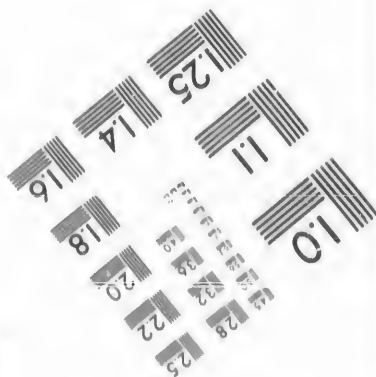
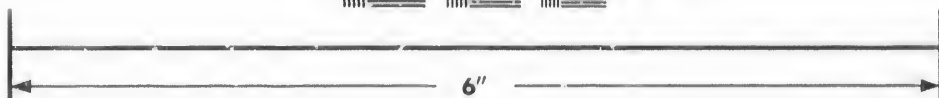
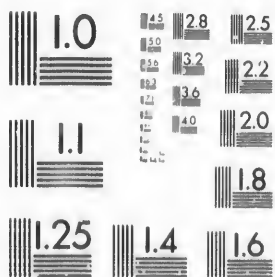


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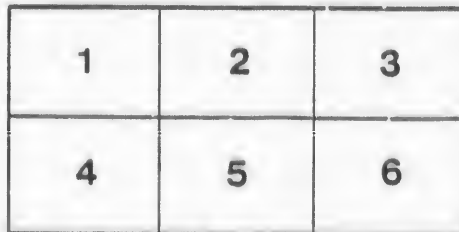
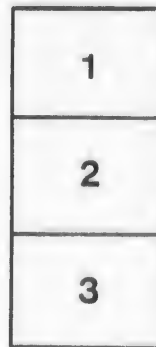
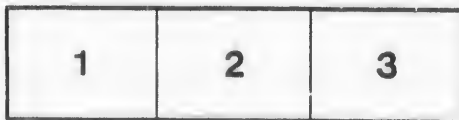
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# **SELECT HYMNS,**

FOR THE USE OF THE  
**CATHOLIC CHURCH:**

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TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED :

**FEASTS AND FASTS;**

**ACTS OF CONTRITION, FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY;**

**PRAYERS FOR MASS;**

**VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS;**

AND

**NOVENA OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER;**

WITH A LITHOGRAPHIC LIKENESS OF THE SAINT.

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**Montreal :**

PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE, FOR  
DONALD M'DONALD ;

And sold at the Deposit of the Recollet School Institution.

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## PREFACE.

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NEXT to the offering of the Eucharistical Sacrifice, which is the most sublime and the more essential act of divine worship, the singing of the praises of God and of the Lamb, is unquestionably the noblest employment of a Christian. He who sings to God with a proper sense of devotion, associates himself to the Choirs of Angels, and shares upon earth in the sweetest occupation of the blessed inhabitants of Heaven. It cannot be doubted but that the most proper time for this holy exercise, is when the faithful meet together in Church; and especially when the Lamb that was slain on the cross for the redemption of the world, comes down on our altars, and there continues to offer himself for us to his Heavenly Father. It is then every faithful soul should unite with him in the immortal praise he gives to his Father, and sing in accord with the heavenly citizens the praises of the Lamb himself: *worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction.*—Rev. v. 12.

However, sacred singing should not be confined to houses and hours of worship. We should, like the Prophet, *bless the Lord at all times, and his praise should be always in our mouth.*—Psalm 33. This, St. Paul earnestly recommends to the faithful: *Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God.*—Coloss. iii, 16.

There are few persons but are delighted with singing; agreeable music is a sweet recreation after the toil of business, and a relief even during the time of labour; it affords comfort in affliction, and heightens our enjoyment in the hour of gladness. But these effects are never more surely or more

## PREFACE.

solidly produced, than when the praises of the Deity, or some devotional sentiment, are the subject of the song. Whilst the ear is delighted, the soul is nourished; the moments pass away rapidly and agreeably; the burden of duty becomes light; piety adds merit and perfection to our performances; and the heart, conscious of rectitude, enjoys a cheerful tranquility.

Not so when profane objects are the theme of our lays. The delight which an obscene ballad will afford a depraved mind, is like the rest of its enjoyments, gross, turbulent, false, and unworthy of a Christian soul. It distils the poison deep into the heart; and the mouth of the singer, like an open sepulchre, casts around on the hearers the noxious exhalation. The soft strains of a love song, although disguised under an outward appearance of decency, are not perhaps less hurtful, on account of their tendency to turn upon idols of flesh, the affections of a heart made for God alone. And will not the delicacy of expression, the flowers of poetry, and all the seasonings of wit, joined with the graces of music, render the poison, which is wrapped up in them, still more pernicious to tender and unsuspecting minds?

There is another species of songs, the purport of which is to extol the happiness of sensual pleasures, and to invite every heart, especially those of the young, to make it the constant object of their pursuits. Not to acknowledge the dangerous tendency of such songs, would be an unpardonable blindness. What can be more shocking than to hear the doctrine of Epicure proclaimed by the mouth of a Christian? And what a pity that wit and genius should be prostituted to so base and pernicious purposes? How much, on the contrary, it were to be wished, that those who are endowed with a talent for poetry or music, would consecrate it to a nobler use, by employing it in celebrating the praises of their Creator, the charms of virtue, the vanity of transitory delights, the felicity of heaven! &c. What a delightful recollection it would be for them to have contributed to kindle

## PREFACE.

in the hearts of their fellow-christians, the sacred flames of divine love, and to have promoted the cause of virtue!

It is with this intention that the present collection is offered to the public. Besides a variety of spiritual canticles, containing either an invitation to praise God, or divers acts of religion and sentiments of piety, the Catholic reader will have the satisfaction of finding a translation in verse, as literal as this kind of composition could permit, of those ancient hymns which have been sung in the Catholic Church on the various festivals of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Saints, through the year, for upwards of fourteen centuries; which have for their authors, men of the most eminent sanctity, as an Hilary, an Ambrose, a Gregory, &c.; and which, although not distinguished for the elegance of composition, are replete with sentiments of genuine piety. Such of them as are more frequently sung, have been printed also in Latin, as well as the psalm *Miserere*, which is sung in Lent, and occasionally during the year, the psalm *De profundis*, for departed souls, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, to enable the faithful to join with the choir when they are sung in that language.

May the Almighty bestow his blessing on this little Work, which is consecrated to his glory! May those who shall have it in their hands, reap from it, with the assistance of Divine grace, the precious fruits of pure religion, horror for vice, love of virtue, contempt of earthly goods, desires of heavenly bliss, and the most lively sentiments of divine love!



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FESTIVAL DAYS OF OBLIGATION THROUGHOUT THE  
DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

All Sundays.

The Circumcision of our Lord—Jan. 1.

The Epiphany of our Lord—Jan. 6.

The Annunciation of the B. V. M.—March 25.\*

The Ascension of our Lord.

Corpus Christi day.

S. S. Peter and Paul—June 29.

All Saints day—Nov. 1.

The Conception of the B. V. M.—Dec. 8.

Christmas day—Dec. 25.

FESTIVAL DAYS OF DEVOTION.

Monday and Tuesday in Easter-week.

Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

The Eighth day after Corpus-Christi day.

The Feast of St. Stephen, Mart.—Dec. 26.

The Feast of St. John, Ap. Dec. 27.

SOLEMNITIES REMOVED TO THE SUNDAYS.

The first Sunday in February—the Purification of the  
B. V. M.

The first Sunday after the 19th of Feb.—St. Matthias.

The first Sunday after the 13th of March—St. Joseph.

The first Sunday in May—St. Phillip and St. James.

The first Sunday after the 20th of June—St. John  
Baptist.

The first Sunday after the 16th of July—St. James.

The first Sunday after the 23d of July—St. Ann.

The first Sunday after the 6th of August—St. Law-  
rence.

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\* When the Feast of the Annunciation is removed to another  
day than the 25th of March, it is a work day.

The first Sunday after the 15th of August—The Assumption of the B. V. M.—St. Bartholomew.

The first Sunday after the 22d of August—St. Lewis.

The second Sunday in September—The Nativity of the B. V. M.

The first Sunday after the 16th—St. Matthew.

The first Sunday after the 23d—St. Michael.

The first Sunday after the 24th of October—St. Simon and St. Jude.

The first Sunday after the 19th of Nov.—St. Andrew.

The Sunday before the Conception—St. Francis Xavier.

The Sunday before Christmas-day—St. Thomas.

#### PARTICULAR FEASTS FALLING ON THE SUNDAYS.

The third Sunday after Easter—The Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

The second Sunday in July—The Dedication of the Cathedral Church.

#### FASTING DAYS.

1. All the days in Lent, except Sundays.
2. The Ember days, or  
The Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays next following.

The first Sunday of Lent.

Whit Sunday.

The Exaltation of the Holy Cross,

And the third Sunday of Advent.

The following Eves or Vigils  
Of Christmas day.

Of Whitsunday.

Of St. John Baptist.

Of S. S. Peter and Paul.

