

# HYMNS AND SONGS

## ABIDE WITH ME 73



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour.
4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes.



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way.  
 What but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see.  
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?  
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and earth's vain sha - dows flee;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord a - bide with me.  
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.  
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847

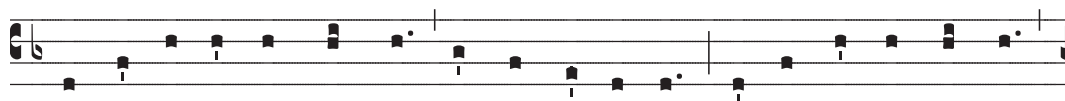
Music: William H. Monk, 1823–1889

EVENTIDE

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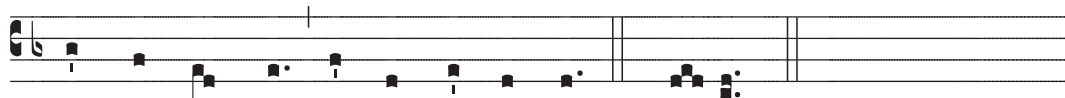
## 75 ADORO TE DEVOTE



1. A- dó- ro te de- vó- te, la- tens Dé- i- tas, Quæ sub his fi- gú- ris
2. Vi- sus, tac- tus, gus- tus in te fá- li- tur, Sed au- dí- tu so- lo
3. In cru- ce la- té- bat so- la Dé- i- tas, At hic la- tet si- mul
4. Pla- gas, si- cut Tho- mas, non in- tú- e- or: De- um ta- men me- um
5. O me- mo- ri- á- le mor- tis Dó- mi- ni, Pa- nis vi- vus, vi- tam,
6. Pi- e pel- li- cá- ne, Je- su Dó- mi- ne, Me im- mún- dum mun- da
7. Je- su, quem ve- lá- tum nunc as- pí- ci- o, O- ro, fi- at il- lud



1. ve- re lá- ti- tas: Ti- bi se cor me- um to- tum sú- bi- cit Qui- a
2. tu- to cré- di- tur: Cre- do quid- quid di- xit De- i Fí- li- us: Nil hoc
3. et hu- má- ni- tas: Am- bo ta- men cre- dens at- que cón- fi- tens, Pe- to
4. te con- fi- te- or: Fac me ti- bi sem- per ma- gis cré- de- re, In te
5. præ- tans hó- mi- ni, Præs- ta me- æ men- ti de te vi- ve- re, Et te
6. tu- o sán- gui- ne, Cu- jus u- na stil- la sal- vum fá- ce- re To- tum
7. quod tam sí- ti- o: Ut te re- ve- lá- ta cer- nens fá- ci- e, Vi- su



1. te con- tém- plans to- tum dé- fi- cit. (7) A- men.
2. ver- bo ve- ri- tá- tis vé- ri- us.
3. quod pe- tí- vit la- tro pæ- ni- tens.
4. spem ha- bé- re, te di- li- ge- re.
5. il- li sem- per dul- ce sá- pe- re.
6. mun- dum quit ab om- ni scé- le- re.
7. sim be- á- tus tu- æ gló- ri- æ.

See hymn #141 for translation.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274  
Music: Chant, Mode V

ADORO TE DEVOTE  
65 65 D



# 77 ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING



1. All crea - tures of our God and King, Lift
2. Thou rush - ing wind that art so strong, Ye
3. Thou flow - ing wa - ter, pure and clear, Make
4. Dear mo - ther earth, who day by day Un -
5. And all ye men of ten - der heart, For -
6. And thou, most kind and gen - tle Death, Wait -
7. Let all things their Cre - a - tor bless, And



up your voice and with us sing Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -  
 clouds that sail in heav'n a - long, O — praise him, Al - le -  
 mu - sic for thy Lord to hear, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -  
 fold - est bles - sings on our way, O — praise him, Al - le -  
 giv - ing oth - ers, take your part, O — sing ye, Al - le -  
 ing to hush our lat - est breath, O — praise him! Al - le -  
 wor - ship him in hum - ble - ness, O — praise him, Al - le -



lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en beam, Thou  
 lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in praise re - joice, Ye  
 lu - ia! Thou fire so mas - ter - ful and bright Thou  
 lu - ia! The flow'rs and fruits that in thee grow, Let  
 lu - ia! Ye who long pain and sor - row bear, Praise  
 lu - ia! Thou lead - est home the child of God, And  
 lu - ia! Praise, praise the Fa - ther, praise the Son And



sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O — praise him, O —  
 lights of eve - ning, find a voice:  
 giv - est man both warmth and light,  
 them his glo - ry al - so show:  
 God and on him cast your care:  
 Christ our Lord the way hath trod.  
 praise the Spir - it, Three - in - One.



praise him, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!



# ALL GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOR 78



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



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



1. Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou
2. The com - pa - ny of an - - - gels Are
3. The peo - ple of the He - - brews With
4. To thee be - fore thy pas - - sion They
5. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - - es; Ac -



Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's Name  
 prais - ing thee on high; And mor - tal men, and  
 palms be - fore thee went: Our praise and prayers and  
 sang their hymns of praise: To thee, now high ex -  
 cept the prayers we bring, Who in all good de -



com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.  
 all ——— things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.  
 an - - thems Be - fore thee we pre - sent.  
 alt - - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.  
 light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

*D.C.*

Words: Theodulph of Orleans, c. 760–821

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Music: Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635

ST. THEODULPH

76 76 D



# 79 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME



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



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



crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al  
 crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you  
 crown him Lord of all; To him all maj - es -  
 crown him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er -



di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all.  
 by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.  
 ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.  
 last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

Words: Edward Perronet, 1726–1792

Alt. by John Rippon, 1751–1836

Music: Oliver Holden, 1765–1844

CORONATION

86 86 86



# ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL 80



1. All      peo - ple      that      on      earth      do      dwell,      Sing  
 2. Know      that      the      Lord      is      God      in -      deed;      With -  
 3. O      en -      ter      then      his      gates      with      praise;      Ap -  
 4. For      why?      The      Lord      our      God      is      good:      His  
 5. To      Fa -      ther,      Son,      and      Ho -      ly      Ghost,      The  
 \* Praise      God,      from      whom      all      bless -      ings      flow;      Praise



to      the      Lord      with      cheer -      ful      voice;      Him      serve      with      mirth,      his  
 out      our      aid      he      did      us      make;      We      are      his      folk,      he  
 proach      with      joy      his      courts      un -      to;      Praise,      laud,      and      bless      his  
 mer -      cy      is      for -      ev -      er      sure;      His      truth      at      all      times  
 God      whom      heav'n      and      earth      a -      dore,      From      men      and      from      the  
 him,      all      crea -      tures      here      be -      low;      Praise      him      a -      bove,      ye



praise      forth      tell,      Come      ye      be -      fore      him      and      re -      joice.  
 doth      us      feed,      And      for      his      sheep      he      doth      us      take.  
 name      al -      ways,      For      it      is      seem -      ly      so      to      do.  
 firm -      ly      stood,      And      shall      from      age      to      age      en -      dure.  
 an -      gel -      host      Be      praise      and      glo -      ry      ev -      er -      more.  
 heav'n -      ly      host:      Praise      Fa -      ther,      Son,      and      Ho -      ly      Ghost.

Words: Ps 100:1-4

William Kethe, c. 1530-c. 1608

Alt. as in *Scottish Psalter*, 1650

Vs. 6: Thomas Ken, 1637-1711

Music: *Pseaumes octante trois de David*, Geneva, 1551

Attr. to Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510-c. 1561

\* The final verse may be sung alone or as an alternate to verse 5.

OLD HUNDREDTH  
LM



## 81 ALL YOU WHO SEEK A COMFORT SURE



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



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



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



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

Words: Latin, 18th cent. *Quicumque certum quaeritis*

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: Traditional English folk song

KINGSFOLD

CMD

## 82 ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! HEARTS TO HEAVEN

1. Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.  
He, who on the cross as Savior For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory, Now is risen from the dead.

2. Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life and life immortal, On this resurrection morn.  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer By his mighty enterprise,  
We with him to life eternal By his resurrection rise.

3. Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Savior Who has won the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit, Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia! To the Triune Majesty.

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827

Adapt. by Edward Hodges, 1796–1867

HYMN TO JOY

87 87 D



# ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! LET THE HOLY ANTHEM RISE 83



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



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



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



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

Words: Edward Caswall, 1814–1878  
Music: Traditional American melody

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!  
87 87 D



# 84 ALLELUIA! SING TO JESUS!



1. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His\_ the  
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row  
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our  
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Thee the Lord of lords we  
 5. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His\_ the



throne. Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to -  
 now; Al - le - lu - ia! He is near us, Faith be - lieves, nor  
 stay; Al - le - lu - ia! Here the sin - ful Flee to Thee from  
 own; Al - le - lu - ia! Born of Ma - ry, Earth Thy foot - stool,  
 throne. Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to -



ry\_ a - lone. Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on  
 ques - tions how; Though the cloud from sight re - ceived - Him,  
 day\_ to day: In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners,  
 Heav'n Thy throne: Thou with - in\_ the veil hast en - tered,  
 ry\_ a - lone. Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on



Thun - der like\_ a migh - ty flood, Je - sus out\_ of  
 When the for - ty days were o'er, shall\_ our hearts for -  
 Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of  
 Robed in flesh, our great high priest: Thou on earth both  
 Thun - der like\_ a migh - ty flood, Je - sus out\_ of



ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His blood.  
 get\_ His pro - mise, "I am with\_ you ev - er - more"?  
 all\_ the sin - less Sweep a - cross\_ the crys - tal sea.  
 priest and vic - tim In the Eu - cha - ris - tic feast.  
 ev - every na - tion Hath re - deemed us by His blood.



## ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER 85

5.

**A** L- ma \* Red-emptó-ris Ma-ter, quæ pérvī- a cæ-li por-ta manes, Et stel-la  
ma-ris, succúrre ca-dén-ti, súrge-re qui cu-rat, pópu-lo : Tu quæ genu- ísti,  
na-tú-ra mi- ránte, tu-um sanctum Ge-ni- tó-rem, Virgo pri- us ac posté- ri- us,  
Gabri- é- lis ab o-re sumens il-lud A-ve, pecca- tó-rum mi-se- ré- re.

### Translation:

Loving Mother of our Redeemer Lord,  
Star of the sea and portal of the skies,  
Unto thy fallen people help afford—  
Fallen, but striving still anew to rise.

Thou who didst once, while wondering  
worlds adored,  
Bear thy Creator, Virgin then as now,  
O by thy holy joy at Gabriel's word,  
Pity the sinners who before thee bow.

Words: Hermanus Contractus, 1013–1054

Music: Chant, Mode V

## AMERICA 86

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountainside Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love:  
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Words: Samuel F. Smith, 1808–1895

Music: *Thesaurus Musicus*, London, 1744

AMERICA

66 4 666 4



## 87 AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat Across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control, Thy liberty in law!
3. O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life!  
America! America! May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness, And ev'ry gain divine!
4. O beautiful for patriot dream That sees, beyond the years,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

Words: Katherine L. Bates, 1859–1929

Music: Samuel A. Ward, 1848–1903

MATERNA

CMD

## 88 ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

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

*Refrain:*

**Gloria in excelsis Deo! Gloria in excelsis Deo!**

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

*Refrain*

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

*Refrain*

4. See Him in a manger laid, Whom the choirs of angels praise;  
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid, While our hearts in love we raise.

*Refrain*

Words: French carol, 18th cent.

Tr. by James Chadwick, 1813–1882

Music: French carol

GLORIA

77 77 with Refrain



# AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD 89



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold;
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man-ger - bed,
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;
4. Ho - ly — Je - sus! Ev - 'ry day Keep us in the nar - row way;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam-ing bright;  
 There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;  
 So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,  
 And, when earth - ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last



So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to thee.  
 So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek thy mer - cy seat.  
 All our cost-liest treas - ures bring, Christ, to thee, our heav'n - ly King.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds thy glo - ry hide.

Words: William C. Dix, 1837–1898  
 Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872

DIX  
 77 77 77



# 90 AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING



1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
2. Through her heart, his sor - row shar - ing, All his bit - ter
3. Oh, how sad and sore dis - tressed — Was that moth - er



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

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. Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,  
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 our Lord.
11. Holy Mother! pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Savior crucified.
12. Let me share with thee His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in 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,  
This 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 ev'ry 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.



# AT THE LAMB'S HIGH FEAST WE SING 91



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



to - rious King, Who hath washed us in the tide  
 sheathes his sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go  
 neath thee lie; Thou hast con - quered in the fight,  
 sin de - stroy. From sins pow'r do thou set free



Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side; Praise we him whose  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Praise we Christ, whose  
 Thou hast brought us life and light: Now no more can  
 Souls new - born, O Lord, in thee. Hymns of glo - ry,



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



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

Words: *Ad regias Agni dapes*

Tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814–1868, alt.

Music: Jakob Hintze, 1622–1702

SALZBURG

77 77 D



## 92 AT THE NAME OF JESUS



1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,
2. Hum-bled for a sea - son, To re-ceive a Name
3. Bore it up tri - um - phant, With its hu - man light,
4. In your hearts en - throne him; There let him sub - due
5. Broth - ers, this Lord Je - sus Shall re - turn a - gain,



Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess — him King of glo - ry now;  
 From the lips of sin - ners, Un - to whom he came,  
 Through all ranks of crea - tures, To the cen - tral height,  
 All that is not ho - ly, All that is not true:  
 With his Fa - ther's glo - ry O'er the earth to reign;



'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call him Lord,  
 Faith - ful - ly he bore — it Spot - less to the last,  
 To the throne of God - head, To the Fa - ther's breast;  
 Crown him as your Cap - tain In temp - ta - tion's hour;  
 For all wreaths of em - pire Meet up - on his brow,



Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word.  
 Brought it back vic - to - rious, When from death he passed.  
 Filled it with the glo - ry Of that per - fect rest.  
 Let his will en - fold you In its light and pow'r.  
 And our hearts con - fess him King of glo - ry now.

Words: Caroline M. Noel, 1817–1877  
 Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

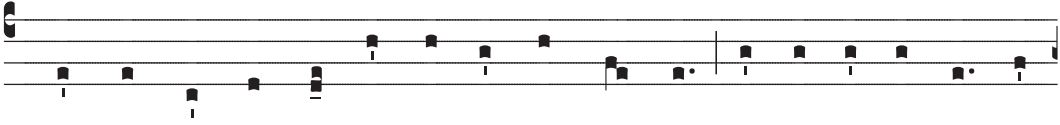
KING'S WESTON  
 65 65 D

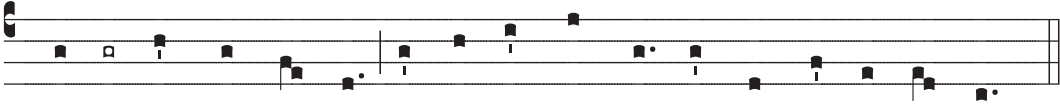


5.

A

T- ténde, Dómi-ne, et mi-se-ré-re, qui- a peccá-vimus ti- bi.

- 
1. Ad te, Rex sum-me, óm-ni-um Re-dém-ptor, ó-cu-los nos-tros sub-
  2. Dég-te-ra Pa-tris, la-pis an-gu-lá-ris, vi-a sa-lú-tis, já-
  3. Ro-gá-mus, De-us, tu-am ma-jes-tá-tem: áu-ri-bus sa-cris gé-
  4. Ti-bi fa-té-mur, crí-mi-na ad-mís-sa: con-trí-to cor-de pán-
  5. In-no-cens ca-ptus, nec re-pú-gnans du-ctus; tés-ti-bus fal-sis pro-

- 
1. le-vá-mus flen-tes: ex-áu-di, Chri-ste, sup-pli-cán-tum pre-ces. ℟℣
  2. nu-a cæ-lés-tis, áb-lu-e nos-tri má-cu-las de-lí-cti. ℟℣
  3. mi-tus ex-áu-di: crí-mi-na nos-tra plá-ci-dus in-dúl-ge. ℟℣
  4. di-mus oc-cúl-ta: tu-a, Re-dém-p-tor, pí-e-tas i-gnó-scat. ℟℣
  5. ím-pi-is da-mná-tus: quos re-de-mí-sti, tu, con-sér-va Chri-ste. ℟℣

**Translation:**

℟℣ Hearken, O Lord, and have mercy, for we have sinned against Thee.

1. Crying, we raise our eyes to Thee, Sovereign King, Redeemer of all. Listen, Christ, to the pleas of the supplicant sinners. ℟℣
2. Thou art at the Right Hand of God the Father, the Keystone, the Way of salvation and Gate of Heaven, cleanse the stains of our sins. ℟℣
3. O God, we beseech Thy majesty to hear our groans; to forgive our sins. ℟℣
4. We confess to Thee our consented sins; we declare our hidden sins with contrite heart; in Thy mercy, O Redeemer, forgive them. ℟℣
5. Thou wert captured, being innocent; brought about without resistance, condemned by impious men with false witnesses. O Christ keep safe those whom Thou hast redeemed. ℟℣

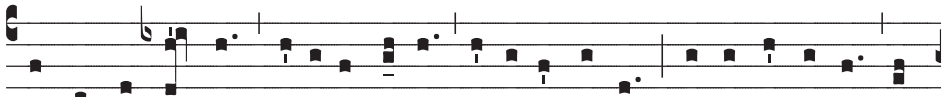
Words: Latin, 10th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode V



## 94 AVE MARIA

1.



**A** -VE Ma- rí- a, \*grá-ti- a ple-na, Dó-mi-nus te-cum, be-ne-dí-cta tu in  
 mu-li- é-ri-bus, et be-ne-díctus fructus ventris tu- i, Je- sus. Sancta Ma- rí- a,  
 Ma-ter De- i, o-ra pro no-bis pec-ca- tó-ri-bus, nunc et in ho- ra mor-tis nostræ.  
 Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Words: Latin, 13th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode I

## 95 AVE REGINA CÆLORUM

6.



**A** - ve, Re- gí-na cæ-ló- rum, \* A-ve, Dó-mi-na Ange-ló- rum : Salve ra-dix,  
 sal-ve por-ta, Ex qua mundo lux est or-ta : Gaude, Virgo glo- ri- ó- sa, Su- per om-  
 nes spe-ci- ó- sa : Va-le, o valde de-có- ra, Et pro no- bis Christum ex- ó- ra.

Hail, O Queen of Heaven enthroned!  
 Hail, by angels Mistress owned!  
 Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,  
 Whence the world's true Light was born:

Glorious Virgin, joy to thee,  
 Loveliest whom in heaven they see:  
 Fairest thou where all are fair,  
 Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

Words: Latin, 12th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode VI



6. **A** - ve ve-rum \* Corpus na- tum de Ma- rí- a Virgi- ne : Ve- re passum, im-  
mo- lá- tum in cru- ce pro hómi- ne : Cu- jus la- tus perfo- rá- tum flu- xit aqua  
et sán- gui- ne : Es- to no- bis præ- gustá- tum mortis in ex- ámi- ne.  
O Je- su dul- cis ! O Je- su pi- e ! O Je- su fi- li Ma- rí- æ.

