

First Edition
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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 English/Latin-speaking Catholic institution; Gregorian chant, hymns, patriotic and folk songs, rounds and original devotional pieces. 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 and includes some of my own compositions.

Everything except my original compositions 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.

Singing is so basic to human nature that everyone should 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, *composer/publisher*

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Francis T. Koerber". The signature is written in black ink and includes a small flourish at the end.

KYRIALE

LUX 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- cé- lis Dé- o. Et in tér- ra pax ho- mí- ni- bus bó- nã

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 depreca- ti- ó- nem nó- stram. Qui sé- des ad dèx- teram Pá- tris, mi- se- ré- re

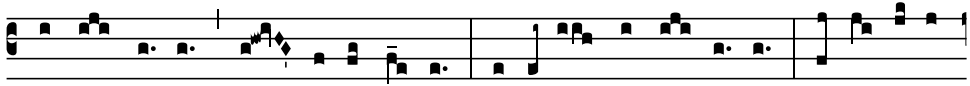
nó- bis. Quóniam tu só- lus sán- ctus. Tu só- lus Dó- minus. Tu só- lus Al- tí- simus,

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

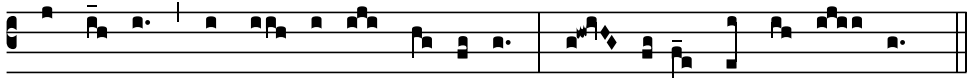
SANCTUS

4
S

Auctus, * Sáncus, Sáncus Dóminus Dé-us Sá-ba- oth. Plé- ni sunt cá-



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.

AGNUS

4
A

- 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

KYRIE

1
K

Y-ri- e * e- lé-i-son. *ij.* Chríste e- lé-i-son. *ij.*

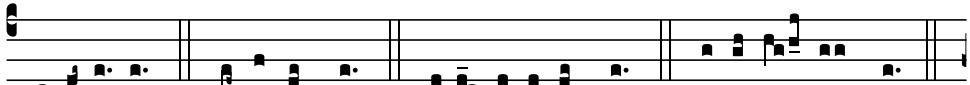


Kýri- e e- lé-i-son. *ij.* Kýri- e * ** e- lé-i-son.

GLORIA

4
G

Ló- ri- a in excélsis Dé- o. Et in tér-ra pax ho- míni- bus bó-næ



voluntá- tis. Laudá-mus te. Bene- dí- cimus te. A-do- rá- mus te.



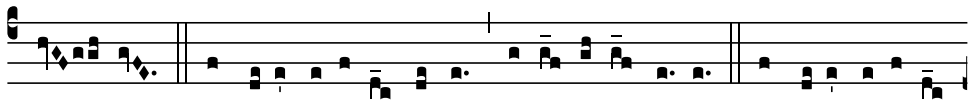
Glori-fi-cá- mus te. Grá-ti-as á-gimus tí-bi propter mágnam gló-ri-am tú-am.



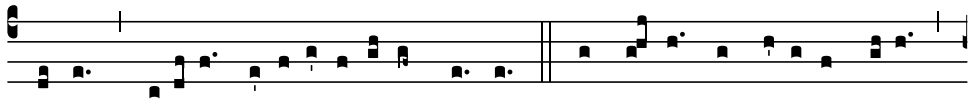
Dómine Déus, Rex cæ-léstis, Dé- us Pá- ter omní- potens. Dómine Fí-li u-ni-



gé-ni- te Jé- su Chrí- ste. Dómine Déus, Agnus Dé-i, Fí- li- us



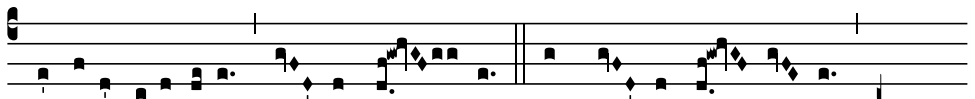
Pá- tris. Qui tóllis peccá-ta mún-di, mi-se- ré-re nó-bis. Qui tóllis peccá-ta



mún-di, súscipe depreca-ti- ónem nó-stram. Qui sé- des ad délixteram Pátris,



mi-se- ré-re nó-bis. Quóni- am tu sólus sánctus. Tu sólus Dóminus.



