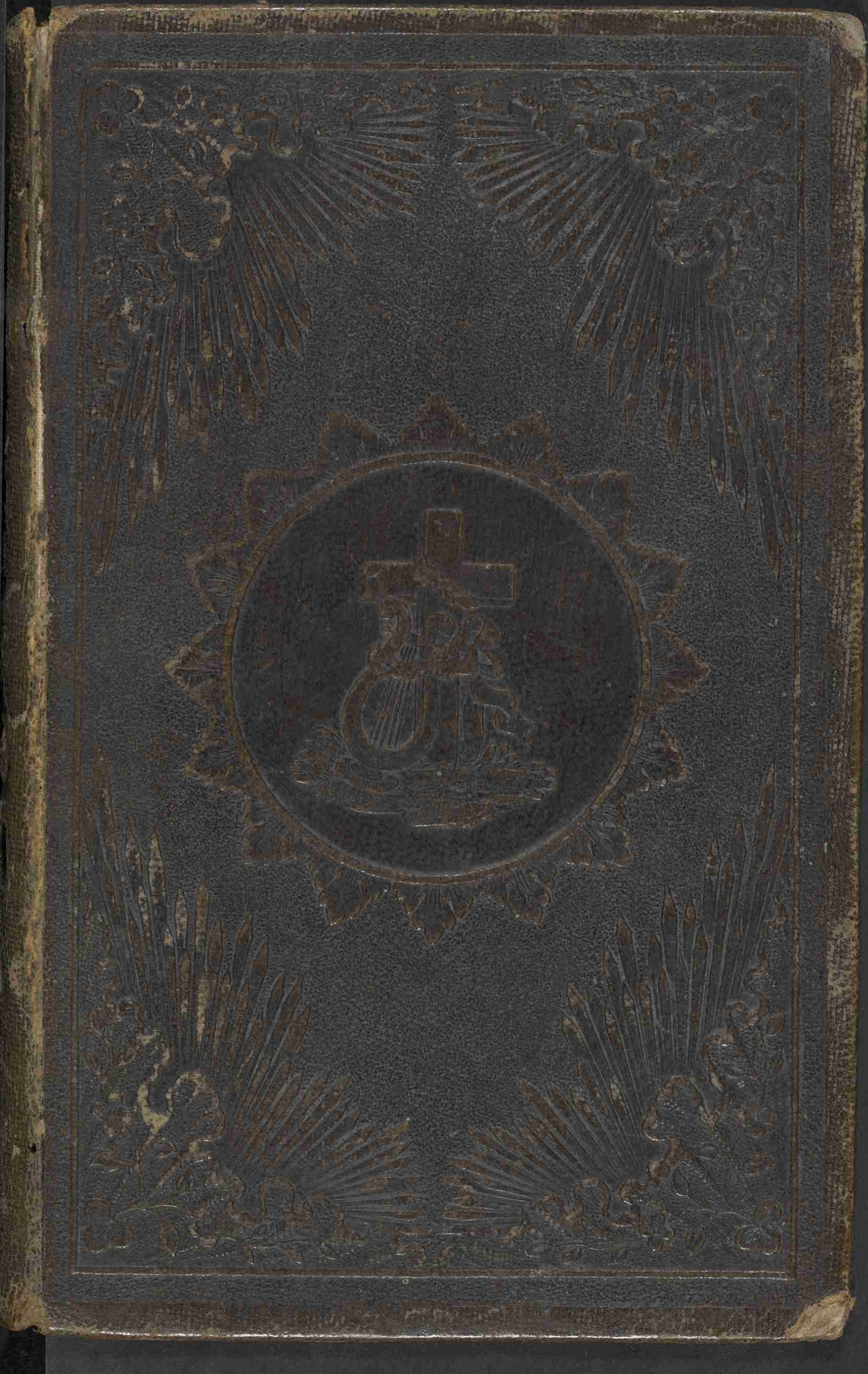




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YOUNG MEN, AND MAIDENS; LET THE OLD WITH THE YOUNGER PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—PSALM CXLVIII.

J. Murphy Baltimore

MANUAL
OF
CATHOLIC MELODIES.



BALTIMORE.
John Murphy.

MANUAL

OF

CATHOLIC MELODIES,

OR

A COMPILATION

OF

Hymns, Anthems, Psalms, &c.

WITH

APPROPRIATE AIRS, AND DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES,

FOR THE

Ordinary occasions of Catholic Piety & Worship.

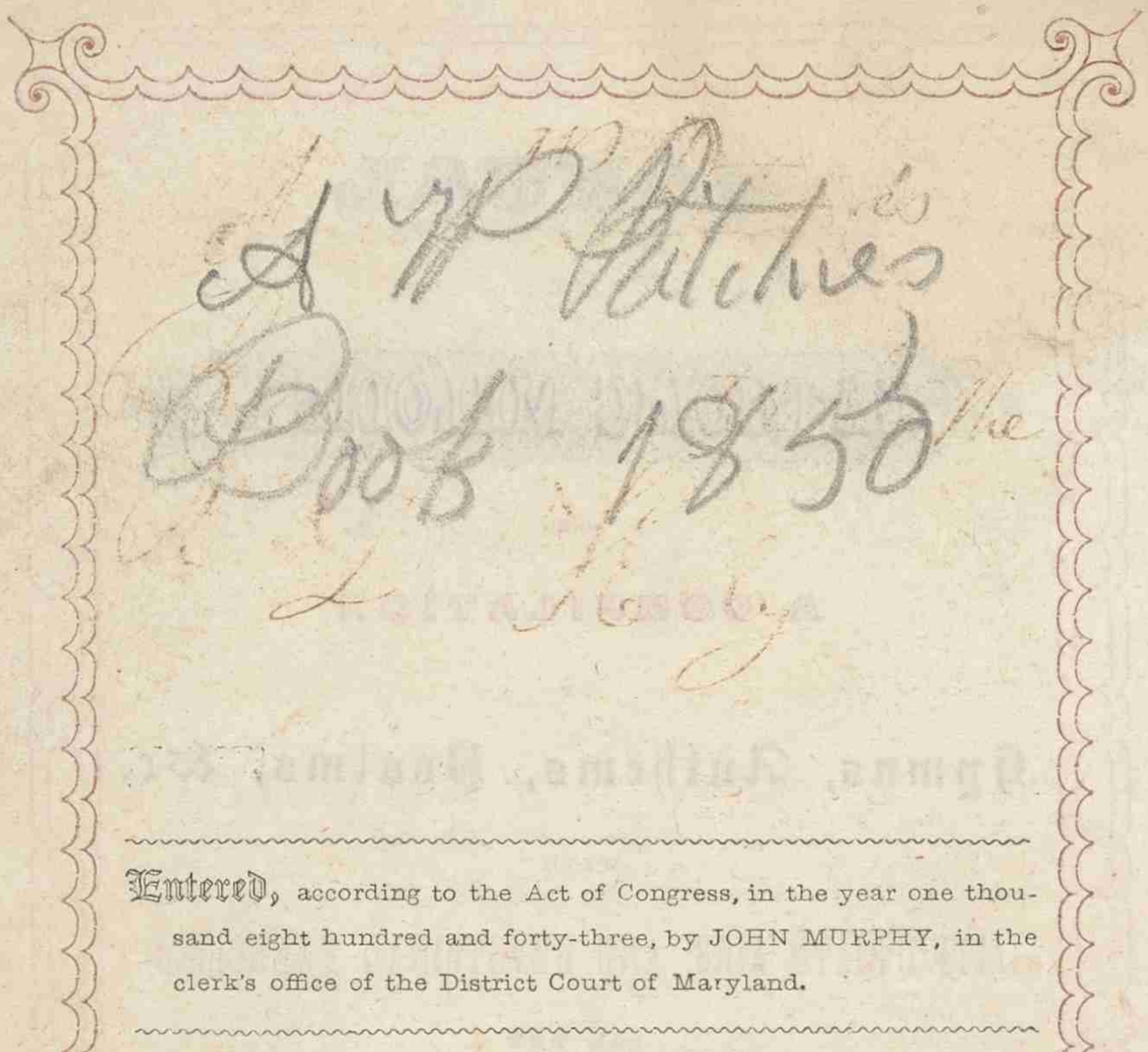
By REV. JAMES HŒRNER.

"The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever."—Psalm lxxxviii, 2.

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TO

THE RT. REV. JOHN B. PURCELL,

BISHOP OF CINCINNATI,

THIS

Manual of Catholic Melodies

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

APPROBATION.

THE main object of the work here presented to the public, is to furnish a manual of sacred music adapted to family use, devotional meetings, and the pious entertainment of youth on such occasions as first communion, confirmation, the opening and close of studies, catechism, &c.; and I feel assured, after a diligent examination of its contents and their arrangement, that it will be found to answer these various purposes. The prayers and other devotions, having been selected from approved sources, will likewise render the manual a very useful assistant in the performance of the Christian duties.

CHARLES I. WHITE, *Rector of the Cathedral.*

BALT., *July* 1*st*, 1843.

The "MANUAL OF CATHOLIC MELODIES," &c., has been examined by the Rev. Charles I. White, whom I consider in every way qualified for the task, and I therefore concur with him in recommending it to the Catholic community as a work of great utility.

† RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Richmond.*

RICHMOND, *July* 25*th*, 1843.

The "MANUAL OF CATHOLIC MELODIES," published by Mr. John Murphy, of Baltimore, with the approbation of the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, bishop of Richmond, I approve and commend to the Catholics of the diocess of Cincinnati, as a work which goes far to supply a want very generally felt on the subject it embraces.

† JOHN BAPTISTE, *Bishop of Cincinnati.*

BALTIMORE, *May* 18*th*, 1843.

I approve the above mentioned book for the diocess of Dubuque.

† MATTHIAS, *Bishop of Dubuque.*

I approve the above.

† RICHARD PIUS, *Bishop of Nashville.*

I approve the above mentioned book.

† JOHN JOSEPH, *Bishop of Natchez.*

PREFACE.

RELIGION, the great teacher of true wisdom, has revealed to us alike the perfection of art and the perfection of its use. If under her inspiration architecture has reared its most magnificent structures, if she has breathed almost a living form into the productions of the chisel and the pencil, she has also instructed us that these efforts of genius derive their principal glory from their consecration to the honor of the Almighty. But music, that enchanting art, has not been less hallowed and exalted by her pure and sublime associations. While the celestial spirits who stand before the throne of God, are ever "harping on their harps," and "singing the canticle of the Lamb,"* his faithful servants on earth re-echo in humble accents the song of praise and thanksgiving. Under the old law the chosen people were most sensibly alive to the happy influences of sacred music, and the royal prophet found his chief delight in chanting the praises of God, and attuning his harp to the fervent aspirations which he poured forth in the divine presence. Sacred melody has always been cultivated among Christians, and we could have no better evidence of its utility than the well known fact, that the Church has recourse to it as a means of enhancing the solemnity of her public services, and encourages it among the faithful as a powerful auxiliary to the cause of piety; thus carrying out the

* Apoc. xiv. xv.

precept of the apostle, who exhorted the primitive Christians to "speak to themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord."*

To facilitate a practice attended with so many advantages, the author was led to the compilation of the work here presented to the public. Although it may be found principally serviceable to young persons, it is designed as a manual for general use, and as such contains all the devotions desirable for ordinary occasions. The prayers and hymns have been selected from the most approved sources, as well as the melodies which accompany them.

To render the work more useful, a short introduction to the art of singing has been prefixed to it, which will enable the instructer of youth to form them more easily to this interesting exercise. In the Appendix some select airs have been added in a harmonized form, together with the different vocal parts of a large number of melodies in the body of the work.

The author is much indebted to the Rev. C. I. White, Rector of the Cathedral in Baltimore, and to Mr. Patrick Kelly, professor of music in St. Mary's College in the same city, for their valuable assistance in the preparation of the Manual, and he takes great pleasure in publicly tendering to these gentlemen his warmest acknowledgments. He is far from believing that the work is free from errors; but, as it is submitted to the public merely with the hope of being in some degree useful, and preparing the way for something more worthy of acceptance, he trusts that its faults and imperfections will be viewed with an indulgent eye.

BALTIMORE, *Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*, 1843.

* Ephes. v. 19.

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A SHORT

INTRODUCTION

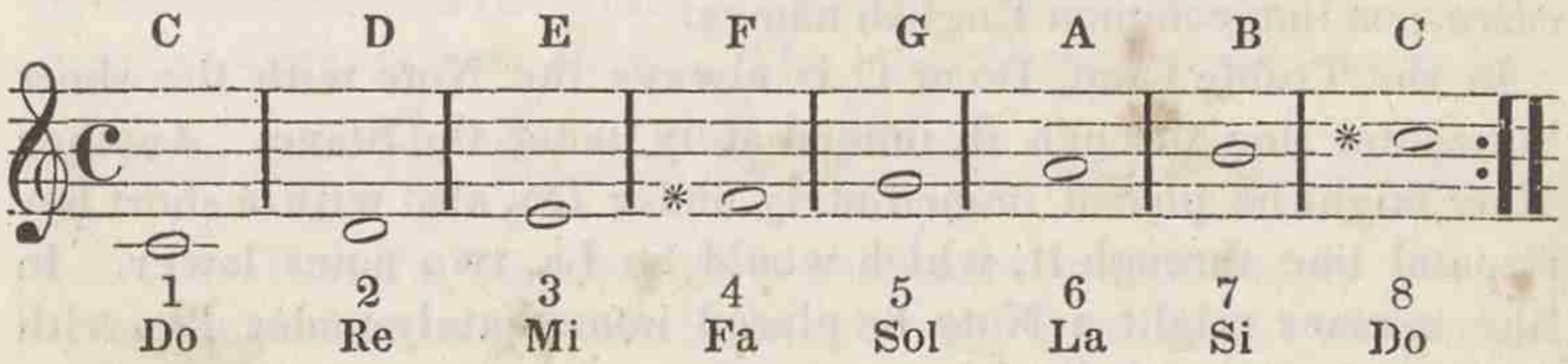
TO THE

ART OF SINGING.

EVERY one, who is able to read, will easily recollect in what way he acquired the simple and useful art of reading. He was made to go over the twenty-six letters of the Alphabet, naming them as they were pointed out to him, or pointing them out and naming them to his teacher, until he became perfectly familiar with them. Spelling, or forming letters into syllables, came next; and then, at last, the habitual facility of forming syllables at sight, which is the art of reading. It is in the same manner, precisely, that singing as an Art is acquired. It requires only application and perseverance. The Alphabet, in Music, is properly called Scale or Gamut; such as you see it here represented: Example.

NATURAL SCALE.

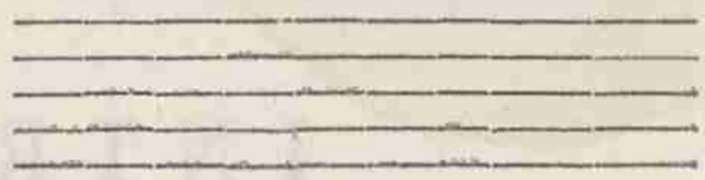
No. 1.



The round characters, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. are called Notes, of which, as you will be informed hereafter, there are six different sorts chiefly in use.

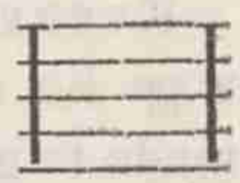
Scale No. 1 Explained.

The five lines, and four blank spaces between them, on which the Notes are placed, are called the Stave:
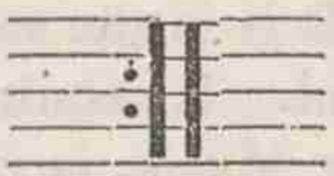


This character  at the head of the Stave is called the Treble Cleff. There are two other Cleffs: the Bass Cleff, thus  and the Tenor Cleff, very seldom used, thus 

This mark is called Time, of which there are two kinds:—Common or even Time, and Triple or uneven Time.

The single lines drawn across the stave, are called Bars. 

The space between two Bars is called a Measure.

The two lines, drawn very close together across the Stave, are called a Double Bar; they are used at the close of a Melody, or otherwise to divide it into certain portions called Strains.

The two Dots before a Double Bar  mean that the Strain is to be repeated.

The numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., which are under the Scale, indicate the degrees occupied by the Notes, and exhibit the sum total of Singing, or Musical Sounds.

The Latin monosyllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe, are the singing names of the Notes. The letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, are their corresponding common English names.
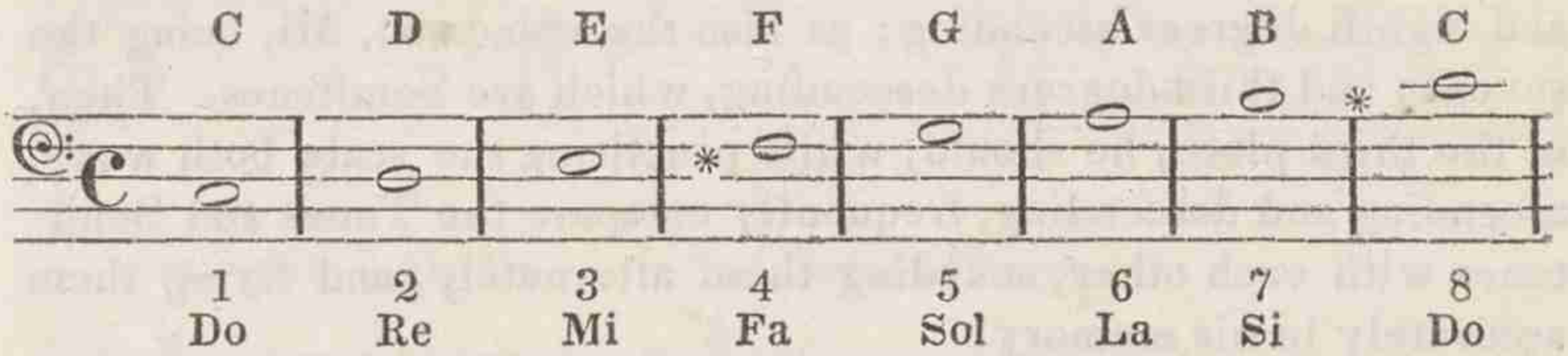
In the Treble Cleff, Do or C is always the Note with the short horizontal line through it, immediately under the Stave. Another Note might be placed immediately under Do, also with a short horizontal line through it, which would be La, two notes lower. In like manner might a Note be placed immediately under Re, with a short horizontal line between the two, when the lowermost would be Si, two notes lower than Re. These short horizontal lines which may be added below the stave, are used to provide room for lower notes, than the stave would otherwise admit of.

Similar lines may be added above the stave. They are therefore called added, or Ledger lines. For the Ledger lines see Example No. 13.

In the Bass Cleff, Do, the first degree of the Natural Scale, is in the second space, that is between the second and the third lines of the stave, thus: Example.

NATURAL SCALE.

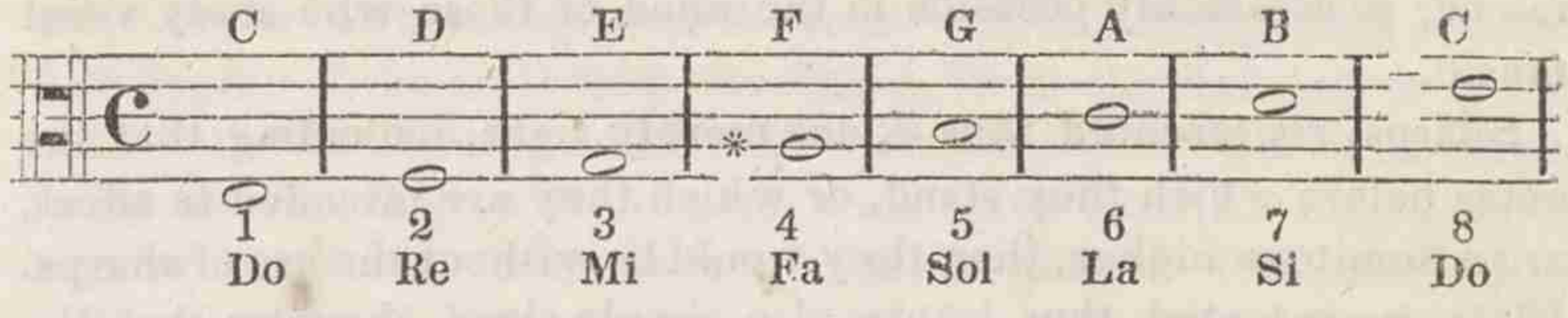
No. 2.



In the Tenor Cleff, seldom used, Do is immediately under the first line of the Stave, thus:

NATURAL SCALE.

No. 3.



The Star, before the fourth degree Fa, and before the eighth Do, (See Scales, No. 1, 2, 3,) is an arbitrary mark, intended to signify, that the Fourth and Eighth ascending, are half-tones, called Semitones, counting from the degree next below. In descending from the eighth, or Octave, down towards the first degree, the star stands before the Seventh and the Third, Si and Mi; and is again intended to mean that the Seventh Si, and the Third Mi, descending are Semitones, counting from the degrees next above. The other five degrees of the ascending scale, viz: Re, Mi, Sol, La, Si, and those of the descending scale, La, Sol, Fa, Re, Do, are whole tones, called simply Tones.

2 3 5 6 7

6 5 4 2 1

These five Tones, and two Semitones constitute all the elementary sounds of vocal music: the eighth, completing the scale, is only a repetition of the first sound, and is called Octave.

To the formation of these two kinds of musical sounds, Tones and Semitones, the attention of the pupil is, at first, to be mainly directed;

so that his ear may become readily sensible of the difference between a Tone and a Semitone. For this purpose, the pupil should, in the first place, carefully observe the sounds Re, Mi, Sol, La, Si, as they are produced on ascending from Do; as also the sounds La, Sol, Fa, Re, Do, as they are formed on descending from Si; for these sounds, Re, Mi, Sol, La, Si, being the second, third, fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees ascending, and the sounds La, Sol, Fa, Re, Do, being the sixth, fifth, fourth, second and first degrees descending, are Tones, as has been said above. The pupil, in the second place, should as carefully observe the sounds Fa and Do, being the fourth and eighth degrees ascending; as also the sounds Si, Mi, being the seventh and third degrees descending, which are Semitones. Then, in the third place, he should, while practising the scale both ways, ascending and descending, frequently compare the Tones and Semitones with each other, sounding them alternately, and fixing them accurately in his memory.

When the pupil has once progressed so far, as to be capable of readily distinguishing Tones and Semitones from each other, he then indeed has surmounted all those difficulties, and broken through all that darkness which the use of sharps, thus ♯, and of flats, thus ♭, or of naturals, thus ♮, and the changes of the scale from major to minor, so commonly occasion in the mind of those who study vocal music.
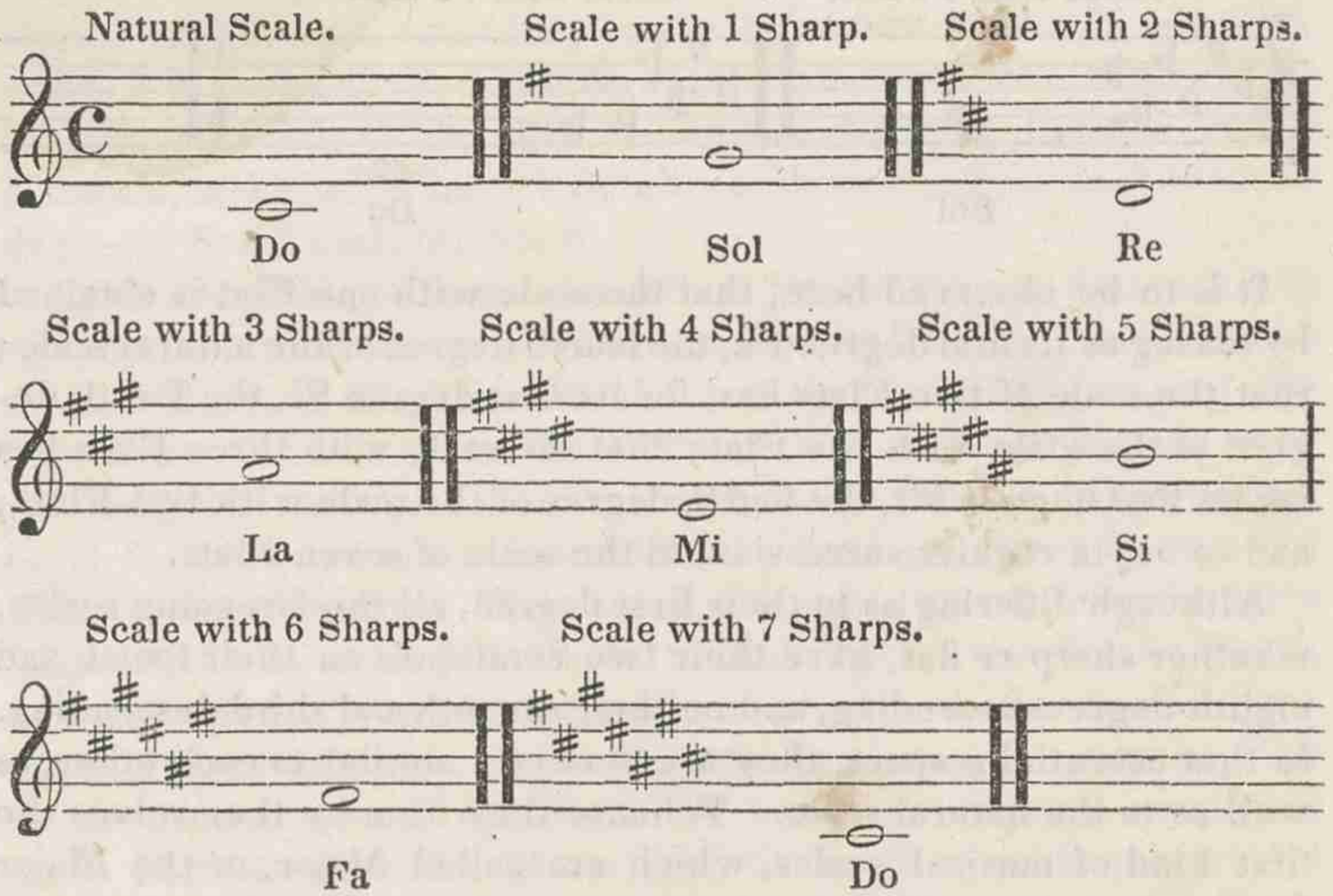
Sharps, represented thus ♯, are merely signs, indicating that the notes before which they stand, or which they are intended to affect, are a Semitone higher, than they would be without the use of sharps. Flats, represented thus ♭, are also simple signs, showing that the notes before which they are placed, or which they are intended to affect, are a Semitone lower than they would be without the use of Flats.

Naturals, represented thus ♮, are likewise signs, indicating that a note which had been raised a Semitone by a Sharp, or lowered a Semitone by a Flat, ceases to be affected by either the one or the other of those signs, as the case may be.

The office of Sharps and Flats is very extensive and important. One essential part of that office is to furnish the composer with an admirable variety of musical scales, to each of which he may choose to set his music, with a varied, charming and different effect.

The number of Sharps is limited to seven. They are used in forming new scales according to the following order; so that for each new scale one Sharp is added, on its seventh degree, until they amount to seven, their full number. These are permanent at the head of the stave, and are called its *Signature*. Example.

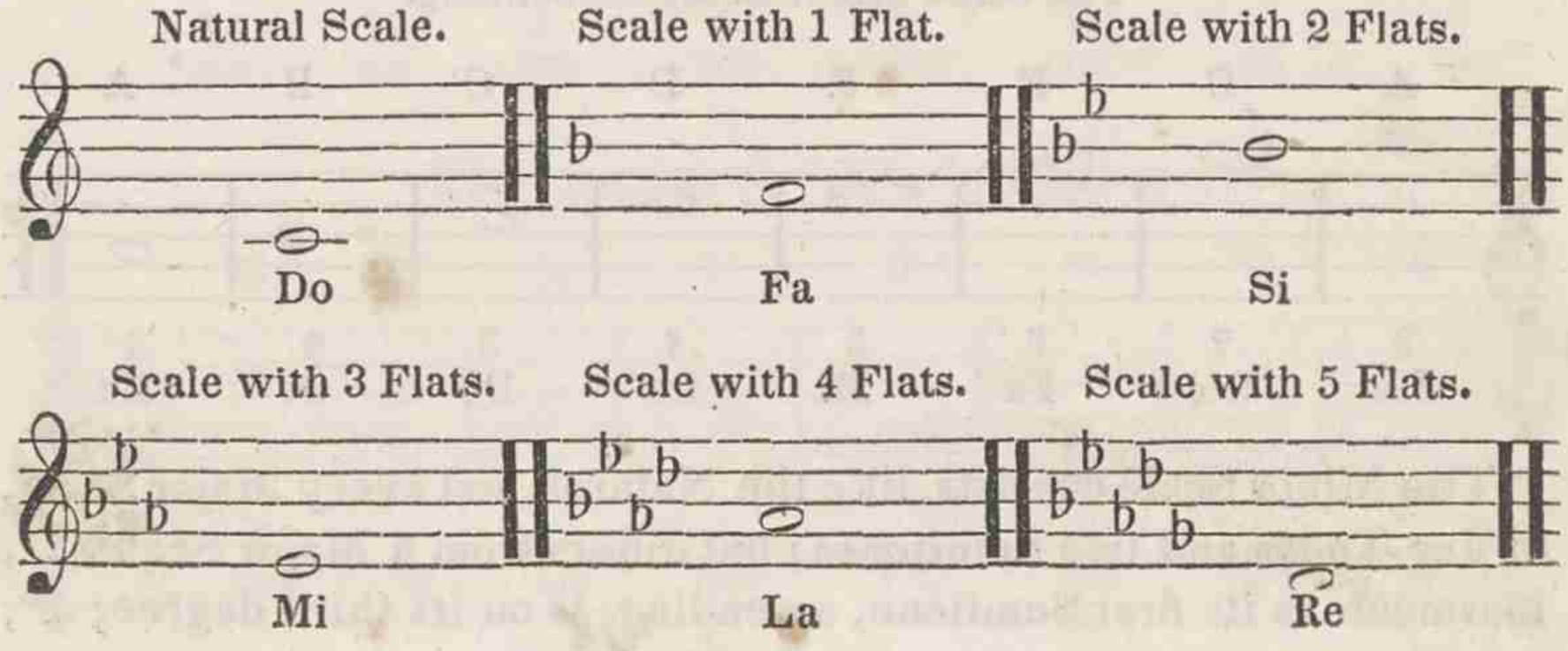
No. 4.



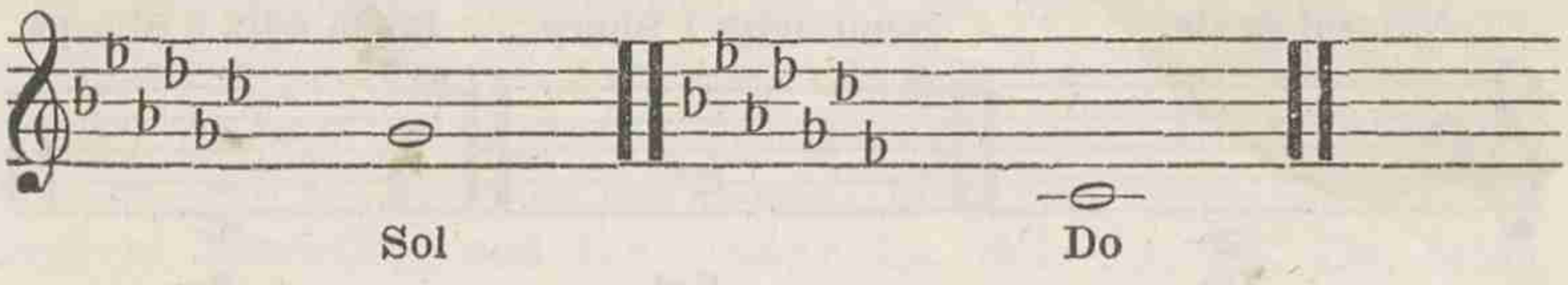
Whence, it will be seen, that Sol, the fifth degree of the natural scale, forms the first degree of the scale with one Sharp; that Re, the fifth degree of the scale with one Sharp, forms the first degree of the scale with two Sharps; that La, the fifth of the scale with two Sharps, forms the first degree of the scale with three Sharps; and so on, in regular succession, to the scale with seven Sharps. (See No. 4.)

The number of Flats is also seven. The order in which they are used for the formation of musical scales, is as follows below: from which it is seen, that for every succeeding flat scale, one new Flat is added on the fourth degree, until they amount to seven. These also are permanent at the head of the stave, and are called its *Flat Signature*. Example.

No 5.



Scale with 6 Flats. Scale with 7 Flats.



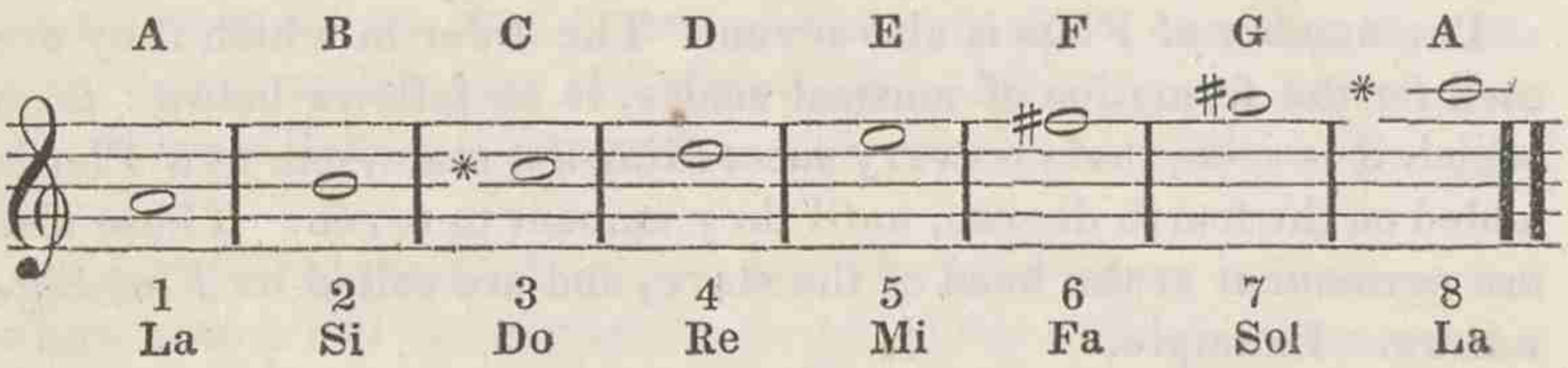
Sol Do

It is to be observed here, that the scale with one Flat is obtained by taking as its first degree Fa, the fourth degree of the natural scale; that the scale of two Flats has, for its first degree Si, the fourth degree of the scale with one Flat; that the scale with three Flats has for its first degree Mi, the fourth degree of the scale with two Flats; and so on, in regular succession, to the scale of seven Flats.

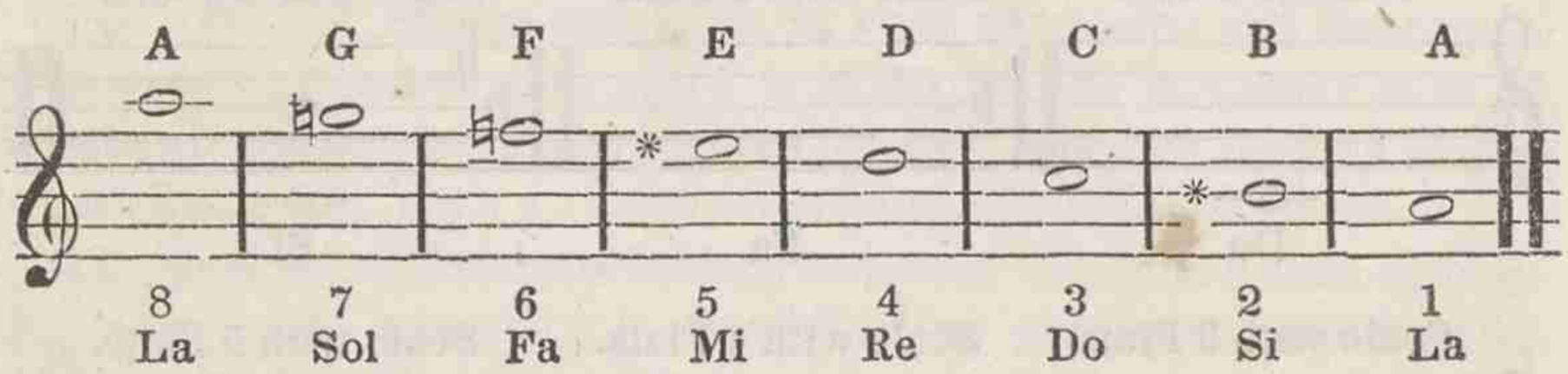
Although differing as to their first degree, all the foregoing scales, whether sharp or flat, have their two Semitones on their fourth and eighth degrees ascending, and on their seventh and third descending. In that essential respect, they are perfectly similar to each other, as well as to the natural scale. Whence they form by themselves the first kind of musical scales, which are called Major, or the Major Mode; in order to distinguish them from the second kind of musical scales, which are called Minor, or the Minor Mode. See the following example:

No. 6.

Minor Scale, ascending, without either Flats or Sharps in the Signature.



The same Minor Scale descending.



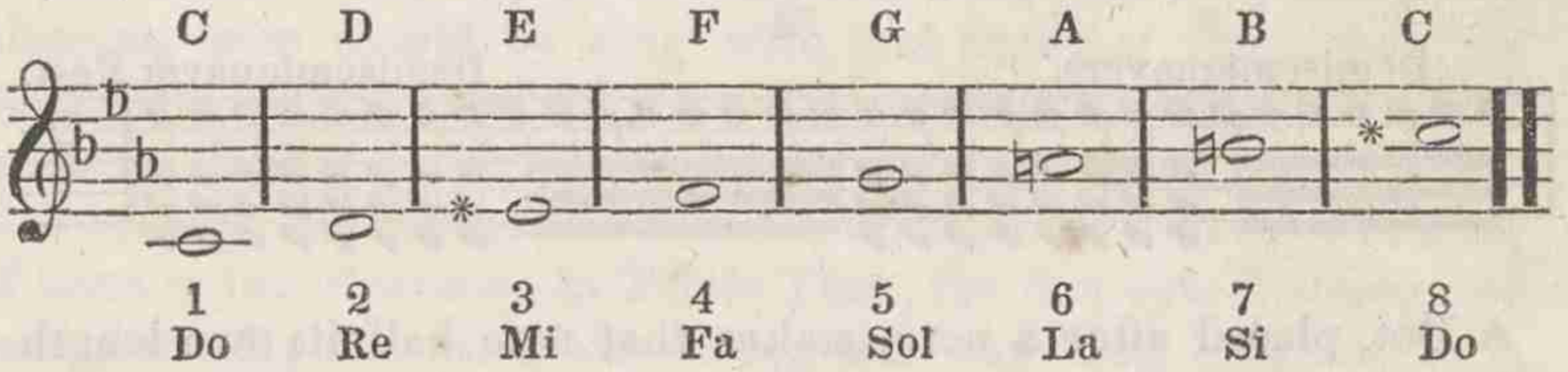
The Minor Scale consists, like the Natural, and every Major Scale, of five Tones and two Semitones; but differs from a Major Scale, 1°, inasmuch as its first Semitone, ascending, is on its third degree; 2°,

as it shifts its second Semitone, ascending, from the sixth degree, its proper place, up to the eighth degree, by means of two accidental Sharps or Naturals, according to the Signature of the Major from which it is derived; 3°, inasmuch as its second Semitone, descending, is removed down to the fifth, its natural place, by the use of two Naturals, and that its second Semitone, descending, is on its second degree. See Example, No. 6.

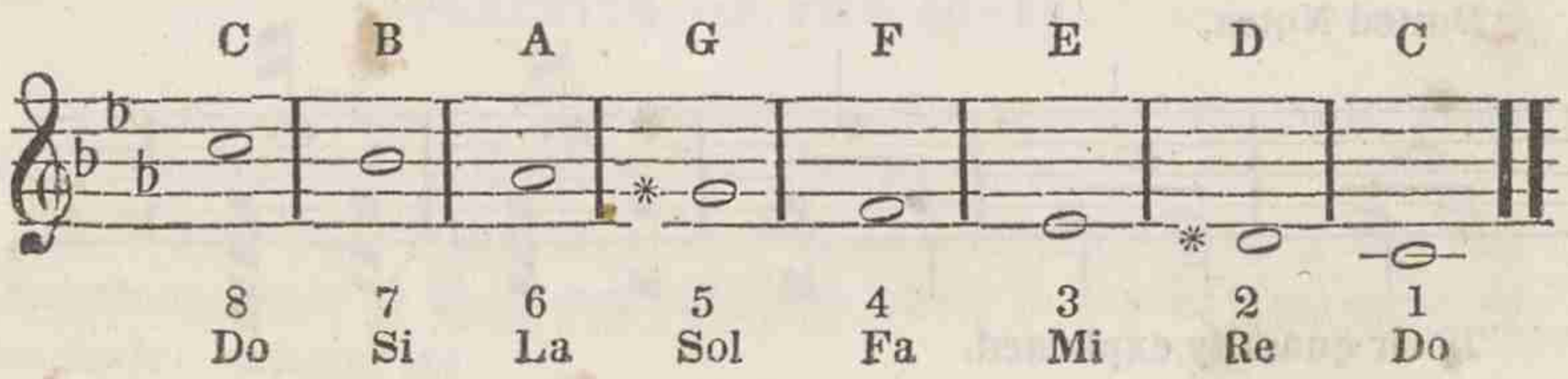
From every Major Scale two Minor Scales may be derived; the one, by taking the sixth of the Major, for the first degree, or Tonic, or Key Note, of the Minor Scale, and that, without changing the Signature. This is called the Relative Minor of that Major; as in the foregoing example, No. 6; which is the relative Minor of Do, or C Natural; which it resembles, by having neither Sharps nor Flats in the Signature. The second Minor is derived from the same Major Scale, by taking its Tonic, or first degree, also for the Tonic, or first degree of the Minor Scale; in which case the third degree of the Major Scale must be lowered one Semitone, by a regular Flat in the Signature, and the Signature itself must contain exactly as many Flats as when the Minor third is the first, or Key note of a flat Major Scale. This second Minor Scale is called the Tonic Minor of the Major, from which it is derived; because it has the same Tonic, or Key note, as the Major; as you may see in the following example, (No. 7,) where Do, the Tonic of the Natural Major Scale, (No. 1,) is also the Tonic of a Minor Scale.

No. 7.

Minor Scale, ascending, with Flats in the Signature.



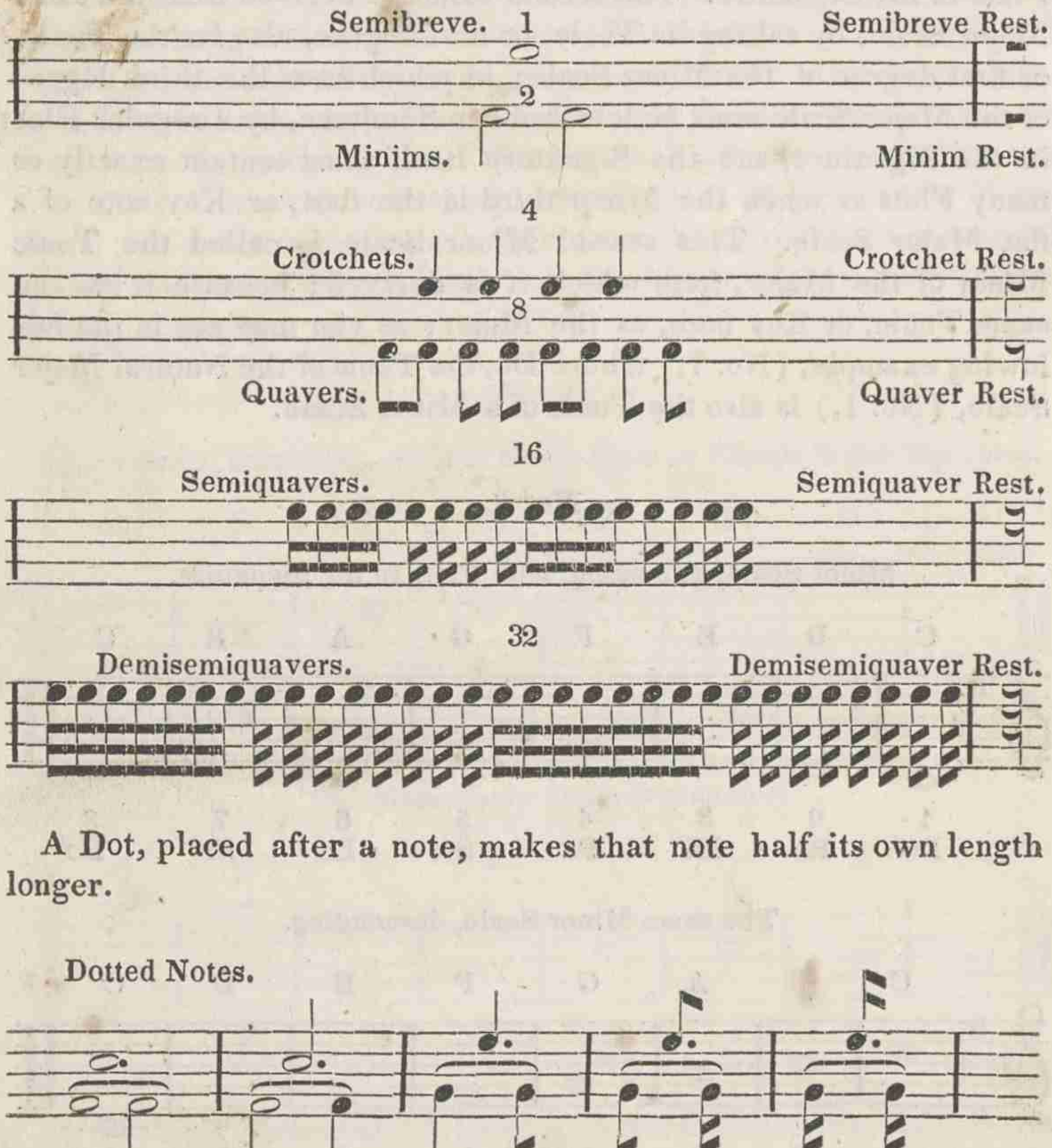
The same Minor Scale, descending.



In this tonic Minor Scale, the Signature contains three Flats, as many as Mi Flat, its Minor third, would require, if it were the Tonic, or first degree of a Major Scale. In the ascending scale, the second Semitone is shifted up to the eighth degree, by means of Naturals, which in flat scales produce the same effect as Sharps, which is the reason that, in the descending scale, no Naturals appear to remove the second Semitone down to the fifth degree; the Flats in the Signature performing by themselves the office of Naturals. See Example, No. 7.

No. 8.

Different kinds of Notes, with their names, quantities, and corresponding Rests.



A Dot, placed after a note, makes that note half its own length longer.
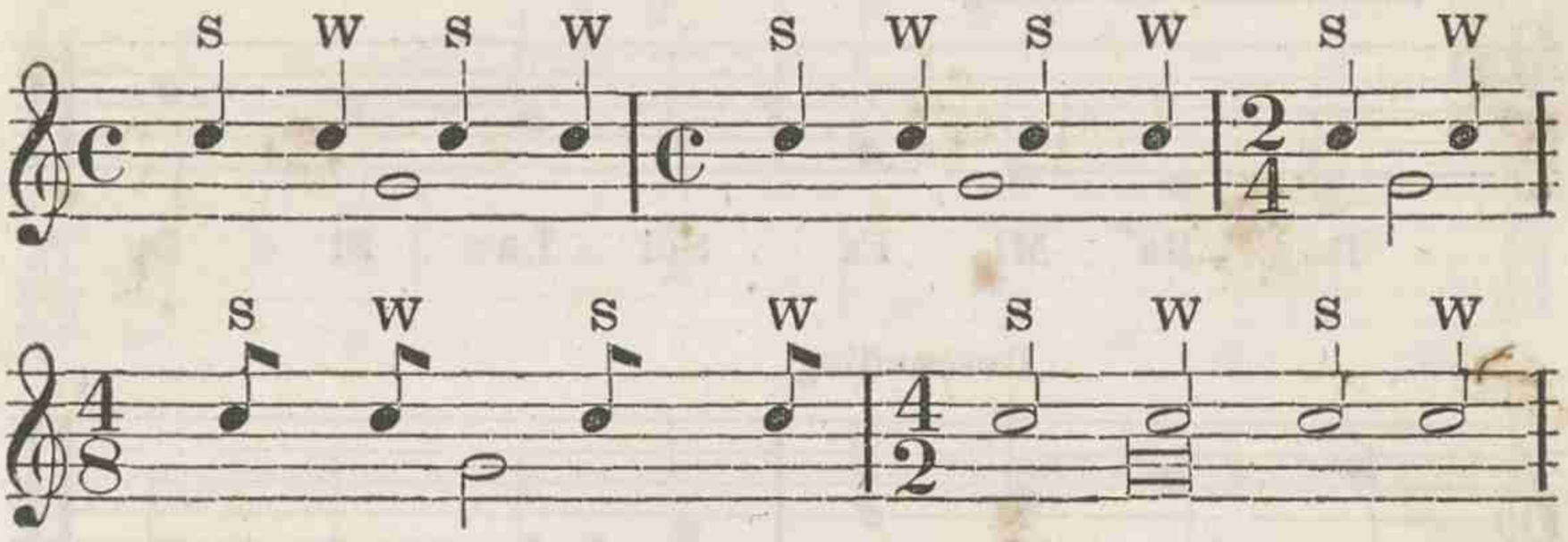
Dotted Notes.

Their quantity explained.

The different sorts of Common and Triple Time, mostly used.

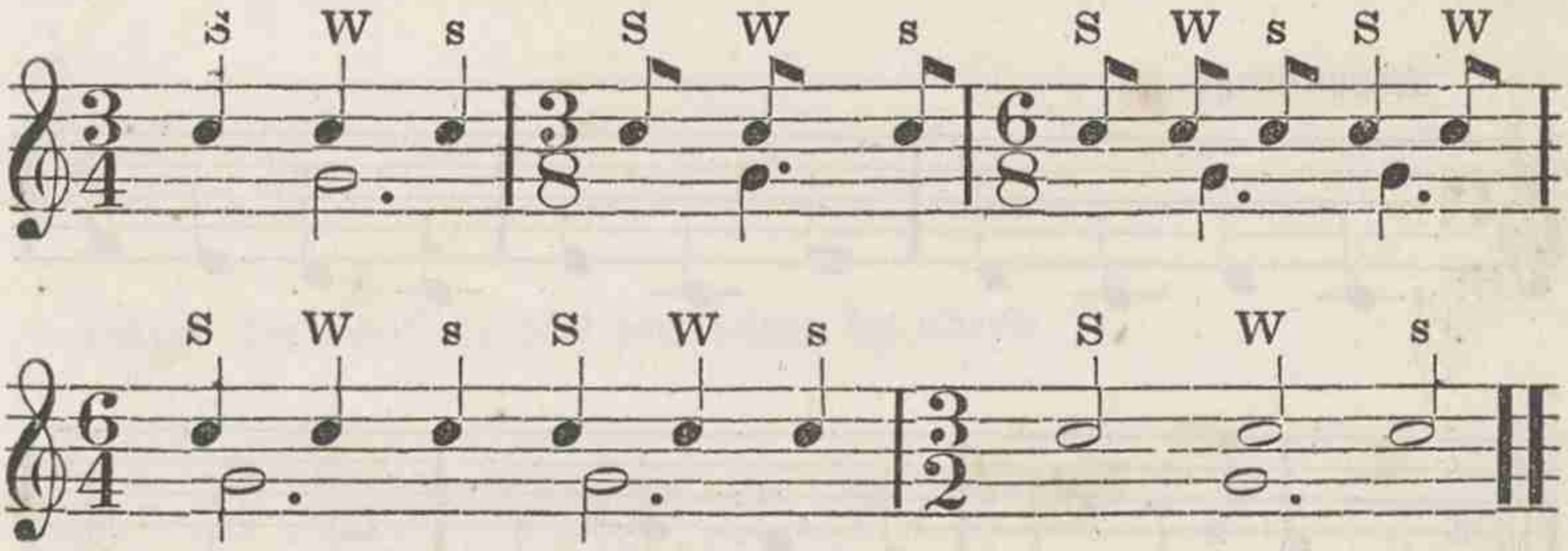
No. 9.

Common Time.



No. 10.

Triple Time.



The letters S and W, mean strong and weak; showing that every alternate note should be sung, with less stress of voice, than the preceding. The general rule is, that the first note of every Measure is accented, that is, strongly marked, and the second weak, that is less strongly marked, and so alternately, if there is an even number of them in the Measure. In Triple Time, the first note is strong, the second weak; the third less strong than the first; signified by a small s.

PRACTICE OF THE SCALE.
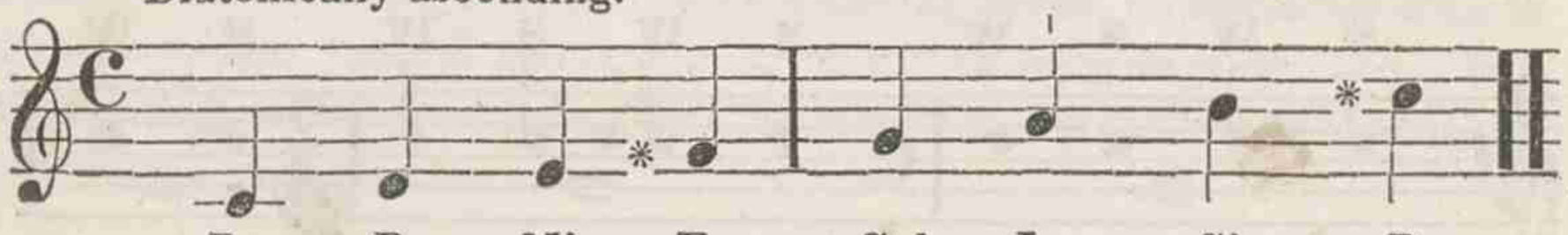
The simple Natural Major Scale of eight degrees, should be practised at first, in the following different ways, viz:

1st. Diatonically; that is, ascending and descending by Tones and Semitones, such as they succeed each other in the natural order of the scale. Examples.
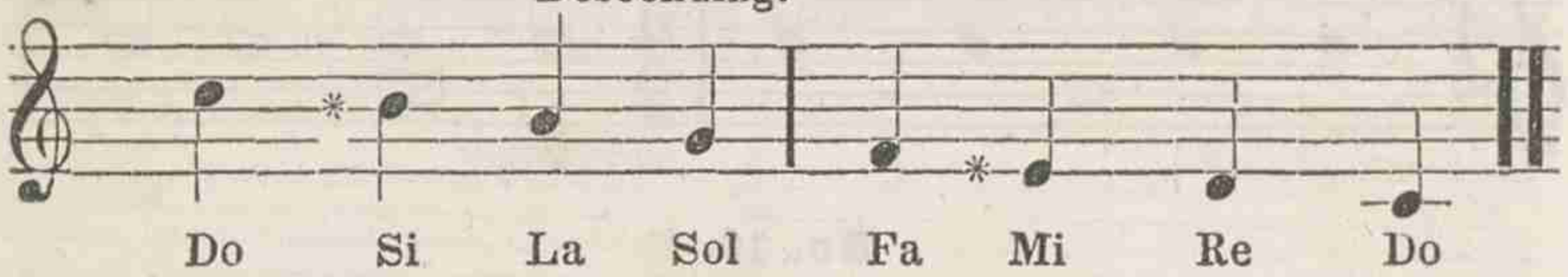
No. 11.

NATURAL MAJOR SCALE.

Diatonically ascending.
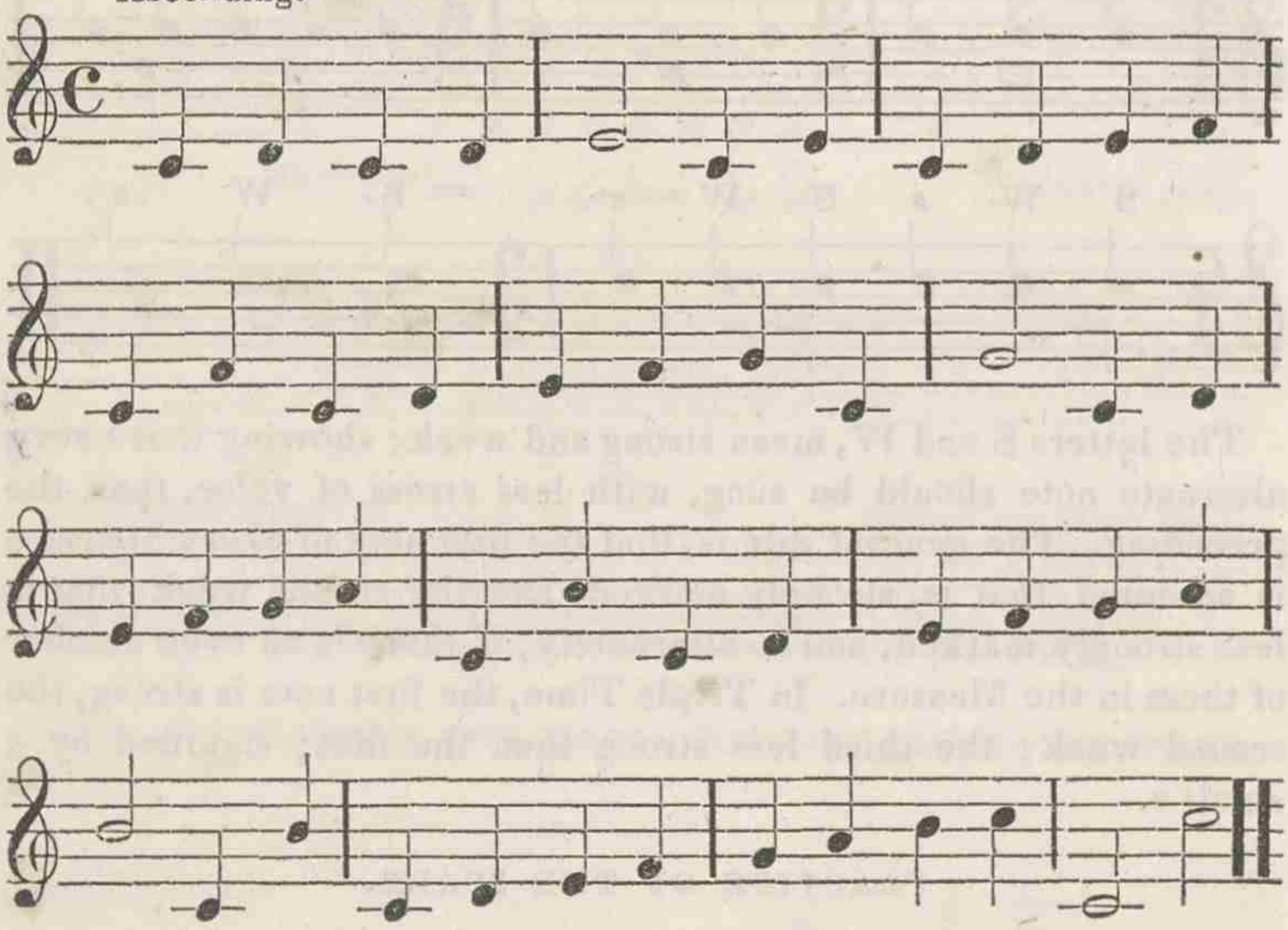


Descending.
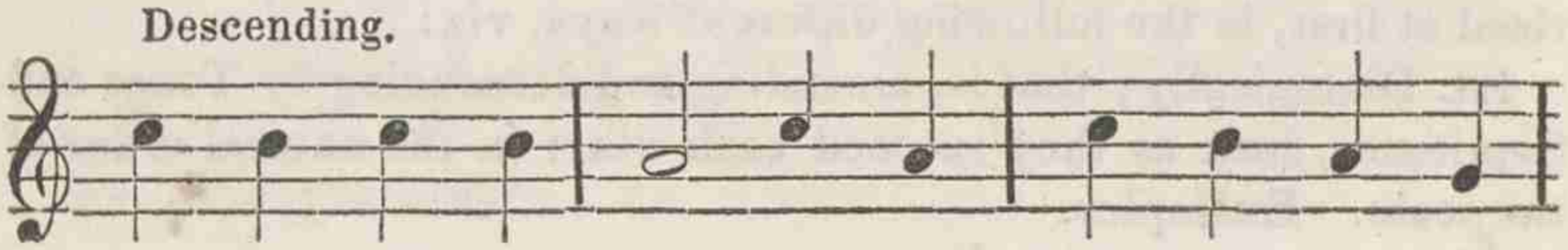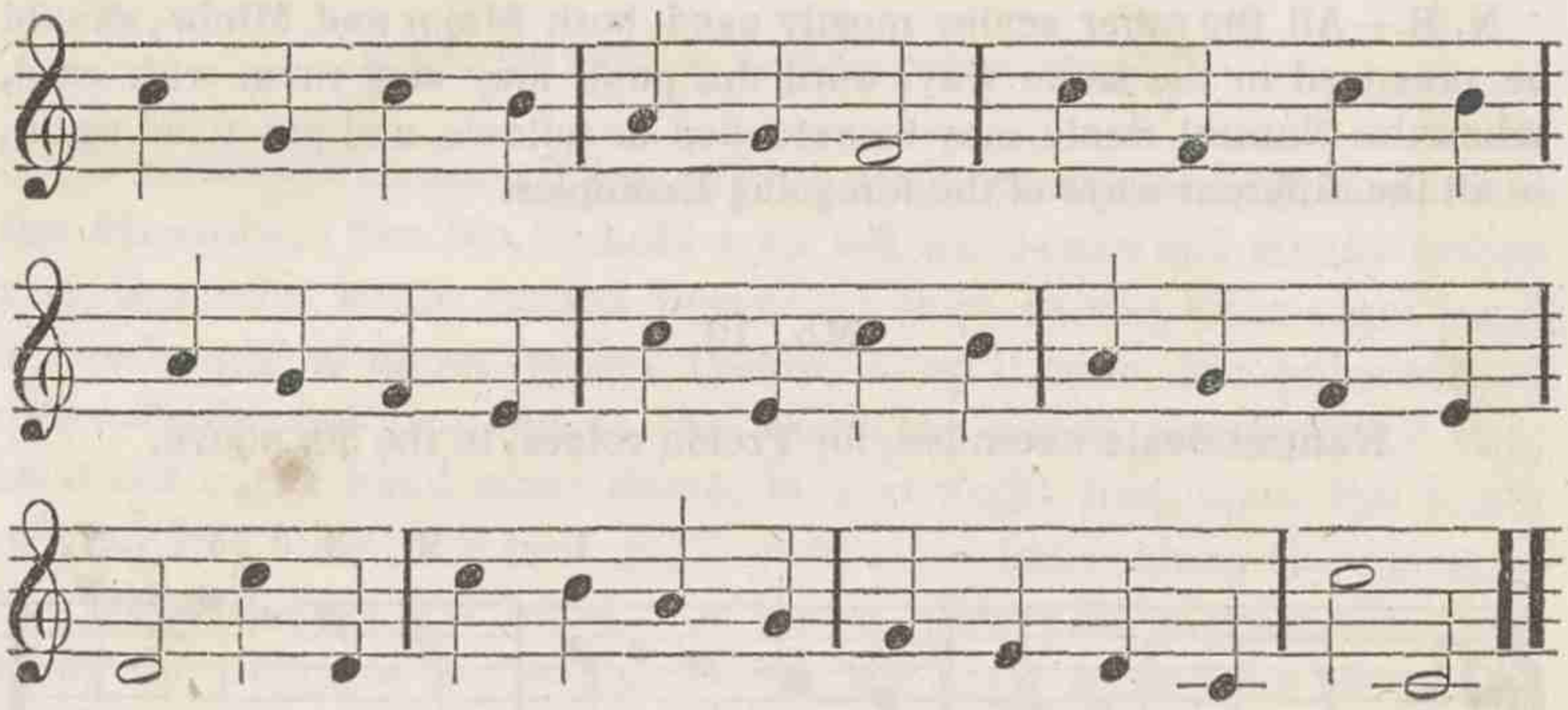


2dly. By diatonic degrees and skips, as follows:

Ascending.
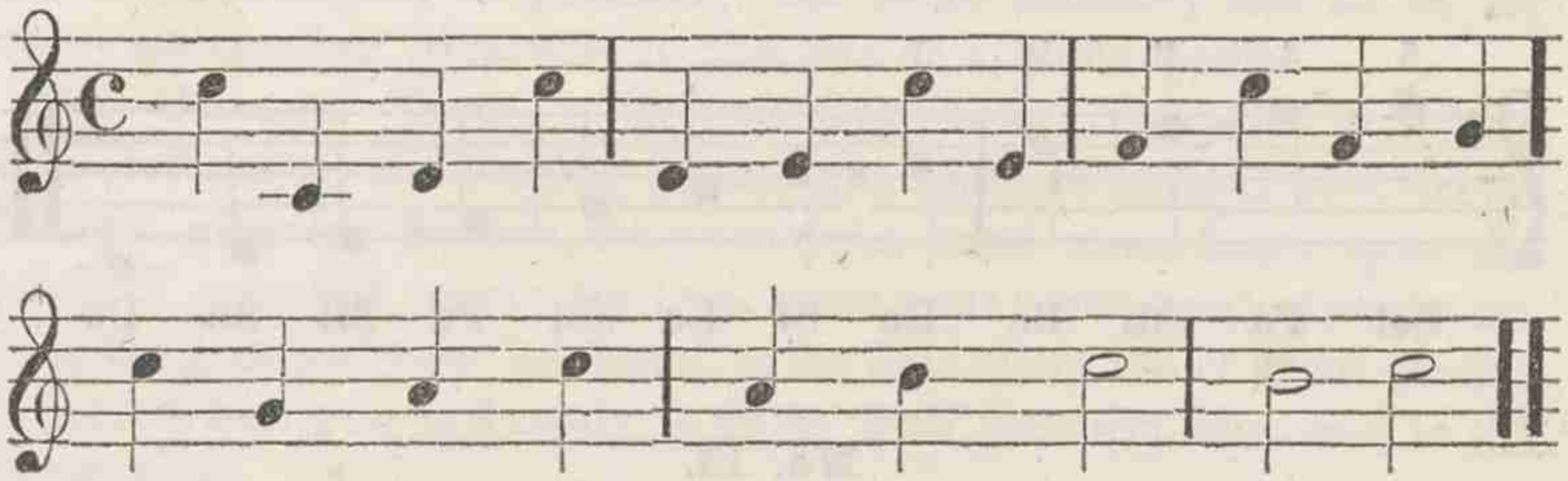


Descending.
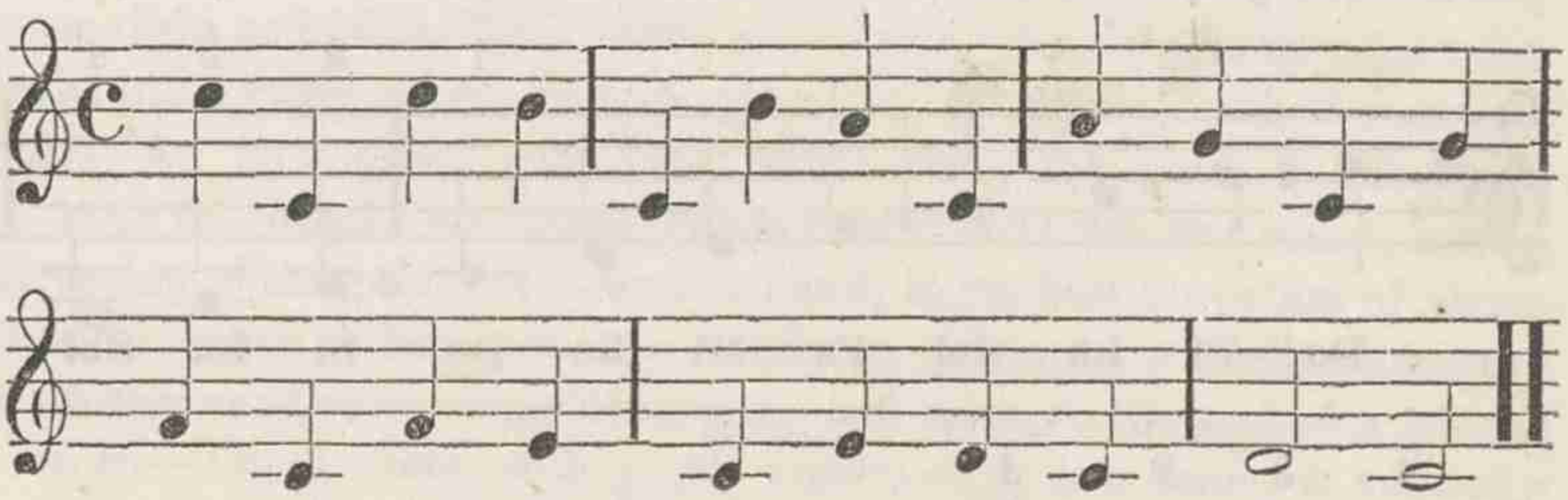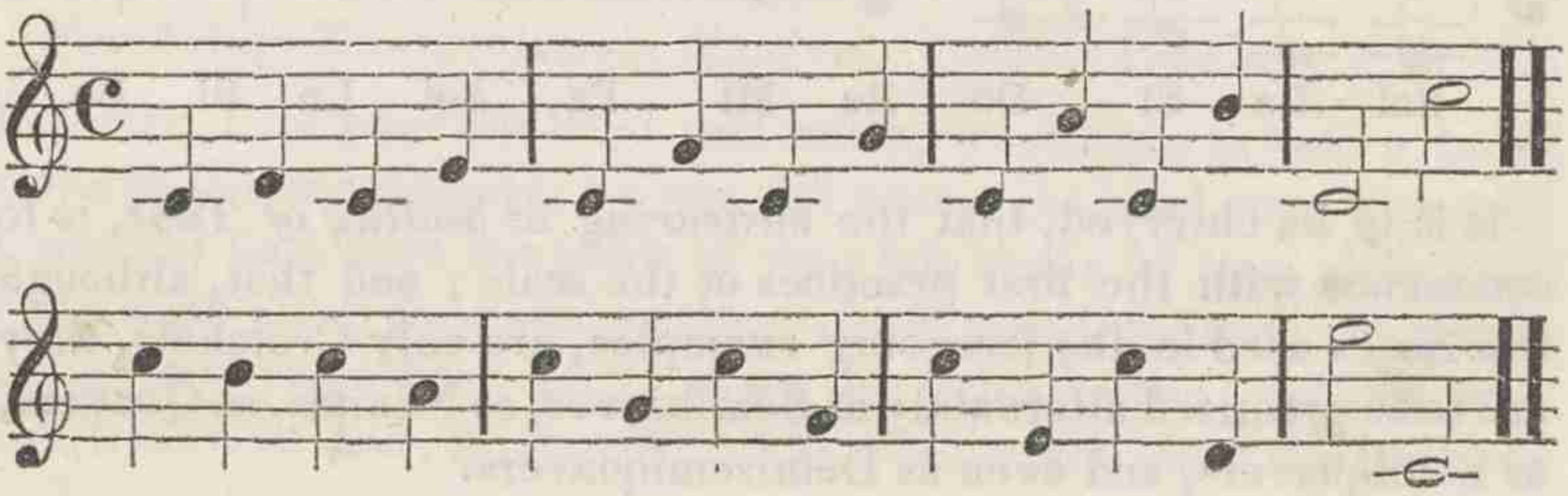




3dly. Descending by skips; ascending diatonically, and by skips.



4thly. Descending and ascending by skips.
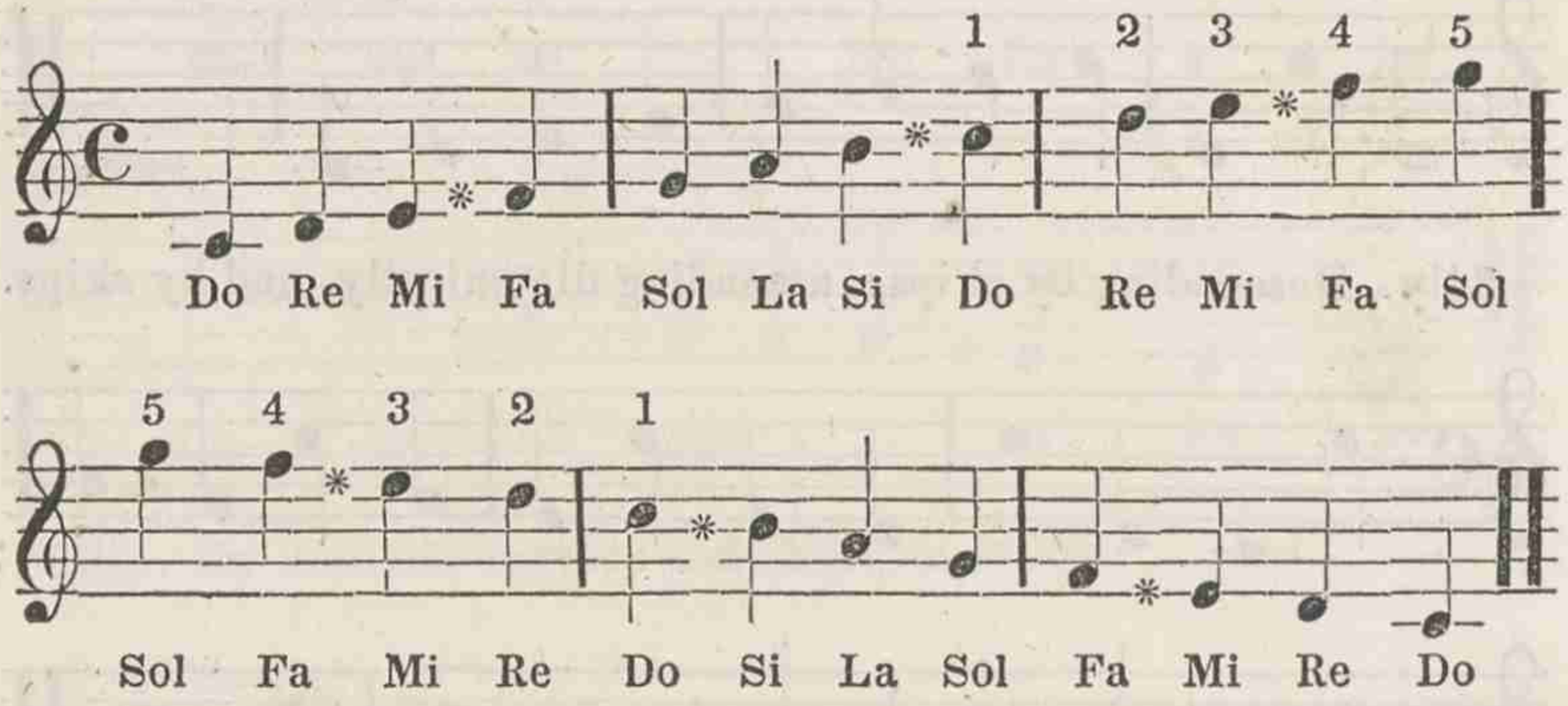


5thly. By diatonic intervals, ascending and descending.



N. B.—All the other scales mostly used, both Major and Minor, should be practised in the same way, until the pupil may sing them with ease, when the Natural Scale may be extended as follows, and practised again, in all the different ways of the foregoing Examples.
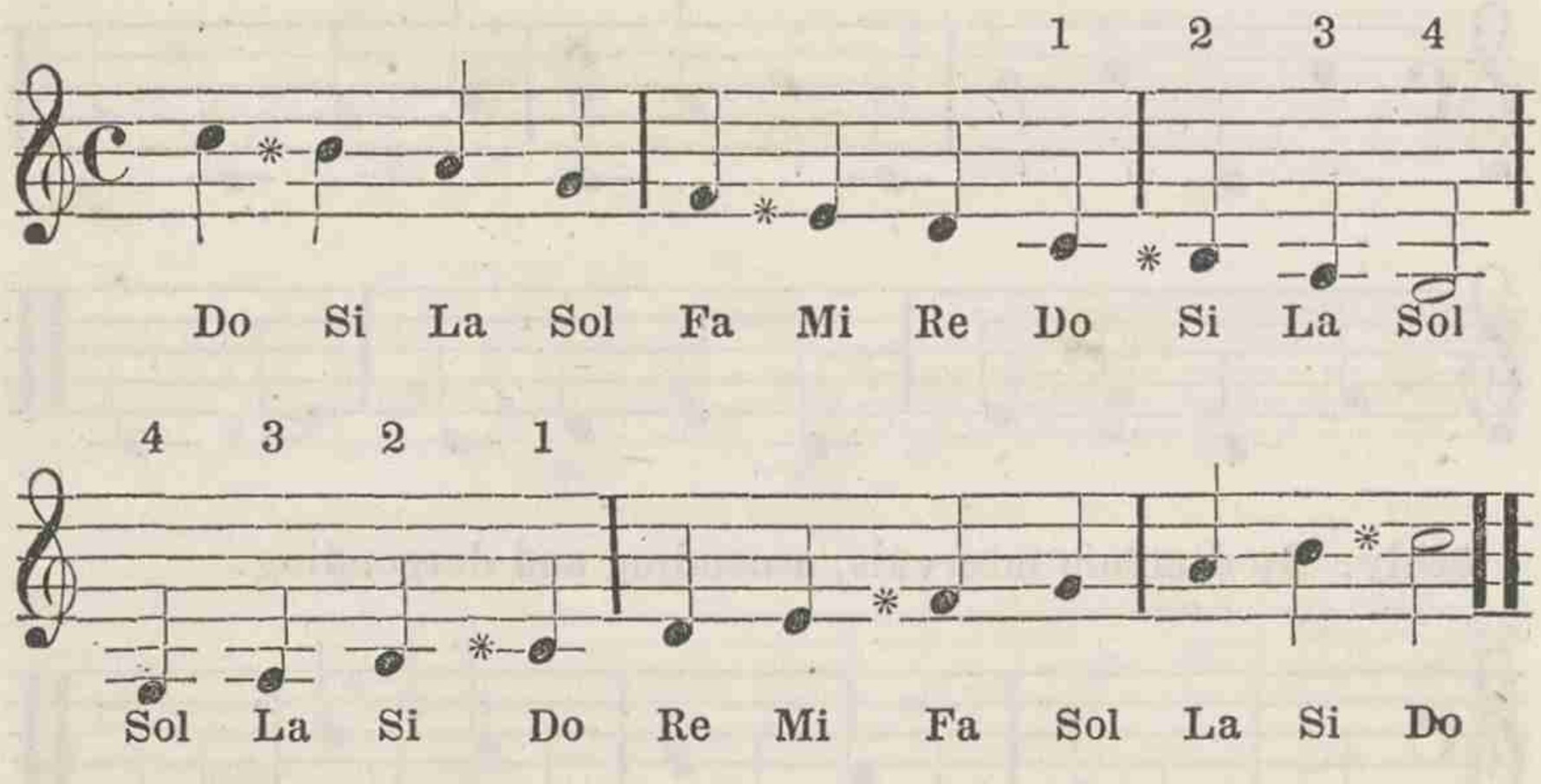
No. 12.

Natural Scale extended, for Treble voices, to the 5th above.



No. 13.

Natural Scale extended to the 4th below, for Tenor and Bass voices.



It is to be observed, that the *measuring* or *beating of Time*, is to commence with the first practices of the scale; and that, although the Notes used in the foregoing examples, are only Crotchets, they are to be practised alternately as Semibreves, as Minims, as Quavers, as Semiquavers, and even as Demisemiquavers.

MEASURING, OR BEATING TIME.

To measure Common Time, with four Crotchets, or four Minims to the Measure, (See No. 9) hold your left hand open and steady before you, the palm being turned upwards; then raising your right hand to the height of about twelve inches, keep it open, the palm turned downwards, and proceed in the following order, namely: for one, let your right hand come down, in a straight line, upon the joints of your left hand; for two, glide your right hand along the palm, to the wrist of your left hand; for three, glide your right hand back, along the palm, to the joints of your left hand again; for four, raise your right hand straight up, from the joints of your left, to its first elevation of about twelve inches, when you are ready to go on with the next Measure, in precisely the same manner; and so on for every succeeding Measure, to the end of a given piece.

For Common Time, with two Crotchets, (See No. 9,) hold your left hand, and raising your right hand as before, proceed as follows, namely: for one, let your right hand come down upon the joints of your left hand; for two, raise your right hand straight up, from the joints of your left hand, to its first elevation of about twelve inches, when you are ready to go on with the next Measure, in the same way.

For Triple Time, with three Crotchets, three Quavers, or three Minims, to the Measure, (See No. 10,) hold your left, and raising your right as before, let it move as follows, namely: for one, let your right hand come down, in a straight line, upon the joints of your left hand; for two, glide your right hand along the palm, to the wrist of your left hand; for three, raise your right from the wrist, in the direction of the joints of your left hand, to its first elevation of about twelve inches, when you are ready to go on, in a similar manner, with the next succeeding Measure; and so on to the end of a piece.

N. B.—Triple Time, with $\frac{6}{8}$ (six eights) or $\frac{6}{4}$ (six fours) is generally measured as Common Time, with two Crotchets, or as Triple Time, with three Crotchets; but, for greater precision, it were better to measure it by itself, especially in slow movements.

For Triple Time, with six Quavers, $\frac{6}{8}$ or six Crochets $\frac{6}{4}$ in the Measure, hold your left hand, and raising your right as before, let it move as follows, namely: for one, let your right hand come down, in a straight line, upon the joints of your left hand; for two, glide your right hand along the palm, to the wrist of your left hand; for three, glide your right hand back, along the palm, to the joints of your left hand; for four, glide your right hand again along the palm, to

the wrist of your left; for five, glide your right to the joints again; for six, raise your right hand, in a straight line, from the joints of your left to the first height of twelve inches, when you are ready to go on, in the same manner, with the following Measure.

N. B.—When Measuring Time has once become easy and perfectly familiar, it may be performed with a very slight, and almost imperceptible motion of either hand, independently of the other; nay, by the waving of a single finger.

MOVEMENTS, AND THEIR RELATION.

1.

Adagio—Slow and expressive.
Largo—Slow and solemn.
Lento—Slow and serious.

2.

Larghetto—Rather slow and solemn.
Andante—Rather slow and expressive.

3.

Andantino—Somewhat less slow than Andante.

4.

Moderato—Easy-flowing, without hurry.
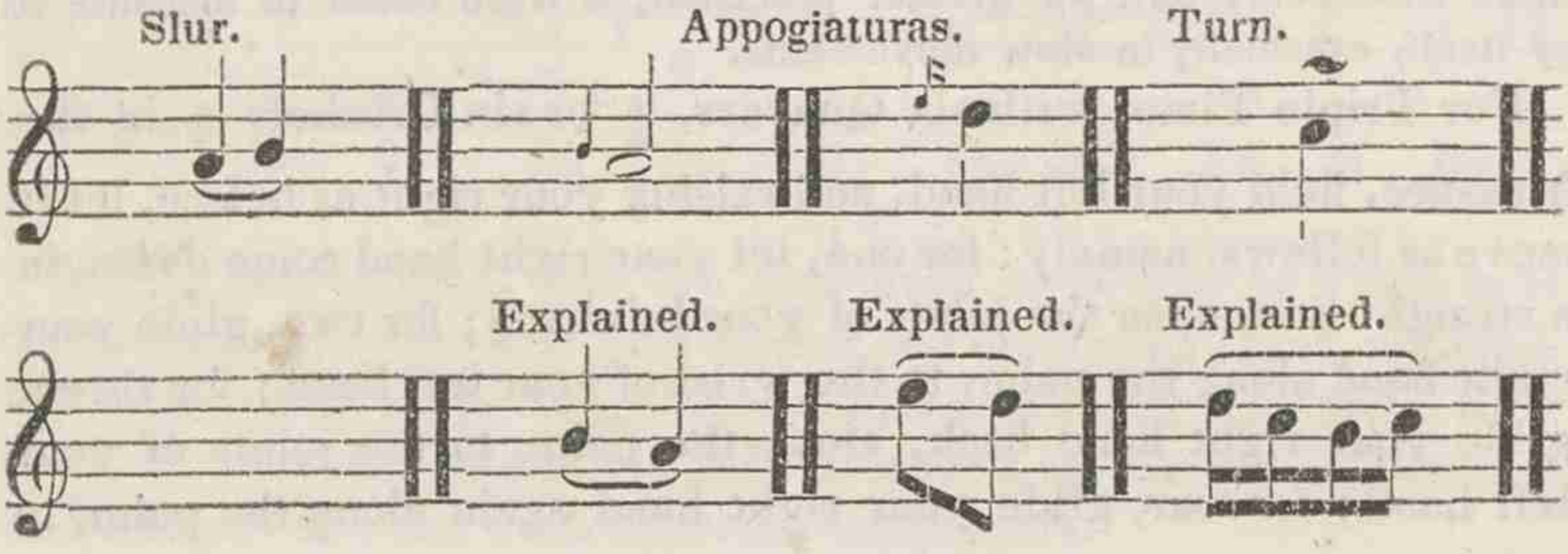
5.

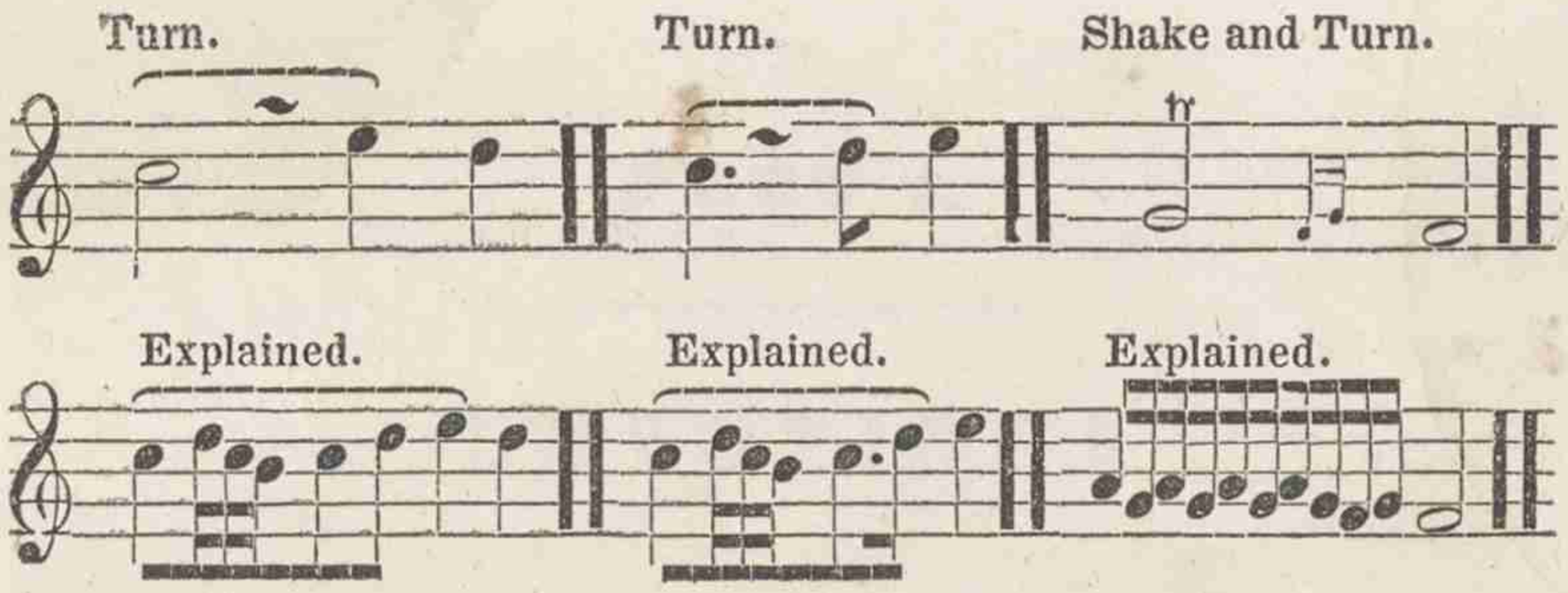
Allegretto—Somewhat quick and cheerful.
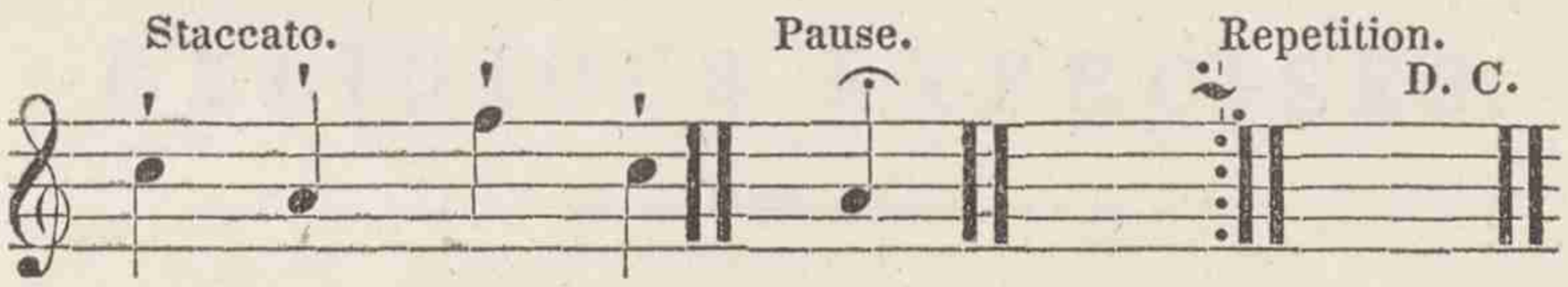
6.

Allegro—Quick and lively.

GRACES AND CHARACTERS.







f—Strong.
ff—Very strong.
Expressivo—With expression.
Effettuoso—Tenderly.

p—Soft.
pp—Very Soft.
Maestoso—Majestically.
Legato—Smooth, connected.

It is by a careful practice of the foregoing lessons, and a regular, steady perseverance in solfaing, that we acquire the facility of singing musical notes, at sight, which is called *reading music*.

SOLFAING.

Solfaing, at first, is to be proceeded with, in the following manner: let a Melody, or Air, or a simple piece of music be selected. Then let the singer, from its signature, find out in what scale it is; whether it is in the Natural, or in such a sharp, or flat Scale; in the Major, or Minor Mode? What is its Tonic? that is its Key note, or the sound of its first degree. On what notes the two diatonic Semitones are situated, ascending and descending? Then, let him begin to find out the sound of every note in the piece, by using the scale, wherever it is necessary, to conduct him from one note to another, through the intervals, called skips, leaving out the conducting notes of the scale, after they have answered their purpose, and sounding the notes which form the skip alone, one after another; and impressing them upon the memory, &c.

PART I.

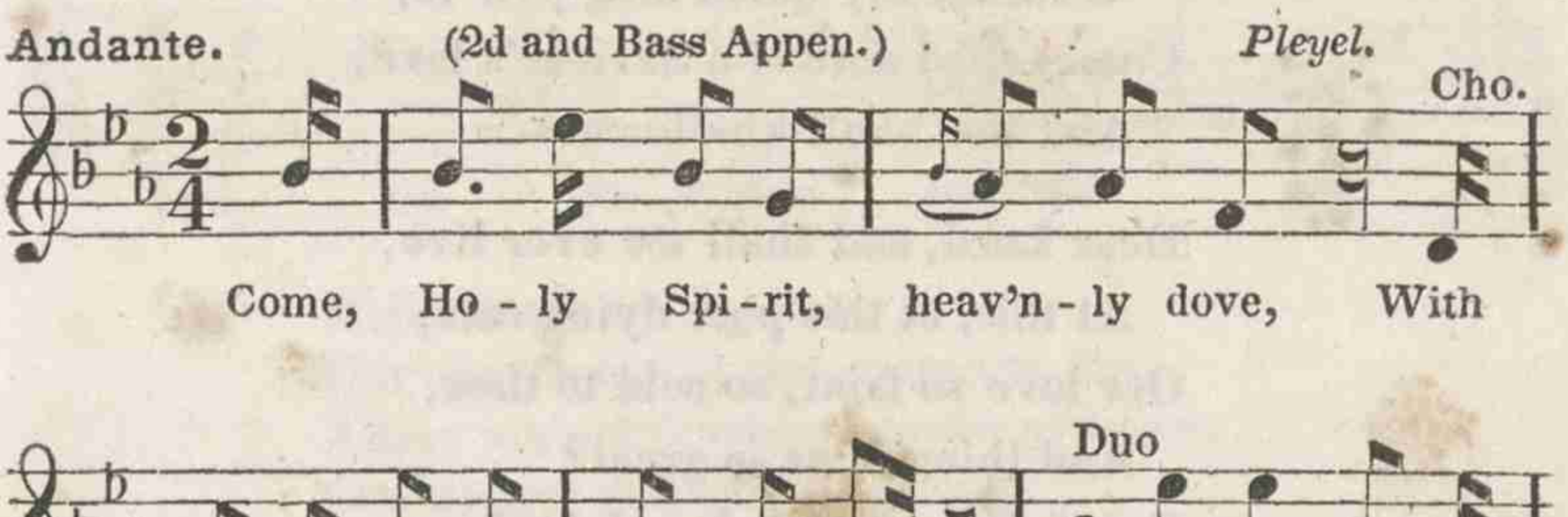
DEVOTIONS
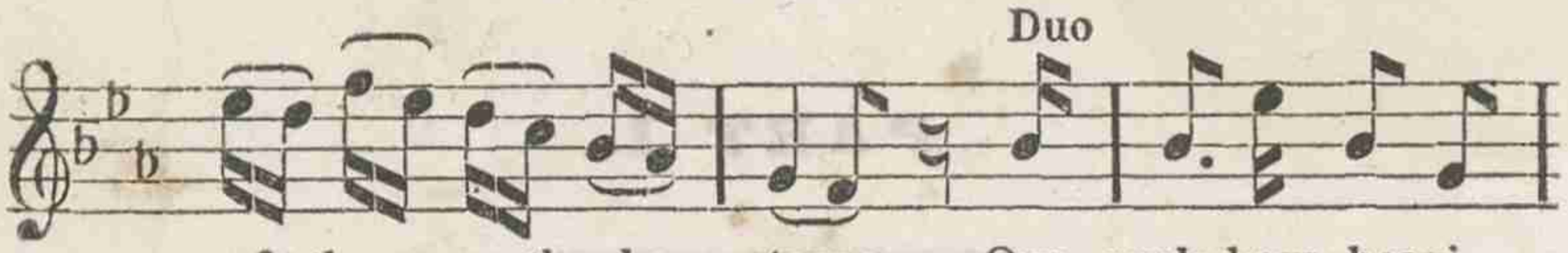
AND

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST, FOR GRACE AND DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

Before Prayer.







In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain, in vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this, at this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that will kindle ours.

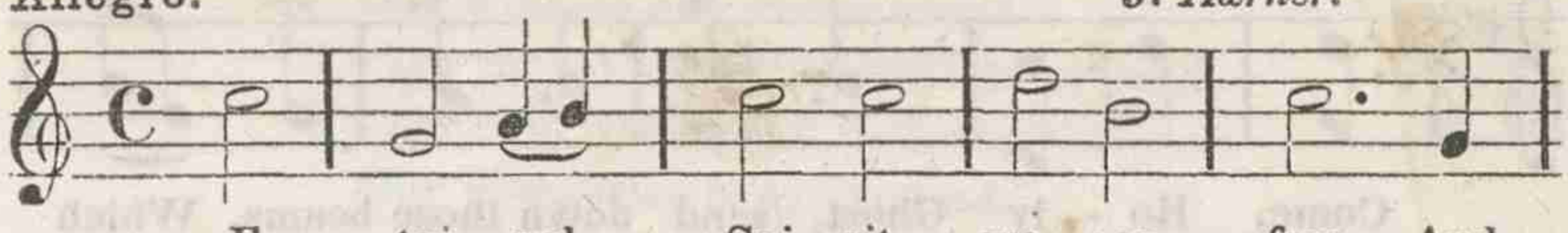
V. Send forth thy spirit, and they will be created.
R. And thou wilt renew the face of the earth.

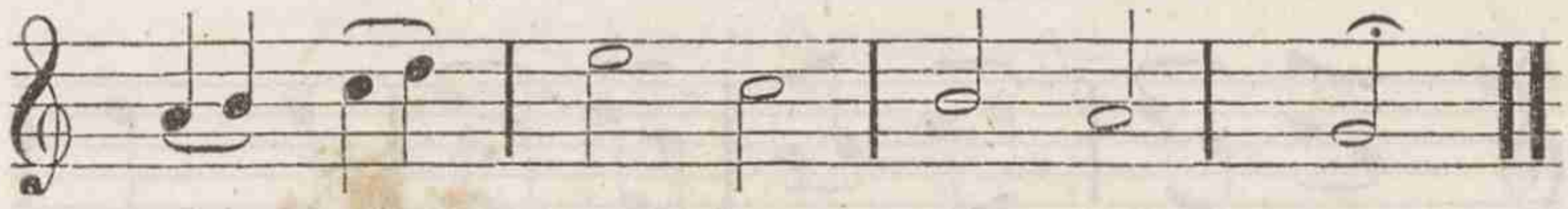
LET US PRAY.
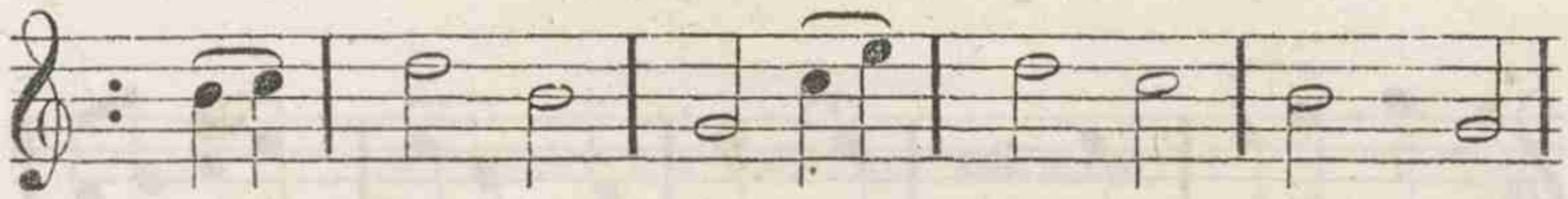
O God! who by the light of thy Holy Ghost, didst instruct the hearts of the faithful, give us, by this same Holy Spirit, a love and relish of what is right and just, and a constant enjoyment of his comforts; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with thee, in the unity of the same Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God for ever and ever. Amen.

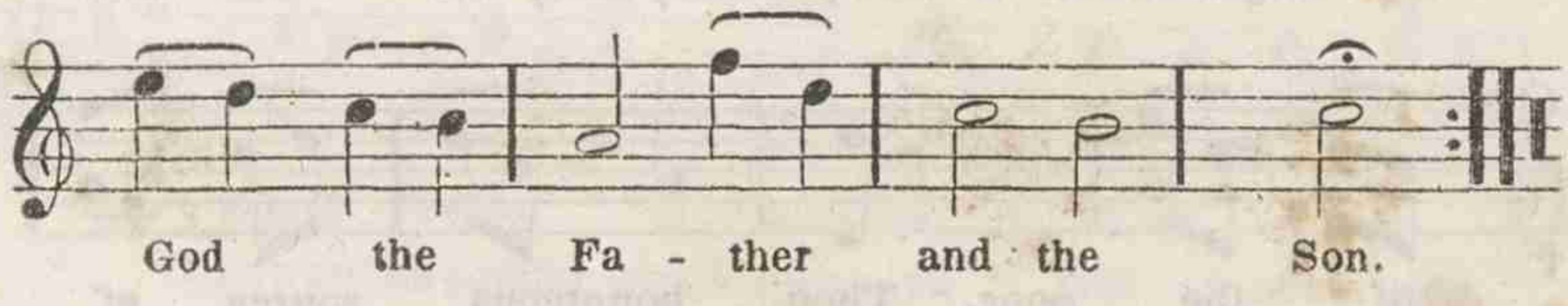
INVOCATION BEFORE CATECHISM.

Allegro. *J. Hœrner.*









Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.

Thy quick'ning powers work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin:
They our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
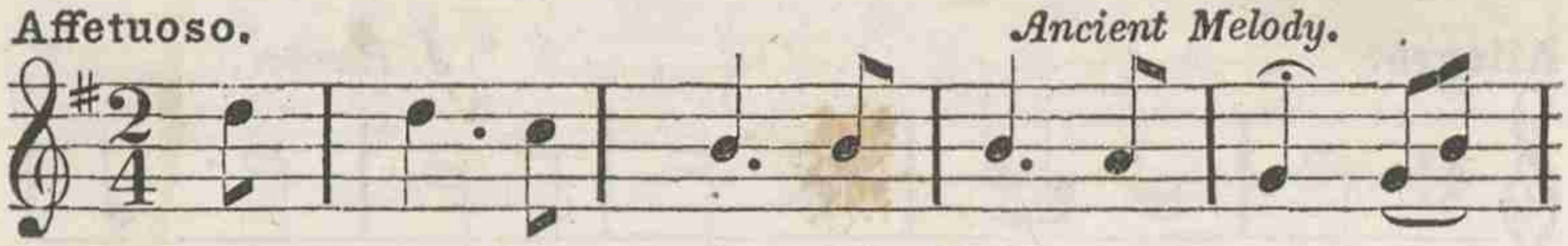
The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
Kindle a sacred flame of love
In this my cold and sinful heart,
Nor e'er let hence thy grace depart.
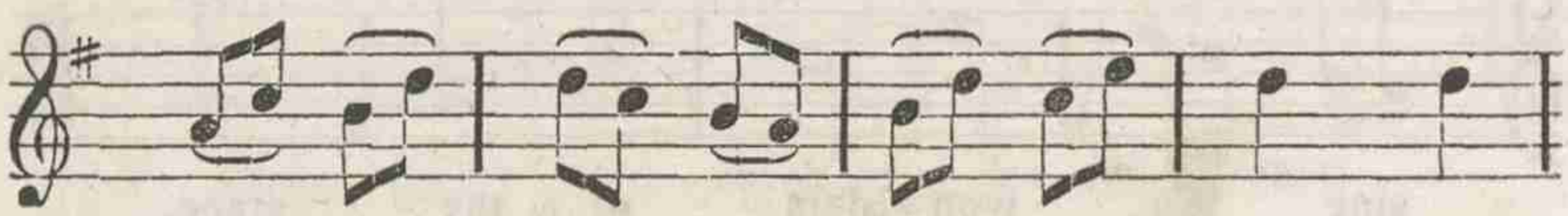
V. Send, &c.

INVOCATION BEFORE IMPORTANT DUTIES.

Affetuoso. *Ancient Melody.*
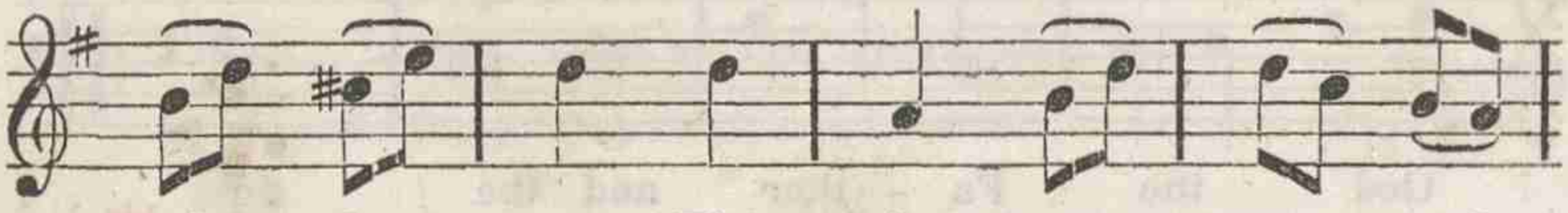


Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams, Which



sweet - ly flow in si - lent streams, From



thy bright throne a - bove; Come, thou, the Fa - ther



of the poor, Thou, bounteous source of



all our store! Come, fire our hearts with love.

Come, thou, of comforters the best!
Come, thou, the soul's delightful guest,
  The pilgrim's sweet relief!
Thou art our rest in toil and sweat,
Refreshment in excessive heat,
  And solace in our grief.
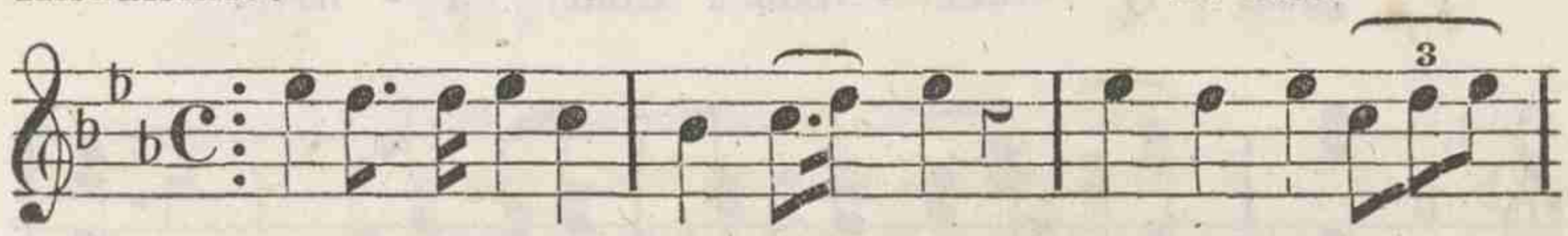
O sacred light! shoot home thy darts,
O! pierce the centre of these hearts!
  Whose faith aspires to thee:
Without thy Godhead, nothing can
Have any price or worth in man;
  Nothing can harmless be.

Lord! wash our sinful stains away;
Water from heav'n our barren clay;
  Our wounds and bruises heal:
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bend,
To our cold hearts thy flame extend,
  Our wandering ways repeal.
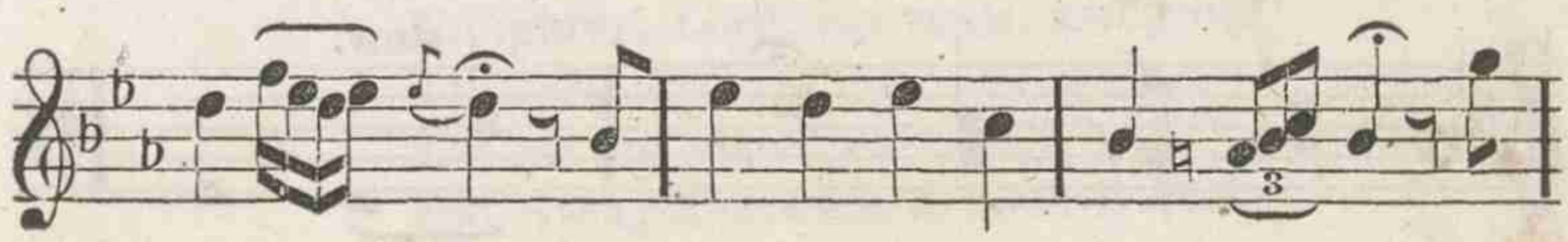
O grant, thy faithful, dearest Lord!
Whose only hope is thy sure word,
  Each gift of thy spirit:
Grant us in life t' obey thy grace;
Grant us at death to see thy face,
  And t' endless joys admit.

INVOCATION BEFORE SERMON.

Andantino. *B. Carr.*
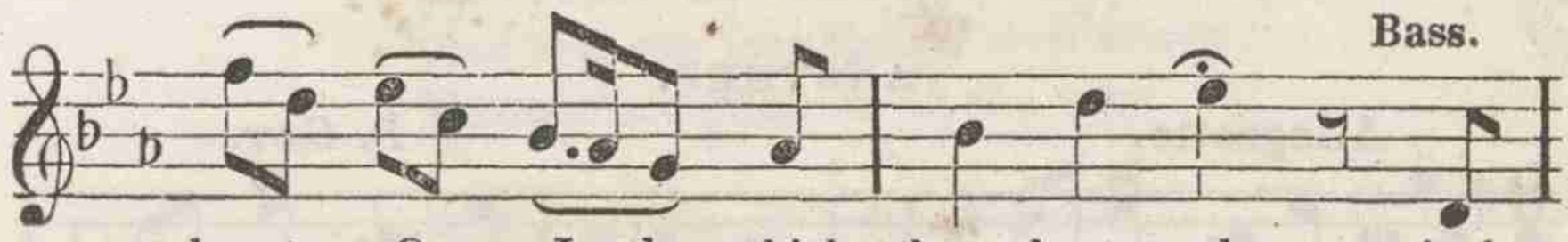


Spirit, Creator of mankind, Vi-sit ev'-ry
Thou art the comfor-ter, whom all Gift of the high'st
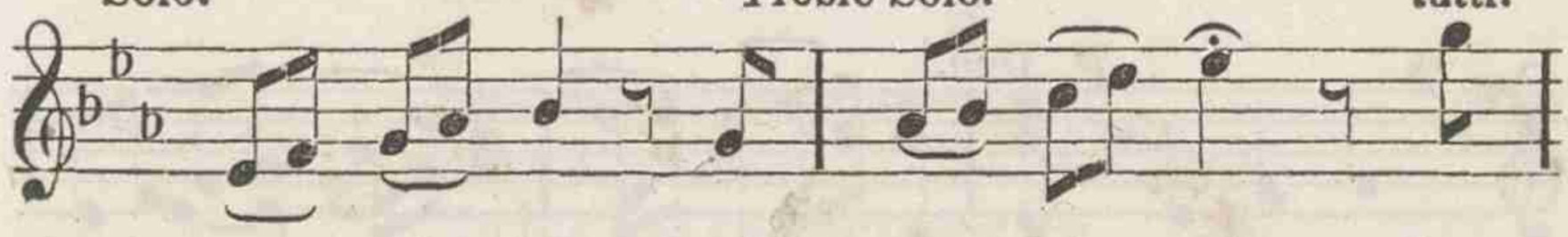


pi-ous mind; And sweetly let thy grace invade Our
God must call; The living fountain, fire and love; The

Bass.



hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made; And
ghost-ly unc-tion from a-bove; The
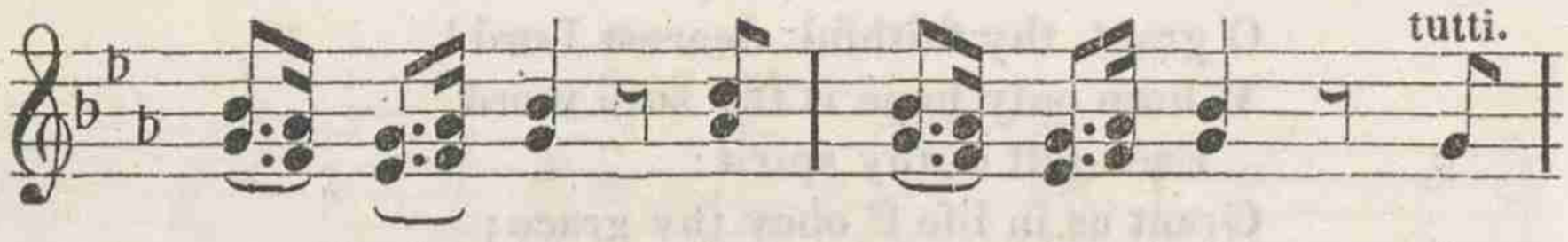
Solo. Treble Solo. tutti.
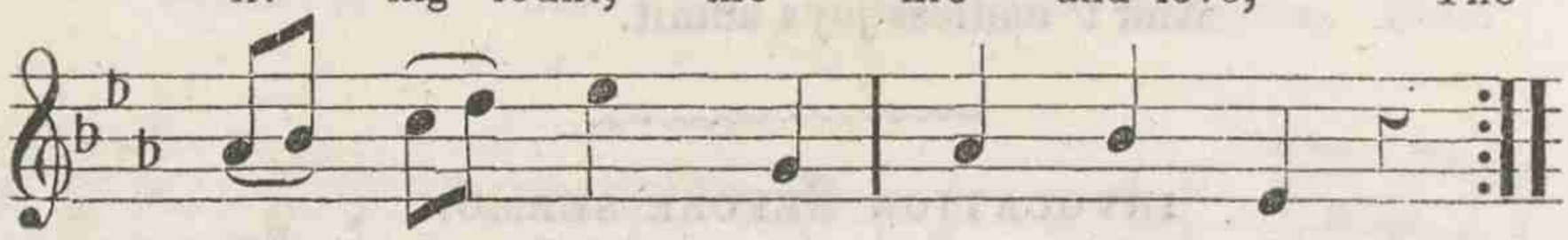


sweet-ly let thy grace in-vade Our
liv-ing fount, the fire and love, The
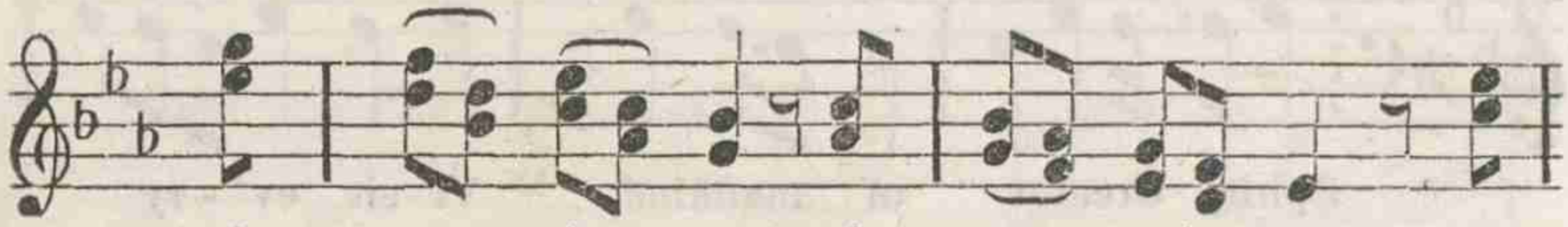


hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made; And
ghost - ly unc - tion from a - bove; The
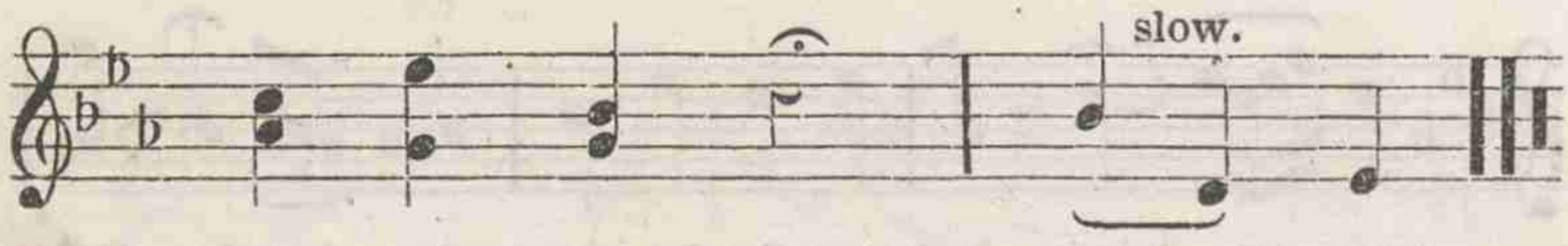


sweet - ly let thy grace in - vade Our
liv - ing fount, the fire and love, The



hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.
ghost - ly unc - tion from a - bove.
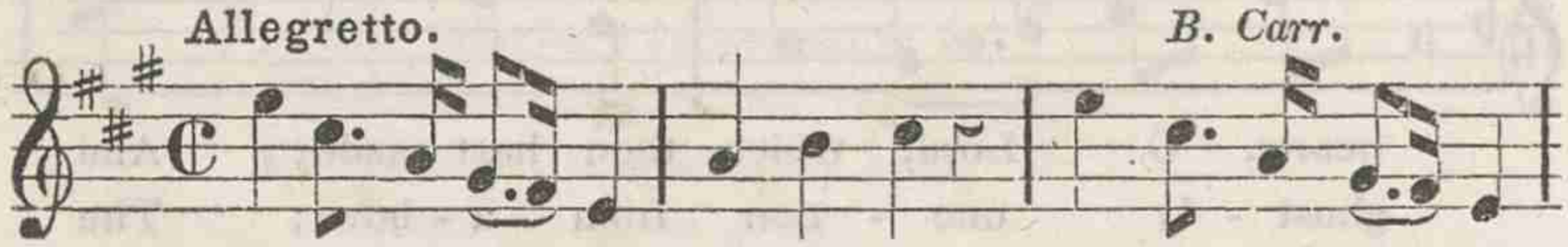


A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A-
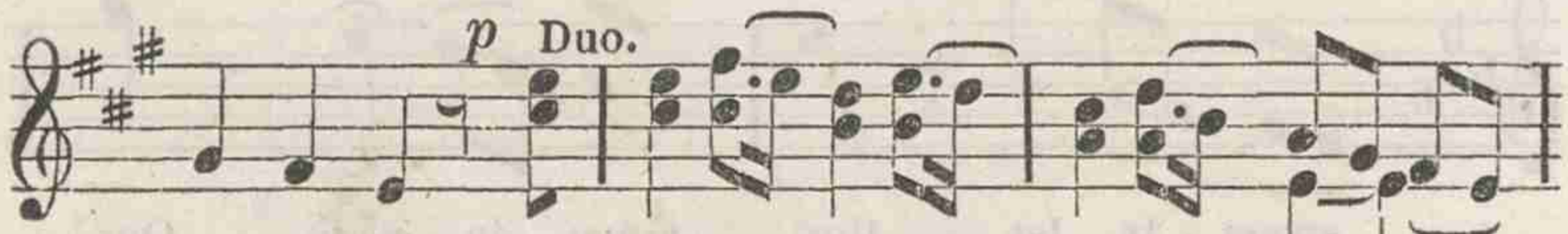


men, A - men, A - men!
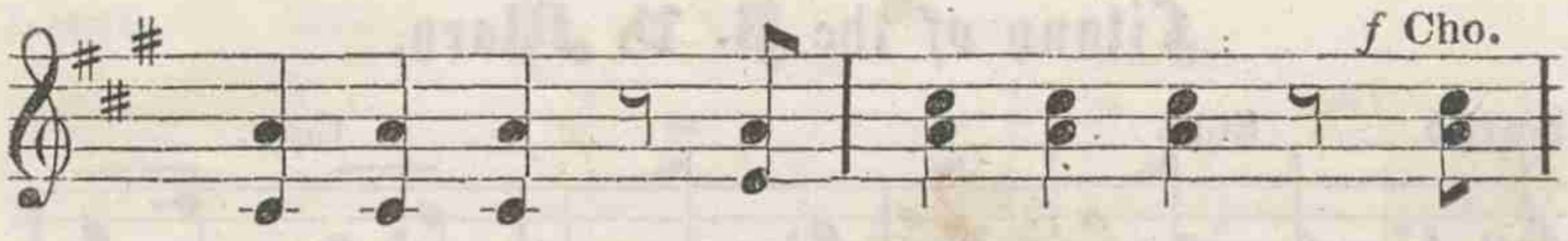
ANOTHER.
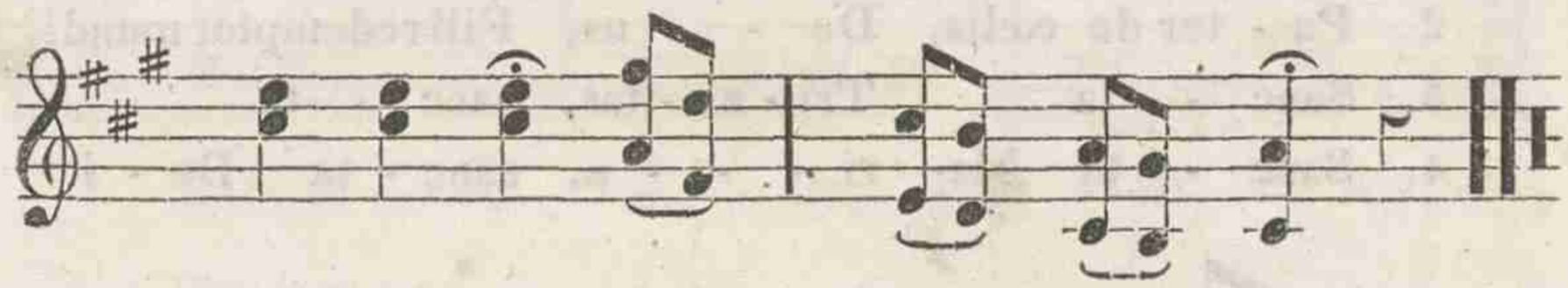


Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come, vi - sit ev' - ry



pious mind, And sweetly let thy grace in - vade Our





Thou art the comforter, whom all
Gift of the highest God must call;
The living fountain, fire and love,
The ghostly unction from above.

God's sacred finger, which imparts
A sev'n-fold grace to faithful hearts;
Thou art the Father's promise, whence
We language have, and eloquence.
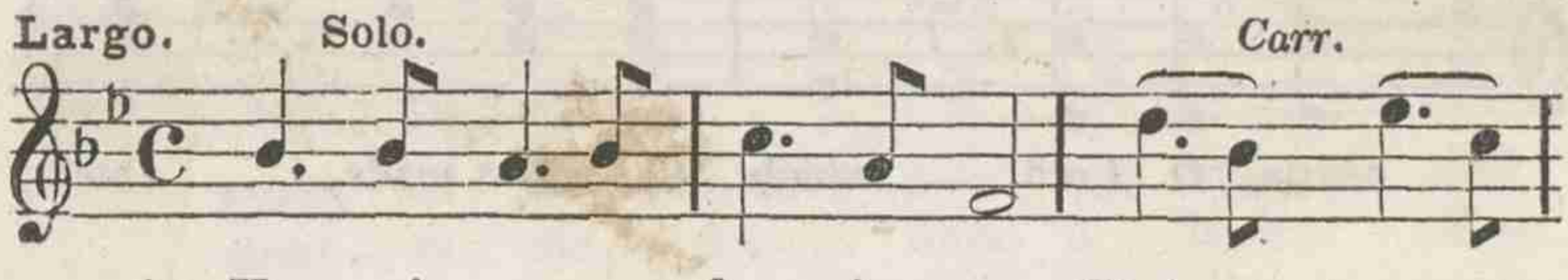
Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
That we thy love may never want;
Let not our virtue ever fail,
But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
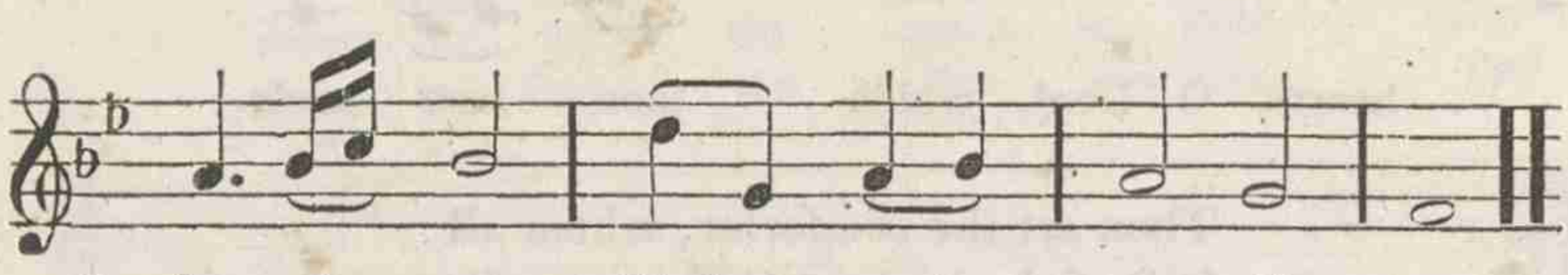
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son in thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
To the Son equal praises be,
And holy Paraclete, to thee.
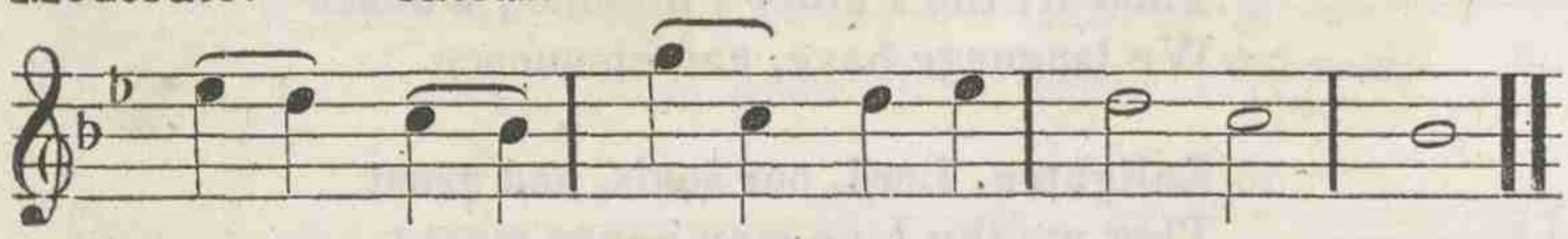
Litany of the B. V. Mary.
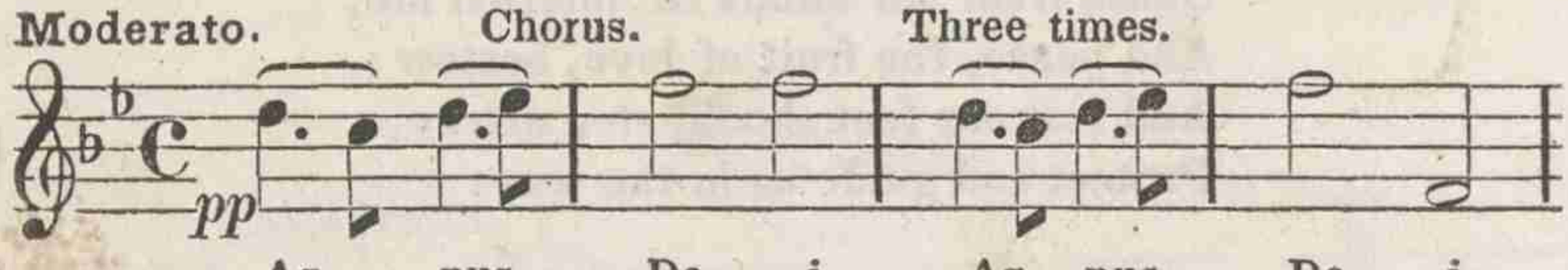


1. Ky - ri - e, e- le - i - son, Chris - te e-
2. Pa - ter de cœlis, De - - us, Fili redemptor mundi,
3. Sanc - ta Tri - ni - tas, sanc - ta
4. Sanc - ta Ma- ri - - - - a, sanc - ta De - i



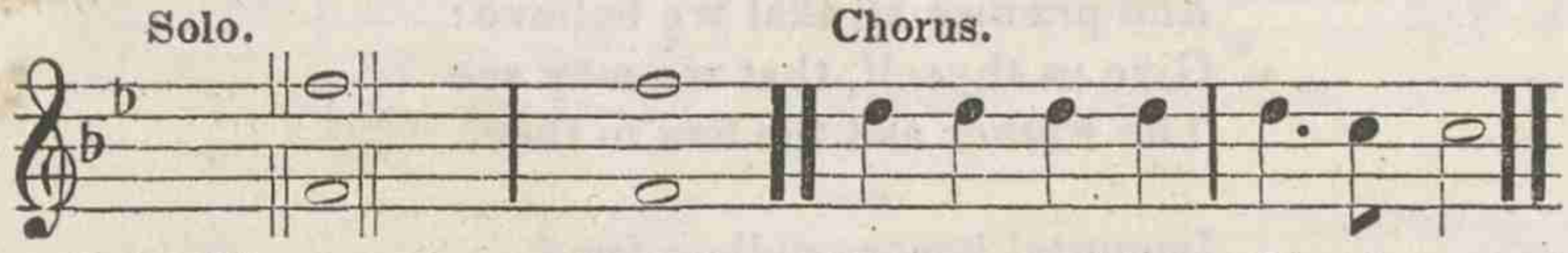
1. le - i - son, Chris - - te au - di nos;
2. De - - - us, Spiritus Sanc - te De - - - us,
3. Tri - ni - tas, U - nus De - - - us,
4. ge - ni - trix, Sanc - ta Vir - go Vir - gi- num,
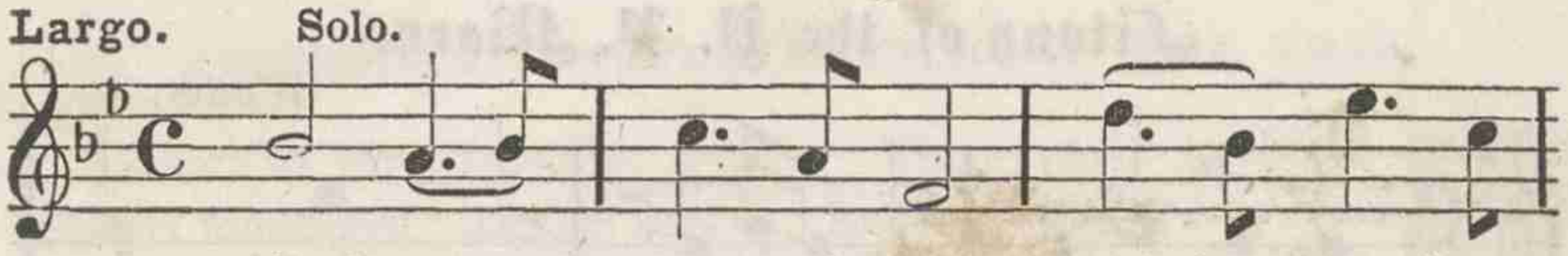


1. Chris - te, Christe, ex- au - di nos.
2-3. Mise - rere, Mi - se - re - re no - - bis.
4. O - - - ra, O - ra, pro no - - bis.
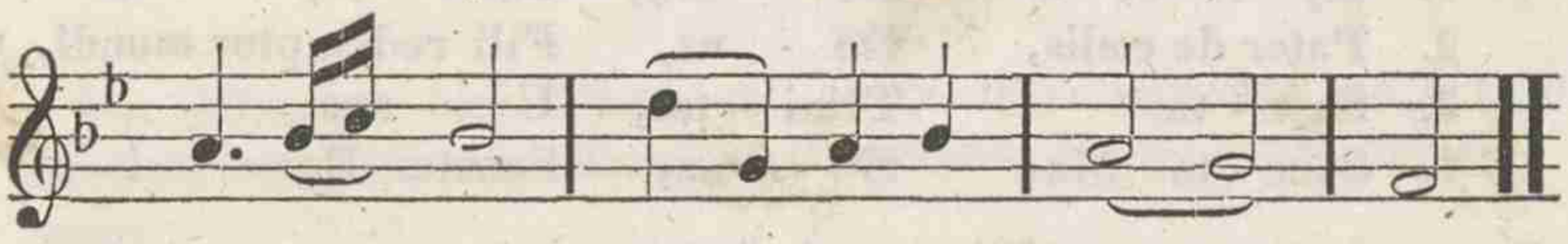


Ag - nus De - i, Ag - nus De - i,
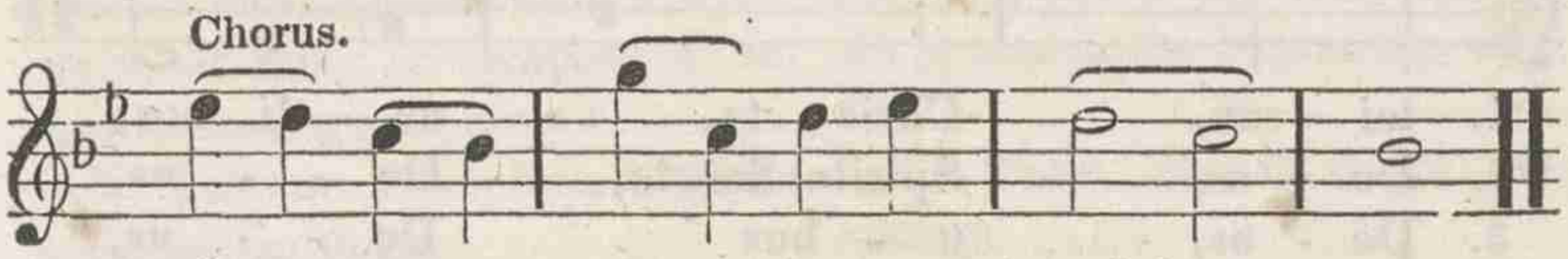


Qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis, Domine.
Ex-au - di nos, Domine.
Mi - se - re - re nobis.



Chris - te, au - di nos, Chris - te, ex-



au - di nos, Ky - rie, e - - - lei - son;



Chris - te, Ky - rie, e - - - lei - - son.

Mater Christi,
Mater divinæ gratiæ,
Mater purissima,
Ora, &c.

Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,
Ora, &c.

Mater amabilis,
Mater admirabilis,
Mater creatoris,
Ora, &c.

Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Virgo veneranda.
Ora, &c.

Virgo prædicanda,
Virgo potens,
Virgo clemens,
Ora, &c.

Virgo fidelis,
Speculum justitiæ,
Sedes sapientiæ,
Ora, &c.

Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
Vas spirituale,
Vas honorabile,
Ora, &c.

Vas insigne devotionis,
Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica.
Ora, &c.

Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Fœderis arca,
Ora, &c.

Janua cœli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Ora, &c.

Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Ora, &c.

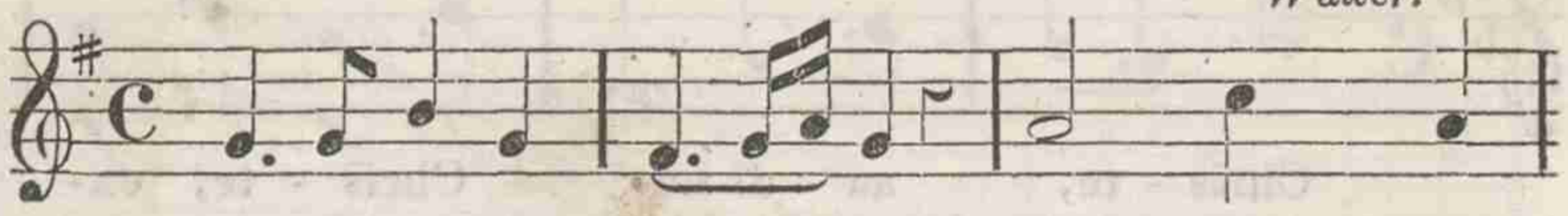
Regina angelorum,
Regina Patriarcharum,
Regina Prophetarum,
Ora, &c.

Regina apostolorum,
Regina Martyrum,
Regina confessorum,
Ora, &c.
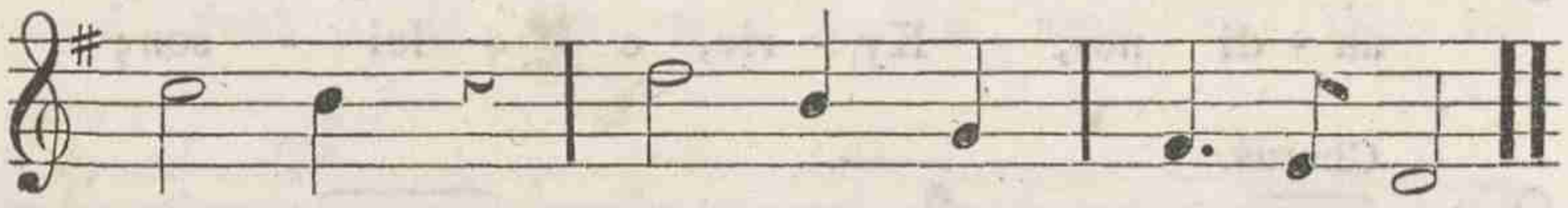
Regina Virginum,
Regina Virginum,
Regina sanctorum omnium,
Ora, &c.

Litany of the B. V. Mary.

Walter.
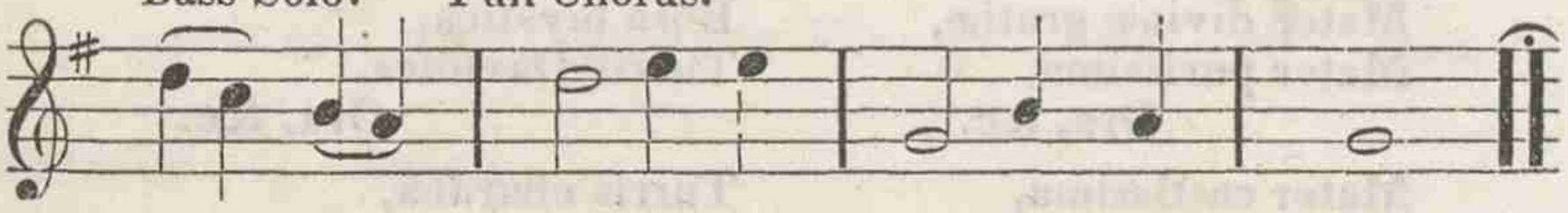


1. Ky - ri - e, e- lei - son, Chris - te, e-
2. Pater de cœlis, De - us, Fili redemptor mundi,
3. Sanc - ta Trini - tas, U - nus
4. Sanc - ta Ma- ri - - a, Sancta De - i
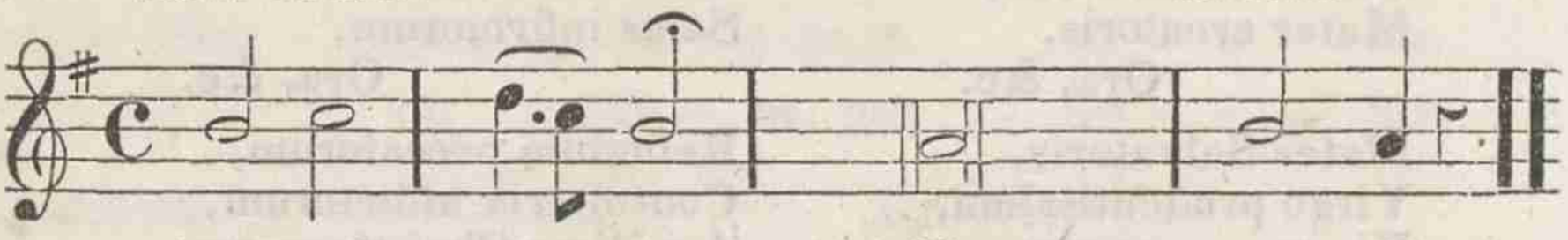


1. lei - son, Chris - te, au - di nos;
2. De - us, Spiritus Sancte, De - - us,
3. De - us, u - nus De - - us,
4. genitrix, sancta virgo vir - gi - num,

Bass Solo. Full Chorus.



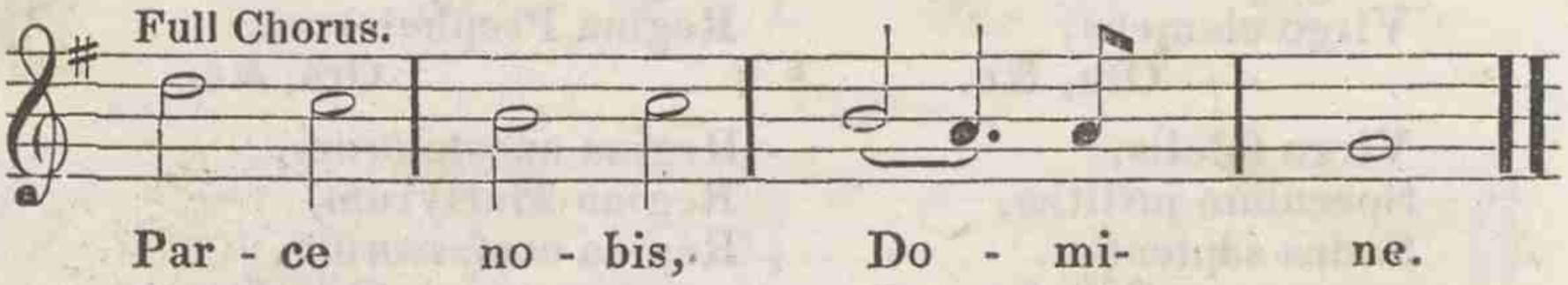
1. Chris - te, Christe, ex- au - di nos.
2-3. Miserere, mi - serere no - - - bis.
4. O - ra, O - ra pro no - - - bis.

Semi Chorus. *J. Cole.*



Ag - nus De - i, qui tollis peccata mun - di,
Ag - nus De - i, qui tollis peccata mun - di,
Ag - nus De - i, qui tollis peccata mun - di,

Full Chorus.



Par - ce no - bis, Do - mi- ne.
Ex - au- di - nos, Do - mi- ne.
Mi - se- re - re no - - - bis.

N. B. *After the third* Agnus Dei, *go back to* Kyrie eleison, *and conclude with* Christe exaudi nos.

ASPERGES FOR SUNDAYS; THROUGH THE YEAR.

Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo et mundabor: lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Thou wilt sprinkle me, O Lord! with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: thou wilt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Ps. Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Ps. Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

V. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto; sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, &c.

V. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam.

V. Show us, O Lord, thy mercy.

R. Et salutare tuam de nobis.

R. And grant us thy salvation.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

R. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. Dominus vobiscum.

V. May the Lord be with you.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

R. And with thy spirit.

PRAYER.

Hear us, O holy Lord, Almighty Father, eternal God! and vouchsafe to send thy holy angel from heaven to guard, cherish, visit and defend all that are assembled in this place: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

IN EASTER TIME.

Vidi aquam egredientem de templo a latere dextro, Alleluia; et omnes, ad quos pervenit aqua ista, salvi facti sunt; et dicent, Alleluia.

I saw water flow from the right side of the temple, Alleluia; and all to whom that water came, were saved; and they shall say, Alleluia.

V. Ostende, &c. Alleluia.

V. Show us, &c. Alleluia.

R. Et salutare, &c. Alleluia.

R. And grant, &c. Alleluia.

Morning Prayers.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Place yourself in the presence of God, and humbly adore him.

ACT OF ADORATION.

O GREAT God! the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, I prostrate myself before thee. With all the angels and saints I adore thee. I acknowledge thee to be my Creator and Sovereign Lord, my first beginning and last end. I render to thee the homage of my being and life; and I devote myself to thy divine service, this day and for ever.

ACT OF THANKSGIVING.

O GLORIOUS Trinity! I praise thee and give thee thanks, for the numberless benefits thou hast bestowed upon me. I thank thee, O heavenly Father, for having created me to thine own image and likeness; and for having preserved me to this day. I thank thee, O most merciful Son, for having redeemed me by thy death, and so often fed me with thy precious body and blood. I thank thee, O Holy Spirit, for having cleansed my soul by thy grace in holy baptism; for having called me to the true faith, and so often washed me from my sins, in the sacrament of penance. I thank thee, O most bountiful God, for preserving me through the past night, and granting me this day to serve thee. I earnestly invite all the saints of heaven and earth to join with me in praise and thanksgiving, for thy infinite goodness.

Pause awhile, and foresee the sins to which you are most subject, and firmly resolve to avoid them.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

O MY God! I am most heartily sorry for all my sins, and I detest them above all things, from the bottom of my heart, because they displease thee, my God, who art most deserving of all my love, for thy most amiable and adorable perfections; and I firmly propose by thy holy grace, never more to offend thee, and to do all that I can to atone for my sins.

A RESOLUTION TO AVOID EVIL AND TO DO GOOD.

ADORABLE Jesus! divine model of that perfection to which we all should aspire, I will endeavor, this day, to follow thy example; to be mild, humble, chaste, zealous, patient, charitable and resigned. Incline my heart to keep thy commandments. I am resolved to watch over myself with the greatest diligence; and to live soberly, justly and piously, for the time to come. I will take care of my ways, that I may not offend with my tongue. I will turn away my eyes, that they may not see vanity; and I will be particularly attentive not to relapse, this day, into my accustomed failings; but to struggle against them with thy gracious assistance. Enlighten my mind, purify my heart, and guide my steps, that I may pass all my life in thy divine service.

OFFER YOURSELF WITHOUT RESERVE TO GOD.

O LORD, I offer thee my whole being, and particularly all my thoughts, words and actions of this day, together with all the crosses and contradictions I may meet with, in the course of it. I consecrate them entirely to the glory of thy name, in union with those of Jesus Christ, my Saviour; that through his infinite merits, they may all find acceptance. Give them, O Lord, a blessing. May thy divine love animate them; and may they all tend to the greater honor of thy Sovereign Majesty. Amen.

IMPLORE THE NECESSARY GRACES.

THOU knowest, O God, my weakness; that I am poor and destitute; that I cannot do, that I cannot even think of any good without thee. Rise up, then, to help me; strengthen me with thy grace, that I may fervently execute what I have firmly resolved, and not only avoid all the evil thou forbiddest, but also perform all the good thou commandest.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

THE ANGELICAL SALUTATION.

HAIL, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God! pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body, and Life everlasting. Amen.

THE CONFITEOR.

I CONFESS to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and to all the Saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Saints, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

May the Almighty God have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins, and bring me to everlasting life. Amen.

May the Almighty and merciful God give me pardon, absolution, and remission of all my sins. Amen.

Invoke the blessed Virgin, and your guardian Angel, and your patron Saint.

O HOLY Virgin, Mother of God, my advocate and patroness, pray for thy poor servant. Show thyself a mother to me; and thou, O blessed Spirit, whom God in his mercy has appointed to watch over me, intercede for me this day, that I may not stray from the path of virtue. Thou also, O happy saint, whose name I bear, pray for me, that I may serve God faithfully in this life, as thou hast done; and glorify him eternally with thee in heaven. Amen.

N. B. *Here a Morning Hymn may be sung or recited.*

Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus.

LORD, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
God, the Father of heaven,
God, the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God, the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, one God,
Jesus, Son of the living God,
Jesus, splendor of the Father,
Jesus, brightness of eternal light,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, Sun of Justice,
Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary,
Jesus, most amiable,
Jesus, most admirable,
Jesus, powerful God,
Jesus, Father of the world to come,
Jesus, Angel of the great Council,
Jesus, most patient,
Jesus, most obedient,
Jesus, meek and humble of heart,
Jesus, lover of chastity,
Jesus, God of peace,
Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Jesus, Author of life,
Jesus, model of virtues,
Jesus, zealous for souls,
Jesus, our God,
Jesus, our refuge,
Jesus, Father of the poor,
Jesus, treasure of the faithful,
Jesus, good Shepherd,
Jesus, true light,
Jesus, eternal wisdom,
Jesus, infinite goodness,
Jesus, our way and our life,
Jesus, joy of angels,
Jesus, King of the Patriarchs,
Jesus, Master of the Apostles,
Jesus, Teacher of the Evangelists,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, Strength of Martyrs,
Jesus, Light of Confessors,
Jesus, purity of Virgins,
Jesus, crown of all Saints,
Be merciful to us. Hear us, O Lord Jesus.
Be merciful to us. Spare us, O Lord Jesus.
From all sin, Lord Jesus deliver us.
From thy wrath,
From the snares of the devil,
From the spirit of uncleanness,
From eternal death,
From the neglect of thy inspirations,
By the mystery of thy incarnation,
By thy nativity,
By thy childhood,
By thy labors,
By thy agony and passion,
By thy death and burial,
By thy holy resurrection,
By thy admirable ascension,
By thy glory.

Have mercy on us. } Lord Jesus deliver us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord Jesus.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, hear us, O Lord Jesus.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us, O Lord Jesus.

Jesus hear us. Lord Jesus graciously hear us.

PRAYER.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who hast said, ask and thou shalt receive: seek and thou shalt find: knock and it shall be opened to thee: mercifully attend to our supplication, and grant us the divine gift of thy charity, that we may ever love thee, with our whole hearts, and never desist from thy praise; who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

ANGELUS DOMINI.

1. The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; and she conceived of the Holy Ghost. Hail Mary, &c.

2. Behold the handmaid of the Lord; may it be done unto me, according to thy word. Hail Mary, &c.

3. And the Word was made flesh; and dwelt amongst us. Hail Mary, &c.

PRAYER.

POUR forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy grace into our hearts, that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ, thy Son, was made known by the message of an angel, may by his passion and cross be brought to the glory of his resurrection; through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen.

On Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday morning, the Psalm Miserere—Have mercy on me, O God, *is recited in place of the Angelus, with the following prayer, at the end thereof.*

LOOK down, we beseech thee, O Lord, on this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to be delivered into the hands of the wicked, and to suffer the torment of the cross; who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

From Holy Saturday evening till Trinity eve, the Anthem O happy Queen, (Regina Cœli,) *is sung or recited, in the place of the Angelus.*

PRAYER.

O GOD, who by the resurrection of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, hast been pleased to fill the world with joy; grant, we beseech thee, that by the Virgin Mary, his mother, we may receive the joys of eternal life; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Night Prayers.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Place yourself in the presence of God, and humbly adore him.

ACT OF ADORATION.

Great God, the Lord of heaven and earth, I prostrate myself before thee. With all the angels and saints I adore thee. I acknowledge thee to be my Creator and Sovereign Lord; my first beginning and last end. I offer to thee the homage of my being and life; I submit myself to thy holy will; and I devote myself to thy divine service, now and for ever.

ACT OF THANKSGIVING.

Alas! O my God, how shall I be able to acknowledge, or thank thee for, all that I owe thee? Thou hast thought of me from all eternity; thou hast brought me forth from nothing; thou hast delivered thine own dear Son unto death to redeem me; and thou continuest still daily to load me with thy mercies and favors. Alas! my God, what return can I make thee for all and each of thy benefits; and particularly for the favors of this day? Join me, O ye blessed spirits, and all ye elect, in praising the God of mercies, who is so bountiful to so unworthy a creature.

Beg of God that he would make you know your sins.

O Holy Ghost, eternal source of light, remove my darkness, and dispel those shades that hide from me the number and enormity of my offences. Show me the sins which I have committed: especially the faults and offences of this day, whether in thought, word, or action. Grant me a feeling sense of them, that I may detest them all from the bottom of my heart; and dread nothing so much, as ever to commit them hereafter.

Pause and examine your conscience, as to the sins of which you are guilty against God, against your neighbor and against yourself.

CONTRITION.

BEHOLD me, O Lord, overwhelmed with confusion, and penetrated with grief, at the sight of my iniquities. I am not worthy to be called thy child, nor even to be reckoned among thy servants; because I have repaid thy goodness with malice, and thy patience with ingratitude. I have sinned against heaven and earth. I have offended thee who art so good, so amiable and so worthy of my love. Yet, Lord, I am the work of thy hands, ransomed with the precious blood of thy own Son, who died for my salvation. Through his infinite merits I implore forgiveness. Have pity on me, and spare me for his sake. *Turn away thy face from my sins; and blot out my iniquities.* I am heartily sorry for them, because they are displeasing to thee; and shall continue to repent sincerely of them to the very hour of my death.

A FIRM PURPOSE OF AMENDMENT.

O ETERNAL God, against whom I have sinned, I wish from my heart that I had never offended thee; but as I have been so unhappy, O! grant me now grace never more to offend thee. *Thou willest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live. Convert me then, and I shall be converted. Have mercy on me, according to thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of thy tender mercy blot out my iniquities.* I renounce all sin, and firmly purpose to shun all the occasions of it, and to walk henceforth in the path of thy commandments. This is my fixed resolution, which I hope I shall faithfully keep, relying on thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Our Father, &c. *page* 29.

Hail Mary, &c. *page* 30.

I believe in God, &c. *page* 30.

I confess to Almighty God, &c. *page* 30.

ACT OF FAITH.

O MY God, I firmly believe all the sacred truths, which thy holy Catholic Church believes and teaches; because thou hast revealed them, who neither canst deceive, nor be deceived.

ACT OF HOPE.

O MY God, relying on thy infinite goodness and promises, I hope to obtain pardon for my sins, the assistance of thy grace and life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer.

ACT OF LOVE.

O MY God, I love thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul; purely because thou art infinitely perfect, and deserving of all love. I love also my neighbor as myself, for the love of thee. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

Here, an Evening Hymn may be sung, or recited.

Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

WE fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God; despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us from all dangers, O ever glorious and blessed Virgin.

LORD, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
God, the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.
God, the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
God, the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary,
Holy Mother of God,
Holy Virgin of Virgins,
Mother of Christ,
Mother of divine grace,
Mother most pure,
Mother most chaste,
Mother undefiled,
Mother unviolated,
Mother most amiable,
Mother most admirable,
} Pray for us.

Mother of our Creator,
Mother of our Redeemer,
Virgin most prudent,
Virgin most venerable,
Virgin most renowned,
Virgin most powerful,
Virgin most merciful,
Virgin most faithful,
Mirror of justice,
Seat of wisdom,
Cause of our joy,
Spiritual vessel,
Vessel of honor,
Vessel of singular devotion,
Mystical rose,
Tower of David,
Tower of ivory,
House of gold,
Ark of the covenant,
Gate of heaven,
Morning star,
Health of the weak,
Refuge of sinners,
Comforter of the afflicted,
Help of Christians,
Queen of Angels,
Queen of Patriarchs,
Queen of Prophets,
Queen of Apostles,
Queen of Martyrs,
Queen of Confessors,
Queen of Virgins,
Queen of All Saints,

Pray for us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

V. Pray for us, O holy mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

PRAYER.

GRANT, we beseech thee, O Lord God, that we thy servants may enjoy constant health of mind and body; and that, by the intercession of the glorious and ever blessed Virgin Mary, we may be delivered from present sorrow, and possess everlasting joy; through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

PRAYER FOR THE LIVING.

POUR down thy blessings, O Lord, on thy holy Church; on our holy Father the Pope; on this diocess; on our Right Rev. Bishop,* on all pastors of souls; on this country; on our rulers, and all superiors, spiritual and temporal; on this congregation; on this family; on our parents, relations, benefactors, friends and enemies; help the poor, the sick and those that are in their agony; convert all sinners and unbelievers.

FOR THE DEPARTED.

PSALM:—Out of the depths.

V. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.

R. And let a perpetual light shine upon them.

PRAYER.

O GOD, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications, they may obtain that pardon which they have always desired: who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

ANTHEM.

SAVE us, O Lord, waking, and keep us sleeping, that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace.

V. Vouchsafe, O Lord, this night to keep us without sin.

R. Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.

PRAYER.

VISIT, we beseech thee, O Lord, this habitation, and repel from it all the snares of the enemy. Let thy holy angels dwell therein to preserve us in peace; and may thy blessing be upon us for ever; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BLESSING.

MAY the Almighty and merciful Lord, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, ever bless and preserve us. Amen.

For other Evening Hymns, see Part V.

* In an archdiocess, say: *Most Rev. Archbishop.*

The Holy Sacrifice of Mass.

PREPARATORY PRAYER.

I WILL compose my thoughts in quiet recollection, and have thee only before my eyes, O God; as I now purpose to assist at the holy and unbloody sacrifice of the New Covenant, this everlasting memorial of that bloody sacrifice, which thou, my Lord Jesus Christ, didst consummate upon the cross. This holy Sacrifice of the Mass is called a Sacrifice, because thy body and blood are therein offered, upon the altar, to thy heavenly Father. Thou, who art a High Priest for ever, art the author of the Holy Sacrifice; for whilst thou didst yet converse upon earth amongst men, the day before thy passion and death, thou didst take bread and the chalice with wine, and blessing them didst say: *This is my body*, and over the chalice: *This is the chalice of the New Testament, in my blood*, and gavest them to thy apostles, for their nourishment, and saidst: *Do this in remembrance of me.* Thou hast ordained it, that, in thy visible Church, a true and peculiar Sacrifice might exist till the end of time; that, thereby the everlasting remembrance of thy bloody Sacrifice on the cross, might be preserved in thy Church, and to exhibit a pledge of thy endless love for us. Here, in this most holy Sacrifice, is displayed the great miracle of love by which thou offerest thyself, in an invisible, as well as a visible manner, through the hands of the priest, to thy eternal Father. And what do thy anointed priests do besides what thou didst? They present thee this holy oblation, to acknowledge thy sovereign dominion over all creatures; to thank thee, O God, for thy unceasing benefits, with which thy fatherly goodness is pleased to favor us; to implore thy forgiveness for us thy sinful children; and to implore thee to grant us further graces, by which we may be enabled to work out our everlasting salvation. Thus is truly offered to thee a sacrifice of praise, of thanksgiving, of propitiation and of impetration.

O! how gracious is this institution! What blessings may I not receive, by worthily assisting at this holy Sacrifice of the Mass! I will neglect no part of them; I will assist at it, not only in body, but much more in spirit; and hear it attentively, reverently, with adoration and devotion. And during the principal parts of it—the Gospel, the Offertory, the holy Consecration and Communion, I will

fix well in my heart the great and holy mysteries it contains. I will assist at this holy Sacrifice, with all possible reverence, kneeling and signing myself with the sign of the holy cross, the trophy of Christians. Standing, at the Gospel, I will return thanks for the grace of the light and knowledge of faith, adore, and humble myself to the dust. At the consecration of thy most holy body and blood, I will banish all worldly thoughts from my soul; and in spirit, with the priest, receive thee into my heart, and have thee only, O Son of God, before my eyes. And grant me, O God, for this end thy grace and support. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR THE RULING POWERS, ETC., COMMONLY RECITED BEFORE SOLEMN MASS, OR THE SERMON ON SUNDAYS.

We pray thee, O Almighty and Eternal God, who, through Jesus Christ, hast revealed thy glory to all nations, to preserve the works of thy mercy, that thy Church, being spread through the whole world, may continue, with unchanging faith, in the confession of thy name.

We pray thee, who alone art good and holy, to endow with heavenly knowledge, sincere zeal and sanctity of life, our chief bishop N. N. the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ in the government of his Church; our own bishop N. N. (if not consecrated, our bishop elect); and all other bishops, prelates and pastors of the Church: especially those who are appointed to exercise amongst us the functions of the holy ministry, and to conduct thy people into the ways of salvation.

We pray thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist, with thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, the President of these United States; that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to thy people, over whom he presides: by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion: by a faithful execution of the laws, in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

Let the light of thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all their proceedings and laws, framed for our rule and government; so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety and useful knowledge; and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for his Excellency, the Governor of this State, for the members of Assembly, for all judges, magistrates and other officers, who are appointed to guard our political welfare; that they may be enabled, by thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We recommend likewise to thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow citizens, throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge, and sanctified in the observance of thy most holy law; that they may be preserved in union, and in that peace which the world cannot give; and after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Finally, we pray thee, O Lord of mercy, to remember the souls of thy servants departed, who are gone before us, with the sign of faith, and repose in the sleep of peace; the souls of our parents, relations and friends; of those, who, when living, were members of this congregation; and particularly of such as are lately deceased; of all benefactors who, by their donations or legacies to this church, witnessed their zeal for the decency of divine worship, and proved their claim to our grateful and charitable remembrance. To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech thee, a place of refreshment, light and everlasting peace; through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

For the Litany of the B. Virgin *and the* Asperges *usually sung before Mass, see pages* 24, 26, 27.

Beginning of Mass.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Kneeling.

I will go to the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth.

It is in thy name, O adorable Trinity; it is to honor thee and do thee homage, that I assist at this most holy and august sacrifice. Permit me then, O Lord, to unite my intention with that of thy minister, in offering up this precious victim; and give me now the sentiments I should have had, on Mount Calvary, had I been a witness of that bloody sacrifice.

CONFITEOR.

Humble yourself, and confess your utter unworthiness, in the presence of God.

I CONFESS to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and to all the Saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed: through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault; therefore, I beseech the blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

May the Almighty God have mercy on me, and forgive me my sins, and bring me to everlasting life. Amen.

May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant me pardon, absolution and remission of all my sins. Amen.

AT THE INTROIT.

When the Priest goes to the book, on the Epistle side.

PRAYER.

GRANT, O Lord, I may be truly prepared for the offering of this great sacrifice unto thee, this day; and because my sins alone can render me displeasing to thee, I crave and cry to thee for mercy.

Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.

Then join, as it were in unison, with the united hosts of heaven and earth, saying:

THE GLORIA.

GLORIA in excelsis Deo; Et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis. Laudamus te; Benedicimus

GLORY be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will. We praise thee; we bless

te; Adoramus te; Glorificamus te; Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam, Domine Deus, Rex Cœlestis, Deus Pater omnipotens! Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe! Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris! qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis; qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram; qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis; quoniam tu solus sanctus; tu solus Dominus; tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

thee; we adore thee; we glorify thee; we give thanks to thee, for thy great glory, O Lord, God, heavenly King, O God, Father omnipotent! O Lord Jesus Christ, thou only begotten Son! O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father! who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; who takest away the sins of the world, accept our prayers; who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us; for thou alone art holy; thou alone art Lord: thou alone, O Jesus Christ, art most high, together with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

AT THE COLLECT.

When the Priest and people are joining, or uniting their prayers and petitions, in behalf of each other, at the throne of God, say:

PRAYER.

O Almighty and Eternal God, we humbly beseech thee to look down upon this congregation, from thy heavenly sanctuary; and graciously to hear the prayers of thy Church, addressed to thee for us all, by the ministry of the Priest, thy servant.

Grant us, in thy infinite mercy, pardon of our sins, health of mind and body, peace in our days, unity and increase of Catholic faith, fervor of charity, sincere devotion, patience in suffering and every thing conducive to thy glory; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

AT THE EPISTLE,

Which is always selected from the Holy Scriptures of the Old, or of the New Testament, for our particular instruction and edification.

PRAYER.

O Eternal God, who never ceasest to excite us to the worship and love of thy holy name, and to arm us against the attacks of the world, the flesh and the devil, by the public ministry of the Church:

by the doctrines of the Prophets and Apostles: and by many other holy admonitions, grant that we may faithfully attend to these lessons of salvation; that thus our knowledge of thy law may never rise in judgment against us, but guide us securely to thee; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

AT THE GOSPEL,

Which for our instruction and improvement, is selected according to the occasion.

PRAYER.

It is not thy interpreters, O God, who are now to instruct me; it is thy only Son: it is his word I am going to hear. I most gratefully embrace this heavenly doctrine; I rise up to declare it in the face of heaven and earth, that I will walk faithfully in that way which he has marked out for me. He, here, tells me, "*That it will avail a man nothing to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul,*" "that the sensual, the covetous, the libertine, the detractor and such as are insensible to the miseries of the poor, the distressed and needy, shall have no share in the heavenly kingdom; and that, in order to become a disciple of his, I must take up my cross and follow him." I receive, with all my heart, these sacred maxims. Grant me, O Lord, the grace to put them in practice; for to what purpose should I declare myself thy disciple, if I were not to live according to thy Gospel?

When Sermon, or Instruction is to be given, sing Hymn, page 21, *or* 22; *or say,*

PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.

O incomprehensible Majesty, true fountain of light, and only author of all knowledge! vouchsafe, I beseech thee, to enlighten my understanding with the rays of thy wisdom; and to chase away from my mind all darkness of sin and ignorance. O thou, who makest eloquent the tongues of those that want utterance, pour into *our hearts* the grace of thy blessing; give me a diligent and obedient spirit, quickness of apprehension, capacity of retaining, and the continual assistance of thy holy grace, that, whatsoever I may hear from the lips of thy minister, I may apply to thy honor, the good of my neighbor, and the eternal salvation of my own soul; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

AT THE CREDO.

Animate your faith, in all the things which the Church proposes to your belief; as being founded on God's own word, supported by miracles, and illustrated by the lives and deaths of innumerable Saints.

THE NICENE CREED.

CREDO in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem cœli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum; et ex Patre natum ante omnia sæcula; Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero; genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt: qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem descendit de cœlis; et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex *Maria* Virgine, ET HOMO FACTUS EST: Crucifixus etiam pro nobis, sub *Pontio Pilato*, passus et sepultus est; et resurrexit tertia die secundum Scripturas: et ascendit in cœlum, sedet ad dexteram Patris: et iterum venturus est, cum gloria, judicare vivos et mortuos, cujus regni non erit finis.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem, qui ex Patre, Filioque procedit: qui cum Patre et Filio, simul adoratur et conglorificatur, qui locutus est per Prophetas. Et unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ec-

I BELIEVE in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things, visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and born of the Father before all ages; God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God; begotten, not made; consubstantial to the Father, by whom all things were made: who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven; became incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin *Mary*, AND WAS MADE MAN: was crucified also for us, suffered under *Pontius Pilate*, aud was buried; and the third day he rose again, according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father; and shall come again, with glory, to judge both the living and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; who, together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified, who spoke by the Prophets. And one holy Catholic and

clesiam. Confiteor unum Baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi sæculi. Amen.

Apostolic Church. I confess one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I expect the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

AT THE OFFERTORY.

Bearing in mind the unspeakable advantage which it is, for us, to have the great unbloody sacrifice, wherewith to honor God perfectly; to thank him in a measure equal to his gifts; and to obtain, both for ourselves and others, all graces we may stand in need of; say,

PRAYER.

O HOLY Father, Almighty and Eternal God, how unworthy soever I be to appear in thy presence, I dare to offer thee this Host, by the hands of the Priest, with that intention which Christ, my Saviour, had when he first instituted this Sacrifice, and which he has, at this very instant, that he is about to immolate himself anew for us. I offer it in acknowledgment of thy supreme dominion over me and all creatures; I offer it in propitiation of my crimes, in thanksgiving for all thy benefits; I offer it to obtain of thy infinite goodness, for myself, my parents, benefactors, friends and enemies, all those precious graces which can be obtained, only through him, who is the *Just* by excellence, and who became a victim for the sins of mankind. Accept then, O Lord, this ineffable sacrifice, as a sweet odour; and suffer me to unite to this sacred oblation the sacrifice of my soul and body, and whatever I am, or have. Change me, O Lord, and make me a new creature in Christ; even as thou art going to change this material bread and wine by thy omnipotent power into the body and blood of thy dear Son, so, in a manner, transform me into him!

N. B. When, at solemn mass, the Priest here blesses and offers incense, he says the following prayers in which you may join.

BLESSING OF INCENSE.

May the Lord, by the intercession of blessed Michael the Archangel, standing at the right hand of the altar of incense, and of all his elect, vouchsafe to bless this incense, and receive it as an odour of sweetness; through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

INCENSING THE HOST AND CHALICE.

May this incense which thou hast blest, O Lord, ascend to thee, and may thy mercy descend upon us.

INCENSING THE ALTAR.

Let my prayer, O Lord, ascend like incense in thy sight; and the lifting up of my hands be as an evening sacrifice. Place, O Lord, a guard on my mouth, and a gate of defence around my lips, that my heart may not incline to words of malice, to make excuses in sin.

RETURNING THE CENSER.

May the Lord enkindle in us the fire of his love, and the flame of eternal charity.

AT THE LAVABO.

When the Priest washes his fingers, in token of spiritual purity, say:

PRAYER.

O WHAT cleanness and purity of heart ought we to bring to this great sacrifice! But I am, alas! a poor unclean sinner. O wash me, dear Lord, from all the stains of sin in the blood of the Lamb, that I may be worthy to assist at these heavenly mysteries.

AT THE ORATE FRATRES.

When the Priest turns to the people, soliciting them to pray, that his and their Sacrifice might be acceptable before God, say:

PRAYER.

MAY the Lord receive this Sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of his own name; for our benefit, and that of his whole Church.

AT THE SECRETA.

When the Priest offers prayers, in a low voice, for the common wants of himself and the people, say:

PRAYER.

MERCIFULLY hear our prayers, O Lord; and graciously accept this oblation, which we, thy servants, make to thee; and as we offer it to the honor of thy name, so may it be to us here a means of obtaining thy grace and life everlasting; through Jesus Christ.

Another Secreta, to be substituted for the preceding,

ON THE FESTIVAL OF A SAINT.

SANCTIFY, O Lord, we beseech thee, these gifts which we offer thee, in this solemnity of thy holy servant, N.; and so strengthen us, by thy grace, that both in prosperity and adversity, our ways may be ever directed to thy honor; through our Lord, Jesus Christ.

When the Priest recites aloud, or sings, the conclusion of the Secreta, saying:

Priest. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. *R.* Amen.	World without end. *Answer.* Amen.
Priest. Dominus vobiscum.	The Lord be with you.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.	*Answer.* And with thy spirit.
Priest. Sursum corda.	Lift up your hearts.
R. Habemus ad Dominum.	*Answer.* We have lifted them up to the Lord.
Priest. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.	Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.
R. Dignum et justum est.	*Answer.* It is meet and just.

Then continue with deep emotion and recollection:

THE PREFACE.

VERE dignum et justum est, æquum et salutare, nos tibi semper, et ubique gratias agere, Domine Sancte Pater Omnipotens, æterne Deus! Qui cum unigenito Filio tuo et Spiritu Sancto, unus es Deus, unus es Dominus; non in unius singularitate personæ, sed in unius Trinitate substantiæ. Quod enim de tua gloria, revelante te, credimus, hoc de Filio tuo, hoc de Spiritu Sancto, sine differentia discretionis, sentimus. Ut in confessione veræ sempiternæque Deitatis, et in personis proprietas, et in essentia Unitas, et in majestate adoretur æqualitas. Quam laudant angeli

IT is truly meet and just, right and availing to salvation, that we always, and in all places, give thanks to thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God! Who, with thy only begotten Son and the Holy Ghost, art one God, and one Lord, not in one single person, but in three persons and one substance. For what we believe of thy glory, as thou hast revealed it, the same we believe of thy Son and of the Holy Ghost, without any difference; so that in the confession of one true and eternal Deity, we adore a distinction of persons, an unity of essence, and an equality

atque archangeli, cherubim quoque et seraphim, qui non cessant clamare quotidie, una voce dicentes :

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua : Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini : Hosanna in excelsis.

of majesty. Which the angels and archangels praise; as also the cherubim and seraphim, who cease not daily to cry out, with one voice, saying :

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, God of Sabaoth ! The heavens and the earth are full of thy glory : Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord : Hosanna in the highest.

AT THE FIRST PART OF THE CANON.

The Priest implores the Eternal Father, in the most solemn manner, through and for the sake of Jesus Christ, his only Son, to accept and bless these eucharistic gifts, which are offered to him, first of all, in behalf of his holy Catholic Church : that he would preserve, unite and govern it throughout the world, together with its Head Bishop, all its other bishops, and the pastors and professors of the true faith ;—*makes a remembrance of the living for whom, in particular, he intends to pray; prays for all present, especially those who offer up the holy Sacrifice with him, or for whom he intends to offer it; recalls and honors the memory of departed Saints, and begs of God that he may protect, help and assist us, on account of their merits and intercession; during which, most devoutly join with him as follows :*

PRAYER.

O Father of mercy, graciously receive, by the hands of the Priest, this most holy Sacrifice, in union with that which thy beloved Son offered up to thee, during his whole life, at his last supper and on the cross. Look down on thy Christ, thy dearest and only begotten, in whom thou art always well pleased ; and by the infinite merits of his incarnation, of his nativity, of his tears, labors, sufferings and death, have mercy upon me, and upon those for whom I ought to pray ; N. N. upon my parents, relations, friends, benefactors; upon those who have injured me, or whom I have any ways injured. I also beseech thee to guard, prosper and extend the holy Catholic Church ; to pour down thy blessings upon our chief pastor, the Pope, upon the Bishops and all the Clergy ; to enlighten and guide them in the way of salvation. Bless and preserve our rulers,

and all our fellow citizens. Look upon us all, I beseech thee, with eyes of mercy and compassion. Bring us all to the practice of a virtuous and holy life, here, and to the possession of thy eternal glory, hereafter. May we all know thee; may we all please thee perfectly; may we all fear, love and glorify thee; through the same Jesus Christ, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.

DURING THE CONSECRATION.

From the time that the Priest spreads his hands over the sacred oblations, in token of their dedication to the Majesty of God, until the moment when he falls prostrate before the adorable victim, and lifts it up, for general adoration by the assistants, contemplate in silent, religious awe, the great Mysteries which are now transpiring, through the express commandment, and by the omnipotent power of Jesus Christ: his taking the eucharistic bread, blessing it, and breaking it, and giving it *again* to his disciples, *in the person of the Priest,* saying: This is my body, which is delivered for you: and in like manner the chalice, saying: this is the chalice of the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for the remission of sins: This do ye for the commemoration of me; *then collect all the faculties and powers of your soul, saying:*

AT, OR AFTER THE ELEVATION.

HAIL, O Victim of Salvation! Eternal King! Incarnate Word! sacrificed for me and all mankind! Precious body of the Son of God! sacred flesh, torn with nails, pierced with a lance, and bleeding on a cross, for me and all poor sinners! O amazing goodness! O infinite love! O let that tender love plead now, in my behalf: let all my iniquities be here effaced, and my name be written in thy bleeding hands! I believe in Thee; I hope in Thee; I love Thee. To Thee be honor, praise, glory, and benediction, for ever and ever. Amen.

N. B. Should you purpose to receive communion, at this Mass, then dispense with the following devotions, and turn to those which are expressly designed, as preparations for communion; but if you should not purpose to receive Sacramental communion, continue without interruption.

Then unite with the Priest again, as he offers up to the divine Majesty the pure, the holy, the unspotted victim of the body and blood of Jesus

Christ, in commemoration of his sufferings, resurrection and glorious ascension: and prays that all who worthily partake of it, may be filled with every heavenly grace and blessing.

ACT OF OBLATION.

'Tis now, therefore, O Eternal Majesty, that we truly and really offer to thee a pure, a holy, an unspotted victim; upon which, O Lord, vouchsafe to look with a propitious and serene countenance; and to accept thine own gift, as thou wert graciously pleased to accept the gifts of thy righteous servant, Abel, and the Sacrifice of our Patriarch Abraham, and that which thy High Priest, Melchisedech, offered to thee, a holy sacrifice, and an unspotted victim. Behold, O Almighty and all-gracious God, it is thy dear Son himself, the perfect object of thy eternal love. He is our High Priest, sprinkled with his own blood. He alone fully knows the boundless excellence of thy unspeakable greatness. He alone fully comprehends the entire extent of thy dominion. He sees thee as thou art, and how all creatures visible and invisible depend on thee. It is by him, and with him, and in him, that to thee, O Father Almighty, in unity with the Holy Ghost, is rendered all honor and glory, for evermore. Amen.

At the Memento for the dead, say:

PRAYER.

I HUMBLY beseech thee, O merciful Father, for the souls of the faithful who are departed this life, that this holy Sacrifice may be to them N. N. eternal salvation, comfort, light and perpetual rest.

At the Nobis quoque, say:

To me, also, a sinner confiding in the multitude of thy mercies, vouchsafe, O Lord, to grant a share in these same blessings; and that we all who now adore thee here, on thy holy altar, may be admitted into the glorious fellowship of all thy holy Apostles, Martyrs and Saints; with whom, as thou biddest us, we already dare implore and pray to thee, as children invoke and pray to their most loving parent:

Pater noster, qui est in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum; fiat voluntas tua, sicut in cœlo et in terra;	Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven: give us

panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie; et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut ut nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris; et ne nos inducas in tentationem; R. Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation: R. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

AT THE LIBERA NOS QUÆSUMUS.

Here again accompany the Priest, in your own mind, while he continues, after the Lord's Prayer, beseeching our common Father more particularly, to free us from all evils whatsoever, *whether* past, present, *or* to come; *and that* through the intercession of the ever blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, Andrew and all the Saints, he would mercifully grant us peace in our days, keep us free from sin, and secure from all disturbance, through Jesus Christ. *Then he divides the consecrated Host; and, when you behold him fall down on his knee and rise up again, in a posture of the most profound adoration, strike your breast three times, saying with him, from the depth of your heart:*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	O lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.	O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, give us peace.

Then, if you have not already made your preparations for sacramental communion, prepare your soul forthwith for a spiritual communion, at least, as follows:

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

O my God, how can I reflect on the happiness of those, who approach worthily to the holy Eucharist, without ardently desiring to enjoy the like blessing? How can I assist at this adorable sacrifice, without regretting the sins and miseries, which justly deter me from receiving thee sacramentally? I am not worthy, O infinite purity,

to lodge thee in my heart. I am not worthy to share in the happiness of those, who now enjoy the Sacramental presence. But, Lord, though I cannot unite myself to thee really, yet I am not forbidden to do it, in spirit and desire. I believe most firmly that thou art present in this sacred host; I hope in that infinite mercy which detains thee therein; and I ardently love and desire to receive thee, notwithstanding my unworthiness. I unite in the adoration, love, humility and fervor of all those, who this day receive thee, throughout the universe, with the most perfect dispositions; and I earnestly beg of thee, by that tender love which induces thee to give thyself to creatures, to sanctify and accept all my thoughts, words and actions, from this moment to my next communion, as so many acts of love, desire and preparation to receive thee; and I earnestly conjure thee to crown thy blessings by the inestimable grace of a worthy communion, at the hour of my death. Amen.

AFFECTION DURING COMMUNION.

O SACRED banquet! in which Christ is received, the memory of his passion renewed, our mind replenished with grace, and a pledge of the glory to come is given us!

THE LAST COLLECT.

O MOST gracious God, Father of all mercies, grant, I beseech thee, that this adorable Sacrifice of the body and blood of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, which here, and every where throughout thy holy Church, is offered, as a continual thanksgiving for, and a daily remembrance of his blessed death, may obtain for us, at thy hands, mercy and the remission of all our sins, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

MOST holy and adorable Trinity, by thee I have begun this sacrifice, by thee I desire to conclude it; I, therefore, shall *not go hence, until thou bless me*. Give me, O Lord, thy blessing, through the hands of the priest, thy servant; may it ever remain with me; may it influence my actions, and be the sure pledge of that last *benediction*, which thy *elect* shall receive, when *called by thee into eternal glory*. Amen.

AT THE LAST GOSPEL.

PRAYER.

DIVINE Word! only Son of the Father. Light of the world! who camest from heaven to show us the way to it, I adore thy Majesty with the most profound respect. I place my whole confidence in thee. I hope most firmly, that as thou art my God, a God made man to save mankind, thou wilt grant me those graces my sanctification requires, and also the enjoyment of thee in thy glory.

A PETITION AFTER MASS.

O GOD, I thank thee for the favor of having assisted at this holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Grant that, by thy blessing, it may bring forth fruit a hundred fold within me; that my faith may become more active, my love of thee and of every thing good, ever purer and more fervent, my virtue more ardent and perfect, the victory over my corrupt inclinations and passions easier and more complete; and that with resolute fidelity, I remain thine to the end of my life.

In the name of the Father, &c.

The Manner of Serving a Priest at Mass.

The Clerk must kneel at his left hand, and answer him as follows:

P. INTROIBO ad altare Dei.

C. Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Judica me Deus, et discerne causam meam, de gente non sancta: ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me.

C. Quia tu es, Deus, fortitudo mea: quare me repulisti, et quare tristis incedo, dum affligit me inimicus?

P. Emitte lucem tuam, et veritatem tuam: ipsa me deduxerunt, et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum et in tabernacula tua.

C. Et introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Confitebor tibi in cithara, Deus, Deus meus; quare tristis es, anima mea, et quare conturbas me?

C. Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi; salutare vultus mei, et Deus meus.

P. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

C. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

P. Introibo ad altare Dei.

C. Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam.

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

C. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.

P. Confiteor Deo, &c.

C. Misereatur tui Omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis tuis, perducat te ad vitam æternam.

P. Amen.

C. Confiteor Deo Omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper virgini, beato Michaeli archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis apostolis, Petro et Paulo, omnibus sanctis et tibi, Pater, quia peccavi nimis, cogitatione, verbo et opere. [*Strike your breast and say*] Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper virginem, beatum Michaelem archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes sanctos et te Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

P. Misereatur vestri, &c.

C. Amen.

P. Indulgentiam, absolutionem, &c.

C. Amen.

P. Deus, tu conversus vivificabis nos;

C. Et plebs tua lætabitur in te.

P. Ostende nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam;

C. Et salutare tuam da nobis.

P. Domine, exaudi orationem meam;

C. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum;

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Kyrie eleison.

C. Kyrie eleison.

P. Kyrie eleison.

C. Christe eleison.

P. Christe eleison.

C. Christe eleison.

P. Kyrie eleison.

C. Kyrie eleison.

P. Kyrie eleison.

P. Dominus vobiscum;

C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

When the Priest says, Flectamus genua, *answer*, Levate.

At the end of the Epistle say, Deo gratias—*then remove the mass book, and ever kneel, or stand on the side contrary to that, on which the book has been placed.*

P. Dominus vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Sequentia sancti evangelii secundum, &c.

Make the sign of the cross on your forehead, mouth and breast, and say:

C. Gloria tibi Domine.

Bow your head whenever the name of Jesus occurs, and at the end say:

C. Laus tibi, Christe.
P. Dominus vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Here the clerk is to give wine and water, and prepare the basin, water, and towel, for the Priest. The Priest having washed his fingers, let him kneel in his former place, and answer:

P. Orate, fratres.
C. Suscipiat, Dominus sacrificium, de manibus tuis, ad laudem et gloriam nominis sui, ad utilitatem quoque nostram totiusque ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ.
P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
C. Amen.
P. Dominus vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Sursum corda.
C. Habemus ad Dominum.
P. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.
C. Dignum et justum est.
At sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, &c., *ring the bell.*

When you see the Priest spread his hands over the chalice, you must give notice of the consecration which is about to take place, by one or two strokes of the bell. Then, at the elevation, both of the Sacred Host and of the chalice, ring the bell three times: viz. when the Priest bends the knee to adore, when having risen he raises the Sacred Host or chalice, and when, having replaced it on the altar, he adores on his knee a second time. After this, as often as you pass by the blessed Sacrament, you must adore on your knee.

P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
C. Amen.
P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem;
C. Sed libera nos a malo.
P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
C. Amen.
P. Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Pax tecum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.

At the Domine, non sum dignus, *ring the bell each time that the Priest strikes his breast, and for an instant after.*

The Priest's communion being ended, be ready to give him wine and water. If there be communicants, say the Confiteor. After having given wine and water to the Priest, remove the book to the left hand of the altar; and return to your former place.

P. Dominus vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
C. Amen.
P. Ite, missa est; or, Benedicamus Domino.
C. Deo gratias.

In Masses for the dead.

P. Requiescant in pace.
C. Amen.

Remove the book to the other side of the altar, if it be left open; kneel and take the Priest's blessing.

P. Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.
C. Amen.
P. Dominus vobiscum;
C. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Initium (or sequentia,) sancti evangelii, &c.
C. Gloria, tibi, Domine.

At the end say: Deo gratias.

Put out the candles, and lay up all decently and carefully.
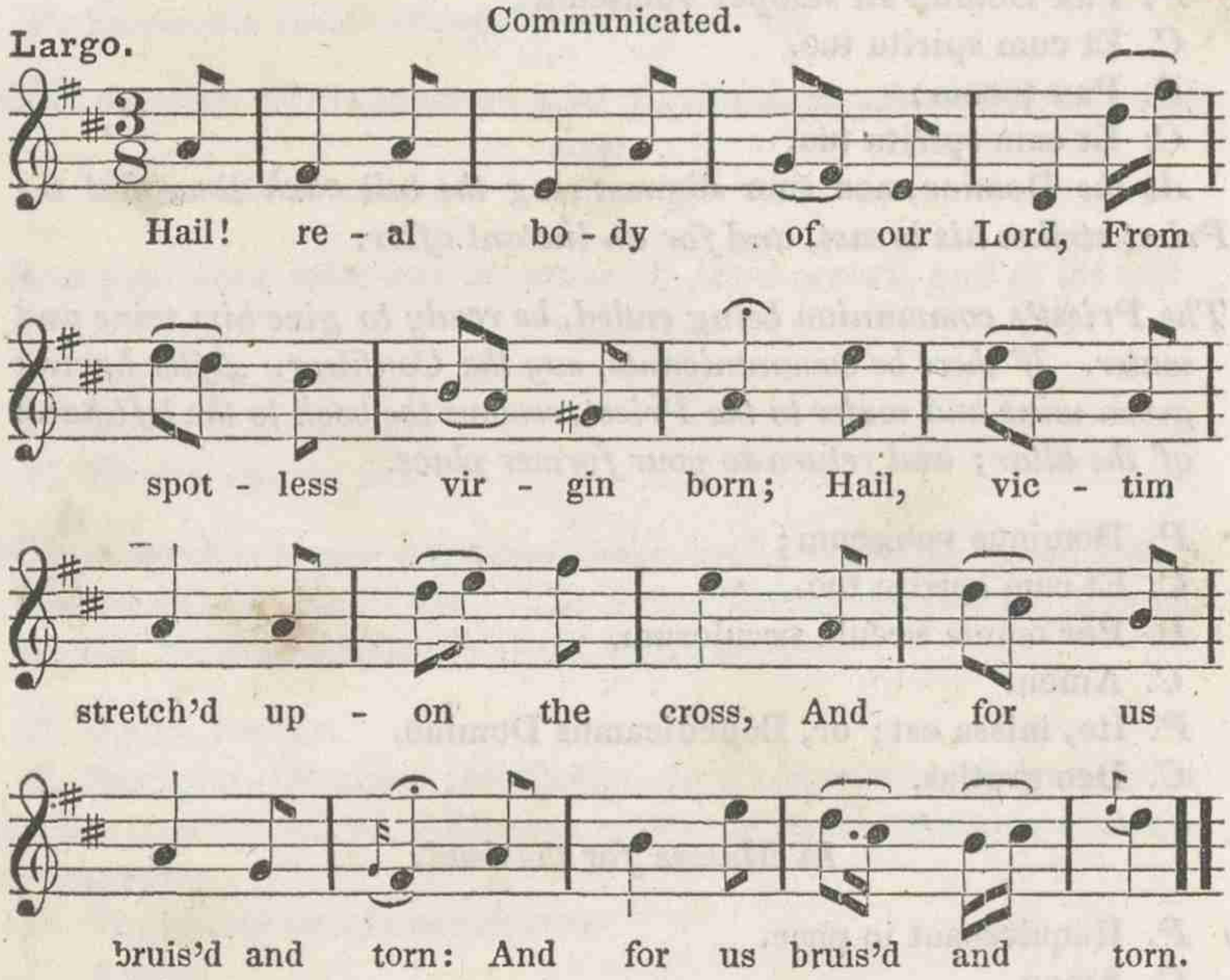
If you have leisure, meditate awhile before you retire.

PIECES APPROPRIATE

At the Elevation, Communion, and Benediction.

HAIL REAL BODY—AVE VERUM.

Communicated.
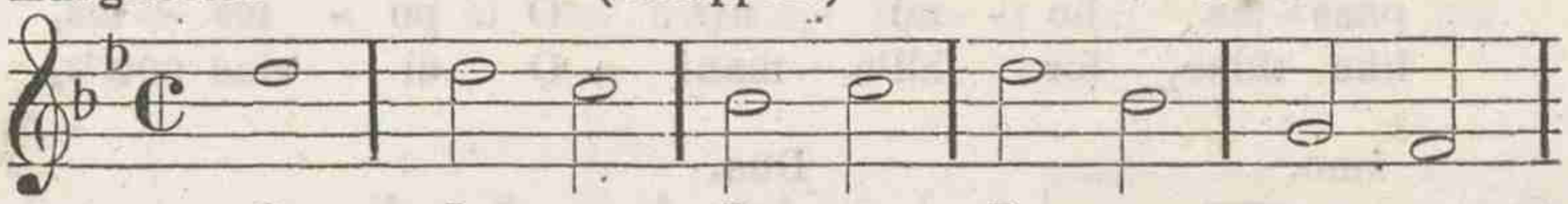


Thy side with cruel spear transpierc'd
Let out a saving flood—
Pour'd down a show'r, a living stream
Of water mix'd with blood.
Of water, &c.