Hail, true Body, truly born  
Of the Virgin Mary mild,  
Truly offered, racked and torn,  
On the Cross for man defiled,  
From whose love-pierced, sacred side.

Flowed thy true Blood's saving tide:  
Be a foretaste sweet to me  
In my death's great agony,  
O thou loving, gentle One,  
Sweetest Jesus, Mary's Son.

Words: Latin, 14th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode VI

AWAY IN A MANGER 97

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed  
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,  
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay.
2. The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes;  
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.
3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray.  
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,  
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

Words: Vss. 1–2: *Little Children's Book for Schools and Families*, Philadelphia, 1885

Vs. 3: John T. McFarland, 1851–1913

Music: William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838–1921

CRADLE SONG

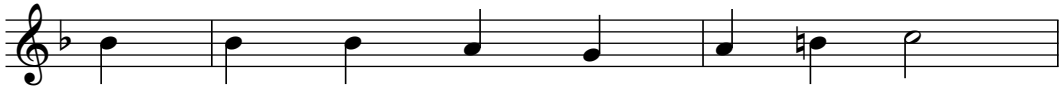
11 11 11 11



98 BE JOYFUL, MARY, HEAVENLY QUEEN



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



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



Al - le - lu - ia! Læ - tá - re, O Ma - rí - a.

Words: Latin, 17th cent. REGINA CAELI, JUBILA  
Tr. in *Psallite*, St. Louis, 1901 85 84 with Refrain  
Music: *Catholicum Hymnologium Germanicum*, 1584



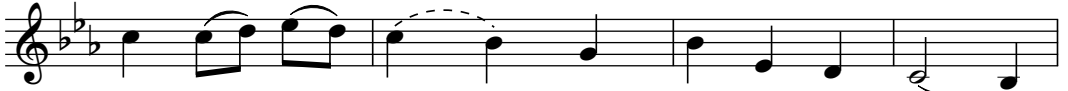
# BE THOU MY VISION 100



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



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



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



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

Words: Irish, c. 700, versified by Mary Elizabeth Byrne, 1880–1931

Tr. by Eleanor H. Hull, 1860–1935

Music: Irish folk song

SLANE

10 10 9 10



# 101 BETHLEHEM, OF NOBLEST CITIES



1. Beth - le - hem, of no - blest ci - ties None can once with  
 2. Fair - er than the sun at morn - ing Was the star that  
 3. By its lam - bent beau - ty guid - ed See the east - ern  
 4. So - lemn things of mys - tic mean - ing: In - cense doth the  
 5. Ho - ly Je - sus, in thy bright - ness To the Gen - tile



thee com - pare; Thou a - lone the Lord from hea - ven  
 told his birth; To the lands their God an - noun - cing,  
 kings ap - pear; See them bend, their gifts to of - fer,  
 God dis - close, Gold a roy - al child pro - claim - eth,  
 world dis - played, With the Fa - ther and the Spi - rit



Didst for us in - car - nate bear.  
 Seen in flesh - ly form on earth.  
 Gifts of in - cense, gold and myrrh.  
 Myrrh a fu - ture tomb for - shows.  
 End - less praise to thee be paid.

Words: Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348–413

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: Christian F. Witt's *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha, 1715

Adapt. by Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876

STUTTGART

87 87



# 104 CHRIST IS MADE THE SURE FOUNDATION



1. Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the head\_\_ and  
 2. To this tem - ple, where we call thee, Come, O Lord\_\_ of  
 3. Grant, we pray, to all thy peo - ple, All the grace\_\_they  
 4. Laud and ho - nor to the Fa - ther, Laud and ho - nor



cor - ner - stone; Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious,  
 hosts, to - day; With thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness  
 ask to gain; What they gain from thee for - ev - er  
 to the Son. Laud and ho - nor to the Spir - it,



Bind - ing all\_\_ the Church in one; Ho - ly Zi - on's  
 Hear thy ser - vants as\_\_ they pray, And thy full - est  
 With the bless - ed to\_\_ re - tain, And here - af - ter  
 Ev - er three\_\_ and ev - er one. One in might and



help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.  
 ben - e - dic - tion Shed in all its bright ar - ray.  
 in thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with thee to reign.  
 one in glo - ry, While un - end - ing a - ges run.

Words: *Urs beata Jerusalem*, Latin, 7th cent.

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Music: Henry Purcell, 1659–1695

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

87 87 87



# 106 CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY



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



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



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



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

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

Music: Attr. to Robert Williams, 1781–1821

Joseph Parry's *Peroriaeth Hyfryd*, 1837

LLANFAIR

77 77 with Alleluias



# CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY 107



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day; Christ-ians, haste your  
 2. Christ, the Vic - tim un - de - filed, Man to God hath  
 3. Say, O wond' - ring Ma - ry, say, What thou saw - est  
 4. Christ, who once for sin - ners bled, Now the first - born



vows to pay; Of - fer ye your prais - es meet  
 rec - on - ciled; When in strange and aw - ful strife  
 on thy way; I be - held where Christ had lain,  
 from the dead, Throned in end - less might and pow'r,



At the Pas - chal Vic - tim's feet, For the sheep the  
 Met to - geth - er death and life; Christ - ians, on this  
 Emp - ty tomb and an - gels twain. I be - held the  
 Lives and reigns for - ev - er - more. Hail, e - ter - nal



Lamb hath bled, Sin - less in the sin - ner's stead;  
 hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay.  
 glo - ry bright Of the ris - en Lord of Light;  
 Hope on high! Hail, thou King of Vic - to - ry!



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

Words: Attr. to Wipo of Burgundy, c. 1000–c. 1050

Tr. by Jane E. Leeson, 1807–1881

Music: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Detroit, 1859

Revised in *Catholic Youth's Hymn Book*, 1871

VICTIMAE PASCHALI

77 77 D



## 108 CHRISTUS VINCIT

Chri - stus vin - cit, Chri - stus re - gnat,  
Chri - stus, Chri - stus — im - pe - rat.

The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first line contains four measures: Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter), vin (quarter), - cit (quarter). The second line contains four measures: Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter), re (quarter), - gnat (quarter). The third line contains four measures: Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter), Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter). The fourth line contains four measures: — (quarter), im (quarter), - (quarter), pe (quarter). The fifth line contains four measures: rat. (quarter), — (quarter), — (quarter), — (quarter). The piece ends with a double bar line.

**Translation:** Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands!

Words: Latin, 8th cent.

Music: Traditional

## 109 CHRISTUS VINCIT

*Cantor:*  
Chri - stus — vin - cit, Chri - stus — re - gnat, Chri-stus ím - pe - rat.

*All:*  
Chri - stus — vin - cit, Chri - stus — re - gnat, Chri-stus ím - pe - rat.

The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first line (Cantor) contains four measures: Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter), — (quarter), vin (quarter). The second line contains four measures: - cit, (quarter), Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter). The third line contains four measures: — (quarter), re (quarter), - gnat, (quarter). The fourth line contains four measures: Chri-stus (quarter), ím (quarter), - pe (quarter), - rat. (quarter). The piece ends with a double bar line. The second line (All) contains four measures: Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter), — (quarter), vin (quarter). The fifth line contains four measures: - cit, (quarter), Chri (quarter), - stus (quarter). The sixth line contains four measures: — (quarter), re (quarter), - gnat, (quarter). The seventh line contains four measures: Chri-stus (quarter), ím (quarter), - pe (quarter), - rat. (quarter). The piece ends with a double bar line.

**Translation:** Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands!

Words: Latin, 8th cent.

Music: Chant



# 110 COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE



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



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



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



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

Words: Bianco da Siena, d. 1434

Tr. by Richard F. Littledale, 1833–1890

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

DOWN AMPNEY

66 11 D



## COME, HOLY GHOST 111



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



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



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

Words: *Veni, Creator Spiritus*

Attr. to Rabanus Maurus, c. 776–856

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: Louis Lambillotte, 1796–1855, alt.

LAMBILLOTTE

LM



112 COME, MY WAY, MY TRUTH, MY LIFE



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



breath; Such a truth as ends all strife; Such a  
feast; Such a feast as mends in length; Such a  
move; Such a love as none can part; Such a



life as kill - - - - - eth death.  
strength as makes \_\_\_\_\_ his guest.  
heart as joys \_\_\_\_\_ in love.



# 113 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING



1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy  
 2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, Who for us  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred  
 4. To thee, O Trin - i - ty, E - ter - nal



name\_\_\_ to sing, Help us to praise.  
 death\_\_\_ en - dured, Our prayer at - tend;  
 wit - ness bear In this glad hour:  
 prai - ses be for - ev - er - more!



Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,  
 Come and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy word suc - cess;  
 To us thy grace im - part; And rule in ev - 'ry heart!  
 Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see,



Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 Fill us with right - eous-ness, Sav - ior and friend.  
 Nev - er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

Words: *Collection of Hymns*, 1757, London  
 Music: Felice de Giardini, 1716–1796

ITALIAN HYMN  
 664 6664



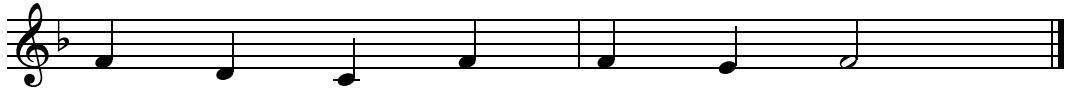
## COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS 114



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



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



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

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788

Music: Christian F. Witt's *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha, 1715

Adapt. by Henry J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876

STUTTGART

87 87



# 115 COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN



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



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



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



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

Words: John of Damascus, c. 675–c. 754

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866

Music: *Gesangbuch der Brüder in Behemen und Merhern*, Nuremberg, 1544

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

76 76 D



# 116 COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME



1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
2. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take his har-vest home;
3. Ev - en so, Lord, quick - ly come Bring thy fi - nal har-vest home;



All is safe - ly gath-ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;  
 From his field shall in that day All of - fen - ses purge a - way;  
 Gath - er all thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 Give his an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,  
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come, to God's own tem - ple come; Raise the song of har-vest home.  
 But the fruit - ful grain to store In his gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Come, with all thine an - gels, come; Raise the glo - rious har-vest home.

Words: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.  
 Music: George J. Elvey, 1816–1893

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR  
 77 77 D



## COMFORT, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE 117



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



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



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



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

Words: Johannes Olearius, 1611–1684

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.

Music: *Psaumes octante trois de David*, Geneva, 1551

Attr. to Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–c. 1561

GENEVA

87 87 77 88



# 118 CREATOR OF THE STARS OF NIGHT



1. Cre - a - tor of the stars of night,  
 2. Thou, griev - ing that the an - cient curse  
 3. Thou cam'st the Bride - groom of the bride,  
 4. At whose dread name, ma - jes - tic now,  
 5. O Thou whose co - ming is with dread  
 6. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



Thy peo - ple's ev - er - last - ing light,  
 Should doom to death a u - ni - verse,  
 As drew the world to ev - ning tide;  
 All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;  
 To judge and doom the quick and dead,  
 And God the Spi - rit, Three in One,



Je - sus, Re - deem - er, save us all,  
 Hast found the me - d'cine full of grace  
 Pro - ceed - ing from a vir - gin shrine,  
 And things ce - les - tial Thee shall own,  
 Pre - serve us, while we dwell be - low,  
 Laud, ho - nor, might, and glo - ry be



And hear Thy ser - vants when they call.  
 To save and heal a ru - ined race.  
 The spot - less Vic - tim all di - vine:  
 And things ter - res - trial, Lord a - lone.  
 From ev - 'ry in - sult of the foe.  
 From age to age e - ter - nal - ly.

A - men. —

Words: *Creator alme siderum*, Latin, 9th cent.

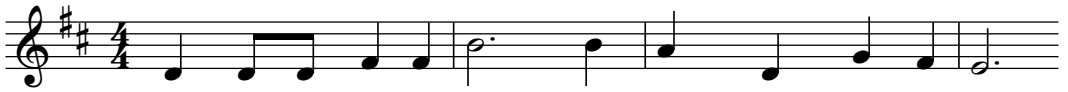
Tr. in *The Hymnal* 1940

Music: Chant, Mode IV

CREATOR ALME SIDERUM

LM





1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne;
2. Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown him the Lord of love, Be - hold his hands and side,
4. Crown him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways
5. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,



Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.  
 And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those he came to save.  
 Rich wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.  
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, Ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.  
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime,



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee,  
 His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,  
 No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,  
 His reign shall know no end, And 'round his pierc - ed feet  
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.  
 But down - ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet.  
 Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

Words: Vss. 1, 3-5: Matthew Bridges, 1800-1894

Vs. 2: Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903

Music: George J. Elvey, 1816-1893

DIADEMATA

SMD



# 120 DAILY, DAILY SING TO MARY



1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing to Ma - ry; Sing with joy her prais-es due!
2. She is might - y in her plead-ing Ten - der in \_her lov-ing care;
3. Sing, my tongue, the Vir-gin's tro-phies, Who for us \_her Mak-er bore,



All her feasts, her ac-tions hon - or With the heart's de - vo-tion true.  
 Ev - er watch-ful, un - der-stand-ing, All our sor - rows she will share.  
 For the curse of old in - flict - ed, Peace and bless - ing to re - store.



Lost in won-d'ring con - tem - pla-tion, Be her maj-es - ty con-fessed!  
 Gifts of heav - en she has giv - en, no - ble la - dy, to our race,  
 Sing in songs of praise un - end-ing, Call up-on her lov-ing - ly:



Call her Moth - er, call her Vir - gin, Hap - py Mo- ther, Vir-gin blest!  
 Heav-en's bless-ings she dis-pens - es On our sin - ful hu-man race.  
 Seat of wis - dom, Gate of heav - en, Morn-ing Star up - on the sea.

Words: Bernard of Cluny (Morlaix), c. 1140

Tr. by Henry Bittleston, 1818–1886

Music: Traditional Germany Melody

*Alte Katholische Geistliche Kirchengesäng*

ALLE TAGE SING UND SAGE

87 87 D



# DRAW NEAR AND TAKE THE BODY OF THY LORD 122



1. Draw near and take the bo - dy of thy Lord,
2. Saved by his bod - y, hal - lowed by his blood,
3. Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,
4. With heav'n - ly bread he makes the hun - gry whole,
5. Be - fore thy pres - ence, Lord, all peo - ple bow.



And drink with faith the blood for you out - poured;  
 With souls re - freshed we give our thanks to God.  
 By his dear cross and blood the vic - t'ry won.  
 Gives liv - ing wa - ters to the thirst - ing soul.  
 In this thy feast of love be with us now.

Words: *Sancti, venite, Christe corpus sumite*, Latin, 7th cent.

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Music: Arthur S. Sullivan, 1842–1900

CEENA DOMINI

10 10



## ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM 125

7.

**E**

CCE pa-nis Ange-ló- rum, Factus ci-bus vi- a- tó-rum: Ve-re pa-nis fi- li- ó-

rum, Non mīt- téndus cá-ni-bus. In fi-gú-ris præ-signá- tur, Cum I- sá- ac immo-

lá-tur: Agnus Paschæ de-pu-tá- tur, Da-tur manna pá-tri- bus. Bo-ne pastor, pa-nis

ve- re, Ie-su, nostri mi-se- ré- re: Tu nos pasce, nos tu- é-re, Tu nos bo-na fac vi-

dé-re In terra vi-vén-ti- um. Tu qui cuncta scis et va- les: Qui nos pascis hic mor-

tá-les: Tu- os i- bi commensá-les, Co-he-ré-des et so-dá- les Fac sanctórum cí-vi- um.

A- men. Al-le- lú- ia.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274

Music: Chant, Mode VII

See p. 189 for translation.



# 126 ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the  
 2. O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain O'er which our traf - fic  
 3. O Spir - it, whom the Fa - ther sent To spread a - broad the  
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, Our breth - ren shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its  
 runs a - main By moun - tain pass or val - ley low; Where -  
 fir - ma - ment; O Wind of heav - en, by thy might Save  
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we  
 ev - er, Lord, thy breth - ren go, Pro - tect them by thy  
 all who dare the ea - gle's flight, And keep them by thy  
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall



cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.  
 guard - ing hand From ev - 'ry per - il on the land.  
 watch - ful care From ev - 'ry per - il in the air.  
 rise to thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Words: Vss. 1, 4: William Whiting, 1825–1878, alt.  
 Vss. 2, 3: Robert N. Spencer, 1877–1961, alt.  
 Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

MELITA  
 88 88 88



# FAIREST LORD JESUS 127



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



O thou of God and man the Son,  
 robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring:  
 and all the twin - kling star - ry host:  
 Son of God and Son of Man!



Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou,  
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who  
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er, than  
 Glo - ry and hon - or, praise, a - do - ra - tion, now



my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.  
 makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 all the an - gels heav'n can boast.  
 and for - ev - er - more be Thine.

Words: *Münster Gesangbuch*, Münster, 1677  
 Tr. Anonymous, c. 1850  
 Vs. 4: tr. by Joseph A. Seiss, 1823–1904  
 Music: Silesian folk melody  
*Schlesische Volkslieder*, Leipzig, 1842

ST. ELIZABETH  
 Irregular



# 128 FAITH OF OUR FATHERS



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



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



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



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

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863

Music: Henri F. Hemy, 1818–1888

Adapt. by James G. Walton, 1821–1905

ST. CATHERINE

88 88 88



# 130 FOR ALL THE SAINTS



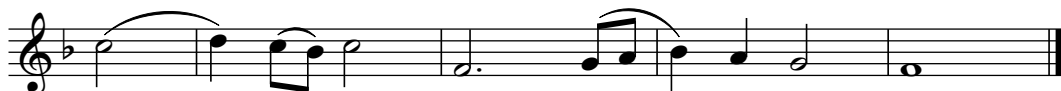
1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest,
2. Thou wast their rock, their for - tress, and their might;
3. O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold,
4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!
5. But lo! There breaks a yet more glo - rious day;
6. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast,



Who thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy  
 Thou, Lord, their cap - tain in the well - fought fight; \_\_\_\_\_  
 Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old, And  
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet  
 The saints tri - um - phant rise in bright ar - ray; The  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the count - less host, \_\_\_\_\_



name, O \_\_\_\_\_ Je - sus, be for - ev - er \_\_\_\_\_ blest.  
 Thou, in the dark - ness drear, their one true light.  
 win, with \_\_\_\_\_ them, the vic - tor's crown of \_\_\_\_\_ gold.  
 all are \_\_\_\_\_ one in thee, for all \_\_\_\_\_ are \_\_\_\_\_ thine.  
 King of \_\_\_\_\_ glo - ry pass - es on \_\_\_\_\_ his \_\_\_\_\_ way.  
 Sing - ing to Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly \_\_\_\_\_ Ghost.



