

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

The contents of this small hymnal and songbook contain the elements of singing in various genres of music fit for any Catholic institution; Gregorian chant, hymns, patriotic and folk songs and rounds. One might even call it a ‘Field Book of Music’. It is the most condensed collection of hymns and songs that I have been singing and teaching others to sing throughout my career as a professional musician employed by Catholic institutions.

Everything included is entirely in the public domain and has stood the test of time. The text of the hymns are maintained in archaic second person singular form (thee, thy, thou, thine, etc.). All Latin chants and hymns are accompanied by English translations. A choral/chordal edition will also be made available.

With the technological progress in POD (print on demand), I am making this collection available as is, or with the name of your institution on a custom cover. The design and subtitle will be maintained for each and every edition.

Singing is so basic to human nature that everyone should to take it upon themselves to enter into song alone and together with others. Children need to sing as soon as they are able and continue to do so throughout their entire lives. Rounds are the perfect way to introduce singing in polyphonic form.

As we are exhorted in the book of Ephesians, “Sing and make melody in your hearts to the Lord.”

In JMJ,

Francis Koerber, *publisher*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

KYRIALE

<i>Lex Et Origo</i> (Mass I)	1	<i>Orbis Factor</i> (Mass XI)	8
<i>Kyrie.</i>	1	<i>Kyrie.</i>	8
<i>Gloria</i>	1	<i>Gloria</i>	8
<i>Sanctus</i>	2	<i>Sanctus</i>	9
<i>Agnus</i>	2	<i>Agnus</i>	9
<i>Cunctipotens Génitor Déus</i> (Mass IV)	2	Sundays Of Advent	
<i>Kyrie.</i>	2	<i>Kyrie.</i>	10
<i>Gloria</i>	2	Sundays Of Lent	
<i>Sanctus</i>	3	<i>Kyrie.</i>	10
<i>Agnus</i>	4	Sundays Of Advent & Lent	
<i>De Angelis</i> (Mass VIII)	4	<i>Sanctus</i>	10
<i>Kyrie.</i>	4	<i>Agnus</i>	10
<i>Gloria</i>	4	<i>Kyrie XVI</i>	11
<i>Sanctus</i>	5	<i>Kyrie XVIII</i>	11
<i>Agnus</i>	6	<i>Credo III.</i>	11
<i>Cum Jubílo</i> ((Mass IX)	6	<i>Credo</i> (Ambrosian)	13
<i>Kyrie.</i>	6		
<i>Gloria</i>	6		
<i>Sanctus</i>	7		
<i>Agnus</i>	8		

HYMNS & ANTIPHONS

<i>Adóro Te Devóte</i>	15	MODE 5
Alas And Did My Savior Bleed	16	.MY SAVIOR
Alleluia, Sing To Jesus	17	HYFRODOL
All Creatures Of Our God And King	17	.LASST UNS ERFREUEN
All My Heart This Night Rejoices	18	.WARUM SOLLT ICH
All People That On Earth Do Dwell	19	OLD HUNDRETH
<i>Alleluia Lapis Revolutus</i>	20	MODE 8
<i>Alma Redemptoris Mater</i>	20	MODE 5
America, The Beautiful.	21	MATERNA
<i>Angelus Domini Nuntiavit.</i>	22	
Angels We Have Heard On High	23	GLORIA
<i>Anima Christi</i>	23	MODE 8
As With Gladness Men Of Old	24	DIX
At The Cross Her Station Keeping	25	.STABAT MATER
<i>Stabat Mater</i>		
At The Lamb’s High Feast We Sing.	27	.SALZBURG
<i>Attende Domine</i>	27	MODE 5
<i>Ave Maria.</i>	28	MODE 1
<i>Ave Verum</i>	29	MODE 6
Battle Hymn Of The Republic	29	.BATTLE HYMN
Be Joyful Mary	30	.REGINA CAELI
<i>Benedicam Dominum</i>	30	MODE 6
Bethlehem Of Noblest Cities.	31	STUTTART
Christ The Lord Is Risen Today	31	.EASTER HYMN
Christ The Lord Is Risen Today	32	VICTIMAE PASCHALI
Come Holy Ghost	32	.LAMBILLOTTE
Come Thou Almighty King	33	MOSCOW
Come Thou Long Expected Jesus	33	STUTTART
Come Ye Thankful People Come	34	ST GEORGES WINDSOR
Comfort Comfort Ye My People	34	GENEVAN 42
<i>Conditor Alme Siderum</i>	35	MODE 4
Creator Of The Stars At Night		
<i>Corde Natus</i>	36	.DIVINIUM MYSTERIUM
Of The Fathers Love Begotten		
Crown Him With Many Crowns.	37	DIADEMATA
Dear Angel Ever At My Side	38	ST ANN
Draw Nigh And Take The Body Of The Lord.	38	COENA DOMINI
<i>Dulcis Iesu Memoria</i>	39	MODE 1
Jesu, The Very Thought Is Sweet		
Faith Of Our Fathers	40	.ST CATHERINE
Firmly I Believe And Truly	40	DRAKES BROUGHTON

