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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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

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ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD

TALLIS' ORDINAL 86. 86. THOMAS TALLIS
JAMES MONTGOMERY

1 According to thy gracious word,
Thy body, broken for my sake,
In meek humility,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 According to thy gracious word,
Thy body, broken for my sake,
In meek humility,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will 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 re-fuse
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.
ownesteem. Have no acceptance here.
welcome news, That I may venture too.
welcome me, And I shall see His face!

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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 do not then depart; Savior, abide with us, and spread heaven ly wine, Thy table in our heart.

2 Lord, sup with us in love divine; Thy body and thy Blood, That living bread that Be our immortal 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
body and thy blood. That living bread, that

us. and spread, Thy table in our heart.
heavenly wine, Be our immortal food.
DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

SCHMUEKE DICHT - 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 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,

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

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

There with joy thy praises render
Fount, whence all my being floweth;
Be thy love with love requited;
Unto him whose grace unbounded
At thy feet I cry, my Maker,
From this banquet let me measure,
Hath this wondrous banquet founded; High o'er
Let me be a fit partaker Of this
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure; Through the

all the heav'n's reigneth, Yet to
blessed food from heaven, For our
gifts thou here dost give me, As thy
dwell with thee he deigneth.
good, thy glory, given.
guest in heav'n receive me.
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 victory won.
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and himself the Priest.

SONG FOUR 10, 10, 10, 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS
BANGOR ANTIPHONER

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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 mer - cies to en - treat;
3 In your deep floods Drown all my faults and fears;

Which brought from heav'n The news and Prince of Peace.
To cry for venge - ance Sin doth nev - er cease.
Nor let his eye See sin, but through my tears.
1 Hail! Thou living Bread from heaven
2 Holyest Jesus! Heart of Jesus!

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

I adore Thee, I adore Thee;
Holyest 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;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heav'n.
There would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for giv'n.
HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

HOFFMAN 8.7.7.8.
GERMAN TRADITIONAL

1 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
2 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
3 Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

Thou art Jesus, whose delight 'Tis to
O Host divine on the beam From whose
who this weary earth hast trod Son of

The by day and night In this Sacred stream Water flows and
side in sacred stream,. There, for us a-
Ma - ry, Son of God, There, for us a-

With Thy children care to tend. With Thy children care to tend.

Cleanse us in that saving flood. Evermore upon Thy throne
IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

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 Flesh and Blood,
And 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
2 Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy, Give Thy

give Thy flesh and Blood, With Thy soul and Godhead
Flesh and Blood to me; Come to me, O dearest
also, As our own most precious food. Yes, O Jesus! Come my soul's true life to be. Come that

dearest Jesus! I believe it, And Thy
I may live for ever, Thou in
presence I adore,
me and I in Thee;
And with Living

all thus, my heart I love Thee, May I
not perish, But shall

love Thee more and more, And with all my heart I
live eternally, Liv-ing 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 adore; And with all my heart I
pre - serve 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
Je - sus! Come my soul's true life to perish, But shall live e - ter - nal -
food. As our own most prec - ious food.
more, May I love Thee more and more.
be. Come my soul's true life to be.
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
2 Soon I hope to see Thee, And enjoy Thy love, Face to face, sweet Jesus, In Thy Heav'n a-
3 part! Yes, Thou ever dwellest Here for love of me, bove. But on earth an exile My de-
4 Hid-den Thou remain-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
Mon-arch of the
heart;

2 Soon I hope to see Thee,
And en-joy the
love,
Face to face, sweet Jesus,
In Thy Heav’n a-

3 O me-mori-a-le mor-tis Do-mi-
part!

Oh that I could nev-er
From Thy Face de-
obove.
But on earth an ex-ile
My de-light shall be

Yes, Thou ev-er dwell-est
Here for love of me,

Prae-sta me ae men-ti
de te vi-ve-re,

Hid-den Thoure-
main-est,

Ev-er to be near Thee
Veiled for love of me.

Et te il-li sem-per
dul-ce sa-pe-re.
1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour, God of might and pow'r
2 Jesus, gentlest Saviour, Thou art with us now;
3 O how can we thank Thee For a gift like this?

Thou, Thyself, art dwelling
Fill us full of goodness
Gift that truly maketh

In us at this hour; Nature cannot
Till our hearts o'erflow, Multiply our
Heaven's eternal bliss; Ah! when wilt Thou

hold Thee
graces, Chiefly love and strait
alw- ways Make our hearts Thy

Heaven is all too fear,

home?
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.
1 Jesus, gentlest Savior, God of might and pow'r.
2 Out beyond the shining Of the furthest star,
3 Oh, how can we thank Thee For a gift like this,

In us at this hour. Nature cannot hold Thee, Heav'n is all too
Infinite far. Yet the hearts of children Hold what worlds can not, always Make our hearts Thy

Heav'n's eternal bliss! Ah! when wilt Thou home?
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. PIEL 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. Come, Thou, of all friends the best, Take possession of my breast.
2 Empty is all worldly joy, Ever mixed with some alloy: Give me my true Sovereign Good,
3 Comfort my poor soul distressed, Come and dwell with in my breast. O how much I sigh for Thee,

Take possession of my breast.
Jesus, Thine own Flesh and Blood.
Jesus, Jesus, come to me!
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 e'er 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 stainless heart,
3 O, see, with in a creature’s hand,
4 Thy body, soul, and God-head, 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,
Responding in fant-like, as though
I cannot compass all I have,
’Tis God, ’tis God, the very God,

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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

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

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

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 only word;
Kneeling I adore Thee As my King and Lord.

2 Who am I my Jesus, that Thou com'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 Dear-est Lord, I love Thee With my whole, whole heart,
Not for what Thou giv'est, But for what Thou art.
Come, oh, come sweet Savior! Come to me and stay,
For I want Thee, Jesus, More than I can say.
1 Jesus, Thou art coming, Holy as Thou art:
2 Who am I, my Jesus, That Thou com'st to me?
3 Ah! what grateful present, Jesus, can I bring?

Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart!
I have sinned against Thee, Often grievously.
I have nothing worthy Of my God and King;

Jesus, I believe it On Thy word alone;
I am very sorry I have caused Thee pain;
But Thou art my Shepherd, I Thy little lamb;

Kneeling I adore Thee At Thy royal throne.
I will never, never, Wound Thy Heart again!
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 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 be-lieve it, On Thy only word;
I am ver-y sor-ry I have caused Thee pain
Come, oh, come sweet Sav-iour! Come to me and stay,

Kneeling, I ad-ore Thee As my King and Lord.
I will nev-er, nev-er, 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,
   Thou, the God who made me, To my sinful heart.
   Jesus, I believe it On Thy only word;
   Kneeling, I adore Thee As my king and Lord.

