

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. *ijj*. Ký- ri- e *e- lé- i- son.

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- cé- sis. Be- ne- díctus

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

GLORIA

in ex- cé- sis Dé- o. Et in tér- ra pax ho- mí-ni-bus bó-næ

voluntá- tis. Laudámus te. Be- ne- dí- ci- mus te. A- do- rá- mus te. Glori- fi- cá-

mus te. Gráti- as á- gi- mus tí- bi propter mágnam gló- ri- am tú- am. Dó-mi-

ne Déus, Rex cæ- lé- stis, Dé- us Pá- ter omní- po- tens, Fi- li- u- ní- gé-

ni- te Jé- su Chri- ste. Dó- mine Dé- us, A- gnus Dé- i, Fi- 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 dēx-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 Chrí-ste. Cum Sáncto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a Dé-i Pá-tris. A-men.

AGNUS

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

A-gnus Dé-i, * qui tól-lis pec-cá-ta mún-di: dó-na nó-bis pá-cem.

OMNÍPOTENS GÉNITOR DEUS (ORDINARY FEAST)

MASS IV

KYRIE

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

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

GLORIA

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

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

Glori-fi-cá-mus te.

Grá-ti-as á-gimus tí-bi propter in-gén-tem gló-ri-am tú-am.

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

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

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

mún-di, sú-scipe depre-ca-ti-ónem nó-stram. Qui sé-des ad dex-te-ra

mí-se-re-re nó-bis. Quóni-am tu só-lus sán-ctus. Tu só-lus Dó-mi-nus.

Tu só-lus Altís-sí-mus, Jé-su Chrí-ste. Cum Sán-cto Spí-ri-tu,

in gló-ri-a Dé-i Pá-tris. A-men.

SANCTUS

S

An-ctus, * Sán-ctus, Sán-ctus Dó-mi-nus Dé-us Sá-ba-oth. Plé-ni sunt

cæ-li et tér-ra gló-ri-a tú-a. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

qui vé-nit in nó-mi-ne D-ñi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

6 AGNUS

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

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

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

DE ANGELIS (SECOND CLASS)

MASS VIII

KYRIE

K-Y-ri-e, * e-lé-ison. Chrí-ste, e-lé-ison.

e-lé-ison. Ký-ri-e * e-lé-ison.

G 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-

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

us, Rex cae-lé-stis, D-ñs p-omní-pot-ens. Dó-mi-ne Fí-li u-ni-gé-ni-te



Jé-su Chríste. Dómi-ne Déus, Agnus Dé-i, Fi-li-us Pa-tris. Qui tól-lis pec-



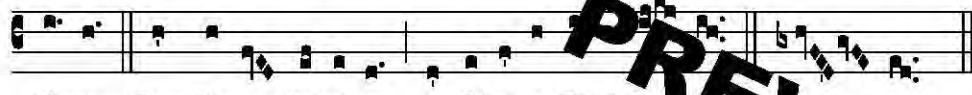
cá-ta mún-di, mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. Qui tól-lis peccá-ta mún-di, sú-s-ci-pe de-



pre-ca-ti-ó-nem nó-stram. Qui sé-des ad délixteram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. Quó-



ní-am tu só-lus sánctus. Tu só-lus Dómi-nus. Tu só-lus Al-tís-si-mus, Jé-su



Chríste. Cum Sáncto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a Dé-i Pa-tris. A-men.

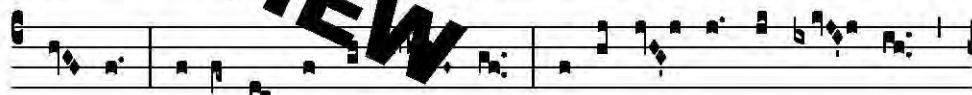


SANCTUS

Anc-tus, * Sánctus, Sán-ctus Dó-mi-nus Dé-us



Sá-nctus. Plé-ni sunt caé-li et tér-ra gló-ri-a



tú-a. Hosán-na in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-díc-tus qui vé-nit



in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

A

AGNUS

- gnus De- i, qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di: mi- se- ré- re no- bis.

Agnus De- i, * qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di: mi- se- ré- re no- bis.

A- gnus De- i, * qui tol- lis peccá- ta mun- di: do- na no- bis pa- cem.

CUM JUBÍLO (FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY)

MASS IX

KYRIE

K

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

e- lé- i- son. Chrí- ste e- lé- i- son. Chrí- ste e- lé- i- son. Chrí- ste

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

Ký- ri- e

* e- lé- i- son.

GLORIA

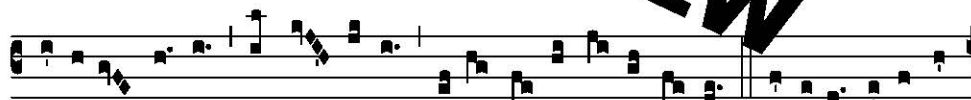
7

Ló- ri- a in ex- celsis Dé- o. Et in tér- ra pax homí- ni- bus bonae

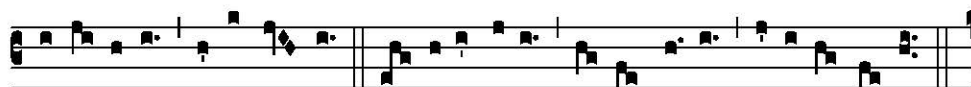
voluntá- tis. Laudá- mus te. Bene- dí- cimus te. A- do- rá- mus te.



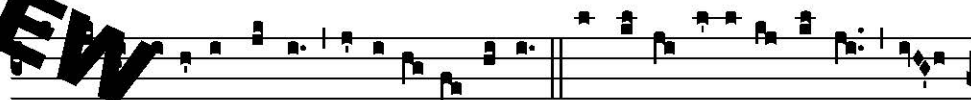
Glori-fi-cá-mus te. Grá-ti-as á-gimus tí-bi propter magná-gló-ri-am tú-am.



Dómine Dé-us, Rex cæ-lés-tis, Déus Pá-ter o-mní-po-tens. Dómine Fí-li-u-



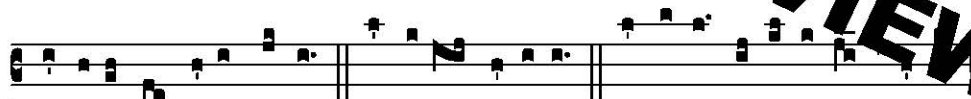
ni-gé-ni-te Jé-su Chrí-ste. Dó-mine Déus, A-gnus Dé-i, Fí-li-us Pá-tris.



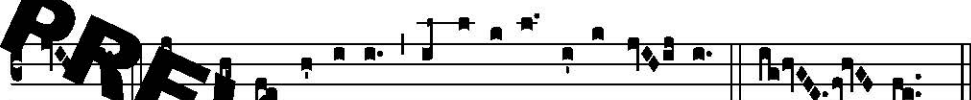
Qui tól-lis peccá-ta mún-di, mi-se-ré-re nó-bis. Qui tól-lis peccá-ta mún-di, sú-



ci-pe depre-ca-ti-ó-nem nó-stram. Qui sé-des ad délix-teram Pá-tris, mi-se-ré-re nó-bis.



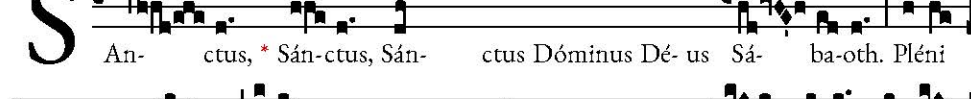
Quón-iam tu só-lus sán-ctus. Tu só-lus Dó-mi-nus. Tu só-lus Al-tís-si-mus, Jé-su



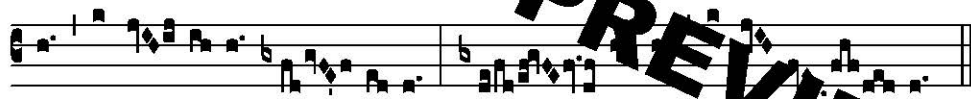
Chrí-ste. Cum Sán-cto spi-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a Dé-i Pá-tris. A-men.



5 SANCTUS
S An-ctus, * Sán-ctus, Sán-ctus Dó-mi-nus Dé-us Sá-ba-oth. Pléni



sunt cæ-li et tér-ra gló-ri-a tú-a. Hosán-na excél-sis. Be-nedí-ctus qui vé-



nit in nó-mi-ne Dó-mi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

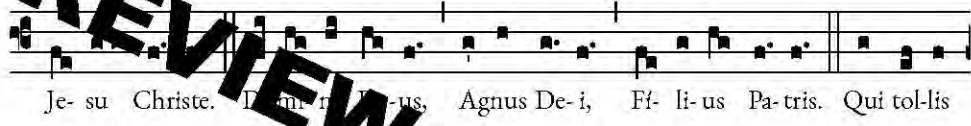
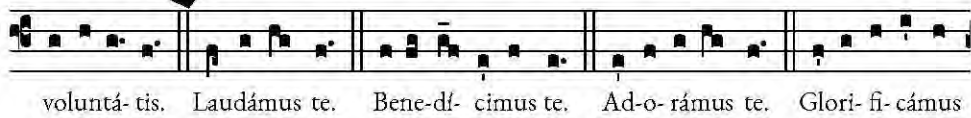
PREVIEW



PRE

ORBIS FACTOR (SUNDAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR)

MASS XI



PREVIEW

VIEW

PREVIEW

PREVIEW

pec-cá-ta mun-di, mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mun-di, sú-s-ci-pe de-

preca-ti-ó-nem nostram. Qui se-des ad délix-teram Pa-tris, mi-se-ré-re no-bis.

Quóni-am tu solus sanctus. Tu solus Dóminus. Tu so-lus Al-tís-simus, Je-su

Christe Cum Sancto Spí-ri-tu, in gló-ri-a De-i Pa-tris. A-men.

SANCTUS

S An-ctus, * San-ctus, San-ctus Dó-minus De-us Pa-tris. Ple-ni sunt

cá-li-et ter-ra gló-ri-a tu-a. Hosánna in ex-cél-sis. Be-ne-

dí-cus qui se-des in nó-mine Dó-mi-ni. Hosánna in ex-cél-sis.

AGNUS

A - gnus De-i, * qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no-bis.

Agnus De-i, * qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no-bis.

A-gnus De-i, * qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no-bis. Pa-cem.

KYRIE

MASS XVI

3

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

Ký-ri- e * e- lé- i-son.