The First Noel	41	THE FIRST NOEL
For The Beauty Of The Earth	42	DIX
Forty Days And Forty Nights	42	HEINLEIN
Glory Be To Jesus	43	CASWALL
The Glory Of These Forty Days	43	ERHAULT UNS HERR
God Of Our Fathers	44	NATIONAL HYMN
Hail Holy Queen Enthroned Above	44	SAIVE REGINA COELITUM
Hark The Herald Angels Sing	45	MEDELSSOHN
Have Mercy Lord On Us	46	SOUTHWELL
Holy God We Praise Thy Name	46	GROSSER GOTT
Holy Holy Holy	47	NICEA
I'll Sing A Hymn To Mary	47	AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE
Immaculate Mary	48	LOURDES
The King Of Love My Shepherd Is	49	ST COLUMBA
Jerusalem My Happy Home	49	LAND OF REST
Jesus Christ Is Risen Today	50	EASTER HYMN
Jesus My Lord My God My All	50	SWEET SACRAMENT
Joy To The World	51	ANTIOCH
Let All Mortal Flesh	51	PICARDY
Lift Up Your Heads Ye Mighty Gates	52	TRURO
Lo How A Rose 'Er Blooming	52	EIN IST ER ROS
Lord Who Throughout These Forty Days	53	ST FLAVIAN
Love Divine All Loves Excelling	53	HYFRODOL
<i>Misericordia Domini</i>	54	MODE 5
My Country Tis Of Thee	54	AMERICA
My Shepherd Will Supply My Need	55	RESIGNATION
Now Thank We All Our God	55	NUN DANKET
<i>Noël Nouvelet</i>	56	NOEL NOUVELET
O Come All Ye Faithful / <i>Adeste Fideles</i>	57	ADESTE FIDELES
O Come Divine Messiah	58	VENEZ DIVIN MESSIE
O Come O Come Emmanuel	58	VENI EMMANUEL
O God Of Lovliness	59	CRUSADERS HYMN
O Jesus We Adore Thee	60	FULDA
O Lord I Am Not Worthy	60	AULE
O Mary Of Graces	61	SIOBAN NI LAOGHAIRE
O Queen Of The Holy Rosary	61	ELLACOMBE
O Sacred Head Surrounded	62	PASSION CHORALE
<i>O Salutaris Hostia</i> / O Saving Victim	63	WERNER / ABBE DEUGET
<i>O Sanctissima</i>	63	SICILIAN MARINERS
O Most Holy One	64	SICILIAN MARINERS
O Sons And Daughters	64	O FILII ET FILIAE

O Thou Immortal Holy Light	65	TALLIS CANON
On Jordans Bank	65	WINCHESTER NEW
Once In Royal Davids City	66	IRBY
<i>Pange Lingua</i>	67	SACRIS SOLEMNIS
<i>Panis Angelicus</i>	68	SACRIS SOLEMNIS
<i>Parce Domine</i>	68	ANTIPHON I
Praise God From Whom All Blessing Flow	69	OLD HUNDRETH
Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven	69	LAUDA ANIMA
Praise The Lord Ye Heavens Adore Him	70	AUSTRIA
Praise To The Lord The Almighty	70	LOBE DEN HERREN
<i>Puer Natus</i>	71	MODE I
<i>Regina Caeli</i>	72	ANTIPHON 6
<i>Resonet In Laudibus</i>	72	MODE 5
<i>Salve Regina</i> (Simple Tone)	73	ANTIPHON 5
Savior Of The Nations Come	74	NUN KOMM DERHEIDEN HEILAND
Silent Night	74	STILLE NACHT
Sing Praise To God Who Reigns Above	75	MIT FREUDEN ZART
Songs Of Thankfulness And Praise	75	ST EDMUND
Soul Of My Savior	76	ANIMA CHRISTI / DIBICI
<i>Sub Tuum Praesidium</i>	77	ANTIPHON 7
Stars Of The Morning	77	SLANE
The Star Spangled Banner	78	NATIONAL ANTHEM
<i>Stella Caeli Exsternavit</i>	79	MODE 1
That Eastertide With Joy Was Bright	79	PUER NOBIS NASCITUR
The Strife Is Oer	80	VICTORY
<i>Tantum Ergo</i> / Down In Adoration Falling	80	ST THOMAS
What Child Is This	81	GREENSLEEVES
<i>Victimae Paschalis</i>	82	SEQUENCE I
Christians To The Paschal Victim			
What Wondrous Love Is This	83	WONDROUS LOVE
When Morning Gilds The Sky	84	LAUDES DOMINI
Ye Watchers And Ye Holy Ones	85	LASST UNS ERFREUEN

FOLK SONGS & ROUNDS

Wayfaring Stranger	86
Swing Low Sweet Chariot	87
O My Brother	87
Shenandoah	88
Hold The Fort	88
Clementine	88
Home On The Range	89

Down In The Valley	90
Buffalo Gal	90
Johshua Fit The Battle Of Jericho	91
Camptown Races	91
Oh Susanna	92
Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child	93
Yankee Doodle	93
April Showers	94
Riddle Song	94
Michael Row The Boat Ashore	94
Swanee River	95
Ive Been Workin On The Railroad	96
Aint That Good News.	97
Go Down Moses	97
Deep River	98
Nobody Knows	98
Go Tell It On The Mountain	99
Peter Go Ring Dem Bells	100
Dixie Land	101

In this PREVIEW edition, please note that musical rounds will be added to the Folk Songs & Rounds section in Alphabetical order.