O heav'nly manna! be our food,
Whilst in this life we stay;
And when death comes, prepare our souls
To meet the judgment day.
To meet, &c.

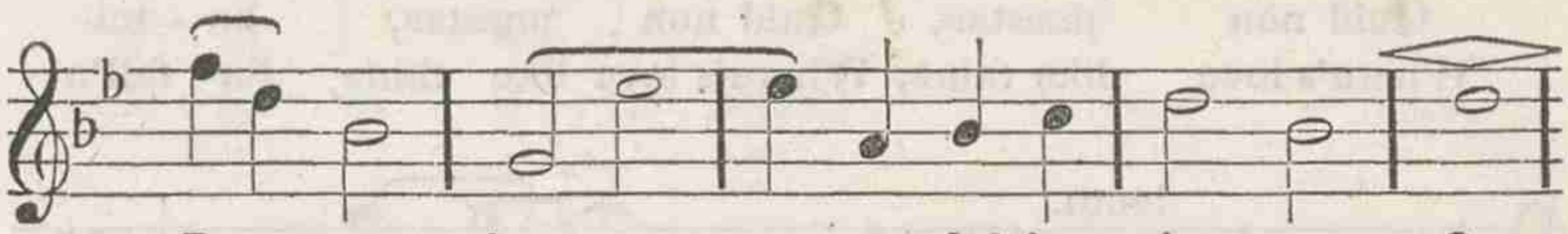
O gracious Jesus! bounteous Lord!
O Mary's clement Son!
Let sinners grace and pardon find,
Before thy mercy's throne.
Before, &c.

O JESU DEUS—O JESUS BLESSED.
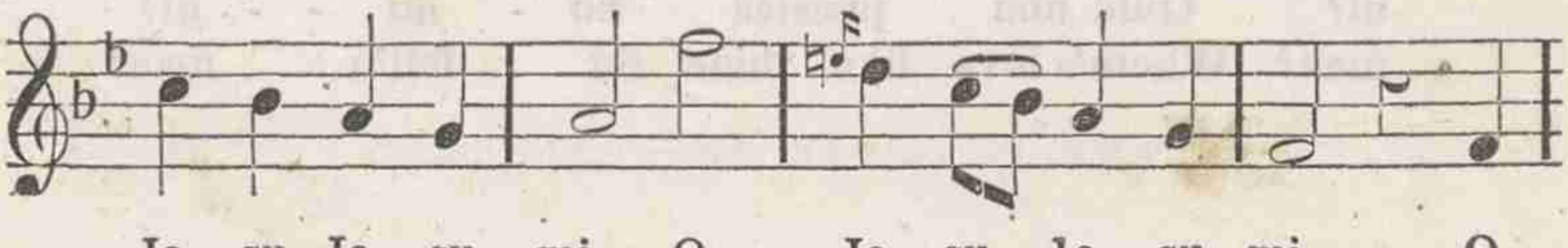
Larghetto. (2d Appen.) *Webbe.*
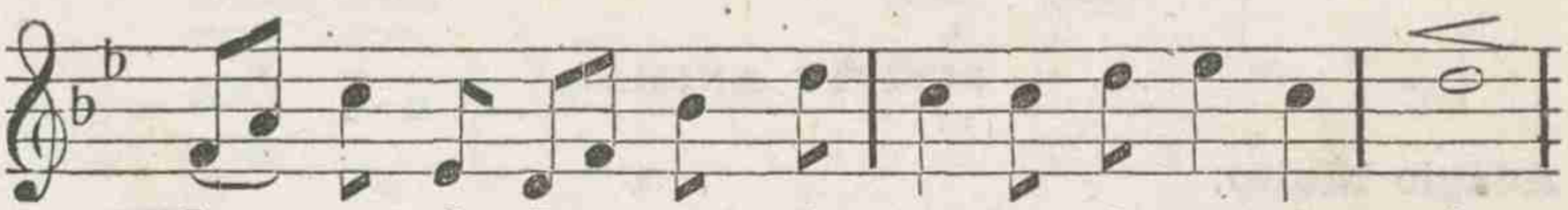


O Je - su, De - us, De - us mag - ne:
O Je - sus, blessed, blessed Saviour:



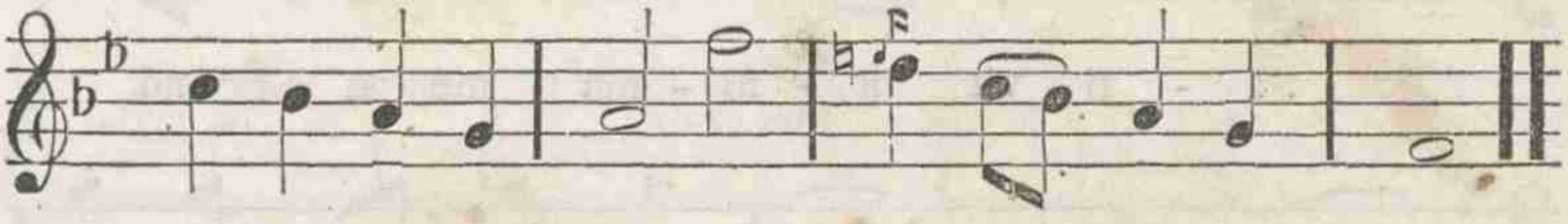
Pas - tor bo - - - - - ne, dulcis Ag - ne, O
Dear - est Je - - - - - sus, sweetest fa - vour, O



Je - su, Je - su mi, O Je - su, Je - su mi. O
Je - sus, O my God, O Je - sus, O my God. O

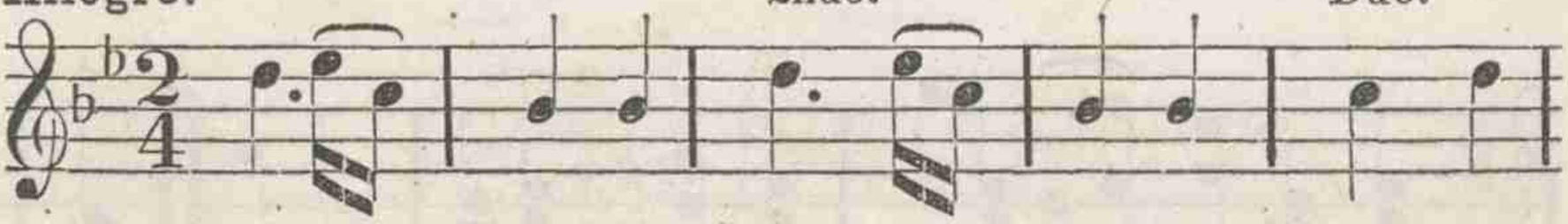


Je - su, O Pas - tor, O panis, O manna, O
Je - sus, O Saviour, O Shepherd, O manna, O
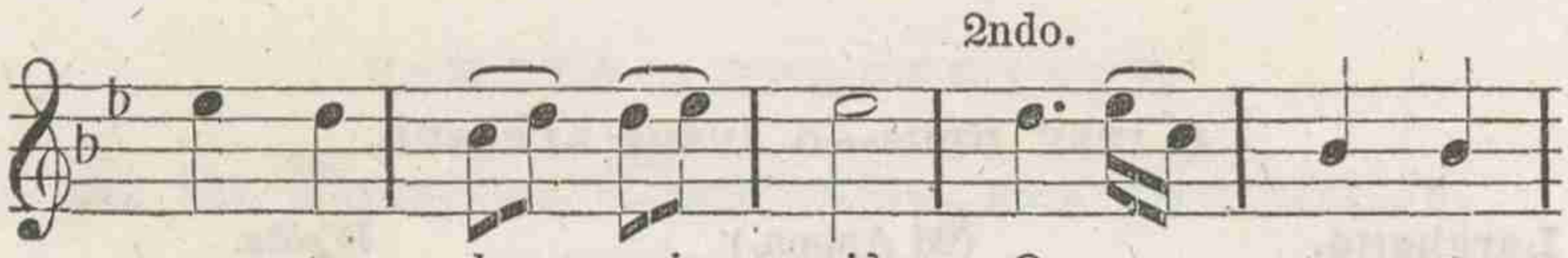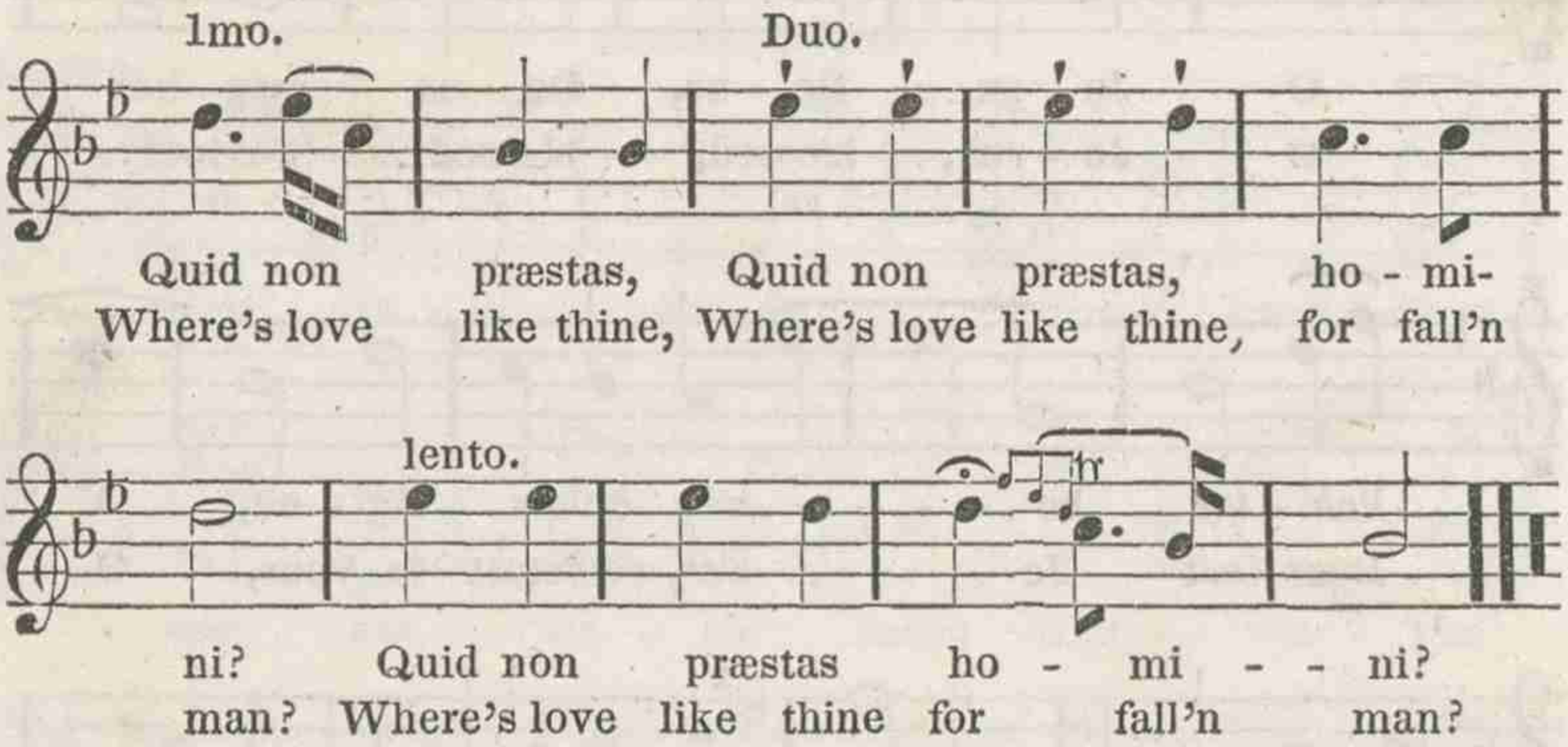


Je - su, Je - su mi, O Je - su, Je - su mi.
Je-sus, O my God, O Je - sus, O my God.

Allegro. 2ndo. Duo.

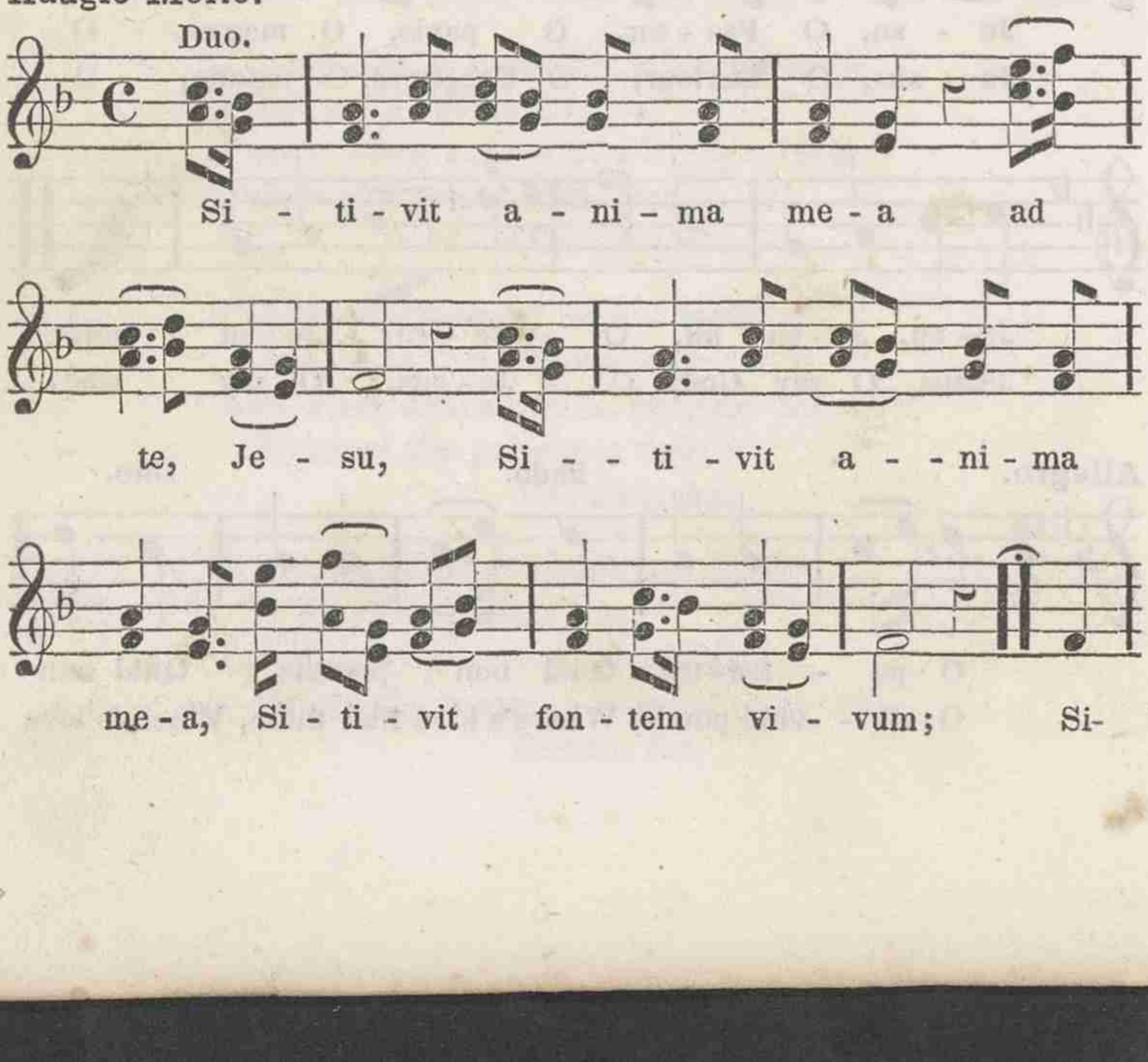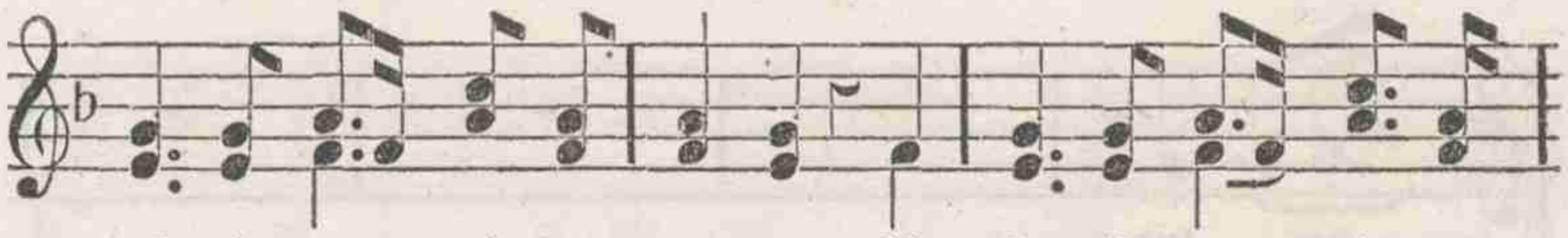


O po - tes - tas, Quid non præstas, Quid non
O di - vine pow'r, Where's love like thine, Where's love
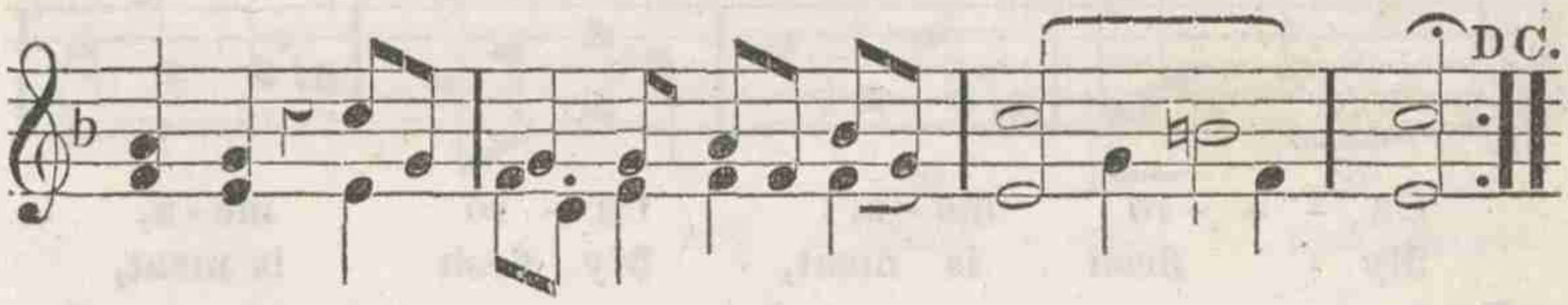




SITIVIT ANIMA.
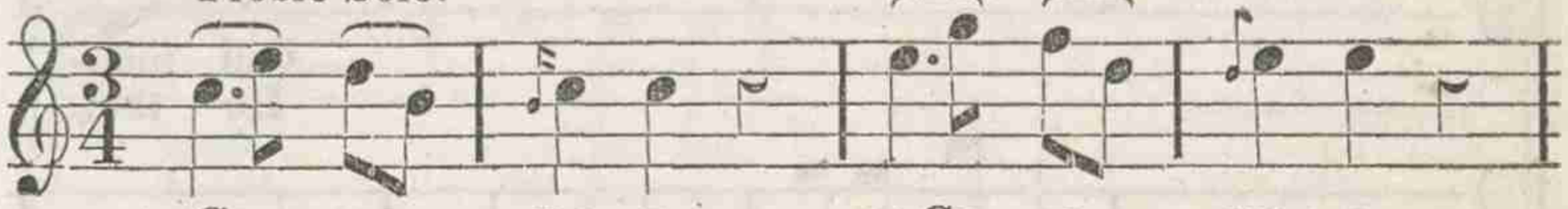






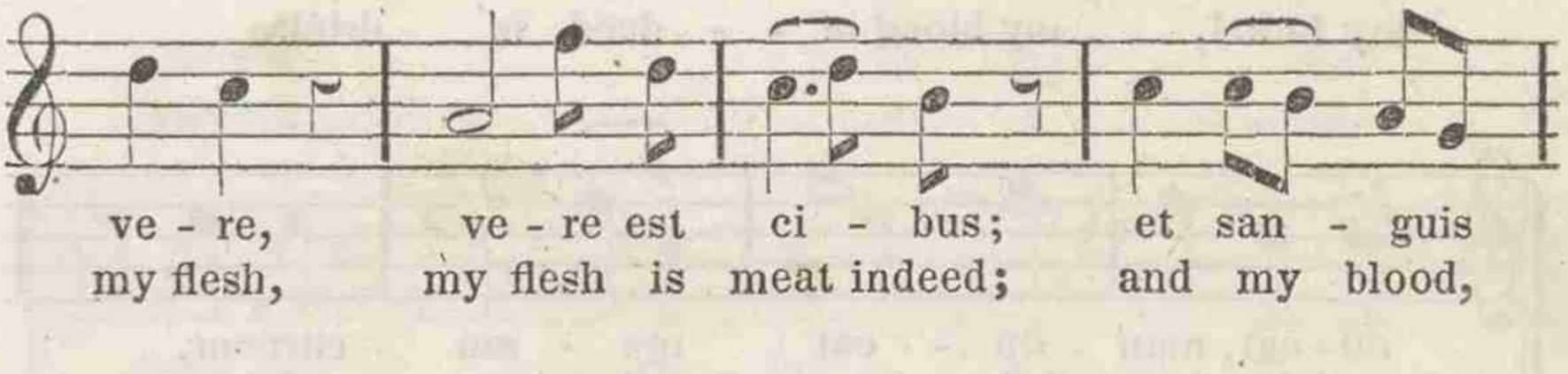
CARO MEA—MY FLESH IS MEAT.
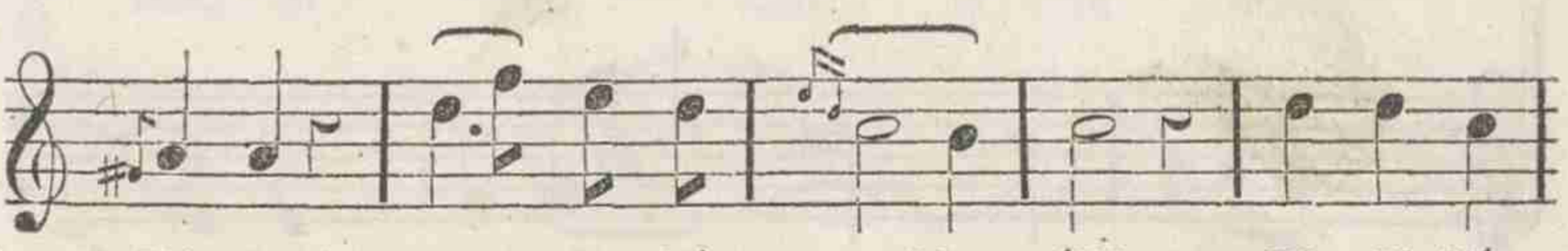
Mottet, by ——.
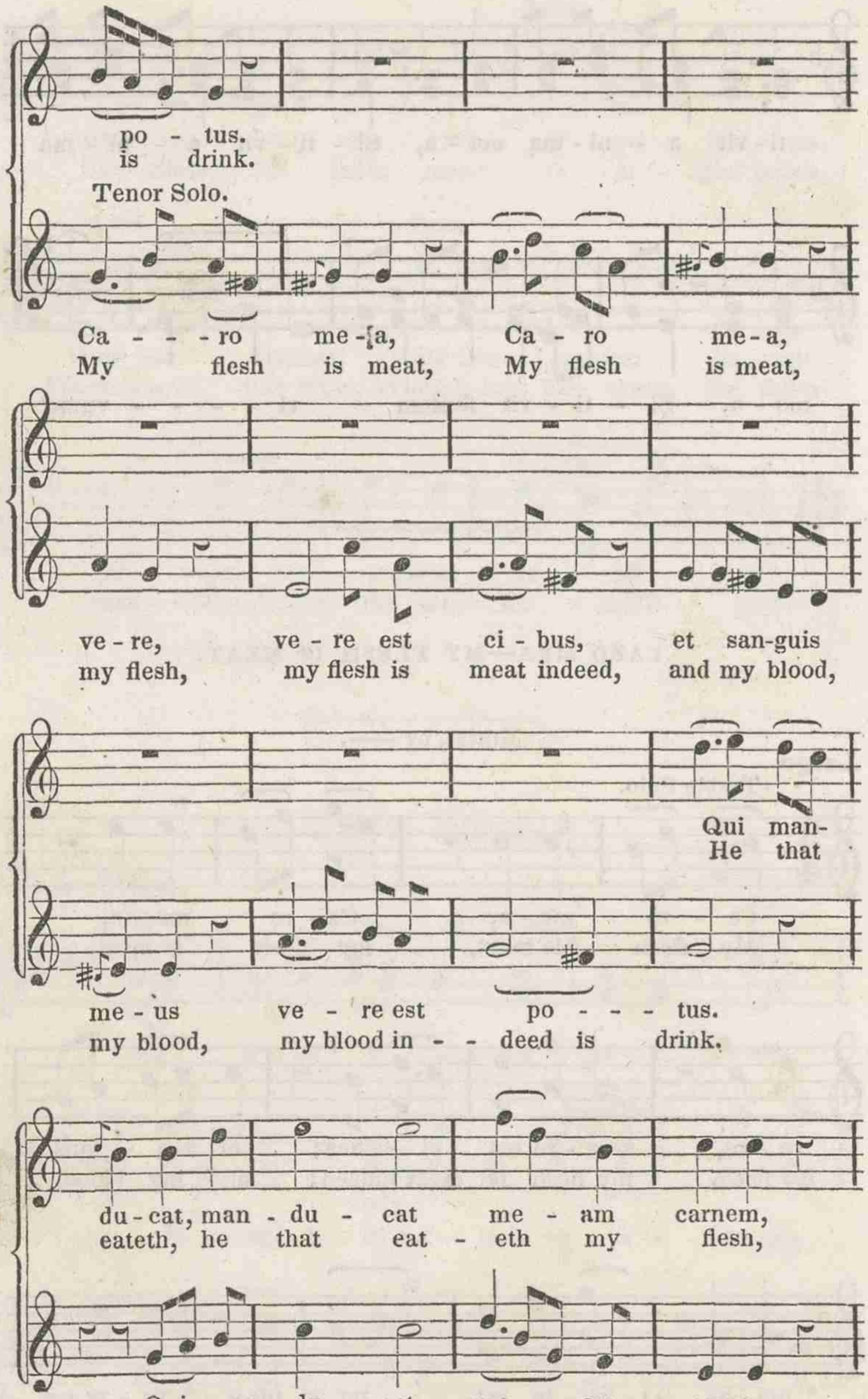
Largo.

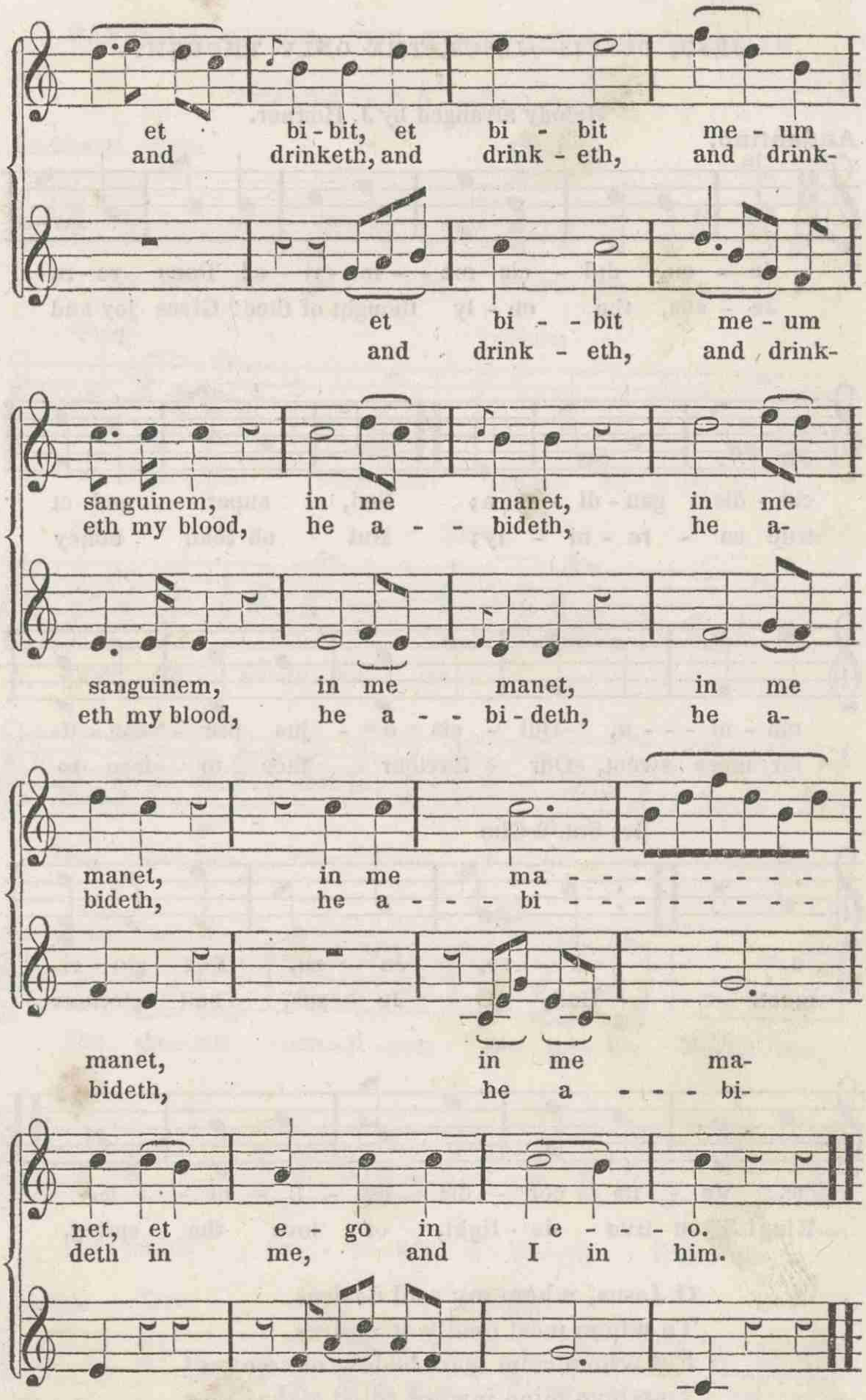
Treble Solo.







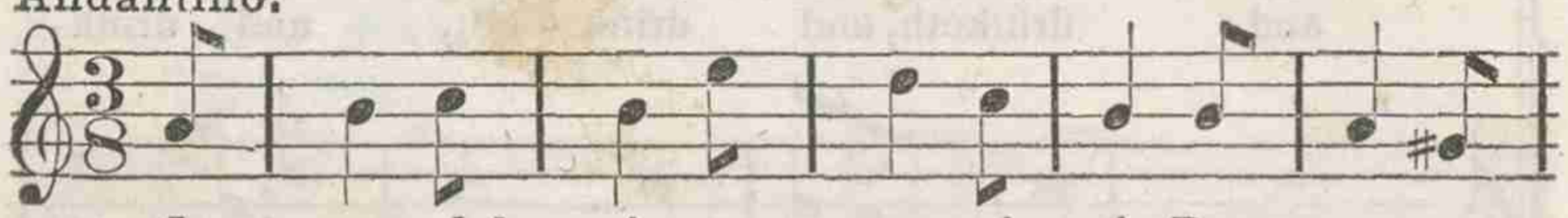

po - tus.
is drink.
Tenor Solo.
Ca - - - - ro me - a,
My flesh is meat,
Ca - ro me - a,
My flesh is meat,
ve - re,
my flesh,
ve - re est
my flesh is
ci - bus,
meat indeed,
et san-guis
and my blood,
Qui man-
He that
me - us
my blood,
ve - re est
my blood in
po - - - tus.
- - deed is drink.
du - cat, man - du - cat me - am carnem,
eateth, he that eat - eth my flesh,
Qui man - du - cat me - am carnem,
He that eat - eth, eat - eth my flesh,


et bi - bit, et bi - bit me - um
and drinketh, and drink - eth, and drink-
et bi - - bit me - um
and drink - eth, and drink-
sanguinem, in me manet, in me
eth my blood, he a - - bideth, he a-
sanguinem, in me manet, in me
eth my blood, he a - - bi - deth, he a-
manet, in me ma - - - - - - - - -
bideth, he a - - - bi - - - - - - - - -
manet, in me ma-
bideth, he a - - - bi-
net, et e - go in e - - - o.
deth in me, and I in him.
net, et e - go in e - - - o.
deth in me, and I in him.

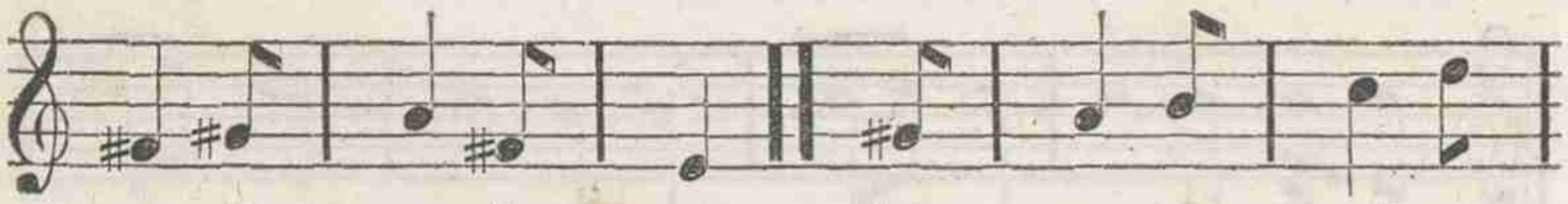
JESU, DULCIS—JESUS, THE ONLY THOUGHT.

Melody arranged by J. Hœrner.

Andantino.



Je - su, dul - cis me - - mo - ri - a! Dans ve - ra
Je - sus, the on - ly thought of thee! Gives joy and
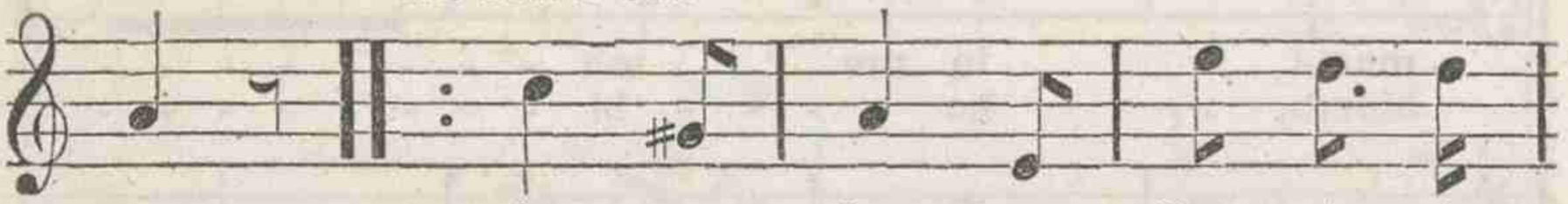


cor - dis gau - di - - a; Sed, super mel et
true se - re - ni - ty; But oh than honey
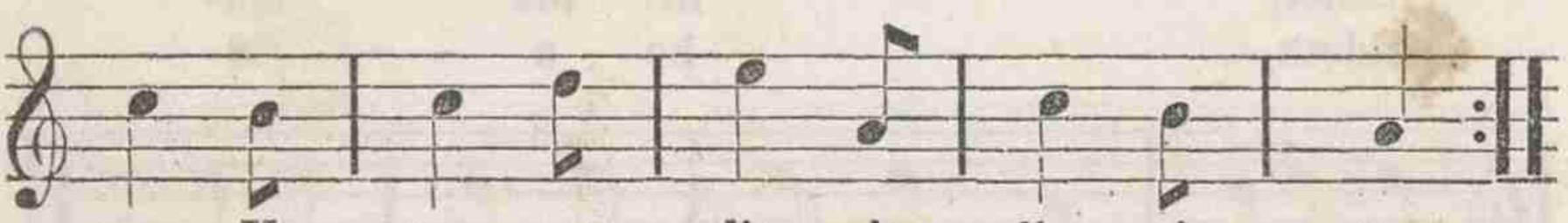


om - ni - - - a, Dul - cis e - jus pre - sen - ti-
far more sweet, Our Saviour face to face to

1st Sol. 2 Cho



a. A - ve, Je - su, Rex glo - ri-
meet. Hail, O Je - sus, hail glorious
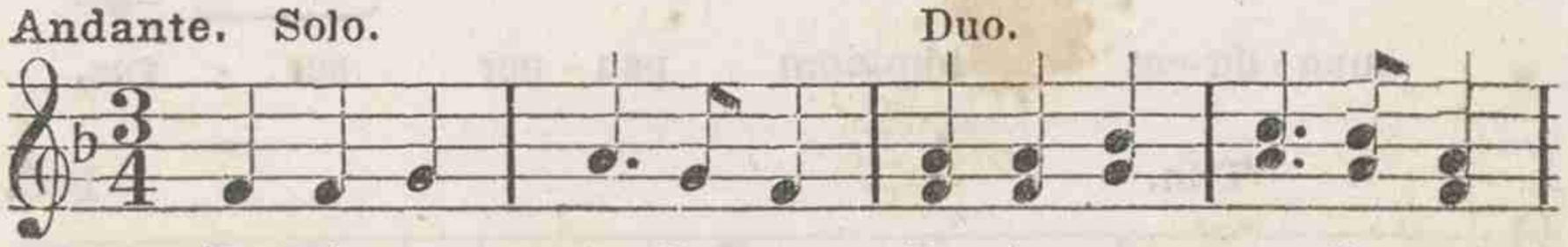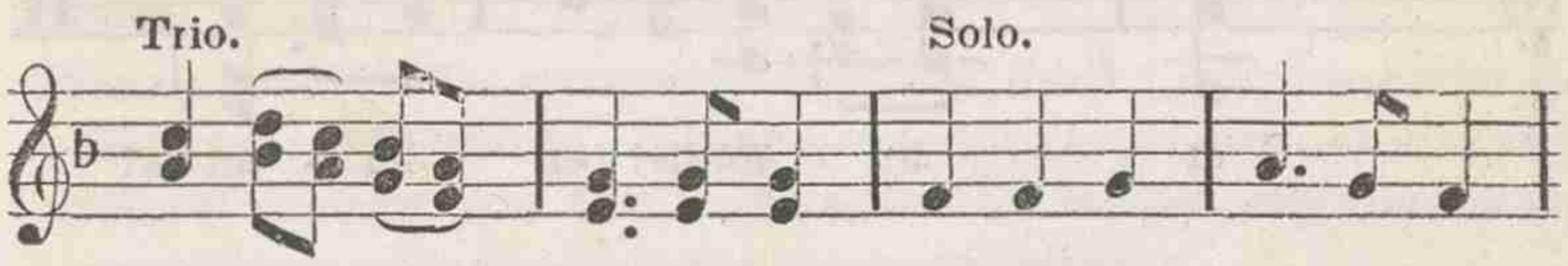


æ, Ve - ræ cor - dis de - li - ci - - æ.
King! Thou true de - light, of love the spring.
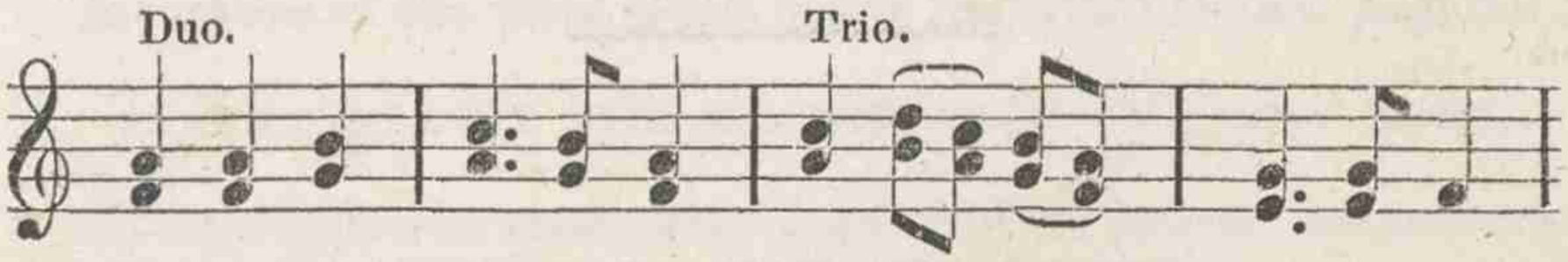
O Jesus, whom my soul desires,
To whom most fondly it aspires,
For whom calm tears bedew mine eyes!
To whom mine inward spirit sighs!
Hail, O Jesus, &c.
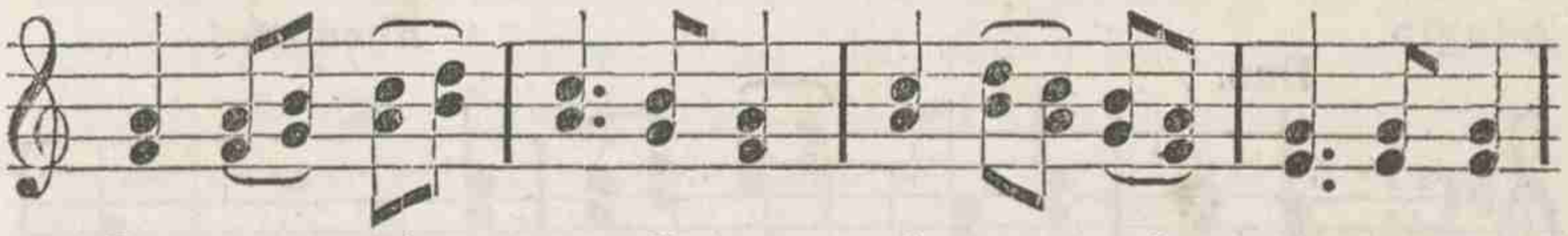
PANIS ANGELICUS—THE BREAD OF ANGELS BREAD.
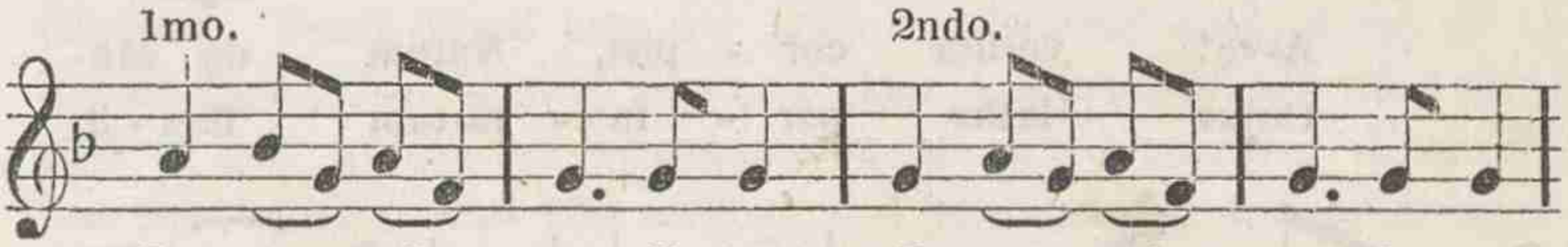
Arranged by P. K.—(Bass Appen.)
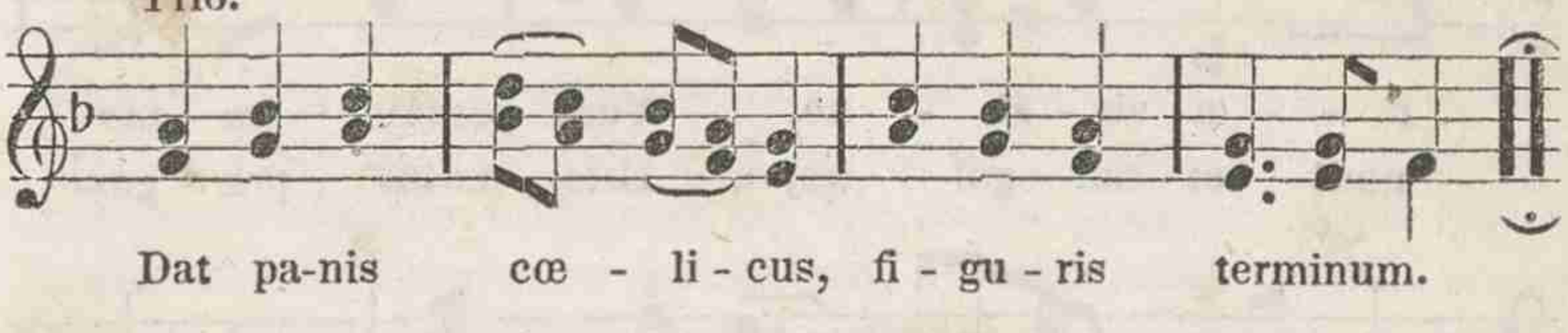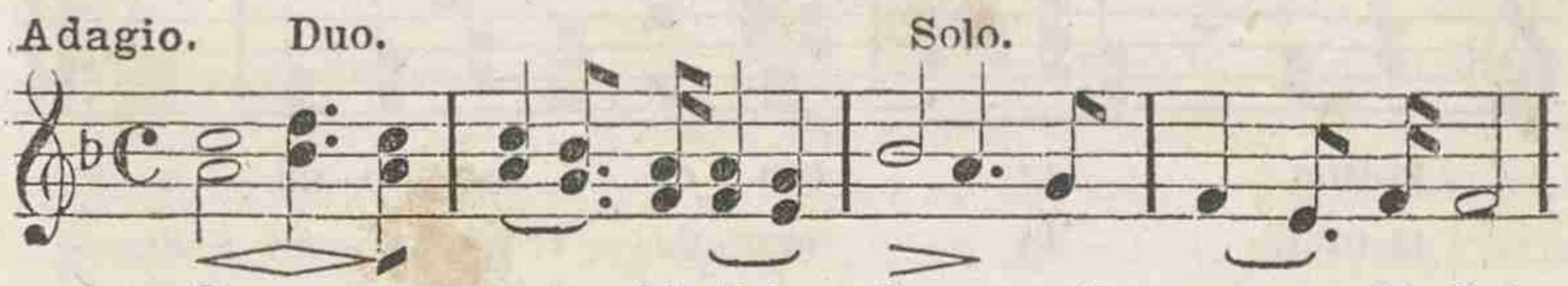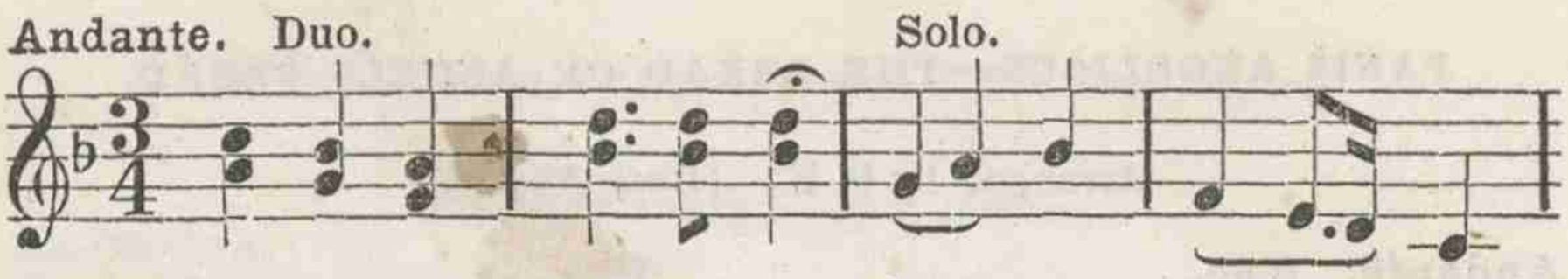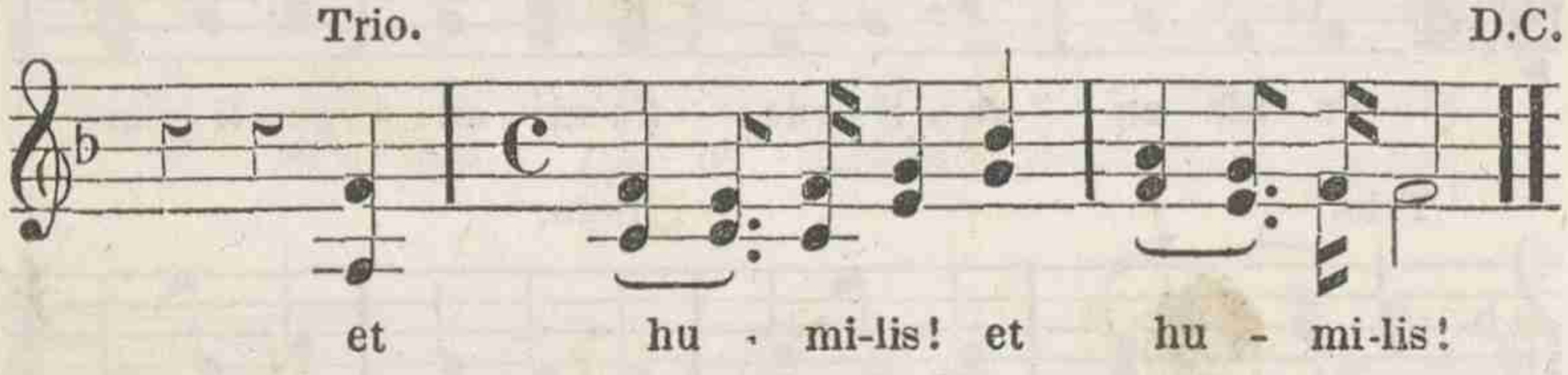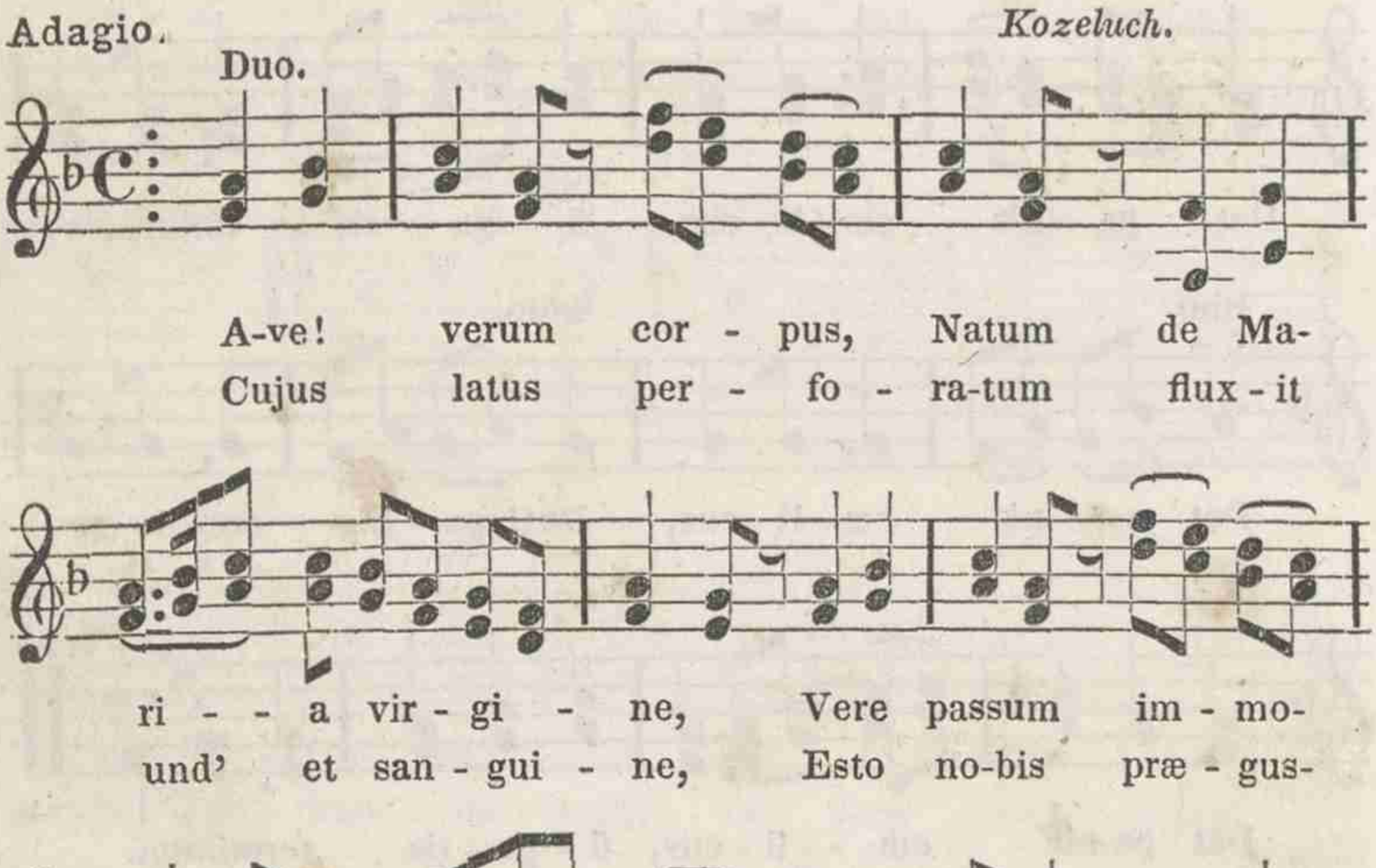


















AVE VERUM—HAIL REAL BODY.



Devotions before Confession.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Place yourself in the presence of God, and think for a moment on the importance of the duty which you are about to perform, as also how long it is since your last confession. Then fervently implore the necessary assistance of divine grace, as follows:

Invocation of the Holy Ghost before Important Duties, *page* 20.

PRAYER BEFORE THE EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE.

Great God, who seest every impulse of our hearts, and searchest all our most secret thoughts and desires, I humbly approach thee, and beg of thee to make known to me the extent of my guilt and spiritual misery. I know, O my God, that I have had the misfortune to offend thee in a thousand ways: I know it in general, though I may have forgotten each separate sin; and unless thy goodness discovers them to me, I shall vainly endeavor to remember them as I ought. Help me then, O Lord, in this examination of my past conduct. Send down into my poor bewildered soul, a ray of thy divine light, that it may dissipate the darkness of my own mind; that it may guide and direct me in all my inquiries; disclose to me the number, and the nature, and the extent, and each aggravating circumstance of my manifold offences; that it may show me to myself, as I am, with all my sinful deformities, weaknesses and deficiencies; and, together with this thy heavenly light, grant me also, O Lord, all other seasonable assistance of thy grace; that I may be inspired with becoming sentiments of contrition, with a sincere determination to amend my life, to do penance, avoid sin and make satisfaction wherever required; and that, when I shall present myself to thy minister, at the tribunal of confession, I may be enabled to declare my sins truly, such as they are, without disguise, without change, without diminution or increase, without forgetfulness, and without prevarication of any kind. I beseech thee, grant me this grace, O my God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

A FURTHER INVOCATION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

COME then, O Holy Ghost! thou ruler of the hearts of men, thou who art called the comforter, thou spirit of truth! come with thy seven-fold gifts: teach me to see, and to confess my sinful condition: enlighten my understanding, and kindle in my heart the fire of divine love. Amen.

Here keep yourself recollected, as though you felt yourself in the divine presence, prostrate at the feet of your offended, but gracious Saviour. Thus review your actions, thoughts, words, conversations, desires, omissions, and employ in this examination a reasonable time; which must depend upon the period that has elapsed since your last confession. Then proceed:

PRAYERS FOR THE GRACE OF A HEARTY SORROW, AND A FIRM PURPOSE.

BUT, O my good God! what will it avail me to know my sins, if thou dost not also give me a hearty sorrow and repentance for them? Without this, my sins will yet stand against me, and I shall be still thy enemy, and a child of hell. Thou insistest upon a change of heart, without which there can be no reconciliation with thee; and this change of heart none but thyself can give. O give it me then, dear Lord, and with it, a lively faith and a firm hope in the passion of my Redeemer. Teach me to fear thee, and to love thee, and to grieve, all my life time, with heartfelt sorrow for having offended thee, so good a God.

O blessed Virgin, mother of my Redeemer, mirror of innocence and sanctity, and refuge of penitent sinners! intercede for me, through the passion of thy son, that I may obtain the grace of a thorough contrition. O all ye blessed angels, and saints of God! pray for me, a most miserable sinner, that I may now effectually turn from my evil ways, that my heart may henceforward be for ever united with yours, in eternal love, and never more go astray from the sovereign good. Amen.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

O MY God! I am most heartily sorry for all my sins, and I detest them above all things, from the bottom of my heart, because they displease thee, my God, who art most deserving of all my love, for

thy most amiable and adorable perfections; and I firmly propose by thy holy grace, never more to offend thee, and to do all that I can to atone for my sins.

After this, hold yourself in readiness to approach the minister of Christ, at the tribunal of penance; taking a last rapid glance at your sins, in the order in which you have arranged them in your mind; then say the following

PRAYER, FOR THE GRACE TO MAKE A GOOD CONFESSION.

O MOST gracious Lord! who, of thy infinite love and mercy towards mankind, hast ordained, in thy Church, the Sacrament of penance, as a sovereign remedy to heal our spiritual wounds, and cleanse us from the stains wherewith after baptism we have defiled our souls, look down upon me, an ungrateful sinner, who having many ways most grievously offended thee, now purpose through thy grace to fly to this Sacrament, for a remedy; and in obedience to thy divine ordinance, to confess my sins to thy minister sincerely, penitently, plainly and entirely; hoping thereby, that, according as thou hast promised, I shall receive full and perfect absolution. Give me thy grace, therefore, O Lord, that, as of thy goodness thou hast inspired me with this holy resolution, so I may, with due reverence, contrition and sincerity, accomplish what I have proposed, to the glory of thy name, and the full remission of all my sins. Amen.

If, however, you should still have some moments to wait, you may say the following:

FURTHER ASPIRATIONS AND PRAYERS, FOR OBTAINING SORROW, AND INCREASING OUR RESOLUTION TO AMEND.

O MOST merciful Redeemer, and Saviour of mankind, I, a wretched sinner, in hope of pardon and absolution, do humbly prostrate myself before thy throne of mercy, confessing to thee all my faults and heinous transgressions, by which until this hour I have offended thee, my Lord and Maker. O that I have not shuddered to commit those many sins, for which thy sacred body, O Jesus, endured such horrible pains and tortures on the cross!

I confess my ingratitude, O Lord; I confess that, unto this hour, I have been most ungrateful to thee for all thy love, grace and benefits bestowed on me; that thou hast patiently spared me, whilst I persisted in evil, and continued in my aversion to do good; that thou hast tolerated, in me, such dreadful contempt of thy divine will and

commandments; and yet, so boundless hath thy charity been, that instead of casting me into hell, as for my offences I justly deserved, thou hast given me time to do penance, and amend my life. Nay, soliciting me by thy grace, and waiting for me, hast thou not knocked at the door of my heart? hast thou not sweetly whispered to me, by thy heavenly inspirations? hast thou not prevented me with thy blessings, filled me with thy comforts, invited me with thy favors, yea, forced me, as it were, by crosses and afflictions to seek thee? Yet neither has my stony heart been softened, nor my will been reclaimed. It were not to be wondered at, therefore, that now at last, coming to see the foulness of my sins, my very heart should burst, with contrition and repentance!

Hath hell itself, indeed, sufficient torments to punish such wickedness, and to take vengeance of such exceeding ingratitude, as mine? O how unworthy I am to be called thy creature, O God! how unworthy to be accounted as one whom the earth should bear, much less, as one to whom it should afford nourishment, and things necessary for the preservation of life! Nay, doubtless, had not thy mercy withheld them, both heaven and earth, the elements and all creatures should have, long ere this, taken vengeance of me for my inconceivable contempt and abuse of thy goodness.

O how many thousands in the world are, by thy righteous judgment, already condemned to the never-ending torments of hell-fire, who never came near the measure of my grievous transgressions; nay, who in comparison with me, a sinful wretch, might rather be Saints in heaven, than condemned souls, adjudged, as they now are, to eternal perdition.

But, O most merciful Jesus, be propitious to me, a sinner! In unfeigned sorrow and remorse of conscience for all my misdeeds, I prostrate myself at thy throne, humbly beseeching thee to be reconciled to me; to pardon all my offences; to look upon me, a most miserable sinner, with the eye of mercy, as thou didst upon the penitent *publican*, the sinner *Magdalen*, and the *Apostle* that *thrice* denied thee.

O my God, I beseech thee to work speedily in me that, on account of which thou hast so long spared me; and for which thou hast created me. Wo to me, if I should neglect so merciful and kind a father, who hath never ceased to heap benefits upon me. Yet I have refused to bestow my heart upon him—him who would have made it a temple, for his own abode; and, by keeping this poor heart from him, I have myself defiled it with much sin and corruption; yea, made it a vessel of impiety, a den of thieves and a stew of unclean thoughts; in a word, I confess myself to be the most unworthy

creature upon the face of the earth; still, O Lord, I will throw myself into the sea of thy mercy; for as my sins are numberless, so thy mercies are endless.

O most loving Father, *if thou wilt thou canst make me clean. Heal the wounds of my soul, for unto thee I open my sores.* I am that defiled soul, I am that prodigal child, I am that unfaithful servant, who have separated myself from thee, the Father of all goodness. I have strangely forsaken thee, the *fountain of living waters,* and *have digged to myself cisterns which hold no water;* contenting myself with such barren comforts, as thy creatures did afford me, such momentary and fading pleasures, as, to the great detriment of my soul, I have found to be lighter than chaff, and more vain than vanity itself. Only, I beseech thee, let that which is past be cancelled and forgotten; and, for the time to come, let me dread nothing but the danger of offending thee. Grant me only, O merciful Father, henceforth to be thy obedient child.

No, O Lord, I do not ask for *riches, honors, or a long life,* but only this I beg, that, from this present hour to my life's end, I may never more offend thy divine majesty, or defile my conscience with any mortal sin.

Grant, I beseech thee, O Lord, to a poor sinner this one request, for the merits of Jesus Christ, thy only Son, my loving Redeemer, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one everlasting God, be all honor and glory, now and for ever. Amen.

N. B. Here it is proper, that you should think upon the measures you must take for an entire amendment of life, for the time to come; considering well what have been the occasions of your sins:—what circumstances are apt to be dangerous to you—what precautions you must take against those dangers, for the future—what pious exercises you must daily make use of—what prayers, meditation, spiritual reading, &c., besides daily assistance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—when, and how frequently, you are to approach the Sacraments? &c.

Then, on finding yourself truly sorry for having offended God, and sincerely determined, for the time to come, to avoid all mortal sins, and the immediate occasions of them; and to satisfy for those which you have hitherto committed, to the best of your ability, by amendment of life and redoubled zeal in the service of God; you may go and present yourself to the priest, the minister of God, kneeling down at his side, and begging him forthwith to bless you, in these words: Father, give me thy blessing, because I am a sinner. *Then while he is imparting to you his blessing, say the Confiteor,* "I confess to Almighty God, &c., *as far as* "through my most

grievous fault," *then, without any interruption, unless your Confessor should interrupt you himself, state how long it is since your last confession; whether you faithfully performed the penance, which then was laid on you; whether you then received absolution; or whether it is for the first time, that you are going to make your confession. After this declare your sins, in the manner in which they may present themselves to your mind, saying,* I accuse myself of having, &c. *On having made known all your sins, to the best of your recollection, conclude, in a tone even more penitent, than that with which you have confessed, saying:* For these, and for all other sins of my past life, I am heartily sorry; purpose amendment, and humbly beg pardon of God, and penance and absolution of you, my ghostly Father: "Therefore, I beseech the blessed Virgin," &c., to the end. *Pay particular attention to the advice and directions which your Confessor may have to give; as also to the* penance, *which he lays on you, that you may recollect it distinctly, and perform it exactly, at the time and in the manner prescribed. At last, when the minister of Christ is about to* absolve, and impart to you the unspeakable benefit of the heavenly power entrusted to him, *recall to your mind all your previous good dispositions, and, in the most feeling sentiments of love and humility, recite the Act of Contrition,* O my God, *page* 68, *until you are dismissed, in the cheering words of our Saviour:* Go in peace, and sin no more; *when, on having come back to your place of prayer, and, for an instant, returned silent thanks to God, you may finish your important duty, by offering the following*

PRAYERS AFTER CONFESSION.

O God of infinite goodness, who hast shown such mercy to a worthless sinner! O most indulgent Father, receive also, on my part, the poor remains of my life. I am heartily sorry for the days and years I have mispent. They have gone down as a shadow; they have passed away without fruit; but as I cannot recall them, let me think of them at least in the bitterness of my soul. Let the ardor, with which I pursued a life of sin, be henceforth applied to thy service, that *where sin hath abounded,* thy grace may be still more abundant. Remember, O Lord Jesus, that it is thine *not to lose any of them thy Father hath given thee;* that it is thine *to have mercy and to spare*— to destroy no one but *to save;* because thy Father hath sent thee into the world, *not to judge the world,* but that *we may have life through thee.* Therefore, O Lord, let all thy boundless merits plead for me now, and in my last moments, that I may attain the full re-

mission of my sins; that I may truly know thee; that I may ever love thee; that I may tend to thee incessantly, and attain at length to the eternal enjoyment of thy glorious promises.

O holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, my patron saint, and all ye blessed saints and angels, bless and extol our Lord for his infinite mercies to me; beg of him to accept this my humble confession; to supply out of his goodness, all its deficiencies; and graciously to confirm in *heaven*, the sentence of absolution which has been pronounced on me, here upon earth. Amen.

Devotions before Communion.

I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. *St. John*, vi. 51.

If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread which I will give, is my flesh, for the life of the world. *St. John*, vi. 52.

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me. *St. John* vi. 58.

Amen, amen, I say unto you: unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. *St. John*, vi. 54.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. *St. John*, vi. 56.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him. *St. John*, vi. 57.

Hymn.—Can it be that my God.

Hymn.—My God, my life, my love.

Excite in your soul the affections and sentiments, with which it should be animated, as you approach the moment, when you are to receive Jesus Christ himself into your heart.

SENTIMENTS—HOLY FEAR.

But, O my God, how shall I dare approach to thee! I, so wretched a worm, to so infinite a Majesty! I, so filthy a sinner, to such infinite purity and sanctity! Alas, my soul has, but this moment, been covered with an universal leprosy! and how shall I presume to embrace thee? My whole life has been nothing but misery and sin, and it is owing to thy mercy that I have not been long since in hell! and how shall I venture so much as to lift up my eyes to thee; much less to receive thee into my breast? I tremble, O Lord, at the sentence of thy Apostles, *that he that receives unworthily, receives his*

own damnation; I cannot but acknowledge myself infinitely *unworthy;* nor should I ever dare to come to thee, were I not urged on by thy most loving and pressing invitations, and encouraged by thy infinite goodness and mercy. It is in this mercy, which *is above all thy works,* I put my whole trust; and it is in this confidence, that I will presume to approach unto thee. Only grant me that it may be with a *contrite* and *humbled* heart, for that, O Lord, I know, thou wilt never despise.

Remember that, at Communion, the same exquisite happiness is vouchsafed to you, which the Apostles enjoyed, when they were at table with their divine Master, during the last supper; and that our Saviour, having prepared this delicious banquet *of his own flesh and blood, for the salvation and comfort of his disciples to the* end of time, *it is his good pleasure, nay, he intensely desires and commands, that you should partake of it:* With desire have I desired to eat this pasch with you.

AN ACT OF HOLY DESIRE.

O Lord, how boundless is thy love towards me! What am I, that thou art *mindful of me!* What couldst thou see in me, so worthless a creature, that thou shouldst come to me, shouldst call me to sit down with thee, at thy table—shouldst even long, and *desire* to bestow thyself upon me!—Ah! I am a *strayed sheep,* thou wilt bring me back in thy loving arms: I am a *wearied panting sinner,* thou wilt refresh me: I am a captive, fettered, torn, weakened, bruised, distorted slave!—Thou wilt break asunder my shackles—thou wilt deliver me, heal me, restore me, adorn me, comfort and enrich me! Behold, O King of everlasting glory—behold, I also *long, and desire* to come to thee this day; and to receive thy body and blood in this heavenly Sacrament, for thy honor and glory, and the good of my own soul. I desire to receive thee, because it is thy desire, and because thou hast so ordained. I desire to come to thee like Magdalen, that I may be delivered from all my evils, and embrace thee my only good. I desire to come to thee, that I may be happily united to thee; *that I may henceforth abide in thee, and thou in me;* and that nothing in life, or death, may ever separate me from thee.

Consider that the sentiments of faith, of pure intention, humility, contrition, love, &c., which you may awaken and produce in your soul, before, during and after communion, are so much the more precious, pleasing and acceptable, in the sight of God, as they are more pure and deeply seated.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

YES, O my Saviour, I most firmly believe that, in this holy Sacrament, thou art present verily and in deed; I believe that here is thy body and thy blood, thy very soul and divinity; I believe that thou, O Jesus, true God and true man, art here with all thy excellencies and treasures; that here thou communicatest thyself to us, makest us partakers of the fruits of thy sufferings, and givest us a sure pledge of thy abiding love, and of eternal life. All this I believe, O Jesus, most steadfastly and unhesitatingly; for wert thou even to speak to me, from this thy tabernacle, thy voice itself would not render me more assured, than I already am; nay, were I to touch thy glorious wounds, and like St. Thomas, to probe thy sacred side, I could not exclaim with more confidence, than I now do, *Thou art my Lord, and my God.*

AN ACT FOR DIRECTING YOUR INTENTION.

THOU hast kindly designed, O Jesus, that this unspeakable mystery of thy love should bring vividly to the recollection of thy disciples all that thou art to them—all that thou hast achieved for them, all that they may seek, possess and enjoy in thee, through time and eternity. Whence, at the moment of thy departure out of this world, upon the eve of thy death, when thou hadst instituted it, celebrated it thyself for the first time, provided for its perpetual continuance in thy holy Church, and admitted *thy own, that were in the world,* to its benefits and delicious refreshments—thou didst also expressly command, enjoin and say to them: *This do ye for the commemoration of me.* Therefore, O Lord, I purpose and do intend, on this day, and through every day of my life, to think of thee and honor thee, in the best manner I am capable of. I will remember that, *thou art my Saviour and my God:* that, for me, thou didst become man; that for me thou didst condescend to be born of a Virgin; that, for me, thou didst suffer under Pontius Pilate; that, for me, thou hast been thrown into an agony and bloody sweat; that, for me, thou hast been betrayed and apprehended like a malefactor; that, for me, thou hast meekly borne reproaches, calumnies, scoffs, affronts, blows and buffets; that, for me, thou hast been scourged, crowned with thorns, loaded with a cross, crucified, and put to death on it, between evil doers! Nay, O dearest lover of my soul, while I may thus think of, and revolve in my recollection all this, and whatsoever else thou

hast done and suffered for me, I will unite all these thy sufferings and doings, together with my approaching communion, and thus united, will present them, as a sweet oblation, to thy eternal Father, for his gracious acceptance of them, in atonement of my manifold crimes, traspasses and neglects.

AN ACT OF HUMILITY.

O God, thou knowest my great poverty and misery; thou knowest how unworthy I am of thy favor; Oh, since thou art so good as to invite me thus to thyself, add this one more bounty to all the rest—to prepare me for thyself. Cleanse my soul from its stains, clothe it with the nuptial garment of charity, adorn it with all virtues, and make it a fit abode for thee. Drive sin and the devil far from this dwelling, which thou art pleased to choose for thyself; and make me one according to thine own heart; that this heavenly visit, which thou deignest for my salvation, may not, by my unworthiness, be perverted to my damnation. *Oh! never let me be guilty of thy body and blood by an unworthy communion!* For the sake of this same precious blood, which thou hast shed for me, deliver me from so great an evil. Oh! let me rather die ten thousand times, than to be guilty of so horrible a crime!

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

Lord, I detest, with my whole heart, all the sins by which I have ever offended thy divine Majesty, from the first moment that I was capable of sinning, to this very hour; I desire to lay them all down here at thy feet, to be cancelled by thy precious blood. What can I do for them, but humbly confess and lament them all my lifetime? This I heartily desire to do, and to cry to thee, from this moment, continually for mercy. Hear me, O Lord, by that infinite love which moved thee to shed thy blood for me. O let not that blood be shed in vain for me. All my sins displease me now exceedingly, because they have offended thy infinite goodness. By thy grace, I will never commit them any more; I am truly sorry for them, and will be sorry for them, as long as I live; and, according to the best of my power, will do penance for them. Forgive me, then, dear Lord, for thy mercy's sake; pardon me all that is past, and be thou my preserver for the time to come, that I may never more offend thee.

AN ACT OF DIVINE LOVE.

O my dear Saviour, be thou the God of my heart, and the life of my soul! *As the heart panteth after the fountain of waters, so doth my soul pant after thee!* I love thee, O Jesus, with all the powers

of my being—with the utmost *intensity* I am capable of; I desire to love thee supremely and entirely. O teach me *still* to love thee, and to be for ever thine!

INVOCATION OF THE SAINTS.

O ALL ye blessed angels, and saints of God, who see him face to face; and most especially thou, O Mother of my God and Saviour, in whose womb he was conceived, and borne for nine months; I most humbly beg the assistance of your prayers, that I may, in such a manner, receive him here, in this place of banishment, as to be brought one day to enjoy him, with you in our true country, and there to praise him, and love him without end.

I will take the bread of heaven, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

At the moment when Communion is to be given, repeat with the assistants the Confiteor, *or general confession, renewing thereby your contrition and desire of pardon; and recite with the Priest, and with all the devotion of your soul, the* Domine non sum dignus, *three times.*

LORD, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; say but the word, and my soul shall be healed.

When the Priest lays the Blessed Sacrament on your tongue, saying: Corpus Domini nostri; *repeat the same within your own breast:*

MAY the body of our Lord preserve my soul unto everlasting life.

It is impossible to prescribe any particular form of prayer, for the moment immediately following the act of receiving Communion; your own heart will, by the grace of God, easily suggest, and melt into proper emotions. The following prayers and acts of devotion express some of the sentiments, with which the Christian soul should be filled.

Devotions after Communion.

ACT OF THANKSGIVING.

I RETURN thee my most fervent thanks, O loving Saviour! for the blessing I now enjoy; I praise and glorify thee, with all my soul, for the numberless favors I have received from thy goodness and liberality. I adore thee now reposing in my breast; O my God and my all! a thousand times welcome! O most gracious Lord of my soul, how sweet art thou to all who invoke thee! For when I had no being, thou didst create me; when I was thy enemy, thou camest from heaven to redeem me; and, because without thee I was helpless, thou hast given me thy Sacraments, with numberless graces, to fortify my weakness and facilitate my salvation; but to crown all thy favors, thou givest me thy own body and blood for the food, nourishment, comfort and delight of my soul. Thou shouldst retire from me, because I am a sinful creature—dust and ashes—the destined food of worms; yet thou comest expressly to visit me, and take possession of my lowliness! *O Lord, my God, how wonderful is thy name in all the earth! I have found him whom my soul loveth; I have held him, and I will not let him go.* What return shall I make unto thee, O Lord, for all thou hast done unto me? O that thou wouldst fill my lips with praises, that, all the days of my life, I may sing forth thy glory, and celebrate thy wonderful works!

ACT OF LOVE.

THE happiness, O my God, which I now enjoy is that of possessing thee! What a blessing this is!—what an unspeakable comfort! Thou art, indeed, my Saviour, O Jesus; thy goodness hath no bounds; thy loveliness is inexpressible; thou art the brightness of eternal joy; the glory of heaven is from thee; thou art the unfailing source of endless happiness; the angels desire to behold thee; thou fillest the hearts of the blessed for ever; therefore will I love thee, O divine Redeemer, who hast loved me, *with an eternal love,* even unto death, and hast left me, in this Sacrament, the sweetest pledge of thy affection. O inflame my heart, that it may burn and consume with this heavenly fire; that I may love thee above all things; that I may love thee more than myself; that I may adhere to thee always; that I may never, henceforth, be separated from thee! Yes, my God, I love thee with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength; I love thee for thy own sake, and I heartily wish that every object on earth may increase my love for thee. *If I cannot*

love thee as much as I desire, as much as thou dost love me, as much as thou art to be loved, may I love thee at least, as much as I am capable of. Let disgust and anguish embitter every other attachment, that I may be happily forced to love, and rest in thee alone. Make, I beseech thee, O Lord, make my love of thee effectual, ardent, *persevering*, that its divine influence may support me, in every trial; may purify my affections, and bring me securely to thee. *O, if I ever forget thee, let my right hand be forgotten, let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee!*

ACT OF ADORATION.

HERE, within the recesses of my own soul, where, by an achievement of thy love the most inscrutable, thou now reposest as God and man, as immortal king of angels and saints, as glorified Redeemer of the human race, as Supreme Disposer of all things, whether in heaven or on earth—I most devoutly adore thee, O Jesus Christ. Yes, O Lord, thou art *great, and exceedingly to be praised.* The boundlessness of space, filled with thy creatures, is as nothing in thy sight; *the heavens are the work of thy hands; they shall perish but thou shalt remain. The earth thou hast poised in thy hand;* the ocean is to thee but as a drop of water; all nature bends before thee and trembles in thy presence. How, then, shall I worthily adore and extol thee, O Sovereign Majesty! What homage can I pay thee proportioned to thy greatness? *Thou art the perfect image of thy eternal Father's substance; the inherent splendor of his glory: his powerful Word supporting all things: thee he hath seated at his right hand. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of justice is the sceptre of thy reign.* Therefore, I bow before thy sacred Majesty; I acknowledge with the sincerest gratitude, that thou art my Redeemer, my Creator, and the Supreme *Arbiter of my eternal doom.* I wish to humble myself as much, for thy sake, O Jesus, as thou art now humbled here, within me, for love of me; and to consecrate to the glory of thy name the whole extent of my being.

ACT OF OBLATION.

I AM loaded with thy favors, O merciful God, and when thou givest me thyself, it is doubtless thy will, that I live but for thee. This, indeed, is my earnest desire. I wish that all my thoughts, words and actions may be directed to thee, in the most perfect submission to thy divine will. I wish that all I possess, health, strength and understanding, goods, influence, reputation, may all steadily tend to thy greater glory. I consecrate my *whole being* henceforth to that

all important object. I entreat thee, O gracious sovereign of my heart, to accept my offering; to establish thy reign and kingdom within me, that from this moment to the end of my life, I may be wholly thine, devoted to thy service, and faithful in all things.

GOOD RESOLUTION.

BEHOLD, O my God, the moment is now come, when I am to sacrifice to thee those inclinations, which thou hast so often demanded, and which I have been hitherto so reluctant, slow and obstinate to yield up to thee. N. N. Stand by me henceforth in all my temptations, that I may never more be overcome; remove from me all dangerous occasions, and support me in this my resolution, that I may rather die a thousand deaths, than live to offend thee *mortally*. It was here, in this holy sacrament, that the martyrs imbibed that generous spirit of suffering, which could brave the power of tyrants, and smile upon the horrors of death; and why should not I find therein the same strength which they did? Art thou, O Lord, less faithful, *less liberal*, less able to fortify me against the enemies of my salvation? Thou hast sufficiently declared *thyself to me;* my heart is ready, however great the conflict against myself, against my vices, and against the world. *I have sworn, and am resolved to keep thy commandments. Confirm this, O God, which thou hast wrought in me.*

PETITION.

O MY most bountiful Redeemer, look in thy mercy upon me, thy poor creature; behold my numberless wants, the immensity of thy own power, and the infinite abundance of thy graces. Thou knowest all my maladies, and seest all the wounds of my soul; thou knowest how prone I am to evil, and how backward and sluggish to do good; thou seest this self-love, that tyrannizes over my soul, that is so deeply rooted in my corrupt nature, and branches out into so many vices, so much pride and vanity, so much passion and envy, so much covetousness and worldly solicitude, so much sensuality and concupiscence. Oh! who can heal all these my besetting evils, but thou the true physician of my soul, who givest me thine own body and blood in this blessed Sacrament, as a sovereign medicine for all my infirmities, and a sovereign balsam for all my wounds. Dispel the darkness of ignorance and error from my understanding, by thy heavenly light; dissipate the corruption and malice of my will, by the fire of thy divine love and charity; restrain all the emotions of sinful concupiscence, and all irregular sallies of passion, that they may no

more prevail over me; weaken and destroy, within me, self-love, and strengthen my weakness with heavenly fortitude; increase and fortify my belief in thy saving truths, communicated to me by the teaching of thy holy Church; and grant that henceforth I may ever live in strict conformity with the maxims of thy Gospel; that I may be poor in spirit; that my heart may be weaned from the love of transitory things, and be fixed upon eternity; that, according to thy example, I may be meek and humble of heart, and in patience possess my soul; that I may ever keep my body and soul chaste, and pure from the corruptions of lust; that I may ever bewail my past sins, and by daily mortification restrain all irregular propensities and passions, for the future. Above all things, grant me that I may love thee, and always walk in thy holy presence; that I may love my friends in thee, and my enemies for thee; that I may persevere in thy love to the end, and so come to that happy place, where I may love and enjoy thee for ever.

Have mercy also on my dear parents, relations and benefactors, and on all those, for whom I am any ways bound to pray, that we may all love thee and faithfully serve thee. Have mercy on thy whole Church, on the clergy, on religious men and women, and on all the faithful, that all may live up to their sacred calling, and sanctify thy name. Give thy grace and blessing to all Christian rulers, magistrates and people. Convert all sinners, and bring all strayed sheep back to thy fold; particularly have mercy on N. and N. &c.

O blessed Virgin, Mother of my God and Saviour, recommend all these my petitions to thy Son. O all ye angels and saints, citizens of heaven, join also your prayers with mine. You ever stand before the throne and see him face to face, whom I here received under the sacramental veil; be ever mindful of me, and obtain from him and through him, that with you I may bless him, and love him for ever. Amen.

SHORT ASPIRATIONS.

O Jesus, thou hast at length satisfied the earnest desires of my heart. I possess thee; O make me ever thine.

Remember, O Lord, that one visit from thee would suffice to sanctify the greatest sinner: permit not, then, that I should receive thee in vain.

Thou art the physician of souls, who healest all our infirmities by thy sacred blood; and I am that sick man, for whom thou camest down from heaven. O heal me, then, O Jesus, for I have sinned against thee.

Thou art the Good Shepherd, who hast laid down thy life for thy sheep; behold I am the lost sheep that has strayed from thee; take me, and carry me with thee, *on thy shoulders*.

O Lord, my God, behold I am thy servant: give me understanding and excite my affections, that I may know and *do thy will*.

Thou art the Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world: O take away from me whatsoever *thou knowest is hurtful to me, and displeasing to thee*.

N. B. Towards the end of Part II. may be found a variety of Hymns, appropriate for devotion after communion.

Litany of the Blessed Sacrament.

LORD, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
God the Father, Creator of the world, have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of mankind, have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, three persons in one God, have mercy on us.
Jesus, God and man, in two natures one divine person, have mercy on us.

Jesus, our wonderful God, who for us vouchsafest to subject thy almighty self to the power of man, and immediately descend upon our altars, when the priest pronounces the words of consecration, have, &c.

Jesus, our incomprehensible God, whose immensity the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, and yet vouchsafest personally to reside in our churches, and dwell among us in our tabernacles, have, &c.

Jesus, our sovereign king, on whose throne above, all the glorified spirits continually wait, and yet vouchsafest here in our solemn adorations, to be accompanied by such mean attendants as we, have, &c.

Jesus, our heavenly physician, who dwellest in the place of immortal bliss, and yet disdainest not to come in person to our houses of clay, visiting us on our beds of sickness, and giving us thyself to comfort our sorrows, have, &c.

Jesus, our glorious God, who sittest at the right hand of the eternal Father, adored by innumerable angels, and encompassed with the splendors of inaccessible light, have, &c.

Jesus, our glorious God, who, condescending to the weakness of our nature, coverest all thy glories under the familiar forms of bread and wine, and permittest thyself to be seen, touched and tasted by such unworthy creatures as we, have, &c.

Jesus, our gracious God, who, concealing the awful brightness of thy majesty, under those low and humble veils, sweetly invitest us to approach thy person, and open our miseries before thy eyes, and deliver petitions into thy hands, have, &c.

Jesus, our gracious God, who, to communicate thy divine nature to us sinners, humblest thyself to enter into our mouths, and descend into our breasts, and by an inconceivable union become one with us, have, &c.

Jesus, the bread of life, that came down from heaven, of which whosoever eats, shall live eternally, have, &c.

Jesus, the heavenly manna, whose sweetness nourishes thy elect in the desert of this world, have, &c.

Jesus, the food of angels, whose deliciousness replenishes our hearts with celestial joys, have, &c.

Jesus, the Lamb without spot, who every day art sacrificed, yet always remainest alive, every day eaten, still continuest entire, have, &c.

Jesus, the good shepherd, who fearest not to lay down thy life for thy sheep, nor sparest to feed them with thy own body, have, &c.

Jesus, who, in this high and venerable mystery, art thyself both priest and sacrifice, have, &c.

Jesus, who, in this sacred memorial of thy death, hast abridged all thy wonders into an accumulative miracle, have, &c.

Jesus, who, in this admirable sacrament, hast contracted all thy blessings into one stupendous bounty, have, &c.

Jesus, who, by this blessed fruit of the tree of life, hast restored us again to immortality, have, &c.

Jesus, who, by sanctifying the most familiar and necessary of thy creatures, to nourish in us a pure desire of thee, teachest us the right use of all the rest, have, &c.

Jesus, who, by becoming thyself the daily food of our souls in this life, preparest us to live on thee eternally in the next, have, &c.

Jesus, who, in this divine banquet of charity, givest us possession of thy grace here, and a secure pledge of thy glory hereafter, have, &c.

Have mercy on us, O Lord, and pardon our sins.

Have mercy on us, O Lord, and hear our prayers.

From presuming to fathom the omnipotence of God, by any discourse of human understanding, deliver us, O Lord.

From presuming to interpret the great secrets of thy will, by the uncertain rule of our private opinions, deliver us, O Lord.

From all distraction and irreverence in assisting at this awful sacrifice, deliver, &c.

From neglecting to come to this holy table, and from coming negligently thereto, deliver, &c.

From unworthily and unfruitfully receiving this adorable sacrament, deliver, &c.

From hardness of heart, and ingratitude for so unspeakable a blessing, deliver, &c.

By thy irresistible power, which changes the course of nature as thou pleasest, deliver, &c.

By thy unsearchable wisdom, which disposes all things in perfect order, deliver, &c.

By thy infinite goodness, which freely bestows on us thyself in this incomprehensible mystery, deliver, &c.

By thy blessed body broken for us on the cross, and really given us in holy communion, deliver, &c.

By thy precious blood shed for us on the cross, and substantially present in the chalice of benediction, deliver us, O Lord.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us.

That we may always believe thy sacred word, and submit our reason to the decision of thy Church, we beseech thee to hear us.

That, by this sacred oblation we may solemnly profess thy infinite perfections in thyself, and supreme dominion over all things, we beseech, &c.

That, by this sacred oblation, we may humbly acknowledge our perpetual dependence on thee, and absolute subjection to the disposition of thy will, we beseech, &c.

That we may eternally adore thy goodness, who having no need of us, hath contrived such wonderful, endearing motives to make us love thee, and be happy, we beseech, &c.

That we may thankfully comply with thy gracious condescendence to be united to us, by a fervent desire of becoming one with thee, we beseech, &c.

That still, before we approach this royal banquet, we sincerely procure our reconcilement to thee, and be perfectly in charity with all the world, we beseech, &c.

That, in the instant of receiving thy sacred body, our souls may glow with reverence and love, to entertain so glorious a guest, we beseech, &c.

That, returning from this great and holy eucharist, we may recollect all our thoughts to praise and bless thee, and immediately apply our utmost endeavors to the real amendment of our lives, we beseech, &c.

That, by this heavenly preservative, our hearts may be healed of all their infirmities, and strengthened against all relapses, we beseech, &c.

That, as by faith we adore thee here under these sacred veils, we may hereafter see thee face to face, and in that blissful vision eternally rejoice, we beseech thee to hear us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven. Alleluia.

R. Containing in itself all sweetness and delight. Alleluia.

THE PRAYER.

O God, who, in this wonderful sacrament, hast left us a perpetual memorial of thy passion, grant us, we beseech thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of thy body and blood, that we may continually perceive in our souls the fruit of thy redemption; who with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Litany of the Saints.

ANTHEM.

Remember not, O Lord! our offences, nor those of our parents, and take not revenge of our sins.

Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe, audi nos.	Christ, hear us.
Christe, exaudi nos.	Christ, graciously hear us.
Pater de cœlis Deus, miserere nobis.	God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

Fili Redemptor mundi, Deus, miserere nobis.		God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
Spiritus Sancte, Deus, miserere nobis.		God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis.		Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.
Sancta Maria,	Ora pro nobis.	Holy Mary,
Sancta Dei Genitrix,	ora.	Holy Mother of God,
Sancta Virgo Virginum,	ora.	Holy Virgin of Virgins,
Sancte Michael,	ora.	St. Michael,
Sancte Gabriel,	ora.	St. Gabriel,
Sancte Raphael,	ora.	St. Raphael,
Omnes sancti Angeli et Archangeli,	orate pro nobis.	All ye holy angels and archangels,
Omnes Sancti beatorum Spirituum ordines,	orate.	All ye holy orders of blessed Spirits,
Sancte Joannes Baptista,	ora.	St. John the Baptist,
Sancte Joseph,	ora.	St. Joseph,
Omnes sancti Patriarchæ et Prophetæ,	orate.	All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets,
Sancte Petre,	ora.	St. Peter,
Sancte Paule,	ora.	St. Paul,
Sancte Andrea,	ora.	St. Andrew,
Sancte Jacobe,	ora.	St. James,
Sancte Joannes,	ora.	St. John,
Sancte Thoma,	ora.	St. Thomas,
Sancte Jacobe,	ora.	St. James,
Sancte Philippe,	ora.	St. Philip,
Sancte Bartholomæe,	ora.	St. Bartholomew,
Sancte Matthæe,	ora.	St. Matthew,
Sancte Simon,	ora.	St. Simon,
Sancte Thaddæe,	ora.	St. Thaddæus,
Sancte Matthia,	ora.	St. Matthias,
Sancte Barnaba,	ora.	St. Barnaby,
Sancte Luca,	ora.	St. Luke,
Sancte Marce,	ora.	St. Mark,
Omnes sancti Apostoli et Evangelistæ,	orate.	All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists,
Omnes sancti Discipuli domini,	orate.	All ye holy disciples of our Lord,
Omnes sancti Innocentes,	orate.	All ye holy Innocents,
Sancte Stephane,	ora.	St. Stephen,
Sancte Laurenti,	ora.	St. Laurence,

Pray for us.

Sancte Vincenti,	ora.	St. Vincent,
Sancti Fabiane et Sebastiane,	orate.	Sts. Fabian and Sebastian,
Sancti Joannes et Paule,	orate.	Sts. John and Paul,
Sancti Cosma et Damiane,	orate.	Sts. Cosmas and Damian,
Sancti Gervasi et Protasi,	orate.	Sts. Gervase and Protase,
Omnes sancti Martyres,	orate.	All ye holy Martyrs,
Sancte Sylvester,	ora.	St. Sylvester,
Sancte Gregori,	ora.	St. Gregory,
Sancte Ambrosi,	ora.	St. Ambrose,
Sancte Augustine,	ora.	St. Augustin,
Sancte Hieronyme,	ora.	St. Jerome,
Sancte Martine,	ora.	St. Martin,
Sancte Nicolae,	ora.	St. Nicholas,
Omnes sancti Pontifices et Confessores,	orate.	All ye holy bishops and Confessors,
Omnes sancti Doctores,	orate.	All ye holy Doctors,
Sancte Antoni,	ora.	St. Antony,
Sancte Benedicte,	ora.	St. Benedict,
Sancte Bernarde,	ora.	St. Bernard,
Sancte Dominice,	ora.	St. Dominic,
Sancte Francisce,	ora.	St. Francis,
Omnes sancti Sacerdotes et Levitæ,	orate.	All ye holy priests and Levites,
Omnes sancti Monachi et Eremitæ,	orate.	All ye holy Monks and Hermits,
Sancta Maria Magdalena,	ora.	St. Mary Magdalen,
Sancta Agatha,	ora.	St. Agatha,
Sancta Lucia,	ora.	St. Lucy,
Sancta Agnes,	ora.	St. Agnes,
Sancta Cæcilia,	ora.	St. Cecily,
Sancta Catharina,	ora.	St. Catharine,
Sancta Anastasia,	ora.	St. Anastasia,

Pray for us.

Omnes sanctæ Virgines et Viduæ, orate.	All ye holy virgins and widows, pray for us.
Omnes sancti et sanctæ Dei, intercedite pro nobis.	All ye men and women, Saints of God, make intercession for us.
Propitius esto, Parce nobis, Domine.	Be merciful to us, spare us, O Lord.
Propitius esto, Exaudi nos, Domine.	Be merciful to us, hear us, O Lord.

Ab omni malo,	Libera nos Domine.	From all evil, O Lord, deliver us.
Ab omni peccato,	libera.	From all sin, O Lord, deliver us.
Ab ira tua,	libera.	From thy wrath, O Lord, deliver us.
A subitanea, et improvisa morte,	libera.	From a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord deliver us.
Ab insidiis diaboli,	libera.	From the deceits of the devil, O Lord, deliver us.
Ab ira, et odio, et omni mala voluntate,	libera.	From anger, hatred and all ill-will, O Lord, deliver us.
A spiritu fornicationis,	libera.	From the spirit of fornication, O Lord, deliver us.
A fulgure, et tempestate,	libera.	From lightning and tempest, O Lord, deliver us.
A morte perpetua,	libera.	From everlasting death, O Lord, deliver us.
Per mysterium sanctæ Incarnationis tuæ,	libera.	By the mystery of thy holy incarnation, O Lord, deliver us.
Per Adventum tuum,	libera.	By thy coming, O Lord, deliver us.
Per Nativitatem tuam,	libera.	By thy nativity, O Lord, deliver us.
Per Baptismum et sanctum jejunium tuum,	libera.	By thy baptism and holy fasting, O Lord, deliver us.
Per Crucem et Passionem tuam,	libera.	By thy cross and passion, O Lord, deliver us.
Per Mortem et Sepulturam tuam,	libera.	By thy death and burial, O Lord, deliver us.
Per sanctam Resurrectionem tuam,	libera.	By thy holy resurrection, O Lord, deliver us.
Per admirabilem Ascensionem tuam,	libera.	By thy admirable ascension, O Lord, deliver us.
Per adventum Spiritus Sancti Paracliti,	libera.	By the coming of the Holy Ghost the comforter, O Lord, deliver us.
In die judicii,	libera.	In the day of judgment, O Lord, deliver us.
Peccatores, Te rogamus, audi nos.		We sinners do beseech thee to hear us.
Ut nobis parcas, te rogamus, audi nos.		That thou spare us, we beseech thee to hear us.
Ut nobis indulgeas, te rogamus, audi nos.		That thou pardon us, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut ad veram pœnitentiam nos perducere digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to bring us to true penance, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut Ecclesiam tuam sanctam regere et conservare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to govern and preserve thy holy Church, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut Domnum Apostolicum et omnes Ecclesiasticos ordines in sancta religione conservare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Prelate, and all ecclesiastical orders in holy religion, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to humble the enemies of thy holy Church, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut Regibus et principibus Christianis pacem et veram concordiam donare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to grant peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut cuncto populo Christiano pacem et unitatem largiri digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut nosmetipsos in tuo sancto servitio confortare et conservare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in thy holy service, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut mentes nostras ad cœlestia desideria erigas, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou lift up our minds to heavenly desires, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut omnibus benefactoribus nostris sempiterna bona retribuas, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou render eternal good things to all our benefactors, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut animas nostras, fratrum, propinquorum, et benefactorum nostrorum ab æterna damnatione eripias, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou deliver our souls, and those of our brethren, kinsfolks and benefactors from eternal damnation, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut omnibus fidelibus defunctis requiem æternam donare digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou vouchsafe to give eternal rest to all the faithful departed, we beseech thee to hear us.

Ut nos exaudire digneris, te rogamus, audi nos.	That thou vouchsafe graciously to hear us, we beseech thee to hear us.
Fili Dei, te rogamus audi nos.	Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis Domine.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Exaudi nos, Domine.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Christe, audi nos.	Christ, hear us.
Christe, exaudi nos.	Christ, graciously hear us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Pater noster. *Secreto.*	Our Father. *In secret.*
V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem;	V. And lead us not into temptation;
R. Sed libera nos a malo.	R. But deliver us from evil.

PSALM LXIX.

Deus, in adjutorium meum intende: * Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.	O God! come to my assistance; O Lord! make haste to help me.
Confundantur et revereantur, * qui quærunt animam meam.	Let them be confounded and ashamed, that seek my soul.
Avertantur retrorsum, et erubescant, * qui volunt mihi mala.	Let them be turned backward, and blush for shame, that desire evils to me.
Avertantur statim erubescentes, * qui dicunt mihi: Euge, euge.	Let them be presently turned away, blushing for shame, that say to me; 'Tis well, 'tis well!
Exultent et lætentur in te omnes, qui quærunt te: * et dicant semper, magnificetur Dominus, qui diligunt salutare tuum.	Let all that seek thee, rejoice, and be glad in thee; and let such as love thy salvation, say always, The Lord be magnified.

Ego vero egenus et pauper sum: * Deus adjuva me.

But I am needy and poor: O God! help me.

Adjutor meus, et liberator meus es tu: * Domine, ne moreris.

Thou art my helper, and my deliverer: O Lord! make no delay.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

V. Salvos fac servos tuos,

V. Save thy servants,

R. Deus meus, sperantes in te.

R. Trusting in thee, O my God!

V. Esto nobis, Domine, turris fortitudinis,

V. Be unto us, O God! a tower of strength,

R. A facie inimici.

R. From the face of the enemy.

V. Nihil proficiat inimicus in nobis;

V. Let not the enemy prevail against us;

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere nobis.

R. Nor the son of iniquity have power to hurt us.

V. Domine, non secundum peccata nostra facias nobis;

V. O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins;

R. Neque secundum iniquitates nostras retribuas nobis.

R. Neither reward us according to our iniquities.

V. Oremus pro Pontifice nostro, *N.*

V. Let us pray for our chief Bishop, *N.*

R. Dominus conservet eum, et vivificet eum; et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum ejus.

R. The Lord preserve him, and give him life, and make him blessed upon earth, and deliver him not to the will of his enemies.

V. Oremus pro benefactoribus nostris.

V. Let us pray for our benefactors.

R. Retribuere dignare, Domine, omnibus nobis bona facientibus, propter nomen tuum, vitam æternam. *R.* Amen.

R. Vouchsafe, O Lord! for thy name's sake, to reward, with eternal life, all those who have done us good.

V. Oremus pro fidelibus defunctis.

V. Let us pray for the faithful departed.

R. Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

R. Eternal rest give to them, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine on them.

V. Requiescant in pace.

V. May they rest in peace.

R. Amen.

R. Amen.

V. Pro fratribus nostris absentibus.

V. For our absent brethren.

R. Salvos fac servos tuos, Deus meus, sperantes in te.

R. O my God! save thy servants, trusting in thee.

V. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto;
R. Et de Sion tuere eos.
V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam;
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Send them help, O Lord! from thy holy place;
R. And from Sion protect them.
V. O Lord! hear my prayer;
R. And let my cry come unto thee.

V. Dominus vobiscum;
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

V. The Lord be with you;
R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

O God! whose property is always to have mercy, and to spare, receive our petition: that we and all thy servants, who are bound by the chains of sin, may, by the compassion of thy goodness, mercifully be absolved.

Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord! the prayers of thy suppliants, and pardon the sins of them that confess to thee; that in thy bounty, thou mayest give us pardon and peace.

Out of thy clemency, O Lord! show thy unspeakable mercy to us, that so thou mayest both acquit us of our sins, and deliver us from the punishments which we deserve for them.

O God! who by sin art offended, and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of thy people making supplications to thee, and turn away the scourges of thy anger, which we deserve for our sins.

O Almighty and Eternal God! have mercy on thy servant N., our chief Bishop, and direct him according to thy clemency, into the way of everlasting salvation; that by thy grace he may desire those things that are agreeable to thee, and perform them with all his strength.

O God! from whom are all holy desires, right counsels and just works, give to thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be disposed to keep thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being removed, the times, through thy protection, may be peaceable.

Inflame, O Lord! our reins and hearts with the fire of thy Holy Spirit, that we may serve thee with a chaste body, and please thee with a clean heart.

O God! the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful! give to the souls of thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired.

Prevent, we beseech thee, O Lord! our actions by thy holy inspirations, and carry them on by thy gracious assistance; that every prayer and work of ours may begin always from thee, and by thee be happily ended.

O Almighty and Eternal God! who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all whom thou foreknowest shall be thine by faith and good works: we humbly beseech thee, that they for whom we have purposed to offer up our prayers, whether this present world still detains them in the flesh, or the world to come hath already received them divested of their bodies, may, by the clemency of thy goodness, all thy saints interceding for them, obtain pardon and full remission of all their sins; through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, who liveth and reigneth, one God with thee and the Holy Ghost, world without end.

R. Amen.
V. Dominus vobiscum;
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.
V. Exaudiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus.
R. Amen.
V. Et fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace.
R. Amen.

R. Amen.
V. The Lord be with you;
R. And with thy spirit.
V. May the Almighty and merciful Lord graciously hear us.
R. Amen.
V. And may the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
R. Amen.

PART II.

HYMNS

ON THE

DUTIES AND BLESSINGS OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MORNING HYMN.

Andantino. Mel. Ar. J. H.

To thee, O God, we humbly pray,
O, keep us free from harm this day!
Send us thy beams of heav'nly light,
That we may steer our course aright.

Preserve our tongues, our hands, our will,
From all polluting deeds of ill;
From vanity our hearts remove,
And fill them with celestial love.
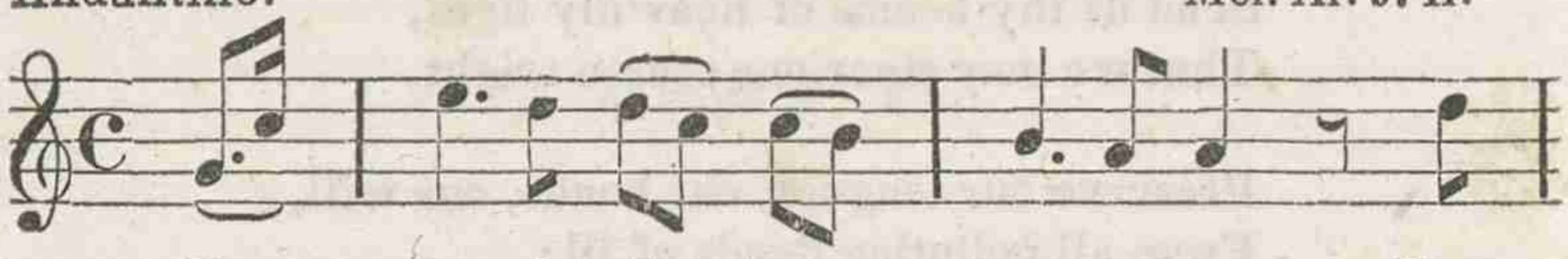
And while our rapid moments flow,
O Christ! thy friendly aid bestow!
Against the snares of hellish foes
Protect us, with thy saving cross.

Spirit divine! with us abide:
Within us rule, and be our guide!
May all our actions spring from grace,
And all our works bespeak thy praise!

To thee, O Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FIRST THOUGHT IN THE MORNING.
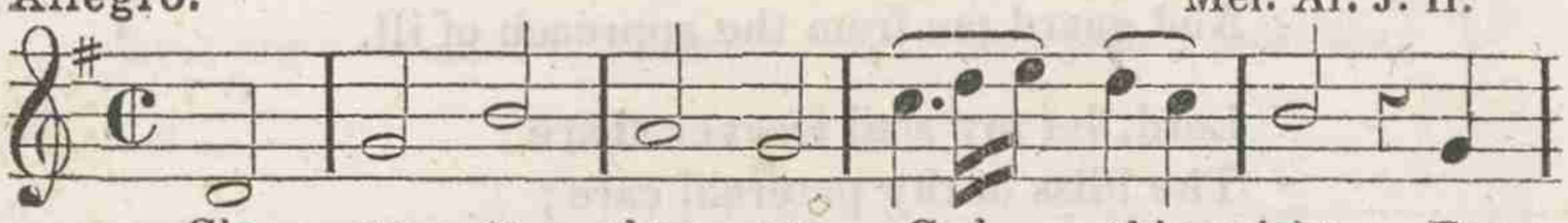
Andantino. Mel. Ar. J. H.
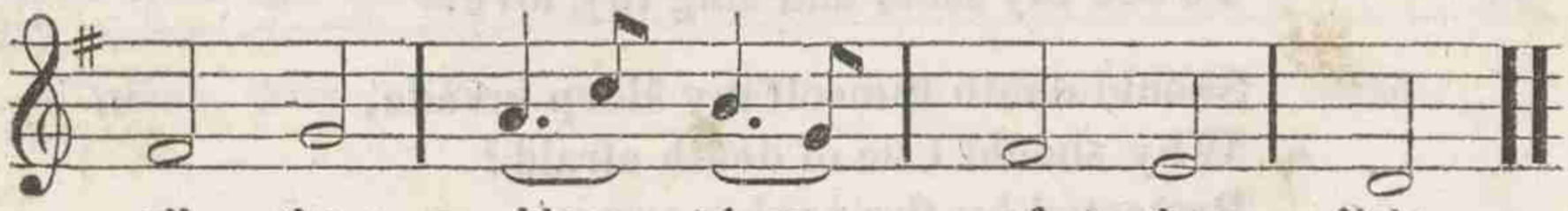


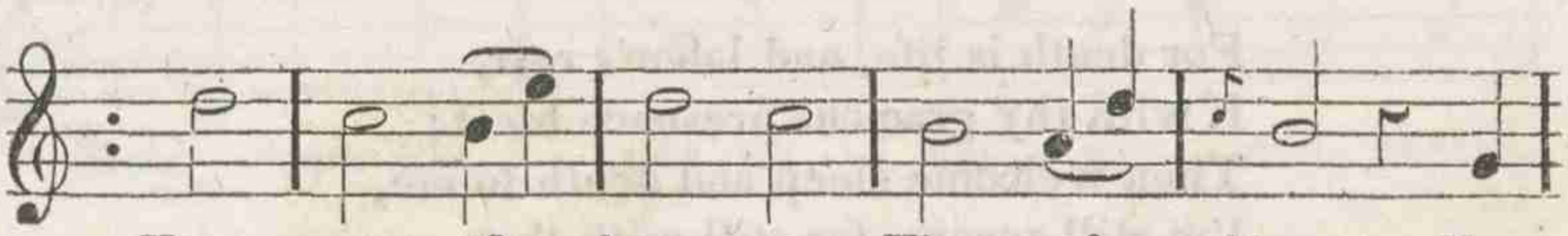
O teach me, Lord, what I should say,
  Let truth direct my ev'ry word;
Nor let me speak, throughout the day,
  Aught that should not by thee be heard.
Dear Jesus! let me be thine own:
  To rise to thee my life was giv'n,
As flow'rs, that on the earth are sown,
  Shoot up, and bear their sweets to heav'n.
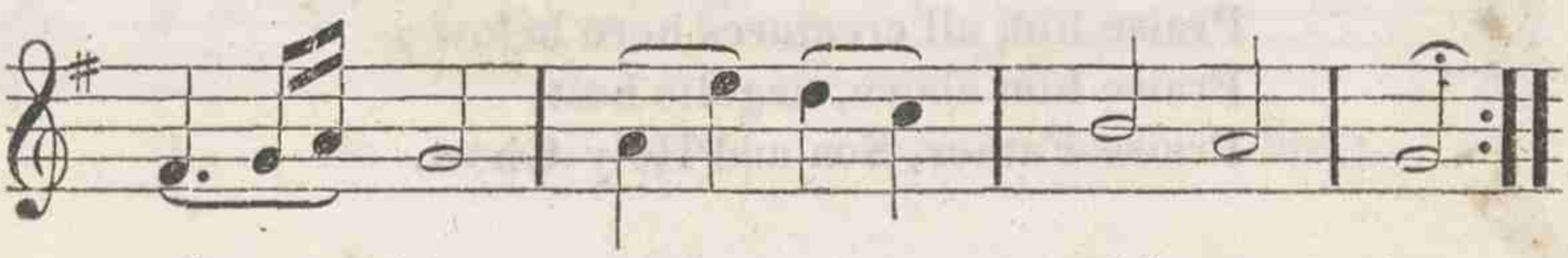
EVENING HYMN.

Allegro. Mel. Ar. J. H.









Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
Teach me to die, that so I may,
With joy, behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When restless in the night I lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
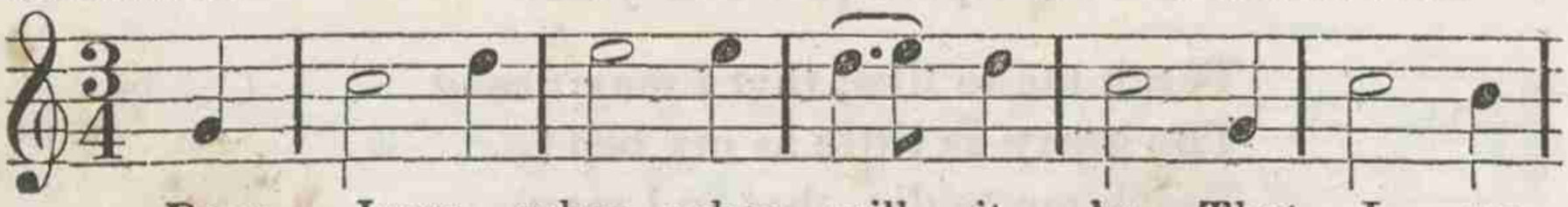
Should death himself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labor's rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest;
Then welcome sleep and death to me,
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
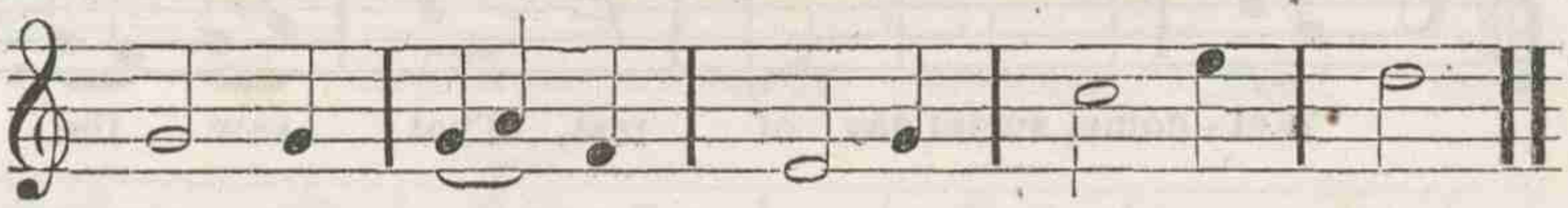
THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST THOUGHT AT NIGHT.

Moderato. Mel. Ar. J. H.
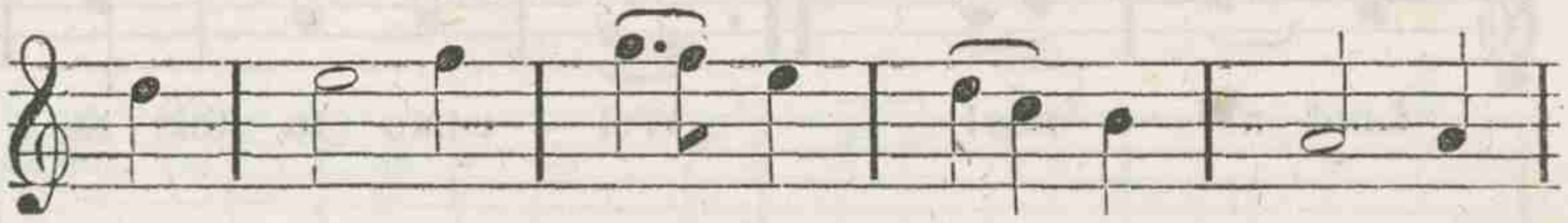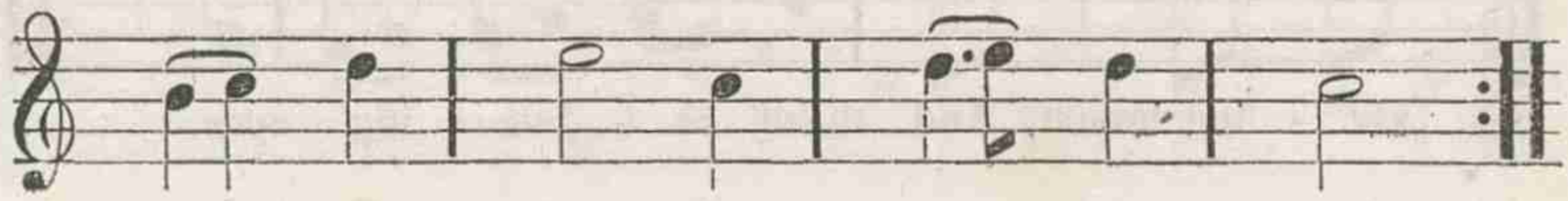




joy thy peace? Here I re - pent and sin a-



gain; Now I re - vive, and now I'm slain,



Slain with the same un - hap - py dart, Which,
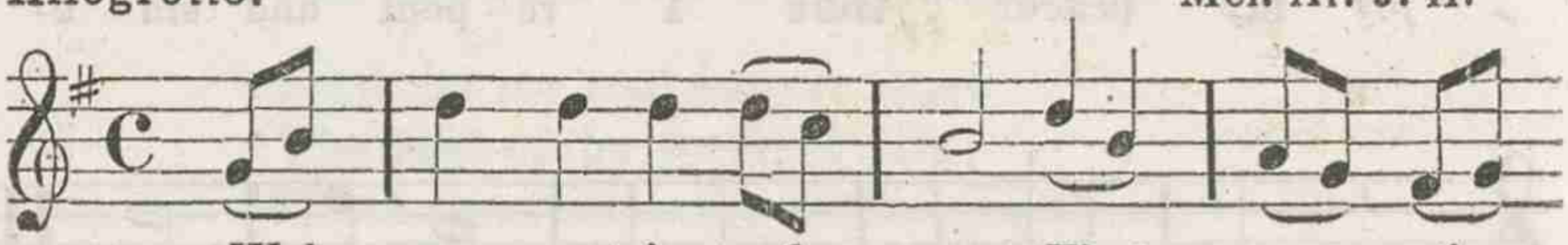


O too of - ten, wounds my heart.
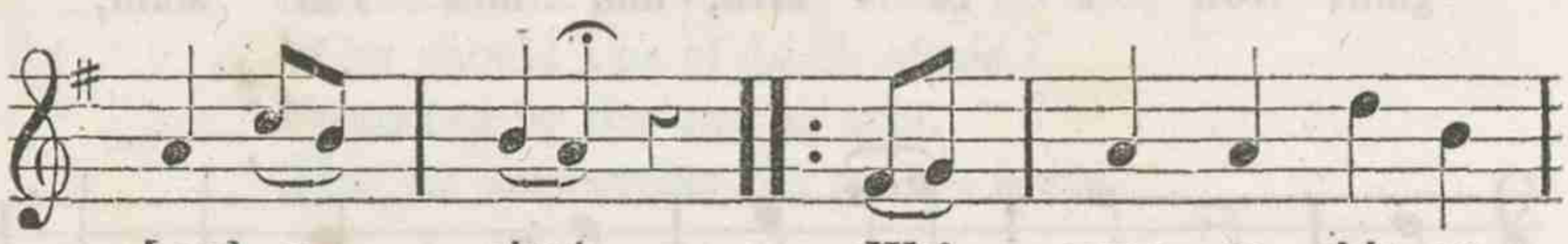
When, dearest Lord, when shall I be
A garden, sealed to all but thee?
No more exposed, no more undone,
But live, and grow to thee alone!
'Tis not, alas! on this low earth,
That such pure flow'rs can find a birth;
Only they spring above the skies,
Where none can live, till here he dies.
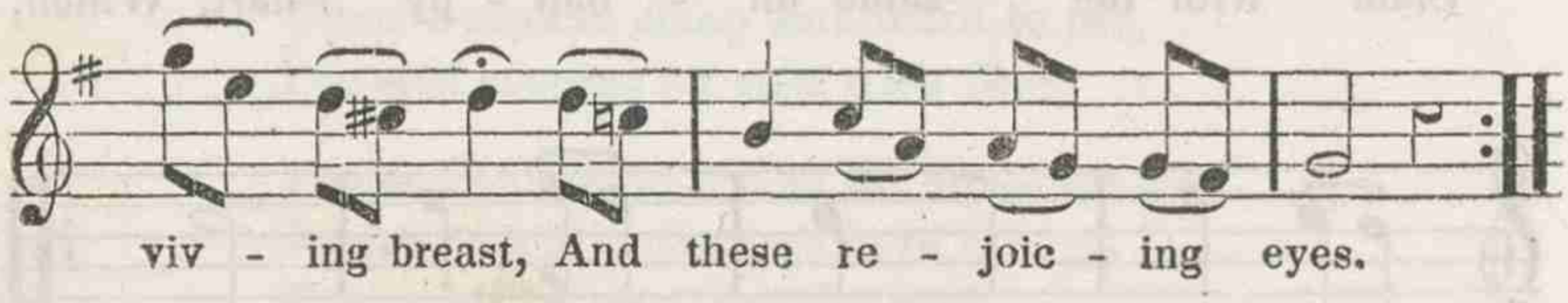
Then, let me die, that I may go,
And dwell where these bright lilies grow:—
Where these blest plants of glory rise,
There make my safer paradise.
No dang'rous fruit, no tempting Eve,
No crafty serpent to deceive!
We there, indeed, like gods shall be:—
O, let me die, that life to see.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Allegretto. Mel. Ar. J. H.







The heav'nly King comes near,
To feast his saints to-day;
Here we may watch, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
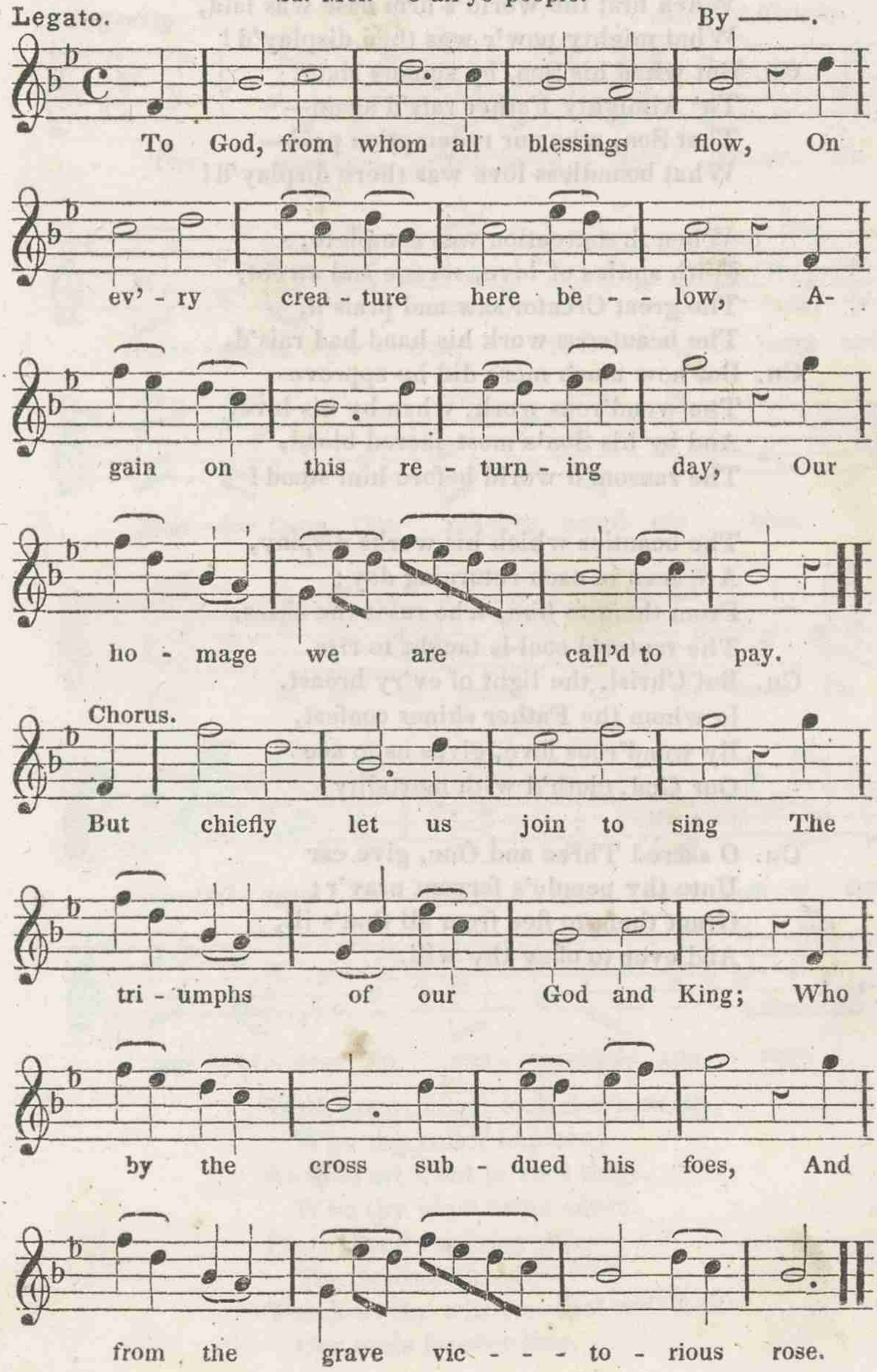
Come, hasten mortal tongues,
This day the Lord to praise;
Come, mingle with th' angelic songs,
Your grateful, joyful lays.

One day amidst the place,
Where my Redeemer lies,
Is sweeter far than thousand days,
In worldly, sinful joys.

My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And praise, and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

SANCTIFICATION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

2d. Mei. "O all ye people."



When first array'd, in order bright,
The heav'ns and earth were brought to light—
When first the world's firm base was laid,
What mighty pow'r was then display'd!
CH. But when his Son, by sinners slain,
Th' Almighty Father rais'd again—
That Son, who our redemption paid—
What boundless love was there display'd!

When first creation was complete,
With smiles of love, serene and sweet,
The great Creator saw and prais'd,
The beauteous work his hand had rais'd.
CH. But how much more did he approve
The wond'rous work, when by his love,
And by his Son's most sacred blood,
The ransom'd world before him stood!
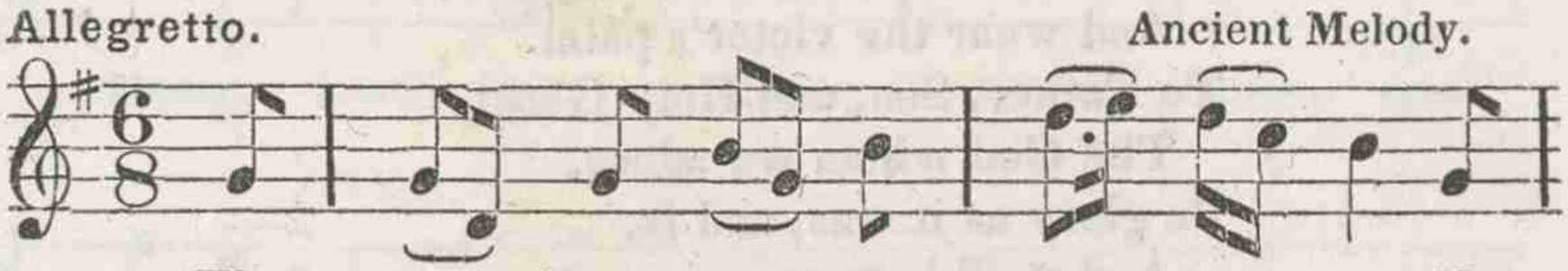
The beauties which his works display,
Are seen in each returning day;
From them to him, who rules the skies,
The raptur'd soul is taught to rise.
CH. But Christ, the light of ev'ry breast,
In whom the Father shines confest,
By wond'rous love, gives us to see
Our God, cloth'd with mortality!

CH. O sacred Three and One, give ear
Unto thy people's fervent pray'r;
Grant them to flee from all that's ill,
And ever to obey thy will.
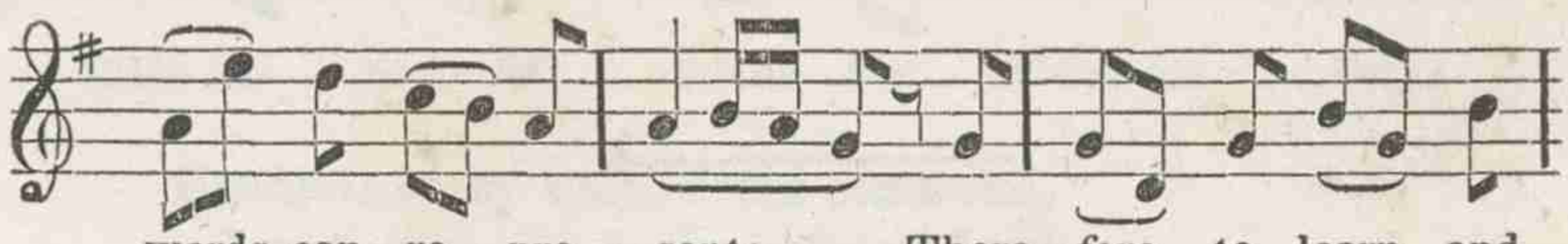
THE SWEETS OF GOD'S COMMANDMENTS.

2d. Melody "To Lie Hid from."

Allegretto. Ancient Melody.
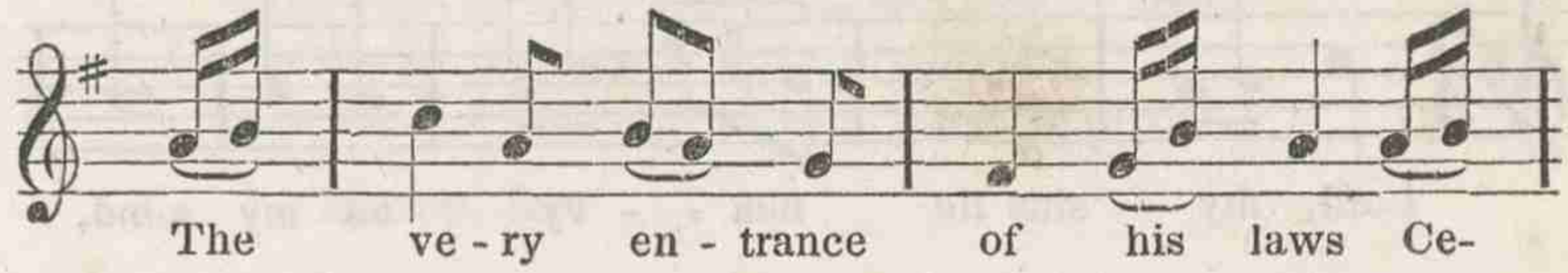


The won-ders, which God's laws contain, No
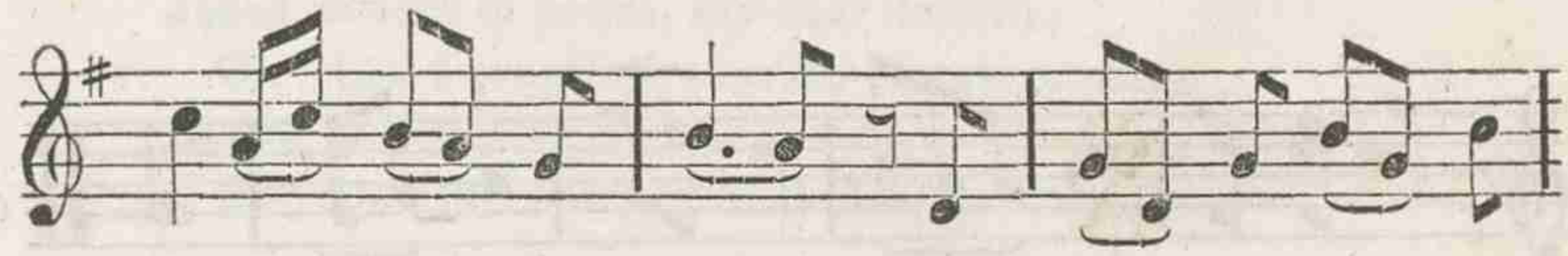


words can re - pre - sent; There - fore, to learn and
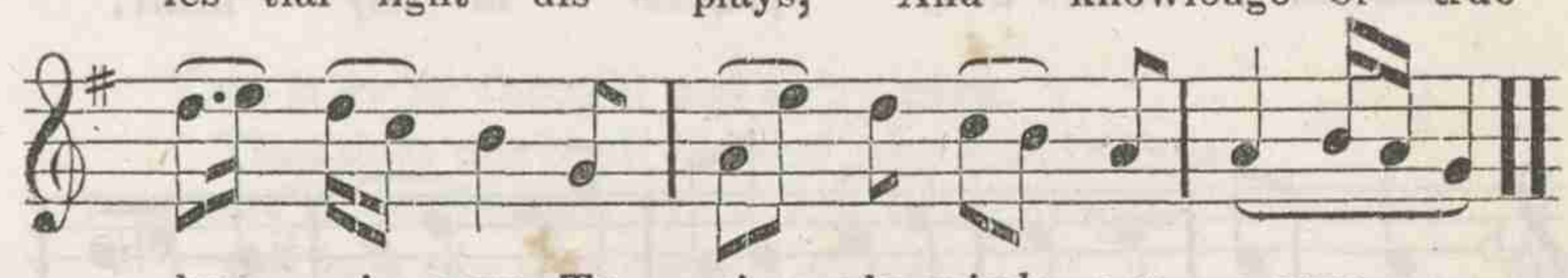


prac - tise them, Our zea-lous hearts are bent.



The ve - ry en - trance of his laws Ce-



les - tial light dis - plays, And knowledge of true



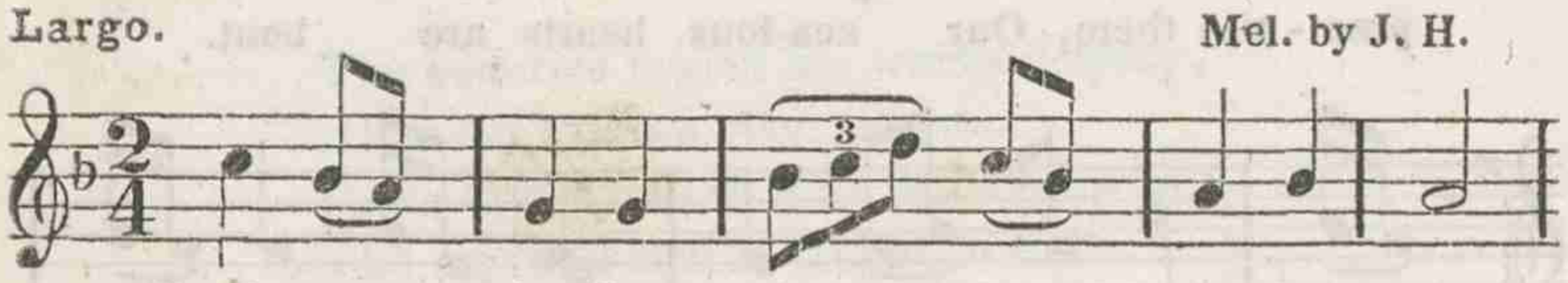
hap - pi - ness To sim - ple minds con - veys.

With favor, Lord, look down on us,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those,
Who thy blest name adore.
Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach us thy wisdom, that will make
Our souls forever live.
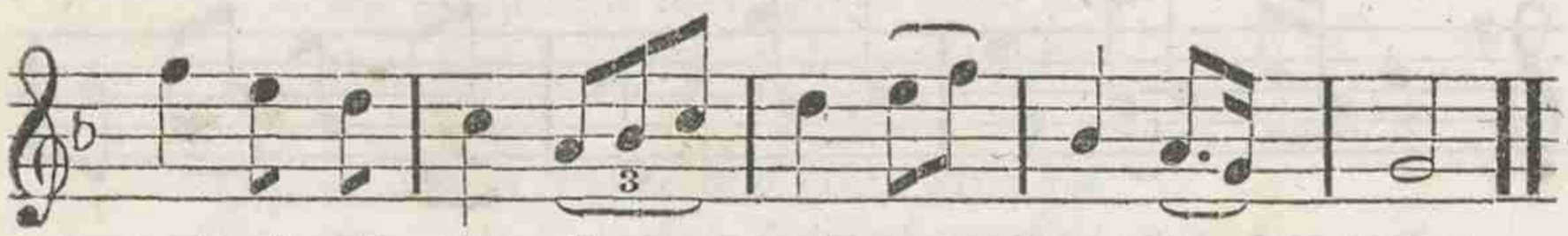
The sweetness of thy law, O Lord,
Within our hearts embalm;
Then shall we run in all its paths,
And wear the victor's palm.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

THE SINNER REPENTING.
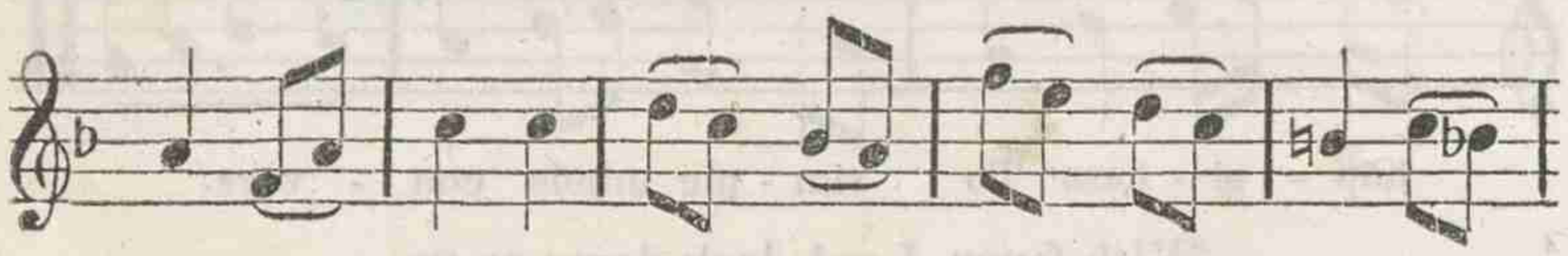
Largo. Mel. by J. H.
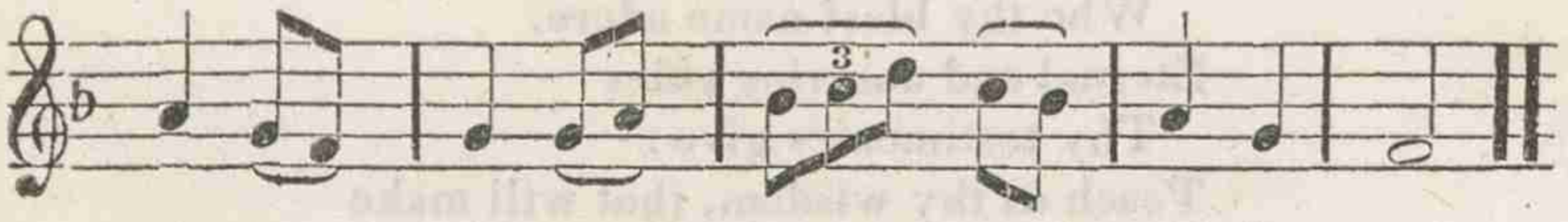


Lord, my sins lie hea - - vy on my mind,
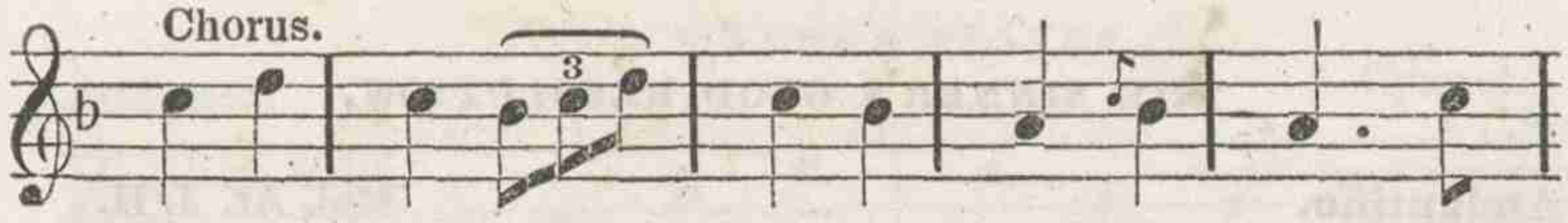


And sad af - flic - tion pierces to my heart;

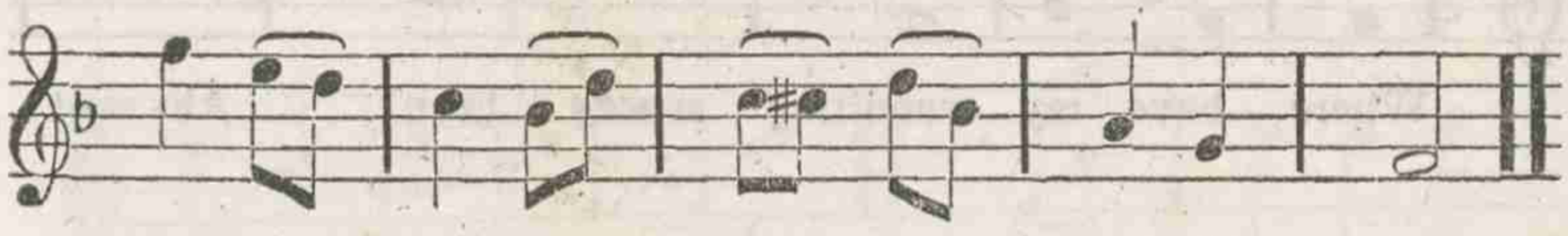


Fears of death, and end - less wo combin'd, Un-



ceasing horrors to my soul im - part.





Heedless of thy holy, dread command,
I walk securely in the paths of death;
Yet, O stay thy fierce avenging hand,
Nor, in thy wrath, demand my fleeting breath.

Mercy, &c.

Peace has left my breast, and naught remains,
But stings of keen remorse, and deadly fear;
Cover'd o'er with guilt and sinful stains,
How shall I in thy presence, Lord, appear?

Mercy, &c.

Jesus, source of peace, my fear disarm;
Oh! had I sought thee with attentive care,
Beams of cheering hope my soul would calm,
And save me now, from sinking to despair.

Mercy, &c.

Vain is ev'ry thought and ev'ry care,
That does not lead, O Lord, the soul to thee;
Short their pleasure, soon they bring despair,
And cast her into endless misery.
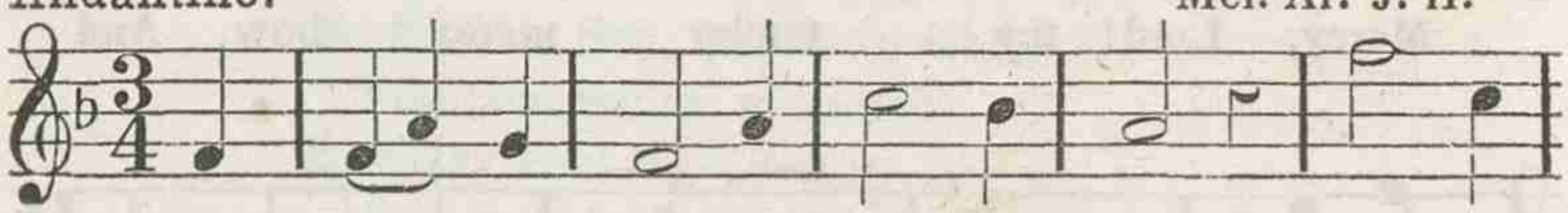
Mercy, &c.
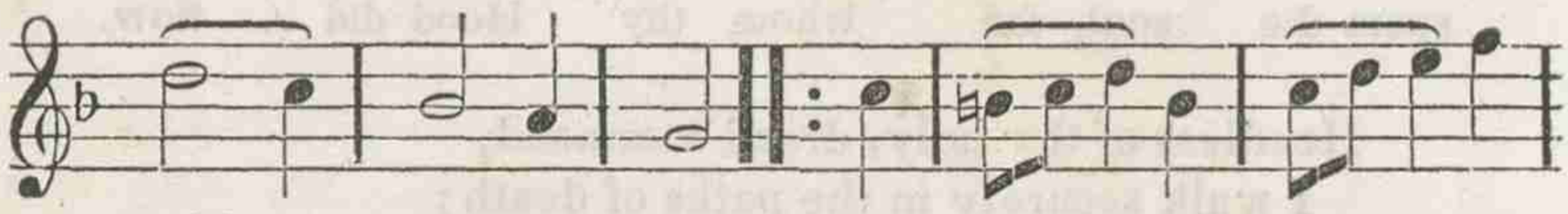
Lord, I see how much my sins offend;
I grieve, I'll strive to wipe my stains away;
Jesus, now, thy kind assistance lend,
For else my helpless soul again will stray.
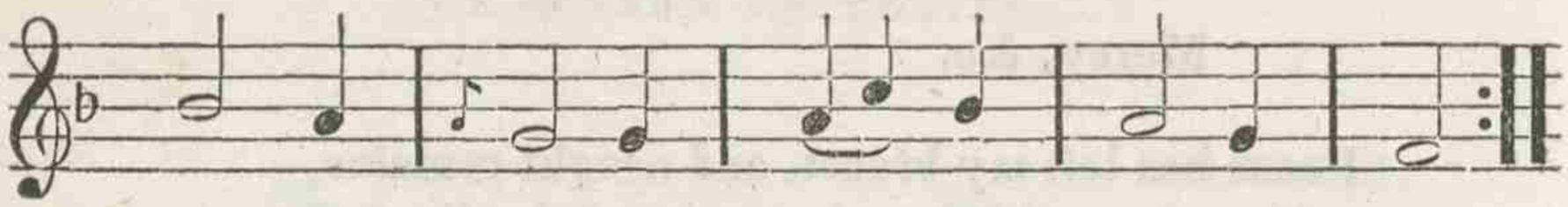
Mercy, &c.

THE SINNER'S GOOD RESOLUTION.

Andantino. Mel. Ar. J. H.







How quickly pass my fleeting hours,
And to my exit tend!
All nature, ev'ry thing around,
Informs me of my end.

And shall I still unmindful be,
Nor for my soul prepare?
But live in vain security,
Nor death, nor judgment fear?
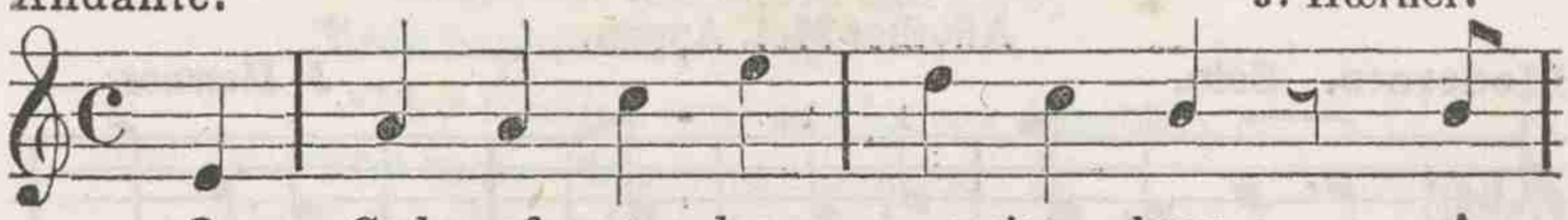
Oh, no! no more a flatt'ring world,
Shall e'er my soul ensnare;
Henceforth, O Lord! thy sweet commands,
Shall be my only care.

Thy judgments, Lord, now pierce my soul,
And shake my bones with dread;
The voice of rigid justice roars,
Like thunder, o'er my head.

But, Jesus! now thy mercies show,
And calm my troubled breast;
'Tis in thy precious blood I hope,
For peace and endless rest.

THE SINNER'S PRAYER.

Andante. J. Hœrner.



So oft the object of thy ire,
My sins for vengeance cry;
Oft have I hell's tormenting fire
Deserv'd eternally.

I, worst of infidels, thy laws,
Thy sacred laws reviled,
A trait'rous rebel to thy cause,
With countless crimes defiled.

Nor have I fear'd the wrath divine
Of thy avenging arm,
Yet still, my God, this heart of mine,
With hope, thy bounties warm.

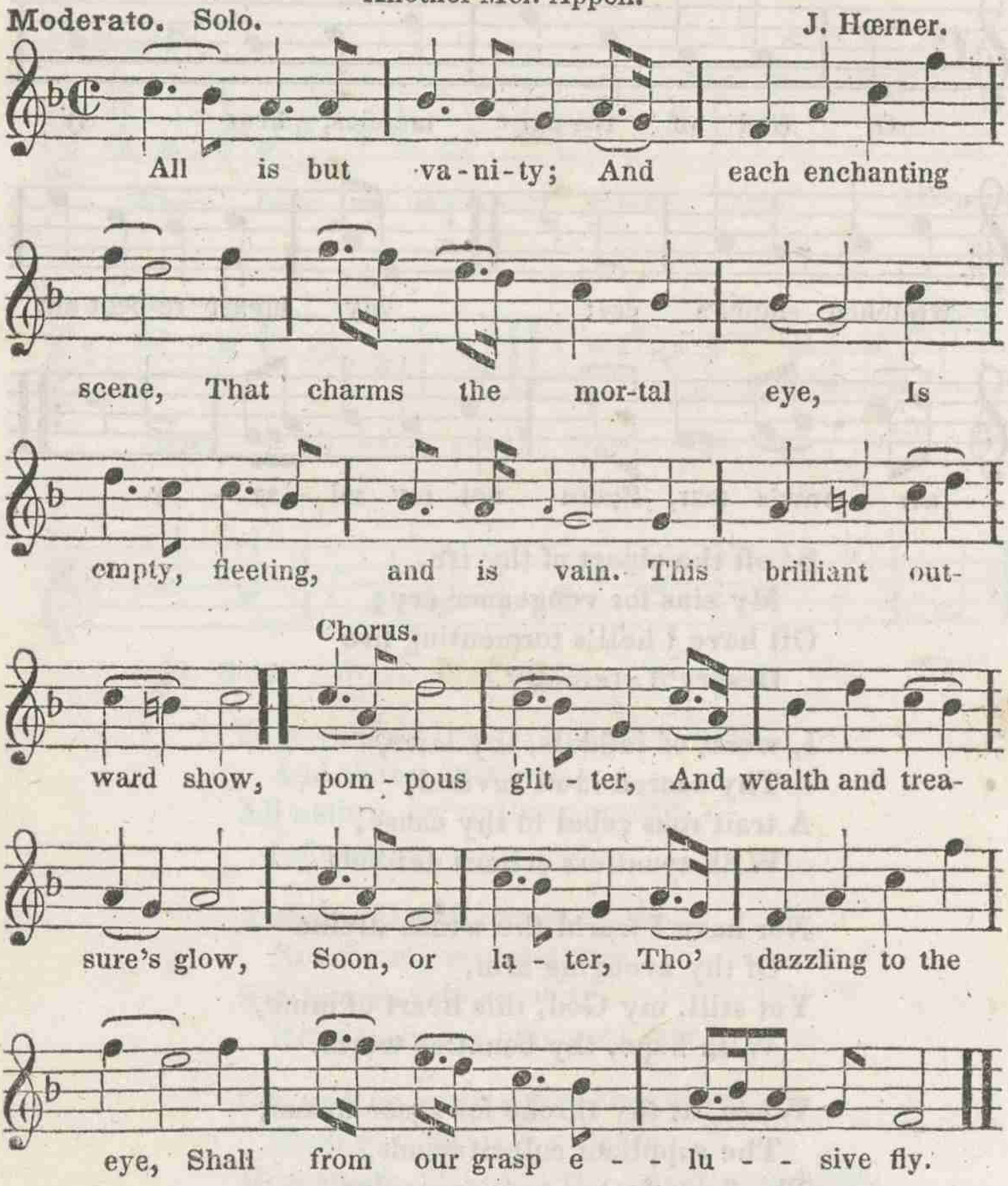
When, at thy throne for grace to sue,
The suppliant culprit bends,
The fiery dart of vengeance due,
Thy soften'd breast suspends.

Then, filled with confidence, to thee
I come for my reprieve;
O! through thy sacred clemency,
Great God, my sins forgive.

Have mercy on my wretched state,
Look down, and bring relief;
Forget the object of thy hate,
Accept a sinner's grief.

THE WORLD, ITS PLEASURES AND ENJOYMENTS.

Another Mel. Appen.



S.—Yon flowers, so sweet and gay,
Whose fragrance scents the air,
Shall droop and fade away,
As if they never bloomed so fair.
The tinsel rays of fame
CH.—Are but shadows;
Birth and an honored name,
All deceive us;
Not many a fleet hour
Shall pass, ere all shall be no more.

S.—Why seek, O youth, in vain,
'Mid what the world can give,
True happiness to gain?
Thy blinded soul its charms deceive;
The more your heart aspires,
CH.—On pleasure bent,
The less shall your desires
Enjoy content;
Speedier than you pursue,
Does every pleasure fly from you.
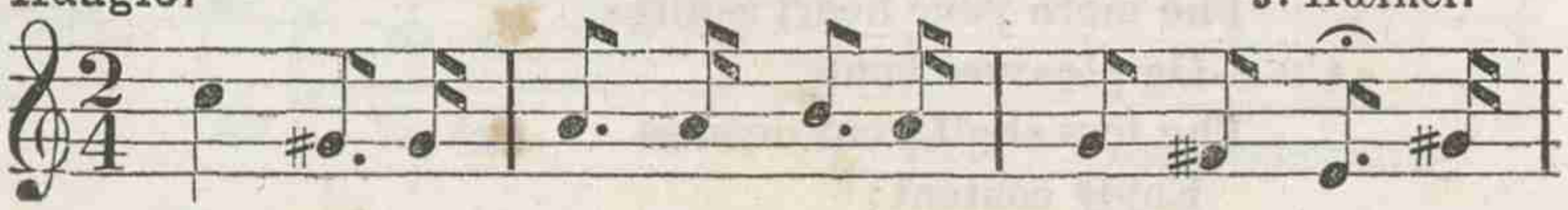
S.—What charms has gold for thee,
O man who soon must die;
What profit shall it be,
When in the arms of death you lie?
Were you alive to reign
CH.—O'er each nation,
When dead, naught shall remain,
Save a coffin;
For know the day shall come,
When you shall moulder in the tomb.

S.—What is each flattering name,
And what these sinful cares?
What are the marks of fame,
Which th' impious sinner here now bears?
The shadow of a day,
CH.—A vile atom,
A thing to pass away,
Like a phantom!
Which dupes till life is o'er,
Then disappears, t' appear no more.
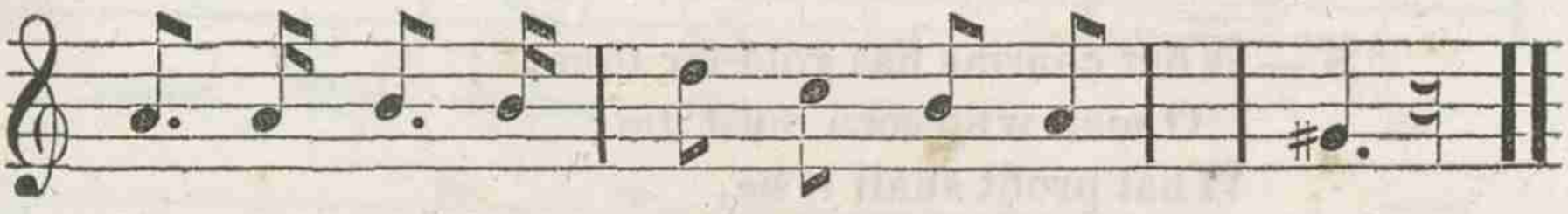
S.—I saw the impious rear
His proud head to the sky;
I saw his haughty air,
Above the cedars, soar on high;
I saw him like a Lord,
CH.—In his grandeur,
By all, from far adored;
Struck with wonder,
I viewed him, passed him by,
Looked round, he vanished from my eye.

THE FOUR LAST THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Adagio. J. Hœrner.
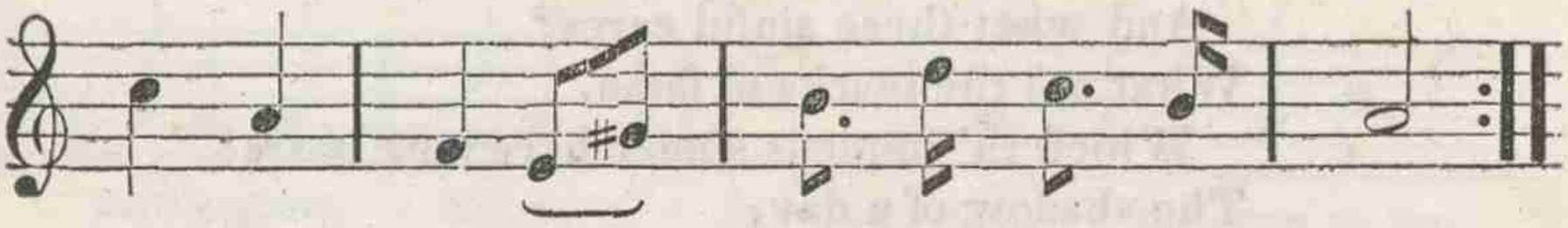


Death is our doom: unchang'd the law shall stand; One



day, our soul must leave this fo - reign land.



Of dust compos'd, in dust our frame must lie; For



'tis de - creed, for all men, once to die.

Ye fleeting honors, riches, pleasures vain!
Thou cheating world, with all thy pompous train!
Ye idols dear of our deluded heart!
To you we bid farewell, for we must part.

Alas! our days as rapid waters run,
On Time's swift-rolling stream, forever gone;
Yet but few days, we reach th' eternal shore—
Yet but few days, and time shall be no more.

O frightful day! O day of grief and fear!
Before an awful Judge we must appear,
T' account for all our deeds, and t' undergo
Our doom—for endless bliss, or endless wo.

Eternity! how vast is thine extent!
How low thy depth! how boundless is thy length!
Eternity of never ceasing joys!—
Eternity of never ceasing sighs!

Thrice happy they, O Lord, who die in thee,
From deadly guilt and lawless passions free!
What hopes, what comforts cheer their dying breast!
How sweet to pass from toils to endless rest!

But oh! what horrors fill the sinner's mind!
A crowd of unrepented sins behind!
Around, his weeping friends!—before him, death!
A Judge above!—a gasping hell beneath!

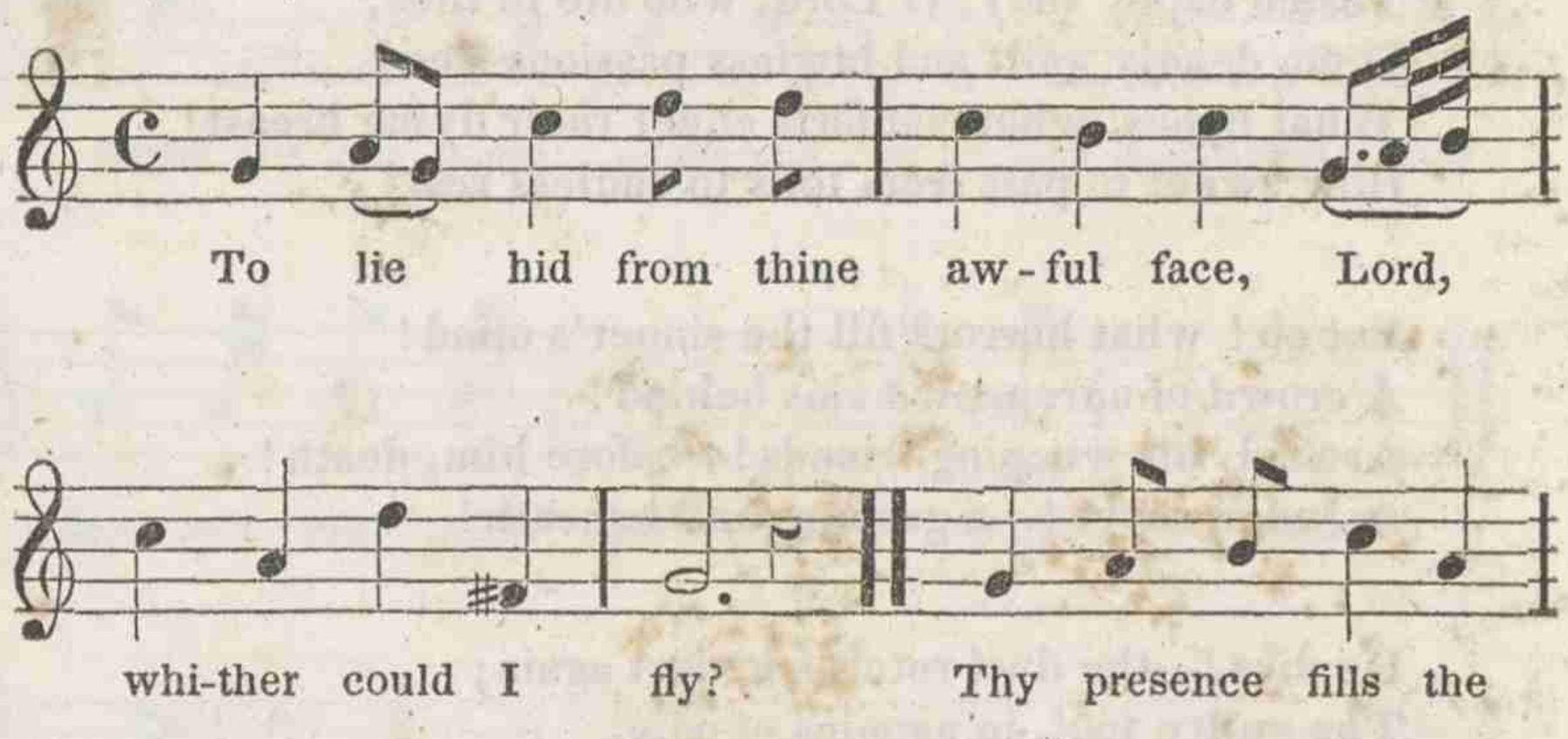
He dies!—the dust returns to dust again;
The guilty soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends above, alas! not there to dwell,
But to receive her doom, and sink to hell.

O may my soul escape these dreadful woes,
And die in grace, and triumph o'er her foes!
May I in Jesus' arms encounter death,
And, in his sweet embrace, resign my breath!

THE PRINCIPAL ACTS OF RELIGION.

PRESENCE OF GOD.

Moderato. J. Hœrner.



ADORATION.

Great Lord, we fall before thy throne,
Thee humbly we adore;
Thou art our God, to thee alone
Belong all praise and pow'r.
We all are thine, thy mighty hand
Hath wrought our mortal frame;
Let every tongue, through ev'ry land,
Give glory to thy name.

FAITH.

Thee we adore, O Truth Divine!
Pure, uncreated light;
O! let thy beams upon us shine,
Dispel the shades of night.
The word, which thou from heav'n hast brought,
Most humbly we receive;
And by thy church unerring taught,
Most firmly we believe.

HOPE.

O thou, the centre of my heart,
My sov'reign good, my all,
Ah! do thy saving help impart,
Support me, or I fall.
Strong with the aid of promis'd grace,
Cleans'd in my Saviour's blood,
I'll gladly run my earthly race,
And reach the blest abode.
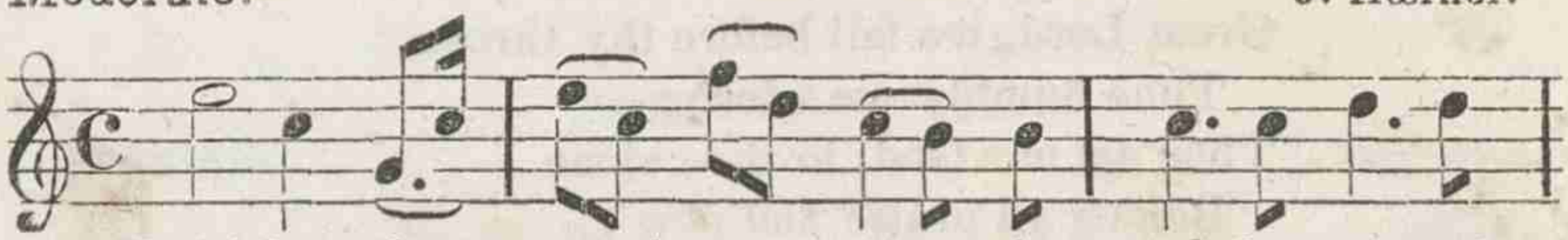
CHARITY.

Immortal beauty, source divine,
Of goodness, light and love;
How long, alas! this heart of mine
Did hard, and loveless prove.
O Charity! celestial fire,
Take in me thine abode;
Possess my soul, my heart inspire,
Unite me to my God.
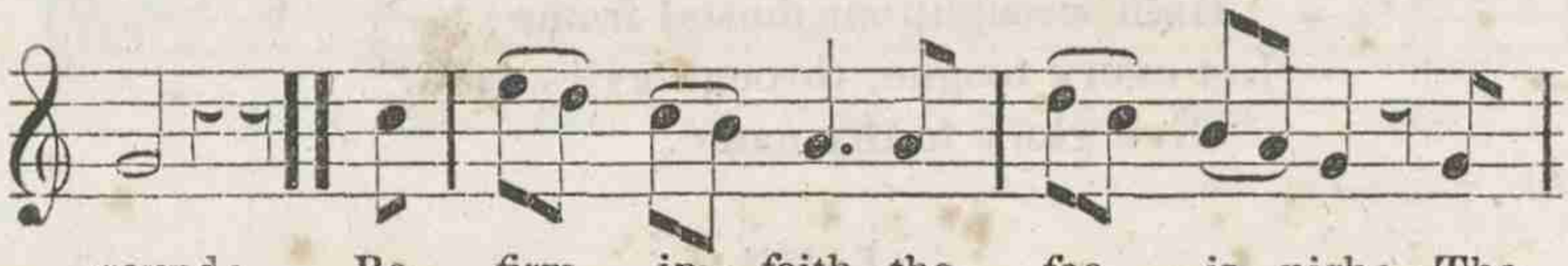
THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

Another Mel. Appen.
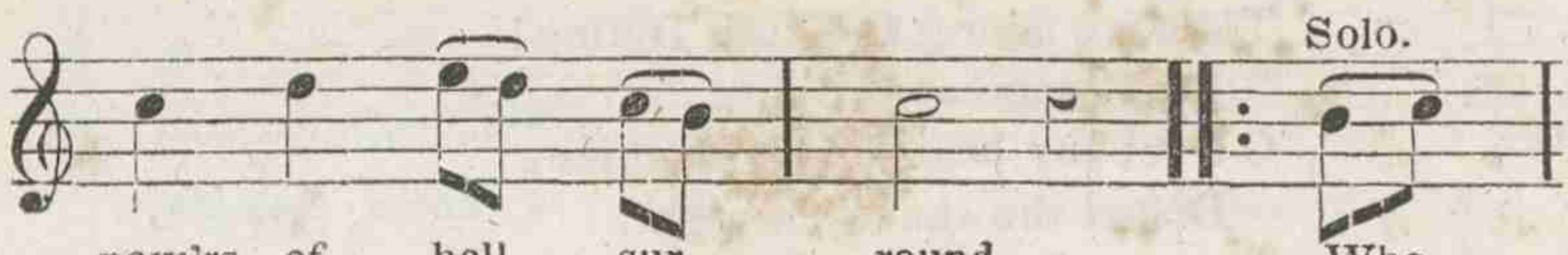
Moderato. J. Hœrner.
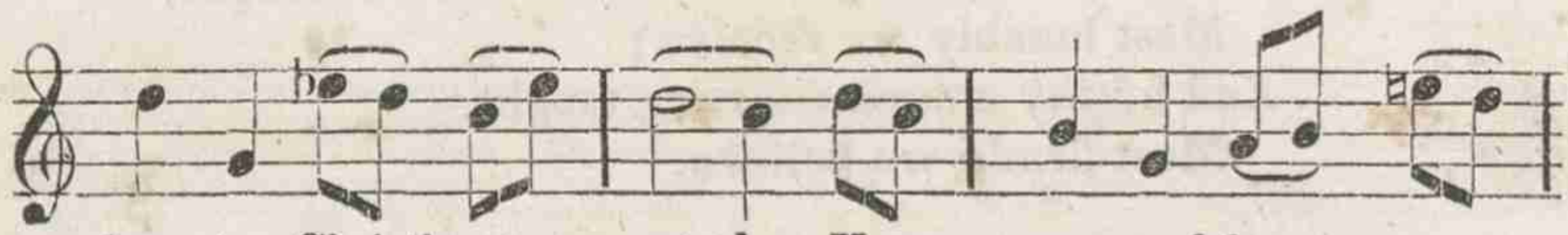


Hark! how the watchmen cry; At - tend the trumpet's
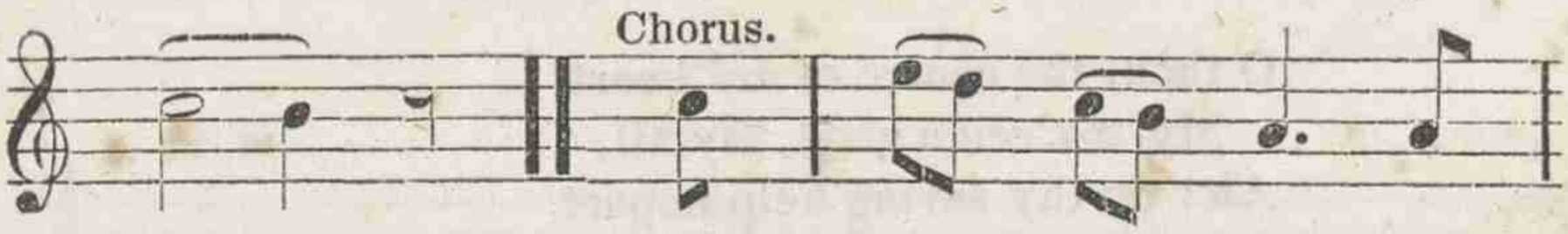


sound; Be firm in faith, the foe is nigh; The
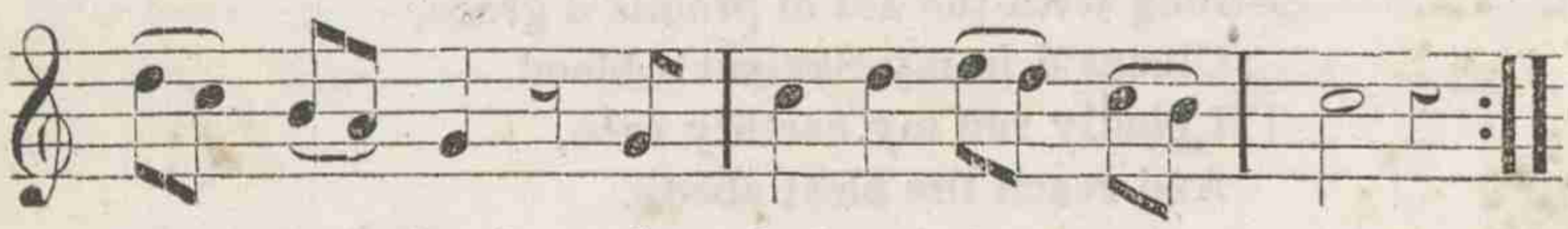


pow'rs of hell sur - round. Who



bow to Christ's com - mand, Your arms and hearts pre-



pare; The day of bat - tle
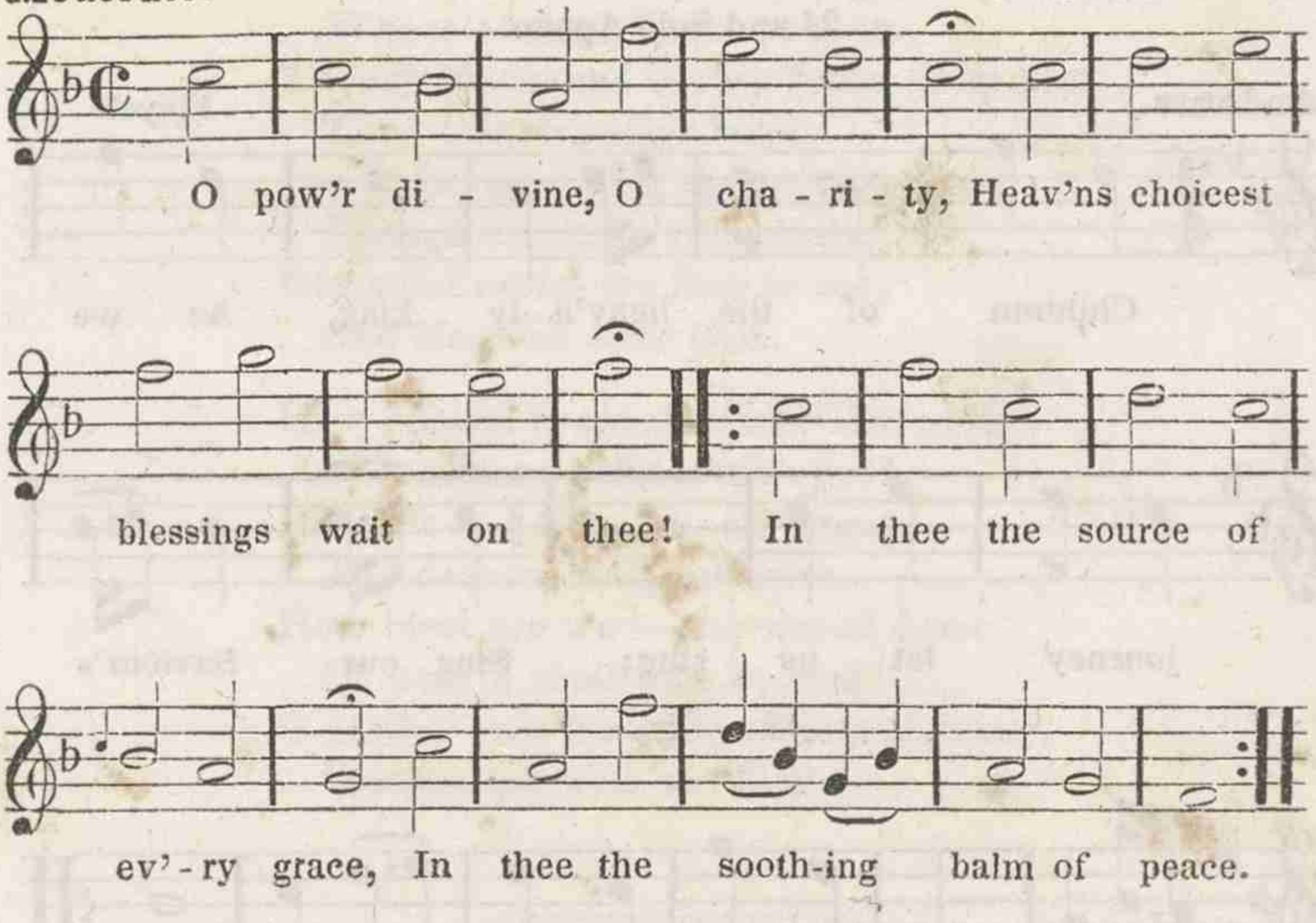


is at hand, Go forth to glo - rious war.

See, on the mountain top,
The standard of our God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallow'd blood.
All pow'r to him is giv'n,
He ever rules the same;
Salvation, happiness and heav'n,
Are all in Jesus' name.
All pow'r, &c.

THE POWER OF DIVINE LOVE.

Moderato. J. M. of P. T.



Celestial gift! O heav'nly fire!
That burns up each corrupt desire;
That made the martyrs smile at death,
And in sweet raptures yield their breath!

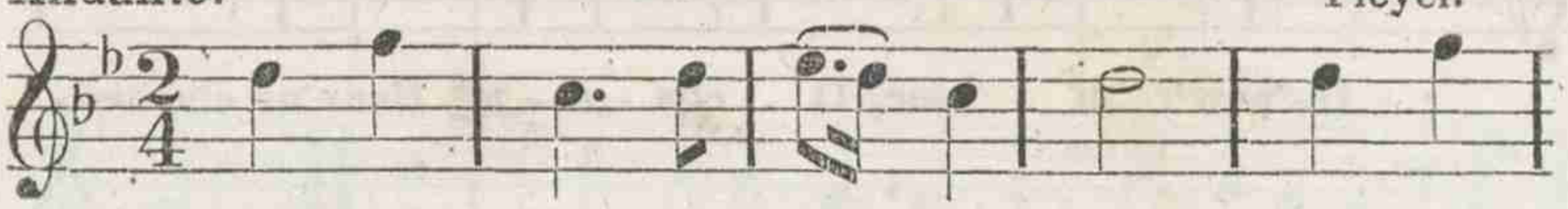
O come to me, my bosom warm,
And shield me from surrounding harm;
So may I, at the parting hour,
Rejoice to meet death's fatal pow'r.
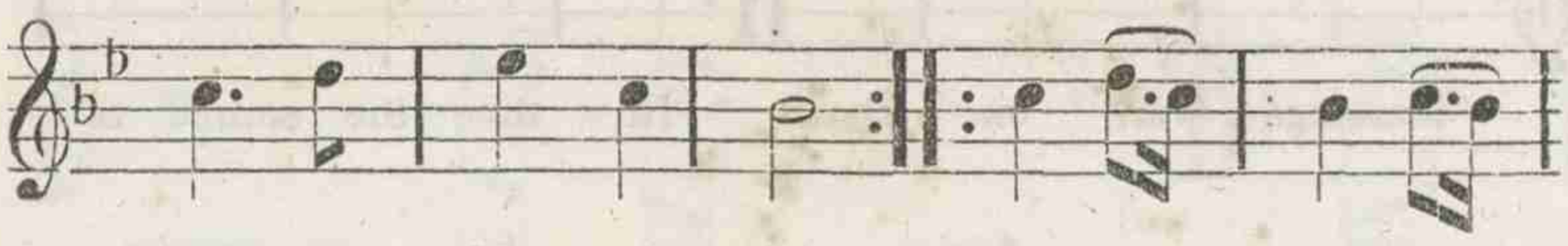
My soul well fortified by thee,
Triumphant gains eternity;
By sweet attraction drawn above,
Absorpt, and lost in heav'nly love.
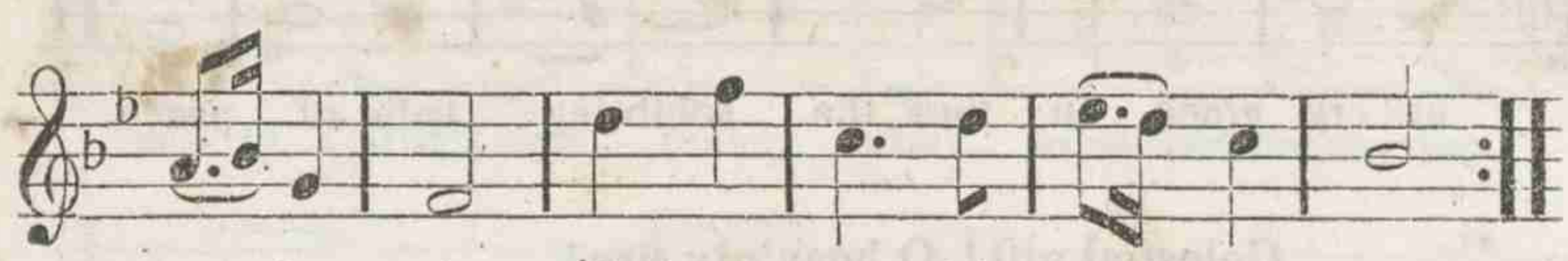
THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY.

2d and Solo Appen.

Andante. Pleyel.







We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY.
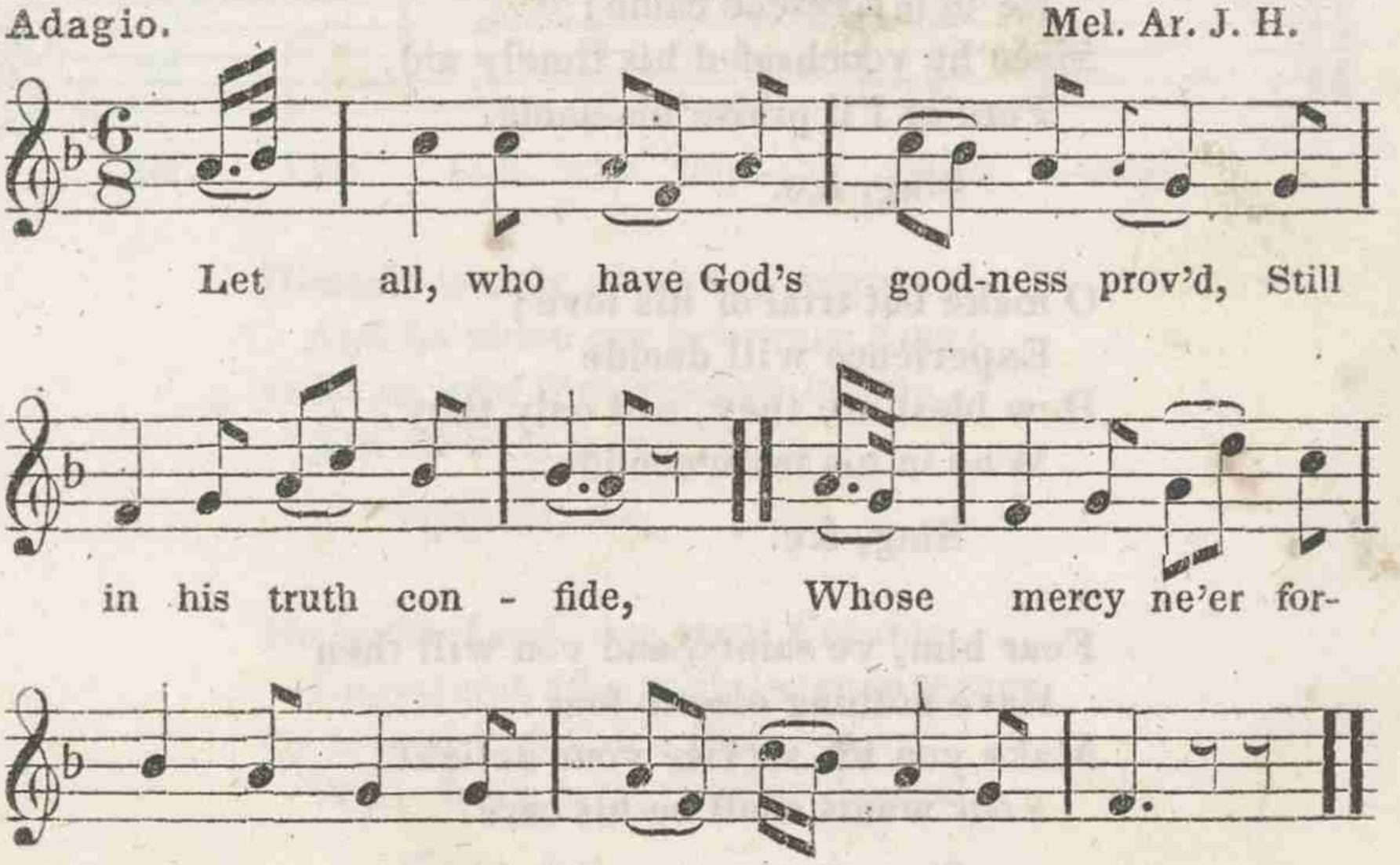
Melody "To lie hid from."
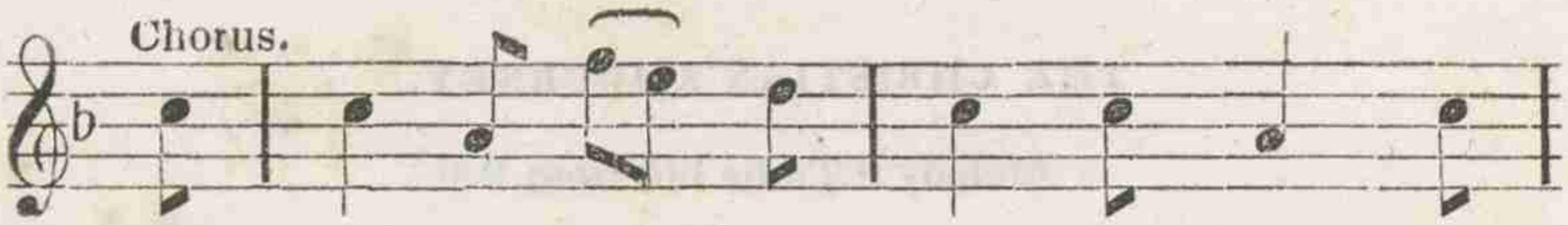
As trav'llers, when afar they go,
Where'er their footsteps roam,
Though bloom and beauty round them glow,
They languish after home.
Our home is heav'n, the trav'llers we,
Though bright be this abode,
Our natal realm we long to see,
And languish after God.
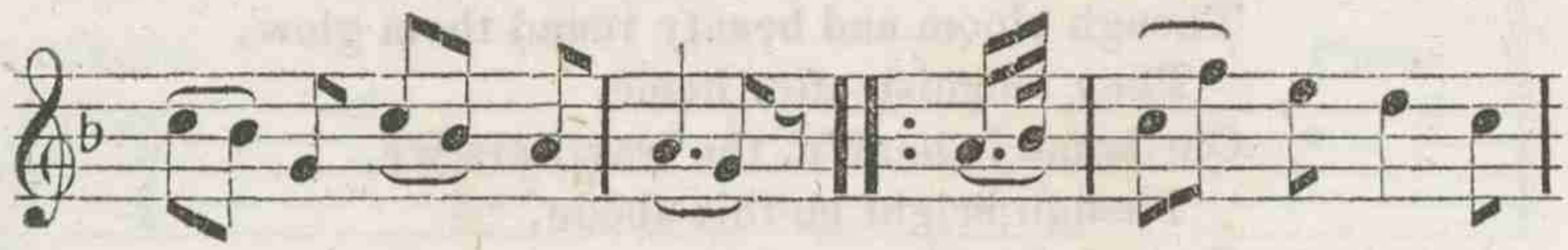
How blissful beams the trav'ller's lot,
When home salutes his eyes!
His toils and cares are all forgot,
And dearest thoughts arise.
How blest are we!—the sacred dome
Of heav'n shall soon be trod!
O earth!—we taste the sweets of home,
Communing with our God.
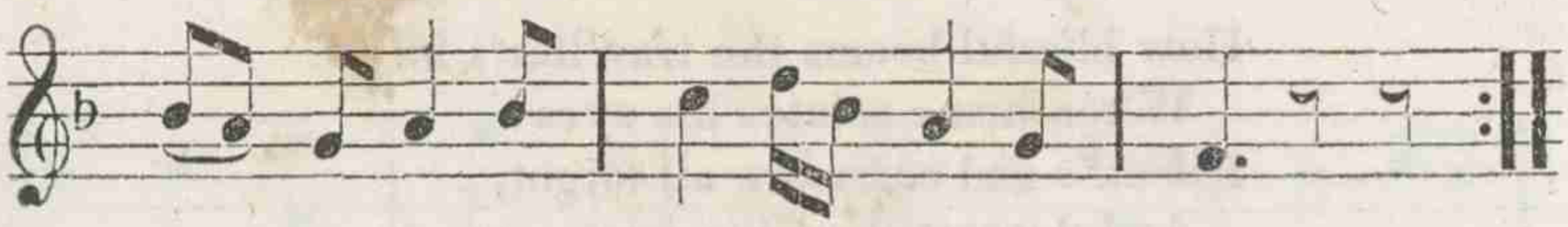
TRUST IN GOD.

Adagio. Mel. Ar. J. H.









Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Sing, &c.

For in distress to him I pray'd;
He to my rescue came;
Since he vouchsafed his timely aid,
Fore'er I'll praise his name.

Sing, &c.

O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Sing, &c.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.
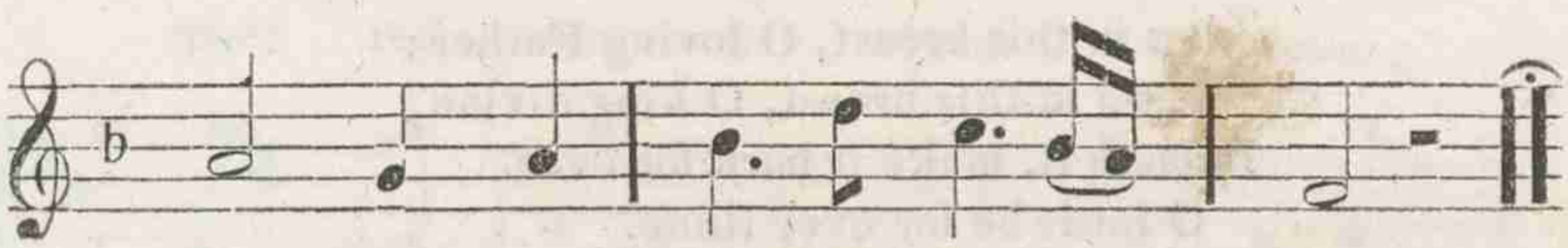
Sing, &c.

FERVOR AND ZEAL.

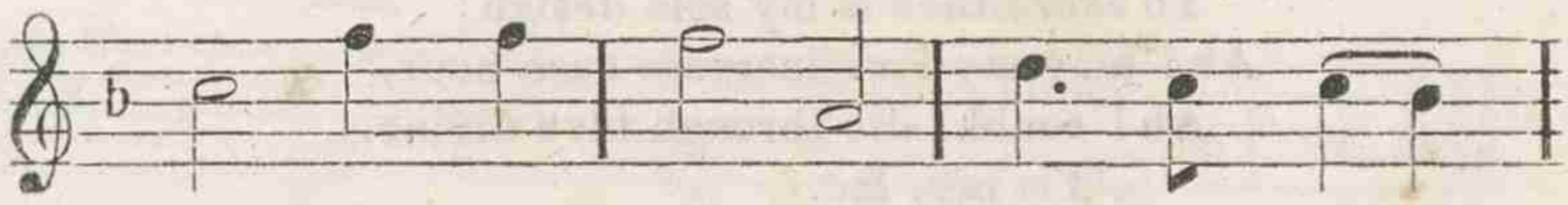
Andantino. Mel. by J. H.
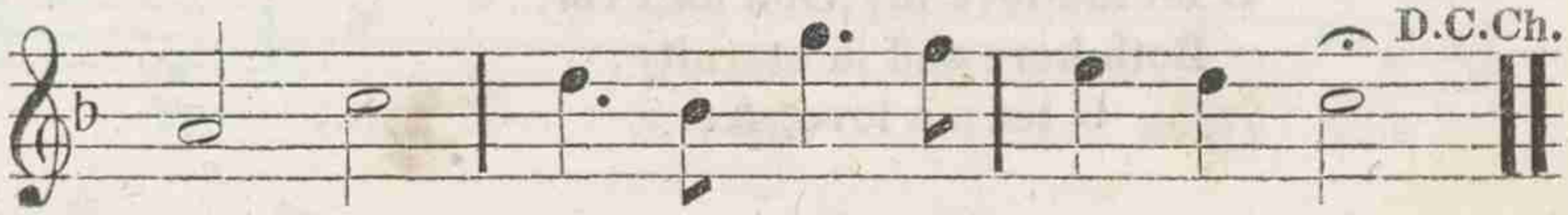


O let our fer - vor glow for e - ver;



O let our hearts in-flame with love!