KYRIE

MASS III

4

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

KYRIE: SUNDAYS OF ADVENT

MASS XVII

6

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

KYRIE: SUNDAY OF LENT

MASS XIV

1

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

SUNDAY OF LENT: SUNDAYS OF ADVENT & LENT

MASS XI

5

S An- ctus, * San- ctus, An- ctus Dóminus Dé- us Sá- ba-oth. Plé- ni sunt

cæ-li et tér-ra gló-ri-a tú-a. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis. Bene-

díctus qui vé-nit in nó-mine Dómi-ni. Ho-sán-na in ex-cél-sis.

AGNUS

A - gnus De-i, * qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mundi: mi-se-ré-re no-bis. *ij.*

Agnus De-i, * qui tol-lis pec-cá-ta mundi: do-na no-bis pa-cem.

CREDO III

⁵
C Ré-do in unum Dé-um, Patrem omnipoténtem, *et* in æ-li et

ter-ræ, vi-si-bí-li-um ó-mnium, et in-vi-si-bí-li-um. Et in únum

Dóminum Je-su Chrí-stum, Fí-li-um Dé-i u-ni-gé-nitum. Et ex Pá-tre ná-

tum an-te ómni-a sæ-cu-la. Dé-um de Dé-o, lú-men de lú-mi-ne, Dé-um

vé-rum 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-

Vír-gi-ne: Et ho-mo fá-ctus est. Cru-ci-fí-xus ét-i-am pro nó-bis: sub Pón-

ti-o Pi-lá-to pás-sus, et se-púl-tus est. Et re-sur-ré-xit tér-ti-a dí-e,

secúndum Scríptú-ras. Et a-scéndit in cæ-lum: sé-det ad délix-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-ri-tu Sancto, Dó-minum, et ví-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-m-ni-a sé-cula sé-culorú-m. Et con-glo-ri-fi-cá-tur: qui lo-cú-tus est per Prophé-tas. Et ú-

nam sánctam cathó-li-cam et a-postó-licam Ec-clé-si-am. Con-fí-te-or ú-num ba-

ptísma in remis-si-ónem pec-ca-tó-rum. Et ex-spéc-to re-sur-ré-xi-ónem mortu-

o-rum. Et ví-tam ventú-ri sæ-cu-li. A-men.

CREDO (AMBROSIAN)

C

re-do in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, fac-torem cæ-li et terræ,

vi-si-bi-li-um ómnium et in-vi-si-bi-li-um. Et in unum Dóminum Iesum Chris-

ti-anum Et-li-um De-i u-ni-gé-nitum. Et ex Patre natum an-te ómní-a sæcu-la.

Deum de De-o, lumen de lú-mine, Deum verum de ve-ro. Gé-nitum, non

factum, consubstanti-á-lem Pa-tri: per quem ómní-a fac-ta sunt. Qui propter nos h-

omo et propter nostram sa-lútem descéndit de cæ-lis. Et incarnátus est de Spí-ri-

tu Sancto ex Ma-ri-æ vir-gi-ni in ho-mo 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 Scrip-túras. Et ascéndit in cælum, sede-re ad dexteram Patris. Et í-terum

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

nis. Et in Spí-ritum san-ctum, 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 conglo-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 tuum bap-tís-ma in remissi-ónem pec-ca-tó-rum. Et expéc-to

resurrec-ti-ónem mortu-ó-rum. Et ví-tam ve-ni-én-si-um. A-men.

HYMNS & ANTIPHONS

ADESTES FIDELES / O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

MODE 6

Hymn
6

A



En grége relicto, húmiles ad cúnas Vocáti
pastóres appróperant :

Et nos ovánti grádu festinénus

Veníte, adorémus, veníte, adorémus,
veníte, adorémus,

Et nos ovánti.

Aetérni Paréntis splendórem aeternum
Velátum sub cárne vidébimus :
Déum infántem, pannis involútum

Veníte, adorémus, veníte, adorémus,
veníte, adorémus,

Déum infántem

Pro nóbis egénitum foveo cubántem Pñs
foveámus ampléxibus :

Sic nos amántem quis non egénitum ?

Veníte, adorémus, veníte, adorémus,
veníte, adorémus,

Sic nos.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

O come, all ye faithful,
joyful and triumphing,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold him,
born the king of angels.

REFRAIN

O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ the Lord.

True God of true God,
Light of light eternal,
our lowly nature he hath not abhorred;

born of a woman,
here in flesh appearing. TO REF

Sing, choirs of angels,
sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above:
"Glory to God,
all glory in the highest!" TO REF

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
born this happy morning,
Jesus to thee be all glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
begotten, not created. TO REF

Hymn
5

A

D-ó-ro te de-vó-tus, in te fál-li-tur, Quae sub his fi-gú-ris ve-re lá-
Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore, Marked 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 dearred; "How" says trusty hearing? That shall be believed; What God's

quídquid dí-xit Dé-i: Ní-l há-bet: Ní-l hoc vé-rbo ve-ri-tá-tis vé-ri-us.
Son has told me, take for truth I do, If himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.

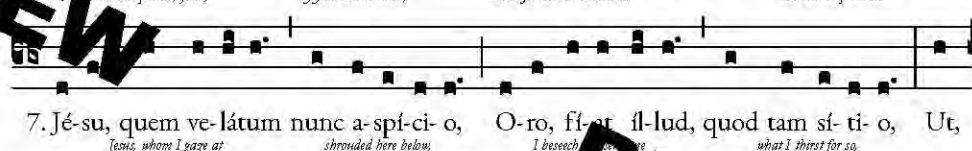
3. In Crú-ce lá-té-bat só-la Dé-i-tas. At hic lá-tet si-mul et hu-máni-tas: Ambo
On the Cross lay hidden but your Deity Here is also hidden your Humanity:

ut én-í-m e-de-mus, atque cón-fi-tens, Pé-to quod pe-tí-vit lá-tro paé-nitens.
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 ta-men mé-um te cón-fi-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 sem-per ma-gis cré-de-re, In te spem ha-bé-re, te só-lus sa-lu-á-re.
day deeper be my holding of, Give me hope un-failing, O thou alone savest.

Quia vé-ri-tas mó-rtis Dó-mi-ni, Pá-nis vi-vus vi-tam praéstans hó-mi-ni: Prae-sta
O Lamb of God, who art slain, of Christ crucified, Living Bread, the life of all for whom he died. Lend this



ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED

MY SAVIOR



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

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

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

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

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

But drop a tear, my ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give my soul and all
'Tis all that I can do.



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.

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.

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 will be with you evermore"?

Alleluia! King eternal,

Thou the world of lords we own;

Alleluia! born of Mary,

Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy throne:

Thou within the veil hast entered,

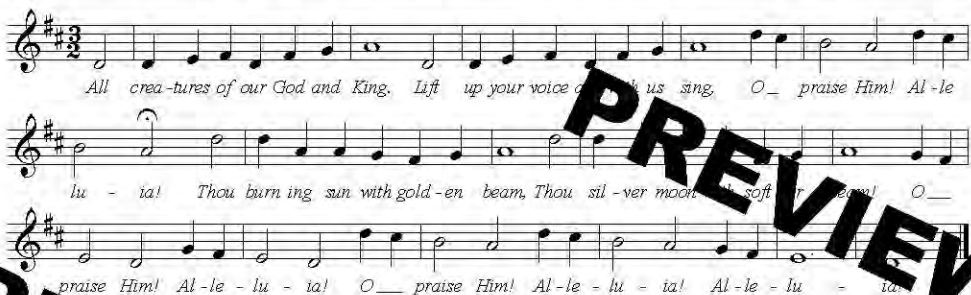
Robed in flesh our great high priest;

Thou on earth both priest and victim

In the Eucharistic feast.

ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD AND KING

LASST UNS ERFREUEN



All 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!

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 REP

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 REP

And all ye men of tender heart,
And all ye women, take your part,
O praise Him! Alleluia!

Who long pain and sorrow bear,
Hail God and on Him cast your care! TO REP

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

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 REP

ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES

WARUM SOLLT ICH



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, every where,
Now their joy is ringing.

For it dawns, the promise morning
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.

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.

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."

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.

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

Hitherto we poor and wretched:
 Know his will is to fill
 Every hand with treasure,
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget all regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.

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.

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

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.

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.

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?

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?

He secures 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



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!

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

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

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

A ⁵ L-le-lú-ia, Lápis re-vo-lú-tus est, al-le-lú-ia, b inonuménti,
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-lí-er? al-le-lú-ia,
praise the Lord, praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, whom do you seek, woman? Praise the Lord.

gy Item cum mórtu-is, al-le-lú-ia, al-le-lú-ia. 3. Al-le-lú-ia, Nó-li flé-re,
ly 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

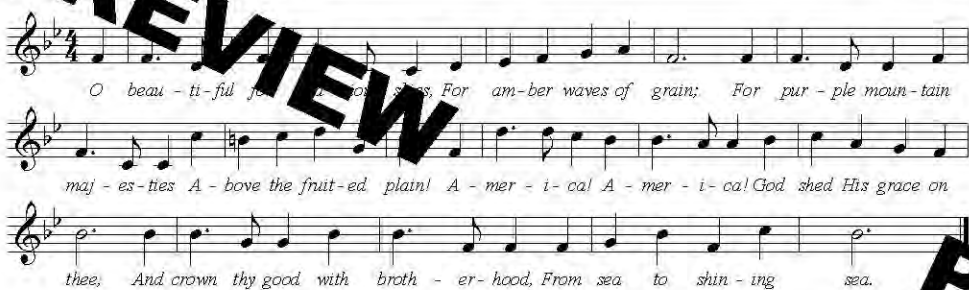
MODE 5

A ^{Ant 5} L- ma * Redemptóris Mater, quaé 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 dé-vi : ár-ge-re qui cu-rat pópu-lo : Tu quaé ge-nu-f-sti,
and Star of the Sea, succor to (assist) those who care (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 marveled, thy holy Begotten : Virgin before and after,

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



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.

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!

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.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine abasement 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, An-ge-lus de Spí-ri-tu

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary

And he 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 pec-ca-tó-ri-bus nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis nostrae. Amen.

Ecce * ancí-lla Dómi-ni, fí-at mí-hi se-cúndum ver-bu-m. A-ve Ma-

Behold the handmaid of the Lord.