Tu sólus Altís-simus, Jé- su Chrí- ste. Cum Sán- cto Spí- ri- tu,



in gló-ri- a Dé-i Pá- tris. A- men.



An- ctus, * Sánctus, Sán- ctus Dóminus Déus Sá- ba-oth. Plé-ni sunt



cæli et tér-ra gló- ri- a tú- a. Ho-sánna in ex- cél- sis. Be-nedíctus

qui vé- nit in nó-mi-ne Dó- mi-ni. Ho- sánna in ex- cél- sis.

6 **A** **AGNUS**

-gnus Dé- i, * qui tól-lis pec- cá-ta múndi: mi-se-ré- re nó- bis.

Agnus Dé- i, * qui tól-lis peccá- ta múndi: mi-se-ré- re nó- bis.

Agnus Dé- i, * qui tól-lis pec- cá- ta múndi: dó-na nó- bis pá- cem.

DE ANGELIS (SECOND CLASS FEASTS)

MASS VIII

K **KYRIE**

Y- ri- e, * e- lé-ison. Chríste, e- lé-ison.

Kýri-e, e- lé-ison. Kýri-e * ** e- lé-ison.

G **GLORIA**

Ló-ri- a in ex-cél-sis Dé- o. Et in tér-ra pax homí-ni-bus bó-nae vo-

luntá- tis. Laudá- mus te. Be-ne-dí- cimus te. Ad-o- rá- mus te. Glori- fi- cá-

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

us, Rex cae-lé- stis, Déus Pá-ter o-mní-pot-ens. Dó-mi-ne Fí- li u- ni- gé- ni- te

Dóminum Jé- sum Christum, Fí- li- um Dé- i u- ni- gé- nitum. Et ex Pá- tre ná-
tum an- te ómni- a sae- cu- la. Déum de Dé- o, lúmen de lú- mi- ne, Déum
vérum de Dé- o vé- ro. Gé- nitum, non fá- ctum, consubstanti- á- lem Pá- tri: per
quem ómni- a fá- cta sunt. Qui propter nos hó- mi- nes, et propter nó- stram sa- lú-
tem descéndit de cæ- lis. Et in- carnátus est de Spí- ri- tu Sáncto ex Ma- rí- a
Vír- gi- ne: Et hómo fáctus est. Cru- ci- fí- xus ét- i- am pro nó- bis: sub Pón-
ti- o Pi- lá- to pássus, et se- púl- tus est. Et re- sur- ré- xit tér- ti- a dí- e,
secúndum Scriptú- ras. Et a- scéndit in cæ- lum: sé- det ad déx- te- ram Pá- tris.
Et í- terum ventú- rus est cum gló- ri- a, ju- di- cá- re ví- vos et mórtu- os: cú- jus
ré- gni non é- rit fi- nis. Et in Spí- ritum Sanctum, Dóminum, et vi- vi- fi- cán-
tem: qui ex Pá- tre Fi- li- ó- que pro- cé- dit. Qui cum Pa- tre et Fí- li- o si-

mul ad-o-rá-tur, et conglo-ri-fi-cá-tur: qui lo-cú-tus est per Prophé-tas. Et ú-
nam sán-ctam cathó-li-cam et a-postó-licam Ec-clé-si-am. Confí-te-or ú-num ba-
ptí-sma in remis-si-ónem pecca-tó-rum. Et ex-spé-cto re-sur-re-cti-ónem mortu-
ó-rum. Et vi-tam ventú-ri sae-cu-li. A- men.

CREDO (AMBROSIAN)

Cre-do in unum Deum, Patrem omnipoténtem, factórem cæ-li et terræ,
vi-si-bí-li-um ó-m-nium et in-vi-si-bí-li-um. Et in unum Dó-minum Ie-sum Chris-
tum, Fí-li-um De-i u-ni-gé-ni-tum. Et ex Patre natum an-te ó-m-ni-a sæ-cu-la.
Deum de De-o, lumen de lú-mine, Deum verum de De-o ve-ro. Gé-ni-tum, non
factum, consubstanti-á-lem Pa-tri: per quem ó-m-ni-a fac-ta sunt. Qui propter nos hó-
mines et propter nostram sa-lú-tem descéndit de cæ-lis. Et incarnátus est de Spí-ri-



