

Liber Hymnarius:
An English Adaptation

II Novembris MMXII

DEUS CREATOR OMNIUM

WEEKS I AND III, SUNDAY, I VESPERS

St Ambrose (340-397), trans. F.A. Wright, alt.

H.VIII

God at the first didst make all things , He even now the heav'ns
 sustains, and gently robes the day with light and graciously with sleep the
 night.

2. Day sinks; we thank Thee for thy gift,
 night comes; to Thee again we lift
 our prayers and vows and hymns, that we
 against all ills defended be.

3. That so, when shadows round us creep
 and all is hid in darkness deep,
 faith may not feel the gloom; and night
 borrow from faith's clear gleam new light.

4. From snares of sense, Lord, keep us free
 and let our hearts dream but of Thee.
 Let not the envious foe draw near
 to vex our quiet rest with fear.

5. Hail we the Father and the Son
 and Son's and Father's Spirit, one
 blest Trinity whom all obey;
 guard Thou the souls that to Thee pray.

A - men.

AETERNE RERUM CONDITOR

WEEKS I AND III, SUNDAY, LAUDS

St Ambrose (340-397), trans. W.J. Copeland

H.I
Maker of all, e-ternal King, who day and night about dost bring:
 who weary mortals to relieve, dost in their times the seasons give:

2. Now the shrill cock proclaims the day,
 and calls the sun's awakening ray,
 the wandering pilgrim' guiding light,
 that marks the watches night by night.

3. Roused at the note, the morning star
 heaven's dusky veil uplifts afar:
 night's vagrant bands no longer roam,
 but from their dark ways hie them home.

4. The encouraged sailor's fears are o'er,
 the foaming billows rage no more:
 Lo! e'en the very Church's Rock
 melts at the crowing of the cock.

5. O let us then like men arise;
 the cock rebukes our slumbering eyes,
 bestirs who still in sleep would lie,
 and shames who would their Lord deny.

6. New hope his clarion note awakes,
 sickness the feeble frame forsakes,
 the robber sheathes his lawless sword,
 faith to fallen is restored.

7. Look in us, Jesu, when we fall,
 and with Thy look our souls recall:
 if Thou but look, our sins are gone,
 and with due tears our pardon won.

8. Shed through our hearts Thy piercing
 ray,
 our soul's dull slumber drive away:
 Thy Name be first on every tongue,
 to Thee our earliest praises sung.

9. All laud to God the Father be;
 all praise, Eternal Son, to Thee;
 all glory, as is ever meet,
 to God the Holy Paraclete. Amen.

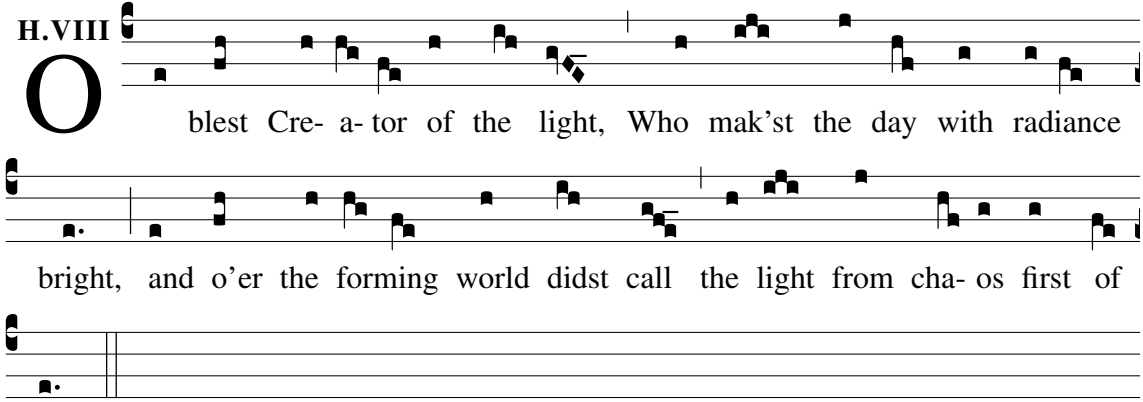
A - men.

LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME

WEEKS I AND III, SUNDAY, II VESPERS

Att. Pope St Gregory the Great (540-604), trans. J.M. Neale

H.VIII



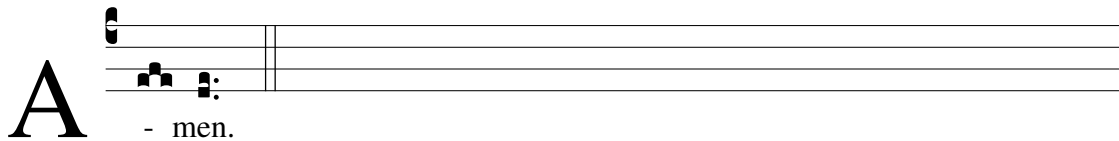
O blest Cre- a- tor of the light, Who mak'st the day with radiance
bright, and o'er the forming world didst call the light from cha- os first of
all;

2. Whose wisdom joined in meet array
the morn and eve, and named them Day:
night comes with all its darkling fears;
regard Thy people's prayers and tears.

3. Lest, sunk in sin, and whelmed with stri-
fe,
they lose the gift of endless life;
while thinking but the thoughts of time,
they weave new chains of woe and crime.

4. But grant them grace that they may strain
the heavenly gate and prize to gain:
each harmful lure aside to cast,
and purge away each error past.

5. O Father, that we ask be done,
through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
doth live and reign eternally. Amen.



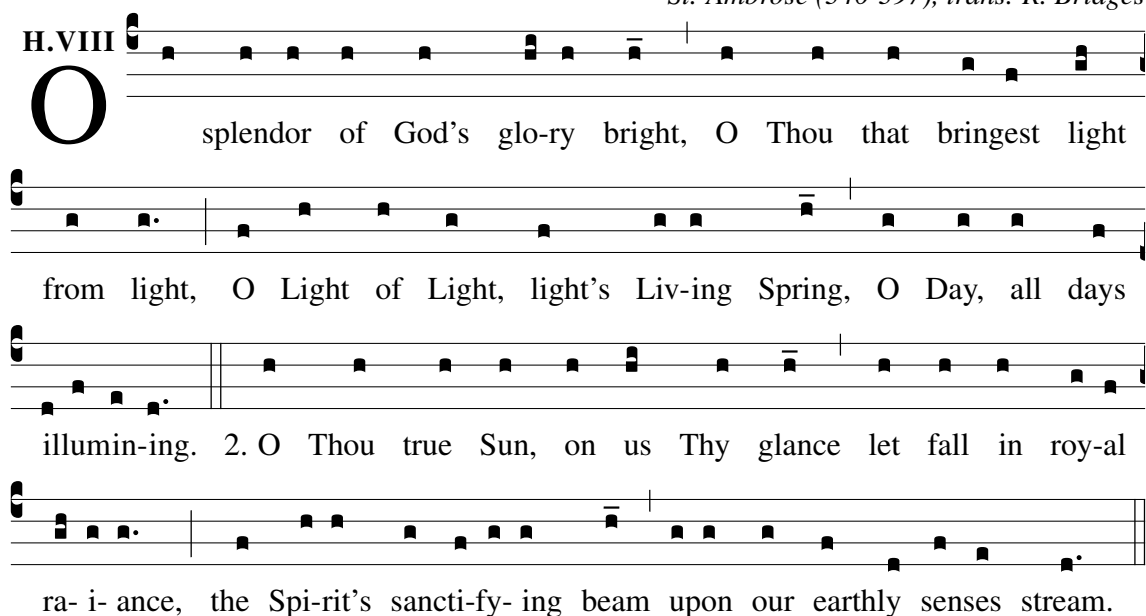
A - men.

SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE

WEEKS I AND III, MONDAY, LAUDS

St. Ambrose (340-397), trans. R. Bridges

H.VIII



O splendor of God's glo-ry bright, O Thou that bringest light
from light, O Light of Light, light's Liv-ing Spring, O Day, all days
illumin-ing. 2. O Thou true Sun, on us Thy glance let fall in roy-al
ra-i-ance, the Spi-rit's sancti-fy-ing beam upon our earthly senses stream.