KYRIALE

LEX ET ORIGO (PASCHAL TIME)

MASS I

KYRIE

8

K Y- ri- e *e- lé- i- son. *ijj.* Chri-ste e- lé- i- son. *ijj.*

Ký- ri- e e- lé- i- son. *ij.* Ký- ri- e *e- lé- i- son.

GLORIA

4

G Ló- ri- a in ex-cél-sis Dé- o. Et in tér- ra pax ho- mí-ni-bus bónæ

voluntá- tis. Laudá-mus te. Be-ne-dí- ci- mus te. A-do-rá-mus te. Glori- fí- cá-

mus te. Grá-ti- as á- gi-mus tí- bi propter má-gnam gló- ri-am tú- am. Dó- mi-

ne Dé-us, Rex cæ- lé- stis, Dé- us Pá- ter omní- potens. Dó-mine Fí- li- u- ni-gé-

ni-te Jé- su Chri-ste. Dó- mine Dé-us, A- gnus Dé- i, Fí- li- us Pá- tris.

Qui tól-lis pec-cá- ta mún-di, mi-se- ré- re nó- bis. Qui tól-lis pec-cá- ta mún-di,

sú-sci-pe depre-ca- ti- ó- nem nó- tram. Qui sé-des ad délix- teram Pá- tris, mi-se- ré- re

nó- bis. Quóniam tu só-lus sánctus. Tu só-lus Dó- minus. Tu só-lus Al- tís- simus,

Jé- su Chri-ste. Cum Sáncto Spí- ri- tu, in gló- ri- a Dé- i Pá- tris. A- men.

S ⁴ **SANCTUS**
 Anctus, * Sántus, Sántus Dóminus Dé-us Sá-ba-oth. Plé-ni sunt cæ-
 li et tér-ra gló-ri-a tú-a. Hosánna in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-díctus
 qui vé-nit in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sánna in ex-cél-sis.

A ⁴ **AGNUS**
 -gnus Dé-i, * qui tól-lis peccá-ta mún-di: mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. *ij.*
 A-gnus Dé-i, * qui tól-lis peccá-ta mún-di: dó-na nó-bis pá-cem.

CUNCTÍPOTENS GÉNITOR DÉUS (ORDINARY FEAST)

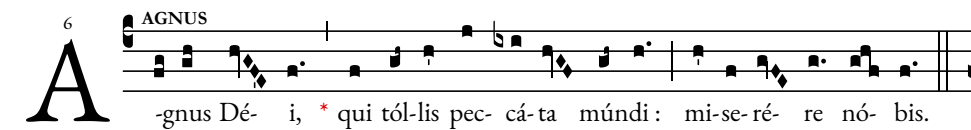
MASS IV

K ¹ **KYRIE**
 Y-ri-e * e-lé-i-son. *ij.* Chrí-ste e-lé-i-son. *ij.*
 Ký-ri-e e-lé-i-son. *ij.* Ký-ri-e * ** e-lé-i-son.

G ⁴ **GLORIA**
 Ló-ri-a in excélsis Dé-o. Et in tér-ra pax ho-mí-ni-bus bó-næ
 voluntá-tis. Laudá-mus te. Bene-dí-cimus te. A-do-rá-mus te.

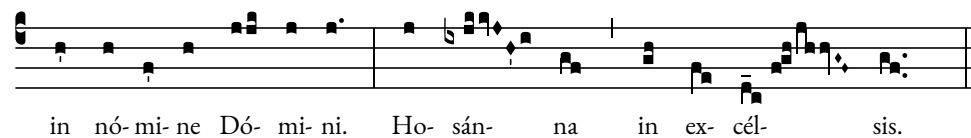
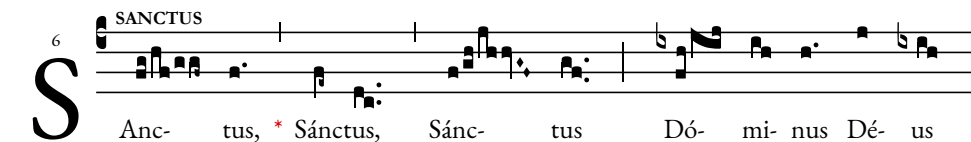
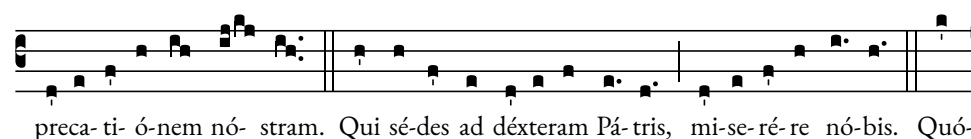
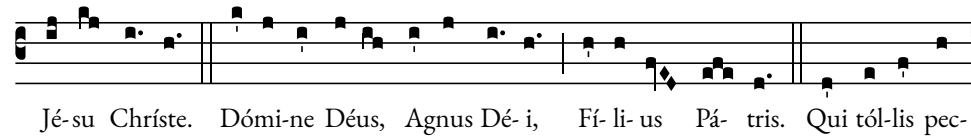
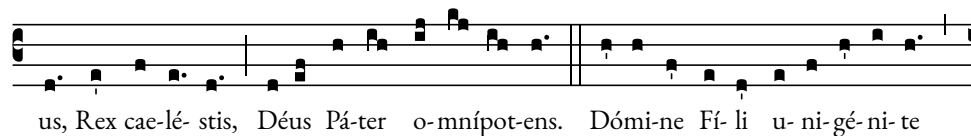
Glori-fi-cá-mus te. Grá-ti-as á-gimus tí-bi propter má-gnam gló-ri-am tú-am.
 Dómine Déus, Rex cæ-léstis, Dé-us Pá-ter omní-potens. Dómine Fí-li u-ni-
 gé-ni-te Jé-su Chrí-ste. Dómine Déus, Agnus Dé-i, Fí-li-us
 Pá-tris. Qui tóllis peccá-ta mún-di, mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. Qui tóllis peccá-ta
 mún-di, sú-scipe depre-ca-ti-ónem nó-stram. Qui sé-des ad dexteram Pá-tris,
 mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. Quóni-am tu só-lus sántus. Tu só-lus Dóminus.
 Tu só-lus Altís-simus, Jé-su Chrí-ste. Cum Sán-cto Spí-ri-tu,
 in gló-ri-a Dé-i Pá-tris. A-men.

