE.

(*Verbum Supernum prodiens.*)

Tr. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

## I

THE Word descending from above  
Yet leaving not the Father's side,  
And going to His work of love,  
At length had reached life's eventide.

## 2

But ere the traitor's hand hath led  
The envious Jews that plot His death,  
Himself the Lord as Living Bread  
Unto the twelve delivereth.

## 3

To them, beneath a twofold veil,  
He gave His Flesh and Precious Blood,  
Our twofold substance to regale,  
With that divine and typic food.

## 4

He was our fellow-man in birth;  
Our food, when at the board He sate;  
He died, the Ransom of the earth;  
He reigns, our guerdon wondrous great.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

I

*O saving Host, O Victim blest,  
Who throwest wide the gates of life,  
Behold, the foe assails our breast—  
Give strength and succor in the strife!*

2

*Unto the One and Trinal Lord,  
Eternal praise and glory grand,  
Who, endless life as our reward,  
Shall give us in the Fatherland.*

67

THE SAVIOUR IS OUR VERY FOOD.

*(Christus noster vere cibus.)*

By Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

I

THE Saviour is our very food,  
Our very drink is Christ the Lord;  
We drink indeed His precious Blood  
And eat the Flesh by all adored.

2

Yea, truly on that Flesh we feed,  
Which He received in Mary's womb;  
That precious Blood we drink indeed  
That once was shed to lift our doom.

## 3

Full surely at this sacred Board,  
 The Word made Flesh to us is given,  
 On Whom the worship of the Lord  
 Doth rest; thro' Whom we enter heaven.

## 4

That Bread, so full of all delight,  
 So full of every sweetness blest,  
 Is Christ, the King of endless might,  
 Erst carried in the Virgin's breast.

## 5

Upon the richness of this Bread  
 Of Angels, let us feed for aye,  
 That this Viaticum may shed  
 Continual sweetness round our way.

## 6

Celestial Banquet that imparts  
 Its glory to the ransomed soul,  
 Thou resting-place of pilgrim hearts,  
 Grant us to reach the heavenly goal.

## 7

O God the Father, King of Heaven,  
 Through Thy dear Son and Spirit grant,  
 That they to whom this Food is given  
 In Paradise Thy praise may chant.

## LO! DAY AND NIGHT!

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**L**O! day and night upon our altars  
 dwelling,  
 Thou, Lord, dost call us to come unto  
 Thee;  
 Thou, mighty King, art Prisoner and  
 Victim,  
 Held by the chains of Thy great love  
 for me.

## CHORUS.

Jesus, dear Lord, one favor grant me,  
 Here let me rest for evermore;  
 Here let me kneel before Thy }  
     prison } (twice.)  
 And gaze upon the golden door.

## 2

Soft o'er the earth the shades of night come  
 stealing,  
 Gently all nature is sinking to rest,  
 My heart, dear Lord, seeks too for peace  
 and comfort,  
 Safe in the shelter of Thy Sacred Breast.  
 —CHORUS.

3

Life's path is bleak, life's way is long and  
weary,

Sad are our souls, bowed with anguish  
and pain;

Thou, in Thy love, hast pity on our sorrow,  
To Thee we come, and our trust is not  
vain.—CHORUS.

4

Jesus, before Thy Tabernacle kneeling,  
Into my heart steals a peace seldom  
known;

Thy loving voice has whispered words of  
comfort,

Gone is my grief, all my sorrow is flown.  
—CHORUS.

69

*COME AND ADORE.*

I

**C**OME and adore in His lone cell  
Your hidden Lord, and feel the spell  
Of silent words that comfort tell,  
Come and adore! Come and adore!

2

Come and adore, let Faith reveal  
What human sense cannot unseal.  
His mystic life, His Presence real,  
Come and adore! Come and adore!

3

Come and adore the burning Heart  
Of Jesus, longing to impart  
The secret of love's sweetest art,  
Come and adore! Come and adore!

4

Come and adore your Saviour's side,  
For weary souls all open wide;  
To Him your hopes and fears confide,  
Come and adore! Come and adore!

5

Come and adore! Do not despise  
The pleading look of those mild eyes.  
His love that weareth no disguise,  
Come and adore! Come and adore!

70

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE  
JESUS.

(*Jesu, audi nos.*)

By Rev. F. STANFIELD.

I

**H**EAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,  
While we breathe our evening prayer,  
Save us from all harm and danger,  
Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.



2

Save us from the wiles of Satan,  
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,  
Sweetly may our Guardian Angels  
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3

Gentle Jesus, look in pity,  
From Thy great white throne above,  
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful;  
In Thy Sacrament of love.

4

Shades of even fast are falling,  
Day is fading into gloom.  
When the shades of death fall round us,  
Lead Thine exiled children home.

71

*HARK! HARK! THE ANGELS  
SINGING.*

I

**H**ARK! hark! the angels singing  
Through all the heav'nly coasts,  
'Tis "Holy! Holy! Holy!"  
Art Thou, Lord God of Hosts!"  
The starry sky around us,  
The shining earth below,  
The greatness of Thy glory  
In bright effulgence show.

Then, children, join your voices,  
 And sing with one accord  
 "Thrice blessed He who cometh  
 In Thy name, mighty 'Lord."  
 Hosanna in the highest!  
 To David's Son intone;  
 Thus may we sing in glory  
 For ever 'round His throne.

*SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US ERE  
 WE GO.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**S**WEET Saviour! bless us ere we go,  
 Thy word into our minds instill;  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow,  
 With lowly love and fervent will.

## CHORUS.

Through life's long day, and death's dark  
 night,  
 O gentle Jesus be our light. (*twice.*)

## 2

The day is done, its hours have run;  
 And Thou hast taken count of all;  
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.—CHO.

3

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways,  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.—CHO.

4

Do more than pardon; give us joy;  
Sweet fear and sober liberty;  
And simple hearts without delay,  
That only long to be like Thee.—CHO.

5

Sweet Saviour, bless us, night is come;  
Mary and Joseph near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.—CHO.

73

*See No. 72.*

74

O MY SOUL, MOURN AND WEEP.

*(Hymn of Reparation.)*

By BRO. M.

I

O MY soul, mourn and weep, let thy  
tears fall like rain,  
On His altar of love does the Friend plead  
in vain?

Lo! blasphemers Him mock, in His prison  
sublime,  
O my soul, at His Feet, come atone for  
their crime.

2

Victim holy! Sweet Saviour, so gentle and  
meek,  
Pity, pity, O Jesus, men blinded and weak!  
They offend Thee, alas! but know not what  
they do!  
Mercy, wait, draw them back, faith in  
sorrow renew.

3

Jesus waits loyal friends who His wrongs  
will repair,  
He is craving true hearts who His sorrow  
will share;  
O my soul! list the plaint of His Heart and  
take heed:  
"In the House of My love I am wounded  
and bleed."

4

Grant, O Lord! by my tears, all my sins I  
efface;  
Jesus, spare, I entreat, send me streams of  
Thy grace!  
And while angels in awe, sing Thy mercies  
above,  
I will weep man's neglect of Thy Heart's  
sacred love.

LOVING SHEPHERD OF THY  
SHEEP.

(*Pastor Amans.*)

By J. E. LEESON.

I

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;  
Nothing can Thy power withstand,  
None can pluck me from Thy hand.  
(*twice.*)

2

Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give  
Thine own life that I might live;  
May I love Thee day by day,  
Gladly Thy sweet will obey. (*twice.*)

3

Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not my step to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.  
(*twice.*)

4

Where Thou leadest may I go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
There before Thy Father's throne,  
Jesus, claim me for Thine own. (*twice.*)

*SWEET SACRAMENT! WE THEE  
ADORE.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

CHORUS.

**S**WEET Sacrament! we Thee adore!  
Oh, make us love Thee more and  
more!

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more!  
(*twice.*)

1

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells!  
And wave, oh! wave ye censers bright!  
'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's Son,  
And God of God, and Light of Light.  
—CHORUS.

2

O earth! grow flow'rs beneath His feet!  
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!  
He comes! He comes! O Heav'n on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way!  
—CHORUS.

3

He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts,  
Borne on His throne triumphantly!  
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord;  
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.  
—CHORUS.

4

Sound, sound His praises higher still,  
And come, ye angels, to our aid;  
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God  
Whose power both men and angels made!  
—CHORUS.

BEHOLD GOD'S ANGELS  
KNEELING.

(*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.*)

SENTINEL OF THE B. SACRAMENT.

I

BEHOLD God's Angels kneeling,  
Before the altar bright,  
With folded wings adoring  
Their King, concealed from sight.  
Their radiant faces veiling,  
'Fore Majesty Divine,  
Unceasingly they murmur:  
"All praise and glory Thine!"

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

2

The flick'ring glow of tapers  
Lights up the altar throne;  
Whereon reigns veiled Godhead,  
Where love has made Its home.  
Their short life is consuming,  
For Him from Whom it came,  
Their fiery tongue, all spirit,  
His boundless love proclaim: SANCTUS.

3

Fair blossoms of gay springtime  
Shed perfume in the air,  
Their tender heads inclining,  
Low bent in reverent prayer.

Beneath the Eucharistic Sun  
Their beauteous petals blow;  
And lips their hymn in accent sweet  
Through which harmonious flow:  
—SANCTUS.

4

For thee, my happy soul, for thee,  
Ah! yes! for thee alone,  
Thy Lord awaits expectant  
On Eucharistic throne.  
True God, true Man, thy Jesus,  
For ever here remains;  
Adore Him and receive Him,  
And sing with loud acclaims: SANCTUS.

78

*SING, MY TONGUE, THE MYSTIC  
STORY.*

*(Pange Lingua Gloriosi.)*

By Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

I

**S**ING, my tongue, the mystic story  
Of the Saviour's Flesh and Blood:  
How our King, the Lord of glory,  
Gave Himself to be our food,  
And our drink, the ransom gory  
Poured out on the Holy Rood.

132



2

Born for us and to us given  
Of a Virgin pure as snows,  
Wondrously our night is riven.  
By the seed of light He sows:  
His indwelling with us, Heaven  
Yet more wondrously doth close.

3

Christ, the last sad supper eating  
Ere He break His mortal bands,  
First the types and forms repeating  
With the meats the Law commands,  
To the Twelve, all types completing,  
Gives Himself with His own hands.

4

Into Flesh the true bread turneth  
By His word, the Word made Flesh;  
Wine to Blood; while sense discerneth  
Naught beyond the sense's mesh,  
Faith an awful mystery learneth,  
And must teach the soul afresh.

### TANTUM ERGO.

5

*To this Sacrament most lowly  
Bow the head and bend the knee;  
And depart, ye types that solely  
Shadows were of things to be!  
Faith alone shall teach us wholly  
What the senses fail to see!*

*Praise and jubilee exceeding  
 To the Father and the Son!  
 Let Hosannas upward speeding  
 Through the endless ages run!  
 And to Him from both proceeding,  
 Equal be the honor done!*

## 79

*MY GOD, I'M TIRED OF WORLDLY  
 THOUGHTS.*

By Rev. Fr. W. P. TREACY

## I

**M**Y God, I'm tired of worldly thoughts,  
 I long to think of Thee,  
 I long to think of all Thou art,  
 Of all Thou art to me.  
 Thou art my Source of life and light.  
 My Brother and my Friend,  
 Thou art my Lord, my God, }  
                   my All, } (twice.)  
 My Joy, my Hope, my End. }

## 2

When shadows fall upon my path,  
 And tears bedew my eyes,  
 Thou flingest stars from Thy right Hand,  
 To light and cheer my skies;  
 When man forsakes my bed of pain,  
 And leaves me pine alone,  
 I feel Thy aid, I hear Thy voice, }  
 I see Thy blessed throne. } (twice.)

Dear Master of my heart and soul,  
 Now give me thoughts divine,  
 And make my mind henceforward be  
 Thy pure and sacred shrine;  
 Oh, lift me from this world of sin,  
 Oh, lift me to the sky;  
 Oh, bid me scorn the things of }  
     earth, } (twice.)  
 For Thee, oh, let me die.



# Communion

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80

## CHILDREN, LIST! AN ANGEL PLEADING.

(*Invitation to Communion.*)

SENTINEL OF THE B. SACRAMENT.

CHORUS.

CHILDREN, list! an angel pleading,  
Words of love he comes to bring;  
Will you turn dull ears unheeding  
To a message from the King? (*twice.*)  
Children, list! etc.

1

Come and taste this Manna holy,  
Sweeter far than Israel's bread,  
Given to the poor and lowly,  
Heaven's Feast for sinners spread.

2

In this golden chalice gleaming,  
Lies that Blood which purifies  
Ev'ry sin-stained soul; redeeming  
Earth to make it heaven's prize.

3

Open up your heart's frail vessel  
To receive this Gift divine.  
The Creator great will nestle  
In your breast, His chosen shrine.

4

Angels envy, in their measure,  
Man's prerogative so high,  
To possess on earth their Treasure,  
Bread of Angels from the sky.

5

Ranged in shining ranks they hover  
Round their earthly brother fair,  
Happy that the heavenly Lover.  
Deigns their pilgrimage to share.

81

*O ANGELS BLEST, HIS PRAISES  
SING FOR EVERMORE.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**O** ANGELS blest, His praises sing for  
evermore;  
My Jesus sweet, my King Whom I adore,  
Comes this happy day to be my heart's dear  
guest;  
His praises tell, His wondrous mercy sing,  
My Jesus dear, Whom I adore, my God  
and King;  
My Jesus dear, Whom I adore, my God  
and King.

## 2

My Saviour kind, my Lord and God to  
 Thee I call;  
 Oh, come from heav'n and be my love, my  
 all;  
 All unworthy though I be, to Thee I cry,  
 Oh, come and make Thy home within my  
 heart,  
 Oh, take it for Thine own and from me  
 ne'er depart;  
 Oh, take it for Thine own and from me  
 ne'er depart.

## 3

O God most high, before this miracle of  
 love,  
 The angels bend in wond'ring awe above;  
 Ungrateful have I been to Thee, dear Lord,  
 Unworthy now to raise my eyes to Thee;  
 One word of pardon speak, my spirit  
 healed shall be;  
 One word of pardon speak, my spirit  
 healed shall be.

## 4

Sweet Sacrament, I hope, I love, I Thee  
 adore;  
 Oh, make me love Thee ever more and  
 more;  
 Thou art all in all to me, Jesus most dear,  
 Naught in this world can e'er attract me  
 more;  
 I love Thee, dearest King, I love and Thee  
 adore;  
 I love Thee, dearest King, I love and Thee  
 adore.

ONE SWEET THOUGHT COMES  
GENTLY STEALING.

By I. WILLIAMS.

ONE <sup>I</sup> sweet thought comes gently  
stealing,  
To my heart such transports brings;  
All Thy love and power revealing,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings.

CHORUS.

Humbly, then, shall I receive Thee;  
Lo! Thy grace salvation brings;  
All unworthy, yet I claim Thee,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings.

2

Thou, from highest heaven descending,  
Borne to earth on love's swift wings;  
To Thy sinful creature bending,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings.—CHO.

3

I am weak and poor and lowly,  
My soul's plaint in pity rings;  
Thou, O Lord, art God most holy,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings!—CHO.

4

Darkling clouds above me lower,  
But my soul to Thee still clings;  
Come and save me by Thy power,  
Jesus dear, my King of kings!—CHO.

## HE COMES TO ME!

By I. WILLIAMS.

I.

**H**E comes to me, to be mine own forever,  
 He comes to me to rest within my  
 heart;  
 My God is mine all earthly bonds to sever,  
 My happy soul is pierced with love's  
 sweet dart.  
 He comes to me, the Lord and King of  
 heaven,  
 He stoops to me in loving charity,  
 His Heart is mine, in His dear  
 mercy given,  
 He comes to me, He comes } (*twice.*)  
 to me.

2

He comes to me, what more could heart  
 desire?  
 What greater gift could even God  
 bestow?  
 My longing soul consumed with heavenly  
 fire,  
 Asks only this: my Jesus' love to know.  
 Possessing that, no earthly joy or pleasure,  
 No earthly crown could e'er mean aught  
 to me;  
 He is my all, my one and only  
 treasure,  
 He comes to me, He comes } (*twice.*)  
 to me.



JESUS, THOU ART COMING!

*Acts before Holy Communion.*

By S. N. D.

I

*Adoration and Faith.*

JESUS! Thou art coming,  
 Holy as Thou art,  
 Thou, the God who made me,  
 To my little heart.  
 Jesus! I *believe* it,  
 On Thy only word;  
 Kneeling, I *adore* Thee  
 As my King and Lord.



2

*Humility and Sorrow.*

Who am I, my Jesus,  
 That Thou com'st to me?  
 I have sinned against Thee,  
 Often, grievously;  
 I am very *sorry*  
 I have caused Thee pain,  
 I will never, never,  
 Wound Thy Heart again.

3

*Trust.*

Put Thy kind arms 'round me,  
 Feeble as I am;  
 Thou art my Good Shepherd  
 I Thy little lamb;

Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my Guest,  
I can trust Thee always,  
Lord, for all the rest.

4

*Love and Desire.*

Dearest Lord, I love Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart,  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art,  
Come, O come, sweet Saviour,  
Come to me and stay,  
For I want Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

5

*Offering and Petition.*

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

*Conclusion.*

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.

WONDROUS THEME OF MORTAL  
SINGING.

By Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

I

WONDROUS theme of mortal singing,  
Living Bread and Bread life-bringing,  
Sing we on this joyful day:  
At the Lord's own table given  
To the twelve as Bread from Heaven,  
Doubting not we firmly say.

2

Sing His praise with voice sonorous;  
Every heart shall hear the chorus  
Swell in melody sublime:  
For this day the Shepherd gave us  
Flesh and Blood to feed and save us,  
Lasting to the end of time.

3

So the Christian dogma summeth  
That the bread His Flesh becometh,  
And the wine His Sacred Blood:  
Though we feel it not nor see it,  
Living Faith that doth decree it,  
All defects of sense makes good.

4

Lo! beneath the species dual  
Signs not things, is hid a jewel  
Far beyond creation's reach!  
Though His Flesh as food abideth,  
And His Blood as drink He hideth,  
Undivided under each.

Good and bad, they come to greet Him:  
 Unto life the former eat Him,  
 And the latter unto death;  
 These find Death and those find Heaven;  
 See, from the same life-seed given,  
 How the harvest differeth!

*JESUS! JESUS! COME TO ME!*

I

**J**ESUS, Jesus, come to me,  
 Oh, how much I crave for Thee!  
 Come, Thou of all friends the best,  
 Take possession of my breast.

CHORUS.

Jesus, come to me!  
 Jesus, I need Thee;  
 Jesus, come to me!  
 And comfort my poor soul distressed.  
 Jesus, come to me!  
 Jesus, I need Thee;  
 Oh, come and live within my breast.

2

Empty is all worldly joy,  
 Ever mixed with some alloy;  
 Give me my true Sovereign Good,  
 Jesus, Thy Own Flesh and Blood.

—CHORUS.

On the Cross three hours for me  
 Thou didst hang in agony;  
 I, my heart to Thee resign  
 Oh, what rapture to be Thine!—CHO.

O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY.

(*Domine, non sum dignus.*)

## 1

O LORD, I am not worthy  
 That Thou shouldst come to me,  
 But speak the word of comfort,  
 My spirit healed shall be.

## 2

I'm longing to receive Thee,  
 The Bridegroom of my soul,  
 No more by sin to grieve Thee,  
 Or flee Thy sweet control.

## 3

O Lord, Thou art all holy,  
 The angels Thee adore;  
 How, then, ought I sincerely  
 My wrongs and sins deplore!

## 4

But when Thou soon wilt enter  
 My heart, my sinful heart,  
 Then heal me, be my shelter,  
 For Thou my Saviour art.

5

O Lord, how can I thank Thee  
For such a gift as this?  
A gift which truly filleth  
My soul with heav'nly bliss!

6

I praise Thee, I extol Thee,  
I love Thee, O my Sire,  
Till once in joy and glory,  
In heav'n I Thee admire.

88

*WHAT HAPPINESS IS MINE THIS  
DAY!*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**W**HAT happiness is mine this day,  
What bliss and joy divine;  
Jesus, my King, has come to me;  
His Heart now rests in mine.

CHORUS.

Honor and love and endless praise,  
Saviour, most dear, be Thine;  
Wrapt is my soul in sweet amaze,  
Jesus, my God, is mine.

2

What wondrous gift is now mine own,  
In love and pity given;  
My Jesus makes my heart His throne,  
And changes earth to heaven.—CHO.

3

What loving mercy doth He show  
Unto His humble child;  
Grant me Thy love to ever know,  
My Saviour meek and mild.—CHO.

4

His boundless love He brings to me,  
His Sacred Heart is mine;  
Jesus, my heart I give to Thee;  
My dearest Lord, I'm Thine.—CHO.

89

*NO ONE NEEDS THEE MORE  
THAN I.*

By Mgr. GIBERT.

I

**D**EAREST Jesus, all Thy creatures  
Are more worthy of Thy grace  
Than the vile and wretched sinner  
Who now kneels before Thy face.  
Yet, one claim have I upon Thee,  
Which Thou never wilt deny:  
In the bounds of Thy creation,  
"No one needs Thee more than I."

2

Other souls have been more faithful.  
And have served Thee better far,  
Many spotless hearts more fitting  
For Thy gracious presence are

Many lips devout, a greeting  
Far more fervent can supply,  
But, dear Master, well Thou knowest :  
"No one needs Thee more than I."

3

Many loving hands have carried  
Richer off'rings to Thy shrine,  
Many generous hearts have loved Thee  
With a purer love than mine ;  
All these chosen ones approach Thee  
As the dove to covert fly,  
I am utterly unworthy,  
"No one needs Thee more than I."

4

Sins unnumbered, unatoned for,  
Have made havoc in my soul,  
And against me stands, as witness :  
The recording angel's roll ;  
All untilled has been my vineyard,  
And its soil is hard and dry,  
O my God! my only Refuge!  
"No one needs Thee more than I."

5

For without Thee I am helpless,  
Fast in sin's strong fetters caught,  
Blinded by my evil passions,  
Swayed by impulses untaught ;  
I could do no good unaided,  
It were worse than vain to try,  
Come Thyself to me, sweet Jesus!  
"No one needs Thee more than I."



Thou didst leave the Father's bosom  
 To reclaim and save the lost;  
 Thou didst take upon Thee freely  
 Our redemption's awful cost.  
 Thou Thyself hast called me to Thee,  
 Thou wilt hearken to my cry,  
 In the bounds of Thy creation,  
 "No one needs Thee more than I."

## 90

TO EARTH HAS HIGHEST  
 HEAVEN DESCENDED.

By I. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

TO earth has highest heaven descended,  
 My Saviour dwells within my breast,  
 My loving Lord lives in my heart,  
 Oh! my soul, adore thy Guest. (*twice.*)

## 1

Wondrous love, thrice condescending,  
 Brings my God from heaven to me;  
 To His creature, lowly bending,  
 In His sweet humility.—CHORUS.

## 2

Wrapped in love and adoration,  
 Evermore my soul shall be;  
 Lost in wond'ring contemplation,  
 For my God has come to me.—CHORUS.

3

Close to Him, my soul united,  
His dearest Heart He gives to me;  
With Him, by His love invited,  
I shall rest eternally.—CHORUS.

4

Fortified by Food of Angels,  
My heart fears nor foe nor strife,  
Safely guided through life's dangers,  
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.  
—CHORUS.

91

*See No. 90.*

92

*BREAD OF ANGELS, LAMB OF GOD.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

**B**READ of Angels, Lamb of God,  
Jesus, I adore Thee;  
Thou wilt be my heavenly food,  
Jesus, dearest Lord.

1

Thou art tender Father,  
Thou art Friend sincere;  
Come, my loving Saviour,  
Be my guest most dear.—CHORUS.

I approach Thy altar,  
 Filled with faith and love,  
 Hope that ne'er can falter,  
 Trust in God above.—CHORUS.

Weak and poor and sinful,  
 By temptation tried,  
 But Thy love and pity,  
 Bring Thee to mine aid.—CHORUS.

For Thy love, dear Jesus,  
 Yearns my famished heart;  
 Come and dwell within me,  
 From me ne'er depart.—CHORUS.

## 93

*IN MY HEART MY JESUS FINDS A  
 RESTING PLACE.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**I**N my heart, my Jesus  
 Finds a resting place;  
 Comes himself to bring me  
 His dear love and grace.

CHORUS.

Bread of Angels, Lamb of God,  
 Jesus, I adore Thee;  
 Thou hast come, my Guest to be,  
 Jesus, dearest Lord.

2

O my gracious Master,  
O my King divine,  
How can I e'er thank Thee,  
For this gift of Thine?—CHORUS.

3

Saints and angels praise Thee,  
With them will I sing  
Praises never ending  
To my God and King.—CHORUS.

4

For Thy love, my Jesus,  
Happiness 'twill be,  
Just to live for Thee, Lord;  
Just to die for Thee.—CHORUS.

94

*SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR, SANCTIFY  
MY HEART.*

By Rev. J. D. AYLWARD, O. P.

*(Anima Christi.)*

I

**S**OUL of my Saviour, sanctify my  
breast:

Body of Christ, be Thou my Saving Guest;  
Blood of my Jesus! bathe me in Thy tide,  
Wash me, ye waters gushing from His Side.

*(twice.)*

Strength and protection may Thy Passion  
be;

Jesus! oh, hear my sighs and answer me!  
Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide and shelter  
me;

So shall I never, never part from Thee.  
(*twice.*)

3

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,  
In death's dread moments make me only  
Thine;

Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,  
Where I may praise Thee, reigning in the  
sky. (*twice.*)

95

O DAY OF HAPPINESS UNDYING!

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

LET hosts of heav'n attend and heart-  
felt praises sing;

Let earth and sky rejoice this happy,  
happy day;

My God dwells in my heart, my Saviour  
and my King;

His love so dear, so sweet, He now to me  
doth bring,

To be mine own for aye, to be mine own  
for aye.

CHORUS.

O day of happiness undying!  
Of sweet delight and ecstasy;  
My God, on wings of mercy  
flying,  
Deigns to come and dwell } (twice.)  
with me.

2

He loves me with a love no mortal heart  
can show,  
A love so vast and deep, so true and  
wonderful,  
That e'en the saints in heav'n its depths  
can never know;  
Sweet peace and heav'nly joy and saving  
graces flow  
From love so merciful, from love so  
merciful.—CHORUS.

3

O Jesus, dearest Lord, my heart e'er pines  
and sighs,  
To lean, like John of old, upon Thy  
Sacred Breast;  
The promise sweet, O Lord, to read in Thy  
dear eyes,  
That one day I shall fly to Thee in paradise,  
In Thy loved Heart to rest, in Thy loved  
Heart to rest.—CHORUS.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL  
MINE?

By Rev. Fr. POTTER.

## 1

WHAT happiness can equal mine?  
I've found the object of my love.  
My Saviour dear, my King divine,  
Is come to me from Heaven above.

## 2

He makes my heart His own abode,  
His flesh becomes my daily bread,  
He pours on me His healing blood,  
And with His life my soul is fed.

## 3

My Love is mine, and I am His;  
In me He dwells, in Him I live;  
Where could I taste a purer bliss?  
What greater boon could Jesus give?

## 4

O royal Banquet! heavenly Feast!  
O flowing Fount of life and grace!  
Where God the giver, man the guest,  
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

## 5

No more, O Satan, thee I fear!  
O world, thy charms I now despise,  
For Christ Himself is with me here,  
My joy, my life, my Paradise!

Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine ;  
 Oh, may it never from Thee flee ;  
 My God, be Thou for ever mine,  
 And I Thine own eternally.

## 97

*O BREAD OF HEAVEN!*

By Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

## I

**O** BREAD of Heav'n, beneath this veil  
 Thou dost my very God conceal :  
 My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail ;  
 I love Thee, and adoring kneel ;  
 Each loving soul by Thee is fed  
 With Thy own Self in form of bread.

## 2

O Food of life, Thou who dost give  
 The pledge of immortality ;  
 I live ; no, 'tis not I that live ;  
 God gives me life ; God lives in me :  
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,  
 And with joy ev'ry grief repays.

## 3

My dearest Good! who dost so bind  
 My heart with countless chains to Thee  
 O Sweetest Love! my soul shall find  
 In Thy dear bonds true liberty ;  
 Thyself, Thou hast bestowed on me,  
 Thine, Thine for ever I will be.



## THE MEMORY OF JESUS SWEET.

*(Jesu, dulcis memoria.)*

Tr. Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

## I

THE memory of Jesus sweet  
 Doth make the heart with rapture beat;  
 But honey, yea, nor aught can mete  
 The joy His presence doth complete!

## 2

No softer singing e'er was done,  
 Or sound of gladder music done;  
 No sweeter thought e'er dwelt upon,  
 Than Jesus, Saviour, God the Son.

## 3

Jesus, hope of the contrite mind,  
 To them that ask, how sweet inclined;  
 To them that seek Thee, ever kind:  
 But what art Thou to them that find?

## 4

No tongue availeth to confess,  
 No word nor thought can e'er express  
 He only knows that doth possess,  
 In love, the Saviour's sweet caress.

## 5

O Jesus, be our hope, we pray,  
 Who our reward shalt be for aye;  
 Our glory be with Thee to stay  
 Thro' endless ages of the Day.

# The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

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99

## A MESSAGE FROM THE SACRED HEART.

MESSENGER OF THE S. H.

I

**A** MESSAGE from the Sacred Heart:  
What may this message be?  
“My child, My child, give Me thy heart—  
My Heart has bled for thee.”  
This is the message Jesus sends  
To my poor heart to-day,  
And from His Throne in Heav’n He bends  
To hear what I shall say.

2

A message to the Sacred Heart;  
Oh, bear it back with speed:  
“Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—  
Thy Heart is all I need.”  
This pray’r I’ll pray while here I pine  
From Heav’n and Thee apart,  
Nor cease, dear Lord, till I am Thine  
For ever Heart to heart.

158

HEAR THE HEART OF JESUS  
PLEADING.

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## I

HEAR the Heart of Jesus pleading,  
"Come and sweetly rest in me.  
With a peace and joy exceeding,  
Meek and humble ever be;  
In My Heart serene and holy,  
All your selfish cares resign."  
Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly,  
Make, oh, make our hearts like Thine!  
(*twice.*)

## 2

"Purer than the lily's whiteness,  
Fairer than the driven snows,  
In the beauty and the brightness,  
Of your souls, I seek repose;  
Calmly keep your hearts before Me,  
From the stain of passion free."  
Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee,  
Make, oh, make us pure like Thee!  
(*twice.*)

## 3

Heart of love! in thee confiding,  
We shall learn to do Thy will;  
In Thy sacred wound abiding,  
Burning love our hearts shall fill.  
We shall bless Thee, and obey Thee,  
Ever serve Thee faithfully;  
Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee,  
Let us live and die in Thee! (*twice.*)

O SACRED HEART! ALL BLISSFUL  
LIGHT OF HEAVEN!

By Rev. F. STANFIELD.

## I

O SACRED Heart! all blissful light of  
Heaven,  
Rapture of Angels, beaming ever  
bright,—  
Ravishing joys, in rich and radiant splen-  
dor,  
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of de-  
light. (*twice.*)

## 2

O Sacred Heart! O hope of sinner's sor-  
row,  
Rest of the weary, careworn, and de-  
pressed,  
Sweetly lead home earth's lone estrangèd  
exiles,  
Where 'neath Thy love we may lie down  
and rest. (*twice.*)

## 3 -

O Sacred Heart! as strain of softest rap-  
ture,  
Sweet falls the music of that voice so  
blest:  
"Come unto Me, all ye who mourn and  
labor,  
Come heavy laden, and I will give you  
rest." (*twice.*)

## 4

O Sacred Heart! when shades of death  
 are falling,  
 Gather Thy children 'neath the wings of  
 love;  
 Hush us to rest in Thine own gentle mercy,  
 Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms  
 above. (*twice.*)

## 5

O Sacred Heart! what bliss, what thrilling  
 rapture  
 E'er to rest near Thee on Thine own  
 bright shore;  
 Ever to gaze upon Thy beaming splendor,  
 Never to part—to weep, to mourn no  
 more. (*twice.*)

## 102

COME HITHER AND IN WORSHIP  
 KNEEL.

By Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

## I

COME hither and in worship kneel,  
 O thou who hast a heart to feel;  
 Let Jesus' Heart our song inspire,  
 And set our hearts, e'en ours, on fire.  
 If by this Heart unmoved still,  
 Thou gazest on it, cold and chill,  
 O man, how cruel art thou grown,  
 Thy heart is dull and hard as stone.

O Heart on our salvation bent,  
 And for our ransom torn and spent,  
 Thou, that in safety we might live,  
 Thy life, Thy Heart's blood, all wouldst  
 give.

O Heart of love, let Calvary  
 At length Thy last of graces be,  
 And after all Thy toils and woes  
 Amid the joys of heav'n repose.

But ah, not so; this Heart hath tried  
 A new device its love to hide;  
 Jesus becomes our food that He  
 All, all our own may ever be.  
 This loving Heart how many spurn,  
 And give but outrage in return;  
 This is Thy guerdon, God above,  
 Thus art Thou loved, my Love, my Love.

## 103

*ALL YE WHO SEEK A SURE  
 RELIEF.*

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**A**LL ye who seek a sure relief,  
 In trouble or distress,  
 Whatever sorrows vex your mind,  
 Or guilt your soul oppress:  
 Our Lord who gave Himself for you,  
 Upon the cross to die,  
 Unfolds to you His Sacred Heart;  
 Oh! to that Heart draw nigh.

2

Ye hear how kindly He invites,  
Ye hear His words so blest:  
"All ye that labor, come to Me,  
And I will give you rest."  
What meeker than the Saviour's Heart,  
As on the cross He lay?  
It did His murderers forgive,  
And for their pardon pray.

3

O Heart! Thou joy of saints on high!  
Thou hope of sinners here!  
Attracted by those loving words,  
To Thee I lift my pray'r.  
Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood  
Which forth from Thee doth flow;  
New grace, new hope inspire; a new  
And better heart bestow.

104

ONE HEART ALONE.

*From the "Nazareth Chimes."*

I

ONE heart alone, with changeless love  
appeals  
To every soul, in tender accents sweet,  
"Abide in Me," no friend more keenly feels  
The coldness of thy heart's responsive  
beat. (*twice.*)

2

In hours of trial within this tearful vale  
At My pierced Feet your secret burdens  
lay,

163

In life nor death, My aid shall never fail,  
Those chosen ones, who make My Heart  
their stay. (*twice.*)

3

Good Master, long my weary feet have  
strayed  
O'er thorny ways and rugged mountains  
steep,  
But oh! Thy Heart, Thy Voice, Thy con-  
stant aid  
Upheld my soul above the chasm so deep.  
(*twice.*)

4

And thou, my Queen, whose fond com-  
placent gaze  
To me is more than all this world be-  
stows,  
Let that sweet light within thy glistening  
eyes  
Illumine the way which leads to heaven's  
repose. (*twice.*)

105

O SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

*From the "English Messenger."*

I

O SACRED Heart of Jesus,  
We long to be with Thee,  
In Thy blest home in heaven,  
Thy glory there to see,  
Where sorrow finds no entrance,  
Where ev'ry wrong's redrest,  
Where broken hearts find healing,  
And weary hearts find rest.

164



Where they who here have loved Thee;  
 Rejoice for evermore;  
 And singing songs of triumph  
 Exultingly adore;  
 There, where the secret FIAT  
 On earth, breath'd lovingly;  
 And shame, and lifelong anguish  
 Are glorified by Thee.

## 3

We've loved Thee—oh, we've loved Thee  
 Despised and crucified;  
 And Thou wilt not forsake us,  
 Now Thou art glorified.  
 Live in us, Heart of Jesus,  
 Be here our life—our prayer,  
 To sanctify our sorrows  
 Until Thy joys we share.

## 106

*O SACRED HEART OF JESUS DEAR.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## . 1

**O** SACRED Heart! O Heart of Jesus  
 dear!

O Sacred Heart, aflame with love divine;  
 Take Thou my heart, draw me each day  
 more near,

Take Thou my heart, (*3 times*) and let  
 it rest in Thine.

Pierced by the lance on Calvary's cruel  
 Tree,  
 A saving flood of priceless graces poured;  
 From His dear Heart, Whose blood was  
 shed for me,  
 The Sacred Heart, (*3 times*) the loving  
 Heart of God.

## 3

O Sacred Heart, true source of heavenly  
 bliss,  
 Of peace divine which Thou alone canst  
 give;  
 What sweeter lot could mortal ask than  
 this;  
 To die for Thee, (*3 times*) with Thee in  
 heaven to live?

## 107

*ONLY THEE, MY JESUS!*

By M. S. PINE.

## I

**O**NLY Thee! my Jesus!  
 Only Thee I crave;  
 Thou didst loose my fetters,  
 All my sins forgave.  
 Here to Thine own temple  
 Thou hast led my feet;  
 To Thy Heart hast bound me  
 By love's fetters sweet.

CHORUS.

Only Thee, my Jesus!  
Thou art all to me;  
Soul and heart are singing,  
Jesus, only Thee!

2

How can I repay Thee?  
Graces every hour  
Thrill my soul with wonder,  
Tell Thy love and power.  
Only Thee, my Jesus!  
Thine are all my days;  
Vowed to Thee forever,  
Thine is all my praise.—CHORUS.

3

Bowed in Thy sweet Presence,  
Fleet the hours divine;  
While Thy Heart is whispering  
“Let thy heart be Mine.”  
Then to labor hasting  
I am still with Thee,  
And Thy voice still lingers;  
“Teach and toil for Me.”—CHORUS.

4

Oh, the bliss of knowing,  
Jesus, I am Thine;  
Naught from Thee can sever,  
Naught but sin of mine.  
O'er the earth, o'er angels,  
Do I take my flight;  
Only Thee, my Jesus!  
Thou art life and light.—CHORUS.

## TO THEE, O HEART OF JESUS.

By Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

1

O Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
 To Thee our hearts we give,  
 Help, help us all to love Thee  
 And serve Thee while we live.

## CHORUS.

Yes, yes, till life is over,  
 And then for evermore,  
 O Sacred Heart of Jesus, } (twice.)  
 We'll love Thee and adore. }

2

No heart can be so tender,  
 No heart can love like Thee;  
 Thy life-blood all, O Jesus,  
 Was shed to set us free.—CHORUS.

3

Ah, hard our hearts and cruel,  
 If Thee we do not love,  
 Who from Thy throne descendest  
 To draw our hearts above.—CHORUS.

4

For us Thy life of labor,  
 For us Thy death of pain,  
 For us in guise so lowly  
 Thou dost on earth remain.—CHORUS.

Alas, too long with coldness  
 This yearning love we pay,  
 But now, O Heart of Jesus,  
 Our hearts are Thine for aye.—CHORUS.

## 109

## TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

(*Cor amoris.*)

By Rev. A. J. CHRISTIE, S. J.

## I

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

## CHORUS.

While ages course along,  
 Blest be with loudest song  
 The Sacred Heart of Jesus }  
 By every heart and tongue! } (*twice.*)

## 2

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

3

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

4

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

5

Oh! that to me were given  
The pinions of a dove,  
I'd speed aloft to heaven,  
My Jesus' love to prove.—CHORUS.

6

When life away is flying,  
And earth's false glare is done;  
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying  
I'll say I'm all Thine own.—CHORUS.

110

*DEAR SACRED HEART, I THEE  
ADORE.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**D**EAR Sacred Heart, I Thee adore,  
Make me love Thee more and more;  
Dear Sacred Heart, I Thee adore,  
Make me love Thee more and more,  
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

170

CHORUS.

Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis.

2

Teach me to love, teach me to pray,  
 Draw me closer day by day;  
 Teach me to love, teach me to pray,  
 Draw me closer day by day,  
 Oh! draw me closer day by day.—CHORUS.

3

Though tempest tossed, I know no fear,  
 I love and trust for Thou art near;  
 Though tempest tossed, I know no fear,  
 I love and trust for Thou art near,  
 I love and trust for Thou art near.—CHO.

111

*SWEET HEART OF JESUS, FOUNT  
 OF LOVE.*

1

**S**WEET Heart of Jesus, fount of love  
 and mercy,  
 To-day we come Thy blessing to implore;  
 Oh, touch our hearts, so cold and so un-  
 grateful,  
 And make them, Lord, Thine own for  
 evermore.

CHORUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! we im-  
 plore,  
 Oh, make us love thee more and  
 more. } (*twice.*)

2

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us know and  
love Thee,  
Unfold to us the treasures of Thy grace,  
That so our hearts, from things of earth  
uplifted,  
May long alone to gaze upon Thy Face.  
—CHORUS.

3

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us pure and  
gentle,  
And teach us how to do Thy blessed will;  
To follow close the print of Thy dear foot-  
steps,  
And when we fall—Sweet Heart, oh,  
love us still.—CHORUS.

4

Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all hearts that  
love Thee,  
And may Thine own Heart ever blessed be,  
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the friends  
we cherish,  
And keep us true to Mary and to Thee.  
—CHORUS.