2 Who am I, my Jesus, That Thou com'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 Dearest Lord, I love Thee With my, whole, whole heart,
   Not for what Thou givest, But for what Thou art.
   Come, oh, come sweet Savior! Come to me and stay,
   For I want Thee, Jesus, More than I can say.
MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD

BEDE 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.
1. My God, thy table now is spread,
2. O let thy table honor’d be,

Thy cup of love doth overflow;
And furnished well with joyful guests:

Be all thy children ther led,
And may each soul salvation see,

And let them thy sweet mercies know.
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,
This great Sacrament revering;
And the blood, all price exclaiming,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Faith, her aid to sight lending;

Honour, thanks and praise addressing,
Which the nations' Lord and King,
Though unseen, the Lord is near;
While the ages run,

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Once on earth a-mong us dwelling,
Then, more precious food supplying,
Ancient types and shadows ending,
And the Spirit it's pow'r 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.
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 ity:
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,
Thy self Thou hast bestowed on me,

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

With Thine own self in form of bread.
And with joy ev'ry grief repays.
Thine, Thine for ever I will be.
1 O Bread of Heav’n! beneath this veil,
Thou dost my very God conceal.
My Jesus, dearest treasure Hail!
I love Thee and adore 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;

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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

1 O Christ, to you, we bring our weary souls,
2 O Christ, Redeemer, now your feast is spread.

We are your people, each with different goals.
Your blood the wine, your body the true bread.

Hungry and needy, yearning for your food,
And through this meal may all takers be

Yet we are one in heart, and mind and mind.
Forever with you through eternity.
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

SONG ONE  10. 10. 10. 10. D. ORLANDO GIBBONS
FROM: O CHRIST, YOU PRAYED, MARK WINCHESTER

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,
And through this meal may all partakers know
How through this beauty, teach us how to be

Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
Forever with you through eternity.
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,
2 O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,
3 Lord Jesus, Whom by pow'r divine,

O Bread of Angel Hosts above,
Now hid beneath the outward sign,

O Manna of the Saints,
And Sacred Heart dost flow,

The hungry soul would feed on Thee,
Thy quick'ning Stream be ours to share,

Grant, when the veil a way is rolled,
May ne'er the heart unsolaced be
Whose bounty filleth every prayer
With open face may we behold

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

Which for Thy sweetness fainst.
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 streaming From
word of truth believing, We
Thee unseen above!

Come, Thou, Thyself bestowing On
The souls that hunger feed Thou
The dore: Grant, when the veil is rended, That

Heart that seek Thee lead Thou With thy sweet tender love.
Thirsty souls, and flowing Till all are satisfied.
We, to heav'n ascended, May see Thee evermore.
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!
2 O Fount of love redeeming, O River ever streaming, From Jesus' holy side; Come, feed, and
3 Jesus, this feast receiving, Thy word of truth believing, We Thee unseen adore: Grant, feed, and

souls that hunger feed Thou Thyself bestowing The hearts that seek Thee
when the veil is rended, That we, to heav'n ascend, lead Thou With thy sweet, tender love.
flowing Till all are satisfied. cend, May. see Thee evermore.
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, Before thine altar kneel. Here may thy faithful people know The

2 We come, obedient to thy word, To feast on heavenly food; Our meat the Body of the Lord, Our drink his precious Blood. Thus 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
2 Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each received; The ear alone most
3 in the forms believed; To Thee my heart bowed with bend knee,
4 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.
O JESUS CHRIST, REDEEMER

KIRKWOOD 76. 76. D.

1 O Jesus Christ, Redeemer, When
Thou shalt come again, Up on the clouds of heaven, With all Thy shining train; 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 humbly beg of Thee, That here I bowed be
guidance And glory of my

3 Accept, Divine Redeemer, The homage of my praise; Be Thou the light and
Deity revealed, Who now upon this
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 Saviour, I
3 Accept, Divine Redeemer, The

Thou shalt come again of Thee, Up on the clouds of hommage of my praise; Be Thou the light and

humbly beg from Thee, That here I bowed before heaven, With all my shining.

guidance and glory of my train; When every eye shall see Thee In
days; That here I owned Thy presence, My

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Deity revealed, Lord, my God most high,
Who now upon this death draws near to me;
And glorified Thy greatness, Though hid from human eye.
Be Thou my only altar In silence art concealed.
Through all eternity.

Thy treasure Through all eternity.
O JESUS, THOU THE GLORY ART

DULCET 86. 86.

1 O Jesus, Thou the glory art Of angel worlds above; Name is music to the heart, En
2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed, Who Thee hunger still; drink of Thee to the heart, Which
3 O my sweet Jesus, hear the sighs Which unto Thee I send My inmost spirit cries, My

chanting but Thou can fill, nought but Thine's hope and end!
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,
2 O Jesus, sweetness of the heart,
3 O Jesus, brighter than the sun,

And conqueror divine,
Thou Living Spring of Light,
O Balm with healing blest,

O Sweetness infinite, for
So far exceeding all de-
Of all things sweet, of all things

Whom sire, Our souls unceasing pine.
All joys of sense or sight.
Thou sweetest, fairest, best.
1 O Jesus, Lord, remember, When thou shalt come again 
   up on the clouds of heaven With all Thy shining train; When Thee, That here I bowed before Thee 
   Up on my bended knee; That praise; Be Thou the light and honor And glory of my days; Be 
   ev'ry eye shall see Thee in Deity revealed. Who here I owned Thy presence And did not Thee deny, And 
   Thou my consolation When death is drawing nigh; Be 
   now upon this altar In silence art concealed. glo-ri-fied Thy greatness Though hid from human eye. Thou my only treasure Through all eternity.
O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

FINCH 76. 76.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy

2 O Lord, how can I thank Thee

That
For

Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak the words of such a gift as this?
A gift which truly

com-fort,
fill-eth
My spir-it healed shall be.
My soul with heav'n-ly bliss.

And
I

hum-bly I'll re-cieve Thee,
The Bride-groom of my praise Thee,
I ex-tol Thee,
I give my heart to

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soul, No more by sin to grieve Thee, Or
Thee, May I in heav'n possess Thee For
fly Thy sweet control.
all eternity.
O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

HARLAN 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.

