

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

Hymns To Mary

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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

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ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD

TALLIS' ORDINAL 86. 86. THOMAS TALLIS
JAMES MONTGOMERY

1 Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word,
2 Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake,

The first system of the musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in a three-part setting. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The Bass part begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are: '1 Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, 2 Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake,'. The system ends with a repeat sign.

In meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my
My bread from heav'n shall be; Thy tes - ta - men - tal

The second system of the musical score continues the two-part setting. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The Bass part begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: 'In meek hu - mil - i - ty, This will I do, my My bread from heav'n shall be; Thy tes - ta - men - tal'. The system ends with a repeat sign.

dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee.
cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber thee.

The third system of the musical score concludes the two-part setting. The Soprano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The Bass part begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: 'dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee. cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber thee.'. The system ends with a final double bar line.

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 Sav- iour, ye that eat,
3 The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
4 Ap- proach ye poor, nor dare re- fuse
5 If guilt and sin af- ford a plea,

And God in- vites to sup; The juic- es of the
With roy- al dain- ties fed; Not heav'n af- fords a
Ye trem- bling souls ap- pear! The right- eous, in their
The ban- quet spread for you; Dear Sav- iour, this is
And may ob- tain a place; Sur- ely the Lord will

liv- ing vine were pressed, to fill the cup.
cost- llier treat, for Je- sus is the bread.
own es- teem. Have no ac- cep- tance here.
wel- come news, That I may ven- ture too.
wel- come me, And I shall see His face!

BE KNOWN TO US IN BREAKING BREAD

SONG SIXTY-SEVEN 86. 86 ORLANDO GIBBONS
JAMES MONTGOMERY

The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano (treble clef) and Bass (bass clef), in the key of D major (two sharps). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a mix of quarter and half notes. The lyrics are arranged in two columns, with the Soprano part on the left and the Bass part on the right. The score is divided into three systems, each with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics are as follows:

1 Be known to us in break - ing bread, But
2 Lord, sup with us in love di - vine; Thy

do not then de - part; Sav - ior, a - bide with
bod - y and thy Blood, That liv - ing bread that

us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.
heav - 'nly wine, 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 break - ing bread, But
2 Lord sup with us in love di - vine; Thy

do not then de - part; Sav - ior, a - bide with
bod - y and thy blood. That liv - ing bread, that

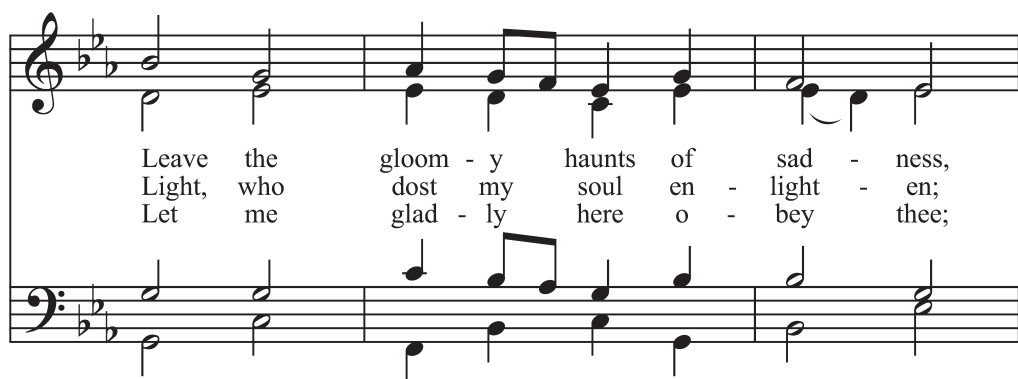
us. and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.
heav'n - ly wine, Be our im - mor - tal food.

DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL, WITH GLADNESS

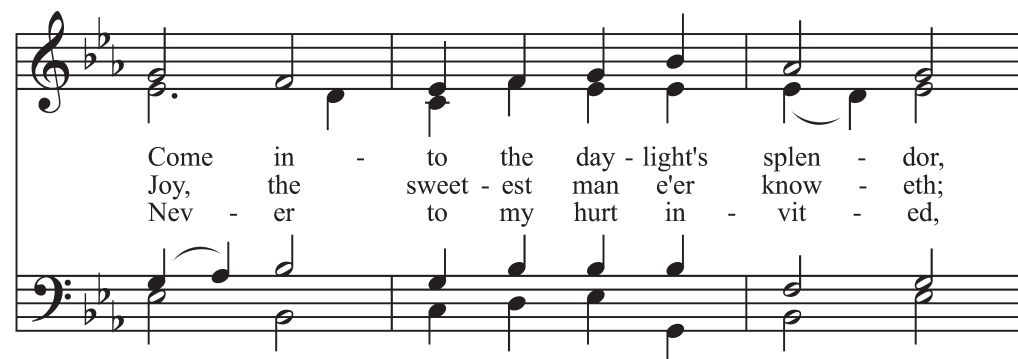
SCHMUEKE DICH - 88. 88. 88. 88. JOHANN CRUEGER
JOHANN FRANCK



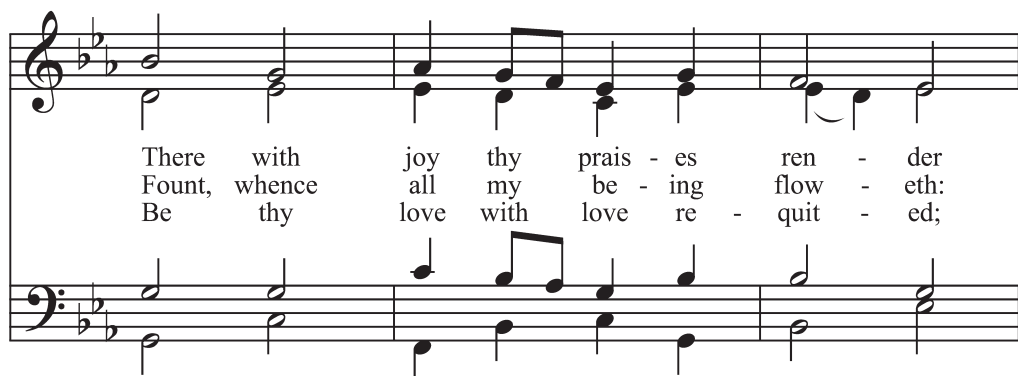
1 Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness,
2 Sun, who all my life dost bright - en;
3 Je - sus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,



Leave the gloom - y haunts of sad - ness,
Light, who dost my soul en - light - en;
Let me glad - ly here o - bey thee;



Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor,
Joy, the sweet - est man e'er know - eth;
Nev - er to my hurt in - vit - ed,



There with joy thy prais - es ren - der
Fount, whence all my be - ing flow - eth:
Be thy love with love re - quit - ed;

Un - to him whose grace un - bound - ed
 At thy feet I cry, my Ma - ker,
 From this ban - quet let me meas - ure,

Hath this won - drous ban - quet found - ed; High o'er
 Let me be a fit par - ta - ker Of this
 Lord, how vast and deep its treas - ure; Through the

all the heav'n's he reign - eth, Yet to
 bless - ed food from heav - en, For our
 gifts thou here dost give me, As thy

dwell with thee he deign - eth.
 good, thy glo - ry, giv - en.
 guest in heav'n re - ceive me.

DRAW NIGH AND TAKE THE BODY

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

1 Draw nigh and take the Bod - y of the Lord,
2 Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ, the on - ly Son,

And drink the ho - ly Blood for you out - poured.
By his dear cross and Blood the vic - t'ry won.

Saved by that Bod - y and that ho - ly Blood,
Of - fered was he for great - est and for least,

With souls re - freshed, we ren - der thanks to God.
Him - self the Vic - tim, and him - self the Priest.

DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS

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

1 Drop, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beau - teous feet,
2 Cease not, wet eyes, His mer - cies to en - treat;
3 In your deep floods Drown all my faults and fears;

The first system of the musical score for 'Drop, Drop, Slow Tears'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with three verses of text.

Whichbrought 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.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff, with three verses of text. The system ends with a double bar line.

HAIL! THOU LIVING BREAD

ZIMMERMAN 87. 87.
OLD GERMAN CHORALE

1 Hail! Thou liv - ing Bread from heav - en
2 Ho - liest Je - su! Heart of Je - su!

Sa - cra - ment of awe - some might!
O'er me shed your gift di - vine,

I a - dore Thee, I a - dore Thee;
Ho - liest Je - su! my Re - deem - er!

Ev - 'ry mo - ment day and night.
All my heart and soul are Thine.

HERE, O MY LORD, I SEE THEE FACE TO FACE

PENITENTIA 10. 10. 10. EDWARD DEARLE
HORATIUS BONAR

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

Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen,
Here drink with thee the roy - al wine of heav'n..

Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,
There would I lay a - side each earth - ly load,

And all my wea - ri - ness up - on thee lean.
Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.

The musical score is written for two voices, Tenor (top staff) and Bass (bottom staff), in a 10.10.10. meter. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score consists of five systems, each with two staves. The lyrics are printed below the Tenor staff. The music features a variety of note values including half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests. The piece concludes with a final double bar line on the fifth system.

HOLY! HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

HOFFMAN 8.7.7,5.8.
GERMAN TRADITIONAL

1 Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!
2 Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!
3 Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!

Thou art Je - sus, whose de - light 'Tis to
O Host di - vine on the beam From whose
who this wea - ry earth hast trod Son of

stay by day and night In this Sa - cra -
side in sa - cred stream Wa - ter flows and
Ma - ry, Son of God, There, for us a -

ment With Thy chil - dren care to tend.
blood, Cleanse us in that sav - ing flood.
lone 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 Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus!
 2 Yes, dear Je - sus! I be - lieve it,
 3 Come, sweet Je - sus, in Thy mer - cy,
 4 Come, that I may live for - ev - er,

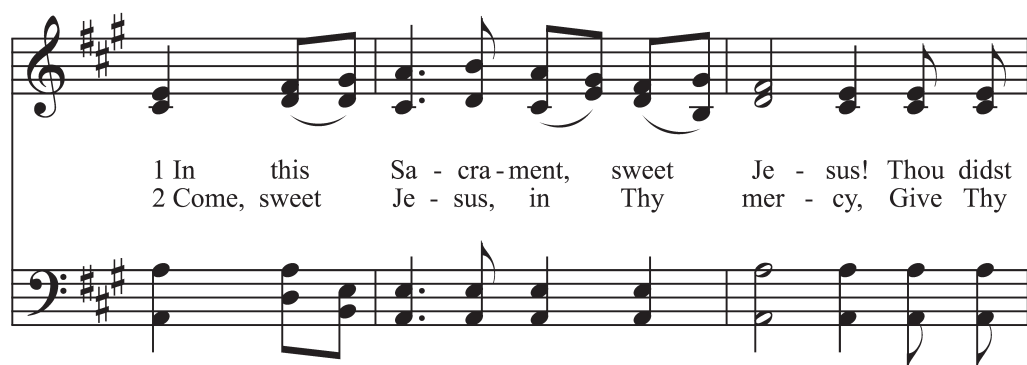
Thou didst give Thy Flesh and Blood,
 And Thy pres - ence I a - dore,
 Give Thy Flesh and Blood to me;
 Thou in me, and I in Thee;

With Thy soul and God - head al - so,
 And with all my heart I love Thee,
 Come to me, O dear Je - sus,
 Liv - ing thus, I shall not per - ish,

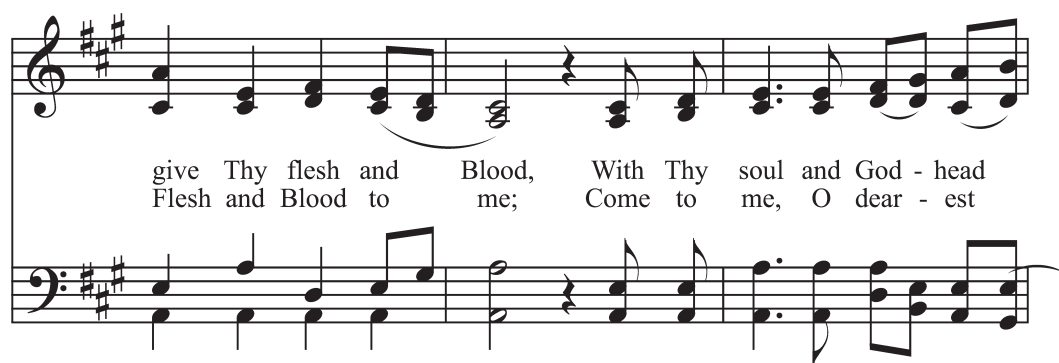
As our own most pre - cious food.
 May I love Thee more and more.
 Come, my soul's true life be.
 But shall live e - ter - nal - ly.

IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

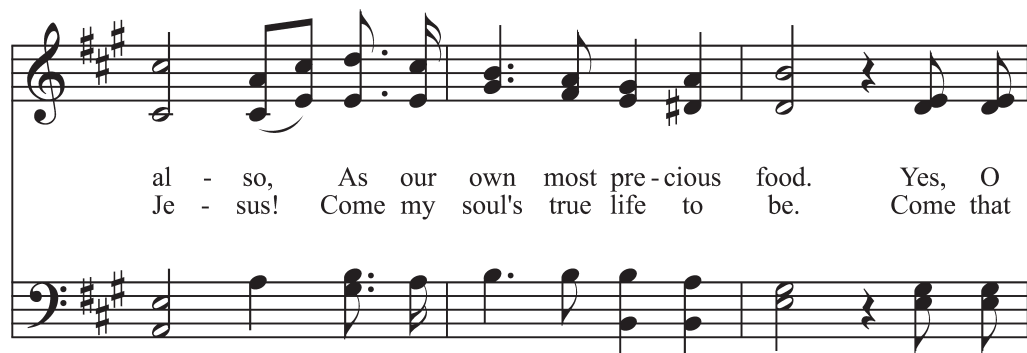
BEAUCHAMP 87. 87. 87. 87.



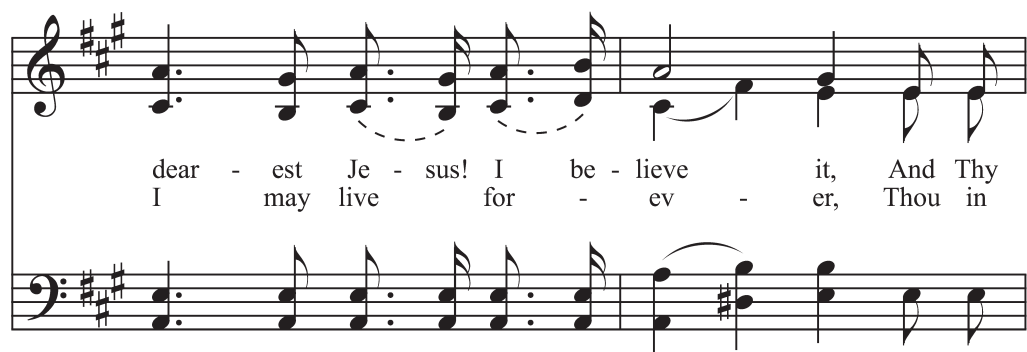
1 In this Sa - cra - ment, sweet Je - sus! Thou didst
2 Come, sweet Je - sus, in Thy mer - cy, Give Thy



give Thy flesh and Blood, With Thy soul and God - head
Flesh and Blood to me; Come to me, O dear - est



al - so, As our own most pre - cious food. Yes, O
Je - sus! Come my soul's true life to be. Come that



dear - est Je - sus! I be - lieve it, And Thy
I may live for - ev - er, Thou in

pres - ence I a - dore, And with
 me and I in Thee; Liv - ing

all my heart I love Thee, May I
 thus, I shall not per - ish, But shall

love Thee more and more, And with all my heart I
 live e - ter - nal ly, Liv - ing thus I shall not

love Thee, May I love Thee more and more.
 per - ish, But shall live e - ter - nal - ly.

IN THIS SACRAMENT, SWEET JESUS

FAIRBANKS 87. 87. 87. 7.

1 In this Sac - ra - ment, sweet Je - sus, Thou dost
 2 Yes, dear Je - sus, I be - lieve it, And Thy
 3 Come, sweet Je - sus in Thy mer - cy, Give Thy
 4 Come, that I may live for - ev - er, Thou in

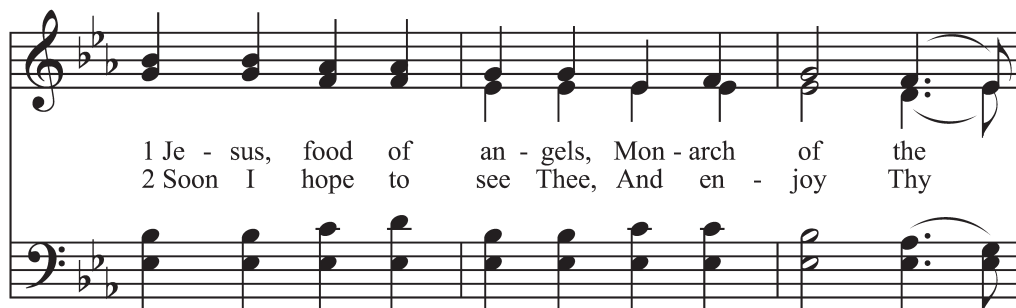
give Thy Flesh and Blood, With Thy soul and God - head
 pres - ence I a - dore; And with all my heart I
 Flesh and Blood to me, Come to me, O dear - est
 me and I in Thee, Liv - ing thus I shall not

al - so, As our own most prec - ious
 love Thee, May I love Thee more - and
 Je - sus! Come my soul's true life to
 per - ish, But shall live e - ter - nal -

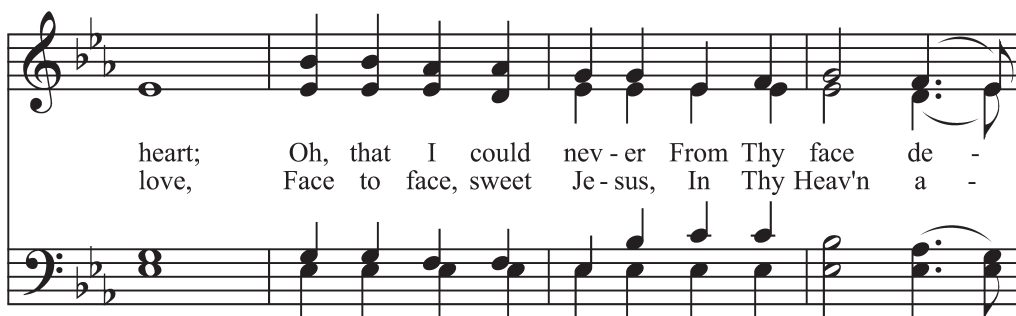
food. As our own most pre - cious food.
 more, May I love Thee more and more.
 be. Come my soul's true life to be.
 ly. But shall live e - ter - nal - ly.

JESUS, FOOD OF ANGELS

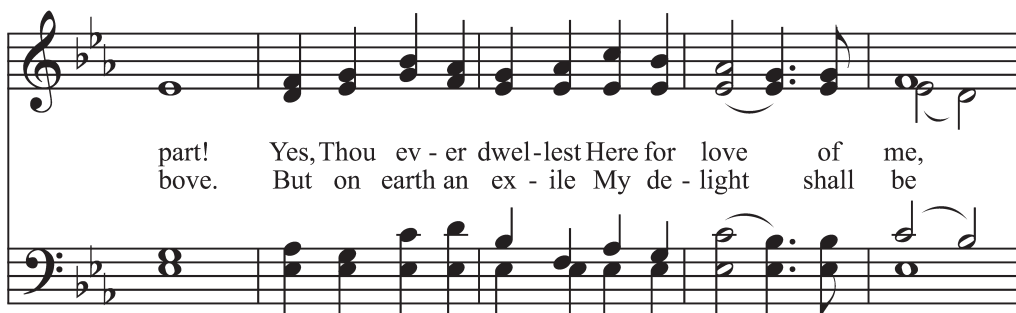
INVITATION 65. 65. D CHARLES GOUNOD HARM. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER
"PARTENDO DAL MONDO"



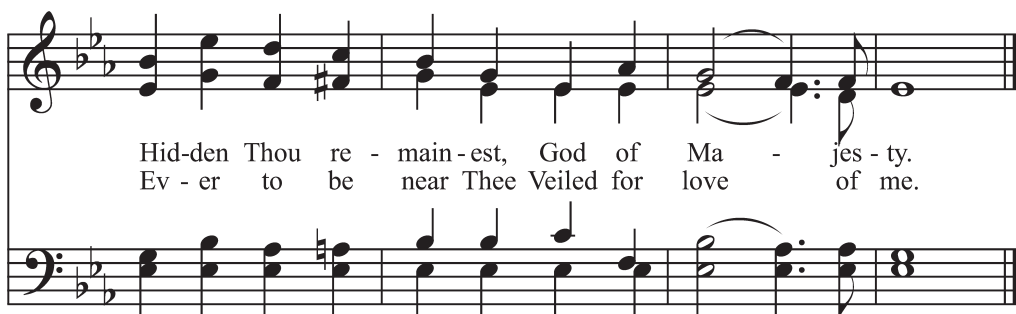
1 Je - sus, food of an - gels, Mon - arch of the
2 Soon I hope to see Thee, And en - joy Thy



heart; Oh, that I could nev - er From Thy face de -
love, Face to face, sweet Je - sus, In Thy Heav'n a -



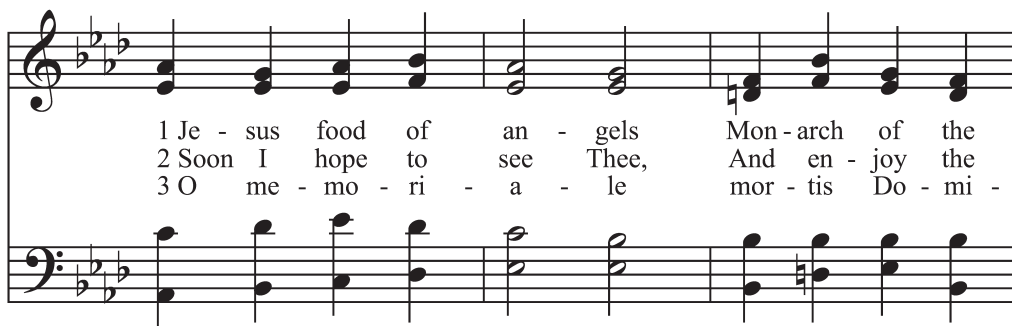
part! Yes, Thou ev - er dwell - est Here for love of me,
bove. But on earth an ex - ile My de - light shall be



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 Je - sus food of an - gels Mon - arch of the
2 Soon I hope to see Thee, And en - joy the
3 O me - mo - ri - a - le mor - tis Do - mi -



heart; Oh that I could nev - er From Thy Face de -
love, Face to face, sweet Je - sus, In Thy Heav'n a -
ni, Pa - nis vi - vus vi - tam prae - stans ho - mi -



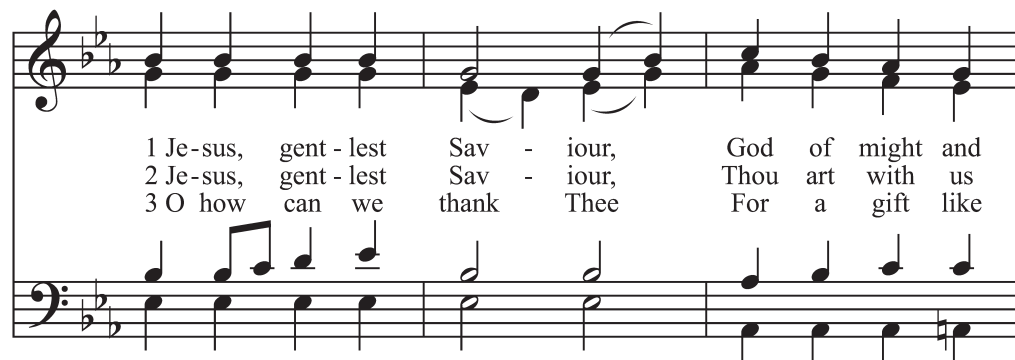
part! Yes, Thou ev - er dwell - est Here for love of me,
bove. But on earth an ex - ile My de - light shall be
ni, Prae - sta me - ae men - ti de te vi - ve - re,



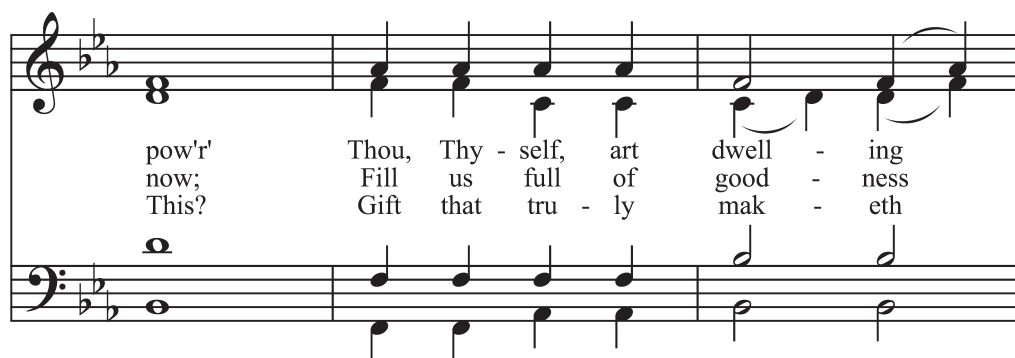
Hid - den Thoure - main - est, God of Maj - es - ty.
Ev - er to be near Thee Veiled for love of me.
Et te il - li sem - per dul - ce sa - pe - re.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

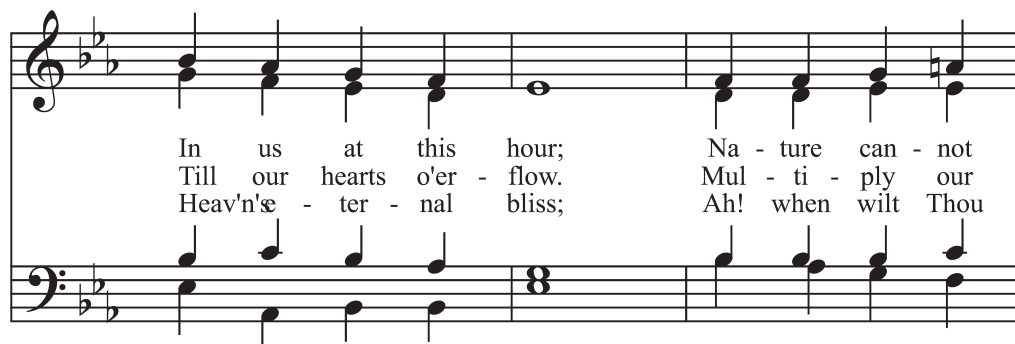
WAKEFIELD 65. 65. D. A. HUEGLE
REV. F. W. FABER



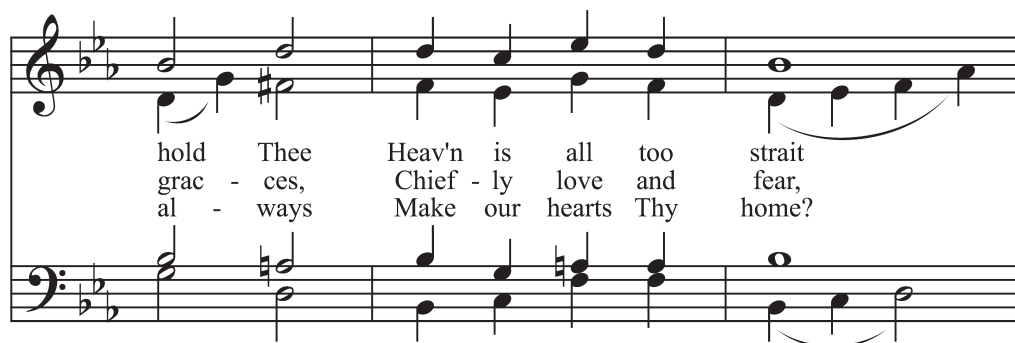
1 Je-sus, gent - lest Sav - iour, God of might and
2 Je-sus, gent - lest Sav - iour, Thou art with us
3 O how can we thank Thee For a gift like



pow'r' Thou, Thy - self, art dwell - ing
now; Fill us full of good - ness
This? Gift that tru - ly mak - eth



In us at this hour; Na - ture can - not
Till our hearts o'er - flow. Mul - ti - ply our
Heav'n's eter - nal bliss; Ah! when wilt Thou



hold Thee Heav'n is all too strait
grac - ces, Chief - ly love and fear,
al - ways Make our hearts Thy home?

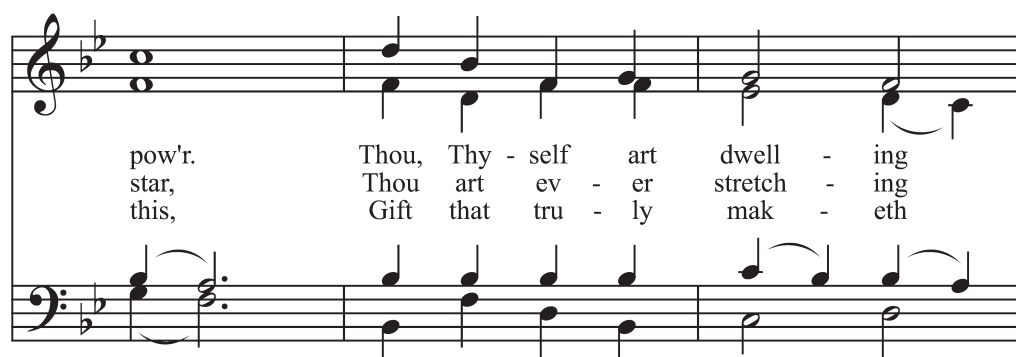
For thine end-less glo-ry And Thy roy-al state.
 And, dear Lord, the need-ed, Grace to per-se-vere.
 We must wait for heav-en Then the day will come.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR

BEAUMONT 65. 65. N. A. MONTANI HARM. 12009 MARK WINCHESTER
REV. F. W. FABER



1 Je - sus, gent - lest Sav - ior, God of might and
2 Out be - yond the shin - ing Of the fur - thest
3 Oh, how can we thank Thee For a gift like



pow'r. Thou, Thy - self art dwell - ing
star, Thou art ev - er stretch - ing
this, Gift that tru - ly mak - eth



In us at this hour. Na - ture can - not
In - fi - nite - ly far. Yet the hearts of
Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss! Ah! when wilt Thou



hold Thee, Heav'n is all too strait
chil - dren Hold what worlds can - not,
al - ways Make our hearts Thy home?

For Thine end-less glo - ry And Thy roy - al state.
And the God of won - ders Loves the low - ly spot.
We must wait for heav - en Then the Day will come.

JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME

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

1 Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me,
2 Emp - ty is all world - ly joy,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in a 7/7 time signature. The lyrics are: '1 Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, 2 Emp - ty is all world - ly joy,'. The first part of the melody is a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and finally a quarter note. The second part of the melody is a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and finally a quarter note.

Oh, how much I long for Thee!
Ev - er mixed with some al - loy.

The second system of the hymn continues the melody. The lyrics are: 'Oh, how much I long for Thee! Ev - er mixed with some al - loy.' The melody consists of a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and finally a quarter note.

Come, Thou, of all friends, the best,
Give me, my true, Sov - 'reign Good,

The third system of the hymn continues the melody. The lyrics are: 'Come, Thou, of all friends, the best, Give me, my true, Sov - 'reign Good,'. The melody consists of a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and finally a quarter note.

Take pos - ses - sion of my breast.
Je - sus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.

The fourth system of the hymn concludes the melody. The lyrics are: 'Take pos - ses - sion of my breast. Je - sus, Thy own Flesh and Blood.' The melody consists of a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a half note, and finally a quarter note.

Com - fort my poor soul dis - tressed,
On the Cross three hours for me

Come and dwell with in my breast;
Thou didst hang in a - go - ny;

Oh, how oft I sigh for Thee,
I my heart to Thee re - sign;

Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me!
Oh, what rap - ture to be Thine!

JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME

MERBECKE 77. 77. HARM. ©2009 MARK WINCHESTER

1 Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me, O how much I
2 Emp - ty is all world - ly joy, Ev - er mixed with
3 Com - fort my poor soul dis - tressed, Come and dwell with -

long for Thee. Come, Thou, of all friends the best,
some al - loy: Give me my true Sov - 'reign Good,
in my breast. O how much I sigh for Thee,

Take pos - ses - ion of my breast.
Je - sus, Thine own Flesh and Blood.
Je - sus, Je - sus, come to me!