112

*FORGET ME NOT! 'TIS THUS MY  
HEART IS PLEADING.*

*"The Voice of the S. Heart."*

I

**F**ORGET Me not! 'tis thus My Heart is  
pleading,  
With you for whom I fain again would  
die;

172



Forget Me not! for oh! this Heart once  
broken  
Still loves you from its glorious throne  
on high. (*twice.*)

2

Forget Me not! upon the silent altar;  
They pass Me by and leave Me all alone;  
They've love enough for all, for every  
other,  
For Me, their God, their hearts are cold  
as stone. (*twice.*)

3

Forget Me not! for oh! I'm ever waiting  
For friends who will My bitter wrongs  
atone;  
Forget Me not! for I am ever craving  
Devoted hearts who'll make My woes  
their own. (*twice.*)

4

Forget Me not! when desolation tempts me  
To plunge into the world's tempestuous  
sea,  
Remember how the sin-laden and weary  
My Heart invited, saying: "Come to Me."  
(*twice.*)

# All Saints

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113

O CHRIST THY GUILTY PEOPLE  
SPARE.

(*Placare, Christe, Servulis.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

O CHRIST, Thy guilty people spare!  
Lo, kneeling at Thy gracious throne,  
Thy *Virgin Mother* pours her prayer,  
Imploring pardon for her own.

2

Ye *Angels*, happy evermore!  
Who in your circles nine ascend,  
As ye have guarded us before,  
So still from harm our steps defend.

3

Ye *Prophets*, and *Apostles* high!  
Behold our penitential tears;  
And plead for us when death is nigh,  
And our all-searching Judge appears.

4

Ye *Martyrs*, all! a purple band,  
And *Confessors*, a white-robed train;  
Oh, call us to our native land,  
From this our exile, back again.

## 5

And ye, O choirs of *Virgins* chaste!  
 Receive us to your seats on high;  
 With *Hermits* whom the desert waste  
 Sent up of old into the sky.

## 6

Drive from the flock, O *Spirits* blest!  
 The false and faithless race away;  
 That all within one fold may rest,  
 Secure beneath one shepherd's sway.

## 7

To God the Father glory be,  
 And to His sole-begotten Son;  
 And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
 While everlasting ages run.

## 114

FROM YOUR BLISSFUL THRONES  
 OF GLORY.

## I

1st Choir.

FROM your blissful thrones of glory,  
 Look on us O God's elect;  
 Tell us what repays your combats,  
 Tell us what we may expect,—

2nd Choir.

“Our delight no one can utter,  
 Eye has not seen, ear not heard,  
 None on earth can feel the pleasure,  
 That for us God has reserved.”

## 1st Choir.

Ye bright martyr throng, whose courage  
 Never quailed amid the strife;  
 What is now to be your portion  
 After giving up your life?—

## 2nd Choir.

“We, with waving palms all standing  
 And with banners bright unfurled,  
 Sing forever alleluia,  
 To the Saviour of the world.”

## 1st Choir.

Ye, whose unabated penance  
 Made the desert so renowned,  
 Hermits, tell us, for your rigors  
 What delight ye now have found?

## 2nd Choir.

“For the pleasures we relinquished,  
 For our homes and friends below,  
 Joys delicious pour in torrents  
 Fill our hearts and overflow.”

## 1st Choir.

Ye, the virgins who on earth were  
 Bound to an eternal spouse,  
 With what favors does He crown you,  
 Faithful to your three-fold vows?

2nd Choir.

“Happy brides in spotless garments,  
Close beside our Lord we throng,  
Where the Lamb goes, there we follow,  
While we sing the unknown song.”

5  
1st Choir.

As we gaze upon your glory,  
Saints of God, in Heaven's own light,  
Teach us how we too may join you,  
How to win those crowns so bright.

2nd Choir.

“Would you come where we have entered  
Fight with all your strength and power;  
Would you live the life eternal,  
Die to self at every hour?”

6  
1st Choir.

Ah! we shrink from pain and sorrow,  
We are frightened when we hear;  
We must live in constant struggles,  
We must die to all that's dear.

2nd Choir.

“If the path be rough and thorny,  
At the end all pain shall cease;  
If the battle be a fierce one,  
There shall be eternal peace!”

## O HEAV'N! CELESTIAL HOME!

I

O HEAV'N celestial home!  
 O boundless land of love,  
 I long to enter thee,  
 And see my God above.

CHORUS.

When will the angels come,  
 And call my soul away?  
 This earth is dark as night,  
 But heav'n is bright as day.

2

Why stay I here so long,  
 An exile from the land  
 Where Mary sits enthroned  
 Upon her Son's right hand?—CHORUS.

3

Pleading with tenderest love,  
 For all who breathe the name  
 Of Him Who was, Who is,  
 And e'er will be the same.—CHORUS.

4

Jesus, Thy love is more  
 Than mortal tongue can sing,  
 The fountain of my faith,  
 My hope, my ev'rything.—CHORUS.

5

If death no terror brings,  
'Tis lasting, burning love  
That fills my soul with zeal  
To reach my God above.—CHORUS.

6

Sad sighs and tears my lot  
Till th' angel's trumpet sounds,  
To bid me glorious rise  
To lands where joy abounds.—CHORUS.

7

Before the throne divine,  
My voice at length I'll raise,  
To God in Persons three,  
With hymns of endless praise.—CHORUS.

116

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR  
COUNTRY.

(*O bona Patria.*)

By Dr. J. M. NEALE.

I

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep,  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep. (*twice.*)  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

179

O one, O only Mansion!  
 O Paradise of joy!  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy. (*twice.*)  
 The Lamb is all thy splendor;  
 The Crucified, thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise.

## 3

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
 Thou hast no time, bright day!  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away! (*twice.*)  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

## 4

O sweet and blessèd Country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessèd Country,  
 That eager hearts expect! (*twice.*)  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father  
 And Spirit, ever blest.



## O PARADISE!

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

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

CHORUS.

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

2

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

3

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold.—CHORUS.

4

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 Wherefore doth death delay,  
 Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
 Of our eternal day.—CHORUS.

5

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore.—CHORUS.

6

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

7

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

118

*HEAVEN, MY HOME!*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**H**EAVEN my home, for thee my heart is  
yearning;  
No love but thine, no joys but thine,  
Can satisfy this heart of mine  
With love and longing burning.

182

CHORUS.

Lord of heaven, King of peace,  
When oh! when shall I see Thee,  
See Thee face to face.  
When, oh! when shall I see Thee face  
to face.

2

Heaven is rest and happiness eternal;  
No grief is there, no suffering there,  
But joy and bliss without compare,  
A joy and bliss supernal.—CHORUS.

3

Heaven is peace and light and love and  
sweetness;  
Earth's sorrows o'er, earth's trials o'er,  
Heaven gives us peace for evermore,  
And love in sweet completeness.—CHORUS.

4

Heaven is God, my heart's dear Lord and  
Saviour;  
My Jesus sweet, my Saviour blest,  
Oh! haste the day of heavenly rest  
That makes me Thine forever.—CHORUS.

119

*NO MORE TO SIGH, NO MORE TO  
WEEP.*

By Rev. Fr. CAMPBELL.

1

**N**O more to sigh, no more to weep,  
The faithful dead in Jesus sleep;  
Unfading let their mem'ry bloom,

While rest their bodies in the tomb;  
Nor will their Lord the love distrust  
That strews its garlands o'er their dust.

CHORUS.

Unto all, O Jesus blest,  
Grant Thine own eternal rest.

2

Though in the grave their clay is cold,  
They have not left the Christian Fold,  
Still we are sharers of their joy,  
Companions of their best employ;  
And Thee in them, O Lord Most High,  
And them in Thee, we magnify.—CHORUS.

3

An Angel sings that they are blest,  
Yes, saith the Spirit, sweet their rest,  
In bowers of Paradise they meet,  
Secure beneath their Saviour's Feet,  
Nor fear the trump which soon shall all  
Before the throne of judgment call.—CHO.

4

In evil days, when earth is old,  
And faith grows dim, and love is cold,  
Let Christian footsteps softly tread  
Where lie beneath the faithful dead;  
And oft let Faith and Love repair,  
To gather light and kindling there.—CHO.

OH, TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER,  
TURN.

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

OH, turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,  
And call Him by His tend'rest  
names,  
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn,  
This hour amid the cleansing flames.  
(twice.)

CHORUS.

O María! Mater Dei;  
O María! Ora pro eis.

2

Ah! they have fought a gallant fight;  
In death's cold arms they persevered;  
And after life's uncheery night,  
The harbor of their rest is neared.—CHO.  
(twice.)

3

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

4

O Mary! let thy Son no more  
His lingering spouses thus expect;  
God's children to their God restore,  
And to the Spirit His elect.—CHORUS.  
(twice.)

5

In pains beyond all earthly pains,  
Favorites of Jesus, there they lie,  
Letting the fire wear out their stains,  
And worshipping God's purity.—CHORUS.  
(twice.)

6

Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed;  
Angels and souls, all look to thee;  
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made  
Those prayers His law of charity.—CHO.  
(twice.)

121

*PRAY FOR THE DEAD.*

*From the "Sentinel of the B. Sacrament."*

I

**P**RAY for the dead,  
All ye who mourn,  
Love ends not with the grave.  
In life, perhaps,  
They needed not,  
But now your aid they crave.

CHORUS.

Unto all, O Jesus blest,  
Grant Thine own eternal rest.

186

Pray for the dead,  
 All ye who weep,  
 Tears will not set them free,  
 Nor comfort them  
 In their distress,  
 Until God's face they see.—CHORUS.

Pray for the dead,  
 All ye who hope,  
 The joy of heav'n to gain,  
 And you may seek  
 Their aid, and lo!  
 You will not seek in vain.—CHORUS.

## 122

*IN THE BURNING DEPTHS WE  
 SUFFER.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**I**N the burning depths we suffer,  
 Sighing, weeping, here in pain;  
 Far from God, in torment languish,  
 But our tears no merit gain—  
 Ah me! Ah me!  
 Those who loved us have forgotten,  
 And we call for aid in vain.

Moved to pity by our anguish,  
 Christian, hearken to our cry;  
 Save us, we implore thee, save us;  
 Do not pass unheeding by.  
 Ah me! Ah me!  
 Heav'n, without thy sacrifices  
 Shortens not our agony.

In His justice, God did smite us;  
 'Tis for thee who art our friend,  
 To appease His righteous anger,  
 And our dreadful sufferings end.  
 Ah me! Ah me!  
 Listen, brother, to our pleadings;  
 Why refuse thine aid to lend?

Here we wait in fearful torture,  
 Till we're free from every stain;  
 God has giv'n to thee the power  
 To release us from our pain.  
 Ah me! Ah me!  
 Why, oh! why, dost thou forsake us?  
 Hath our love been rent in twain?

## 123

*OH, IT IS SWEET TO THINK OF  
 THOSE THAT ARE DEPARTED.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

**O**H! it is sweet to think,  
 Of those that are departed,  
 While murmured Aves sink  
 To silence tender-hearted,



While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling. (*twice.*)

2

Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them;  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them:  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well-known features;  
God with His glory signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures. (*twice.*)

3

Yes, they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead  
In their dear Lord's caresses. (*twice.*)

4

They whom we loved on earth  
Attract us now in Heaven;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given,  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us. (*twice.*)

O dearest dead! to Heaven  
 With grudging sighs we give you  
 To Him—be doubts forgiven!  
 Who took you there to save you:—  
 Now get us grace to love  
 Your memories yet more kindly,  
 Pine for our home above,  
 And trust to God more blindly. (*twice.*)

## 124

LORD, LET ME SEE THY LOVELY  
 FACE.

By Rev. Fr. W. TREACY.

## I

**L**ORD, let me see Thy lovely Face,  
 And let me fly to Thee;  
 O Source of Life! O Light, O Grace,  
 Look kindly now on me.  
 Through weary ways I've sought Thy will,  
 Though weak and frail, was I;  
 But let me praise Thee, love Thee still,  
 Then gladly will I die.

## 2

My sins are countless as the waves  
 That yonder rise and fall,  
 But they are buried in deep graves—  
 I've wept above them all.  
 Sweet Jesus of the Sacred Heart,  
 My God, my Lord, my King,  
 From Thy fair throne I'll never part,  
 To Thee I'll ever cling.

Ye Angels, strike your sweetest lyres!

Ye, Virgins, chant your songs!

Ye holy Saints, light incense-fires!

Rich music, float along!

A pilgrim from a far-off shore

A brother seeking rest,

Now comes to dwell for ever more.

Upon his Saviour's breast.

Our Blessed Lady  
St. Joseph — Holy Angels  
Special Patron Saints

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125

WILL SING A HYMN TO MARY.

(*Mariae Nomen.*)

By Rev. Fr. WYZE.

I

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

2

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

192

When troubles dark afflict me,  
 In sorrow and in care,  
 Thy light doth ever guide me,  
 O beauteous Morning Star!  
 So I'll be ever ready  
 Thy goodly help to claim;  
 When wicked men blaspheme thee  
 I'll love and bless thy name.

And now, O Virgin Mary,  
 My Mother and my Queen,  
 I've sung thy praise, so bless me  
 And keep my heart from sin.  
 When others jeer and mock thee,  
 I'll often think how I  
 To shield my Mother, Mary,  
 Would lay me down and die.

## 126

*LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.*

Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

## I

**L**OOK down, O Mother Mary,  
 From thy bright throne above;  
 Cast down upon thy children  
 One only glance of love;  
 And if a heart so tender  
 With pity flows not o'er,  
 Then turn away, O Mother,  
 And look on us no more.

See how, ungrateful sinners,  
 We stand before thy Son;  
 His loving heart reproaches  
 The evil we have done.  
 But if thou wilt appease Him,  
 Speak for us but one word;  
 Thy pleading can obtain us  
 The pardon of our Lord.

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

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

## MY OWN DEAR MOTHER MARY.

## I

**M**Y own dear Mother Mary,  
 Oh, list while I repeat,  
 In child-like loving accents,  
 Thy name, O Mary sweet!  
 Within my heart it wakens  
 Such tender thoughts and blest,  
 My soul, this world forsaking,  
 Before thy throne would rest.

## CHORUS.

Thy name, O Mother Mary,  
 Thy name, O Mother Mary,  
 Is music to my soul,  
 Is music to my soul.

## 2

The cherubim are praising  
 Thy beauty and thy grace,  
 And heaven is all illumined  
 And ravished with thy face!  
 Dear Mother, I am weary  
 Of daily strife with sin,  
 Oh, be with angels near me,  
 That I the prize may win.—CHORUS.

## THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

*(Janua Coeli.)*

By S. N. D.

1

**Q**UEEN and Mother! many hearts  
 Cast themselves before thy throne,  
 But we call ourselves by right,  
 Very specially thine own.  
 Oh, then be to each one here  
 The "Gate of Heaven," O } (*twice.*)  
 Mother dear.

2

We have pledged ourselves to fight  
 In the battles of thy Son,  
 We would pass by thee to Him,  
 When the dusty fight is won.  
 Be to all enlisted here }  
 The "Gate of Heaven," O } (*twice.*)  
 Mother dear.

3

Other hearts this home have loved,  
 Other feet its floors have trod,  
 One and all, oh! let them in  
 To the City of our God.  
 Be to all who entered here }  
 The "Gate of Heaven," O } (*twice.*)  
 Mother dear.



4

And we too must pass away,  
Others then shall take our place;  
Kneel 'round thine image fair,  
Look into thine up-turned face.  
Be to all who enter here  
The "Gate of Heaven," O } (twice.)  
Mother dear. }

5

Thou unto the King of kings  
Wert a Gate to earth and us.  
We must go to Christ thro' thee,  
We can reach Him only thus.  
O be thou to each one here }  
The "Gate of Heaven," O } (twice.)  
Mother dear. }

6

When the midnight cry is heard,  
Do not let us be too late,  
Do not let thy children call,  
"Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate!"  
But, because we loved thee here } (twice.)  
Let us in, O Mother dear. }

129

*HAIL! VIRGIN OF VIRGINS!*

I

**H**AIL, Virgin of virgins!  
Thy praises we sing,  
Thy throne is in Heaven,  
Thy Son is its King;

197

The saints and the angels,  
Thy glory proclaim;  
All nations devoutly,  
Bow down at thy name.

2

Let all sing of Mary,  
The mystical Rod,  
The Mirror of justice,  
The Handmaid of God.  
Let valley and mountain  
Unite in her praise,  
The sea with its waters,  
The sun with its rays.

3

Let souls that are holy,  
Still holier be,  
To sing with the angels,  
O Mary, of thee.  
Let all who are sinners,  
To virtue return;  
That hearts without number,  
With thy love may burn.

4

Thy Name is our power,  
Thy love is our light;  
We praise thee at morning,  
At noon and at night.  
We thank thee, we bless thee,  
When happy and free;  
When tempted by Satan  
We call upon thee.

Oh, be thou our Mother,  
 And pray to the Lord,  
 That all may acknowledge  
 And follow His word.  
 That just men with courage  
 May walk in His ways,  
 And sinners converted  
 May join in His praise.

## 130

## NO STAIN IN THEE!

(*Inviolata Integra.*)

CHORUS.

**N**O stain in thee!  
 No stain in thee!  
 O Virgin, Queen above!  
 O Virgin, Queen above!  
 Thou art the spotless Dove;  
 Immaculate thou art;  
 Most gladly we proclaim  
 Thy sweet and holy name  
 No stain in thee!  
 No stain in thee!

I

Who can with thee compare?  
 O Virgin chaste and pure!  
 To thee we all repair,  
 As to our haven sure;  
 Though Queen of realms above,  
 Thou hast a mother's love,  
 Our pray'r and praises, Mother, hear.  
 —CHORUS.

In love, in hope, appear  
 The children of thy pain,  
 And call on thee to clear  
 Their souls from loathsome stain;  
 To thee the chant of praise,  
 In grateful accents raise,  
 Our pray'r and praises, Mother, hear.  
 —CHORUS.

## 131

MOTHER, MARY, QUEEN MOST  
 SWEET.

(*Holy Name of Mary.*)

## I

MOTHER, Mary, Queen most sweet!  
 Joy and love my heart inflame;  
 Gladly shall my lips repeat  
 Every moment thy dear Name.  
 Ah! that name to God so dear,  
 Has my heart and soul enslaved;  
 Like a seal it shall appear,  
 Deep on heart and soul engraved.

## 2

When the morning gilds the skies,  
 I will call on Mary's name;  
 When at evening twilight dies,  
 Mary! still will I exclaim.  
 Sweetest Mary, bend thine ear,  
 Thou my own dear Mother art;  
 Therefore shall thy name so dear,  
 Never from my lips depart.

When the demon hosts invade,  
 When temptation rages high,  
 Crying: "Mary, Mother, aid!"  
 I will make the tempter fly.  
 This shall be my comfort sweet,  
 When the hand of death is nigh,  
 "Mary! Mary!" to repeat  
 Once again, and then, to die.

## 132

*WHEN FROM GOD'S HIGH THRONE  
 DIVINE.*

(ANNUNCIATION, MARCH 25.)

By BRO. M.

## I

**W**HEN from God's high throne divine,  
 Sped the Angel of the Lord,  
 Mary straight became the shrine  
 And the Mother of the Word.

CHORUS.

Ave, María, grátia plena,  
 Ave, ave, María!

## 2

Meekly spoke the maiden mild,  
 Made her lowly answer blest,  
 "I am God's poor serving-child,  
 With no will save God's behest."

—CHORUS.

Then God wrought a wondrous deed,  
 , Fashioned to Himself our clay,  
 Taking of our sins no heed,  
 In our midst He deigned to stay.  
 —CHORUS.

Mary, by thy holy prayer,  
 By thy spotless motherhood,  
 Gain for us that we may share  
 What Christ promised for our good.  
 —CHORUS.

## 133

*WHITHER THUS, IN HOLY  
 RAPTURE?*

(VISITATION, JULY 2.)

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

## I

**W**HITHER thus, in holy rapture,  
 Royal maiden, art thou bent?  
 Why so fleetly art thou speeding  
 Up the mountain's rough ascent?  
 Filled with the eternal Godhead!  
 Glowing with the Spirit's flame!  
 Love it is that bears thee onward,  
 And supports thy tender frame.

Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,  
 Claims thy sympathy and care;  
 God her shame from her hath taken;  
 He hath heard her fervent prayer.  
 Blessed Mothers! joyful meeting!  
 Thou in her, the hand of God,  
 She in thee, with lips inspired,  
 Owns the Mother of her Lord.

## 3

As the sun, his face concealing,  
 In a cloud withdraws from sight,  
 So in Mary then lay hidden  
 He who is the world's true light.  
 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,  
 Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
 With the Father and the Spirit  
 While eternal ages run.

## 134

*JOY! JOY! THE MOTHER COMES.*

(PURIFICATION, FEBRUARY 2.)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**J**OY! joy! the Mother comes,  
 And in her arms she brings  
 The Light of all the world,  
 The Christ, the King of kings;  
 And in her heart the while  
 All silently she sings. } (*twice.*)

Saint Joseph follows near,  
 In rapture lost and love,  
 While angels round about,  
 In glowing circles move;  
 And o'er the Mother broods  
 The Everlasting Dove. } (*twice.*)

There in the temple court,  
 Old Simeon's heart beats high,  
 And Anna feeds her soul  
 With food of prophecy,  
 But see! the shadows pass,  
 The world's true light draws } (*twice.*)  
 nigh.

O Infant God! O Christ!  
 O Light most beautiful!  
 Thou comest, Joy of joys!  
 All darkness to annul;  
 And brightest lights of earth,  
 Beside Thy Lights are dull. } (*twice.*)

Ah! with what thrills of awe  
 The Mother's heart is teeming,  
 To think the new-born Light,  
 That o'er the world is streaming,  
 At His own Mother's hands  
 Should stoop to need re- } (*twice.*)  
 deemings.



Then to that Mother now  
 All rightful worship be!  
 For thou hast ransomed Him  
 Who first did ransom thee:  
 Oh, with thy Mother's tongue } (*twice.*)  
 Pray Him to ransom me!

## 135

*OH, WHAT DEEP WOES.*

(COMPASSION OF B. V. M.)

1

**O**H, what deep woes and what sorrows,  
 Oh, what grief on her were poured;  
 With what pain and heart's affliction  
 Stood the Mother of the Lord!  
 When her tearful eyes did witness  
 With what scoff and brutal scorn,  
 With what torments they did fasten  
 To the cross her only born. (*twice.*)

2

Love and anguish in her bosom,  
 Were engaged in fiercest strife;  
 Both afflicted and tormented  
 This sad Mother's bitter life.  
 O beloved, sorely wounded,  
 O my only precious Child!  
 Why must Thy poor Mother find Thee  
 In such pains and thus reviled. (*twice.*)

Oh, how shaded, pale and faded  
 Is thy countenance, once so bright!  
 "All Thy limbs are torn and wounded,  
 Stained with blood, O! rueful sight!"  
 See the cold and lifeless body  
 Hanging on the tree of scorn;  
 See the Mother racked with anguish,  
 At the sight of her first-born. (*twice.*)

Oh, what deep woes and what sorrows,  
 Oh, what grief on her were poured!  
 With what pain and heart's affliction  
 Stood the Mother of the Lord.  
 Come to worship, come to honor,  
 Come, His corpse with tears to bathe,  
 Thank Him, love Him, and adore Him,  
 Make your hearts to be His grave.  
 (*twice.*)

## 136

## O MOTHER, MOST AFFLICTED!

(COMPASSION OF B. V. M.)

## I

O MOTHER! most afflicted,  
 Standing beneath that Tree,  
 Where Jesus hangs rejected  
 On the hill of Calvary.

## CHORUS.

O Mary! sweetest Mother,  
 We love to pity thee;  
 Oh, for the sake of Jesus,  
 Let us thy children be. (*twice.*)

2

Thy heart is well-nigh breaking,  
Thy Jesus thus to see,  
Derided, wounded, dying,  
In greatest agony.—CHORUS.

3

His livid Form is bleeding,  
His soul with sorrow wrung,  
Whilst thou, afflicted Mother,  
Shar'st the torments of thy Son.  
—CHORUS.

4

O Mary! Queen of Martyrs,  
The sword has pierced thy heart,  
Obtain for us of Jesus  
In thy grief to bear a part.—CHO.

5

O dear and loving Mother!  
Entreat that we may be,  
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus,  
Now and eternally.—CHORUS.

### 137

*SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS.*

(ASSUMPTION, AUGUST 15.)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**S**ING, sing, ye angel bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher  
Through fields of starry light,  
Mary, your Queen ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night. } (*twice.*)

A fairer flow'r than she  
 On earth hath never been;  
 And save the throne of God,  
 Your heav'ns have never seen  
 A wonder half so bright  
 As your ascending Queen. } (*twice.*)

O happy angels look,  
 How beautiful she is!  
 See! Jesus bears her up,  
 Her hand is locked in His;  
 Oh, who can tell the height  
 Of that fair Mother's bliss? } (*twice.*)

And shall I lose thee then,  
 Lose my sweet right to thee?  
 Ah, no! the angels' Queen  
 Man's mother still will be;  
 And thou upon thy throne,  
 Wilt keep thy love for me. } (*twice.*)

On through the countless stars  
 Proceeds the grand array;  
 And love divine comes forth  
 To light her on her way,  
 Through the short gloom of  
 night } (*twice.*)  
 Into celestial day.

On, then, dear pageant, on!  
 Sweet music breathes around;  
 And love, like dew, distills  
 On hearts in rapture bound;  
 The Queen of heaven goes up  
 To be proclaimed and crowned. } (*twice.*)

## 138

## MARIA, SALVE!

"Messenger of the S. Heart."

## I.

O MOTHER, sweet and kind,  
 Whose love is unconfined,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)  
 O Empress wondrous wise,  
 O Queen of paradise,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)

## 2

Thou art the balm of life,  
 Our champion in the strife,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)  
 And therefore it is meet  
 To honor thee and greet,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)

## 3

A hundred times a day  
 I mention thee and say:  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)  
 I run at every hour  
 To seek thy shielding power;  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)

O Mary, tender Maid,  
 Send help down to mine aid,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)  
 And let thy Babe Divine  
 Be mine as well as thine,  
 Maria, salve! (*twice.*)

## 139

O MAIDEN! MOTHER MILD!

(*Regina Christianorum.*)

By I. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

O MAIDEN Mother mild!  
 Behold thy trusting child,  
 Before thee kneels in supplication;  
 Direct me lest I stray,  
 In devious paths away,  
 Thou art my help, my salvation.

I

The angels arose in their pride,  
 Refusing their God to obey;  
 They seek now o'er earth far and wide,  
 To draw souls beneath Satan's sway.

—CHORUS.

2

The serpent in Eden's fair vale,  
 His work of destruction began;  
 His head thou didst crush 'neath thy  
 heel,

And so brought redemption to man.

—CHORUS.

In all times and ages thou'lt be,  
 Of Christians the help and the guide ;  
 Keep me close to Jesus and thee,  
 In safety and peace to abide.

—CHORUS.

## 140

## SWEET MOTHER, I IMPLORE.

By BRO. M.

I

**S**WEET Mother I implore, Oh, take  
 this heart of mine ;  
 It flies to thee for rest ; thou art its haven  
 sure ;  
 I crave no more for earth, its joys, the  
 things of time ;  
 I long to be with thee, O Maiden, Mother  
 pure.

CHORUS.

Thou Virgin, Spotless Mother !  
 Sweet Mary, Queen divine !  
 Oh, deign to hear my pray'r,  
 And take this heart of mine. (*twice.*)

2 \*

My soul doth burn in me, O Queen I fond-  
 ly gaze  
 Upon thy eyes so meek, thy radiant, holy  
 face ;  
 Thou art so fair, so sweet, O Queen Im-  
 maculate ;  
 Upon thy altar-throne, see, my poor  
 heart I place.—CHORUS.

To-day the foe may strive to get me for  
 his own,  
 My weakness thou hast seen, fold me in  
 thy embrace,  
 Oh! deign to hold and hide my heart within  
 thy clasp,  
 So guarded, Mother fair, ne'er shall I  
 lose God's grace.—CHORUS.

When death my eyes shall close, my soul  
 shall cease from strife,  
 When life's last bitter hour of agony is  
 o'er,  
 Then send, O Mother dear, send messen-  
 gers of light,  
 To bring me home to thee my Queen for  
 evermore.—CHORUS.

## 141

## MOTHER ALL BEAUTIFUL.

(*Communion Hymn.*)

By M. S. PINE.

## I

**M**OTHER all beautiful, hear us to-day;  
 Lead us thyself to the altar, we pray;  
 O'er us thy mantle of purity place,  
 Jesus is coming to flood us with grace.



2

He is all holy and we are so weak,  
Veiling our faces His presence we seek;  
Yet He is calling and winning us so,  
Holding thy hand to the altar we go.

3

Thou art His Mother, He gave us to thee,  
Wounded and dying on Calvary's Tree;  
Mother from birth to His life's dark eclipse,  
Lay Him thyself on our tremulous lips.

4

Hover still near while He stays in our  
breast  
Thanksgiving make to our glorious Guest;  
Pour His sweet rivers of Blood o'er our  
soul,  
Show us His Beauty, His virtues unroll.

5

Mother all loving, we know thou wilt hear;  
Clad in His glory and strength, can we  
fear?  
Hope is triumphant! with Jesus and thee  
Angels in wonder our happiness see.

142

*MOTHER OF MERCY!*

(*Mater misericordiae.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

CHORUS.

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

Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,  
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

(*twice.*)

213

## 1

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

## 2

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

## 3

They know but little of thy worth  
 Who speak these heartless words to me;  
 For what did Jesus love on earth  
 One-half so tenderly as thee?—CHO.

## 4

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

## 5

Jesus, when His three hours were run,  
 Bequeathed thee from the cross to me,  
 And oh! how can I love thy Son,  
 Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?—CHO.

*HAIL, VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY!*

CHORUS.

**H**AIL, Virgin, dearest Mary!  
 Our lovely Queen of May,  
 O spotless, blessed Lady,  
 Our lovely Queen of May.

I

Thy children, humbly bending,  
 Surround thy shrine so dear,  
 With heart and voice ascending;  
 Sweet Mary, hear our prayer.—CHO.

2

Behold earth's blossoms springing  
 In beauteous form and hue;  
 All nature gladly bringing  
 Her sweetest charms to you.—CHO.

3

We'll gather fresh, bright flowers,  
 To bind our fair Queen's brow;  
 From gay and verdant bowers,  
 We haste to crown thee now.—CHO.

4

And now, our blessed Mother,  
 Smile on our festal day,  
 Accept our wreath of flowers,  
 And be our Queen of May.—CHO.

ALL HAIL, SWEET QUEEN OF THE  
MAY!

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

ALL hail, dearest Mary,  
Sweet Queen of the May;  
Our heart's fondest greetings,  
We give thee this day.

CHORUS.

All hail, all hail, sweet Queen of the May!  
(*twice.*)

2

All hail, dearest Mary,  
No stain is in thee;  
Dear Mother of Jesus,  
Be mother to me.—CHORUS.

3

In grief and temptation,  
In joy, or in pain,  
We'll seek thee, our Mother,  
Nor seek thee in vain.—CHO.

4

All hail, dearest Mary,  
Hail Virgin all fair,  
We claim thy protection,  
Thy love and thy care.—CHO.

*DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**D**AILY, daily, sing to Mary,  
 Sing, my soul, her praises due;  
 All her feasts, her actions worship,  
 With the heart's devotion true.  
 Lost in wond'ring contemplation  
 Be her majesty confessed:  
 Call her Mother, call her Virgin,  
 Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

## 2

She is mighty to deliver;  
 Call her, trust her lovingly;  
 When the tempest rages round thee,  
 She will calm the troubled sea.  
 Gifts of Heaven she has given  
 Noble Lady! to our race:  
 She, the Queen, who decks her subjects  
 With the light of God's own grace.

## 3

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,  
 Who for us, her Maker bore;  
 For the curse of old inflicted,  
 Peace and blessing to restore;  
 Sing in songs of praise unending,  
 Sing the world's majestic Queen;  
 Weary not, nor faint in telling  
 All the gifts she gives to men.

All my senses, heart affections,  
 Strive to sound her glory forth:  
 Spread abroad the sweet memorials  
 Of the Virgin's priceless worth.  
 Where the voice of music thrilling  
 Where the tongue of eloquence,  
 That can utter hymns beseeching  
 All her matchless excellence?

## 146

*SHE IS OUR MOTHER!*

## I

**S**HE is our Mother!  
 How deep the love within my breast;  
 Cold words will ever fail to tell;  
 But may my life e'er be so blest,  
 Each act shall say I love her well,  
 And in this love I'll ever rest,  
 For Mary is our Mother! (*twice.*)

## 2

She is our Mother!  
 When e'er I humbly kneel in pray'r,  
 Before her altar's holy shrine  
 Peace ever-smiling meets me there;  
 And oh! what tranquil bliss is mine,  
 How tender is her watchful care!  
 For Mary is our Mother! (*twice.*)

She is our Mother!

Upon her blessed name I call  
 When sin is darkly hov'ring near,  
 She is my strength when doubts appall;  
 My solace in my wand'rings here,  
 She is my light, my hope, my all:  
 For Mary is our Mother! (*twice.*)

She is our Mother!

When on my brow death's seal is set,  
 And earthly hopes before him fly;  
 She will not then her child forget;  
 Her name will form my parting sigh,  
 My Mother! I will love her yet,  
 Oh! Mary is our Mother! (*twice.*)

## 147

## GLORIOUS MOTHER!

## I

GLORIOUS Mother! from high heaven,  
 Down upon thy children gaze,  
 Gathered in thy own loved season,  
 Thee to bless and thee to praise.

## CHORUS.

See, sweet Mary, on thy altars,  
 Bloom the fairest buds of May;  
 O may we, earth's sons and daughters,  
 Grow, by grace, as pure as they. (*twice.*)

2

Earth is darksome, we are weary,  
Satan setteth snares for all;  
Pray for us, O tender Mary!  
Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.—CHORUS.

3

Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,  
In this blessed month of thine;  
Raise thy pure hands up to bless us,  
As we linger 'round thy shrine.—CHO.

4

Many call upon thee, Mother!  
Some in manhood, strong in youth;  
Some in age, in tender childhood,  
All in loving faith and truth.—CHORUS.

5

Bless, oh! bless us, now and ever,  
Thou who once the dark earth trod,  
And when dying, waft our spirits  
To the bosom of our God.—CHORUS.

148

O MOTHER! I COULD WEEP FOR  
MIRTH!

*(Immaculate Conception.)*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

O MOTHER, I could weep for mirth,  
Joy fills my heart so fast;  
My soul to-day is heav'n on earth;  
Oh, could the transport last!



CHORUS.

I think of thee and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state;  
And I keep singing in my heart,  
Immaculate, Immaculate, Immaculate.

2

When Jesus looks upon thy face,  
His Heart with rapture glows,  
And in the Church, by His sweet grace,  
Thy blessed worship grows.—CHORUS.

3

The angels answer with their songs,  
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;  
And saints flock round thy feet in  
throng,  
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.—CHO.

4

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
Oh, what a joy for thee!  
Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
Oh, greater joy for me.—CHORUS.

5

It is this thought to-day, that lifts  
My happy heart to heaven,  
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts  
To thee, dear Queen, were given.  
—CHORUS.

## HAIL, O STAR OF OCEAN!

*(Ave Maris Stella.)*

CHORUS.

HAIL, O Star of Ocean,  
 God's own Mother blest,  
 Ever sinless Virgin,  
 Gate of heavenly rest.

1

Taking that sweet Ave  
 Which from Gabriel came,  
 Peace confirm within us,  
 Changing Eva's name.—CHORUS.

2

Break the sinner's fetters,  
 Make our blindness day,  
 Chase all evil from us,  
 For all blessings pray.—CHORUS.

3

Show thyself a Mother,  
 May the Word Divine  
 Born for us thine Infant,  
 Hear our pray'rs through thine.  
 —CHORUS.

4

Virgin all excelling,  
 Mildest of the mild,  
 Free from guilt preserve us,  
 Meek and undefiled.—CHORUS.

5  
Keep our life all spotless  
Make our way secure  
Till we find in JÉSUS,  
Joy for evermore.—CHORUS.

6  
Praise to God the Father,  
Honor to the Son,  
In the Holy Spirit  
Be the glory one.—CHORUS.

150

*MAIDEN MOTHER MEEK AND  
MILD.*

I  
MAIDEN Mother, meek and mild,  
Take, oh take me for thy child,  
All my life, oh let it be  
My best joy to think of thee,  
Virgo Maria!

2  
Teach me, when the sunbeam bright  
Calls me with its golden light,  
How my waking thoughts may be  
Turn'd to Jesus and to thee,  
Virgo Maria!

3  
Teach me also through the day  
Oft to raise my heart and say:  
Maiden Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, oh, guard thy faithful child!  
Virgo Maria!

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 Maria!

5

Thus, sweet Mother, day and night  
Thou shalt guard my steps aright;  
And my dying words shall be:  
Virgin Mother, pray for me!  
Virgo Maria!

151

*MOTHER OF GOD! MY LIFE, MY  
HOPE, MY TREASURE.*

I

**M**OTHER of God! my life, my hope, my  
treasure,  
Look on thy child, and hear me from  
above;  
Mother of God! what joy, what untold  
pleasure,  
Thrills through the soul that thinks on  
all thy love.

CHORUS.

Mother of Jesus! Mother most fair!  
Show to thy children a mother's love  
and care. (*twice.*)

224

Mother of God! my childhood days ca-  
ressing,

Fondly thy hands my steps have home-  
ward led!

Mother of God! each moment counts a  
blessing,

Which o'er my soul thy watchful love  
has shed.—CHORUS.

## 3

Angels of Heav'n! in choirs sublime ador-  
ing,

Mark this my vow in Heav'n's bright  
sphere above;

Mother of God! my grateful heart's out-  
pouring

Is pledg'd to thee in everlasting love.  
—CHORUS.

## 4

Mother of God! if e'er my heart forgetting,  
Thy love unceasing that has guarded me,

Mother of God! Oh, then may deep re-  
gretting

Recall my soul to love of God and thee.  
—CHORUS.

## 152

*MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER  
FAIREST.*

## I

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

CHORUS.

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

2

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

—CHORUS.

3

Help our priests, our virgins holy,  
Help our Pope, long may he reign;  
Pray that we who sing thy praises  
May in heav'n all meet again.—CHO.

153

*MARY! DEAREST MOTHER!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**M**ARY! dearest Mother!  
From thy heavenly height  
Look on us, thy children,  
Lost in earth's dark night.  
Mary! purest creature!  
Keep us all from sin;  
Help us, erring mortals,  
Peace in Heaven to win.—*Mary! purest,*  
*etc.*

## 2

Mary! Queen and Mother!

Get us still more grace,  
With still greater fervor  
Now to run our race.

Daughter of the Father!

Lady kind and sweet!

Lead us to our Father,

Leave us at His Feet.—*Daughter of, etc.*

## 3

Holy Queen of Angels!

Bid thine Angels come

To escort us safely

To our heav'nly home.

Bid the Saints in heaven

Pray for us their prayers;

They are thine, dear Mother!

That thou mayst be theirs.—*Bid the  
Saints, etc.*

## 4

Mother of our Saviour,

Joy of God above!

Jesus bade thee keep us

In His fear and love.

Mary, Spouse and Servant

Of the Holy Ghost!

Keep for Him His creatures

Who would else be lost.—*Mary, Spouse,  
etc.*

Oh! we love thee, Mary!  
 Trusting all to thee,  
 What is past or present  
 What is yet to be,  
 Get us what thou pleasest,  
 What we cannot know,  
 What we most are needing  
 Every day below.—*Get us, etc.*

Sweeter still and sweeter  
 Dost thou grow to us,  
 Will it, dearest Mother,  
 Evermore be thus?  
 Oh, not yet, sweet Mother,  
 Is our love of thee  
 What it will be one day  
 In eternity.—*Oh, not yet, etc.*

## 154

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLEST  
 MOTHER.

(*Maria, audi nos.*)

By Rev. Fr. STANFIELD.

## I

HEAR thy children, gentlest Mother,  
 Pray'ful hearts to thee arise;  
 Hear us while our ev'ning Ave  
 Soars beyond the starry skies.



## 2

Darkling shadows fall around us,  
 Stars their silent watches keep;  
 Hush the heart oppressed with sorrow,  
 Dry the tears of those who weep.

## 3

Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,  
 Borne upon life's troubled sea;  
 Gentle guiding Star of ocean,  
 Lead thy children home to thee.

## 4

Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,  
 From thy bounteous throne above;  
 Guard us from all harm and danger  
 'Neath thy shelt'ring wings of love.

## 155

*AVE MARIA! THOU VIRGIN AND  
 MOTHER.*

## I

**A**VE Maria! thou Virgin and Mother,  
 Fondly thy children are calling to thee;  
 Thine are the graces, unclaimed by another;  
 Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea.

## CHORUS.

Ave Maria! Star of the Sea!  
 Ave Maria! Mother dear! Oh, pray for me!

2

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,  
Softly our voices arise unto thee!  
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea.  
—CHORUS.

3

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,  
Words of endearment are whispered to  
thee;  
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!  
—CHORUS.

4

Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,  
Gladly within them for shelter we flee,  
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones  
bending?  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!  
—CHORUS.

156

SEE NO. 155.

157

REMEMBER, HOLY MARY.

(Memorare.)

By Rev. M. RUSSELL, S. J.

I

REMEMBER, holy Mary,  
'Twas never heard or known  
That any one who sought thee  
And made to thee his moan—

That any one who hastened  
For shelter to thy care  
Was ever yet abandoned  
And left to his despair.