Each ob - ject tells us, "Love your Ma-



ker," The God who rules the saints a - bove.

Himself is only great and mighty,
And he alone our heavenly king;
O let us love that gracious beauty,
All, all in it is ravishing.

Himself, &c.

He is the Lord, our great Creator;
Ungrateful who with languor serves,
Or loves his amiable Redeemer,
With ardor less, than he deserves.

He is, &c.

I wish to be for ever fervent,
For ever thine I wish to be;
O take the heart of thy poor servant,
My God, I give it o'er to thee.
I wish, &c.

What happiness, what heavenly pleasure
Does love to every heart afford!
A peace and sweetness without measure,
Ravish the soul that loves the Lord.
What happiness, &c.
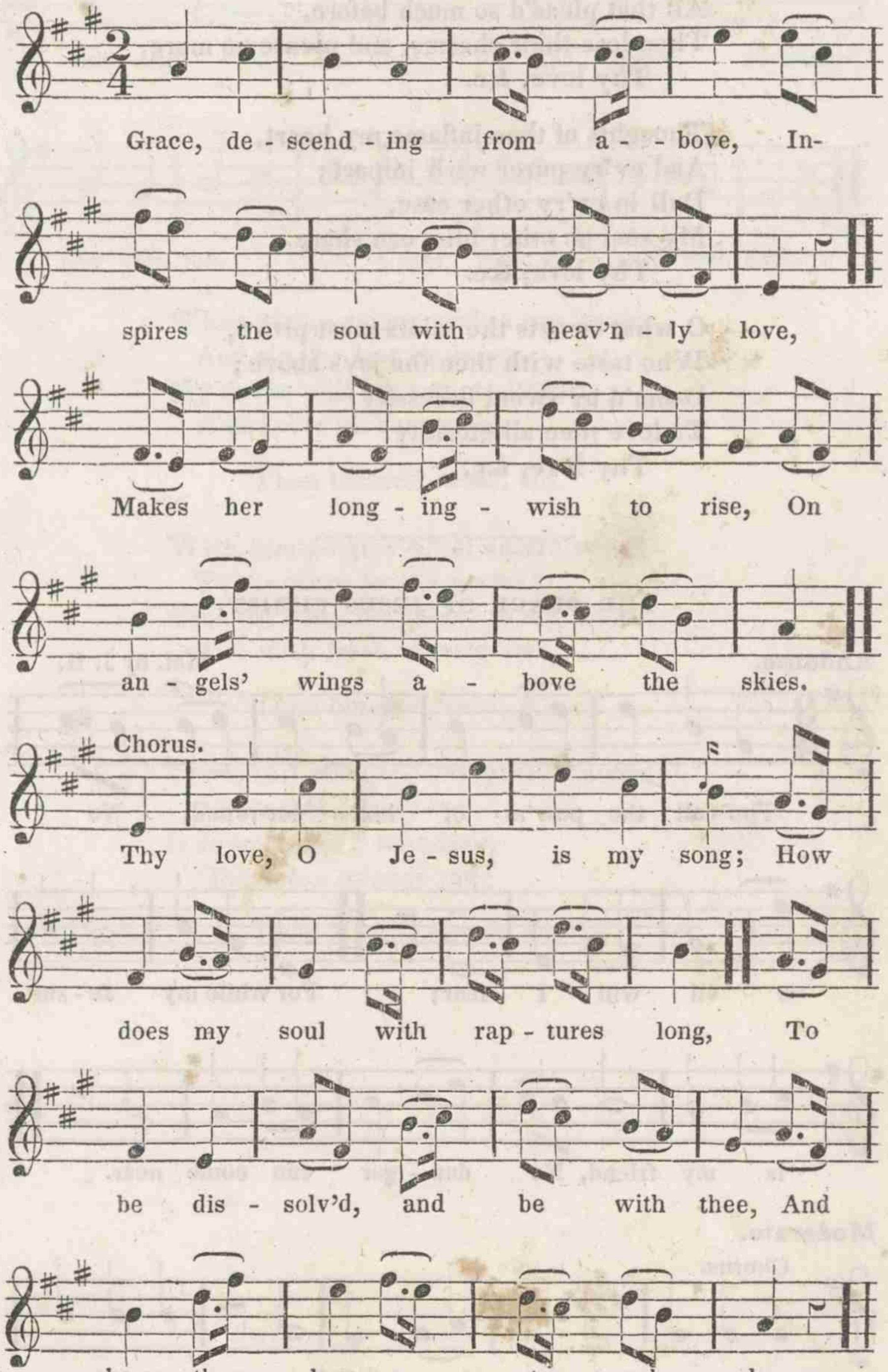
Live in this breast, O loving Father;
Live in this breast, O king divine;
Inflame it, make it burn for ever.
O let it be for ever thine.
Live in, &c.

'Tis my design, O God of power,
To serve thee is my sole design;
Ah! may my love increase each hour,
Ah! could I die through love divine.
'Tis my, &c.

O sacred truth! O tender Father!
O sacred truth! O charity!
O let me love my God for ever,
Both here and in eternity.
O let me love, &c.

THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST.

Andante. J. Hœrner.
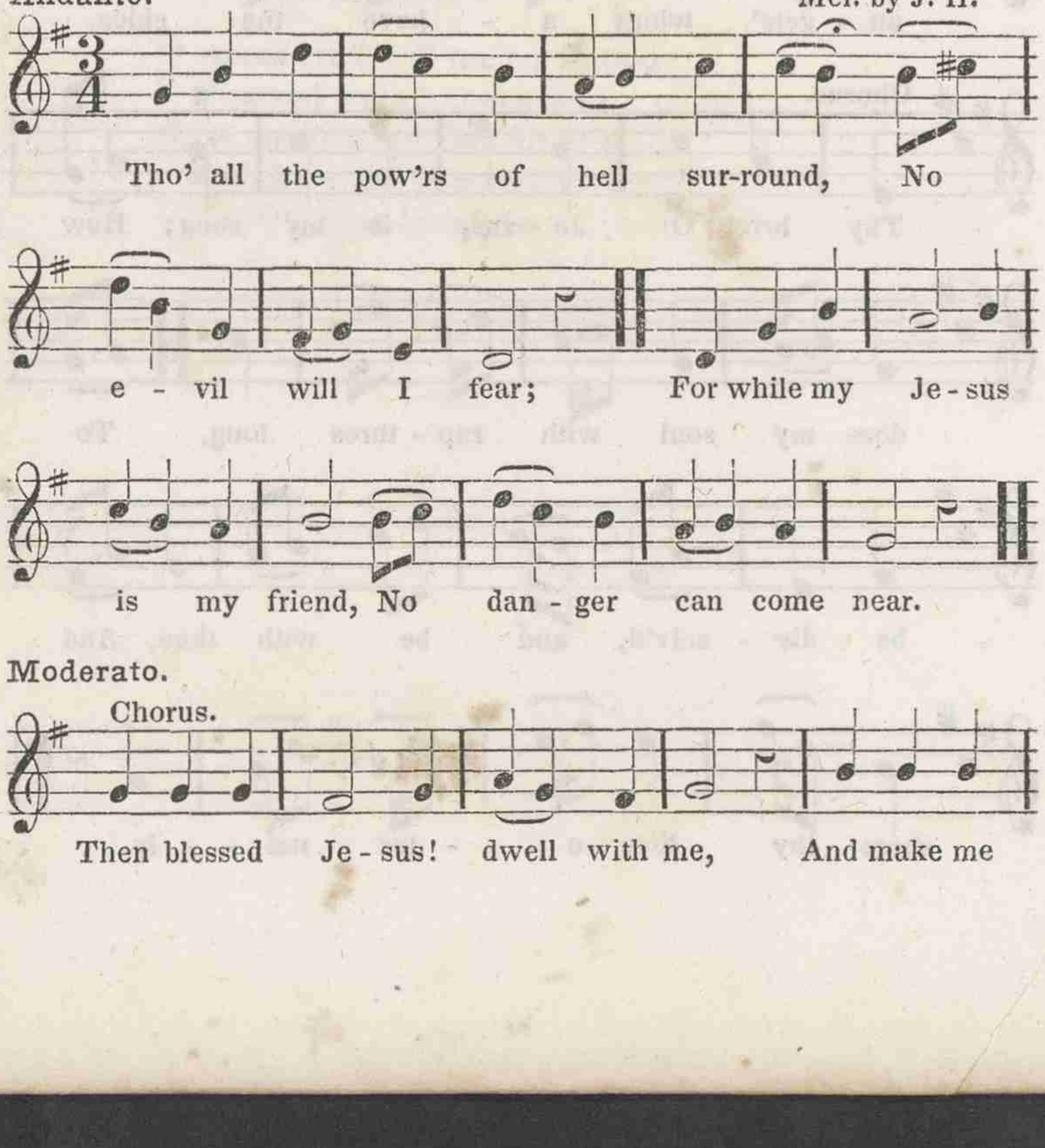


When my soul, from passion free,
Retires to meditate on thee,
All that pleas'd so much before,
Then lose their charms, and please no more.
Thy love, &c.

Thoughts of thee inflame my heart,
And ev'ry purer wish impart;
Dull in ev'ry other case,
My soul no other bliss can share.
Thy love, &c.

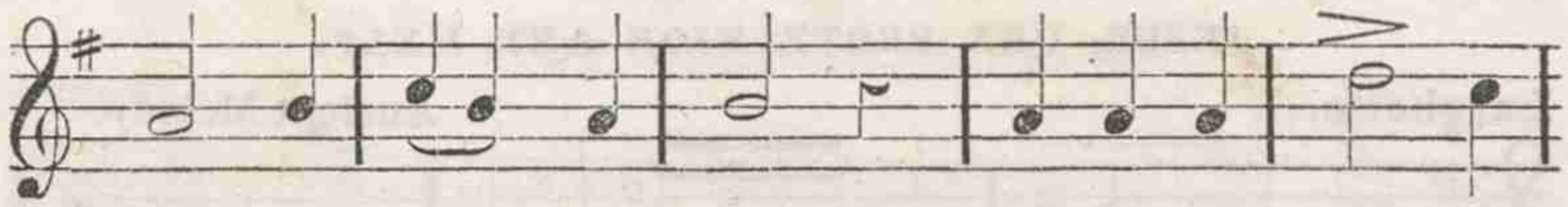
O what sweets the saints must prove,
Who taste with thee the joys above;
Doom'd by sweet necessity,
To love thee all eternity.
Thy love, &c.
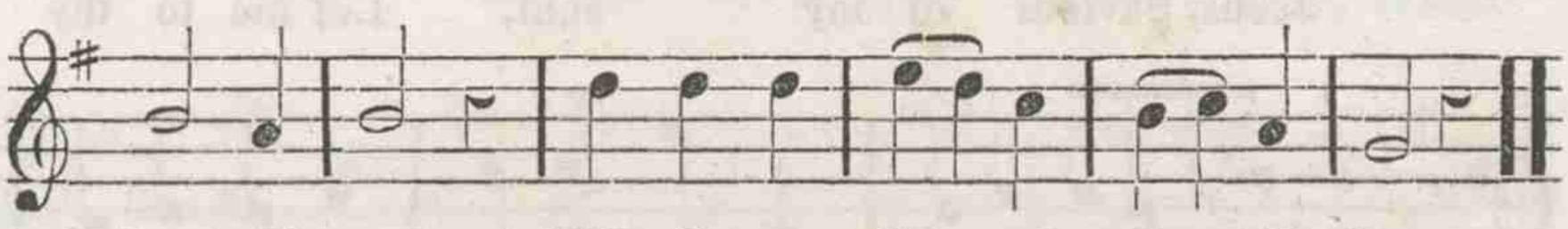
THE PEACE OF JESUS CHRIST.

Andante. Mel. by J. H.



Moderato.





When virtue reigns within my heart,
And sin has lost its sway,
My Jesus will his sweets impart,
And drive all care away.

Then blessed Jesus, &c.

With him possess'd, all nature round
To me more lovely grows;
Each pleasure heightens in my breast,
And with fresh ardor glows.

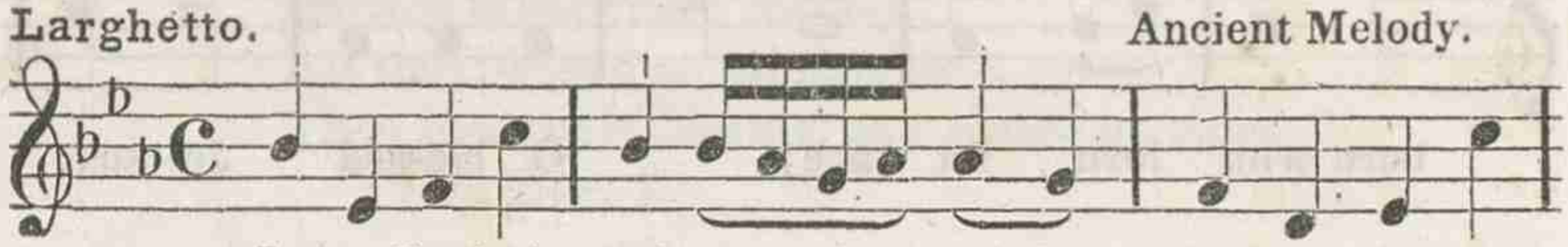
Then blessed Jesus, &c.

Then, oh! the dear enraptur'd thought!
Ah! could I truly say,
It is no longer I who live,
'Tis Jesus lives in me!
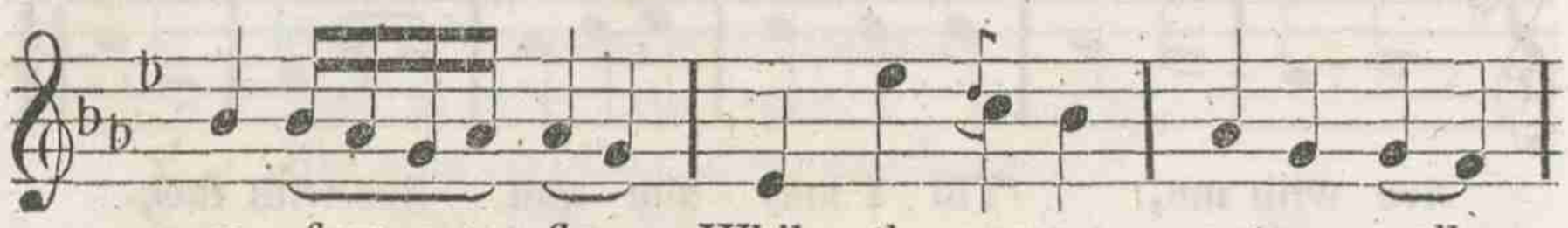
Then blessed Jesus, &c.

JESUS, OUR PROTECTION AND HELP.

Larghetto. Ancient Melody.
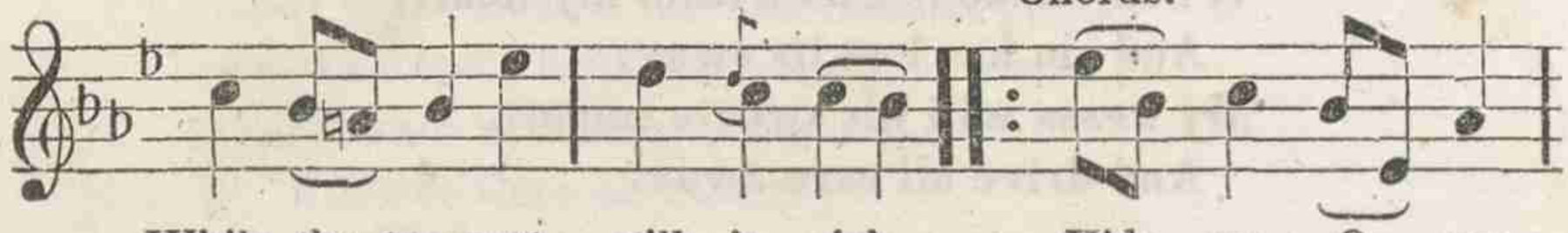


Jesus, Saviour of my soul, Let me to thy



re - fuge fly, While the nearer waters roll,

Chorus.

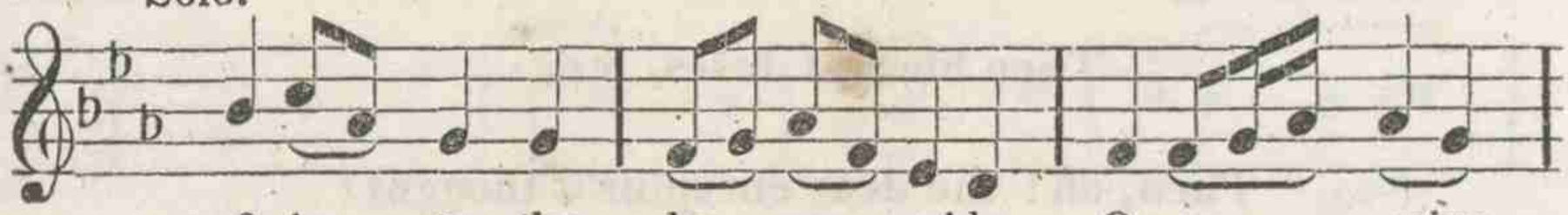


While the tempest still is nigh. Hide me, O my
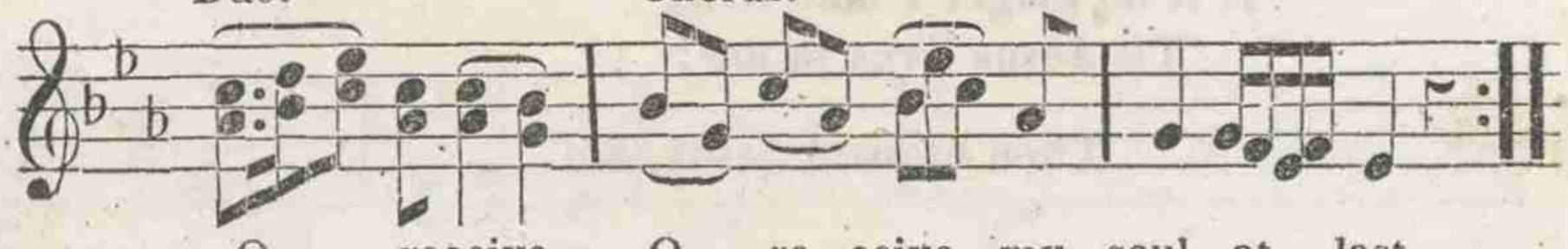


Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Solo.



safe in - to the ha - ven guide. O re - - - ceive,

Duo. Chorus.



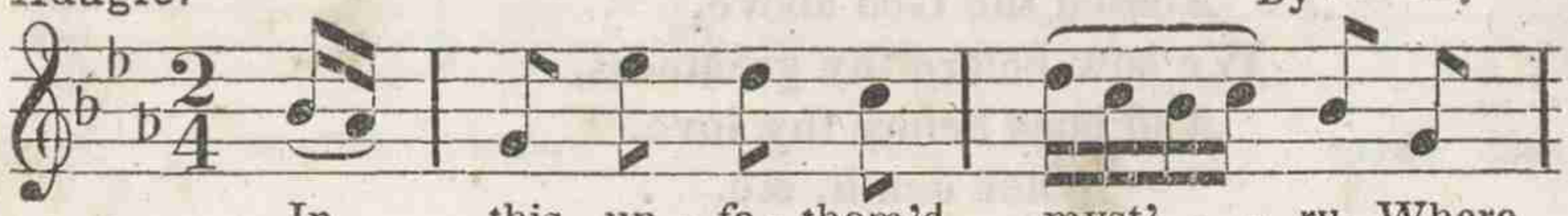
O receive, O re - ceive my soul at last.

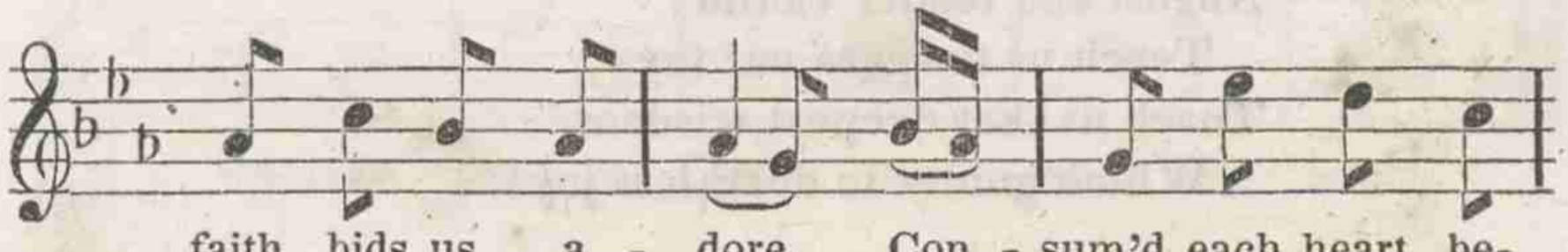
Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
Hide me, &c.
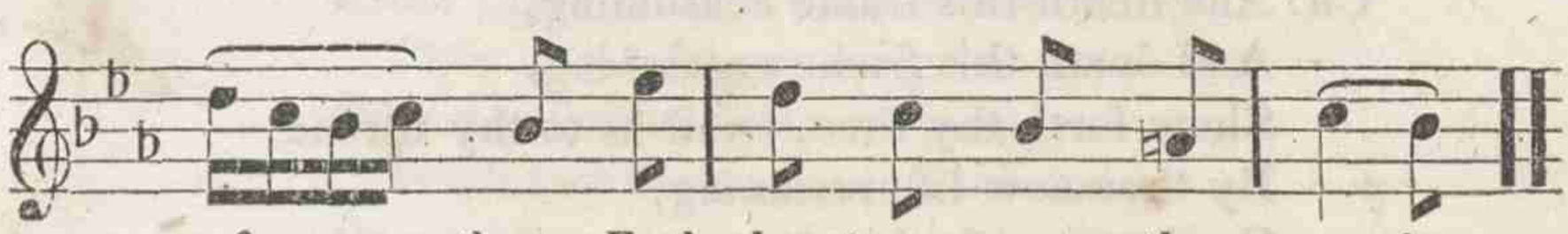
All my trust in thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.
Hide me, &c.

THE REAL PRESENCE.
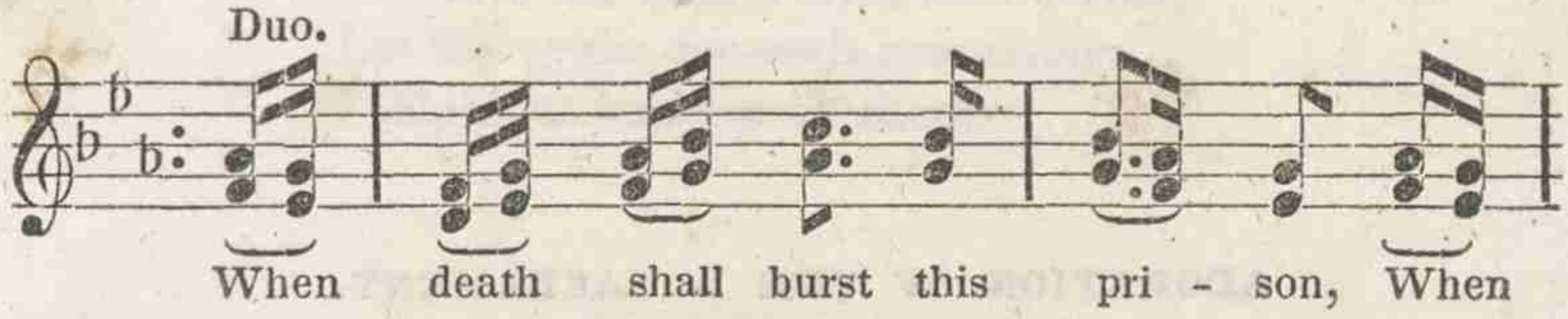
Adagio. By ——.
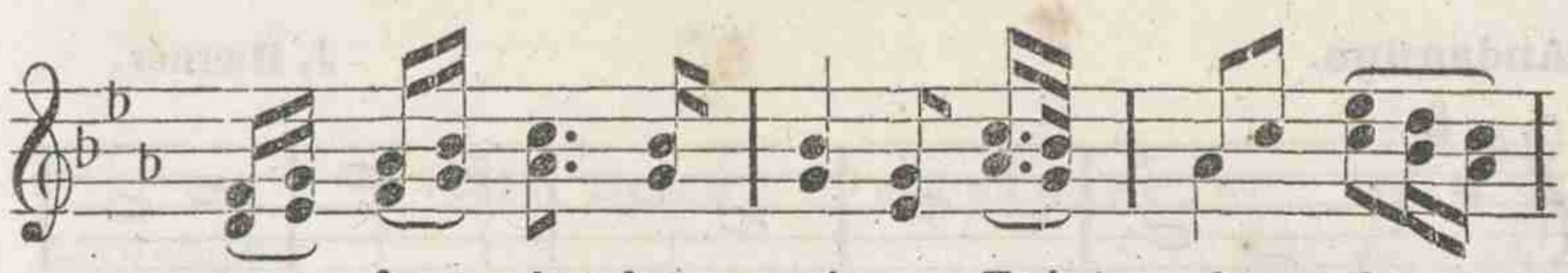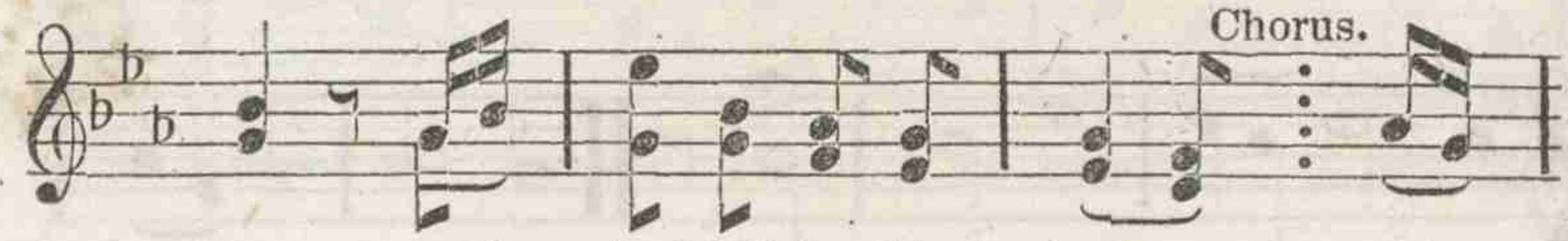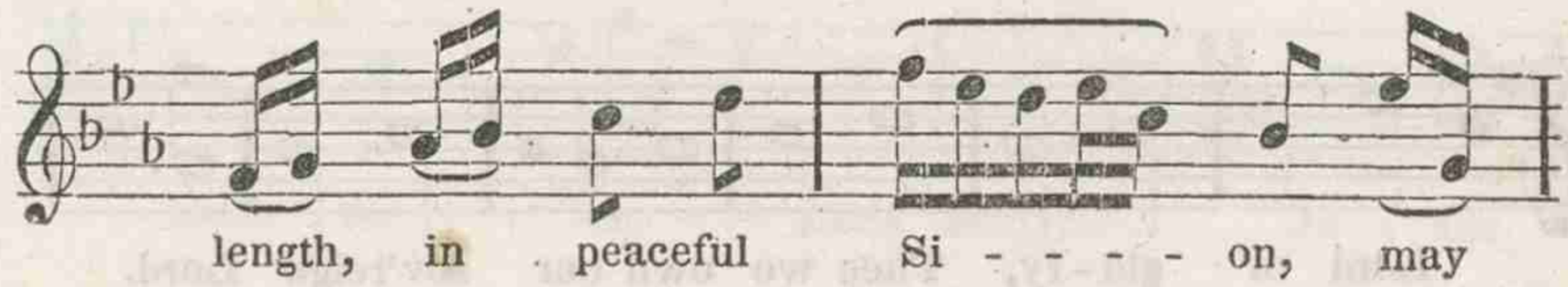






Duo.
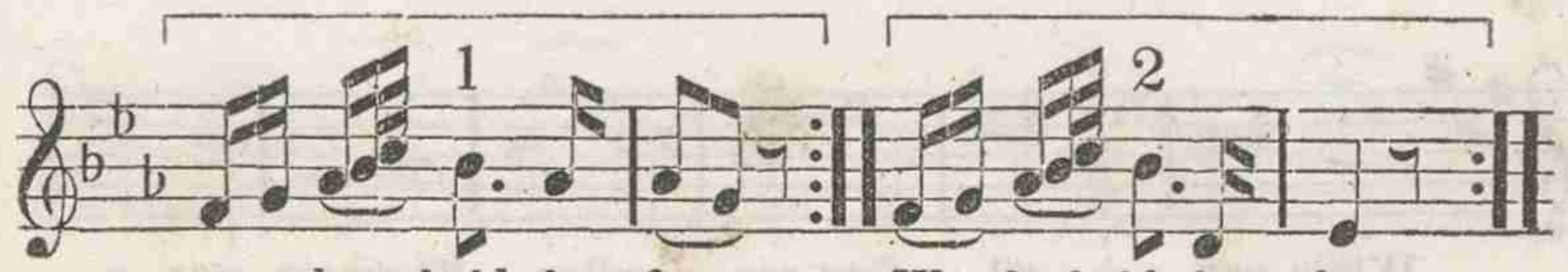




Chorus.







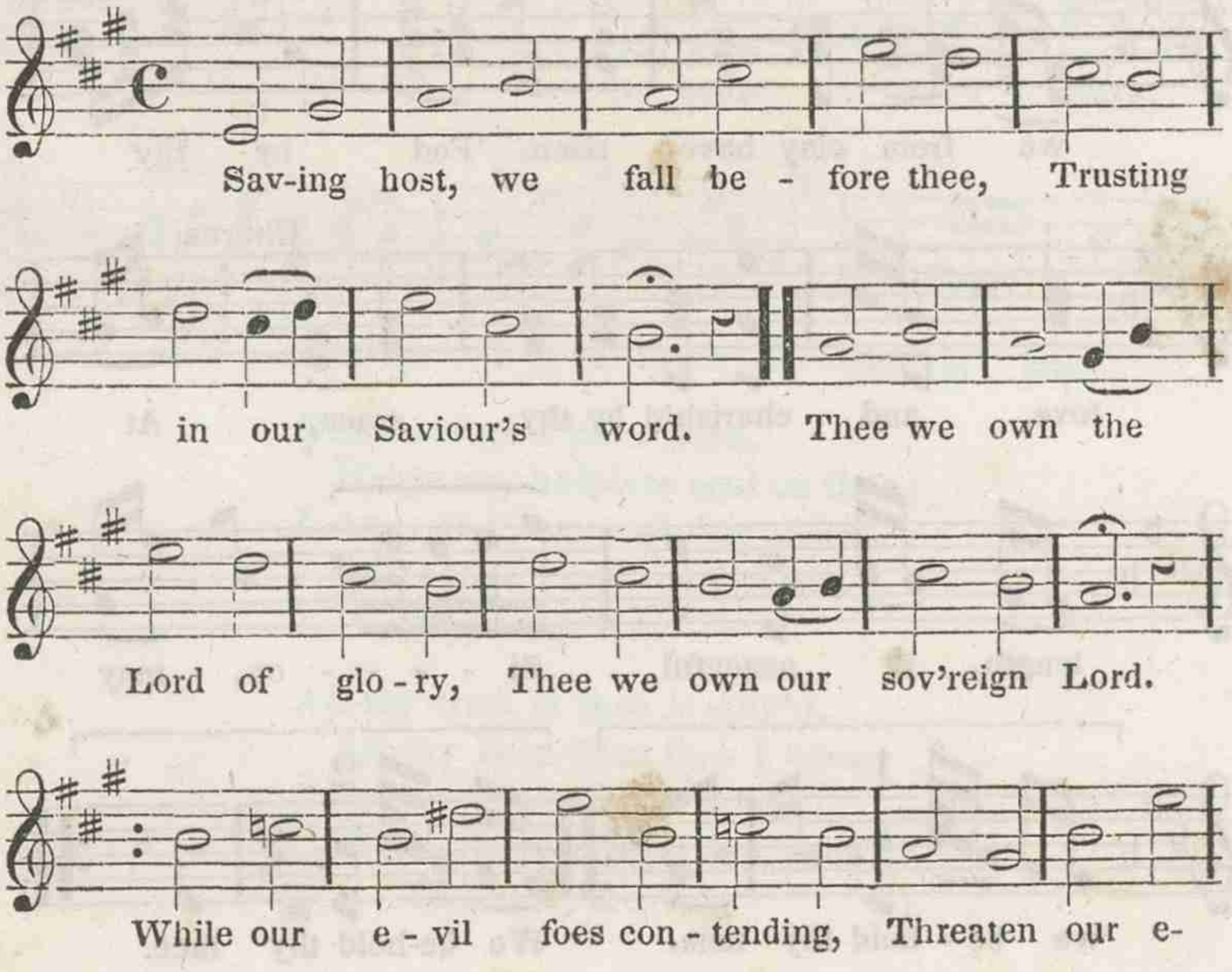
Tho' veil'd, thy beams in darkness
Abased the God above,
We bow before thy greatness,
And burn before thy love.
When death, &c.

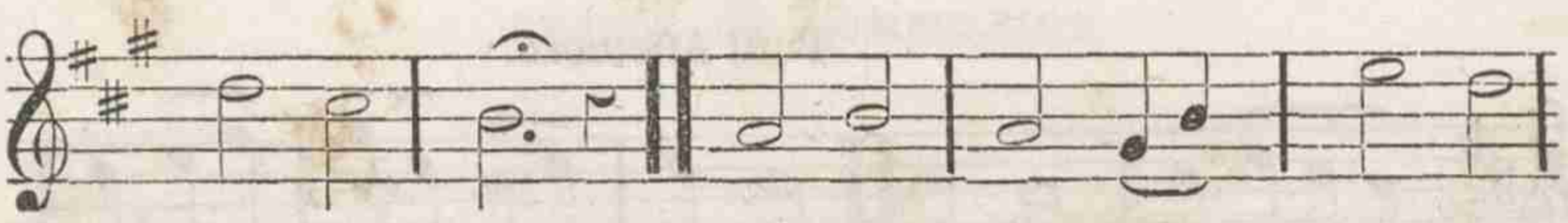
August and tender victim!
Teach us to spurn our toys;
Teach us that deepest wisdom,
Which guides to deathless joys.

Ch. And death this frame consuming,
And death this frame entombing,
Show forth thy love, exalt us to thy throne,
By thee new life resuming,
Conduct us pilgrims home.
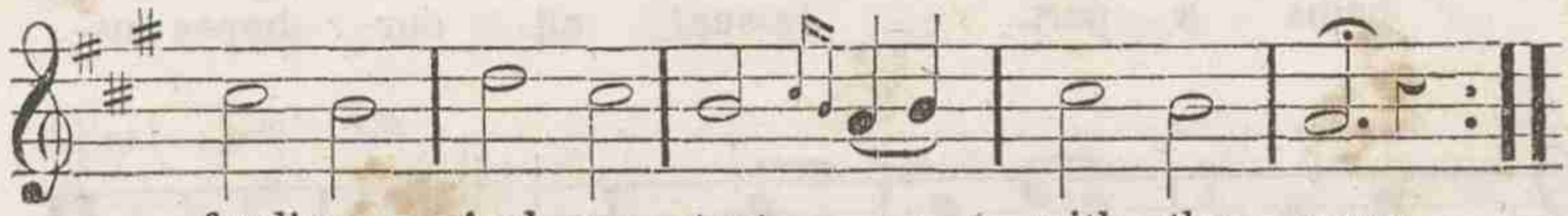
ADORATION OF THE B. SACRAMENT.

Andantino. J. Hœrner.





ter - nal loss, Be with heav'n-ly grace de-
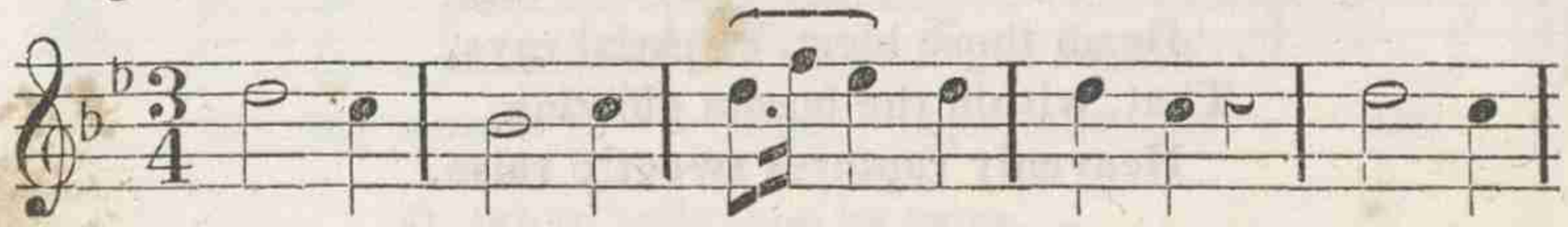


fending, And pro - tect us with thy cross.
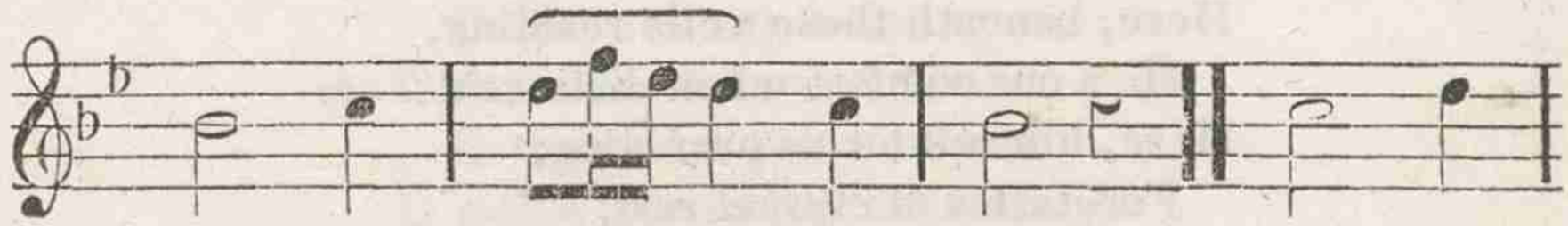
From thy Father's throne descending,
Thou becom'st our daily bread;
'Midst celestial hosts attending,
With thy flesh our souls are fed.
Come, thou source of ev'ry blessing,
Warm our hearts with love divine,
Let thy grace our souls possessing,
Make us be for ever thine.

VISIT TO THE B. SACRAMENT.
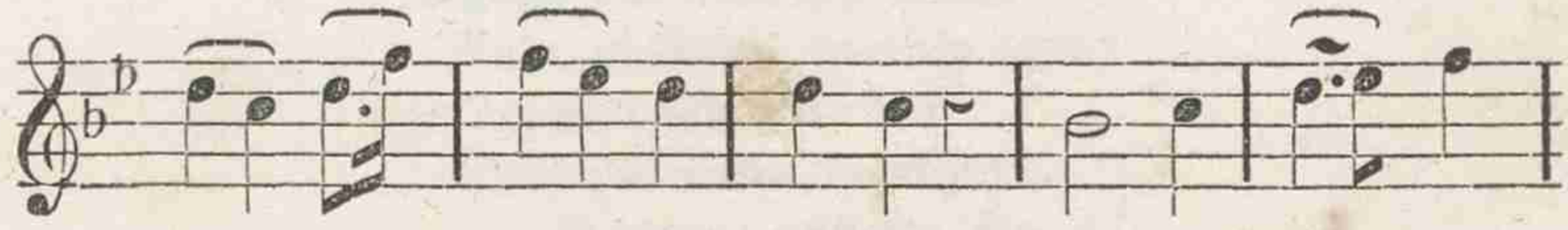
Larghetto. Mel. Ar. J. H.



Streams of heav'nly love de - scending, Soft - ly
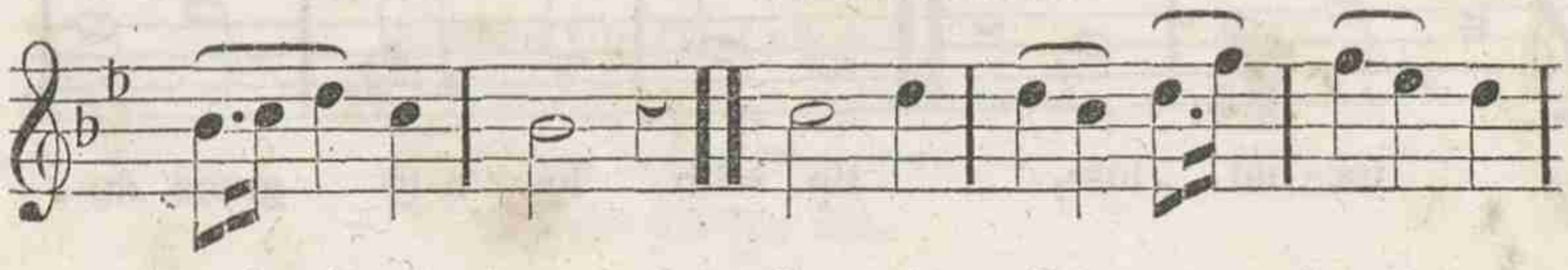


touch the sin - - ner's heart; Je - sus,



to our wants at - tending, Bears of all our
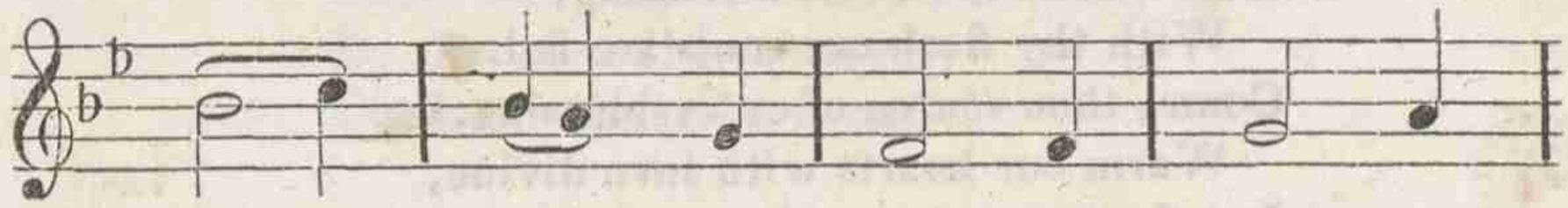
Tutti Affetuoso.
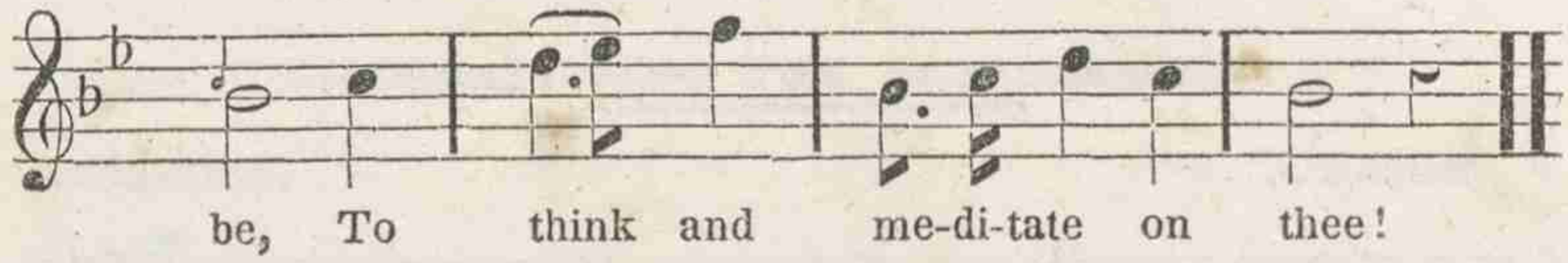


pains a part. Je-sus! all our hopes sus-



taining, On our al - tars e'er re - maining!



Hence - - forth, my on - ly bliss shall



be, To think and me-di-tate on thee!

From his lovely presence flowing,
Beam those blest, celestial rays,
That, within the bosom glowing,
Heavenly raptures sweetly raise.

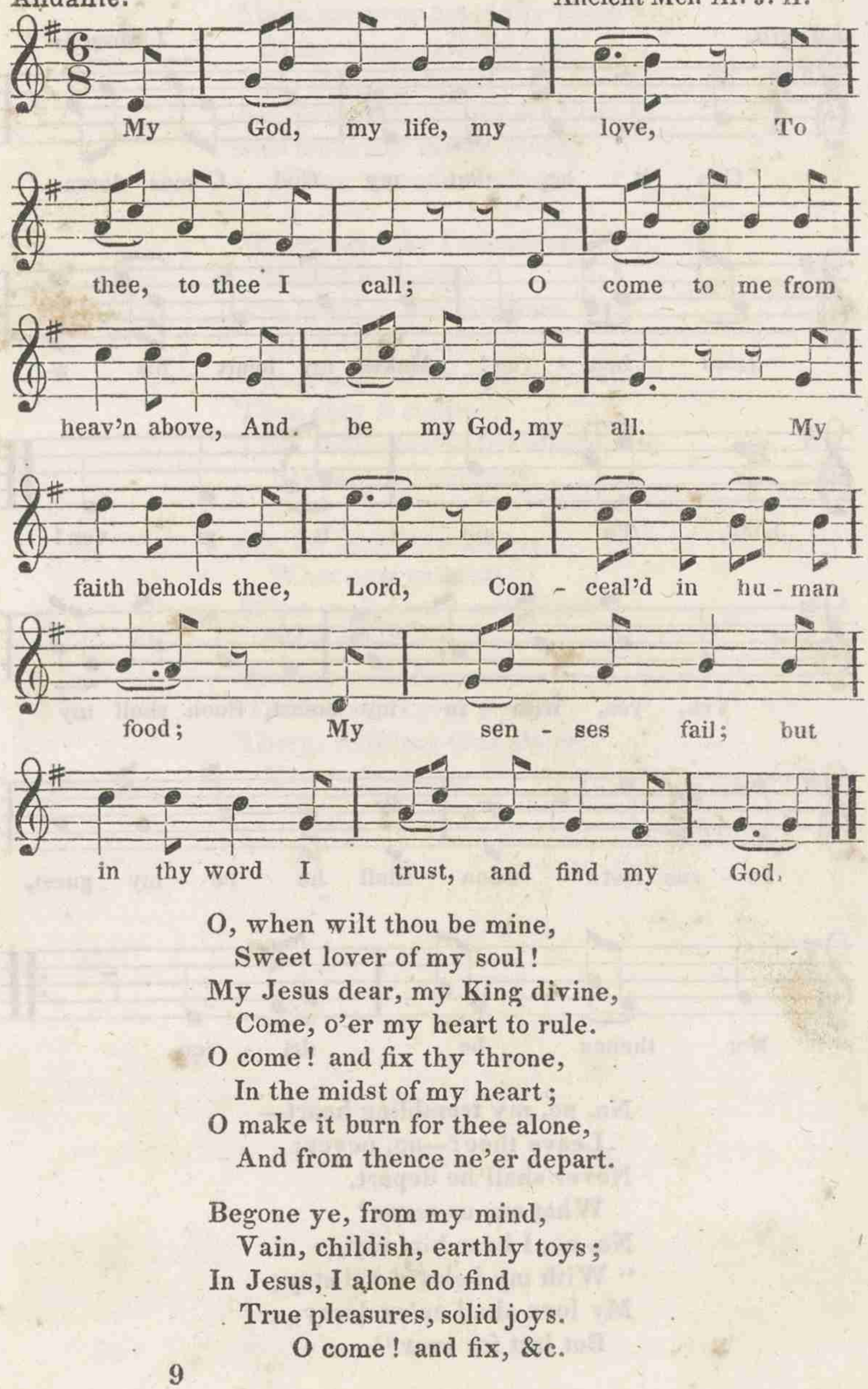
Jesus! all, &c.

Here, beneath these veils residing,
He's our comfort when distress'd:—
Here, himself for us providing,
Foretastes of eternal rest.

Jesus! all, &c.

DESIRE OF COMMUNION.

Andante. Ancient Mel. Ar. J. H.
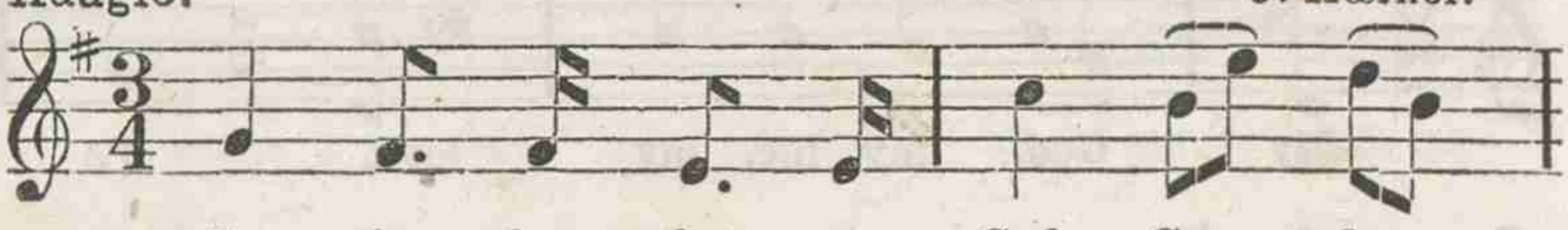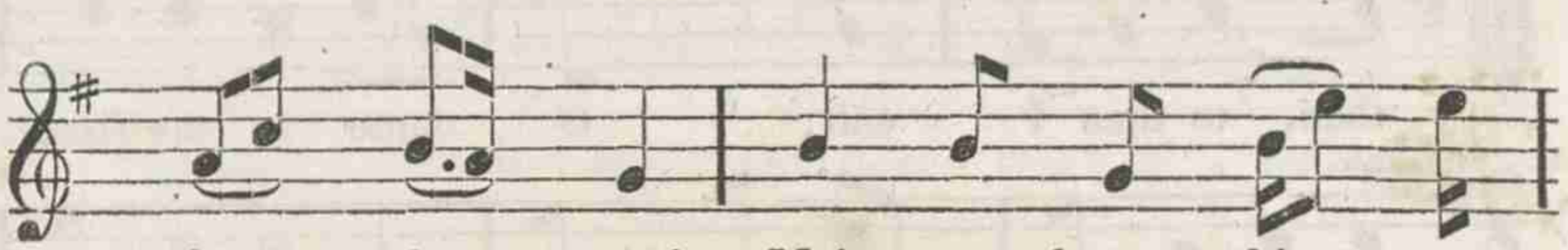


O, when wilt thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul!
My Jesus dear, my King divine,
Come, o'er my heart to rule.
O come! and fix thy throne,
In the midst of my heart;
O make it burn for thee alone,
And from thence ne'er depart.
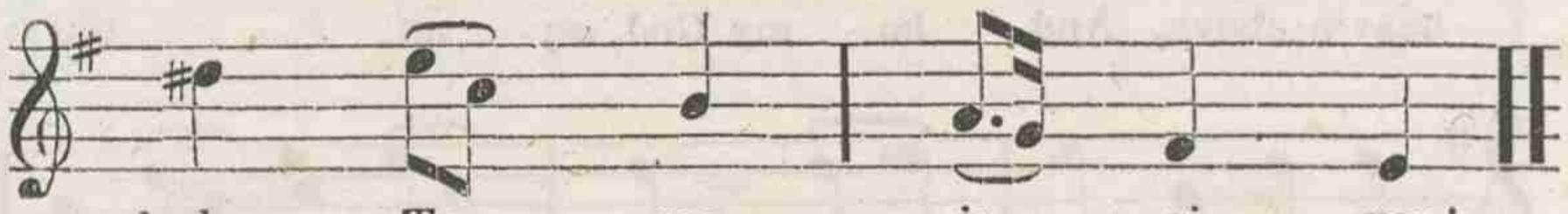
Begone ye, from my mind,
Vain, childish, earthly toys;
In Jesus, I alone do find
True pleasures, solid joys.
O come! and fix, &c.
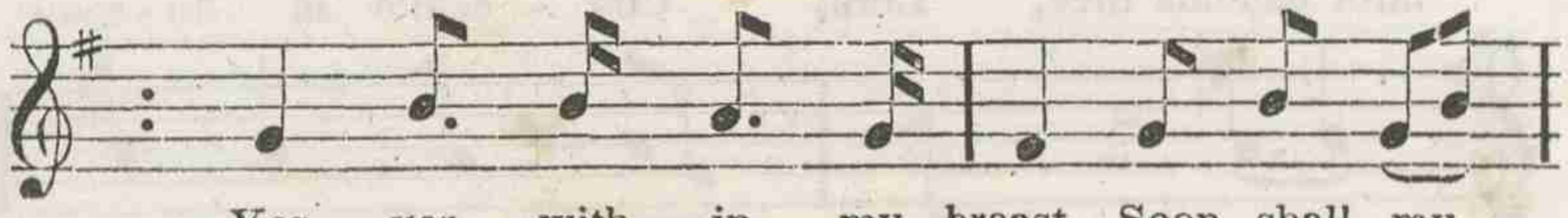
THE HOUR BEFORE COMMUNION.
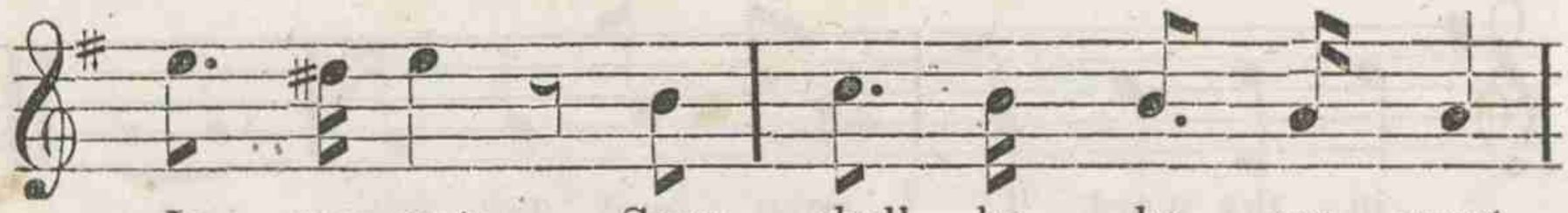
Adagio. J. Hœrner.
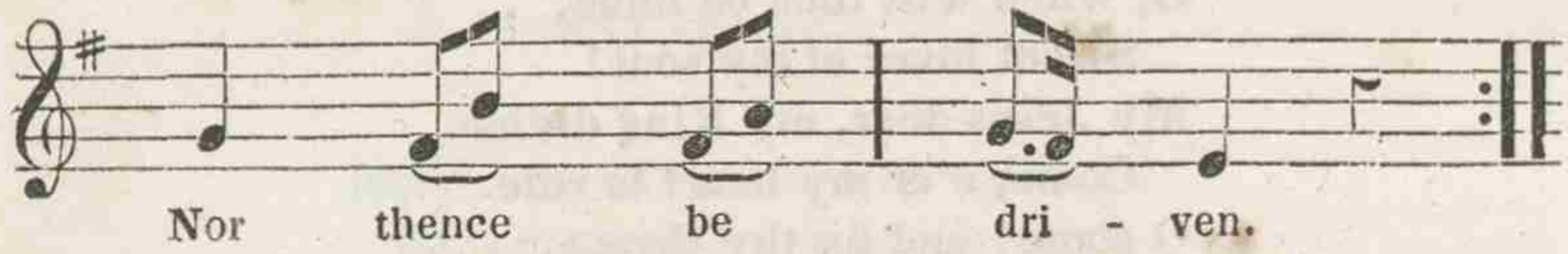












No, no, my trembling heart—
  Leave thee?—no, never:
Never shall he depart.
  What can us sever?
No, no, I hear him say,
" With my belov'd I'll stay;
My love shall ne'er decay,
  But last for ever."
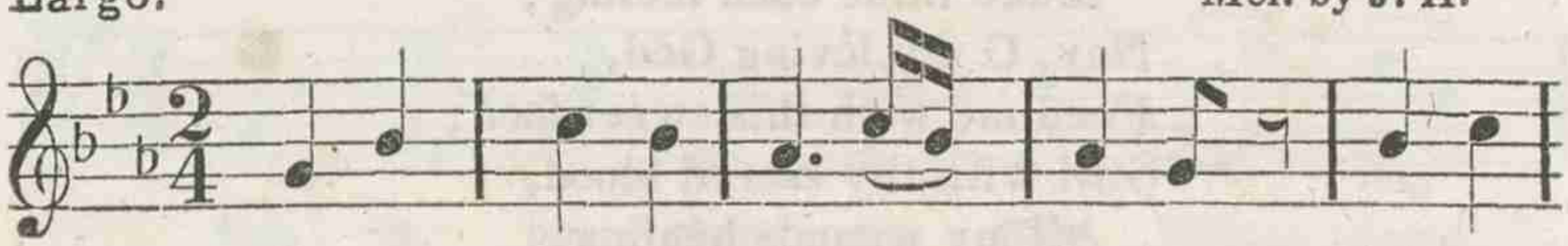
Then, O my Jesus, come,
Come to this dwelling:
Make my poor heart thy home!
Make thine each feeling;
Nay, O my loving God,
Feed me with this sweet food;
Still with thy sacred blood,
All my wounds healing.

What, save my God above,
Have I in heaven?
And what to win my love
Has he not given?
Thou, then, shalt rule my soul,
Thou only it control;
Thou shalt possess the whole,
To thee still cleaving.
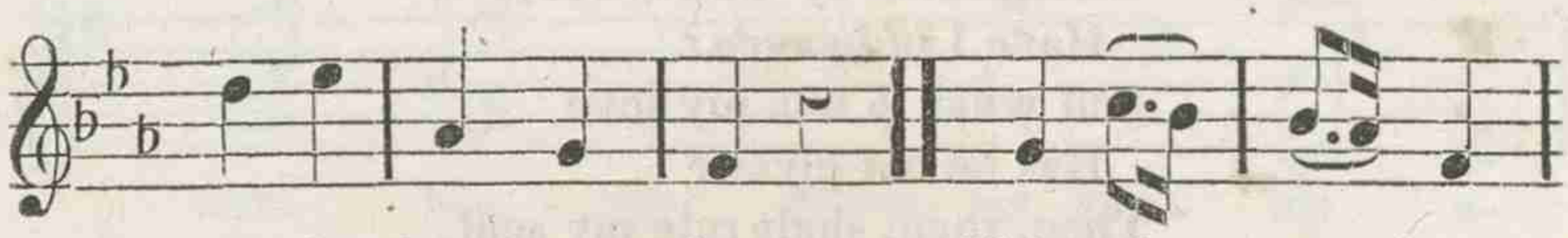
Oh, for such love as this,
What now returning?
What shall repay such bliss,
But a heart burning?—
Burning with flames of love,
'Till heaven's joys I prove,
There, with my God above,
Ever sojourning.

COMMUNION.
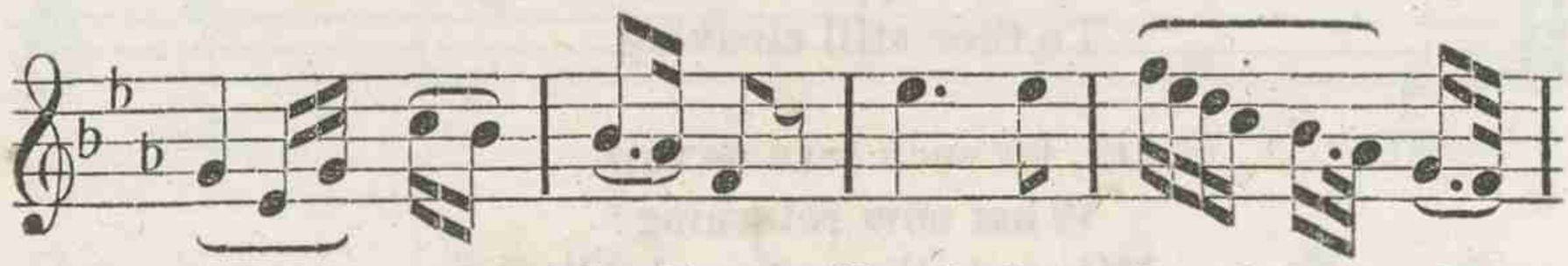
Largo. Mel. by J. H.



Graces from my Je - sus flowing, Set the
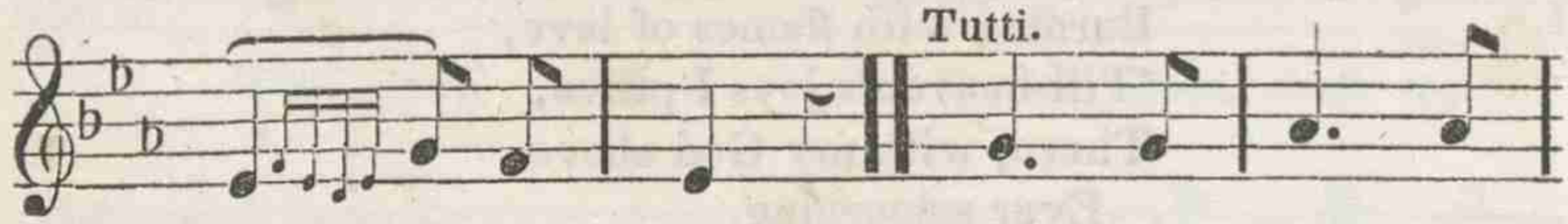


faithful breast on fire; Make the soul with

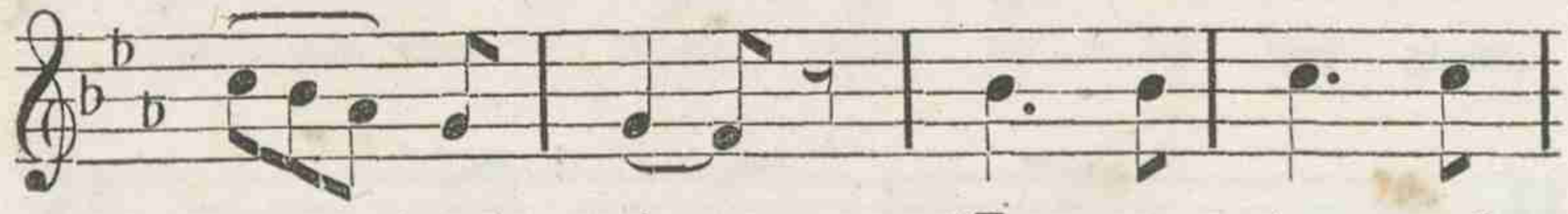


rap - tures glowing, Naught but heav'n - - ly

Tutti.
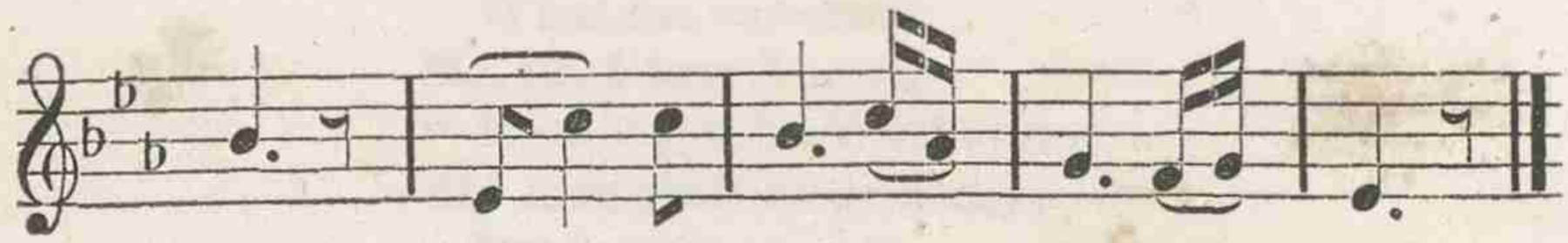


bliss de - sire. Vain she thinks all



tran - sient joys; For e - ter - nal



peace she sighs; Naught can then dis - turb her



rest, With her God su - preme - ly blest.

Here she may, from care retiring,
Find a sweet and healing balm,
All celestial love inspiring,
Shed around a heavenly calm.

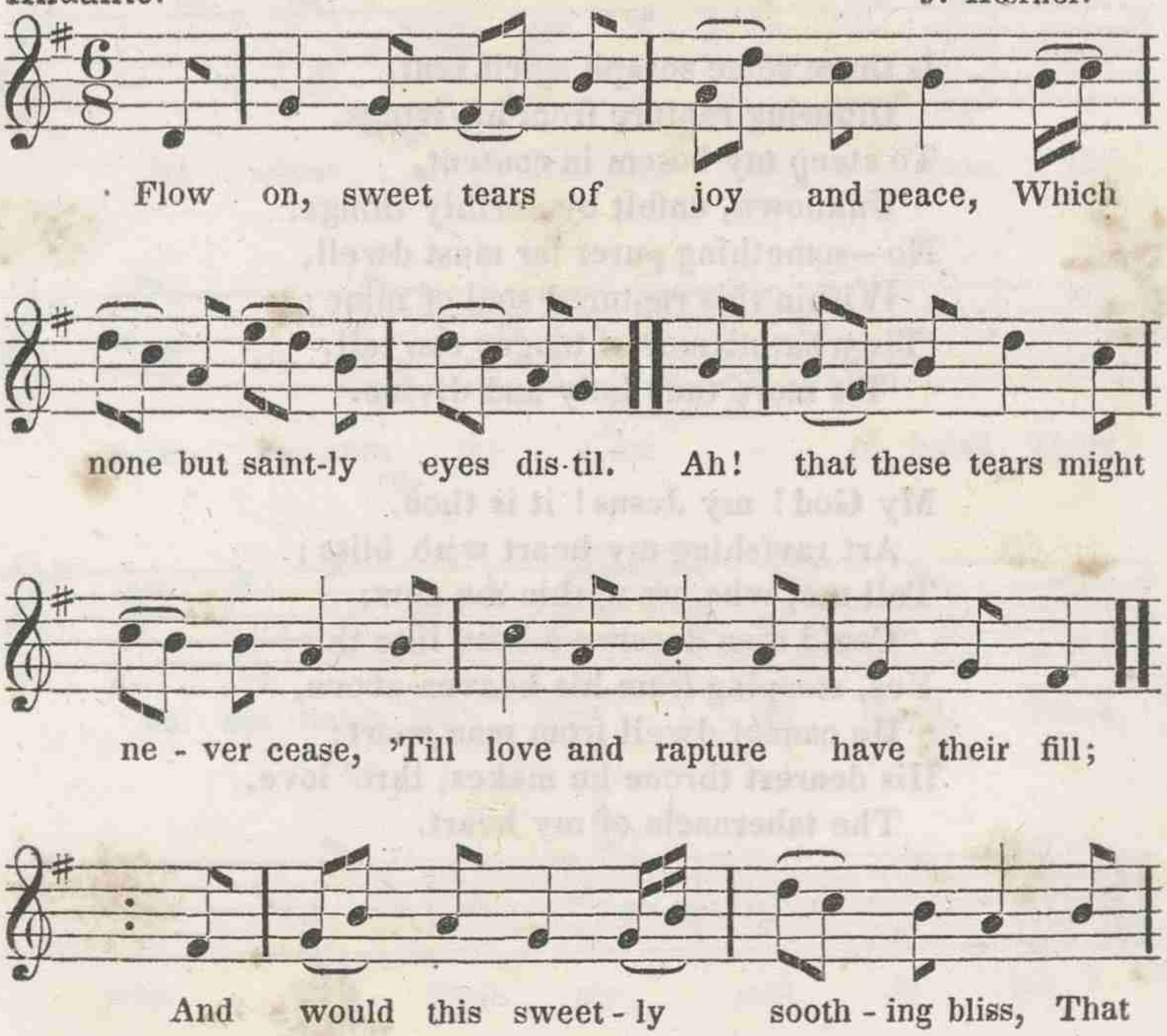
Vain she, &c.
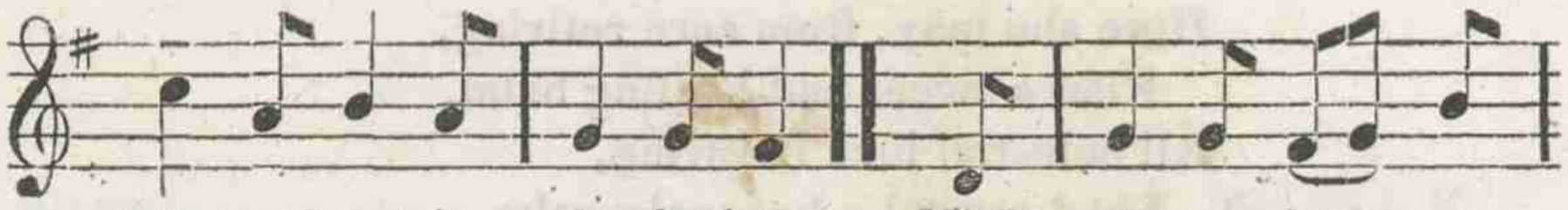
Here, with purest love remaining,
Jesus answers every prayer;
With his help the soul sustaining,
Makes her ev'ry blessing share.
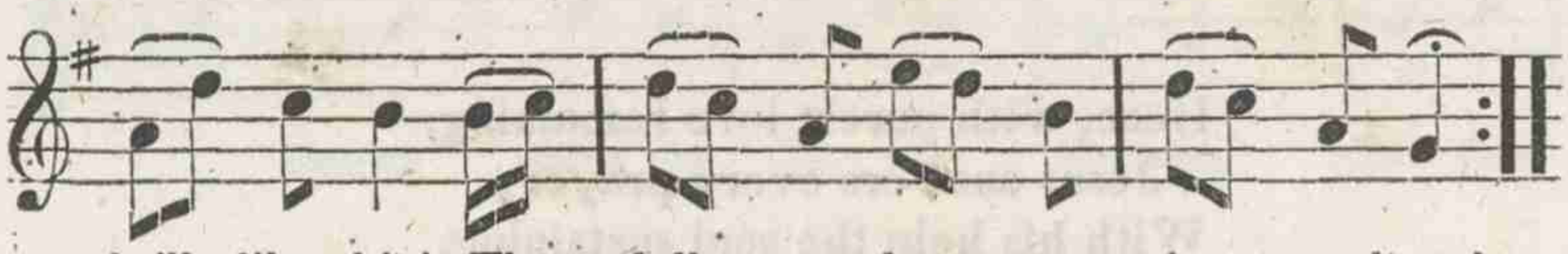
Vain she, &c.

THE HAPPINESS OF A WORTHY COMMUNION.

Andante. J. Hœrner.
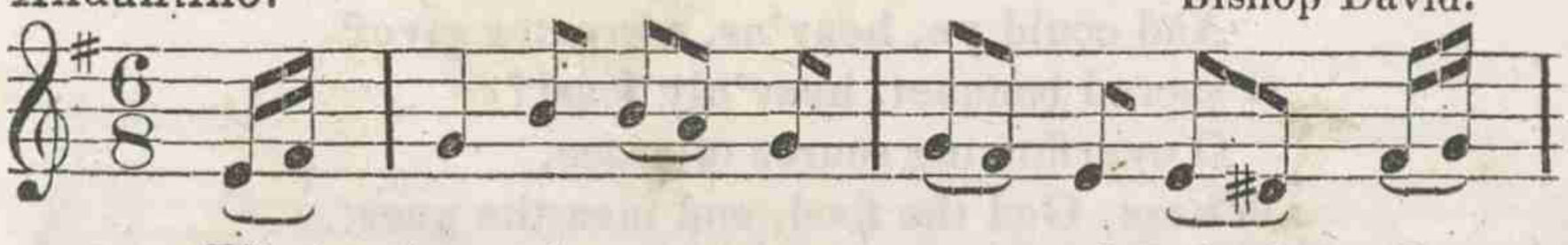






Ah! there is something more than love,
  Embalming in its sweets my heart;
What can it be? 'tis from above—
  Oh! may it never hence depart.
Say, is there some celestial balm,
  Dropt from the torrent joys of heaven,
Whose loveliness inspires a calm,
  More pure, serene, than that of even!
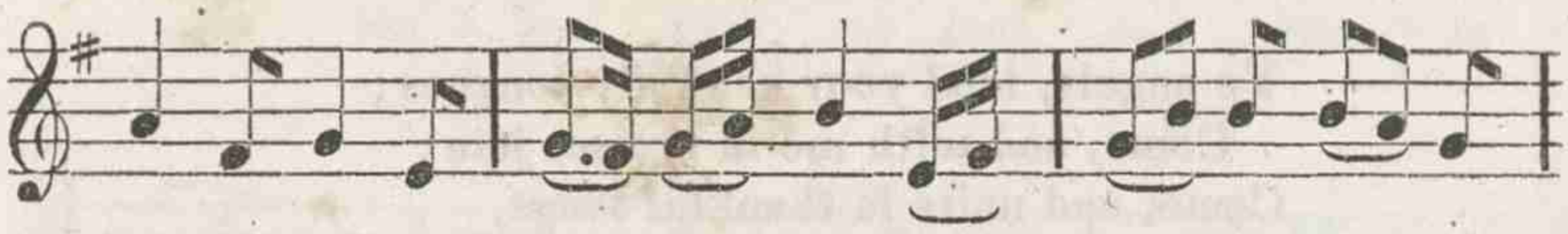
Is there some seraph spirit sent,
  Diffusing rapture from his wings,
To steep my bosom in content,
  Unknown, unfelt by earthly things?
No—something purer far must dwell,
  Within this raptured soul of mine;
'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,
  'Tis more than holy and divine.
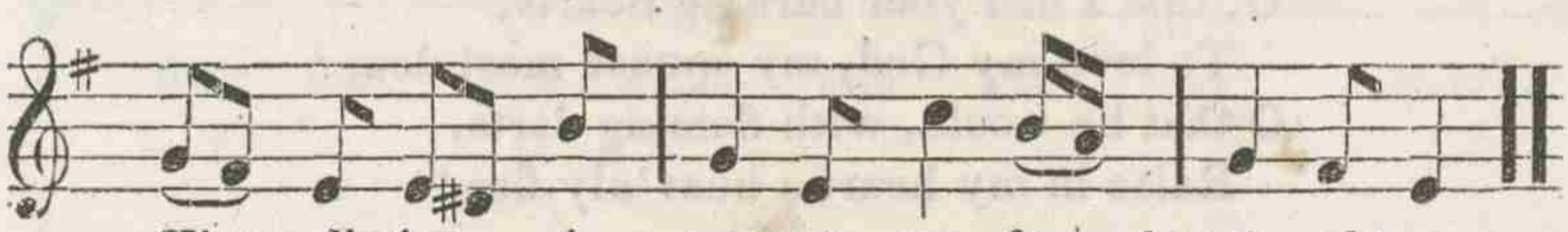
My God! my Jesus! it is thou,
  Art ravishing my heart with bliss;
Tell me, who art within me now,
  Could man deserve a boon like this?—
Yes, stooping from his heaven above,
  He cannot dwell from man apart;
His dearest throne he makes, thro' love,
  The tabernacle of my heart.
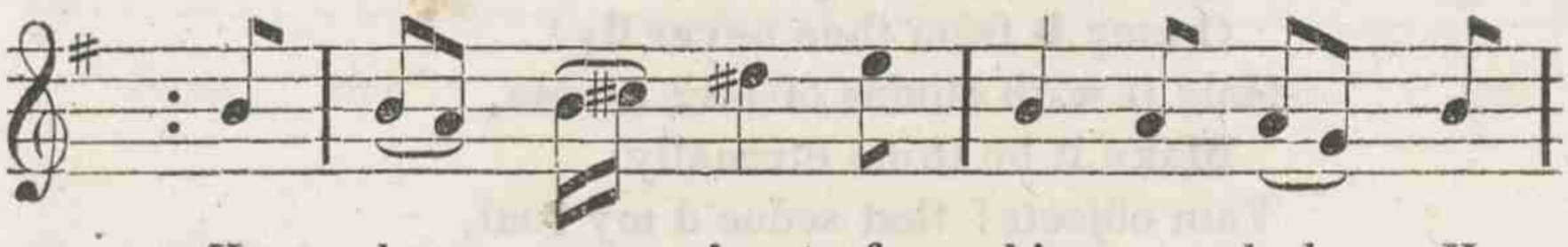
THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.
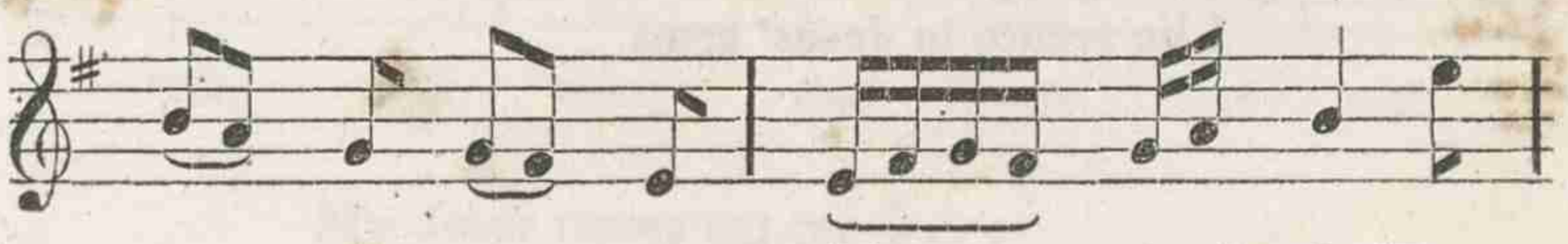
Andantino. Bishop David.
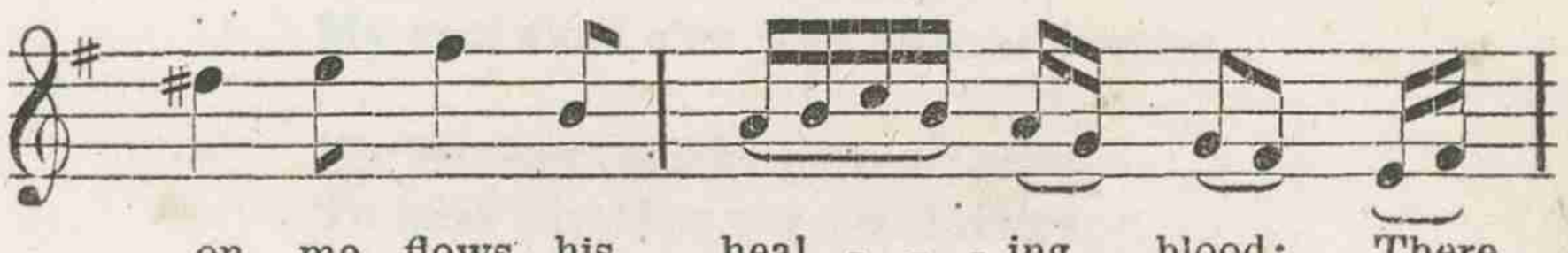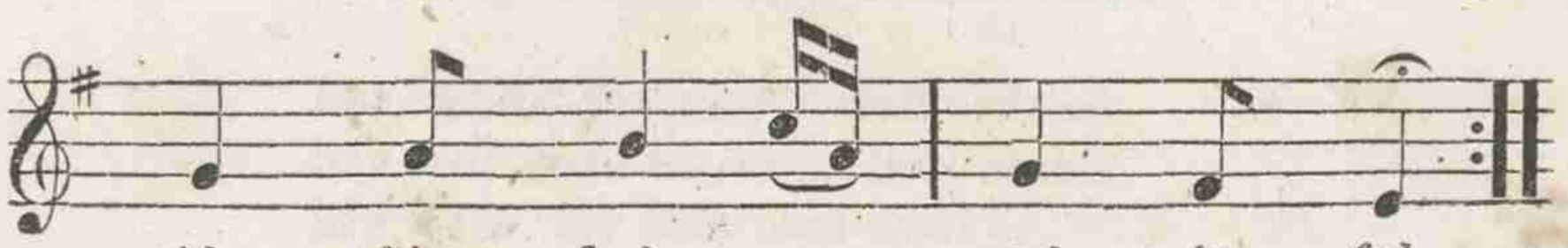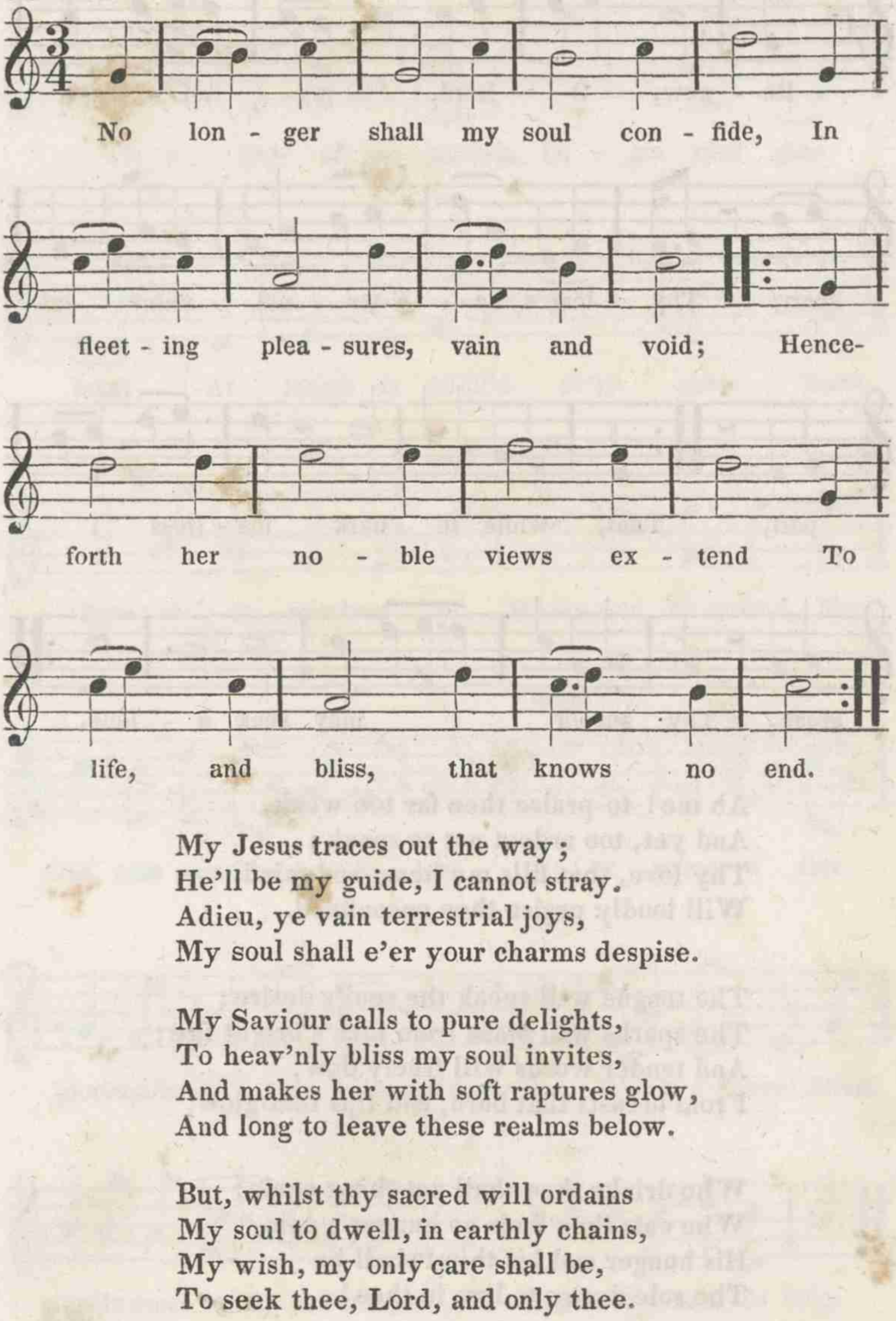














I am my love's, and he is mine;
  In me he dwells, in him I live;
What greater treasure could I find,
  And could ye, heav'ns, a greater give?
O sacred banquet, heav'nly feast!
  O overflowing source of grace,
Where, God the food, and man the guest,
  Meet, and unite in sweet embrace!

Ye angels, lend your heav'nly tongues;
  Come, and with me in praises join;
Come, and unite in thankful songs,
  Your sweet immortal voice to mine.
O, that I had your burning hearts,
  To love my God, my spouse most dear?
O that he would, with flaming darts,
  Raise in my heart a heav'nly fire!

Dear Jesus! now my heart is thine;
  O may it from thee never fly!
Hold it with chains of love divine,
  Make it be thine eternally.
Vain objects! that seduc'd my soul,
  I now despise your fleeting charms;
In vain temptation's billows roll,
  I lie secure in Jesus' arms.

OBLATION AFTER COMMUNION.

Moderato. Communicated.
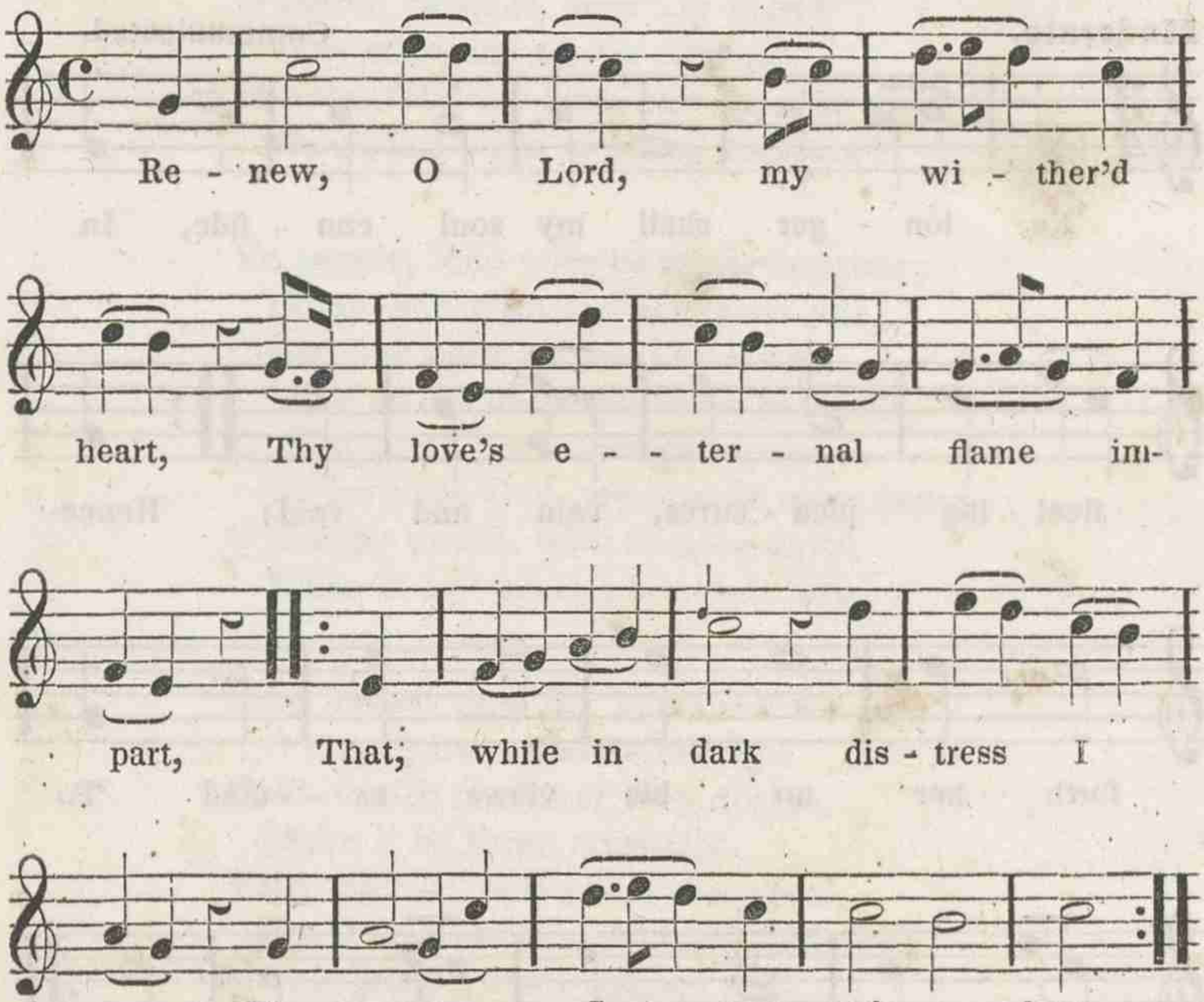


My Jesus traces out the way;
He'll be my guide, I cannot stray.
Adieu, ye vain terrestrial joys,
My soul shall e'er your charms despise.

My Saviour calls to pure delights,
To heav'nly bliss my soul invites,
And makes her with soft raptures glow,
And long to leave these realms below.

But, whilst thy sacred will ordains
My soul to dwell, in earthly chains,
My wish, my only care shall be,
To seek thee, Lord, and only thee.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

Andantino. J. Hœrner.
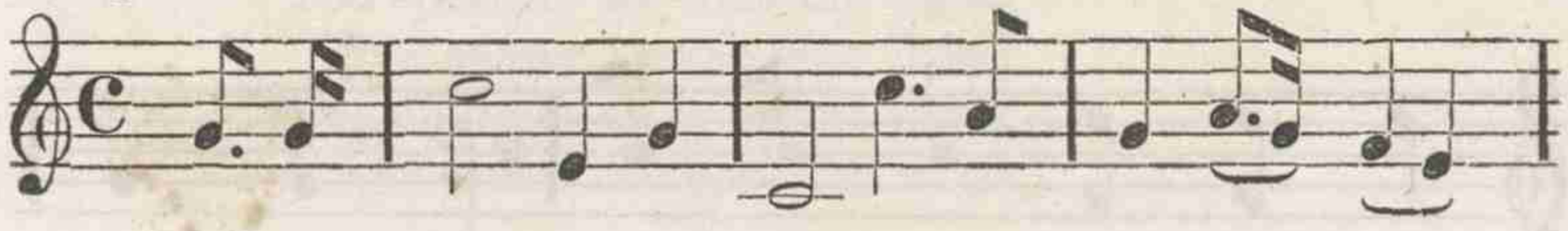


Ah me! to praise thee far too weak,
And yet, too ardent not to speak;
Thy love, that fills my heart and mind,
Will loudly praise thee unconfined.

The tongue will speak the soul's desire;
The sparks will blaze from love's bright fire;
And tender words will freely flow,
From breasts that burn, and lips that glow.
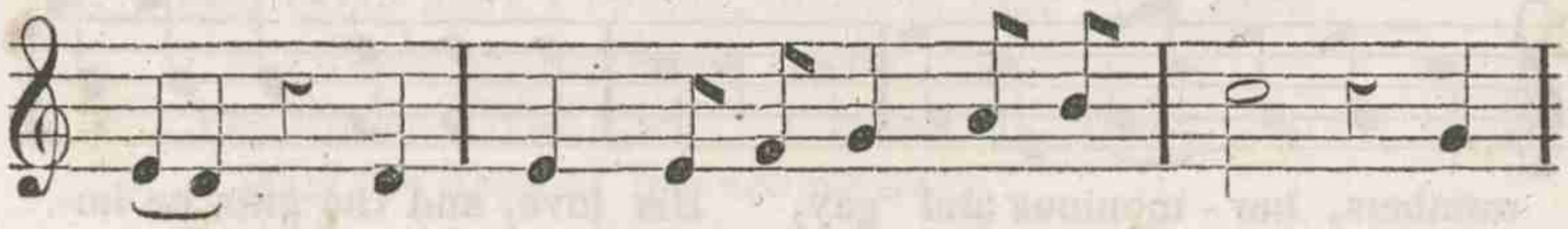
Who drinks thee shall not thirst again;
Who eats thee feels no hunger's pain:
His hunger and his thirst shall be
The sole desire to live in thee!

THE PLEDGE, ON THE DAY OF FIRST COMMUNION.

Allegro. Mel. Ar. J. H.



'Tis a day of re - joic-ing, be - gin your glad
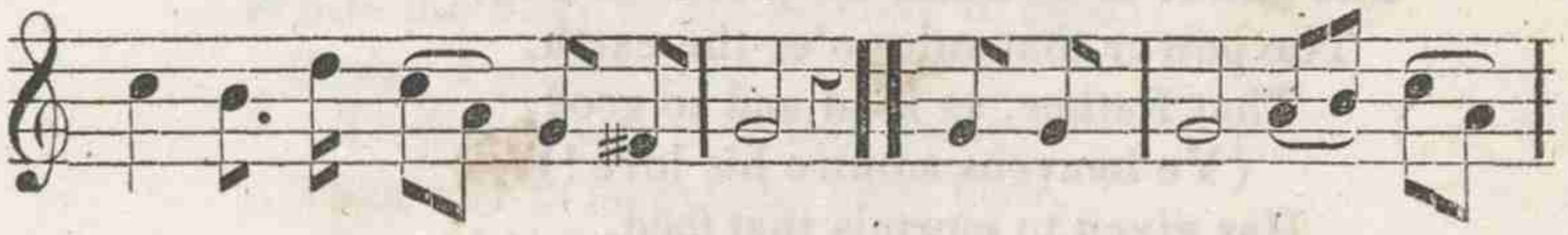


lays; At length is fulfill'd ev'ry vow: Burst



forth in - to numbers of thanks and of praise, To
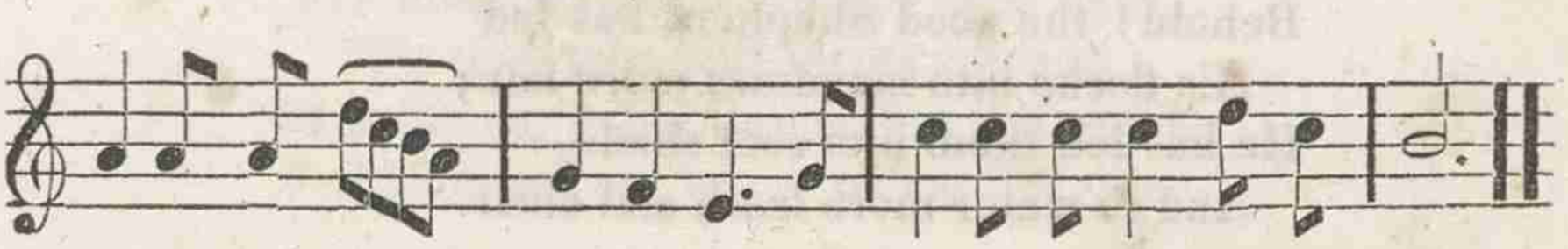
Solo.



God, who presides here be - low. He de - scends in this
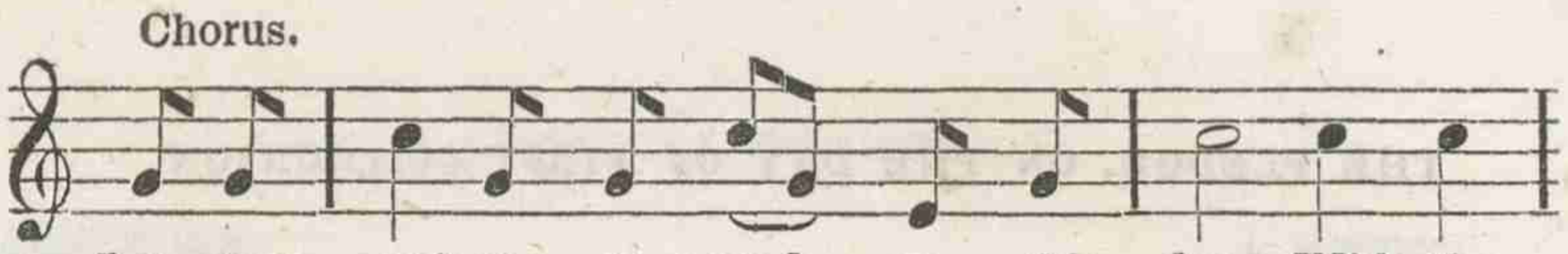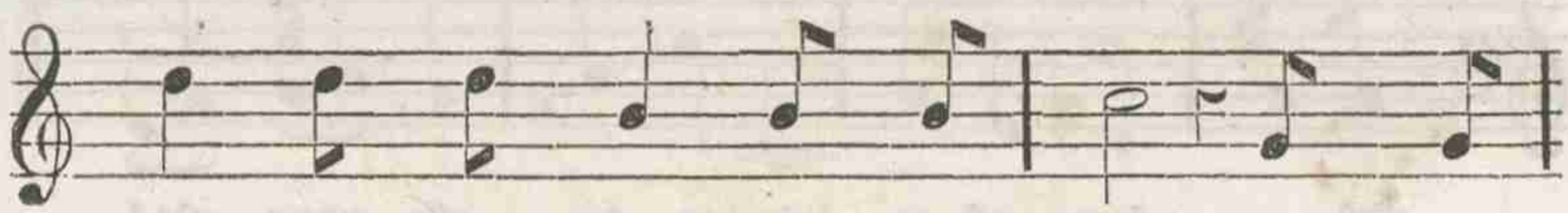


glorious hour, He descends from his heav'n a - bove; Midst

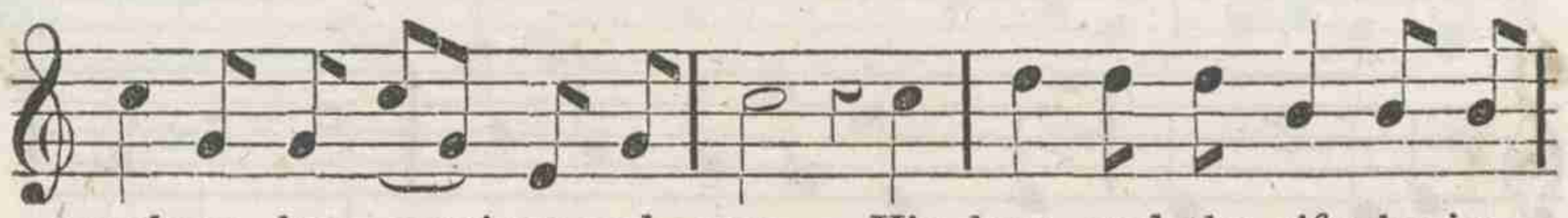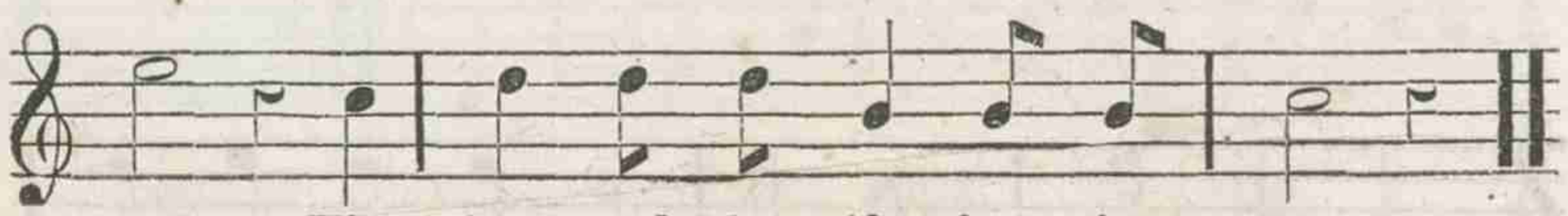


sinners most wretch - ed and poor, He fixes the throne of his love.

Chorus.









O! Children of Sion! let your concerts resound,
Your concerts of heavenly mirth;
The power of God fills all places around,
The power that rules o'er the earth.
That Father, so kind and so good,
(Ye heavens admire his love!)
Has given to mortals that food,
Which nourishes angels above!
Let your voices, &c.

Fed this day, with the meat, which delights e'er the blest,
Young Christians redouble your lays;
Sing the mercies of God, who dwells in your breasts,
Break forth into accents of praise.
Behold! the good Shepherd has led
His flocks into meadows more fair;
He has led them into cool shade,
And to water more fresh and clear.
Let your voices, &c.

Far from me be pleasure which worldlings pursue,
Its splendor is dazzling, but vain;
Ah! I shall ne'er ground my affections in you,
The subtle deceiver of man:
You speedily fly from my sight,
The nearer I come unto thee;
Time hurries away in the flight,
And leaves but affliction to me.

Let your voices, &c.

One thing have I vowed, deign to hear it, O Lord:
I'll dwell at the throne of thy pow'r;
Yes, there a true lover, I'll make my abode,
'Till the days of life are no more!
May my dwelling be near to thee,
May I love to retire alone!
Like a father's house let it be,
To the heart of a tender son!

Let your voices, &c.

O Thou! whom the cherubim adore with respect,
Who debasest thyself to me;
Who deign'st thy bright seat, in my heart, to erect,
While the heav'ns are bending to thee!
O may I prefer, like the flow'r,
To droop, and to wither away,
Than e'er to forget the blest hour,
In which thou descendest to me!

Let your voices, &c.

Ranged under thy banners, great sovereign! from now,
With thee we shall live, and shall die;
But we ne'er can fulfil that which we vow,
If thou aid us not from on high!
Fly thou, who hast brought us to light,
'Tis thou who wilt direct our way;
O guide our paths throughout this night,
And cheer our hearts on our last day.

Let your voices, &c.

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

Melody "Hark how the Watchmen."
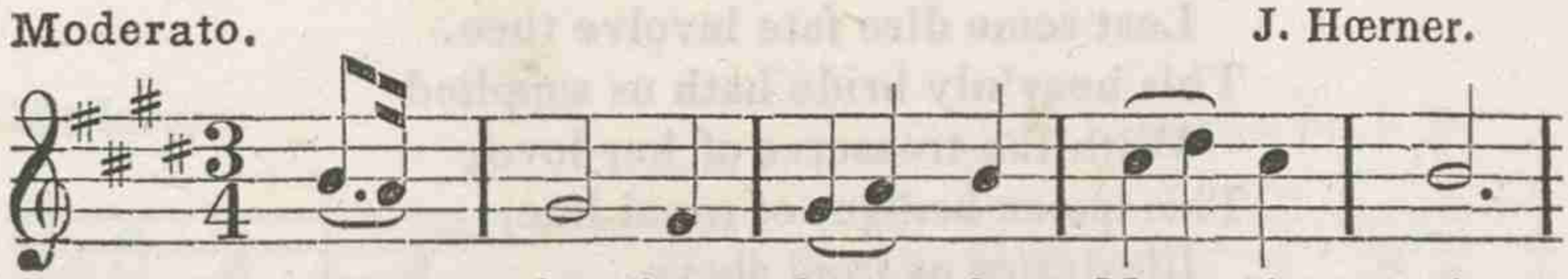
SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.
Strong is the Lord of Hosts,
And mighty is his pow'r:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

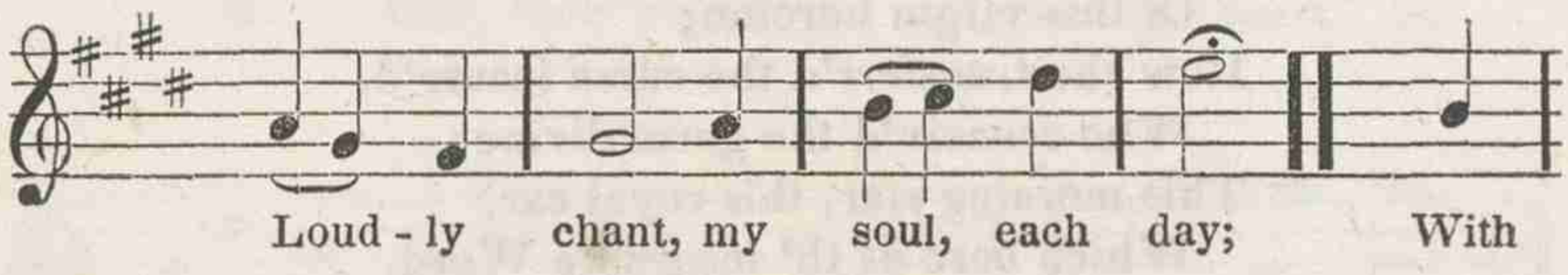
Soldiers of Christ! arise,
The God of armies calls
Us to his mansions in the skies—
To everlasting halls!
Lo! th' angel host appears,
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh! what is earth, its sighs and tears—
Its joys—compared to this.
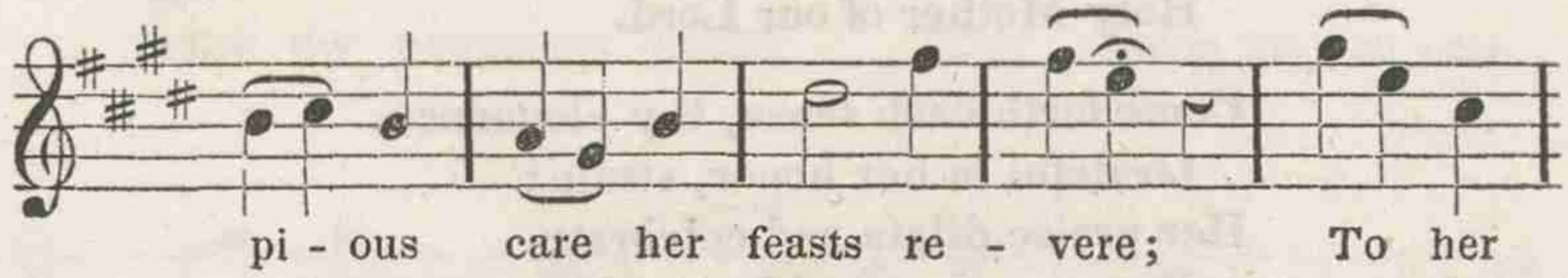
Crush'd is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone;
And ye, with vict'ry crown'd, shall go
To Christ's eternal throne.
There shall the conqueror rest,
And in that blest abode,
Forever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

DEVOTION TO THE B. V. MARY.

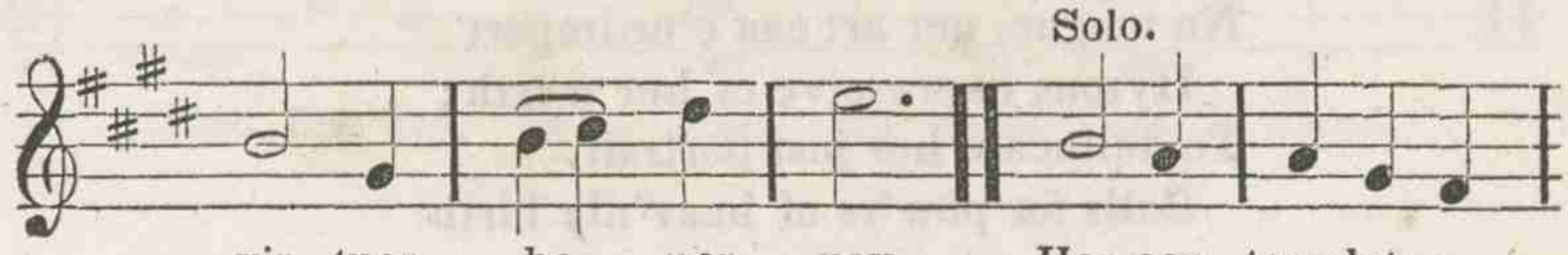
Moderato. J. Hœrner.
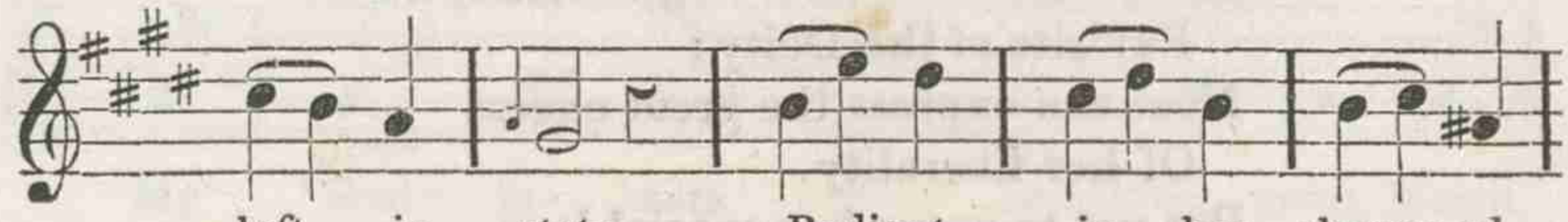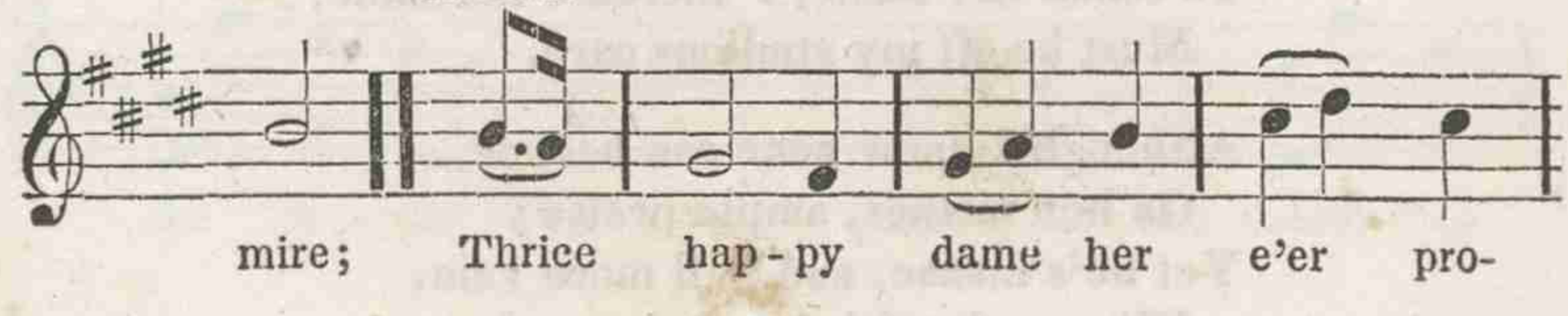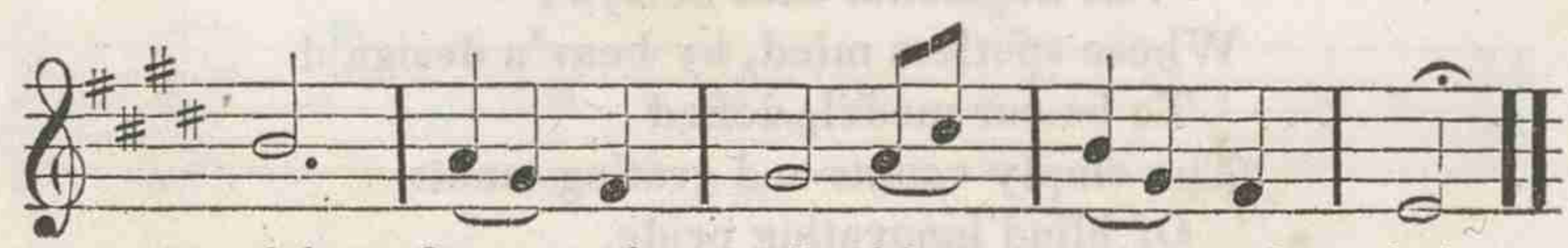






Solo.





Chorus.





Her name invoke, that from the yoke
  Of sin she may release thee;
To her address, in thy distress,
  Lest some dire fate involve thee.
This heav'nly bride hath us supplied
  With the treasures of her love;
This queen benign, of royal line,
  Illustrates us from above.

My tongue repeat the noble feat
  Of this virgin heroine;
How she transferr'd the curse incurr'd,
  Who conceiv'd the germ divine;
This morning star, this royal car,
  Which bore us th' incarnate Word,
With sound of love, for e'er salute,
  Holy Mother of our Lord.
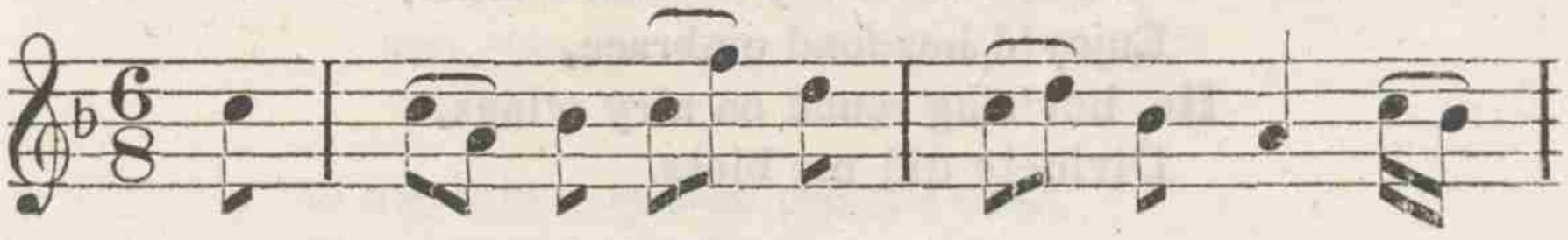
Come forth each sense, thy eloquence,
  Grateful in her honor, strain;
Her praise dilate and celebrate,
  Pure, a mirror without stain,
No tongue, nor art can e'er impart
  Hymns expressive of her worth;
To delineate her just portrait,
  Calls for pow'rs of heav'nly birth.

Let all commend this virgin friend,
  Fav'rite of the Deity;
None can express the great excess
  Of her liberality.
But yet to prove her special love,
  As all pious souls declare,
To sound her name, t' increase her fame,
  Must be oft my studious care.
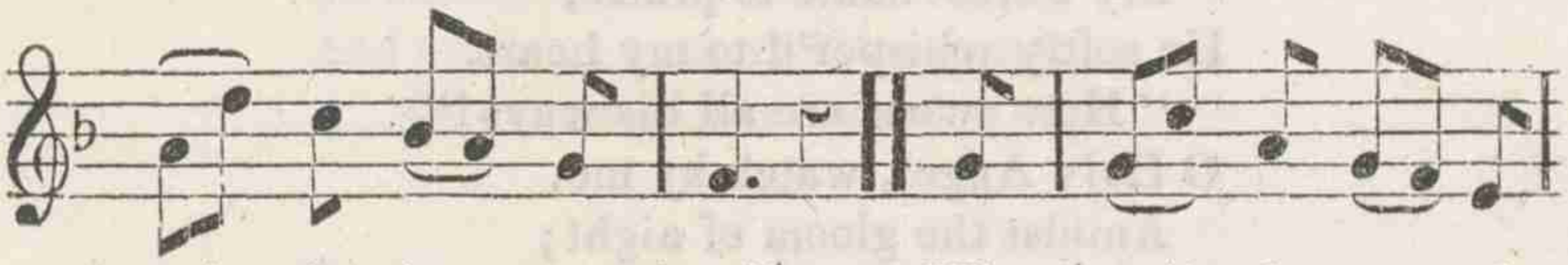
Although I know none can bestow,
  On her virtues, ample praise;
Yet he's insane, and still more vain,
  Who neglectful thus delays;
Whose spotless mind, by heav'n design'd
  To be our model, defied
The empty vaunts and grating taunts
  Of blind innovating pride.

DEVOTION TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.
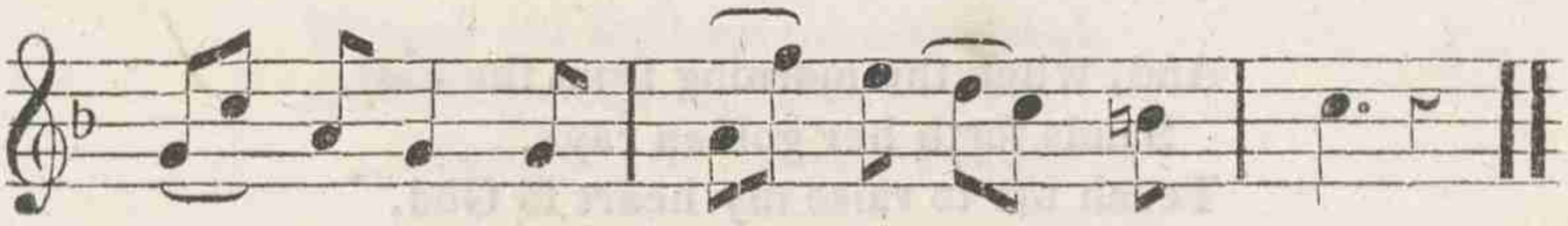
Moderato. Mel. Ar. J. H.



O God, how ought my grate-ful heart To



praise thy bounteous hand! Who send'st thy an-gel



from the sky, To be my guide and friend.
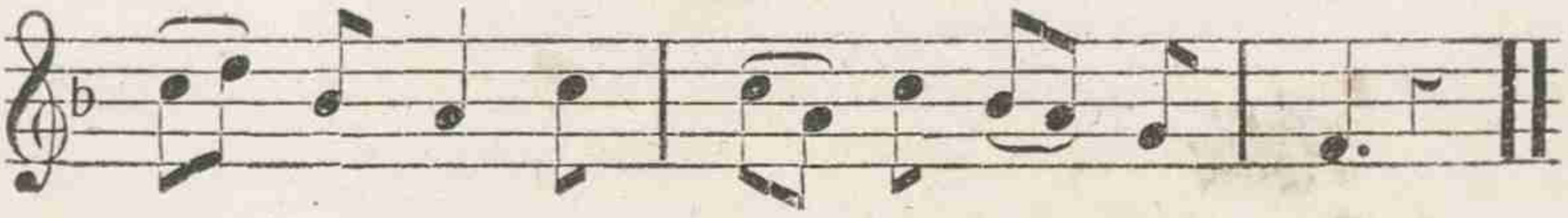
Chorus.



My soul is sure-ly something great, Meant



for e-ter-ni-ty, That an-gels should thus



be employ'd, In watching o-ver me.

Protected by his heav'nly aid,
How safe my infancy!
Tho' death and danger rag'd around,
They harmless pass'd by me.
When I, within my mother's arms,
Enjoy'd her fond embrace,
He, hov'ring round on airy wings,
Divinely did me bless.

When, first I from my mother learnt
My Jesus' name to praise,
He softly whisper'd to my heart,
"How sweet are all his ways!"
O Holy Angel, watch by me,
Amidst the gloom of night;
And let no unbecoming thought,
With sin, my heart delight.

And, when the morning from the east,
Sends forth her golden rays,
Teach me to raise my heart to God,
And sing his glorious praise.
And while the sun, with brighter beams,
Is shining through the day,
Let ev'ry action, ev'ry thought,
My love to him display.

In ev'ning, when the cooling breeze
Invites to sweet repose,
May I, in grateful thanks to him,
My wearied eyelids close.
Celestial guardian, thus with thee,
And by thy constant care,
May I the world's corruption flee,
And heav'nly blessings share.

DEVOTION TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Mel. "Come, Holy Ghost, send down."

O YE, whom golden pinions bear,
Down to this world of sin and care,
By boundless mercy sent,
To shield us when most desolate,
And guide us back to Eden's gate,
Of love and pity blent!
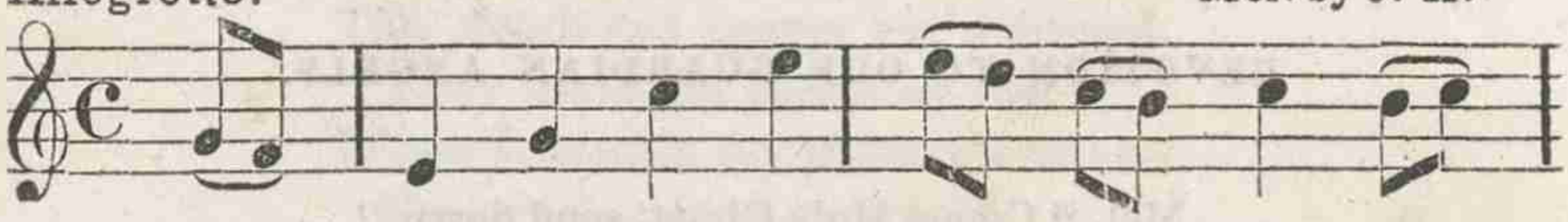
Ye pure, ye white-robed choirs, who raise
Melodious songs of endless praise,
O! teach us to fulfil,
Though our frail nature may rebel,
And all our ruder passions swell,
Like you, th' Eternal's will.

Some heav'nly spark bring from above,
To warm our frigid souls with love,
And bid them soar away,
Upon devotion's wings of flame,
To that far clime, from which she came,
The realms of lasting day.
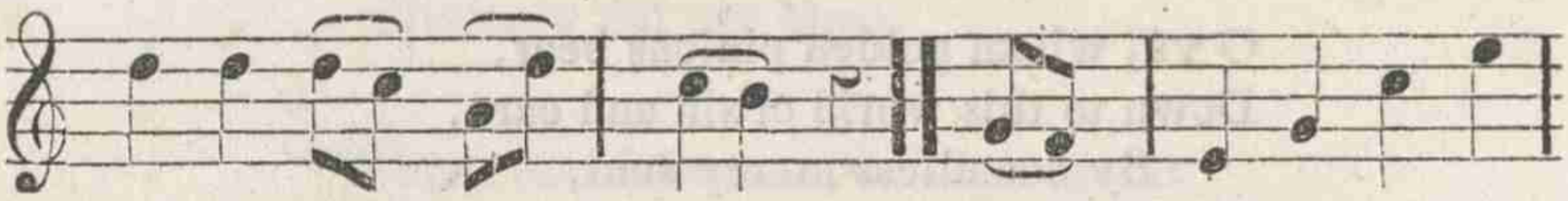
O! when the darker powers would bind
The fatally deluded mind,
To warn us, hover nigh;
And may your inspirations bright
Around us shed a radiant light,
And guide us to the sky!

DESIRE OF HEAVEN.
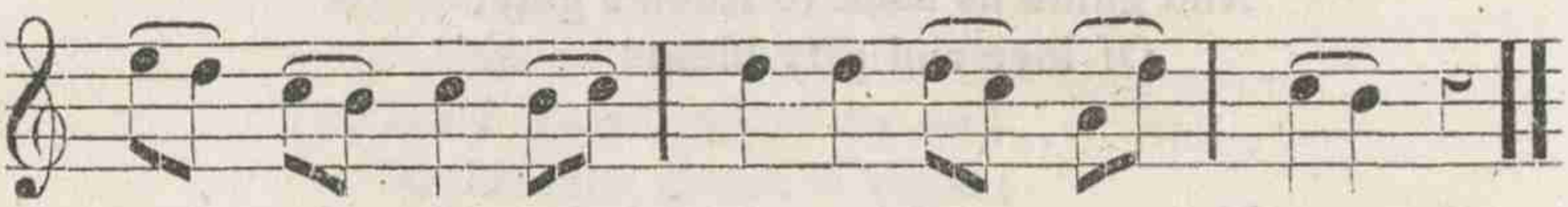
Allegretto. Mel. by J. H.
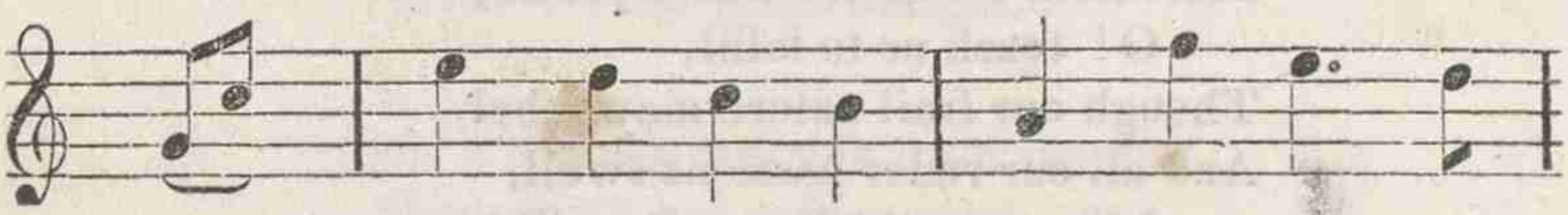


Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes, Up



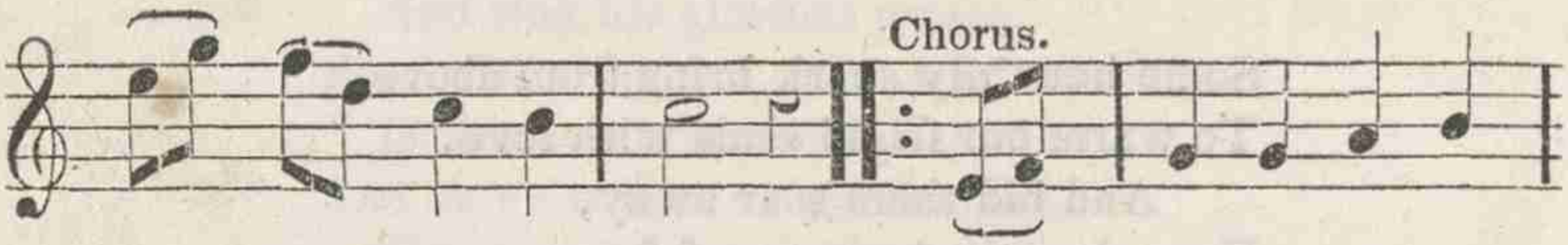
to the courts a - - bove; And smile to see the



Fa - ther there, up - - on a throne of love.



The peace-ful gates of heav'nly bliss are



o - pen'd to the Son; High let us raise our



notes of praise, And reach th' Al migh - ty's throne.
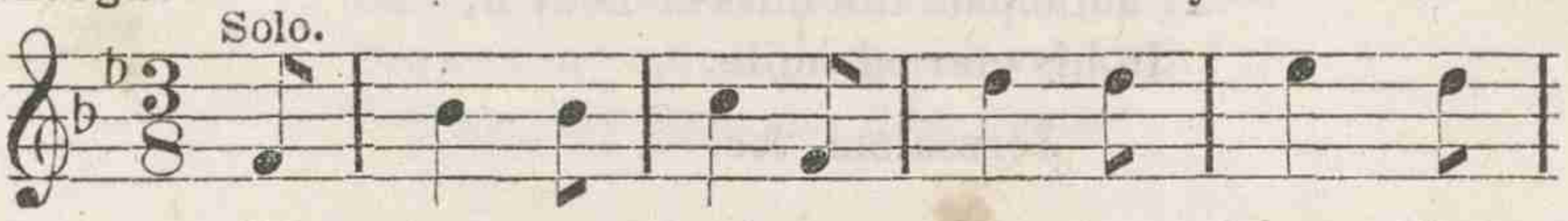
O heav'n! O land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Whence endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain!
When shall my soul from darkness free,
To thy bright seats remove,
For e'er to praise my dearest Lord,
In endless peace and love.
For e'er to praise, &c.
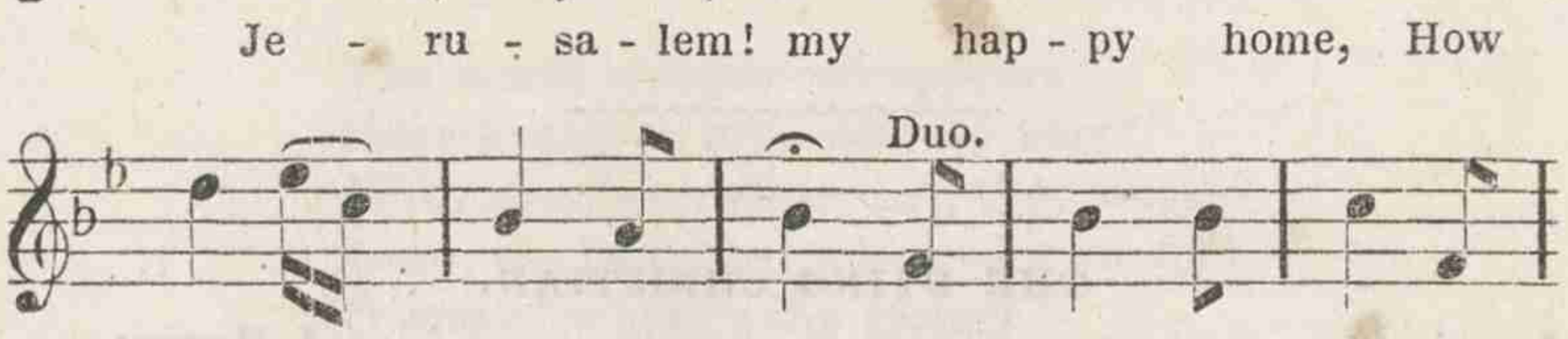
To him who sits upon the throne,
The God who all us made,
And to the Lamb, once for us slain,
Be endless honors paid:
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.
Be glory as, &c.

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.
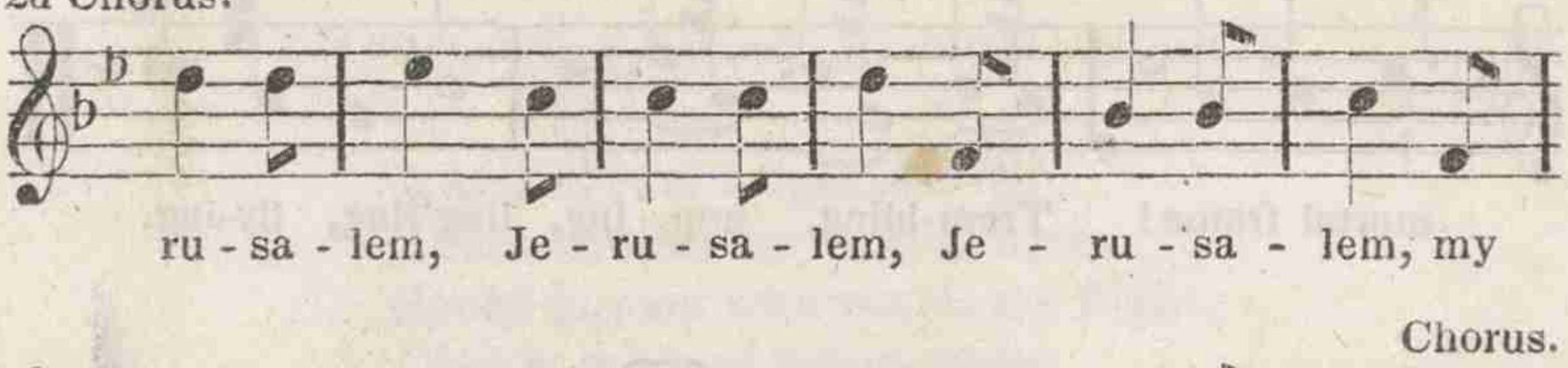
(Appen.)
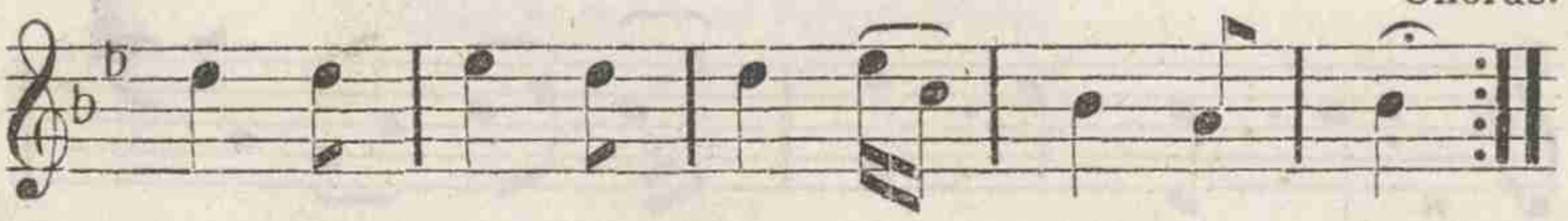
Larghetto. By Mrs. Seton.











No sun, or moon in borrow'd light,
  Revolves thine hour away;
The Lamb, on Calv'ry's mountain slain,
  Is thy eternal day.

Jerusalem, &c.
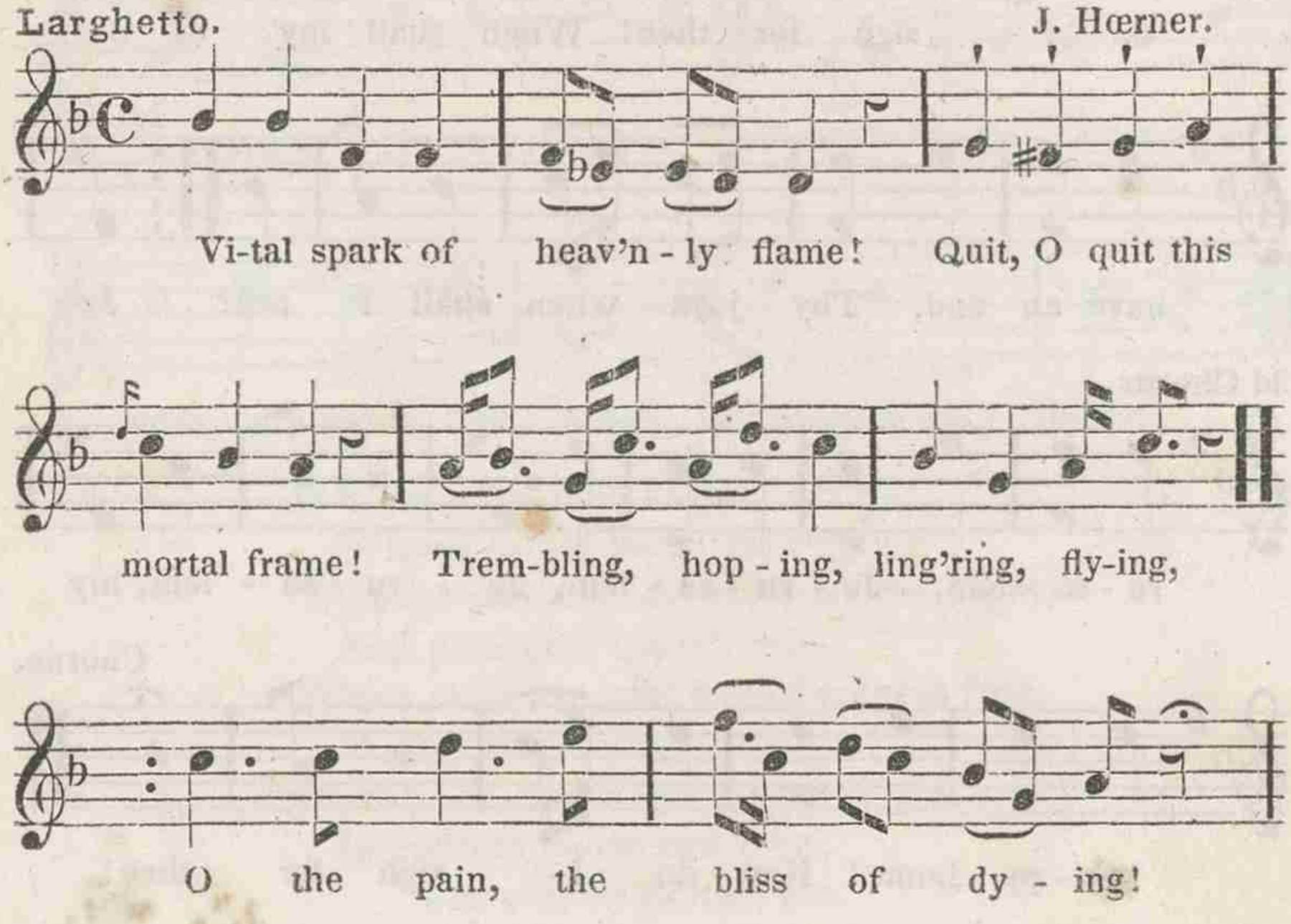
From every eye he wipes the tear,
  All sighs and sorrows cease;
No more alternate hope and fear,
  But everlasting peace.
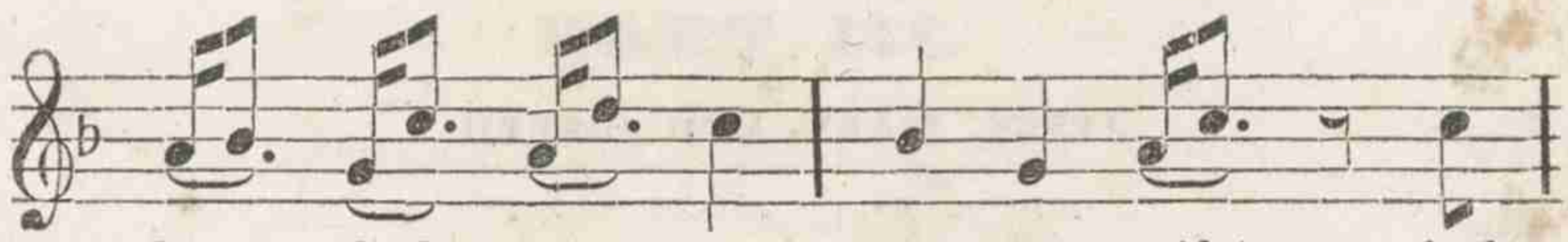
Jerusalem, &c.
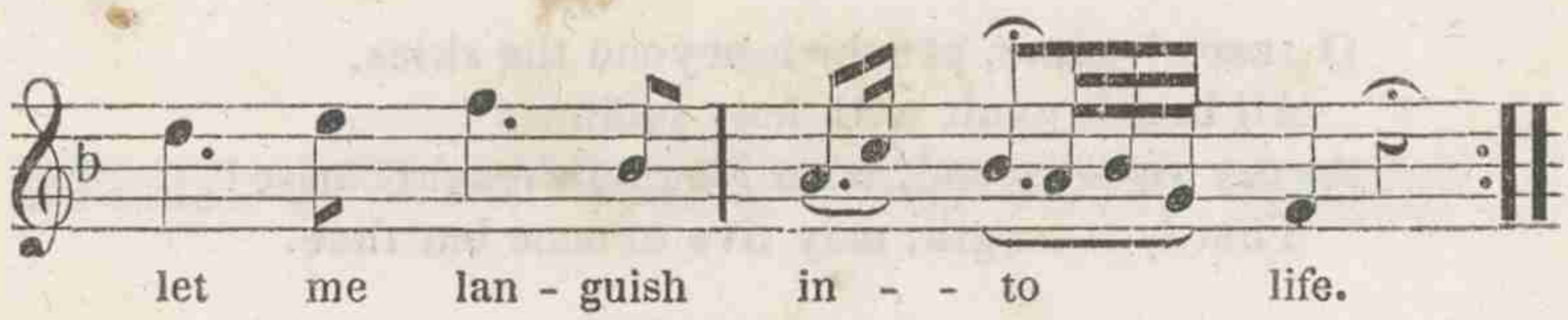
The thought of thee to us is given,
  Our sorrows to beguile—
T' anticipate the bliss of heav'n,
  In his eternal smile.

Jerusalem, &c.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.







Hark! they whisper—angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this, that absorbs me quite!
Steals my senses, dims, shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can it be death?

The world recedes—disappears:
Heav'n opes on my eyes, my ears!
With sounds seraphic, list, they ring!—
Lend, ah, lend your wings—let me fly!—
O grave! where's thy victory?
O death!—O death! where is thy sting?

ANOTHER.

(Mel. "Sing, my soul, his wond'rous love.")

ANGELS, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care:
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH.

(Mel. " O thou great fav'rite.")

O JESUS! name, at which beyond the skies,
All hearts exult with holy jubilee;
At thy sweet sound, what longing thoughts arise!
That I, at length, may live to none but thee.

O Mary! name to which we fondly turn,
Assured to find a never failing aid,
In that rare love, wherewith thy heart doth burn,
O do, by it, for hapless sinners plead.

O Joseph! name, that points the just man's way,
O yes, thou art our true and gracious friend;
Assist thy children, while on earth we stay,
That we may walk securely to the end.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph fill my heart!
Be there engraved in characters of love!
And, O! when from this exile I depart,
Then waft my spirit to the realms above.

PART III.

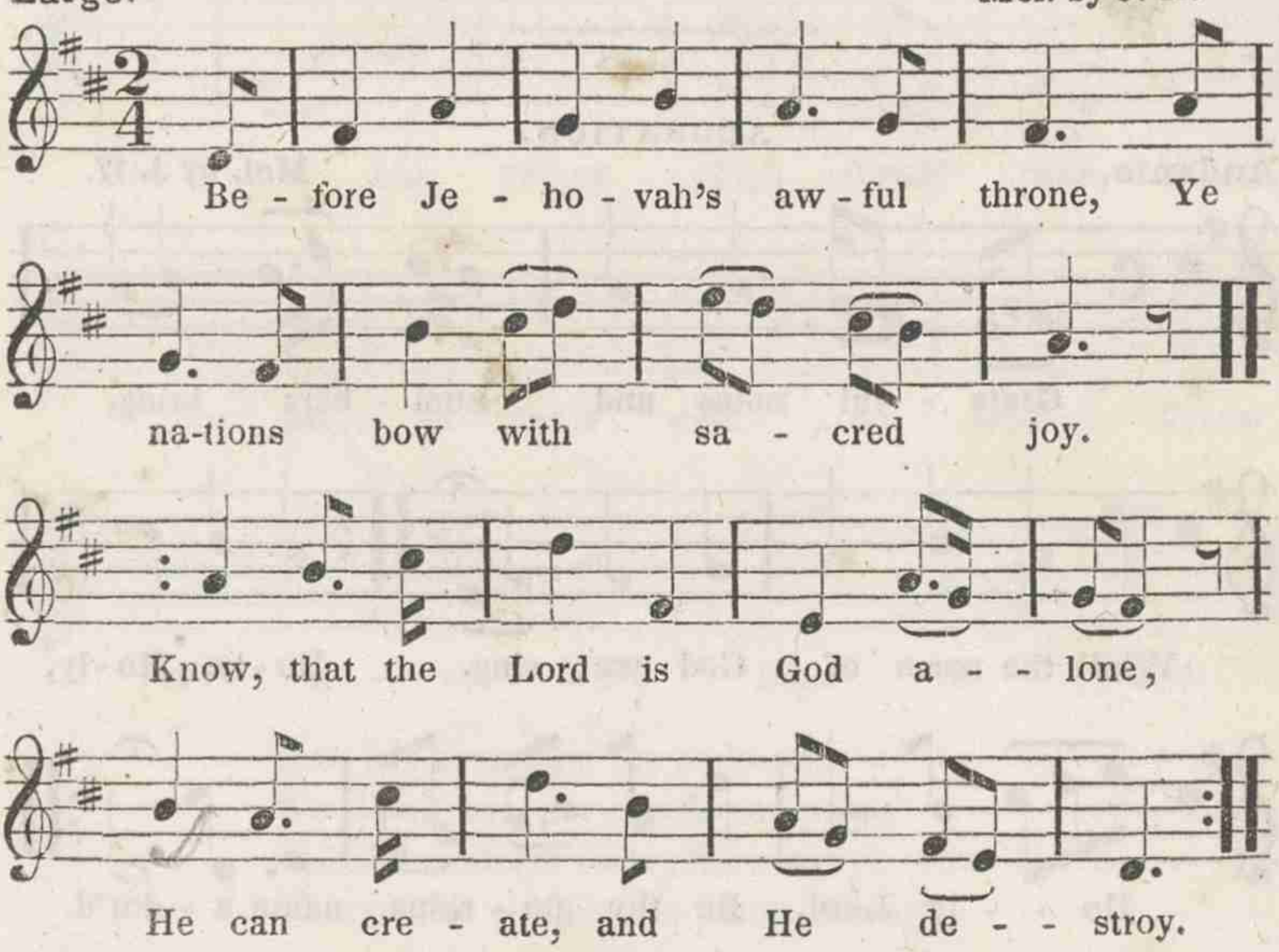
HYMNS

ON

ESPECIAL ACTS OF RELIGION AND DIVINE WORSHIP.

ADORATION.

Largo. Mel. by J. H.



His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
  Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
  He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
  Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
  Almighty Maker, to thy name?
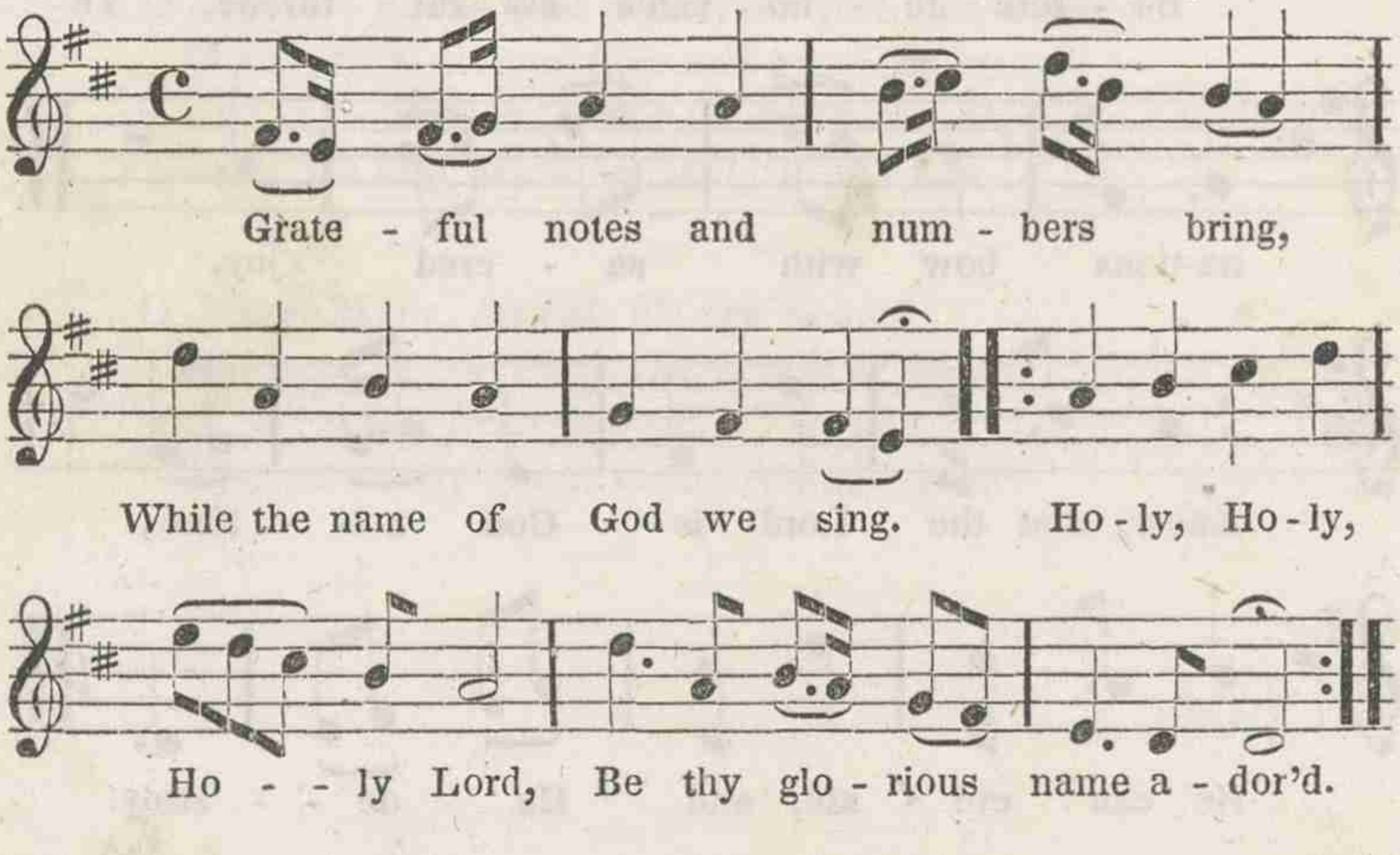
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
  Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Your harps and hymns, soft melody,
  Attuned, into the concert bring;
The trumpet and the cornet sound,
  T' exalt, and praise th' Almighty King.

Wide as the world is thy command,
  Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

ADORATION.

Andante. Mel. by J. H.
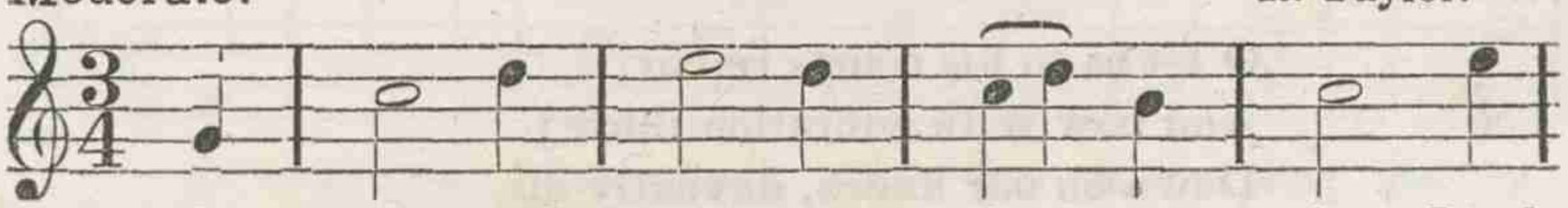


Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love.
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Hail, celestial goodness hail!

While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way.
Mortals, raise your voices high,
'Till they reach the ech'ing sky.
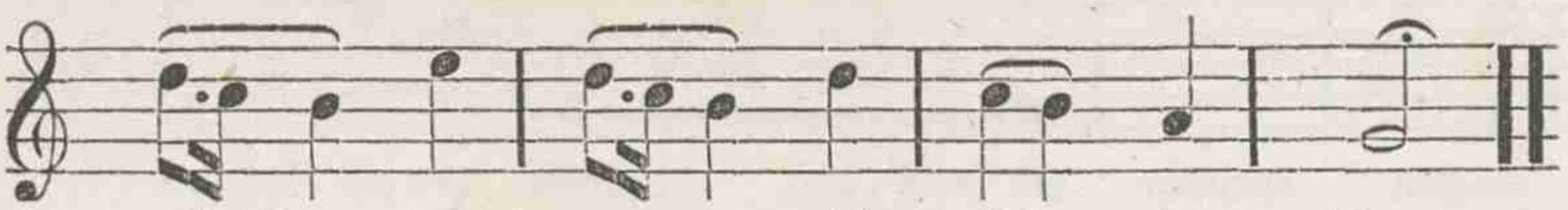
ADORATION.

(Venite exultemus:)
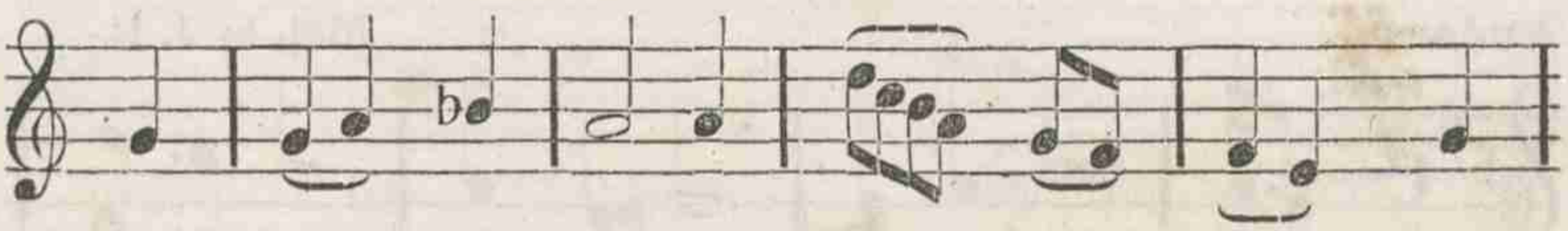
Moderato. R. Taylor.



O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud
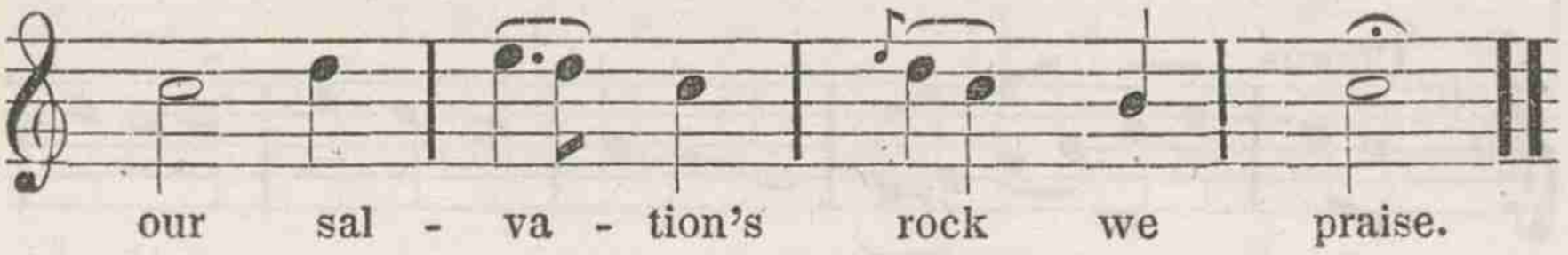


thanks to our Al - migh - ty king;



For we our voices high should raise, When



our sal - va - tion's rock we praise; When



our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

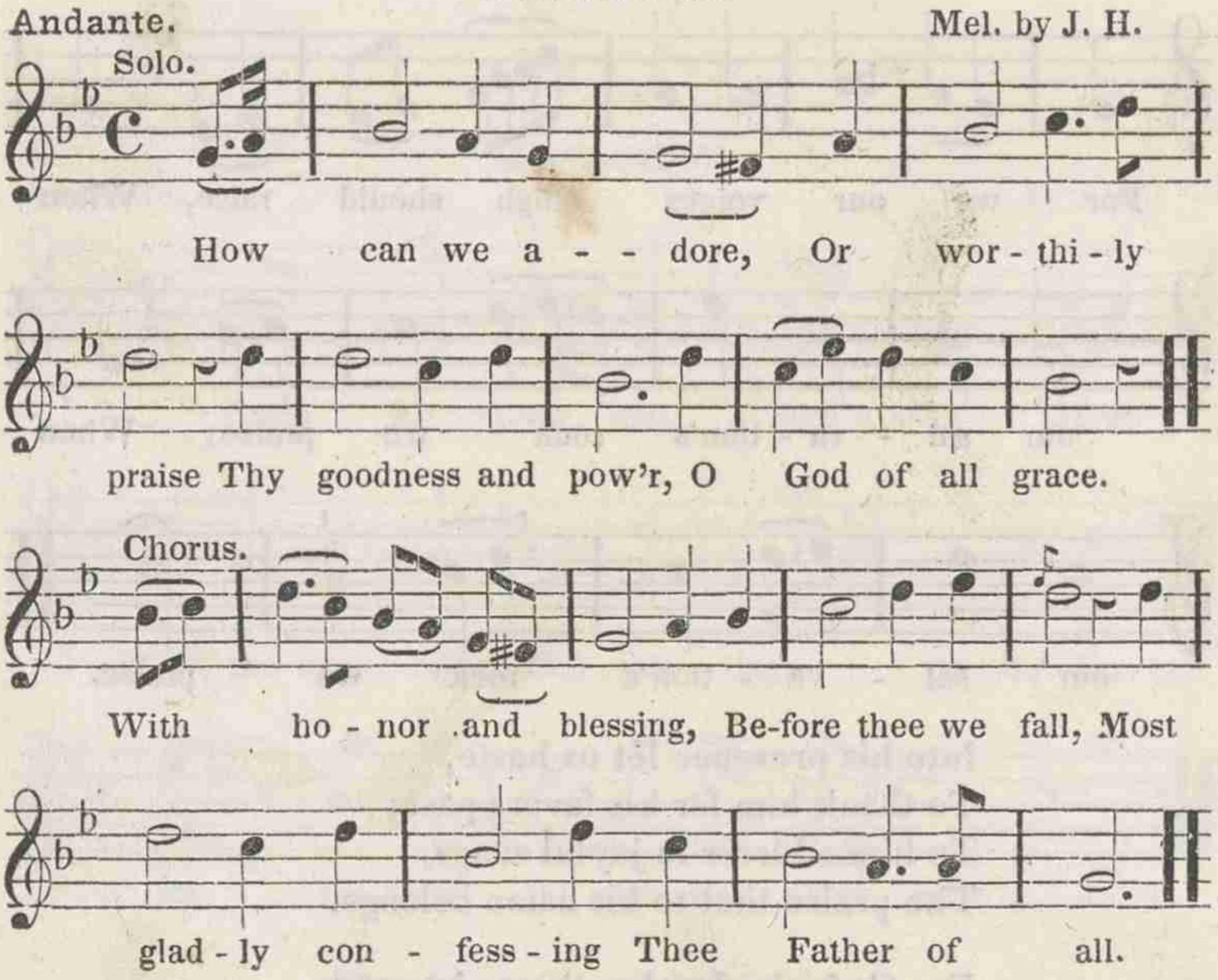
For God, the Lord enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathens falsely call.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret health at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
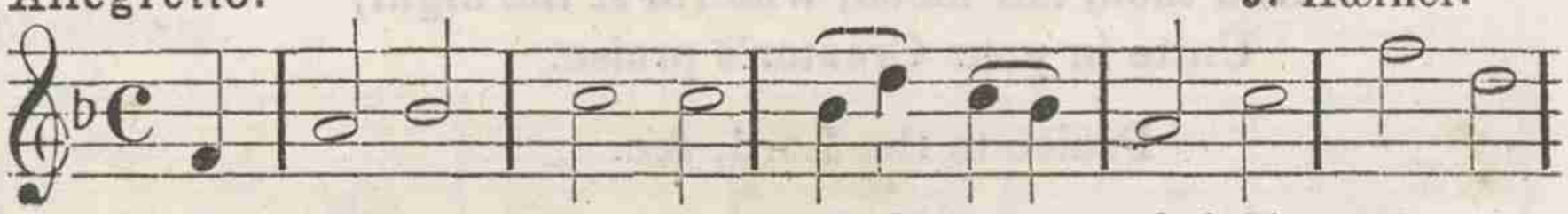
ADORATION.



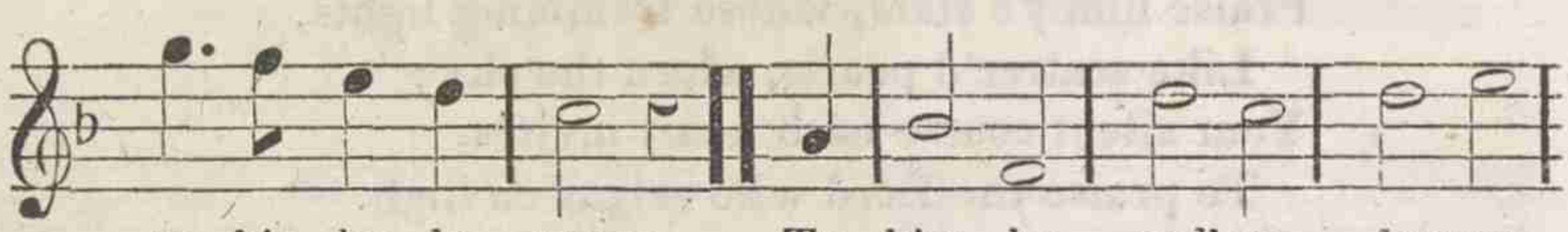
The heavens, and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth—
Subsist by thy care;
Whilst angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

PRAISE.
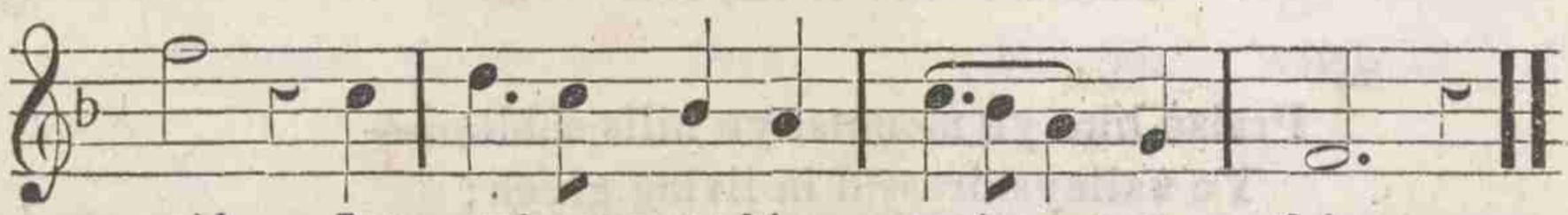
Allegretto. J. Hœrner.



O all ye peo-ple, God has made! Sing glo - ry

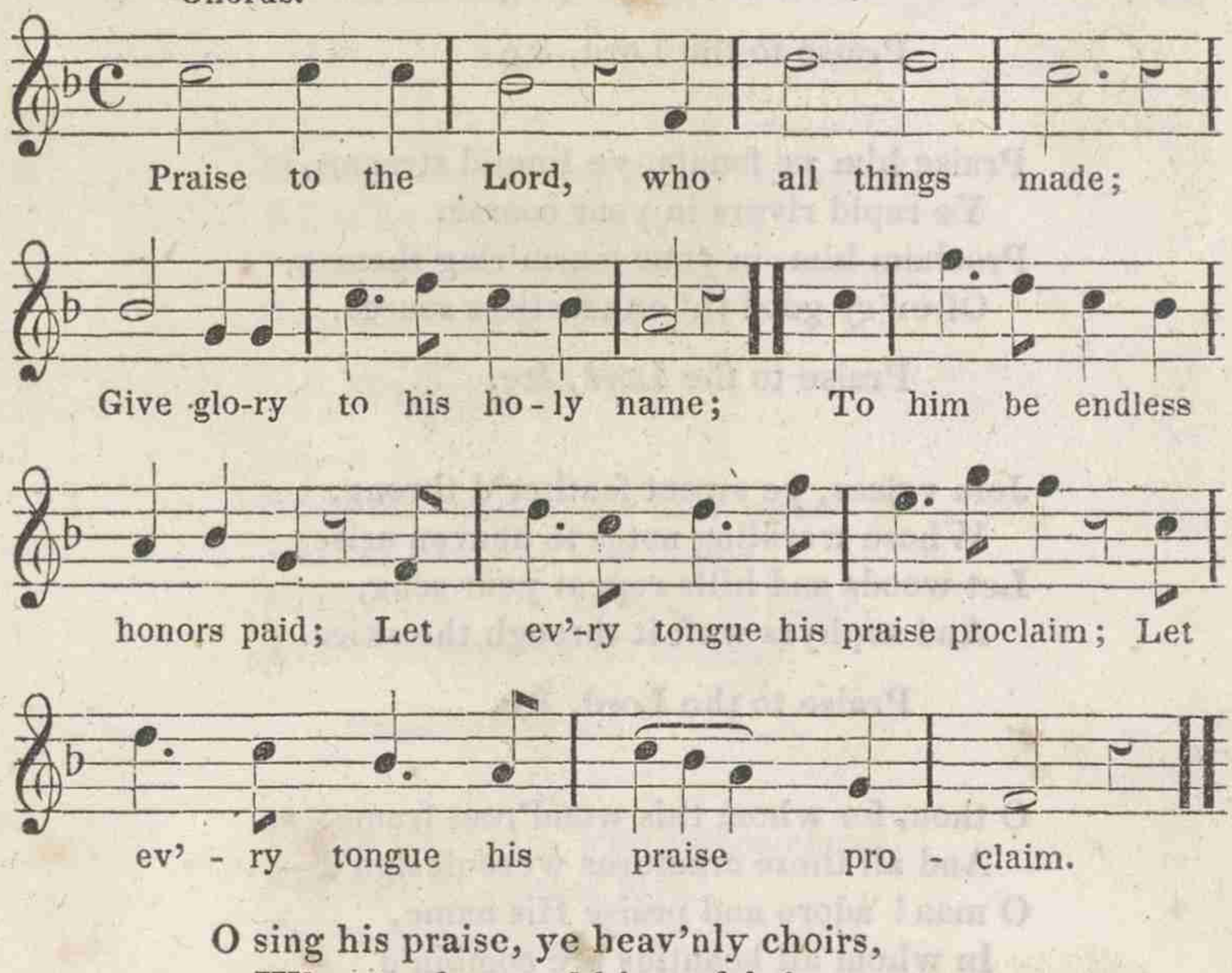


to his ho - ly name; To him be endless honors

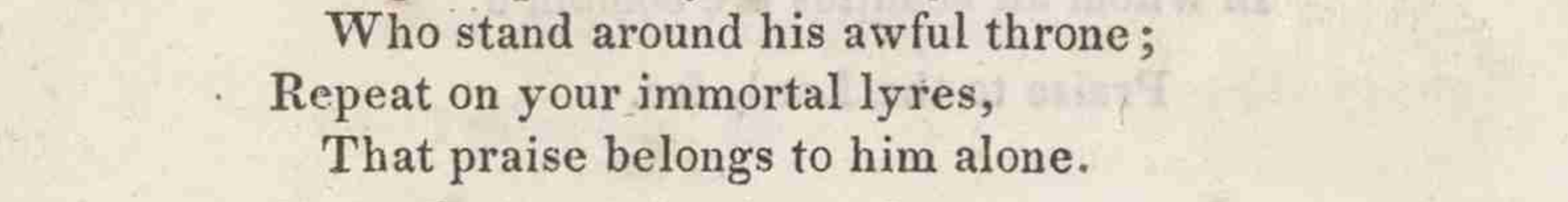


paid: Let ev'ry tongue his praise pro - claim.

Chorus.



Praise to the Lord, who all things made;



Give glo-ry to his ho - ly name; To him be endless



honors paid; Let ev'-ry tongue his praise proclaim; Let



ev' - ry tongue his praise pro - claim.

O sing his praise, ye heav'nly choirs,
Who stand around his awful throne;
Repeat on your immortal lyres,
That praise belongs to him alone.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

Thou glorious sun, his image bright,
Who rul'st the seasons and the days,
And thou, fair moon, who rul'st the night,
Unite in your Creator's praise.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

Praise him ye stars, whose trembling lights,
Like scatter'd pearls, adorn the sky;
Your silent course each heart invites,
To praise the Lord who reigns on high.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

Praise him ye mounts, ye hills sublime—
Ye valleys dress'd in living green;
Ye flow'rs, declare to ev'ry clime
His charms, to mortal eye unseen.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

Praise him ye founts, ye limpid streams,
Ye rapid rivers in your course,
Proclaim him, in your murm'ring themes,
Of ev'ry good th' exhaustless source.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

Join voices, ye sweet feather'd throng,
Whose warbling notes to heaven arise;
Let woods and hills repeat your song,
And zephyrs waft it through the skies.
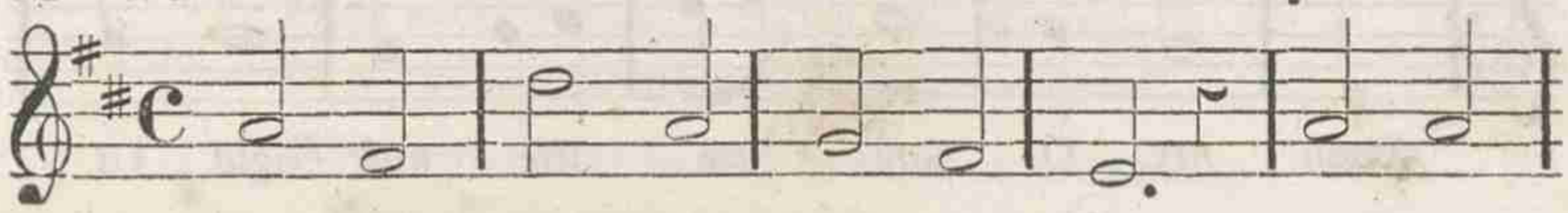
Praise to the Lord, &c.

O thou, for whom this wond'rous frame,
And all these creatures were design'd—
O man! adore and praise His name,
In whom all beauties are combin'd.
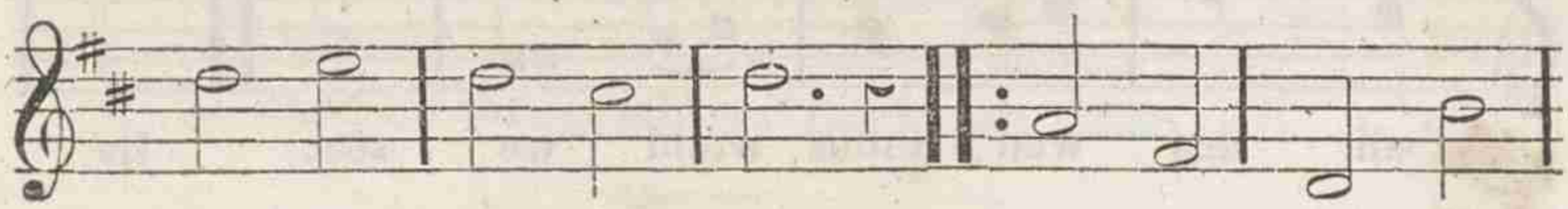
Praise to the Lord, &c.

PRAISE.

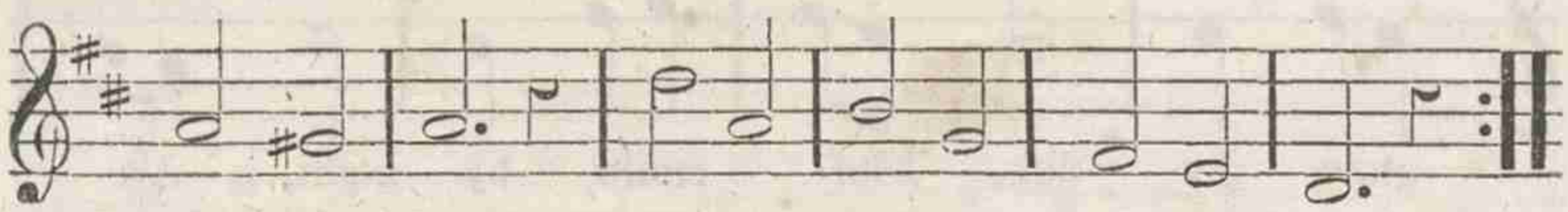
Moderato. By ——.



Sing, my soul, his wond'rous love, Who from



his bright throne a - bove, E - ver watch-ful



o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace.

Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!

What are we, &c.

Sing, my tongue, his holy name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him, 'till he calls us home,
Trust his love for all to come.

Praise him, &c.

Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
Fountain of eternal love!
Praise him all the heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise him, &c.
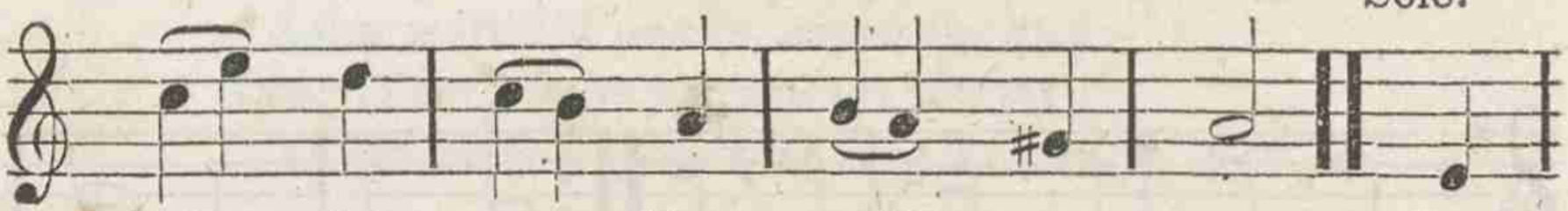
PRAISE.

Andante. J. Hœrner.



Thou art, O God! the life and light Of

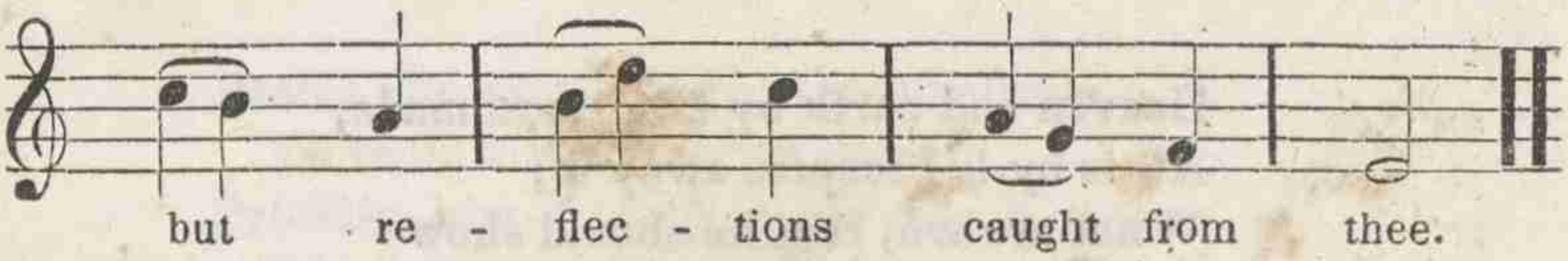
Solo.



all this won - d'rous world we see; Its



glow by day, its smile by night, Are

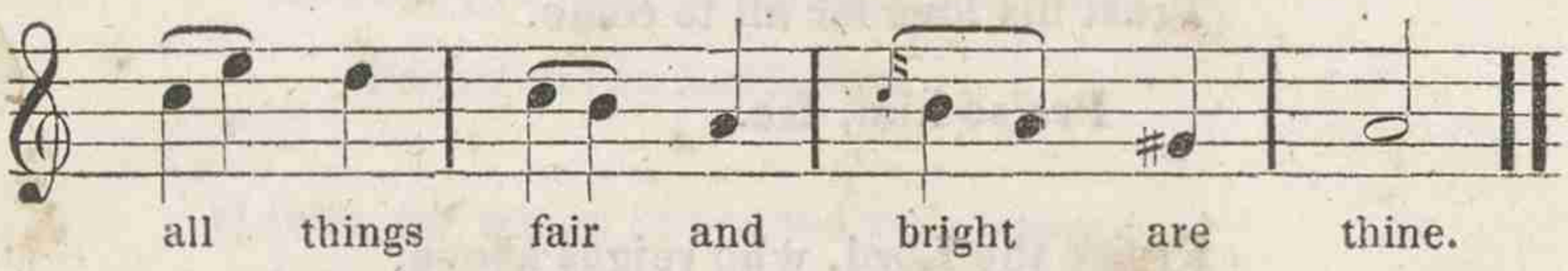


but re - flec - tions caught from thee.

Chorus.



Wher - e'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And



all things fair and bright are thine.

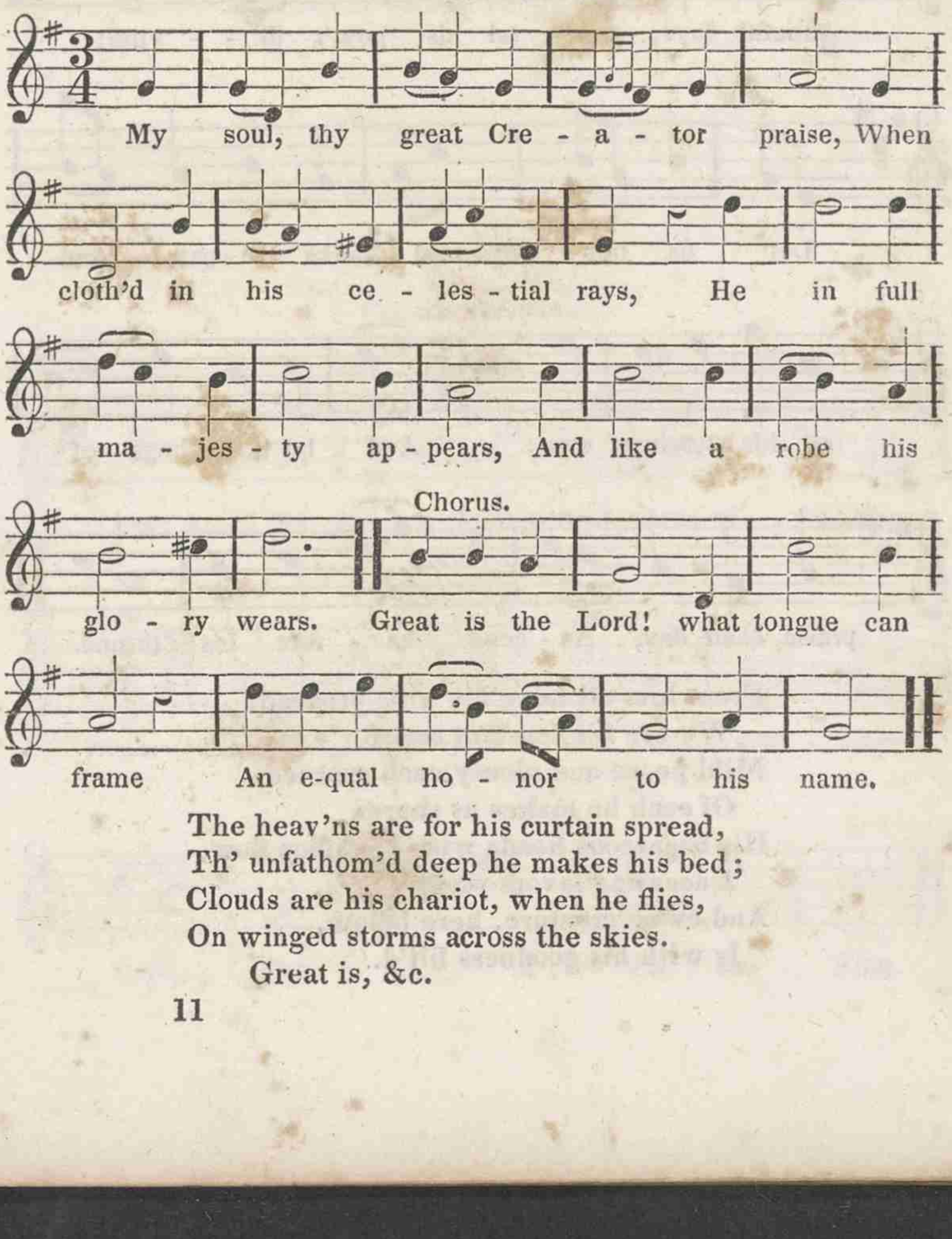
When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we almost can think we gaze,
Through golden vistas, into heaven—
Those hues, that make the sun decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

PRAISE.
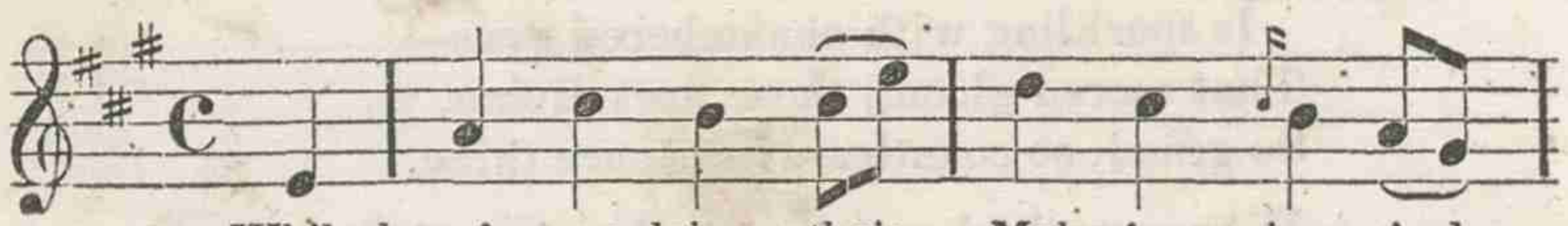
Andante. (Appen.) Haydn.
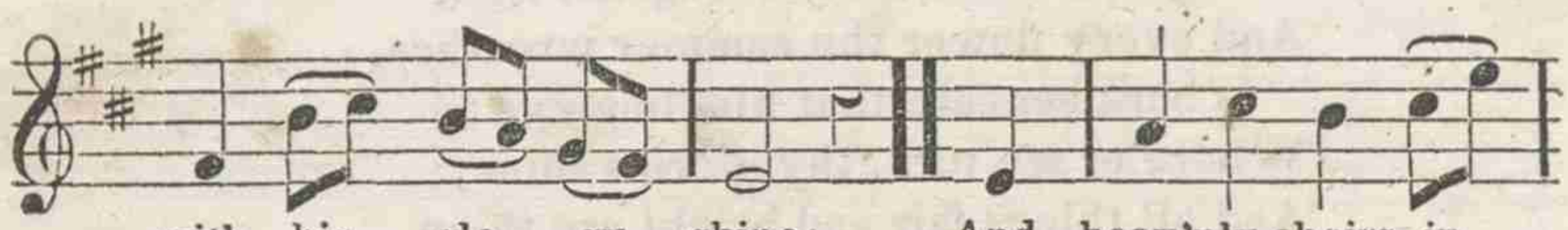


The heav'ns are for his curtain spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies,
On winged storms across the skies.
Great is, &c.

PRAISE.
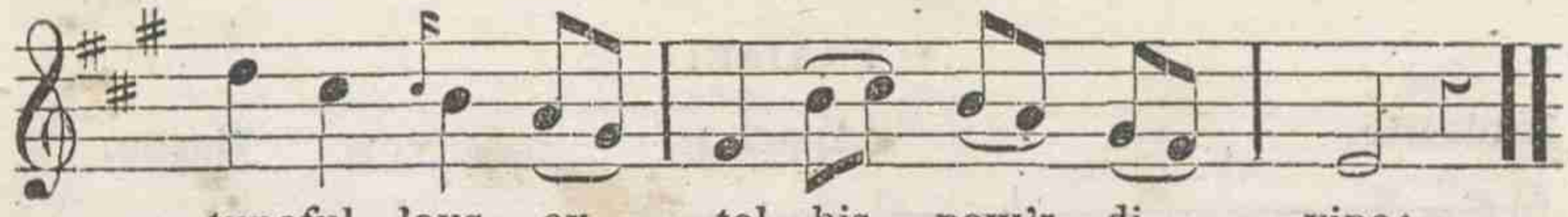
Moderato. J. Hœrner.
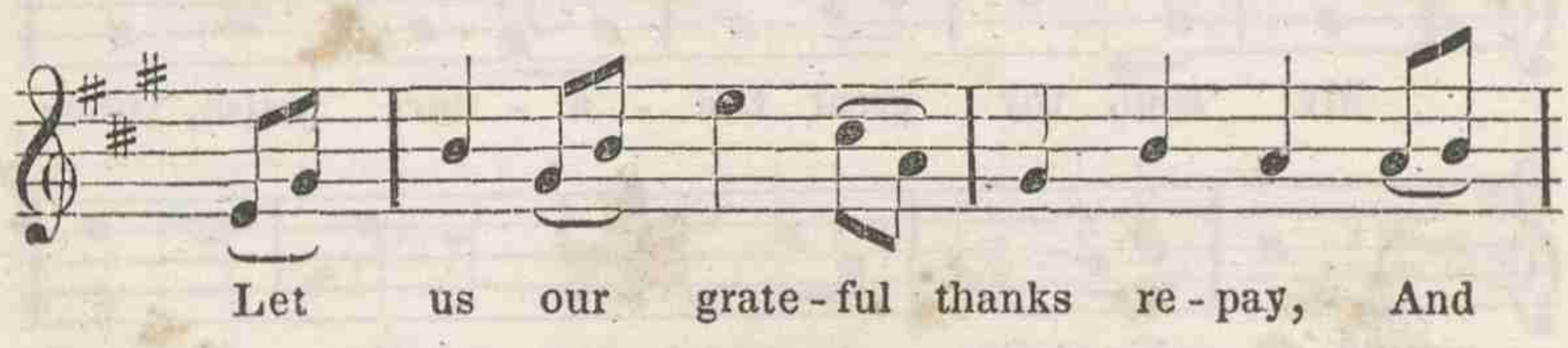


While heav'ns proclaim their Maker's praise, And
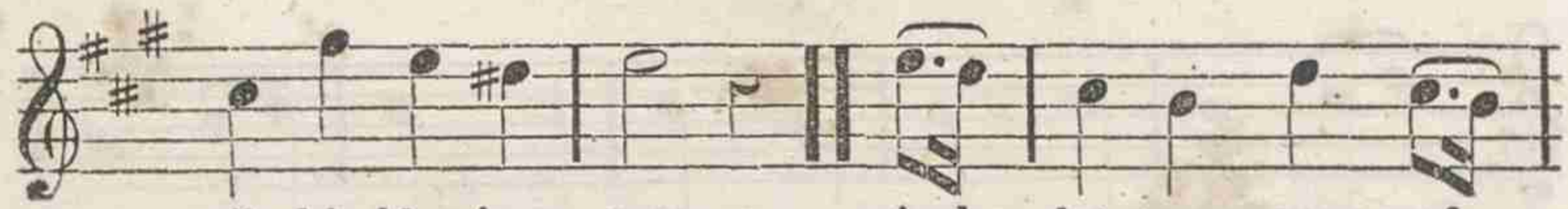


with his glo - ry shine; And heav'nly choirs, in
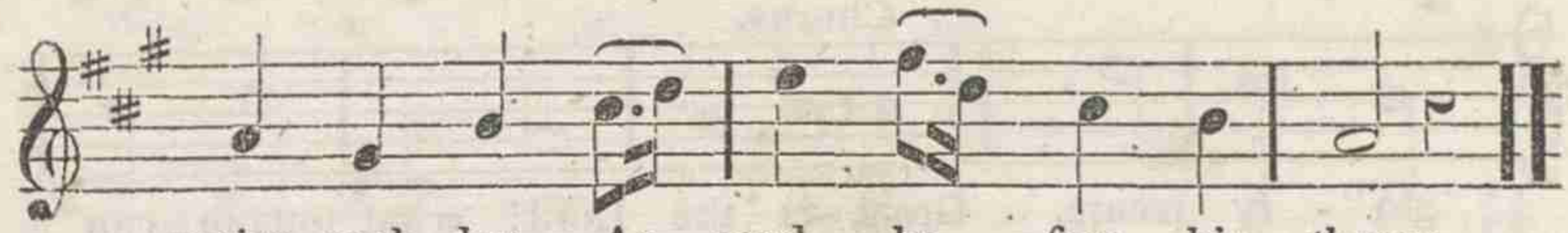


tuneful lays, ex - tol his pow'r di - - vine;



Let us our grate-ful thanks re-pay, And



all his blessings own; And let our songs of



praise, each day, As - cend be - fore his throne.

From him all heav'nly gifts proceed,
We are his constant care;
Mild peace and plenty each succeed,
Of each he makes us share.
His bounteous hands with blessings flow,
Unceasing favors yield,
And ev'ry creature, here below,
Is with his goodness fill'd.
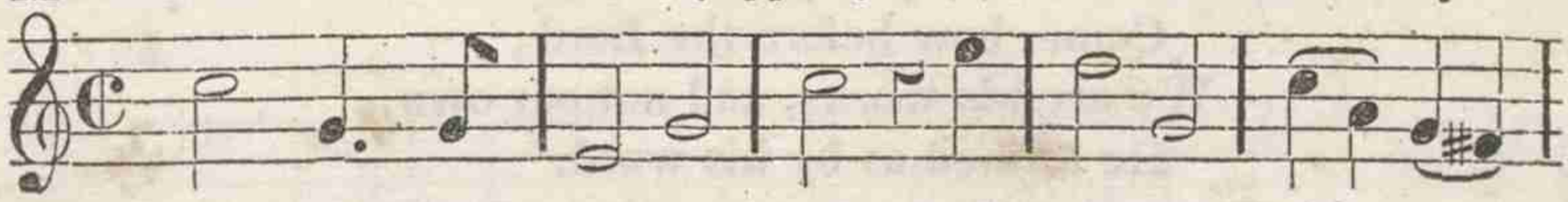
All nature joins in gen'ral song,
To praise his sacred name;
The lowing herd, the feather'd throng,
His wond'rous works proclaim.
But, O my God, what's ev'ry praise,
Thy creatures can display?
How low their most exalted lays,
If but compar'd with thee!