2 And humbly I'll receive Thee, The Bridegroom of my soul, No more by sin to grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet control.

3 O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine! All praise and all thanks-giving Be every moment Thine!
O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

NON DIGNUS 76. 76.

1 O Lord, I am not worthy
2 And humbly I'll receive Thee,
3 O Sacrament most holy!

That
The
O

Thou shouldst come to me,
But speak the words of
No more by sin to
All praise and all thanks-

Bride-groom of my soul,
Sacrament divine!
Sacrament divine!
Sacrament divine!

My spirit healed shall be.
Or fly Thy sweet control.
Be ev'ry moment Thine!
O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY

TRADITIONAL

Sing 3 Times

O Sacrament most Holy,

O Sacrament Divine,

All praise and all thanks giving

Be every moment Thine.
PANIS ANGELICUS

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

1 Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
2 Te trina Deitas unaque poscimus,

Dat panis coelicus figuris terminum:
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus;

O resmirabilis manducat Dominum
Per tuas semitas duc nos quotidiem,

Pauper, servus, et humilis.
Ad lucem quam inhatitas.
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 protec - 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,
never 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;
2 Strength and protection may Thy Passion be;
3 Guard and defend me from the foes 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, ye waters, gushing from His side.
So shall I never, never part from Thee.
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,
2 Strength and protection may His 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, ye waters, gushing from His side.
So shall I never, never part from Thee.
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-mal-ign,

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

guest.
me, Thine;

Blood of my Sav-i-or,
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord,
Call me and bid me

bathe me in Thy tide,
hide and shel-ter me,
come to Thee on high,

Wash me ye
So shall I
Where I may

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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 Sacrame - ment Divine!
2 Sweet Sacrame - ment of Peace!
3 Sweet Sacrame - ment of Rest!
4 Sweet Sacrame - ment Divine!

Hid in Thine earth - ly home, Lo! 'round Thy low - ly
Dear Home of ev - ry heart, Where rest - less yearn - ings
Ark from the o - cean's roar, With - in Thy shel - ter
Earth's Light and Ju - bi - lee, In Thy far depths doth

shrine, With sup - pliant hearts we come.
cease, And sor - rows all de - part.
blest, Soon may we reach the shore.
shine Thy God - head's ma - jes - ty.

Dear Lord, to Thee our voice we raise, In
There in Thine ear, all trust - ful - ly, We
Save us, for still the tem - pest 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 dy-ing men

And bless-ings crown the board;
And end-less life are giv'n,

Not para-dise, with all its joys,
Through the rich blood that Je-sus shed,

Could such de-light afford.
To raise our souls to heav'n.

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THE VERY ANGEL'S BREAD

CRISWELL 66. 56. 66. 8 P. MEURERS HARM. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER
PANIS ANGELICUS

1 The ver-y An-gels' Bread Doth food to men af-ford; The
2 O God for-ev-er blest, O Three in One, we pray: Vis-
types have van-ished, Re-mains the Truth a-dored; O its the long-ing breast. En-ter this house of clay, And
won-drous mys-ter-y Their ban-quet is the Lord The lead us through the Night Un-to the per-fect Day Where
poor and low-ly, bond and free. Thou in end-less light.
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 festive 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

MANNE 10. 10. WITH REFRAIN JOSEPH MICHAEL HAYDN
ADORO TE

1. We Thee adore, Thou holy Angel bread
   A - do - ro - te, O pa - nis cae - li - ce,
   O Sav - ior, Lord, Our souls by Thee are fed.
   O Do - mi - ne, O De - us max - i - me.
   Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Thou a - lone art
   San -ctus, san -ctus, San -ctus, si - ne fi - ne
   ho - ly, Ad - o - ra - tion with-out end, To the Blessed Sac-ra - ment.

2. O Jesus, Lord, Thou giv'est Thy Flesh and Blood,
   Nos fa - mu - los, O De - us re - spi - ce,
   To strength'en us and be our dai - ly food.
   Et gra - ti - a, Nos sem - per re - fi - ce.

3. Who can conceive Of love so great the worth,
   1 We Thee adore, Thou holy Angel bread
   A - do - ro - te, O pa - nis cae - li - ce,
   O Sav - ior, Lord, Our souls by Thee are fed.
   O Do - mi - ne, O De - us max - i - me.
   Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Thou a - lone art
   San -ctus, san -ctus, San -ctus, si - ne fi - ne
   ho - ly, Ad - o - ra - tion with-out end, To the Blessed Sac-ra - ment.
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?

1 What happiness can equal mine?
2 He makes my heart His own abode,
3 O royal Banquet! heav'ly 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.
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,

Hastens His mission to fulfill.
In the hallowed Bread and Wine.
Feed them from Thy bleeding side.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. WERNER

O salutaris Hostia
Uni trino que Domino

Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit sempiterna gloria.

Bella prenum hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium.
No-bis donet in patria. Amen.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. Werner

Quae caeli pandis ostium.

Sit semipiterna gloria.

Bella premunt hostilia, Da

Qui vitam sine termino No

robur, fer auxilium.

bis donet in patria.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

WEBBE

Quae
Sit
Bel-
Qui
Da
No-
A- men.

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O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. Werner

O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a Quae Unitri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit

cae - li - pan - dis os - ti - um. sem - pi - ter - na glo - ria. Qui

Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no Nobis

do - net in pa - tri - a.
O salutaris Hostia
Uniterique Domino
Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit sempiterna gloria.
Bellem premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino
Dabo, fer auxilium. Amen.
Nobis domet in patria.
O salutaris Hostia

Uni trino que Domino

Quae caeli pandis ostium.
Sit semper terna gloria.

Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Da robur, fer auxilium. Amen.
No-bis donet in patria.
O salutaris Hostia

Uniterisque Domino

Quae caelestis os tum.
Sit semper na gloriam.

Bella premunt hostilia,
Qui vitam sine termino

Nobis do

fer auxilium.

net in patria.

Amen.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

E.A. HEDGE COCK

La premunt hostilia, Domino No- robur, fer auxilium. Amen.