2

And so to thee, my Mother,  
With filial faith I call,  
For Jesus, dying, gave thee  
As Mother to us all.  
To thee, O Queen of virgins,  
O Mother meek, to thee,  
I run with trustful fondness,  
Like child to mother's knee.

3

See at thy feet a sinner,  
Groaning and weeping sore—  
Ah! throw thy mantle o'er me,  
And let me stray no more.  
Thy Son has died to save me,  
And from His throne on high  
His Heart this moment yearneth  
For even such as I.

4

All, all His love remember,  
And, oh! remember too  
How prompt I am to purpose,  
How slow and frail to do.  
Yet scorn not my petitions,  
But patiently give ear,  
And help me, O my Mother,  
Most loving and most dear.

*HEART OF MARY, HEART THE  
PUREST.*

I

**H**EART of Mary, heart the purest,  
Ever shrined in mortal frame;  
Blest asylum who securest,  
All who thy protection claim.

2

Hear the prayer of one whose weakness,  
Most demands a mother's care;  
One to whom thy looks, all meekness,  
Counsel hope, forbid despair.

3

'Round me tempests gathering lower,  
As I tread life's desert way;  
And a foe in matchless power,  
Marks me for his destined prey.

4

To some spot where ne'er might hover,  
Danger's shadow I would flee;  
But, oh! where that spot discover,  
Where, oh! Mary but in thee.

SEE NO. 158.

AH! MUST I LEAVE OUR LADY'S  
ALTAR?

By S. N. D.

I

**A**H! must I leave our Lady's altar,  
Where oft I've found such sweet  
delight?

My sad adieux must I now falter,  
Must joys so pure now wing their flight?

CHORUS.

*Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of  
flowers,*

*Farewell, loved shrine, thou dear retreat;  
But ere have fled these happy hours,  
My heart I'll leave at Mary's feet.*

OTHER CHORUS.

How sweet to sing my Mother's praises,  
And breathe to her my loving sighs!  
So fondly on me then she gazes,  
So softly beam her star-like eyes.

2

When I was tempted, sad and tearful,  
My angel to thy shrine me led;  
Thy smile dispell'd the tempest fearful,  
The demon at thy presence fled.—CHO.

3

There from thy hand with graces streaming,  
Hope sweetly flow'd upon my soul;  
Thy arms extended to me seeming,  
To woo me to thy loved control.—CHO.

161

*DARKER AND DARKER.*

*(Evening Hymn.)*

I

**D**ARKER and darker fall around  
The shadows from the pine;  
It is the hour, O Mother-Maid,  
To gather round thy shrine.

CHORUS.

Sweet Mother, hear us, thou hast known  
Our earthly hopes and fears;  
The heaviness of human toil,  
The tenderness of tears.

2

We pray to thee for those who sail  
In peril on the sea,  
For where thine eyes of mercy shine  
None perish utterly.—CHORUS.

3

And for the soldier too, who sleeps—  
His head upon his hand—  
And only in a dream can see  
His own beloved land.—CHORUS.

4

Pray for us all that hearth and home  
Be kept in peace and love;  
Peace which the world can never give,  
And love from Heaven above.—CHORUS.

5

For us thine eyes are filled with tears;  
Oh! let them wash away  
The stains of our unworthiness:—  
Pray for us, Mother, pray!—CHORUS.

6

For when our sins had nailed our Hope  
To die upon the Tree,  
Lest every hope should die with Him  
(He gave the hopeless Thee.—CHORUS.

162

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

(*Evening Hymn to Our Lady.*)

I

AS the dewy shades of even,  
Gather o'er the balmy air,  
Listen, gentle Queen of heaven,  
Listen to my vesper prayer. (*twice.*)

2

Holy Mother, near me hover,  
Free my thoughts from aught defiled,  
With thy wings of mercy cover,  
Safe from harm thy helpless child.  
(*twice.*)

235

3

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

4

Queen of Heaven guard and guide me,  
Save my soul from dark despair,  
In thy tender bosom hide me,  
Take me, Mother, to thy care. (*twice.*)

5

Mother of my Infant Saviour,  
Spouse of God, my plaint, oh, hear;  
Purest Virgin, gracious Matron,  
Oh, relieve me by thy prayer. (*twice.*)

6

From thy happy seat in Zion,  
Light me through this dark abode;  
Smile, oh, gently smile upon me,  
Tell my sorrows to my God. (*twice.*)

### 163

#### SOFTLY AND STILL NIGHT COMES STEALING.

(*Evening Hymn to Our Lady.*)

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**S**OFTLY and still, night comes stealing,  
Lo! in the West sets the sun;  
Silv'ry chimes of even pealing,  
Tell us that the day is done.



CHORUS.

O lovely Queen of heaven!  
O Star of Hope so fair!  
To thee all pow'r is given,  
List, oh! list to our evening prayer.

2

Here at thy feet humbly kneeling,  
Here at thy feet, Mary, see;  
To thy mother-love appealing,  
We, thy children, come to thee.—CHO.

3

Danger and sin all around us,  
Warfare we wage day and night;  
'Mid temptations that surround us,  
Mary, guide our souls aright.—CHORUS.

4

Watch o'er us then, loving Mother,  
Ne'er let our prayer be in vain;  
Show thyself in truth our Mother,  
'Midst life's cares our hearts sustain.  
—CHORUS.

164

DESCENDING FROM THE THRONE  
OF GOD.

(*Most Holy Rosary—Joyful Mysteries.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

*The Annunciation.*

DESCENDING from the throne of God  
A bright archangel flies;  
To Mary's lowly home he brings  
A message from the skies.

She hears an angel's voice that night  
The first "Hail Mary" say:  
O Mother think of this when we  
Repeat his words to-day.

2

*The Visitation.*

Now Mary wends her way with haste  
The rugged roads along;  
In answer to her cousin's words  
She sings her glorious song.  
The unborn infant leaps with joy  
When Mary's voice he hears:  
O Mother, may that voice of thine  
Be ever in our ears.

3

*The Birth Of Our Lord.*

See troops of shining angels crowd  
Around the homely shed,  
Where Jesus lies on Mary's knees,  
And shepherds softly tread:  
And kings from distant lands adore  
Thy Infant God, whose star  
Has led them to His Sacred Feet,  
From eastern realms afar.

4

*The Presentation Of Our Lord.*

In Simeon's arms behold the Babe,  
Who rules both earth and skies!  
On Mary's Child, his promised Lord,  
He rests his aged eyes.  
He long had waited, long had pray'd  
This blissful day to see;  
And now he asks to go in peace  
Where Jesus soon will be.

*The Finding Of Our Lord.*

O Mother, dry those bitter tears!  
 O Mother, grieve no more!  
 Thy Child, thy Jesus is not lost,  
 That weary search is o'er:  
 To do His Father's work, He chose  
 Among the Scribes to be;  
 But now returns to dwell for years  
 With Joseph and with thee.

## 165

*BY THE BLOOD THAT FLOWED  
FROM THEE.*

(*Most Holy Rosary—The Sorrowful  
Mysteries.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

*The Agony.*

**B**Y the Blood that flowed from Thee  
 In Thy grievous agony,  
 By the traitor's guileful kiss  
 Filling up Thy bitterness.

## CHORUS.

Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry;  
 Thou wast suff'ring once as we;  
 Now enthroned in majesty  
 Countless angels sing to Thee.

*The Scourging.*

By the cords that round Thee cast,  
 Bound Thee to the pillar fast;  
 By the scourge so meekly borne,  
 By Thy purple robe of scorn.—CHORUS.

*The Crowning With Thorns.*

By the thorns that crowned Thy Head;  
 By Thy sceptre of a reed;  
 By Thy foes on bending knee,  
 Mocking at Thy royalty.—CHORUS.

*The Carrying Of The Cross.*

By the people's cruel jeers;  
 By the holy women's tears;  
 By Thy footsteps faint and slow,  
 Weighed beneath Thy Cross of woe.—CHO.

*The Crucifixion.*

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.—CHORUS.

BY THE FIRST BRIGHT EASTER  
DAY.

(*Most Holy Rosary—Glorious Mysteries.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

*The Resurrection.*

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

## CHORUS.

King of Glory, hear our cry;—  
Make us soon Thy joy to see,  
Where enthroned in majesty,  
Countless angels sing to Thee.

## 2

*The Ascension.*

By Thy parting blessing given  
As Thou didst ascend to heaven;  
By the cloud of living light  
That received Thee out of sight.—CHORUS.

## 3

*The Descent of the Holy Ghost.*

By that rushing sound of might  
Coming down from heaven's height,  
By the cloven tongues of fire,  
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire!—CHORUS.

*The Assumption Of Our Lady.*

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

*The Coronation Of Our Lady.*

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

## 167

*MICHAEL, PRINCE OF HIGHEST HEAVEN.*

## I

**M**ICHAEL, prince of highest heaven,  
 Noblest of celestial ranks,  
 Lowly singing in thine honor

Bring we now our mead of thanks.  
 Mighty victor, all resplendent,  
 Near to Mary thou dost reign;  
 Come and bless us with thy presence,  
 Bring with thee thy heavenly train.

*(twice.)*

## 2

*Gabriel*, silver tongued and glorious;  
*Raphael*, healer of our woes;  
 Blessed angels, gentle guardians,  
 Be our aid, repel our foes:

Breathe into our hearts your sweetness,  
Fill our souls with love divine;  
May your gracious presence ever  
Round your charge protecting shine.  
(*twice.*)

3

We will honor, we will love you,  
Blessed Spirits, more and more;  
Our devotion still increasing,  
As your favors on us pour;  
Till with you for ever singing  
In a glad, unending strain,  
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Where the blessed ever reign. (*twice.*)

168

*SPIRIT MOST HOLY, HEAVENLY  
GUIDE.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**S**PIRIT most holy, heavenly guide,  
Thou, whom my Saviour in mercy  
did send;  
Thou who art ever close by my side,  
Faithful and loving guardian and friend.

CHORUS.

Angel of heaven, angel of light,  
Keep me and guide me day and night;  
Angel of heaven, angel of light,  
Keep me and guide me day and night.  
(*twice.*)

243

Dangers surround me; in angry tide  
 Sin and temptation my spirit assail;  
 Hold thou my hand, my falt'ring steps  
 guide,  
 Lest in the hour of trial I fail.—CHORUS.

Fair gleams life's pathway, blossom be-  
 decked,  
 Life's joys alluring, our footsteps en-  
 snare;  
 Haste to mine aid, my weakness protect;  
 Safe shall I rest in thy loving care.  
 —CHORUS.

## 169

*DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**D**EAR Angel! ever at my side,  
 How loving must thou be,  
 To leave thy home in Heaven to guide  
 A sinful soul like me.

## CHORUS.

Then love me, guide me, Angel dear,  
 And I will love thee more;  
 And help me when my soul is cast  
 Upon th' eternal shore.



2

Thy beautiful and shining face  
I see not, though so near;  
The sweetness of thy soft low voice  
I am too deaf to hear.—CHORUS.

3

And when dear Spirit, I kneel down,  
At morn and eve, to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart,  
Which tells me thou art there.—CHORUS.

4

Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too;  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not  
But watchest patiently.—CHO.

5

Then, for thy sake, dear Angel, now  
More humble will I be;  
But I am weak; and when I fall,  
Oh, weary not of me!—CHORUS.

6

Oh, weary not, but love me still,  
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;  
She never tired of me, though I  
Full wayward oft have been,—CHORUS.

*HARK! HARK! MY SOUL, ANGELIC  
SONGS ARE SWELLING.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

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

## CHORUS.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the  
night. (*twice.*)

## 2

Darker than night life's shadows fall  
around us,  
And, like benighted men, we miss our  
mark;  
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarce-  
ly found us,  
Ere Death finds out his victims in the  
dark.—CHORUS.

## 3

Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-  
ing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come;"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
ringing ;  
The music of the gospel leads us home.  
—CHORUS.

4

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and  
sea ;  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly  
stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps  
to Thee.—CHORUS.

5

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

6

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

## DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY!

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

DEAR Guardian of Mary, dear nurse of  
her Child!

Life's ways are full weary, the desert  
is wild:

Bleak sands are all round us, no home can  
we see;

Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon  
thee.

## CHORUS.

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy  
worth;

The one chosen shadow of God upon earth;  
The father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me.

*(twice.)*

## 2

For thou to the pilgrims art father and  
guide,

And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;  
O blessed Saint Joseph, how safe I should  
be,

Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert  
with me.—CHORUS.

*When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,  
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;  
O father of Jesus! be father to me,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.—CHORUS.*

*God chose thee for Jesus and Mary; wilt thou  
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?  
There's no saint in heaven, Saint Joseph, like thee;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Ah, deign to love me.—CHORUS.*

## 172

*JOSEPH, SPOUSE OF THAT PURE VIRGIN.*

## I

**J**OSEPH, Spouse of that pure Virgin  
Who now reigns in glory bright,  
May thy praises loud be sounded,  
Here and in the realm of light.

## CHORUS.

*Holy Joseph, mighty patron,  
Hearken to our humble lays;  
Send us tokens of thy favor;  
Bring us graces on our ways.*

2

See Saint Joseph safely bearing  
On his arm the Holy Child,  
In his hand he holds the lily,  
Spotless e'er and undefiled.—CHORUS.

3

Many hardships, fears and labors  
Thou for Jesus didst endure;  
All thy toils are now rewarded  
Now thou liv'st in pleasures pure.  
—CHORUS.

4

Happy Joseph, endless glory  
Shines around thy joyful brow,  
At thy throne of love and mercy  
See thy suppliants humbly bow.—CHO.

173

*WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS.*

I

**W**ITH grateful hearts we breathe to-day,  
The tender accents of our love,  
We carol forth a little lay  
To thee, great Saint, in heaven above.

CHORUS.

O Joseph dear, from thy bright throne,  
Incline thine ear unto our prayer,  
And o'er us all as o'er thine own,  
Extend thy fond paternal care. (*twice.*)

2

More favored than earth's greatest king,  
Thou wert the guardian of that Child,  
Around whose crib full choirs did sing,  
With cadenced voices soft and mild.

CHORUS.

3

All Heaven's host on that great night,  
Looked on the Child, the Spouse and thee,  
And ravished with so fair a sight,  
Struck loud their harps with jubilee.

—CHORUS.

4

They sang the praises of thy Son,  
In strains of sweetest melody,  
And lowly bowed with awe anon,  
Before thy Virgin Spouse and thee.

—CHORUS.

174

*HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**H**AIL! holy Joseph, hail!  
Chaste spouse of Mary, hail!  
Pure as the lily flow'r  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

2

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
God's choice wert thou alone;  
To thee the Word made flesh  
Was subject as a son.

251

3

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Prince of the house of God!  
May His best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

4

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Help of the needy, hail!  
Cheer thou the hearts that faint  
And guide the steps that fail.

5

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Teach us our flesh to tame;  
And, Mary, keep the hearts  
That love thy husband's name.

6

Mother of Jesus, bless,  
And bless, ye saints on high;  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

175

*HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH, HAIL!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**H**AIL! holy Joseph, hail!  
Husband of Mary, hail!  
Chaste as the lily flower  
In Eden's peaceful vale.  
Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)



## 2

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Father of Christ esteem'd!  
 Father be thou to those  
 Thy Foster-Son redeem'd!  
 Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)

## 3

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Comrade of Angels, hail!  
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint,  
 And guide the steps that fail,  
 Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)

## 4

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 God's choice wast thou alone;  
 To thee the Word made flesh,  
 Was subject as a son.  
 Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)

## 5

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
 Teach us our flesh to tame,  
 And, Mary, keep the hearts,  
 That love thy husband's name.  
 Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)

## 6

Mother of Jesus! bless,  
 And bless, ye saints on high,  
 All meek and simple souls  
 That to Saint Joseph cry;  
 Hail! holy Joseph, hail! (*twice.*)

GLORIOUS FATHER, DEAR SAINT  
JOSEPH!

(*Children's Consecration.*)

## I

GLORIOUS Father, dear Saint Joseph,  
Throng we round thy shrine to-day;  
For the sake of Jesus take us  
'Neath thy guardianship for aye.  
Once like us He called thee Father,  
Teacher, helper, guard and guide;  
Once like us He sought for safety  
At His Father Joseph's side.

## CHORUS.

Then as round thy shrine we gather,  
Consecrating every heart,  
Take us for thy children, Father,  
And thy blessing fond impart.

## 2

Herod sought the Child to slay Him,  
But through thee He safety found;  
Still the demon seeks the children,  
Thou wilt still His arts confound.  
Keep us pure as thine own lily  
In baptismal blood-bought grace;  
If we fall, dear Father, help us  
By our tears sin to efface.—CHORUS.

Take us, then, beloved Father,  
 Thine own children e'er to be;  
 'Neath thy blessed eyes here daily  
 We will do our tasks for thee.  
 Lessons, prayer, or play we'll give thee,  
 Each in its allotted time,  
 "All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!"  
 Make of each an act sublime!—CHORUS.

## 177

## O JESUS, MARY JOSEPH!

(*The Holy Family.*)

By M. S. PINE.

## I

O JESUS, Mary, Joseph!  
 My heart is all your own;  
 Its hidden sweet affections  
 Are ever near your throne;  
 My soul with all its powers,  
 My life of joy and pain,  
 O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 I give to your sweet reign.

## 2

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 When shadows round me close,  
 When past misdeeds affright me  
 Amid dark spirit foes;  
 When in the strong death anguish,  
 I breathe your names of power,  
 O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 Assist me in that hour.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 What rapture might I die  
 In peace, forgiven and stainless,  
 In your sweet company!  
 Your triple shield around me,  
 The Trinity within,  
 O Jesus, Mary, Joseph!  
 Heaven's glory may I win!

O HAPPY DAY!

(Circumcision of Our Lord.)

By Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

## 1

O HAPPY day, that could display  
 The first sweet drops of Jesus' Blood  
 O happy day, that could essay  
 The triumph of the Holy Rood!

## 2

Lo! scarcely born, His Blood this morn  
 Purples the Orient from above:  
 This funeral Libation shall  
 Become the prelude of His love.

## 3

He would fulfill His Father's will  
 Not sadly, but rejoicing: so  
 Forestalls the day (too far away!)  
 Whereon His precious Blood must flow.

4

The guilt He takes for our poor sake,  
The pain He suffers, innocent:  
Who made the law would not withdraw  
Himself from all its punishment.

5

Beneath Thy wound, O Christ, hath  
swooned  
The ancient law, and ceased to be:  
Its follower, the Holier  
Eternal law of charity.

179

*THOU ART AS PURE AS BEAM OF  
GOLDEN DAWN.*

*(St. Agnes, Jan. 21.)*

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. A. BRANN, D.D.

I

**T**HOU art as pure as beam of golden  
dawn  
Or snow-flake falling on a verdant lea,  
Or crystal dew drop on a flow'ry lawn,  
Or flock of foam upon the crested sea.

2

Brave child that nobly pagan Rome defied  
And fearless stood before the brutal  
throng;  
That for thy blood in savage accents cried,  
Thou heroine worthy of our festal song.

White virgin, rose of early Christian days,  
 Made red by blood upon the Martyr's  
 block,  
 Thy purity the theme of endless praise,  
 Thy fortitude a model for the flock.

## 180

*HAIL, GLORIOUS SAINT PATRICK.*

*(The Apostle and Patron of Ireland.)*  
*(March 17.)*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**H**AIL, glorious St. Patrick, dear saint of  
 our isle!  
 On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet  
 smile;  
 And now thou art high in the mansions  
 above,  
 On Erin's green valleys look down in thy  
 love.

## 2

Hail, glorious St. Patrick! thy words were  
 once strong  
 Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng;  
 Not less is thy might where in heaven thou  
 art,  
 Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

## 3

In the war against sin, in the fight for the  
 faith,  
 Dear Saint, may thy children resist unto  
 death;  
 May their strength be in meekness, in pen-  
 ance, in pray'r,  
 Their banner the Cross which they glory to  
 bear.

## 4

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,  
 Shall love and revere thee till time be no  
 more;  
 And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever  
 burn bright,  
 Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

## 5

Ever bless and defend us in this weary life,  
 As we labor and toil amid hardship and  
 strife;  
 And our hearts shall yet burn, whereso-  
 ever we roam,  
 For God, and Saint Patrick, and our native  
 home.

## 181

GRATEFUL NOTES TO HEAVEN  
 ASCENDING.

(*St. Patrick, March 17.*)

## I

GRATEFUL notes to heav'n ascending  
 To the world new joys proclaim,  
 Faith and love together blending,  
 We revere our Patrick's name.

CHORUS.

Happy Saint; in bliss adoring  
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find. (*twice.*)

2

Pagan priests their dark delusion,  
Long had o'er Hibernia spread,  
Patrick came, and in confusion  
Demons from his presence fled.—CHO.

3

Lo! their infant arms extending,  
Erin's children crave his aid;  
To their wants the Saint attending,  
Soon their heav'nly call obeyed.—CHO.

4

Prisons, insults, every danger  
On our prelate's mission wait;  
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,  
Trusts to bounteous Heav'n his fate.  
—CHORUS.

5

Sickness flies; his voice obeying,  
Sightless eyes behold the day;  
And the pow'r of God displaying,  
Death, unwilling, yields his prey.—CHO.

6

Mortals, with amazement seeing  
Senseless idols prostrate fall,  
Own the author of their being,  
And proclaim Him Lord of all.—CHO.



THE YOUTH WHO WEALTH AND  
COURTS DESPISED.

(*St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, June 21.*)

## I

THE youth who wealth and courts de-  
spised

His spotless mind above to raise;  
Who ev'ry rising thought chastised,  
'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.

## CHORUS.

O gentle and angelic youth,  
Aloysius, pray for us.

O gentle and angelic youth,  
Aloysius, pray for us.

## 2

Born by the sacred Virgin's aid,  
Soon as his eyes the light could view,  
His soul the heir of heav'n was made,  
By the renovating dew.—CHORUS.

## 3

His infant words, the first he frames,  
He utters with a trembling voice,  
"Jesus and Mary," hallowed names,  
Dwell on his lips and speak his choice.  
—CHORUS.

## 4

The tenor of high life so bright,  
So pure of angel purity;  
A seraph from the realms of light,  
Dwelling on earth he seems to be.—CHO.

IT IS NO EARTHLY SUMMER'S  
RAY.

(*Ss. Peter and Paul.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## 1

**I**T is no earthly summer's ray  
That sheds this golden brightness  
round,  
Crowning with heavenly light the day  
The princes of the Church were crowned.  
The blessed seer, to whom was given  
The hearts of men to teach and school,  
And he that keeps the keys of heav'n  
For those on earth that own his rule.  
*(twice.)*

## 2

Fathers of mighty Rome, whose word  
Shall pass the doom of life or death,  
By humble cross and bleeding sword  
Well have they won their laural wreath.  
O happy Rome, made holy now  
By those two martyrs' glorious blood  
Earth's best and fairest cities bow,  
By thy superior claims subdued. *(twice.)*

## 3

For thou alone art worth them all,  
City of martyrs! thou alone  
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call  
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne;  
All honor, power, and praise be given  
To Him who reigns in bliss on high,  
For endless, endless years in heav'n,  
One only God in Trinity. *(twice.)*

## SPOTLESS ANNA! JUDA'S GLORY!

*(Claræ dici gaudiis.)*

Tr. Rev. Fr. E. CASWALL.

## I

SPOTLESS Anna! Juda's glory!  
 Through the Church from East to  
 West,  
 Every tongue proclaims thy praises,  
 Holy Mary's Mother blest.

## CHORUS.

Gathered round thy sacred banner,  
 In this house that bears thy name,  
 Mary's mother! gracious Anna!  
 Grace and help of thee we } (*twice.*)  
 claim.

## 2

Saintly kings and priestly sires  
 Blended in thy sacred line;  
 Thou in virtue, all before thee  
 Didst excel by grace divine.—CHORUS.

## 3

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,  
 Thine it was for us to bear,  
 By the favor of High Heaven,  
 Our auroral Virgin Star.—CHORUS.

4

From thy stem in beauty budded  
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;  
Earth from thee received the Mother  
Of th' Almighty Son of God.—CHORUS.

5

All the human race benighted  
In the depths of darkness lay;  
When in Anne it saw the dawning  
Of the long-expected day.—CHORUS.

6

Honor; glory, virtue, merit,  
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!  
With the Father and the Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.—CHORUS.

185

TO KNEEL AT THINE ALTAR.

(*St. Ann, July 26.*)

I

☉ O kneel at thine altar, in faith we  
draw near,  
Led onward by Mary, thy daughter so dear.

CHORUS.

O good Saint Ann! we call on thy name,  
Thy praises loud thy children proclaim.  
(*twice.*)

2

To all who invoke thee thou lendest an ear,  
Thou soothest the sorrows of all who draw  
near.—CHORUS.

264

3

Saint Ann, we implore thee to list to our  
pray'r,

In time of temptation, take us in thy care.

—CHORUS.

4

In this life obtain for us that which is  
best,

And bring us at length to our heavenly

rest.—CHORUS.

186

*O YE ANGELIC BANDS, ATTEND!*

(*St. Stanislaus Kostka, Nov. 13.*)

I

**O** YE angelic bands, attend!

From heaven's high exalted spires,

With mortal accents deign to blend,

The voice of your harmonious choirs.

CHORUS.

In joyful strains, come sound his praise;

With anthems fill the vaulted sky,

Ye angels, wake your choicest lays,

And greet the saint now flown on high.

(*twice.*)

2

In early life's most tender state,

Oh, Thy designs how great, O God?

Young Stanislaus could emulate,

The virtuous path that saints have trod.

—CHORUS.

265

Thy tenderness, O Virgin bright,  
 Places within his youthful arms  
 The object of his soul's delight,  
 An Infant Saviour's lovely charms.

—CHORUS.

## 187

LET THE DEEP ORGAN SWELL  
 THE LAY.

(*St. Cecilia, Nov. 22.*)

By Rev. C. PISE.

CHORUS.

LET the deep organ swell the lay,  
 In honor of this festive day;  
 Let the harmonious choirs proclaim  
 Cecilia's ever-blessed name.

## 1

Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,  
 Whose holy name hath filled the earth;  
 And from the early dawn of youth,  
 She fixed her heart on God and truth.

—CHORUS.

## 2

Then from the world's bewildering strife,  
 In peace she spent her holy life—  
 Teaching the organ to combine  
 With voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

—CHORUS.

Cecilia, with a twofold crown  
 Adorn'd in heav'n, we pray look down,  
 Upon thy fervent votaries here,  
 And hearken to their humble prayer.—СНО.

## 188

TO THE SHORES OF DISTANT  
 INDIES.

(*St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 3.*)

By Rev. Fr. A. ROESLER, S. J.

## I

TO the shores of distant Indies  
 Francis Xavier takes his course;  
 Seeks for souls through land and valleys,  
 Wins all hearts with gentle force.  
 Stormy oceans, savage nations,  
 Naught can daunt him, on he hastens;  
 Stronger was his love's desire,  
 In his heart of glowing fire.

## 2

Clad in poor and lowly garments,  
 With the cross fast in his hand,  
 Thus he, joyful tidings bearing,  
 Wanders brave from land to land.  
 He, the Master's great disciple,  
 Holds all dangers but a trifle!  
 And the great apostle's word  
 Far in distant climes is heard.

- O Saint Francis, from thy glory,  
 Look upon us here below;  
 Shield us from the demon's fury,  
 Make our hearts like thine to glow.  
 How thy heart with love was burning,  
 How for souls for ever yearning,  
 Make our hearts then strong and brave;  
 Our weak souls help us to save.

## 189

## SAINT OF THE SACRED HEART.

(*St. John, the Evangelist, Dec. 27.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**S**AINTE of the Sacred Heart,  
 Sweet teacher of the Word,  
 Partner of Mary's woes,  
 A favorite of thy Lord!

## CHORUS.

Ah, teach me, then, dear Saint!  
 The secrets Christ taught thee;  
 The beatings of His Heart,  
 And how it beat for me!

## 2

We know not all thy gifts;  
 But this Christ bids us see,  
 That He who so loved all  
 Found more to love in thee.—CHORUS.



3

When the last evening came,  
Thy head was on His breast,  
Pillowed on earth, where now  
In heaven the Saints find rest.—CHORUS.

4

Dear Saint! I stand far off,  
With vilest sins opprest;  
Oh may I dare, like thee,  
To lean upon His breast!—CHORUS.

5

His touch could heal the sick,  
His voice could raise the dead,  
Oh, that my soul might be  
Where He allows thy head!—CHORUS.

6

The gifts He gave to thee,  
He gave thee to impart;  
And I, too, claim with thee  
His Mother and His Heart!—CHORUS.

190

O THOU, THE MARTYRS' GLO-  
RIOUS KING!

(*Rex gloriose Martyrum.*)

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

O THOU, the Martyrs' glorious King!  
Of Confessors the crown and prize;  
Who dost to joys celestial bring  
Those who the joys of earth despise.

269

By all the praise Thy Saints have won;  
 By all their pains in days gone by;  
 By all the deeds which they have done;  
 Hear Thou Thy suppliant people's cry.

Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;  
 Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive;  
 May we find mercy in Thy sight,  
 And in Thy sacred presence live.

To God the Father glory be,  
 And to His sole-begotten Son;  
 And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee!  
 While everlasting ages run.

## 191

SEE NO. 190.

## 192

*HAIL! WE GREET THEE, SAINT OF  
 HEAVEN.*

*(In honor of any Saint.)*

By Rev. Fr. A. ROESLER, S. J.

**H**AIL! we greet thee, Saint of Heaven,  
 Thee who standst by God's own  
 throne;  
 Boundless joys to thee are given,  
 Which to pilgrims are unknown.  
 Never ending peace and glory,

Happy Saint, fell to thy share,  
With thy joys and heav'nly beauty,  
Nothing earthly can compare.  
Pray that once we too may be  
In those blissful realms with thee.

2

Hail! we greet thee, clad in splendor,  
Bathed in seas of pure delight!  
Angel voices, bright and tender,  
There in joyful tunes unite.  
And thou wilt be, happy ever,  
Happy in eternity!  
Short on earth were work and labor,  
Short the days of misery:  
Now thy joys will never end,  
Down on us God's blessing send.

3

How thou art in wonder gazing  
At the flames of Jesus' Heart!  
Which in light and splendor blazing  
Strikes thy breast with fiery dart.  
Lost in joy and adoration  
Dost thou contemplate thy God,  
Pray that we on life's sad station  
Tread the paths which thou hast trod,  
That once happy there like thee,  
We, our God, our Lord, may see.

HYMNS FOR THE CHILDREN'S  
MASS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

1.—*Sign of the Cross.*

**I**N the name of the Father, \* and of the  
Son, \* and of the Holy Ghost. \* *Amen.*

2.—*Our Father.*

Our Father, who art in heaven; \* hal-  
lowed be Thy name; \* Thy kigdom come,  
\* Thy will be done on earth, \* as it is in  
heaven. \* Give us this day our daily bread,  
\* and forgive us our trespasses, \* as we  
forgive them, \* that trespass against us, \*  
and lead us not into temptation, \* but de-  
liver us from evil. \* *Amen.*

3.—*Hail Mary.*

Hail, Mary, full of grace, \* the Lord is  
with thee; \* blessed art thou among women,  
\* and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,  
Jesus. \* Holy Mary, Mother of God, \*  
pray for us sinners, \* now and at the hour  
of our death. \* *Amen.*

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

**I**BELIVE in God \* the Father Al-  
mighty, \* Creator of heaven and  
earth, \* † and in Jesus Christ, \* His only  
Son our Lord,

Who was conceived \* by the Holy Ghost,  
\* born of the Virgin Mary † suffered under Pontius Pilate, \* was crucified, dead and buried.

He descended into hell, \* the third day;  
\* He rose again from the dead; † He ascended into heaven, \* sitteth at the right hand \* of God, \* the Father Almighty.

From thence He shall come \* to judge the living \* and the dead. † I believe in the Holy Ghost;

The Holy Catholic Church; \* the communion of Saints, † the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body \* and life \* everlasting. *Amen.*

### GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

GLORY be to the Father \* and to the Son, \* and to the Holy Ghost. \*

As it was in the beginning, \* is now, and ever shall be, \* world without end. \* *Amen.*

195

### IT IS THE NAME OF MARY.

I

IT is the name of Mary,  
Which we to-day proclaim,  
Come all ye Mary's children,  
To sing that lovely name,  
Come sing that name, dear children,  
It is your mother's own;  
Unite your hearts and praises,  
And waft them to her throne.

273

A name of pow'r and sweetness,  
 Her name to us so dear,  
 A name of awe and grandeur,  
 But grandeur free from fear.  
 Sweet name all strong yet tender,  
 That name we love so well,  
 The joy of earth and heaven,  
 The fear and dread of hell.

The first word ever spoken  
 By Jesus when a Child,  
 Was thy dear name, O Mother!  
 He spoke it and he smiled.  
 Oh, may thy name, dear Mother,  
 On life's last fearful day,  
 Be my last fervent prayer,  
 Be all my hope and stay.

## 196

O MARY, MOTHER SWEETEST  
 BEST.

(*Children's First Communion Hymn.*)

## I

O MARY, Mother sweetest best,  
 From heaven's immortal bowers,  
 Do gather for a little child  
 A bouquet of sweet flowers.  
 I wish my little heart to be  
 A cradle fair and gay,  
 Where blessed Jesus may repose, } (twice.)  
 (My first)\* communion day.

My little child, I can obtain  
 So bright a wreath for thee,  
 That Jesus will delight to come  
 Within thy heart to be.  
 I'll give thee lovely charity,  
 More warm than roses glow;  
 I'll give thee heavenly purity,  
 More white than lily snow. } (*twice.*)

The violet of humility  
 Shall yield a sweet perfume,  
 And Jesus will delight to be  
 Within thy little room.  
 But then remember, dearest child,  
 The blossoms that I give  
 Require the watering of a prayer } (*twice.*)  
 Or they will cease to live.

Mother, dearest, tenderest Mother,  
 You know how frail I am,  
 A very giddy, thoughtless thing,  
 A weak and helpless lamb.  
 But oh! if thou wilt but send down  
 Those precious flowers to me,  
 I doubt not but with thy good  
 help } (*twice.*)  
 Well watered they will be.

Then Mary from her holy hands,  
 Those precious flowers sent down,  
 As beautiful and pure as those  
 That wreath an angel's crown.  
 That little soul was richly blest,  
 In which dear Jesus lay,  
 Like the sweet turtle in its nest }  
 Sweet (first)\* communion day. } (*twice.*)

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\* This sweet communion day.





## On Saying the Rosary

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197

HAIL, FULL OF GRACE AND  
PURITY.

(*The Joyful Mysteries.*)

By Rev. Fr. P. CONWAY, O. P.

I

*The Annunciation—Humility.*

HAIL, full of grace and purity,  
Meek handmaid of the Lord;  
Hail, model of humility,  
Chaste Mother of the Lord.

2

*The Visitation—Charity to Our Neighbor.*

By that pure love which prompted thee  
To seek thy cousin blest,  
Pray that the fire of charity  
May burn within our breast.

3

*The Birth of Our Lord—Poverty.*

This blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,  
From Jesus through His birth,  
By holy poverty to wean  
Our hearts from things of earth.

4

*The Presentation in the Temple.—  
Obedience.*

Most holy Virgin, Maiden mild,  
Obtain for us, we pray,  
To imitate thy Holy Child  
By striving to obey.

*The Finding of Our Lord—Love of Him  
and His Service.*

By thy dear Son, restored to thee,  
This grace for us implore,  
To serve our Lord more faithfully,  
And love Him more and more.

*Concluding Stanza.*

Queen of the holy Rosary,  
With tender love look down,  
And bless the hearts that offer thee  
This chaplet for thy crown.

*LORD, BY THY PRAYER IN AGONY.*

*(The Sorrowful Mysteries.)*

By Rev. Fr. P. CONWAY, O. P.

*The Prayer of Our Lord—Prayer.*

**L**ORD, by Thy prayer in agony,  
On Olivet alone,  
Teach us to pray, resigned like Thee,  
And say, "Thy will be done."

2

*The Scourging—Mortification.*

Sweet Saviour, who didst bear for me  
The scourges' pains intense,  
Help me to fly all luxury,  
And mortify each sense.

3

*The Crowning with Thorns—Fortitude.*

By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,  
And scoffs and buffets rude,  
Teach us to bear all pain and scorn  
With holy fortitude.

4

*The Carrying of the Cross—Patience.*

Lord, by Thy Cross, Thy people spare,  
And on us pity take,  
Help us our daily cross to bear  
With patience for Thy sake.

5

*The Crucifixion—Spirit of Self-Sacrifice.*

O Jesus, Victim for man's fall,  
Lamb slain on Calvary,  
Accept henceforth our lives, our all,  
In sacrifice to Thee.

6

*Concluding Stanza.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
With tender love look down  
And bless the hearts that offer thee  
This chaplet for thy crown.

ALL HAIL, GREAT CONQUEROR,  
TO THEE.

(*The Glorious Mysteries.*)

By Rev. Fr. P. CONWAY, O. P.

## I

*The Resurrection—Faith.*

ALL hail, great Conqueror, to thee,  
Arisen from the dead;  
Grant us the light of faith, that we  
May in Thy footsteps tread.

## 2

*The Ascension—Hope.*

To heaven thou dost ascend again,  
Sweet Saviour of our race,  
With hope our fainting hearts sustain,  
To see in heaven Thy face.

## 3

*The Descent of the Holy Ghost—Zeal for  
Souls.*

O Holy Ghost, who didst descend  
In cloven tongues of fire,  
Our souls, which all too earthward tend,  
With burning zeal inspire.

## 4

*The Assumption—Devotion to Our Lady.*

Mother of God, enthroned above,  
Beseech thy Son anew  
To fill our hearts with childlike love  
For thee, our Mother, too.

*The Coronation of Our Lady—Perseverence.*

All gracious Queen of Angels, deign  
 Our last request to hear,  
 For us this crowning gift obtain,  
 In grace to persevere.

*Concluding Stanza.*

Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
 With tender love look down,  
 And bless the hearts that offer thee  
 This chaplet for thy crown.

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200

*THERE IS ONE TRUE AND ONLY  
 GOD.*

I

**T**HERE is one true and only God,  
 Our Maker and our Lord  
 And he created ev'rything  
 By His Almighty Word.

CHORUS.

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

2

But in this One and only God  
There yet are Persons Three;  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Blessed Trinity.—CHORUS.

3

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

4

The good, with God in heaven above  
Will ever happy be;  
The wicked, in the flames of hell  
Will burn eternally.—CHORUS.

201

*UNVEIL, O LORD AND ON US  
SHINE.*

By Cardinal NEWMAN.

1

**U**NVEIL, O Lord, and on us shine  
In glory and in grace;  
This gaudy world grows pale before  
The beauty of Thy face.

2

Till Thou art seen, it seems to be  
A sort of fairy ground,  
Where suns unsetting light the sky,  
And flowers and fruits abound.

282

3

But when Thy keener, purer beam  
Is poured upon our sight,  
It loses all its power to charm,  
And what was day is night.

4

Its noblest toils are then the scourge  
Which made Thy blood to flow;  
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns  
Which circled round Thy brow.

5

And thus, when we renounce for Thee  
Its restless aims and fears,  
The tender memories of the past,  
The hopes of coming years.

6

Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes  
Are lighted from above;  
We offer what we cannot keep,  
What we have ceased to love.

General Hymns—Missions,  
Retreats, Etc.

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202

JESUS, MY GOD, BEHOLD AT  
LENGTH THE TIME.

By Rt. Rev. B. CHADWICK.

I

JESUS, my God,  
Behold at length the time  
When I resolve  
To turn away from crime.

CHORUS.

Oh, pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I im-  
plore,  
I will never more offend Thee;  
Oh, pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I im-  
plore,  
I will never more offend Thee, no never  
more.

*Parce Dómine, parce pópulo tuo;  
Ne in aetérnum irascáris nobis.*

2

Since my poor soul,  
Thy precious Blood hath cost,  
Suffer me not  
Forever to be lost.—CHORUS.



Kneeling in tears,  
Behold me at Thy Feet,  
Like Magdalen,  
Forgiveness I entreat.—CHORUS.

## 203

## GOD OF MERCY AND COMPASSION.

(Act of Contrition.)

By Rev. Fr. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

## 1

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

## CHORUS.

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

## 2

By my sins I have deserved  
Death and endless misery,  
Hell with all its pains and torments,  
And for all eternity.—CHORUS.

## 3

By my sins I have abandoned  
Right and claim to heaven above,  
Where the saints rejoice forever,  
In a boundless sea of love.—CHORUS.

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

—CHORUS.

## 204

*OVERWHELMED IN DEPTHS OF  
 SORROW.*

## I

**O**VERWHELMED in depths of sorrow,  
 On the tree of pain and scorn,  
 Hangeth bleeding the Redeemer,  
 And with racking anguish torn.

## CHORUS.

Jesus, who has caused Thy Passion,  
 Who has nailed Thee to the Cross?  
 Oh, 'twas I, who sinned and grieved Thee,  
 I, who nailed Thee to the Cross.

## 2

See the nails, how cruelly piercing,  
 Hands and feet so tender rend;  
 Down His face, and down His body  
 See His Sacred Blood descend.

—CHORUS.

3

Hearken! with what cry in dying  
Jesus' spirit takes its flight!  
How it pierced the heart of Mary  
How it whelmed her soul in night.

—CHORUS.

4

See the sun its light withdrawing,  
And the heavens growing pale;  
Bursting rocks the tombs that open,  
All their Maker's death bewail.

