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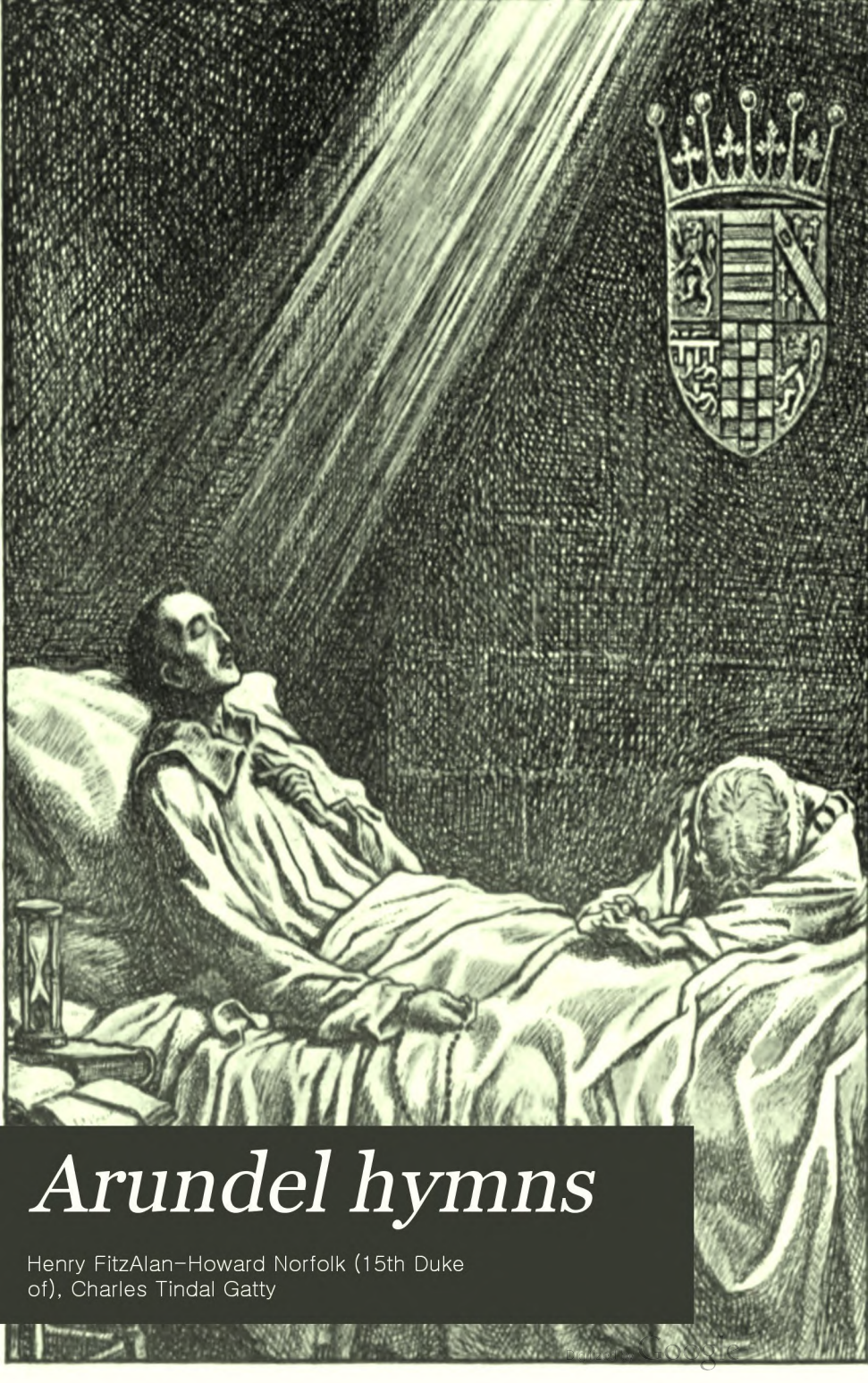

Arundel hymns

Henry FitzAlan-Howard Norfolk (15th Duke of), Charles Tindal Gatty

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The Venerable Philip Howard Earl of Arundel
was born June 28 1557 and died
in the Tower of London October 19 1595

Quanto plus afflictionis pro christo in hoc
sæculo tanto plus gloriæ cum christo in
futuro Arundell June 22 1587

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ARUNDEL HYMNS

CHOSEN AND EDITED

BY

HENRY DUKE OF NORFOLK

AND

CHARLES T. GATTY

Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries

BOOSEY & CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.,

AND 9 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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TO

THE GLORY OF

GOD OUR FATHER

TO WHOM

BE NEVER-ENDING PRAISE

ADORATION

AND THANKSGIVING

ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN

AMEN

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LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

(*Translation.*)

To Our beloved Son Henry Duke of Norfolk.

Dearly beloved Son,

We wish to make known to you how gratifying it has been to Us to receive the First Part of the Book of Sacred Hymns, which you are engaged in publishing for the welfare of religion in England.

The Church, no doubt, has always kept, and wishes still to maintain everywhere, the language of her Liturgy; and, before the sad and violent changes of the sixteenth century, this eloquent and effective symbol of unity of faith and communion of the faithful was, as you know, cherished in England not less than elsewhere. But this has never been regarded by the Holy See as incompatible with the use of popular hymns in the language of each country. Such hymns, moreover, are useful to familiarize the people with the great truths of faith, and to keep alive their devotion.

Your undertaking, dearly beloved Son, is therefore praiseworthy, and We bless your efforts. We see therein a fresh proof, added to so many others, of the zeal which you at all times show for the progress of the faith in your country,—in that England which is so dear to Us, and whose spiritual welfare especially is the constant object of Our prayers and of Our apostolic solicitude.

As a token of Our fatherly affection, receive, dearly beloved Son, the Blessing which We give to you and to your fellow-Editor.

From the Vatican, June 8th, 1898.

LEO XIII., POPE.

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PREFACE.

THE singing of spiritual praises, both in the Latin language and in the vernacular, has been in all ages the common practice of Catholic Christendom. This is proved by the existence of thousands of hymns, coming down from very early times, and is confirmed by the letter of Pope Leo XIII. attached to this Volume.

To perpetuate this ancient Catholic devotional exercise, the Editors of Arundel Hymns have gathered together the most representative anthology they could collect of popularly-used Latin hymns, together with a large selection of English hymns by Catholic writers, which are duly set out here in such order as to illustrate the great truths of the Catholic Faith.

Care has been taken in the selection of both words and music, and an attempt made to raise the standard above much that has been published before, so as to meet to some extent the general elevation of literary and musical education.

As this Hymn Book is intended for the use of Catholics, the Editors have thought it well to limit their selection of words to the works of Catholic writers. In a few cases they have adopted excellent translations made from Catholic originals by other hands.

Some of the translations are as far as possible literal; others are paraphrases or imitations. The hymns and praises are not all adapted for music, some being included for devotional reading: nor are they intended exclusively for use in church, but also for the School and the Home.

The music in this volume has been gathered from many countries and ages, the Editors having gone through much of the Catholic hymnology of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and England, adapting what they considered suitable. The collection is as varied in character as in source; the Editors have attempted to meet the needs of trained choirs of mixed and equal voices, of congregations singing in unison, of children in school, and of the family at home.

Whilst the selection of words has been confined to Catholic writers, no such limitation has been observed with regard to the tunes. The Editors have taken suitable melodies from any source, though naturally in constructing a Catholic hymn-book they have delighted to draw freely from those sanctified

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by centuries of use amongst the Catholic populations of Europe, and inspired by the devotion and genius of Catholic composers. The practice of adapting sacred words to modern vocal or instrumental secular music has been carefully avoided.

These tunes represent, roughly speaking, the three great epochs of Catholic church music—the plain chant period, with melodies coming down from early Christian times, or even earlier; the polyphonic epoch, represented by such composers as Palestrina and Byrd; and the modern age, including Haydn, Mozart, and the musicians of to-day.

This splendid inheritance of Catholic musical tradition it is our duty and delight to preserve, and to hand on to our children. The value of it is proved by its own intrinsic excellence, as well as by the universal testimony of cultivated opinion outside the Catholic Church, which freely adopts both words and music of such Catholic hymns as it can assimilate or alter.

The Editors have had great pleasure in producing, some for the first time, many fine tunes by English Catholic composers, notably the celebrated "Angelus ad Virginem" (No. 18), taken from a 13th century manuscript in the British Museum. This exquisite melody, immortalized by Chaucer, was discovered within recent years by the late Henry Bradshaw, University Librarian at Cambridge. For the transcript here published the Editors have to thank Mr. H. Ellis Wooldridge. One or two compositions by William Byrd are also given. Byrd remained faithful to the Catholic faith in times of persecution, and at the age of 80, in 1622, said in his will: "*That I may live and die a true and perfect member of His Holy Catholic Church, without which I believe there is no salvation for me.*" Thomas Tallis was godfather to William Byrd's son, Thomas Byrd, and no one can doubt but that he also held to the old faith. Under No. 99 will be found a very fine composition by Samuel Wesley, son of Charles Wesley, and nephew of the celebrated John Wesley. Samuel Wesley became a Catholic and wrote a Coronation Mass for Pope Clement XI. Another good English Catholic composer, whose works appear here in some quantity for the first time, is R. L. de Pearsall. Through the kindness of his daughter the Editors have had access to a considerable collection of his hymn-tunes. To this list of English Catholic musicians must be added the name of the late W. S. Rockstro, with whom the Editors were associated for some time when this work first began, and whose profound knowledge has done much in England towards the restoration of early sacred music.

In returning thanks for help the Editors recognise how wide and deep are their obligations.

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With respect to the words, they owe much to Mr. Orby Shipley. His anthologies led them to excellent and rare sources, and his assistance has always been prompt and valuable. To the Rev. J. O'Connor they are under heavy obligations. His original hymns and translations from the Latin and Italian are admirable, and no trouble has been too great for him to undertake in their behalf. They also beg to tender their thanks to the Rev. H. Austin Mills for the use of Father Caswall's hymns; to Messrs. Burns & Oates for the use of Father Faber's hymns; to the Rev. W. P. Neville for the use of Cardinal Newman's hymns; to Mrs. Bridges for the use of the hymns of Matthew Bridges; to Miss Petre for the use of Lady Catherine Petre's hymns; to the Executors of Dr. Neale for the use of his translations; to the Very Rev. R. Palmer for the use of Prior Aylward's hymns; to Father Gallwey, S.J., for the use of hymn 39; to the Executor of Father Potter for the use of his hymns; to Mr. W. Campbell for the use of the hymns of R. Campbell; to the Provincial of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, for the use of the hymns of St. Alphonsus; to Lady Gilbert for the use of hymn 134; to the Executors of Cardinal Manning for the use of hymn 145; to the Executors of Father Christie, S.J., for the use of hymn 133; to the late Rev. J. W. Reeks for the use of hymn 220; to Father Collins for the use of his hymns; to Messrs. Longmans for the use of translations from the *Lyra Germanica;* to the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J., for the use of hymn 123; to Mrs. Swinnerton Hughes for the use of hymn 31; to Father Russell, S.J., for the use of hymn 131; to Father George Tyrrell, S.J., for the use of hymn 120; and to Mr. Aubrey de Vere for the use of his hymns.

With respect to the music, the Editors beg in the first place to express their gratitude to Mr. S. P. Waddington, who on the death of Mr. Rockstro undertook to help in the work of arrangement, and who has done much to raise the standard of English hymnology. At a later date Mr. E. d'Evry, Organist of the London Oratory, was invited to help, and to him the Editors owe several admirable congregational hymns, and from him they obtained a vast amount of critical and technical assistance. They desire also to thank Mr. Walter Austin, who co-operated with them from the first, and whose valuable work will be found in several hymns. They also beg to thank Mr. Nicholas Gatty, for his excellent arrangement of the Plain Chant melodies.

In relation to this portion of the work it would indeed be a great omission did the Editors fail to acknowledge here their special obligations to Mr. W. Barclay Squire, whose knowledge

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of old composers, and indefatigable industry in research and transcript, have been of immense value in the compilation of this Volume.

The Editors also sincerely thank Dr. William Aikin for his beautiful setting of Cardinal Newman's "Lead, kindly light," and another admirable melody to "Faith of our Fathers," founded on the theme "Credo in Unum Deum."

The Editors desire to express their gratitude for valuable help to the Abbot of Monte Cassino, the Abbot of Downside Abbey, the Rector of Stonyhurst College, the Fathers of the London Oratory, the authorities of the Library of St. Cecilia in Rome, the Cathedral Chapters of Milan and Rheims, Herr Otto Schmid and Herr C. Klemm of Dresden, Mr. Henry Baker, Mr. George Herbert, the Rev. H. F. Sheppard, Mr. R. Butler, the Rev. H. A. Walker, Herr Wilhelm Nelle of Hamm, Rev. Eric D. Hanson, S.J., and Monsieur Gevaërt of Brussels; also to L. Schwann of Dusseldorf for leave to use the tune of Joseph Groiss from "12 Deutsche Gesänge zu Ehren Mariae, Op. 29." They also desire to thank the Proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern for leave to use the tune entitled "St. Vincent"; and "The Chorale Book for England" for leave to use the tune to Hymn No. 40.

In deference to sound criticism some of the tunes printed in the separate Parts issued before this complete volume have been re-arranged or replaced. In some hymns the words have had to be curtailed. If these changes should cause serious inconvenience to any choir using the separate Parts, the choir-master is asked to communicate with the Editors.

The original tunes and the special adaptations and arrangements of ancient melodies made for this Volume are the copyright of the Editors.

It may be some years before the Editors witness any wide-spread popularity for this hymn-book, but they confidently hope, now that it is adopted at the Cathedral of Westminster, at Stonyhurst College, and at the Oratory School at Edgbaston, that in course of time it will gradually grow in favour among the cultivated classes of the Catholic community, and that by means of it the truths of the Catholic Faith will be brought home to the people of England, and the love of good Catholic literature and music will be deepened, both within and beyond the Catholic fold.

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ALMIGHTY GOD AND THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

THE SACRED HUMANITY OF JESUS.

ADVENT.

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A HYMN WHEREIN THE PRAISES OF ALL CREATURES ARE OFFERED UP UNTO THE CREATOR.

I.

M. ♩ = 96. *(First Tune.)*

1. O Christ, the glo - rious Crown Of vir- gins that are pure,

Who dost a love and thirst for Thee With - in their minds pro- cure;

Thou art the Spouse of those That chaste and hum - ble be,

The hope, the life, the on -ly help Of such as trust in Thee.

M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O Christ, the glo- rious Crown Of vir - gins that are pure,

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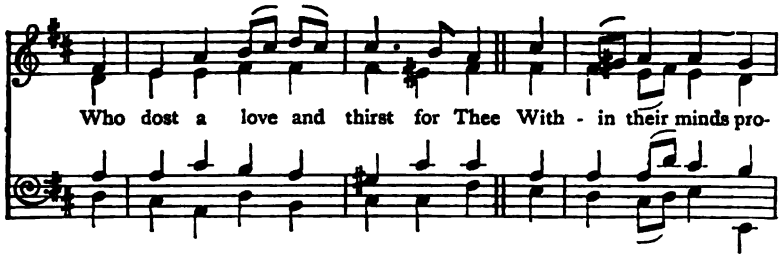

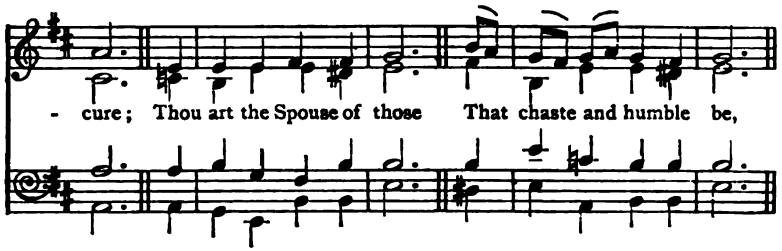

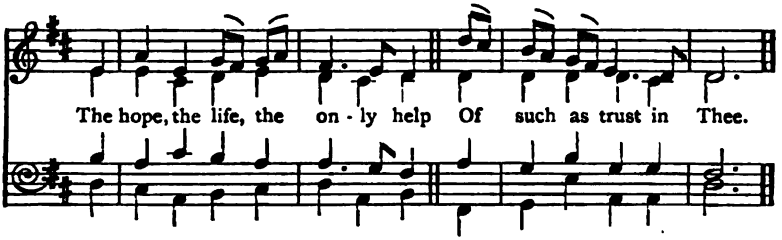

2.

All charity of those
  Whose souls Thy love doth warm;
All simple plainness of such minds
  As think no kind of harm;
All sweet delights wherewith
  The patient hearts abound,
Do blaze Thy Name, and with Thy praise
  They make the world resound.

3.

The sky, the land, the sea,
  And all on earth below,
The glory of Thy worthy Name,
  Do with their praises show.
The winter yields Thee praise,
  And summer doth the same;
The sun, the moon, the stars and all,
  Do magnify Thy Name.

4.

The roses that appear
  So fair in outward sight;
The violets which with their scent
  Do yield so great delight;
The pearls, the precious stones,
  The birds, Thy praise do sing;
The woods, the wells, and all delights
  Which from this earth do spring.

5.

What creature, O sweet Lord,
  From praising Thee can stay?
What earthly thing, but filled with joy,
  Thine honour doth bewray?
Let us therefore with praise,
  Thy mighty works express,
With heart and hand, with mind and all
  Which we from Thee possess.

[*From a Work written in the Tower of London by the Venerable Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.*]

[*First Tune.—From a Yorkshire MS.*]
[*Second Tune.—J. W. Franck, 1685.*]

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2. TE DEUM.

Te Deum laudamus: Te Dominum confitemur.
Te aeternum Patrem: omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli: Tibi coeli et universae potestates;
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim: incessabili voce proclamant;
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus: Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra: majestatis gloriae Tuae.
Te gloriosus: Apostolorum chorus,
Te Prophetarum: laudabilis numerus,
Te Martyrum candidatus: laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum: sancta confitetur Ecclesia.
Patrem: immensae majestatis.
Venerandum Tuum verum: et unicum Filium.
Sanctum quoque: Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriae: Christe.
Tu Patris: sempiternus es Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem: non horruisti Virginis uterum.
Tu divicto mortis aculeo: aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes: in gloria Patris.
Judex crederis: esse venturus.
Te ergo quaesumus, Tuis famulis subveni: quos Pretioso Sanguine redemisti
Aeterna fac cum Sanctis Tuis: in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum Tuum, Domine: et benedic haereditati Tuae.
Et rege eos: et extolle illos usque in aeternum.
Per singulos dies: benedicimus Te.
Et laudamus nomen Tuum in saeculum: et in saeculum saeculi.
Dignare, Domine, die isto: sine peccato nos custodire.
Miserere nostri, Domine: miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia Tua, Domine, super nos: quemadmodum speravimus in Te.
In Te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in aeternum.

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3. TE DEUM.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.
To Thee all Angels: to Thee the heavens and all the powers therein.
To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim: continually cry;
Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full: of the majesty of Thy glory.
The glorious choir of the Apostles,
The admirable company of the Prophets,
The white-robed army of Martyrs: praise Thee.
The Holy Church throughout all the world: doth confess Thee.
The Father: of infinite majesty.
Thy adorable, true: and only Son.
Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man: Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death: Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come: to be our Judge.
We pray Thee, therefore, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints: in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thine inheritance.
And govern them: and lift them up for ever.
Day by day: we bless Thee.
And we praise Thy name for ever: yea, for ever and ever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day: to keep us without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy be showed upon us: as we have hoped in Thee.
O Lord, in Thee have I hoped: let me not be confounded for ever.

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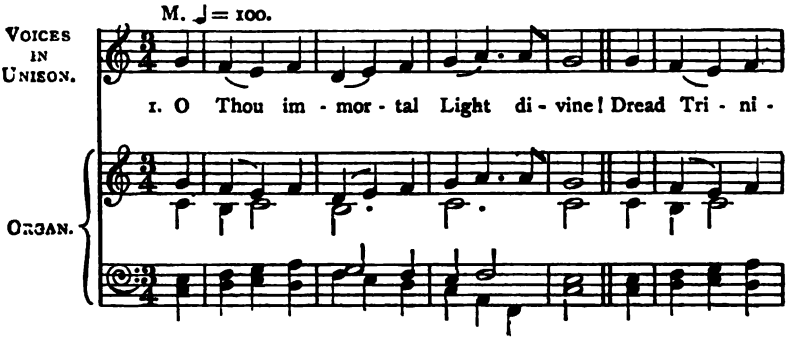

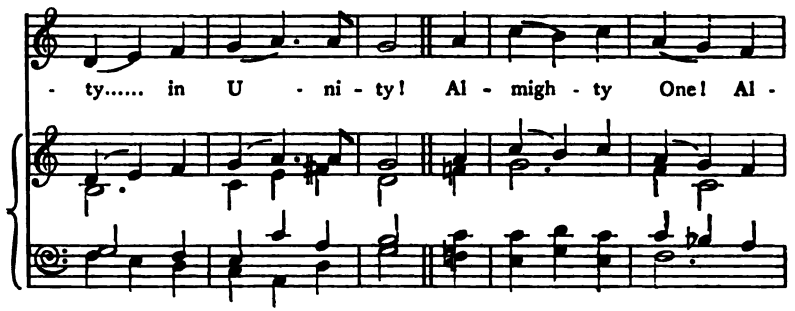

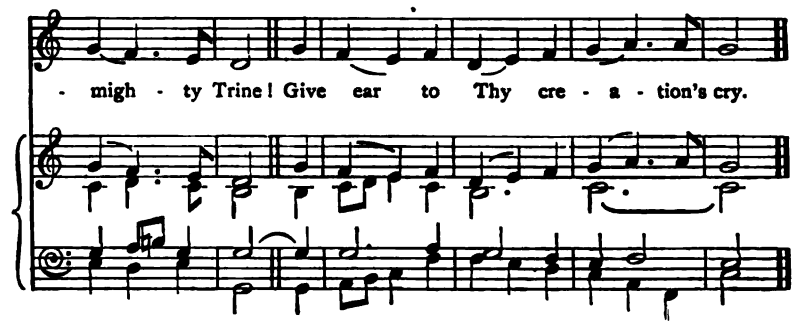

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2.

Father! in majesty enthroned!
  Thee we confess with Thy dear Son;
Thee, Holy Ghost! eternal Bond
  Of love,—uniting Both in One.

3.

As from the Father increate,
  His Son and Word eternal came;
So, too, from Each the Paraclete
  Proceeds in Deity the same.

4.

Three Persons,—One Immensity
  Encircling utmost space and time!
One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
  One everlasting Truth sublime!

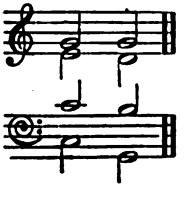
5.

O Lord, most holy, wise, and just!
  Author of nature! God of grace!
Grant that as now in Thee we trust,
  So we may see Thee face to face.

6.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Triunal Lord of earth and Heaven!
From earth and from the heavenly host
  Be sempiternal glory given!

A - men.



[*Translation of the "Æterna lux, Divinitas," by E. Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Plain Chant Melody, harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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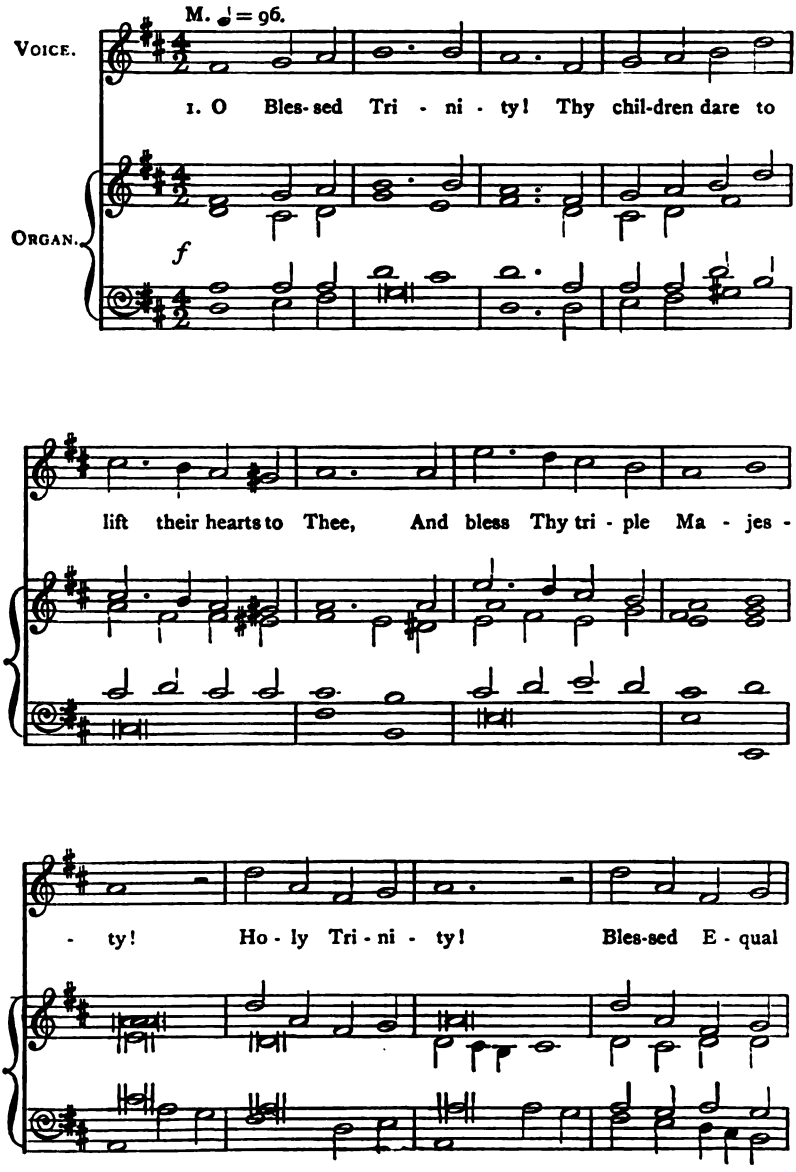
5. THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.



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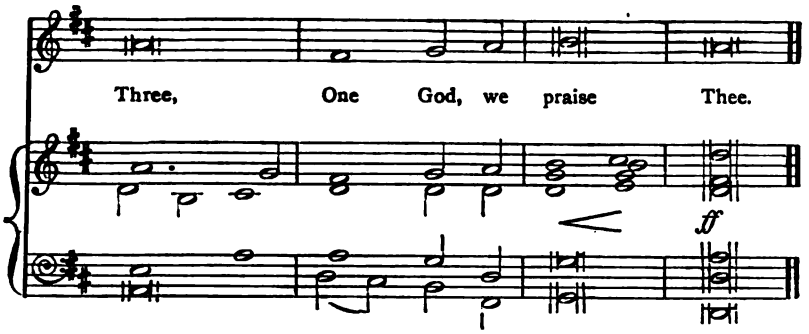

2.

O Blessed Trinity!
Bright Son! Who art the Father's mind displayed,
Thou art begotten and not made.
Holy Trinity!
Blessed Equal Three,
One God, we Praise Thee.

3.

O Blessed Trinity!
Coequal Spirit! wondrous Paraclete!
By Thee the Godhead is complete.
Holy Trinity! &c.

4.

O Blessed Trinity!
We praise Thee, bless Thee, worship Thee as One,
Yet Three are on the single Throne.
Holy Trinity! &c.

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6. SONG OF THE CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height..... And in the

depth..... be praise:..... In all His words most

won - der - ful; Most sure in all..... His ways!

M. ♩ = 88. *(Second Tune.)*

1, Praise to the Ho - liest in.... the height, And

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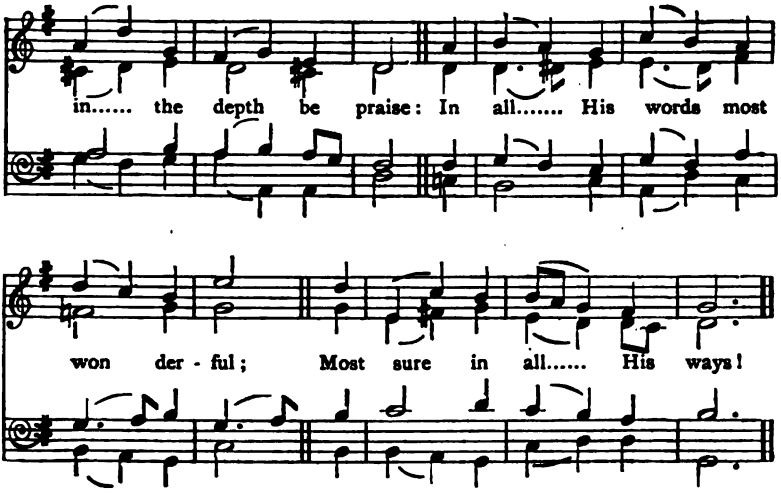

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

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

[Cardinal Newman.]

[First Tune, by Arthur Somervell. Second Tune.—An English Hymn Melody.]

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7. THE PRAISE OF GOD.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Praise we our God with joy, And glad-ness nev - er end - ing:
2. He is our Shepherd true, With watch-ful care un - sleep - ing;

An - gels and Saints with us Their grate-ful voi - ces blend - ing.
On us, His err - ing sheep, An Eye of pi - ty keep - ing.

He is our Fa - ther dear, O'er - filled with Pa - rents' love;
He, with a migh - ty Arm, The bonds of sin doth break,

Mer - cies unsought, un - known, He show-ers from a - bove.
And to our bur-den'd hearts, In words of peace doth speak.

3. Bleeding we lay, but He
With soothing bands hath bound us;
Dark was our path, but He
Hath poured His light around us:
Graces in copious streams
From that pure fountain come,
Down to our heart of hearts,
Where God hath set His home.

4. His Word our lantern is,
His Peace our consolation:
His sweetness all our rest,
Himself our Great Salvation!
Then live we all to God,
Rely on Him in faith,
He be our guide in life,
Our joy, our hope in death.

[*Canon Oakeley.*] [*J. Crüger, 1598-1662.*]

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8. GOD.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Have mer - cy on us, God Most High! Who lift our hearts to Thee; Have mer - cy on us worms of earth, Most ho - ly Tri - ni - ty!

2.

When heaven and earth were yet unmade
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone!

3.

How wonderful creation is,
The work that Thou didst bless;
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness?

4.

In wonder lost, the highest heavens
Mary, their queen, may see;
If Mary is so beautiful,
What must her Maker be?

5.

Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity!

[Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.]

[Old English Melody, harmonized by W. S. Rockstro.]

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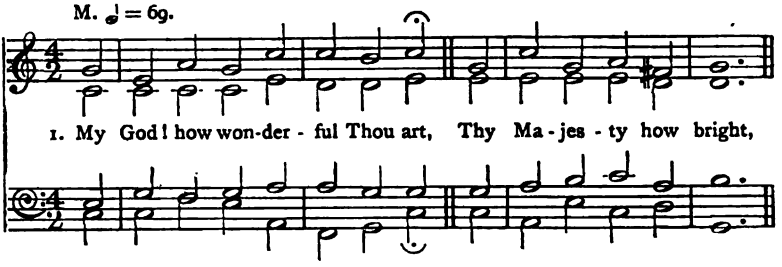
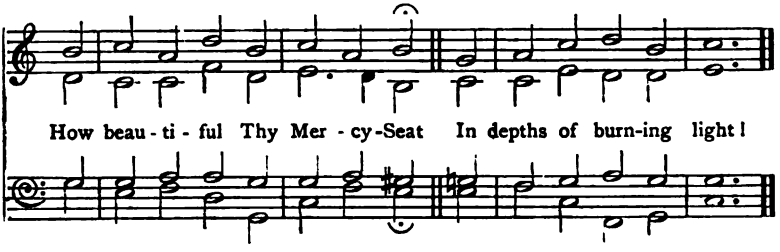
9. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

M. ♩ = 69.





2.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3.

O how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4.

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me Thy sinful child.

6.

Father of Jesus! love's Reward!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"St. Ann's, by Dr. Croft.*]

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10.

MY FATHER.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. O God! Thy power is won - der - ful,..... Thy glo - ry pass - ing bright; Thy wis - dom, with its deep on deep, A rap - ture to..... the sight.

2.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

3.

Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

4.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

5.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's Heart and Soul;
And undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

6.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Old English Hymn Melody.*]

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11. THE WILL OF GOD.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. I wor - ship Thee, sweet Will of God! And all Thy ways a - dore, And ev - 'ry day I live I seem To love Thee more and more.

2.

Thou wast the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesu's toils and tears;
Thou wast the passion of His Heart
Those Three-and-thirty years.

3.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

4.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

5.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

6.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*From a MS. of R. L. de Pearsall of Willesbridge.*]

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DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Be - hold the li - lies of the field, They nei-ther toil nor sow,

Yet God doth all things needful yield, That they may bud and blow.

2. Not Sol - o - mon in glo - ry shone Like one of these poor flow'rs,

That look to God, and God a - lone, For sun - shine and for show'rs.

3.

God's mercy does not value less,
The offspring of His grace;
Nor such a Father fail to bless
The child that seeks His Face.

4.

And if poor flowers, born to fade,
He with such love doth tend,
Much more the souls that He hath made
For glory without end!

[C. M. Coddell.]

[German.]

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VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL!

1. Ve - ni, ve - ni, Em - man - u - el! Ca - pti - vum sol - ve
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el! And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el, Qui ge - mit in e - xi - - li - o,
Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - - ile here,

Pri - va - tus De - i Fi - - li - o. Gau - de! Gau - de!
Un - til the Son of God..... ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice!

Em - ma - nu - el Na - sce - tur pro te, Is - ra - el.
Em - ma - nu - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

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2.

Veni, O Jesse virgula!
Ex hostis tuos ungula,
De specu tuos tartari
Educ, et antro barathri.
Gaude! &c.

3.

Veni, veni, O Oriens!
Solare nos adveniens:
Noctis depelle nebulas,
Dirasque noctis tenebras.
Gaude! &c.

4.

Veni, clavis Davidica!
Regna reclude coelica,
Fac iter tutum superum,
Et claude vias inferum.
Gaude! &c.

5.

Veni, veni, Adonai!
Qui populo in Sinai
Legem dedisti vertice,
In majestate gloriae.
Gaude! &c.

2.

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

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.
Rejoice! &c.

4.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! &c.

5.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! &c.

[*Psalterium Cant. Catholicarum, Colonæ, 1722.*]

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15. CREATOR ALME SIDERUM.

M. ♩=108. *(First Tune.)*

1. Cre - a - tor al - me si - der - um, Ae - ter - na lux cre - den - ti - um, Je - su Re - dem - ptor om - ni - um, In - ten - de vo - tis sup - pli - cum. A - - - - men.

2. Com - mu - ne qui mun - di ne - fas Ut ex - pi - ar - es, ad cru - cem E Vir - gin - is Sa - cra - ri - o In - ta - cta pro - dis vi - cti - ma.

THE SAME FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. Cre - a - tor al - me si - der - um, Ae - ter - na lux cre -

2. Com - mu - ne qui mun - di ne - fas Ut ex - pi - ar - es,

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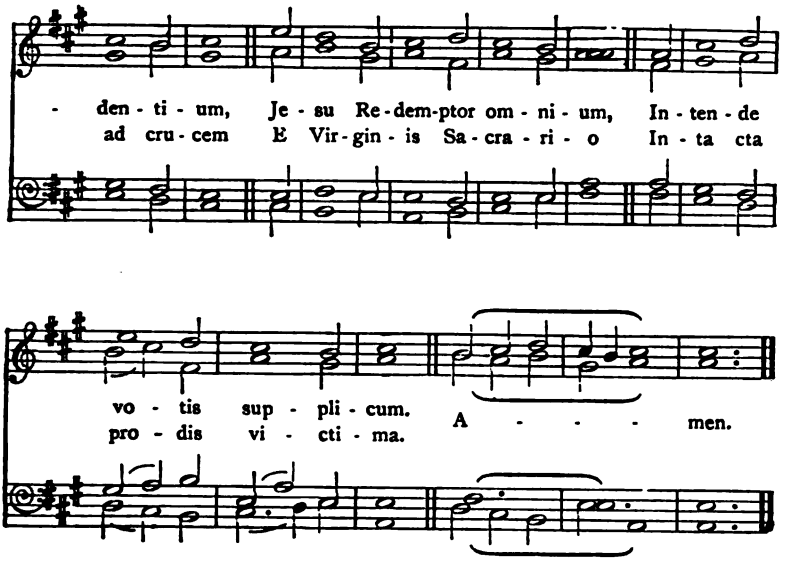

3.

Cujus potestas gloriae,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,
Et coelites, et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.

4.

Qui daemonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.

5.

Te deprecamur ultimae
Magnum diei Judicem,
Armis supernae gratiae
Defende nos ab hostibus.

6.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

[*Plain Chant Melody, harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

TREBLE.

1. Cre - a - tor al - - - - - - - -

ALTO.

1. Cre - a - tor al - - - - - -

TENOR. *8ve lower.*

BASS.

ORGAN.

- - me si - de - rum, al - - - - - - - -

- me si - de - rum, al - - - - - - -

Cre - a - tor al - - - - - - -

Cre - a - tor al - - - - - -

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- - - me si - de - rum, Ae - ter - - na

- - - me si - de - rum, Ae - ter - - na

- - - me si - de - rum, Ae - ter - na

- - - me si - de - rum, Ae - ter - - na lux.....

lux cre - den - - - ti - um, Je - su Re - demp - tor

lux cre - den - ti - um, Je - su Re - demp - tor

lux..... cre - den - - ti - um, Je - su Re - demp - tor

..... cre - den - - - - ti - um,

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om - - ni - um, In - ten - de vo -

om - - ni - um, In - ten - - de vo -

om - - ni - um, In - ten - de vo -

In - ten - de vo - - - tis

- - tis sup - pli - cum, in - ten - de vo - - - - - -

- - tis sup - pli - cum, in - ten - de vo - - - - - -

- - tis sup - pli - cum,..... in -

sup - - pli - cum,..... in - ten - de vo -

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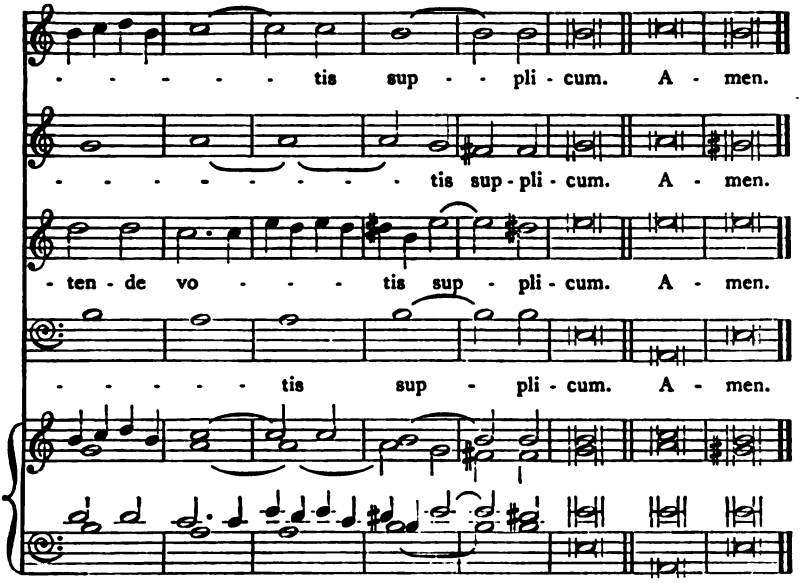

2.

Commune qui mundi nefas
Ut expiares, ad crucem
E Virginis Sacrario.
Intacta prodis victima.

3.

Cujus potestas gloriae,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,
Et coelites, et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.

4.

Qui daemonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.

5.

Te deprecamur ultimae
Magnum diei Judicem,
Armis supernae gratiae
Defende nos ab hostibus.

6.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

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16. CREATOR ALME SIDERUM.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Dear Mak - er of the star - ry skies! Light of be liev - ers ev - er - more! Je - su, Re - deem - er of man - kind! Be near us who Thine aid im - plore. A - men.

2.

Thou, for the sake of guilty men
Permitting Thy pure Blood to flow,
Did'st issue from Thy Virgin shrine
And to the Cross a Victim go.

3.

So great the glory of Thy might,
If we but chance Thy Name to sound,
At once all Heaven and Hell unite
In bending low with awe profound.

4.

When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
By taking of those ills a share.

5.

Great Judge of all! in that last day,
When friends shall fall, and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
To guard us with Thy Arm divine.

6.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, One in Three,
Be honour, glory, blessing, praise,
All through the long eternity.
Amen.

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Dugwell, 1780*]

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17. ADVENT.

M. ♩ = 96. *(First Tune.)*

1. Hark! an aw - ful voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;

"Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye children of the day!" A - men.

M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Hark! an aw - ful voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;

"Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A - men.

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

3. Lo! the Lamb so long expected,
   Comes with pardon down from Heav'n;
   Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
   One and all to be forgiven.

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

5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
   To the Father and the Son,
   With the co-eternal Spirit,
   While eternal ages run.
   Amen.

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18. ANGELUS AD VIRGINEM.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 84.

1. An - ge - lus ad Vir - gi - nem Sub - in - trans in con - - - cla - ve, Vir - gi - nis for - mi - di - nem De - mulcens in - quit, "A - - ve; A - ve Re - gi - na Vir - gi - num; Coe - li ter - rae - que Do - mi - num Con - ci - pi - es Et pa - ri - es In - ta cta..... Sa - lu - tem

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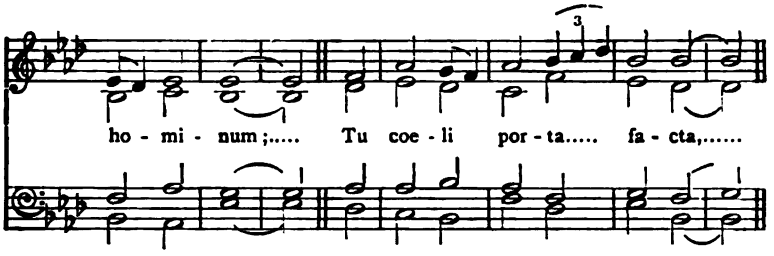

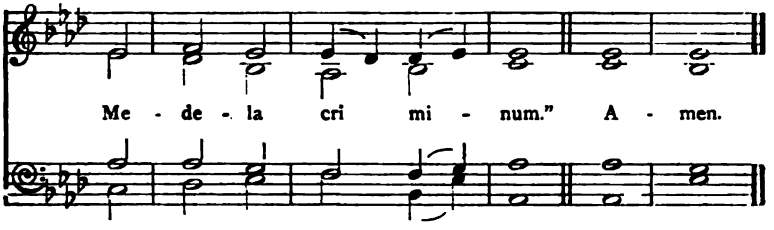

2.

"Quomodo conciperem
Quae virum non cognovi?
Qualiter infringerem
Quae firma mente vovi?"
"Spiritus Sancti gratia
Perficiet haec omnia
Ne timeas,
Sed gaudeas,
Secura
Quod castimonia
Manebit in te pura
Dei potentia."

3.

Ad haec Virgo nobilis
Respondens inquit ei:
"Ancilla sum humilis
Omnipotentis Dei.
Tibi coelesti nuntio,
Tanti secreti conscio
Consentiens
Et cupiens
Videre
Factum quod audio,
Parata sum parere
Dei consilio."

4.

Eia Mater Domini,
Quae pacem reddidisti
Angelis et homini,
Cum Christum genuisti;
Tuum exora Filium
Ut Se nobis propitium
Exhibeat,
Et deleat
Peccata:
Praestans auxilium
Vita frui beata
Post hoc exsilium. Amen.

[*Words and Melody from an English 13th Century manuscript in the British Museum.*]

[*Melody harmonised by Dr Alan Gray of Cambridge.*]

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THE ANNUNCIATION.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 84.

1. Ga - bri - el to Ma - ry went,— A migh - ty mes - sage...

bare he; Deep in awe the Maid - en bent To

hear the first Hail... Ma - ry. He spoke as soft as

sum - mer air: "Hail! first a - mong the pure and fair!

Thou un - de - filed Shalt bear a Child All glo - rious:

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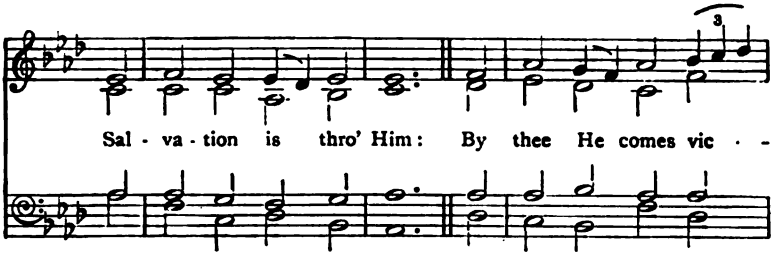

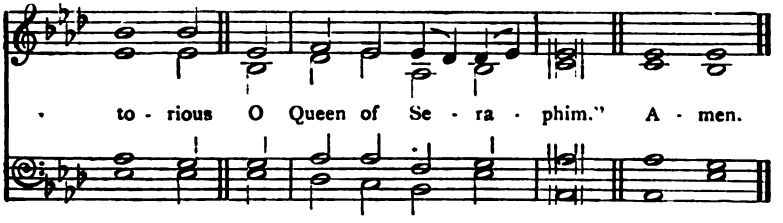

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2.

"How shall this befall?" she quoth,
"For man hath never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but God should own me?"
The Angel said: "O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By God's especial might."

3.

Here the Maid of David's blood
Spoke out in answer lowly:
"I am but the slave of God
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee O high ambassador,
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent,
Right well content
To hold me
For ever by His word.
O Gabriel! behold me
The Handmaid of the Lord!"

4.

Maiden Mother of us all,
Who by thy Son sublimely
Brought the peace that Adam's fall
Once banished untimely:
Implore that Strong and Holy One
That until this our day is done,
His gentleness
To our excess
Indulgent,
May check us when we roam,
And in thy name effulgent
From exile call us home!

[*Paraphrase of the "Angelus ad Virginem" by the Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*English 13th century Melody. Harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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ADESTE FIDELES.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. Ad - e - ste, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes;
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant;

Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem!
O come ye, O come ye, to Beth - le - hem!

Na - tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum;
Come and be - hold Him Born the King of An - gels:

Ve - ni - te, ad - o - re - mus, Ve - ni - te, ad - o - re - mus,
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

Ve - ni - te ad - o - re - mus Do - mi - num!
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!

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2.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera:
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum:
Venite, adoremus,
Venite, adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3.

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Venite, &c.

4.

Ergo Qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, Tibi sit gloria!
Patris aeterni
Verbum Caro factum:
Venite, &c.

2.

True God of true God!
Light of Light eternal!
Lo! He doth not abhor the Virgin's womb:
God un-created,
Very God begotten:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above,
Glory to God, and
In the highest glory!
O come, &c.

4.

Therefore we greet Thee
Born this happy morning;
Jesus!—to Thee all glory be outpour'd:
Word of the Father
Now in Flesh appearing,
O come, &c.

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22, 23.

M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Ad - e - ste fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um - phan - tes;

Ve - ni - - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem!

Na tum vi - de - te Re - gem An - ge - lo - rum;

Ve - ni - te ad - o - re - - mus Do - mi - num!

Ve - ni - te ad - o - re - - mus Do - mi - num!

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1.

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem!
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum;
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Dominum!

2.

En grege relicto,
Humiles ad cunas
Vocati pastores approperant;
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus:
Venite, &c.

3.

Aeterni Parentis
Splendorem aeternum
Velatum sub Carne videbimus;
Deum Infantem
Pannis involutum:
Venite, &c.

4.

Pro nobis egenum
Et foeno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus!
Sic nos amantem
Quis non redamaret?
Venite, &c.

1.

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2.

Forsaking the sheepfold,
To His lowly cradle
Obedient and swiftly run the shepherd throng:
Bounding with gladness
Let our footsteps follow:
O come, &c.

3.

The Splendour Immortal,
Son of Sire Eternal,
Concealèd in mortal flesh our eyes shall see;
God is an Infant,
Swaddling clothes enfold Him:
O come, &c.

4.

For us poor and needy,
Cradled in a manger,
Oh let us in loving arms enfold Him fast!
So true a lover
Shall we not requite Him?
O come, &c.

[*Second Tune.—R. L. de Pearsall of Wilsbridge.*]

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24, 25. MAGNUM NOMEN DOMINI.

M. ♩. = 60.

Magnum no-men Do-mi-ni Em-man-u-el! Quod an-nun-ti-
Great is our Lord Je-su's Name, Em-man-u-el! All the world hath

-a-tum est Per Ga-bri-el: Ho-di-e ap-pa-ru-it, ap-
heard the same From Ga-bri-el: This day first be-held His Face, be-

-pa-ru-it In Is-ra-el, Per Ma-ri-am Vir-gi-nem
-held His Face In Is-ra-el, Through the Vir-gin Ma-ry's grace

In Be-thlehem. E-ia! E-ia! Vir-go De-um
At Be-thlehem. Praise her! Praise her! "Maid-en Mo-ther

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ge - nu - it Sic di - vi - na vo - lu - it Cle - men - ti - a.
of our Lord!" So His mer - cy's sov - reign word Or - dain - ed it.

Gau - de - te, gau - de - te, Chri - stus na - tus ho - di - e;
Be joy - ful! be joy - ful! Christ is born to us this day—

Gau - de - te, gau - de - te, Ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne.
Be joy - ful! be joy - ful! Of Ma - ri - a, Mo - ther - Maid.

THE SAME FOR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩. = 60. 8*ve lower.*

Magnum no - men Do - mi - ni Em - man - u - el! Quod an - nun - ti -
Great is our Lord Jesu's Name, Em - man - u - el! All the world hath

- a - tum est Per Ga - bri - el: Ho - di - e ap - pa - ru - it, ap -
heard the same From Ga - bri - el: This day first be - held His Face, be -

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- pa - ru - it In Is - ra - el, Per Ma - ri - am Vir - gi - nem
- held His Face In Is - ra - el, Thro' the Vir - gin Ma-ry's grace

In Be-thle-hem. E - ia! E - ia! Vir - go De - um
At Be-thle-hem. Praise her! Praise her! "Maid-en Mo-ther

ge - nu - it Sic di - vi - na vo - lu - it Cle - men - ti - a.
of our Lord!" So His mer - cy's sov'reign word Or - dain - ed it.

Gau - de - te, gau - de - te, Chri - stus na - tus ho - di - e;
Be joy - ful! be joy - ful! Christ is born to us this day—

Gau - de - te, gau - de - te, Ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne.
Be joy - ful! be joy - ful! Of Ma - ri - a Mo-ther-Maid.

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26. JESU, REDEMPTOR OMNIUM.

M. ♩ = 80.

1. Je - su, Re - dem - ptor o - mni - um, Quem lu - cis

an - t'or - i - gi - nem Pa - rem Pa - ter - nae glo - ri -

- ae Pa - ter su - pre - mus e - di - dit. A - men.

2.

Tu lumen, et splendor Patris,
Tu spes perennis omnium,
Intende, quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli.

3.

Memento, rerum Conditor,
Nostri quod olim corporis,
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis
Nascendo, formam sumpseris.

4.

Testatur hoc praesens dies,
Currens per anni circulum,
Quod solus e sinu Patris
Mundi salus adveneris.

5.

Hunc astra, tellus, aequora,
Hunc omne, quod coelo subest,
Salutis Auctorem novae
Novo salutat cantico.

6.

Et nos, beata quos sacri
Rigavit unda sanguinis,
Natalis ob diem Tui
Hymni tributum solvimus.

7.

Jesu, Tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna saecula. Amen.

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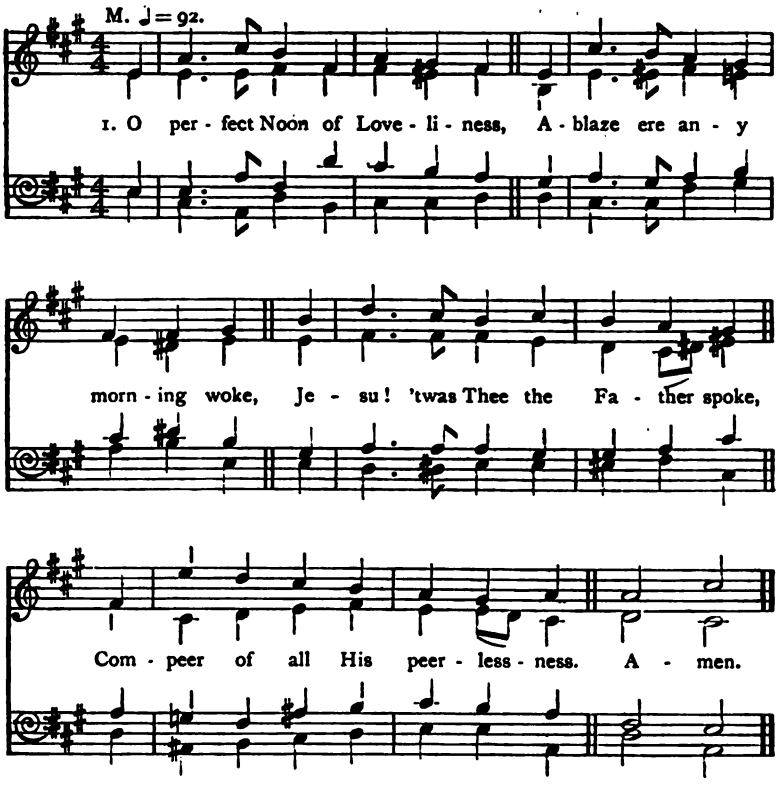
27. JESU, REDEMPTOR OMNIUM.



2.

Thou art His unbeginning Ray,
Thou art our own unending cheer!
Bend low as earth a gracious ear
To what Thy servants ask to-day.

3.

O Thou Who all things fair dost plan,
Forget not how the Mother mild
Gave of her substance undefiled,
And made Thee more than kin to man.

4.

Bright witness is this day—the best
Of all the year's bejewelled crown—
That our distress beguiled Thee down,
O love-lorn God! from glorious rest.

5.

Now earth and stars and heaving sea,
And all that Heav'nly influence own,
Their new-discovered praise intone,
O Fount of endless hope, to Thee!

6.

And we, all gemmed with ruby rain
Shed from Thine inmost Love and Life,
With all Thy creatures make sweet strife
To pay Thy Birth a seemly strain.

7.

Of all Thy fair delights, the most,
That Thou, O Christ, art Mary's Son,—
Be this to Thee, Who still art One
With Sire Supreme and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

[*Translation by Father John O'Connor.*]

[*C. Barnekow*]

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28, 29. QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE.

M. ♩ = 80. *(First Tune.)*

1. Quem pas - to - res lau - da - ve - re, Qui - bus

An - ge - li..... di - xe - re Ab - sit vo - bis jam..... ti -

- me - re, Na - tus est Rex glo - ri - ae.

2.

Ad quem reges ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant
Immolabant haec sincere
Leoni victoriae.

3.

Exultemus cum Maria,
In coelesti hierarchia,
Natum promat voce pia.
Laus honor et gloria,

4.

Christo Regi, Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonat vere
Dulci cum melodia.

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THE SAME FOR MALE VOICES.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80.

1. Quem pas - to - res lau - da - ve - re,

Qui - bus An - ge - li..... di - xe - re

Ab - sit vo - bis jam ti - me - re,

Na - tus est..... Rex glo - - ri - ae.

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Quem pas - to - res lau - da - ve - re,
1. Shep - herds, tell your beau-teous sto - ry,

Qui - bus An - ge - li di - xe - re Ab - sit vo - bis
How the daz - zling An - gel - glo - ry Sang to Ju - da's

jam ti - me - re, Na - tus est Rex glo - ri - ae.
hill - sides hoa - ry, "Born is your E - ter - nal King."

2.

Ad quem reges ambulabant,
Aurum, thus, myrrham portabant
Immolabant haec sincere
Leoni victoriae.

3.

Exsultemus cum Maria,
In coelesti hierarchia,
Natum promat voce pia,
Laus honor et gloria.

4.

Christo Regi, Deo nato,
Per Mariam nobis dato,
Merito resonat vere
Dulci cum melodia.

2.

Bethlehem hath now beholden
Kings of tribes far-off and olden,
Incense, myrrh, and treasure golden
To her conquering Lion bring.

3.

So with Mary's gladness blending,
Let our thankfulness ascending
Scale high Heav'n in sweet contending
With the Angels' glorious choir.

4.

God with us, thro' Mary, dwelleth!
This dear grace all praise excelleth,
Let the song such bliss that telleth
In its own great joy expire.

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30, 31. PUER NATUS IN BETHLEHEM.

M. ♩ = 116. *(First Tune.)*

1. Pu - er na - tus in Beth - le - hem! Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Un - de gau - det Je - - - ru - sa - lem! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. A Boy is born in Beth - le - hem! Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glad ti - dings for Je - - - ru - sa - lem! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

M. ♩ = 116. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Pu - er na - tus in Beth - le - hem! Al - le - lu -

1. A Boy is born in Beth - le - hem! Al - le - lu

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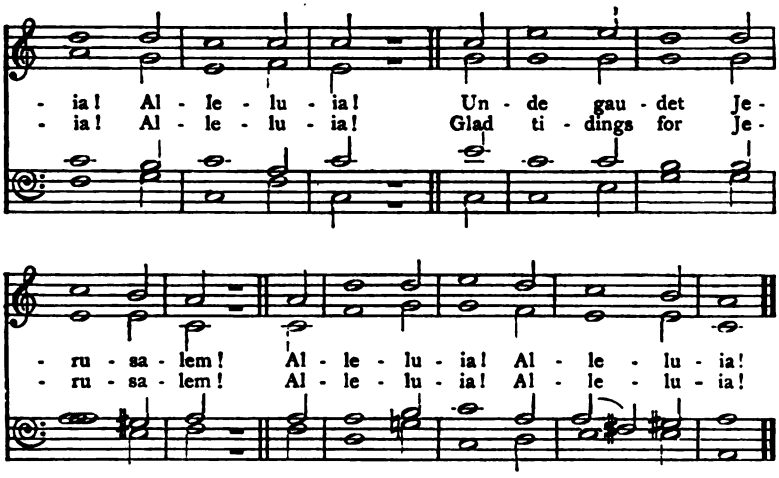

2.
Hic jacet in praesepio,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Qui regnat sine termino.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3.
Cognovit bos et asinus,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Quod Puer erat Dominus.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4.
Reges de Saba veniunt,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Aurum, thus, myrrham offerunt.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

5.
In carne nobis similis,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Peccato sed dissimilis.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

6.
Ut redderet nos homines,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Deo et Sibi similes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

7.
In hoc natali gaudio,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Benedicamus Domino.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

8.
Laudetur Sancta Trinitas,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Deo dicamus gratias!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

2.
And there He lay in manger poor,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Whose reign shall last for evermore.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3.
The ass and ox and all the herd,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Knew well that Boy to be the Lord!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4.
And kings from out the East there were,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With gold and frankincense and myrrh.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

5.
He lived like us in form and dress,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Without our taint of wickedness.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

6.
He came our souls to purify,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
And bring us safe to bliss on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

7.
Therefore let us with one accord,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
On this His Birthday praise the Lord!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

8.
And praise the Holy Trinity,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now and to all eternity!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

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32. OUR BLESSED LADY'S LULLABY.

M. ♩= 84.

1. Up - on my lap my Sov-'reign sits, And feeds up - on my breast;
2. When Thou hast ta - ken Thy re - past, Re - pose, my Babe, on me;

1. Up - on my lap my Sov-'reign sits, And feeds up - on my breast;
2. When Thou hast ta-ken Thy re - past, Re - pose, my Babe, on me;

1. Up - on my lap my Sov-'reign sits, And feeds up - on my breast;
2. When Thou hast ta-ken Thy re - past, Re - pose, my Babe, on me;

Meanwhile, His love sus - tains my life And gives my bo - dy rest.
So may Thy Mo - ther and Thy Nurse, Thy cra - dle al - so be.

Meanwhile, His love sus - tains my life And gives my bo - dy rest.
So may Thy Mo-ther and Thy Nurse, Thy cra - dle al - so be.

Meanwhile, His love sus - tains my life And gives my bo - dy rest.
So may Thy Mo-ther and Thy Nurse, Thy cra - dle al - so be.

Sing lul - la - by, sing lul-la-lul-la-by, my lit - tle Boy; Sing lul-la-lul-la-by,

Sing lul - la - by, sing lul - la - by, my lit - tle Boy; Sing lul - la - by,

Sing lul - la - by, sing lul - la - by, my lit - tle Boy; Sing lul - la - by,

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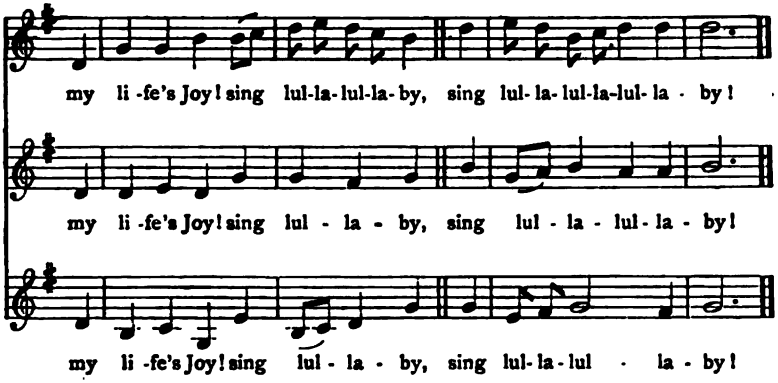

3.

The earth is now a Heaven become,
  And this base power of mine
A princely palace unto me,
  My Son doth make to shine.
Sing lullaby, &c.

4.

This sight I see, this Child I have,
  This Infant I embrace,
O endless Comfort of the earth,
  And Heaven's eternal Grace.
Sing lullaby, &c.

5.

My Babe, my Bliss, my Child, my Choice,
  My Fruit, my Flower, and Bud,
My Jesus, and my only Joy,
  The sum of all my good.
Sing lullaby, &c.

6.

Three Kings their treasures hither brought,
  Of incense, myrrh and gold,
The Heavens' treasure and the King
  That here they might behold.
Sing lullaby, &c.

7.

And let th' ensuing blessed race
  Thou wilt succeeding raise,
Join all their praises unto mine,
  To multiply Thy praise.
Sing lullaby, &c.

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33. TO THE INFANT JESUS ASLEEP.

M. ♩ = 84. *(First Tune.)*

1. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy Mo - ther's breast! Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest!

2.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
  Thine Angels watch around;
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
  In reverent awe profound!

3.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
  While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
  Which there divinely plays.

4.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
  Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
  That death alone shall close.

5.

Then must those Hands,
  Which now so fair I see;
Those little pearly Feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
  Be pierced and rent for me!

6.

Then must that Brow
  Its thorny crown receive;
That Cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with blood, and marr'd with blows,
  That I thereby may live.

7.

O Lady blest!
  Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
  Upon the Cross to die!

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Second Tune.)*

VOICES IN UNISON.

ORGAN.

p

1. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe! Up - on Thy Mother's breast!

Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie

In such a place of rest!..... 2. Sleep, Ho - ly Babe!. ...

cres.

Thine An - gels watch a - round;..... All bend - ing low, with

cres.

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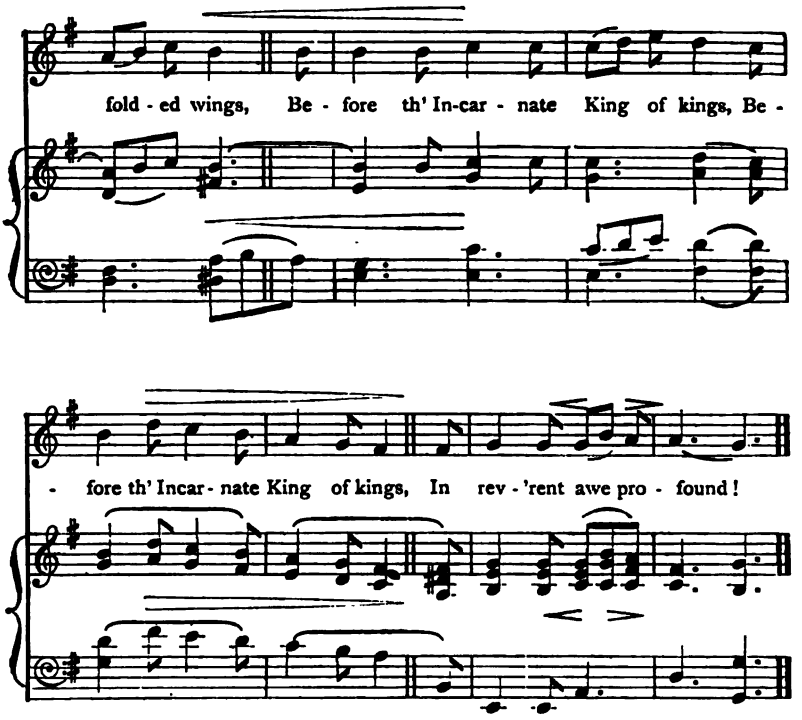

3.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

4.

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Ah, take Thy brief repose;
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Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the Cross to die!

8.

Sleep, Holy Babe!
Upon Thy Mother's breast!
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky.
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Second Tune, by Walter Austin.*]

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34. THE INFANT JESUS.

