An Anthology of Hymns
from
The Catholic Hymnal

Eucharistic Hymns
Benediction Hymns
Hymns to Mary

The Catholic Hymnal

Ellen Doll Jones & Noel Jones, Editors
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Eucharistic Hymns

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  Eucharistic Hymns
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  Hymns To Mary

Blank pages included to eliminate page turns by organists and singers.

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Gregorian Chant formed the first hymns. Chant has two forms, syllabic and melismatic. Some of the earliest hymns are chants, set to a repeating, mainly syllabic text, with a bit of melisma thrown in. Examples include Adoro Te Devote and Jesu Dulcis Memoria.

As the use of local language for devotions outside of Mass became popular, writers, composers and eventually publishers rose to the challenge. English hymns were commonly published as text only, no music, in the mid to late 1800's. By the early 1900's, published hymn books which combined text and music were popular. By studying these old hymn books, one can trace the development as hymns as we know them today - from single line chant; to chant melodies harmonized in block harmony; and finally, four vocal parts written on two staves.

“Melody only” versions were often published for the congregation, but it was also common to print “SA,” two part hymnals. In this hymnal you will find common versions of “Bring Flowers Of The Rarest,” “Mother, Dearest,” and “Mother Dear, O Pray For Me,” which were written for two parts (female voices) with a simple Alberti Bass accompaniment in the left hand. With the prohibition of men and women singing together in the choir loft, these two-part arrangements were common. For modern use, these three hymns also appear here in SATB settings that we have created.

Early 1800’s hymns were written with the basic note being a half note. In the early 1900’s, this changed and the quarter note the most common note length, though the eighth note was also popular. Notice the change in appearance of “Bring Flowers Of The Rarest” in the SATB version, in the modern doubled note length.

How can you use these hymns? We will, upon receipt of your email, permit copying of hymns you request. Or you may wish to order hymnals for your choir. But we also offer you the ability to purchase and download a digital PDF file of this book, which will give you license to reproduce hymns to create bulletins and song books.

We enjoy hearing from people who sing from our music, so please drop us a note.

Noel Jones, AAGO
noeljones@usit.net
### Eucharistic Hymns

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>According To Thy Gracious word</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And I Shall See His Face</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Known To Us In Breaking Bread</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Known To Us In Breaking Bread</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw Nigh And Take The Body Of The Lord</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop, Drop, Slow Tears</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! Thou Living Bread</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face To Face</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Food Of Angels</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Food Of Angels</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Gentlest Savior</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Gentlest Savior</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Jesus, Come To Me</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Jesus, Come To Me</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Lord, Be Thou My Own</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, And Is Thy Table Spread</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, Thy Table Now Is Spread</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now, My Tongue, The Mystery</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Bread Of Heav'n</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Bread Of Heav'n</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Christ, To You We Bring Our Weary Souls</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Christ, To You We Bring Our Weary Souls</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Food That Weary Pilgrims Love</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Food, The Pilgrim Needeth</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Food, The Pilgrim Needeth</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O God, Unseen, Yet Ever Near</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Godhead Hid</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus Christ, Redeemer</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus Christ, Redeemer</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus, Thou The Glory Art</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus, Lord, Most Mighty king</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Jesus, Lord, Remember</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, I Am Not Worthy</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Lord, I Am Not Worthy</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Sacrament Most Holy</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panis Angelicus</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panis Angelicus</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace, Perfect Peace</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soul Of My Savior</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soul Of My Savior</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soul Of My Savior</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soul Of My Savior</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soul Of My Savior</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Sacrament Divine!</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King Of Heav’n His Table Spreads</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Very Angels’ Bread</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>This Is The Hour Of Banquet And Of Song</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Thee adore</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Happiness Can Equal Mine?</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Happiness Can Equal Mine?</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word Of God To Earth Descending</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Benediction Hymns

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Salutaris Hostia</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tantum Ergo</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy God</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy God</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Hymns To Mary

#### Evening
- Even
  - As The Dewy Shades of Even 108
  - Ave Maria! Thou Virgin And Mother 112

#### The Blessed Virgin & The Trinity
- Sing Of Mary 230

#### May Crowning
- Bring Flowers Of The Rarest 134
- Bring Flowers Of The Rarest SATB 136
- Hail Virgin, Dearest Mary! 170

#### Month of May Hymn
- Glorious Mother! 128
- Mary, Blessed Mother 176
- Mary, Mother, Queen Of Heaven 178
- Rejoice, All Men Today 207
- The Woods And Fields Are Blossoming 218
- This Is The Image Of Our Queen 220
- This Is The Image Of Our Queen 222

#### The Annunciation
- How Pure And Frail And White 162
- Praise We The Lord This Day 204
- The Angel Spake The Word 217
- Thou God, Who Earth, And Sea And Sky 224

#### The Assumption
- Ascend, Ascend, Imperial Queen 110
- Like The Dawning Of The Morning 170
- Sing, Sing, Ye Angel Bands 212
- Virgin Wholly Marvelous 226
- Who Is She Ascends On High 227

#### The Rosary
- Queen Of The Holy Rosary 206

#### General Hymns
- All Ye Weary 107
- Blest Guardian Of All Virgin Souls 113
- Bring Flowers Of The Rarest 114
- Bring Flowers Of The Rarest 116
- Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary 118
- Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary 120

#### Additional Hymns
- Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary 122
- Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary 124
- Dear Mary, Fair and Tender 126
- Hail, Bright Star Of Ocean 130
- Hail! Holy Queen, Enthroned Above 132
- Hail Mary! We Acclaim Thee 134
- Hail Mary, Full Of Grace 136
- Hail, Ocean Star 138
- Hail, Queen Of Heaven 140
- Hail, Queen Of Heaven 142
- Hail, Queen Of The Heavens 144
- Hail, Thou Resplendent Star 146
- Hail, Thou Star Of The Ocean 148
- Hail Virgin, Dearest Mary! 150
- Hail, Virgin Of Virgins 152
- Holy Mary, Mother Mild 154
- Holy Mary, Mother Mild 156
- Holy Queen, We Bend Before Thee 158
- Holy Queen, We Bend Before Thee 160
- I’ll Sing A Hymn To Mary 164
- I’ll Sing A Hymn To Mary 166
- Immaculate Mary 168
- Like The Voiceless Starlight 172
- Look Down, O Mother Mary 174
- Maiden Mother, Meek And Mild 175
- Mary, Fair and Pure And Humble 177
- Mary, Queen Of Love And Light 179
- Mary, Unto Thee I Call 180
- Mater Amabilis 182
- Mother, Dear, O Pray For Me 184
- Mother, Dear, O Pray For Me 186
- Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest 188
- Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest 190
- Mother Of Mercy, Day By Day 192
- Mother Of Mercy, Day By Day 193
- Mother Of Our Lord 194
- O, Mary, Dear Mother, How Fondly I Flee 196
- Oh, Turn to Jesus, Mother 198
- Oh, Turn to Jesus, Mother 199
- O, Sanctissima 200
- O Vision Bright! 202
- Rejoice, All Men Today 207
- Shall We Not Love Thee 208
- Sing Of Mary 210
- Stabat Mater Dolorosa 214
- Star Of Jacob 215
- Sweet Mother, Turn Those Gentle Eyes 216
- Virgin Born, We Kneel Before Thee 225
ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD

TALLIS’ ORDINAL 86. 86. THOMAS TALLIS
JAMES MONTGOMERY

1 According to thy gracious word,
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,

In meek humility,
My bread from heav’n shall be; Thy testamental

Dying Lord, I will remember thee.
Cup I take, And thus remember thee.
AND I SHALL SEE HIS FACE

OLIVE 8.6.8.6 NOEL JONES
WILLIAM. COWPER

1 This is the feast of heav'nly wine;
2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
3 The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
4 Approach ye poor, nor dare refuse
5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,

And God invites to sup; The juices of the
With royal dainties fed; Not heav'n affords a
Ye trembling souls appear! The righteous, in their
The banquet spread for you; Dear Saviour, this is
And may obtain a place; Surely the Lord will

living vine were pressed, to fill the cup.
costlier treat, for Jesus is the bread.
ownes-teem. Have no acceptance here.
welcame news, That I may venture too.
welcame me, And I shall see His face!
BE KNOWN TO US IN BREAKING BREAD

SONG SIXTY-SEVEN 86 86 ORLANDO GIBBONS
JAMES MONTGOMERY

1 Be known to us in breaking bread, But
donot then depart; Savior, abide with
us, and spread

2 Lord, sup with us in love divine; Thy
bod-y and thy Blood, That liv-ing bread that
heav'ly wine, Thy ta-ble in our heart.
Be our im-mor-tal food.
BE KNOWN TO US IN BREAKING BREAD

ST. FLAVIAN 86. 86
JAMES MONTGOMERY

1 Be known to us in breaking bread, But
2 Lord sup with us in love divine; Thy
do not then depart; Savior, abide with bod-y and thy blood.
That living bread, that
us. and spread, Thy ta-ble in our heart.
Heav’n-ly wine, Be our im-mortal food.
DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

SCHMUEKE DICH - 88. 88. 88. 88. JOHANN CRUEGER
JOHANN FRANCK

1 Deck thy self, my soul, with glad ness,
2 Sun, who all my life dost bright en;
3 Je sus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,

Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Light, who dost my soul en light en;
Let me gladly here obey thee;

Come into the daylight's splendor,
Joy, the sweet est man e'er know eth;
Never to my hurt invited,

There with joy thy praises render
Fount, whence all my being flow eth:
Be thy love with love requited;

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Unto him whose grace unbound
At thy feet I cry, my Maker,
From this banquet let me measure,

Hath this wondrous banquet found;
Let me be a fit partaker
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;

all the heav'n's reigneth,
blessed food from heaven,
gifts thou here dost give me,

dwell with thee he deigneth.
good, thy glory, giv'n.
guest in heav'n receive me.

Yet to For our As thy
DRAW NIGH AND TAKE THE BODY

1 Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you out-poured.
Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

2 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By his dear cross and Blood the vict'ry won.
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and himself the Priest.
DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS

SONG FORTY-SIX 10. 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS
PHINEAS FLETCHER

1 Drop, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beauteous feet,
2 Cease not, wet eyes, His mercies to entreat;
3 In your deep floods Drown all my faults and fears;

Whichbrought from heav'n The news and Prince of Peace.
To cry for vengeance Sin doth never cease.
Nor let his eye See sin, but through my tears.

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HAIL! THOU LIVING BREAD

ZIMMERMAN 87. 87.
OLD GERMAN CHORALE

1 Hail! Thou living Bread from heaven
2 Holiest Jesus! Heart of Jesus!

Sacrament of your awesome might!
O'er meshed your gift divine,

I adore Thee, I adore Thee;
Holiest Jesus! my Redeemer!

Every moment day and night.
All my heart and soul are Thine.
HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE FACE TO FACE

PENETENTIA 10. 10. 10. 10. EDWARD DEARLE
HORATIUS BONAR

1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,

Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heav’n.

Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
There would I lay aside each earthy load,

And all my weariness upon thee lean.
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiv’n.
1 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

2 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

3 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

Thou art Jesus, whose delight
O Host divine on the beam
who this weary earth hast trod
Son of
stay by day and night
side in sacred stream
Mary, Son of God,

In this Sacred stream
Water flows and
There, for us a-

With Thy children care to tend.
blood, Cleanse us in that saving flood.

Ev er more up on Thy throne
IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

PARTRIDGE 87. 87. 87. 87. HARM. ©2009 NOEL JONES
ANONYMOUS

1 In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus!
2 Yes, dear Jesus! I believe it,
3 Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,
4 Come, that I may live forever,

Thou didst give Thy presence I adore,
Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me;
Thou in me, and I in Thee;

With Thy soul and Godhead also,
And with all my heart I love Thee,
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Living thus, I shall not perish,

As our own most precious food.
May I love Thee more and more.
Come, my soul’s true life to be.
But shall live eternally.
IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

BEAUCHAMP 87. 87. 87. 87.

1 In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus! Thou didst
give Thy flesh and Blood, With Thy soul and God-head
also, As our own most precious food. Yes, O

2 Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy, Give Thy
Flesh and Blood to me; Come to me, O dearest
Jesus! Come my soul’s true life to be. Come that

3 I may live for ever, And Thou in
presence I adore,
me and I in Thee;

all thus, my heart I love Thee, May I
love Thee more and more, And with all my heart I
live eternally, Living thus I shall not

love Thee, May I love Thee more and more.

perish, But shall live eternally.
IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

FAIRBANKS 87. 87. 87. 7.