JESUS, LORD, BE THOU MY OWN

CHADWICK 77. 77.

1 Je - sus, Lord, be Thou my own;
 2 Je - sus, Thou my heart in - flame,
 3 God of mer - cy, Lord of light,

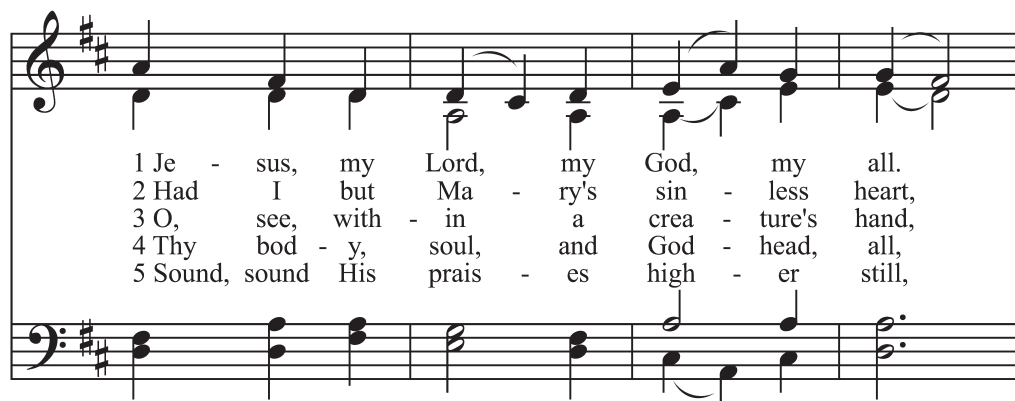
Thee I long for, Thee. a - lone;
 Give that love which Thou. dost claim;
 Thy good will is my. de - light;

All my - self I give to Thee;
 Rec - om - pense I'll ask for none:
 Now hence - forth Thy will di - vine

Do what - e'er Thou wilt with me.
 Love is all when love is won.
 Ev - er shall in all be mine.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

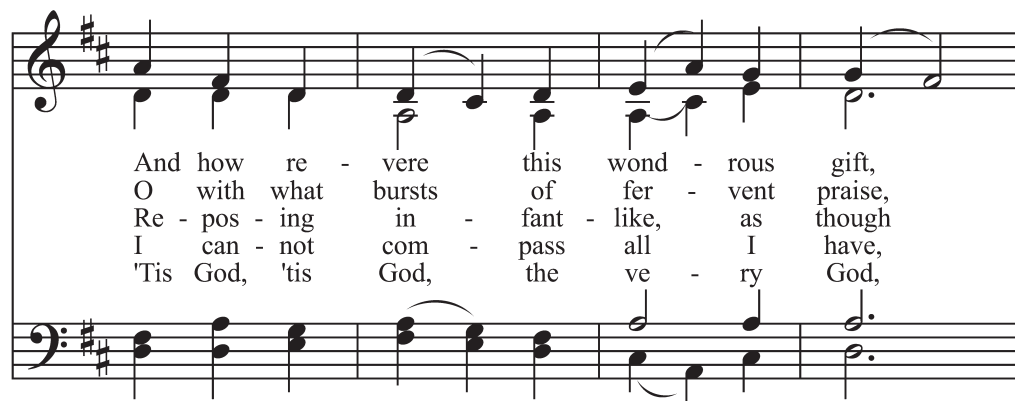
SWEET SACRAMENT LM WITH REFRAIN
FR. FREDERICK FABER



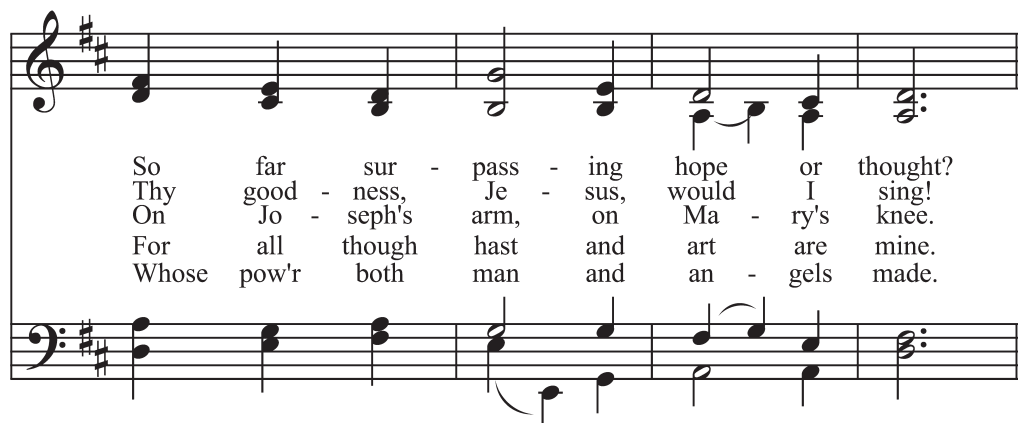
1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all.
2 Had I but Ma - ry's sin - less heart,
3 O, see, with - in a crea - ture's hand,
4 Thy bod - y, soul, and God - head, all,
5 Sound, sound His prais - es high - er still,



How can I love thee as I ought?
To love Thee with, my dear - est King;
The vast Cre - a - tor deigns to be,
O mys - ter - y of love di - vine!
And come ye An - gels to our aid;



And how re - vere this wond - rous gift,
O with what bursts of fer - vent praise,
Re - pos - ing in - fant - like, as though
I can - not com - pass all I have,
'Tis God, 'tis God, the ve - ry God,



So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?
 Thy good - ness, Je - sus, would I sing!
 On Jo - seph's arm, on Ma - ry's knee.
 For all though hast and art are mine.
 Whose pow'r both man and an - gels made.



Sweet Sa - cra - ment, we Thee a - dore!



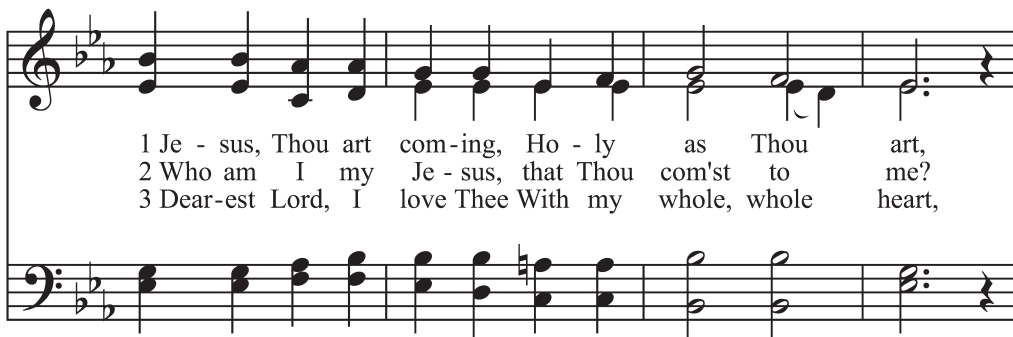
Oh, make us love Thee more and more. Oh, make



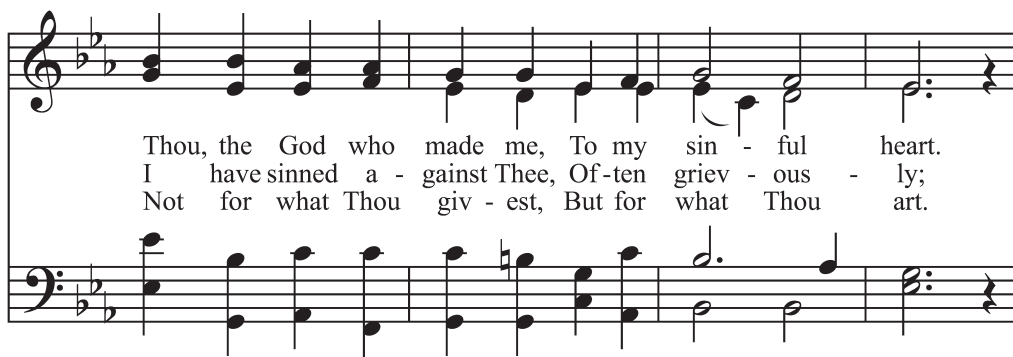
us love Thee more and more.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

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



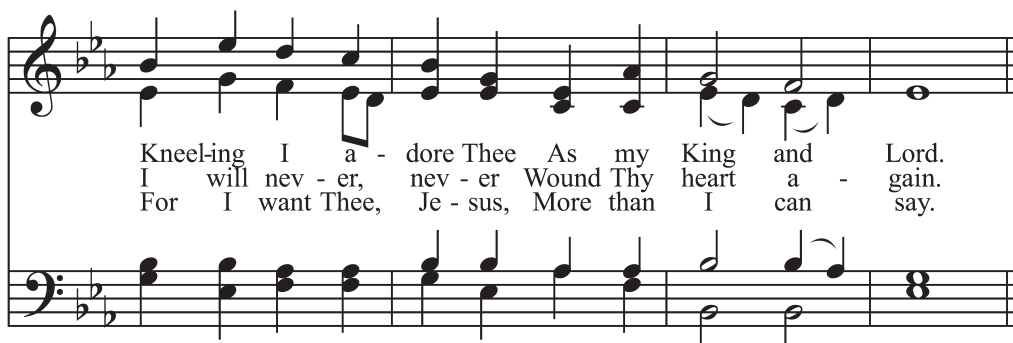
1 Je - sus, Thou art com-ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,
2 Who am I my Je - sus, that Thou com'st to me?
3 Dear-est Lord, I love Thee With my whole, whole heart,



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



Je - sus I be - lieve it On Thy on - ly word;
I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain.
Come, oh, comesweet Sav-ior! Come to me and stay,



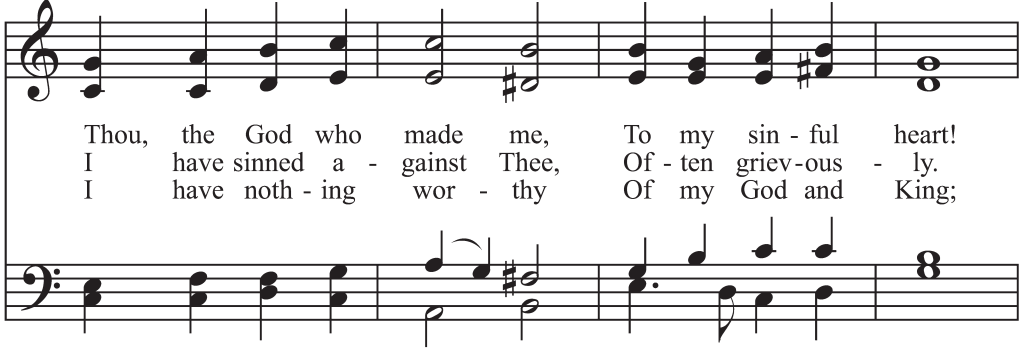
Kneeling I a - dore Thee As my King and Lord.
I will nev - er, nev - er Wound Thy heart a - gain.
For I want Thee, Je - sus, More than I can say.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

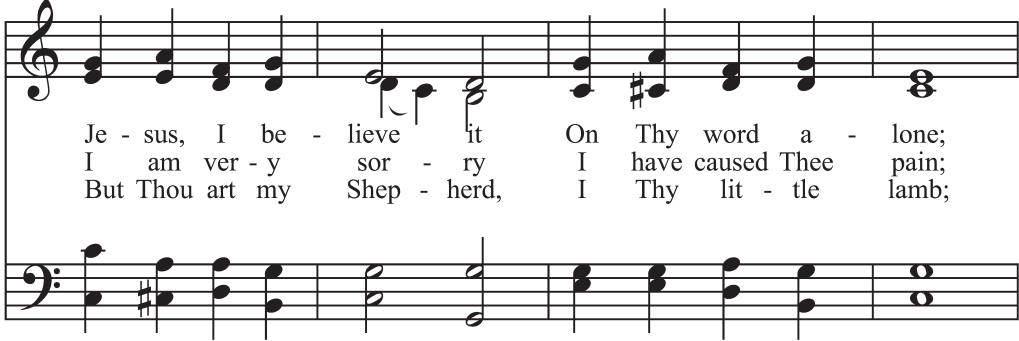
DARBY 65. 65. D.



1 Je - sus, Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art:
 2 Who am I, my Je - sus, That Thou com'st to me?
 3 Ah! what grate - ful pres - ent, Je - sus, can I bring?



Thou, the God who made me, To my sin - ful heart!
 I have sinned a - gainst Thee, Of - ten griev - ous - ly.
 I have noth - ing wor - thy Of my God and King;



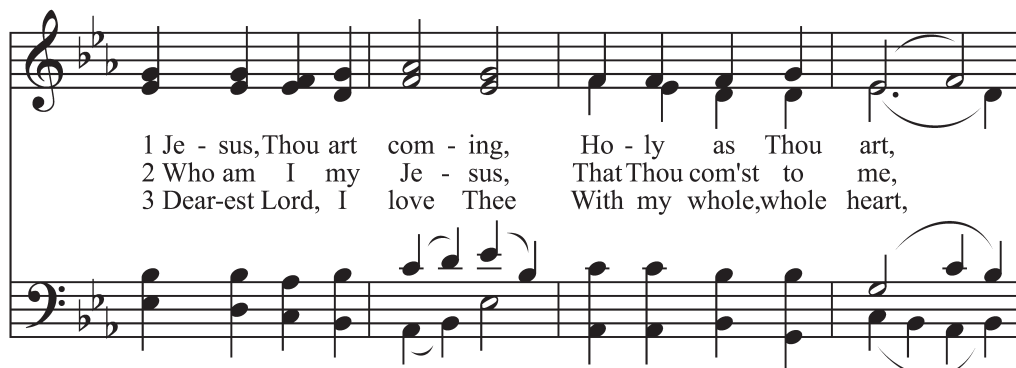
Je - sus, I be - lieve it On Thy word a - lone;
 I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain;
 But Thou art my Shep - herd, I Thy lit - tle lamb;



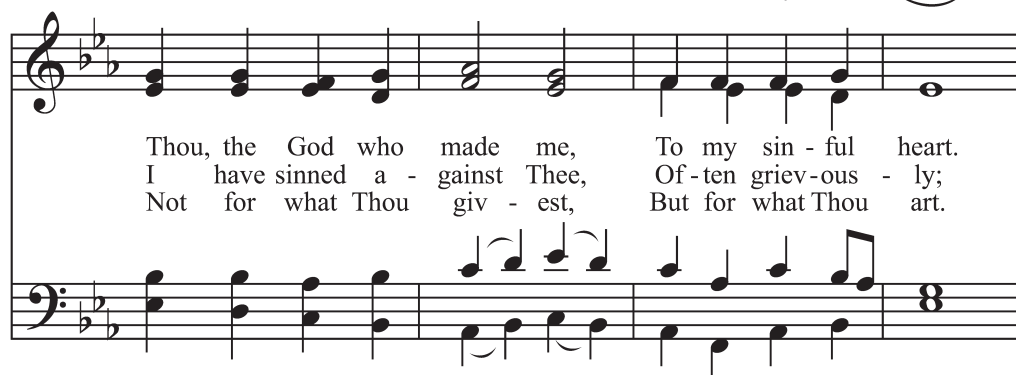
Kneel ing I a - dore Thee At Thy roy - al throne.
 I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound Thy Heart a - gain!
 Take my - self, dear Je - sus, All I have and am.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

DURAND 65. 65. D.
SR. MARIE XAVIER



1 Je - sus, Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,
2 Who am I my Je - sus, 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 sin - ful heart.
I have sinned a - gainst Thee, Of - ten griev - ous - ly;
Not for what Thou giv - est, But for what Thou art.



Je - sus, I be - lieve it, On Thy on - ly word;
I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain
Come, oh, come sweet Sav - ior! Come to me and stay,



Kneel - ing, I a - dore Thee As my King and Lord.
I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound Thy Heart a - gain.
For I want Thee, Je - sus, More than I can say.

JESUS, THOU ART COMING

DURAND 65. 65. D.
SR. MARIE XAVIER

1 Je - sus, Thou art com - ing, Ho - ly as Thou art,
2 Who am I, my Je - sus, 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 sin - ful heart.
I have sinned a - gainst Thee, Of-ten griev - ous - ly;
Not for what Thou giv - est, But for what Thou art.

Je - sus, I be - lieve it On Thy on - ly word;
I am ver - y sor - ry I have caused Thee pain.
Come, oh, come sweet Sav - ior! Come to me and stay,

Kneeling, I a - dore Thee As my king and Lord.
I will nev - er, nev - er, Wound Thy Heart a - gain.
For I want Thee, Je - sus, 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 ta - ble spread,
2 Hail, sac - red feast which Je - sus makes,

And does Thy cup with love o'e - rflow?
Rich ban - quet of his flesh and blood!

Thi - ther be all Thy chil - dren led,
Thricehap - py he who here par - takes,

And let them all its sweet-ness know.
That sac - red stream, that heav - 'nly food.

MY GOD, THY TABLE NOW IS SPREAD

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

1. My God, thy ta - ble now is spread,
2. O let thy ta - ble hon - or'd be,

Thy cup of love doth o - ver - flow;
And fur - nished well with joy - ful guests:

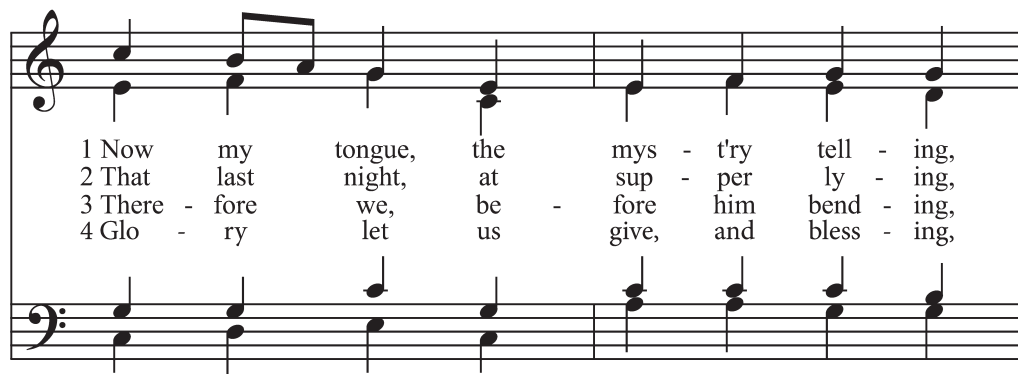
Be all thy chil - dren thi - ther led,
And may each soul sal - va - tion see,

And let them thy sweet mer - cies know.
That here its sa - cred pledg - es tastes.

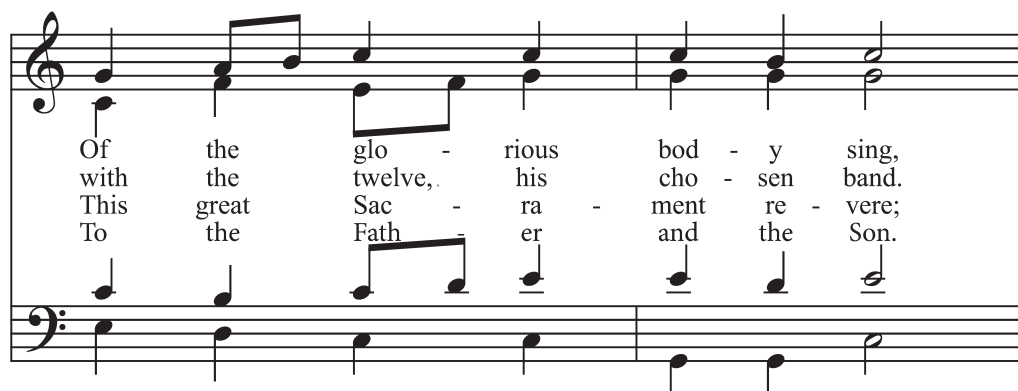
The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a Soprano staff (treble clef) and a Bass staff (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The music features a variety of note values, including quarter, eighth, and half notes, as well as rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

NOW. MY TONGUE. THE MYSTERY

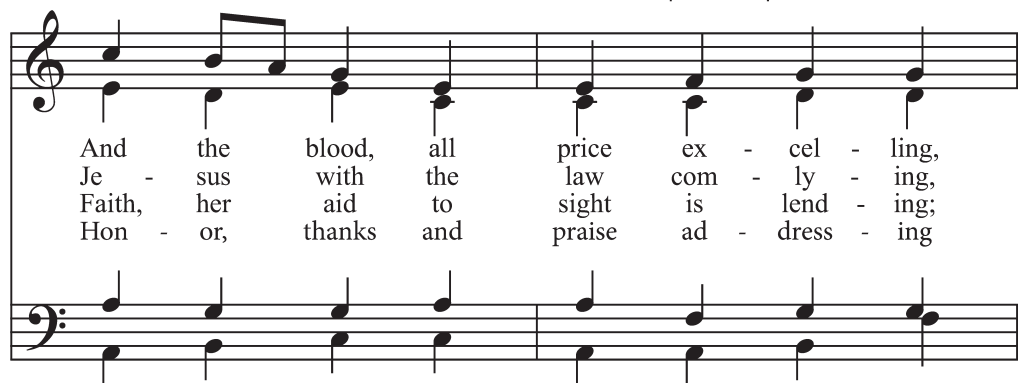
DOWLING 87. 87. 87. NOEL JONES
PANGE LINGUA



1 Now my tongue, the mys - t'ry tell - ing,
2 That last night, at sup - per ly - ing,
3 There - fore we, be - fore him bend - ing,
4 Glo - ry let us give, and bless - ing,



Of the glo - rious bod - y sing,
with the twelve, his cho - sen band.
This great Sac - ra - ment re - vere;
To the Fath - er and the Son.



And the blood, all the price ex - cel - ling,
Je - sus with the law com - ly - ing,
Faith, her aid to sight is lend - ing;
Hon - or, thanks and praise ad - dress - ing



Which the na - tions' Lord and King,
keeps the feast its rites de - mand.
Though un - seen, the Lord is near;
While e - ter - nal a - ges run,

Once on earth a - mong us dwell - ing,
 Then, more pre - cious food sup - ply - ing,
 An - cient types and shad - ows end - ing,
 And the Spir - it's pow'r con - fess - ing,

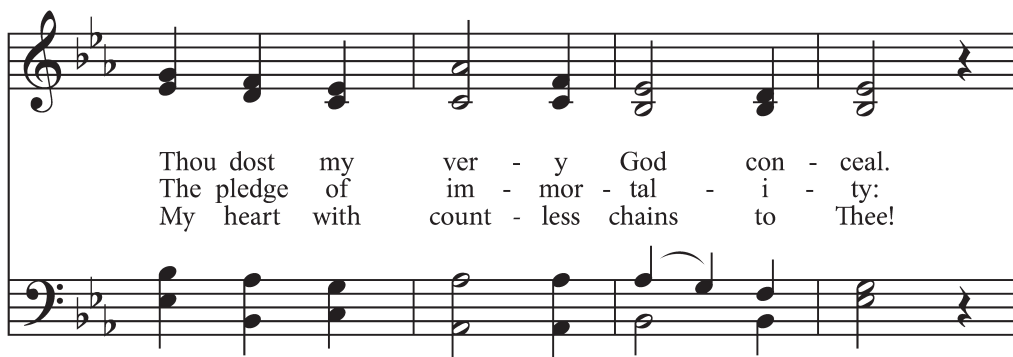
Shed for this world's ran - som - ing.
 Gives him - self with his own hand.
 Christ our pas - chal Lamb is here.
 Who from both with both is one.

O BREAD OF HEAVEN

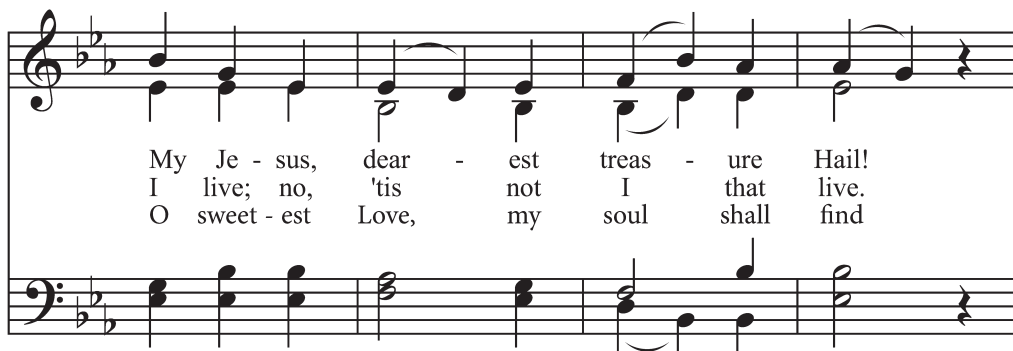
SWEET SACRAMENT 88. 88. 88. 88.
ST. ALPHONSUS



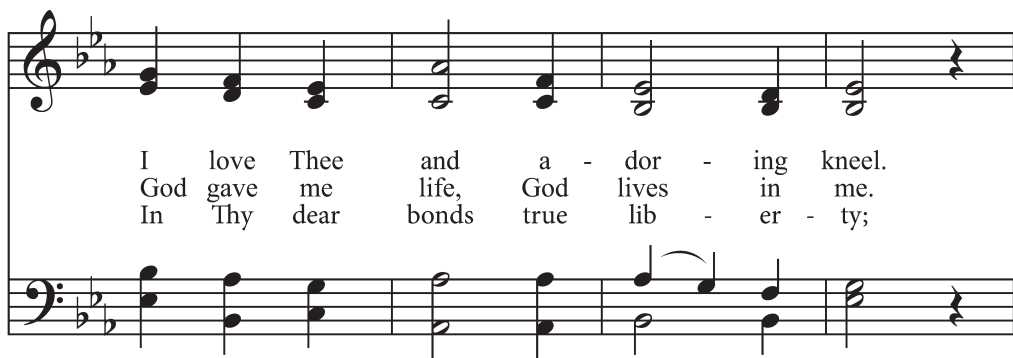
1 O Bread of Heav'n! be - neath this veil,
2 O Food of Life, Thou who dost give
3 My dear - est Good! who dost so bind



Thou dost my ver - y God con - ceal.
The pledge of im - mor - tal - i - ty:
My heart with count - less chains to Thee!



My Je - sus, dear - est treas - ure Hail!
I live; no, 'tis not I that live.
O sweet - est Love, my soul shall find



I love Thee and a - dor - ing kneel.
God gave me life, God lives in me.
In Thy dear bonds true lib - er - ty;

Each lov - ing soul by Thee is fed
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
 Thy - self Thou hast be - stowed on me,

With Thine own self in form of bread.
 And with joy ev - 'ry grief re - pays.
 Thine, Thine for - ev - er I will be.

With Thine own self in form of bread.
 And with joy ev - 'ry grief re - pays.
 Thine, Thine for - ev - er I will be.

O BREAD OF HEAVEN

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



1 O Bread of Heav'n! be - neath this veil,
2 O Food of Life, Thou who dost give
3 My dear - est Good! who dost so bind

Thou dost my ver - y God con - ceal.
The pledge of im - mor - tal i - ty:
My heart with count - less chains to Thee!

My Je - sus, dear - est treas - ure Hail!
I live; no, 'tis not I that live.
O sweet - est Love, my soul shall find

I love Thee and a - dor - ing kneel.
God gave me life, God lives in me.
In Thy dear bonds true lib - er - ty;

Each lov - ing soul by Thee is fed
 He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
 Thy - self Thou hast be - stowed on me,

With Thine own self in form of bread.
 And with joy ev - 'ry grief re - pays.
 Thine, Thine for - ev - er I will be.

O CHRIST, TO YOU, WE BRING

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

1 O Christ, to you, we bring our wea-ry souls,
2 O Christ, Re - deem - er, now your feast is spread.

We are your peo - ple, each with dif-frent goals.
Your blood the wine, your bod - y the true bread.

Hun - gry and need - y, yearn-ing for your food,
And through this meal may all par-tak - ers be

Yet we are one in heart, and mind and mind.
For - ev - er with you through e - ter - ni - ty.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the bass part providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with some lines split between the two voices.

O Christ, you prayed that all may be as one.
O Christ, our ref - uge, guard-ing all our ways;

Al - so, you prayed that God's will may be done.
Re - turn-ing, Lord, to you our thanks and praise.

We pray that all as one in Christ may be,
Show us your beau - ty, teach us how to love,

At last, to - geth - er, his sweet face to see.
Bring us, at last, to dwell with you a - bove.

O CHRIST, TO YOU, WE BRING

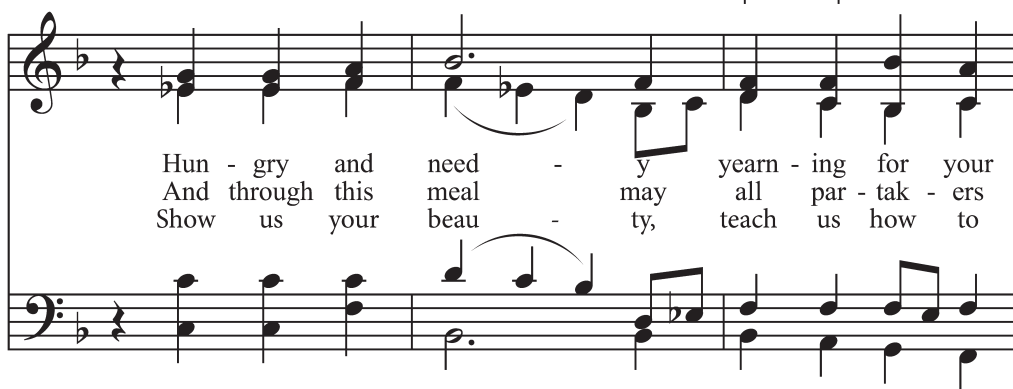
SONG ONE 10. 10. 10. 10. D. ORLANDO GIBBONS
FROM: O CHRIST, YOU PRAYED, MARK WINCHESTER



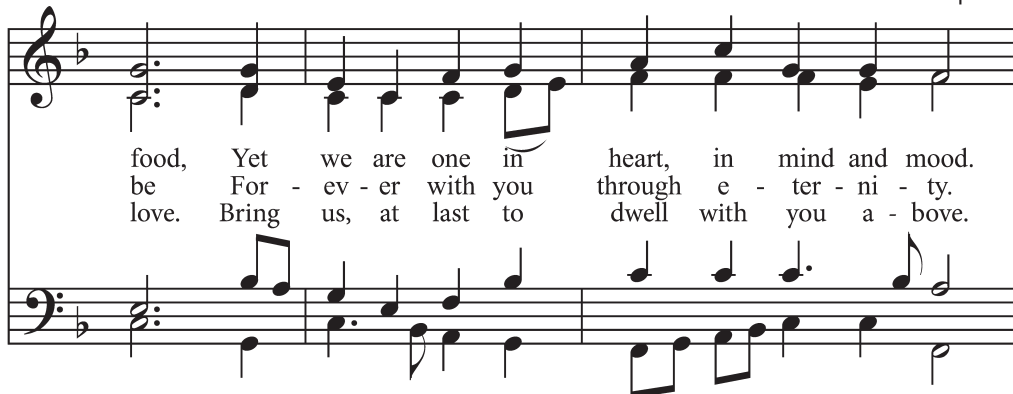
1 O Christ, to you, we bring our wear - y souls.
2 O Christ, Re - deem - er, now your feast is spread.
3 O Christ, our ref - uge, guard - ing all our ways;



We are your peo - ple, each with dif - f'rent goals.
Your blood the wine, your bod - y the true bread.
Re - turn - ing, Lord, to you our thanks and praise.



Hun - gry and need - y yearn - ing for your
And through this meal may all par - tak - ers
Show us your beau - ty, teach us how to



food, Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
be For - ev - er with you through e - ter - ni - ty.
love. Bring us, at last to dwell with you a - bove.

Hun - gry and need - y, yearn - ing for your food,
 And through this meal may all par - tak - ers be
 Show us your beau - ty, teach us how to love.