Be it done unto me according to Thy word.

rí-a. Et Verbum * ca-ro fáctum est et ha-bí-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 dí-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 Chrí-sti. V. Mis-erere 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, an-ge-lo nun-ti-ánte, Chrí-sti 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,

tí-ó-nem cog-nó-ví-mus per pas-si-ó-nem tu-am et crú-cem, 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 nos-trum R. Amen

Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

GLORIA



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
Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?

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

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

See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Lend your aid,
Whom in love we raise.

ANIMA CHRISTI

MODE 8





ut cum Sánc-tis tú-is láudem te in sæc-u-lum. A-men.

That with your saints I may praise you

For 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.

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.

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.

As they offered gifts most rare
At the 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.

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

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!

PREVIEW

Hymn
6

S



Tábat Máter dolo-rosa Crúcem lacrimósa, Dum pendébat Fí-li-us

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

11. Sancta Mater, istud agas, Holy Mother! pierce me through,
crucifíxi fige plagas from each wound renew
cordi meo válide. of my savior's wounds;
12. Tui Nati vulneráti, Let me share with thee the 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 desídero. 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 sis hinc exiit, Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
da per Matrem me defendere 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 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.

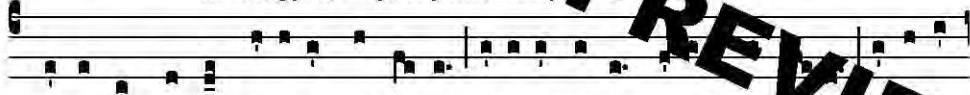
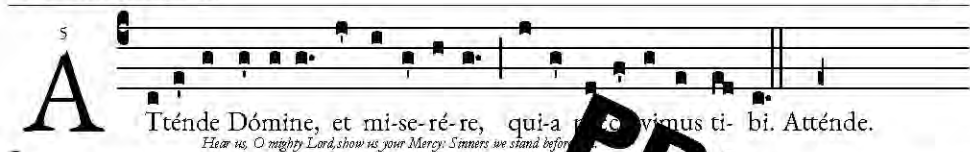
Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

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;
Heaven and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unbars its gates on high.

Triumph, Easter joy,
Christ's sinners 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



1. Ad te Rex summe, ómnium Redémptor, ó-culos nostros suble-vámus flent- To thee, Redeemer, on thy throne of glory, lift we our weeping eyes in holy pleading.



Christe, supplé-ant-re-ces. 2. Dexte-ra Pátris, lá-pis angu-lá-ris, ví-a sa-lú-tis, já- listen, O Father, our supplicants. O thou chief cornerstone, right hand of the Father, way of salvation,

nu-a cælés-tis, áb-lu-e nóstri máculas delíc-ti. *gate of life aeternal: cleanse thou our sinful souls from all defilement.* R. 3. Re-mans Dñs, túam majes-tá-
God remain in thy glory seated.

tem: áu-ribus sá-cris gémitus ex-áu-di: crímina nóstra plácídu in-dúl-ge. *bow down and hearken to thy weeping children: pity and pardon all our grievous trespasses.* R. 4. Tí-bi fa-

témur crímina admís-sa: contrí-to córde pándimus oc-cúl-ta: tú-a, Redémptor, pí-e-tas *Sins oft committed now we lay before thee: with true contrition, now no more we veil them: grant us, Redeemer, loving absolution.*

i-gnóscat. R. 5. Innocens cáptus, nec repúgnans dúctus, tés-tibus fálsis pro ímpi-is dam-
Innocent, captive, taken unresisting; falsely accused and by sinners sentenced.

ná-tus: quos red-e-místi, tu consérva, Chríste. *save us, we pray thee, Jesus our Redeemer.* R.

AVE MARIA

MOD. 1

1. Ave Ma-rí-a, grá-ti-a pléna, Dóminus técum. Benedícta tu in mu-
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women,

lí-é-ri-bus, et be-nedíctus fructus ventris tú-i, Jé-sus. Sáncta Marí-a, Máter Dé-
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God,

i, ó-ra pro nó-bis pecca-tó-ri-bus, nunc, et in hó-ra mórtis nóstrae. A-men.
pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

6

A - ve ve-rum de Ma-rí-a Vír-gi-ne: Ve-re pássum,
Had the Virgin Mary, having truly suffered,
 im-mo-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-gui-ne: 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-ci 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!

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.

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

REFRAIN

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

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

Crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on. TO REF

He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on. TO REF

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,

BE JOYFUL, MARY

REGINA CAELI



Be joyful, Mary, heav'nly queen,
Gaude, Maria:
Your Son who died was living seen,
Alleluia, Laetare, O Maria!

The Lord is risen from the sea,
Gaude, Maria:
He rose with might as he had said,
Alleluia, Laetare, O Maria!

The Son you bore by heaven's grace,
Gaude, Maria:
Did at once guilt and sin efface,
Alleluia, Laetare, O Maria!

Then pray to God, O Virgin fair,
Gaude, Maria:
That He our souls to heaven bear.
Alleluia, Laetare, O Maria!

BENEDICAM DOMINUM

MODE 6

B E-ne-dícam Dóminum * In óm-ni témpo-re. Bene-dícam Dóminum * In óm-
I shall bless the Lord in every time.
ni témpo-re. *V.* Semper laus é-jus in ó-re me-o. * In óm-ni témpo-re. *V.* Glóri-a Pa-
His praise (shall be) always in my mouth.
tri, et Fí-li-o, et Spí-rí-tu-i Sancto. Bene-dícam Dóminum * In óm-ni témpo-re.

BETHLEHEM OF NOBLEST CITIES

STUTT GART



Bethlehem, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

By its lambent beauty gladdened
See the eastern kings appear;

See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to thee be paid. Amen.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

EASTER HYMN



1. "Christ the Lord is risen today," Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Alleluia!
Sing ye heav'n's, and earth reply, Alleluia!

2. Lives again our glorious king, Alleluia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Dying once He all doth save, Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O grave? Alleluia!

3. So where Christ has led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted head, Alleluia!
Made like Him, we can arise, Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the stone, Alleluia!

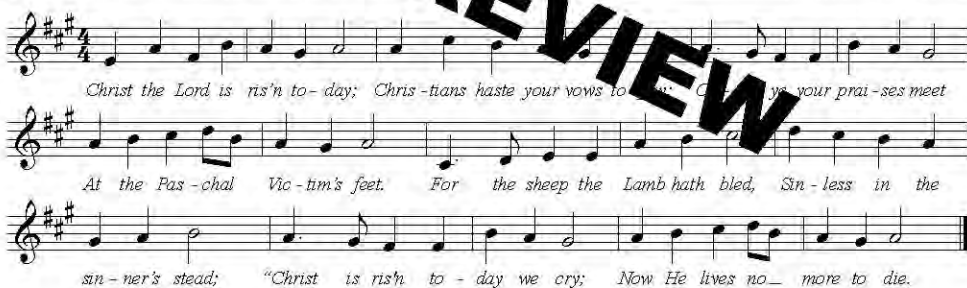
4. Scarce on earth a thought bestow, Alleluia!
Dead to all we leave below, Alleluia!
Heav'n our aim, and loved abode, Alleluia!
Hid our life with Christ in God, Alleluia!

5. Hid till Christ our life appear, Alleluia!
Glorious in His members here, Alleluia!
Joined to Him, we then shall shine, Alleluia!
All immortal, all divine, Alleluia!

6. Hail the Lord of earth and Heaven, Alleluia!
Praise to Thee by both be given, Alleluia!
Thee we greet triumphant now, Alleluia!
Hail the resurrection Thou, Alleluia!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY

VICTIMAE PASCHALI



Christ the Lord is ris'n today;
Christians, haste your vows to pay;
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead;
"Christ is risen," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life:

Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
"Christ is risen," today we cry;
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first born from the dead,
Thou art in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns forevermore.
Hail, eternal King on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory
Hail, Thou Prince of life and peace
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

COME HOLY GHOST

LAMBILLOTTE



Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up thy rest;
Come with thy grace and heav'nly aid
To fill the hearts which thou hast made,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

O Comforter, to thee we cry,
Thou heav'nly gift of God most high,
Thou fount of life, and fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above,
And sweet anointing from above.

O Holy Ghost, through thee alone
Know we the Father and the Son;
Be this our firm unchanging creed,
That thou dost from them both proceed,
That thou dost from them both proceed.

Praise we the Lord, Father and Son,
And Holy Spirit with them one;
And may the Son on us bestow
All gifts that from the Spirit flow,
All gifts that from the Spirit flow.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

MOSCOW



Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious, O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!

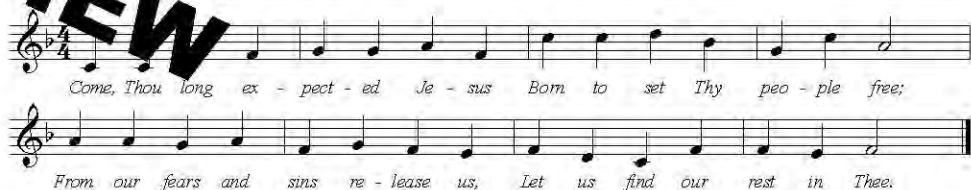
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success,
Spirit of holiness, On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!

To Thee, great One in Three,
Thy praises be,
Hence, ever, for
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity Love and adore!

COME, THOU LONG EXPECTED JESUS

STUTT GART



Come, Thou long expected Jesus
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Thou our surety of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

COME YE THANKFUL PEOPLE COME

ST GEORGES WINDSOR



Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
O Harvest Lord, that we
Wholly to Thee grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day:
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Bring the song of harvest-home;
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

COMFORT COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE

GENEVAN 42



Comfort, comfort ye My people,
Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness,

Mourning 'neath their sorrow's load;
Speak ye to Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them;

Tell me at her sins I cover,
And now how these are over.

For the herald's voice to cry
In the desert far and near
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

Yea, her sins our God will pardon,
Blotting out each dark misdeed;
All that well deserved His anger

He will no more see nor heed.
She has suffered many a day,
Now her griefs have passed away,
God will change her pining sadness
Into ever springing gladness.

Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign,
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er the earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken.