Of St. Lawrence.

Of the Assumption of the B. V. M.

August—The As-  
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August—St. Lewis.  
the Nativity of

Matthew.  
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October—St. Si-

—St. Andrew.  
—St. Francis

Thomas.

E SUNDAYS.

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Of St. Matthew.

Of S. S. Simon and Jude.

Of All Saints.

Of St. Andrew.

N. B.—If any of these Eves fall upon a Sunday, the Fast day is to be kept upon the Saturday before.

When the solemnity of a Feast is translated to the Sunday, the Fast day is kept on the Saturday, the eve of that Feast.

If the Feast fall on Saturday, the Fast day is kept on Friday.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE FROM FLESH MEAT, THOUGH NOT FASTS.

1. All Sundays in Lent.
  2. St. Mark's day, unless it falls in Easter-week.
  3. Rogation-days, being the three days before Ascension-day.
  4. All Fridays throughout the year.
  5. All Saturdays, except from Christmas-day till the solemnity of the Purification.
- N. B.—If Christmas-day fall on Friday or Saturday, it is not to be kept with abstinence from flesh.

#### ADVENT.

The first Sunday of Advent is always that which either falls on St. Andrew's day, or the next to it, either before or after; that is, from the 26th of November, to the 3d of December.

#### THE TIME OF MARRIAGE.

The solemnizing of Marriage is forbidden from the first Sunday of Advent, till after the twelfth day, and from the beginning of Lent till Low Sunday; at all other times it may be solemnized.



ACTS OF CONTRITION, FAITH, HOPE AND  
CHARITY,

AS USUALLY REPEATED BEFORE MASS.

*A Prayer before the Acts.*

LET US PRAY.

O ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, grant unto us an increase of Faith, Hope and Charity. And that we may obtain what thou hast promised, make us love what thou commandest, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

O MY God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee, and I detest my sins most sincerely, because they displease thee, my God, who art so deserving of all my love, for thy infinite goodness and most amiable perfections; and I firmly purpose, by thy holy grace, never more to offend thee.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

O MY God, I firmly believe that thou art one only God, the Creator and Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth, infinitely great and infinitely good. I firmly believe that in thee, one only God, there are three Divine Persons really distinct and equal in all things, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost: I firmly believe that Jesus Christ, God the Son, became man; that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and was born of

the Virgin Mary; that he suffered and died on a cross to redeem and save us; that he arose the third day from the dead; that he ascended into heaven; that he will come at the end of the world to judge mankind; and that he will reward the good with eternal happiness, and condemn the wicked to the everlasting pains of hell. I believe these and all other articles which the Holy Roman Catholic Church proposes to our belief, because thou, my God, the infallible truth, hast revealed them; and thou hast commanded us to hear the church, *which is the pillar and the ground of truth*. In this faith I am firmly resolved, by thy holy grace, to live and die.—*Matt. xviii, 17, and 1 Tim. iii, 15.*

#### AN ACT OF HOPE.

O MY God, who hast graciously promised every blessing, even heaven itself, through Jesus Christ, to those who keep thy commandments—relying on thy infinite power, goodness, and mercy, and on thy sacred promises, to which thou art always faithful, I confidently hope to obtain pardon of all my sins, grace to serve thee faithfully in this life, by doing the good works thou hast commanded, and which, with thy assistance, I now purpose to perform, and eternal happiness in the next, through my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

#### AN ACT OF CHARITY; OR AN ACT OF THE LOVE OF GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

O MY God, I love thee with my whole heart and soul, and above all things, because thou art infi-

nitely good and perfect, and most worthy of all my love; and for thy sake, I love my neighbour as myself. Mercifully grant, O my God, that having loved thee on earth, I may love and enjoy thee forever in heaven. Amen.

---

### A devout method of hearing Mass.

---

*Making the sign of the Cross with the Priest, say*

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

I will draw near to thy altar, O my God, there to gain new strength and vigour to my soul: separate me from those unbelievers who have no trust in thee; that grace which comforts me when the remembrance of my sins afflict and cast me down; that grace which lets me know there is an everlasting refuge in thy goodness, and that thou art ready to forgive even our greatest sins upon a sincere repentance.

*The Priest, bowing down, says the Confiteor before he goes up to the altar: say it with him as follows:*

I CONFESS to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, Father, that I have very much sinned 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, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints, and you, Father, to pray to our Lord God for me.

*As the Ps. Judica me, the Gloria in excelsis, and Creed, are omitted in Masses for the Dead, &c., you also may pass them over.*

*After the Confiteor, say,*

O MY God, who hast commanded us to pray for one another, and in thy holy Church hast given, even to sinners, the power of absolving from sin, receive with equal bounty the prayers of thy people for the priest, and those of the priest for thy people.

We beseech thee, O Lord, by the merits of those saints whose relics are here, and of all the saints, that thou wouldst vouchsafe to forgive me all my sins. Amen.

*When the Priest goes first to the book, and says the part of the Mass called the Introit, say,*

GRANT, O Lord, we may be truly prepared for the offering of this great sacrifice to thee this day ; and because our sins alone can render us displeasing to thee, therefore we call aloud to thee for mercy.

*At the Kyrie eleison, say,*

HAVE mercy on me, O Lord, and forgive me all my sins.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me.

*At the Gloria in excelsis, say,*

GLORY be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will. We praise thee; we bless thee; we adore thee; we glorify thee; we give thee thanks for thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord Jesus Christ, the 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, receive our prayers—who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us; for thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord, thou only, O Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost, art most high, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

*When the Priest turns to the People, and says Dominus vobiscum, say,*

BE thou always with us, O my God, and let thy grace never depart from us.

*Whilst he reads the Collects, say,*

ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, we humbly beseech thee mercifully to give ear to the prayers of thy servant, which he offers thee in the name of thy Church, and in behalf of us thy people: accept them to the honour of thy name, and good of our souls; and grant us all those blessings which may any ways contribute to our salvation—through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

*At the Epistle, say,*

BE thou, O Lord, eternally praised and blessed,

for having communicated to the holy Prophets and Apostles thy spirit, disclosing to them admirable secrets, redounding to thy glory and our great good. We firmly believe their word, because it is thine. Give us, we beseech thee, the happiness to understand from the Church, by their instructions, what is profitable, and grace to practice the same all our lives.

*When he reads the Gradual, say,*

How wonderful, O Lord, is thy name through the whole earth! I will bless our Lord at all times: his praise shall be ever in my mouth. Be thou my God and my protector: in thee alone will I put my trust—let me not be confounded for ever.

*At the Gospel, when the People rise up, say,*

MAYEST thou be ever adored and praised, O Lord, who, not content to instruct and inform us by thy Prophets and Apostles, hast even vouchsafed to speak to us by thy only Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, commanding us by a voice from heaven to hear him: grant us, O merciful God, the grace to profit by his divine and heavenly doctrine. All that is written of thee, dread Jesus, in thy gospel, is truth itself: nothing but wisdom in thy actions; power and goodness in thy miracles; light and instruction in thy words. With thee, sacred Redeemer, are the words of eternal life: to whom shall we go, but to thee, Eternal Fountain of Truth. Give me, O God, grace to

practice what thou commandest, and command  
 what thou pleasest.

*At the Credo, or Nicene Creed, say,*

I BELIEVE, O Lord, all that thou hast taught me by  
 thy holy Church: in this faith, by the assistance  
 of thy grace, I desire to live and die: by thy  
 divine grace, I am convinced of the sincerity and  
 wisdom of those who have delivered these sacred  
 truths to me. Their miraculous success is a suffi-  
 cient proof. Where shall I go, my Lord? Thou  
 hast the words of eternal life. Of thy truth, thus  
 delivered, my reason and will shall never doubt,  
 though my senses and vain imaginations should.  
 I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief.

*When, at the Offertory, he uncovers the Chalice, say,*

ACCEPT, O Holy Father, Almighty and Eternal  
 God, this unspotted Host, which I, thy unworthy  
 servant, offer thee, my living and true God, for  
 my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences,  
 and for all here present, and for all faithful Chris-  
 tians, living and dead, that it may avail me and  
 them to life everlasting. Amen.

*At the Offering of the Chalice, say,*

WE offer thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation,  
 beseeching thy clemency that it may ascend be-  
 fore thy Divine Majesty, as a sweet perfume, for  
 our salvation, and for that of the whole world.

Accept us, O Lord, in the spirit of humility  
 and a contrite heart; and grant that the sacrifice

which we offer this day in thy sight, may be pleasing to thee, O Lord God.

*When he washes his fingers at the corner of the Altar, say,*

THOU, Lord, who once vouchsafedst to wash thy disciples feet before their invitation to thy holy table, wash us also, we beseech thee, O Lord, and wash us again—not only our feet and hands, but our hearts, our desires, our souls, that we may be wholly innocent and pure.