But though thy greatness far transcends
The praise of angel's tongue,
Yet still thy goodness condescends
To hear our feeble song;
Oh! then my favorite theme shall be,
In loud exulting strain,
To laud thy glorious majesty,
And never ending reign.

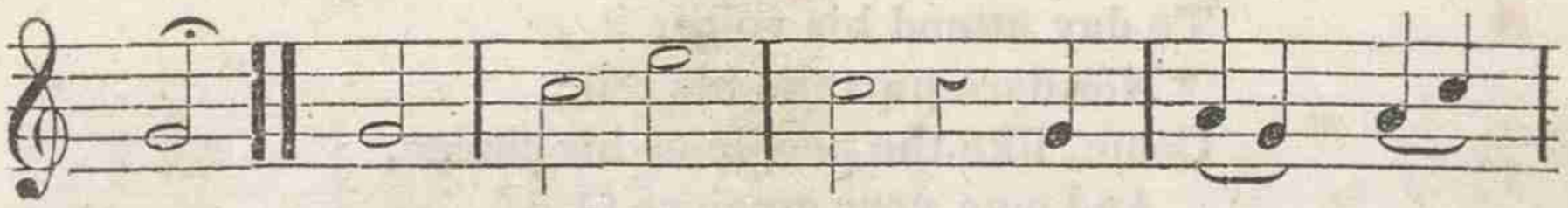
PRAISE.

(Venite exultemus.)
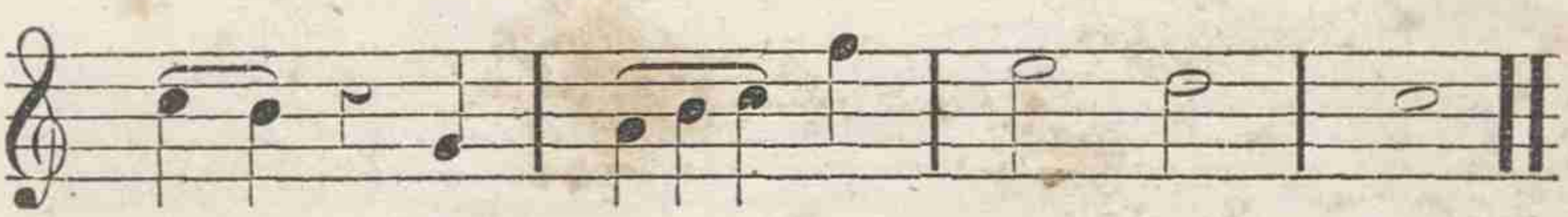
Moderato. (Appen.) Ancient Melody.
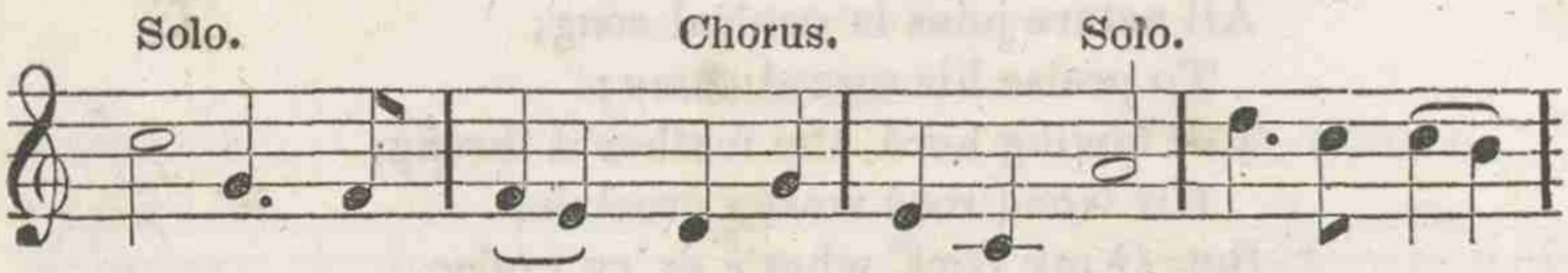


Come sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry
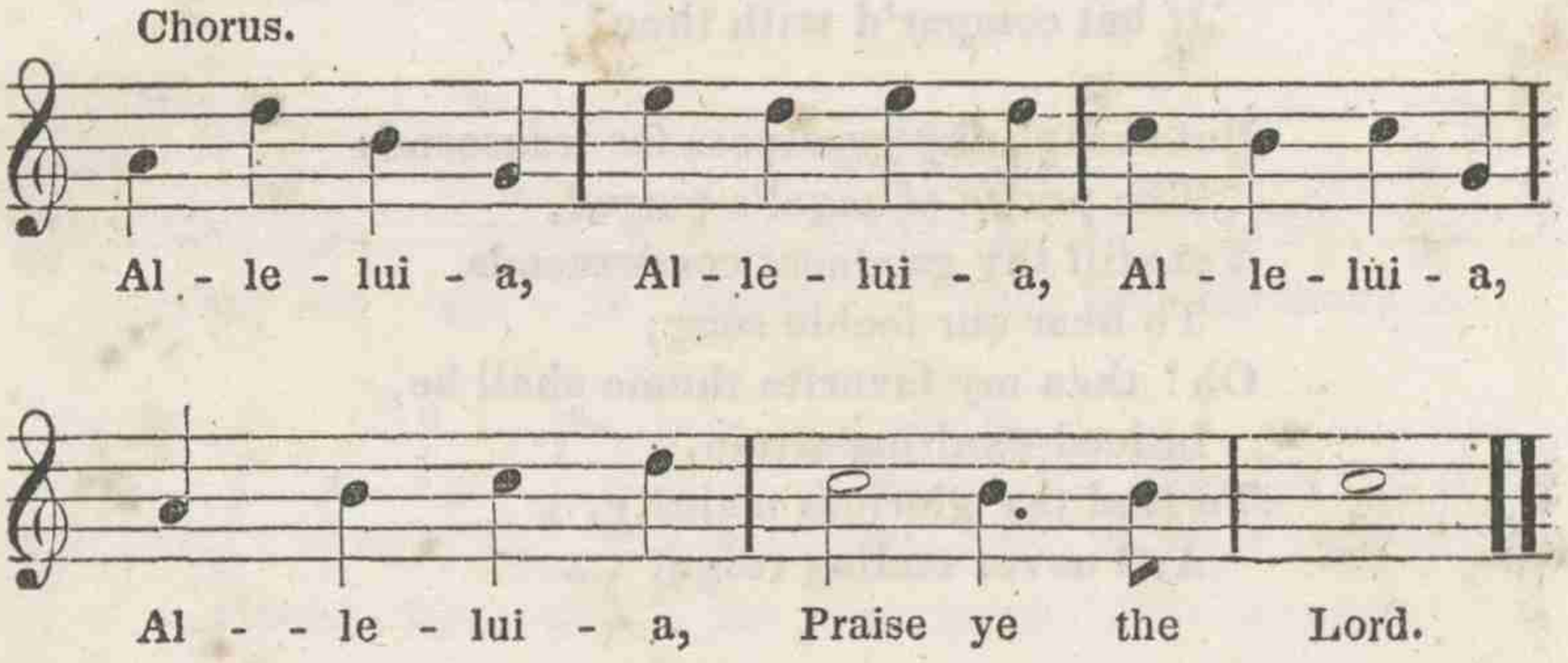


sing; Je - - ho-vah is the sov' - reign



Lord, The u - - ni - - ver - sal King.





He formed the deeps unknown,
  He gave the seas their bounds;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
  And all the solid grounds.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

Come worship at his throne;
  Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
  He formed us by his word.
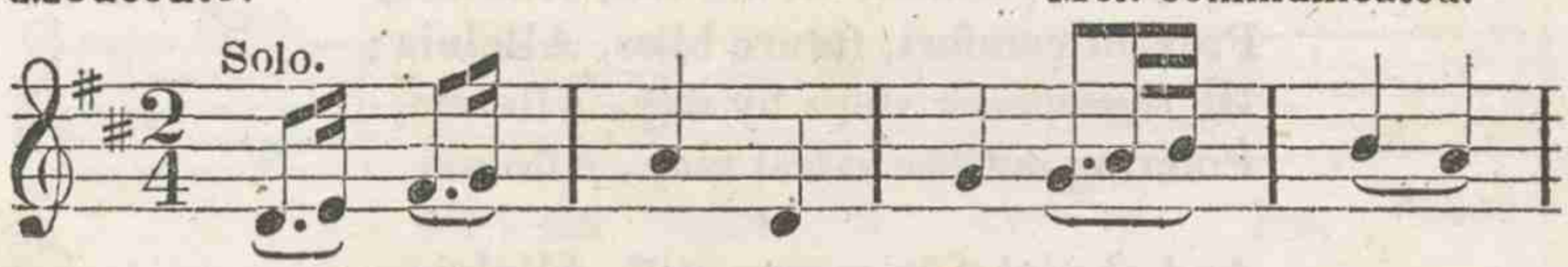
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.
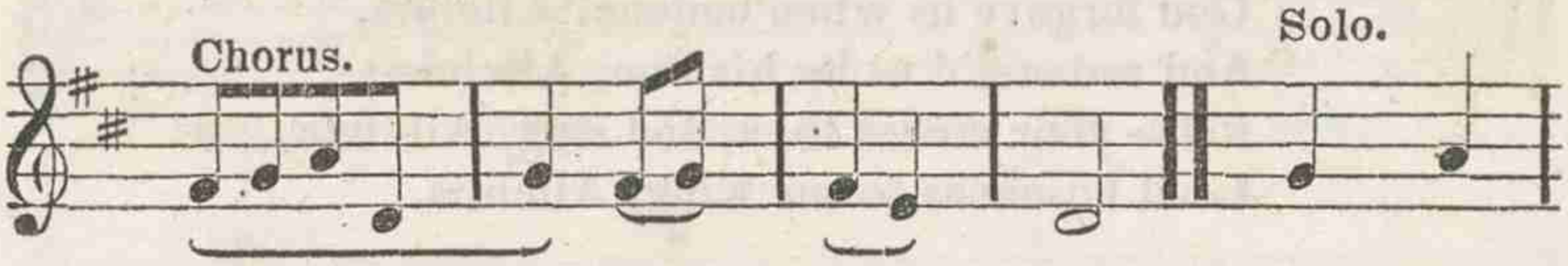
To day attend his voice,
  Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
  And own your gracious God.
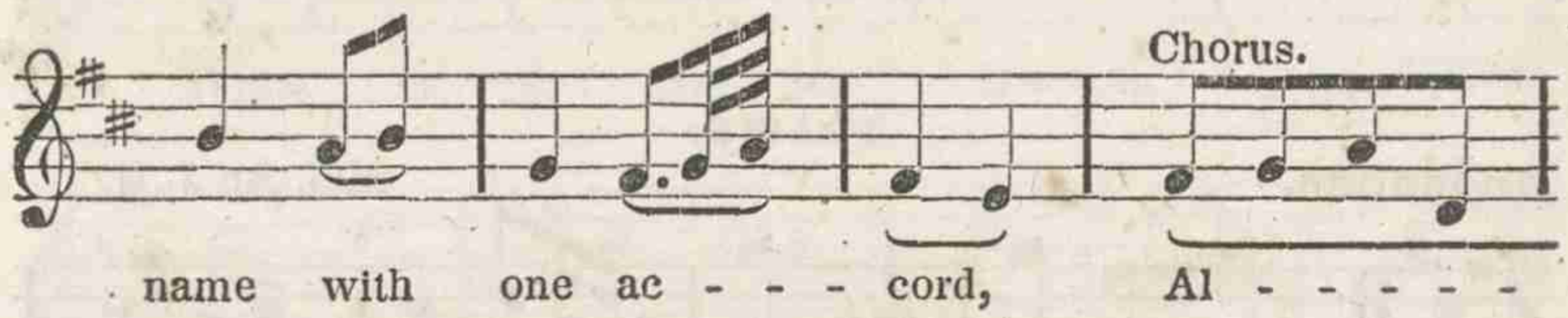
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

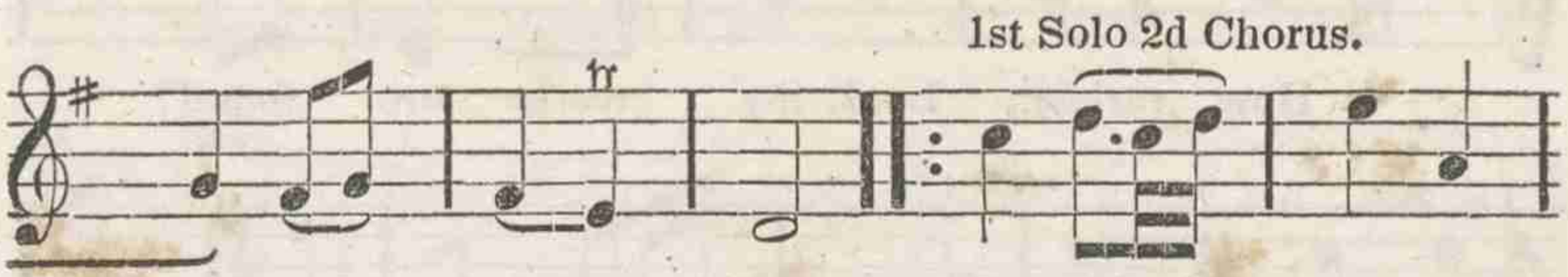
PRAISE.
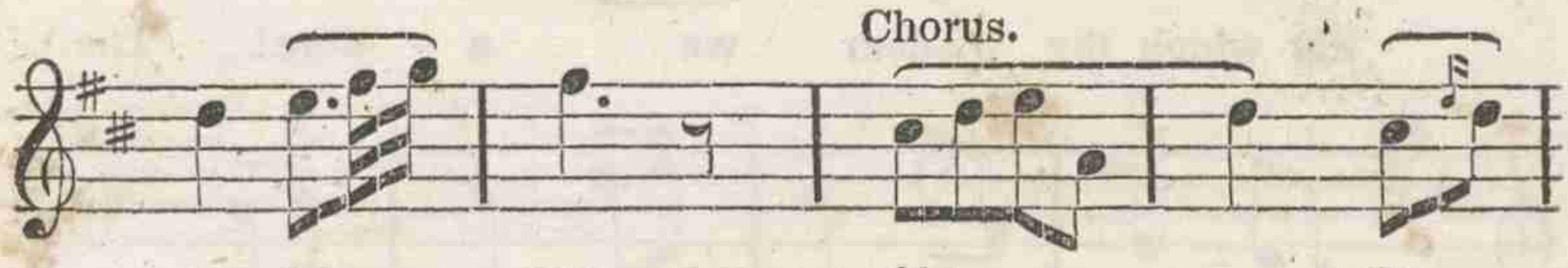
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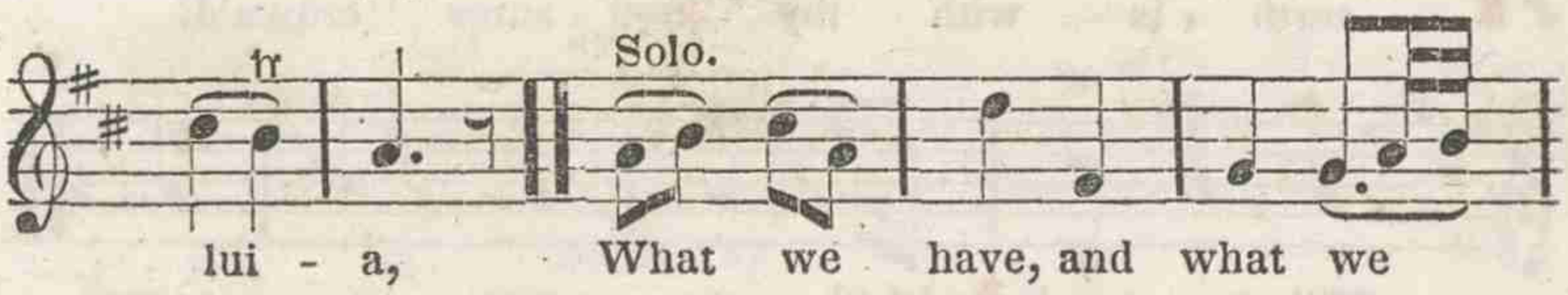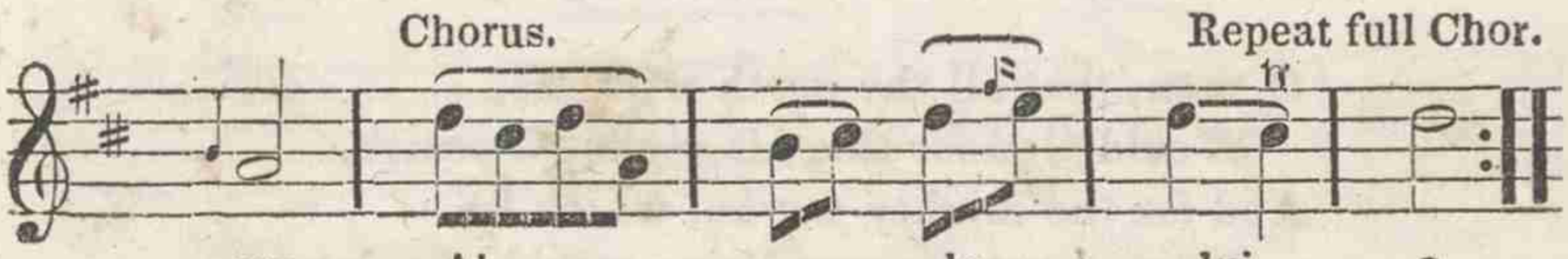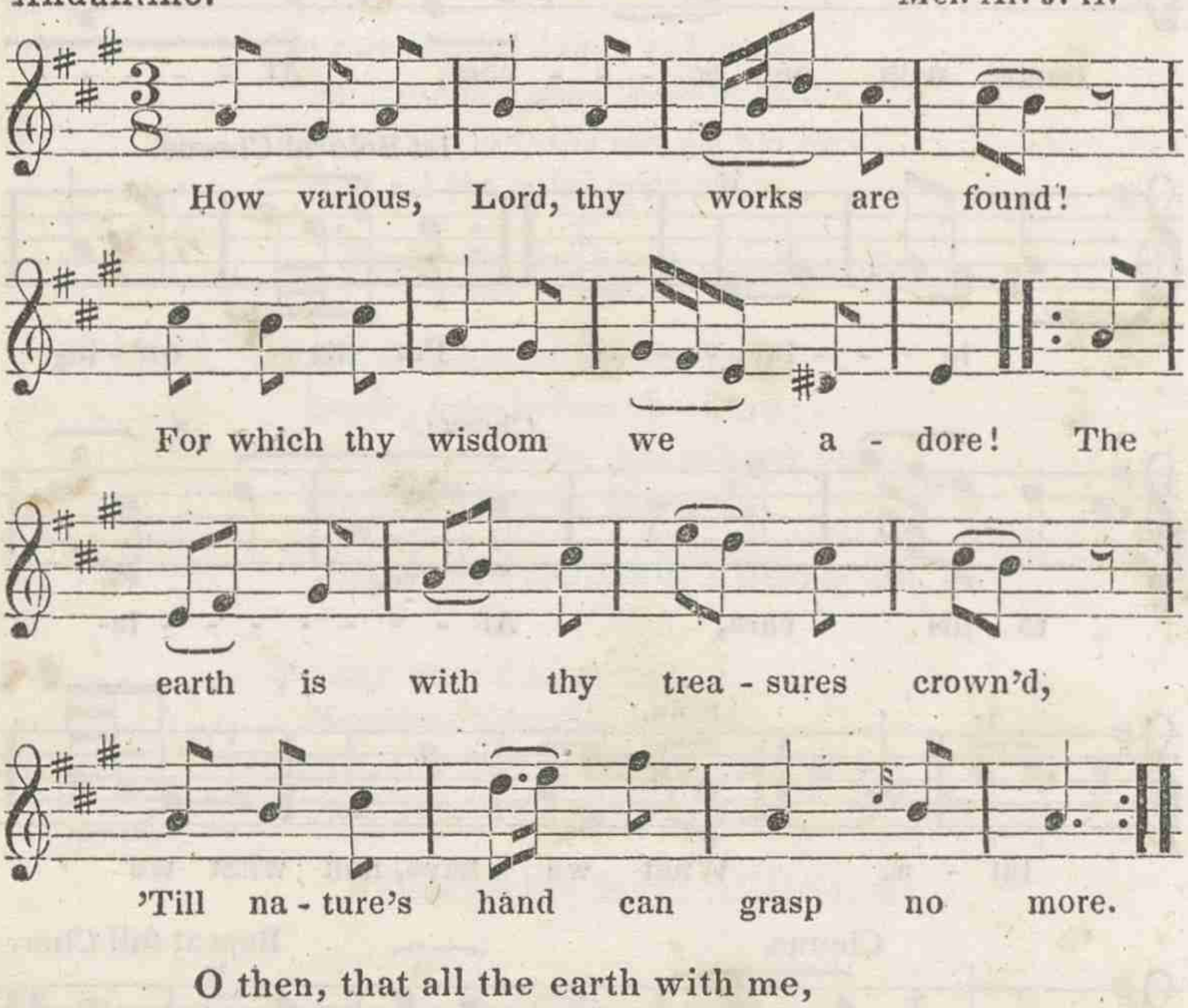














He first made us by his pow'r, Alleluia,
He preserves us ev'ry hour, Alleluia;
Food and raiment all are his, Alleluia,
Present comfort, future bliss, Alleluia;
He directs our steps by day, Alleluia,
Pointing out the safest way, Alleluia.

And at night, in mercy still, Alleluia,
Guards us from all kinds of ill, Alleluia.
God forgave us when undone, Alleluia,
And redeem'd us by his Son, Alleluia;
Raise your voices then, and sing, Alleluia,
Loud hosannas to our King, Alleluia.

PRAISE.
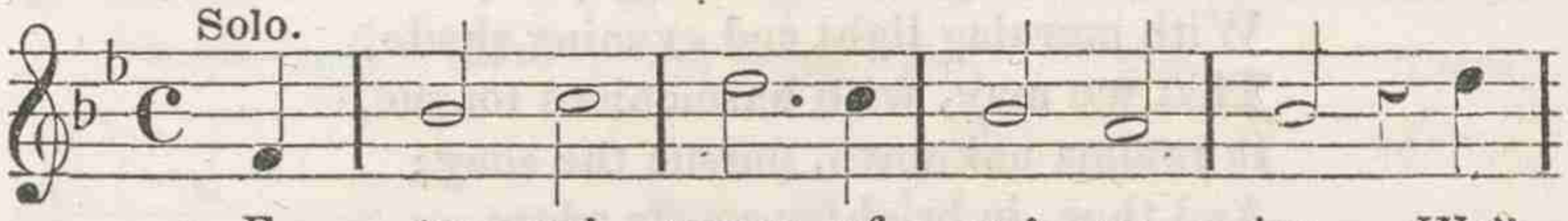
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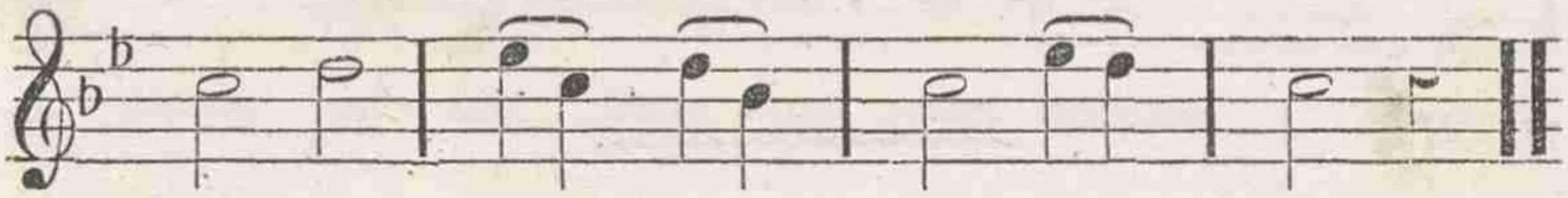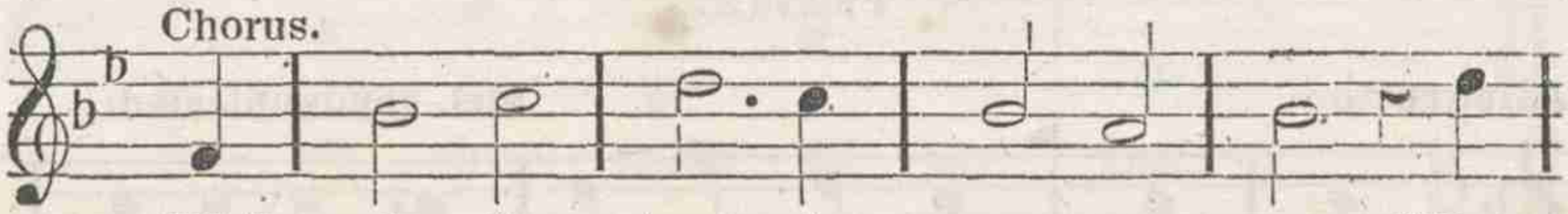


O then, that all the earth with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works, which he,
Throughout the wond'ring world, displays.

PRAISE.
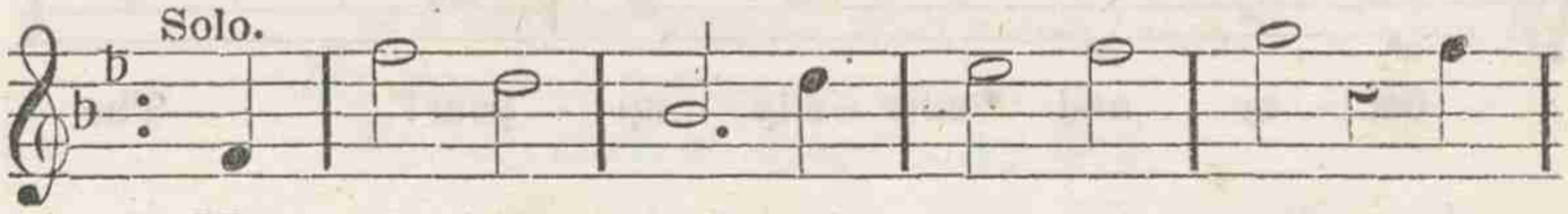
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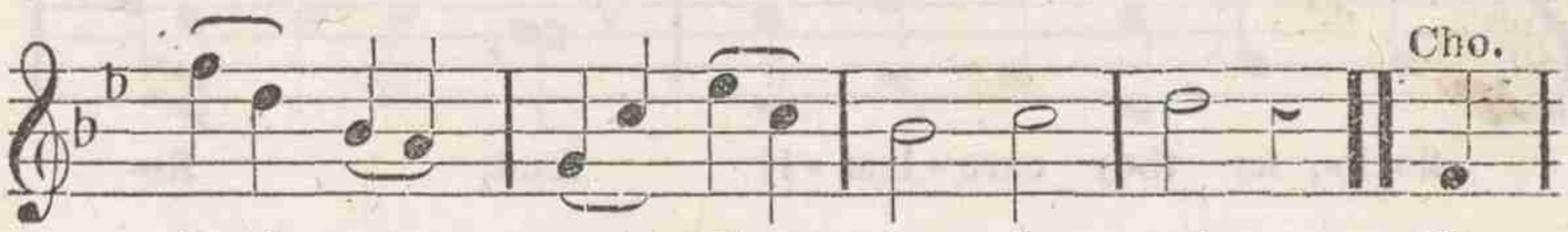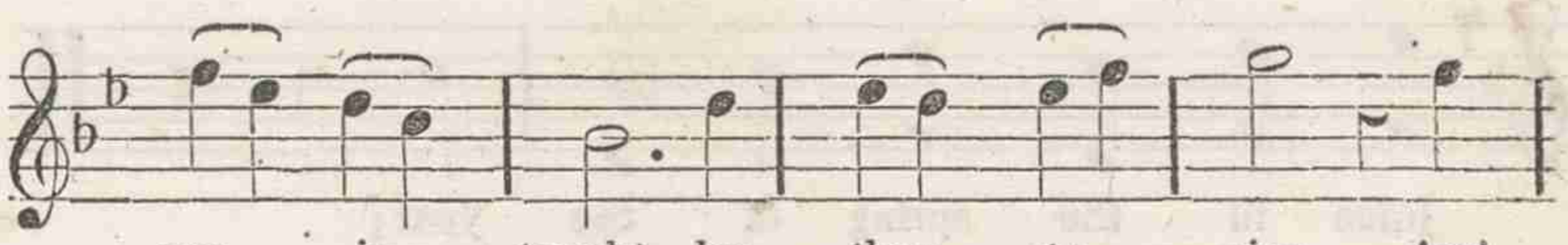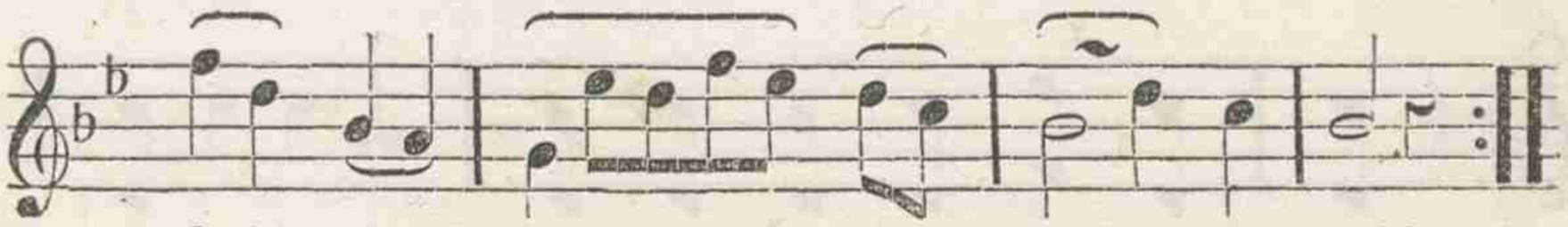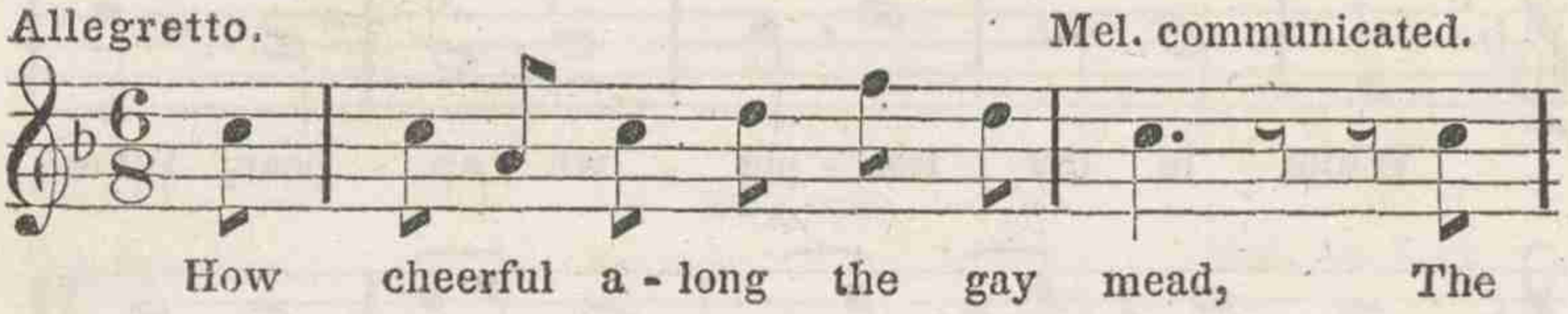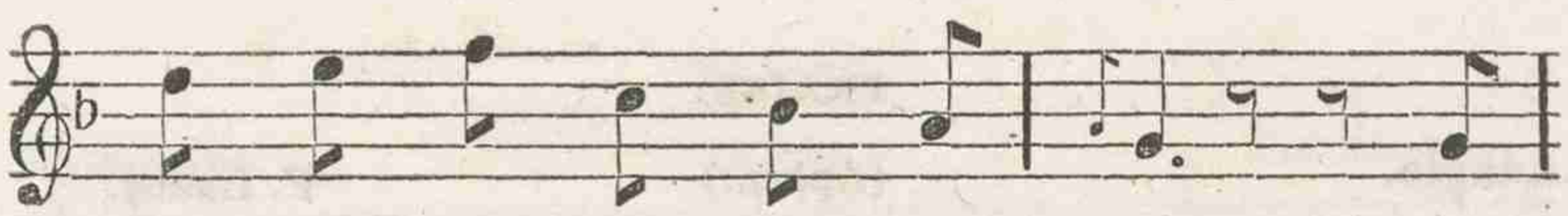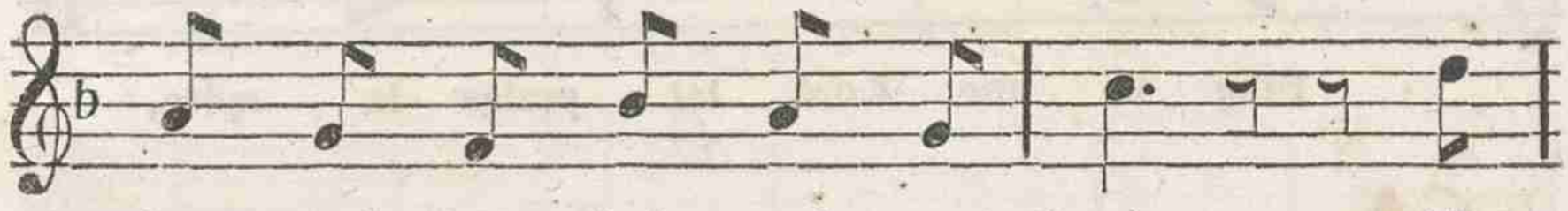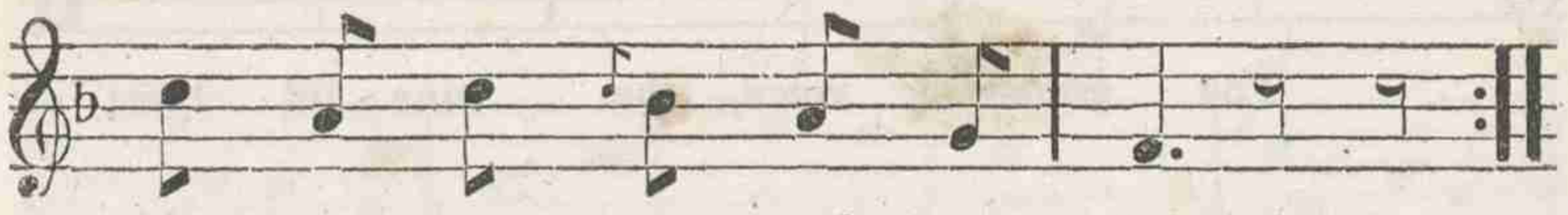
















Seasons renew'd, and years, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Then be our grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade,
That we may, with harmonious tongue,
In realms unknown, pursue the song;
And thee, in brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

PRAISE.
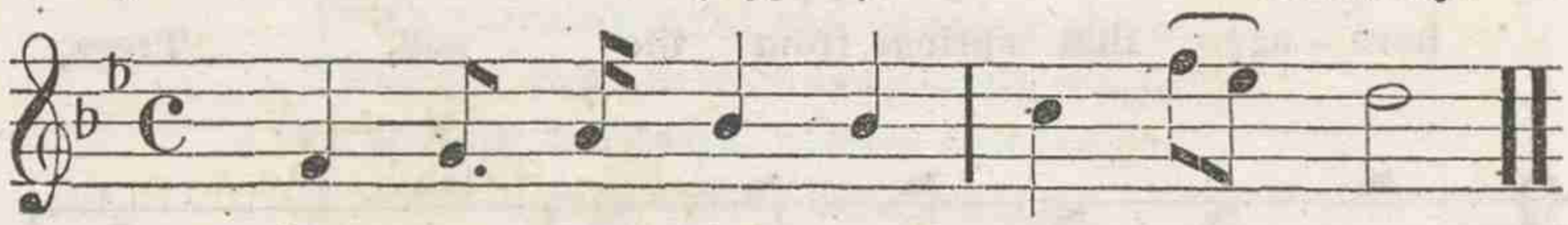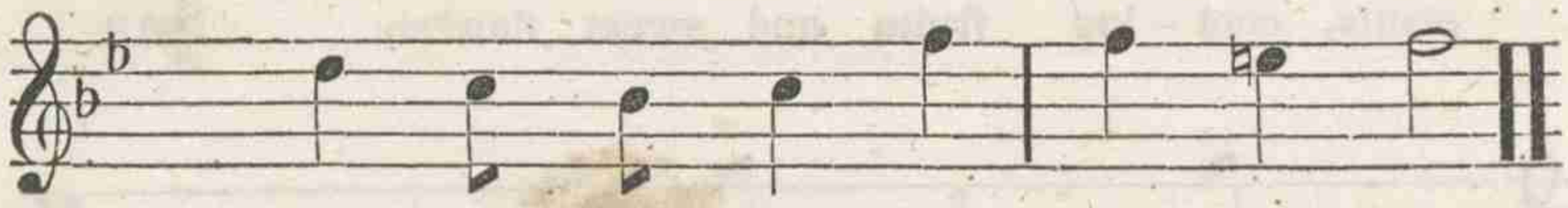








Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it, devotion and love;
The Lord, who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

PRAISE.

Adagio. (Appen.) F. Linley.



Sing to the Lord, let praise in - spire,
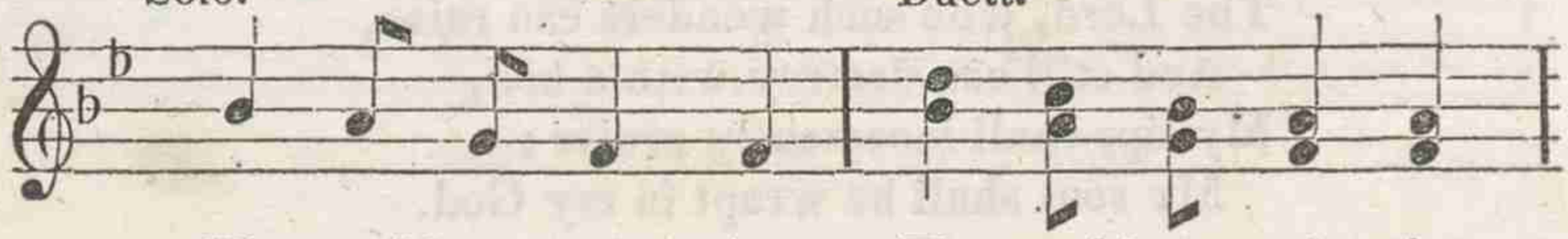


The grate - ful voice, the tune - ful lyre;
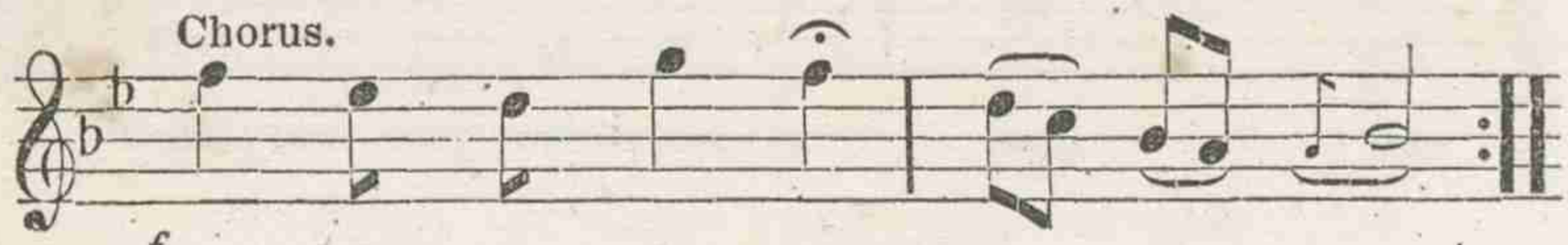


In strains of joy pro - claim a - broad,

Solo. Duett.



The end-less glo - ries, The end-less glo - ries,

Chorus.



f
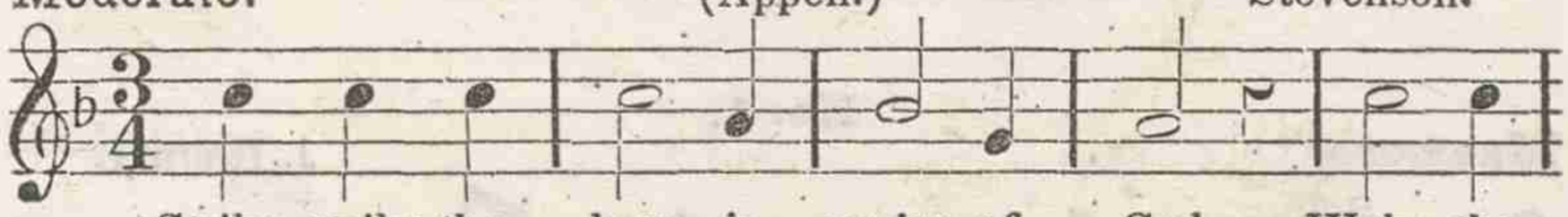
The end - less glo - ries of our God.

He counts the hosts of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names;
Great is our God! his wond'rous pow'r,
And boundless wisdom we adore.
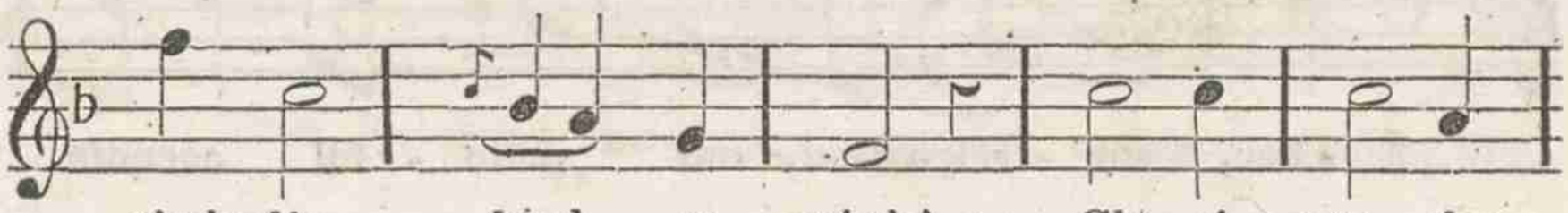
Dear to the Lord, for ever dear
The heart, where he implants his fear;
The soul, who in his grace abides,
These, these are loving in his eyes.

PRAISE.

Moderato. (Appen.) Stevenson.



Strike, strike the harp in praise of God, Wake the
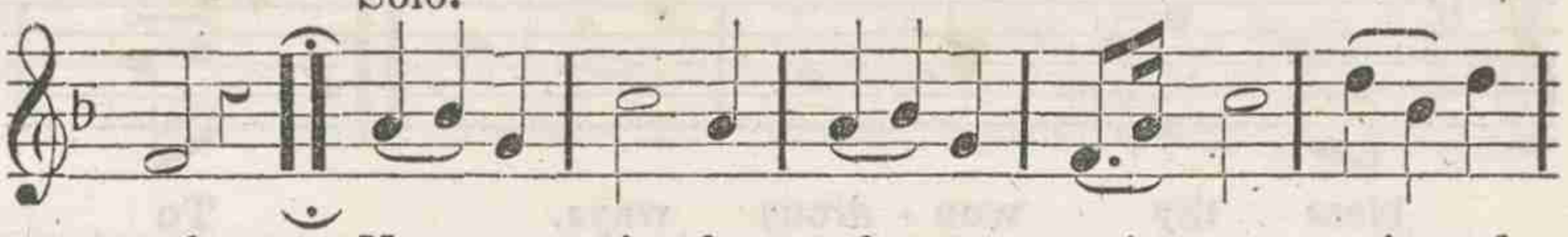


timbrel's loud - er mirth! Glo - ri - ous the



song must be Of the great Cre - a - tor's

Solo.
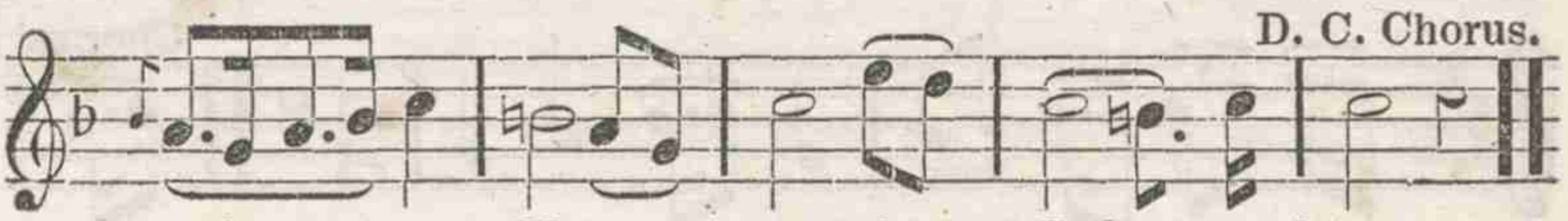


worth. Na-ture, in her calmness, rai - ses strains of



gladness, peace and love; Man re - echoes forth her

D. C. Chorus.



prai - - ses; Glo - ry to the God a - bove.
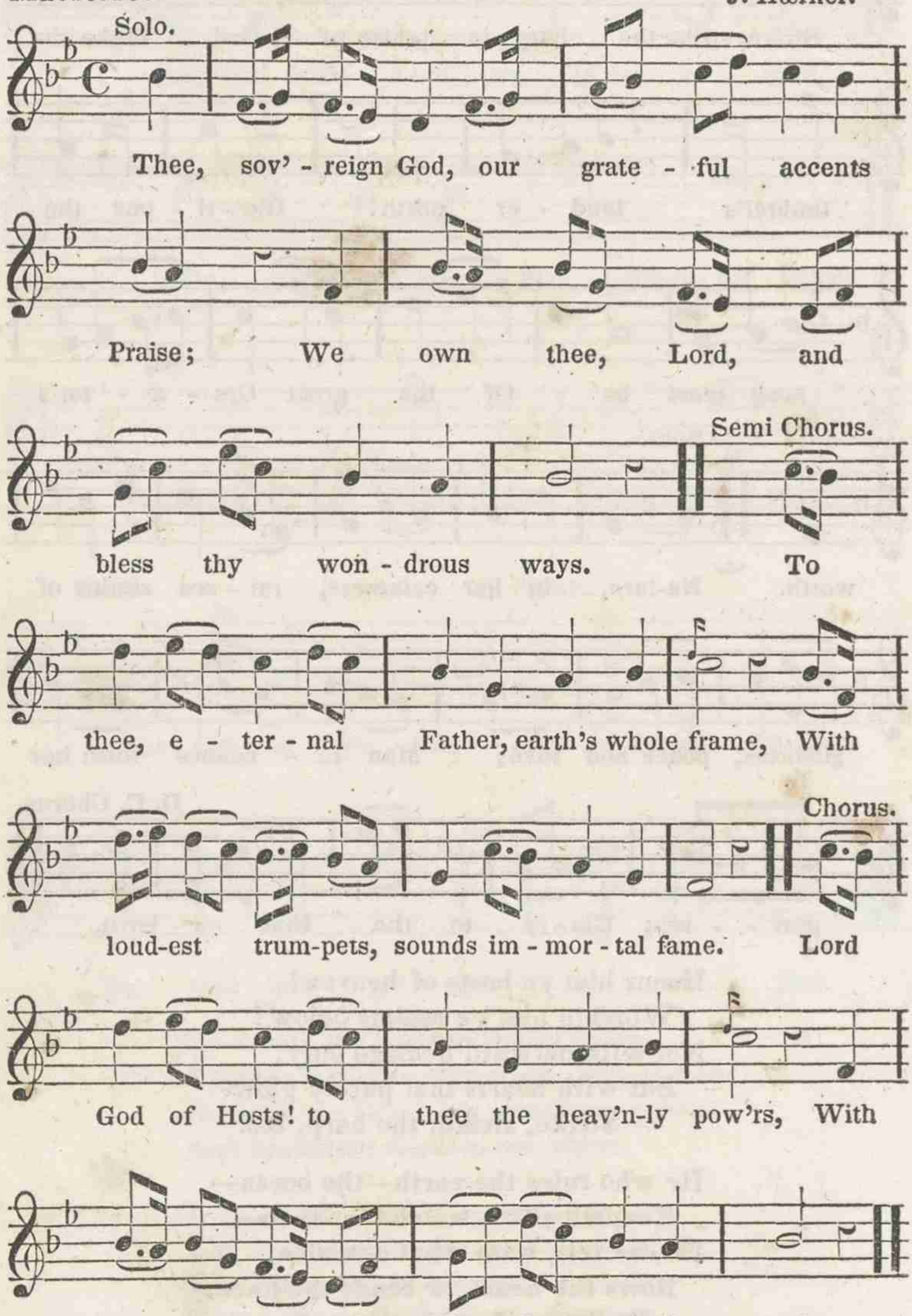
Honor him ye hosts of heaven!
Worship him ye realms below!
Not with outward homage only,
But with hearts that purely glow.
Strike, strike, the harp, &c.

He who rules the earth—the ocean—
Keepeth silent watch o'er thee—
He can tell, with what devotion,
Bows the heart, or bends the knee.
Strike, strike, the harp, &c.

THANKSGIVING—TE DEUM.

No. 1.

Maestoso. J. Hœrner.



THANKSGIVING—TE DEUM.

No. 2.

Moderato. J. Hœrner.

Thy Cherub's, Holy, Holy, Holy, cry—
Thrice Holy, all the Seraphim reply;
Thy Cherub's, Holy, Holy, Holy, cry;
Thrice Holy, all the Seraphim reply.
Both heav'n and earth thy majesty display;
They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.

Thy praises fill the loud Apostles' choir:
The train of Prophets in the song conspire;
Thy praises fill the loud Apostles' choir:
The train of Prophets in the song conspire;
Legions of Martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.

By these thy Church, inspired with heav'nly art,
Around the world maintains a second part,
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
The Father, of unbounded majesty,
The Son, ador'd co-partner of thy seat,
And equal, everlasting Paraclete.

Thou, King of Glory, Christ of the Most High,
Thou, co-eternal filial deity,
Thou, to save the world from impending doom,
Vouchsaf'st to dwell within a virgin's womb;
Death thou hast conquer'd; from its fetters free,
The faithful in thy kingdom reign with thee.

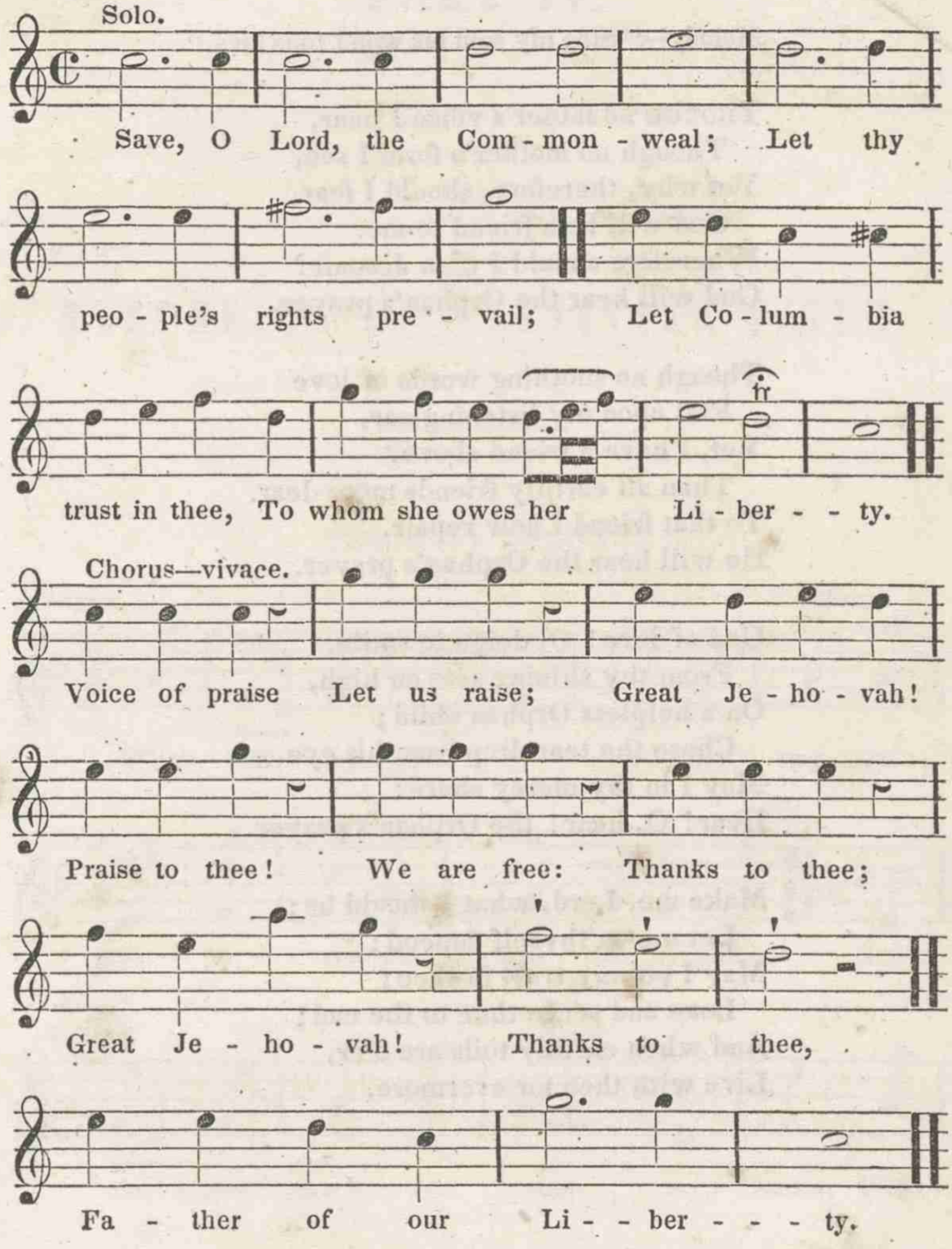
At God's right hand, on a resplendent throne,
Thou sitt'st; thy Father's glory is thy own.
Thou art to judge the living and the dead;
Then spare those souls, for whom thy veins have bled;
O take us up amongst the bless'd above,
To share, with them, thy everlasting love.

Preserve, O Lord, thy people, and enhance
Thy blessings on thy own inheritance;
Forever raise their hearts and rule their ways.
Each day we bless thee and proclaim thy praise;
No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
Nor hour neglect thy everlasting fame.

Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill:
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still;
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill;
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still;
As we have hoped in thee, do thou regard our pain;
We've hoped in thee; let not our hope be vain.

HYMN FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

Allegretto. (Appen.) R. Taylor.



Let us ne'er ungrateful prove,
For such mercy, and such love;
But bear in mind, that who gave,
Can destroy, as well as save.
Voice of praise, &c.

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

Melody—"Sing my soul his wond'rous love."

THOUGH no father's voice I hear,
  Though no mother's form I see,
Yet why, therefore, should I fear,
  God will be a friend to me.
Wherefore should I then despair?
God will hear the Orphan's prayer.

Though no soothing words of love
  Fall upon my listening ear,
Yet, I have a friend above,
  Than all earthly friends more dear.
To that friend I now repair,
He will hear the Orphan's prayer.

God of love! O, deign to smile,
  From thy shining seat on high,
On a helpless Orphan child;
  Chase the tear drop from his eye.
May I in thy mercy share:
Hear! O, hear! the Orphan's prayer.

Make me, Lord, what I should be;
  Let me on thyself depend;
May I put my trust in thee;
  Love and serve thee to the end;
And when earthly toils are o'er,
Live with thee for evermore.

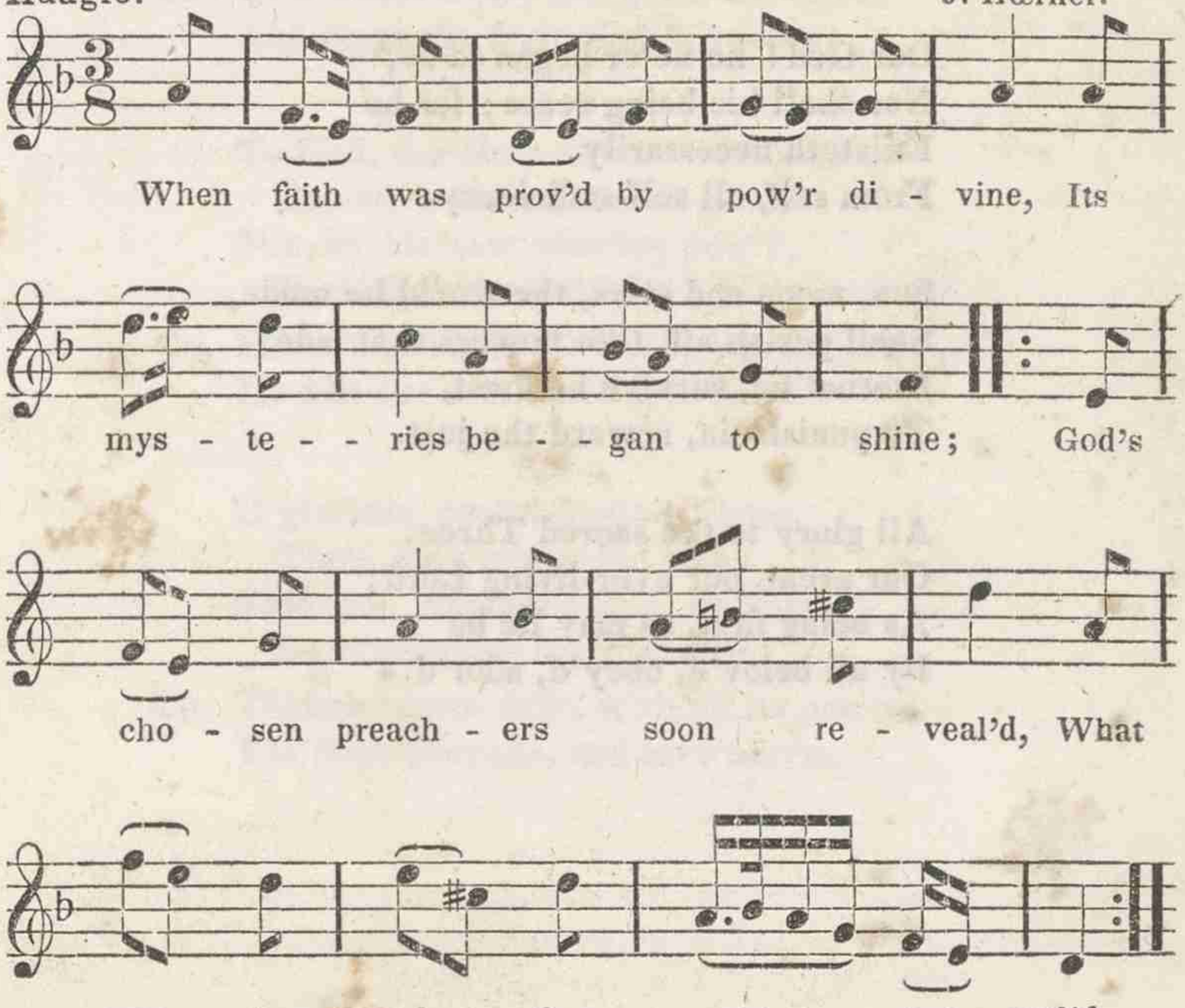
PART IV.

ON THE

MYSTERIES OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Adagio. J. Hœrner.



The nature of the Deity,
In Godhead One, in persons three,
Eternal all! co-equal too!—
Is far too high for human view.

The God who made the heav'ns, the earth,
Who made all things whate'er their birth,
Who can't be seen by mortal eye,
Is Unity and Trinity.

In him we are, we live, we move,
He claims our homage, fear and love;
He's King of kings, the God of all
The things that are, both great and small.

Past, future—time to him can be
No change—all one eternity;
All present, co-existing he,
In one immense identity.

Our God! he ne'er began to be,
Nor shall his being cease; for he
Existeth necessarily,
From self, all self-sufficiency.

Sun, moon and stars, the world he made,
Shall perish all, like flowers that fade;
Eternal he, survive he must,
To punish sin, reward the just.

All glory to the sacred Three,
Our great, our ever-living Lord;
As being first, so may he be
By all belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Melody—"My soul thy great Creator praise."

O, LET us give immortal praise
To God, our heav'nly Father's love,
For each and all our comforts here,
And for our better hopes above.

CH. He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins, which we have done.

To God, his equal Son, belongs
Immortal praise, and glory too;
He kindly sav'd us, with his blood,
From sin, and everlasting wo.

CH. Now Jesus lives, and glorious reigns!
And reaps the fruit of all his pains.

To God, the Holy Ghost, with praise,
The same eternal honor give;
For, by his new-creating pow'r,
He makes the death-struck sinner live!

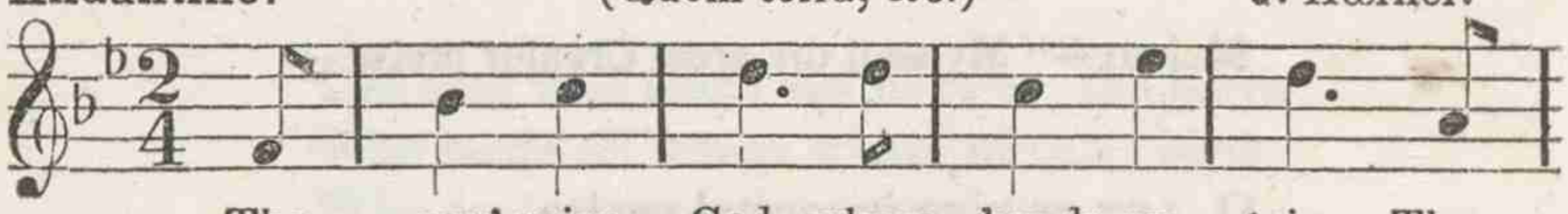
CH. His work completes Christ's great design,
He fills the soul, with joys divine.
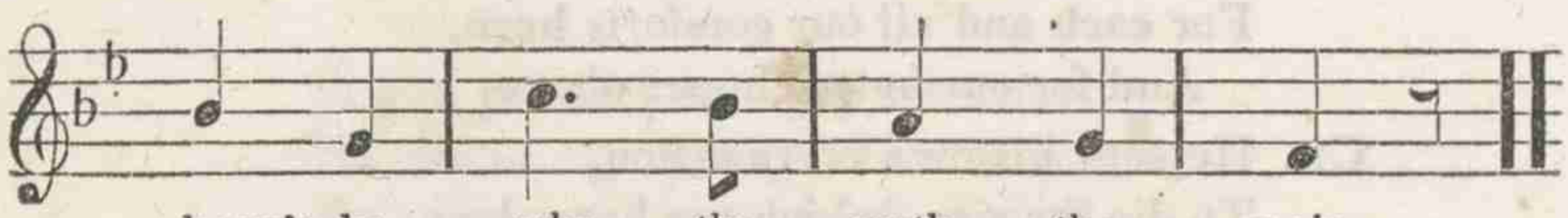
O glorious, consubstantial Three,
Thou, holy undivided One!
Supreme, Almighty God, to Thee
Be everlasting homage done!

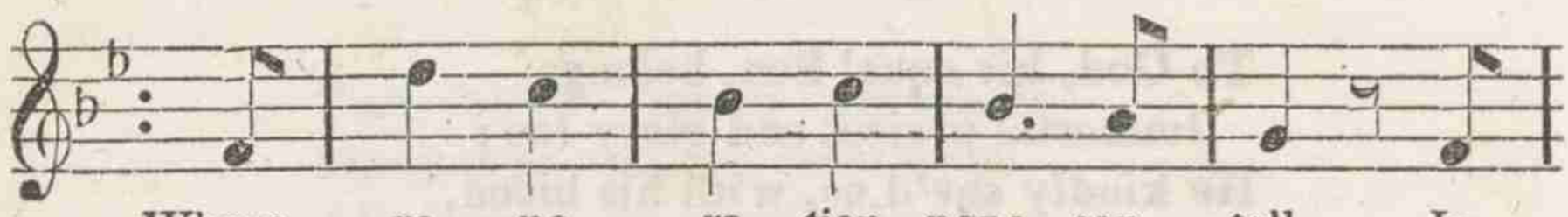
CH. Though reason fails, with all its pow'rs,
Yet faith prevails, and love adores.
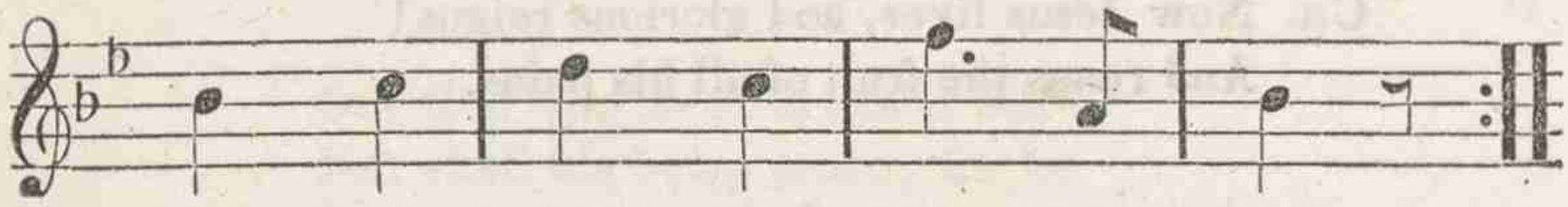
THE V. MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

Andantino. (Quem terra, &c.) J. Hœrner.









The same, whom sun and moon obey,
To whom all creatures homage pay,
The mighty Ruler of the skies,
In thee conceal'd, an infant lies!
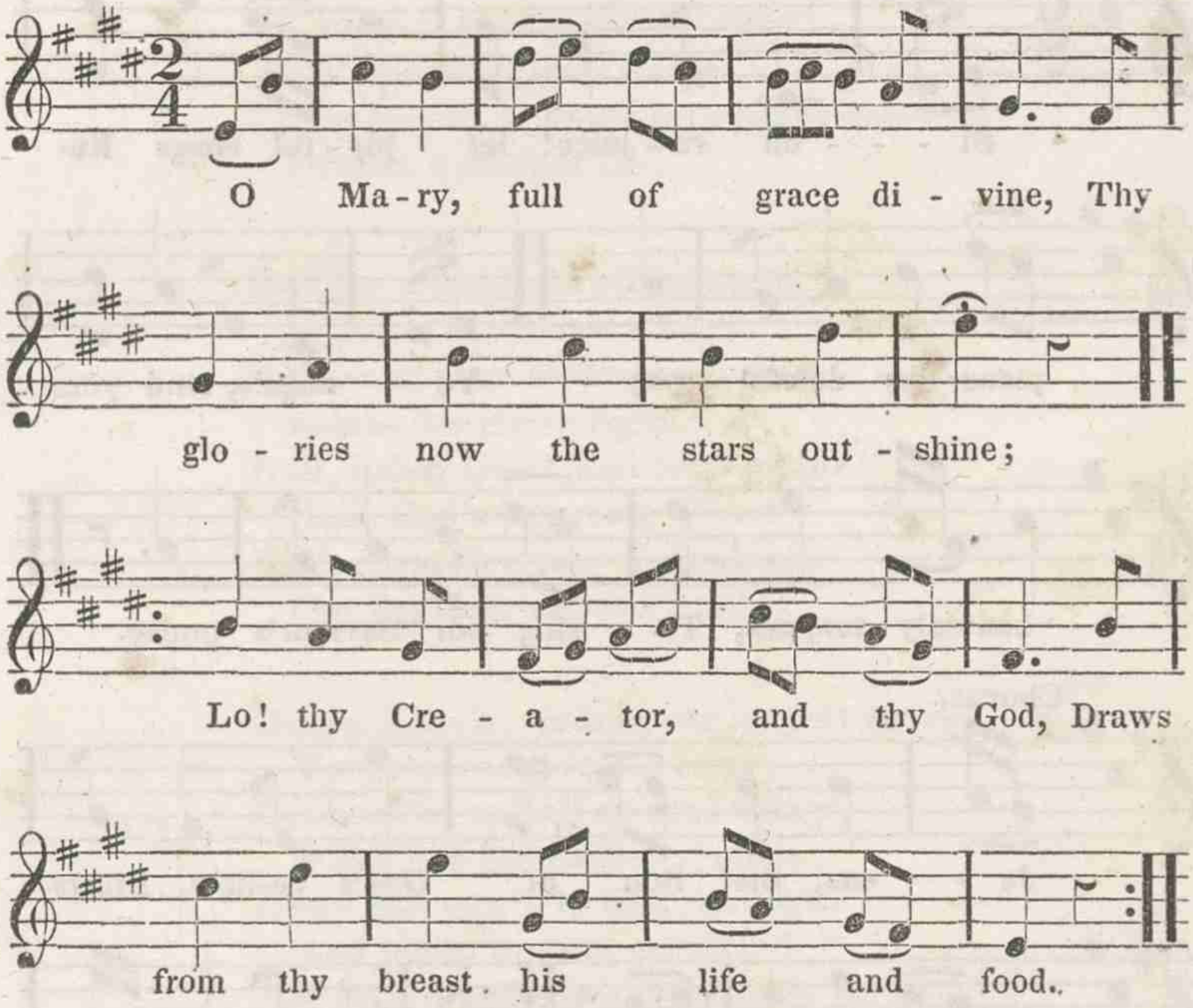
Thrice happy Maid! whom Heaven's choice
Has made the source of all our joys;
Since He, by whom all creatures live,
From thee would life, and food receive.

An angel brings the happy news;
The Holy Ghost, thy heav'nly spouse,
Pervades thee with his fruitful shade,
And Christ's blest Mother thou art made.

May age to age for ever sing
The Virgin's Son, and Angel's King;
May they, and all the heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

THE V. MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

Andante. (O Gloriosa, &c.) J. Hœrner.
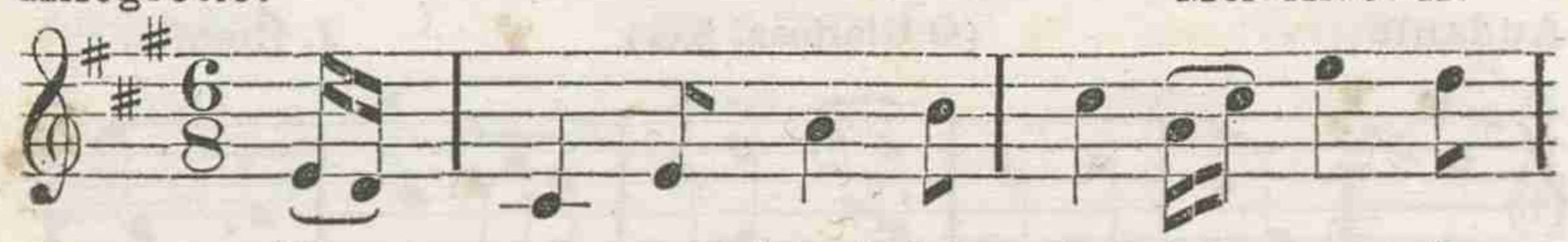


O gracious Mother of mankind,
What Eve had lost, in thee we find;
The way to heav'n is now, by thee,
To mourning sinners open'd free.

Thou art the gate of heav'nly light,
Thro' which the conqu'ring Prince of might
Comes captive mortals to redeem;—
Ye nations! sound the glorious theme.

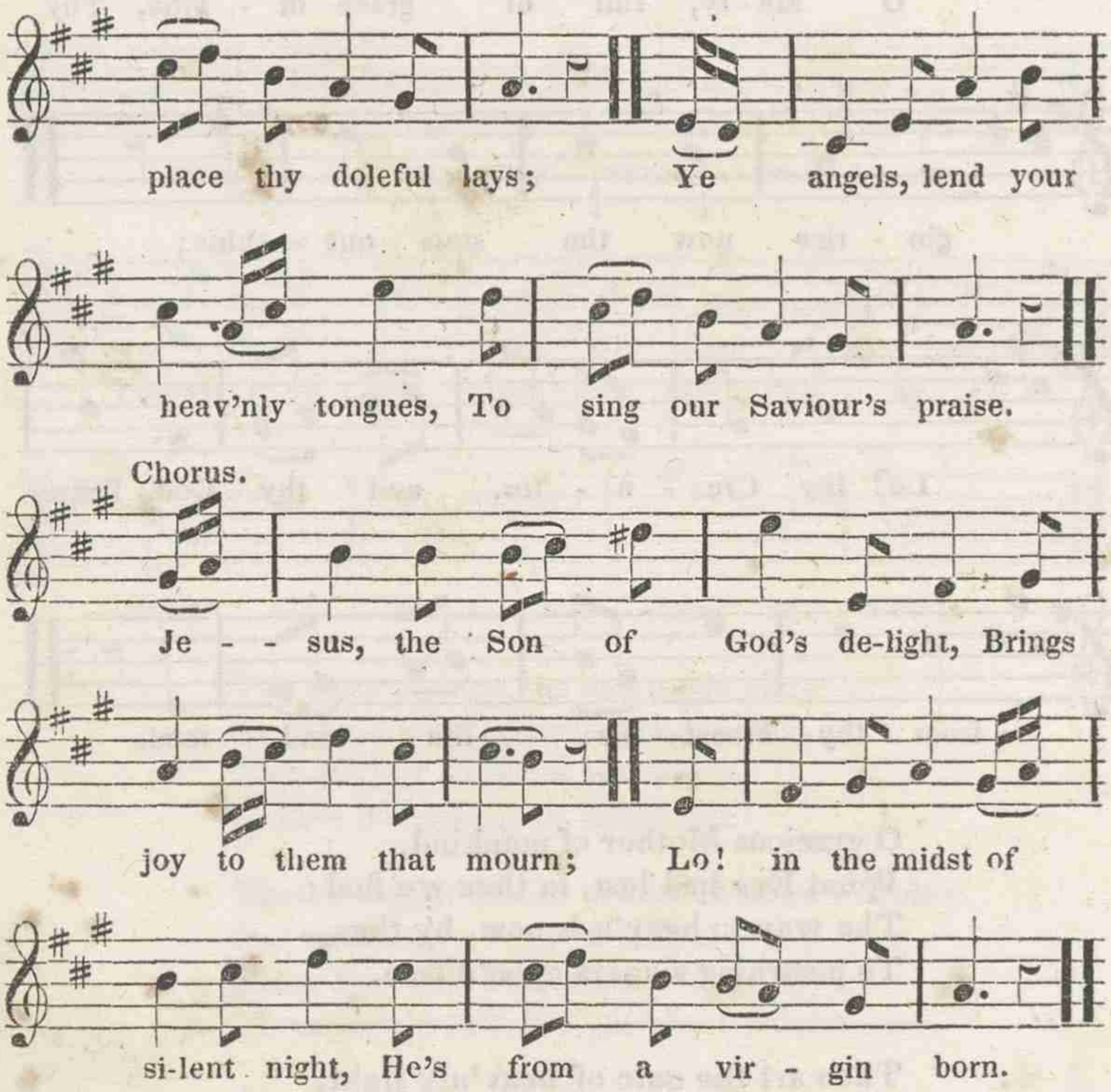
May age to age for ever sing
The Virgin's Son, and Angels' King;
May they, and all the heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Allegretto. Mel. Ar. J. H.



Chorus.



O shepherds, hear the heav'nly voice,
The happy tidings hear!
Be glad ye mortals, cease your sighs;
Let hope replace all fear.
The mighty Lord, who rules the skies,
Is cloth'd in mortal frame;
The thund'rer utters infant cries,
And JESUS is his name.
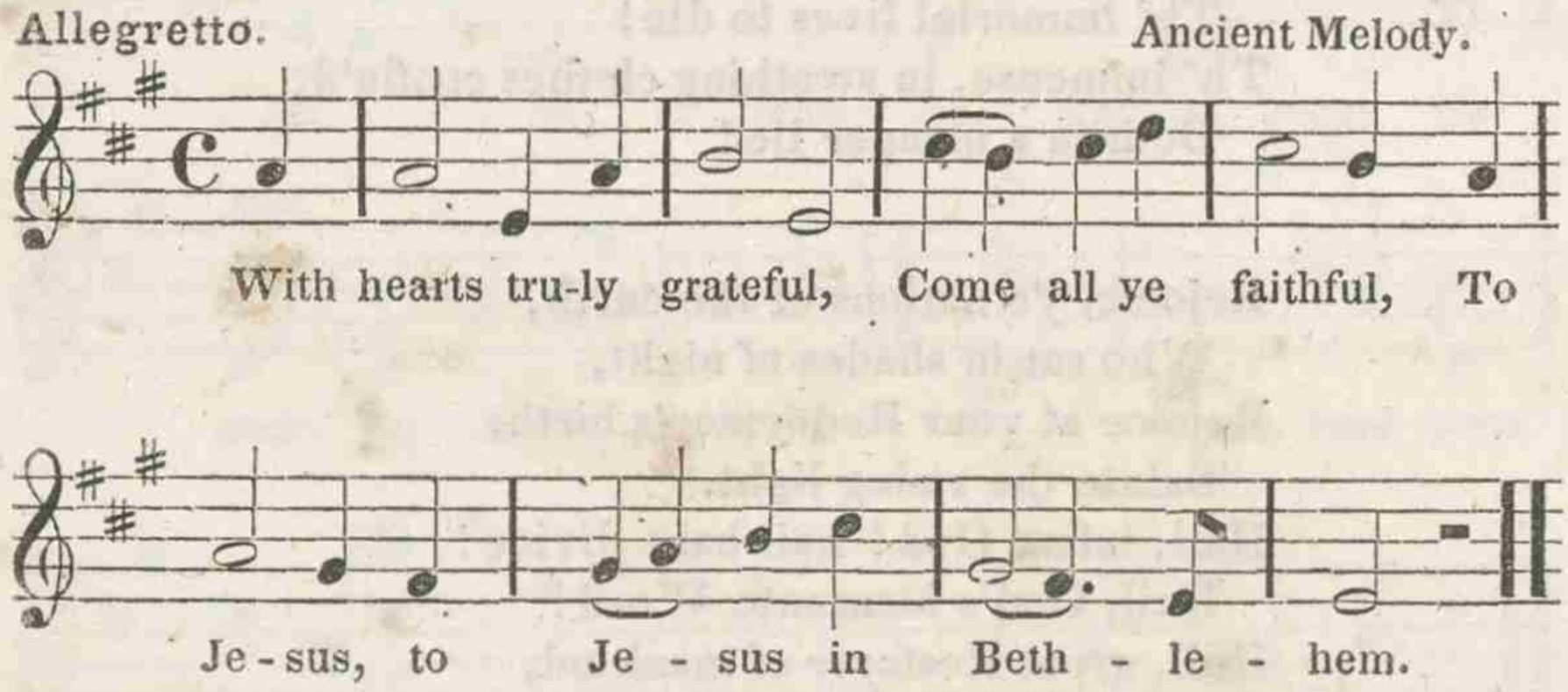
How wond'rous is thy power, O love!
A God thus to debase,
From his eternal seats above,
There sinful man to raise!
Th' eternal God is born in time!
Th' immortal lives to die!
Th' immense, in swathing clothes confin'd,
Doth in a manger lie!

Rejoice, ye nations of the earth,
Who sat in shades of night,
Rejoice at your Redeemer's birth,
Salute the rising light.
Hail, infant God! hail babe divine!
Hail, God's incarnate Word!
Hail, great Restorer of mankind,
Our Saviour, and our Lord!

Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise;
Glory and pow'r to God, on high,
And peace to men, on earth!
Let heav'n and earth unite their joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

(Adeste fideles, &c.)



God to God equal,
Light of Light eternal;
Carried in Virgin's e'er spotless womb,
He all preceded,
Begot, not created.

Let's hasten, &c.

Angels now praise him,
Loud their voices raising;
The heavenly mansions with joy now ring;
Praise, honor, glory,
To him who's most holy.

Let's hasten, &c.

To Jesus, born this day,
Grateful homage repay;
'Tis he, who all heav'nly gifts doth bring,
Word increated,
To our flesh united.

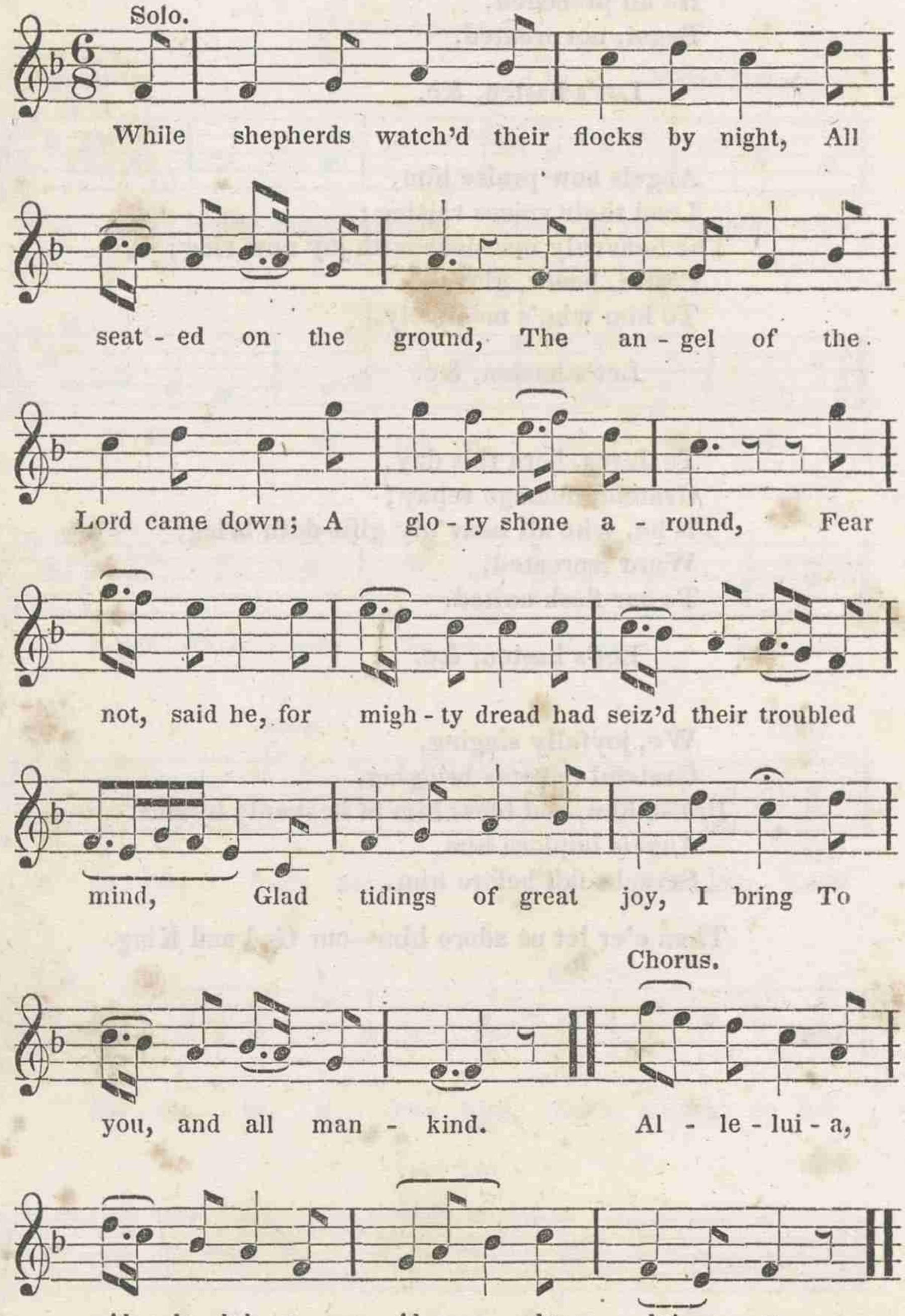
Let's hasten, &c.

We, joyfully singing,
Grateful tributes bringing,
Praise him, and bless him in heavenly hymns.
Angels implore him,
Seraphs fall before him.

Then e'er let us adore him—our God and King.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Pastorale. **R. Carr.**



"To you, in David's tower this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Alleluia, &c.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith,
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song:
All glory be to God, on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth from Heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease.

Alleluia, &c.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Melody—"Thou art, O God."
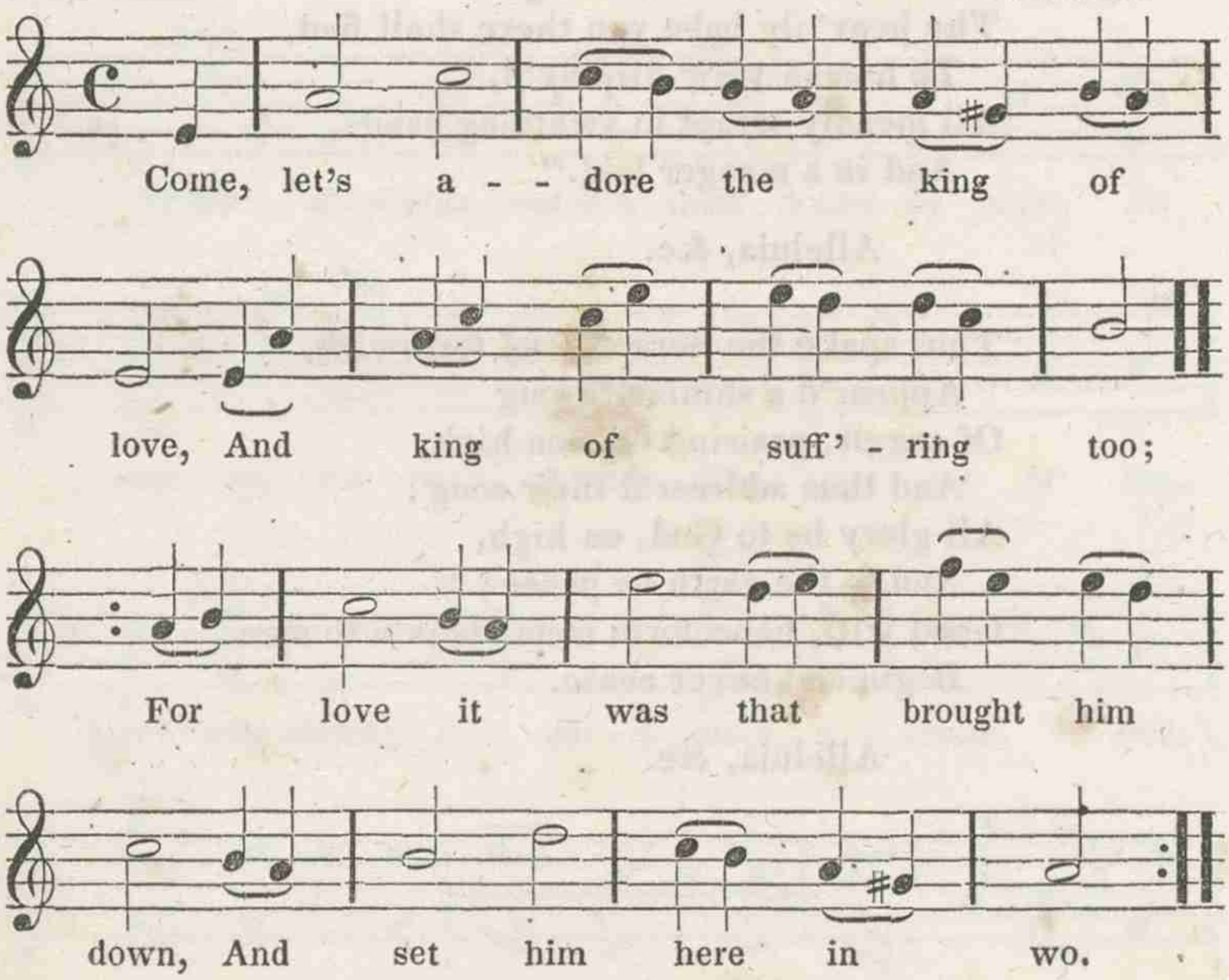
ARRAYED in clouds of golden light,
More bright than heaven's resplendent bow,
Jehovah's angel came by night,
To bless the sleeping world below!
How soft the music of his tongue!
How sweet the hallowed strains he sung!

"Good will henceforth to man be given;"
The light of glory beams on earth!
Let angels tune the harps of heaven,
And saints below rejoice with mirth;
On Bethlehem's plains the shepherd's sing,
And Judah's children hail their king!

Note:—See Appendix for some other Hymns on the Nativity.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Andantino. J. Hœrner.



Love drew him from his paradise,
  Where flowers that fade not grow,
And planted him in our poor dust,
  Among us weeds below.

Here, for a time, this heav'nly plant
  Upgrew, and fairly thriv'd;
Diffused its sweetness all about,
  And all in sweetness lived.

But envious frosts and furious storms,
  So long, so fiercely chide;
This tender flower, at last, bowed down
  Its bruised head, and died.

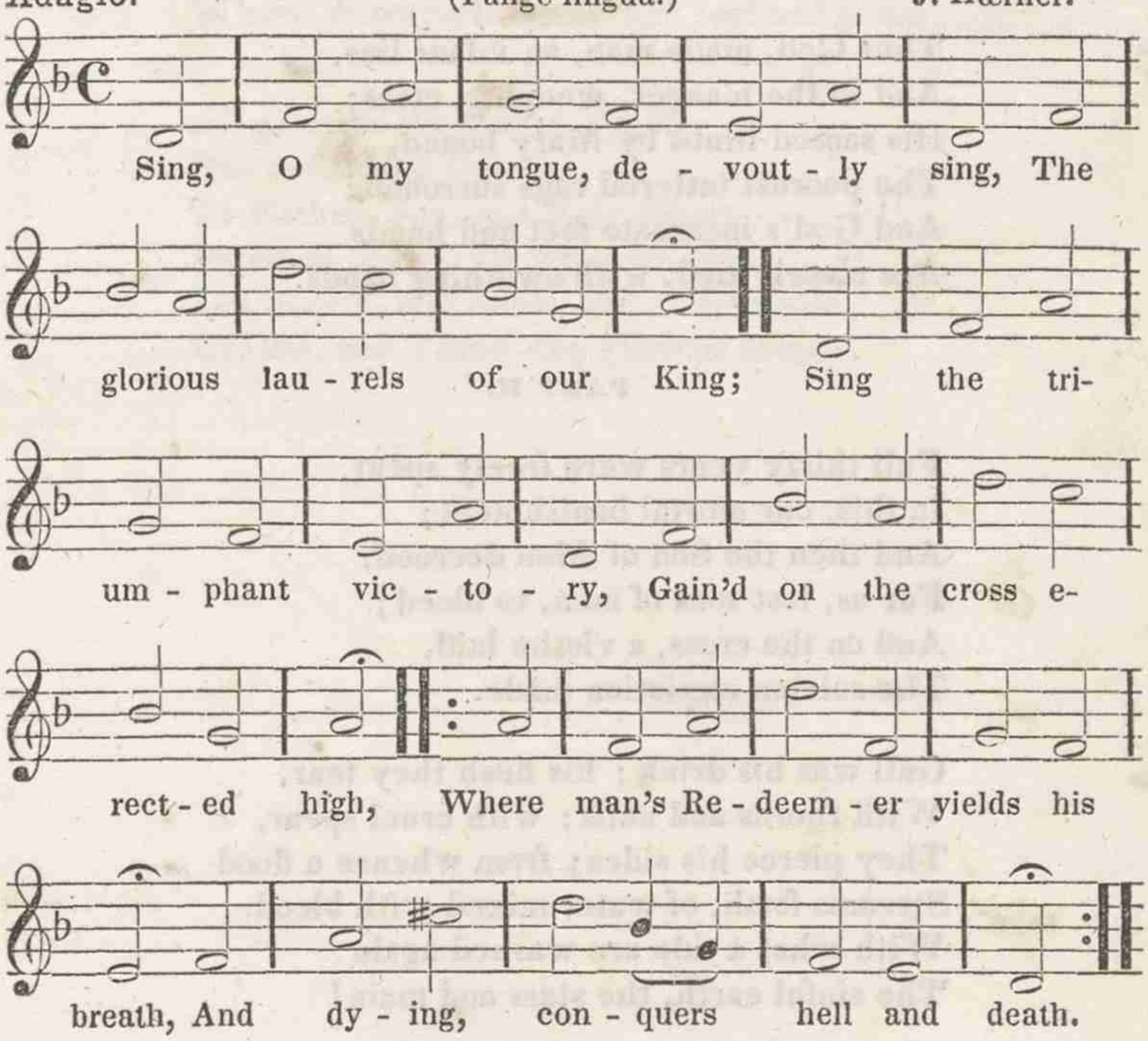
O narrow thoughts, and narrower speech,
  Here your defects confess;
The life of Christ, the death of God
  How faintly you express!

Help thou, O blessed Virgin—root!
Whence this fair flower did spring,
Help us to raise both heart and voice,
And with more fervor sing.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One undivided Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
Now, and for ever be.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Adagio. (Pange lingua.) J. Hœrner.



With pity, our Creator saw
The hellish fraud against his law,
When our first parents rashly eat
The fatal tree's forbidden meat;
He then resolv'd, the Cross's wood
Should make that tree's sad damage good.

By this wise method God design'd,
From sin and death to save mankind;
Superior love with art combines,
And arts of Satan countermines;
And where the traitor gave the wound,
There healing remedies are found.

When time, full as decreed above,
Was come, to show this work of love,
Th' eternal Father sends his Son,
The world's Creator, from the throne;
Who, on the earth, this vale of tears,
Cloth'd in a virgin's flesh, appears.

Thus God, made man, an infant lies,
And in the manger, weeping, cries;
His sacred limbs by Mary bound,
The poorest tattered rags surround;
And God's incarnate feet and hands
Are closely tied, with swathing bands.

PART II.

Full thirty years were freely spent,
In this, our mortal banishment;
And then the Son of Man decreed,
For us, lost sons of men, to bleed;
And on the cross, a victim laid,
The solemn expiation made.

Gall was his drink; his flesh they tear,
With thorns and nails; with cruel spear,
They pierce his sides; from whence a flood
Streams forth, of water mixed with blood.
With what a tide are washed again
The sinful earth, the stars and main!

O faithful cross! O noblest tree!
In all our woods there's none like thee;
No earthly groves, no shady bow'rs
Produce such leaves, such fruits, such flow'rs;
Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
That bears a weight, so sweet and good.

Bend, tow'ring tree, thy branches bend,
Thy native stubbornness suspend;
Withhold, in tender mercy brave
The rough, hard stiffness nature gave;
With soft embrace, receive thy load,
And gently bear our dying God.

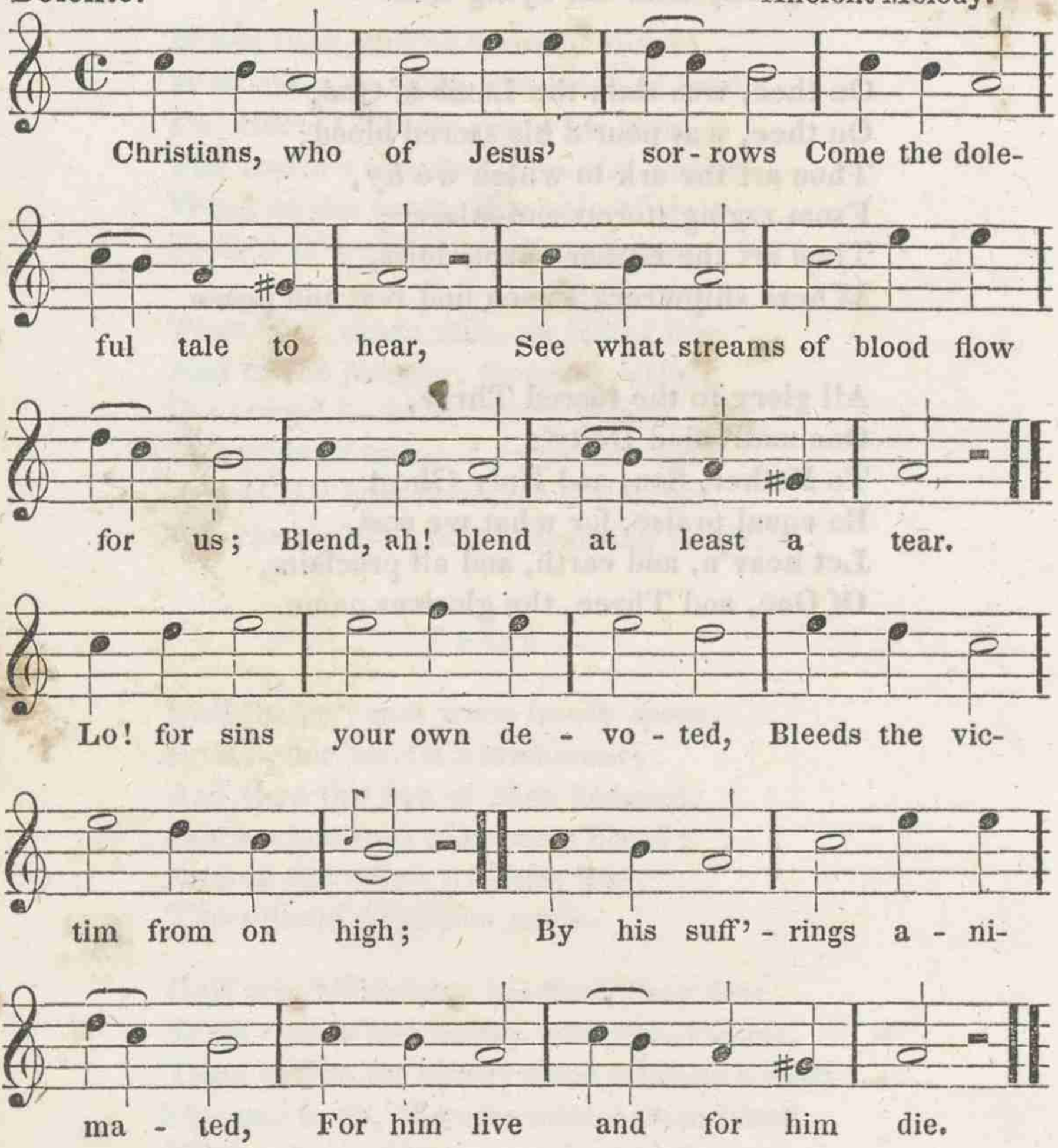
On thee, was slain the Lamb of God,
On thee, was pour'd his sacred blood;
Thou art the ark to which we fly,
From raging storms and misery;
Thou art the harbor of true bliss,
Where shipwreck'd men find rest and peace.

All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be equal praise, for what we cost,
Let heav'n, and earth, and all proclaim,
Of One, and Three, the glorious name.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

Arrangement conformable to particular request.

Dolente. Ancient Melody.



In a lonely garden praying,
Conflicts rude oppress his soul;
Fear and hope his soul assailing,
Strive, by turns, his will to rule.
Now doth fear command imperious,
Now strong efforts love combines;
Love, at length, prevails victorious,
He to death himself resigns.

Judas, by blind fury guided,
Whilst a mean submission shows,
With perfidious kiss intended,
He betrays him to his foes.
Judas—like a sinner feigning,
His offended God t' appease,
With unhallowed lips approaching,
Him betrays too with a kiss.

PART II.

See, now Jesus is forsaken,
Round him press a ruthless band;
See, his heav'nly cheeks are smitten,
By the merc'less soldier's hand.
Faithful spirits, who with horror,
View, from heav'n, this cruel deed,
Shelter him, or arm'd with terror,
Wing on them his lightning speed.

Now, behold your Lord appearing,
At a mortal judge's bar;
Hark! the pontiff's voice conspiring,
Guilty th' innocent declare.
Impious pontiff, one day trembling,
Thou'lt be forc'd his pow'r to own,
When to judge the earth descending,
Thund'ring clouds shall form his throne.

Ah! to slay the heav'nly victim,
Must a friend unite with foes?
Faithless Peter will not own him,
He forsakes his Master's cause.
But, oh! power of grace and mercy,
Jesus' look, a flaming dart
Triumphs, and him touches deeply—
Shame and grief fill Peter's heart.

PART III.

Dragg'd to Pilate, meek and sinless,
Yet supplies the sinner's place;
Barbarous people, do ye shameless
Choose before him Barabbas?

Choice unworthy, sentence impious,
'Gainst the just is here decreed;
Crime, in triumph, borne victorious,
Innocence condemn'd to bleed.

In the midst of lawless soldiers,
Jesus stript and silent stands;
Arm'd with scourges, raging tortures,
In his blood imbrue their hands.
Stay your blows—ah! you're mistaken,
Sinless is the blood you shed;
Vengeance on us should have fallen,
We, the criminals, should bleed.

Cruel foes, is not your fury
Glutted yet with wounds and blood?
Ah! you mock the King of glory,
And with thorns you crown your God!
Thus, ye sinners mock your Jesus,
Piercing thorns entwine his brows,
While you crown yourself with roses,
And your life in pleasure flows.

PART IV.

Doom'd to death, as Isaac willing,
Loaded with the fatal tree,
In his heart our sins bewailing,
He ascends Mount Calvary.
Lo! his hands and feet are pierc'd thro',
On the bloody cross he lies;
Thus the saving stream he, for you
Sinners, pours in sacrifice.

Now, behold the man of sorrows,
On the cross exalted high;
Suffering, bleeding, dying for us,
Now behold salvation nigh.
Satan, our great foe, lies vanquish'd,
Mary's seed has bruis'd his head;
Our redemption is accomplished,
Jesus has our ransom paid.

Christians, hear his heav'nly lessons,
Hearken to his dying voice;
His blaspheming foes he pardons,
For them prays, and for them dies.
"Spare my murd'rers, gracious goodness,
Ah! they know not what they do;"
Thus the Christian, fraught with meekness,
Should forgive, and love his foe.

PART V.
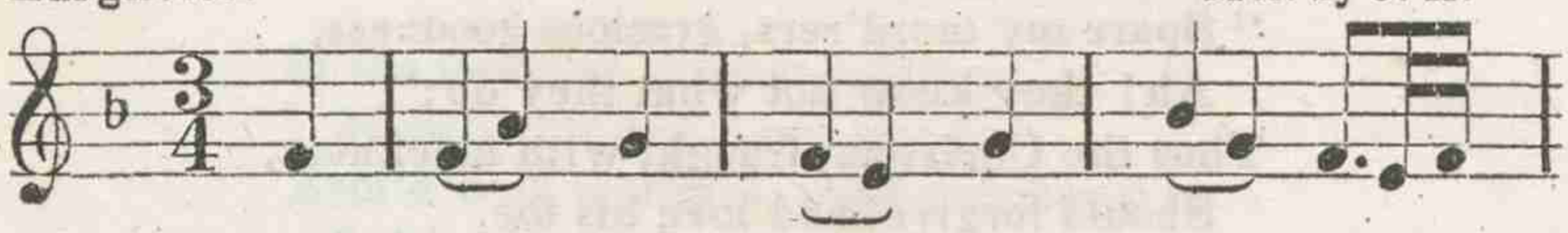
See yon lawless crew surrounding,
And insulting cry aloud:
Let him, from the cross descending,
Prove himself the Son of God.
Eas'ly could he burst asunder,
Senseless foes, your feeble bands;
But his love than all is stronger,
For your sake enchains his hands.
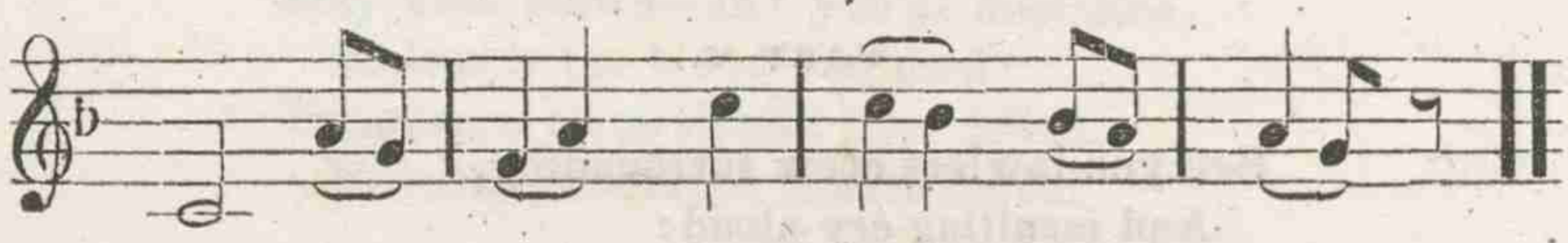
Ah! descend not, dearest Saviour,
Leave not thou the tree of pain;
Save mankind, oh! heav'nly Lover,
On the cross, till death, remain.
But fulfil, O Lord, thy promise,
Draw our souls with chains of love;
Banish sin and death far from us,
Lead us to thy realms above.
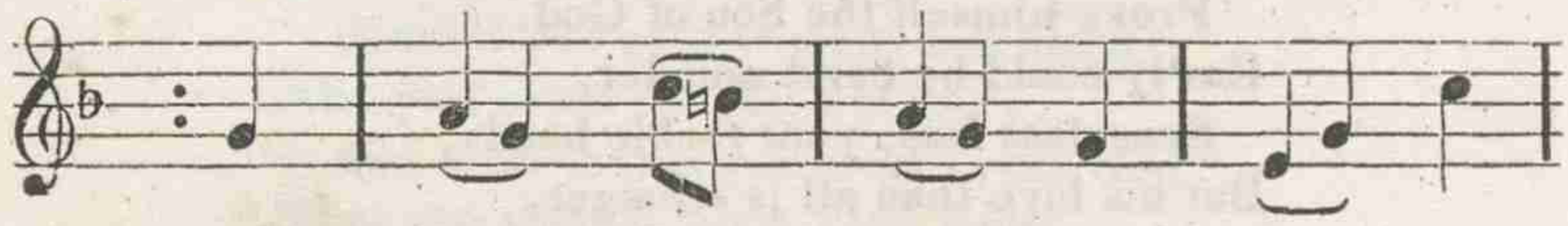
He expires in sad convulsions;
Nature, comfortless, bemoans;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Trembling, echo doleful groans.
Ah! shall man a sight so woful,
View alone with tearless eye?
Grant, O Jesus! I may grateful,
With thee mourn, and with thee die.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

Larghetto. Mel. by J. H.









Jesus, on high, to sinners kind,
A victim doth appear;
O hasten his fond heart to find,
And rest securely there.

Yes, 'tis his voice that sounds so sweet:
Why, sinners, fly from me?
Come, seek forgiveness at my feet,
Your sins shall pardoned be.

What heart did ever friendship prove
Like his, so good, so great?
Behold how his expiring love
His Father doth entreat.
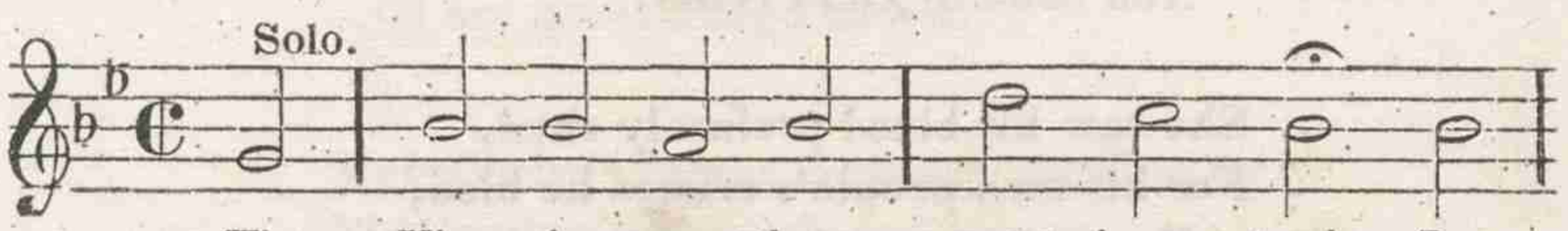
For all he prays, nay e'en for those,
Who bid his veins to bleed:
"Father, forgive my cruel foes"—
O, this was love indeed.
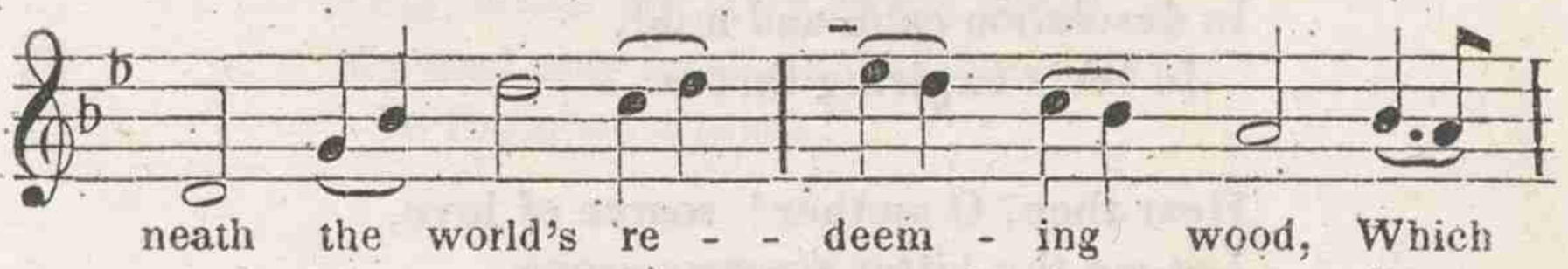
Jesus, that heart, which with delight
Fills th' angelic train,
Doth sweetly thus our souls invite,
Thy mercy to obtain.
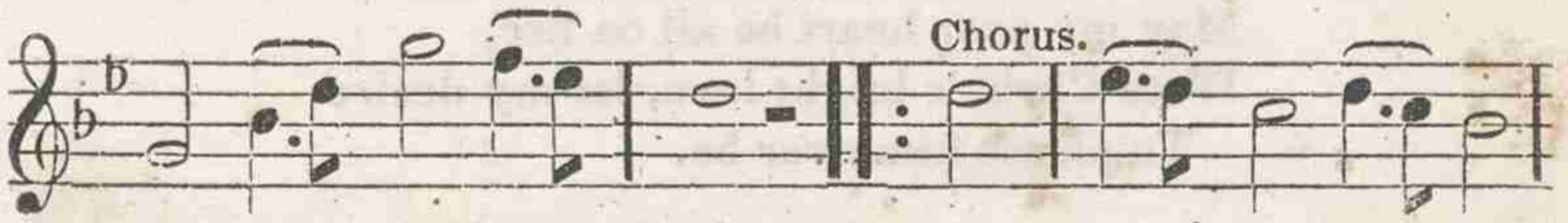
O dry our tears, our bruises heal,
To us thy blood apply;
A new-formed heart in us reveal,
Who for thy bounty cry.
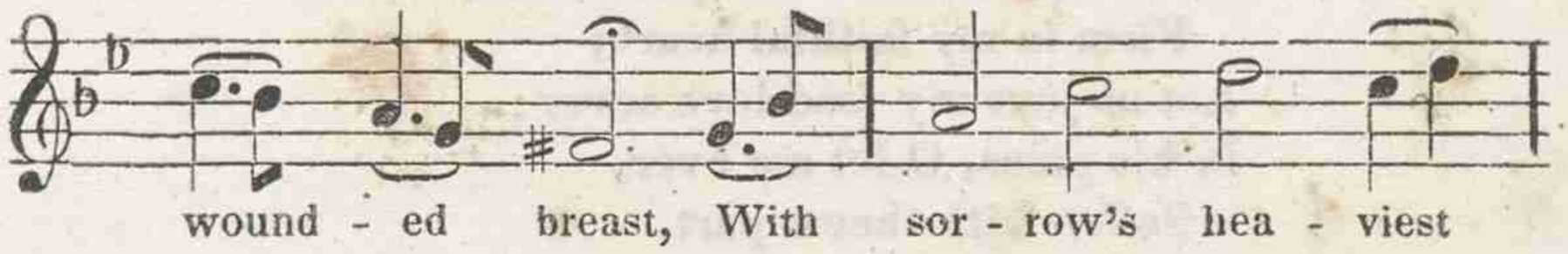
THE MOTHER OF JESUS NEAR THE CROSS.
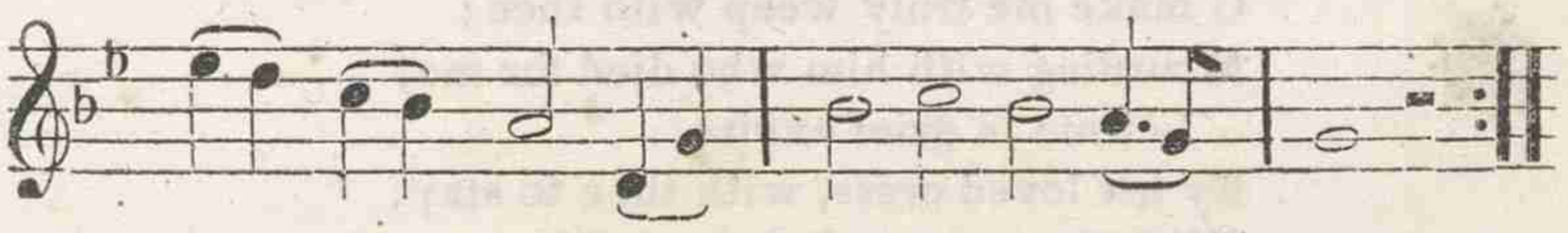
Dolente. Stabat Mater. J. Hœrner.











Then how full of deep-felt anguish,
Did that blessed mother languish,
For him her only love!
With trembling and with sadness worn,
How deeply did that mother mourn
His pangs, who bled above.

Where is the man, who all unmoved,
Could see her who so truly loved,
Thus sunk in bitter grief?
The painful scene who could have borne?
So pure a soul with anguish torn,
And none to yield relief?

She saw his blood profusely shed,
For his own people's crimes he bled,
From stripes and cruel blows;
She saw her sweet and only child,
In desolation calm and mild,
In life's expiring throes.

Hear then, O mother! source of love,
Let me thy bitter sorrows prove,
And let me weep with thee.
May my poor heart be all on fire,
With Christ's bright love, let my desire
To please him ever be.

Let his wounds make deep impression,
Let them hold a sweet possession,
Firm in my faithful heart;
Let no joys my fond love sever;
In his pains, O let me ever,
Suffer with thee a part.

O make me truly weep with thee;
Mourning with him who died for me,
Let me in grief expire.
By his loved cross, with thee to stay,
With thee to tread thy painful way,
Such is my fond desire.

Virgin, above all virgins blest!
All my poor longing heart's request
Is with thy grief to mourn;
O may I bear my Saviour's death,
Treasuring until my latest breath,
All that his love has borne.
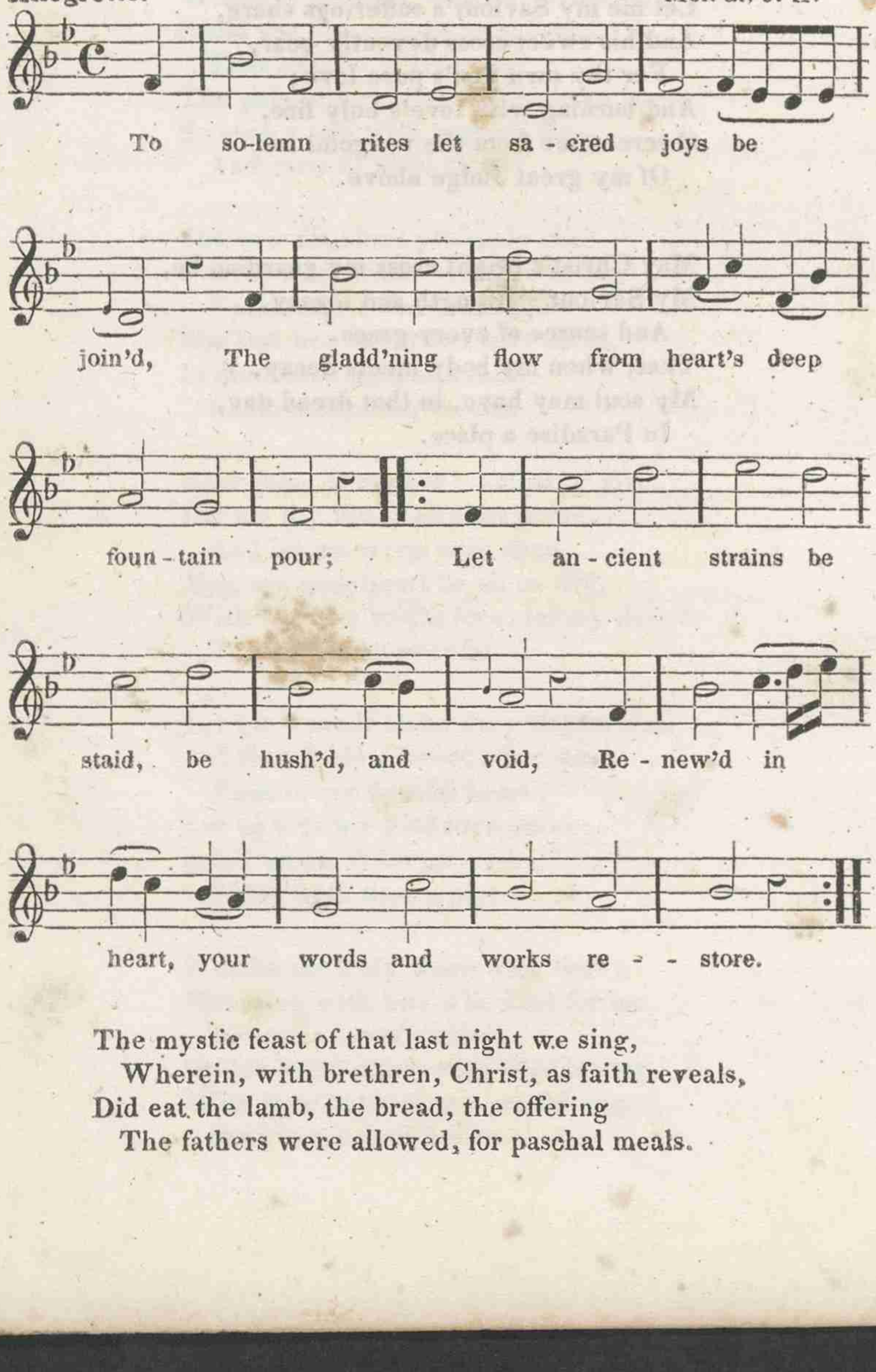
Let me my Saviour's sufferings share,
And his sweet cross devoutly bear,
For thy own Son's pure love;
And burning with love's holy fire,
O screen me from the vengeful ire
Of my great Judge above.

May Christ's bright cross my guardian be,
My Saviour's strength and legacy,
And source of every grace,
That, when my body meets decay,
My soul may have, in that dread day,
In Paradise a place.

INSTITUTION OF THE B. SACRAMENT, AND EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE.

(Sacris Solemniis.)

Allegretto. Mel. ar, J. H.



The mystic feast of that last night we sing,
Wherein, with brethren, Christ, as faith reveals,
Did eat the lamb, the bread, the offering
The fathers were allowed, for paschal meals.

The paschal lamb, the typic bread consumed,
When lo! the Lord's own body takes their place;
Which given whole to all, is whole communed
To each, by him who came to save our race.

For feeble man, he made his body meat,
For sadden'd mortals, he his blood made drink,
As thus he spoke: "Do ye receive the treat,
Drink all of this, nor from this duty shrink."

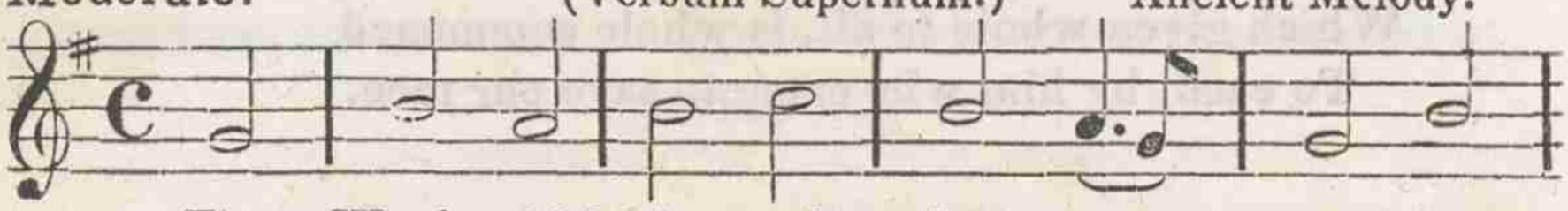
The sacrifice he thus himself ordained,
Of which the functions he to priests alone
Assigned, to whom of right it appertained
To take, and give to such as were his own.
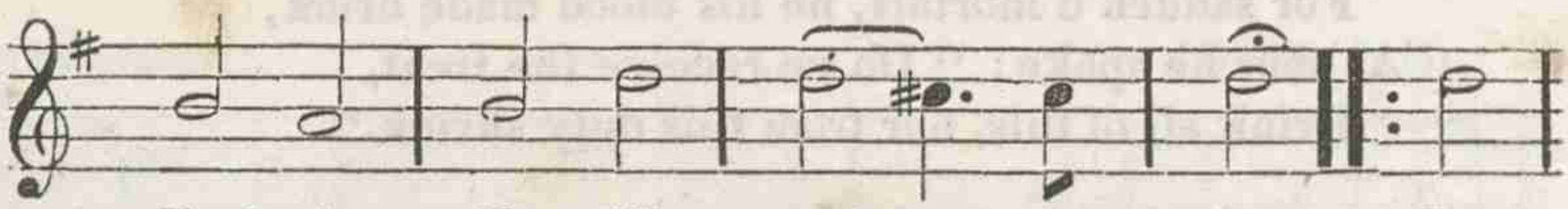
The bread of angels bread of men is made,
The truth and substance now exclude the shade.
O strange effect of love! the sov'reign God
Becomes the poor, the slave, the sinner's food.
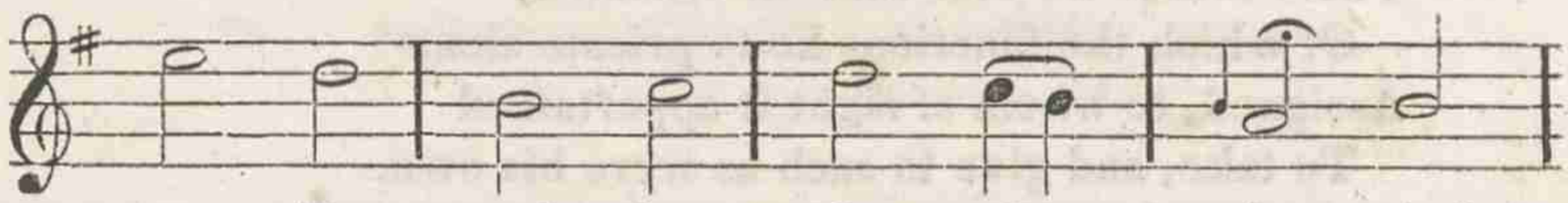
O Three and One, we humbly thee implore
To manifest thyself, as we adore;
By thy own ways instruct us how to move,
To reach the light, in which thou dwell'st above.

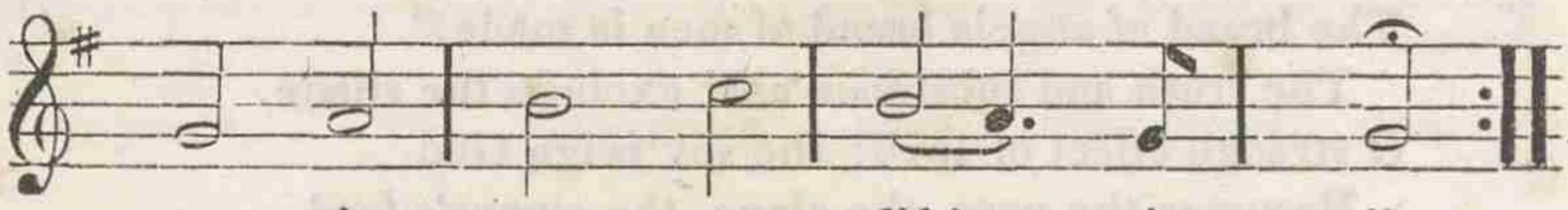
THE INSTITUTION OF THE B. SACRAMENT, AND EUCHARISTIC SACRIFICE.

Moderato. (Verbum Supernum.) Ancient Melody.









When sold to die, by one of his,
Ere he his foes in meekness meets,
To his disciples first he gives
Himself, a food of living sweets.

To them, 'neath twofold species, he
His flesh and blood relinquishes,
And, through these substances, we see,
The whole of famish'd man refresh's.

By birth, he chose to be man's guest:
In eating, he becomes man's feast:
In dying, he is made man's pay:
In glory, more than tongue can say!

O saving victim, pledge of love!
Who open'st heaven's gate above—
By hostile wars we are oppress'd—
Be thou our force, support and rest.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Be endless praise; may he above,
With life immortal, crown our love.

O SALUTARIS.

No. I.
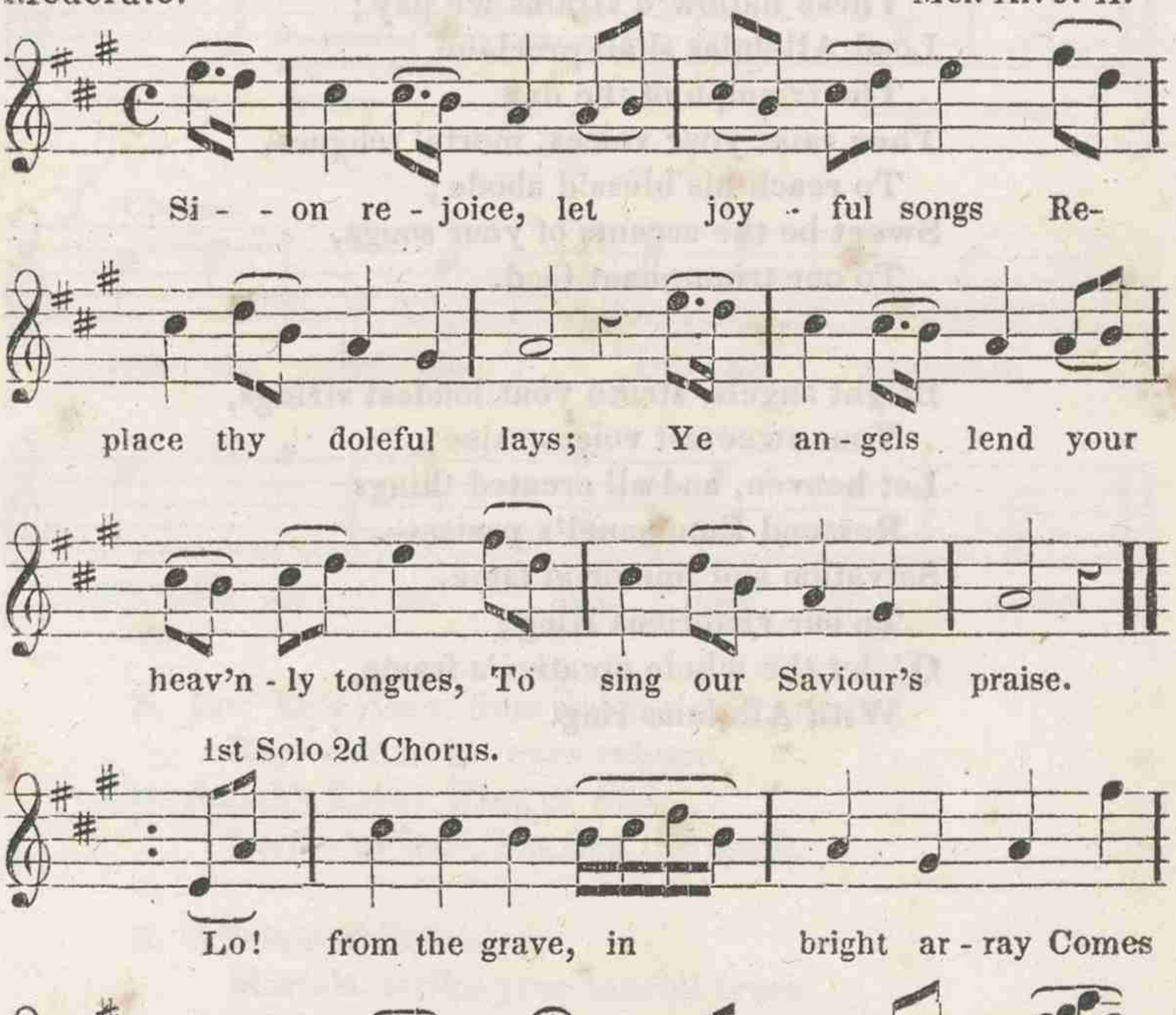
Melody—"The word which issued."

O salutaris hostia!
Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni, Trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam, sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria.—Amen.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Moderato. Mel. Ar. J. H.
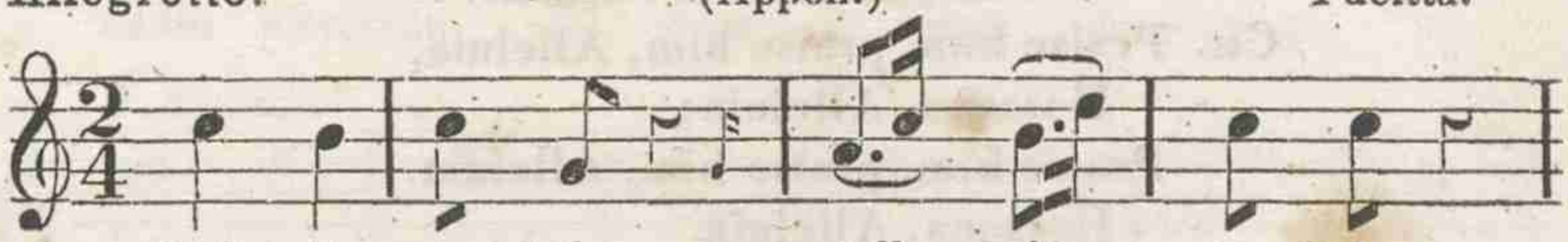


Now death has lost his cruel sway,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
Hosanna to the Prince of Light!
Who, cloth'd himself in clay,
Pass'd through the fearful gates of night,
And tore the bars away.
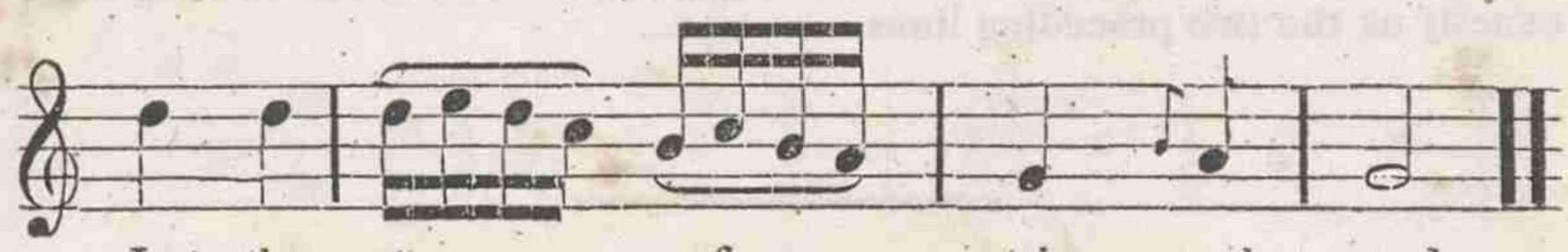
Great Lord, to thine Almighty name,
These hallow'd strains we pay;
Loud Alleluias shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.
Then raise your voices, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our triumphant God.
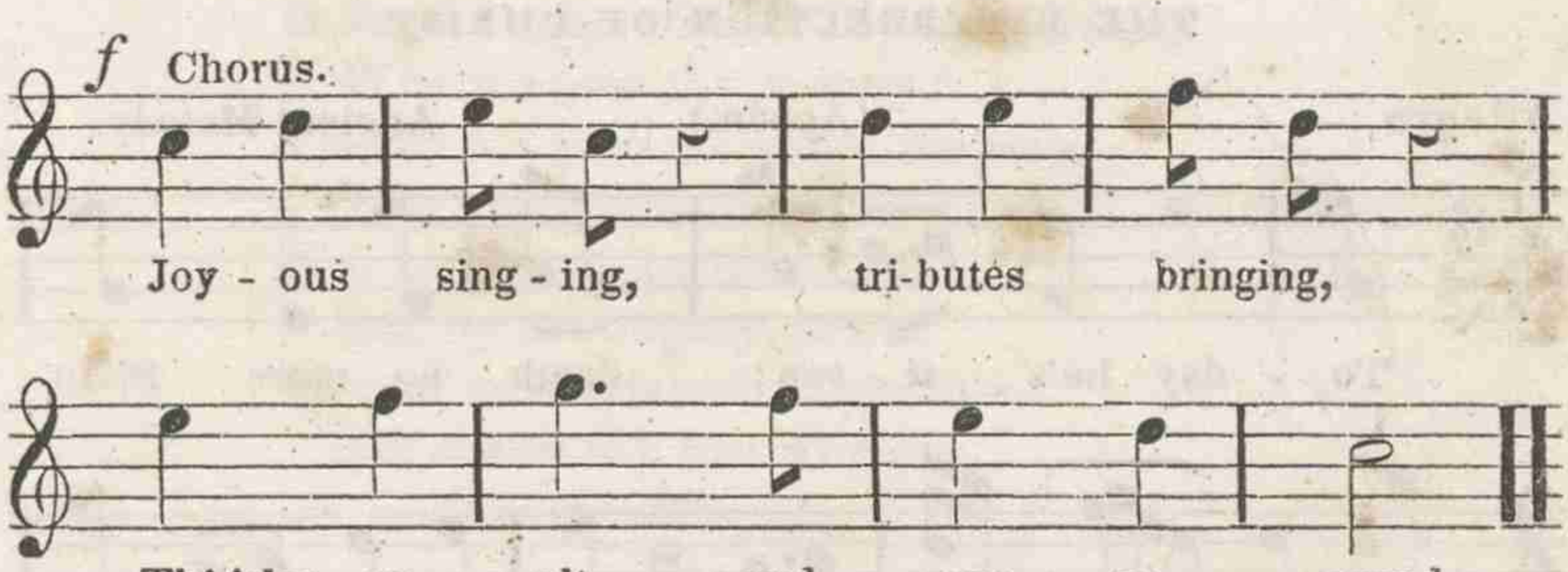
Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things
Resound Emmanuel's praise—
Salvation and immortal fame,
To our victorious King;
O! let the whole creation's frame,
With Alleluias ring.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Allegretto. (Appen.) Pucitta.







S. Lo! he's risen, from death's dark prison;
Rays divine his eyes relume.
CH. Judah's Lion! King of Sion,
Lord o'er hell, has fled the tomb.

S. Alleluia, Alleluia,
Mortals, strike your tuneful lyres,
Alleluia, Alleluia;
Holy mirth the day inspires.
CH. Judah's Lion! King of Sion,
Lord o'er hell, has fled the tomb.

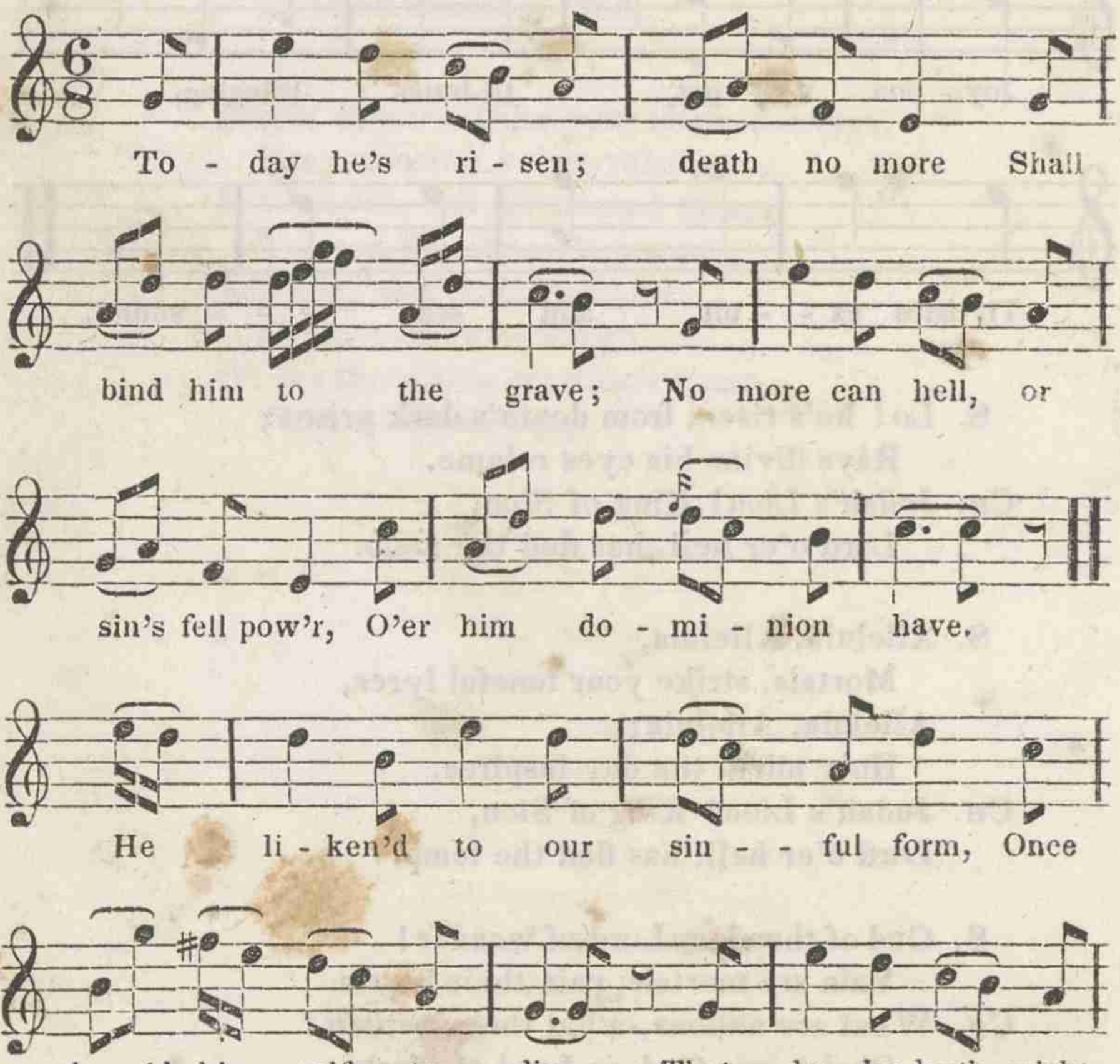
S. God of thunder, Lord of wonder!
Vain are mortals, vain their boasts.
CH. What are nations, what their stations?
Christ, our God, is Lord of Hosts.

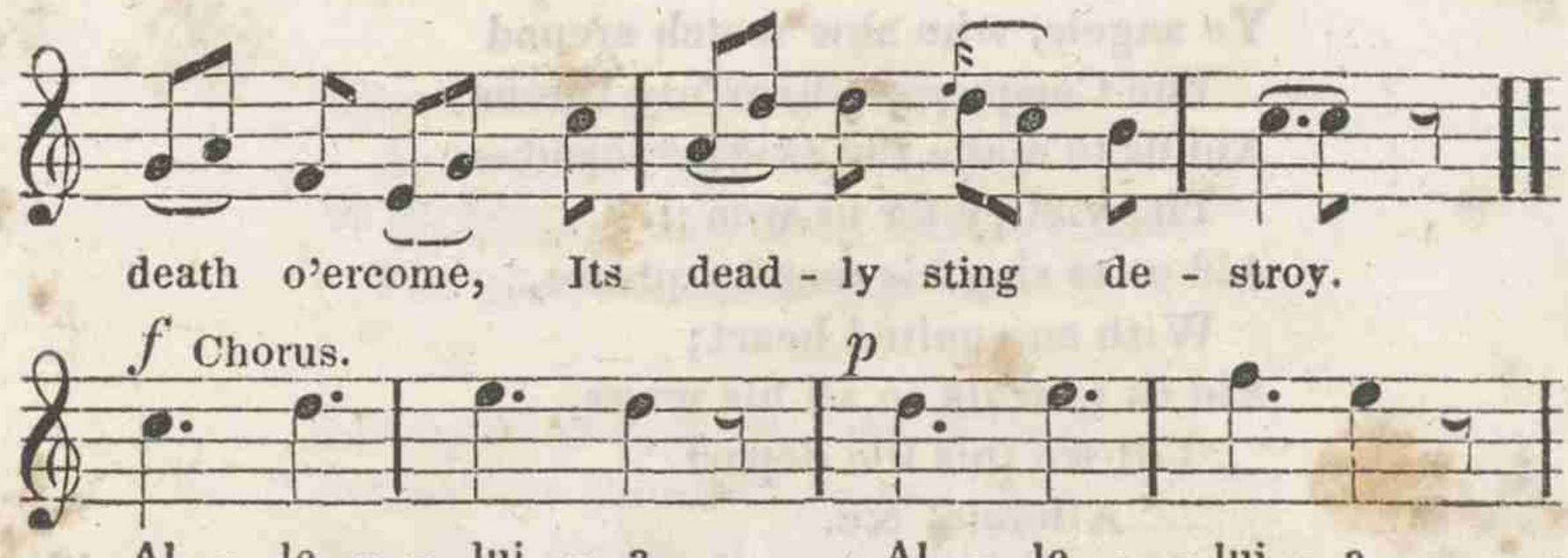
S. Alleluia, alleluia.
Lord, eternal God Supreme!
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Mortals, mortals to redeem!
CH. Praise him, praise him, Alleluia,
Hosanna, Alleluia;
Praise him, praise him, Alleluia,
Hosanna, Alleluia.
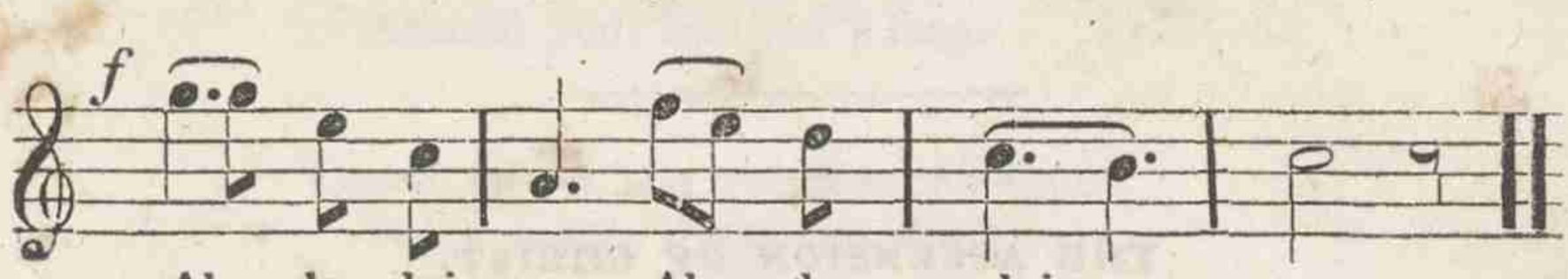
Note:—The 3d and 4th lines of the 3d and 5th stanzas are to be sung *Solo*, exactly as the two preceding lines.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Allegro. (Appen.) Ancient Melody.







O death! where's now thy mortal sting?
Where's now thy victory?
To-day his glorious praise we sing,
Who triumph'd over thee;
Nor triumph'd for himself alone,
But, by his mighty pow'r,
Taught us to triumph in our turn,
Nor dread thy terrors more.
Alleluia, &c.
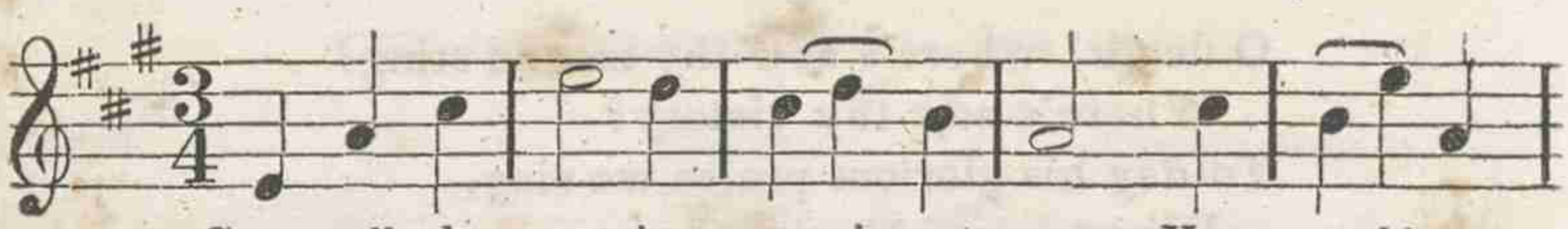
For lo! the dread of death is sin,
And never ending wo;
From thence it is our terrors spring,
From thence our evils flow,
But now from sin and hell set free,
No longer death we'll fear;
But, longing for eternity,
Rejoice when it draws near.
Alleluia, &c.
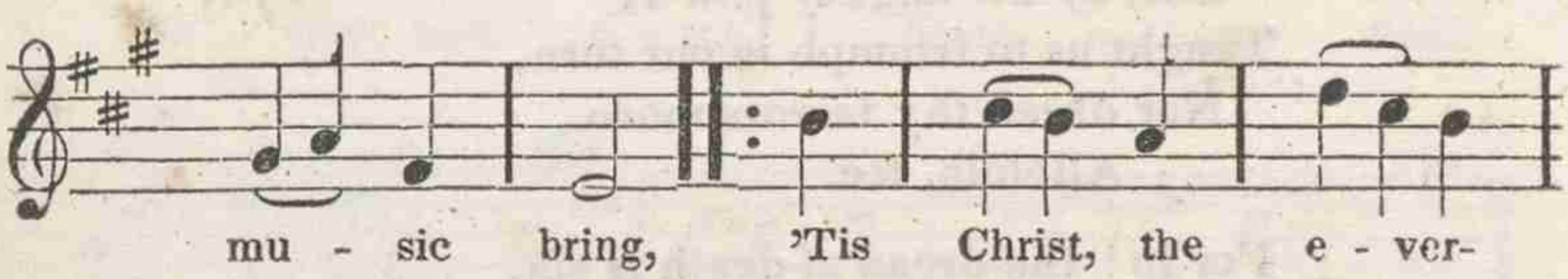
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And reigns above the skies;
He will revive my dust again,
And bid my body rise.
Then cloth'd in my own glorious flesh,
I shall behold his face!
That hope sweet in my bosom glows,
And cheers my ling'ring days.
Alleluia, &c.
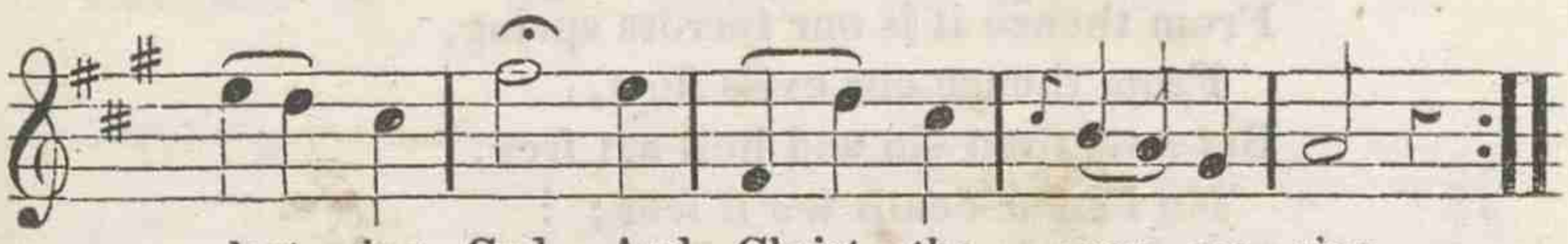
Ye angels, who now watch around
The Conqueror's heav'nly throne,
Aid us to make the skies resound—
The vict'ry for us won;
Aid us to sing his worthy praise,
With one united heart;
Aid us to walk in all his ways,
'Till we this life depart.
Alleluia, &c.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Maestoso. By ——.







He, from the Father's bosom sprung,
Came down to save our race;
He now returns, in triumph borne,
Up to his native place.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
With him th' Almighty Father shares
The glory of his throne.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Unto the throne of grace;
See what immortal beauties shine,
Around your Saviour's face.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
And for us sinners died—
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
On God the Father's side.

O Father! look on thy dear Son,
Behold those scars of love!
They call for mercy—let those wounds
Thy heart to pity move.

Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high!
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels praise with endless joy,
Our Saviour, and our King.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Larghetto. Mel. Ar. J. H.

Unloose your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.
S. There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way;
CH. Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
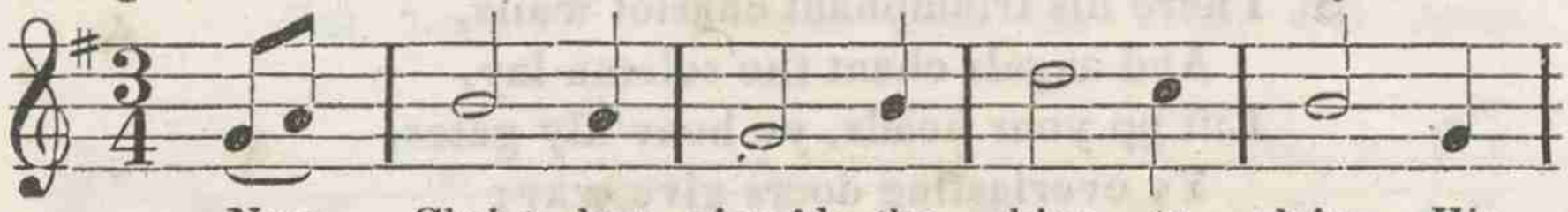
Who is this King of Glory?—who?—
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
S. There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way;
CH. Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
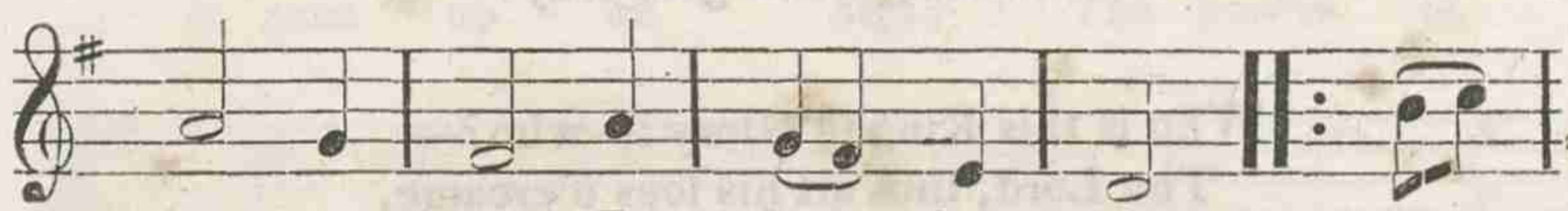
Who is this King of Glory?—who?—
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.
S. There his triumphant chariot waits—
And angels chant the solemn lay.
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way;
CH. Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
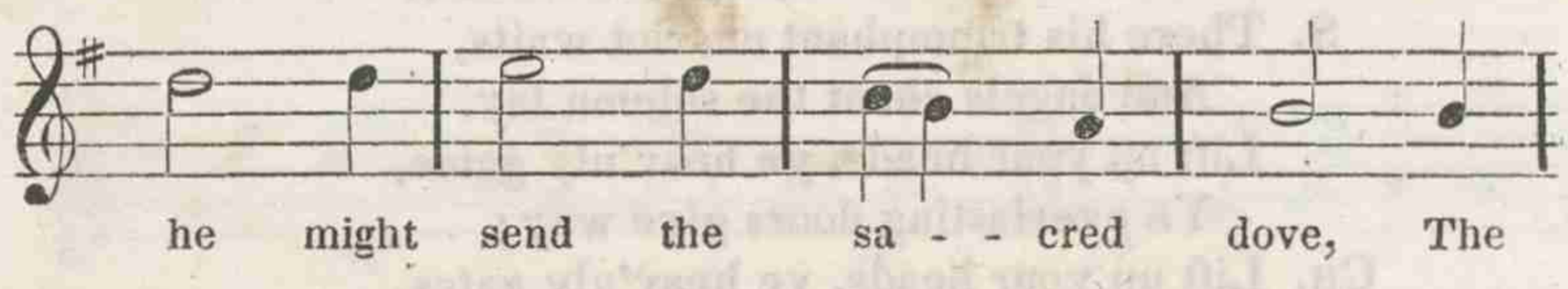
THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.
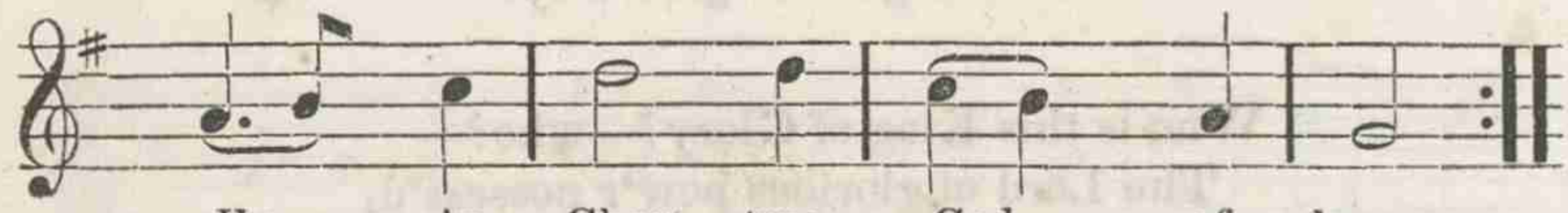
(Jam Christus.)

Allegro. Mel. by J. H.









The solemn day, on which the sun,
Returning in a mystic run—
Completing sev'n times sev'n blest days—
Had usher'd in the SEV'NFOLD RAYS.

Three hours, since daylight, now had pass'd,
When lo! a loud, surprising blast
Forewarn'd the twelve, at pray'r intent,
That God the promised gift had sent.

Thus from the Father's light there came
A sacred warmth—a living flame,
Which fill'd with zeal their faithful breast,
Who were of Christ the heralds blest.

Thus fill'd, their hearts with rapture glow,
The fire which burns within they show;
They speak of God—his wond'rous ways,
With divers tongues they sound his praise.

The Romans, Greeks, and barb'rous sects,
All nations, and all dialects,
Their native tongues perceive, and praise
The Author of their strange amaze.
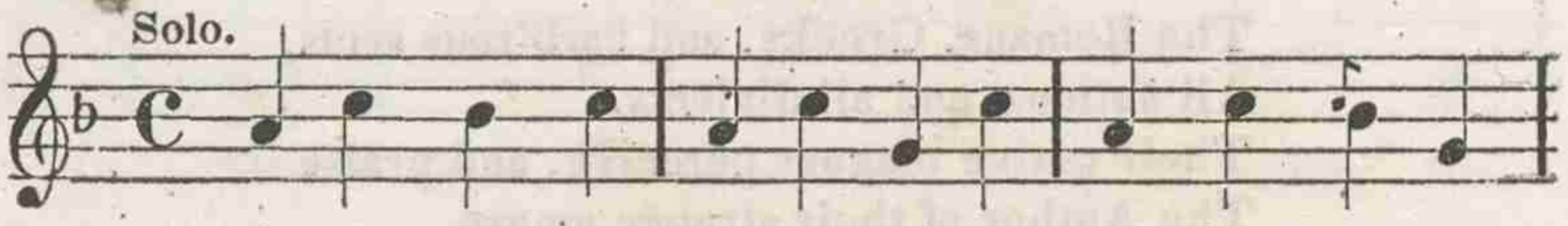
Whilst Jews alone, of all mankind
The most perverse, and deaf, and blind,
Revile God's miracles, and think
The gift of languages th' effect of drink.
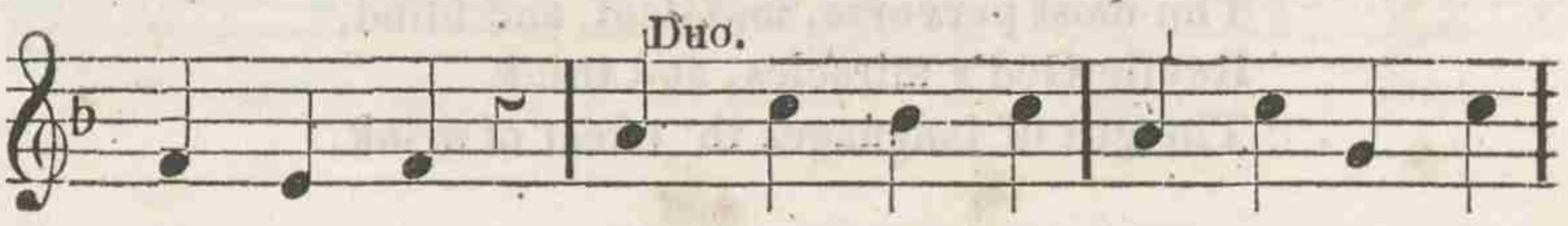
But Peter thwarts their impious spite,
And brings the sacred truth to light,
A truth, which though from them conceal'd,
The prophets taught, and God reveal'd.
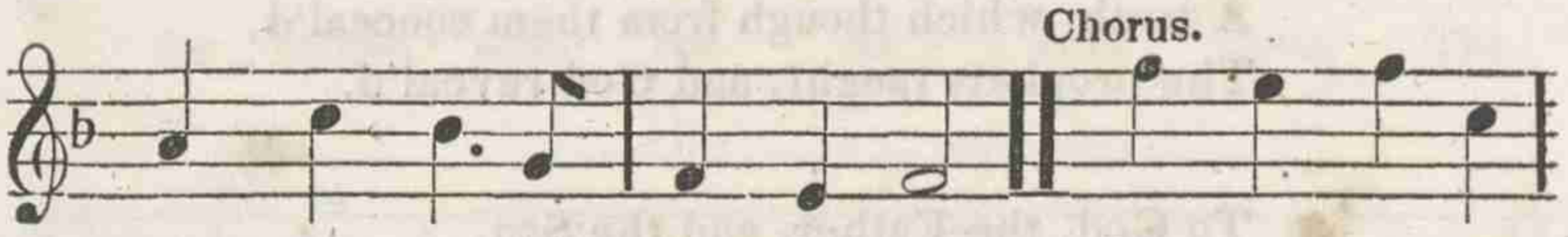
To God, the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, be honor done;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.
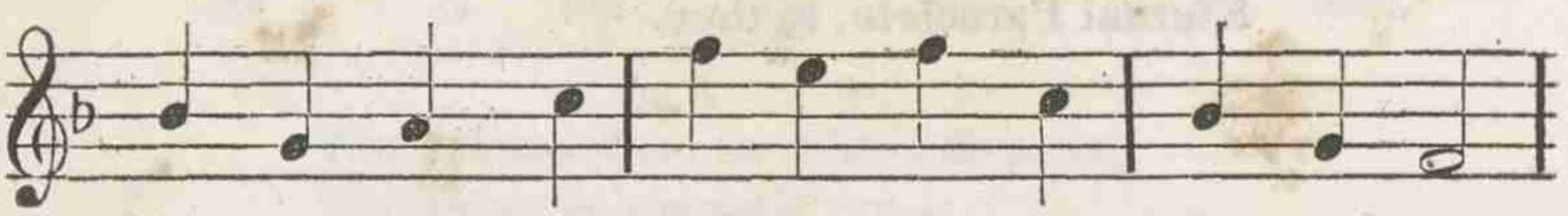
THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.
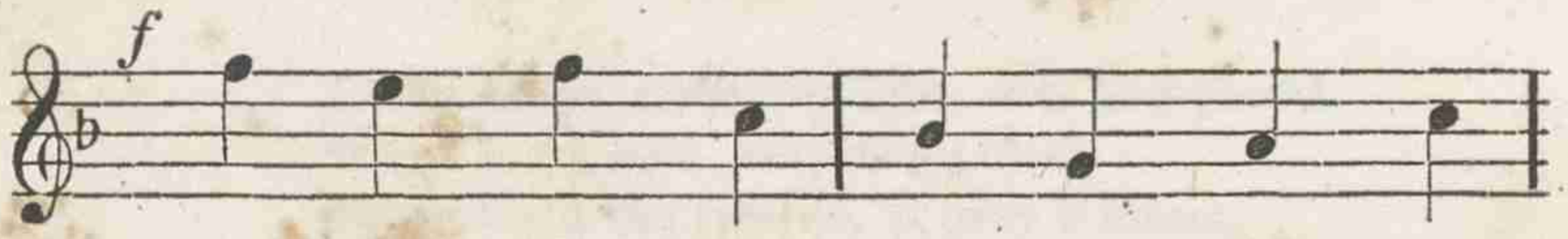
Moderato. (Appen.) Russian Air.
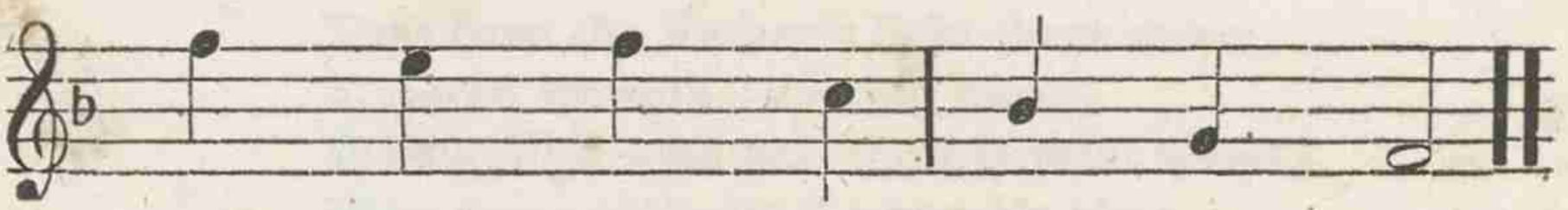












Men in ev'ry danger fearing,
Now the greatest danger scorn,
'Midst of torments persevering,
Show themselves in Christ new-born.

Let us Alleluias, &c.

Fishermen, by thee instructed,
Jesus to the world proclaim;
Infants, by thy grace conducted,
Rather die, than slight his name.

Let us Alleluias, &c.

Idols fall, the devil ceasing,
O'er the world to be ador'd;
Faith and love by thee increasing,
All confess thee sov'reign Lord.
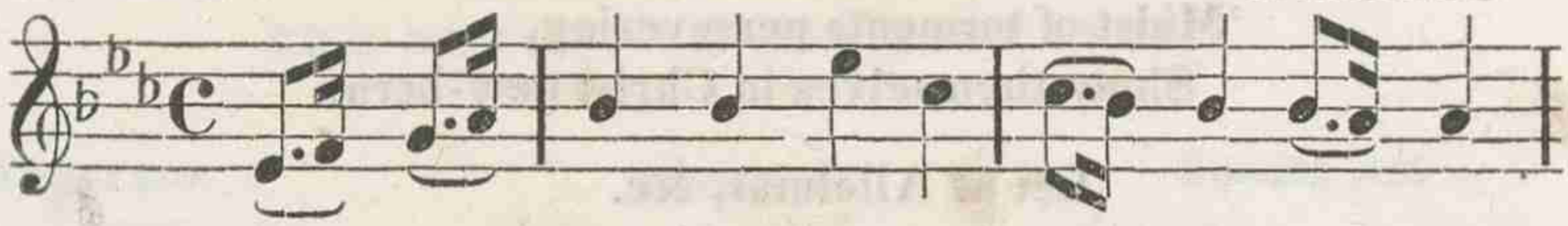
Let us Alleluias, &c.
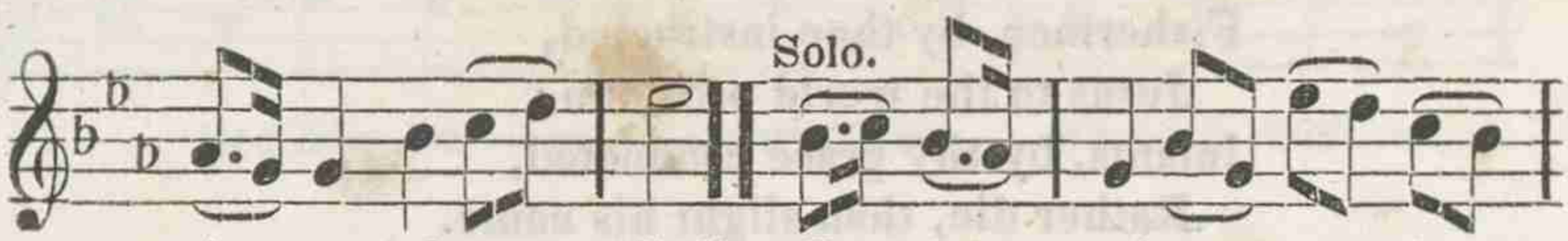
Source of love, our hearts inflaming
With true zeal and virtue pure,
Grant we may, in heaven reigning,
Sing thy praise for evermore.
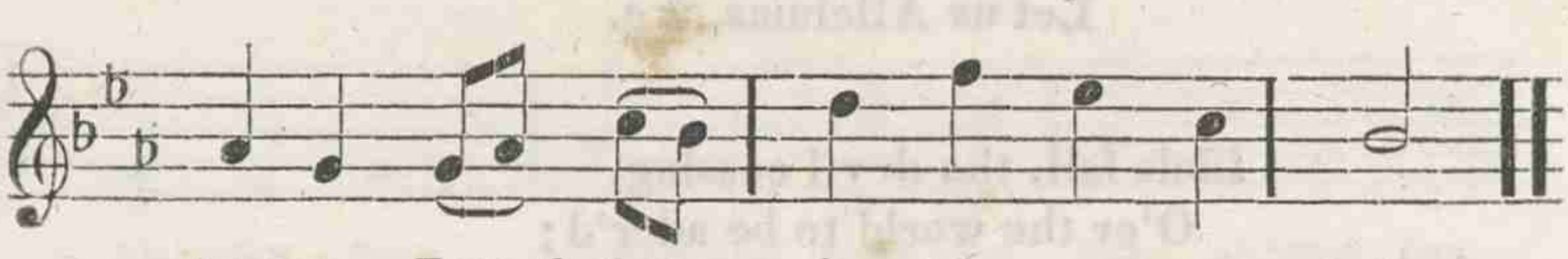
Let us Alleluias, &c.
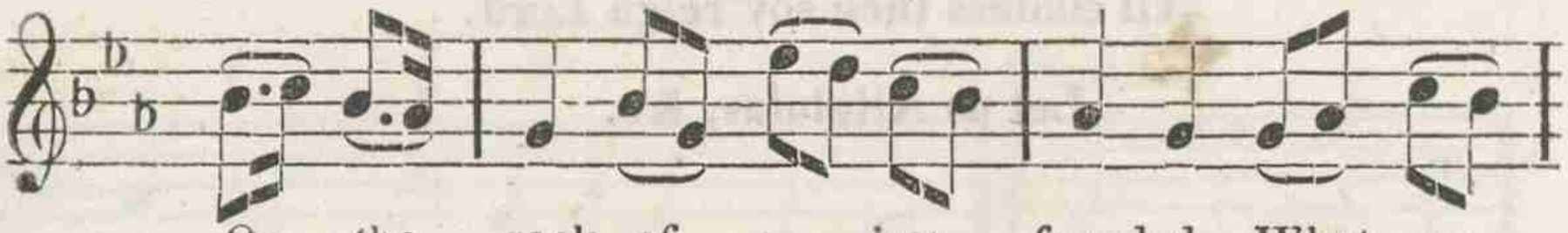
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.
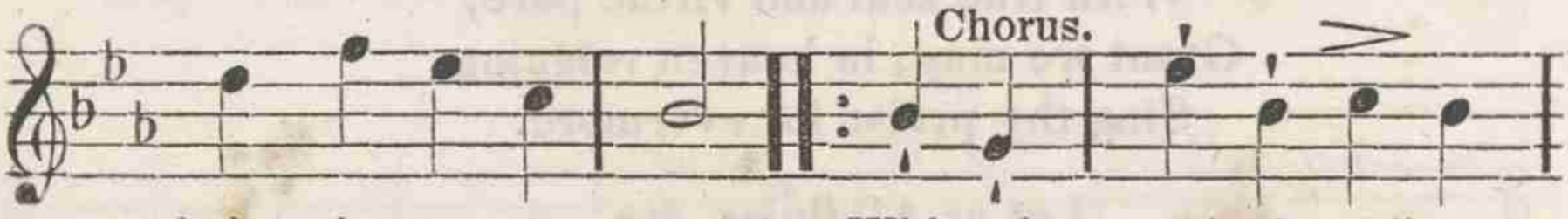
Andante. J. Hœrner.
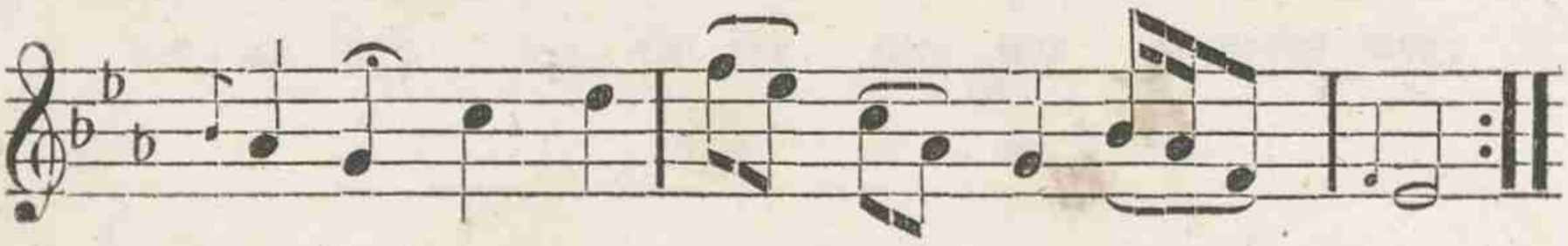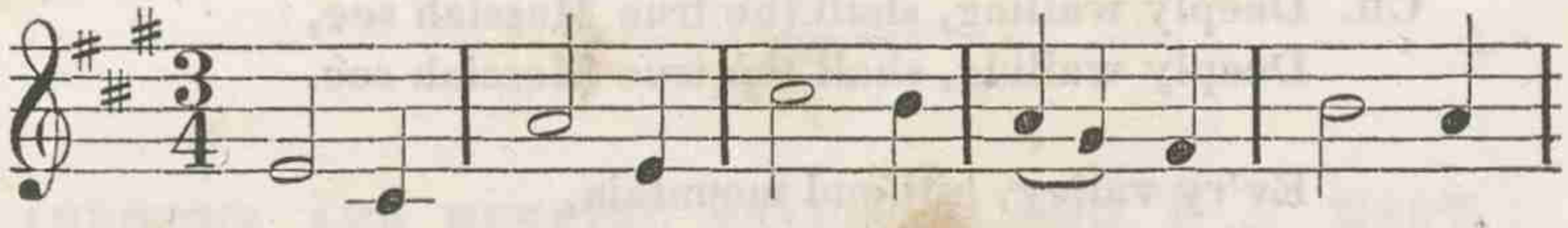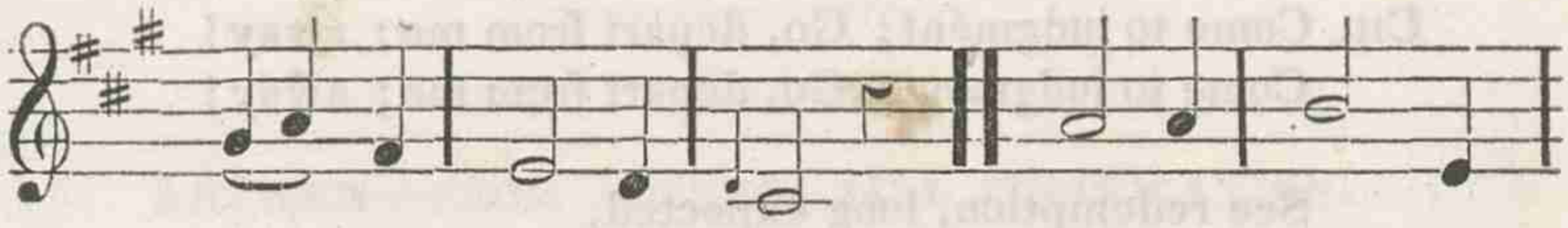












See the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
We'll supply thy sons and daughters,
  And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
  Ever flows their thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
  Never fails from age to age.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.
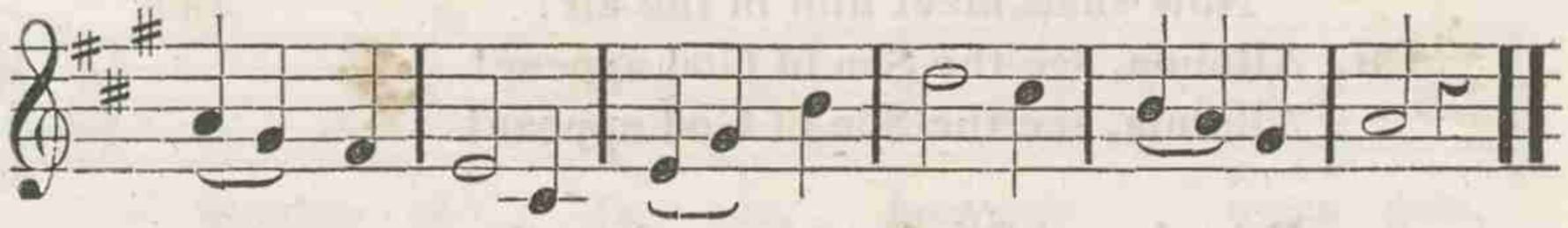
Moderato. J. Hœrner.



Lo! he comes, in clouds de - scend - ing, Once for
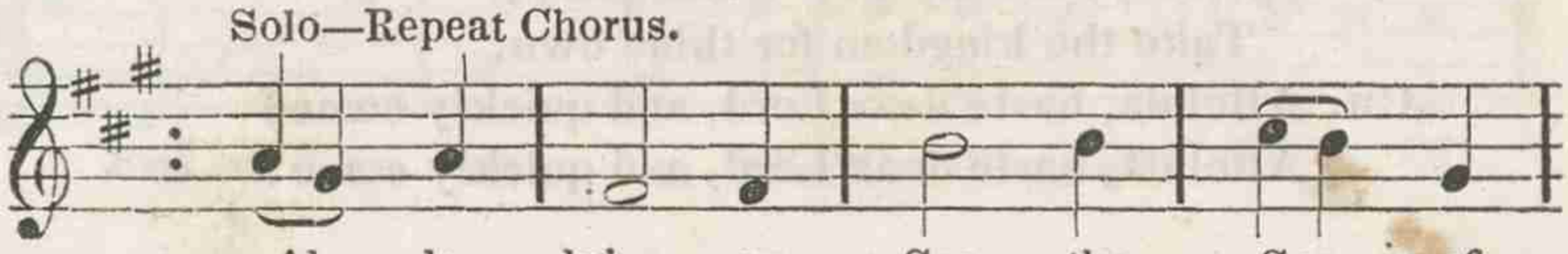


fa - vor'd sin-ners slain. Thousand, thousand
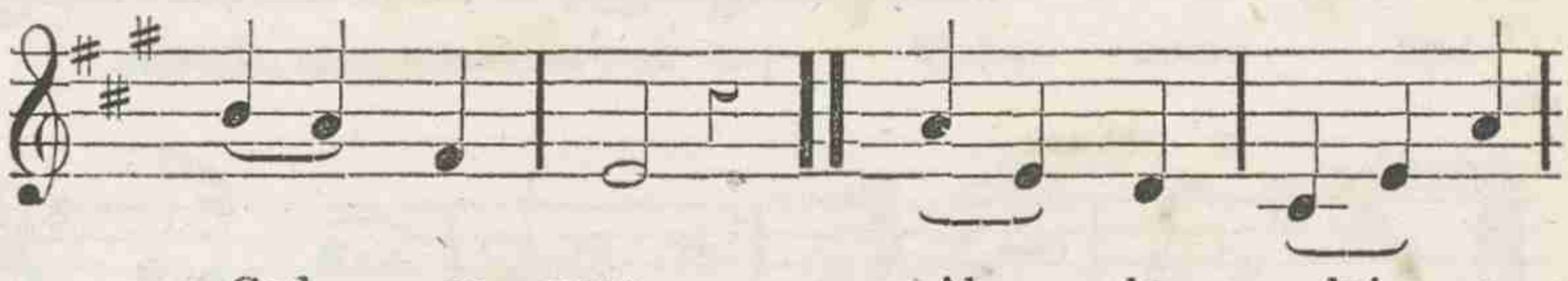


saints at - tending, Fill the triumph of his train.
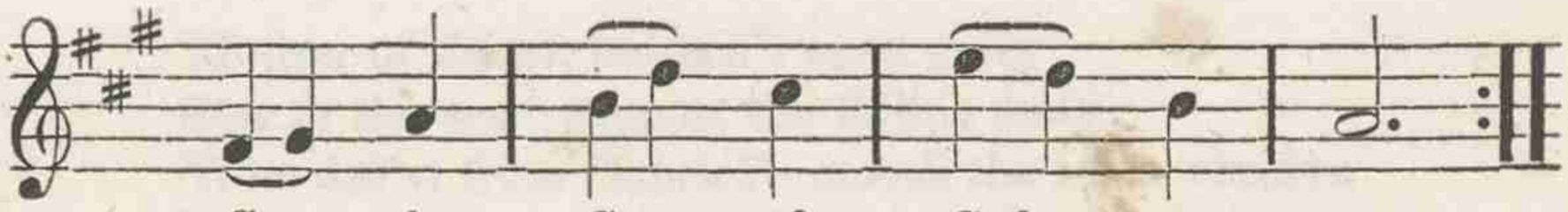
Solo—Repeat Chorus.



Al - le - lui - a, See the Son of



God ap - pear, Al - - le - - lui - a,



See the Son of God ap - pear.

Ev'ry eye must now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
CH. Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see,
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry valley, hill and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall fade away;
Those who hate him, shall, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
CH. Come to judgment; Go, depart from me; away!
Come to judgment; Go, depart from me; away!

See redemption, long expected,
Now in dreadful pomp appear!
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
CH. Alleluia, see the Son of God appear!
Alleluia, see the Son of God appear!

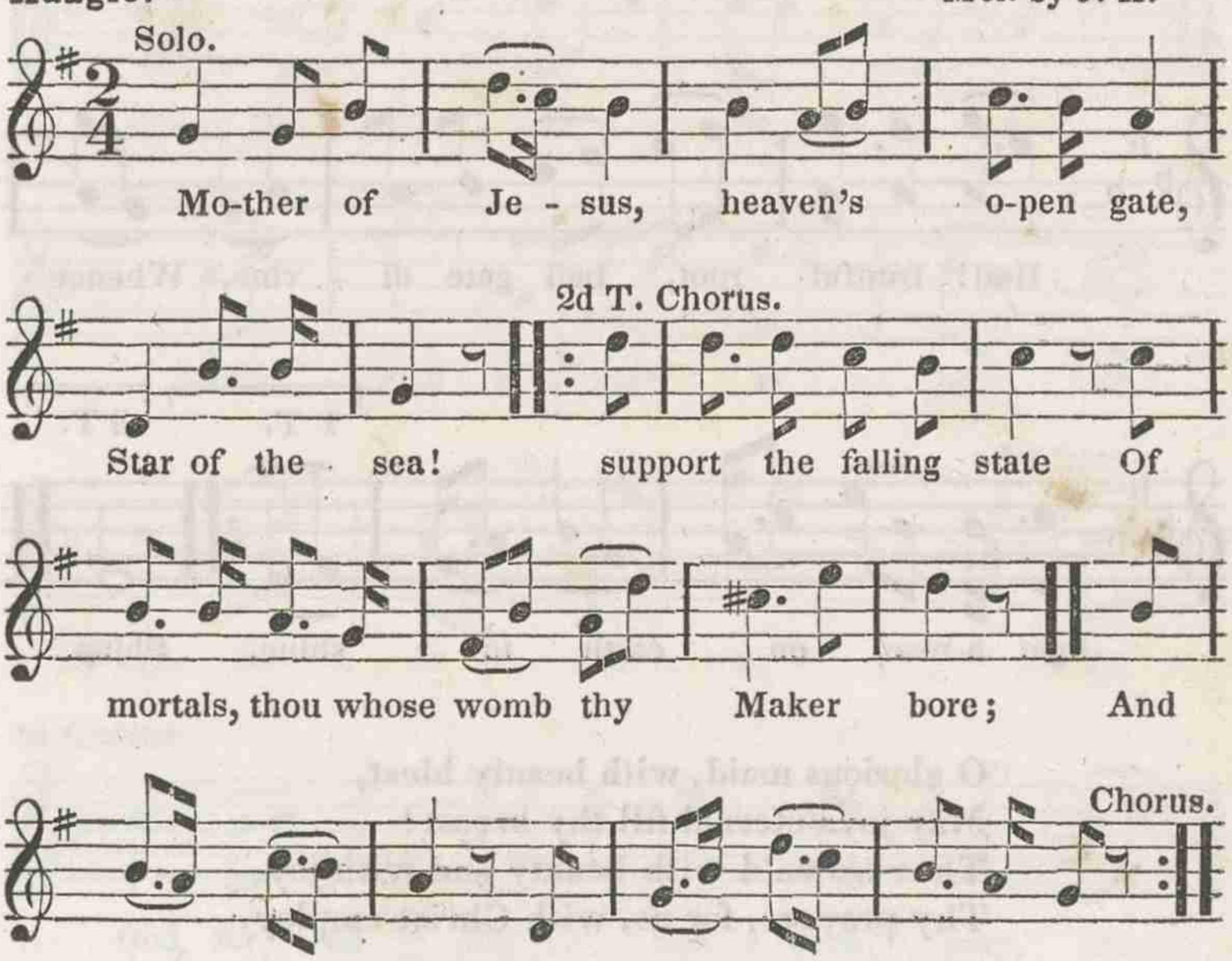
Friends and foes must now adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take thy pow'r and glory,
Take the kingdom for thine own.
CH. Alleluia, haste dear Lord, and quickly come!
Alleluia, haste dear Lord, and quickly come!

PART V.

ANTHEMS AND EVENING SONGS TO THE B. V. MARY.

ANTHEM—FROM ADVENT, TILL PURIFICATION.

(Alma Redemptoris.)
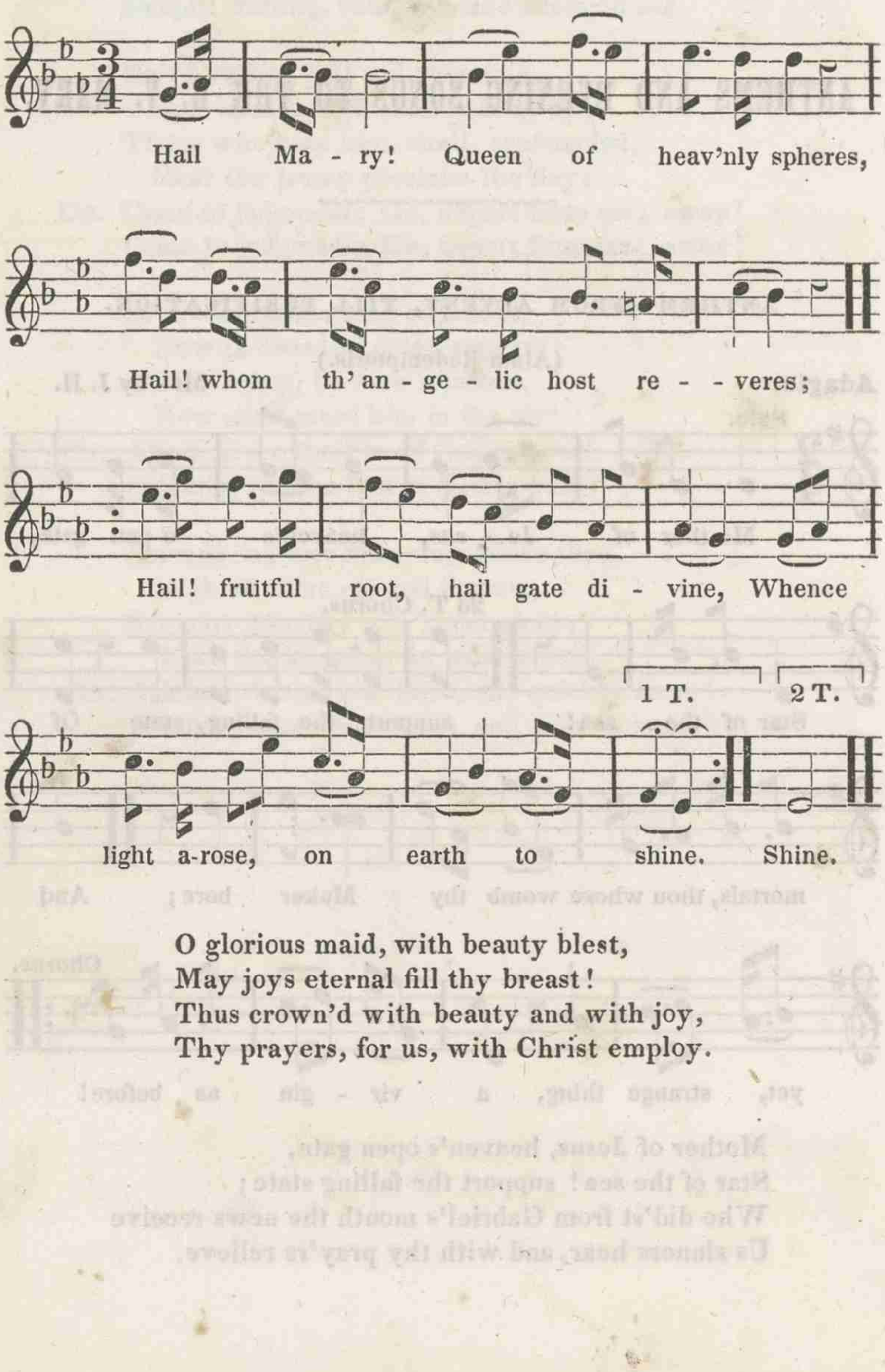


Mother of Jesus, heaven's open gate,
Star of the sea! support the falling state;
Who did'st from Gabriel's mouth the news receive
Us sinners hear, and with thy pray'rs relieve.

ANTHEM—FROM THE PURIFICATION, TILL HOLY THURSDAY.

(Ave Regina.)

Andante. Mel. Ar. J. H.
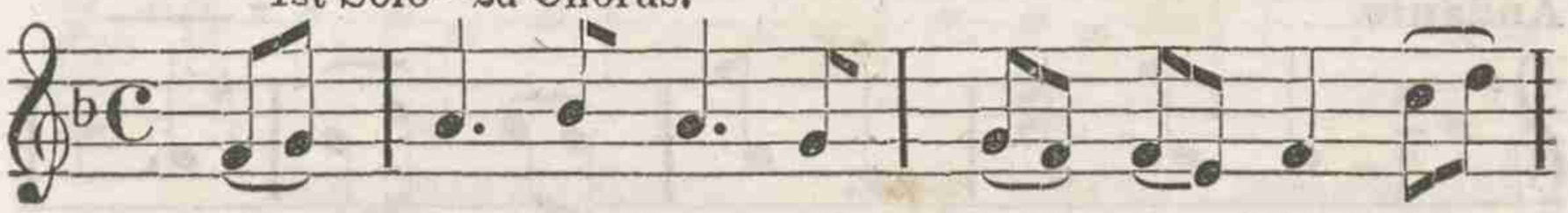


O glorious maid, with beauty blest,
May joys eternal fill thy breast!
Thus crown'd with beauty and with joy,
Thy prayers, for us, with Christ employ.

