1. Abide with me: fast falls the evening tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
The change and decay in all around I see.
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;

3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour.
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord abide with me.
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

4. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Adoro te devote, latens Deitas, Quae sub his fuguris

V|bbbbbbbbssbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbfbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbhbMbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbhbbbbbbbbbbbbb[bbxxxxsbbbbbbbbfbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbhbbbbbbbbbbbbbHbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbhb.bbbbbbbb}

1. A-doro te de-vote, la-tens De-i-tas, Quae sub his fi-guris
2. Vi-sus, tac-tus, gus-tus in te fal-li-tur, Sed au-di-tu so-lo
3. In cru-ce la-te-bat so-la De-i-tas, At hic la-tet si-mul
4. Pla-gas, si-cut Tho-mas, non in-tu-e-or: De-um ta-men me-um
5. O me-mo-ri-ale mor-tis Do-mi-ni, Pa-nis vi-vus, vi-tam,
6. Pi-e pel-lic-a-ne, Je-su Do-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 súb-ji-cit Qui-a
2. tu-to cré-di-tur: Cre-do quid-quad di-xit De-i Fi-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. präs-tans hó-mi-ni, Präs-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 si-ti-o: Ut te re-ve-lá-ta cer-nens fá-ci-e, Vi-su

3. quod pe-tit vit la-tro pæ-ni-tens.
4. spem ha-bé-re, te di-li-ge-re.
5. il-li sem-per dul-ce să-pe-re.
6. mun-dum quit ab om-ni scé-le-re.

See hymn #141 for translation.

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274
Music: Chant, Mode V
All Creatures of Our God and King

1. All creatures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us sing, Alleluia, Alleluia!
   Thou burning sun with golden beam, Thou will our hearts, O praise him, Alleluia!

2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heaven along, O praise him, Alleluia!
   Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice, Ye will our hearts, O praise him, Alleluia!

3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear, Make music for thy Lord to hear, Alleluia, Alleluia!
   Thou fire so masterful and bright Thou will our hearts, O praise him, Alleluia!

4. Dear mother earth, who day by day Unfoldest bles-sings on our way, O praise him, Alleluia!
   The flow'rs and fruits that in thee grow, Let us blest with joy, sing ye, Alleluia!

5. And all ye men of tender heart, For giv-ing oth-ers, take your part, O praise him! Alleluia, Alleluia!
   Ye who long pain and sorrow bear, Praise us, for his love endures, sing ye, Alleluia!

6. And thou, most kind and gentle Death, Wait Patiently, let them go, O praise him, Alleluia!
   Thou lead-est home the child of God, And Praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia,

7. Let all things their Creator bless, And with Re-frain, Wait Patiently, let them go, O praise him, Alleluia!
   Praise, praise the Fa-ther, praise the Son And Praise him, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

Words: Based on Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226
Tr. by William H. Draper, 1855–1933
Music: Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Cologne, 1623

Chant melodies and organ accompaniments by Samuel R. Weber, O.S.B.
All glory, laud, and honor
to thee, Redeemer, King!

To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

1. Thou art the King of Israel, Thou
didst accept their praises; Accept

2. The company of angels Are
the prayers we bring, Who in all good deeds

3. The people of the Hebrews With
sang their hymns of praise: To thee, now high extended

4. To thee before thy passion They
went: Our praise and prayers and

5. Thou didst accept their praises; Accept
comest, The King and blessed One.

David's royal Son, Who in the Lord's Name
praising thee on high; And mortal men, and
palms before thee went: Our praise and prayers and
sang the prayers we bring, Who in all good deeds

all things created, make reply.
amen. Before thee we present.
altered, Our melody we raise.
lightest, Thou good and gracious King.

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
1. All hail the pow’r of Jesus’ name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To him all majesty Ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To him all majesty diadem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To him all majesty diadem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To him all majesty diadem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all; To him all majesty

Words: Edward Perronet, 1726–1792
Alt. by John Rippon, 1751–1836
Music: Oliver Holden, 1765–1844

CORONATION
86 86 86
1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing praise forth tell, Come ye before him and rejoice.
doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.
name always, For it is seemly so to do.
firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.
an - gel - host Be praise and glo - ry ev - er - more.
heav'n - ly host: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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 adore, From men and from the him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye praise forth tell, Come ye before him and rejoice. doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take. name always, For it is seemly so to do. firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure. angel host Be praise and glory evermore. heav'n - ly host: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
1. All you who seek a comfort sure
   In__ trouble and distress,
   What--ever sorrow vex the mind, Or__ guilt the soul oppress,
   "All you that labor come to me, And I will give you rest."

2. You hear how kindly he invites;
   You hear his words so blest:
   Jesus, who gave himself for you
   Up-on the cross to die,
   Je_sus, who gave him-self for you
   Up-on the cross to die,
   O-pens to you his__ sacred heart; Oh, to that heart draw nigh.
   At--tract-ed by those lov-ing words To—you we lift our prayer.

3. Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory be to God on high;
   Alleluia to the Savior Who has won the victory;
   Alleluia! Alleluia! To the Triune Majesty.

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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.
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 valleys 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
1. Alleluia! Sing to Jesus! His the scepter, His the throne. Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory, a-lone.
2. Alleluia! Not as orphans Are we left in sorrow; Alleluia! He is near us, Faith believes, nor stay; Alleluia! Here the sinful flee to Thee from own; Alleluia! Born of Mary, Earth Thy footstool, throne; Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory, a-lone.

4. Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion questions how; Though the cloud from sight received Him, day to day: Intercessor, Friend of sinners, Heav'n Thy throne: Thou within the veil hast entered, Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion.

5. Thunder like a mighty flood, Jesus out of every nation Hath redeemed us by His blood. Thunder like a mighty flood, Jesus out of every nation Hath redeemed us by His blood.

Words: William C. Dix, 1837–1898
Music: Rowland H. Prichard, 1811–1887
HYFRYDOL
87 87 D
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

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
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

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

Words: French carol, 18th cent.
Music: French carol

Music: French carol
As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
1. As with joy-ful steps they sped
To that low-ly man-ger-bed,
2. As they of-fered gifts most rare
At that man-ger rude and bare;
3. Ho-ly Je-sus! Ev-'ry day
Keep us in the nar-row way;

As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading on-ward, beam-ing bright;
There to bend the knee before Him whom heav'n and earth adore;
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
1. At the cross her station keeping, Stood the mournful mother weeping,
   Close to Jesus to the last.

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

3. Oh, how sad and sore distressed—Was that mother high-ly blest—
   Of the sole begotten One!

4. Christ above in torment hangs;
   She beneath beholds the pangs
   Of her dying glorious Son.

5. Is there one who would not weep,
   Whelmed in miseries so deep
   Christ’s dear Mother to behold?

6. Can the human heart refrain
   From partaking in her pain,
   In that Mother’s pain untold?

7. 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.
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Sheathes his sword; Israel's hosts triumphant go
To our joy, from sins pow'r do thou set free

2. Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel neath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose love divine
Gives his sacred blood for wine,

3. Might-y Victim from on high,
Hell's fierce powers be slain;
Sin destroy. From sins pow'r do thou set free
Soul new-born, O Lord, in thee:
Now no more can love and songs of praise
Gives his body for the feast, Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
These alone do dine.
Praise we him whose Blood was shed, Paschal victim, paschal bread;
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Songs of praise, Father, unto thee we raise:
With sincerity and love Eat we manna from above.
Thou hast opened Paradise, and in thee thy saints shall rise.
Risen Lord, all praise to thee With the Spirit ever be.

Words: *Ad regias Agni dapes*
Tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814–1868, alt.
Music: Jakob Hintze, 1622–1702

SALZBURG
77 77 D
At the Name of Jesus
Words: Caroline M. Noel, 1817–1877
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

1. At the Name of Jesus
   Ev'ry knee shall bow,
2. Hum-bled for a season,
   To receive a Name
3. Bore it up triumphant,
   With its human light,
4. In your hearts enthroned him;
   There let him subdue
5. Brothers, this Lord Jesus
   Shall return again,

Ev'ry tongue confess him King of glory now;
From the lips of sinners, Un-to whom he came,
Through all ranks of creatures, To the central height,
All that is not holy, All that is not true:
With his Father's glory O'er the earth to reign;

'Tis the Father's pleasure We should call him Lord,
Faith-fully he bore it Spot-less to the last,
To the throne of Godhead, To the Father's breast;
Crown him as your Captain In temptation's hour;
For all wreaths of em-pire Meet up-on his brow,

Who from the beginning Was the mighty Word.
Brought it back victorious, When from death he passed.
Filled it with the glory Of that perfect rest.
Let his will enfold you In its light and pow'r.
And our hearts confess him King of glory now.