*Go on, and pray.*

RECEIVE, O Holy Trinity, this oblation we make thee, in memory of the passion, resurrection and ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in honour of the blessed Mary ever Virgin; of blessed John the Baptist; of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul; of these, and of all the Saints; that it may be available to their honour and our salvation. And may they vouchsafe to intercede for us in heaven, whose memory we celebrate on earth—through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

*At the Orate Fratres, say,*

MAY our Lord receive this sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of his name, for our good, and the benefit of his whole Church.

*Or, whilst he reads the secret prayers proper for the day, in a low voice, say,*

MERCIFULLY hear our prayers, O Lord, and graciously accept this oblation, which we, thy servants, are making to thee; that as we offer it to



the honour of thy name, so it may be to us a means of obtaining thy grace here, and in the next life everlasting happiness. Amen.

*When the Priest says in a loud voice, Per omnia sæcula sæculorum, say,*

It is truly meet and just, right and available to salvation, that we always, and in all places, give thanks to thee, Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, through Christ our Lord; by whom the angels praise thy Majesty, the dominations adore it, the powers tremble before it, the heavens and heavenly virtues, and blessed seraphim, with common jubilee, glorify it; together with whom we beseech thee, that we may be admitted to join our voices, saying in an humble manner,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and 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.

*What follows is called the Canon of the Mass : say then,*  
**M**ost merciful Father, who hast given us thy only Son to be our daily sacrifice. incline thine ears to our prayers, and favour our desires; protect, unite, and govern thy whole Church throughout the world, pour forth thy blessing on his present Holiness, that Prelate who has a particular charge over us, our King, and all true professors of the Catholic faith.

*Whilst he makes his Memento, or Commemoration of the Living, make yours also, praying, in particular, for yourself and friends, &c.*

I OFFER thee, O Eternal Father, 'with this thy minister at the altar, this oblation of the body and blood of thy only Son, to thy honour and glory : in remembrance of my Saviour's passion, in thanksgiving for all thy benefits, in satisfaction for all my sins, and for the obtaining of thy grace, whereby I may be enabled to live virtuously, and die happily. I desire thee likewise to accept it, O God, for my parents [*if alive*], relatives, friends, and benefactors ; grant them all blessings, spiritual and temporal. I offer it up also [*name the particular intention you offer it up for ; as for obtaining this virtue, overcoming that vice ; for blessings, such as health, &c.*] Likewise, for all that are in misery ; for those I have any ways-injured in word or deed ; for all my enemies ; for the conversion of sinners, and enlightening all that sit in darkness. Pour forth thy blessings on all, according to their different necessities, through the merits of thy only Son our Lord.

*Proceed and say,*

GIVE ear, we beseech thee, to the prayers of thy servant, who is here appointed to make this oblation in our behalf, and grant it may be effectual for the obtaining of all those blessings which he asks for us.

Behold, O Lord, we all here present to thee, in this bread and wine, the symbols of our perfect

union. Grant, O Lord, that they may be made for us the true body and blood of thy dear Son ; that being consecrated to thee by this holy Victim, we may live in thy service, and depart this life in thy grace.

*At the Elevation, or Lifting up of the Sacred Host, in memory of Christ being lifted up on the Cross, say,*

Most adorable body, I adore thee with all the powers of my soul. Lord, who hast given thyself entire to us, grant we may become entirely thine. I believe, O Lord, help my unbelief.

Most merciful Saviour, be thou my protector ; strengthen and defend me by thy heavenly grace, now, and especially at the hour of my death, sweet Jesus. Amen.

*At the Elevation of the Chalice, say,*

Most adorable blood, that washest away all our sins, I adore thee : happy we, could we return our life and blood for thine, O blessed Victim.

O Jesus, do thou cleanse, sanctify, and preserve our souls to eternal life. Live Jesus in us, and may we live in thee. Amen.

*After the Elevation, say,*

It is now, O Lord, with grateful hearts we call to mind the sacred mysteries of thy passion and death, of thy resurrection and ascension. Here is thy body that was broken : here is thy blood that was shed for us, of which these exterior signs are but the figures, and yet in reality contain the

substance. It is now we truly offer thee, O Lord, that pure and holy victim, which thou hast been pleased to give us; of which all the other sacrifices were but so many types and figures.

*Whilst he makes his Memento, in silence, for the Dead, make yours also, thus :*

I OFFER thee again, O Lord, this holy sacrifice of the body and blood of thy only Son, in behalf of the faithful departed, and in particular for the souls of [*here name whom you chiefly propose to pray for*] my parents [*if dead*] relatives, benefactors, neighbours, &c. Likewise of such as I have any ways injured, or been the occasion of their sins; of such as have injured me, and been my enemies; of such as die in war, or have none to pray for them, &c. To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ, grant, we beseech thee, a place of refreshment, light and peace: through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

*When he strikes his breast, and says aloud, Nobis quoque peccatoribus, say,*

VOUCHSAFE to grant the same to us, poor miserable sinners: judge us not according to our demerits; but through the infinite multitude of thy mercies, in which we hope, liberally extend to us thy grace and pardon.

We ask it of thee, in the name of thy dear Son, who liveth and reigneth eternally with thee, and in that form of prayer which he himself hath taught us.

*At the Pater Noster, say with him,*

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 that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Deliver us from those evils which we labour under at present; from past evils, which can be nothing but our manifold sins; and from all the evils to come, which will be the just chastisement of our offences, if our prayers, and those more powerful ones of thy saints, who intercede for us, intercept not thy justice, or excite not thy bounty.

*At his breaking and putting a particle of the Host into the Chalice, say,*

THY body was broken, and thy blood shed for us: grant that the commemoration of this holy mystery may obtain for us peace; and that those who receive it may find everlasting rest.

*At the Agnus Dei, say with the Priest,*

LAMB of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

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

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

*At the prayer before Communion,*

IN saying to thy Apostles, my peace I leave

you, my peace I give you, thou hast promised, O Lord, to all thy Church, that peace which the world cannot give—peace with thee, and peace with ourselves.

Let nothing, O Lord, ever interrupt this holy peace; let nothing separate us from thee, to whom we heartily desire to be united, through the blessed sacrament of peace and reconciliation. Let this food of angels strengthen us in every Christian duty, so as never more to yield under temptations, or fall into our common weaknesses.

*At the Domine non sum dignus, striking your breast thrice, with humility and contrition, say,*

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

*Such as are not prepared to communicate really, may communicate spiritually, by saying as follows,*

**MOST** loving Jesus, I adore thee with a lively faith, who art present in this sacrament by virtue of thy infinite power, wisdom and goodness. But conscious of my infirmities and sins, I dare not now receive thee sacramentally. All my hope is in thee: I love thee, O Lord, with all my heart, who hast so loved me: and, therefore, I desire to receive thee now spiritually; come therefore O Lord, to me in spirit, and heal my sinful soul. Feed me, for I am hungry; strengthen me, for I am weak; enliven and sanctify me with thy sacred body and blood; deliver me from all sin, and make

me always obedient to thy commands ; and let me never be separated from thee, my Saviour—who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

*During the Ablution, and wiping of the Chalice, say,*

GIVE us, O Lord, a part in the fruits of thy death and passion, the sacred memory of which we have commemorated in our present sacrifice and communion. Happy those who sit at thy table to partake of the bread of life. O Jesus, my soul sighs after thee ! I long with thy apostle to be dissolved, and to be with thee. My heart and my whole body, with transports of joy, seek the living God.

My soul languishes with the ardent desire of entering into the house of our Lord. I love thee, O my God, with all my heart ; O that I could always enjoy the presence of thy adorable body, which is the pledge of our eternal happiness. I adore thy goodness, and return thee infinite thanks, O gracious Lord, for thy inestimable favour and mercy, in admitting me to be present this day at the dread sacrifice, where thou art both Priest and Victim. Make me, O God, always sensible of this great blessing, and let not my unworthiness put a stop to the effect of thy mercy and goodness.

*Whilst he reads the Communion, say,*

LET it be now, O Lord, the effect of thy mercy, that we, who have been present at this holy mystery, may find the benefit of it in our souls.

*At the Post-Communion, say,*

WE give thee thanks, O God, for thy mercy, in admitting us to have a part in offering this sacrifice to thy holy name: accept it now to thy glory, and be ever mindful of our weakness.

*Proceed as follows :*

MOST gracious God, Father of mercy, grant, I beseech thee, that this adorable sacrifice of the blessed body and blood of thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, may obtain for us at thy hands, mercy, and the remission of all our sins. Amen.

*When he turns to the People and gives them his Blessing, make you also the sign of the Cross, and say,*

THE Blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon us, and dwell in our hearts for ever. Amen.

*Whilst he concludes with the last Gospel, say,*

O ETERNAL Word, speak to my soul, which adores thee in profound silence; thou art the great Creator of all things: abandon not, I beseech thee, thy own creature: be thou my life, my light, and my all.

O Light eternal! enlighten me in this present life, and in the life to come.

Reign in me as in thine own inheritance: for thou, O Lord, hast made me: thou hast redeemed me. May I be ever thine.

I have sinned too much against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son.



Thou, God Incarnate, have pity on my frail and mortal flesh, and grant it may one day see what it adores here below. Amen.