Bis do net in patria.
O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. EDMONDS TOZER

O salutarius Hostia Quae
Unumque Domino Sit

caelipanidisostium Bel-
sempiterngloria Qui

la premunt hostili
vitam si neminon

robur fer auxili
bis nonet in patria

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O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. EDMONDS TOZER

O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a Quae
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit
cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um. Bel -
sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a. Qui
la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da -
vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no No -
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.
TANTUM ERGO

MSGR. NEWSHAM

Tan-tum er-go Sac-ra-men-tum Ve-ne-re-mur
Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-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 ut-ro-que com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.
TANTUM ERGO

ANGELS

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Venenum mur
Genitori Genitoreque Laus et jubil

cernu: Et antiquum documentum
lati: Salus, honor, virtus quoque

Novo cedat rituali: Praestet fides
Sit et benedicti: Procedenti

supplementum Sensum defecul i: Amen.
ab utroque compar sit laudatio.
Tantum Ergo

Tantum ergo Sacramentum Veneremur cernui Et antiquum documentum jubilatio, Salus, honor, virtus quoque Novo cedat ritu: Praestet fides

Sit et benedicti: Procedenti

Supplemen tum Sensum delectui. Amen.

Ab utroque compar sit laudatio.
TANTUM ERGO

Tantum ergo Sactamentum Veni re mur
Genitori Genitoque Laus et jubii

cer nu i: Et antiquum documentum Novo cedat
latrio, Salus honori virtus quoque Sit et bene

dicatio: Pro stet fides supplementum u troque

Sensusum de fectu Amen
com par sit laudatio.
Tantum Ergo

GREGORIAN

Tan-tum er-go Sac-ra-men-tum Ve-ne-re-mur
Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-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 sup-ple-
Sit et be-ne-dic-ti-o. Pro-ce-den-ti ab u-

tro-que com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.
A. EDMONDS TOZER

TANTUM ERGO

Tan-tum er-go Sac-ra-men-tum Ve-ne-re-mur
Ge-ni-to-ri Ge-ni-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.
HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN I

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

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

Infinite Thy vast domain, Everlasting is Thy Name.
HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN II

Holy God, we praise Thy Name!

Lord of all, we bow before Thee!

earth Thy sceptre claim,

above adore Thee:

vast domain, Everlasting is Thy Name.
ALL YE WEARY

BLESSSED MOTHER 8.7.8.7.

B. TOURS

1 All ye wea-ry, all ye wand’rers, All ye bowed with grief and care,
2 Ye who would o-bey yet fal-ter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
3 Ye who’ve giv-en up the bat-tle, Ye who bear sin’s deep- est scar,

Turn ye to the bless-ed Mo- ther, All your tri- als she will share;
Ye who stumble with your bur-dens, Turn ye, turn ye, one and all;
Ye who dare not face your Mak-er, Turn to her as guid-ing star;

She will be your con-so-la-tion In your pain and lone-li-ness;
For the Bless-ed Mo- ther’s wait-ing, She will hear your faint-est cry;
She will lead you gent-ly, sure-ly, Back to faith and hope and love,

Ask her pray’rs; she waits to aid you, Waits to com-fort and to bless.
Christ, your Sav-iour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die.
Ye may know in her God’smer-cy, Shin-ing on us from a- bove.
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,

2 Holy Mother, near me hover, Free my thoughts from aught defiled,

3 Thine own sinless heart was broken, Sorrows sword had pierced its core;

Listen, gentle Queen of heaven, With thy wings of mercy cover,

Keep from sin thy helpless child. I implore.

4 Queen of heaven, guard and guide me, Save my soul from dark despair;

5 Mother of my Infant Savior, Spouse of God, my plaint, oh hear;

6 From my happy seat in Sion, Guide me thro' this dark abode,

Purest Virgin, gracious Matron, Smile, oh gently smile upon me,

In temptation's hour be near. Tell my sorrows to my God.
ASCEND. ASCEND, IMPERIAL QUEEN

1 Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen! Asc-
2 O how for thee the Angels sigh, Eag-
3 Ascend, thou purest one of earth, A-
4 Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen! For-

ascend, and plead the cause of men! Asc-
er to waft thee to the sky! Too
child of grace be fore thy birth; Whose
sake this limi ta ry scene; For

cend, and reign up on the throne Pre-
long for them the hours ap pear, That
path from grace to grace asc ends, And
sake this low er, dark some space, Which
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 upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

4 Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,
Gladly with in them for shelter we flee;
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.
BLEST GUARDIAN OF ALL VIRGIN SOULS

H. Farmer, SJ

1 Blest guardian of all virgin souls! Portal of bliss to man forgiven! Pure Mother of Almighty God!

2 Fair Lily found amid the thorns! Most beautiful Dove with wings of gold! Rod from whose tender root upspring tossed voy'gers dear! Our course lies o'er a treach'rous deep,

3 Thou Tower, against the dragon proof! Thou Star, to storm-Thou hope of earth, and joy of heaven! That healing Flower long since foretold. Thine be the light by which we steer.

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

CROWNING HYMN - MARY E. WALSH

1 Bring flowers of the ra-rest, bring flowers of the fair-est, From
gar - den and wood - land and hill - side and vale; Our
full hearts are swell - ing, our glad voic-es tell - ing The
praise of the love - li - est Rose of the dale,
dark with - out Ma - ry, life's jour - ney would be,
pure as the lil - ies we lay at your feet.

2 Our voic-es as - cend-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

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

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O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,
O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today,
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 fairest, From garden and woodland and hill-side and vale; Our full hearts are swelling, our glad voices telling The praise of the love-liest Rose of the dale.

2 Our voices ascending, in harmony blend-ing, Oh! thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to win; In danger defend us, in sorrow befriend us, As dark without Mary, life’s journey would be.

3 O Virgin most tender, our homage we render, Thy love and protection, sweet Mother, to pore as the lilies we lay at your feet.

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O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May,
May, O Mary we crown thee with blossoms today,
Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May.
1 Daily, daily sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her actions worship
lovingly; When the tempest rages round thee, Maker bore; For the curse of old inflicted,
glory forth: Spread abroad the sweet memorials

2 She is mighty to deliver, Call her, trust her peace and blessing to restore; Gifts of heaven
lost in wondering
with the heart's devotion true. Lost in wondering
She will calm the troubled sea. Gifts of heaven
Of the Virgin's price-less worth. Where the voice of

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her praise unending, Sing the world's majestic Queen;
music thrilling, Where the tongue of eloquence,

4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to sound her contemplation, Be her majesty confess;
she has given, Noble Lady, to our race;

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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, Hap-py Virgin blest.
With the light of God’s own grace.
All the gifts she gives to men.
All her match-less ex-cellence.