M. ♩ = 112. *Unison.*

1. Dear Lit - tle One! how sweet Thou art, Thine

Eyes how bright they shine,..... So bright they al - most

seem to speak When Ma - ry's look meets Thine!.....

2.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
  Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
  Of sorrow and of love.

3.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
  A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and Heaven and earth
  Adore Thee with their fears.

4.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny Hands,
  That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
  This very moment bear.

5.

Art Thou, weak Babe! my very God?
  Oh I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
  Among forgetful men.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*R. d'Evry.*]

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35. A CRADLE-SONG FOR BETHLEHEM.

M. ♩= 104.

(*Mary*) "Jo - seph gen - tle, hus - band mine, Help me nurse my
(*Chorus*) An - gel - host of Pa - ra - dise, Ye who gaze with
(*Chorus*) Oh that earth were sweet and mild As her lap to

Babe Di - vine; He will pay thee all thy love,
star - ry eyes Where the Tri - une splen - dours glow,
Ma - ry's Child! Oh could ev - 'ry heart en - fold

In Heaven a - bove, For He is King for ev - - er."
See here how low His love has brought the High - - est!
This Love un - told That shone be - fore the day - star!

(*Chorus*) The snows un - trod - den have bud - ded the Flower
(*Angels*) "Till now was nev - er nor shall be a - gain
The Peace - ful King hath up - lift - ed His throne

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That build - eth His bower in Is - ra - el!
'Mid An - gels or men such bliss fore - cast;
And rul - eth a - lone o'er all the kings;

Ma - ry hath great news to tell From Ga - bri - el.
Maid - en Mo - ther clasp - eth fast The First and Last!"
Mer - cy comes on broad - 'ning wings And Truth up-springs!

Lull Thee! Ba - by! Dream of Heav'n, but
(Chorus) Lull Thee! Ba - by! Dream of Heav'n, but
Glo - ry! Lord God! Peace on earth and

ope Thine Eyes on Ma - - - ry.
ope Thine Eyes on Ma - - - ry.
Glo - ry in the High - - - est

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36. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Dry your tears, ye si - lent mourn-ers! Fling the sor - row from your breast! See the dawn of hap - py Christ - mas— "Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum est," "Ver-bum ca - ro fac - tum est."

2.

Christ has come to dwell among us,
He hath come to give us rest;
He hath come our foes to vanquish---
"Verbum caro factum est."

3.

Welcome Him with loving worship,
Welcome Him, our precious Guest;
Bless Him now, and bless Him ever—
"Verbum caro factum est."

4.

Ring the bells, and swing the censers,
Let our gladness be expressed
In each outward act and token—
"Verbum caro factum est."

5.

Grateful words will give Him pleasure,
But our grateful deeds are best;
Let them all be for His honour—
"Verbum caro factum est."

[*Lady Catherine Petre.*]

[*R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.*]

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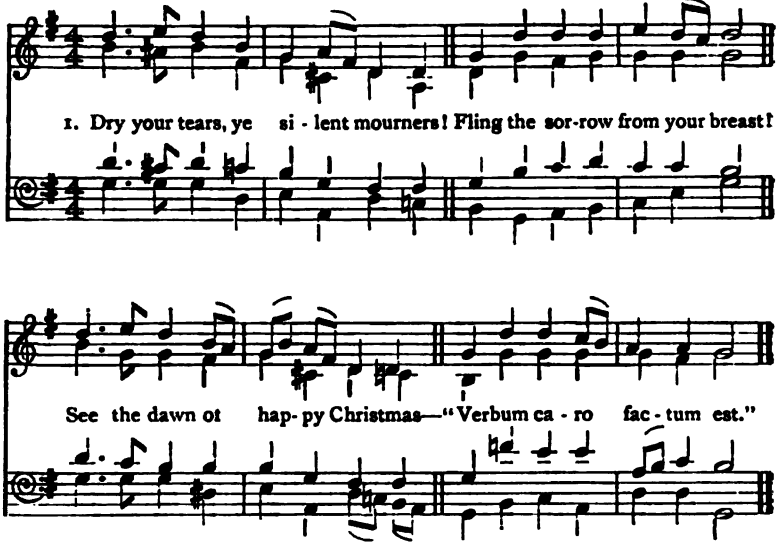
M. ♩ = 88. *(Second Tune.)*



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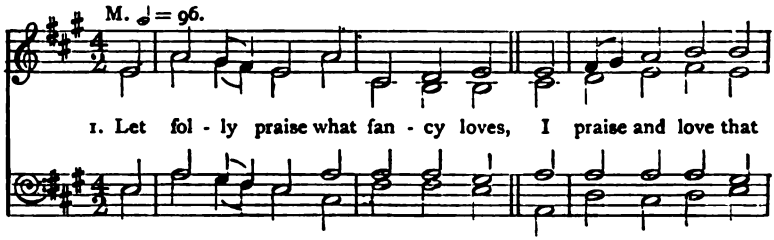
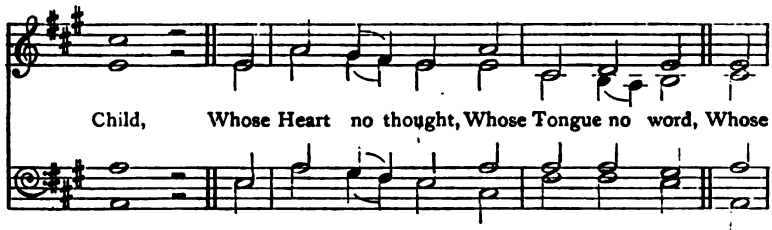
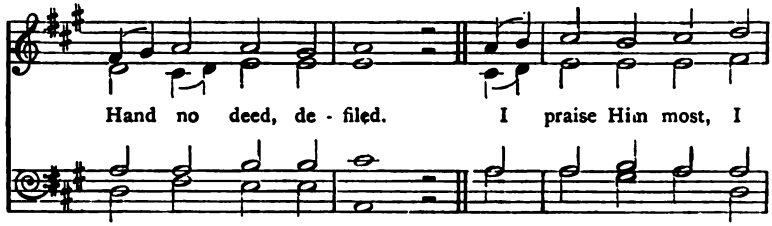
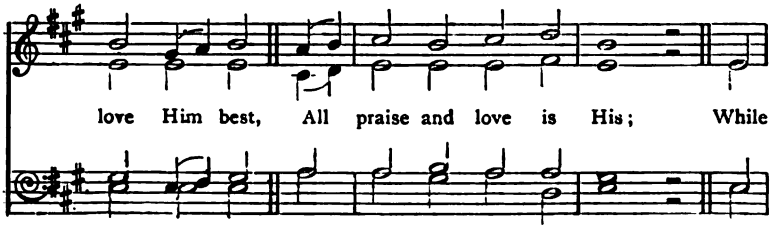
37. A CHILD MY CHOICE.









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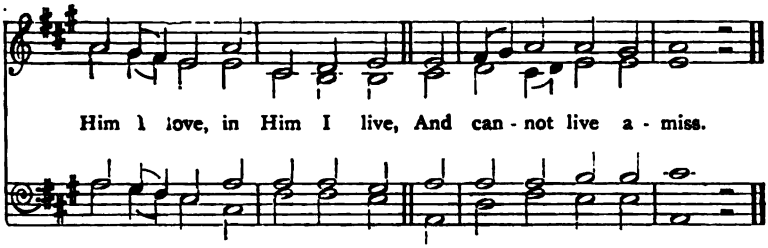

2.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
  Man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
  To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
  Thus each to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is,
  All times will find Him true.

3.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong,
  Though Man, yet God He is;
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
  As God He loves to bless.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
  His love doth cherish all;
His Birth our joy, His Life our light,
  His Death our end of thrall.

4.

Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants,
  Yet do His Angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
  Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, Whose tender Arms
  Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
  Direct me when I die!

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M. ♩ = 100.

1. An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains.

And the mountains in re-ply E-cho back their joy-ous strains.

Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri-a

Glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri-a

Glo - - - - - - - - ri - a

Glo - - - - - - - - - - ri - a.....

Glo - - - - - - - -

in ex-cel-sis De - o.

Glo - - - - - - - -

Glo - - - - - - - -

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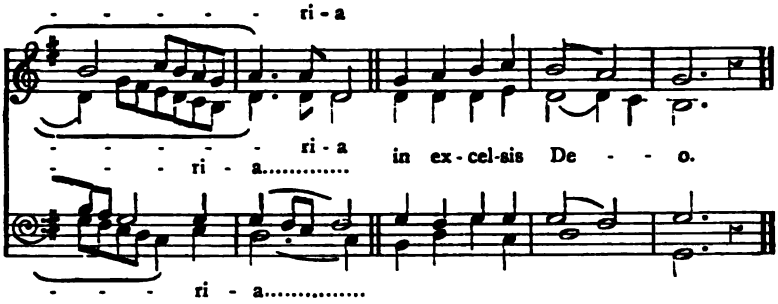

2.

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why this ecstasy of song?
Say what may the tidings be,
That inspire yon heav'nly throng?
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

3.

Come to Bethlehem and see,
Him Whose Birth the Angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Jesus Christ the new-born King!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

4.

See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of Heav'n and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
Sing we all the Saviour's Birth!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

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39. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

M. ♪ = 112. *(First Tune.)*

1. The An - gels sing a - round the stall Where Je - sus cra - dled

lies, The shepherds hear the joyful call, That wakes the si - lent

skies. Hark! to the mu - sic float - ing by, Ere yet its e - choes

Is heard the song of

cease! Pour'd forth from Angels' minstrelsy, Is heard the song of

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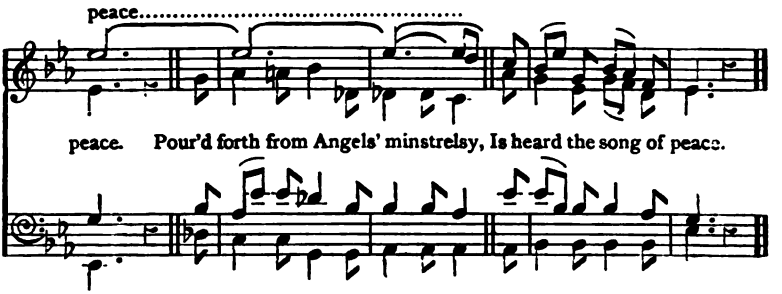

2.

The eastern Kings the star have seen,
They hasten on their way;
Long hath their patient vigil been
For dawning of this day:—
The dawning of the day of grace,
The gleam of Jacob's Star,
The Virgin's Child of Jesse's race.
By prophets seen afar.

3.

And now they open treasures rare,
Which Indian silks enfold,
Of fragrant myrrh that scents the air,
Of frankincense and gold.
Their kingly heads they meekly bow,
The cradled Babe before;
Their God confess, and kneeling low
In humble faith adore.

4.

With them I come to greet my King,
But not, like them, depart;
No gold, no frankincense I bring,
But only my poor heart—
With Him to live, with Him to die,
Who, by His lowly birth,
Gave glory to our God on high
And peace to men on earth.

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M. ♩ = 112. (*Second Tune.*)

1. The An - gels sing a - round the stall Where Je - sus

cra - dled lies,..... The shep - herds hear the

joy - ful call, That wakes the si - lent skies.....

Hark! to the mu - sic float - ing by, Ere yet its

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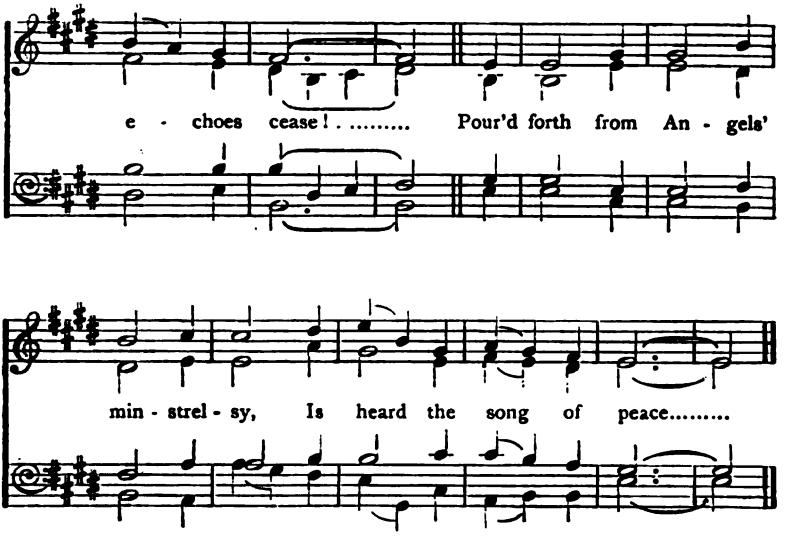

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Their God confess, and kneeling low
In humble faith adore.

4.

With them I come to greet my King,
But not, like them, depart;
No gold, no frankincense I bring,
But only my poor heart—
With Him to live, with Him to die,
Who, by His lowly Birth,
Gave Glory to our God on high
And peace to men on earth.

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40. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

M. ♩ = 108.

1. All the skies to-night sing o'er us! Sweet and far Star to star

Maketh solemn cho - rus. Time the mid - night blest is tell - ing

When our Lord God the Word Made with us His dwell - ing.

2.

Glory in the highest Heaven!
And again
Unto men
Their souls' peace be given!
All our wrong by Him is righted
In Whose Birth
Heav'n and Earth
Stand for aye united.

3.

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

[*Rev. John O'Connor.*] (64) [*German.*]

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41. BESIDE THE MANGER.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. There in the nar-row man-ger, cold and bleak, My Lord, Thou art;

And there with-in those Hands, so soft and weak, I lay my heart.

Be-neath those ti-ny Feet I bow my head, O bles-sed Child.

And kiss the straw that forms Thy chil-ly bed In win-ter wild.

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M. ♩ = 80. *(Second Tune.)*

1. There in the narrow manger, cold and bleak, My... Lord, Thou art;

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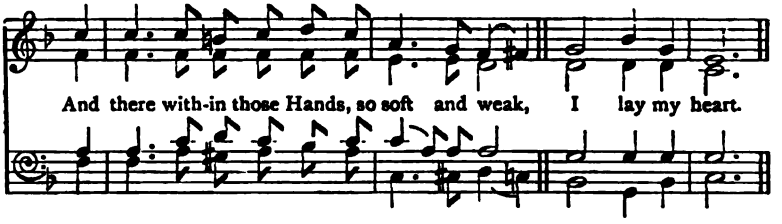

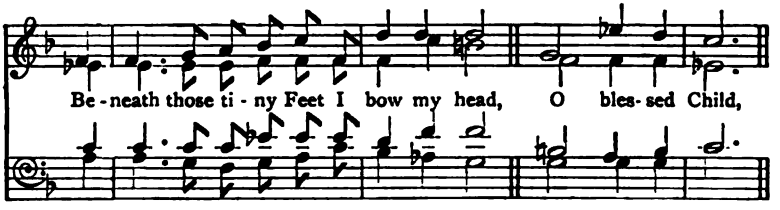

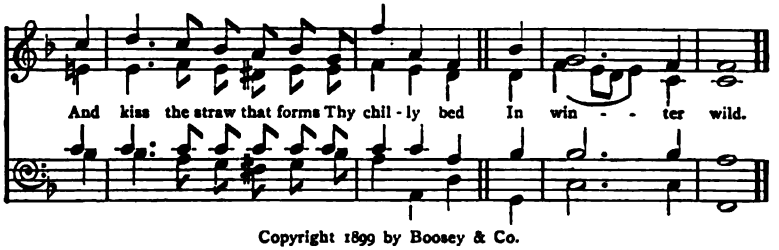

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2.

Show me thy wondrous Babe, O Mother-maid,
Foretold of yore;
The treasure on thy virgin-bosom laid
Let me adore.
That small Hand place upon my prostrate brow,
O Mother dear;
For crouching in His Infant-presence, now
I quake with fear.

3.

Upon thy fair and youthful face I read
A look of love—
A look which bids me trust thee in my need,
Spouse of the Dove.
Mother of God, commend me to thy Son
As here I bend;
And oh, commend me when my task is done,
And life shall end.

4.

A sinner kneeling at an Infant's cot,
I call on thee;
A sinner at the Cross forget me not,
But plead for me.
And thus in faith assured I leave my heart,
Blest Child, with Thee;
A worthless gift with which Thou wilt not part
Eternally.

[s. 7.]

[*First Tune.—By W. S. Rockstro.*
Second Tune.—"Saint Cross," by Frank Lambert.]

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42. NEW PRINCE NEW POMP.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Be - hold a sim - ple ten - der Babe, In freez-ing win - ter night, In home - ly man - ger trembling lies, A - las! a pit - eous sight!..... A - las! a pit - eous sight!

2.
The inns are full; no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed;
But forced He is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His Head.

3.
Despise Him not for lying here,
First what He is enquire:
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

4.
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that round Him press;
Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple dress.

5.
This stable is a Prince's Court,
The crib His chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.

6.
The persons in that poor attire
His royal liv'ries wear;
The Prince Himself is come from Heav'n,
This pomp is prizèd there.

7.
With joy approach, O Christian soul,
Do homage to thy King;
And highly prize His humble pomp,
Which He from Heav'n doth bring.

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43. COME TO THE MANGER.

M. ♩ = 112.
SOLO.

Come, come, come to the manger, Children, come to the children's King;

Sing, sing, cho-rus of An- gels, Stars of morning, o'er Bethlehem sing!

Verse 3.

1. He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall,..... Who is Ma-ker and Lord of us

rall. . . .

all..... The win-try wind blows cold and drea-ry, See, He weeps, the

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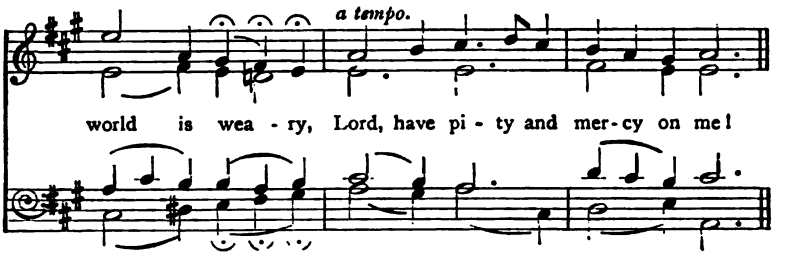

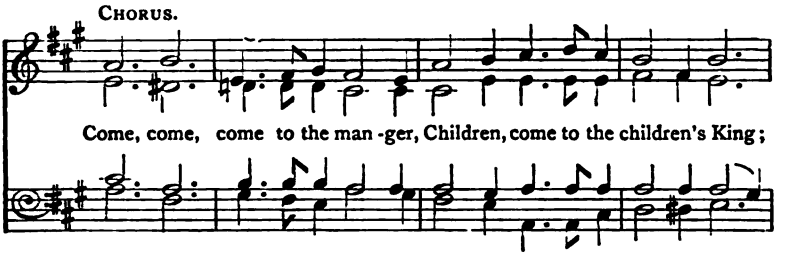

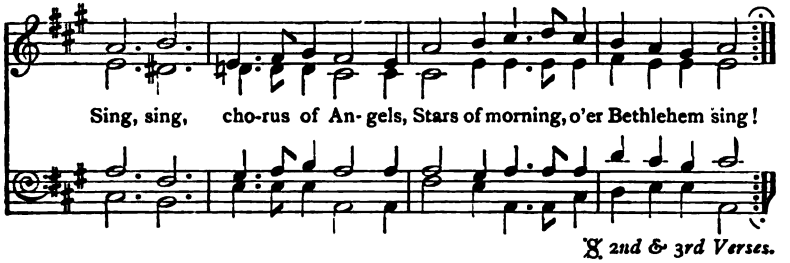

2nd & 3rd Verses.

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, &c.

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, &c.

[*Anonymous.*] [*Old Hymn Melody.*]

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44. HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

M. ♩= 104. *(First Tune.)*

1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,

See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Pro - mis'd from e - ter - nal years!

Hail, thou ev - er - bles - sed morn! Hail, Re - demption's hap - py dawn!

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

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2.

Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies:
He, Who thron'd in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, &c.

4.

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

5.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, &c.

6.

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

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Arranged by F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*]

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M. ♩ = 104. *(Second Tune.)*

1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low, See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Pro - mis'd from e - ter - nal years! Hail, thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, Redemption's hap - py dawn! Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 120. *(Third Tune.)*

1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on
CHORUS. Hail, thou ev - er - bles - sed morn! Hail, Re - demp-tion's

earth be - low. See, the ten - der Lamb ap - pears,
hap - py dawn! Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem,

Pro - mis'd from e - ter - nal years! From e - ter - nal years!
Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! Born in Beth - le - hem!

2.

Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3.

Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail, &c.

4.

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

5.

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail, &c.

6.

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

[*Second Tune—French.*]
[*Third Tune.—The Beauvais "Prose de l'ane" Melody of the 14th century, harmonised by W. S. Rockstro.*]

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

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45. IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD.

M. ♩= 108.

1. The gloomy night em-braced the place Where-in the no - ble
2. We saw Thee in Thy balm - y nest, Young Dawn of our e -

In - fant lay: The Babe look'd up and shew'd His Face,
- ter - nal day! We saw Thine Eyes break from their east

In spite of dark - ness, it was day! It was Thy
And chase the trem - bling shades a - way: We saw Thee,

day, Sweet! and did rise, Not from the east, but from Thine Eyes.
and we blessed the sight; We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light!

3.

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter, day in night!
Heaven in earth, and God in Man!
Great Little One! Whose lowly birth,
Lifts earth to Heav'n, stoops Heav'n to earth!

4.

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves;
Each one of us his lamb will bring,
And each his pair of silver doves:
Till burnt in fire of Thy fair Eyes,
Ourselves become our sacrifice!

[*Richard Crashaw 17th Century.*]

[*German.*]

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A HYMN AS SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

M. ♩ = 80. *(Second Tune.)*

1. The gloom - y night em - braced the place Where - in the
2. We saw Thee in Thy balm - y nest, Young Dawn of

no - ble In - fant lay: The Babe look'd up..... and shew'd His
our e - ter - nal day! We saw Thine Eyes... break from the

Face,... In spite of dark - ness it was day! It was Thy
east..... And chase the trem - bling shades a - way: We saw Thee,

day, Sweet! and did rise, Not from the east, but from Thine Eyes.
and we blessed the sight; We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light!

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M. ♩ = 95. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - su, Who from Thy Fa- ther's throne, Didst to this vale of

tears come down, In our poor na - ture drest:.....

O may the charms of that sweet love Draw up our souls to

Thee a - bove, And fix them there to rest. A - men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - su, Who from Thy Fa-ther's throne, Didst to this vale of

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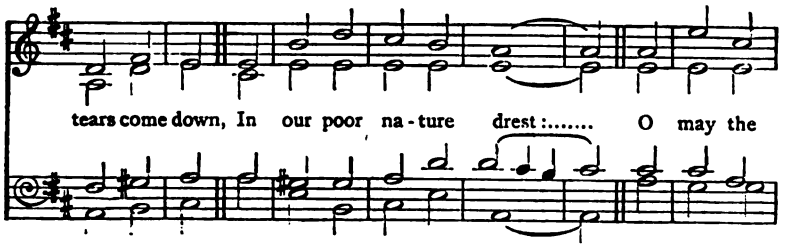

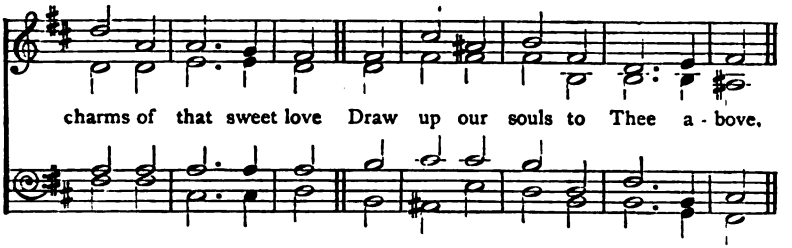

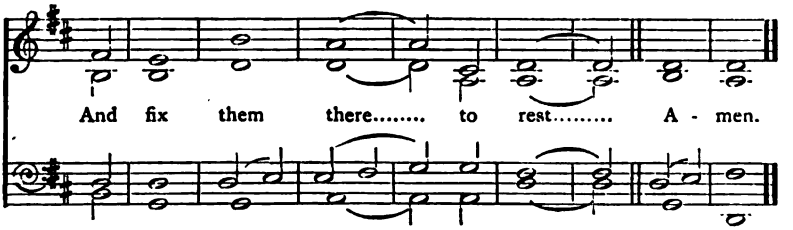

2.

Jesu, Whose high and humble Birth,
In Heav'n the Angels, and, on earth,
  The faithful shepherds sing:
O may our hymns, which here run low,
Shoot up aloft, and fruitful grow,
  In that eternal spring.

3.

Jesu, to Whom three kings from far,
Led to Thy cradle by a star,
  Brought gifts to Thee their King:
O guide us by Thy light that we
May find Thy Face, and unto Thee
  Ourselves for tribute bring.

4.

Jesu, Who thus began our bliss,—
Thus carried on our happiness,
  To Thee all praise be paid:
O may the great Mysterious Three
For ever live, and ever be,
  Adored, beloved, obeyed. Amen.

[*First Tune.—E. d'Evry.*]
[*Second Tune.—Wilhelm Nelle.*]

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47. THE BURNING BABE.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. As I in hoar - y win - ter's night Stood shiv - 'ring in the snow,..... Sur - prised I was with sud - den heat, Which made my heart to glow;..... And lift - ing up a fear - ful eye To view what fire was near,..... A pret - ty Babe, all

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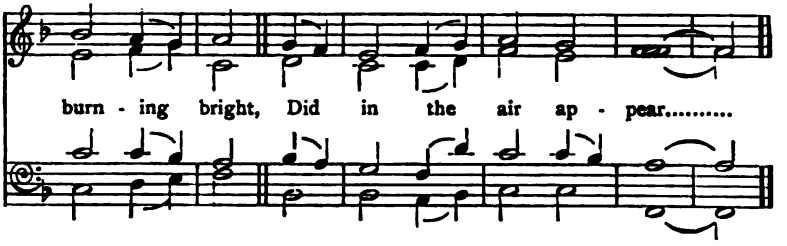

2.

Who scorchèd with excessive heat,
  Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames
  Which with His tears were fed.
Alas! quoth He, but newly born,
  In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts,
  Or feel my fire but I!

3.

My faultless Breast the furnace is,
  The fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
  The ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
  And Mercy blows the coals,
The metals in this furnace wrought
  Are men's defilèd souls.

4.

For which, as now on fire I am,
  To work them to their good,
So I will melt into a bath,
  To wash them in My Blood:
With this He vanished out of sight,
  And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
  That it was Christmas Day!

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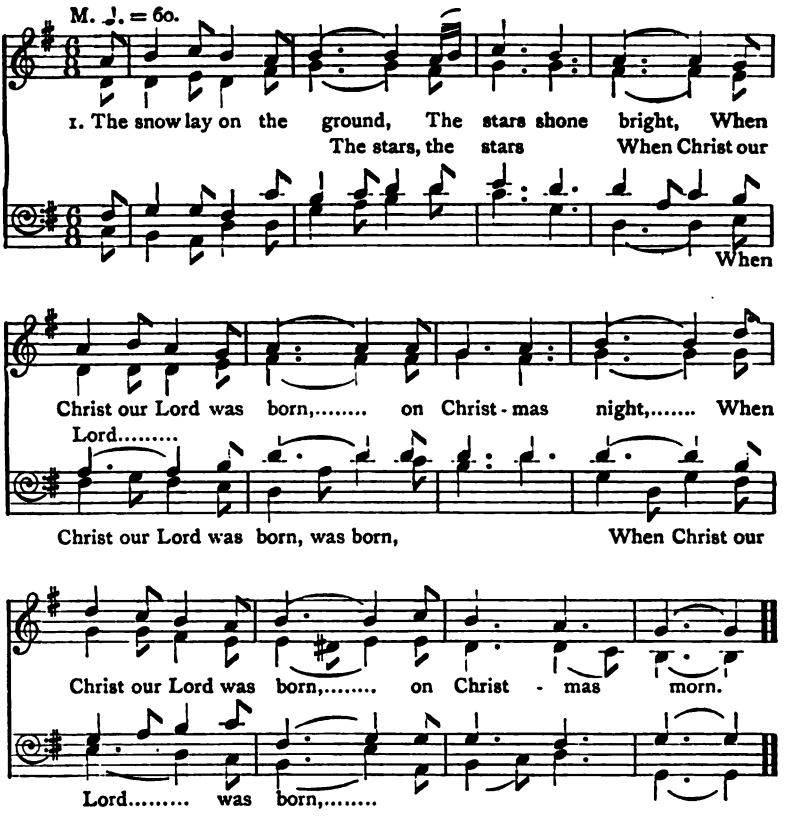
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



2. 'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Anne,
That brought into this world our God made Man.

3. She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared the roof with them.

4. Saint Joseph, too, was by to tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect His Mother mild.

5. The Angels hovered round, and sang this song:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

6. And, thus, that manger poor became a throne;
For He Whom Mary bore was God the Son.

7. O come then, let us join the Heavenly Host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8. Venite adoremus Dominum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

[*Old English Carol.*] (80) [*Italian Melody, harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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49. THE WORLD'S DELIGHT.

M. ♩ = 120.

1. Let sweet and ho - ly sound..... En - wrap the

earth a - round,..... For all the world's De - light.....

In swath - ing bands is bound,..... And gold - en

with His light..... Is Beth - le - hem's poor stall;.....

G

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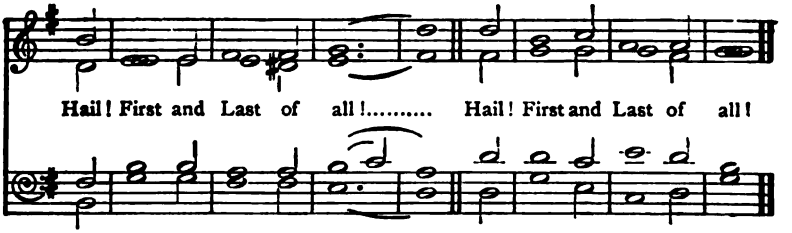

2.

O Baby soft and weak
Thou makest my dumb heart speak
  O little Child most High,
By this Thy love so meek,
  Grant me to live and die
In Thy sweet loyalty.
Oh! call me after Thee!
Oh! call me after Thee!

3.

Oh! Love of God the Sire!
Oh pitying desire
  Of His Eternal Son!
From sin and quenchless fire
  Our souls hath Jesus won
To deck His palace fair:
Oh would that we were there!
Oh would that we were there!

4.

For gladness never dies
In those immortal skies:
  The golden tides of song
From choired Angels rise;
  And in the turrets strong,
Sweet bells make praise and prayer:
Oh would that we were there!
Oh would that we were there!

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50. EPIPHANY.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Beth - le-hem! of no - blest ci - ties None can once with thee com-pare;

Thou a- lone the Lord from Heaven Didst for us In - car-nate bear.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Solemn things of mystic meaning!—
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a Royal Child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

5.

Holy Jesu! in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Praise eterne to Thee be paid.

[*Translation of "O sola magnarum urbium," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"Cadgwith," by Frank Lambert.*]

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M. ♩ = 96.

1. They leave the land of gems and gold, The shin - ing
The

por - tals of the East..... For Him, "the Wo - man's

Seed" fore - told, They leave the rev - el and the feast.
They

He, He is King, and He a - lone, Who lifts that

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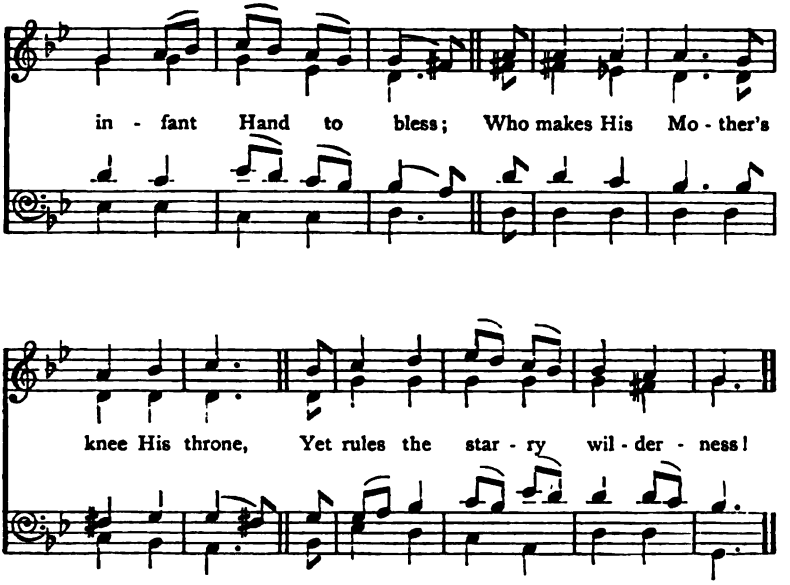

2.

To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.
He, He is King, and He alone.
Who lifts that infant Hand to bless;
Who makes His Mother's knee His throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness!

3

O happy eyes, that saw Him first!
O happy lips that kissed His Feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst:
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
He, He is King, &c.

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52. CANDLEMAS.

1.

The Angel-lights of Christmas morn,
  Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
  They sparkle and they die.

2.

Comfort of earth is brief at best,
  Although it be divine;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone,
  Old Simeon's tapers shine.

3.

And then for eight long weeks and more,
  We wait in twilight grey,
Till the high candle sheds a beam
  On Holy Saturday.

4.

We wait along the penance-tide
  Of solemn fast and prayer;
While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim
  In the sin-laden air.

5.

And while the sword in Mary's soul
  Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
  Of passion and of pride.

6.

And still, though Candlemas be spent
  And Alleluias o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
  And Jesus light in store.

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LENT AND THE PASSION OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

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M. ♩ = 80.

1. Now are the days of hum - blest prayer, When con - scien - - ces to God lie bare, And mer - cy..... most de - - lights to spare. Oh hearken when we cry, Chas-tise us with Thy fear; Yet, Fa-ther! in the mul-ti-tude of Thy compassions, hear!

2.

Oh happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chast'ning fears,
Undoing all our evil years.
Oh hearken, &c.

3.

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

4.

The feast of penance! Oh so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night!
Oh hearken, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*E. d'Evry.*]

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54. EVENING HYMN IN LENT.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Be - hold, and bless the so - lemn days That call to mourn the soul's de - cays, And, ere the fierce des - truc - tion sweep, Be - fore the throne of Grace to weep. A - men.

2.

O let us strive, before too late,
To shun the sinner's awful fate;
To see the flames that ever burn,
The prison dark whence none return.

3.

Vain on the past to close the eyes,
For sin unpardoned never dies;
And painfully must be replaced
God's Image, in the soul defaced.

4.

O ponder well the eternal shame,
Eternal, evermore the same;
Nor deadly wounds of sin conceal,
From those empowered on earth to heal.

5.

So Pardon will unloose the spell
That binds the guilty soul to hell;
Our Lord will shed His healing balm,
The soul regain a holy calm.

6.

Such blessings, Lord, our prayers implore,
This evening and for evermore;
Hear us, O Father, hear, O Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

[*R. Campbell.*]

[*Danish.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(First Tune.)*

1. Sing, my tongue, the Sa - viour's glo - ry; Tell His tri - umph far and wide; Tell a - loud the fa - mous sto - ry Of His Bo - dy cru - ci - fied; How up - on the Cross a Vic - tim, Van - quish - ing in death, He died.

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M. ♩ = 80. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Sing, my tongue the Saviour's glo-ry; Tell His tri-umph far and wide;

Tell a-loud the fa-mous sto-ry Of His Bo-dy cru-ci-fied;

How up-on the Cross a Vic-tim, Vanquish-ing 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 now at length the fulness
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 swathing-bands she ties.

6.

Honour, 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 Three-fold unity!

[*Translation of the "Pange Lingua Gloriosi," by Father Caswall.*]

[*First Tune.—Old English Hymn Melody.*
Second Tune.—German.
Harmonised by Nicholas Gatty.]

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M. ♩ = 80.

1. In - gre - di - en - te Do - mi - no in san-ctam ci - vi - ta - tem,

He-brae-o - rum pu - er - i, He-brae-o - rum pu - er - i re - sur-rec - ti -

- - o- nem vi - tae pro - nun - ti - an - tes: Cum ra - mis pal - ma - rum,

cum ra - mis pal - ma - rum Ho - san - na, cla - ma-bant, in ex -

- - cel - - cis, Ho - san - na, cla - ma-bant, in ex - cel - sis.

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2. Cum au-dis-set po-pulus, quod Je-sus ve-ni-ret, quod Je-sus ve-

-ni-ret Je-ro-so-ly-mam, ex-i-e-runt, ex-i-e-runt ob-vi-am

E-i. Cum ra-mis pal-ma-rum, cum ra-mis pal-

-ma-rum: Ho-san-na, cla-ma-bant, in ex-cel---

-sis, ... Ho-san-na, cla-ma-bant, in ex-cel--sis.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

1. O Soul of Je - sus, sick to death! Thy Blood and

prayer to - ge - ther plead; My sins have bowed Thee

to the ground, Like storms that bend the fee - ble reed.

2.

My God! My God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

3.

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's Blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

4.

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear;
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear!

5.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

6.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him Who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear!

[Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.]

["Gethsemane," by Father Conrad Stockhin.]

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59. VERSE SUNG AT THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

M. ♩ = 80.

From pain to pain, from woe to woe, With lov - ing

hearts and foot - steps slow, To Cal - va - ry..... with

Christ we go. See how His Pre - cious Blood

At ev' - ry Sta - tion pours! Was ev - er

grief like His? Was ev - er sin like ours?

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M. ♩ = 56.

Voices in Unison.

Organ.

1. Steep is the hill, and wea-ry is the road, Be-

- - neath that crushing load! And He, who treads it with a grace so meek,

Is bruised, and faint, and weak: His migh-ty love a-

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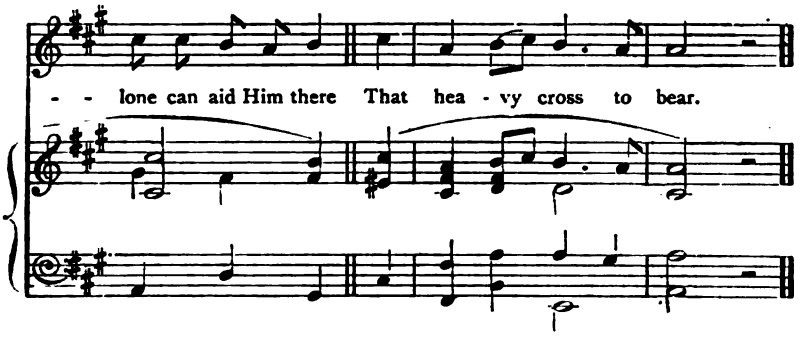

2.

Oh! if we would in spirit, day by day,
Follow the blood-stained way,
With loving sorrow, storing as a prize
The contrite thoughts which rise;
For us the road to Calvary would be
The road to sanctity.

3.

Alas! the world's bright fields have ever been
So gay and fair a scene,
That our good Angels have hard work to do
To keep us brave and true;
To turn our wandering feet with constant care
To the calm paths of prayer.

4.

Let us henceforth with our own hearts be stern,
That they may quickly learn
The rules of daily self-denying strife,
While dangers are so rife:
Oh! let us urge them on with mighty sway—
Nor linger on the way!

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M. ♩ = 50. *Unison.*

VOICE.

ORGAN.

1. Je - sus! a - long Thy pro - per road Of

sor - rows, with Thy wea - ry load, How didst Thou toil and strain!

Oh may I bear the Cross like Thee, Or ra - ther, Lord. do

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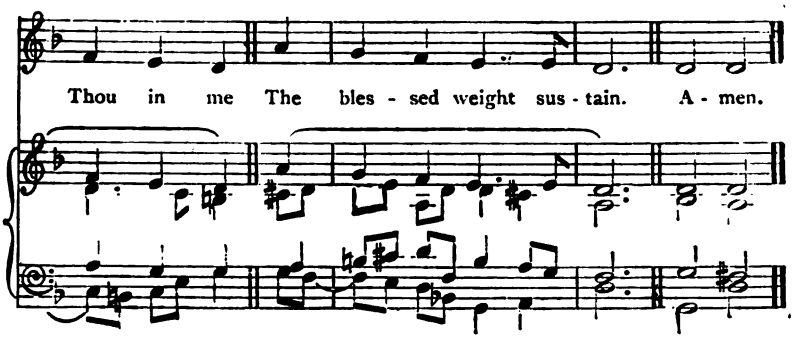

2.

Jesus! Who came to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave
  Of peace among the blest;
Ah! do Thou give me penitence
That I, like him, when summoned hence,
  In Paradise may rest.

3.

Jesus! from out Thine open Side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
  With endless streams of love;
Come ye who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from that sacred well,
  Its heavenly virtues prove.

4.

Jesus! Who at this very hour
At God's Right Hand in pomp and power
  Our nature still dost wear,
Oh let Thy Wounds still intercede,
And by their simple silence plead
  Thy countless merits there. Amen.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Adapted from J. S. Bach.*]

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62. JESUS CRUCIFIED.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(First Tune.)*

1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while! See,

Ma - ry calls us to her side; Oh come and

let us mourn with her; Je - sus, our Love, is

cru - ci - fied! Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied!

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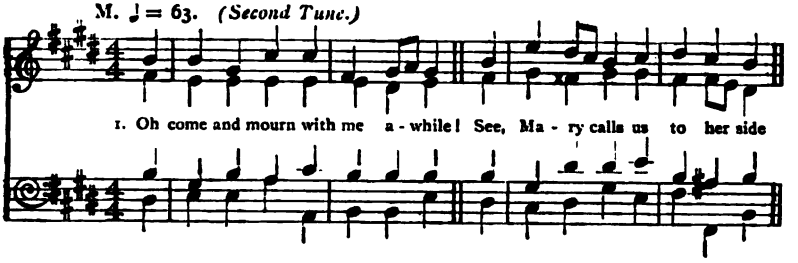
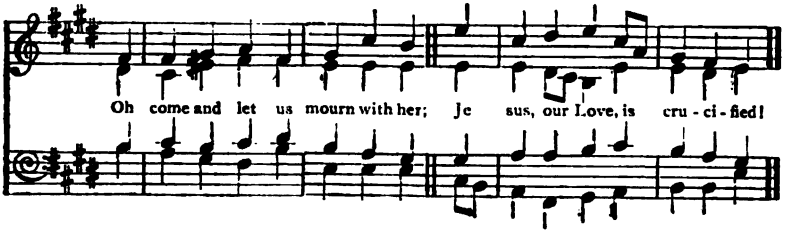
M. ♩ = 63. *(Second Tune.)*





2.

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

3.

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!

4.

His Mother cannot reach His Face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

5.

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

6.

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;
His falling Eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

7.

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!

8.

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

9.

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

10.

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!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—"Jesus Crucified," an Italian Hymn Melody. Arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Second Tune.—Melody from the Hymn-book of the London Oratory.*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Third Tune.)* *Unison.*

1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while,..... with me a -

- while! See, Ma - ry calls us to her side; Oh

come and let us mourn with her; Je - sus, our Love, is

cru - ci - fied, ... is cru - ci - fied!

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63. THE LAST WORD FROM THE CROSS.

Verses 1 and 3 for Choir; Verses 2, 4 and 5 for people in unison. (See next page.)

M. ♩ = 80. *(First Tune.)* VERSE 1.

1. Bow down, my soul, for He hath bowed His Head;

A - dore,..... and weep.... and pray—thy Lord is dead.

His Soul in - to His Fa-ther's Hands com- men - ded;

His Tears, His woes—yea, ev - 'ry-thing is end - - ed.

His Tears, yea, yea

VERSE 3.

3. The earth is dark - ened— rent the tem-ple's veil;

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Now do the hearts of men with ter - ror fail;

Rend Thou my heart, O God, in this dread hour!

Break it with sweet con - tri - tion's ho - ly pow - - er!

VERSES 2, 4 and 5.

M. ♩ = 80.

VOICES IN UNISON.

2. Oh, for the gift of tears that I..... might weep!
4. In - to Thy Hands my spir - it I..... com - mend,
5. Ma - ry! I claim thy aid that thou may'st bless!

ORGAN.

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Oh, for the gift of prayer that I might keep
That Thou may'st keep it safe un - to the end;
Thy Son's last words with - in my heart im - press!

Be - neath the Cross, in spir - it, night and day,
Keep it, lest earth and sin should tear a way
O pre-cious words! And may they be to me

And ne - ver from its shade be torn a - way!
The grace my Sa - viour won for me this day!
Watch-words in time—un - til e - ter - ni - ty.

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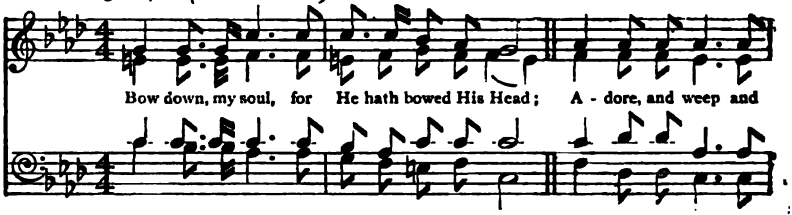
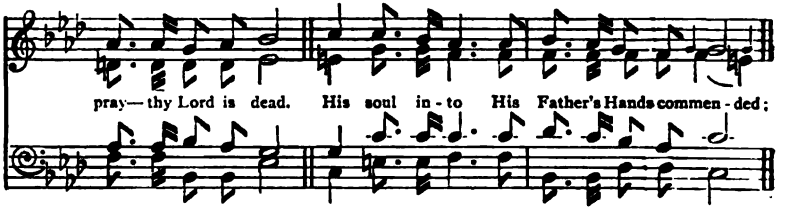
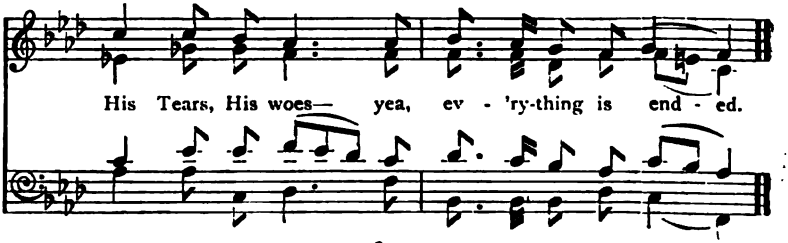
M. ♩ = 46. *(Second Tune.)*







2.

Oh, for the gift of tears that I might weep!
Oh, for the gift of prayer that I might keep
Beneath the Cross, in spirit, night and day,
And never from its shade be torn away!

3.

The earth is darkened—rent the temple's veil;
Now do the hearts of men with terror fail;
Rend Thou my heart, O God, in this dread hour!
Break it with sweet contrition's holy power!

4.

Into Thy Hands my spirit I commend,
That Thou may'st keep it safe unto the end;
Keep it, lest earth and sin should tear away
The grace my Saviour won for me this day!

5.

Mary! I claim thy aid that thou may'st bless!
Thy Son's last words within my heart impress!
O precious words! And may they be to me
Watchwords in time—until eternity.

[*Lady Catherine Petre. 1850.*]

[*Second Tune.—Melody by Francesco Soto, admitted Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Rome. 1575.*]

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GOOD FRIDAY.

FOR ALL ESTATES OF MEN.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Look down, sweet Sa - viour, from Thy ho - ly place! We are Thy chil - dren, this Thy day of Grace, When friends and foes, the e - vil with the good, All claim Thy love, for all have shar'd Thy Blood. All claim Thy love, for all have shar'd Thy Blood.

2. Look on Thy Church, Thy Handmaid and Thy Bride,
Lest sin infect her, or lest harm betide;
Let kings obey, and farthest nations own
Her gentle rule, and bend before her throne.

3. Look on thy Vicar, call'd by Thee to bear
Thy sceptre's weight and "all the churches' care";
With light direct him, and with strength sustain
The burdens of his charge, and bless his reign.

4. And break the chain, and loose the prison-bar,
And guide the steps that travel from afar;
The sick to health, the bruis'd to peace restore,
And bring the labouring vessel safe to shore.

5. Last, on the foes who mar Thy Truth or hide,
Or Thy true Church with causeless strife divide,
Look down in pity! bring them home, O Lord;
That all be one, and Thou by all ador'd. Amen.

[*Canon Oakeley.*]

[*Melody from Claude Goudimel's Psalter, 1580, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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65. TO JESUS IN HIS PASSION.

M. ♩ = 76. *(First Tune.)* *Unison.*

1. My Je-sus! say, what wretch has dared Thy sa-cred Hands to bind?

And who has dared to buf - fet so Thy Face so meek and kind?

'Tis I have thus un - grate-ful been: Yet, Je - sus, pi - ty take;

Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord, For Thy sweet mercy's sake! A-men.

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. My Je - sus! say, what wretch has dared Thy sa-cred Hands to bind?

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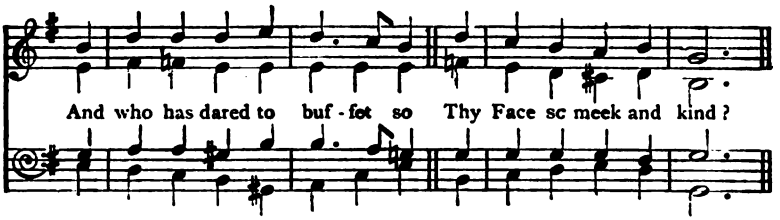

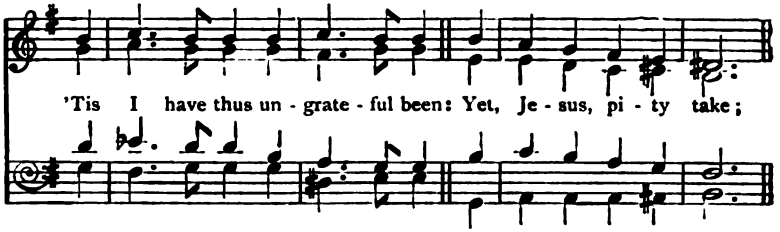

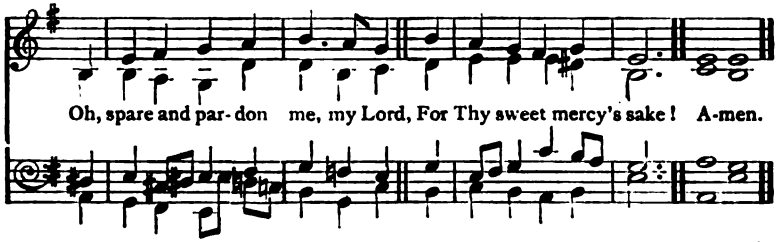

2.

My Jesus! whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross
Which weighs Thy Shoulders down?
'Tis I have thus, &c.

3.

My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?
Who held the nails that pierced Thy Hands,
And made the hammer fall?
'Tis I have thus, &c.

4.

My Jesus! say, who dared to nail
Those tender Feet of Thine?
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce that Heart divine?
'Tis I have thus, &c.

5.

And, Mary, who has murdered thus
Thy loved and only One?
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand
That robbed thee of thy Son?
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been
To Jesus and to thee;
Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake,
And pray to Him for me.
Amen.

[*Translation from the Italian of Saint Alphonsus Maria Liguori.*]

[*First Tune.—"St. Alphonsus," by Walter Austin.*
Second Tune.—"My Love lies bleeding," an Italian Hymn Melody, harmonized by S. P. Waddington.]

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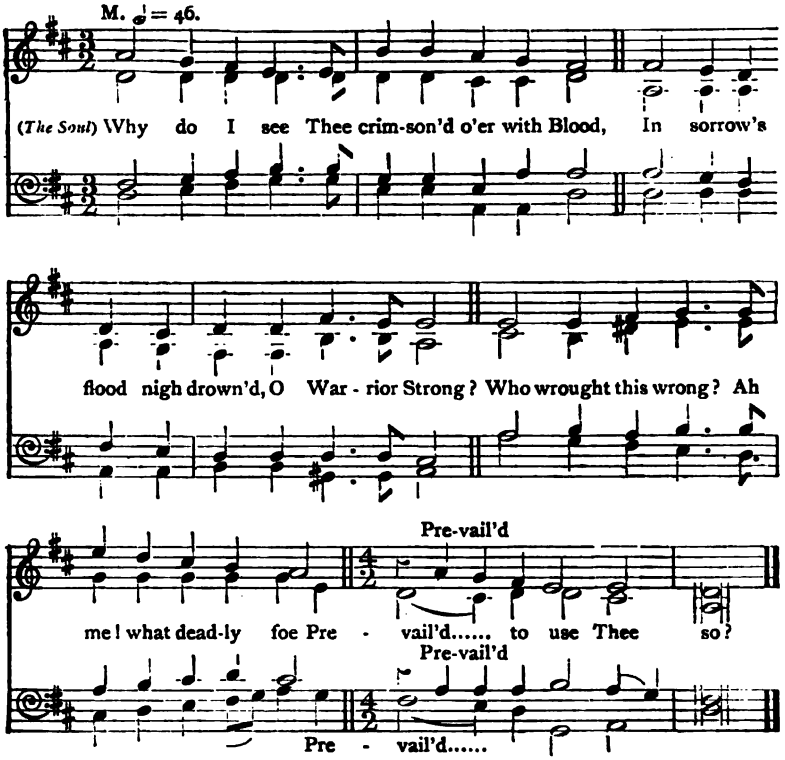
66. THE SOUL'S CHAMPION.



(*Christ.*)

2. "A hard and fickle friend, woe worth the day,
Sold Me away. The others left Me lorn,
Tho' they had sworn to share My fortunes all,
Even should death befall.

3. "As willing Lamb unto the shearer goes,
Among My foes I went. And now I bleed,
By their misdeed, My life-stream to the last,
By Hands and Feet made fast.

4. "And not for city fair nor castle tall,
But more than all, for thee, sweet soul, whose smile
I lost awhile,—for love of thee I sigh,
And in this pain I die."

(*The Soul.*)

5. First Love and Last! How late I come to know
Such love, such woe! Lord, break this heart of mine
That once broke Thine. So only will it leave
Thy tenderness to grieve.

[*Translation from the Italian by Rev. John O'Connor.*]

[*Danish Hymn Melody.*]

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67 THEY SHALL LOOK ON WHOM THEY PIERCED.

M. ♪ = 84. *Unison.*

1. Our Life hangs dead up-on Cal - va-ry's hill, Our sins have un-

- done and de - thron'd Him; The Heart of all hearts is

bro-ken and still,—Since they of His household dis - own'd Him. Oh

lend us light from thy sin - less eyes, Thou sor - row-ful Mo-ther that

bore Him, To see how He bleeds for our misdeeds, To

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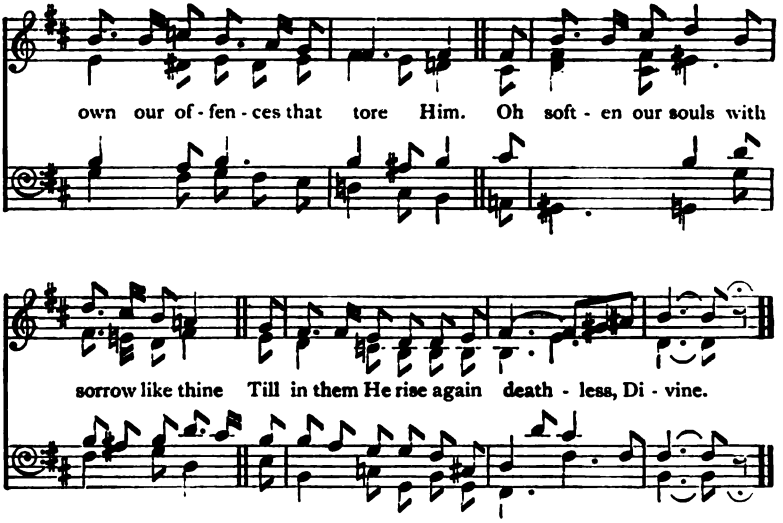

2.

O kind strong Hands of my Brother and Friend,
  So willing to help and to heal me,
My hardness at last has nailed you fast
  Lest back from my sins you should steal me,
O Feet that followed my faithless ways,
  Nor ever grew weary of questing,
You seek me no more, your toil is o'er,
  Ah me! for your pitiful resting!
You rest on the nails,—the dust of the road
Is washed from you now in your own meek Blood.

3.

O bruisèd Innocence! Where is Thy power?
  Hath Hell and its fury prevailèd?
Or is it Thine Own omnipotent hour
  When glory and power have failèd?
O silent Jesu! Thy dead Lips tell
  The love that no words ever told me;
Thy helpless dead Hands, in faithful bands
  For ever and ever shall hold me.
And no one shall ever be master of me
Till love shall undo him more sadly than Thee.

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68. LITANY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS.

M. ♩ = 76. *(First Tune.)*

1. By the Blood that flow'd from Thee In Thy bit - ter

ag - o - ny; By the scourge so meek - ly borne,

By Thy pur - ple robe of scorn,— Je - su, Sa - viour, hear our cry!

Thou wert suf - fring once as we;..... Hear the lov - ing

Lit - an - y..... We, Thy chil - dren sing to Thee.

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. By the Blood that flow'd from Thee In Thy bit - ter Ag - o - ny;

By the scourge so meek - ly borne, By Thy pur - ple robe of scorn,—

Je - su, Sa-viour, hear our cry! Thou wert suf-f'ring once as we;

Hear the lov - ing Lit - an - y We, Thy chil-dren, sing to Thee.

[*Second Tune.—German Chorale, harmonized by J. S. Bach.*]

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2.

By the thorns that crown'd Thy Head,
By Thy sceptre of a reed,
By Thy footstep faint and slow,
Weigh'd beneath Thy cross of woe,—

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry!
Thou wert suff'ring once as we;
Hear the loving Litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

3.

By the nails and pointed spear,
By Thy people's cruel jeer,
By Thy dying prayer which rose,
Begging mercy for Thy foes,—

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry! &c.

4.

By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath,—

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry! &c.

5.

By Thy weeping Mother's woe,
By the sword that pierc'd her through,
When in anguish standing by,
On the Cross she saw Thee die,—

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry! &c.

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69. DONA NOBIS PACEM.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(First Tune.)*

1. Bles - sed Lamb!—on Cal - v'ry's moun - tain Slain to

take our sins a - way: Let the drops of that rich foun - tain

Our tre - men - dous ran - som pay: Sa - cred Sa - viour!

Sa - cred Sa - viour! Low - ly at Thy Feet we pray.

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Blessed Lamb! on Calv'ry's mountain Slain to take our sins a - way;

Let the drops of that rich foun-tain Our tre - men- dous ran-som pay:

Sa-cred Sa - viour! Sa-cred Sa- viour! Lowly at Thy Feet we pray.

2.

Blessed Lamb!—vouchsafe us pardon,
In Thy love our souls confide:
By Thy groans within the Garden,
By the death which Thou hast died—
Let Thy Passion—Let Thy Passion
Evermore with us abide!

3.

So shall Peace—sweet Peace be given,
Purchase of Thy precious pain;
So shall earth but lead to Heaven,
Since for us the Lamb was slain!
Dear Redeemer! Dear Redeemer!
Thou canst not have died in vain.

[*M. Bridges.*]

[*First Tune, Italian*]
[*Second Tune, Italian.*]

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70. THE SINNER'S CRY TO JESUS.

M. ♩ = 92.

1. Je - su! meek and low - ly, Sa-viour, pure and ho - ly,

On Thy love re - ly - ing, Come I to Thee fly - ing.

Prince of life and pow - er, My sal - va-tion's tow - er,

On the cross I view Thee Call- ing sin -ners to Thee.

2.

There behold me gazing,
At the sight amazing,
Prostrate down before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.
See the red Wounds streaming,
With bright crimson gleaming;
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing.

3.

Fountain rich in blessing!
Christ's fond love expressing,
Thou my aching sadness
Turnest into gladness.
Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy Wings protect me.

[*The Rev. Father A. H. Collins, O.C.R.*]

[*Hymn Melody by Franz Schubert.*]

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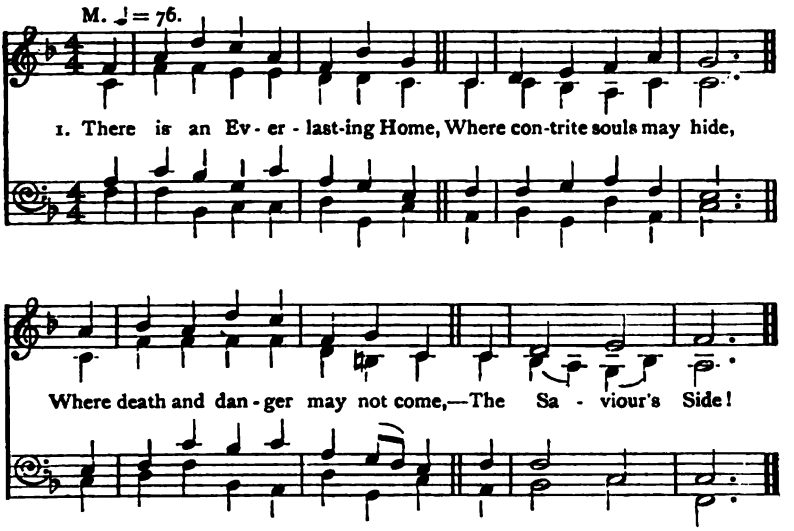
71. LATUS SALVATORIS!



2.

It was a cleft of matchless love
  Opened when He had died:
When Mercy hail'd in worlds above
    That wounded Side!

3.

Hail, Rock of Ages! pierc'd for me,
  The grave of all my pride:
Hope,—peace,—and Heaven, are all in Thee,
    Thy sheltering Side!

4.

There issued forth a double flood,
  The sin-atoning tide,—
In streams of Water and of Blood
    From that dear Side.

5.

Thither the Church, thro' all her days
  Points as a faithful guide,—
And celebrates with ceaseless praise
    The spear-pierc'd Side!

6.

There is the golden Gate of Heaven,
  An entrance for the Bride,—
Where the sweet crown of life is given
    Thro' Jesu's Side!

[*M. Bridges.*] [*S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. ♩ = 66 *Unison.*

1. Hail! ho - ly Wounds of Je - sus, hail, Sweet pledges of the sav-ing rood,

Whence flow the streams that ne - ver fail, The purple streams of His dear Blood.

2.

Portals ye are to that dear home
Wherein our wearied souls may hide,
Whereto no angry foe can come,
The Heart of Jesus crucified.

3.

What countless stripes our Jesus bore,
All naked left in Pilate's hall:
What copious floods of purple Gore
Through rents in His torn garments fall.

4.

His beauteous Brow, oh, shame and grief,
By the sharp thorny crown is riven;
Through Hands and Feet, without relief,
The cruel nails are rudely driven.

5.

In full atonement of our guilt
Careless of Self, the Saviour trod—
E'en till His Heart's best Blood was spilt—
The wine-press of the wrath of God.

6.

Come, bathe you in that healing flood,
All ye who mourn, by sin opprest;
Your only hope is Jesus' Blood,
His Sacred Heart your only rest.

[*Translation of the "Salvete Christi Vulnera," by H. N. Oxenham.*]

[*Italian.*]

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73. THE MOST HOLY SPEAR AND NAILS.

M. ♩ = 80. *(First Tune.)* *Unison.*

1. Oh, turn those bless-ed points, all bath'd In Christ's dear Blood, on me;
3. So shall my feet be slow to sin, Harm-less my hands shall be,

Mine were the sins that wrought His death Mine be the pen - al - ty
So from my wound-ed heart shall each For - bid-den pas - sion flee.

2. Pierce thro' my feet, my hands, my heart; So may some drop dis - til
4. Thee, Je - su, pierced with Nails and Spear, Let ev - 'ry knee a - dore;

rall.

Of Blood Di - vine, in - to my soul, And all its e - vils heal.
With Thee, O Fa - ther, and with Thee, O Spi - rit, e - ver - more.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Walter Austin*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Oh, turn those blessed points, all bath'd In Christ's dear Blood, on me;
3. So shall my feet be slow to sin, Harm-less my hands shall be,

Mine were the sins that wrought His death, Mine be the pen-al-ty.
So from my wound-ed heart shall each For-bid-den pas-sion flee.

2. Pierce thro' my feet, my hands, my heart; So may some drop dis-til
4. Thee, Je-su, pierc'd with Nails and Spear, Let ev-'ry knee a-dore;

Of Blood di-vine, in-to my soul, And all its e-vils heal.....
With Thee, O Fa-ther, and with Thee, O Spi-rit, ev-er-more.....

[*Second Tune.—German Chorale, harmonized by J. S. Bach*]

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M. ♩ = 72.

1. Je - su! as though Thy - self wert here, I draw in trem - bling sor - row near; And hang - ing o'er Thy Form di - vine, Kneel down to kiss these Wounds of Thine.

2.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid!
Bloodstain'd, distended, cold, and dead!
Joy of my soul—my Saviour sweet,
Upon this sacred Winding-sheet!

3.

Hail, awful Brow! hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, Countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That Angels trembled as they gazed.

4.

And hail to thee, my Saviour's Side;
And hail to thee, thou Wound so wide:
Thou Wound more ruddy than the rose,
True antidote of all our woes!

5.

Oh, by those sacred Hands and Feet
For me so mangled! I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay.