CONDITOR ALME SIDERUM / CREATOR OF THE STARS AT NIGHT

MODE 4

Hymn
4

C

Onditor alme síderum, Æternus redemptor, Christe, redemptor ómnium,

Exáudi preces súpplicum. 2. Qui cóndolens intéritu Mortis per-re sæculum, Salvásti

munda lástima, Donans reis remédium, 3. Vergénte mundi vésperē, Uti sponsus de

thálamo, Egréssus honestíssima Vírginis matris cláusula. 4. Cujus forti poténti-æ Genu

curvántur ómni-a; Caléstia, terréstria Nutu faténtur súbdita. 5. Deprecáur, hági-e,

Virgo, rex sæculi, Consérva nos in témpore, Hostis a telo pérfidi. 6. Laus, honor, vir-

tus, glóri-a, Deo Patri, et Filio, et Spirítui sancto simul Paráclito, in sæculórum sæcula. A-men.

Creator of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear Thy servants when they call.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death a universe,
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace,
To save and heal a ruined race.

Thou can'st, the Bridegroom of the bride,
As drew the world to evening-tide;
Proceeding from a virgin shrine,
The spotless victim all divine.

Thy whose dread name, majestic now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
And angels celestial Thee shall own,
And things terrestrial Lord alone.

O Thou whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From every insult of the foe.

To Him who comes the world to free,
To God the Son, all glory be;
To God the Father, as is meet,
To God the blessed Paraclete.

CORDE NATUS / OF THE FATHERS LOVE BEGOTTEN

DIVINUM MYSTERIUM

C or-de ná-tus ex pa-rén-tis Ante mún-dum ex-ór-gi-num A et O cog-nó-mi-
na-tus, Ip-se fons et cláu-su-la Om-nium quæ sunt, fu-ér-unt, Quæque post fu-
tu-ri sunt. Sæ-cu-lórum sæ-cu-lis. 2. O be-á-tus ór-tus-fl- le Vir-go cum pu-ér-per-
a E-di-it nós-stram sa-cræ-te-rem in Sa-ncto Spí-ri-tu Et Pú-er, Redém-ptor ór-
bis, Os sa-crátum pró-tu-lit. Sæ-cu-lórum sæ-cu-lis. 3. Psállat-al-ti-tú-do cae-li
Psállant ómnes án-ge-li, Quid-que est vir-tu-tis ú-ni-tas, Psállat in láu-dem Dé-i
Nú-la língu-árum sí-lé-scat, Vox et-ó-mnis cón-so-net. Sæ-cu-lórum sæ-cu-lis

Of the Father's Love begotten
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He is Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the end, the goal
 Of the things that are, the things that are to be,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore!

O that Birth for ever blessed,
 When the Virgin, full of grace,
 By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
 Bare the Saviour of our race;

And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
 First revealed His sacred Face,
 Evermore and evermore !

O ye heights of heaven adore Him!
 Angel-hosts His praises sing!
 All dominions bow before Him,
 And extol our God and King ;
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Every voice in concert ring,
 Evermore and evermore!

CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

DIADEMATA



1. Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne.
 Hark! How the heav'nly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee;
 And hail Him as thy matchless king
 Through all eternity!

2. Crown Him the virgin's son!
 The God incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now His brow adorn!
 Fruit of the mystic rose,
 As of that rose the stem;
 The root whence mercy ever flows,
 The Babe of Bethlehem!

3. Crown Him the Lord of love!
 Behold His hands and side,
 Those wounds, yet wounds of love,
 In beauty glorified:

No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his burning eye
 At mysteries so bright!

4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n,
 Enthroned in worlds above,
 Crown Him the king to whom is giv'n
 The wondrous name of Love.
 Crown Him with many crowns,
 As thrones before Him fall;
 Crown Him with many crowns,
 For He is king of all!

5. Crown Him the Son of God,
 Before the worlds began,
 And ye who tread where He hath trod
 Crown Him the Son of Man;
 Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
 And takes and bears them for His own,
 That all in Him may rest.

6. Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of lords,
Who over all doth reign,
Who sits on high, the incarnate Word,
For ransom to sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, king.

DEAR ANGEL EVER AT MY SIDE

ST ANN



Dear Angel ever at my side
How loving you must be,
To leave your home in heav'n to guide
A little child like me.

My eyes see only here below,
But you are by my side,
And you are God before your eyes;
I need you for a guide.

Your beautiful and shining face
Is always very near;
The music of your guiding voice
Is ever in my ear.

My guardian angel, help me now
To give to God my love,
To serve Him in this world below
And come to Him above.

RENEW US AND TAKE THE BODY OF THE LORD

COENA DOMINI



Draw nigh and take
The body of the Lord;
And drink the holy blood
For you outpoured.

Offered was He
For greatest and for least,
Himself the victim,
And Himself the priest.

Saved by that body
And that holy blood,
With souls refreshed,
We render thanks to God.

Approach ye then
With faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard
Of salvation here.

Salvation's giver,
Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross
And blood the victory won.

With the heavenly bread
Makes man that hunger whole,
Gives living meat
To the thirsting soul.

Hymn
D

D

Ulcis Ie-su me-mo-ri-a ve-ra cordi gaudi-a, sed super mel et ómni-

a e-ius dulcis præsén-ti-a. Nil cá-nitur su-á-vi-us, au-dítur nil iucúndi-us,

nil co-gi-tá-tur dúlci-us quam Ie-sus De-i Fí-li-us. Ie-su, dulcé-do cordium, fons

ve-ri, lumen ménti-vi-x, ódis omne gáudium et omne de-si-dé-ri-um. Quando

cor nostrum ví-si-tas, tunc lu-cet e-i vé-ri-tas, quæ li-vi-léscit vá-ni-tas et in-

tus fervet cá-ri-tas. Da nobis largus vé-niam, a-móris tu-i có-pi-am; da nobis per

præsén-ti-am quam vi-dé-re gló-ri-am. Laudes ti-bi nos pángimus dí-léctus es qui

Fí-li-us, quem Patris atque Spí-ri-tus splendor re-vé-lat ín-cli-tus. A-men.

1. Jesu! -- the very thought is sweet!
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

2. No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss:
No word or name brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

3. Jesu, thou source of souls forlorn!
How good thou art to them that mourn!
To them that see thee, how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

4. Jesu, thou sweetness, pure and true,
Truth's fountain, Light of souls distress,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

5. No tongue of mortal can express
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

6. O Jesu! King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be express,
And altogether loveliest!

7. Remain with us, O Lord, today!
In every heart thy grace display:
Thy light the shades of night are fled,
On thee our spirits may be fed.

8. All honour, laud and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee!
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete, Amen.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

ST CATHERINE



Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious Word!

REFRAIN

Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!

Faith of our fathers, we will love
To win all nations unto Thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
We all shall then be truly free. TO REF

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life. TO REF

FIRMLY I BELIEVE AND TRULY

DRAKES BROUGHTON



Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed I duly
Do to death, as He has died.

Sing praise to His grace and wholly
 Light in His strength belong,
 And I love supremely, solely,
 Him the holy, Him the strong.

And I hold in veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,

Holy Church as His creation,
 And her teachings are His own.

Adoration aye be given,
 With and through the angelic host,
 To the God of earth and Heaven,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

THE FIRST NOEL

THE FIRST NOEL



The first Noel the angel did say
 Was to certain poor shepherds In
 fields as they lay;
 In fields where they lay keeping
 their sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

To seek for a king was their intent,
 And to follow the star wherever it went.
 This star came o'er the northwest,
 Over Bethlehem it took its rest;
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then came there three wise men,
 From the east to see the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
 Shining in the east, Beyond them far;
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star
 Three wise men came From country far;

Then entered in those wise men three,
 Full reverently Upon the knee,
 And offered there, in His presence,
 Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord
 Sing praises to Our heavenly Lord;
 That hath made Heav'n and earth
 of naught,
 And with His blood mankind hath bought.



1. For the beauty of the earth
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies.

REFRAIN

Christ our God, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2. For the beauty of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light. TO REF

3. For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight. TO REF

4. For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends here on earth and friends above,

For all gentle thoughts and mild. TO REF

5. For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love. TO REF

6. For the martyrs' crown of light,
For Thy prophets' eagle eye,
For Thy bold confessors' might,
For the joy of infancy. TO REF

7. For Thy angels' robes of snow,
For Thy maiden mother's toil,
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,
Jesu, Victim undefiled. TO REF

8. For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of Heaven. TO REF

FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS

HEINLEIN



Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;

Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

Should we Thy sorrow share
And how we must abstain,
Fasting with a ceaseless prayer,
Strong with Thee to suffer pain.

Thou Satan on us press,
 Jesus! Save us from our call!
 Victor in the wilderness,
 Grant we may not faint or fall!

So shall we have peace divine,
 Holier gladness ours shall be;

Round us, too, shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Savior dear,
 Ever constant by Thy side;
 That with Thee we may appear
 At the eternal Eastertide.

GLORY BE TO JESUS

CASWALL



Glory be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains,
 Poured for me the life blood
 From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal In that blood I find
 Blest be His compassion,
 Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream
 Which from endless torments
 Doth the world redeem.

O, the blood of Christ! it
 Soothes the Father's ire;

Opes the gate of Heaven; Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is pleaded On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion Terror struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts, rejoicing, Make their glad reply.

Lift we then our voices, Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious blood!

THE GLORY OF THESE FORTY DAYS

ERHALT UNS HERR



The glory of these forty days
 We celebrate with songs of praise;
 For Christ, by whom all things were made,
 Himself has fasted and has prayed.
 Alone and fasting Moses saw

The loving God who gave the law,
 And to Elijah, fasting, came
 The steeds and chariots of flame.

So Daniel trained his mystic sight,
 Delivered from the lions' might;

And John, the Bridegroom's friend, who said,
The herald of Messiah's name.

Then grant us, Lord, like them to be
Full oft in fast and prayer with Thee;
Our spirits strengthen with Thy grace,

And give us joy to see Thy face.

Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
To thee forever prayer addressed,
Who art in three persons adored,
From age to age, the only Lord.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

NATIONAL HYMN



God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast,
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

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

Refresh Thy people in their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to new - born day;
Fill all our lives with love and peace and joy,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

HAIL HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

SALVE REGINA COELITUM



Hail, holy Queen enthroned above, O Maria.
Hail, Queen of mercy and of love, O Maria.

REFRAIN

Triumph, all ye Cherubim;
Sing with us, ye Seraphim.
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn:
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina.

The cause of joy to all below, O Maria.
The spring through which all graces flow, O Maria.
Angels, all your praises bring;
Earth and heaven, with us sing;
All creation choing:
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina.

O gentle, loving, holy one, O Maria,
The God of light became your son, O Maria.