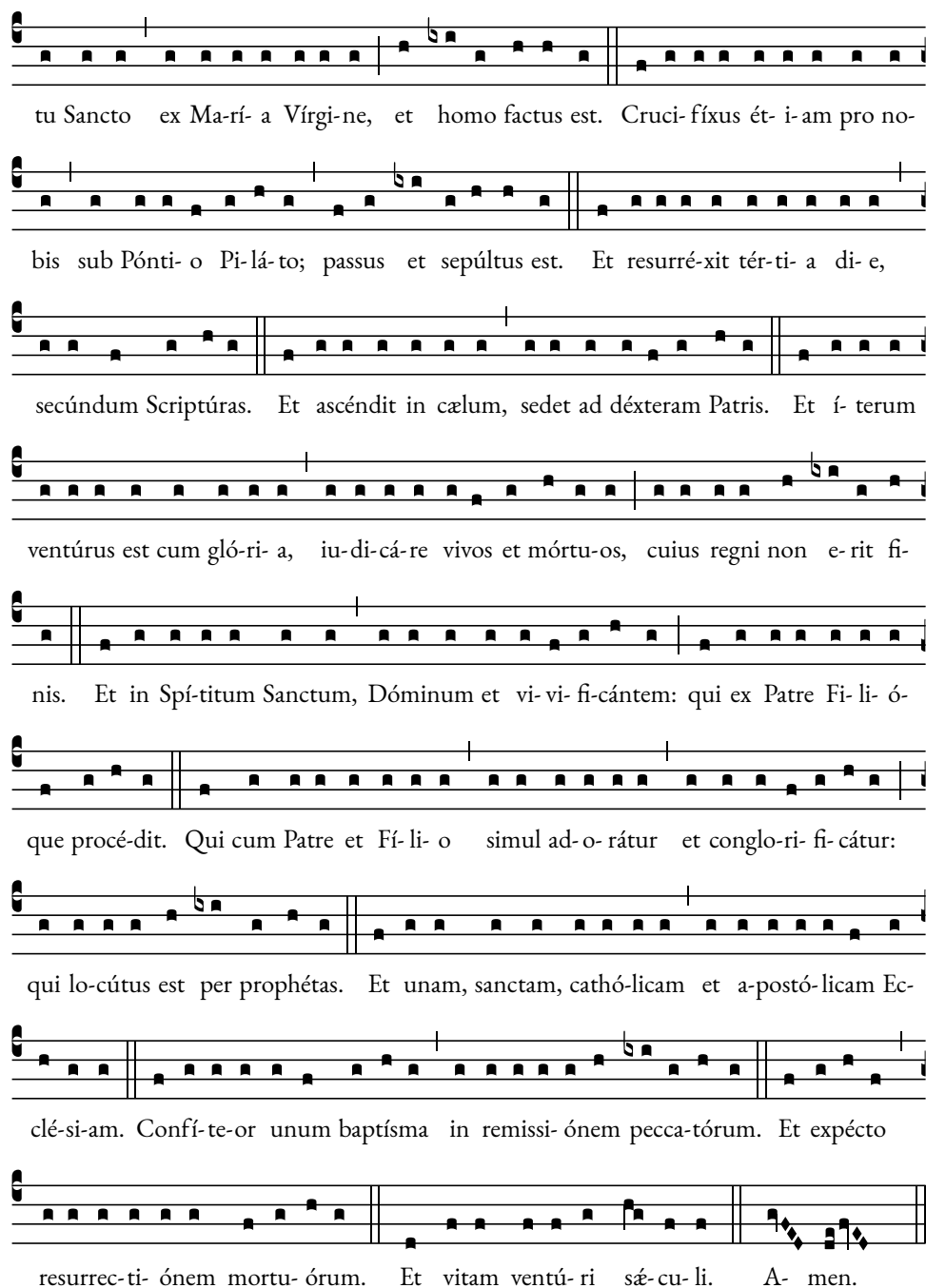
S ⁸ **SANCTUS**
 An-ctus, * Sántus, Sán-ctus Dóminus Déus Sá-ba-oth. Plé-ni sunt
 cæ-li et tér-ra gló-ri-a tú-a. Ho-sánna in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-díctus