1 In this Sac - ra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost give Thy Flesh and Blood, With Thy soul and God - head presence I a - dore; And with all my heart I Flesh and Blood to me, Come to me, O dear - est me and I in Thee, Liv - ing thus I shall not al - so, As our own most prec - ious love Thee, May I love Thee more - and Jesus! Come my soul's true life to perish, But shall live e - ter - nal - food. As our own most pre - cious food. more, May I love Thee more and more. be. Come my soul's true life to be. ly. But shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
JESUS, FOOD OF ANGELS

INVITATION 65. 65. D CHARLES GOUNOD HARM. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER
"PARTENDO DAL MONDO"

1 Jesus, food of angels, Monarch of the heart; Oh, that I could never From Thy face de -
2 Soon I hope to see Thee, And enjoy Thy love, Face to face, sweet Je - sus, In Thy Heav'n a -

...from continuation...

part! Yes, Thou ev - er dwel - lest Here for love of me, bove. But on earth an ex - ile My de - light shall be

Hid - den Thou re - main - est, God of Ma - jes - ty. Ev - er to be near Thee Veiled for love of me.
JESUS, FOOD OF ANGELS

HOMAGE 65, 65. D. C. ETT
VS 1.2 ST. ALPHONSUS VS. 3 ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

1 Jesus food of angels
   Monarch of the heart;
   Oh that I could never From Thy Face de-

2 Soon I hope to see Thee, And enjoy the love,
   Face to face, sweet Jesus, In Thy Heav'n an-
   But on earth an exile My delight shall be

3 O memoriable mortis Domin,
    Panis vivus vitam prae-stans homi-
    Praesta meae mente de te vi-re,
JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

WAKEFIELD 65. 65. D. A. HUEGLE
REV. F. W. FABER

1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
   God of might and pow'r;
   Thou, Thyself, art dwelling
   now; Fill us full of goodness
   This? Gift that truly maketh

2 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
   Thou art with us dwell ing
   this hour; Nature cannot
   o'er flow. Multiply our
   Heav'n's eternal bliss;

3 How can we thank Thee
   For a gift like
   hold Thee
   Heav'n is all too...
For thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.
And, dear Lord, the needed,
Grace to persevere.
We must wait for heaven
Then the day will come.
JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

BEAUMONT 65.65. N. A. MONTANI HARM. 12009 MARK WINCHESTER
REV. F. W. FABER

1 Jesus, gentlest Savior, God of might and pow'r.
Thou, Thyself art dwelling in us at this hour.
Nature cannot hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait
Children hold what worlds cannot.

2 Out beyond the shining star, Thou art ever stretching
this, Gift that truly maketh
infinitely far. Yet the hearts of
Heav'n's eternal bliss! Ah! when wilt Thou

3 Oh, how can we thank Thee For a gift like
In us at this hour. Nature cannot hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait
Children hold what worlds cannot, Always Make our hearts Thy

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For Thine endless glory And Thy royal state.
And the God of wonders Loves the lowly spot.
We must wait for heaven Then the Day will come.
JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME

BELVEDERE 77. 77. 77. 77.  P. PIÉL BASS ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER

1 Jesus, Jesus, come to me,
2 Empty is all worldly joy,

Oh, how much I long for Thee!
Ever mixed with some alloy.

Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
Give me, my true, Sovereign Good,

Take possession of, my breast.
Jesus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.

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Comfort my poor soul distressed,
On the Cross three hours for me

Come and dwell with in my breast;
Thou didst hang in agony;

Oh, how oft I sigh for Thee,
I my heart to Thee resign;

Jesus, Jesus, come to me!
Oh, what rapture to be Thine!
JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME

MERBECKE 77. 77. HARM. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER

1 Jesus, Jesus, come to me, O how much I long for Thee.
2 Empty is all worldly joy, Ever mixed with some alloy:
3 Comfort my poor soul distressed, Come and dwell with me in my breast.

Come, Thou, of all friends the best, Give me my true sovereign Good,
O how much I sigh for Thee,

Take possession of my breast. Jesus, Thine own Flesh and Blood.
Jesus, Jesus, come to me!

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JESUS, LORD, BE THOU MY OWN

CHADWICK 77, 77.

1 Jesus, Lord, be Thou my own;
2 Jesus, Thou my heart in flame,
3 God of mercy, Lord of light,

Thee I long for, Thee alone;
Give that love which Thou dost claim;
Thy good will is my delight;

All myself I give to Thee;
Recompense I'll ask for none;
Now henceforth Thy will divine

Do what'ere Thou wilt with me.
Love is all when love is won.
Ever shall in all be mine.
JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

SWEET SACRAMENT LM WITH REFRAIN
FR. FREDERICK FABER

1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all.
2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart,
3 O, see, with in a creature's hand,
4 Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all,
5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,

How can I love thee as I ought?
To love Thee with, my dearest King;
The vast Creator deigns to be,
O mystery of love divine!
And come ye Angels to our aid;

And how revere this wondrous gift,
O with what bursts of fervent praise,
Reposing infant-like, as though
I cannot compass all I have,
'Tis God, 'tis God, the very God,

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
On Joseph’s arm, on Mary’s knee.
For all though hast and art are mine.
Whose pow’r both man and angels made.

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!

Oh, make us love Thee more and more. Oh, make
JESUS, THOU ART COMING

INVITATION 65. 65. D. CHARLES GOUNOD
SR. MARIE XAVIER

1 Jesus, Thou art coming, Holy as Thou art,
2 Who am I my Jesus, that Thou com'st to me?
3 Dear-est Lord, I love Thee With my whole, whole heart,

Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart.
I have sinned against Thee, Often griev-ously;
Not for what Thou giv-est, But for what Thou art.

Jesus I believe it On Thy only word;
I am very sorry I have caused Thee pain.
Come, oh, come, sweet Savior! Come to me and stay,

Kneeling I adore Thee As my King and Lord.
I will never, never Wound Thy heart again.
For I want Thee, Jesus, More than I can say.
JESUS, THOU ART COMING

DARBY 65. 65. D.

1 Jesus, Thou art coming, Holy as Thou art:
   Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart!
   Jesus, I believe it On Thy word alone;
   Kneeling I adore Thee At Thy royal throne.

2 Who am I, my Jesus, That Thoucom'st to me?
   I have sinned against Thee, Of ten grievously.
   I am very sorry I have caused Thee pain;
   I will never, never, Wound Thy Heart again!

3 Ah! what grateful present, Jesus, can I bring?
   I have nothing worthy Of my God and King;
   But Thou art my Shepherd, I Thy little lamb;
   Take myself, dear Jesus, All I have and am.
JESUS, THOU ART COMING

DURAND 65. 65. D.
SR. MARIE XAVIER

1 Jesus, Thou art coming, Holy as Thou art,
2 Who am I my Jesus, That Thou com'st to me,
3 Dearest Lord, I love Thee With my whole, whole heart,

Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart.
I have sinned against Thee, Of ten grievously;
Not for what Thou givest, But for what Thou art.

Jesus, I believe it, On Thy only word;
I am very sorry I have caused Thee pain
Come, oh, comesweet Savior! Come to me and stay,

Kneeling, I adore Thee As my King and Lord.
I will never, never, Wound Thy Heart again.
For I want Thee, Jesus, More than I can say.
JESUS, THOU ART COMING

DURAND 65. 65. D.
SR. MARIE XAVIER

1 Jesus, Thou art coming, Holy as Thou art,
2 Who am I, my Jesus, That Thou com'st to me?
3 Dear-est Lord, I love Thee With my, whole, whole heart,

Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart.
I have sinned against Thee, Of-ten griev-ous-ly;
Not for what Thou giv-est, But for what Thou art.

Jesus, I believe it On Thy only word;
I am very sorry I have caused Thee pain.
Come, oh, come sweet Savior! Come to me and stay,

Kneeling I adore Thee As my king and Lord.
I will nev-er, nev-er, Wound Thy Heart a-gain.
For I want Thee, Jesus, More than I can say.
MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD

BEDE 8.8.8.8. NOEL JONES
PHILIP DODDERIDGE

1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,

And does Thy cup with love overflow?
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!

Thither be all Thy children led,
Thrice happy he who here partakes,

And let them all its sweetness know.
That sacred stream, that heav'ly food.
MY GOD, THY TABLE NOW IS SPREAD

SONG THIRTY-FOUR 88, 88. ORLANDO GIBBONS
PHILIP DODDERIDGE

1. My God, thy table now is spread,
Thy cup of love doth overflow;
Be all thy children ther led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2. O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
NOW. MY TONGUE. THE MYSTERY

DOWLING 87. 87. 87. NOEL JONES
PANGE LINGUA

1 Now my tongue, the mystery telling,
2 That last night, at supper lying,
3 Therefore we, before him bending,
4 Glory let us give, and blessing.

Of the glorious body singing,
With the twelve, his chosen band.
This great Sacrament revering;
To the Father and the Son.

And the blood, all price excelling,
Jesus with the law complying,
Faith, her aid to sight lending;
Honour, thanks and praise addressing.

Which the nations' Lord and King,
Keeps the feast its rites demanding.
Though unseen, the Lord is near;
While the ages run,
Once on earth among us dwelling,
Then, more precious food supplying,
Ancient types and shadows ending,
And the Spirit it's power confessing,

Shed for this world's ransom ing.
Gives himself with his own hand.
Christ our paschal Lamb is here.
Who from both with both is one.
O BREAD OF HEAVEN

SWEET SACRAMENT 88. 88. 88. 88.
ST. ALPHONSSUS

1 O Bread of Heav'n! beneath this veil,
Thou dost my very God conceal.
My Jesus, dearest treasure Hail!
I love Thee and adoring kneel.

2 O Food of Life, Thou who dost give
The pledge of immortality:
I live; no, 'tis not I that live.
God gave me life, God lives in me.

3 My dearest Good! who dost so bind
My heart with countless chains to Thee!
O sweetest Love, my soul shall find
In Thy dear bonds true liberty;

40 www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
Each loving soul by Thee is fed
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,

With Thine own self in form of bread.
And with joy ev'ry grief repays.
Thine, Thine forever I will be.

With Thine own self in form of bread.
And with joy ev'ry grief repays.
Thine, Thine forever I will be.
O BREAD OF HEAVEN

GILCHRIST 88. 88. 88. 88.  G. HERBERT
ST. ALPHONSUS

1 O Bread of Heav’n! beneath this veil,
2 O Food of Life, Thou who dost give
3 My dearest Good! who dost so bind

Thou dost my very God conceal.
The pledge of immortal i ty:
My heart with countless chains to Thee!

My Jesus, dearest treasure Hail!
I live; no, ’tis not I that live.
O sweetest Love, my soul shall find

I love Thee and adoring kneel.
God gave me life, God lives in me.
In Thy dear bonds true liberty;
Each loving soul by Thee is fed
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,

With Thine own self in form of bread.
And with joy every grief repays.
Thine, Thine forever I will be.
O CHRIST, TO YOU, WE BRING

CONCORD 10. 10. 10. D. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER
FROM: O CHRIST, YOU PRAYED. MARK WINCHESTER

1 O Christ, to you, we bring our weary souls,
We are your people, each with different goals.
Hungry and needy, yearning for your food,
Yet we are one in heart, and mind and mind.

2 O Christ, Redeemer, now your feast is spread.
Your blood the wine, your body the true bread.
And through this meal may all partakers be
Forever with you through eternity.

44

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O Christ, you prayed that all may be as one.
O Christ, our refuge, guarding all our ways;

Also, you prayed that God's will may be done.
Returning, Lord, to you our thanks and praise.

We pray that all as one in Christ may be,
Show us your beauty, teach us how to love.

At last, together, his sweet face to see.
Bring us, at last to dwell with you above.
O CHRIST, TO YOU, WE BRING

1 O Christ, to you, we bring our weary souls.
2 O Christ, Redeemer, now your feast is spread.
3 O Christ, our refuge, guarding all our ways;

We are your people, each with different goals.
Your blood the wine, your body the true bread.
Returning, Lord, to you our thanks and praise.

Hungry and needy yearning for your food, Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
And through this meal may all partakers be forever with you through eternity.
Show us your beauty, teach us how to love. Bring us, at last to dwell with you above.