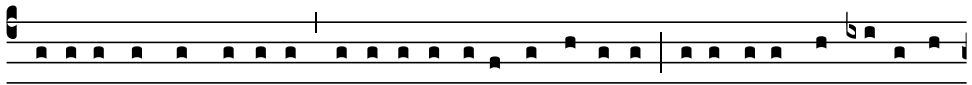
tu Sancto ex Ma-rí-a Vírgi-ne, et homo factus est. Cruci-fíxus ét-i-am pro no-



bis sub Pónti-o Pi-lá-to; passus et sepúltus est. Et resurré-xit tér-ti-a dí-e,



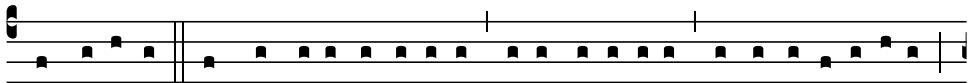
secúndum Scriptúras. Et ascéndit in cælum, sedet ad déxteram Patris. Et í-terum



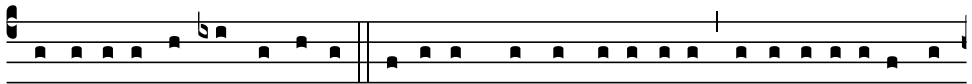
ventúrus est cum gló-ri-a, iu-di-cá-re vivos et mórtu-os, cuius regni non e-rit fi-



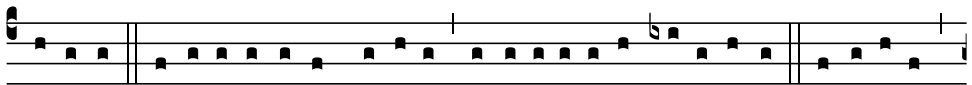
nis. Et in Spí-titum Sanctum, Dóminum et vi-vi-fi-cán-tem: qui ex Patre Fi-li-ó-



que procé-dit. Qui cum Patre et Fí-li-o simul ad-o-rá-tur et con-glo-ri-fi-cá-tur:



qui lo-cú-tus est per prophé-tas. Et unam, sanctam, cathó-licam et a-postó-licam Ec-



clé-si-am. Confí-te-or unum bap-tís-ma in remissi-ónem pec-ca-tó-rum. Et expéc-to



resurrec-ti-ónem mortu-ó-rum. Et vitam ventú-ri sá-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 contéplans, tótum dé-fi-cit.
nothing more; See, Lord, at your service how 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 hearing? 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 unailing, 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 mún-da tú-o Sángui-ne: 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.

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 ledest 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

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the hymn, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Praise God, from whom all bles - sings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise
Him a - bove, ye heav' - nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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.

ALLELUIA LAPIS REVOLUTUS

MODE 5

5
A L-le-lú- ia, Lápis re-vo-lú-tus est, al-le-lú- ia, ab ós-ti- o monuménti,
Praise the Lord, the stone is rolled away, praise the Lord; from the door of the tomb,

al-le-lú- ia, al-le- lú- ia. 2. Al-le-lú- ia, Quem quaéris mú-li- er? al-le-lú- ia,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, whom do you seek, woman? Praise the Lord.

vivéntem cum mórtu- is, al-le-lú- ia, al-le- lú- ia. 3. Al-le-lú- ia, Nó-li flé-re,
the living with the dead, praise the Lord, praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, weep not Mary,

Ma-rí- a, al- le- lú- ia : resurré-xit Dóminus, al- le- lú- ia, al- le- lú- ia.
praise the Lord: the Lord hath risen, praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER

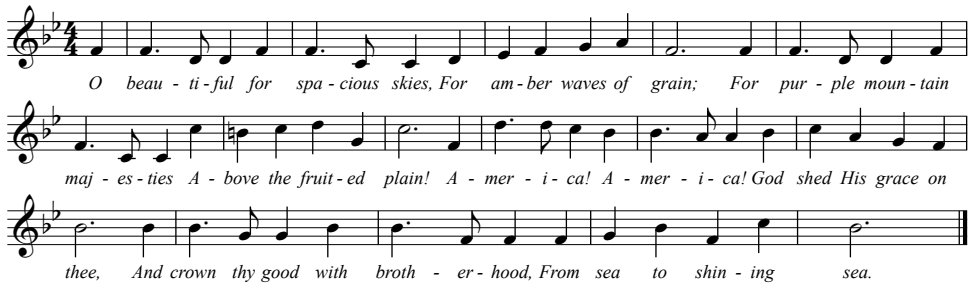
MODE 5

Ant
 5
A L- ma * Redemptóris Mater, quæ pér- vi- a cæ- li porta manes, Et stel-
O Loving Mother of the Redeemer, who remains the open gate of Heaven,