Hark! The herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the newborn King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled;
 Joyful, all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th'angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

REFRAIN

Hark! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the newborn King!"
 Christ, the highest Heav'n adored;
 One of the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time, to old Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail th'incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as man in flesh to dwell,
 Jesus our Emmanuel. TO REF
 Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,

Ris'n with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die.
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth. TO REF

Long, O Desire of nations, come,
 Break th'evening's hush, O Thou who
 Rise, th'ancient's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
 Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruined nature now restore;
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine. TO REF

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
 Stamp Thine image in its place:
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in Thy love.
 Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee our Life, the inner man:
 O, to all Thy glory impart,
 Formed in each believing heart. TO REF

HAVE MERCY LORD ON US

SOUTHWELL



Have mercy, Lord, on me,
For you are ever kind;
Though I have sinned before you, Lord,
Your mercy let me find.

The joy your grace can give,
Let me again obtain;
And may your Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Lord, wash away my guilt,
And cleanse my from my sin;
For I confess my wrongs and see
How great my guilt has been.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
Who was and is and shall be so
For all eternity.

HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME

GROSSER GOTT



Holy God, we praise Thy name;
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy scepter claim,
All in Heaven above adore Thee,
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

In unceasing chorus praising;
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are raising,
Cherubim and seraphim,

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.



Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning
Our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
Around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim
falling down before Thee,
which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the
darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy;
there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name,
In earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

AUS MEINES HERZENS GRUNDE



I'll sing a hymn to Mary,
The Mother of my God,
The Virgin of all virgins,
Of David's royal blood.
O teach me, Holy Mary,
A loving song to frame thee,

REFRAIN

When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

O Lily of the Valley,
O Mystic Rose, what a name,
Or flower, e'en the faintest

Is half so fair as thee?
O learn, tho' so lowly
Recline my forehead to her's fame now. TO REF

O noble Tower of David,
Of gold and ivory.
The ark of God's own promise
The gate of Heav'n to me.
To live and not to love thee
Would fill my soul with shame now. TO REF

When troubles dark afflict me
In sorrow and in care,

Thy light doth ever guide me
O beauteous Morning Star.
Lo, I'll be ever ready
Thy goodly help to claim now; TO REP

The saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light.
Oh that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim now; TO REP

But in the crown of Mary,
There lies a wonderous gem,

As Queen of all the angels,
Which Mary shares with them;
Man might ne'er defiled thee,
So don't our faith proclaim now; TO REP

And now O Virgin Mary
My mother and my Queen,
I've sung thy praise so bless me,
And keep my heart from sin.
When others jeer and mock thee
I'll often come to aid thee
To shield my Mother, Mary
Would lay me down and die.

IMMACULATE MARY

LOURDES



Immaculate Mary,
thy praises we sing;
You reignest in splendor
with Jesus, our King.

Repeat
Ave, ave, ave, Maria.
Ave, ave, Maria.

In heaven the blessed
thy glory proclaim;

On earth we, your children,
invoke thy fair name. TO REP

Thy name is our power,
thy virtues our light;
Thy love is our comfort,
thy prayers our might. TO REP

We pray for the Church,
our true mother on earth;
And bless O dear Mother
the land of our birth. TO REP

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS

ST COLUMBA



The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial fed us.

Perverse and foolish oft I lived
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

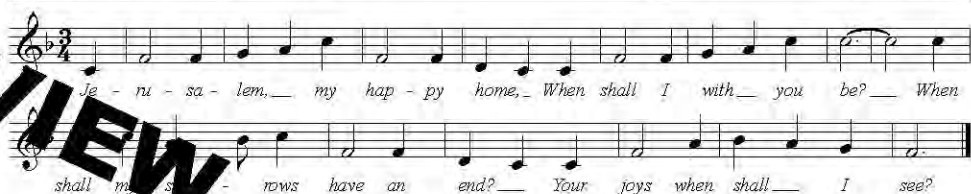
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
O Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME

LAND OF REST



Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I with you be?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Your joys when shall I see?

Your saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice
In that most holy place.

There David stands with harp in hand
Master of the choir:
How oft would we be blessed
Who could this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet

And all the virgins join the song
While sitting at her feet.

There Magdalene has left her tears,
And softly does sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In ev'ry soul does ring.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant that I may see
Your endless joy, and of the same
Partaker ever be!

O Christ do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above.

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TODAY

EASTER HYMN



Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
He did once, upon the cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's king, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly king, Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above, Alleluia!
Praise eternal as His love, Alleluia!
Praise to all you heavenly host, Alleluia!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!

JESUS MY LORD MY GOD MY ALL

SWEET SACRAMENT



Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All
How can I love Thee as I ought.
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

Oh, with what ever fervent praise,
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.

Oh, see upon the altar placed.
The Victim of divinest love!
Let all the earth below adore,
And join the choirs of heav'n above.

REFRAIN

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King;

Oh, dear Pastor of the flock,
We crouch in love about Thy feet;
Our voices raise to praise Thee Lord,
And joyfully Thy presence greet.



Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Son reigns;
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods,
rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
and wonders of His love.

LET ALL MORTAL FLESH

PICARDY



Let all mortal flesh keep silence,
And with fear and trembling stand;
Ponder nothing earthly minded,
For with blessing in His hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth,
Our full homage to demand.

King of kings, yet born of Mary,
On earth He stood,
And in human vesture,
In the body and the blood;
He will give to all men himself
His own self for heavenly food.

Rank on rank the host of Heaven
Spreads its vanguard on the way,
As the light of light descendeth
From the realm of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish
As the darkness clears away.

At His feet the six wingèd seraph,
Cherubim with sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the presence,
As with ceaseless voice they cry:
Alleluia, Alleluia
Alleluia, Lord Most High!



Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Savior of the world is here.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee—here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

Open wide the portals of your heart,
Make your temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer Jesus to Thy name.

LO, HOW A ROSE 'ER BLOOMING

EIN IST ER ROS



Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men of old have sung.
It came, a flower bright
Amid the cold of winter
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
The virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

The shepherds heard the story
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory
Was born on earth this night.

To Bethlehem they sped
And in the manger found Him,
As angel heralds said.

This flower, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere;
True man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us,
And lightens every load.

O Savior, child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe,
O Savior, King of glory,
Whom our weakness know;
Bring us, O angels, to pray,
To the bright courts of Heaven,
And to the endless day.

LORD WHO THROUGHOUT THESE FORTY DAYS

ST FLAVIAN



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

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

As Thou didst hunger bear, and thirst
So teach us, gracious Lord,

To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy passiontide,
Yea, evermore in life and death,
Jesus, with us abide.

Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering over past,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last.

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVES EXCELLING

HYFRODOL



Love divine, all loves excell'g,
Joy of Heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, breathe Thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee thyself
Let us find that second rest.

Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of all things its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Thine court our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

MISERICORDIA DOMINI

MODE 5

5
M I-se-ricór-di-as Dó-mi-ni in aetérnum cantá-bo. *ij.* In ge-ne-ra-tí-ónem
The mercies of the Lord I shall sing for eternity. For generations

ra-tí-ónem annunti-á-bo ve-ri-tá-tem tú-am in ó-re mé-o. Mise-ricór-
and generations I will announce Thy truth in my mouth.

di-as, *etc.* Glóri-a Pá-tri, et Fí-li-o, et Spí-rí-tu-sán-to. Sicut é-rat in princí-pi-
o et nunc et semper et in saécu-la saecu-lórum. amen. *Misericordia, etc.*

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

AMERICA

My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died,
Land of the pil-grims' pride, From e-v'ry moun-tain-side, Let free-dom ring!

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;

My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

No more shall tyrants here
With haughty steps appear,
And soldier bands;
No more shall tyrants tread
Above the patriot dead—

No more our blood be shed
By alien hands.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees

sweet of our's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe praise;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our king.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,

MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY MY NEED

RESIGNATION



My shepherd will supply my need;
 Christ Jesus is His name;
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.
 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
 When I forsake His ways,
 And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When through the shades of death I walk
 Thy presence is my stay;
 One word of Thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

And in sight of all my foes,
 Thy help is ready spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 O may Thy house be my abode,
 And all my work be praise!
 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come;
 No more a stranger, nor a guest,
 But like a child at home.

NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

NUN DANKET



Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
in whom this world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;

and keep us in His grace,
and guide us when perplexed;
And we will praise Him all our lives,
in this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God
the Father now be given;
The Son and Him who reigns
with Them in highest Heaven;
The one eternal God,
whom earth and Heav'n adore;
For thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

NOËL NOUVELET

NOËL NOUVELET



Noël nouvelet, sing we a new Noël;
Thank we now our God, and of His goodness tell;
Sing we Noël to greet the new born King;
Noël nouvelet, a new Noël we sing!

Waking from my sleep, a vision came to me;
For before my eyes there stood a flow'ring tree,
Where on a bright rosebud I did see.
Noël nouvelet, a new Noël sing we!

How my heart did glow, with inward joy I came!
For with rays of glory did the rosebud shine,
As when the sun doth blaze on break of day.
This new Noël sing we: Noël nouvelet!

Then a tiny bird ceased joyous song to
Unto certain shepherds: "Haste you now away!
In Bethlehem the newborn Lamb you'll see."
Noël nouvelet, a new Noël sing we!

Mary and Joseph in Bethl'em they found,
Where the Infant lay, with ox and ass around,
And for a crib, their manger full of hay.
This new Noël sing we: Noël nouvelet!

So, upon my bed, I saw these wonders all,
Dreaming of a Child, an Infant Child so small:
Jesus of Naz'reth, called a King to be.
Noël nouvelet, a new Noël sing we!

O COME DIVINE MESSIAH

VENEZ DIVIN MESSIE



O come, divine Messiah!
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

REFRAIN

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

When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.

O come, Desired of nations,
Whom priest and prophet long foretold.
Come break the captive's fetters,
Redeem the long-lost fold. TO REF
O come in peace and meekness,
For lowly will our cradle be:
Though clothed in human weakness
We shall your Godhead see. TO REF

O COME O COME EMMANUEL

VENI EMMANUEL



O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

REFRAIN

Rejoice, rejoice,
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou wisest in a high,
Who orderest all things right;
To us the path of knowledge show
And teach us in her ways to go. TO REF

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory over the grave. TO REF

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and with thee
Our spirits by Thine advent here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight. TO REF

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery. TO REF

O come, O come, great Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height

in ancient times once gave the law
in cloud and majesty and awe. TO REF

O come, Thou Root of Jesse's tree,
An ensign of the people set;
Before Thee rulers shall fall;
All peoples on Thy mercy call. TO REF

O come, Desire of nations, bind
In one the hearts of all mankind;
Bid Thou our sad divisions cease,
And be Thyself our King of Peace. TO REF

O GOD OF LOVELINESS

CRUSADERS HYMN



O God of loveliness,
O Lord of Heaven above,
How worthy to possess
Thy people's devoted love.
So sweet Thy countenance,
So gracious Thy regard,
That one, one only glance
to me were bliss untold.