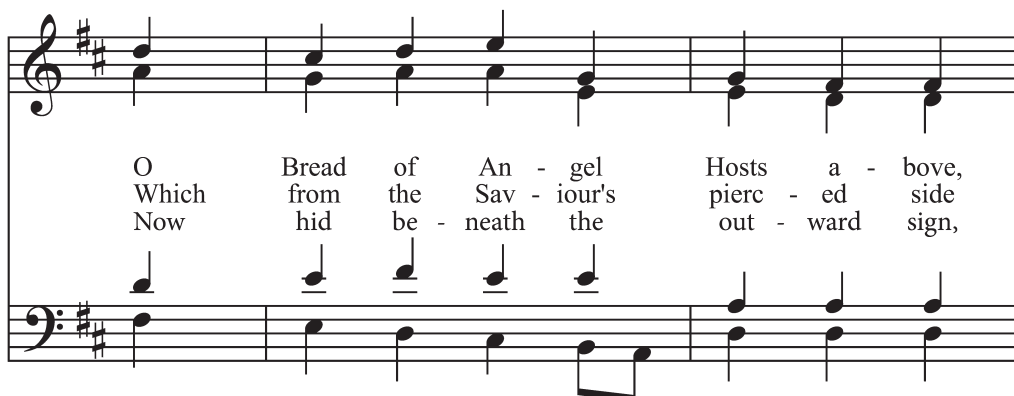
Yet we are one in heart, in mind and mood.
 For - ev - er with you through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Bring us, at last, to dwell with you a - bove.

O FOOD THAT WEARY PILGRIMS LOVE

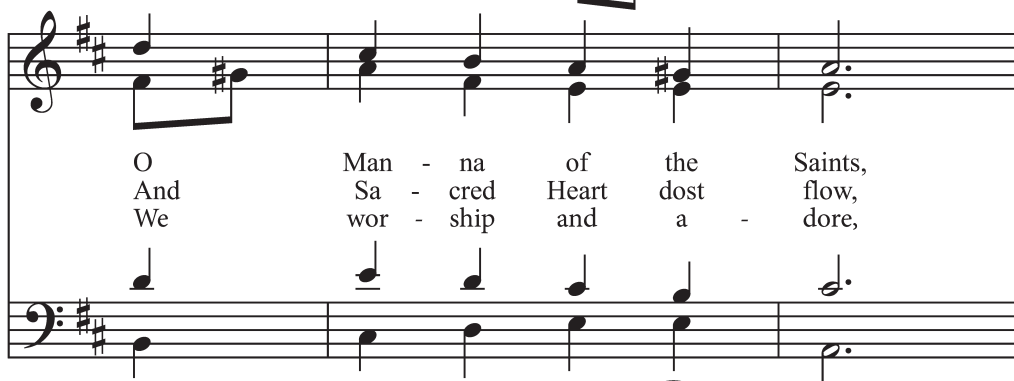
RADCLIFF 88. 6. 88. 66.



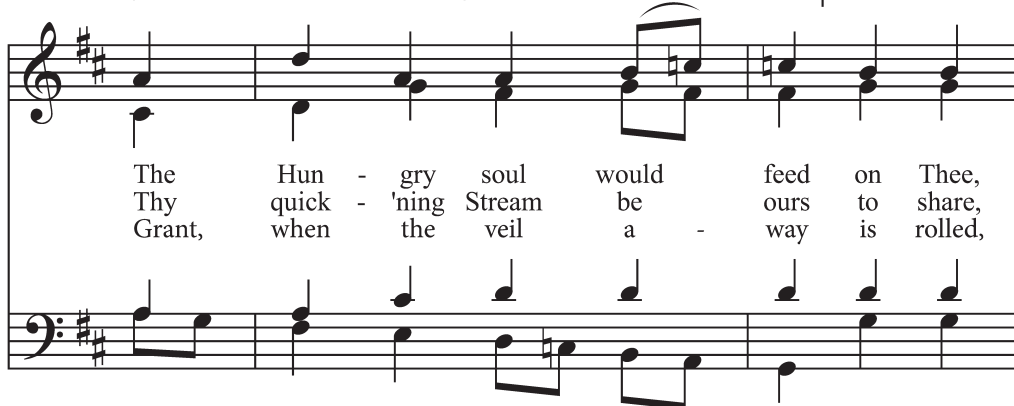
1 O Food that wear - y pil - grims love,
 2 O Fount of Love, O cleans - ing Tide,
 3 Lord Je - sus, Whom by pow'r di - vine,



O Which Bread of An - gel Hosts a - bove,
 Now from hid the Sav - iour's pierc - ed side
 the be - neath the out - ward sign,



O Man - na of the Saints,
 And Sa - cred Heart dost flow,
 We wor - ship and a - dore,



The Hun - gry soul would feed on Thee,
 Thy quick - 'ning Stream be ours to share,
 Grant, when the veil a - way is rolled,

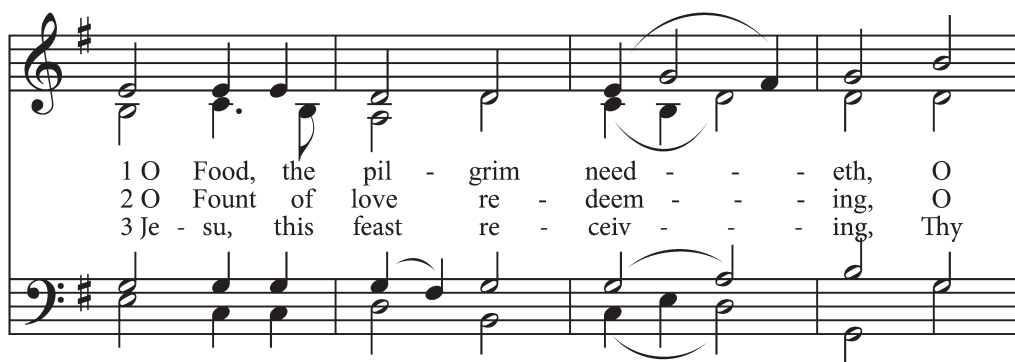
May ne'er the heart un - sol - aced be
Whose boun - ty fill - eth ev - 'ry prayer
With o - pen face may we be - hold

Which for Thy sweet - ness faints,
And need self of man be - low.
Thy for ev - er - more.

Which for Thy sweet - ness faints,
And need self of man be - low.
Thy for ev - er - more.

O FOOD, THE PILGRIM NEEDETH

ABBOT 776. 776. D.
O ESCA VIATORUM



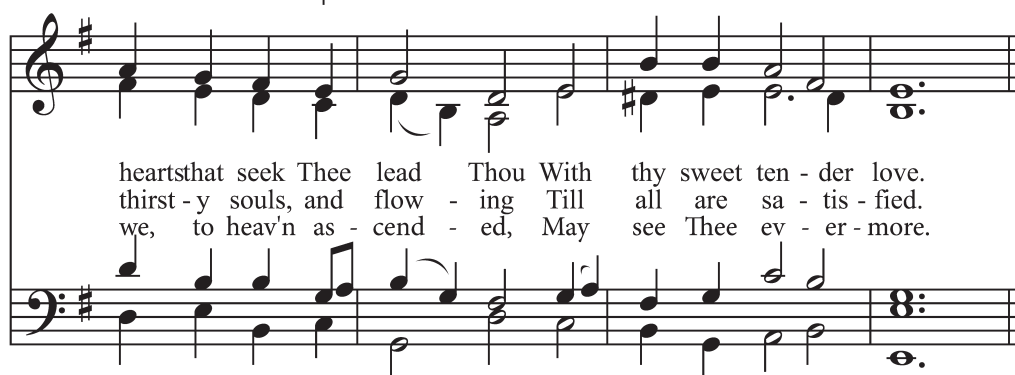
1 O Food, the pil - grim need - - - eth, O
2 O Fount of love re - deem - - - ing, O
3 Je - su, this feast re - ceiv - - - ing, Thy



Bread, which an - gels feed - eth, O Man - na from a
Riv - er ev - er stream - ing, From Je - sus' ho - ly
word of truth be - liev - ing, We Thee un - seen a -



bove! The souls that hun - ger feed Thou The
side; Come Thou, Thy-self be - stow - ing On
dore: Grant, when the veil is rend - ed, That



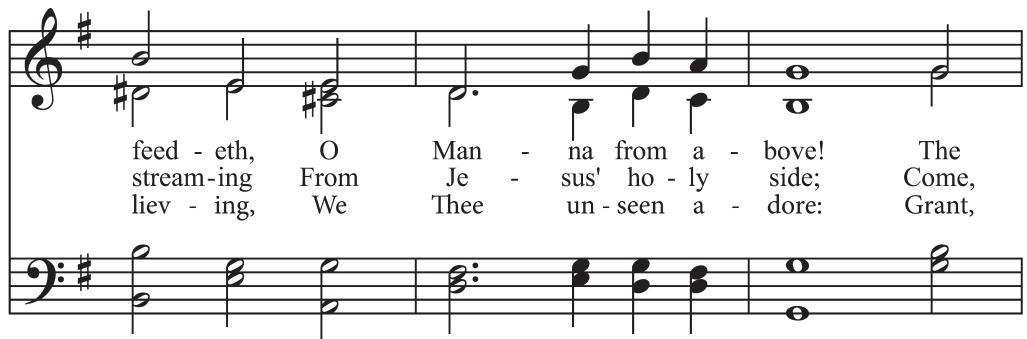
heartsthat seek Thee lead Thou With thy sweet ten - der love.
thirst - y souls, and flow - ing Till all are sa - tis - fied.
we, to heav'n as - cend - ed, May see Thee ev - er - more.

O FOOD, THE PILGRIM NEEDETH

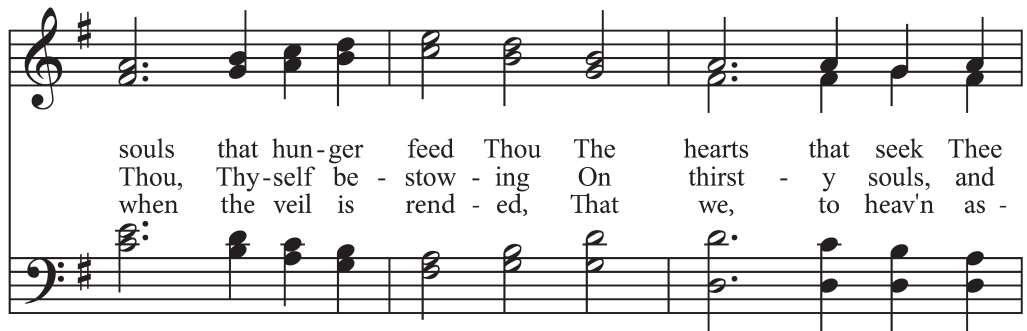
ABBOT 776. 776. D.
O ESCA VIATORUM



1 O Food, the pil - grim need-eth, O Bread, which an - gels
2 O Fount of love re - deem-ing, O Riv - er ev - er
3 Je - su, this feast re - ciev-ing, Thy word of truth be -



feed - eth, O Man - na from a - bove! The
stream-ing, From Je - sus' ho - ly side; Come,
liev - ing, We Thee un - seen a - dore: Grant,



souls that hun - ger feed Thou The hearts that seek Thee
Thou, Thy-self be - stow - ing On thirst - y souls, and
when the veil is rend - ed, That we, to heav'n as -



lead Thou With thy sweet, ten - der love.
flow - ing Till all are sat - is - fied.
cend - ed, May see Thee ev - er - more.

O GOD UNSEEN, YET EVER NEAR

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

1 O God, un - seen yet ev - er near, Thy
2 We come, o - be - dient to thy word, To

pres - ence may we feel; And thus in - spired with
feast on heav - 'nly food; Our meat the Bo - dy

ho - ly fear, Be - fore thine al - tar kneel. Here
of the Lord, Our drink his pre - cious Blood. Thus

may thy faith - ful peo - ple know The
may we all thy word o - bey, For

bless - ings of thy love, The streams that
 we, O God, are thine; And go re -

through the des - ert flow, The man - na from a - bove.
 joic - ing on our way, Re - newed with strength di - vine.

O GODHEAD HID

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

1 O God - head hid de - vout - ly I a -
2 Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each de -

dore Thee, Who tru - ly art with -
ceiv - ed; The ear a - lone most

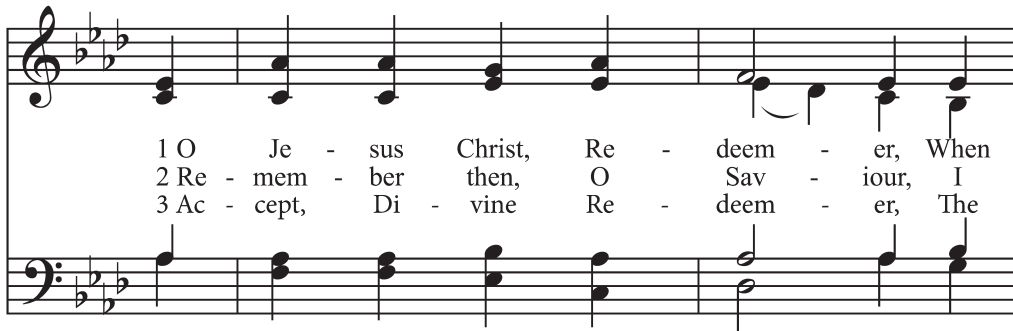
in the forms be - fore me; To Thee my
safe - ly is be - liev - ed; I be - lieve

heart I bow with bend - ed knee,
all the Son of God hath spok - en,

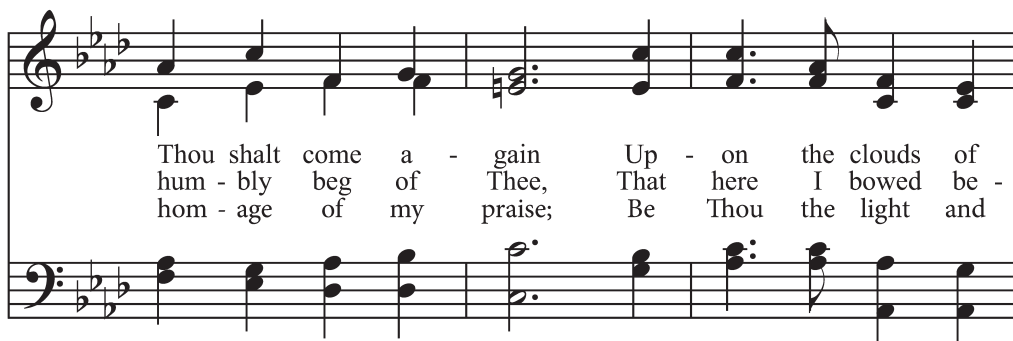
As fail - ing quite in contemp - lat - ing Thee.
 Than Truth's own word there is no tru - er to - ken.

O JESUS CHRIST, REDEEMER

KIRKWOOD 76. 76. D.



1 O Je - sus Christ, Re - deem - er, When
2 Re - mem - ber then, O Sav - iour, I
3 Ac - cept, Di - vine Re - deem - er, The



Thou shalt come a - gain Up - on the clouds of
hum - bly beg of Thee, That here I bowed be -
hom - age of my praise; Be Thou the light and



heav - en, With all Thy shin - ing
fore Thee Up - on my bend - ed
guid - ance And glo - ry of my



train; When ev' - ry eye shall see Thee In
knee; That here I owned Thy pres - ence, My
days; Be Thou my con - so - la - tion When

De - i - ty re - vealed, Who now up - on this
 Lord, my God most high, And glo - ri - fied Thy
 death draws near to me; Be Thou my on - ly

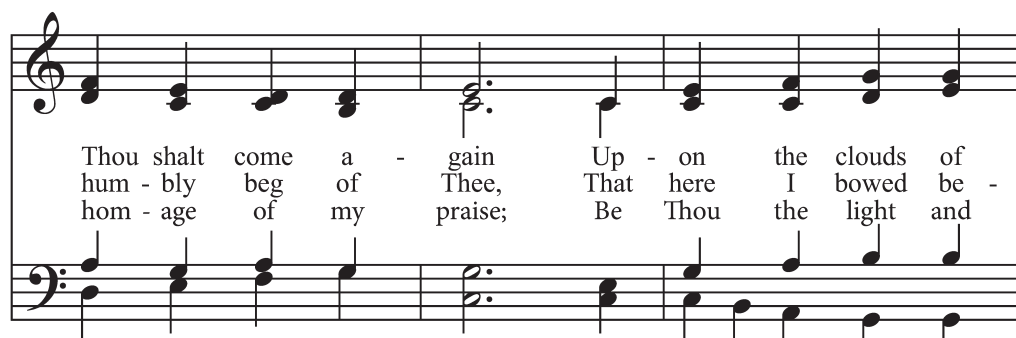
al - tar In si - lence art con - cealed.
 great - ness, though hid from hu - man eye.
 treas - ure Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

O JESUS CHRIST, REDEEMER

KENTWORTH 76. 76. D.



1 O Je - sus Christ, Re - deem - er, When
 2 Re - mem - ber then, O Sav - ior, I
 3 Ac - cept, Di - vine Re - deem - er, The



Thou shalt come a - gain Up - on the clouds of
 hum - bly beg of my Thee; That here I bowed be -
 hom - age of my praise; Be Thou the light and



heav - - - en, With all thy shin - ing.
 fore Thee up - on my bend - ed.
 guid - - - ance And glo - ry of my.



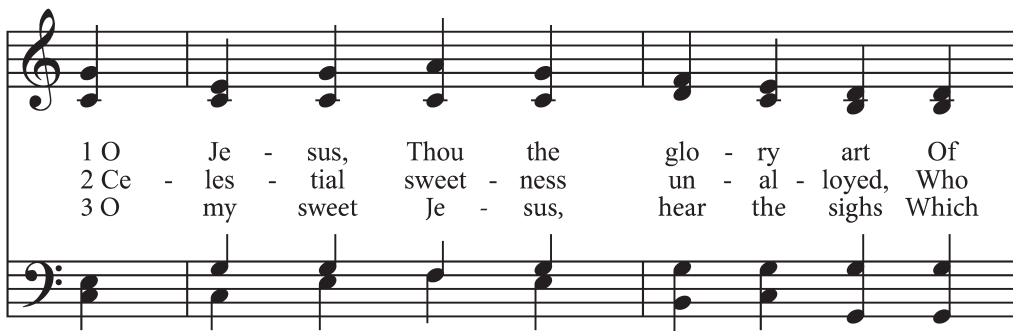
train; When ev' - ry eye shall see Thee In
 knee; That Here I owned Thy pres - ence, My
 days; Be Thou my con - so - la - tion When

De - i - ty re - vealed, Who now up - on this
 Lord, my God most high, And glo - ri - fied Thy
 death draws near to me; Be. Thou my on - ly

al - tar In si - lence art con - cealed.
 great - ness, Though hid from hu - man eye.
 treas - ure Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

O JESUS, THOU THE GLORY ART

DULCET 86. 86.



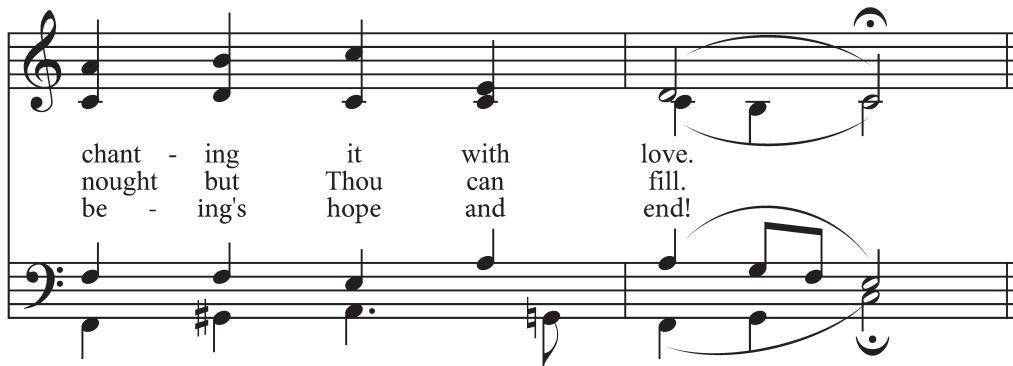
1 O Je - sus, Thou the glo - ry art Of
 2 Ce - les - tial sweet - ness un - al - loyed, Who
 3 O my sweet Je - sus, hear the sighs Which



an - gel worlds a - bove; Thy
 eat Thee hun - ger still; Who
 un - to Thee I send To



Name is mu - sic to the heart, En -
 drink of my Thee still to feel a void, Which
 Thee my in - most spir - it cries, My



chant - ing it with love.
 nought but Thou can fill.
 be - ing'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 Je - sus, Lord, most might - y king,
2 O Je - sus, sweet - ness of the heart,
3 O Je - sus, bright - er than the sun,

And Con - que - ring - di - vine,
Thou Liv - ing with Spring of Light,
O Balm with heal - ing blest,

O Sweet - ness in - fi - nite, for
So far ex - ceed - ing all de -
Of all things sweet, of all things

Whom Our souls un - ceas - ing pine.
sire, All joys of est, sense or sight.
fair, Thou sweet - est, fair est, best.

O JESUS, LORD, REMEMBER

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

1 O Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber, When thou shalt come a -
2 Re - mem - ber then O Sav - ior, I sup - pli - cate of
3 Ac - cept, Di - vine Re - deem - er, The hom - age of my

gain Up - on the clouds of heav - en With all Thy shin - ing train; When
Thee, That here I bowed be - fore Thee Up - on my bend - ed knee; That
praise; Be Thou the light and hon - or And glo - ry of my days; Be

ev' - ry eye shall see Thee in De - i - ty re - vealed Who
here I owned Thy pres - ence And did not Thee de - ny, And
Thou my con - so - la - tion When death is draw - ing nigh; Be

now up - on this al - tar In si - lence art con - cealed.
glo - ri - fied Thy great - ness Though hid from hu - man eye.
Thou my on - ly treas - ure Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

FINCH 76. 76.



1 O Lord, I am not wor - thy That
2 O Lord, how can I thank Thee For

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

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

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

soul, No more by sin to grieve Thee, Or
Thee, May I in heav'n pos - sess Thee For

fly Thy sweet con - trol.
all e - ter - ni - ty.

O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

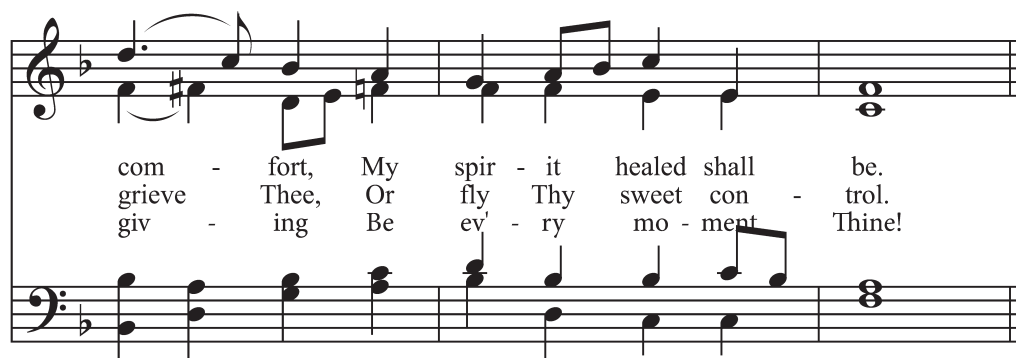
HARLAN 76. 76.



1 O Lord, I am not wor - thy That
 2 And hum - bly I'll re - ceive Thee, The
 3 O Sac - ra - ment most ho - ly! O



Thou shouldst come to me, But speak the words of
 Bride - groom of my soul, No more by sin to
 Sac - ra - ment di - vine! All praise and all thanks -



com - fort, My spir - it healed shall be.
 grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet con - trol.
 giv - ing Be ev' - ry mo - ment Thine!

O LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY

NON DIGNUS 76. 76.



1 O Lord, I am not wor - thy That
2 And hum - bly I'll re - ceive Thee, The
3 O Sac - ra - ment most ho - ly! O



Thou shouldst come to me, But speak the words of
Bride - groom of my soul, No more by sin to
Sac - ra - ment di - vine! All praise and all thanks -



com - fort, My spri - it healed shall be.
grieve Thee, Or fly Thy sweet con - trol.
giv - ing Be ev' - ry mo - ment Thine!

O SACRAMENT MOST HOLY

TRADITIONAL

SING 3 TIMES

O Sac - ra - ment most Ho - ly,

O Sac - ra - ment Di - vine,

All praise and all thanks - giv - ing

Be ev - ery mo - ment Thine.

PANIS ANGELICUS

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

1 Pa - nis an - ge - li - cus fit pa - nis ho - mi-num;
2 Te tri - na De - i - tas u - na - que po - sci-mus,

Dat pa - nis coe - li - cus fi - gu - ris ter - mi - num:
Sic nos tu vi - si - ta, si - cut te co - li - mus;

O res - mi - ra - bi - lis! man - du - cat Do - mi-num
Per tu - as se - mi - tas duc nos quo ten - di-mus,

Pau - per, ser - vus, et hu - mi - lis.
Ad lu - cem quam in - ha - bi - tas.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

SONG FORTY-SIX 10. 10. 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS
EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

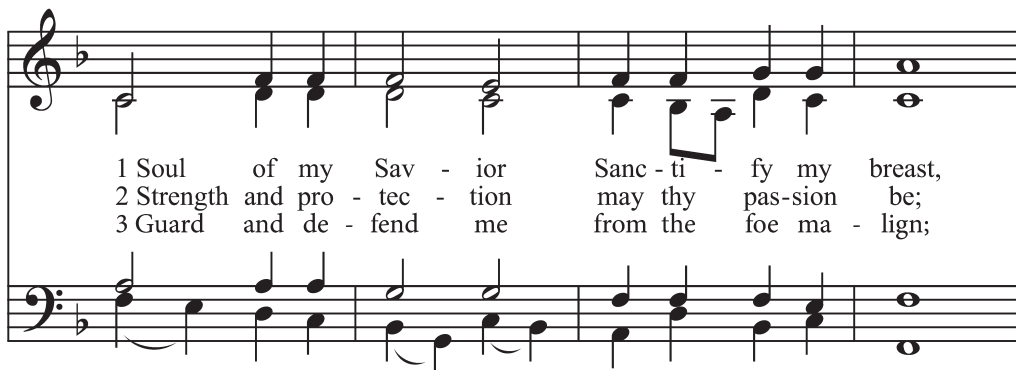
1 Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
2 Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.

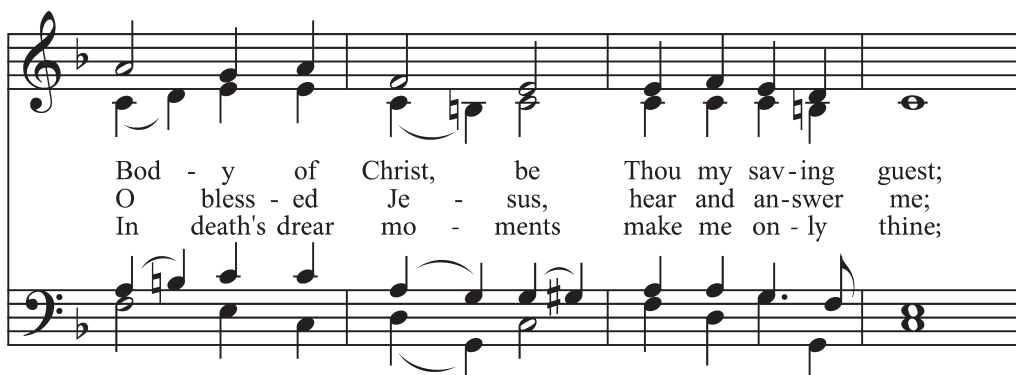
The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in a 10. 10. 10. meter. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system contains two lines of lyrics. The second system contains two lines of lyrics. The music is written on a grand staff with a treble clef for the Soprano and a bass clef for the Bass. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

SOUL OF MY SAVIOR

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



1 Soul of my Sav - ior 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;



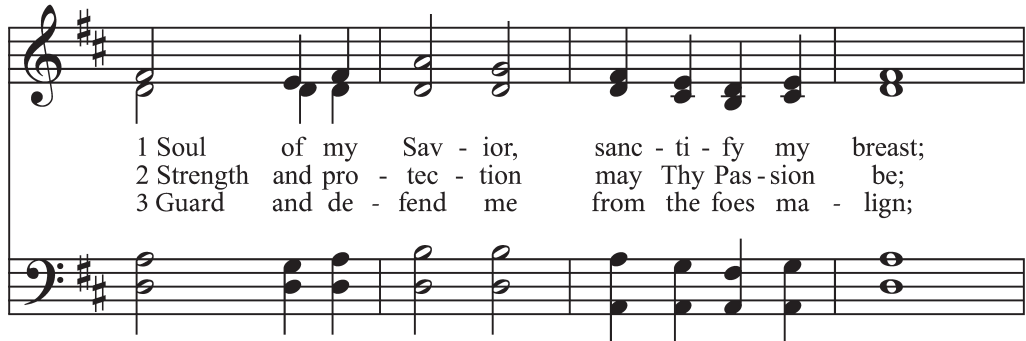
Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide,
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me,
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,



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 Sav - ior, sanc - ti - fy my breast;
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may Thy Pas - sion be;
3 Guard and de - fend me from the foes 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, ye wa - ters, gush - ing from His 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

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



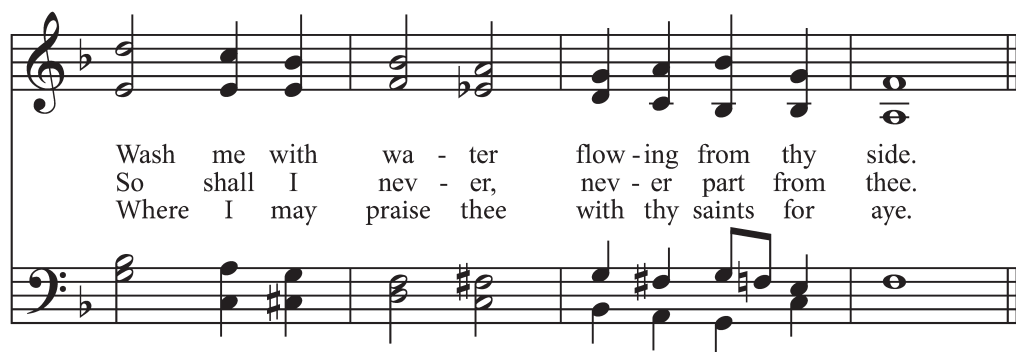
1 Soul of my Sav - ior Sanc - ti - fy my breast,
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may thy pas-sion be;
3 Guard and de - fend me from the foe ma - lign;



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;



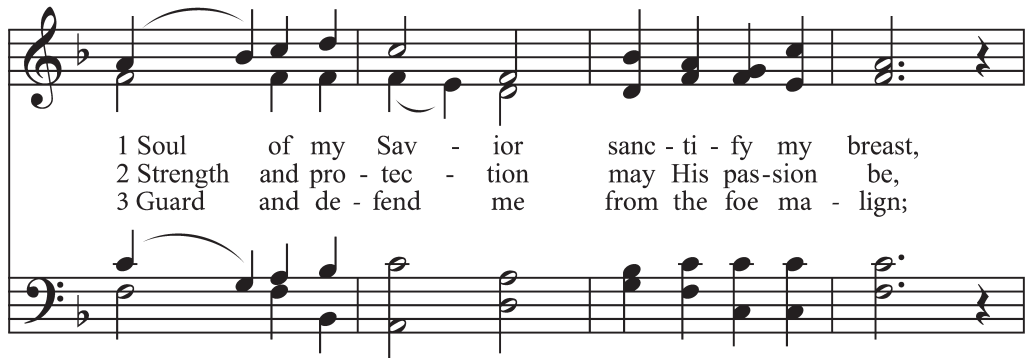
Blood of my Sav - ior, bathe me in thy tide,
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me,
Call me and bid me come to thee on high,



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

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



1 Soul of my Sav - ior sanc - ti - fy my breast,
2 Strength and pro - tec - tion may His 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;

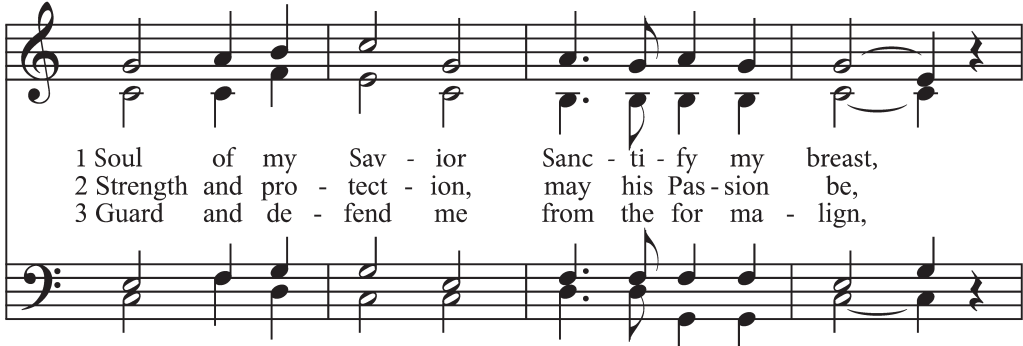


Blood of my sav - ior bathe me in thy Tide;
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel - ter me;
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high,



Wash me, ye wa - ters gush-ing from His side.
So shall I nev - er, nev - er part from Thee.
Where I may praise Thee, with Thy Saints for aye.