[*Translation of the "Jesu dulcis amor meus," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Köln, 1623.*]

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75. AT A SOLEMN VENERATION OF THE CROSS.

M. ♩ = 63.

CHOIR IN HARMONY.

1. Be-hold the roy-al en-signs fly, Bear-ing the cross's mys-te-ry,

Where Life It-self did death en-dure, And by that death did life pro-cure.

PEOPLE IN UNISON AFTER EACH VERSE.

2. O faith-ful cross, O no-blest tree, In all our woods there's none like thee;

No earth-ly groves, no sha-dy bowers, Pro-duce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers.

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3.

A cruel spear let out a flood
Of water mixed with saving Blood,
Which, gushing from the Saviour's Side,
Drowned our offences in the tide.
O faithful cross, &c.

4.

The mystery we now unfold,
Which David's faithful verse foretold
Of our Lord's kingdom; whilst we see
God ruling nations from a tree.
O faithful cross, &c.

5.

O lovely tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of His Gore,
How glorious does thy body shine,
Supporting members so divine.
O faithful cross, &c.

6.

The world's best balance thou wert made,
Thy happy beam its purchase weighed,
And bore His Limbs, Who snatched away
Devouring hell's expected prey.
O faithful cross, &c.

7.

Hail cross, our hope; on thee we call,
Who keep this mournful festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.
O faithful cross, &c.

8.

Blest Trinity, we praises sing
To Thee, from Whom all graces spring;
Celestial crowns on those bestow
Who conquer by the cross below.
O faithful cross, &c

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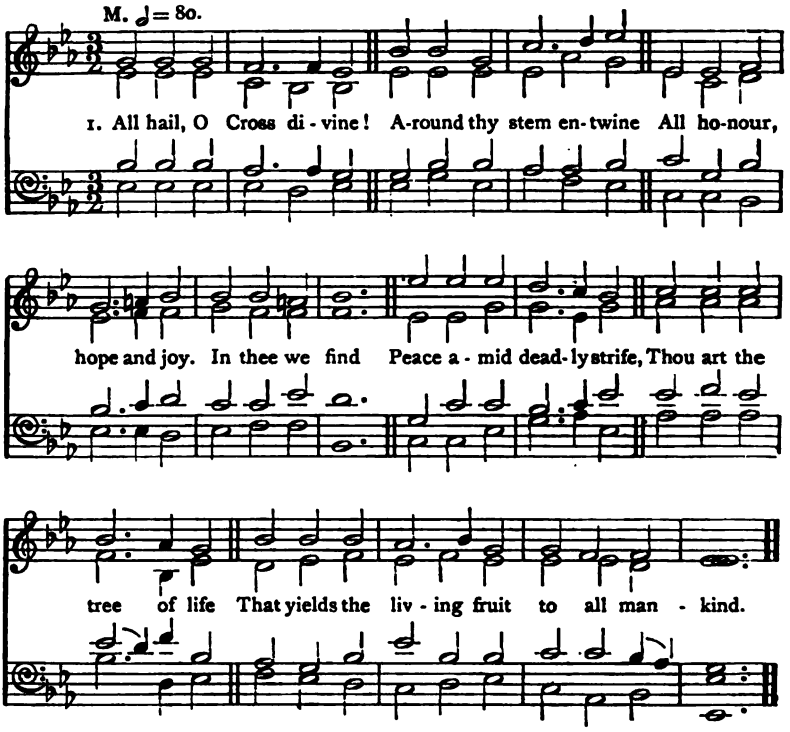

2.

O Christ, Who through the Cross
Repaired our ancient loss;
Our souls' most secret stains wash clean away;
Thy pity cannot fail
The wanderers poor and frail,
Who own their steps have gone greatly astray.

3.

Oh, hold us by Thy Side,
Saved, blest and sanctified,
Sealed with the Cross as with a heavenly sign;
Let not disease, nor sin,
Nor danger entrance win,
To bosoms guarded by the Cross divine.

4.

From the dear Cross whereon
Died the Eternal Son,
Be glory given to th' Eternal Sire;
And to the Holy Ghost
While the celestial host
With ransomed souls to sing the Cross conspire.

[*The Very Rev. Prior Aylward.*] (126) [*German.*]

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77. FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

M. ♩ = 60.

1. Je - su! all hail, Who for my sin Didst die, and by that death did'st win E-

- ter - nal life for me; Send me Thy grace, good Lord! that I Un

- to the world and flesh may die, And hide my life with Thee.

2.

Jesu! Who on that fatal wood
Poured forth Thy life's last drop of Blood,
Nailed to a shameful cross:
O may we bless Thy love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All grief, all pain, all loss.

3.

Jesu! Who by Thine Own love slain,
By Thine Own power took'st life again,
And from the grave did'st rise:
O may Thy death our souls revive,
And at our death a new life give,
The life that never dies.

4.

Jesu! Who to Thy Heaven again
Returned in triumph there to reign
Of men and Angels King:
O may our parting souls take flight
Up to that land of joy and light,
And there for ever sing.

[*Father Faber & J. Austin.*]

[*Adapted from J. S. Bach's arrangement of a German Chorale.*]

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78. HYMN TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

M. ♩ = 92. *(First Tune.)*

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains,

Pour'd for me the Life - Blood From His sa - cred Veins!

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains.....

Pour'd for me the Life - Blood From His sa - cred Veins!.....

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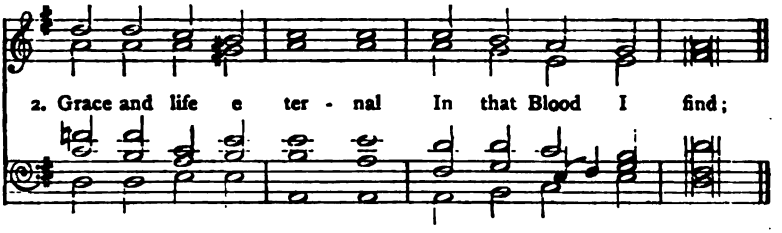

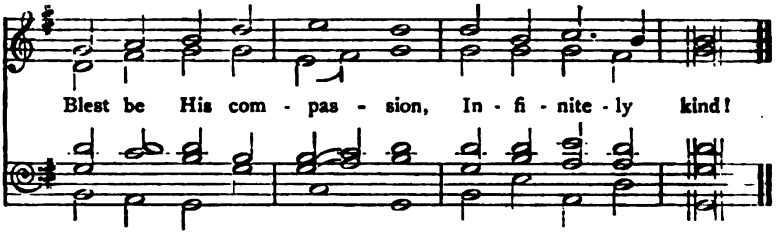

2.

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

3.

Blest through endless ages
  Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
  Doth the world redeem!

4.

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

5.

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

6.

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

7.

Oft as earth exulting
  Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles;
  Heav'n is fill'd with joy.

8.

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

[*Translation from the Italian by Father Caswall.*]

[*First Tune.—R. Filitz, 1847.*]
[*Second Tune.—R. d'Every.*]

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79. THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

M. ♩ = 92. *(First Tune.)*

1. Hail! Je - sus, Hail! Who for my sake Sweet Blood from Ma - ry's

veins didst take, And shed it all for me;..... And

shed it all for me;..... Oh bles - sed be my

Sa - viour's Blood, My life, my light, my on - ly good, To

all e - ter - ni - ty..... To all e - ter - ni - ty.....

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2.

To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
  The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
  If he but bathe therein.

3.

Oh sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
  The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
  For those who wrong Him most.

4.

Oh to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels
  Earth's best and highest bliss:
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
  With those red drops of His!

5.

Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
  When this sweet song we raise:
Oh louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
  The Precious Blood to praise!

[*Translation of the Italian Hymn, "Viva Gesù," by Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Hymn Melody by Vincent Novello.*]
[*Second Tune, by Wilhelm Nelle.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Hail, Je - sus! Hail! Who for my sake Sweet Blood from Ma - ry's

veins didst take, And shed it all for me;..... Oh

bles - sed be my Sa - viour's Blood, My life, my light, my

on - ly good, To all e - ter - ni - ty.....

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80. THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

M. ♩ = 80.

1. Once the Lord, in righteous an-ger, Drown'd the guil-ty world with rain;

In His Blood the Love Almigh-ty Sweet-ly drown'd it once a-gain.

And the nourish'd earth re-joic-ing, In Sal-va-tion's soft'ning show'rs,

Turn'd its bit-ter-ness to sweetness, Chang'd its bri-ars all to flow'rs.

2.

Then the dread infernal serpent
Dealt his venom fruitlessly,
And the monster's fury failed him
At the Lamb's meek victory.
O the fathomless wise folly
That our God's far-seeing Heart
Gently took our well-won ruin
For His own most bitter part.

3.

When our sins besiege the Heavens
And the laden vengeance low'rs,
Eloquence of this meek Life-Blood
Melts the gloom to sunlit show'rs:
Christ! let ransomed earth acclaim Thee
Dayspring of eternal day,
With the Father and the Spirit
King of blessedness for aye!

[*Translation of the "Ira justa Conditoris," by the Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

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81. BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 46. *(First Tune.)*

1. Blood is the price of Heaven; All sin, that price ex -

- - ceeds;... Oh come to be for - given,— He bleeds,

My Sa-viour bleeds! He bleeds, My Saviour bleeds! Bleeds!

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 46. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Blood is the price of Heaven; All sin, that

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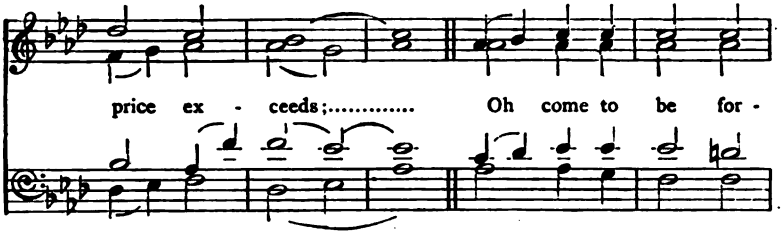

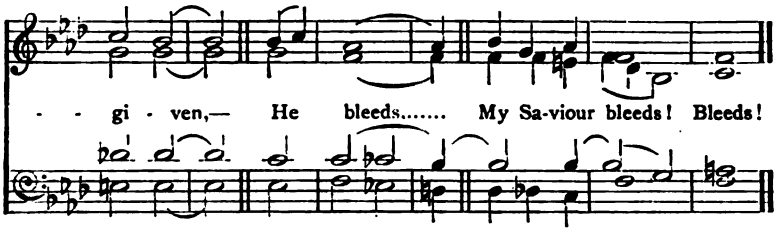

2.

Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His Brows,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

3.

While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

4.

Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down,—
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

5.

Bearing the fatal wood
His band of Saints He leads,
Marking the way with Blood;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

6.

He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His Blood for me;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

7.

His Blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

8.

O Sweet! O Precious Blood!
What love, what love it breeds!
Ransom, Reward, and Food,
He bleeds,
My Saviour bleeds!
Bleeds!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] (135) [*Two Italian Hymn Melodies, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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82. SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE

M. ♩ = 69. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day! Al - - le -
- lu - ia! Sin - ners, wipe your tears a - way! Al -
- - le - lu - ia! He Whose death up - on the Cross
Al - - - le - lu - ia! Sav - eth us from
end - less loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia!

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M. ♩ = 92. *(Second Tune.) Unison.*

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day! Al - le - lu - ia!

Sin-ners, wipe your tears a - way! Al - le - lu - ia!

He Whose death up - on the Cross Al - le - lu - ia!

Sav - eth us from end - less loss. Al - le - lu - ia!

2. See the Holy Women come, Alleluia!
Bearing spices to the tomb; Alleluia!
Hear the white-clad Angel's voice Alleluia!
Bid the universe rejoice. Alleluia!

3. Go! tell all His breth'ren dear Alleluia!
"He is ris'n,—He is not here! Alleluia!
Seek Him not among the dead; Alleluia!
He is risen as He said!" Alleluia!

4. Glory, Jesu! be to Thee! Alleluia!
Thine own might hath set Thee free! Alleluia!
Come! for primal joy restored, Alleluia!
Let us bless our Paschal Lord! Alleluia!

[*First Tune.—A traditional melody from an early 18th century English Hymnal.*]

[*Translation of "Surrexit Christus Hodie," by the Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*Second Tune.—German.*]

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83. IN SINCERITATIS AZYMIS.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. In sin - ce - ri - ta - tis a - zy - mis Pa -
2. Jam ex - sul - tet tur - ba coe - li - tum, Ca -

In..... sin - ce - ri - ta - tis
Jam..... ex - sul - tet tur - ba

- scha - le gau - di - um a - ga - mus, Nam Rex et
- nat - que tu - ba sa - lu - ta - ris In hoc tri -

Au - ctor glo - ri - ea Sur - rex - it ho - di - e! Sur -
- um - pho no - bi - li Pa - sto - rum Do - mi - ni, Pa -

- rex - it ho - di - e! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
- sto - rum Do - mi - ni, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Sur - rex - it, et no - bi - scum est.
Al - le - lu - ia! Vi - tam Qui dat pro o - vi - bus.

[Rev. J. O'Connor.] (138) [German.]

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84. IN SINCERITATIS AZYMIS.

1.

Of our soul's sincere and heavenly Bread
Let us partake with Paschal gladness,
For Jesus, our eternal Feast,
  From death came back to-day!
  From death came back to-day!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
He dwells with us for evermore.

2.

Let the citizens of Heaven be glad!
Oh sound the trumpet of salvation
For this most high and holy Day
  Of Christ, the Shepherd-King!
  Of Christ, the Shepherd-King!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Who gives His life to save His sheep.

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85, 86. O FILII ET FILIAE.

The three Alleluias sung after each verse, and before the first verse.

M. ♩= 116.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

1. O fi - li - i, et fi - li - ae Rex coe - le - stis, Rex glo - ri - ae
1. Ye sons and daughters of the Lord! The King of glo - ry, King a-dor'd,

Mor - te sur - re - xit ho - di - e. Al - le - lu - ia.
This day Him - self from death re - stor'd. Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

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2.

Et mane prima Sabbati
Ad ostium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli,
Alleluia, &c.

3.

In albis sedens Angelus
Praedixit mulieribus.
In Galilaea est Dominus,
Alleluia, &c.

4.

Discipulis adstantibus
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens: "Pax vobis omnibus,"
Alleluia, &c.

5.

Ut intellexit Didymus,
Quod surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius,
Alleluia, &c.

6.

"Vide, Thoma, vide manus,
Vide pedes, vide latus,
Noli esse incredulus,"
Alleluia, &c.

7.

Quando Thomas vidit Christum
Pedes, manus, latus suum,
Dixit: "Tu es Deus meus,"
Alleluia, &c.

8.

Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam aeternam habebunt,
Alleluia, &c.

9.

In hoc festo sanctissimo,
Sit laus et jubilatio,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, &c.

2.

All in the early morning grey,
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia, &c.

3.

An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord hath gone to Galilee."
Alleluia, &c.

4.

That night th' apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in the midst appear:
"My peace," He saith, "be on all here!"
Alleluia, &c.

5.

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

6.

"My pierced Side, O Thomas, see;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia, &c.

7.

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

8.

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

9.

On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia, &c.

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M. ♩ = 96. *Unison.* *(First Tune.)*

1. The morn had spread her crim - son rays, When rang the

skies with shouts of praise; Earth joined the joy - ful

hymn to swell, That brought de - spair to

van-quished hell. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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M. ♩ = 132. *(Second Tune.)*

1. The morn had spread her crim - son rays, When rang the skies with shouts of praise; Earth joined the joy - ful hymn to swell, That brought des - pair to van - quish'd hell. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!.....

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.
Alleluia!

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.
Alleluia!

4.

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.
Alleluia!

[*Translation of the "Aurora Cœlum purpurat," by R. Campbell.*]

[*German Hymn Melody. Harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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88. AN EASTER HYMN.

M. ♩ = 92.

1. Now at the Lamb's high spou-sal-tide, In robes en-wove with light,.....

Up - on the Red Sea's heav'nward shore We chant His matchless might!

The keen Des-troy-er's burn - ing blade Hath shunned the ru - by stain,.....

And back on our re - lent - less foe Re - coils the strick-en main.

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2.

Our Pasch is Christ, our priceless Price
  Our Passover so free;
To souls unsoured the simple Bread
  Of glad sincerity.
From out the inmost Heart of God
  Our soul's refreshment flows,
Love immolates His own sweet Self
  Nor other victim knows.

3.

Now in consummate victory,
  Our glorious King displays
The spoil secure of restless Hell
  In Heaven's awakening blaze.
O Victim truly chos'n above!
  All Hell Thou tramplest down
And shattered death gives up to Thee
  Life's everlasting crown!

4.

O Jesu! our eternal Pasch,
  Let not the morning light
Of spirits born again to Thee
  Sink down to endless night.
All glory to the Father be,
  And to His risen Son,
And to the Spirit of Their love
  While deathless day shall run.

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89. EASTER-JOY.

M. ♩ = 69.

1. Re-joice all ye that sor-row'd sore! Ma-ri-a weeps and sighs no more!

Al-le-lu-ia! The clouds are scat-ter'd far a-way!

Sweet sunshine glo-ri-fies the day! Al-le-lu-ia!

rall. . . . .

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

2.
Where, martyred Mother, all thy pain?
'Tis gone, and cometh not again!
Alleluia!
O broken heart! 'tis well with thee,
Thy grief is turned to ecstasy.
Alleluia! &c.

3.
Ah Mary, purest maiden, say:
From Jesus hast thou heard to-day?
Alleluia!
It must be so! Such joy divine
Comes only from that Son of thine!
Alleluia! &c.

4.
From out those Wounds that for our sakes
He suffered, flow five joyful lakes!
Alleluia!
Five seas of Joy! and from His Side
Flows o'er thy heart the blissful tide!
Alleluia! &c.

5.
That glorious sea hath ne'er a shore;
Its rising surges whelm thee o'er!
Alleluia!
Ah Lady, listen to our prayer,
And in thy plenty let us share!
Alleluia! &c.

[*Rev. F. O'Connor*]

[*German*]

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JESUS RISEN.

VERSE 1 FOR PEOPLE IN UNISON REPEATED AS CHORUS AFTER EACH FOLLOWING VERSE.

M. ♩ = 52.

ORGAN.

1. All hail! dear Con-que - ror! all hail! Oh what a vic - to - ry is Thine! How beau - ti - ful Thy strength ap - pears, Thy crim - son Wounds, how bright they shine! Al - le - lu - - ia!

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CHOIR IN HARMONY FOR VERSES 3 TO 5.

M. ♩ = 60.

2. Thou cam-est at the dawn of day; Ar - mies of souls a - round Thee were, Blest spi - rits, throng-ing to a - dore Thy Flesh, so mar - vel - ious, so fair. Al - le - lu - - ia!

3.

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. Alleluia!
All hail! dear Conqueror! &c.

4.

They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
Paused by the Body's wounded Side:—
Bright flashed the cave,—before them stood
The Living Jesus Glorified. Alleluia!
All hail! dear Conqueror! &c.

5.

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread;
O Sin! thou art undone by love!
O Death! thou art discomfited! Alleluia!
All hail! dear Conqueror! &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.*]

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91. LITANY OF THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

M. ♩ = 104.

1. By the first bright East - er Day, When the stone was

roll'd a - way; By the glo - ry round Thee shed

At Thy ris - ing from the dead,— King of Glo - ry,

hear our cry! Make us soon Thy joys to see;

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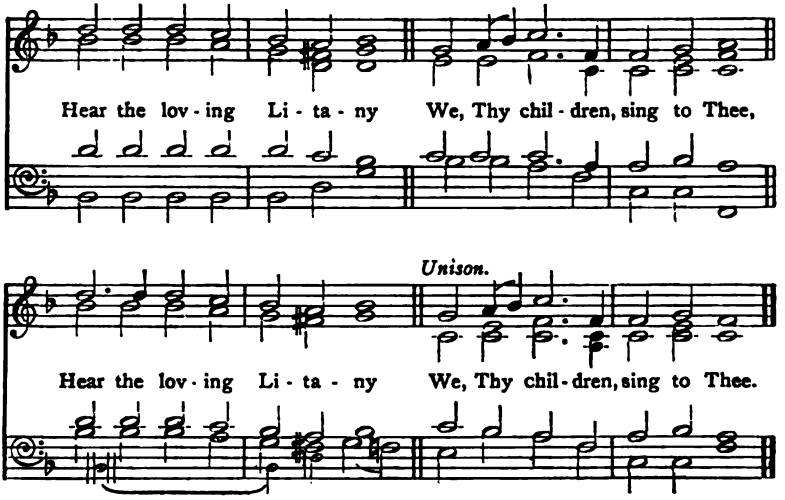

2.

By Thy Mother's fond embrace,
By her joy to see Thy Face;
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
Thee she welcom'd from the tomb,—
King of Glory, &c.

3.

By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw Thee once again,
And entranc'd in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss Thy sacred Feet,—
King of Glory, &c.

4.

By their joy who greeted Thee
'Mid the hills of Galilee;
By Thy keys of might divine,
Vested in Saint Peter's line,—
King of Glory, &c.

5.

By Thy parting blessing given
As Thou didst ascend to Heaven;
By the cloud of living light
That receiv'd Thee out of sight,—
King of Glory, &c.

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92. THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST.

M. ♩ = 108. *Unison.*

1. At the Lamb's High Feast we sing Praise to our vic-
2. Where the Pas-chal Blood is pour'd, Death's dark an-gel

- to-rious King: Wash'd our gar-ments in the
sheaths his sword; Is-rael's hosts tri-umph-ant

Tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed Side,
go Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Him Whose love Di-vine Gives the
Christ, the Lamb Whose Blood was shed, Pas-chal

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guests His Blood for wine, Gives His Bo - dy
Vic - tim, Pas - chal Bread; With sin - ce - ri -

for the Feast, Love the Vic - tim, Love the Priest.
- ty and love Eat we Man - na from a - bove.

THE SAME FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. At the Lamb's High Feast we sing Praise to our vic -
2. Where the Pas - chal Blood is pour'd, Death's dark an - gel

- to - rious King: Wash'd our gar - ments in the Tide
sheaths his sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - umph - ant go

Flow - ing from His pierc - ed Side, Praise we
Through the wave that drowns the foe. Christ, the

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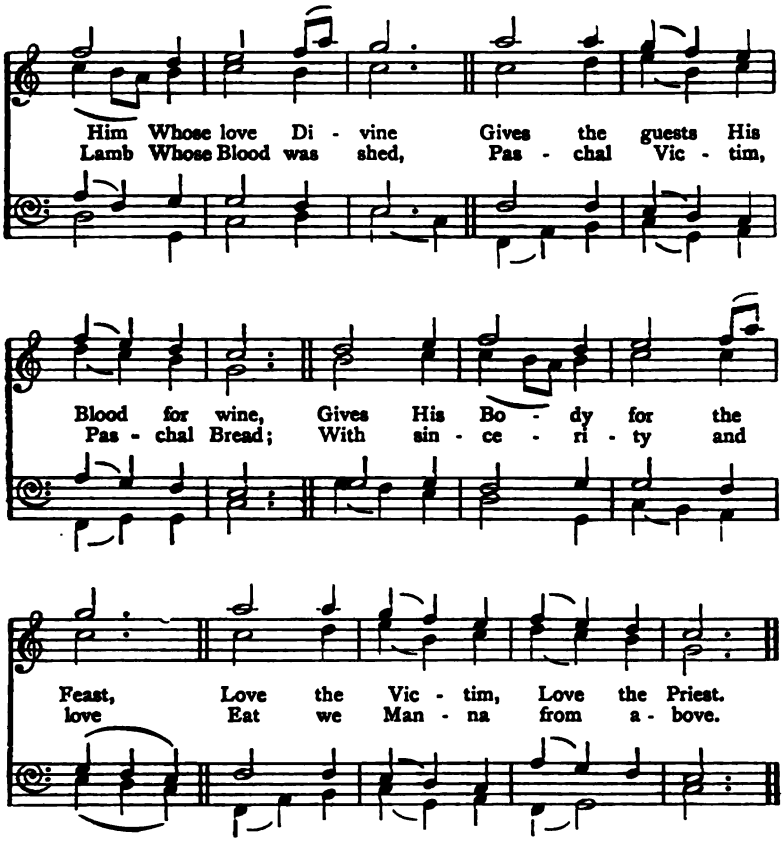

3.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now Thy banner Thou dost wave;
Vanquished Satan and the grave:
Angels join His praise to tell,
See o'erthrown the prince of hell.

4.

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

[*Translation by R. Campbell.*]

[*Attributed to Joseph Haydn.*]

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93. SALUTIS HUMANAE SATOR.

M. ♩ = 100.

1. Sa - lu - tis hu - ma - nae Sa - tor, Je - su vo - lup - tas

cor - di - um, Or - bis re - dem - pti Con - di - tor,

Et ca - sta lux a - man - ti - um. A - men.

2.

Qua victus es clementia
Ut nostra ferres crimina?
Mortem subires innocens,
A morte nos ut tolleres?

3.

Perrumpis infernum chaos,
Vinctis catenas detrahis;
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

4.

Te cogat indulgentia,
Ut damna nostra sarcias,
Tuique vultus compotes
Dites beato lumine.

5.

Tu Dux ad astra, et semita,
Sis meta nostris cordibus,
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,
Sis dulce vitae praemium.
Amen.

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94. SALUTIS HUMANAE SATOR.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Hail Thou, Who man's Re - deem - er art, Je - su, the joy of ev - 'ry heart; Great Ma - ker of the world's wide frame, And pur - est love's de - light and flame. A - men.

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 every breast;
Be Thou the soother of our tears,
Our sweet reward above the spheres. Amen.

[*Translation by Father T. J. Potter.*] [*German.*]

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95. ASCENSION.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 100. (*First Tune.*)

1. Rise—glo - rious Con - q'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies,—

As - sume Thy right: And where in many a fold The clouds are

backward roll'd—Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light!

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 100. (*Second Tune.*)

2. Rise—glo - rious Con - q'ror, rise, In - to Thy na - tive skies,—

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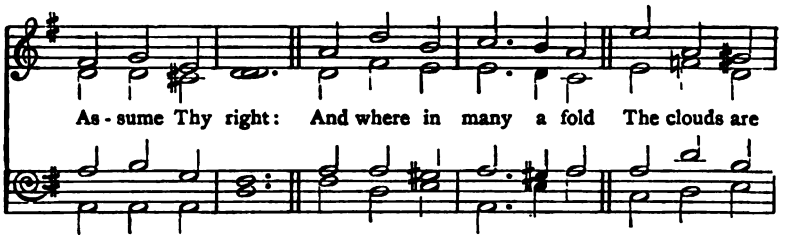

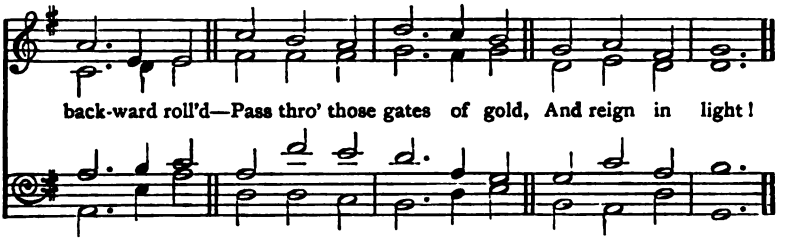

2.

Enter—Incarnate God!
No feet, but Thine, have trod
  The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets,—blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour—triumphant—go,
  And take Thy Crown!

3.

Lion of Judah—hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
  From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,—
Claim for Thine Own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
  Thy Heritage.

4.

O Lord! ascend Thy throne!
For Thou shalt rule alone
  Beside Thy Sire,
With the Great Paraclete,
The Three in One complete,
Before Whose awful Feet
  All foes expire!

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96. THE MOST HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

1. When the Pa - triarch was re - turn - ing Crown'd with

tri - umph from the fray, Him the peace - ful

king of Sa - lem Came to meet up - on his

way; Meek - ly bear - ing Bread and Wine,

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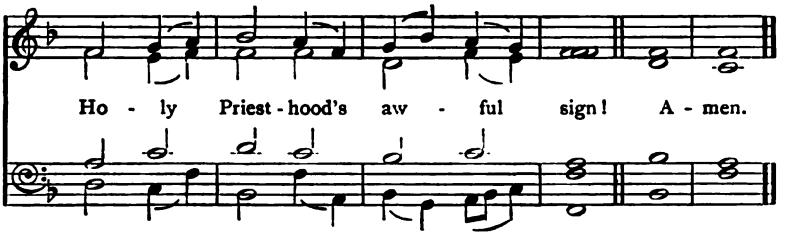

2.

On the truth thus dimly shadow'd,
  Later days a lustre shed;
When the great High-Priest eternal,
  Under forms of Wine and Bread,
For the world's immortal food,
Gave His Flesh and gave His Blood.

3.

Wondrous gift!—The Word Who fashion'd
  All things by His might divine,
Bread into His Body changes,
  Into His own Blood the wine;—
What though sense no change perceives,
Faith admires, adores, believes!

4.

He Who once to die a Victim
  On the Cross, did not refuse,
Day by day, upon our altars,
  That same Sacrifice renews;
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,
Faithful to His last commands!

5.

While the people all uniting
  In the Sacrifice sublime,
Offer Christ to His high Father,
  Offer up themselves with Him;
Then together with the Priest
On the living Victim feast Amen.

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97, 98. LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.

M. ♩ = 80. *(First Tune.)*

1. Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da

du - cem et pa - sto - rem, In hym - nis et can -

ti - cis: Quan - tum po - tes, tan - tum au - de:

Qui - a ma - jor..... om - ni lau - de,

Piu lento.

Nec lau - da - re suf - fi - cis. A - men, A - men.

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For Four Male Voices.

(Second Tune.) *8ve lower.*

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Lau-da Si-on Sal-va-to-rem, Lau-da du-cem

et pa-sto-rem, In hymnis et can-ti-cis: Quan-tum

po-tes, tan-tum au-de: Qui-a ma-jor om-ni

lau-de, Nec lau-da-re suf-fi-cis. A-men.

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da du - cem

et pa - sto - rem, In hym - nis et can ti - cis:

Quan - tum po - tes, tan - tum au - de: Qui - a ma - jor

om - ni lau - de, Nec lau - da - re suf - fi - cis. A - men.

[*Second Tune.—By P. Zwyzzig.*]
[*Third Tune.—Bohemian.*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da du - cem

et pa - sto - rem, In hym - nis et can - ti - cis:

Quan - tum po - tes, tan - tum au - de: Qui - a ma - jor

om - ni lau - de, Nec lau - da - re suf - fi - cis. A - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da du - cem

et pa - sto - rem, In hym - nis et can - ti - cis,

In hym - nis et can - ti - cis. A - men.

2.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur.
Quem in sacrae mensa coenae,
Turbae fratrum duodenae
Datum non ambigitur.

3.

Quod in coena Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit
In sui memoriam.
Docti sacris instutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

4.

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinem in sanguinem.
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Praeter rerum ordinem.

5.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res eximiae.
Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus,
Sub utraque specie.

6.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus:
Integer accipitur.
Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consumitur.

7.

Sumunt boni sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inaequali,
Vitae, vel interitus.
Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptionis,
Quam sit dispar exitus.

[*Fourth Tune.—Harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*
Fifth Tune.—Italian.]

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For Male Voices.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *(Sixth Tune.)*

1. Lau - da, lau - da Si - on, Lau - da, lau - da Si - on.

Lau - da Si - on Sal - va - to - rem, Lau - da

et can - ti - cis:

du - cem et pa - sto - rem, In hy - mnis et can - ti - cis: Lau - da

can - - ti - cis.

du - cem et pa - sto - rem, In hy - mnis et can - ti - cis.

[*Sixth Tune, by Dr. Child, 17th Century.*]

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98. LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.

1.

O Sion! let thy Saviour's praise
  Be thy beloved employ:
Thy King and Pastor's glory raise
  In hymns and songs of joy.
All words of thine but feebly tell
  Thy God's transcendent worth,
Yet let thy loud rejoicings swell,
  And reach the ends of earth.

2.

A glorious theme of endless praise,
  True and life-giving Bread
To ravish'd souls this day displays,
  And calls them to be fed.
That Bread which He Who came to save,
  To His assembled few
At that blest table fondly gave
  Before His last adieu.

3.

Let holy joy proclaim us blest,
  Let every heart rejoice;
And be our mind's delight express'd,
  With loud and grateful voice.
Behold the memorable day
  In solemn splendour shine,
Which first beheld our God display
  This pledge of love divine.

4.

This table of our heavenly King,
  And Pasch of His new law,
An end to former things shall bring,
  Which ancient fathers saw.
The things of old are passed away,
  The truth has banish'd night,
And earth beholds a brighter day,
  Illum'd with heavenly light.

5.

What Christ that night at table did,
  The same He bids us do;
That we, in sweet remembrance hid,
  His love might ever view.
Taught by that ordinance of love,
  Religion's holiest rite,
The Victim given us from above
  We offer in His sight.

6.

Faith does the sacred truth define
  That for the Christian's food,
The bread is made Christ's Flesh; and wine
  Becomes His saving Blood.
Thou dost not see, nor understand,
  But God's high word is sure,
On His firm promise and command
  Thy faith shall build secure.

7.

Beneath each outward form and sign
  A nobler substance lies
Than mortal wisdom could divine,
  Concealed from human eyes:
His Flesh is meat, and drink His Blood,
  And Christ is found entire
Beneath each symbol for our food,
  To fill the heart's desire.

8.

When faithful souls their God receive,
  He is not bruised nor slain:
Entire and perfect we believe
  His Body to remain.
He is not broken when we break
  The outward form of bread,
Nor less if thousands shall partake,
  Than when but one is fed.

9.

The virtuous and the reprobate
  Receive His food below;
But how unlike their future fate
  Of endless life or woe!
Though one on earth appears their course,
  Till they resign their breath,
The good here find life's purest source,
  The wicked find their death.

10.

When broken is the outward sign,
  Firm let thy faith remain,
For all thy Saviour's Flesh divine
  Each part will still contain.
The substance is unbroken still,
  The sign alone we part;
And Christ beneath each fragment will
  Come perfect to thy heart.

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99. ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM.

M. ♩ = 56. *(First Tune.)*

1. Ec - ce pa - nis an - ge - lo - rum, Fa - ctus
2. In fi - gu - ris prae - si - gna - tur, Cum I -

1. Ec - ce pa-nis an-ge - lo - rum,
2. In fi - gu-ris praesi - gna - tur,

ci - bus vi - a - to - rum, Ve - re pa - nis
- sa - ac im - mo - la - tur, A - gnus Pa - schae
Ve - - - re pa-nis
A - - - gnus Paschae

Fa - ctus ci - bus vi - a - to - rum,
Cum I - sa - ac im-mo - la - tur,

fi - li - o - rum, Non mit - ten - dus ca - ni -
de - pu - ta - tur, Da - tur man - na pa - tri -
Non mit -
Da - tur

- bus, Non mit - ten - dus ca - ni - bus.
- bus, Da - tur man - na pa - tri - bus.

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3. Bo - ne pa - stor, pa - nis ve - re, Je - su,
4. Tu, qui cun - cta scis et va - les, Qui nos

3. Bo - ne pa-stor, pa-nis ve - re,
4. Tu, qui cun-cta scis et va - les,

no - stri mi - se - re - re, Tu nos pa - sce
pa - scis hic mor - ta - les, Tu - os i - bi
Tu - - - nos pa-sce
Tu - - - os i - bi

Je - su, no-stri mi - se - re - re,
Qui nos pa-scis hic mor - ta - les,

nos tu - e - re, Tu nos bo - na fac vi -
com - men - sa - les, Co - hae - re - des et so -
Tu nos
Co - hae -

- de - re In ter - ra vi - ven - ti - um.
- da - les Fac san - cto - rum ci - vi - um. A - men.

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[*First Tune.—Old Catholic Hymn Melody. Arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. ♩ = 69. (*Second Tune.*)

1. Ec - ce pa - nis an - ge - lo - rum, Fa - ctus ci - bus

vi a - to - rum, Ve re pa - nis fi - li - o - rum,

Non mit - ten - dus ca - ni - bus. 2. In fi - gu - ris

prae - si - gna - tur, Cum I - sa - ac im - mo - la - tur:

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A - gnus Pa-schae de - pu - ta - tur: Da - tur man - na

pa - tri-bus. 3. Bo - ne pa - stor, pa - nis ve - re,

Je - su, no - stri mi - se - re - re, Tu nos bo - na

fac vi - de - re In ter - ra vi -

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- ven - ti - um. 4. Tu, qui cun - cta scis et va - les:

Qui nos pa - scis hic mor - ta - les: Tu - os i - bi

com-men - sa - les, Co - hae - re - des et so - da - les

Fac - san - cto - rum ci - - vi - um. A - men.

[Samuel Wesley, March 31st, 1823.]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 56. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Ec-ce pa-nis an-ge-lo-rum, Fa-ctus ci-bus vi-a-to-rum,
2. In fi-gu-ris prae-si-gna-tur, Cum I-sa-ac im-mo-la-tur

Ve-re pa-nis fi-li-o-rum, Non mit-ten-dus
A-gnus Pa-schae de-pu-ta-tur, Da-tur man-na

ca-ni-bus, Non mit-ten-dus ca-ni-bus.
pa-tri-bus, Da-tur man-na pa-tri-bus. A-men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 56. *(Third Tune. Arranged for Four Male Voices.)*

8ve Lower.

1. Ec-ce pa-nis an-ge-lo-rum, Fa-ctus ci-bus vi-a-to-rum,
2. In fi-gu-ris prae-si-gna-tur, Cum I-sa-ac im-mo-la-tur,

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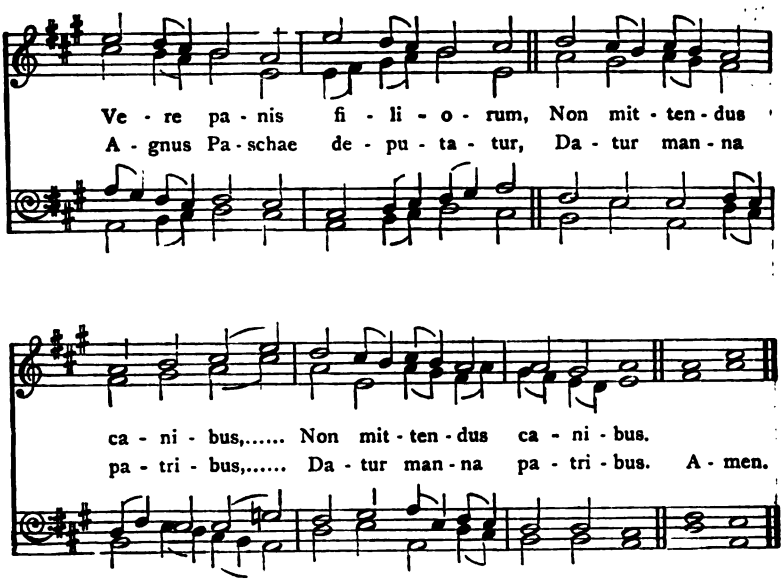

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3.

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu, nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.

4.

Tu, qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohaeredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium.
Amen.

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100. ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76.

1. Be - hold the Bread of An - gels sent For pil - grims in their ban - ish-ment, The Bread for God's true children meant, That may not un - to dogs be giv'n, That may not un - to dogs be giv'n: A - men.

2.

Oft in the olden types foreshowed;
In Isaac on the altar bowed,
And in the ancient paschal food,
And in the manna sent from Heaven,
And in the manna sent from Heaven.

3.

Come then, good Shepherd, Bread Divine,
Still show to us Thy mercy sign;
Oh, feed us still, still keep us Thine;
So may we see Thy glories shine
In fields of immortality:

4.

O Thou, the wisest, mightiest, best,
Our present Food, our Future Rest,
Come, make us each Thy chosen guest,
Co-heirs of Thine, and comrades blest
With Saints whose dwelling is with Thee! Amen.

[*Translation by Prior Aylward.*]

[*Old German Catholic Hymn melody.*]

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PANGE LINGUA.

For Four Male Voices.

8ve lower. Very slow and sustained.
(First Tune.)

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in - ta -

my - ste - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si,
- cta Vir - gi - ne, Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus,

Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si,
Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne, Su - i mo - ras in - co - la - tus

Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um.
Mi - ro clau - sit or - di - ne. A - - - - - men.

The above Tune for S.A.T.B. is given with hymn 103.

[*First Tune.—Attributed to Palestrina.*]

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris my - ste - ri - um,
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in - ta - cta Vir - gi - ne,

San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si, Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um
Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus, Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne,

Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si, Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um.
Su - i mo - ras in - co - la - tus Mi - ro clau - sit or - di - ne. A - men.

3.

In supremae nocte coenae
Recumbens cum fratibus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenae
Se dat suis manibus.

4.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit;
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

5.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

[*Second Tune.—Attributed to J. H. Sheppard.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge, lin - gua, glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris my - ste - ri - um, San - gui nis - que pre - ti - o - si, Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si, Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um. A - men.

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge, lin - gua, glo - ri - o - si Cor - po -

- - ris my - ste - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si,

Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne -

- - ro - si, Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um. A - - men.

M. ♩ = 66. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris my - ste - ri -
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in - ta - cta Vir - gi -

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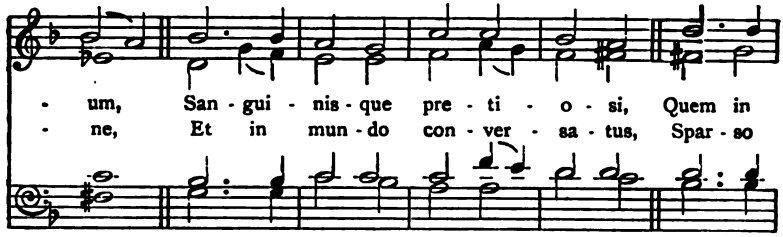

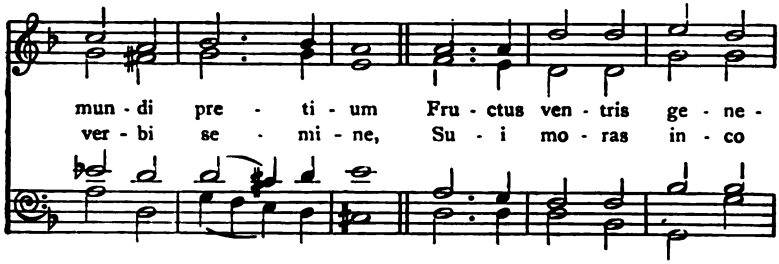

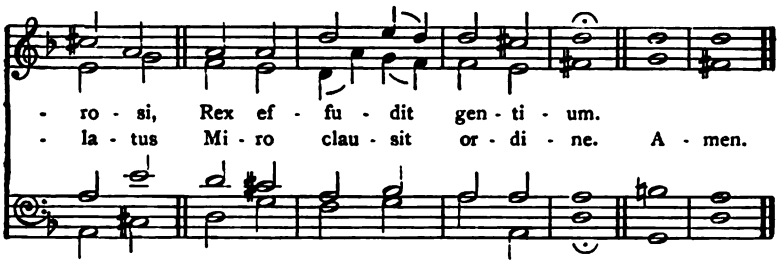

3.

In supremae nocte coenae
Recumbens cum fratibus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenae
Se dat suis manibus.

4.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

5.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

[*Fourth Tune.—Bohemian.*]
[*Fifth Tune.—Danish.*]

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For Verses 1, 3 and 5. M. ♩ = 72. (*Sixth Tune.*)

glo - ri - o - si my - no - cte coe - nae cum... Sa - cra - men - tum - mur...

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris my - ste - ri - um, glo - ri - o - si
3. In su - pre - mae no - cte coe - nae Re - cum - bens cum ..... fra - tri - bus, no - cte coe - nae
5. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur ..... cer - nu - i, Sa - cra - men - tum

- nis - que pre - ti - o - si,
- va - ta le - ge ple - ne
- ti - quum do - cu - men - tum

- ste - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si, Quem in
fra - tri bus, Ob - ser - va - ta le - ge ple - ne Ci - bis
cer - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo

pre - ti - o - si,
le - ge ple - ne
do - cu - men - tum

Quem in mun - di..... pre - ti - um
Ci - bis in le - ga - li - bus,
No - vo ce - dat..... ri - tu - i,

Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si,
Ci - bis in le - ga - li - bus, Ci - bum tur - bae du - o - de - nae
No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
mun - Fru - ctus
in Ci - bum
ce - Prae - stet

Quem in mun - di Fru - ctus
Ci - bis in le - Ci - bum
No - vo ce - dat Prae - stet

Rex ef - fu - dit gen - - - - - - - - ti - um.
Se dat su - is ma - - - - - - - - ni - bus.
Sen - su - um de - fe - - - - - - - - ctu - i.
Rex ef - fu - dit gen - - - - - - ti - um.
Se dat su - is ma - - - - - - ni - bus.
Sen - su - um de - fe - - - - - - ctu - i.

Rex ef - fu - dit gen - - - - - - - - ti - um.
Se dat su - is ma - - - - - - - - ni - bus.
Sen - su - um de fe - - - - - - - - ctu - i.

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For Verses 2, 4, and 6.

No - bis na - tus - ta - cta
Pa - nem ve - rum car - nem
Ge - ni - to - que iu - bi -

2. No-bis da-tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in - ta - cta.....
4. Ver-bum ca - ro, pa - nem ve - rum Ver - bo car - nem....
6. Ge-ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

2. No - bis da-tus, no - - bis na - tus
4. Ver - bum ca - ro, pa - - nem ve - rum
6. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - - ni - to - que

Vir - gi - ne,
ef - fi - cit;
- la - ti - o,

..... Vir - gi - ne,
..... ef - fi - cit
- - la - ti - o,

Vir - gi - ne, Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus, Spar - so
ef - fi - cit; Fit - que san - guis Chri - sti me - rum, Et si
- la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et

ver - bi se - mi - ne, Su - i mo - ras in - co - la - tus
sen - sus de - fi - cit, Ad fir - man - dum cor sin - ce - rum
be - ne - di - ctl - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que
ver - bi..... se - mi - ne,
sen - sus..... de - fi - cit,
be - ne - - di - ctl - o

ver - bi se - mi - ne,
sen - sus de - fi - cit,
be - ne - di - ctl - o;

Mi - ro clau - sit or - - - - - - di - ne.
So - la fi - des suf - - - - - - fi - cit.
Com - par sit lau - da - - - - - - ti - o. A - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60. *(Seventh Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po - ris my -
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in - ta - cta

- ste - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que pre - ti - o - si, Quem in
Vir - gi - ne, Et in mun - do con - ver - sa - tus, Spar - so

mun - di pre - ti - um Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si,
ver - bi se - mi - ne, Su - i mo - ras in - co - la - tus

Rex ef - fu - dit gen - ti - um, Rex ef - fu - dit
Mi - ro clau - sit or - di - ne, Mi - ro clau - sit

gen - ti - um.
or - di - ne. A - - men, A - men.

[*Seventh Tune.—From Cologne Cathedral.*]

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M. ♩ = 48. *(Eighth Tune.)*

1. Pan - ge lin - gua glo - ri - o - si Cor - po -
2. No - bis da - tus, no - bis na - tus Ex in -

- ris my - ste - ri - um, San - gui - nis - que
- ta - cta Vir - gi - ne, Et in mun - do

pre - ti - o - si, Quem in mun - di pre - ti - um
con - ver - sa - tus, Spar - so ver - bi se - mi - ne,

Fru - ctus ven - tris ge - ne - ro - si, Rex - ef - fu - dit
Su - i mo - ras in - co - la - tus Mi - ro clau - sit

gen - ti - um.
or - di - ne. A - - - - - - - men.

Eighth Tune.—From an old English MS., arranged by S. P. Waddington.

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2.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
  Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
  Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
  Miro clausit ordine.

3.

In supremae nocte coenae
  Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
  Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenae
  Se dat suis manibus.

4.

Verbum caro panem verum
  Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
  Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
  Sola fides sufficit.

5.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
  Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
  Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
  Sensuum defectui.

6.

Genitori Genitoque
  Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
  Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
  Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

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102. PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI CORPORIS.

1.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
  Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood, all price exceeding,
  Shed by our immortal King,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
  From a noble womb to spring.

2.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin,
  Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
  Stay'd, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
  Wondrously His life of woe.

3.

On the night of that Last Supper,
  Seated with His chosen band,
He the Paschal victim eating,
  First fulfils the Law's command;
Then, as Food to His Apostles,
  Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4.

Word made Flesh, the bread of nature
  By His word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes;—
  Though no sense the change discerns,
Only be the heart in earnest,
  Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5.

Down in adoration falling,
  Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
  Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith, for all defects supplying,
  Where the feeble senses fail.

6.

To the Everlasting Father,
  And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
  Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
  Might, and endless majesty.
  Amen.

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TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

(First Tune.)

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-men - tum Ve-ne-re-mur cer-nu-i,
2. Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to - - que Laus et iu-bi-la-ti-o,

ORGAN.

Et an-ti-quum do-cu-men-tum No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i,
Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-di-cti-o;

Prae-stet fides sup-ple-men-tum Sen-su-um de-fe-ctu-i.
Pro-cedenti ab u-tro-que Com-par sit lau-da-ti-o. A-men.

[*First Tune.—Plain Chant Melody, harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 58. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum
- - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - - - men.

[*Second Tune.—Plain Chant Melody, harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i, Et an - ti-quum do - cu - men- tum No - vo ce - dat
- - la - ti - o, Sa -lus, ho-nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne -

ri - - tu - i, Prae stet fi - des sup - ple - men-tum
- - di - - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab - u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - - men.

Third Tune.—From a Spanish Hymn-book. Harmonised by S. P. Waddington. The Amen by O. Gibbons.

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(Fourth Tune.)
Very slow and sustained.

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu -

- mur cer - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum
- bi - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - - - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. Tan-tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo
- - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et

ce - dat ri - tu - i, Prae-stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
be - ne - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

[*Fifth Tune. - Melody from S. Webbe's Motetts and Antiphons.*]

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M. ♩ = 69. *(Sixth Tune.)*

1. Tantum er - go Sa - cra - mentum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i,
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi - la - ti - o,

Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - - tu - i,
Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - - cti - o;

Praestet fi - des supplementum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Compar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

M. ♩ = 60. *(Seventh Tune.)*

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i,
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi - la - ti - o.

Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i,
Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;

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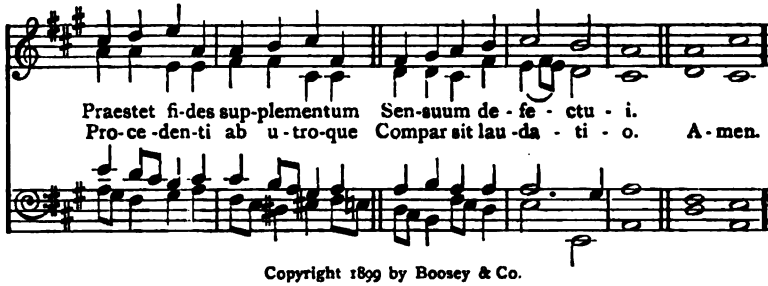

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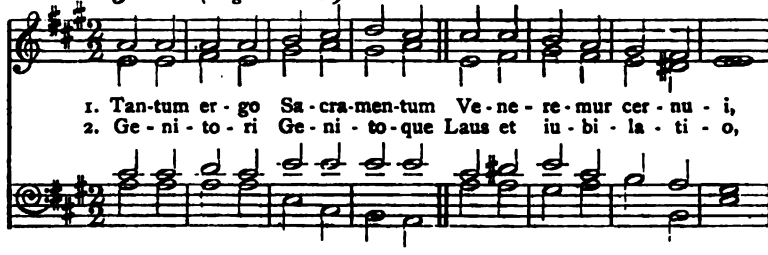
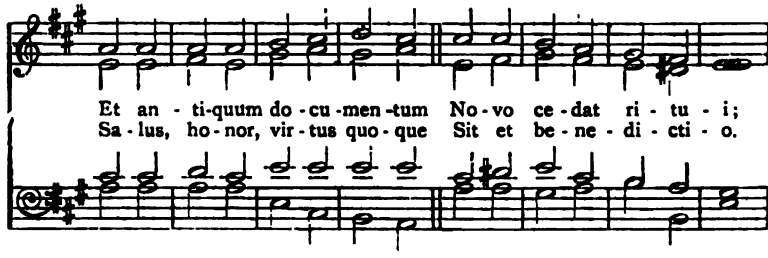
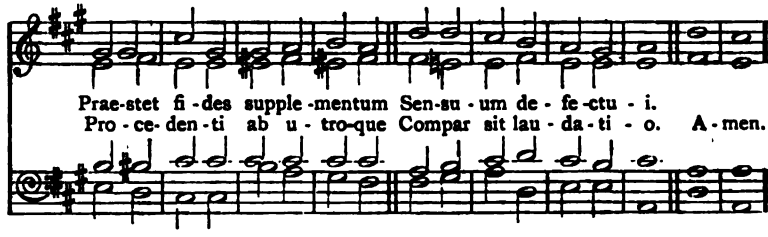
M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60. *(Eighth Tune.)*







[*Sixth Tune.—Melody from S. Webbe's Motetts and Antiphons.*]
[*Seventh Tune.—Italian Hymn Melody. Harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Eighth Tune.—Melody from Caspar Etts' "Cantica Sacra."*]

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M. ♩ = 63. *(Ninth Tune.)*

1. Tan-tum er-go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i, Et antiquum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat
- la - ti - o, Sa - lus, honor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne -

ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
- - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um, sen su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit, com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

[*Ninth Tune.—Melody from a South Yorkshire MS. Harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Tenth Tune.)*

1. Tantum er - go sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i, Et..
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi - la - ti - o, Sa-

..... an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i,
- - - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;

Et
Sa - i,
o,

Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i, Prae-
Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o, Pro-

Prae - stet fi - des
Pro - ce - den - ti

- - stet fi - des sup - ple - mentum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i, Prae-
- - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Compar sit lau - da - ti - o, Pro-

Prae - stet fi - des
Pro ce - den - ti

- - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
- - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que Compar sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

[*Harmonized by R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 66. *(Eleventh Tune.)*

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men-tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum
- - la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des
Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti

sup - ple - men-tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
ab u - tro - que Com-par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

[*Eleventh Tune.—Spanish?*]

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Twelfth Tune.)*

1. Tân-tum er - go Sa - cra - men-tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu -
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi - la - ti -

- i; Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men-tum No - vo ce - dat
- o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que Sit et be - ne

ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum
- di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti ab u - tro - que

Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - - men.....

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M. ♩ = 48. *(Thirteenth Tune.)*

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et iu - bi -

cer - nu - i; Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum
- la - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que

No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i,..... Prae - stet fi - des
Sit et be - ne - di - cti - o;..... Pro - ce - den - ti

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i.
ab u - tro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

[*Thirteenth Tune.—Chorale, harmonized by F. S. Rath.*]

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M. ♩ = 60. *(Fourteenth Tune.)*

Sa - cra - men - -
Ge - ni - to - -

1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - - - cra - men - -
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - - - ni - to - -
Sa - cra - men - - - - - - -
Ge - ni - to - - - - - - - -

Sa - cra - - - men -
Ge - ni - - - - to - - -

- - - - - - - - - - tum Ve - ne re -
- - - - - - - - - - que Laus et iu -

- - - - - - - - - - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
- - - - - - - - - - que Laus et iu - bi -
Ve - ne - re - mur, ve - ne -
Laus et iu - bi - la - ti -

- - - - - - - - - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - -
- - - - - - - - - que Laus et iu - bi - la - -

- - - mur cer - nu - i;
- - - bi - - la - ti - o,

cer - - - - - - nu - i, Et an - ti - quum,
la - - - - - - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor,
- - re - mur cer - nu - - i, Et an -
- - o, iu - bi - la - ti - - o, Sa - lus,

- - - - - - - - - - - nu - i,
- - - - - - - - - - - ti - o,

Et an - - ti - quum do - - - cu -
Sa - lus,..... ho - nor, vir - - - - tus

Et..... an - ti - quum do - - -
Sa - - - - - lus, ho - nor, vir - - -
- - te - quum, Et..... an - - ti - quum do - cu - men -
ho - nor, Sa - lus,..... ho - nor, vir - tus - quo -

do - - -
vir - - -

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men - - - - - - - - - - - - tum No - vo
quo - - - - - - - - - - - - que Sit et

cu - men - - - - - - - - tum..... No - vo
tus quo - - - - - - - - - que..... Sit et
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - tum..... No -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - que..... Sit

- - - - - - cu - - men - - - - tum.....
- - - - - - tus quo - - - - que.....

ce - dat ri - - - - tu - i,
be - ne - di - - - - cti - o;

ce - dat..... ri - tu - i, Prae - stet fi - des
be - ne - - - di - cti - o; Pro - ce - den - ti
- - vo..... ce - dat ri - tu - i,
et..... be - ne - di - cti - o;

Sen - su - um.....
Com - par sit.....

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - - - - - - su - um
ab u - tro - que Com - - - - - - par sit
Sen - - su - um, sen - -
Com - - par sit, com - -

Sen - - - - - su - um
Com - - - - par sit

..... de - fe - - - - - ctu - i.
..... lau - da - - - - - ti - o.

de fe - - - - - - - ctu - .
lau da - - - - - - - - ti - o. A - men.
- - - su - um de - fe - - - - ctu - i.
- - - par sit lau - da - - - - ti - o.

de - - fe - - - - - - - - ctu - i.
lau - - da - - - - - - - - ti - o.

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104. TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM.

1.

Down in adoration falling,
  Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
  Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith, for all defects supplying,
  Where the feeble senses fail.

2.

To the Everlasting Father,
  And the Son Who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
  Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
  Might, and endless majesty.
  Amen.

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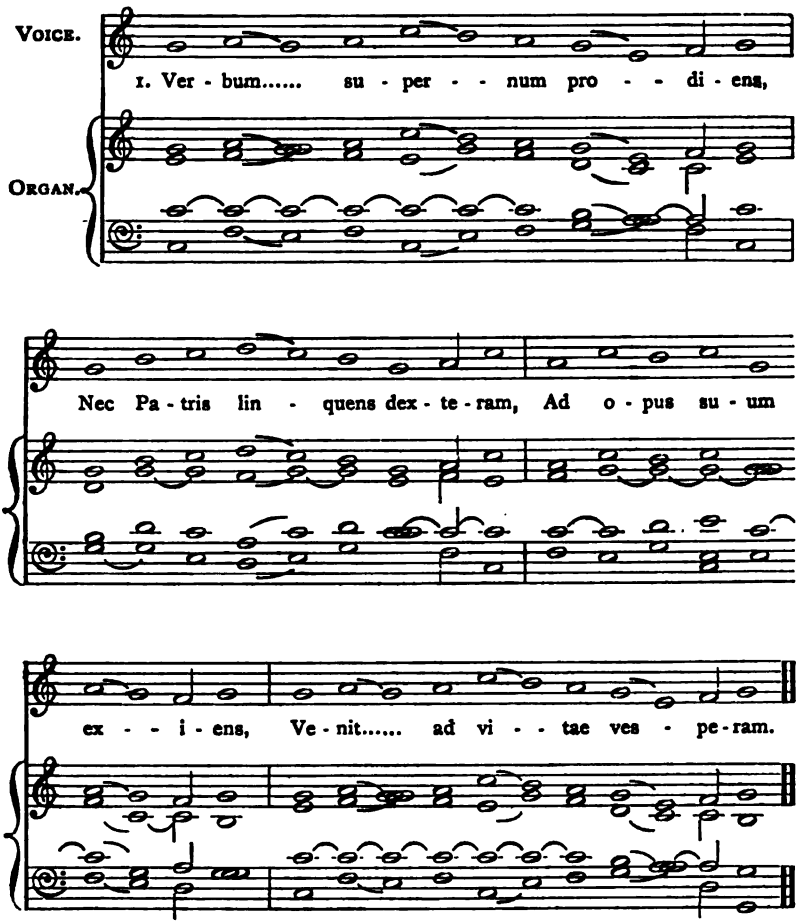
105. VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS.



2.

In mortem a discipulo,
Suis tradendus aemulis,
Prius in vitae ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.

3.

Quibus sub bina specie
Carnem dedit et sanguinem,
Ut duplicis substantiae
Totum cibaret hominem.

4.

Se nascens dedit socium,
Convescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in praemium.

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106. VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS.

1.

The Word, descending from above,
  Though with the Father still on high,
Went forth upon His work of love,
  And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.

2.

He shortly to a death accursed
  By a Disciple shall be given;
But, to his twelve Disciples, first
  He gives Himself, the Bread from Heaven.

3.

Himself in either kind He gave;
  He gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood;
Of flesh and blood all men are made;
  And He of man would be the Food.

4.

At birth our brother He became;
  At meat Himself as Food He gives;
To ransom us He died in shame;
  As our reward, in bliss He lives!

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107. O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

M. ♩ = 76. *(First Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - - - - men.

M. ♩ = 72. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

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Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

M. ♩ = 72. *(Third Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men

[*First Tune.—Adaptation from a "Gloria Patri," by Palestrina.*
Second Tune.—Traditional.
Third Tune.—Melody from Claude Goudimel.]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - - ris Ho - - sti - a, Quae coe - li
2. U - ni tri - no - - que Do - - mi - no Sit sem - pi -

pan - dis o - - - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho -
- ter - na glo - - - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

- sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

M. ♩ = 72. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li
2. U - ni tri - no - - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi -

pan - dis o - - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho -
- - ter - na glo - - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

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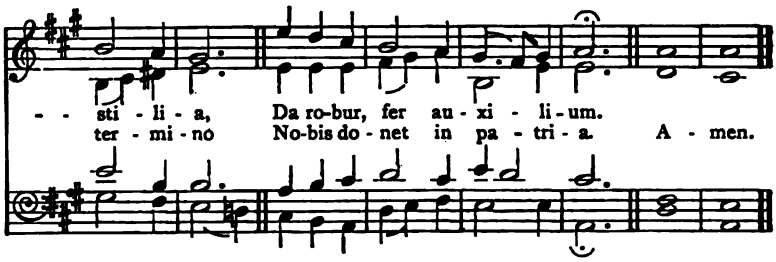
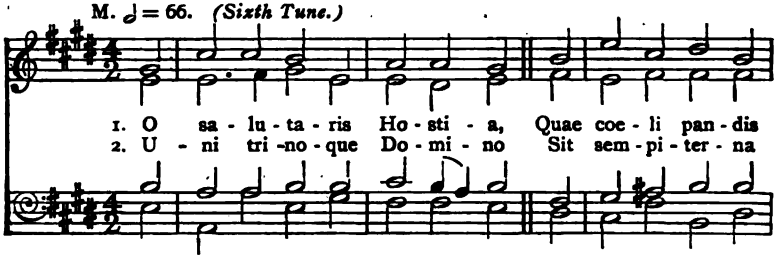
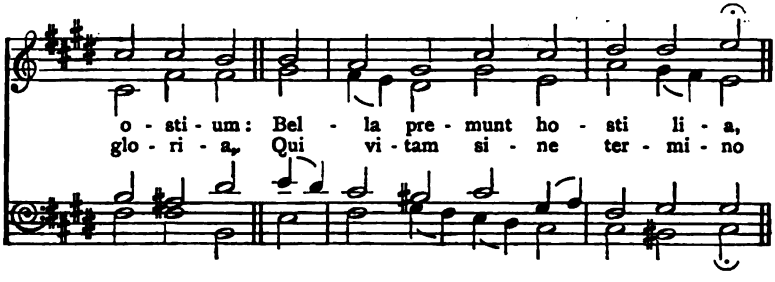
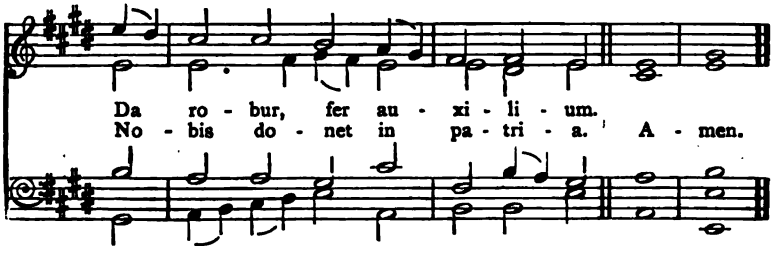


M. ♩ = 66. *(Sixth Tune.)*







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[*Fourth Tune, by Dr. Benjamin Rogers, 1683.*]
[*Fifth Tune.—German Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Sixth Tune.—From a MS. of R. L. de Pearsall of Wilsbridge.*]

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Seventh Tune.)*

(For Four Male Voices.)

8ve Lower.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

M. ♩ = 76. *(Eighth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

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Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - - men.

M. ♩ = 76 *(Ninth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

o - sti - um: Bel la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,
glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

[*Seventh Tune.—Marked "Schweitzer," in collection of Rev. Von Dess, S.J.*
Eighth Tune.—Duguet.
Ninth Tune.—"Melcombe," by Samuel Webbs.]

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Tenth Tune.)* VERSE 1.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li

pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a,

Da ro - - bur, fer au - xi - - li - um.

The following arrangement for the second verse may be sung by the choir in harmony, whilst the people sing in unison the above printed melody, here transferred to the tenor part.

VERSE 2.