*Prayer after Mass.*

I RENDER thee all possible praise and thanks, O Sovereign Creator, for the favour I have this day received from thy bounty, and of which many better deserving Christians are deprived. Receive, O Lord, my unworthy prayers, supply all my defects, pardon all my distractions and indevolutions: and grant, that by the strength and virtue of these divine mysteries, I may go on cheerfully in the path of thy commandments, love and service, amidst all the temptations, troubles and dangers of my life's pilgrimage, till I shall one day happily arrive at thy heavenly kingdom, where, with the blessed angels and saints, I shall more clearly contemplate thee, more perfectly enjoy thee, and more adequately celebrate thy infinite goodness and mercy, with uninterrupted canticles of eternal praise, admiration and gratitude

Happy are they who dwell in thy house, O Lord: for ever and ever they will praise thee.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honour, glory, and power.

Praise the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy is everlasting.

Who shall relate the wonders of the Lord!  
who shall publish his praises!

VESPERS,

OR

EVENING SONG FOR SUNDAYS.

V. O God, come to my assistance.

R. O Lord; make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Alleluia.

Or, Praise be to thee, O Lord, King of Eternal Glory.

The Antiphon: The Lord said.

Ant. Alleluia.

PSALM 109.

The Lord said to my Lord: sit on my right hand,

Until I make thy enemies the footstool of thy feet.

The Lord will send the sceptre of thy power out of Sion: rule thou in the midst of thy enemies.

Dominion shall be with thee in the day of thy power, in the brightness of the saints: from the womb before the day-star I begat thee.

The Lord swore, and it shall not repent him: thou art a priest for ever, according to the order of Melchisedech.

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 to the Father, &c.

Ant. The Lord said to my Lord : sit thou at my right hand.

Ant. All his Commandments.

PSALM 110.

I WILL praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart, in the council of the just, and in the congregation.

Great are the works of the Lord—sought out according to all his wills.

His work is praise and magnificence ; and his justice continueth for ever and ever.

He had made a remembrance of his wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord : he hath given food to them that fear him.

He will be mindful for ever of his covenant—he will shew forth to his people the power of his works.

That he may give them the inheritance of the Gentiles : the works of his hands are truth and judgment.

All his commandments are faithful—confirmed for ever and ever—made in truth and equity.

He hath sent redemption to his people ; he hath commanded his covenant for ever.

Holy and terrible is his name : the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

A good understanding to all that do it : his praise continueth for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. All his commandments are faithful, confirmed for ever and ever:

Ant. In his commandments.

PSALM 111.

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 sheweth 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 overlook 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, and shall gnash with his teeth and pine away : the desire of the wicked shall perish.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. In his commandments he has great delight.

Ant. Let the name of the Lord.

PSALM 112.

PRAISE the Lord, ye children ! praise ye the name of the Lord !

Blessed be the name of the Lord, from henceforth, now, and for ever.

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 them 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 to the Father, &c.

Ant. Let the name of the Lord be blessed for ever.

Ant. We that live.

PSALM 113.

WHEN Israel came out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from among a barbarous people,

Judea was made his sanctuary, Israel his dominion.

The sea saw, and fled away—Jordan was turned backward.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the hills like the lambs of the flock.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou didst flee? and thou, O Jordan, that thou turnedst backward?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams? and ye little hills, like the lambs of the flock?

The earth was moved at the presence of the Lord—at the presence of the God of Jacob—

Who turned the rock into pools of waters, 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, lest at any time the Gentiles say, Where is their God?

But our God is in heaven: he hath done all things whatsoever he would.

The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold, the works of the hands of men.

They have mouths, and speak not; they have eyes, and see not.

They have ears, and hear not; they have noses, and smell not.

They have hands, and feel not ; they have feet, and shall not walk : neither shall they cry out through their throats.

Let those that make them become like to them, and all such as put their trust in them.

The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord : he is their helper and their protector.

The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord : he is their helper and their protector.

They that fear the Lord, have hoped in the Lord : he is their helper and their protector.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and hath blessed us.

He hath blessed the house of Israel ; he hath blessed the house of Aaron.

He hath blessed all that fear the Lord—both little and great.

May the Lord add blessings upon you—upon you and upon your children.

You are blessed of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

The heaven of heaven belongs to the Lord—but the earth he hath given to the children of men.

The dead shall not praise thee, O Lord, nor all they that go down to hell.

But we that live, do bless the Lord, from this time, now, and for ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

PSALM 116.

O PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations ! praise him, all ye people !

For his mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. We that live bless our Lord.

## IN PASCHAL TIME.

Ant. Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia:

## THE LITTLE CHAPTER—2 COR. 1.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our tribulation:

R. Thanks be to God.

## THE HYMN.

CREATOR of the radiant light,  
Fountain of bliss, essential sight,  
Emitting splendour's orient beam;  
The world's creation to proclaim:

Who, with the morn's enliv'ning ray;  
Dispell'st the shades and call'st the day;  
Approaching night o'erspreads the spheres,  
Now gracious hear our sighs and tears.

Distain'd with guilt and foul offence,  
Let not a sudden summons hence,  
Present us at thy awful seat,  
Victims of fleeting vain deceit:

But rather while at mercy's door,  
Contrite, our treasons we deplore,  
Admit thy suppliants; grant us peace,  
That triumph of thy saving grace.

Eternal Father, lend thine ear;  
Co-equal Son, receive our prayer:  
O Holy Ghost, we cry to thee—  
God! three in one eternally. Amen.

V. Let my prayer, like incense,

R. Ascend to thee, O Lord.

THE SONG OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, CALLED THE MAGNIFICAT.  
Luke 1.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Because he hath regarded the humility of his hand-  
maid : 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.

And his mercy is from generation to generation, to  
them that fear him.

He hath showed might in his arm ; he hath scatter-  
ed 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 empty away.

He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful  
of his mercy.

As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his  
seed for ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

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# The Novena,

OR

## THE NINE DAYS DEVOTION TO ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

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### TIME AND MANNER OF PERFORMING THE NOVENA.

THIS Novena commences on the 4th of March, and continues nine days—that is, till the 12th of March: upon which day, in the year 1622, Pope GREGORY the XVTH canonized St. FRANCIS XAVIERIUS. The persons who perform this Novena are to be employed upon each of the days, in prayer and good works, to the glory of Almighty God, and in honour of his servant St. Francis Xaverius, always endeavouring to repose entire confidence in the merits of this Apostle, and hoping, through his means, to obtain from God whatsoever they shall ask, provided it be conducive to their salvation and the good of their souls; or that, otherwise, instead of that blessing which they beg, and which is not for their benefit, this Saint will obtain for them of God some other grace they do not ask, and which tends more to their eternal felicity.

For the exact performance of this Novena, they are to take for their advocates the nine choirs of Heavenly Spirits, making particular mention of the principal virtues of St. Francis Xaverius—and they are to observe other directions which shall be given hereafter. It will be convenient to confess and communicate the first day, that so the soul being cleansed from sin, and honoured with the sacred Eucharist, all the works

we perform in the state of grace may be meritorious of eternal life, and the more efficacious towards obtaining the benefit we ask. Those who do not confess, must at least begin every day with an act of contrition, to cleanse their souls from sin, and to secure themselves of obtaining their petition.

When this Novena is not performed in the church with the general concurrence of the people, it were convenient, that if it be done in a private house, all the family should join in performing it altogether, begging that of God for every one, which each apart begs for himself.

For the conveniency of such as stand in need of farther direction, we will here set down those prayers that are proper to be said every day; nevertheless, such as are more devout may beg the same thing of the Saint in such terms and language as their devotion shall dictate, and may direct their prayer as they think fit. When many together perform the Novena, one of them may read the prayers, changing the singular number into the plural, and saying we desire, we beg, &c. The others may repeat the prayer after him, or else only hear it, with attention, inwardly desiring and begging that which is asked in it.

Those who perform the Novena are to observe these instructions upon all and each of the nine days. First, They are to endeavour to imitate some one of this Saint's virtues, by practising some exterior act or acts thereof: as, for instance, his zeal, humility, patience, &c. Secondly, They are to do some work of mercy, either spiritual or corporal, for the benefit of their neighbours; as giving alms, visiting the sick, or those who are in prison, comforting the afflicted, praying for the souls in purgatory, or for those who are in the state of mortal sin, &c. Thirdly, They are to offer up to this Saint some particular mortification, as fasting,

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wearing of haircloth, disciplining, using themselves  
with less tenderness, &c. Fourthly, They are to curb  
their senses, their eyes and ears, and their tongues,  
endeavouring to avoid even the least of sins. Fifthly,  
They are to read some chapter or passage of the life  
of this Saint, or meditate awhile upon some one of his  
virtues, with an earnest desire to imitate them. Sixth-  
ly, They are to endeavour, for the glory of God, to  
excite some person to bear devotion to this Saint.  
Seventhly, It will be convenient they every day invoke  
the intercession of some one rank of the Saints, as  
they do of the choir of Angels, to the end that their  
advocates and intercessors being multiplied, as the  
Church expresses it, they may the more readily obtain  
what they ask. The classes of Saints may be divided  
into Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, Bishops,  
Doctors, Priests, Religious, Confessors, Virgins, and  
other Saints in Heaven. For the more effectual pre-  
vailing with St. Francis Xaverius, it will be convenient  
every day to make a special commemoration of St.  
Ignatius of Loyola, whom St. Francis Xaverius ho-  
noured, respected and loved, as his father, master, and  
superior.