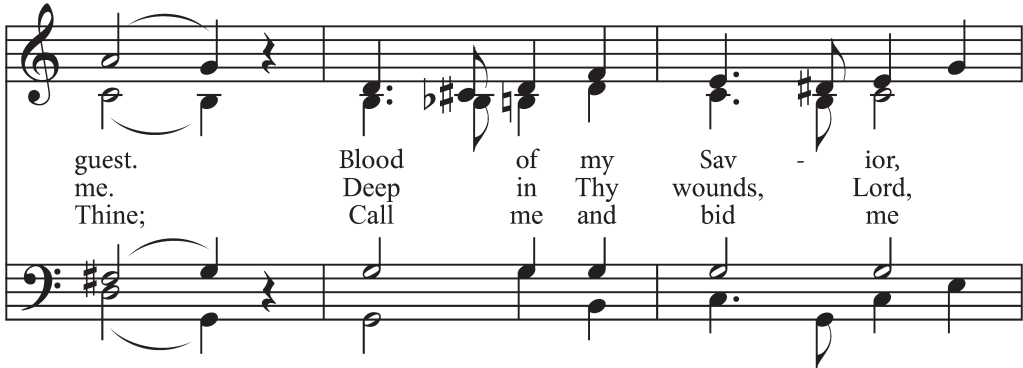
SOUL OF MY SAVIOUR



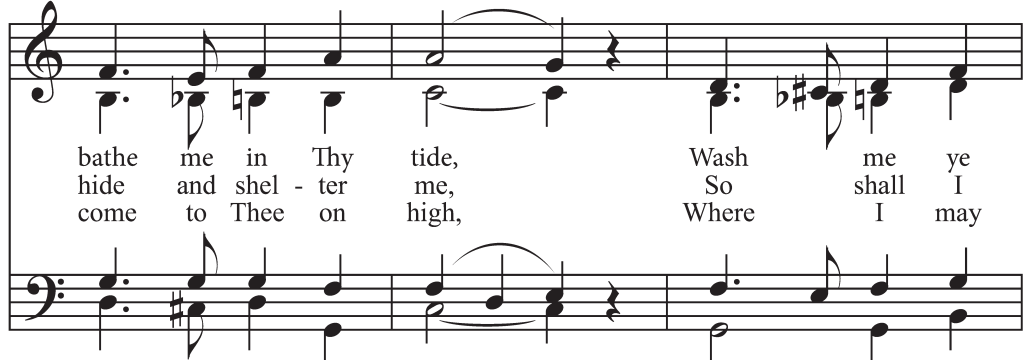
1 Soul of my Sav - ior Sanc - ti - fy my breast,
 2 Strength and pro - tect - ion, may his Pas - sion be,
 3 Guard and de - fend me from the for ma - lign,



Bo - dy 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 - ior,
 Deep in Thy wounds, Lord,
 Call me and bid me



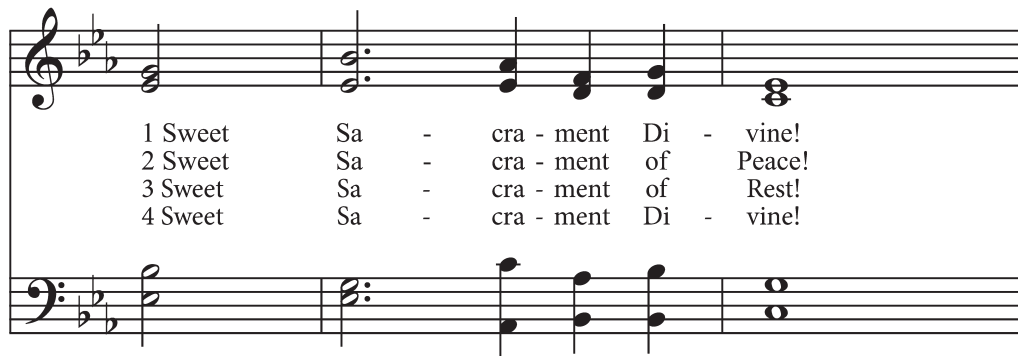
bathe me in Thy tide, Wash me ye
 hide and shel - ter me, So shall I
 come to Thee on high, Where I may

wa - ters, flow - ing from His side!
 ne - ver, ne - ver part from Thee.
 praise Thee with Thy saints for aye!

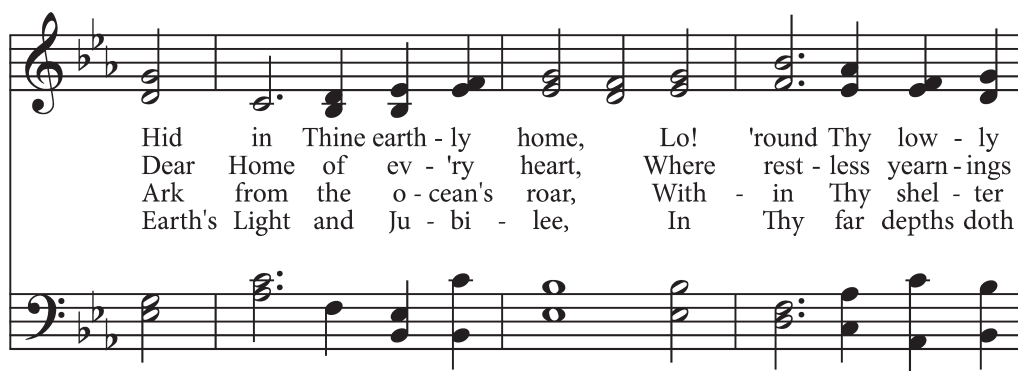
Wash me ye wa - ters, flow - ing from His side!
 So shall I ne - ver, ne - ver part from thee.
 Where I may praise Thee with Thy saints for aye!

SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE!

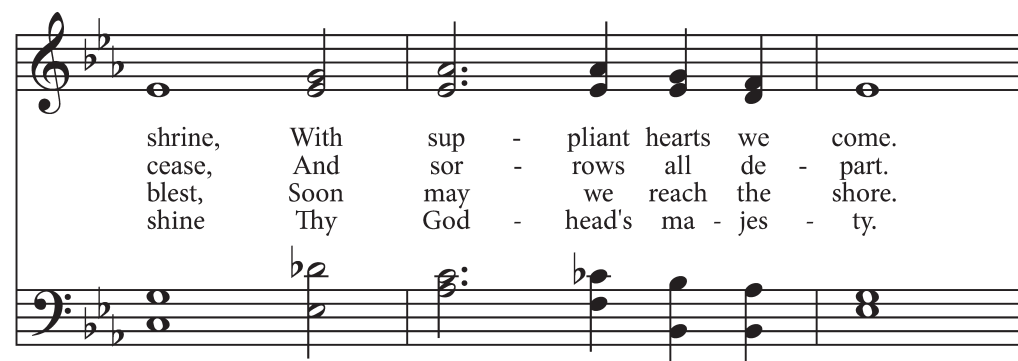
STANFIELD 66. 66. 88. 66. FR. E. STANFIELD



1 Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!
 2 Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Peace!
 3 Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Rest!
 4 Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!



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 heart - felt praise,
tell our tale of mis - er - y,
lest we sink be - neath the waves.
earth - ly joys may fade a - way,

Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Peace!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Rest!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!

Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Peace!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment of Rest!
Sweet Sa - cra - ment Di - vine!

THE KING OF HEAVEN

DUNDEE 87. 87. SCOTTISH PSALTER
PHILIP DODDRIDGE

1 The King of heav'n his ta - ble spreads,
2 Par - don and peace his to dy - ing men

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

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

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

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 - ish - ed, Re - mains the Truth a - dored; O
it 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.
dwell - est Thou in end - less light.

THIS IS THE HOUR

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

1 This is the hour of ban - quet and of song;
2 Too soon we rise; we go our sev - eral ways;
3 Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass - es by,

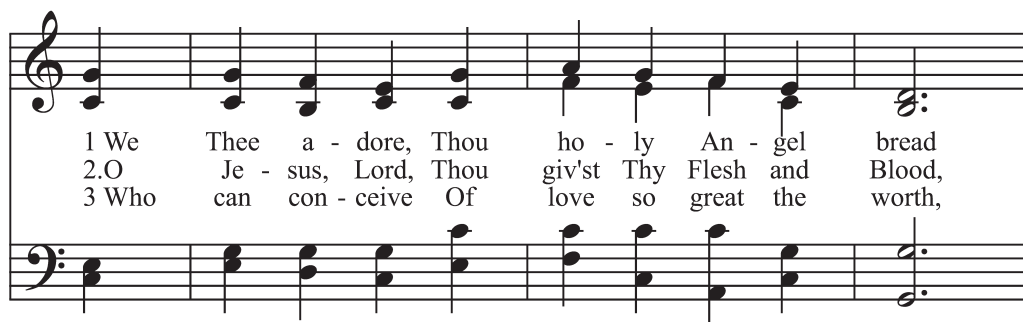
This is the heav'n - ly ta - ble spread for me;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone,
Yet, pass - ing, points to the glad feast a - bove,

Here let me feast, and feast - ing still pro - long
The bread and wine con - sumed: yet all our days
Giv - ing us fore - taste of the fes - tal joy,

The brief, bright hour of fel - low - ship with thee.
Thou still art here with us our shield and sun.
The Lord's e - ter - nal feast of bliss and love.

WE THEE ADORE

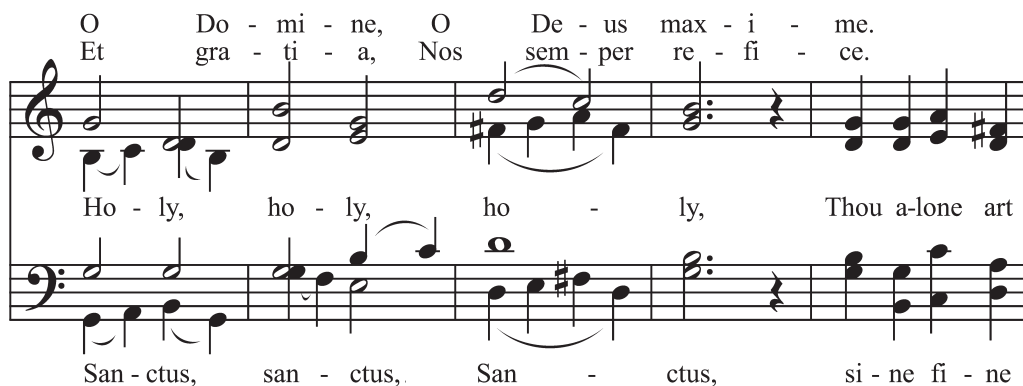
MANNE 10. 10. WITH REFRAIN JOSEPH MICHAEL HAYDN
ADORO TE



1 We Thee a - dore, Thou ho - ly An - gel bread
2. O Je - sus, Lord, Thou giv'st Thy Flesh and Blood,
3 Who can con - ceive Of love so great the worth,



1. A - do - ro - te, O pa - nis cae - li - ce,
2. Nos fa - mu - los, O De - us re - spi - ce,
O Sav - ior, Lord, Our souls by Thee are fed.
To strength - en us and be our dai - ly food.
That brings Thee Lord, To dwell with us on earth.



O Do - mi - ne, O De - us max - i - me.
Et gra - ti - a, Nos sem - per re - fi - ce.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Thou a-lone art
San - ctus, san - ctus, San - ctus, si - ne fi - ne



ho - ly, Ad - o - ration with-out end, To the Blessed Sac-ra - ment.
San - ctus, Sem-per ti - bi glo - ri - a Sacra si sub ho - sti - a.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

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

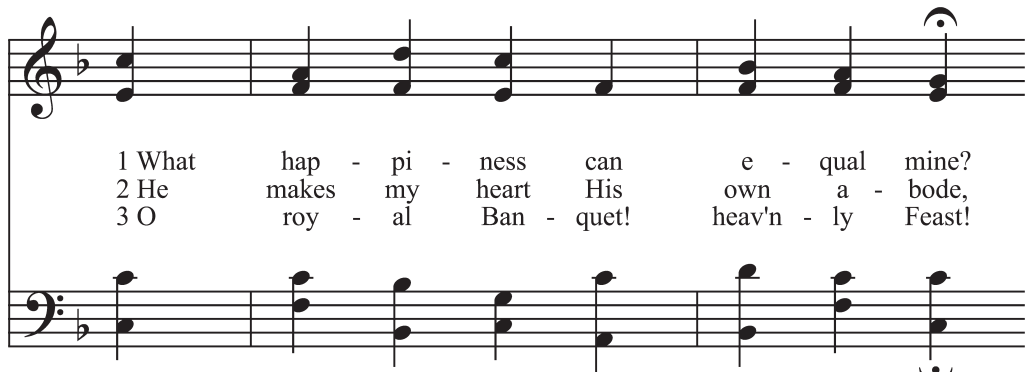
1 What hap - pi - ness can e - qual mine? I've found the ob - ject
 2 He makes my heart his own a - bode, His flesh be - comes my
 3 O roy - al ban - quet! heav'n - ly feast! O flow - ing fount of

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,

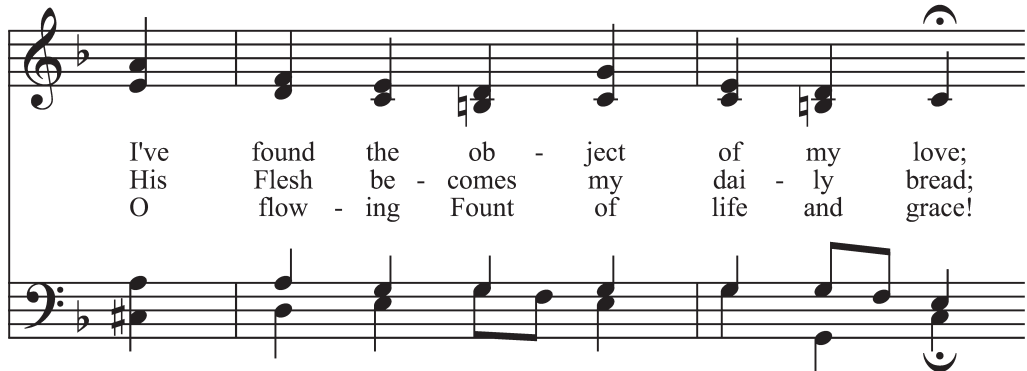
Is come to me from heav'n a - bove.
 And with his life my soul is fed.
 Meet and u - nite in sweet em - brace.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

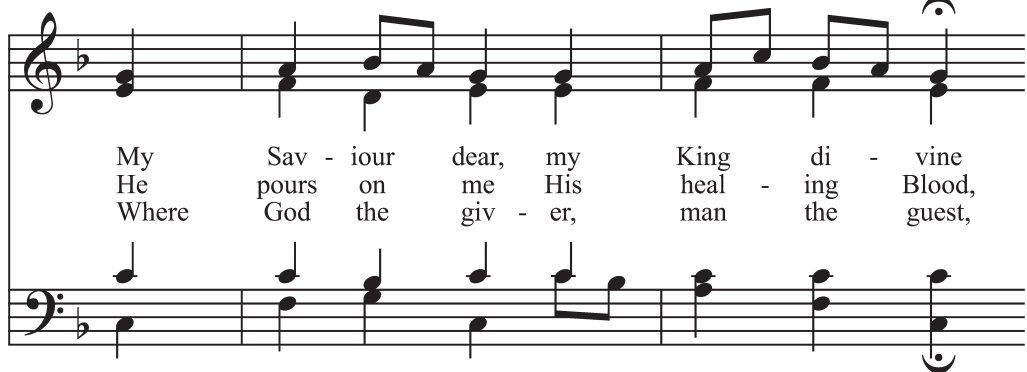
SACRED BANQUET L.M.
REV. F.W. FABER



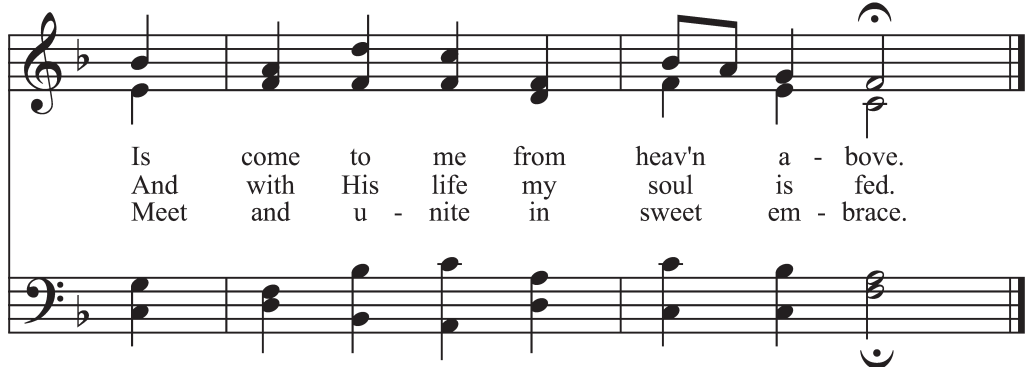
1 What hap - pi - ness can e - qual mine?
2 He makes my heart His own a - bode,
3 O roy - al Ban - quet! heav'n - ly Feast!



I've found the ob - ject of my love;
His Flesh be - comes my dai - ly bread;
O flow - ing Fount of life and grace!



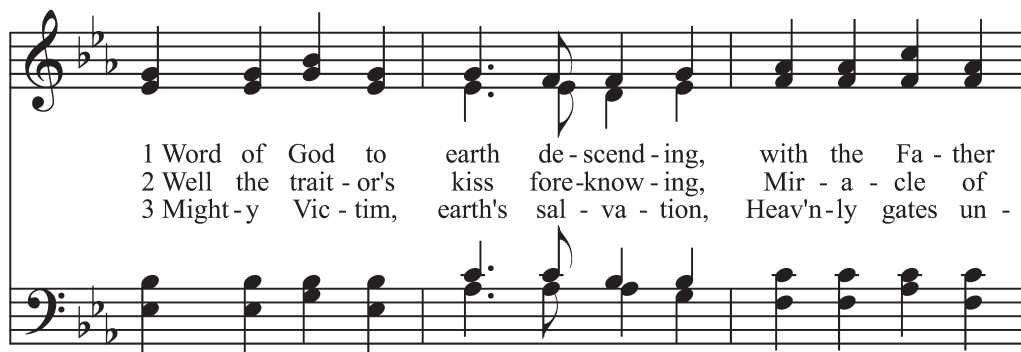
My Sav - iour dear, my King di - vine
He pours on me His heal - ing Blood,
Where God the giv - er, man the guest,



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.

WORD OF GOD

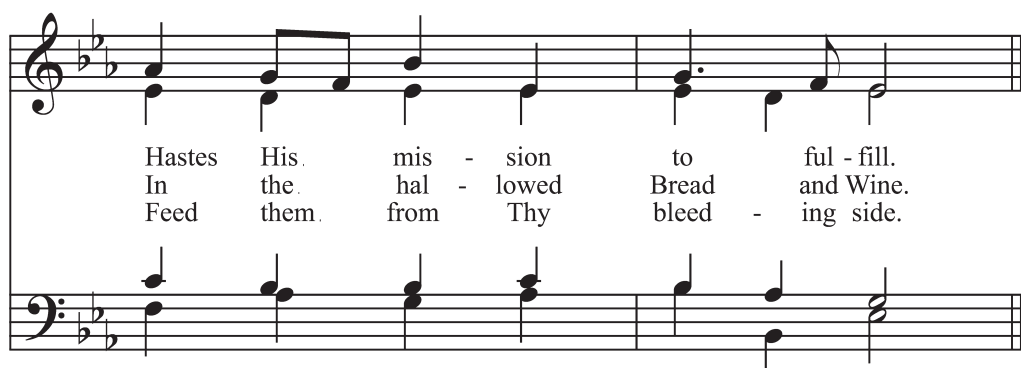
DRAKES BOUGHTON 87. 87. EDWARD ELGAR
CAMPBELL



1 Word of God to earth de-scend-ing, with the Fa-ther
2 Well the trait-or's kiss fore-know-ing, Mir-a-cle of
3 Might-y Vic-tim, earth's sal-va-tion, Heav'n-ly gates un-



pres-ent still, Near His earth-ly jour-ney's end-ing
love di-vine, See His hands him-self be-stow-ing
fold-ing wide, Help The peo-ple in temp-ta-tion,



Hastes His mis-sion to ful-fill.
In the hal-low'd Bread and Wine.
Feed them from Thy bleed-ing side.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. WERNER

O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no

Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

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

Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a. A - men.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. WERNER

O - sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti -
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi -

a Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.
no Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

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

ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

WEBBE



The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are in Latin and English. The first system covers the first two lines of the hymn, the second system covers the next two lines, and the third system covers the final two lines. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic setting of the vocal lines, using a variety of note values including half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

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 -
ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

A. WERNER

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.
sem - pi - ter - na glo - ria. Qui

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

ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no

Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

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

Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

O - sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a
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Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

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

Da ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
No - bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

O sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no

Quae cae - li pan - dis os - ti - um.
Sit sem - pi - ter - na glo - ri - a.

Bel - la pre - munt ho - sti - li - a, Da ro - bur,
Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no No - bis do -

fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
net in pa - tri - a.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

E.A.HEDGECOCK

O - sa - lu - ta - ris Ho - sti - a Quae
U - ni tri - no - que Do - mi - no Sit

cae - li pan - dis os glo - 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 -

ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

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
vit - tam si - ne ter - mi - no No -

ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

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 -

ro - bur, fer aux - i - li - um. A - men.
bis do - net in pa - tri - a.

TANTUM ERGO

TRADITIONAL ARR. MONTANI

Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-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

sup-ple-men-tum Sen-su-um de-fe-ctu-i. A-men.
ab u-tro-que com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.

TANTUM ERGO

MSGR. NEWSHAM

Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - 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

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
ab u - tro - que com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

TANTUM ERGO

ANGELS

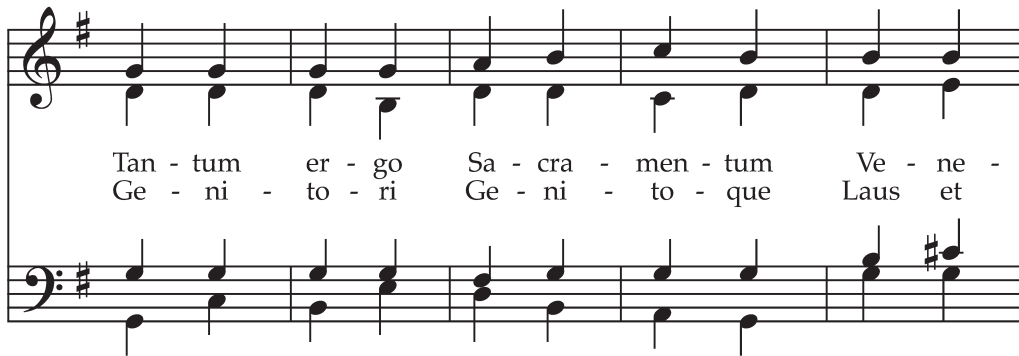
Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur
Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et ju - bi -

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

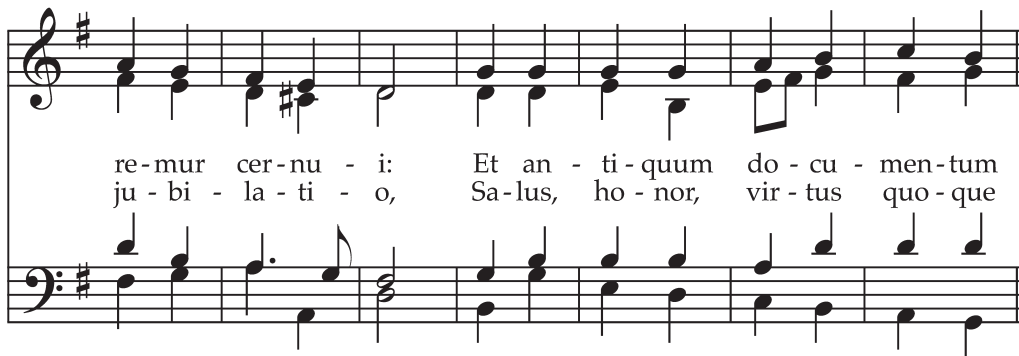
No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i: Prae - stet fi - des
Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o. Pro - ce - den - ti

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
ab u - tro - que com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

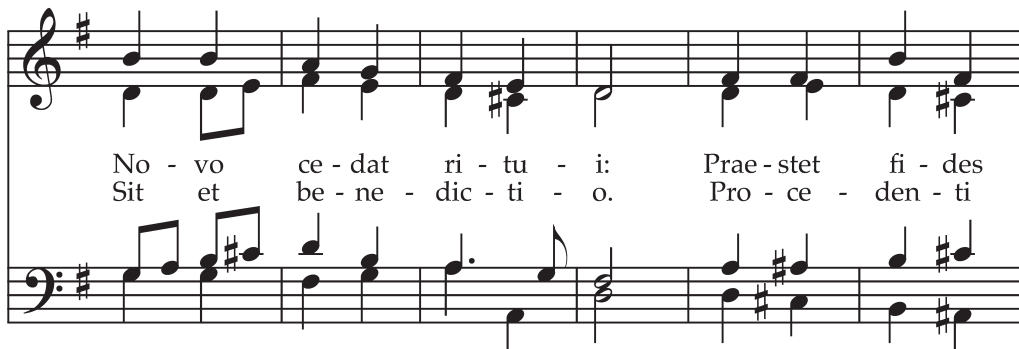
TANTUM ERGO



Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne -
Ge - ni - to - ri Ge - ni - to - que Laus et



re-mur cer-nu - i: Et an - ti-quum do - cu - men-tum
ju - bi - 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



sup-ple - men-tum Sen-su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
ab u - tro-que com-par sit lau - da - ti - o.

TANTUM ERGO

Tan-tum er-go Sa-cra-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 No-vo ce-dat
la-ti-o, Sa-lus, ho-nor, vir-tus quo-que Sit et be-ne-

ri-tu-i: Prae-stet fi-des sup-plemen-tum
dic-ti-o. Pro-ce-den-ti ab-u-tro-que

Sen-su-um de-fe-ctu-i. A-men.
com-par sit lau-da-ti-o.

TANTUM ERGO

GREGORIAN

Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - 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 -

men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
tro - que com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

TANTUM ERGO

A. EDMONDS TOZER

Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - 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

sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fe - ctu - i. A - men.
ab u - tro - que com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN I

Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name! Lord of

all, we bow be - fore Thee! All on

earth Thy scep - tre claim, All in heav'n a -

bove a - dore Thee: In - fi - nite Thy

vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy Name.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME

GERMAN II

Ho - ly God, we praise Thy Name!

Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee! All on

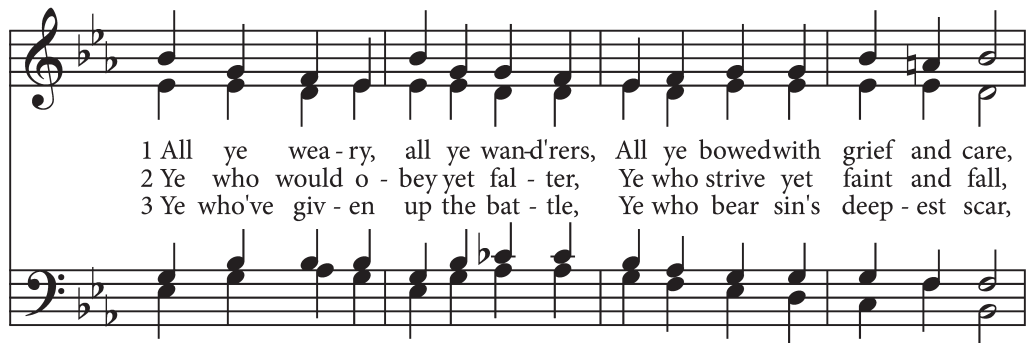
earth Thy scep - tre claim, All in heav'n a -

bove a - dore Thee: In - fi - nite Thy

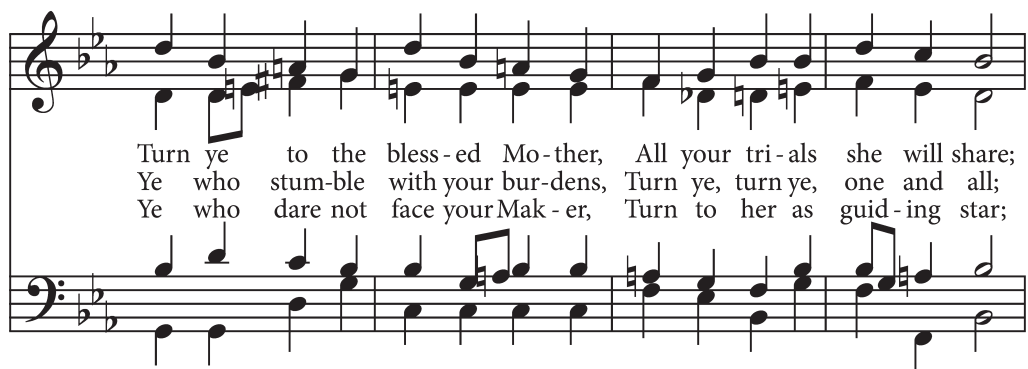
vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy Name.

ALL YE WEARY

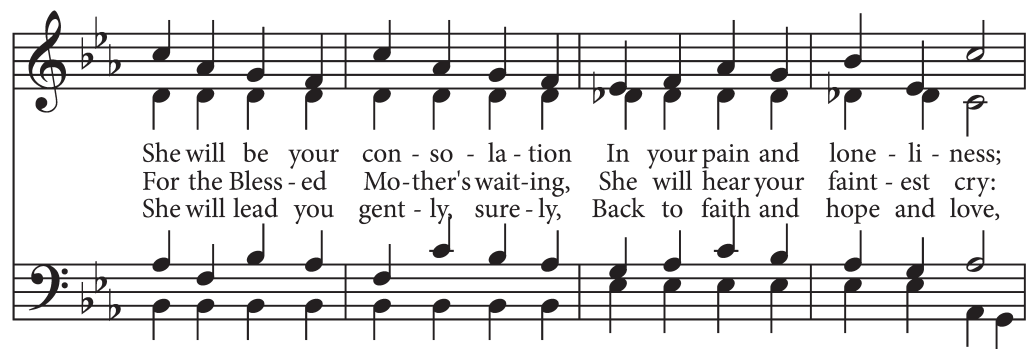
BLESSED MOTHER 8.7.8.7.
B. TOURS



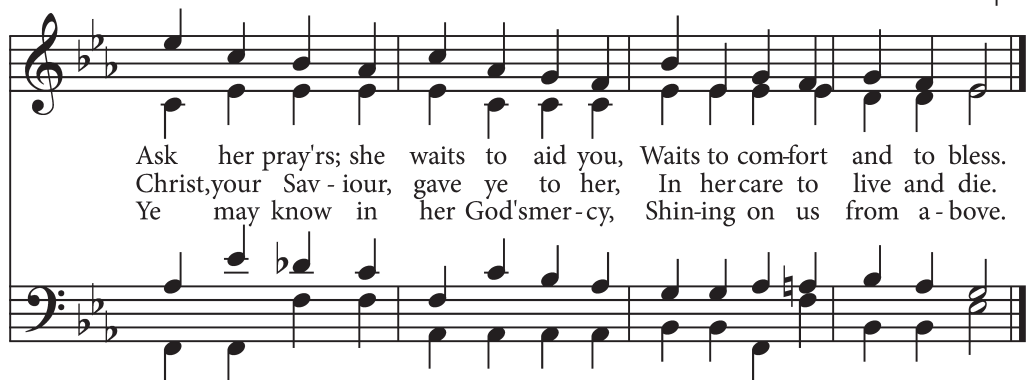
1 All ye wea-ry, all ye wand'ers, All ye bowed with grief and care,
2 Ye who would o - bey yet fal - ter, Ye who strive yet faint and fall,
3 Ye who've giv - en up the bat - tle, Ye who bear sin's deep - est scar,



Turn ye to the bless - ed Mo - ther, All your tri - als she will share;
Ye who stum - ble 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 comfort and to bless.
Christ, your Sav - iour, gave ye to her, In her care to live and die.
Ye may know in her God's mer - cy, Shin - ing on us from a - bove.

AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN

ANON

GERMAN MELODY - LATER KNOWN AS STUTTGART

1 As the dew - y shades of e - ven Gath - er o'er the
2 Ho - ly Mo - ther, near me ho - ver, Free my thoughts from
3 Thine own sin - less heart was bro - ken, Sor - row's sword had

balm - y air, Lis - ten, gen - tle Queen of hea - ven,
aught de - filed, With thy wings of mer - cy co - ver,
pierced its core; Ho - ly Mo - ther, by that to - ken,

lis - ten to sin my ves - per pray'r.
Keep from thy pi - ty help - less child.
Now thy pi - ty I im - plore.

4

Queen of heaven, guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair;
In thy tender bosom, hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

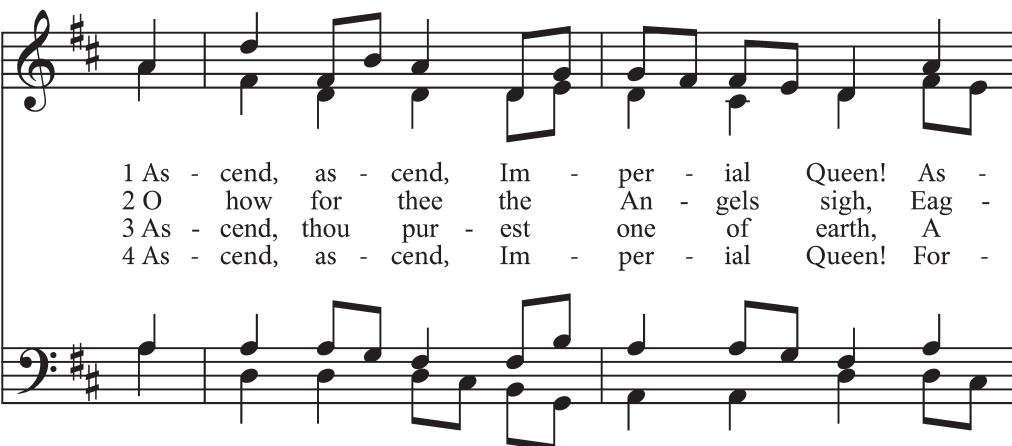
5

Mother of my Infant Savior,
Spouse of God, my plaint, oh hear;
Purest Virgin, gracious Matron,
In temptation's hour be near.

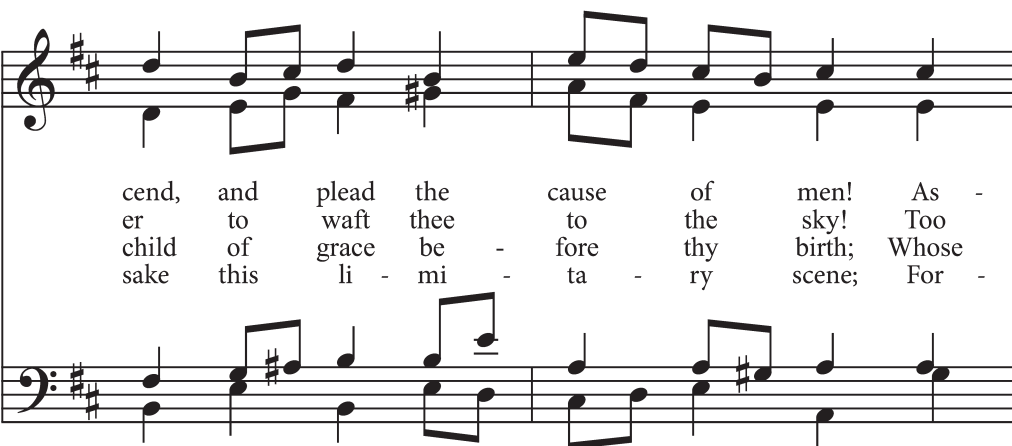
6

From my happy seat in Sion,
Guide me thro' this dark abode,
Smile, oh gently smile upon me,
Tell my sorrows to my God.

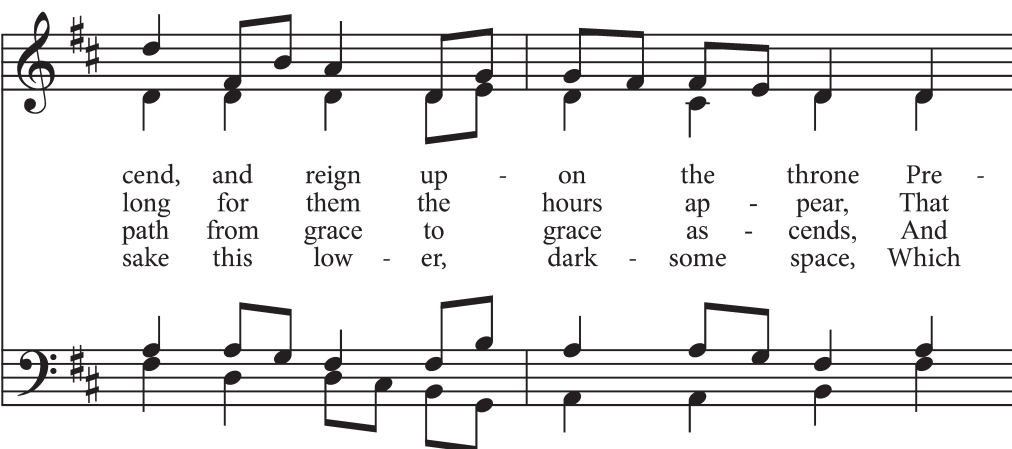
ASCEND. ASCEND, IMPERIAL QUEEN



1 As - cend, as - cend, Im - per - ial Queen! As -
 2 O how for thee the An - gels sigh, Eag -
 3 As - cend, thou pur - est one of earth, A
 4 As - cend, as - cend, Im - per - ial Queen! For -



cend, and plead the cause of men! As -
 er to waft thee to the sky! Too
 child of grace be - fore thy birth; Whose
 sake this li - mi - 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 as - cends, 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 A - ve Ma - ri - a! Thou Vir - gin and MO - ther,
2 A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall - ing,
3 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy chil - dren are kneel - ing,
4 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy arms are ex - tend - ing,

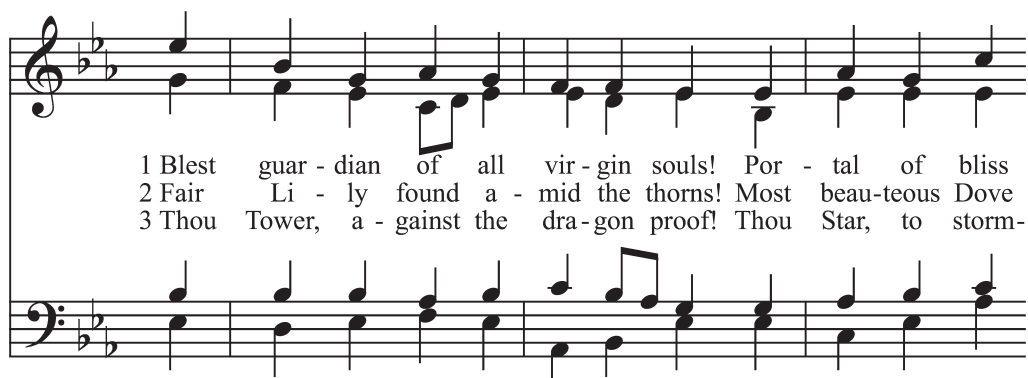
Fond - ly thy chil - dren are call - ing to thee;
Soft - ly our voic - es a - rise un - to thee!
Words of en - dear - ment are whis - pered to thee;
Glad - ly with - in them for shel - ter we flee;

Thine are the grac - es, un - claimed by an - oth - er,
Earth's lon - ely ex - iles for suc - cor are call - ing,
Soft - ly thy spi - rit up - on us is steal - ing,
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lone - ly ones bend - ing,

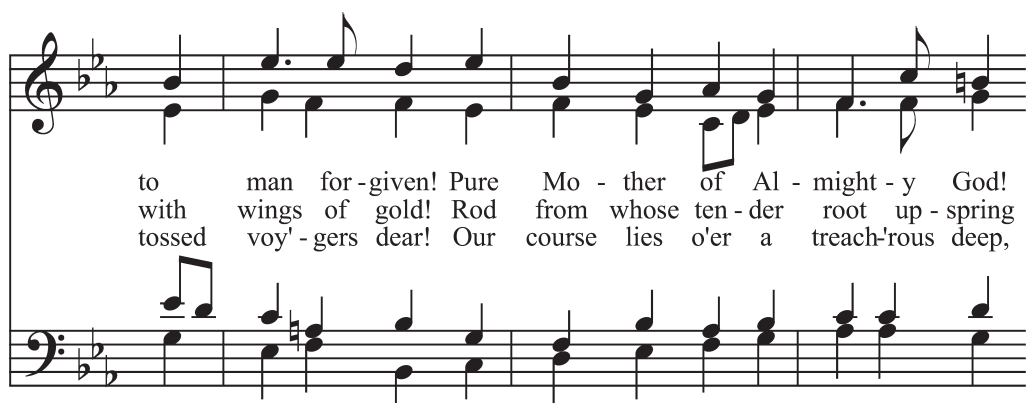
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful, Star of the Sea.
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful. Star of the Sea.
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful, Star of the Sea.
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful, Star of the Sea.

BLEST GUARDIAN OF ALL VIRGIN SOULS

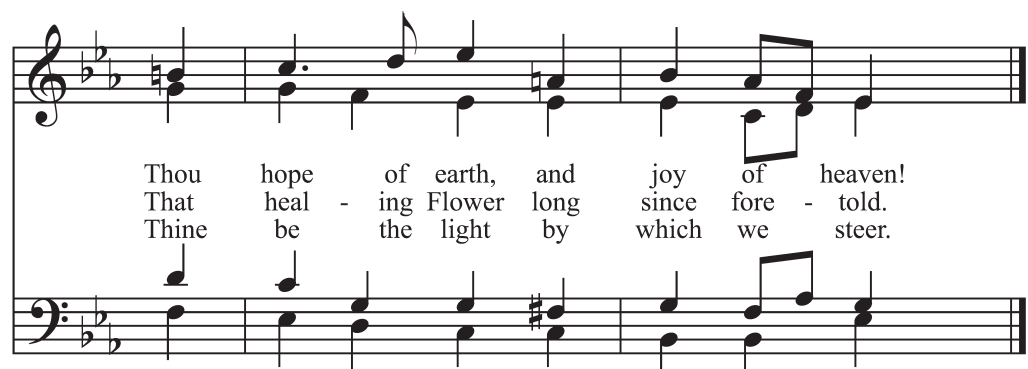
H.FARMER, SJ



1 Blest guar - dian of all vir - gin souls! Por - tal of bliss
2 Fair Li - ly found a - mid the thorns! Most beau-teous Dove
3 Thou Tower, a - gainst the dra-gon proof! Thou Star, to storm-



to man for-given! Pure Mo - ther of Al - might - y God!
with wings of gold! Rod from whose ten - der root up - spring
tossed voy' - gers dear! Our course lies o'er a treach'rous deep,



Thou hope of earth, and joy of heaven!
That heal - ing Flower long since fore - told.
Thine be the light by which we steer.

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

CROWNING HYMN - MARY E. WALSH

1 Bring flowers of the ra-rest, bring flowers of the fair-est, From
2 Our voice - es as - cend-ing, in har - mo - ny blend-ing, Oh!
3 O Vir - gin most ten-der, our hom - age we ren - der, Thy

gar - den and wood - land and hill - side and vale; Our
thus may our hearts turn, dear Mo - ther, to thee; Oh!
love and pro - tec - tion, sweet Mo - ther, to win; In

full hearts are swell - ing, our glad voice - es tell - ing The
thus shall we prove thee how tru - ly I love thee, How
dan - ger de - fend us, in sor - row be - friend us, As

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.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight staves. The first four staves contain the vocal parts and lyrics for the first three verses. The last four staves contain the vocal parts and lyrics for the final verse. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear harmonic structure. The lyrics are written in a traditional hymn style, with hyphens used for syllables that span across notes.

O Ma - ry! we crown thee with blos-soms to - day

Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the May, O

Ma - ry we crown thee with blos - soms to - day,

Queen of the Ang - els, Queen of the May.

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST

CROWNING HYMN - MARY E. WALSH

1 Bring flowers of the ra - rest, bring flowers of the
2 Our voic - es as - cend - ing, in har - mo - ny
3 O Vir - gin most ten - der, our hom - age we

fair - est, From gar - den and wood - land and hill - side and
blend - ing, Oh! thus may our hearts turn, dear Mo - ther, to
ren - der, Thy love and pro - tec - tion, sweet Mo - ther, to

vale; Our full hearts are swell - ing, our glad voic - es tell - ing The
thee; Oh! thus shall we prove thee how tru - ly I love thee, How
win; In dan - ger de - fend us, in sor - row be - friend us, As

praise of the love - li - est Rose of the dale.
dark with - out Ma - ry, life's jour - ney would be.
pore as the lil - ies we lay at your feet.

O Ma - ry! we crown thee with blos - soms to -

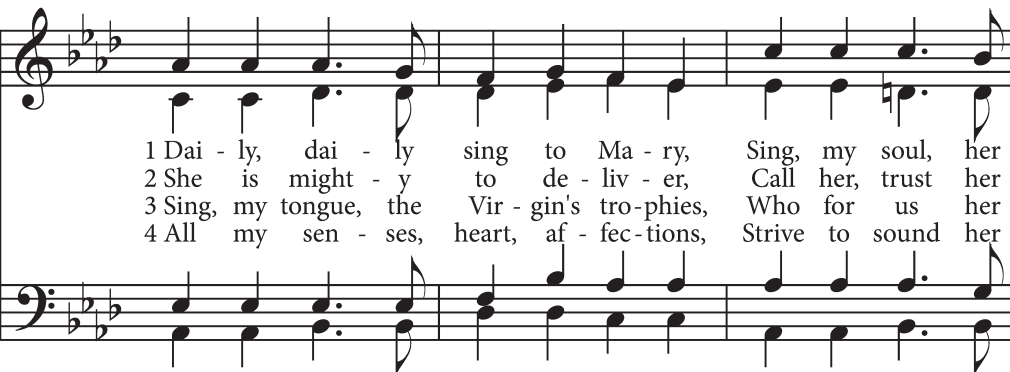
day Queen of the An - gels, Queen of the

May, O Ma - ry we crown thee with blos - soms to - day,

Queen of the Ang - els, Queen of the May/

DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

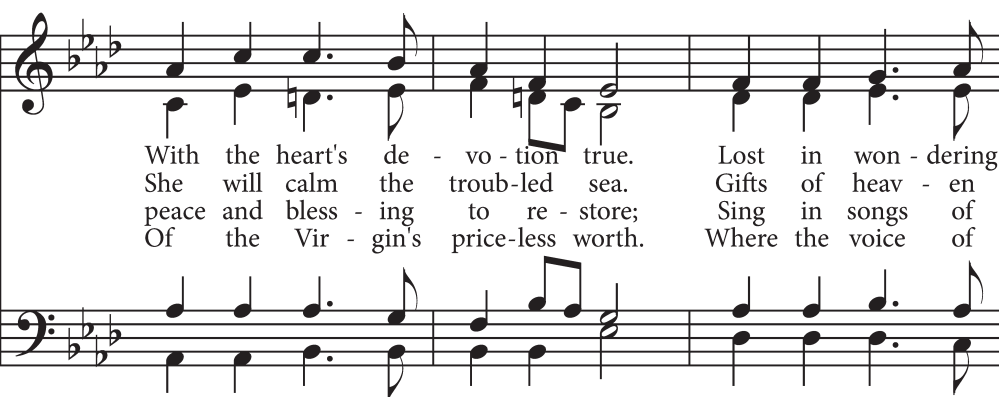
OMNI DIE DIC MARIAE - TRANS. HENRY BITTLESON
NICOLA A. MONTANI



1 Dai - ly, dai - ly sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my soul, her
2 She is might - y to de - liv - er, Call her, trust her
3 Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro-phies, Who for us her
4 All my sen - ses, heart, af - fec-tions, Strive to sound her



prais - es due; All her feasts, her ac - tions wor - ship
lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest ra - ges round thee,
Mak - er bore; For the curse of old in - flict - ed,
glo - ry forth: Spread a - broad the sweet me - mor - ials



With the heart's de - vo - tion true. Lost in won - dering
She will calm the troub - led sea. Gifts of heav - en
peace and bless - ing to re - store; Sing in songs of
Of the Vir - gin's price-less worth. Where the voice of



con - tem - pla - tion, Be her maj - es - ty con - fest;
she has giv - en, No - ble La - dy, to our race:
praise un - end - ing, Sing the world's ma - jes - tic Queen;
mu - sic thrill - ing, Where the tongue of e - lo - quence,

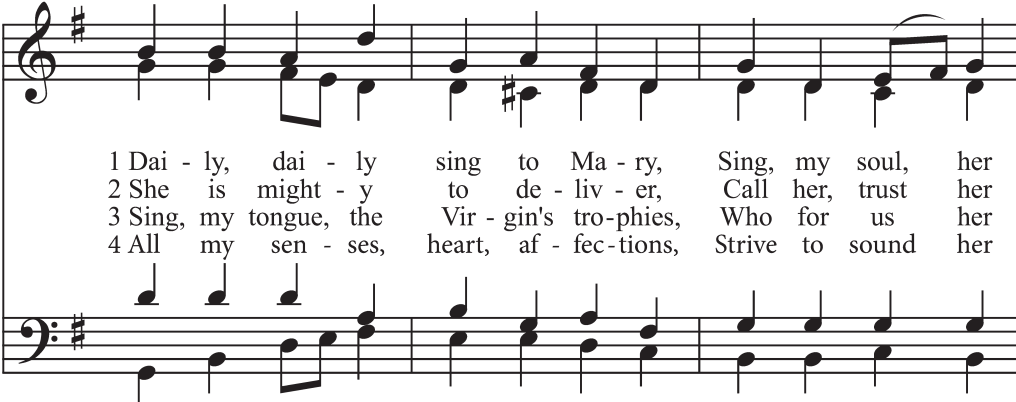
Call her Moth - er, call her Vir - gin,
 She the Queen, who decks her sub - jects
 Wear - y not, nor faint in tell - ing
 That can ut - ter hymns be - seem - ing

Hap - py Moth - er Vir - gin blest. Call her Moth - er,
 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 match - less ex - cel - lence. That can ut - ter

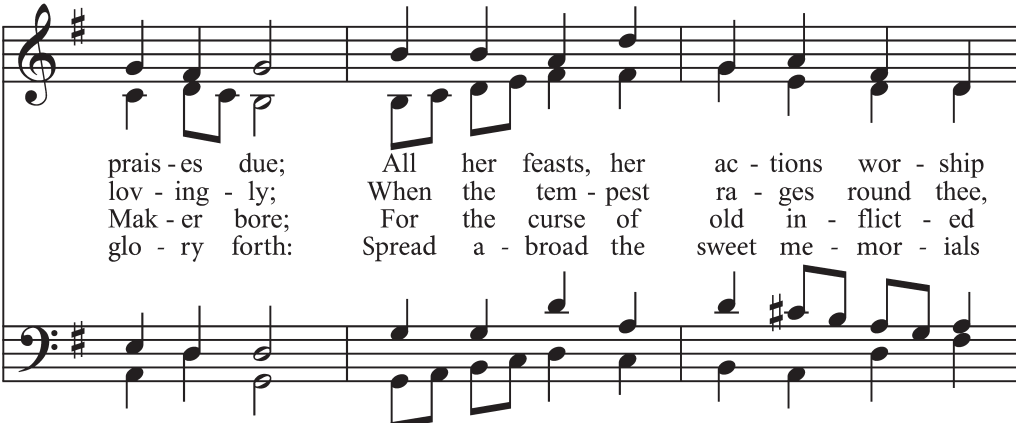
call her Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er Vir - gin blest.
 decks her sub - jects With the light of God's own grace.
 faint in tell - ing All the gifts she gives to men.
 hymns be - seem - ing, All her match - less ex - cel - lence.

DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

ALTE CATHOLISCHE KIRCHGESÄNG, TRIER 1695



1 Dai - ly, dai - ly sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my soul, her
 2 She is might - y to de - liv - er, Call her, trust her
 3 Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro-phies, Who for us her
 4 All my sen - ses, heart, af - fec-tions, Strive to sound her



prais - es due; All her feasts, her ac - tions wor - ship
 lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest ra - ges round thee,
 Mak - er bore; For the curse of old in - flict - ed
 glo - ry forth: Spread a - broad the sweet me - mor - ials



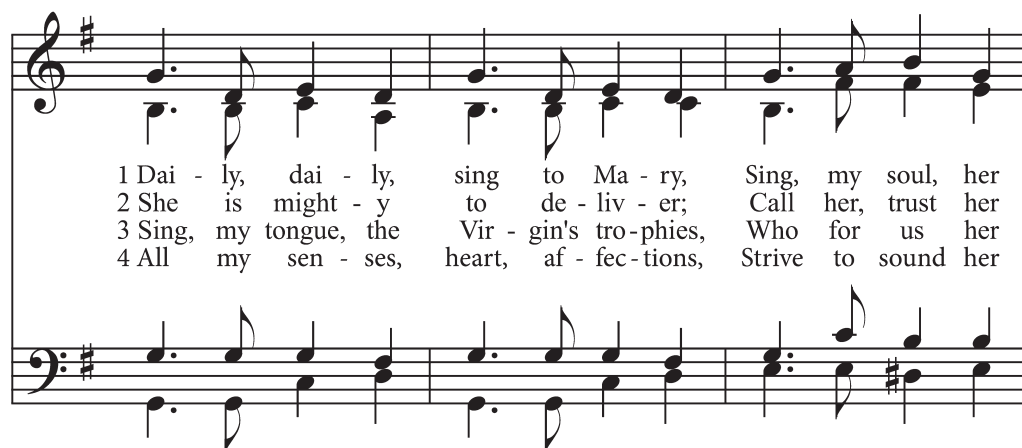
With the heart's de - vo - tion true.
 She will calm the troub - led sea.
 peace and bless - ing to re - store;
 Of the Vir - gin's price - less worth.

Lost in won - dering con - tem - pla - tion, Be her
 Gifts of heav - en she has giv - en, No - ble
 Sing in songs of praise un - end - ing, Sing the
 Where the voice of mu - sic thrill - ing, Where the

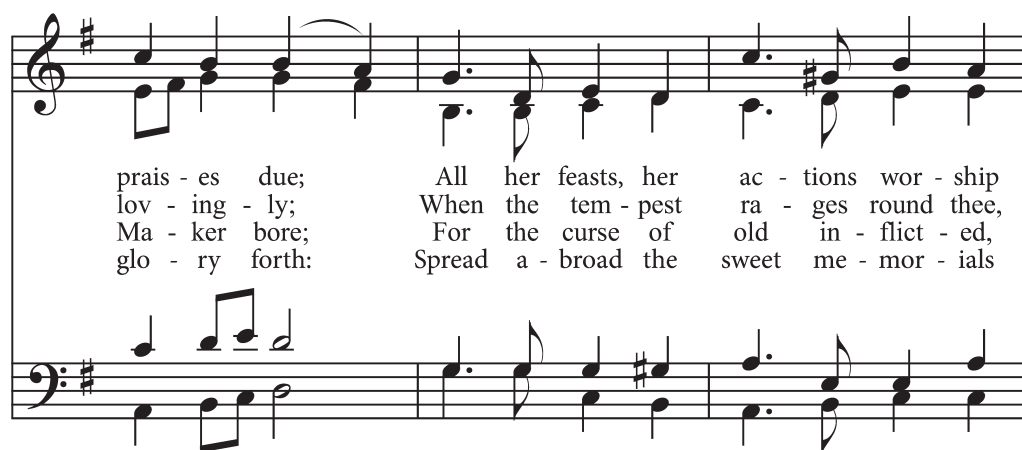
maj - es - ty con - fest; Call her Moth - er,
 La - dy, to our race: She the Queen, who
 world's ma - jes - tic Queen; Wear - y not, nor
 tongue of e - lo - quence, That can ut - ter

call her Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er Vir - gin 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 - cel - lence?

DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY



1 Dai - ly, dai - ly, sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my soul, her
 2 She is might - y to de - liv - er; Call her, trust her
 3 Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro - phies, Who for us her
 4 All my sen - ses, heart, af - fec - tions, Strive to sound her



prais - es due; All her feasts, her ac - tions wor - ship
 lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest ra - ges round thee,
 Ma - ker bore; For the curse of old in - flict - ed,
 glo - ry forth: Spread a - broad the sweet me - mor - ials



With the heart's de - vo - tion true. Lost in won - dering
 She will calm the troub - led sea. Gifts of heav - en
 Peace and bless - ing to re - store; Sing in songs of
 Of the Vir - gin's price - less worth. Where the voice of

con - tem - pla - tion, Be her maj - es -
 she has giv - en, No - ble La - dy,
 praise un - end - ing, Sing the worlds ma -
 mu - sic thrill - ing, Where the tongue of

ty con - fest; Call her Mo - ther, call her Vir - gin,
 to our race: She the Queen who decks her sub - jects
 jes - tic Queen; Wear - y not, nor faint in tell - ing
 e - lo - quence, That can ut - ter hymns be - seem - ing

Hap - py Moth - er, Vir - gin blest.
 With the light of God's own race.
 All the gifts she gives to men.
 All her match - less ex - cel - lence?

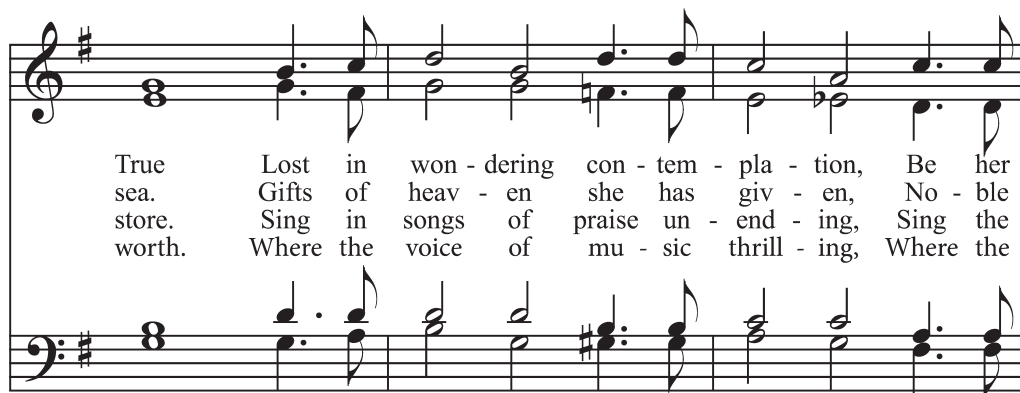
DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Dai - ly, dai - ly, sing to Ma - ry, Sing, my
2 She is might - y to de - liv - er; Call her,
3 Sing, my tongue, the Vir - gin's tro - phies, Who for
4 All my sen - ses, heart, af - fec - tions, Strive to

soul, her prais - es due; All her feasts, her ac - tions
trust her lov - ing - ly; When the tem - pest ra - ges
us her Ma - ker bore; For the curse of old in -
sound her glo - ry forth: Spread a - broad the sweet me -

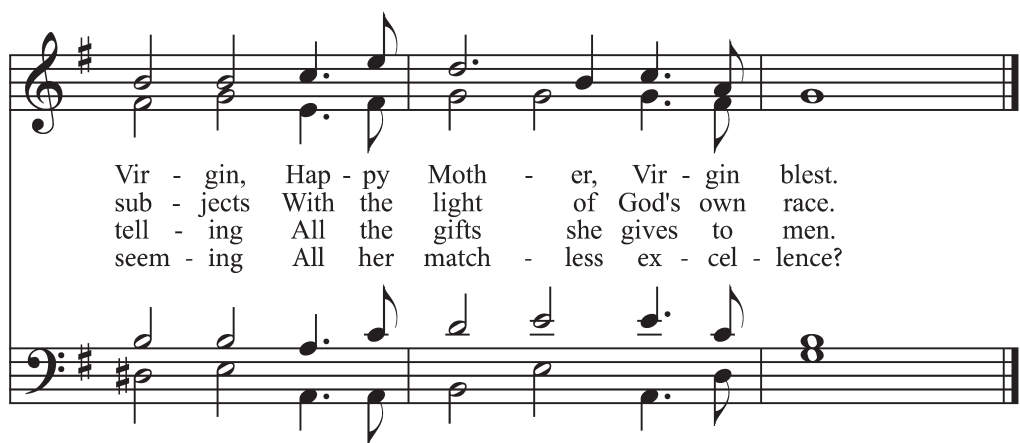
wor - ship thee, With the heart's de - vo - tion
round thee, She will calm the troub - led
flict - ed, Peace and bless - ing to re -
mor - ials Of the Vir - gin's price - less



True sea. store. worth. Lost in Gifts of heav - en won - dering she has giv - en, con - tem - pla - tion, Be her
Sing in songs of praise un - end - ing, No - ble
Where the voice of mu - sic thrill - ing, Sing the



maj - es - ty con - fest; Call her Mo - ther, call her
La - dy, to our race; She the Queen who decks her
worlds ma - jes - tic Queen; Wear - y not, nor faint in
tongue of e - lo - quence, That can ut - ter hymns be -



Vir - gin, Hap - py Moth - er, Vir - gin blest.
sub - jects With the light of God's own race.
tell - ing All the gifts she gives to men.
seem - ing All her match - less ex - cel - lence?

DEAR MARY FAIR AND TENDER

C. MAYLAND

1 Dear Ma - ry fair and ten - der, O Moth - er sweet and
 2 With trust and hope in - spir - ing All gath - er round thy
 3 O Vir - gin pure and ho - ly, Ful - fill the prom - ised
 4 And when the hour is near - ing Of sure ap - proach - ing

mild, To thee our love we ren - der, And
 throne; From thee thy grace im - plor - ing, And
 word; And in thy place of glo - ry, May
 death, Oh let us, with - out fear - ing, Ex -

hom - age un - de - filed. To thee our love is
 from thy bless - ed Son. Deep faith from thee we
 all our prayers be heard. Con - tin - ual suc - cor
 hale our dy - ing breath: Hast led us through pro -

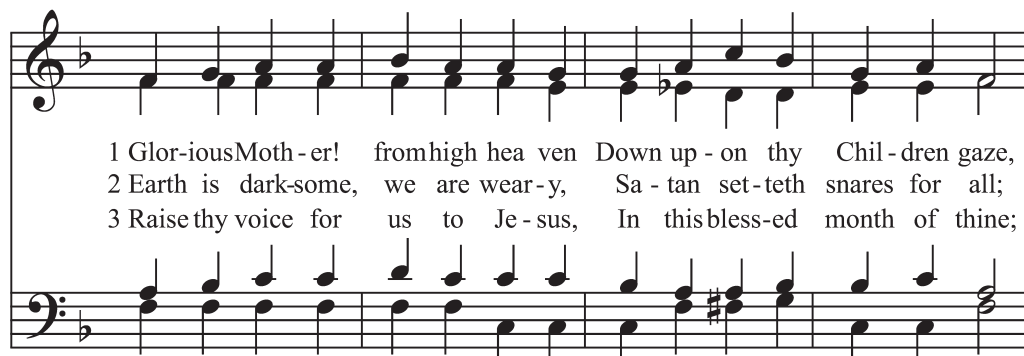
plight - ed, Our sould with thee u - nit - ed;
 bor - row, In ev - ery woe and sor - row;
 lend - ing And bless - ings to us send - ing;
 ba - tion, Through thee we'll gain sal - va - tion.

www.TheCatholicHymnal.com

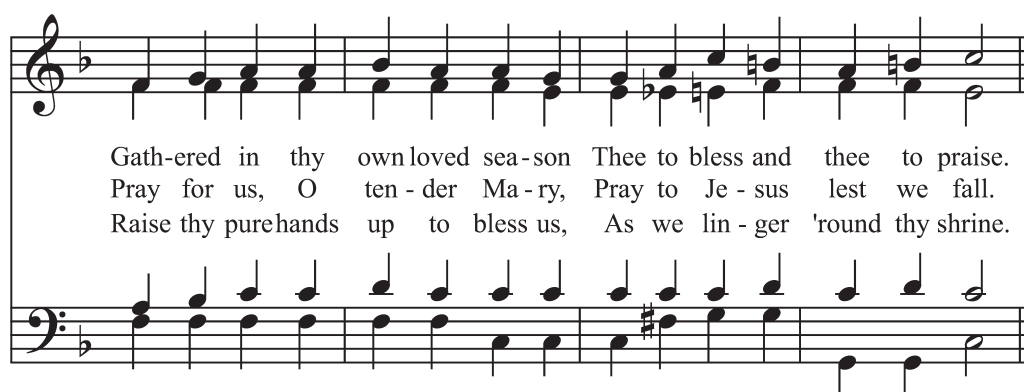
GLORIOUS MOTHER!