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

Words: William Walsham How, 1823–1897, alt.  
 Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

SINE NOMINE  
 10 10 10 with Alleluias



# FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH 131



1. For the\_\_ beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry  
 2. For the\_\_ beau - ty of each hour Of the day and  
 3. For the\_\_ joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter,  
 4. For thy\_\_ Church, that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly  
 5. For thy - self, best Gift Di - vine! To our race so



of the skies, For the\_\_ love which from our birth  
 of the night, Hill and\_\_ vale, and tree and flower,  
 par - ent, child, Friends on\_\_ earth, and friends a - bove;  
 hands a - bove, Of - fring up on ev - 'ry shore  
 free - ly giv'n; For that\_\_ great, great love of thine,



O - ver and a - round us lies:  
 Sun and moon, and stars of light:  
 For all gen - tle thoughts and mild: Lord of all, to  
 Her pure sac - ri - fice of love:  
 Peace on earth and joy in heav'n:



thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

Words: Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, alt.  
 Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872

DIX  
 77 77 77



# 132 FOR THE FRUITS OF HIS CREATION



1. For the fruits of his cre - a - tion, Thanks be to God.
2. In the just re - ward of la - bor, God's will is done.
3. For the har - vests of the Spir - it, Thanks be to God.



For his gifts to ev - 'ry na - tion, Thanks be to God.  
In the help we give our neigh - bor, God's will is done.  
For the good we all in - her - it, Thanks be to God.



For the plow - ing, sow - ing, reap - ing, Si - lent growth while we are sleep - ing,  
In our world - wide task of car - ing For the hun - gry and de - spair - ing,  
For the won - ders that as - tound us, For the truths that still con - found us,



Fu - ture needs in earth's safe - keep - ing, Thanks be to God.  
In the har - vests we are shar - ing, God's will is done.  
Most of all, that love has found us, Thanks be to God.

Words: Fred Pratt Green, 1903–2000

Music: Traditional Welsh Melody

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AR HYD Y NOS

84 84 88 84



## FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS 133



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



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

Words: George H. Smyttan, 1822–1870, alt.

HEINLEIN

Music: *Nürnbergisches Gesang-Buch*, Nuremberg, 1676

77 77

Attr. to Martin Herbst, 1654–1681

## FROM ALL THY SAINTS IN WARFARE 134



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



To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais-es be ad - dressed;  
 Who wear the spot-less rai - ment, Who raise the cease-less song;  
 And God the Ho - ly Spi - rit, E - ter - nal Three in One;



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



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee.  
 And, walk - ing in their foot-steps, Would serve Thee more and more.  
 And ho - nor, power and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone.

Words: Horatio Nelson, 1823–1913

ST. THEODULPH

Music: Melchior Teschner, 1584–1635

76 76 D



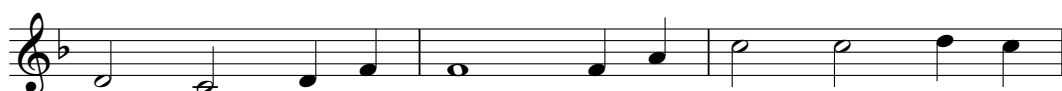
# GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN 136



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



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



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



found - ed, What can shake thy sure re -  
 riv - er Ev - er will their trust as -  
 ban - ner, Light by night, and shade by  
 rais - es O - ver self to reign as



pose? With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st  
 suage? Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er  
 day, Safe they feed u - pon the man - na Which he  
 kings: And as priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for



smile at all thy foes.  
 fails from age to age.  
 gives them when they pray.  
 thank - ful of - fring brings.



# 137 GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN



Go, tell it on the moun-tain, O-ver the hills and ev - 'ry - where;



Go, tell it on the moun - tain That Je - sus Christ is born.



1. While shep-herds kept their watch-ing O'er si - lent flocks by night,  
2. The shep-herds feared and trem - bled When lo! a - bove the earth  
3. Down in a low - ly man - ger The hum-ble Christ was born,



Be - hold, through-out the heav-ens There shone a ho - ly light.\_  
Rang out the an-gel cho - rus That hailed our Sav - ior's birth.\_  
And God sent us sal - va - tion That bless - ed Christ-mas morn.

Words: Adapt. by John W. Work, Jr., 1871–1925, alt.  
Music: African-American

GO, TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN  
76 76 with Refrain



# GOD OF OUR FATHERS 138



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



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



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



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

Words: Daniel C. Roberts, 1841–1907, alt.  
 Music: George W. Warren, 1828–1902

NATIONAL HYMN  
 10 10 10 10



# 139 GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN



1. God rest you mer - ry, gen-tle-men, Let noth - ing you dis-may;
2. In Beth - le - hem in Jew - ry This bless - ed Babe was born,
3. From God our heav'n - ly Fa - ther A bless - ed an - gel came,
4. The shep-herds at those tid - ings Re-joic - ed much in mind,
5. Now to the Lord sing prais - es, All you with - in this place,



Re - mem-ber Christ our Sav - ior Was born on Christ-mas day,  
 And laid with - in a man - ger Up - on this bless - ed morn:  
 And un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought tid - ings of the same;  
 And left their flocks a - feed - ing In tem - pest, storm, and wind,  
 And with true love and broth-er-hood Each oth - er now em-brace.



To save us all from Sa - tan's pow'r When we were gone a - stray:  
 The which his Moth - er Ma - ry Did noth - ing take in scorn:  
 How that in Beth - le - hem was born The Son of God by name:  
 And went to Beth - le - hem straight-way, The Son of God to find:  
 This ho - ly tide of Christ - mas Doth bring re - deem-ing grace.



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



joy; O — tid - ings of com - fort and joy!

Words: English carol, 18th cent.

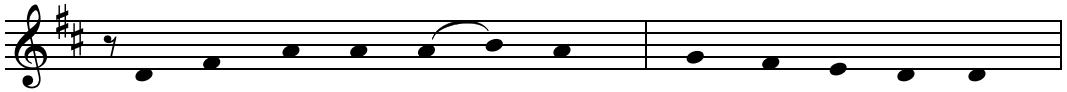
Music: English carol, 18th cent.

GOD REST YOU MERRY

86 86 86 with Refrain



# 141 GODHEAD HERE IN HIDING



1. God-head here in hid - ing	Whom I do a - dore,
2. See - ing, touch - ing, tast - ing	Are in thee de - ceived;
3. On the cross thy God - head	Made no sign to men;
4. I am not like Thom - as,	Wounds I can - not see,
5. O thou, our re - mind - er	Of the Cru - ci - fied,
6. Like what ten - der tales _ tell	Of the Pe - li - can,
7. Je - sus, whom I look _ at	Shroud - ed here be - low,



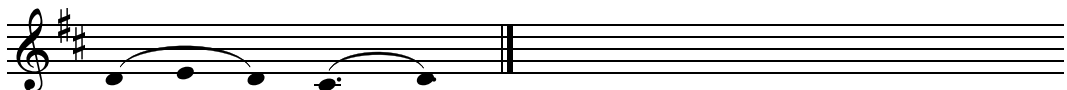
Masked by these bare shad - ows,	Shape and noth - ing more,
How says trust - y hear - ing?	That shall be be - lieved;
Here thy ver - y man - hood	Steals from hu - man ken:
But I plain - ly call _ thee	Lord and God as he:
Liv - ing Bread, the life _ of	Us for whom he died,
Bathe me, Je - sus Lord, _ in	What thy bo - som ran,
I be - seech thee, send _ me	What I thirst for so,



See, Lord, at _ thy ser - vice	Low lies here a heart
What God's Son _ has told _ me,	Take for truth I do;
Both are my _ con - fes - sion,	Both are my be - lief,
This faith each _ day deep - er	Be my hold - ing of,
Lend this life _ to me, _ then;	Feed and feast my mind,
Blood that but _ one drop _ of	Has the pow'r to win
Some day to _ gaze on _ thee	Face to face in light,



Lost, all lost in won - der	At the God thou art.
Truth him - self speaks tru - ly	Or there's noth - ing true.
And I pray the pray - er	Of the dy - ing thief.
Dai - ly make me hard - er	Hope and dear - er love.
There be thou the sweet - ness	Man was meant to find.
All the world for - give - ness	Of its world of sin.
And be blest for - ev - er	With thy glo - ry's sight.



A - men.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, c. 1225–1274

Tr. by Gerard M. Hopkins, 1844–1889

Music: Chant, Mode V

ADORO TE DEVOTE

65 65 D



# GOOD CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, REJOICE 142



1. Good Chris-tian friends, re - joice\_\_ With heart and soul and voice;\_\_
2. Good Chris-tian friends, re - joice\_\_ With heart and soul and voice;\_\_
3. Good Chris-tian friends, re - joice\_\_ With heart and soul and voice;\_\_



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



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



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

Words: German carol, 14th cent.

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Music: German carol, 14th cent

*Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1533

IN DULCI JUBILO

66 77 78 55



# 143 GOOD CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, REJOICE AND SING!



1. Good Christ-ian friends, re - joice and sing! Now is the tri - umph
2. The Lord of life is ris'n to - day. Sing songs of praise a -
3. Praise we in songs of vic - to - ry That love, that life which
4. Your name we bless, O ris - en Lord, And sing to - day with



of our King! To all the world glad news we bring:  
 long his way. Let all the world re - joice and say:  
 can - not die, And sing with hearts up - lift - ed high:  
 one ac - cord The life laid down, the life re - stored:



Al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia, \_\_\_\_\_ al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Cyril A. Alington, 1872–1955, alt.

Music: *Ein schön geistlich Gesangbuch*, Weimar, 1609

Melchior Vulpus, c. 1560–1615

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GELOBT SEI GOTT

888 with Alleluias



## HAIL, HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE 145



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



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



Tri - umph, all ye\_\_ Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye\_\_



Ser - a - phim, Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn:



Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.

Words: Attr. to Hermanus Contractus, 1013–1054

*Roman Hymnal*, New York, 1884

Music: German melody, Hildesheim, 1736

SALVE REGINA CAELITUM

84 84 77 79



# 147 HAIL, O STAR THAT POINTEST



- |                                    |                                  |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Hail, O star that point - est   | T'wards the port of Hea - ven,   |
| 2. When the sa - lu - ta - tion    | Ga - bri-el had spo - ken,       |
| 3. Bound by Sa - tan's fet - ters, | Health and vi - sion need - ing, |
| 4. Je - sus' ten - der moth - er,  | Make thy su - pli - ca - tion    |
| 5. That, O match - less maid - en, | Pass - ing meek and low - ly,    |
| 6. So, as now we jour - ney,       | Aid our weak en - dea - vor,     |
| 7. Fa - ther, Son and Spi - rit,   | Three in One con - fess - ing,   |



Thou to whom as maid - en	God for Son was giv - en.
Peace was shed up - on us,	E - va's bonds were bro - ken.
God will aid and light us	At thy gen - tle plead - ing.
Un - to Him who chose thee	At His in - car - na - tion;
Thy dear Son may make us	Blame - less, chaste, and ho - ly.
Till we gaze on Je - sus,	And re - joice for - ev - er.
Give we e - qual glo - ry,	E - qual praise and bless - ing.

Words: *Ave Maris Stella*, c. 9th cent.

Tr. by J. Athelstan L. Riley, 1858–1945

Music: 18th cent. melody

AVE MARIS STELLA

66 66



# HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE 148



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



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



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



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

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, alt.

Music: Attr. to Robert Williams, 1781–1821

Joseph Parry's *Peroriaeth Hyfryd*, 1837

LLANFAIR

77 77 with Alleluias



# 149 HAIL THEE, FESTIVAL DAY

## REFRAIN

Hail thee, fes - ti-val day! Blest day to be hal-lowed for - ev - er,  
Day when our Lord was raised, Break-ing the king - dom of death.

## VERSES 1, 3

1. All the fair beau-ty of earth From the death of the win - ter a - ris - ing!  
3. God the Al-might-y, the Lord, The \_ rul - er of earth and the hea- vens,  
Ev - 'ry good gift of the year Now with its mas-ter re - turns:  
Guard us from harm with- out; \_ Cleanse us from e - vil with - in:

## VERSES 2, 4

2. Rise from the grave now, O Lord, The au-thor of life and cre - a - tion.  
4. Je - sus, the health of the world, En-light-en our minds, great Re-deem - er,  
Tread-ing the path-way of death, New life you give to us all: \_  
Son of the Fa - ther su - preme, On - ly - be-got - en of God. \_

Words: Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, c. 530–c. 609  
Tr. by Maurice F. Bell, 1862–1947; Percy Dearmer, 1867–1936,  
and George G. S. Gillett, 1873–1948, alt.  
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

SALVE FESTA DIES  
Irregular



# HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED 150



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



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



Christ comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free;  
 Be- fore him on the moun-tains Shall peace, the her-ald, go;  
 For He shall have do - min - ion O'er riv - er, sea and shore,  
 The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.  
 And right - eous-ness in foun-tains From hill to val - ley flow.  
 Far as the ea - gle's pin - ion, Or dove's light wing can soar.  
 His name shall stand for - ev - er, That Name to us is love.

Words: Ps 72:1-7, 10-11, 15, 19

James Montgomery, 1771-1854, alt.

Music: *Mainzer Gesangbuch*, Mainz, 1833

ELLACOMBE

76 76 D



# 151 HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the new-born King.  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!”  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies!  
With th'angelic hosts proclaim, “Christ is born in Bethlehem!”  
Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!”
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the Everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; Hail th'incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel!  
Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!”
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings.  
Mild he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth!  
Hark! The herald angels sing, “Glory to the newborn King!”

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, alt.

Music: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809–1847

Arr. by William H. Cummings, 1831–1915

MENDELSSOHN

77 77 D with Refrain



## 153 HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

1. Holy God, we praise thy name; Lord of all, we bow before thee!  
All on earth thy scepter claim, All in heav'n above adore thee;  
Infinite thy vast domain, Everlasting is thy reign.  
Infinite thy vast domain, Everlasting is thy reign.
2. Hark! The loud celestial hymn Angel choirs above are raising,  
Cherubim and seraphim, In unceasing chorus praising;  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord: "Holy, holy, holy Lord."  
Fill the heavens with sweet accord: "Holy, holy, holy Lord."
3. Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Spirit, Three we name thee;  
While in essence only One, Undivided God we claim thee;  
And adoring, bend the knee, While we own the mystery.  
And adoring, bend the knee, While we own the mystery.

Words: *Te Deum*, Attr. to Ignaz Franz, 1719–1790

Tr. by Clarence A. Walworth, 1820–1900

Music: *Allgemeines Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna, 1774

GROSSER GOTT

78 78 77

## 154 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty,  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
2. Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea.  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;  
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All thy works shall praise thy Name in earth and sky and sea.  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Words: Reginald Heber, 1783–1826

Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1876

NICAEA

11 12 12 10



# HOLY SPIRIT, LORD OF LIGHT 155



1. Ho - ly Spit - it,	Lord of Light,	From the clear ce -
2. Thou, of all con -	sol - ers best,	Thou, the soul's de -
3. Light im - mor - tal,	Light di-vine,	Vis - it thou these
4. Heal our wounds, our	strength re-new;	On our dry - ness
5. Thou, on us who	ev - er-more	Thee con - fess and



les - tial height,	Thy pure beam - ing	ra - diance give.
light - ful guest,	Dost re - fresh - ing	peace be - stow.
hearts of thine,	And our in - most	be - ing fill.
pour thy dew;	Wash the stains of	guilt a - way.
thee a - dore,	With thy sev'n - fold	gifts des - cend.



Come, thou Fa - ther	of the poor,	Come with treas - ures
Thou in toil art —	com - fort sweet;	Pleas - ant cool - ness
If thou take thy —	grace a - way,	Noth - ing pure in
Bend the stub - born	heart and will;	Melt the fro - zen,
Give us com - fort —	when we die;	Give us life with



which en - dure;	Come, thou Light	of all that live.
in the heat;	Sol - ace in the	midst of woe.
man will stay;	All his good is	turned to ill.
warm the chill;	Guide the steps that	go a - stray.
thee on high;	Give us joys that	nev - er end.

Words: *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: *An Essay on the Church Plain Chant*, London, 1782

Attr. to Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

777 777



# 156 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION



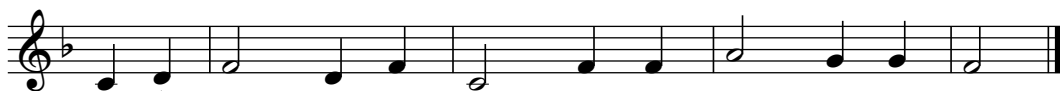
1. How — firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear — not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
4. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
5. "The — soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,



Is — laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!  
 For — I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
 The — riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;  
 My — grace, all suf - fi - cient, shall be thy su - ply;  
 I — will not, I will not de - sert to its foes;



What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless,  
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I on - ly de - sign  
 That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,



To — you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?  
 Up - held by my right - eous, om - ni - po - tent hand.  
 And — sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.  
 Thy — dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.  
 I'll — nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake!"

Words: 1 Cor 3:11

Rippon's *Selection of Hymns*, London, 1787, alt.

Music: Joseph Funk's *Genuine Church Music*, Winchester, Va., 1832

FOUNDATION

11 11 11 11



# I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY 159



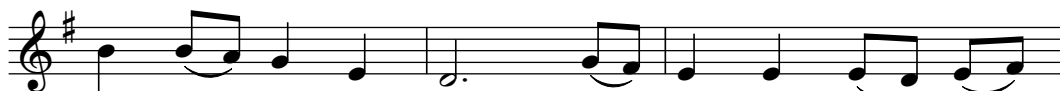
1. I\_\_ heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and  
 2. I\_\_ heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly  
 3. I\_\_ heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I\_\_ am this dark world's



rest; Lay\_\_ down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy\_\_  
 give The\_\_ liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop  
 light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And\_\_



head up - on my breast." I\_\_ came to Je - sus as I was, So  
 down, and drink, and live." I\_\_ came to Je - sus, and I drank Of  
 all thy day be bright." I\_\_ looked to Je - sus, and I found In\_\_



wea - ry,\_\_ worn, and sad; I\_\_ found in him\_\_ a\_\_  
 that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my  
 him my\_\_ star, my sun; And in that light of \_\_



rest - ing place, And\_\_ he has made me glad.  
 soul re - vived, And\_\_ now I live\_\_ in him.  
 life I'll walk Till\_\_ trav - 'ling days are done.

Words: Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889  
 Music: Traditional English folk song

KINGSFOLD  
CMD



# 160 I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES



1. I know that my Re - deem - er \_\_\_\_\_ lives!  
 2. He lives tri - um - phant from the \_\_\_\_\_ grave;  
 3. He lives to bless me \_\_\_\_\_ with his \_\_\_\_\_ love;  
 4. He lives, my kind, wise, \_\_\_\_\_ heav'n - ly \_\_\_\_\_ friend;  
 5. He lives, all glo - ry \_\_\_\_\_ to his \_\_\_\_\_ name!