KING'S WESTON
65 65 D
ATTENDE, DOMINE 93

1. Ad te, Rex sum-me, óm-ni-um Re-dém-ptor, ó-cu-los nos-tros sub-
2. Déx-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-p-tus, nec re-pú-gnans du-ctus; tés-ti-bus fal-sis pro-

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. Ave Maria, *gratia plena, Dómini-nus tecum, be-ne-dícta tu in

mu-lié-ri-bus, et be-ne-diéctus fructus ventris tu-i, Je-sus. Sancta Ma-ría,

Ma-ter De-i, o-ra pro no-bis pecca-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**


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
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

AWAY IN A MANGER 97
1. Be joyful, Mary, heavenly Queen,
2. The Son you bore by heaven's grace, Gaudé María:
3. The Lord has risen from the dead,

Your Son who died was living seen,
Did all our guilt and sin efface,
He rose with might as he had said,

Al-le-lu-ia! Lætære, O María.

Words: Latin, 17th cent.
Tr. in Psallite, St. Louis, 1901
Music: Catholicum Hymnologiae Germanicum, 1584

98 BE JOYFUL, MARY, HEAVENLY QUEEN

REGINA CAELI, JUBILA
85 84 with Refrain
1. Be thou my_ vision, O_ Lord of my heart;
2. Be thou my_ wisdom, 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
1. Beth-le-hem, of no-blest ci-ties
   None can once with
   thee com-pare;
   Didst for us in-car-nate bear.

2. Fair-er than the sun at morn-ing
   Was the star that
   thou a-lone the Lord from hea-ven
   Seen in flesh-ly form on earth.

3. By its lam-bent beau-ty guid-ed
   See the east-ern
   kings ap-pear;
   Gifts of in-cense, gold and myrrh.

4. So-lemn things of mys-tic mean-ing;
   In-cense doth the
   God dis-close,
   Myrrh a fu-ture tomb for-shows.

5. Ho-ly Je-sus, in thy bright-ness
   To the Gen-tile
   world dis-played,
   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
1. Christ is made the sure foundation, Christ the head and corner-stone; Chosen of the Lord and precious, hosts, today; With thy wonted loving-kindness, ask to gain; What they gain from thee forever, to the Son. Laud and honor to the Father, Laud and honor to the Spirit, Bind ing all the Church in one; Holy Zion’s Hear thy servants as they pray, And thy fullest With the blessed to retain, And hereafter Ever three and ever one. One in might and help forever, And her confidence alone. benedic tion Shed in all its bright array, in thy glory Evermore with thee to reign. one in glory, While unending ages run.

Words: Urs beata Jerusalem, Latin, 7th cent. Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt. Music: Henry Purcell, 1659–1695
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day,
2. Lives again our glorious King; Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's redeeming work is done,
4. Soar we now where Christ has led,

Sons of men and angels say!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the battle won. Al - le - lu - ia!
Fol-l'wing our exalted head;

Raise your joys and triumphs 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'n's, and earth reply,
Where thy victory, O grave? Christ has opened paradise. 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
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day; Christ-ians, haste your vows to pay;
   At the Pas-chal Vic-tim's feet, For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
   Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now he lives, no more to die.

2. Christ, the Vic-tim un-de-filed, Man to God hath rec-on-ciled;
   Met to-geth'er death and life; Christ-ians, on this hap-py day,
   Christ the Lord is ris'n on high; Now he lives, no more to die.

3. Say, O wond'-ring Ma-ry, say, What thou saw - est glo-ry bright
   Emp-ty tomb and an-gels twain. I be-held the Of the ris-en Lord of Light;
   Christ, my hope, is ris'n a-gain; Now he lives, and lives to reign.

4. Christ, who once for sin-ners bled, Now the first-born Hope on high!
   from the dead, Throned in end-less might and pow'r, Hail, e-ter nal Hail, thou King of Vic-to-ry!
   Lives and reigns for ev-er-more. Hail, e-ter nal
108 **CHRISTUS VINCIT**

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

Words: Latin, 8th cent.

Music: Chant

109 **CHRISTUS VINCIT**

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

Words: Latin, 8th cent.

Music: Chant
1. Come down, O Love divine; Seek thou this soul of mine, And visit it with thine own ardor glowing.

2. O let it freely burn, Till earthy passions turn To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;

3. Let holy charity My outward vesture be, And lowliness become my inner clothing;

4. And so the yearning strong, With which the soul will long, Shall far outpass the power of human telling.

O Comforter, draw near, With in my heart appearing, And let thy glorious light Shine ever on my pear, And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

And let thy glorious light Shine ever on my pear, And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

True lowliness of heart, Which takes the humbler part, And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

For none can guess its grace, Till he become the place Where in the Holy Spirit it makes his dwelling.
COME, HOLY GHOST

1. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest, And in our hearts take up thy rest; Come with thy grace
2. O Comfort blest, to thee we cry, Thou heav'n-ly gift of God most high, Come with thy grace
3. Praise be to thee, Father and Son, And Holy Spirit, Three in one; And may the Son

To fill the hearts which thou hast made. made.
And sweet anointing from above. bove.
The gifts that from the Spirit 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

Words: George Herbert, 1593–1633
Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

THE CALL

1. Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: Such a way as gives us
   breath; Such a truth as ends all strife; Such a

2. Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: Such a light as shows a
   feast; Such a feast as mends in length; Such a

3. Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: Such a joy as none can
   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.
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

1. Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name____ to sing, Help us to praise.
2. Come, thou Incarnate Word, Who for us death____ endured, Our prayer attend;
3. Come, Holy Composer, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour:
4. To thee, O Trinity, Eternal praises be forever more!

Father all glorious, O'er all victorious,
Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success;
To us thy grace impart; And rule in every heart!
Thy sovereign majesty May we in glory see,

Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
Fill us with righteousness, Savior and friend.
Never from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
And to eternity Love and adore!

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

ITALIAN HYMN
664 6664
COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS

1. Come, thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy
   peo - ple free; From our fears and sins re - lease us;
   Let us find our rest in thee.
   Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.

2. Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the
   earth thou art; Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion,
   Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.
   Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

3. Born thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and
   yet a king, Born to reign in us for - ev - er,
   Now thy gra - cious king - dom bring.
   Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.

4. By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it Rule in all our
   hearts a - lone; By thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it
   Raise us to thy glo - rious throne.
   STUTTGART
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' re-sur-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 Merherrn, Nuremberg, 1544

GAUDEAMUS PARITER

76 76 D
1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home;
For the Lord our God shall come And shall take his harvest home;
Even so, Lord, quickly come Bring thy final harvest home;

All is safely gathered in Ere the winter storms begin;
From his field shall in that day All offences purge away;
Gather all thy people in, Free from sorrow, free from sin;

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied;
Give his angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There, forever purified, In thy presence to abide:

Come, to God's own temple come; Raise the song of harvest home.
But the fruitful grain to store In his garner ever more.
Come, with all thine angels, come; Raise the glorious harvest home.

Words: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.
Music: George J. Elvey, 1816–1893
ST. GEORGE’S WINDSOR
77 77 D
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-len 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: Pseaumes octante trois de David, Geneva, 1551
Attr. to Louis Bourgeois, c. 1510–c. 1561
1. Creator of the stars of night,
2. Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
3. Thou cam'st the Bride-groom of the bride,
4. At whose dread name, majestic now,
5. O Thou whose coming is with dread
6. To God the Father, God the Son,

Thy people's everlasting light, Should doom to death a universe,
As drew the world to evening tide;
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Jesus, Redeemer, save us all,
Hast found the medicine full of grace
Proceeding from a virgin shrine,
And things celestial Thee shall own,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
Laud, honor, might, and glory be

And hear Thy servants when they call,
To save and heal a ruined race.
The spotless Victim all divine:
And things terrify, Lord alone.
From every insult of the foe.
From age to age eternally. Amen.

Words: Creator alme siderum, Latin, 9th cent.
Tr. in The Hymnal 1940
Music: Chant, Mode IV
1. Crown him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne;  
2. Crown him the Lord of life, Who tri-um-phed 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 drows 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 pier-ced feet  
All hail, Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;  

And hail him as thy matchless King Through all e-ter-na-ty.  
Whodied, 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-na-ty.
1. Daily, daily sing to Mary; Sing with joy her praises due!
2. She is mighty in her pleading Tender in her loving care;
3. Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her Maker bore,

All her feasts, her actions honor With the heart's devotion true.
Ever watchful, under-standing, All our sorrows she will share.
For the curse of old inflicting, Peace and blessings to restore.

Lost in wondering contemplation, Be her majesty confessed!
Gifts of heaven she has given, noble lady, to our race,
Sing in songs of praise unending, Call upon her lovingly:

Call her Mother, call her Virgin, Happy Mother, Virgin blest!
Heaven's blessings she dispenses On our sinful human race.
Seat of wisdom, Gate of heaven, Morning Star upon the sea.

Words: Bernard of Cluny (Morlaix), c. 1140
Tr. by Henry Bittleston, 1818–1886
Music: Traditional Germany Melody

Alle Katholische Geistliche Kirchengesang
Draw Near and Take the Body of Thy Lord

1. Draw near and take the body of thy Lord,
2. Saved by his body, hallowed by his blood,
3. Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
4. With heav'nly bread he makes the hungry whole,
5. Before thy presence, Lord, all people bow.