QUEEN OF HEAVEN 8.7.8.7.D

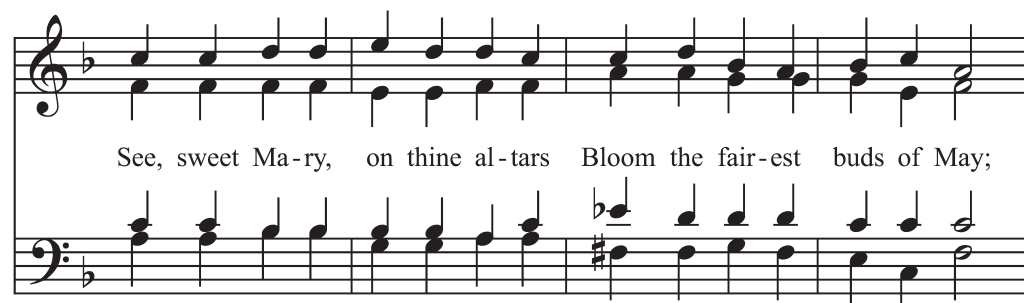
LE JEUNE



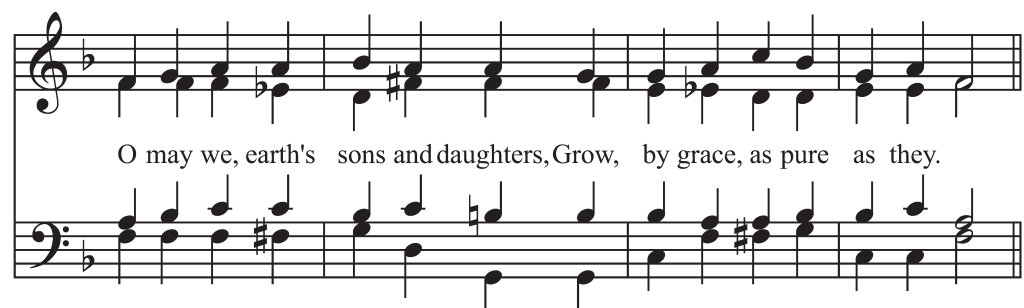
1 Glor-iousMoth-er! fromhigh hea ven Down up - on thy Chil-dren gaze,
2 Earth is dark-some, we are wear-y, Sa - tan set-teth snares for all;
3 Raise thy voice for us to Je - sus, In this bless-ed month of thine;



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 purehands 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 o - cean, God's own Moth-er blest,
2 Vir - gin all ex - cell - ing, Mild - est of the mild,

Ev - er sin - less Vir - gin, Guide to peace and
Freed from guilt, pre - serve us, Meek and un - de -

rest! Break the cap - tive's fet - ters
filed; Keep our life all spot - less,

Light on blind-ness pour, All our ills ex - pell - ing
Make our way se - cure, Till we find in Je - sus

Ev - 'ry bliss im - plore. Joy for ev - er - more. Show thy - self a moth - er;
Thro the high - est hea - ven

May the Word Di - vine, Born for us thine and
To th'Al - migh - ty Three, Fa - ther, Son and

In - fant, Hear our pray'rs through Thine.
Spir - it, One same glo - ry 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 -
 2 The cause of joy to all be - low, O Ma -
 3 O gen - tle, lov - ing, ho - ly one, 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,

O Ma - ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye
 O Ma - ri - a. An - gels, all your
 O Ma - ri - a. Tri - umph, all ye

Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim,
 prais - es bring, earth and heav - en, with us sing,
 Cher - u - bim, Sing with us, ye Ser - a - phim,

Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn: Sal - ve,
 All cre - a - tion ech - o - ing: Sal - ve,
 Heav'n and earth re - sound the hymn: Sal - ve,

Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.
 Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.
 Sal - ve, Sal - ve, Re - gi - na.

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 -
 Moth - er of our Lord, Thy sa - cred name ad -

scend - ent, Thou light - est all our way, Reign
 veal - ing, Though oft a - far we roam, Like
 dress - ing, Our joy - ful songs we raise, Thy

glor - ious and re - splend - ent, In
 bells of even - ing peal - ing, Thy
 Pray'rs for - ev - er bless - ing, We

realms of voice end - less day,
 sweet thy calls us home.
 sing thy cease - less praise.

HAIL, MARY FULL OF GRACE

NICOLA A. MONTANI

Hail, Ma - ry, full of grace; the Lord is -

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

with thee: blessed art thou a-mongst wom - en, and

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

bless - ed is the fruit of thy womb, Je -

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the second system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Slower

sus. Ho - ly Ma - ry, Moth - er of God,

pray for us sin - ners, now, and

at the hour of our death. A - men.

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 con -
 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 Par - a - dise the bliss - ful
 And make a - mends for E - va's
 Each ill re - move, each bliss im -
 Who for our sake be - came hy -
 Keep us, oh! keep us meek and
 With Christ's e - ter - nal vi - sion
 And Thee, O Spi - rit, Three in

door; Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 fall, Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 plore; Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 Son; Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 pure; Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 blest; Hail, Ma - ry, Hail!
 One! One glo - ry be!

HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

1 Hail, Queen of heav'n, the o - cean
 2 O Vir - gin to, chaste, O spot - less
 3 And while to Him Who reigns a -

star. Our Guide so gen - tle here be -
 Maid, We sin - ners make our in pray'rs through
 bove, In God - head One, in Per - sons

low, From this life's surge we beg thy
 thee; Re - mind of thy Son that He has
 Three, We of - fer hymns of praise and

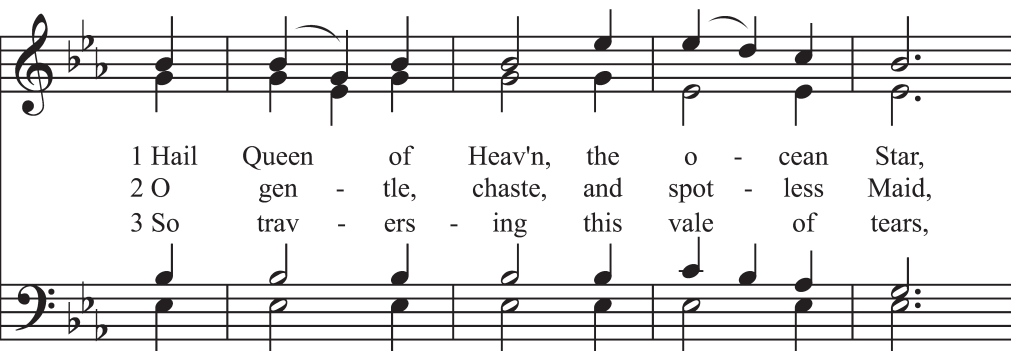
care: Save us from per - il and from
 paid The price of our - il and i - from
 love, With heart con - trite and bend - ed

woe. Moth - er of Christ, Star of the
 ty. Vir - gin most pure, Star of the
 knee; Do thou, great Queen, Star of the

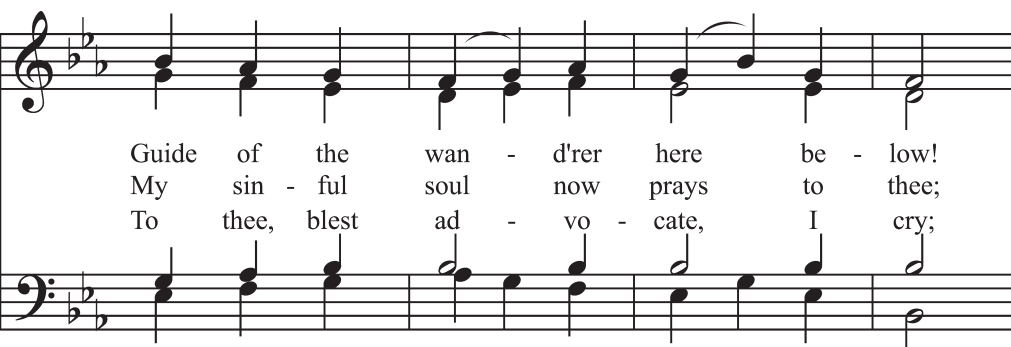
sea, Pray for the wan - d'rer, pray for me!
 sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me!
 sea, Pray for thy chil - dren, pray for me!

HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

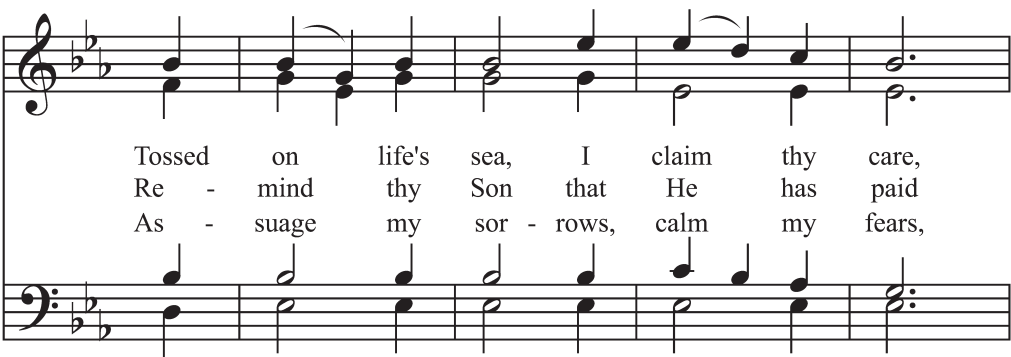
ENGLISH AIR



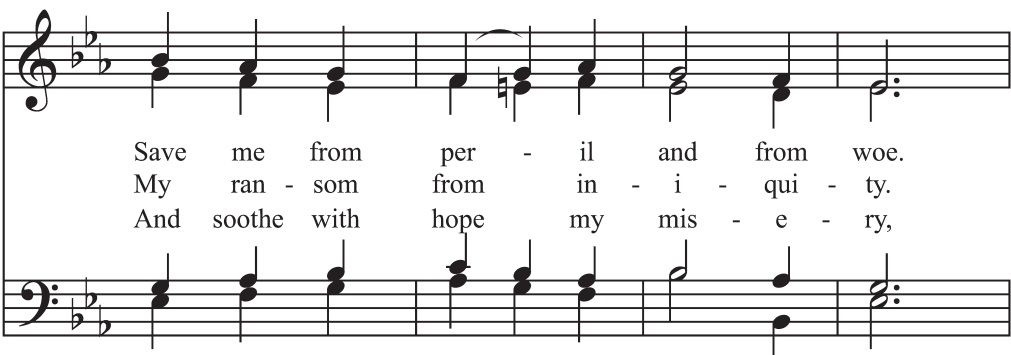
1 Hail Queen of Heav'n, the o - cean Star,
2 O gen - tle, chaste, and spot - less Maid,
3 So trav - ers - ing this vale of tears,



Guide of the wan - d'rer here be - low!
My sin - ful soul now prays to thee;
To thee, blest ad - vo - cate, I cry;



Tossed on life's sea, I claim thy care,
Re - mind thy Son that He has paid
As - suage my sor - rows, calm my fears,



Save me from per - il and from woe.
My ran - som from in - i - qui - ty.
And soothe with hope my mis - e - ry,

Moth - er of Christ, Star of the sea,
 Vir - gin most pure, Star of the sea,
 Re - fuge in grief, Star of the sea,

Pray for the wan - d'rer pray for me.
 Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me.
 Pray for the mourn - er, pray for me.

HAIL, QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS

1 Hail, Queen of the heavens! Hail, Mis - tress of
 2 Hail, Moth - er most pure! Hail, Vir - gin re -
 3 O Moth - er of mer - cy! O Star of the
 4 These prais - es and prayers We lay at thy

earth! Hail, Vir - gin most pure, Of im -
 nown'd! Hail, Queen with the stars, As a -
 wave! O hope of the, guil - ty! O
 feet, O Vir - gin of Vir - gins! O

mac - u - late birth! Clear star of the
 di - a - dem crown'd! A - bove all the
 light of the grave! Through thee may we
 Ma - ry 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 o - cean, Por - tal of the
 2 Oh! by Ga - briel's A - ve, Ut - tered long a -
 3 Break the cap - tive's fet - ters, Light on blind - ness

sky, Ev - er Vir - gin Moth - er, Of the Lord most
 go, E - va's name re - ver - sing, Stab - lish peace be -
 pour, All our ills ex - pell - ing, Ev - ry bliss im -

high. E - vi - va Ma - ri - a, E -
 low. plore.

vi - va, E - vi - va, E - vi - va Ma - ri - a, 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

8

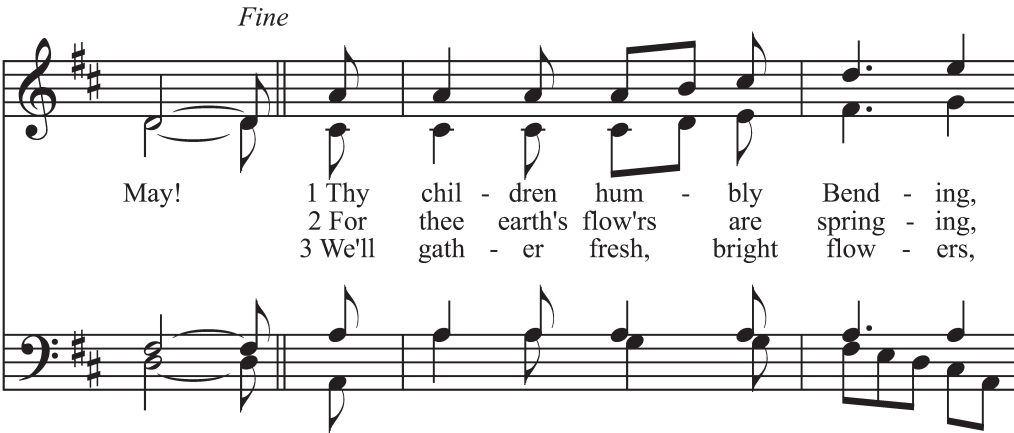


Hail, Vir-gin, dear - est Ma - ry, O gen-tle Queen of May!



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

Fine



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,

Sur - round thy shrine so fair,
In beau - teous form and hue;
To bind our fair Queen's brow;

with heart and voice as - cend - ing:
For thee and all na - ture's bring - ing;
From gay and ver - dant bow - ers;

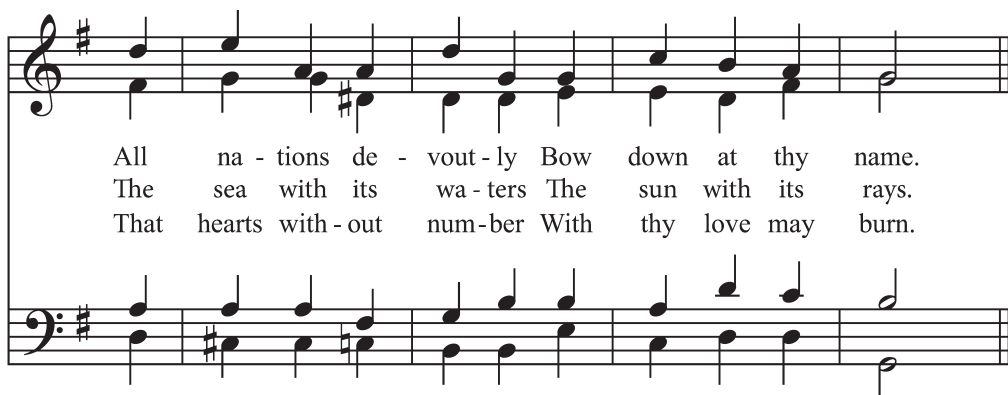
Sweet Ma - ry hear their pray'r.
Her sweet - est charms to view.
We haste to crown thee now.

HAIL, VIRGIN OF VIRGINS!

1 Hail, Vir - gin of vir - gins! Thy prais - es we sing,
 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;
 The Mir - ror of Jus - tice, The Hand-maid of God.
 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.



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

CHERUBBIM 75.75.77.46
JOSEPH MOHR

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

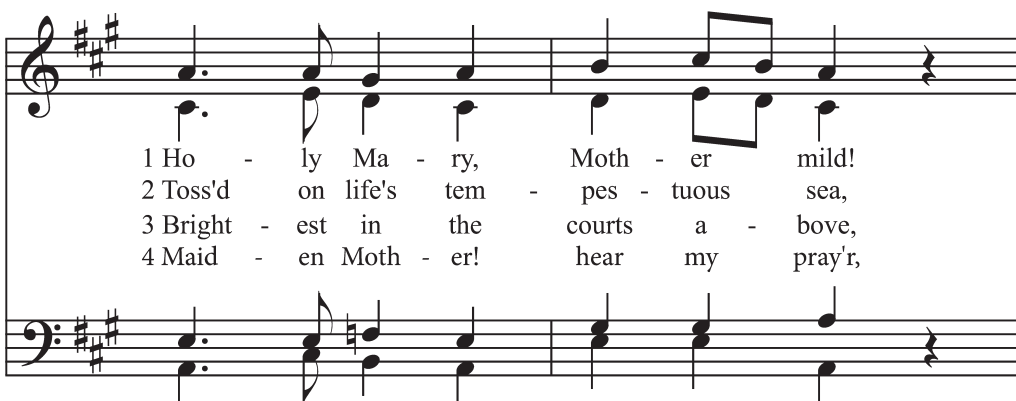
Hear O hear thy fee - ble Child, O sweet, sweet Moth - er!
Cast thy ten - der eyes on me, O sweet, sweet Moth - er!
Joy of an - gels, Queen of love, O sweet, sweet Moth - er!
Aid us with thy lov - ing care, O sweet, sweet Moth - er!

O ex - ult, ye Cher - u - bim! And re-joice, ye Ser - a - phim!

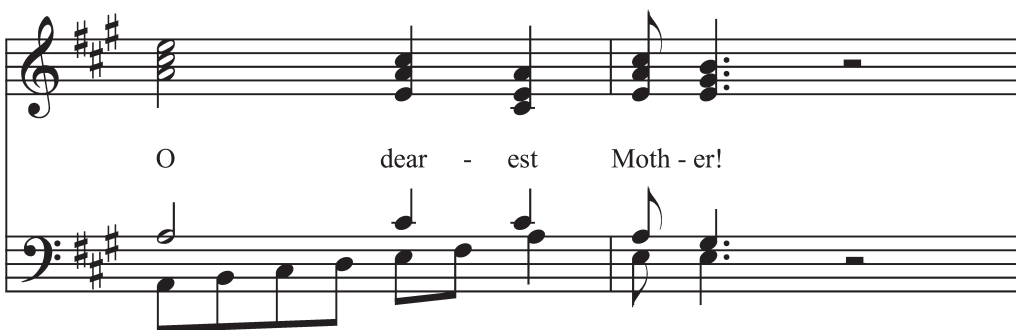
Praise her! Praise her! Praise our spot-less Moth - er.

HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD

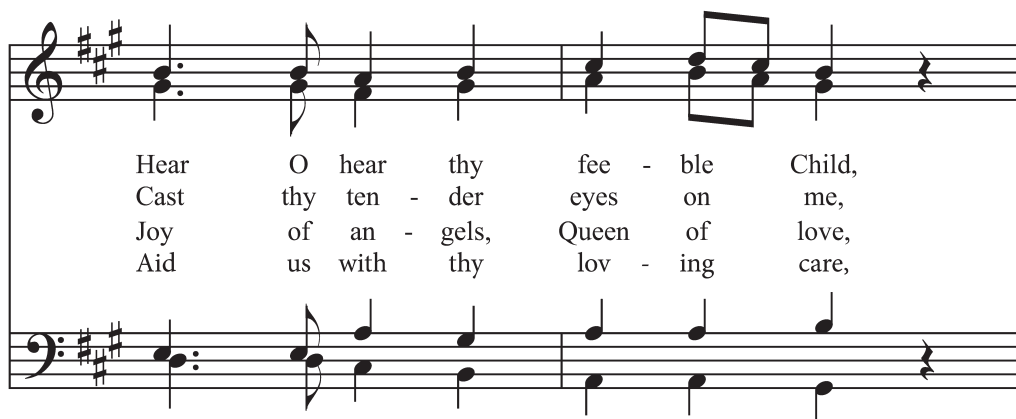
W. DRESSLER



1 Ho - ly Ma - ry, Moth - er mild!
 2 Toss'd on life's tem - pes - tuous sea,
 3 Bright - est in the courts a - bove,
 4 Maid - en Moth - er! hear my pray'r,



O dear - est Moth - er!



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

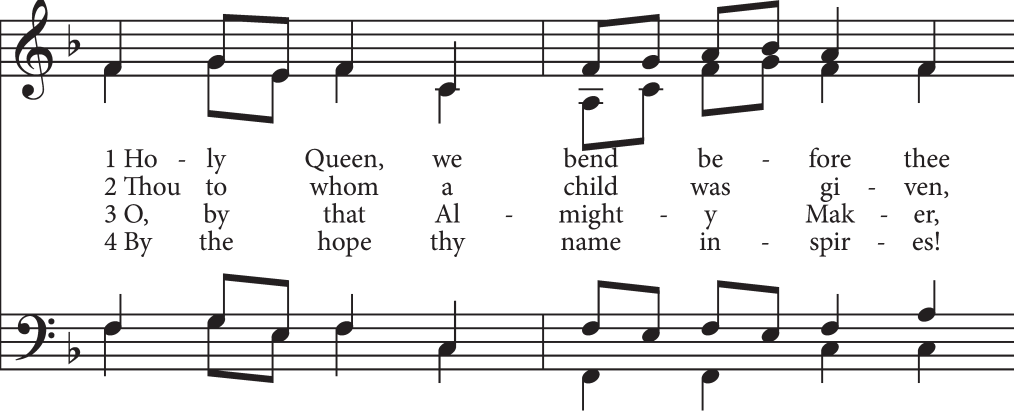
O sweet, sweet Moth - er!

O ex - ult, ye Cher - u - bim!

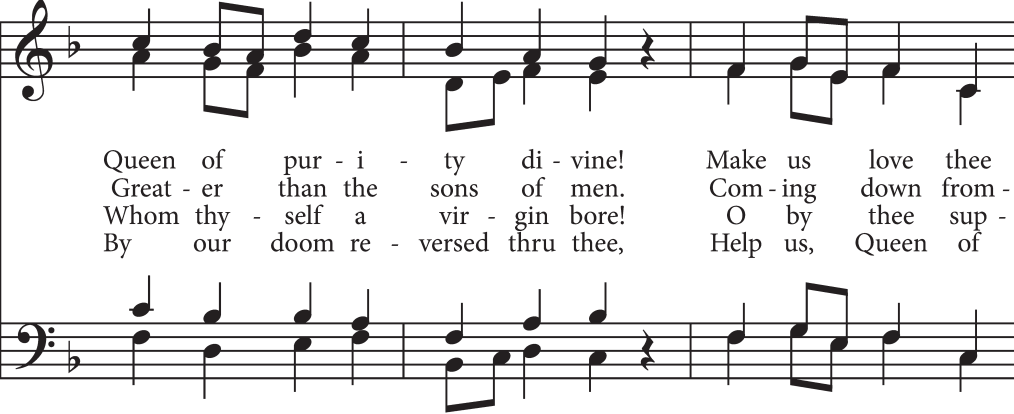
And re-joice, ye Ser - a - phim! Praise her!

Praise her! O Praise our spot - less Moth-er!

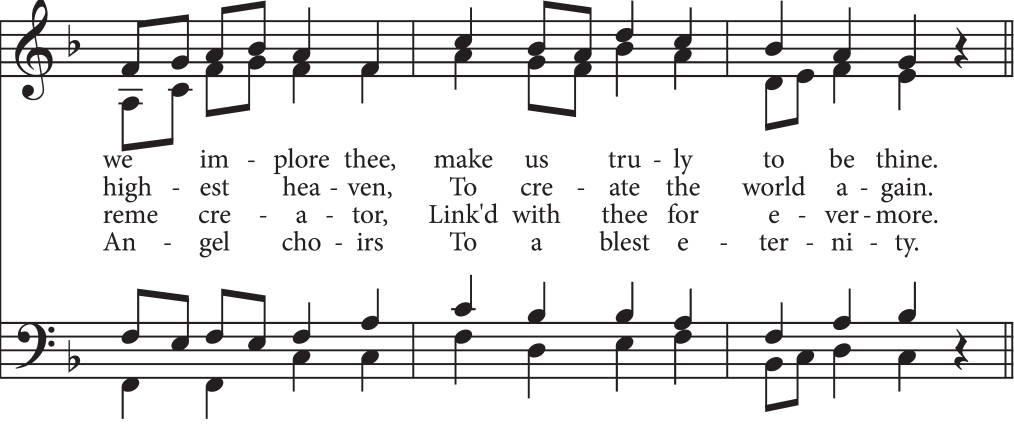
HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE



1 Ho - ly Queen, we bend be - fore thee
 2 Thou to whom a child was gi - ven,
 3 O, by that Al - might - y Mak - er,
 4 By the hope thy name in - spir - es!



Queen of pur - i - ty di - vine! Make us love thee
 Great - er than the sons of men. Com - ing down from -
 Whom thy - self a vir - gin bore! O by thee sup -
 By our doom re - versed thru thee, Help us, Queen of



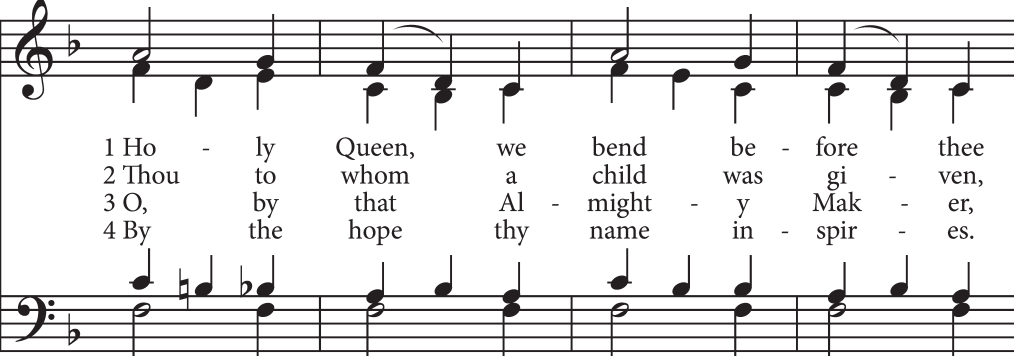
we im - plore thee, make us tru - ly to be thine.
 high - est hea - ven, To cre - ate the world a - gain.
 reme cre - a - tor, Link'd with thee for e - ver - more.
 An - gel cho - irs To a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

Teach, oh teach us, ho - ly Moth-er, How to con - quer

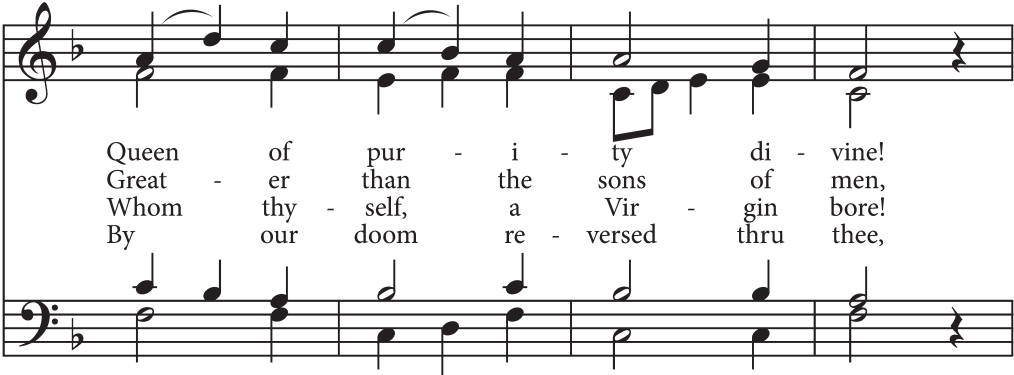
ev - ry sin. How to love and help each oth - er,

How the prize of life to win.

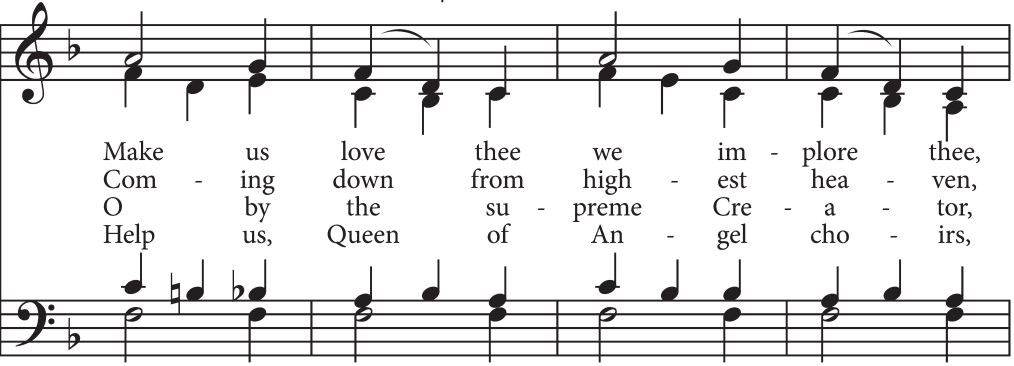
HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE



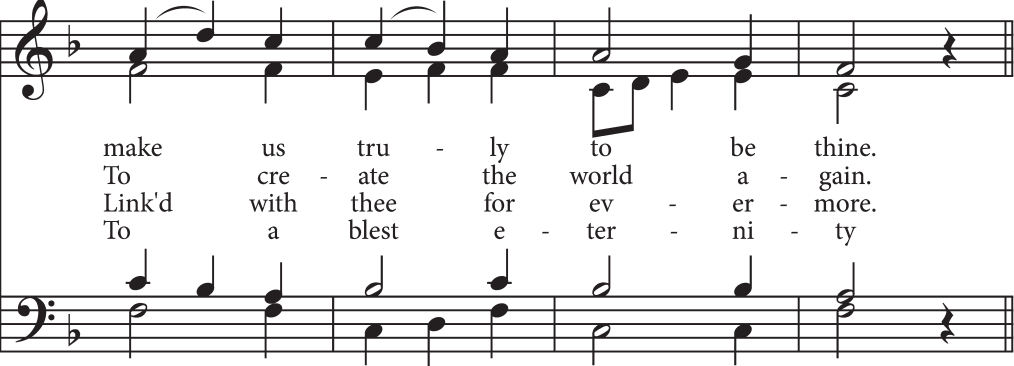
1 Ho - ly Queen, we bend be - fore thee
 2 Thou to whom a child was gi - ven,
 3 O, by that Al - might y Mak - er,
 4 By the hope thy name in - spir - es.



Queen of pur - i - ty di - vine!
 Great - er than the sons of men,
 Whom thy self, the a Vir - gin bore!
 By our doom a re - versed thru thee,



Make us love thee we im - plore thee,
 Com - ing down from high - est hea - ven,
 O Help by the Queen su - preme Cre - a - tor,
 Help us, of An - gel cho - irs,



make us tru - ly to be thine.
 To Link'd cre - ate the world a - gain.
 To with a thee for ev - er - more.
 To a blest e - ter - ni - ty

Teach, oh teach us, ho - ly Moth - er,

How to con - quer e - v'ry sin.

How to love and help each o - ther,

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 bless - ed day
 3 Be still, ye clouds of Heav'n!
 4 "Hail, Ma - ry!" in - fant lips
 5 "Hail, Ma - ry!" many a heart
 6 "Hail, Ma - ry!" lo, it rings

The snow drops shine, O bring a
 She knelt at pray'r; When lo! be -
 Be si - lent, Earth! And hear an
 Lisp it to - day; "Hail Ma - ry!"
 Bowed down with grief, In that an -
 Through ag - es on; "Hail Ma - ry!"

gar - land bright For Ma - ry's shrine.
 fore her shone An an - gel fair.
 an - gel tell Of Je - sus' birth.
 many a heart Bowed down with grief.
 gel - ic prayer Has found re - lief.
 it shall sound Till time is done.