4 We are your people, each with different goals.
Your blood the wine, your body the true bread.
Returning, Lord, to you our thanks and praise.

Hungry and needy yearning for your food, Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
And through this meal may all partakers be forever with you through eternity.
Show us your beauty, teach us how to love. Bring us, at last to dwell with you above.
Hungry and needy, yearning for your food,
And through this meal may all partakers be.
Show us your beauty, teach us how to love.

Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
Forever with you through eternity.
Bring us, at last, to dwell with you above.
O FOOD THAT WEARY PILGRIMS LOVE

RADCLIFF 88. 6. 88. 66.

1 O Food that weary pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints, thy hungry soul would feed on Thee,

2 O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,
Now hid beneath the outward sign,
Thy quick'ning Stream be ours to share,

3 Lord Jesus, Whom by pow'r divine,
Which from the Saviour's pierced side
We worship and adore,

Grant, when the veil a-way is rolled,
May ne'er the heart unsoled be
Whose bounty fill eth ev'ry prayer
With open face may we behold

Which for Thy sweetness faints,
And need of man be low.
Thy self for evermore.

Which for Thy sweetness faints.
And need of man be low.
Thy self for evermore.
O FOOD, THE PILGRIM NEEDETH

ABBOT 776. 776. D.
O ESCA VIATORUM

1 O Food, the pilgrim needeth, O
2 O Fount of love redeeming, O
3 Jesus, this feast receiving, Thy

Bread, which angels feedeth, O
River ever streameth From Jesus' holy
word of truth believing, We
Thee unseen above!

Come Thou, Thyself bestowing On
Grant, when the veil is rended, That

The souls that hunger feed Thou
The side; The hearts that thirst seek Thee
lead Thou With thy sweet tender love.

Till all are satisfied.
May see Thee evermore.

50

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O FOOD, THE PILGRIM NEEDETH

ABBOT 776. 776. D.
O ESCA VIATORUM

1 O Food, the pilgrim needeth, O Bread, which angels feedeth, O Manna from above!
The souls that hunger feed Thou Thyself bestowing On thirsty souls, and lead Thou

2 O Fount of love redeeming, O River ever streaming, From Jesus' holy side; Come, all are satisfied. Till all are satisfied. May see Thee evermore.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving, Thy word of truth believing, We Thee unseen adore: Grant,
O GOD UNSEEN, YET EVER NEAR

THIRD MODE MELODY C. M. D. THOMAS TALLIS
EDWARD OSLER

1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
May thy faithful people know
The word obey,

2 We come, obedient to thy word,
Our drink his precious Blood.
Here before thine altar kneel,
May we all thy word obey,
For
blessings of thy love, The streams that
we, O God, are thine; And go re-
through the desert flow, The manna from above.
joicing on our way, Renewed with strength divine.
O GODHEAD HID

CHAMBERLAIN 11. 11. 10. 10. RICHARD TERRY
TR. REV. EDWARD CASWELL

1 O Godhead hid devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art with me;
in the forms believed; To Thee my heart bow

2 Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each
doeing Thee, Who truly art alone most
safely is believed; I believe

all the Son of God hath spoken,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee,
Than Truth's own word there is no truer token.
1 O Jesus Christ, Redeemer, When
Thou shalt come again, That here I bowed be-
heaven; When every eye shall see Thee In
knee; That here I owned Thy presence, My

days; Be Thou my consolation When

2 Remember then, O Saviour, I
Up on the clouds of hom-age of my praise; Be Thou the light and
guidance And glory of my

3 Accept, Divine Redeemer, The
Before Thee With all Thy shining
train; When every eye shall see Thee In

Deity revealed, Who now upon this
death draws near to me; Be Thou my only

altar In silence art concealed.
greatness, though hid from human eye.

treasure Through all eternity.
O JESUS CHRIST, REDEEMER

KENTWORTH 76. 76. D.

1 O Jesus Christ, Redeemer, When
2 Remember then, O Savior, I
3 Accept, Divine Redeemer, The

Thou shalt come again of my praise; Be Thou the light and
humbly beg of Thee, That here I bowed be-

heaven, With all thy shining.
guidance And glory of my

train; When every eye shall see Thee In
knee; That Here I owned Thy presence, My
days; Be Thou my consolation When
Deity revealed, Who now upon this
death draws near to me; Be Thou my only
al - tar In silence art concealed.
great - ness, Though hid from human eye.
treasure Through all eternity.
O JESUS, THOU THE GLORY ART

1 O Jesus, Thou the glory art Of
2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed, Who
3 O my sweet Jesus, hear the sighs Which

angel worlds above; Thy
eat Thee hunger still; Who
unto Thee I send To

Name is music to the heart, En-
drink of Thee still feel a void, Which
Thee my inmost spirit cries, My

chanting but Thou can fill.
nothing but Tho can end!
being's hope and
O JESUS, LORD, MOST MIGHTY KING

ST. BERNARD 86. 86. S. WEBBE, JR.
TR. J.D. AYLWARD, O.P.

1 O Jesus, Lord, most mighty king,
And conqueror divine,
O Sweetness infinite, for Whom sire, fair,

2 O Jesus, sweetness of the heart,
Thou Living Spring of Light,
So far exceeding all things sweet, of all things
All joys of sense or sight.

3 O Jesus, brighter than the sun,
O Balm with healing blest,
Of all things sweet, of all things
Thou sweetest, fairest, best.
O JESUS, LORD, REMEMBER

ORTHODOX CHANT 76. 76. 76. J.C.S. HARM ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER
REV. EDWARD CASWELL

1 O Jesus, Lord, remember, When thou shalt come again
2 Remember then O Savior, I supplicate of Thee, That here I bowed before Thee
3 Accept, Divine Redeemer, The homage of my praise; Be Thou the light and honor And glory of my days; Be

gain Upon the clouds of heaven With all Thy shining train; When I owned Thy presence And did not Thee deny, And Thou my consolation When death is drawing nigh; Be

every eye shall see Thee in Deity revealed Who now upon this altar In silence art concealed. Thou my only treasure Through all eternity.

glorified Thy greatness Though hid from human eye.

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O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

FINCH 76. 76.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.
Hum-bly I'll re-ceive Thee,
The Bride-groom of my praise.

2 O Lord, how can I thank Thee
For such a gift as this?
A gift which truly fill-eth
My soul with heav'n-ly bliss.
I ex-tol Thee, I give my heart to
Thee, O Lord, for evermore.
soul, No more by sin to grieve Thee, Or
Thee, May I in heav'n possess Thee For

fly Thy sweet control.
alld the eternity.
O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

HARLAN 76. 76.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy That Thou shouldst come to me,
Thou shouldst come to me, But speak the words of comfort, My spirit healed shall be,
grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet control.
giving Be every moment Thine!

2 And humbly I'll receive Thee, The bride-groom of my soul, But no more by sin to
Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanks-

3 O Sacrament most holy! O
O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

NON DIGNUS 76.76.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me,
To comfort, My spirit healed shall be.
grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet control.

2 And humbly I'll receive Thee,
Bridegroom of my soul,
But speak the words of
No more by sin to

3 O Sacrament most holy!
Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanks-
All praise and all thanks-

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O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY

TRADITIONAL

Sing 3 Times

O Sacrament most Holy,

O Sacrament Divine,

All praise and all thanksgiving

Be every moment Thine.
PANIS ANGELICUS

SACRIS SOLEMNIS 66. 66. 66. 8. LOUIS LAMBILOTTE. S.J.

1 Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
Dat panis coeligcus figuriis terminum:
O resmirablis! manducat Dominum.
Pauper, servus, et humilis.

2 Te trina Deitas unaque possimus,
Sic nos tuvisita, sicut te colimus,
Per tuas semitas duc nos quot tempus,
Ad lucem quam inhatas.
PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

ANIMA CHRISTI 10. 10. 10. 10. WM. J. MAHER, S.J.

ANIMA CHRISTI

1 Soul of my Savior Sanc-ti-fy my breast,
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas-sion be;
3 Guard and de-fend me from the foe ma - lign;

Bod - y of Christ, be Thou my sav-ing guest;
O bless-ed Je-sus, hear and an-swer me;
In death’s drear mo - ments make me on-ly thine;

Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide,
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me,
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

Wash me with wa - ter flow-ing from Thy side.
So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye.
SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

GREENFIELD 10. 10. 10. 10. ANDREW GREEN O.S.B.
ANIMA CHRISTI

1 Soul of my Savior, sanctify my breast;
Bod - y of Christ be, Thou my sav - ing guest;
Blood of my Savior, bathe me in Thy tide;
Wash me, ye waters, gush - ing from His side.

2 Strength and protection may Thy Passion be;
O bless - ed Je - sus, hear and answer me:
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;
So shall I never, never part from Thee.

3 Guard and defend me from the foes malign;
In death's drear mo - ments make me on - ly 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

BIDWELL 10. 10. 10. 10. L. DOBICI
ANIMA CHRISTI

1 Soul of my Savior Sanctify my breast,
2 Strength and protection may thy passion be;
3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign;

Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;
In death’s drear moments make me only thine;

Blood of my Savior, bathe me in thy tide,
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,

Wash me with water flowing from thy side.
So shall I never, never part from thee.
Where I may praise thee with thy saints for aye.

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SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

AUSTRIAN SONG 10. 10. 10. 10., JOSEF FRANZ MOHR
ANIMA CHRISTI

1 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, ye waters, gushing from His side.

2 Strength and protection may His 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.

3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign;
    In death's drear 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 SAVIOUR

1 Soul of my Saviour, Sanctify my breast,

2 Strength and protection, may his Passion be,

3 Guard and defend me from the for malignant,

Body of Christ, be Thou my saving

O blessed Jesus, hear and answer

In death's drear moments, make me only

guest. me. Thine;

Blood of my Saviour,

Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, bid

Call me and wash me ye

bathe me in Thy tide,

hide and shelter me,

come to Thee on high,

Wash me where I may
Wash me ye waters, flowing from His side!
So shall I never, never part from thee.
Where I may praise Thee with Thy saints for aye!
SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE!

STANFIELD 66. 66. 88. 66. FR. E. STANFIELD

1 Sweet Sacrament Divine!
2 Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
3 Sweet Sacrament of Rest!
4 Sweet Sacrament Divine!

Hid in Thine earthly home, Lo! 'round Thy lowly
Dear Home of ev'ry heart, Where rest- less yearnings
Ark from the ocean's roar, With Thy shelter
Earth's Light and jubilee, In Thy far depths doth

shrine, With suppliant hearts we come.
cease, And sorrows all depart.
blest, Soon may we reach the shore.
shine Thy Godhead's majesty.

Dear Lord, to Thee our voice we raise, In
There in Thine ear, all trust-fully, We
Save us, for still the tempest raves; Save,
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray, That
songs of love and heartfelt praise,
tell our tale of misery,
lest we sink beneath the waves,
earthly joys may fade away,

Sweet Sacrament Divine!
Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
Sweet Sacrament of Rest!
Sweet Sacrament Divine!
THE KING OF HEAVEN

DUNDEE 87. 87. SCOTTISH PSALTER
PHILIP DODDRIDGE

1 The King of heav'n his table spreads,
2 Pardon and peace to dying men

And blessings crown the board;
And endless life are giv'n,

Not paradise, with all its joys,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,

Could such light afford.
To raise our souls to heav'n.
THE VERY ANGEL'S BREAD

1 The very Angels' Bread Doth food to men afford; The types have vanished, Remains the Truth adored; O

2 O God forever blest, O Three in One, we pray: Vis- it the long breast. Enter this house of clay, And

wondrous mystery. Their banquet is the Lord The lead us through the Night Unto the perfect Day Where

poor and lowly, Thou in endless light.
THIS IS THE HOUR

SONG TWENTY-TWO 10. 10. 10. 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS
HORATIUS BONAR

1 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
2 Too soon we rise; we go our several ways;
3 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by.

This is the heav'nly table spread for me;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,

Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The bread and wine consumed: yet all our days
Giving us foretaste of the festival joy,

The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.
Thou still art here with us our shield and sun.
The Lord's eternal feast of bliss and love.
WE THEE ADORE

1. We Thee adore, Thou holy Angel bread
   O Panis Caeli ce,
   O Savior, Lord, Our souls by Thee are fed.
   Holy, holy, holy, Thou alone art
   Sanctus, sanctus, Sanctus, sine fine
   holly, Adoration without end, To the Blessed Sacrament.