—CHORUS.

5

Come, before His cross assemble,  
For, for us He shed His blood;  
Died, of fervent love a victim,  
He, the only Son of God.—CHORUS.

205

*RETURN TO GOD, POOR SINNER.*

I

*The Good Shepherd.*

**R**ETURN to God, poor sinner, it is meet;  
Delay no more to bend thy rebel knee;  
His holy law thou'st broken; I entreat,  
Return to Him, Who seeketh after thee.  
(*twice.*)

2

*The Sinner.*

Behold, O Lord! This lost and straying  
sheep,  
Whom Thou didst deign to seek for, oh!  
how long!  
Aroused at last from its long deadly sleep,  
Guilty, confused this heart repents its  
wrong. (*twice.*)

3

*The Good Shepherd.*

Repentant child, thy heart is all I seek,  
And when thy heart is given all to Me,  
My mercy takes thy service, rendered meek,  
And rains down grace and loves un-  
ceasingly. (*twice.*)

4

*The Sinner.*

My God! how good Thou art to all of those,  
Who with sincere repentance Thee im-  
plore;  
With grief and love my swelling heart  
o'erflows,  
Oh, give me grace to love Thee evermore.  
(*twice.*)

206

*LIGHT DIES AWAY!*

I

**L**IGHT dies away! another sun is set-  
ting!  
How short has been the day that is now  
done!

O fleeting life! how soon we are forgetting  
How days and days thus hurry one by  
one. (*twice.*)

2

Eternity is drawing close around us;  
Labor we hard our conscience to prepare,  
How do the saints of guilt or sin con-  
found us?  
To practice virtue, has it been our care?  
(*twice.*)

3

If on this night our Sovereign Maker call us  
To stand before His dreadful judgment  
seat:  
Ah! would His voice with stern reproach  
appall us?  
Or with meek eyes and tones of kind-  
ness greet? (*twice.*)

4

Oh, let our hearts o'erflow with true re-  
pentance;  
And while we weep o'er sin and guilt  
we've done,  
We shall from us avert the direful ven-  
geance  
Of endless joys the right we shall have  
won. (*twice.*)

TO CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF  
PEACE.

(*Summi Parentis Filio.*)

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

I

O Christ, the Prince of Peace,  
And Son of God most high,  
The Father of the world to come,  
Sing we with holy joy.

CHORUS.

Deep in His Heart for us  
The wound of love He bore;  
That love wherewith He still inflames  
The hearts that Him adore.

2

O Jesus, Victim blest!  
What else but love divine  
Could Thee constrain to open thus  
That Sacred Heart of Thine?—CHORUS.

3

O Fount of endless life,  
O Spring of waters clear,  
O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto Thee draw near.—CHORUS.

4

Hide me in Thy dear Heart,  
For thither do I fly;  
There seek Thy grace thro' life, in death  
Thine immortality.—CHORUS.

5

Praise to the Father be,  
And sole begotten Son;  
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.—CHORUS.

208

*O JESUS, JESUS THRONED ON  
HIGH.*

By M. S. PINE.

I

**O** JESUS, Jesus throned on high,  
How sweet Thy reign of love,  
Thy Heart's best treasures here I find  
Descending from above.  
I need not envy angels now,  
And fear has fled away,  
I know 'tis Heart to heart that Thou  
Wilt speak to me to-day.

2

Thou Who didst make and light the eyes  
That now look up to Thee  
Dost lure my heart with sweet surprise  
By hidden majesty;

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A wondrous curtain here I view  
Before Thy Godhead bright,  
And all Thy beauteous Manhood, too,  
Stands veiled in deepest night.

3

But Faith beneath the veil doth peer,  
And love draws back each fold,  
Till Thy Heart's beatings she doth hear,  
Like John made overbold.  
She looks into Thy heavenly eyes  
For which the angels pine,  
And drinks the sweetness of the Saints  
In union all divine.

209

*THROUGH THIS VALE OF TEARS  
WE WANDER.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**T**HROUGH this vale of tears we  
wander,  
Pilgrims in a far-off land;  
Longing ever, sighing ever,  
Just to see and understand.  
Just to see Thy face, my Jesus,  
Just to know Thy love divine;  
Just to be with Thee in heaven  
Our hearts sheltered Lord in Thine.



Here below all things are passing;  
 Night will end our happiest day;  
 Friends we trusted most forsake us,  
 Pleasures vanish, hopes decay.  
 Thou alone, O Lord, art changeless,  
 And Thy love will never cease;  
 Lord I pine with love and longing  
 Till I see Thee face to face.

Stranger in a land of strangers,  
 In a land of misery;  
 One hope brightens my sad exile  
 Hope of heaven, hope of Thee.  
 Jesus dear, my God and Saviour,  
 Deign my comforter to be  
 Till my soul in highest heaven,  
 Dwells with Thee eternally.

## 210

'TIS THY GOOD PLEASURE AND  
 NOT MY OWN.

By Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

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

CHORUS.

O Will of God, O Will divine,  
 All, all our love be ever Thine. } (*twice*.)

2

In love, no rival canst Thou bear,  
But Thou art full of tenderest care;  
And fire and sweetness all divine  
To hearts which once are wholly Thine.  
—CHORUS.

3

In Thee all pure affections live,  
To love Thou dost perfection give;  
While ever burning with desires,  
The loving soul to Thee aspires.—CHORUS.

4

Thou makest crosses soft and light,  
And death itself seems sweet and bright;  
No cross nor fear that soul dismays,  
Whose will to Thee united stays.—CHORUS.

5

To Thee I consecrate, I give  
My heart and being while I live,  
Jesus, Thy heart alone shall be  
My love for all eternity.—CHORUS.

6

Alike in pleasure and in pain,  
To please Thee is my joy in gain;  
That, O my Love, which please Thee,  
Shall evermore seem best to me.—CHORUS.

*Final Chorus.*

May heav'n and earth with love  
fulfill, } (twice.)  
My God, Thy ever blessed Will!

O KING AND LORD, WHO DWELL-  
EST ON THIS ALTAR!

By S. N. D.

(Reparation.)

I

O KING and Lord, Who dwellest on this  
altar,

We come to Thee, with loving hearts and  
true,

To thank Thee for Thy love, which cannot  
falter

In spite of all ungrateful men may do.  
We come to tell Thy Heart despised and  
lonely,

That we are fain Thy loyal friends to be,  
That we will strive through life to love  
Thee only,

That in Thy sorrows we would comfort  
Thee.

2

We thank Thee that, from rising sun to  
setting,

Thou standest on our altar, Lord, as slain;  
We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,

Men leave Thee in Thy death alone again.  
We come to tell Thy Heart, thus scorned  
and slighted,

That in the daily Mass our strength  
shall be;

That in the Mass our lives shall be de-  
lighted,

That in Thy sorrows we would comfort  
Thee.

And for ourselves, who knowing and believing,  
 Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,  
 Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,  
 And strengthen, Lord, our weak and  
 changing will.  
 We promise now Thy Heart despised and  
 lonely,  
 That we are fain Thy truer friends to  
 be;  
 That we will strive through life to love  
 Thee only,  
 That in Thy sorrows we would comfort  
 Thee.

## 212

O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD!

(*Most Holy Name of Jesus.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## 1

O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord,  
 Forgive me if I say,  
 For very love, Thy Sacred Name,  
 A thousand times a day.

## 2

I love Thee so, I know not how  
 My transports to control;  
 Thy love is like a burning fire,  
 Within my very soul.

3

Oh, wonderful, that Thou shouldst let  
So vile a heart as mine  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.

4

For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

5

What limit is there to thee, love?  
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?  
On on, our Lord is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.

6

O love of Jesus, blessed love,  
So will it ever be:  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity.

213

HAVE MERCY ON US, GOD MOST  
HIGH!

(*Holy Trinity.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**H**AVE mercy on us, God Most High!  
Who lift our hearts to Thee;  
Have mercy on us, worms of earth,  
Most Holy Trinity!

2

Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Before Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity!

3

When heaven and earth were yet unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty  
Didst live and love alone!

4

Thou wert not born, there was no fount  
From which Thy Being flowed;  
There is no end which Thou canst reach;  
But Thou art simply God.

5

How wonderful creation is!  
The work that Thou didst bless;  
And oh! what then must Thou be like,  
Eternal Loveliness!

6

O Majesty most beautiful!  
Most Holy Trinity!  
On Mary's throne we climb to get  
A far-off sight of Thee.

7

Oh, listen, then, Most Pitiful!  
To Thy poor creature's heart;  
It blesses Thee, that Thou art God,  
That Thou art what Thou art!

8

Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Still at Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, Most Merciful,  
Most Holy Trinity!

214

*HAIL, JESUS, HAIL.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**H**AIL, Jesus, hail! Who for my sake  
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst  
take,

And shed it all for me; (*twice.*)

Oh, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,

My life, my light, my only good, (*twice.*)

To all eternity.

2

To endless ages let us praise

The precious Blood, whose price could raise

The world from wrath and sin; (*twice.*)

Whose streams our inward thirst appease,

And heal the sinner's worst disease, (*twice.*)

If he but bathe therein.

3

O sweetest Blood, that can implore  
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,  
The heaven which sin had lost; (*twice.*)  
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,  
What Jesus shed still intercedes, (*twice.*)  
For those who wrong Him most.

4

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of Christ's own sacred Blood excels  
Earth's best and highest bliss; (*twice.*)  
The ministers of wrath divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
(*twice.*)

With those red drops of His.

5

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
When this sweet song we raise: (*twice.*)  
Oh, louder then, and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill, (*twice.*)  
The precious Blood to praise.

215

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO  
THEE, O LORD!

(*Hymn of Thanksgiving.*)

By Rev. H. VAN RENSSELAER, S. J.

I

WHAT shall I render unto Thee, O Lord,  
For all the gifts Thy bounty doth  
accord?

Naught can I offer save my love alone,  
Ah, let it, Lord, my thankless past atone.



What is my love; nay, what indeed my  
heart?

That I should dare to offer Thee a part.  
Take it, O Lord, I wholly give to Thee,  
My love, my heart, my soul, my entity.

Take what is Thine, for Thou hast given me  
My life with all its glorious destiny.  
Or bid me live that I may spend my days,  
O Sacred Heart, in showing forth Thy  
praise.

What are my goods? as nothing in Thy sight,  
For all belong to Thee, O Lord, by right.  
To Thee their use I humbly dedicate;  
My life, my all, to Thee I consecrate.

## 216

*O BLEST CREATOR OF THE LIGHT!*

*(Lucis Creator optime.)*

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

**O** BLEST Creator of the light!  
Who dost the dawn from darkness  
bring;  
And framing Nature's depths and height,  
Didst with the new-born light begin.

2

Who gently blending eve with morn,  
And morn with eve, didst call them day;  
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;  
Oh, hear us as we weep and pray!

3

Keep Thou our souls from schemes of  
crime;  
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;  
Nor, thinking but on things of time,  
Into eternal darkness go.

4

Teach us to knock at Heaven's high door;  
Teach us the prize of life to win;  
Teach us all evil to abhor,  
And purify ourselves within.

5

Father of mercies! hear our cry;  
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!  
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,  
Reignest while endless ages run.

217

*O LORD OF HOSTS.*

By S. N. D.

I

**O** LORD of hosts, be mindful of our  
pleading,  
Oh, let our prayer find favor in Thy sight;  
Hark to Thy Church triumphant interced-  
ing;  
Pity Thy Church that groaneth in the  
fight.

302

O God of truth, no battle line can snake her,  
Trusting in Thee, we shall not lose our  
hope;

Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not  
forsake her?

Hear, then, our pray'r for the Church  
and the Pope. (*twice.*)

2

O Master dear, we sink, and Thou art sleep-  
ing,

Dark is the night, the waves our vessel  
fill:

Wake, wake, O Lord! Thy children here  
are weeping;

Speak to the wind and waters: "Peace,  
be still!"

Let not men say Thy promises are failing,  
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost  
her hope:

Let them not deem the gates of hell pre-  
vailing;

Hear, Thou, our pray'r for the Church  
and the Pope. (*twice.*)

3

Shepherd of souls, the wolves are all  
around us,

Whisper again, "O fear not, little flock";

Jesus, our King, the enemies surround us,

Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.

Show us Thine Angels camping round  
about us,  
Strengthen our hearts in Faith and Love  
and Hope;  
If Thou art with us, legions shall not  
rout us,  
None shall prevail o'er the Church and  
the Pope! (*twice.*)

218

O ALL YE PEOPLE GOD HATH  
MADE.

1

O ALL ye people God hath made,  
Sing glory to His holy name:  
To Him be endless honors paid,  
Let every tongue His praise proclaim.  
*(twice.)*

2

Praise to the Lord, who all things made,  
Give glory to His holy name,  
To Him be endless honors paid,  
Let every tongue His praise proclaim.  
*(twice.)*

3

Oh, sing His praise, ye heav'nly choirs,  
Who stand around His awful throne;  
Repeat on your immortal lyres,  
That praise belongs to Him alone.  
*(twice.)*

4

Thou glorious sun, His image bright  
Who rul'st the seasons and the days,  
And thou, fair moon, who rul'st the night,  
Unite in your Creator's praise. (*twice.*)

## 5

Praise Him, ye stars, whose trembling  
lights

Like scattered pearls, adorn the sky;  
Your silent course each heart invites,  
To praise the Lord who reigns on high.  
(*twice.*)

## 6

Praise Him, ye mounts, ye hills sublime,  
Ye valleys dressed in living green;  
Ye flow'rs, declare to every clime,  
His charm to mortal eye unseen. (*twice.*)

## 7

Praise Him, ye founts, ye limpid streams,  
Ye rapid rivers in your course;  
Proclaim Him in your murm'ring themes,  
Of ev'ry good th' exhaustless source.  
(*twice.*)

## 8

Join voices, ye sweet feather'd throng,  
Whose warbling notes to heaven arise;  
Let woods and hills repeat your song,  
And zephyrs waft it through the skies.  
(*twice.*)

## 9

O thou, for whom this wondrous frame,  
And all these creatures were design'd;  
O man! adore and praise His name  
In whom all beauties are combined.  
(*twice.*)

*JERUSALEM! MY HAPPY HOME!*

Rev. Fr. ANDERTON, S. J.

1

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 When shall I come to thee?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys when shall I see?

2

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,  
 They see God face to face,  
 They triumph still, they still rejoice,  
 Most happy is their case.

3

There David stands with harp in hand,  
 As master of the chair,  
 Ten thousand times that man were blest,  
 That might this music hear.

4

Our Lady sings Magnificat,  
 With tune surpassing sweet,  
 And all the virgins bear their part,  
 Sitting about her feet.

5

There Magdalen hath left her moan,  
 And cheerfully doth sing,  
 With blessed Saints whose harmony  
 In every street doth ring.

Ah, my sweet home Jerusalem!  
 Would God I were in thee!  
 Would God my woes were at an end,  
 Thy joys that I might see.

## 220

*O BRIGHTNESS OF ETERNAL  
 LIGHT.*

## I

**O** BRIGHTNESS of eternal light,  
 I worship at Thy feet;  
 Though all unworthy in Thy sight,  
 Thy mercies I repeat.

## 2

To save our souls from sin and strife  
 Is still Thy work divine;  
 The gates of everlasting life,  
 O gracious Lord, are Thine.

## 3

I love to praise Thee when the sun  
 Pours forth his early light,  
 And when the bright stars one by one  
 Come twinkling out at night.

## 4

If I am free from care and loss,  
 I love to praise Thy name;  
 If I am called to bear Thy Cross,  
 I bless Thee all the same.

5

If roses on my path I meet,  
I feel the gift is Thine;  
If thorns spring up to pierce my feet,  
I still will not repine.

6

The blessings sent to win my love,  
O Lord, I freely take;  
The trials sent my faith to prove,  
I bear for Thy dear sake.

7

Then let me on my journey go,  
And fear not for the end;  
It matters not who is my foe,  
If Jesus be my friend.

8

In Thee, sweet Lord, I put my trust;  
Oh guard me while I live;  
And when this dust returns to dust,  
My soul in heaven receive.

221

*JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN!*  
(*Urbs Sion Aurea.*)

I

**J**ERUSALEM the golden!  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice opprest,  
I know not, oh, I know not  
What joys await us there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.



They stand, those halls of Sion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 His light is always seen,  
 The pastures of the blessèd  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast ;  
 And they, who with their Leader  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd Country,  
 The Home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessèd Country  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 Jesus, in mercy, bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with God the Father  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

## JESUS, LORD, BE THOU MY OWN.

Tr. Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

## 1

JESUS, Lord, be Thou my own;  
 Thee I long for, Thee alone;  
 All myself I give to Thee;  
 Do whate'er Thou wilt with me. (*twice.*)

## 2

Life without Thy love would be  
 Death, O Sovereign Good, to me;  
 Bound and held by Thy dear chains  
 Captive now my heart remains. (*twice.*)

## 3

Thou, O God, my heart inflame,  
 Give that love which Thou dost claim;  
 Payment I will ask for none;  
 Love demands but love alone. (*twice.*)

## 4

God of beauty, Lord of light,  
 Thy good will is my delight,  
 Now henceforth Thy will divine  
 Ever shall in all be mine. (*twice.*)

## CHRIST, THE GLORY OF THE SKY.

Tr. Rev. Fr. CAMPBELL.

1

CHRIST, the glory of the sky;  
 Christ, of earth the hope secure;  
 Only Son of God most high;  
 Offspring of a maiden pure! (*twice.*)

2

Purest Light, within us dwell,  
 Never from our souls depart;  
 Come, the shades of earth expel,  
 Fill and purify the heart. (*twice.*)

3

Help us now Thy praise to sing  
 Praise for this returning day;  
 Light and life let morning bring,  
 Clouds and darkness flee away. (*twice.*)

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. (*twice.*)

5

Praise the Father; praise the Son,  
 Spirit blest, to Thee be praise!  
 To the eternal Three in One  
 Glory be through endless days! (*twice.*)

TEARS ON THY SACRED FACE,  
MY GOD!

I

TEARS on Thy Sacred Face, my God!  
 Long sorrow, told by tears,  
 A wreath of torture crowns at last  
 The agony of years!  
 Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty fled,  
 \* Thy tender, touching grace  
 Beams on us now no longer here,  
 O Sacred suffering Face!

2

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my God!  
 The anguish that shall win  
 Hope for the desolate, with peace  
 And pardon for the sin;  
 The sin in whose deadly hands have laid  
 So deep, so sad a trace  
 On brow and lips and weeping eyes,  
 O Sacred, suffering Face!

3

Love on Thy Sacred Face my God!  
 The love that liveth on  
 Though light, and loveliness and joy,  
 To sight of earth, are gone;  
 The love that calls us to Thy Feet,  
 And folds in Thine embrace  
 The children of Thy tears, my God!  
 O Sacred suffering Face!

## 4

We pray Thee for Thy straying sheep,  
 We pray Thee for the eyes,  
 The lips, the hearts, that always bid,  
 Thine own hot tear-drops rise,  
 We pray Thee for this world of Thine,  
 Its wandering, wilful race,  
 Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy Shrine,  
 Thy Sacred, suffering Face!

## 5

Unclose Thy weary Eyes, my God!  
 Bow down Thy weary Head,  
 Over the souls that prostrate lie,  
 Thy Precious Blood be shed.  
 O royal flood, O golden flood,  
 Of faith, of hope, of grace;  
 Bless Thou the hearts and eyes that seek  
 Thy Sacred, suffering Face!

## 225

*I COME TO THEE ONCE MORE,  
 MY GOD!*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**I** COME to Thee once more, my God!  
 No longer will I roam;  
 For I have sought the wide world through,  
 And never found a home.  
 Though bright and many are the spots  
 Where I have built a nest,  
 Yet in the brightest still I pined  
 For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,  
 And they were fair to see;  
 Yet gold was but a sorry god  
 To serve instead of Thee.  
 Then honor and the world's good word  
 Appeared a nobler faith;  
 Yet could I rest on bliss that hung  
 And trembled on a breath?

The pleasure of the passing hour  
 My spirit next could wile;  
 But soon, full soon, my heart felt sick  
 Of pleasure's weary smile.  
 More selfish grown, I worshipped health,  
 The flush of manhood's power;  
 But when it came and went so quick,  
 It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world  
 Hath done its best for me;  
 Yet I have found, O God! no rest,  
 No harbor short of Thee,  
 For Thou hast made this wondrous soul  
 All for Thyself alone;  
 Ah! send Thy sweet transforming grace  
 To make it more Thine own.

## AVE SANCTISSIMA!

## I

A VE Sanctissima,  
 We lift our souls to thee,  
 Ora pro nobis!

'Tis nightfall on the sea.  
 Watch us while shadows lie  
 Far o'er the water spread,  
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh,  
 Thine too hath bled.  
 Thou that hast looked on death,  
 Aid us when death is nigh;  
 Whisper of Heav'n to faith.

## CHORUS.

Sweet mother, hear,  
 Ora pro nobis,  
 The wave must rock our sleep,  
 Ora mater, Ora, star of the sea.

## 2

Ave Sanctissima,  
 List to thy children's pray'r,  
 Audi Maria!  
 And take us to thy care.  
 O thou whose virtues shine  
 With brightest purity,  
 Come and each thought refine,  
 Till pure like thine.  
 O save our souls from ill;  
 Guard thou our lives from fear;  
 Our hearts with pleasure fill.

## O BRIGHT FLOWER OF CARMEL!

I

O BRIGHT Flower of Carmel, thou  
 blossoming vine!  
 The splendor of heaven, of Jesus divine!  
 The Child bearing Virgin, most stainless,  
 most mild,  
 Thy privilege grant to each Carmelite child.

2

O Star of the wild sea, that shineth serene,  
 Once seen by Elias as Carmel's bright Queen  
 Typified by the cloudlet that rose o'er the  
 waves  
 Of the sea that Mount Carmel's base  
 gently laves.

WHAT A SEA OF TEARS AND  
SORROWS!

(*O quot undis lacrymarum.*)

Tr. Rev. Fr. CAMPBELL.

I

WHAT a sea of tears and sorrows  
 Did the soul of Mary toss  
 To and fro upon its billows,  
 While she wept her bitter loss;  
 In her arms, her Jesus holding,  
 Torn but newly from the Cross.



## 2

Oh, that mournful Virgin-Mother!  
 See her tears, how fast they flow  
 Down upon His mangled body,  
 Wounded side, and thorny brow:  
 While His hands and feet she kisses,—  
 Picture of immortal woe.

## 3

Oft and oft His arms and bosom  
 Fondly straining to her own;  
 Oft her pallid lips imprinting  
 On each wound of her dear Son  
 Till at last, in swoons of anguish,  
 Sense and consciousness are gone.

## 4

Gentle Mother, we beseech thee.  
 By thy tears and troubles sore;  
 By the death of thy dear Offspring  
 By the bloody wounds He bore.  
 Touch our hearts with that true sorrow  
 Which afflicted thee of yore.

## 5

To the Father everlasting,  
 And the Son, who reigns on high,  
 With the coeternal Spirit,  
 Trinity in Unity,  
 Be salvation, honor, blessing,  
 Now and through eternity.

## O FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST.

*(Renewal of Baptismal Vows.)*

O FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 One God in Persons Three,  
 We come in faith to count the cost,  
 And give ourselves to Thee.  
 In hope and love Thy name we bless  
 For countless mercies given,  
 To make our earthly burdens less,  
 And smooth our way to heaven.

2

But most we thank Thee for the grace  
 Of that thrice blessed day,  
 Which sped us in our Christian race,  
 And wash'd our sin away.  
 Then we were free from guilty stain;  
 Though sad and sinful now  
 With contrite heart we come again  
 To make our solemn vow.

3

Dear Lord, before Thy wounded feet  
 Weeping Thy children fall;  
 Hear us, kind Jesus, Saviour sweet,  
 Our Life, our Love, our All:  
 We seek to serve no other king,  
 Follow no other guide,  
 Nor earth, nor any earthly thing,  
 Shall tear us from Thy side.

We seek to know no other love,  
 Save what we love in Thee;  
 And Thee we choose all else above  
 Our chiefest love to be.  
 Thy Blood our only treasure is,  
 Thy Cross our chosen part;  
 Thyself and Mary all our bliss;  
 Our home, Thy Sacred Heart.

## 230

CHRISTMAS COMES TO BLESS THE  
 EARTH.

(*The Crib, the Cross, the Altar.*)

## I

CHRISTMAS comes to bless the earth  
 With its wondrous heavenly birth;  
 Bright and high the dawning Light  
 Burneth through the gloom of night.  
 God hath come with men to dwell,  
 Christ is born in Israël;  
 Thrilling songs His Angels sing,  
 Worshipping their Infant King.

## 2

*Easter* with its flaming crown  
 Tramples all the darkness down  
 Tyrant spectres of the gloom  
 Die before the open Tomb.  
 Christ hath risen from the grave,  
 Christ hath risen, strong to save;  
 Thrilling songs His Angels sing,  
 Worshipping their Victor King.

Thus He reigns beyond the sky  
 In the love that cannot die;  
 Yet with men doth ever dwell,  
 In the midst of Israel.  
 So before His *Altar* now  
 All His radiant Angels bow;  
 Thrilling songs they ever sing,  
 Worshipping their hidden King.

Comes the shadow of the tomb,  
 Comes the fearful day of doom;  
 Darkling clouds about us lower;  
 Jesus, save us in that hour.  
 By the *Christmas* frost and snow,  
*Easter's* bright and burning glow,  
 Light around Thine *Altar* shed,  
 Save us in that hour of dread.

## 231

*HAIL CROSS DIVINE!*

(*The March of the Parish Schools.*)

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. A. BRANN, D. D.

## I

**H**AIL, Cross divine! thy victories we sing,  
 For thee our martyrs brave and  
 faithful died;  
 To thee in weal and woe we fondly cling,  
 Symbol of faith in Jesus crucified.

Hail, Cross of Christ! though unbelievers  
spurn,  
Our ardor glows in measure of their haste;  
With love for thee our hearts forever burn;  
Nor scoff, nor blows our ardor can abate.

2

Hail, starry flag! by saintly Carrol blessed!  
Unfurled in freedom o'er our hills and  
plains;  
To shelter those in other lands oppressed,  
Who, refuge seek from bondage and  
from chains.  
Shine brilliant stars, in beauty ever shine!  
To show the road of truth, of peace  
and love;  
These three in union with the Cross, combine  
To lead Columbia to the realms above.

3

Thy stripes ne'er fall save on the jealous  
foe,  
Who dares impede the course of  
tranquil toil,  
Or rebel son who with internal woe  
And blood-shed desolates the fertile soil.  
When Cross and flag united on us call,  
A band of patriots rallied let us stand;  
For Cross and flag together fight or fall,  
The free-born sons of Christ and Fa-  
therland.

COMETH, A NEW YEAR, BURIED IS  
THE OLDEN.

(*Lapsus est annus: redit annus alter.*)

Tr. Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D.

I

COMETH a new year, buried is the olden ;  
Thus, too, our life goes out with  
    pinion sleeping ;  
Thou, Lord, its Master ; for its course is  
    holden  
        Safe in Thy keeping.

2

Joyous we praise Thee for its gifts allotted :  
But for the greatest, Lord, which Thou  
    hast given,  
Pray we, Thy children, keep the faith  
    unspotted,  
        Rentless, unruven.

3

\* Give us our daily bread, beseech we lowly ;  
Far from our borders, drive all sickly  
    humors :  
Shower Thy gifts of peace, and banish  
    wholly  
        War and its rumors.

4

\* Oh, may Thy pardon our misdoing cover :  
Be the endeavors of the bad repressed :  
Grant to the victors, when the strife is over,  
    Palms of the blessed.

---

\* The stanzas marked \* may be omitted.

5

Sinful affections, sinful acts reprovng,  
Offer we, Saviour, hearts with love o'er-  
flowing:

Make our years fruitful—Thou a Father's  
loving  
Countenance showing.

6

Days, years and epochs—Time in all its phases  
Runneth to Thee, Lord, as a mighty river:  
May Thy creation offer worthy praises  
Unto Thee ever.



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# Sacred Songs

AMMUNITION

IN MUSIC'S SWEETEST STRAINS  
WE'LL SING.

## I

IN music's sweetest strains we'll sing,  
Our notes to God we'll raise,  
And make His sacred temple ring,  
With hymns of love and praise.  
Our tongues hosannas shall proclaim;  
Our hearts devoutly pray;  
Each morning and each evening theme  
Shall echo through the day.

## CHORUS.

In music's sweetest strains we'll sing,  
Our notes to God we'll raise,  
And make His sacred temple ring  
With hymns of love and praise. (*twice.*)

## 2

In God's own house we'll sing His praise,  
For there His glory dwells;  
To Heav'n our hearts and songs we'll raise,  
In sweetest canticles.  
As long as we have life and breath,  
Our Maker we will praise;  
And when our voice expires in death,  
Death will perfect our lays.—CHORUS.

## COME, O DIVINE MESSIAH!

I

CHORUS.

COME, O Divine Messiah;  
 Oh! haste we're weary waiting Thee;  
 On earth we naught desire  
 Save Thee, Sweet One in Three.

SOLO.

Oh! quick descend, bid time take wings;  
 Else our poor hearts no peace will know,  
 But fiercer with impatience glow.—CHORUS.

2

CHORUS.

Wilt leave Thy Father's home,  
 For us who languish here with love;  
 And 'neath our fetters groan  
 Awaiting aid from above.

SOLO.

Oh! come! oh! come! bid time take wings;  
 We'll deck our hearts with brilliants rare,  
 And welcome meet for Thee prepare.  
 —CHORUS.

3

CHORUS.

Think not upon our baseness,  
 Take vengeance not upon our crimes;  
 But with us yet have patience;  
 Make us all Thine in time.

SOLO.

For art not Thou, our Lord and God?  
To whom should we for refuge flee  
If not, O Lord, our God, to Thee?—CHORUS.

235

OUTSIDE THE CITY GATES THEY  
STAND.

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

DUO.

OUTSIDE the city gates they stand,  
Saint Joseph and the Virgin blest;  
Their weary feet are travel worn,  
They crave a place to rest.

SOLO.

Closed are the gates, no room is there  
For Joseph and the Maiden fair. (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

Outside the city gates they stand, etc.

2

DUO.

Only a lonely hillside shed  
Can offer shelter till the morn;  
At midnight's hour, a cry is heard,  
Bethlehem's Babe is born.

SOLO.

He comes to save, He comes to bless,  
He comes to bring us happiness. (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

Only a lonely hillside shed, etc.

3

DUO.

Far up the side of Juda's hills,  
The shepherds keep their watch by night;  
When suddenly, with fearful hearts,  
They see a dazzling light;

SOLO.

While in the sky the angels sing,  
And bid them seek their new-born King.  
*(twice.)*

CHORUS.

Far up the side of Juda's hills, etc.

4

DUO.

In wondering awe, they hear the song,  
Of heavenly joy and earthly peace;  
Proclaiming far the birth of One  
Whose mercies never cease.

SOLO.

With grateful hearts, they haste to find  
The Infant Saviour of mankind. (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

In wondering awe, they hear the song, etc.

## NO ROOM, NO ROOM FOR HIM.

By Sister CLARISSA.

I

**N**O room, no room for Him,  
 The Lord who made the earth;  
 The poorest beggar-child  
 Finds shelter at his birth.  
 But He, the King of kings,  
 Bears silently His doom;  
 Our Lady meekly hears,  
 "For Him—there is no room." } (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

No room, no room for Him!  
 My soul, is this thy cry?  
 Has Joseph knocked in vain  
 In weary days gone by?  
 Ah! open, open now the door,  
 Bid Mary enter in,  
 Make room, my soul, make room!  
 To love thy Love begin. } (*twice.*)

2

No room, no room for Him!  
 His own receive Him not;  
 Rejected, Saviour mild,  
 He seeks a lowly spot  
 Apart from cruel men;  
 The cattle know their God.  
 And earth will not refuse  
 The welcome of its sod. } (*twice.*)

## COME, COME TO THE MANGER.

SOLO.

COME, come, come to the Manger,  
 Children, come to the children's King;  
 Sing, sing, chorus of angels,  
 Star of morning o'er Bethlehem sing!

I

He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall,  
 Who is Maker and Lord of us all;  
 The wintry wind blows cold and dreary,  
 See, He weeps, the world is weary;  
 Lord, have pity and mercy on me.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come to the Manger,  
 Children, come to the children's King;  
 Sing, sing, chorus of angels,  
 Stars of morning o'er Bethlehem sing!

2

He leaves all His glory behind,  
 To be born and to die for mankind;  
 With grateful beasts His cradle chooses,  
 Thankless man His love refuses,  
 Lord, have pity and mercy on me!  
 Come, come, etc.

3

To the manger of Bethlehem come,  
 To the Saviour Emmanuel's home;  
 The Heav'nly hosts above are singing,  
 Set the Christmas bells a. ringing,  
 Lord, have pity and mercy on me!  
 Come, come, etc.



*RAISE THE GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS  
SONG.*

By Rev. Fr. X. DOYLE, S. J.

I

**R**AISE the glorious Christmas song,  
Roll it from your souls along.  
Vaults of Heaven, come and sing  
Emmanuel, our new-born King!

CHORUS.

Welcome! Welcome! Prince of Peace!  
May Thy Kingship never cease,  
May our love be ever Thine,  
May we know Thy Heart Divine!

2

God a Babe at Mary's breast!  
Sweetly held in Love's unrest;  
Love Him! Love our King of kings,  
Who to earth redemption brings.

—CHORUS.

3

Welcome! welcome! Prince of Peace!  
May Thy Kingship never cease,  
May our love be ever Thine,  
May we know Thy Heart Divine!

—CHORUS.

## THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

## I

THE snow lay on the ground,  
 The stars shone bright,  
 When Christ our Lord was born  
 On Christmas night.  
 'Twas Mary, daughter pure  
 Of Holy Anne,  
 That brought into this world  
 The God made man. } (twice.)

## 2

She laid Him in a stall  
 At Bethlehem,  
 The ass and oxen shared  
 The roof with them.  
 Saint Joseph, too, was by  
 To tend the Child,  
 To guard Him and protect  
 His Mother mild. } (twice.)

## 3

The angels hovered round  
 And sang this song:  
 "Veníte adorémus  
 Dóminum."  
 And thus the manger poor  
 Became a throne;  
 For He whom Mary bore  
 Was God the Son. } (twice.)

NOEL! NOEL! CHANT ANGEL  
VOICES.

(*The Echoes of Bethlehem.*)

By I. WILLIAMS.

CHORUS.

NOEL, Noël!" chant angel voices;  
"He comes to earth, Emmanuel;  
And Israel this day rejoices,  
For Christ has come, Noël, Noël!"

I

What means the song that heavenly choirs  
are singing?

What means the star that glimmers in  
the East?

Noël! Noël!

He comes to earth, to us salvation bringing;  
In Bethlehem, is born the Prince of Peace.

—CHORUS.

2

What palace grand, with halls of purest  
marble

And hangings rare, receives the Kingly  
Child?

Noël! Noël!

On hillside drear, in poor, deserted stable,  
The Christ is born of Virgin meek and mild.

—CHORUS.

No throne has He, this King so great  
 and holy;  
 On bed of straw the royal Child is laid;  
 Noël! Noël!  
 To honor Him, come shepherds poor and  
 lowly,  
 They know their God, and welcome Mary's  
 Babe. —CHORUS.

## 241

LET US HASTEN TO THE MANGER.

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

“GLORY to God” proclaim celestial  
 voices;  
 “Glory to God and peace on earth to men.”  
 Heaven is glad and all the world rejoices,  
 Jesus, the Christ, is born in Bethlehem.  
 (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

Let us hasten to the manger  
 Where the Christ Child is laid,  
 To adore Him with St. Joseph  
 And with Mary, sweet Maid.

2

Come all ye choirs of heaven,  
 Loud let your anthems ring;  
 To us, this day is given, }  
 A Saviour and a King. } (*twice.*)

CHORUS.—Let us hasten, etc.

Prophets of old, foretold in song and story,  
 The future King who was to rule all men;  
 Lo! He has come, but not in pomp and glory,  
 This King of kings, the Babe of Bethlehem.

CHORUS.—Let us hasten, etc.

God's mighty voice has spoken  
 Sin's wicked reign shall cease;  
 Man's fetters now are broken  
 Christ brings us grace and peace. (*twice.*)

CHORUS.—Let us hasten, etc.

## 242

STARS OF GLORY, SHINE MORE  
 BRIGHTLY.

By Rev. Dr. HUSENBETH.

## I

STARS of glory, shine more brightly;  
 Purer be the moonlight's beam;  
 Glide, ye hours and moments, lightly,  
 Swiftly down Time's deep'ning stream.  
 Bring the hour that banished sadness,  
 Brought Redemption down to earth;  
 When the shepherds heard with gladness  
 Tidings of a Saviour's birth. (*3 times.*)

See the shepherds quickly rising,  
 Hast'ning to the humble stall,  
 And the new-born Infant prizing  
 As the mighty Lord of all.  
 Lowly now they bend before Him  
 In His helpless infant state;  
 Firmly faithful, they adore Him,  
 And His greatness celebrate. (3 *times.*)

Hark! the swell of heavenly voices  
 Peals along the vaulted sky;  
 Angels sing, while earth rejoices—  
 "Glory to our God on high!  
 "Glory in the highest heaven,  
 "Peace to humble men on earth;  
 "Joy to these and bliss is given,  
 In the great Redeemer's birth." (3 *times.*)

## 243

*STAR SO FAIR, STAR SO BRIGHT!*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

## CHORUS.

**S**TAR so fair, star so bright,  
 Shining clear with heavenly light;  
 Points the way from the skies,  
 To the Manger where He lies.

REPEAT:—Star so fair, etc.

SOLO.

From far-off Eastern country  
Their precious gifts they bring;  
The Magi, great and mighty,  
To Him, their Infant King.

CHORUS:—Star so fair, etc.

2

CHORUS.

Seeking near, seeking far,  
Guided by the mystic star,  
Leading them till they find  
Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

REPEAT:—Seeking near, etc.

SOLO.

They seek in stately palace,  
They seek in city fair;  
They find upon the hillside,  
A stable, poor and bare.

CHORUS:—Seeking near, etc.

3

CHORUS.

Lo! the star points to them,  
Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem;  
Bending low, they adore  
Him Who reigns forever more.

REPEAT:—Lo! the star, etc.

SOLO.

Bright gold they place before Him,  
Rare frankincense they bring,  
And costly myrrh they offer  
Their Master and their King.

CHORUS:—Lo! the star, etc.

## HAIL! THE HOLY DAY OF DAYS!

(Easter Sunday.)

I

**H**AIL! the holy day of days,  
 High the hymn of triumph raise,  
 To the Saviour's glory tell,  
 How the Cross has vanquished hell,  
 By the precious blood are we  
 Now redeemed by Christ and free;  
 High thanksgiving, therefore raise,  
 Sing the great Redeemer's praise.

CHORUS.\*

Allelúia! Let us sing  
 Jesus Christ, Our Lord and King;  
 Sound the great Redeemer's praise;  
 High thanksgiving let us raise,  
 Allelúia! Let us sing.  
 Let us sing (3 *times.*)  
 Jesus Christ, Redeemer King. } (*twice.*)

2

Now Thy bitter Passion done,  
 Thou, the well-beloved Son  
 Of the Father throned on high,  
 Rulest all below the sky.  
 King of kings, Thy saints unite  
 To the choir of angels bright.  
 Allelúia! Lord, we sing,  
 Jesus Christ, Redeemer, King.—CHORUS.



THE MORN HAD SPREAD HER  
CRIMSON RAYS.

(*Aurora Coelum Purpurat.*)

Tr. by Rev. Fr. CAMPBELL.

CHORUS.

WITH Christ we died, with Christ we  
rose,  
When at the font His Name we chose;  
Oh, let no sin our robes defile,  
And turn to grief the paschal smile.

1

The morn had spread her crimson rays,  
When rang the skies with shouts of praise;  
Earth joined the joyful hymn to swell,  
That brought despair to vanquished hell.  
—CHORUS.

2

He comes victorious from the grave,  
The Lord omnipotent to save,  
And brings with Him to light of day  
The Saints who long imprisoned lay.  
—CHORUS.

3

Let hymns of joy to grief succeed,  
We know that Christ is ris'n indeed;  
We hear His white-robed Angel's voice,  
And, in our risen Lord rejoice.—CHORUS.

*WE COME TO THEE, SWEET  
SAVIOUR.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**W**E come to Thee, sweet Saviour,  
Just because we need Thee so;  
None need Thee more than we do;  
Nor are half so vile or low.

CHORUS.

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

2

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
None will have us, Lord but Thee;  
And we want none but Jesus,  
And His grace that makes us free.  
—CHORUS.

3

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
With our broken faith again:  
We know Thou wilt forgive us,  
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.—CHORUS.

4

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
For to whom, Lord! can we go?  
The words of life eternal!  
From Thy lips for ever flow.—CHORUS.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
 We have tried Thee oft before;  
 But now we come more wholly,  
 With the heart to love Thee more.  
 —CHORUS.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!  
 And Thou wilt not ask us why.  
 We cannot live without Thee,  
 And still less, without Thee die.—CHORUS.

## 247

HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON  
 THY CHILDREN.

(*Veni, dator munerum.*)

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

CHORUS.