I'LL SING A HYMN TO MARY

TRADITIONAL

1 I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The Moth - er of my
2 O no - ble Tow'r of Da - vid, Of gold and i - vo -
3 But in the crown of Ma - ry There lies a won-drous

God, The Vir - gin of all vir - gins, Of
ry, The ark of God's own pro - mise The
gem, As Queen of all the an - gels, Which

Da - vid's roy - al blood. To teach me ho - ly
gate of heav'n to me, To live and not to
Ma - ry shares with them, No sin hath e'er de -

Ma - ry A lov - ing 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 PEARSALL

1 I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The
2 O no - ble Tow'r of Da - vid, Of
3 But in the crown of Ma - ry There

Moth - er of my God, The Vir - gin of all
gold and i - vo - ry, The ark of God's own
lies a won - drous gem, As Queen of all the

vir - gins, Of Da - vids roy - al blood.
pro - mise The gate of heav'n to me,
an - gels, Which Ma - ry shares with them,

To teach me ho - ly Ma - ry A lov - ing
 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 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 Im - ma - cu - late Ma - ry! Our hearts are on fire; That
2 We pray for God's glo - ry, May His king-dom come; We
3 We pray for our Moth-er, The Church up - on earth, And

ti - tle so won-drous Fills all our de - sire!
pray for His Vi - car, Our Fa - ther in Rome.
bless, sweet - est La - dy, The land of our birth.

A - ve, A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - a!

A - ve, A - ve, Ma - ri - - - a!

LIKE THE DAWNING OF THE MORNING

CONSECRATION 87.87.D.

JOSEPH MOHR

1 Like the dawn-ing of the morn-ing On the moun-tain's
2 Thou wast hap-py bless-ed Moth-er, With the ver-y
3 Thou hast wait-ed, child of Da-vid, And thy wait-ing

gold-en heights, like the break-ing of the moon-beams,
bliss of heav'n, Since the an-gel's sal-u-ta-tion
now is o'er; Thou hast seen Him, bless-ed Moth-er,

On the gloom of cloud-y nights, Like a se-cret
In the rap-tur'd ear was giv'n; Since the A-ve
And wilt see Him ev-er-more. Oh, His hu-man

told by an - gels Get - ting known up - on the earth,
of that mid-night, When thou wast a - noint - ed Queen,
Face and Fea - tures, They were pass - ing sweet to see;

Is the Moth - er's ex - pec - ta - tion
Like a riv - er o - ver - flow - ing
Thou be - hold - est them this mo - ment;

Of Mes - si - ah's speed - y birth.
Hath the er, grace with - in thee been.
Moth - er, show them now to me.

LIKE THE VOICELESS STARLIGHT

A. EDMONDS TOZER

1 Like the voice - less star - light fall - ing
 2 Like the scents of count - less blos - soms
 3 They are pre - senc - es and fore - tastes
 4 They are won - drous thoughts of Je - sus,
 5 Oh, it is as if some frag - ments

Through the dark - ness of the night,
 That are tremb - ling in the air,
 Of some name - less heav'n - ly things,
 They are pre - sen - ces of God,
 Of the gol - den calms of heav'n,

Like the si - lent dew - drops form - ing
 Like the breaths of gums that per - fume
 From the gol - den throne of Ma - ry
 Giv - ing zest to wear - y sad - ness,
 By the mer - cy of our Fa - ther,

In the cold moon's cloud-less light;
 San-dy de-ser'ts bleak and bare,
 Waft-ed down to us on wings;
 Or strange sweet-ness to the rod,
 In-to Ma-ry's hands were giv'n,

So there come to hearts in sor-row
 Are our La-dy's cease-less an-swers
 Yet they come to none but mourn-ers,
 Fill-ing full of hea-v'nly sun-beams
 But to earth were on-ly fall-ing

Ma-ry's an-gels dear and bright.
 To af-flic-tion's low-ly prayer.
 To the hearts that sor-row wrings.
 Sor-row's dark and lone a-bode.
 up-on hearts with sor-row riv'n.

LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY

J. RICHARDSON

1 Look down, O Mother Ma - ry, From thy bright throne a - bove;
 2 See how un-grate-ful sin-ners We stand be - fore thy Son;
 3 O Ma - ry, dear-est Moth-er, If thou wouldst have us live,

Cast down up - on thy chil - dren One on-ly glance of love.
 His lov - ing Heart re - proach-es The ev-il we have done.
 Say that we are thy chil - dren, And Je-sus will for - give.

And if a heart so ten - der with pi-ty flows not o'er,
 But if thou wilt ap - pease Him, Speak for us but one word;
 Our sins make us un - worth - y That ti-tle still to bear,

Then turn a - way, O Moth - er, And look on us no more.
 Thy pleading can ob - tain us The par-don of our Lord.
 But thou art still our Moth - er, Then show a moth-er's care.

Fine

D.C. al Fine

MAIDEN MOTHER, MEEK AND MILD

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 77.77.5
SENS

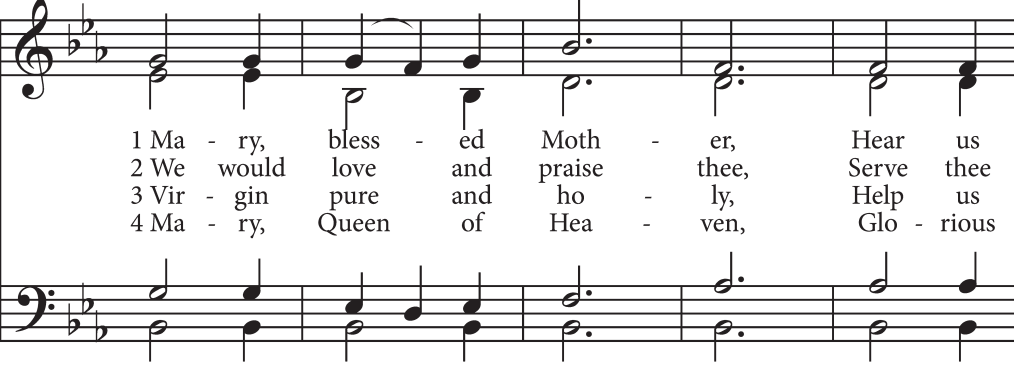
1 Maid - en Moth - er, meek and mild, Take, oh take me
2 Teach me, when the sun - beam bright Calls me with its
3 Teach me al - so thru the day Oft to praise my

for Thy child, All my life, oh let it be,
gol - den 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 Je - sus and to thee, The Vir - gin Ma - ry.
Guard, oh, guard Thy faith - ful child! The Vir - gin Ma - ry.

MARY, BLESSED MOTHER

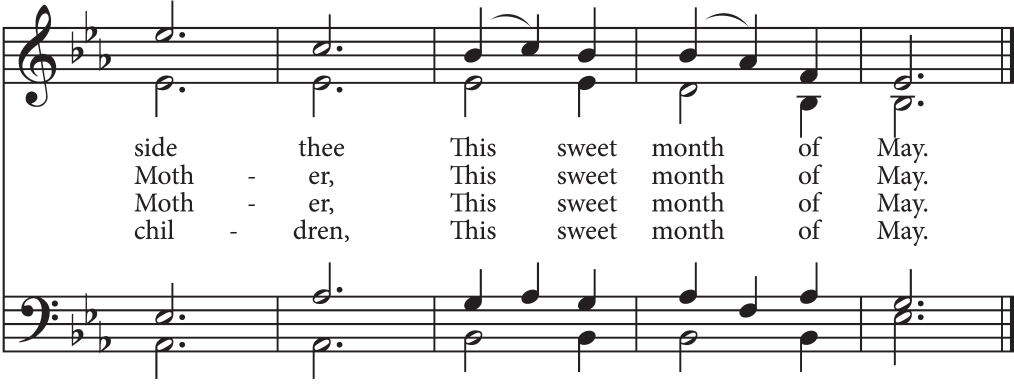
BUD 6.5.6.5.
KREUTZER



1 Ma - ry, bless - ed Moth - er, Hear us
2 We would love and praise thee, Serve thee
3 Vir - gin pure and ho - ly, Help us
4 Ma - ry, Queen of Hea - ven, Glo - rious



while we pray, Keep us close be -
night and day, Ten - der Ma - ry
find the way day, Best Guide to please thee,
as the day, Guide and bless thy



side thee This sweet month of May.
Moth - er, This sweet month of May.
Moth - er, This sweet month of May.
chil - dren, This sweet month of May.

MARY, FAIR AND PURE AND HUMBLE

IMMACULATE 8.7.8.7.
C.A.BERNARD

1 Ma - ry, fair and pure and hum - ble, Of all creat - ures
2 Ev - er - more to be His tem - ple, And the Ho - ly
3 By the hon - or thus ac - cord - ed, By thy in - no -
4 Scarred are we by deep trans - gres - sion, Wear - y of the
5 Praise the Fa - ther, earth and Hea - ven, Praise the Son, the

hon - ored most, Sin - less thou from thy con - cep - tion,
Child to bear, Ev - er - more to feel His pres - ence,
cence di - vine, Hear our pray'rs, O Vir - gin Moth - er,
world's vain toys, Thy pure pray'rs, O ho - ly Moth - er,
Spi - rit praise, As it was and is be giv - en

Touched by God the Ho - ly 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

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes three verses of lyrics. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system continues the lyrics. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

1 Ma - ry, Moth - er, Queen of Heav'n, Ra - diant as the morn - ing,
2 Hail our Moth - er and our Queen, who has brought us glad - ness,
3 Ma - ry, who with Christ thy son, suf - fered in our sin - ning,

Bring we fair - est flow'rs to - day For thy shrine's a - dorn - ing;
In this hap - py month of May Ba - nished all our sad - ness;
We would give our hearts to thee a new life be - gin - ning,

Now thy chil - dren hymn thy praise, Pledg - ing all their treas - ure
All the beau - ties of the spring, Now ac - claim thy splen - dor,
In this glo - rious time of May, Rich and poor and low - ly,

To the Queen, whose grace di - vine Pass - eth hu - man meas - ure.
Birds and trees and flow'rs and fields Would their ho - mage ren - der.
Kneel be - fore our Vir - gin Queen, Mo - ther high and ho - ly.

MARY. QUEEN OF LOVE AND LIGHT

HERBERT 7.7.7.7.7.7.

G.LISSANT

1 Ma - ry, Queen of love and light, Christ's own gift to
2 Grant thy help to all who need, Make us true in
3 Ma - ry, Moth - er, Queen con - fest, Thou of wom - en

cheer our night, Thou thy chil - dren nev - er
word and deed, Those who sor - row, give them
art most blest, Crowned by Christ in Heav'n a -

fail, Our de - fence when wrongs pre - vail, Ma - ry,
rest, So - lace be to those op - prest,
bove, Still vouch - safe to us thy love,

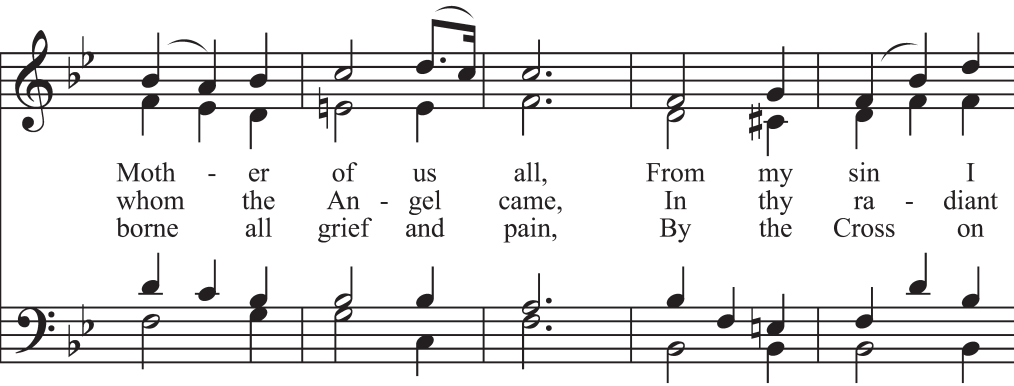
Moth - er, hear our pray'r. Ev - er shield us with thy care.

MARY, UNTO THEE I CALL

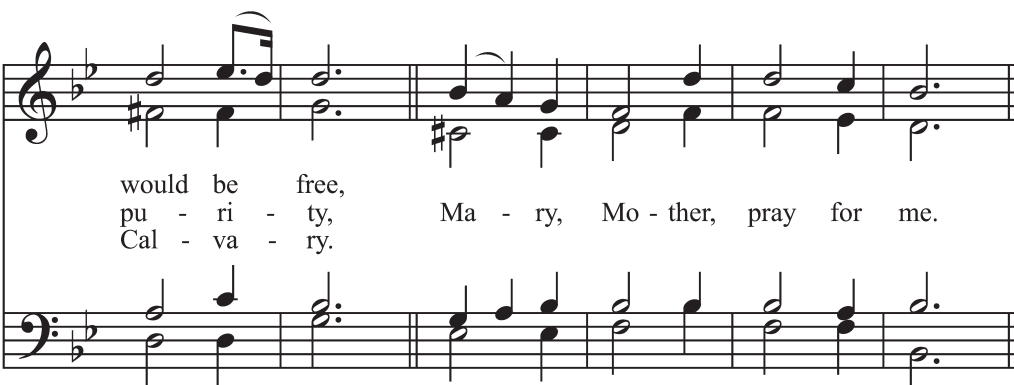
MERCY 7.7.7.7.
L. GOTTSCHALK



1 Ma - ry, un - to thee I call, Vir - gin
2 Bowed 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 An - gel came, In thy ra - diant
borne all grief and pain, By the Cross on



would be free,
pu - ri - ty, Ma - ry, Mo - ther, pray for me.
Cal - va - ry.

4
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 died my soul to free,
Mary, Mother, pray for me.

MATER AMABILIS

Ma-ter A - ma-bi-lis, O - ra pro no-bis, Pray for thy chil-dren-who

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign (F#) in the third measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

call u - pon thee, A - ve Sanc - tis - si-ma,

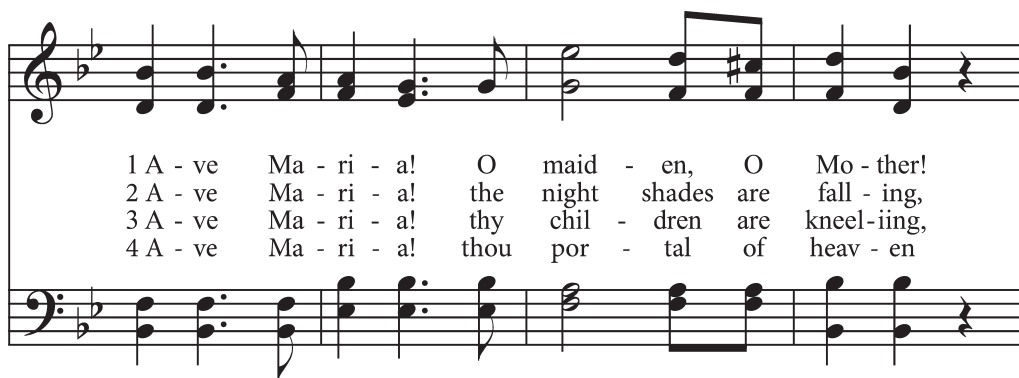
The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The upper staff features a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures and a sharp sign (F#) in the third measure. The lower staff continues the harmonic support with chords and single notes.

A-ve pu-ris - si - ma! Sin-less and beau-ti-ful, Star of the

The third system of music. The upper staff shows a melodic line with a sharp sign (F#) in the third measure and a repeat sign at the end. The lower staff provides the corresponding accompaniment.

sea, Sin-less and beau-ti-ful, Star of the sea.

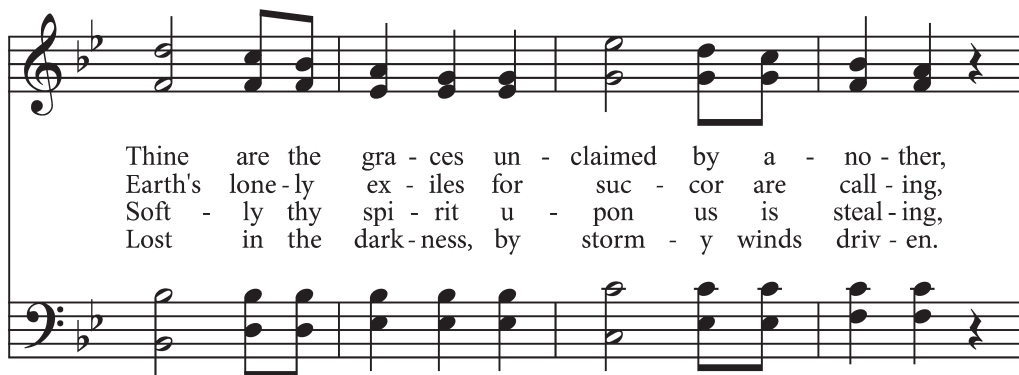
The final system of music on the page. The upper staff concludes the melody with a repeat sign at the end. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment with a final chord and a repeat sign.



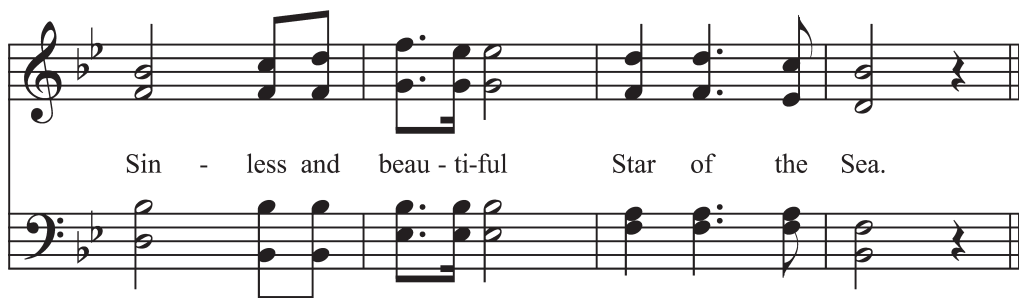
1 A - ve Ma - ri - a! O maid - en, O Mo - ther!
 2 A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall - ing,
 3 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy chil - dren are kneel - ing,
 4 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou por - tal of heav - en



Fond - ly thy chil - dren are call - ing on thee,
 Soft - ly our voi - ces a - rise un - to thee,
 Words of en - dear - ment are mur - mured to thee,
 Har - bor of re - fuge to thee do we flee,



Thine are the gra - ces un - claimed by a - no - ther,
 Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for suc - cor are call - ing,
 Soft - ly thy spi - rit u - pon us is steal - ing,
 Lost in the dark - ness, by storm - y winds driv - en.



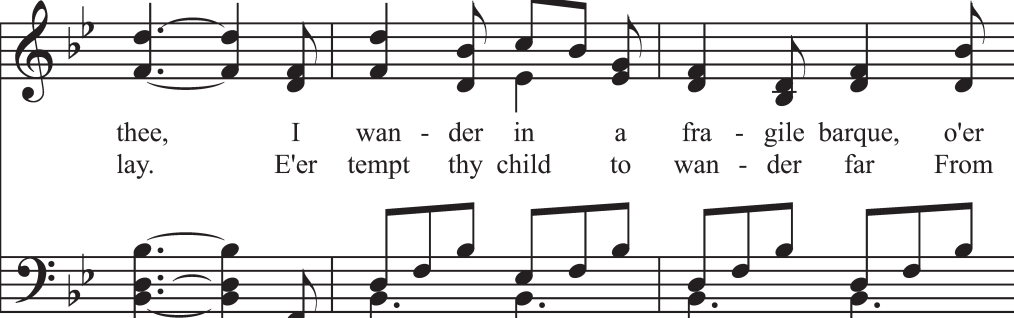
Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.

MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME

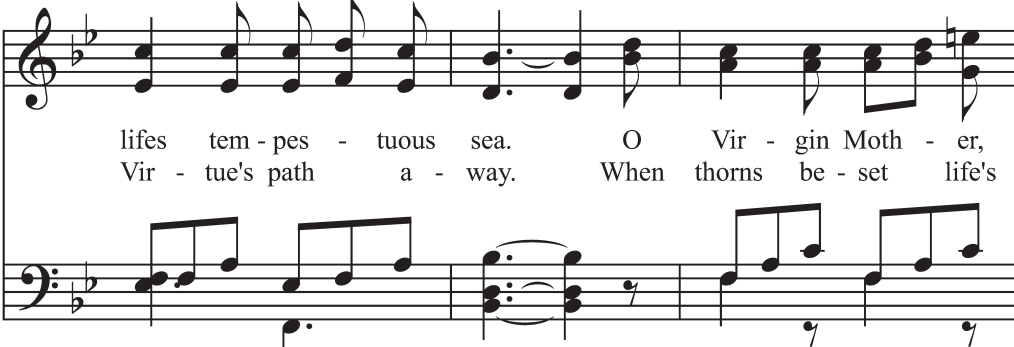
ISAAC B. WOODBURY



1 Moth - er dear, O pray for me, Whilst far from Hea - ven and
2 Moth - er dear, O pray for me! Should plea - sure's si - ren



thee, I wan - der in a fra - gile barque, o'er
lay. E'er tempt thy child to wan - der far From



lives tem - pes - tuous sea. O Vir - gin Moth - er,
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.

Pro - tect thy child and cheer my path with
Then Ma - ry aid thy weep - ing 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 DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

1 Moth-er dear, O pray for me, Whilst far from Hea-ven and
2 Moth-er dear, O pray for me! Should plea - sure's si - ren

thee, I wan - der in a fra - gile barque, o'er
lay. E'er tempt thy child to wan - der far From

lives tem - pes - tuous sea. O Vir - gin Moth - er,
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.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the bass part providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with line numbers 1 and 2 indicating different verses.

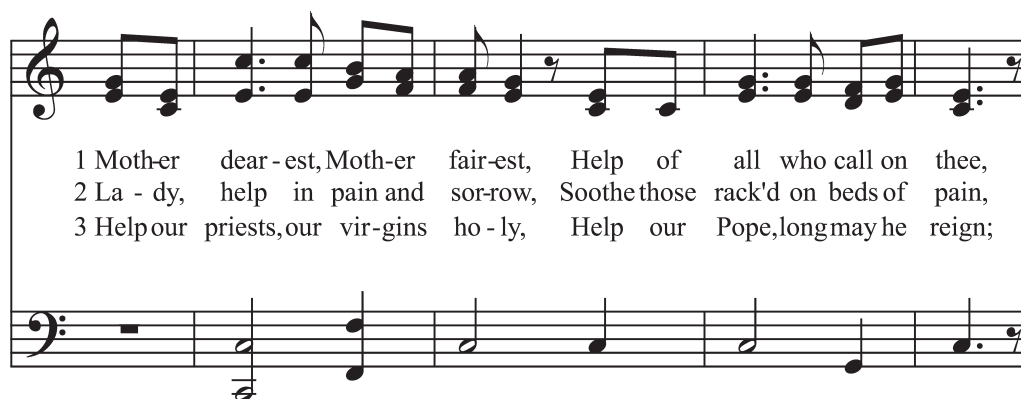
Pro - tect thy child and cheer my path with
Then Ma - ry aid thy weep - ing child, Thy -

thy sweet smile of love. Moth-er dear, re - mem-ber me, and
self a moth - er show.

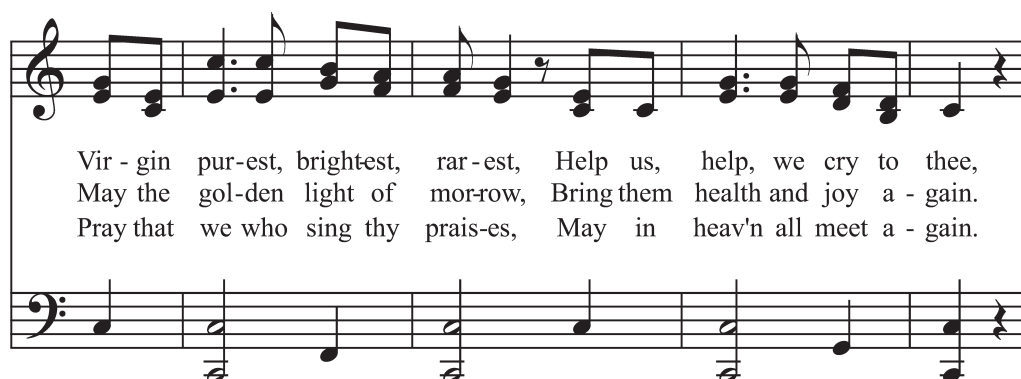
ne - ver cease thy care, Till in hea-ven e -

ter - nal-ly, Thy love and bliss I share.

MOTHER DEAREST, MOTHER FAIREST



1 Moth-er 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, 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 Moth - er dear - est, Moth - er fair - est, Help of
 2 La - dy, help in pain and sor - row, Soothe those
 3 Help our priests, our vir - gins ho - ly, Help our

all who call on thee, Vir - gin pur - est, bright - est,
 rack'd on beds of pain, May the gol - den light of
 Pope, long may he reign; Pray that we who sing thy

rar - est, Help us, help, we cry to thee,
 mor - row, Bring them health and joy a - gain.
 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 OF MERCY, DAY BY DAY

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Moth'r of mer - cy, day by day My love of
 2 Though pov - er - ty and work and woe The mast - ers
 3 But scorn - ful men have cold - ly said Thy love was

thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up -
 of my life and may be; When times are in worst who
 lead - ing me from God; And yet are in this I

on my way Like sands up - on the great sea -
 does not know Dark - ness is light with love of
 did but treat The ver - y path my Sav - ior

shore, Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.
 thee? Dark - ness is light with love of thee?
 trod; The ver - y path my Sav - ior trod.

MOTHER OF MERCY, DAY BY DAY

J. RICHARDSON

1 ——— Moth'r of mer - cy, day by
 2 Though pov - er - ty - and work and
 3 But scorn - ful men have cold - ly

day My love of thee grows more and
 woe The mast - ers of my life may
 said Thy love was lead - ing me from

more; Thy gifts are strewn up - on my
 be; When times yet are in worst who does not
 God; And yet in this I did but

way Like sands up - on the great sea - shore.
 know Dark - ness is light with love of thee?
 treat The ver - y path my sav - ior trod.

MOTHER OF OUR LORD

F. LAMBERT

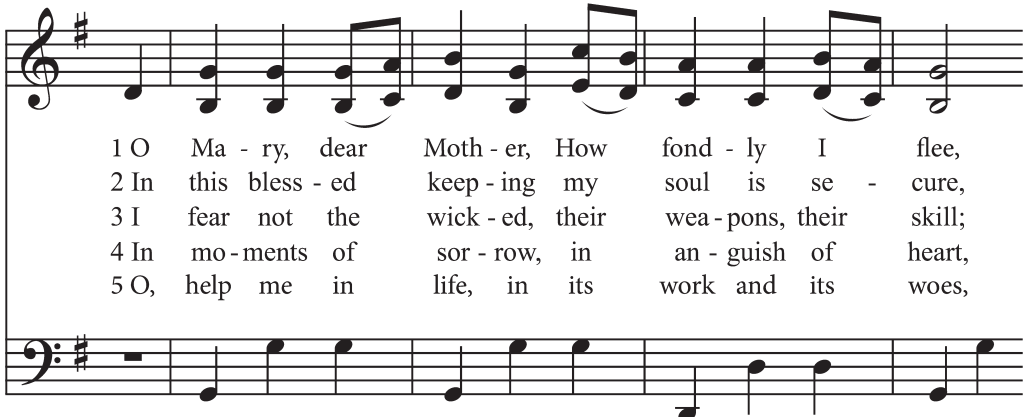
1 Moth - er of our Lord and Sav - iour
 2 Though the gates of hell a - gainst us
 3 Naught can hurt the pure in spi - rit,

First in beau - ty as in power!
 With pro - found - est fu - ry rage;
 Who pro - on thine aid re - ly;

Glo - ry of the Chris - tian na - tions!
 Though the an - cient foe tian as - sault us,
 At thy hand se - cure of gain - ing

Read - y help in trou - ble's hour!
 And his fierc - est bat - tle wage:
 Strength and mer - cy from on high.

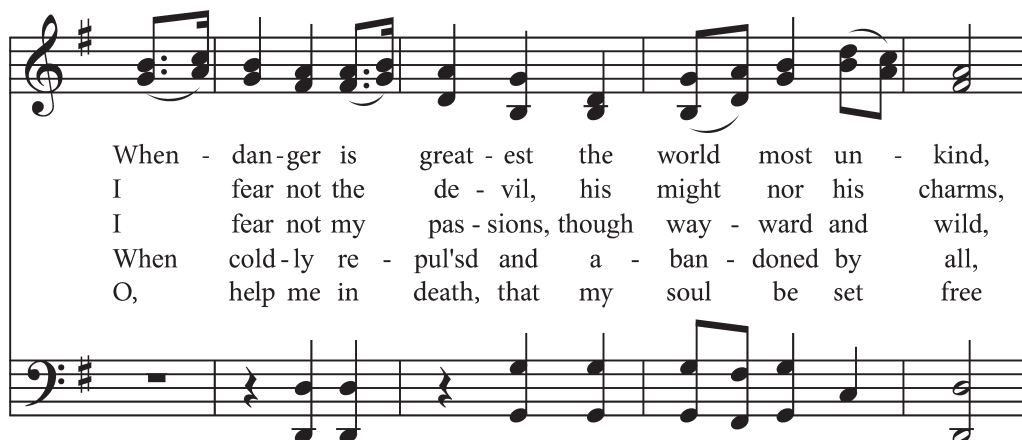
O, MARY, DEAR MOTHER, HOW FONDLY I FLEE



1 O Ma - ry, dear Moth - er, How fond - ly I flee,
2 In this bless - ed keep - ing my soul is se - cure,
3 I fear not the wick - ed, their wea - pons, their skill;
4 In mo - ments of sor - row, in an - guish of heart,
5 O, help me in life, in its work and its woes,



In dark hours of pe - ril, sweet re - fuge, to thee!
Though foes ga - ther round to a - fright or al - lure,
I fear not the world, let it rage as it will,
In pain, in af - flic - tion, my com - fort thou art;
To car - ry my cross - es, to con - quer my foes!



When - dan-ger is great - est the world most un - kind,
 I fear not the de - vil, his might nor his charms,
 I fear not my pas - sions, though way - ward and wild,
 When cold-ly re - pul'sd and a - ban - doned by all,
 O, help me in death, that my soul be set free



My safe - ty, my sol - ace, be - side thee I find.
 When cheered by thy pre - sence, up - held by thy arms.
 If Thou, help of Chris-tians, wilt shel - ter thy child.
 Thou still stand-eth by me, thou hear-est my call.
 To fly un - to Je - sus, thy Son, and to thee.

OH, TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER

WEBBE

1 O Turn to Je - sus, Mo-ther! turn And call Him by his
2 Ah! They have fought a gal-lant fight, In death's cold arms they

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major. The melody is primarily in the treble, with a simple bass accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, with two verses indicated by the numbers 1 and 2.

ten - d'rest names; Pray for the Ho - ly Souls that burn
per - se - ver'd, And af - ter life's un - cheer - y night,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes, continuing the narrative of the hymn.

This hour a - mid the clean - sing flames.
The har - bour of their rest is near.

The third system concludes the hymn. The melody and accompaniment end with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the notes, completing the hymn's text.

OH, TURN TO JESUS, MOTHER

ORATORIAN HYMN

1 O Turn to Je - sus, Mo - ther! turn
2 Ah! They have fought a gal - lant fight,

And call Him by his ten - d'rest names;
In death's cold arms they per - se - ver'd,

Pray for the Ho - ly Souls that burn
And af - ter life's un - cheer - y night,

This hour a - mid the clean - sing flames.
The har - bour of their rest is near.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the bass part providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the left hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with the two parts of the hymn clearly distinguished by the numbered lines.

O SANCTISSIMA

TRADITIONAL

1 O san - ctis - si - ma, O pi - is - si - ma,
2 Tu so - la - ti - um, Et re - fu - gi - um,
3 O most ho - ly one, O most low - ly one,
3 Vir - gin e - ver fair, Mo - ther, hear our pray'r,

Dul - cis vir - go Ma - ri - - - a!
Vir - go Ma - ter Ma - ri - - - a!
lov - ing vir - gin, Ma - ri - - - a!
Look up - on us, Ma - ri - - - a!

Ma - ter a - ma - ta, In - te - me - ra - ta,
Quid - quid op - ta - mus, per te spe - ra - mus,
Mo - ther maid of fair - est love, La - dy, Queen of all a - bove,
Bring to us your trea - sure, Grace be - yond all mea - sure,

O - ra, O - ra pro no - - - bis.

O VISION BRIGHT!