ANTHEM—FROM THE EVE OF EASTER, TILL THE EVE OF PENTECOST.

(Regina Cœli.)
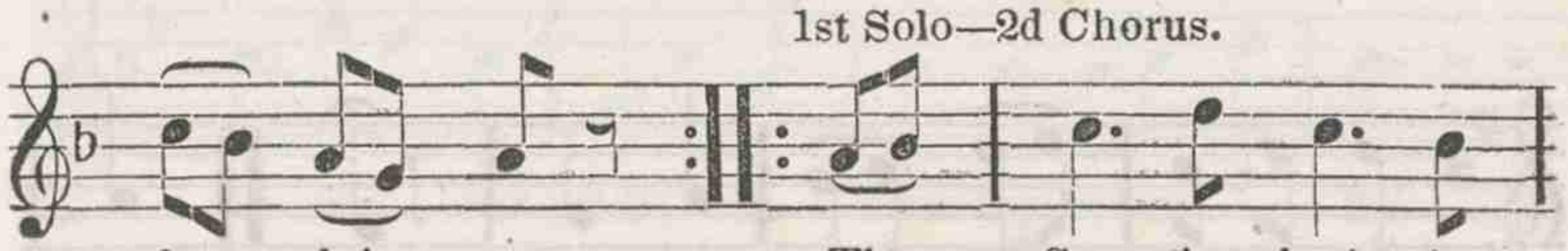
Allegretto. J. Hœrner.

1st Solo—2d Chorus.
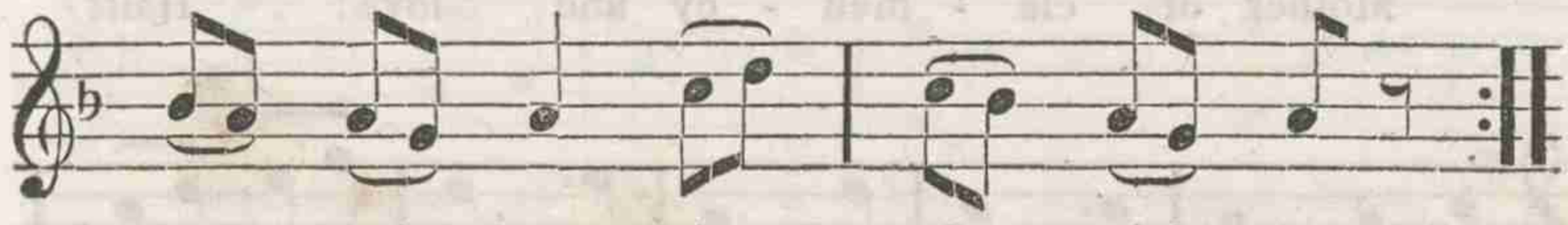


O hap - py Queen of heav'n re - joice! Al-

1st Solo—2d Chorus.
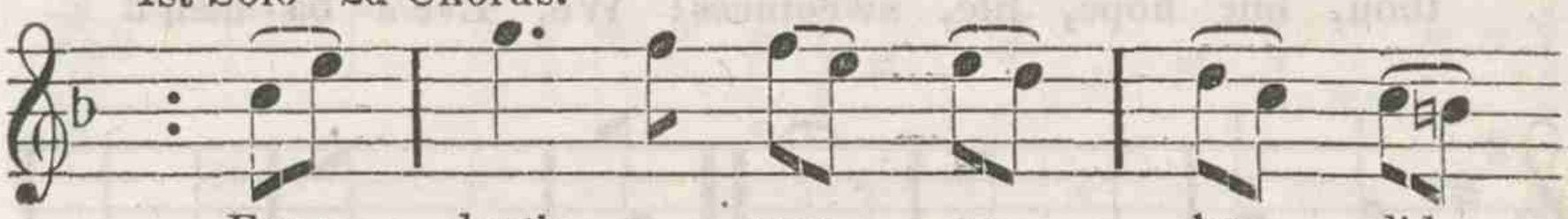


le - - lui - a; The Son thou bar'st, by
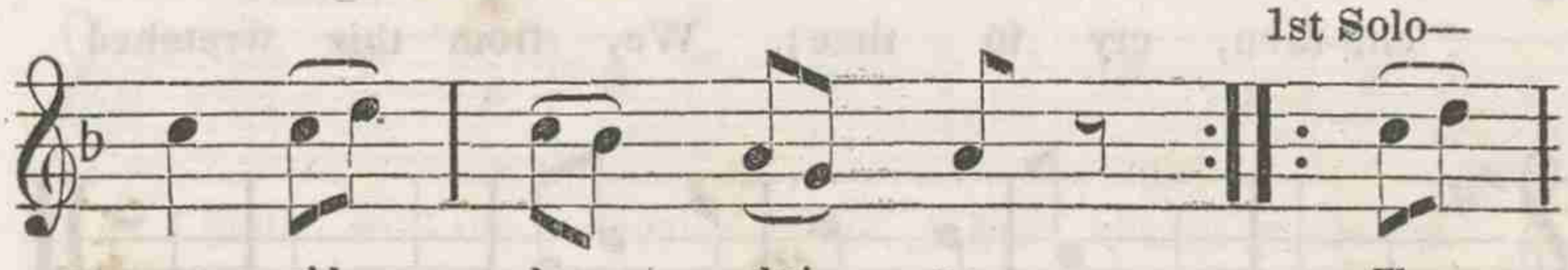


hea - ven's choice, Al - - - - le - - lui - a,

1st Solo—2d Chorus.



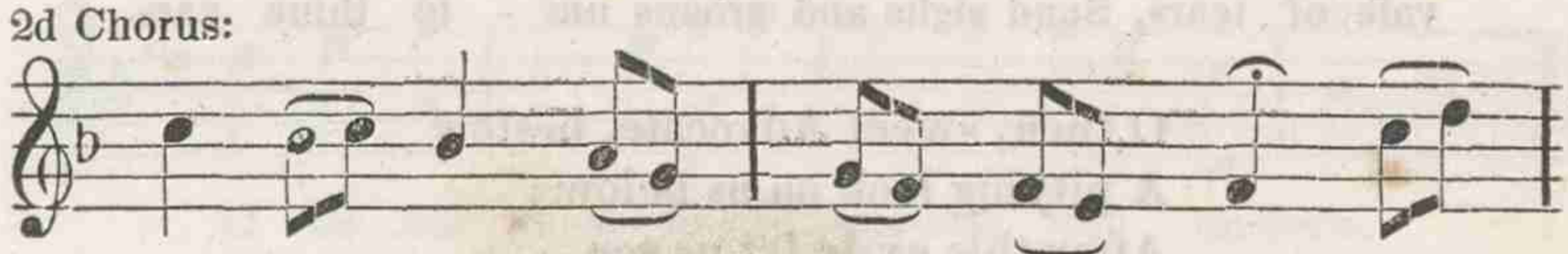
From death a - rose, as he did

1st Solo—
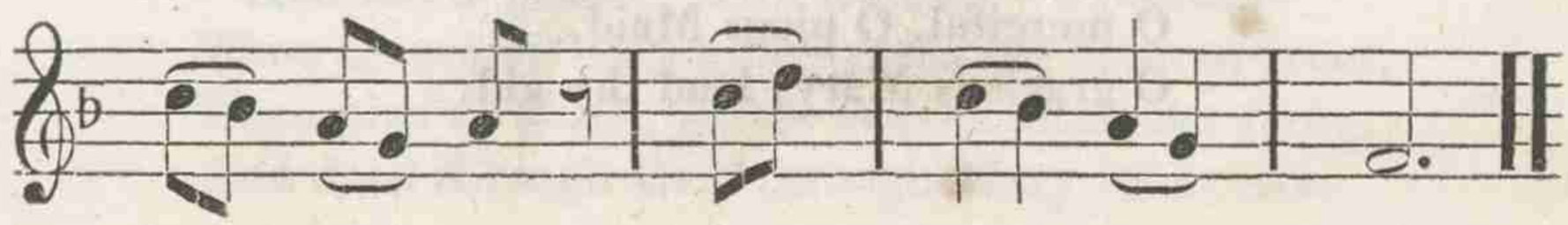


say, Al - - - - le - - - lui - - a; To

2d Chorus:



God for us thy chil - dren, pray, Al-
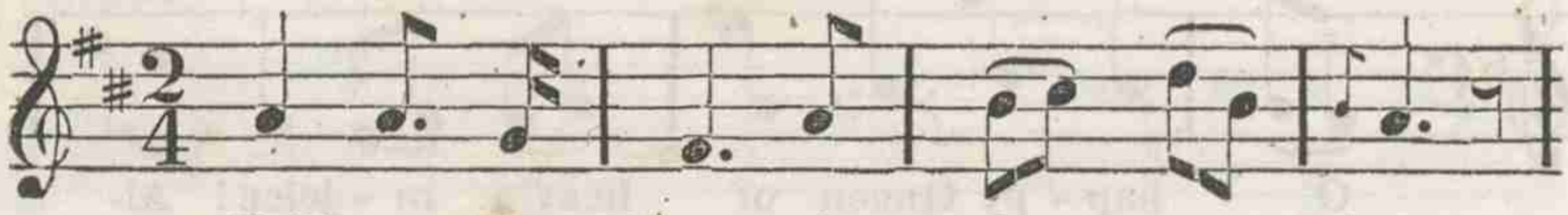


le - - lui - a, Al - - - - le - lui - - - - a.
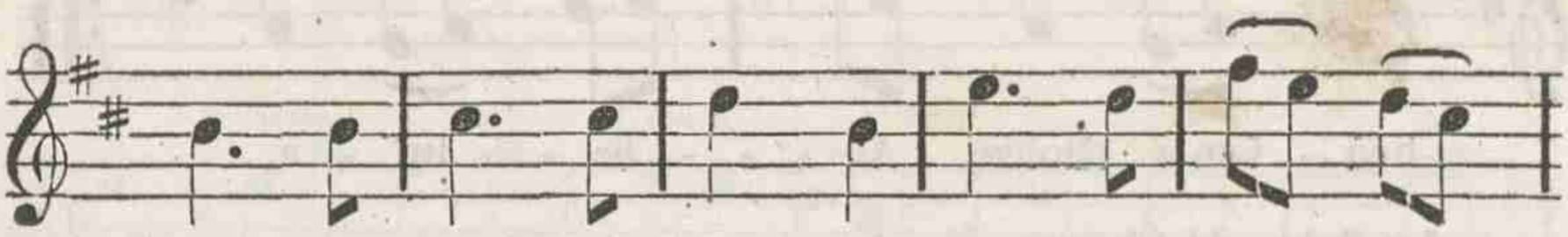
ANTHEM—FROM THE EVE OF PENTECOST, TILL ADVENT.
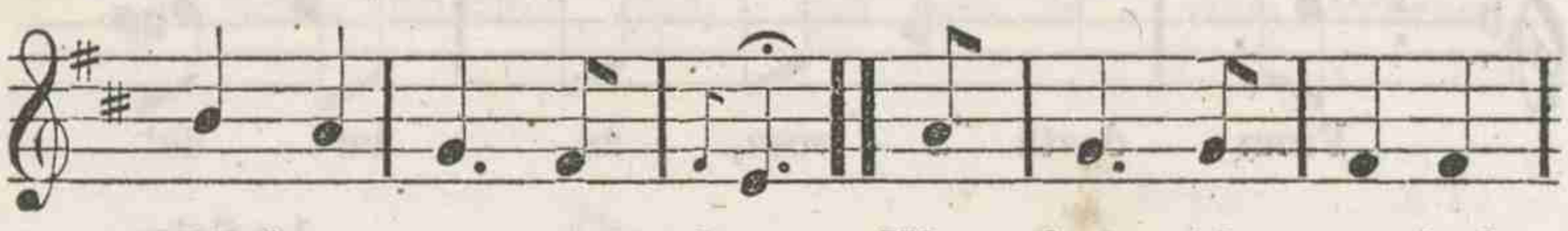
(Salve Regina.)
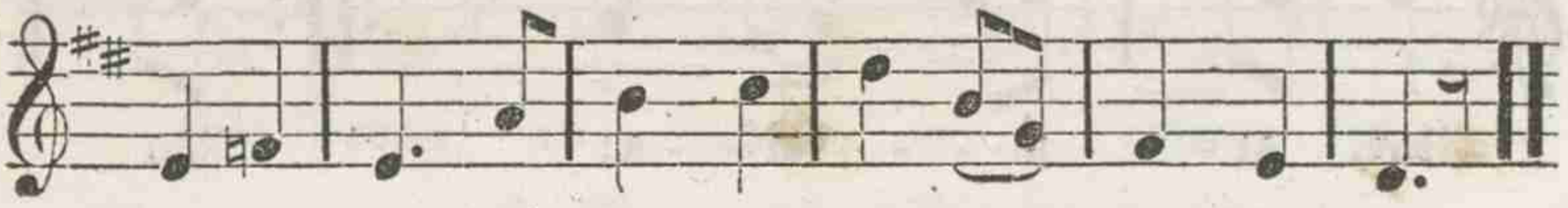
Andante.
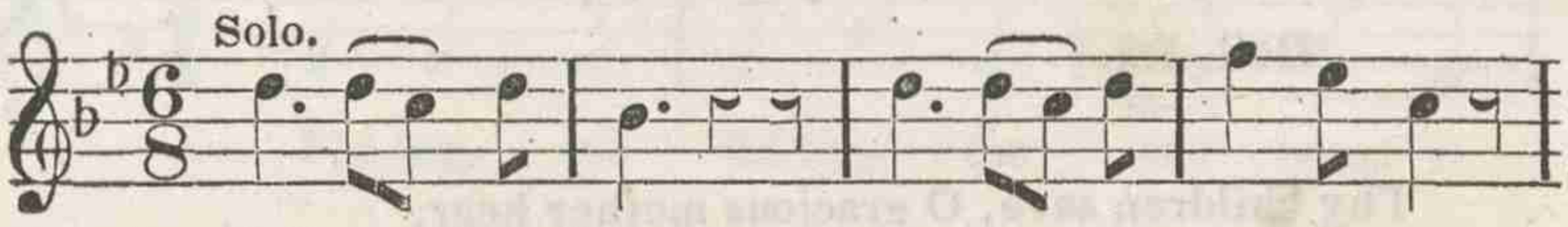










O then, sweet Advocate, bestow
A pitying look on us below;
After this exile let us see
Our blessed Jesus, born of thee;
O merciful, O pious Maid,
O gracious Mary, lend thy aid.

EVENING HYMN TO THE B. V. MARY.
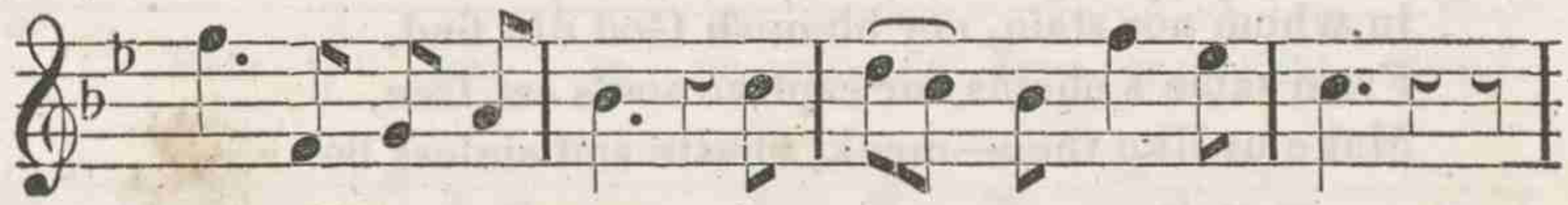
Andantino. (Appen.) **Ancient Melody.**
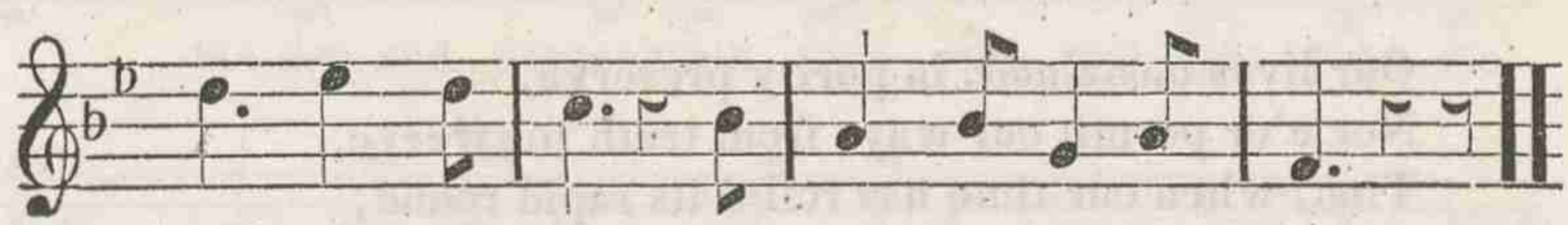


Hail heav'nly Queen! hail foa-my ocean's star!
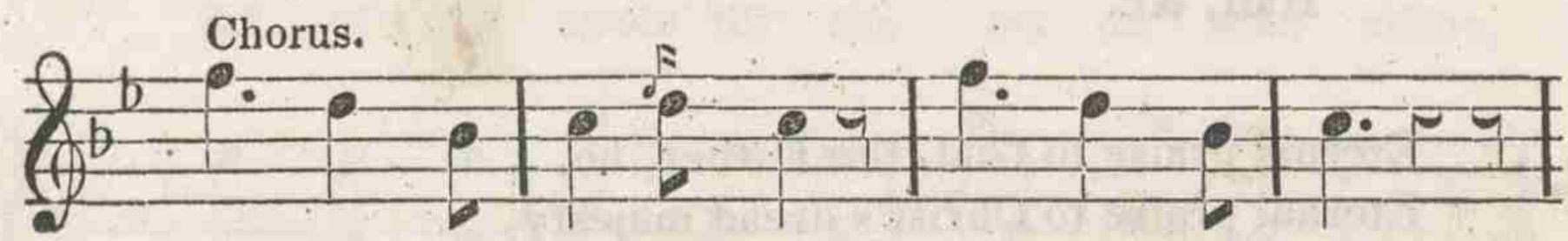


O be our guide, dif - fuse thy beams a - far.
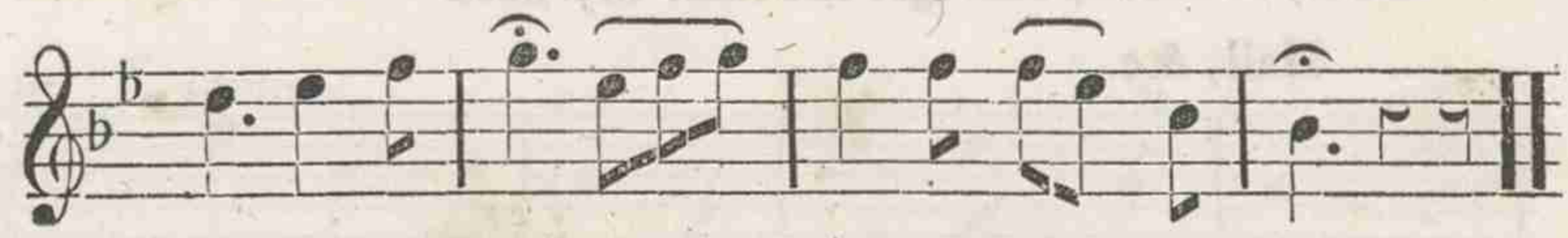


Hail Mother of God! a - bove all virgins blest;



Hail hap - py gate of heav'ns e - ter - nal rest.



Hail foa - my ocean's star! hail heav'n-ly Queen!



O be our guide to end-less joys un-seen.

"Hail full of grace," with Gabriel we repeat—
Thou Queen of heav'n, from him we learn to greet,
Then give us peace, which heaven alone can give,
And dead through Eve, through Mary let us live.

Hail, &c.

O break our chains, our captive souls release,
O give us light, and let our blindness cease;
Let every ill that presses on our heart
Fly at thy voice, and ev'ry good impart.

Hail, &c.

Thy children save, O gracious mother hear,
From moisten'd eyes, O deign to wipe the tear;
Thy pray'rs, for us to God, thy Son, present,
Whose life, and blood, to save mankind, were spent.

Hail, &c.

O Virgin meek, unmatch'd amongst mankind,
In whom nor stain, nor blemish God did find,
From satan's chains our captive souls set free,
Make us like thee—meek, chaste and sinless be.

Hail, &c.

Our lives unstained, in purity preserve,
Nor e'er permit our ways from truth to swerve,
That, when our time has roll'd its rapid round,
We may, with Christ, in heavenly bliss be crown'd.
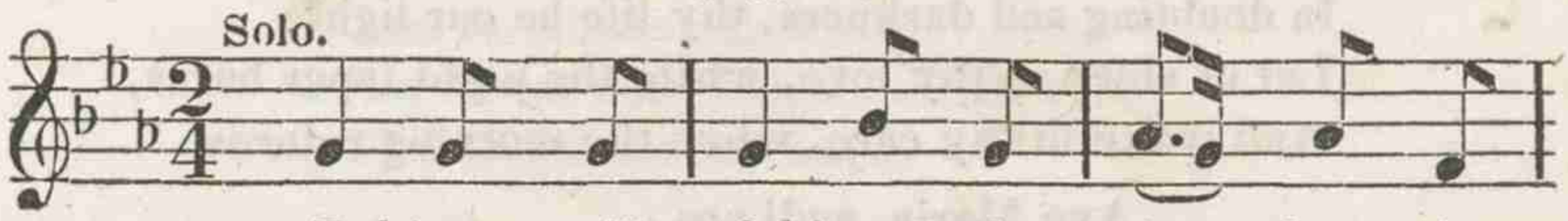
Hail, &c.

Eternal praise to God, the Father, be,
Eternal praise to Christ's dread majesty,
And equal praise to God the Holy Ghost,
Here, as above, amongst the heav'nly host.
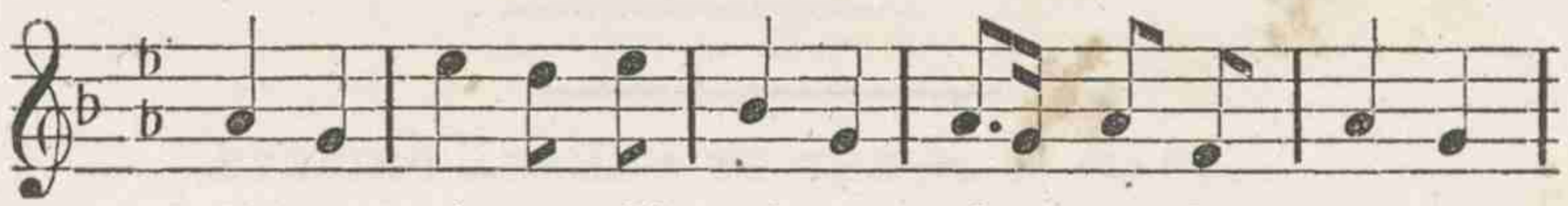
Hail, &c.

EVENING HYMN TO THE B. V. MARY.
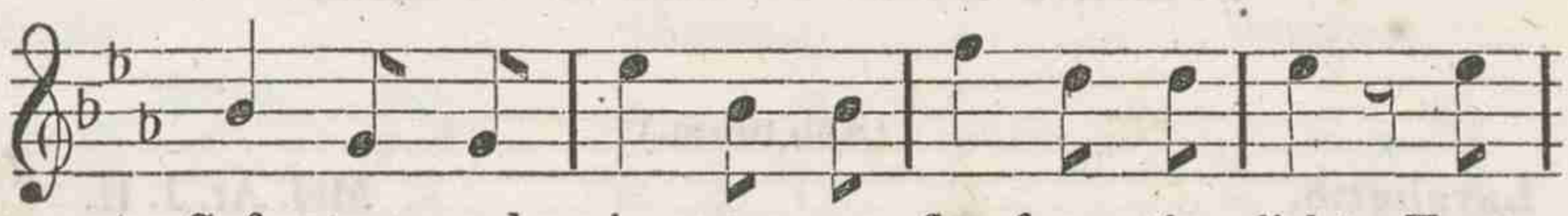
Andante. (Appen.) T. V. Wiesenthall.
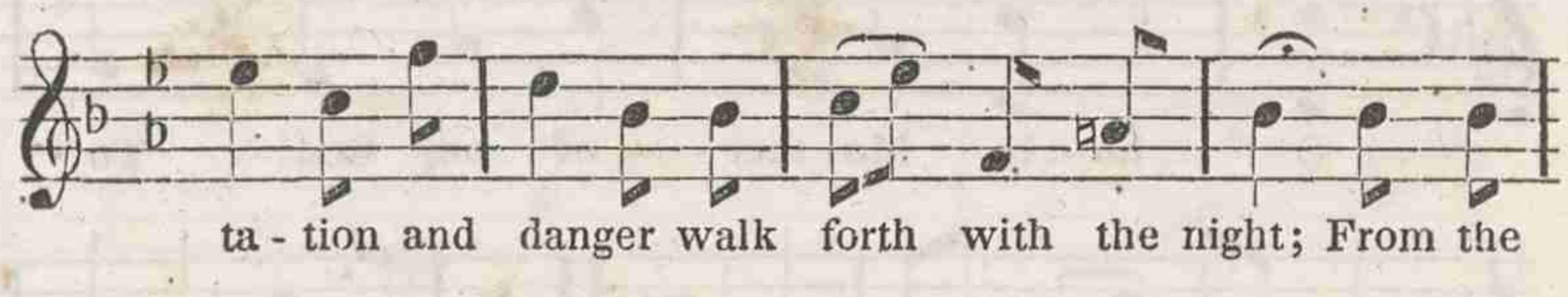


Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is
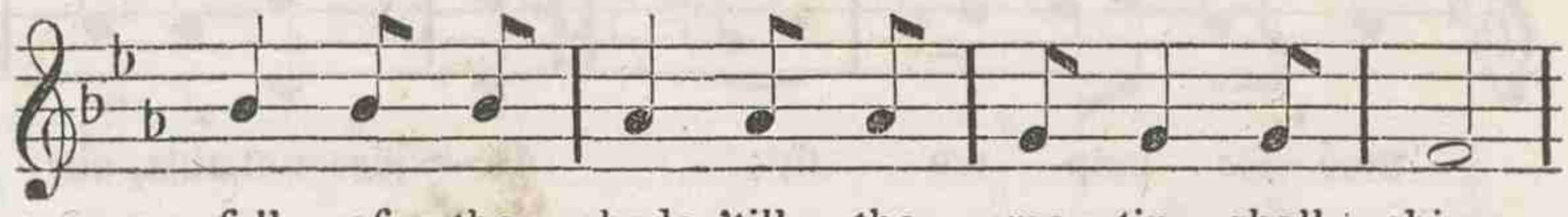


shining; A - ve Ma - ri - a, day is de - clin-ing;
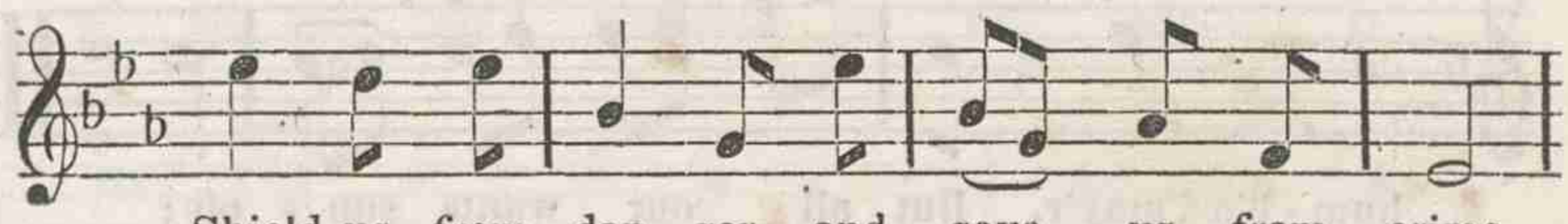


Safe - ty and in - no-cence fly from the light, Temp-
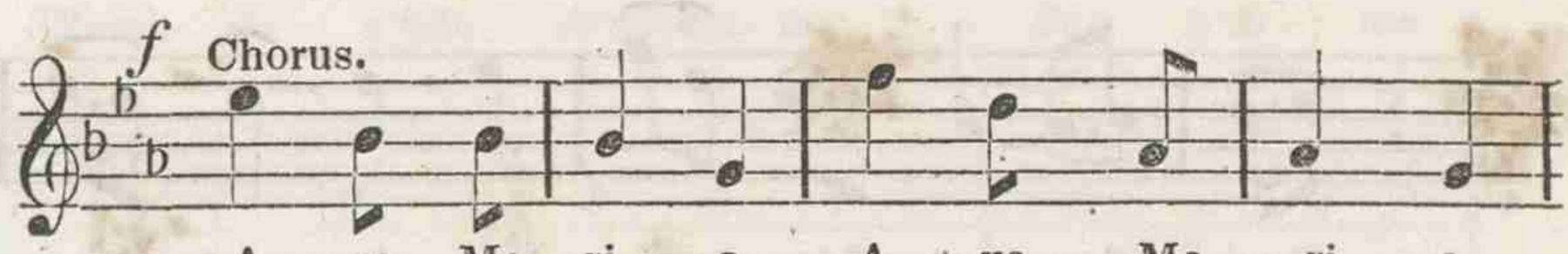


ta - tion and danger walk forth with the night; From the
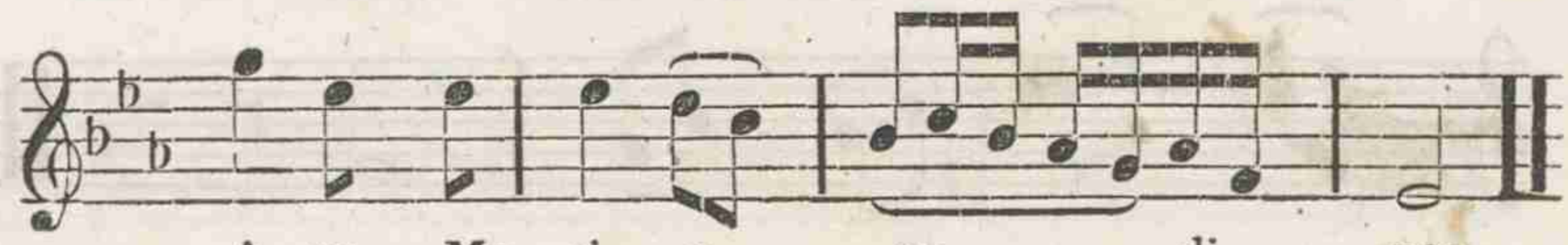


fall of the shade 'till the ma - tin shall chime,



Shield us from dan - ger, and save us from crime.



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



A - ve Ma - ri - a, au - - - di nos.
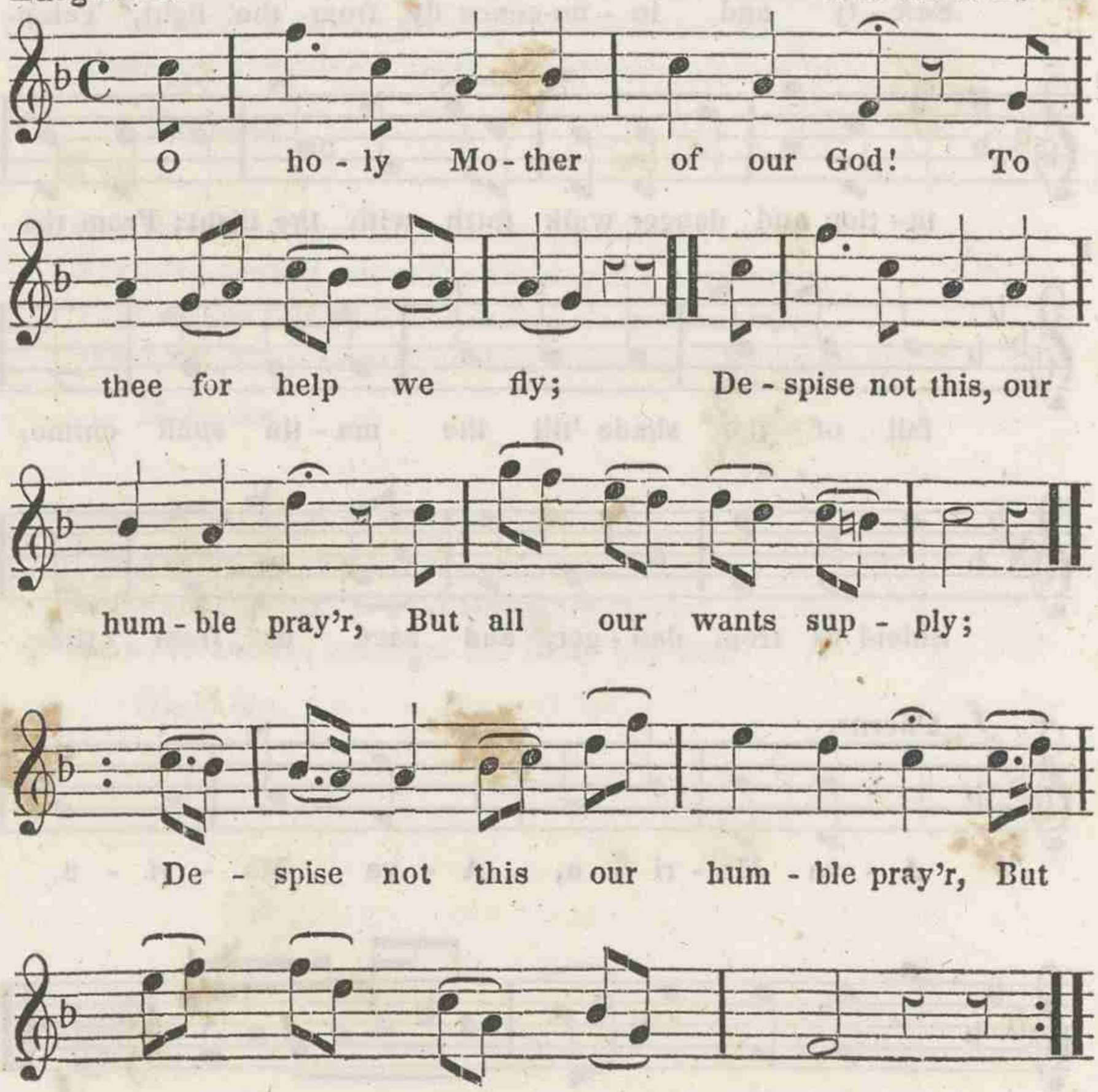
Ave Maria! O! hear when we call,
Mother of him, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness, thy life be our light;
Let us sleep in thy love, while the night taper burns,
And wake in thy care, when the morning returns.

Ave Maria, audi nos.

EVENING HYMN TO THE B. V. MARY.
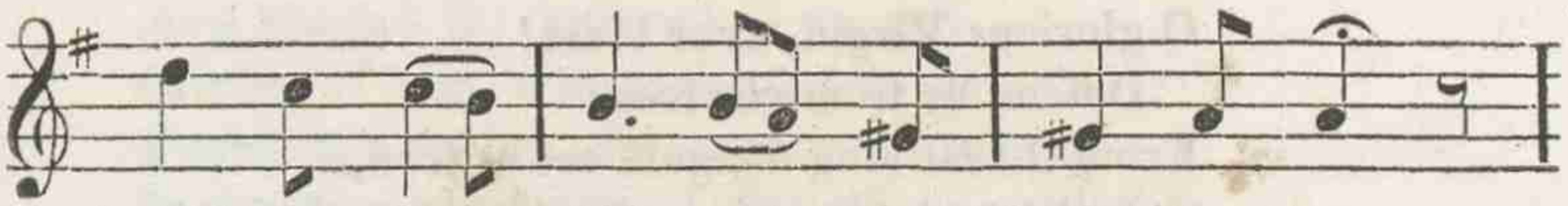
(Sub tuum.)
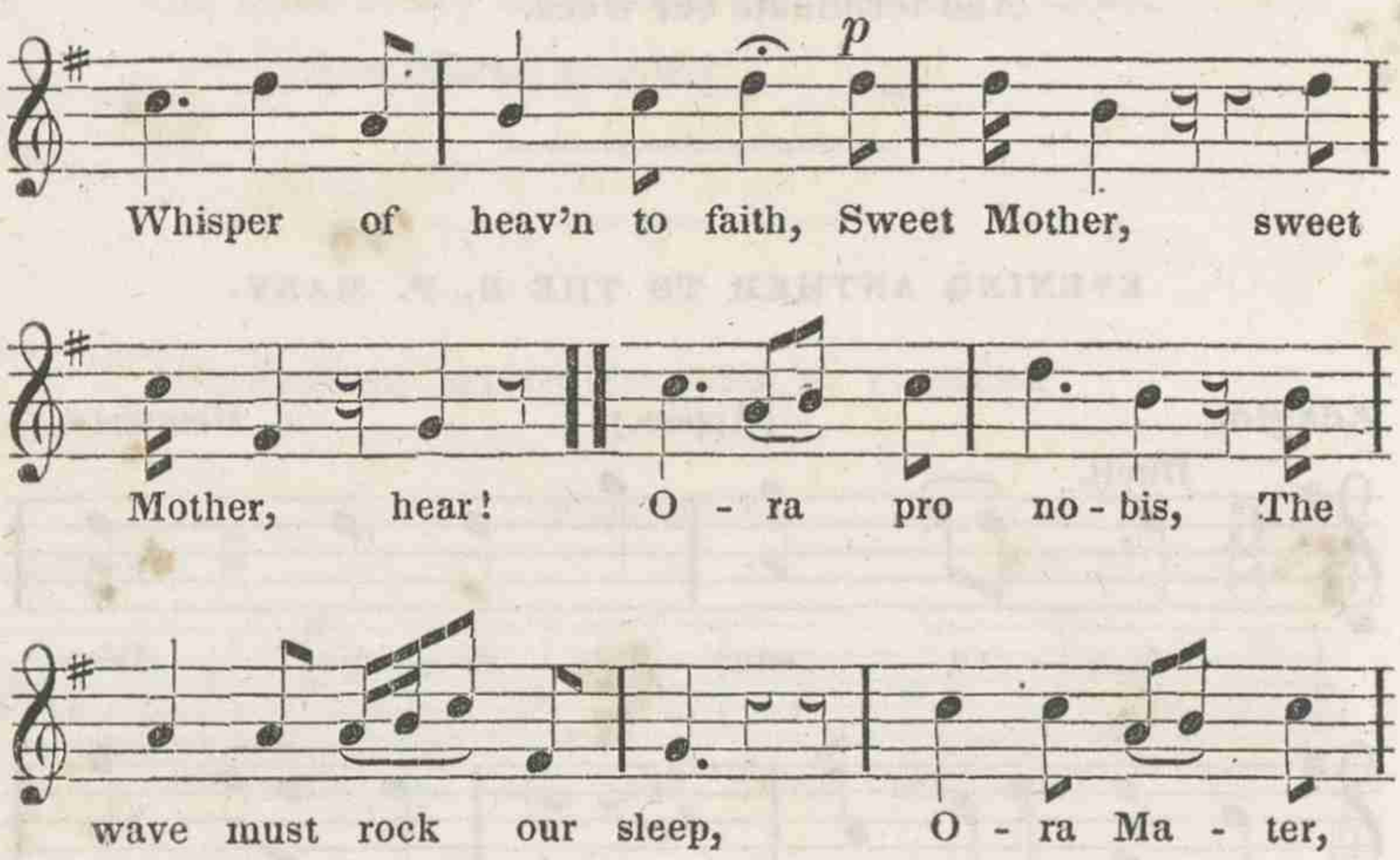
Larghetto. Mel. Ar. J. H.



O glorious Virgin, ever blest!
Defend us from our foes;
From threat'ning dangers set us free,
And terminate our woes;
From threat'ning dangers set us free,
And terminate our woes.

EVENING ANTHEM TO THE B. V. MARY.

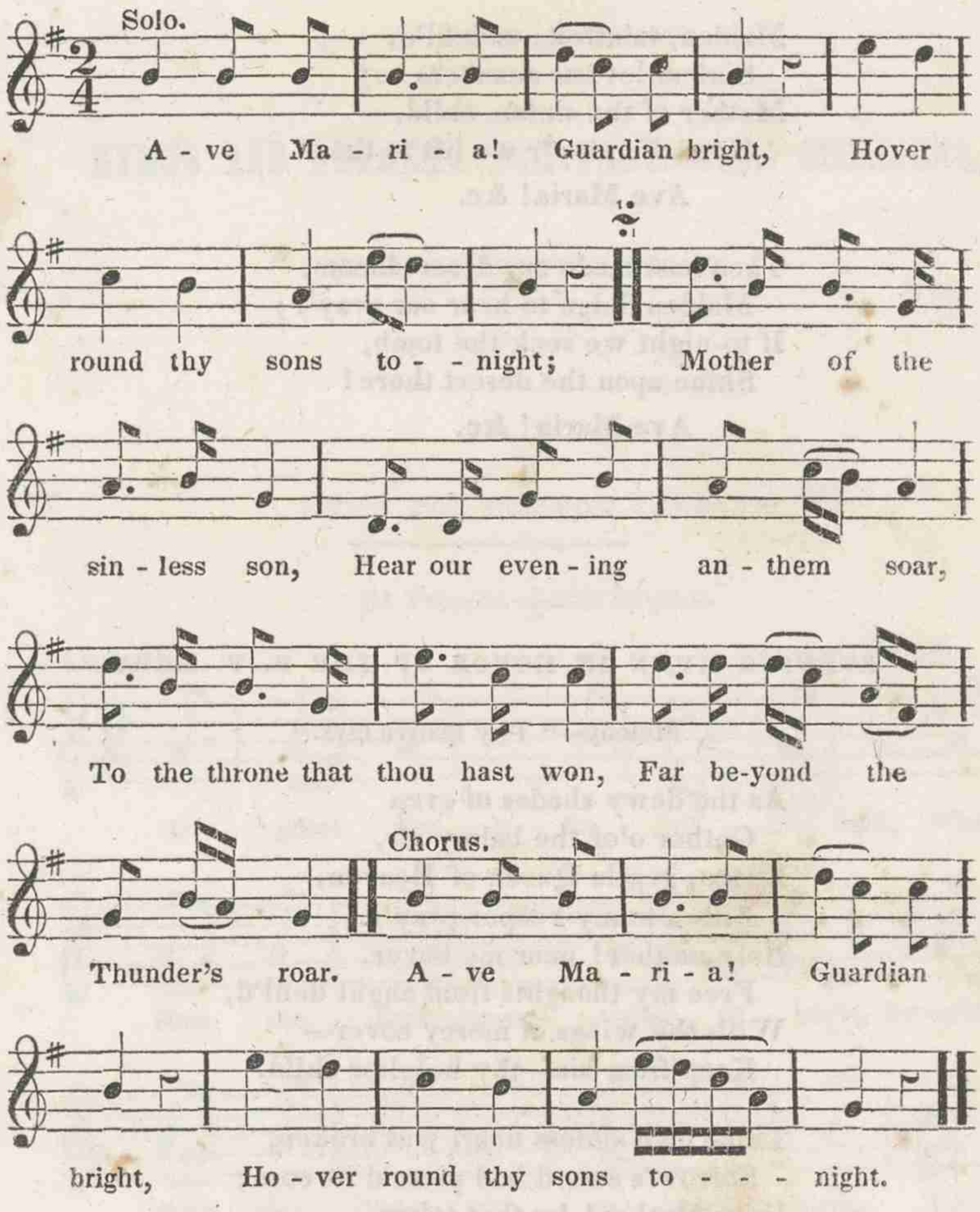




Ave purissima,
List to thy children's prayer;
Audi Maria,
And take us to thy care.
When darkness comes o'er us,
Whilst here on earth we stay,
Thy light shine before us,
Guide of our way:
Thou, that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of heav'n to faith,
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear;
Ora pro nobis,
Let angels guard our sleep:
Ora Mater, ora, Star of the deep!

EVENING HYMN TO THE B. V. MARY.

Andante. (Appen.) John H. Hewitt.



Save us from the midnight's harm,
Shield us from the tempest's ills;
Turn away the mountain storm,
Drive the lightning from our hills.

Ave Maria, &c.

Be our guardian, be our stay,
While the darkness rides its round,
Keep us, till the morrow's ray
Wake again our anthem's sound.
Ave Maria! &c.

Maiden, taintless, undefil'd,
Sinless let our slumbers be;
Mother of the sinless child,
Hear the pray'r we lift to thee!
Ave Maria! &c.

Thou hast made our desert bloom,
Maiden deign to hear our pray'r;
If to-night we seek the tomb,
Shine upon the desert there!
Ave Maria! &c.

EVENING HYMN IN HONOR OF THE B. V. MARY.

Melody—"Thy festive lays."

As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,
Listen to my vesper pray'r.
Holy mother! near me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught defil'd,
With thy wings of mercy cover—
Keep from sin—thy helpless child.

Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword had pierc'd its core;
Holy Mother! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.
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!

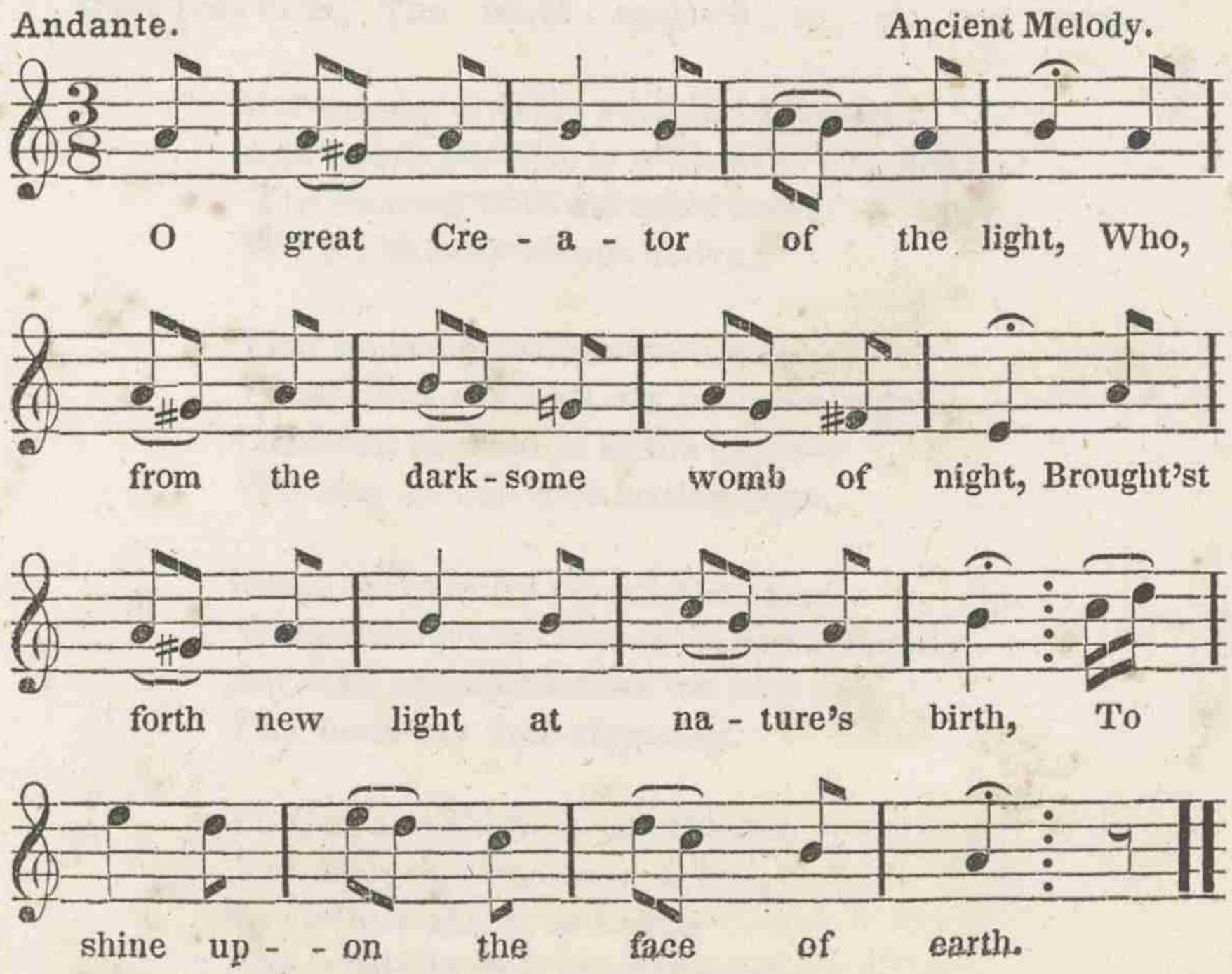
PART VI.

HYMNS AND ANTHEMS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS,

THROUGH THE YEAR.

HYMN FOR COMMON SUNDAYS.

At Vespers—Lucis Creator.



Who, by the morn and ev'ning ray,
Hast measur'd time, and call'd it day,
Whilst sable night involves the spheres,
Vouchsafe to hear our pray'rs and tears.

Lest our frail mind, with sin defil'd,
From gift of life should be exil'd,
Whilst on no heav'nly things she thinks,
But twines herself in satan's links.
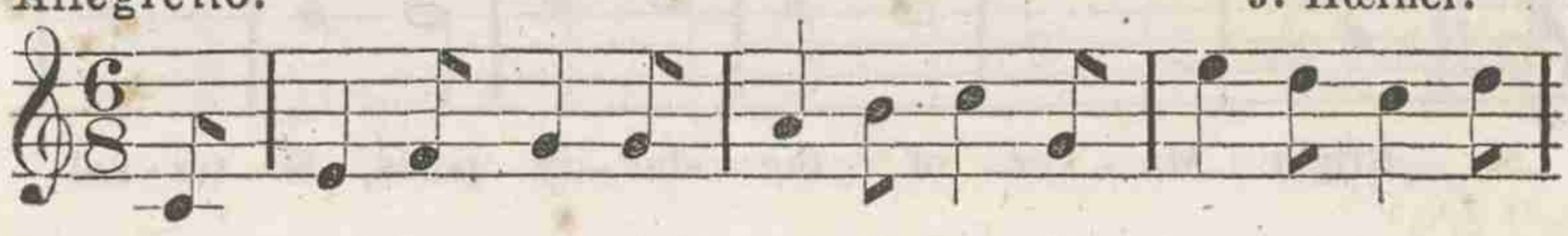
O, may she soar to heav'n above,
The happy seat of life and love;
Meantime, all sinful actions shun,
And purge the foul ones she hath done.

This pray'r, most gracious Father, hear;
Thy equal Son incline his ear,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live, and reign eternally.
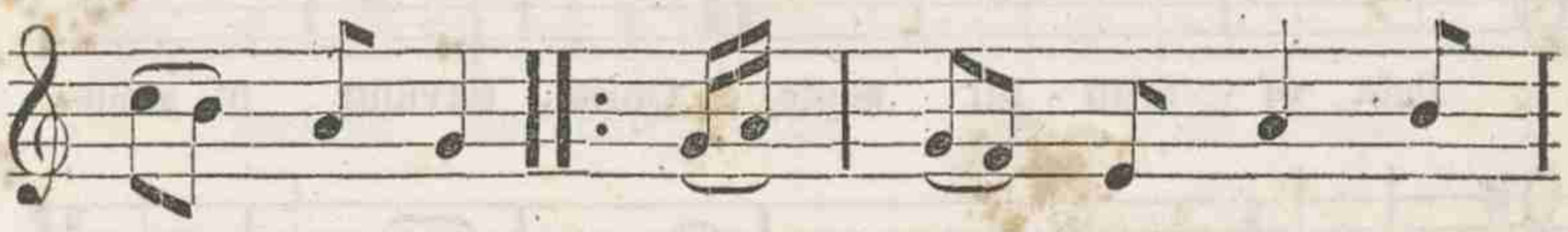
HYMN FOR ADVENT.

Verbum Supernum.
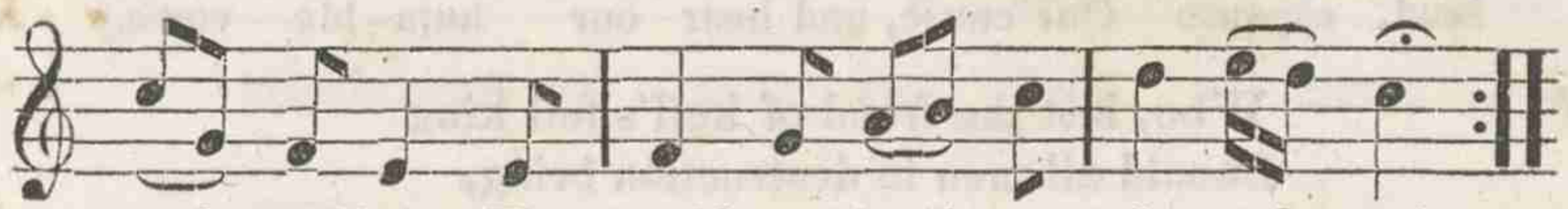
Allegretto. J. Hœrner.



The period's come, and lo! to-day, The Son of God be-



gins his way, To res - cue, by a



wond'rous birth, The world enslav'd to sin and earth.

Our minds, O God, with light inspire,
And warm our hearts with heav'nly fire,
'Till flaming with seraphic love,
We relish only things above;

That on the great accounting day,
When thou shalt all our actions weigh—
Condemn the bad to hell's abyss—
We may be call'd to lasting bliss.
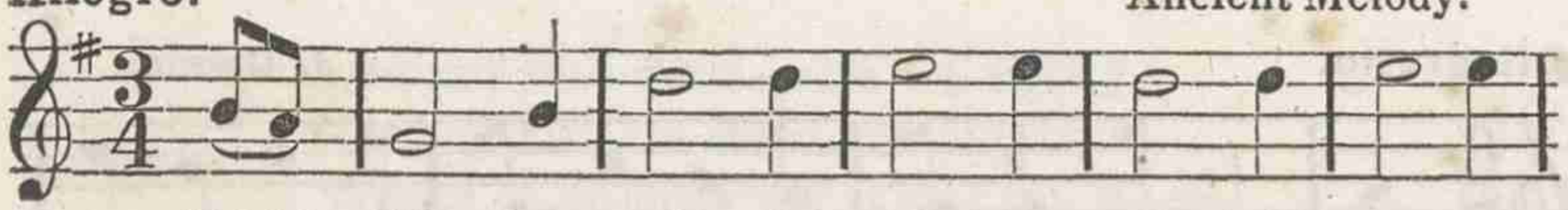
Grant that our lot be not the same,
With theirs, who feel th' infernal flame;
But, oh! vouchsafe that we may see
Thy heav'nly face eternally.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so ever more.
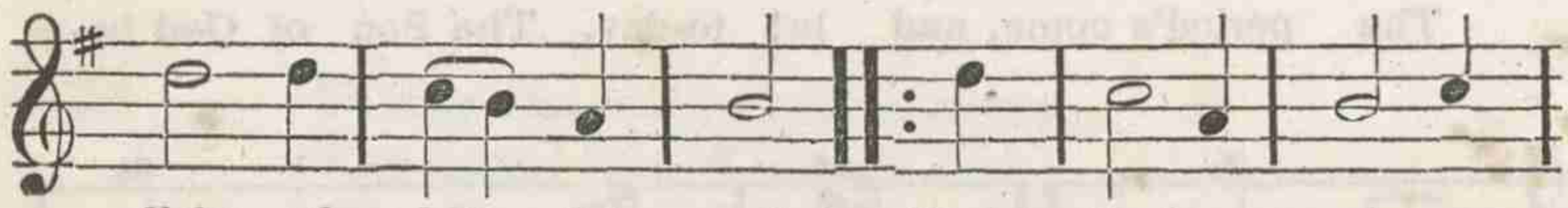
HYMN FOR ADVENT.

At Vespers—Creator Alme.
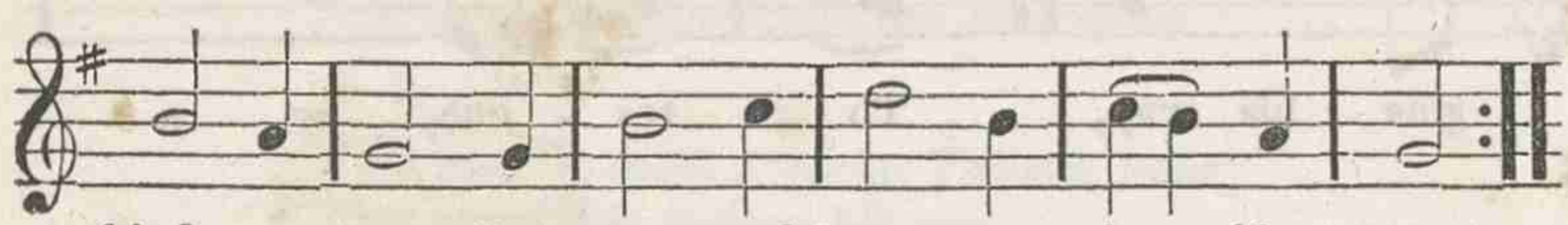
Allegro. Ancient Melody.



Bright Ma - ker of the star - ry poles, E - ter - nal



light of faith - ful souls, Christ, Saviour of man-



kind, espouse Our cause, and hear our hum - ble vows.

Who, lest the fraud of hell's fell king
Should all men to destruction bring,
Did'st, by an act of gen'rous love,
The fainting world's physician prove.

Who, that thou might'st our ransom pay,
And wash the stains of sin away,
Would'st from a Virgin's womb proceed,
And, on the cross, a victim bleed.

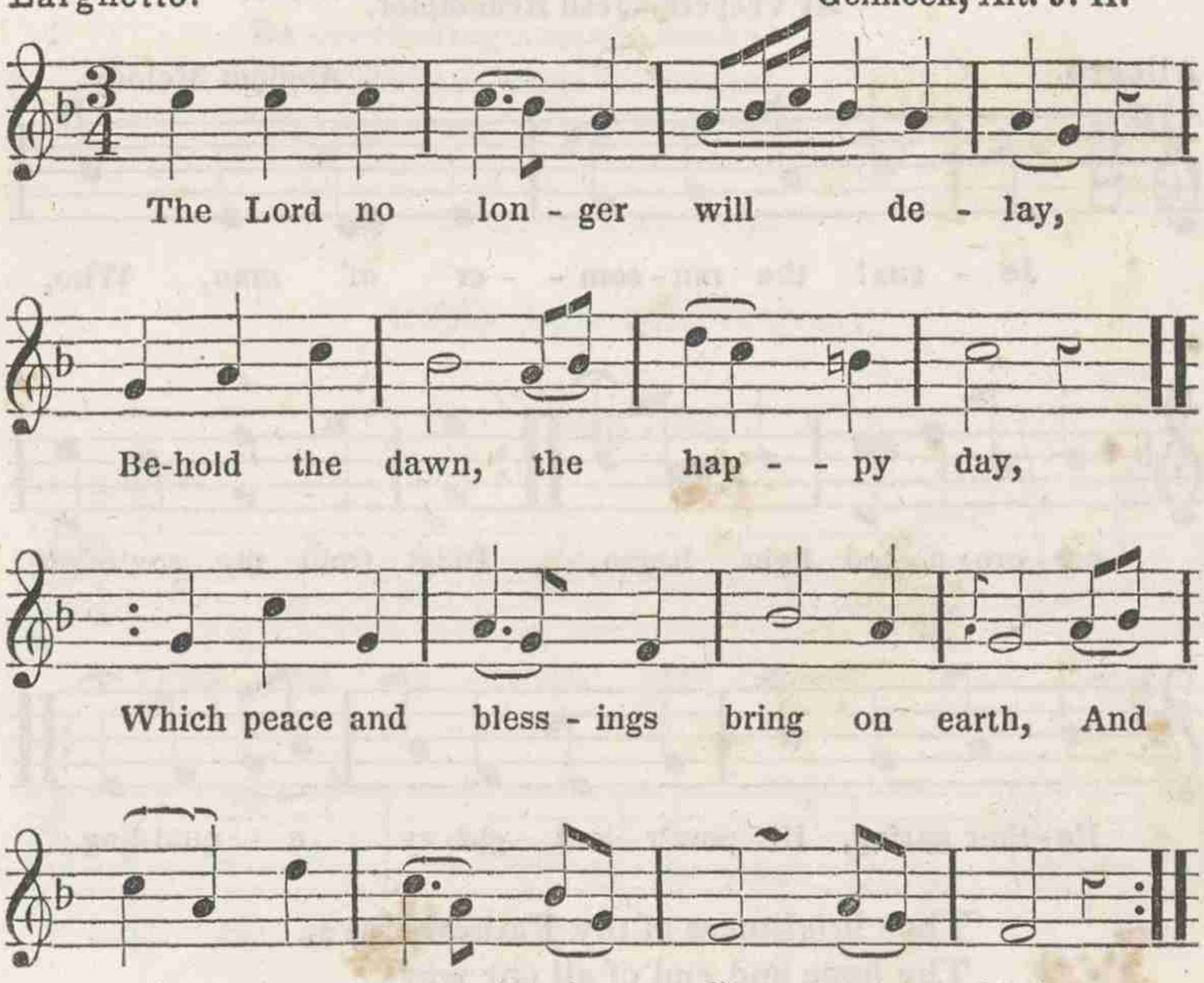
Whose glorious pow'r, whose saving name
No sooner any voice can frame,
But heav'n, and earth, and hell agree,
To honor them with bended knee.

Thee, of the last accounting day
The Sov'reign Judge, we humbly pray,
Of heav'nly grace such plenty send,
As may our souls from sin defend.

Let endless times aloud proclaim
The glory, power, praise and name,
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

Larghetto. Gelineck, Alt. J. H.



The Son of God is sent to pay
The debt our nature can't defray;
May all, at least, compound th' arrears,
With humble hearts and grateful tears.
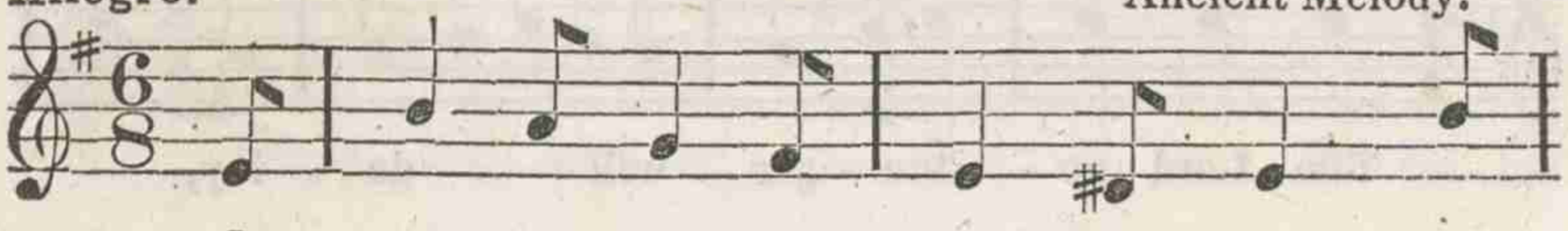
Our minds, O God, with light inspire,
And warm our hearts with heav'nly fire,
'Till, flaming with seraphic love,
We relish only things above.

Let endless times aloud proclaim
The glory, power, praise and name
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.
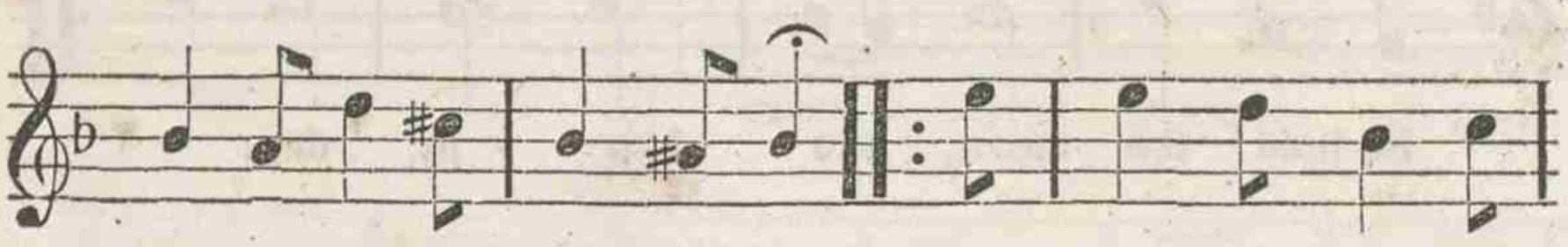
HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

At Vespers—Jesu Redemptor.
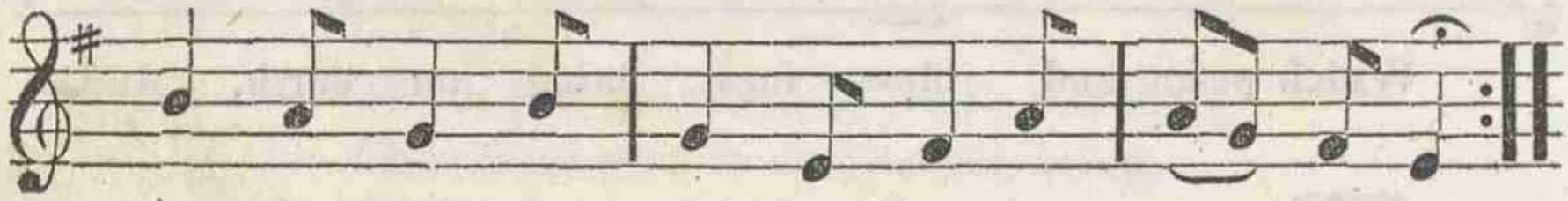
Allegro. Ancient Melody.



Je - sus! the ran - som - - er of man, Who,



ere cre - a - ted light began, Didst from the sov'reign



Fa - ther spring, His pow'r and glo - ry e - qual-ling.

Thou brightness of thy Father's rays,
The hope and end of all our ways!
With gracious ears the pray'rs attend,
Which round the world, to thee ascend.

Remember, Lord, that heretofore,
When thee thy Virgin Mother bore,
Thou, from her womb, didst breathe our air,
And human nature for us wear.

To thee, this present solemn day,
We yearly adorations pay;
The world's Redeemer thee we own,
Descending from thy Father's throne.

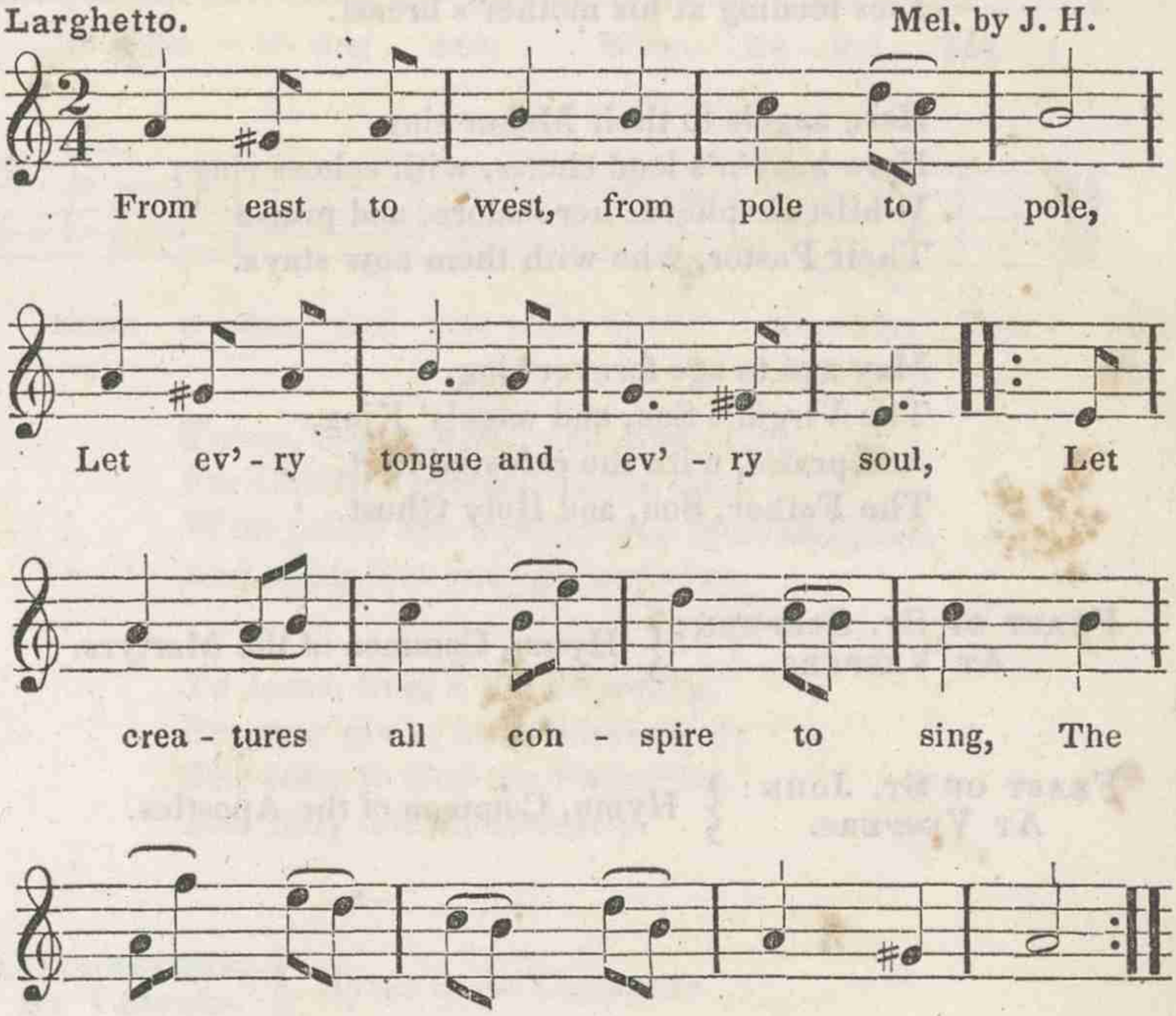
The joyful heavens, earth, and main,
With whatsoever they contain,
In new harmonious accents sing,
The new-life giver, God and King.

We too presume—we who have been
Cleans'd by thy sacred blood from sin—
The tribute of a hymn to pay,
In honor of this joyful day.

Jesus! to thee, the Virgin's Son,
Be everlasting homage done;
To God the Father we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

A Solis Ortu.



The God of nature, for our sake,
Our servile nature chose to take;
He was made flesh, weak flesh to aid,
And save the work his hands had made.

In Mary's womb, he takes his place,
And there erects his seat of grace;
In silence she ador'd, and bless'd
The sacred myst'ry in her breast.

Her virgin womb, that chaste abode,
Becomes the temple of her God;
Amongst Eve's daughters, she alone
A Spotless maid, brings forth a son.

Behold him in the manger laid,
A sheaf of straw his royal bed;
And he, whose bounty feeds the rest,
Lies feeding at his mother's breast.

Here angels to their Maker sing,
Here heav'n's loud choirs, with echoes ring;
Whilst shepherds here adore, and praise
Their Pastor, who with them now stays.

May age to age forever sing,
The Virgin's Son, and angels' King,
And praise, with the celestial host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
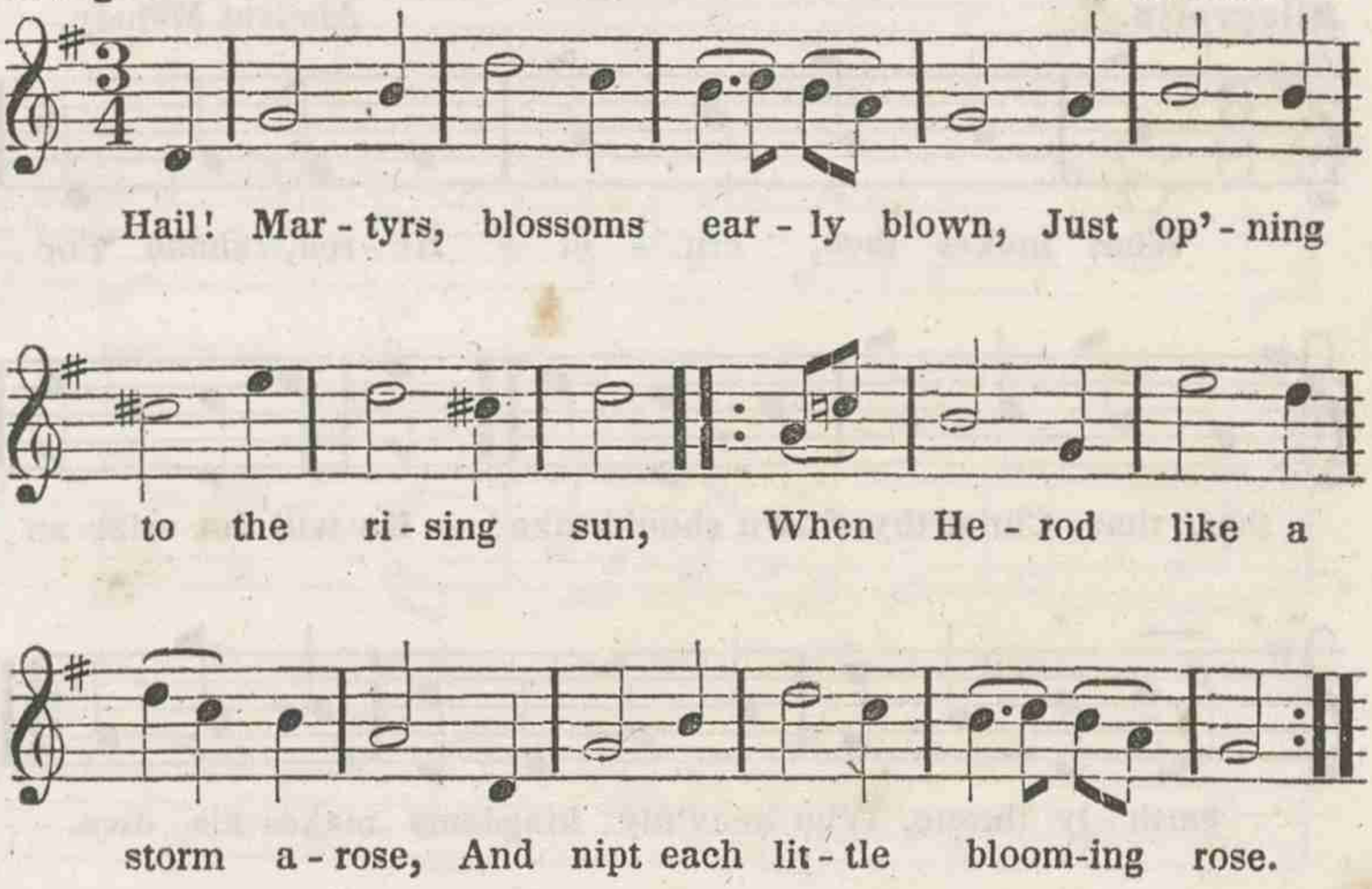
FEAST OF ST. STEPHEN: AT VESPERS. } Hymn, Common of the Martyrs.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN: AT VESPERS. } Hymn, Common of the Apostles.

HYMN FOR THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Salvete flores.

Allegro. J. Hœrner.



Young, tender flock, you, first of all,
For Christ, a grateful victim fall;
With palms and wreaths you sport and play,
And at his feet your garlands lay.
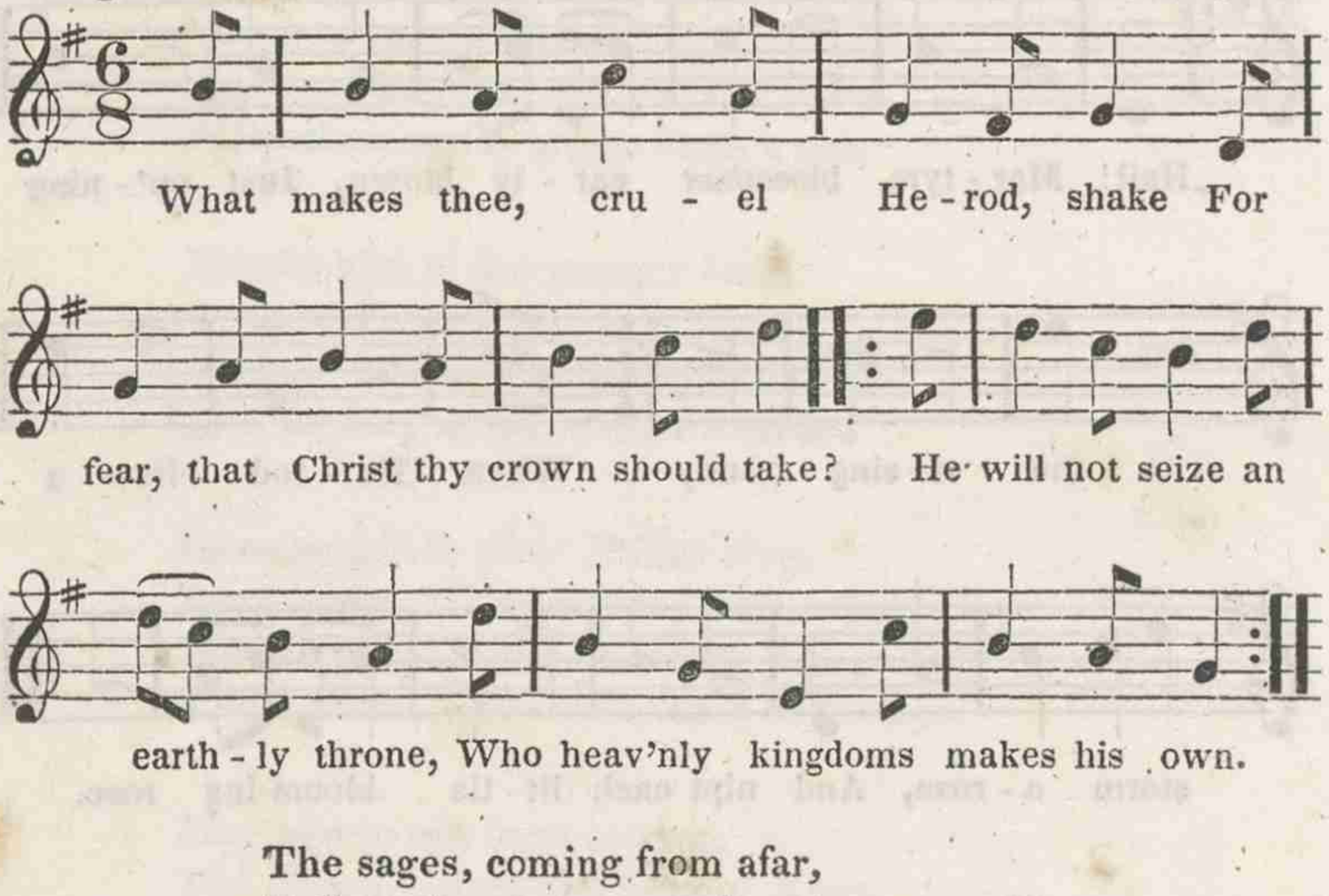
To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,
Be glory giv'n, and praises sung;
The same to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

CIRCUMCISION: AT VESPERS. } Hymn as for Christmas.

HYMN FOR THE EPIPHANY.

At Vespers—Crudelis Herodes.

Allegretto. **Ancient Melody.**



The sages, coming from afar,
Follow the new-appearing star;
With light, they seek a better light,
With gifts, confess the God of might.

The heav'nly Lamb in Jordan stood,
To sanctify the crystal flood;
Our sins, in that baptismal dew,
Were wash'd, in him, who sin ne'er knew.
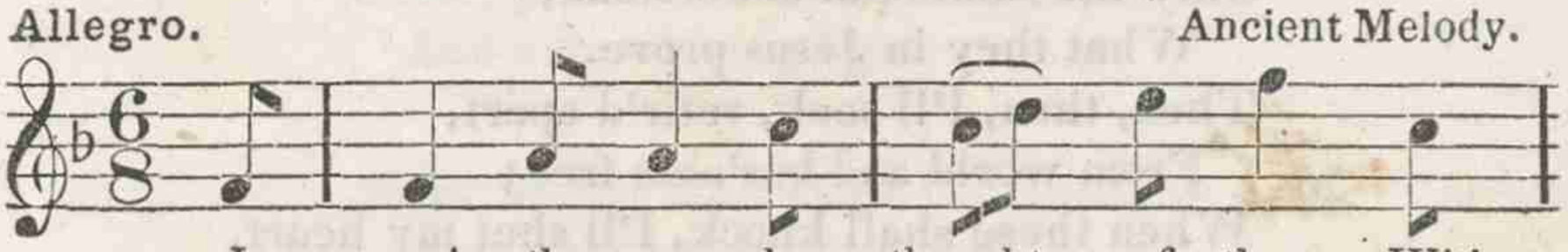
A strange, unusual pow'r is shown:
The water-pots their hue disown,
Their waters, by command divine,
Their nature change, and run pure wine.

To Christ, who did the Gentiles call,
Be endless glory giv'n by all;
To God the Father we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE NAME OF JESUS.

At Vespers—(Jesu dulcis memoria.)
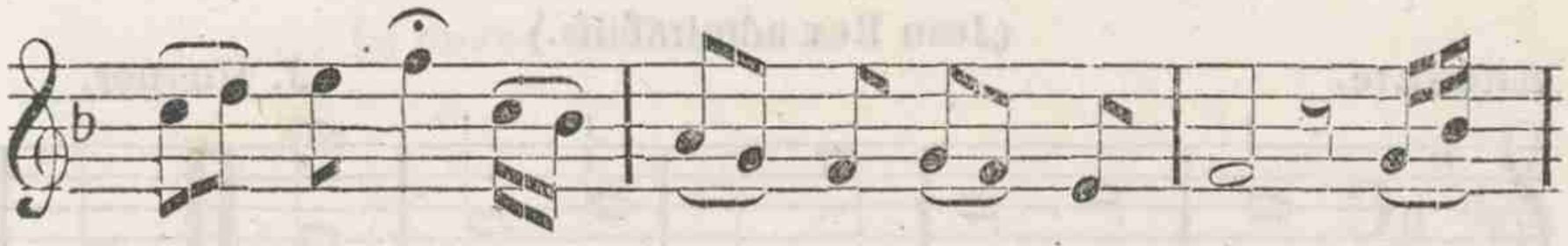
Allegro. Ancient Melody.
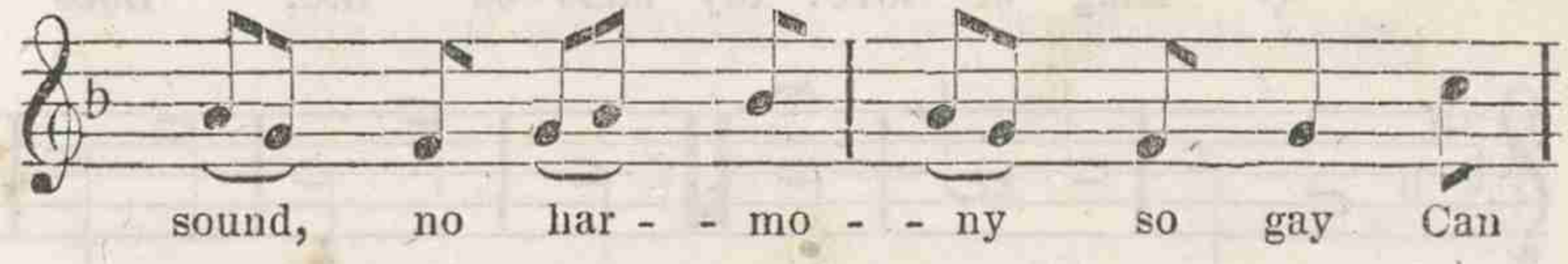


Je - sus! the on - ly thought of thee, With
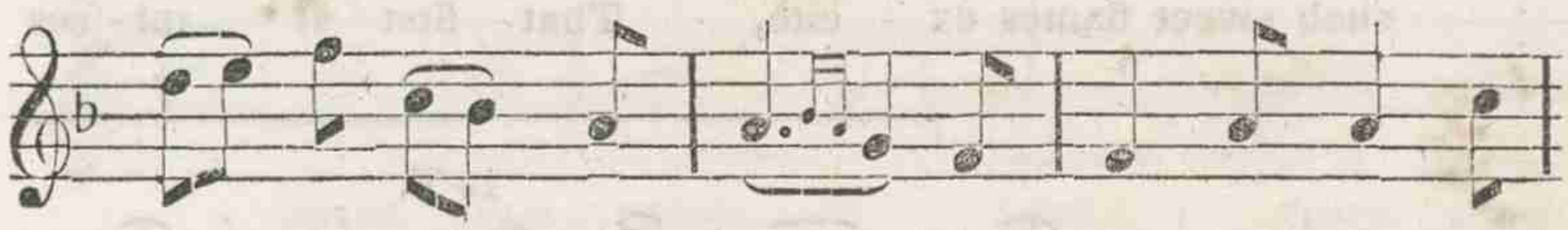


sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far, it
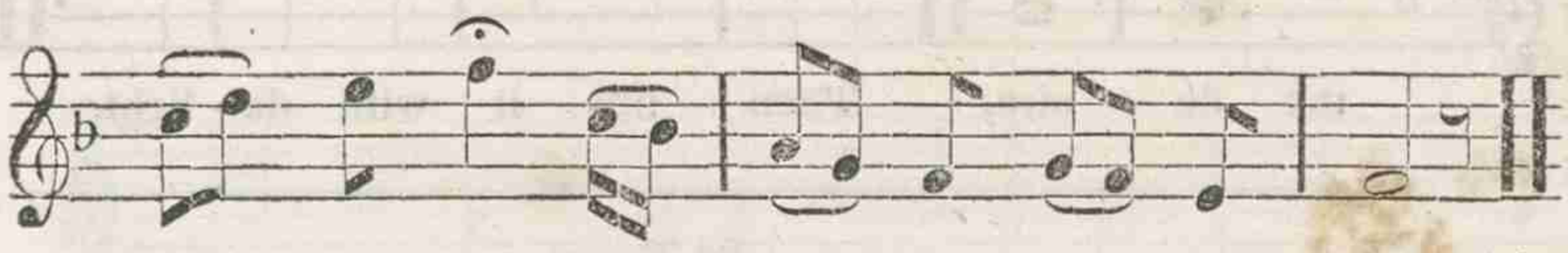


is to see, and on thy beau - ty feast. No



sound, no har - - mo - - ny so gay Can



art of mu - sic frame; No thought can reach, no



words can say The sweets of thy blest name.
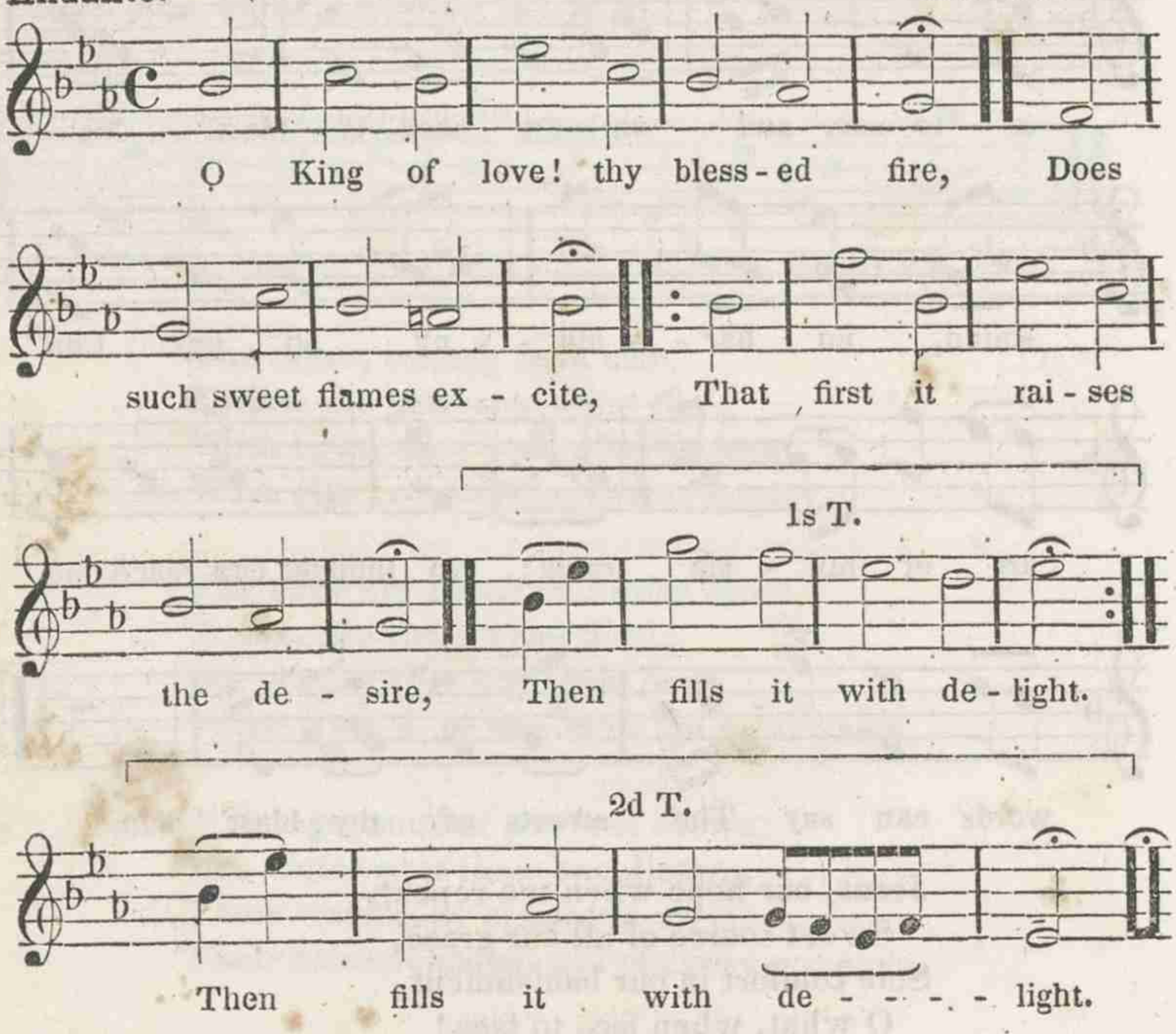
Jesus, our hope when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace,
Sole comfort in our banishment,
O what, when face to face!
Jesus! that name inspires my mind,
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask, in thee I find,
I'm ravish'd with delight.

No art, or eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love;
Only the saints can understand,
What they in Jesus prove.
Thee, then, I'll seek, retir'd apart,
From world and bus'ness free;
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
And keep it all for thee.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE NAME OF JESUS.

(Jesu Rex admirabilis.)

Andante. J. Hœrner.



Thy lovely presence shines so clear,
Through ev'ry sense and way,
That souls, which once have seen thee near,
See all things else decay.

Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with thy flaming dart,
And ever-shining light.
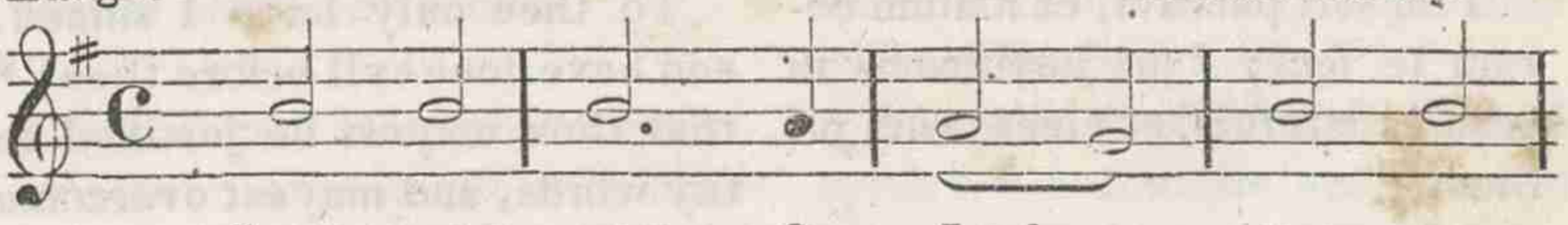
Jesus, in thy blest steps I'll tread,
And walk in all thy ways;
I'll never cease to weep and plead,
'Till I'm restor'd to grace.

Then, I'll for ever Jesus sing,
To him each tribute bring,
'Till join'd with all his saints above,
In never ending love.
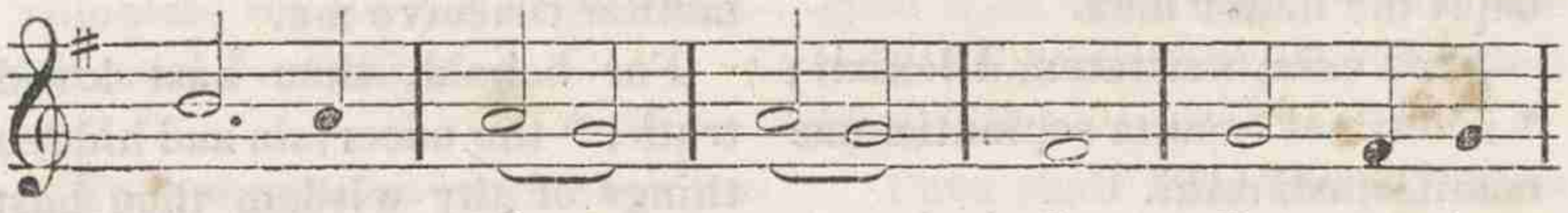
FOR ASH-WEDNESDAY, AND THROUGH LENT.

Anthem.
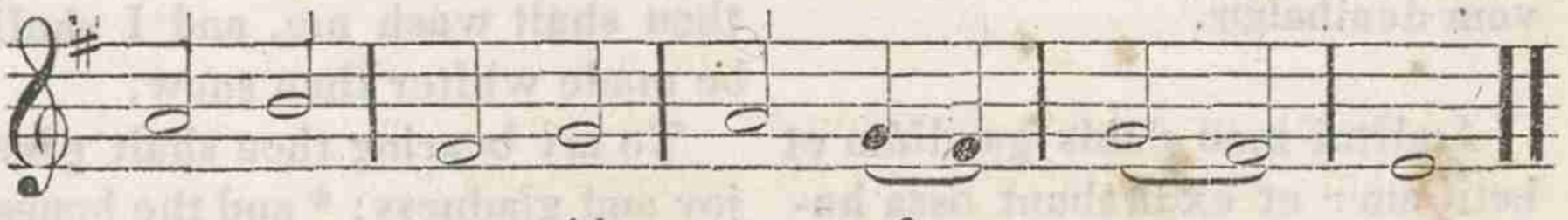
Largo. Ancient Melody.



Spare, spare, spare, O Lord, spare, spare,
Par - ce Do - - mi - ne, par - ce
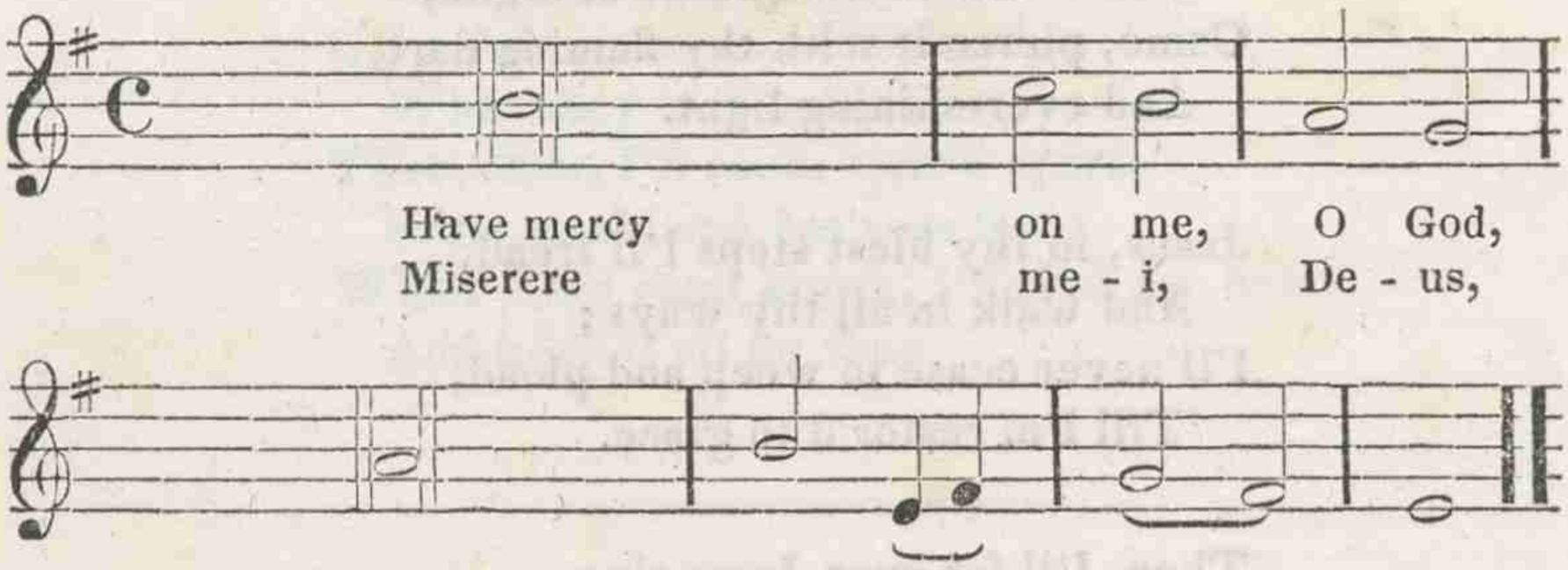


spare thy peo - - - ple; Be not, be
po - pu - - lo tu - - - o; Ne, in æ-



not an - gry with us, for e - - - ver.
ter - num, i - ras - ca - ris no - - - bis.

PSALM L.



Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, * dele iniquitatem meam.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, * et a peccato meo munda me;

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco, * et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci; * ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum, * et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti; * incerta et occulta sapientiæ tuæ manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor: * lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et lætitiam: et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, * blot out my iniquity.

Wash me yet more from my iniquity, * and cleanse me from my sin;

Because I know my iniquity, * and my sin is always before me.

To thee only have I sinned, and have done evil before thee; * that thou mayest be justified in thy words, and mayest overcome when thou art judged.

For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, * and in sins did my mother conceive me.

For behold, thou hast loved truth; * the uncertain and hidden things of thy wisdom thou hast made manifest to me.

Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: * thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

To my bearing thou shalt give joy and gladness; * and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice.

Averte faciam tuam a peccatis meis, * et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus,* et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

Ne projicias me a facie tua, * et Spiritum Sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiam salutaris tui, * et spiritu principali confirma me.

Docebo iniquos vias tuas; * et impii ad te convertentur.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis meæ; * et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam.

Domine, labia mea aperies; * et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

Quoniam si voluisses, sacrificium dedissem utique; * holocaustis non delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus: * cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion, * ut ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiæ, oblationes et holocausta; * tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.

Turn away thy face from my sins, * and blot out my iniquities.

Create a clean heart in me, O God, * and renew a right spirit within my bowels.

Cast me not away from thy face, * and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, * and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.

I will teach the unjust thy ways; * and the wicked shall be converted to thee.

Deliver me from blood, O God, thou God of my salvation; * and my tongue shall extol thy justice.

O Lord, thou wilt open my lips; * and my mouth shall declare thy praise.

For if thou hadst desired sacrifice, I would indeed have given it: * with burnt offerings thou wilt not be delighted.

A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit: * a contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
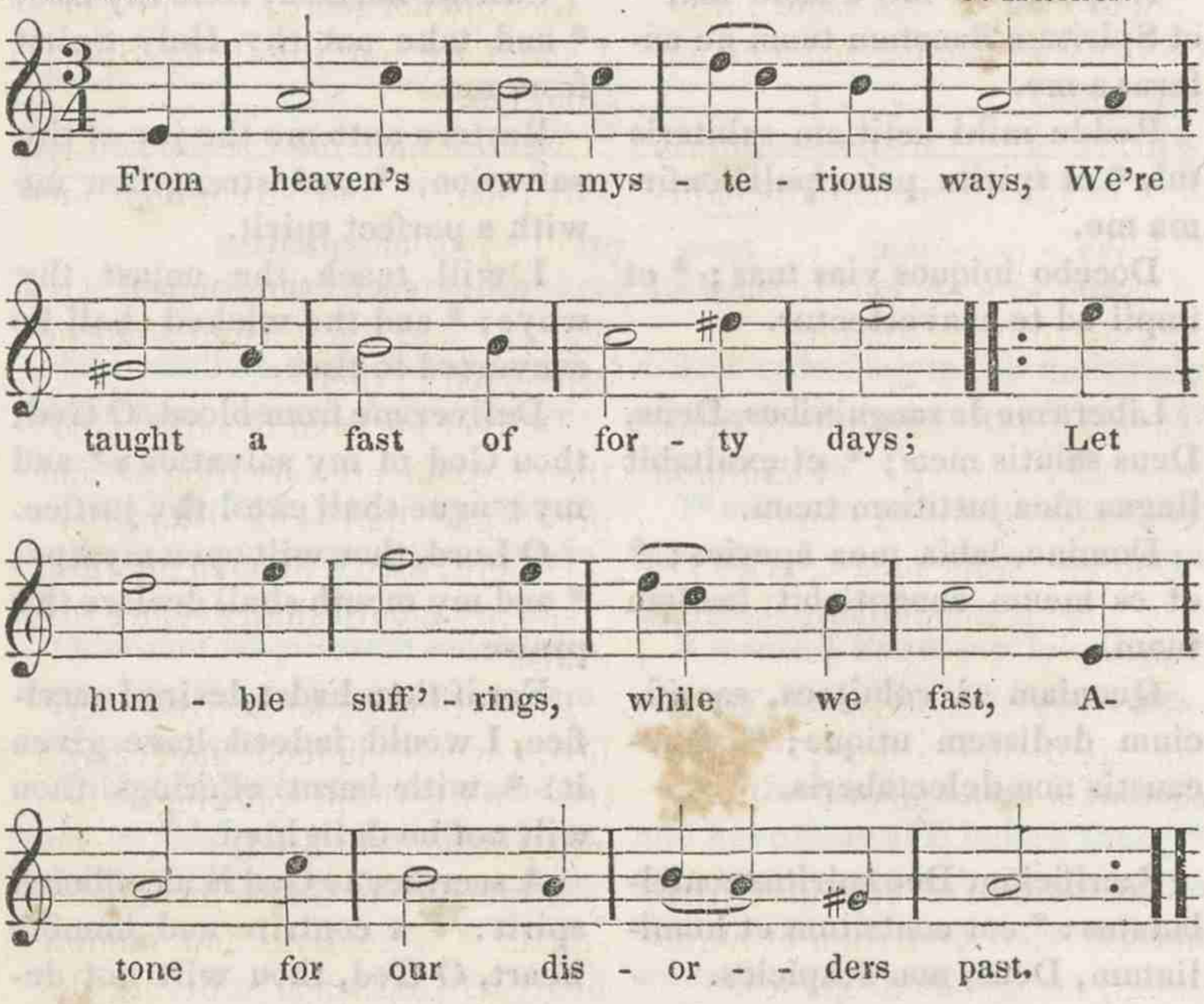
Deal favorably, O Lord, in thy good will, with Sion, * that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Then shalt thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and whole burnt-offerings; * then shall they lay calves upon thy altars.

HYMN FOR LENT.

(Ex more docti.)

Moderato. J. Hœrner.



'Tis this the law and prophets preach,
Both Moses and Elias teach;
And Christ, in whom they both are join'd,
This great example left behind.

Each sense and pow'r must then abstain,
And ev'n allowances restrain,
Whilst watching and reserve augment
The wholesome abstinence of Lent.

Let 's fly the baits, that hell design'd
For snares, to catch the heedless mind;
Nor leave the foe one fenceless way,
By which he may our souls betray.

With prostrate hearts, let 's lay before
Our judge, the mis'ries we deplore;
And, bow'd beneath the threat'ning rod,
Disarm the just revenge of God.

O God! O Father! our excess
Has long provok'd thy tenderness;
Preserve for us the same good will—
Though rebels, we're thy children still.

Remember, though we're brittle earth,
'Tis thou, O Lord, who gave us birth;
Then let us not those works defame,
That bear thy image, and thy name.
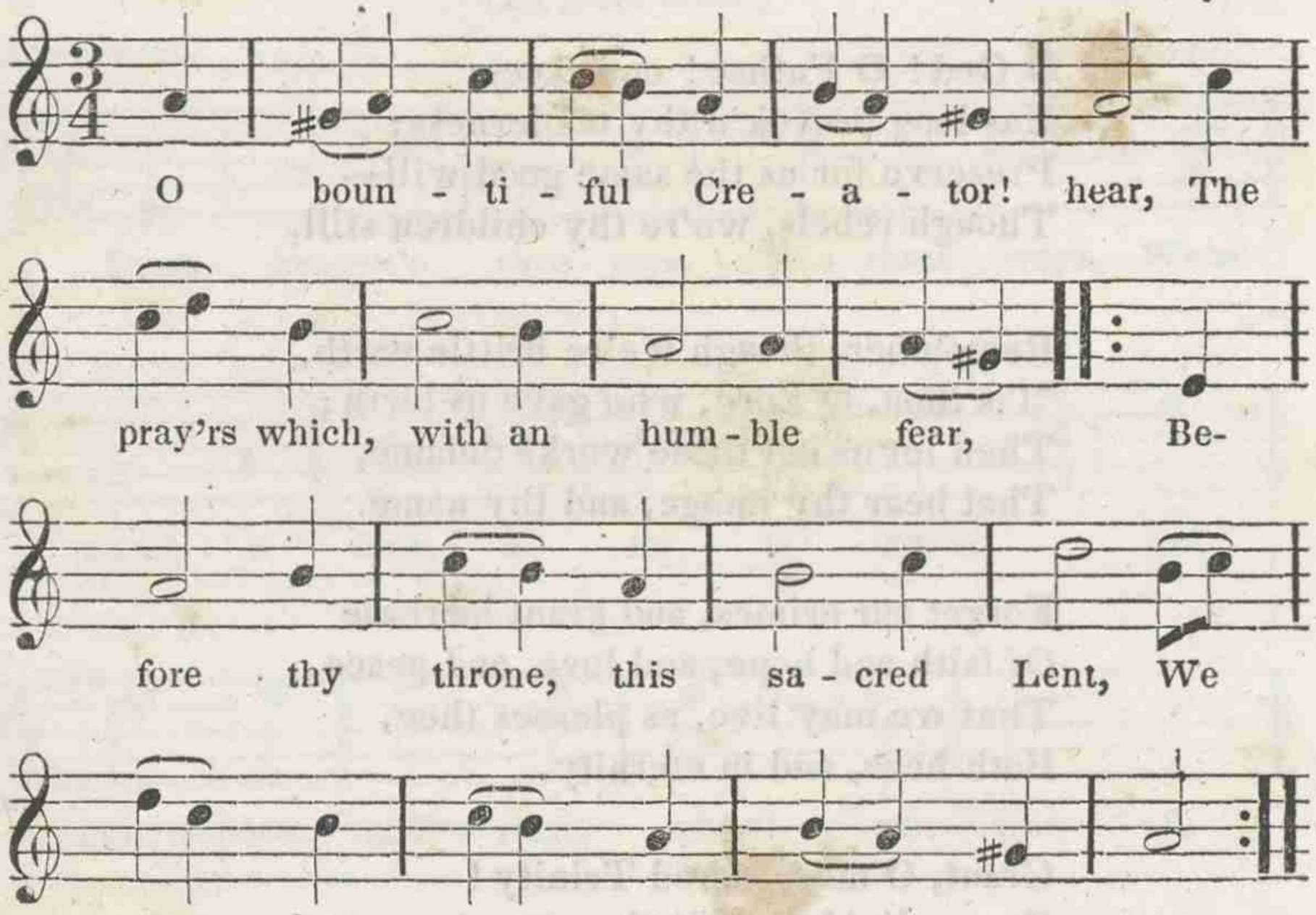
Forget our crimes, and grant increase
Of faith and hope, and love, and peace,
That we may live, as pleases thee,
Both here, and in eternity.

Grant, O most sacred Trinity!
One undivided Unity!
That abstinence may here improve
Our claim, to reign with thee above.

HYMN FOR LENT.

At Vespers—Audi benigne.

Andantino. Ancient Melody.



Almighty searcher of our hearts!
Thou know'st the weakness of our parts;
We to thy tender mercies fly,
Ah! do thy healing grace apply.

Alas! our sins are numberless,
But we our guilt with grief confess;
Lord, for the glory of thy name,
From death our sinful souls reclaim.
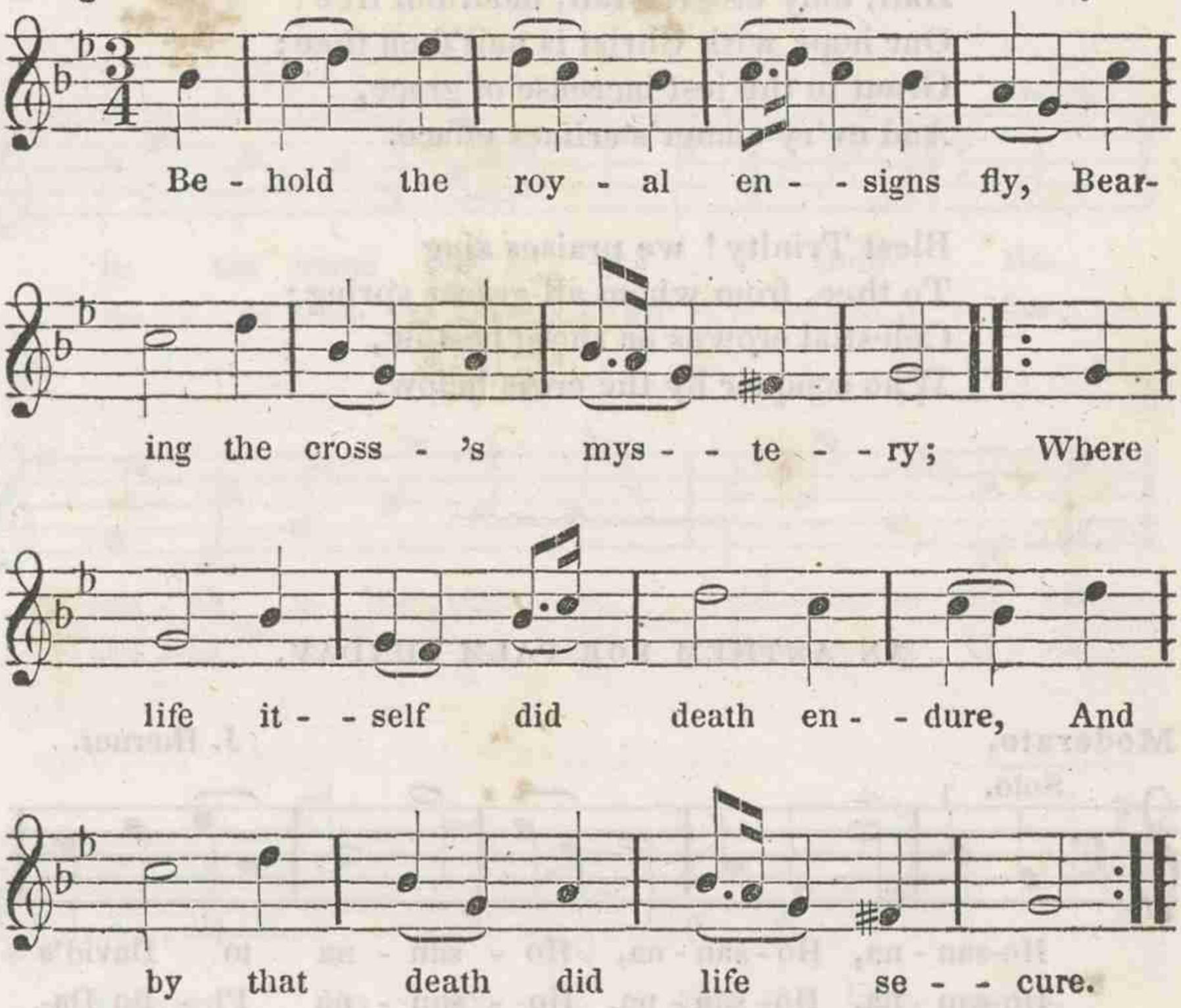
Whilst we, by fast, our flesh restrain,
Permit us not to sin again;
O may our hearts, from vices free,
For ever live, and burn for thee!

Grant, O most holy Trinity!
O undivided Unity,
The labor of this solemn fast,
May lead us to eternal rest.

HYMN FOR PASSION TIME.

At Vespers—Vexilla regis.

Adagio. Ancient Melody.



A cruel spear let out a flood
Of water, mix'd with saving blood,
Which, gushing from the Saviour's side,
Drown'd our offences in the tide.

The mystery we now behold,
Which David's faithful verse foretold,
When, in prophetic vision, he
Said, lo! "God reigning from a tree!"

O lovely tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of his gore!
How glorious does thy body shine,
Supporting members so divine!
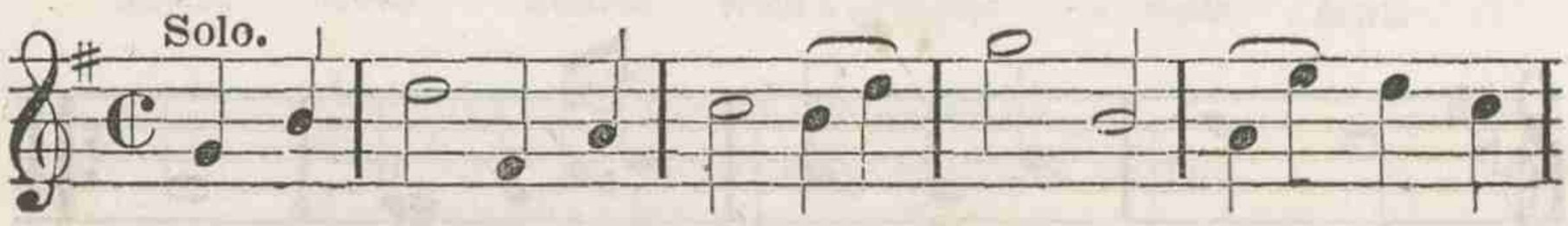
The world's blest balance thou art made:
On thee, our ransom Christ is weigh'd:
Our sins, though great, his pains outweigh,
And rescue hell's expected prey.

Hail, holy cross! Hail, mournful tree!
Our hope with Christ is nail'd on thee;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.
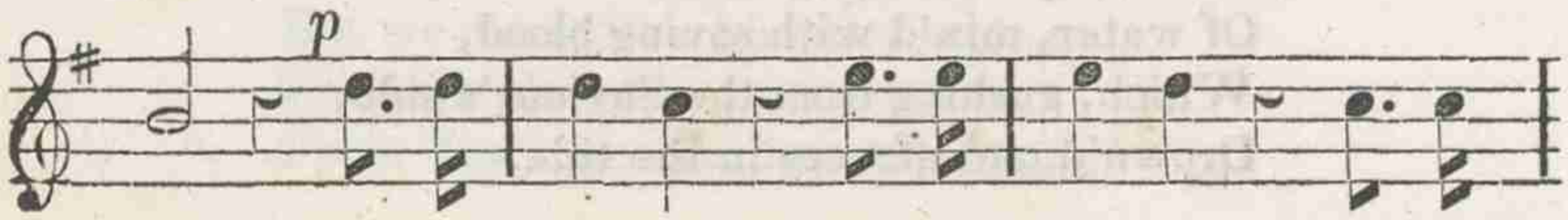
Blest Trinity! we praises sing
To thee, from whom all graces spring;
Celestial crowns on those bestow,
Who conquer by the cross below.

AN ANTHEM FOR PALM SUNDAY.
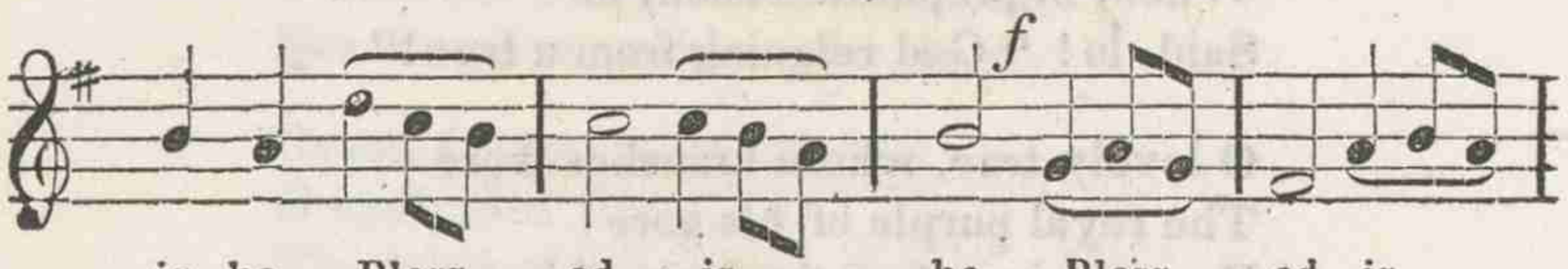
Moderato. J. Hœrner.
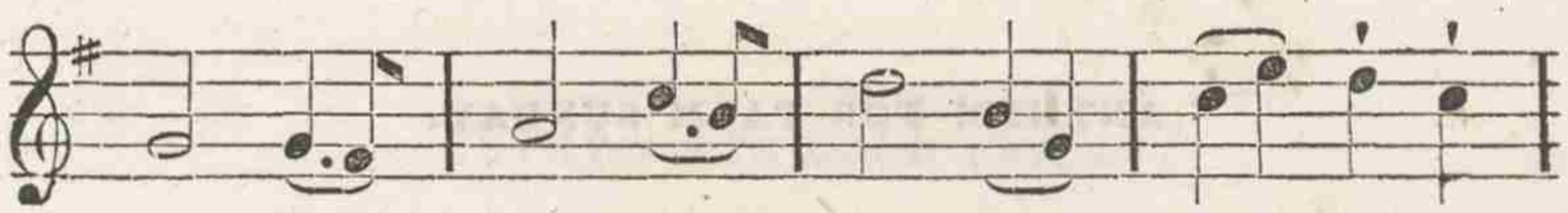


Ho-san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to David's
Ho-san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na Fi - lio Da-
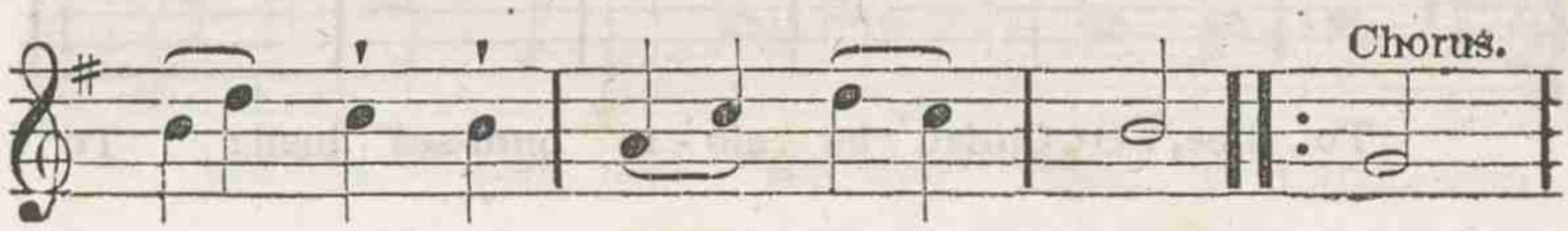


son. Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed
vid. Be - ne - dic - tus, Be - ne - dic-tus, Be - ne-
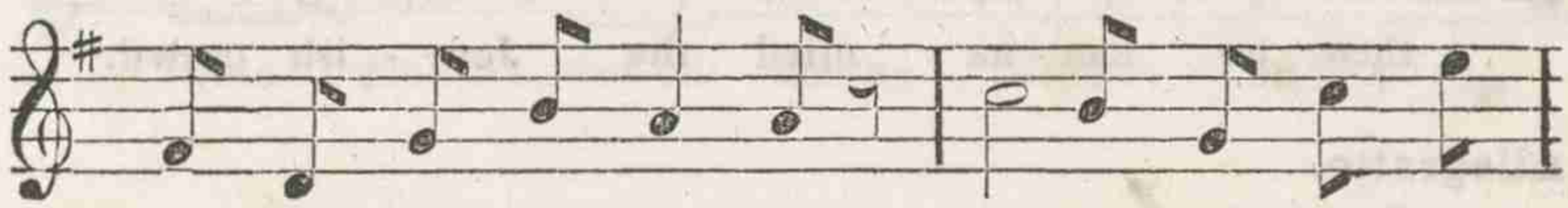


is he, Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is
dictus, Be - - ne - dic - - tus, Be - - ne - dic-
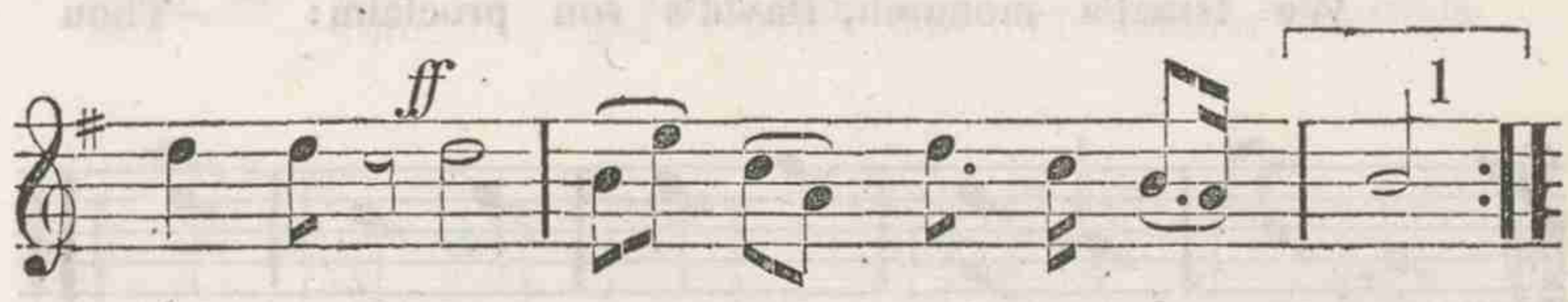


he, Bless - ed is he that com - eth forth,
tus, Be - - ne - dic - - tus qui ve - nit in
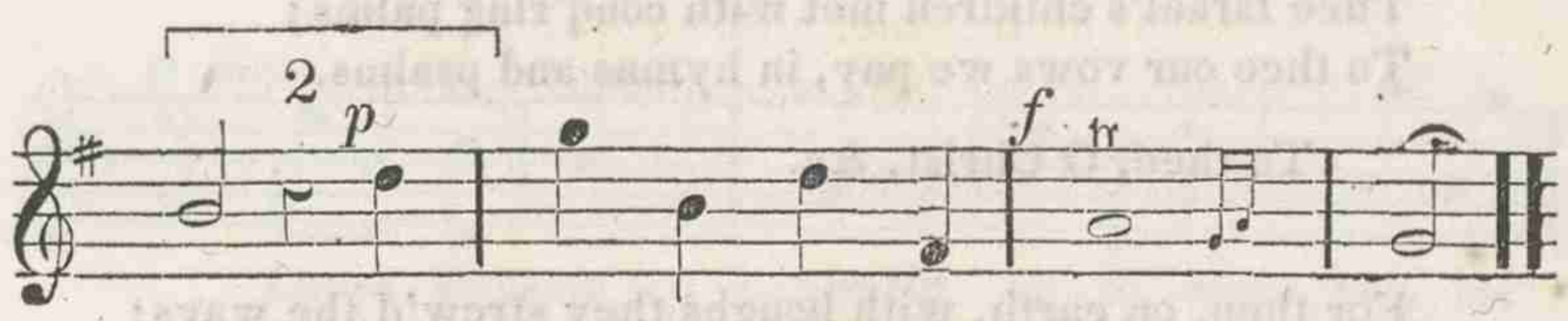


in the name of the Lord. Ho-
no - mi - ne Do - - mi - - - - ni. Ho-



san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the
san - na in ex - cel - sis, Ho - san - na in ex-



high-est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est,
cel - sis, Ho - san - na in ex - cel - - sis,

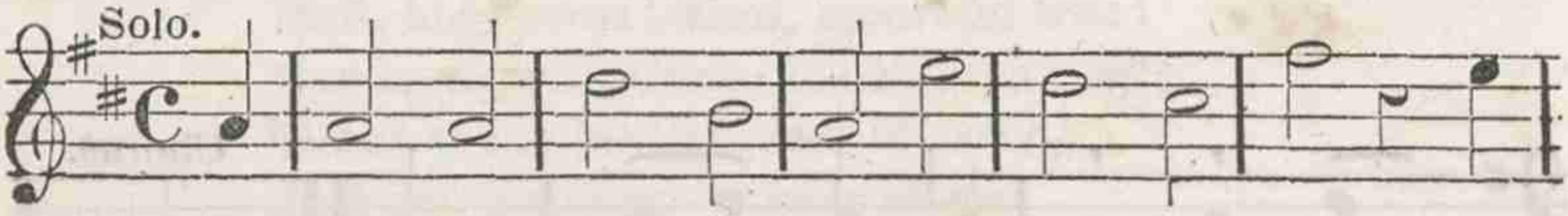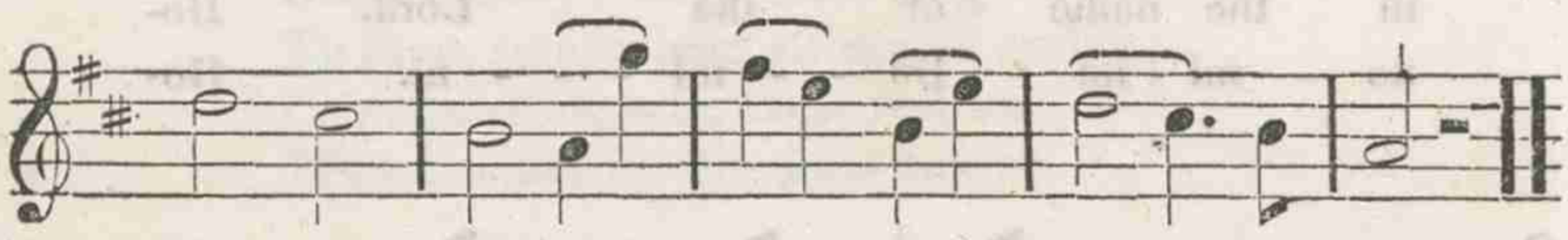


est. Ho - - san - na in the high - - - - est.
sis. Ho - - san - na in ex - cel - - - - - sis.

ANTHEM FOR PALM SUNDAY.

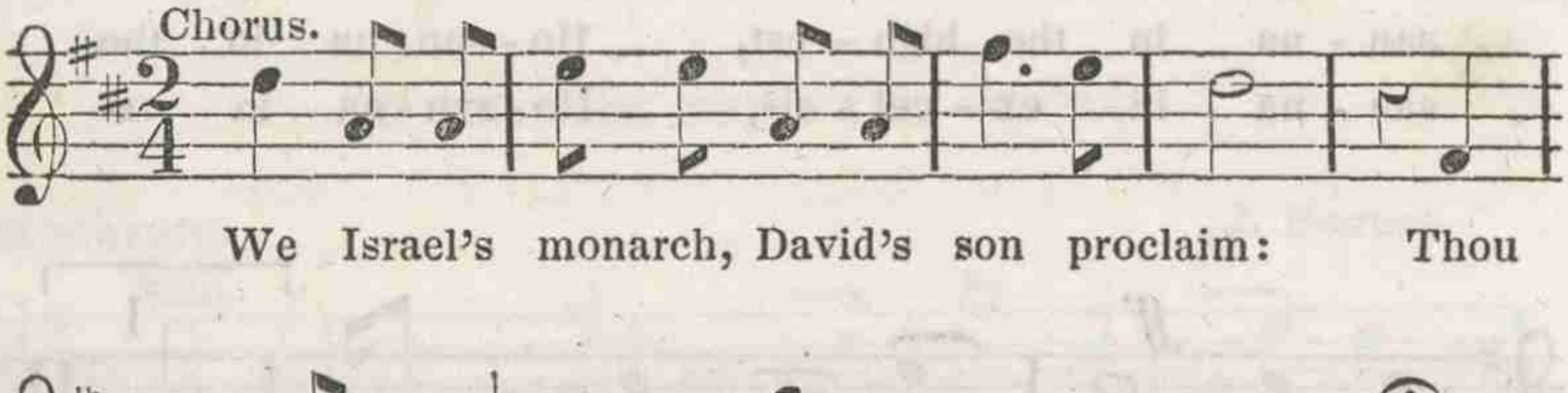
(Gloria laus.)
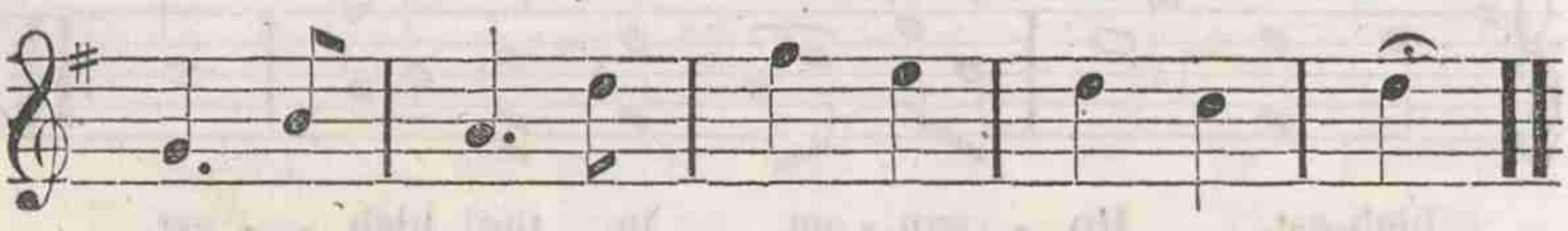
Andantino. J. Hœrner.





Allegretto.





Thee Israel's children met with conq'ring palms;
To thee our vows we pay, in hymns and psalms.

To thee, O Christ, &c.

For thee, on earth, with boughs they strew'd the ways;
To thee, in heav'n, we'll sing melodious praise.

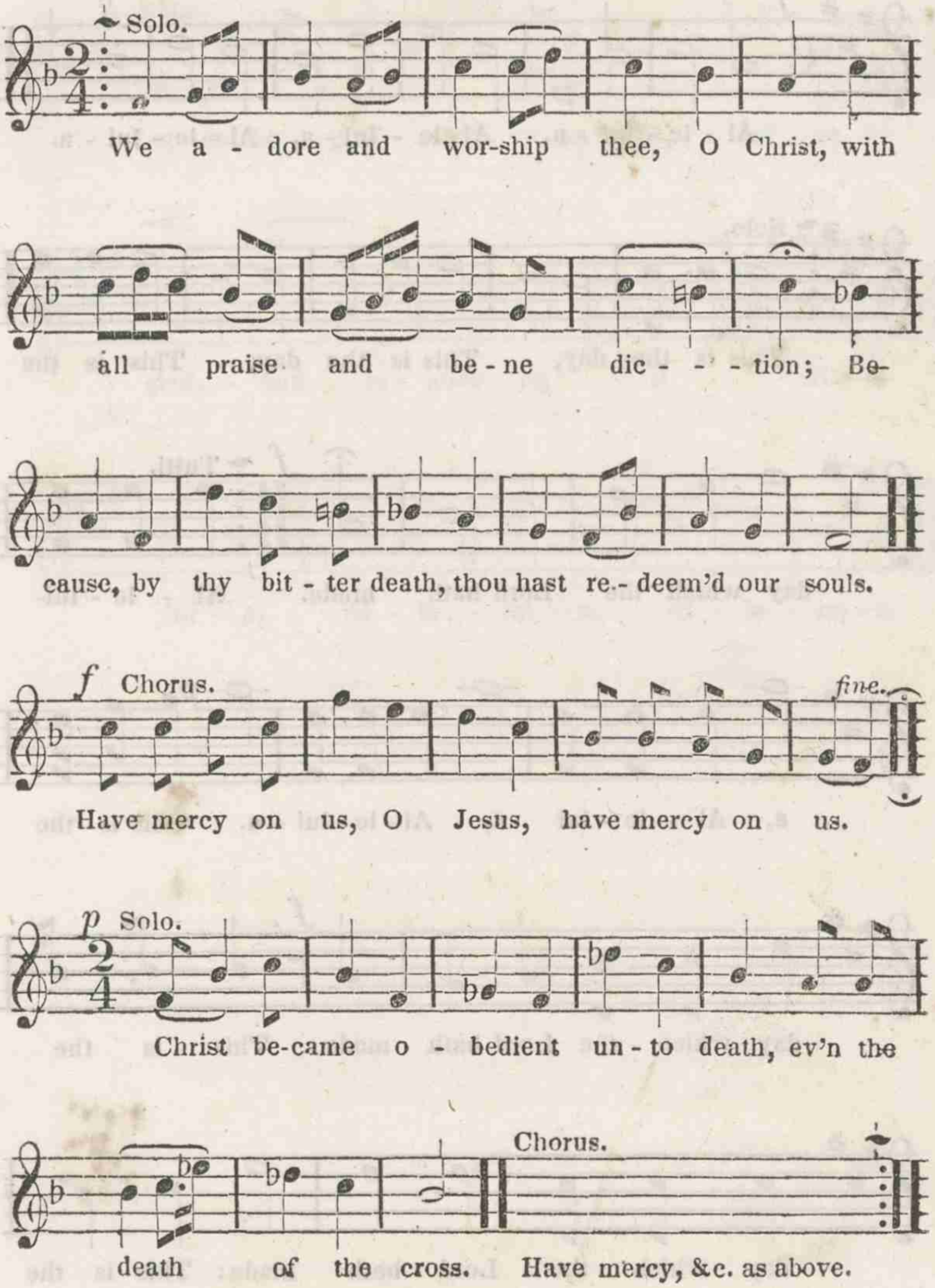
To thee, O Christ, &c.

Accept this tribute, which to thee we bring,
As thou didst theirs, O good and gracious King.

ANTHEM FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

(Adoramus te.)
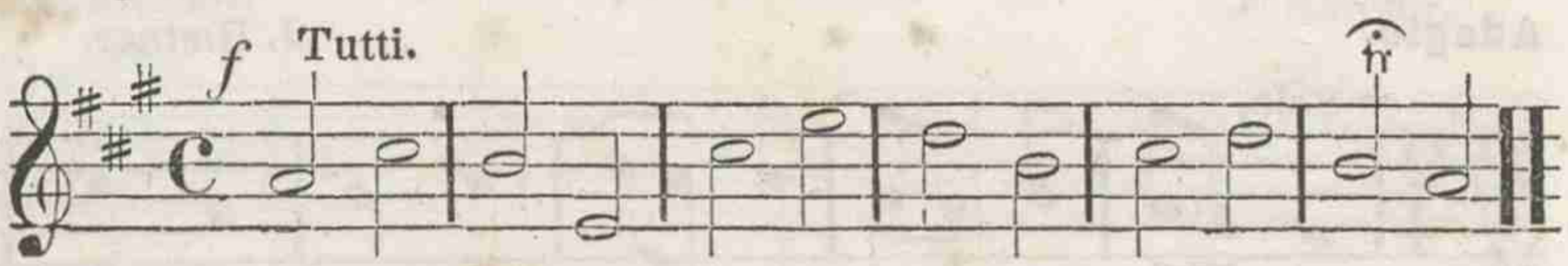
Adagio. J. Hœrner.



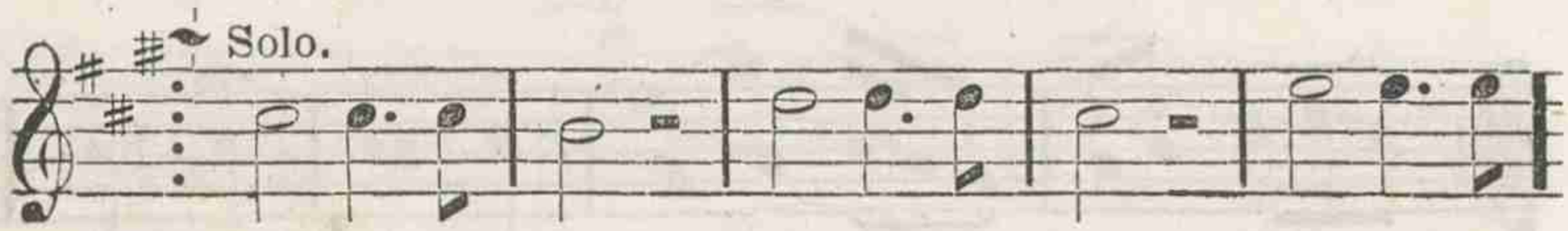
ANTHEM FOR EASTERDAY.

Hœc dies.

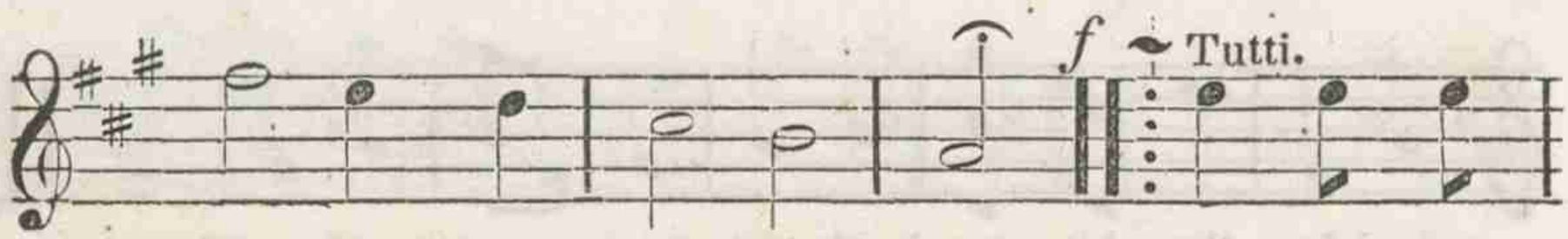
Allegretto. J. Hœrner.
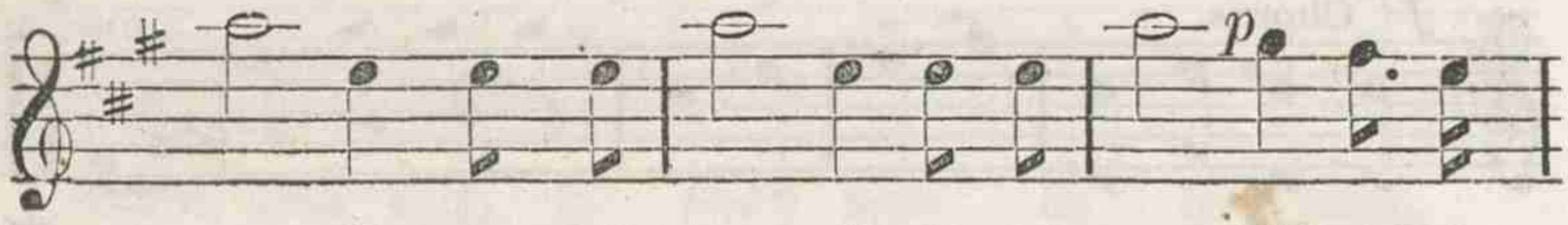


Al - le - lui - a, Al - le - lui - a, Al - le - lui - a.



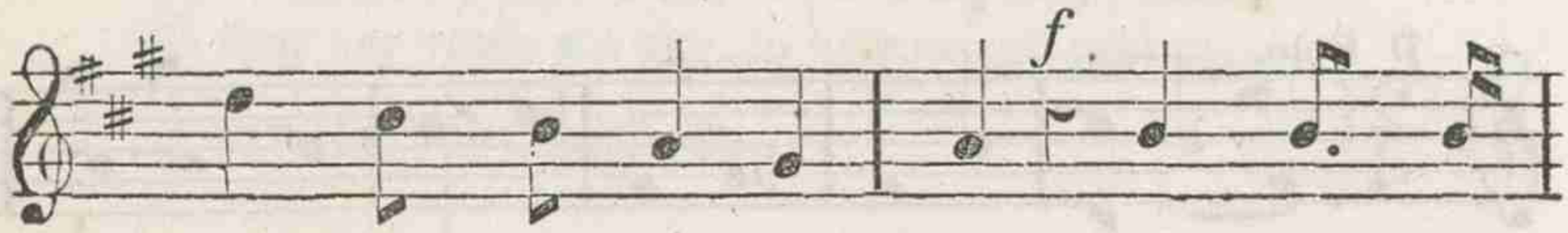
This is the day, This is the day, This is the
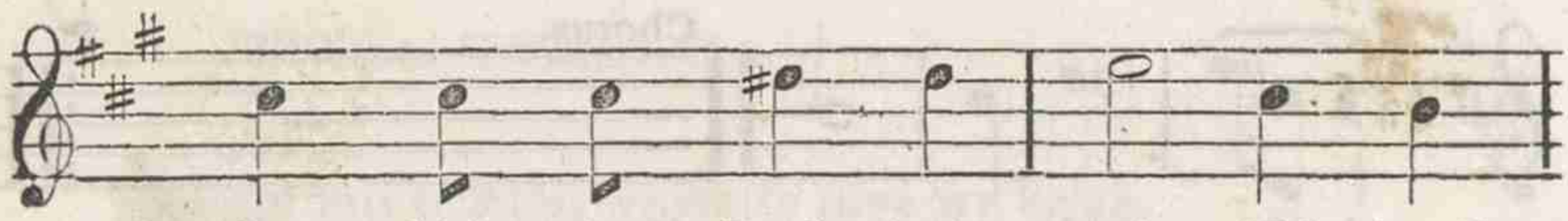


day which the Lord hath made. Al - le - lui-
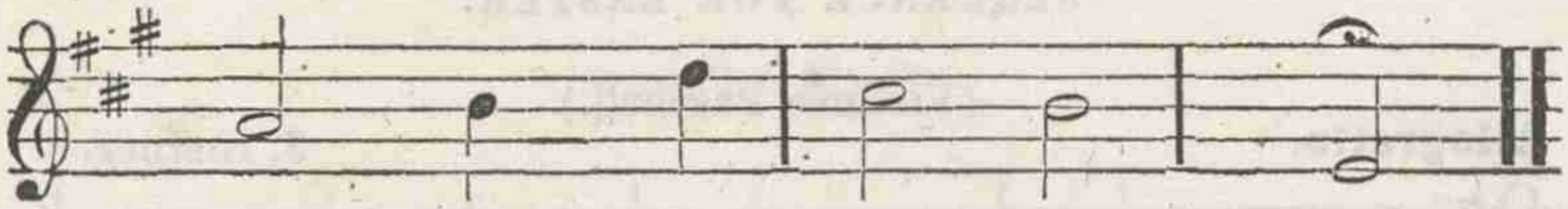


a, Al - le - lui a, Al - le - lui - a. This is the
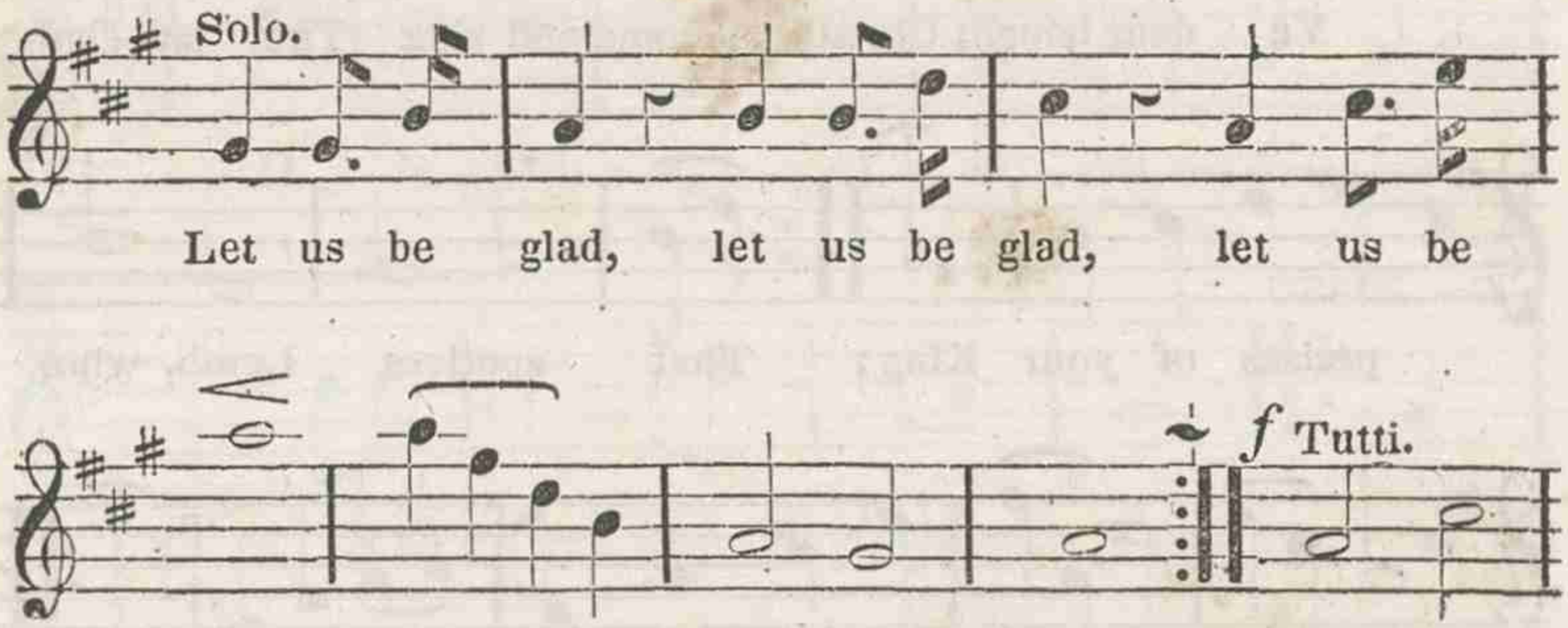


day which the Lord hath made: This is the



day which the Lord hath made: This is the


day which the Lord hath made.


Solo.
Let us be glad, let us be glad, let us be
glad, and re - joice on it.
f Tutti.
Al - le-
lui - a, Al - le - lui - a, Al - le - lui - a.
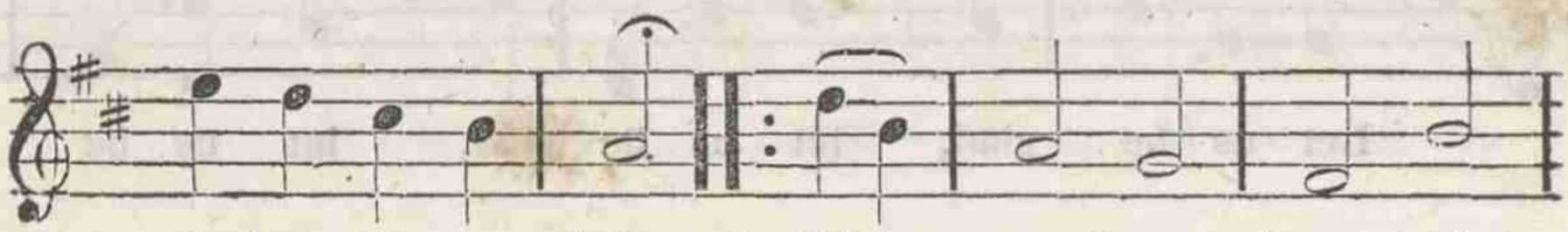
SEQUENCE FOR EASTER.

(Victimæ Paschali.)

Allegretto. J. Hœrner.



Ye dear bought Christians, come and sing The pas-chal



praises of your King; That spotless Lamb, who,



more than due, paid for his sheep, which sheep are you.

The guiltless Son has wrought your peace,
And made his Father's anger cease;
See! life and death, in bloody fight,
To conquer strive, with all their might.

Life's Author dies, but lives again,
And even death, by him, was slain.
Say, happy Magdalen, O say,
What objects saw you by the way?

I saw the tomb of my dear Lord,
I saw himself, and him ador'd;
I saw the napkin and the sheet,
That bound his head, and wrapt his feet.
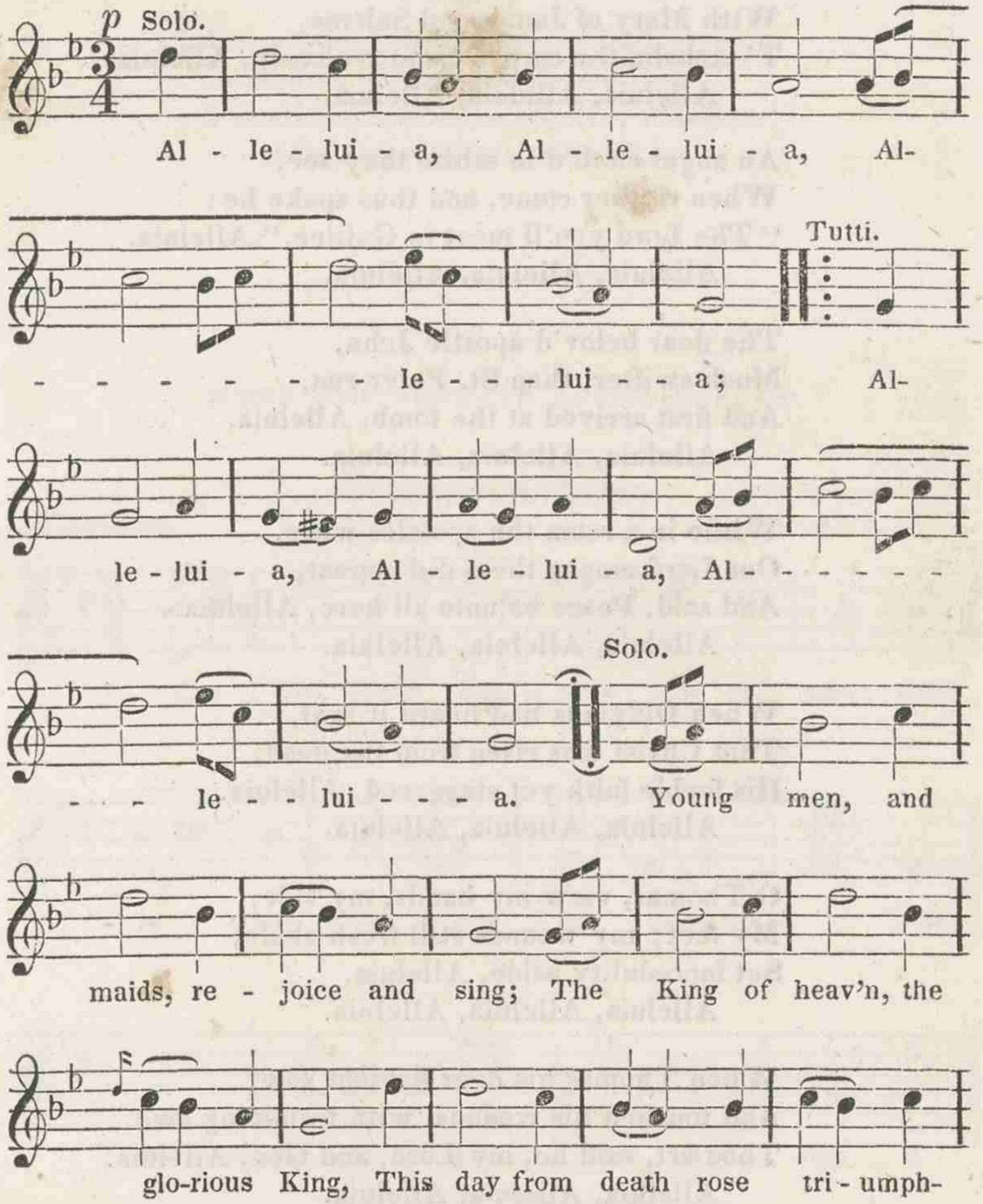
I heard the angels witness bear,
"Jesus is risen, he's not here:
Go, tell his brethren, they shall see
Thine, and their hope in Galilee."

We, Lord, with faithful heart believe,
Thou'rt risen, and shalt ever live;
Thy conq'ring pow'r o'ercame the grave,
Let that same pow'r us sinners save.

EASTER HYMN.

O Filii et Filiæ.

Allegro. Ancient Melody.



On Sunday morn, by break of day,
His dear disciples haste away,
Unto the tomb wherein he lay, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

And Magdalen, in company
With Mary of James and Salome,
T' embalm the corpse came zealously, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

An angel cloth'd in white they see,
When thither come, and thus spoke he:
"The Lord you'll meet in Galilee," Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

The dear belov'd apostle John,
Much swifter, than St. Peter run,
And first arrived at the tomb, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

While in a room the apostles were,
Our Lord among them did appear,
And said, Peace be unto all here, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

When Didymus had heard it said,
That Christ was risen from the dead,
His feeble faith yet staggered, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

O Thomas, view my hands, my side,
My feet; my wounds still fresh abide,
Set incredulity aside, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

When Thomas his dear Saviour saw,
And touched his wounds, with trembling awe,
Thou art, said he, my Lord, and God, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Blessed are they, who have not seen,
And yet whose faith entire has been;
Them endless life from death shall screen. Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
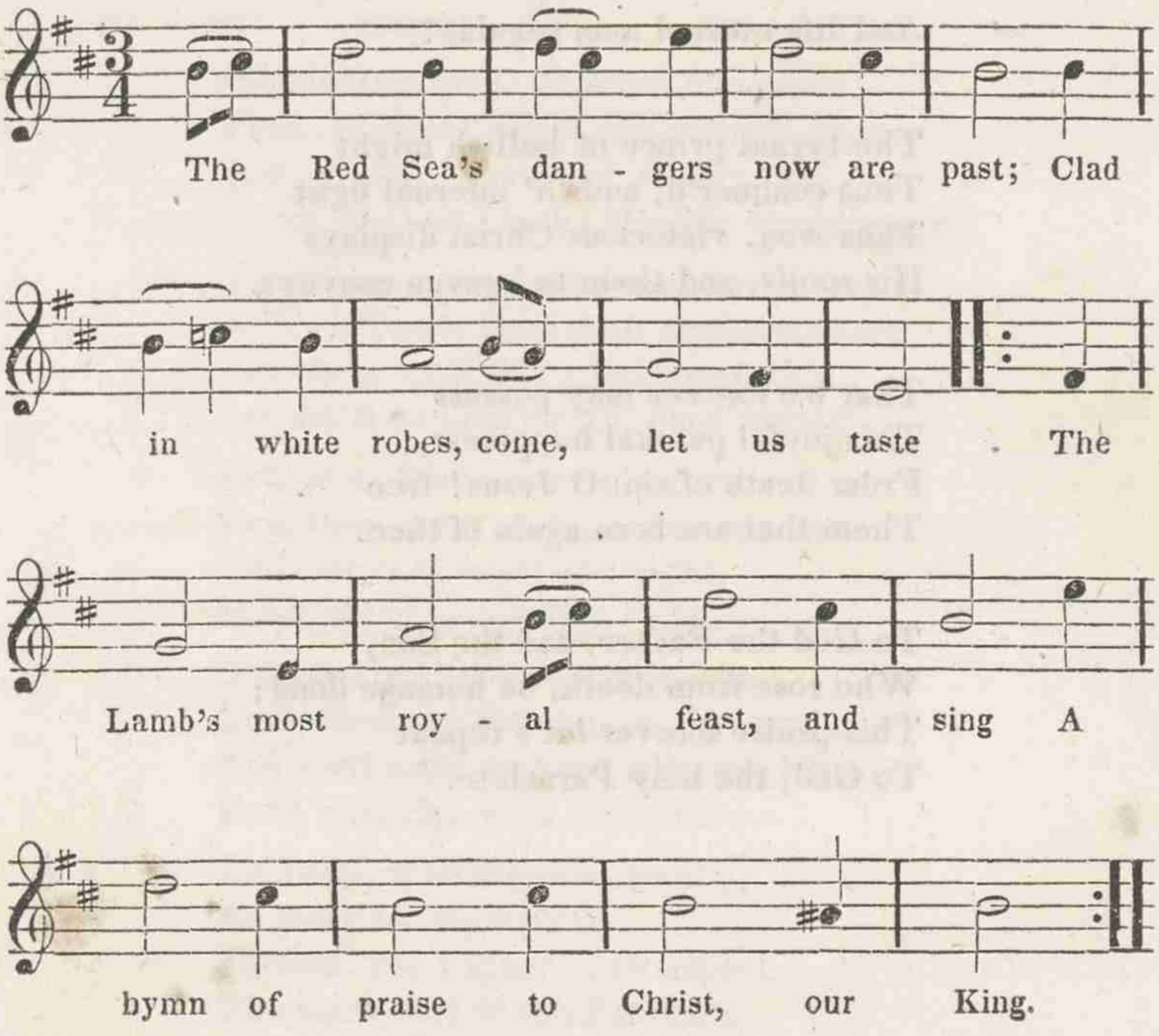
In this most solemn feast, let's raise
Our hearts to God, in hymns of praise;
And let us bless the Lord always, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Our grateful thanks to God let's give,
In humble manner, while we live,
For all the favors we receive, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

HYMN FOR SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

At Vespers—Ad Regias.

Allegretto. Mel. Ar. J. H.



The victim, in this mystic feast,
Is Christ himself, his love, the priest;
Love tore his flesh, love spilt his blood,
Love gives us both to be our food.

The posts, thus mark'd with sacred gore,
The wasting angel passes o'er;
The yielding sea divides its waves,
Egyptians float in liquid graves.

Our paschal feast and sacrifice,
Is Christ, the Lamb, who for us dies;
Christ is the pure, unleaven'd bread,
By which the purest minds are fed.

O true celestial sacrifice!
By thee hell's power vanquish'd lies;
Relentless death unlocks his chains,
And life eternal man regains!

The tyrant prince of hellish might
Thus conquer'd, and th' infernal fight
Thus won, victorious Christ displays
His spoils, and them to heaven conveys.

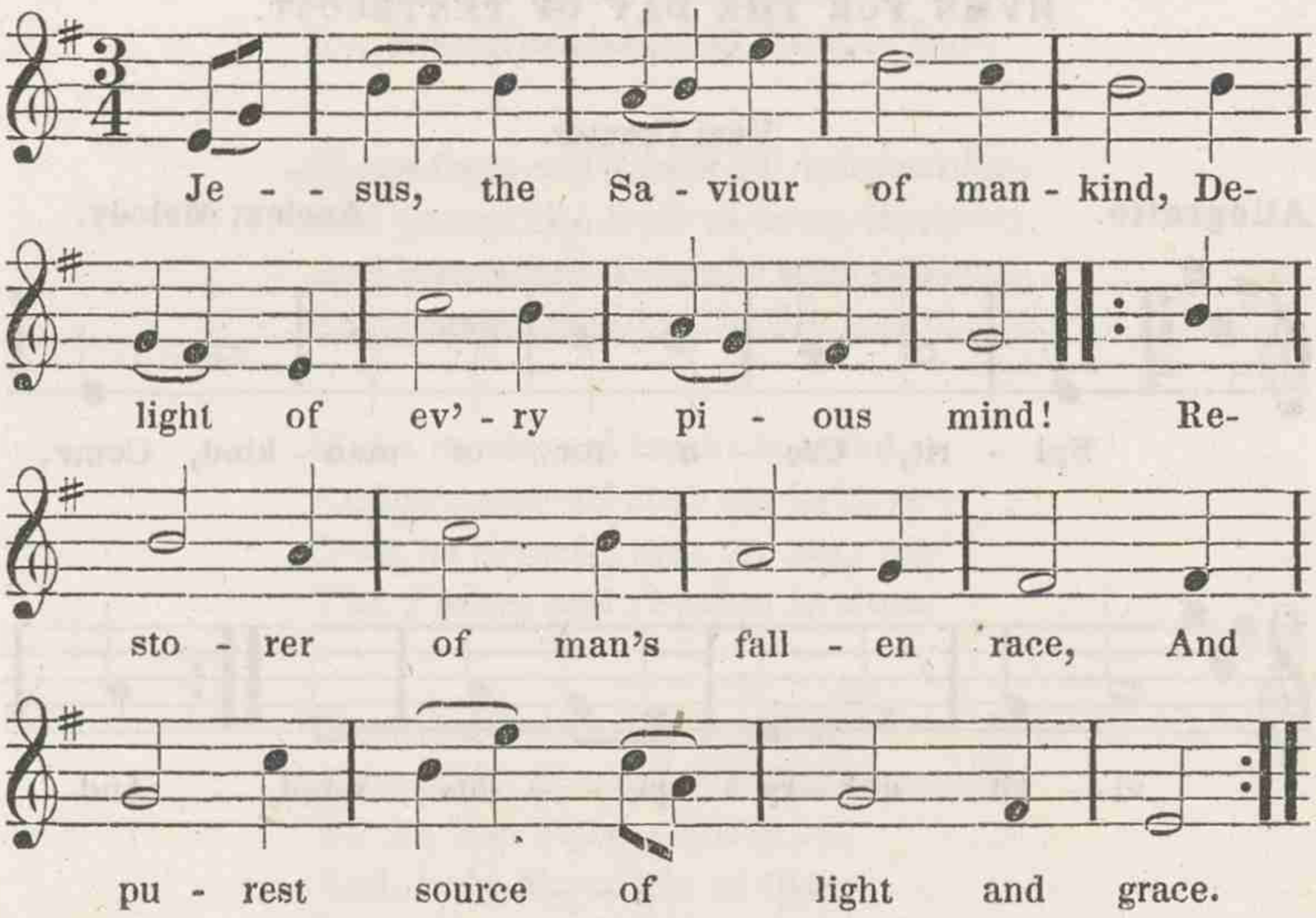
That we forever may possess
This joyful paschal happiness,
From death of sin, O Jesus! free
Them that are born again of thee.

To God the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, be homage done;
This praise forever let's repeat
To God, the holy Paraclete.

HYMN FOR ASCENSION.

At Vespers– Salutis humanæ.

Andante. J. Hœrner.



O boundless love! O matchless grace!
Thou, guiltless, tak'st the guilty's place;
And, to make wretched sinners live,
Thou, spotless Lamb! thy life would'st give.

Th' infernal gates are forced by thee,
Hell's captives from their chains set free;
And thou, with this triumphant train,
Ascend'st on God's right hand to reign.

Let, now, kind mercy plead our cause;
Heal thou our wounds, repair our loss;
And call us to enjoy thy sight,
In realms of everlasting light.

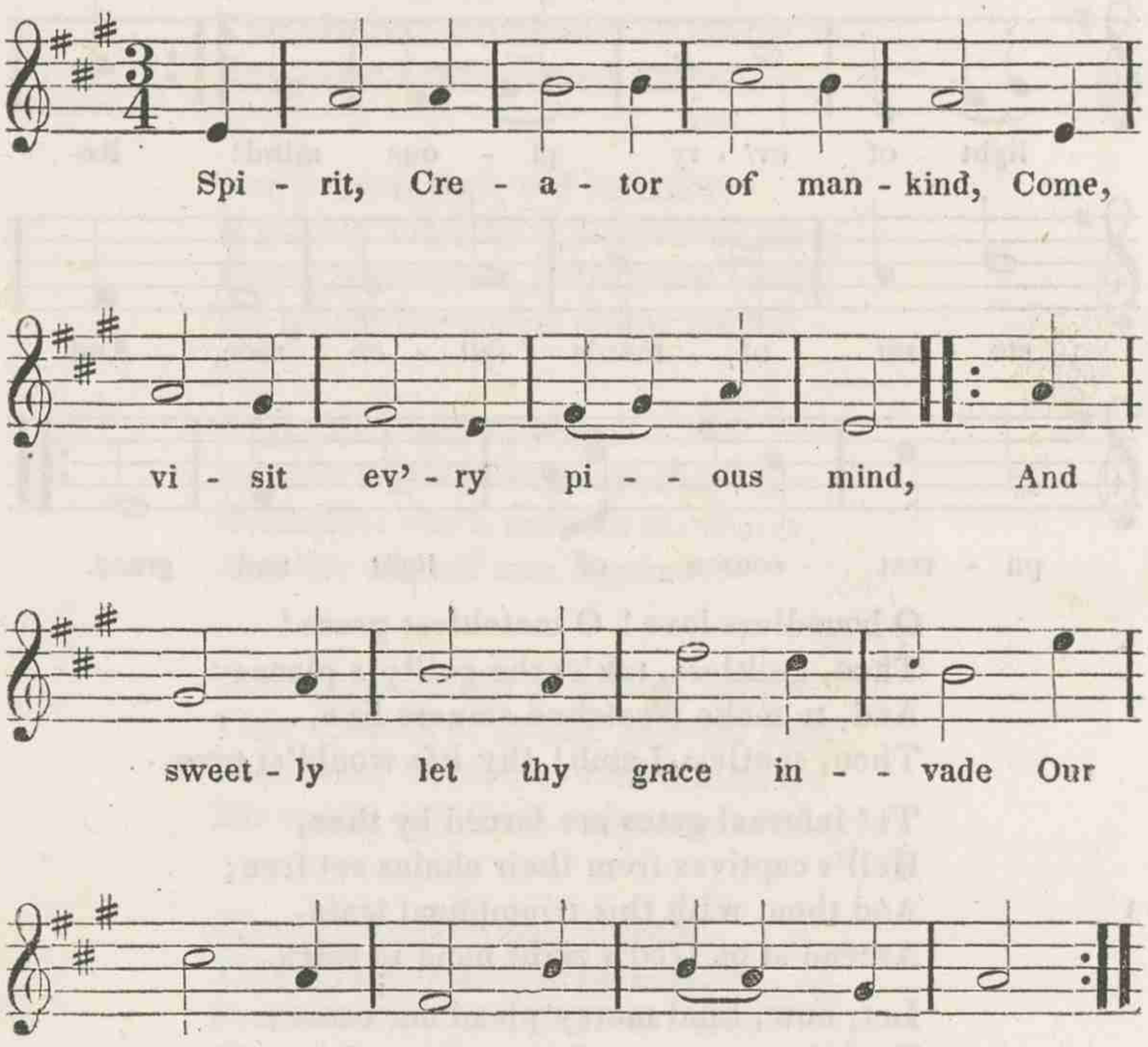
O Jesus! whilst on earth we stay,
Guide thou our footsteps in thy way;
And soothe our sorrows with thy love,
Until we reign with thee above.

To Jesus, who ascends the sky,
Be glory for eternity;
To God, the Father, let's repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

HYMN FOR THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Veni Creator.

Allegretto. Ancient Melody.



Thou art the Comforter, whom all
Gift of the highest God must call;
The living fountain, fire and love,
The ghostly unction from above.

God's sacred finger, which imparts
A sev'n-fold grace to faithful hearts;
Thou art the Father's promise, whence
We language have, and eloquence.

Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
That we thy love may never want;
Let not our virtue ever fail,
But strengthen what in flesh is frail.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

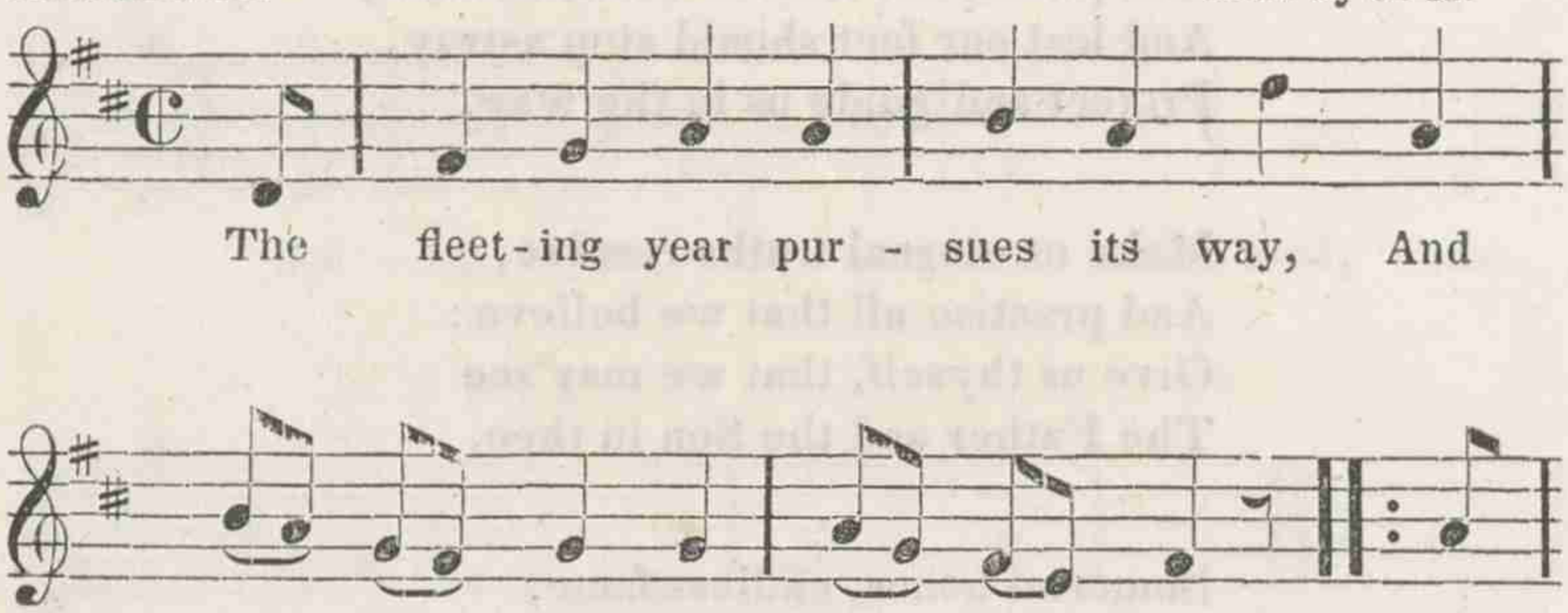
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son in thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
To the Son equal praises be,
And, holy Paraclete to thee.

HYMN FOR THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Beata nobis.

Andantino. Mel. by J. H.



The sudden flames, like tongues of fire,
Their hearts and speech at once inspire,
To kindle love, and to dispense
The gift of heav'nly eloquence.

They, fill'd with God, in transports bless,
With various tongues and languages,
The God that taught those wond'rous ways,
To preach his words and speak his praise.

They speak, and mingling nations throng,
Amaz'd to hear their native tongue;
Whilst some revile the gift divine,
And call it an excess of wine.

But Peter checks their impious spite,
And brings the sacred truth to light;
A truth, which, though from them conceal'd,
The prophets taught, and God reveal'd.

Now, gracious God, with bended knee,
Thy Spirit's gift we ask of thee;
Make all the sev'n-fold fountains flow,
And shed their grace on us below.
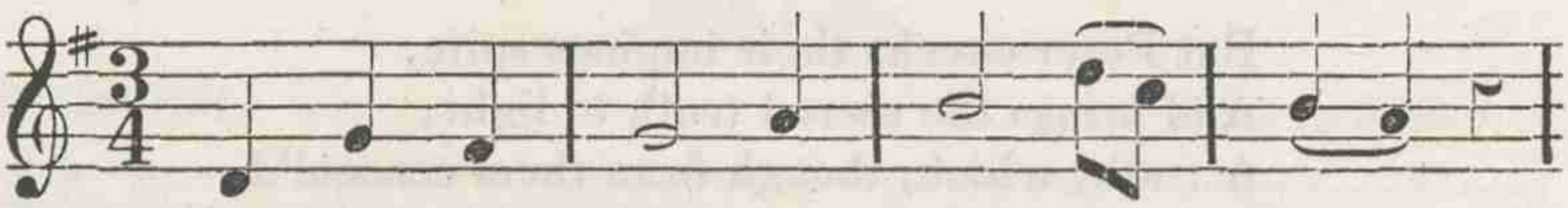
Long since, thy grace thou didst impart,
To reign in each disciple's heart;
With the same grace our crimes release,
And grant us everlasting peace.
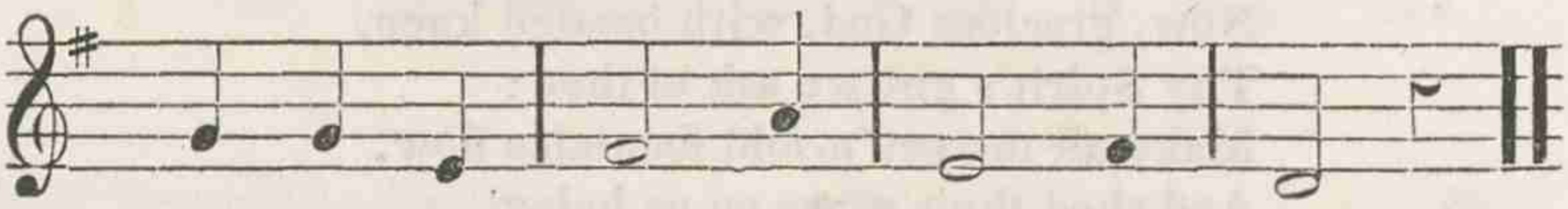
Most glorious may the Father reign,
And so the Son, who rose again,
Together with the Paraclete,
Through years and ages infinite.
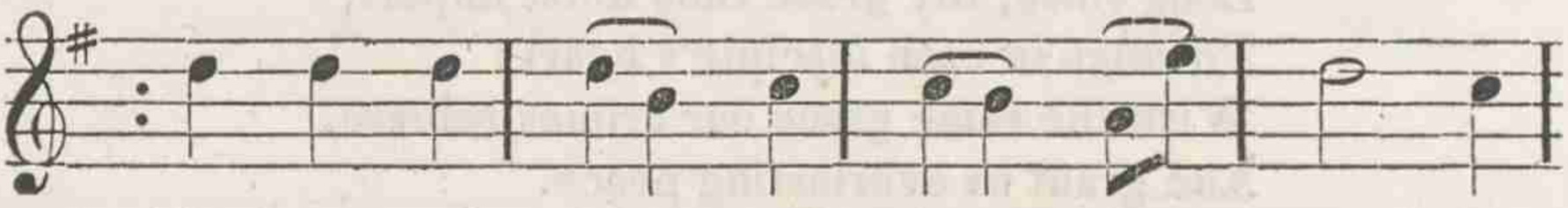
HYMN FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.
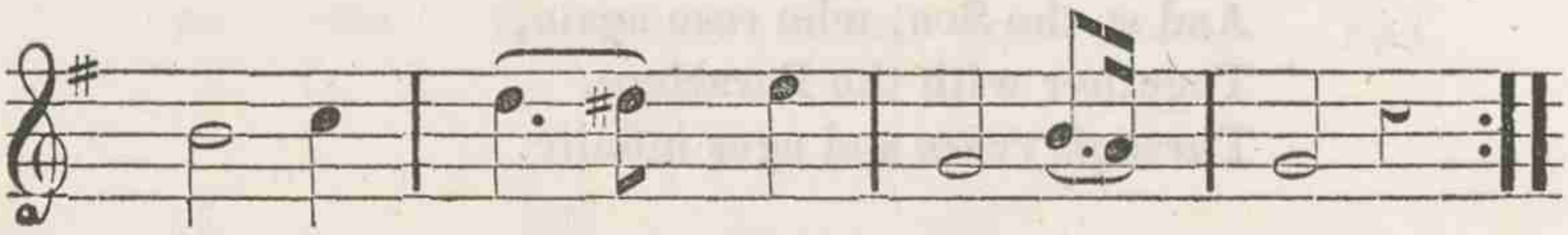
At Vespers—Jam Sol recedit.

Andante. Mel. Ar. J. H.









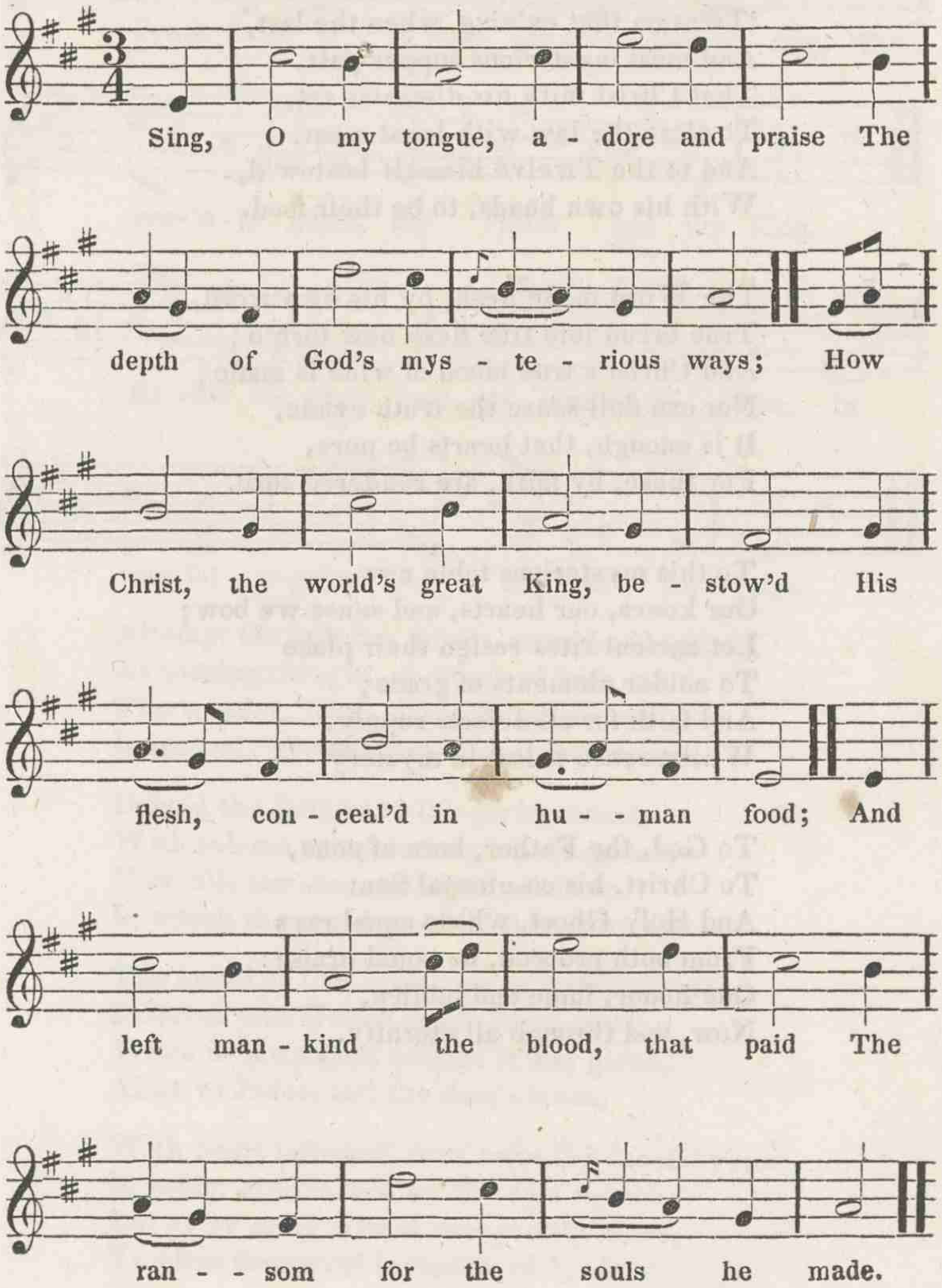
In morning and in ev'ning verse,
Thy glorious praises we rehearse:
May we, O God, the same express
Amidst thy saints in happiness.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.

HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

At Vespers—(Pange lingua.)

Andantino. Mel. by J. H.



Giv'n from above, and born for man,
From Virgin's womb his life began;
He liv'd on earth, and preach'd to sow
The seeds of heav'nly truth below;
Then seal'd his mission from above,
With strange effects of pow'r and love.

'Twas on that ev'ning, when the last,
And most mysterious supper past,
That Christ with his disciples sat,
To close the law with legal meat,
And to the Twelve himself bestow'd,
With his own hands, to be their food.

The Word made flesh, by his own word,
True bread into true flesh now turn'd;
And Christ's true blood of wine is made;
Nor can dull sense the truth evade,
It is enough, that hearts be pure,
For these, by faith, are rendered sure.
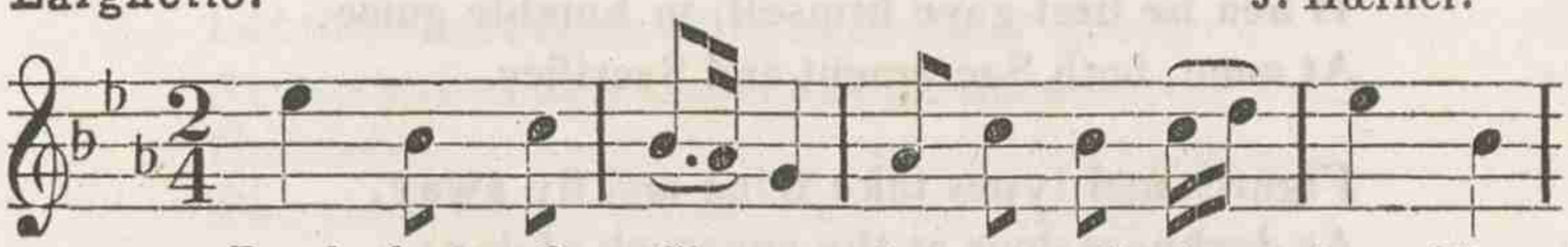
To this mysterious table now,
Our knees, our hearts, and sense we bow;
Let ancient rites resign their place
To nobler elements of grace;
And faith for all defects supply,
Whilst sense is lost in mystery.

To God, the Father, born of none,
To Christ, his co-eternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays
From both proceed, be equal praise:
One honor, fame and jubilee,
Now, and through all eternity.

SEQUENCE FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

(Lauda Sion.)
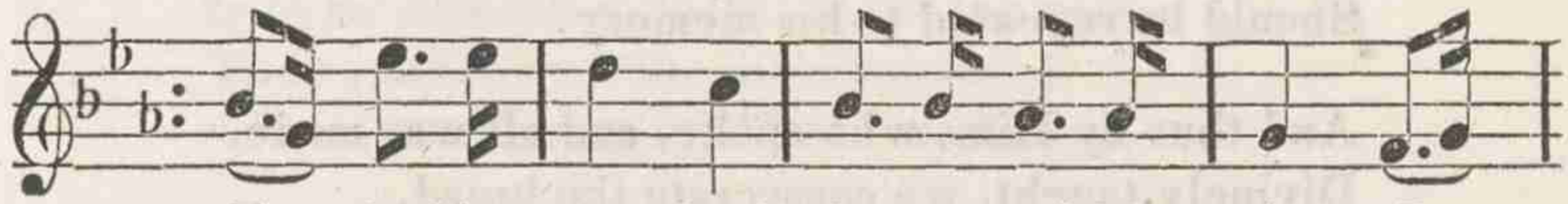
Larghetto. J. Hœrner.
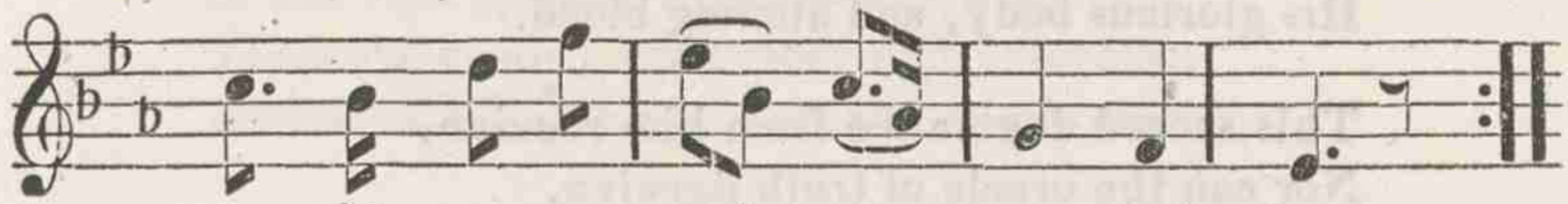


Break forth, O Si - on, thy sweet Saviour sing, Thy



heav'n - ly guide, thy Pastor and thy King.



Ex - alt his name, loud - ly resound his praise, In



tune-ful or-gans, and in vo - cal lays.

Attempt the arduous theme, ascend as high,
As soaring thought, or wings of faith can fly;
The wonder, then, above all praise confess—
Immensely greater than thou canst express.

Behold the living and life-giving bread,
With solemn pomp on holy altars spread,
Now fills our song, a subject all divine,
In which the wonders of th' Almighty shine;

The bread of life, which ev'ry faithful breast
Believes was broken at the royal feast,
When to the sacred college it was given,
Alike to Judas, and the dear eleven.

With heart inflamed, now raise thy tuneful voice,
In nobler strains, and let thy soul rejoice;
Let ev'ry thing within thee jointly move,
To bless the sweet invention of his love.

PART II.

Let age to age record the solemn day,
And constant homage for the bounty pay,
When he first gave himself, in humble guise,
At once, both Sacrament and Sacrifice.

Figures and types take wing and fly away,
As darkness does at the approach of day;
New heav'nly lights new mysteries unfold,
While the new Pascha terminates the old.

What Christ then did, we celebrate the same,
In his own words, and in his sacred name,
As he commanded, the dread mystery
Should be repeated to his memory.

And thus by Him, who spoke, and all was made,
Divinely taught, we consecrate the bread,
And wine into the soul's all-saving food,
His glorious body, and atoning blood.

This sacred dogma we from him receive,
Nor can the oracle of truth deceive,
That bread is chang'd, under its outward sign,
Into his flesh, and into blood the wine.

What reason reaches not, nor sense descries,
Faith's purer light abundantly supplies;
Above all nature we confess his sway;
We bow to him, 'tis fit we should obey.

PART III.

The narrow compass of two forms, mere signs,
Not real things, th' incarnate Word defines,—
Th' exhaustless source, and sweetest overflow
Of all good things, that Heaven can bestow.

His deified true flesh, and precious blood,
Immortal and immortalizing food,
Is meat and drink indeed, and wholly thine,
Under the sep'rate forms of bread and wine.

Impassible 's the Victim we adore,
Unalter'd by the touch, nor broke, nor tore;
But Jesus whole, stupendous prodigy!
Each one receives in veiled majesty.

Let thousands feed, be thou the only guest,
As much thou dost receive as all the rest;
Unnumber'd thousands eat, yet still they leave
The unconsumed whole, they did receive.

Both good and bad to this blest banquet come,
But how unlike, how different their doom!
For 'tis as we approach, as foes or friends,
Th' alternative of life, or death depends.

The heav'nly bread, that sweet enliv'ning food,
Is to th' unworthy death, life to the good;
Then ponder well the different event
Of men's receiving this dread sacrament.

Whenever this blest Sacrament shall lie,
In diff'rent parcels, broke before your eye,
Then waver not; remember there remains,
Under each fragment, what the whole contains.

PART IV.

Lo then, O man! involv'd in rapture, see
The bread of angels thus made food for thee;
A sweet viatic, a divine repast,
True children's bread, to dogs not to be cast!

In Isaac, 'twas in lively figure slain,
And, in the Paschal Lamb, it bled again;
The ancient fathers too, in manna, ate,
In type and figure, this life-giving meat.