2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na

glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no

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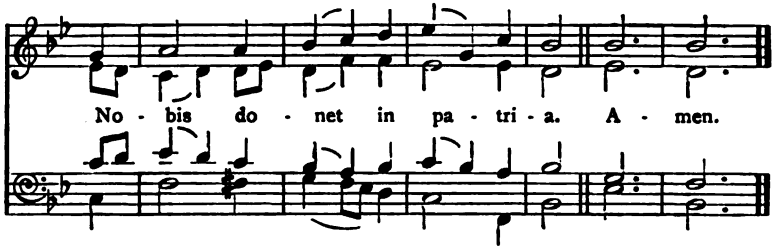

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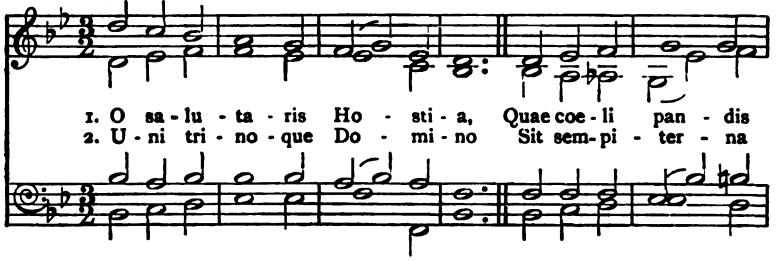
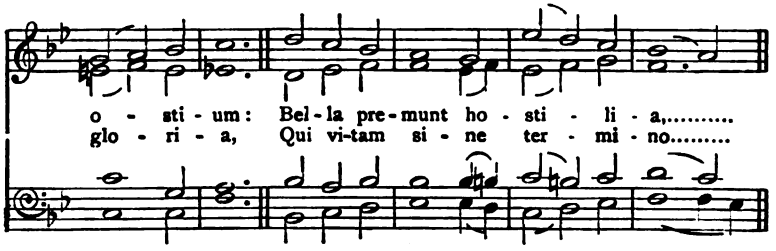
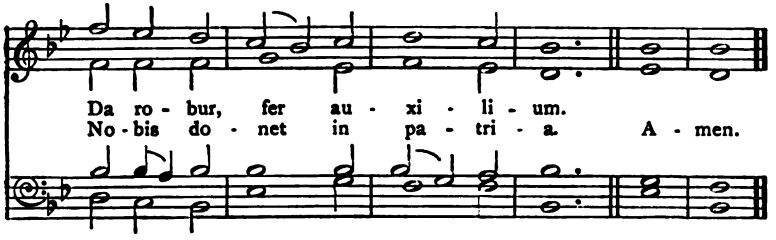
M. ♩ = 76. *(Eleventh Tune.)*







[*Tenth Tune.—"Wareham," by William Knapp, with arrangement for the second verse by R. R. Terry.*]
[*Eleventh Tune.—"Bodmin," by Alfred S. Scott-Gatty. 1895.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 63. *(Twelfth Tune.)*

1. O sa lu - ta - ris Ho - - sti - a,
2. U - ni tri - no - que Do - - - mi - no

Quae coe - li pan - dis o - - - sti - um:
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - - - ri - a,

Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - - li - a,
Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - - mi - no

Da ro - bur, fer au - xi - - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - - tri - a. A - men.

[*Twelfth Tune.—"St. Vincent," an adaptation of a melody by Neuhomm.*]

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Thirteenth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a,
2. U - ni Tri - no - que Do - mi - no

Quae coe - li pan - dis o - sti - um: Bel - la pre -
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam

- munt ho - sti - li - a, Da ro - bur, fer au -
si - ne ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in

- xi - li - um.
pa - tri - a. A - - - - - - - - men.

[*The Rev. W. J. Maher, S.J.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(Fourteenth Tune.)*

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae coe - li pan - dis

o - sti - um: Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da

ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um. 2. U - ni Tri - no - que

Do - mi - no Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Qui vi - tam si - ne

ter - mi - no No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - - men.

[*W. A. Albin.*]

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M. ♩ = 56. *(Fifteenth Tune.)* *pp*

Voices in Unison.

1. O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a, Quae
Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da

Reverently and slowly.

Organ.

p *simile.*

coe - li pan - dis o - sti - um:
ro - bur, fer au - xi - li - um.

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mf

2. U - ni Tri - no - que

cres. *mf* *cres.*

Do - - mi - no Sit sem - pi -

- ter - na glo - ri - - a,

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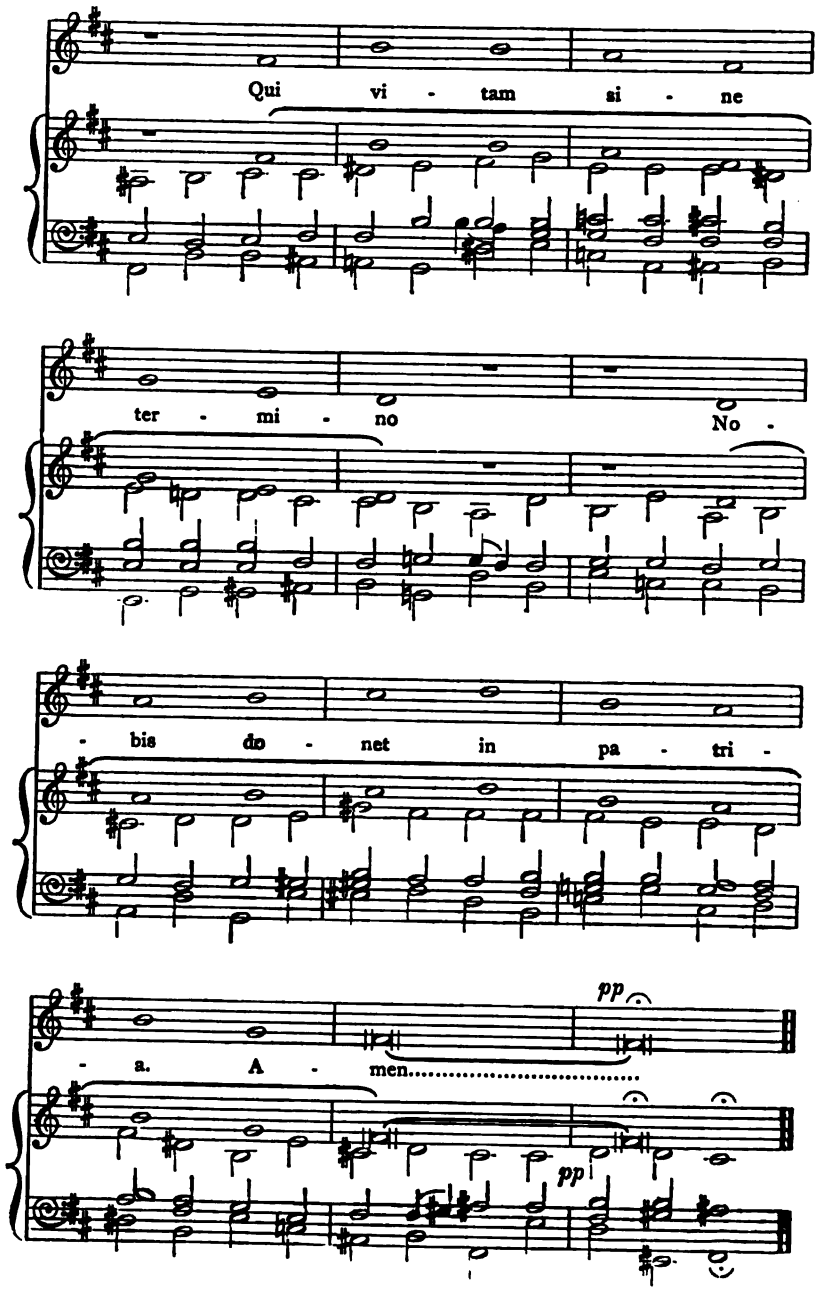

[*Adapted from an arrangement of a Chorale by J. S. Bach.*]

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108. O SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

1.

O saving Victim! opening wide
  The gate of Heav'n to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
  Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

2.

To Thy great Name be endless praise,
  Immortal Godhead, One in Three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days
  In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

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109. SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

M. ♩ = 80. *(First Tune.)*

Et ex prae - cor - di - is
Qua Christus cre - di - tur

1. Sa-cris so - le - mni-is jun - cta sint gau - di - a, Et ex prae -
2. No-ctis re - co - li - tur coe - na no - vis - si - ma, Qua Christus

so - nent prae - co - ni - a, so - nent prae - co - nia, prae - co - ni - a;
ag - num et az - y - ma, ag - num et, ag - num et az - y - ma

- cor - di - is so - nent prae - co - ni - a, so - nent prae - co - ni - a;
cre - di - tur ag - num et az - y - ma, ag - num et az - y - ma

Et ex prae - cor - di - is so - nent prae - co - nia, prae - co - ni - a;
Qua Chris-tus cre - di - tur ag - num et, ag - num et az - y - ma

Et ex prae - cor - di - is so - nent prae - co - ni - a;
Qua Chris-tus cre - di - tur ag - num et az - y - ma

Re - ce - dant ve - te - ra, no - va sint o - mni - a, no - va sint o - mni - a.
De-dis - se fra - tri - bus. ju - xta le - gi - ti - ma, ju - xta le - gi - ti - ma.

Re - ce - dant ve - te - ra, no - va sint o - mni - a, o - mni - a,
De-dis - se fra - tri - bus, fra - tri - bus, ju - xta le - gi - ti - ma

Re - ce - dant ve - te - ra, no - va sint o - mni - a,
De - dis - se fra - tri - bus, ju - xta le - gi - ti - ma

Cor - da, vo - ces et o - pe - ra,..... o - pe - ra.
Pri - scis in - dul - ta pa - tri - bus,..... pa - tri - bus. A - men.

3. Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus, quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

4. Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: Accipite, quod trado, vasculum;
Omnes ex eo bibite!

5. Panis angelicus fit panis hominum,
Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis! manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis. Amen.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 100. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Sa - cris so - lem - ni - is jun - cta sint gau - di - a,

Et ex prae - cor - di - is, so - nent prae - co - ni - a;

Re - ce - dant ve - te - ra, no - va sint om - ni - a,

Cor - da, vo - ces et o - pe - ra..... A - men.

To be sung in Unison.

M. ♩ = 100. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Sa-cris so - lem - ni - is jun - cta sint gau - di - a, Et ex prae-

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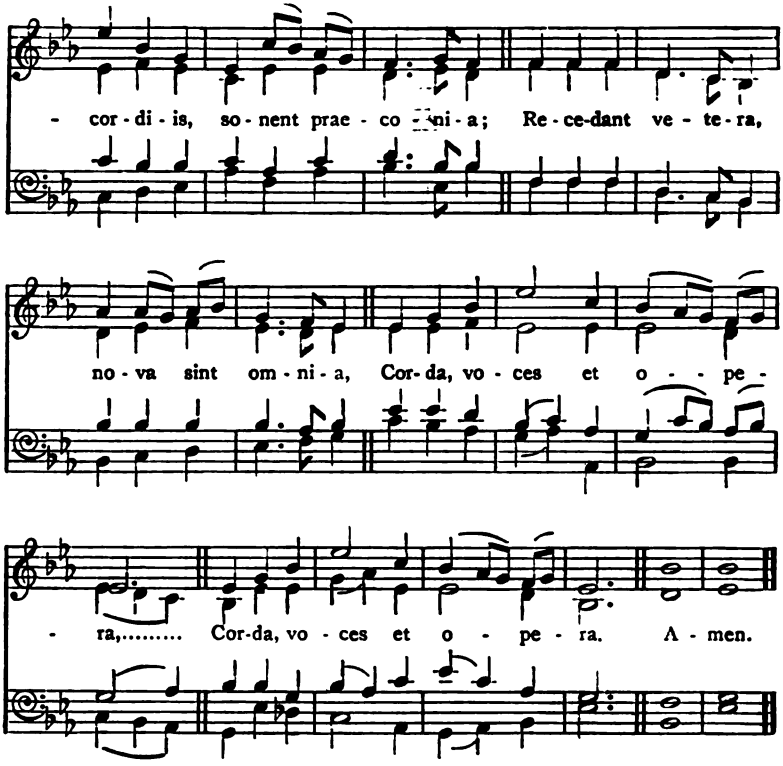

2.

Noctis recolitur coena novissima,
Qua Christus creditur agnum et azyma
Dedisse fratribus, juxta legitima
Priscis indulta patribus.

3.

Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus, quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

4.

Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: Accipite, quod trado, vasculum;
Omnes ex eo bibite!

5.

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum,
Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis! manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis. Amen.

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SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

M. ♩ = 80.

And from a brim-ming heart
Where-in we know how Christ

1. Join we great gladness with ho - ly so - lem - ni-ties, And from a
2. Lo, we re - new the feast held on that last sad night, Where-in we

sing we the praise of God, sing we the praise, the praise of God;
shared with His faith - ful few, shared with His few, His faith - ful few

brimming heart sing we the praise of God, sing we the praise of God;
know how Christ shared with His faith - ful few, shared with His faith-ful few
And from a brim-ming heart sing we the praise, the praise of God;
Where-in we know how Christ shared with His few, His faith - ful few

And from a brim-ming heart sing we the praise of God.
Where-in we know how Christ shared with His faith-ful few.

Gone be the old - en types, gone be the old - en types, all things be new and bright,
Pasch and un - leavened bread, pasch and un - leavened bread, af - ter the ho - ly rite

Gone be the old - en types, all things be new and bright, new and bright,
Pasch and un - leavened bread, af - ter the ho - ly rite, ho - ly rite
Gone be the old - en types, all things be new and bright,
Pasch and un - leavened bread, af - ter the ho - ly rite

Spi - rit and song and out - ward deed,..... out - ward deed.
Or - dered of old for Is - ra - el,..... Is - ra - el. A - men.

3. When from that sacred board, gone was the mystic lamb,
He the true Lamb of God, with His Own holy Hands
Gave to each friend alike, as doth our faith declare,
Body and Soul and Godhead all.

4. Unto the frail He gave His Body's holy strength;
Unto the sad of heart gave He His cheerful Blood;
Saying: "Take unto you what cup I pour for you,
Drink ye of this, My brethren all."

5. So doth the Angels' Bread come to be food for man;
So Bread from Heav'n above endeth the ancient types;
Oh wonder unsurpassed! He feedeth on his Lord,—
Sin-enslaved, needy, lowly man! Amen.

[*Translation by Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*Italian.*]

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III. AVE VERUM CORPUS.

M. ♩ = 46. *(First Tune.)*

A - ve, A - ve, ve - rum Cor - pus, na - tum

ex..... Ma - ri - a Vir - gi ne..... ve - - re

ve - re pas -

ve - re pas sum

pas - sum, im mo - la - tum in cru - ce pro

- - - sum,

pas - sum,

ho - mi - ne,..... Cu jus La tus per fo - ra - tum

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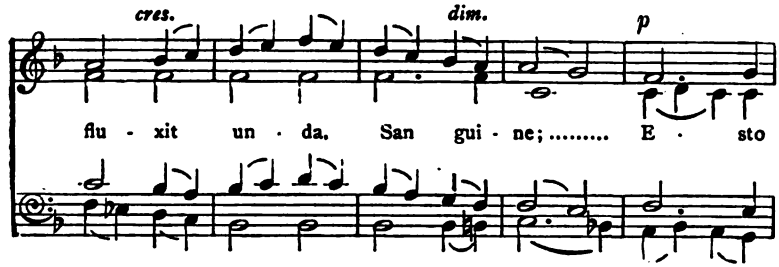

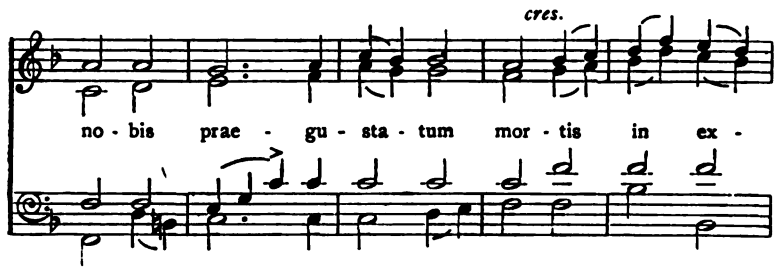

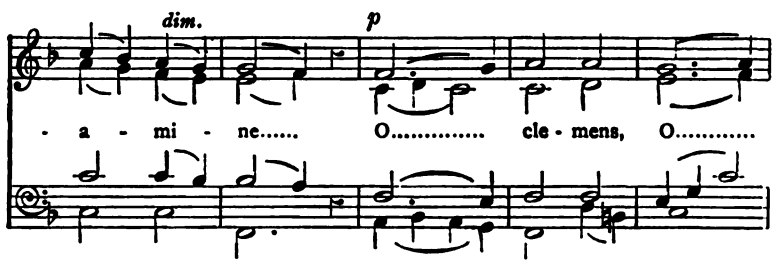

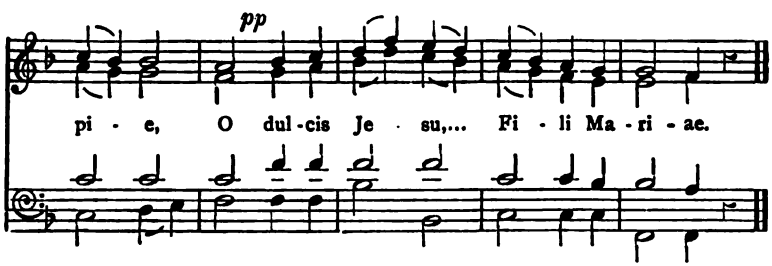

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

A - ve ve - rum Cor - pus na - tum De Ma - ri - a

A - ve na - tum

Vir - gi - ne; Ve - re pas - sum, im - mo - la - tum

Vir - gi - ne; Ve - - - re pas - sum,

Vir - gi - ne; Ve - re pas - sum,

In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne: Cu - jus la - tus

per - for - a - tum Flu - xit un - da et sa - ngui - ne:.....

sa - - ngui -

sa - ngui - ne:.....

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E - sto no - bis prae - gu - sta - tum Mor - tis in e -
- ne: E - sto no - bis

E - sto no - bis

- xa - mi - ne. O cle - mens, O pi - e,

O dul - cis Je - su,..... Fi - li Ma -
Je - - su,

Je - su,.....

- ri - ae, Fi - li Ma - ri - ae.

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Third Tune.)*

A - ve ve - rum Cor-pus na-tum De Ma-ri - a Vir - gi - ne;

Ve - re pas-sum, im - mo - la - tum In cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne:

Cu - jus la - tus per - fo - ra - tum Flu - xit unda et sa - ngui - ne:

E - sto no - bis prae - gu - sta - tum Mor - tis in e - xa - mi - ne.

O..... clemens, O..... pi - e, O dulcis Je - su, Fi - li Ma - ri - ae.

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Adagio.
Sotto voce. *(Fourth Tune.)*

pp

A - ve, A - ve ve - rum Cor - pus, na - tum

cres - - *cen* - -

ex Ma-ri - a Vir - gi - ne ve - re pas - sum, im - mo -

im-mo -

- *do.* *f* in cru - - ce pro

p

- la - tum in cru - ce pro ho - mi - ne, Cu - jus

- la - tum

dim.

La - tus per - fo - ra - tum un - da flu - xit et

per - fo -

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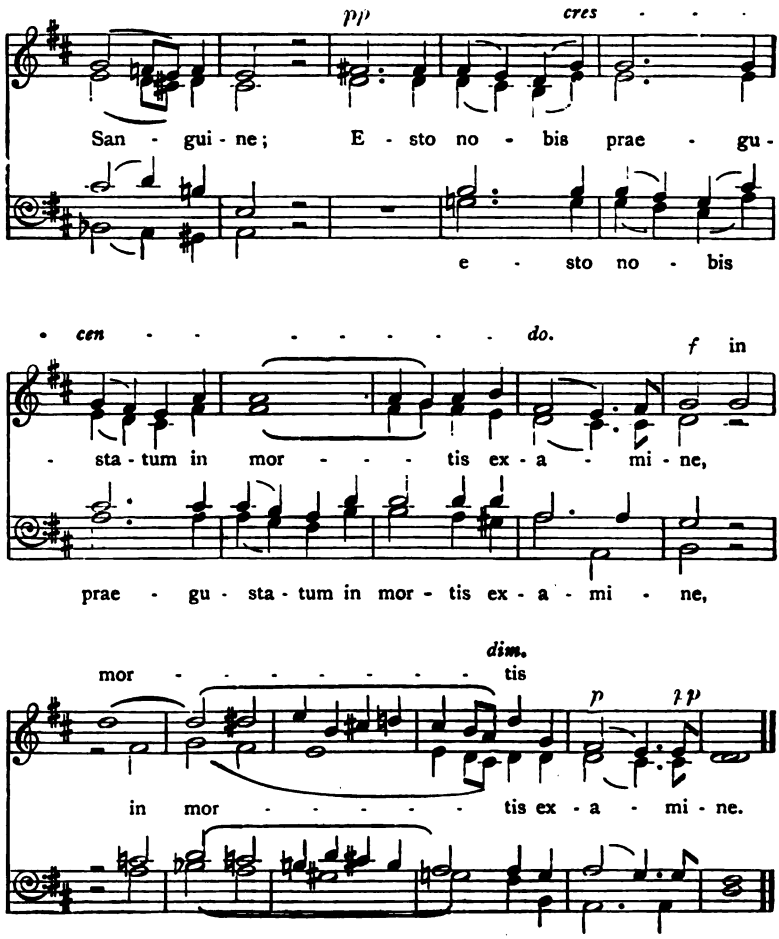

[J. C. Amadeus Wolfgang Mozart.]

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112. AVE VERUM CORPUS.

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

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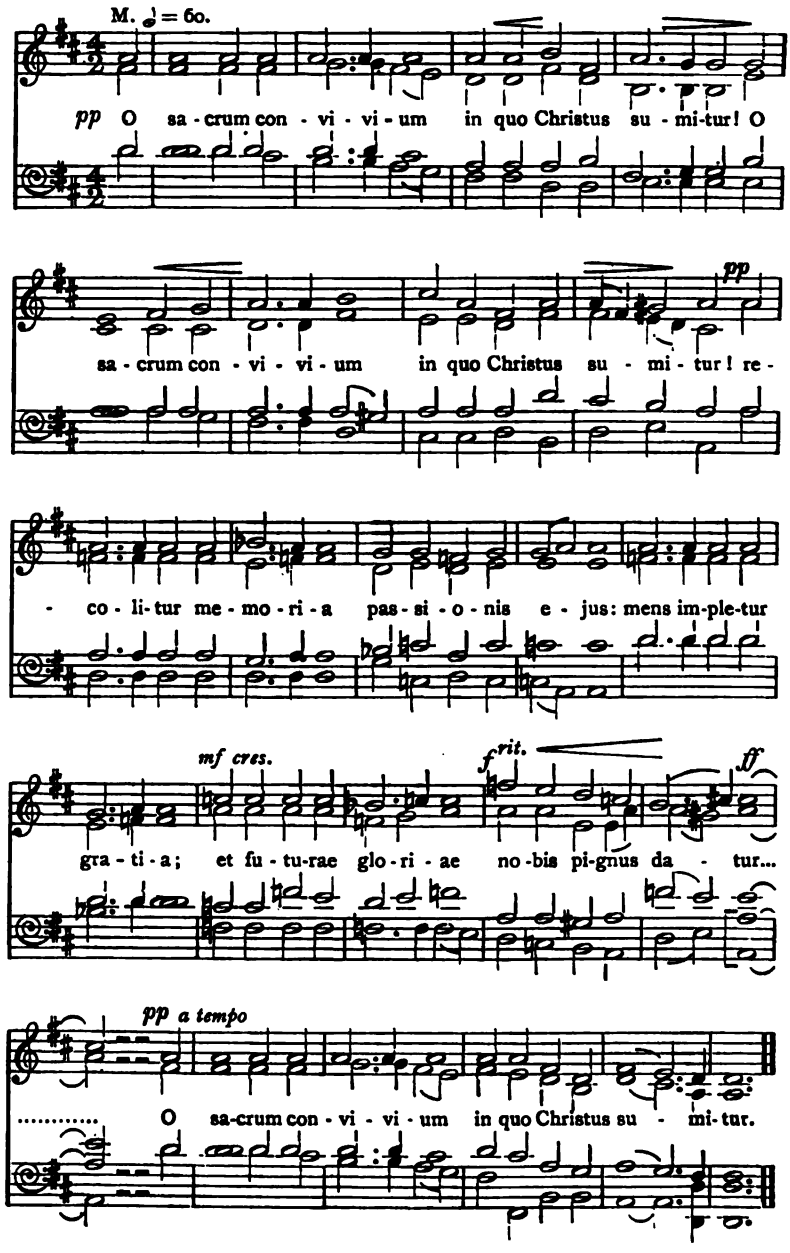
O SACRUM CONVIVIUM.



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FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩= 58. 8*ve lower.*

O sa - crum con - viv i - um in quo Christus su - mi - tur!

re - co - li - tur me - mo - ri - a pas - si - o - nis e - - jus

mens im - ple - tur gra - ti - a; et fu - tu - rae

glo - - ri - ae no - bis pi - gnus da - - tur.

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115. O ESCA VIATORUM.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 50. *(First Tune.)*

1. O e - sca vi - a - to rum, O pa - nis

an - ge - lo - - rum, O man - na coe - li - tum! E -

- su - ri - en - tes ci - - ba, Dul - ce - di -

- ne non pri - va Cor - da quae - ren - ti - um. A - men.

FOR MALE VOICES.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 88. *8ve lower.* *(Second Tune.)*

1. O e - sca vi - a - to - rum, O pa - nis an - ge -

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- lo - rum, O man - na coe - - - - - -

- - - - li - tum! E - su - ri - en - tes ci - ba, Dul -

- ce - di - ne non pri - va Cor - da quae - ren -

- - - - - - - - - - - ti - um. A - men.

2.

O lympha, fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis!
Te sitientes pota,
Haec sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis.

3.

O Jesu, Tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie:
Fac, ut remoto velo,
Post libera in coelo
Cernamus acie! Amen.

[*First Tune.—St. Gall, 1863.*]
[*Second Tune.—Schweitzer.*]

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115, 116. O ESCA VIATORUM.

M. ♩ = 80. *(Third Tune.)*

1. O e - sca vi - a - to - rum, O pa - nis an - ge - lo - rum, O man-na coe - li - tum! E - su - ri - en - tes ci - ba, Dul - ce - di - ne non pri - va Cor - da quae - ren - ti - - - um, Cor - da quae-ren - ti - um.

1. O Food of way-worn ex - iles, O Bread of all the An-gels, O Man-na of the Blest! Come down to us that hun-ger, And do not hide Thy sweetness From hearts that tru - ly seek, From hearts that tru - ly seek. A - - men.

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2.

O lympha, fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis!
Te sitientes pota,
Haec sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis,
His una sufficis.

3.

O Jesu, Tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie:
Fac, ut remoto velo,
Post libera in coelo
Cernamus acie!
Cernamus acie! Amen.

2.

O Love's unfailing well-spring
That from the Heart of Jesus
Dost pour thy shining flood!
Refresh our thirsty spirit
And drown all baser longing,
Thyself be all in all,
Thyself be all in all.

3.

Thy blessed Face, O Jesu,
That even now we worship
Beneath the Bread's disguise;
May we at last in Heaven
Behold unveiled for ever
With free, enraptured eyes,
With free, enraptured eyes. Amen.

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117. POST MISSAM.

1. The hour of grace sublime
   Hath told its holy chime:
   The stainless Sacrifice,
   Our souls' surpassing price
The Son of God hath paid for us upon the altar-stone,
And gifts descend, and perfect praise arises to the Throne.
A Lamb is ours that ne'er was known in Zion's wondrous fane
Throughout the New Jerusalem He standeth as though slain!

2. 'Tis no remembrance pale,
   'Tis more than Truth's own tale
   Of one dread Parasceve,—
   One sunless Sabbath-Eve:—
It is the great God's Master-Deed, exhaustless and complete,
That day on day doth manifest and night to night repeat.
What though the deathless dawn delay, our gloom shall not increase;—
'Tis glad with rosy afterglow of Calvary's arduous peace.

3. O foaming floods of song!
   O silver-vested throng
   That bade the morning smile
   On Patmos' lonely isle,
Let this poor praise with yours conspire to reach the Incarnate Son,
For by His Blood are Heaven and earth, and Peace and Justice one,
And He deserves that creatures all shall wonder and adore
Who endlessly doth die for us yet liveth evermore!

118. OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR.

1. In Paschal feast, the end of ancient rite,
   An entrance was to never-ending grace;
Types to the truth, dim glimpses to the light;
   Performing deed presaging signs did chase:
Christ's final meal was fountain of our good,
For mortal meat He gave immortal food.

2. That which He gave, He was: O peerless gift!
   Both God and Man He was, and both He gave.
He in His Hands Himself did truly lift,
   Far off they see Whom in themselves they have;
Twelve did He feed, twelve did their feeder eat,
He made, He dress'd, He gave, He was their Meat.

3. They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near,
   Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him receiv'd;
No diverse thing, though diverse it appear,
   Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceiv'd;
And if the wonder of the work be new,
Believe the work because His Word is true.

4. The God of hosts in slender Host doth dwell,
   Yea, God and Man with all to either due,
That God that rules the Heavens and rifled hell,
   That Man Whose Death did us to life renew:
That God and Man that is the Angels' bliss,
In form of Bread and Wine our nurture is.

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ADORO TE DEVOTE.

(First Tune.)

1. A - do - ro Te de - vo - - te, la - tens

De - i - tas, Quae sub his fi - gu - - ris

ve - re la - ti - tas: Ti - bi se..... cor

me - um to - tum sub - ji - cit, Qu - ia Te con -

- tem - plans to - tum de - fi - cit. A - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Ad - o - ro te de - vo - te, la - tens De - i - tas,

Quae sub his fi - gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas:

Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji - cit.

Qui - a te con - tem - plans to - tum de - fi - cit. A - men.

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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 latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul & humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro paenitens.

4.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor:
Deum tamen meum te confiteor:
Fac me tibi semper magis credere.
In te spem habere, te diligere.

5.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te ille semper dulce sapere.

6.

Pie pellicane Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

7.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc adspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio:
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae. Amen.

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M. ♩ = 88. *(Third Tune.)*

1. A - do - ro Te de - vo - te, la - tens De - i - tas, Quae sub his fi -

- gu - ris ve - re la - ti - tas: Ti - bi se cor me - um to - tum sub - ji - cit.

Qui - a Te con - templans to - tum de - fi - cit. A - men.

2.

Visus, gustus, tactus in Te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo, tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei filius:
Nil hoc veritatis verbo verius.

3.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas;
At hic latet simul, et humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens, atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

4.

Plagas sicut Thomas non intueor,
Deum tamen meum Te confiteor:
Fac me Tibi semper magis credere,
In Te spem habere, Te diligere.

5.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de Te vivere,
Et Te illi semper dulce sapere.

6.

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda Tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

7.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut Te revelata cernens facie
Visu sim beatus Tuae gloriae?
Amen.

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1.

O hidden God, devoutly unto Thee
Bends my adoring knee.
With lowly semblances from sight concealed,
To faith alone revealed.
Fain would my heart transpierce the mystery,
But fails and faints away and yields itself to Thee.

2.

Vision and taste and touch forsake us here,
Nor tell us Thou art near.
The ear alone we safely trust, and turn
In faith from Thee to learn.
What God's own Son hath spoken is my creed:
No truer word than His, Who is the Truth indeed.

3.

When to the Cross Thy sacred limbs were nailed,
Only the God was veiled;
But on the altar here Thy Manhood too
Lies hidden from our view.
Both I believe, though neither can I see,
And with the dying thief I cry, "Remember me."

4.

I cannot see those Wounds now glorified
In Hands and Feet and Side;
Yet upon Thee, with Thomas, do I call;
My Lord, my God, my All.
Increase my faith, fix all my hopes on Thee,
And bind my heart to Thine in deathless charity.

5.

O dear memorial of the death of Christ
For sinners sacrificed,
O Bread that art alive and givest life
In this our mortal strife,
Grant that my soul may live upon this food
And find in Thee its sweetest, sole abiding good.

6.

For me, dear Pelican, Thy Bosom bled,
For me Thy Blood was shed.
Stained and polluted though my life has been,
That Blood can make me clean—
That Blood whereof one precious drop could win
Abundant pardon for a thousand worlds of sin.

7.

O Jesu, Whom by faith now I descry
Shrouded from mortal eye;
When wilt Thou slake the thirsting of my heart
To see Thee as Thou art,
Face unto Face in all Thy glad array.
'Tranced with the glory of that everlasting day?
Amen.

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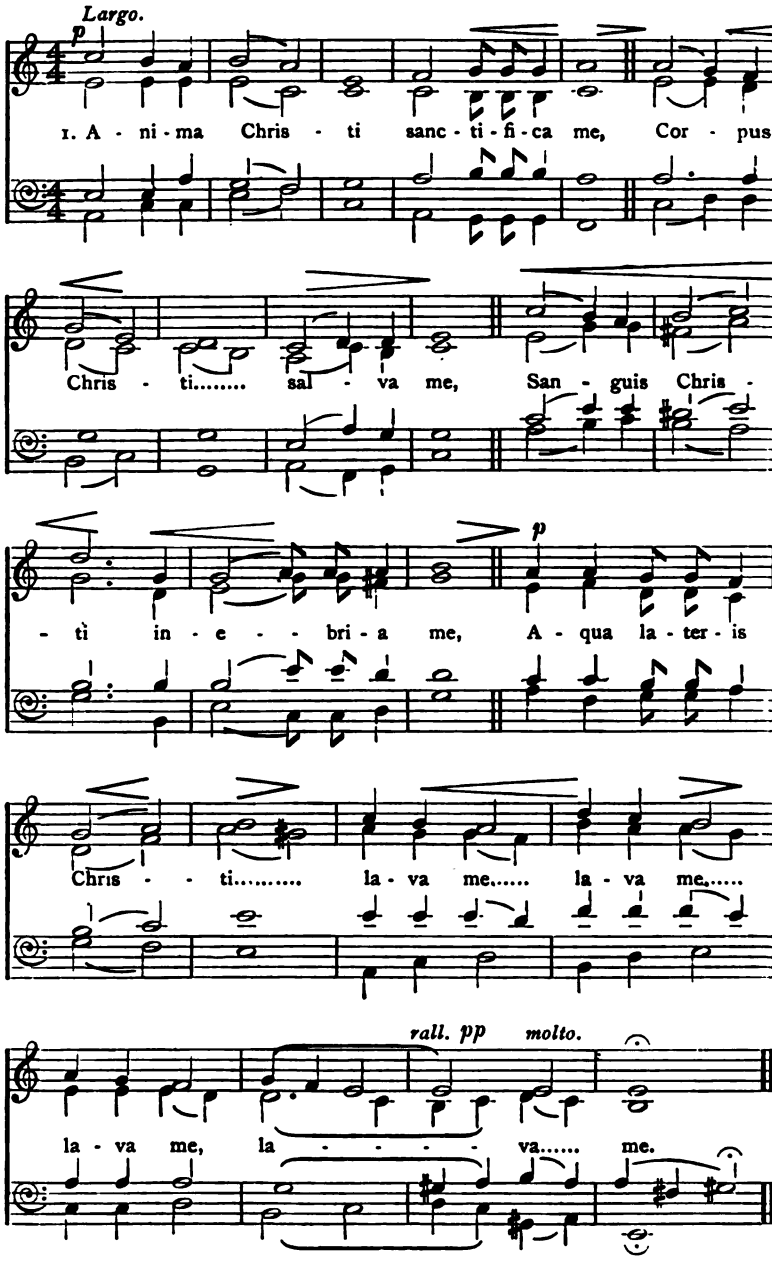

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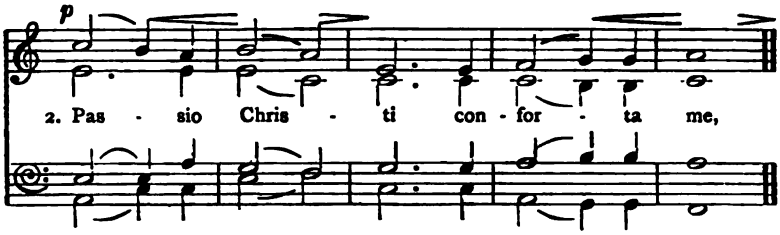

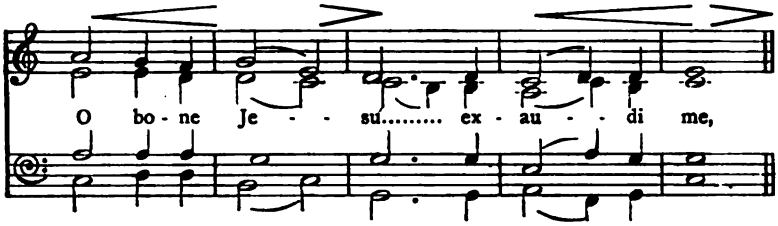

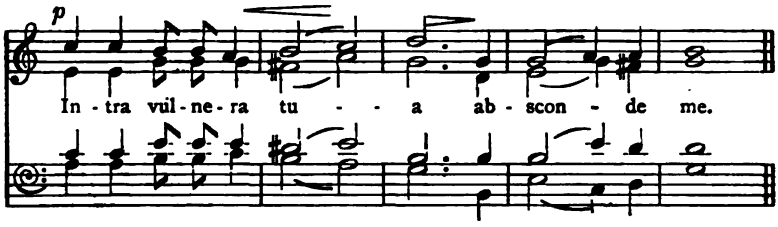

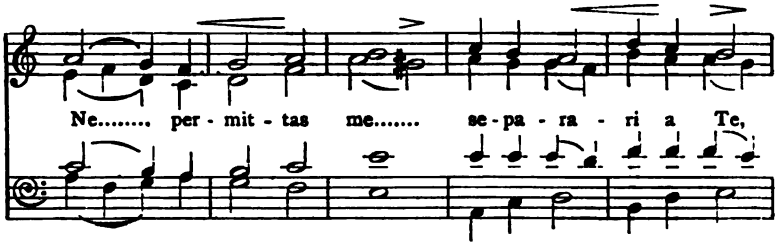

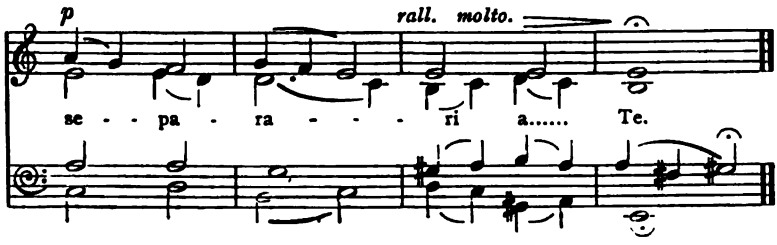

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f

3. Ab hos - te ma - lig no de - fen - de me,

p *pp*

In ho - ra mor - tis me - ae vo - ca me,

Et..... ju - be me ve - ni - re ad Te,

mf

Ut cum San-ctis tu - - is..... lau-dem Te, lau-dem Te, In

rall. *pp molto.*

sae - cu - la sae - cu - lo - rum. A - men.....

[*W. A. Aikin*]

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AN ARDENT PRAYER FOR UNION WITH JESUS CHRIST IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

122.

M. ♪ = 84.

1. Soul of my Sa - viour, sanc - ti - fy my breast,
Bo - dy of Christ, be Thou my sav - ing guest;
Blood of my Sa - viour, bathe me in Thy tide,
Wash me, ye wa - ters, streaming from His Side! A - men.

2.

Strength and protection may His Passion be,
O blessèd Jesus, hear and answer me:
Deep in Thy Wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from Thee.

3.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign!
In death's drear moments make me only Thine!
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high!
Where I may praise Thee with Thy saints for aye. Amen.

[*Translation of the "Anima Christi sanctifica me."*]

["*Anima Christi*," *by the Rev. William J. Maher, S.J.*]

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123, 124. PECCATA NOSTRA LAVA.

M. ♩ = 69. *(First Tune.)*

1. Pec - ca - ta no - stra la - - va cru -
1. O wash our sins a way,..... Lord, in

- o - ris flu - - mi - ne, Men - tes - que re - ple
Thy Blood's migh - ty stream, And by the light of

cae - cas coe - le - sti lu - - mi - ne.
Hea - ven make dark - en'd souls..... to see.

Per - pe - tu - um a - mo - rem in - fun - de
Pour out Thy love un - dy - ing up - on our

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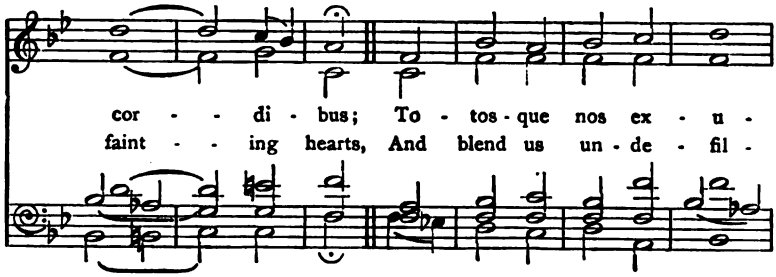

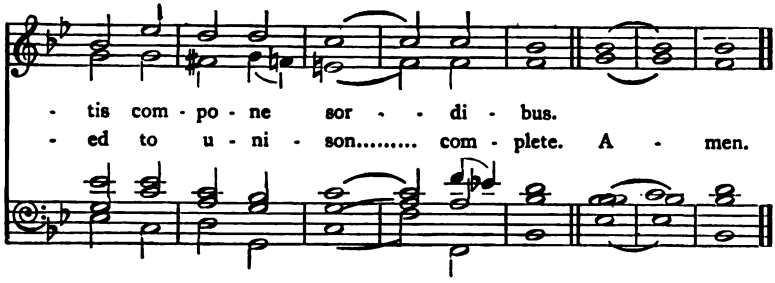

2.

Novisse Te fateris quid sit in homine,
At quantum nos amasti O Jesu Domine!
Inde sperare Tua audemus atria,
Et plurimam quietem in nova patria.
Amen.

2.

Too well, O Lord, Thou knowest what is in sinful man,
But better still Thou lovest, O Jesu, Saviour-God!
And this is why we venture to seek Thy shining courts,
And look to rest unending in our True Fatherland.
Amen.

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For Four Male Voices.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *8ve lower.*

1. Pec - ca - ta no - stra la - - va Cru - o - ris flu - mi - ne,
2. No - vis - se Te fa - te - - ris Quid sit in ho - mi - ne,

Men - tes - que re - ple cae - cas Coe - le - sti lu - - mi - ne.
At quan-tum nos a - ma - sti O Je - su Do - - mi - ne!

Per - pe - tu - um a - mo - rem In - fun - de cor - - di - bus;
In - de spe - ra - re Tu - a Au - de - mus a - - tri - a,

To - tosque nos ex - u - tis Com - po - ne sor - - di - bus.
Et plu-rimam qui - et - em In no - va pa - - tri - a. A-men.

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(Second Tune.) FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩ = 69. 8*ve lower.*

1. Pec - ca - ta no - stra la - va cru - o - ris flu - mi - ne, Men - tes - que
1. Oh wash our sins a - way, Lord, in Thy Blood's mighty stream, And by the

re - ple cae - cas coe - le - sti lu - mi - ne. Per - pe - tu -
light of Hea - ven make dark-en'd souls to see. Pour out Thy

- um a - mo - rem in - fun - de cor - di - bus; To - tos - que
love un - dy - ing up - on our faint - ing hearts, And blend us

rit.

nos ex - u - tis com - po - ne sor - di - bus.....
un - de - fil - ed to u - ni - son com - plete..... A - men.

2. Novisse Te fateris quid sit in homine,
At quantum nos amasti O Jesu Domine!
Inde sperare Tua audemus atria,
Et plurimam quietem in nova patria. Amen.

2. Too well, O Lord, Thou knowest what is in sinful man,
But better still Thou lovest, O Jesu, Saviour-God!
And this is why we venture to seek Thy shining courts,
And look to rest unending in our True Fatherland. Amen.

[*Father Latty, S.J., translation by Father John O'Connor.*]

[*Harmonised by Ch. Rinck.*]

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125. CORPUS CHRISTI.

M. ♩ = 69. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - sus! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I love Thee

as I ought? And how re - vere this won-drous gift,

So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought? Sweet Sa - cra -

- ment! we Thee a - dore! Oh make us love Thee more and more!

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)* *Unison.*

1. Je-sus! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I love Thee

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as..... I ought?..... And how re - vere this won - drous

gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought? Sweet Sacra-ment!

we Thee a - dore!..... Oh make us love Thee more and more!

2.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King!
Oh with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

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.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

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!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

5.

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!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—"Corpus Christi," by Amherst Webber, composed at Derwent, October, 1893.*]

[*Second Tune by George Herbert.*]

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M. ♩ = 66.

Voices.

Organ

1. Ring joy - ous - ly, ye so-lemn bells! And wave, oh wave, ye

cen - sers bright! 'Tis Je - sus com-eth, Ma - ry's Son, And

God of God, and Light of Light! Sweet Sa - cra-ment! we

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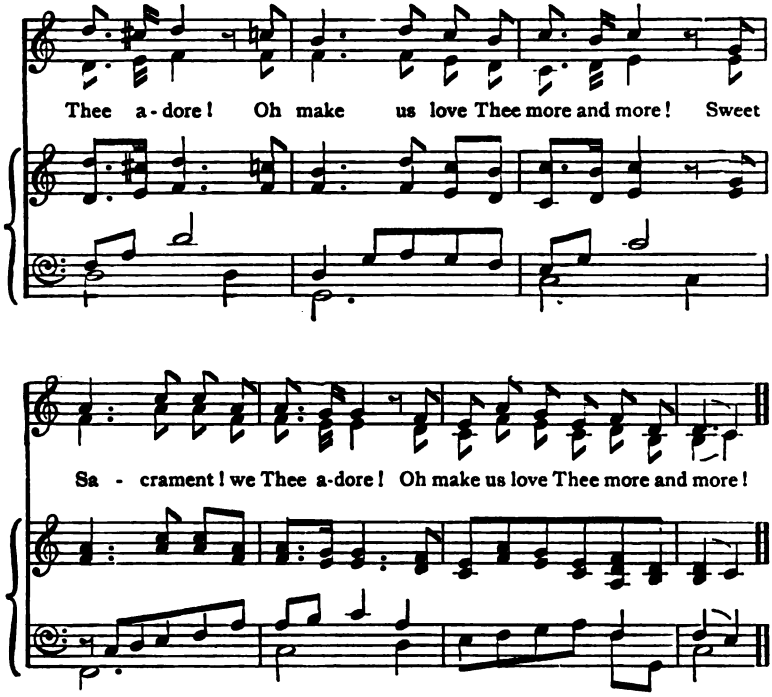

2.

O earth! grow flowers beneath His Feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes! He comes! O Heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

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.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

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!
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"The Precious Blood," an Italian Hymn Melody, adapted.*]

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127. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

M. ♩ = 66.

1. With all the powers my poor soul hath Of hum-ble love and loy-al faith; Thus low, my God, I bow to Thee, Whom too much love bowed lower for me. A-men.

2.

Down, down, proud sense, discourses die,
And all adore faith's mystery!
Faith is my skill, faith can believe
As fast as love new laws can give.

3.

Faith is my force, faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerful words:
And words more sure, more sweet than they,
Love could not think, truth could not say.

4.

O dear memorial of that Death,
Which still survives, and gives us breath!
Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
My food, my joy, my all to me.

5.

Come, glorious Lord! my hopes increase,
And fill my portion in Thy peace:
Come hidden Life, and that long day
For which I languish, come away.

6.

When this dry soul those Eyes shall see,
And drink the unsealèd source of Thee;
When glory's Sun, faith's shade shall chase,
Then for Thy veil, give me Thy Face! Amen.

[Adaptation, made in 1688, of portions of R. Crashaw's translation of the "Adoro Te devote."]

[Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody. Adapted by Nicholas Gatty.]

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128. PRAYER TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. O Je - su Christ, re - mem - ber, When Thou shalt come a - gain,

Up - on the clouds of Hea - ven, With all Thy shin - ing train;

When ev - 'ry eye shall see Thee In De - i - ty re - veal'd,

Who now up - on this al - tar In si - lence art con - ceal'd;— A - men.

2.

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

3.

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

[*Edward Caswell, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*F. d'Evry.*]

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M. ♩ = 88.

1. Soul of Je - sus,—once for me,..... Of - fer'd on the
2. Blood of Je - sus,—crim - son sea!..... Glo - rious as e -

shame - ful tree;..... Heal, and make me by that cure.....
- ter - ni - ty!..... Fa - thom - less— a - lone— sub - lime,.....

Pure as Thou Thy - self art pure;..... Thou of life the
Bound - less Bath of hu - man crime:.... Me the le - per

Foun - tain fair, Draw me in,..... and keep me there.
vile and mean, Plunge me there,.. and make me clean.

3.

Water,—from that sacred Side
Of a God, Who bled and died,—
Blending with the purple Gore
When His Agony was o'er;
Flow in mercy, full and free,
Flow for sinners, flow for me.

4.

Holy Jesus!—let me be
Never separate from Thee:
From the malice of the foe
Ward me in the vale of woe:
Let me, yielding up my breath,
Find a Paradise in death!

[*Translation—Matthew Bridges.*]

[*Harmonised by S. P. Waddington.*]

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130. COR JESU, COR PURISSIMUM.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Cor Je - su, Cor pu - ris - si - mum, O a - ra san - cti - - - ta - tis! Cor me - um pur - ga sor - di - dum, In - fe - ctum tot pec - ca - tis. A - men.

2.
Cor mite, Cor humillimum,
Cor plenum bonitatis!
Cor Tuo da simillimum,
Da ignem caritatis.

3.
Sed quid? si vel seraphico
Amore cor flagraret,
Non tamen hoc incendio,
Non satis Te amaret.

4.
Ut ergo Te diligere,
Cor Jesu, possim satis,
Immensum da, quo amas me,
Ardorem caritatis.

5.
Hoc, hoc amoris iaculo
Cor meum accendatur
Et sacro hoc incendio
In cineres solvatur.

6.
O mors exoptatissima,
Sic mori vi amoris!
Amoris sit cor victima
Pro Corde Redemptoris. Amen.

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131. O HEART OF JESUS, PUREST HEART.

M. ♩ = 72

1. O Heart of Je - sus, pu - rest Heart, Al - tar of ho - li - ness Thou art! Cleanse Thou my heart, so sor - did, cold, And stained by sins so man - i - fold. A - men.

2.

Most humble Heart of all that beat,
Heart full of goodness, meek and sweet!
Give me a heart more like to Thine,
And light the flame of love in mine.

3.

But, ah, were e'en my heart on fire
With all the Seraphim's desire.
Till love a conflagration proved.
Not yet wouldst Thou enough be loved.

4.

That therefore Thou mayst worthily
Be loved, O loving Lord, by me,
That love which in Thy Heart doth burn
Give me to love Thee in return.

5.

O death, I long with yearnings high,
Thus from love's violence to die!
Ah, may my heart love's victim prove
For the Redeemer's Heart of love.
Amen.

[*Translation of "Cor Jesu, Cor purissimum," by Father M. Russell, S.J.*] [*German.*]

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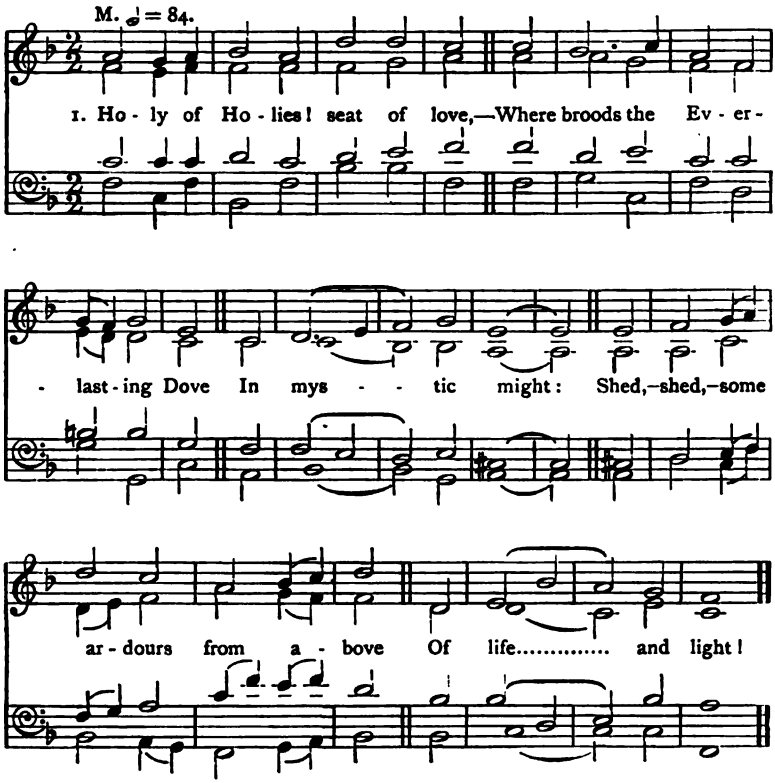
132. THE HEART OF JESUS.



2.

Ark of compassion! on Whose Throne
Pure Pity listen'd to the moan
Of sinful man,—
Nor said, The fault was all his own,—
But downward ran!

3.

Chamber of Sweetness! whose perfume
In Heaven makes Paradise to bloom
O'er plain and hill,—
And through this vale of tears and gloom
Smells sweeter still!

4.

Altar of Patience! wreath'd with thorns,
Where foolish Nature meanly scorns
To bow the knee,—
Dear be the crimson that adorns
Thine Agony!

5.

Home for the Soul! Let those opprest
Here find their haven of true rest
When storms increase,—
Safe in the centre of that Breast
Where all is Peace!

6.

Dear Heart of Jesus! deep profound—
Prostrate upon the sacred ground
In holy prayer,—
Saviour! wherever Thou art found
Let me be there!

[*M. Fridgs.*] [*S. P. Waddington.*]

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133. THE SACRED HEART.

M. ♩ = 80.

1. To Je - sus' Heart all burn - ing With fer - vent love for men,

My heart with fond - est yearn - ing Shall raise its joy - ful strain.

While a - ges course a - long, Blest be with loud - est song,

The Sa - cred Heart of Je - sus, By ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

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2.

O Heart for sinners riven
By sheer excess of love,
The spear through Thee was driven,
'Twas sin of mine that drove.

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

3.

Too true I have forsaken
Thy hearth by wilful sin;
Yet let me now be taken
Back to my home again.

While ages course along, &c.

4.

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

While ages course along, &c.

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134. THE SACRED HEART.

M. ♩ = 63. *(First Tune.)*

1. O ten - der Heart, strong ark which doth en - shrine The whole sweet law that rules the heart of man; No lon-ger held as slaves beneath a ban, Grate - ful and free we live by Love Di - vine.

M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O ten-der Heart, strong ark which doth en - shrine The whole sweet law that rules the heart of man; No lon - ger held as

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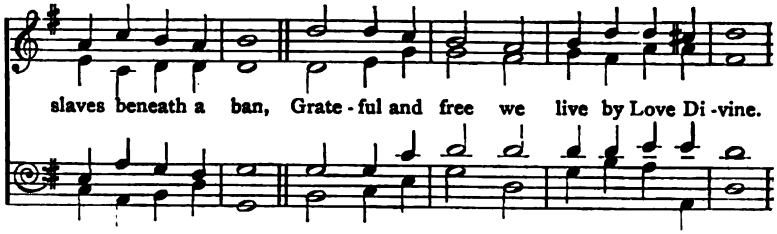

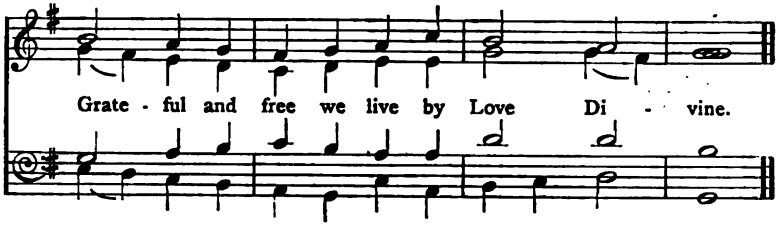

2.

O Heart, O sanctuary undefiled,
  Of that new law of love unto us given;
  O veil more precious than of old was riven;
O temple holier than the ancients piled.

3.

Under love's symbol, sweet to us and dread,
  Mystic and human woes hath Christ endured—
  Our Priest Whose sacrifice our heaven secured,
Offering His Blood and Flesh as wine and bread.

4.

What living heart is there that will not come
  At His redeeming call, that doth not sigh
  To give Him love for love, and will not fly
Into His Heart, our everlasting Home?

[*Translation of the "Cor arca legem continens," by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland.)*]

[*First Tune.—"The Sacred Heart," by John St. Oswald Dykes*
Second Tune.—Melody from Claude Goudimel's Psalter, 1580, arranged by S. P. Waddington.]

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135. JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

M. ♩ = 96. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis

gau - di - a, Sed su - per mel et o - mni - a,

E - jus dul - cis prae - sen - ti - a. A - men.

M. ♩ = 72. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis

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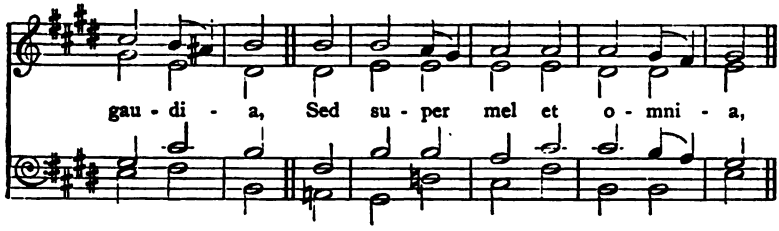
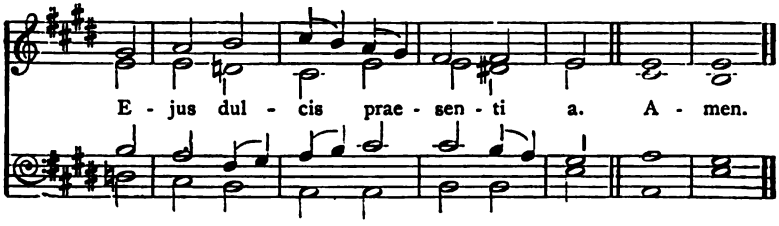
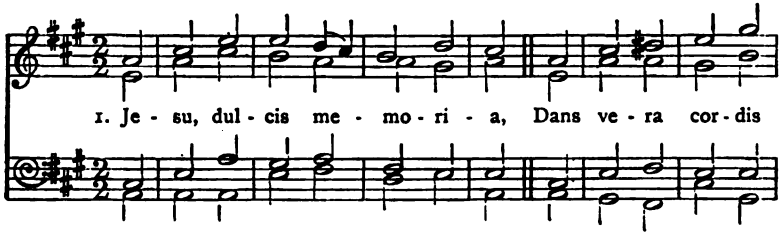
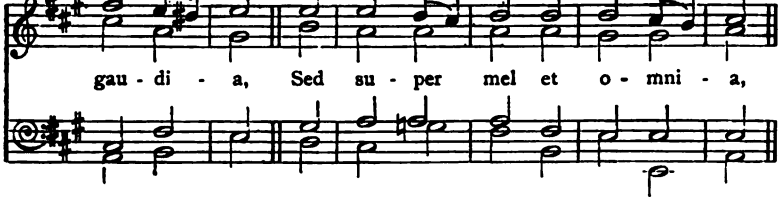
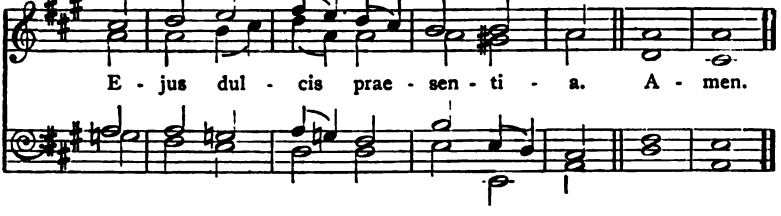




THE SAME FOR MALE VOICES.







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(Third Tune.) M. ♩ = 46.

dul - cis me - mo - - - - ri - a,

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans

cor-dis gau - - di - a,

ve - ra.... cor - dis gau - di - a, Sed su - per mel..... et

o - mni - a, E - jus dul - cis prae - sen - ti - a,

E - jus dul - cis..... prae - sen - ti - a. A - men.

[*Third Tune.—Chorale. harmonized by J. S. Bach.*]

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Dans ve - ra cor - dis gau - di -

o - mni - a,..... E -

- a, Sed su - per mel et o - mni - a, E - jus dul - cis prae -

- jus dul - cis prae - sen - ti - a, E - jus

- sen - ti - a, E - jus dul - cis prae - sen - ti - a. A - men.

E - jus dul - cis prae - sen - - ti - a.

M. ♩ = 66. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. Je - su,.....

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - ri - a, Je - su, dul - cis me -

1. Je - su,.....

1. Je - su,

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Dans ve - ra

- mo - ri - a,..... Dans ve - - ra cor - dis gau - di - a,

Dans ve - ra

prae- sen -

Sed su - per mel et o - mni - a, E - jus dul - cis prae- sen -

E - jus dul -

- - ti - a, E - jus

- - - ti - a, E- jus dul - cis prae-sen - ti - a, Sed su-per mel et

- cis prae-sen-ti - a,

E - jus

E - jus dul - cis prae-sen - ti - a.

o - mni-a, E - jus dul- cis prae - sen - ti - a. A - men.

E - jus dul - cis prae-sen - ti - a.

E - jus

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M. ♩ = 66. *(Sixth Tune.)*

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - - mo - - ri - a, Dans

1. Je - - su, dul - cis me - mo - - ri - a,

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - mo - - - - - - ri - a,

1. Je - su, dul - cis me - - - - mo - ri - a, Dans

ve - - ra, ve - - - - ra cor - - - - dis

Dans..... ve - ra cor - - - - dis gau -

Dans ve - - - - - ra cor - - - - dis

ve - - ra cor - - - - dis gau - - - - di -

gau - - - - - - di - a, gau - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - di - a, gau - - - - -

gau - - - - - - di - a cor - - - - - dis

- a, ve - - - ra cor - dis gau -

- - di - a, Sed super mel et o - - - -

- - di - a,..... Sed su - per mel et o - - - -

gau - di - a, Sed su - - per mel et..... o - - - -

- - di - a, Sed su-per mel et o - mni - - -

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- - mni - a, su - per mel et o - mni -

- - mni - a, su - - per mel et o - - mni -

- - mni - a, su - per..... mel et..... o - - mni -

- - a, et o - - mni -

- a, E - jus dul - cis prae - sen - - - ti -

- a, E - - jus dul - cis prae - sen - - ti -

- a, E - jus dul - cis prae -

- a,

- a, dul - cis pre - sen - ti - a. A - - - men.

- a,

- sen - - - ti - a.

2.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

3.

Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?

4.

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litera exprimere:
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

5.

Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem ejus poscite:
Jesum ardenter quaerite,
Quaerendo inardescite.

6.

Sis Jesu nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium:
Sit nostra in Te gloria,
Per cuncta semper saecula. Amen.

[*Sixth Tune.—F. L. de Victoria, 1540—1605.*]

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136. THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

M. ♩ = 69. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - su! the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;

But sweet - er far Thy Face to see, And in Thy pre - sence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find,

A sweet-er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sa - viour of man - kind!

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - su! the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills my

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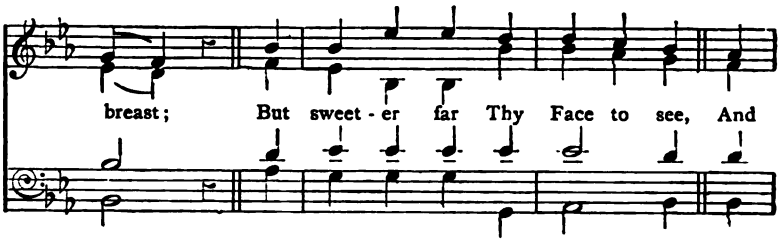

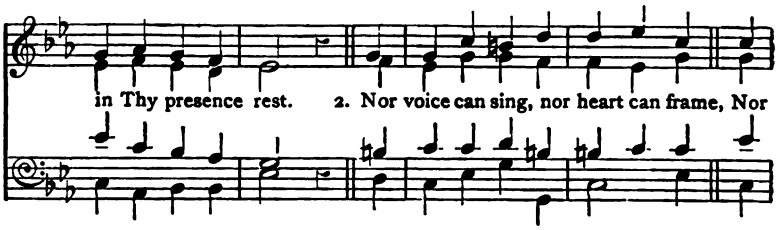

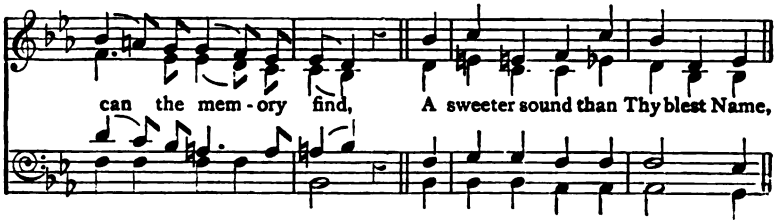

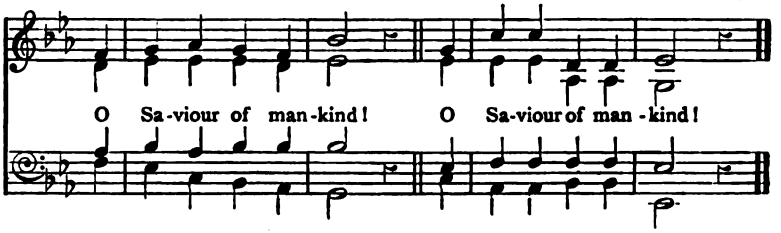

3.