And drink with faith the blood for you poured;
With souls refreshed we give our thanks to God.
By his dear cross and blood the victory won.
Gives living waters to the thirsting 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
1. I am the bread of life, the true bread sent from the Father. (Refrain)

2. Your ancestors ate manna in the desert, but this is the bread come down from heaven. (Refrain)

3. Eat my flesh and drink my blood, and I will raise you up on the last day. (Refrain)

4. Anyone who eats this bread will live for ever. (Refrain)

5. If you believe and eat this bread, you will have eternal life. (Refrain)

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ecce panis angelorum

7.


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 ci-vi-


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

See p. 189 for translation.
1. Eternal Father, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep

2. O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain O'er which our traffic
runs a-main By mountain pass or valley low; Where
firmament; O Wind of heaven, by thy might Save
danger's hour; From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Pro-

3. O Spirit, whom the Father sent To spread abroad the
own appointed limits keep; O hear us when we
all who dare the eagle's flight, And keep them by thy
tect them where-so'er they go; Thus evermore shall

cry to thee For those in peril on the sea.
guarding hand From every peril on the land.
watchful care From every peril in the air.
rise to thee Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Words: Vss. 1, 4: William Whiting, 1825–1878, alt.
Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1876
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,
Jesus is fair - er, Jesus is pur - er, Who
Jesus shines bright - er, Jesus 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
Faith of our fathers, living still, In spite of dungeon, fire and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glorious word:

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free; And blest would be their children's fate If we, like them, should die for thee.

3. Faith of our fathers, Mary's prayers Shall win all nations unto thee; And through the truth that comes from God, Man kind shall then indeed be free.

4. Faith of our fathers, we _ will love Both friend and foe in all our strife; And preach thee, too, as love knows how By kind ly deeds and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith! We will be true to thee till death.
1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
3. O may thy soldiers, faith-ful, true, and bold,
4. O blest communion, fellowship divine!
5. But lo! There breaks a yet more glorious day;
6. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,

Who thee by faith before the world confessed, Thy
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight; __
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet
The saints triumphant rise in bright array; The
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, __

name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
all are one in thee, for all are thine.
King of glory passes on his way.
Sing ing to Father, Son, and Holy 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

1. For the beauty of the earth,
   For the glory of the skies,
   Over and around us lies:
   Peace on earth and joy in heav'n:
   Thee we raise

2. For the beauty of each hour
   Of the day and night,
   Sun and moon, and stars of light:
   Lord of all, to thee we raise
   This our hymn of grateful praise.

3. For the joy of human love
   Brother, sister,
   For all gentle thoughts and mild:
   For the beauty of the earth,
   For the beauty of each hour

4. For thy Church, that ever more
   Lift eth holy
   Her pure sacrifice of love:
   For the beauty of the earth,
   For the beauty of each hour

5. For thyself, best Gift Divine!
   To our race so
   Of the skies, For the love which from our birth
   Off 'ring up on ev 'ry shore
   For that great, great love of thine,
1. For the fruits of his creation, Thanks be to God.
2. In the just reward of labor, God’s will is done.
3. For the harvests of the Spirit, Thanks be to God.

For his gifts to every nation, Thanks be to God.
In the help we give our neighbor, God’s will is done.
For the good we all inherit, Thanks be to God.

For the plowing, sowing, reaping, Silent growth while we are sleeping,
In our worldwide task of caring For the hungry and despairing,
For the wonders that astound us, For the truths that still confound us,

Future needs in earth’s safekeeping, Thanks be to God.
In the harvests we are sharing, 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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Forty Days and Forty Nights

1. Forty days and forty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild;
2. Shall not we thy sorrow share, And from earthly joys abstain,
3. Then if Satan, on us press, Flesh or spirit to assail,
4. Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear, Ever constant by thy side;

Forty days and forty nights tempted, and yet undeiled.
Fast ing with unceasing prayer, Glad with thee to suffer pain?
Victor in the wilderness, Grant we may not faint nor fail.
That with thee we may appear At the eternal Easter tide.

Words: George H. Smyttan, 1822–1870, alt.
Music: Nürnbergisches Gesang-Buch, Nuremberg, 1676
Attr. to Martin Herbst, 1654–1681

From All Thy Saints in Warfare

1. From all Thy saints in warfare, For all Thy saints at rest,
2. Apostles, prophets, martyrs, And all the sacred throng
3. Then praise we God the Father, And praise we God the Son,

To Thee, O blessed Jesus, All praises be addressed;
Who wear the spotless raiment, Who raise the ceaseless song;
And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;

Thou, Lord, didst win the battle That they might conquerors be;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the Throne,

Their crowns of living glory Are lit with rays from Thee.
And, walking in their footsteps, Would serve Thee more and more.
And honor, power and glory Ascribe to God alone.

Words: Horatio Nelson, 1823–1913
Music: Melchior Teschner, 1584-1635

Forty Days and Forty Nights 133
From All Thy Saints in Warfare 134
GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God; He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for his own abode; Founded, what can shake thy sure refuge? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See! The streams of living waters, Springing from eternal fear of want remove. On the Rock of Ages found, what can shake thy sure refuge? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3. Round each habitation howring, See the cloud and fire appearing that the Lord is near. Thus deriving from their kings and priests to God. 'Tis his love his people pose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

4. Blest inhabitants of Zion, Washed in the Redeemer's blood! Jesus, whom their souls rely on, Makes them for his own abode; On the Rock of Ages found, what can shake thy sure refuge? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Words: John Newton, 1725–1807, alt.
Music: Attr. to Benjamin F. White, 1800–1879
The Sacred Harp, Philadelphia, 1844
Go, tell it on the mountain, 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
1. God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
   Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
   Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
   Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

2. Thy love divine hath led us in the past;
   In this free land with thee our lot is cast;
   Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
   Thy Word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

3. From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
   Be thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
   Thy true religion in our hearts increase;
   Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4. Refresh thy people on their toilsome way;
   Lead us from night to never-ending day;
   Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
   And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

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

NATIONAL HYMN
10 10 10 10
1. God rest you merry, 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-member Christ our Sav-iors 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.
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
1. Good Christian friends, rejoice With heart and soul and voice;—
2. Good Christian friends, rejoice With heart and soul and voice;—
3. Good Christian friends, rejoice With heart and soul and voice;—

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

Ox and ass before him bow, And he is in the manger 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
1. Good Christian friends, rejoice and sing! Now is the triumph of our King! To all the world glad news we bring:
long his way. Let all the world rejoice and say:
can not die, And sing with hearts uplifted high:
one accord The life laid down, the life restored:

2. The Lord of life is ris'n today. Sing songs of praise a-
of our King! To all the world glad news we bring:
long his way. Let all the world rejoice and say:
can not die, And sing with hearts uplifted high:
one accord The life laid down, the life restored:

3. Praise we in songs of victory That love, that life which
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!

4. Your name we bless, O risen Lord, And sing today with
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 Vulpius, c. 1560–1615
Text © 1958, 1986, Hope Publishing Company

GELOBT SEI GOTT
888 with Alleluias
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,  

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:  

Words: Attr. to Hermanus Contractus, 1013–1054  
Music: German melody, Hildesheim, 1736

Roman Hymnal, New York, 1884

SALVE REGINA CAELITUM  
84 84 77 79
Hail, O star that pointest
Towards the port of Heaven,
When the salutation Gabriel had spoken,
Bound by Satan's fetters, Health and vision needing,
Jesus' tender mother, Make thy supplication
That, O matchless maiden, Passing meek and lowly,
So, as now we journey, Aid our weak endeavor,
Father, Son and Spirit, Three in One confessing,

Thou to whom as maiden God for Son was given.
Peace was shed upon us, Eva's bonds were broken.
God will aid and light us At thy gentle pleading.
Unto Him who chose thee At His incarnation;
Thy dear Son may make us Blameless, chaste, and holy.
Till we gaze on Jesus, And rejoice forever.
Give us equal glory, Equal praise and blessing.

Words: Ave Maris Stella, c. 9th cent.
Tr. by J. Athelstan L. Riley, 1858–1945
Music: 18th cent. melody

AVE MARIS STELLA

66 66
1. Hail the day that sees him rise,
2. There for him high triumph waits: Al - le - lu - ia!
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!
See, he shows the prints of love; Al - le - lu - ia!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;

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

En - ters now the high - est heav'n.
Take the King of glo - ry in!
Still he calls man - kind his own. Al - le - lu - ia!
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
**HAIL THEE, FESTIVAL DAY**

**REFRAIN**

Hail thee, fes-ti-val day! Blest day to be hall-owed 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 ar-is-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**

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-go-t-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
1. 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-ple's sing:
   From age to age more glo-rious, All bless-ing and all blest.