2. O Jesus, Lord, Thou giv' st Thy Flesh and Blood,
   O De us res pice,
   To strength en us and be our dai ly food.
   Et gratia, Nos sem per ref i ce.
   Sanctus, sanctus, Sanctus, sine fine
   Sanctus, Sem per tibi gloria Sacrisi sub hostia.

3. Who can conceive Of love so great the worth,
   O Panis Caeli ce,
   That brings Thee Lord, To dwell with us on earth.
   Ho ly, ho ly, ho ly, Thou alone art
   Sanctus, sanctus, Sanctus, sine fine
   sanctus, sanctus, Sanctus, sine fine
WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

SWEET EMBRACE L.M.
REV. F.W. FABER

1 What hap - pi - ness can e - qual mine? I've found the ob - ject
2 He makes my heart his own a - bode, His flesh be - comes my
3 O roy - al ban - quet! heav'n-ly feast! O flow - ing fount of

of my love; My Sav - ior dear, my King di - vine
dai - ly bread; He pours on me his heal - ing blood,
life and grace! Where God the giv - er, man the guest,

Is come to me from heav'n a - bove.
And with his life my soul is fed.
Meet and u - nite in sweet em - brace.
WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

SACRED BANQUET L.M.
REV. F.W. FABER

1 What happiness can equal mine?

2 He makes my heart His own abode,

3 O royal Banquet! heav'nly Feast!

I've found the object of my love;

His Flesh becomes my daily bread;

O flowing Fount of life and grace!

My Saviour dear, my King divine

He pours on me His healing Blood,

Where God the giver, man the guest,

Is come to me from heav'n above.

And with His life my soul is fed.

Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

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WORD OF GOD

DRAKES BOUGHTON 87. 87. EDWARD ELGAR
CAMPBELL

1 Word of God to earth descending, with the Father

2 Well the traitor's kiss foreknowing, Miracle of

3 Mighty Victim, earth's salvation, Heavenly gates un-

present still, Near His earthly journey's ending

love divine, See His hands himself bestowing

folding wide, Help the people in temptation,

Hastes His mission to fulfill.

In the hallowed Bread and Wine.

Feed them from Thy bleeding side.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. WERNER

O salutatis Hostia
Uni trinoque Domino

Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit sempiterna gloria.

Bella prsum hostilia.
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium.
No-bis donet in patria. Amen.
O S A L U T A R I S H O S T I A

A. WERNER

O - s a - l u - t a - r i s H o - s t i -
U - n i - t r i - n o - q u e D o - m i -

a Quae cae - li - p a n - d i s o s - t i - um.
no Sit sem - pi - t e r - n a glo - ri - a.

B e l - l a pr e - m u n t ho - s t i - li - a, Da
Q u i vi - t a m s i - n e ter - m i - no No -

r o - b u r, fer aux - i - li - um.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

WEBBE

O salutarius Hostia Quae
Uni tri no que Domi no Sit
cae li pan dis os ti um. Bel-
sem pi ter na glo ri a. Qui
la pre munt ho sti lia, Da
vi tam si ne ter mi no No-
robur, fer aux ili um. A men.
bis do net in patri a.

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O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. Werner

O salutaris Hostia Quae
Unitrioque Domino Sit

caelipandis ostium.
sempiterna gloria. Qui

Bella premunt hostilia,
Vitam sine termino Nobis

robur, fer auxilium.
donet in patria.

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O salutaris Hostia

O salutaris Hostia

Uni trino que Dominno

Quae caeli pandis ostium.

Sit semper ter na glorria.

Bel la premunt hostilia.

Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium. Amen.

No-bis donet in patria.
O salutaris Hostia
Unitri que Domino
Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit semper ina gloriosa.
Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino
Da robur, fer auxilium. Amen.
Nobis donet in patria.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

O salutatis Hostia
Uni trino que Domino

Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit semper na gloria.

Bel la premunt hostilia, Da robur,
Qui vitam sine termino Nobis do-

fer auxilium. Amen.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. EDMONDS TOZER

O salutariis Hostia Quae
Unii trinque Domino Sit

cae li pandis ostium Bel-
sem piter na glorri a Qui

la premunt hostilia Da-
vit tam sine termino No-

ro bur, fer aux li um. Amen.
bis donet in patria.
O salutaris Hostia

Uni trino que Domi no Sit

cael pan dis osti um. Bel-

la premunt hosti lia, Da-

ro bur, fer auxi li um. A-

bis do net in patri a.
TANTUM ERGO

TRADITIONAL ARR. MONTANI

Tan-tum er-go Sac-ra-men-tum Ve-ne-re-mur
Geni-to-ri Geni-to-que Laus et ju-bi-

cer-nu-i: Et an-ti-quum do-cu-men-tum
la-ti-o, Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que-

No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i: Prae-stet fi-des
Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o. Pro-ce-den-ti

ab u-tro-que com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.

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TANTUM ERGO

MSGR. NEWSHAM

Tan-tum ergo Sacrame-tum Ven-ere-mur
Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-to-que Laus et ju-bi-
cer-nui-i: Et an-ti-quum do-cumen-tum
la-ti-o, Sal-us, ho-nor, vir-tus que-
No-vo ce-dat ri-tu-i: Prae-stet fi-des
Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o. Pro-ce-den-ti
TANTUM ERGO

ANGELS

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Venenum
Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubilo

cernui: Et antiquum documentum
latrio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque

Novo cedat ritu: Praestet fides
Sit et benedicitio. Procedenti

supplementum Sensum defectui. Amen.
ab utroque compar sit laudatio.
TANTUM ERGO

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Venenum

Genitori Genitoque Laus et

remurcervni: Et antiquum documentum

jubilatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque

Novocedaturit: Praestet fides

Sit et benedictio. Procedentti

supplementum Sensum defectui. Amen.

ab utroque compar sit laudatio.
Tantum Ergo

Tantum ergo  Sacramentum  Venemur
Genitori  Genitoque  Laus et jubii

Cer nu i:  Et antiquum  documentum  Novo cedat
Latio:  Salus, honor, vir quaque  Sit et bene-

Ritui:  Praestet fides supplementum
Loci:  Procedenti ab utroque

Sensusum defectu:  Amen
Compar sit laudatio.
TANTUM ERGO

GREGORIAN

(Tantum ergo) Sacramentum Venere mur
Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubibi

Cer nu i: Eti anti quam documentum
Latius, hon nor vir tus quo que

Novo cedat ritui: Praestet fides supple
Sit et benedicti o. Proceedi ab u

Men tum Sensum defectui Amen
Troque compar sit laudatio
TANTUM ERGO

A. EDMONDS TOZER

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Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur
Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubilare

Cernui: Et antiquum documentum
Laatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque

Novo cedat ritualio: Praestet fides
Sit et benedicatio: Procedentii

Supplementum Sensum defectu: Amen.
Ab utroque compar sit laudatio.
HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN I

Holy God, we praise Thy Name! Lord of all, we bow before Thee!

earth Thy sceptre claim, All in heav’n adore Thee:

above vast domain, Everlasting is Thy Name.

Infinite Thy
HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN II

Holy God, we praise Thy Name!

Lord of all, we bow before Thee! All on earth Thy sceptre claim, All in heav’n adore Thee: Infinite Thy vast domain, Everlasting is Thy Name.
ALL YE WEARY

BLESSSED MOTHER 8.7.8.7.
B. TOURS

1. All ye weary, all ye wand’rers, All ye bowed with grief and care,
Turn ye to the blessed Mother, All your trials she will share;
She will be your consolation In your pain and loneliness;
Ask her pray’rs; she waits to aid you, Waits to comfort and to bless.

2. Ye who would obey yet falter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
Ye who stumble with your burdens, Turn ye, turn ye, one and all;
For the Bless’d Mother’s waiting, She will hear your faintest cry;
Christ, your Saviour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die.

3. Ye who’ve given up the battle, Ye who bear sin’s deepest scar,
Ye who dare not face your Maker, Turn to her as guiding star;
She will lead you gently, surely, Back to faith and hope and love,
Ye may know in her God’smercy, Shining on us from above.
AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN

ANON

GERMAN MELODY - LATER KNOWN AS STUTTGART

1 As the dewy shades of even, Gather o'er the balm-y air, Listen, gentle Queen of heaven, keep from sin thy ves-per pray'r.
2 Holy Mother, near me hover, Free my thoughts from aught de-filed, With thy wings of mercy cover, I implore.
3 Thine own sinless heart was broken, Sorrows sword had pierced its core; Holy Mother, by that token,
4 Queen of heaven, guard and guide me, Save my soul from dark despair; In thy tender bosom, hide me, Now thy pity I implore.
5 Mother of my Infant Savior, Spouse of God, my plaint, oh hear; Purest Virgin, gracious Matron, From my happy seat in Sion,
6 Smile, oh gently smile upon me, Tell my sorrows to my God.
ASCEND. ASCEND, IMPERIAL QUEEN

1. Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen! Ascend, and plead the cause of men! Ascend, and reign upon the throne. Pre-

2. O how for thee the Angels sigh, Kang. Er to waft thee to the sky! Too long for them the hours appear, That path from grace to grace ascends, And

3. Ascend, thou purest one of earth, A child of grace before thy birth; Whose sake this limi- taco-ry scene; For

4. Ascend, as- cend, Imperial Queen! For
des - ti - nat - ed thine a - lone. As
strive to hold thee cap - tive here, Where
in su - prem - est glo - ry ends. As -
guilt and mis - er - y de - face; A

cend, where none be - fore have trod,
quench'd in mists of earth be - low
cend, thou Daugh - ter of the King;
high - er world in - vites thee on.

As - cend, the Moth - er of thy God!
Thy rays of glo - ry dim - ly show.
We join the ang - els as they sing.
To splen - dor and do - mi - ni - on. A - men.
AVE MARIA! THOU VIRGIN AND MOTHER

Sr. M.
A. EDMONDS TOZER

1 Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling to thee;
Thine are the graces, unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

2 Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee!
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

3 Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are whispered to thee;
Softly thy spirit up on us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

4 Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,
Gladly within them for shelter we flee;
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

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BLEST GUARDIAN OF ALL VIRGIN SOULS

H. FARMER, SJ

1 Blest guardian of all virgin souls! Portal of bliss
2 Fair Lily found amid the thorns! Most beautiful Dove
3 Thou Tower, against the dragon proof! Thou Star, to storm-

to man forgiven! Pure Mother of Almighty God!
with wings of gold! Rod from whose tender root upspring
tossed voy'gers dear! Our course lies o'er a treach'rous deep,

Thou hope of earth, and joy of heaven!
That healing Flower long since foretold.
Thine be the light by which we steer.
BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

CROWNING HYMN - MARY E. WALSH

1 Bring flowers of the rarest, bring flowers of the fairest, From
garden and woodland and hillside and vale; Our
full hearts are swelling, our glad voices telling The
praise of the loveliest Rose of the dale.

2 Our voices ascending, in harmony blending, Oh!
thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to thee; Oh!
thus shall we prove thee how truly I love thee, How
dark without Mary, life's journey would be.

3 O Virgin most tender, our homage we render, Thy
love and protection, sweet Mother, to win; In
pure as the lilies we lay at your feet.
O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms to-day.

Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,
O Mary we crown thee with blossoms to-day,

Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.
BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

CROWNING HYMN - MARY E. WALSH

1 Bring flowers of the rarest, bring flowers of the fair-est, From garden and wood-land and hill-side and vale; Our full hearts are swell-ing, our glad voices tell-ing The praise of the love-liest Rose of the dale.

2 Our voices asc-end-ing, in har-mo-ny blend-ing, Oh! thus may our hearts turn, dear Mo-ther, to thee; Oh! thus shall we prove thee how tru-ly I love thee, How dark with-out Ma-ry, life's jour-ney would be, pore as the lil-lies we lay at your feet.

3 O Vir-gin most ten-der, our hom-age we ren-der, Thy love and pro-tec-tion, sweet Mo-ther, to win; In dan-ger de-fend us, in sor-row be-friend us, As
O Mary! we crown thee with blos-soms to-day,
Queen of the Ang-els, Queen of the May/

Queen of the Ang-els, Queen of the May/
O Mary! we crown thee with blos-soms to-day,
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

OMNI DIE DIC MARIAE - TRANS. HENRY BITTLESON
NICOLA A. MONTANI

1 Daily, daily sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due;
She is mighty to deliver, Call her, trust her lovingly;
Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her maker bore;
All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to sound her glory forth:

2 All her feasts, her actions worship
When the tempest rages round thee,
For the curse of old inflicted,
Spread abroad the sweet memorials

3 With the heart's devotion true.
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of heaven peace and blessing to restore;
Where the voice of Of the Virgin's price-less worth.