Upon one of the nine days, the person performing  
this devotion must confess and communicate, making  
a most diligent preparation to please God and St.  
Francis Xaverius, for the more ready obtaining of the  
thing desired.

Such as cannot read, may cause another to read  
these prayers, they giving great attention to them, and  
offering them up to St. Francis; or, instead thereof,  
they may say ten times the Lord's Prayer, ten Hail  
Mary's, and ten times Glory be to the Father, &c., in  
memory of the ten years that Saint Francis Xaverius  
spent in the Indies, begging of the Saint whatsoever

they desire, and praying, as he did, for the conversion of infidels.

Though the most proper time for performing this Novena be from the 4th of March to the 12th, which is the day of the canonization of Saint Francis Xavierius, yet it may be performed at any other time of the year.

How much the devotion of this Novena daily spreads, is well known : on this account, St. Francis had obtained favours for several persons, as they themselves testify. In the year 1688, it was performed at Madrid, with extraordinary solemnity, in the Royal Chapel of the Palace, their Catholic Majesties being every day there present.

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#### THE FIRST DAY OF THE NOVENA.

The person performing this devotion, kneeling before the altar or the image of St. Francis Xavierius, shall lift up his heart to God, and profoundly humbling himself in spirit, and offering up all his prayers, thoughts and words to his glory, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Francis Xavierius, and all the Angels and Saints in Heaven, he shall make the sign of the Cross, and say the following prayer :—

O LORD Jesus Christ ! true God and Man, my Creator and Redeemer, for thy sake alone, and because I love thee above all things, I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for having offended thee ; and I do firmly purpose never to fall into sin again, to shun all occasions of offending thee, to confess my sins, and perform the penance that shall be enjoined me, and to make restitution and satisfaction wherever it shall be due from me. For the love of thee I forgive all my enemies ; to thee I offer up my life, actions, and sufferings, in satisfaction for my sins : and, since I humbly beg it of thee, I trust in thy goodness and infinite mer-

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cy, that thou wilt forgive me them, through the merits of thy precious blood and passion, and wilt give me grace to amend my life, and to persevere in thy service unto my death. Amen.

Most glorious St. Francis Xaverius ! Apostle of the Indies, if it be for the glory of God and to thy honour, that I obtain what I desire and beg, by performing this Novena, obtain for me this grace of our Lord : if not, guide my petition, and beg of our Lord for me, that which is most proper for his glory and the benefit of my soul.

O God, and Lord of the Angels, whom thou dost entrust with the guardianship of men, I make thee an offering of all the merits of these Heavenly Spirits, and of those of thy servant Saint Francis Xaverius, who was called an Angel for his purity, and because he preserved men from many spiritual and corporal dangers. I beseech thee grant me that purity of soul and body which thou didst confer on this thy holy Apostle, and that particular grace which I beg in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

[Here say thrice the Lord's Prayer and three Hail Mary's, and then the following prayer to St. Francis Xaverius.]

Most holy father, St. Francis Xaverius ! who receivest thy praises from the mouths of innocent children, I most humbly implore thy bountiful charity for the sake of the most precious blood of Jesus, and the immaculate conception of our blessed Lady, Mother of God—to the end, that thou mayest obtain of God's infinite goodness, that at the approach of my last hour, my heart may be separated and withdrawn from all worldly thoughts and distractions, and be fixed in the most ardent love of him and a vehement desire of a



happy eternity; so that, laying aside the multiplicity of earthly things, which hitherto have perplexed me, I may most diligently seek and perfectly find that one thing which is necessary—which is, to die, and rest in peace, under the protection of the most holy Virgin Mary, in the wounds of Jesus, her most blessed Son, in the sweet embraces of my God, and in thy presence, holy Saint! through whose intercession I hope to obtain this mercy. But yet, whilst it shall please the divine Providence to preserve my life, I beseech thee, my most loving protector and most affectionate father, to obtain for me of his divine Majesty, that I may live as I would wish to have lived at the hour of my death, ever imitating thy virtues and fulfilling the most holy will of God; that so my temporal death may be to me a passage into life everlasting. I also beseech thee to obtain for me that which I ask in this Novena, if it be for the glory of God and the good of my soul. Amen.

[In the next place, you are to ask of St. Francis Xavier the particular favour you desire to obtain, heightening, as much as in you is; your confidence in him, with such words as your affectionate thoughts shall suggest, or with such aspirations as your devotion shall dictate.—Then the more to please this holy Apostle, in imitation of him, say that prayer which he himself composed and used to say every day for the conversion of infidels, which is as follows.]

ETERNAL God! Creator of all things, remember that thou alone didst create the souls of infidels, framing them to thy own image and likeness—behold, O Lord, how to thy dishonour hell daily is replenished with them: remember, O Lord! thy only Son Jesus Christ, who suffered for them, most bountifully shedding his precious blood: suffer not, O Lord! thy Son and our Lord to be any longer despised by infidels—but rather, being appeased by the entreaties and prayers of thy elect, the saints, and of the church, the most

blessed spouse of my Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of thy mercy, and forgetting their idolatry and infidelity, cause them also to know him thou didst send, Jesus Christ, thy Son our Lord, who is our health, life, and resurrection, through whom we are made free and saved—to whom be all glory for ever. Amen.

Then conclude with the prayer proper to this Saint.

*Antiph.* Well fare thee, good and faithful servant—because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter into the joy of thy Lord.

V. Our Lord hath guided the just man by right ways.

R. And hath shewed him the kingdom of God.

#### THE PRAYER.

O God! who wert pleased to reduce to the bosom of thy Church the nations of the Indies, through the preaching and miracles of Saint Francis Xaverius, mercifully grant us, that we may imitate his virtues, whose glorious merits we hold in veneration—through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### THE LITANY OF SAINT FRANCIS XAVERIUS.

LORD have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us.

God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy upon us.

Holy Trinity one God, have mercy upon us.

Holy Mary, *Pray for us.*

Holy Father Ignatius, *Pray for us.*

St. Francis Xaverius, most worthy son of St. Ignatius,  
 St. Francis Xaverius, Apostle of the Indies,  
 St. Francis Xaverius, evangelizing peace,  
 St. Francis Xaverius, evangelizing all good,  
 Vessel of Election, carrying the name of Jesus  
 before the Gentiles,  
 Vessel, full of divine grace,  
 Firmament of the Oriental Church,  
 Defender of the Faith,  
 Enemy of infidelity,  
 Preacher of evangelical truth,  
 Destroyer of idols,  
 Chosen instrument of the Eternal Father, for the  
 propagation of divine glory,  
 Faithful follower and companion of Jesus Christ,  
 Trumpet of the Holy Ghost,  
 Pillar of the Church of God  
 Light of infidels,  
 Master of the faithful,  
 Mirror of true piety,  
 Guide in the way of virtue and perfection,  
 Pattern of Apostolical spirit and sanctity,  
 Light of the blind,  
 Curer of the lame,  
 Helper of those that suffer shipwreck,  
 Health of the sick,  
 Protector in time of plague, famine and war,  
 From whom the devils fly,  
 Life of the dead,  
 Whose power the sea and tempests obey,  
 Whose command the sea and all elements reverence,  
 Wonderful worker of miracles,  
 Refuge of the miserable,  
 Comforter of the afflicted,

Pray for us.

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Splendour of the East,  
 Tabernacle of incorruption,  
 Treasure of divine love,  
 Glory of the Society of Jesus,  
 Xaverius, most poor,  
 Xaverius, most chaste,  
 Xaverius, most obedient,  
 Xaverius, most humble,  
 Xaverius, most desirous of the cross and labours  
 of Christ,

Xaverius, most zealous of God's glory and the  
 good of souls,

Angel in life and manners,

Patriarch in affection and care of God's people,

Prophet in gift and spirit,

Apostle in dignity and merit,

Doctor of Gentiles in all sorts of languages,

Martyr in desiring to die for Christ,

Confessor in virtue and profession of life,

Virgin in body and mind,

In whom we reverence through the divine good-  
 ness the merits of all Saints,

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.*

Christ hear us.

Christ graciously hear us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Our Father, &c.

Pray for us, St. Francis Xaverius,

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ

## LET US PRAY.

LORD God! who hast vouchsafed, by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xaverius, to join unto thy Church the countries of the Indies, grant propitiously, we beseech thee, that reverencing his glorious merits, we may also imitate his example—through Christ our Lord. Amen.