2. Christ comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free;
   Be-fore him on the moun-tains Shall peace, the her-al, 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;

3. 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
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
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

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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
1. Holy Spirit, Lord of Light, From the clear celestial height, Thy pure beam - ing ra - diance give.
2. Thou, of all cons - ol - ers best, Thou, the soul's de - light - ful guest, Dost re - fresh - ing peace be - stow.
3. Light im - mor - tal, Light di - vine, Vis - it thou these hearts of thine, And our in - most be - ing fill.
4. Heal our wounds, our strength re - new; On our dry - ness pour thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt a - way.
5. Thou, on us who ev - er-more Thee con - fess and 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
155
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
4. "When through fiery trials thy path shall lie,
5. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;

What more can he say than to you he hath said,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
Up held by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
I'll never, no, never, no, never for sake!"

Words: 1 Cor 3:11
Music: Joseph Funk’s Genuine Church Music, Winchester, Va., 1832
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast."

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Believe, I freely give The living water; thirst one, Stoop head up on my breast."

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am the dark world's rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy weary, worn, sad; I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

I came to Jesus as I was, So down, and drink, and live." I came to Jesus, and I drank Of all thy day be bright." I looked to Jesus, and I found In weary, worn, and sad; I found in him a that life-giving stream; My thirst was quenched, my life I'll walk Till travelling days are done.

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

KINGSFOLD
CMD
1. I know that my Redeemer lives!
2. He lives triumphant from the grave;
3. He lives to bless me with his love;
4. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend;
5. He lives, all glory to his name!

What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives eternally to save;
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, my Savior, still the same;

He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives in majesty above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing;
What joy this blest assurance gives:

He lives, my ever-living head!
He lives to guide his Church in love.
He lives to help in time of need.
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King!
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Words: Job 19:25
Samuel Medley, 1738–1799, alt.
Music: John Warrington Hatton, 1710–1793

DUKE STREET
LM
I Sing the Mighty Power of God

1. I sing the might-y pow’r of God, That
   made the moun-tains rise; That spread the flow-ing
   seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies. I
   sing the Wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day; The
   moon shines full at his com-mand, And all the stars o-bey.

2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That
   filled the earth with food; He formed the crea-tures
   with his word, And then pro-nounced them good. Lord,
   how thy won-ders are dis-played, Where-e’er I turn my eye; If
   ev’ry-where that man can be, Thou, God are pres-ent there.

3. There’s not a plant or flow’r be-low, But
   makes thy glo ries known; And clouds a-rise, and
   tem-pests blow, By or-der from thy throne; While
   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.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Music: Mainzer Gesangbuch, Mainz, 1833
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.
1. Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
   In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes,
   Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
   Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

2. Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
   Nor wasting nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
   Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
   Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

3. To all life thou givest, to both great and small;
   In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
   We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
   And aser and perish, but naught changeth thee.

4. Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
   Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
   All praise we would render: O help us to see
   'Tis on ly the splendor of light hid eth thee.

Words: Walter C. Smith, 1824–1908, alt.
Music: Welsh melody, Caniadau y Cysegr, Denbigh, 1839

ST. DENIO
1. In-fant ho-ly, in-fant low-ly, for his bed a cat-tle stall;
   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 ŻLOBIE LEŻY
87 87 88 77
1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glo¬rous song of old,From angels bend¬ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace
2. Still through the clo¬ven skies they come With peace¬ful wings un¬furled,And still their heav’n¬ly music floats O’er all the weary world; A
3. And ye, be¬neath life’s crush¬ing load, Whose forms are bend¬ing low,Who toil a¬long the cir¬cling way With pain¬ful steps and slow— Look
4. For lo, the days_ are has¬t’ning on, By prophets seen_ of old,When with the ev¬er¬on the earth_ good will to all, From heav’n’s all¬gra¬cious King.”_ The world in sol¬emn
still¬ness lay,To hear the an¬gels sing.

Words: Edmund H. Sears, 1810–1876, alt. CAROL
Music: Richard S. Willis, 1819–1900 CMD
1. Jerusalem, my happy home, When
2. Oh happy harbor of the saints, O
3. Your gardens and your gallant walks Con-
4. There, trees forevermore bear fruit And
5. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, God

shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows
sweet and pleasant soil! In you no sorrow
tinually are green; There grow such sweet and
evermore do spring, There, evermore the
grant that I may see Your endless joy, and

have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
pleasant flow'rs As nowhere else are seen.
angels sit And evermore do sing.
of the same Par-tak-er ever be!

Words: F.B.P. in Song of Mary, London, 1601
Music: American folk melody
The Christian Harp, Pittsburgh, 1836
1. Jesus dulcis memoria, Dans vera cordis gaudeant;
2. Nil canticum evanescat, Nil audientium faciet
3. Quam bonus te quaterbus, Sed quid inveniet
4. Experterit potest creedere, Quid sit Jesum dilegere.
5. Sit nostra in te gloriosa, Per cuncta semper sacula.

2. Nil cogitationum dulcius, Quam Jesus Dei Filiius.
3. Quam bonus te quaterbus! Sed quid inveni et incurrit.
4. Experterit potest creedere, Quid sit Jesum dilegere.
5. Sit nostra in te gloriosa, Per cuncta semper sacula.

5. A-men.

See hymn #172 for translation.

Words: Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153
Music: Chant, Mode I
Jesus Christ is risen today,
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
But the pains which he endured, Al-le-lu-ia!
Sing we to our God above,

Our triumphant holy day,
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Our salvation have procured; Al-le-lu-ia!
Praise eternal as his love;

Who did once upon the cross,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Now he reigns above as King, Al-le-lu-ia!
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,

Suffer to redeem our loss,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Where the angels ever sing, Al-le-lu-ia!
Father, Son, and Holy 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

Words: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863
Music: Römisch-Katholisches Gesangbüchlein, 1826

SWEET SACRAMENT

LM with Refrain

Jesus, my lord, my god, my All

How can I love thee as I ought?

The vast Creator deigns to be,

Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!

Music: Römisch-Katholisches Gesangbüchlein, 1826

SWEET SACRAMENT

LM with Refrain

And how revere this wondrous gift,

So far surpassing hope or thought?

Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!

Music: Römisch-Katholisches Gesangbüchlein, 1826

SWEET SACRAMENT

LM with Refrain

Thus Mary's stainless heart

With what bursts of fervent praise,

I cannot compass all I have,

Oh make us love Thee more and more.
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 sweeter far thy face to
mind re - call A sweeter 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
**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
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
177 **LET ALL MORTAL FLESH KEEP SILENCE**

Words: Cherubic hymn, Liturgy of St. James, 4th cent.
Tr. by Gerard Moultrie, 1829–1885
Music: Traditional French carol, 17th cent.

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1. Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
2. King of kings, yet born of Mary,
3. Rank on rank, the host of heaven
4. At his feet the six-wing'd seraph,

And with fear and trembling stand;
As of old on earth he stood;
Spreads its Vanguard on the way,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,

Ponder nothing earthly minded,
Lord of lords in human vesture,
As the light of light descendeth
Veil their faces to the Presence,

For with blessing in his hand
In the body and the blood
From the realms of endless day,
As with ceaseless voice they cry,

Christ, our God, to earth descendeth,
He will give to all the faithful
That the pow'r of hell may vanish
"Alleluia, alleluia,

Our full homage to demand.
His own self for heavenly food.
As the darkness clears a way.
Alleluia, Lord most high!"
1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates;
2. O blest the land, the city blest,
3. Fling wide the portals of your heart;
4. So come, my Sov’reign; enter in!

Behold the King of glory waits!
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
Make it a temple, set apart
Let new and nobler life begin;

The King of kings is drawing near;
O happy hearts and happy homes
From earthly use for heav’n’s em­ploy,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,

The Savior of the world is here.
To whom this King of triumph comes!
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
Until the glorious 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
1. Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for our salvation
2. Ev'ry eye shall now behold him, Robed in dreadful majesty;
3. Those dear tokens of his passion Still his dazzling body bears,
4. Yea, amen! Let all adore thee, High on thine eternal throne;

Swell the triumph of his train: Al-le-lu-ia!
Pierced and nailed him to the tree, Deeply wailing,
To his ransomed worshipers; With what rapture,
Claim the kingdom for thine own: Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord returns to reign.
deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.
with what rapture, Gaze we on those glorious scars!
Al-le-lu-ia! Thou shalt reign and thou alone.

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788
Music: John F. Wade, 1711–1786
ST. THOMAS 87 87 87
Lo, He Comes with Clouds Descending (Alt.)