4 Lost in wondering contemplation,
She has given, noble Lady to our race:
Praise unending, sing the world's majestic Queen;
Where the tongue of eloquence,
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
She the Queen, who decks her subjects
Wear-y not, nor faint in telling
That can utter hymns be-seeming

Happy Mother Virgin blest. Call her Mother,
With the light of God’s own grace. She the Queen, who
All the gifts she gives to men. Wear-y not, nor
All her matchless excellence. That can utter

call her Virgin, Happy Mother Virgin blest.
decks her subjects With the light of God’s own grace.
faint in telling All the gifts she gives to men.
hymns be-seeming, All her matchless excellence.
1 Daily, daily sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her actions worship
2 She is mighty to deliver, Call her, trust her lovingly; When the tempest rages round thee, glory forth: For the curse of old inflicted
3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her maker bore: For the curse of old inflicted
4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to sound her spread abroad the sweet memorials

With the heart's devotion true. She will calm the troubled sea.
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Lost in wondering contemplation, Be her
Gifts of heaven she has given, Noble
Sing in songs of praise unending, Sing the
Where the voice of music thrilling, Where the

majesty confess; Call her Mother,
Lady, to our race; She the Queen, who
world's majestic Queen; Wear not, nor
tongue of eloquence, That can utter

call her Virgin, Happy Mother Virgin blest.
decks her subjects With the light of God's own grace.
faint in telling All the gifts she gives to men.
hymns be seeming All her matchless excellence?
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

1 Daily, daily, sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due;
All her feasts, her actions worshiped.
With the heart’s devotion true. Lost in wondering
She will calm the troubled sea. Gifts of heaven
Peace and blessing to restore; Sing in songs of
Of the Virgin’s priceless worth. Where the voice of

2 She is mighty to deliver; Call her, trust her lovingly;
When the tempest rages round thee, spread abroad the sweet memorials

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin’s trophies, Who for us her maker bore;
For the curse of old inflicted,

4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to sound her glory forth:
Spread abroad the sweet memorials

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contemplation, Be her majesty
she has given, Noble Lady,
praise unending, Sing the worlds maj-
music thrilling, Where the tongue of

ty confess; Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
to our race: She the Queen who decks her subjects
jestic Queen; Worthy not, nor faint in telling
eloquent, That can utter hymns seem-
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Daily, daily, sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due;

2 She is mighty to deliver; Call her trust her lovingly;

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her Maker bore; For the curse of old in sound her glory forth: Spread abroad the sweet me-

4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to worship with the heart's devotion round thee, She will calm the troubled flict ed, Peace and blessing to re-

mor tals Of the Virgin's priceless
True sea. Gifts of store. Sing in worth. Where the
Lost in wondering con-tem-pla-tion, Be her
heaven she has given, Noble
songs of praise un-end-ing, Sing the
voice of mu-sic thrill-ing, Where the
maj-es-ty con-fest; Call her Mo-ther, call her
Lady, to our race: She the Queen who decks her
worlds ma-jes-tic Queen; Wear-y not, nor faint in
tongue of elo-quence, That can ut-ter hymns be-

Vir-gin, sub-jects With the light of God's own race.
Happy Moth-er, Vir-gin blest.
tell-ing All the gifts she gives to men.
seem-ing All her match-less ex-cel-ence?
DEAR MARY FAIR AND TENDER

C. MAYLAND

1 Dear Mary fair and tender, O Mother sweet and mild,
   To thee our love we rend — der, And homage unde - filed. To thee our love is plight - ed, Our soul with thee un - nit - ed;

2 With trust and hope inspir - ing All gather round thy throne; From thee thy grace implo - ring, And from thy bless - ed Son. Deep faith from thee we bor - row, In ev - ery woe and sor - row;

3 O Virgin pure and holy, Fulfill the promised word; And in thy place of glo - ry, May all our prayers be heard. Con - tin - ual suc - cor lend - ing And bless - ings to us send - ing;

4 And when the hour is near - ing Of sure ap - proach - ing death, Oh let us, with - out fear - ing, Ex - hale our dy - ing breath: Hast led us through pro - ba - tion, Through thee we'll gain sal - va - tion.
O Mary, O Mary, Ever lend thy help.
GLORIOUS MOTHER!

QUEEN OF HEAVEN 8.7.8.7.D
LE JEUNE

1 Glor-i-ous Moth-er! from high heaven Down up- on thy Chil-dren gaze,
2 Earth is dark-some, we are wear-y, Sa-tan set-teth snares for all;
3 Raise thy voice for us to Je-sus, In this bless-ed month of thine;

Gath-ered in thy own loved sea-son Thee to bless and thee to praise.
Pray for us, O ten-der Ma-ry, Pray to Je-sus lest we fall.
Raise thy pure hands up to bless us, As we lin-ger 'round thy shrine.

See, sweet Ma-ry, on thine al-tars Bloom the fair-est buds of May;

O may we, earth's sons and daughters, Grow, by grace, as pure as they.
HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF OCEAN

STAR OF OCEAN 6.5.6.5.D
J. HAYDN

1 Hail, Bright Star of ocean, God's own Mother blest,
2 Virgin all excellent, Mildest of the mild,

Ever sinless Virgin, Guide to peace and rest!
Freed from guilt, preserve us, Meek and undesired!

filed; Break the captive's fetters
Keep our life all spotless,

Light on blindness pour, All our ills expelling
Make our way secure, Till we find in Jesus
Ev'ry bliss implore.  Show thyself a mother;
Joy for evermore.  Thro' the highest heaven.

May the Word Divine,  Born for us thine
To th'Almighty Three,  Father, Son and

Infant,  Hear our prayer's through Thine.
Spirit,  One same glory be.
HAIL! HOLY QUEEN ENTHRONED ABOVE

SALVE REGINA COELITUM 8.8.8.8.777.4.5.

1 Hail ho - ly Queen en - throned a - bove, O Ma - ri - a, Hail Queen of mer - cy and of love,
ri - a, The spring through which all grac - es flow,
ri - a. The God of light be - came your Son,

2 The cause of joy to all be - low, O Ma - ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye
ri - a, An - gels, all your
ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye

3 O gen - tle, lov - ing, ho - ly one, O Ma - ri - a. Ser - a - phim,
prais - es bring, earth and heav - en, Ser - a - phim,
Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim,
Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim,

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn: Sal - ve,
All creation echoing: Sal - ve,
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn: Sal - ve,

HAIL, MARY! WE ACCLAIM THEE

BERTHOLD 7.6.7.6 D
B. TOURS

1 Hail, Ma-ry! we ac - claim thee, Moth - er and Vir-gin
2 Hail, Ma-ry! Moth-er ten - der, True sun-light of the
3 Hail, Ma-ry! thro’ the a - ges, All hon-or we ac -

blest, Thy chil-dren love to name thee, Our
soul, To thee our hearts sur-ren - der, O
cord, Thy love our hope pre-sa - ges, Sweet

hope, our joy, our rest; O ho-ly Queen tran -
bring us to our goal; Thy mer-cy now re -
Mother of our Lord, Thy sa -cred name ad -
Ascend, Thou lightest all our way, Reigning, Though oft afar we roam, Like dressing, Our joyful songs we raise, Thy

glorious and resplendent, In bells of evening pealing, Thy Pray's forever blessing, We

realms of endless day, sweet voice calls us home. sing thy ceaseless praise.
HAIL, MARY FULL OF GRACE

NICOLA A. MONTANI

Hail, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
sus. Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners, now, and

at the hour of our death. Amen.
HAIL, OCEAN STAR

4.5.8.4

1 Hail, O - cean Star! Dear
2 Oh! by thy joy, When
3 Break thou the chain Of
4 Show, show thy self The
5 O Vir - gin blest: O
6 Be thou our guide Of
7 Through e - v’ry time,

Moth - er of my God! Hail! O Thou
Ga - briel hailed the blest, In peace the
those who sin has bound; U - pon the
Moth - er that thou art; Pre - sent our
meek - est of the meek! Keep us in
all our life, we pray, Till, near thee,
all e - ter - ni - ty, To Thee, O

Vir - gin ev - er - more,
firm us one and all,
blind thy ra - diance pour,
prayers be - fore thy throne,
vir - tue’s path se - cure;
safe at last we rest,
Fa - ther, Thee, O Son,
Of Paradise the blissful
And make amends for Eva's
Each ill remove, each bliss im-
Who for our sake became hy
Keep us, oh! keep us meek and
With Christ's eternal vision
And Thee, O Spirit, Three in

door; Hail, Mary, Hail!
fall, Hail, Mary, Hail!
plore; Hail, Mary, Hail!
Son; Hail, Mary, Hail!
pure; Hail, Mary, Hail!
blest; Hail, Mary, Hail!
One! One glory be!
HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

1 Hail, Queen of heav'n, the ocean
   star. Our,

2 O Virgin chaste, O spotless
   Guide so gentle here be
   low. From this,
   remind,

3 And while to Him Who reigns above, In Godhead One, in Persons
   make our pray'rs through
   Son that He has
   hymns of praise and

   care: Save us from peril and from paid
   price of our iniquity
   With heart contrite and bended love,

   Three, We offer hymns of praise and
   thy; Recall thy Son that He has
   this life's surge we beg thy care: Save us from peril and from
   The price of our iniquity
   With heart contrite and bended love,

   Three, We offer hymns of praise and
   thy; Recall thy Son that He has
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   The price of our iniquity
   With heart contrite and bended love,
woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the

ty.
Virgin most pure, Star of the

knee;
Do thou, great Queen, Star of the

sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me!

sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me!

sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me!
HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

ENGLISH AIR

1 Hail Queen of Heav'n, the ocean Star,
2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
3 So traversing this vale of tears,

Guide of the wand'rer here below!
My sinful soul now prays to thee;
To thee, blest advocate, I cry;

Tossed on life's sea, I claim thy care,
Remind thy Son that He has paid
As suage my sorrows, calm my fears,

Save me from peril and from woe.
My ransom from iniquity,
And soothe with hope my misery,
Mother of Christ, Star of the sea,
Virgin most pure, Star of the sea,
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,

Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.
HAIL, QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS

1 Hail, Queen of the heavens! Hail, Mistress of earth!
Hail, Mother pure! Hail, Mother with the stars, As a known'\d!
Hail, Mother of mercy! Hail, Queen of hope of the guilty! O wave!
Hail, Mother of prayers We lay at thy feet, O Virgin of Virgin of Virgin's! O

2 Hail, Mother most pure! Hail, Virgin most pure, Of immaculate birth!
Hail, Virgin most pure, Of immaculate birth! Clear star of the
diadem crown'd! Above all the
light of the grave! Through thee may we
Mary most sweet! Be thou our true
morn-ing, In beau-ty en-shrined; O
an-gels In glo-ry un-told; Stand-ing
come to the ha-ven of rest And
guide through this pil-grim-age here And

La-dy make haste to the help of man-kind.
next to the King in a ves-ture of gold.
see Heav-en's King in the courts of the blest.
stand by our side when death draw-eth near.
HAIL, THOU RESPLendent STAR

J. Richardson

1 Hail, thou re - splend - ent Star, That
2 Hail, hap - py gate of bliss, Greet -
3 Loo - sen the sin - ner’s bands, All
4 E - xert a Moth - er’s care, And
5 O pure and spot - less Maid, Whose
6 Pre - serve our lives un - stained, And
7 Praise to the Fa - ther be, With

shin - est o’er the main, Blest Moth - er of our
ed by Ga - briel’s tongue E - stab - lish us in
ev - ils drive a - way, Bring light un - to the
us thy chil - dren own; To him con - vey our
vir - tues all ex - cel; Oh, make us chaste and
guard us on our way, Un - til we come with
Christ His on - ly Son, And to the Ho - ly

God, And ev - er Vir - gin Queen.
peace, And can - cel E - va’s wrong.
blind; And for all grac - es pray.
prayer, Who chose to be thy Son.
mild, And all our pas - sions quell.
thee, To joys that ne’er de - cay.
Ghost, Thrice bless - ed Three in One
HAIL, THOU STAR OF THE OCEAN

1 Hail thou star of ocean, Portal of the sky, Ev'er Virgin Mother, Of the Lord most high.

2 Oh! by Gabriel's Ave, Uttered long ago, E-v-a's name rever-sing, Stab-lish peace low.

3 Break the captive's fetters, Light on blind-ness pour, All our ills ex-pelling, Ev-ry bliss plore.

Vi-va, Vi-va, Vi-va, Ma-ria, E-
Show thyself a Mother; Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate, Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins! To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle! Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey, Help our weak endeavor;
Till with thee and Jesus, We rejoice forever.