DE ANGELIS (SECOND CLASS FEASTS)

MASS VIII





tu Sancto ex Ma-rí-a Vírgi-ne, et homo factus est. Cruci-fíxus ét-i-am pro no-
bis sub Pónti-o Pi-lá-to; passus et sepúltus est. Et resurré-xit tér-ti-a di-e,
secúndum Scriptúras. Et ascéndit in cælum, sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et í-terum
ventúrus est cum gló-ri-a, iu-di-cá-re vivos et mórtu-os, cuius regni non e-rit fi-
nis. Et in Spí-titum Sanctum, Dóminum et vi-vi-fi-cántem: qui ex Patre Fi-li-ó-
que procé-dit. Qui cum Patre et Fí-li-o simul ad-o-rátur et conglo-ri-fi-cátur:
qui lo-cútus est per prophé-tas. Et unam, sanctam, cathó-licam et a-postó-licam Ec-
clé-si-am. Confí-te-or unum baptísma in remissi-ónem pecca-tórum. Et expécto
resurrec-ti-ónem mortu-órum. Et vitam ventú-ri sǽ-cu-li. A-men.

HYMNS & ANTIPHONS

ADÓRO TE DEVÓTE

MODE 5

Hymn
5
A D-ó-ro te de-vó-te, látens Dé-i-tas, Quae sub his fi-gú-ris ve-re lá-
Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore, Masked by these bare shadows, shape and
ti-tas: Tí-bi se cor méum tótum sú-bjicit, Quia te contémp-lans, tótum dé-fi-cit.
nothing more; See, Lord, at your service low a heart lies here Lost, all lost in wonder at the God so near.
2. Vísus, táctus, gústus in te fál-li-tur, Sed au-dí-tu só-lo tú-to cré-di-tur: Crédo
Seeing, touching, tasting are in you deceived; "How," says trusty bearing? That shall be believed; What God's
quídquid dí-xit Dé-i Fí-li-us: Nil hoc vérbo ve-ri-tá-tis vé-ri-us.
Son has told me, take for truth I do; Truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.
3. In Crúce la-té-bat só-la Dé-i-tas. At hic lá-tet si-mul et humáni-tas: Ambo
On the Cross lay hidden but your Deity; Here is also hidden your Humanity:
tamen crédens, atque cónfi-tens, Pé-to quod pe-tí-vit lá-tro paénitens.
Both are my confession, both are my belief, And I pray the pray'r made by the dying thief.
4. Plá-gas, si-cut Thó-mas, non in-tú-e-or, Dé-um tamen méum te confí-te-or: Fac me
I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see, But can plainly call you Lord and God as he: This faith each
tí-bi semper magis cré-de-re, In te spem ha-bé-re, te di-lí-ge-re.
day deeper be my holding of, Give me hope unfailing, and unceasing love.
5. O memo-ri-á-le mórtis Dó-mi-ni, Pá-nis vivus ví-tam praéstans hó-mi-ni: Prae-sta
O most sweet Reminder of Christ crucified, Living Bread, the life of all for whom he died, Lend this

méae mén-ti de te ví-ve-re, Et te íl-li semper dúlce sá-pe-re.
life to me then: feed and feast my mind, There you are the Sweetness we were meant to find.

6. Pí-e pel-li-cá-ne Jé-su Dómine, Me immúndum múnda tú-o Sánguine: Cú-
Pelican of mercy, Jesus, Lord and God, Cleanse me, though a sinner, in your Precious Blood;

jus ú-na stíl-la sálvum fá-ce-re Tótum mún-dum quit ab ómni scé-le-re.
Make me spotless, Jesus, by your Blood alone, That for all the world's sin can one drop atone.

7. Jé-su, quem ve-látum nunc a-spí-ci-o, O-ro, fí-at íl-lud, quod tam sí-ti-o, Ut,
Jesus, whom I gaze at shrouded here below, I beseech you send me what I thirst for so,

te re-ve-lá-ta cérnens fá-ci-e, Ví-su sim be-á-tus tú-ae gló-ri-ae. A-men.
Some day to behold you face to face in light And be blest for ever with your glory's sight. Amen.

ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

MY SAVIOR

A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed and did my Sov - reign die? Would
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a sin - ner as I?

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a sinner as I?

2. Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine,
 And bathed in its own blood,
 While all exposed to wrath divine,
 The glorious Sufferer stood!

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
 For man the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give my self away
 'Tis all that I can do.

ALLELUIA, SING TO JESUS

HYFRODOL

Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - ter, His the throne.
 Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood.

Je - sus out of eve - ry na - tion Has re deemed us by His blood.

1. Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 His the scepter, His the throne.
 Alleluia! His the triumph,
 His the victory alone.
 Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
 Thunder like a mighty flood.
 Jesus out of every nation
 Has redeemed us by His blood.