3. The Father too our prayers implore,
Father of glory evermore,
the Father of all grace and might,
to banish sin from our delight:

4. To guide whate'er we nobly do,
with love all envy to subdue,
to make ill-fortune turn to fair,
and give us grace our wrongs to bear.

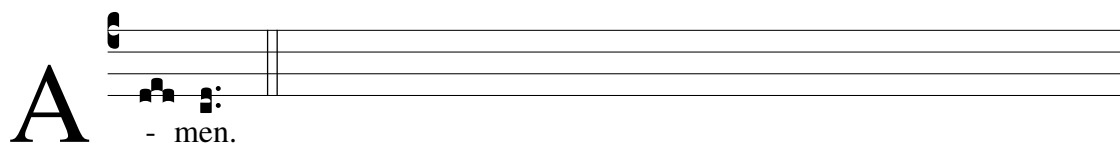
5. Our mind be in His keeping placed,
our body true to Him and chaste,
where only faith her fire shall feed
to burn the tares of Satan's seed.

6. And Christ to us for food shall be,
from Him our drink that wellethe free,
the Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,
and mocking not, exalts the soul.

7. Rejoicing may this day go hence,
like virgin dawn our innocence,
like fiery noon our faith appear,
nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

8. Morn in her rosy car is borne:
let Him come forth our Perfect Morn,
the Word in God the Father One,
the Father perfect in the Son. Amen.

A



- men.

IMMENSE CAELI CONDITOR

WEEKS I AND III, MONDAY, VESPERS

Att. to Pope St Gregory the Great (540-604), trans. J.M. Neale

H.D
O great Cre-a-tor of the sky,- Who wouldest not the floods on high
 with earthly wa-ter to confound, but mad'st the firmament their bound;

2. The floods above Thou didst ordain;
 the floods below Thou didst restrain:
 that moisture might attemper heat,
 lest the parched earth should ruin meet.

3. Upon our souls, good Lord, bestow
 Thy gift of grace in endless flow:
 lest some renewed deceit or wile
 of former sin should us beguile.

4. Let faith discover heavenly light;
 so shall its rays direct us right:
 and let this faith each error chase,
 and never give to falsehood place.

5. Grant this, O Father, ever One
 with Christ, Thy sole-begotten Son,
 and Holy Ghost, whom all adore,
 reigning and blest forevermore.

A - men.

TELLURIS INGENS CONDITOR

WEEKS I AND III, TUESDAY, VESPERS

Att. to Pope St Gregory the Great (540-604), trans. Anon.

H.D

E arth's mighty Maker whose command raised from the sea the so-lid
land; and drove each bill'wy heap away,- and bade the earth stand firm

always:

2. That so, with flowers of golden hue,
the seeds of each it might renew;
and fruit-trees bearing fruit might yield,
and pleasant pasture of the field:

3. Our spirit's rankling wounds efface
with dewy freshness of Thy grace:
that grief may cleanse each deed of ill,
and o'er each lust may triumph still.

4. Let every soul Thy law obey,
and keep from every evil way;
rejoice each promised good to win,
and flee from every mortal sin.

5. Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
hear Thou our praises, while we sing,
adoring with the heavenly host,
the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

A - men.

SOL ECCE SURGIT

WEEKS I AND III, THURSDAY, LAUDS

Prudentius (348-413), trans. W.J. Courthope

H. VIII 

S ee the golden sun a-rise! Let no more our darkened eyes snare us,

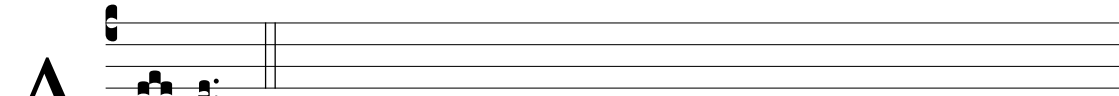

tangled by surprise In the maze of sin!

2. From false words and thoughts impure
 let this Light, serene and sure,
 keep our lips without secure,
 keep our souls within.

3. So may we the daytime spend,
 that, till life's temptations end,
 tongue, nor hand, nor eye offend!
 One, above us all,

4. Views in His revealing ray
 all we do, and think, and say,
 watching us from break of day
 till the twilight fall.

5. Unto God the Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 One in Three, be glory done,
 now and evermore.

A 

- men.