Through the highest heaven, To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit, One same glory be.
HAIL VIRGIN, DEAREST MARY!

LAMBILLOTTE

Hail, Vir-gin, dear-est Ma-ry, O gen-tle Queen of May!

O spot-less bless-ed La-dy, O gen-tle Queen of

Fine

1 Thy chil-dren hum-bly Bend-ing,
2 For thee earth's flow'rs are spring-ing,
3 We'll gath-er fresh, bright flow-ers,
Surround thy shrine so fair,
In beauteous form and hue;
To bind our fair Queen's brow;

with heart and voice as
For thee all nature's bringing
From gay and verdant bowers;

Sweet Mary hear their pray'r.
Her sweetest charms to view.
We haste to crown thee now.
HAIL, VIRGIN OF VIRGINS!

1 Hail, Vir - gin of vir - gins! Thy prais - es we sing,
Thy throne is in heav - en, Thy glo - ry pro - claim;
The saints and the an - gels, Thy glo - ry pro - claims.

2 Let all sing of Ma - ry, The Mysti - cal Rod
Let val - ley and moun - tain Un - nite in her praise,

3 Let souls that are ho -ly Still ho -li - er be,
To sign with the an - gels, Sweet Ma -ry, of thee.
Let all who are sin -ners, To vir-tue re - turn.
All nations devoutly Bow down at thy name.
The sea with its waters The sun with its rays.
That hearts without number With thy love may burn.

Thy name is our power,
Thy love is our light;
We praise thee at morning
At noon, and at night.
We thank thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee,

Oh! Be thou our Mother,
And pray to the Lord,
That all may acknowledge
And worship thy word.
That good men with courage
May walk in His ways,
And bad men, converted,
May join in his praise.
HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD

CHERUBBIM 75.75.77.46
JOSEPH MOHR

1 Holy Mary, Mother mild! O dear-est Mother!
2 Toss'd on life's tem-pes-tuous sea, O dear-est Mother!
3 Bright-est in the courts a-bove, O dear-est Mother!
4 Maid-en Moth-er! hear my pray'r, O dear-est Mother!

Hear O hear thy fee-ble Child, O sweet, sweet Mother!
Cast thy ten-der eyes on me, O sweet, sweet Mother!
Joy of an-gels, Queen of love, O sweet, sweet Mother!
Aid us with thy lov-ing care, O sweet, sweet Mother!

O ex-ult, ye Cher-u-bim! And re-joice, ye Ser-a-phim!
Praise her! Praise her! Praise our spot-less Moth-er.
HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD

W. DRESSLER

1 Holy Mary, Mother mild!
2 Toss’d on life’s tempestuous sea,
3 Brightest in the courts above,
4 Maiden Mother! hear my pray'r,

O dearest Mother!

Hear O hear thy feeble Child,
Cast thy tender eyes on me,
Joy of angels, Queen of love,
Aid us with thy loving care,

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O sweet, sweet Mother!

O exult, ye Cherubim!

And rejoice, ye Seraphim! Praise her!

Praise her! O Praise our spotless Mother!
HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE

1 Holy Queen, we bend before thee
2 Thou to whom a child was given,
3 O, by that Almighty Maker,
4 By the hope thy name inspirèes!

Queen of purity divine!
Greater than the sons of men.
Whom thyself a virgin bore!
By our doom reversed thru thee,

Make us love thee
Com’ing down from
O by thee sup-
Help us, Queen of

We implore thee, make us truly to be thine.
Highest heaven, To create the world again.
Reme creator, Link’d with thee for evermore.
Angel choirs To a blest eternity.

158

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
Teach, oh teach us, holy Mother, How to conquer every sin. How to love and help each other,

How the prize of life to win.
HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE

1 Holy Queen, we bend before thee
2 Thou to whom a child was given,
3 O, by that Almighty Maker,
4 By the hope thy name inspires.

Queen of purity divine!
Greater than the sons of men,
Whom thyself, a Virgin bore!
By our doom reversed thru thee,

Make us love thee we implore thee,
Coming down from highest heaven,
O by the Supreme Creator,
Help us, Queen of Angel choirs,

make us truly to be thine.
To create the world again.
Link'd with thee for ever more.
To a blest eternity
Teach, oh teach us, holy Mother,
How to conquer every sin.
How to love and help each other,
How the prize of life to win.
HOW PURE AND FRAIL AND WHITE

SNOWDROPS 6.4.6.4.
P. SLEATH

1 How pure and fair and white,
2 For on this blessed day,
3 Be still, ye clouds of Heav'n!
4 "Hail, Mary!" in infant lips
5 "Hail, Mary!" many a heart
6 "Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings

The snow drops shine,
She knelt at pray'r;
Be silent, Earth!
Lisp it to day; "Hail Mary!"
Bowed down with grief,
Through ages on; "Hail Mary!"

O bring a
When lo! be
And hear an
In that an

garland bright For Mary's shrine.
fore her shine An angel fair.
an-gel tell Of Jesus' birth.
many a heart Bowed down with grief.
gel-ic prayer Has found relief.
it shall sound Till time is done.
I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

TRADITIONAL

1 I'll sing a hymn to Mary, The Mother of my God, The Virgin of all virgins, Of
2 O noble Tow'r of David, Of gold and ivory,
3 But in the crown of Mary There lies a wondrous
gate of heav'n to me, To teach me holy

David's royal blood. To live and not to
Mary shares with them, No sin hath e'er de-
Mary A loving song to frame, When wicked men blasphemed thee

love thee Would fill my soul with shame; When wicked men blasphemed thee

So doth our faith proclaim; When wicked men blasphemed thee,

pheme thee, To love and bless thy name.

pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

165
I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

WILLSBRIDGE 76.76.D.
R.L.DE PEARSALL

1 I'll sing a hymn to Mary, The Mother of my God, The Virgin of all virgins, Of David's royal blood.

2 O noble Tow'r of David, Of gold and ivory, The ark of God's own promise The gate of heav'n to me, promissed angels, Which Mary shares with them,

3 But in the crown of Mary There lies a wonderful gem, As Queen of all the
To teach me holy Mary A loving
To live and not to love thee Would fill my
No sin hath e'er de-faced thee. So doth our

song to frame; When wick-ed men blas-pheme thee,
soul with shame; When wick-ed men blas-pheme thee,
faith pro-claim; When wick-ed men blas-pheme thee,

To love and bless thy name.
I'll love and bless thy name.
I'll love and bless thy name.
IMMACULATE MARY

LOURDES PILGRIM'S TUNE

1 Immaculate Mary! Our hearts are on fire; That
title so wondrous Fills all our desire!
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!

2 We pray for God's glory, May His kingdom come; We
pray for His Vicar, Our Father in Rome.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!

3 We pray for our Mother, The Church upon earth, And
bless, sweetest Lady, The land of our birth.
Ave, Ave, Maria!
LIKE THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING

CONSECRATION 87.87.D.
JOSEPH MOHR

1 Like the dawning of the morn-ing, On the moun-tain's golden heights,
Thou wast hap-py, bless-ed Moth-er, With the ver-y bliss of heav'n,
Thou hast wait-ed, child of Da-vid, And thy wait-ing now is o'er;
Since the an-gel's sal-u-ta-tion Thou hast seen Him, bless-ed Moth-er,

2 Since the an-gel's sal-u-ta-tion

3 Since the A-ve

4 Like a se-cret

5 Oh, His hu-man
told by angels, Getting known upon the earth,
of that mid-night, When thou wast anointed Queen,
Face and Features, They were passing sweet to see;

Is the Mother's expectation
Like a river overflowing
Thou beholdest them this moment;

Of Messiah's speedy birth,
Hath the grace with thee been.
Mother, show them now to me.
LIKE THE VOICELESS STARLIGHT

A. Edmonds Tozer

1 Like the voiceless starlight falling
2 Like the scents of countless blossoms
3 They are presences and foretastes
4 They are wondrous thoughts of Jesus,
5 Oh, it is as if some fragments

Through the darkness of the night,
That are trembling in the air,
Of some nameless heavenly things,
They are presences of God,
Of the golden calm of heav'n,

Like the silvery dewdrops forming
Like the breaths of gums that perfume
From the golden throne of Mary
Giving zest to weariness
By the mercy of our Father,
In the cold moon's cloud-less light;
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
Wafted down to us on wings;
Or strange sweetness to the rod,
Into Mary's hands were giv'n,

So there come to hearts in sorrow
Are our Lady's cease-less answers
Yet they come to none but mourners,
Filling full of heav'nly sun-beams
But to earth were only falling

Mary's angels dear and bright.
To affliction's lowly prayer.
To the hearts that sorrow wrings.
Sorrow's dark and lone a bode.
Upon hearts with sorrow riv'n.
LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY

J. RICHARDSON

1 Look down, O Mother Mary, From thy bright throne above;
2 See how ungrateful sinners We stand before thy Son;
3 O Mary, dearest Mother, If thou wouldst have us live,

Cast down upon thy children One only glance of love.
His loving Heart reproaches The evil we have done.
Say that we are thy children, And Jesus will forgive.

And if a heart so tender with pity flows not o'er,
But if thou wilt appease Him, Speak for us but one word;
Our sins make us unworthy That title still to bear,

Then turn away, O Mother, And look on us no more.
Thy pleading can obtain us The pardon of our Lord.
But thou art still our Mother, Then show a mother's care.

D.C. al Fine
MAIDEN MOTHER, MEEK AND MILD

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 77.77.5
SENS

1 Maiden Mother, meek and mild, Take, oh take me
2 Teach me, when the sunbeam bright Calls me with its
3 Teach me also thru the day Oft to praise my

for Thy child, All my life, oh let it be,
golden light, How my wak- ing thoughts may be,
heart and say, "Maid-en Moth-er meek and mild,

My best joy to think of Thee, Vir-go Ma-ri-a.
Turned to Jes-us and to thee, The Vir-gin Ma-ry.
Guard, oh, guard Thy faith-ful child!" The Vir-gin Ma-ry.
MARY, BLESSED MOTHER

BUD 6.5.6.5.
KREUTZER

1 Mary, blessed Mother, hear us,
2 We would love and praise thee, serve thee,
3 Virgin pure and holy, help us,
4 Mary, Queen of Heaven, glorious.

While we pray, keep us close be-
round the way, best to please thee,
side thee, this sweet month of May.
Mater, this sweet month of May.
Children, this sweet month of May.

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MARY, FAIR AND PURE AND HUMBLE

IMMACULATE 8.7.8.7.
C.A. BERNARD

1 Mary, fair and pure and humble, Of all creatures honored most,
   Sinless thou from thy conception,
   Child to bear, Evermore to feel His presence,
   World’s vain toys, Virgin Mother,
   Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

2 Evermore to be His temple, And the Holy Child to bear, Evermore to
   Thus accorded, By thy innocence, Hear our pray’rs, O
   Deep transgression, Wear thy inno
cence di-vine, Thy pure pray’rs, O
   World’s vain toys, Holy Mother,
   Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

3 By the honor thus accorded, By thy innocence, Hear our pray’rs, O
   Child to bear, Evermore to feel His presence,
   World’s vain toys, Virgin Mother,
   Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

4 Scarred are we by deep transgression, Wear thy innocence, Hear our pray’rs, O
   Child to bear, Evermore to feel His presence,
   World’s vain toys, Virgin Mother,
   Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

5 Praise the Father, earth and Heaven, Praise the Son, the
   Child to bear, Evermore to feel His presence,
   World’s vain toys, Virgin Mother,
   Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

Touched by God the Holy Ghost.
Ev-er-more to know His care.
Low-ly kneel-ing at thy shrine.
Turn our hearts to heav’nly joys.
Glo-ry through e-ter-nal days.
MARY, MOTHER, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

KEVIN 7.6.7.6.
SULLIVAN

1 Mary, Mother, Queen of Heav'n, Radiant as the morning,
2 Hail our Mother and our Queen, who has brought us gladness,
3 Mary, who with Christ thy son, suffered in our sinning,

Bring we fairest flow'rs to-day For thy shrine's adorning;
In this happy month of May Banished all our sadness;
We would give our hearts to thee a new life beginning,

Now thy children hymn thy praise, Pledging all their treasure
All the beauties of the spring, Now acclaim thy splendor,
In this glorious time of May, Rich and poor and lowly,

To the Queen, whose grace divine Passeth human measure.
Birds and trees and flow'rs and fields Would their homage render.
Kneel before our Virgin Queen, Mother high and holy.
MARY. QUEEN OF LOVE AND LIGHT

HERBERT 7.7.7.7.7.7.
G.LISSANT

1 Mary, Queen of love and light, Christ's own gift to
cheer our night, Thou thy children never fail,
rest, So lace be to those oppressed,
Moth-er, hear our pray'r: Ev-er shield us with thy care.