Good Pastor, then, true Bread, O Jesus, show
Thy tend'rest mercies to thy sheep below;
Feed, and defend us here, that we may see
Good things, with those, who live and reign with thee.

O thou, all-good, all-potent, and all-wise!
Who feed'st us here, with thine own sacrifice,
Make us sit down with thee, amongst the bless'd,
At thine own table, in eternal rest;
Where we, with them, thy glory may adore,
Companions and co-heirs, for evermore.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART.

Melody—" O thou great fav'rite."

O SACRED Ark, bless'd heart of Jesus meek!
In thee the law of grace, of peace, we seek:
More holy far, than Ark that did contain
A law of rigor, slavery and pain.

For mortals' woes, thy loving heart hath bled,—
For sinners' wounds, its healing influence shed;
Thy Father's glory hath thy heart all fir'd,—
To justice love a sacrifice expir'd.

Who shall refuse to thee the debt of love?
Who that's redeemed, but shall look above,
To find in thy bless'd heart a place of rest,
From earthly cares, amid the just, the bless'd?

Be glory to the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost, the Three in One,
To whom may power, homage ever be,
On earth, in heav'n, through all eternity.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

Melody—" My God, my life."

O HEAVEN'S glorious king,
Who dost thy starry throne,
And its triumphant bliss postpone,
To be our offering.
Jesus, our hearts' delight,
This faithful flock inspire,
Of thy great heart to sing the fire,
And love with praise requite.

O heart! love's victim slain!
O heaven's lasting joy!
To whom distressed mortals fly,
Nor fly for help in vain.
O, may we ne'er provoke
This meek, this tender heart,
Where love for us has fixed his dart,
And struck the killing stroke.

When sin for vengeance calls,
This heart, with pow'rful charm,
Withstands th' Almighty's uplift arm,
And straight his anger falls.
Love did this refuge win,
Love lanced our Saviour's side;
Fond love displayed the passage wide,
And bids us welcome in.

Thence blood to wash our stain,
Gushed out on ev'ry part!
O! take and keep us in this heart,
For fear we sin again.
Thy Father's only One,
Chaste spouse of lovers pure,
Who canst no rival love endure,
Possess our hearts alone.

HYMN FOR THE ASSUMPTION, AND THE FESTIVALS OF THE B. V. MARY.

At Vespers—(Ave Maris Stella.)

Allegretto. Ancient Melody, Ad. J. H.

Release our much entangled mind,
From all the snares of ill;
With heav'nly light instruct the blind,
And all our vows fulfil.
Exert for us a mother's care,
And thus thy children own;
Prevail with him to hear our pray'r,
Who chose to be thy son.

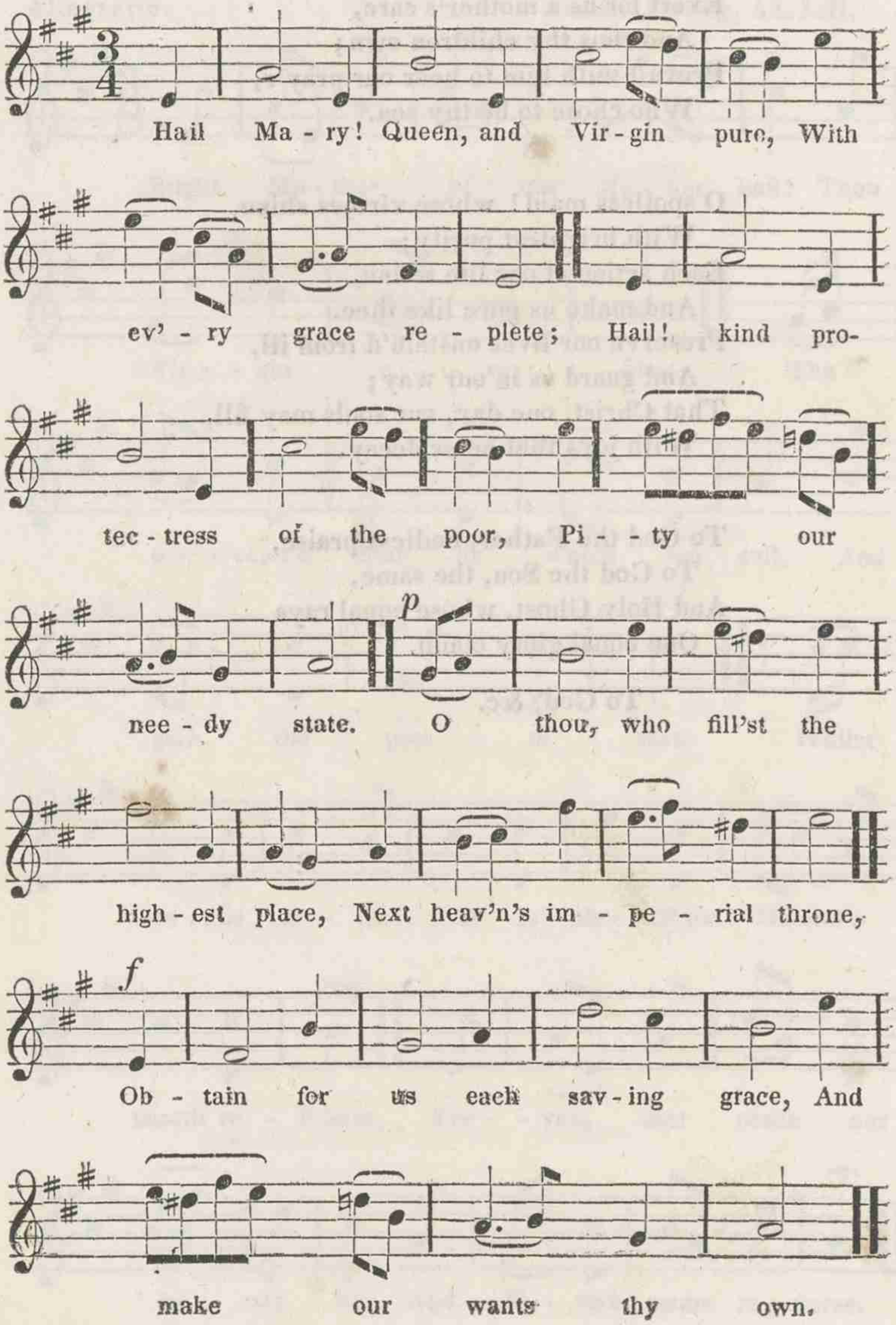
O spotless maid! whose virtues shine,
With brightest purity;
Each action of our life refine,
And make us pure like thee.
Preserve our lives unstain'd from ill,
And guard us in our way;
That Christ, one day, our souls may fill,
With joys that ne'er decay.

To God the Father, endless praise,
To God the Son, the same,
And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays
One equal glory claim.

To God, &c.

HYMN FOR THE ASSUMPTION OF THE B. V. MARY.

Andante. Mozart.
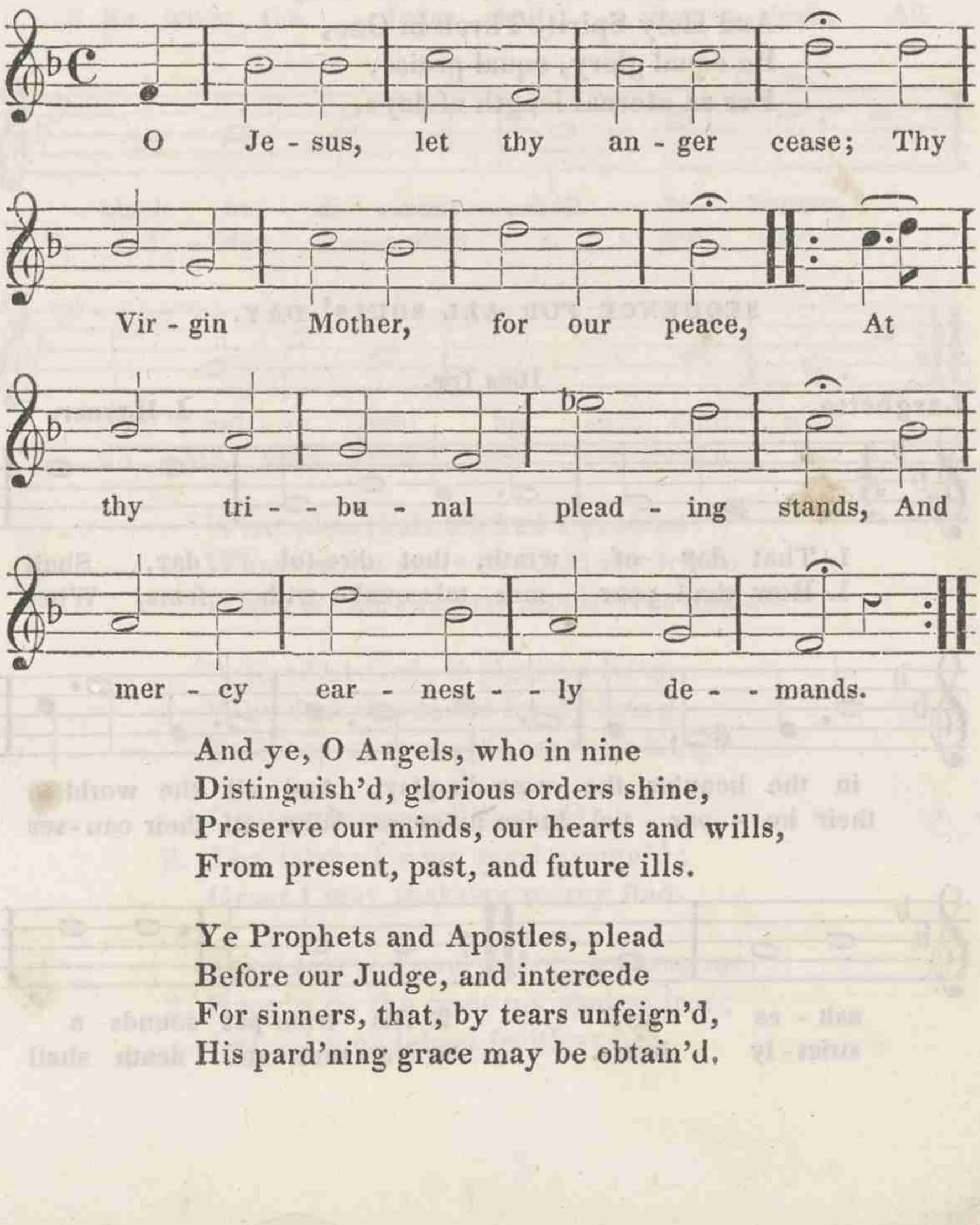


How oft, when troubles fill'd my breast,
Or sin my conscience pain'd,
Through thee, I sought for peace and rest,
Through thee, I peace obtain'd.
Then hence, in all my pains and cares,
I'll seek for help in thee,
E'er trusting, through thy pow'rful prayers,
To gain eternity.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

At Vespers—Placare Christe.

Moderato. J. Hœrner.



And ye, O Angels, who in nine
Distinguish'd, glorious orders shine,
Preserve our minds, our hearts and wills,
From present, past, and future ills.

Ye Prophets and Apostles, plead
Before our Judge, and intercede
For sinners, that, by tears unfeign'd,
His pard'ning grace may be obtain'd.

Ye crimson troops of Martyrs bright,
And Confessors array'd in white,
Let us no longer exil'd roam,
But call us to our heav'nly home.

Chaste virgins! and ye, truly wise!
Who from the deserts fill'd the skies,
For us an everlasting reign,
Amongst the Saints of Christ, obtain.

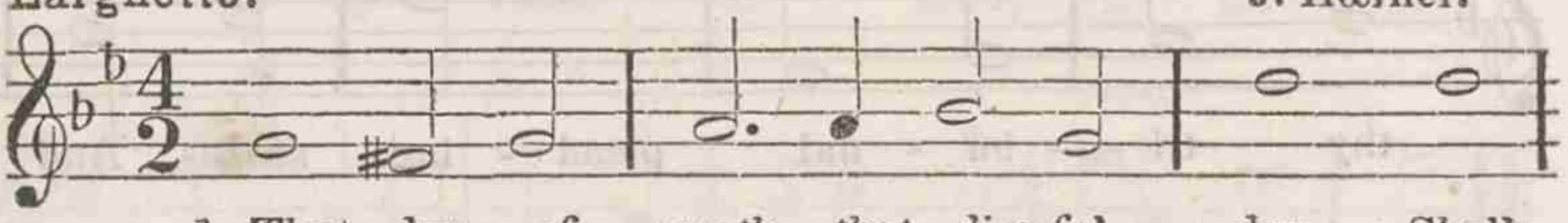
From Christian lands the faithless chase,
Who Christian truths and faith deface,
That all mankind united, may
One Pastor of our souls obey.
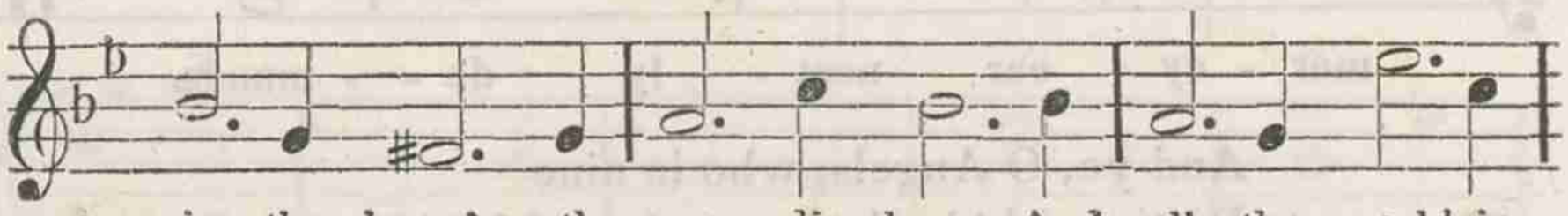
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be equal glory, equal praise,
For an eternal length of days.

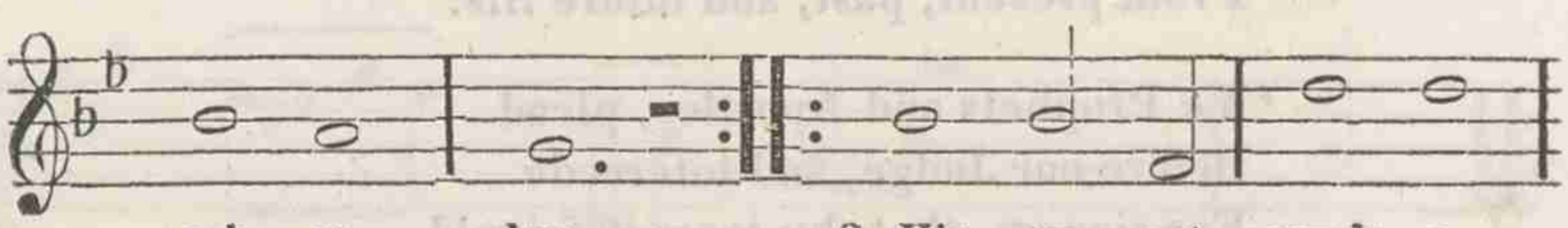
SEQUENCE FOR ALL SOULS' DAY.

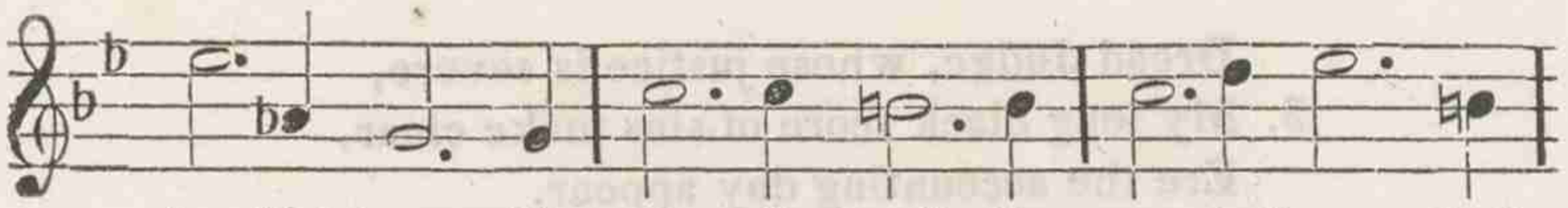
Dies Iræ.

Larghetto. J. Hœrner.

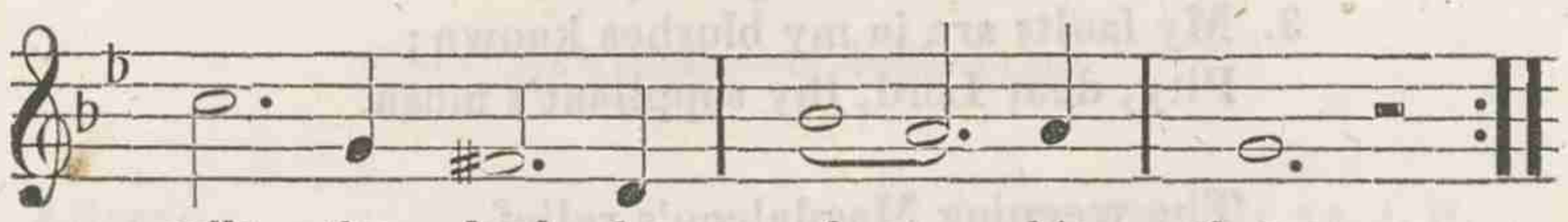




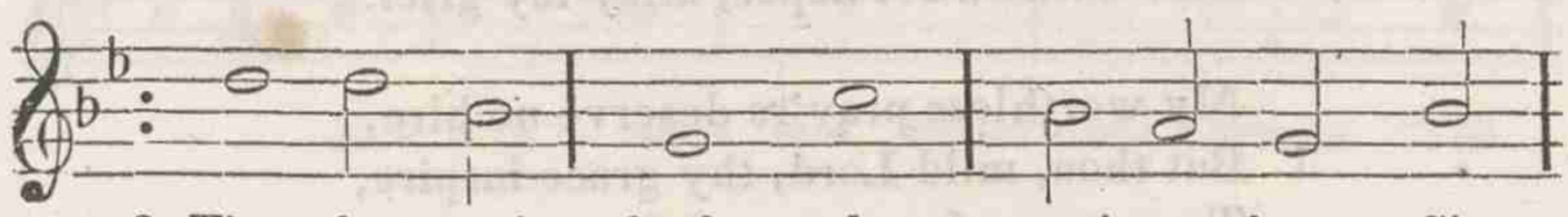




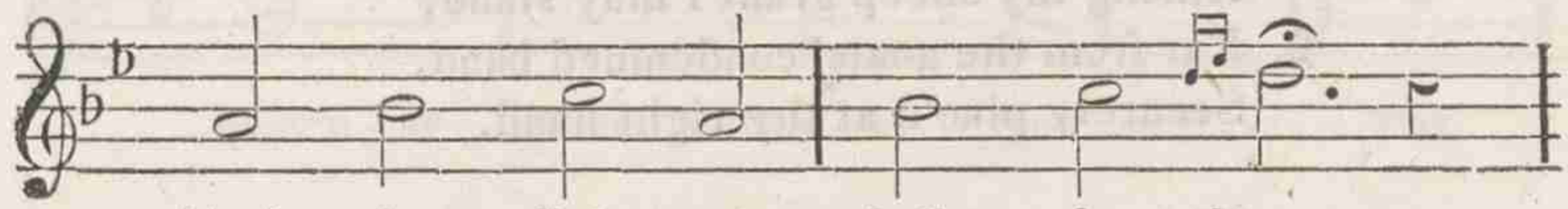
dreadful tone; The noise thro' all the graves is blown, And
stand and gaze, When crea-tures all their bo-dies raise, And



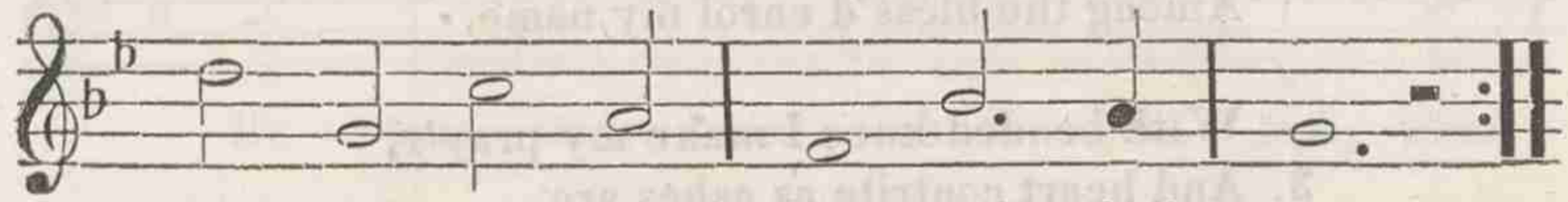
calls the dead be - - fore his throne.
an - swer for their ill - - spent days.



3. The clear - writ book of conscience shown, Sins
3. So when the Judge shall sit on high, All



black in - dict - ment shall be known,
hid - den crimes shall o - - pen lie:



And ev' - ry soul his guilt shall own.
No sin shall from due ven-geance fly.

What plea shall wicked I pretend?
1. What patron move to stand my friend,
When scarce the just themselves defend?

O dreadful God, O glorious King,
1. Who dost the saved freely bring
To bliss! save me, O mercy's King!

O pious Jesus, call to mind
2. Thy labors for my good design'd;
Grant I may that day mercy find.

Thou satt'st down weary, seeking me,
2. Hang'st on the cross my soul to free;
Let not such labors fruitless be.

Dread Judge, whose justice is severe,
3. My long black score of sins make clear,
Ere the accounting day appear.

I, as a guilty person groan;
3. My faults are in my blushes known;
Pity, dear Lord, thy suppliant's moan.

The weeping Magdalene's relief,
1. Thou op'ning heaven to the thief,
Ah! with sweet hopes, allay my grief.

My worthless pray'rs deserve no hire,
1. But thou, mild Lord, thy grace inspire,
To save me from eternal fire.

Among thy sheep grant I may stand,
2. Far from the goats' condemned band,
Securely plac'd at thy right hand.

Th' accursed being put to shame,
2. Confin'd to hell's ne'er dying flame,
Among the bless'd enrol my name.

With bended knee I make my pray'r,
3. And heart contrite as ashes are,
Of my last end, dear Lord, take care.

That day of doom, that day of tears,
3. When guilty man awakes in fears,
From dust, and 'fore his Judge appears.

Jesus, whose breast our woes condoles,
3. Give rest to their departed souls—
Give rest to their departed souls.

Note:—The Stanzas, that have the same numbers, are to be sung in the same way.

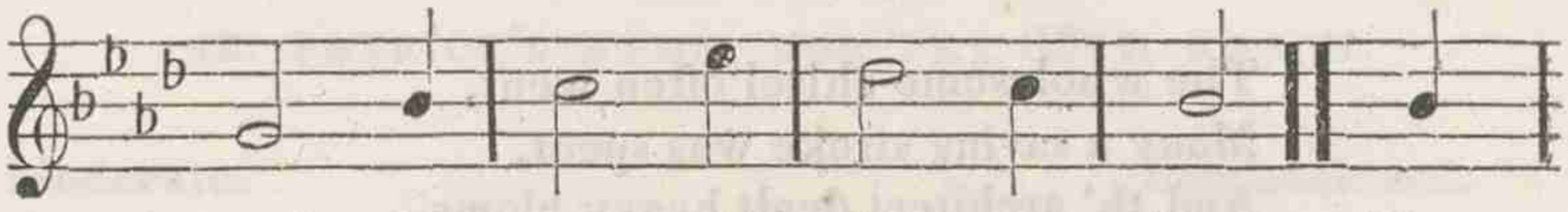
HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION.

At Vespers—Cœlestis Urbs.
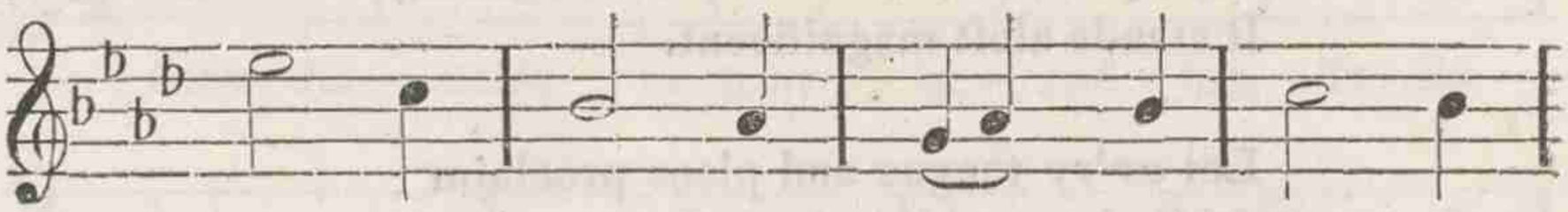
Allegro. Ancient Melody Ad. J. H.



Je - - ru - sa - lem, whose name contains The
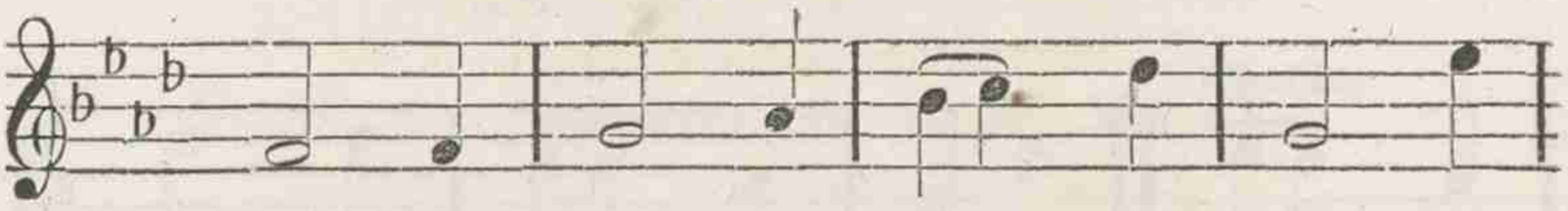


heav'n - ly peace which in thee reigns; Thy



liv - ing stones raise thee so high, That



stars be - neath thy pave - ment lie. At-



tend - ed like a bride in state, Mil-



lions of an - - gels on thee wait.

O happy bride, whose dowry is
The glory of the Father's bliss!
Thrice beautiful the charming Queen,
In whom the spouse's grace is seen!
City of Heaven, shining bright,
Govern'd by Christ, the prince of light.

Thy gates, with orient pearls array'd,
Stand open, wide to them display'd,
Who tutor'd by th' unerring guide
Of virtue, and by torments tried,
Suffer with patience for their Lord,
And see in thee their full reward.

The wholesome chisel often went,
Many a saving stroke was spent,
And th' architect dealt heavy blows,
The stones to polish that compose
This pile; and join'd with fit cement,
It stands aloft magnificent.

Let ev'ry tongue and place proclaim
Of God most high the holy name—
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One:
To whom be power, glory, praise,
Through an eternal length of days.

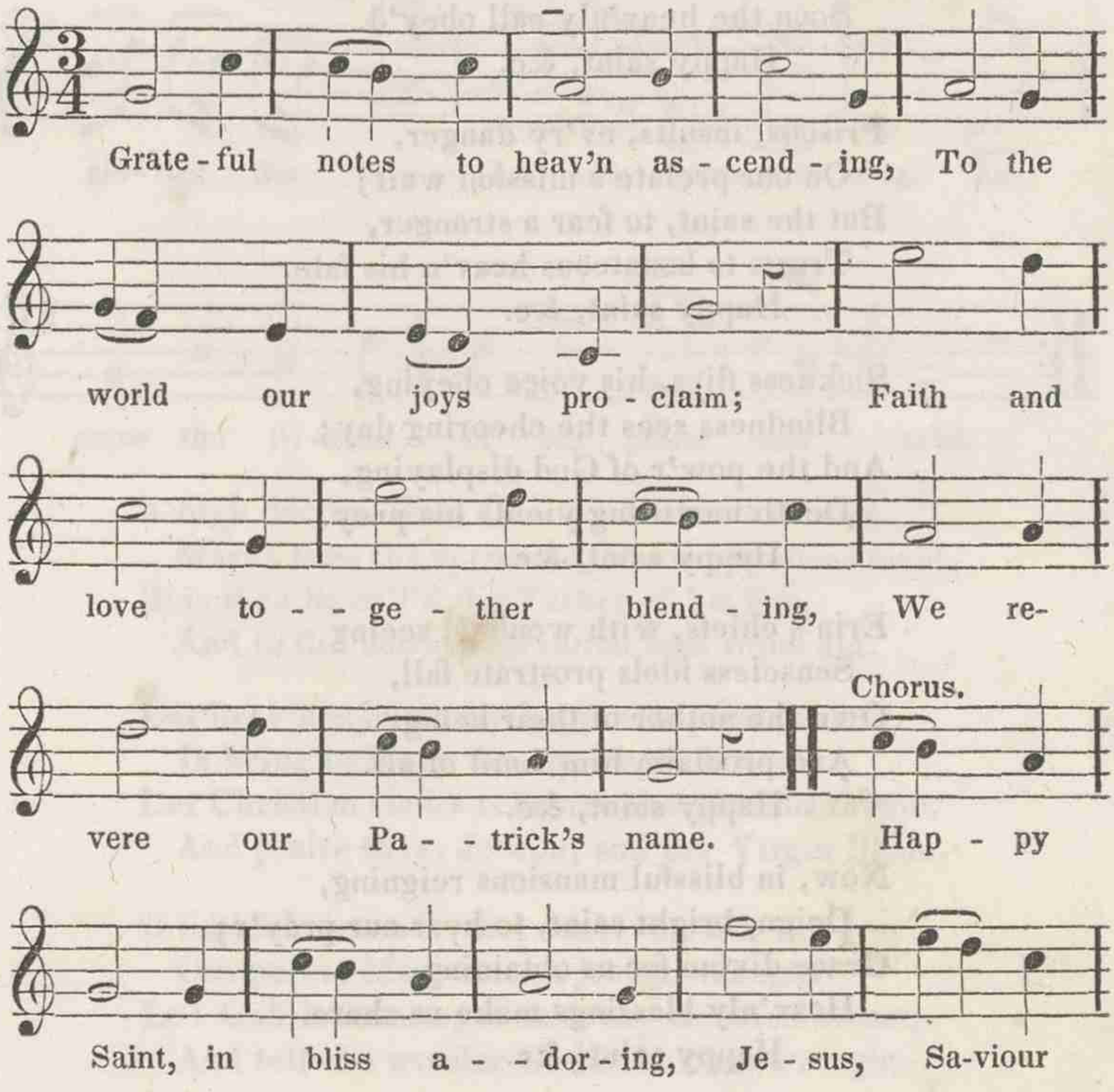
PART VII.
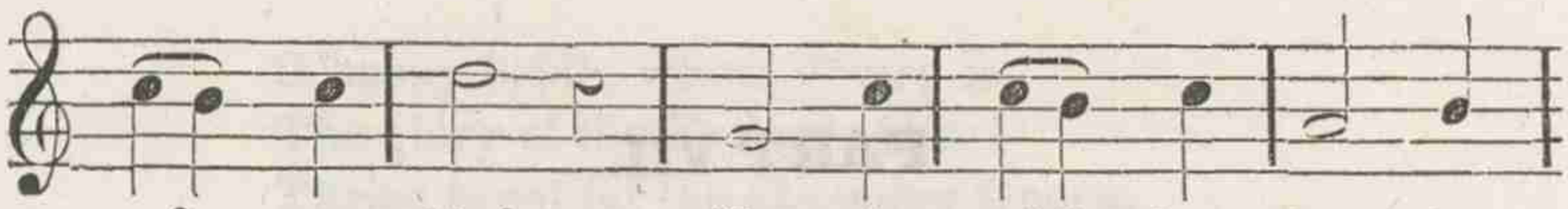
HYMNS, PROPER AND COMMON,
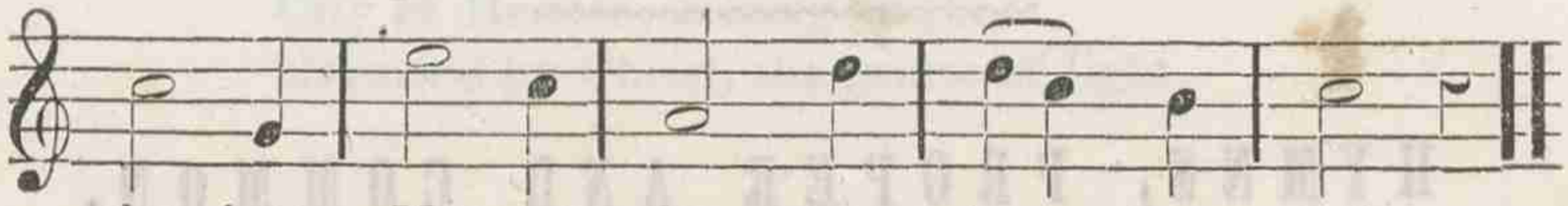
IN HONOR OF PARTICULAR SAINTS.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN, FOR THE 17TH MARCH.

Moderato. Communicated.







Pagan priests their dark delusion
Long had o'er Hibernia spread;
Patrick came, and in confusion,
Demons from his presence fled.
Happy saint, &c.

Lo! their infant arms extending,
Erin's children crave his aid;
To their wants the saint attending,
Soon the heav'nly call obey'd.
Happy saint, &c.

Prisons, insults, ev'ry danger,
On our prelate's mission wait;
But the saint, to fear a stranger,
Trusts to bounteous heav'n his fate.
Happy saint, &c.

Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
Blindness sees the cheering day;
And the pow'r of God displaying,
Death unwilling yields his prey.
Happy saint, &c.

Erin's chiefs, with wonder, seeing
Senseless idols prostrate fall,
Own the author of their being,
And proclaim him Lord of all.
Happy saint, &c.
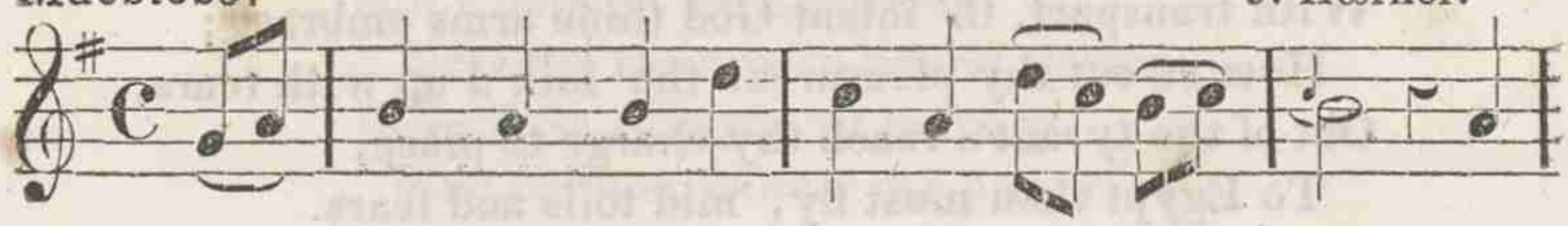
Now, in blissful mansions reigning,
Deign, bright saint, to hear our pray'r;
Grace divine for us obtaining,
Heav'nly blessings make us share.
Happy saint, &c.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOSEPH, 19TH MARCH.
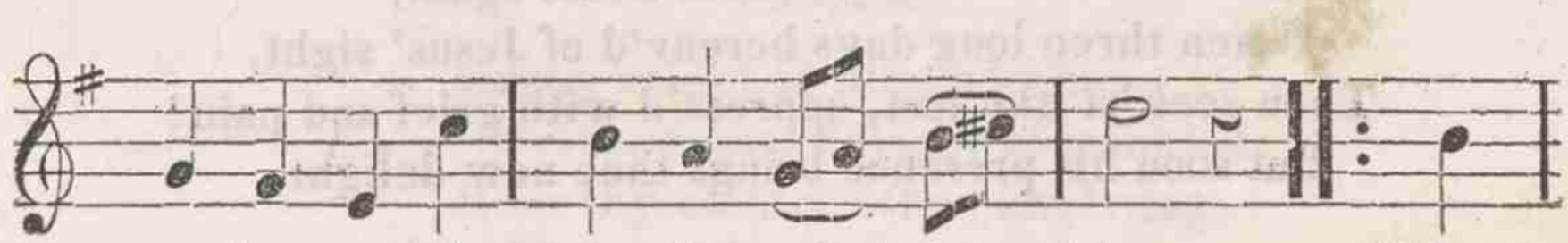
HYMN.

(Te Joseph.)
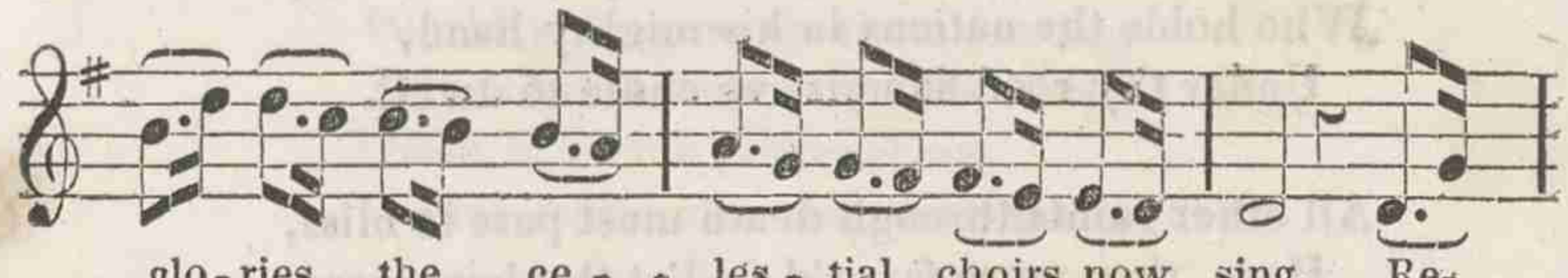
Maestoso. J. Hœrner.



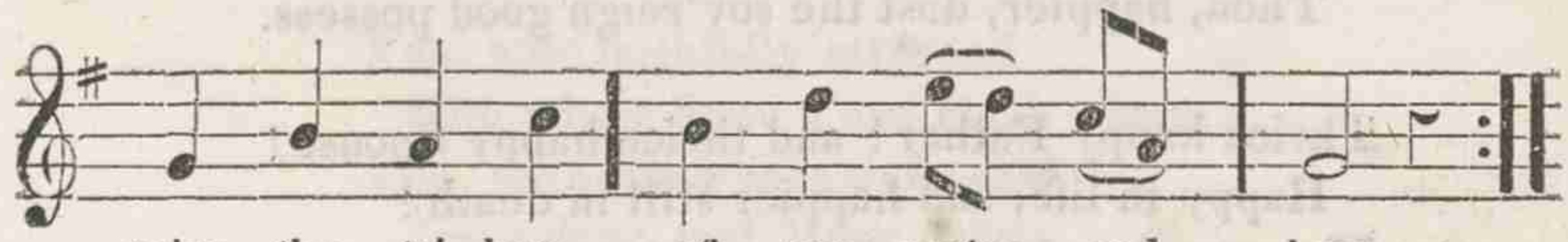
O thou, great fav'-rite of the heav'nly King, Who



now transported to the realms a - bove, Whose



glo-ries the ce - - les - tial choirs now sing, Re-



ceive the tri-bute of our praise and love.

A high decree, from God the Father's throne,
Marks thee the spouse of th' ever spotless maid,
Bids thee be call'd the Father of his Son,
And to the world's salvation lend thine aid.

Let heav'nly hosts thy happiness proclaim,
In being to Mary thus in wedlock tied;
Let Christian choirs rehearse the glorious theme,
And praise thee, Joseph, and thy Virgin Bride.

O faithful spouse! what doubt disturbs thy rest?
Can purest Mary raise a jealous thought?
Lo! Gabriel comes, to calm thy troubled breast,
And tell the wonder God in her has wrought.

O happy man! who wond'ring, him behold
For love of mankind in a manger laid,
The Saviour, whom the Prophets had foretold,
And to the new-born God thy homage paid.

With transport, th' infant God thine arms embrace;
How sweet thy pleasures! tho' mix'd up with tears,
Out of the tyrant's reach thy charge to place,
To Egypt thou must fly, 'mid toils aud fears.

What sorrows rend thy tender heart again,
When three long days bereav'd of Jesus' sight,
Thou seek'st him lost, oppress'd with grief and pain!
But soon his presence brings thee new delight.

The Lord, before whom angels trembling stand,
Whose awful nod affrights the pow'rs of hell,
Who holds the nations in his mighty hand,
Under thy roof, submissive chose to dwell.

All other saints through death must pass to bliss,
Here, thou more favor'd find'st thy happiness;
In th' other world they wear their palms:—in this,
Thou, happier, dost the sov'reign good possess.

Thrice happy Father! and thrice happy Spouse!
Happy in life, and happier still in death!
Mary on thee her tender care bestows,
And Jesus' arms receive thy dying breath!

Now seated high in heav'n, present our vows
To him, who would on earth be call'd thy Son;
And jointly with thy glorious Virgin Spouse,
Ne'er cease to plead our cause before his throne.

ST. JOSEPH'S HYMN.

Melody—"Grateful notes to heav'n ascending."

HOLY patron! thee saluting,
Here we meet with hearts sincere;
Bless'd St. Joseph, all uniting,
Call on thee to hear our pray'r.

CHORUS.

Happy saint! in bliss adoring
Jesus, Jesus, Saviour of mankind;
Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;
Grant in virtue persevering,
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.

Happy saint! &c.

You, who faithfully attended
Him whom heav'n and earth adore,
You, with pious care defended
Jesus dear, and Mary pure.

Happy saint! &c.

May our fervent prayers ascending,
Move thee for our souls to plead;
And thy smile of peace descending,
Benedictions on us shed.

Happy saint! &c.

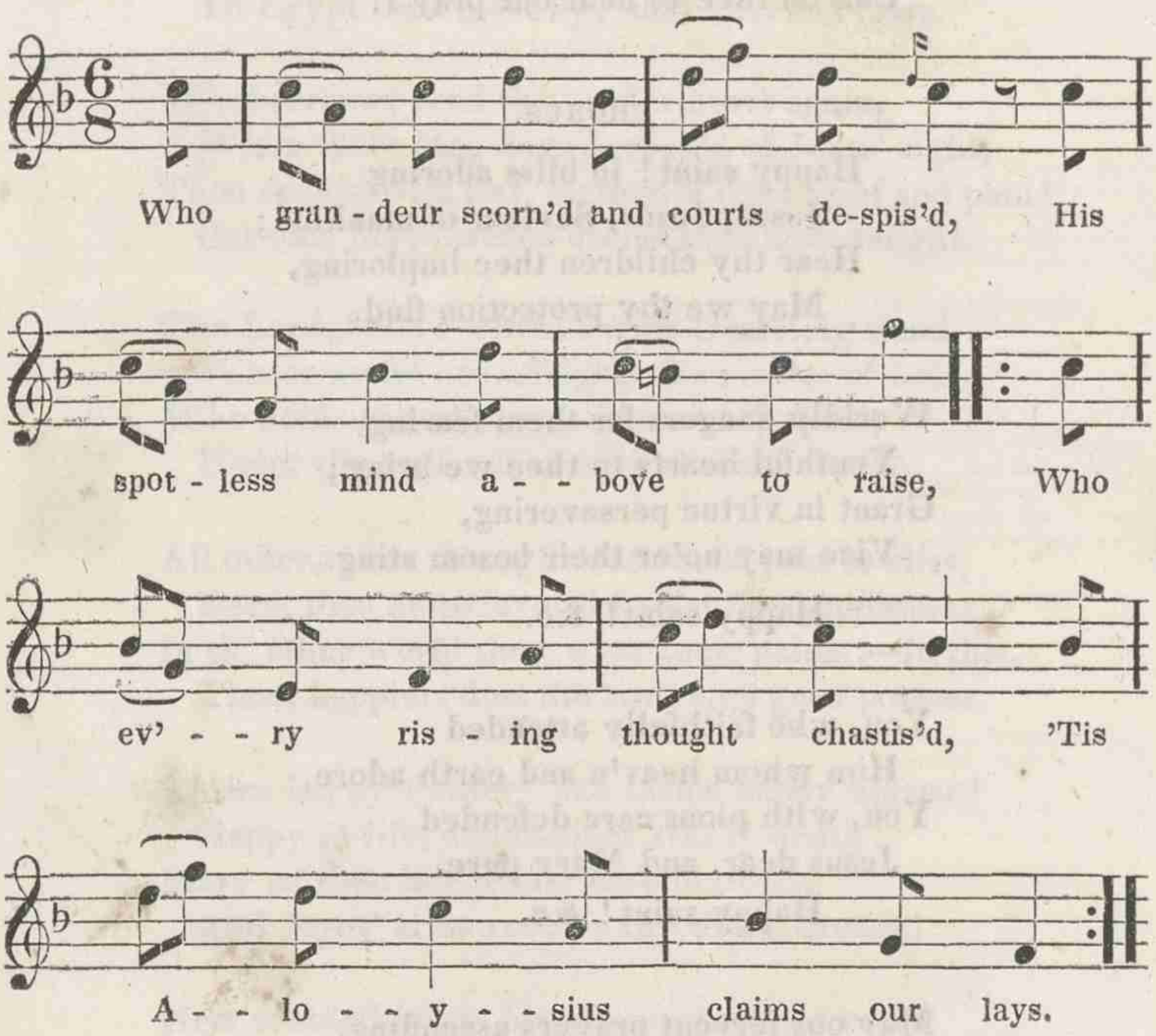
Through this life, O! watch around us;
Fill with love our every breath;
And, when parting fear surrounds us,
Guide us through the toils of death.

Happy saint! &c.

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, JUNE 21.

HYMN.

Andantino. Rev. E. Fenwick—Ar. J. H.



Born by the sacred Virgin's aid,
  Soon as his eyes the light could view,
His soul the heir of heaven was made,
  By the regenerating dew.

In infant words, the first he frames,
  He utters, with a trembling voice,
Jesus and Mary! which sweet names
  Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.

Charmed with the Deity alone,
The world's pursuits he now forsakes,
And ere yet half to manhood grown,
His virgin vows to Mary makes.

So faithful to inspiring grace,
That, cloth'd in mortal flesh he strove
To emulate th' angelic race,
And pure, like them, serve God above.

No titles him, nor honors move,
No worldly charms his mind allure;
The ties of blood but serve to prove,
His soul on every side secure.

Enamour'd of celestial joys,
"Let pride and wealth my choice withstand;
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,"
He said, and joins Loyola's band.
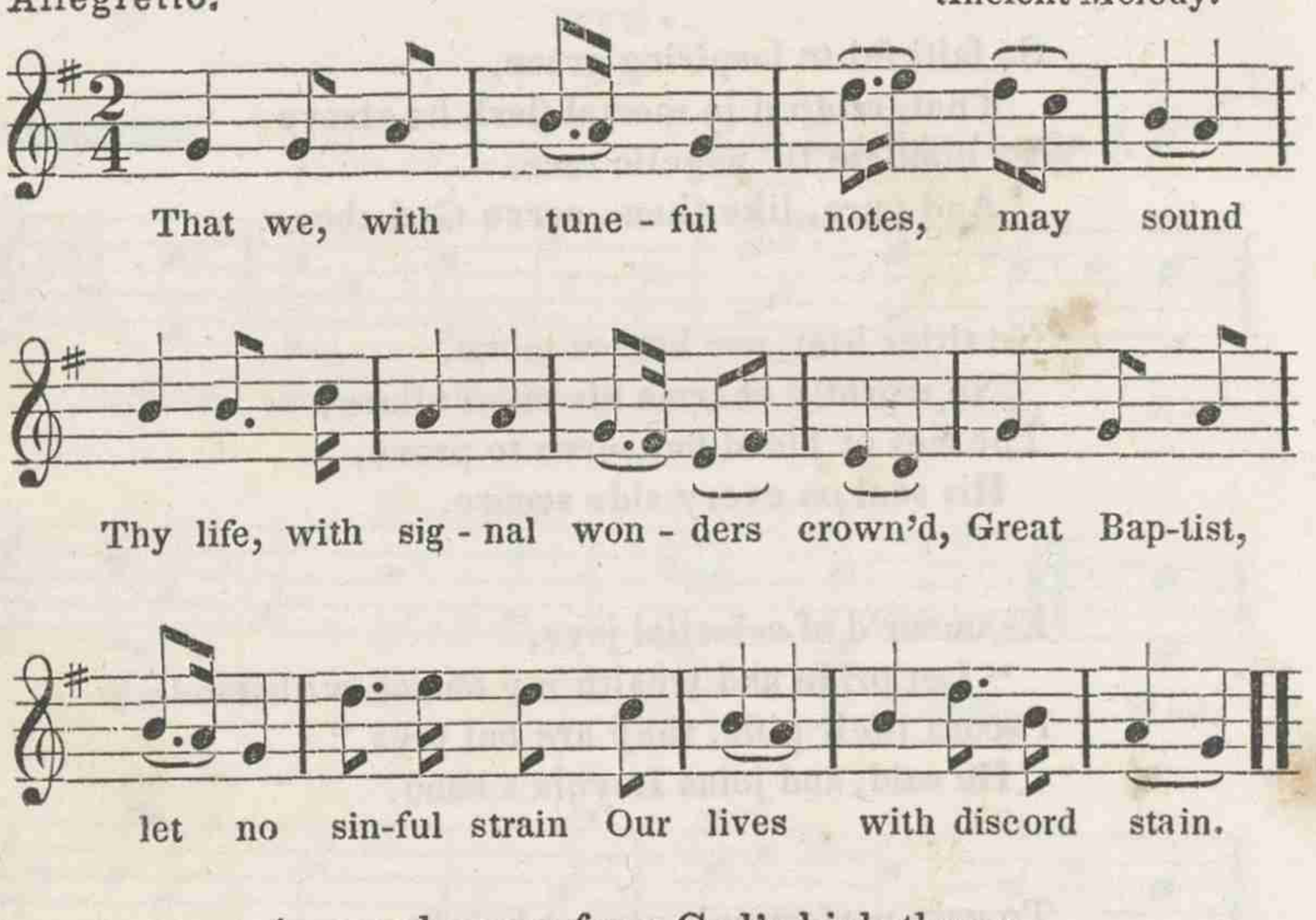
To gain perfection's utmost height,
He tries, nor was his trial vain;
Of sanctity a model bright,
He stands a mirror clear of stain.

To thee, O Holy Trinity!
We dedicate ourselves anew,
Whilst, from our hearts, t' Aloysius we
Repay his saintly honors due.

NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, JUNE 24.

Hymn—Ut queant.

Allegretto. Ancient Melody.



An angel comes from God's high throne,
And to thy wond'ring sire makes known
Thy future greatness, office, fame,
Abstemious life and name.

But he this news with doubt receives,
For which his eager speech him leaves,
'Till by thy birth, more faithful found,
It gain'd its former sound.

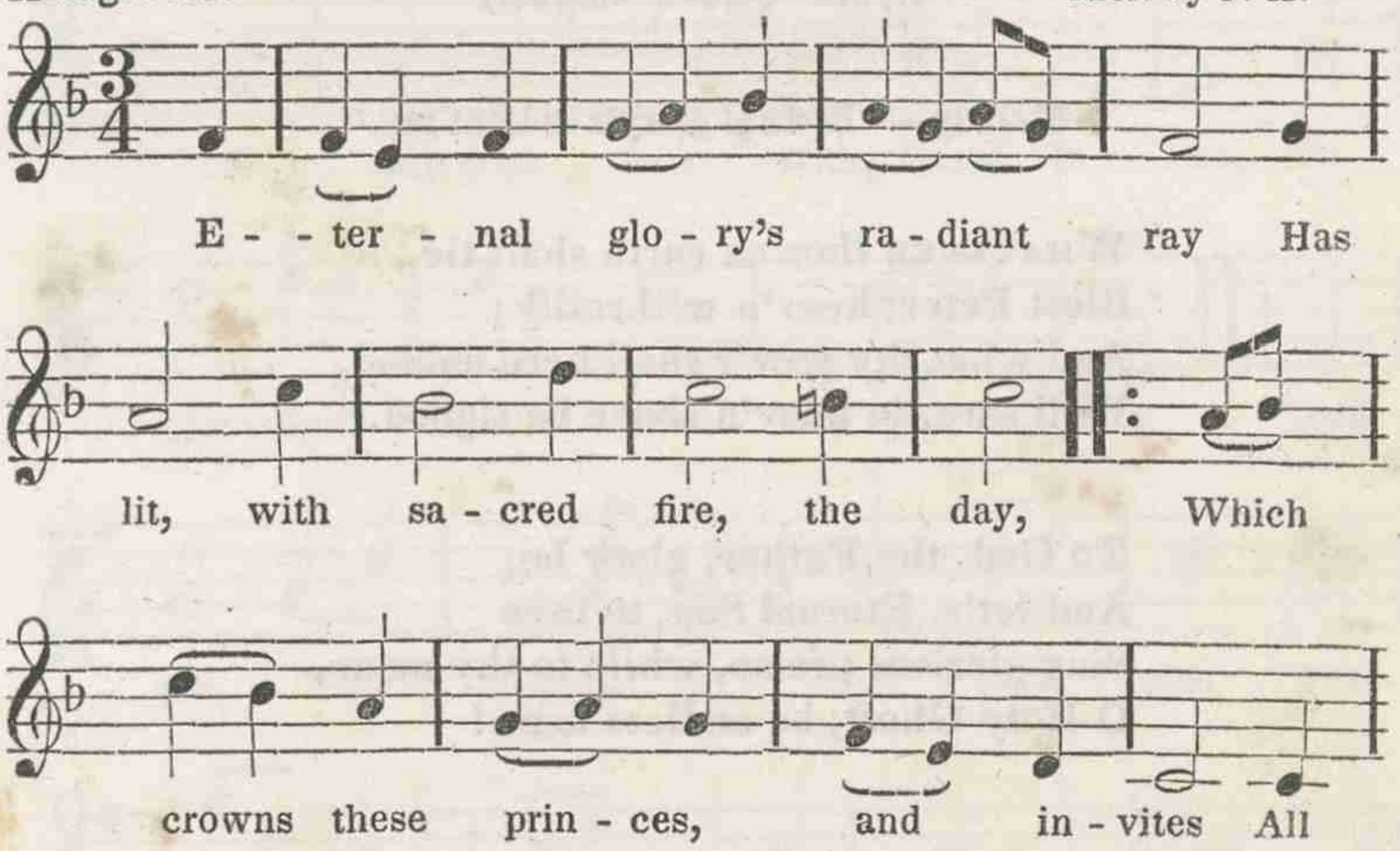
From nature's dark and secret room,
Thou know'st thy Lord in Mary's womb;
The fullness of thy holy fire
Thy parents did inspire.

To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be equal glory, equal praise,
For ever, and always.

STS. PETER AND PAUL, JUNE 29.

Hymn—(Decora lux.)

Allegretto. Mel. by J. H.



Heav'n's Porter, and the world's great Sage,
Rome's sires the Gentile hosts engage;
Triumphant each—o'er cross the one,
O'er sword the last—his prize has won.

O Rome! how happy is thy fate!
Since thee these Princes consecrate!
Bright with the purpling gore of these,
Thou e'er outshin'st all rivalries!

To thee, Eternal Trinity,
Be honor, pow'r and jubilee,
To whom all things obedient bend,
Now, and for ever, without end!

ST. PETER IN CHAINS, AUG. 1.

Hymn—(Quodcumque.)

Melody—"Eternal glory's radiant ray."

WHATEVER thou on earth shalt tie,
Blest Peter, heav'n will ratify;
And what thy pow'r shall here unbind,
Will sure, in heav'n above be signed.

To God, the Father, glory be,
And let's, Eternal Son, to thee
Sing glorious praise, while to thy name,
O Holy Ghost, be endless fame!

ST. PAUL'S CONVERSION, JAN. 25.

Hymn—(Egregie Doctor.)

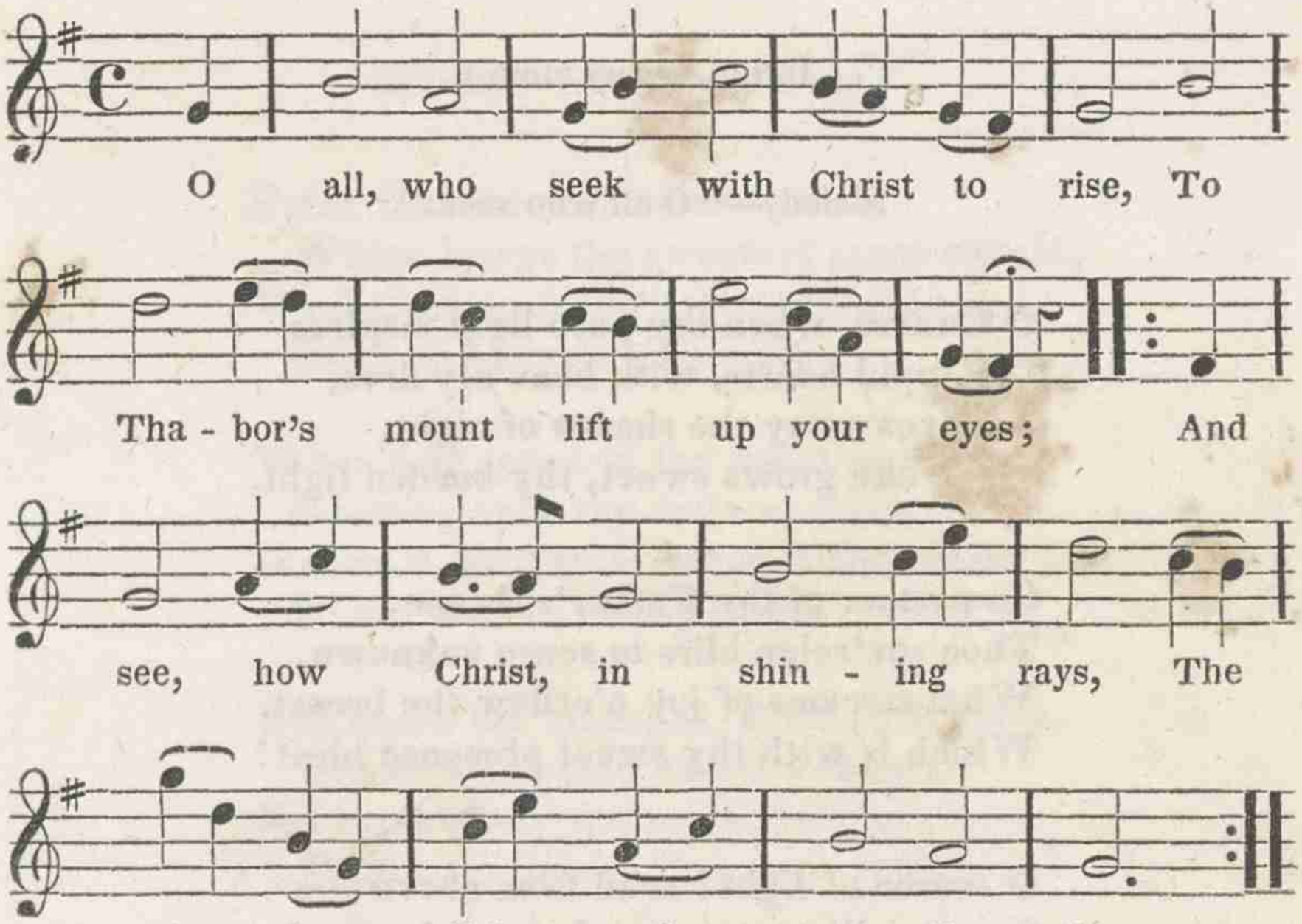
Melody—"Eternal glory's radiant ray."

ILLUSTRIOUS Doctor, guide our ways,
Our hearts, with thee, to heaven raise,
'Till faith obscure her noonlight gains,
And love, sun-like, above all reigns.

To thee, Eternal Trinity,
Be honor, pow'r and jubilee,
To whom all things obedient bend,
Now and for ever, without end.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD, AUG. 6.

Hymn—(Quicumque Christum.)



We see an object bright, sublime,
That knows no bounds of place or time!
Substantial, uncreated light,
Older than heav'n, or Chaos night.

Behold the King whose sov'reign sway
Both Jews and Gentiles must obey;
To Abram promis'd and decreed,
For e'er to rule his faithful seed.

Th' admiring prophets now behold
The Saviour whom they had foretold;
Him God proclaims his only Son,
And bids mankind their teacher own.

Glory to Christ, whose light displays
To little ones his saving ways;
To God, the Father, we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

Hymn—(Lux alma.)

Melody—"O all who seek."

O Christ, when thy pure light inspires
Our tepid hearts, with heav'nly fires,
It drives away the shades of night,
Thy yoke grows sweet, thy burden light.

Co-partner of thy Father's throne,
Thou sov'reign bliss to sense unknown,
What streams of joy o'erflow the breast,
Which is with thy sweet presence blest!

O source of light! send from above
Sweet rolling streams of sacred love;
By these returning streams may we
Direct our course, and rest in thee.

Glory to Christ, whose light displays
To little ones his saving ways;
To God, the Father, we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

ST. ROSE, OF LIMA, AUGUST 30.

Hymn by C. C. P.

Melody—"Regard our vows."

First flow'ret of the desert wild,
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
We hail thee, Lima's sainted child,
Rose of America—all hail!

When first appear'd the infant smile,
Beaming upon thy features meek,
It seem'd, as if there bloom'd the while
The rose-bud, on thy virgin cheek;

And hence thy name, St. Rose, was giv'n,
Not by an earthly parent's choice,
But by the holy Queen of Heav'n,
Who bade thee in that name rejoice.

Transplanted from the worldly gaze,
Which sometimes taints the fairest flow'rs,
In solitude thou loved'st to praise
Thy spouse, amid religion's bow'rs.

There, oft thy mind, too pure, too high,
For this low world of sin and strife,
Held blest communion with the sky,
Enjoying heav'n while yet in life.
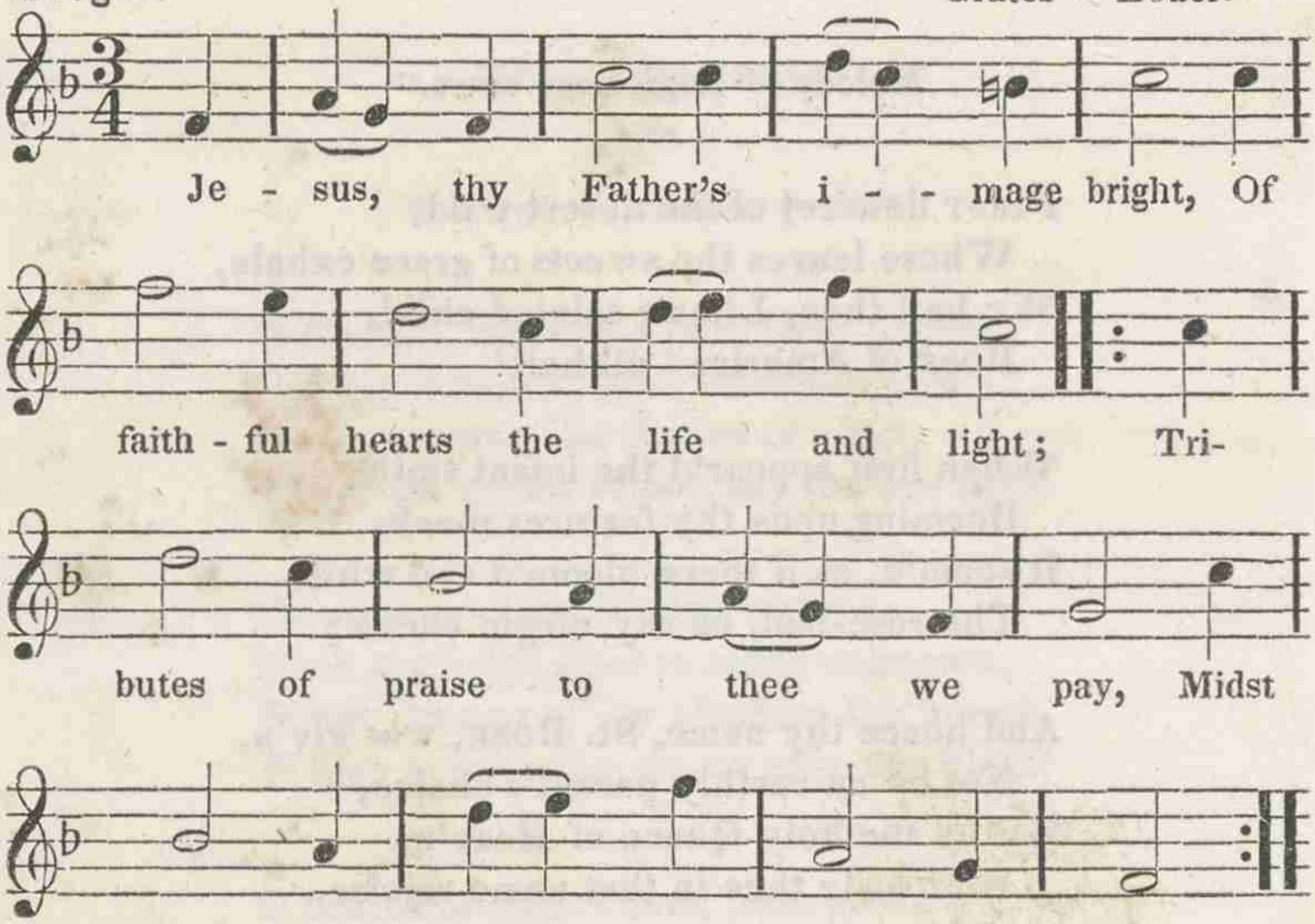
And once, amid thy rapt'rous pray'r,
Thy heav'nly spouse himself came down,
And sweetly breathed into thine ear:
"Rose of my heart, receive thy crown!"

And, while amid his glories now,
Thou seest him face to face—oh deign,
Saint Rose, to hear thy suppliants' vow,
That grace and glory we may gain.

ST. MICHAEL, SEPT. 29.

Hymn—Te splendor.

Allegro. "Grates"—Loder.



Millions of leaders, arm'd with light,
In close array thy battle fight;
Michael the saving standard wields,
Displays the cross—and Satan yields.

Th' infernal dragon down from bliss
He hurls to hell's inflam'd abyss;
And thunders, from the sky, headlong,
The captain with his rebel throng.

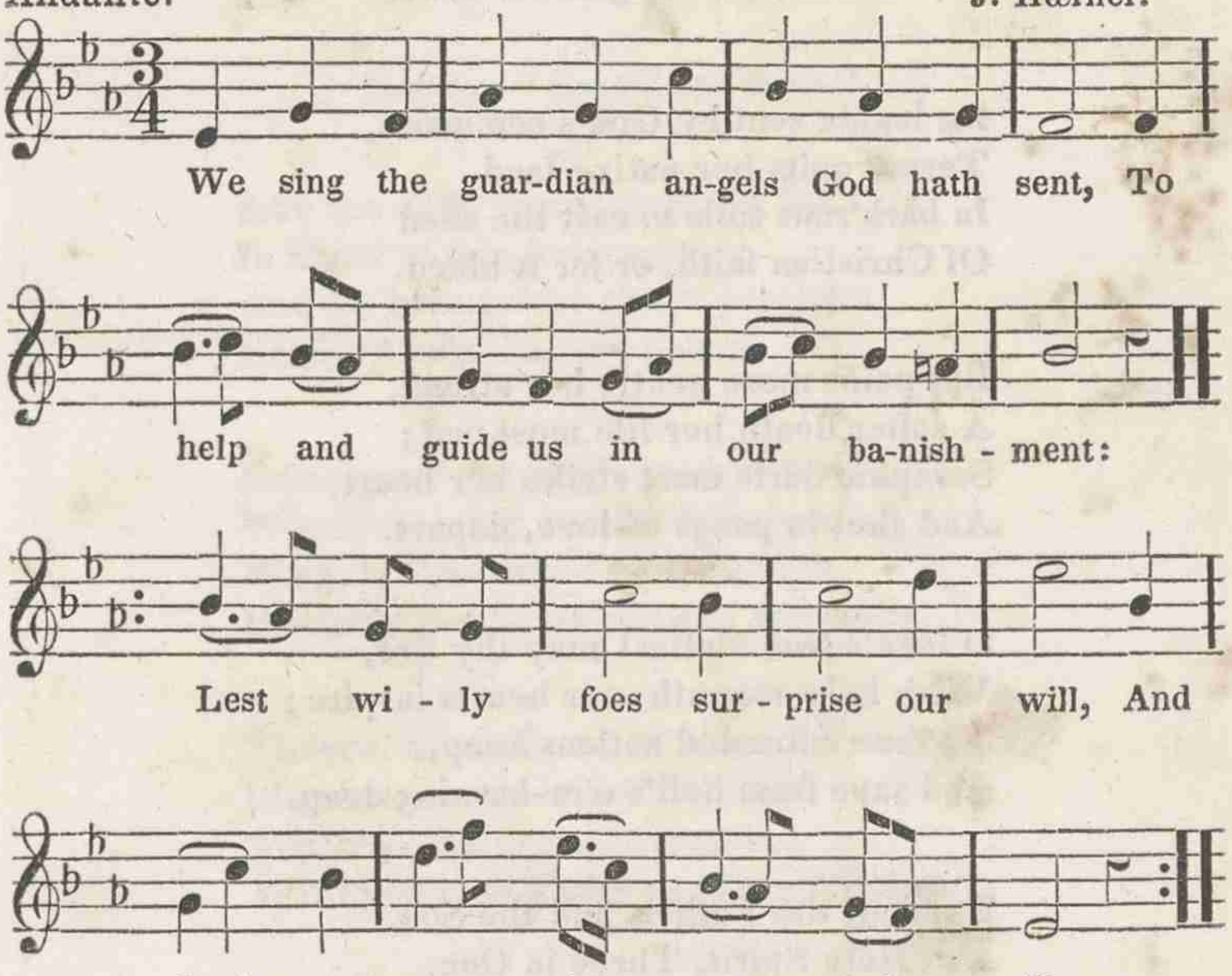
Let's follow then so brave a guide,
Against the hellish prince of pride;
That crowns of glory we may gain,
And with the Lamb for ever reign.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory as before
The world began, so evermore.

THE HOLY ANGELS, OCT. 2.

Hymn—(Custodes.)

Andante. J. Hœrner.



For traitor-angels, justly dispossess'd
Of their exalted seats among the bless'd,
Now turn their spleen on human race,
Created to supply their place.

Haste then, O watchful spirits, hither fly;
Guard our abode, and let no fiend come nigh:
Remove diseases, calm our breast,
And lead us to the seats of rest.

All praise, O Trinity, attend thy name,
Whose Sov'reign God-head rules this three-fold frame.
Let ev'ry age and ev'ry being,
Thy everlasting praises sing.

TO ST. TERESA, OCT. 15.

Melody—"Regard our vows."

As legate sent by God's command,
Teresa quits her native land,
In barb'rous soils to cast the seed
Of Christian faith, or for it bleed.

But pains more gentle her attend,
A softer death her life must end;
Seraphic darts must strike her heart,
And she, in pangs of love, depart.

O love's true victim! may thy fire,
With holy warmth, our hearts inspire;
To thee entrusted nations keep,
And save from hell's e'er-burning deep.

To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be equal glory, equal praise,
Both now, for ever, and always.

ST. CECILIA, NOVEMBER 22.

Hymn by C. C. P., abridged.

Melody—"Regard our vows."

LET the deep organ swell the lay,
In honor of this festive day;
And let harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever-blessed name.

Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,
Whose memory has fill'd the earth;
Who, in the early dawn of youth,
Has fix'd her heart on God, and truth.

Thence, from the world's bewild'ring strife,
In peace she spent her holy life,
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

When bade forthwith her faith deny,
And with the pagan rites comply,
She nobly chose the bath of fire,
There to be tortured, and expire.

But there the virgin felt no pain;
One night and day she did remain,
When, roused by vengeance, with a blow
The lictor laid the Martyr low.

Cecilia, with a twofold crown
Adorn'd in heav'n, we pray, look down
Upon thy pious vot'ries here,
And hearken to their humble pray'r.

TO ST. FRANCIS XAVERIUS, DEC. 3.

Melody—"Throughout the world let joys.'

With grateful hearts, let's all combine,
And sing to-day our choicest lays;
Let's all in tuneful accents join,
To sound the great Xaverius' praise.

Xaverius, great Loyola's son,
By words divine from error gain'd,
By fervor soon the conquest won—
The earth, once lov'd, he soon disdain'd.
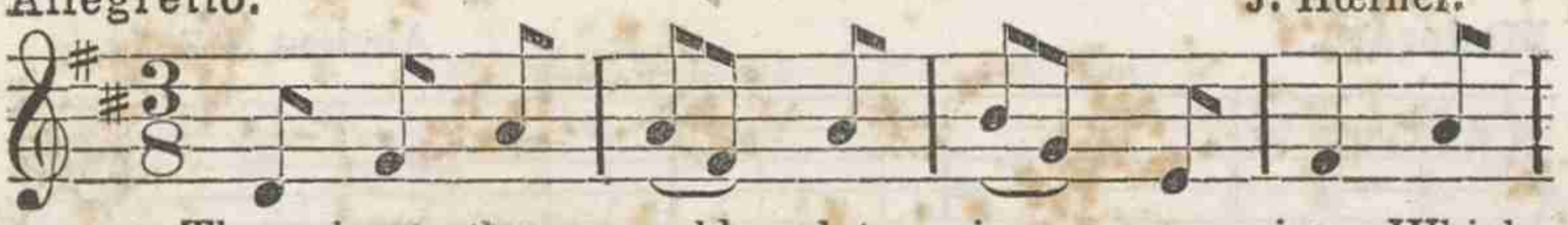
With toils immense, both sea and land,
Immortal souls to God to gain,
He measures o'er, at God's command,
Then dies upon a desert plain.

To God, the Father, praise be sung,
And to the Son, co-equal King,
And to the Spirit, who has sprung
From both, let's Alleluias sing.

COMMON OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

Hymn at Vespers—Exultet orbis.

Allegretto. J. Hœrner.



Earth's shining lights, by God design'd
To be the judges of mankind,
Our humble pray'rs are void of art,
Accept the language of our heart.

The gates of heav'n, by your command,
Are fasten'd close, or open stand:
Grant, we beseech you, then, that we
From sinful slav'ry may be free.

Sickness and health your pow'r obey;
This comes, and that you drive away:
Then from our souls all sickness chase;
Let healing virtues take its place:
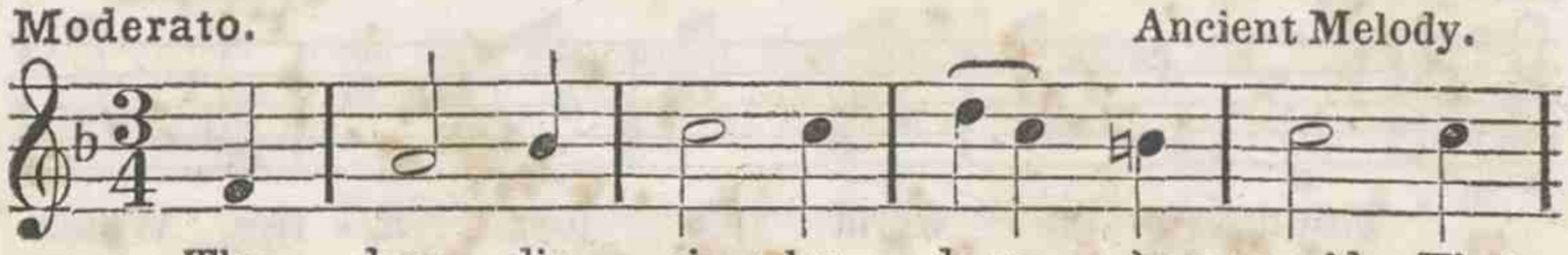
That, when our Judge returns to weigh
Our actions, at the dreadful day,
We may with him to heav'n ascend,
To live in joys that never end.
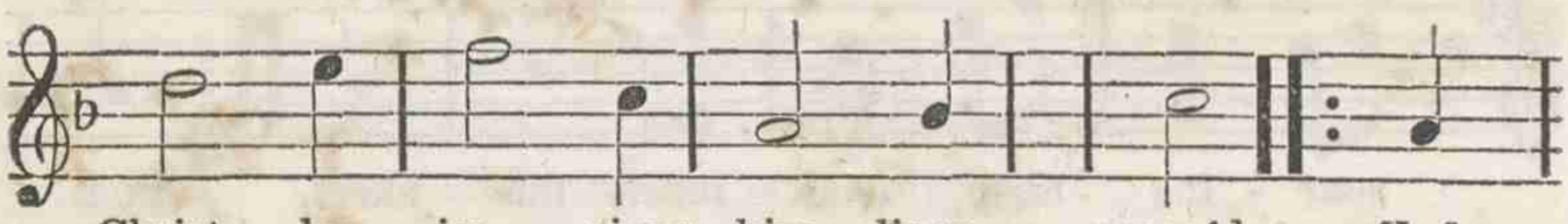
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.
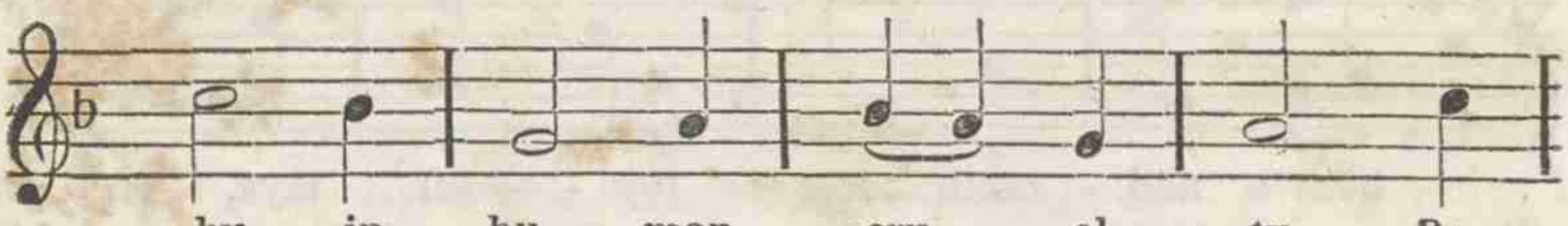
COMMON OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.
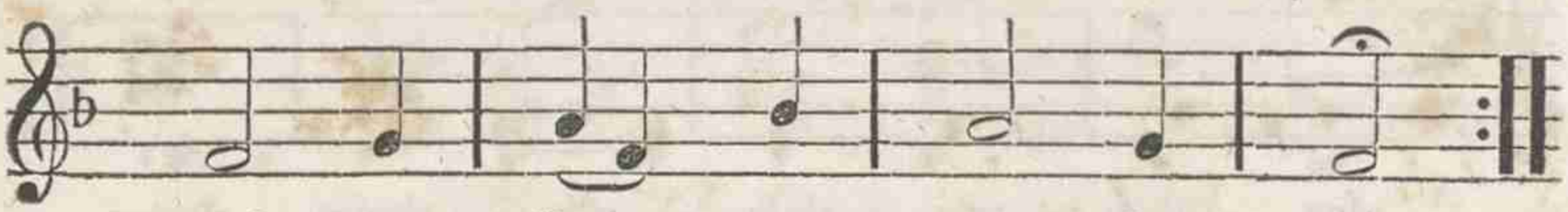
Hymn at Vespers, in Paschal time—(Tristes erant.)

Moderato. Ancient Melody.









An angel bright from heav'n appears,
Who to the women, all in tears,
Foretels that Jesus, with his sight,
His faithful flock would soon delight.

As they with joy made haste, to tell
Th' afflicted tribe what them befell,
Christ, clothed in glorious light, they meet,
And worship, prostrate at his feet.

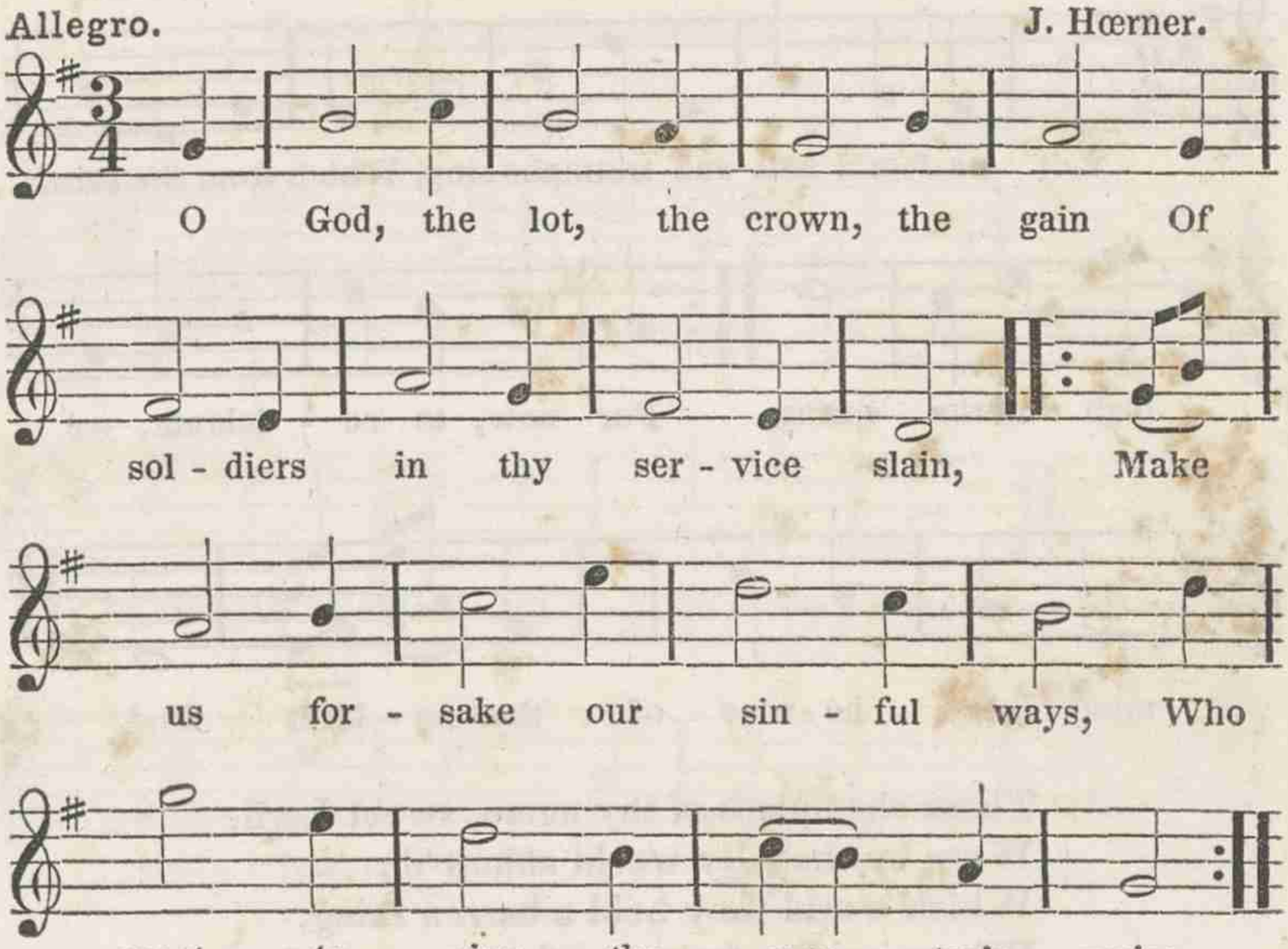
Th' apostles, cheer'd by this account,
Go to the Galilean mount,
Where, masters of their wish, their sight
Is bless'd with Christ's resplendent light.

That we forever may possess
This joyful paschal happiness,
From death of sin, O Jesus! free
Them, that are born again of thee.

To God, the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, be homage done;
This praise forever let's repeat
To God, the holy Paraclete.

COMMON OF ONE MARTYR.

Hymn at Vespers—(Deus tuorum.)



This Saint, esteeming worldly joys
As pleasing cheats, deceitful toys,
And bitter, too, with secret gall,
For heaven nobly scorn'd them all.

He bravely ran the painful race,
Of tortures, he the worst could face;
And, whilst his blood for thee he pour'd,
Thy choice, eternal, gifts he stored.
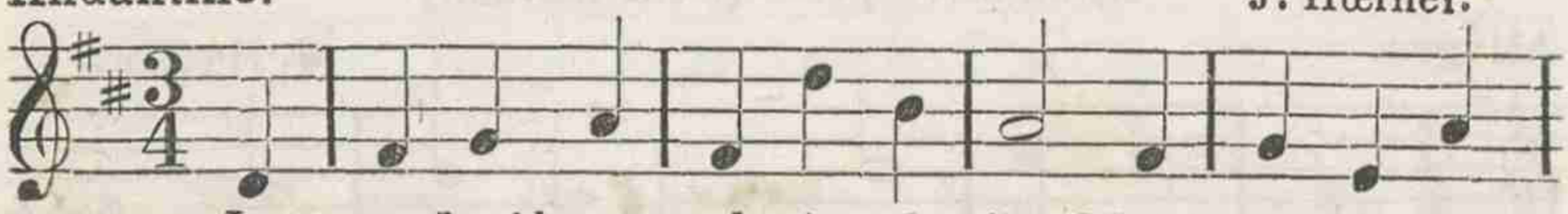
To thee, O gracious Lord, we fly,
Beseeching thee, with humble cry,
That, on this martyr's triumph we,
From sin, may be absolved by thee.

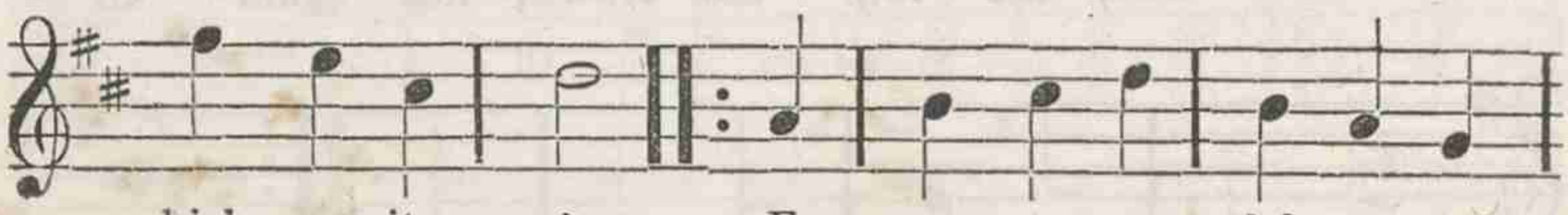
To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be equal glory, equal praise,
For an eternal length of days.

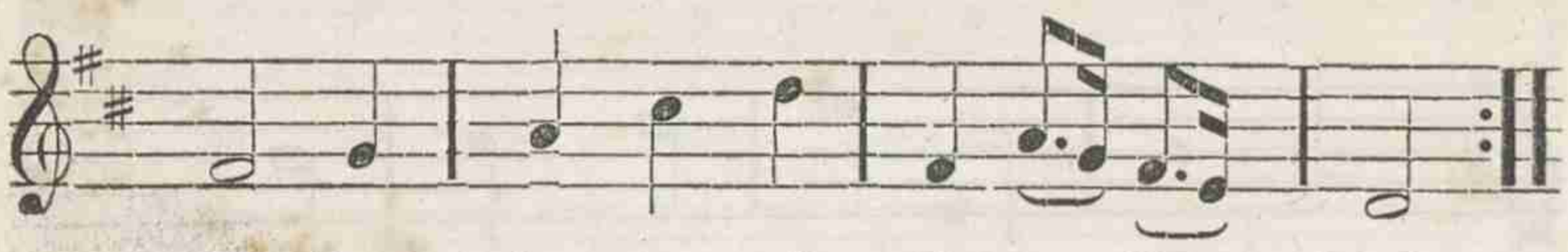
COMMON OF SEVERAL MARTYRS.

Hymn at Vespers—(Santorum.)

Andantino. J. Hœrner.







These champions of thy name, sweet Lord,
Were by the silly world abhorr'd;
Which world they held a barren thing,
Where neither fruit, nor flowers spring.

For thee they slight the threats of foes,
Their furious rage and deadly blows;
The hook their flesh might sore distress,
Yet could not reach the soul's recess.

While barb'rous swords their bodies wound,
No murmurs, no complaints resound;
For they to patience are resign'd,
With dauntless heart, and spotless mind.

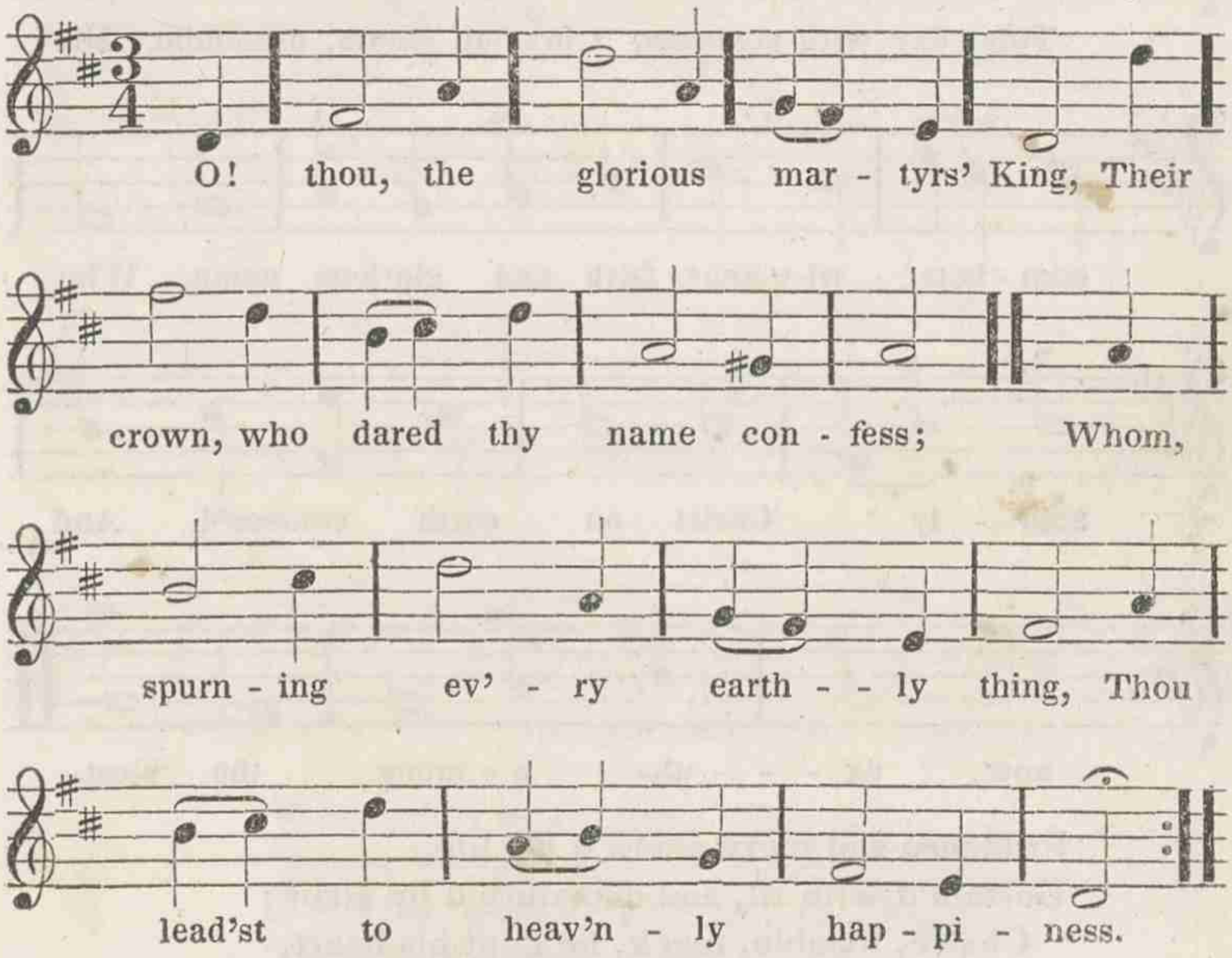
What tongue can those rich gifts declare,
Which Christ for Martyrs does prepare?
Their brows, in streaming blood once drown'd,
Are now with shining laurels bound.

Great God, to thee we jointly cry,
Our sins efface, and help supply;
Grant to thy servants peaceful days,
That they may ever sing thy praise.

FOR SEVERAL MARTYRS, IN PASCHAL TIME.

Hymn—Rex gloriose, trans. Rev. C. C. Pise.

Moderato. Ancient Melody.



Incline to these, our songs of praise,
A tender and propitious ear;
Whilst we these sacred trophies raise,
Command our guilt to disappear.
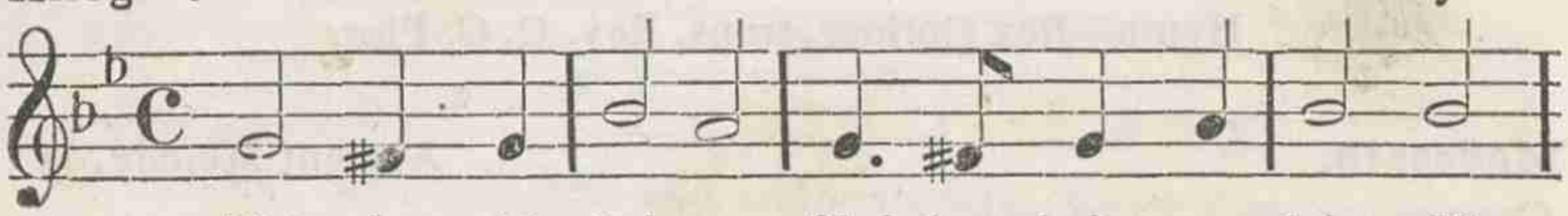
Thine is the martyr's victory,
The strength of the confessors blest;
Oh! conquer our iniquity,
And let thy mercy stand confest.

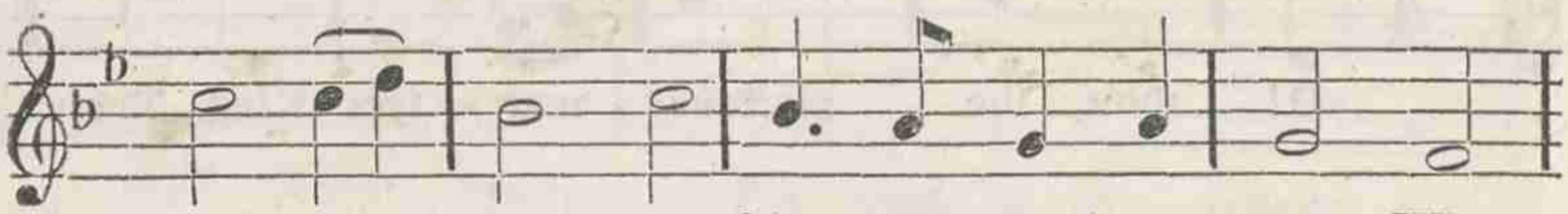
To God, the Father, glory be,
And to the Son, aris'n again,
And, Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Through all eternity—Amen.

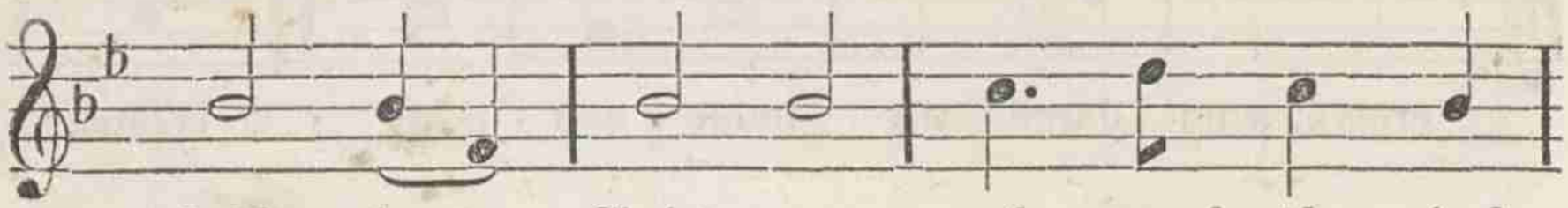
COMMON OF CONFESSORS, PONTIFFS, AND NON PONTIFFS.
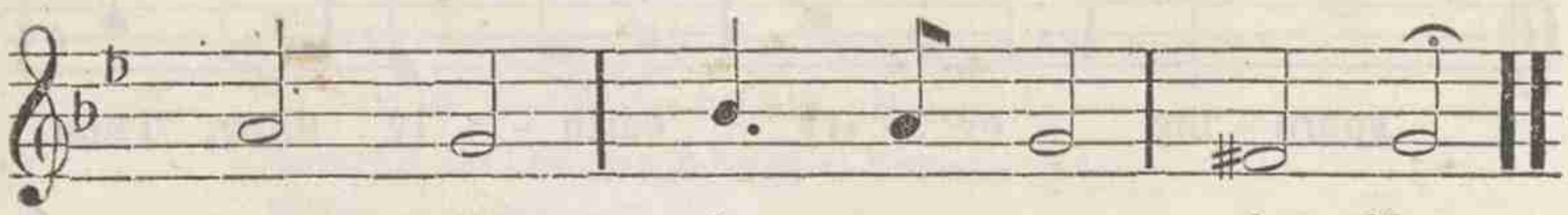
Hymn at Vespers—(Iste Confessor.)

Allegro. Ancient Melody.









Prudence and piety adorn'd his life,
Unstain'd with ill, and undisturb'd by strife;
Chaste, humble, meek, he kept his heart,
'Till bid by heav'n from life depart.

Th' Almighty now his servant's glory shows,
And signal favors through his pray'rs bestows;
Diseases fly before his shrine,
And health returns by pow'r divine.
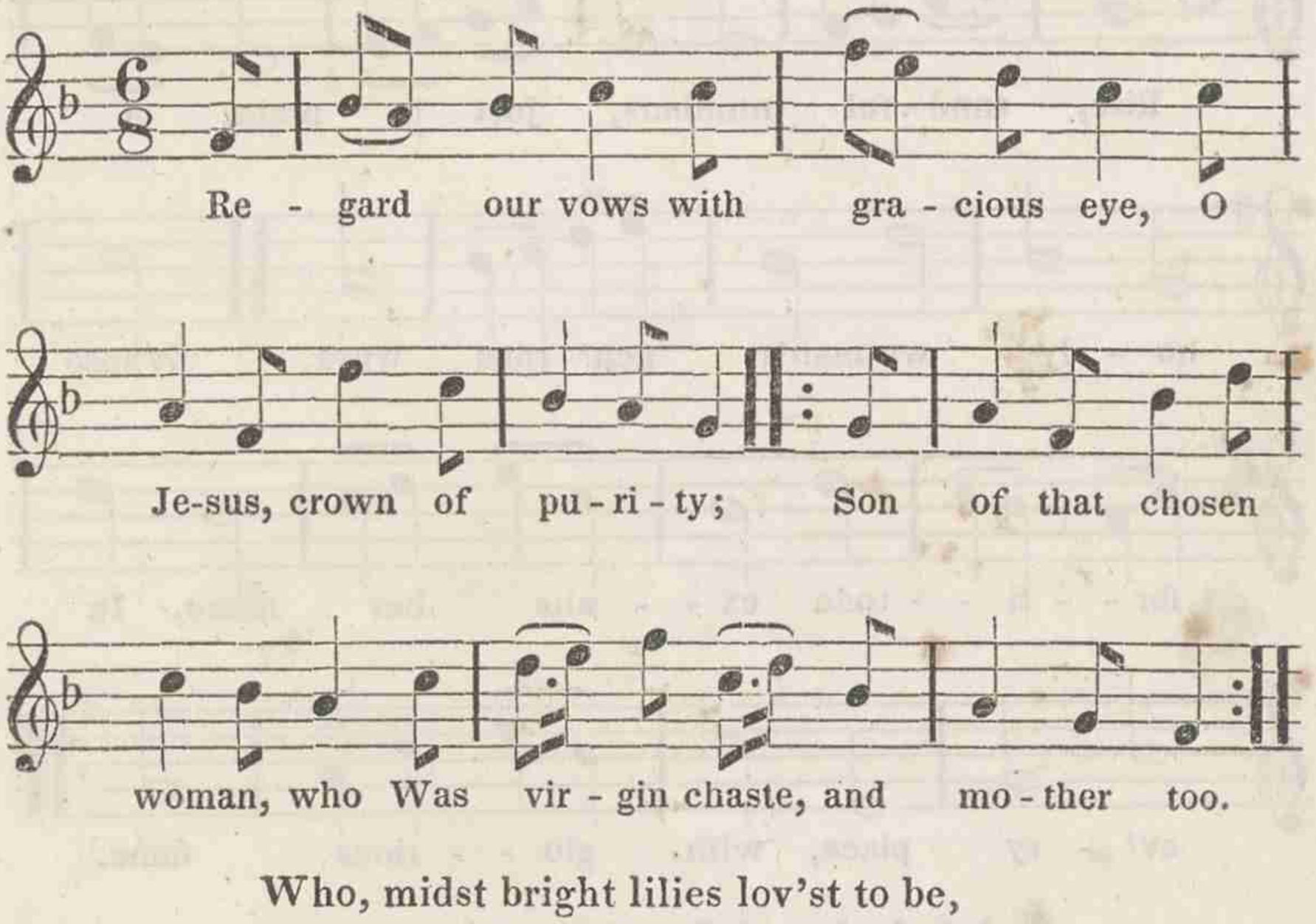
Let's, then, in thankful songs our voices raise,
And sing to him this solemn hymn of praise,
That, by his pray'rs, th' Almighty may
His favors to our souls convey.

To Him be glory, pow'r, and endless fame,
Whose wisdom rules the whole creation's frame,
And fills the bright celestial throne,
The great mysterious Three and One.

COMMON OF HOLY VIRGINS.

Hymn at Vespers—(Jesu Corona.)

Andante. Mel. Ar. J. H.



Who, midst bright lilies lov'st to be,
Whom Virgins greet with jubilee,
O glorious spouse, thou, who dost bless
These brides with endless happiness!

Wherever thou thy course dost bend,
Chaste virgins thee with praise attend,
Who hastening on in crowded train,
Their sweetest notes to music strain.

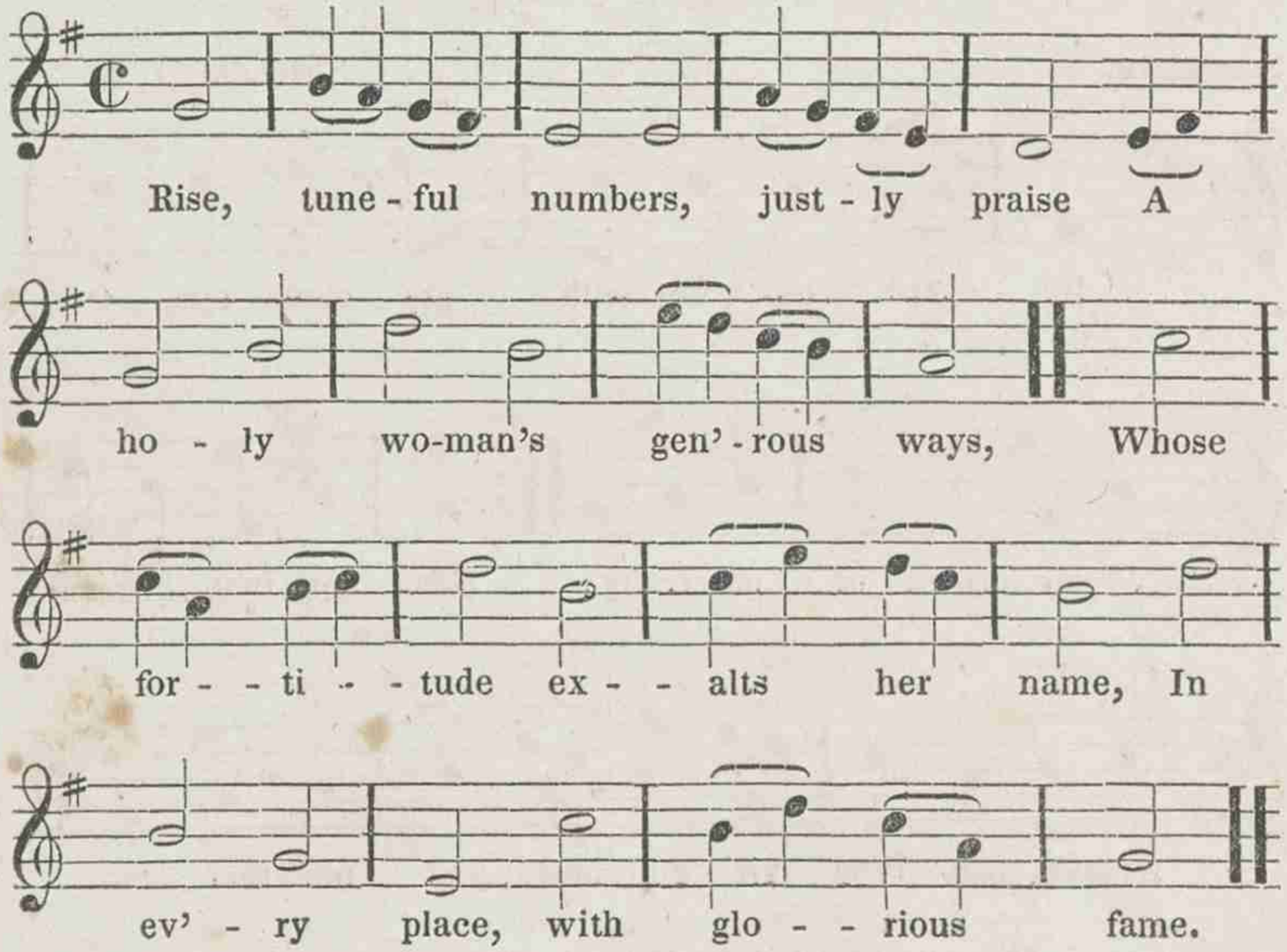
O Lord, to thee we humbly pray,
Temptation's scorching fire allay;
Our senses so control, that we
May thrive in stainless purity.

To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, glory, pow'r and praise,
Henceforth, for ever, and always.

COMMON FOR HOLY WOMEN.

Hymn at Vespers—(Fortem virili.)

Allegro. J. Hœrner.



Such holy love inflam'd her heart,
That she abhorr'd the pois'ning dart
Of worldly love, and bravely trod
The narrow way that leads to God.

A body grown with fasting dead,
Her mind with pray'r most sweetly fed,
Convey her soul above the sky,
To joys that last eternally.

O fount of grace, O Christ, our King,
From whom alone great things do spring,
To thee for help we sinners fly;
Hear, through her pray'rs, our humble cry.

May each succeeding age proclaim
The glory, and eternal fame
Of God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

VESPERS.



Bartolozzi, del

Prudhomme, sc.

Praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord.

Psalm CXII. Ver. 1.

Published by John Murphy Baltimore.

PART VIII.

VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS,

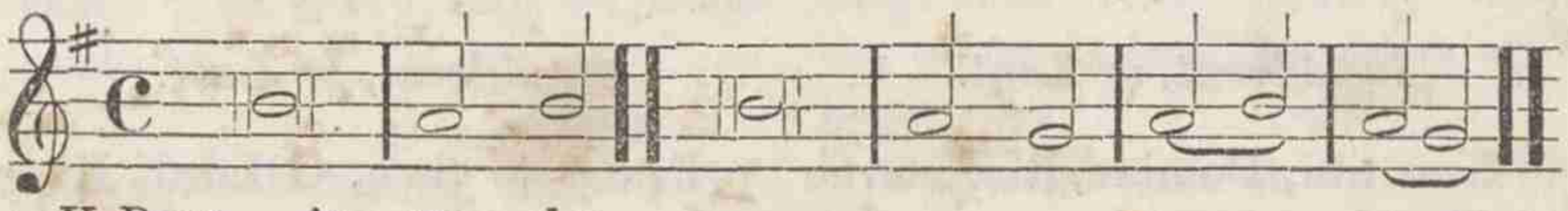
AND

BENEDICTION OF THE B. SACRAMENT,

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.

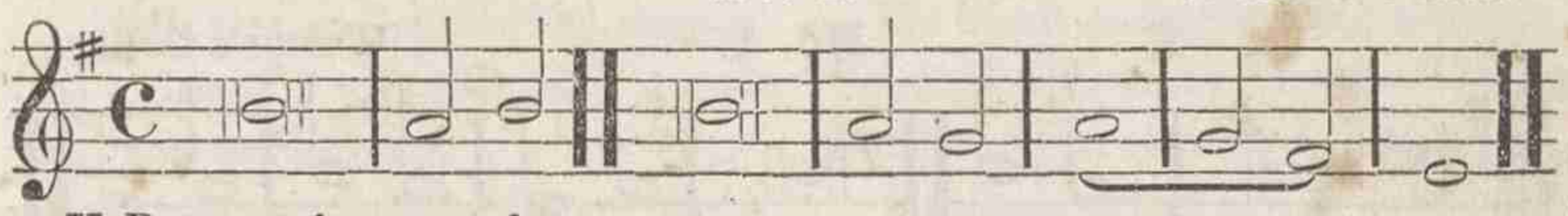
VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS.

No. 1. Walter's Collec.



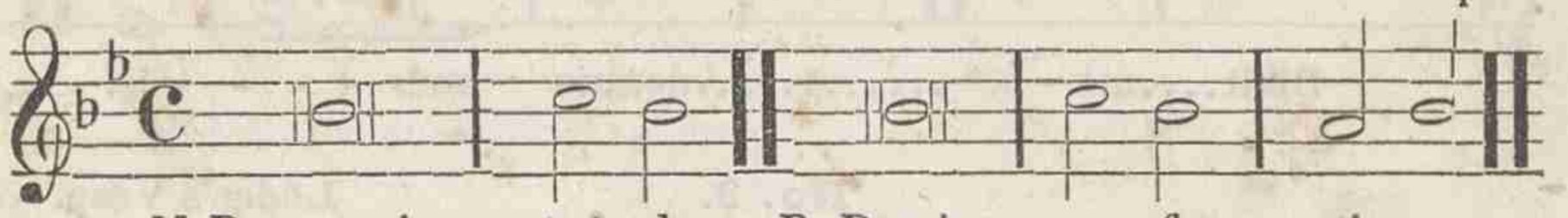
V. Deus....in - ten - de;
R. Domine...fes - ti - na.
Gloria.....Fi - lio;*....Spiri - tu - i Sanc - - to;
Sicut.....sem - per,*....Sæcu - lo - rum. A - - men.
Alle - lui - a.
Laus...glo - riæ.

No. 2. Walter's Collec.



V. Deus....in - ten - de;
R. Domine.festi - - na.
Gloria.....Fi - lio, *....Spiri - tu - i Sanc - - - - - to.
Sicut.....semper,*....sæcu - lo - rum. A - - - - - - men.
Alle - lui - a.
Laus....gloriæ.

No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



V. Deus....in - ten - de; *R.* Domine...me fes - - ti - na.
Gloria.....Fi - lio,* ....Spiri - - tu - i Sancto.
Sicut.....semper,* ....sæcu - - lo - rum. A-men.
Al - - - le - - lui - a.
Laus..æ - ter-ne glo-riæ.

VESPERS.

V. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende;

R. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

V. Gloria Patri, et Filio, * et Spiritui Sancto;

R. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, * et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Through the Year.

Alleluia.

In Advent, or Lent.

Laus tibi, Domine, Rex æterne gloriæ.

V. Incline unto mine aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, * and to the Holy Ghost.

R. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, * world without end. Amen.

Through the Year.

Alleluia.

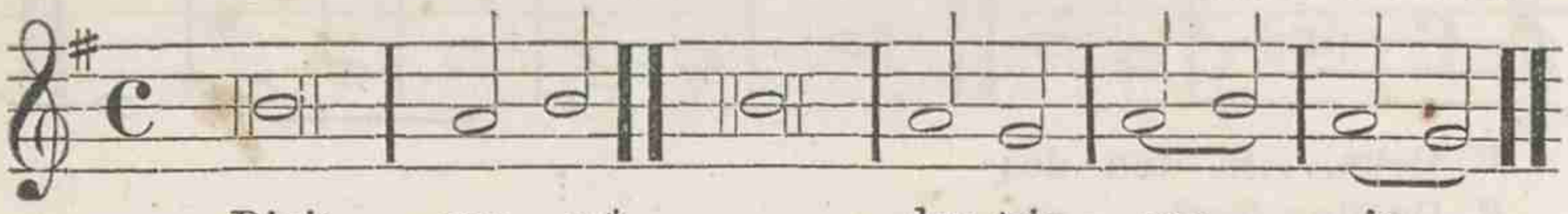
In Advent, or Lent.

Praise to thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.

N. B.—See the Chant for the above, on the preceding page.
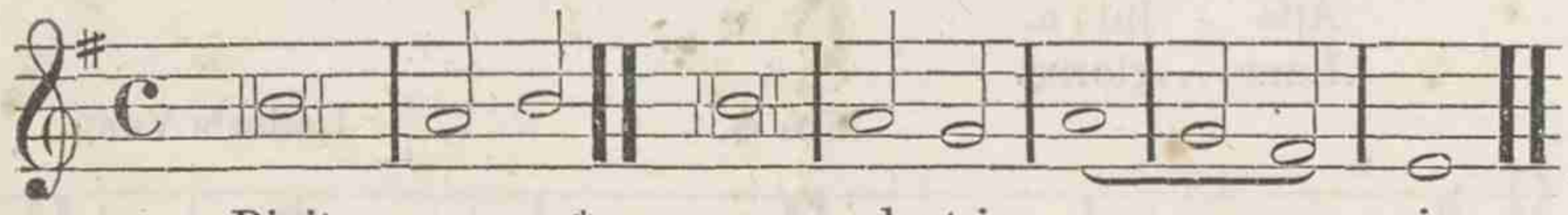
DIXIT DOMINUS.

No. 1. Walter's Collec.



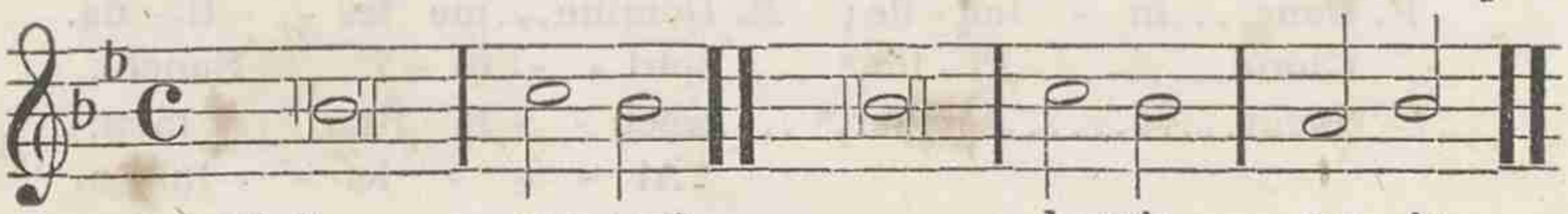
Dixit.....me - o:* .....dex-tris me - - is.

No. 2. Walter's Collec.



Dixit....me - o:* .....dextris me - - - - is.

No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



Dixit.....me - o:* .....dextris me - is.

PSALM CIX.

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: * sede a dextris meis,

Donec ponam inimicos tuos, * scabellum pedum tuorum.

Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex Sion: * dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

Tecum principium, in die virtutis tuæ, in splendoribus sanctorum: * ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum: * Tu es sacerdos in æternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedec.

Dominus a dextris tuis; * confregit in die iræ suæ reges.

Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas; * conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

De torrente in via bibet: * propterea exaltabit caput.

Gloria Patri, &c.

The Lord said to my Lord, * sit thou at my right hand,

Until I make thy enemies * thy footstool.

The Lord will send forth the sceptre of thy power out of Sion: * rule thou in the midst of thy enemies.

With thee is the principality, in the day of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints: * from the womb before the day-star, I begot thee.

The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent: * thou art a Priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec.

The Lord, at thy right hand, * hath broken kings, in the day of his wrath.

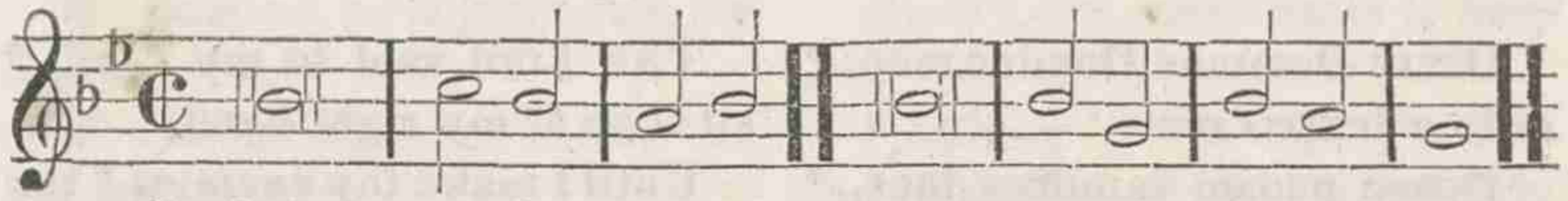
He shall judge among nations; he shall fill ruins; * he shall crush the heads in the land of many.

He shall drink of the torrent in the way; * therefore shall he lift up the head.

Glory be, &c.

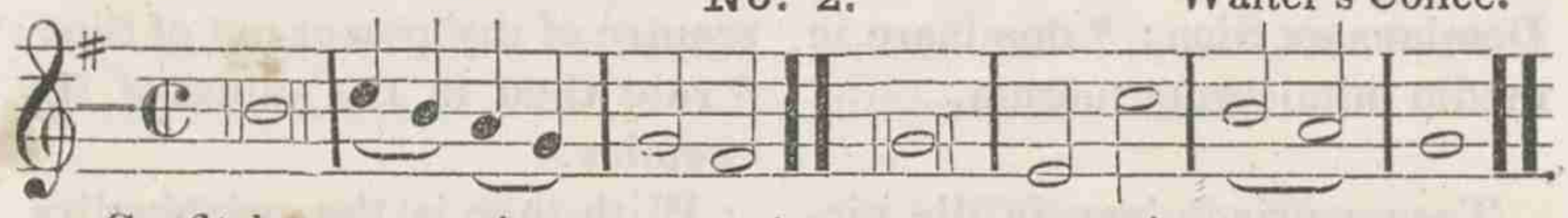
CONFITEBOR.

No. 1. Walter's Collec.



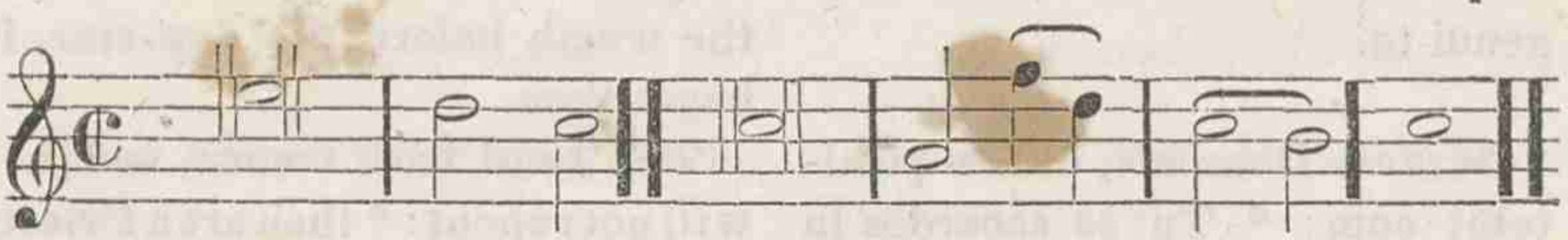
Confitebor....corde me-o,*..congre-ga-ti - o - - ne.

No. 2. Walter's Collec.



Confitebor..cor - de me - o,*...congre - ga - ti - o - - ne.

No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



Confitebor....me - o,*....congre - ga - ti - - o - - ne.

PSALM CX.

CONFITEBOR tibi Domine in toto corde meo, * in concilio justorum, et congregatione.

I WILL praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, * in the council of the just, and in the congregation.

Magna opera Domini, * exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.

Great are the works of the Lord, * sought out according to all his wills.

Confessio et magnificentia opus ejus, * et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

His work is praise and magnificence, * and his justice continueth for ever and ever.

Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator Dominus; * escam dedit timentibus se.

He hath made a remembrance of his wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord; * he hath given food to them that fear him.

Memor erit in sæculum testamenti sui: * virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo:

He will be mindful for ever of his covenant: * he will show forth to his people the power of his works:

Ut det illis hæreditatem Gentium: * opera manuum ejus veritas et judicium.

That he may give them the inheritance of the Gentiles: * the works of his hands are truth and judgment.

Fidelia omnia mandata ejus, confirmata in sæculum sæculi, * facta in veritate et æquitate.

All his commandments are faithful, confirmed for ever and ever, * made in truth and equity.

Redemptionem misit populo suo: * mandavit iu æternum testamentum suum.

He hath sent redemption to his people: * he hath commanded his covenant for ever.

Sanctum et terribili nomen ejus: * initium sapientiæ timor Domini.

Holy and terrible is his name: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum: * laudatio ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

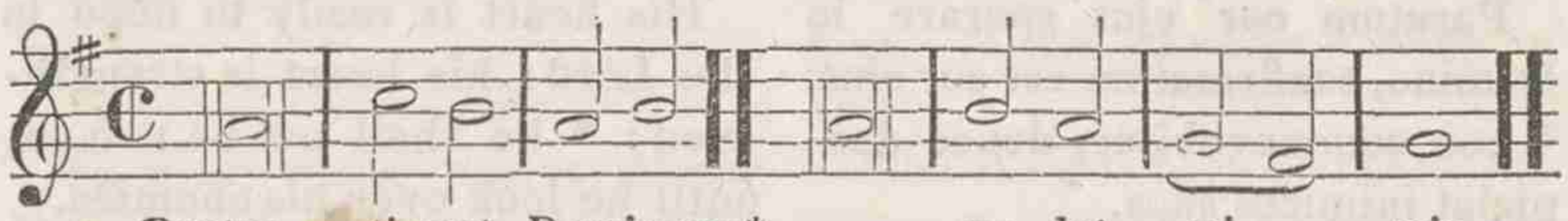
A good understanding to all that do it: * his praise continueth for ever and ever.

Gloria Patri, &c.

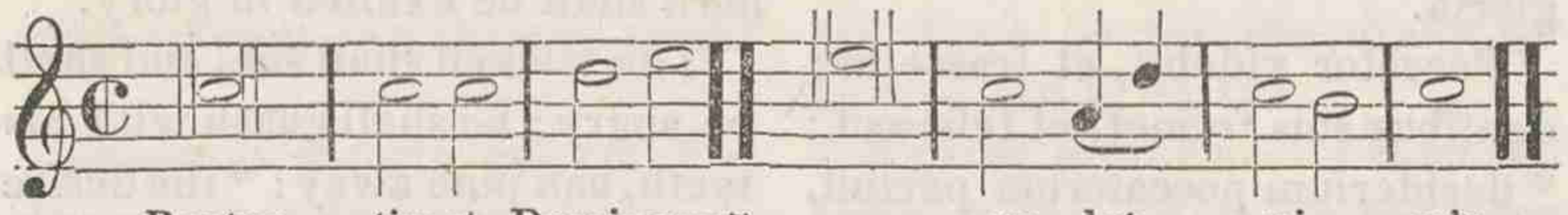
Glory be, &c.

BEATUS VIR.

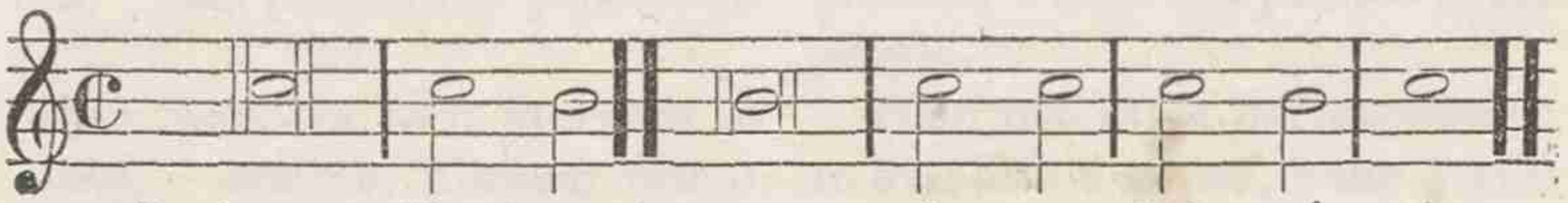
No. 1. Walter's Collec.



No. 2. Walter's Collec.



No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



PSALM CXI.

BEATUS vir, qui timet Dominum: * in mandatis ejus volet nimis.

Potens in terra erit semen ejus: * generatio rectorum benedicetur.

Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus; * et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis; * misericors, et miserator, et justus.

Jucundus homo qui miseretur et commodat; disponet sermones suos in judicio: *quia in æternum non commovebitur.

In memoria æterna erit justus: * ab auditione mala non timebit.

Paratum cor ejus sperare in Domino, confirmatum est cor ejus: * non commovebitur, donec despiciat inimicos suos.

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus: justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi; * cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.

Peccator videbit, et irascetur; dentibus suis fremet, et tabescet: * desiderium peccatorum peribit.

Gloria Patri, &c.

BLESSED is the man that feareth the Lord; * he shall delight exceedingly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: * the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.

Glory and wealth shall be in his house; * and his justice remaineth for ever and ever.

To the righteous a light is risen up in darkness: * he is merciful, and compassionate, and just.

Acceptable is the man that showeth mercy, and lendeth; he shall order his words with judgment; * because he shall not be moved for ever.

The just shall be in everlasting remembrance: * he shall not fear the evil hearing.

His heart is ready to hope in the Lord; his heart is strengthened: * he shall not be moved, until he look over his enemies.

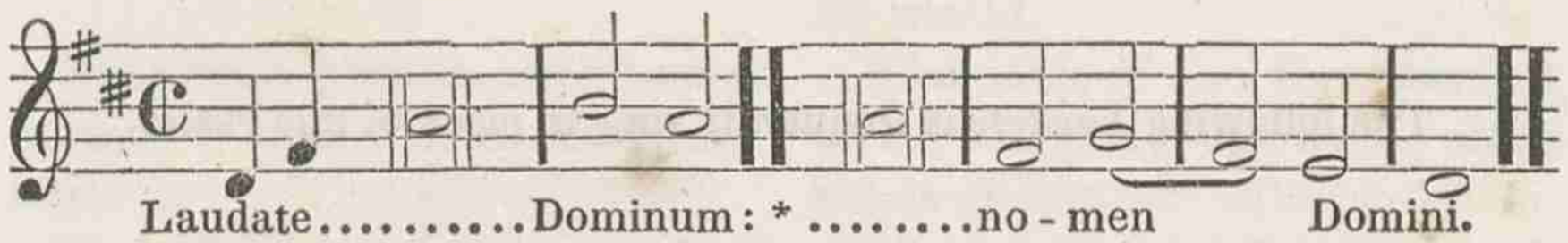
He hath distributed, he hath given to the poor: his justice remaineth for ever and ever: * his horn shall be exalted in glory.

The wicked shall see, and shall be angry; he shall gnash with his teeth, and pine away: * the desire of the wicked shall perish.
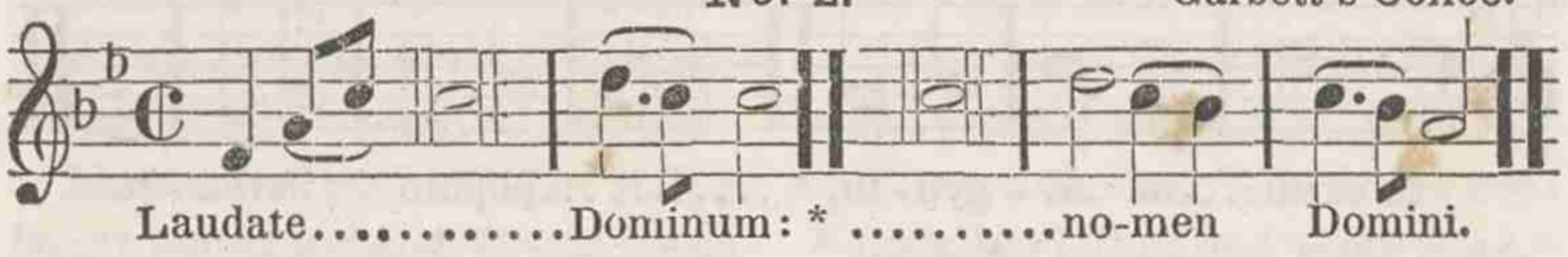
Glory be, &c.

LAUDATE PUERI.

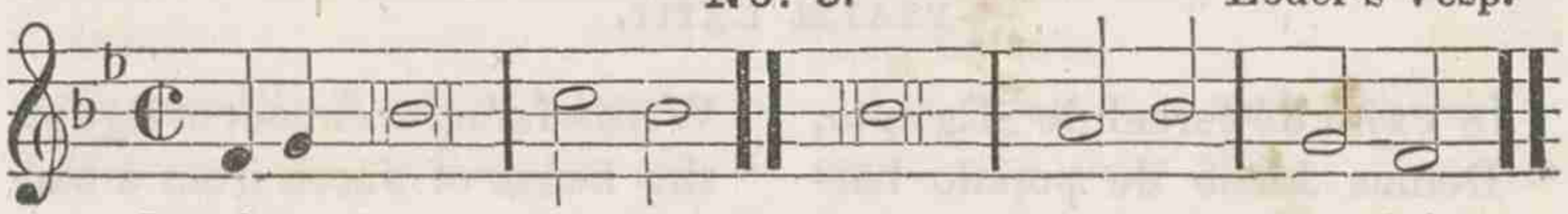
No. 1. Walter's Collec.



No. 2. Garbett's Collec.



No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



PSALM CXII.

LAUDATE pueri Dominum: * laudate nomen Domini.

Sit nomen Domini benedictum, * ex hoc nunc, et usque in sæculum.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum, * laudabile nomen Domini.

Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus; * et super cœlos gloria ejus.

Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, * et humilia respicit, in cœlo et in terra?

Suscitans a terra inopem, * et de stercore erigens pauperem:

Ut collocet eum cum principibus, * cum principibus populi sui.

Qui habitare facit sterilem in domo, * matrem filiorum lætantem.

Gloria Patri, &c.

PRAISE the Lord, ye children; * praise ye the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, * from henceforth, now, and forever.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, * the name of the Lord is worthy of praise.

The Lord is high above all nations; * and his glory above the heavens.

Who is as the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, * and looketh down on the low things, in heaven and in earth?

Raising up the needy from the earth, * and lifting up the poor out of the dunghill:

That he may place him with princes, * with the princes of his people.

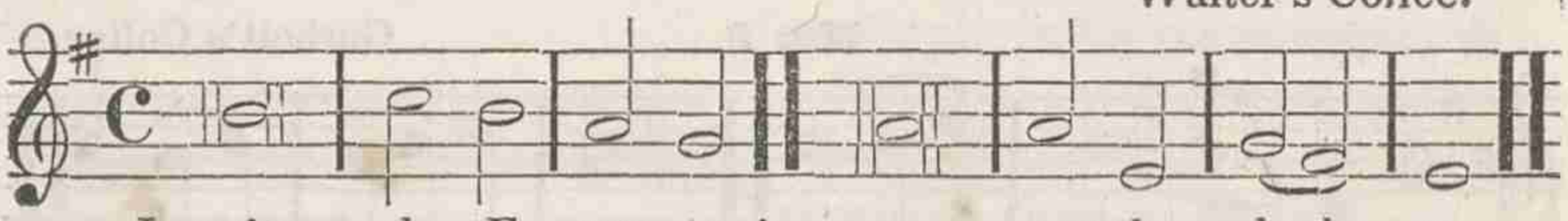
Who maketh a barren woman to dwell in a house, * the joyful mother of children.

Glory be, &c.

IN EXITU ISRAEL.

The following *Laudate* is frequently sung in place of this Psalm.

Walter's Collec.



PSALM CXIII.

In exitu de Israel de Ægypto, * Domus Jacob de populo barbaro,

Facta est Judæa sanctificatio ejus: * Israel potestas ejus.

Mare vidit, et fugit; * Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.

Montes exultaverunt ut arietes, * et colles sicut agni ovium.

Quid est tibi mare, quod fugisti? * et tu Jordanis, quia conversus es retrorsum?

Montes exultastis sicut arietes? * et colles sicut agni ovium?

A facie Domini mota est terra, * facie Dei Jacob.

Qui convertit petram in stagna aquarum, * et rupem in fontes aquarum.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, * sed nomini tuo da gloriam;

Super misericordia tua, * et veritate tua, * ne quando dicant gentes: Ubi est deus eorum?

When Israel went out of Egypt, * the house of Jacob from a barbarous people,

Judea was made his sanctuary: * Israel his dominion.

The sea saw, and fled; * Jordan was turned back.

The mountains skipped like rams, * and the hills like the lambs of the flock.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou didst flee? * and thou, O Jordan, that thou wast turned back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams? * and ye hills, like the lambs of the flock?

At the presence of the Lord, the earth was moved; * at the presence of the God of Jacob.

Who turned the rock into pools of water, * and the stony hills into fountains of waters.

Not to us, O Lord, not to us, * but to thy name give glory;

For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake, * lest the Gentiles should say: "Where is their God?"

Deus autem noster in cœlo: * omnia quæcumque voluit fecit.

But our God is in heaven: * he hath done all things whatsoever he would.

Simulacra gentium argentum et aurum, * opera manuum hominum.

The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold, * the works of the hands of men.

Os habent, et non loquentur: * oculos habent, et non videbunt.

They have mouths and speak not: * they have eyes and see not.

Aures habent, et non audient: * nares habent, et non odorabunt.

They have ears and hear not: * they have noses and smell not.

Manus habent, et non palpabunt: pedes habent, et non ambulabunt: * non clamabunt in gutture suo.

They have hands and feel not: * they have feet and walk not: * neither shall they cry out through their throats.

Similes illis fiant qui faciunt ea; * et omnes qui confidunt in eis.

Let them that make them become like unto them; * and all such as trust in them.

Domus Israel speravit in Domino; * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord; * he is their helper and their protector.

Domus Aaron speravit in Domino; * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord; * he is their helper and their protector.

Qui timent Dominum, speraverunt in Domino; * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

They that fear the Lord have hoped in the Lord; * he is their helper and their protector.

Dominus memor fuit nostri, * et benedixit nobis.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, * and hath blessed us.

Benedixit domui Israel: * benedixit domui Aaron.

He hath blessed the house of Israel: * he hath blessed the house of Aaron.

Benedixit omnibus qui timent Dominum, * pusillis cum majoribus.

He hath blessed all that fear the Lord, * both little and great.

Adjiciat Dominus super vos: * super vos, et super filios vestros.

May the Lord add blessings upon you: * upon you, and upon your children.

Benedicti vos a Domino, * qui fecit cœlum et terram.

Blessed be you of the Lord, * who made heaven and earth.

Cœlum cœli Domino: * terram autem dedit filiis hominum.

The heaven of heavens is the Lord's: * but the earth he has given to the children of men.

Non mortui laudabunt te, Do-

The dead shall not praise thee,

mine; * neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum:

Sed nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino: * ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.

Gloria Patri, &c.

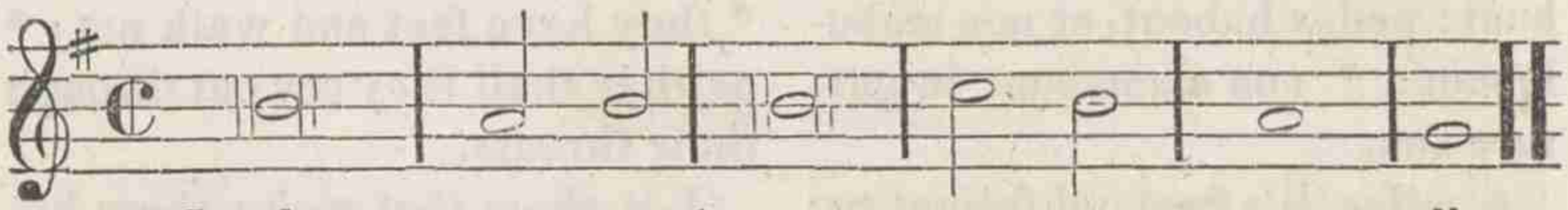
O Lord; * nor any of them that go down to hell:

But we that live bless the Lord, * from this time, now and forever.

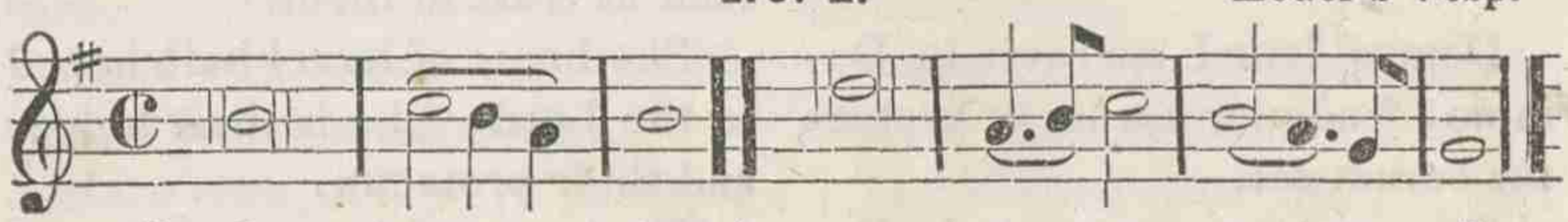
Glory be, &c.

LAUDATE DOMINUM OMNES.

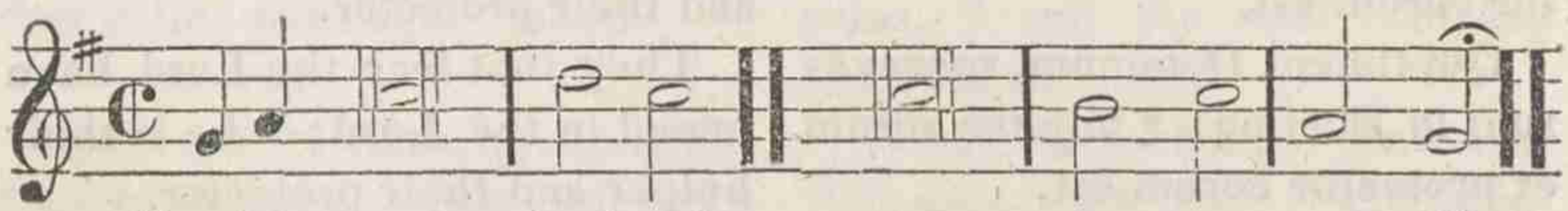
No. 1. Walter's Collec.



No. 2. Loder's Vesp.



No. 3. St. M. S.



PSALM CXVI.

LAUDATE Dominum omnes gentes: * laudate eum omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super misericordia ejus; * et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

Gloria Patri, &c.

PRAISE the Lord, ye nations: * praise him, all ye people.

Because his mercy is confirmed upon us; * and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever.

Glory be, &c.

CAPITULUM. II. COR. 1.

BENEDICTUS Deus, et Pater Domini nostri Jesu Christi, Pater misericordiarum, et Deus totius consolationis, qui consolatur nos in omni tribulatione nostra.

R. Deo gratias.
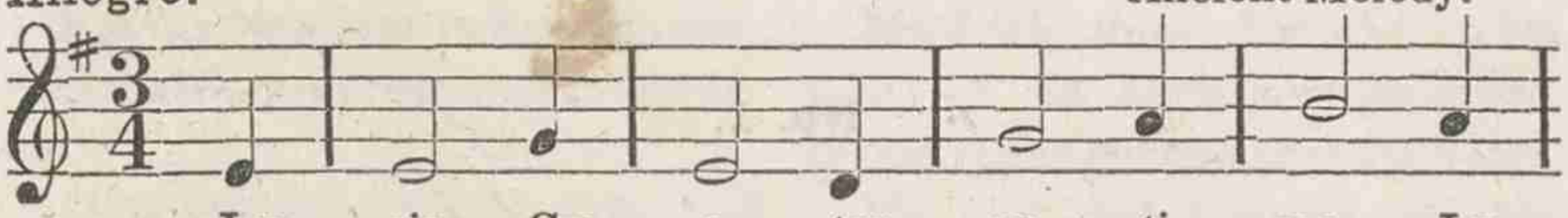
BLESSED be the God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, who comforteth us in all our tribulations.

R. Thanks be to God.
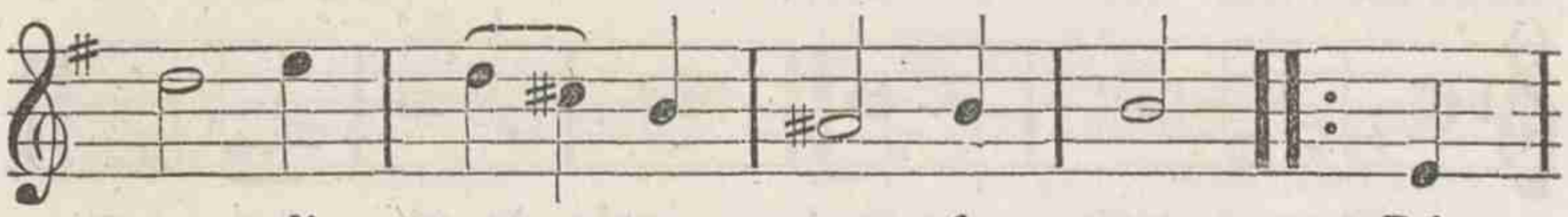
HYMN FOR COMMON SUNDAYS.

O great Creator.
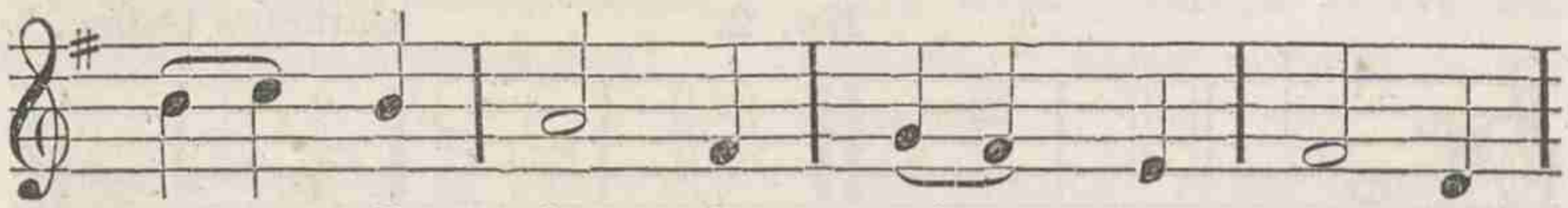
Allegro. Ancient Melody.
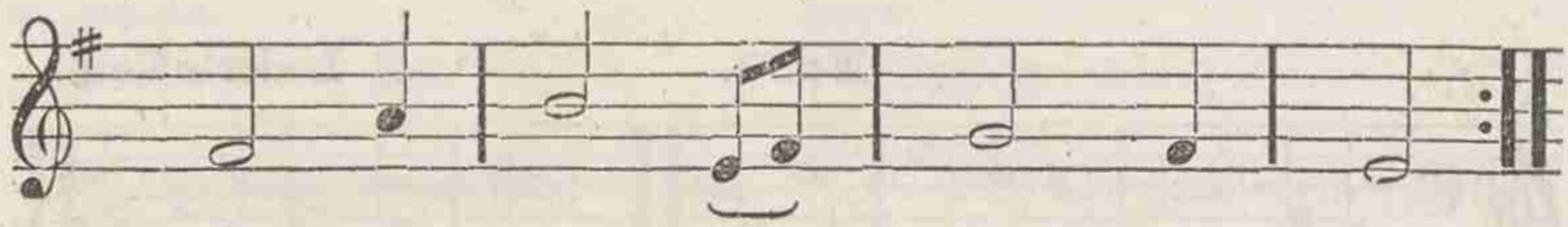


Lu - cis Cre - a - tor op - ti - me, Lu-



cem di - - e - rum pro - fe - rens, Pri-



mor - - di - - is lu - - cis no - væ, Mun-



di pa - rans o - - - - ri - - gi - - nem:

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis,
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus:

Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cæleste pulset ostium:
Vitale tollat prœmium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta, pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum. Amen.

V. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea,

R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

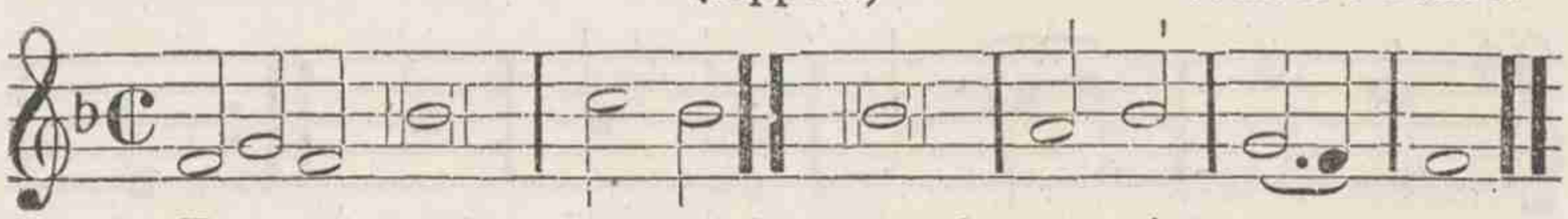
V. May my prayer, O Lord, be directed,

R. As incense in thy sight.

MAGNIFICAT.

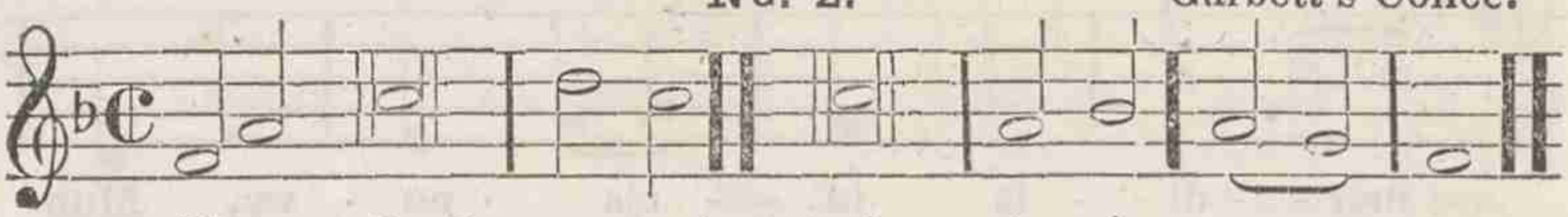
No. 1.

(Appen.) Walter's Collec.



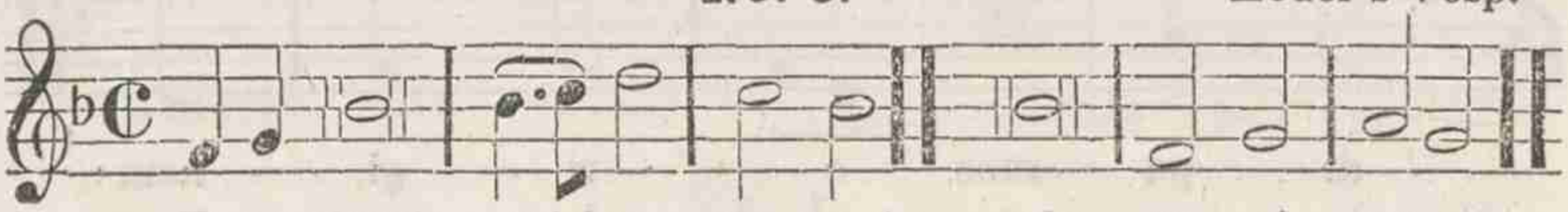
Et ex-ul - tavit.....me-us, * .....salu - ta - ri me - o.

No. 2. Garbett's Collec.



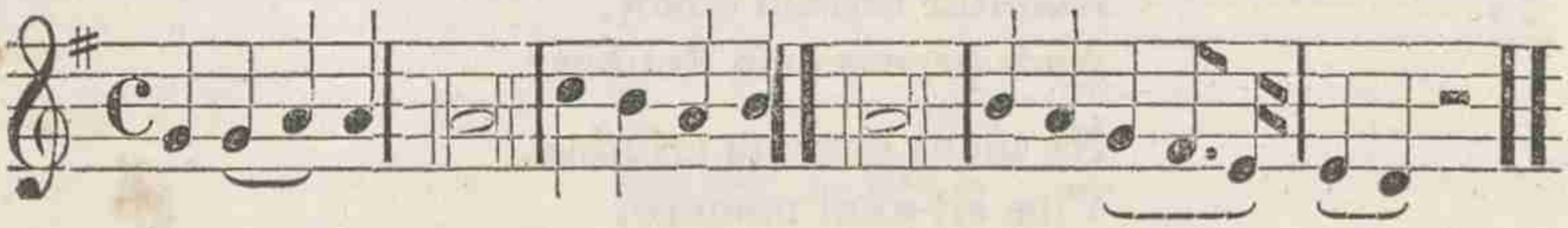
Et ex - ultavit...me-us, * ....salu - ta - ri me - - o.

No. 3. Loder's Vesp.



Et ex-ultavit...spiritus me-us, * ....salu - ta - ri me-o.

No. 4.



Et ex - ul-tavit..spiritus meus,*..salu-ta-ri me - - o.

CANTICLE, LUKE I.

MAGNIFICAT * anima mea Dominum;

Et exultavit spiritus meus, * in Deo salutari meo:

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ; ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: * et sanctum nomen ejus.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord;

And my spirit hath rejoiced, * in God, my Saviour:

Because he hath regarded the humility of his handmaid; * for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done great things to me: * and holy is his name.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies, * timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo: * dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede, * et exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis: * et divites dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum, * recordatus misericordiæ suæ:

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, * Abraham, et semini ejus in sæcula.

Gloria Patri, &c.

And his mercy is from generation to generation, * to them that fear him.

He hath showed might in his arm: * he hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, * and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: * and the rich he hath sent away empty.

He hath received Israel his servant, * being mindful of his mercy:

As he spoke to our fathers: * to Abraham, and to his seed forever.

Glory be, &c.

P. Dominus vobiscum;
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. The Lord be with you;
R. And with thy spirit.

PRAYER.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, who hast said, *ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you;* mercifully attend to our supplications, and grant us the gift of thy divine charity, that we may ever love thee, with our whole heart, in word and work, and never desist from thy praise; who livest and reignest,
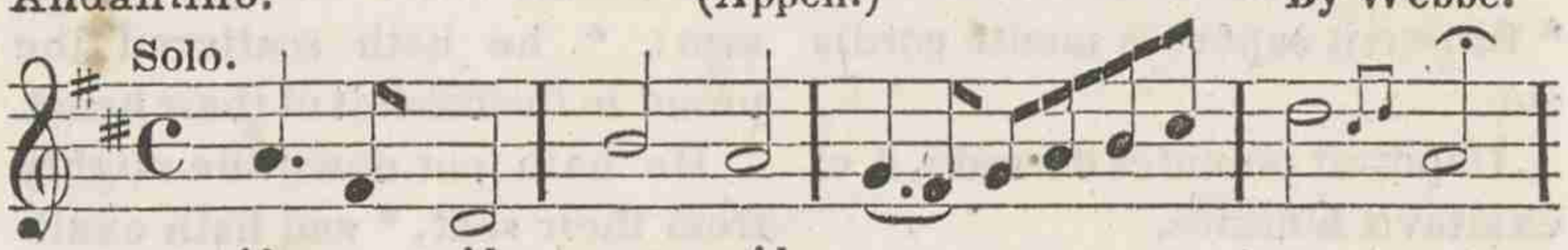
P. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
R. Amen.
P. Dominus vobiscum;
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.
P. Fidelium animæ, per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace.
R. Amen.

P. World without end.
R. Amen.
P. The Lord be with you;
R. And with thy spirit.
P. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
R. Amen.
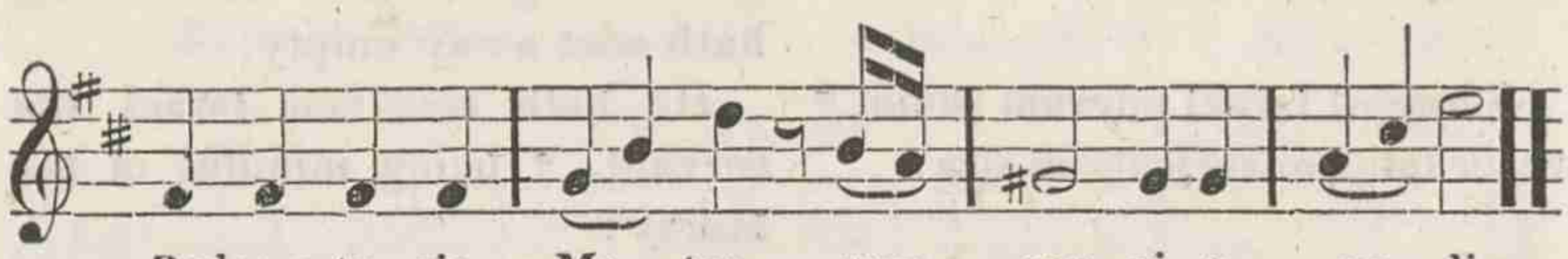
ALMA REDEMPTORIS—MOTHER OF JESUS, page 219.

For Advent, to the Purification.

Andantino. (Appen.) By Webbe.
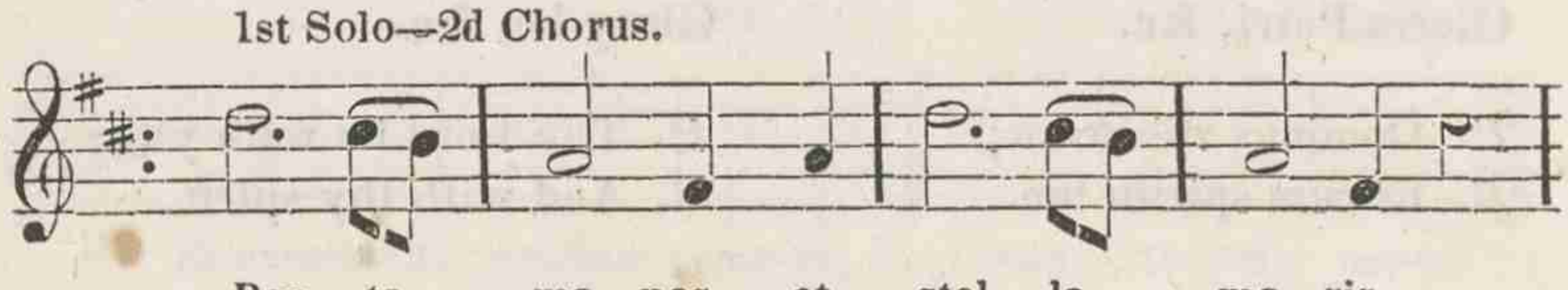


Al-ma, Al - ma, Al - - - - - - - - - - - ma
Surgere, qui cu - rat po - - - - - - pu - lo:
Vir - go pri - us ac pos - - - teri - us,
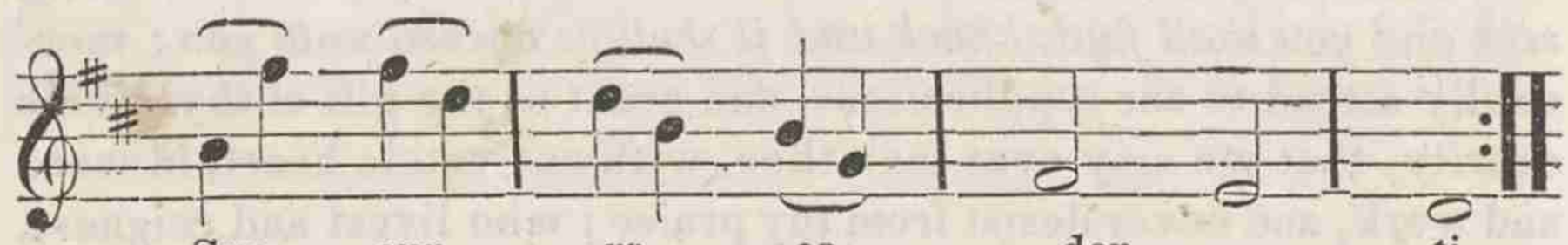


Redemp-to - ris Ma - ter, quæ per vi - a cœ - li
tu quæ ge-nu - is - ti, Na - tu - ra mi - ran - te,
Ga - brielis ab o - re Sumens illud A - ve,

1st Solo—2d Chorus.



Por - ta ma - nes, et stel - la ma - ris,
Tu - um sanc-tum ge - ni - - to - rem,
Pec - ca - - to - rum mi - se - - re - re,



Suc - cur - - re ca - - - - den - - - - - - ti,
tu - - um sanc - tum ge - - ni - - torem,
pec - - ca - - - to - - rum mi - - se - - rere.

V. Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ;

R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

V. The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary;

R. And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

After Christmas.

V. Post partum, virgo inviolata permansisti:

R. Dei Genitrix, intercede pro nobis.

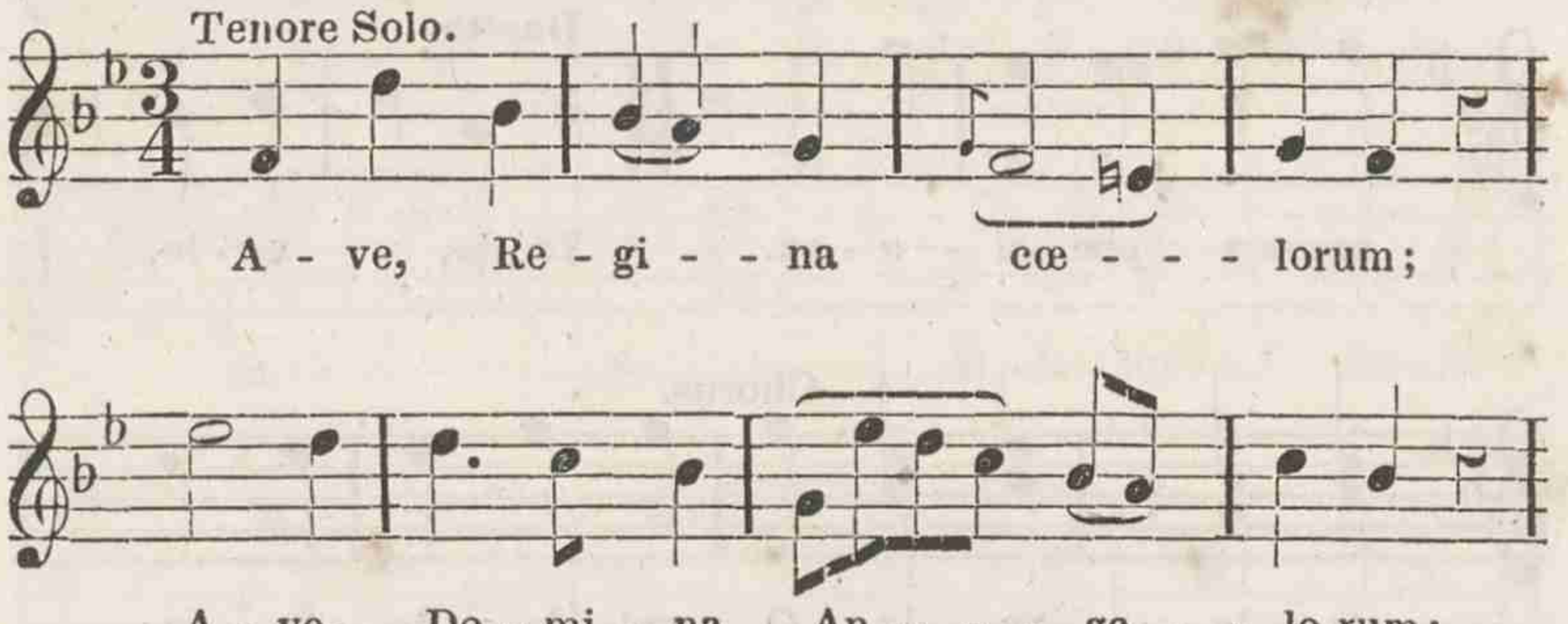
V. After child-birth thou didst remain a pure virgin:
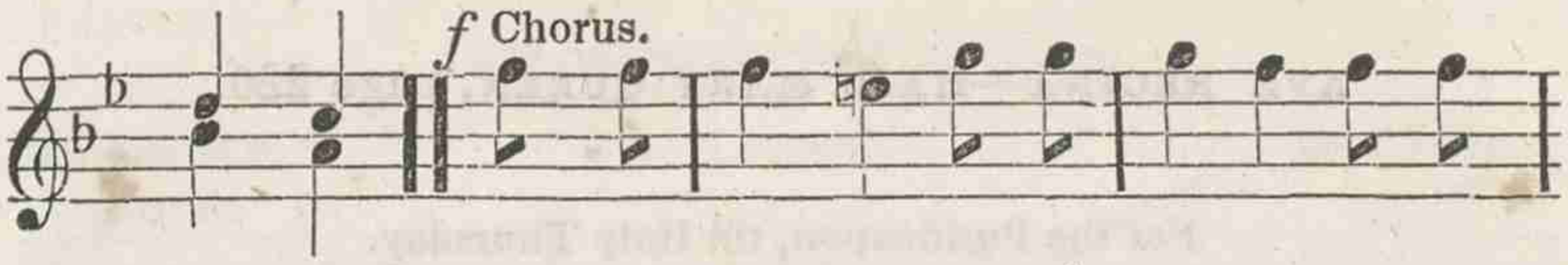
R. O Mother of God, intercede for us.
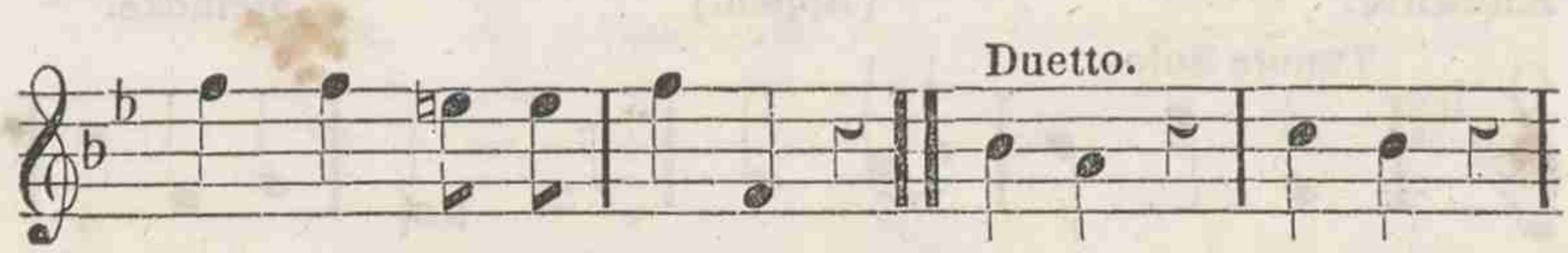
AVE REGINA—HAIL MARY QUEEN, page 220.
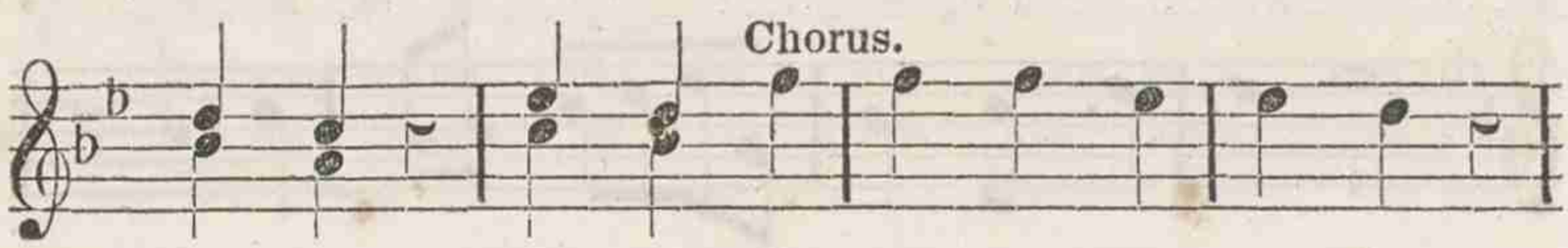
For the Purification, till Holy Thursday.
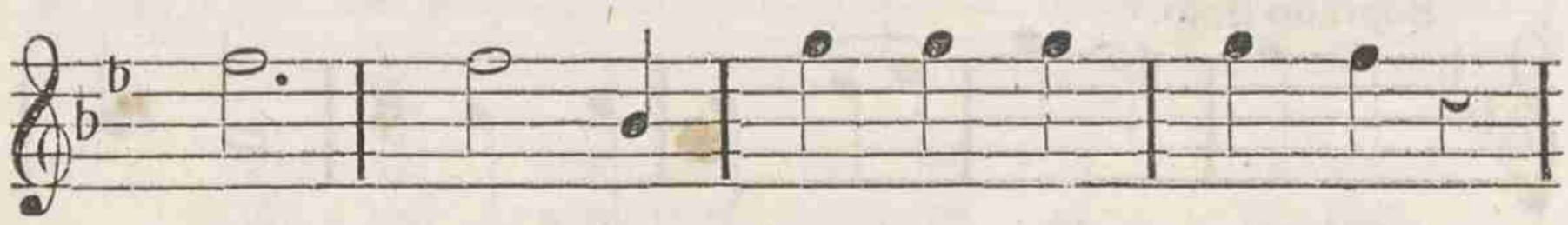
Andante. (Appen.) Meineke.
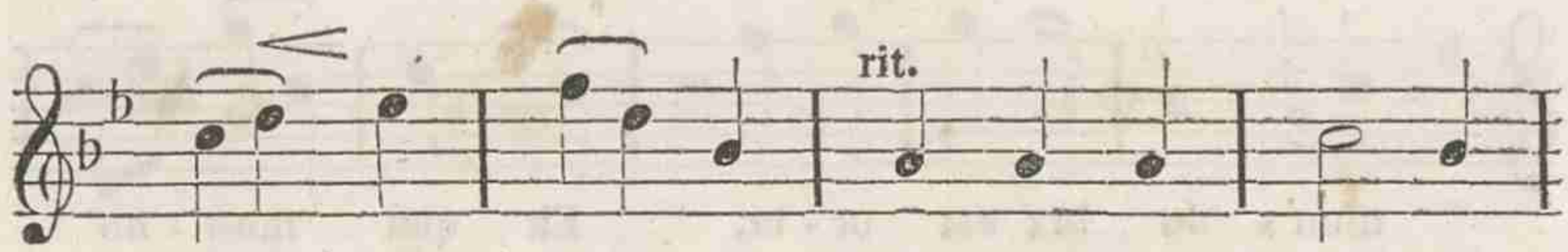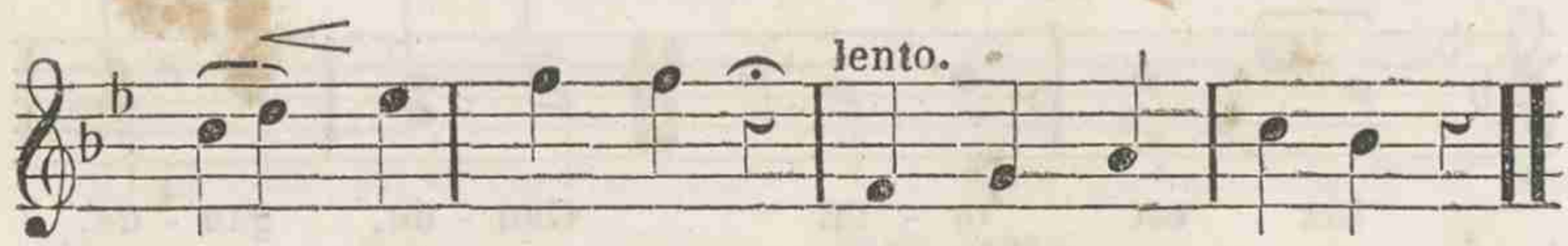














V. Dignare me laudare te, virgo sacrata:

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.
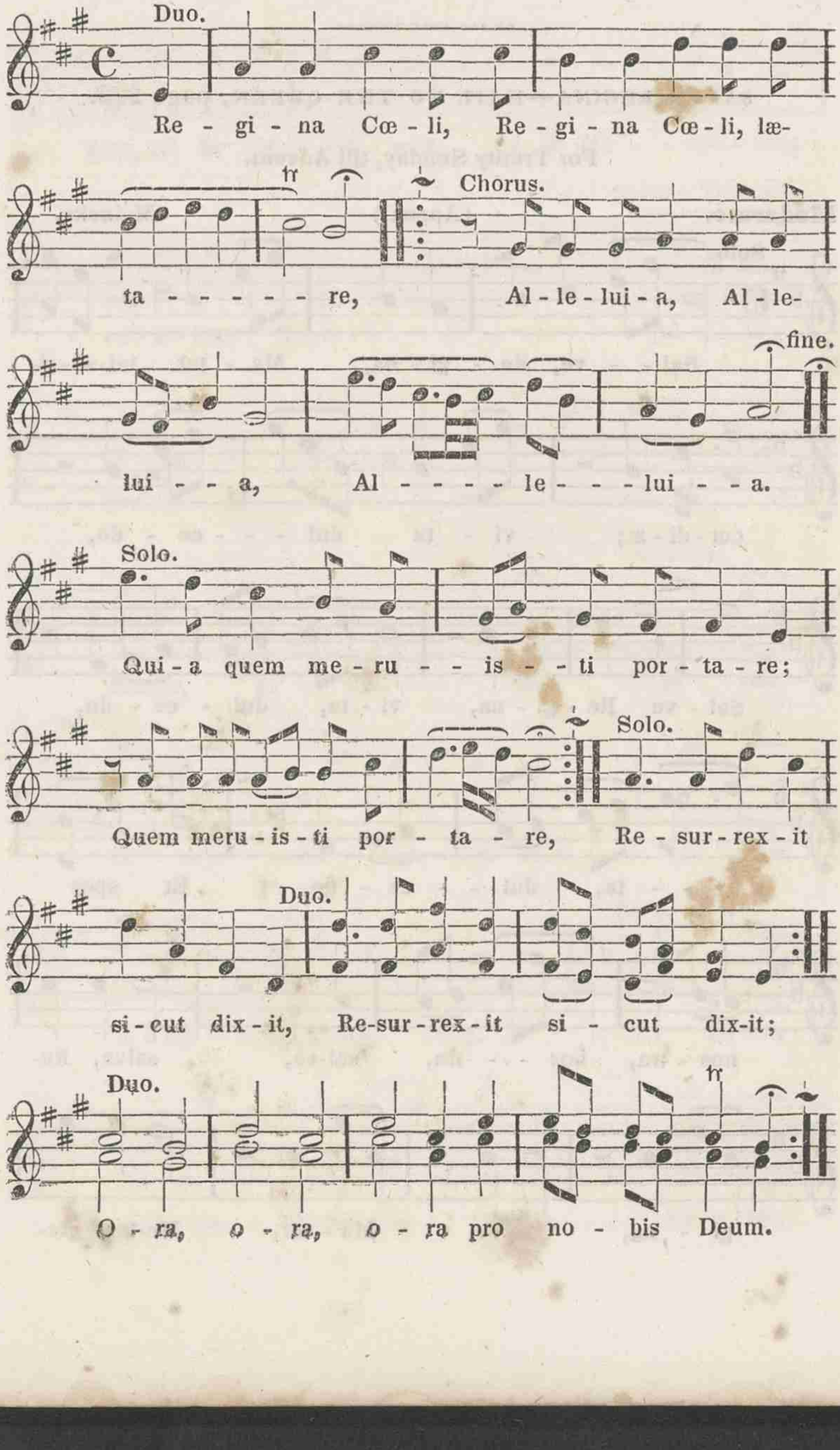
V. Vouchsafe, O sacred virgin, to accept my praises:

R. Give me strength against thy enemies.

REGINA CŒLI—O HAPPY QUEEN, page 221.

For Easter, till Trinity Saturday.

Andante. (Appen.) Webbe.



V. Gaude et lætare, Virgo Maria, Alleluia.
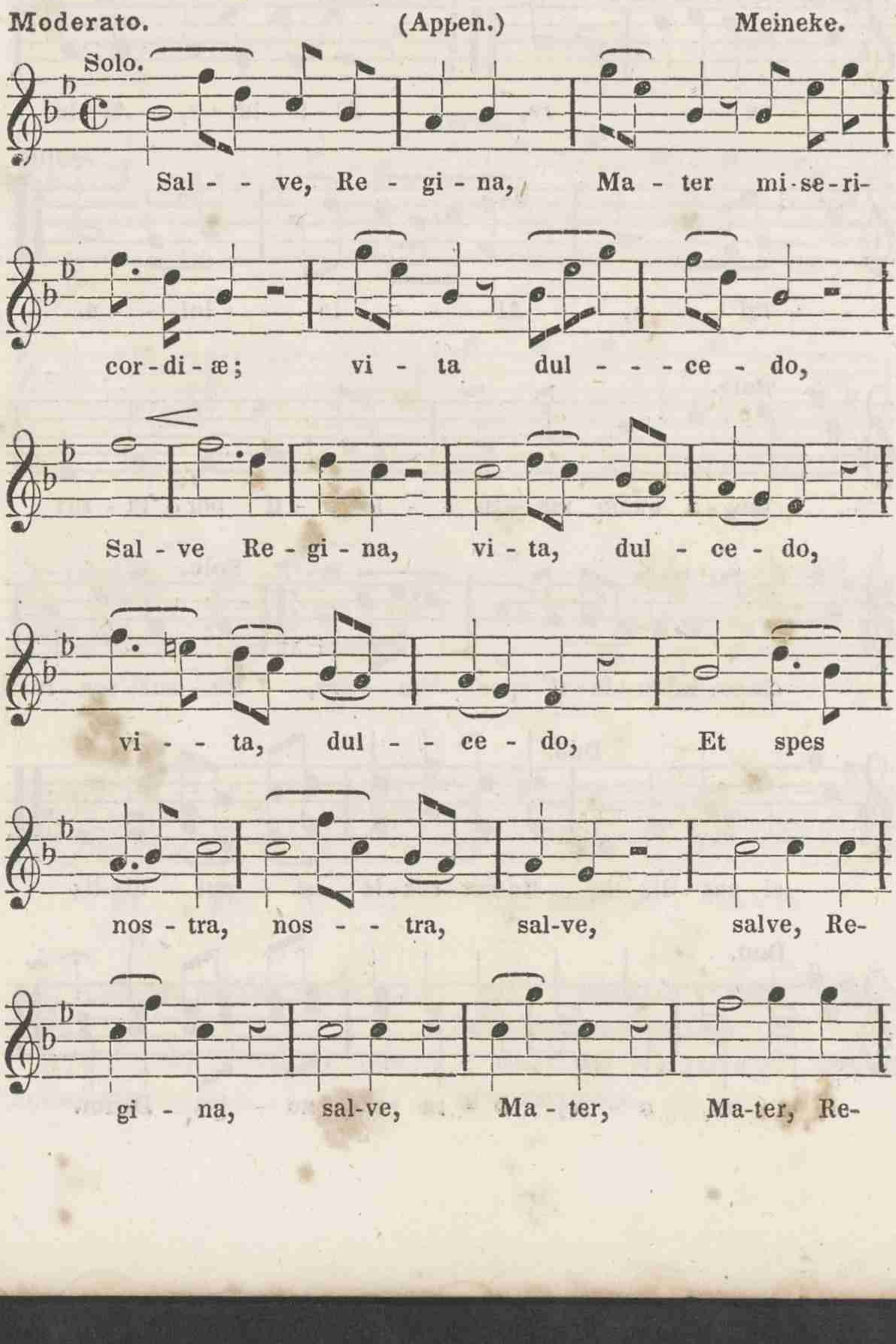
R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia.

V. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary, Alleluia.

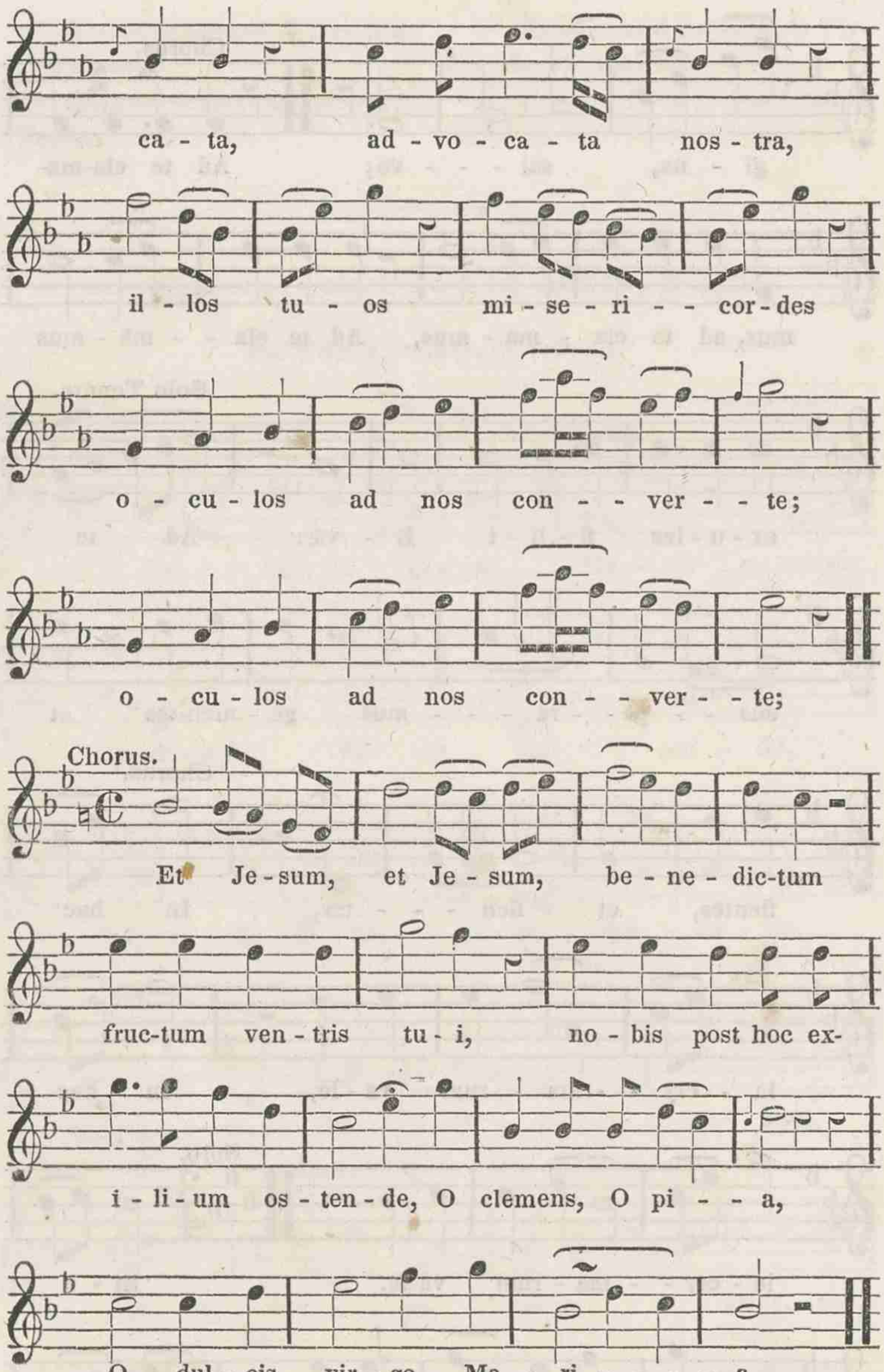
R. For the Lord is truly risen, Alleluia.

SALVE REGINA—HAIL TO THE QUEEN, page 222.

For Trinity Sunday, till Advent.



Chorus.
gi - na, sal - - - ve; Ad te cla-ma-
mus, ad te cla - ma - mus, Ad te cla - - ma - mus
Solo Tenore.
ex - u - les fi - li - i E - væ: Ad te
sus - - pi - ra - - - mus ge - men-tes et
Chorus.
flentes, et flen - - - tes, In hac
la - cry - - ma - rum va - le, In hac
Solo.
la - cry - - ma - rum va-le. Ei - a
er - go, ad - vo - - - - ca - ta, ad - vo-



V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promisionibus Christi.
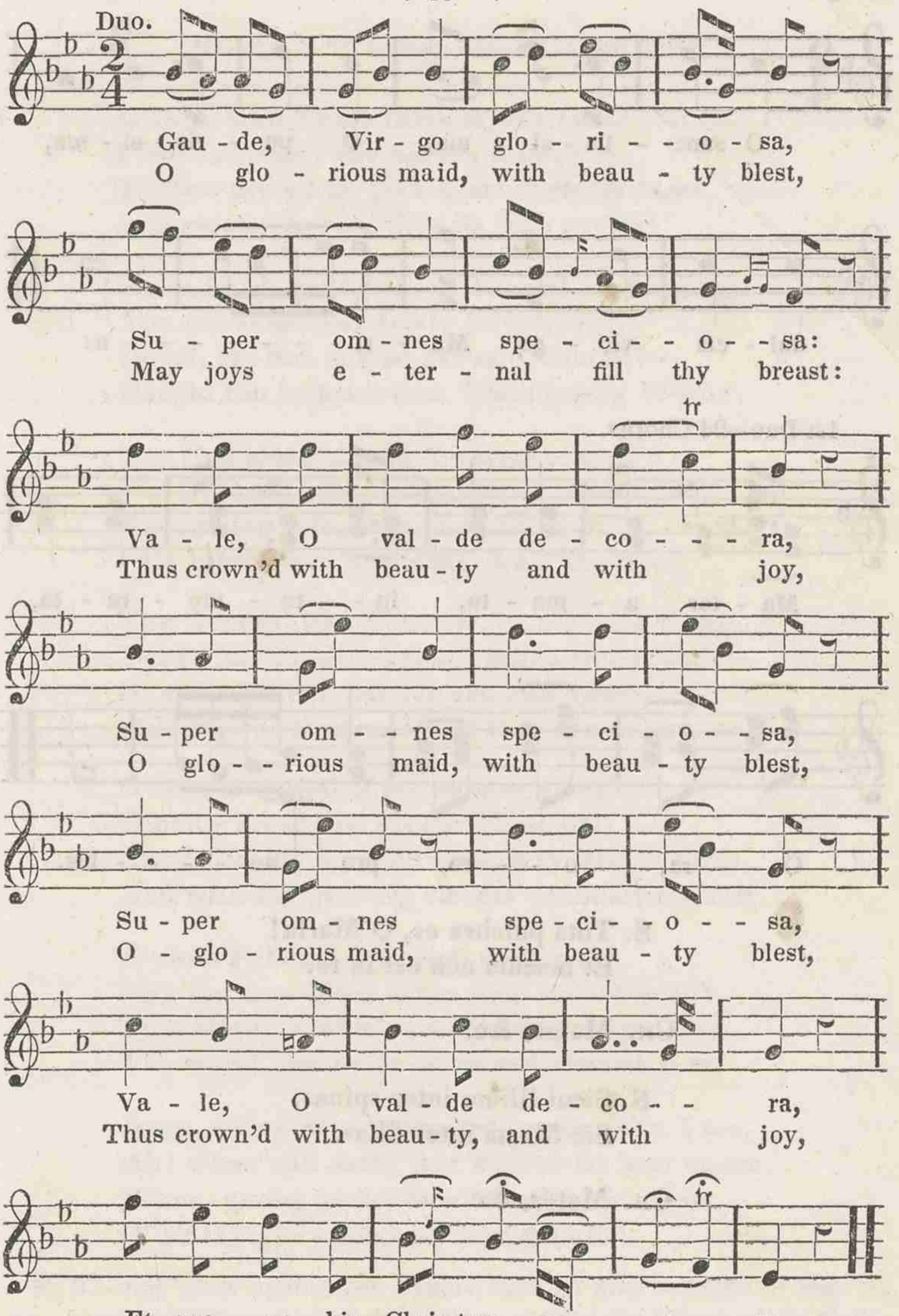
V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy the promises of Christ.

GAUDE VIRGO—O GLORIOUS MAID.

(Occasionally.)

Andantino. (Appen.) By Ware.



Gau - de, Vir - go glo - ri - - - o - sa,
O glo - rious maid, with beau - ty blest,

Su - per om - nes spe - ci - - - o - - sa:
May joys e - ter - nal fill thy breast:

Va - le, O val - de de - co - - - - ra,
Thus crown'd with beau - ty and with joy,

Su - per om - - nes spe - ci - o - - sa,
O glo - - rious maid, with beau - ty blest,
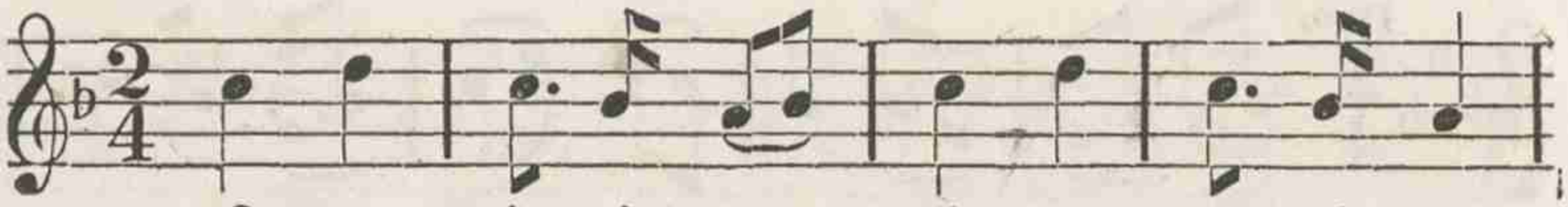
Su - per om - nes spe - ci - - o - - sa,
O - glo - rious maid, with beau - ty blest,
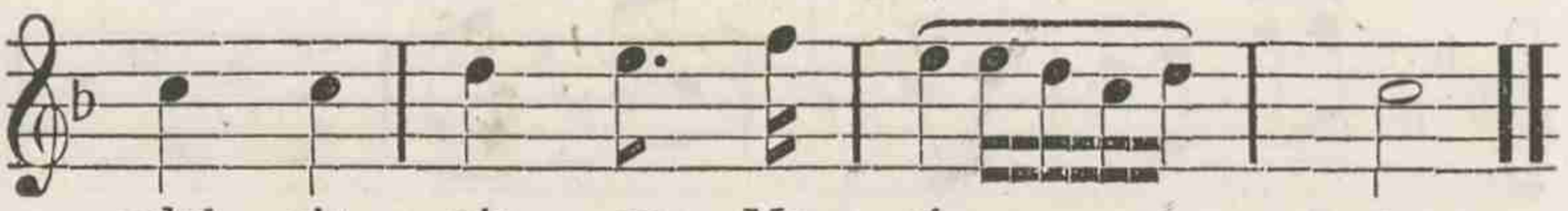
Va - le, O val - de de - co - - ra,
Thus crown'd with beau - ty, and with joy,

Et pro no - bis Chris-tum ex - - o - - ra.
Thy pray'rs for us with Christ em - ploy.