What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!  
 He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save;  
 He lives to plead for me a - bove;  
 He lives and loves me to the end;  
 He lives, my Sav - ior, still the same;



He lives, he lives, who \_\_\_\_\_ once \_\_\_\_\_ was \_\_\_\_\_ dead;  
 He lives in maj - es - ty \_\_\_\_\_ a - bove;  
 He lives my hun - gry \_\_\_\_\_ soul \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ feed;  
 He lives, and while he \_\_\_\_\_ lives, I'll \_\_\_\_\_ sing;  
 What joy this blest \_\_\_\_\_ as - sur - ance \_\_\_\_\_ gives:



He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing head!  
 He lives to guide his Church in love.  
 He lives to help in time of need.  
 He lives, my Pro - phet, Priest and King!  
 I know that my Re - deem - er lives!

Words: Job 19:25

Samuel Medley, 1738–1799, alt.

Music: John Warrington Hatton, 1710–1793

DUKE STREET

LM



# 161 I SING THE MIGHTY POWER OF GOD



1. I sing the\_\_ might - y pow'r of God, That  
 2. I sing the\_\_ good - ness of the Lord, That  
 3. There's not a\_\_ plant or flow'r be - low, But



made the moun - tains rise; That spread the\_\_ flow - ing  
 filled the earth with food; He formed the\_\_ crea - tures  
 makes thy glo - ries known; And clouds a - rise, and



seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies. I  
 with his word, And then pro - nounced them good. Lord,  
 tem - pests blow, By or - der from thy throne; While



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



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

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748  
 Music: *Mainzer Gesangbuch*, Mainz, 1833

ELLACOMBE  
 CMD



## IMMACULATE MARY 162

1. Immaculate Mary, thy praises we sing;  
Who reignest in splendor with Jesus our King:

### *Refrain*

Ave, ave, ave Maria.  
Ave, ave Maria!

2. In heaven the blessed thy glory proclaim;  
On earth, we, thy children, invoke thy sweet name.

### *Refrain*

Ave, ave, ave Maria.  
Ave, ave Maria.

3. Thy name is our power, thy virtues, our light,  
Thy love is our comfort, thy pleading, our might.

### *Refrain*

4. We pray for our mother, the Church upon earth;  
And bless, Holy Mary, the land of our birth.

Words: Jeremiah Cummings, 1814–1866  
*People's Hymnal*, Cincinnati, 1955  
Music: Traditional Pyrenean Melody

LOURDES HYMN  
11 11 with Refrain



# 163 IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE, GOD ONLY WISE



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



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



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



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

Words: Walter C. Smith, 1824–1908, alt.

Music: Welsh melody, *Caniadau y Cyssegr*, Denbigh, 1839

ST. DENIO

11 11 11 11



## INFANT HOLY, INFANT LOWLY 165



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



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



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



Christ the Babe is Lord of all! Christ the Babe is Lord of all!  
Christ the Babe was born for you! Christ the Babe was born for you!

Words: Polish carol

Tr. by Edith M. Reed, 1885–1933, alt.

Music: Polish melody

W ŻŁOBIE LEŻY

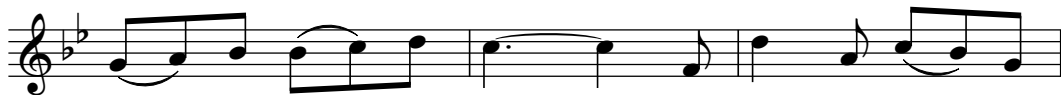
87 87 88 77



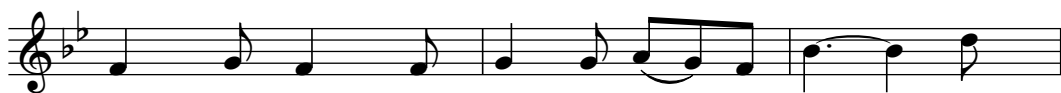
# 166 IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR



1. It came up - on\_\_\_ the mid - night clear, That  
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With  
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose  
 4. For lo, the days\_\_\_ are has - t'ning on, By



glo - rious song\_\_\_ of old,\_\_\_ From an - gels bend - ing  
 peace - ful wings un - furled,\_\_\_ And still their heav'n - ly  
 forms are bend - ing low,\_\_\_ Who toil a - long the  
 proph - ets seen\_\_\_ of old,\_\_\_ When with the ev - er -



near the earth To touch their harps of gold:\_\_\_ "Peace  
 mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;\_\_\_ A -  
 climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow\_\_\_ Look  
 cir - cling years Comes round the age\_\_\_ of gold.\_\_\_ When



on the earth,\_\_\_ good will to all, From  
 bove its sad\_\_\_ and low - ly plains They  
 now, for glad\_\_\_ and gold - en hours Come  
 peace shall o - ver all the earth Its



heav'n's all - gra - cious King."\_\_\_ The world in sol - emn  
 bend\_\_\_ on hov - 'ring wing,\_\_\_ And ev - er o'er\_\_\_ its  
 swift - ly on\_\_\_ the wing:\_\_\_ O rest be - side\_\_\_ the  
 an - cient splen - dors fling,\_\_\_ And all the world give



still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.\_\_\_  
 Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.\_\_\_  
 wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing!\_\_\_  
 back the song Which now the an - gels sing.\_\_\_



# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME 167



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, — my hap - py home, When
2. O hap - py har - bor of the saints, O
3. Your gar - dens and — your gal - lant walks — Con -
4. There, trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit — And
5. Je - ru - sa - lem, — Je - ru - sa - lem, — God



shall I come to thee? — When shall my sor - rows  
 sweet and pleas - ant soil! — In you no sor - row  
 tin - ual - ly — are green; — There grow such sweet — and  
 ev - er - more do spring, — There, ev - er - more — the  
 grant that I — may see — Your end - less joy, — and



have an end? — Thy joys, when shall — I see? —  
 may be found, No grief, no care, — no toil. —  
 pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else — are seen. —  
 an - gels sit — And ev - er - more — do sing. —  
 of the same Par - tak - er ev - er be! —

Words: F.B.P. in *Song of Mary*, London, 1601

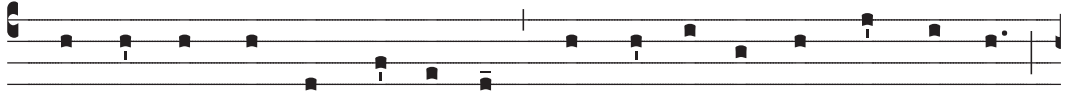
Music: American folk melody

*The Christian Harp*, Pittsburgh, 1836

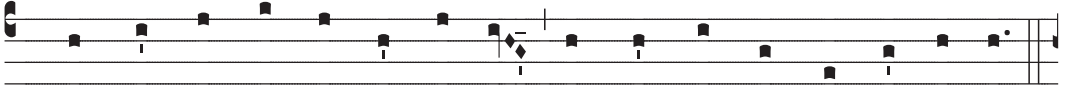
LAND OF REST  
CM



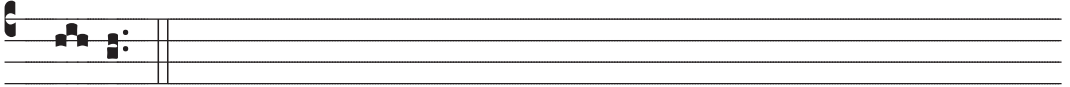
# 168 JESU DULCIS MEMORIA



1. Je- su dul- cis me- mó- ri- a, Dans ve- ra cor- dis gáu- di- a:
2. Nil cá- ni- tur su- á- vi- us, Nil au- dí- tur ju- cún- di- us,
3. Je- su spes pæ- ni- tén- ti- bus, Quam pi- us es pe- tén- ti- bus!
4. Nec lin- gua va- let dí- ce- re, Nec lít- te- ra ex- prí- me- re:
5. Sis Je- su nos- trum gáu- di- um, Qui es fu- tú- rus præ- mi- um:



1. Sed su- per mel et óm- ni- a, E- jus dul- cis præ- sén- ti- a.
2. Nil co- gi- tá- tur dúl- ci- us, Quam Je- sus De- i Fí- li- us.
3. Quam bo- nus te quæ- rén- ti- bus! Sed quid in- ve- ni- én- ti- bus.
4. Ex- pér- tus pot- est cré- de- re, Quid sit Je- sum di- lí- ge- re.
5. Sit no- stra in te gló- ri- a, Per cun- cta sem- per sæ- cu- la.



5. A- men.

See hymn #172 for translation.

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153  
Music: Chant, Mode I

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA  
LM



# JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY 169



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



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



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



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

Words: *Surrexit Christus hodie*  
*Lyra Davidica*, 1708  
*The Compleat Psalmist*, London, 1749  
 Vs. 4: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788  
 Music: *Lyra Davidica*, 1708  
*Psalmodia Evangelica*, London, 1789

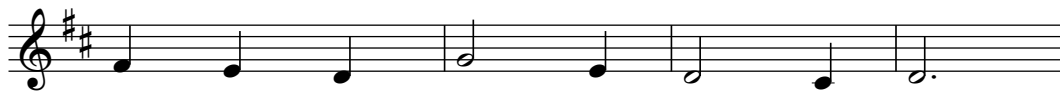
EASTER HYMN  
 77 77 with Alleluias



# 170 JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL



1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, — my all, —  
 2. Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart —  
 3. O, see, with - in — a crea - ture's hand,  
 4. Thy bod - y, soul, — and God - head, all, —  
 5. Sound, sound His prais - es high - er still, —



How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 To love Thee with, my dear - est King;  
 The vast Cre - a - tor deigns to be,  
 O mys - ter - y of love di - vine!  
 And come ye An - gels to our aid;



And how re - vere — this won - drous gift, —  
 O with what bursts of fer - vent praise,  
 Re - pos - ing in - fant - like, — as though  
 I can - not com - pass all — I have, —  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, — the ve - ry God, —



So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?  
 Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!  
 On Jo - seph's arm, on Ma - ry's knee.  
 For all Thou hast and art are mine.  
 Whose pow'r both man and an - gels made.



Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore! Oh, make us love Thee



more and more. Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863

Music: *Römisch-Katholisches Gesangbüchlein*, 1826

SWEET SACRAMENT

LM with Refrain



## JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE 172



1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweet - ness  
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the  
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of  
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this No tongue nor  
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our



fills my breast; But swee - ter far thy face to  
 mind re - call A swee - ter sound than thy blest  
 all the meek, To those who fall, how kind thou  
 pen can show; The love of Je - sus, what it  
 prize will be; Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry



see, And in thy pre - sence rest.  
 Name, O Sav - ior of us all!  
 art, How good to those who seek!  
 is None but his loved ones know.  
 now And through e - ter - ni - ty.

Words: *Jesu dulcis memoria*, c. 12th cent.  
 Attr. to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153  
 Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878  
 Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1873

ST. AGNES  
CM



## 173 JOY TO THE WORLD

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n and nature sing,  
And heav'n, and heav'n, and nature sing.
2. Joy to the world! The Savior reigns:  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found,  
Far as the curse is found,  
Far as, far as, the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love,  
And wonders of his love,  
And wonders, wonders, of His love.

Words: Ps 98

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Music: George F. Handel, 1685–1759

Thomas Hawkes' *Collection of Tunes*, Watchet, Somerset, 1833

ANTIOCH

CM with Repeat



## 174 JOYFUL, JOYFUL, WE ADORE THEE

1. Joyful, joyful, we adore thee, God of glory, Lord of love;  
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee, Op'ning to the sun above.  
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness; Drive the dark of doubt away;  
Giver of immortal gladness, Fill us with the light of day!
2. All thy works with joy surround thee, Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,  
Stars and angels sing around thee, Center of unbroken praise;  
Field and forest, vale and mountain, Flow'ry meadow, flashing sea,  
Chanting bird and flowing fountain, Call us to rejoice in thee.
3. Thou art giving and forgiving, Ever blessing, ever blest,  
Wellspring of the joy of living, Ocean-depth of happy rest!  
Thou our Father, Christ our brother, All who live in love are thine;  
Teach us how to love each other, Lift us to the Joy Divine.
4. Mortals, join the mighty chorus, Which the morning stars began;  
Father love is reigning o'er us, Brother love binds man to man.  
Ever singing, march we onward, Victors in the midst of strife;  
Joyful music leads us sunward In the triumph song of life.

Words: Henry van Dyke, 1852–1933, alt.

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827

Arr. by Edward Hodges, 1796–1867

HYMN TO JOY

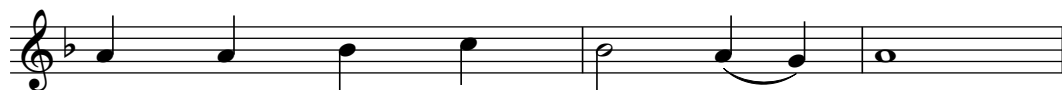
87 87 D



# 177 LET ALL MORTAL FLESH KEEP SILENCE



1. Let all mor - tal flesh keep — si - lence,  
 2. King of kings, yet born of — Ma - ry,  
 3. Rank on rank, the host of — heav - en  
 4. At his feet the six - wing'd ser - aph,



And with fear and trem - bling — stand;  
 As of old on earth he — stood;  
 Spreads its van - guard on the — way,  
 Cher - u - bim with sleep - less — eye,



Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly - mind - ed,  
 Lord of lords in hu - man — ves - ture,  
 As the light of light de - scend - eth  
 Veil their fac - es to the — Pres - ence,



For with bless - ing in his — hand  
 In the bod - y and the — blood  
 From the realms of end - less — day,  
 As with cease - less voice they — cry,



Christ, our God, to earth de - scend - - - eth,  
 He will give to all the faith - - - ful  
 That the pow'rs of hell may van - - - ish  
 "Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - - - ia,



Our full hom - age to de - mand.  
 His own self for heav'n - ly — food.  
 As the dark - ness clears a - - - way.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, Lord most — high!"

Words: Cherubic hymn, Liturgy of St. James, 4th cent.

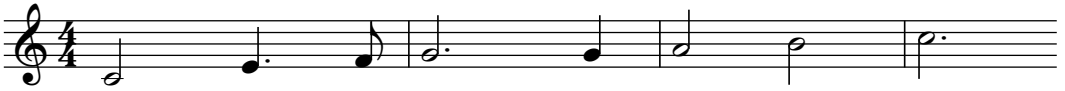
PICARDY

87 87 87

Tr. by Gerard Moultrie, 1829–1885

Music: Traditional French carol, 17th cent.





1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates;  
 2. O blest the land, the ci - ty blest,  
 3. Fling wide the por - tals of your heart;  
 4. So come, my Sov - 'reign; en - ter in!



Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits!  
 Where Christ the rul - er is con - fessed!  
 Make it a tem - ple, set a - part  
 Let new and no - bler life be - gin;



The King of kings is draw - ing near;  
 O hap - py hearts and hap - py homes  
 From earth - ly use for heav'n's em - ploy,  
 Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on,



The Sav - ior of the world is here.  
 To whom this King of tri - umph comes!  
 A - dorned with prayer and love and joy.  
 Un - til the glo - rious crown be won.

Words: Georg Weissel, 1590–1635

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878

Music: *Musica Sacra ... Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, and Chants*, Bath, c. 1789

TRURO

LM



# 181 LO, HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING



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



va - tion slain; Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing  
 maj - es - ty; Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 bo - dy bears, Cause of end - less ex - ul - ta - tion  
 ter - nal throne; Sav - ior, take the pow'r and glo - ry;



Swell the tri - umph of his train: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,  
 To his ran - somed wor - ship - ers; With what rap - ture,  
 Claim the king - dom for thine own: Al - le - lu - ia!



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

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788  
 Music: John F. Wade, 1711–1786

ST. THOMAS  
 87 87 87



# LO, HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING (ALT.) 182



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



our sal - va - tion slain; \_ Thou - sand thou - sand  
 dread - ful ma - je - sty; \_ Those who set \_ at \_  
 daz - zling bo - dy \_ bears, \_ Cause of \_ end - less \_  
 thine e - ter - nal \_ throne; \_ Sav - ior, \_ take the \_



saints \_ at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of \_ his \_  
 nought \_ and sold \_ him, Pierced, and nailed him to \_ the \_  
 ex - ul - ta - tion To his ran - somed wor - shi -  
 pow'r \_ and glo - ry; Claim the king - dom for \_ thine



train: \_ Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 tree, \_ deep - ly wail ing, deep - ly wail - ing,  
 pers; \_ with \_ what rap - ture, with \_ what rap - ture,  
 own: \_ Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



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



# 183 LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING



1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom-ing From ten - der stem hath sprung!
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The rose I have in mind;
3. O flow'r whose fra-grance ten - der with sweet-ness fill the air,



Of Jes-se's lin-eage com-ing As men of old have sung.  
 With Ma-ry we be-hold it, The Vir-gin Moth-er kind.  
 dis-pel in glo-rious splen-dor our dark-ness ev-'ry where.



It came, a flow'r-et bright A-mid the cold of  
 To show God's love a-right, She bore to men a  
 True man, yet ver-y God, from sin and death now



win-ter, When half-spent was the night.  
 Sav-ior, When half-spent was the night.  
 save us and share our ev-'ry load.

Words: German, 15th cent.

Tr. by Theodore Baker, 1851–1934

Music: German, 16th cent.

*Speierisches Gesangbuch*, Cologne, 1599

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN

76 76 676



# LORD JESUS, THINK ON ME 184



- |         |           |       |    |     |       |       |
|---------|-----------|-------|----|-----|-------|-------|
| 1. Lord | Je - sus, | think | on | me, | And   | purge |
| 2. Lord | Je - sus, | think | on | me, | With  | care  |
| 3. Lord | Je - sus  | think | on | me, | A -   | mid   |
| 4. Lord | Je - sus, | think | on | me, | Nor   | let   |
| 5. Lord | Je - sus, | think | on | me, | That, | when  |
| 6. Lord | Je - sus, | think | on | me, | That  | I     |



a - way my sin;	From earth - born pas - sions
and woe op - pressed;	Let me thy lo - ving
the bat - tle's strife;	In all my pain and
me go as - tray;	Through dark - ness and per -
the flood is past,	I may th'e - ter - nal
may sing a - bove	To Fa - ther, Spir - it,



set me free,	And	make me pure with - in.
ser - vant be,	And	taste thy prom - ised rest.
mis - er - y	Be	thou my health and life.
plex - i - ty	Point	thou the heav'n - ly way.
bright-ness see	And	share thy joy at last.
and to thee	The	strains of praise and love.

Words: Synesius of Cyrene, c. 375–430

Tr. by Allen W. Chatfield, 1808–1896, alt.

Music: *The Psalmes of David in English Metre*, London, 1579

SOUTHWELL

SM



# LORD, WHO AT THY FIRST EUCHARIST 186



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



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



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



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



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



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



# 187 LORD, WHO THROUGHOUT THESE FORTY DAYS



1. Lord, who through - out these for - ty days For  
 2. As thou with Sa - tan didst con - tend, And  
 3. As thou didst hun - ger bear and thirst, So  
 4. And through these days of pen - i - tence, And  
 5. A - bidde with us that when this life Of



us didst fast and pray, Teach us with thee to  
 didst the vic - t'ry win, O give us strength in  
 teach us, gra - cious Lord, To die to self, and  
 through thy Pas - sion - tide, For - ev - er - more, in  
 suf - fer - ing is past, An Eas - ter of un -



mourn our sins, And close by thee to stay.  
 thee to fight, In thee to con - quer sin.  
 ev - er live By thy most ho - ly word.  
 life and death, O Lord, with us a - bidde.  
 end - ing joy We may at - tain at last!