2. Alleluia! not as orphans
 Are we left in sorrow now;
 Alleluia! He is near us,
 Faith believes, nor questions how;
 Though the cloud from sight received Him
 When the forty days were o'er
 Shall our hearts forget His promise,
 "I am with you evermore"?

3. Alleluia! bread of angels,
 Thou on earth our food, our stay;
 Alleluia! here the sinful
 Flee to Thee from day to day:
 Intercessor, friend of sinners,
 Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
 Where the songs of all the sinless
 Sweep across the crystal sea.

4. Alleluia! King eternal,
 Thee the Lord of lords we own;
 Alleluia! born of Mary,
 Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy throne:
 Thou within the veil hast entered,
 Robed in flesh our great high priest;
 Thou on earth both priest and victim
 In the Eucharistic feast.

ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

All crea - tures of our God and King. Lift up your voice and with us sing, O - praise Him! Al - le
 lu - ia! Thou burn ing sun with gold - en beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam! O -
 praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! O - praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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

Thou silver moon with softer gleam! TO REF

REFRAIN

O praise Him! Alleluia!
 O praise Him! Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong
Ye clouds that sail in Heav'n along,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou rising moon, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice! TO REF

3. Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light. TO REF

4. And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye! Alleluia!

Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care! TO REF

5. And thou most kind and gentle death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod. TO REF

6. Let all things their creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him! Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One! TO REF

ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES

WARUM SOLLT ICH



1. All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere,
Now their joy is ringing.

2. For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He sendeth.

3. Yea, so truly for us careth,
That His Son, all we've done,
As our off'ring beareth;
As our Lamb who, dying for us,
Bears our load, and to God,
Doeth in peace restore us.

4. Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

5. Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

6. Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain or loss
Can again betide you.

7. Hither come, ye poor and wretched:
Know His will is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget all regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

8. Blessèd Savior, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

9. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish;
Live to Thee and with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

10. Forth today the Conqueror goeth,
Who the foe, sin and woe,
Death and hell, o'erthroweth.
God is man, man to deliver;
His dear Son now is one
With our blood forever.

11. Shall we still dread God's displeasure,
Who, to save, freely gave
His most cherished Treasure?
To redeem us, He hath given
His own Son from the throne
Of His might in Heaven.

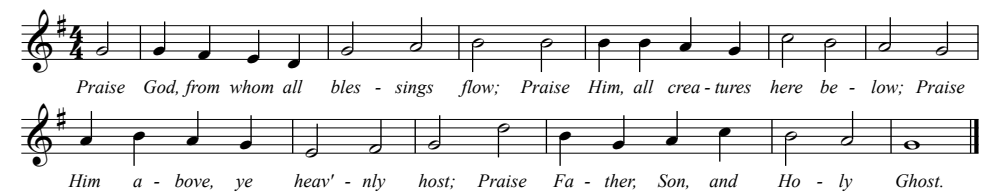
12. Should He who Himself imparted
Aught withhold from the fold,
Leave us broken hearted?
Should the Son of God not love us,
Who, to cheer sufferers here,
Left His throne above us?

13. If our blessèd Lord and Maker
Hated men, would He then
Be of flesh partaker?
If He in our woe delighted,
Would He bear all the care
Of our race benighted?

14. He becomes the Lamb that taketh
Sin away and for aye
Full atonement maketh.
For our life His own He tenders
And our race, by His grace,
Meet for glory renders.

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

OLD HUNDRETH



1. All people that on earth do dwell,
sing to the LORD with cheerful voice.
Serve him with joy, his praises tell,
come now before him and rejoice!

2. Know that the LORD is God indeed;
he formed us all without our aid.
We are the flock he surely feeds,
the sheep who by his hand were made.

3. O enter then his gates with joy,
within his courts his praise proclaim!
Let thankful songs your tongues employ.
O bless and magnify his name!

4. Because the LORD our God is good,
his mercy is forever sure.
His faithfulness at all times stood
and shall from age to age endure.

THE STRIFE IS OER

VICTORY

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
now is the vic - tor's tri - umph won. O let the song of praise be sung. Al - le - lu - ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

2. On the third morn He rose again,
glorious in majesty to reign
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

3. The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!
4. The three sad days are quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

5. He closed the yawning gates of hell;
the bars from heav'n's high portals fell.
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.
Alleluia!

6. Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

TANTUM ERGO / DOWN IN ADORATION FALLING

ST THOMAS

Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer nu - i: Et ant - i - quum do - cu - men - tum
Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o, Sal - us, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que
No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.
Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o: Pro - ce - den - ti ab ut - ro - que Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o. A - men.

1. Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

2. Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.
1. Down in adoration falling,
This great sacrament we hail;
Over ancient forms of worship
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith tells us that Christ is present,
When our human senses fail.

2. To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who made us free,
And the Spirit, God proceeding
From them Each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.

Antum er-go Sacraméntum Ve-ne-rémur cérnu-i: Et an-tíquum docu-
méntum Nóvo cédát rí-tu-i: Praéstet fí-des suppleméntum Sénsuum de- fé-ctu-i.
2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o, Sálus, hónor, vírtus quoque Sit
et be-ne-dí-cti-o: Procedéti ab u-tróque Cómpar sit lau-dá-ti-o. A- men.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

GREENSLEEVES

What child is this_who, laid to rest,_on Ma - ry's lap_ is sleep - ing? Whom an - gels greet_with
an - thems sweet_while shep - herds watch_ are keep - ing? This, this_is Christ the King_whom
shep - herds guard_and an - gels sing: haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son_of Mar - y.