## THE SECOND DAY.

LORD Jesus Christ, true God and Man, &c., *as before on the first day.*

Most glorious St. Francis Xaverius, &c., *as the first day, and so on all the following days.*

## A PRAYER FOR THIS DAY.

LORD God of the Archangels! whom thou dost entrust with the most weighty concerns of thy glory, and the benefit of men—I offer up to thee the merits of these most diligent Spirits, and those of thy great servant St. Francis Xaverius, whom thou madest the minister of thy glory, and to whom thou recommendest the spiritual welfare of innumerable souls. I beseech thee, grant that I may perform those duties which thy most holy and divine will hath imposed upon me, and also that I may obtain that particular grace which I beg of thee in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

## THE THIRD DAY.

LORD God of the Principalities! who, according to the disposition of thy Divine will, by means of Angels and Archangels, take care of the welfare of mankind, enlightening, instructing and governing them—I offer up to thee the merits of those most zealous Spirits,

and those of thy servant St. Francis Xaverius, who enlightened and converted many kingdoms and provinces, and in them innumerable souls, not only by himself, but by his disciples and followers, instructing, teaching, and commanding. I beseech thee grant me the zeal of this holy Apostle, and the particular petition I tender in this Novena, to thy honour and glory. Amen.

THE FOURTH DAY.

LORD God of the Powers! who have a special prerogative to curb the infernal spirits—I offer up to thee the merits of these most potent Spirits, and those of thy servant St. Francis Xaverius, to whom thou gavest singular power of expelling devils from bodies and souls. I beseech thee grant me the grace to overcome all the temptations of the devil, and that which I beg of thee in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

THE FIFTH DAY.

LORD God of the Virtues! by whose means thou workest miracles and prodigies peculiar to thy sovereign power—I offer up to thee the merits of those most stupendous Spirits, and those of thy servant St. Francis Xaverius, whom thou madest a new Thaumaturgus, or worker of new and prodigious miracles, renewing in him the signs and wonders of the blessed Apostles, that he might discover the gospel to new nations. I beseech thee grant me that profound humility, where-with St. Francis Xaverius, amidst so many miracles, sought thy glory, and not his own honour, as also that which I beg in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

THE SIXTH DAY.

LORD God of the Dominations! which preside over

all inferior Spirits, as ministers of thy Providence, and submit themselves to thy will, being ever ready to fulfil it—I offer up to thee the merits of these excellent Spirits, and those of St. Francis Xaverius, who, though superior to many, yet humbly submitted himself to all superiors, in them acknowledging thy Majesty, and readily fulfilling their commands. I beseech thee grant me a ready and perfect obedience to all my superiors, and that special petition which I make in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

LORD God of the Thrones! on whom thou reposest as on the seat of thy glory and throne of thy Majesty—I offer up to thee the merits of these supreme Spirits, and those of St. Francis Xaverius, that throne of thy glory, that vessel of election, to convey thy name to new nations, who denied himself to himself, and all worldly things, casting them out of his heart, that those alone might possess it. I beseech thee, grant that I may despise all worldly things, and rest in thee alone; grant me also the petition I make in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

LORD God of the Cherubims! who are adorned with most perfect wisdom—I offer up to thee the merits of these most intelligent Spirits, and those of thy servant St. Francis Xaverius, whom thou didst grace with supereminent wisdom, and to whom thou didst reveal most profound secrets, that he might teach thy law to many people and nations. I beseech thee, grant that I may learn to fear and please thee, which is true wisdom; and that by word and example I may teach others to keep thy commandments, and that thou

wilt also grant me the favour I beg in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.

THE NINTH DAY.

LORD God of the Seraphims! who are inflamed with the most ardent love of thee—I offer up to thee the merits of these most fervent Spirits, and those of thy servant St. Francis Xaverius, who, like a Seraphim, was inflamed with thy love, conquering innumerable hardships and dangers of his life, to please thee, and to make those know and love thee who before offended thee, and knew thee not. I beseech thee, grant that I may love thee, my only God and Lord, and endeavour to bring all men to the knowledge and love of thee, and also that thou wilt grant me that which I ask in this Novena, to thy greater honour and glory. Amen.





## CATHOLIC HYMNS, &c.

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### AN INVITATION TO PRAISE GOD.

SING ye praises to the Lord, *Alleluia.*  
Bless his name with one accord, *Alleluia.*  
For it's owing to his care, *Alleluia.*  
What we have and what we are, *Alleluia.*

He first made us by his power, *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 redcem'd us by his son, *Alleluia.*  
Raise your voices then and sing, *Alleluia.*  
Loud hosannas to our king, *Alleluia.*

### A SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

My soul, thy great Creator praise!  
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,  
He, in full majesty, appears!  
And, like a robe, his glory wears.  
Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame  
An equal glory to his name.

The heav'ns are for his curtain spread,  
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;

Clouds are his chariots when he flies  
 On wing'd storms across the skies.  
 Great is the Lord, &c.

## THE SAME.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
 While the name of God we sing;  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Be thy glorious name ador'd.  
 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 echoing sky.  
 Men on earth, &c.

## THE PRINCIPAL ACTS OF RELIGION.

## THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

To lie hid from thine awful face,  
 Lord, whither could I fly?  
 Thy presence fills th' infinite space,  
 All's naked to thine eye.  
 In thee we live, in thee we move,  
 In thee we have our being;  
 Thou art our keeper from above,  
 Our Father and our King.

## ADORATION.

Great Lord, we fall before thy throne,  
 Thee humbly we adore;  
 Thou art our God—to thee alone  
 Belong all praise and power.

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, increated 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 the church unnerring 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, or else 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.

## CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

LET all who have God's goodness prov'd,  
 Still in his truth confide—  
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
 Who on his truth relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
 From Sion his abode ;  
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world  
 Confess no other God.

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

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

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

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.

THE PEACE OF A SOUL THAT LOVES JESUS  
CHRIST.

THOUGH all the powers of hell surround,  
 No evil will I fear ;  
 For while my Jesus is my friend,  
 No danger can come near.

Then, blessed Jesus! dwell with me,  
 And make me burn with love of thee :  
 O blessed Jesus! live with me,  
 'Till I may die and live with thee.

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 ardour 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.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF THE LOVE OF JESUS.

GRACES from my Jesus flowing,  
 Set the faithful breast on fire—  
 Make the soul with raptures glowing,  
 Nought but heav'nly bliss desire.  
 Vain she thinks all transient joys,  
 For eternal peace she sighs ;  
 Nought can then disturb her rest,  
 With her God supremely blest.

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

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

DESIRES OF LOVING GOD.

O POWER divine ! O charity !  
 Heaven's choicest blessings join in thee ;  
 In thee, the source of ev'ry grace—  
 In thee, the soothing balm of peace.

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 fortify'd by thee,  
 Triumphant gains eternity—  
 By sweet attraction drawn above,  
 Absorpt, and lost in heav'nly love.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

WHILE heav'ns proclaim their maker's praise,  
 And with his glory shine ;  
 And heav'nly choirs in tuneful lays  
 Extol his power divine—  
 Let us our grateful thanks repay,  
 And all his blessings own ;  
 And let our songs of praise each day  
 Ascend before 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 favours 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 angels tongue ;  
 Yet still thy goodness condescends  
 To hear our feeble song.  
 Oh ! then my fav'rite theme shall be,  
 In loud exulting strain,  
 To laud thy glorious majesty,  
 And never ending reign.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO THE DIVINE MAJESTY.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,  
 Who sits enthron'd above—  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of love.  
 JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !  
 By heav'n and earth confess'd ;  
 I laud and praise thy holy name,  
 For ever blest.



The whole triumphant host  
 Gives thanks to God on high—  
 Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 They ever cry.  
 Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine !  
 I join the heav'nly lays—  
 All might and majesty are thine,  
 And endless praise.

## THE SAME.

O PRAISE ye the Lord !  
 Sing his praise in the congregation of saints—  
 Sing glory to God in the highest !  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When thee, O mighty God, we praise.  
 To him address, in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his name belongs.  
 Raise your voices then and sing  
 Loud hosannas to our king.  
 Raise, &c.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, &c.

## GOD PRAISED IN HIS WORKS.

How various, Lord, thy works are found—  
 For which, thy wisdom we adore :  
 The earth is with thy treasures crown'd,  
 'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

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 !

## THE SAME.

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing ;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal king.  
 Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

He form'd the deeps unknown,  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.  
 Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.

Come, worship at his throne,  
 Come, bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his work, and not our own,  
 He form'd 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.

RETURN OF A DISSIPATED SOUL TO GOD, AND  
 TO HERSELF.

WHERE have my wand'ring senses been,  
 Absent from all that's good ?  
 How long, my soul, ah ! wilt thou stray,  
 Forgetful of thy God ?

How quickly pass my fleeting hour,  
 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.

#### A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

No longer shall my soul confide  
 In fleeting pleasures, vain and void ;  
 Henceforth, her noble views extend,  
 To life and bliss that know no end.

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

My Saviour calls to pure delights,  
 To heavenly 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.

SENTIMENTS OF A SINNER RETURNING TO GOD.