Words: Claudia F. Hernaman, 1838–1898, alt.  
 Music: *The Whole Booke of Psalmes*, London, 1562

ST. FLAVIAN  
 CM



# 188 LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVES EXCELLING



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



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



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



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



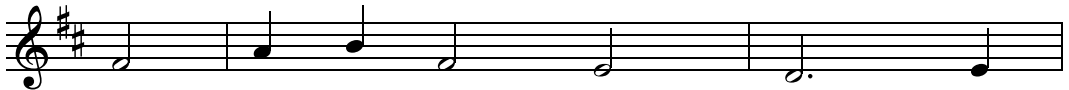
thy — sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.  
with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in — thy per - fect love.  
crowns be - fore — thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788, alt.  
Music: Rowland H. Prichard, 1811–1887

HYFRYDOL  
87 87 D



# 190 MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN



1. My	song	is	love	un -	known,	My
2. He	came	from	his	blest	throne	Sal -
3. Some	- times	they	strew	his	way,	And
4. Why,	what	has	my	Lord	done?	What
5. They	rise,	and	needs	will	have	My
6. In	life	no	house,	no	home	My
7. Here	might	I	stay	and	sing,	No



Sav -	ior's	love	to	me,	Love	to	the	love -	less
va -	tion	to	bes -	tow,	But	men	made	strange,	and
his	sweet	prai -	ses	sing,	Re -	soun -	ding	all	the
makes	this	rage	and	spite?	He	made	the	lame	to
dear	Lord	made	a -	way;	A	mur -	de -	rer	they
Lord	on	earth	might	have;	In	death	no	friend -	ly
sto -	ry	so	di -	vine:	Ne -	ver	was	love,	dear



shown	That	they	might	love	-	ly	be.
none	The	longed -	for	Christ	—	would	know.
day	Ho -	san -	nas	to	—	their	King.
run,	He	gave	the	blind	—	their	sight.
save,	The	Prince	of	Life	—	they	slay.
tomb	But	what	a	stran	-	ger	gave.
King,	Ne -	ver	was	grief	—	like	thine.



O	who	am	I	that	for	my	sake	My
But	O!	my	friend,	My	friend	in -	deed,	Who
Then	"Cru -	ci -	fy!"	is	all	their	breath,	And
Sweet	in -	ju -	ries!	Yet	they	at	these	Them -
Yet	stead -	fast	he	to	su -	fring	goes,	That
What	may	I	say?	Heav'n	was	his	home;	But
This	is	my	friend,	in	whose	sweet	praise	I



Lord should take frail flesh, and die?  
 at my need his life did spend.  
 for his death they thirst and cry.  
 selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.  
 he his foes from thence might free.  
 mine the tomb where - in he lay.  
 all my days could glad - ly spend.

Words: Samuel Crossman, 1624–1683  
 Music: John Ireland, 1879–1962  
 Music © 1923, John Ireland Trust

LOVE UNKNOWN  
 66 66 88



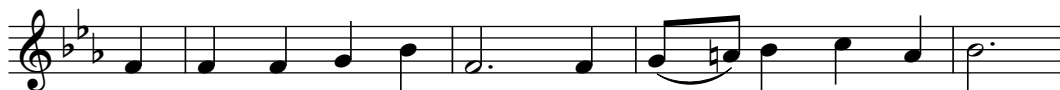
# 192 NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD



1. Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voices,  
 2. O may this gracious God Through all our life be near us,  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,



Who won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joic - es;  
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;  
 The Son, and him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,



Who from our moth - ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way  
 Pre - serve us in his grace, And guide — us in dis - tress,  
 E - ter - nal, Tri - une God, Whom earth — and heav'n a - dore;



With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all sin, Till heav-en we pos - sess.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Words: Martin Rinckart, 1586–1649

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.

Music: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662

NUN DANKET

67 67 66 66



# O BREATHE ON ME, O BREATH OF GOD 193



1. O \_ breathe on me, O \_ Breath of God, Fill me with
2. O \_ breathe on me, O \_ Breath of God, Un - til my
3. O \_ breathe on me, O \_ Breath of God, So \_ shall I



life a - new, \_\_\_\_\_ That I may love the things you  
 heart is \_\_\_\_\_ pure; \_\_\_\_\_ Un - til my will is one with  
 ne - ver \_\_\_\_\_ die, \_\_\_\_\_ But live with you the per - fect



love, And do what you would do. \_\_\_\_\_  
 yours, To do and to en - dure. \_\_\_\_\_  
 life For all e - ter - ni - ty. \_\_\_\_\_

Words: Edwin Hatch, 1835–1889, alt.

Music: Traditional Irish melody

ST. COLUMBA

CM



# 195 O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful and tri-um-phant; O
2. God of God, Light from Light,
3. Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing in ex-ul-ta-tion;
4. Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing,

1. *Ad - é - ste, fi - dé - les, laé - ti, tri - um - phán - tes; Ve -*
2. *De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lú - mi - ne,*
3. *Can - tel nunc i - o, cho - rus an - ge - ló - rum.*
4. *Er - go qui na - tus Di - e ho - di - ér - na,*



1. come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem.
2. Lo! he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:
3. Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!
4. Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry giv'n;

1. *ní - te, ve - ní - te in Béth - le - hem.*
2. *Ge - stant pu - él - - - lae ví - sce - ra,*
3. *Can - tet nunc au - la cae - lé - sti - um.*
4. *Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a.*



1. Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;
2. Ve - ry God, be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
3. Glo - ry to God, glo - ry in the high - est;
4. Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

1. *Na - tum vi - dé - te Re - gem an - ge - ló - rum.*
2. *De - um ve - rum, Gé - ni - tum, non fa - ctum.*
3. *Gló - ri - a, gló - ria, in ex - cé - lis De - o.*
4. *Pa - tris ae - tér - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum.*



O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,  
 Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus,



O come, let us a - dore him, Christ, the Lord.  
 Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - - mi - num.

Words: *Adeste Fideles*, Attr. to John F. Wade, 1711–1786

Tr. by Frederick Oakeley, 1802–1880, alt.

Music: John F. Wade, 1711–1786

ADESTE FIDELES

Irregular with Refrain



# O COME, DIVINE MESSIAH 196



1. O come, di - vine Mes - si - ah! The  
 2. O thou, whom na - tions sighed for, Whom  
 3. Shalt come in peace and meek - ness, And



world in si - lence waits the day When hope shall sing its  
 priests and proph - ets long fore-told, Wilt break the cap - tive  
 low - ly will thy cra - dle be; All clothed in hu - man



tri - umph, And sad - ness flee a - way.  
 fet - ters, Re - deem the long - lost fold.  
 weak - ness Shall we thy God - head see.



Dear Sav - ior, haste; Come, come to earth, Dis - pel the



night and show thy face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace. O



come, di-vine Mes - si - ah; The world in si - lence waits the day when



hope shall sing its tri - umph, And sad - ness flee a - way.

Words: Simon J. Pellegrin, 1663–1745

Tr. by Mary of St. Philip, 1825–1904

Music: French carol, 16th cent.

VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE

Irregular



# 197 O COME, LITTLE CHILDREN



1. O, come, lit - tle chil - dren, O, come, one and all,  
 2. O, see in the man - ger, in hal - low - ed light  
 3. O, there lies the Christ Child, on hay and on straw;  
 1. *Ir Kin der lein, kom met, O kom met doch all!*



To Beth - le - hem's sta - ble, in Beth - le - hem's stall,  
 A star throws its beam on this hol - i - est sight.  
 The shep - herds are kneel - ing be - fore Him with awe.  
*Zur Krip pe her kom met in Beth le hem's Stall,*



And see with re - joic - ing this glo - ri - ous sight  
 In clean swad-dling clothes lies the hea - ven - ly Child,  
 And Ma - ry and Jo - seph smile on Him with love,  
*Und seth, was in die ser hoch hei li gen Nacht*



Our Fa - ther in hea - ven has sent us this night.  
 More love - ly than an - gels, this Ba - by so mild.  
 While an - gels are sing - ing sweet songs from a - bove.  
*Der Va ter im Him mel für Freu de uns macht.*

Words: Johann C. von Schmid, 1768–1854

Tr. Anonymous

Music: Johann A. P. Schultz, 1747–1800

IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET

11 11 11 11



# O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL 198



1. O come, O come, Em - man - - - u - el, And
2. O come, thou Wis - dom from \_\_\_\_\_ on high, Who
3. O come, O come, thou Lord \_\_\_\_\_ of might, Who
4. O come, thou Rod of Jes - - - se's tree, Free
5. O come, thou Key of Da - - - vid, come, And
6. O come, thou Day - spring from \_\_\_\_\_ on high, And
7. O come, De - sire of na - - - tions, bind In



ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly  
 or - d'rest all things might - i - ly; To us the path of  
 to thy tribes on Si - nai's height In an - cient times didst  
 them from Sa - tan's ty - ran - ny That trust thy might - y  
 o - pen wide our heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that  
 cheer us by thy draw - ing nigh; Dis - perse the gloom - y  
 one the hearts of all \_\_\_\_\_ man - kind; Bid thou our sad di -



ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God \_\_\_\_\_ ap - pear.  
 knowl - edge show, And teach us in her ways \_\_\_\_\_ to go.  
 give \_\_\_\_\_ the Law In cloud and maj - es - ty \_\_\_\_\_ and awe.  
 pow'r \_\_\_\_\_ to save, And give them vic - t'ry o'er \_\_\_\_\_ the grave.  
 leads \_\_\_\_\_ on high, And close the path to mis - er - y.  
 clouds \_\_\_\_\_ of night, And death's dark shad - ow put \_\_\_\_\_ to flight.  
 vi - sions cease, And be thy - self our King \_\_\_\_\_ of peace.



Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Em-man - u-el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra-el.

Words: Based on "O" Antiphons, Latin, 9th cent.

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, and others

Music: Chant, Mode I

VENI EMMANUEL

LM with Refrain



## 202 O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou - sand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone,
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel - ter from the storn - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.  
Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.  
From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.  
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the o - p'ning day.  
Be thou our guard while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home.

Words: Ps 90:1-2, 4-6, 12  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, alt.  
Music: William Croft, 1678-1727

ST. ANNE  
CM



## O KIND CREATOR, BOW THINE EAR 204



1. O kind Cre - a - tor, bow Thine ear To  
 2. Our hearts are o - pen, Lord, to Thee; Thou  
 3. Our sins are man - y, this we know; Spare  
 4. Give us the self con - trol that springs From  
 5. We pray Thee, Ho - ly Trin - i - ty, One



mark the cry, to know the tear Be - fore Thy throne of  
 know - est our in - fir - mi - ty; Pour out on all who  
 us, good Lord, Thy mer - cy show; And for the hon - or  
 dis - ci - pline of out - ward things, That fast - ing in - ward  
 God, un - chang - ing U - ni - ty, That we from this our



mer - cy spent In this Thy ho - ly fast of Lent.  
 seek Thy face A - bun - dance of Thy par - d'ning grace.  
 of Thy name Our faint - ing souls to life re - claim.  
 se - cret - ly The soul may pure - ly dwell with Thee.  
 ab - sti - nence May reap the fruits of pen - i - tence.

Words: Attr. to Gregory the Great, c. 540–604

Tr. by Thomas A. Lacey, 1853–1931

Music: Thomas Tallis, c. 1505–1585

TALLIS CANON

LM



# 205 O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to \_ us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love.  
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of his heav'n.  
Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
No ear may hear his com - ing, But in this world of sin,  
We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fear of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
Where meek souls will re - ceive him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.  
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

Words: Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893  
Music: Lewis H. Redner, 1831–1908

ST. LOUIS  
86 86 76 86



# O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY 207



1. O Lord, I am not wor - thy That  
 2. And hum - bly I'll re - ceive thee, The  
 3. E - ter - nal Ho - ly Spir - it, Un -  
 4. In - crease my faith, dear Je - sus, In  
 5. O Lord, I am not wor - thy That  
 6. O Sac - ra - ment most ho - ly! O



thou should'st come to me; But speak the words of  
 bride - groom of my soul, No more by sin to  
 wor - thy though I be, Pre - pare me to re -  
 thy real pres - ence here, And make me feel most  
 thou should'st come to me; But speak the words of  
 Sac - ra - ment di - vine! All praise and all thanks -



com - fort, My spri - it healed shall be.  
 grieve thee, Or fly thy sweet con - trol.  
 ceive him, And trust the Word to me.  
 deep - ly That thou to me art near.  
 com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.  
 giv - ing Be ev' - ry mo - ment Thine!

Words: *Landshuter Gesanbuch*, 1777

Tr. Anonymous

Music: "Burns" traditional melody

NON DIGNUS

76 76



## 208 O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED



1. O Sa-cred Head, sur-round-ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn!
2. I see thy strength and vig-or All fad-ing in \_ the strife,
3. In this, thy bit-ter pas-sion, Good Shep-herd, think of me



O bleed-ing Head so wound-ed, Re-viled and put \_ to scorn!  
 And death with cru-el rig-or, Be-reav-ing thee of life;  
 With thy most sweet com-pas-sion, Un-wor-thy though I be:



Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er thee, The glow of life de-cays,  
 O ag-o-ny and dy-ing! O love to sin-ners free!  
 Be-neath thy cross a-bid-ing For-ev-er would I rest,



Yet an-gel hosts a-dore thee, And trem-ble as they gaze.  
 Je-sus, all grace sup-ply-ing, O turn thy face on me.  
 In thy \_ dear love con-fid-ing, And with thy pres-ence blest.

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676

Tr. composite

Music: Hans L. Hassler, 1564–1612

PASSION CHORALE

76 76 D

## 209 O SALUTARIS HOSTIA



1. O sa-lu-tá-ris hó-sti-a, Quæ cæ-li pan-dis
2. U-ni tri-nó-que Dó-mi-no Sit sem-pi-tér-na



ó-sti-um: Bel-la pre-munt ho-stí-li-a,  
 gló-ri-a, Qui vi-tam si-ne tér-mi-no



Da ro-bur, fer \_ au-xí-li-um.  
 No-bis do-net \_ in pá-tri-a. A-men.

Translation can be found in the inside of the back cover entitled “O Saving Victim”.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274

Music: Anthony Werner, fl. 1863

WERNER

LM





1. O san - ctís - si - ma, — O pi - ís - si - ma, —  
 2. Tu so - lá - ti - um — Et re - fú - gi - um, —  
 3. Ec - ce dé - bi - les, — Per - quam flé - bi - les, —  
 4. Vir - go ré - spi - ce, — Ma - ter, ád - spi - ce, —



Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - rí - - - a!  
 Vir - go Ma - ter Ma - rí - - - a!  
 Sal - va nos, Ma - rí - - - a!  
 Au - di nos, Ma - rí - - - a!



Ma - ter a - má - ta, In - te - me - rá - ta,  
 Quid - quid o - ptá - mus, Per — te spe - rá - mus;  
 Tol - le lan - guó - res, Sa - na do - ló - res,  
 Tu — me - di - cí - nam, Por - tas di - ví - nam;



O - ra, — o - ra pro no - - bis!

### Translation:

O most holy, o most loving,  
 sweet Virgin Mary!  
 Beloved Mother, undefiled,  
 pray, pray for us.

You are solace and refuge,  
 Virgin, Mother Mary.  
 Whatever we wish, we hope it through you.  
 Pray, pray for us.

Look, we are weak and deeply deplorable,  
 save us, o Mary.  
 Take away our lassitude, heal our pains,  
 pray, pray for us.

Virgin, look at us, Mother, care for us,  
 hear us, o Mary!  
 You bring divine medicine.  
 Pray, pray for us.

Words: Latin hymn, 18th cent.

Music: Traditional Sicilian melody, 18th cent.  
*The European Magazine*, London, 1792

SICILIAN MARINERS  
 557 557



# O TRINITY OF BLESSED LIGHT 212



1. O Trin - i - ty \_\_\_\_\_ of bless - ed light, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. To Thee our morn - ing song of praise, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. All laud to God \_\_\_\_\_ the Fa - ther be; \_\_\_\_\_



1. O U - ni - ty \_\_\_\_\_ of prince - ly might, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. To Thee our eve - - - ning prayer we raise; \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. All praise, e - ter - - - nal Son, to Thee; \_\_\_\_\_



1. The fier - y sun now \_\_\_\_\_ goes his way; \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. O grant us with Thy saints on high \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. All glo - ry, as is \_\_\_\_\_ ev - er meet, \_\_\_\_\_



1. Shed Thou with - in \_\_\_\_\_ our hearts Thy ray.  
 2. To praise Thee through \_\_\_\_\_ e - ter - ni - ty.  
 3. To God the ho - - - ly Par - a - clete.

Words: Attr. to Ambrose of Milan, c. 340–397

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866

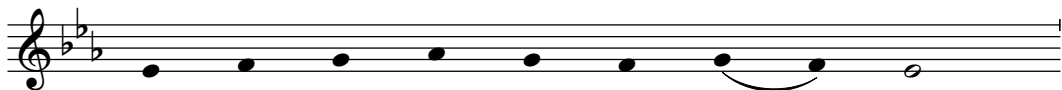
Music: Parker's *Whole Psalter*, c. 1561

DANBY

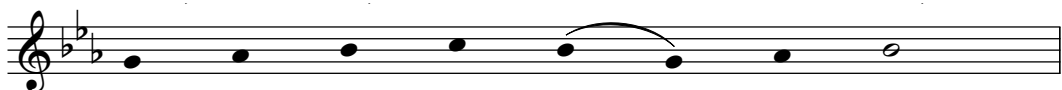
LM



# 214 OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN



1. Of the Fath - er's love be - got - ten,  
 2. O that birth for - ev - er bless - ed  
 3. O ye heights of heav'n, a - dore — Him;  
 4. This is He whom Heav'n - taught sing - ers  
 5. Christ, to Thee, with God the Fath - er,



Ere the worlds be - gan — to be,  
 When the Vir - gin, full — of grace,  
 An - gel hosts, His prais - es sing;  
 Sang of old with one — ac - cord;  
 And, O Ho - ly Ghost, — to Thee



He is Al - pha and O - me - - ga,  
 By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceiv - ing,  
 Pow'rs, do - min - ions, bow be - fore — Him,  
 Whom the voic - es of the pro - phets  
 Hymn and chant and high thanks - giv - - ing



He the source, the end - - - ing he,  
 Bore the Sav - ior of — our race,  
 And ex - tol our God — and King.  
 Prom - ised in their faith - - ful word.  
 And un - end - ing prais - - - es be,



Of the things that are, that have — been,  
 And the Babe, the world's Re - deem - - - er,  
 Let no tongue on earth be si - - - lent,  
 Now He shines, the Long ex - pect - - - ed;  
 Hon - or, glo - ry, and do - min - - - ion,





And that fu - ture years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er - more.  
First re - vealed His sac - red face Ev-er-more and ev-er - more.  
Ev - 'ry voice in con - cert ring Ev-er-more and ev-er - more.  
Let cre - a - tion praise its Lord Ev-er-more and ev-er - more.  
And e - ter - nal vic - to - ry, Ev-er-more and ev-er - more.