la maris, succúr-re cadén-ti súr-ge-re qui cu-rat pópu-lo : Tu quæ ge-nu- í- sti,
and Star of the Sea, give aid to (thy) falling people, which cares (strives) to arise : Thou who hast begotten,

na-tú- ra mirán-te, tuum sanctum Ge-ni- tó- rem : Virgo pri- us ac posté- ri- us,
while nature marvels, thy holy Begotten : Virgin before and after,

Gabri- é- lis ab o- re sumens il-lud A- ve, pecca- tórum mi- se- ré- re.
from the mouth of Gabriel receiving that "Hail," be merciful to sinners.



O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain; For pur - ple moun - tain
maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on
thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea.

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 every 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 every gain divine.

4. O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

ANGELUS DOMINI NUNTIAVIT

A

n-ge-lus Dómi-ni * nunti-á-vit Ma-rí-æ, et concé-pit de Spí-ri-tu

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

Sáncto. A-ve Ma-rí-a, grá-ti-a ple-na, Dómi-nus te-cum, be-ne-díc-ta tu in mu-

Hail Mary, full of grace...

li-é-ri-bus, et be-ne-díctus fructus ventris tu-i, Ie-sus. Sancta Ma-rí-a, ma-ter

De-i, o-ra pro no-bis pecca-tó-ri-bus nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis nostræ. Amen.

Ecce * ancí-lla Dómi-ni, fi-at mi-hi se-cúndum verbum tu-um- A-ve Ma-

Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.

rí-a. Et Verbum * ca-ro factum est et ha-bi-tá-vit in nó-bis A-ve Ma-rí-a.

And the Word was made flesh. And dwelt amongst us.

R. br
6

O

ra pro no-bis, sancta De-i Gé-ni-trix. **℞.** Ut di-gni ef-fi-ci-á-mur

Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

That we may be made worthy of

promis-si-ó-ni-bus Christi. **℞.** Grá-ti-am tu-am quaésumus, Dómi-ne ménti-bus nós-

the promises of Christ.

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts.

tris in-fúnde: ut qui, án-ge-lo nun-ti-ánte, Chrísti Fí-li-i tú-i in-car-na-

that we, to whom the Incarnation of Christ, Thy Son, was made known by the message of an angel,

ti-ó-nem cognó-vi-mus per pas-si-ó-nem é-jus et crúcem, ad re-surrec-ti-ó-

may by His Passion and Cross be brought to the glory of His Resurrection.

nis gló-ri-am perdu-cámur. Per eúdem Chrístum Dóminum nóstrum. **℞.** A-men

Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

GLORIA

An-gels we have heard on high Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er the plains, And the moun-tains in re-ply
 Ech-o-ing their joy-ous strains. Glo - - - - ri - a, in ex-cel-sis
 De - o! Glo - - - - ri - a, in ex-cel-sis De - o!

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?
 What the gladsome tidings be
 Which inspire your heavenly song? TO REF

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

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.

ANIMA CHRISTI

MODE 8

A - ni-ma Chrísti, sanctí-fi-ca me. Córpus Chrísti, sál-va me. **2.** Sánguís
Soul of Christ, sanctify me. Body of Christ, save me. Blood of Christ,
 Chrísti, in-é-bri-a me: á-qua lá-te-ris Chrísti, lá-va me. **3.** Pás-si-o Chrí-
inebriate me. Water from the side of Christ, wash me. Passion of Christ,
 sti, confór-ta me: O bó-ne Jé-su, e-xáu-di me. **4.** In-tra tú-a vúl-ne-ra abs-
strengthen me. O Good Jesus, hear me. Within your wounds hide me.
 cónde me: ne permítas me se-pa-rá-ri a te. **5.** Ab hó-ste ma-lí-gno de-fén-
Permit me not to be separated from you. From the wicked foe, defend me.

de me. in hó-ra mórtis mé-æ vó-ca me. 6. Et jú-be me ve-ní-re ad te,
At the hour of my death, call me *and bid me come to you*

ut cum Sánctis tú-is láudem te in sǎcu-la sǎ-cu-lórum. A- men.
That with your saints I may praise you *For ever and ever. Amen.*

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD

DIX

As with glad-ness, men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold As with joy they hail'd its light

Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright So, most glo-rious Lord, may we, E-ver-more be led to Thee.