LORD, my sins lie heavy on my mind,  
And sad affliction pierces to my heart ;  
Fears of death and endless woe combin'd,  
Unceasing horrors to my soul impart.  
Mercy, Lord, thy tender mercy show,  
And spare the soul for whom thy blood did flow.

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, Lord, &c.

Peace has left my breast, and nought 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, Lord, &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, Lord, &c.

Vain is ev'ry thought and ev'ry care  
That does not lead, O Lord, the soul to thee ;  
Short their pleasures, soon they bring despair,  
And cast her into endless misery.  
Mercy, Lord, &c.

Lord, I see how much my sins offend ;  
 I grieve—I'll strive to wipe the stains away :  
 Jesus, now thy kind assistance lend,  
 For else my helpless soul again will stray.  
 Mercy, Lord, &c.

CONTEMPLATION OF HEAVEN.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
 Up to the courts above,  
 And smile to see the Father there,  
 Upon a throne of love.  
 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,  
 Are open'd by the Son ;  
 High let us raise our notes of praise, } Twice.  
 And reach th' Almighty throne.

O heav'n ! O land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign,  
 Whence endless day excludes the night,  
 And pleasure banish pain !  
 When shall my soul, from darkness free,  
 To thy bright seats remove ;  
 For e'er to praise my dearest Lord } Twice.  
 In endless peace and love.

To him who sits upon the throne,  
 The God who all us made ;  
 And to the Lamb, once for us slain,  
 Be endless honours paid :  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was and is,  
 And shall be evermore.  
 Be glo.....ry,  
 Be glory ever more.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED  
SACRAMENT.

O JESU, Deus magne, Pastor bone !	O Jesus, blessed Saviour, Dearest Saviour !
O dulcis, dulcis agne !	O source of heav'nly favour,
O manna !	O manna !
O Jesu, Pastor bone !	O blessed food of heaven !
O panis Salutaris !	By thee each grace is given.
O manna ! O panis	O manna ! heav'nly food !
O Agne ! O Jesu !	O sweet Lamb ! O my God !
O Jesu, Jesu mi !	O Jesus ! O my God !
O potestas !	O power divine !
Quid non præstas ?	Where's love like thine ?
Quid non præstas homini ?	O sweetest Lamb !
O Jesu, &c.	O power divine !
	Where's love like thine,
	For fallen man !

ADORATION OF JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRA-  
MENT.

SAVING host we fall before thee,  
Trusting in our Saviour's word ;  
Thee we own, the Lord of glory—  
Thee we own, our Sovereign Lord  
While our evil foes contending,  
Threaten our eternal loss,  
Be with heav'nly grace defending,  
And protect 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.

**THE LOVE OF JESUS IN THE EUCHARIST.**

STREAMS of heav'nly love descending,  
 Softly touch the sinner's heart ;  
 Jesus to our wants attending,  
 Bears of all our pains a part.  
 Jesus ! all our hopes sustaining,  
 On our altars e'er remaining—  
 Henceforth my only bliss shall be,  
 To think and meditate on thee.

From his lovely presence flowing  
 Beams of love, celestial rays ;  
 They within the bosom glowing,  
 Heavenly raptures sweetly raise.  
 Jesus ! all, &c.

Here, beneath these veils residing,  
 He's our comfort, when distress'd ;  
 Pure delights for us providing,  
 Foretastes of eternal rest.  
 Jesus ! all, &c.

**THE SWEETS OF THE LOVE OF JESUS.**

GRACE descending from above,  
 Inspires the soul with heav'nly love—  
 Makes her longing wish to rise  
 On angel's wing above the skies.  
 Thy love, O Jesus, is my song—  
 How does my soul with raptures long  
 To be dissolved and be with thee,  
 And share thy love eternally.

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 care,  
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 HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

*Jesu dulcis memoria, &c.*

JESUS, the only thought of thee  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far it is to see,  
And on thy beauty feast.  
No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art of music frame ;  
No thoughts 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,  
And lavish in 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.

Before the morning light I'll come  
 With Magdalen, to find,  
 In sighs and tears, my Jesus' tomb,  
 And there refresh my mind.  
 My tears upon his grave shall flow,  
 My sighs the garden fill ;  
 Then at his feet myself I'll throw,  
 And there I'll seek his will.

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.  
 O king of love, thy blessed fire  
 Does such sweet flames excite,  
 That first it raises the desire,  
 Then fills it with delight.

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.

Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,  
 And with the saints rejoice ;  
 And both my heart and tongue shall bring  
 Their tribute to my dearest king,  
 In never-ending joys.

ASPIRATIONS BEFORE COMMUNION.

My God, my life, my love,  
 To thee, to thee I call ;  
 O come to me from heaven above,  
 And be my God, my all.

My faith beholds thee, Lord,  
 Conceal'd in human food ;  
 My senses fail ; but in thy word  
 I trust, and find my God.

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 my Jesus alone I find  
 True pleasures, solid joys.

ASPIRATIONS IN THE MOMENT OF COMMUNION.

DELIGHTFUL moment ! happy hour !  
 My heart is drawn with mighty charms ;  
 O love ! O love ! I feel thy pow'r,  
 Since I repose in Jesus' arms.

## ASPIRATIONS AFTER COMMUNION.

WHAT happiness can equal mine ?  
 I've found the object of my love ;  
 My Jesus dear, my king divine,  
 Is come to me from heav'n above ;  
 He chose my heart for his abode,  
 He there becomes my daily bread ;  
 There on me flows his healing blood,  
 There, with his flesh, my soul is fed.

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.

## ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Tune—Lucis Creator optime.

OUR hope, our food, our sacrifice,  
 Sweet Jesus, on the altar lies ;  
 The church's joy, the angels' theme—  
 Sound, sweetly sound, his blessed name.

To awe our foes, the pow'rs of hell,  
 He promis'd in his church to dwell :  
 Behold, our incarnated Lord  
 Fulfilleth here his gracious word !

Behold the awful mystery !  
 His flesh, blood, soul, divinity,  
 Wrapped up (our wounded souls to heal)  
 In mystic, not substantial veil.

Each particle, both great and small,  
 Sweet Jesus is ! sweet Jesus all !  
 This food to thee, my soul, shall be  
 A source of immortality.

When devil, world, and flesh combine  
 To counteract thy God's design,  
 Sweet Jesus in the host shall be  
 The guardian of thy purity.

Feel first contrition's piercing dart,  
 Confession next will ease thy heart ;  
 Submit to penance—then prepare  
 To feast upon this heav'nly fare.

All hail to thee, sweet Jesus, hail !  
 We now our woful sins bewail ;  
 Melt, melt our hearts with powerful grace,  
 And bless us in this holy place.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To Jesus in the sacred host,

All glory be—to Mary too,  
His Virgin Mother, praise is due.

Adore him, angels—man adore ;  
In solemn silence, all adore !  
With bended knees, and hearts contrite,  
Adore both heav'n and earth's delight.

## ANOTHER.

How sweet the wounds, how great the love  
Of Jesus, the Almighty dove !  
Sweet is the fruit of your body,  
Mary, flower of virginity.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Jesus gave me his flesh to eat ;  
His blood, most pure and delicate,  
His precious blood to drink gave me,  
That he shed on Mount Calvary.  
Deo gratias, Deo gratias, Deo gratias.

How comely, Jesus, you appear,  
When that the sacred host draws near :  
What then can give me more content  
Than Jesus in the sacrament ?  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Jesus ! your wounds you did endure—  
Out of your side I drank most pure.  
What greater honour can there be  
Than, Jesus, to change hearts with thee ?  
Deo gratias, Deo gratias, Deo gratias.

Thee, Lamb of God, we humbly praise—  
You shed your blood for human race,  
And left your body for to feed  
Poor hungry souls in time of need.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Your wounds I taste, and do not see—  
 Your flesh I eat most frequently :  
 Your precious blood to drink gave me,  
 A source of immortality.

Deo gratias, Deo gratias, Deo gratias.

Jesus is all I do desire,  
 Jesus is all I do require ;  
 Had I but Jesus in my heart,  
 All worldly pleasures I would part.  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

JESUS OUR ONLY HOPE.

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Sate into the haven guide—  
 O receive 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.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,

While in thy temple we appear—  
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.  
 While, as the wheels of nature roll,  
 Thy hands support the steady pole ;  
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
 And darkness bid to veil the skies.

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

ANOTHER.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,  
 As we journey let us sing ;  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God  
 In the way the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banished seed be glad,  
 Christ our advocate is made ;  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.

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

THE SECURITY OF A SOUL WHO ABANDONS HER-  
SELF TO THE CARE OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

[FROM PSALM 22.]

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When on the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread;  
My stedfast heart shall feel no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray;  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens, and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

THE LOVE OF GOD FOR MAN.

SING, my soul, his wond'rous love,  
Who, from his bright throne above,



Ever watchful o'er our race,  
Still to man extends his grace.

Ever watchful, &c.

Heav'n and earth, by him were made,  
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;  
What are we, that he should shew  
So much love to us below ?

What are we, &c.