2 Grant thy help to all who need, Make us true in
word and deed, Those who sor-row, give them
rest, So lace be to those op-press,
Moth-er, hear our pray'r: Ev-er shield us with thy care.

3 Mary, Moth-er, Queen con-fest, Thou of wom-en
art most blest, Crowned by Christ in Heav'n a-
bove, Still vouch-safe to us thy love,
Moth-er, hear our pray'r: Ev-er shield us with thy care.
MARY, UNTO THEE I CALL

MERCY 7.7.7.7.
L. GOTTSCALK

1 Mary, unto thee I call, Virgin
2 Bowd am I 'neath sin and shame, Thou, to
3 Thou who know'st of sin no stain, Yet hast

Moth - er of us all, From my sin I
whom the Angel came, In thy ra - diant
borne all grief and pain, By the Cross on

would be free,
purity, Mary, Mo - ther, pray for me.
Cal - va - ry.

4 Mary, grace and joy are thine, Sin hath made the way grow dim,
Death and darkness must be mine, Lead me, Mother, back to Him,
Help me find the Light Thro' thee, He who died my soul to free,
Mary, Mother, pray for me. Mary, Mother, pray for me.

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MATER AMABILIS

Ma-ter A-ma-bi-lis, O-ra pro no-bis, Pray for thy chil-dren-who call u-pon thee, A-ve Sanc- tis-si-ma,

1 Ave Maria! O maiden, O Mother!
2 Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
3 Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
4 Ave Maria! thou portal of heaven

Fondly thy children are calling on thee,
Softly our voices arise unto thee,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee,
Harbor of refuge to thee do we flee,

Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven.

Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea.
MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1 Mother dear, O pray for me, Whilst far from Heaven and thee, I wander in a fragile barque, o'er
2 Mother dear, O pray for me! Should pleasure's siren lay. E'er tempt thy child to wander far From lifes tempestuous sea. O Virgin Mother, Virtue's path away. When thorns beset life's

from thy throne, So bright in bliss above devious way, And darkling waters flow.

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Protect thy child and cheer my path with
Then Mary aid thy weeping child, Thy-
thy sweet smile of love. Mother dear, remember me, and
self a mother show.
never cease thy care, Till in heaven e-
ternal-ly, Thy love and bliss I share.
MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1 Mother dear, O pray for me, Whilst far from Heaven and thee,

2 Mother dear, O pray for me! Should pleasure's siren lay.

I wander in a fragile barque, o'er lifes tempestuous sea.

Virtue's path away. When thorns beset life's from thy throne, So bright in bliss above devious way, And darkling waters flow.

O Virgin Mother,
Protect thy child and cheer my path with
Then Mary aid thy weeping child, Thy-
thy sweet smile of love. Moth-er dear, re-mem-ber me, and
self a moth-er show.
ne-ver cease thy care, Till in hea-ven e-
ter-nal-ly, Thy love and bliss I share.
MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER FAIREST

1 Mother dear-est, Moth-er fair-est, Help of all who call on thee,
2 La-dy, help in pain and sor-row, Soothe those rack'd on beds of pain,
3 Help our priests, our vir-gins ho-ly, Help our Pope, long may he reign;

Vir-gin pur-est, bright-est, rar-est, Help us, help, we cry to thee,
May the gol-den light of mor-row, Bring them health and joy a-gain.
Pray that we who sing thy prais-es, May in heav'n all meet a-gain.

Ma-ry, help us, help we pray, Ma-ry help, us, help we pray,
Help us in all care and sor-row; Ma-ry, help us, help we pray.
1 Mother dearest, Mother fairest, Help of all who call on thee, Virgin purest, brightest,
2 Lady, help in pain and sorrow, May the golden light of rar est, Help us, help, we cry to thee,
3 Help our priests, our virgins holy, Pray that we who sing thy mor row, Bring them health and joy again.

Pope, long may he reign; Pray that we who sing thy praises, May in heav’n all meet again.
Ma-ry, help us, help we pray, Ma-ry help, us, help we pray,

Help us in all care and sor-row; Ma-ry, help us, help we pray.
1. Moth’r of mercy, day by day My love of
   thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up-
   on my way Light sands up-on the great sea-
   shore, Like sands up-on the great sea-shore.
2. Though pov-er-ty and work and woe The mast-ers
   does not know Dark-ness is light with love of
   thee? Dark-ness is light with love of thee?
3. But scorn-ful men have cold-ly said Thy love was
   did but treat The ver-y path my Sav-ior
   trod; The ver-y path my Sav-ior trod.
MOTHER OF MERCY, DAY BY DAY

J. Richardson

1. Moth'r of mercy, day by day
2. Though poverty and work and woe
3. But scornful men have coldly said
   My love of thee grows more and more;
   Thy love was leading me from God;
   Like sands upon the great seashore.

   Thy gifts are strewn upon my be,
   When times are worst who does not know
   The very path my savior trod.

   Thy love was leading me from God;
   When times are worst who does not know
   The very path my savior trod.
MOTHER OF OUR LORD

E. LAMBERT

1 Mother of our Lord and Saviour
2 Though the gates of hell against us
3 Naught can hurt the pure in spirit,

First in beauty as in power!
With profoundest fury rage;
Who upon thine aid rely;

Glory of the Christian nations!
Though the ancient foe assault us,
At thy hand secure of gaining

Ready help in trouble's hour!
And his fiercest battle wage:
Strength and mercy from on high.
O, MARY, DEAR MOTHER, HOW FONDLY I FLEE

1 O Mary, dear Mother, How fondly I flee,
2 In this blessed keeping my soul is secure,
3 I fear not the wick-ed, their wea-pons, their skill;
4 In moments of sorrow, in anguish of heart,
5 O, help me in life, in its work and its woes,

In dark hours of peril, sweet refuge, to thee!
Though foes gather round to a fright or allure,
I fear not the world, let it rage as it will,
In pain, in affliction, my comfort thou art;
To carry my cross- es, to conquer my foes!
When danger is greatest the world most unkind,
I fear not the devil, his might nor his charms,
When coldly repuls'd and abandoned by all,
O, help me in death, that my soul be set free.

My safety, my solace, beside thee I find.
When cheered by thy presence, upheld by thy arms.
If Thou, help of Christians, wilt shelter thy child.
Thou still stand-eth by me, thou hear-est my call.
To fly unto Jesus, thy Son, and to thee.
OH, TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER

WEBBE

1 O Turn to Jesus, Mother! turn And call Him by his
tend'rest names; Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.
The harbour of their rest is near.

2 Ah! They have fought a gallant fight, In death's cold arms they
persever'd, And after life's uncheery night,

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OH, TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER

ORATORIAN HYMN

1 O Turn to Jesus, Mother! turn
2 Ah! They have fought a gallant fight,

And call Him by his tender names;
In death's cold arms they persever'd,

Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
And after life's uncheerful night,

This hour amid the cleansing flames.
The harbour of their rest is near.
O SANCTISSIMA

TRADITIONAL

1 O sanctissima, O pisissima,
2 Tu solatium, Et refugium,
3 O most holy one, O most lowly one,
3 Virgin ever fair, Mother, hear our pray'r,

Dulcis virgo Maria!
Virgo Mater Maria!
loving virgin, Maria!
Look up on us, Maria!

Mater amata, Intemperata,
Quidquid optamus, per te speramus,
Mother maid of fairest love, Lady, Queen of all above,
Bring to us your treasure, Grace beyond all measure,

Ora, Ora pro nobis.
O VISION BRIGHT!

J.C. Bowen

1 O vision bright! The land of light Beams
goldenly beyond the sky, 'Mid
round His daughter's throne we doth lie; Where

dear Son may we descry; Where

2 O vision bright! The Father's might! All
wherein the balm of angel choirs
brighter far Than moon or star,

3 O vision bright! The eternal light Of
heavenly fires, O'er angel calm,

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4 O vision bright!
In softest flight
The Dove around His Spouse doth fly;
Where, in that height
Of matchless light,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

5 O vision bright!
Angels' delight!
The Mother sits with Jesus nigh:
Her form He bears,
Her look He wears;
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

6 O vision bright!
O dearest sight!
God, with His Mother's face and eye!
Where by His side,
All glorified,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

7 O vision bright!
O dearest sight!
God, with His Mother's face and eye!
Where by His side,
All glorified,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.
PRAISE WE THE LORD THIS DAY

GABRIEL C.M.
BANRBY

1 Praise we the Lord this day, This
day so long fore - told, Whose pro - mise shone with

2 The prophet gave the sign For
faith - ful men to read; A Vir - gin born of
wor - ship and a - dore, Like her whom heav - en's

3 Ask not how this should be, But
hear the gra - cious word, Ma - ry, the pure and
all the Church on earth, Through whom that won - drous

4 Meek - ly she bowed her head To
cheer - ing ray On wail - ing saints of old.
Dav - id's line Shall bear the prom - ised Seed.

5 Bless - ed shall be her name In
maj - es - ty Came down to shad - ow o'er.
low - ly maid, The fa - vored of the Lord.
mer - cy came, Th’In - car - nate Sav - iour's birth.
QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY!

VICTOR HANNEREL

1 Queen of the Holy Rosary! Oh,
2 Queen of the Holy Rosary! Each
3 Sweet Lady of the Rosary! White
4 Queen of the Holy Rosary! What

bless us as we pray And offer thee our
Mystery blends with thine. The sacred life of
roses let us bring. And lay them round thy
radiance of love; What splendor and what

roses In garlands day by day; While
Jesus In every step divine. Thy
footstool Before our Infant King. For
glorious Surround thy court above! Oh,
from our Father's garden, With loving hearts and
soul was His fair garden, Thy Virgin breast His
nestling in thy bosom God's Son was fain to
in thy tender pity, Dear source of love a-

bold, We gather to thine honor or Buds
throne. Thy thoughts His faithful mirror Re-
be, The child of thy obedience, And
lone, Refuse not this our offering, Our

white, and red, and gold.
flect in Him a lone.
spot less purity.
flowers, white, red, and gold.
REJOICE, ALL MEN TODAY

O’NEILL P.M.
KANNE

1 Re - joice, all men to - day, Re - joice, give

2 We bring her gar - lands fair, Our hearts to

3 Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and

thanks and sing, Our bless - ed Moth - er hon - or now,
her we bring, That she may help up keep them pure,
maid - ens, sing, Raise high your songs to Ma - ry, Queen,

In this sweet time of spring, Re - joice, re -

joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.
SHALL WE NOT LOVE THEE

AVENTIA C.M.
J.B. Dykes

1 Shall we not love thee, Mo - ther dear, Whom
2 Bound with the curse of sin and shame We
3 And thee He choose from whom to take True

Je - sus loves so well, And to His glo - ry,
help - less sin - ners lay; Un - til in ten - der flesh His Flesh to be In it to suf - fer

year by year, thy love for our sake, By it to make us tell?
joy and ho - nor bear the curse a - way. He came To it to make us free.

4 Mary, grace and joy are thine, Help me find the Light thro' thee, Mary, Mother, pray for me.
5 Sin hath made the way grow dim, "He who dies my soul to free,
   Lead me, Mother, back to Him, Mary, Mother, pray for me.
1 Sing of Mary, pure and lowly, Virgin mother undefiled. Sing of God’s own Son most holy, Who became her little child. Fair-est wear-y, Love enduring unto death. Constant Spirit; Glory to the Three in One. From the child of fairest mother, God the Lord who came to heart of bless-ed Mary. From all saints the song as
earth, Word made flesh, our very brother,
side. Forth to preach, and heal, and suffer,
cends, And the Church the strain echoes,

Takes our nature by his birth.
Till on Calvary he died.
Un to earth's remotest ends.
SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Sing, ye angel bands,
2 A fairer flow'r than she
3 O happy angels look,
4 And I lose thee then,
5 On, dear pageant, on!