1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for all our salvation slain; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, deeply wailing, deeply wailing, with what rapture, with what rapture, own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2. Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him, Robed in thine eternal throne; The Cause of endless pow'r and glory; Claim the kingdom for thine own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

3. Those dear tokens of His passion Still his saints attending Swell the triumph of his exultation To his ransomed worship and glory; Claim the kingdom for thine own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

4. Yea, amen! Let all adore thee, High on our salvation slain; Thou sand thousand dreadful majesty; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, deeply wailing, deeply wailing, with what rapture, with what rapture, own: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Charles Wesley, 1707–1788
Music: Lock Hospital Collection, London, 1765.
1. Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
   From tender 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.

do - 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
1. Lord Jesus, think on me, And purge away my sin;
   From earth-born passions and woe oppressed;
   Let me thy loving care and the battle's strife;
   In all my pain and strife,
   Me go as tray; Through darkness and per-
   The flood is past, I may the eternal
   May sing above To Father, Spirit,

2. Lord Jesus, think on me, With care set me free, And make me pure within.
   And taste thy promised rest.
   Be thou my health and life.
   Point thou the heavenly way.
   Share my joy at last.
   The strains of praise and love.

3. Lord Jesus, think on me, Amid me press; And ser-vant be, And taste thy promised rest.
   And be thou my health and life.
   Point thou the heavenly way.
   Share my joy at last.
   The strains of praise and love.

4. Lord Jesus, think on me, Nor let me go
   For the battle's strife; Let me thy loving care and the battle's strife;
   In all my pain and strife,
   Me go as tray; Through darkness and per-
   The flood is past, I may the eternal
   May sing above To Father, Spirit,

5. Lord Jesus, think on me, That, when set me free, And make me pure within.
   And taste thy promised rest.
   Be thou my health and life.
   Point thou the heavenly way.
   Share my joy at last.
   The strains of praise and love.

6. Lord Jesus, think on me, That I set me free, And make me pure within.
   And taste thy promised rest.
   Be thou my health and life.
   Point thou the heavenly way.
   Share my joy at last.
   The strains of praise and love.

Words: Synesius of Cyrene, c. 375–430
Tr. by Allen W. Chatfield, 1808–1896, alt.
1. Lord, who at thy first Eucharist didst pray
2. For all thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
3. We pray thee, too, for wanderers from thy fold;
4. So, Lord, at length when sacraments shall cease,

That all thy Church might be forever one,
Make thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
O bring them back, good shepherd of the sheep,
May we be one with all thy Church above,

Grant us at ev'ry Eucharist to say
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,
One with thy saints in one unbroken peace,

With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
By drawing all to thee, O Prince of peace;
Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
One with thy saints in one unbounded love;

O may we all one bread, one body be,
Thus may we all one bread, one body be,
Soon may we all one bread, one body be,
More blessed still in peace and love to be

1.-3. Through this blest sacrament of unity.
4. One with the Trinity in unity.

Words: William H. Turton, 1856–1938

10 10 10 10 10
1. Lord, who throughout these forty days For us didst fast and pray, Teach us with thee to mourn our sins, And close by thee to stay.

2. As thou with Satan didst contend, And didst the victory win, O give us strength in thee to fight, In thee to conquer sin.

3. As thou didst hunger bear and thirst, So teach us, gracious Lord, To die to self, and ever live By thy most holy word.

4. And through these days of penitence, And suffering is past, An Easter of unlife and death, O Lord, with us abide.

5. A - bide with us that when this life Of ever - ing joy We may attain at last!

Words: Claudia F. Hernaman, 1838–1898, alt. ST. FLAVIAN
Music: The Whole Booke of Psalms, London, 1562 CM
1. Love, divine, all loves excelling, Joy of heav'n to
2. Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy
3. Finish then thy new creation, Pure and spotless

earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy
life receive; Suddenly return and never, Never
let us be; Let us see thy great salvation Perfect-
faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
more thy temples leave. Thee we would be always blessing,
ly restored in thee: Change from glory into glory,

Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our
thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
with out ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.
crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

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

HYFRYDOL
87 87 D
1. My song is love unknown, My love unknown, 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

Savior's love to me, Love to the love-less
vation to bes - tow, But men made strange, and
his sweet prai - ses sing, Re - sound-ing 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
story 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 stranger 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 - f'ring 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 displease, 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
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 Father now be given,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his world rejoices;
With ever joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and him who reigns With them in highest heaven,

Who from our mothers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
Preserve us in his grace, And guide us in distress,
 Eternal, Tri-une God, Whom earth and heav'n adore;

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today.
And free us from all sin, Till heaven we possess.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ever more.

Words: Martin Rinckart, 1586–1649
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827–1878, alt.
Music: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
O BREATHE ON ME, O BREATHE OF GOD

1. O breathe on me, O Breath of God, Fill me with life anew, That I may love the things you love, And do what you would do.

2. O breathe on me, O Breath of God, Until my heart is pure; Until my will is one with yours, To do and to endure.

3. O breathe on me, O Breath of God, So shall I never die, But live with you the perfect life For all eternity.

Words: Edwin Hatch, 1835–1889, alt.
Music: Traditional Irish melody

ST. COLUMBA
CM
195 O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant; O God of God, Light from Light,
Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation;
Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this happy morning,
Adéste fideles, læti, triumphantes; Venite, venite in Bethlem.
De um de o, lu- men de Lúmi-ne,
Can tel nunc i o, cho rus an ge ló rum,
Er go qui na tus Di e ho di ér na,

O come ye to Bethlehem.
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb:
All ye citizens of heav'n above!
Je su, to thee be all glorious giv'n;

Come and behold him, born the King of angels;
Glorious God, brought not created;
Glorious to God, glorious in the highest;
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

Na tum ví dé te Re gem an ge ló rum.
De um ve rum, Gé ni tum, non factum.
Gló ri a, gló ria, in ex cél sis De o.
Pa tris ae tér ni Ver bum ca ro fac tum.

O come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.
VENITE, ADORÉMUS, O come, let us adore him,
1. O come, divine Messiah! The world in silence waits the day
   When hope shall sing its triumph, And sadness flee away.

2. O thou, whom nations sighed for, Whom priests and prophets long foretold,
   Wilt break the captive fetters, Re deem the long lost fold.

3. Shalt come in peace and meekness, And world in silence waits the day
   Will thy cradle be; All clothed in human weakness Shall we thy Godhead see.

Dear Savior, haste; Come, come to earth, Dispel the night and show thy face, And bid us hail the dawn of grace. O
   come, divine Messiah; The world in silence waits the day when

hope shall sing its triumph, And sadness flee away.

Words: Simon J. Pellegrin, 1663–1745
Tr. by Mary of St. Philip, 1825–1904
Music: French carol, 16th cent.

O COME, DIVINE MESSIAH  196

VENEZ, DIVIN MESSIE
Irregular
1. O, come, little children, O, come, one and all,
2. O, see in the manager, in hollowed 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 stable, in Beth-le-hem's stall,
A star throws its beam on this holiest sight.
The shepherds are kneeling before Him with awe.

Zur Krippe her kom met in Beth le hem's Stall,

And see with rejoicing this glorious sight
In clean swaddling clothes lies the heavenly Child,
And Mary and Joseph smile on Him with love,

Und seth, was in die ser hoch hei li gen Nacht

Our Father in heaven has sent us this night.
More loving than angels, this Baby so mild.
While angels are singing sweet songs from above.

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
1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And
ransom captive Is-ra-el, That mourns in lonely
exile here, Until the Son of God appears.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el.

2. O come, thou Wis-dom from on high, Who
or'drest all things might-i-ly; To us the path of
knowledge show, And teach us in her ways to go.
give the Law In cloud and maj-es-ty and awe.

3. O come, O come, thou Lord of might, Who
to thy tribes on Si-nai's height In an-cient times didst
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.

4. O come, thou Rod of Jes-se's tree, Free
from Sa-tan's ty-ran-ny That trust thy might-y
clouds of night, And death's dark shad-ow put to flight.
vi-sions cease, And be thy-self our King of peace.

5. O come, thou Key of Da-vid, come, And
open 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-

6. O come, thou Day-spring from on high, And
them from Sa-tan's ty-ran-ny That trust thy might-y
one the hearts of all man-kind; Bid thou our sad di-

7. O come, De-sire of na-tions, bind In
ran some cap-tive Is-ra-el, That mourns in lonely
exile here, Until the Son of God appears.

Words: Based on “O” Antiphons, Latin, 9th cent.
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, and others
Music: Chant, Mode I
1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
   Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home.
2. Under the shadow of thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
   Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame,
   From ever-lasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone,
   They fly, for got ten, as a dream Dies at the o'p'ning day.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;
   Be thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home.
6. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
O Kind Creator, Bow Thine Ear

1. O kind Creator, bow Thine ear
   Thee; Thou mark the cry, to know the tear
   Before Thy throne of mercy spent
   In this Thy holy fast of Lent.
   seek Thy face A-bundance of Thy par-dning grace.
   of Thy name Our fainting souls to life re-claim.
   secret-ly The soul may pure-ly dwell with Thee.
   ab-sti-nence May reap the fruits of pen-i-tence.

2. Our hearts are open, Lord, to Thee;
   Pour out on all who know-est our in-firmi-ty;
   In this Thy holy fast of Lent.
   seek Thy face A-bundance of Thy par-dning grace.
   of Thy name Our fainting souls to life re-claim.
   secret-ly The soul may pure-ly dwell with Thee.
   ab-sti-nence May reap the fruits of pen-i-tence.