Call her Mother, She the Queen, who
Wear-y not, nor
That can utter

call her Virgin, Hap-py Mother Hap-py Virgin blest.
decks her sub-jects With the light of God’s own grace.
faint in tell-ing All the gifts she gives to men.
hymns be-seem-ing, All her match-less ex-cellence.
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

Alte Catholische Kirchengesäng. Trier 1695

1 Daily, daily sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her actions worship true.

2 She is mighty to deliver, Call her, trust her lovingly; When the tempest rages round thee, peace and blessing to restore;

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her maker bore; For the curse old inflicted peace and blessing to restore;

4 All my senses, heart, affections, Strive to sound her glory forth: Spread abroad the sweet memorials of the Virgin's priceless worth.

With the heart's devotion true. She will calm the troubled sea.

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
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;
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,
When the tempest rages round thee, When the tempest rages round thee,
For the curse of old inflicted, Spread abroad the sweet memorials

3 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
Where the voice of

4 Of the Virgin's priceless worth. Where the voice of
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; Wear not, nor faint in telling
Elocution, That can utter hymns be seeming

Happy Mother, Virgin blest.
With the light of God's own race.
All the gifts she gives to men.
All her matchless excellence?
1 Daily, daily, sing to Mary, Sing, my soul, her praises due; All her feasts, her actions round thee, With the heart's devotion

2 She is mighty to deliver; Call her trust her lovingly; When the tempest rages flict ed, Peace and blessing to restored

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies, Who for us her Maker bore; For the curse of old in- morials Of the Virgin's priceless

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

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
True lost in wondering contemplation, Be her sea.
Gifts of heaven she has given, Noble store.
Sing in songs of praise unending, Sing the worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling, Where the

Majesty confess; Call her Mother, call her Lady,
to our race: She the Queen who decks her worlds majestic Queen; Wear y not, nor faint in
tongue of eloquence, That can utter hymns be-

Virgin, Happy Mother, Virgin blest.
Subjects With the light of God's own race.
telling All the gifts she gives to men.
seeming All her matchless excellence?
DEAR MARY FAIR AND TENDER

C. MAYLAND

1 Dear Mary fair and tender, O Mother sweet and mild, To thee our love we render, And homage undecified. To thee our love is plighted, Our soul with thee united;

2 With trust and hope inspiring All gather round thy throne; From thee thy grace imploring, And from thy blessed Son. Deep faith from thee we borrow, In every woe and sorrow;

3 O Virgin pure and holy, Fulfill the promised word; And in thy place of glory, May all our prayers be heard. Continual succor hale our dying breath; Hast led us through pro-

4 And when the hour is nearing Of sure approaching death, Oh let us, without fear ing, Ex - plight ed, Our soul with thee u nit ed; bord row, In every woe and sorrow; lend ing And blessings to us send ing; 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 hea ven 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, Mild-est of the mild,

Eve-er sin-less Vir-gin, Guide to peace and
Freed from guilt, preserve us, Meek and unde-

rest!
filed;
Keep our life all spot-

Light on blindness pour,
Make our way secure,

Break the captive's fet-
ters
All our ills ex-pelling
Till we find in Jesus
Ev'ry bliss implore. Show thyself a mother;
Joy for evermore. Thro' the highest heaven

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

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

SALVE REGINA COELITUM 8.8.8.7.7.4.5.

1 Hail holy Queen enthroned above, O Mary
2 The cause of joy to all below, O Mary
3 O gentle, loving, holy one, O Mary

Hail, Hail Queen of mercy and of love,
Hail, the spring through which all graces flow,
Hail, the God of light became your Son,

O Mary, O Mary, Triumphant, all ye
O Mary, O Mary, Angels, all your
O Mary, O Mary, Triumphant, all ye

Cherubim, Sing with us, ye Seraphim,
Cherubim, Bring earth and heaven, with us sing,

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Heav'n and earth respond the hymn: Salve,
All creation echoing: Salve,
Heav'n and earth respond the hymn: Salve,
Salve, Salve, Regina.
Salve, Salve, Regina.
Salve, Salve, Regina.
HAIL, MARY! WE ACCLAIM THEE

BERTHOLD 7.6.7.6 D
B.TOURS

1 Hail, Mary! we acclaim thee, Mother and Virgin blest,
Thy children love to name thee, Our soul,
To thee our hearts surrender, O cord,
Thy love our hope presages, Sweet hope,

2 Hail, Mary! Tender, True sunlight of the
Thy joy, our rest; O holy Queen tran-
Bring us to our goal; Thy mercy now re-
Mother of our Lord, Thy sacred name ad-

3 Hail, Mary! thro’ the ages, All honor we ac-

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descendent, Thou lightest all our way, Reign
vealing, Though oft afar we roam, Like
dressing, Our joyful songs we raise, Thy

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

realms of endless day,
sweet voice calls us home.
sing thy ceaseless praise.
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

4.5.8.8.4

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, Through

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
till, near thee,
al - l our life, we pray, To Thee, O
e - ter - ni - ty,

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
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.
2 O Virgin chaste, O spotless Guide so gentle here be Thy Son that He has paid the price of our iniquity.
3 And while to Him Who reigns above, Our sinners make our pray'rs through Thy Son that He has paid the price of our iniquity.

From this life's surge we beg Thy care: Save us from peril and from paid The price of our iniquity.

With heart contrite and bend...
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 wan - d'er, pray for me! sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me! sea, Pray for thy chil - dren, pray for me!

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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 wan - derer here below!

My sinful soul now prays to thee;

To thee, blest ad - vo - cate, I cry;

Tossed on life's sea, I claim thy care,

Remind thy Son that He has paid

Assuage 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!
2 Hail, Mother most pure! Hail, Virgin renowned!
3 O Mother of mercy! O hope of the wave!
4 These praises and prayers We lay at thy feet,

Hail, Virgin most pure, Of immaculate birth!
Hail, Queen with the stars, As a diadem crown'd!
O Virgin of the light of the grave! O Virgin of Virgins!
O Virgin of Virgins! O Virgin of Virgins!

Clear star of the heavens! Above all the heavens!
Through thee may we be thou our true light.