All beautiful and bright!
On earth hath never been;
How beautiful she is!
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Sweet music breathes around;

For higher still, and higher
And, save the throne of God,
See! Jesus bears her up,
Ah, no angels' Queen
And love, like dew distills

212

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Through fields of starry light,
Your heav'n's have never seen
Her hand is locked in His;
Man's Mother still will be;
on hearts in rapture bound;

Mary, your Queen, ascends,
A wonder half so bright
Oh, who can tell the height
And thou upon thy throne,
The Queen of heav'n goes up

Like the sweet moon at night,
As your ascending Queen,
Of that fair Mother's bliss?
Wilt keep thy love for me.
To be proclaimed and crowned.
STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

1 Stabat Mater dolorosa
2 O quam tristis et afflicta
3 Quis et homo qui non flereet,

Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Fuit illa benedicta
Matrem Christi si videbat.

Dum pendebat Filius
Materni ingenii tui
Intanto suppleri o?

Cujus animam et deum
Quae mortem et dolorem
Quis non posset contrari,
4 Pro peccátis suae gentis Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
    Et flagéllis subditum. Vide suum dulcem natum
Moriéndo desolátum, Dum emisit spiritum.
5 Eja mater, fons amoris, Me sentíre vim dolorís
    Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. Fac, ut ardéat cor meum
In amándo Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam.
6 Sancta Mater, istud agas Crucifixi fíge plagas
    Cordi meo válide. Tui nati vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me pati, Poenas mecum dívide.
7 Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condolère,
    Donec ego vixero. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociáre In planctu désidero.
8 Virgo virginum praeclára, Mihi jam non sis amára:
    Fac me tecum plángere. Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passiónis fac consórtæm, Et plagas recólere.
9 Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me Cruce inebriári,
    Et cruó re Filii. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus In die judícií.
10 Christe, cum sit hinc exíre Da per Matrem me veníre
Ad palmam victóriæ. Quando corpus moriétur,
Fac, ut ánimas donétur Paradisi glória. Amen. Allelúja
STAR OF JACOB

R. REDHEAD

1 Star of Jacob, ever beam-ing With a ra-diance all di-vine, 'Mid the stars of high-est Heav-en,
2 All in stoles of snow-y white-ness Un-to thee the Ang-els sing, Un-to thee the vir-gin cho-rus,
3 Joy-ful in thy path they scat-ter Ro-ses white and lil-ies fair, Yet with thy sur-pass-ing beau-ty

Glows no pur-er ray than thine. Moth-er of th'E-ter-nal King.
Ro-ses nor li-ly may pare.
SWEET MOTHER, TURN THOSE GENTLE EYES

J. Richardson

1 Sweet Moth - er, turn those gen - tle eyes of pi - ti - ty down on me; sup - pliant's tear - ful cries, My hum - ble prayers do not de - spise, rough, and tem - pests pour, sup - pliant's cry hath stayed, up to God on high, Star of the path - less sea. Star of the rag - ing sea. Star of the az - u re sea. Star of the bound - less sea.

2 In dark temp - ta - tion's drear - y hour To thee, bright Queen, we flee; Oh! hear thy weal thy Moth - er's power When storms are price our ran - som paid, And ne'er the Queen of saints, stand nigh, And bear it

3 Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid! May I still look on thee Who bore the soul from earth shall free; Do thou, bright

4 And when my last ex - pi - ring sigh My
THE ANGEL SPAKE THE WORD

6.6.8.6.
F. ARMSTRONG

1 The Angel spake the word "Hail, Thou 'mong women blest!"
2 Maiden! how great henceforth Thy dignity shall be!
3 This day the Holy Ghost, From all sinless blood, Moulds in thy womb that
4 Where by we babes the meat of elders'ones obtain; And He, Who Angels race, came down from heav'n, Praise with the Father
5 To Him Who, to redeem Our Godhead comes, And fills her Virgin breast.

Godhead comes, And thine own, This day conceived by thee.
Flesh divine Of the life-giving Word;
feeds, as God, Feeds me, as God-made Man.
evermore, And Holy Ghost be given.
THE WOODS AND FIELDS ARE BLOSSOMING

ELSA 7.6.7.6.
F. HUMPHREYS

1 The woods and fields are blossoming Beneath the sun’s warm ray,
2 Our gentle Mother calls us, We bring our flowers sweet, As incense for her heart.
3 But not alone our blossoms, Our hearts too she would share, To keep them pure and hearts are thine today, Then keep them like the
4 Dear Mary, tenderest Mother, Our Mary, The lovely month of May.
al - tar Their fragrance is most meet.
ho - ly With in her loving care.
flor - ers, So sweet and pure al - way.
THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN

8.7.8.7.8.7.
TRADITIONAL

1 This is the image of our Queen, Who reigns in bliss above,
   Of her who is the hope of men, Whom men and angels love.

2 The sacred homage that we pay To Mary's self and then to God
   To Mary's head; And by thy pure uplifted hands,

3 Sweet are the flowers we have culled This image to adorn; But sweeter far is Mary's self
   That rose without a thorn.

4 O Lady, by the stars that make A glory round thy head;
   That for thy children plead.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet,
When at thy Judgment Seat I stand,

I bend a suppliant knee,
And my dread Savior see;

own sweet month of May
Pray thou to God for me.
tations each and all
Pray thou to God for me.
bed of death I lie,
Pray thou to God for me.
raging for my soul,
Pray thou to God for me.

In this thine
When on the
When hell is
This is the image of our queen

1. This is the image of our Queen Who reigns in bliss above,
   Of her who is the hope of men, Whom men and angels love.

2. The sacred homage that we pay To Mary's image here, To God ascend the starry sphere.
   On to God herself, That rose without a thorn. Mary's self, That lifted hands, That for thy children plead.

3. Sweet are the flowers we have culled This image to adorn, But sweet'er far is glory round thy head; And by thy pure up -

4. O Lady, by the stars that make A

Most holy Mary, at thy feet I

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bend a supplicant knee. In this thine own sweet
month of May, Pray thou to God for me.
THOU GOD, WHOM EARTH, AND SEA AND SKY

8.8.8.8.
H. WARE

1 Thou God, Whom earth, and sea and sky, A -
2 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine The
3 Blest in the mes - sage Gabriel brought, Blest
4 All ho - nor, laud and glo - ry be O

dore, and laud, and mag - ni - fy; Who o'er their three-fold
world's Cre - a - tor, Lord di - vine, Whose hand con-tains the
by the work the Spi - rit wrought; From whom the great de -
Je - su, Vir-gin born to Thee; All glo - ry, as is

fab - ric reigns, The Vir-gin's spot-less womb con-tains.
earth and sky, Vouch-safed, as in His ark, to lie.
sire of earth Took hu - man flesh and hu - man birth.
ev - er meet, To Fa - ther and to Pa - ra-clete.
1 Virgin born, we kneel before Thee; Blessed was
2 Blessed was the breast that fed Thee; Blessed was
3 Blessed she by all creation, Who brought

was the womb that bore Thee; Mary, Mother
was the hand that led Thee; Blessed was the
forth the world's salvation, Blessed they, for-

meek and mild, Blessed was she in her Child.
watch she kept As the Holy Christ Child slept.
ever blest, Who love most and serve Thee best.
VIRGIN WHOLLY MARVELOUS

VIRGINITY 77, 77.
HEROLD 1808

1 Virgin wholly marvelous, Who didst bear God's
2 Heav'n and earth, and all that is, Thrilled today with
3 Cherubim with four-fold face Are no peers of
4 Purer art thou than are all Heav'nly hosts an-

Son for us, Worthless is my tongue and weak
ecstatics, Chanting glory unto thee,
thine in grace, And the six-winged Seraphim,
gelestial, Who delight with pomp and state

Of thy holiness to speak.
Sing thy praise with festive glee.
'Mid thy splendor, shine but dim.
On thy beauteous Child to wait.
WHO IS SHE ASCENDS ON HIGH

ASSUMPTION 75.75.
W. NOVELLO

1 Who is she ascends so high.
2 Who is she adorned with light,
3 Heav'n she was, which held that fire,
4 She that did so clearly shine

Next makes the heav'n-ly King.
Whence took the world her robe,
When our day begun,

Round about whom makes the sun her light,
Round about whom makes the sun her light,
Round about whom makes the sun her light,
Whence the world took her robe,

At whose feet the world took her robe,
And to heav'n doth Whence the world took her robe,
And to heav'n doth Whence the world took her robe,

See how bright her next makes the heav'n-ly King.
See how bright her next makes the heav'n-ly King.
See how bright her next makes the heav'n-ly King.
See how bright her next makes the heav'n-ly King.

And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing?
And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing?

Angels fly queen of night now as-pire beams de-cline: And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing?
And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing? And her praises sing?

She sits with the Sun.
She sits with the Sun.

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VIRGIN WHOLLY MARVELOUS

VIRGINITY 77. 77.
HEROLD 1808

1 Virgin wholly marvel-ous, Who didst bear God's
Son for us, Worth-less is my tongue and weak
Of thy hol-i-ness to speak.
Sing thy praise with fest-al glee.

2 Heav'n and earth, and all that is, Thrilled to-day with
ec-sta-sies, Chant-ing glo-ry un-to thee,
'SMid thy splen-dor, shine but dim.

3 Cher- u-bim with four-fold face Are no peers of
thine in grace, And the six-winged Ser-a-phim,
On thy beau-t'ous Child to wait.

4 Pur-er art thou than are all Heav'n-ly hosts an-
ge-li-cal, Who de-light with pomp and state

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WHO IS SHE ASCENDS ON HIGH

ASSUMPTION 75.75.
W. NOVELLO

1 Who is she as scends so high.
2 Who is she adorned with light,
3 Heav’n she was, which held that fire,
4 She that did so clearly shine

Next the heav’n-ly King.
makes the sun her robe,
When our day begun,
Whence the world took light,
Round about whom
At whose feet the
See how bright her
an-gels fly
queen of night
now as-pire beams decline:
And her praises sing?
Lays her changing globe.
Flames with flames unite.
She sits with the Sun.

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INDEX OF HYMNS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>According To Thy Gracious word</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Ye Weary</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And I Shall See His Face</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As The Dewy Shades</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ascend, Ascend, Imperial Queen</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ave Maria! Thou Virgin And Mother</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Known To Us In Breaking Bread</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be Known To Us In Breaking Bread</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blest Guardian Of All Virgin Souls</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring Flowers Of The Rarest</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bring Flowers Of The Rarest</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daily, Daily, Sing To Mary</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Mary, Fair and Tender</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deck Thyself, My Soul, With Gladness</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw Nigh And Take The Body Of The Lord</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drop, Drop, Slow Tears</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorious Mother!</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail Mary! We Acclaim Thee</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail Mary, Full Of Grace</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail Virgin, Dearest Mary!</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! Holy Queen, Enthroned Above</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail! Thou Living Bread</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Bright Star Of Ocean</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Ocean Star</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Queen Of Heaven</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Queen Of Heaven</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Queen Of The Heavens</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Thou Resplendent Star</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Thou Star Of The Ocean</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hail, Virgin Of Virgins</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face To Face</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy God</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy God</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Mary, Mother Mild</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Mary, Mother Mild</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Queen, We Bend Before Thee</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Queen, We Bend Before Thee</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Pure And Frail And White</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ll Sing A Hymn To Mary</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ll Sing A Hymn To Mary</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immaculate Mary</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In This Sacrament, Sweet Jesus</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Food Of Angels</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Food Of Angels</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Gentlest Savior</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Gentlest Savior</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Jesus, Come To Me</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Jesus, Come To Me</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Lord, Be Thou My Own</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus, Thou Art Coming</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like The Dawning Of The Morning</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like The Voiceless Starlight</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look Down, O Mother Mary</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maiden Mother, Meek And Mild</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Blessed Mother</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Fair and Pure And Humble</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Mother, Queen Of Heaven</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Queen Of Love And Light</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Unto Thee I Call</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mater Amabilis</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Of Mercy, Day By Day</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Of Mercy, Day By Day</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Of Our Lord</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother, Dear, O Pray For Me</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother, Dear, O Pray For Me</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My God, And Is Thy Table Spread</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>