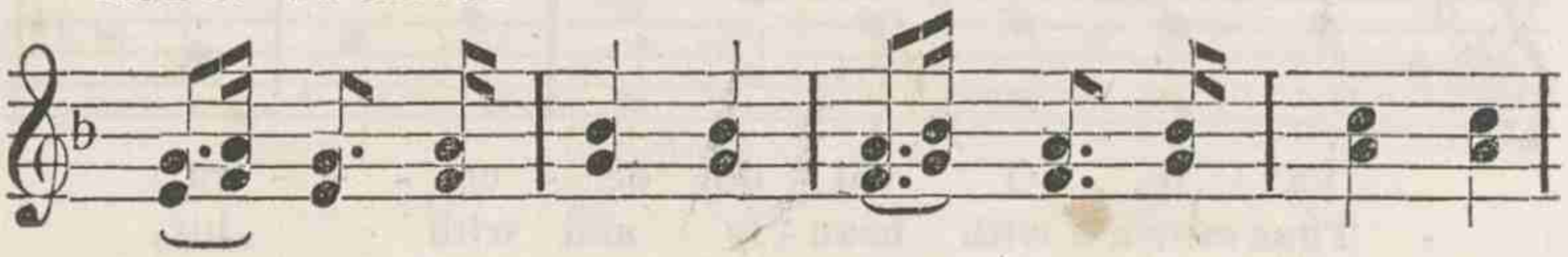
O SANCTISSIMA.
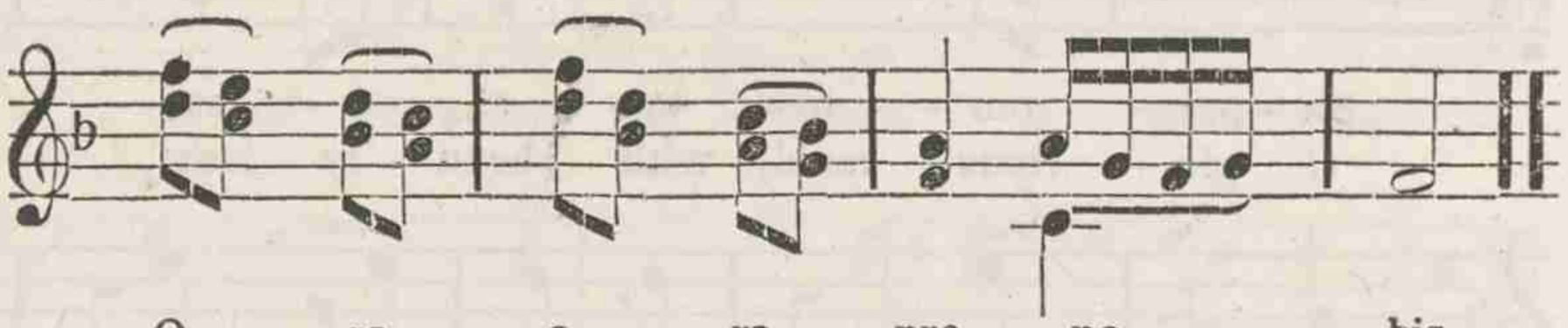
Larghetto. **Sicilian Hymn.**





1st Duo—2d Chorus.





S. Tota pulchra es, O Maria!
Et macula non est in te.

Ch. Mater, &c.

S. Sicut lilium inter spinas,
Sic Maria inter filias.

Ch. Mater, &c.

BENEDICTION OF THE B. SACRAMENT.

Adoro te—St. Thomas Aquina's Hymn.

Melody—"To solemn rites let sacred joys."

O God, who 'neath these mystic forms dost lie,
I feel and praise thy hidden majesty.
To thee my whole poor heart devoutly bows,
And rapt in thee, to thee its faith avows!

Sight, taste, and touch, in thee are all deceived:
The ear alone may safely be believed.
Be all, the Son of God has said, adored!—
Naught can be truer than Truth's very Word!

The God alone was on the cross conceal'd:
Nor Godhead here, nor manhood is revealed!
Yet owning both, confessing my belief,
I ask what, then repentant, ask'd the thief.

Thy wounds, like Thomas, 'tis not mine to see,
Yet I "my Lord and God" acknowledge thee!
O, make me still believe and still adore—
Still hope in thee, and love thee evermore!

O dear memorial of my Saviour's death!
O living bread that giveth life to all!
Grant that my soul, by thee, may live on earth,
And with thy growing sweets my heart enthrall.

O pious Pelican, O Christ, my Lord,
May thy dear blood efface each sin abhorred!
That blood, of which a single drop might save
The world, and ev'ry crime and blemish lave.

Jesus, whom now, concealed 'neath veils, I see,
Ah! when will dawn that wished-for hour on me,
When, gazing on thy face reveal'd, the sight
Of all thy glory shall my soul delight!

N. B.—Any other appropriate hymns, such as may be found at page 58, &c., or such as follow immediately below, or even the Litany of the B. Sacrament, at page 82, may be used, for private devotion, in place of the above.

O Salutaris—O Saving Victim—No. 1. Appen.

O Salutaris—No. 2. Appen.

Panis Angelicus—The bread of Angels, p. 65.

Tantum Ergo—No. 1.—Melody: "Pange lingua, gloriosi corporis."

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis,

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix!

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven,

R. Containing in itself all sweetness and delight.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God,

R. That we may be made worthy the promises of Christ.

Oremus.

Deus, qui nobis, sub sacramento mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti, tribue, quœsumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus.

Defende, quœsumus, Domine, beata Maria, semper virgine intercedente, istam ab omni adversitate familiam; et toto corde tibi prostratam ab hostium propitius tuere elementer insidiis; Per Christum Dominum nostrum.—Amen.

Let us pray.
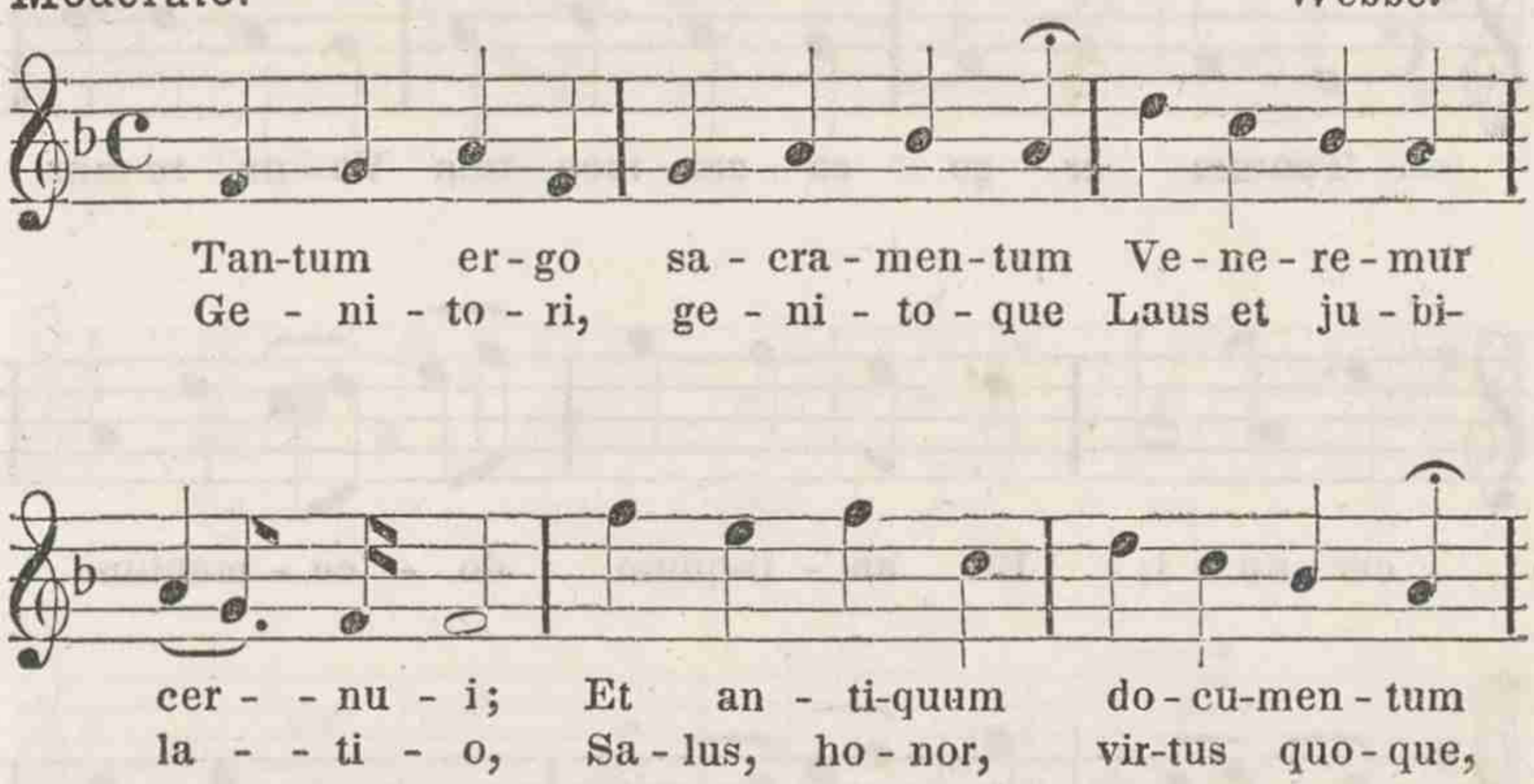
O God! who in this wonderful sacrament, hast left us a perpetual memorial of thy passion, grant us, we beseech thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of thy body and blood, that we may continually feel in our souls the fruit of thy redemption.

Defend, we beseech thee, O Lord, by the intercession of the blessed Mary, ever virgin, this thy family; and being prostrate before thee, with our whole hearts, graciously protect us from the snares of our enemies; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

TANTUM ERGO.

No. 2.

Moderato. Webbe.
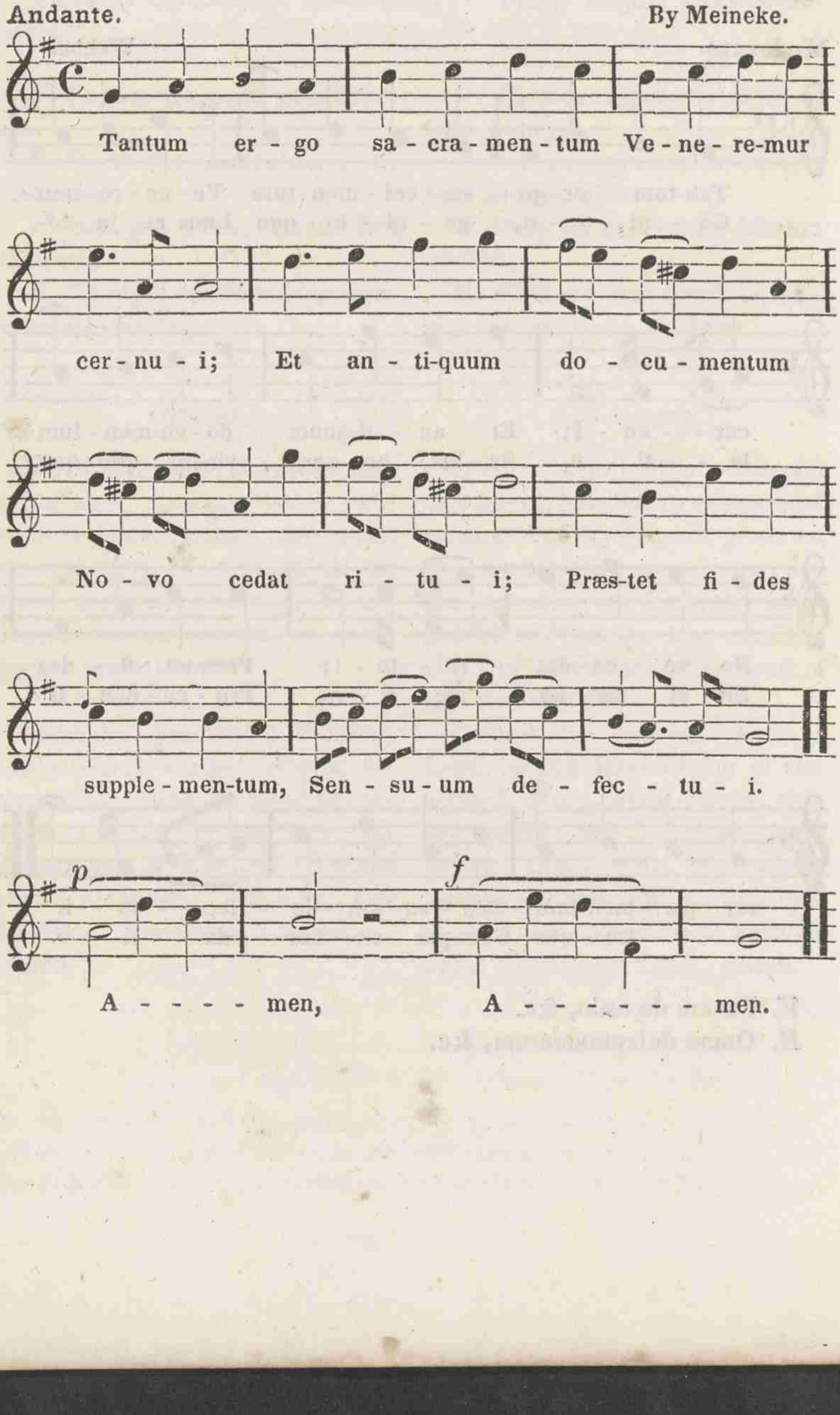


V. Panem de cœlo, &c.
R. Omne delectamentum, &c.

TANTUM ERGO.

No. 3.
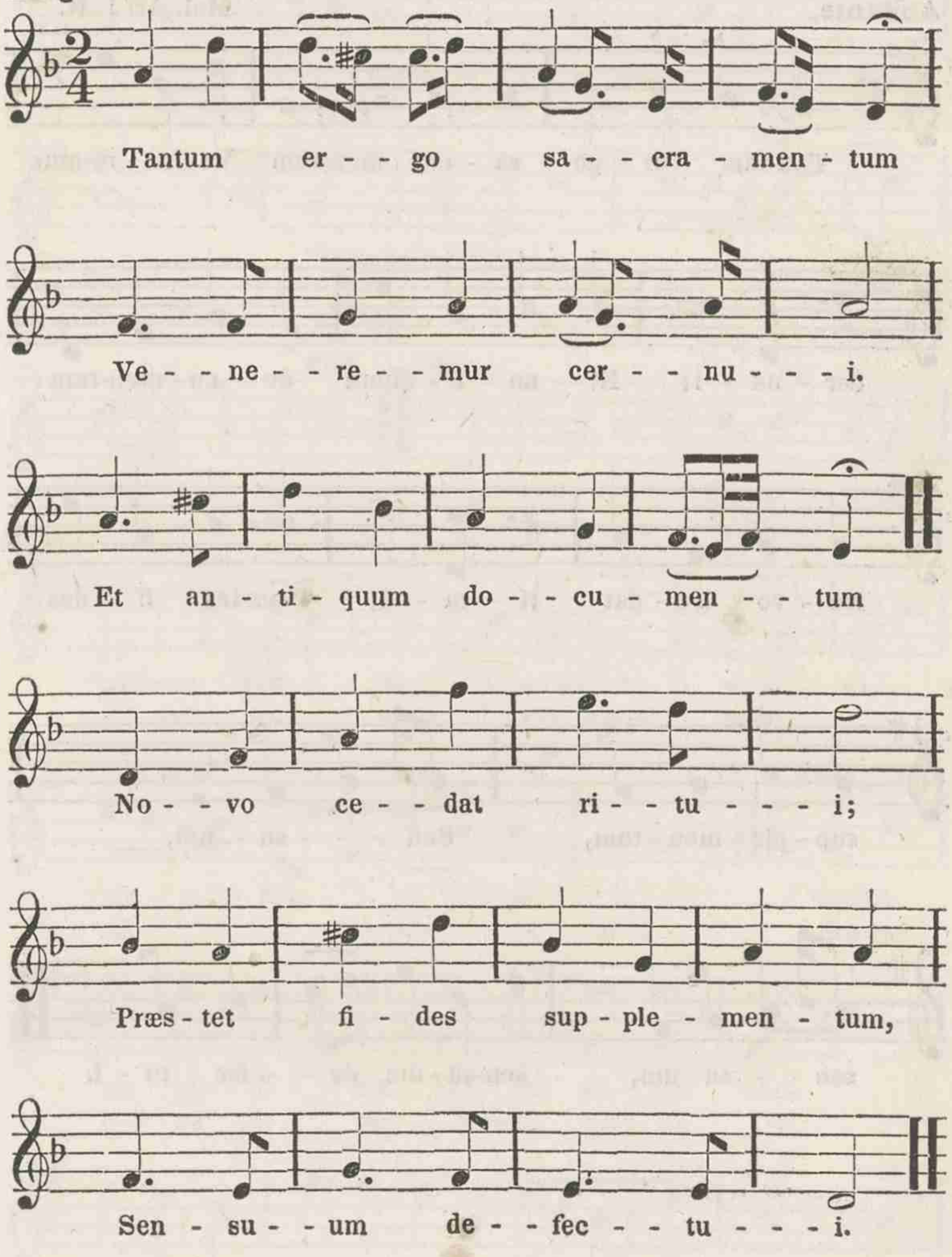
Andante. **By Meineke.**



TANTUM ERGO.

No. 4.

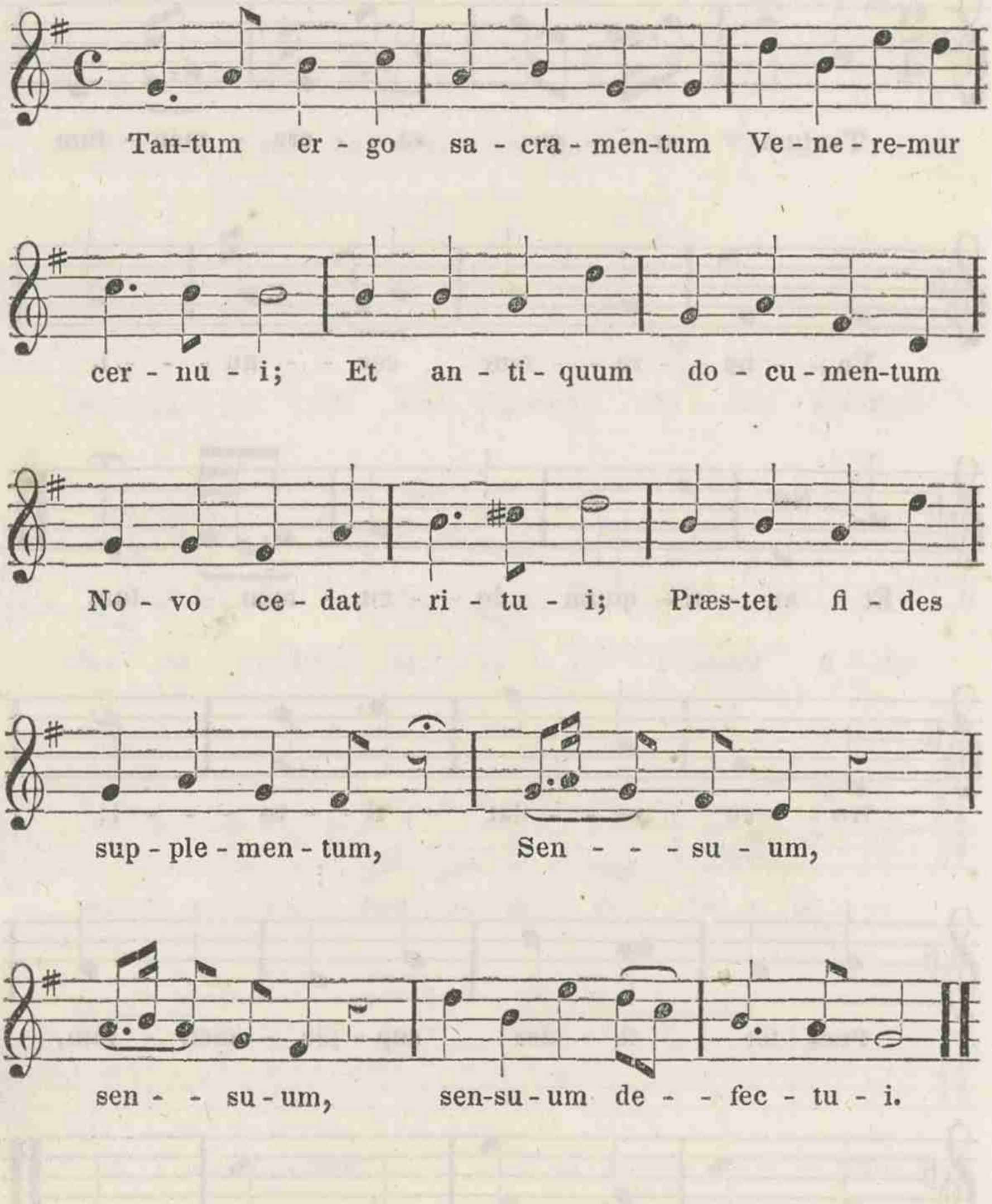
Larghetto. Mel. J. H.



TANTUM ERGO.
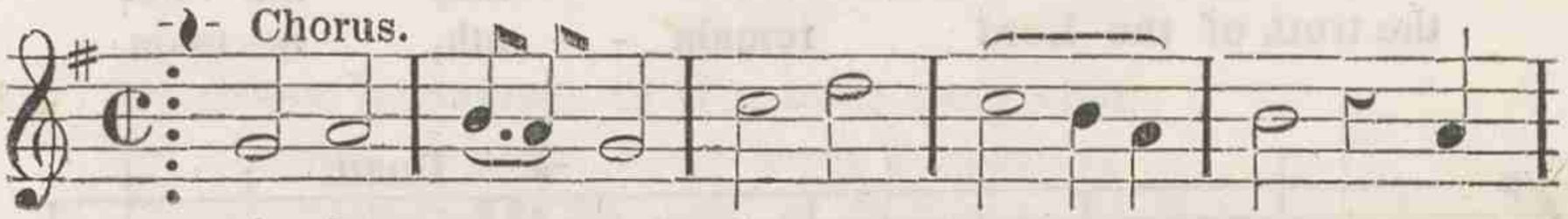
No. 5.

Andante. Mel. Ar. J. H.
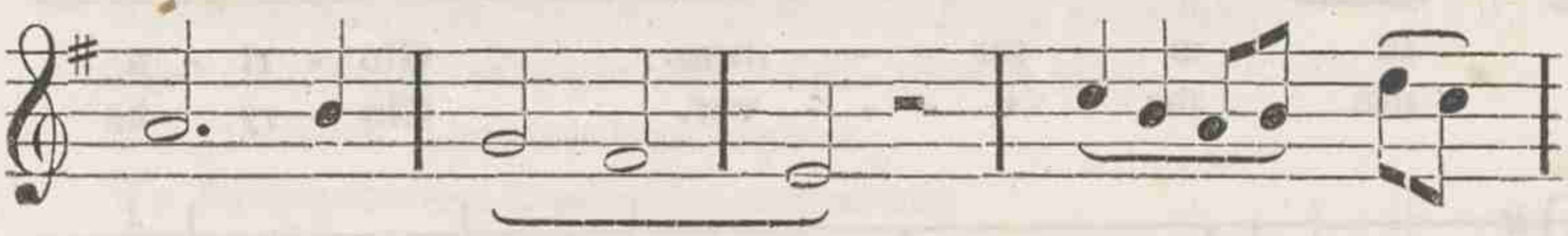


ADOREMUS—IN TREMBLING AWE.
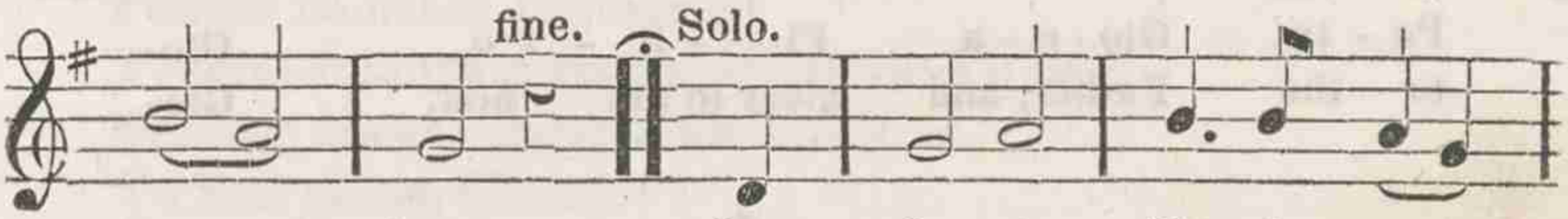
Andante. Ancient Melodies.
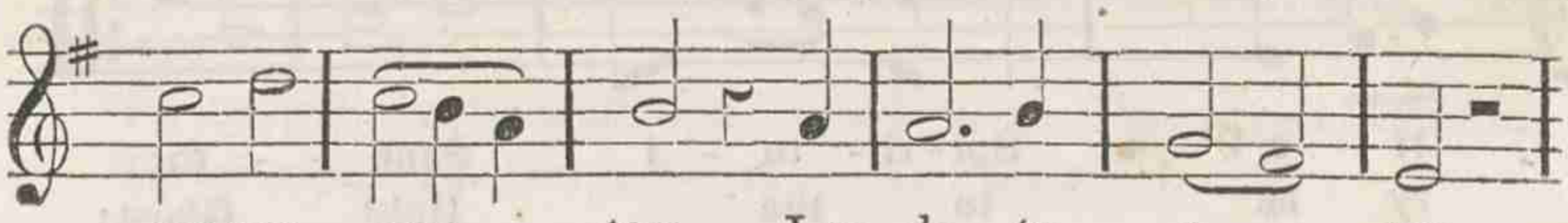


A - do - re - mus in æ - - ter - - - - num Sanc-
In trem - bling awe, let us a - - - - dore Love's
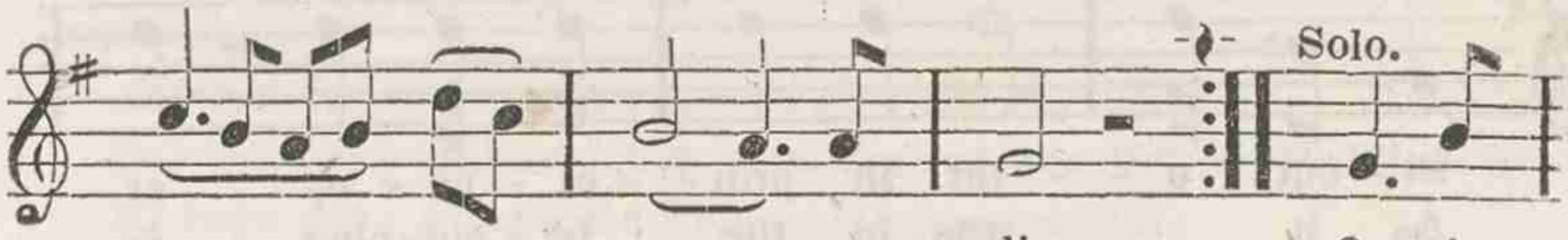


tis - - si - - mum sa - - - - - cra-
sa - cred pledge, for e-
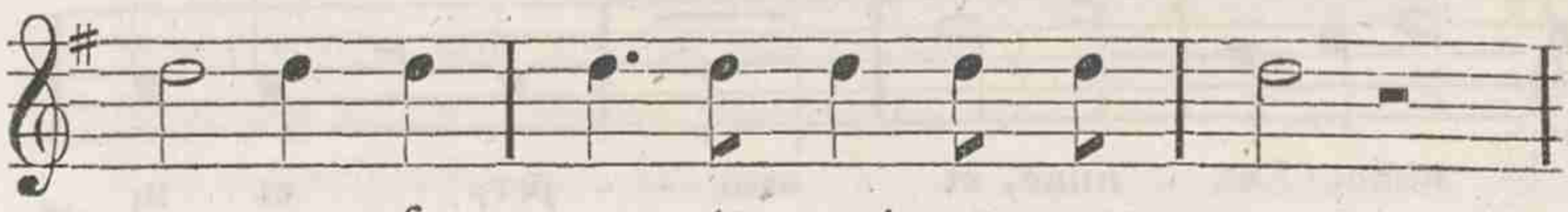


men - - tum: Lau - da - te Do-mi - num,
ver - - - more: O praise the Lord,
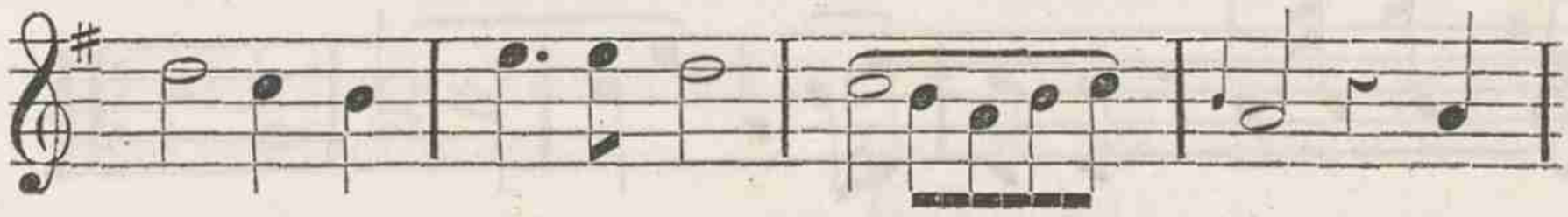


om-nes gen - - tes; Lau - da - te e - - um,
all ye na - - tions, O praise him,
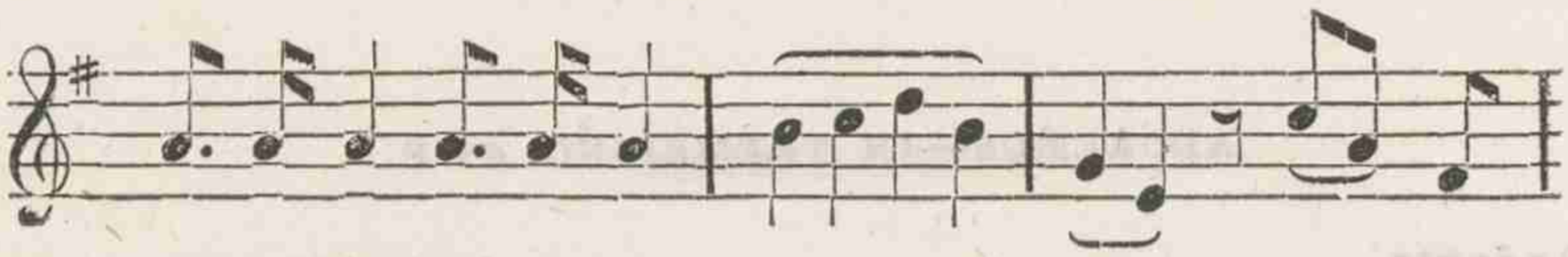


om - - - nes po - - pu - - li. Quoni-
all ye peo - - - - ple; For his
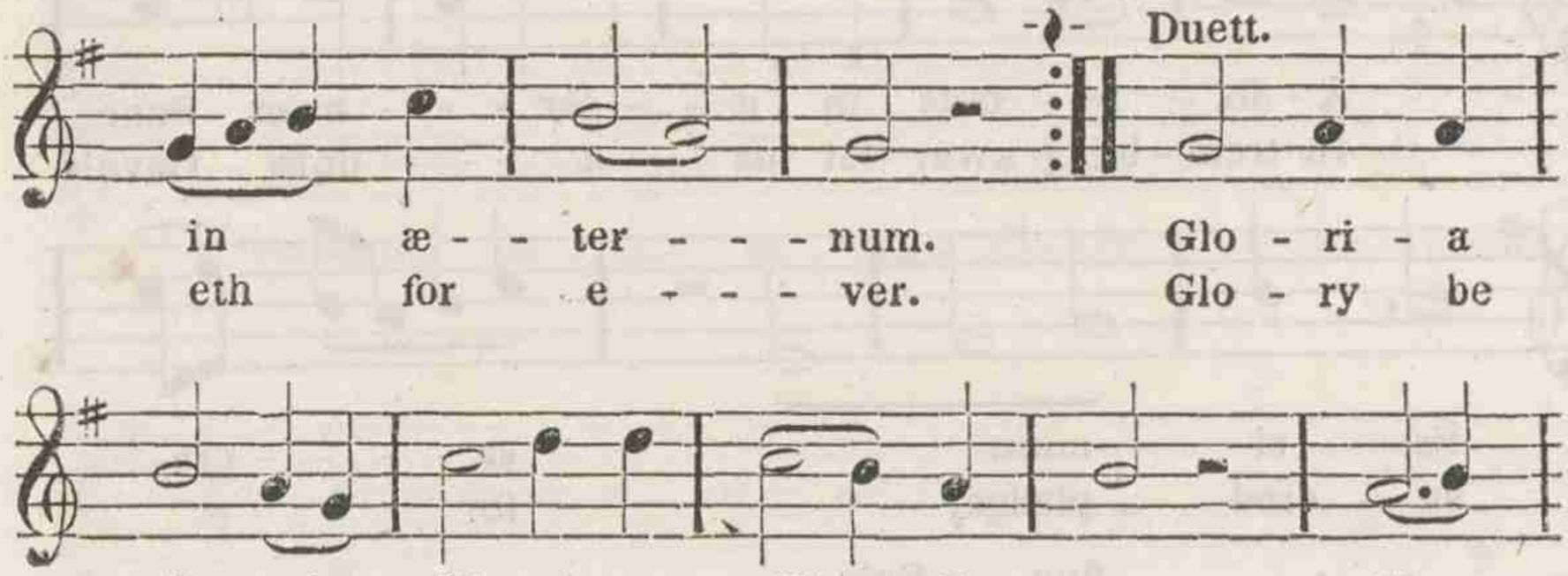


am con - fir - - ma - ta est su - per nos
mer - cy is con - firmed up - on us,



mi - se - ri - cor - di - a e - - - - - jus; Et
his mercy is confirm'd upon us; And
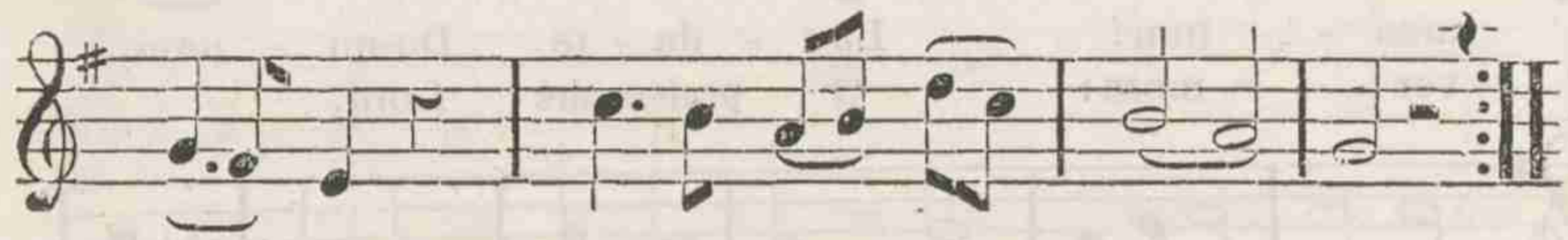


ve - ri - tas Do - mi - ni ma - - - - net, ma - net
the truth of the Lord remain - - eth, re - main-
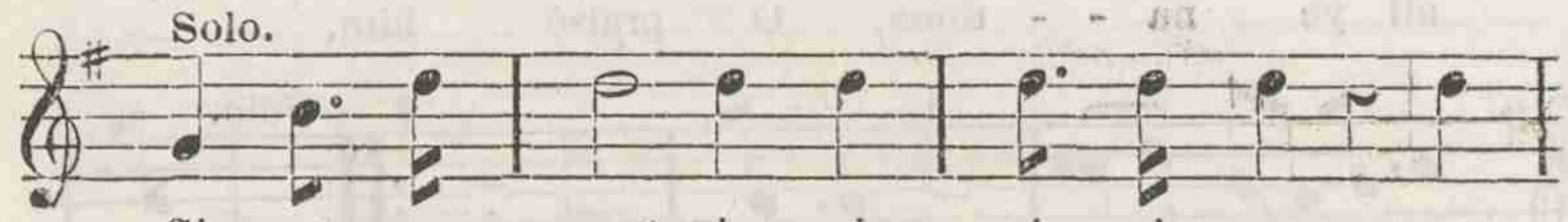


in æ - - ter - - - - num. Glo - ri - a
eth for e - - - - ver. Glo - ry be

Pa - tri, Glo - ri - a Fi - - li - - o, Glo-
to the Father, and glory to the Son, Glo-
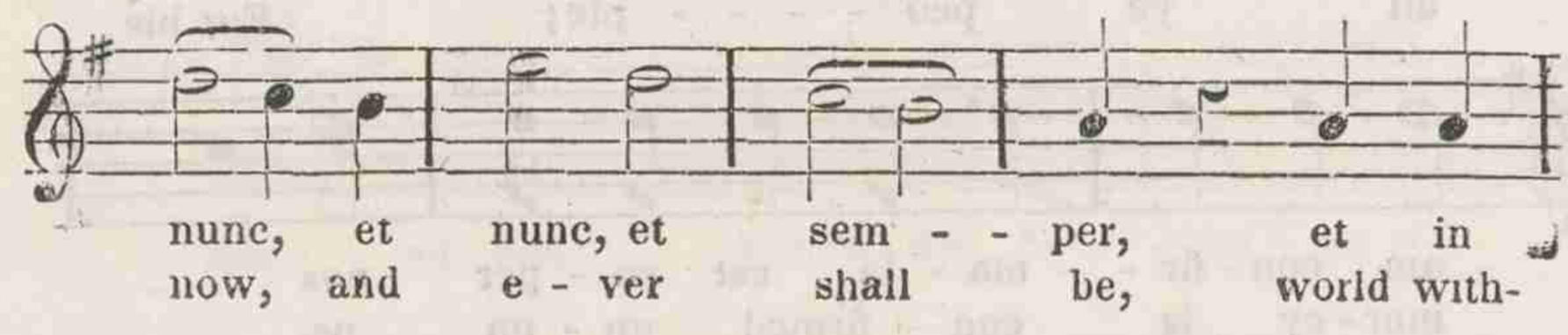


ri - a Spi - ri - tu - i Sanc - - to;
ry be to the Holy Ghost;

Solo.



Si - cut e - - rat in prin - - ci - pi - o, et
As it was in the be - gin - ning, is



nunc, et nunc, et sem - - per, et in
now, and e - ver shall be, world with-



sæ - cu - la sæ - cu - lo - rum, A - - - - - - men.
out end, world with-out end, A - - - - - - men.

TE DEUM—THEE SOVEREIGN GOD, page 172.

Hymn of Sts. Ambrose and Augustine.

Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur.
Te æternum Patrem, omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes angeli; tibi cœli, et universæ potestates:
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant,
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus;
Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus;
Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus;
Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur Ecclesia,
Patrem immensæ majestatis;
Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium,
Sanctum quoque Paracletum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriæ Christe!
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, non horruisti Virginis uterum.
Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna Cœlorum.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes in gloria Patris.
Judex crederis esse venturus.
Te ergo quæsumus, famulis tuis subveni, quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.
Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.
Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine: et benedic hereditati tuæ.
Et rege eos: et extolle illos usque in æternum.
Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.
Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum, et in sæculum sæculi.
Dignare Domine! die isto sine peccato nos custodire.
Miserere nostri Domine! miserere nostri.
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine! super nos: quemadmodum speravimus in te.
In te, Domine! speravi: non confundar in æternum.

V. Benedicamus Patrem, et Filium, cum Spiritu Sancto:

R. Laudemus, et super exultemus eum in sæcula.

V. We will bless the Father and the Son, together with the Holy Spirit:

R. We will praise, and exalt him for ever.

PART IX.

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND RESPONSES,

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

FOR SUNDAYS IN ADVENT.

AT VESPERS—Psalms as on Sundays.

HYMN.

Melody—"Bright Maker," page 234.

CREATOR alme siderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.

Qui, dæmonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.

Commune qui mundi nefas,
Ut expiares ad crucem,
E virginis sacrario,
Intacta prodis victima.

Cujus potestas gloriæ,
Nomenque cum primum sonant,
Et cœlites, et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.

Te deprecamur, ultimæ
Magnum diei Judicem;
Armis supernæ gratiæ
Defende nos ab hostibus.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria,
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Rorate, cœli, desuper, et nubes pluant justum;

R. Aperiatur terra, et germinet salvatorem.

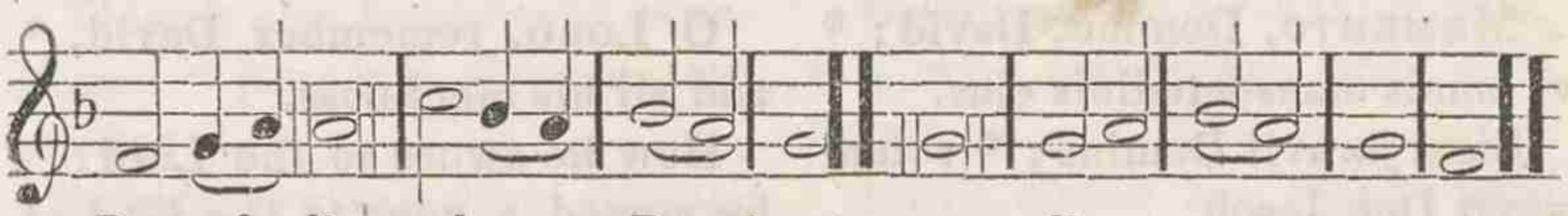
V. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down the just one;

R. And let the earth be opened, and bud forth the Saviour.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

At Vespers—The first three Psalms, as on Sundays.

FOURTH PSALM—DE PROFUNDIS.



PSALM CXXIX.

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine: * Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes * in vocem deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris Domine: * Domine, quis sustinebit.

Quia apud te propitiatio est: * et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Out of the depths I have cried to thee, O Lord; * Lord, hear my voice.

Let thy ears be attentive * to the voice of my supplication.

If thou wilt observe iniquities, O Lord; * Lord, who shall endure it?

Because with thee there is merciful forgiveness; * and by reason of thy law, I have waited for thee, O Lord.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: * speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem, * speret Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia: * et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel, * ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

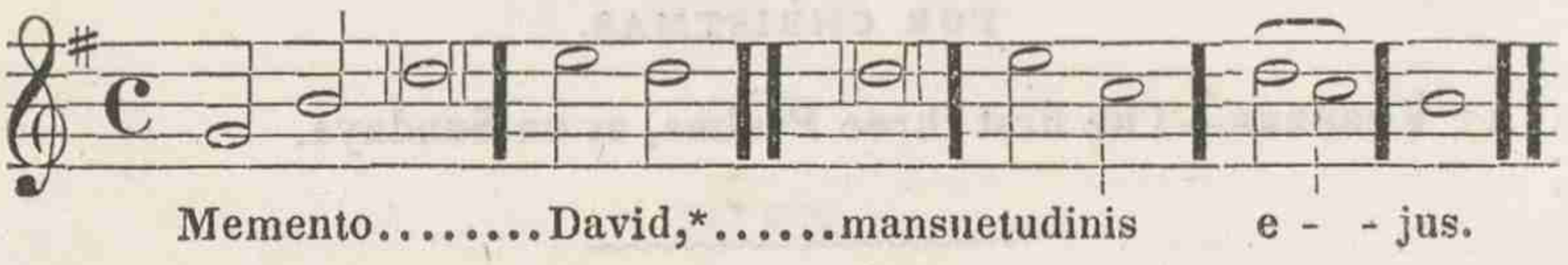
My soul hath relied on his word; * my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

From the morning watch even until night, * let Israel hope in the Lord.

Because with the Lord there is mercy, and with him plentiful redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel * from all his iniquities.

FIFTH PSALM—MEMENTO.



PSALM CXXXI.

MEMENTO, Domine, David; * et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.

Sicut juravit Domino; * votum vovit Deo Jacob.

Si introiero in tabernaculum domus meæ, * si ascendero in lectum strati mei:

Si dedero somnum oculis meis, * et palpebris meis dormitationem:

Et requiem temporibus meis: * donec inveniam locum Domino; tabernaculum Deo Jacob.

Ecce audivimus eum in Ephrata: * invenimus eam in campis silvæ.

Introibimus in tabernaculum ejus: * adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.

O LORD, remember David, * and all his meekness.

How he swore to the Lord: * he vowed a vow to the God of Jacob.

If I shall enter into the tabernacle of my house; * if I shall go up into the bed wherein I lie;

If I shall give sleep to my eyes, * or slumber to my eye-lids;

Or rest to my temples: * until I find a place for the Lord, a tabernacle for the God of Jacob.

Behold, we have heard of it in Ephrata: * we have found it in the fields of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacle: * we will adore in the place where his feet stood.

Surge, Domine, in requiem tuam ; * tu, et arca sanctificationis tuæ.

Sacerdotes tui induantur justitiam : et Sancti tui exultent.

Propter David, servum tuum, * non avertas faciem Christi tui.

Juravit Dominus David veritatem, et non frustrabitur eam : * de fructu ventris tui ponam super sedem tuam.

Si custodierint filii tui testamentum meum, * et testimonia mea hæc, quæ docebo eos ;

Et filii eorum usque in sæculum, * sedebunt super sedem tuam.

Quoniam elegit Dominus Sion : * elegit eam in habitationem sibi.

Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi : * hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam.

Viduam ejus benedicens benedicam : * pauperes ejus saturabo panibus.

Sacerdotes ejus induam salutari: * et sancti ejus exultatione exultabunt.

Illuc producam cornu David : * paravi lucernam Christo meo.

Inimicos ejus induam confusione: * super ipsum autem efflorebit sanctificatio mea.

Arise, O Lord, into thy resting place ; * thou, and the ark, which thou hast sanctified.

Let thy priests be clothed with justice ; * and let thy saints rejoice.

For thy servant David's sake, * turn not away the face of thy anointed.

The Lord hath sworn truth to David ; and he will not make it void ; * of the fruit of thy womb I will set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant, * and these my testimonies which I shall teach them;

Their children, also, for evermore shall sit upon thy throne;

For the Lord hath chosen Sion: * he hath chosen it for his dwelling.

This is my rest for ever and ever : * here will I dwell, for I have chosen it.

Blessing I will bless her widow: * I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will clothe her priests with salvation : * and her saints shall rejoice with exceeding great joy.

There will I bring forth a horn to David : * I have prepared a lamp for my anointed.

His enemies I will clothe with confusion : * but upon him shall my sanctification flourish.

HYMN.

Melody—"Jesus, the Ransomer," page 236.

JESU, Redemptor omnium!
Quem, lucis ante originem,
Parem paternæ gloriæ
Pater supremus edidit.

Tu, lumen et splendor Patris!
Tu, spes perennis omnium!
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli.

Memento, rerum Conditor!
Nostri quod olim corporis,
Sacrato ab alvo Virginis,
Nascendo formam sumpseris.

Testatur hoc præsens dies,
Currens per anni circulum,
Quod solus, e sinu Patris,
Mundi salus adveneris.

Hunc astra, tellus, æquora,
Hunc omne quod cœlo subest,
Salutis auctorem novæ,
Novo salutat cantico.

Et nos, beata quos sacri
Rigavit unda sanguinis,
Natalis ob diem tui
Hymni tributum solvimus.

Jesu! tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterne sæcula. Amen.

V. Notum fecit Dominus, Alleluia,
R. Salutare suum, Alleluia.

V. The Lord hath made known, Alleluia.
R. His salvation, Alleluia.

ANOTHER HYMN.

Melody—"With hearts truly grateful," page 184.

ADESTE, fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte
Regem angelorum.
Venite, adoremus,
Venite, adoremus
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine
Gestant puellæ viscera:
Deum Verum,
Genitum, non factum.
Venite, &c.

Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria
In excelsis Deo;
Venite, &c.

Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni
Verbum caro factum.
Venite, &c.

FOR CIRCUMCISION.

AT VESPERS—Psalms the same, as on the Festivals of the B. V Mary.—Hymn, the same as on Christmas day.

FOR EPIPHANY.

AT VESPERS—Psalms, as on Sundays.

HYMN.

Melody—"What makes thee cruel," page 240.

CRUDELIS Herodes, Deum
Regem venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia,
Qui regna dat cœlestia.

Ibant magi, quam viderant
Stellam sequentes prævíam:
Lumen requirunt lumine:
Deum fatentur munere.

Lavacra puri gurgitis
Cœlestis Agnus attigit:
Peccata, quæ non detulit,
Nos abluendo sustulit.

Novum genus potentiæ,
Aquæ rubescunt hydriæ,
Vinumque jussa fundere,
Mutavit unda originem.

Jesu! tibi sit gloria,
Qui apparuisti gentibus,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Reges Tharsis, et insulæ munera offerent;

R. Reges Arabum, et Saba dona adducent.

V. The kings of Tharsis, and the islands shall offer gifts;

R. The kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring presents.
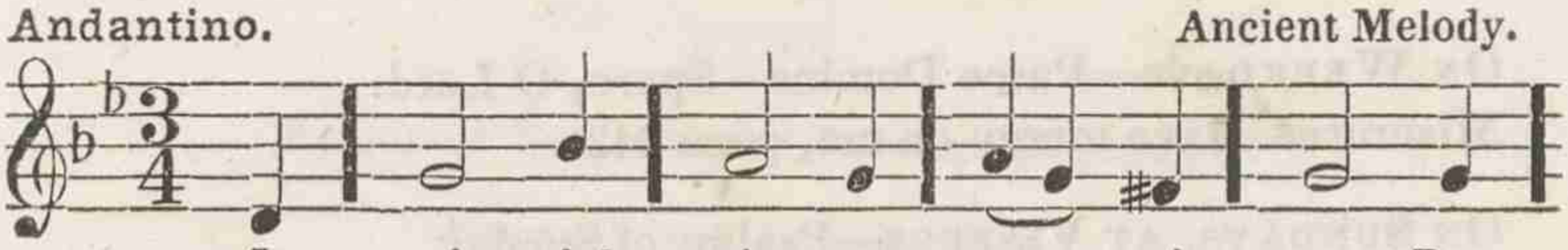
FOR THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.
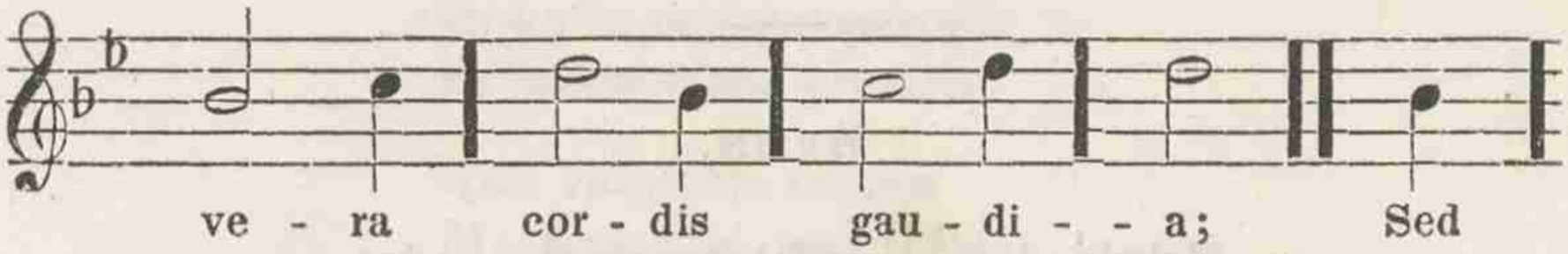
AT VESPERS—The first four Psalms, as on Sundays; the 5th Credidi propter.
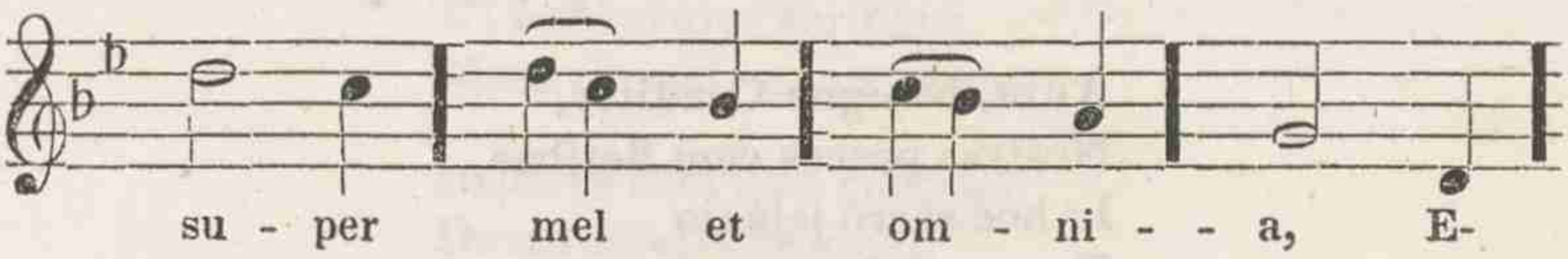
HYMN.
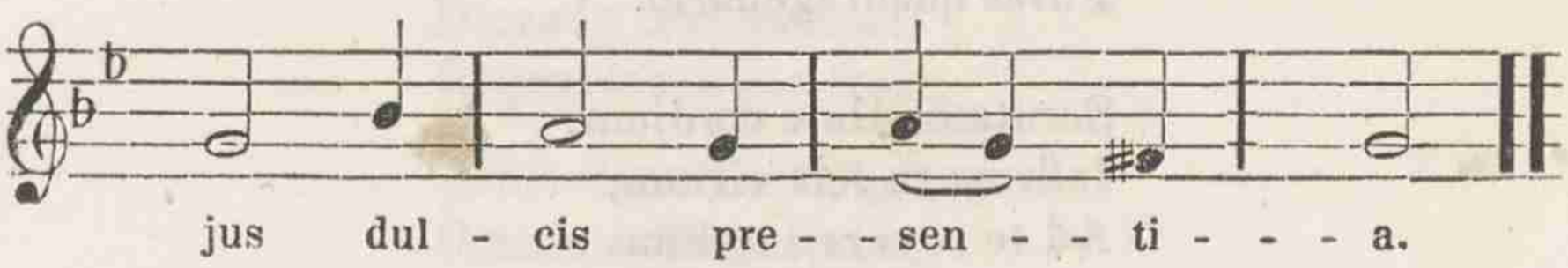
(Jesus, the only thought of thee, page 241.)

Andantino. Ancient Melody.









Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus, Dei filius.

Jesu ! spes pœnitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus !
Quam bonus te quærentibus !
Sed quid invenientibus ?

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Sis, Jesu ! nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus præmium,
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper sæcula. Amen.

V. Sit nomen Domini benedictum, Alleluia.

R. Ex hoc nunc, et usque in sæcula, Alleluia.

V. Blessed be the name of the Lord, Alleluia.

R. From henceforth, now, and for ever, Alleluia.

FOR LENT.

ON WEEKDAYS—Parce Domine—Spare, O Lord.
Miserere—Have mercy on me, page 243.

ON SUNDAYS, AT VESPERS—Psalms of Sunday.

HYMN.

Melody—"O bountiful Creator," page 248.

AUDI, benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hoc sacro jejunio
Fusas quadragenario.

Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium,
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.

Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus;
Ad nominis laudem tui,
Confer medelam languidis.

Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam,
Culpæ ut relinquant pabulum
Jejuna corda criminum.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,
Concede, simplex unitas,
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera. Amen.

V. Angelis suis, Deus mandavit de te,

R. Ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.

V. God has given his angels charge over thee,

R. To keep thee in all thy ways.

FOR PASSION SUNDAY.

AT VESPERS—Psalms, as on Sundays.

HYMN.

Melody—"Behold the royal ensigns," page 249.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Qua vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo Nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite,
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit sæculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Tulitque prædam tartari.

O crux, ave, spes unica,
Hoc Passionis tempore,
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

Te, fons salutis, Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis Spiritus;
Quibus crucis victoriam
Largiris, adde præmium. Amen.

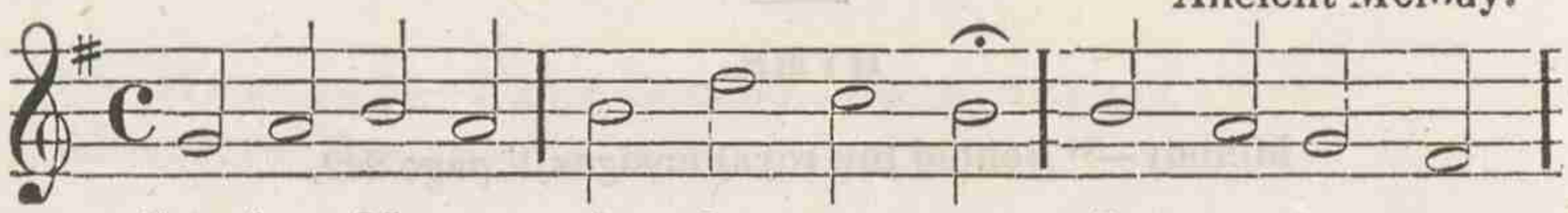
V. Eripe me, Domine ab homine malo:
R. A viro iniquo eripe me.

V. Deliver me, O Lord, from the wicked man:
R. From the unjust man rescue me.

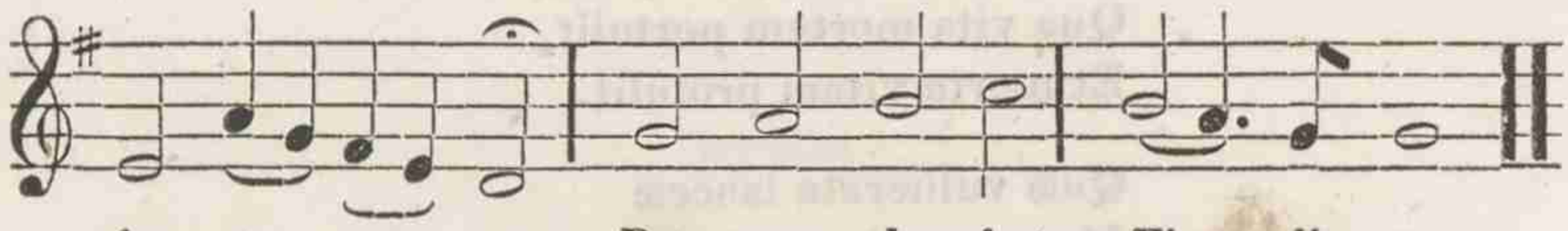
FOR FRIDAY, IN PASSION WEEK.

The Virgin Mother, page 197.

Ancient Melody.



Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa, Jux - ta cru-cem
The Virgin Mo - ther weep-ing stood, Be-neath the world's



la - cry - mo - sa, Dum pen - de - bat Fi - - li - us.
re - deem - ing wood, Which bore her much lov'd Son.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti;
Quæ mærebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari
Piam matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut illi complaceam.

PART II.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filii.
Iflammatus et accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus,
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri.
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

V. Tuam ipsius animam pertransivit gladius,

R. Ut revelentur ex multis cordibus cogitationes.

V. A sword has pierced thy very soul,

R. That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

For Palm Sunday, See page 250 and 252.

AT VESPERS—Psalms and Hymn the same as on Passion Sunday.
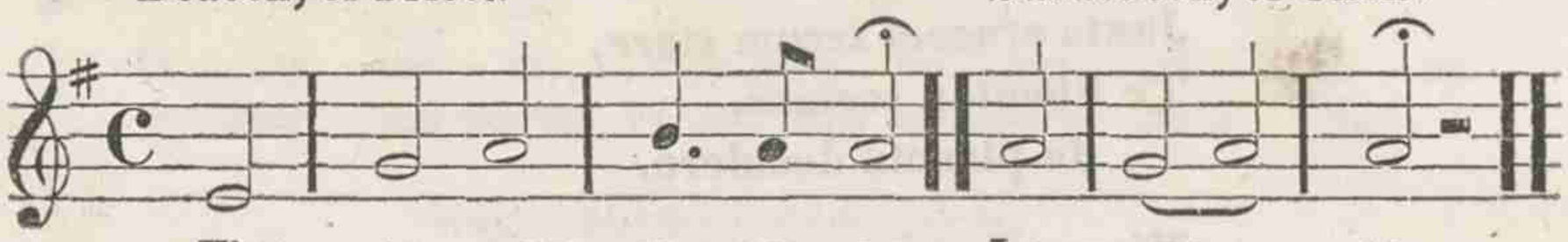
For Holy Thursday, see pages 200, 202, 267.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING OFFICE.

1. *The Deacon, or where there is no Deacon, the Priest, sings:*—Oremus flectamus genua; *to which the Subdeacon, or where there is no Subdeacon, the Choir, responds, as follows:*
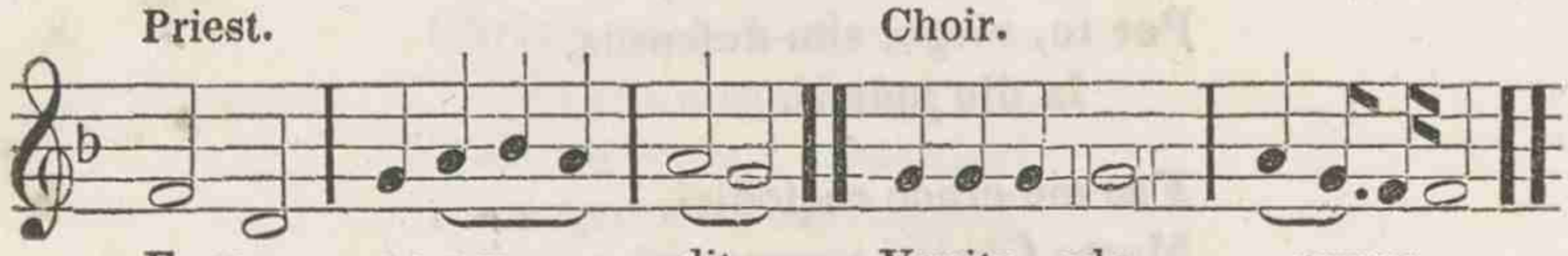
Deacon, or Priest. Subdeacon, or Choir.



Flec - ta - mus ge - nu - a: Le - va - - te.
Let us bend our knees: Raise them up.

2. *The Priest, turned to the people, and holding towards them the Crucifix, sings three times, raising his voice, at each repetition, somewhat higher, as follows:*—Ecce lignum crucis; *The Deacon and Subdeacon, if there be any, then join:* in quo salus mundi pependit: Behold the wood of the cross, whereon the salvation of the world hath been suspended; *to which the Choir respond, each time, with bended knees, as follows:*

Priest. Choir.
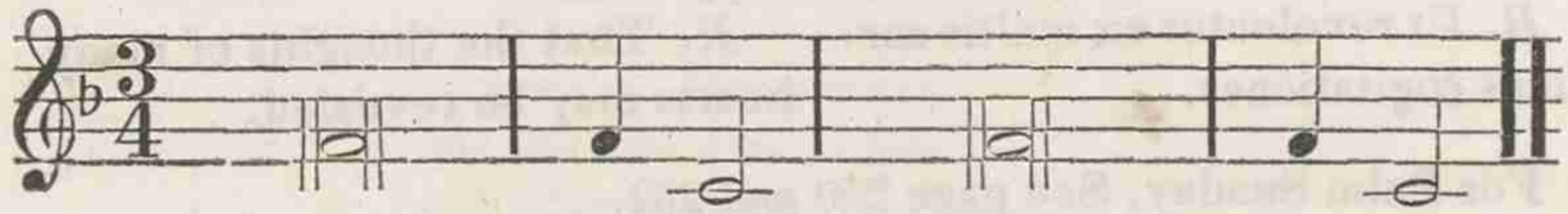


Ecce.....pe-pen - - dit. Venite ado - - remus.
Behold..... Come, let us a - dore.
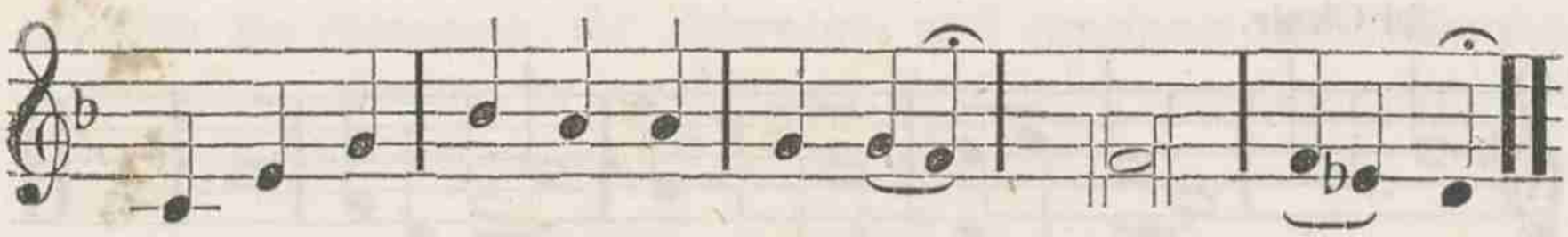
3. *The following* Improperia, *or* Reproaches, *are sung, beginning at the Adoration of the Cross, and ending with it.*

Two Singers, 1st Verse.

Recitativo.



Populc me - us, quid feci ti - bi,*
O my peo - ple, what have I done to thee,*



Aut in quo con-tris - ta - vi te? Responde mi - hi;
Or in what have I griev - ed thee? An - - - swer me;
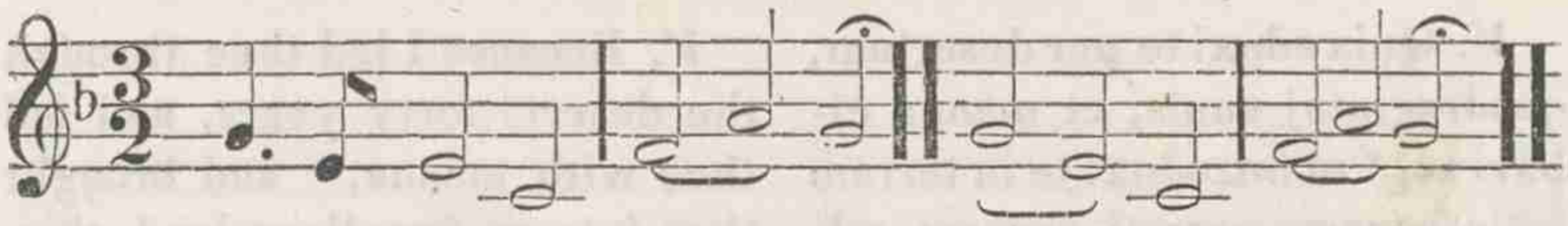


Quia e - du - xi te de ter - ra Æ - gyp - ti,*
Because I led thee out of the land of E-gypt,*



Parasti crucem salva - - - to - ri tu - o.
Thou hast prepared a cross for thy Sa-viour.
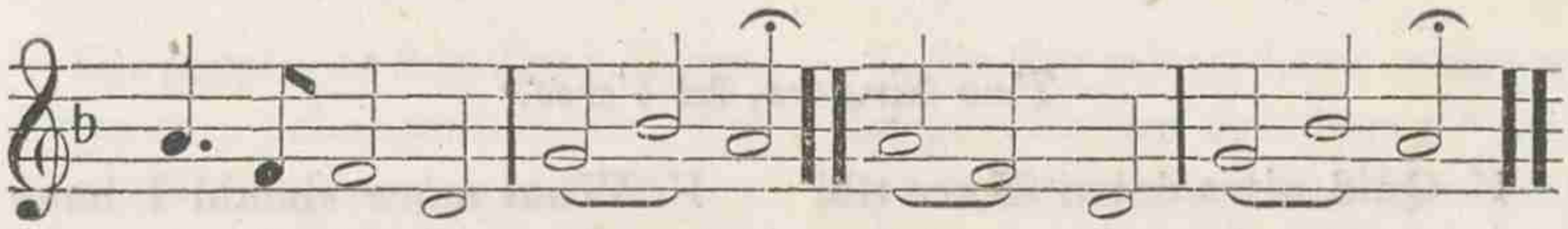
To which two Choirs respond as follows:

1st Choir. 2d Choir.
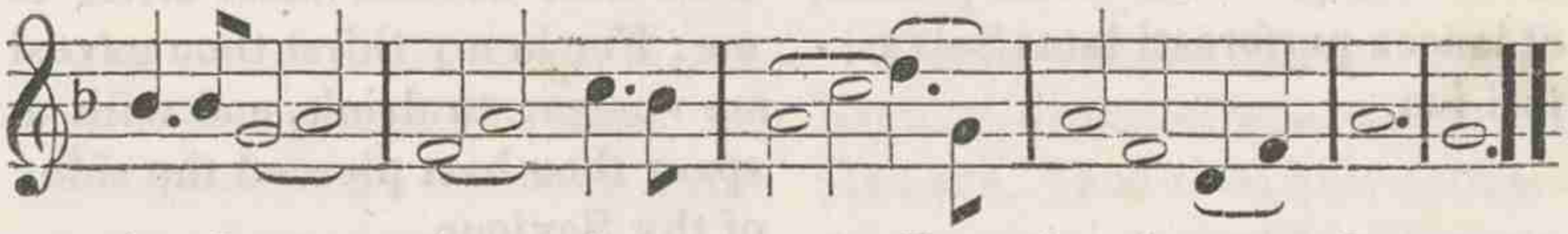


A - gi - os O The - os! Sanc - tus De - us!
O ho - - - - - ly God! O ho - ly God!

1st Choir. 2d Choir.
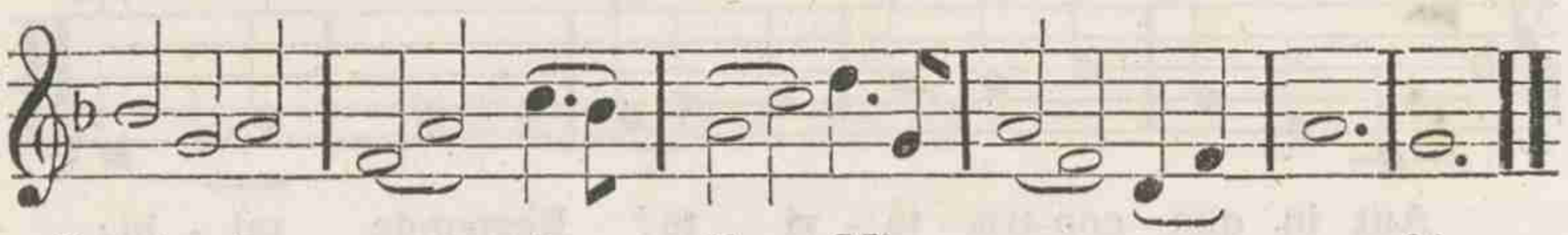


A - gi - os Is - chy - ros! Sanc - tus for - tis!
O ho - ly and strong God! O ho - ly and strong God!

1st Choir.
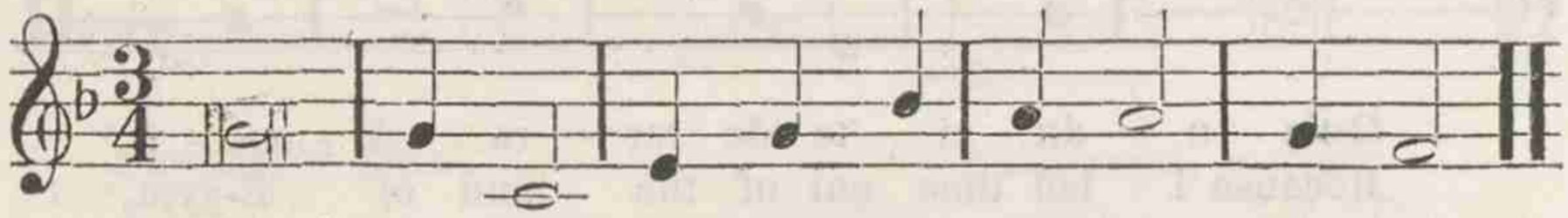


A - gi - os A - - thana - tos, E - le - i - son I - mas.
O ho - ly and immor - tal God, have mercy on us.

2d Choir.



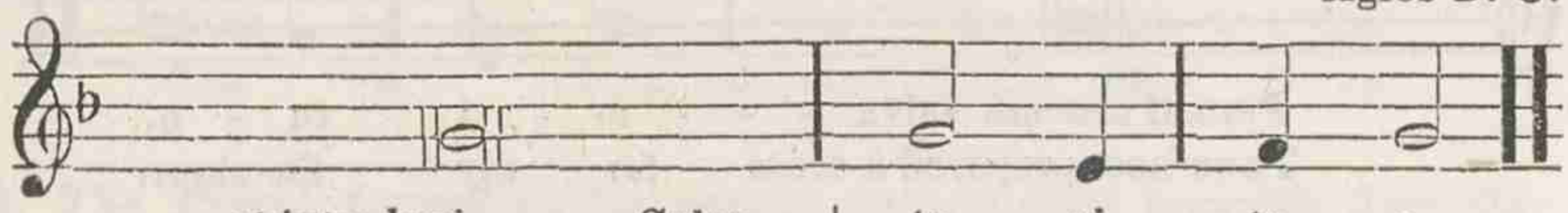
Sanctus im - mor - ta - - lis, Mise - re - re no - bis.
O ho-ly and im - mortal God, have mercy on us.

Two Singers, 2d and 3d Verses, in full below.



Quia... | an - nis, et man - na ci - ba - - vi te,*
Quid..vi-| neam me - am spe - ci - o - sis - - si - mam,*

Agios D. C.



et introduxi.....Salva - |- to - - ri tu - - o.
et tu facta.....Salva - |- to - - ri tu - - o.

Two Singers, 2d Verse.

V. Quia eduxi te per desertum, quadraginta| annis, et manna cibavi te, * et introduxi te in terram satis bonam, parasti crucem salva-| tori tuo.

Ch. Agios, &c.

V. Because I led thee through the desert| forty years, and fed thee with manna, * and brought thee into an excellent land, thou hast prepared a cross | for thy Saviour.

Ch. O holy God, &c.

Two Singers, 3d Verse.

V. Quid ultra debui facere tibi et non feci? ego quidam plantavi te vi-| neam meam speciosissimam, * et tu facta es mihi nimis amara; aceto namque sitim meam potasti, et lancea perforasti latus Salva |- tori tuo.

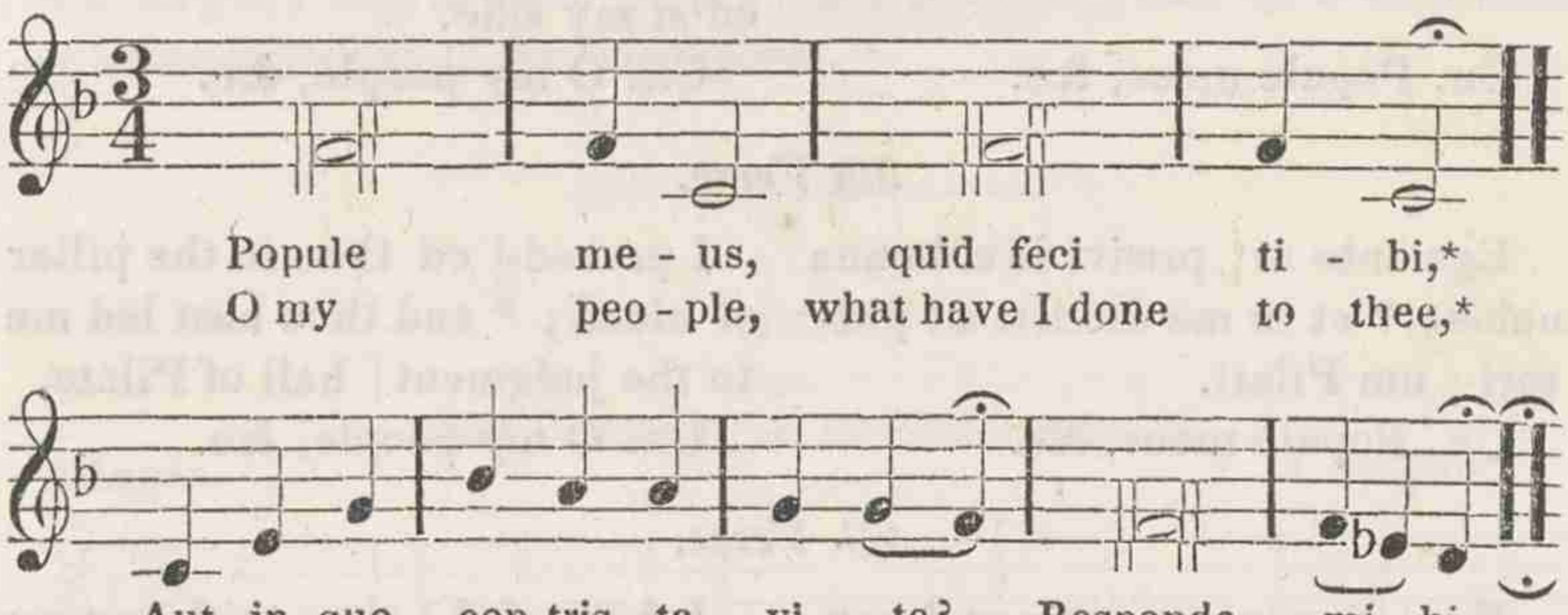
Ch. Agios, &c.

V. What more should I have done to thee, and have not done? I have indeed plant-| ed thee, my most beautiful vineyard; * and thou hast become most bitter to me; For in my thirst thou gavest me vinegar to drink, and with a spear thou hast pierced the side of thy Saviour.

Ch. O holy God, &c.

If, after the foregoing, the Adoration still continues, the following Verses are chanted by two Singers, the Choirs repeating after each verse—Popule meus, &c: O my people, &c.

Two Singers: Then Chorus.



Popule me - us, quid feci ti - bi,*
O my peo - ple, what have I done to thee,*

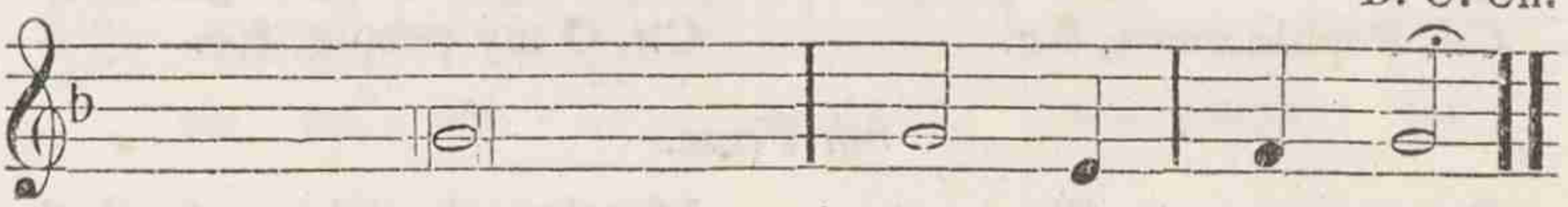
Aut in quo con-tris - ta - vi te? Responde mi - hi.
Or in what have I griev - ed thee? An - - - swer me.

Two Singers, Verses in full below.



Ego..Ægyp-| tum cum pri - mo - ge - ni - tis su - is,*

D. C. Ch.



et tu me..... | tra - di - - dis - ti.

Two Singers, 2d Verse.

Ego propter te flagellavi Ægyp-| tum cum primogenitis suis; * et tu me flagellatum | tradidisti.

I, for thy sake,| have scourged Egypt with her first born; * and thou scourging me de-| liveredst me.

Ch. Popule meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

Two Singers, 3d Verse.

Ego eduxi te de Ægypto, de-merso Pha-| raone, in mare rubrum; * et tu me tradidisti Principibus | Sacerdotum.

I brought thee out of Egypt, having | drowned Pharaoh in the Red sea: * and thou hast delivered me over | to the Chief Priests.

Ch. Popule meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

4th Verse.

Ego | ante te aperui mare; * et tu aperuisti lancea | latus meum.

| I before thee opened the sea; * and thou, with a spear, | op'ned'st my side.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

5th Verse.

Ego ante te | præivi in columna nubis; * et tu me duxisti ad prætori-| um Pilati.

I preced-| ed thee in the pillar of cloud; * and thou hast led me to the judgment | hall of Pilate.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

6th Verse.

Ego | te pavi manna per desertum; * et tu me cæcidisti alapis | et flagellis.

I have fed | thee with manna through the desert; * and thou hast beaten me with buf-| fets and scourges.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

7th Verse.

Ego te pota-| vi aqua salutis de petra; * et tu me potasti felle | et aceto.

I | gave thee saving drink from the rock; * and thou gavest me to drink | gall and vinegar.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

8th Verse.

Ego, propter te Cha-| nanæorum reges percussi; * et tu percussisti arundine | caput meum.

I for thy sake, | have struck the kings of the Canaanites; * and thou, with a reed, | hast struck my head.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

9th Verse.

Ego | dedi tibi sceptrum regale; * et tu dedisti capiti meo | spineam coronam.

I have | given thee a regal sceptre; * and thou hast given unto my head | a crown of thorns.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.

Ch. O my people, &c.

10th Verse.

Ego te | exaltavi magna virtute; * et tu me suspendisti in | patibulo.

I | have exalted thee in great strength; * and thou hast suspended me on the gib-| bet of a cross.

Ch. Populo meus, &c.
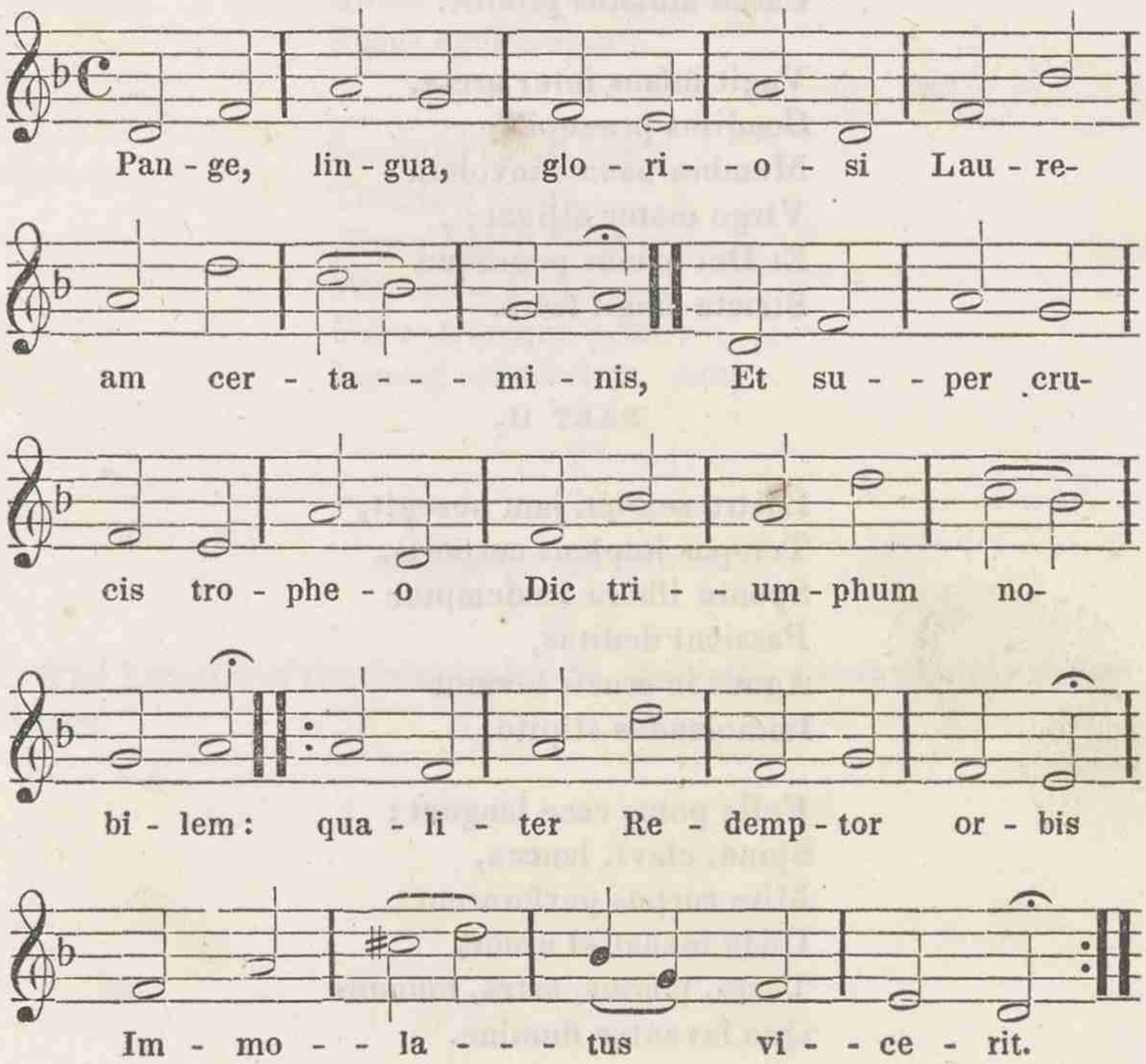
Ch. O my people, &c.

N. B.—*The foregoing* Improperia, *or* Reproaches, *might also be chanted by pious confraternities, at private devotion. The Anthem,* "We adore and worship thee," page 253, *with the Hymns* "Sing, O my tongue," (Pange lingua,) *and* "Behold the royal ensigns," (Vexilla Regis,) *may be used for the same purpose, either as a substitute, or as an addition to the* Improperia.

HYMN.

Sing O my tongue, devoutly, page 189.

Adagio. J. Hœrner.



De parentis protoplasti
Fraude factor condolens,
Quando pomi noxialis
In necem morsu ruit:
Ipse lignum tunc notavit,
Damna ligni ut solveret.

Hoc opus nostræ salutis,
Ordo depoposcerat,
Multiformis proditoris
Ars ut artem falleret;
Et medelam ferret inde,
Hostis unde læserat.

Quando venit ergo sacri
Plenitudo temporis,
Missus est ab arce Patris,
Natus orbis conditor;
Atque ventre virginali,
Carne amictus prodiit.

Vagit infans inter arcta,
Conditus præsepia;
Membra pannis involuta
Virgo mater alligat;
Et Dei manus pedesque
Stricta cingit facia.

PART II.

Lustra sex qui jam peregit,
Tempus implens corporis,
Sponte libera Redemptor
Passioni deditus,
Agnus in crucis levatur
Immolandus stipite.

Felle potus ecce languet;
Spina, clavi, lancea,
Mite corpus perforarunt;
Unda manat et cruor,
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus
Quo lavantur flumine.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis!
Silva talem nulla profert
Fronde, flore, germine;
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet.

Flecte ramos, arbor alta,
Tensa laxa viscera,
Et rigor lentescat ille,
Quem dedit nativitas;
Et superni membra regis,
Tende miti stipite.

Sola digna tu fuisti
Ferre mundi victimam;
Atque portum præparare
Arca mundo naufrago,
Quam sacer cruor perunxit,
Fusus agni corpore.

Sempiterna sit beatæ
Trinitati gloria:
Æqua Patri, Filioque,
Par decus Paraclito;
Unius trinoque nomen
Laudet universitas. Amen.

ON HOLY SATURDAY,

The Litanies of the Saints, page 85, are chanted immediately before Mass.

FOR EASTER DAY.

Anthem: This is the day—Hæc dies, page 254.

Sequence: Ye dear bought Christians, page 256.

SEQUENCE.

(Ye dear bought Christians, page 256.)

VICTIMÆ Paschali laudes
Immolent Christiani;
Agnus redemit Oves:

Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit peccatores.

Mors et vita duello
Conflixere mirando:
Dux vitæ, mortuus,
Regnat vivus.

Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?

Sepulchrum Christi viventis,
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis;
Angelicos testes,

Sudarium et vestes,
Surrexit Christus, spes mea:
Præcedet vos in Galilæam.

Scimus Christum surrexisse
A mortuis vere:
Tu nobis, Victor Rex, miserere.

EASTER HYMN.

Melody: "Young men and maids," page 257.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
O Filii, et filiæ,
Rex Cœlestis, Rex gloriæ,
Morte surrexit hodie, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Et mane prima Sabbati,
Ad ostium monumenti,
Accesserunt Discipuli, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Et Maria Magdalene,
Et Jacobi, et Salome,
Venerunt corpus ungere, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

In albis sedens Angelus
Prædixit mulieribus:
In Galilæa est Dominus, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Et Joannes, Apostolus,
Cucurrit Petro citius,
Monumento venit prius, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Discipulis astantibus,
In medio, stetit Christus,
Dicens, Pax vobis omnibus, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Ut intellexit Didymus,
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fide dubius, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Vide, Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus;
Noli esse incredulus, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Quando Thomas vidit Christum,
Pedes, manus, latus suum,
Dixit, Tu es Deus meus, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam æternam habebunt, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

In hoc festo sanctissimo,
Sit laus et jubilatio:
Benedicamus Domino, Alleluia.
Alleluia, &c.

Ex quibus nos humillimas,
Devotas atque debitas,
Deo dicamus gratias, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

FOR SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER, TILL ASCENSION.

AT VESPERS—Psalms of Sunday.

HYMN.

Melody—"The Red Sea's dangers," page 259.

AD regias agni dapes,
Stolis amicti candidis,
Post transitum Maris Rubri,
Christo canamus Principi.

Divina cujus caritas
Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.

Sparsum cruorem postibus
Vastatur horret Angelus;
Fugitque divisum mare,
Merguntur hostes fluctibus.

Jam Pasca nostrum Christus est,
Paschalis idem victima,
Et pura puris mentibus
Sinceritatis azyma.

O vera cœli victima,
Subjecta cui sunt tartara!
Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitæ præmia.

Victor, subactis inferis,
Trophæa Christus explicat,
Cœloque aperto subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.

Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu! gaudium,
A morte dira criminum
Vitæ renatos libera.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Mane nobiscum, Domine, Alleluia.
R. Quoniam advesperascit, Alleluia.

V. Stay with us, O Lord, Alleluia.
R. Because it is towards evening, Alleluia.

FOR ASCENSION DAY.

At Vespers—First four Psalms of Sunday, the fifth Laudate . . . omnes.

HYMN.

Melody—"Jesus, the Saviour," page 261.

Salutis humanæ sator,
Jesu! voluptas cordium,
Orbis redempti conditor,
Et casta lux amantium:

Qua victus es clementia!
Ut nostra ferres crimina,
Mortem subires innocens,
A morte nos ut tolleres.

Perrumpis infernum chaos:
Vinctis catenas detrahis:
Victor, triumpho nobili,
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

Te cogat indulgentia,
Ut damna nostra sarcias,
Tuique vultus compotes
Dites beato lumine.

Tu, dux ad astra et semita,
Sis meta nostris cordibus;
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,
Sis dulce vitæ præmium. Amen.

V. Dominus in cœlo, Alleluia.

R. Paravit sedem suam, Alleluia.
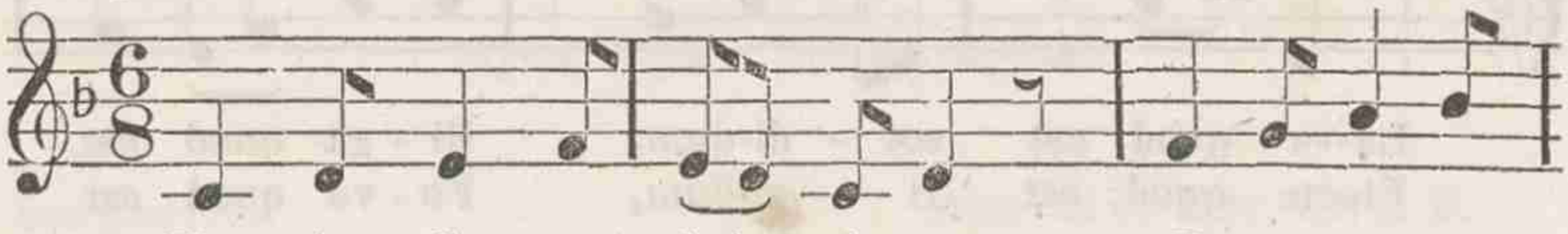
V. The Lord, in heaven, Alleluia.

R. Prepared his throne, Alleluia.
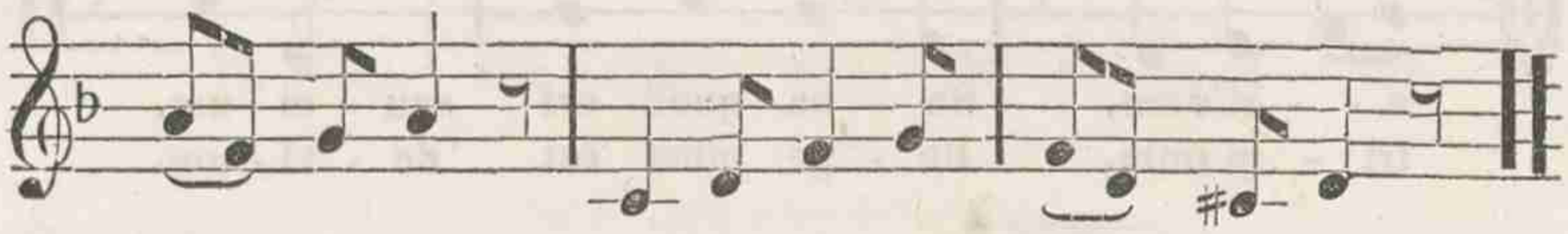
FOR WHITSUNDAY—SEQUENCE.

(Come, Holy Ghost, send down, page 20.)

Allegretto. Mel. Ar. J. H.
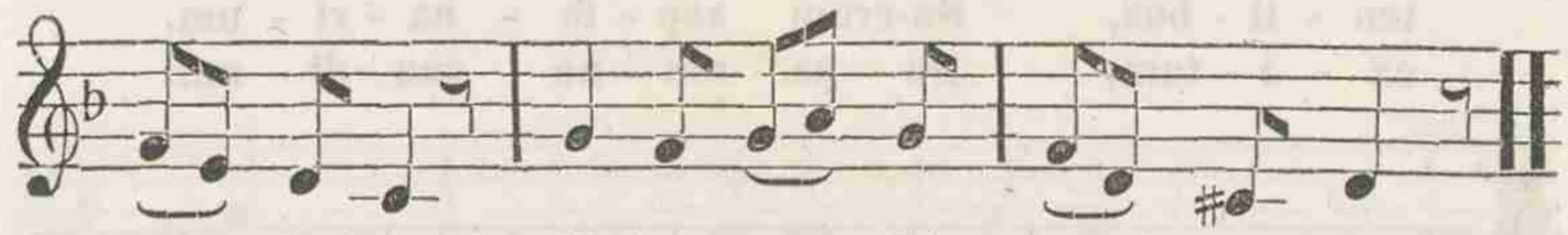


Ve - ni, Sanc-te Spi - ri - tus, Et e - mi - te
Ve - ni, Pa - ter pau - pe-rum, Ve-ni, da - tor
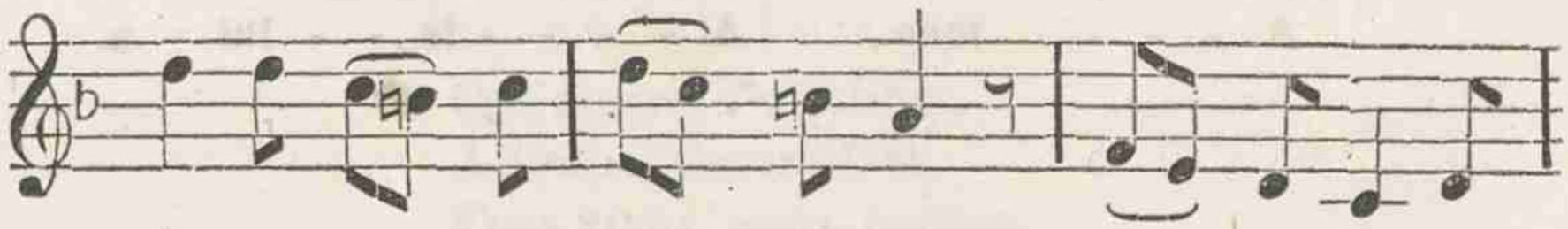


cœ - li - tus Lu-cis tu - æ ra - - di - um.
mu - ne-rum, Ve - ni, lumen cor - di - um.
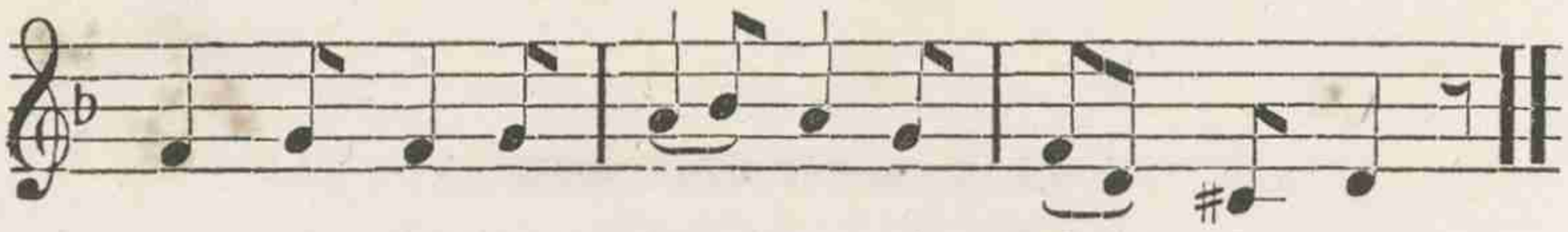


Con - so - la - tor op - ti - me, dul - cis hos - pes
In la - bo - re re - qui - es, In æs - tu tem-



a - - ni - mæ, Dulce re - fri - - ge - - ri - um.
pe - ri - es, In fle - tu so - - la - - ti - um.
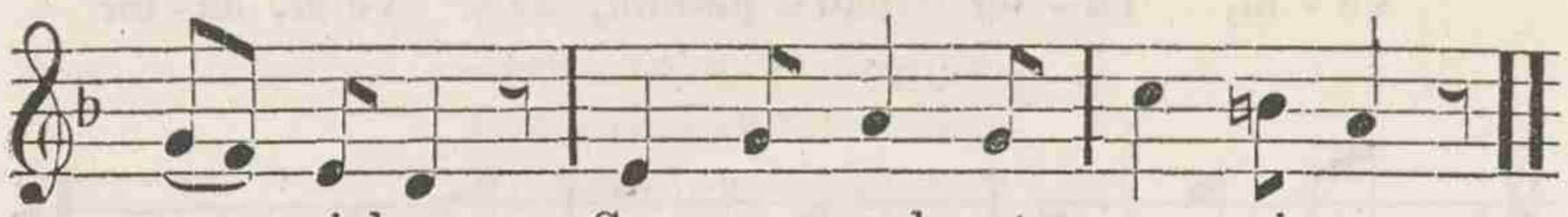


O! lux be - a - tis - - si - ma, Re - ple cor - dis
Si - ne tu - - o nu - mi - ne, Ni - hil est in
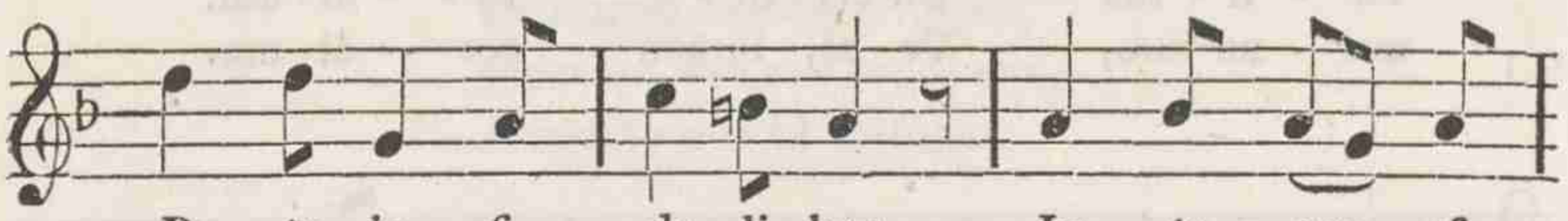


in - ti - ma tu -. - o - rum fi - - de - - li - um.
ho - mi - ne, Ni - hil est in - nox - i - um.
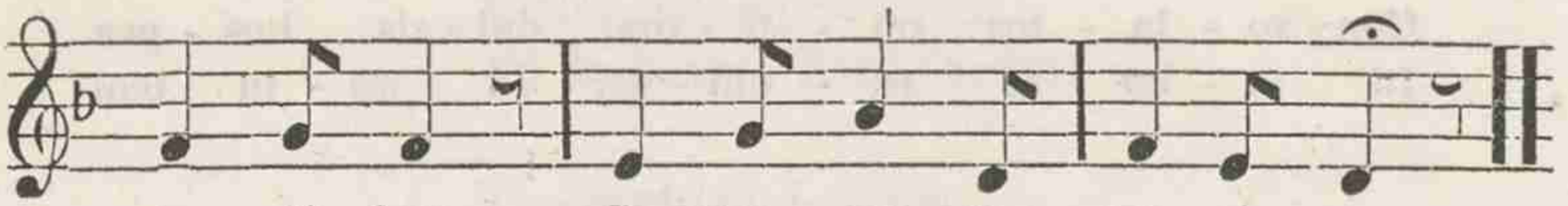


La-va quod est sor - di-dum, Ri - ga quod est
Flecte quod est ri - - gi-dum, Fo - ve quod est
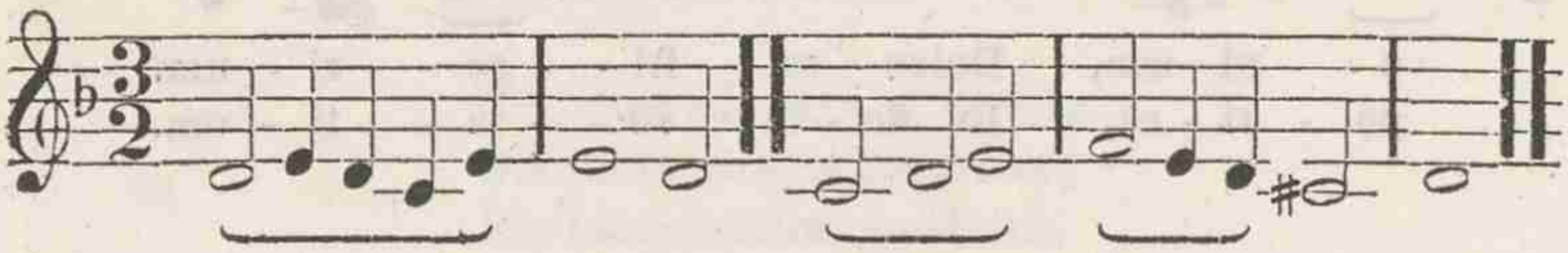


a - - ri-dum, Sa - na quod est sau - ci - um.
fri - gi-dum, Re - ge quod est de - vi - um.



Da tu - is fi - - de - li - bus, In te con - fi-
Da vir - tu - tis me-ri - tum, Da sa - lu - tis



ten - ti - bus, Sa-crum sep - te - na - ri - um.
ex - i - tum, Da pe - ren - ne gau - di - um.

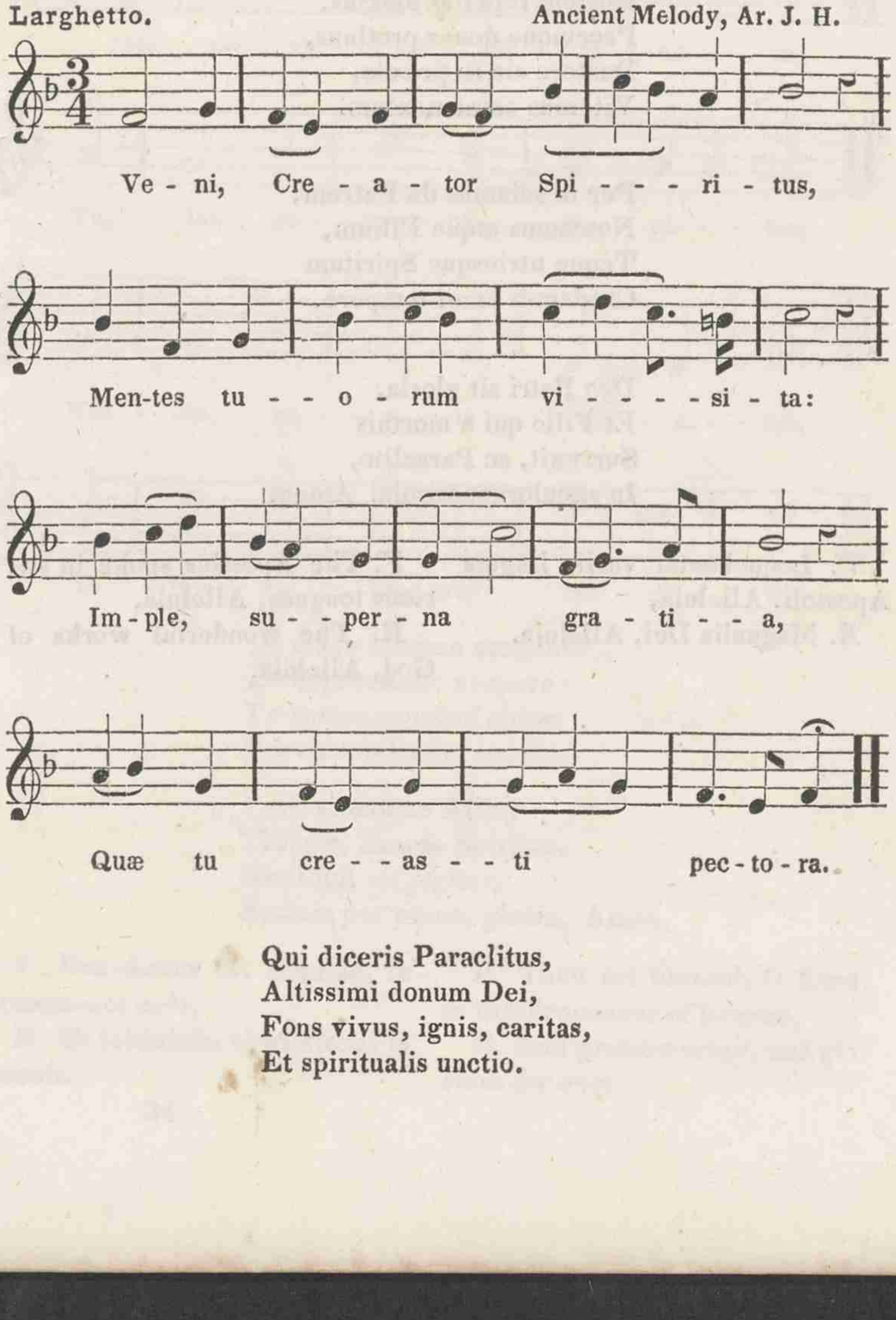


A - - men. Al - - - - - le - - lui - a.

At Vespers—Psalms of Sunday, the 5th In Exitu Israel.

HYMN.

Hymn—Spirit Creator, page 262.



Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritualis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus:
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te prævio,
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Loquebantur variis linguis Apostoli, Alleluia,
R. Magnalia Dei, Alleluia.

V. The Apostles spoke in various tongues, Alleluia,
R. The wonderful works of God, Alleluia.
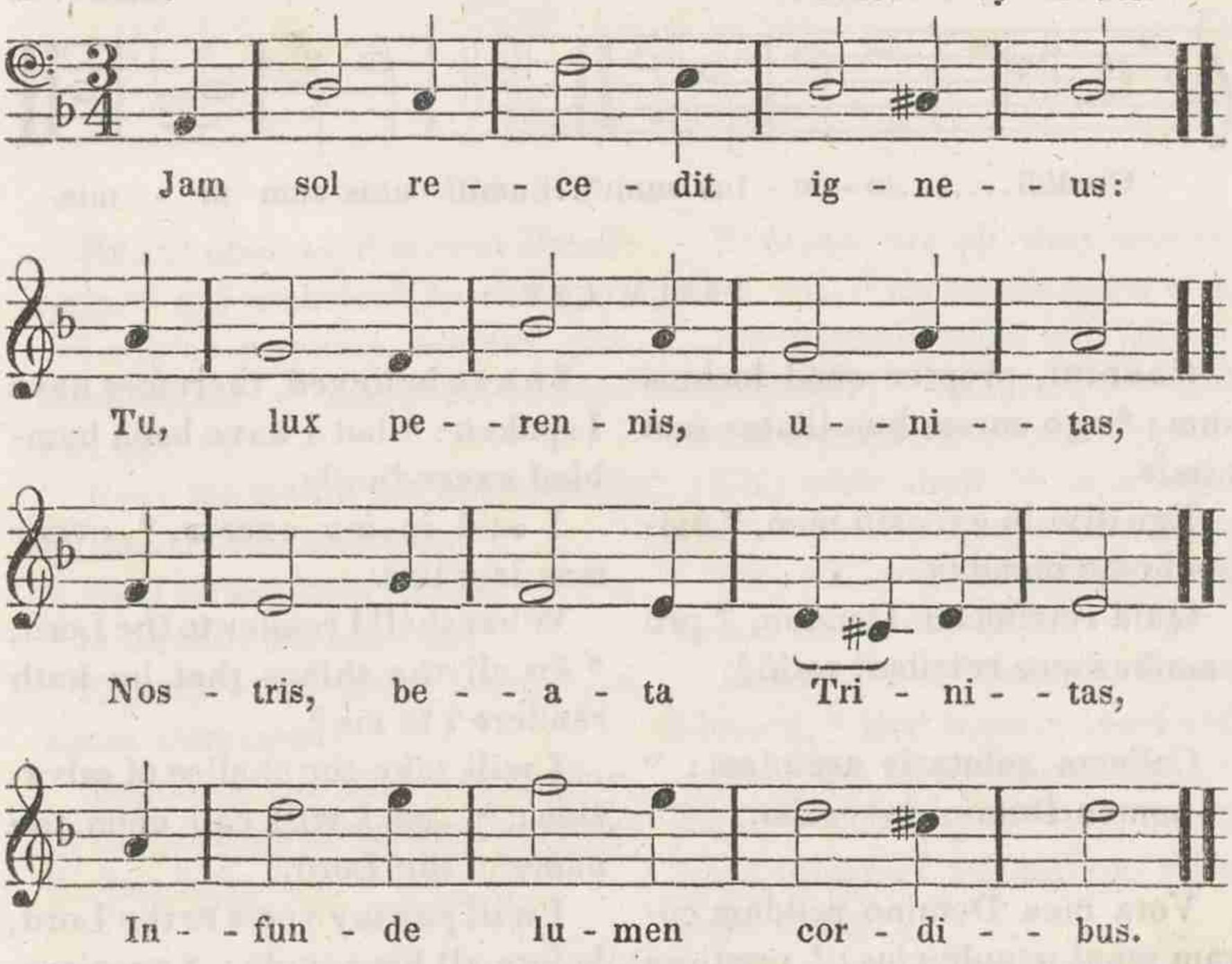
FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

AT VESPERS—Psalms of Sunday.

HYMN.

The fiery sun now rolls, page 266.

Andante. Ancient Melody—Loder.



Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere:
Te nostra supplex gloria
Per cuncta laudet sæcula.

Patri simulque Filio,
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit sit jugiter,
Seclum per omne, gloria. Amen.

V. Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cœli,

R. Et laudabilis et gloriosus in sæcula.

V. Thou art blessed, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven,

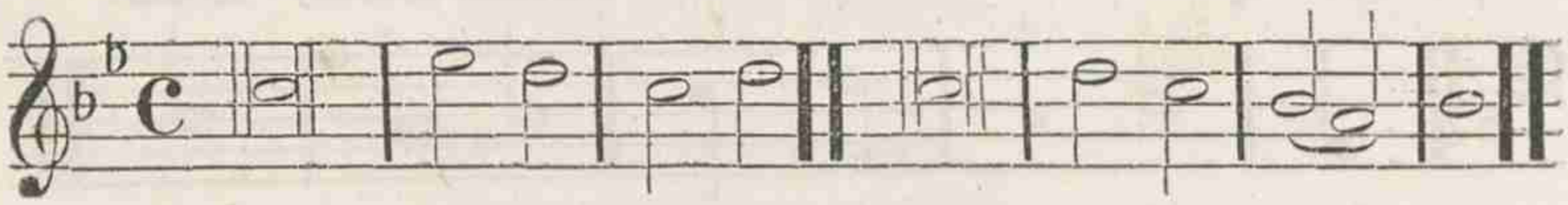
R. And praiseworthy, and glorious for ever.

FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

At Vespers—First two Psalms of Sunday.

THIRD PSALM—CREDIDI.

Garbett's Collec.



Credidi.....lo - cu - tus sum:*..humili - atus sum ni - mis.

PSALM CXV.

Credidi, propter quod locutus sum: * ego autem humiliatus sum nimis.

I have believed, therefore have I spoken: * but I have been humbled exceedingly.

Ego dixi in excessu meo, * omnis homo mendax.

I said in my excess, * every man is a liar.

Quid retribuam Domino, * pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi?

What shall I render to the Lord, * for all the things that he hath rendered to me?

Calicem salutaris accipiam: * et nomen Domini invocabo.

I will take the chalice of salvation: * and I will call upon the name of the Lord.

Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni populo ejus: * prætiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.

I will pay my vows to the Lord, before all his people: * precious, in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.

O Domine, quia ego servus tuus: * ego servus tuus, et filius ancillæ tuæ.

O Lord! for I am thy servant: * I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid.

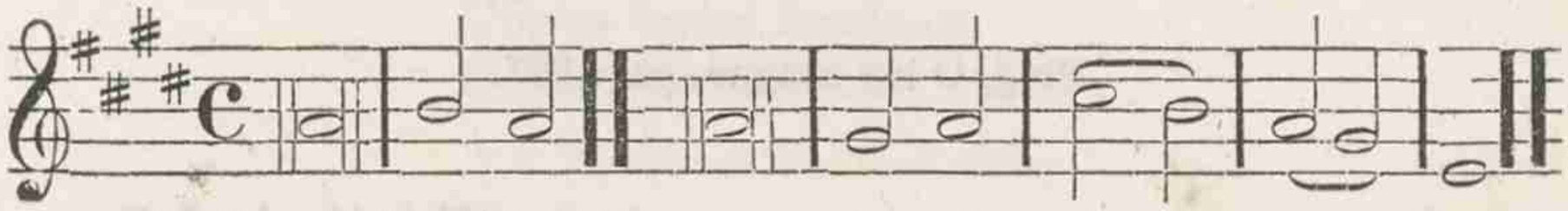
Dirupisti vincula mea: * tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Thou hast broken my bond: * I will sacrifice to thee the sacrifice of praise, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu omnis populi ejus: * in atriis domus Domini, in medio tui, Jerusalem.

I will pay my vows to the Lord in the sight of all his people, in the courts of the house of the Lord: * in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

FOURTH PSALM—BEATI OMNES



PSALM CXXVII.

BEATI omnes qui timent Dominum, * qui ambulant in viis ejus.

Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis: * beatus es, et bene tibi erit.

Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans,* in lateribus domus tuæ.

Filii tui sicut novellæ olivarum, * in circuitu mensæ tuæ.

Ecce sic benedicetur homo,* qui timet Dominum.

Benedicat tibi Dominus ex Sion: et videas bona Jerusalem omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ.

Et videas filios filiorum tuorum, * pacem super Israel.

BLESSED are all they that fear the Lord; * that walk in his ways.

For thou shalt eat the labors of thy hands; * blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee.

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine, * on the sides of thy house.

Thy children as olive plants, * round about thy table.

Behold, thus shall the man be blessed, * that feareth the Lord.

May the Lord bless thee out of Sion, * and mayest thou see the good things of Jerusalem, all the days of thy life.

And mayest thou see thy children's children, * and peace upon Israel.

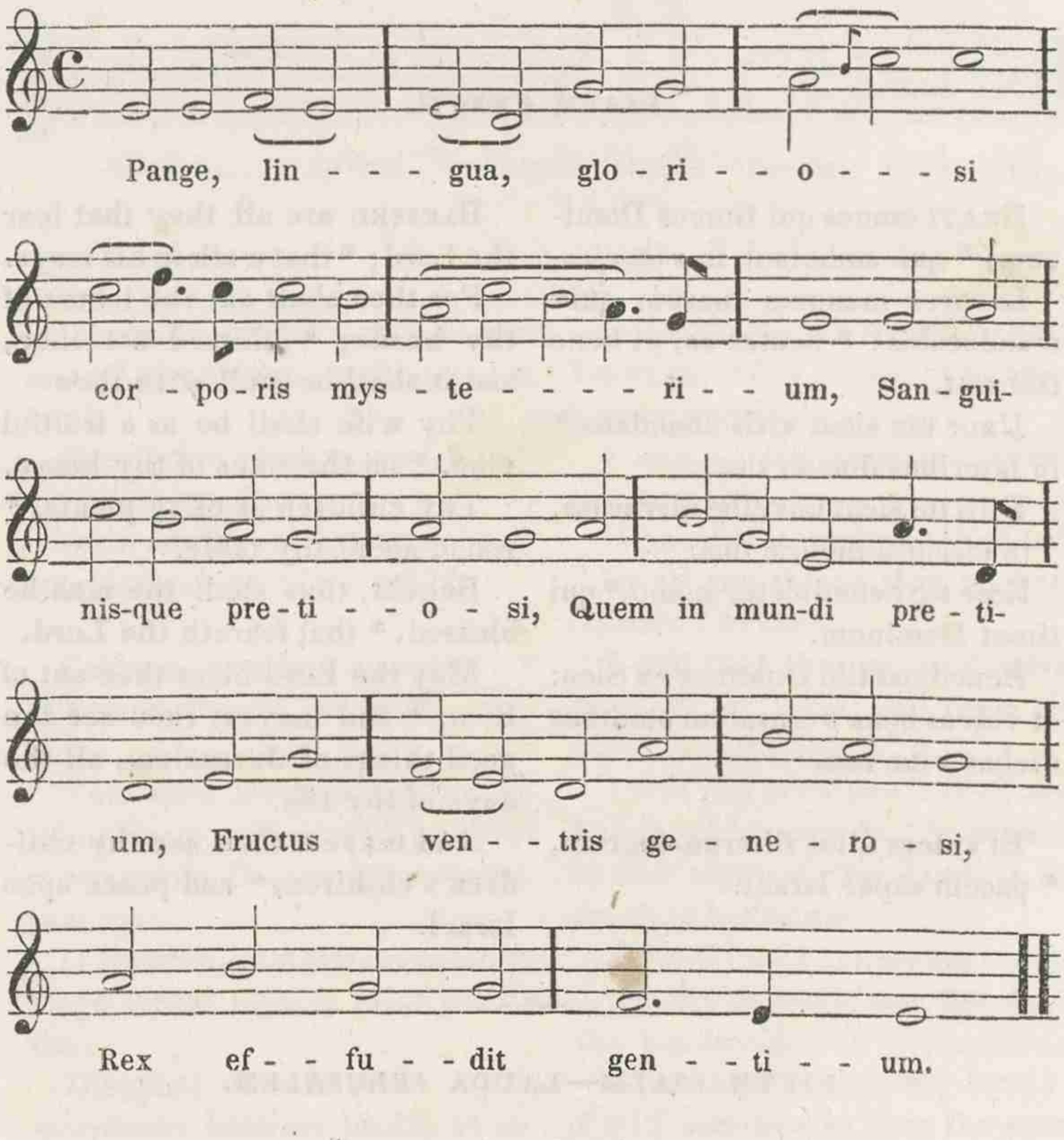
FIFTH PSALM—LAUDA JERUSALEM.

From the Office of the B. V. Mary.

HYMN.

Sing, O my tongue, page 267.

Adagio. Ancient Melody—Ar. J. H.



Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte cœnæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christ merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

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

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.
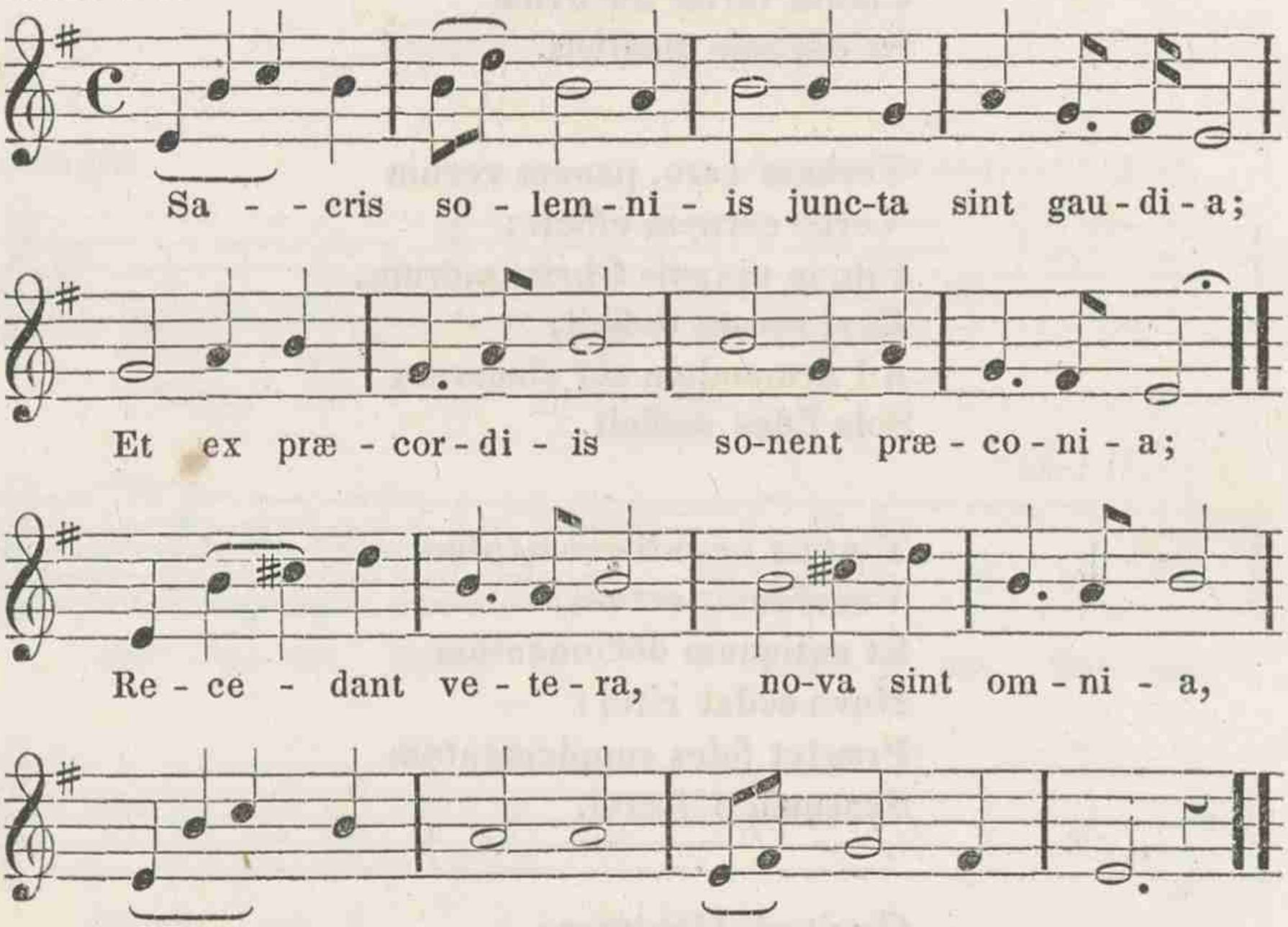
V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis, Alleluia,
R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem, Alleluia.

V. Thou hast given them bread from heaven, Alleluia.
R. Having in itself all sweetness and delight, Alleluia.

HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

(To solemn rites let sacred joys, page 200.)

Andante. Ancient Melody—Ar. J. H.



Noctis recolitur cœna novissima,
Qua Christus creditur agnum et azyma
Dedisse fratribus, juxta legitima
Priscis indulta patribus.

Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus Dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: Accipite quod trado vasculum,
Omnes ex eo bibite.

Sic sacrificium istud instituit,
Cujus officium committi voluit
Solis Presbyteris, quibus sic congruit,
Ut sumant et dent cætaeris.

Panis Angelicus fit panis hominum,
Dat panis cœlicus figuris terminum :
O res mirabilis ! manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis !

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

HYMN FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

Melody—"The word which issued forth," page 202.

Verbum supernum prodiens,
Nec Patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens,
Venit ad vitæ vesperam.

In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus æmulis,
Prius in vitæ ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.

Quibus, sub bina specie,
Carnem dedit et sanguinem,
Ut duplicis substantiæ
Totum cibaret hominem.

Se nascens dedit socium,
Convescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in præmium.

O salutaris Hostia,
Quæ Cœli pandis ostium !
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria. Amen.

SEQUENCE FOR CORPUS CHRISTI.

(Break forth, O Sion, page 269.)

LAUDA, Sion, Salvatorem
Lauda ducem et pastorem,
In Hymnis et canticis.
Quantum potes tantum aude,
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur.
Quem in sacra mensa cœnæ,
Turbœ fratrum duodenæ,
Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora
Mentis jubilatio.
Dies enim solemnis agitur,
In qua mensæ prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novæ legis
Phase vetus terminat.
Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit,
In sui memoriam.
Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem.
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Præter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res eximiæ.

Caro cibus, sanguis potus;
Manet tamen Christum totus,
Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.
Sumit unus, sumunt mille,
Quantum isti, tantum ille,
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquali,
Vitæ vel interitus.
Mors est malis, vita bonis;
Vide paris sumptionis,
Quam sit dispar exitus.

Fracto demum Sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur
Nulla rei fit scissura;
Signi tantum fit fractura,
Qua nec status, nec statura
Signati minuitur.

Ecce panis Angelorum,
Factus cibus viatorum;
Vere panis filiorum,
Non mittendus canibus.
In figuris præsignatur;
Cum Isaac immolatur;
Agnus paschæ deputatur,
Datur manna patribus.

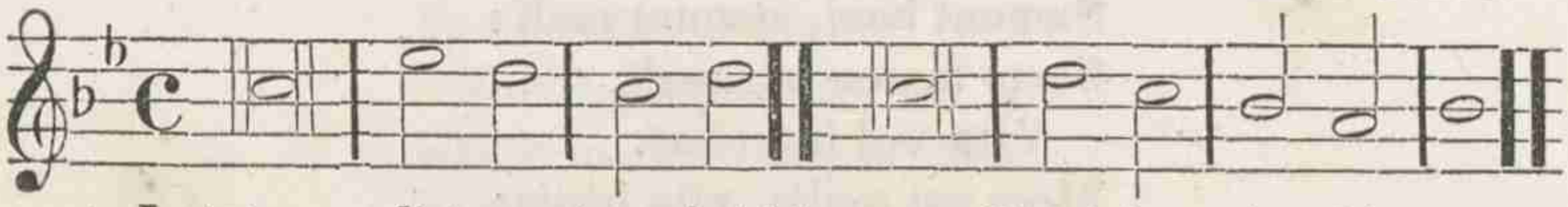
Bone Pastor, panis vere!
Jesu! nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
Tu qui cuncta scis et vales,
Qui nos pascis hic mortales:
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium. Amen. Alleluia.

FOR THE ASSUMPTION, AND THE FESTIVALS OF THE B. V. MARY.

AT VESPERS—The first two Psalms of Sunday.

THIRD PSALM LÆTATUS SUM.

Garbett's Collec.



PSALM CXXI.

LÆTATUS sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi; * in domum Domini ibimus.

Stantes erant pedes nostri, * in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, quæ ædificatur ut civitas: * cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.

Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini: * testimonium Israel, ad confitendum nomini Domini.

Quia illuc sederunt sedes in judicio,* sedes super domum David.

Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem: * et abundantia diligentibus te.

Fiat pax in virtute tua: * et abundantia in turribus tuis.

Propter fratres meos et proximos meos, * loquebar pacem de te.

Propter domum Domini Dei nostri, * quæsivi bona tibi.

I REJOICED at the things that were said to me: * We shall go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet were standing in thy courts, * O Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, which is built as a city, * which is compact together.

For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord; * the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

Because their seats have sat in judgment, * seats upon the house of David.

Pray for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem; * and abundance for them that love thee.

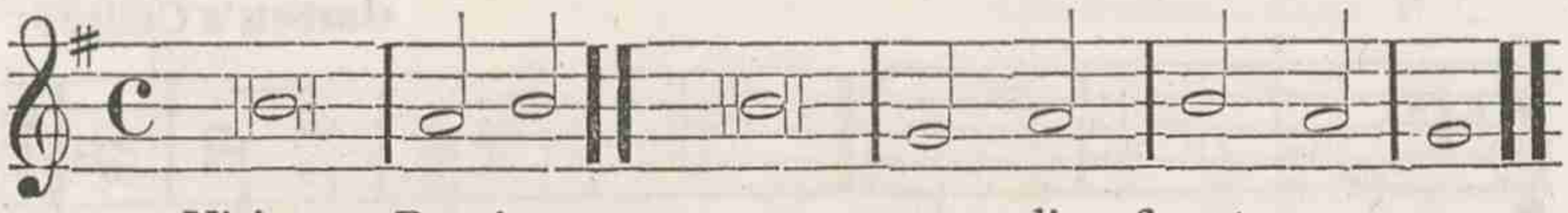
Let peace be in thy strength; * and abundance in thy towers.

For the sake of my brethren and of my neighbors, * I spoke peace of thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, * I have sought good things for thee.

FOURTH PSALM—NISI DOMINUS.

Garbett's Collec.



Nisi.....Dominus,*.....æ - di - ficant e - am.

PSALM CXXVI.

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, * in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, * frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere: * surgite postquam sederitis, qui manducatis panem doloris.

Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum: * ecce hæreditas Domini, filii; merces, fructus ventris.

Sicut sagittæ in manu potentis, * ita filii excusorum.

Beatus vir qui implevit desiderium suum ex ipsis: * non confundetur, cum loquetur inimicis suis in porta.

Unless the Lord build the house, * they labor in vain that build it.

Unless the Lord keep the city, * he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

It is vain for you to rise before light: * rise ye after you have sitten, you that eat the bread of sorrow.

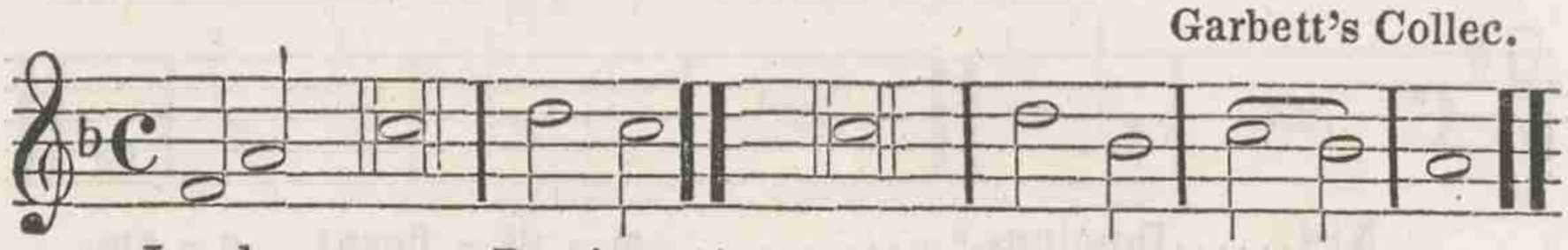
When he shall give sleep to his beloved: * behold the inheritance of the Lord are children: the reward, the fruit of the womb.

As arrows in the hand of the mighty, * so the children of them that have been shaken.

Blessed is the man that hath filled his desire with them: * he shall not be confounded, when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate.

FIFTH PSALM—LAUDA JERUSALEM.

Garbett's Collec.



PSALM CXLVII.

LAUDA, Jerusalem, Dominum: * Lauda Deum tuum, Sion.

Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum: * benedixit filiis tuis in te.

Qui posuit fines tuos pacem: * et adipe frumenti satiat te.

Qui emittit eloquium suum terræ: * velociter currit sermo ejus.

Qui dat nivem sicut lanam: * nebulam sicut cinerem spargit:

Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas: * ante faciam frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?

Emittet verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea: * flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquæ.

Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob: justitias et judicia sua Israel.

Non fecit taliter omni nationi: * et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

PRAISE the Lord, O Jerusalem: * praise thy God, O Sion.

Because he has strengthened the bolts of thy gates: * he hath blessed thy children within thee.

Who hath placed peace in thy borders; * and filled thee with the fat of corn.

Who sendeth forth his speech to the earth: * his word runneth swiftly.

Who giveth snow like wool; * scattereth mists like ashes.

He sendeth his crystal like morsels: * who shall stand before the face of his cold?

He shall send out his word, and shall melt them: * his wind shall blow, and the waters shall run.
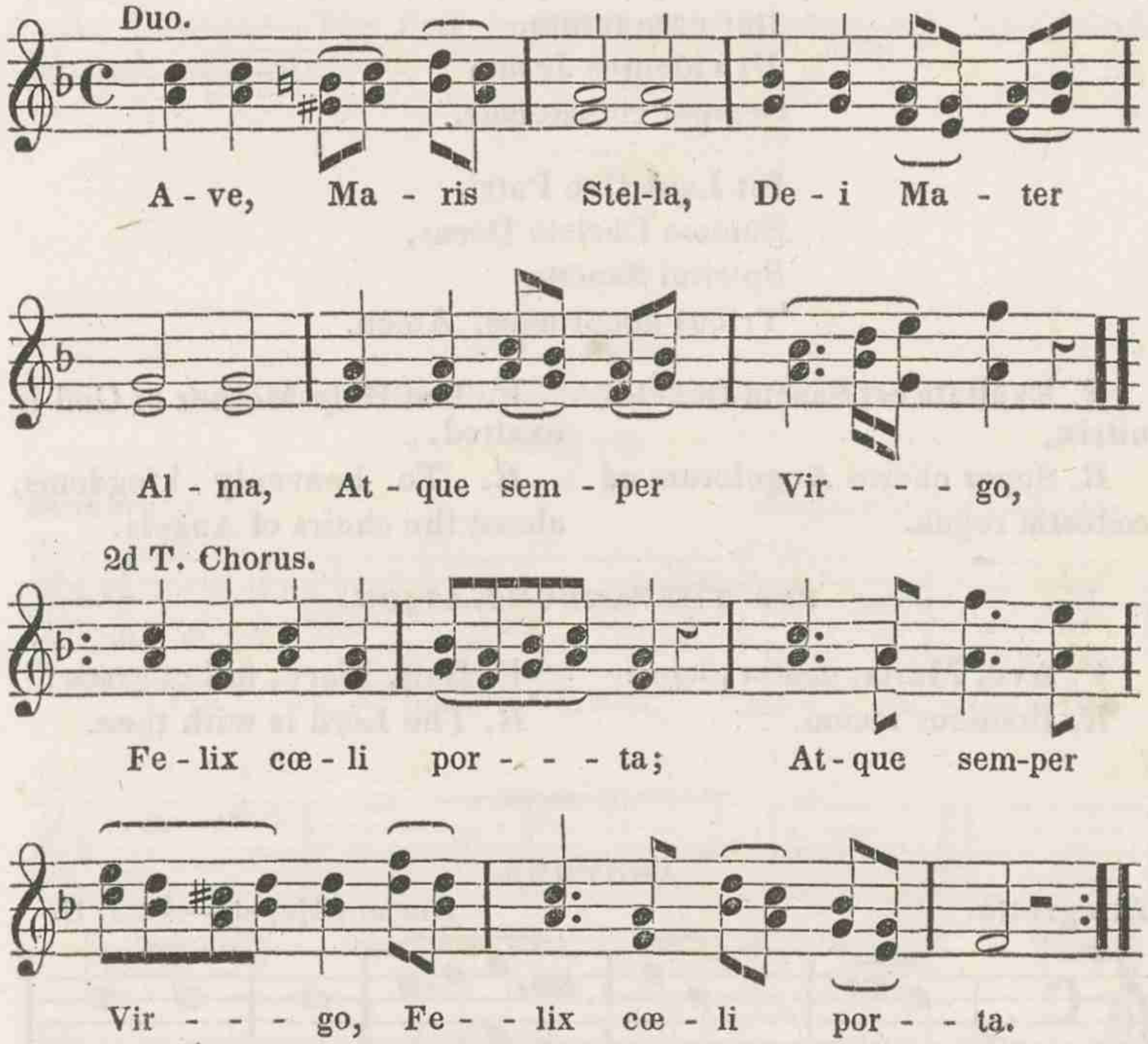
Who declareth his word to Jacob; * his justices and his judgments to Israel.

He hath not done in like manner to every nation: * and his judgments he hath not made manifest to them.

HYMN.

(Bright Mother, page 274.)

Andante. Lambellotte. Com. P. C.



Sumens illud Ave,
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse Matrem,
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collætemur.

Sit Laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo Decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

V. Exaltata est Sancta Dei Genitrix,
R. Super choros Angelorum ad cœlestia regna.

V. The Holy Mother of God is exalted,
R. To heavenly kingdoms, above the choirs of Angels.

FOR THE ANNUNCIATION.

V. Ave, Maria, gratia plena:
R. Dominus tecum.

V. Hail, Mary, full of grace:
R. The Lord is with thee.

ANOTHER.

Allegretto. Ancient Melody—Ar. J. H.

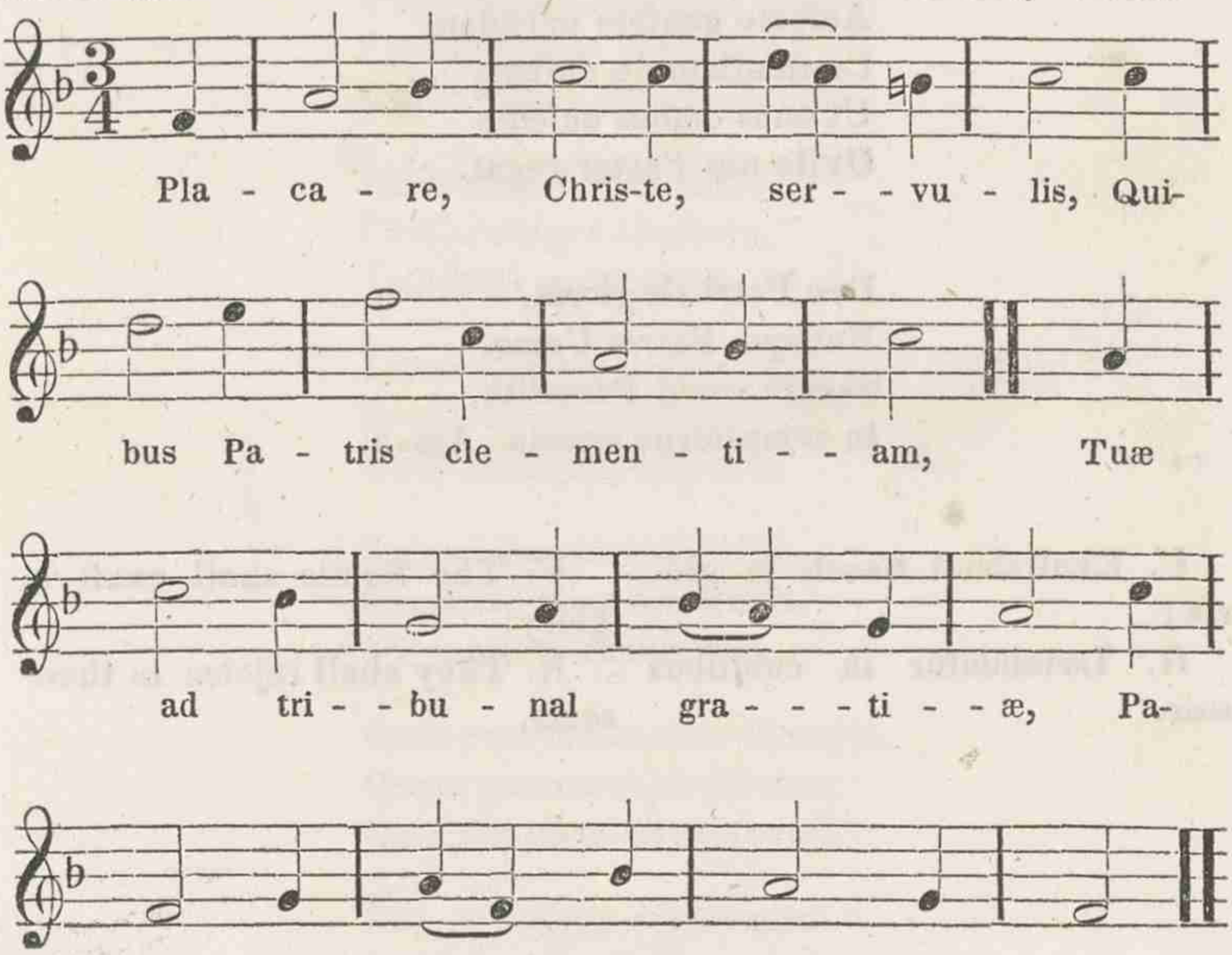
FOR ALL SAINTS—NOV. 1.

AT VESPERS—The first four Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Credidi propter, page 370.

HYMN.

O Jesus, let thy anger, page 277.

Moderato. Ancient Melody—Loder.



Et vos, beata per novem
Distincta gyros agmina,
Antiqua cum præsentibus
Futura damna pellite.

Apostoli, cum vatibus,
Apud severum Judicem,
Veris reorum fletibus
Exposcite indulgentiam.

Vos, purpurati Martyres!
Vos, candidati præmio
Confessionis! exules
Vocate nos in patriam.

Chorea casta virginum!
Et quos eremus incolas
Transmisit astris! cœlitum
Locate nos in sedibus.

Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentiam de finibus,
Ut unus omnes unicum
Ovile nos Pastor regat.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Natoque Patris Unico,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Exultabunt Sancti in gloria:
R. Lætabuntur in cubilibus suis.

V. The Saints shall exult in glory:
R. They shall rejoice in their seats.

FOR ALL SOULS—NOV. 2.

SEQUENCE.

That day of wrath, that direful day, page 278.

Dies iræ dies illa,
Solvit sæclum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid cum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie!
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis!
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ:
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce, Deus,
Pie Jesu, Domine!
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

FOR THE DEDICATION.

AT VESPERS—The first four Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Lauda Jerusalem, page 280.

HYMN.

Jerusalem, whose name, page 281.

Cœlestis urbs, Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,
Quæ celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris,
Sponsæque ritu cingeris
Mille angelorum millibus.

O sorte nupta prospera,
Dotata Patris gloria,
Respersa sponsi gratia,
Regina formosissima,
Christo jugata principi,
Cœli corusca civitas.

Hic margaritis emicant,
Patentque cunctis ostia:
Virtute namque previa,
Mortalis illuc ducitur,
Amore Christi percitus
Tormenta quisquis sustinet.

Scalpri salubris ictibus,
Et tunsione plurima,
Fabri polita malleo,
Hanc saxa molem construunt,
Aptisque juncta nexibus,
Locantur in fastigio.

Decus Parenti debitum
Sit usque quaqu' altissimo,
Natoque Patris unico,
Et inclyto Paraclito,
Cui laus, potestas, gloria
Æterna sit per sæcula. Amen.

V. Dominum tuam, Domine, decet sanctitudo,
R. In longitudinem dierum.

V. Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord,
R. For a length of days.
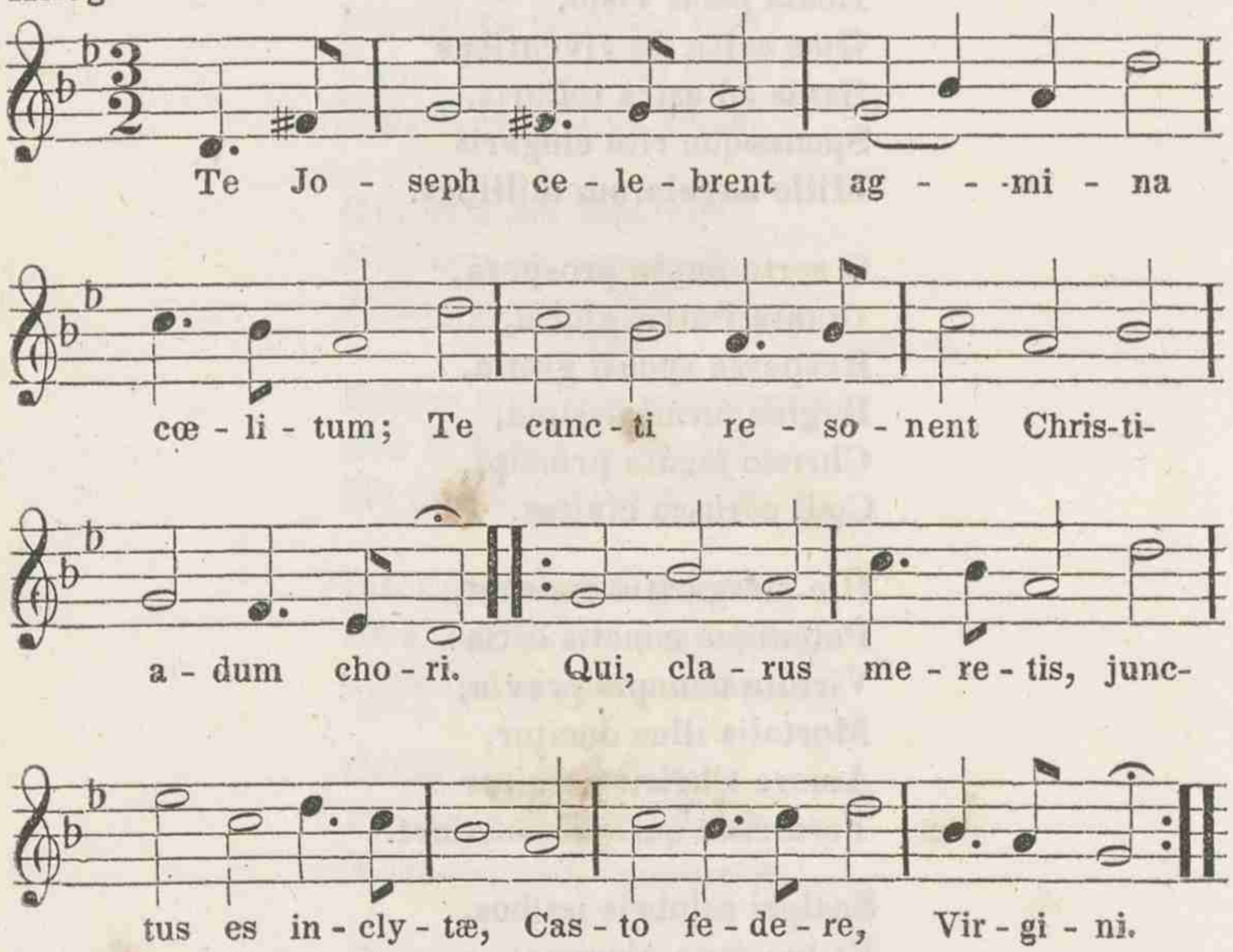
FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH, MARCH 19.

At Vespers—Psalms of Confessors.

HYMN.

(O thou great fav'rite, page 285.)

Allegretto. J. Hœrner.



Almo cum tumidam germine conjugem
Admirans, dubio tangeris anxius,
Afflatu superi flaminis Angelus
Conceptum puerum docet.

Tu natum Dominum stringis; ad exteras
Ægypti profugum tu sequeris plagas;
Amissum solymis quœris, et invenis,
Miscens gaudia fletibus.

Post mortem reliquos mors pia consecrat,
Palmamqu' emeritos gloria suscipit:
Tu vivens, superis par, frueris Deo,
Mira sorte beatior.

Nobis, summa Trias, parce precantibus,
Da Joseph sidera meritis scandere:
Ut tandem liceat, nos tibi perpetim
Gratum promere canticum. Amen.

V. Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus;
R. Et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

V. Glory and riches are in his house;
R. And his justice continues for ever and ever.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN, JUNE 24.

AT VESPERS—Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Laudate.

HYMN.

Melody—"That we with tuneful," page 290.

UT queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

Nuntius celso veniens Olympo,
Te patri magnum fore nasciturum,
Nomen et vitæ seriem gerendæ
Ordine promit.

Ille promissi dubius superni,
Perdidit promptæ modulos loquelæ;
Sed reformasti genitus peremptæ
Organa vocis.

Ventris obstruso recubans cubili,
Senseras regem thalamo manentem;
Hinc parens, nati meritis uterque
Abdita pandit.

Sit decus Patri, genitæque proli,
Et tibi compar utriusque virtus,
Spiritus semper, deus unus, omni
Temporis ævo. Amen.

V. Iste puer magnus coram Domino;
R. Nam et manus ejus cum ipso est.

V. This child is great before the Lord;
R. For his hand also is with him.
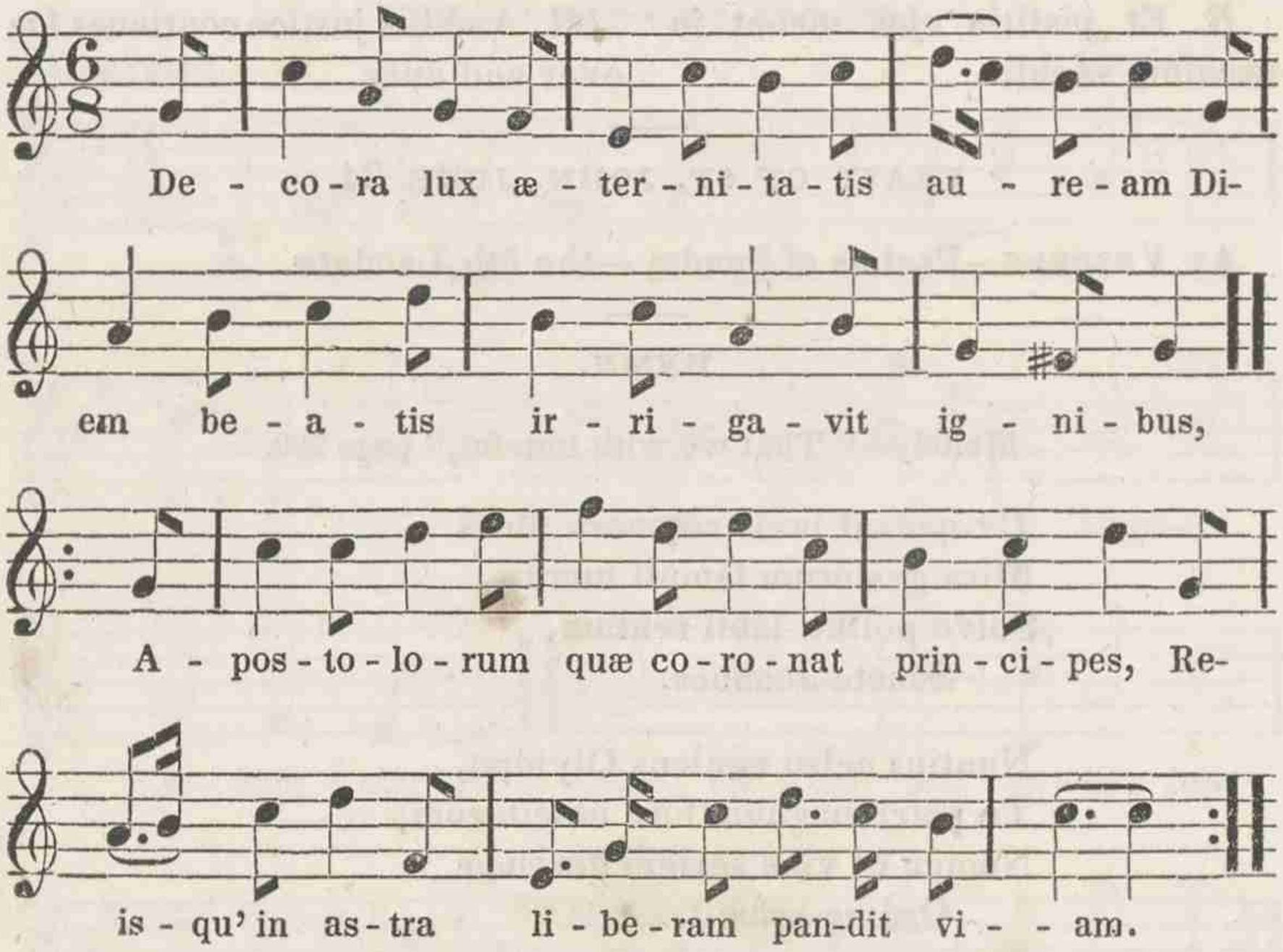
FEAST OF STS. PETER AND PAUL, JUNE 29.

At Vespers—Psalms of Confessors.

HYMN.

(Eternal glory's radiant ray, page 291.)

Moderato. J. Hœrner.



Mundi Magister, atque cœli Janitor,
Romæ parentes arbitrique gentium,
Per enses ille, hic per crucis victor necem,
Vitæ senatum laureati possident.

O Roma felix, quæ duorum principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:
Horum cruore purpurata cæteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.

Sit Trinitati sempiterna gloria,
Honor, potestas, atque jubilatio,
In unitate, quæ gubernat omnia,
Per universa sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Annunciaverunt opera Dei, *V.* They have declared the works of God,

R. Et facta ejus intellexerunt. *R.* And they have understood his doings.

COMMON OF THE APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.
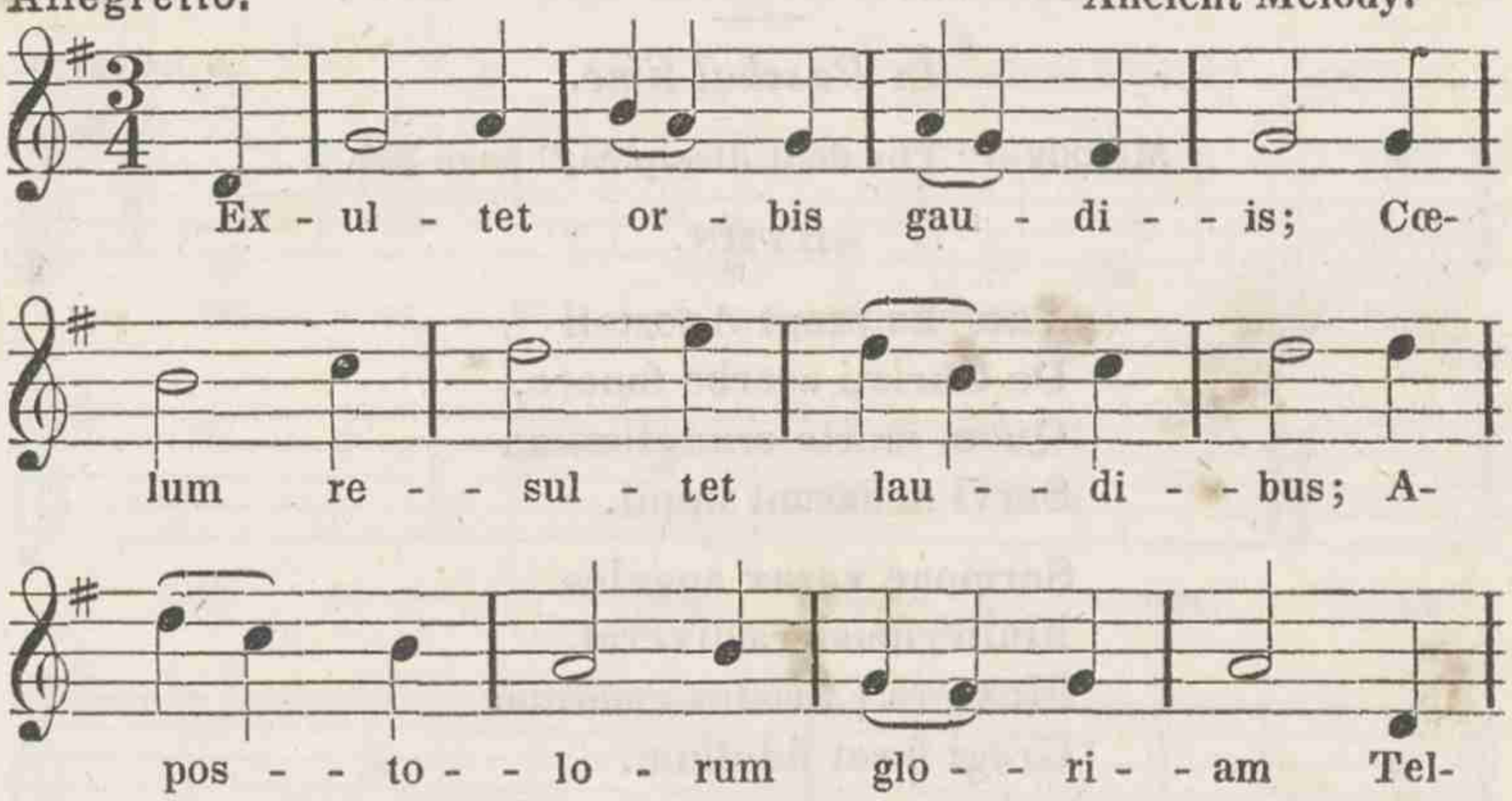
At Vespers—Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Laudate Dominum.

Throughout the year.

HYMN.

Throughout the world let joys arise, page 301.

Allegretto. Ancient Melody.



Vos sæculorum judices,
Et vera mundi lumina,
Votis precamur cordium,
Audite voces supplicum.

Qui templa cæli clauditis,
Serasque verbo solvitis,
Nos a reatu noxios
Solvi jubete, quæsumus.

Præcepta quorum protinus
Languor salusque sentiunt,
Sanate mentes languidas,
Augete nos virtutibus:

Ut, cum redibit arbiter
In fine Christus sæculi,
Nos sempiterni gaudii
Concedat esse compotes.

Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Sæclum per omne gloria. Amen.

V. Annunciaverunt opera Dei,
R. Et facta ejus intellexerunt.

V. They have declared the works of God,
R. And they have understood his doings.

In Paschal time.

Melody—"The dear disciples," page 302.

HYMN.

Tristes erant Apostoli
De Christi acerbo funere,
Quem morte crudelissima
Servi necarunt impii.

Sermone verax angelus
Mulieribus prædixerat,
Mox ore Christus gaudium
Gregi feret fidelium.

Ad anxios Apostolos
Currunt statim, dum nuntiæ
Illæ micantis obvia
Christi tenent vestigia.

Galilææ ad alta montium
Se conferunt Apostoli;
Jesuque, voti compotes,
Almo beantur lumine.

Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium;
A morte dira criminum
Vitæ renatos libera.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Pretiosa in conspectu Domini, Alleluia,
R. Mors santorum ejus, Alleluia.

V. Precious in the sight of the Lord, Alleluia,
R. Is the death of his just ones, Alleluia.

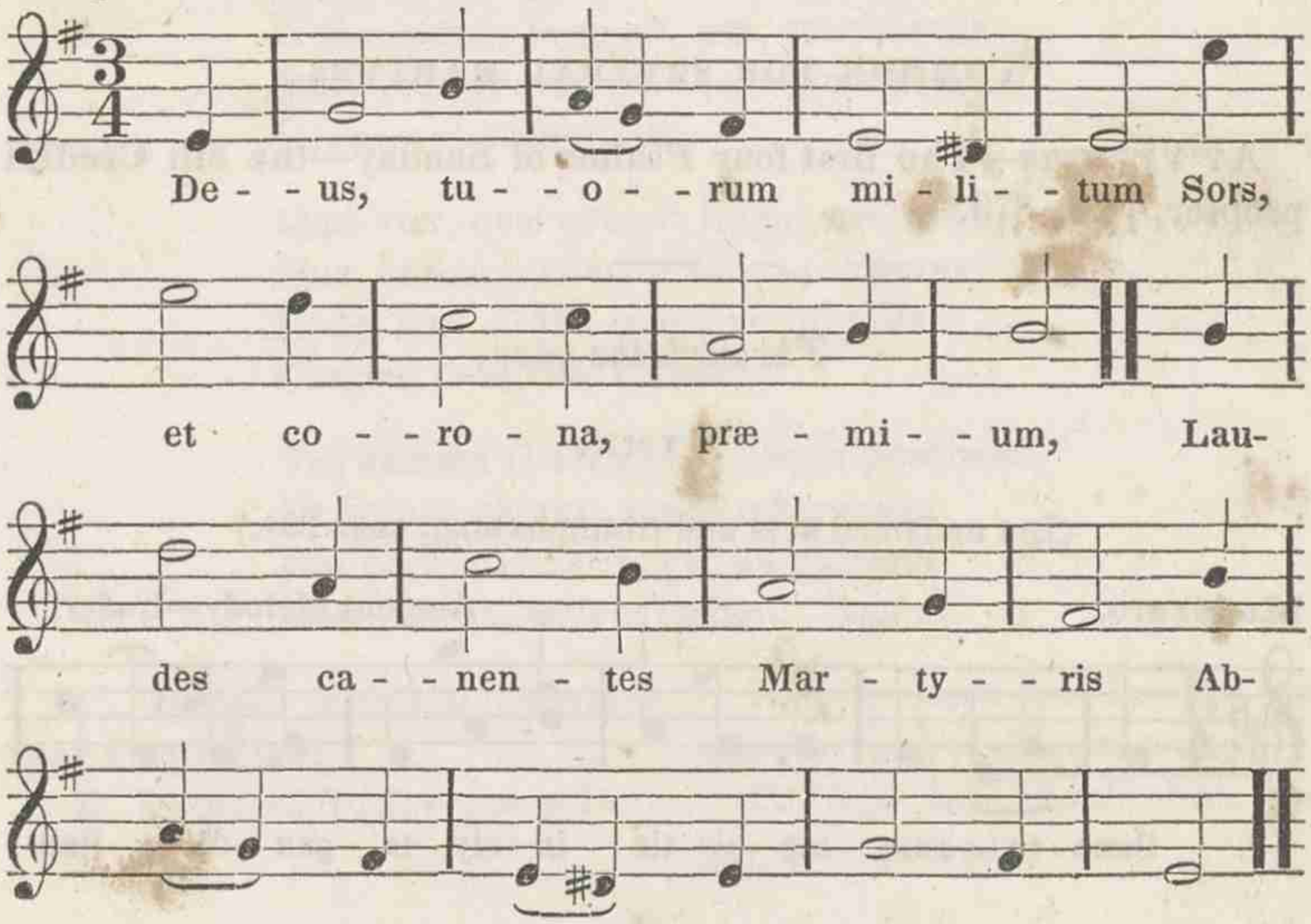
COMMON FOR ONE MARTYR.

At Vespers—The first four Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Credidi, page 370.

HYMN.

O God, the lot, the crown, the gain, page 303.

Allegro. **Ancient Melody—Loder.**



Hic nempe mundi gaudia,
Et blanda fraudum pabula,
Imbuta felle deputans,
Pervenit ad cœlestia.

Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustulit viriliter,
Fundensque pro te sanguinem,
Æterna dona possidet.

Ob hoc precatu supplici
Te poscimus, piissime,
In hoc triumpho Martyris,
Dimitte noxam servulis.

Laus et perennis gloria
Patri sit, atque Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula. Amen.

V. Justus ut palmo florebit:

R. Sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur.

V. The just man shall flourish like the palm tree:

R. He shall be multiplied like the cedar of Libanus.

COMMON FOR SEVERAL MARTYRS.

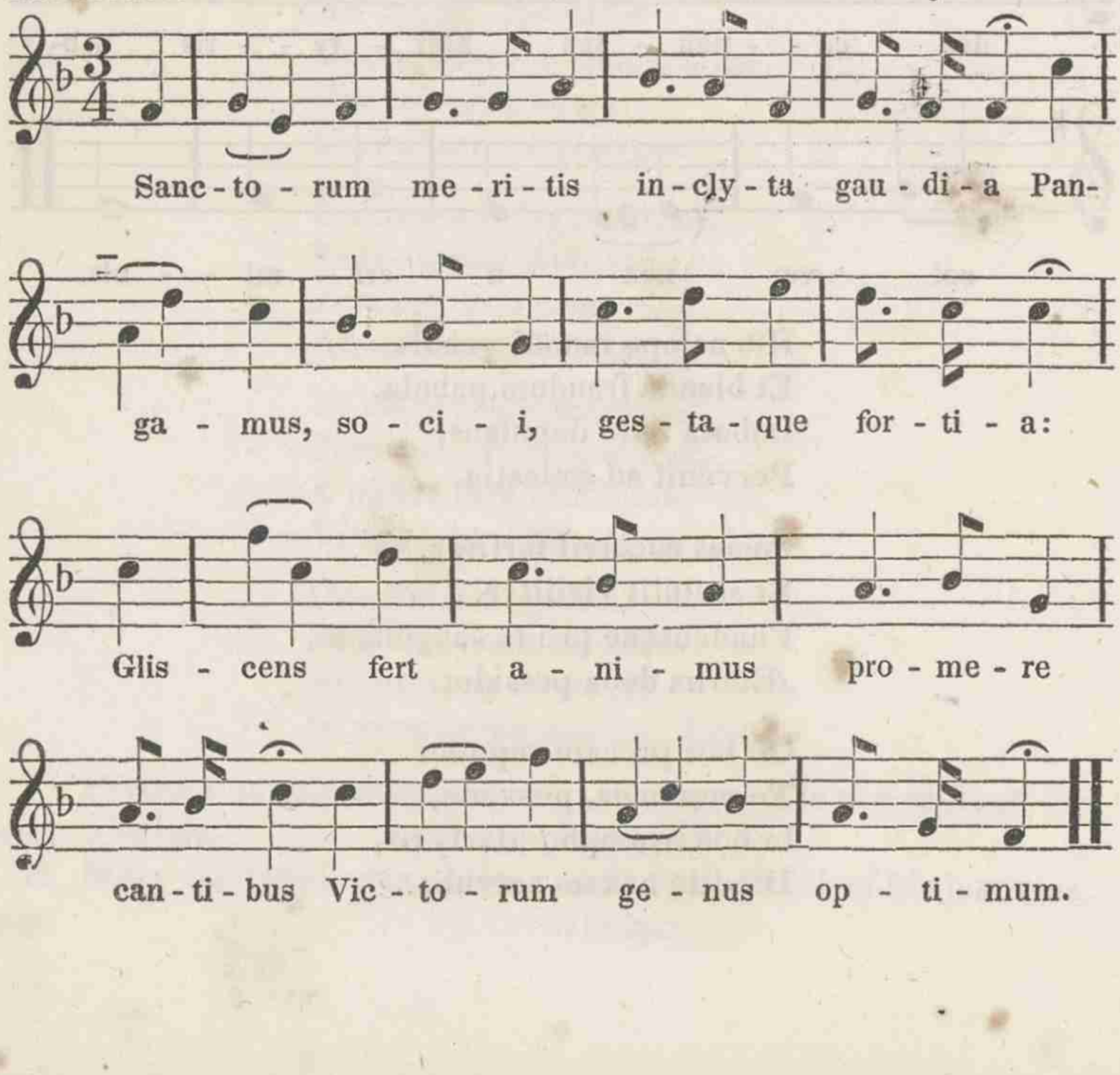
AT VESPERS—The first four Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Credidi propter, page 370.

Through the year.

HYMN.

(Let us famed acts and triumphs sing, page 304.)

Moderato. Ancient Melody—Loder.



Hi sunt quos fatue mundus inhorruit,
Hunc fructu vacuum, floribus aridum
Contempsere tui nominis asseclæ,
Jesu, Rex bone cœlitum!

Hi pro te furias atque minas truces
Calcarunt hominum, sævaque verbera;
His cessit lacerans fortiter ungula,
Nec carpsit penetralia.

Cæduntur gladiis more bidentium,
Non murmur resonat, non querimonia;
Sed corde impavido, mens bene conscia
Conservat patientiam.

Quæ vox, quæ poterit lingua retexere,
Quæ tu martyribus munera præparas?
Rubri nam fluido sanguine fulgidis
Cingunt tempora laureis.

Te, summa O Deitas! unaque poscimus,
Ut culpas abluas, noxia subtrahas;
Des pacem famulis, ut tibi gloriam
Annorum in seriem canant. Amen.

V. Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas;
R. Et ostendit illi regnum Dei.

V. The Lord has led the just man through righteous ways;
R. And has shown him the kingdom of God.

In Paschal time.

HYMN.

Melody—"O thou, the glorious Martyrs," page 305.

Rex gloriose Martyrum,
Corona confitentium,
Qui respuentes terrea
Perducis ad cœlestia:

Aurem benignam protinus
Intende notris vocibus;
Trophæa sacra pangimus,
Ignosce quod deliquimus.

Tu vincis inter Martyres,
Parcisque Confessoribus,
Tu vince nostra crimina,
Largitor indulgentiæ.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum. Amen.

V. Pretioso in conspectu Domini, Alleluia,
R. Mors sanctorum ejus, Alleluia.

V. Precious in the sight of the Lord, Alleluia,
R. Is the death of his just ones, Alleluia.

COMMON OF CONFESSORS, PONTIFFS, AND NON-PONTIFFS.

At Vespers—Psalms of Sunday—the 5th Laudate.

HYMN.

Melody—"This day with gladness," page 206. 306

Iste Confessor Domini, colentes
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes.

(*Or, instead of the last two lines.*)

Hac die lætus meruit supremos
Laudis honores.

Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus.

Cujus ob præstans meritum frequenter
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.

Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem celebresque palmas,
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per ævum.

Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat,
Trinus et Unus. Amen.

V. Amavit eum Dominus, et ornavit eum.
R. Stolam gloriæ induit eum.

COMMON OF VIRGINS.

AT VESPERS—Psalms of the Office of the B. V. Mary, page 378.

HYMN.

Melody—"Regard our vows," page 307.

JESU! corona Virginum,
Quem mater illa concipit,
Quæ sola Virgo parturit,
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

Qui pergis inter lilia,
Septus choreis virginum,
Sponsus decorus gloria,
Sponsisque reddens præmia.

Quocumque tendis, Virgines
Sequntur, atque laudibus
Post te canentes cursitant,
Hymnosque dulces personant.

Te deprecamur supplices,
Nostris ut addas sensibus,
Nescire prorsus omnia
Corruptionis vulnera.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri, cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis;

R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in thy lips;

R. Therefore God has blessed thee for ever.

COMMON OF HOLY WOMEN.

AT VESPERS—Psalms of the Office of the B. V. Mary, p. 378.

HYMN.

Melody—"Rise tuneful numbers," page 308.

FORTEM virili pectore
Laudemus omnes fæminam,
Quæ sanctitatis gloria
Ubique fulget inclyta.

Hæc sancto amore saucia,
Dum mundi amorem noxium
Horrescit, ad cœlestia
Iter peregit arduum.

Carnem domans jejuniis,
Dulcique mentem pabulo
Orationis nutriens,
Cœli potitur gaudiis.

Rex Christe! virtus fortium,
Qui magna solus efficis,
Hujus precatu quesumus,
Audi benignus supplices.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc, et per omne sæculum. Amen.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis;

R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in thy lips;

R. Therefore, God has blessed thee for ever.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR DUOS AND CHORUSES;
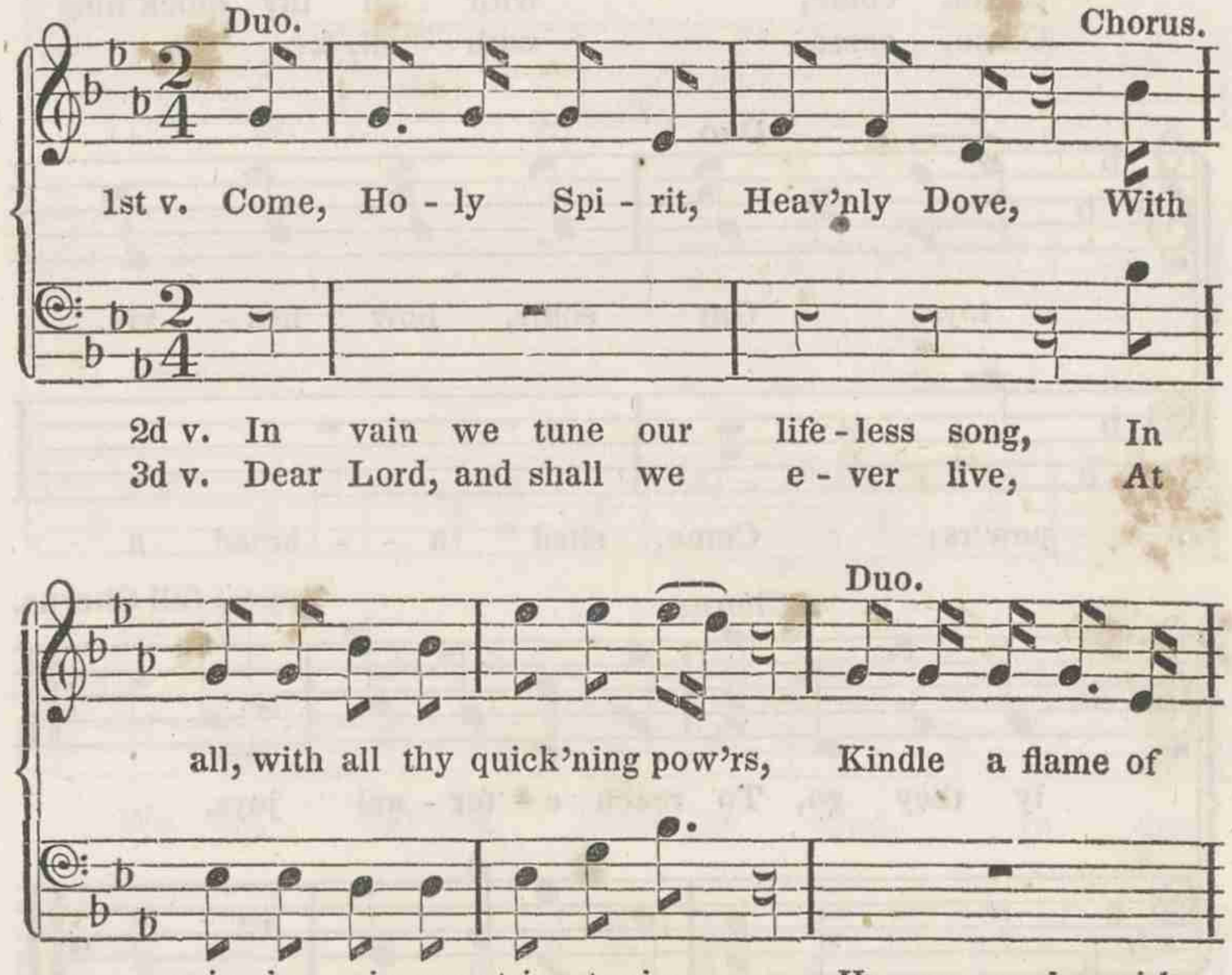
SOME

Select Pieces, in three and four Parts, &c.
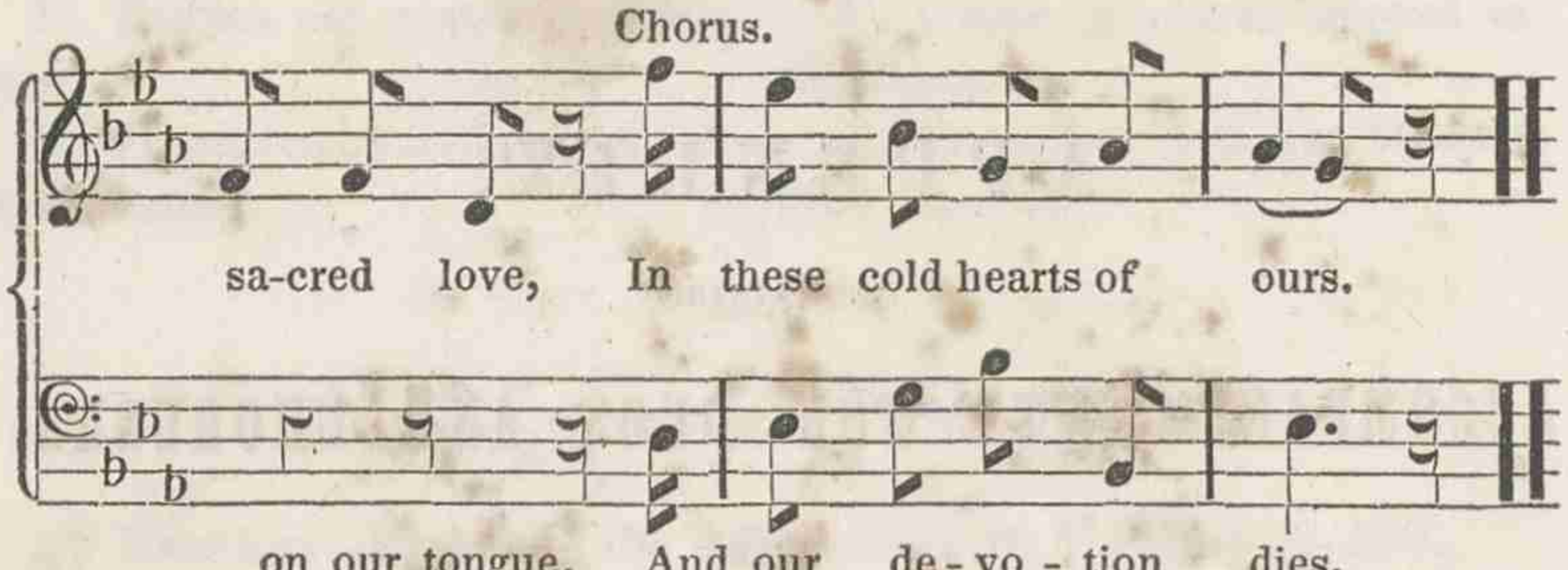
COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE—p. 17.

Tenor and Bass.
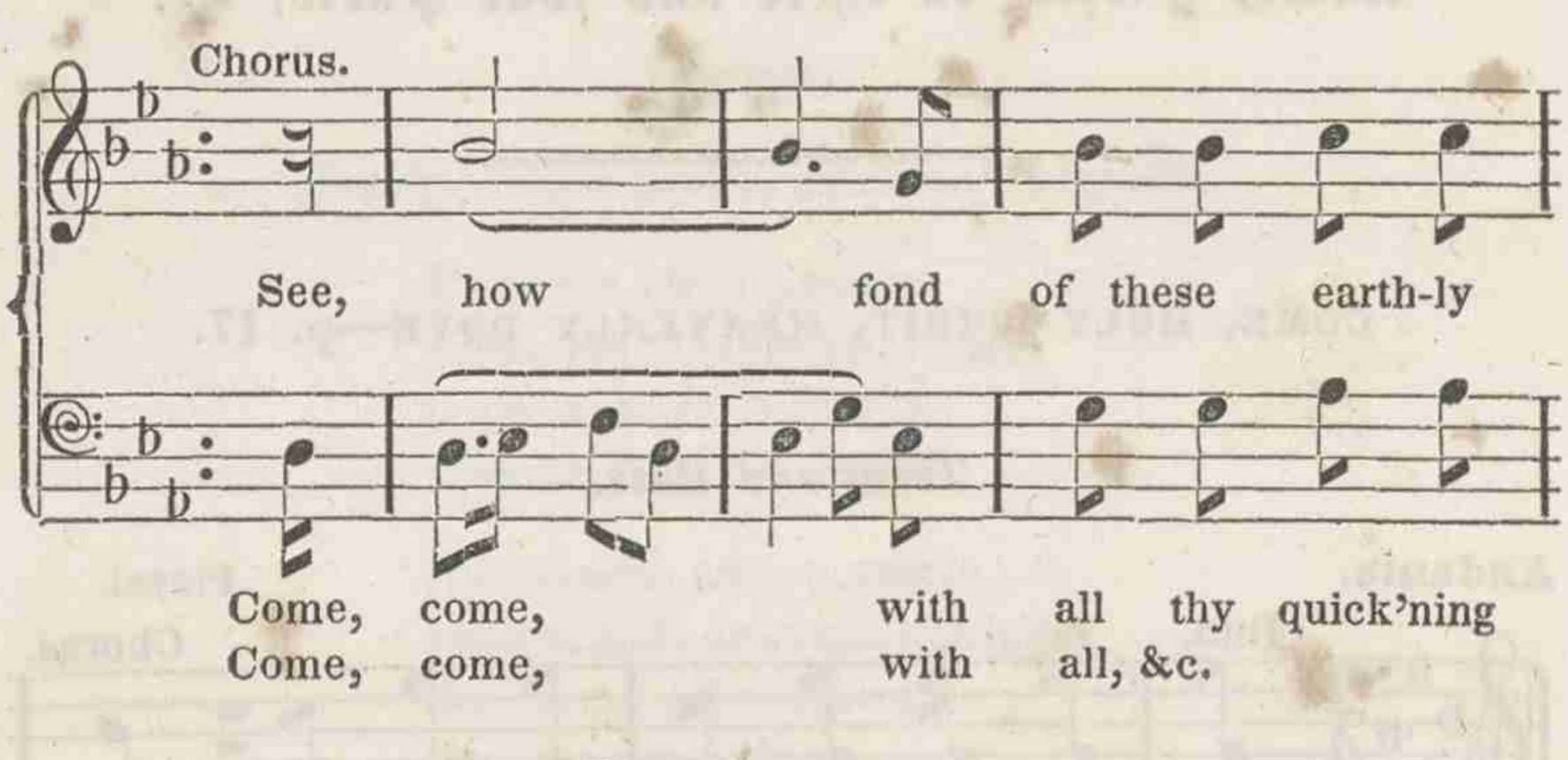
Andante. Pleyel.
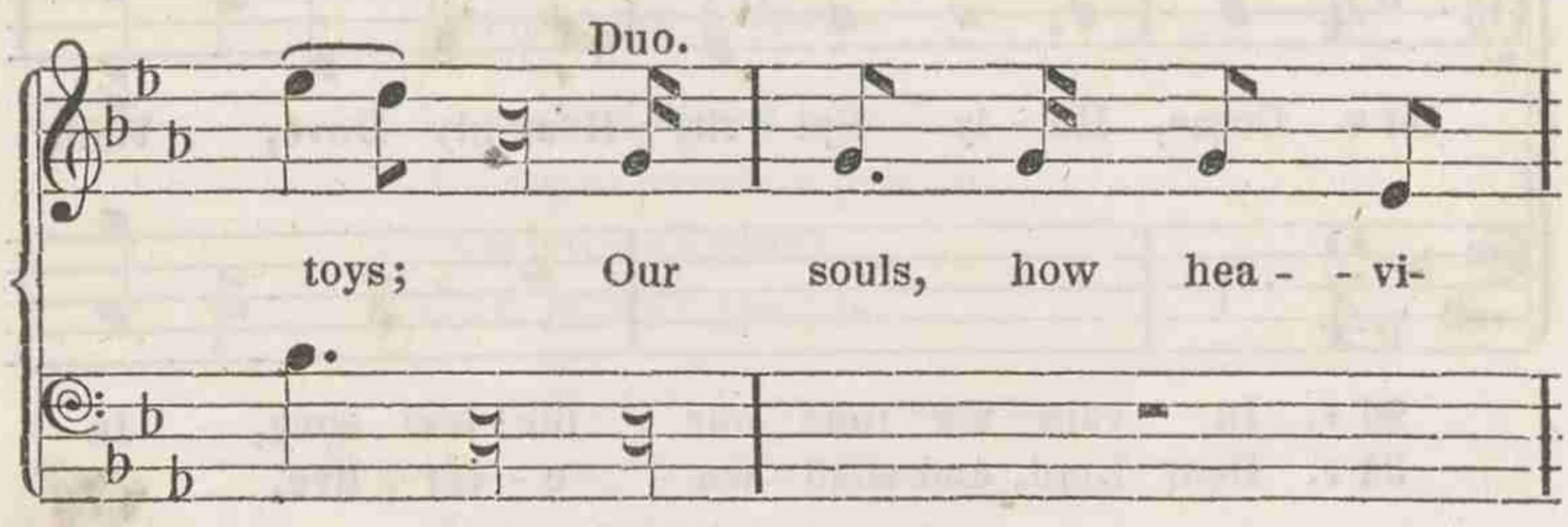


Chorus.
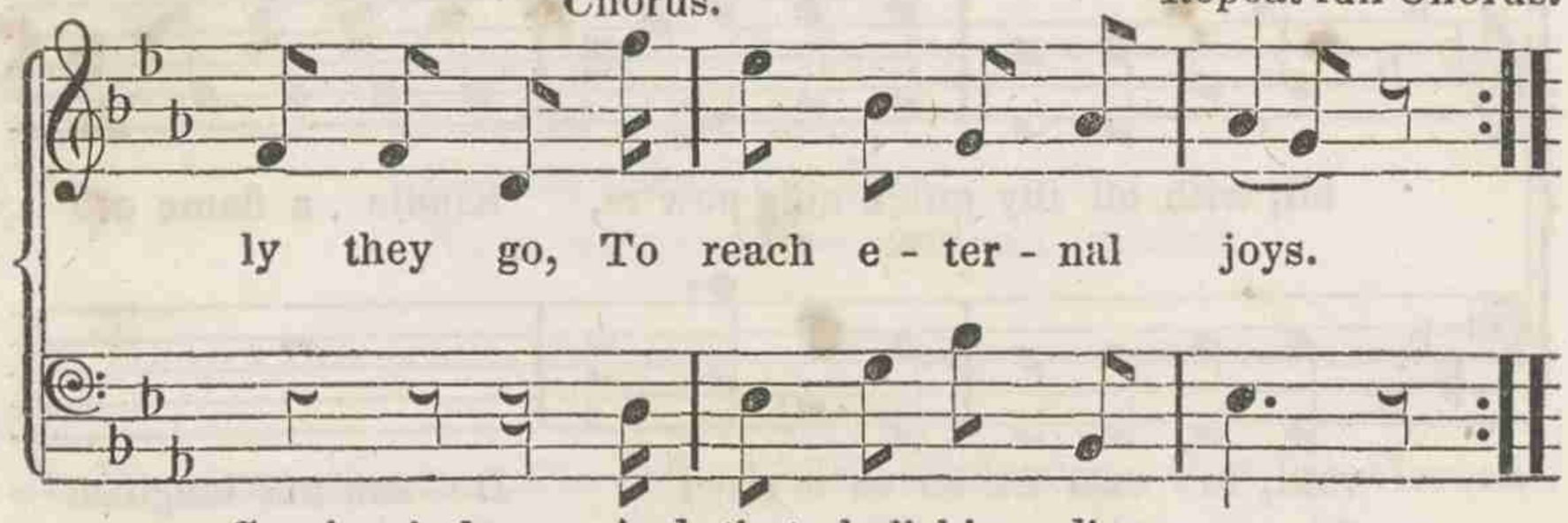


Chorus.



Duo.