Thou art blest Three in One,
yet undivided still,
Thou art the One alone,
whose love my heart can fill.
The heav'ns and earth below
Were fashioned by Thy Word,
How amiable art Thou,
my ever dearest Lord.

To think Thou art my God—
O thought forever blest!
My heart has overflowed
with joy within my breast.
My soul so full of bliss,
Is plunged as in a sea,
Deep in the sweet abyss
of holy charity.

O Loveliness supreme,
and Beauty infinite,
O ever flowing Stream
and Ocean of delight,
O Life by which I live,
My truest Life above,
To Thee alone I give
my undivided love.

O JESUS WE ADORE THEE

FULDA



O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Upon the cross, our King!
We bow our hearts before Thee,
Thy gracious name we sing.
That name hath brought salvation,
That name in life our stay,
Our peace, our consolation,
When life shall fade away.

Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still passing by the cross;
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;
All else we count but loss.

Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree;
Our pride, our Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our Hope to be.

O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
The Son enthroned on high.
Lord, grant to us remission;
Into thy life Thy death restore;
Yea, grant us fruition
Of life forevermore.

O LORD I AM NOT WORTHY

AULE



O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou should'st come to me,
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.

O sacrament most holy,
O Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be ev'ry moment Thine.

Oh, come, all you who sorrow,
In sorrow and in pain,
Come, eat This Bread from heaven;
Thy peace and strength regain. TO REF

O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Our Victim and our Priest,
Whose precious Blood and Body
Become our sacred Feast. TO REF

O Sacrament most holy,
O Sacrament divine!

All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment Thine. TO REF

O MARY OF GRACES

SIOBAN NI LAOGHAIRE



O Mary of Graces
and mother of God
May I tread in the paths
that the righteous have trod
And mayest thou save me
from evil's control
And mayest thou save me
in body and soul.

And mayest thou save me
by land and by sea
And mayest thou save me
from tortures to be
May the guard of the angels
around me abide
May God be before me
and do not my side.

O Mary of Graces,
oh answer my plea
Under crosses in trial
to thee do I flee

O teach me Sweet Mother
to follow His Will
To journey with courage
up Calvary's Hill

O Mary my Mother
and Mother of all
Be my Guide and Protectress
that I may not fail
And mayest thou lead me
to Heaven above
With Saints and Angels
I'll share in Thy Love

May a smile of thy mercy
from heaven come down
When my heart would leave thee
and cleave to the ground
And when this poor body
returns to its sod
May thy loving arms bear
my soul to its God.

O QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY

ELLACOMBE



O Queen of the Holy Rosary,
O bless us as we pray,
And offer thee our roses
In garlands day by day,
While from our Father's garden,
With loving hearts so bold,
We gather to thine honour
Buds white and red and gold.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Each myst'ry blends with thine
The sacred life of Jesus
In ev'ry step divine,
Thy soul was His fair garden,
Thy virgin breast His throne,
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror,
Reflecting Him alone.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary,
We share thy joy and pain,
And long to see the glory
Of Christ's triumphant reign.

Oh, teach us holy Mary,
To live each mystery,
And gain by patient suff'ring
The glory won by thee.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary,
White roses let us bring,
And lay them round thy footstool,
Before our Infant King.
Thy sweetest in thy bosom,
God's Son was fain to be
The child of thy obedience
And spotless purity.

Queen of the Holy Rosary!
What radiancy of love,
What splendour and what glory
Surround thy court above!
O, in thy tender pity
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this our offering,
Our flow'rs white, red, and gold

O SACRED HEAD SURROUNDED

PASSION CHORALE



O sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
So shamed and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet angel hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigor
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor
Bereaving Thee of life;

O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Thy all-grace supplying,
O turn my face to me.

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

WERNER



O salutaris hostia
quae caeli pandis ostium,
bella premunt hostilia:
da robur, fer auxilium

Uni trinoque Domino
sit sempiterna gloria,
qui vitam sine termino
nobis donet in patria. Amen.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

ABBE DEUGET



O SAVING VICTIM

(ENGLISH TRANSLATION)

O saving Victim, open wide
The gate of Heav'n to man below;
Our foes press on from every side;
Your aid supply; Your strength bestow.

O our great name be endless praise;
Immortal Godhead, One in Three;
Grant us, for ever, all its length of days,
In our true heaven and home. Amen.



O sanctissima, o piissima,
dulcis Virgo Maria!
Mater amata, intemerata,
ora, ora pro nobis.

Ecce debiles, perquam flebiles;
salva nos, o Maria!
Tolle languores, sana dolores;
ora, ora pro nobis.

Tu solatium et refugium,
Virgo Mater Maria.
Quidquid optamus, per te speramus;
ora, ora pro nobis.

Virgo, respice, Mater, aspice;
audi nos, o Maria!
Tu medicinam portas divinam;
ora, ora pro nobis.

O MOST HOLY ONE

SICILIAN MARINERS

O most holy one,
O most lowly one,
Loving Virgin, Maria!
Mother, Maid of fairest love,
Lady, Queen of all above,
Ora, ora pro nobis!

Virgin ever fair,
Hear our prayer,
Bless us, Maria!
Bring to us your treasure,
Grace beyond all measure;
Ora, ora pro nobis!

O SONS AND DAUGHTERS

O FILII ET FILIAE



1. O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death today rose triumphing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

"Your Lord has gone to Galilee."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

2. That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4. That night th'apostles were in prayer;
Amidst them came their Lord, who bade them
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3. An angel clad in white they see
Who sat, and spake unto the dead.

5. When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

6. "My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

7. No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

How blessed are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith has constant been;
For by eternal life shall win.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

9. On this most holy day of days
Our hearts and voices, Lord, we raise
To Thee, in jubilee and praise.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O THOU IMMORTAL HOLY LIGHT

TALLIS CANON



O Thou immortal holy Light,
Blest Trinity in unity,
Forever infinite in might,
We sinful creatures worship Thee.

Paternal Majesty enthroned,
We Thee confess with Christ Thy Son;
Thee, Holy Ghost, eternal Bond,
Through love uniting Both in One.

As of the Father infinite
His Son in flesh eternal came,
So too from both the Father and the Son
Proceeds, in Deity the Holy Ghost.

O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Almighty God of heav'n and earth,
All mortals and the heav'nly host
Proclaim Thy everlasting worth.



On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh.
Awake and harken, for he brings
glad tidings of the King of kings!

Then cleansed be every breast from sin:
make straight the way for God within,
And let us all our hearts prepare
for Christ to come and set us free.

We hail you as our Savior, Lord
our refuge and our great reward.

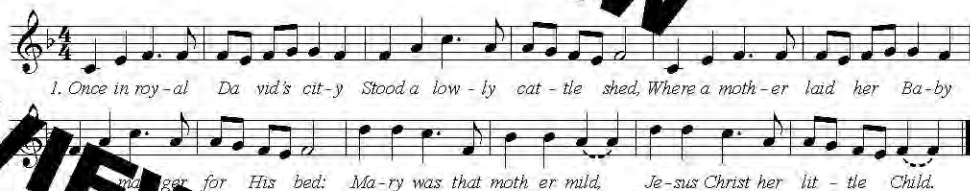
Without your grace we waste away
like flow'rs that wither and decay.

Stretch forth your hand, our health restore,
and make us rise to fall no more.
O let your face upon us shine
and fill the world with love divine.

All praise to you, eternal Son,
whose advent has our freedom won,
Whom with the Father we adore,
and Holy Spirit, evermore.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVIDS CITY

IRBY



Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall:

With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
here on earth our Savior holy.

And in his all - pow - er - ful childhood
he would honor and re - veal
love and watch the low - ly in -

in whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
mild, obedient, good as he.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love;
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord and King above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing by,
we shall see him, but in heaven,
set at God's right hand on high;
when like stars his children crowned
all in white shall wait around.

Hymn
3

P

Ange lingua glo-ri-ó-si Córporis mysté-rium, Sanguis preti-ó-si, Quem

*Sing, my tongue, The mystery of the glorious body,**And of the precious Blood*

in mundi prétium Fructus ventris ge-ne-ró-si Rex ef-fúdit gén-ti-um. 2. Nobis da-tus,

*That for the world's salvation**The fruit of a noble womb,**The king of the nations, shed,**2. Given to us,*

nobis natus Ex in-tácta Vírgi-ne, Et in mundo conversá-tus, Sparso verbi sé-mine,

*born to us, From an unblemished virgin,**And having lived in the world, Scattering the seed of the Word,*

Su-i moras in-co-lá-tus Miro clausit ór-di-ne. 3. In supréma nocte cœna Recúmbens

*The time of his habitation Miraculously He closed in due order,**In the night of His last supper,**Resting with*

cum fratribus, Observá-ta le-ge plene Cibis in le-gá-li-bus. Cœna tu bæ du-o-dé-

*His brothers,**The law being fully observed With permitted foods,**Cœna tu bæ du-o-dé-*

næ Se dat su-is má-nibus. 4. Verbum ca-ro, panem verum Verbo carnem ef-fi-cit:

*Himself as food with his own hands**The Word in flesh true bread By a word makes His flesh,*

Fitque sanguis Christi merum, Et si sensus dé-fi-cit, Ad firmándum cor sincérum So-

*And blood becomes the Blood of Christ, And if of sense is lacking,**To confirm a true heart*

la fi-des súf-fi-cit. * 5. Tantum agnoscere sacraméntum Vene-rémur cérnu-i: Et an-tí-

*Faith alone suffices.**Therefore so great a sacrament Let us fall down and worship,**And let the old*

quum documentum Novo cedat rí-tu-i: Præstet fi-des suppléméntum Sénsuum de-fé-

*law Give way to a new rite,**And let faith stand forward To make good the defects of sense.*

ctu-i. 6. Geni-tó-ri, Geni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lus. Salus, honor, virtus quoque

*To the Father and the Son Be praise and joy,**Health, honour and virtue And blessing,*

Sit et bene-dí-cti-o: Procedénti ab u-tróque Compar sit lau-dá-tio. Amen.