3. Our sins are man-y, this we know;
   Thy mer-cy show; And for the hon-or
   of Thy name Our fainting souls to life re-claim.
   secret-ly The soul may pure-ly dwell with Thee.
   ab-sti-nence May reap the fruits of pen-i-tence.

4. Give us the self con-trol that springs
   From God, un-chang-ing U-ni-ty,
   That we from this our
   un-chang-ing U-ni-ty,
   That we from this our

5. We pray Thee, Ho-ly Trin-i-ty, One
   Know; Thy springs of grace. That fast-ing in-ward
   That we from this our
   Know; Thy springs of grace. That fast-ing in-ward
   That we from this our

Words: Attr. to Gregory the Great, c. 540–604
Tr. by Thomas A. Lacey, 1853–1931
Music: Thomas Tallis, c. 1505–1585
1. O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above,
3. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given!
4. O holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of his heav'n.
Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us today.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light;
O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth!
No ear may hear his coming, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell;

The hopes and fear of all the years Are met in thee tonight.
And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will receive him, still The dear Christ enters in.
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

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

ST. LOUIS
86 86 76 86
O L O R D, I A M N O T W O R T H Y 2 0 7

1. O__ Lord, I am not worthy
   That__
2. And__ humbly I'll receive thee,
   The__
3. E - ter - nal Holy Spirit,
   Un -
4. In - crease my faith, dear Jesus,
   In__
5. O__ Lord, I am not worthy
   That__
6. O__ Sac - ra - ment most holy!
   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 spri - it healed shall be.
giv - ing
Be ev'ry mo - ment Thine!

Words: Landshuter Gesanbuch, 1777
Tr. Anonymous
Music: “Burns” traditional melody
208 O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED

1. O Sacred Head, surrounded
   By crown of piercing thorn!
2. I see thy strength and vigor
   All fading in the strife,
3. In this, thy bitter passion, Good Shepherd, think of me

O bleeding Head so wounded, Re-viled and put to scorn!
And death with cruel rigor, Be-reaving thee of life;
With thy most sweet compassion, Unworthy though I be:

Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee, The glow of life decays,
O agony and dying! O love to sinners free!

Yet angel hosts adore thee, And tremble as they gaze.
Jesus, all grace supplying, O turn thy face on me.
In thy dear love confiding, And with thy presence blest.

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676
Tr. composite
Music: Hans L. Hassler, 1564–1612

209 O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

1. O salutarius hostia, Quæ caeli pandis óstiwm:
   Bel-la premunt hostilia,
2. Uni trinóque Domino Sit sempi térna
gloria, Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium.
No-bis donet in patria. Amen.

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
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.

Translation:

Words: Latin hymn, 18th cent.
Music: Traditional Sicilian melody, 18th cent.
The European Magazine, London, 1792

SICILIAN MARINERS
557 557
1. O Trinity of blessed light,
2. To Thee our morning song of praise,
3. All laud to God the Father be;

1. O Unity of princely might,
2. To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
3. All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;

1. The fiery sun now goes his way;
2. O grant us with Thy saints on high
3. All glory, as is ever meet,

1. Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.
2. To praise Thee through eternity.
3. To God the holy Paraclete.

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
1. Of the Father'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'r's, 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 future years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more.
First revealed His sacred face Ev-er-more and ev-er-more.
Ev'ry voice in concert ring Ev-er-more and ev-er-more.
Let creation praise its Lord Ev-er-more and ev-er-more.
And eternal victory, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more.

Words: Marcus A. C. Prudentius, 348–413
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, and Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877
Music: From a Sanctus trope, Mode V, 11th cent. *Piae Cantiones*, Greifswald, 1582
1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry, And
   nouns that the Lord is nigh; Awake and hearken,
   for he brings Glad tidings of the King of kings.
   Words: Charles Coffin, 1676–1749

2. Then cleansed be ev'ry heart from sin; Make
   straight the way for God with-in, And let each heart pre-
   pare a home Where such a mighty guest may come.

3. For thou art our salvation, Lord, Our
   refuge and our great reward; Without thy grace we
   waste a-way Like flow'rs that wither and decay.

4. To heal the sick, stretch out thine hand, And
   bid the fallen sinner stand; Shine forth and let thy
   light restore Earth's own true likeness once more.

5. All praise, eternal Son, to thee, Whose
   advent doth thy people free; Whom with the Father
   we adore, And Holy Ghost forevermore.

Music: Musicalisches Handbuch, Hamburg, 1690
Melody adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1889

Tr. by John Chandler, 1806–1876, alt.
On this day, O beautiful Mother, On this day we give thee our love.

Near thee, Madonna, fondly we hover, Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

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

Mother, thy sweet care; 
Aid us ere our

Children's tender prayer; 
Young hearts gain, O

feet _ a _ stray _ 
Wander from thy guiding way.

Virgin pure, _ Jesus' love for them as _ sure.

Words: Favorite Catholic Melodies, Boston, 1854
Music: Louis Lambillotte, 1796–1855
1. On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise;
2. On this day, the eternal Son over death his triumph won;
3. Father, who didst fashion man God-like in thy loving plan,
4. Word-made-flesh, all hail to thee! Thou from sin hast set us free;
5. Thou who dost all gifts impart, Shine, blest Spirit, in each heart;
6. God, the blessed Three-in-One, May thy holy will be done;

Who, creation's Lord and spring, Did the world from darkness bring.
On this day the Spirit came With his gifts of living flame.
Fill us with that love divine, And conform our wills to thine.
And with thee, we die and rise Unto God in sacrifice.
Give us light and grace, we pray, Fill our hearts this holy 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
1. Once in royal David's city
   Stood a lowly cattle shed,
   Where a mother laid her__

2. He came down to earth from heaven,
   Who is God and Lord of all;
   And his shelter was a___

3. For he is our life-long pattern;
   Daily, when on earth he___
   He was tempted, scorned, re-

4. And our eyes at last shall see him,
   Through his own redemption love,
   For that child who seemed so_

5. Not in that poor lowly stable,
   With the oxen standing___
   We shall see him, but in__

6. We, like Mary, rest confounded
   That a baby in a manager for___
   He is a stall:

   And his cradle was___
   Ject-ed, tears and smiles like us______
   Helpless is our Lord in heaven a-

   Where his saints his throne sur-
   A-tor, Cradled there on Christmas Day!

   Mary was that mother mild,____
   With the poor, the scorned, the lowly,
   Thus he feels for all our sadness,____

   And he leads his children on____
   Christ, revealed to faith ful eye,____

   Yet this child, our Lord and brother,____

   Jesus Christ, her little child.____
   Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
   And he shares in all our gladness.____

   To the place where he is gone.____
   Set at God's right hand on high.____
   Brought us love for one another.
1. Only-begotten, Word of God Eternal
2. Hallowed this dwelling where the Lord abideth,
3. Lord, we beseech thee, as we throng thy temple,
4. God in three Persons, Father everlasting,

Lord of creation, merciful and mighty,
This is none other than the gate of heaven;
By thy past blessings, by thy present bounty,
Son co-equal, ever-blessed Spirit,

Hear now thy servants, as their joyful
Strangers and pilgrims, seeking homes e
Smile on thy children, and with tender
Thine be the glory, praise, and adoration

voices Rise to thy presence.
ter-nal, Pass through its por-tals.
mer-cy Hear our petitions.
ation, Now and forever.
221 PANGE LINGUA

Translation:

1. Now, my tongue, the mystery telling
   Of the glorious Body sing,
   And the Blood, all price excelling,
   Which the Gentiles’ Lord and King,
   In a Virgin’s womb once dwelling,
   Shed for this world’s ransoming.

2. Given for us and condescending
   To be born for us below,
   He, with men in converse blending,
   Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
   Till he closed with wondrous ending
   His most patient life of woe.
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.

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 dwelllest aye.
Parce Domine, 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
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To his feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, for ever, Ev er - more his prais es sing.
2. Praise him for his grace and favor To our fathers in distress; Praise him still the same as ever, Slow to chide and swift to bless.
3. Father like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gently bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish; Blows the wind and it is gone. But while mortals rise and perish, God endures un - chang - ing on.
5. Angels, help us to adore him; Ye be - fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise thee ev - er - last - ing King.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glor ous 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
1. Praise to the holiest in the height, And in__ the
2. O loving wisdom 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 holiest 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!_____
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 prai-ses 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
E-gí-na cæ-li, * læ-tá-re, alle-lú-ia : Qui- a quem me- ru- ï-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
RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY

1. Ride on, ride on in majesty! Hark!
2. Ride on, ride on in majesty! In
3. Ride on, ride on in majesty! The
4. Ride on, ride on in majesty! Thy
5. Ride on, ride on in majesty! In

All the tribes hosena cry; Thy humble beast pur-
lowly pomp ride on to die; O Christ, thy triumphs
angel armies of the sky Look down with sad and
last and fiercest strife is night; The Father on his
lowly pomp ride on to die; Bow thy meek head to

sues his road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
now begin O'er captive death and conquered sin.
won'dring eyes To see th'approaching sacrifice.
sapphire throne Expects his own anointed Son.
mortal 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

O dul-cis Virgo Ma-rí-a.