Words: Marcus A. C. Prudentius, 348–413

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, and Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877

87 87 887

Music: From a Sanctus trope, Mode V, 11th cent. *Piae Cantiones*, Greifswald, 1582



# 216 ON JORDAN'S BANK



1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An -
2. Then cleansed be ev - 'ry heart from sin; Make
3. For thou art our sal - va - tion, Lord, Our
4. To heal the sick, stretch out thine hand, And
5. All praise, e - ter - nal Son, to thee, Whose





# 217 ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER



On this day, O beau-ti-ful Moth-er, On this day we give thee our love.



Near thee, Ma-don - na, fond-ly we hov - er, Trust-ing thy gen - tle care to prove.



1. On this day we ask to share, Dear - est  
2. Queen of an - gels, deign to hear Hum - ble



Moth - er, thy sweet care; Aid us ere our  
chil - dren's ten - der prayer; Young hearts gain, O



feet — a - stray — Wan - der from thy guid - ing way.  
Vir - gin pure, — Je - sus' love for them as - sure.

Words: *Favorite Catholic Melodies*, Boston, 1854  
Music: Louis Lambillotte, 1796–1855

BEAUTIFUL MOTHER  
77 77 with Refrain



## ON THIS DAY, THE FIRST OF DAYS 218



1. On this day, the first of days, God the Fa - ther's name we praise;
2. On this day, th'e - ter - nal Son O - ver death his tri - umph won;
3. Fa - ther, who didst fash - ion man God - like in thy lov - ing plan,
4. Word-made-flesh, all hail to thee! Thou from sin hast set us free;
5. Thou who dost all gifts im - part, Shine, blest Spir - it, in each heart;
6. God, the bless - ed Three - in - One, May thy ho - ly will be done;



Who, cre - a - tion's Lord and spring, Did the world from dark - ness bring.  
 On this day the Spir - it came With his gifts of liv - ing flame.  
 Fill us with that love di - vine, And con - form our wills to thine.  
 And with thee, we die and rise Un - to God in sac - ri - fice.  
 Give us light and grace, we pray, Fill our hearts this ho - ly day.  
 In thy word our souls are free, And we rest this day with thee.

Words: *Carcassonne Breviary*, 1745

Tr. by Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877, alt.

Music: Freylinghausen's *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, Halle, 1704

LÜBECK

77 77



# 219 ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a  
 2. He came down to earth from heav - en, Who is  
 3. For he is our life - long pat - tern; Dai - ly,  
 4. And our eyes at last\_ shall see him, Through his  
 5. Not in that poor low - ly\_ sta - ble, With the  
 6. We, like Ma - ry, rest con - found - ed That a



low - ly cat - tle\_ shed, Where a moth - er laid her\_  
 God and Lord of\_ all; And his shel - ter was a\_  
 when on earth he\_ grew; He was tempt - ed, scorned, re -  
 own re - deem - ing\_ love, For that child who seemed so\_  
 ox - en stand - ing\_ 'round, We shall see him, but\_ in\_  
 sta - ble should dis - play Heav - en's Word, the world's cre -



ba - by In a man - ger for\_ his\_ bed:  
 sta - ble And his cra - dle was\_ a\_ stall:  
 ject - ed, Tears and smiles like us\_ he\_ knew:  
 help - less Is our Lord in heav'n a - bove:  
 heav - en, Where his saints his throne sur - round:  
 a - tor, Cra - dled there on Christ - mas\_ Day!



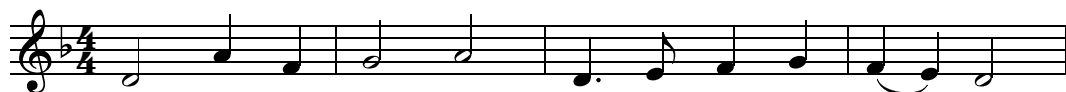
Ma - ry was that moth - er mild,\_  
 With the poor, the scorned, the low - ly,  
 Thus he feels for all our sad - ness,  
 And he leads his chil - dren on\_  
 Christ, re - vealed to faith - ful eye,\_  
 Yet this child, our Lord and broth - er,



Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle\_ child.\_  
 Lived on earth our Sav - ior\_ ho - ly.  
 And he shares in all\_ our\_ glad - ness.  
 To the place where he\_ is\_ gone.\_  
 Set at God's right hand\_ on\_ high.\_  
 Brought us love for one\_ an - oth - er.



# ONLY-BEGOTTEN, WORD OF GOD ETERNAL 220



1. On - ly - be - got - ten, Word of God e - ter - nal,  
 2. Hal - lowed this dwell - ing where the Lord a - bid - eth,  
 3. Lord, we be - seech thee, as we throng thy tem - ple,  
 4. God in three Per - sons, Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing,



Lord of cre - a - tion, mer - ci - ful and migh - ty,  
 This is none o - ther than the gate of heav - en;  
 By thy past bless - ings, by thy pres - ent boun - ty,  
 Son co - e - ter - nal, ev - er - bless - ed Spir - it,



Hear now thy ser - vants, as their joy - ful  
 Strang - ers and pil - grims, seek - ing homes e  
 Smile on thy chil - dren, and with ten - der  
 Thine be the glo - ry, praise, and a - dor -



voic - es Rise to thy pres - ence.  
 ter - nal, Pass through its por - tals.  
 mer - cy Hear our pe - ti - tions.  
 a - tion, Now and for - ev - er.

Words: *Christe cunctorum Dominatur alme*, Latin, 9th cent.

Tr. by Maxwell J. Blacker, 1822–1888

Music: *Antiphonale*, Poitiers, 1746

ISTE CONFESSOR

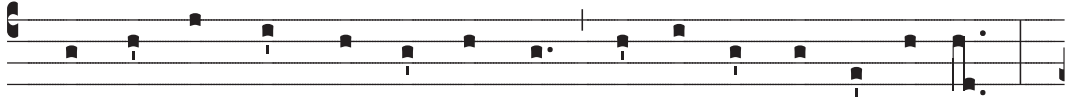
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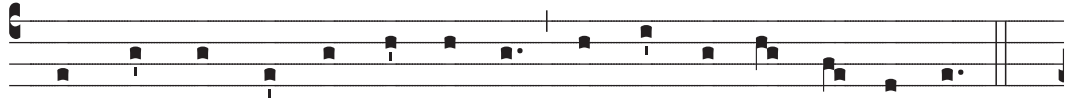
# 221 PANGE LINGUA



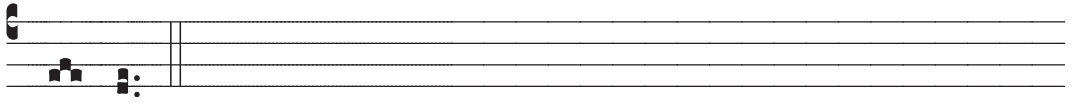
1. Pan- ge lin- gua glo- ri- ó- si Cór- po- ris mys- té- ri- um,
2. No- bis da- tus, no- bis na- tus Ex in- tá- cta Vír- gi- ne,
3. In su- pré- mæ no- cte cœ- næ Re- cúm- bens cum frá- tri- bus,
4. Ver- bum ca- ro, pa- nem ve- rum Ver- bo car- nem éf- fi- cit:
5. TAN- TUM er- go Sa- cra- mén- tum Ve- ne- ré- mur cér- nu- i:
6. Ge- ni- tó- ri, Ge- ni- tó- que Laus et iu- bi- lá- ti- o,



1. San- gui- nís- que pre- ti- ó- si, Quem in mun- di pré- ti- um
2. Et in mun- do con- ver- sá- tus, Spar- so ver- bi sé- mi- ne,
3. Ob- ser- vá- ta le- ge ple- ne Ci- bis in le- gá- li- bus,
4. Fit- que san- guis Chri- sti me- rum, Et si sen- sus dé- fi- cit,
5. Et an- tí- quum do- cu- mén- tum No- vo ce- dat rí- tu- i:
6. Sa- lus, ho- nor, vir- tus quo- que Sit et be- ne- dí- cti- o:



1. Fru- ctus ven- tris ge- ne- ró- si Rex ef- fû- dit gén- ti- um.
2. Su- i mo- ras in- co- lá- tus Mi- ro clau- sit ór- di- ne.
3. Ci- bum tur- bæ du- o- dé- næ Se dat su- is má- ni- bus.
4. Ad fir- mán- dum cor sin- cé- rum So- la fi- des súf- fi- cit.
5. Prae- stet fi- des sup- ple- mén- tum Sén- su- um de- fé- ctu- i.
6. Pro- ce- dén- ti ab u- tró- que Com- par sit lau- dá- ti- o.



6. A- men.

## Translation:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Now, my tongue, the mystery telling<br/>Of the glorious Body sing,<br/>And the Blood, all price excelling,<br/>Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,<br/>In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,<br/>Shed for this world's ransoming.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2. Given for us and condescending<br/>To be born for us below,<br/>He, with men in converse blending,<br/>Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,<br/>Till he closed with wondrous ending<br/>His most patient life of woe.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|



3. That last night, at supper lying,  
 'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,  
 Jesus, with the law complying,  
 Keeps the feast its rites demand;  
 Then, more precious Food supplying,  
 Gives Himself with His own Hand.

4. Word-made-Flesh true bread he maketh  
 By His Word His Flesh to be;  
 Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh  
 Must from carnal thoughts be free;  
 Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,  
 Shows true hearts the mystery.

5. Therefore we, before Him bending,  
 This great Sacrament revere;  
 Types and shadows have their ending,  
 For the newer rite is here;  
 Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
 Makes our inward vision clear.

6. Glory let us give, and blessing  
 To the Father, and the Son,  
 Honor, thanks, and praise addressing,  
 While eternal ages run;  
 Ever too His love confessing,  
 Who from Both with Both is One. Amen.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274

Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: Chant, Mode III

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI

87 87 87

## PANIS ANGELICUS 222



1. Pa - nis an - gé - li - cus      fit — pa - nis hó - mi - num,  
 2. Te tri - na Dé - i - tas,      ú - na - que pó - sci - mus,



Dat pa - nis cáe - li - cus      fi - gú - ris tér - mi - num;  
 Sic nos tu ví - si - ta,      si - cut te có - li - mus;



O res mi - rá - bi - lis      man - dú - cat Dó - mi - num  
 Per tu - as sé - mi - tas      duc nos quo tén - di - mus,



Pau - per, ser - vus et hú - - - mi - lis.  
 Ad lu - cem quam in - há - - - bi - tas.

### Translation:

1. Thus Angels' Bread is made  
 the Bread of man today:  
 the Living Bread from heaven  
 with figures dost away:  
 O wondrous gift indeed!  
 the poor and lowly may  
 upon their Lord and Master feed.

2. Thee, therefore, we implore,  
 O Godhead, One in Three,  
 so may Thou visit us  
 as we now worship Thee;  
 and lead us on Thy way,  
 That we at last may see  
 the light wherein Thou dwellest aye.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274

Music: Louis Lambillotte, 1796–1885


LAMBILLOTTE

12 12 12 8



223 PARCE DOMINE

1.



**P** Arce Dómi-ne, parce pópu-lo tu- o: ne in æ-térnum i- rascá-ris no-bis.

**Translation:** O Lord, spare thy people, and be not angry with us for ever.

Words: Joel 2:17  
Music: Chant, Mode I



# PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN 225



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his  
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our  
 3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our  
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish; Blows the  
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be -



feet thy tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -  
 fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as  
 fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly  
 wind and it is gone. But while mor - tals rise and  
 hold him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be -



giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing.  
 ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless.  
 bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.  
 per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.  
 fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high e - ter - nal one.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847, alt.  
 Music: John Goss, 1800–1880

LAUDA ANIMA  
 87 87 87



# 226 PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT



1. Praise to the ho - liest in the height, And in\_\_\_ the  
 2. O lov - ing wis - dom of our God! When all\_\_\_ was  
 3. O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, Which did\_\_\_ in  
 4. And that a high - er gift than grace Should flesh and  
 5. And in the gar - den se - cret - ly, And on\_\_\_ the  
 6. Praise to the ho - liest in the height, And in\_\_\_ the



depth be praise; In all his words most won - der -  
 sin and shame, A sec - ond A - dam to\_\_\_ the  
 A - dam fail, Should strive a - fresh a - gainst the  
 blood re - fine: God's pres - ence and his ver - y  
 cross on high, Should teach his breth - ren, and\_\_\_ in -  
 depth be praise; In all his words most won - der -



ful, Most sure\_\_\_ in all his ways!\_\_\_  
 fight And to\_\_\_ the res - cue came.\_\_\_\_  
 foe, Should strive,\_\_\_ and should pre - vail.\_\_\_\_  
 self, And es - sence all - di - vine.\_\_\_\_  
 spire To suf - fer and to die.\_\_\_\_  
 ful, Most sure\_\_\_ in all his ways!\_\_\_

Words: John Henry Newman, 1801–1890, alt.

Music: Richard R. Terry, 1865–1938

BILLING

CM





1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion;
2. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee;
3. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly reign - eth,
4. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me a - dore him!



O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion.  
 Sure - ly his good - ness and mer - cy shall dai - ly at - tend thee.  
 Shel - ters thee un - der his wings, yea, so gent - ly sus - tain - eth.  
 All that hath life and breath come now with prais - es be - fore him!



All ye who hear, Now to his al - tar draw near,  
 Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can do,  
 Hast thou not seen All that thou need - est hath been  
 Let the A - men Sound from his peo - ple a - gain,



Join - ing in glad a - do - ra - tion.  
 Who with his love doth be - friend thee.  
 Grant - ed in what he or - dain - eth?  
 Now as we wor - ship be - fore him.

Words: Joachim Neander, 1650–1680

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.

Music: *Erneuertes Gesangbuch*, Stralsund, 1665

LOBE DEN HERREN

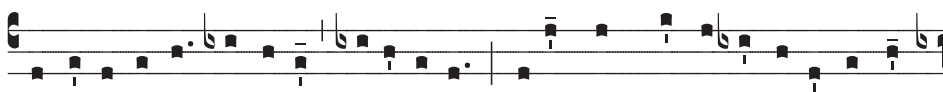
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## REGINA CÆLI 229

6.

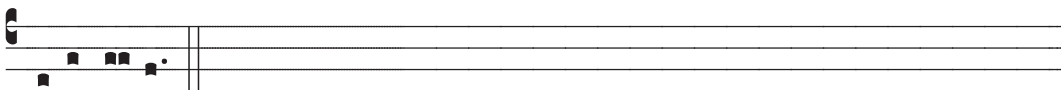
**R**



E-gí-na cæ-li, \* læ-tá-re, alle-lú-ia : Qui- a quem me- ru- í-sti por-tá-re,



alle-lú-ia : Re-surré-xit, si-cut di-xit, al-le-lú-ia : O-ra pro no-bis De-um,



alle- lú- ia.

### Translation:

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.

Words: Latin, 14th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode VI



# 230 RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY



1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark!
2. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In
3. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! The
4. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy
5. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In



All the tribes ho - san - na cry; Thy hum - ble beast pur -  
 low - ly pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy tri - umphs  
 an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and  
 last and fierc - est strife is night; The Fa - ther on his  
 low - ly pomp ride on to die; Bow thy meek head to



sues his road With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed.  
 now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin.  
 won-d'ring eyes To see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 sap - phire throne Ex - pects his own an - oint - ed Son.  
 mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, thy pow'r and reign.

Words: Henry H. Milman, 1791–1868

Music: *Musicalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690

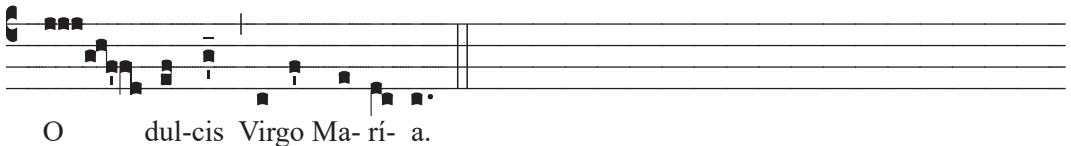
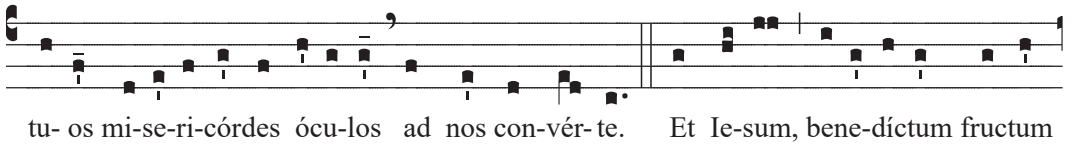
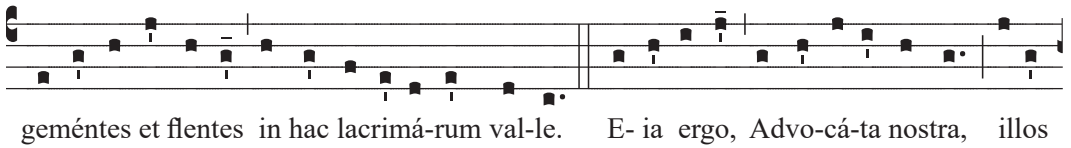
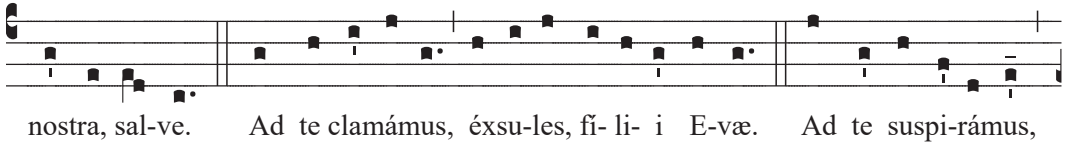
Melody adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1889

WINCHESTER NEW  
LM



5.

S



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

Words: Latin, 11th cent.

Music: Chant, Mode V



# 232 SAVIOR OF THE NATIONS, COME



1. Sav - ior of the na - tions, come; Vir - gin's Son, make  
 2. Not by hu - man flesh and blood, By the Spir - it  
 3. Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Hast o'er sin the  
 4. Bright - ly doth thy man - ger shine; Glo - rious is its



here thy home. Mar - vel now, both heav'n and earth,  
 of our God Was the Word of God made flesh,  
 vic - t'ry won. Bound - less shall thy king - dom be;  
 light di - vine. Let not sin o'er - cloud this light;



That the Lord chose such \_ a birth.  
 Ma - ry's off - spring, pure \_ and fresh.  
 When shall we its glo - ries see?  
 Ev - er be our faith \_ thus bright.