*And to him proceeding from both**Be equal praise. Amen.*

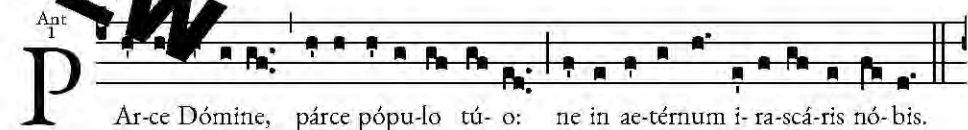


Panis angelicus
fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coelicus
figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis!
Manducat Dominum
pauper, servus et humilis.

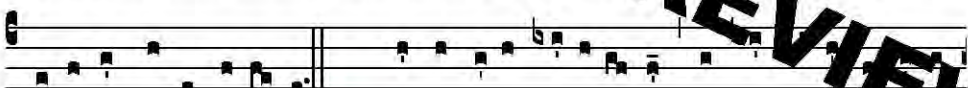
Thus Angels' Bread is made
the Bread of man today:
the Living Bread from heaven
with figures dost away:
O wondrous gift indeed!
the poor and lowly may
upon their Lord and Master feed.

Te trina Deitas
unaque poscimus:
Sic nos tu visita,
sicut te colimus;
Per tuas semitas
duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.
Amen.

Thee, therefore, we implore,
o Godhead, One in Three,
so may Thou visit us
and now worship Thee;
and lead us on Thy way,
That we at last may see
the light wherein Thou dwellest aye.
Amen.



1. Flectámus í - ram víndi - cem, Plo - rémus an - te Jú - dicem, ne ó - re súpli - ci,



Dí - cámus ómnes cé - rnu - i: R. 2. Nó - stris má - lis offé - ndi - mus Tú - am Déus clemén -



am Effúnde nó - bis es - pe - Remí - ssor ín - dul - génti - am. R. 3. Dans témpus ac - ceptá -

PREVIEW

bí- le, Da la-crimárum rí-vu-lis La-vá-re córdis ví-ti. Quam læta ad-ú-rat cá-
 ri- tas. **R.** 4. Audi, be-ní- gne Cóndi- tor, Nós-tras préces cum flé-ti-bus In hoc sá- cro
 je-jú-ni-o Fúsas quadrage-ná-ri- o. **R.** 5. Scrutátor ál- me córdi-um, In- ffrma tu
 scis ví-ri-um; Ad te re- vérsis éx-hi-be Remissi- ó-nis grá-ti- am. **R.**

PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSING FLOW

OLD HUNDRETH

PREVIEW

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.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

LAUDA ANIMA

PREVIEW

Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy tri - bute bring!
 Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - gi - ven, Who like me His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia. Praise the e - ver - las - ting King!

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring!
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like me His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia.
 Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our souls in distress!
 Praise Him the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
 Praise Him, praise Him all the while,
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father He tends and spares us;
Well our foes to fame He knows.
In His hands He really rears us,
Rescues us from all our fears;
Praise Him, praise Him, and let
Widely as His mercy flows!

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,

God endures unchanging on,
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia.
Praise the high eternal One!

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia.
Praise with us the God of grace!

PRAYSE THE LORD YE HEAVENS ADORE HIM

AUSTRIA



Praise the Lord: ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height.
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed.
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His pow'r proclaim.
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee.
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in Heav'n adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy throne.
As Thy angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

PRAYSE TO THE LORD THE ALMIGHTY

ROBE DEN HERREN



Praise to the Lord,
The Almighty, the king of creation.

O my soul, praise Him,
For He is thy health and salvation!

All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near;
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord,
Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness
And mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord,
When darkness of sin is abounding,

Who, when the godless
In triumph, all virtue confounding,
Shadden the light,
Chase all the light of night,
Saints with His love surrounding.

Praise to the Lord,
O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath,
Come now with praises before Him.
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

PUER NATUS

MODE I

Hymn 1

P U-er natus in Bêthlehem, al-le-lú-ia: Unde gaude-je-re-sa-m, al-le-lú-ia,
A boy is born in Bethlehem, God be praised; Whence joy shall be ours, God be praised.

al-le-lú-ia. In córdis jú-bi-lo, Christum natum a-do-rémus, Cum nóvo cán-ti-co.
In jubilation of heart, let us adore the (new) born Christ with a new song.

2. Assumpsit carnem Filius, alleluia,
Et Patris altissimus, alleluia, alleluia.

3. Per Gabrielem nuntium, alleluia,
Virgo concepit Filium, alleluia, alleluia.

4. Tamquam sponsus de thalamo, alleluia,
Processit Matris utero,
alleluia, alleluia.

5. Hic iacet in praesepio, alleluia:
Qui regnat sine termino, alleluia, alleluia.

6. Et Angelus pastoribus, alleluia,
Revelat quod sit Dominus, alleluia, alleluia.

7. Reges de Saba Veniunt, alleluia,
Aurum, thus, myrrham offerunt, alleluia, alleluia.

8. Intrantes domum invicem, alleluia,
Novum salutant Principem, alleluia, alleluia.

The Son has taken flesh, God be praised.

The Most High of God the Father, God be praised.

Through the messenger Gabriel, God be praised.
The Virgin has conceived a Son, God be praised.

Like a spouse from the marriage chamber, God
be praised. He went forth from the womb of (His)
Mother, God be praised.

Here He lies in a manger, God be praised.
Who reigns without end, God be praised.

And the angel to the shepherds, God be praised.
Reveals that it is the Lord, God be praised.

Kings from Saba come, God be praised. Gold,
incense, and myrrh they offer, God be praised.

Entering the home together, God be praised. They
salute the new Prince, God be praised.

9. Deo de natus Virgine, alleluia,
Qui lumen est de lumine, alleluia, alleluia.

10. Sine serpente alme, alleluia,
De nostro venit sanguine, alleluia, alleluia.

11. In carne nobis similis, alleluia,
Peccato sed dissimilis, alleluia, alleluia.

12. Ut redderet nos homines, alleluia,
Deo et sibi similes, alleluia, alleluia.

13. In hoc natali gaudio, alleluia:
Benedicamus Domino, alleluia, alleluia.

14. Laudetur sancta Trinitas, alleluia,
Deo dicamus gratias, alleluia, alleluia.

Of a Virgin Mother born, God be praised.
(is) He Who is Light of Light, God be praised.

Without the wound of the serpent, God be praised.
He came from our blood, God be praised.

In flesh like to us, God be praised.
But in sin unlike (us), God be praised.

That He would render us men, God be praised.
Like to God and Himself, God be praised.

In this birthday is joy, God be praised,
Let us bless the Lord, God be praised.

Let the Holy Trinity be praised, God be praised,
Let us give thanks to God, God be praised.

REGINA CAELI

ANTIPHON 6

Ant 6
R E-gi-na cæli * læ-tá-re, al-le-lu-ia. *Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia.* Cum es-tem meru- f-sti portá-re, al-le-
For you were worthy to bear, alleluia.
lú-ia : Resurréxit, sicut dixit, al-le- lú-ia : O-ra pro nobis Deum, al-le-lú-ia.
[Now] has risen, as He said, alleluia. Pray for us to God, alleluia.

REGINA CAELI LAUDIBUS

MODE 5

R e-sonet in láudi-bus Cum jucúndis pláusi-bus, Si-on cum fi-dé-li-bus:
Let resound in praises with joyful applause, Zion with the faithful.
R. Ap-pá-ru- it quem gé-nu- it Ma-rí- a. Gaudé- te gáude- te Christus na-tus
He has appeared whom Mary bore. Rejoice, Rejoice, Christ is born today!
hó-di- e! Gaudé- te, gau-dé- te, ex Ma-rí- a Vír-gi- ne.
Rejoice rejoice of the Virgin Mary.
2. Si-on lau-da De-um om-ni-um, Sal-va-tórem óm-ni-um, Vir-go pa-rít Fí-li-um.
Zion, praise the Lord, Savior of all, the Virgin gives birth to the Son.

3. Pú-e-ri concúr-ri-te, Na-to Re-gi psál-li-te. *Rejoice, rejoice, sing to the Virgin Mary.* to R.

4. Natus est Emmá-nu-el, Quem praedí-xit Gá-bri-el Tes-tis est E-zé-chi-el. *Sion, praise the Lord, the Savior of all, the Virgin gives birth to the Son.* to R.

5. Ju-da cum can-tó-ri-bus. Grá-de-re de fó-ri-bus Et dic cum pas-tó-ri-bus. *Children, come running, sing to the newborn King, with pious voice say:* to R.

6. Qui regnat in aé-the-re, Ve-nit o-vern quaére-re, Nolens e-am pér-de-re. *Born is God-With-Us, whom Gabriel foretold, Eschiel is witness.* to R.

7. Sancta ti-bi Trí-ni-tas, Os óm-ni-um grá-ti-as Re-gnat in té-si-mas. *To Thee, Holy Trinity, Let the mouth of all sound again the greatest of names.* to R.

SALVE REGINA (SIMPLE TONE)

Ant 5. Al-ve, Regí-na, * má-ter mi-se-ricórdi-æ: Vít-a, dulcé-do, et spes nó-tra, sál- *O Queen, mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope, hail.*

ve. Ad te clamá-mus, ex-a-lá-ti, Hé-væ. Ad te suspi-rá-mus, geméntes et fléntes *To thee do we cry, exalted, O Eve, To thee do we sigh, moaning and weeping.*

in hac la-crimá-rum vál-le. E-ia er-go, Advo-cá-ta nó-tra, íl-lós tú-os mi-se-ricór-des ó- *in this valley of tears. Ah, then, our Advocate, those merciful eyes of thine*

culos ad nos convér-te. Et Jésum, bene-dí-ctum in vén-tris tú-i, nobis post hoc *turn toward us. And Jesus the blessed fruit of thy womb, send to us*

ex-sí-lium o-sténde. O clé-mens: O pí-a: O dúlcis * Vir-gi-ni Má-ri *after this exile, show. O clement: O holy: O sweet Virgin Mary.*

SAVIOUR OF THE NATIONS COME

NUN KOMM DERHEIDEN HEILAND



Savior of the nations, come;
 Virgin's Son, here make Thy home!
 Marvel now, O heaven and earth,
 That the Lord chose such a birth.

Not by human flesh and blood;
 By the Spirit of our God
 Was the Word of God made flesh,
 Woman's offspring pure and fresh.