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

4.

But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

5.

May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

6.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

[*St. Bernard, translated by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune,—"St. Bernard," by Walter Austin.*
Second Tune.—"The Holy Name," by Johan Michael Haydn.]

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137. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

M. ♩= 76.

I met the good Shep-herd But now on the plain,
As homeward He car-ried His lost one a - gain.
I mar-vell'd how gent-ly His bur-den He bore;
And, as He passed by me, I knelt to a - dore.

2. O Shepherd, good Shepherd, Thy Wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee, in saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed;
And what is this rent they have made in Thy Side?

3. Ah, me! how the thorns have entangled Thy Hair,
And cruelly riven that Forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath!
And, lo, on Thy Face is the shadow of death!

4. O Shepherd, good Shepherd! and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn!

[*Edward Caswell, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri*]

[*Composer unknown to the Editors.*]

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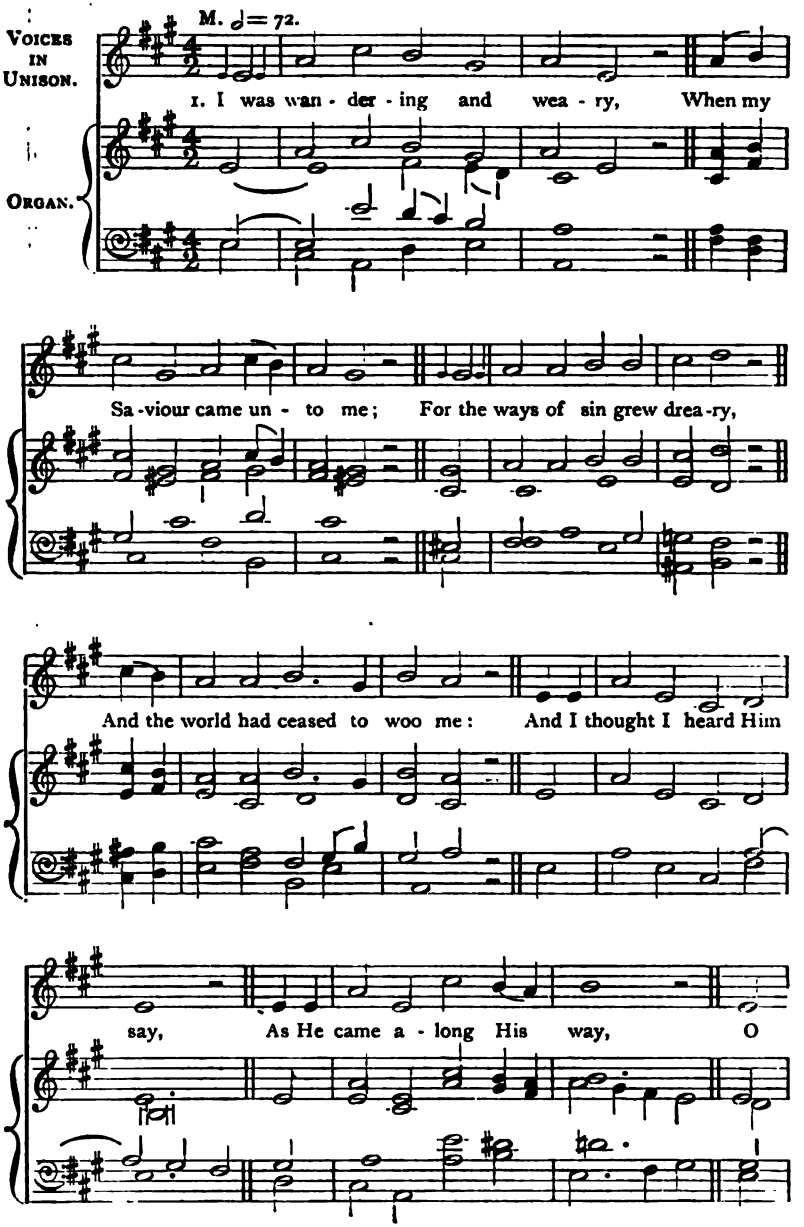
138. THE TRUE SHEPHERD.



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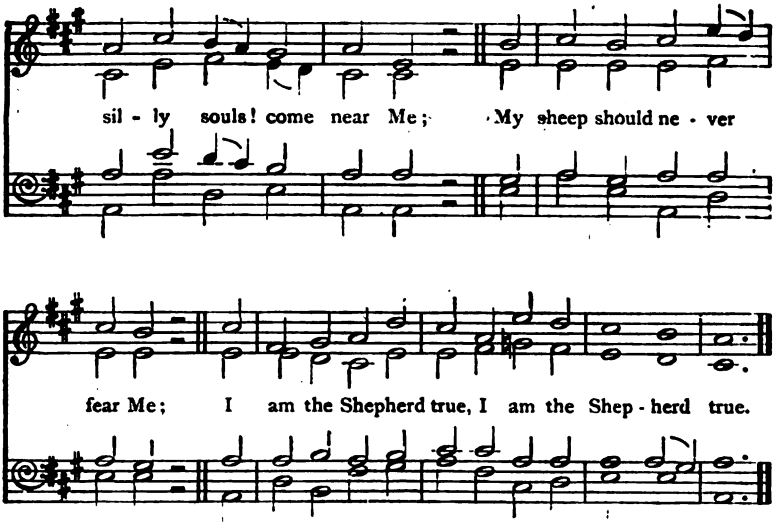

2.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

3.

At last I stopped to listen,
His Voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind Eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

4.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Adaptation of a Catholic Hymn Melody, by S. P. Waddington.*]

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139. ECCE AGNUS DEI.

M. ♩. = 48.

1. Be - hold the Lamb! Oh! Thou for sin - ners slain,—

Let it not be..... in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my

Sa - viour let me take,— Thee, Thee a - lone my

re - fuge make,— Thy pier - ced side!.....

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2.

Behold the Lamb!
Into the sacred flood,—
Of Thy most Precious Blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me through life's changeful scene,
Till all be past!

3.

Behold the Lamb!
Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs,—hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The Victim, veil'd on earth, in love,—
Unveil'd,—enthron'd,—ador'd above,
All Heaven admires!

4.

Behold the Lamb!
Drop down, ye glorious skies,—
He dies,—He dies,—He dies,—
For man once lost!
Yet lo! He lives,—He lives,—He lives,—
And to His Church Himself He gives,—
Incarnate Host!

5.

Behold the Lamb!
Saints, wrapt in blissful rest,—
Souls,—waiting to be blest,—
Oh! Lord,—how long!
Thou Church on earth, o'erwhelm'd with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears,
Swell the full song.

6.

Behold the Lamb!
Worthy is He alone,—
Upon the iris-throne
Of God above!
One with the Ancient of all Days,—
One with the Paraclete in praise,—
All light,—all love!

[M. Bridges] (277) [Adapted from a French hymn melody.]

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140. JESUS IS GOD.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Je - sus is God! The so - lid..... earth, The

o - cean broad and bright, The count - less stars, like

gold - en dust, That strew the skies at night,

The wheel - ing storm, the dread - ful fire, The

plea - sant, whole-some air, The sum - mer's sun, the

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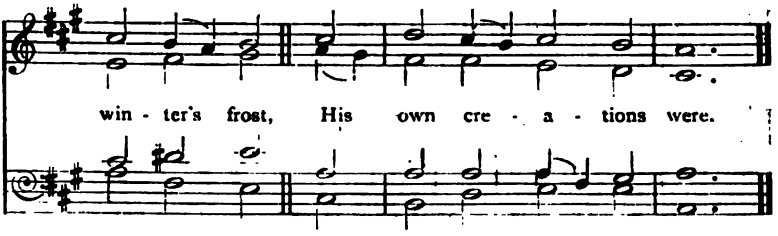

2.

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! If on the earth
  This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
  More plentiful our praise.
We are not Angels, but we may
  Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
  And murmur what we feel.

4.

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

[Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.] [German.]

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141. SONG OF THE SERAPHS.

Apocal. xix., 12.

M. ♩=80.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His Throne: Hark

how the heavenly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A -

- wake, my soul,—and sing of Him Who died for thee; And

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all E - ter - ni - ty!

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2.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
  The God Incarnate born,—
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
  Which now His Brow adorn!
Fruit of the Mystic Rose
  As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root, whence Mercy ever flows,
  The Babe of Bethlehem!

3.

Crown Him the Lord of Love!
  Behold His Hands and Side,—
Rich Wounds, yet visible above
  In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky,
  Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
  At mysteries so bright!

4.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
  Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
  Absorb'd in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
  And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
  Their fragrance ever sweet.

5.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
  One with the Father known,—
And the Blest Spirit through Him given
  From yonder Triune Throne!
All hail! Redeemer,—Hail!
  For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
  Throughout eternity!

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M. ♩ = 88. *Voices in Unison.*

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, ... My

Voices in Harmony.

heart a - wak - ing cries; May Je - sus Christ . . . be praised.

Voices in Unison.

A - like at work and prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair;

Voices in Harmony.

May Je-sus Christ be praised, May Je - sus Christ . . be praised.

2.

The sacred minster bell.
It peals o'er hill and dell;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3.

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this th' eternal Song,
Through all the ages on;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

[*Translation from the German by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri.*]

[*"Thurnscoe St. Helen," by the Rev. H. Hastwood Sheppard.*]

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A DEVOUT PRAYER TO OUR BLESSED LORD.

143. M. ♩ = 72.

1. Je - su! My Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sa - viour,

when I call, Hear me, and from Thy dwel - ling place,

Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace: Je - su! my Lord, we

Thee a - dore, O make us love Thee more and more. A - men.

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2.

Jesu! too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu! my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

3.

Jesu! what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
Oh! far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesu! my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more.

4

Jesu! of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong,
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, sweet Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, we Thee adore,
O make us love Thee more and more. Amen

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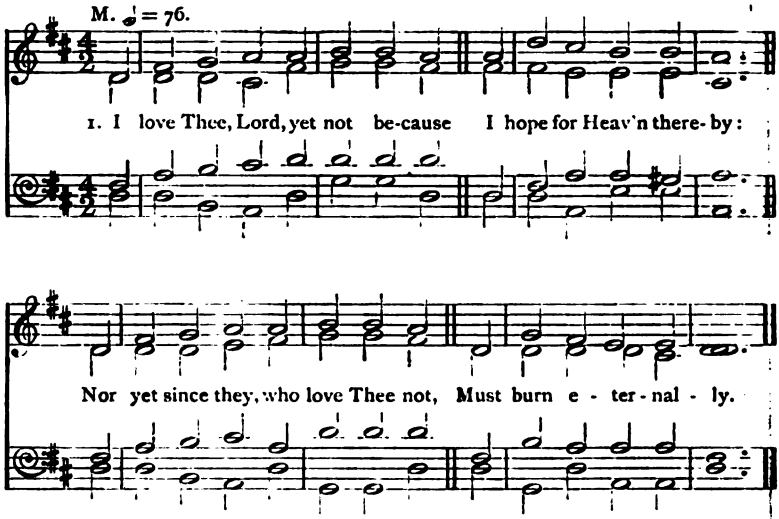
144. HYMN OF SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER.



2.

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

3.

And griefs and torments numberless,
  And sweat of Agony;
E'en death itself—and all for one
  Who was Thine enemy.

4.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ!
  Should I not love Thee well;
Not for the sake of winning Heav'n,
  Or of escaping Hell:

5.

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

6.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
  And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
  And my eternal King.

[Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.]

[Thomas Tallis.]

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I NOTHING FEAR, WITH JESUS AT MY SIDE.

145. M. ♩ = 96.

1. To win my heart with visions bright and fair, In vain the

world with all its craft has tried: Harm - less and weak its

dazzling weapons are— I no-thing fear, with Je - sus at my side,

I..... no - thing fear, with Je - sus at my side.

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2.

Come all ye proud ones of the earth, array
  Your gathering hosts around me far and wide;
My heart is calm amid the loud affray,
  I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

3.

Death has for me no fears, its bitter pains
  Shall never from my King my heart divide:
Faithful to Him till death my will remains;
  I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

4.

Jesus my Lord! my only hope and shield;
  No powers of ill before Thee can abide;
I trust in Thee upon the battle field,
  I nothing fear, with Jesus at my side.

[*Cardinal Manning.*] (287) [*Melody from Claude Goudimel's Psalter, 1580, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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146. THE SOUL GIVES HERSELF TO THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. O Love, Who form-edst me to wear The I - mage of Thy God-head here; Who sought-est me with ten - der care Thro' all my wan-d'rings wild and drear; O Love, I give my - self to Thee, Thine ev - er, on - ly Thine to be.

2.

O Love, Who, ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, &c.

3.

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, &c.

4.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
O Love, &c.

5.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, Who once above yon skies,
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, &c.

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147. THE SOUL AFFIANCES HERSELF TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

CHOIR. Verses 1 and 3.
M. ♩ = 76.

1. Now take my heart and all that is in me,
3. Be - hold, thro' all th' e - ter - nal a - ges, still

me ..... to Thee;
ho - - ly will;

My Lord be - lov'd, take it from me to Thee;
My heart shall choose and love Thy ho - ly will·

I would be Thine With soul and flesh of mine! Would
Wouldst Thou my death, I die to Thee in faith; Wouldst

or - der thought and word and deed As Thy most ho - ly will..... shall lead.
Thou that I should long-er live, To Thee the choice I whol - ly give.

[*Angelus, translated by C. Winkworth.*]

U

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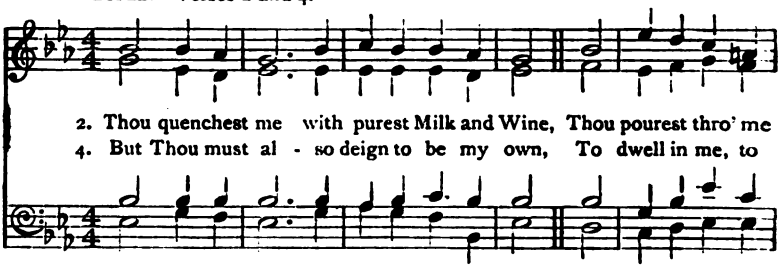
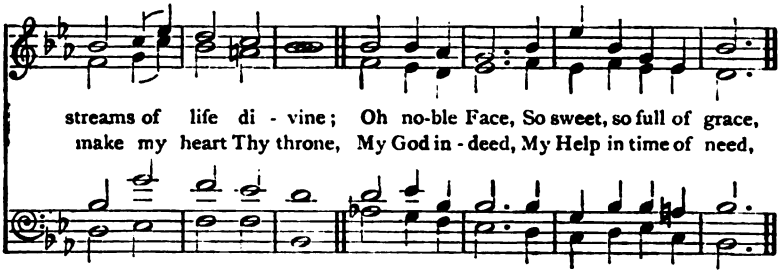
PEOPLE. Verses 2 and 4.





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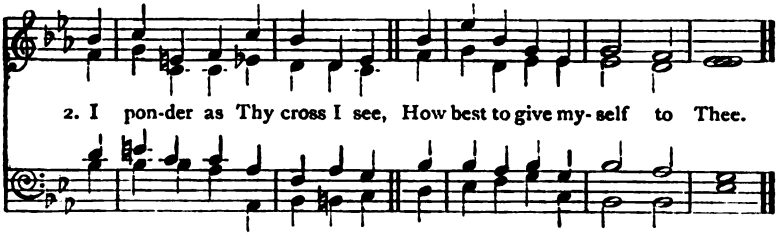

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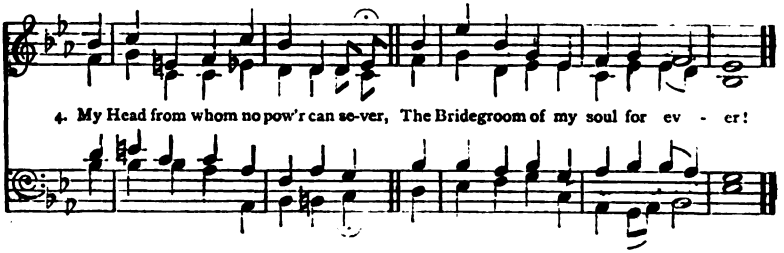

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148. THE TRUE LOVER.

M. ♩ = 56. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - su! none is like to Thee, God most high and

Man most ho - ly! Yet Thy Heart in - clin - eth whol - ly

Un - to sin - ners weak and low - - ly.

THE SAME FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. Je - su! none is like to Thee, God most high and

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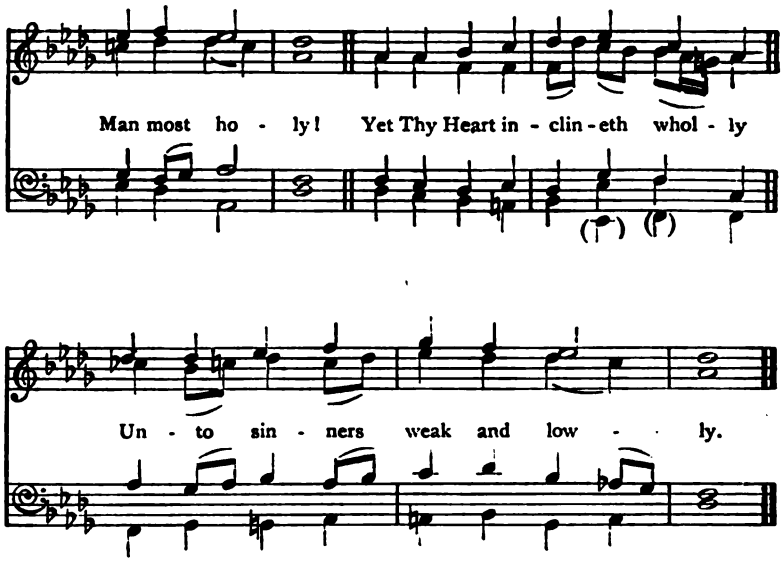

2.

None there be that love like Thee!
All my lovers would be fleeing
If with Thy clear Eyes all-seeing
They could look thro' all my being.

3.

None would pay for such as me
That great price Thou freely gavest:
Hell's deep hate Thou gladly bravedst:
Still Thou seekest me and savest.

4.

No one pardons as dost Thou:
If my rebel soul surrender,
Such is Thy forgiveness tender,
Thou, just Judge, art my defender.

5.

Now I know my own true God,
For He dwelleth very near me,
More and more doth He endear me;
He my Cup, and He shall cheer me.

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M. ♩ = 56. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - su! none is like to Thee, God most high and Man most ho - ly! Yet Thy Heart in - clin - eth whol - ly Un - to sin - ners weak and low - ly.

sin - ners

2. None there be that love like Thee!
All my lovers would be fleeing
If with Thy clear Eyes all-seeing
They could look through all my being.

3. None would pay for such as me
That great price Thou freely gavest:
Hell's deep hate Thou gladly bravedst:
Still Thou seekest me and savest.

4. No one pardons as dost Thou:
If my rebel soul surrender,
Such is Thy forgiveness tender,
Thou, just Judge, art my defender.

5. Now I know my own true God,
For He dwelleth very near me,
More and more doth He endear me;
He my Cup, and He shall cheer me.

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149. VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

(First Tune.)

1. Ve - ni, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men -

- tes Tu - o - rum vi - si - ta, Im - ple su - -

- - per - - na..... gra - ti - a, Quae Tu cre - -

- a - sti pe - cto - ra, A - - - - - men.

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M. ♩=84. *(Second Tune.)* FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

Ve - ni, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes Tu

- - o - rum vi - si - ta, Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a,

Quae Tu cre - a - sti pe - cto - ra. A - men.

2.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternae dexterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4.

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

5.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic Te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6.

Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

[*First Tune.—Plain Chant Melody.*
Second Tune.—Attributed to Thomas Tallis, 16th Century.]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Ve - ni, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men-tes Tu - o - rum

vi - si - ta, Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a,

vi - si - ta,

Quae Tu cre - a - sti pe - cto - ra. A - men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 92. *(Fourth Tunc.)*

1. Ve - ni, Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes Tu -

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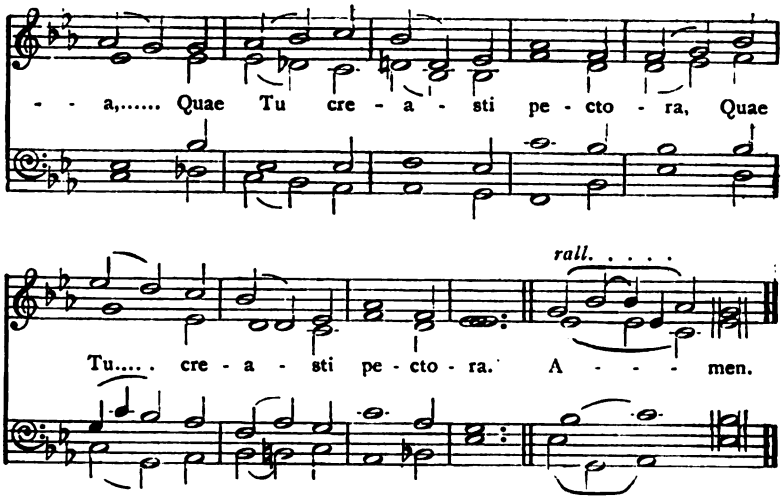

2.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternae dexterae,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4.

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

5.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic Te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6.

Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

[*Fifth Tune.—By Thomas Attwood.*]

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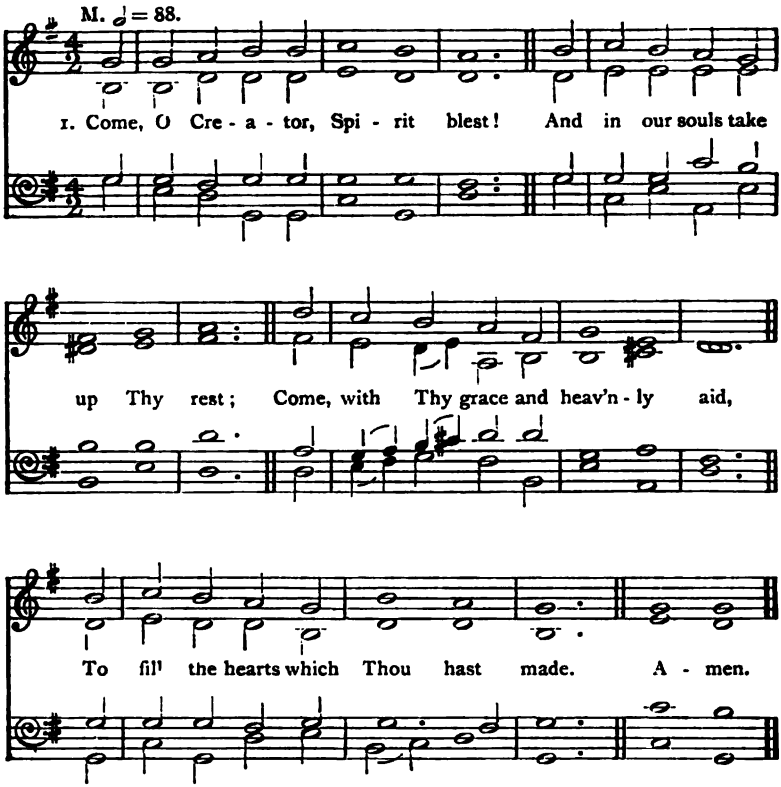
150. COME, O CREATOR, SPIRIT BLEST!



2.
Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
And solemn Unction from above!

3.
The sacred sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand Divine!
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4.
Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And, with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

5.
Far back our enemy repel,
And let Thy peace within us dwell,
So may we, having Thee for guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

6.
O may Thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of Each the Spirit blest.

7.
To God the Father praise be paid,
Praise to the Son Who from the dead
Arose, and perfect praise to Thee
O Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.

[*Translation by Father Caswall.*]

[*French.*]

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151, 152. VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

M. ♩ = 76. *(First Tune.)*

1. Ho- ly Spi - rit, come and shine On our souls with beams di -vine,

Is-suing from Thy ra - diance bright. Come, O Fa-ther of the poor,

Ev - er bounteous of Thy store, Come, our hearts un - fail - ing Light. A - men.

2.

Come, consoler, kindest, best,
Come, our bosom's dearest guest,
Sweet refreshment, sweet repose.
Rest in labour, coolness sweet,
Tempering the burning heat,
Truest comfort of our woes.

3.

O divinest Light, impart
Unto every faithful heart
Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.
But for Thy blest Deity,
Nothing pure in man could be;
Nothing harmless, nothing good.

4.

Wash away each sinful stain;
Gently shed Thy gracious rain
On the dry and fruitless soul.
Heal each wound and bend each will,
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
All our wayward steps control.

5.

Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign the seven-fold gift to send.
Grant us virtue's blest increase,
Grant a death of hope and peace,
Grant the joys that never end.
Amen.

[*Translation of the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," by the Very Rev. Prior Aylward.*]

[*S. Webbe.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *(Second Tune).*

1. Ve - ni, San - cte Spi - ri - tus, Et e - mit - te
1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, come and shine On our souls with

coe - li - tus Lu - cis Tu - ae ra - di - um.
beams di - vine, Is - suing from Thy ra - diance bright.

2. Ve - ni, Pa - ter pau - pe - rum, Ve - ni, da - tor mu - ne -
2. Come, O Fa - ther of the poor, Ev - er bounteous of Thy

- rum, Ve - ni, lu - men cor - di - um.
store, Come, our heart's un - fail - ing Light. A - men.

THE SAME MELODY FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. Ve - ni, San - cte Spi - ri - tus, Et e - mit - te
2. Ho - ly Spi - rit, come and shine On our souls with

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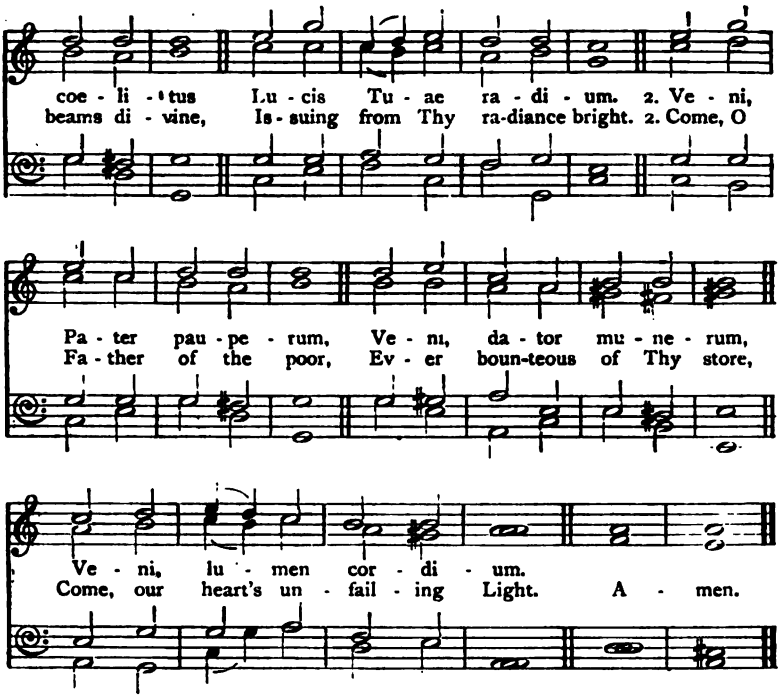

3. Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium.

4. In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

5. O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

6. Sine Tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

7. Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

8. Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

9. Da Tuis fidelibus,
In Te confidentibus,
Sacrum septenarium.

10. Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.
Amen.

3. Come, Consoler, kindest, best,
Come, our bosom's dearest guest,
Sweet refreshment, sweet repose.

4. Rest in labour, coolness sweet,
Tempering the burning heat;
Truest comfort of our woes.

5. O divinest Light, impart
Unto every faithful heart
Plenteous streams from love's bright flood.

6. But for Thy blest Deity,
Nothing pure in man could be;
Nothing harmless, nothing good.

7. Wash away each sinful stain;
Gently shed Thy gracious rain
On the dry and fruitless soul.

8. Heal each wound and bend each will,
Warm our hearts benumbed and chill,
All our wayward steps control.

9. Unto all Thy faithful just,
Who in Thee confide and trust,
Deign the sevenfold gift to send.

10. Grant us virtue's blest increase,
Grant a death of hope and peace,
Grant the joys that never end.
Amen.

[*From the Luxemburg Catholic Hymn-book.*]

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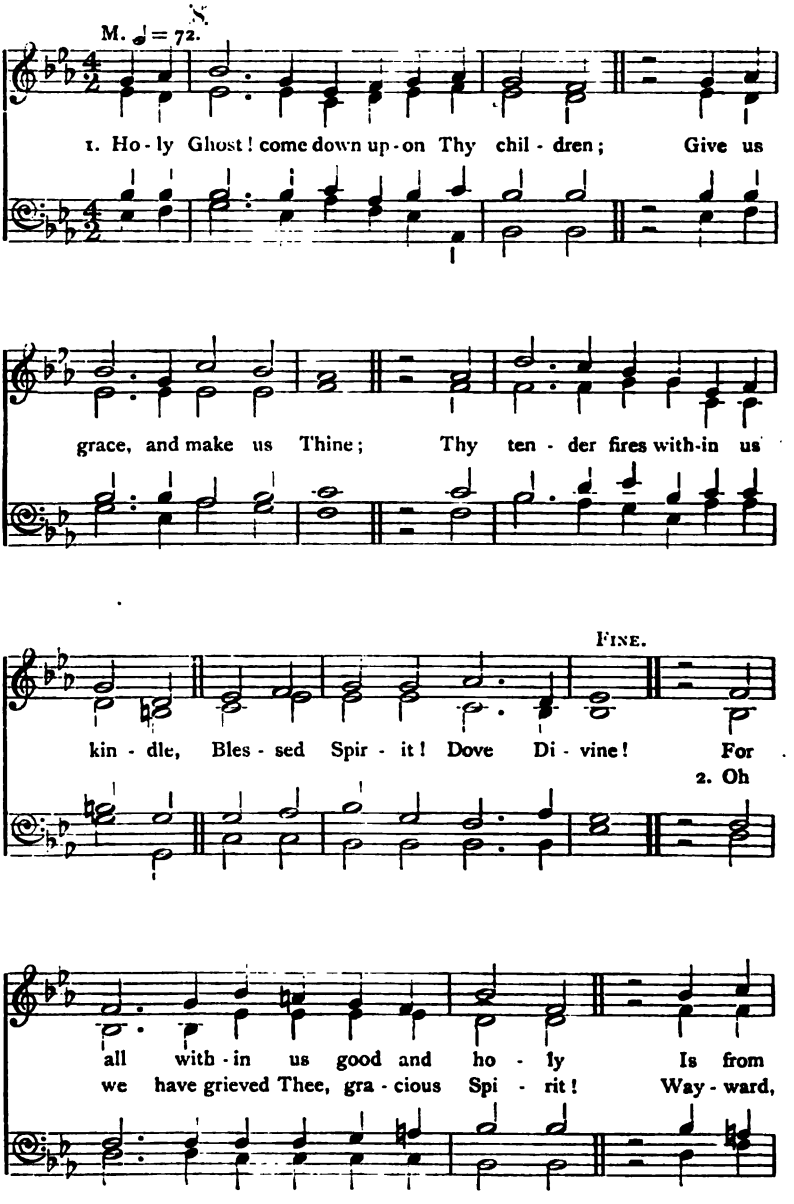
153. HOLY GHOST COME DOWN UPON THY CHILDREN.



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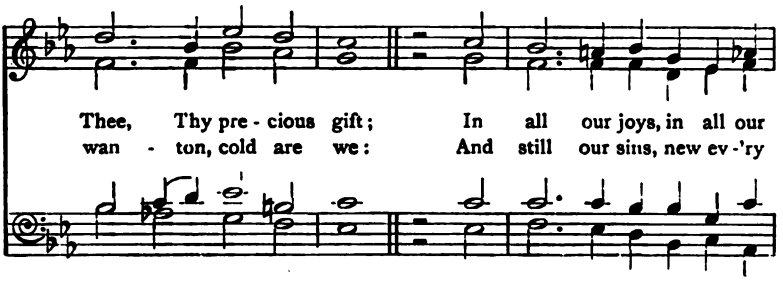

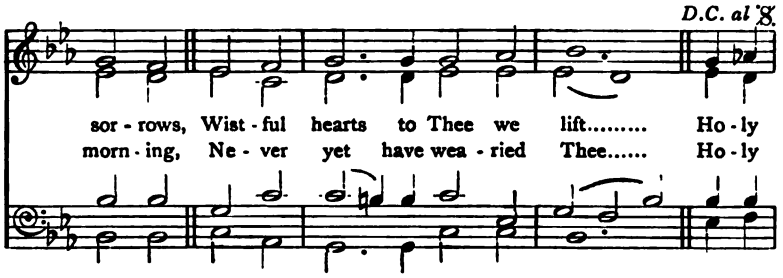

3

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!
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

4.

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 lightest word.
Holy Ghost! &c.

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

MAGNIFICAT.

154.

Magnificat: anima mea Dominum.

Et exsultavit spiritus meus: in Deo salutari meo.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies: timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: dispersit superbos mente cordis sui,

Deposuit potentes de sede: et exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum: recordatus misericordiae suae.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: Abraham, et semini ejus in saecula.

Gloria Patri, &c.

155.

My soul doth magnify: the Lord.

And my spirit hath rejoiced: in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done great things unto me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is from generation to generation: unto them that fear Him.

He hath showed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich He hath sent empty away.

He hath upholden His servant Israel: being mindful of His mercy.

As He spake unto our fathers: to Abraham and His seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

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156.	157.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy.
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord, have mercy.*
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy.
Christe eleison.	*Christ, have mercy.*
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy.
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord, have mercy.*
Christe, audi nos.	Christ, hear us.
Christe, exaudi nos.	*Christ, graciously hear us.*
Pater de coelis Deus.	God the Father, of Heaven,
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus.	God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*
Spiritus Sancte Deus.	God the Holy Ghost,
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus.	Holy Trinity, one God,
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*
Sancta Maria,	Holy Mary,
Sancta Dei Genitrix,	Holy Mother of God,
Sancta Virgo Virginum,	Holy Virgin of virgins,
Mater Christi,	Mother of Christ,
Mater divinae gratiae,	Mother of divine grace,
Mater purissima,	Mother most pure,
Mater castissima,	Mother most chaste,
Mater inviolata,	Mother inviolate,
Mater intemerata,	Mother undefiled,
Mater amabilis,	Mother most amiable,
Mater admirabilis,	Mother most admirable,
Mater boni consilii,	Mother of good counsel,
Mater Creatoris,	Mother of our Creator,
Mater Salvatoris,	Mother of our Saviour,
Virgo prudentissima,	Virgin most prudent,
Virgo veneranda,	Virgin most venerable,
Virgo praedicanda,	Virgin most renowned,
Virgo potens,	Virgin most powerful,
Virgo clemens,	Virgin most merciful,
Virgo fidelis,	Virgin most faithful,
Speculum justitiae,	Mirror of justice,
Sedes sapientiae,	Seat of wisdom,

Ora pro nobis. — *Pray for us.*

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Causa nostrae laetitiae,	*Ora pro nobis.*	Cause of our joy,	*Pray for us.*
Vas spirituale,		Spiritual Vessel,	
Vas honorabile,		Vessel of honour,	
Vas insigne devotionis,		Singular vessel of devotion,	
Rosa mystica,		Mystical Rose,	
Turris Davidica,		Tower of David,	
Turris eburnea,		Tower of ivory,	
Domus aurea,		House of gold,	
Foederis arca,		Ark of the covenant,	
Janua coeli,		Gate of Heaven,	
Stella matutina.		Morning star,	
Salus infirmorum,		Health of the sick,	
Refugium peccatorum,		Refuge of sinners,	
Consolatrix afflictorum,		Comforter of the afflicted,	
Auxilium Christianorum,		Help of Christians,	
Regina Angelorum,		Queen of Angels,	
Regina Patriarcharum,		Queen of Patriarchs,	
Regina Prophetarum,		Queen of Prophets,	
Regina Apostolorum,		Queen of Apostles,	
Regina Martyrum,		Queen of Martyrs,	
Regina Confessorum,		Queen of Confessors,	
Regina Virginum,		Queen of Virgins,	
Regina Sanctorum omnium,		Queen of all Saints,	
Regina sine labe originali concepta,		Queen conceived without original sin,	
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii,		Queen of the most holy Rosary,	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,	
Parce nobis, Domine.		*Spare us, O Lord.*	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,	
Exaudi nos, Domine.		*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*	
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,		Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,	
Miserere nobis.		*Have mercy on us.*	
Christe, audi nos.		Christ, hear us.	
Christe, exaudi nos.		*Christ, graciously hear us.*	

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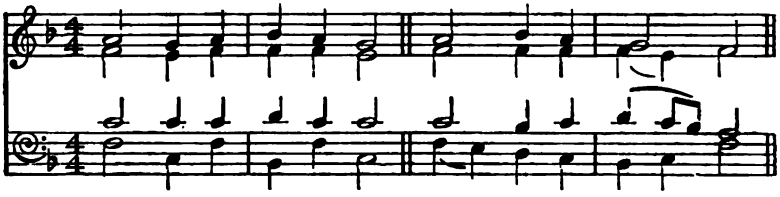
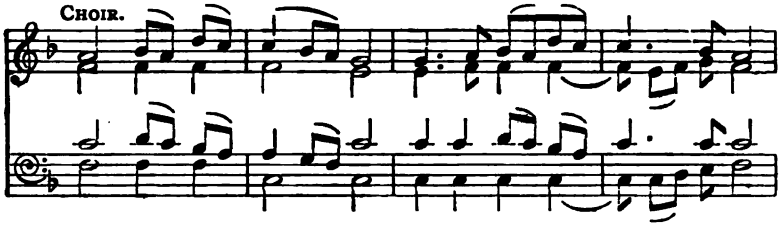
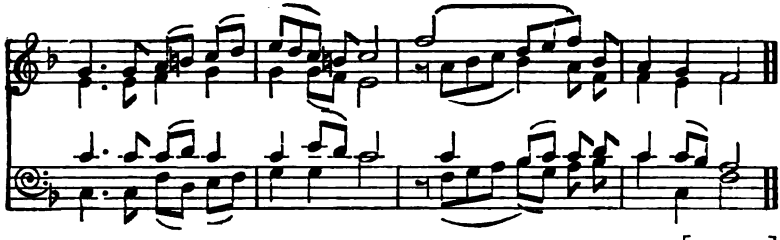
156, 157. LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

LITANY No. I. CONGREGATION.



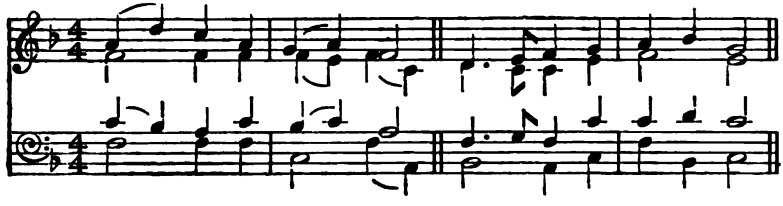
CHOIR.

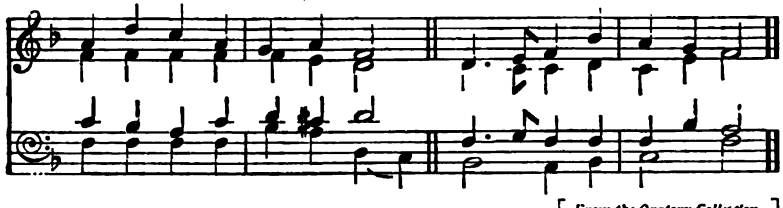




[*Quante.*]

LITANY No. II.





[*From the Oratory Collection.*]

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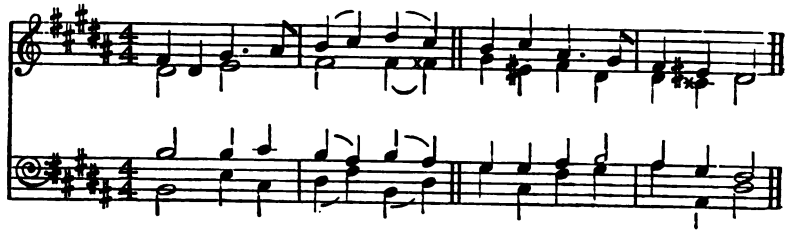

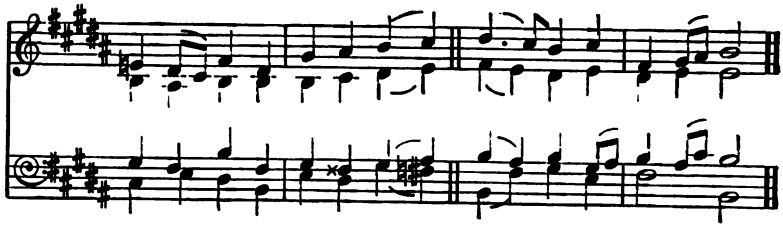

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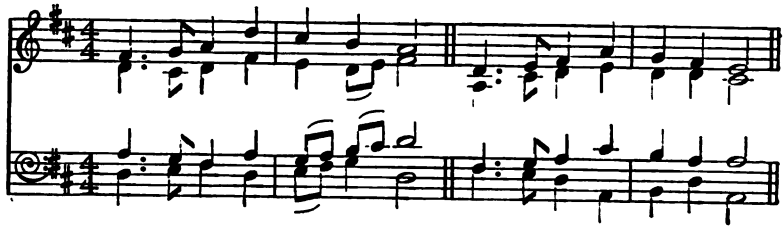
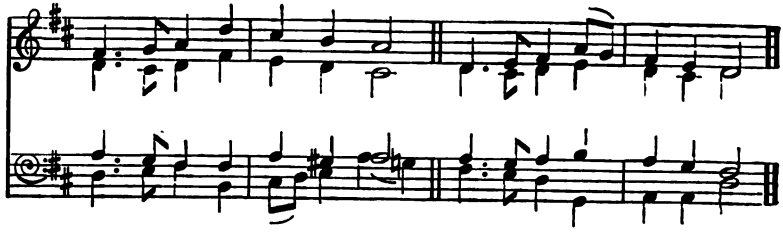
LITANY No. IV.





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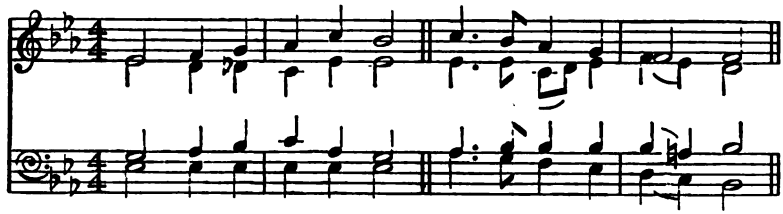
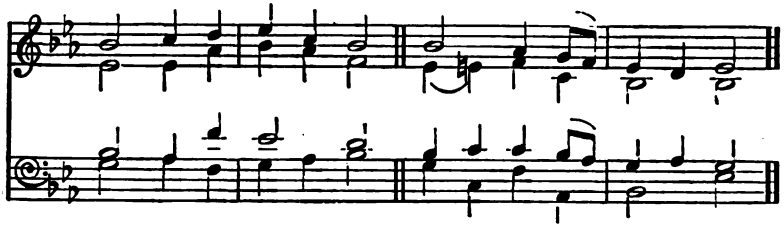
LITANY No. V.





[From an Oratory M.S.]

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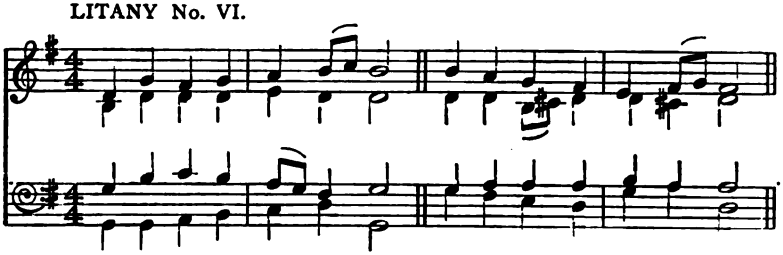

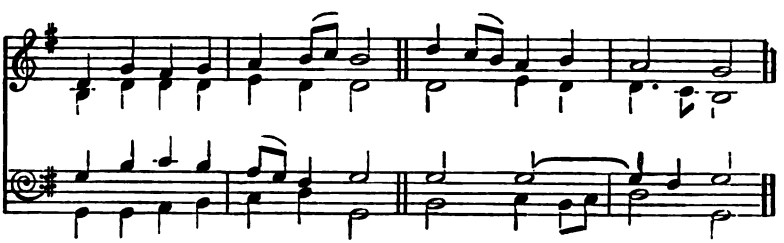

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158. AVE MARIA.

(First Tune.)

A - ve, Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum;

be - ne - di - cta tu in mu - li - e - ri - bus,

et be - ne - di - ctus fru - ctus ven - tris tu - i Je - sus.

San - cta Ma - ri - a, Ma - ter De - i, o - ra pro no - bis,

pec - ca - to - ri - bus, nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis no - strae. A - men.

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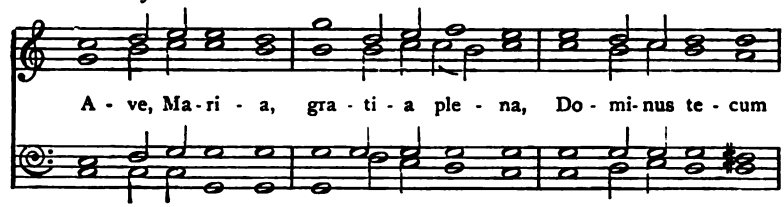
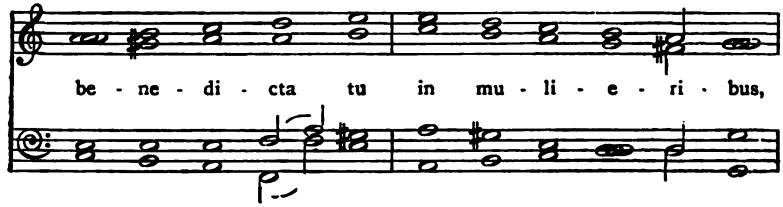
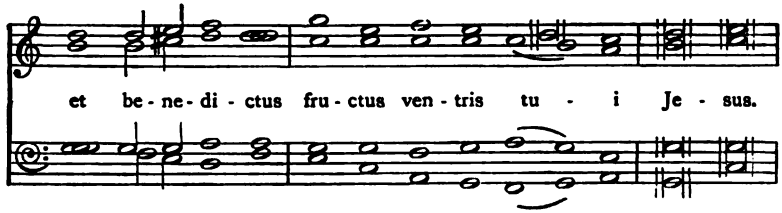
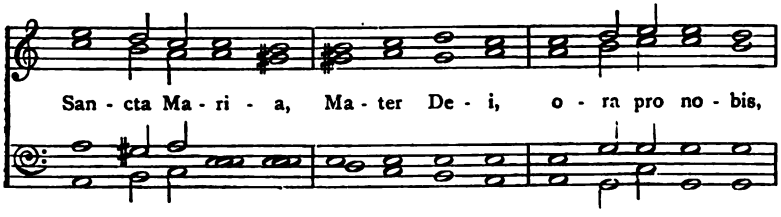
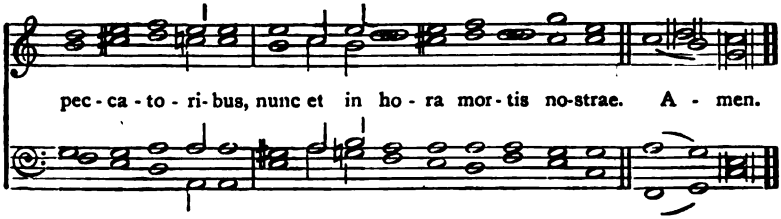
The same for Four Male Voices.











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M. ♩= 76. *(Second Tune.)*

p

A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na: Do

mf

- mi - nus te - cum. A - ve Ma - ri - a. Be -

- ne - di - cta..... tu, be - ne - di - cta tu in

mu - li - e - ri - bus: et be - ne - di - ctus fru - ctus ven -

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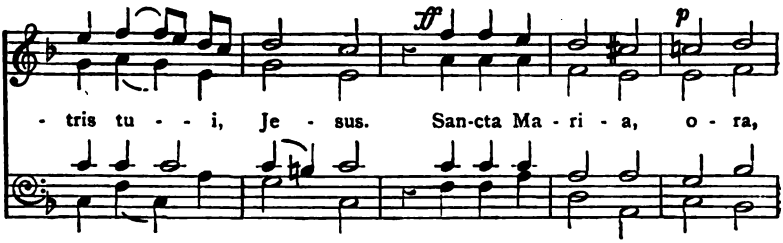

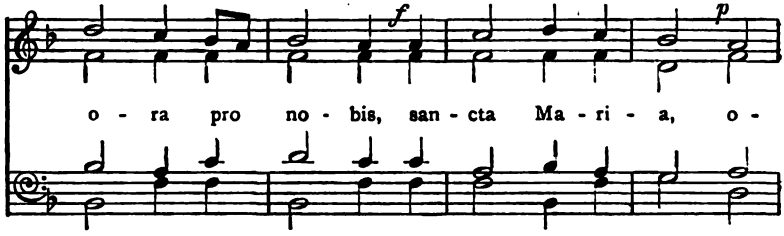

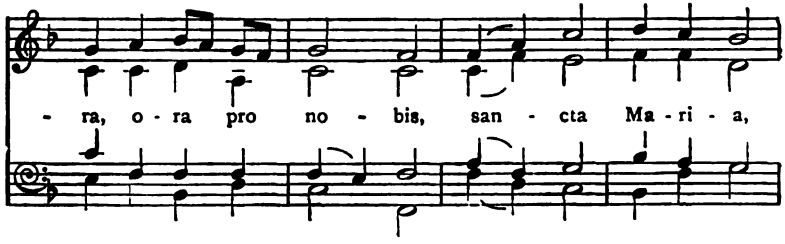

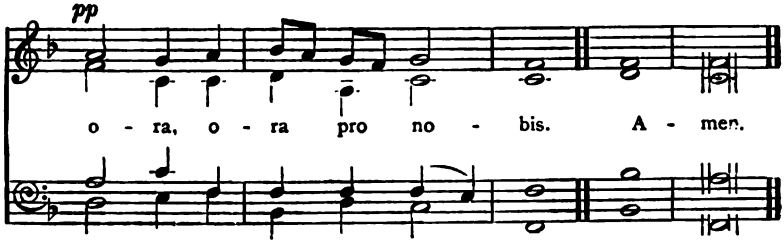

[*Attributed to Jacob Arcadelt of the 15th century.*]

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160. REGINA COELI LAETARE.

Re - gi - na Coe - li, lae - ta - re! Al - le - lu - ia.

Qui - a Quem me - ru - i - sti por - ta - re; Al - le - lu - ia.

Re - sur - re - xit si - cut di - xit; Al - le - lu - ia.

O - ra pro no - bis De - um; Al - le - lu - - ia.

161. REGINA COELI LAETARE.

Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Alleluia.
He Whom it was thine to bear; Alleluia.
As He promised hath arisen; Alleluia.
Plead for us a pitying prayer; Alleluia.

[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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SALVE REGINA.

Sal - ve, Re - gi - na, Ma - ter mi - se - ri - cor - di - ae;

Vi - ta, dul - ce - - do, et spes no - stra sal - ve.

Ad te cla - ma - mus, ex - su - les fi - li - i He - vae;

Ad te sus - pi - ra - mus, ge - men - tes et flen - tes,

in hac lacrymarum val - le. E - ia er - go, Ad - vo - ca - ta no - stra,

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Il-los tu-os mi-se-ri-cor-des o-cu-los ad nos con-ver-te;

Et Je-sum, be-ne-di-ctum fructum ven-tris tu-i,

No-bis post hoc ex-si-li-um o-sten-de. O..... cle-mens,

O..... pi-a, O.....

dul-cis vir-go Ma-ri-a.

[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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163. SALVE REGINA.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Hail to the Queen that reigns above the sky, Hail to the
2. O then chaste Ad - vo - cate! on us re - flect, From Heav'n's bright

Mo-ther of true clem - en - cy! Hail life, hail sweet - ness,
mansion, your be - nign as - pect; And make us af - ter

and our hope to you, We that are E - va's ex - iled
this our ex - ile come, To Je - sus the blest Off-spring

chil - dren sue; In cries and groans, which from this vale of
of your womb; Sweet Vir - gin, God's dear Mo-ther! pray that

tears, Are fann'd with sighs up to..... your sa - cred ears.
we, Of Christ's rich pro - mi - ses..... may wor - thy be.

[*Translation of the "Salve Regina," dated 1057.*]

[*Wilhelm Nolte.*]

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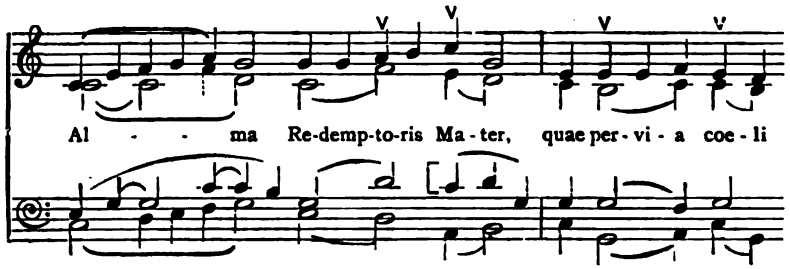

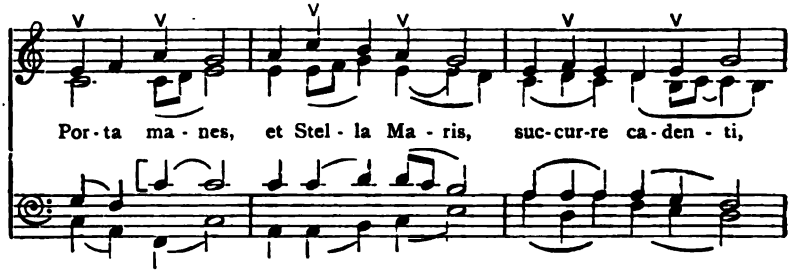

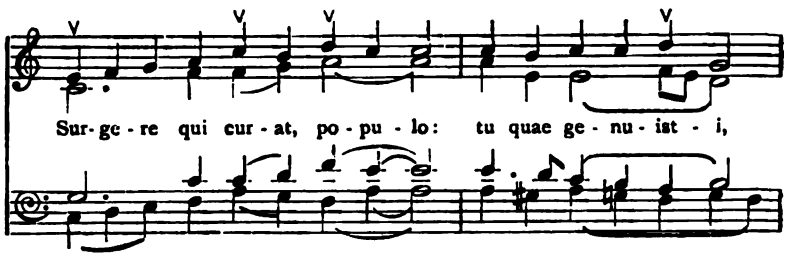

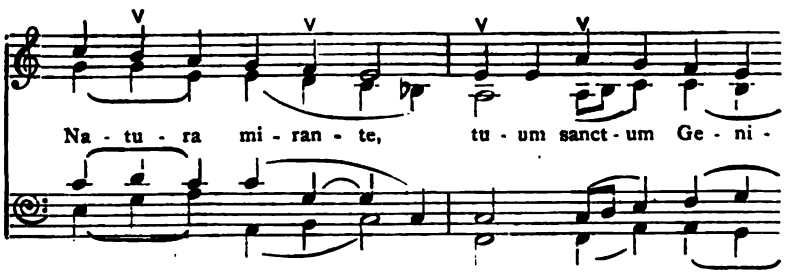

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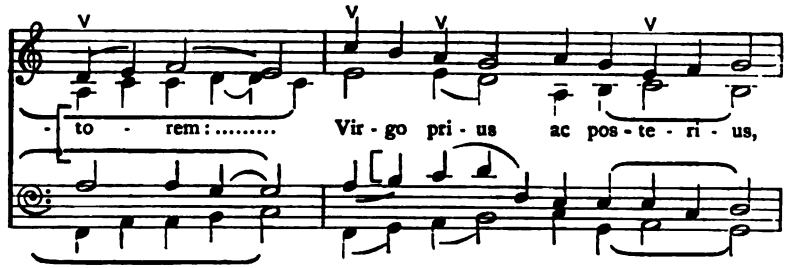

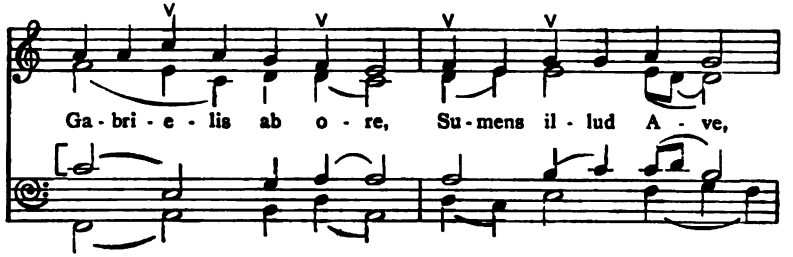

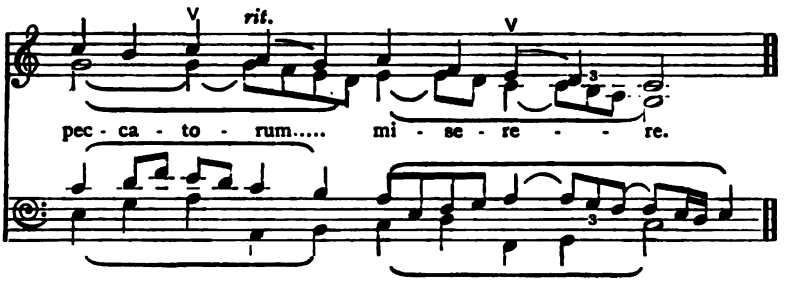

165. ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

Mother of Christ! hear thou thy people's cry,
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
Mother of Him Who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to thee for aid:
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee,
Pure Virgin, first and last, look on our misery.

[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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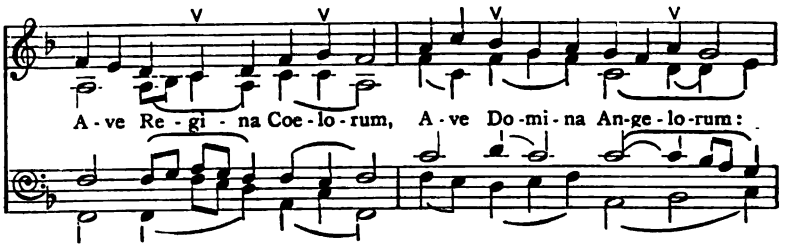
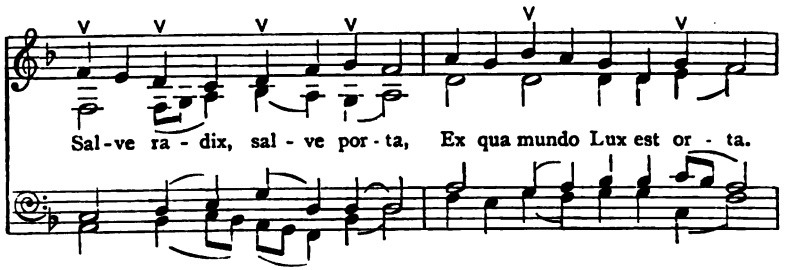
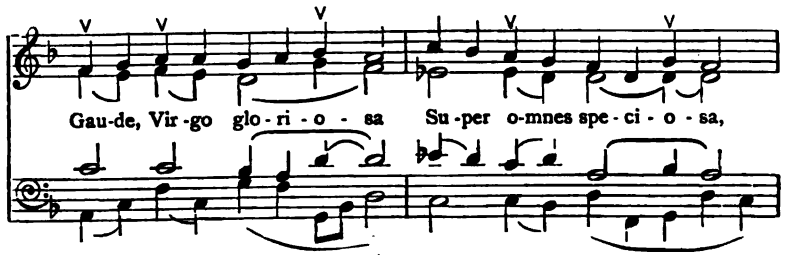
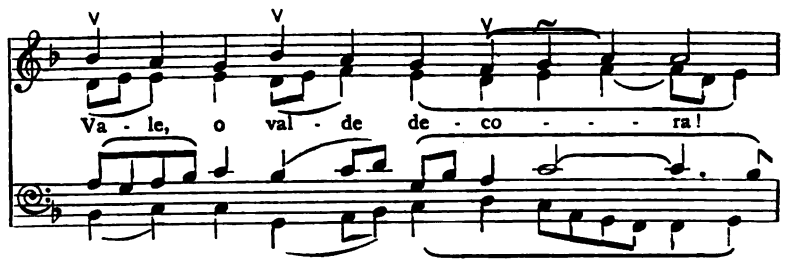
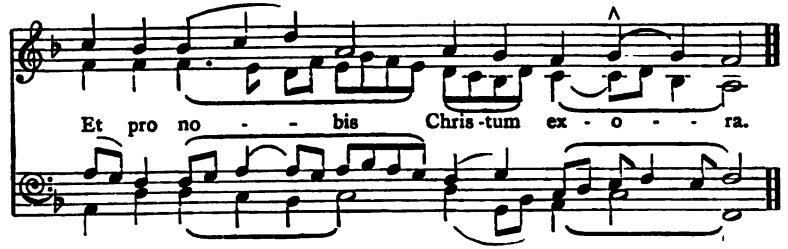
AVE REGINA COELORUM.











[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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167. AVE REGINA COELORUM.

M. ♩ = 80.

Hail, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd! Hail, by An-gels Mistress own'd!

Root of Jes-se! Gate of Morn! Whence the world's true Light was born:

Glo-rious Vir-gin, joy to thee, Beau-ti-ful sur-pass-ing-ly!

Fair-est thou where all are fair! Plead for us a pi-tying prayer.

[Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.]

[Founded upon an ancient German Catholic Hymn.]

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AVE MARIS STELLA.

M. ♩ = 60. *(First Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma-ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,
At - que semper Vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.

2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - e - lis o - re,

Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mu-tans He - væ no - men. A - men.

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At-que sem-per Vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta. A - men.

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

6.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

[*Vesper Hymn for the Feasts of Our Lady, from the Breviary.*]

[*First Tune.—"Sorrento," an Italian Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Second Tune.—"Monte Cassino," traditional Melody from Monte Cassino, harmonised by Dom Dunstan Sibley, O.S.B.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(Third Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i

Ma - ter al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - -

- - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - - ta. A - men.

M ♩ = 76. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma-ris stel - la, De - i Ma-ter al - ma, At-que semper

Vir - go, Fe - lix cœ-li por - - - - - ta. A - men.

[*Vesper Hymn for the Feasts of Our Lady, from the Breviary.*]

[*Third Tune.—Melody from Caspar Ett's "Cantica Sacra."*]

[*Fourth Tune.—"Lauzeri," an Italian Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. ♩ = 69. *(Fifth Tune.)*

TENOR 8*ve lower.*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

TENOR 8*ve lower.*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

BASS.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

BASS.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

ORGAN.

Atque semper Vir-go, Fe - - lix cœ-li por - - - - - ta.

Atque semper Vir - go, Fe-lix cœ-li por - - - - - ta.

Atque semper Vir - go, Fe-lix cœ - li por - - - ta.

Atque semper Vir - go, Fe-lix cœ - li por - - - ta.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(Sixth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter

al - - ma,..... At - que sem - per Vir - -

- - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta. A - men.

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

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

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

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

6.
Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

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

Vesper Hymn for the Feasts of Our Lady, from the Breviary.

Fifth Tune.—By R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.
Sixth Tune.—From a MS. of R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.

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The Verses are to be sung alternately by people and choir to the Tunes Nos. 7 and 8, as arranged below.

Moderato, senza tempo. (Seventh Tune.)

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - - la, De - i Ma-ter
3. Sol - - ve vin - cla re - - - is, Pro - fer lu-men
5. Vir - - go sin - gu - la - - - ris, In - ter om-nes
7. Sit..... laus De - o Pa - - - tri, Sum-mo Christo

ORGAN.

al - - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - - - - go,
cæ - - cis, Ma - la no - stra pel - - - - le,
mi - - tis, Nos cul - pis so - lu - - - - tos,
de - - cus, Spi - ri - tu - i san - - - cto,

Fe - lix cœ - li por - - ta.
Bo - na cun - cta po - - sce.
Mi - tes fac, et ca - - stos.
Tri - bus ho - nor u - - nus. A - - men.