Words: Attr. to Ambrose of Milan, c. 340–397

Para. by Martin Luther, 1483–1546

Tr. by William M. Reynolds, 1812–1876, alt.

Music: Melody based on *Veni, Redemptor gentium*

*Enchiridion*, Erfurt, 1524

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND

77 77



# 234 SILENT NIGHT



1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm,  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God,



all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child,  
 at the sight; Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far,  
 love's pure light Ra - diant beams from thy ho - ly face,



Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly  
 Heav'n - ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia; Christ, the Sav - ior, is  
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at thy



peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 born! Christ, the Sav - ior, is born!  
 birth, Je - - - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

Words: Joseph Mohr, 1792–1848

Tr. by John F. Young, 1820–1885

Music: Franz Gruber, 1787–1863

STILLE NACHT

Irregular



# SING, MY TONGUE, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE 235



1. Sing, my tongue, the glo - rious bat - tle, Sing the last, the  
 2. He, our Mak - er, deep - ly\_\_ griev - ing That the first made  
 3. Thus the work for our sal - va - tion He or - dain - ed  
 4. There-fore, when at length the\_\_ full - ness, Of the ap-point - ed  
 5. Lo! He lies, an In - fant weep-ing, Where the nar - row



dread af - fray; O'er the cross, the Vic - tor's tro - phy,  
 A - dam fell, When he ate the fruit for - bid - den  
 to be\_\_ done; To the trait - or's art op - pos - ing  
 time was come, He was sent, the world's Cre - a - tor,  
 man - ger\_\_ stands, While the Moth - er - Maid His\_\_ mem - bers



Sound the high tri - um - phant lay, How, the pains of  
 Whose re - ward was death and\_\_ hell, Marked e'en then this  
 Art yet deep - er than his\_\_ own; Thence the rem - e -  
 From the Fa - ther's heav'n - ly\_\_ home, And was found in  
 Wraps in mean and low - ly\_\_ bands, And the swad - dling



death en - dur - ing, Earth's Re - deem - er won the\_\_ day.  
 Tree the ru - in Of the first tree to di - spel.  
 dy pro - cur - ing Whence the fa - tal wound be - gun.  
 hu - man fa - shion, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.  
 clothes is wind - ing Round His help-less feet and hands.

Words: Attr. to Venantius Fortunatus, 530–609

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866

Music: Traditional French carol, 17th cent.

PICARDY

87 87 87



# SING PRAISE TO GOD WHO REIGNS ABOVE 237



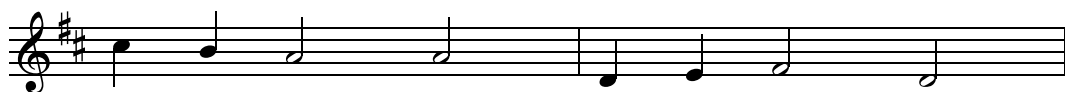
1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre -
2. What God's al - might - y pow'r has made, His gra-cious mer - cy
3. Then all my toil - some way a - long, I — sing a - loud your
4. Let all who name Christ's ho - ly name Give God all praise and



a - tion, The God of pow'r, the God of love, The —  
 keep - ing; By morn-ing glow or eve-ning shade His —  
 prais - es, That all may hear the grate-ful song My —  
 glo - ry; All you who own his pow'r pro-claim A -



God of our sal - va - tion; With heal-ing balm my  
 watch-ful eye ne'er sleep - ing; With - in the king - dom  
 voice un-wea - ried — rais - es; Be joy - ful in the  
 loud the won - drous sto - ry! He reigns tri - um - phant



soul he fills, And ev - 'ry faith - less  
 of his might, Lo! all is just and  
 Lord, my heart, Both soul and bod - y  
 on his throne; The Lord is God, and



mur - mur stills: To God all praise and — glo - ry.  
 all is right: To God all praise and — glo - ry.  
 sing your part: To God all praise and — glo - ry.  
 he a - lone: To God all praise and — glo - ry.

Words: Johann J. Schütz, 1640–1690. Based on Ps 95:1–7

Tr. by Frances A. Cox, 1812–1897, alt.

Music: Bohemian Brethren's *Kirchengesang*, Ivančice, 1566

MIT FREUDEN ZART

87 87 887



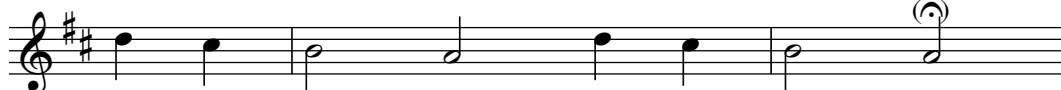
# 238 SING WE TRIUMPHANT HYMNS OF PRAISE



1. Sing we tri - um - phant hymns of praise  
 2. In won - d'ring awe his faith - ful band  
 3. O ris - en Christ, as - cend - ed Lord,



To greet our Lord these fes - tive days,  
 Up - on the Mount of Ol - ives stand.  
 All praise to you let earth ac - cord,



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



Who by a road be - fore un - trod  
 And with the Vir - gin Moth - er see  
 Who are, while end - less a - ges run,



As - cend - ed to the throne of God,  
 Their Lord as - cend in maj - es - ty.  
 With Fa - ther and with Spir - it, One.



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -



lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - - - ia!

Words: Bede the Venerable, 673–735

Vss. 1–2: tr. by John D. Chambers, 1805–1893

Vs. 3: tr. by Benjamin Webb, 1819–1885

Music: *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Cologne, 1623

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

88 8 88 with Refrain



## SONGS OF THANKFULNESS AND PRAISE 240



1. Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we raise,
2. Man - i - fest at Jor - dan's stream, Proph - et, Priest, and King su-preme;
3. Man - i - fest in mak - ing whole Pal - sied limbs and faint-ing soul;
4. Grant us grace to see thee, Lord, Mir - rored in thy ho - ly word;



Man - i - fest-ed by the star      To the sa - ges from a - far;  
 And at Ca - na, wed-ding guest,      In thy God-head man - i - fest;  
 Man - i - fest in val - iant fight,      Quell-ing all the dev - il's might;  
 May we im - i - tate thee now,      And be pure, as pure art thou;



Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem      In thy birth at Beth - le - hem;  
 Man - i - fest in pow'r di - vine,      Chang-ing wa - ter in - to wine;  
 Man - i - fest in gra - cious will,      Ev - er bring-ing good from ill;  
 That we like to thee may be      At thy great e - piph - a - ny;



An - thems be to thee ad-dressed,      God in man made man-i-fest.  
 An - thems be to thee ad-dressed,      God in man made man-i-fest.  
 An - thems be to thee ad-dressed,      God in man made man-i-fest.  
 And may praise thee, ev - er blest,      God in man made man-i-fest.



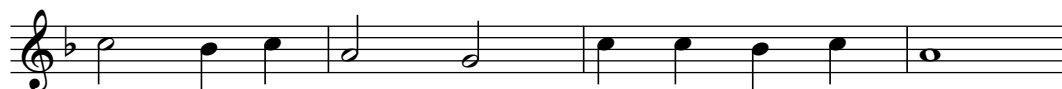
# 241 SOUL OF MY SAVIOR



1. Soul of my Sav - ior, sanc - ti - fy my breast;  
 2. Strength and pro - tec - tion may Thy pas - sion be;  
 3. Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;



Bod - y of Christ, be thou my sav - ing guest;  
 O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and an - swer me;  
 In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly Thine;



Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide;  
 Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me;  
 Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,



Wash me with wa - ter flow - ing from his side.  
 So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from thee.  
 Where I may praise Thee with thy saints for aye.

Words: *Anima Christi*

Attr. to Pope John XXII, 1249–1334

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

Music: William J. Maher, 1823–1877

ANIMA CHRISTI

10 10 10 10



## 247 TAKE UP THY CROSS



1. Take up thy cross, the Sav - ior said, If thou wouldst
2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak
3. Take up thy cross, heed not the shame, And let thy
4. Take up thy cross, then, in his strength, And calm - ly
5. Take up thy cross, and fol - low Christ, Nor think till



my dis - ci - ple be; Take up thy cross with will - ing  
 spir - it with a - larm; His strength shall bear thy spir - it  
 fool - ish heart be still; The Lord for thee ac - cept - ed  
 ev - 'ry dan - ger brave; It guides thee to a bet - ter  
 death to lay it down; For on - ly those who bear the



heart, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.  
 up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.  
 death Up - on a cross, on Cal - v'ry's hill.  
 home, And leads to vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
 cross May hope to wear the glo - rious crown.

Words: Charles W. Everest, 1814–1877  
 Music: *As Hymnodus Sacer*, Leipzig, 1625

BRESLAU  
 LM



# TANTUM ERGO 248



1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - mén - tum Ve - ne - ré - mur  
2. Ge - ni - tó - ri, Ge - ni - tó - que, Laus et ju - bi -



cér - nu - i: Et an - tí - quum do - cu - mén - tum  
lá - ti - o, Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que



No - vo ce - dat rí - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des  
Sit et be - ne - díc - ti - o: - Præ - ce - dén - ti



sup - ple - mén - tum Sén - su - um de - fé - ctu - i.  
ab u - tró - que Com - pá - sit lau - dá - ti - o. A - men.

Translation can be found on the inside of the back cover, "Down in Adoration Falling."

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274

ST. THOMAS

Music: John F. Wade, 1711–1786

87 87 87

# THE ADVENT OF OUR KING 249



1. The ad - vent of our King Our prayers must now em - ploy, And  
2. The ev - er - last - ing Son In - car - nate deigns to be; Him -  
3. O Zi - on's Daugh - ter, rise To \_ meet thy \_ low - ly King, Nor

4. As Judge, on clouds of \_ light, He \_ soon will come a - gain And  
5. Be - fore the dawn - ing day Let sin's dark deeds be gone, The  
6. All glo - ry to the Son, Who comes to \_ set us free, With



we must hymns of wel come sing In strains of \_ ho - ly joy.  
self a ser - vant's form puts on To set his \_ ser - vants free.  
let thy faith - less heart de - spise The peace he comes to bring.

his true mem - bers all \_ u - nite With him in heav'n to reign.  
old man all be put a - way, The new man all put on.  
Fa - ther, Spi - rit, ev - er \_ One, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Words: Robert Campbell, 1814–1866

ST. THOMAS (WILLIAMS)

Music: Johann B. König, 1691–1758

SM

Adapt. by William H. Havergal, 1793–1870



## 250 THE ANGEL GABRIEL FROM HEAVEN CAME



1. The an - gel Ga - bri - el from heav - en came, — His
2. "For know a bless - ed Moth - er you shall be, — All
3. Then gen - tle Ma - ry meek - ly bowed her head; — "To
4. Of her, Em-man - u - el, the Christ, was born — In



wings as drift - ed snow, his eyes — as flame; — "All  
 gen - er - a - tions praise con - tin - ual - ly, — Your  
 me be as it please - es God!" — she said. — "My  
 Beth - le - hem, all on a Christ - mas morn; — And



hail," said he, "O low - ly maid - en Ma - ry,"  
 Son shall be Em - man - u - el, by seers fore - told."  
 soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name."  
 Chris - tian folk through - out the world will ev - er say:



"Most high - ly fa - vored la - dy!" Glo - - - ri - a! —

Words: *Birjina gaztetobatzegoen*; Traditional Basque Carol

GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

Tr. by Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924

10 10 12 10

Music: Traditional Basque Carol



## 251 THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION



1. The Chur - ch's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God, the Three - in - One,



She is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word.  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more,  
 And mys - tic, sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won.



From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,  
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we



With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.  
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.  
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

Words: Samuel J. Stone, 1839–1900  
 Music: Samuel S. Wesley, 1810–1876

AURELIA  
 76 76 D



## THE DAY OF RESURRECTION 252



1. The day of \_ res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell \_ it out a - broad;
2. Our hearts be \_ pure from e - vil, that we \_ may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!



The Pas - so - ver of glad - ness, the Pas - so - ver of God.  
 The Lord in \_ ray e - ter - nal of re - sur - rec - tion light;  
 The round world keep high tri - umph, and all \_ that is there - in!



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,  
 And lis - t'ning to his ac - ents, May hear so calm and plain  
 Let all things seen and un - seen their notes in glad - ness blend,



Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, with hymns of vic - to - ry.  
 His own "All \_ hail!" and, hear - ing, may raise \_ the vic - tor strain.  
 For Christ the \_ Lord hath ri - sen, our joy \_ that hath no end.



# 253 THE FIRST NOËL



1. The first No - ël the an - gels did say,  
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star  
 3. And by the light of that same star,  
 4. This star drew nigh to the north - west,  
 5. Then en - tered in those wise men three  
 6. Then let us all with one ac - cord



Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds in fields as they lay,  
 Shin - ing in the east be - yond them far,  
 Three wise men came from coun - try far,  
 O'er Beth - le - hem it took its rest,  
 Full rev - 'rent - ly up - on their knee,  
 Sing prais - es to our heav'n - ly Lord;



In fields where they lay keep - ing their sheep,  
 And to the earth it gave great light,  
 To seek for a King was their in - tent,  
 And there it did both stop and stay  
 And of - fered there in his pres - ence  
 That hath made heav'n and earth of nought,



On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.  
 And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.  
 And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.  
 Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.  
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frank - in - cense.  
 And with his blood man - kind hath bought.



No - ël, No - ël, No - ël, No - ël,



Born is the King of Is - ra - el!



# THE GLORY OF THESE FORTY DAYS 254



1. The\_\_\_ glo - ry\_\_\_ of these for - ty days
2. A - lone and\_\_\_ fast - ing\_\_\_ Mo - ses saw
3. So\_\_\_ Dan - iel\_\_\_ trained his\_\_\_ mys - tic sight,
4. Then\_\_\_ grant us,\_\_\_ Lord, like\_\_\_ them to be
5. O\_\_\_ Fa - ther,\_\_\_ Son, and\_\_\_ Spir - it blest,



We cel - e - brate with songs of praise;  
 The lov - ing God who gave the law;  
 De - liv - er'd from the li - on's might;  
 Full oft in fast and prayer with thee;  
 To thee be ev - 'ry prayer ad - drest;



For Christ, by\_\_\_ whom all things were made,  
 And to E - li - jah, fast - ing, came  
 And John, the\_\_\_ Bride - groom's friend, be - came  
 Our spir - its\_\_\_ strength - en with\_\_\_ thy grace,  
 Who art in\_\_\_ three - fold Name, a - dored,



Him - self hath fast - ed and hath prayed.  
 The steeds and char - i - ots of flame.  
 The her - ald of Mes - si - ah's name.  
 And give us joy to see thy face.  
 From age to age the on - ly Lord.

Words: *Clarum decus jejunii*

Tr. by Maurice F. Bell, 1862–1947

Music: Joseph Klug's *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1543

ERHALT UNS HERR  
LM



# 255 THE KING OF LOVE



1. The King of love my shep - herd is, Whose
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With
5. Thou spread'st a ta - ble in my sight, Thy
6. And so through all the length of days Thy



good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if  
 ran - somed soul he lead - eth, And where the ver - dant  
 yet in love he sought me, And on his shoul - der  
 thee, dear Lord, be - side me; Thy rod and staff my  
 grace so rich be - stow - ing; And oh, what trans - port  
 good - ness fail - eth nev - er, Good Shep - herd, may I



I am his, And he is mine for - ev - er.  
 pas - tures grow With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.  
 gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
 com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.  
 of de - light From thy pure cup is flow - ing!  
 sing thy praise With - in thy house for - ev - er.

Words: Based on Ps 23

Henry W. Baker, 1821-1877

Music: Traditional Irish melody

ST. COLUMBA

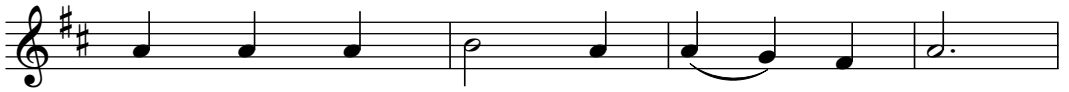
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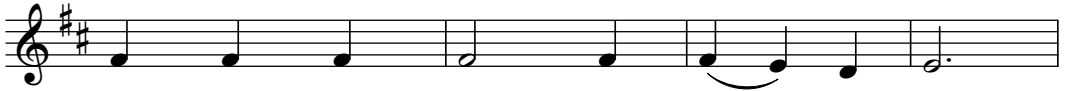
# THE STRIFE IS O'ER 257



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



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
2. Death's might - iest pow'rs have done — their worst,
3. He closed the yawn - ing gates — of hell;
4. On the third morn he rose — a - gain,
5. Lord, by the stripes that wound - ed thee,



Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won;  
 And Je - sus hath his foes — dis - persed;  
 The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell;  
 Glo - rious in maj - es - ty — to reign;  
 From death's dread sting thy ser - vants free,



O let the song of praise — be sung:  
 Let shouts of praise and joy — out - burst:  
 Let hymns of praise his tri - umph tell:  
 O let us swell the joy - ful strain:  
 That we may live and sing — to thee:



Al - le - lu - - - - ia!

Words: *Symphonia Sirenium Selectarum*, Cologne, 1695  
 Tr. by Francis Pott, 1832–1909, alt.  
 Music: Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1525–1594  
 Adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1889

VICTORY  
 888 with Alleluias



# 258 THERE IS A BALM IN GILEAD



There is a balm in Gil-e-ad To make the wound-ed whole;



There is a balm in Gil-e-ad To heal the sin-sick soul.



1. Some - times I feel dis - cour - aged, And\_  
2. If you can - not preach like Pe - ter, If you  
3. Don't\_ ev - er feel dis - cour - aged, For\_



think my work's in\_ vain, But\_ then the Ho - ly  
can - not pray like\_ Paul, You can tell the love of  
Je - sus is your friend, And\_ if you lack for



Spir - it Re - vives my soul a - gain.\_  
Je - sus And say, "He died for all."\_  
knowl - edge, He'll not re - fuse to lend.\_

Words: Based on Jer 8:22  
Music: African-American Spiritual

BALM IN GILEAD  
76 76 with Refrain



# THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY 259



1. There's a\_\_ wide-ness in God's mer - cy Like the wide - ness  
 2. For the\_\_ love of God is\_\_ broad - er Than the mea - sures  
 3. Trou - bled souls, why will you scat - ter Like a\_\_ crowd of\_\_



of\_\_ the\_\_ sea; There's a\_\_ kind - ness in his\_\_ jus - tice  
 of\_\_ our\_\_ mind, And the\_\_ heart of the E - ter - nal  
 fright - ened sheep? Fool - ish\_\_ hearts, why will you wan - der



Which is\_\_ more than lib - er - ty. There is\_\_ plen - ti -  
 Is most won - der - ful - ly\_\_ kind. If our\_\_ love were  
 From a\_\_ love so\_\_ true and deep? There is\_\_ wel - come



ful re - demp - tion In the\_\_ blood that has been shed;  
 but more sim - ple We should take him at his word,  
 for the sin - ner And more grac - es for the good;



There is joy for all the\_\_ mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.  
 And our lives would be thanksgiv - ing For the good - ness of our Lord.  
 There is mer - cy with the\_\_ Sav - ior, There is heal - ing\_\_ in his blood.