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morn-ing, In beau-ty en-shrined; O
angels 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 shin - est o'er the main,
2 Hail, hap - py gate of bliss, Greet - ed by Ga - briel's tongue,
3 Loo - sen the sin - ner's bands, All ev - ils drive a - way,
4 Ex - xert a Moth - er's care, And Bring light un - to the vir - tues all ex - cel;
5 O pure and spot - less Maid, Whose guard us on our way,
6 Pre - serve our lives un - stained, And Un - til we come with Christ His on - ly Son,
7 Praise to the Fa - ther be, With And to the Ho - ly God,
And ev - er Vir - gin Queen. 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

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HAIL, THOU STAR OF THE OCEAN

1 Hail thou star of ocean, Portal of the sky, Ever Virgin Mother, Of the Lord most high.
2 Oh! by Gabriel's Ave, Uttered long ago, E-v-a's name revering, Stabilish peace low.
3 Break the captive's fetters, Light on blindness plore. E-vi-va Maria, E-

E-vi-va, E-vi-va, E-vi-va Maria, 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!

LAMBRILLOTE

Hail, Vir-gin, dea - rest Ma - ry, O gen-tle Queen of May!

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

Fine

May!

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 ascending:
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, Virgin of vir-gins! Thy prais-es we sing,
2 Let all sing of Ma-ry, The Mys-ti-cal Rod
3 Let souls that are ho-ly Still ho-li-er be,

Thy throne is in heav-en, Thy glo-ry pro-claim;
To sign with the an-gels, Sweet Ma-ry, of thee.

The saints and the an-gels Thy glo-ry pro-claims.
Let val-ley and moun-tain U-nite in her praise,
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 the,
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

1 Holy Mary, Mother mild! O dear-est Mother!

2 Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea, O dear-est Mother!

3 Bright-est in the courts above, O dear-est Mother!

4 Maid-en Moth-er! hear my pray'r, O dear-est Mother!

Hear O hear thy feeble Child, O sweet, sweet Mother!

Cast thy tender eyes on me, O sweet, sweet Mother!

Joy of angels, Queen of love, O sweet, sweet Mother!

Aid us with thy loving care, O sweet, sweet Mother!

O exult, ye Cher-ub-im! And re-joyce, 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
Coming 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.

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.
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 through 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 ev'ry sin.
How to love and help each other,
How the prize of life to win.
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;
Bowed down with grief;
Through ages on;

O bring a
When lo! be
And hear an
"Hail Mary!"
"Hail Mary!"
"Hail Mary!"

garland bright For Mary's shrine.
fore her shone 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,
   The ark of God's own promise The
3 But in the crown of Mary There lies a wondrous
gem, As Queen of all the angels, Which

David's royal blood. To teach me holy
gate of heav'n to me, To live and not to
Mary shares with them, No sin hath e'er de-

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Mary  A loving song to frame, When wick-ed men blas-
love thee Would fill my soul with shame; When wick-ed men blas-
filed thee So doth our faith pro-claim; When wick-ed men blas-
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.
I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

WILLSBRIDGE 76.76.D.
R.L.DE PEARSSALL

1 I'll sing a hymn to Mary, The
2 O noble Tow'r of David, Of
3 But in the crown of Mary There

Mother of my God, The Virgin of all
Gold and ivory, The ark of God's own
Lies a wondrous gem, As Queen of all the

Virgin, Of David's royal blood.
Promise The gate of heav'n to me,
Angel, Which Mary shares with them,

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To teach me holy Mary A loving
To live and not to love thee Would fill my
No sin hath e'er de-filed thee. So doth our

song to frame, When wicked men blaspheme thee,
soul with shame; When wicked men blaspheme thee,
faith proclaim; When wicked men blaspheme 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
2 We pray for God's glory, May His kingdom come; We
3 We pray for our Mother, The Church upon earth, And

title so wondrous Fills all our desire!
pray for His Vicar, Our Father in Rome.
bless, sweetest Lady, The land of our birth.

Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria!
Ave, Ave, Maria!

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com
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 gold-en 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;

2 Since the an-gel's sal-u-ta-tion Thou hast seen Him, bless-ed Moth-er,
Like the break-ing of the moon-beams, Since the A-ve
In the rap-tur'd ear was giv'n; Since the A-ve
And wilt see Him ev-er-more. Oh, His hu-man

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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 over flowing
Thou beholdest them this moment;

Of Messiah's speedy birth.
Hath the grace within 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 calms of heav'n,

Like the silent dewdrops forming
Like the breaths of gums that perfume
From the golden throne of Mary
Giving zest to weary sadness,
By the mercy of our Father,

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In the cold moon's cloudless light;
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
Wafted down to us on wings;
Or strange sweetness to the rod,
Into Mary's hands were given,

So there come to hearts in sorrow
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
Yet they come to none but mourners,
Filling full of heavenly sunbeams
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.
MAIDEN MOTHER, MEEK AND MILD

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 77.77.5
SENS

1 Maiden Mother, meek and mild, Take, oh take me for Thy child, All my life, oh let it be, My best joy to think of Thee, Turned to Jesus and to thee, Guard, oh, guard Thy
2 Teach me, when the sun-beam bright Calls me with its golden light, How my wakening thoughts may be, faith-ful child! Vir-go Ma-ri-a. The Vir-gin Ma-ry. The Vir-gin Ma-ry.
3 Teach me also thru the day Oft to praise my heart and say, "Maid-en Moth-er meek and mild,
MARY, BLESSED MOTHER

1 Mary, blessed Mother, Hear us
while we pray, Keep us close be-
side thee, This sweet month of May.

2 We would love and praise thee, Serve thee
night and day, Tender Mary, Best to please thee,
find the way, Guide and bless thy

3 Virgin pure and holy, Help us
as the day, This sweet month of May.

4 Mary, Queen of Heaven, Glorious

BUD 6.5.6.5.
KREUTZER
MARY, FAIR AND PURE AND HUMBLE

IMMACULATE 8.7.8.7.
C.A. BERNARD

1 Mary, fair and pure and humble, Of all creatures
2 Evermore to be His temple, And the Holy
3 By the honor thus accorded, By thy innocence
4 Scarred are we by deep transgression, Wear y of the
5 Praise the Father, earth and Heaven, Praise the Son, the

honored most, Sinless thou from thy conception,
Child to bear, Evermore to feel His presence,
cence divine, Hear our pray'rs, O Virgin Mother,
world's vain toys, Thy pure pray'rs, O holy Mother,
Spirit praise, As it was and is be given

Touched by God the Holy Ghost.
Evermore to know His care.
Lowly kneeling at thy shrine.
Turn our hearts to heavenly joys.
Glory through eternal 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 singing,

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, Our defence when wrongs prevail, Ma-ry,

2 Grant thy help to all who need, Make us true in word and deed, Those who sorrow, 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-

fail, Our de-fence when wrongs pre-vail, Ma-ry, 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 Bow'd am I 'neath sin and shame, Thou, to
3 Thou who know'st of sin no stain, Yet hast

Mother of us all, From my sin I
whom the Angel came, In thy radiant
borne all grief and pain, By the Cross on

would be free, purity, Mary, Mother, pray for me.
Calvary.