1. As with gladness, men of old
 Did the guiding star behold
 As with joy they hailed its light
 Leading onward, beaming bright
 So, most glorious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to Thee.

2. As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger bed
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek Thy mercy seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly king.

4. Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5. In the heavenly country bright,
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
 Thou its sun which goes not down;
 There forever may we sing
 Alleluias to our king!

Hymn
6

S



Tábat Máter dolo- ró-sa Júxta Crúcem lacrimósa, Dum pendébat Fí-li-us

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendébat Fílius. | At the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to her Son to the last. |
| 2. Cuius ánimam geméntem,
contristátam et doléntem
pertransívit gládus. | Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed. |
| 3. O quam tristis et afflícta
fuit illa benedícta,
mater Unigéniti! | O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One. |
| 4. Quae mœrébat et dolébat,
pia Mater, dum vidébat
nati pœnas ínclyti. | Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs
of her dying glorious Son. |
| 5. Quis est homo qui non fleret,
matrem Christi si vidéret
in tanto supplício? | Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold? |
| 6. Quis non posset contristári
Christi Matrem contemplári
doléntem cum Fílio? | Can the human heart refrain
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold? |
| 7. Pro peccátis suæ gentis
vidit Jésum in torméntis,
et flagéllis súbditum. | Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent. |
| 8. Vidit suum dulcem Natum
moriéndo desolátum,
dum emísit spíritum. | For the love of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent. |
| 9. Eja, Mater, fons amóris
me sentíre vim dolóris
fac, ut tecum lúgeam. | O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
make my heart with thine accord: |
| 10. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
in amándo Christum Deum
ut sibi compláceam. | Make me feel as thou hast felt;
make my soul to glow and melt
with the love of Christ my Lord. |

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas, Holy Mother! pierce me through,
 crucifíxi fige plagas in my heart each wound renew
 cordi meo válide. of my Savior crucified:
12. Tui Nati vulneráti, Let me share with thee His pain,
 tam dignáti pro me pati, who for all my sins was slain,
 pœnas mecum dívide. who for me in torments died.
13. Fac me tecum pie flere, Let me mingle tears with thee,
 crucifíxo condolére, mourning Him who mourned for me,
 donec ego víxero. all the days that I may live:
14. Juxta Crucem tecum stare, By the Cross with thee to stay,
 et me tibi sociáre there with thee to weep and pray,
 in planctu desidéro. is all I ask of thee to give.
15. Virgo víginum præclára, Virgin of all virgins blest!,
 mihi iam non sis amára, Listen to my fond request:
 fac me tecum plángere. let me share thy grief divine;
16. Fac ut portem Christi mortem, Let me, to my latest breath,
 passiónis fac consórtem, in my body bear the death
 et plagas recólere. of that dying Son of thine.
17. Fac me plagis vulnerári, Wounded with His every wound,
 fac me Cruce inebriári, steep my soul till it hath swooned,
 et cruóre Fílii. in His very Blood away;
18. Flammis ne urar succensus, Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
 per te, Virgo, sim defensus lest in flames I burn and die,
 in die iudícii. in His awful Judgment Day.
19. Christe, cum sit hinc exire, Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
 da per Matrem me veníre be Thy Mother my defense,
 ad palmam victóriæ. be Thy Cross my victory;
20. Quando corpus moriétur, While my body here decays,
 fac, ut ánimæ donétur may my soul Thy goodness praise,
 paradísi glória. Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen. Amen.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious king, Who hath washed us
 in the tide Flow - ing from his pier - cèd side; Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred
 blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
 Praise to our victorious king,
 Who hath washed us in the tide
 Flowing from his piercèd side;
 Praise we Him, whose love divine
 Gives His sacred blood for wine,
 Gives His body for the feast,
 Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

3. Mighty victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,
 Thou hast brought us life and light;
 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 Thou hast opened paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

2. Where the Paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Christ, our Paschal lamb, is slain,
 Holy victim, without stain;
 Death and hell defeated lie,
 Heav'n unfolds its gates on high.