Wondrous birth! O wondrous birth!
 Of the virgin undefiled!
 Though by all the world disowned,
 Still to be in heaven enthroned.

From the Father forth He came
 And returneth to the same,

Captive leading death and hell
 High the song of triumph swell!

Thou, the Father's only Son,
 Hast over sin the victory won.
 Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
 When shall we its glories see?

Brightly doth Thy manger shine,
 Glorious is its light divine.
 Let not sin o'ercloud this light;
 Ever be our faith thus bright.

Praise to God the Father sing,
 Praise to God the Son, our king,
 Praise to God the Spirit be
 Ever and eternally.

SILENT NIGHT

STILLE NACHT



Silent night, holy night,
 All is calm, all is bright
 Round yon virgin mother and Child,
 Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
 Sleep in heavenly peace,
 Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
 Sleepers all quake at the sight;
 Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
 Christ the Savior is born,
 Christ the Savior is born!

Silent night, holy night,
 Softest love's pure light;
 Radiant beams from Thy holy face
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Silent night, holy night
 Wondrous star, lend thy light;
 With the angels let us sing,
 Alleluia to our King;
 Christ the Savior is born,
 Christ the Savior is born!



Sing praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of pow'r, the God of love,
The God of our salvation.
With healing balm my soul is filled
And every faithless murmur stilled:
To God all praise and glory.

What God's almighty pow'r hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth,
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just and all is right:
To God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away,
But through our grief distressing,
An ever present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing.

As with a mother's tender hand,
God gently leads the chosen band:
To God all praise and glory.

Thus, all my toilsome way along,
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That earth may hear the grateful song
My voice unceasing raises.
Be joyful, O my heart,
Both soul and body be your part:
To God all praise and glory.

Let all who name Christ's holy name
Give God all praise and glory;
Let all who own His pow'r proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story!
Cast each false idol from its throne,
For Christ is Lord, and Christ alone:
To God all praise and glory.

SONGS OF THANKFULNESS AND PRAISE

ST EDMUND



Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star

To the sage from the East,
Branch of royal David's stem,
In Thy birth at Bethlehem.

Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,
And at Cana, wedding guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious love,
Ever bringing good from evil;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,

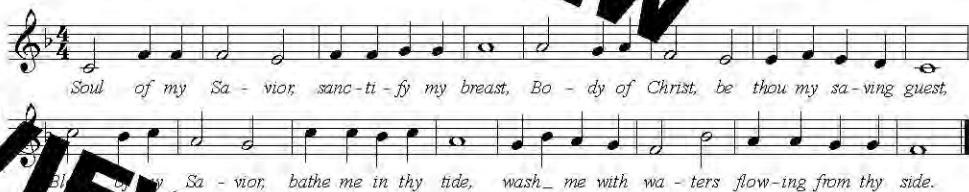
God in man made manifest.

Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heav'ns shall flee,
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

ANIMA CHRISTI



Soul of my Savior, sanctify my breast,
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,
Blood of my Savior, bathe me in thy tide,
Wash me with waters flowing from thy side.

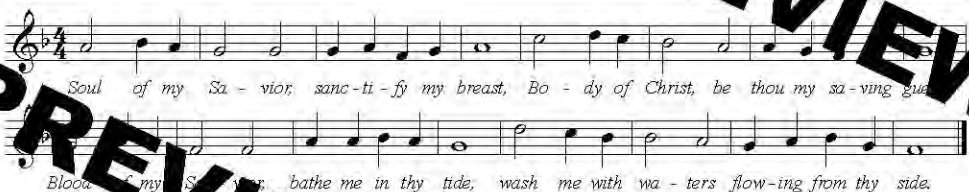
Strength and protection may thy passion be,
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;

Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only thine;
Call me and bid me come to thee on high
Where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

DIBICI



Apt
S UB tuum prae-si-di-um confu-gi-mus, * sancta De-i Vir-gi-nis: nostras de-
Under thy protection do us flee, Holy Mother of God: Our
 pre-ca-ti-o-n-es ne de-spi-ci-as in ne-ces-si-ta-ti-bus: sed a pe-rí-cu-lis
prayers despise not in (our) necessities: But from all dangers
 re-cre-tis lí-be-ra nos sem-per, Virgo glo-ri-ó-sa et be-ne-dí-cta.
re-cre-us always: O Virgin glorious and blessed.

STARS OF THE MORNING

SLANE

*Stars of the mor-ning, so glo-ri-ous-ly bright, Filled with ce-lestial re-splendence and light,
 These, in thy king-dom of e'er-las-ting day, Sing these their 'Sanctus' for - e-ver and aye.*

Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
 Filled with celestial resplendence
 and light,

Rejoice in thy kingdom of e'erlasting day,
 Sing in the 'Sanctus' forever and aye.

O God of Sabaoth, these to Thou own,
 These are thy ministers, these to thy throne
 These all thy messengers these

Thou send
 Help of the helpless for man to defend

These keep the guard a mid Salem's
 dear bow'rs,

Thrones, Principalities, Virtues
 and Pow'rs,

Where, with Thy creatures, the
 mystical four,

Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

Michael archangel is placed at the fore;
 "Who is like God?" is the summons
 to war;

Raphael, 'God's Healer', is sent for
 our cure;

Gabriel, 'God's Strong One', that we
 may endure.

Still let them succor us; still let
 them fight,

Still let them aid us, still battle for right;
 Till, where their anthems

unceaselessly soar,

We blend our praises with theirs

in praise.



O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen
through the mists of the deep
Where our fathers' haughty host
in dread and repose,

What is that which the breeze,
o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows,
half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam
of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected
now shines in the stream,

'Tis the star-spangled banner—
O long may it wave
o'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave!

And where is that band
who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war
and the battle's confusion

A home and a Country
should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out
their foul footstep's pollution.

No refuge could save
the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight
or the gloom of the grave,

And the star-spangled banner
in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever
when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home
and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace
may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath
made and preserv'd us a nation!

Then conquer we must,
when our cause it is just,
and our rights are men's wrongs—
"And the star-spangled banner
in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave."

And the star-spangled banner
in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave.

1
S tel-la cæ-li exstirpá-vit, * quæ la-ctávit Dóminum : *Mortuus enim quam plantá-*
The star of heaven who suckled the Lord *Has redden'd the plague of death which*

vit primus parens hóminum. I-psa stel-la nunc dignétur sí-de-ra compéscere,
the first parent of men planted. *May that very star now deign to restrain the constellations*

Quorum bel-la plebem cædunt di-ræ mortis úl-ce-re. O pi-fs-si-ma stel-la ma-ris,
Whose wars kill the people with the sore of terrible death. *O glorious star of the sea,*

a pe-ste succúr-re no-bis. Au-di nos, Dómi-na, nam fi-li-us tu-us ni-hil negans
save us from the plague. *Hear us, for thy Son honours thee,* *refusing thee nothing.*

te honó-rat. Sal-va nos Ie-su, pro quibus Virgo Mater te o-rat.
Save us, Jesus, on whose behalf the virgin mother beseeches thee.

THAT EASTERTIDE WITH JOY WAS BRIGHT

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR

That Eas-ter-tide with joy was bright, The sun shone out with fair-er light, When,
to the long-ing eyes re-stored, The glad a-pos-tles saw their Lord.

That Eastertide with joy was bright,
The sun shone out with fairer light,
When, to their longing eyes restored,
The glad apostles saw their Lord.

He bade them see His hands, His side,
Where yet the glorious wounds abide;
The tokens true which made it plain
Their Lord indeed was ris'n again.

O Jesus, King of gentleness,
Do Thou Thyself our hearts possess

That we may give Thee all our days
The tribute of our grateful praise.

O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Eastertide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed forever shield.

All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be
And glory to Thee eternally.



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

The three sad days are quickly sped;
he rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head.
Alleluia!

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

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

The powers of death have done their worst,
but Christ their legions has dispersed.
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

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

TANTUM ERGO

ST THOMAS



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

Genitori, Genitoque Laus et jubitatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti abutroque Compar sit laudatio.

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.

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.

Hymn
3

T

Antum er-go Sacraméntum Ve-ne-rémur cón- Et an-tíquum docu-

méntum Nóvo cédat rí-tu-i: Praestet fí-des suppleméntum Sénsuum de-fé-ctu-í.

2. Ge-ni-tó-ri, Ge-ni-tó-que Laus et ju-bi-lá-ti-o, Sá-lus, hó-nor, ví-r-tus quo-que Sit

et be-ne-dí-cti-o: Proce-dén-ti ab u-tró-que Cómpar sit lau-dá-ti-o. A-men.

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

GREENSLEEVES

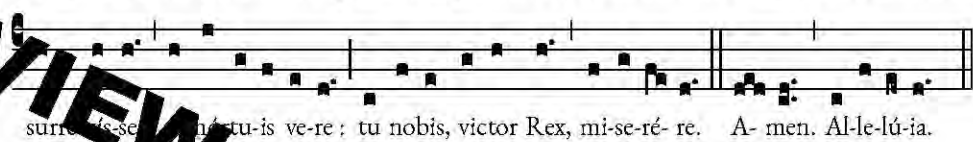
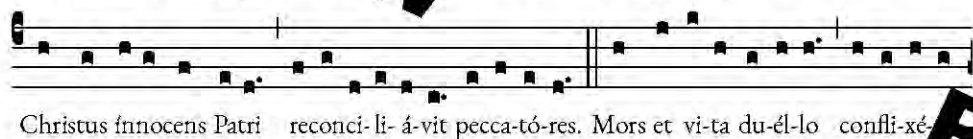


What child is this who, laid to rest
On Mary's lap is sleeping,
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping,
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste, to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the son of Mary.

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.

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.
Now Christ is born,
The Babe, the son of Mary.



ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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 saw'st when thou wast there:

"The Tomb of Christ, who is living,
The glory of Jesu's Resurrection;

Bright angels attesting,
The shroud and napkin resting.

Yea, Christ my Lord is arisen;
To Galilee he goes before us."

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 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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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 in the happy throng,
And sing on, and sing on,
We'll join in 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!

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!

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!

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!

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

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!

8 The night becomes a 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!

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!

4 Give the word, on high,
The hosanna cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise,
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!

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!

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!

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!



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!

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.

Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye patriarchs and prophets blest,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Ye holy twelve, ye martyrs strong,
All saints and apostles, raise the song.

O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems e'erlasting,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.