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. Savior of the nations, come; Virgin's Son, make here thy home. Marvel now, both heav'n and earth, of our God Was the Word of God made flesh,  
   2. Not by human flesh and blood, By the Spirit victory won. Boundless shall thy kingdom be;  
   3. Thou, the Father's only Son, Hast o'er sin the light divinity. Let not sin o'ercloud this light;  
   4. Brightly doth thy manager shine; Glorious is its That the Lord chose such a birth. Mary's offspring, pure and fresh.  
   That the Lord chose such a birth. Mary's offspring, pure and fresh.  
   When shall we its glories see?  
   Ever shall we its glories see?  

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
1. Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright
   Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
   Holy Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace,
   Peace, peace, peace.

2. Silent night, holy night, Shepherds quake at the sight;
   Glories stream from heaven afar,
   Heav’nly hosts sing alleluia; Christ, the Savior, is born!
   Christ, Christ, is born!

3. Silent night, holy night, Son of God, love’s pure light;
   Radiant beams from thy holy face,
   With the dawn of redeeming grace, Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.
   Jesus, Jesus, is born!

Words: Joseph Mohr, 1792–1848
Tr. by John F. Young, 1820–1885
Music: Franz Gruber, 1787–1863

STILLE NACHT
Irregular
1. Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, Sing the last, the dread af-fray;
The cross, the Victor's trophy,
O'er, the, A-dam fell,
When the ate, the fruit for-bid-den
To the trait-or's art op-pos-ing
To be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
time was; He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
to be done;
He was sent, the world's Cre-a-tor,
1. Sing praise to God who reigns above, The God of all creation.
2. What God's almighty pow'r has made, His gracious mercy keep ing; By morning glow or evening shade His pow'r pro-claims A - tion, The God of pow'r, the God of love, The pow'r of our sal - va - tion; With healing balm my soul he fills, And ev 'ry faith - less mur mur stills: To God all praise and glo - ry.
3. Then all my toil - some way a - long, I sing a - loud your praise 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 in the king - dom voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be joyful in the loud the won - drous sto - ry! He reigns tri - um - phant soul of his might, Lo! all is just and Lord, my heart, Both soul and bod - y on his throne; The Lord is God, and all is right: To God all praise and glo - ry.
4. Let all who name Christ's ho - ly name Give God all praise and A - God of our sal - va - tion; With in the king - dom voice un - wea - ried rais - es; Be joyful in the loud the won - drous sto - ry! He reigns tri - um - phant soul of his might, Lo! all is just and Lord, my heart, Both soul and bod - y on his throne; The Lord is God, and all is right: 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 FREUĐEN ZART

87 87 887
1. Sing we triumphant hymns of praise
2. In wonder ing awe his faith ful band
3. O risen Christ, ascended Lord,

To greet our Lord these festive days,
Up on the Mount of Olives stand,
All praise to you let earth accord,

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Who by a road before untrod
And with the Virgin Mother see
Who are, while endless ages run,

Asceded to the throne of God,
Their Lord ascend in majesty.
With Father and with Spirit, One.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!
1. Songs of thankful-ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to thee we raise,
   Man - i - fest at Jord-an's stream, Proph - et, Priest, and King su - preme;
   Man - i - fest in mak - ing whole Pal - sied limbs and faint - ing soul;
   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 - them - s be to thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.
An - them - s be to thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest.
An - them - s 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.

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885
Music: Jakob Hintze, 1622–1702
1. Soul of my Savior, sanctify my breast;
2. Strength and protection may Thy passion be;
3. Guard and defend me from the foe malign;

Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
In death’s drear moments make me only Thine;

Blood of my Savior, bathe me in thy tide;
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,

Wash me with water flowing from his side.
So shall I never, never 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
1. Take up thy cross, the Savior said, If thou wouldst my disciple be; Take up thy cross with willing heart, And humbly follow after me.

2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spir - it with a - larm; His strength shall bear thy spir - it up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3. Take up thy cross, heed not the shame, And let thy fool - ish heart be still; The Lord for thee ac - cept - ed death to lay it down; For only those who bear the heart, And humbly follow after me.

4. Take up thy cross, then, in his strength, And calmly ev - 'ry dan - ger brave; It guides thee to a bet - ter death Up - on a cross, on Cal - v'ry's hill. home, And leads to vic - t'ry o'er the grave.

5. Take up thy cross, and follow Christ, Nor think till cross May hope to wear the glo - rious crown.
Translation can be found on the inside of the back cover, “Down in Adoration Falling.”

Words: Thomas Aquinas, 1225–1274
Music: John F. Wade, 1711–1786

ST. THOMAS

THE ADVENT OF OUR KING 249

1. The advent of our King Our prayers must now employ, And
2. The ever lasting Son In car nate deigns to be; Him-
3. O Zion’s Daughter, rise To meet thy low ly King, Nor
4. As Judge, on clouds of light, He soon will come again And
5. Before the dawning day Let sin’s dark deeds be gone, The
6. All glory to the Son, Who comes to set us free, With

we must hymns of wel come sing In strains of ho ly joy.
sel f 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.

ST. THOMAS (WILLIAMS)

SM

Adapt. by William H. Havergal, 1793–1870
1. The angel Gabriel from heaven came,— His 
2. "For know a blessed Mother you shall be,— All 
3. Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;— "To 
4. Of her, Emmanu-el, the Christ, was born— In 

Wings as drifted 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 ma id en Mar— 
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 gaztetobat zegoen; Traditional Basque Carol 
Tr. by Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924 
Music: Traditional Basque Carol
1. The Church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
2. Elect from ev'ry nation, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath union With God, the Three-in-One,

She is his new creation By water and the Word.
Her character of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the consummation Of peace for evermore,
And mystic, sweet communion With those whose rest is won.

From heav'n he came and sought her To be his holy bride;
One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,
Till with the vision glorious Her long-ing eyes are blest,
O happy ones and holy! Lord, give us grace that we

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
And to one hope she presses, With ev'ry grace en-dued.
And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and lowly, On high may dwell with thee.
1. The day of resurrec tion! Earth, tell it out a broad;
2. Our hearts be pure from evil, that we may see a right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joyful! Let earth her song begin!

The Pass over of gladness, the Pass over of God.
The Lord in ray eternal of resurrection light;
The round world keep high triumph, and all that is there in!

From death to life eternal, From earth unto the sky,
And lis'ning to his accents, May hear so calm and plain
Let all things seen and unseen their notes in gladness blend,

Our Christ hath brought us over, with hymns of victory.
His own "All hail!" and, hearing, may raise the victor strain.
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end.

Words: John of Damascus, c. 675–c. 754
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866
Music: Mainzer Gesangbuch, Mainz, 1833
THE FIRST NOËL

1. The first Noël the angels did say,
2. They looked 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 entered in those wise men three
6. Then let us all with one accord

Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
Shining in the east beyond them far,
Three wise men came from country far,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
Full present up on their knee,
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord;

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
And to the earth it gave great light,
To seek for a King was their intent,
And there it did both stop and stay,
And offered there in his presence
That hath made heav'n and earth of nought,

On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And so it continued both day and night.
And to follow the star wherever it went.
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël,
Born is the King of Israel!
1. The glory of these forty days
2. Alone and fasting Moses saw
3. So Daniel trained his mystic sight,
4. Then grant us, Lord, like them to be
5. O Father, Son, and Spirit blest,

We celebrate with songs of praise;
The loving God who gave the law;
Deliver'd from the lion's might;
Full oft in fast and prayer with thee;
To thee be every prayer adrest;

For Christ, by whom all things were made,
And to Elijah, fasting, came
And John, the Bride-groom's friend, became
Our spirits strength'en with thy grace,
Who art in three-fold Name, adored,

Himself hath fasted and hath prayed.
The steeds and chariots of flame.
The herald of Messiah's name.
And give us joy to see thy face.
From age to age the only Lord.

Words: *Clarum decus jejunii*
Tr. by Maurice F. Bell, 1862–1947
Music: Joseph Klug’s *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1543
And
Thou
In
Per
Where
The
6.
5.
4.
3.
2.
1.

King
streams
verse
death's
spread's
so
of
of
and
dark
a
through
my
living
water
flow
My

Words: Based on Ps 23
Henry W. Baker, 1821–1877
Music: Traditional Irish melody

ST. COLUMBA
CM
The Spirit of God rests upon me,
The Spirit of God consecrates me,
The Spirit of God bids me go forth to proclaim
God's peace and joy.

Chant melodies and organ accompaniments by Samuel R. Weber, O.S.B.

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
2. Death's mightiest pow'r has done their worst,
3. He closed the yawning gates of hell;
4. On the third morn he rose again,
5. Lord, by the stripes that wound thee,

Now is the Victor's triumph won;
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Glorious in majesty to reign;
From death's dread sting thy servants free,

O let the song of praise be sung:
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell:
O let us swell the joyful strain:
That we may live and sing to thee:

Al - le - lu - ia!