J.C. BOWEN

1 O vi - sion bright! The land of light Beams
 2 O vi - sion bright! The Fa - ther's might! All
 3 O vi - sion bright! The'e - ter - nal light Of

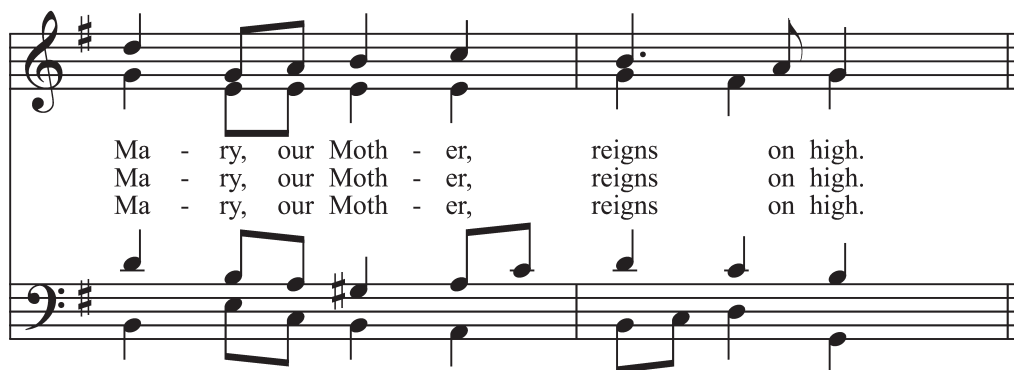
The first system of musical notation for 'O Vision Bright!' features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is a simple, ascending line of eighth notes. The lyrics are arranged in three parts, with the first part starting on 'O' and the second part starting on 'The'.

gol - den - ly be - yond the sky, 'Mid
 round His daugh - ter's throne doth lie; Where
 the dear Son may we de - scribe; Where

The second system of musical notation continues the melody. It includes a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note. The lyrics continue with 'gol - den - ly be - yond the sky, 'Mid'.

heaven - ly fires, O'er an - gel choirs
 in the balm of end - less calm,
 brigh - ter far Than moon or star,

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a final cadence with a whole note chord. The lyrics continue with 'heaven - ly fires, O'er an - gel choirs'.



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
 2 The proph - et gave the sign For
 3 Ask not how this should be, But
 4 Meek - ly she bowed her head To
 5 Bless - ed shall be her name In

day so long fore - told, Whose pro - mise shone with
 faith - ful men to read; A Vir - gin born of
 wor - ship and a - dore, Like her whom heav - en's
 hear the gra - cious word, Ma - ry, the pure and
 all the Church on earth, Through whom that won - drous

cheer - ing ray On wail - ing saints of old.
 Dav - id's line Shall bear the prom - ised Seed.
 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 Ho - ly Ro - sa - ry! Oh,
 2 Queen of the Ho - ly Ro - sa - ry! Each
 3 Sweet La - dy of the Ro - sa - ry! White
 4 Queen of the Ho - ly Ro - sa - ry! What

bless us as we pray And of - fer thee our
 Mys - try blends with thine. The sac - red life of
 ro - ses let us bring, And lay them round thy
 ra - di - ance of love; What splen - dor and what

ros - es In gar - lands day by day; While
 Je - sus In ev - ery step di - vine. Thy
 foot - stool Be - fore our In - fant King. For
 glo - ry Sur - round thy court a - bove! Oh,

from our Fa - ther's gar - den, With lov - ing hearts and
 soul was His fair gar - den, Thy Vir - gin breast His
 nest - ling in thy bo - som God's Son was fain to
 in thy ten - der pi - ty, Dear source of love a -

bold, We gath - er to thine hon - or Buds
 throne. Thy thoughts His faith - ful mir - ror Re -
 be, The child of thy o - be - dience, And
 lone, Re - fuse not this our of - f'ring, Our

white, and red, and gold.
 flect, in Him a - lone.
 spot - less pu - ri - ty.
 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

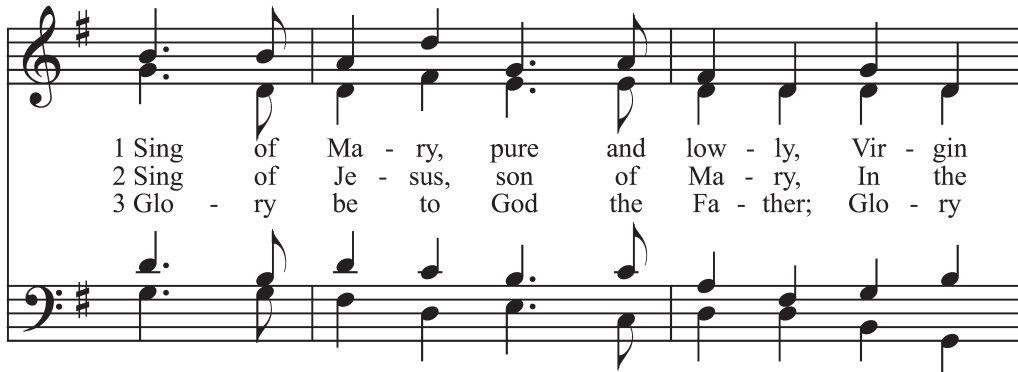
Je - sus loves so well, And to His glo - ry,
help - less sin - ners lay; Un - til in ten - der
flesh His Flesh to be In it to suf - fer

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

4
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.

SING OF MARY



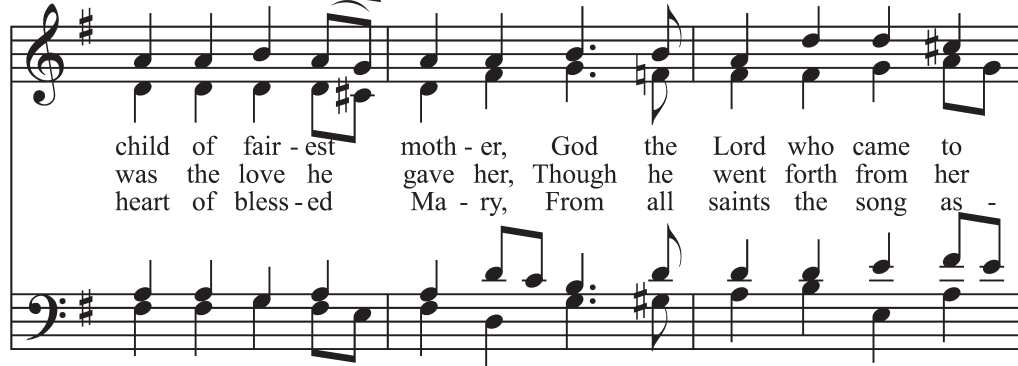
1 Sing of Ma - ry, pure and low - ly, Vir - gin
 2 Sing of Je - sus, son of Ma - ry, In the
 3 Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther; Glo - ry



moth - er un - de - filed. Sing of God's own Son most
 home at Na - za - reth. Toil and la - bour can - not
 be to God the Son; Glo - ry be to God the



ho - ly, Who be - came her lit - tle child. Fair - est
 wear - y, Love en - du - ring un - to death. Con - stant
 Spi - rit; Glo - ry to the Three in One. From the



child of fair - est moth - er, God the Lord who came to
 was the love he gave her, Though he went forth from her
 heart of bless - ed Ma - ry, From all saints the song as -

earth, side. cends, Word made Forth to the flesh, preach, Church our ve - ry bro - ther, and heal, and suf - fer, the strain re - ech - oes,

Takes our na - ture by his birth.
Till on Cal - var - y he died.
Un - to earth's re - mo - test ends.

SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS

TRADITIONAL MELODY

1 Sing, sing, ye an - gel bands,
 2 A fair er flow'r than she
 3 O hap - py an gels look,
 4 And shall I lose thee then,
 5 On, then, dear pa - geant, on!

All beau - ti - ful and bright!
 On earth hath nev - er been;
 How beau - ti - ful she is!
 Lose my sweet right to thee?
 Sweet mus - ic breathes a - round;

For high - er still, and high - er
 And, save the throne of God,
 See! Je - sus bears her up,
 Ah, no the an gels' Queen
 And love, like dew dis - tills

Through fields of star-ry light,
 Your heav'ns have nev-er seen
 Her hand is locked in His;
 Man's Mo-ther still will be;
 on hearts in rap-ture bound;

Ma-ry, your Queen, as-cends,
 A won-der half so bright
 Oh, who can tell the height
 And thou u-pon thy throne,
 The Queen of heav'n goes up

Like the sweet moon at night.
 As your as-cend-ing Queen.
 Of that fair Moth-er's bliss?
 Wilt keep thy love for me.
 To be pro-claim'd and crowned.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

1 Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa
 2 O quam tris - tis et af - flic - ta
 3 Quis et ho - mo qui non fle - ret,

Jux - ta cru - cem la - cry - mo - sa,
 Fu - it il - la be - ne - dic - ta
 Ma - trem Chris - ti si vi - de - rat.

Dum pen - de - bat Fi - li - us
 Ma - ter Un - i - ge - ni - ti.
 In - tan - to sup - pli - ci - o?

Cu - jus an - i - mam ge - men - tem,
 Quae moer - e - bat, et do - le - bat,
 Quis non po - set con - trua - ta - ri,

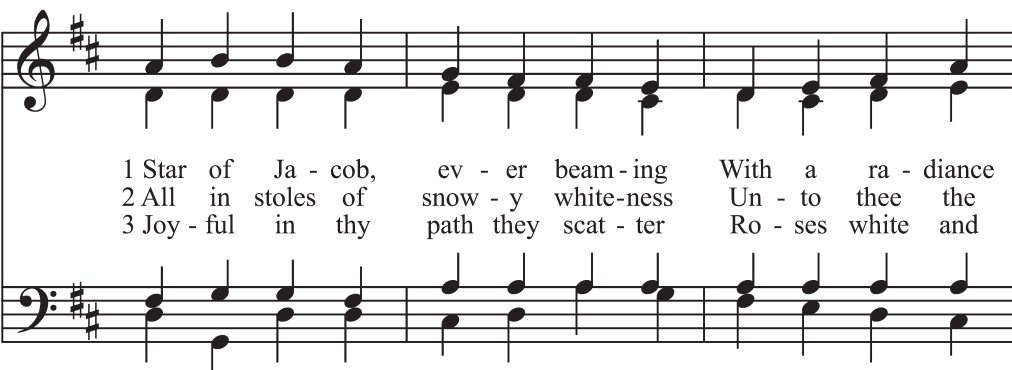
Con - tri - sta - tam et do - len - tem,
 Pi - a Ma - ter, dum vi - de - bat
 Chris - ti Mat - rem con - tem - pla - ri

Per tran - si - vit gla - di - us.
 Na - to poe - nas in - cly - ti.
 Do - len - tem - cum fil - li o.

- 4 Pro peccátiis suae gentis Vidit Jesum in torméntis,
 Et flagéllis súbditum. Vidit suum dulcem natum
 Moriéndo desolátum, Dum emisit spíritum.
- 5 Eja mater, fons amóris, Me sentíre vim dolóris
 Fac, ut tecum lúgeam. Fac, ut árdeat cor meum
 In amándo Christum Deum, Ut sibi compláceam.
- 6 Sancta Mater, istud agas Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo válide. Tui nati vulneráti,
 Tam dignáti pro me pati, Poenas mecum dívide.
- 7 Fac me tecum pie flere, Crucifixo condolére,
 Donec ego víxero. 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 consórtem, Et plagas recólere.
- 9 Fac me plagis vulnerári, Fac me Cruce inebriári,
 Et cruó re Fílii. Flammis ne urar succénsus,
 Per te, Virgo, sim defénsus In die judícii.
- 10 Christe, cum sit hinc exíre Da per Matrem me veníre
 Ad palmam victóriæ. Quando corpus moriétur,
 Fac, ut ánimæ donétur Paradísi glória. Amen. Allelúja

STAR OF JACOB

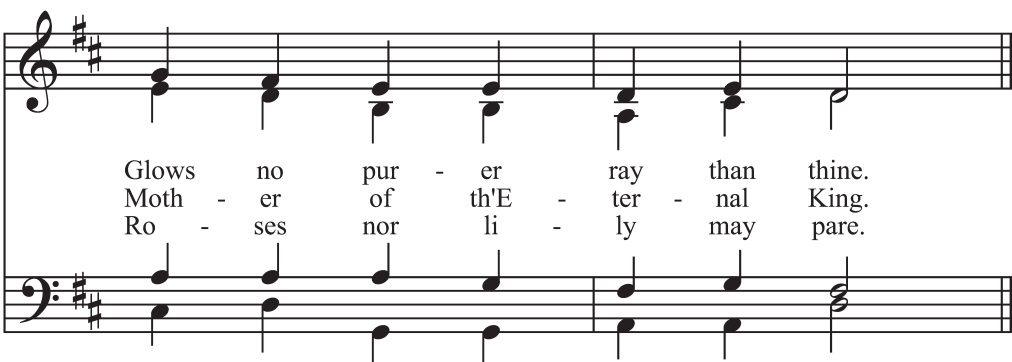
R. REDHEAD



1 Star of Ja - cob, ev - er beam - ing With a ra - diance
 2 All in stoles of snow - y white - ness Un - to thee the
 3 Joy - ful in thy path they scat - ter Ro - ses white and



all di - vine, 'Mid the stars of high - est Heav - en,
 An - gels sing, Un - to thee the vir - gin cho - rus,
 lil - ies fair, Yet with thy sur - pass - ing beau - ty



Glow 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
 2 In dark temp - ta - tion's drear - y hour To
 3 Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid! May
 4 And when my last ex - pi - ring sigh My

pi - ty down on me; Oh! hear thy
 thee, bright Queen, we flee; Oh! then ex -
 I still look on thee Who bore the
 soul from earth shall free; Do thou, bright

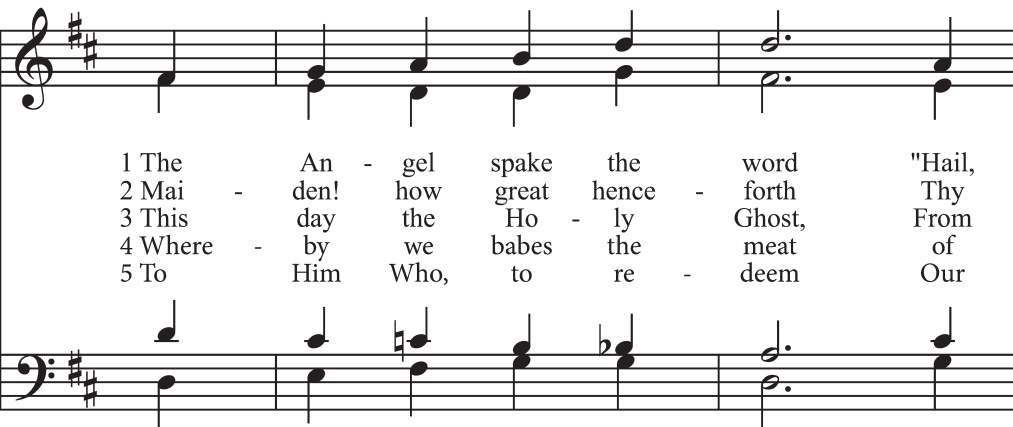
sup - pliant's tear - ful cries, My hum - ble
 ert thy Moth - er's power When storms - ble
 price our ran - som paid, And storms ne'er are
 Queen of saints, stand nigh, And bear the it

prayers do not de - spise, Star of the path - less sea.
 rough, and tem - pests pour, Star of the rag - ing sea.
 sup - pliant's cry hath stayed, Star of the az - ure sea.
 up to God on high, Star of the bound - less sea.

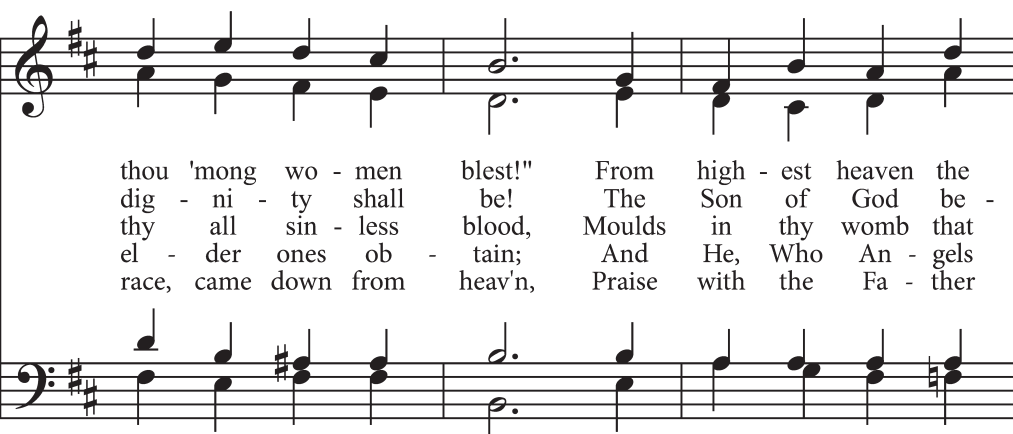
THE ANGEL SPAKE THE WORD

6.6.8.6.

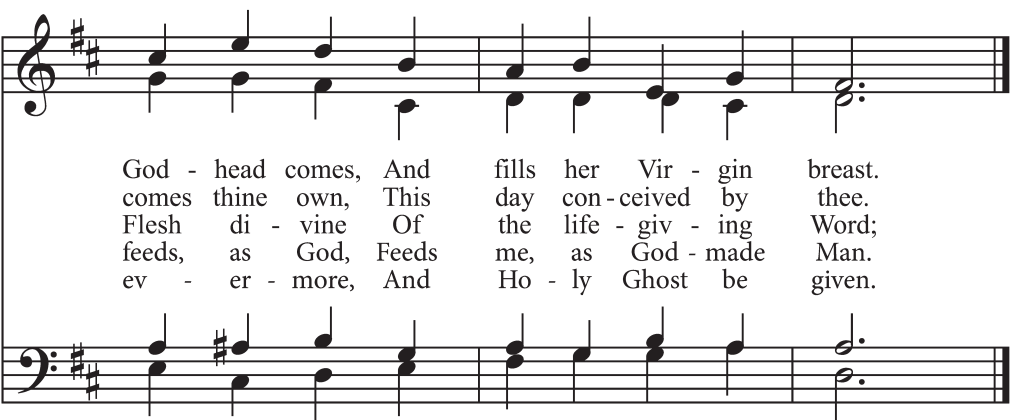
F. ARMSTRONG



1 The An - gel spake the word "Hail,
 2 Mai - den! how great hence - forth Thy
 3 This day the Ho - ly Ghost, From
 4 Where - by we babes the meat of
 5 To Him Who, to re - deem Our



thou 'mong wo - men blest!" From high - est heaven the
 dig - ni - ty shall be! The Son of God be -
 thy all sin - less blood, Moulds in thy womb that
 el - der ones ob - tain; And He, Who An - gels
 race, came down from heav'n, Praise with the Fa - ther



God - head comes, And fills her Vir - gin breast.
 comes thine own, This day con - ceived by thee.
 Flesh di - vine Of the life - giv - ing Word;
 feeds, as God, Feeds me, as God - made Man.
 ev - er - more, And Ho - ly Ghost be given.

THE WOODS AND FIELDS ARE BLOSSOMING

ELSA 7.6.7.6.
F.HUMPHREYS

1 The woods and fields are blos - som - ing Be -
 2 Our gen - tle Moth - er calls us, We
 3 But not a - lone our blos - som's, Our
 4 Dear Ma - ry, ten - drest Mo - ther, Our

neath the sun's warm ray, It is the month of
 bring our flow - ers sweet, As in - cense for her
 hearts too she would share, To keep them pure and
 hearts are thine to - day, Then keep them like the

Ma - ry, The love - ly month of May.
 al - tar Their fra - grance is most meet.
 ho - ly With - in her lov - ing care.
 flo - wers, So sweet and pure al - way.

THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
TRADITIONAL

1 This is the im - age of our Queen, Who reigns in
2 The sac - red hom - age that we pay To Ma - ry's
3 Sweet are the flo - wers we have culled This im - age
4 O La - dy, by the stars that make A glo - ry

bliss a - bove, Of her who is the hope of
im - age here To Ma - ry's self and then to
to a - dorn; But sweet - er far is Ma - ry's
round thy head; And by thy pure up - lift - ed

men, Whom men and an - gels love.
God As - cends the star - ry sphere.
self That rose with - out a thorn.
hands, That for thy chil - dren plead.

Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet,
 Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet,
 Most ho - ly Ma - ry at thy feet
 When at thy Judge - ment Seat I stand,

I bend a sup - pli - ant knee, In this thine
 I bend a sup - pli - ant knee, In my temp -
 I bend a sup - pli - ant knee, When on the
 And my dread Sa - vi - or see; When hell is

own sweet month of May Pray thou to God for me.
 ta - tions each and all Pray thou to God for me.
 bed of death I lie, Pray thou to God for me.
 rag - ing for my soul, Pray thou to God for me.

THIS IS THE IMAGE OF OUR QUEEN

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

F.N. BIRCHNELL

1 This is the im - age of our Queen Who
 2 The sa - cred hom - age that we pay To
 3 Sweet are the flow - ers we have culled This
 4 O La - dy, by the stars that make A

reigns in bliss a - bove, Of her who is the
 Ma - ry's im - age here, To Ma - ry's self, then
 im - age to a - dorn, But sweet - er far is
 glo - ry round thy head; And by thy pure up -

hope of men, Whom men and an - gels love.
 on to God As - cend the star - ry sphere.
 Ma - ry's self, That rose with - out a thorn.
 lif - ted hands, That for thy chil - dren plead.

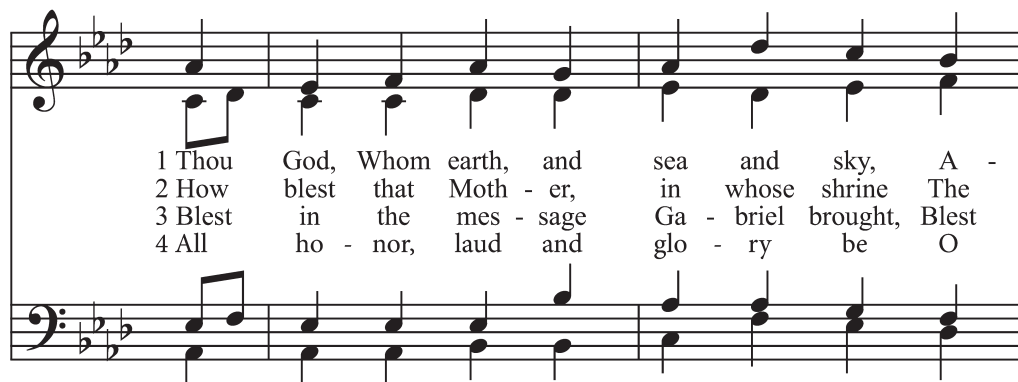
Most ho - ly Ma - ry, at thy feet I

bend a sup - pliant knee. In this thine own sweet

month of May, Pray thou to God for me.

THOU GOD, WHOM EARTH, AND SEA AND SKY

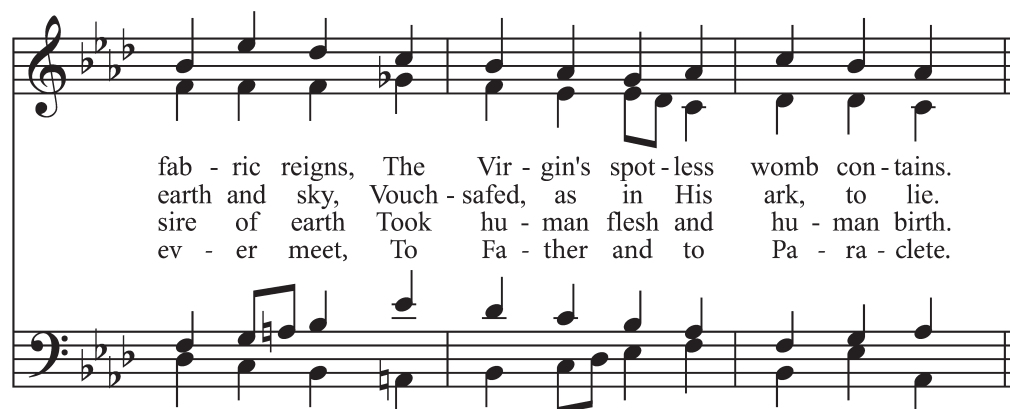
8.8.8.8.
H. WARE



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 Ga - briel 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.

VIRGIN BORN, WE KNEEL BEFORE THEE

HARRIET 8.8.7.7.
MEDIEVAL MELODY

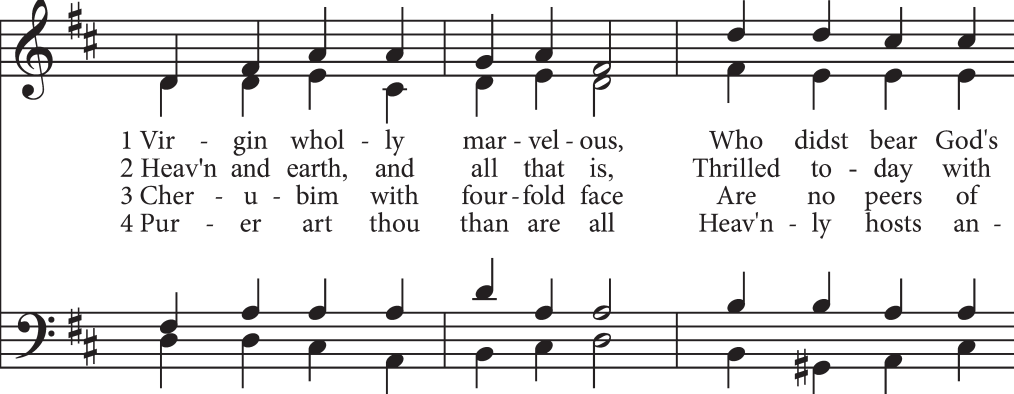
1 Vir - gin - born, we kneel be - fore Thee; Bless - ed
2 Bless - ed was the breast that fed Thee; Bless - ed
3 Bless - ed she by all cre - a - tion, Who brought

was the womb that bore Thee; Ma - ry, Moth - er
was the forth the hand that led Thee; Bless - ed was the
world's sal - va - tion, Bless - ed they, for -

meek and mild, Bless - ed was she in her Child.
watch she kept As the Ho - ly Christ Child slept.
ev - er blest, Who love most and serve Thee best.

VIRGIN WHOLLY MARVELOUS

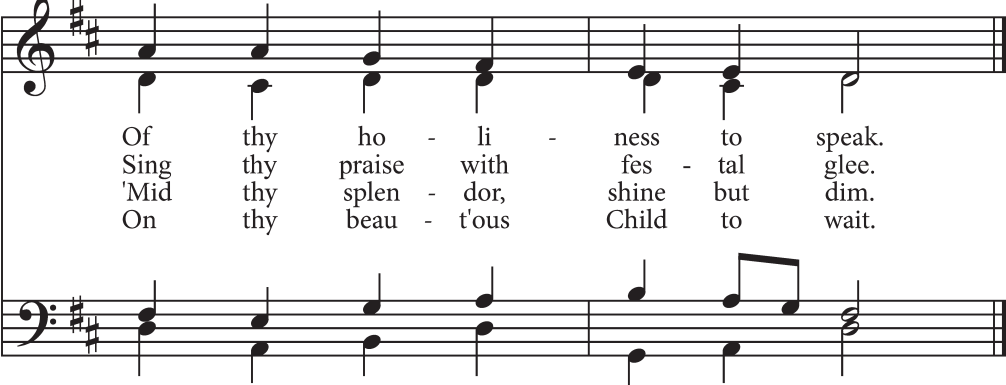
VIRGINITY 77. 77.
HEROLD 1808



1 Vir - gin whol - ly mar - vel - ous, Who didst bear God's
 2 Heav'n and earth, and all that is, Thrilled to - day with
 3 Cher - u - bim with four-fold face Are no peers of
 4 Pur - er art thou than are all Heav'n - ly hosts an -



Son for us, Worth - less is my tongue and weak
 ec - sta - sies, Chant - ing glo - ry un - to thee,
 thine in grace, And the six - winged Ser - a - phim,
 ge - li - cal, Who de - light with pomp and state



Of thy ho - li - ness to speak.
 Sing thy praise with fes - tal glee.
 'Mid thy splen - dor, shine but dim.
 On thy beau - t'ous Child to wait.

WHO IS SHE ASCENDS ON HIGH

ASSUMPTION 75.75.
W. NOVELLO

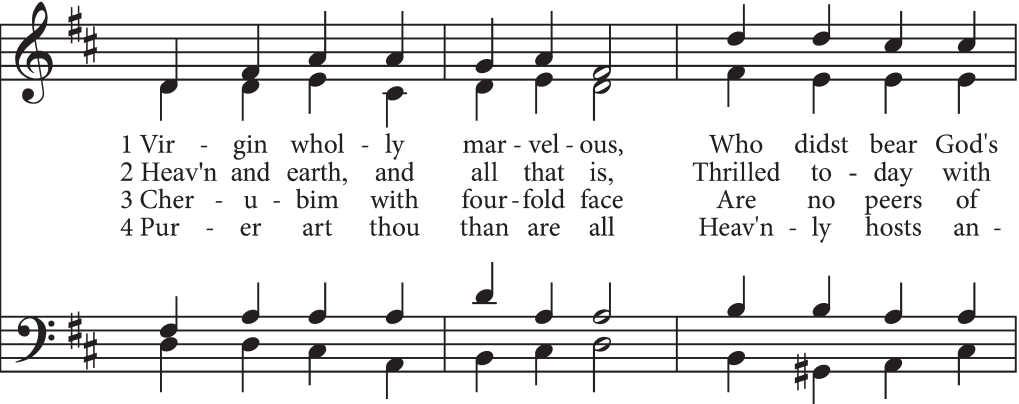
1 Who is she as - scends so high.
2 Who is she a - dorned with light,
3 Heav'n she was, which held that fire,
4 She that did so clear - ly shine

Next the heav'n - ly King. Round a - bout whom
makes the sun her robe, At whose feet the
Whence the world took light, And to heav'n doth
When our day be - gun, See how bright her

an - gels fly And her prais - es sing?
queen of night Lays her chang - ing globe.
now as - pire Flames with flames u - nite.
beams de - cline: She sits with the Sun.

VIRGIN WHOLLY MARVELOUS

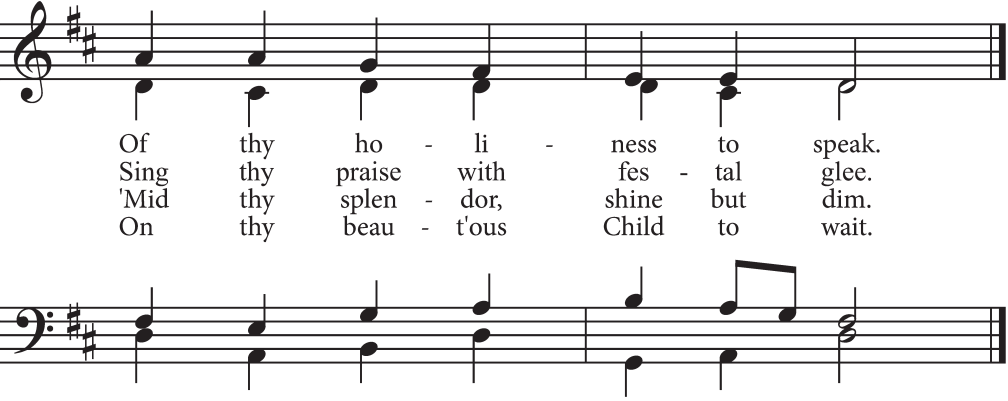
VIRGINITY 77. 77.
HEROLD 1808



1 Vir - gin whol - ly mar - vel - ous, Who didst bear God's
 2 Heav'n and earth, and all that is, Thrilled to - day with
 3 Cher - u - bim with four-fold face Are no peers of
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 ge - li - cal, Who de - light with pomp and state



Of thy ho - li - ness to speak.
 Sing thy praise with fes - tal glee.
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 On thy beau - t'ous Child to wait.

WHO IS SHE ASCENDS ON HIGH

ASSUMPTION 75.75.
W. NOVELLO

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3 Heav'n she was, which held that fire,
4 She that did so clear - ly shine

Next the heav'n - ly King. Round a - bout whom
makes the sun her robe, At whose feet the
Whence the world took light, And to heav'n doth
When our day be - gun, See how bright her

an - gels fly And her prais - es sing?
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