**H**OLY Ghost, come down upon Thy  
 children,  
 Give us grace, and make us Thine;  
 Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
 Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine! (*twice.*)

## I

For all within us good and holy  
 Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;  
 In all our joys, in all our sorrows,  
 Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.—CHORUS.

For Thou to us art more than father,  
 More than sister, in Thy love,  
 So gentle, patient and forbearing,  
 Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove!—CHORUS.

Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit,  
 Wayward, wanton, cold are we;  
 And still our sins, new every morning,  
 Never yet have wearied Thee.—CHORUS.

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited  
 While our hearts were slowly turned!  
 How often hath Thy love been slighted,  
 While for us it grieved and burned.  
 CHORUS.

Now if our hearts do not deceive us,  
 We would take Thee for our Lord:  
 O dearest Spirit! make us faithful  
 To Thy least and slightest word.—CHORUS.

## 248

*STRIKE THE HARP IN PRAISE OF  
 GOD.*

*(Hymn of Thanksgiving.)*

CHORUS.

**S**TRIKE the harp in praise of God!  
 Wake the timbrel's louder mirth!  
 Glorious the song must be  
 Of the Great Creator's worth.

## 1

Nature in her calmness raises  
 Strains of gladness, peace, and love,  
 Man re-echoes forth her praises,  
 Glory to the God above.—CHORUS.

## 2

Honor Him, ye hosts of heaven!  
 Worship Him, ye realms of love!  
 Not with outward form alone,  
 But with hearts that purely glow.—CHORUS.

## 3

He who rules the earth, the ocean,  
 Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,  
 He can tell with what devotion,  
 Bows the heart or bends the knee.—CHORUS.

## 249

THY WILL BE DONE AS 'TIS IN  
 HEAVEN.

(*Fiat voluntas tua.*)

By I. WILLIAMS.

## 1

THY will be done as 'tis in Heaven,  
 By every creature here below;  
 Thy will be done, most loving Father,  
 From Whom all grace and blessings flow.

CHORUS.

Even to highest Heaven  
Loud let our voices ring;  
Thy will be done, Thou art our  
Father,  
Thy will be done, Thou art  
our King. } (*twice.*)

2

When from our hearts all joy seems fading,  
When griefs and trials, one by one,  
O'erwhelm our souls; then in our sorrow,  
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done."  
—CHORUS.

3

In joy or grief, whate'er befall us,  
E'en till the sands of life be run,  
In life and death, this is our watchword;  
"Thy will be done, Thy will be done."  
—CHORUS.

250

SEE NO. 48.

CHORUS.

Repeat, repeat, my soul,  
This refrain so true, so sweet;  
This cry of love and joy sincere and deep;  
'Tis God alone can give true happiness.  
(*twice.*)

## OH! WORKS OF THE MOST HIGH.

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

OH! works of the Most High, created by  
 His power,  
 Glorify the Lord.  
 All creatures great and small, pay homage  
 at this hour,  
 Extol His mighty word. (*twice.*)

2

Oh! happy angels blest who praise His  
 holy name,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! oceans wide and deep, oh! firmament  
 aflame,  
 Extol His mighty word. (*twice.*)

3

Oh! sun which makes the day, thy rays  
 dispelling night,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! stars of gold whose fires are sparkling  
 clear and bright,  
 Extol His mighty word. (*twice.*)

4

Oh! hills and mountains grand, from lofty  
 peaks of snow,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh, fruits and harvests rare, sweet gifts  
 of vale below,  
 Extol His mighty word. (*twice.*)

Oh! birds on soaring wing who cleave  
 through azure space,  
 Glorify the Lord;  
 Oh! eagle fierce and bold, whose flight no  
 eye can trace,  
 Extol His mighty word. (*twice.*)

## 252

THRICE HAPPY AND THRICE  
 BLEST.

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

THRICE happy and thrice blest are  
 The holy souls and pure,  
 Where fervor reigns for ever,  
 Untroubled and secure.  
 The fervent soul possesses  
 Tranquility and peace,  
 All gifts that God can render,  
 A joy without surcease. (*twice.*)

## 2

The fervent soul rests ever  
 In simple, childlike faith;  
 And trusts in Jesus' mercy,  
 And fears nor life nor death.  
 A faith that never falters,  
 A hope that cannot fade,  
 Sweet charity undying,  
 The fervent soul pervade. (*twice.*)



To her, all pain and crosses  
 Are dearer far than gold;  
 The Cross on Calvary's summit  
 Brings peace a thousand fold.  
 Thrice happy and thrice blest are  
 The holy souls and pure  
 Where fervor reigns forever,  
 Untroubled and secure. (*twice.*)

## 253

FULL IN THE PANTING HEART OF  
 ROME.

(*Roman Pilgrims' Song.*)

By Cardinal WISEMAN.

## I

FULL in the panting heart of Rome,  
 Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,  
 From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,  
 Breathes in all tongues one only sound:  
 "God bless our Pope, the great, the good."  
 (*twice.*)

## 2

The golden roof, the marble walls,  
 The Vatican's majestic halls,  
 The note redoubles, till it fills  
 With echoes sweet the seven hills:  
 "God bless our Pope, the great, the good."  
 (*twice.*)

WHEN MORNING, GILDS THE  
SKIES.

(*Laudetur Jesus Christus.*)

By Rev. E. CASWALL.

i

WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)  
Alike at work and prayer,  
To Jesus I repair;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)

2

The sacred minster bell,  
It peals o'er hill and dell;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)  
Oh! hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)

3

When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)

4

Be this while life is mine,  
My canticle divine;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)  
Be this th' eternal song,  
Through all the ages on;  
May Jesus Christ be praised! (*twice.*)

## WHEN THE LOVING SHEPHERD.

By Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

## I

WHEN the loving Shepherd,  
 Ere He left the earth,  
 Shed, to pay our ransom,  
 Blood of priceless worth,  
 These His lambs so cherished,  
 Purchased for His own,  
 He would not abandon  
 In the world alone. (*twice.*)

## 2

Ere he makes us partners  
 Of His realm on high,  
 Happy and immortal  
 With Him in the sky,—  
 Love immense, stupendous,  
 Makes Him here below  
 Partner of our exile  
 In the world of woe. (*twice.*)

## 3

Jesus, food of Angels!  
 Monarch of the heart,  
 Oh, that I could never  
 From Thy face depart!  
 Yes, Thou ever dwellest  
 Here for love of me,  
 Hidden Thou remainest  
 God of Majesty! (*twice.*)

Soon I hope to see Thee,  
 And enjoy Thy love,  
 Face to face, sweet Jesus,  
 In Thy heaven above.  
 But on earth an exile,  
 My delight shall be  
 Ever to be near Thee  
 Veiled for love of me. (*twice.*)

## 256

*EARTHLY DELIGHTS ARE CALLING  
 TO ME EVER.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**E**ARTHLY delights are calling to me ever,  
 Vain, worldly joys seek to draw me  
 from Thee;  
 Naught can my heart, Lord, from Thee e'er  
 dissever,  
 Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.  
 (*twice.*)

## 2

Foes of my soul in ceaseless war combining,  
 Strive day and night, Satan's triumph  
 to see;  
 Safe and secure, Lord, on Thy Heart  
 reclining,  
 Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.  
 (*twice.*)

Foes from within, my spirit's peace assailing,  
 Foes from without, strive my masters to be;  
 Come to mine aid, Lord, with Thy might  
 prevailing,  
 Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.  
 (*twice.*)

Close to Thy side, my Jesus keep me ever,  
 Thy loving Heart my asylum will be;  
 Safe shall I rest in the love of my Saviour,  
 Naught shall I fear if Thou art with me.  
 (*twice.*)

## 257

*THOU KNOWEST, MASTER, THAT  
 MY HEART IS THINE.*

By Rev. W. P. TREACY.

## I

**T**HOU knowest, Master, that my heart is  
 Thine,  
 Proud, weak and sinful though it be;  
 Thy Sacred Heart forever must be mine—  
 I'll live in Thee and Thou in me.  
 My chosen One art Thou, O Spotless Dove!  
 For Thee I've longed and wept and  
 sighed,  
 When can I meet Thee, whom my soul  
 does love,  
 Why from mine eye Thy beauty hide?  
 (*twice.*)

Oh, haste, sweet Lord, possess my throbbing heart,

Or give me wings to seek Thy sky;  
It seems to me that I have Mary's part,  
I burn with love, of love I die.

Thou art my paradise, O purest Lord!

Thy name brings peace and joy to me:  
In loving Thee I find a sweet reward,

Oh, what a bliss Thy face to see.

*(twice.)*

Thy sorrows flood my heart with bitter grief;

Thy tears to me seem never dry;  
In weeping o'er my sins I find relief,

If tears come not I know I'd die.

No more I'll waste my love on fading flowers,

No more I'll love earth's cup of dross;  
In thoughts of Thee alone, I'll spend my hours,

Sole treasure now for me—Thy Cross.

*(twice.)*

## 258

*I NEED THY HEART, SWEET JESUS.*

*(From "A Voice from the Tabernacle.")*

### I

**I** NEED Thy Heart, sweet Jesus,  
To feel each anxious care;

I long to tell my every want,

And all my sorrow share!

CHORUS.

Sweet Jesus, warm my frozen heart,  
My love for Thee increase;  
And say to me ere I depart:  
"My child, go thou in peace."

2

I need Thy Blood, sweet Jesus,  
To wash each sinful stain;  
To cleanse this sinful soul of mine,  
And make it pure again.—CHORUS.

3

I need Thy Wounds, sweet Jesus,  
To fly from perils near;  
To shelter in their hallowed clefts,  
From every doubt and fear!—CHORUS.

4

I need Thee, sweetest Jesus,  
In Thy Sacrament of love;  
To nourish this poor soul of mine,  
With the treasure of Thy love!  
CHORUS.

5

I'll need Thee, precious Jesus,  
When death's dread hour draws nigh,  
Then hide me in Thy Sacred Heart,  
Till wafted safe on high!—CHORUS.

MY JESUS FROM HIS THRONE  
ABOVE.

(First Communion Hymn.)

## I

MY Jesus from His throne above,  
A radiant look casts down on me;  
And seems to say with fondest love:  
"My child, prepare, I go to thee."

## CHORUS.

Then, Saviour come, do not delay,  
Descend with speed from Heav'n above,  
And on this great and glorious day,  
Consume my heart with Thy pure love.  
*Repeat:* Then, Saviour, etc.

## 2

Thy words, sweet Lord, ring in my ear,  
As strains of softest melody;  
They raise my hope, they calm my fear,  
And make me long to approach to Thee.

## CHORUS.

Behold me, Lord, beneath this dome,  
And at this great and solemn hour,  
Imploring Thee to make Thy home,  
Within my young heart's nuptial bower.  
*Repeat:* Then, Saviour, etc.

## 3

As for the cool and limpid stream,  
The hart doth pant incessantly;  
So, dearest Lord, with love supreme,  
My soul breathes forth her sighs to Thee.



CHORUS.

Oh, deign to hear my suppliant prayer;  
Oh, come, allay my parching thirst;  
No worldly love, no earthly care,  
Within my youthful heart is nursed.  
*Repeat*: Then, Saviour, etc.

4

My voice I'll blend with Heaven's sweet  
choir,  
In hymns of mellow symphony;  
To fitly praise my heavenly Sire,  
Who deigns to come and dwell with me.

CHORUS.

From this day hence, my Lord divine,  
I consecrate myself to Thee;  
Oh! may I be forever Thine,  
In time and in eternity.  
*Repeat*: Then, Saviour, etc.

260

*I'M THINE, DEAR LORD!*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**I**'M Thine, dear Lord, Thine dearest  
Saviour;  
Naught but Thy love I ask of Thee;  
Oh! take my heart, keep it, Lord, forever,  
Since Thou hast giv'n Thy Heart to me.

CHORUS.

Arise, my soul, salute Thy Maker,  
His never ceasing wonders sing;  
Repeat, repeat with fervent loving ardor,  
I'm Thine, dear Lord (*twice*), Thou art  
my King!

2

I'm Thine, dear Lord, Thine, dearest  
Saviour;  
Victim of love, Thou com'st to me;  
Could feeble mortal ask a greater favor,  
Than that a God his guest should be?  
CHORUS.

3

I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dearest  
Saviour;  
When on my heart life's burdens weigh,  
In darkness lost, far from Thee I wander,  
Then change, dear Lord, my night to day.  
CHORUS.

4

I'm Thine, dear Lord; Thine, dearest  
Saviour;  
Thou wilt my guide and helper be,  
Guard Thou my heart from dross of sinful  
pleasure,  
Keep it, my Jesus, all for Thee.  
—CHORUS.

## JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR! ..

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

JESUS, gentlest Saviour,  
 God of might and pow'r,  
 Thou Thyself art dwelling  
 In us at this hour. (*twice.*)  
 Nature cannot hold Thee,  
 Heav'n is all to strait,  
 For Thine endless glory,  
 And Thy royal state.

## 2

Out beyond the shining  
 Of the farthest star,  
 Thou art ever stretching  
 Infinitely far; (*twice.*)  
 Yet the hearts of children  
 Hold what worlds cannot,  
 And the God of wonders  
 Loves the lowly spot.

## 3

Oh, how can we thank Thee  
 For a gift like this,  
 Gift that truly maketh  
 Heaven's eternal bliss? (*twice.*)  
 Ah, when wilt Thou always  
 Make our hearts Thy home?  
 We must wait for heaven,  
 Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep Thee  
 All the time we may ;  
 But Thy grace and blessing  
 We will keep alway. (*twice.*)  
 When our hearts Thou leavest,  
 Worthless though they be,  
 Give them to Thy Mother  
 To be kept for Thee.

## 262

MY SOUL, WHAT CAN I RENDER  
 THE LORD?

By M. S. PINE.

## I

**M**Y soul, what can I render the Lord  
 For all His mercies sweet and tender?  
 For love ever watchful and true,  
 What gifts can I, poor weak one, render?  
 He left the glory of His Heaven  
 To grace our poverty and sorrow ;  
 He came all our sufferings to borrow ;  
 My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 (*twice.*)

## 2

This Saviour Divine gives to man  
 His Sacred Body and His Blood ;  
 To nourish our souls unto life  
 His love prepares this wondrous Food.  
 The Blood flows from His Sacred Heart,  
 That we may drink and live forever ;  
 His love overflows like a river !  
 My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 (*twice.*)

My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 I take the chalice of salvation—  
 The chalice my sweet Saviour drank  
 Of suffering in His Sacred Passion.  
 Exhaustless be my love and pure;  
 Unblemished be my soul before Him;  
 Like angels would I might adore Him!  
 My soul, what can I render the Lord?  
 (twice.)

## 263

TAKE BACK, RECEIVE, O MASTER  
 OF MY HEART!

(*Suscipe of St. Ignatius.*)

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

TAKE back, O Lord, and receive all  
 the gifts

Which Thy dear love has bestowed upon  
 me;

My heart, my soul, everything I possess,  
 I give all back, oh! my Saviour, to Thee.

'Twas Thou who gave me all I am or have,  
 I now, dear Lord, give it all back to Thee.

Grant me, I beg, but Thy love in return,  
 Just Thy love, O Lord, give to me.

## CHORUS.

Take back, receive, O Master of my heart,  
 Take back the gifts I have received from  
 Thee;

Take back, receive, dear Lord, do with me  
 what Thou wilt,  
 But Thy love give to me.

Take back, O Lord, all my soul's faculties,  
 My mind, my will, my entire liberty ;  
 Leave me but one precious gift for my own,  
 Thy love, Thy grace, these suffice, Lord,  
 for me.

My life is Thine, my life, my soul, my all ;  
 'Twas Thou gave all, I give all back to  
 Thee ;

Dispose of them according to Thy will,  
 But Thy love and grace give to me.

—CHORUS.

## 264

CLOSE VEILED IN THAT SWEET  
 SACRAMENT.

By S. N. D.

## I

CLOSE veiled in that sweet Sacrament,  
 Our Jesus' Heart, our treasure lies ;  
 Love's priceless, dearest testament  
 Is shrouded in that mystic guise.  
 Our Jesus left His realm of light,  
 On wings of love to earth He's flown,  
 To dwell with us 'tis His delight,  
 He makes our heart His dearest throne.  
 (*twice.*)

## CHORUS.

O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould be,  
 If we could die for love of Thee.  
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould be,  
 If we could die for love of Thee. (*twice.*)

Love is not loved! O angels weep;  
 Ye virgins chaste, breathe bitter sighs;  
 O earth, be closed in mourning deep;  
 Withdraw your light, ye radiant skies:  
 For all, our soul's dear Spouse hath died,  
 For all, His Heart with love doth burn;  
 Yet this meek Saviour men deride,  
 And for His love make no return.

(*twice.*)

—CHORUS.

That Heart for us could do no more,  
 In anguish deep it sighed and bled;  
 A spear His sacred Bosom tore,  
 For us His last life's Blood was shed;  
 That spear, O Jesus, pierced Thy Heart  
 That we within its depths might flee,  
 Oh, wound our own with love's sweet dart,  
 Let us expire for love of Thee. (*twice.*)  
 —CHORUS.

## 265

### SWEET SACRED HEART!

(From "A Voice from the Tabernacle.")

#### I

**S**WEET Sacred Heart! Oh, let it not  
 be spoken  
 As though the words meant only some  
 light thing;

They mean a heart by love and sorrow  
broken,  
From whose deep wound (*twice*) all  
grace and life would spring.  
Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!

2

O Sacred Heart! on earth our only treasure;  
Of love Divine Thou art the human  
throne;  
O Heart; whose love no limit hath nor  
measure,  
Be Thou for us (*twice*), on earth, our  
only Home.  
Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!

3

Sweet Sacred Heart! our hearts within us  
burning,  
Love and adore Thee with the Saints  
above;  
O Heart Divine by Whom we 're ever  
learning  
To know our God (*twice*) and that our  
God is Love.  
Sweet Sacred Heart! Sweet Sacred Heart!



ALL FOR THEE, O HEART OF  
JESUS.

(From the "English Messenger.")

I

ALL for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
All for Thee eternally;  
Naught for me, O Heart of Jesus,  
Save to be beloved by Thee;  
Thou hast taught me in my sorrows  
Where alone the heart finds rest;  
I have learned 'tis sweet to suffer  
Pillowed on Thy sacred Breast.

CHORUS.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
All for Thee eternally;  
Naught for me, O Heart of }  
Save to be belov'd by Thee. } (twice.)  
Jesus,,

2

All the hopes once fondly cherished,  
One by one I've seen depart;  
Now life has for me no sunshine  
Save within Thy Sacred Heart.  
All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
All the daily inward strife,  
All the soul's sharp crucifixion,  
All the weariness of life.—CHORUS.

Should my efforts prove successful,  
 All the glory be to Thee;  
 Honor, praise, to Thee be given,  
 Thee alone—and none for me;  
 All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,  
 All for Thee in life and death;  
 All for Thee, dear Heart of Jesus,  
 Till my latest dying breath.—CHORUS.

## 267

DEAR SACRED HEART, I OFFER  
 THEE.

(*"Messenger of the Sacred Heart."*)

<sup>I</sup>  
**D**EAR Sacred Heart, I offer Thee  
 Myself, unworthy though I be;  
 Thy burning love to satiate  
 Through Mary's Heart Immaculate.

Duo.

O Jesus, I implore  
 That I may love Thee more.

CHORUS.

I kiss the Cross that weighs me down;  
 I choose to wear the thorny crown;  
 Coming from Thee, sweet Lord, 'tis best;  
 To Thy fond Heart I leave the rest.  
 Sweet Lord, 'tis best,  
 To Thy fond Heart I leave the rest.

My every word, my every breath,  
 All pains and sufferings till my death;  
 Give me Thy grace, the sovereign balm,  
 In grief and care a heav'nly calm.  
 —DUO and CHORUS.

My hand's best effort, small and great,  
 Sorrows and joys, I consecrate;  
 Success and failure, trials that smart,  
 I place them all within Thy Heart.  
 —DUO and CHORUS.

To Thee my heart I now resign,  
 It bleeds, is broken, but is Thine,  
 The while this one request I make,  
 From me all love of creatures take.  
 —DUO and CHORUS.

## 268

*WHEN FAR FROM THEE, MY WAY  
 I'VE WENDED.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

**W**HEN far from Thee my way I've  
 wended  
 By Satan's wicked wiles beset,  
 When sin and doubt my soul have rended,  
 I wept bitter tears of regret, bitter tears  
 of regret.

CHORUS.

But see, to-day my soul is shriven,  
Oh! Lamb of God, pardon and bless;  
My prayer is heard, I am forgiven,  
Let me weep again, weep with happiness.  
(3 times.)

2

When, lured by vain and worldly pleasure,  
I, all Thy mercy did forget,  
And turned from Thee, my only treasure,  
I wept bitter tears of regret, bitter tears  
of regret.

CHORUS.

But Thou, oh! Lord, Who art in heaven,  
Oh! Lamb of God, pardon and bless;  
To me once more Thy grace is given,  
Let me weep again, weep with happiness.  
(3 times.)

3

When o'er my head dark clouds did lower,  
And life seemed naught but toil and fret,  
Weak and forgetful of Thy power,  
I wept bitter tears of regret, bitter tears  
of regret.

CHORUS.

But see, to-day all clouds have vanished,  
Oh! Lamb of God, pardon and bless;  
Thy loving voice all care has banished,  
Let me weep again, weep with happiness.  
(3 times.)

## GOD OF PEACE AND OF LOVE.

By M. S. PINE.

## I

GOD of peace and of Love, Thou art the  
 Light of light!  
 Word whose splendors divine all the  
 Heavens outshine;  
 I adore Thee concealed 'neath faith's mys-  
 terious night,  
 Veiling Thee from my sight, Veiling Thee  
 from my sight!

## CHORUS.

Ah, my God! who will give words with  
 love overflowing,  
 Words that seraphs in Heaven sing in  
 language of fire,  
 Voice angelic and lips with the altar coals  
 all glowing!  
 Join us, Heaven's bright Choir! Join us,  
 O Heaven's bright Choir!

## 2

Why may I not abide in Thy sweet pres-  
 ence, Lord!  
 As the seraphs in Heaven gazing ever on  
 Thee;  
 As the gold lamp aflame before Thy Heart  
 adored;  
 Join us, Heaven's bright Choir! Join us,  
 O Heaven's bright Choir!

3

Lift my spirit to Thee from earthly toil  
and tears;  
Show Thy beauty, O Lord! hide me safe  
in Thy breast;  
Rapt in ardors of love shall pass a thou-  
sand years  
Like an hour with the Blest, like an  
hour with the Blest!—CHORUS.

270

*CLOSE TO THY HEART.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

1

**C**LOSE to Thy Heart, upon Thy love  
presuming,  
Favors unnumbered could I ask of Thee;  
One only gift, Thy love, divine, consuming,  
I beg Thee, Lord, to grant to me.

2

Close to Thy Sacred Heart so kind, so  
tender,  
Keep me my Saviour, let me ne'er depart;  
There will I yield my soul in full surrender,  
Close to Thy Heart, Thy Sacred Heart.

3

Close to Thy Heart, though earthly pleas-  
ures call me,  
Close to Thy Heart, my heart would  
ever be;  
Close to Thy Heart, whatever may befall  
me,  
Keep me, my Saviour, close to Thee.

Close to Thy Heart, upon our altars  
 dwelling,  
 Into my heart steals a peace seldom  
 known,  
 Thy loving voice does whisper words of  
 comfort,  
 Close to Thy Heart, my fear is flown.

Close to Thy Heart, by holy path and  
 pleasant,  
 Tread the pure souls and sinful souls  
 forgiven;  
 T'wards the bright palace where our God  
 is present,  
 Close to Thy Heart, they'll throne in  
 heaven.

## 271

*O SACRED HEART WITH BURNING  
 LOVE.*

## I

**O** SACRED Heart! with burning love,  
 On Thee enraptured angels gaze,  
 To Thee triumphant saints above  
 Forever sing their grateful praise.  
 O Sacred Heart! may we adore  
 And love Thee ever more and more.

CHORUS.

O Sacred Heart, may we adore,  
And love Thee ever more and more.

O Sacred Heart, may we adore,  
And love Thee ever more and more.

(twice.)

2

Thou, Heart of Jesus, art the throne  
Of mercy—Thou the fount of grace;  
Our hope of heaven, from Thee alone,  
Sole refuge of our fallen race.

—CHORUS.

3

O Lamb of God! meek Victim slain  
For us, let not the stream that flowed  
From Thy pierced Heart have flowed  
in vain,

Oh, cleanse us with Thy precious Blood.

—CHORUS.

4

God's Mother! Virgin ever blest!  
Thy heart and His are always one;  
Plead thou our cause; thy sweet request  
Is never slighted by the Son.—CHORUS.

272

SEEKING HEAVEN ALONE.

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

ONE thought only have we  
As we journey on;  
'Tis our soul's salvation,  
That and that alone.

372



CHORUS.

Seeking heaven alone  
Brings true happiness; (*twice.*)  
Seeking heaven alone  
Seeking heaven alone.

2

Each soul was created  
For a God most high;  
Naught but God, our yearnings  
E'er can satisfy.—CHORUS.

3

Life on earth is passing  
Vanity and show;  
God alone is changeless,  
God alone is true.—CHORUS.

4

Though we gain the whole world,  
Poor indeed are we,  
If we lose our Jesus  
For eternity.—CHORUS.

5

Seek then, but salvation,  
Seek that peace and joy  
Which endure forever,  
Bliss without alloy.—CHORUS.

6

Maiden Mother, lead me  
To my Saviour's throne,  
Keep and guard and guide me,  
Make me all His own.—CHORUS.

## YES, HEAVEN IS THE PRIZE.

By Rev. E. VAUGHAN, C. SS. R.

I

YES, heaven is the prize  
 My soul shall strive to gain;  
 One glimpse of paradise  
 Repays a life of pain.  
 Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 Yes, heaven is the prize!

2

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 My soul, oh, think of this;  
 All earthly good despise  
 For such a crown of bliss.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

3

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 When sorrows press around,  
 Look up beyond the skies,  
 Where hope and strength are found.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

4

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 Oh! 'tis not hard to gain;  
 He surely wins who tries,  
 For hope can conquer pain.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

Yes, heaven is the prize!  
 Death opens wide the door;  
 And then the spirit flies  
 To God forevermore.  
 Yes, heaven, *etc.*

## 275

## JOY OF MY HEART!

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

## I

**J**OY of my heart, oh! let me pay  
 To thee, thine own sweet month of  
 May.

Mary! one gift I beg of thee,  
 My soul from sin and sorrow free.  
 (*twice.*)

## 2

Mary! make haste thy child to win  
 From sin and from the love of sin;  
 Mother of God! let my poor love  
 A Mother's prayers and pity move.  
 (*twice.*)

## 3

Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,  
 The starlight of this earthly strife;  
 Oh! for my own and others' sin,  
 Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.  
 (*twice.*)

4

O Mary! when I come to die,  
Be thou, thy spouse and Jesus nigh;  
When mute before the Judge I stand,  
My holy shield be Mary's hand. *(twice.)*

5

Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,  
Make me as thou wert here below,  
O Queen of Heaven! obtain for me  
Thy glory there one day to see. *(twice.)*

276

*HOLY MARY, SWEETEST MUSIC!*

*(Our Lady's Holy Name.)*

*(Nazareth Chimes.)*

CHORUS.

**H**OLY Mary, sweetest music  
That my listening ear can hear,  
Angels sing it in the Heavens  
Name among God's saints } *(twice.)*  
most dear.

I

Grows my soul at its fond mention  
All aglow with holy flame,  
And my heart new courage gathers  
When I ponder on this name.—CHORUS.

2

Joys divine had Holy Mary  
Mother of our Saviour mild,  
Yet who can fathom her deep sorrow  
When they crucified her Child?

—CHORUS.

3

She is crowned the Queen of Heaven  
Since that fair Assumption Day,  
And resplendent now in glory  
She oft hears her children say :—CHORUS.

4

Through her hands to us are given  
Heaven's choicest gifts of grace,  
In her power with our dear Saviour  
All our confidence we place.—CHORUS.

5

No one ever called to Mary  
But she heard the faintest prayer,  
So I trust my soul's salvation  
To my loving Mother's care.—CHORUS.

277

*ALL YE CHOIRS OF HEAVEN, JOIN  
US IN OUR LAY.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

1

**A**LL ye choirs of heaven,  
Join us in our lay;  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.  
Glad our voices ring,  
Every night and day;  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.

377

2

Happy bird in air,  
Lambkin gay and free,  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.  
Creatures of the earth,  
Creatures of the sea,  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.

3

Clouds of sunset gold,  
Breeze of evening mild,  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.  
Mountain, hill and vale,  
Waves of ocean wild,  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.

4

We whom Jesus saved,  
Children of the King;  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.  
Unto her our Queen,  
Loving anthems sing,  
Let us praise, let us bless our sweet Mother.

278

*MOTHER MARY AT THINE ALTAR.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**M**OTHER Mary! at thine altar  
We thy little children kneel;  
With a faith that cannot falter,  
To thy goodness we appeal.

378

We are seeking for a mother  
O'er the earth so waste and wide,  
And from off the cross our Brother  
Points to Mary by His side.

2

Thou wilt love us, thou wilt guide us  
With a mother's fondest care;  
And our Father, God above us,  
Bids us fly for refuge there.  
Life's temptations are before us,  
We must mingle in the strife;  
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,  
All unsafe will be our life.

3

So we take thee for our Mother,  
And we claim our right to be,  
By the gift of our dear Brother,  
Loving children unto thee;  
And our humble consecration  
Thou wilt surely not despise,  
From thy high and lofty station  
Close to Jesus in the skies.

4

Mother Mary, to thy keeping  
Soul and body we confide,  
Toiling, resting, walking, sleeping  
To be ever at thy side.  
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,  
Life and death we trust to thee;  
Thou wilt make them all for Jesus,  
And for all eternity.

O PUREST OF CREATURES, SWEET  
MOTHER, SWEET MAID!

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother,  
sweet Maid!  
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was  
laid,  
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother,  
and we  
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of  
the Sea. (*twice.*)

2

To sinners what comfort, to angels what  
mirth;  
That God found one creature unfallen on  
earth,  
One spot where His Spirit untroubled  
could be,  
The depth of thy shining, sweet Star of  
the Sea. (*twice.*)

3

Oh, shine on us brighter than ever, then,  
shine;  
For the greatest of honors, dear Mother,  
is thine;  
"Conceived without sin," thy new title  
shall be,  
Clear light from thy birthspring, sweet Star  
of the Sea! (*twice.*)



4

So worship we God in these rude latter  
days;  
So worship we Jesus our Love, when we  
praise  
His wonderful grace in the gift He gave  
thee,  
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of  
the Sea! (*twice.*)

5

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother,  
deep night,  
And we need more than ever the guide of  
thy light;  
For the darker the night is, the brighter  
should be  
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the  
Sea! (*twice.*)

280

*HAIL! EVER BLESSED DAY!*

*(Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.)*

By M. S. PINE.

I

**H**AIL ever blessed Day! our Virgin  
Mother glorious,  
Lends from the highest Heav'n, her ear  
unto our vows;  
Her children unto death she signs our hearts  
and brows;  
Beneath her banner, see! we onward march  
victorious.

381

CHORUS.

Vowed unto Mary pure, our hearts to her  
are given;  
In her love all secure we march to victory  
fearless.  
Let the earth and the heav'ns repeat our  
vow to win:  
War till death to the world! War to Satan  
and sin!  
Love, love to Mary Virgin peerless!  
*(twice.)*

2

If earthly pleasures come and lead us to  
temptation,  
Trusting in thee, Our Queen, thy power  
o'er Jesus' Heart,  
We shall not fear our foe, though Satan  
fling his dart;  
For all our hearts are thine and thou shalt  
bring salvation.—CHORUS.

3

Though hell itself should rise and set its  
snares around me,  
Thou at my side I brave its fury, its deceit,  
Thou didst its power crush, the serpent's  
art defeat:  
O Virgin, to thy heart love has forever  
bound me.—CHORUS.

UNFOLD, YE GOLDEN GATES OF  
HEAVEN.

(Assumption.)

I

UNFOLD, unfold, ye golden gates of  
heaven,  
She comes, the Queen of all the shining  
host,  
The moon beneath, her crown twelve stars  
of even,  
The sun above in her great glory lost.  
(*twice.*)

CHORUS.

The Cherubim, the Seraphim,  
And Heaven's host now swell this glad  
refrain,  
That Mary beloved, our Mother Mary  
Queen of Heaven shall reign. (*twice.*)

2

Behold her Son delighted has gone down,  
To meet His Mother, taintless from her  
birth,  
She forward glides, while glory from her  
crown  
Streams on her exiled children here on  
earth. (*twice.*)—CHORUS.

## 3

Mother of Jesus, hail our heav'nly Queen,  
 Ten thousand harps swell through the  
 azure dome,  
 O blessed earth, where one so fair was seen,  
 More blessed Heav'n, to which our Queen  
 has come. (*twice.*)—CHORUS.

## 4

Hail Mary, Queen of mercy, grant our  
 Lord  
 May look with pity on thy children here,  
 That humbly trusting in His holy word,  
 Our souls at last may in thy courts  
 appear. (*twice.*)—CHORUS.

## 5

We walk the vale of sorrow thou hast  
 known,  
 Give us from Him the grace to walk as  
 thou,  
 The seed along thy blessed pathway sown,  
 Brought lovely flowers, bright garlands  
 for thy brow. (*twice.*)—CHORUS.

## 6

Obtain for us thy rare humility,  
 That every act may spring from God's  
 pure love,  
 Then all thy glory we may hope to see,  
 Where He assumed thee in His house  
 above. (*twice.*)—CHORUS.

O MOTHER PURE, OUR HYMNS  
TO THEE ASCENDING.

(Assumption.)

By Bro. M.

O MOTHER pure, our hymns to thee  
ascending,  
Proclaim thee queen of the eternal years.  
Oh, let our hearts earth's joys and sorrows  
blending,  
Place at thy feet their rosary of tears.  
Awake my soul; list to the  
angels rending  
The vault of heav'n with } (twice.)  
joy that stills all fear. }

2

O Queen of sorrows, for our follies  
grieving,  
We cast ourselves distressed before thy  
throne;  
'Tis thou hast taught our lips to still be  
weaving  
The words of hope amid the words of  
moan.  
We have no hope, alas! of e'er  
retrieving  
Our ways unless thou keep us } (twice.)  
as thine own. }

O Lady Queen, behold thy children praying  
 To be received beneath thy mantle's fold;  
 Thou wilt not frown upon our late essaying  
 To wrest our sinful hearts from Satan's  
 hold.

Oh, stay our wilful feet from  
 wayward straying,  
 And bind them fast to thee  
 with love's pure gold. } (*twice.*)

## 283

*HOLY QUEEN! WE BEND BEFORE  
 THEE.*

By Rev. Fr. E. CASWALL.

## I

**H**OLY Queen! we bend before thee  
 Queen of purity divine!  
 Make us love thee, we implore thee,  
 Make us truly to be thine.

## CHORUS.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother,  
 How to conquer every sin;  
 How to love and help each other;  
 How the prize of life to win. (*twice.*)

## 2

Thou to whom a Child was given  
 Greater than the sons of men,  
 Coming down from highest heaven  
 To create the world again.—CHORUS.

3

Oh! by that Almighty Maker,  
Whom thyself, a Virgin bore!  
Oh! by thy supreme Creator,  
Linked with thee for evermore!

—CHORUS.

4

By the hope thy name inspires!  
By our doom reversed through thee  
Help us, Queen of Angels Choirs!  
To a blest eternity!—CHORUS.

284

MEET ME, MOTHER MINE, TO-DAY.

By S. N. D.

1

**M**OTHER, Mother, I am coming  
Home to Jesus and to thee,  
But my country's hills are distant  
And their light I cannot see;  
Mother, hearken as I pray,  
Meet me on my homeward way, }  
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day. } (*twice.*)

2

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,  
I can see nor sun nor star,  
And the road is rough and narrow,  
And the end seems very far;  
Lest perchance my feet should stray,  
Meet me, Mother, on my way }  
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day. } (*twice.*)

387

I must cross the burning desert,  
 I shall thirst, O Mother mine,  
 Fill thy vessel at the fountain  
 Of thy Son's sweet Heart Divine;  
 Lest I faint upon the way,  
 Tender Mother, stoop, I pray, }  
 Give my soul to drink to-day. } (*twice.*)

Do not wait until to-morrow,  
 For I need thee here and now;  
 Wait not till I come to meet thee—  
 Rather, Mother, meet me thou—  
 Oh! in all I do or say,  
 Come and meet me on my way, }  
 Mother Mary, every day. } (*twice.*)

## 285

*HAIL, HEAVENLY QUEEN!*

## I

**H**AIL, heavenly Queen! Hail, foamy  
 ocean star!  
 Oh, be our guide, diffuse thy beams afar;  
 Hail, Mother of God! above all virgins blest,  
 Hail, happy gate of heaven's eternal rest.

## CHORUS.

Hail, foamy ocean star! Hail, heavenly  
 Queen!  
 Oh, be our guide to endless joys unseen.  
 (*twice.*)



2

“Hail, full of grace,” with Gabriel we repeat;  
Thee, Queen of heav’n from him we learn  
to greet;  
Then give us peace which heav’n alone  
can give,  
And dead thro’ Eve, thro’ Mary let us live.  
—CHORUS.

3

Oh, break our chains, our captive souls  
release;  
Oh, give us light, and let our darkness cease;  
Let every ill that preys upon our hearts;  
Fly at thy voice, which every good imparts.  
—CHORUS.

4

Our lives unstained in purity preserve;  
Nor e’er permit our ways from truth  
to swerve;  
That when our time has rolled its rapid  
round,  
We may, with Christ, in heavenly bliss be  
crowned.—CHORUS.

286

*WE GREET THEE, MARY, PUREST  
VIRGIN.*

I

**W**E greet thee, Mary, purest Virgin,  
To thee with fondest love we turn;  
How radiant is thy crown of glory  
Which thou through spotless life didst earn.

389

Oh, hear our prayers, thou Help of  
Christians,  
Refresh our hearts, give strength and joy,  
That we, by thy protection aided,  
May Satan's direful sway destroy.

2

O Queen of glory, Queen of heaven,  
To thee with joyful hearts we sing.  
O Virgin fair, to thee was given  
To bear thy God th' Eternal King.  
Around thee Saints and angels gather,  
And hail thee, Mary, as their Queen;  
Oh, turn, thou meek and gentle Mother,  
On us below thy glance serene.

3

Hail! noble Lady, great and mighty,  
Thy soul is rapt in joys untold;  
Thou marvel of th' eternal City,  
Thy vesture beams with gems and gold.  
Oh, hear us now thy praises singing,  
Oh, lead us to the place of rest;  
Lead us, to thee our Mother clinging,  
Safe to the dwellings of the blest.

287

*SWEETEST MONTH OF THE YEAR!*

By Bro. M.

CHORUS.

**S**WEETEST month of the year,  
Mary's month ever dear,  
Hearts and voices join to praise,  
While our hymns to her we raise. *(twice.)*

I

This month of all the fairest  
The sunlit month of May,  
We dedicate for aye  
To thee Heav'n flower the rarest.

—CHORUS.

2

All nature now is breathing  
Around thee sweet perfume,  
Her paths are all abloom  
With garlands for thee wreathing.

—CHORUS.

3

From every tree-top o'er us  
What harmonies we hear;  
To thee, O Mother dear!  
Birds warbling sweet in chorus.

—CHORUS.

4

The sun mounts up rejoicing  
And spreads his golden rays,  
To light thy lovely ways,  
While all thy praise are voicing.

—CHORUS.

5

Thy holy shrine is gleaming,  
With nature's offerings sweet,  
And round thy blessed feet  
Thousands of lights are beaming.

—CHORUS.

6

O hear us, Virgin Mother!  
Take all our hearts to-day,  
And give them, Queen of May,  
To thy dear Son, our Brother.

—CHORUS.

SEE NO. 151.

## HAIL, THOU RESPLENDENT STAR!

*(Ave maris Stella.)*

Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

1

HAIL, thou resplendent star,  
 Which shinest o'er the main;  
 Blest Mother of our God,  
 And ever Virgin Queen. } (*twice.*)

2

Hail, happy gate of bliss,  
 Greeted by Gabriel's tongue;  
 Negotiate our peace,  
 And cancel Eva's wrong. } (*twice.*)

3

Loosen the sinner's bands,  
 All evils drive away;  
 Bring light unto the blind,  
 And for all graces pray. } (*twice.*)

4

Exert the mother's care,  
 And thus thy children own;  
 To Him convey our prayer,  
 Who chose to be thy Son. } (*twice.*)

5

O pure, O spotless Maid,  
Whose meekness all surpassed  
Our lusts and passions quell,  
And make us mild and chaste. } (*twice.*)

6

Preserve us pure and chaste,  
Through life our safety be,  
Till Jesus' sight be given,  
And endless bliss with thee. } (*twice.*)

7

Praise to the Father be,  
With Christ His only Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost,  
Thrice blessed Three in One. } (*twice.*)

290

*MOTHER OF CHRIST.*

(*Mater Christi.*)

By S. N. D.

I

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

393

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
 He was all, all to thee.  
 In Winter's Cave, in Nazareth's Home,  
 In hamlets of Galilee;  
 So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
 He'll not say nay to thee,  
 When He lifts His Face to thy sweet  
 embrace,  
 Speak to Him, Mother of me.