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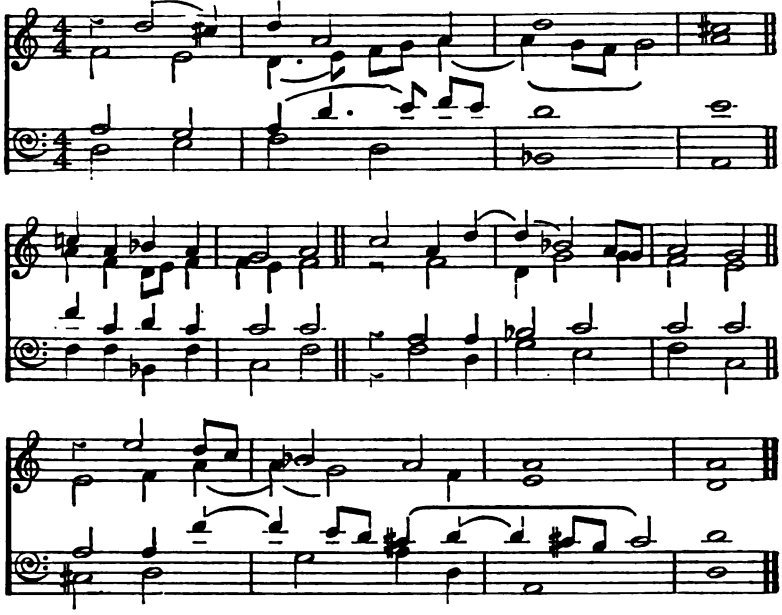
M. ♩ = 80. ORGAN FOR VERSES 2, 4 AND 6.



SOPRANO. VOICE PARTS FOR VERSES 2, 4 AND 6.

M. ♩ = 80. *(Eighth Tune.)*

2. Su - mens il - lud A - - ve
4. Mon - stra te es - se Ma - - trem,
6. Vi - tam præ - sta pu - - ram,

ALTO.

Su - mens il - lud A - - ve
Mon - stra te..... es-se Ma - - - - trem,
Vi - tam præ - sta pu - - - ram,

TENOR.

Su - mens il - - - lud A - - - ve
Mon - stra te..... es-se Ma - - trem,
Vi - tam præ - - sta pu - ram,

BASS.

Su - mens il - lud A - - - ve
Mon - stra te esse Ma - - trem,
Vi - tam præ - sta pu - ram,

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Ga-bri-e-lis o re, Fun-da nos..... in pa-ce,
Su-mat per te pre-ces, Qui pro no - - bis na-tus
I-ter pa-ra tu-tum, Ut vi-den - - tes Je-sum,

Ga-bri-e-lis o-re, Fun da nos in pa-ce,
Su-mat per te pre-ces, Qui pro no-bis na-tus
I-ter pa-ra tu-tum, Ut vi-den-tes Je-sum,

Ga-bri-e-lis o-re, Fun-da nos in pa-ce,
Su-mat per te pre-ces, Qui pro no-bis na-tus
I-ter pa-ra tu-tum, Ut vi-den-tes Je-sum,

Ga-bri-e-lis o-re, Fun-da nos in pa-ce,
Su-mat per te pre-ces, Qui pro no-bis na-tus
I-ter pa-ra tu-tum, Ut vi-den-tes Je-sum,

Mu-tans He-væ no - - men.
Tu-lit es-se tu - - us.
Sem-per col-læ-te - - mur.

Mu-tans He - - - - - væ no - - men.
Tu-lit es - - - - - se tu - - - us.
Sem-per col - - - - - læ-te - - mur.

Mu-tans He - - - - -

M. ♩ = 76. *(Ninth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At - que sem - per Vir - - - go, Fe - lix,

Fe - lix, fe -

fe - lix coe - li por - - - - ta. A - men.

- - lix

M. ♩ = 76. *(Tenth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At - que sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(Eleventh Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At - que semper Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta A - men.

THE SAME MELODY FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma,

At - que sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta. A - men.

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

3.
Solue 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 singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac, et castos.

6.
Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collaetemur.

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

[*Ninth Tune.—Spanish Melody. harmonized by H R.*]
[*Tenth Tune.—From an 18th century English Antiphonary.*]
[*Eleventh Tune.—17th century.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. (*Twelfth Tune.*)

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la De - i Ma - ter al - ma,
2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - el - is o - re,

At - que sem - per Vir - go, Fe - lix coe - li por - ta.
Fun - da nos in pa - ce, Mutans Hevae no - men. A - men.

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

6.

Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collaetemur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

[*Adapted from a Spanish Hymn.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *(Thirteenth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - - la, De - i Ma - ter
2. Su - mens il - lud A - - ve Ga - bri - e - lis

al - - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - - go,
o - - re, Fun - da nos in pa - - ce,

Fe - lix coe - li por - - ta.
Mu - tans He - vae · no - men. A - men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *(Fourteenth Tune.)*

1. A - ve ma - ris stel - la, De - i Ma - ter
2. Su - mens il - lud A - ve Ga - bri - e - lis

[*Thirteenth Tune—Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.*]

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al - ma, At - que sem - per Vir - - go,
o - re, Fun - da nos in pa - - ce,

Fe - lix coe - li por - ta.
Mu - tans He - vae no - men. A - men.

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

6.

Vitam praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collaetemur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui sancto,
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

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169. AVE MARIS STELLA.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Hail, O Star of O - cean, God's own Mo-ther blest,.....
2. Tak - ing that sweet A - ve Which from Ga-briel came,.....

Ev - er sin-less Vir - gin, Gate of heav'nly rest.
Peace confirm with - in..... us, Changing E - va's name. A - men.

3.

Break the sinner's fetters,
Make our blindness day,
Chase all evil from us,
For all blessings pray.

4.

Show thyself a Mother,
May the Word Divine
Born for us thine Infant,
Hear our pray'rs thro' thine.

5.

Virgin all excelling,
Mildest of the mild,
Free from guilt preserve us,
Meek and undefiled.

6.

Keep our life all spotless,
Make our way secure
Till we find in Jesus
Joy for evermore.

7.

Praise to God the Father,
Honour to the Son,
In the Holy Spirit
Be the glory one.
Amen.

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170. THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(First Tune.)*

1. O pur-est of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid! The one spotless

womb where-in Je-sus was laid! Dark night hath come down on us,

Mo-ther! and we Look out for thy shi-ning, sweet Star of the Sea!

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 69. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O pur - est of crea-tures! sweet Mo - ther! sweet Maid!

The one spot-less womb where-in Je - sus was laid!

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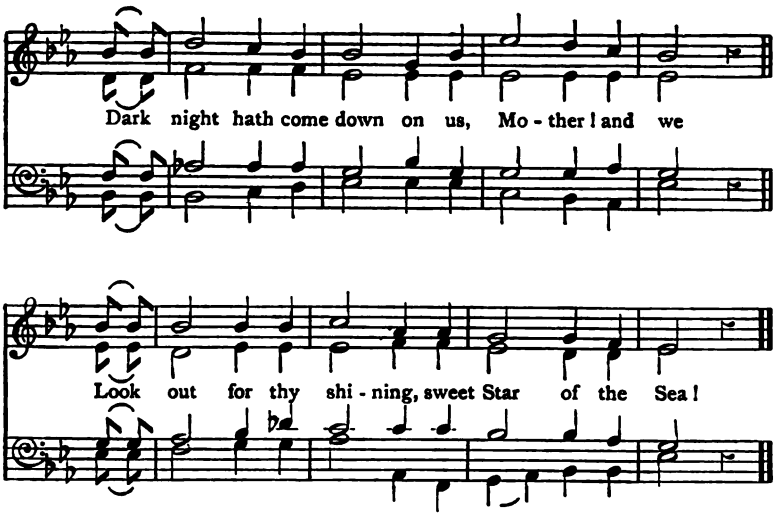

2.

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
The banners of darkness are boldly unfurled:
The tempest-tost Church—her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

3.

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were true;
Through ages He looked, and He found none but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

4.

He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair;
The empire of sin—it had never been there;
None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

5.

Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee;
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—"Mary Immaculate," by R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.*]
[*Second Tune by Jos. Groiss, op. 19.*]

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171. SINE LABE ORIGINALI CONCEPTA.

M. ♩ = 100. *Unison.*

f

1. The day, the hap - py day, is dawn - ing,

The glo - rious feast of Ma - ry's chief - est praise,

That bright - ens, like a se - cond morn - ing,

The cloud - ed eve - 'ning of these lat - ter days.

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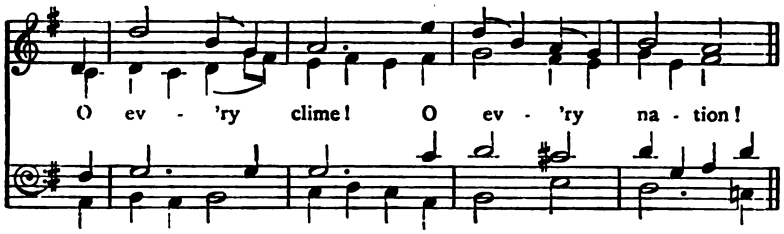

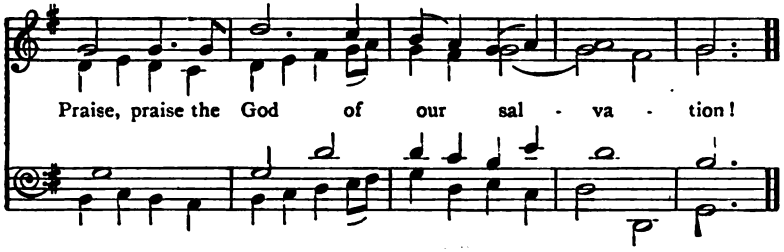

2.

High up, the realm of Angels ringeth
With hymns of triumph to its mortal Queen,
While earth its song of welcome singeth
In every shady grove and valley green.
O every clime! O every nation!
Praise, praise the God of our salvation!

3.

O Virgin brighter than the brightest
'Mid all the beauteous throngs that shine above!
O Maiden whiter than the whitest
Of lily flowers in Eden's sacred grove!
O every clime! &c.

4.

See! Mary comes! O jubilation!
She comes with love to cheer a guilty race;
O triumph, triumph, all Creation!
O Christians! triumph in redeeming grace.
O every clime! &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] [*E. d'Evry.*]

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172. THE NATIVITY OF OUR LADY.

M. ♩ = 80.

p

1. Summer suns for ev - er shin-ing, Flow'rs and fruits for ev - er twin-ing,

cres. *cres.*

Sil-very wa-ters ev - er flow-ing, Song-like breez-es ev - er blow-ing,

f *p* *rit.*

Sha - dy groves for ev - er ring-ing With a low me - lo-dious sing- ing:

Slow and broad.

f

In- fant Ma - ry! Joy of earth!.... We with all this world of mirth,

p

Light-heart-ed and joy - la - den, Greet the morn-ing of thy birth,

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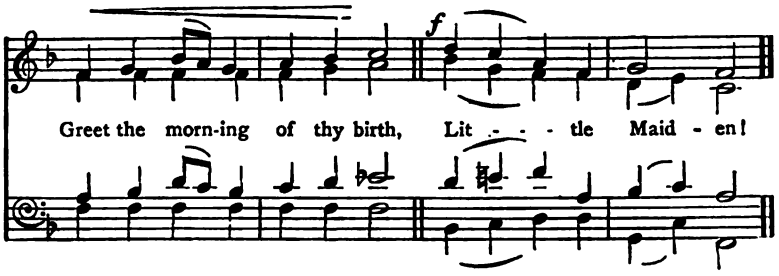

2.

Thou thyself a world of brightness,
Flower of more than Angels' whiteness,
Ravished now with gladder heaven
Than to Angels hath been given,
Grandest worship in creation
Is thine infant jubilation:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth!
We with all this world of mirth,
Light-hearted and joy-laden,
Greet the morning of thy birth,
Little Maiden!

3.

Babe of Anna! Little Maiden!
We with transports overladen,
Spirits full, hearts almost broken,
Joy which cannot be outspoken,
We thy birthday greet, the dawning
Of salvation's happy morning:
Infant Mary! Joy of earth! &c.

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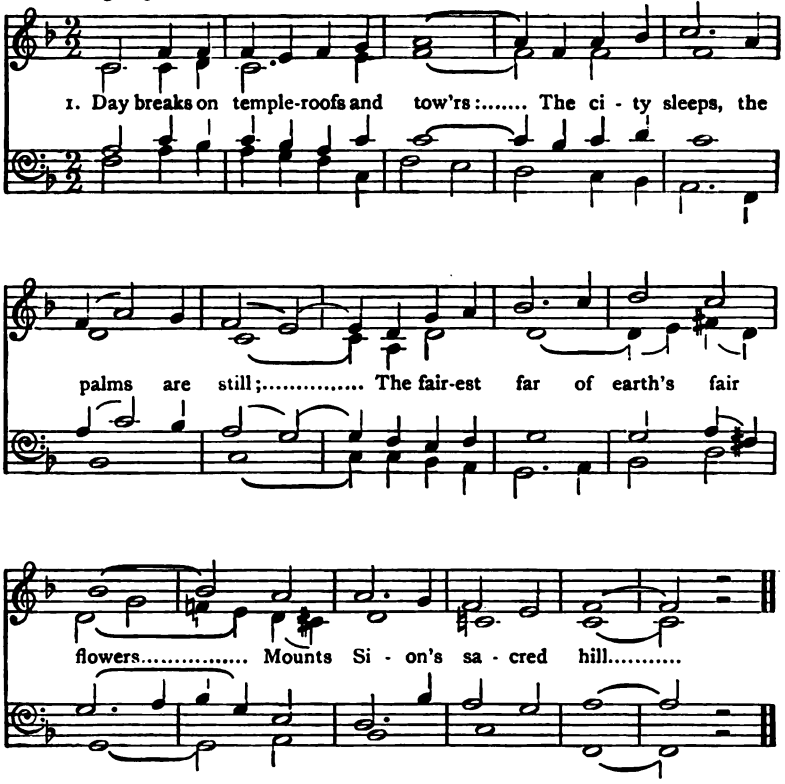
173. OUR LADY'S PRESENTATION.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 56. *Unison.*



2. O wondrous Babe! O child of grace!
The Holy Trinity's delight!
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright!

3. O Maiden, most immaculate!
Make me to choose the better part,
And give my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.

4. Would that my heart, dear Lord! were true,
Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The Blood to save my soul.

5. If here our hearts grudge aught to Thee,—
In that bright land beyond the grave,
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] [*Frank Barat.*]

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174. OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.

(First Tune.)

M. ♩ = 96. *Unison.*

1. Like the dawning of the morn - ing On the mountain's golden heights,

Like the breaking of the moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights;

Like a se-cret told by An - gels, Getting known up-on the earth,...

Is the Mother's Ex-pec - ta - tion Of Mes - si - as' speed- y birth!

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M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the mountain's golden heights,

Like the break-ing of the moon-beams On the gloom of cloud-y nights;

Like a se-cret told by An-gels, Getting known up-on the earth,

Is the Mother's Ex-pec-ta-tion Of Mes-si-as' speed-y birth!

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2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

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THE EXPECTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

175. M. ♩ = 84.

1. "Be - hold the Hand - maid of the Lord!" Oh!

may the unc - tion of each word, That fell from those pure

lips of thine, Sink deep with - in me, Mo - ther mine!

2.

Oh! praised be God, that He can find
One spirit wholly to His Mind!
Where thought of self doth fill no space,
There He can make His resting-place.

3.

O Mother, blest example bright!
Our feeble powers surpassing quite!
Thee for our model we would take,
But small and weak the step we make.

4.

By thy pure spirit's inward bliss,
Obtain for us, sweet Mother, this,
To turn to God unceasingly,
As rivers to the boundless sea!

[*Lady Catherine Petre.*] [*R. L. de Pauwall of Willebridge.*]

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M. ♩ = 88.

1. Joy! 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 si-lent-ly she sings.

2.
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!

3.
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 nigh.

4.
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 Light are dull.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Melody, Italian, 16th century.*]

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177. STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 63. *(First Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta cru - cem la - cri - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta cru - cem la - cri - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

1. Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

2. Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4. Quae moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6. Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

[*First Tune, Traditional.*]
[*Second Tune, by Gio. Maria Nanino.*]

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M. ♪ = 88. *(Third Tune.)*

PEOPLE IN UNISON.

1. Sta-bat Ma-ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta cru- cem la - cri - mo - sa,

CHOIR IN HARMONY.

Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. 2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men-tem,

Con - tri- sta-tam et do - lentem Pertrans-i - vit gla -di - us. A - men.

7. Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

9. Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

10. Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12. Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

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 recolere.

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.

[*Third Tune.—Italian Hymn Melody, adapted by S. P. Waddington.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 54. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. Sta-bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa. Jux - ta cru - cem la - cri -

- mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(Fifth Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - - sa

Jux - ta cru - cem la - - cri - mo - - sa,.....

Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

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1.

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

2.

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

3.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4.

Quae moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

5.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6.

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

7.

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

8.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

9.

Eia, Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

10.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

11.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

13.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

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 recolere.

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.

[*Fourth Tune.—Italian.*
Fifth Tune.—Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.]

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M. ♩ = 76. FOR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower. (Sixth Tune.)

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta Cru - cem la - cry -

- mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

M. ♩ = 60. *(Seventh Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - - lo - ro - sa

Jux - ta Cru - cem la - cry - mo - sa, Dum..... pen -

- de - - - - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

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THE SAME FOR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩=60. *8ve lower.*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - - lo - ro - sa

Jux - - ta Cru - cem la - - cry - mo - sa,

Dum pen - de - - - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

(Eighth Tune.) FOR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩= 66. *8ve lower.*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta Cru - cem

la - cry - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us. A - men.

[*Gio. Maria Nanini.*]
[*Seventh Tune.—By Giovanni Croce, 1602.*]
[*Eighth Tune.—By Cascialini.*]

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 52. *(Ninth Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta Cru - cem

la - cry - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us.

2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men - tem, Con - tri - sta - tam

et do - len - tem, Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us. A - men.

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M. ♩ = 63. *(Tenth Tune.)*

1. Sta-bat Ma-ter do-lo-ro-sa, Jux-ta Cru-cem la-cry-mo-sa,

Dum pen-de-bat Fi-li-us, Dum pen-de-bat Fi-li-us. A-men.

1. Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta Crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

2. Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

3. O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4. Quae moerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

5. Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6. Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

7. Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

9. Eia Mater fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

10. Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi me valide.

12. Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

13. Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

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 recolere.

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.

[*Ninth Tune.—Hymn Melody by Franz Schubert.*
Tenth Tune.—By Hiller.]

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(Eleventh Tune.)

Slowly and solemnly.

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta Cru - cem
2. Cu - jus an - i - mam ge - men - tem, Con - tris - ta - tam

11. San - cta Ma - ter, is - tud a - gas, Cru - ci - fix - i
12. Tu - i Na - ti vul - ne - ra - ti, Tam di - gna - ti

la - cri - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us.
et do - len - tem, Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us.

fi - ge pla - gas Cor - di me - o va - li - de.
pro me pa - ti, Poe - nas me - cum di - vi - de.

3. O quam tris - tis et af - flic - ta Fu - it il - la
4. Quae moe - re - bat, et do - le - bat, Pi - a Ma - ter,

13. Fac me te - cum pi - e fle - re, Cru - ci - fix - o
14. Jux - ta cru - cem te - cum sta - re, Et me ti - bi

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be - ne - di - cta Ma - ter U - ni - ge - ni - ti!
dum vi - de - bat Na - ti poe - nas in - cly - ti.
con - do - le - re, Do - nec e - go vi - xe - ro.
so - ci - a - re In plan - ctu de - si - de - ro.

5. Quis est ho - mo, qui non fle - ret, Ma - trem Chris - ti
6. Quis non pos - set con - tri - sta - ri, Chris - ti Ma - trem
15. Vir - go vir - gi - num prae - cla - ra, Mi - hi jam non
16. Fac ut por - tem Chris - ti mor - tem, Pas - si - o - nis

si vi - de - ret In tan - to sup - pli - ci - o?
con - tem - pla - ri Do - len - tem cum Fi - li - o?
sis a - ma - ra: Fac me te - cum plan - ge - re.
fac con - sor - tem, Et pla - gas re - co - le - re.

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7. Pro pec - ca - tis su - ae gen - tis Vi - dit Je - sum
8. Vi - dit su - um dul - cem Na - tum Mo - ri - en - do
17. Fac me pla - gis vul - ne - ra - ri, Fac me cru - ce in -
18. Flam-mis ne ur - ar suc - cen - sus, Per te, Vir - go,

in tor - men - tis, Et fla - gel - lis sub - di - tum.
de - so - la - tum Dum e - mi - sit spi - ri - tum.
e - bri - a - ri, Et cru - o - re Fi - li - i.
sim de - fen - sus In di - e ju - di - ci - i.

9. E - ia Ma - ter fons am - o - ris Me sen - ti - re vim do - lo - ris
10. Fac ut ar - de - at cor me - um In a - man-do Christum De - um,
19. Chris - te, cum sit hinc ex - i - re, Da per Ma-trem me ve - ni - re
20. Quan-do cor-pus mo - ri - e - tur, Fac ut an - im - ae do - ne - tur

p *f*

Fac, ut te - cum lu - ge - am.
Ut si - bi com - pla - ce - am.
Ad pal - mam vic - to - ri - ae.
Pa - ra - di - si glo - ri - a. A - - men.

[*Eleventh Tune.—From an old French Office Book.*]

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PEOPLE IN UNISON.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 63. *(Twelfth Tune.)*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Jux - ta Cru - cem

la - cri - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us.

CHOIR IN HARMONY.

2. Cu - jus an - i - mam ge - men - tem, Con - tris - ta - tam

et do - len - tem, Per - tran - si - vit gla - di - us. A - men.

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178. STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

1.

At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:

2.

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

3.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4.

Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

5.

Is there one who would not weep
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

6.

Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

7.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent;

8.

For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

9.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord:

10.

Make me feel as Thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

11.

Holy Mother! pierce me through:
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified:

12.

Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me
All the days that I may live:

14.

By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray
Is all I ask of thee to give.

15.

Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine;

16.

Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

17.

Wounded with His every Wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd
In His very Blood away;

18.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgment-day.

19.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory;

20.

While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

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THE ASSUMPTION.

M. ♩ = 96. *Unison.*

1. Sing, sing, ye An - gel Bands, All beau - ti - ful and bright;

For high - er still and high - er, Thro' fields of star - ry light,

Ma - ry, your Queen, as - cends, Like the sweet moon at night.

2.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been;
And, save the Throne of God,
Your Heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen!

3.

And shall I lose thee then,
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah! no—the Angels' Queen
Man's Mother still will be;
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

4.

See! see! the Eternal Hands
Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
Of Mercy sitteth down,
For ever and for aye
On her predestined throne!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*E. d'Evry.*]

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180. HAIL, QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS!

M. ♩ = 92.

1. Hail, Queen of the Heav'ns! Hail, Mis - tress of earth!
2. Hail, Mo - ther most pure! Hail, Vir - gin re - nown'd!

Hail, Vir - gin most pure, Of im - ma - cu - late birth!
Hail, Queen, with the stars As a di - a - dem crown'd!

Clear Star of the Morn - ing, In beau - ty en - shrin'd!
A - bove all the An - gels In glo - ry un - told,

O La - dy, make speed To the help of man - kind!
Stand-ing next to the King, In a ves - ture of gold!

3.

O Mother of Mercy!
O Star of the wave!
O Hope of the guilty!
O Light of the grave!
Through thee may we come
To the Haven of rest;
And see Heaven's King
In the courts of the Blest.

4.

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

[*Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"Hanover," by Dr. Croft.*]

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FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

M. ♩ = 69.
8ve lower. (First Tune.)

1. Ma - ri - a flos, Or - bis ho - nos, De - um su-per - no
1. Hail, God's own Bride! Earth's blameless Pride! To thy pure longing

ro - re In - u - si - ta - to mo - - re
giv - en, The Word, like dew at ev - en,

ff

Sal - vo tu - lit pu - do - re. Ma - ri - a!
Came down to us from Hea - ven. Ma - ri a!

M. ♩ = 69. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Ma - ri - a flos, Or - bis ho - nos, De - um su-per - no
1. Hail, God's own Bride! Earth's blameless Pride! To thy pure longing

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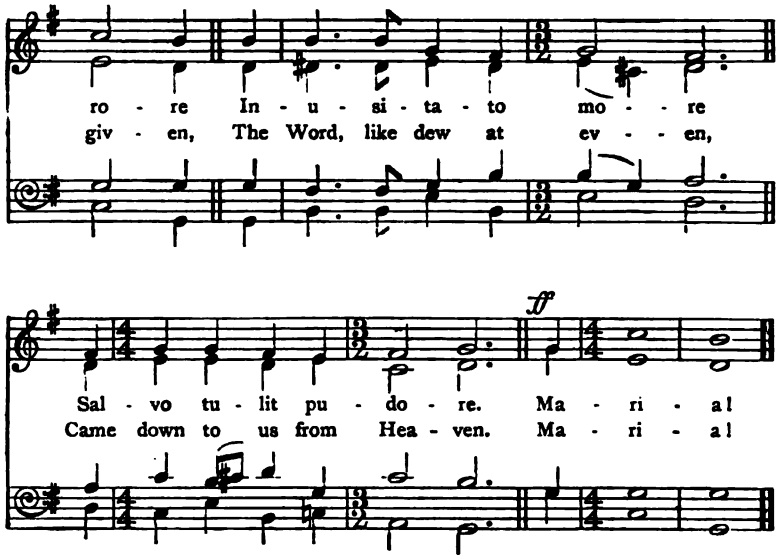

2.

Maria spes,
O mira res,
Virgo Deum puellum
Infantulum tenellum
Gestavit integellum,
Maria!

3.

Maria lux,
Orcique crux
Fructum pudici ventris.
Spes omnis una gentis
Praebe quietem mentis.
Maria!

2.

Hail, Morning Star
That beamest far
The hope of Day's uprising!
The pow'rs of Hell surprising
Past all our poor surmising,
Maria!

3.

O Peace! O Light!
The hordes of Night
With shattered forces fly thee!
May sick souls ne'er defy thee,
Nor sinners e'er deny thee!
Maria!

[*Old Latin Hymn, translated by Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*Andernach, 1608.*]

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183. THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

M. ♩= 116.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Mo-ther of God! we hail thy Heart, Thron'd in the

ORGAN.

a - zure skies,..... While far and wide with -

- in its charm The whole cre - a - tion lies.....

HARMONY.

hail!.....

O sin - less Heart, all hail! all hail! God's

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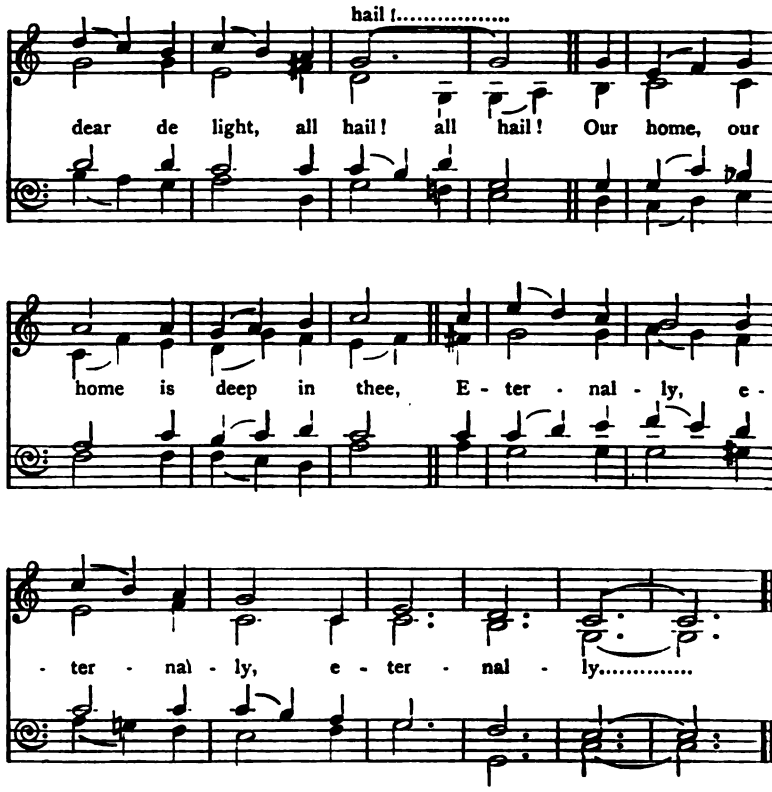

2.

Mother of God! from out thy Heart
Our Saviour fashioned His;
The fountains of the Precious Blood
Rose in thy depths of bliss.
O sinless Heart, &c.

3.

Mother of God! when near thy Heart
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love
For sinners gone astray.
O sinless Heart, &c.

4.

Mother of God! He broke thy Heart
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.
O sinless Heart, &c.

5.

Mother of God! thy Heart hath heights
On which God loves to dwell;
And yet the lowliest child of earth
Is welcome there as well.
O sinless Heart, &c.

6.

Mother of God! who owns thy Heart?
Who owns that love of thine?
If Jesus takes not back His gifts
His Mother's Heart is mine.
O sinless Heart, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Adaptation by S. P. Waddington from a Bohemian Hymn Tune.*]

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184. BLESSED AMONG WOMEN.

TO BE SUNG UNACCOMPANIED.

M. ♩ = 76.

mf *p*

1. Ah, La-dy of high Hea - ven! They blaspheme Thy mer - cy's sov-'reign

claim, Who know not God nor man, nor well es-teem Thy Son's all-sav-ing

mf *f*

aim! Thrice hap-py earth that gave thee birth! He call-eth thee "all

Thrice happy earth

p *pp*

fair" Who doth in-suf-fer - a - bly search And find the Hea-vens bare.

BB

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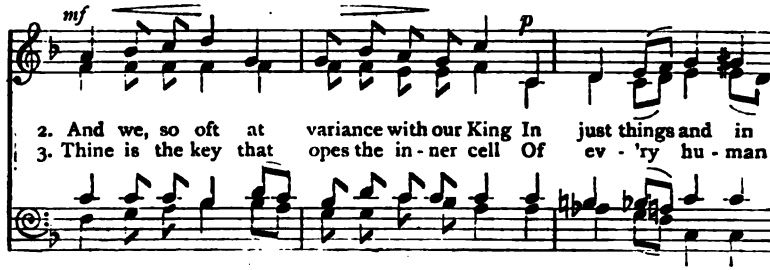

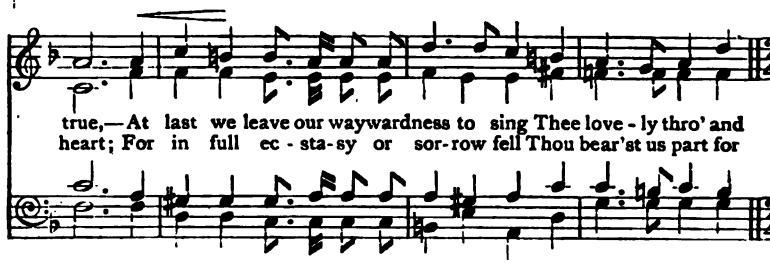

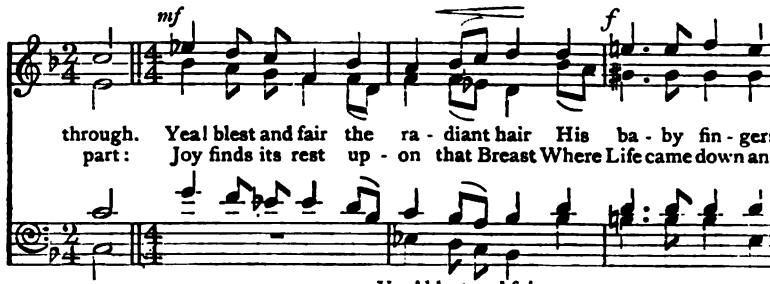

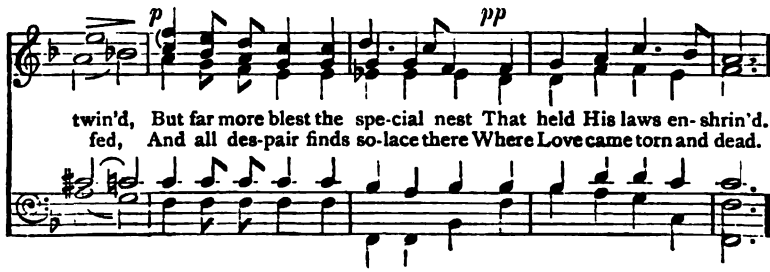

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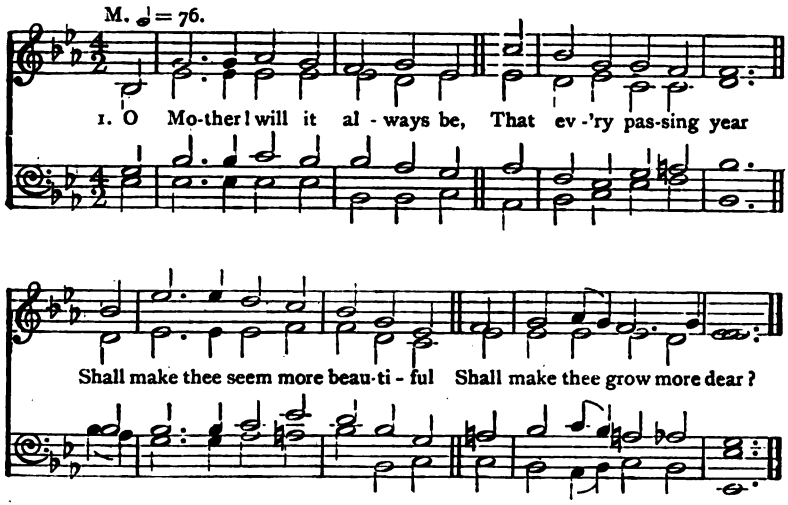
185. FOR OUR LADY'S MINOR FEASTS.



2.

And art thou really infinite,
  That thou shouldst thus unfold
Fresh glories every feast that comes,
  New grandeurs yet untold?

3.

We knew thee to be free from stain
  As is the sun's white beam;
We knew God's Mother must be great
  Above what we could dream.

4.

Yet now it seems we knew thee not;
  Each feast-day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
  And truer love to win.

5.

O Mother! thou art like the life
  The blessed lead above,
Unchangeable, yet growing still
  In glory and in love.

6.

How close to God, how full of God,
  Dear Mother, must thou be!
For still the more we know of God,
  The more we think of thee.

7.

This is thy gift—oh give it us!—
  To make God better known:
Ah, Mother, make Him in our hearts
  More grand and more alone.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*T. W. Stanforth.*]

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186. PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

M. ♩ = 80.

1. Blest Guardian of all vir - gin souls! Thou gate of bliss to man for - giv'n! Pure Mother of Al - migh - ty God! Thou hope of earth, and joy of Heaven! A - men.

2.

Fair Lily, found amid the thorns!
  Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold!
Rod from whose tender root upsprang
  That healing Flower long since foretold!

3.

Thou Tower, against the dragon proof!
  Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear!
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep;
  Thine be the light by which we steer.

4.

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

[*Translation of the "Praeclara custos Virginum," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

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187. SWEET MOTHER-MAID.

M. ♩ = 120.

1. The moon is in the heav'ns a - bove, Its light lies on the
2. Oh thou art bright as bright can be, And boun - ti - ful as

foam - y sea; So shines the star of Ma - ry's love O'er this dark
thou art bright; And wel - come is the thought of thee, As frag-rance

scene of mis - e - ry. } Our hands to life's hard work are laid, But our
of an east-ern night! }

hearts are thine, Sweet Mother-Maid! But our hearts are thine, Sweet Mother-Maid!

3. 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.
Our hands to life's hard work, &c.

4. 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.
Our hands to life's hard work, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] [*Danish.*]

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188. O SANCTISSIMA.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. O san - ctis-si - ma, O pi - is - si - ma, Dul - cis
2. Tu so - la - ti - um Et re - fu - gi - um, Vir - go,
3. Ec - ce de - bi - les, Per quam fle - bi - les, Sal - va
4. Vir - go, re - spi - ce, Ma - ter, ad - spi - ce, Au - di
5. Tu - a gau-di - a Et su - spi - ri - a Ju - vent

vir - go Ma - ri - - - - a! Ma - ter a - ma - ta,
Ma - ter Ma - ri - - - - a! Quid-quid op - ta - mus,
nos, o Ma - ri - - - - a! Tol - le lan - guo - res,
nos, o Ma - ri - - - a! Tu me - di - ci - nam
nos, o Ma - ri - - - - a! In te spe - ra - mus,

In - te - me - ra - ta, O - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis!
Per te spe - ra - mus O - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis!
Sa - na do - lo - res, O - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis!
Por - tas di - vi - nam, O - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis!
Ad te cla - ma - mus, O - ra, o - ra pro no - - bis!

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O SANCTISSIMA.

188.

1.

O sanctissima,
O piissima,
Dulcis virgo Maria!
Mater amata,
Intemerata,
Ora pro nobis!

2.

Tu solatium
Et refugium,
Virgo, Mater Maria!
Quidquid optamus,
Per te speramus;
Ora pro nobis!

3.

Ecce debiles,
Perquam flebiles,
Salva nos, O Maria!
Tolle languores,
Sana dolores,
Ora pro nobis!

4.

Virgo, respice,
Mater, adspice,
Audi nos, O Maria!
Tu medicinam
Portas divinam,
Ora pro nobis!

5.

Tua gaudia
Et suspira
Juvent nos, O Maria!
In te speramus,
Ad te clamamus,
Ora pro nobis!

189.

1.

O most holy one,
O most pitiful,
O sweet Virgin Mary!
Mother best beloved,
Mother undefiled,
Pray for us!

2.

Thou art our comfort,
And our refuge,
Virgin Mother Mary!
All that we long for,
Through Thee we hope for;
Pray for us!

3.

See how weak we are,
Lost in tears,
Save us, O Mary!
Lighten our anguish,
Soothe our sorrows,
Pray for us!

4.

Virgin, turn and look,
Mother, behold us;
Hear us, O Mary!
Thou art the bearer
Of health divine,
Pray for us!

5.

May thy joys
And thy sorrows
Be our help, O Mary!
In thee we hope,
To thee we cry,
Pray for us!

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190. OMNI DIE.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune).*

1. Om - ni di - e Dic Ma - ri - ae Me - a
2. Vir - go sal - ve Per quam val - vae Coe - li

lau - des an - i - ma; E - jus fes - ta, E - jus
pa - tent mi - se - ris: Quam non fle - xit Nec al -

ges - ta Co - le de - vo - tis - si - ma.
- - le - xit Fraus ser - pen - tis ve - te - ris.

FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 60. *(Second Tune).*
8ve lower.

1. Om - ni di - e Dic Ma - ri - ae Me - a
2. Vir - go sal - ve Per quam val - vae Coe - li

lau - des an - i - ma; E - jus fes - ta,
pa - tent mi - se - ris: Quam non fle - xit

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E - jus ges - ta Co - le de - vo - tis - si -
Nec al - le - xit Fraus ser - pen - tis ve - te -

- ma, Co - le de - vo - tis - si - ma.
- ris, Fraus ser - pen - tis ve - te - ris.

♩ = 116. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Om-ni di - e Dic Ma - ri - ae Me - a laudes an - i - ma;
2. Vir-go sal - ve Per quam val - vae Coe-li patent mi - se - ris:

E - jus fes - ta, E-jus ges - ta Co-le de-vo-tis - si - ma.
Quam non fle - xit Nec al - le - xit Fraus ser-pen-tis ve - te - ris.

3. Gemma decens
Rosa recens
Castitatis lilium,
Castum chorum
Ad polorum
Quae perducis gaudium.

4. Commendare
Me dignare
Christo tuo filio;
Ut non cadam
Sed evadam
De mundi naufragio.

5. O Beata,
Per quam data
Novo mundo gaudia!
Et aperta
Fide certa
Regna sunt coelestia.

6. Da levamen
Et juvamen
Tuum illis jugiter,
Tua festa
Sive gesta
Qui colunt alacriter.

[*First Tune.—Bohemian.*
Second Tune.—By Quantz.
Third Tune.—17th century melody arranged by W. S. Rockstro.]

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M. ♩ = 108.

1. From day to day Sing loud thy lay To Ma - ry's
2. Hail, Vir - gin bright, The gates of light Thou un - to

name, O soul of mine; And free - ly praise Her
sin - ners op'n - est wide. No ser - pent's guile, No

fes - tal days And ac - tions of her life di - vine.
craf - ty wile E'er bent or won thy steps a - side.

3.

O jewel bright!
O lily white
Of purity! O fresh-blown rose!
Thou dost command
The virgin band
That aye through heaven rejoicing goes.

4.

Deign to commend,
Sweet Mother-friend,
This anxious heart to Christ thy Child;
Lest tempest-tost
My soul be lost,
Ingulfed beneath the waters wild.

5.

O Blessed of Heaven!
Through Thee are given
Joys to this world to grace restored;
A kingdom bright,
The realms of light
To fervent faith a sure reward.

6.

And give thy aid,
Dear Mother-Maid,
Thy comfort sweet to all who join
Their songs to praise
Thy festal days
And actions of thy life divine.

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M. ♩ = 92.

1. Dai-ly, dai-ly sing to Ma-ry: Sing, my soul, her prais-es due;

All her feasts, her ac-tions wor-ship With the heart's de-vo-tion true.

Lost in won-d'ring con-tem-pla-tion, Be her ma-jes-ty con-fest;

Call her Mo-ther, call her Vir-gin, Hap-py Mo-ther, Vir-gin 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.

All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to sound her glory forth;
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
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.

[*Translation of the "Omni die" by Father Bittleston.*]

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193. THE PRAISES OF MARY.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Ho - ly Queen! we bend be - fore thee, Queen of pu - ri -

- - ty di - vine! Make us love thee, we im-plore thee,

Make us tru - ly to be thine. Thou by faith the

gates un - fold - ing, Of the king - dom in the skies,

Hast to us, by faith be-hold-ing, Shown the land of Pa - ra - dise.

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2.

Thine the province to deliver
  Souls that deep in bondage lie
Thine to crush, and crush for ever,
  Life-destroying heresy.
Thine to show that earthly pleasures,
  All the world's enchanting bloom,
Are outrivall'd by the treasures
  Of the glorious world to come.

3.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother!
  How to conquer every sin;
How to love and help each other;
  How the prize of life to win.
Thou, to whom a Child was given
  Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest Heaven
  To create the world again.

4.

O, by that Almighty Maker,
  Whom thyself a Virgin bore!
O, by thy supreme Creator,
  Link'd with thee for evermore!
By the hope thy name inspires:
  By our doom reversed through thee!
Help us, Queen of Angel-choirs!
  To a blest eternity!

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A DEVOUT PRAYER TO THE MOTHER OF CHRIST.

194. M. ♩ = 96 *(First Tune.)*

1. Hail! Queen of Heaven! The O - cean's Star! Guide of the wan-der-er here be - low! Toss'd on life's surge, we claim thy care, ... Save us from per - il and from woe..... Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea!... Pray for the wanderer, pray for me. A - men.

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M. ♩ = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Hail! Queen of Heaven! The O - cean's Star! Guide of the wan-der-er

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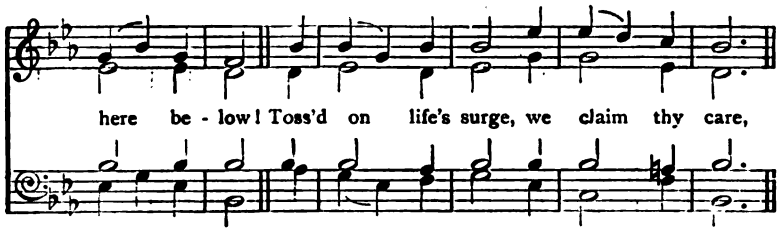

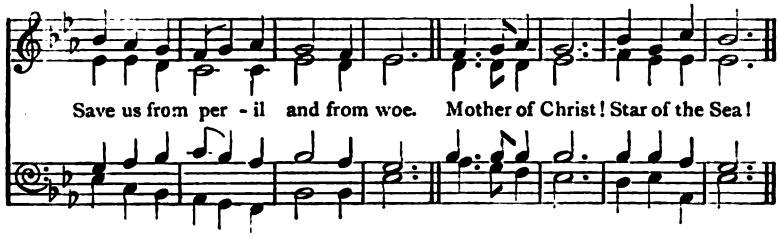

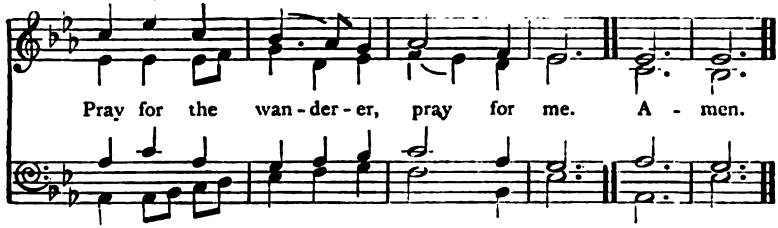

2.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless maid!
Implore thy Son our souls to free
From stain of sin, and lend us aid
To imitate thy purity!
Virgin most pure! Star of the Sea!
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3.

Hail! Glorious advocate! To thee
We exiles turn our weeping eyes.
Health of the weak! In pity see
Our tears, and sooth our miseries.
Refuge in grief! Star of the Sea!
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4.

And while to Him, who reigns above
In Godhead One, in Persons Three.
The source of Life, of Grace, of Love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Do then, bright Queen! Star of the Sea!
Pray for thy children, pray for me. Amen.

[*Rev. John Lingard, D.D.*]

[*First Tune.—"Mater Christi," an Italian Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*
Second Tune.—Traditional Melody.]

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195. TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

M. ♩ = 84. *(First Tune.)*

1. Mother of Mer - cy! day by day My love of thee grows

more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my way,

Like sands up - on..... the great sea - shore.

M. ♩ = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Mother of Mer-cy! day by day My love of thee grows more and more;

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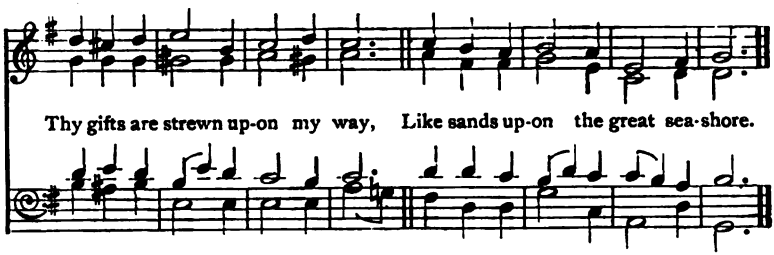

2.

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

3.

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

4.

They know but little of thy worth
  Who speak these heartless words to me
For what did Jesus love on earth
  One half so tenderly as thee?

5.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
  Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
  Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

6.

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

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—"Hesperus," by Henry Baker.*
Second Tune.—"Mater Misericordiæ," by Alfred S. Scott-Gatty.]

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196. AVE MARIA, GRATIA PLENA!

M. ♩ = 56.

CHOIR IN HARMONY. PEOPLE. *f*

1. A - ve Ma - ri - a, gra - ti - a ple - na! So greets thee O Ma - ry, the

p

Father E - ter - nal: Pray thou for us, Child of Glo - ry! A - men.

2.

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

3.

Ave Maria, gratia plena!
The White Love of Souls is thy Bridegroom for ever:
Pray thou for us, Queen of Heaven!

4.

Ave Maria, gratia plena!
So greet thee for ever, the Blessed in Heaven:
Pray thou for us, Joy of Angels!

5.

Ave Maria, gratia plena!
So greet thee the sad, and the sick and the dying:
Pray thou for all, Perfect Pity!

6.

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

7.

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

[*Anonymous.*] [*German Catholic Hymn Tune of the 17th century.*]

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197. CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Like the voice-less star-light fal-ling Thro' the dark-ness of the night,

Like the si-lent dew-drops forming In the cold moon's cloudless light,

So there come to hearts in sor-row Mary's An-gels dear and bright.

2.

For they come into our spirits
With a soft and winning might,
And they make our Dead look brighter
In the waking hours of night,
And they gently turn our darkness
Into depths of tenderest light.

3.

Oh! it is as if some fragments
Of the golden calms of Heaven,
By the mercy of our Father,
Into Mary's hands were given;
But to earth were only falling
Upon hearts with sorrow riven.

4.

For in Mary's ear all sorrow
Singeth ever like a psalm:
Welcome, Mother! are the tempests
Which thou layest with thy calm;
Sweet the broken hearts thou healest
With thine own heart's nameless balm!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Italian Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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198. THE HAPPY GATE OF HEAVEN.

M. ♩= 100.

1. Fair are the por - tals of the day, The gate-ways of the morn - ing, Whose pil - lared clouds the ris - ing sun Is ros - i - ly a - dorn - ing: Fair are the por-tals of the day,

V. 3. Gate of the one sweet E - ven,

The gate-ways of the e - ven When thro' long halls of burn-ing light Earth gaz- es in - to Hea - ven, Of match-less light, of grace un- told,

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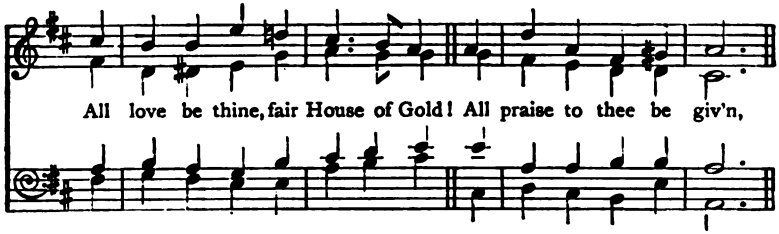

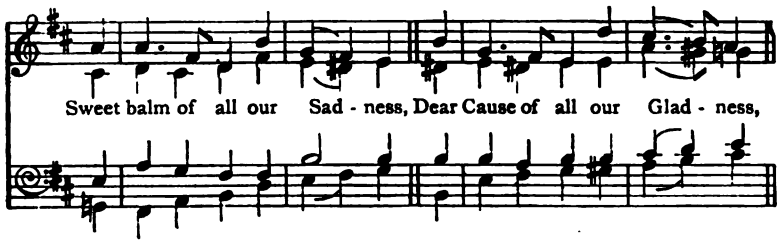

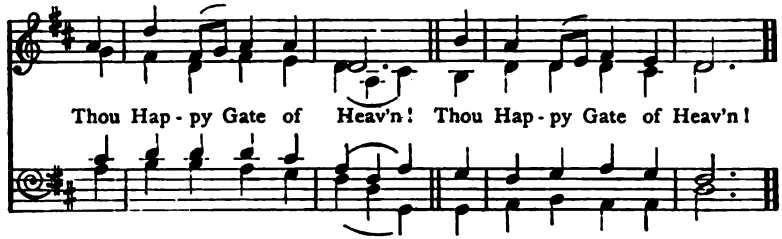

2.

Fair are the passes in the hills,
The gateways of the mountains,
Along whose sounding channels leap
The many-gifted fountains:
Fair are the thresholds of blue sea,
The gateways of the ocean,
That guard the harbours of the earth,
And swing with placid motion.
Of matchless light, &c.

3.

But fairest of all gateways far,
Art thou, the sinless Mary!
The Gate that opens, yet secures
God's inmost sanctuary!
Gate of the one true Dawn art thou,
Gate of the one sweet Even,
Gate of the Angels into earth,
The Gate of souls to Heaven.
Of matchless light, &c.

4.

Thou art the Gate God entered by
To visit His creation,
The mountain-pass where leap and flow
The wells of our salvation:
Thou art the Gate of azure sea,
With the lighthouse ever burning,
The exile's happy Landing-Place,
To his Father's House returning.
Of matchless light, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D. Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] (389) [*Anonymous.*]

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199. MARY THE FLOWER OF HEAVEN.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. O Flower of Grace! di - vin - est Flower! God's light thy life, God's love thy dower! That all a - lone with vir - gin ray Dost make in Heav'n e - ter - nal May, Sweet falls the peer - less dig - ni - ty Of God's e - ter - nal choice on thee! Mo - ther dear - est!

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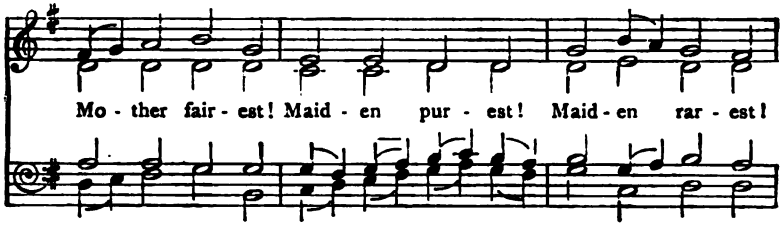

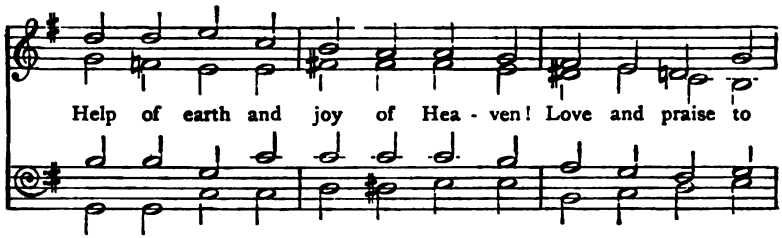

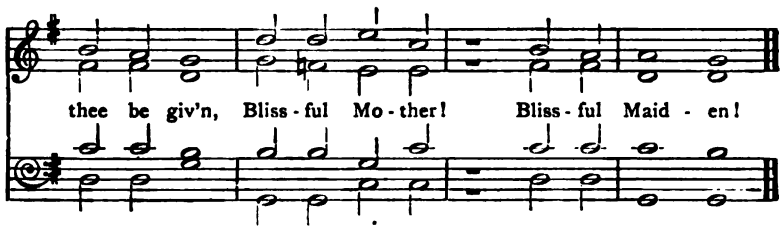

2.

Choice Flower! that bloomest on the Breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head:
O Mary! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee!

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of Heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

3.

O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is,—that utterly,
Mother of God! we trust in thee!

Mother dearest! &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] [*Alfred Johnson.*]

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200. THE MONTH OF MARY.

M. ♩ = 92.

1. Green are the leaves, and sweet the flowers, And rich the hues of May;

We see them in the gardens round, And mar-ket-pan- iers gay: .

And e'en a - mong our streets, and lanes, And al - leys, we des cry,.....

By fit - ful gleams, the fair sun-shine, The blue trans - pa - rent sky.

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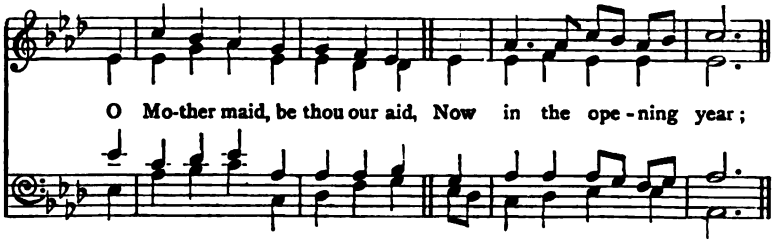
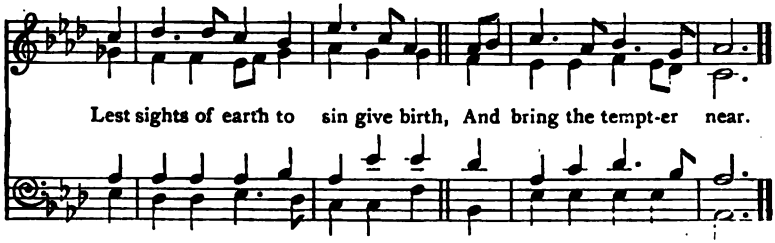
CHORUS.





2.

Green is the grass, but wait awhile,
'Twill grow, and then will wither;
The flow'rets, brightly as they smile,
Shall perish altogether:
The merry sun, you sure would say,
It ne'er could set in gloom;
But earth's best joys have all an end,
And sin, a heavy doom.

But Mother maid, thou dost not fade;
With stars above thy brow,
And the pale moon beneath thy feet,
For ever throned art thou.

3.

The green green grass, the glittering grove,
The heaven's majestic dome,
They image forth a tenderer bower,
A more refulgent home;
They tell us of that Paradise
Of everlasting rest,
And that high Tree, all flowers and fruit,
The sweetest, yet the best.

O Mary, pure and beautiful,
Thou art the Queen of May:
Our garlands wear about thy hair,
And they will ne'er decay.

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PIOUS ASPIRATIONS TO THE MOTHER OF GOD IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

201.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Joy of my heart! Oh let me pay To thee thine own sweet month of May. Ma - ry! one gift..... I beg of thee, My soul from sin and sor - row free. Di - rect my wan-d'ring feet a - right, And be thy - self mine own true light.

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2.

Mother! be love of thee a ray
From Heaven, to show the heavenward way,
Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.
Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to Thee!

3.

If time for penance still be mine,
Mother, the precious gift is thine.
To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief.
We love thee, light of sinners' eyes!
O let thy prayer for sinners rise.

4.

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.
Oh then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.

[*From the Italian, by Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Old French Carol.*]

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CHILDREN'S HYMN BEFORE OUR LADY'S IMAGE IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

202. M. ♩ = 96.

1. This is the i-mage of the Queen Who reigns in bliss a - bove;

Of her who is the hope of men, Whom men and an - gels love!

A little slower.

f

Most ho-ly Ma - ry! at thy feet I bend a suppliant knee;

In this thine own sweet Month of May, Dear Mo - ther of my

God, I pray, Do thou re-mem-ber me,..... Do thou remember me!

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2.

The homage offered at the feet
  Of Mary's image here
To Mary's self at once ascends
  Above the starry sphere.

Chorus.

Most holy Mary! at thy feet
  I bend a suppliant knee;
In all my joy, in all my pain,
O Virgin born without a stain,
  Do thou remember me!

3.

Sweet are the flow'rets we have culled,
  This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
  That rose without a thorn!

Chorus.

Most holy Mary! at thy feet
  I bend a suppliant knee;
When on the bed of death I lie,
By Him Who did for sinners die,
  Do thou remember me!

4.

O Lady, by the stars that make
  A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
  That for thy children plead;

Chorus.

When at the Judgment-seat I stand,
  And my dread Saviour see;
When waves of night around me roll
And hell is raging for my soul;
  O, then remember me!

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203. THE ANGELUS.

M. ♩ = 52.

Voices.

Organ.

The An - ge - lus sweet - ly rings A - ve Ma - ri - a,

Morn, noon, and e - ven sing A - ve Ma - ri - a!

Two Solo Voices.

1. 'Tis long, long a - go since the word spoke in Heav'n
2. From the high - est Hea - ven at Ma - ry's meek word,
3. Oh the crown of all, when the day sinks to rest,

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CHORUS.

By a great Arch-an - gel to Ma - ry was giv'n: But earth ev - er
Down to share His bliss with us, has-tened the Lord, And earth ev - er
By the bells our la - bour is fin - ish'd and blest! The air all is

since sing-eth A - ve Ma - ri - a, Morn, noon, and ev - en sing
since sing-eth A - ve Ma - ri - a, Morn, noon, and ev - en sing
in-cense with A - ve Ma - ri - a! Day's death is ho - ly with

TWO SOLO VOICES.

A - ve Ma - ri - a! Oh blest is the dawn that the An - ge - lus tells!
A - ve Ma - ri - a! O free swing the bells when the noon-tide is seen..
A - ve Ma - ri - a! Oh may our last slum - ber be lull'd with this lay, .

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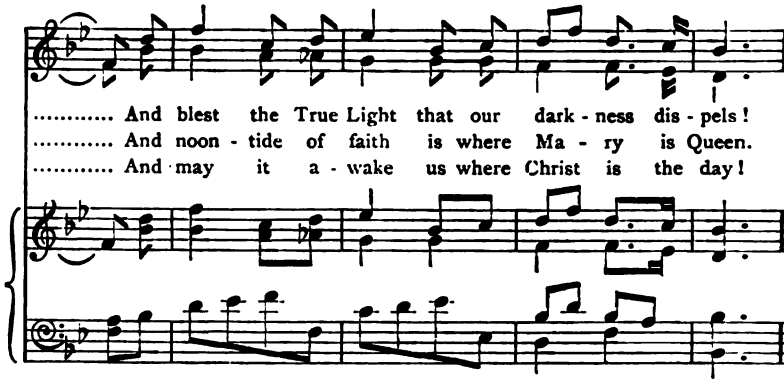

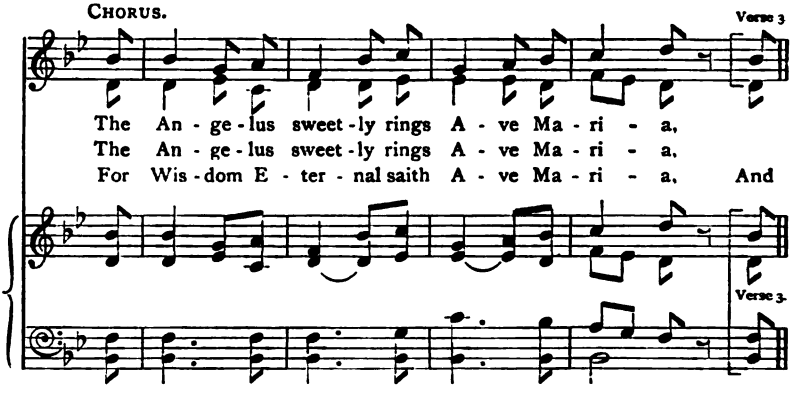

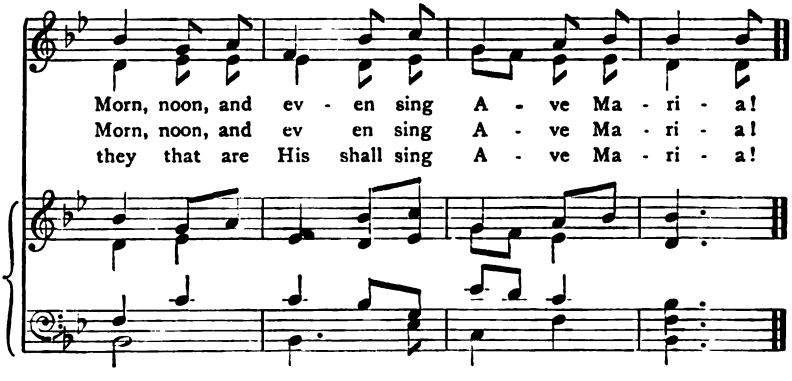

[*Rev. J. O'Connor.*] (400) [*Mélic. Lôisa Puget.*]

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204. EVENING HYMN.

M. ♩ = 69.

1. Dark-er and dark-er fall a-round The sha-dows from the pine;

It is the hour, O Mo-ther-Maid, To ga-ther round thy shrine.

2.

Sweet Mother, hear us, thou hast known
Our earthly hopes and fears;
The heaviness of human toil,
The tenderness of tears.

3.

We pray to thee for those who sail
In peril on the sea,
For where thine eyes of mercy shine
None perish utterly.

4.

And for the soldier too, who sleeps—
His head upon his hand—
And only in a dream can see
His own beloved land.

5.

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.

6.

For us thine eyes are filled with tears;
Oh! let them wash away
The stains of our unworthiness:—
Pray for us, Mother, pray!

7.

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.

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205 THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76.

1. Dear Hus-band of Ma-ry! dear Nurse of her Child!

Life's ways are full wea-ry, the de-sert is wild;

Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we see;

Sweet Spouse of our La-dy! we lean up-on thee.

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2.

For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah blessed Saint Joseph, how safe should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou wert with me!

3.

Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God;
Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be:
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! Oh canst thou bear me?

4.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
There's no saint in heaven I worship like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh deign to love me!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Modern German Marianlied from Gesang and Gebetbuch Archdiocese of Cologne.*]

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1. Te, Jo - seph, ce - le - brent ag - mi - na co - e - li - tum,

Te cun - cti re - so - nent Chris - ti - a - num cho - ri,

Qui cla - - rus me - ri - tis jun - ctus es in - cly - tae

Cas - to foe - de - re Vir - gi - ni. A - men.....

2.

Almo cum tumidam germine Conjugem
Admirans, dubio tangeris anxius,
Afflatu superi Flaminis Angelus
Conceptum puerum docet.

3.

Tu natum Dominum stringis, ad exteras
Aegypti profugum tu sequeris plagas;
Amissum, Solymis quaeris et invenis,
Miscens guadia fletibus.

4.

Post mortem reliquos mors pia consecrat,
Palmamque emeritos gloria suscipit:
Tu vivens, Superis par, frueris Deo,
Mira sorte beatior.

5.

Nobis, Summa Trias, parce precantibus,
Da Joseph meritis sidera scandere:
Ut tandem liceat, nos tibi perpetim,
Gratum promere canticum. Amen.

[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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207. SAINT JOSEPH.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Jo - seph, pure Spouse of that immor-tal Bride, Who shines in ev - er - vir - gin glo - ry bright, Through all the Christian climes thy praise be sung; Through all the realms of light.

2.

Thee, when amazed concern for thy betrothed
Had fill'd thy righteous spirit with dismay,
An Angel visited, and, with blest words,
Scatter'd thy fears away.

3.

Thine arms embraced thy Maker newly born;
With Him to Egypt's desert didst thou flee;
Him in Jerusalem did seek and find;
Oh grief, oh joy for thee!

4.

Not until after death their blissful crown
Others obtain; but unto thee was given,
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy God
As do the blest in Heaven.

5.

Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's sake,
Unto the starry mansions to attain;
There, with glad tongues, Thy praise to celebrate
In one eternal strain.

