



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 are 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 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, *composer/publisher*

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Francis Koerber" followed by a small flourish.

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# 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- cél- sis 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 depre- ca- ti- ó- nem nó- stram. Qui sé- des ad dèx- teram Pá- tris, mi- se- ré- re

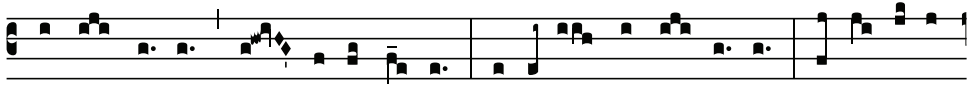
nó- bis. Quón- iam tu só- lus sán- ctus. Tu só- lus Dó- minus. Tu só- lus Al- tís- simus,

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.

# 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 conté-plans, 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 cré-dens, 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 mé-um 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.

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 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.

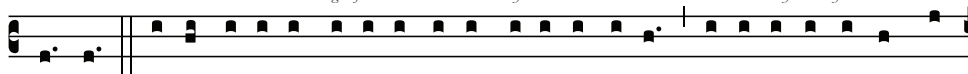
6. Ye who pine in weary sadness,  
Weep no more, for the door  
Now is found of gladness.  
Cling to Him, for He will guide you  
Where no cross, pain or loss  
Can again betide you.

# ANGELUS DOMINI NUNTIAVIT

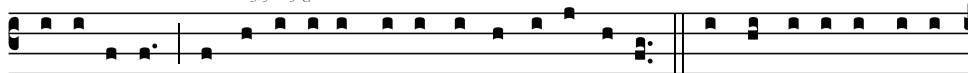
**A**



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.*



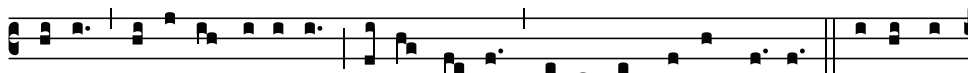
Sáncto. A-ve Ma-rí-a, grá-ti-a ple-na, Dómi-nus te-cum, be-ne-díc-ta tu in mu-  
*Hail Mary, full of grace...*



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 nostrae. Amen.



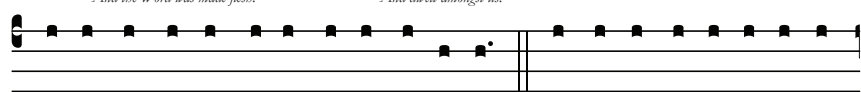
Ecce \* ancí-lla Dómi-ni, fi-at mi-hi se-cúndum verbum tu-um- A-ve Ma-  
*Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.*



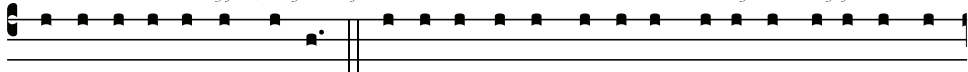
rí-a. Et Verbum \* ca-ro factum est et ha-bi-tá-vit in nó-bis A-ve Ma-rí-a.  
*And the Word was made flesh. And dwelt amongst us.*

R. br  
6

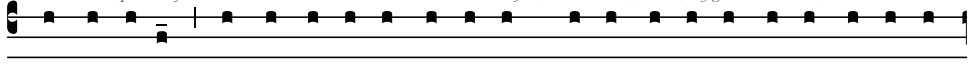
**O**



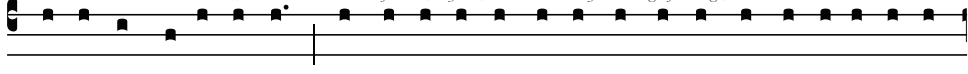
-ra pro no-bis, sancta De-i Gé-ni-trix R. Ut di-gni ef-fi-ci-á-mur  
*Pray for us, O holy Mother of God. That we may be made worthy of*



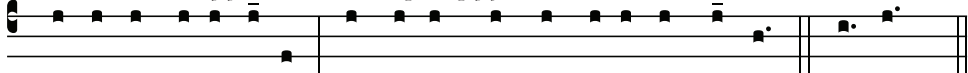
promis-si-ó-ni-bus Christi. V. Grá-ti-am tu-am quaésumus, Dómi-ne ménti-bus nós-  
*the promises of Christ. Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts.*



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. R. A-men  
*Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.*

Hymn  
6

S



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

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