## 291

*WE COME TO THEE, SWEET LADY.*

*(Our Lady of Perpetual Help.)*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**W**E come to thee, sweet Lady,  
 To us thine aid impart,  
 Our need of help and comfort  
 Will move our Mother's heart.

## CHORUS.

In all doubts, in all trials we hasten  
 To our Queen of perpetual help;  
 Mary, sweet Mother, we place our trust in  
 thee;  
 Mary, sweet Mother, our refuge be.  
 Turn on us now thine eyes of pity and love,  
 For help, for help, we cry to thee.

2

We come to thee, sweet Lady,  
Thy mercy knows no end;  
For us beg grace and pardon,  
Thou art the sinner's friend.  
—CHORUS.

3

We come to thee, sweet Lady,  
Our souls' true helper be,  
Until we rest in heaven  
With Jesus and with thee.  
—CHORUS.

292

*MOTHER MARY TO THEE.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

I

**M**OTHER Mary, to thee  
Our voices glad we raise,  
The glories of thy name  
In loving accents praise.

CHORUS.

Virgin Mother, we turn to thee,  
Our help and refuge be;  
Virgin Mother, we turn to thee,  
Our help and refuge be.

2

Spotless Mother of Christ,  
Plead with thy Son for me;  
He can refuse me naught  
If I but ask through thee.  
—CHORUS.

3

Angels claim thee as Queen,  
To me thou art more dear ;  
Not only Queen art thou,  
But Mother dear, most dear.

—CHORUS.

4

Gentle star of the sea,  
Thy faithful guiding ray  
Shines ever bright and clear,  
And heav'nward points the way.

—CHORUS.

293

*O MARY! MOTHER MARY!*

I

**O** MARY! Mother Mary!  
We place our trust in thee,  
Our faith shall never vary,  
Though weak the flesh may be.  
Too oft with steps unwary,  
From duty's path we bent :  
O Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thou teach us to repent.

2

The grisly form of terror,  
Now rises on our way,  
Now more seductive error,  
Would lead our feet astray.  
Satan is strong and wary,  
But thou wilt crush his might ;  
O Mary! Mother Mary!  
Strengthen us in the fight.



From dangerous occasions,  
 That blind imprudent eyes,  
 From treacherous persuasions,  
 That point not to the skies.  
 From mirth too light and airy,  
 From thought too sad and deep:  
 O Mary! Mother Mary!  
 Thy little children keep.

Let us remember ever,  
 The presence of the Lord;  
 To serve Him let's endeavor,  
 In thought, in deed, in word;  
 As monster or as fairy,  
 Satan may take the field;  
 But, Mary! Mother Mary!  
 Thy name will be our shield.

## 294

SWEET MOTHER, HERE ONCE  
 MORE WE HASTE.

(Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.)

By Bro. M.

**S**WEET Mother, here once more we haste  
 To seek a refuge near to thee;  
 Thy face with heav'nly brightness graced,  
 Thy eyes so meek, we come to see.  
 We speak to thee and all our woe  
 Is straight forgotten; oh, how sweet,  
 Dear Queen! to let our love o'erflow,  
 As from a vase, here at thy feet.

Immaculate! O Queen divine!

Our heart, our soul, our life are thine;  
All that we are and e'er shall be,

We consecrate, we give to thee.

Oh, guard for us with tender care,

Thou loving Queen, thou spotless dove,  
The lily flower so white, so fair,

Oh, keep us pure as saints above.

295

*WE LEAVE THY SHRINE, O  
MOTHER CHERISHED.*

By M. S. PINE.

CHORUS.

**W**E leave thy shrine, O Mother cherished!  
Watch o'er us still we thee implore;  
Thy children guard, O sweetest Mary!  
Keep us from sin for evermore.

I

Ye leave me then my shrine so holy,

Adieu, my children, ever dear to me!

Where'er ye go, ye find my altars,

And I, your Mother, everywhere will be.

—CHORUS.

2

Oh, guard for me your hearts all spotless;

My children dear, God has in His em-  
brace;

I would your souls were pure as lilies,

Embalmed with odors of celestial grace.

—CHORUS.

When hell its snares shall stretch before you,  
 My children dear, in that distressing hour,  
 Remember me, how I have loved you,  
 Be strong in love and trust your Mother's  
 power.—CHORUS.

If you should fall in that dark conflict,  
 My children dear, oh, raise to me your  
 arms;  
 Yet sinful should you e'er forget me!  
 My love shall hold for you a mother's  
 charms.—CHORUS.

*DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

CHORUS.

**D**EAR Guardian of Mary! dear nurse  
 of her Child!  
 Life's ways are full weary, the desert is  
 wild;  
 Bleak sands are all round us, no home can  
 we see;  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon  
 thee.

## 1

For thou to the pilgrim art father and guide,  
 And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy  
 side;  
 Ah! blessed Saint Joseph, how safe I  
 should be,  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert  
 with me.—CHORUS.

## 2

When the treasures of God were unshelt-  
 ered on earth,  
 Safe keeping was found for them both in  
 thy worth,  
 O Father of Jesus! be father to me,  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love  
 thee.—CHORUS.

## 3

O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy  
 worth,  
 The one chosen shadow of God upon earth;  
 The Father of Jesus—ah! then wilt thou be,  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me.  
 —CHORUS.

## 4

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary; wilt  
 thou  
 Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?  
 There's no Saint in heaven, Saint Joseph,  
 like thee;  
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Ah, deign to  
 love me!—CHORUS.

## WITH JESUS MARY'S NAME.

By M. S. PINE.

## I

WITH Jesus, Mary's name, there is  
 another blest,  
 That earth to highest Heav'n each mo-  
 ment says with love;  
 The babe that name doth lisp upon its  
 mother's breast;  
 The dying breathes it soft and takes its  
 flight above.

## CHORUS.

'Tis holy Joseph's name, name of my father  
 glorious!  
 Seraphim, chant it loud, touching your  
 harps of light;  
 Oh, blend with our weak pray'rs your hal-  
 lowed strains victorious,  
 And sing: All hail, O Spouse of God's  
 dear mother bright!

## 2

O dearest names that earth can chant to  
 Heaven's ear,  
 Jesus and Mary sweet and Joseph charm  
 the soul  
 This triple bond of love the Church has  
 woven here,  
 Its glories we shall sing while endless  
 ages roll.

CHORUS.

Praise to the blessed names! Praise to the  
names we love!

Seraphim, chant it loud, touching your  
harps of fire;

Oh, blend with our weak hymns, triumphant  
strains above!

To Jesus, Mary, Joseph, oh, sing ye  
heav'nly choirs.

FINAL CHORUS.

O ye, angelic bands, who there in Heaven  
know

His glory and His power, with transports  
all divine,

The name of Joseph bless, Christ's chosen  
guide below,

While we our hymns upraise before his  
holy shrine.

298

*HOLY PATRON! THEE SALUTING.*

I

**H**OLY patron! thee saluting,  
Here we meet with hearts sincere,  
Blest Saint Joseph, all uniting,  
Call on thee to hear our pray'r.

CHORUS.

Happy Saint; in bliss adoring  
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find.

402

2

Worldly dangers for them fearing,  
Youthful hearts to thee we bring,  
Grant, in virtue persevering,  
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.  
—CHORUS.

3

Thou who faithfully attended,  
Him, whom heav'n and earth adore:  
Who with pious care defended  
Mary, Virgin ever pure.—CHORUS.

4

May our fervent pray'rs ascending,  
Move thee for our souls to plead;  
And thy smile of peace descending,  
Benedictions on us shed.—CHORUS.

5

Through this life, oh! watch around us,  
Fill with love our every breath,  
And, when parting fear surrounds us,  
Guide us through the toils of death.  
—CHORUS.

299

*SAINT JOSEPH, SEE US AT THY  
FEET.*

By Bro. O. S. F.

I

**S**AINTE Joseph, see us at thy feet;  
Oh, dearest father, thee we greet!  
We tender thee our heartfelt praise,  
In love our hearts to thee we raise.

403

CHORUS.

Our hearts to thee we raise;  
To thee we pray; we sing thy praise;  
Oh! cast from heav'n above  
On us a glance of love.

2

Exalted was thy state on earth;  
As spouse of Mary who gave birth  
To Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear;  
Who thee as Father did revere.—CHORUS.

3

Thou didst protect and foster Him,  
Who is adored by Seraphim;  
And He, our Saviour, destined thee  
The patron of His Church to be.—CHORUS.

4

O glorious Saint! we here below,  
Like those in heav'n, due honor show  
To thee who art our Patron dear!  
Oh! deign our fervent pray'r to hear.  
—CHORUS.

5

We pray to thee with confidence;  
Oh come, dear Saint to our defense;  
Assist us till our latest breath,  
That we may die a happy death!—CHORUS.



## CECILIA, VIRGIN HELD SO DEAR.

(St. Cecilia, Nov. 22nd.)

## 1

CECILIA, Virgin held so dear  
 By Christians true of ev'ry land  
 Whose pious hymns thy name revere  
 In modest chapels, temples grand.  
 To honor thee, sweet strains  
                   of love } (twice.)  
 Ascend to God in realms above. }

## 2

While here on earth, thy psalms of praise  
 Ascended to the Saviour's throne,  
 To whom in raptures thou didst raise,  
 Thy soul, bequeathed to Him alone.  
 Oh, help us, too, with humble  
                   heart } (twice.)  
 Employ sweet music's holy art! }

## 3

Dear, happy Saint, obtain that we  
 May sing with the celestial choir,  
 In holiest, sweetest harmony,  
 Those psalms that love of God inspire  
 And lift the soul to Him on high. } (twice.)  
 For whom on earth we live and die. }

*SAINT ANN, IN HEAVEN SHINING.*

(*St. Ann, July 26.*)

By F. B.

CHORUS.

**S**AIN'T Ann, in heaven shining,  
 There in thy glorious home;  
 Toward thee our hearts inclining,  
 Bless us where'er we roam.

1

White star above the ocean,  
 Guide thou, Saint Ann, our bark;  
 Lead us in pure devotion  
 Safe through the tempest dark.—CHORUS.

2

Sweet Mother, with thy healing,  
 Thou dost the lame restore;  
 The blind before thee kneeling  
 Behold heav'n's light once more.  
 —CHORUS.

3

Cure then our fervor halting,  
 To our blind hearts give sight;  
 Through Mary's love exalting,  
 Bring us to 'Jesus' light.—CHORUS.

4

To wounded soldiers lying  
 Lone on the battlefield;  
 And sailors storm defying,  
 Thy help and comfort yield.—CHORUS.

302

SEE NO. 182.

303

*JESUS IS GOD.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

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

2

Jesus is God; the glorious bands  
Of golden angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker and their King.  
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's Cross true God,  
He who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time on earth abode.

3

Jesus is God; alas, they say  
On earth the numbers grow,  
Who His divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe:

407

And yet, what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was Man?

4

Jesus is God; let sorrow come,  
And pain and every ill;  
All are worth while—for all are means  
His glory to fulfill;  
Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If only by our faith we own  
The Godhead of our Lord.

5

Jesus is God; oh could I now  
But compass land and sea  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy should I be!  
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,  
I would proclaim aloud,  
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,  
Is everlasting God.

304

*THY WOUND, O HEART OF JESUS.*

*(From the "Messenger of the S. H.")*

I

THY wound, O Heart of Jesus,  
The trophy of Thy love  
Thou bearest it in heaven,  
To plead our cause above;

408

The angels all adore it,  
And songs of praises sing,  
And with Thy dear Heart's  
triumph, } (*twice.*)  
The courts of heaven ring.

2

Though formed of choirs of angels,  
Thy guard of honor there,  
Thou'lt not disdain the sinners  
Who guard Thy altars here.  
We envy not the angels,  
All blessed though they be;  
They cannot suffer for Thee, } (*twice.*)  
O Sacred Heart, as we.

3

In prayers with Thee uniting,  
O Heart of God, our love;  
With Thee upon our altars,  
With Thee in heav'n above;  
With Thee on earth, 'midst suff'ring,  
The Father's will adore;  
With Thee enthroned in glory } (*twice.*)  
That will, praise ever more.

## OH, VISION BRIGHT!

*(Regina Angelorum.)*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

1ST CHORUS.

OH, vision bright!  
 The land of light  
 Beams goldenly beyond the sky!  
 'Mid heavenly fires,  
 O'er angel-choirs,  
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

1ST SOLO.

Oh, vision bright!  
 The Father's might  
 All 'round His daughter's throne doth lie;  
 Where, in that balm  
 Of endless calm,  
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

—1ST CHORUS.

2ND CHORUS.

Oh, vision bright!  
 The eternal light  
 Of the dear Son may we descry;  
 Where, brighter far  
 Than moon or star,  
 Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

2ND SOLO.

Oh, vision bright!  
In softest flight  
The Dove around His Spouse doth fly,  
Where, in that height  
Of matchless light,  
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.  
—2ND CHORUS.

3RD CHORUS.

Oh, vision bright!  
Oh, land of light!  
Thou art our home beyond the sky:  
'Tis grand to see  
How gloriously  
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

3RD SOLO.

Oh, vision bright!  
Life's darkest night  
Is fair as dawn when thou art nigh;  
Where, 'mid the throng  
Of psalm and song,  
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.  
—3RD CHORUS.

306

*THE VOW IS MADE, O MARY  
QUEEN DIVINE!*

*(Children's Consecration.)*

By Bro. M.

CHORUS.

THE vow is made, O Mary Queen divine!  
In life, in death, we'll be e'er true to  
thee;

Oh, guard our hearts, make them as pure  
as thine,  
From every stain, O Mother keep them  
free! (*twice.*)

1

Young flowers in dewy morn, their petals  
fair unclosing,  
In glowing sun, how pure they shine!  
Our youthful hearts, O Queen! beneath thy  
sway expanding  
Protest we are forever thine.—CHORUS.

2

To thee, O Mother fair, the prime of years  
we're bringing,  
We will not seek the world to please;  
Our gracious Lady dear! with love and joy  
we're serving:  
For us 'tis honor, wealth and ease.  
—CHORUS.

3

O Queen Immaculate! upon thy aid relying  
Against the world we war with thee;  
In spite of Satan's rage in thy pure heart  
abiding  
Thy sons, O Mary! chaste will be.  
—CHORUS.

4

When life of trial is past, when from this  
vale departing,  
Our sweet delight in death will be  
To list our Mother's voice, our soul above  
inviting  
To sing her praise eternally.—CHORUS.



## O MYSTIC ROSE!

By S. N. D.

I

O MYSTIC Rose,  
 Christ's garden glows  
 With countless blossoms grace hath borne;  
 More sweet and fair  
 Than any there  
 Art thou that bloomest 'mid the thorn.  
 O Mystic Rose,  
 Than driven snows  
 More dazzling fair on winter's morn;  
 No speck, no soil,  
 Thy petals spoil;  
 Thou bloomest white amid the thorn.

CHORUS.

And Mystic Rose  
 When shadows close,  
 Upon our life, and breaks the morn:  
 Then blossom thou on ev'ry brow,  
 Then blossom thou on ev'ry brow, } (*twice.*)  
 O fadeless Rose without a thorn. }

2

O Mystic Rose  
 The blood that flows  
 From that dear Heart which love hath torn;  
 Hath dyed thee to  
 Another hue;  
 Thou bloomest, crimson 'mid the thorn.

O Mystic Rose,  
The great King's foes,  
Our gardens of thy bloom have shorn;  
And waste she lies  
Beneath the skies,  
That lost the Rose and kept the thorn.  
—CHORUS.

308

*IN THE MORNING WHEN I WAKEN.*

*(Children's rule of life.)*

I

**I**N the morning when I waken,  
With the Cross I sign myself,  
And say, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
I give you my heart and life."  
Then when drest I kneel devoutly  
And I say my morning pray'rs;  
With the cross I ask a blessing,  
Both before and after meals.

2

When 'tis evening, kneeling humbly,  
My night pray'rs I say to God;  
Then my conscience I examine,  
And ask pardon for my sins.  
When in bed, I think of Jesus,  
And my arms fold like a cross,  
And say, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
I give you my heart and soul."

414

## 3

With this prayer each work I'll offer :

“Jesus, I do all for Thee;”

“Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help me!”

In temptation my cry be.

From occasions that are sinful

And bad company I'll fly;

Than offend Thee mortally,

Dearest Lord, I'd rather die.

## 4

Should I ever thus offend Thee,

I will ask without delay

Thy forgiveness;—to confession

If I can, I'll go straightway.

In that Sacrament of Mercy,

Dearest Lord, I'll humble be,

Telling all without concealment

To the priest as though to Thee.

## 5

Once a month, at least, for pardon

Of my sins, though great or small,

I will seek, that in confession

Thy dear Blood may cleanse them all.

Then unto the Holy Table

Where Thou giv'st Thy Flesh and Blood,

I will go, with fervor, striving

Preparation may be good.

## 6

Holy Mass I must devoutly

Hear on Sundays, holydays;

And I should, at Catechism,

Learn my God to know and praise.

Vespers or sweet Benediction  
By my fault should ne'er be lost,  
Thinking what great grace is given  
By our God there in the Host.

7

Every day, if I am able,  
Glad I'll be the Mass to hear,  
And I'll not forget to visit  
Jesus' tabernacle dear ;  
Then, before our Mother's picture,  
For her blessing, I will pray ;  
For her sake I'll seek to crown her  
With the Rosary every day.

8

For God's sake my neighbor loving,  
"Golden Rule" I'll try to keep ;  
Parents, teachers, and superiors  
Love, obey, with reverence deep.  
Morning, noon, and night, I'll daily  
The sweet "Angelus" recite,  
And I'll often read in good books  
That to love of God excite.

9.

Thus will I, with God's assistance,  
Faithful keep this Rule of Life,  
Till my God bids me come to Him  
From this world of sin and strife.  
With Last Sacraments then strengthened,  
Humbly trusting, I'll depart,  
Jesus' Sign upon my forehead  
Jesus' Name within my heart.

*ALAS GRIEF FILLS MY HEART.*

By I. WILLIAMS.

## I

**A**LAS, grief fills my heart, tears fall  
like rain,

Far from heaven and God am I;  
Alas, grief fills my heart, tears fall like rain,  
Lost in sin I stray.

Gone the joys of the days departed,  
Innocence, peace and happiness;  
Alas, grief fills my heart, tears fall like rain,  
Lost in sin I stray.

## 2

Ah! me, lost is my God, lost highest heaven,  
Sold for passing, vain delight;

Ah! me, lost is my God, lost highest heaven,  
All is darkest night.

Far from God, lost in torments endless,  
Far from Him for eternity;

Ah! me, lost is my God, lost highest heaven,  
All is lost to me.

## 3

But lo! what light is this breaks through  
the gloom?

Hope once more o'ercomes despair.

But lo! what light is this breaks through  
the gloom?

Hope so sweet and fair.

'Tis the thought that my Saviour loves me,  
'Tis the thought that He will forgive;  
But lo! what light is this breaks through  
the gloom?

He will pardon me.

4

Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to  
the Cross,

Precious Blood was shed for me;

Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to  
the Cross,

Jesus died for me!

Jesus dear, in His love and mercy,

Will forgive deepest, darkest crimes;

Behold, on Calvary's height, nailed to  
the Cross,

Jesus died for me!

310

STRIVE YE SALVATION TO  
ATTAIN.

I

STRIVE ye salvation to attain,  
'Tis easy to a willing mind,  
To ev'ry Christian highest gain;  
Seek, then, pursue it till ye find.

CHORUS.

Unless salvation we obtain,

All gifts, all joys of earth are vain;

Unless salvation we obtain,

All gifts, all joys of earth are vain.

(twice.)

418

2

Salvation lost, we lose our all,  
We lose our blissful heritage,  
In hell's dark depths we're doomed to fall,  
Oh! may this all our thoughts engage.  
—CHORUS.

3

What profit for us to obtain  
The wide-spread mighty universe,  
If doomed to never-ending pain  
In hell's fierce flames? Oh! fearful curse!  
—CHORUS.

4

It is for all eternity  
That we enjoy our heavenly bliss,  
Or writhe in endless misery—  
What thought so full of awe as this!  
—CHORUS.

5

O Lord! ordain, while we remain  
On earth, this truth may penetrate  
Our inmost souls, till we obtain  
Our blessed and immortal state.  
—CHORUS.

### 311

#### *.THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD.*

I

**I** *AM the Lord*, and thou shalt serve  
No other gods but Me;  
Religion true thou shalt observe,  
Faith, Hope and Charity.

CHORUS.

All this Thou dost command, O Lord,  
We cheerfully obey,  
And look to heav'n for our reward,  
Through all eternity.

2

*Thou shalt not take God's Name in vain,*  
Nor swear unlawfully;  
Things holy thou shalt not profane,  
Nor curse irreverently.—CHORUS.

3

*Remember that thou sanctify*  
*The holy Sabbath day;*  
Work not without necessity,  
Hear holy Mass, and pray.—CHORUS.

4

*Thy Parents honor,* serve and love,  
And cheerfully obey;  
And servants must obedient prove  
When without sin they may.—CHORUS.

5

*Thou shalt not kill,* nor vengeance take,  
Nor hate thy enemy;  
Forgive and love for Jesus' sake  
All that have injured thee.—CHORUS.

5

The same commandment does beside  
Forbid all drunkenness,  
Self-injury and suicide,  
And eating to excess.—CHORUS.



*Do not commit Adultery*

In thoughts, words, deeds or looks ;  
Beware of evil company,  
And read not dangerous books.—CHORUS.

*Thou shalt not steal, nor keep, nor waste,*  
Nor cheat in any way ;  
Ill-gotten goods restore in haste,  
And lawful debts repay.—CHORUS.

*False witness thou shalt never bear,*  
Nor tell a wilful lie :  
Detraction, if thou canst repair,  
As well as calumny.—CHORUS.

*Thou shalt not covet neighbor's wife,*  
Nor look with lustful eye ;  
*Thou shalt not covet neighbor's goods,*  
Nor eye them enviously.—CHORUS.

## 312

THE LEAVES AROUND ME  
FALLING.

## I

THE leaves around me falling,  
Are preaching of decay ;  
The hollow winds are calling :  
"Come, pilgrim, haste away."

The day in night declining  
Says I must too decline;  
The year its life resigning,  
Its lot foreshadows mine!

2

The lights my path surrounding,  
The helps to which I cling;  
The hopes within me bounding,  
The joys that round me wing;  
All, all, like stars at even,  
Just gleam to shoot away;  
Pass on before to heaven,  
And chide at my delay!

3

The friends gone there before me  
Are calling from on high;  
And joyous angels o'er me  
Are beckoning from the sky,  
"Why wait," they sing, "and wither  
'Mid scenes of death and sin?  
'Tis better to come hither,  
And find true life begin."

4

I hear the invitation,  
And fain would rise and come,  
A sinner to salvation,  
An exile to his home.  
But, while I here must linger,  
Thus, thus let all I see  
Point out with faithful finger  
To Heaven, O Lord, and Thee.

TO WIN MY HEART WITH VISIONS  
BRIGHT AND FAIR.

By Cardinal MANNING.

## I

TO win my heart with visions bright  
and fair,

In vain the world with all its craft has  
tried:

Harmless and weak its dazzling weapons are,  
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

(*twice.*)

## 2

Come all ye proud ones of the earth, array  
Your gath'ring hosts around me far  
and wide;

My heart is calm amid the loud affray,  
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

(*twice.*)

## 3

Death has for me no fears, its bitter pains  
Shall never from my King, my heart  
divide;

Faithful to Him till death my will remains,  
I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

(*twice.*)

## 4

Jesus, my Lord! my only hope and shield;  
No pow'rs of ill before Thee can abide;

I trust Thee upon the battlefield;

I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

(*twice.*)

## DA MIHI ANIMAS!

(From "The Voice of the Sacred Heart.")

## I

LET others pray about themselves,  
 Thy grace leads many ways,  
 "Da mihi animas," 'tis thus  
 Thy Spirit in me prays.

## CHORUS.

Ask what Thou wilt, O dearest Lord,  
 Naught, naught will I deny,  
 But only give me countless souls  
 For Thee, before I die. (*twice.*)

## 2

A life-long sorrow, if Thou wilt,  
 And sharp enduring pain;  
 All, all were light, if souls for Thee  
 Might be the precious gain.—CHORUS.

## 3

Tears will be sweet for Thou hast wept,  
 And blood, if needs must be;  
 No cost too great to purchase souls,  
 O dearest Lord, for Thee.—CHORUS.

## 4

Whatever be the price, O Lord,  
 This grace to me impart:  
 Souls from the world and sin set free,—  
 Souls for Thy Sacred Heart.—CHORUS.

THE DAY IS O'ER, THE MOON  
SERENELY BEAMING.

I

THE day is o'er, the moon serenely  
beaming

In silver light hath field and forest drest—  
A thousand twinkling stars are gently  
gleaming—

The world is hushed, and all is laid  
to rest. (*twice.*)

CHORUS.

“Hail, Mary, full of grace!” with Gabriel,  
we repeat;

Hail, hope of Adam's race! Hail Queen and  
Mother sweet!

2

Save one who, wakeful in her lonely  
dwelling,

Of Juda born, a Stem of Jesse's rod—  
A Virgin pure all others far excelling—

Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer  
to God. (*twice.*)

3

The while she prays, behold the silence  
broken;

She starts—a look of fear o'erspreads  
her face;

She hears—till then to mortal ears  
unspoken—

These words of love: “Hail, Mary, full  
of grace!” (*twice.*)

4

Fear not, the Lord is with thee, thou art  
chosen  
The Virgin Mother of thy God to be;  
And many hearts in sin and guilt now  
frozen,  
Shall melt beneath the Sunbeam born  
of thee. (*twice.*)

5

O Spouse of God, O Queen of earth and  
heaven!  
O Holy Mother of th' Incarnate Word!  
In marked accents was the answer given:  
"Behold the willing handmaid of the Lord."  
*(twice.)*

316

*THE MOON IS IN THE HEAV'NS  
ABOVE.*

By Rev. Fr. W. FABER.

I

**T**HE moon is in the heav'ns above,  
Its light lies on the foamy sea;  
So shines the Star of Mary's love  
O'er this dark scene of misery.

CHORUS.

Our hands to life's hard work are laid,  
But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-  
Maid!  
Our hands to life's hard work are laid,  
But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-  
Maid.

Oh, thou art bright as bright can be,  
 And bountiful as thou art bright;  
 And welcome is the thought of thee,  
 As fragrance of an eastern night!  
 —CHORUS.

Calm as the blessed Eye of God  
 When it looks o'er all this world below;  
 He bids thee shed His peace abroad  
 With a secret balm for every woe.  
 —CHORUS.

By thee we learn, dear spotless Queen!  
 What a glorious God our God must be;  
 And in thy glory His is seen,  
 For He shows Himself when He  
 shows thee.—CHORUS.

## 317

## VIVAT PASTOR BONUS!

## I

VIVAT! Vivat Pastor bonus! (*twice.*)  
 Vivat! Vivat in aeternum! (*twice.*)  
 Et accedentes laeti dixerunt, (*thrice.*)  
 Vivat! Vivat in aeternum!—Repeat: Vivat!

Laudetur Jesus Christus, et Maria Mater  
 ejus. Amen.

Christus vincit! Christus regnat! (*thrice.*)  
 Christus vincit! Christus imperat!  
 Et accedentes laeti dixerunt, (*thrice.*)  
 Christus vincit! Christus regnat! (*thrice.*)  
 Christus vincit! Christus imperat!

Laudetur Jesus Christus, et María Mater  
 ejus. *Amen.*

## 318

## ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS.

(*Reception of a Bishop.*)

ECCE sacerdos magnus, qui in diébus  
 suis placuit Deo, placuit Deo.

Ideo jurejurando fecit illum Dóminus  
 crescere in plebem suam, in plebem suam.

Benedictionem ómnium géntium dedit illi,  
 et testaméntum suum confirmávit super  
 caput ejus.

Ideo jurejurando fecit illum Dóminus  
 crescere in plebem suam, in plebem suam.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto.



Latin Hymns  
and Chants

THE  
LIFE OF  
SAMUEL JOHNSON  
BY  
JAMES BOSWELL

## AVE VIVENS HOSTIA.

1

**A**VE vivens Hóstia,  
 Véritas et vita :  
 Per te sacrificia,  
 Cuncta sunt finíta,  
 Per te Patri glória  
 Datur infiníta,  
 Per te stat Ecclésia  
 Júgiter muníta.

2

Ave vas cleméntiae,  
 Scrínium dulcórís  
 In quo sunt delíciae  
 Coélici sapóris ;  
 Véritas substántiae  
 Tota Salvatóris,  
 Sacraméntum grátiae,  
 Pábulum amóris.

3

Ave Manna coélicum,  
 Vérius legáli,  
 Datum in viáticum  
 Mísero mortáli ;  
 Medicámen mýsticum  
 Morbo spiritáli,  
 Rorem dans cathólicum  
 Vitae immortáli. *Amen.*

Tr. by Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt.D.

I

**H**AIL, Thou living Victim blest  
Truth and Life supernal,  
Olden types in Thee confessed,  
Find their end eternal.  
Infinite through Thee the praise  
To the Father given;  
While they love Thy Church arrays  
As an earthly heaven.

2

Hail, Thou ancient mercy-seat,  
Source of grace and favor;  
Precious Ointment-box replete  
With celestial savor.  
Thou the God-Man truly art  
In divine completeness;  
Fed on Thee the loving heart  
Knows Thy raptured sweetness.

3

Hail, Thou Manna from the skies,  
Yet more truly given  
To the pilgrim soul that sighs  
For her promised heaven:  
Mystic Medicine Thou art  
For the wounded spirit;  
Healed by Thee, may every heart  
Endless life inherit. *Amen.*

## O ESCA VIATORUM.

I

O ESCA viatorum,  
 O panis Angelorum,  
 O Manna coelitum;  
 Esuriéntes ciba,  
 Dulcédine non priva  
 Corda quaeréntium.

2

O lympha, fons amoris  
 Qui puro Salvatoris  
 E corde prófluis;  
 Te sitiéntes pota,  
 Haec sola nostra vota,  
 His una súfficis.

3

O Jesu tuum vultum,  
 Quem cólimus occúltum  
 Sub panis spécie:  
 Fac ut, remóto velo,  
 Apérta nos in coelo,  
 Cernámus ácie.

Tr. by Rev. H. T. HENRY, Litt. D.

I

O FOOD to pilgrims given,  
 Bread of the hosts of heaven,  
 Thou Manna of the sky!  
 Feed with the blessèd sweetness  
 Of Thy divine completeness  
 The hearts that for Thee sigh.

O Fountain ruby-glowing,  
 O Stream of love outflowing  
 From Jesus' piercèd side!  
 This thought alone shall bless us,  
 This one desire possess us,  
 To drink of Thy sweet tide.

We love Thee, Jesus tender,  
 Who hid'st Thine awful splendor  
 Beneath these veils of grace:  
 Oh, let the veils be riven,  
 And our clear eye in heaven  
 Behold Thee face to face! *Amen.*

## 321

*MISERICORDIAS DOMINI.*

Misericórdias Dómini in aetérnum cantábo;  
 In generatióem et generatióem annunti-  
 ábo veritátem tuam in ore meo.

## 322

*ANIMA CHRISTI.*

**A**NIMA Christi, sanctífica me.  
 Corpus Christi, salva me.  
 Sanguis Christi, inébria me.  
 Aqua láteris Christi, lava me.  
 Passio Christi, confórta me.  
 O bone Jesu, exáudi me.  
 Intra tua vúlnera, abscónde me.

Ne permittas me separari a Te.  
Ab hoste maligno defende me.  
In hora mortis meae voca me,  
Et jube me, venire ad Te;  
Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem Te;  
Et in saecula saeculorum. *Amen.*

323

*O QUAM SUAVIS EST.*

**O** QUAM suavis est, Domine Spiritus tuus! qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares, pane suavissimo de coelo praestito, esurientes reple bonis, fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes.

324 to 327

*ADORO TE DEVOTE, LATENS DEITAS.*

I

**A**DORO te devote latens Deitas  
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas:  
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,  
Quia te contemplan totum deficit.

2

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,  
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:  
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,  
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius.

3

In cruce latébat sola Déitas,  
At hic latet simul et humánitas;  
Ambo tamen credens, atque cónfitens  
Peto quod petívit latro poénitens.

4

Plagas, sicut Thomas non intúeor,  
Deum tamen meum te confíteor,  
Fac me tibi semper magis crédere,  
In te spem habére, te diligere.

5

O memoriále mortis Dómini,  
Panis vivus, vitam praestans hómni:  
Praesta meae menti de te vívere,  
Et te illi semper dulce sápere.

6

Pie pellicáne, Jesu Dómine,  
Me immúndum munda tuo sángine:  
Cujus una stilla salvum fácere  
Totum mundum, quit ab omni scélere.

7

Jesu quem velátum nunc adspício,  
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sítio,  
Ut te reveláta cernens fácie,  
Visu, sim beátus tuae glóriæ. *Amen.*



## ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM.

I

ECCE panis angelórum  
 Factus cibus viatórum,  
 Vere panis filiórum  
 Non mitténdus cánibus.

2

In figúris praesignátur,  
 Cum Isaac immolátur,  
 Agnus Paschae deputátur,  
 Datur manna pátribus. *Amen.*

## ADOREMUS IN AETERNUM.

Adorémus in aetérnum Sanctíssimum  
 Sacraméntum.

## AVE VERUM.

I

A VE, verum Corpus, natum  
 De María Vírgine,  
 Vere passum, immolátum,  
 In cruce pro hómine.  
 Cujus latus perforátum  
 Fluxit aqua et ságuine,  
 Esto nobis praegustátum  
 Mortis in exámine.  
 O Jesu dulcis!  
 O Jesu pie!  
 O Jesu, Fili Maríae! *Amen.*

## ADORO TE, O PANIS COELICE.

I

ADORO te, O Panis coélice  
O Dómine, O Deus máxime;

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus sine fine,  
Sanctus semper tibi glória  
Sacra sit sub hóstia.

2

Nos fámulos, O Deus réspice,  
Et grátia nos semper réfice.—CHORUS.

## O COR AMORIS VICTIMA.

I

O COR amóris Víctima  
Coeli perénne gáudium,  
Mortálium solátium,  
Mortálium spes última.

2

Cor dulce, Cor amábile,  
Amóre nostri sáucium,  
Amóre nostri lánguidum,  
Fac sis mihi placábile.

3

Jesu, Patris Cor únicum,  
Puris amicum méntibus,  
Puris amándum córdibus,  
In corde regnes ómnium. *Amen.*

## COR JESU SACRATISSIMUM.

- 1.—Cor Jesu Sacratíssimum, miserére nobis.
- 2.—Cor Maríae immaculátum, ora pro nobis.
- 3.—Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis.

## COR JESU SACRATISSIMUM.

Cor Jesu sacratíssimum, miserére nobis.  
(*thrice.*)

## O SALUTARIS.

I

**O** SALUTARIS Hóstia,  
Quae coeli pandis óstium:  
Bella praemunt hostília,  
Da robur, fer auxílium.

2

Uni trinóque Dómino  
Sit sempitérna glória!  
Qui vitam sine término  
Nobis donet in pátria. *Amen.*

## ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE.

**A**DORAMUS Te Christe, et benedicimus  
tibi, quia per sanctam crucem tuam  
redemisti mundum, qui passus es pro nobis,  
Dómine, Dómine, miserere nobis.

341

SEE NO. 335.

342 to 352

## TANTUM ERGO.

I

**T**ANTUM ergo Sacraméntum  
Venerémur cernui:  
Et antíquum documéntum  
Novo cedat rítui:  
Praestet fides suppleméntum  
Sénsuum deféctui.

2

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

Ÿ. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.  
(Allelúia.)

R. Omne delectaméntum in se habéntem.  
(Allelúia.)

## O BONE JESU.

**O** BONE Jesu, miserere nobis, quia tu creásti nos tu redemísti nos sángine tuo pretiosíssimo.

## LAUDATE, DOMINUM OMNES GENTES.

- 1.—Laudáte Dóminum omnes gentes: \*  
laudáte eum omnes pópuli.
- 2.—Quóniam confirmáta est | super nos  
misericórdia ejus: \* et véritas  
Dómini | manet in aetérnum.
- 3.—Glória Patri, et Fílio, \* et Spiritui  
Sancto.
- 4.—Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc, et  
semper, \* et in saécula | saeculó-  
rum. *Amen.*

## ADESTE FIDELES.

I

**A**DESTE, fidéles, laeti triumphántes;  
Veníte, veníte in Bethlehem;  
Natum vidéte Regem Angelórum. }  
Veníte, adorémus (*thrice*) Dó- } (*twice.*)  
minum.

En grege relicto, húmiles ad cunas  
 Vocáti pastóres appróperant;  
 Et nos ovánti gradu festinémus. }  
 Veníte, adorémus (*thrice*) Dó- } (*twice.*)  
 minum.

Aetérni Paréntis spléndorem aetérnum  
 Velátum sub carne vidébimus;  
 Deum infántem pannis invo- }  
 lútum: } (*twice.*)  
 Veníte, adorémus (*thrice*) Dó- }  
 minum.

Pro nobis egénium et foeno cubántem  
 Piis foveámus ampléxibus:  
 Sic nos amántem quis non }  
 redamáret? } (*twice.*)  
 Veníte, adorémus (*thrice*) Dó- }  
 minum.

### 355 and 356

#### TOTA PULCHRA ES MARIA.

TOTA pulchra es María, et mácula  
 originális non est in te.

Tu glória Jerúsalem, tu laetítia Israël.

Tu honorificéntia pópuli nostri.

Tu advocáta peccatórum.

O María, Virgo prudentíssima, Virgo  
 clementíssima.

Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis, ad Dóminum  
 Jesum Christum. *Amen.*

## FLOS CARMELI.

(Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, July 16.)

**F**LOS Carméli, vitis florígera,  
 Splendor coeli, Virgo puérpera,  
 Singuláris, Mater mitis sed virinésia,  
 Da privilégia Stella maris Carmélitis.

## O GLORIOSA VIRGINUM.

1

**O** GLORIOSA Vírginum  
 Sublímis inter sídera,  
 Qui te creávit párvulum  
 Lacténte nutris úbere.

2

Quod Heva tristis ábstulit  
 Tu reddis almo gérmine  
 Intrent ut astra flébiles  
 Coeli reclúdis cárdines.

3

Tu regis alti jánuá  
 Et aula lucis fúlgida  
 Vitam datam per Vírginem  
 Gentes redémpťae pláudite.

4

Jesu tibi sit glória!  
 Qui natus es de Vírgine  
 Cúm Patre, et almo Spírítu  
 In sempitérna saécula. *Amen.*

## SANCTORUM AGMINA.

I

**S**ANCTORUM ágmina  
 Excédans Dómina,  
 María, salve!  
 Dulcédo córdium  
 Spes supplicántium,  
 María, salve!

2

Fac nostra córpora,  
 Mentés et péctora,  
 Sint pura mater.  
 Et roga Fílium  
 Ut nos post óbitum  
 Agnóscat Pater.

3

In valle flébiles,  
 Frequénte éxules,  
 Heu nati Evae!  
 Ad te clamávimus;  
 Et suspirávimus;  
 María, salve!

4

Ut inter ágmina  
 Sanctórum cármina  
 Deo canámus,  
 Tibíque débitas  
 Per cuncta grátias  
 Saecla reddámus.



360 to 363

*AVE MARIA.*

**A**VE María, grátia plena, Dóminus tecum, benedicta tu in muliéribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

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

363

*SUB TUUM PRAESIDIUM.*

**S**UB tuum praesídium confúgimus, Sancta Dei Génitrix, nostras deprecaciónes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris, sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriósa et benedícta.

364 to 369

*AVE MARIS STELLA.*

I

**A**VE maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
Atque semper Virgo,  
Felix coeli porta.

2

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabriélis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevae nomen.

445

3

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

4

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

5

Virgo singuláris,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solútos  
Mites fac et castos.

6

Vitam praesta puram,  
Inter para tutum,  
Ut vidéntes Jesum  
Semper collaetémur.

7

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spirítui sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. *Amen.*

## SALVE MATER MISERICORDIAE.

CHORUS.

**S**ALVE Mater misericórdiae,  
 Mater Dei, et Mater véniae,  
 Mater spei, et Mater grátiae,  
 Mater plena sanctae laetítiae, O María!

1

Salve decus humáni géneris,  
 Salve Virgo dígnior céteris,  
 Quae vírgines omnes transgréderis,  
 Èt áltius sedes in súperis, O María!

—CHORUS.

2

Salve felix Virgo puérpera;  
 Nam qui sedet in Patris délixtera,  
 Coelum regens, terram et aéthera,  
 Intra tua se clausit víscera, O María!

—CHORUS.

3

Te creávit Pater ingénitus,  
 Obumbrávit te Unigénitus,  
 Faecundávit te Sanctus Spíritus,  
 Tu es facta tota divínitus, O María!

—CHORUS.

4

Te creávit Deus, mirábilem,  
 Te respéxit ancíllam húmílem,  
 Te quaesívit sponsam amábilem,  
 Tibi numquam fecit consímilem, O María!

—CHORUS.

Te beátam laudáre cúpiunt  
 Omnes justí, sed non suffíciunt;  
 Multas laudes de te concípiunt,  
 Sed in illis prorsus defíciunt, O María!  
 —CHORUS.

Esto, Mater, nostrum solátium  
 Nostrum esto, tu Virgo gáudium,  
 Et nos tandem post hoc exsílum,  
 Laetos junge choris coeléstium, O María!  
 —CHORUS.