1. What child is this who, laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

2. Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.
- Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

3. So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
Raise, raise a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

Seq
1

I-ctimæ pascháli laudes * ímmolent Christi-á-ni. Agnus red-é-mit o-ves :

Christus ínnocens Patri reconci-li-á-vit pecca-tó-res. Mors et vi-ta du-él-lo confi-xé-re

mirándo : dux vi-tæ mórtu-us, regnat vi-vus. Dic nobis Marí-a, quid vi-dí-sti in vi-a?

Sepúlcrum Christi vivéntis, et glóriam vi-di resurgéntis : Angé-li-cos te-stes, sudá-rium,

et vestes. Surré-xit Christus spes me-a : præcédet su-os in Ga-li-læ-am. Scimus Christum

surre-xís-se a mórtu-is ve-re : tu nobis, victor Rex, mi-se-ré-re. A-men. Al-le-lú-ia.

CHRISTIANS TO THE PASCHAL VICTIM

Christians, to the Paschal Victim
Offer your thankful praises!

A Lamb the sheep redeemeth:
Christ, who only is sinless,
Reconcileth sinners to the Father;

Death and life have contended
In that combat stupendous:
The Prince of Life, who died,
reigns immortal.

Speak Mary, declaring
What thou sawest wayfaring:

“The Tomb of Christ, who is living.
The glory of Jesu’s Resurrection;

Bright angels attesting,
The shroud and napkin resting.

Yea, Christ my hope is arisen:
To Galilee he goes before you.”

Happy they who hear the witness,
Mary’s word believing
Above the tales of Jewry deceiving.

Christ indeed from death is risen,
our new life obtaining.
Have mercy, victor King, ever reigning!

What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What won-drous love is this, O my soul!

— What won-drous love is this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful

curse For my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse For my soul. —

1. What wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul, for my soul,
To bear the dreadful curse
For my soul.

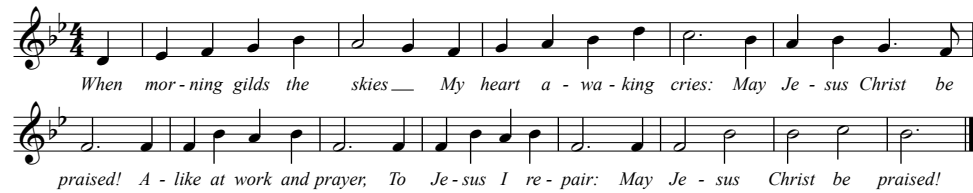
2. When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
When I was sinking down
Beneath God’s righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul.

3. Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news!
Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Bear the news!
Ye wingèd seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news!
Fill vast eternity
With the news!

4. To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb
Who is the great I Am;
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing;
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

5. And when from death I’m free,
I’ll sing on, I’ll sing on;
And when from death I’m free,
I’ll sing on.
And when from death I’m free,
I’ll sing and joyful be;
And through eternity,
I’ll sing on, I’ll sing on;
And through eternity,
I’ll sing on.

6. Yes, when to that bright world
We arise, we arise,
Yes, when to that bright world
We arise;
When to that world we go,
Free from all pain and woe,
We’ll join the happy throng,
And sing on, and sing on,
We’ll join the happy throng,
And sing on.



1 When morning gilds the skies
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When you begin the day,
O never fail to say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
And at your work rejoice,
To sing with heart and voice,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place;
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 When mirth for music longs,
This is my song of songs:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evening shadows fall,
This rings my curfew call,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 The night becomes as day
When from the heart we say:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

9 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

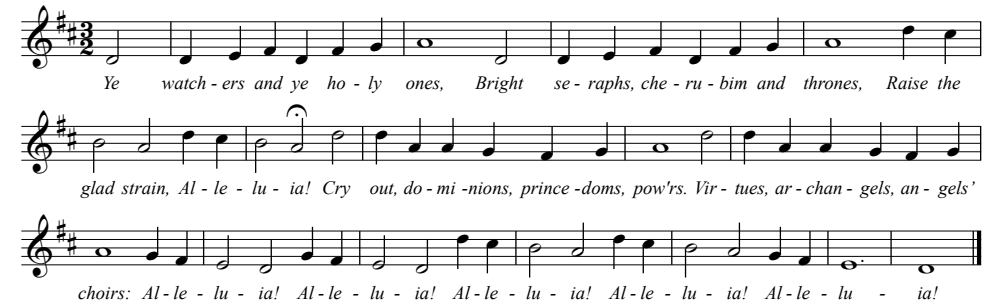
10 No lovelier antiphon
In all high Heav'n is known
Than, Jesus Christ be praised!
There to th'eternal Word
The eternal psalm is heard:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

11 Let all the earth around
Ring joyous with the sound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

12 Sing, suns and stars of space,
Sing, ye that see His face,
Sing, Jesus Christ be praised!
God's whole creation o'er,
For aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised!

13 In Heav'n's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

14 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Sing this eternal song
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised!



1. Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright seraphs, cherubim and thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluia!
Cry out, dominions, principedoms, powers,
Virtues, archangels, angels' choirs:

REFRAIN
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia!

2. O higher than the cherubim,
More glorious than the seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluia!

Thou bearer of th'eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord.

3. Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints triumphant, raise the song.

4. O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.

TRADITIONAL FOLK SONGS & ROUNDS

WAYFARING STRANGER

I'm just a poor way-fa-ring stran-ger. I'm-a trav'-ling through this world of
 woe, But there's no sick-ness, toil or dan-ger In that sweet home to which I
 go. I'm go-ing there to see my mo-ther. She said she'd meet me when I
 come. I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver Jor-dan; I'm on-ly go-ing o-ver home.

1. I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger.
 I'm a-travelling through this world of woe,
 But there's no sickness, toil, or danger
 In that sweet home to which I go.
 I'm going there to see my mother.
 She said she'd meet me when I come.
 I'm only going over Jordan;
 I'm only going over home.

2. I know dark clouds are gonna gather 'round me,
 And I know my way will be rough and steep,
 But beautiful fields lie just before me,
 Where God's redeemed their vigils keep.
 I'm going there to meet my loved ones,
 Gone on before me one by one.
 Oh, I'm just going over Jordan;
 I'm only going over home.

3. I want to wear a crown of glory
 When I get home to that good land,
 And I want to sing redemption's story
 In concert with the blood-washed band.
 I'm going there to see my savior;
 I'll dwell with him and no more roam.
 Oh, I'm just going over Jordan;
 I'm only going over home.

4. I'll soon be done with my earthly trials;
 My body will sleep in the old church yard.
 I'll drop this cross of self-denial,
 And I'll go a-singing home to God.
 I'm going there to live forever,
 And there I'll sing redemption's song.
 I'm only going over Jordan;
 Oh, I'm just going over home.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot,— Co-ming for to car-ry me home.
 Swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot,— Co-ming for to car-ry me home. I
 looked o-ver Jor-dan, and what did I see,— Co-ming for to car-ry me home. A
 band of an-gels co-ming af-ter me,— Co-ming for to car-ry me home.

2. If you get there before I do,
 Coming for to carry me home.
 Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
 Coming for to carry me home.
 3. The brightest day that ever I saw
 Coming for to carry me home.

When Jesus washed my sins away,
 Coming for to carry me home.

4. I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
 Coming for to carry me home.
 But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
 Coming for to carry me home.

O MY BROTHER

Oh, my bro-ther, won't you lis-ten While I make this— fee-ble plea.
 There are moun-tains steep be-fore you, There are val-leys— deep be-low,
 On life's jour-ney, oh, be care-ful. There are dan-gers,— don't you see?
 But with Je-sus' hand to guide you, You will reach the— goal, I know.
 You may think that— you can tar-ry With no thought of things a-head.
 When at last you— reach that ci-ti In a land— that holds no fear,
 Come to Je-sus, sate your hun-ger, Like the mul-ti-tudes he fed.
 Look-ing back, you'll see the re-ason For the cross you— car-ry here.

SHENANDOAH

Oh She - nan - doah, I long to hear you, A - way you rol - ling ri - ver, Oh
She - nan - doah I long to hear you, A - way I'm bound a - way, 'Cross the wide Mis - sour - i

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah I'll not deceive you,
Away I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri | 2. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you,
Away I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri |
|---|---|

HOLD THE FORT

We meet to die in free - doms cause And raise our voi ces high. We'll join our hands in
u - nion strong To bat - tle or to die. Hold the fort For we are co - ming,
U - nion men be strong. Side by side keep pres - sing on - ward, Vic - to - ry will come.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Look my comrades
See the union banner waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing
Victory is nigh. <small>TO REF</small> | By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe. <small>TO REF</small> |
| 2. See our numbers still increasing
Hear the bugles blow. | 3. Fierce and long, the battle rages
But we do not fear.
Help will come whenever it's needed
Cheer my comrades cheer. <small>TO REF</small> |

CLEMENTINE

In a ca - vern, in a can - yon, ex - ca - va - ting for a mine, lived a
min - er, for - ty nin - er, and his daugh - ter, Clem - en - tine.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling, Clementine
You were lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorrow, Clementine | 2. In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty-niner
And his daughter, Clementine |
|---|---|

3. Yes I loved her, how I loved her
Though her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes, without topses
Sandals were for Clementine

4. Drove the horses to the water
Every morning just at nine
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine

5. Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine

- But alas, I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine

6. Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling, Clementine
You were lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorrow, Clementine
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorrow, Clementine

HOME ON THE RANGE

O give me a home where the buf - fa - loes roam. Where the deer and the an - te - lope play. —
— Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - a - ging word, And the skies are not clou - dy all day. —
Home, home on the range, — Where the deer and the an - te - lope play. — Where
sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - a - ging word, And the skies are not clou - dy all day. —

1. O give me a home
where the buffaloes roam
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2. Where the air is so pure
and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light.
That I would not exchange
my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

REFRAIN

- Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

3. How often at night
when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars.
I stand there amazed
and I ask as I gaze
Does their glory exceed that of ours?