4. Paschal triumph, Easter joy,
 Only sin can this destroy;
 From sin's death do Thou set free
 Souls reborn, O Lord, in Thee.
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Father, to Thee we raise;
 Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
 Ever with the Spirit be.

ATTENDE DOMINE

MODE 5

Attende Dómine, et mi-se-ré-re, qui-a peccá-vimus ti-bi. Attende.
Hear us, O mighty Lord, show us your Mercy: Sinners we stand before you.

1. Ad te Rex summe, ómnium Redemptor, ó-culos nostros suble-vámus flentes: ex-áu-di,
To thee, Redeemer, on thy throne of glory: lift we our weeping eyes in bold pleadings:

Christe, supplicántum pre-ces. **R.** 2. Déxte-ra Pátris, lá-pis angu-lá-ris, ví-a sa-lú-tis, já-
listen, O Jesu, to our supplications. O thou chief cornerstone, right hand of the Father: way of salvation,



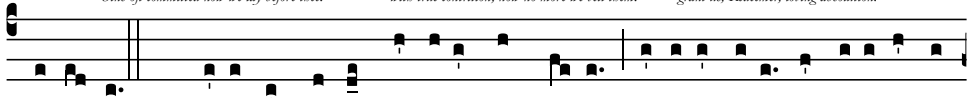
nu-a cae-lis, ab-lu-e nostri maculas delic-ti. **R.** 3. Rogamus, Deus, tuam majes-ta-
gate of life celestial cleanse thou our sinful souls from all defilement. God, we implore thee, in thy glory seated:



tem: au-ribus sa-cris gemitus ex-au-di: crimina nostra placidus in-dul-ge. **R.** 4. Ti-bi fa-
bow down and hearken to thy weeping children: pity and pardon all our grievous trespasses.



temur crimina admis-sa: contri-to corde pandimus oc-cul-ta: tu-a, Redemptor, pi-e-tas
Sins of committed now we lay before thee: with true contrition, now no more we veil them: grant us, Redeemer, loving absolution.



i-gnoscat. **R.** 5. Innocens captus, nec repugnans ductus, tes-tibus falsis pro impi-is dam-
Innocent, captive, taken unresisting: falsely accused and for us sinners sentenced,



na-tus: quos red-e-misti, tu conserva, Christe. **R.**
save us, we pray thee, Jesu our Redeemer.

AVE MARIA

MODE 1



- ve Ma-ri-a, gra-ti-a plena, Dominus tecum. Benedic-ta tu in mu-
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women,



li-é-ri-bus, et be-nedictus fructus ventris tu-i, Je-sus. Sancta Ma-ri-a, Mater De-
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God,



i, o-ra pro no-bis pecca-to-ri-bus, nunc, et in ho-ra mortis nostrae. A-men.
pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

6
A - ve vérum * Córpus nátum de Ma-rí- a Vír-gi-ne : Ve- re pássum,
Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary, having truly suffered,

immo-lá-tum in Crúce pro hó-mi-ne. Cújus lá-tus per-fo-rá- tum flú-xit
sacrificed on the cross for mankind, from whose pierced side

á-qua et sán-guine : E-sto nó-bis praegu-stá- tum mórtis in ex- á-mi-ne.
water and blood flowed: Be for us a foretaste (of the Heavenly banquet) in the trial of death!

O Jé-su dúl- cis! O Jé-su pí- e! O Jé- su fí- li Ma-rí- ae.
O sweet Jesus, O holy Jesus, O Jesus, son of Mary, have mercy on me.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BATTLE HYMN

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord: He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the
 grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His
 truth is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le
 lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory
 Of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage
 Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning
 Of His terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen Him in the watch fires
 Of a hundred circling camps
 They have builded Him an altar
 In the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence
 By the dim and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on. TO REF

REFRAIN

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

3. I have read a fiery Gospel
 Writ in burnished rows of steel;
 "As ye deal with My contemners,
 So with you My grace shall deal";
 Let the Hero, born of woman,