Words: Symphonia Sirenum 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
There is a balm in Gilead To make the wounded whole; 

There is a balm in Gilead To heal the sick soul.

1. Sometimes I feel discouraged, And_
   
2. If you cannot preach like Peter, If you
   
3. Don't ever feel discouraged, For_
   
   think my work's in vain, But then the Holy
   
   can not pray like Paul, You can tell the love of
   
   Jesus is your friend, And if you lack for

   Spirit Re vives my soul again_
   
   Jesus And say, "He died for all._
   
   knowledge, He'll not refuse 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
Like the wideness
Of the sea; There's a kindness in his justice
Of our mind, And the heart of the Eternal
Frightened sheep? Foolish hearts, why will you wander
Which is more than liberty. There is plenity
Is most wonderfully kind. If our love were
From a love so true and deep? There is welcome
ful redemption In the blood that has been shed;
but more simple We should take him at his word,
for the sinner And more graces for the good;
There is joy for all the members In the sorrows of the Head.
And our lives would be thanksgiving For the goodness of our Lord.
There is mercy with the Savior, There is healing in his blood.
260 **THIS WOMAN IN BRIGHT STARS ARRAYED**

1. This Woman in bright stars arrayed Inclines her head: "Let it be done!" She treads the serpent under-foot, And, yet a Virgin, bears a Son.
2. The mighty prophets from of old Told of her Son's most wondrous birth, Who by his pow'r did vine would come To save all nations of the earth.
3. So now let barren lands behold Their own true sacrifice To God an offering sincere.
4. O holy Mother of the Lord, Defend us from the foe, we pray, And lead us to the native land, Which God has promised us one day.
5. To God the Father, glory be, And glory to be to Mary's Son, Who, with the Spirit, rules all lands Forever while the ages run.

**Words:** Rev. Dylan Schrader, b. 1985 **Music:** *Musicalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690

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261 **’TIS GOOD, LORD, TO BE HERE**

1. ’Tis good, Lord, to be here! Thy glory fills the night; Thy face and garments, like the sun, Shine with un-borrowed light.
2. ’Tis good, Lord, to be here, Thy beauty to behold, Where Mo-ses and E-li-jah stand, Thy mes-sengers of old.
3. Ful-filler of the past! Promise of things to be! We hail thy body glorified, And our re-demp-tion see.
4. Before we taste of death, We see thy king-dom come; We long to hold the vi-sion bright, And make this hill our home.
5. ’Tis good, Lord, to be here! Yet we may not re-main; But since thou bidd'st us leave the mount, Come with us to the plain.

**Words:** Based on Lk 9:32–33 **Music:** Johann M. Speiss, 1715–1772

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**Adapt. by William A. Havergal, 1793–1870**
263 **TU ES PETRUS**

7. **T**


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-ver-e 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,

$connexion

and let Christ our God be dwell-ing here a- mong us. *Ant.*
May your face thus be our vision, bright in glory. Christ our God, with all the blessed Saints in heaven: such delight is pure and faultless, joy unbounded, which endures through countless ages world without end. Ant. A-men.

Words: Latin office hymn
Music: Chant, Mode VI
VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

1. Veni, Creator spiritus, Mentes tuorum
2. Qui dicens Patribus, Altissimi dones
3. Tu septimis munere, Dignatus Parentæ
4. Accende lumensensibus, Inunde a mórem
5. Hostem repellas longius, Paçem que dones
6. Per te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque
7. Deo Patris sit glória, Et Filio quia

1. ví si ta: Implesuper na grá ti a Quæ
2. num De i, Fons vivus, ignis, cáritas, Et
3. déxteræ, Turite promissum Tris, Ser-
4. córdibus, Infirmae nostriscóris Vir-
5. prótibus; Ducere sic te prævi o, Vi-
6. Filium, Teque ut armaque Spiritum Cre-
7. mórtuis, Sur réxit, ac Patracito, In

1. tu créásti péc tora. (7) A-men.
2. spirális únti o.
3. mó ne di tans gút tu ra.
4. túte firmans pér pe ti.
5. témus omnénóxi um.
6. dámus omnitetm po re.
7. sæcule rum sæcula.

See hymn #111 for translation.

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

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS
LM
VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS

Ve- ni pa- ter páupe-rum Ve-ni da- tor mú- ne-rum, Ve-ni lumen cór- di- um. Con-
so-lá- tor ó-ptime, Dulcis hospes á-nimæ, Dulce refri-gé- ri- um. In labó-re réqui-
cordis íntima Tu- ó-rum fi-dé- li- um. Síne tu- o númi-ne, Ni-hil est in hómine,
Ni- hil est innó- xi- um. La- va quod est sórdi-dum, Riغاز quod est á- ri-dum, Sa-
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.

See p. 185 for translation.

Words: Sequence for Pentecost; attr. to Pope Innocent III, 1161–1216
Music: Chant, Mode I

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS 267
VICTIMÆ PASCHALI LAUDES

Seq. 1.

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. Die nobis Mar-i- 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- lá- am. Scimus Christum surrex-ísse a mórtu- is ve-re: Tu nobis, vi- ctor


See p. 161 for translation.

Words: Sequence for Easter; Wipo of Burgundy, c. 1000–c. 1050
Music: Chant, Mode I
1. "Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing."
2. Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing;
3. Now let all the heav'n's 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 thril - 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 virgins wise?
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.
Je - ear with sus, hath glad God's own - ness own - er take! Son, caught,
Hail! Such le Ho - great lu - san - gah! - --- ---
There - bri - joy fore - dal - ful will - care - thy - selves an - ter
pre - sive to all - ly Tire - and - 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
1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,
   Field and fountain, bring to crown him again; King forever,
   owners a Deity nigh; Prayer and praising,
   life of gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing,
   God, and Sacrifice, Heav'n sings Alleluia,
   moor and mountain, Following yonder star.
   ceasing never O'er us all to reign.
   all men raising, Worship him, God on high.
   bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
   Lu-ia: Alleluia the earth replies.

   O, star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright,
   Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light!

   Words: John H. Hopkins, Jr., 1820–1891; Based on Mt 2:1–11
   Music: John H. Hopkins, Jr.
1. Were you there when they crucified 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?

(1-4.) Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble!

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

WERE YOU THERE?
1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Mary's lap is sleeping? Whom angels greet with an - thems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep - ing?

2. Why lies he in such mean estate Where ox and ass are feeding? Good Christian, fear, for sin - ners here The silent Word is pleading.

3. So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh, Come, to own him; The King of kings shall keep - ing? While shepherds watch for vacation bring, Let loving hearts en - throne him.

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing! Raise, raise the song on high, The Virgin 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.
1. What star is this, with beams so bright, More lovely than the noon-day light? 'Tis sent to announce a new-born King, Glad tidings of our God to bring.

2. 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed, "From Jacob shall a star proceed;" And lo! the eastern sa'ges stand To read in heav'n the Lord's command. hearts refuse The guidance of thy light to use.

3. O Jesus, while the star of grace Impels us on to seek thy face, Let not our slothful minds stand in earthly night, To God the Holy King, To read in heav'n the Lord's command.

4. To God almighty, heavenly Light; To Christ, revealed in earthly night, To God the Holy King, To read in heav'n the Lord's command.

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
1. What wondrous 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 wondrous 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 wondrous 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 andjoy-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.
1. When I survey the wondrous 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 nature mine,

On which the Prince of glory died,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
Sorrow and love flow mingle down!
That were a present far too small:

My richest gain I count but loss,
All the vain things that charm me most,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Love so amazing, so divine,

And pour contempt on all my pride.
I sacrifice them to his blood.
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Music: Lowell Mason, 1792–1872
YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

REFRAIN
Al le lu ia, al le lu ia, al le lu ia!

VERSES
1. Ye sons and daughters, let us sing
2. That Easter morn, at break of day,
3. An angel clad in white they see,
The King of heav'n, the glorious King,
The faithful women went their way
Who sat and spoke unto the three:
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.

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

Words: Jean Tisserand, d. 1494
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
Music: Chant, Mode II

O FILII ET FILIAE
888 with Alleluias
1. Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
2. O higher than the cherubim,
3. Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
4. O friends, in gladness let us sing,

Bright seraphs, cherubim, and thrones,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Supernal anthems echoing,

Raise the glad strain, alleluia!
Lead their praises, alleluia!
Al-le-lu-ia, alleluia!
Al-le-lu-ia, alleluia!

Cry out, dominions, prince doms, pow'rs,
Thou bearer of th' eternal Word,
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
To God the Father, God the Son,

Vir tues, archangels, angels' choirs,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
All saints triumphant, raise the song:
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

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: J. Athelstan Riley, 1858–1947, alt.
Music: Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Cologne, 1623

LASST UNS ERFREUEN
88 88 with Refrain