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863, alt.

Music: Traditional Dutch Melody

IN BABILONE

87 87 D

*Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Boerenliedjes en Contradansen, Amsterdam, c. 1710*



## 260 THIS WOMAN IN BRIGHT STARS ARRAYED



1. This Wo - man in bright stars ar - rayed In - clines her
2. The might - y pro - phets from of old Told of her
3. So now let bar - ren lands be - hold Their own true
4. O ho - ly Mo - ther of the Lord, De - fend us
5. To God the Fa - ther, glo - ry be, And glo - ry



head: "Let it be done!" She treads the ser - pent  
 Son's most won - drous birth, Who by his pow'r di -  
 Mo - ther draw - ing near, And let the peo - ple  
 from the foe, we pray, And lead us to the  
 be to Ma - ry's Son, Who, with the Spi - rit,



un - der - foot, And, yet a Vir - gin, bears a Son.  
 vine would come To save all na - tions of the earth.  
 sac - ri - fice To God an of - fer - ing sin - cere.  
 na - tive land, Which God has pro - mised us one day.  
 rules all lands For - ev - er while the a - ges run.

Words: Rev. Dylan Schrader, b. 1985

Music: *Musicalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690

WINCHESTER NEW

LM

## 261 'TIS GOOD, LORD, TO BE HERE



1. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy glo - ry fills the night; Thy
2. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy beau - ty to be - hold, Where
3. Ful - fill - er of the past! Prom - ise\_\_ of things to be! We
4. Be - fore we taste of death, We see\_\_ thy king - dom come; We
5. 'Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet we\_\_ may not re - main; But



face and gar - ments, like the sun, Shine with un - bor - rowed light.  
 Mo - ses and E - li - jah stand, Thy mes - sen - gers of old.  
 hail thy bod - y glo - ri - fied, And our re - demp - tion see.  
 long to hold the vi - sion bright, And make this hill our home.  
 since thou bidd'st us leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

Words: Based on Lk 9:32–33

Joseph A. Robinson, 1858–1933

Music: Johann M. Speiss, 1715–1772


Adapt. by William A. Havergal, 1793–1870

SWABIA

SM



## 263 TU ES PETRUS



7.  **T** U es Petrus, \* et super hanc petram ædi- fi-cá-bo Ecclé- si- am me- am.

**Translation:** You are Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church.


Words: Mt 16:18

Music: Chant, Mode VII

## 264 UBI CARITAS

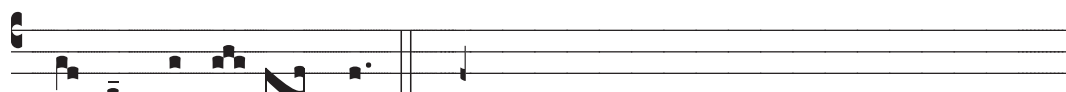
Ant.  
6.  **U** - bi cá- ri- tas et a- mor, De- us i- bi est.  By the love of Christ



we have been brought to-geth-er :  let us find in him our gladness and our plea-





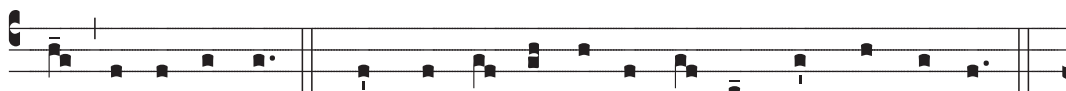
sure;  may we love him and re-vere him, God the liv-ing,  and in love respect each



 o- ther with sin- cere hearts. *Ant.*



 Therefore when we are gathered all to-geth-er,  let us strive to keep our minds



free of di- vis- ion ;  may there be an end to mal- ice, strife, and quar-rels,



 and let Christ our God be dwell-ing here a- mong us. *Ant.*





✠ May your face thus be our vis- ion, bright in glo- ry. ✠ Christ our God, with all



the bless-ed Saints in heav-en: ✠ such de-light is pure and faultless, joy unbounded,



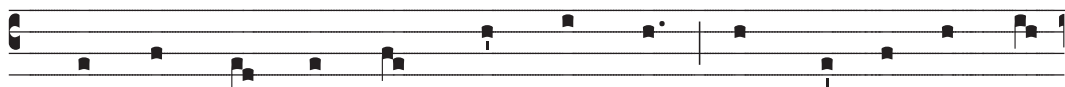
✠ which endures through count- less a- ges world with- out end. *Ant.* A-men.

Words: Latin office hymn

Music: Chant, Mode VI



## 266 VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS



1. Ve- ni, Cre- á- tor Spí- ri- tus, Men- tes tu- ó- rum
2. Qui dí- ce- ris Pa- rá- cli- tus, Al- tís- si- mi do-
3. Tu sep- ti- fór- mis mú- ne- re, Dí- gi- tus Pa- tér- næ
4. Ac- cén- de lu- men sén- si- bus, In- funde a- mó- rem
5. Hos- tem re- pél- las lón- gi- us, Pa- cém- que do- nes
6. Per te sci- á- mus da Pa- trem, Nos- cá- mus at- que
7. De- o Pa- tri sit gló- ri- a, Et Fí- li- o quia



1. ví- si- ta: Im- ple su- pér- na grá- ti- a Quæ
2. num De- i, Fons vi- vus, i- gnis, cá- ri- tas, Et
3. déx- te- ræ, Tu ri- te pro- mís- sum Pa- tris, Ser-
4. cór- di- bus, In- fir- ma no- stri cór- po- ris Vir-
5. pró- ti- nus; Duc- tó- re sic te præ- vi- o, Vi-
6. Fí- li- um, Te- que ut- ri- úsque Spí- ri- tum Cre-
7. mór- tu- is, Sur- réx- it, ac Pa- rá- cli- to, In



1. tu cre- á- sti péc- to- ra. (7) A- men.
2. spi- ri- tá- lis ún- cti- o.
3. mó- ne di- tans gút- tu- ra.
4. tú- te fir- mans pér- pe- ti.
5. té- mus om- ne nó- xi- um.
6. dá- mus om- ni tém- po- re.
7. sæ- cu- ló- rum sæ- cu- la.

See hymn #111 for translation.

Words: Attr. to Rabanus Maurus, c. 776–856  
 Music: Chant, Mode VIII

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS  
 LM



Seq.  
1.

**V**

E-NI Sancte Spí-ri-tus Et e-mít- te cæ- li- tus Lu- cis tu- æ rá- di- um.

Ve- ni pa-ter páu-pe- rum Ve- ni da- tor mú- ne- rum, Ve- ni lumen cór- di- um. Con-

so- lá- tor ó- ptí- me, Dulcis hospes á- nimæ, Dulce refri- gé- ri- um. In labó- re réqui-

es, In æ- stu tempé- ri- es, In fle- tu so- lá- ti- um. O lux be- a- tís- si- ma, Reple

cordis íntí- ma Tu- ó- rum fi- dé- li- um. Sine tu- o nú- mi- ne, Ni- hil est in hó- mi- ne,

Ni- hil est innó- xi- um. La- va quod est sórdi- dum, Ri- ga quod est á- ri- dum, Sa- na

quod est sáu- ci- um. Flecte quod est rí- gi- dum, Fo- ve quod est frí- gi- dum, Rege quod

est dé- vi- um. Da tu- is fi- dé- li- bus, In te con- fi- dén- ti- bus, Sacrum septe- ná-

ri- um. Da vir- tú- tis mé- ri- tum Da sa- lú- tis éx- i- tum Da per- énne gáudi- um.

A- men. Al- le- lú- ia.

See p. 185 for translation.



# 268 VICTIMÆ PASCHALI LAUDES

Seq.  
1.

V

Íctimæ paschá-li laudes \* ímmolent Christi- á-ni. Agnus redémit oves:

Christus ínnocens Patri reconci- li-á-vit peccatóres. Mors et vi-ta du- él-lo con fli-

xé-re mi-rándo: Dux vitæ mórtu- us, regnat vivus. Dic nobis Mar-í- a, quid vid-ísti

in vi- a? Sepúlcrum Christi vivén-tis, et gló-ri- am vi-di re-surgén-tis: Angé-licos

testes, sudá-ri- um, et vestes. Surréxit Christus spes me- a: præcé-det su- os in

Ga- li- læ- am. Scimus Christum surrex-ísse a mórtu- is ve-re: Tu nobis, vi- ctor

Rex, mi-se-ré- re. Amen. Alle-lú-ia.

See p. 161 for translation.

Words: Sequence for Easter; Wipo of Burgundy, c. 1000–c. 1050

Music: Chant, Mode I



# 270 WAKE, AWAKE, FOR NIGHT IS FLYING



1. "Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing,"
2. Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing;
3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore thee,



The watch-men on the heights are cry - ing;  
 And all her heart with joy is spring - ing;  
 Let men and an - gels sing be - fore thee,



"A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!"  
 She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom;  
 With harp and cym - bal's clear - est tone.



Mid - night hears the wel - come voic - es  
 For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious,  
 Of one pearl each shin - ing por - tal,



And at the thrill - ling cry re - joic - es:  
 The strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious,  
 Where, dwell - ing with the choir im - mor - tal,





"Oh, where are ye, ye vir - gins wise?  
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.  
We gath - er round thy ra - diant throne.



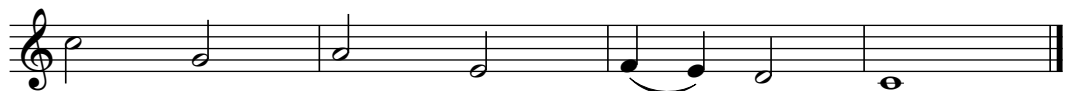
The Bride - groom comes, a - wake! Thy  
"Now come, thou Bless - ed One, Lord  
No vi - sion ev - er brought, No



lamps with glad - ness take! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
Je - sus, God's own Son, Hail! Ho - san - na!  
ear hath ev - er caught, Such great glo - ry;



With bri - dal care thy - selves pre - pare To  
The joy - ful call We an - swer all And  
There - fore will we E - ter - nal - ly Sing



meet the Bride - groom, who is near."  
fol - low to the nup - tial hall."  
hymns of praise and joy to thee.

Words: Philipp Nicolai, 1556–1608

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878

Music: Philipp Nicolai

WACHET AUF

89 8 D 66 4 88



# 271 WE THREE KINGS



1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing  
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I  
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense  
 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold him a - rise, King, and



gifts, we tra - verse a - far, Field and foun - tain,  
 bring to crown him a - gain; King for - ev - er,  
 owns a De - i - ty nigh; Prayer and prais - ing,  
 life of gath - er - ing gloom; Sor - rowing, sigh - ing,  
 God, and Sac - ri - fice, Heav'n sings Al - le -



moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.  
 ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.  
 all men rais - ing, Wor - ship him, God on high.  
 bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.  
 lu - ia: Al - le - lu - ia the earth re - plies.



O, ——— star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,



West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light!

Words: John H. Hopkins, Jr., 1820–1891; Based on Mt 2:1–11  
 Music: John H. Hopkins, Jr.

KINGS OF ORIENT  
 88 86 with Refrain





1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
2. Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
3. Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
4. Were you there when he rose up from the grave?



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
 Were you there when he rose up from the grave?



(1-4.) Oh! \_\_\_\_\_ Sometimes it causes me to trem-ble, trem-ble, tremble!



Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?  
 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
 Were you there when he rose up from the grave?

Words: African-American Spiritual  
 Music: African-American Spiritual

WERE YOU THERE?  
 Irregular



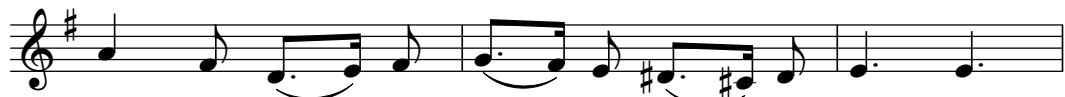
# 273 WHAT CHILD IS THIS?



1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On  
 2. Why lies he in such mean es - tate Where  
 3. So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, Come,



Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet with  
 ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Chris - tian, fear, for  
 peas - ant, king, to own him; The King of kings sal -



an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?  
 sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
 va - tion bring, Let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.



This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and an - gels sing!  
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through, The cross be borne, for me, for you:  
 Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin songs her lul - la - by:



Haste, haste to bring him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!  
 Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!  
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

Words: William C. Dix, 1837–1898

Music: English folk song, 16th cent.

GREENSLEEVES

87 87 with Refrain





1. What star is this, with beams so bright, More love - ly  
 2. 'Tis now ful-filled what God de-creed, "From Ja - cob  
 3. O Je - sus, while the star of grace Im - pels us  
 4. To God al-might - y, heav'n - ly Light; To Christ, re -



than\_\_ the noon - day light? 'Tis sent to an-nounce a  
 shall\_\_ a star pro-ceed;" And lo! the east - ern  
 on\_\_ to seek thy face, Let not our sloth - ful  
 vealed in earth - ly night, To God the Ho - ly



new - born King, Glad ti - dings of our God to bring.  
 sa - ges stand To read in heav'n the Lord's com-mand.  
 hearts re - fuse The guid - ance of thy light to use.  
 Spir - it raise An end - less song of thank - ful praise!

Words: *Quae stella sole pulchrior*

Charles Coffin, 1676–1749

Tr. by John Chandler, 1806–1876, alt.

Music: Trier Ms., 15th cent.

Adapt. by Michael Praetorius, 1571–1621

PUER NOBIS

LM



# 275 WHAT WONDROUS LOVE



1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!
2. To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing;
3. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on;



What won - drous love is this, O my soul! \_\_\_\_\_  
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing; \_\_\_\_\_  
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; \_\_\_\_\_



What won - drous love is this, That caused the Lord of bliss  
 To God and to the Lamb Who is the great "I Am,"  
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy - ful be,



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my soul,  
 While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing;  
 And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on, I'll sing on;



To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul! \_\_\_\_\_  
 While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing. \_\_\_\_\_  
 And through e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing on. \_\_\_\_\_

Words: Alexander Means, 1801–1883

Music: *The Southern Harmony*, New Haven, 1840

WONDROUS LOVE

Irregular



# WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS 276



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
 2. For - bis it, Lord, that I should boast  
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:  
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!  
 That were a pres - ent far too small:



My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown.  
 De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

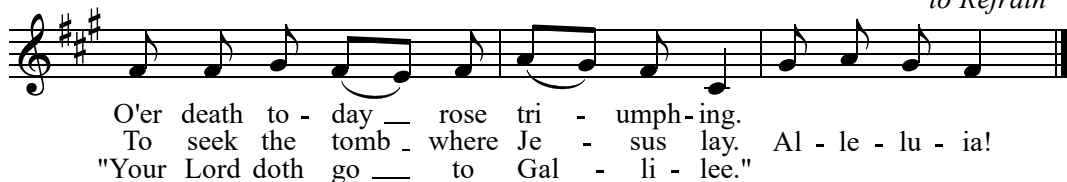
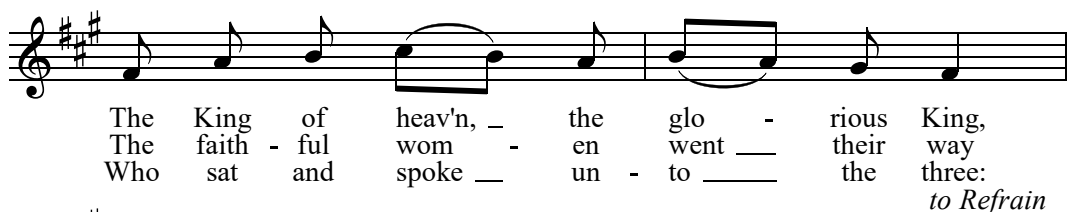
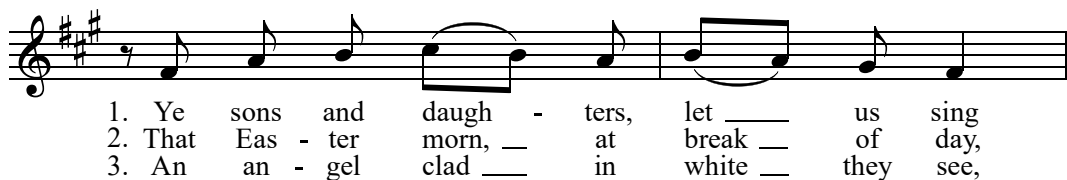
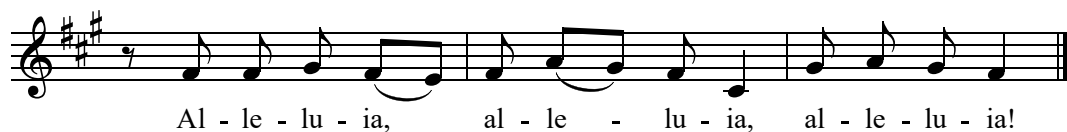
Words: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748  
 Music: Lowell Mason, 1792–1872

HAMBURG  
 LM



# 279 YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

## REFRAIN



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 4. That night th'apostles met in fear;<br>Amidst them came their Lord most dear,<br>And said, "My peace be on all here."<br>Alleluia! | 7. No longer Thomas then denied;<br>He saw the feet, the hands, the side;<br>"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.<br>Alleluia!     |
| 5. When Thomas first the tidings heard,<br>How they had seen the risen Lord,<br>He doubted the disciples' word.<br>Alleluia!          | 8. How blest are they who have not seen,<br>And yet whose faith has constant been;<br>For they eternal life shall win.<br>Alleluia! |
| 6. "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;<br>My hands, my feet, I show to thee;<br>Not faithless, but believing be."<br>Alleluia!           | 9. On this most holy day of days<br>To God your hearts and voices raise,<br>In laud and jubilee and praise.<br>Alleluia!            |

Words: Jean Tisserand, d. 1494

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.

Music: Chant, Mode II

O FILII ET FILIAE

888 with Alleluias



# YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES 280



1. Ye wat - chers and ye ho - ly ones,  
 2. O high - er than the cher - u - bim,  
 3. Re - spond, ye souls in end - less rest,  
 4. O friends, in glad - ness let us sing,



Bright ser - aphs, cher - u - bim, and thrones,  
 More glo - rious than the ser - a - phim,  
 Ye pa - tri - archs and proph - ets blest,  
 Su - per - nal an - thems ech - o - ing,



Raise the glad strain, al - le - lu - ia!  
 Lead their prais - es, al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!



Cry out, do - min - ions, prince - doms, pow'rs,  
 Thou bear - er of th'e - ter - nal Word,  
 Ye ho - ly twelve, ye mar - tyrs strong,  
 To God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



Vir - tues, arch - an - gels, an - gels' choirs,  
 Most gra - cious, mag - ni - fy the Lord,  
 All saints tri - um - phant, raise the song:  
 And God the Spir - it, Three - in - One,



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le -



lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - - - ia!

Words: J. Athelstan Riley, 1858–1947, alt.

Music: *Geistliche Kirchengesänge*, Cologne, 1623

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

88 8 88 with Refrain