## 370

*O SANCTISSIMA!*

## I

**O** SANCTISSIMA,  
 O piíssima,  
 Dulcis Virgo María!  
 Mater amáta,  
 Intemeráta,  
 Ora, ora pro nobis.

## 2

Tu solátium,  
 Et refúgium,  
 Virgo, Mater María!  
 Quidquid optámus,  
 Per te sperámus:  
 Ora, ora pro nobis.

3

Ecce débiles,  
Perquam flébiles,  
Salva nos, O María!  
Tolle languóres,  
Sana dolóres,  
Ora, ora pro nobis.

4

Virgo, réspice,  
Mater, áspice,  
Audi nos, O María!  
Tu medicínam,  
Portas divínam,  
Ora, ora pro nobis.

371

*AVE, MATER GRATIAE.*

I

**A**VE, Mater grátiae,  
Ave, Virgo vírginum,  
Spes salútis hóminum,  
Mater alma grátiae.

2

Ave, Mater grátiae,  
Ave, sidus rútilum,  
Laus et decus órđinum,  
Coeléstis militíae.

449

3

Ave, Mater grátiae,  
Consolátrix ínclÿta  
Opem fer, et vísita  
Certántes in ácie.

4

Ave, Mater grátiae,  
Peccatórum víncula  
Solve, prece sédula  
Praeséntis famíliæ.

5

Ave, Mater grátiae,  
O lux beatíssima,  
Esto nobis lúcida  
Fulgens sole glóriæ.

6

Ave, Mater grátiae,  
Tu benígna díceris:  
Miserére miséris  
Virgo Mater grátiae. *Amen.*

372

*SALVE PATER SALVATORIS.*

CHORUS.

**S**ALVE, Pater Salvatóris,  
Salve, custos Redemptóris,  
O Joseph amábilis, Salve, Salve!

450

1

Salve Pater Jesu mei,  
Sponse Genitrícis Dei,  
Quem decórat púritas,  
Salve, Salve!

2

Pium pius te patrónum,  
Te tutórem dedit fidum  
Póntifer Ecclésiae,  
Salve, Salve!

3

Exulántes consoláre,  
Moriéntes amplexáre,  
Quos hic habes sérvulos  
Salve, Salve!

4

Joseph, fili David regis,  
Recondáre Christi gregis  
In die judícii  
Salve, Salve!

5

Salvatórem deprecáre  
Ut not velit liberáre  
Nostrae mortis témpore  
Salve, Salve!

6

Te precánte, vita functi,  
Sint cum ángelis conjúcti  
In celésti pátria  
Salve, Salve!

## INVIOLATA.

**I**NVIOLATA, íntegra et casta es, María,  
 Quae es effécta fúlgida coeli porta  
 O Mater alma Christi caríssima!  
 Súscipe pia laudum praecónia.  
 Te nunc flágitant devóta corda et ora.  
 Nostra ut pura péctora sint et córpora.  
 Tua per precáta dulcisona,  
 Nobis concédas véniam per saécula.  
 O benígna! O Regína! O María!  
 Quae sola invioláta permansísti.

## REGINA COELI JUBILA.

I

**R**EGINA Coeli júbila,  
 Gaude María!  
 Jam pulsa cedent núbila,  
 Allelúia! Laetáre, O María!

2

Quam digna terris gígnere,  
 Gaude María!  
 Vivis resúrget fúnere,  
 Allelúia!

3

Sunt fracta mortis spícula,  
 Gaude María!  
 Jesu jacet mors súbdita,  
 Allelúia!



4

Acérbitas solátium,  
Gaude María!  
Luctus redónat gáudium,  
Allelúia!

5

Turbáta sputis lúmina  
Gaude María!  
Phaebéa vincunt fúlgura  
Allelúia!

6

Manum pedúmque vúlnera,  
Gaude María!  
Sunt gratiárum fúlmina,  
Allelúia!

7

Transvérsa ligni róborá,  
Gaude María!  
Sunt scepra regni fúlgida,  
Allelúia!

8

Lucet arúndo púrpura,  
Gaude María!  
Ut fulva terrae víscera,  
Allelúia!

9

Caténa, clavi, láncea,  
Gaude María!  
Triúmphi sunt insígnia,  
Allelúia!

Ergo María pláudito,  
Gaude María!  
Clíentibus succúrrito,  
Allelúia!

## 375

DOMINE NON SECUNDUM PEC-  
CATA NOSTRA.

**D**OMINE non secúndum peccáta nostra,  
quae fécimur nos: neque secúndum  
iniquitátes nostras retríbuas nobis.

Dómine, ne memíneris iniquitátum nos-  
trárum antiquárum cito anticipent nos mis-  
ericórdiae tuae: quía páuperes facti sumus  
nimis.

Adjuva nos, Deus salutáris noster et  
propter glóriam nóminis tui, Dómine, libera  
nos et propítius esto peccátis nostris,  
propter nomen tuum.

## 376 and 377

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART  
OF JESUS.

**K**YRIE, eléison.  
Christe, eléison.  
Kýrie, eléison.

Christe, audi nos. *Christe, exáudi nos.*  
Pater de coelis Deus, *miserére nobis.*  
Fili, Redémptor mundi Deus, *miserére nobis.*  
Spíritus Sancte, Deus, *miserére nobis.*  
Sancta Trínitas, unus Deus, *miserére nobis.*

Cor Jesu, Filii Patris aetérni, miserére nobis.  
 Cor Jesu, in sinu Vírginis Matris a  
     Spíritu Sancto formátum,  
 Cor Jesu, Verbo Dei substantiáliter  
     unítum,  
 Cor Jesu, majestátis infinítae,  
 Cor Jesu, templum Dei sanctum,  
 Cor Jesu, tabernáculum Altíssimi,  
 Cor Jesu, domus Dei et porta coeli,  
 Cor Jesu, fornax ardens caritátis,  
 Cor Jesu, justítiae et amóris receptá-  
     culum,  
 Cor Jesu, bonitáte et amóre plenum,  
 Cor Jesu, virtútum ómnium abýssus,  
 Cor Jesu, omni laude digníssimum,  
 Cor Jesu, rex et centrum ómnium cór-  
     dium,  
 Cor Jesu, in quo sunt omnes thesáuri  
     sapiéntiae et sciéntiae,  
 Cor Jesu, in quo hábitat omnis pleni-  
     túdo divinitátis,  
 Cor Jesu, in quo Pater sibi bene com-  
     plácuít,  
 Cor Jesu, de cujus plenitúdine omnes  
     nos accépimus,  
 Cor Jesu, desidérium cóllium aeternó-  
     rum,  
 Cor Jesu, pátiens et multae misericór-  
     diae,  
 Cor Jesu, dives in omnes qui ívocant  
     Te,  
 Cor Jesu, fons vitae et sanctitátis,  
 Cor Jesu, propitiátio pro peccátis nos-  
     tris,  
 Cor Jesu, saturátum oppróbriis,

Miserére nobis.

Cor Jesu, attritum propter scélera nos-  
tra,  
Cor Jesu, usque ad mortem obédiens  
factum,  
Cor Jesu, lancea perforátum,  
Cor Jesu, fons tótius consolatiónis,  
Cor Jesu, vita et resurréctio nostra,  
Cor Jesu, pax et reconciliátio nostra,  
Cor Jesu, víctima peccatórum,  
Cor Jesu, salus in Te sperántium,  
Cor Jesu, spes in Te moriéntium,  
Cor Jesu, delíciae Sanctórum ómnium,  
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, parce  
nobis Dómine.  
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, ex-  
áudi nos Dómine.  
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, mise-  
rére nobis.

Miserere nobis

V. Jesu mitis et húmilis corde.

R. Fac cor nostrum secúndum Cor tuum.

378 to 380

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

**K**YRIE, eléison.

Christe, eléison.

Kýrie, eléison.

Christe, audi nos.

*Christe, exáudi nos.*

Pater de coelis, Deus, *miserére nobis.*

Fili, Redémptor mundi, Deus, *miserére.*

Spíritus Sancte, Deus, *miserére nobis.*

Sancta Trínitas, unus Deus, *miserére.*

Sancta María,  
Sancta Dei Génitrix,  
Sancta Virgo Vírginum,  
Mater Christi,  
Mater divínae grátiae,  
Mater puríssima,  
Mater castíssima,  
Mater invioláta,  
Mater intemeráta,  
Mater amábilis,  
Mater admirábilis,  
Mater boni consílii,  
Mater Creatóris,  
Mater Salvatóris,  
Virgo prudentíssima,  
Virgo veneránda,  
Virgo praedicánda,  
Virgo potens,  
Virgo clemens,  
Virgo fidélis,  
Spéculum justítiae,  
Sedes sapiéntiae,  
Causa nostrae laetítiae,  
Vas spirituále,  
Vas honorábile,  
Vas insígne devotiónis,  
Rosa mýstica,  
Turris Davídica,  
Turris ebúrnea,  
Domus áurea,  
Foéderis arca,  
Jánua coeli,  
Stella matutína,  
Salus infirmórum,  
Refúgium peccatórum,

*Ora pro nobis.*

Cōsolátrix afflictorum,  
 Auxílium Christianórum,  
 Regína Angelórum,  
 Regína Patriarchárum,  
 Regína Prophetárum,  
 Regína Apostolórum,  
 Regína Mártyrum,  
 Regína Confessorum,  
 Regína Virgínium,  
 Regína Sanctórum ómnium,  
 Regína sine labe origináli concépta,  
 Regína Sacratíssimi Rosárii,  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,  
     parce nobis, Dómine.  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,  
     exáudi nos, Dómine.  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccáta mundi,  
     miserére nobis.

Ora pro nobis

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Génitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

381

RORATE, COELI, DESUPER.

(Tempore Adventus.)

Rorate, coeli, desuper: et nubes pluant justum.—Rorate . . .

I

**D**E irascáris, Dómine: ne ultra memíneris iniquitátis nostrae: Ecce cívitas Sancti tui facta est desérta, Sion desérta facta est:

458

Jerúsalem desoláta est: domus sanctificati-  
ónis nostrae et glóriæ nostrae ubi lauda-  
vérunt te patres nostri.—Rorate . . .

2

Peccávimus, et facti sumus ut immúndus  
omnes nos, et cecídimus quasi fólium uni-  
vérsi: et iniquitátes nostrae quasi ventus  
abstulérunt nos: abscondísti fáciem tuam  
a nobis, et allisísti nos in manu iniquitátis  
nostrae.—Rorate . . .

3

Vide, Dómine, afflictiónem pópuli tui, et  
mitte quem missúrus es: emítte Agnum  
dominatórem terræ de petra desértil ad  
montem fíliae Sion: ut áuferat ipse jugum  
captivitátis nostrae.—Rorate . . .

4

Consolámini, consolámini, pópule meus:  
cito véniet salus tua. Quare moeróre con-  
súmeris? quare innovávit te dolor? Sal-  
vábo te, noli timére: ego enim sum Dóminus  
Deus tuus, Sanctus Israël, Redémptor tuus.  
—Rorate . . .

382

*ASPERGES ME.*

**A**SPERGES me, Dómine, hissópo, et  
mundábor: lavábis me, et super nivem  
dealbábor.

Miserére mei, Deus,\* secúndum magnam  
misericórdiam tuam.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui Sancto :\*  
Sicut erat in princípío et nunc et semper, \*  
et in saécula saeculórum. Amen. Aspérge  
me . . .

℣. Osténde nobis . . . tuam.

℞. Et salutáre tuum da nobis.

℣. Dómine, exáudi . . . meam.

℞. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

℣. Dóminus vobíscum.

℞. Et cum spírítu tuo. ℞. *Amen.*

383

VIDI AQUAM.

VIDI aquam egrediéntem de templo, a  
látere dextro, allelúia: et omnes, ad  
quos pervénit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt, et  
dicent, allelúia, allelúia.

Confitémini Dómino quóniam bonus:  
quóniam in saéculum misericórdia ejus.

Glória Patri . . . etc.

℣. Osténde, nobis, Dómine, misericór-  
diam tuam. Allelúia.

℞. Et salutáre tuum da nobis. Allelúia.

℣. Dómine exáudi oratióem meam.

℞. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

℣. Dóminus vobíscum.

℞. Et cum spírítu tuo.

Orémus . . .

℞. *Amen.*



## MISSA.

*Kyrie Eleison.*

**K**YRIE eléison. (*three times.*)  
 Christe eléison. (*three times.*)  
 Kýrie eléison. (*three times.*)

*Gloria.*

**G**LORIA in excélsis Deo: et in terra pax homínibus bonae voluntátis. Laudámus te. Benedícimus te. Adorámus te. Glorificámus te. Grátias ágimus tibi, propter magnam glóriam tuam. Dómine Deus, Rex coeléstis, Deus Pater omnípotens; Dómine Fili unigénite, Jesu Christe: Dómine Deus, Agnus Dei, Fílius Patris. Qui tollis peccáta mundi, miserére nobis. Qui tollis peccáta mundi, súscipe deprecationem nostram. Qui sedes ad déxteram Patris, miserére nobis. Quóniam tu solus Sanctus; Tu solus Dóminus; Tu solus Altíssimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spíritu, in glória Dei Patris. *Amen.*

*Credo.*

**C**REDO in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factórem coeli et terrae, visibílium ómnium et invisibílium. Et in unum Dóminum Jesum Christum, Fílium Dei unigénitum: et ex Patre natum ante ómnia saécula; Deum de Deo, lumen de lúmíne, Deum verum de Deo vero; génitum non factum, consubstántialem Patri; per quem

omnia facta sunt; qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis; et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine: ET HOMO FACTUS EST; crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est; et resurrexit tertia die secundum Scripturas; et ascendit in coelum, sedet ad dexteram Patris; et iterum venturus est cum gloria iudicare vivos et mortuos, cujus regni non erit finis. Et in Spiritum Sanctum Dominum et vivificantem; qui ex Patre Filioque procedit: qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur, et conglorificatur; qui locutus est per prophetas. Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismum in remissionem peccatorum: et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi saeculi. *Amen.*

*Sanctus.*

**S**ANCTUS, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua: Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini: Hosanna in excelsis.

*Agnus Dei.*

**A**GNUS Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

## THE RESPONSES AT HIGH MASS.

*I.—At the Prayers.*

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

*II.—At the Gospel.*

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

V. Sequéntia sancti Evangélii secúndum  
Matthaéum.

R. Glória tibi Dómine.

*III.—At the Preface.*

V. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

R. *Amen.*

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

V. Sursum corda.

R. Habémus ad Dóminum.

V. Grátias agámus Dómino Deo nostro.

R. Dignum et justum est.

*IV.—At the Pater Noster.*

V. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

R. *Amen.*

V. Et ne nos indúcas in tentatiónem.

R. Sed líbera nos a malo.

*V.—At the Pax Domini.*

V. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

R. *Amen.*

Ÿ. Pax † Dómini sit † semper vo-  
biscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

*VI.—Ite Missa Est or Benedicamus  
Dómino.*

Ÿ. Ite, missa est. (*Allelúia.*)

R. Deo grátias. (*Allelúia.*)

Ÿ. Benedicámus Dómino.

R. Deo grátias.

389

*WHEN A BISHOP GIVES THE  
BLESSING.*

*(At the conclusion of a Pontifical  
High Mass.)*

Ÿ. Sit nomen Dómini benedíctum.

R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in saéculum.

Ÿ. Adjutórium nostrum in nómine  
Dómini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram.

Ÿ. Benedícat vos omnípotens Deus:  
Pater, et Fílius, et Spírítus Sanctus.

R. *Amen.*

390

*MISSA PRO DEFUNCTIS.*

*I.—Introit.*

**R**EQUIEM aetérnam dona eis Dómine:  
et lux perpétua lúceat eis.

Ps. Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion, et  
tibi reddétur votum in Jerúsalem: \* exáudi

oratióem meam, ad te omnis caro véniet.—  
Réquiem . . .

*II.—Kyrie.*

Kýrie eléison. (*three times.*)  
Christe eléison. (*three times.*)  
Kýrie eléison. (*three times.*)

*III.—Graduale.*

Réquiem aetérnam dona eis Dómine: et  
lux perpétua lúceat eis.

V. In memória aetérna erit justus: ab  
auditíone mala non timébit.

*IV.—Tractus.*

Absólve Dómine, ánimas ómnium fidélium  
defunctórum, ab omni vínculo delictórum.

V. Et grátia tua illis succurrénte, mere-  
ántur evádere judícium ultiónis.

V. Et lucis aetérnae beatitúdine pérfrui.

*V.—Dies Irae, Dies Illa.*

1—Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvét saeclum in favílla:  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

2.—Quantus tremor est futúrus,  
Quando judex est ventúrus,  
Cuncta stricte discussúrus!

3—Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepúlra regiónum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

- 4—Mors stupébit et natúra,  
Cum resúrget creatúra,  
Judicánti responsúra.
- 5—Liber scriptus proferétur,  
In quo totum continétur,  
Unde mundus judicétur.
- 6—Judex ergo, cum sedébit,  
Quidquid latet apparébit:  
Nil inúltum remanébit.
- 7—Quid sum miser tunc dictúrus?  
Quem patrónum rogáturus?  
Cum vix justus sit secúrus.
- 8—Rex treméndae majestátis,  
Qui salvándos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietátis.
- 9—Recordáre, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuae viae,  
Ne me perdas illa die.
- 10—Quaerens me sedísti lassus,  
Redemísti crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
- 11—Juste Judex ultiónis,  
Donum fac remissiónis  
Ante diem ratiónis.
- 12—Ingemísco tanquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus,  
Supplicánti parce Deus.

- 13—Qui Mariam absolvísti,  
 Et latrónem exaudísti,  
 Mihi quoque spem dedísti.
- 14—Preces meae non sunt dignae:  
 Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
 Ne perénni cremer igne.
- 15—Inter oves locum praesta,  
 Et ab hoedis me sequéstra,  
 Státuens in parte dextra.
- 16—Confutátis maledíctis,  
 Flammi ácribus addíctis,  
 Voca me cum benedíctis.
- 17—Oro supplex et acclínis,  
 Cor contrítum quasi cinis:  
 Gere curam mei finis.
- 18—Lacrymósa dies illa,  
 Qua resúrget ex favilla  
 Judicándus homo reus.
- 19—Huic ergo parce Deus;  
 Pie Jesu Dómine,  
 Dona eis réquiem. *Amen.*

*VI.—At the Gospel.*

- V. Dóminus vobíscum.  
 R. Et cum spírítu tuo.  
 V. Sequéntia sancti Evangélii secúndum  
 Joánem.  
 R. Glória tibi Dómine.

VII.—*Offertorium.*

Dómine Jesu Christe, Rex glóriae, libera ánimas ómnium fidélium defunctorum de poenis inférni, et de profúndo lacu: libera eas de ore leónis, ne absórbeat eas tártarus, ne cadant in obscúrum, sed sígnifer sanctus Mícheael repraeséntet eas in lucem sanctam: Quam olim Abrahae promisísti, et sémini ejus.

Ÿ. Hóstias et preces tibi Dómine laudis offérimus: tu súscipe pro animábus illis, quarum hódie memóriam fácimus: fac eas, Dómine, de morte transíre ad vitam. Quam olim Abrahae promisísti, et sémini ejus.

VIII.—*At the Preface.*

Ÿ. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

R. *Amen.*

Ÿ. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

Ÿ. Sursum corda.

R. Habémus ad Dóminum.

Ÿ. Grátias agámus Dómino Deo nostro.

R. Dignum et justum est.

IX.—*Sanctus.*

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dóminus Deus Sábaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra glória tua. Hosánna in excélsis. Benedictus qui venit in nómine Dómini. Hosánna in excélsis.

X.—*At the Pater Noster.*

Ÿ. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

R. *Amen.*

Ÿ. Et ne nos indúcas in tentatiónem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.



XI.—*At the Pax Domini.*

℣. Per ómnia saécula saeculórum.

℞. *Amen.*

℣. Pax Dómini sit semper vobíscum.

℞. Et cum spírítu tuo.

XII.—*Agnus Dei.*

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, dona  
eis réquiem.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, dona  
eis réquiem.

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccáta mundi, dona  
eis réquiem sempitérnam.

XIII.—*Communio.*

Lux aetérna lúceat eis, Dómine: Cum  
sanctis tuis in aetérnum, quia pius es.

℣. Réquiem aetérnam dona eis Dómine,  
et lux perpétua lúceat eis.

Cum sanctis tuis in aetérnum, quia pius es.

XIV.—*At the end of the Mass.*

℣. Dóminus vobíscum.

℞. Et cum spírítu tuo.

℣. Requiéscant in pace.

℞. *Amen.*

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*LIBERA.*

**L**IBERA me, Dómine, de morte aetérna,  
in die illa treménda: \* Quando coeli  
movéndi sunt et terra: † Dum véneris ju-  
dicáre saéculum per ignem.

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V. Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo,  
dum discússio vénerit, atque ventúra ira. \*

Quando coeli movéndi sunt et terra.

V. Dies illa, dies irae, calamitátis et  
misériae, dies magna et amára valde. †  
Dum véneris judicáre saéculum per ignem.

V. Réquiem aetérnam dona eis Dómine:  
et lux perpétua lúceat eis.

Líbera . . . per ignem.

Kýrie eléison.—Christe eléison.—Kýrie  
eléison.—Pater noster . . .

V. Et ne nos indúcas in tentatiónem.

R. Sed líbera nos a malo.

V. A porta ínferi.

R. Erue Dómine ánimam ejus. (Animas  
eórum.)

V. Requiéscat (requiéscant) in pace.

R. *Amen.*

V. Dómine, exáudi oratiónem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spírítu tuo.

Orémus . . . R. *Amen.*

V. Réquiem aetérnam dona ei (eis)  
Dómine.

R. Et lux perpétua lúceat ei (eis).

V. Requiéscat (requiéscant) in pace.

R. *Amen.*

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#### O JESU, SALVATOR MUNDI.

**O** JESU, Salvátor mundi, exáudi preces  
súpplícum.

Pie Jesu Dómine, dona eis réquiem sem-  
pitérnam. *Amen.*

## The Common of All Vespers

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V. Deus in adiutorium meum intende.  
 R. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.  
 Glória Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.  
 Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,  
 et in saecula saeculorum. *Amen.*  
 Alleluia. (Laus tibi Domine, Rex aeternae glóriae.)

II. Five Psalms. Page 474.

III. Chapter. R. Deo grátias.

IV. Hymn and Versicle.

V. Antiphon of *Magnificat* and *Magnificat*.

V. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.—Orémus . . .

R. *Amen.*

VI. Commemorations, if any are to be made.

VII. V. Benedicámus Domino.

R. Deo grátias.

VIII. Antiphon to B. V. Mary: (Alma Redemptóris.—Ave Regína.—Regína coeli.—Salve Regína.)

V. Orémus . . . R. *Amen.*

V. Divinum auxiliúm máneat semper nobiscum.

R. *Amen.*

FIRST ANTIPHON: ALMA REDEMP-  
TORIS MATER.

**A**LMA Redemptóris Mater, quae pέρvia  
coeli

Porta manes, et stella maris, succúrre  
cadénti;

Súrgere qui curat, pópulo: tu quae  
genuísti,

Natúra miránte, tuum sanctum Geni-  
tórem,

Virgo prius, ac postérius, Gabriélis ab ore,  
Sumens illud Ave, peccatórum miserére.

℣. Angelus Dómini nuntiávit Maríae.

℞. Et concépit de Spíritu Sancto.

*After Advent.*

℣. Post partum, Virgo, invioláta per-  
mansísti.

℞. Dei Génitrix intercéde pro nobis.

SECOND ANTIPHON: AVE REGINA  
COELORUM.

**A**VE, Regína coelórum,  
Ave, Dómina Angelórum,

Salve radix, salve porta,

Ex qua mundo lux est orta:

Gaude, Virgo gloriósa,

Super omnes speciósa:

Vale, o valde decóra,

Et pro nobis Christum exóra.

V. Dignáre me laudáre te, Virgo sacráta.

R. Da mihi virtútem contra hostes tuos.

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*THIRD ANTIPHON: REGINA COELI.*

**R**EGINA coeli, laetáre, allelúia:

Quia quem meruísti portáre, allelúia:

Resurréxit sicut dixit, allelúia:

Ora pro nobis Deum, allelúia.

V. Gaude et laetáre, Virgo María, allelúia.

R. Quia surréxit Dóminus vere, allelúia.

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*FOURTH ANTIPHON: SALVE REGINA.*

**S**ALVE, Regína, Mater misericórdiae, vita dulcédo, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamámus éxsules filii Hevae. Ad te suspirámus, geméntes et flentes in hac lacrymárum valle. Eia ergo, Advocáta nostra, illos tuos misericórdes óculos ad nos convértē. Et Jesum, benedíctum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exsílium osténde: O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo María!

V: Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Génitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiámur promissionibus Christi.

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*PSALM TONES.*

The Accompaniment of the Psalms is given in the harmonized edition.

## Vesper Psalms

The following are all the Psalms sung on Festivals and Sundays throughout the Year.

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### DIXIT DOMINUS.

*Psalm 109.*

**D**IXIT Dóminus Dómino meo: \* Sede a dextris meis,

2. Donec ponam inimicos tuos, \* scabellum pedum tuorum.

3. Virgam virtutis tuae emittet Dóminus ex Sion \* dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

4. Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae in splendoribus Sanctorum: \* ex útero ante luciferum genui te.

5. Juravit Dóminus, et non poenitebit eum: \* Tu es Sacerdos in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

6. Dóminus a dextris tuis: \* confrégit in die irae suae reges.

7. Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas: \* conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

8. De torrente in via bibet \* propterea exaltabit caput.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

## CONFITEBOR TIBI.

*Psalm 110.*

CONFITEBOR tibi, Dómine, in toto corde meo; \* in consílio justórum, et congregatióne.

2. Magna ópera Dómini: \* exquisíta in omnes voluntátes ejus.

3. Conféssio et magnificéntia opus ejus: \* et justítia ejus manet in saéculum saéculi.

4. Memóriam fecit mirabílium suórum † miséricors et miserátor Dóminus: \* escam dedit timéntibus se.

5. Memor erit in saéculum testaménti sui: \* virtútem óperum suórum annuntiábit pópulo suo.

6. Ut det illis haereditátem géntium: \* ópera mánuum ejus véritas et judícium.

7. Fidélia ómnia mandáta ejus: † confirmáta in saéculum saéculi, \* facta in veritáte et aequitáte.

8. Redemptiónem misit pópulo suo; \* mandávit in aetérnum testaméntum suum.

9. Sanctum, et terríbile nomen ejus \* inítium sapiéntiae timor Dómini.

10. Intelléctus bonus ómnibus faciéntibus eum: \* laudátio ejus manet in saéculum saéculi.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

## BEATUS VIR.

*Psalm III.*

**B**EATUS vir qui timet Dóminum, \* in mandátis ejus volet nimis.

2. Potens in terra erit semen ejus; \* generatio rectórum benedicétur.

3. Glória et divítiae in domo ejus; \* et justítia ejus manet in saéculum saéculi.

4. Exórtum est in ténebris lumen rectis, \* miséricors et miserátor, et justus.

5. Jucúndus homo qui miserétur et cómodat, † dispónet sermónes suos in judício; \* quia in aetérnum non commovébitur.

6. In memória aetérna erit justus: \* ab auditióne mala non timébit.

7. Parátum cor ejus speráre in Dómino, † confirmátum est cor ejus; \* non commovébitur donec despiciat inimícos suos.

8. Dispérsit, dedit paupéribus; † justítia ejus manet in saéculum saéculi, \* cornu ejus exaltábitur in glória.

9. Peccátor vidébit, et irascétur, † déntibus suis fremet, et tabéscet: \* desidérium peccatórum períbit.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

## LAUDATE, PUERI:

*Psalm II2.*

**L**AUDATE púeri Dóminum: \* laudáte nomen Dómini.

2. Sit nomen Dómini benedíctum: \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in saéculum.



3. A solis ortu usque ad occásum, \*  
laudábile nomen Dómini.

4. Excélsus super omnes gentes Dó-  
minus, \* et super coelos glória ejus.

5. Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, qui  
in altis hábitat, \* et humília réspicit in coelo  
et in terra?

6. Súscitans a terra ínopem, \* et de stér-  
core érigens páuperem.

7. Ut cóllocet eum cum princípibus, \*  
cum princípibus pópuli sui.

8. Qui habitáre facit stérilem in domo, \*  
matrem filiórum laetántem.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

#### 404

### IN EXITU ISRAEL.

*Psalm 113.*

**I**N éxitu Israël de Ægypto, \* domus  
Jacob de pópulo bárbaro:

2. Facta est Judaéa sanctificátio ejus, \*  
Israël potéstas ejus.

3. Mare vidit, et fugit: \* Jordánis con-  
vérsus est retrórsum.

4. Montes exultavérunt ut arietes, \* et  
colles sicut agni óvium.

5. Quid est tibi mare, quod fugísti, \* et  
tu Jordánis, quia convérsus es retrórsum?

6. Montes exultástis sicut arietes, \* et  
colles sicut agni óvium.

7. A fácie Dómini mota est terra, \* a  
fácie Dei Jacob.

8. Qui convértit petram in stagna aquárum, \* et rupem in fontes aquárum.

9. Non nobis, Dómine, non nobis: \* sed nómini tuo da glóriam:

10. Super misericórdia tua et veritate tua, \* nequándo dicant gentes: Ubi est Deus eórum?

11. Deus autem noster in coelo: \* ómnia quaecúmque vóluit, fecit.

12. Simulácra géntium argéntum et aurum, \* ópera mánuum hóminum.

13. Os habent, et non loquéntur: \* óculos habent, et non vidébunt.

14. Aures habent, et non áudient: \* nares habent, et non odorábunt.

15. Manus habent, et non palpábunt: † pedes habent, et non ambulábunt: \* non clamábunt in gútture suo.

16. Símples illis fiant qui fáciunt ea: \* et omnes qui confídunt in eis.

17. Domus Israël sperávit in Dómino: \* adjútor eórum et protéctor eórum est.

18. Domus Aaron sperávit in Dómino: \* adjútor eórum et protéctor eórum est.

19. Qui timent Dóminum, speravérunt in Dómino: \* adjútor eórum et protéctor eórum est.

20. Dóminus memor fuit nostri: \* et benedíxit nobis.

21. Benedíxit dómui Israël: \* benedíxit dómui Aaron.

22. Benedíxit ómnibus qui timent Dóminum, \* pusillis cum majóribus.

23. Adjíciat Dóminus super vos: \* super vos, et super filios vestros.

24. Benedicti vos a Dómino, \* qui fecit  
coelum, et terram.

25. Coelum coeli Dómino: \* terram au-  
tem dedit fíllis hóminum.

26. Non mórtui laudábunt te, Dómine: \*  
neque omnes, qui descéndunt in inférnum.

27. Sed nos qui vívimus, benedícimus  
Dómino, \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in saé-  
culum.

28. Glória Patri, etc.

405

MAGNIFICAT.

*Canticum B. V. M.*

**M**MAGNIFICAT \* ánima mea Dóminum.  
2. Et exsultávit spíritus meus \* in Deo  
salutári meo.

3. Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillae  
suae: \* ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent  
omnes generatiónes.

4. Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est,\*  
et sanctum nomen ejus.

5. Et misericórdia ejus a progénie in pro-  
génies \* timéntibus eum.

6. Fecit poténtiam in bráchio suo: \*  
dispérsit supérbos mente cordis sui.

7. Depósuit poténtes de sede, \* et ex-  
altávit húmiles.

8. Esuriéntes implévit bonis: \* et dívites  
dimísit inánes.

9. Suscépit Israël púerum suum, \* re-  
cordátus misericórdiae suae.

10. Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros, \*  
Abraham, et sémini ejus in saécula.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

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CONFITEBOR QUONIAM.

*Psalm 137*

CONFITEBOR tibi, Dómine, in toto  
corde meo: \* quóniam audísti verba  
oris mei.

2. In conspéctu Angelórum psallam tibi: \*  
adorábo ad templum sanctum tuum, et  
confitébor nómini tuo.

3. Super misericórdia tua, et veritate  
tua: \* quóniam magnificásti super omne,  
nomen sanctum tuum.

4. In quacúmque die invocávero te, ex-  
áudi me, \* multiplicábis in ánima mea  
virtútem.

5. Confiteántur tibi, Dómine, omnes re-  
ges terrae: \* quia audiérunt ómnia verba  
oris tui:

6. Et cantent in viis Dómini: \* quóniam  
magna est glória Dómini.

7. Quóniam excélsus Dóminus, et hu-  
mília réspicit: \* et alta a longe cognóscit.

8. Si ambulávero in médio tribulatiónis,  
vivificábis me: † et super iram inimicórum  
meórum extendísti manum tuam, \* et sal-  
vum me fecit déxtera tua.

9. Dóminus retríbuet pro me: † Dómine  
misericórdia tua in saéculum \* ópera mánu-  
um tuárum ne despicias.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

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## CREDIDI.

*Psalm 115.*

**C**REDIDI, propter quod locutus sum; \*  
ego autem humiliatus sum nimis.

2. Ego dixi in excéssu meo: \* Omnis  
homo mendax.

3. Quid retríbuiam Dómino \* pro ómni-  
bus quae retríbuit mihi?

4. Cálicem salutáris accípiam, \* et nomen  
Dómini invocábo.

5. Vota mea Dómino reddam coram  
omni pópulo ejus: \* pretiósá in conspéctu  
Dómini mors sanctórum ejus.

6. O Dómine, quia ego servus tuus: \*  
ego servus tuus, et fílius ancíllae tuae.

7. Dirupísti víncula mea: † tibi sacrificá-  
bo hóstiám laudis, \* et nomen Dómini invo-  
cábo.

8. Vota mea Dómino reddam in conspéctu  
omnis pópuli ejus: \* in átriis domus Dó-  
mini, in médio tui, Jerúsalem.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

## IN CONVERTENDO.

*Psalm 125.*

**I**N converténdo Dóminus captivitátem  
Sion; \* facti sumus sicut consoláti.

2. Tunc replétum est gáudio os nos-  
trum: \* et lingua nostra exsultatióne.

3. Tunc dicent inter gentes: \* Magnificávit Dóminus fácere cum eis.

4. Magnificávit Dóminus fácere nobiscum, \* facti sumus laetántes.

5. Convérte, Dómine, captivitátem nostram, \* sicut torrens in Austro.

6. Qui sémant in lácrimis, \* in exultatióne metent.

7. Eúntes ibant et flebant, \* mitténtes sémina sua.

8. Veniéntes autem vénient cum exultatióne, \* portántes manípulos suos.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

409

DOMINE PROBASTI ME.

*Psalm 138.*

**D**OMINE, probásti me, et cognovísti me: \* tu cognovísti sessiónem meam, et resurrectionem meam.

2. Intellexísti cogitatiónes meas de longe: \* sémitam meam, et funículum meum investigásti.

3. Et omnes vias meas praevidísti: \* quia non est sermo in lingua mea.

4. Ecce, Dómine, tu cognovísti ómnia, novíssima et antíqua: \* tu formásti me, et posuísti super me manum tuam.

5. Mirábilis facta est sciéntia tua ex me: \* confortáta est, et non pótero ad eam.

6. Quo ibo a spíritu tuo? \* et quo a fácie tua fúgiam?

7. Si ascéndero in coelum, tu illic es: \* si descéndero in inférnum, ades.

8. Si sumpsero pennas meas dilúculo, \* et habitávero in extrémis maris:

9. Etenim illuc manus tua dedúcet me: \* et tenébit me dextera tua.

10. Et dixi: Fórsitan ténebrae conculcábunt me: \* et nox illuminátio mea in delíciis meis.

11. Quia ténebrae non obscurabúntur a te, † et nox sicut dies illuminábitur: \* sicut ténebrae ejus, ita et lumen ejus.

12. Quia tu possedísti renes meos: \* suscepísti me de útero matris meae.

13. Confitébor tibi, quia terribíliter magnificátus es: † mirabília ópera tua; \* et ánima mea cognóscit mimis.

14. Non est occultátum os meum a te, quod fecísti in occulto: \* et substántia mea in inferióribus terrae.

15. Imperfécum meum vidérunt óculi tui, † in libro tuo omnes scribéntur: \* dies formabúntur, et nemo in eis.

16. Mihi autem nimis honorificáti sunt amíci tui, Deus: \* nimis confortátus est princípátus eórum.

17. Dinumerábo eos, et super arénam multiplicabúntur: \* exsurrexi, et adhuc sum tecum.

18. Si occíderis, Deus, peccatóres: \* viri sánguinem declináte a me:

19. Quia dícitis in cogitatióne: \* Accípi-ent in vanitáte civitátes tuas.

20. Nonne qui odérunt te, Dómine, óderam? \* et super inimícos tuos tabescébam?

21. Perfécto ódio óderam illos: \* et inimíci facti sunt mihi.

22. Proba me, Deus, et scito cor meum: \* intérroga me et cognósce sémitas meas.

23. Et vide, si via iniquitátis in me est: \* et deduc me in via aetérna.

24. Glória Patri, etc.

410

DE PROFUNDIS.

*Psalm 129.*

**D**E profúndis clamávi ad te Dómine; \*  
Dómine, exáudi vocem meam.

2. Fiant aures tuae intendéntes, \* in vo-  
cem deprecationis meae.

3. Si iniquitátes observáveris, Dómine; \*  
Dómine, quis sustinébit?

4. Quia apud te propitiátio est, \* ét prop-  
ter legem tuam sustínui te, Dómine.

5. Sustínuit ánima mea in verbo ejus; \*  
sperávit ánima mea in Dómino.

6. A custódia matutína usque ad noctem, \*  
speret Israël in Dómino.

7. Quia apud Dóminum misericórdia, \*  
et copiósá apud eum redéemptio;

8. Et ipse rédimet Israël \* ex ómnibus  
iniquitátibus ejus.

9. Glória Patri, etc.



## MEMENTO, DOMINE, DAVID.

*Psalm 131.*

**M**EMENTO, Dómine, David, \* et omnis mansuetúdinis ejus:

2. Sicut jurávit Dómino, \* votum vovit Deo Jacob:

3. Si introíero in tabernáculum domus meae: \* si ascéndero in lectum strati mei:

4. Si dédero somnum óculis meis,\* et pálpebris meis dormitatiónem;

5. Et réquiem tempóribus meis, donec invéniam locum Dómino, \* tabernáculum Deo Jacob.

6. Ecce audívimus eam in Ephrata: \* invénimus eam in campis silvae.

7. Introíbimus in tabernáculum ejus: \* adorábimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.

8. Surge, Dómine, in réquiem tuam: \* tu et arca sanctificatiónis tuae.

9. Sacerdótes tui induántur justítiam, \* et sancti tui exsúltent.

10. Propter David servum tuum, \* non avértas fáciem Christi tui.

11. Jurávit Dóminus David veritátem, et non frustrábitur eam: \* de fructu ventris tui ponam super sedem tuam.

12. Si custodierint fílii tui testaméntum meum, \* et testimónia mea haec quae do- cébo eos:

13. Et fílii eórum usque in saéculum, \* sedébunt super sedem tuam.

14. Quóniam elégit Dóminus Sion, \* elégit eam in habitatiónem sibi.

15. Haec réquies mea in saéculum saéculi: \* hic habitábo, quóniam elégi eam.

16. Víduam ejus benedicens benedicam: \* páuperes ejus saturábo pánibus.

17. Sacerdótes ejus induam salutári, \* et sancti ejus exsultátione exsultábunt.

18. Illuc prodúcam cornu David, \* parávi lucérnam Christo meo.

19. Inimícos ejus induam confusióne: \* super ipsum autem efflorébit sanctificátio mea.

20. Glória Patri, etc.

## 412

### LAETATUS SUM.

*Psalm 121.*

**L**AETATUS sum in his, quae dícta sunt mihi: \* in domum Dómini íbimus.

2. Stantes erant pedes nostri: \* in átriis tuis, Jerúsalem.

3. Jerúsalem, quae aedificátur ut cívitas: \* cujus participátio ejus in idípsum.

4. Illuc enim ascendérunt tribus, tribus Domini: \* testimónium Israél ad confiténdum nómini Dómini.

5. Quia illic sedérunt sedes in iudício: \* sedes super domum David.

6. Rogáte quae ad pacem sunt Jerúsalem; \* et abundántia diligéntibus te.

7. Fiat pax in virtúte tua: \* et abundántia in túrribus tuis.

8. Propter fratres meos et próximos meos, \* loquébar pacem de te.

9. Propter domum Dómini Dei nostri, \* quaesivi bona tibi.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

413

*NISI DOMINUS.*

*Psalm 126.*

**N**ISI Dóminus aedificáverit domum: \* in vanum laboravérunt qui aedíficant eam.

2. Nisi Dóminus custodíerit civitátem: \* frustra vígilat qui custódit eam.

3. Vanum est vobis ante lucem súrgere: \* súrgite postquam sedéritis, qui manducátis panem dolóris.

4. Cum déderit diléctis suis somnum: \* ecce haeréditas Dómini, filii: merces, fructus ventris.

5. Sicut sagíttae in manu poténtis: \* ita filii excussórum.

6. Beátus vir qui implévit desidérium suum ex ipsis: \* non confundétur, cum loquétur inimícis suis in porta.

7. Glória Patri, etc.

## LAUDA, JERUSALEM.

*Psalm 147.*

**L**AUDA, Jerúsalem, Dóminum: \* lauda  
Deum tuum, Sion.

2. Quóniam confortávit seras portárum  
tuárum: \* benedíxit fíliis tuis in te.

3. Qui pósuit fines tuos pacem: \* et ádipe  
fruménti sátiat te.

4. Qui emíttit elóquium suum terrae: \*  
velóciter currit sermo ejus.

5. Qui dat nivem sicut lanam; \* nébulam  
sicut cínerem spargit.

6. Mittit crystállum suum sicut buccél-  
las; \* ante fáciem frígoris ejus quis sus-  
tinébit?

7. Emíttet verbum suum et liquefáci-  
et ea: \* flabit spíritus ejus et fluent aquae.

8. Qui annúntiat verbum suum Jacob: \*  
justítiás et judícia sua Israël.

9. Non fecit táliter omni nátióni: \* et ju-  
dícia sua non manifestávit eis.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

## BEATI OMNES.

*Psalm 127.*

**B**EATI omnes qui timent Dóminum, \*  
qui ámbulant in viis ejus.

2. Labóres mánuum tuárum quia man-  
ducábis: \* beátus es, et bene tibi erit.

3. Uxor tua sicut vitis abúndans, \* in latéribus domus tuae.

4. Filii tui sicut novéllae olivárum, \* in circúitu mensae tuae.

5. Ecce sic benedicétur homo, \* qui timet Dóminum.

6. Benedícat tibi Dóminus ex Sion: \* et vídeas bona Jerúsalem ómnibus diébus vitae tuae.

7. Et vídeas filios filiórum tuórum; \* pacem super Israël.

8. Glória Patri, etc.

## 416

### AD DOMINUM.

#### *Psalm 119.*

**A**D Dóminum cum tribulárer, clamávi: \* et exaudívit me.

2. Dómine, libera ánimam meam a lábiis iníquis, \* et a lingua dolósa.

3. Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponátur tibi, \* ad linguam dolósam?