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-bilis, O-ra pro no-bis, Pray for thy chil-dren-who
call u-pon thee, A-ve San-tis-si-ma,
A-ve pu-ris-si-ma! Sin-less and beau-ti-ful, Star of the
sea, Sin-less and beau-ti-ful, Star of the sea.
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,
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.
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. E'er tempt thy child to wander far From lifes tempestuous sea. O Virgin Mother,

Vir - tue's path a - way. When thorns be set life's from thy throne, So bright in bliss a - bove de - vious way, And dark - ling wa - ters flow.
Protect thy child and cheer my path with thy sweet smile of love. Moth-er dear, re-mem-ber me, and ne-ver cease thy care, Till in hea-ven et-ter-nal-ly, Thy love and bliss I share.
MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER FAIREST

1 MOTHER dear-est, MOTHER 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 Helpour priests, our vir-gins ho-ly, Help our Pope, long may he reign;

Vir - gin pur-est, brightest, 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.
MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER FAIREST

1 Mother dearest, Mother fairest, Help of all who call on thee, Virgin purest, brightest, rarest, Help us, help, we cry to thee, mother, Bring them health and joy again, praises, May in heav'n all meet again.

2 Lady, help in pain and sorrow, Soothe those rack'd on beds of pain, May the golden light of pope, long may he reign; Pray that we who sing thy

3 Help our priests, our virgins holy, Help our
Mary, help us, help we pray, Mary help, us, help we pray,

Help us in all care and sorrow; Mary, help us, help we pray.
MOTHER OF MERCY, DAY BY DAY

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1. Moth'ring mercy, day by day My love of thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn upon my way, Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

2. Though poverty and work and woe The masters of my life may be, When times are worst who does not know Darkness is light with love of thee?­

3. But scornful men have coldly said Thy love was leading me from God; And yet in this I trod; The very path my Savior trod.

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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

day My love of thee grows more and more;
woe The masters of my life may be,
said Thy love was leading me from God;

more; Thy gifts are strewn upon my way.
be, When times are worst who does not know
And yet in this I did treat The very path my savior trod.

Like sands upon the great seashore.

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MOTHER OF OUR LORD

F. 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 assail 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 weapons, 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 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 crosses, 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-est 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.

2 Ah! They have fought a gallant fight, In death's cold arms they
persever'd, And after life's uncheery night,
The harbour of their rest is near.
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 tenderest 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 pannisima,
Dulcis virgo Maria!
Mater amata, Intemera ta,
Ora, Ora pro nobis.

2 Tu solatium, Et refugium,
Virgo Mater Maria!
Quidquid optamus, perte speramus,

3 O most holy one, O most loving one,
Virgin ever fair, Mother, hear our pray'r,
Loving virgin, Maria!
Mother maid of fairest love, Lady, Queen of all above,

4 Matter amat a, Intemera ta,
Quidquid optamus, perte speramus,
Mater amat a, Intemera ta,
Ora, Ora pro nobis.
O VISION BRIGHT!

J.C. Bowen

1 O vision bright! The land of light Beams
    round the dear Son may we the sky, 'Mid
   heavenly fires, O'er angel choirs

2 O vision bright! The Father's might! All
    beyond throne doth lie; Where Where
   the balm of endless calm,

3 O vision bright! The eternal light Of
    we descend; Where
   brighter far Than moon or star,
Marry, our Mother, reigns on high.
Marry, our Mother, reigns on high.
Marry, our Mother, reigns on high.

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.
BANBURY

1 Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told, Whose pro - mise shone with cheer - ing ray On wail - ing saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign For faith - ful men to read; A Vir - gin born of David's line Shall bear the prom - ised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be, But worship and adore, Like her whom heav - en's maj - es - ty Came down to shad - ow o'er.

4 Meek - ly she bowed her head To hear the gra - cious word, Mary, the pure and low - ly maid, The fa - vored of the Lord.

5 Bless - ed shall be her name In all the Church on earth, Through whom that won - drous mercy came, Th'In - car - nate Sav - iour's birth.
QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY!

VICTOR HANNEREL

1 Queen of the Holy Rosary! Oh,
bless us as we pray And offer thee our roses In garlands day by day; While Jesus In every step divine.
2 Queen of the Holy Rosary! Each Mystery blends with thine. The sacred life of footstool Before our Infant King. Thy
3 Sweet Lady of the Rosary! White roses let us bring. And lay them round thy glory Surround thy court above! For
4 Queen of the Holy Rosary! What radiance of love; What splendor and what roses

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from our Father's garden, With loving hearts and soul was His fair garden, Thy Virgin breast
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. spotless purity. flowers, white, red, and gold.
REJOICE, ALL MEN TODAY

1 Rejoice, all men today,
    Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

2 We bring her garlands fair,
    Our hearts to thank her we bring,
    That she may help up keep them pure.

3 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
    Strong men and maidens, sing,
    Raise high your songs to Mary, Queen,
    In this sweet time of spring.

Rejoice, Rejoice, give thanks and sing.
SHALL WE NOT LOVE THEE

AVENTIA C.M.
J.B. Dykes

1 Shall we not love thee, Mother dear, Whom Jesus loves so well, And to His glory,
Bound with the curse of sin and shame, We helpless sinners lay; Until in tender
And He choose from whom to take True flesh His Flesh to be In it to suffer
year by year, thy love He came To bear the curse away, tell? For our sake, By it to make us free.
Mary, grace and joy are thine, Death and darkness must be mine. Help me find the Light thro' thee, Mary, Mother, pray for me.

5 Sin hath made the way grow dim, Lead me, Mother, back to Him, He who dies my soul to free, 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 endur-ing un-to death. Con-stant Spirit; Glo-ry to the Three in One. From the child of fair-est moth-er, God the Lord who came to heart of bless-ed Ma-ry, 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 reaches,

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

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Sing, sing, ye angel bands,
2 A fairer flow'r than she
3 O happy angels look,
4 And shall I lose thee then,
5 On, then, 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 the angels' Queen
And love, like dew dis-tills
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 proclaim'd and crowned.
STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

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

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

Dum pendebat Filius
Mater Unigeniti
In tanto supplicio?