Chorus. Repeat full Chorus.
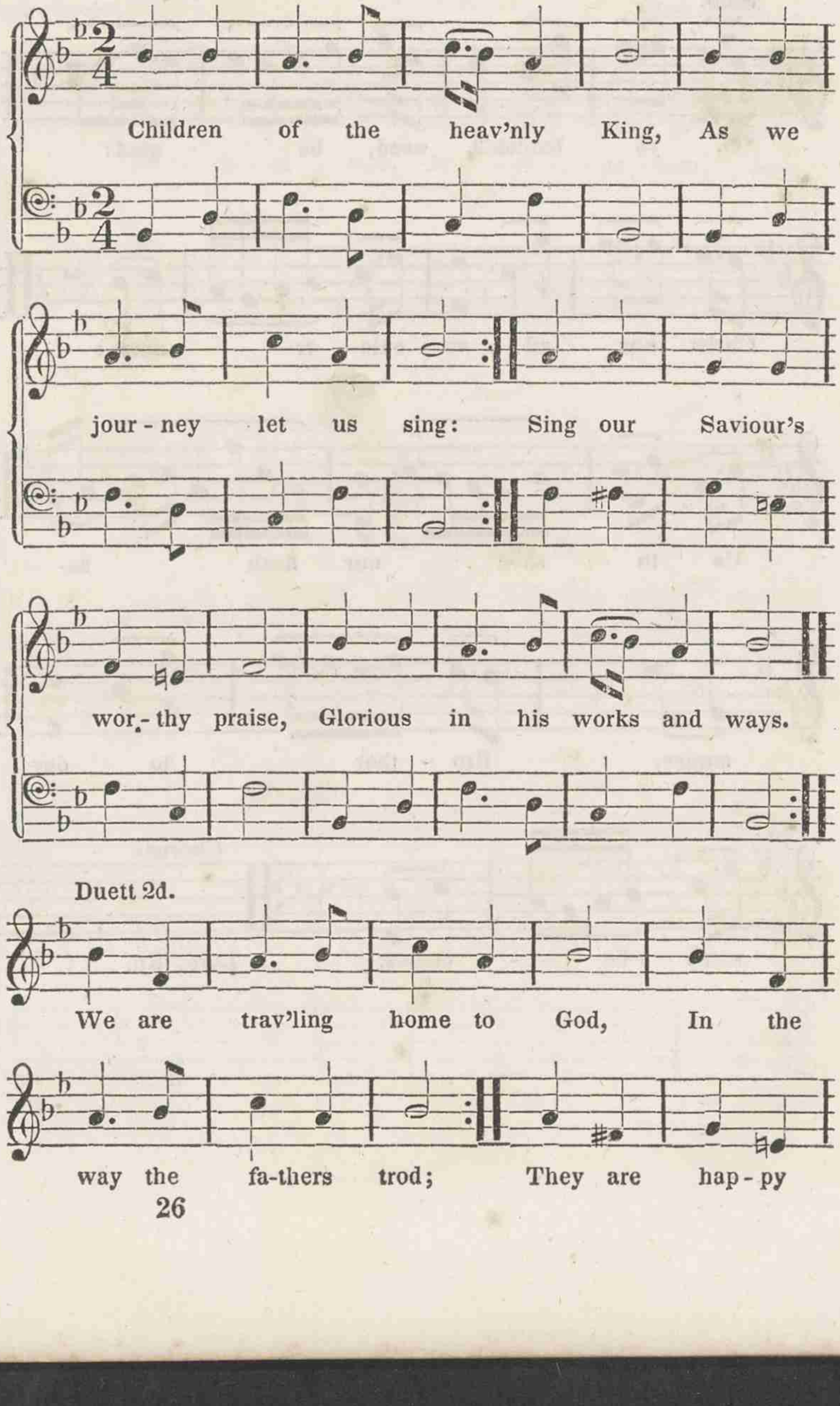


CHILDREN OF THE HEAV'NLY KING—page 116.
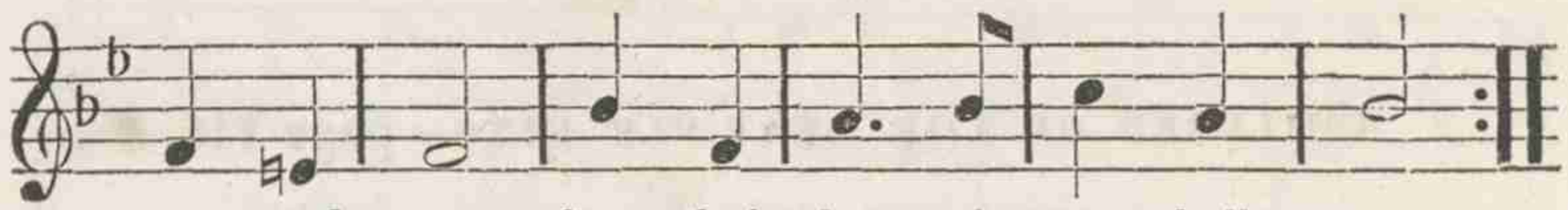
2d and Bass.

Andante. Pleyel.
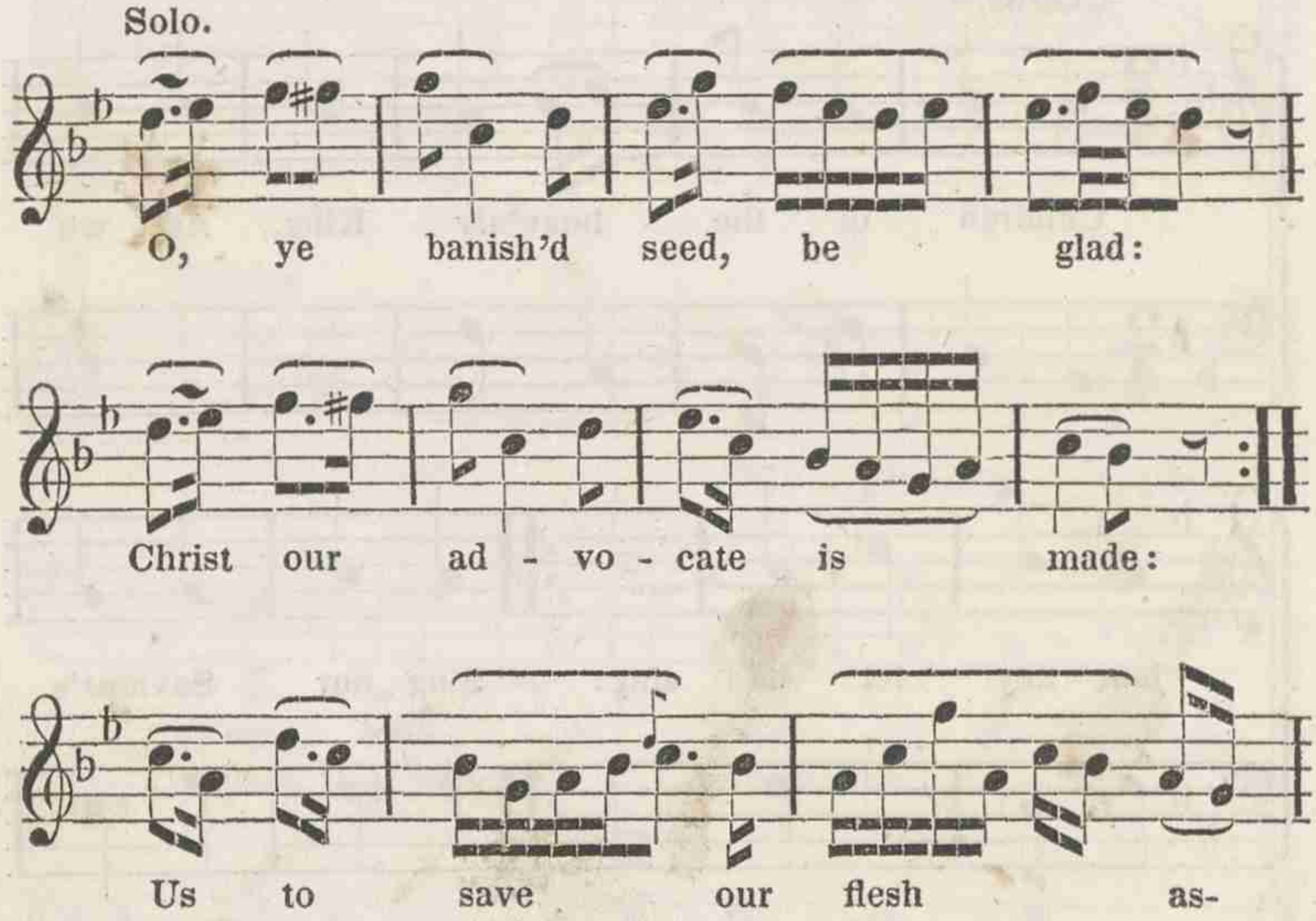
Chorus.



Duett 2d.
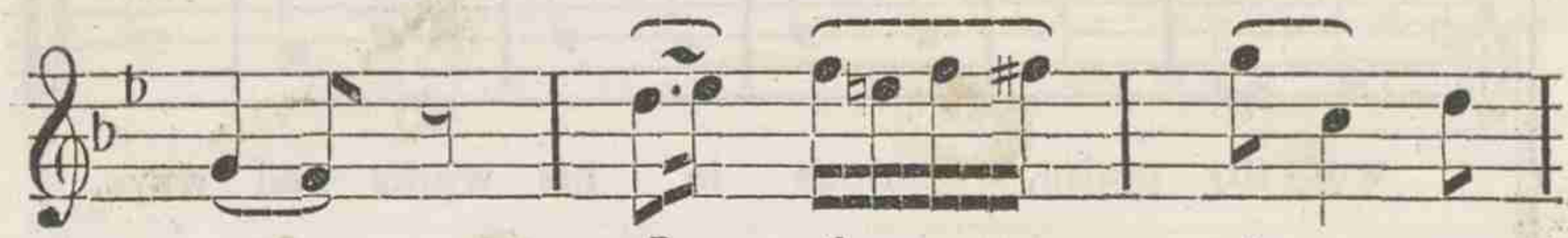

now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
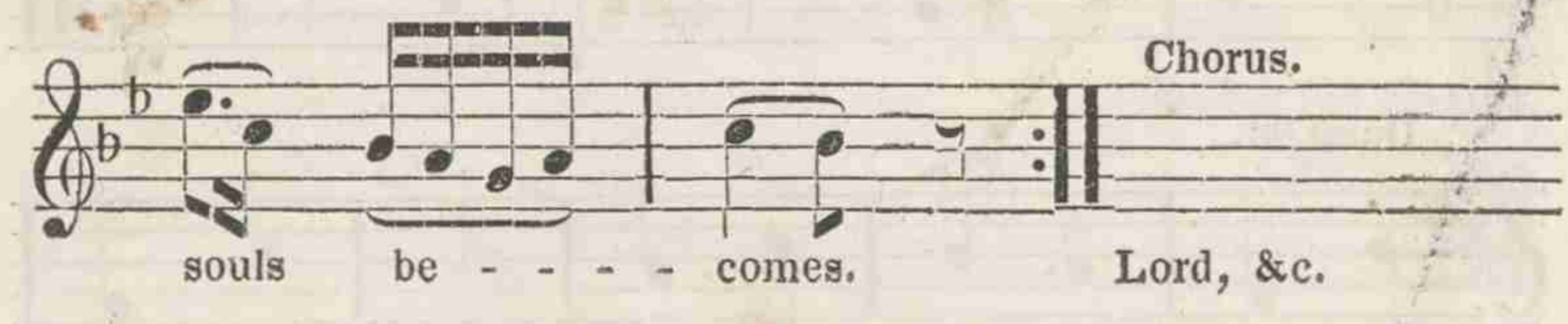
Solo.


O, ye banish'd seed, be glad:

Christ our ad - vo - cate is made:

Us to save our flesh as-

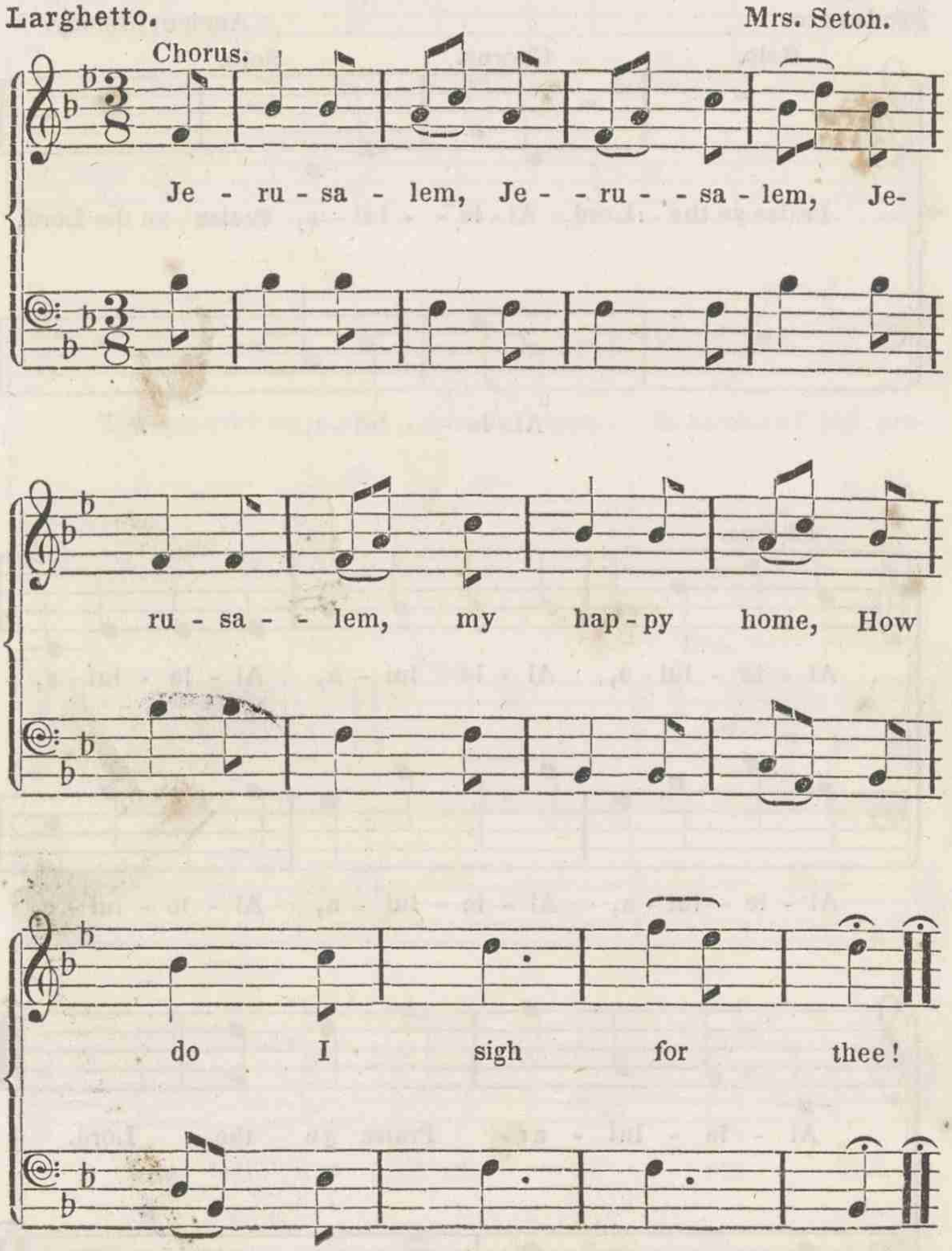

sumes, Bro - ther to our


Chorus.
souls be - - - - comes. Lord, &c.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME—page 149.

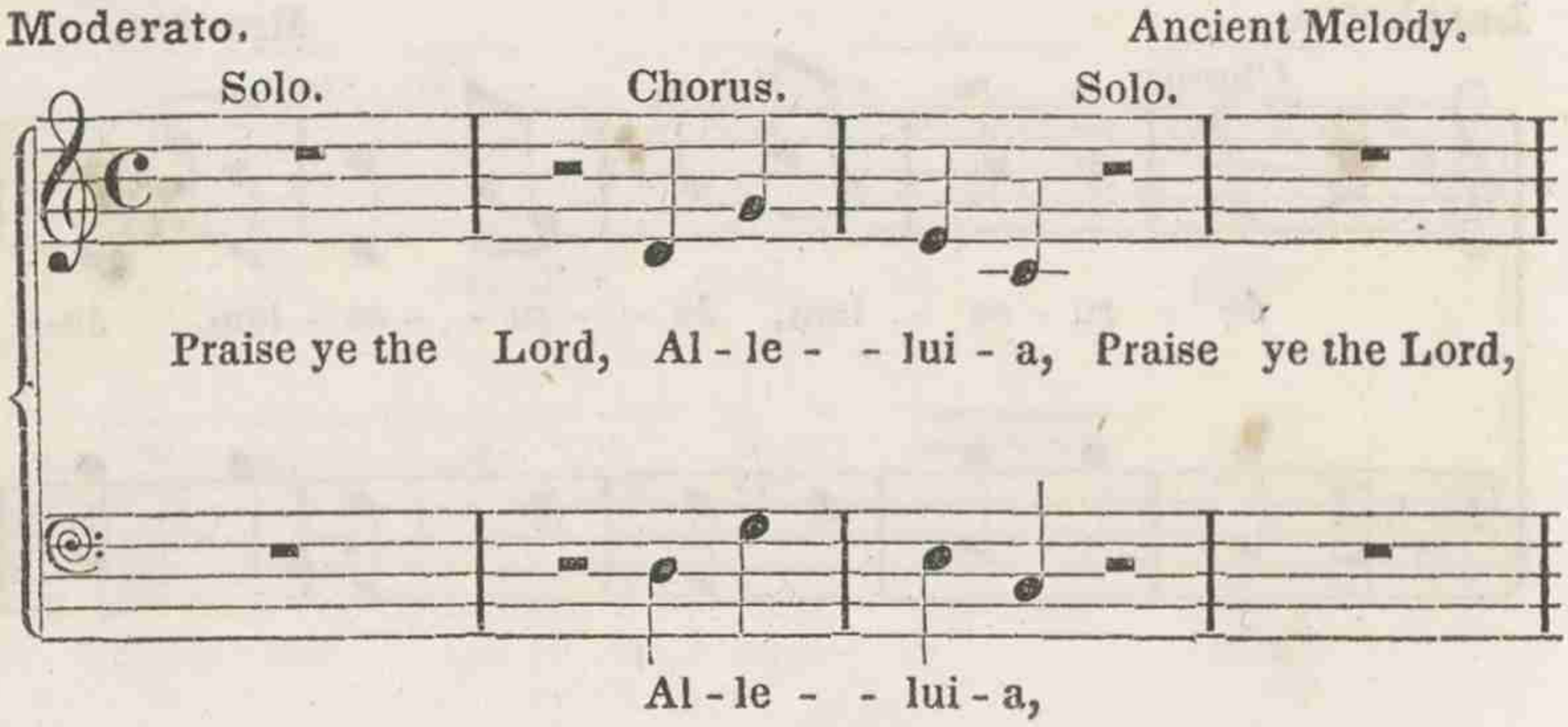
2d and Bass.

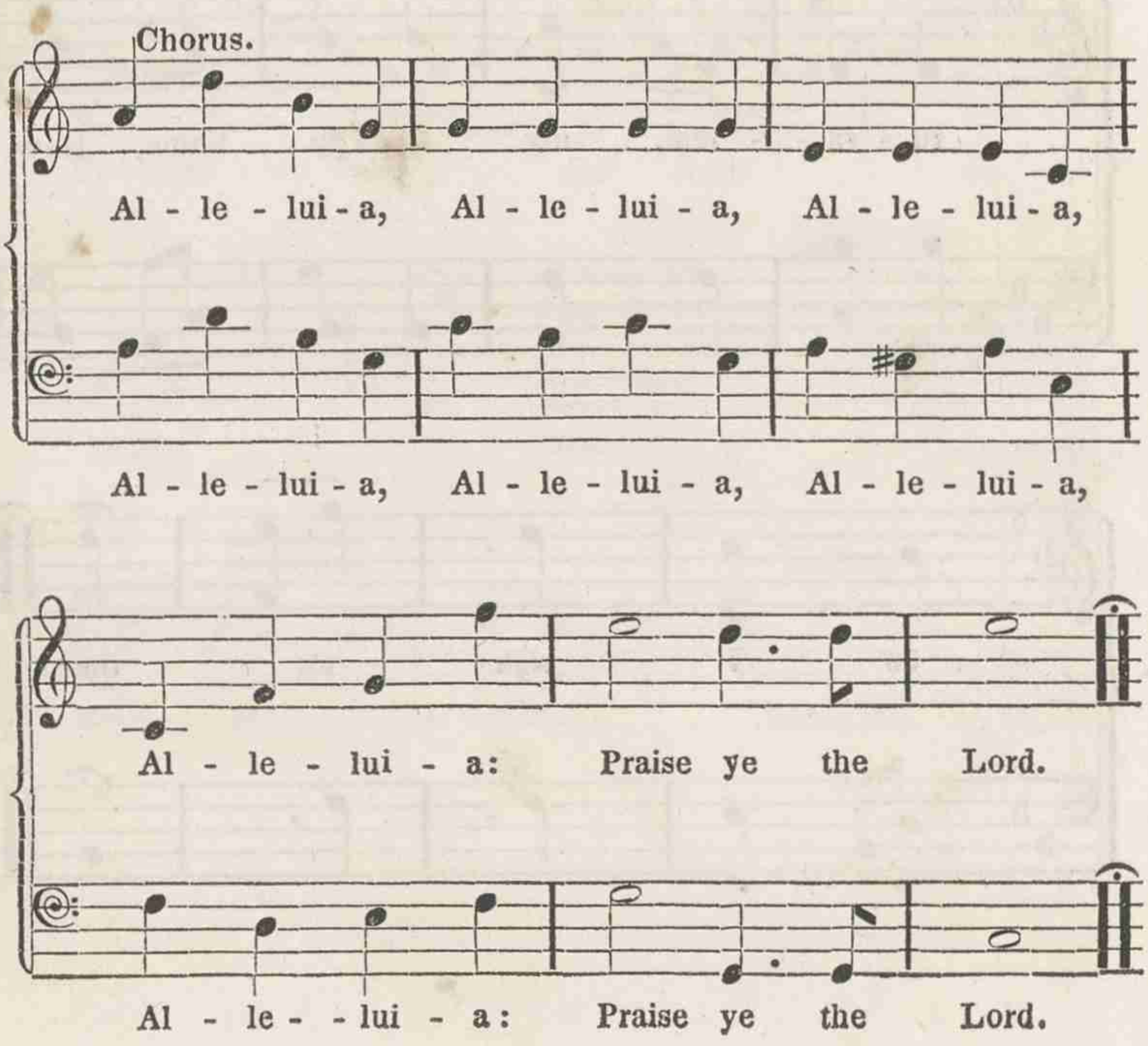
Larghetto. **Mrs. Seton.**



COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE—page 163.

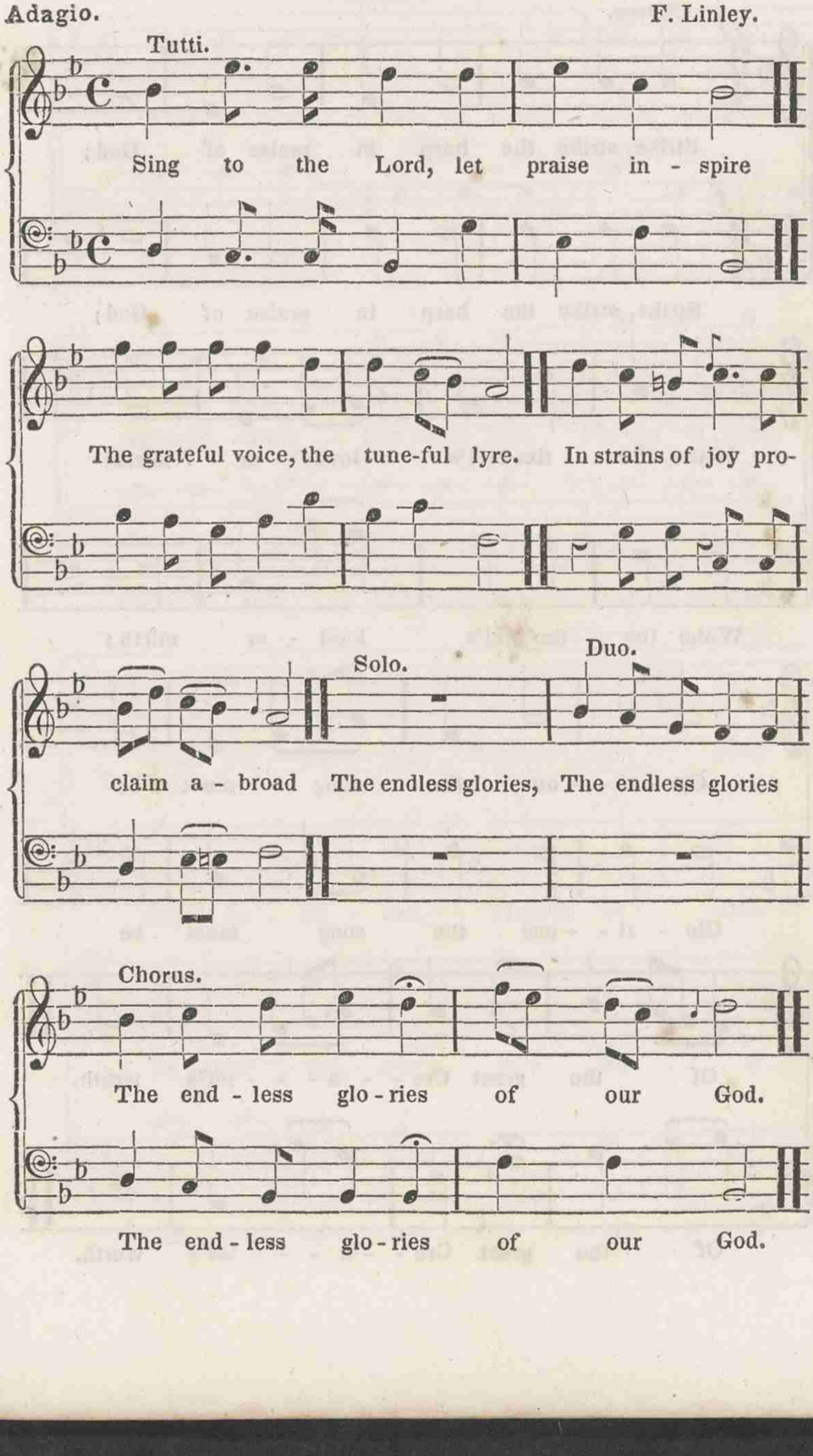
Tenor and Bass.





SING TO THE LORD—page 170.

Tenor and Bass.



STRIKE, STRIKE THE HARP—page 171.

2d and Bass.

Moderato. **S. Nelson.**

f **Chorus.**

Strike, strike the harp in praise of God;

f

Strike, strike the harp in praise of God;

Wake the tim-brel's loud er mirth;

Wake the tim-brel's loud - er mirth;

Glo - ri - - ous the song must be

Glo - ri - - ous the song must be

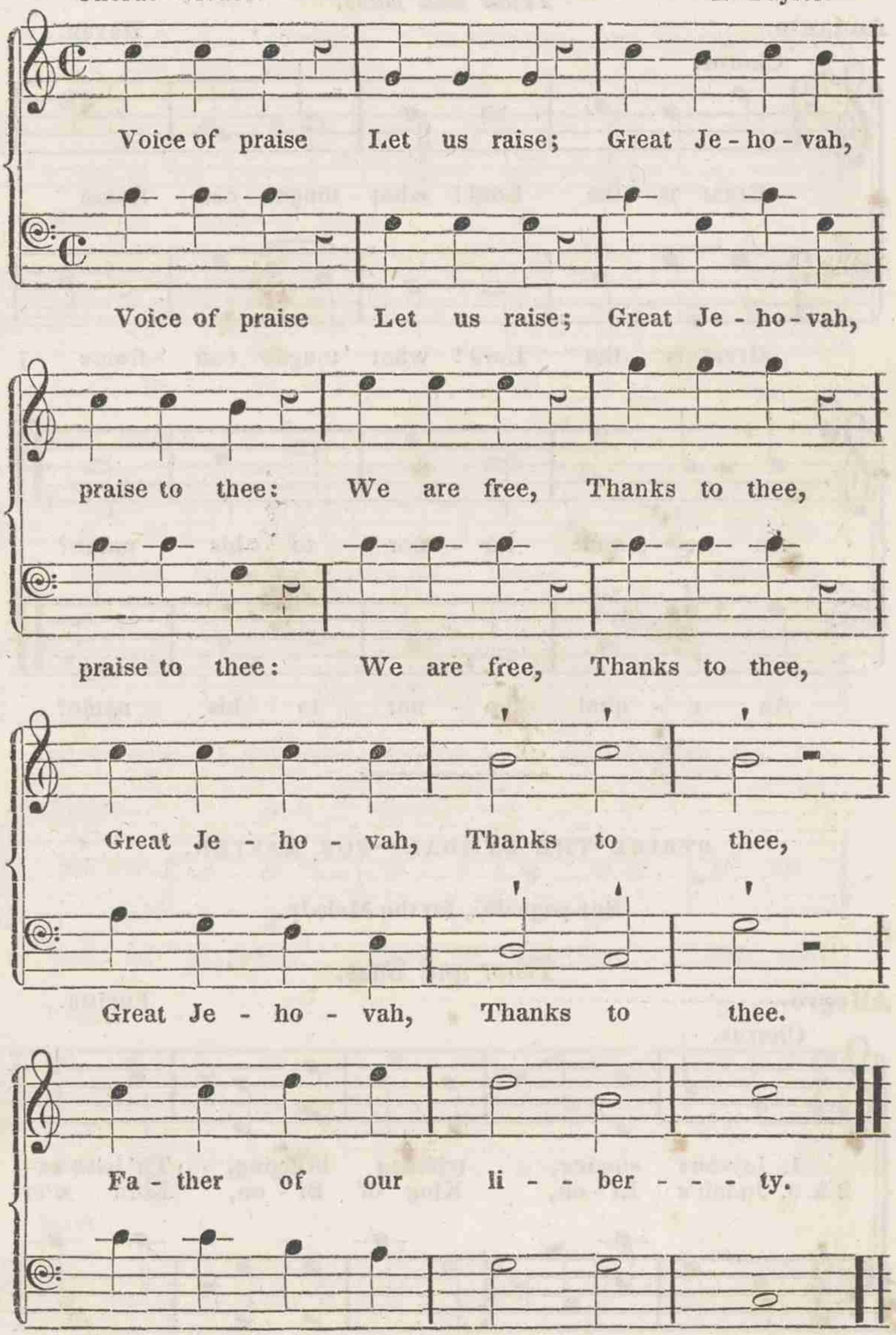
Of the great Cre - - a - - - tor's worth.

Of the great Cre - - a - - - tor's worth.

SAVE, O LORD, THE COMMONWEAL—page 175.

2d and Bass.

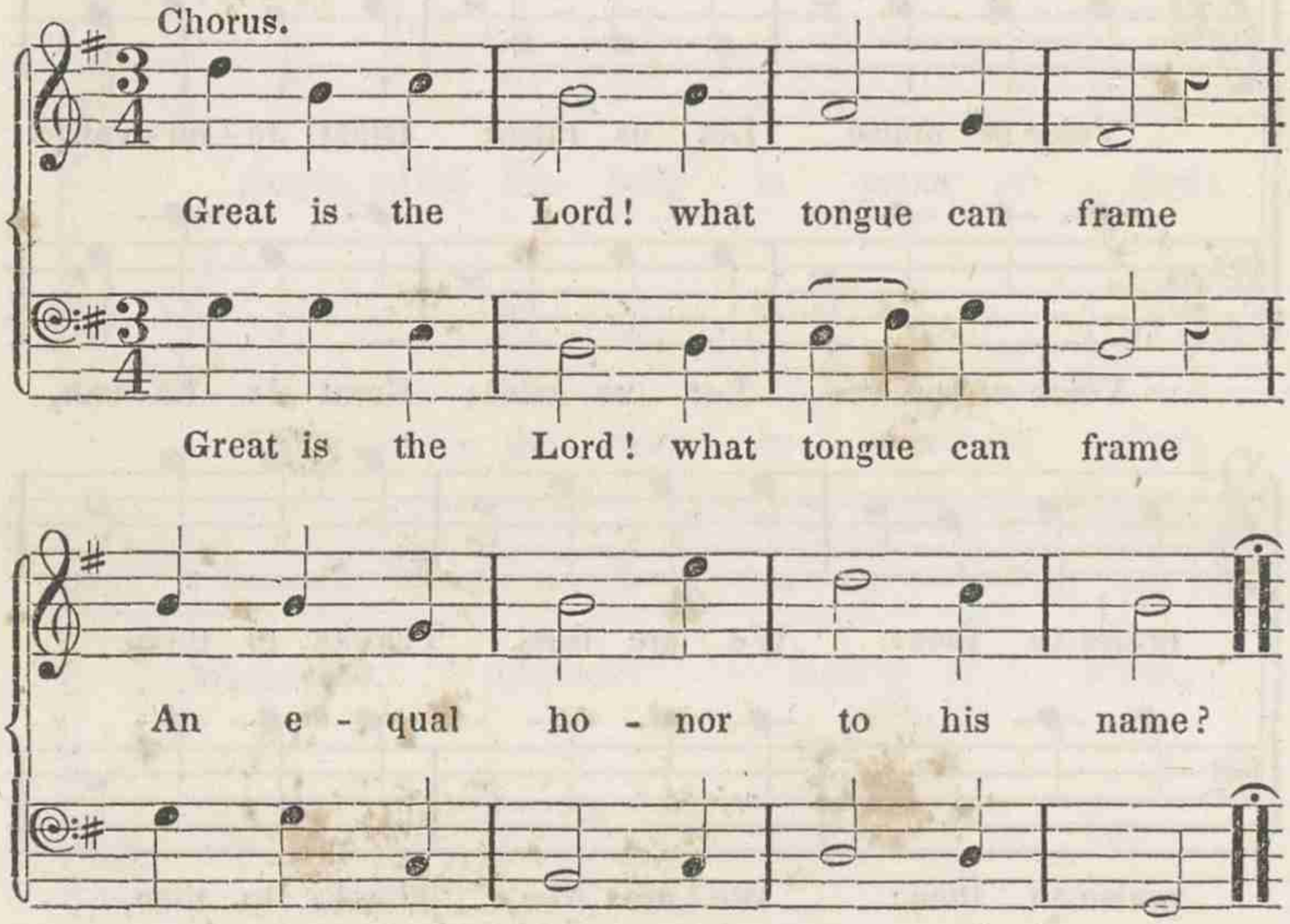
Chorus—vivace. R. Taylor.



MY SOUL, THY GREAT CREATOR PRAISE—page 161.

Tenor and Bass.

Andante. **Haydn.**



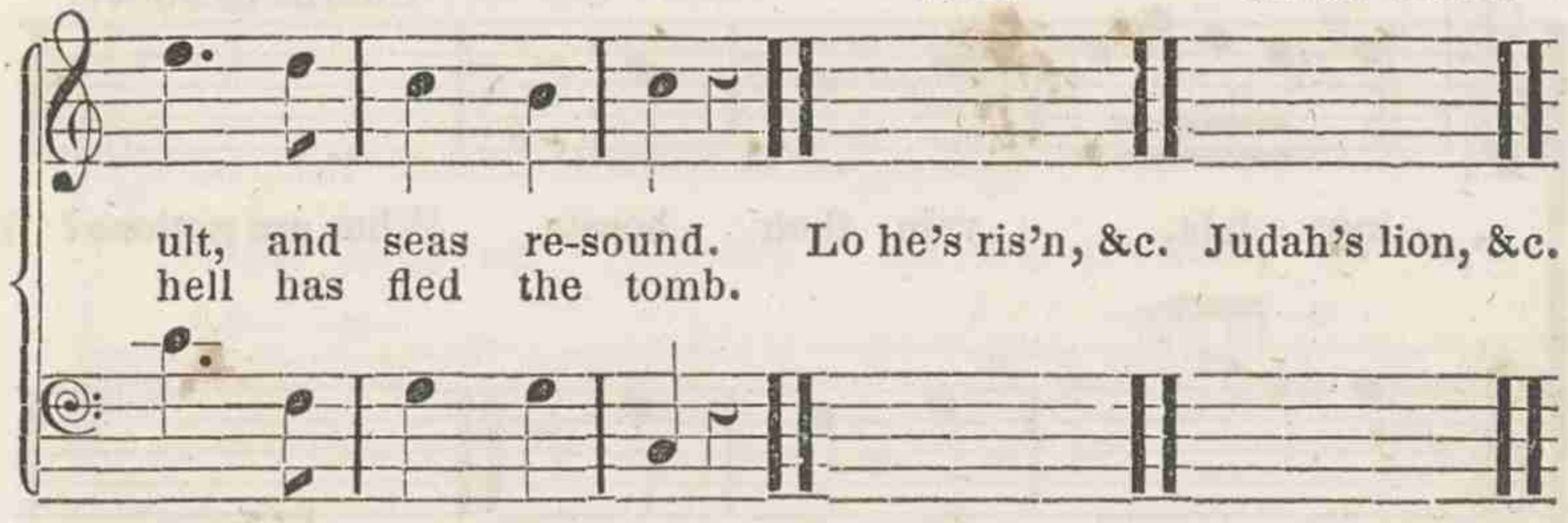
STRIKE THE CYMBAL—FOR EASTER.
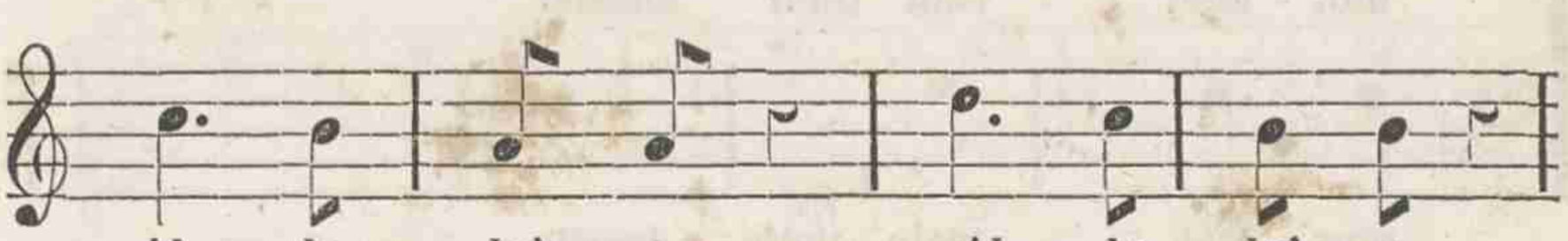
See page 205, for the Melody.

Tenor and Bass.
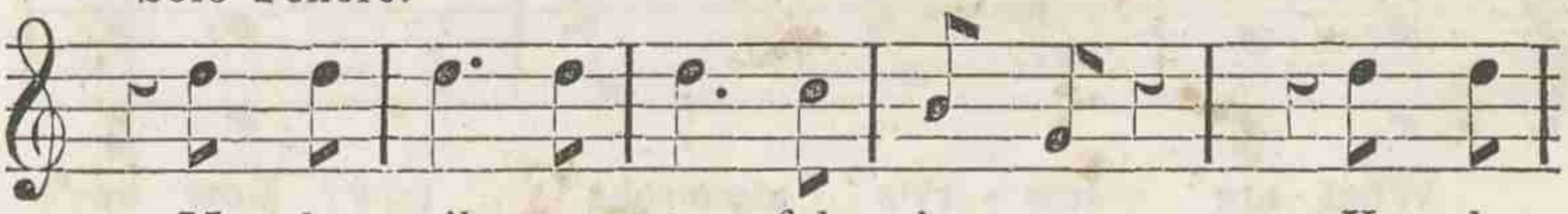
Allegro. **Pucitta.**

Solo. Ch. as above.
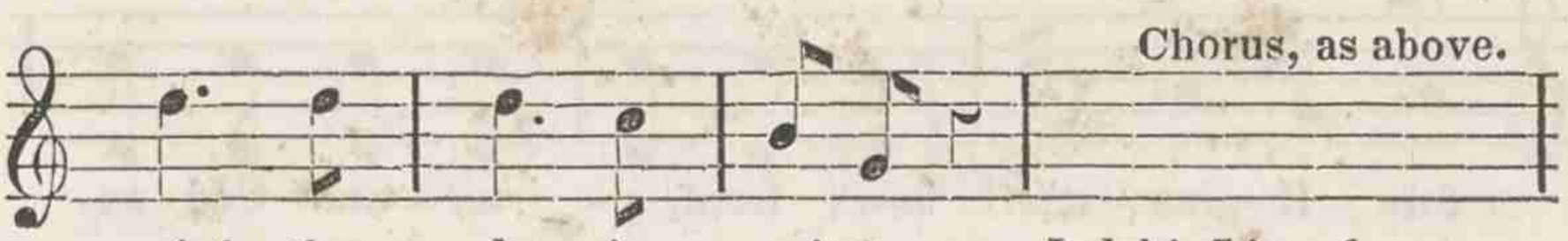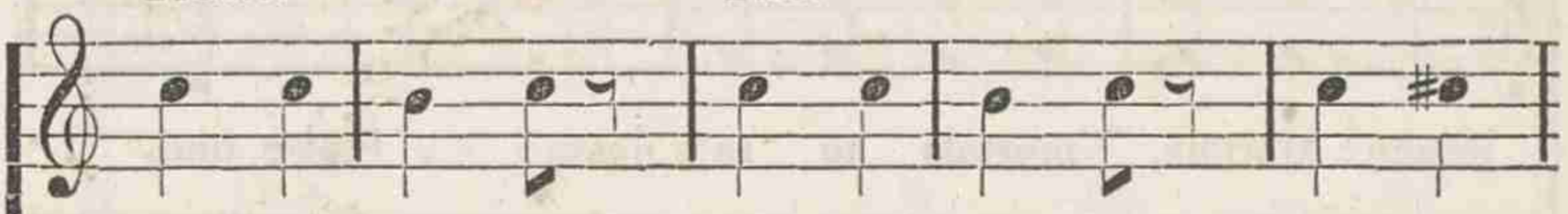




Solo Tenore.



Chorus, as above.



Treble. Trio.



Tenor.

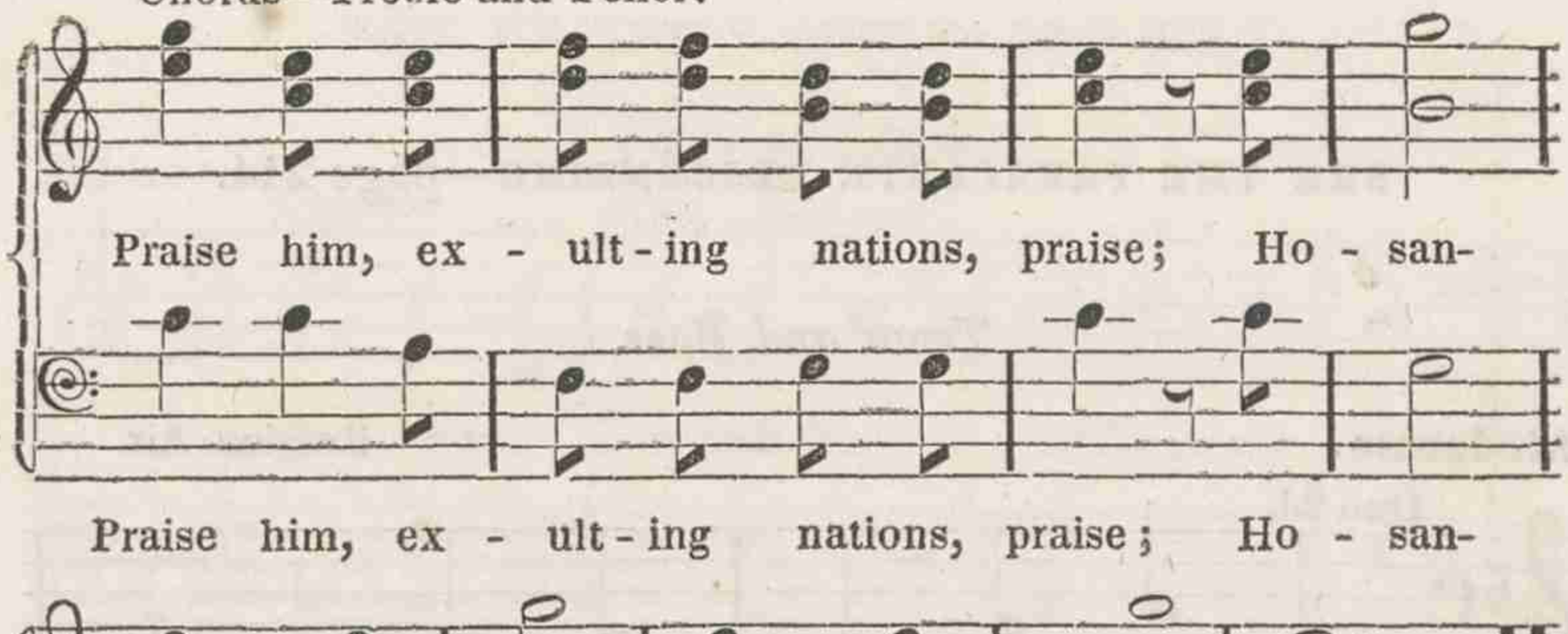


Bass.



Chorus as above.
mor - tals, vain their boasts. What are nations?
mor - tals, vain their boasts.
mor - tals, vain their boasts.
Treble Solo.
What are Jew - ry's monarchs now? Low be-
fore E - ma - nuel bow; Lord, e - - ter - nal God su-
Chorus. Treble and Tenor. Solo.
preme! Mortals, mortals to re - deem! Praise him,
Chorus—Treble and tenor. Solo.
praise him, ex - ult - ing nations, praise; Praise him:
ex - ult - ing nations praise.

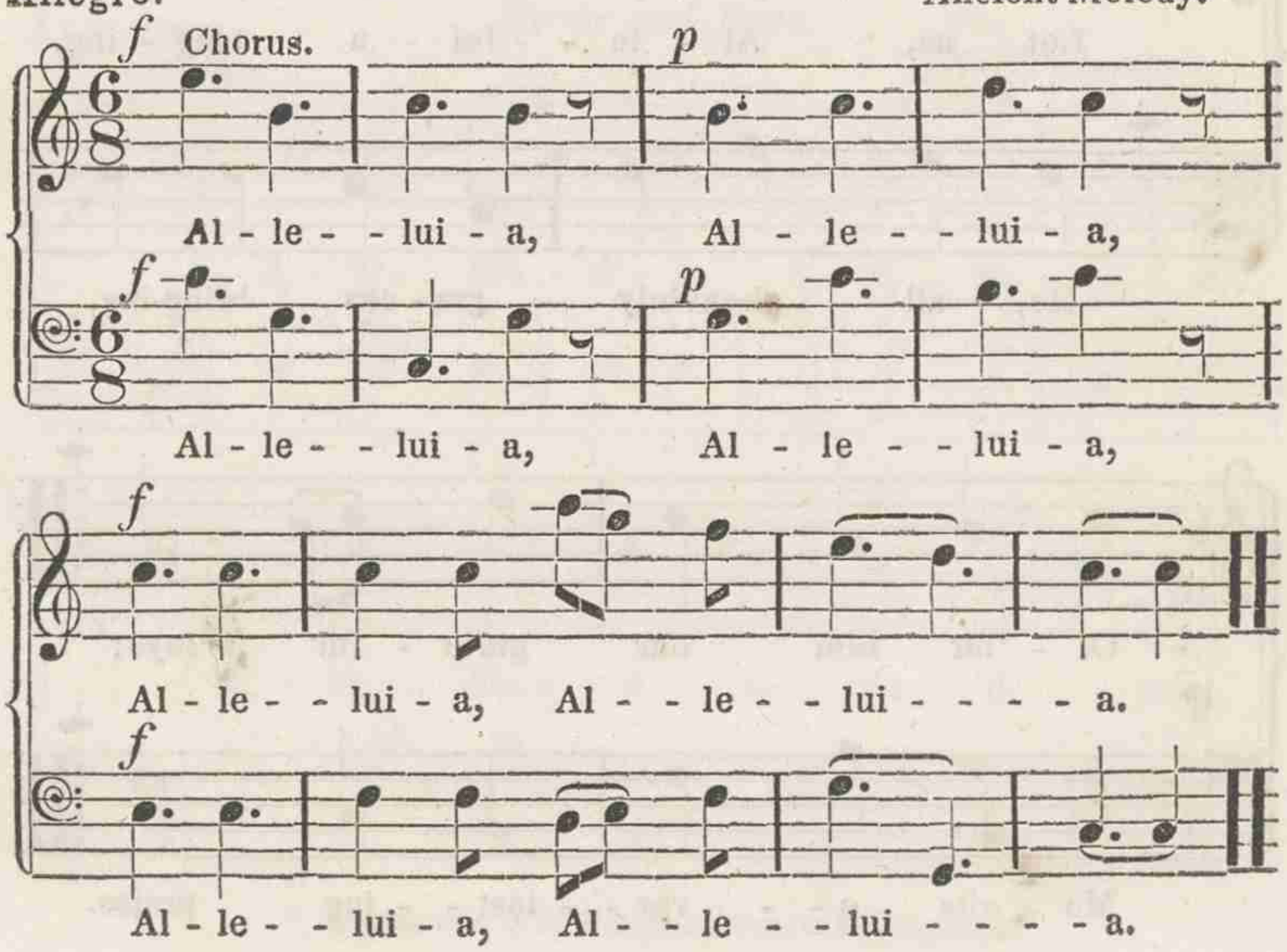
Chorus—Treble and Tenor.



TO-DAY HE'S RISEN—page 206.

Tenor and Bass.
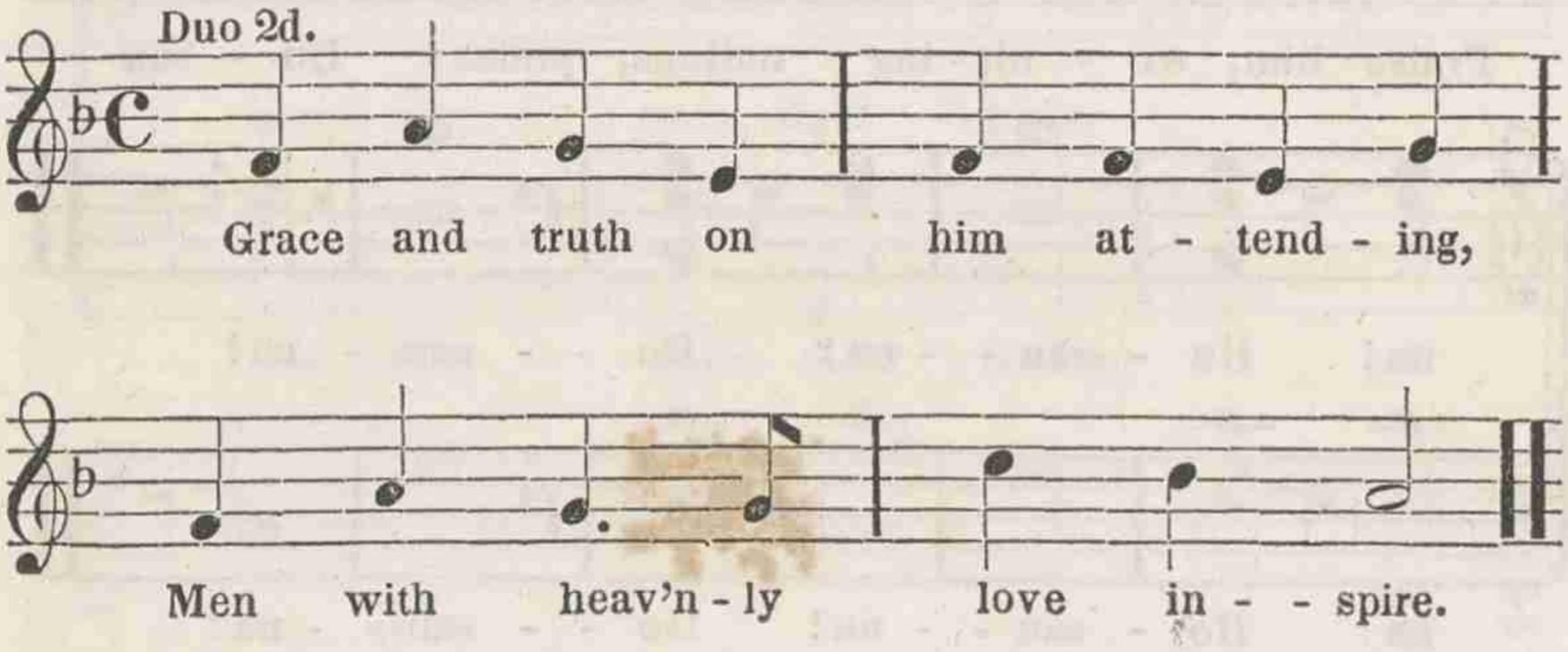
Allegro. Ancient Melody.



SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING—page 214.
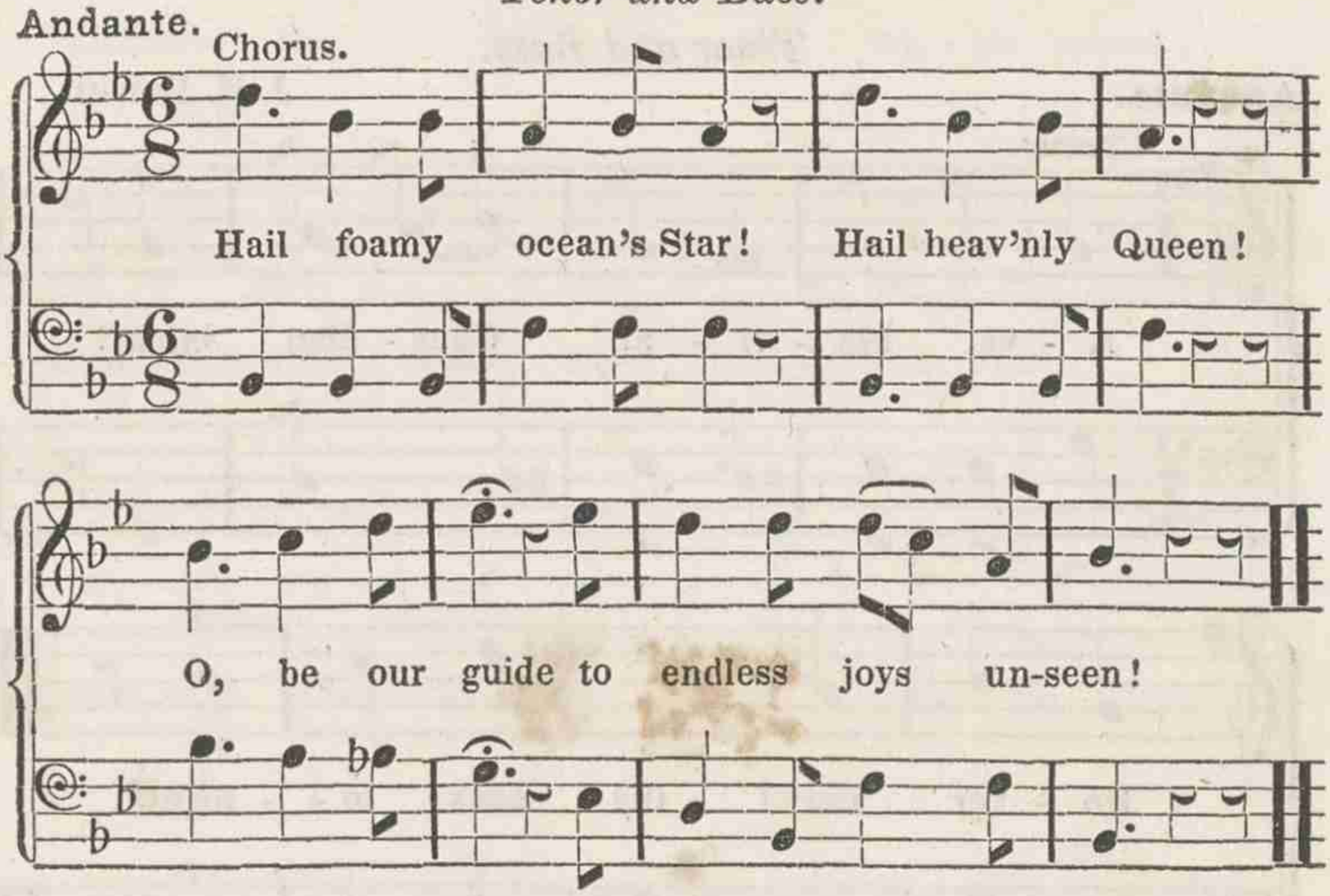
Tenor and Bass.

Moderato. **Russian Air.**



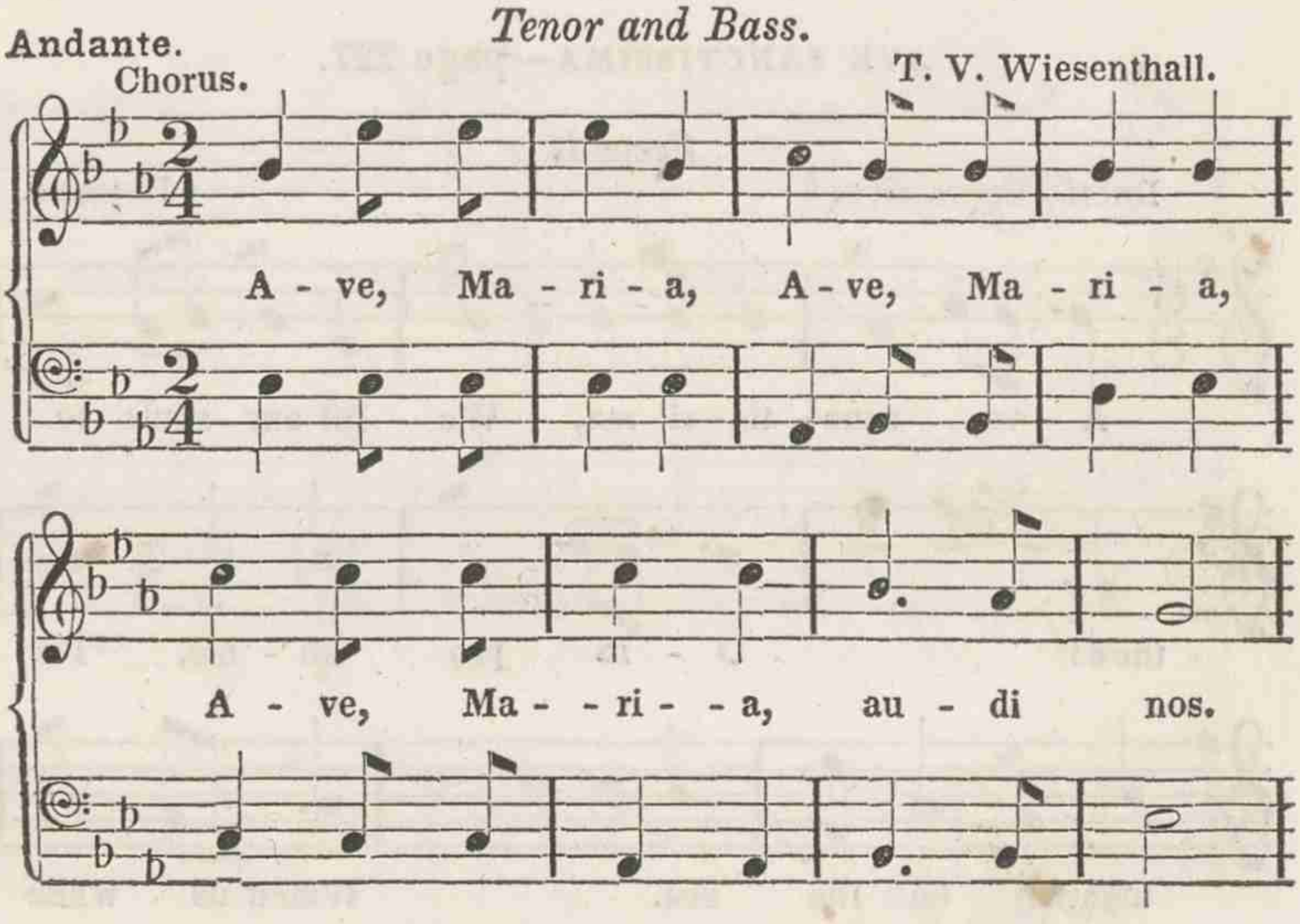
HAIL HEAVENLY QUEEN—page 223.*

Tenor and Bass.



FADING, STILL FADING—page 225.*

Tenor and Bass.
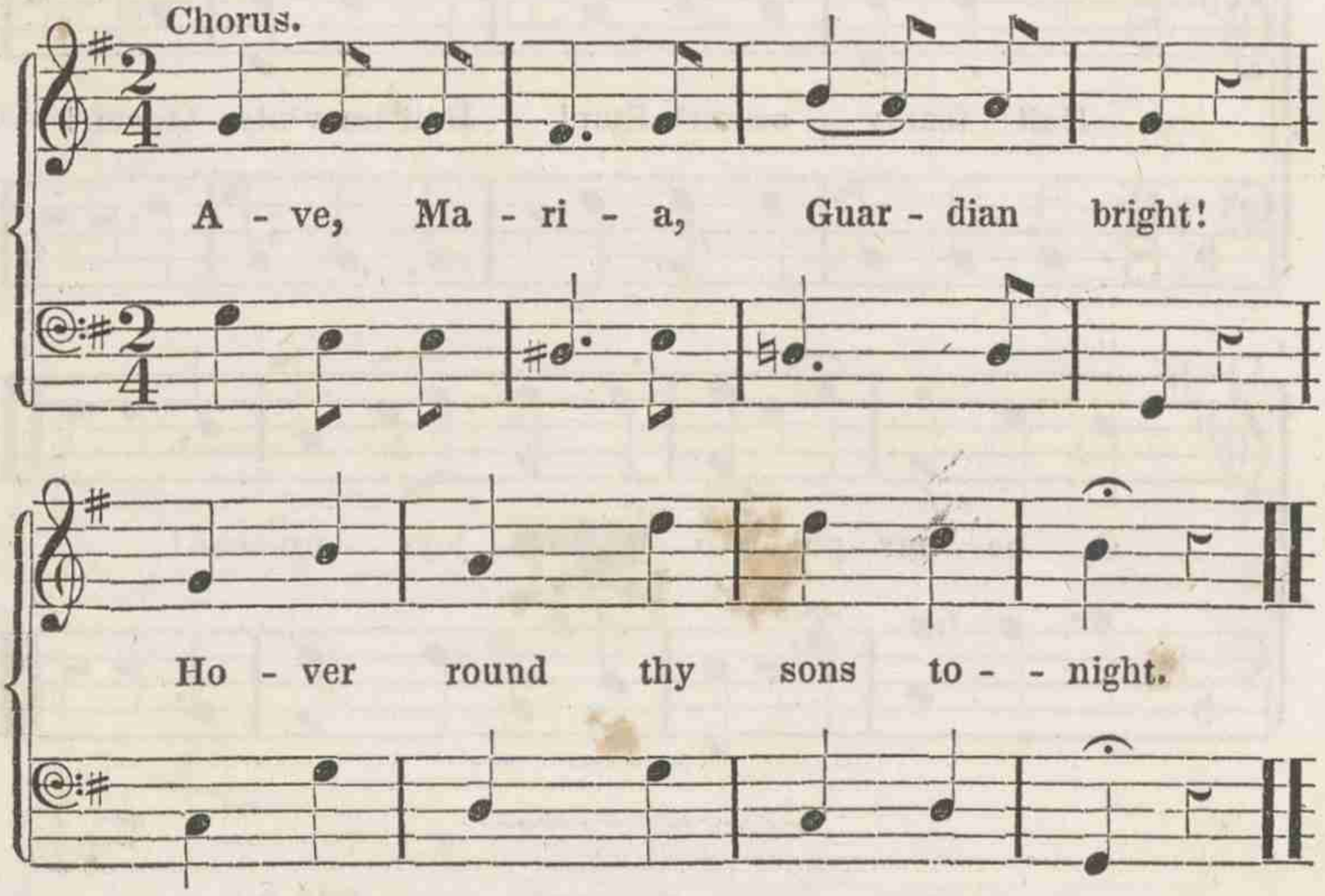


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AVE MARIA, GUARDIAN—page 229.*

Tenor and Bass.

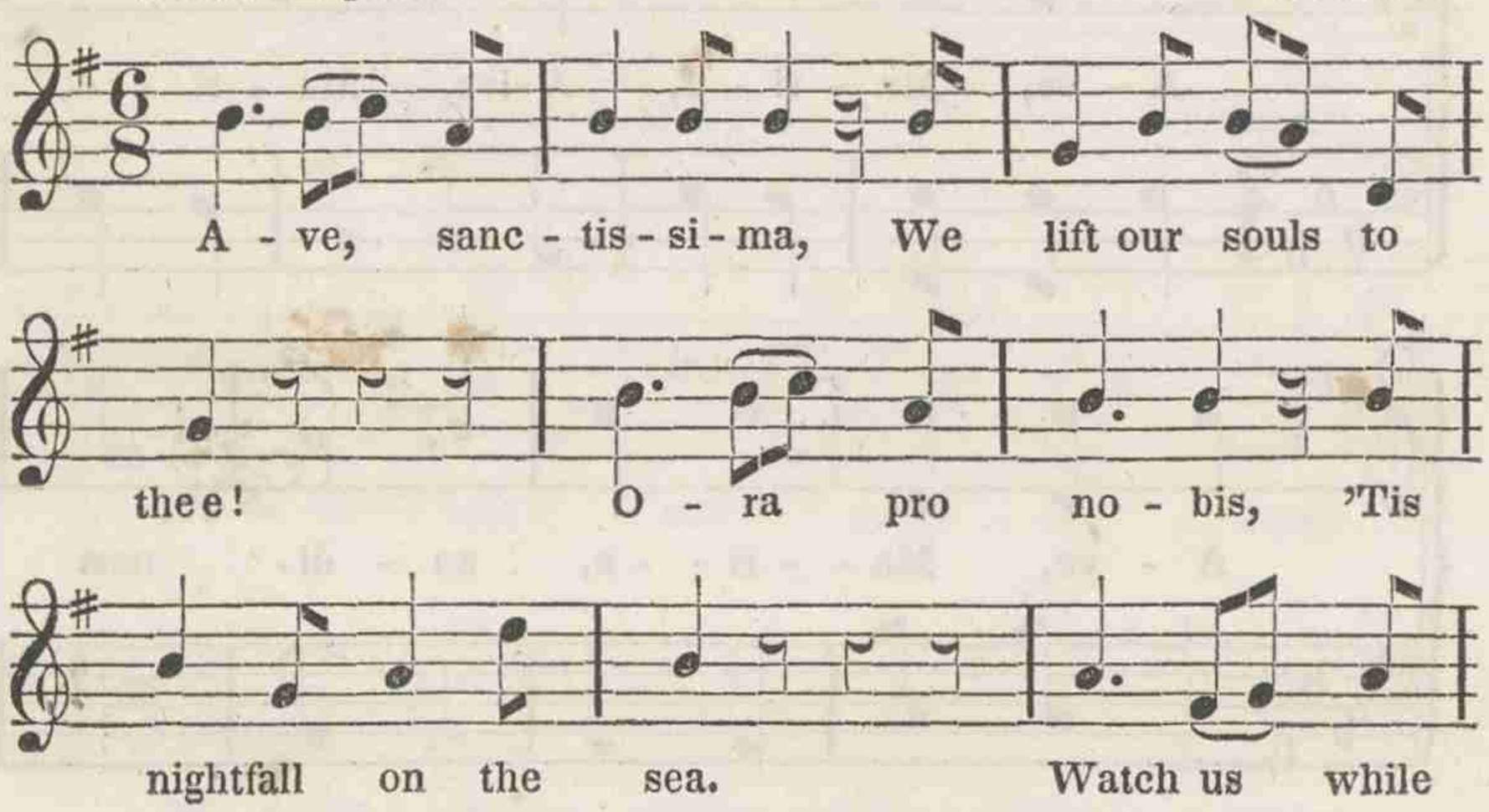
Andante. **J. H. Hewitt.**
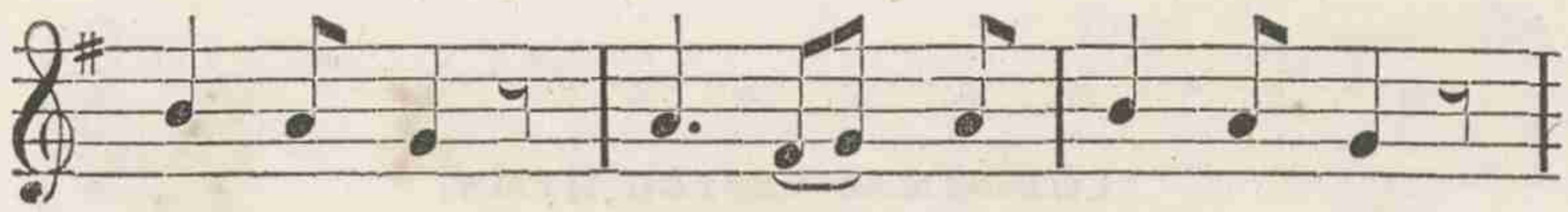


AVE SANCTISSIMA—page 227.

Second.
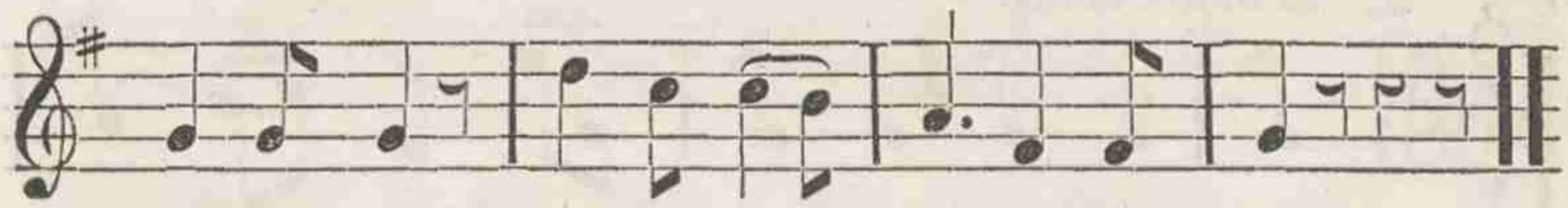
Duett—Expressivo. **Hemans.**
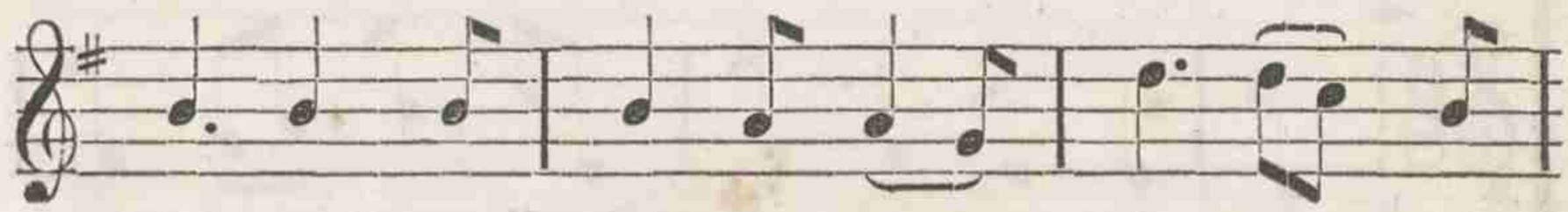


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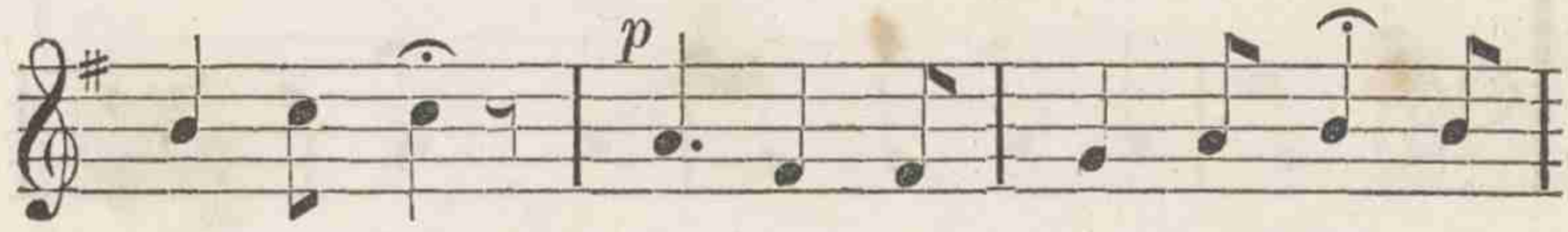


shadows lie, Far o'er the wa - ter spread;
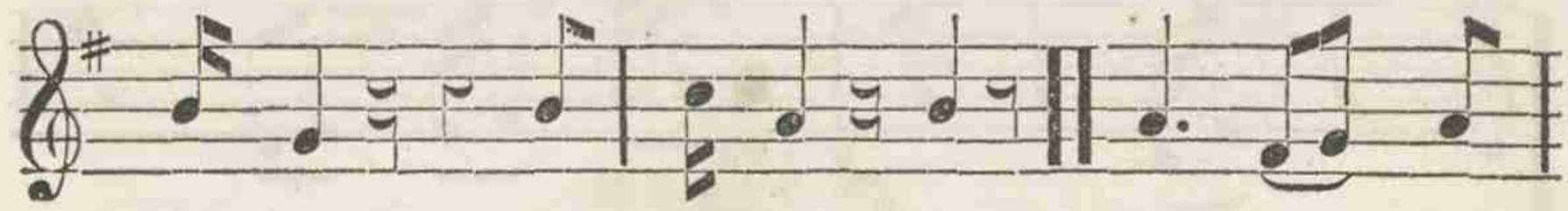


Hear the heart's lonely sigh, Thine too has bled.
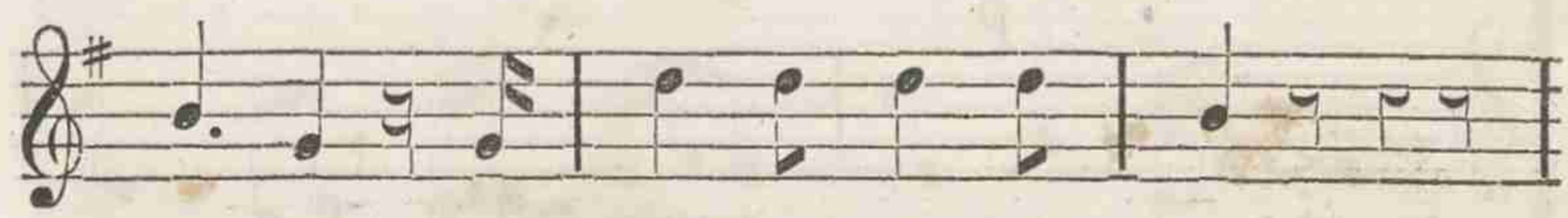


Thou, that hast look'd on death, Aid us when



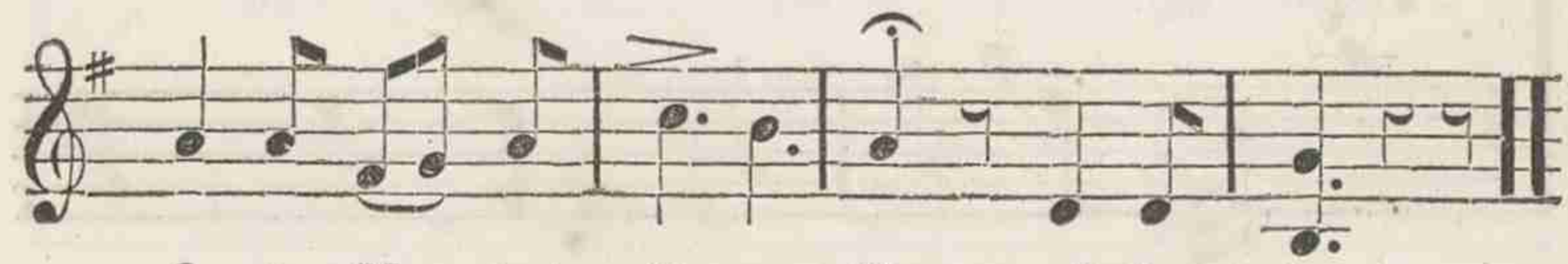
death is near; Whisper of heav'n to faith, Sweet



Mo-ther, sweet Mother, hear! O - ra pro



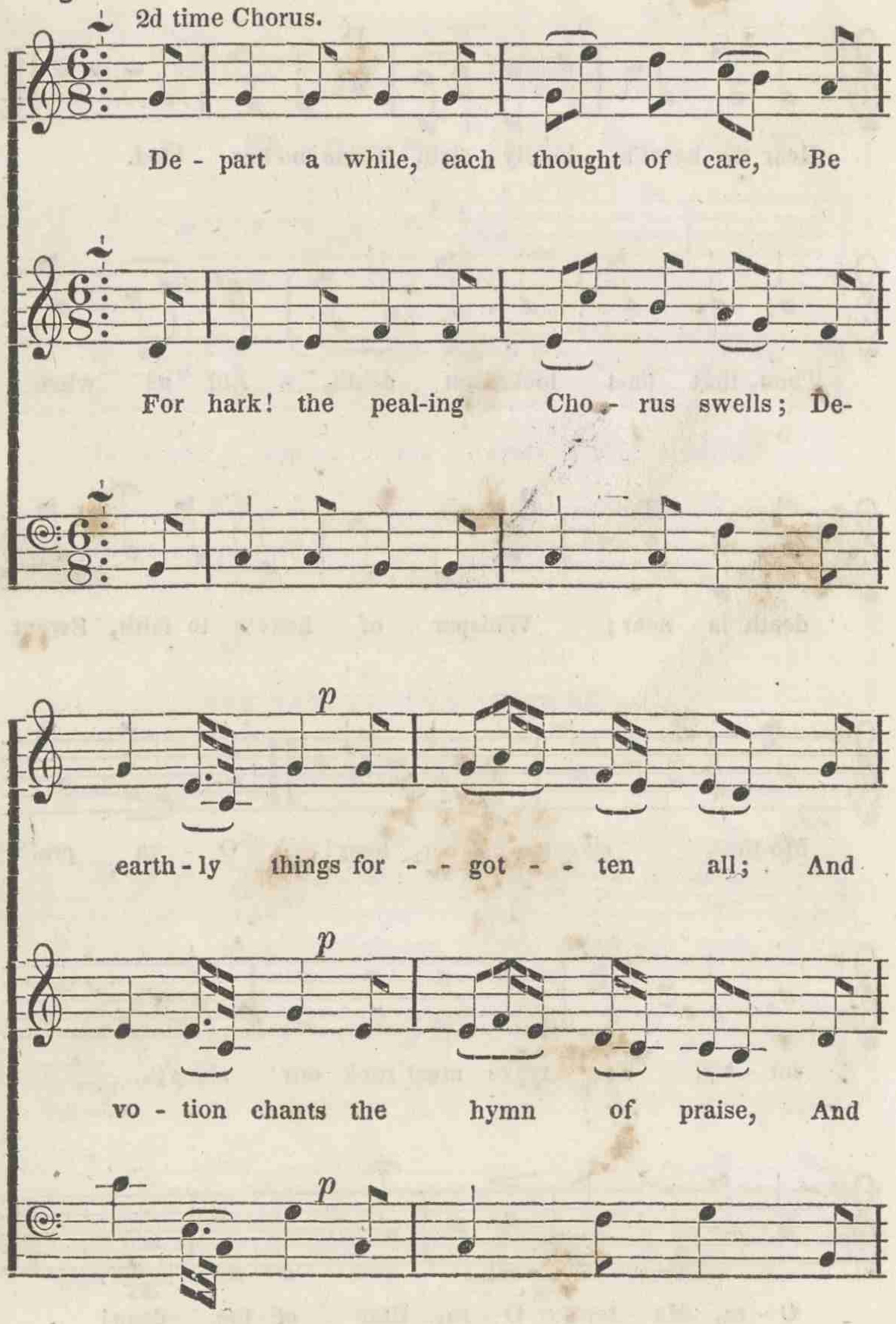
no - bis, The wave must rock our sleep;



O - ra, Ma - ter! O - ra, Star of the deep!

CHRISTMAS VESPER HYMN.

Larghetto. T. Nelson.



Cres.

speak, my soul, thy ves-per pray'r, o - be - dient to de-

now of joy and hope it tells, 'Till fainting on the

p Chorus.

vo - - tion's call. Glo - ri - a ti - bi, Do - mi - ne,

p

ear it says: Glo - ri - a ti - bi, Do - mi - ne,

p

f *p* Cres. Dim.

Do - - mi - ne, Do - - - - - mi - ne.

p

Do - - mi - ne, Do - - - - - mi - ne.

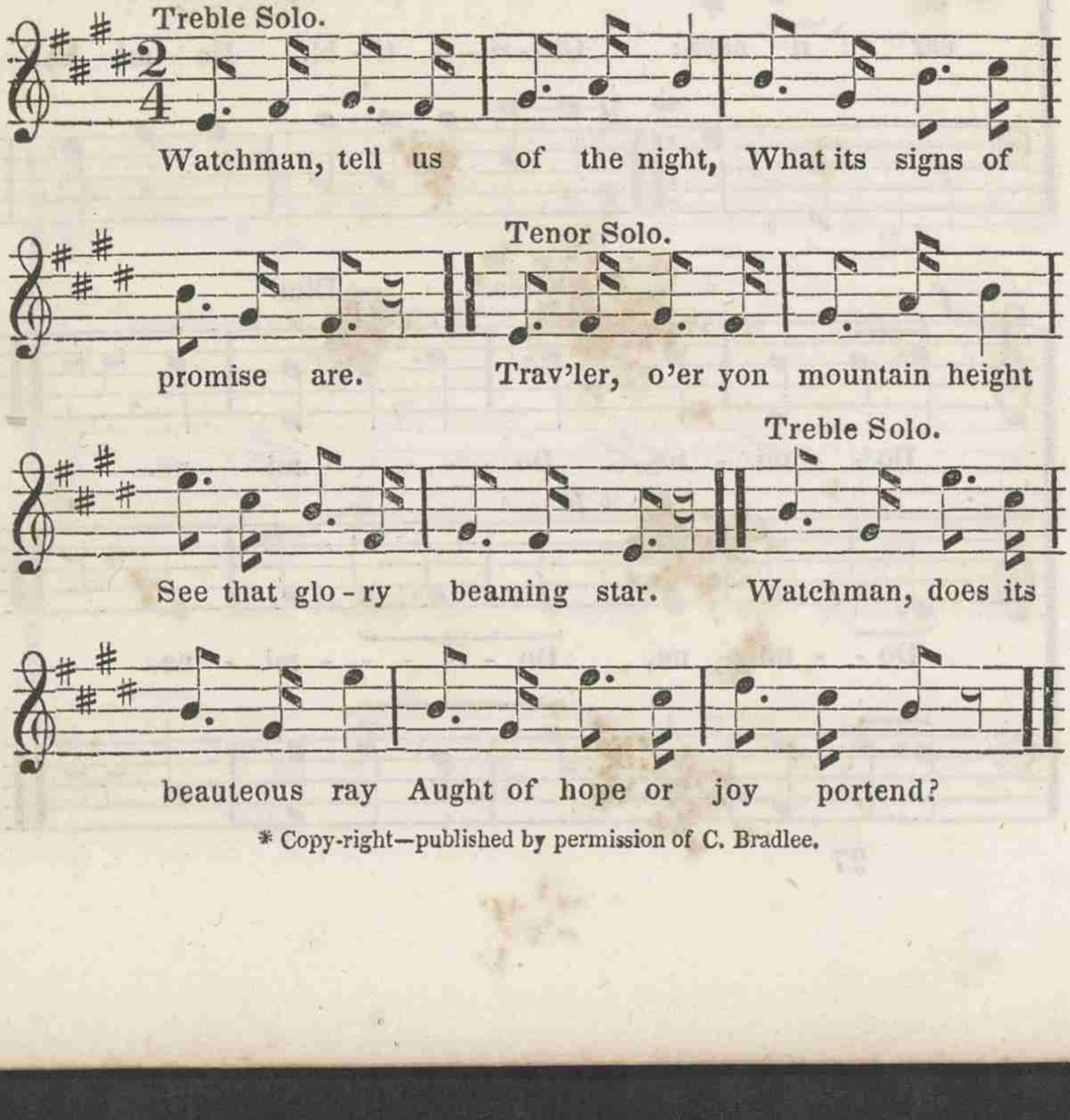
p

Thine, wond'rous babe of Galilee!
Fond theme of David's harp and song,
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy:
To thee its ransom'd chords belong;
And hark! again the chorus swells,
The song is wafted on the breeze;
And to the list'ning earth it tells,
In accents soft and sweet as these:
Gloria tibi, Domine.
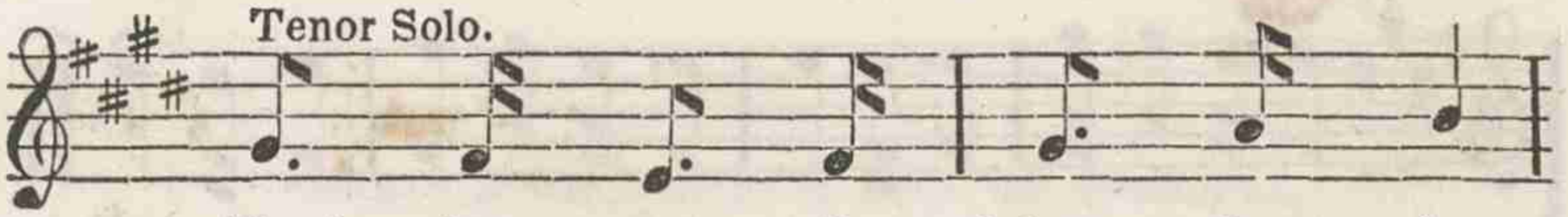
My heart doth feel that still He 's near,
To meet the soul in hours like this;
Else—why, O why, that falling tear?
When all is peace, and love, and bliss!
But hark! that pealing chorus swells
Anew its thrilling vesper strain;
And still of joy and hope it tells,
And bids creation sing again:
Gloria tibi, Domine.
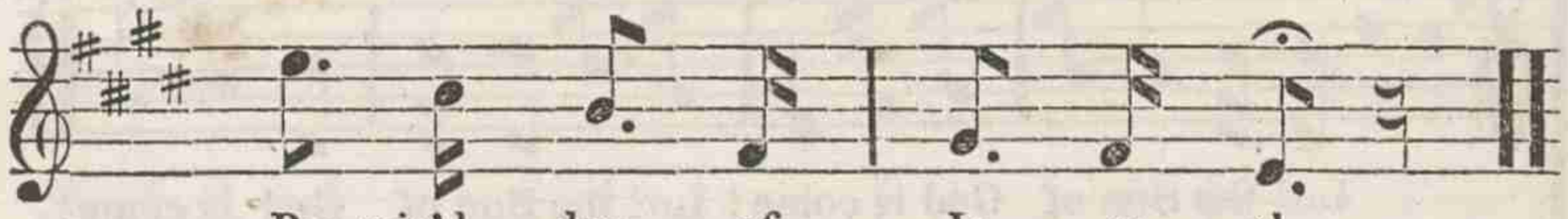
CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

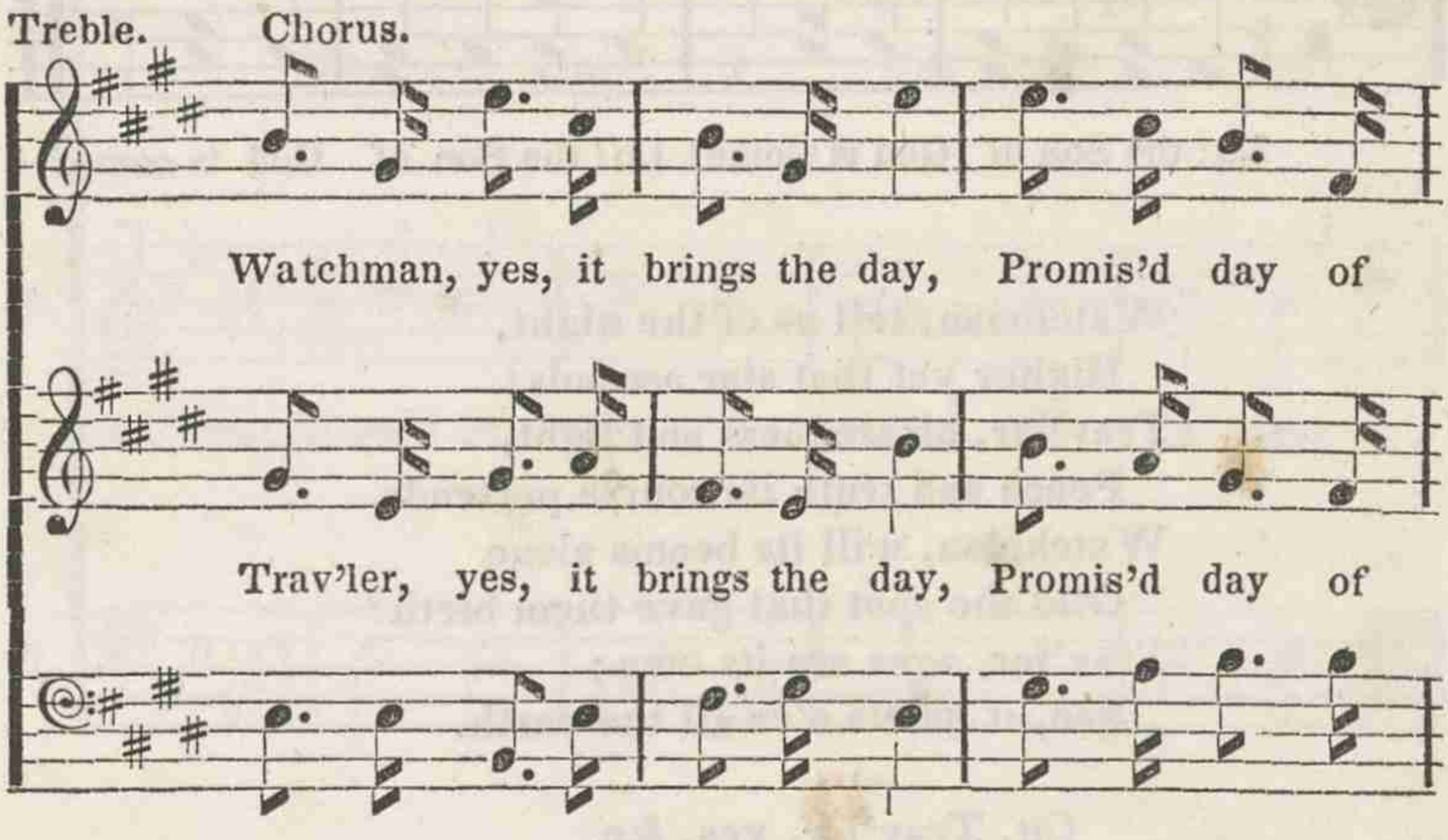
Andante. J. Mason.

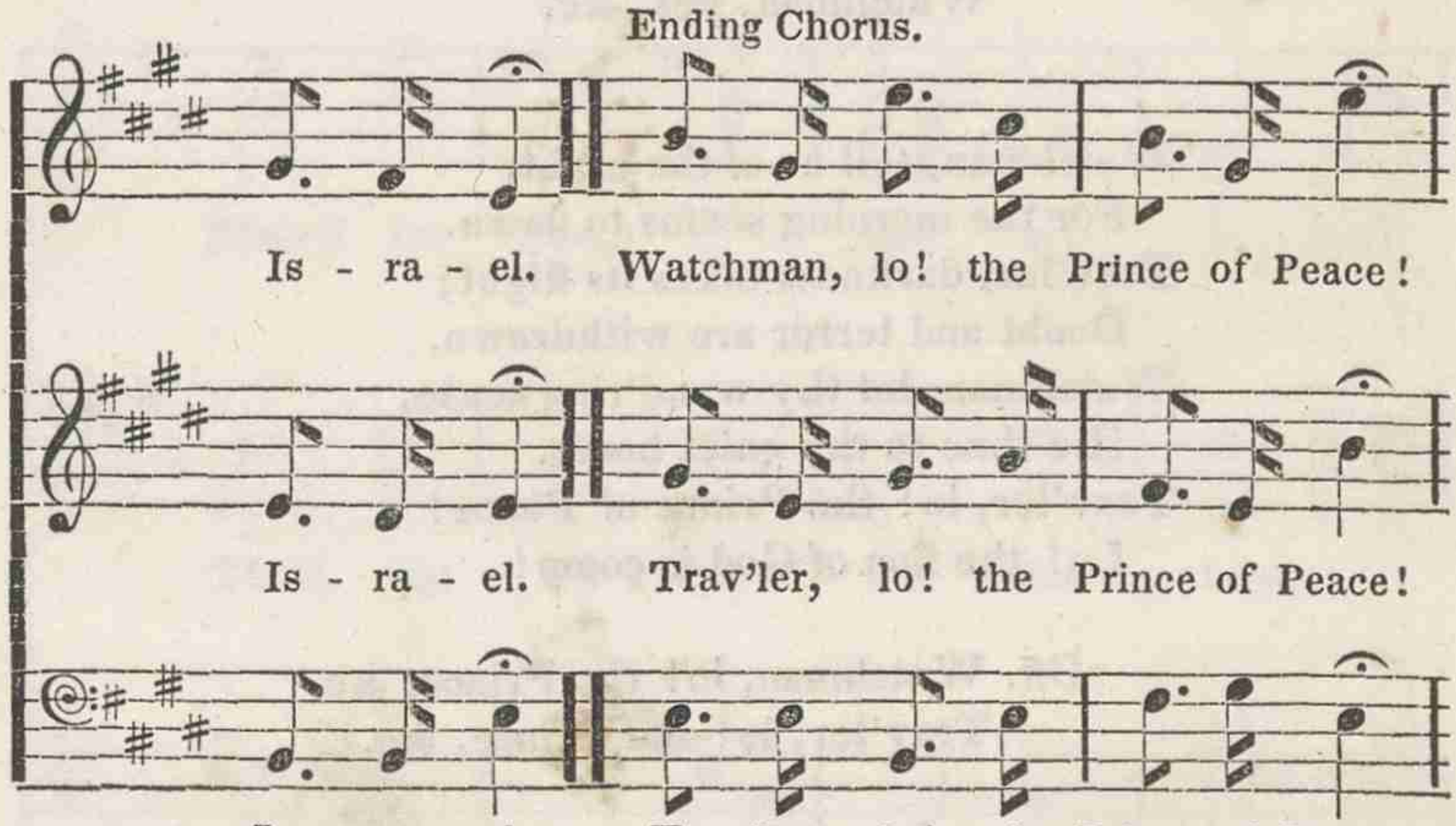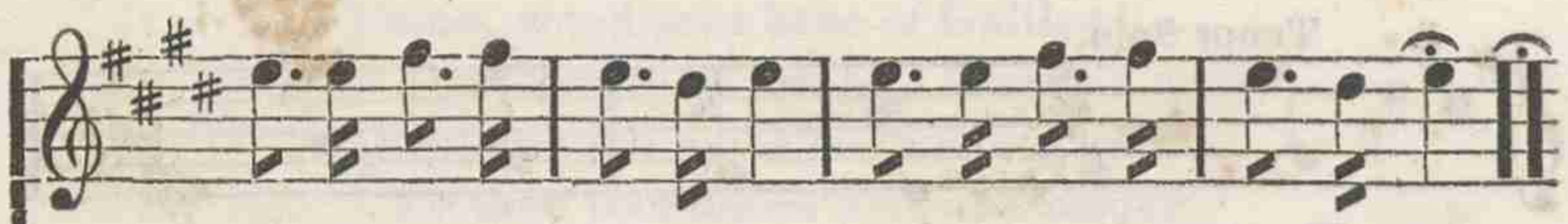


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Tenor Solo.
Trav' - ler, yes, it brings the day,
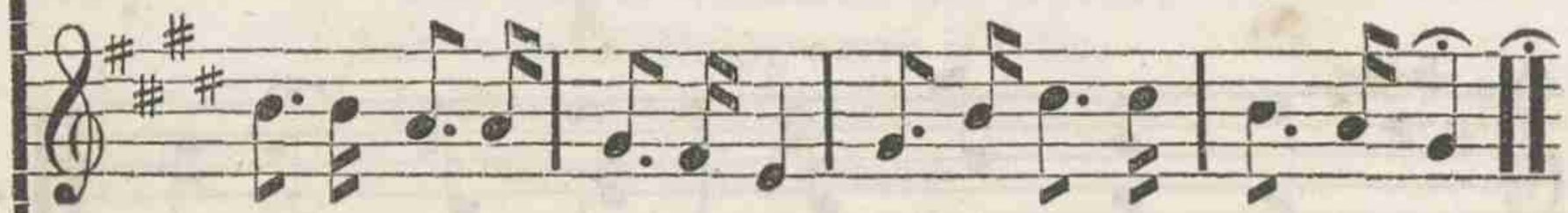

Pro-mis'd day of Is - - ra - el.


Treble.
Chorus.
Watchman, yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promis'd day of
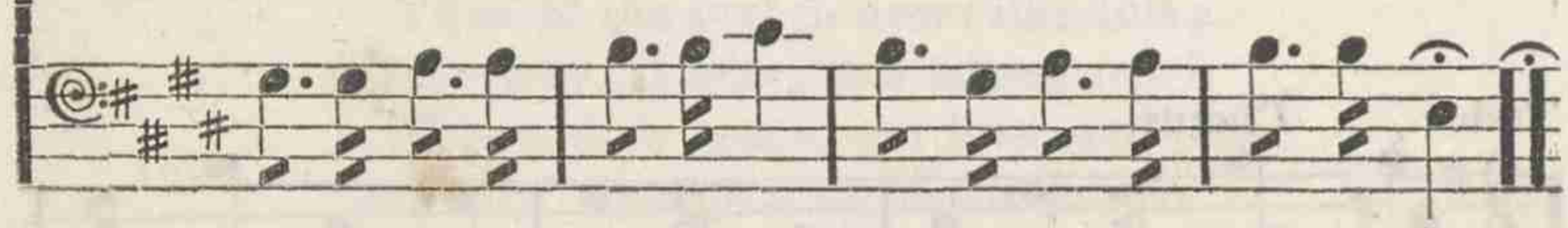

Ending Chorus.
Is - ra - el. Watchman, lo! the Prince of Peace!
Is - ra - el. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace!
Is - ra - el. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace!



Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!



Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!



Lo! the Son of God is Come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

CH. Trav'ler, yes, &c.
Watchman, yes, &c.

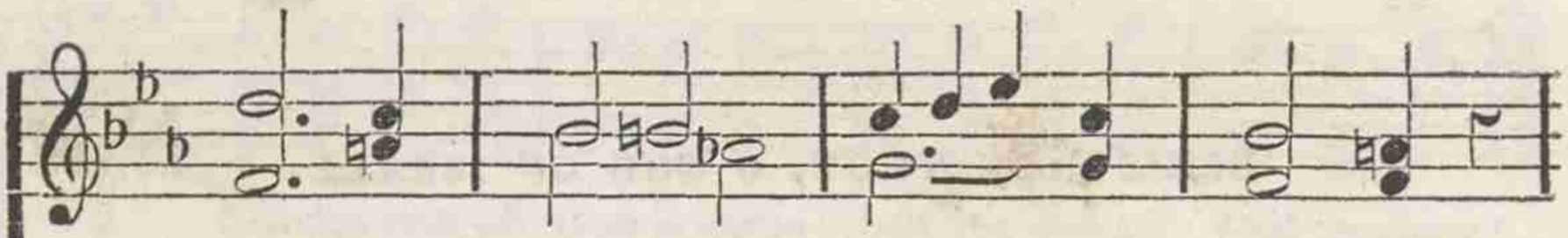
Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace!
Lo! the Son of God is come!

CH. Watchman, lo'! the Prince, &c.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince, &c.
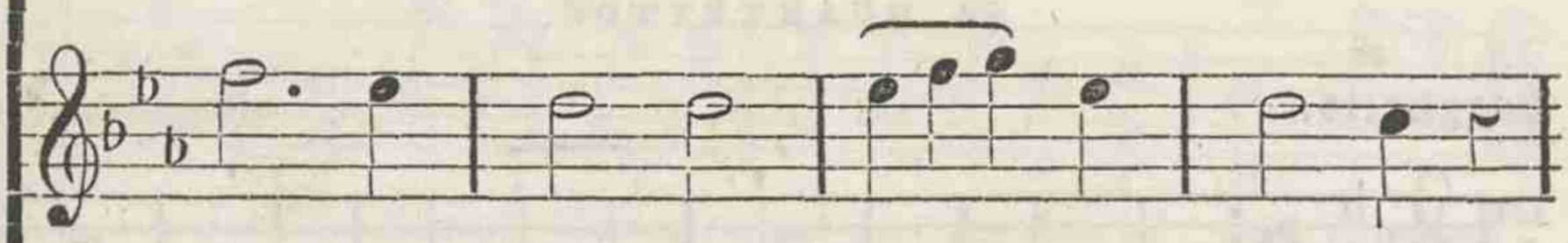
BLESS'D BE THOU, O GOD OF ISRAEL.

A QUARTETTO.
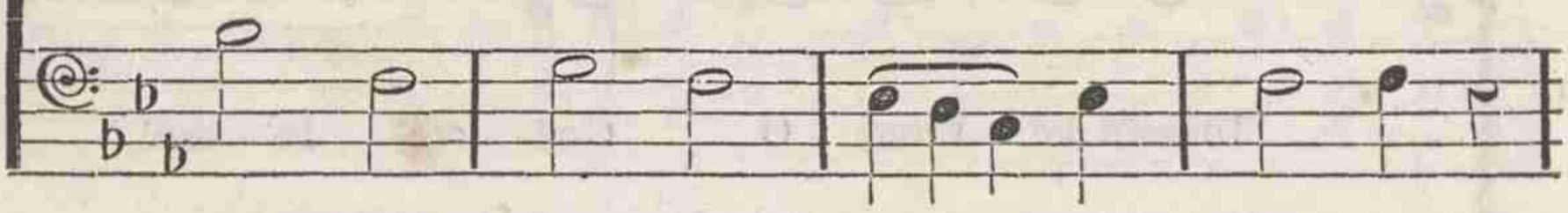
Larghetto. Reghini.
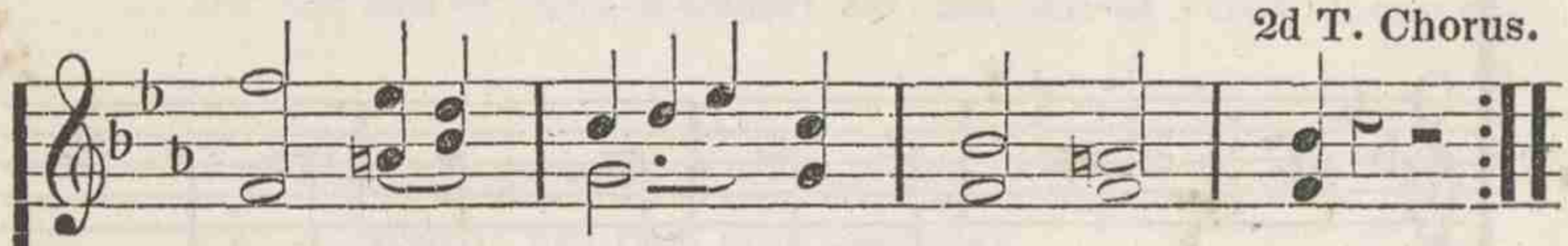


Bless'd be thou, O God of Is - rael,
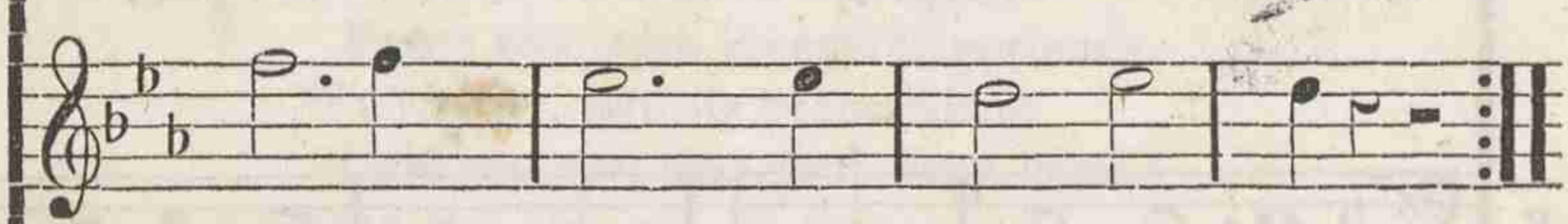


Bless'd thy ma - jes - - ty for - - e - ver;
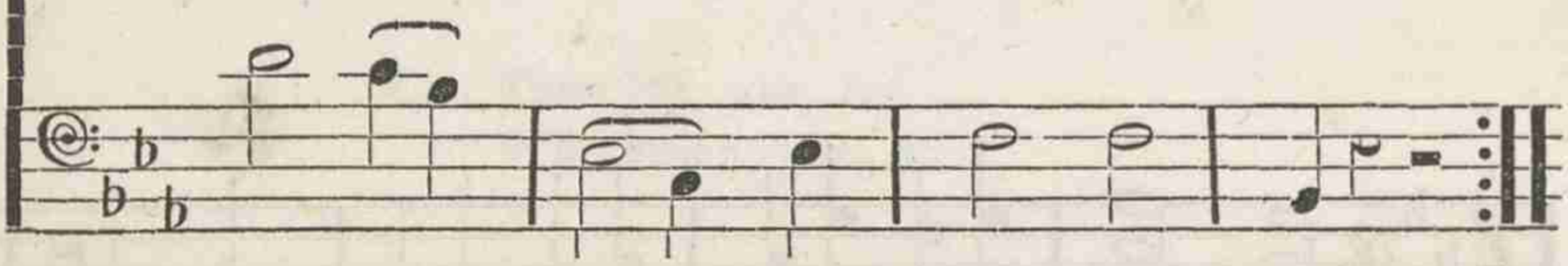


2d T. Chorus.
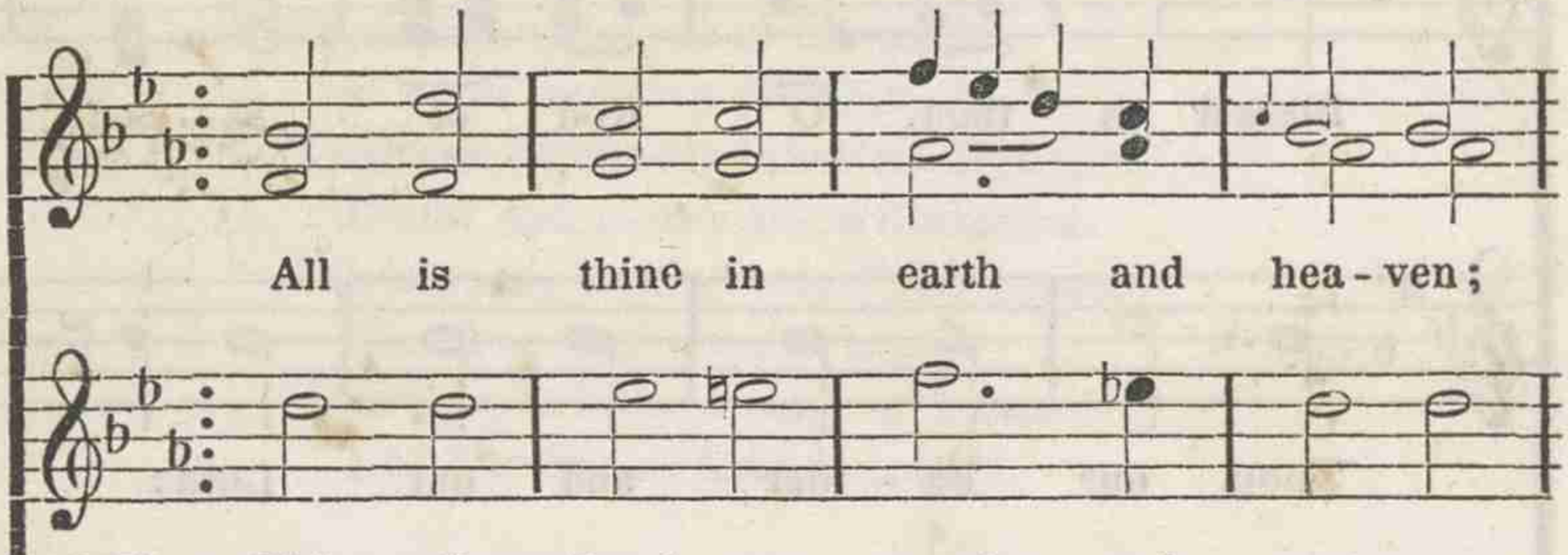


Bless'd thy name, bless'd and a - dored.
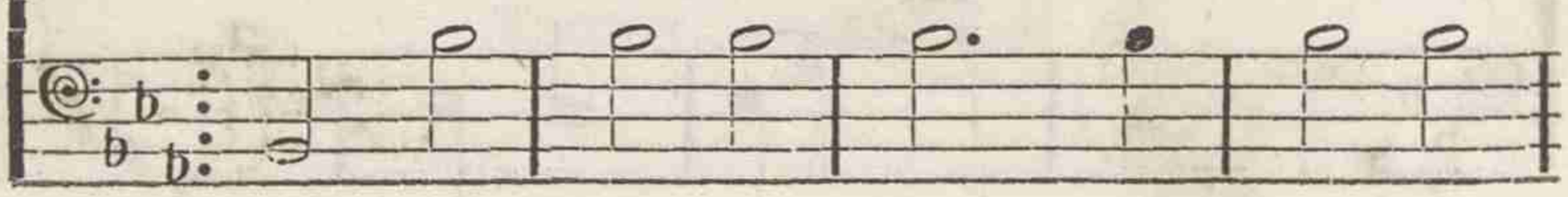


Bless'd thy name, bless'd and a - dored.
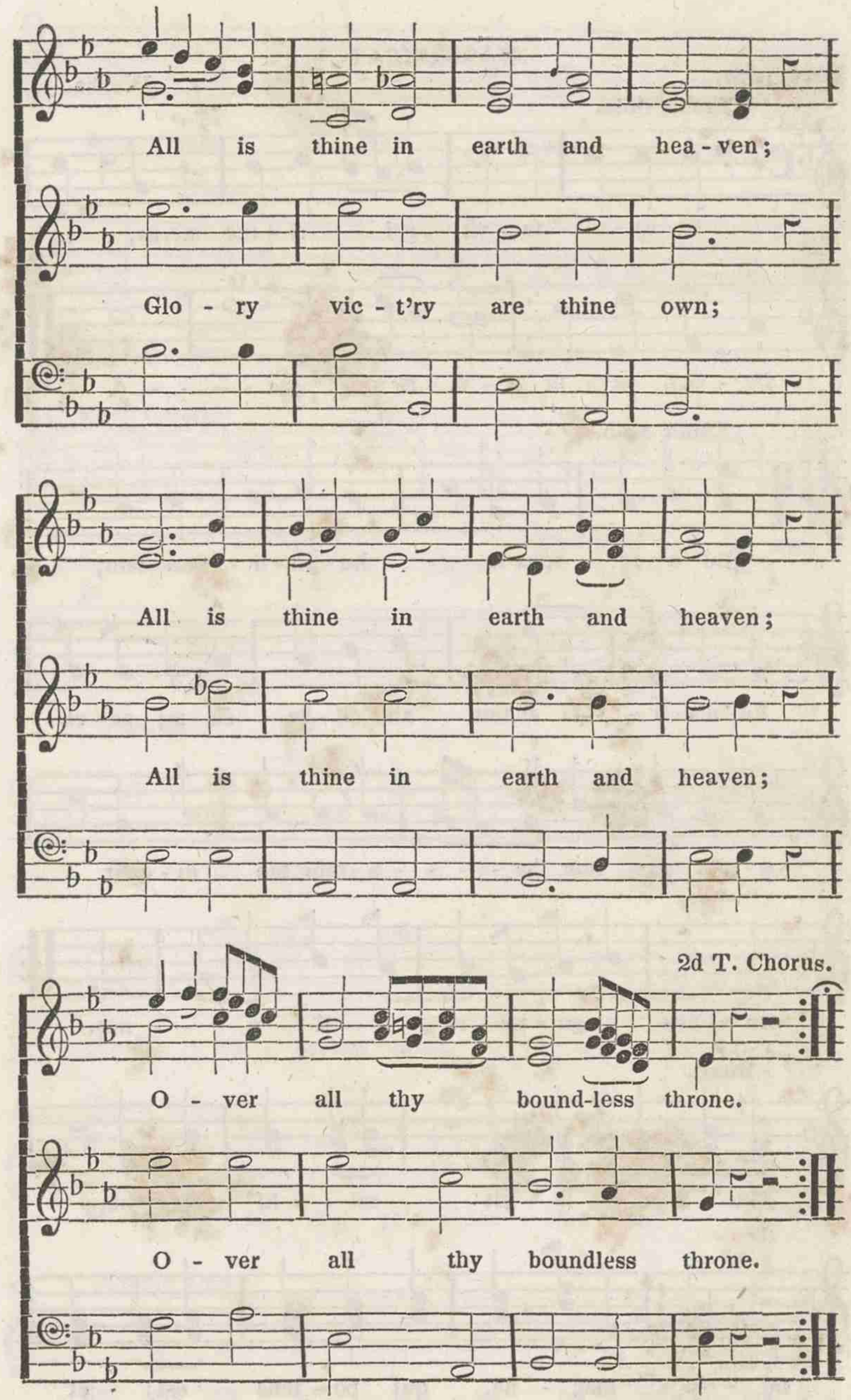


All is thine in earth and hea - ven;



2d Time. Thine, O Lord, are pow'r and greatness;
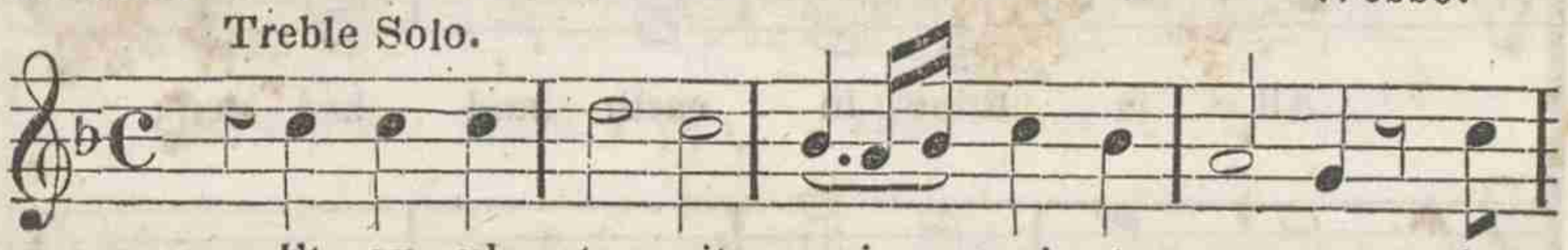



All is thine in earth and hea - ven;
Glo - ry vic - t'ry are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven;
All is thine in earth and heaven;
2d T. Chorus.
O - ver all thy bound-less throne.
O - ver all thy boundless throne.

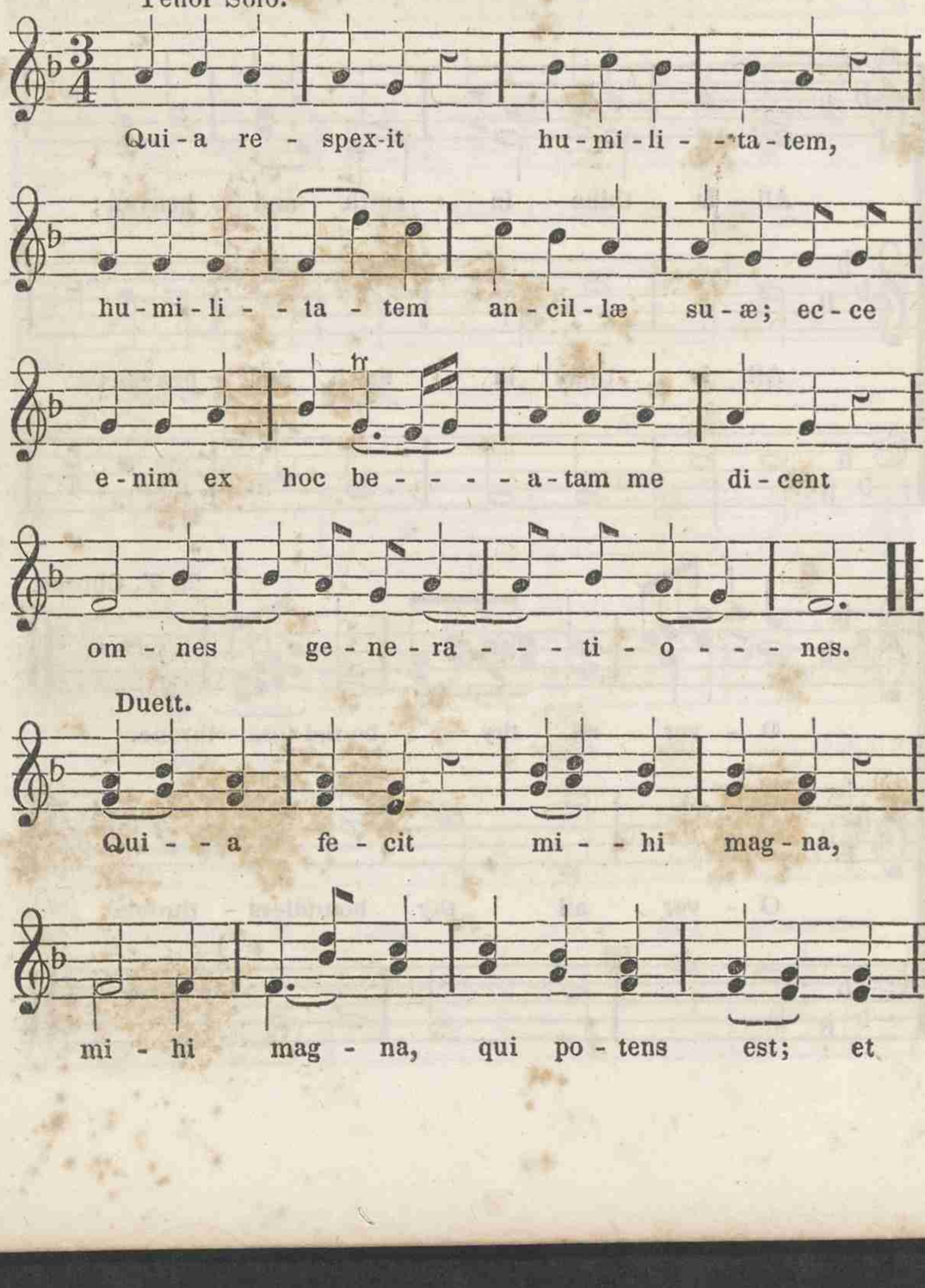
MAGNIFICAT.

Moderato. Webbe.

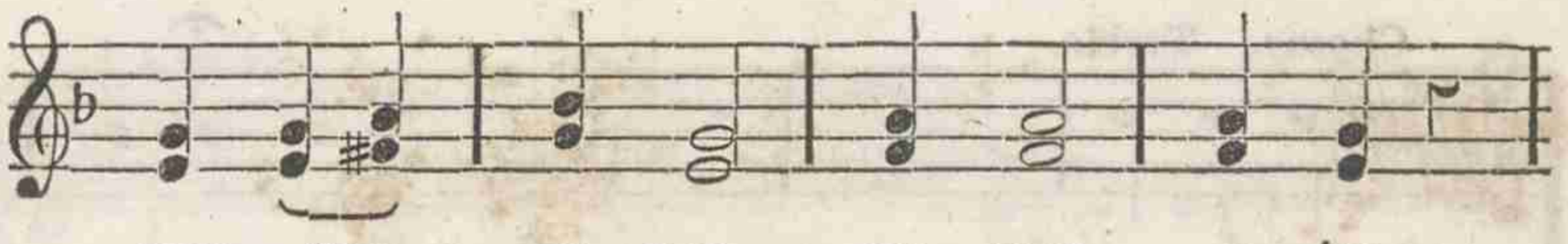
Treble Solo.
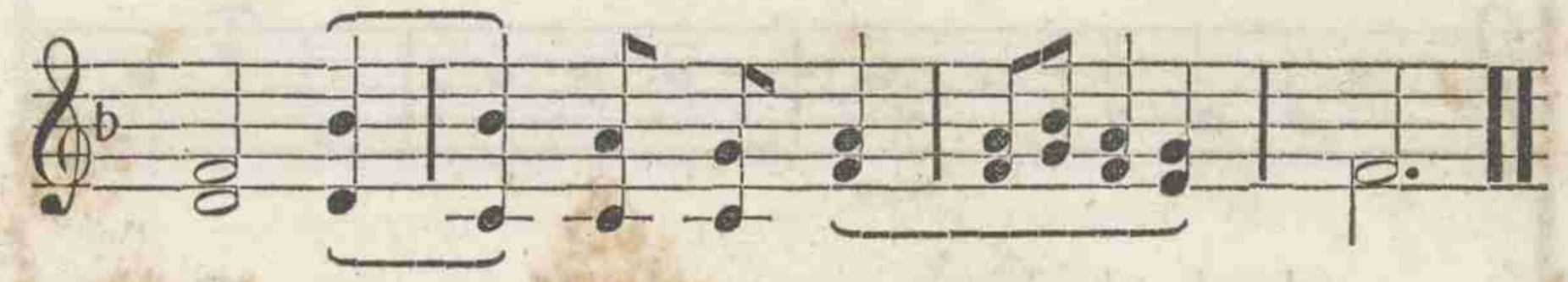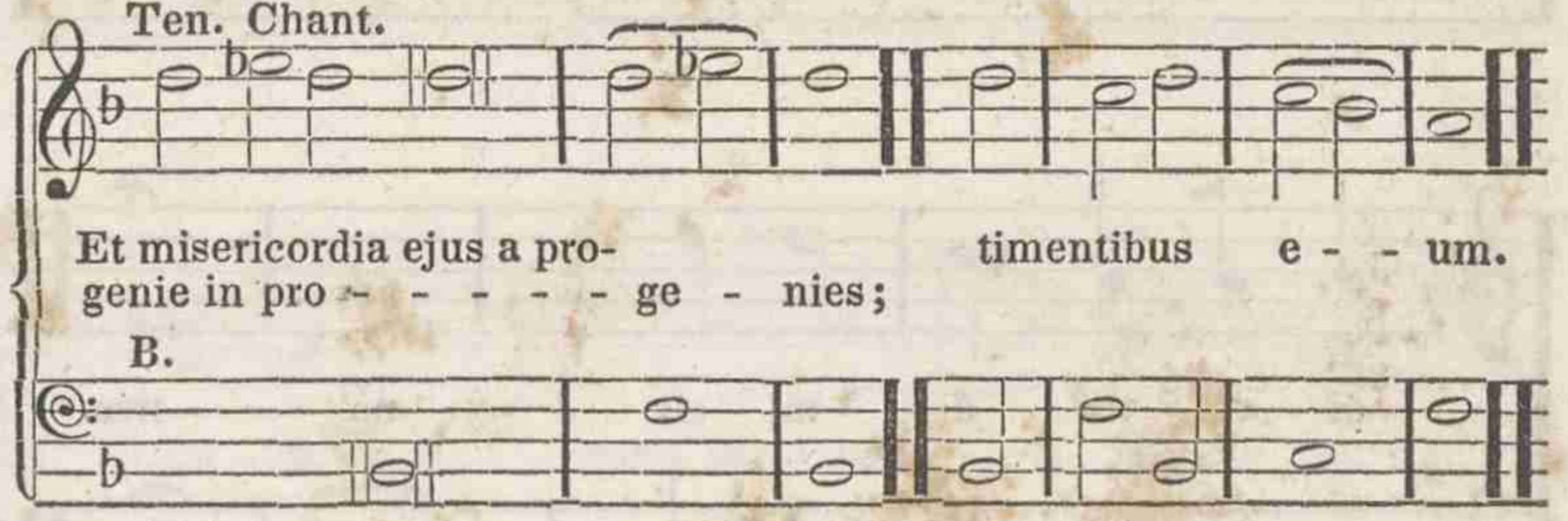


Tenor Solo.
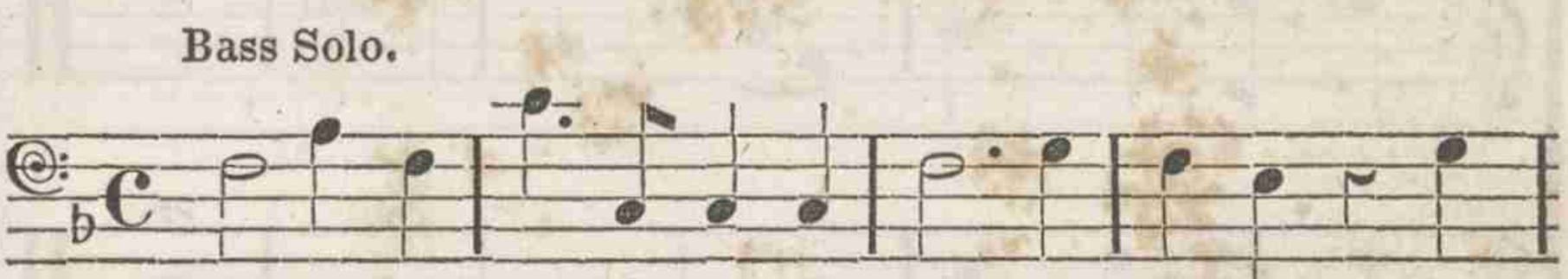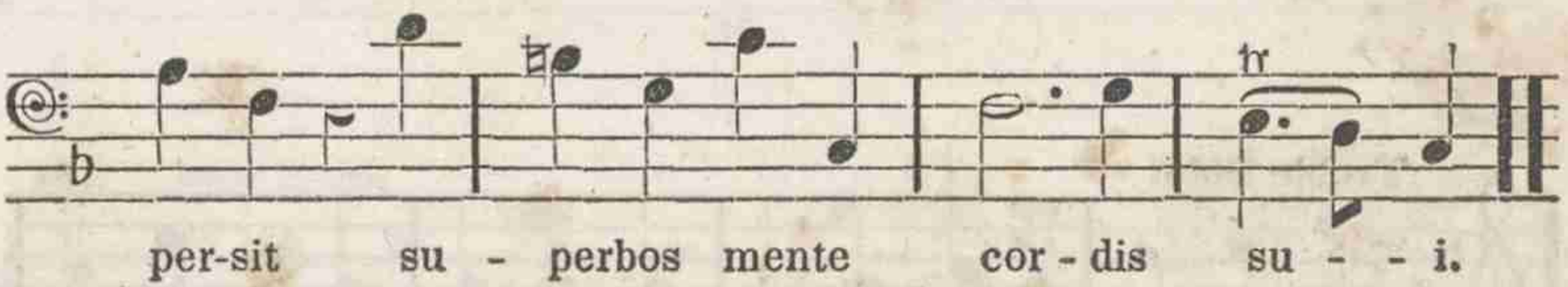


Duett.
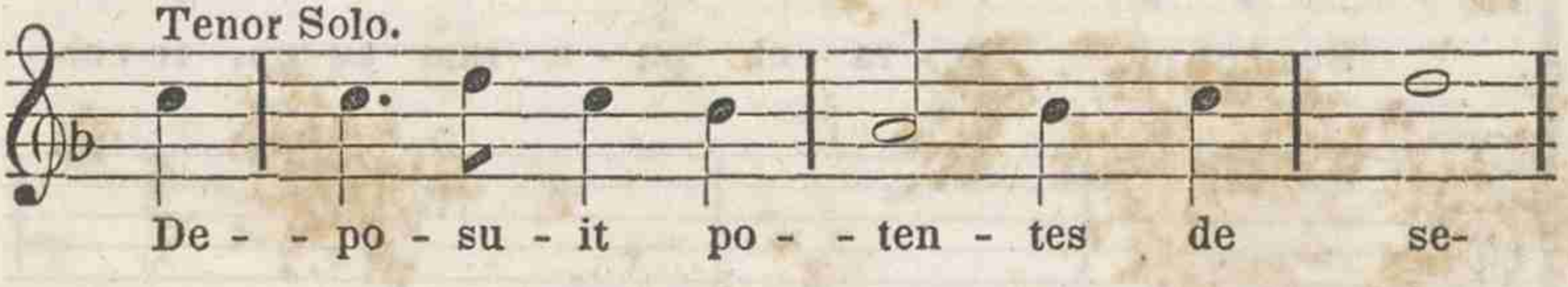

sanc - tum no - men, no - men e - jus,
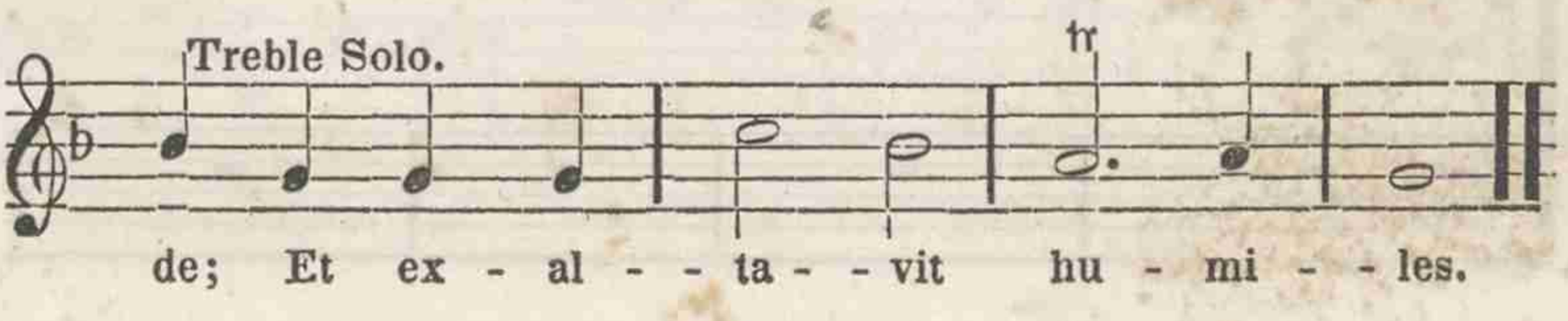

sanc - tum no - men e - - - - - - - - jus.


Ten. Chant.
Et misericordia ejus a pro- timentibus e - - um.
genie in pro - - - - - - ge - nies;
B.


Bass Solo.
Fe - cit po - ten - ti - am in bra - chio su - o: dis-


per-sit su - perbos mente cor - dis su - - i.


Tenor Solo.
De - - po - su - it po - - ten - tes de se-


Treble Solo.
de; Et ex - al - - ta - - vit hu - mi - - les.

Chorus. Treble.
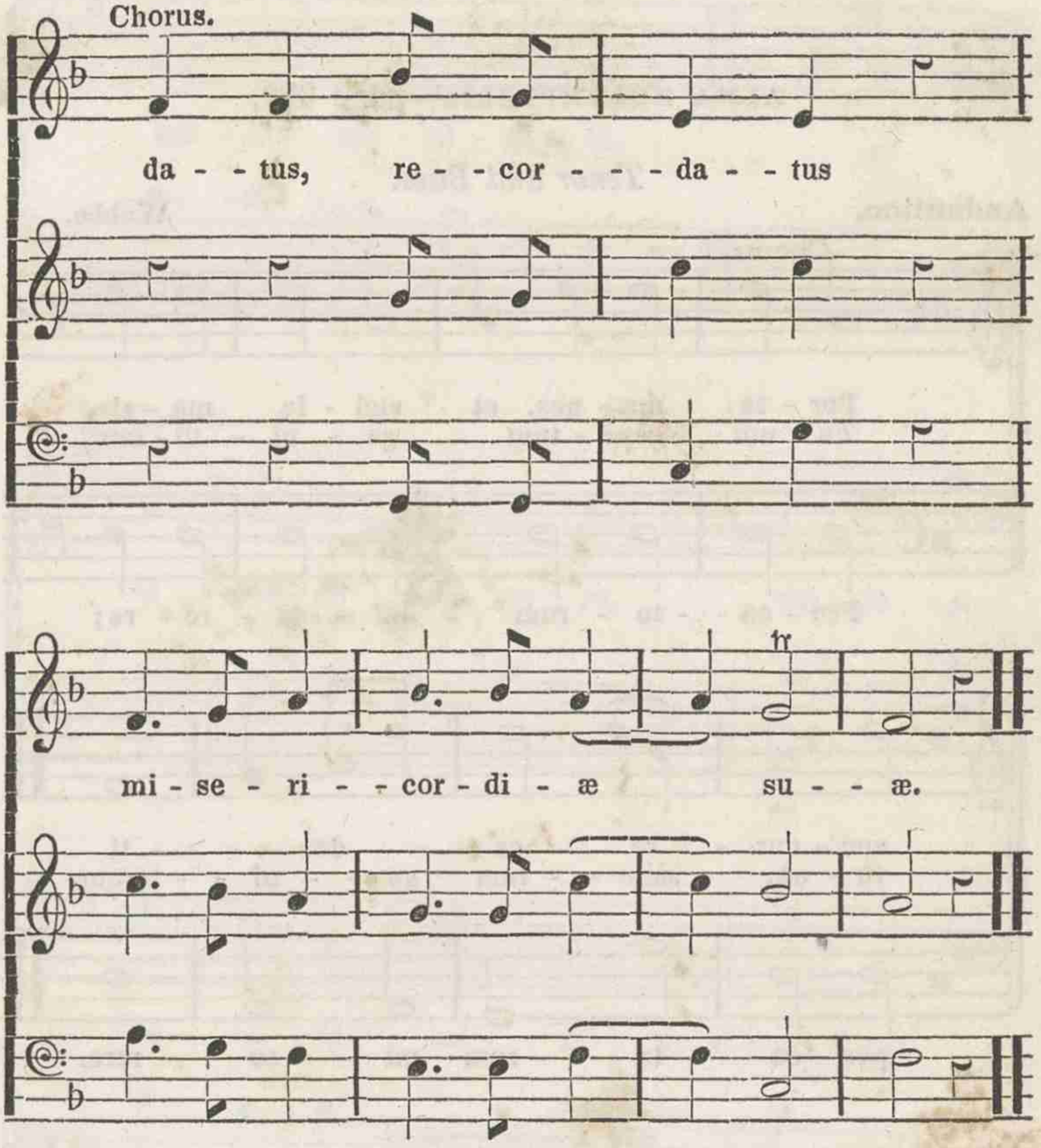
E - su - ri - en - tes im - ple - vit bo - nis, et

di - vi - tes di - - mi - sit i - - na - - - nes.
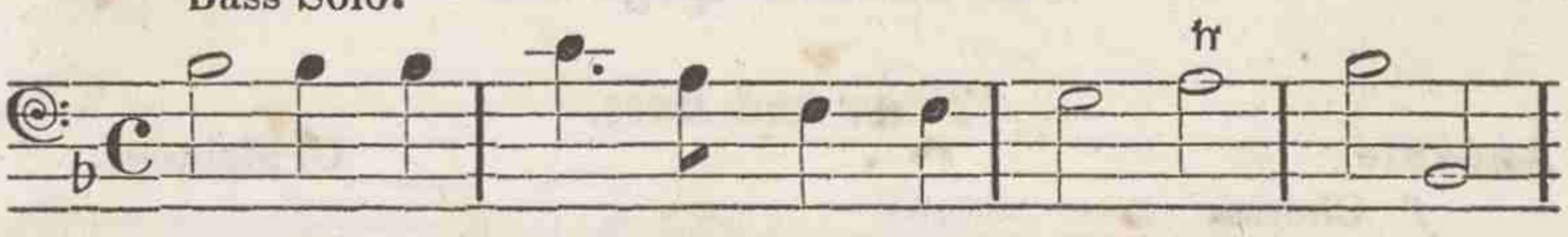
Treble Solo.
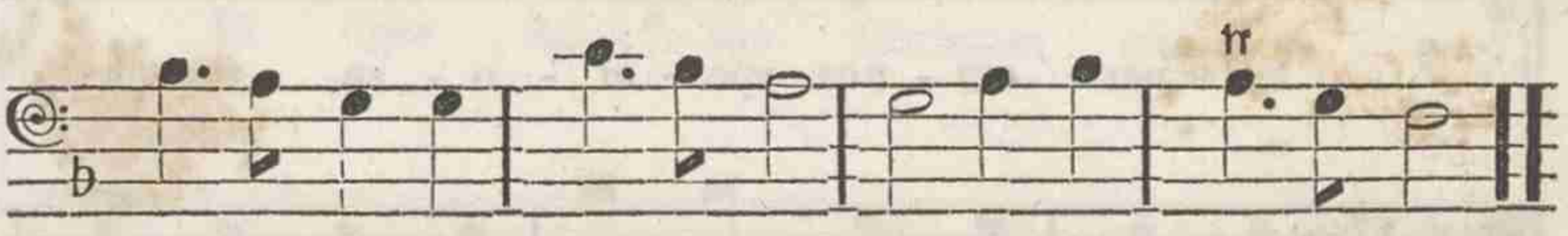
Sus-ce - pit Is - ra - el pu - e - rum su-um, re-cor-

Chorus.



Bass Solo.



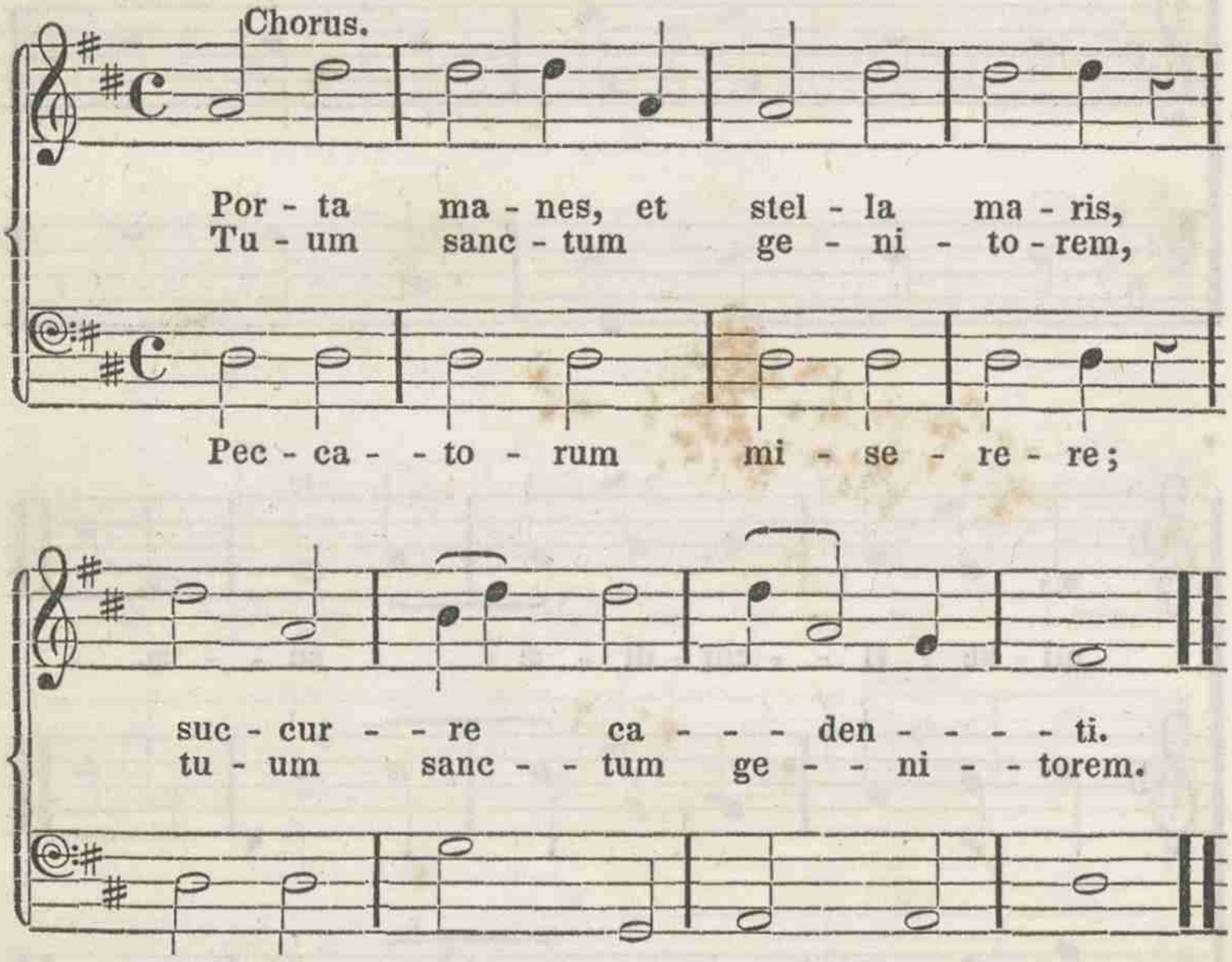


Gloria, &c.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS—page 322.

Tenor and Bass.
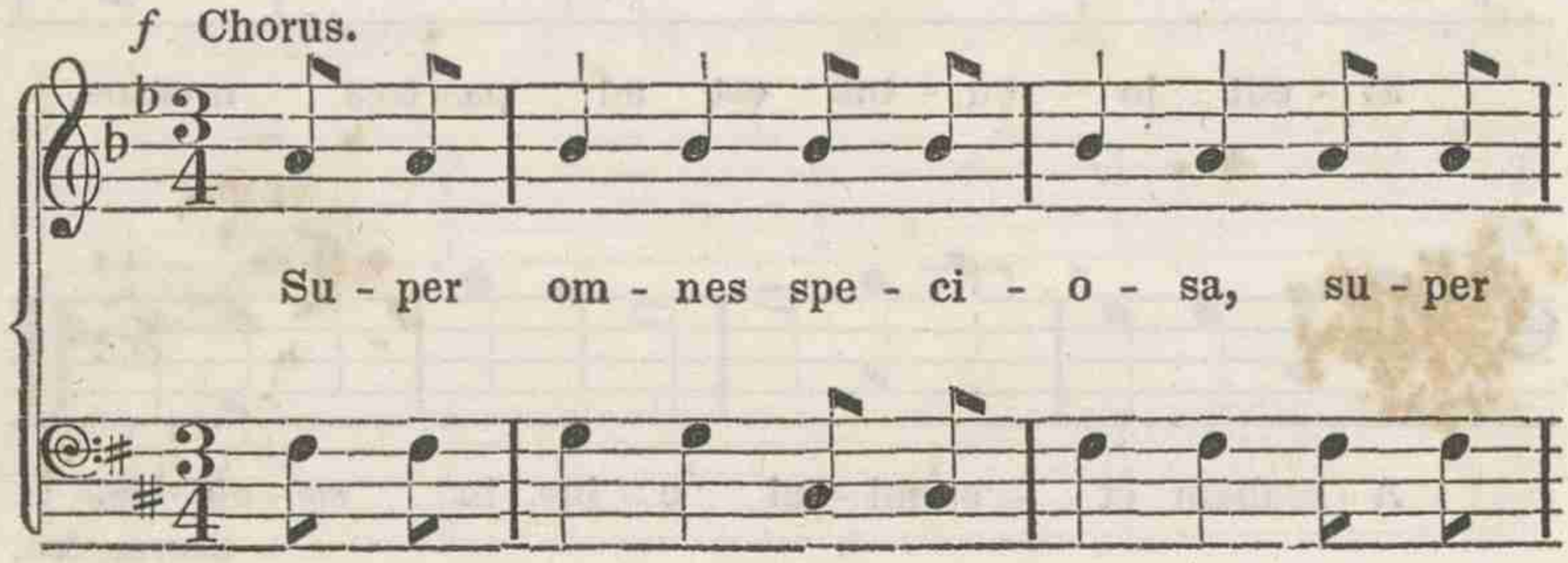
Andantino. **Webbe.**



AVE REGINA—page 323.

Tenor and Bass.

Andante. **C. Meineke.**



om - nes spe - ci - o - sa.
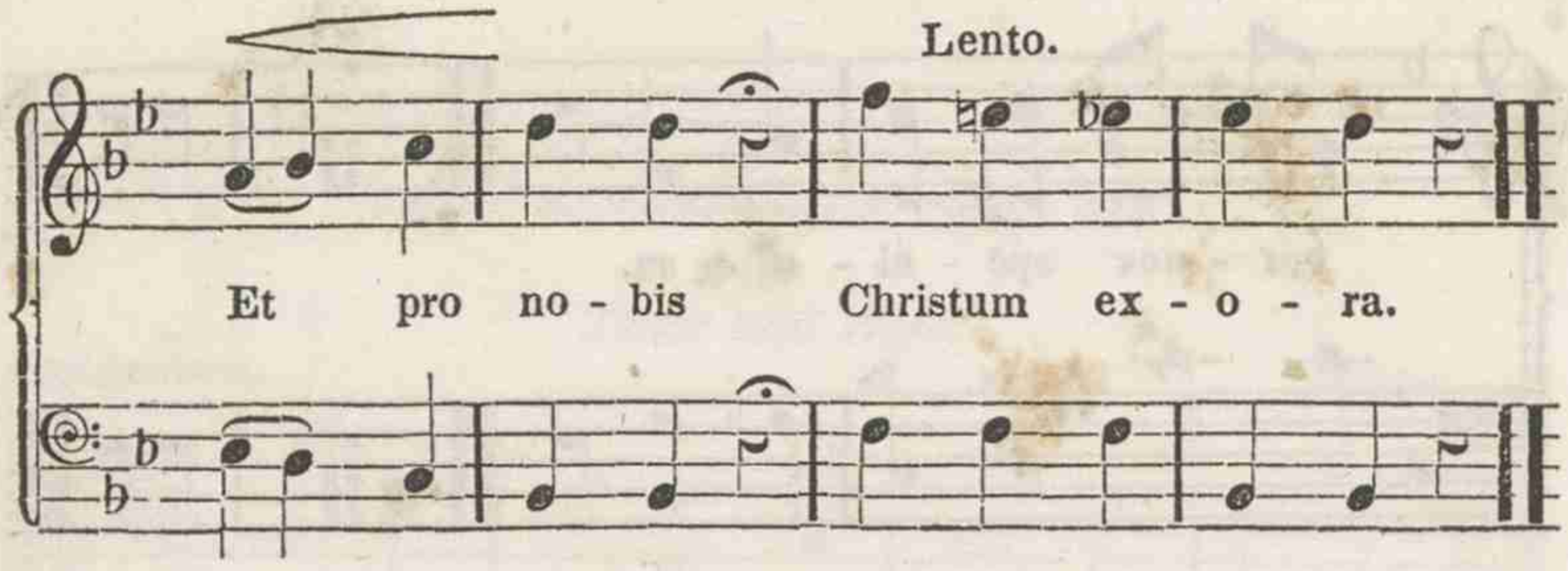
f Chorus.

O val - de de - co - ra, val - de de-

co - ra, O val - - de de - - co - ra;
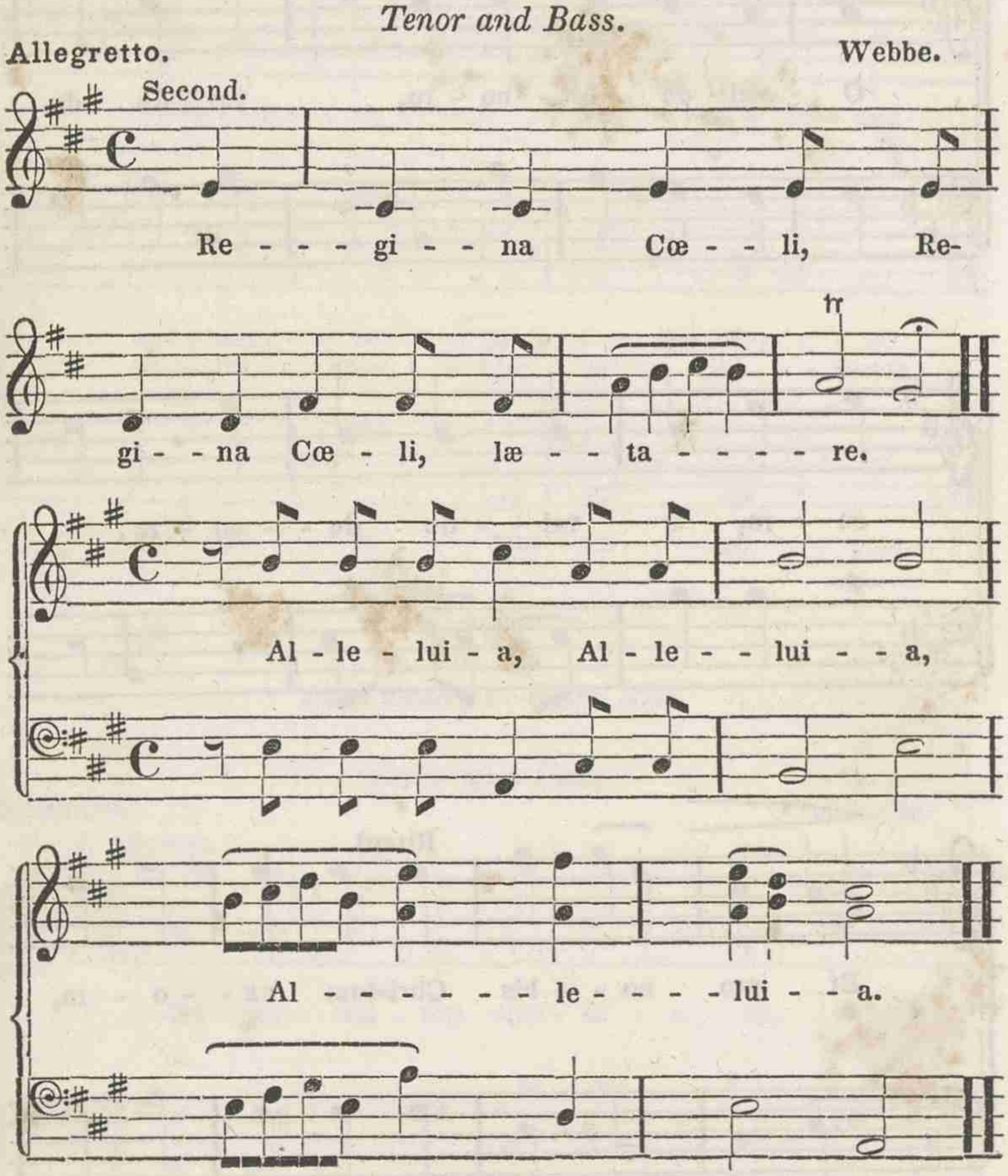
Ritard.

Et pro no - - bis Christum ex - - o - ra,



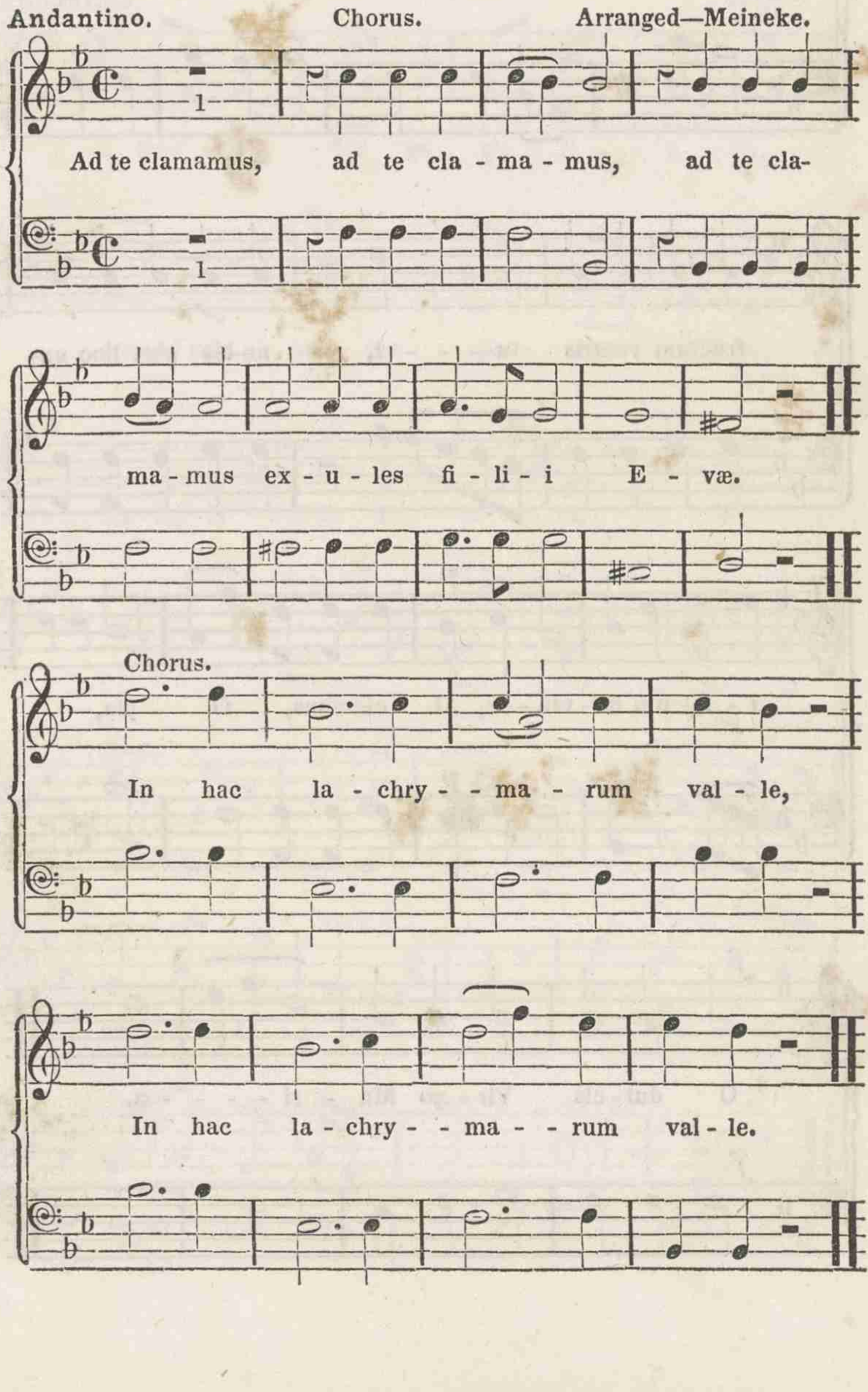
REGINA CŒLI—page 325.

Tenor and Bass.



SALVE REGINA—page 326.

Tenor and Bass.



Chorus.

Et Jesum, et Je - sum, be - - ne - dic - tum

fructum ventris tu - - - i, no-bis post hoc ex-

p

i - li - um os - ten - de, O clemens, O pia,

p
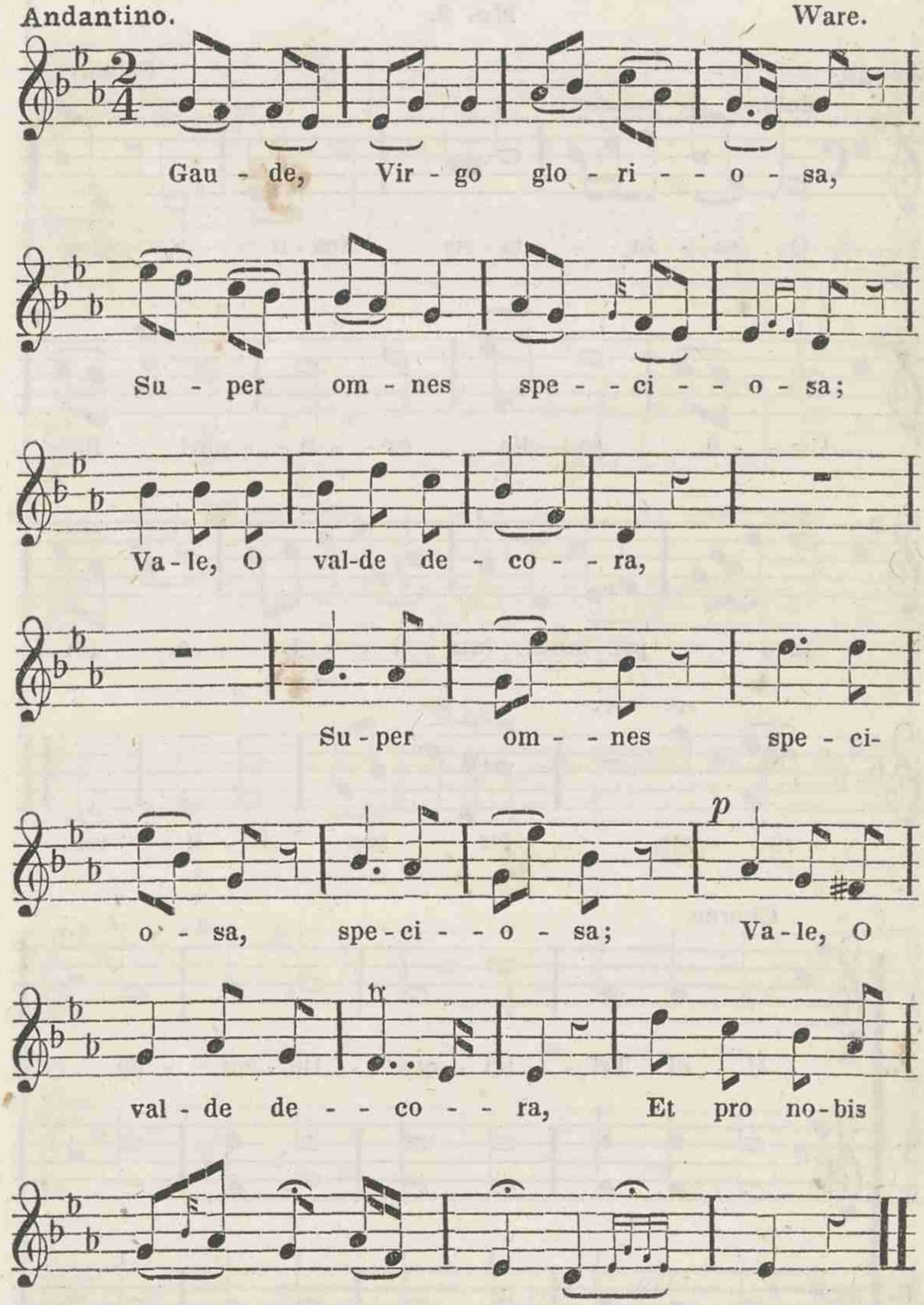
f

O dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - - - - - a.

f

GAUDE VIRGO—O GLORIOUS MAID—page 329.
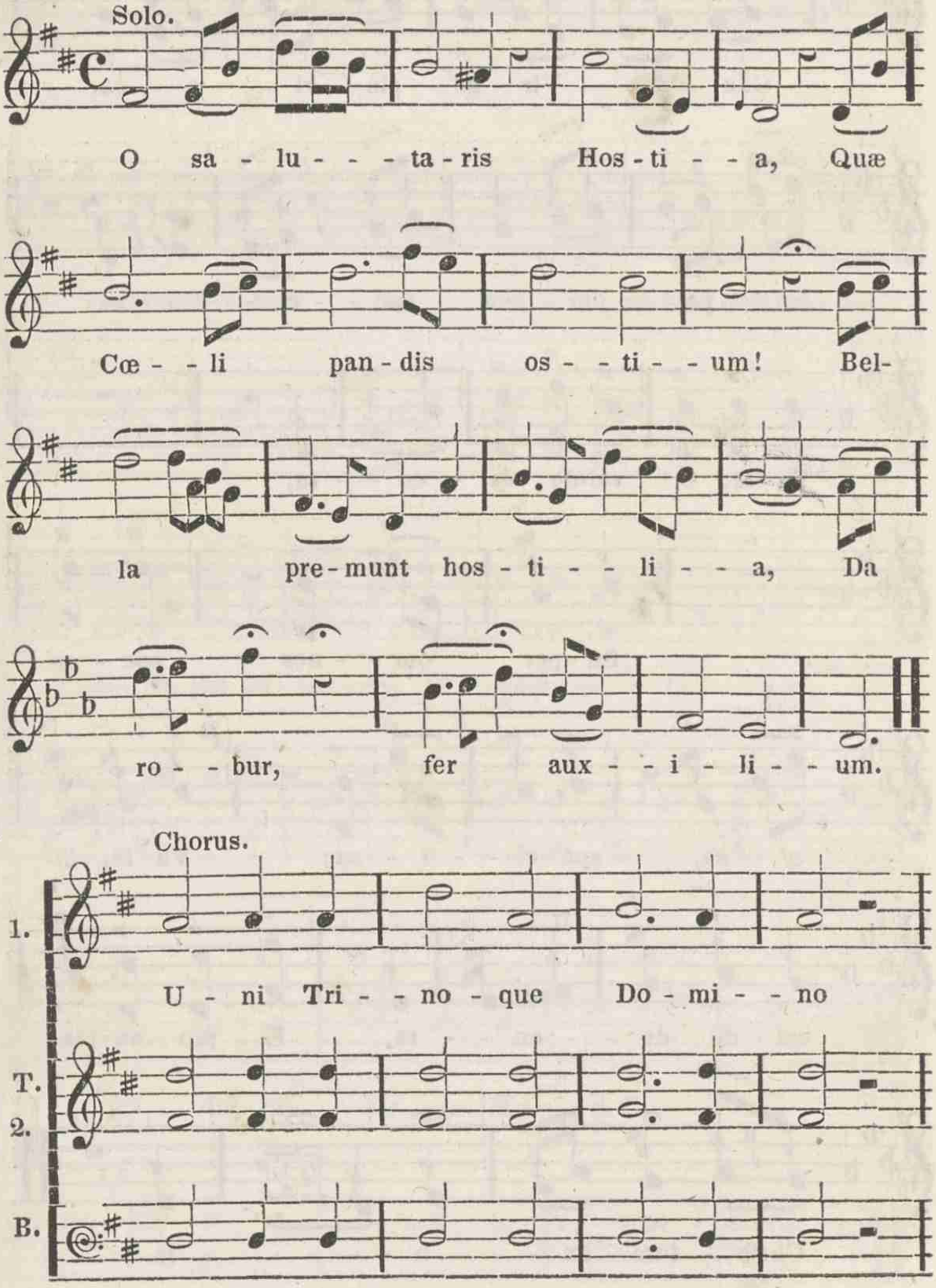
Second.
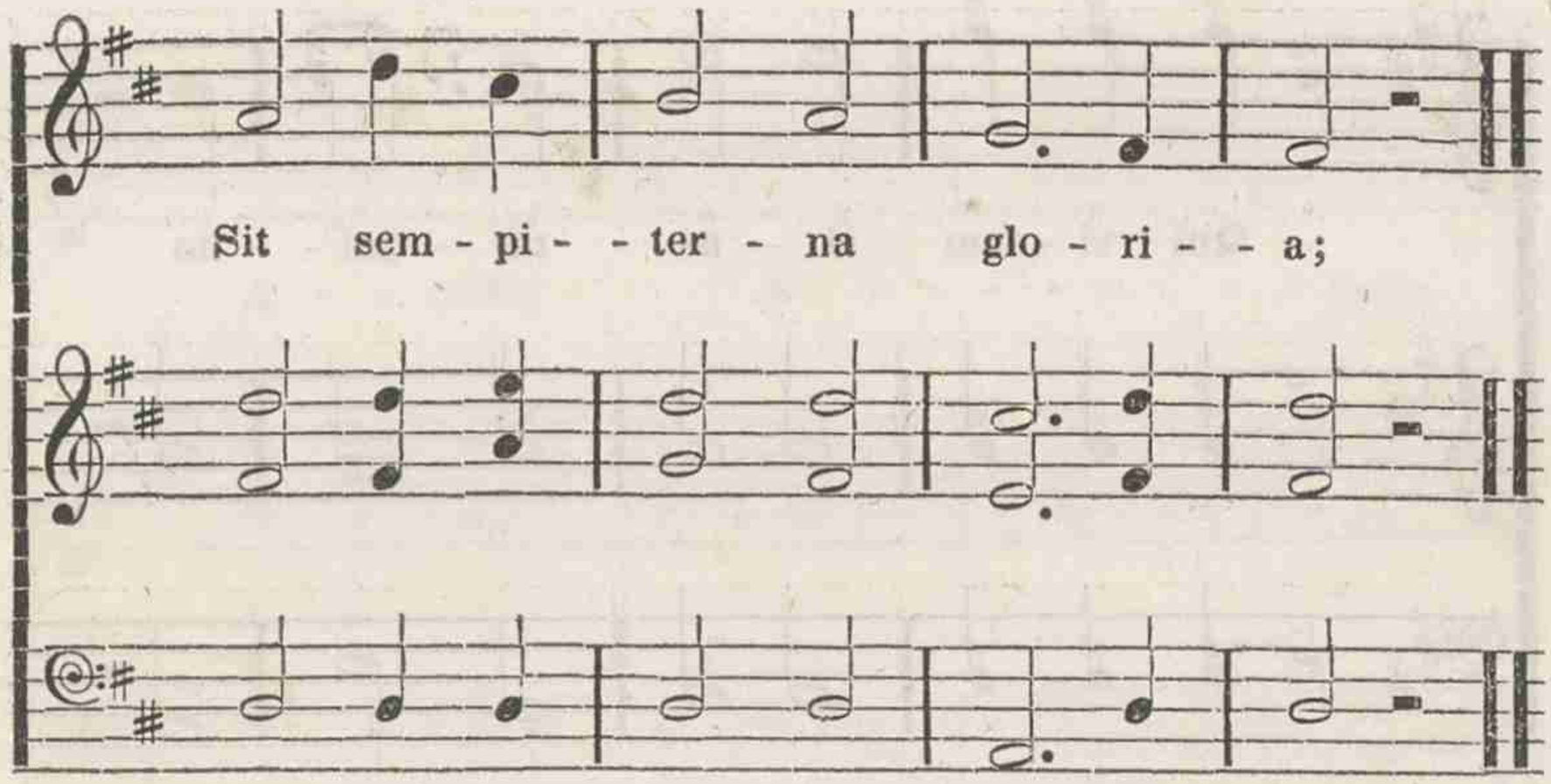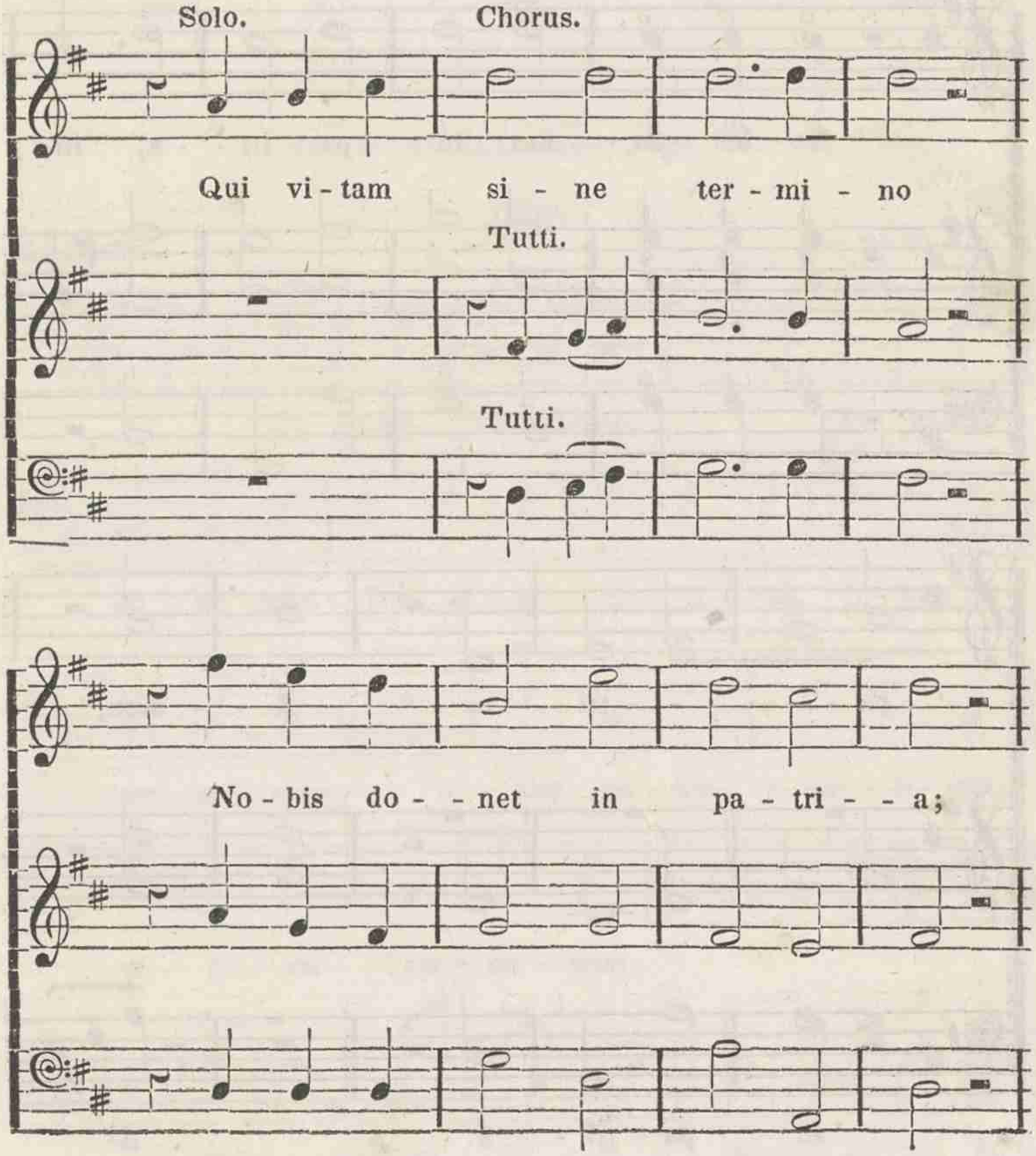


O SALUTÁRIS.
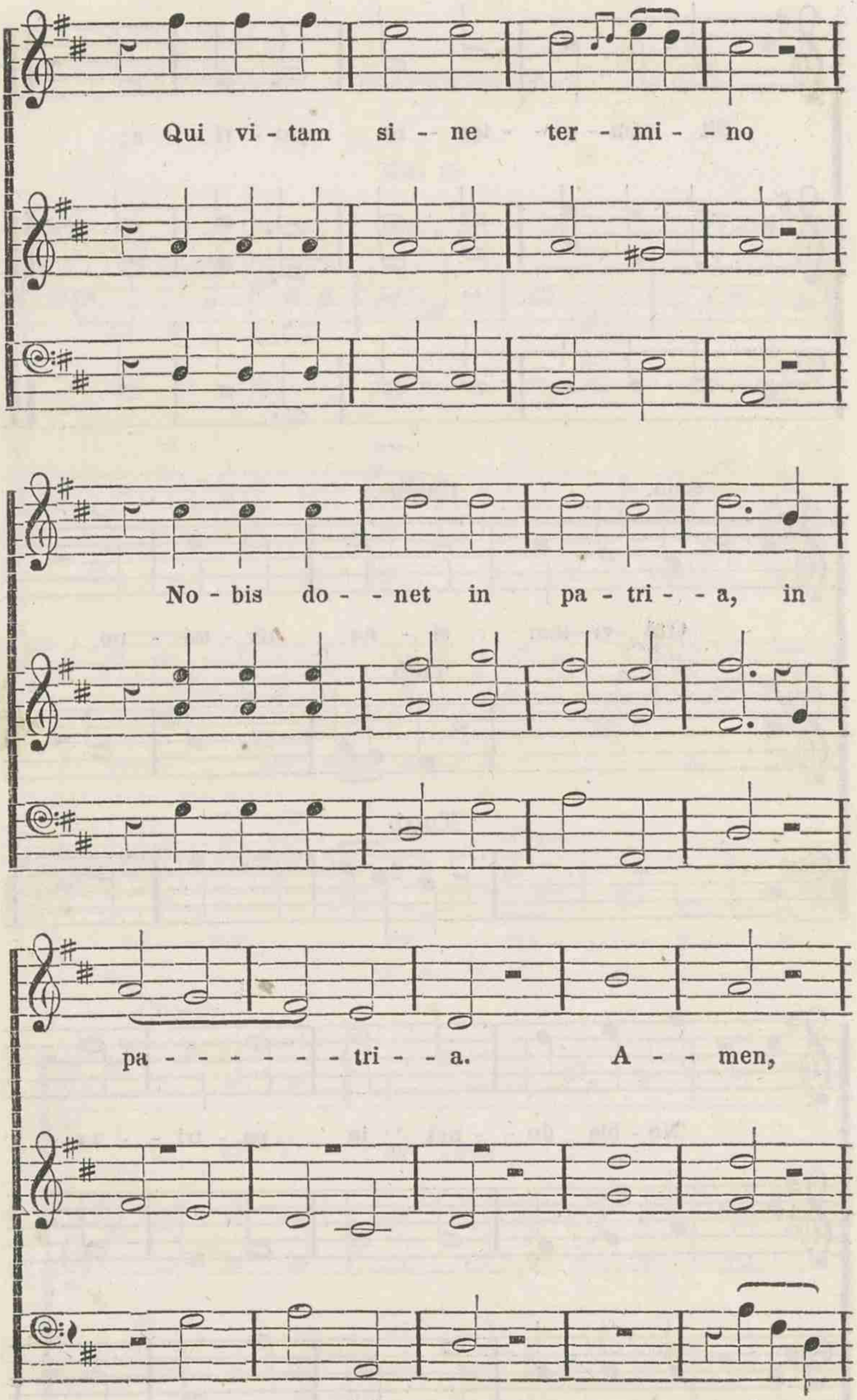
No. 2.

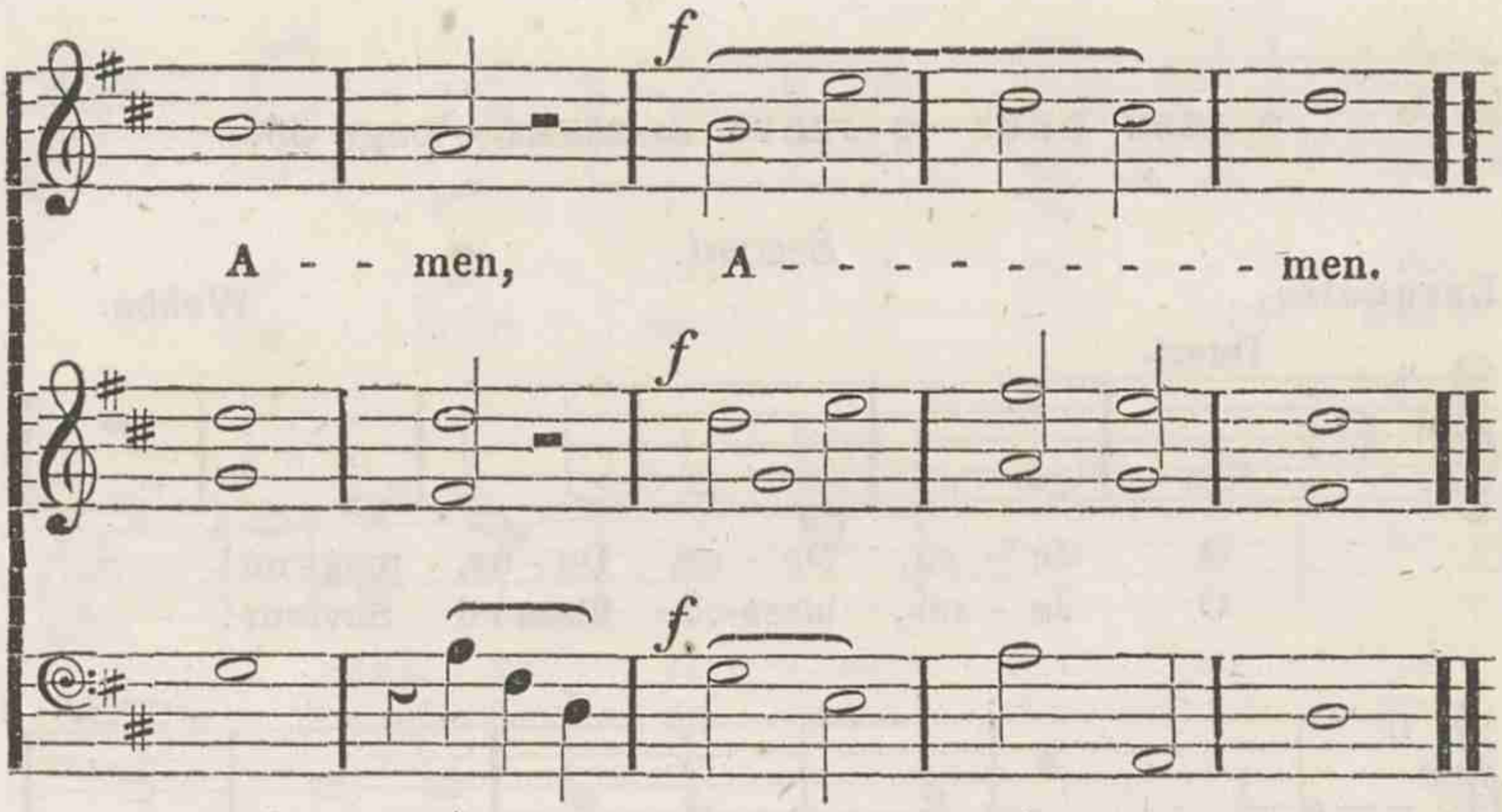
Largo. Fallon.




Sit sem - pi - - ter - na glo - ri - - a;


Solo.
Chorus.
Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no
Tutti.
Tutti.
No - bis do - - net in pa - tri - - a;
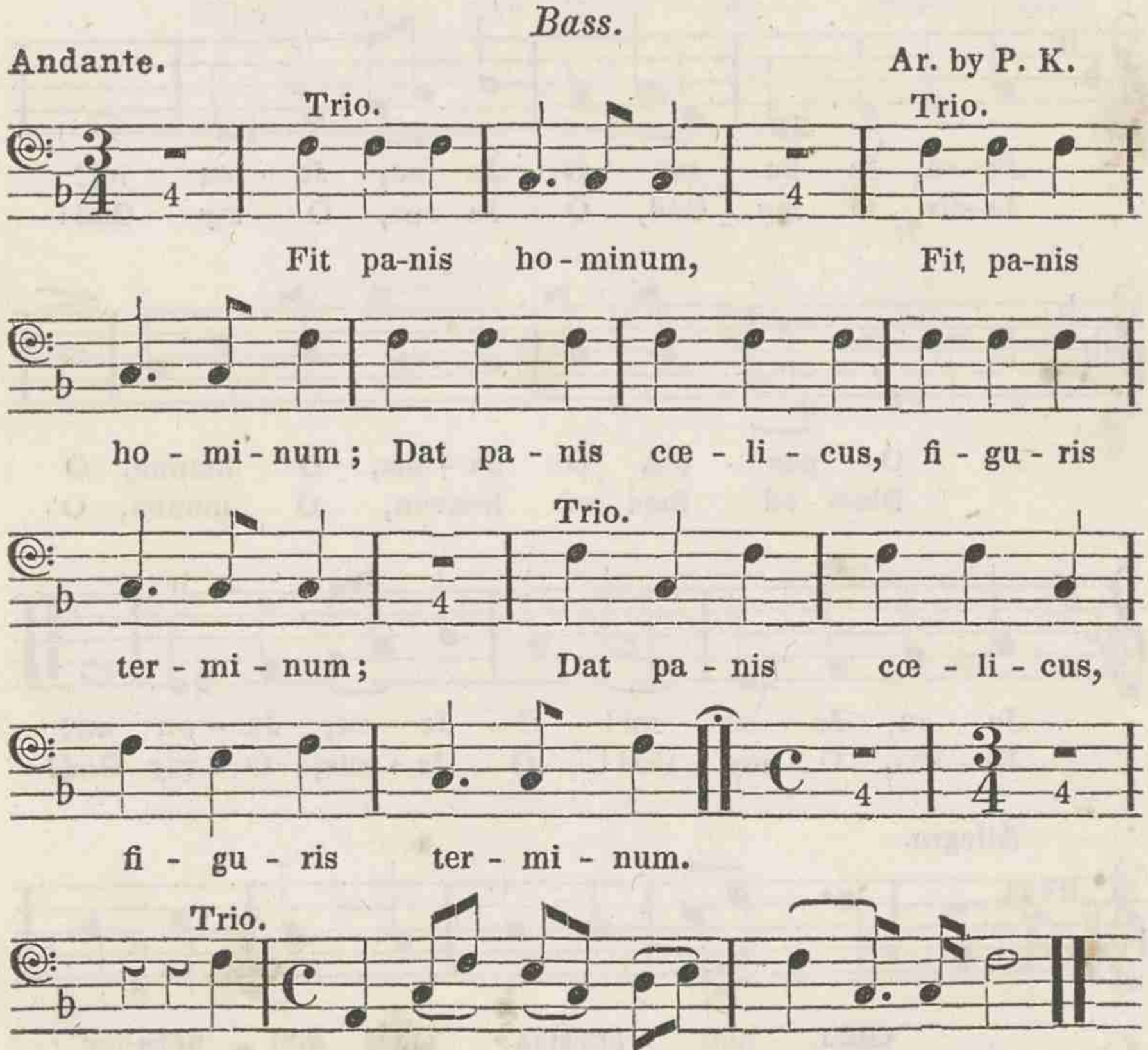

Qui vi - tam si - ne ter - mi - no
No - bis do - - net in pa - tri - - a, in
pa - - - - - - - tri - - a. A - - men,
In pa - tri - - a. A-



PANIS ANGELICUS—page 65.

Bass.

Andante. **Ar. by P. K.**
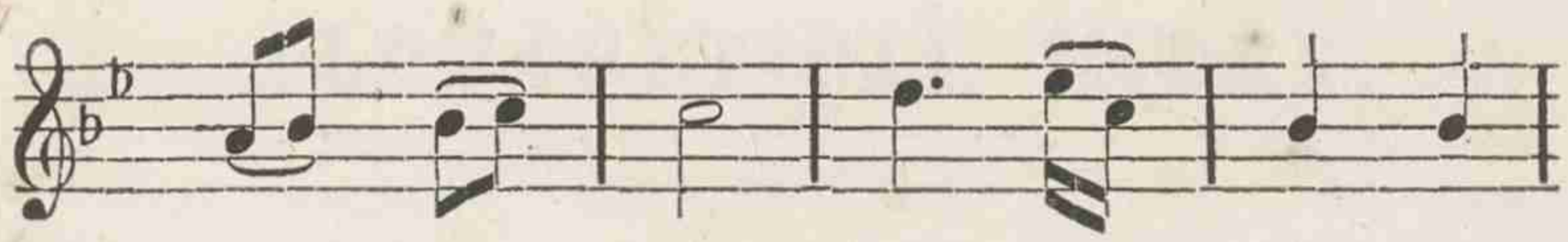


O JESU DEUS—O JESUS BLESSED—page 59.
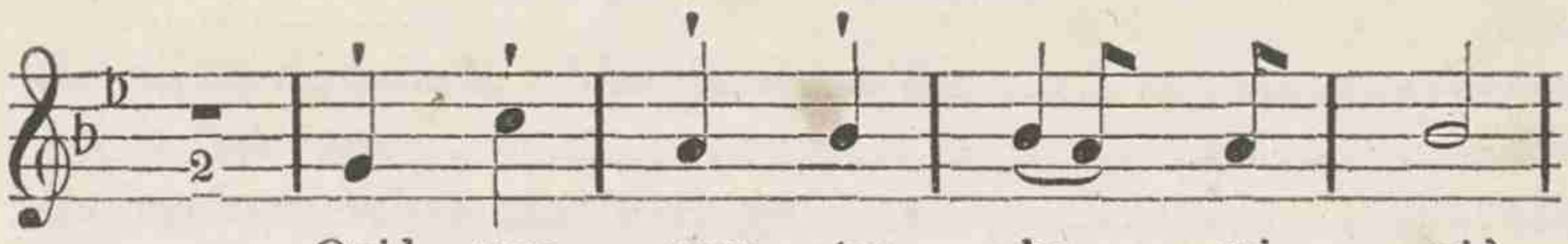
Second.

Larghetto. Webbe.
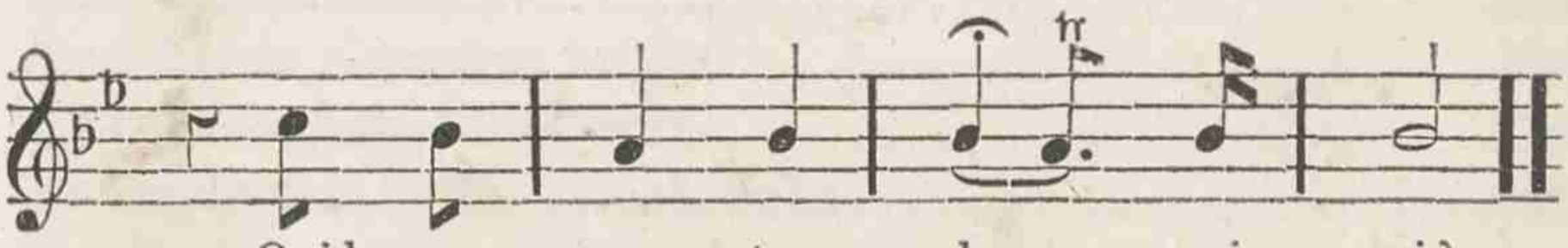
Allegro.



ho - - mi - - - ni? O po - - - tes - tas,
for fall'n man? O di - - vine, pow'r



Quid non præs - tas ho - - mi - - ni?
Where's love like thine for fall'n man?



Quid non præs - tas ho - - - mi - - ni?
Where's love like thine for fall'n man?

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The Orphans

Dec. Nov 21. 1891

by Miss Sarah

Extraordinary Miracles—Appearance of a Saint in Mexico.

The Corpus Christi (Texas) Ranchero of January 12 has the following singular statement.

Great excitement exists at the present time among the Mexicans in Western Texas, and, indeed, among many Americans, occasioned by a report that a Saint has mysteriously appeared in Mexico, at some point near Camargo, who possesses the power to feed thousands of people with two or three *tortillas*, (little cakes,) each getting all he can eat; cures all diseases flesh is heir to; restores sight to the blind; in fact, performs all kinds of miracles. No one can tell his name or where he came from. He says that he will be killed in Mexico, and requests that his murderer may not be punished. He claims he is sent on an especial mission to the Mexican people, and that he shall perform many wonderful things and make many disclosures before he closes his career. Apparently but sixteen or seventeen years of age, he has a great beard of patriarchal length, and as an evidence that he is no imposter, it is reported that Gen. Vidaurri had him cleanly shaven, and then told him if he was really a man of God, as he professed, to cause his beard to reappear upon his face. The saint requested his interrogator to turn his back for a few moments, which he did, and after making a prayer and going through some mysterious ceremony, presto! his face was covered with beard the same as before.

Thus the story goes, and if not true, certain it is that the Mexicans of this and adjoining counties are swarming thither in large numbers, and some Americans are preparing to go.

The Rainbow.—It is well known that the rainbow is produced by the refraction of the sun's light in drops of falling rain, and that it never appears but when it rains in the sunshine. It is the sign of God's covenant with man; and we ought to consider it as an illustrious symbol of the divine mercy and goodness, to confirm our belief and confidence in God. "Look upon the rainbow," says the son of Sirach, "and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; it compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

It is a bow of no hostile intention—a bow painted in variegated colors on the disburdened cloud. How vast is the extent, how delicate the texture of that shadowy arch! Elegant its form, and rich its tinctures; but more delightful its sacred significancy. While the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes in radiant dyes what the angels sang in harmonious strains: "Peace on earth, and good will towards men."