4. Sagíttae poténtis acútae, \* cum carbónibus desolatóriis.

5. Heu mihi, quia incolátus meus prolongátus est: † habitávi cum habitántibus Cedar: \* multum íncola fuit ánima mea.

6. Cum his, qui odérunt pacem, eram pacíficus: \* cum loquébar illis, impugnábant me gratis.

7. Réquiem aetérnam \* dona eis Dómine.

8. Et lux perpétua \* lúceat eis.

## DILEXI, QUONIAM.

*Psalm 114.*

**D**ILEXI, quoniam exaudiet Dominus \*  
vocem orationis meae.

2. Quia inclinavit aurem suam mihi: \*  
et in diebus meis invocabo.

3. Circumdedérunt me dolores mortis: \*  
et pericula inferni inveniérunt me.

4. Tribulationem et dolorem inveni: \* et  
nomen Domini invocavi.

5. O Domine, libera animam meam: †  
misericors Dominus, et justus, \* et Deus  
noster miseretur.

6. Custodiens parvulos Dominus; \* hu-  
miliatus sum, et liberavit me.

7. Convertere anima mea in requiem  
tuam: \* quia Dominus benefecit tibi.

8. Quia eripuit animam meam de morte, †  
oculos meos a lacrymis, \* pedes meos a  
lapsu.

9. Placebo Domino \* in regione vivorum.

10. Requiem aeternam, etc.

## LEVAVI OCULOS.

*Psalm 120.*

**L**EVAVI oculos meos in montes, \* unde  
veniet auxilium mihi.

2. Auxilium meum a Domino, \* qui fecit  
coelum et terram.

3. Non det in commoti6nem pedem tuum: \* neque d6rmitet qui cust6dit te.

4. Ecce non dormit6bit, neque d6rmiet, \* qui cust6dit Isra6l.

5. D6min6s cust6dit te, D6min6s protectio tua \* super manum d6xteram tuam.

6. Per diem sol non uret te,\* neque luna per noctem.

7. D6min6s cust6dit te ab omni malo: \* cust6diat 6nimam tuam D6min6s.

8. D6min6s cust6diat intr6itum tuum, et 6xitum tuum, \* ex hoc nunc, et usque in sa6culum.

9. R6quiem aet6rnam, etc.

## 419

### LAUDATE DOMINUM.

*Psalm 116.*

**L**AUDATE D6min6m omnes gentes; \* laud6te eum omnes p6puli.

2. Qu6niam confirm6ta est super nos miseric6rdia ejus: \* et v6ritas D6mini manet in aet6rnum.

3. Gl6ria Patri, etc.

## 420

### ERIPE ME, DOMINE.

*Psalm 139.*

**E**RIPE me, D6mine, ab h6mine malo: \* a viro iniquo 6ripe me.

2. Qui cogitav6runt iniquit6tes in corde:\* tota die constitu6bant pra6lia.

3. Acuérunt linguas suas sicut serpén-  
tis: \* venénium áspidum sub lábiis eórum.

4. Custódi me, Dómine, de manu pecca-  
tóris: \* et ab homínibus iníquis éripe me.

5. Qui cogitavérunt supplantáre gressus  
meos: \* abscondérunt supérbi láqueum  
mihi.

6. Et funes extendérunt in láqueum: \*  
juxta iter scándalum posuérunt mihi.

7. Dixi Dómino: Deus meus es tu: \*  
exáudi, Dómine, vocem deprecatiónis meae.

8. Dómine, Dómine, virtus salútis meae: \*  
obumbrásti super caput meum in die belli.

9. Ne tradas me, Dómine, a desidério  
meo, peccatóri: † cogitavérunt contra me, \*  
ne derelinquas me, ne forte exalténtur.

10. Caput circúitus eórum: \* labor labi-  
órum ipsórum opériet eos.

11. Cadent super eos carbónes, † in ignem  
dejícies eos: \* in misériis non subsistent.

12. Vir linguósus non dirigétur in  
terra: \* virum injústum mala cápient in  
intéritu.

13. Cognóvi quia fáciét Dóminus judi-  
cium ínopis, \* et vindíctam páuperum.

14. Verúmtamen justí confitebúntur nó-  
mini tuo: \* et habitábunt recti cum vultu  
tuo.

15. Glória Patri, etc.



## VOCE MEA.

*Psalm 141.*

**V**OCE mea ad Dóminum clamávi: \*  
voce mea ad Dóminum deprecátus  
sum.

2. Effúndo in conspéctu ejus oratióem  
meam, \* et tribulatióem meam ante ipsum  
pronúntio.

3. In deficiéndo ex me spíritum meum, \*  
et tu cognovísti sémitas meas.

4. In via hac qua ambulábam, \* abscon-  
dérunt láqueum mihi.

5. Considerábam ad délixeram, et vidé-  
bam: \* et non erat qui cognósceret me.

6. Périit fuga a me, \* et non est qui re-  
quírat ánimam meam.

7. Clamávi ad te, Dómine; † dixi: Tu es  
spes mea, \* pórtio mea in terra vivéntium.

8. Inténde ad deprecatióem meam, \*  
quia humiliátus sum nimis.

9. Líbera me a persecuéntibus me, \* quia  
confortáti sunt super me.

10. Educ de custódia ánimam meam ad  
confiténdum nómini tuo: \* me exspéctant  
justi, donec retribuas mihi.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

## DOMINE CLAMAVI.

*Psalm 140.*

**D**OMINE, clamávi ad te, exáudi me: \*  
inténde voci meae cum clamávero ad te.

2. Dirigátur orátio mea sicut incénsus in conspéctu tuo: \* elevátio mánuum meárum sacrificium vespertínus.

3. Pone, Dómine, custódiam ori meo: \* et óstium circumstántiae lábiis meis.

4. Non declínes cor meum in verba malítiae, \* ad excusándas excusatiónes in peccátis.

5. Cum homínibus operántibus iniquitátem, \* et non comunicábo cum eléctis eórum.

6. Corrípiet me justus in misericórdia, et increpábit me: \* óleum autem peccatóris non impínguet caput meum.

7. Quóniam adhuc et orátio mea in beneplácitis eórum: \* absórpti sunt juncti petrae júdices eórum.

8. Audient verba mea quóniam potuerunt: \* sicut crassitúdo terrae erúpta est super terram.

9. Dissipáta sunt ossa nostra secus inférnum: † quia ad te, Dómine, Dómine, óculi mei: \* in te sperávi non áuferas ánimam meam.

10. Custódi me a láqueo quem statuérunt mihi, \* et a scándalis operántium iniquitátem.

11. Cadent in retiáculo ejus peccatóres: \* singuláriter sum ego donec tránseam.

12. Glória Patri, etc.

## CONSERVA ME, DOMINE.

*Psalm 15.*

CONSERVA me, Dómine, quóniam sperávi in te: † Dixi Dómino: Deus meus es tu, \* quóniam bonórum meórum non eges.

2. Sanctis, qui sunt in terra ejus, \* mirificávit omnes voluntátes meas in eis.

3. Multiplicátae sunt infirmitátes eórum: \* póstea acceleravérunt.

4. Non congregábo conventícula eórum de sanguínibus: \* nec memor ero nóminum eórum per lábia mea.

5. Dóminus pars haereditátis meae, et cálicis mei: \* tu es qui restítues haereditátem meam mihi.

6. Funes cecidérunt mihi in praecláris: \* étenim haeréditas mea praeclára est mihi.

7. Benedícám Dóminum, qui tríbuit mihi intelléctum: \* însuper et usque ad noctem increpuérunt me renes mei.

8. Providébam Dóminum in conspéctu meo semper: \* quóniam a dextris est mihi, ne commóvear.

9. Propter hoc laetátum est cor meum, et exsultávit lingua mea: \* însuper et caro mea requiêscet in spe.

10. Quóniam non derelínques ánimam meam in inférno: \* nec dabis sanctum tuum vidére corruptiónem.

11. Notas mihi fecísti vias vitae, † adimplébis me laetítia cum vultu tuo: \* delectatiónes in dextera tua usque in finem.

12. Gloria Patri, etc.

## MISERERE MEI, DEUS.

*Psalm 50.*

**M**ISERERE mei, Deus, \* secúndum magnam misericórdiam tuam.

2. Et secúndum multitudinem miseratiónum tuárum, \* dele iniquitátem meam.

3. Amplius lava me ab iniquitáte mea: \* et a peccáto meo munda me.

4. Quóniam iniquitátem meam ego cognósko: \* et peccátum meum contra me est semper.

5. Tibi soli peccávi, et malum coram te feci: \* ut justificéris in sermónibus tuis, et vincas cum judicáris.

6. Ecce enim in iniquitátibus concéptus sum: \* et in peccátis concépit me mater mea.

7. Ecce enim veritátem dilexísti: \* incérta et occúlta sapiéntiae tuae manifestásti mihi.

8. Aspérges me hyssópo et mundábor: \* lavábis me et super nivem dealbábor.

9. Auditui meo dabis gáudium et laetítiam: \* et exsultábunt ossa humiliáta.

10. Avérte fáciem tuam a peccátis meis: \* et omnes iniquitátes meas dele.

11. Cor mundum crea in me, Deus: \* et spíritum rectum ínnova in viscéribus meis.

12. Ne projicias me a fácie tua: \* et spíritum sanctum tuum ne áuferas a me.

13. Redde mihi laetítiam salutáris tui: \* et spíritu principáli confirma me.

14. Docébo iníquos vias tuas: \* et impii ad te converténtur.

15. Libera me de sanguínibus, Deus, Deus salutis meae: \* et exsultábit lingua mea justítiam tuam.

16. Dómine, lábia mea apéries: \* et os meum annuntiábit laudem tuam.

17. Quóniam si voluisses sacrificium, dedíssem útique: \* holocáustis non delectáberis.

18. Sacrificium Deo spíritus contribulátus: \* cor contrítum et humiliátum, Deus, non despícies.

19. Benigne fac, Dómine, in bona voluntáte tua Sion: \* ut aedificéntur muri Jerúsalem.

20. Tunc acceptábis sacrificium justítiae, oblatiónes, et holocáusta: \* tunc impónent super altáre tuum vítulos.

21. Glória Patri, etc.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

425

I

VENI Creátor Spíritus,  
Mentes tuórum vísita,  
Imple supérna grátia  
Quæ tu creásti péctora.

2

Qui díceris Paráclitus,  
Altíssimi donum Dei,  
Fons vivus, ignis, cáritas.  
Et spiritalis úntio.

3

Tu septifórmis múnere,  
Dígitus Patérnae déxterae,  
Tu rite promíssum Patris,  
Sermóne ditans gúttura.

4

Accénde lumen sénsibus  
Infúnde amórem córdibus  
Infírma nostri córporis  
Virtúte firmans pépeti.

5

Hostem repéllas lóngius,  
Pacémque dones prótinus;  
Ductóre sic te praévio,  
Vitémus omne nóxium.

Per te sciámus da Patrem,  
 Noscámus atque Fílium:  
 Teque utriúsque Spíritum:  
 Credámus omni témpore.

Deo Patri sit glória,  
 Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis  
 Surréxit, ac Paráclito,  
 In saeculórum saécula. *Amen.*

*First Vespers:*

℣. Repléti sunt omnes Spíritu Sancto,  
 allelúia.

℞. Et coepérunt loqui, allelúia.

*Second Vespers:*

℣. Loquebántur váriis linguis Apóstoli,  
 allelúia.

℞. Magnália Dei, allelúia.

*VEXILLA REGIS.*

VEXILLA Regis pródeunt:  
 Fulget Crucis mystérium,  
 Qua vita mortem pértulit,  
 Et morte vitam prótulit.

Quae vulneráta lánceae  
 Mucróne diro, críminum  
 Ut nos laváret sórdibus,  
 Manávit unda et sánguine.

3

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

4

Arbor decóra et fúlgida,  
Ornáta Regis púrpura,  
Elécta digno stípíte,  
Tam sancta membra tángere.

5

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

6

O Crux, ave, spes única,  
Hoc Passiόνis témpore,  
Piis adáuge grátiam,  
Reisque dele crímína.

7

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

V. Eripe me, Dómine, ab hómine malo.  
R. A viro iníquo éripe me.



## PANGE LINGUA.

## I

**P**ANGE lingua gloriósi  
 Córporis mystérium,  
 Sanguinísque pretiósi,  
 Quem in mundi prétium  
 Fructus ventris generósi  
 Rex effúdit géntium.

## 2

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

## 3

In suprémae nocte coenae  
 Recúmbens cum frátribus,  
 Observáta lege plene  
 Cibis in legálibus,  
 Cibum turbae duodénae  
 Se dat suis mánibus.

## 4

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

Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
 Veneremur cernui;  
 Et antiquum documentum  
 Novo cedat ritui:  
 Praestet fides supplementum  
 Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitroque  
 Laus et jubilatio,  
 Salus, honor virtus quoque  
 Sit et benedictio:  
 Procedenti ab utroque  
 Compar sit laudatio. *Amen.*

V. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis, allelúia.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem, allelúia.

*SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.*

**S**ACRIS solémniis juncta sint gáudia,  
 Et ex praecórdiis sonent praecónia,  
 Recédant vétera, nova sint ómnia,  
 Corda, voces, et ópera.

Noctis recólitur coena novíssima,  
 Qua Christus créditur agnum et ázyna  
 Dédisse frátribus, juxta legítima  
 Priscis indúlta pátribus.

Post agnum t́picum, explétis ́pulis,  
 Corpus Doḿnicum datum disćpulis,  
 Sic totum ́mnibus, quod totum síngulis,  
 Ejus fatémur mánibus.

Dedit fraǵlibus córporis férculum,  
 Dedit et trístibus sánguinis póculum,  
 Dicens: Accípite quod tradó vásculum  
 Omnes ex eo bíbite.

Sic sacrificium istud instituit;  
 Cujus officium commítte vóluit  
 Solis Presbýteris, quibus sic cóngruit,  
 Ut sumant, et dent caéteris.

Panis Angélicus fit panis hómínium  
 Dat panis coélicus figúris términum;  
 O res mirábilis! mandúcat Dóminum  
 Pauper, servus et húmilis.

Te, trina Déitas unáque, póscimus,  
 Sic nos tu vísita, sicut te cólimus:  
 Per tuas sémitas duc nos quo téndimus  
 Ad lucem quam inhábitas. *Amen.*

## LAUDA SION.

I

LAUDA, Sion, Salvatórem,  
 Lauda ducem et pastórem  
 In hymnis et cánticis.

2

Quantum potes, tantum aude,  
 Quia major omni laude,  
 Nec laudáre súfficis.

3

Laudis thema speciális,  
 Panis vivus et vitális  
 Hódie propónitur.

4

Quem in sacrae mensa coenae  
 Turbae fratrum duodénae  
 Datum non ambígitur.

5

Sit laus plena, sit sonóra,  
 Sit jucúnda, sit decóra  
 Mentis jubilátio.

6

Dies enim solémnis ágitur,  
 In qua mensae prima recólitur  
 Hujus institútio.

7

In hac mensa novi Regis,  
Novum Pascha novae legis,  
Phase vetus términat.

8

Vetustátem nóvitas,  
Umbram fugat véritas,  
Noctem lux elíminat.

9

Quod in coena Christus gessit,  
Faciéndum hoc expréssit  
In sui memóriam.

10

Docti sacris institútis,  
Panem, vinum in salútis  
Consecrámus hóstiam.

11

Dogma datur Christiánis,  
Quod in carnem transit panis,  
Et vinum in sánguinem.

12

Quod non capis, quod non vides,  
Animósa firmat fides,  
Praeter rerum órđinem.

13

Sub divérsis speciébus,  
Signis tantum et non rebus,  
Latent res exímiae.

14

Caro cibus, sanguis potus:  
Manet tamen Christus totus  
Sub utráque specie!

15

A sumente non concísus,  
Non confráctus, non divísus,  
Integer accípitur.

16

Sumit unus, sumunt mille:  
Quantum isti, tantum ille:  
Nec sumptus consúmitur.

17

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:  
Sorte tamen inaequáli,  
Vitae, vel intéritus:

18

Mors est malis, vita bonis:  
Vide paris sumptionis  
Quam sit dispar éxitus.

19

Fracto demum Sacraménto,  
Ne vacílles, sed meménto,  
Tantum esse sub fragménto  
Quantum toto tégitur:

20

Nulla rei fit scissúra:  
Signi tantum fit fractúra:  
Qua nec status nec statúra  
Signáti minúitur.

Ecce panis angelórum,  
 Factus cibus viatórum:  
 Vere panis filiórum,  
 Non mitténdus cánibus.

In figúris praesignátur,  
 Cum Isaac immolátur:  
 Agnus paschae deputátur:  
 Datur manna pátribus.

Bone Pastor, panis vere,  
 Jesu nostri miserére:  
 Tu nos pasce, nos tuére:  
 Tu nos bona fac vidére  
 In terra vivéntium.

Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,  
 Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:  
 Tuos ibi commensáles  
 Cohærédes et sodáles  
 Fac sanctórum cívium. *Amen.*

## 430

## TE JOSEPH CELEBRENT.

## I

TE Joseph célebrent ágmina coélitum,  
 Te cuncti résonent Christiádum chori,  
 Qui clarus méritis, junctus es ínclytæ  
 Cæsto foédere Virgini.

Almo cum túmidam gérmine cónjugem  
 Admírans, dúbio tángeris ánxius,  
 Afflátu súperi Fláminis Angelus  
 Concéptum púerum docet.

Tu natum Dóminum stríngis, ad éxteras  
 Ægýpti prófugum tu séqueris plagas,  
 Amíssum Sólymis quaeris, et ínvenis,  
 Miscens gáudia flétibus.

Post mortem réliquos mors pia cónsecrat  
 Palmámque eméritos glória súscipit,  
 Tu vivens, súperis par, frúeris Deo,  
 Mira sorte beátior.

Nobis, summa Trias, parce precántibus,  
 Da, Joseph méritis, sídera scándere ;  
 Ut tandem líceat nos tibi pépetim  
 Gratum prómere cánticum. *Amen.*

*First Vespers:*

V. Constituit eum dóminum domus suae.  
 R. Et príncipem omnis possessiónis suae.

*Second Vespers:*

V. Glória et divítiae in domo ejus.  
 R. Et justítia ejus manet in saéculum  
 saéculi.



## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

I

STABAT Mater dolorosa,  
 Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
 Dum pendebat Filius.

2

Cujus animam gementem,  
 Contristatam et dolentem,  
 Pertransiuit gladius.

3

O quam tristis et afflicta  
 Fuit illa benedicta  
 Mater Unigeniti!

4

Quae moerebat, et dolēbat,  
 Pia, Mater, dum vidēbat  
 Nati poenas inclyti.

5

Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
 Matrem Christi si vidēret  
 In tanto supplicio?

6

Quis non posset contristari,  
 Christi Matrem contemplari  
 Dolentem cum Filio?

7

Pro peccátiſ suae gentiſ,  
Vidit Jeſum in torméntiſ,  
Et flagélliſ ſúbditum.

8

Vidit, ſuum dulcem natum  
Moriéndo deſolátum,  
Dum emiſit ſpíritum.

9

Eia Mater, fons amóriſ,  
Me ſentíre vim dolóriſ,  
Fac ut tecum lúgeam.

10

Fac, ut árdeat cor meum  
In amándo Chriſtum Deum,  
Ut ſibi compláceam.

11

Sancta Mater, iſtud agas,  
Crucifíxi fige plagas  
Cordi meo válide.

12

Tui nati vulneráti,  
Tam dignáti pro me pati,  
Poenas mecum dívide.

13

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifíxo condolére,  
Donec ego víxero.

14

Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare  
In planctu desidero.

15

Virgo virginum praeclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara  
Fac me tecum plangere.

16

Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recollere.

17

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Fac me cruce inebriari,  
Et cruore Filii.

18

Flammis ne urar succensus,  
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
In die judicii.

19

Christe, cum sit hinc exire,  
Da per Matrem me venire  
Ad palmam victoriae.

20

Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animae donetur  
Paradisi gloria. *Amen.*

V. Regina Martyrum, ora pro nobis.

R. Quae justa Crucem Jesu constituisti.

## ATTENDE, DOMINE.

**A**TTENDE, Dómine, et miserére, quia peccávimus tibi. Atténde . . . .

1. Ad te Rex summe, ómnium Redémp-tor, óculos nostros sublevámus flentes: exáudi, Christe, supplicántum preces. At-ténde . . . .

2. Déxtera Patris, lapis anguláris, via salútis, jánuá coeléstis, áblue nostri máculas delícti. Atténde . . . .

3. Rogámus, Deus, tuam majestátem áuribus sacris gémitus exáudi: crímina nostra plácidus indúlge. Atténde . . . .

4. Tibi fatémur crímina admíssa: contrí-to corde pándimus occúlta: tua, Redémp-tor, píetas ignóscat. Atténde . . . .

5. Innócens captus, nec repúgnans duc-tus, téstibus falsis pro ímpiis damnátus: quos redemísti, tu consérva, Christe. At-ténde. . . .

## O FILII ET FILIAE.

CHORUS.

Allelúia! Allelúia! Allelúia!

I

**O** FILII et fíliae,  
Rex coeléstis, Rex glóriae,  
Morte surréxit hódie, allelúia!  
R. Allelúia.

2

Et mane prima sabbati,  
Ad ostium monumenti  
Accesserunt discipuli, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

3

Et María Magdaléne,  
Et Jacóbi, et Salóme,  
Venérunt corpus úngere, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

4

In albis sedens Angelus  
Praedixit mulieribus:  
In Galilaéa est Dóminus, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

5

Et Joáannes Apóstolus  
Cucúrrit Petro cítius,  
Monumento venit prius, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

6

Discípulis adstantibus,  
In medio stetit Christus,  
Dicens: Pax vobis ómnibus, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

7

Ut intelléxit Dídymus  
Quia surrexerat Jesus,  
Remansit fere dúbius, allelúia.  
R̄. Allelúia.

8

Vide Thoma, vide latus,  
Vide pedes, vide manus,  
Noli esse incrédulus, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

9

Quando Thomas Christi latus,  
Pedes vidit atque manus,  
Dixit: Tu es Deus meus, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

10

Beáti qui non vidérunt,  
Et fírmiter credidérunt  
Vitam aetérnam habébunt, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

11

In hoc festo sanctíssimo  
Sit laus et jubilátio,  
Benedicámus Dómino, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

12

De quibus nos humíllimas  
Devótas atque débitas  
Deo dicámus Grátias, allelúia.  
R. Allelúia.

434

*TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.*

**T**E Deum laudámus:  
Te Dóminum confitémur.  
Te aetérnum Patrem: omnis terra vene-  
rátur.

Tibi omnes Angeli, tibi coeli, et univér-  
sae potestátes.

Tibi Chérubim, et Séraphim incessábili  
voce proclámant:

Sanctus, Sanctus,

Sanctus Dóminus Deus Sábaoth.

Pleni sunt coeli, et terra majestátis gló-  
riæ tuæ.

Te gloriósus Apostolórum chorus.

Te Prophetárum laudábilis númerus.

Te Mártyrum candidátus laudat exércitus.

Te per orbem terrárum sancta confitétur  
Ecclésia.

Patrem imménsæ majestátis.

Venerándum tuum verum, et únicum  
Fílium.

Sanctum quoque Paráclitum Spíritum.

Tu Rex glóriæ, Christe.

Tu Patris sempitérnus es Fílius.

Tu ad liberándum susceptúrus hóminem:  
non horruísti Vírginis úterum.

Tu devícto mortis acúleo: aperuísti cre-  
déntibus regna coelórum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes: in glória  
Patris.

Judex créderis esse ventúrus.

*Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis sub-  
veni: quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.*

Ætérna fac cum Sanctis tuis in glória  
numerári.

Salvum fac pópulum tuum, Dómine; et  
benedic haereditáti tuæ.

Et rege eos: et extólle illos usque in  
aetérnum.

Per síngulos dies benedícimus te.

Et laudámus nomen tuum in saéculum,  
et in saéculum saéculi.

Dignáre, Dómine, die isto sine peccáto  
nos custodíre.

Miserére nostri, Dómine: miserére nostri.

Fiat misericórdia tua Dómine, super  
nos, quemádmódum sperávimus in te.

In te, Dómine, sperávi: non confúndar in  
aetérnum.

V. Benedicámus Patrem et Fílium cum  
Sancto Spíritu.

R. Laudémus et superexaltémus eum in  
saécula.

V. Benedíctus es Dómine in firmaménto  
coeli.

R. Et laudábilis, et gloriósus, et super-  
exaltátus in saécula.

V. Dómine exáudi oratiómem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te véniat.

V. Dóminus vobíscum.

R. Et cum spíritu tuo.

Orémus.

Deus, cujus misericórdiae non est nú-  
merus, et bonitátis infinitus est thesáurus:  
piíssimae majestáti tuae pro collátis donis  
grátias ágimus, tuam semper cleméntiam  
exorántes; ut qui peténtibus postuláta con-  
cédís, eósdem non déserens, ad praémia  
futúra dispónas. Per Christum Dóminum  
nostrum. R. *Amen.*



Solemn Vespers of the Feasts  
of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary

---

435

*DEUS, IN ADJUTORIUM.*

V. Deus, in adjutórium meum inténde.

R. Dómine, | ad adjuvándum me festína.

Glória Patri, et Fílio, | et Spirítui Sancto:  
Sicut erat in princípío, | et nunc, et semper,  
et in saécula | saeculórum. *Amen.*

436

*Psalm 109.*

**D**IXIT Dóminus Dómino meo: \* Sede  
a dextris meis:

2. Donec ponam | inimícos tuos, \* scabéllum | pedum tuórum.

3. Virgam virtútis tuae emíttet Dóminus  
ex Sion; \* domináre in médio inimicórum  
tuórum.

4. Tecum princípium in die virtútis tuae |  
in splendóribus sanctórum: \* ex útero | ante  
lucíferum géui te.

5. Jurávit Dóminus, et non paenitébit  
eum: \* Tu es sacérdos in aetérnum secúndum  
órdinem Melchisedech.

6. Dóminus | a dextris tuis, \* confrégit |  
in die irae suae reges.

7. Judicábit in natió nibus, implébit ru-  
inas: \* conquassábit cápita in terra mul-  
tórum.

8. De torrén te | in via bibet: \* proptérea |  
exaltábit caput.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

10. Sicut erat, etc.

437

*Psalm 112.*

**L**AUDATE púeri Dóminum: \* laudáte  
nomen Dómini.

2. Sit nomen Dómini | benedíctum, \* ex  
hoc nunc, | et usque in saéculum.

3. A solis ortu usque ad occásum, \* lau-  
dábile nomen Dómini.

4. Excélsus | super omnes gentes Dómi-  
nus, \* et super coelos | glória ejus.

5. Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, qui  
in altis hábitat, \* et humília réspicit in coelo  
et in terra?

6. Súscitans | a terra ínopem, \* et de  
stércore | érigens páuperem:

7. Ut cóllocet eum cum princípibus, \*  
cum princípibus pópuli sui.

8. Qui habitáre facit | stérilem in domo, \*  
matrem | filiórum laetántem.

9. Glória Patri, etc.

10. Sicut erat, etc.

518

*Psalm 121.*

**Q**AETATUS sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi: \* In domum Dómini íbimus.

2. Stantes erant | pedes nostri, \* in átriis tuis Jerúsalem.

3. Jerúsalem, quae aedificátur ut cívitas: \* cujus participátio ejus in idípsum.

4. Illuc enim ascendérunt tribus, | tribus Dómini: \* testimónium Israël | ad confiténdum nómini Dómini.

5. Quia illic sedérunt sedes in iudicio, \* sedes super domum David.

6. Rogáte quae ad pacem | sunt Jerúsalem: \* et abundántia | diligéntibus te.

7. Fiat pax in virtúte tua: \* et abundántia in túrribus tuis.

8. Propter fratres meos | et próximos meos, \* loquébar | pacem de te:

9. Propter domum Dómini Dei nostri, \* quaesívi bona tibi.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

11. Sicut erat, etc.

*Psalm 126.*

**N**ISI Dóminus aedificáverit domum, \* in vanum laboravérunt qui aedíficant eam.

2. Nisi Dóminus | custodíerit civitátem, \* frustra vígilat | qui custódit eam.

3. Vanum est vobis ante lucem súrgere: \* súrgite postquam sedéritis, qui manducátis panem dolóris.

4. Cum déderit | diléctis suis somnum: \* ecce haeréditas Dómini | fílii: merces, fructus ventris.

5. Sicut sagíttae in manu poténtis: \* ita filii excussórum.

6. Beátus vir qui implévit | desidérium suum ex ipsis: \* non confundétur | cum loquétur inimicis suis in porta.

7. Glória Patri, etc.

8. Sicut erat, etc.

## 440

### *Psalm 147.*

**L**AUDA Jerúsalem Dóminum: \* lauda Deum tuum Sion.

2. Quóniam confortávit | seras portárum tuárum: \* benedixit | fíliis tuis in te.

3. Qui pósuit fines tuos pacem: \* et ádipe fruménti sátiat te.

4. Qui emíttit | elóquium suum terrae: \* velóciter | currit sermo ejus.

5. Qui dat nivem sicut lanam: \* nébulam sicut cínere[m] spargit.

6. Mittit crystállum suam | sicut buccéllas: \* ante fáciem frígoris ejus | quis sustinébit?

7. Emíttet verbum suum, et liquefáciét ea: \* flabit spíritus ejus, et fluent aquae.

8. Qui annúntiat | verbum suum Jacob: \*  
justítias | et júdicia sua Israëi.

9. Non fecit táliter omni natióni: \* et jú-  
dícia sua non manifestávit eis.

10. Glória Patri, etc.

11. Sicut erat, etc.

441

*AVE MARIS STELLA.*

I

**A**VE maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
Atque semper Virgo,  
Felix coeli porta.

2

Sumens illud Ave.  
Gabriélis ore,  
Funda nos in pace,  
Mutans Hevae nomen.

3

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen caecis:  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

4

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

5

Virgo singuláris,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solútos,  
Mites fac et castos.

6

Vitam praesta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut vidéntes Jesum,  
Semper collaetémur.

7

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spirítui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. *Amen.*

442

MAGNIFICAT.

*Canticum B. Mariae Virginis.*

*Luc. 1. 46-55.*

ⓂAGNIFICAT \* ánima mea Dóminum.  
2. Et exsultávit | spíritus meus \* in  
Deo, | salutári meo.

3. Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillae  
suae: \* ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent  
omnes generatiónes.

4. Quia fecit mihi magna | qui potens  
est: \* et sanctum | nomen ejus.

5. Et misericórdia ejus a progénie in pro-  
génies \* timéntibus eum.

6. Fecit poténtiam | in bráchio suo: \*  
dispérsit supérbos | mente cordis sui.

7. Depósuit poténtes de sede, \* et exal-  
távit húmiles.

8. Esuriéntes | implévit bonis: \* et dívi-  
tes | dimísit inánes.

9. Suscépit Israël púerum suum, \* recor-  
dátus misericórdiae suae:

10. Sicut locútus est | ad patres nostros, \*  
Abraham, et sémini ejus | in saécula.

11. Glória Patri, etc.

12. Sicut erat, etc.



# The Marist's Hymn to Mary

---

By Bro. M.

I

EVER, forever, I will sing to Mary,  
Who in her love bids me come to her  
breast;  
Ever, forever, Mother, dearly cherished,  
List to my love which sings thy name so  
blest.  
Waking from sleep I call upon my Mother;  
Thy name shall charm my spirit all the  
day;  
And when Night's Angel soft shall close  
my eyelids,  
Slumbering, O Mary, my love, I will say.

2

Ever, forever, Modesty shall guide me,  
Dearest a life that is hid and unknown;  
Ever, forever, I will honor Mary,  
Loving her sweet simplicity alone.  
Trodden by all as is the dust beneath them,  
Subject to all, abasing me through love;  
May I for God and for my tender Mother,  
Spurn self and seek only things from  
above.

3

Ever, forever, Virtue dear to Mary,  
Virtue all lovely, as white as her heart,  
Ever, forever, to my cherished Mother,  
Lily so fragile, I will set apart.



Guard thou thyself in all its early freshness,  
Queen of the Heavens, this flower of thy  
love;  
Over thy House in mercy, O my Mother!  
Watch that we be like the Angels above.

4

Ever, forever, Virtue rich and fruitful,  
Queen of our hearts, thou, Obedience,  
shalt be!  
Ever, forever, o'er the world's far limits,  
Thy steps we tread, and victory shall we  
see.  
Lead thou our feet to Calvary's thorny  
summit;  
Guide us to Thabor, mount of love and  
light;  
Call us o'er ocean, earth, or unto Heaven,  
Follow we, knowing thou leadest aright!

5

Ever, forever, seek we that poor dwelling,  
Where our sweet Mother the Saviour  
conceived;  
Ever, forever, far from pomp and peril,  
Never shall we by honors be deceived.  
Calm in the hours when God shall send  
affliction,  
All, poor in heart, of thy dear love  
possessed,  
Dead to desire, upon thy breast, sweet  
Mother!  
Thy happy sons shall in peace ever rest.

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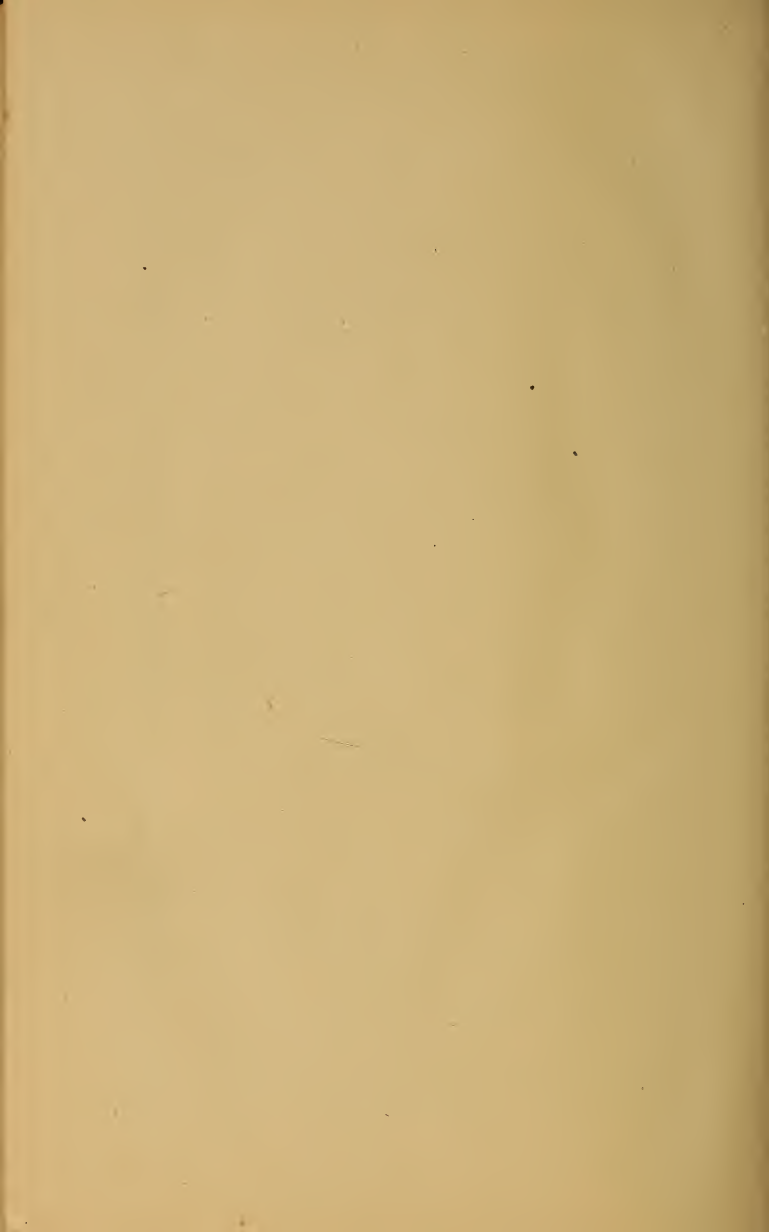
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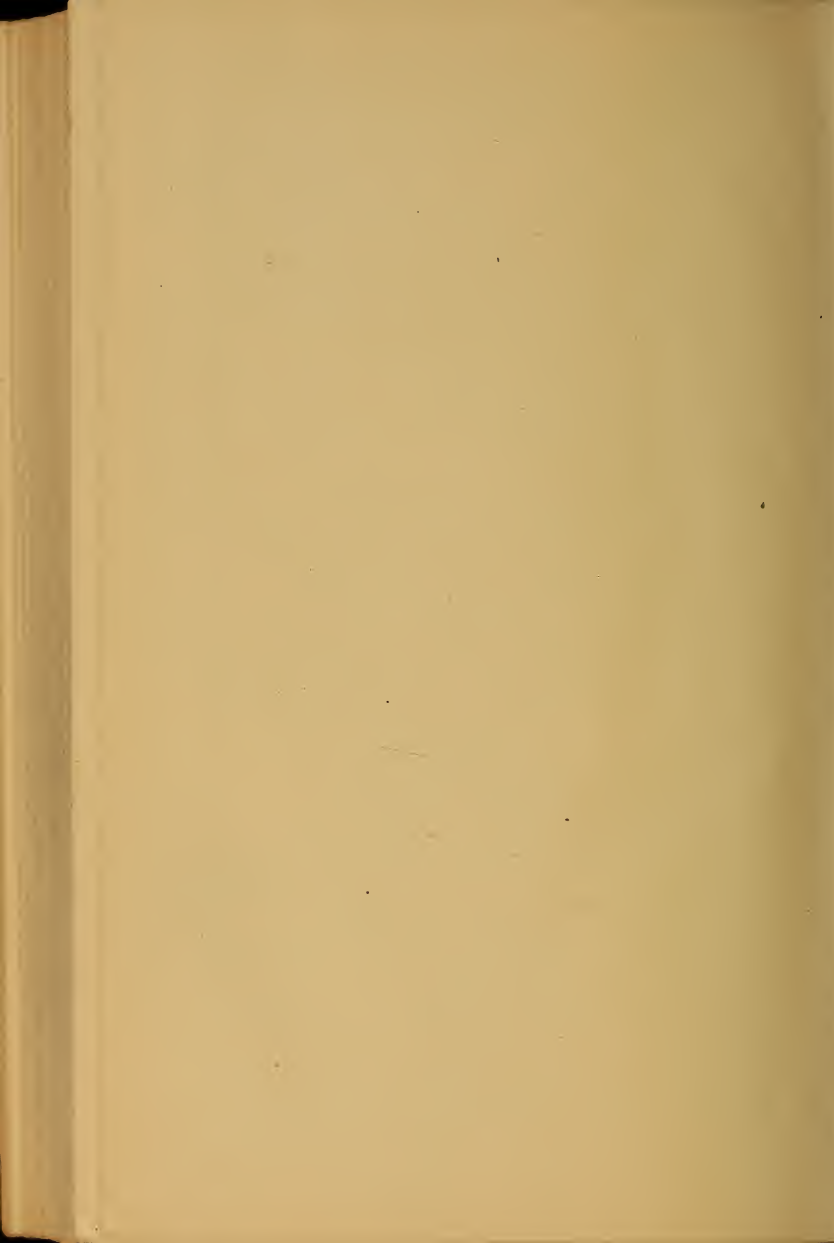












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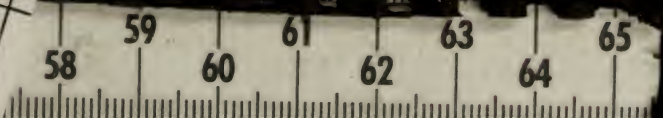
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