Cujus animam ejusdem
Quae moerat et dolens,
Quis non posset consueturari,
4 Pro peccátis suae gentis Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
   Et flagéllis súbditum. Vidit suum dulcem natum
   Moriéndo desolátum, Dum emisit spíritum.
5 Eja mater, fons amóris, Me sentire vim dolóris
   Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
   In amándo Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam.
6 Sancta Mater, istud agas Crucífixi fíge plagas
   Cordi meo válide. Tui nati vulnerátí,
   Tam dignátí pro me pati, Poenas mecum divide.
7 Fac me tecum pie flére, Crucífixo condolére,
   Donec ego vixero. Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
   Et me tibi sociáre In planctu desídero.
8 Virgo vírginum praeclára, Mihi jam non sis amára:
   Fac me tecum plángere. Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
   Passiónis fac consórem, Et plagas recólere.
9 Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me Cruce inebriári,
   Et cruó re Filii. Flammís 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 ánimae donétur Paradisi glória. Amen. Allelíuá
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 An-gels 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.
Mo-ther of th'E-t'na-l King.
Ro-ses nor li-ly may pare.
SWEET MOTHER, TURN THOSE GENTLE EYES

J. Richardson

1 Sweet Mother, turn those gentle eyes of pity down on me;
   Oh! hear thy voice, bright Queen, we flee;
   Oh! then extend thy Mother's power, when storms are
   My humble prayers do not despise, Star of the path-less sea.

2 In dark temptation's dreary hour To I still look on thee,
   Who bore the price of our ransom paid, And ne'er the suppliant's cry hath stayed, Star of therag-ing sea.

3 Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid! May soul from earth shall free;
   Do thou, bright Queen of saints, stand nigh, And bear it up to God on high,
   Star of the aze - ure sea.

4 And when my last expiring 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 Man, how great hence forth Thy dignity shall be! From highest heaven the
3 This day the Holy Ghost, From thy blood, Moulds in thy womb that
4 Where by we babes the meat of elder ones obtain; And He, Who Angels
5 To Him Who, to redeem Our race, came down from heav'n, Praise with the Father

God - head comes, And fills her Virgin breast. Comes thine own, This day conceived by thee.
Flesh divine Of the life-giving Word; feeds, as God, Feeds me, as God-made Man.
ev - er - more, And Holy Ghost be given.
THE WOODS AND FIELDS ARE BLOSSOMING

ELSA 7.6.7.6.
HUMPHREYS

1 The woods and fields are blossoming
   be

2 Our gentle Mother calls us, We

3 But not alone our blossoms, Our

4 Dear Mary, tenderst Mother, Our

neath the sun's warm ray, It is the month of

bring our flowers sweet, As incense for her

hearts too she would share, To keep them pure and

hearts are thine today, Then keep them like the

Mary, The lovely month of May.

altar Their fragrance is most meet.

holy With in her loving care.

flowers, So sweet and pure alway.
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 hom age that we pay To Mary's self and then to God As cends the starry sphere.
3 Sweet are the flowers we have culled This image round thy head; But sweeter far is Mary's hands, That rose without a thorn.
4 O Lady, by the stars that make A glory images above, Of her who is the hope of men, Whom men and angels love.
Most holy Mary, at thy feet,
Most holy Mary, at thy feet,
Most holy Mary, at thy feet,
When at thy judgment Seat I stand,

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

In this thine
In my temp-
When on the
When hell is

own sweet month of May
prayer each and all
bed of death I lie,
raging for my soul,
Pray thou to God for me.
Pray thou to God for me.
Pray thou to God for me.
Pray thou to God for me.
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 Mary's self, then on to God As ascend the starry sphere.
3 Sweet are the flowers we have culled This image to adorn, But sweeter far is lifted hands, That for thy children plead.
4 O Lady, by the stars that make A glory round thy head; And by thy pure up - Most holy Mary, at thy feet I
bend a suppliant 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, 
   All glory, laud and magnify; Who o'er their three-fold fabric reigns, The Virgin's spotless womb contains.

2 How blest that Mother, in whose shrine The world's Creator, Lord divine, Whose hand contains the earth and sky, Vouchsafed, as in His ark, to lie.

3 Blest in the message Gabriel brought, Blest by the work the Spirit wrought; From whom the great desc- sire of earth Took human flesh and human birth.

4 All honor, laud and glory be O Je - su, Vir - gin born to Thee; All glory, as is ever meet, To Fa - ther and to Para - clete.
1 Virgin-born, we kneel before Thee; Blessed
2 Blessed was the breast that fed Thee; Blessed
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 Son for us, Worthless is my tongue and weak.
2 Heav'n and earth, and all that is, Thrilled today with ecstasies, Chanting glory unto thee, thine in grace, And the six-winged Seraphim, ge-li-cal, Who delight with pomp and state.
3 Cherubim with four-fold face Are no peers of Of thy holiness to speak. Sing thy praise with festive glee. 'Mid thy splendor, shine but dim. On thy beaut'rous Child to wait.
4 Pur'er art thou than are all Heav'nly hosts an-
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 the heav'n-ly King.
makes the sun her robe,
Whence the world took light,
When our day begun,

Round about whom
At whose feet the
And to heav'n doth
See how bright her

Whose angels fly
queen of night
now as-pire
beams decline:

And her prais-es sing?
Lays her chang-ing globe.
Flames with flames unite.
She sits with the Sun.
1 Virgin wholly marvelous, Who didst bear God's Son for us, Worthless is my tongue and weak.
2 Heaven and earth, and all that is, Thrilled today with ecstasies, Chanting glory unto thee, thine in grace, And the six-winged Seraphim, gelic, Who delight with pomp and state.
3 Cherubim with four-fold face Are no peers of Of thy holiness to speak. Sing thy praise with festive glee.
4 Purer art thou than are all Heav'nly hosts and 'Mid thy splendor, shine but dim. On thy beaut'ous 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 King.
Whence the world took
When our day begun,

Round about whom
And to heav'n doth
See how bright her

makes the sun her robe,
Whence the world took light,
When our day begun,

angels fly And her praises sing?
queen of night Lays her changing globe.
now aspire Flames with flames unite.
beams decline: She sits with the Sun.
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