[*Translation of the Latin Hymn "Te Joseph celebrent agmina cœlitum," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"Saint Joseph," an Italian Hymn Melody, harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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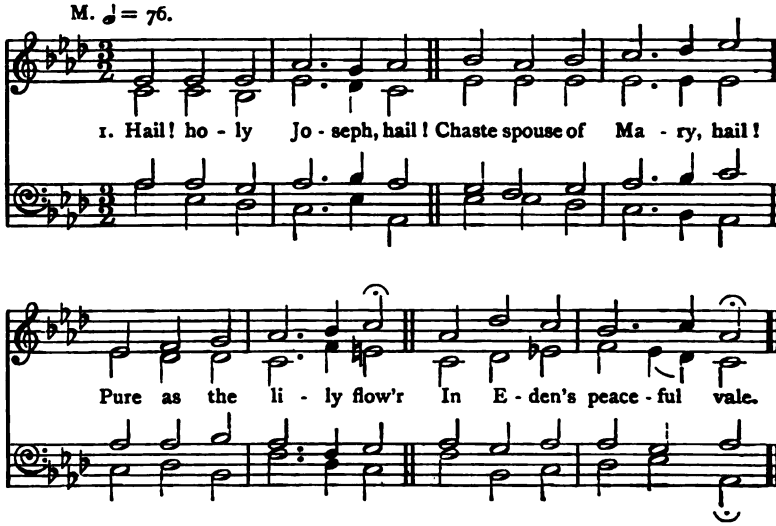
208. SAINT JOSEPH.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76.



2.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Father of Christ esteem'd,
Father be thou to those
  Thy Foster-Son redeem'd.

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!
  Comrade of Angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
  And guide the steps that fail.

5.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made Flesh
  Was subject as a Son.

6.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
  Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
  That love thy husband's name.

7.

Mother of Jesus! bless,
  And bless, ye Saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
  That to Saint Joseph cry.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D. Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

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209. SAINT MICHAEL.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

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

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M. ♩ = 120.

1. Hail, Ga-briel! hail! a thou-sand Hails For thine whose mu - sic

still pre-vails In the world's list - 'ning ear!..... An -

- gel - ic Word! sent forth to tell How the E - ter - nal

Word should dwell A - mid His crea - tures here!.....

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2.

Angel of Jesus! days gone by
Bore burdens of kind prophecy
To quicken hope delayed;
Then, preluding with John's sweet name,
At length thy choicest music came
Unto the Mother-Maid.

3.

Voice of Heaven's sweetness, uttered low,
Thy words like strains of music grow
Upon the stilly night;
Clear echoes from the Mind of God,
Stealing through Mary's blest abode
In pulses of delight.

4.

O Voice! dear Voice! the ages hear
That Hail of thine still lingering near,
An unexhausted song;
And still thou com'st with balmy wing,
Yea, and thou seemest still to sing,
Thine Ave to prolong.

5.

Take up in Heaven for us thy part,
And, singing to the Sacred Heart,
Thy strains of rapture raise;
And tune with endless Ave still
The voices of the Blest, and fill
The Ear of God with praise!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*E. d'Evry.*]

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IN FESTO SS. APOSTOLORUM PETRI ET PAULI.

211. M. ♩ = 76.

1. De - co - ra lux ae - ter - ni - ta - tis, au - re - am

Di - em be - a - tis ir - ri - ga - vit i - gni - bus,

A po - sto - lo - rum quae co - ro - nat Prin - ci - pes, Re - is-que in

a - stra, re - is-que in as - tra li - be-ram pan - dit..... vi - am.

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2. Mun-di Ma - gis - ter, at - que coe - li Ja - ni - tor, Ro-mae Pa -
3. O Ro-ma fe - lix, quae du - o - rum Prin-ci - pum Es con - se -
4. Sit Tri - ni - ta - ti sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a, Ho-nor, po

- ren - tes, ar - bi - tri - que gen - ti - um, Per en - sis il - le, hic
- cra - ta glo - ri - o - so san - gui - ne: Ho - rum cru - o - re
- te - stas, at - que ju - bi - la - ti - o, In U - ni - ta - te,

per cru - cis vi - ctor ne - cem, Vi - tae se - na - tum, vi - tae se -
pur - pu - ra - ta, ce - te - ras Ex - cel - lis or - bis, ex - cel - lis
quae gu - ber - nat om - ni - a, Per u - ni - ver - sa, per u - ni -

- na - tum lau - re - a - ti pos - si - dent.
or - bis u - na pul - chri - tu - di - nes.
- ver - sa sae - cu - lo - rum sae - cu - la. A - men.

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211, 213. SAINT PETER AND SAINT PAUL.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. De - co - ra lux ae - ter - ni - ta - tis, au - re -
1. With gold - en light, and with a beauteous ro - sy

- am Di - em be - a - tis ir - ri - ga - vit
ray, Thou Light of Light, Thy beams through all the

i - gni - bus, A - po - sto - lo - rum
world hast spread; With glo - rious mar - tyr -

quae co - ro - nat Prin - ci - pes, Re - is - que in as - tra
- dom decking the Heav'ns this day, Which par - don gives to

li - beram pan - dit vi - - - am. A - men.
souls that have been led a - stray.

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2.

Mundi Magister, atque coeli Janitor,
Romae Parentes, arbitrique gentium,
Per ensis ille, hic per crucis victor necem,
Vitae senatum laureati possident.

3.

O Roma felix, quae duorum Principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:
Horum cruore purpurata, ceteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.

4.

Sit Trinitati sempiterna gloria,
Honor, potestas, atque jubilatio,
In unitate, quae gubernat omnia,
Per universa saeculorum saecula.
Amen.

2.

Heaven's Porter, and the Saint that taught the world God's Word,
Judges of all, true lights of the universal round;
One conquering by the Cross, the other by the sword,
The Senate of the Blest possess, with laurel crowned.

3.

O happy Rome! whose fame such noble Princes raise,
In whose most precious blood thou dyest thy purple weeds;
By their divine desert, not by thine own due praise,
Thy glory all the world's vain beauty far exceeds.

4.

Unto the Trinity eternal glory be,
Honour and power and hymns of joy and heavenly praise,
Whose empire's force remains in perfect unity
At first, and now, and still beyond time's longest days.
Amen.

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M. ♩ = 92.

1. On - ly a gold - en gleam of God's e - ter - ni - ty Can add such blissful

fire to earth-ly sum-mer-dawn: The crowning day of our Twin-Chieftain's

vic - to - ry A - lone shows Heav'n so clear to sin - ners far withdrawn. A - men.

2.

The Master of the schools of God,—the Warden pure
  Of Truth's unfailing stronghold,—Rome's high-judging Sires,
By well-fought way of Sword and Cross they wear secure
  The ever-living laurels of God's council-choirs.

3.

O Rome thrice favoured, whom the peerless kingly Two
  Have consecrated in their true hearts' holy tide!
Such purple glory dyes thine ancient claims anew,
  Thy rivals pale and faint in all the earth beside.

4.

So to the Everlasting Three all glory give,
  And boundless empire's awe sublime, and holy glee,
Throned in that inmost Unity whereby doth live
  Harmonious Law, that sways benign eternally. Amen.

[*Translation of the "Decora Lux Aeternitatis," by the Rev. F. O'Connor.*]

[*S. Webbe.*]

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214. UT QUEANT LAXIS.

M. ♩ = 100.

1. Ut que - ant la - xis re - so - na - re fi - - bris
Mi - ra ge - sto - rum fa - - mu - li tuo - rum,
Sol - ve pol - lu - - ti la - bi - i re - a - - tum,
Sa - ncte Jo - an - nes, Sa - ncte Jo - an - nes. A - men.

2.
Nuntius celso veniens Olympo,
Te patri magnum fore nasciturum,
Nomen, et vitae seriem gerendae
Ordine promit.

3.
Ille promissi dubius superni,
Perdidit promptae modulos loquelae
Sed reformasti genitus peremptae
Organa vocis.

4.
Ventris obstruso recubans cubili,
Senseras Regem thalamo manentem:
Hinc parens, nati meritis uterque
Abdita pandit.

5.
Sit decus Patri, genitaeque Proli,
Et tibi, compar utriusque virtus
Spiritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Temporis aevo. Amen.

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215. UT QUEANT LAXIS.

1.

Unloose, great Baptist, our sin-fetter'd lips;
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
The deeds of mighty fame!

2.

Oh, lot sublime! an Angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire; while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.

3.

Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the Angel's word;
But thou on thine eighth day dost re-attune
For him the vocal chord.

4.

No marvel; since yet cloister'd in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fired.

5.

Glory immortal to the Father be,
Praise to the sole-begotten Sovereign Son,
With Thee, co-equal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run!
Amen.

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216. SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Saint of the Sa - cred Heart, Sweet teach - er of the Word,

Part - ner of Ma - ry's woes, And favour - ite of the Lord.

2.

Thou to whom grace was given
  To stand where Peter fell;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
  Of Him it loved so well!

3.

When the last evening came,
  Thy head was on His Breast,
Pillowed on earth, where now
  In Heaven the Saints find rest.

4.

His Heart, with quickened love,
  Because His hour drew near,
Now throbbed against thy head,
  Now beat into thine ear.

5.

Dear Saint! I stand far off,
  With vilest sins opprest;
Oh may I dare, like thee,
  To lean upon His Breast?

6.

The gifts He gave to thee
  He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
  His Mother and His Heart.

7.

Ah, teach me, then, dear Saint!
  The secrets Christ taught thee,
The beatings of His Heart,
  And how it beat for me.

EE

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217. IN FESTO SANCTORUM INNOCENTIUM.

M. ♩ = 80. VERSE 1.

1. Sal-ve-te, flo-res Mar-tyrum Quos lu-cis ip-so in li-mi-ne
Christi in-se-cu-tor sus-tu-lit, Ceu tur-bo na-scen-tes ro-sas.

VERSES 2 and 3.

2. Vos pri-ma Chri-sti vi-cti-ma, Grex im-mo-la-to-
3. Je-su, ti-bi sit glo-ri-a, Qui na-tus es de
-rum te-ner, A-ram sub i-psam sim-pli-ces
Vir-gi-ne, Cum Pa-tre, et al-mo Spi-ri-tu,
Pal-ma et co-ro-nis lu-di-tis.
In sem-pi-ter-na sæ-cu-la. A-men.

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218. SALVETE, FLORES MARTYRUM.

1.

Flowers of martyrdom, all hail!
  Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
  Strews the roses ere they blow.

2.

First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
  What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreaths and palms,
  At the very altar side!

3.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
  Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
  While eternal ages run.
                Amen.

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219. SAINT MARY MAGDALENE.

M. ♩ = 92.

1. From the high - est heights of glo - ry, 'Mid the sweets of end - less calm, Ma - ry's spi - rit in its rap - ture On the earth is drop - ping balm. On the Bo - som of the Sa-viour, Like a flow'r of stain-less white, Lies the tro - phy of His mer - cy, In a blaze of heav'n - ly light.

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2.

Pardoned Sinner! wondrous Convert.
  Was there ever home like thine?
'Midst the splendours of the Angels
  How thy fervent graces shine!
And yet thou too once wast wandering,
  Once wast soiled with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
  In the land where Jesus reigns.

3.

Thou didst fly unto thy Saviour,
  And thine eyes were fixed on His,
While thy guilty lips were printing
  On His Feet full many a kiss:
Ah then, wonder of compassion!
  In one moment thou wast free,
And a gift of love unequalled
  From His Heart came into thee!

4.

Blessed swiftness of a pardon
  Which thy guilt could not delay!
Happy penance of a moment
  Burning life-long sins away!
Oh those gentle Eyes of Jesus,
  And those tender Words He said!
Oh the value that He places
  On the tears that sinners shed!

5.

The sweet fragrance of thine ointment
  All the earth is filling now;
And thy tears are turned to jewels
  For a crown upon thy brow:
There are thousands in all ages
  Come to Christ because of thee,
Oh then, Mary, with thy converts
  In thy kindness number me!

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220. SAINT GEORGE.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Lead - er now on earth no lon - ger, Sol - dier of th'e -

- ter - nal King, Vic tor in the fight for Hea - ven,

CHORUS.

We thy lov - ing prais - es sing. Great Saint

George, our Pat - ron, help us, In..... the con - flict

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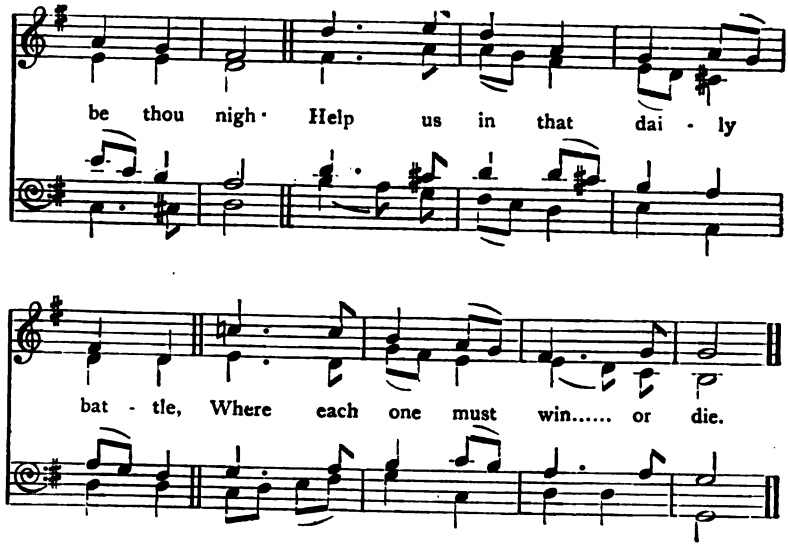

2.

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

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

3.

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

Great St. George, &c.

4.

Clothe us in thy shining armour,
Place thy good sword in our hand;
Teach us how to wield it, fighting
Onward t'wards the heavenly land.

Great St. George, &c.

5.

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

Great St. George, &c.

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221. SAINT PATRICK.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. Hail glo - rious Saint Pa - trick, dear Saint of our land,
O - ver us thy poor chil - dren stretch out thy right hand,
And bless us, and pray that thy coun - try may prove
An is - land of Saints in God's o - cean of love.

2. We have kept the True Faith in the land of our birth,
We have spread it abroad to the ends of the earth;
'Tis a halo of light which was left us by thee
That has shone through the night like a lighthouse at sea.

3. Driven forth into exile by famine and sword,
We have clung to God's Church, to our Faith, to His Word,
It is thy prayers, Saint Patrick, that won us this grace,
For God sees all our needs when He looks on thy face.

4. In the war against sin, in the fight for the Faith,
Help the children of Erin to struggle till death;
Let their strength be in meekness, in penance, in prayer,
And their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

5. Ever bless and defend the dear land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou wast on earth;
Where God's faithful children shall ever stand fast
To Saint Patrick, and Erin, and Home, to the last!

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Hail glo - rious Saint Pa - trick, dear Saint of our land,

O - ver us thy poor chil - dren stretch out thy right hand,

And bless us, and pray that thy coun - try may prove

An is - land of Saints in God's o - cean of love.

[*Adapted from a Catholic German 17th century Hymn.*]

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SAINT PATRICK.

M. ♩ = 100.

1. Fa - ther of all those far - scat-ter'd sheep of Christ, Where - in sad
2. Thy God is theirs, O Pat - rick, the liv - ing God! Com - fort and

E - rin hath the mo - ther's claim, Lo, four-teen cen - tu - ries!
crown of thine un - friend - ed youth, Bring - ing thy pri - son-land

And shores of all the seas Music make to God in thy migh- ty name.
Thrall to thy crozier'd hand In the bright al - le-giance of ho - ly truth.

3. Love for the souls of Erin's benighted sons
Broke thy great heart and killed thy cloistered peace,
Till ev'ry sobbing gale
Sang thee the Irish wail,
Pleading with the night for the day's release.

4. Fresh from the field where foes of th' Incarnate Son
Sank ne'er to rise beneath the word of Rome;
Thou, binding fast to thee
Christ and the Trinity,
Camest white-haired man o'er the white sea-foam.

5. Christ in thy heart, and Christ upon either hand,
Christ's is the land where'er thy feet have trod!
Make us for evermore,
As those our sires of yore,
Faithful and beloved of the Triune God!

6. Oh by thy last sublime and prevailing pray'r,
Pour'd where thy hills confront a tameless sea,
May we through every clime
And in each faithless time
Show thy might with God and His might in thee!

[Rev. J. O'Connor.] (426) [Adaptation from an Italian Melody.]

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223. SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

Con moto. Unison.

1. Ad - huc re - - ges In - sur - gunt in e - jus le - ges,
Ae - mu - lan - tur, Et su - is ad - ver - sa fan - tur
Cu - i dant thu - ra.)
Chri - sti ju - ra.)

2. Quid in - cas - sum fre - mi - tis?
Chri - stus non oc - ci - di - tur;
Non ju - gum ex - cu - ti - tis, Sed fir - ma - tis)
Fru - stra san - guis fun - di - tur, Quo na - ta - tis.)

3. Pur - gat falx san - gui - ne - a, Tho - ma, si quid an - te - a
Ma - jor ti - bi glo - ri - a; Haec qui spon - te prae - li - a
Pec - ca - vi - sti.)
Su - sce - pi - sti.)

4. Te - nens E - van - ge - li - um,
E - xu - lat, oc - ci - di - tur;

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Im-plens mi - ni - ste - ri - um, Nil pa - ve - scit.
Nun-quam ta - men vin - ci - tur, Sed qui - e - scit.

5. Fe - rit ma-nus im - pi - a Pro-num ad al - ta - ri - a,
Vox cru - o - ris tol - li - tur: At non di - ra lo - qui - tur;

U - bi pa-cis hos - ti - a Im-mo-la - tur.
Ve-ni - am, ut pos - ci - tur, Ad-pre-ca - tur.

6. Tu - a-rum vin-di - ces
Su - a non quaere - re,

Le - gum pon - ti - fi - ces Tu - ae da, De - us, ec - cle - si - ae.
Tu - a de - fen - de - re, Il - lis to - ta..... sit spes glo - ri - ae.

A - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

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224. SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

1.

Ever and evermore
The kings do flout the laws
Of Him Whom they adore;
And by strange jealousy
Do call Christ's blessèd cause
Their enemy.

2.

Kings, why vainly murmur?
Heavier and firmer
Grows the yoke hereby:
Christ no more shall die.
Pour not blood on blood
Lest ye drown i' the flood.

3.

Thomas, thy less perfect life
By a red and dreadful knife
Shall be pruned away.
Wondrous glory is to thee
For thy valiant choice and free
Of such bitter fray.

4.

Holding fast the Word of God,
Well the Shepherd's way he trod,
True and fearless.
Outcast, hunted, slain is he;
On him rests the victory,
Stainless, peerless.

5.

See the sacrilegious blow
At the altar lays him low
Where the Ransom of our woe
Aye is bleeding.
With his Master's sacrifice
See the blood of Thomas rise,
For his enemies it cries,
Interceding.

6.

Unto Thy Church alway
Grant, mighty God, we pray,
Bishops Thy holy law to guard.
Not for themselves to fight,
But for Thy Sovereign Right,
Be this their way to Thy great reward
Amen.

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M. ♩ = 84.

1. Fa - ther of ma - ny chil - dren! in the gloom

Of the long past how beau - ti - ful thou art!

And still, dear Saint! the wea - ry na - tions come

To drink from out thine un - ex - haust - ed heart.

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2.

There are sweet waters in thy fountains still;
  In every changeful age they have been flowing;
While faithful sons thy destinies fulfil
  Through the wide world, like rivers in their going.

3.

Kings, with thy wisdom in their hearts, dear Saint!
  Have grown more royal 'neath thy Christ-like rule;
And, when the earth with ignorance was faint,
  Learning found shelter in thy tranquil school.

4.

Deserts have blossomed where thy feet have trod;
  Thy homes have been safe shelter for the weary;
And in dark times the glory of our God
  Fled to thy houses to find sanctuary.

5.

O Benedict! thy special gifts are peace,
  Freedom of heart and sweet simplicity;
They fail not with the ages, but increase,
  As thine own graces grew of old in thee.

6.

Give us great hearts, dear Father! hearts as wide
  As thine that was far wider than the world,
Hearts by incessant labour sanctified,
  Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.

7.

Thou art the Christian Abraham; to thee,
  Saint of insatiate love! thy God hath given
For thy grand faith a saintly family,
  Countless as are the crowded stars in Heaven.

8.

Kind Shepherd! tend us with thy pastoral love
  Across the mountains to our heavenly rest:
Father! we see thee beckoning from above;—
  We come! we come! to bless thee, and be blest!

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226. SAINT PHILIP IN HIS SCHOOL.

M. ♩ = 100.

1. This is the Saint of gen - tleness and kind - ness, Cheer - ful in pen - ance, and in pre-cept win - ning: Pa - tient-ly heal - ing of their pride and blind - ness, Souls that are sin - ning.

2.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us,
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

3.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare him,
Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

4.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a minute;
Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us,
Sin is not in it.

5.

Thus he conducts by holy paths and pleasant,
Innocent souls, and sinful souls forgiven,
Towards the bright palace where our God is present,
Throned in high Heaven.

[Cardinal Newman.] [French.]

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227. SAINT PHILIP NERI IN HIS MISSION.

1.

In the far North our lot is cast,
  Where faithful hearts are few;
Still are we Philip's children dear,
  And Peter's soldiers true.

2.

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome,
  Beneath Saint Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of loyal love
  And ministry was paid.

3.

The solemn porch, and portal high,
  Of Peter was thy home;
The world's Apostle he, and thou
  Apostle of his Rome.

4.

And first in the old catacombs,
  In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock,
  And slept their glorious sleep,

5.

There didst thou pass the nights in prayer,
  Until at length there came,
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,
  The Pentecostal flame;—

6.

Then, in that heart-consuming love,
  Didst walk the city wide,
And lure the noble and the young
  From Babel's pomp and pride;

7.

And, gathering them within thy cell,
  Unveil the lustre bright,
And beauty of thy inner soul,
  And gain them by the sight.

8.

And thus to Rome for Peter's faith
  Far known, thou didst impart
Thy lessons of the hidden life,
  And discipline of heart.

9.

And as the Apostle, on the hill
  Facing the Imperial Town,
First gazed upon his fair domain,
  Then on the cross lay down,

10.

So thou, from out the streets of Rome,
  Didst turn thy failing eye
Unto that mount of martyrdom,
  Take leave of it, and die.

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228. SAINT PHILIP IN HIMSELF.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. The ho - ly Monks, conceal'd from men, In midnight choir, or stu-dious cell,
2. The Fri-ars too, the zea - lous band By Do - mi - nic or Fran-cis led,

In sul - try field, or win - try glen, The ho - ly Monks, I
They ga-ther, and they take their stand Where foes are fierce, or

love them well, The ho - ly Monks, I love them well.
friends have fled, Where foes are fierce, or friends have fled.

3.

And then the unwearied Company,
Which bears the Name of Sacred might,
The Knights of Jesus, they defy
The fiend,—full eager for the fight.

4.

Yet there is one I more affect
Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar,
'Tis an old of sweet aspect,
I love him more, I more admire.

5.

I know him by his head of snow,
His ready smile, his keen full eye,
His words which kindle as they flow,
Save he be rapt in ecstasy.

6.

He lifts his hands, there issues forth
A fragrance virginal and rare,
And now he ventures to our North,
Where hearts are frozen as the air.

7.

He comes, by grace of his address,
By the sweet music of his face,
And his low tones of tenderness,
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

8.

O sainted Philip, Father dear,
Look on thy little ones, that we
Thy loveliness may copy here,
And in the eternal Kingdom see.

[*Cardinal Newman.*]

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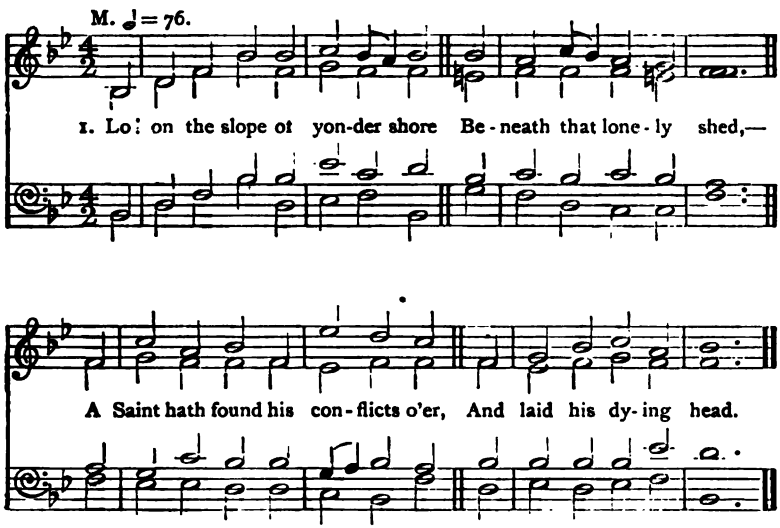
229. SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER.



2.

No gloom of fear hath glaz'd his eye,
  For though loud billows roll,—
The Aurora of Eternity
  Is rising on his soul.

3.

The glorious Saviour of his love
  Receives him in His Arms,
And bears him, like a ransom'd dove,
  Away from all alarms!

4.

Champion of Jesus! on that Breast
  From whence thy fervour flow'd,
Thou hast obtained eternal rest,
  The Bosom of thy God!

5.

Oh! to be one, through life and death,
  In Christ, with such as thee:
And when I yield my latest breath,
  Do thou remember me!

[*M. Bridges.*]

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230. EXSULTET ORBIS GAUDIIS.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Ex - sul - tet or - bis gau - di - is: Coe - lum re - sul - tet lau - di - bus: A - po-sto - lo - rum glo - ri - am Tel - lus et as - tra con - ci - nunt. A - men.

2.

Vos saeculorum judices,
Et vera mundi lumina,
Votis precamur cordium,
Audite voces supplicum.

3.

Qui templa Coeli clauditis,
Serasque verbo solvitis,
Nos a reatu noxios
Solvi jubete, quaesumus.

4.

Praecepta quorum protinus
Languor salusque sentiunt:
Sanate mentes languidas;
Augete nos virtutibus.

5.

Ut, cum redibit Arbiter
In fine Christus saeculi,
Nos sempiterni gaudii
Concedat esse compotes.

6.

Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Saeclum per omne gloria. Amen.

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231. APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Now let the earth with joy re-sound, And Heav'n the chant re-ech-o round;
Nor Heav'n nor earth too high can raise The great A-pos-tles' glo-rious praise.

2. O ye who, throned in glo-ry dread, Shall judge the liv-ing and the dead!
Lights of the world for ev-er-more! To you the sup-pliant prayer we pour.

3.
Ye close the sacred gates on high;
At your command apart they fly:
Oh! loose for us the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

4.
Sickness and health your voice obey;
At your command they go or stay:
From sin's disease our souls restore;
In good confirm us more and more.

5.
So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,
May we be call'd those joys to see
Prepared from all eternity.

6.
Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.

[*Translation of the "Exultet orbis gaudiis," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"Saint Ignatius Loyola," by Emil Kreuz.*]

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232. REX GLORIOSE MARTYRUM.

M. ♩ = 92. *(First Tunc.)*

Co - ro - na con - In - ten - de no -

1. Rex glo - ri - o - se Mar - ty - rum, Co - ro - na con - fi -
2. Au - rem be - ni - gnam pro - ti - nus In - ten - de no - stris....

- fi - ten - ti - um, Qui re - spu - en - tes ter - re - a Per -
- stris vo - ci - bus: Tro - phae - a sa - cra pan - gi - mus: I -

- - ten - ti - um, Qui re - spu - en - tes ter - re - a Per - du - cis
..... vo - ci - bus: Tro - phae - a sa - cra pan - gi - mus: I - gno - sce

Per - du - cis ad coe -
I - gno - sce quod de -

Per - du - cis
I - gno - sce

- du - cis ad - coe - le - sti - a, Per - du - cis
- gno - sce quod de - li - qui - mus, I - gno - sce

ad coe - li - sti - a.
quod de - li - qui - mus.

- le - sti - a, Per - du - cis ad coe - le - sti - a,
- li - qui - mus, I - gno - sce quod de - li - qui - mus,

ad coe - le - sti - a, Per - du - cis ad coe - le - sti - a.
quod de - li - qui - mus, I - gno - sce quod de - li - qui - mus.

ad
quod

Per - du - cis, per - du - cis ad..... coe - - le - sti - a.
I - gno - sce, I - gno - sce quod..... de - - li - qui - mus.

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Par - cis - que Con -
Ej - us - que so .

3. Tu vin - cis in - ter Mar - ty - res, Par - cis - que Con - fes -
4. De - o Pa - tri sit glo - ri - a, Ej - us - que So - li.....

- fes - so - ri - bus: Tu vin - ce no - stra cri - mi - na, Lar -
- li Fi - li - o, Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa - ra - cli - to, Nunc,

- - so - ri - bus: Tu - vin - ce no - stra cri - mi - na, Lar - gi - tor
..... Fi . li - o, Cum Spi - ri - tu Pa - ra - cli - to, Nunc, et per

Lar - gi - tor in - dul -
Nunc, et per om - ne

Lar - gi - tor
Nunc, et per

gi - tor in - dul - gen - ti - ae, Lar - gi - tor
et per om - ne sae - cu - lum, Nunc, et per

in - dul - gen - ti - ae.
om - ne..... sae - cu - lum.

- gen - ti - ae, Lar - gi - tor in - dul - gen - ti - ae,
sae - cu lum, Nunc, et per om - ne sae - cu - lum,

in - dul - gen - ti - ae, Lar - gi - tor in - dul - gen - ti - ae.
om - ne..... sae - cu - lum, Nunc, et per om - ne sae - cu - lum.

in -
om -

Lar - gi - tor, lar - gi - tor in - dul - gen - ti - ae.
Nunc, et per, nunc, et per om - ne..... sae - cu - lum. A - men.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Rex glo - ri - o - - se Mar - ty - rum,

Co - ro - na con - - fi - ten - - ti - um,

Qui re - spu - en - tes ter - re - a Per - du - cis

ad..... coe - le - - sti - a. A - men.

2.

Aurem benignam protinus
Intende nostris vocibus:
Trophaea sacra pangimus:
Ignosce quod deliquimus.

3.

Tu vincis inter Martyres,
Parcisque Confessoribus:
Tu vince nostra crimina,
Largitor indulgentiae.

4.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc, et per omne saeculum.
Amen.

[*Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.*]

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233. REX GLORIOSE MARTYRUM.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. O Thou, the Mar - tyrs' glo - rious King! Of con - fes - sors the crown and prize; Who dost to joys ce - les - tial bring Those who the joys of earth des - pise; A - men.

2.

By all the praise Thy Saints have won;
By all their pains in days gone by;
By all the deeds which they have done;
Hear Thou Thy suppliant people's cry.

3.

Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;
Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in Thy sight,
And in Thy sacred presence live.

4.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
And glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee!
While everlasting ages run.
Amen.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

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234. CHRISTO PROFUSUM SANGUINEM.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Chris - to pro - fu - sum san - gui - nem Et Mar - ty -
2. Ter - ro - re vi - cto sae - cu - li, Poe - nis - que

- rum vic - to - ri - as, Di - gnam - que coe - lo lau - re - am
spre - tis cor - po - ris, Mor - tis sa - crae com - pen - di - o,

Lae - tis se - qua - mur vo - ci - bus.
Vi - tam be - at - am pos - si - dent. A - men.

3.

Traduntur igni Martyres,
Et bestiarum dentibus:
Armata saevit ungulis
Tortoris insani manus.

4.

Nudata pendent viscera,
Sanguis sacratus funditur:
Sed permanent immobiles
Vitae perennis gratia.

5.

Te nunc, Redemptor, quaesumus,
Ut Martyrum consortio
Jungas precantes servulos
In sempiterna saecula. Amen.

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235. CHRISTO PROFUSUM SANGUINEM.

1.

Sing we the Martyrs blest,
  Their blood for Jesus pour'd;
Sing we their glorious victories
  And infinite reward.

2.

Treading the world beneath,
  Spurning the body's pain,
Twas theirs, in Martyrdom's brief space,
  Eternal joys to gain.

3.

Consign'd to raging flames
  Or ruthless beasts a prey;
Their tender flesh by savage hooks
  Torn piece by piece away;

4.

Their vitals hanging forth;
  Unmoved they still endure;
Unmoved continue, in the grace
  Of endless life secure.

5.

Saviour, to us vouchsafe,
  Of Thy dear clemency,
A portion with Thy Martyr Saints.
  Through all eternity.
Amen.

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236, 237. ISTE CONFESSOR.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96. *(First Tune.)*

1. I - ste Con - fes - sor Do - mi - ni, co - len - tes Quem pi - e
1. This is the day where - on the Lord's true wit-ness, Whom all the

lau - dant po - pu - li per or - bem, Hac di - e lae - tus
na - tions lov - ing - ly do ho - nour, Wor - thy at last was

rall. . . . .

me - ru - it be - a - tas Scan - de - re se - des. A - men.
found to wear for ev - er Glo - ry tran-scen - dent.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96. *(Second Tune.)*

1. I - ste Con - fes - sor, Do - mi - ni, co - len - tes
1. This is the day where - on the Lord's true wit - ness,

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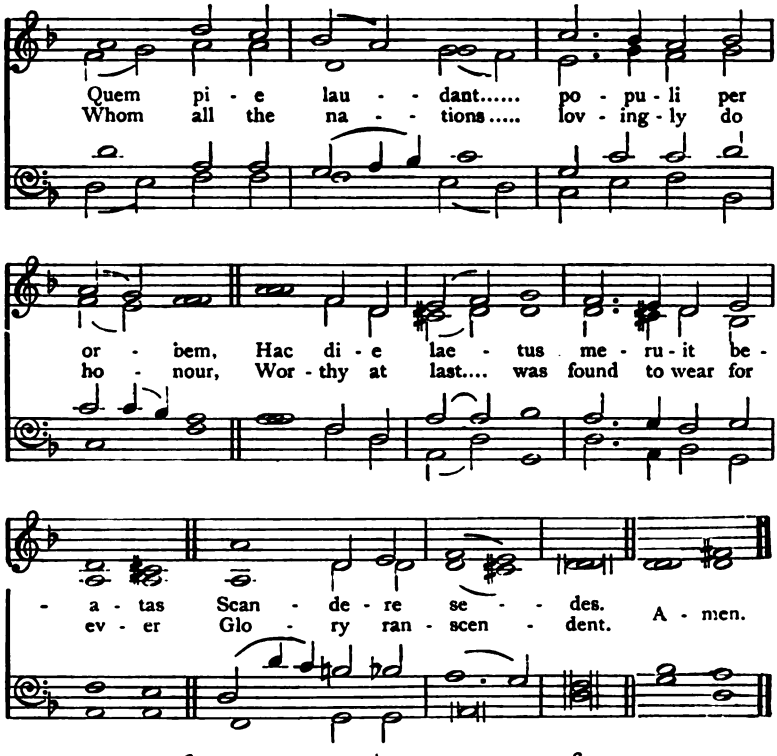

2.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit aurae.
Spiritus artas.

3.

Cujus, ob praestans meritum, frequenter
Aegra quae passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis saluti
Restituunter.

4.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas;
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per aevum.

5.

Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super coeli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et Unus.
Amen.

2.

Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest-minded,
So kept he well an even course unstained
Ever while in his frame of manhood lingered
Life's fitful breathings.

3.

Oft hath it been thro' his sublime deserving
Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken,
Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness
Healèd divinely.

4.

Wherefore to him we raise the solemn chorus
Chanting his praise and his surpassing triumph:
So may his pleading help us in the battle
All through the ages.

5.

Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour
Always be His, Who shining in the highest,
Ruleth and keepeth all the worlds' vast order,
One God, Three Persons!
Amen.

[*First Tune.—Spanish.*]
[*Second Tune.—From an old English Vesperale.*]

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M. ♩ = 92. *(Third Tune.)*

1. Is - te Con - fes - sor, Do - mi - ni, co - len - tes Quem pi - e
1. This is the day where - on the Lord's true wit- ness, Whom all the

lau - dant po - pu - li per or - bem, Hac di - e lae - tus
na - tions lov - ing-ly do ho - nour, Wor - thy at last was

me - ru - it be - a - tas Scan - - - - - de - re
found to wear for ev - er Glo - - - - - ry tran-
de - re
- ry tran -

se - des.
- scen - dent. A - - - - - - - - - men.

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2.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit aurae
Spiritus artus.

3.

Cujus ob praestans meritum, frequenter
Aegra quae passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.

4.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per aevum.

5.

Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super coeli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et Unus.
Amen.

2.

Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest-minded,
So kept he well an even course unstained
Ever while in his frame of manhood lingered
Life's fitful breathings.

3.

Oft hath it been through his sublime deserving
Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken,
Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness
Healèd divinely.

4.

Wherefore to him we raise the solemn chorus
Chanting his praise and his surpassing triumph:
So may his pleading help us in the battle
All through the ages.

5.

Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour
Always be His, Who shining in the highest,
Ruleth and keepeth all the worlds' vast order,
One God, Three Persons!
Amen.

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M. ♩ = 96. *(Fourth Tune.)*

1. I - ste Con - fes - sor Do - mi - ni, co - len - tes Quem pi - e
1. This is the day where - on the Lord's true wit - ness, Whom all the

lau - dant po - pu - li per or - bem, Hac di - e lae - tus
na - tions lov - ing - ly do ho - nour, Wor - thy at last was

me - ru - it be - a - tas Scan - de - re se - des. A - men.
found to wear for ev - er Glo - ry tran - scen - dent.

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2.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit aurae
Spiritus artus.

3.

Cujus, ob praestans meritum, frequenter
Aegra quae passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituunter.

4.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas;
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per aevum.

5.

Sit salus illi, decus, atque virtus,
Qui super coeli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et Unus.
Amen.

2.

Loving, far-seeing, lowly, modest-minded,
So kept he well an even course unstained
Ever while in his frame of manhood lingered
Life's fitful breathings.

3.

Oft hath it been thro' his sublime deserving
Poor human bodies, howsoever stricken,
Broke and cast off the bondage of their sickness
Healèd divinely.

4.

Wherefore to him we raise the solemn chorus
Chanting his praise and his surpassing triumph:
So may his pleading help us in the battle
All through the ages.

5.

Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour
Always be His, Who shining in the highest,
Ruleth and keepeth all the worlds' vast order,
One God, Three Persons!
Amen.

[*Fourth Tune—Spanish.*]

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238. JESU, CORONA VIRGINUM.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Je - su, co - ro - na Vir - - - - gi - num, Quem
2. Qui per - gis in - ter li - - - - li - a, Se -

Quae so - la
Spon-sus de -

Ma - ter il - la con - ci - pit, Quae so - la Vir - go,
- ptus cho - re - is Vir - gi - num, Sponsus de - co - rus,

Vir - go par - - - - - - - - - - - - tu - rit;
- co - rus glo - - - - - - - - - - - - ri - a,

Vir - - - - - go par - - - - - - tu - rit;
de - - - - - corus glo - - - - - - ri - a,

Haec vo - ta cle - mens ac - - - - - - ci - pe.
Spon - sis - que red - dens prae - - - - - - mi - a.

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3. Quo - cum - que ten - dis, Vir - - - - gi - nes Se -
4. Te de - pre - ca - mur sup - - - - pli - ces, No -

Post te ca -
Ne - sci - re

- quun - tur at - que lau - di - bus Post te ca - nen - tes,
- stris ut ad - das sen - si - bus, Ne - sci - re pror - sus,

- nen - tes cur - - - - - - - - - - si - tant,
pror - sus om - - - - - - - - - - ni - a

- nen - - - - - tes cur - - - - - - si - tant,
pror - - - - - sus om - - - - - - ni - a

Hym - no - sque dul - ces per - - - - - so - nant.
Cor - rup - ti - o - nis vul - - - - - ne - ra.

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glo - - - - ri -

5. Vir - tus, ho - nor, laus, glo - - - - ria,

Laus,..... honor, vir-tus,

- - a De - - o

glo - ria De - o..... Pa - tri cum Fi - li -

- o..... si - mul Pa - - - - - -

san - cto

- ra - - cli - to, In sae - cu - lo - rum sae - -

- - - - - cu - la. A - - - - - men.

[*Plain Chant Melody, harmonized by William Reale.*]

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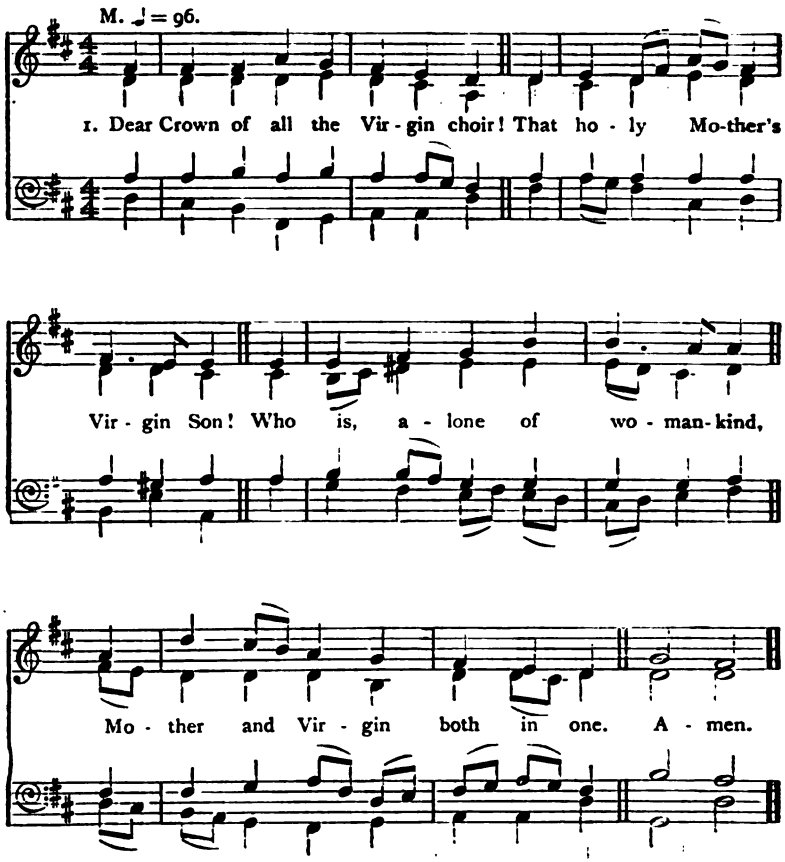
239. JESU CORONA VIRGINUM.



2.

Encircled by Thy virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found;
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.

3.

And still wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing.

4.

Keep us, O Purity divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.

5.

To God the Father, and the Son,
All honour, glory, praise be given;
With Thee, coequal Paraclete!
For evermore in earth and Heaven.
Amen.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*From the Popular Hymn and Tune Book.*]

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240. CUSTODES HOMINUM.

1. Cus - to - des ho - mi - num psal - li - mus An - ge - los,

Na - tu - rae fra - gi - li quos Pa - ter ad - di - dit.....

Coe - le - stis co - mi - tes, in - si - di - an - ti - bus

Ne suc - cum - be - ret ho - sti - bus. A - men.....

2.

Nam quod corruerit proditor Angelus,
Concessis merito pulsus honoribus,
Ardens invidia, pellere nititur
Quos coelo Deus advocat.

3.

Huc custos igitur pervigil advola,
Avertens patria de tibi credita
Tam morbos animi, quam requiescere
Quidquid non sinit incolas.

4. Sanctae sit Triadi laus pia jugiter,
Cujus perpetuo numine machina
Triplex haec regitur, cujus in omnia
Regnat gloria saecula. Amen.

[*Plain Chant, harmonized by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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241. CUSTODES HOMINUM.

1.

Praise we those ministers celestial
  Whom the dread Father chose
To be defenders of our nature frail,
  Against our scheming foes.

2.

For, since that from his glory in the skies
  Th' Apostate Angel fell,
Burning with envy, evermore he tries
  To drown our souls in Hell.

3.

Then hither, watchful Spirit, bend thy wing,
  Our country's Guardian blest!
Avert her threatening ills; expel each thing
  That hindereth her rest.

4.

Praise to the trinal Majesty, Whose strength
  This mighty fabric sways;
Whose glory reigns beyond the utmost length
  Of everlasting days.
  Amen.

242. GUARDIAN ANGEL.

1.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
  When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
  Unfailing, to my death;

2.

Thou hast been ever at my side:
  My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
  The infant child of dust.

3.

Nor patron Saint, nor Mary's love,
  The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest, as thou hast blest.

4.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
  And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
  Into my childish ear.

5.

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
  When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, of patience, and of gloom,
  The jealous sleepless foe.

6.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge,
  And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
  My sin is burn'd away.

7.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
  When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
  Thy wings shall waft me home.

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M. ♩ = 72.

1. Dear An - gel! ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be, To leave thy home in Heaven to guard A guil - ty wretch like me.

2.

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3.

But when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

4.

Yes! when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

5.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified;
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

6.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*From a MS. of R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.*]

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244. THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Oh, it is sweet to think Of those that are de - par - ted,

While murmur'd A - ves sink To si - lence ten - der - heart - ed;

While tears that have no pain Are tran-quil - ly dis - til - ling,

And the dead live a - gain In hearts that love is fill - ing.

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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.

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.

4.

They whom we loved on earth
  Attract us now to 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.

5.

Oh dearest dead! to Heaven
  With grudging sighs we gave 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.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Adapted from an Italian chorale by W. S. Rockstro.*]

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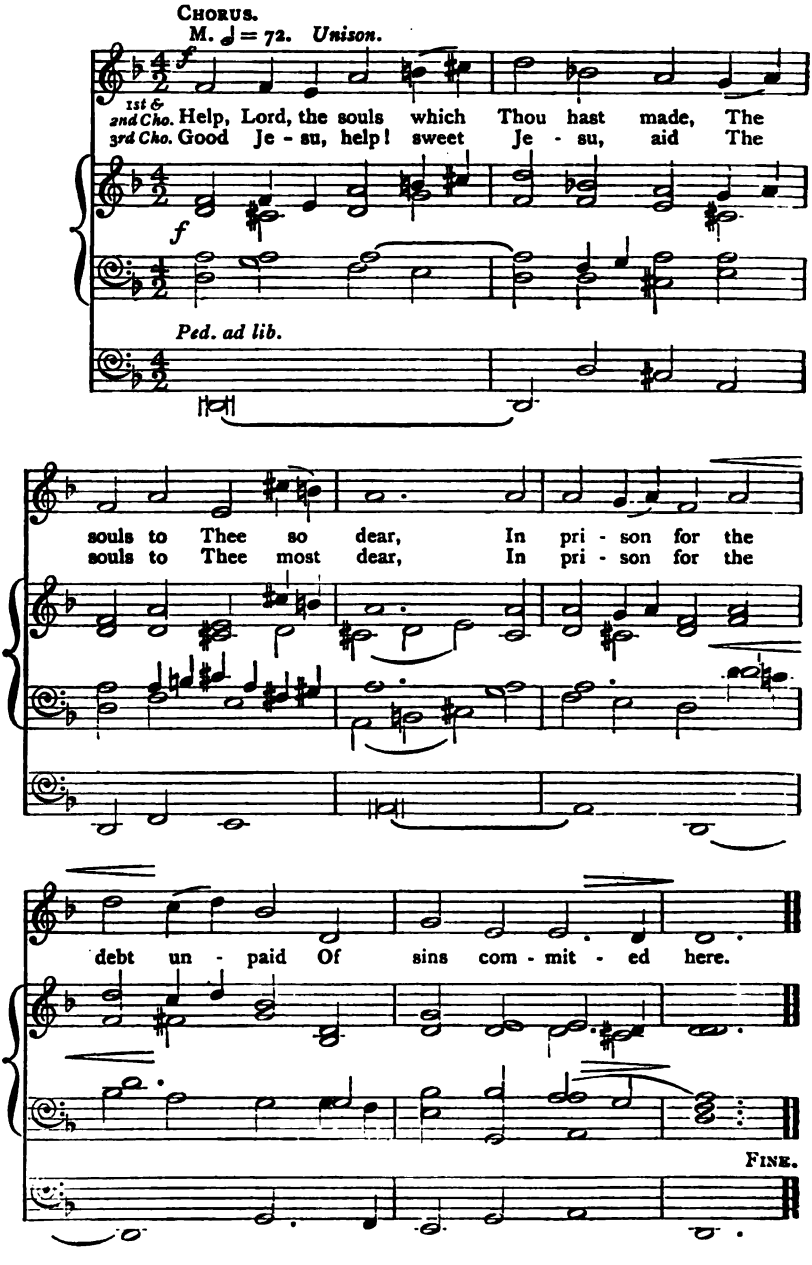

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mp

1. Those ho - ly souls, they suf - fer on, Re - sign'd in heart and
2. Oh, by their pa - tience of de-lay, Their hope a - mid their

cresc. *dim.*

will, Un - til Thy high be - hest is..... done, And jus - tice has its
pain, Their sa - cred zeal to burn a - way Dis - fig - ure-ment and

fill. For dai - ly..... falls, for par - don'd crime, They
stain; Oh, by their fire of love, not less In

joy to un - der - go The sha - dow of Thy
keen - ness than the flame; Oh, by their ve - ry

Org. *D.C.*

cross sub - lime, The rem - nant of Thy woe.
help - less - ness, Oh, by Thy own great Name;

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246. THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. No more to sigh, no more to weep, The faith-ful
2. Tho' in the grave their clay is cold, They have not

dead in Je-sus sleep: Un-fad-ing let their mem'ry bloom,
left the Christian Fold, Still we are shar-ers of their joy,

While rest their bo-dies in the tomb; Nor will their Lord the
Com-pan-ions of their blest em-ploy; And Thee in them, O

love dis-trust That strews its gar-lands o'er their dust.
Lord Most High, And them in Thee, we mag-ni-fy.

3.

An Angel sings that they are blest,
Yea, saith the Spirit, sweet their rest;
In bowers of Paradise they meet,
Secure beneath their Saviour's Feet;
Nor fear the trump that soon shall all
Before the throne of judgment call.

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.

[R. Campbell.] (460) [C. Rarnahow]

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247. THE QUEEN OF PURGATORY.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72. *(First Tune.)*

1. O turn to Je - sus, Mo - ther! turn, And call.... Him by His

ten-d'rest names; Pray for the Ho - ly Souls that burn This hour a -

- - mid the cleansing flames. 2. Ah! they have fought a gal - lant fight;

In death's cold arms they per - se - vered; And, af - ter

life's un - cheer-y night, The har-bour of their rest is neared.

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M. ♩ = 72. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O turn to Je - sus, Mo - ther! turn, And call Him by His ten - d'rest names; Pray for the Ho - ly Souls that burn This hour a - mid the cleans-ing flames.

1.

O 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.

2.

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

3.

Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His Blood;
And Angels o'er their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.

4.

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

5.

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.

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.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Catholic Hymn Melody.*
Second Tune.—German.]

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248. HYMN OF INTERCESSION FOR THE DEAD.

M. ♩ = 60.

1. Ye souls of the faith-ful! Who sleep in the Lord! But as yet are shut out From your fi - nal re-ward! Oh! would I could lend you As - sist-ance to fly, From your pri-son be-low, To your pa-lace on high!

2.

O Father of mercies!
Thine anger withhold;
These works of Thy Hand
In Thy mercy behold;
Too oft from Thy path
They have wander'd aside;
But Thee, their Creator,
They never denied.

3.

O tender Redeemer!
Their misery see;
Deliver the souls
That were ransom'd by Thee;
Behold how they love Thee,
Despite of their pain;
Restore them, restore them
To favour again.

4.

All ye who would honour
The Saints and their Head,
Remember, remember,
To pray for the dead;
And they, in return,
From their misery freed,
To you will be friends
In the hour of need.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Jos. Groiss, op. 29.*]

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249. DIES IRAE DIES ILLA.

Unison.

1. Di es ir - ae, di - es il - la, Sol - vet sae - clum in fa - vil - la:
2. Quantus tre - mor est fu - tu - rus, Quan - do Ju - dex est ven - tu - rus,

7. Quid sum mi - ser tunc dic - tu - rus? Quem pa - tro - num ro - ga - tu - rus?
8. Rex tre - mendae ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van - dos sal - vos gra - tis,

Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - la. 3. Tu - ba mi - rum.....
Cunc - ta stri - cte dis - cus - su - rus! 4. Mors stu - pe - bit.....

Cum vix jus - tus sit se - cu - rus? 9. Re - cor - da - re.....
Sal va me fons pi - e - ta - tis. 10. Quaerens me, se - -

spar - gens so - num..... Per se - pul - chra re - gi - o - num,
et..... na - tu - ra..... Cum re - sur - get cre - a - tu - ra,

Je - su pi - e,'..... Quod sum cau - sa tu - ae vi - ae,
- - di - sti las - sus:..... Re - de - mi - sti cru - cem pas - sus:

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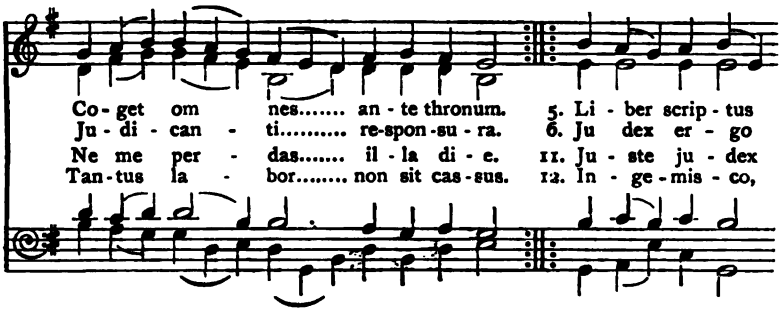

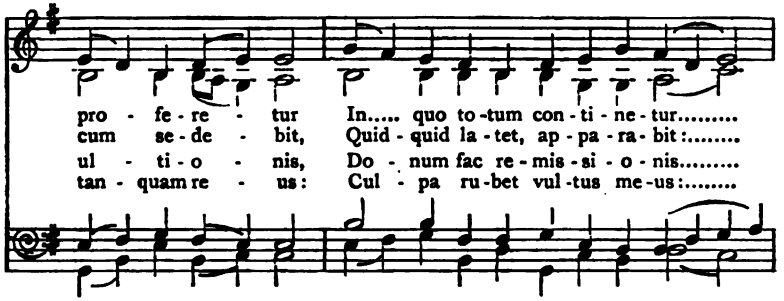

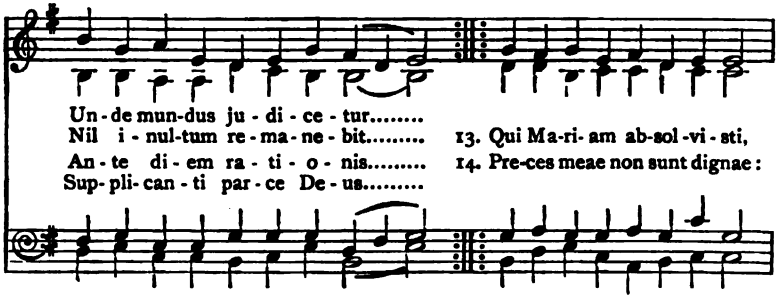

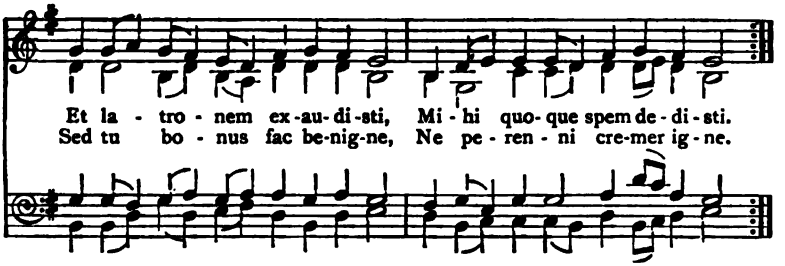

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15. In-ter o-ves..... lo - cum praesta,..... Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
16. Con-fu-ta-tis..... ma - le-di-ctis,..... Flammis ac-ri-bus ad-di-ctis;

Sta-tu - ens..... in..... par-te dex-tra.
Vo-ca me..... cum..... be-ne-di-ctis.

17. O-ro sup-plex

et..... ac-cli - nis, Cor con-tri-tum qua-si ci-nis:.....

Ge-re cu-ram me-i fi-nis..... 18. La-cry-mo - sa

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di - es il - la, Qua re - sur - get ex - - fa - vil - la,

19. Ju - di - can - dus..... ho - mo re - us..... Hu - ic er - go

par - - - ce De - us: 20. Pi - e Je - su Do - mi - ne,

do - na e - is..... re - qui - em... A - - men.....

[*Friar Thomas of Celano.*] (467) [*Plain Chant, harmonised by Nicholas Gatty.*]

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250. DIES IRAE DIES ILLA.

1.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyl say.

2.

What terror shall the soul affright,
When comes that Judge Whose searching sight
Brings thought, and word, and deed to light!

3.

The last loud trumpet's spreading tone,
Shall thro' the place of tombs be blown,
To summon all before the Throne.

4.

Nature and Death with fixèd eyes,
Shall see the trembling creature rise,
To plead before the last assize.

5.

The written book shall be outspread,
And all that it contains be read,
To try the living and the dead.

6.

Then shall the Judge His Throne attain,
And every secret sin arraign,
Till nothing unavenged remain.

7.

What shall my guilty conscience plead,
And who for me will intercede,
When even Saints forgiveness need?

8.

King of tremendous majesty!
Who savest, whom Thou savest. free,—
Thou Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

9.

Remember, Jesus Lord, I pray,
For me Thou walked'st on life's way,
Confound me not on that last day.

10.

'Twas me Thy weary footsteps sought,
My ransom on Thy cross was bought;
Let not such labour come to nought.

11.

Just Judge of recompense, I pray,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the last accounting day.

12.

My groans a culprit's heart declare,
My cheeks shame's burning livery wear,
Spare me, O God, Thy suppliant spare!

13.

As Thou did'st Mary's sin efface,
And take the thief to Thine embrace,
So dost Thou give me hope of grace.

14.

Though all unworthy be my cry,
Give grace, O gracious Lord, or I
Shall burn in fires that never die.

15.

Grant me among Thy sheep to stand,
From outcast goats my soul disband,
And raise me to Thine Own Right Hand.

16.

When cursèd foes are put to shame,
And given o'er to biting flame,
Ah! with Thy blessèd call my name!

17.

Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend,—
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

18.

O day of weeping, day of woe,
When rising from his pyre below
The sinner to his Judge shall cry,
"Spare me, Thou mighty God on high!"
Ah, gentle Jesu, Saviour blest,
Grant to them all eternal rest!
Amen.

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251. THE LAST DAY.

M. ♩ = 66.

1. Rise O Lord! in all Thy Glo-ry On the last and dreadful day:

Lo! the lof-ty hills are hoa-ry Trembling ere they melt a-way!

Come to Judgment, Come to Judgment, Let Thy wheels no lon-ger stay.

2.

Lo! that last long Separation
As the cleaving crowds divide,—
And one dread Adjudication
Sends each soul to either side;
Lord of Mercy! Lord of Mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

3.

Sign of Safety! see it lightening,
Once the Cross of crimson shame!
And with heavenly lustre brightening
Those who suffered in its Name!
Mighty Millions! Mighty Millions!
Radiant with their wings of flame!

4.

Rise O Lord! in all Thy glory
On Thine amaranthine Throne!
Thousand thousand worlds adore Thee
From the centre to the zone!
Hail Emmanuel! Hail Emmanuel!
Let our hearts be all Thine own!

[*Matthew Bridges.*]

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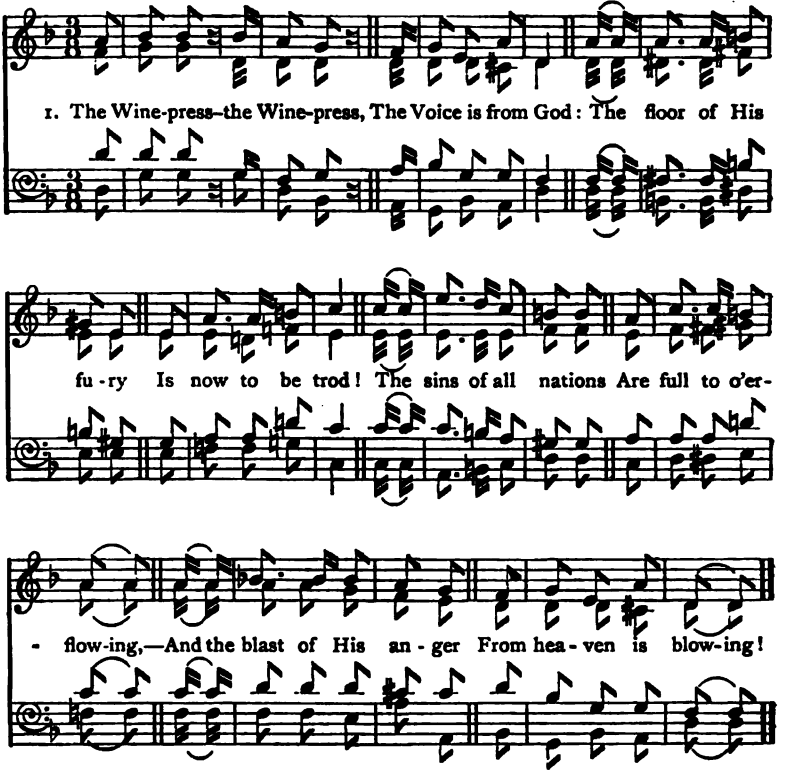
THE RED ROBE.

(*Isaias* 63.)

M. ♪=66.



2.

The Thunder—the Thunder,
A firmament burns!
All Nature in wonder
To trembling turns.
Fork'd flashes of lightning
Illumine the skies,
As the universe brightening
In agony dies!

3.

The Angels—the Angels
They ride on the storm,
And their Maker's commandments
Prepare to perform:
To punish the guilty,—
To utter the Ban,
And empty their vials
Of vengeance on man!

4.

The Victim!—the Victim!
Behold He is here:
He looks on the tempest,—
Its clouds disappear!
In the Red Robe of Scourging
Triumphant He stands,—
And blots out the sentence
With Blood on His Hands!

5.

Roll backward—roll backward,
Thou ocean of ire!
Ye bolts of bright vengeance,
In silence expire!
One drop of this Purple
Which Jesus has spilt,
Has ransom'd His people,
And paid for their guilt.

[*Matthew Bridges.*]

["*Advocate peccatorum,*" *by Padre Giovanmaria Casini, Florence, 1723, harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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HEAVEN.

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253. LIFE ETERNAL.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Life e - ter - nal! Life e - ter - nal! Words that pierce the heart with fire! Life e - ter - nal! Life e - ter - nal! How my soul doth thee de - sire! How my soul doth thee de - sire!

2.

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

3.

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

[Edward Cornell, Print of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.]

[Hymn Melody by Padre Giovanni Carbal, arranged by S. P. Waddington.]

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254. RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX, MONK OF CLUNY.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;
For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

2.

O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour;
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

3.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

4.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5.

O sweet and blessèd Country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd Country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

[*Translation from Bernard de Morlaix, by Dr. Neale.*]

[*German.*]

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255. RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX, MONK OF CLUNY.

M. ♪ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait us there,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

M. ♩ = 88. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest,

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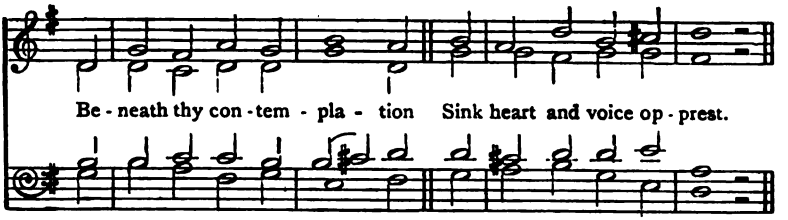

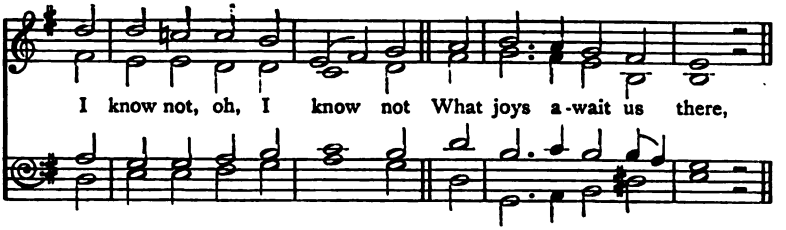

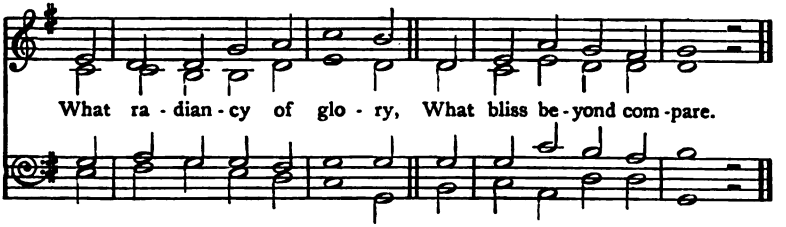

2.

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,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3.

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 conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4.

O sweet and blessèd Country,
The Home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd Country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

[*Translation by Dr. Neale.*]

[*First Tune—From the St. Gall hymn-book.*]
[*Second Tune—R. L. de Pearsall of Willsbridge.*]

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256. A CATHOLIC PRISONER'S SONG.

(Written during the Persecution of the Seventeenth Century.)

M. ♩ = 63.

1. My thirs-ty soul de - sires her drought At heav'n-ly foun - tains to re - fresh; My pri-son'd mind would fain be out Of chains and fet - ters of the flesh. From Ba - by - lon she would re - turn, Un - to her home and town of peace, Je - ru - sa-lem—where joys a-bound, Con - tin-ue still, and nev-er cease.

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2.

There blustering winter never blows,
  Nor summer's parching heat doth harm,
It never freezes there, nor snows,
  The weather ever temperate warm.
The trees do blossom, bud, and bear,
  The birds do ever chirp and sing,
The fruit it mellows all the year—
  They have an everlasting spring!

3.

The pleasant gardens ever keep
  Their herbs and flowers fresh and green,
All sorts of dainty plants and fruits
  At all times there are to be seen.
The lily white and ruddy rose,
  The crimson and carnation flowers,
Be watered there with honey dews,
  And heavenly drops of golden showers.

4.

The glorious Saints there dwellers be,
  In number more than man can think;
So many in a company
  As love in likeness doth them link.
The stars in brightness they do pass,
  In swiftness, arrows from a bow,
In strength, in firmness, steel and brass,
  In lightness, fire, in whiteness, snow.

5.

Their clothing is more soft than silk,
  With girdles gilt of beaten gold;
They in their hands, more white than milk,
  Of palm triumphant branches hold.
Their faces shining like the sun
  Shoot out their glorious gladsome beams,
The field is fought, the battle won,
  Their heads be crowned with diadems!

6.

There all the glorious Saints do see
  The secrets of the Deity,
The Godhead One, in Persons Three,
  The super-blessed Trinity.
The depth of wisdom most profound,
  All puissant high sublimity,
The breadth of love, without all bound,
  In endless long eternity!

[*Adapted from a hymn by R. L. de Pearsall.*]

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257. THE SURE AND CERTAIN JOYS OF THE PARADISE OF GOD.

M. ♩ = 48. *(First Tune.)*

VOICES IN UNISON.

ORGAN.

1. If this poor vale, with help-less sor-row teem - ing
Is so fair - seem - ing,— Ah! what shall it be,
Th' un - stin - ted glee of yon - der home-land blest,
Our lone - ly souls' safe nest! Our lone - ly souls' safe nest!

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M. ♩ = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. If this poor vale, with helpless sor- row teem - ing Is so fair-

- seem - ing,— Ah! what shall it be, Th' un-stin- ted glee of

yon-der homeland blest, Our lone - ly souls' safe nest!

2.

If this unrestful sea of stormy weeping
At times is sleeping, when in vessel frail
We spread our sail, to course it o'er and o'er,—
How calm the sheltered shore!

3.

If 'tis a pleasant field where foe so cruel
His ancient duel deals relentlessly,—
What peace shall be, when we at last put on
Th'eternal crown hard-won!

4.

Oh! let us leave this valley grey and dreary,
For we are weary with vain journeying,
And Christ our King points out: "O sheep astray!
Behold the only way!"

5.

Take up your cross with me, and leave the byway,
I am the Highway, and the only Guide
Who gain, betide what will, yon City white
Of endless pure delight!

[*Translation from an Italian Hymn of the 16th century by the Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*First Tune.—Adaptation of a Hymn Melody by G. C. Strattner, 1691.*]
[*Second Tune.—Hymn Melody by Francesco Soto, admitted Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Rome, 1575.*]

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258. PARADISE.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. O Pa - ra - dise! O Pa - ra - dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al hearts, and true,..... Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight, In God's most ho - ly sight.

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2.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold,
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

3.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

4.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

5.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

6.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

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259. A SONG OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2.

O happy harbour of the Saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

4.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold;
O God, that I were there!

5.

Quite through the streets with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

6.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

7.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

8.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

[*Father Anderton, S.J., 17th century.*]

[*First Tune.—"Jerusalem," by T. W. Stanforth.*]

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Trio for Choir.
M. 𝅗𝅥 = 63. *(Second Tune.)*

SOPRANO 1 mo.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to thee?..... When shall my sor - rows

SOPRANO 2 do.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to thee?..... When shall my sor - rows

ALTO.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to thee?..... When shall my sor - rows

ORGAN

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have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?.....

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?.....

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? .....

CHORUS. *People in Unison.*

2. O hap - py har - bour of the saints,

O sweet and plea - sant soil,.....

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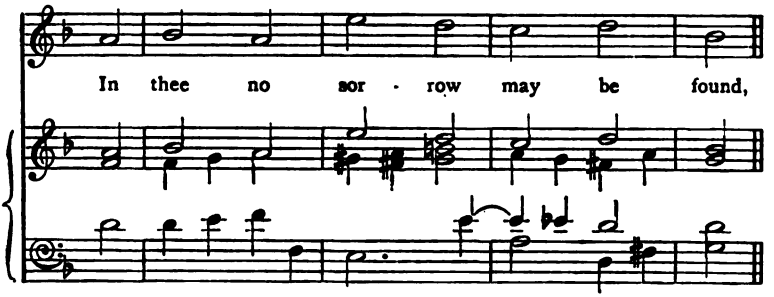

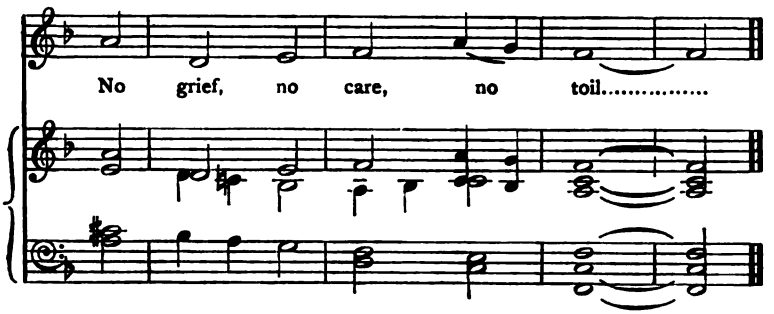

3.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
  Exceeding rich and rare.

4.

Thy houses are of ivory,
  Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold,
  O God, that I were there!

5.

Quite through the streets with silver sound,
  The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side,
  The wood of life doth grow.

6.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

7.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
  And evermore do sing.

8.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

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260. A SONG OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

M. ♩ = 92. *(First Tune.)*

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! my hap-py home! When shall I come to thee!

When shall my sor- rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?.....

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M. ♩ = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! When shall I come to

thee?..... When shall my sor - rows have an end?

Thy joys when shall I see?..... 2. Thy Saints are crowned with

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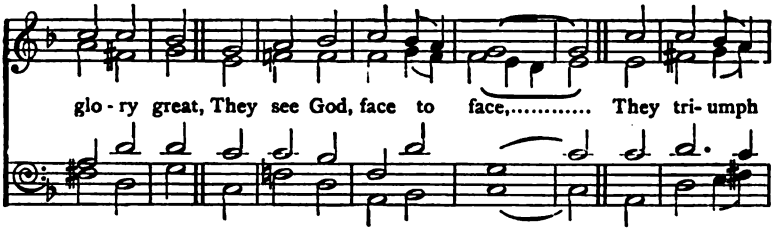

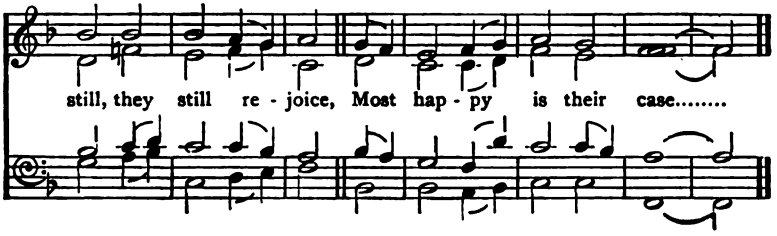

1.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
  When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
  Thy joys when shall I see?

2.

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 Choir,
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.

6.

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!

[*Father Anderton, S.J. 17th century.*]

[*First Tune.—"Strathpeffer," by Alfred S. Scott-Gatty.*]
[*Second Tune.—A hymn by J. C. Amadeus Wolfgang Mozart.*]

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261. MEDITATION UPON HEAVEN.

Written by the Venerable PHILIP HOWARD, EARL OF ARUNDEL, *after his attainder.*

1.

No eye hath seen what joys the Saints obtain,
  No ear hath heard what comforts are possessed;
No heart can think in what delight they reign,
  Nor pen express their happy port of rest,
Where pleasure flows, and grief is never seen,
Where good abounds, and ill is banish'd clean.

2.

Those sacred Saints remain in perfect peace,
  Which Christ confessed, and walkèd in His ways,
They shine in bliss, which now shall never cease,
  And to His Name do sing eternal praise:
Before His throne in white they ever stand,
And carry palms of triumph in their hand.

3.

Above them all the Virgin hath a place,
  Which caused the world with comfort to abound;
The beams do shine in her unspotted face,
  And with the stars her head is richly crowned:
In glory she all creatures passeth far,
The moon her shoes, the sun her garments are.

4.

Lo! here the look which Angels do admire!
  Lo! here the spring from whom all goodness flows
Lo! here that sight which men and Saints desire!
  Lo! here that stalk on which our comfort grows!
Lo! this is she whom heaven and earth embrace,
Whom God did choose, and fillèd full of grace.

5.

Next above her, and on a higher throne,
  Our Saviour in His Manhood sitteth here;
From Whom proceeds all perfect joy alone,
  And in Whose Face all glory doth appear:
The Saints' delight conceivèd cannot be
When they a Man the Lord of Angels see.

6.

O worthy place, where such a Lord is chief!
  O glorious Lord, Who princely servants keeps!
O happy Saints, which never taste of grief!
  O blessed state, where malice ever sleeps!
No one is here of base or mean degree,
But all are known the sons of God to be!

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THE CHURCH AND THE FAITH.

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M. ♩ = 88.

1. Who is she that stands tri - um-phant, Rock in strength up -

- on the Rock; Like some ci - ty crown'd with tur - rets,

Brav - ing storm and earth-quake shock? Who is she with

arms ex - ten-ded, Hal-low - ing a world re - stor'd; All the

an - thems of cre - a - tion Lift - ing to cre -

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CHORUS.

- a - tion's Lord? Hers the king - dom, hers the scep - tre!

Kneel, ye na - tions, at her feet! Hers that Truth whose

fruit is Free - dom; Light her yoke; her bur - then sweet!

2.

As the moon that takes its splendour
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Evermore She draws her light.
Hers alone the hands of healing—
Bread of Life!—Absolving Key!—
God Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
And the Spirit's Temple, She!
Hers the kingdom, &c.

3.

Empires rise and sink like billows;
Nations know their place no more:
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
Hers the Household all embracing;
Hers the Vine that shadows earth:
Blest thy children, mighty Mother!
Safe the stranger at thy hearth!
Hers the kingdom, &c.

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263. THE CITY OF THE LIVING GOD.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Hail! O new Je - ru - sa - lem, En - thronèd as a Bride!

Rich with many a crimson gem From Je - su's pier - ced Side;

He that built thee on the rock In thee folds and feeds His flock:

He doth light and li - ven thee By faith and hope and

cha - ri - ty,— By..... living Faith and Cha - ri - ty.

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2.

Thou from one Baptismal Stream
  Receivest thy citizens;
Thy sweet Penance doth redeem
  Poor bartered innocence.
Heat of strife or stain of clay
Thou dost cool or wash away
In these snowy-tempered rills
From God's eternal shining hills,
From His untrodden dazzling hills.

3.

Kindly man and patient wife
  Bear each the other's load,
Walk thy way and live their life
  And train new souls to God.
Stone on stone with quiet ways
Build they for eternal days:
So thy towers that slowly rise,
Soar evermore to Paradise,—
Are pinnacles of Paradise.

4.

Each new day's awakening fire
  Beholds thy Banquet spread,—
Wine enkindling fair desire,
  And Angels' Living Bread.
Hence thy heroes' faithful fight,
Hence thy maids' most high delight;
Fruit of plenteous Calvary
And seed of immortality,
Of everlasting joys to be.

5.

When from all our fears and wars
  We wait the last release,
May thy Unction smoothe our scars
  And bring our senses peace.
Then with honour lay us down
And be mindful of thine own,—
Mother of our mortal way
And of our spirit's endless day,
Of Heaven's beatific day.

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264. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

M. ♩=96. *(First Tune.)*

1. Faith of our Fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword: Oh how our hearts beat high with joy..... Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word. Faith of our Fa-thers! Ho-ly 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!
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

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:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—"Roma," an Italian Hymn Melody; harmonized by S. P. Waddington*]

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M. ♩ = 88. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Faith of our Fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon,
2. Our Fathers, chained in pri- sons dark, Were still in heart and

fire, and sword: Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
con-science free: How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,

When - e'er we hear that glo-rious word. Faith of our Fa - thers!
If they, like them, could die for thee!

Ho - ly Faith! We will be true to thee till death.

3.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

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:
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

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265. THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96.

1. Oh! yet, once more, in Brit - ain's isle, Shall hap - py days be

seen; And Brit - ain be more faith - ful still Than

she hath ev - er been. Au - gustine's prayer, sweet Ma - ry's might,

Shall beam up - on our isle; And Eng - land, yet, in

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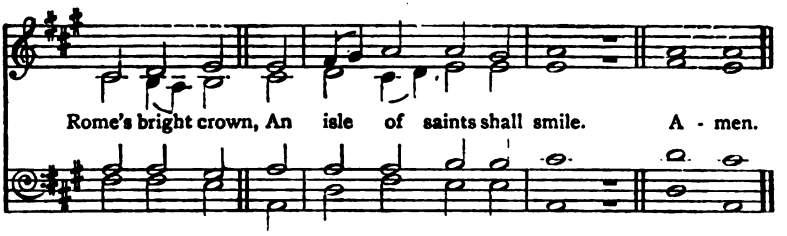

2.

Oh! yet, once more, o'er English fields,
  The glorious cross shall wave;
The solace of the broken heart,
  The standard of the brave.
And yet, once more, from every tower,
  Sweet bells peal forth the chime,
That calls us from our earthly task,
  To greet the holy time.

3.

It must be so; for Mary's love
  Is beaming on us still—
The love that cheer'd our fathers' path,
  And lighten'd many an ill.
And thou art rearing still thy sons,
  To send them o'er the sea;
To lead our land once more, O Rome,
  Sweet mother, Rome, to thee!

4.

Oh, isle of saints! Oh, Mary's Dower!
  How long ere this shall be?
When wilt thou rise, throw off thy chains,
  And once again be free?
When wilt thou drive dark error's form
  Back to her native night,
And give to sainted George once more,
  His fond, his ancient right?

5.

Then rise, O star of blessed truth!
  And shed thy brightest rays;
And give this bonny land of ours
  The faith of ancient days.
Nor English hearts shall count the cost
  That waits them in the fight;
But, breast to breast, rush fearless on,
  And "God defend the right!" Amen.

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266. PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. O Lord! be-hold the suppliant band That kneels be - fore Thy throne;

Come back, come back un - to the land That once was all Thine own. A - men.

M. ♩ = 104. *(Second Tune.)*

1. O Lord! be - hold the suppliant band That kneels be - fore Thy

throne; Come back, come back un - to the land That

once was all Thine own. 2. By all Thy toil, by all Thy pain,

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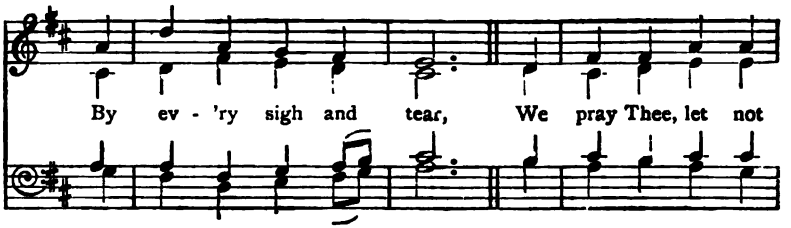

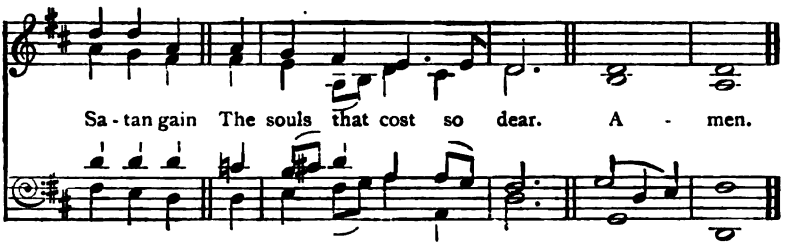

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Remember how our Lady's Dower,
  Was England's glorious name,
Oh! bid her show her former power,
  Her ancient right proclaim.

5.

Oh! for the sake of Saints who prayed
  At altars now laid low,
For deeds of shame, for faith betrayed,
  Thy vengeance, Lord, forego.

6.

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

[*Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.*]

[*First Tune.—Adapted from German Hymn.*]
[*Second Tune.—German.*]

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THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH TO HEAVEN.

267.

M. ♩ = 66.

1. Blest is the Faith, di - vine and strong, Of thanks and praise an end-less foun-tain, Whose life is one per - pet - ual song, High up the Saviour's ho-ly moun - tain. Oh Si - on's songs are sweet to sing, With mel - o - dies of gladness la - den; Hark! how the harps of An - gels ring! Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mo-ther - Maid - en!

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2.

Blest is the Hope that holds to God
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road,
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.
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!

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.
Oh Sion's songs, &c.

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
Oh Sion's songs, &c.

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PENANCE.

268. MISERERE.

Miserere mei, Deus: secundum magnam misericordiam Tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum Tuarum: dele iniquitatem meam.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea: et a peccato meo munda me.

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram Te feci: ut justificeris in sermonibus Tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum: et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: incerta et occulta sapientiae Tuae manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor: lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam: et exsultabunt ossa humiliata.

Averte faciem Tuam a peccatis meis: et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus: et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

Ne projicias me a facie Tua: et Spiritum Sanctum Tuum ne auferas a me.

Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris Tui: et spiritu principali confirma me,

Docebo iniquos vias Tuas: et impii ad Te convertentur.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis meae: et exsultabit lingua mea justitiam Tuam.

Domine, labia mea aperies: et os meum annuntiabit laudem Tuam.

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium, dedissem utique: holocaustis non delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus: cor contritum et humiliatum Deus non despicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate Tua Sion: ut aedificentur muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiae, oblationes, et holocausta: tunc imponent super altare Tuum vitulos.

Gloria Patri, &c.

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269. MISERERE.

Have mercy upon me, O God: according to Thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies: blot out my iniquity.

Wash me yet more from my iniquity: and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my iniquity: and my sin is always before me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight: that Thou mayest be justified in Thy words, and mayest overcome when Thou art judged.

For behold, I was conceived in iniquities: and in sins did my mother conceive me.

For behold, Thou hast loved truth: the uncertain and hidden things of Thy wisdom Thou hast made manifest unto me.

Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice.

Turn away Thy face from my sins: and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within my bowels.

Cast me not away from Thy presence: and take not Thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.

I will teach the unjust Thy ways: and the wicked shall be converted unto Thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall extol Thy justice.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I would surely have given it: with burnt offerings Thou wilt not be delighted.

The sacrifice of God is an afflicted spirit: a contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, O Lord, in Thy good will with Sion: that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Then shalt Thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and the whole burnt-offerings: then shall they lay calves upon Thine altars.

Glory, &c.

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270. AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. God of mer-cy and com-pas-sion! Look with pi-ty up-on me!
2. By my sins I have de-serv-ed Death and end-less mis-er-y;

Fa-ther! let me call Thee Fa-ther! 'Tis Thy child re-turns to Thee!
Hell, with all its pains and torments, And for all e-ter-ni-ty.

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

All my sins—I now de-test them, Ne-ver will I sin a-gain.

3.
By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to Heaven above;
Where the Saints rejoice for ever,
In a boundless sea of love.
Jesus! Lord! &c.

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

[*Father E. Vaughan, C.S.S.R.*]

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271. A GOOD CONFESSION.

M. ♪ = 96. *To be sung in Unison.*

1. The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind, By the
2. There was nought in God's world half so dark or so vile As the

mer-cy of God the poor slave is set free; And the strong grace of Hea-ven breathes
sin and the bondage that fetter'd my soul; There was nought half so base as the

fresh o'er the mind, Like the bright winds of sum-mer that glad-den the sea.
ma-lice and guile Of my own sor-did passions, or Sa-tan's con-trol.

3.

But the word had gone forth, and said, "Let there be light,"
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp passing smart;
One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone from my heart.

4.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'Twas the labour of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

5.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear Precious Blood,
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory, and sinners go free!

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Adaptation by S. P. Waddington.*]

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272. WE COME TO THEE, SWEET SAVIOUR.

M. ♩ = 96.

1. We come to Thee, sweet Saviour! Just be - cause we need Thee so:

None need Thee more than we do; Nor are half so vile or low.

Unison.

f O boun - ti - ful sal - va - tion! O life e - ter - nal won!

O plen - ti - ful re - demp - tion! O Blood of Ma - ry's Son!

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2.

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

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

3.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
It is love that makes us come:
We are certain of our welcome,
Of our Father's welcome home.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

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.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

5.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour!
'Tis in answer to Thy call,
Dear Hope of the unworthy!
Dearest Merit of us all!

O bountiful salvation! &c.

6.

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.

O bountiful salvation! &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*] [*E. d'Evry.*]

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273. HYMN OF REPENTANT SORROW.

(First Tune.)
M. ♩ = 80. *Arranged to be sung in unison.*

1. Je - sus, my God, be - hold at length the time, When I re - solve to

turn a - way from crime; O par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer - cy I im -

- - plore, I will ne - ver more of - fend Thee— no, ne - ver more.

(Second Tune.)
M. 𝅗𝅥 = 80. *Arranged to be sung in unison.*

1. Je - sus, my God, be - hold at length the time,

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When I re - solve to turn a - way from crime;

A little slower.

O par - don me, Je - sus, Thy mer-cy I im - plore,

I will ne-ver more of - fend Thee— no, ne - ver more.

2

Since my poor soul Thy Precious Blood hath cost,
Suffer me not for ever to be lost!
O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore,
I will never more offend Thee—no, never more.

3.

Kneeling, in tears, behold me at Thy Feet,
Like Magdalen, forgiveness I entreat.
O pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore,
I will never more offend Thee—no, never more

[*The Right Rev. Bishop Chadwick.*]

[*First Tune.—French Hymn Melody. Harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Second Tune.—Adaptation from a fragment of an old English Melody.*]

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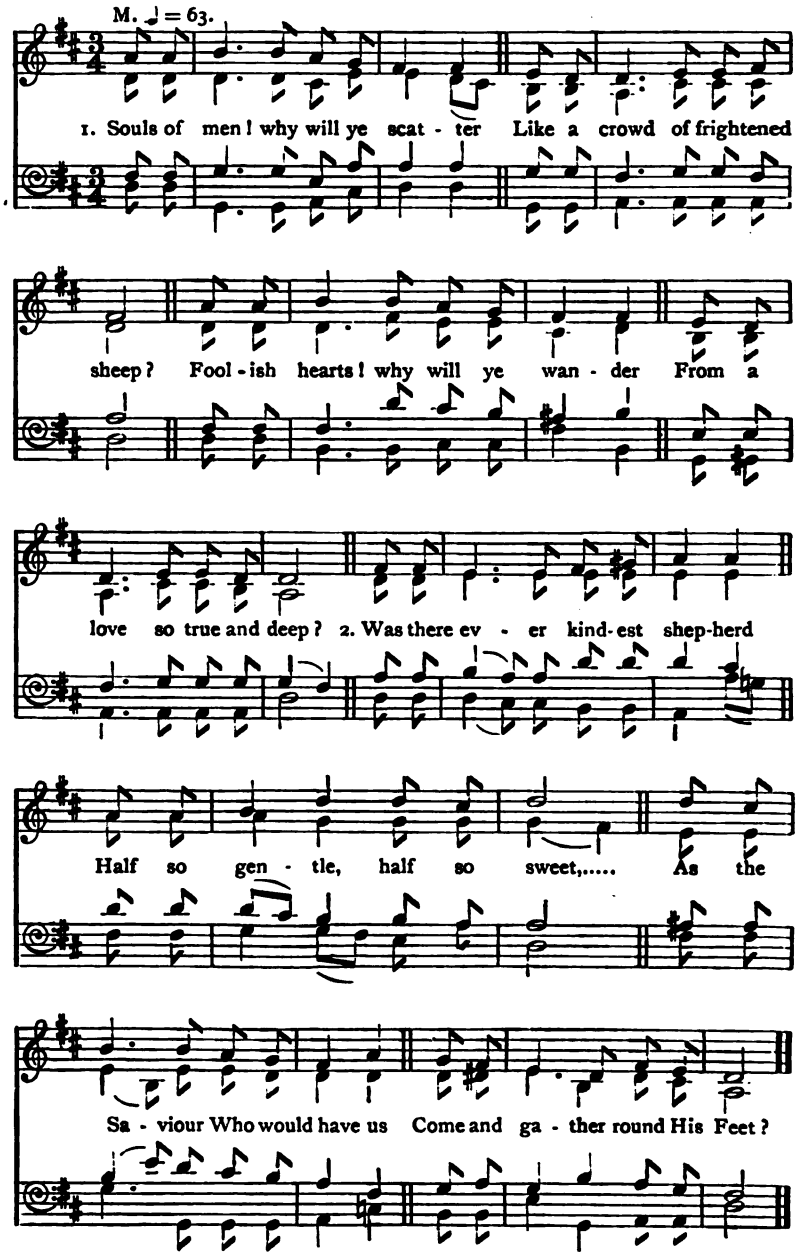
274. COME TO JESUS.



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3.

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

6.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

7.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His Blood.

8.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri*]

[*Italian Hymn Melody, arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]

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275. INVITATION TO THE MISSION.

Arranged to be sung in unison.

M. ♩ = 88. *(First Tune.)*

1. Oh come to the mer-ci-ful Saviour who calls you, Oh come to the

Lord who for-gives and for-gets; Tho' dark be the fortune on earth that be-

-fals you, There's a bright home a-bove where the sun ne-ver sets.

M. ♩ = 84. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Oh come to the mer-ci-ful Saviour who calls you, Oh come to the

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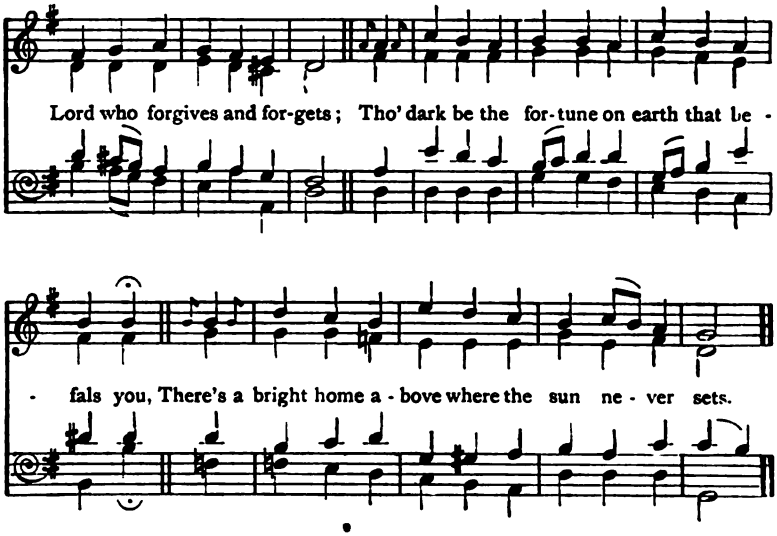

2.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

3.

Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood you have spilt.

4.

Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
And vow at His Feet you will keep in His Grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Italian Hymn Melody. Arranged by S. P. Waddington.*]
[*Second Tune.—German.*]

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276. OVIS VAGRANS!

M. ♩ = 104. *Unison.*

1. A - way from God— a - way from God My sin - ful soul had stray'd ;..... Nor shep-herd's crook, nor fa - ther's rod, These vag - rant feet de - lay'd..... 2. The flowers of life,— the flowers of life Were ga - thered as I ran ;..... Through scenes with all temp - ta-tions rife To ru - in help -less man !.....

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3.

The sands of time,—the sands of time
Had wasted far away;
And youthful years of precious prime,
Oh! where,—oh! where were they?

4.

Then, then uprose,—then, then uprose
A sense of inward shame,—
An opening wound, that would not close,
With pangs one could not name.

5.

A voice of woe,—a voice of woe
Had whisper'd from within,
That joys were false in things below,
For they were steep'd in sin.

6.

"And what am I?—and what am I?"
My soul in sorrow cried:
"A child of guilt,"—was the reply,
"For whom the Saviour died!"

7.

"Behold Him there,—behold Him there;"
And at the word I turn'd,—
Low at His Feet to cast my care
Where Love Incarnate burn'd!

8.

No love like Thine,—Thou Lord divine,
This earth hath ever blest:
From Thee my heart shall never part,
My Refuge—and my Rest!

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277. THE JOY AND PEACE OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

M. ♩ = 112.

1. It is a joy of heav'n - ly birth, More bright than all the joys of earth, When on the sin - ner's tremb- ling head The kind - ly 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 Jesu! how shall these be mine,
Unless Thou Who alone canst give
Wilt say the word and bid me live?

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278. FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

M. ♩ = 88.

1. Oh do you hear that voice from Heav'n,— For-give, and you shall
2. A-gain the mu - sic comes from Heav'n,— For-give, and you shall

be for - giv'n? No An-gel hath a voice like this;
be for - giv'n; Soft-ly on ev - 'ry wind that blows

Not e - ven Ma - ry's song of bliss From off her throne can
Thro' the wide earth the pro - mise goes, Ab-solv-ing sin and

waft to earth A pro-mise of such price - less worth.
op - 'ning Heav'n, For we for - give and are for - giv'n.

3.

Sweet Faith! and can this pledge be true?
And is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord, hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee.
Why should not all men go to Heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven.

4.

Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord!
See how we take Thee at Thy word:
Oh as we hope with Thee to live,
So from our hearts do we forgive;
And from this hour we do not know
The thought, the thing men mean by foe.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*German.*]

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279. ECCE JAM NOCTIS.

M. ♩ = 104. *(First Tune.)*

1. Ec - ce jam noc - tis te - nu - a - tur um - bra,

Lux et au - ro - rae ru - ti - lans cor - us - cat.

Sup - pli - ces re - rum Do - mi - num ca -

- no - ra Vo - ce pre - ce - mur; A - men.

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M. ♩ = 60 *(Second Tune.)*

1. Ec - ce jam noc - tis te - nu - a - tur um - bra, Lux et au -

- ro - rae ru - ti - lans cor - us - cat: Sup - pli - ces re - rum

Do - mi - num ca - no - ra Vo - ce pre - ce - mur; A - men.

2.

Ut reos culpae miseratus, omnem
Pellat angorem, tribuat salutem,
Donet et nobis bona sempiternae
Munera pacis.

3.

Praestet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris, ac Nati, pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cujus resonat per omnem
Gloria mundum. Amen.

[*First Tune—Melody from a Rheims Processional.*]
[*Second Tune—Benedictine Melody from Downside Abbey.*]

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M. ♩ = 76. *Unison.*

1. Lo, faint - er now lie spread the shades of night,

And up - ward shoot the trem-bling gleams of morn;

Sup-pliant we bend be fore the Lord of Light,

And pray at ear - ly dawn,..... A - men.

2.

That His sweet charity may all our sin
Forgive, and make our miseries to cease;
May grant us health of soul, grant us delights
Of everlasting peace.

3.

Father supreme! this grace on us confer;
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth;
With Thee, coequal Spirit Comforter!
Whose glory fills the earth. Amen.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Frank Barat.*]

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281. JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE.

M. ♩= 84.

1. Jam lu - cis or - to si - de - re, De - um pre -

- ce - mur sup - pli - ces, Ut in di - ur - nis a - cti -

- bus Nos ser - vet a no - cen - ti - bus. A - men.

THE SAME FOR MALE VOICES.

8ve lower.

1. Jam lu - cis or - to si - de - re, De - um pre -

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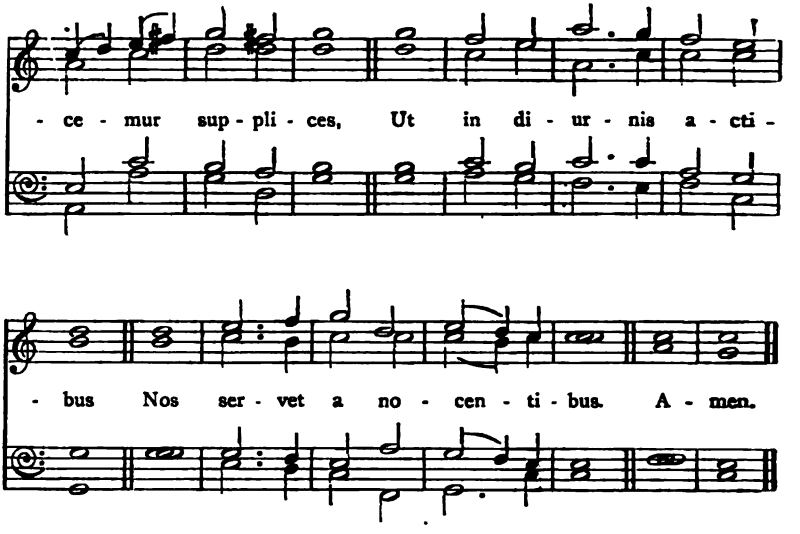

2.

Linguam refraenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet:
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

3.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia:
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas.

4.

Ut cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

5.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc, et per omne saeculum. Amen.

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282. JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Now that the day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high; That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to - day. A - men.

2.

May He restrain our tongues from strife,
From anger's din defend our life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes,
And close our ears to vanities.

3.

O may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our souls from folly kept secure;
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.

4.

So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall give Him praise for victory gained.

5.

All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
All praise for ever, as is meet,
To God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

[*Translation by Dr. Neale.*]

[*From La Feillée.*]

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283. A MORNING HYMN.

M. ♩ = 72.

1. Now with the ris-ing gold-en dawn, Let us, the chil-dren of the day, Cast off the dark-ness which so long Has led our guil-ty souls a-stray. A men.

2.

Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will:

3.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

4.

For all day long, on Heavens' high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

5.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
Glory, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run. Amen.

[*Translation of "Lux ecce surgit aurea," by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*German Hymn Melody.*]

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284, 285. JAM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 88.

1. Jam sol re - ce - dit i - gne-us: Tu lux per - en - nis

U - ni - tas, No - stris, be - a - ta Tri - ni - tas, In - fun - de

- lu - men, in - fun - de lu - men..... cor - di - bus. A - men.

2.

Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere;
Digneris, ut Te supplices
Laudemus inter Coelites.

3.

Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Saeclum per omne gloria. Amen.

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M. 𝅗𝅥 = 104. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Jam sol re - ce - dit i - gne - us:
1. Now doth the fie - ry sun de - cline:—

Tu lux pe - ren - nis U - ni - tas, No -
Thou, U - ni - ty E - ter - nal! shine; Thou,

- stris, be - a - ta Tri - ni - tas, In - fun - de
Trin - i - ty! Thy bless - ings pour, And make our

lu - men cor - di - bus. A - men.
hearts with love run o'er. A - men.

2. Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere;
Digneris, ut Te supplices
Laudemus inter coelites.

3. Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter,
Saeclum per omne gloria.
Amen.

2. Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
O grant us, with Thy Saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

3. Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And so shall be while ages last.
Amen.

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*From Cousance.*]

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NOCTE SURGENTES.

FOR THREE MALE VOICES.

M. ♩ = 96. 8*ve lower*.

1. No - cte sur - gen - tes vi - gi-le-mus om - nes: Sem-per in psalm-is
2. Ut pi - o Re - gi pa - ri-ter ca - nen - tes, Cum su - is San-ctis
3. Praestet hoc no - bis De - i-tas be - a - ta Pa - tris ac Na - ti,

me - di - te-mur, at - que Vo - ce con-cor - di Do-mi-no ca - na - mus
me-re - a-mur au - lam In - gre-di coe - li, si-mul et per - en - nem
pa - ri-ter-que Sa - ncti Spi - ri-tus, cu - jus re-so-nat per om - nem

Dul - ci - ter, dul - ci - ter hy - - mnos.
Du - ce - re, du - ce - re vi - - tam.
Glo - ri - a, glo - ri - a mun - dum. A - men.

1.

Let us arise and watch ere dawn of light,
And to the Lord our hearts and voices raise;
And meditate in psalms, and all unite
In holy hymns of praise.

2.

So, blending here our strains to God on high,
Hereafter, in the courts of Heaven's great King,
May we be meet His praise eternally
Among His Saints to sing.

3.

Father supreme! this grace on us confer,
And Thou, O Son by an eternal birth!
With Thee, co-equal Spirit Comforter!
Whose glory fills the earth. Amen.

[*Office Hymn, with translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Samuel Wesley.*]

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M. ♩= 112. *(Second Tune.)*

1. No - cte sur - gen - tes vi - gi - le - mus om - nes: Sem - per in psalm - is me - di - te - mur, at - que Vo - ce con - cor - di Do-mi-no ca - na - mus Dul - ci - ter hy - mnos. A - men.

2.

Ut pio Regi pariter canentes,
Cum suis Sanctis mereamur aulam
Ingredi coeli, simul et perennem
Ducere vitam.

3.

Praestet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris ac Nati, pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cujus resonat per omnem
Gloria mundum. Amen.

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288, 289. LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Lu - cis Cre - a - tor op - ti - me, Lu - cem di - e - rum
1. O blest Cre - a - tor of the light! Who dost the dawn from

pro - fe - rens, Pri - mor - di - is lu - cis no - vae,
dark - ness bring; And fram - ing Na - ture's depth and height,

Mun - di pa - rans o - ri - gi - nem;
Didst with the light Thy work be - gin; A - men.

2.

Qui mane junctum vesperi,
Diem vocari praecipis,
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus.

3.

Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitae sit exsul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

4.

Coeleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat praemium:
Vitemus omne noxium,
Purgemus omne pessimum.

5.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne saeculum.
Amen.

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.
Amen.

[*Translation by Edward Caswell, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Dutch Hymn Melody*]

MM

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290, 291. TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM.

M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96. *(First Tune.)*

1. Te lu - cis an - te ter - - mi - num,
1. Now with the fast - de part - - ing light,

Re - rum Cre a - - tor, po sci - mus,
Ma - ker of all!..... we ask of Thee,

Ut, pro Tu - a cle - men - - ti - a,
Of Thy great mer - cy, through the night

Sis prae-sul, et..... cus - to - di - a. A - men.
Our guar-dian and..... de - fence to be.

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M. ♩ = 76. *(Second Tune.)*

1. Te lu - cis an - te ter - mi - num, Re - rum Cre - a - tor,
1. Now with the fast - de - part - ing light, Ma - ker of all! we

po - sci - mus, Ut, pro Tu - a cle - men - ti - a,
ask of Thee, Of Thy great mer - cy, through the night

Sis prae - sul, et cus - to - di - a.
Our guar - dian and de - fence to be. A - men.

2.

Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

3.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne saeculum.
Amen.

2.

Far off let idle visions fly;
No phantom of the night molest:
Curb Thou our raging enemy,
That we in chaste repose may rest

3.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen

[*Office Hymn, with translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*First Tune.—Traditional Tune from Downside Abbey.*
Second Tune.—From the Popular Hymn and Tune Book.]

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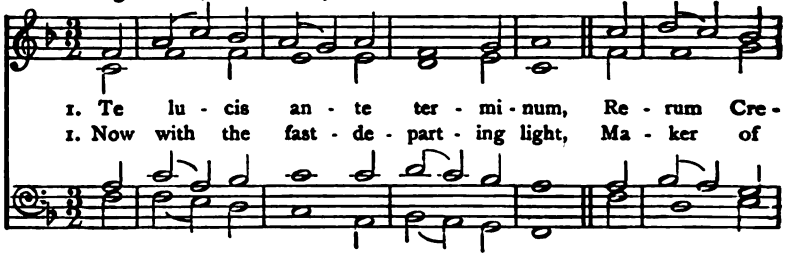
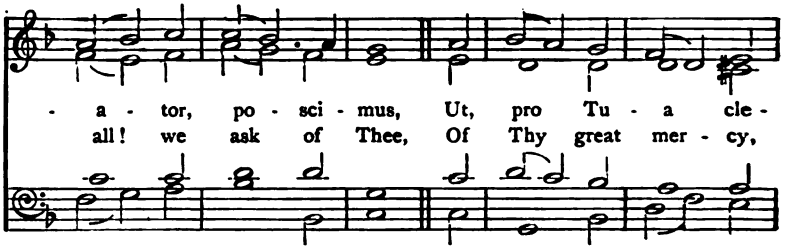
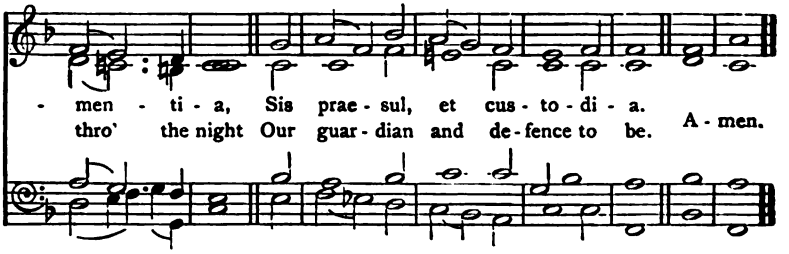
M. ♩ = 88. *(Third Tune.)*







2.

Procul recedant somnia
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

3.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne saeculum.
Amen.

2.

Far off let idle visions fly;
No phantom of the night molest:
Curb Thou our raging enemy,
That we in chaste repose may rest.

3.

Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen.

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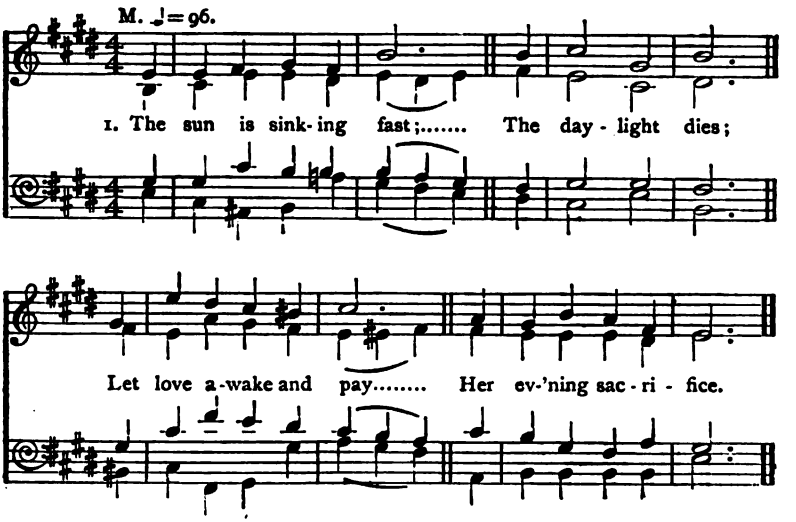
292. AN EVENING HYMN.



2.

As Christ upon the Cross
  In death reclined,
Into His Father's Hands
  His parting Soul resigned;

3.

So now herself my soul
  Would wholly give,
Into His sacred charge,
  In Whom all spirits live:

4.

So now beneath His Eye
  Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
  Abiding in the breast,

5.

Save that His will be done;
  Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself; and dead
  In Him to all beside.

6.

Thus would I live;—yet now
  Not I, but He
In all His power and love
  Henceforth alive in me!

7.

One sacred Trinity!
  One Lord divine!
Myself forever His!
  And He forever mine!

[*Translation by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*Danish.*]

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293. EVENING HYMN.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. The sha-dows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky;
2. The sor-rows of Thy servants, Lord, Oh, do not Thou des-pise:

Up-on the frag-rance of the flowers The dews of even-ing rise:
But let the in-cense of our prayers Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise;

Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The brightness of the com-ing night Up-on the darkness rolls:

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The sha-dows on our souls.

3.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart,
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven
And trust in things divine.

4.

Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes,
Through the long way we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

A. A. Procter.] (534) [*Anonymous.*]

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294. AN EVENING HYMN.

M. ♩ = 76.

1. Je - su! the dy - - ing day hath left us lone - ly; All fa - deth from us; Thou re - main-est on - ly: Earth's light goes out, but Thou, True Light art near us, And Thou wilt hear us. A - - - - men.

rall.

2.

Bring home the feet that far from Thee have wandered;
The minds that all but Thee all day have pondered;
We yield them evermore, awake or sleeping
To Thy safe-keeping.

3.

Oh! let our souls keep day, though night be round us!
So shall the sons of darkness not confound us,
But blameless rest delight Thy gaze paternal,
Untired Eternal!

4.

White Dove of Peace! Great God of consolation!
Brood o'er the souls that moan in tribulation,
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows
Soothe all their sorrows.

5.

Mother of holy hope, all-blessed Mary,
Whose high-throned Mother-love can never vary
This night, and at our death's deep night-fall aid us,
With Him Who made us. Amen.

[*The Rev. J. O'Connor.*]

[*Melody from the Hymnarium Sarisburiense, arranged by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.*]

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295. EVENING HYMN.

M. ♩ = 80.

1. Sweet Sa-viour! bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our

minds in - stil;..... And make our luke - warm hearts to glow

With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and

death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus! be our light.

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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.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

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.
Through life's long day, &c.

4.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

5.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,—unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day, &c.

6.

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.
Through life's long day, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*German Hymn Melody, 1825.*]

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296. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

M. ♩ = 92.

p

1. Lead kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom

Lead Thou me on;..... The night is dark, and

I am far from home,..... Lead Thou me on; .....

Ver. 3. The night is gone;.....

p

.... Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to

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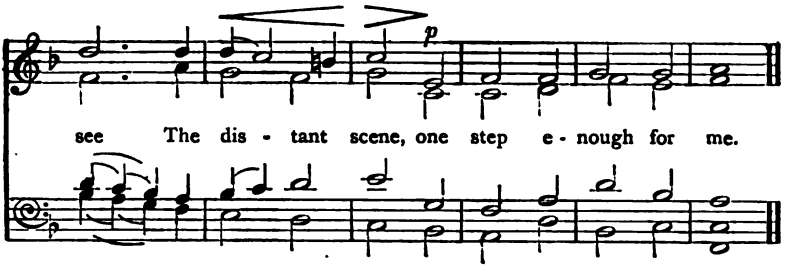

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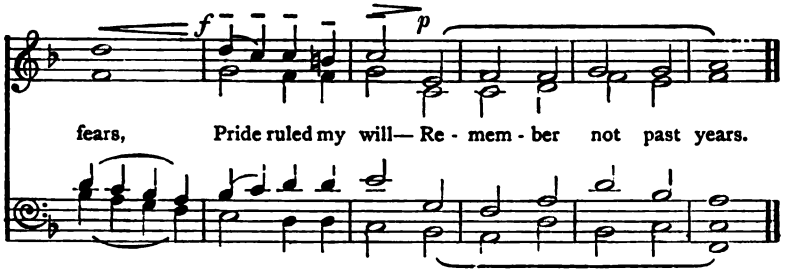

2.

I was not ever thus nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

3.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fell, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

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297. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

M. ♩ = 100.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky,

Wav - ing wan-d'rers on - wards, To their home on high.

Hail, O ho - ly ban - ner, Glad - ly thus we pray;

And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.

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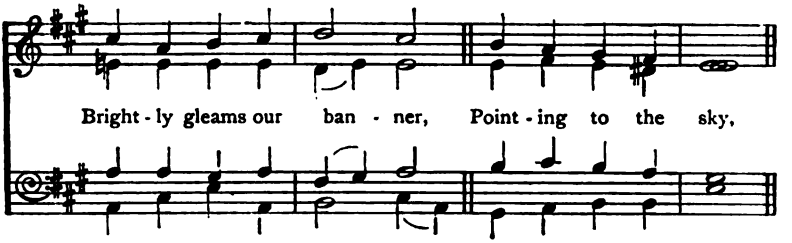

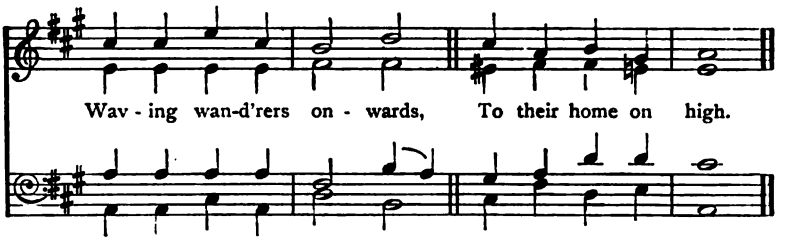

2.

Hail! sweet Jesus! Master!
  Round Thy sacred Feet,
Now, with hearts rejoicing
  See Thy children meet.
Long, alas, we've left Thee,
  Straying far away;
But once more we enter
  On the "narrow way."
    Brightly gleams, &c.

3.

Mary! Mother! Ave!
  Israel's lily, hail!
Comfort of thy children
  In this sinful vale.
'Mid life's surging ocean,
  Whither shall we flee,
Save, O stainless Virgin
  Mother, unto thee?
    Brightly gleams, &c.

4.

Ave! Joseph! Ave!
  Chaste and spotless flower;
Cast thy mantle o'er us
  At death's solemn hour.
Be our Father ever,
  Joseph meek and mild,
Husband of our Mother,
  Keeper of her Child.
    Brightly gleams, &c.

5.

Jesus! Mary! Joseph!
  Sweet and holy Three;
List the praise we pay you
  On our bended knee.
May we sing your glory
  In glad realms above;
Bound for ever to you,
  By the bonds of love.
    Brightly gleams. &c.

[*Rev. T. J. Potter.*]

[*Ancient Catholic Hymn Melody.*]

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1.

O Jesus! if in days gone by
  My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee,
  To bid this cherished world farewell.

2.

And yet I can rejoice there are
  So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
  My love and loyal change to prove.

3.

He that loves most hath most to lose,
  And willing loss is love's best prize;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
  The more To-day can sacrifice.

4.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful,
  And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet,
The winning ways of flesh and blood
  Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

5.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,
  The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace—what heart
  But owns the might of these dear ties?

6.

The sweetness of known faces is
  A couch where weary souls repose;
Known voices are as David's harp
  Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

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7.

And yet, bright World! thou art not wise:
  Oh no! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
  Of dealing with a wearied heart.

8.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
  I might have been thy servant still;
But slighted love and broken faith,
  Poor world! these are beyond thy skill.

9.

Oh bless thee, bless thee, treacherous World!
  That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into the fold,
  Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

10.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord!
  This world hath had Thy rightful place:
But come, dear jealous King of love!
  Come and begin Thy reign of grace.

11.

Banish far from me all I love,
  The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
  The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

12.

Take all the light away from earth,
  Take all that men can love from me;
Let all I lean upon give way,
  That I may lean on nought but Thee.

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299. THE FLOWER GARDEN OF JESUS.

M. ♩ = 84.

1. Our Mas-ter hath a gar-den which fair flow'rs a - dorn,
2. The li - ly white that bloometh there is Pu - ri - ty,
3. The love-ly da-mask rose is there called Pa - ti - ence,

There will I go and ga-ther both at eve and morn;
The frag - rant vio - let is sur-nam'd Hu - mi - li - ty;
The rich and cheer-ful ma - ri - gold O - be - di - ence;

For Chorus see facing page.

4. One plant is there with crown be-dight, the rest a - bove,
5. But still of all the flow'rs the fair - est and the best,
6. O Je - su, my chief good and sole fe - li - ci - ty,

With crown im-pe-rial, and this plant is Ho - ly Love;
Is Je - sus Christ, the Lord Him-self, His name be blest;
Thy lit - tle gar-den make my rea-dy heart to be;

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CHORUS.

Nought's heard there - in but An - gel hymns with
* So may I once hear An - gel hymns with

harp and lute,..... Loud trum - pets and bright
harp and lute,..... Loud trum - pets and bright

cla - rions, and the gen - tle sooth - ing flute.
cla - rions, and the gen - tle sooth - ing flute.

* *Chorus for last verse.*

[*Translation from mediæval Dutch by Dr. Neale.*]

[*Dutch, 16th century.*]

NN

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300. THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

M. ♩ = 92

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing

O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;

How sweet the truth those bles - sed strains are tell - ing

Of that new life where sin shall be no more!

An - gels of Je - - sus, An - gels of light,.... ....

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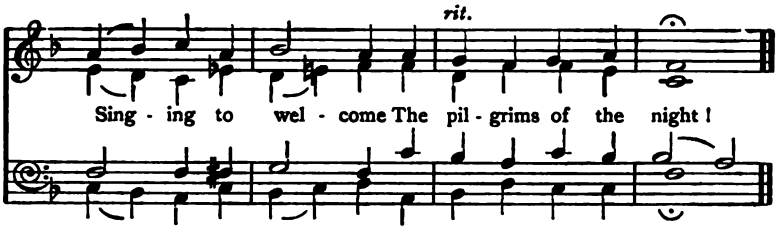

2.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night!

3.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

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.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

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.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

6.

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

Angels of Jesus, &c.

7.

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

Angels of Jesus, &c.

[*Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.*]

[*"Regina Angelorum," by Giovammaria Casini, Florence, 1703, adapted and harmonized by S. P. Waddington.*]

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ALTO.

Non no-bis, Do-mi-ne, non no-bis, sed

TENOR. *8ve lower.*

Non no-bis, Do-mi-ne, non no-bis,

BASS.

Non no-bis, Do-mi-ne, non

No-mi-ni Tuo..... da glo-ri-am, sed No-mi-ni

sed No-mi-ni Tuo..... da glo-ri-am, sed

no-bis, sed No-mi-ni Tuo..... da glo-ri-

Tuo..... da glo-ri-am. Non no-bis, Do-mi-ne.

No mi-ni Tuo..... da glo-ri-am. Non no-bis, Domine.

-am. sed No-mi-ni Tuo..... da glo-ri-am. Non

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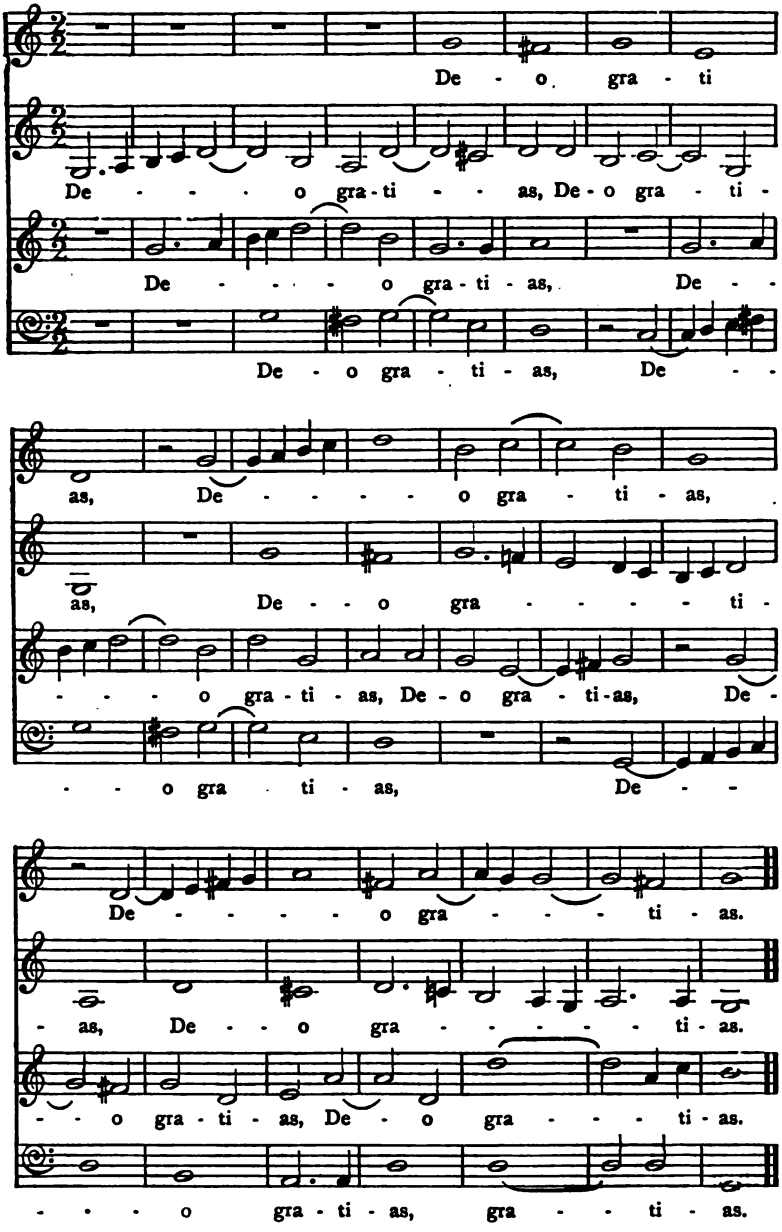

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GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

305, 306.

M. ♩ = 84.

Grace before meat.
Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, Of dai - ly bread on

Grace after meat.
Thanks be to Thee, Al - migh - ty Lord, For mor - tal food to
And grant to those who do us good, From sin and sor - row,

man out - pour'd, Which by Thy boun - ty we re - ceive,

sin - ners given! Oh may we la - bour for the Bread,
blest re - lease; May all de - part - ed faith - ful souls

Through Je - sus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. A - men.

The Liv - ing Bread, that comes from Heav'n!
Through Thy great mer - cy rest in peace. A - men.

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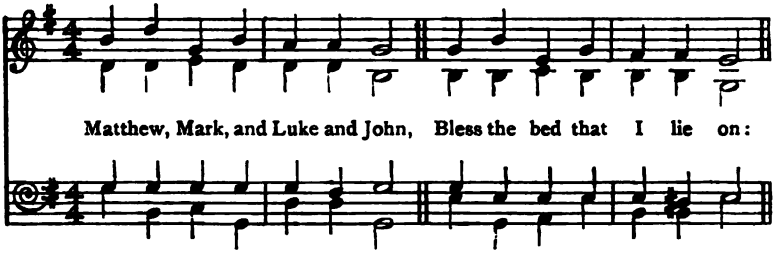
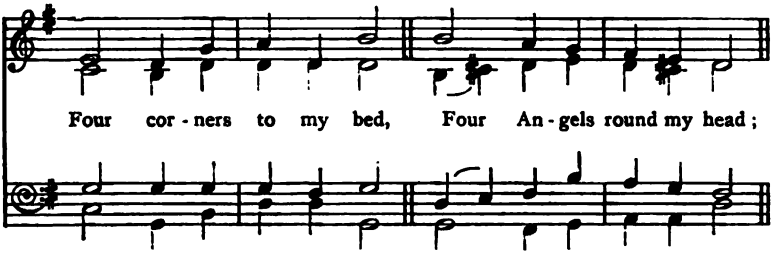
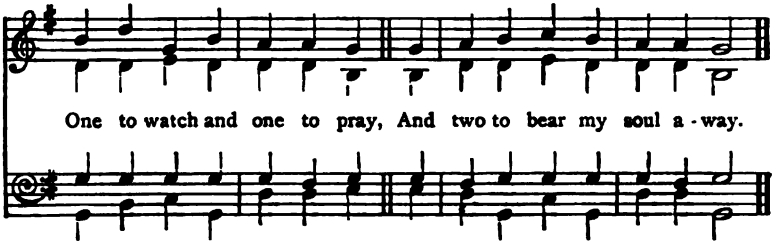
307. A COMMENDATION.

M. ♩ = 88.







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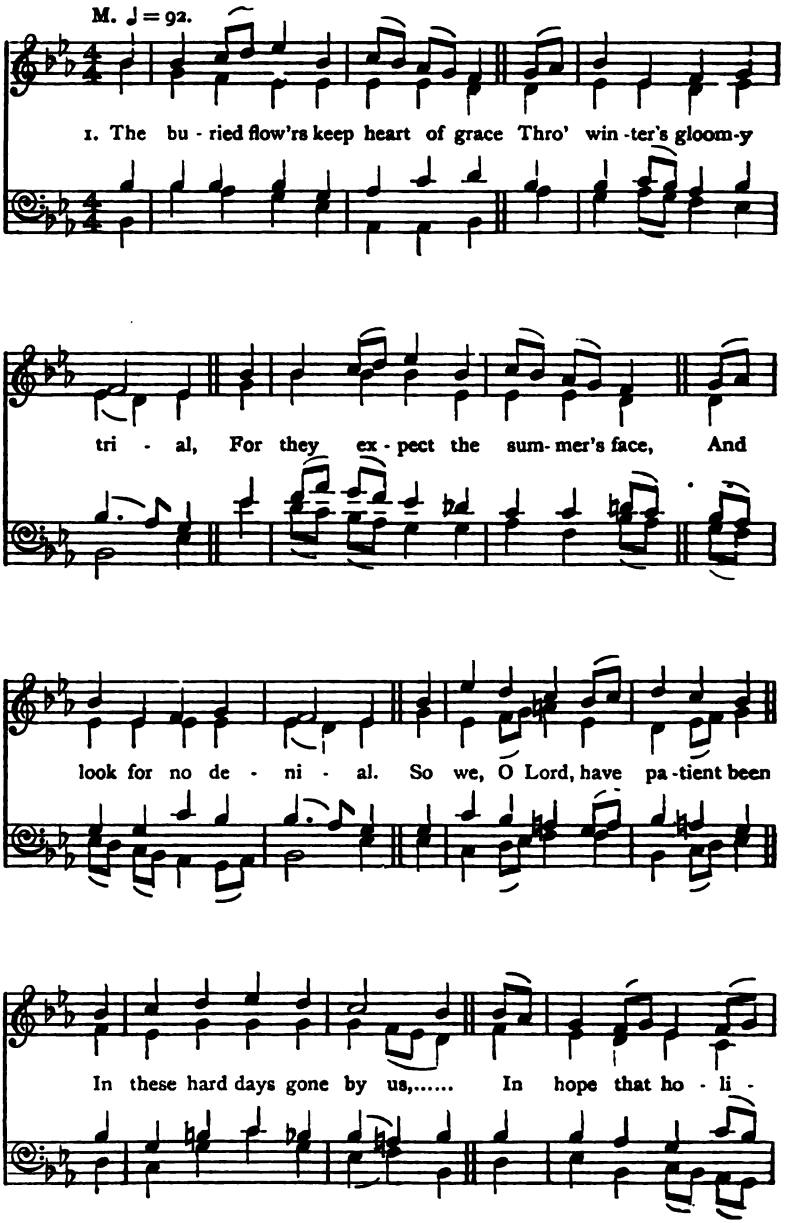
308. SCHOOL SONG FOR A FAIR HOLIDAY



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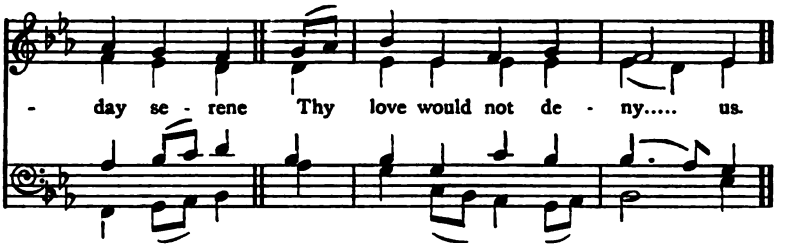

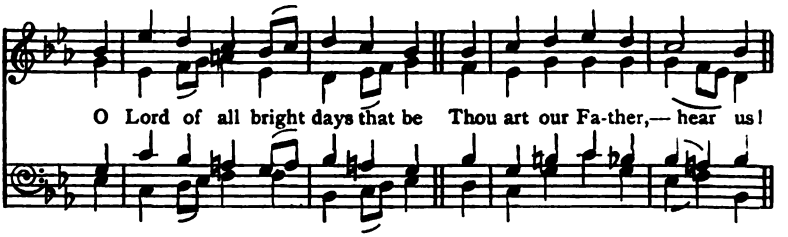

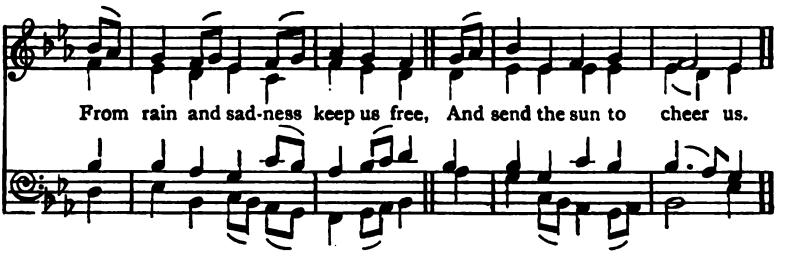

2.

And while we bask in soft sunshine
  And taste the breath of morning,
With every beam and breeze entwine
  Thy grace's rich adorning.
Let not the wicked enemy
  From Thy sweet law divide us,
For all true joy doth come from thee,
  And back to Thee doth guide us.
    O Lord of all, &c.

3.

The glorious sun unfoldeth all
  Things innocent and tender,
Then let us also feel the call
  Of his almighty splendour.
Oh grant such skies as wake the woods
  And send all birds a-singing,
And set these sober walls of ours
  With lively voices ringing.
    O Lord of all, &c.

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