Sing, my tongue, his holy name—  
Let his glory be <sup>thy</sup> 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.

#### THE LORD'S DAY.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise !  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

The heav'nly king comes near,  
To feast his saints to day ;  
Here, we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

Come, hasten mortal tongues,  
This day, the Lord to praise ;  
Come, mix with angelical 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 sit and sing herself away,  
 To everlasting bliss.

FOR SUNDAYS.

Ad templa nos rursus vocat.

To God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 On ev'ry creature here below,  
 Again on this returning day,  
 Our homage we are call'd to pay.

A. *But chiefly let us join to sing  
 The triumphs of our God and King,  
 Who by the cross subdu'd his foes,  
 And from the grave victorious rose.*

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 !

A. *But when his Son, by sinners slain,  
 Th' Almighty Father rais'd again—  
 That Son, who our redemption paid—  
 What boundless love was there displayed !*

Emerging from the womb of night,  
 When first creation sprang to light—  
 The beauteous work his hand had rais'd,  
 The great Creator saw and prais'd.

A. *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.

A. *But Christ, the light of ev'ry breast,  
In whom the Father shines confest ;  
O wond'rous love ! gives us to see  
Our God cloth'd with mortality.*

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.

A. *Amen.*

FOR SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS THROUGH THE  
YEAR.

LUCIS Creator optime,  
Lucem dierum proferens ;  
Primordiis lucis novæ,  
Mundi parans originem.

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 culpâ illigat.

Cæleste pulset ostium .  
 Vitale tollat præmium :  
 Vitemus omne noxium,  
 Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta, Pater piissime,  
 Patrique compar Unice,  
 Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
 Regnans per omne sæculum.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

O GREAT Creator of the light,  
 Who, from the darksome womb of night,  
 Brought'st forth new light at nature's birth,  
 To shine upon the face of earth.

Who, by the morn and evening 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 has 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.

## BEFORE CATECHISM OR SERMON.

THE wonders which God's laws contain,  
 No words can represent ;  
 Therefore, to learn and practise them,  
 Our zealous hearts are bent.  
 The very entrance of his laws,  
 Celestial light displays,  
 And knowledge of true happiness  
 To simple minds conveys.

With favour, 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.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, and is,  
 And shall be evermore.

To Father, Son, &c.

(Or, in Easter time, Alleluia eight times over.)

## THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

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 pro-  
 clamant,  
 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 \*saneta 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 hor-  
ruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo, \*aperuisti credentibus  
regna cælorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes \*in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis \*esse venturus.

Te ergo quæsumus, famulis tuis subveni, \*quos pre-  
tioso 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 sæcu-  
lum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine ! die isto \* sine peccato nos cus-  
todire.

Miserere nostri Domine ! \* miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine ! super nos : \* quem-  
admodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine ! speravi : \* non confundar in æter-  
num.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise ;  
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wond'rous ways :  
To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame  
With loudest trumpets sounds immortal fame.  
Lord God of hosts ! to thee the heav'nly pow'rs,  
With sounding anthems, fill thy vaulted tow'rs :

Thy Cherubs, 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 thy song conspire ;  
 Legions of Martyrs in the chorus shine,  
 And vocal blood with vocal music join.  
 By these, thy church, inspir'd 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 blessing on thine 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 :  
 As we have hop'd, do thou reward our pain ;  
 We've hop'd in thee—let not our hope be vain.

## FOR ADVENT.

Verbum: Supernum, &amp;c.

The Lord no longer will delay—  
Behold the dawn of th' happy day,  
Which peace and blessings brings on earth,  
And witnesses the Saviour's birth.

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.

## AT VESPERS.

CREATOR alme siderum,  
Æterna lux credentium,  
Jesu Redemptor omnium,  
Intende votis supplicum.

Qui demonis 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 gloriae,  
 Nomenque cum primum sonat,  
 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 Paraceto,  
 In sæculorum secula.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

BRIGHT Maker of the starry poles,  
 Eternal Light of faithful souls,  
 Christ, Saviour of mankind, espouse  
 Our cause, and hear our humble vows ;

Who, lest the fraud of hell's fell king  
 Should all men to destruction bring,  
 Didst, 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 honour 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.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD.

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 celestium  
Gloria  
In excelsis Deo ;  
Venite, &c.

Ergo, qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu tibi sit gloria.  
Patris æterni  
Verbum caro factum,  
Venite, &c.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

With hearts truly grateful,  
 Come, all ye faithful,  
 To Jesus, to Jesus, in Bethlehem.  
 See Christ, your Saviour,  
 Heaven's greatest favour.  
 Let's hasten to adore him,  
 Let's hasten to adore him,  
 Let's hasten to adore him, our God and King

God, to God equal,  
 Light of light eternal ;  
 Carried in Virgin's e'er spotless womb.  
 He all preceded,  
 Begotten, not created.  
 Let's hasten, &c.

Angels, now praise him,  
 Loud their voices raising ;  
 The heav'nly mansion with joy now ring ;  
 'To him who's most holy,  
 Be honour, praise and glory.  
 Let's hasten, &c.

To Jesus, this day born,  
 Grateful homage return ;  
 '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 heav'nly hymns.  
 Angels implore him,  
 Seraphs fall before him.  
 Then e'er let us adore him, our God and King.

## ANOTHER.

ATTEND all ye faithful,  
 Rejoice, with love abounding ;  
 Present yourselves in spirit in Bethlehem,  
 To behold the king of glory  
 In form of an infant.

Adore him, implore hfm,  
 Confess your sins before him,  
 For he is the Saviour of all mankind.

The glorious Virgin Mary,  
 The fairest of all creatures,  
 Brought forth our blessed Saviour in Bethlehem,  
 Wrapt up in swaddling clothing,  
 And laid him in a manger.

Adore him, &c.

Let men then join with angels,  
 And sing his heavenly praises ;  
 His love for us was boundless in Bethlehem.  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 Glory to our infant king.

Adore him, &c.

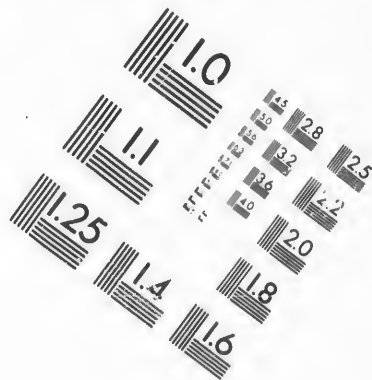
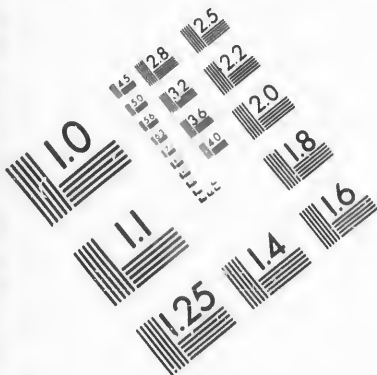
Thanks forever be to Jesus,  
 To Christ our God and Saviour,  
 Born to us this day in Bethlehem—  
 The Word made flesh  
 Redeemed us from everlasting evil.

Adore him, &c.

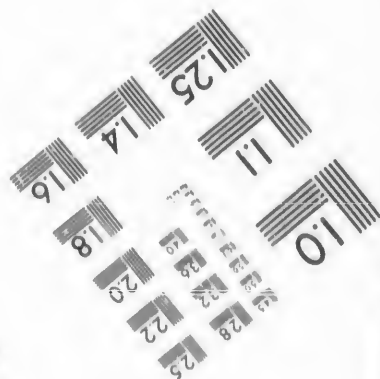
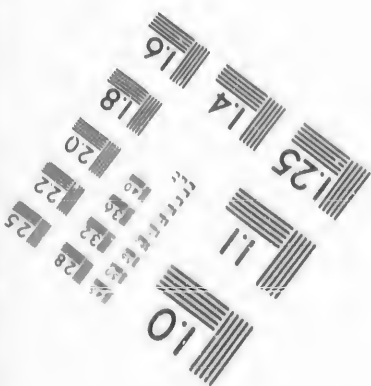
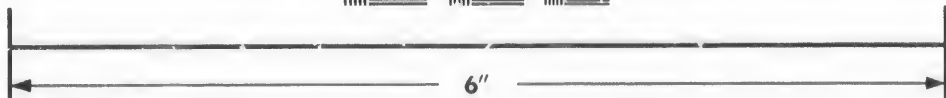
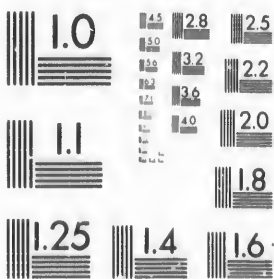
## FOR CHRISTMAS.

A Virgin unspotted, a prophet foretold,  
 Should bring forth a Saviour, that now we behold,  
 To be our Redeemer from hell, death and sin,  
 Which Adam's transgression involved us in.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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10

Come, let us be joyful—cast all sin away—  
Our Saviour, Christ Jesus, was born on this day.

In Bethlehem seated a jury there was,  
When Joseph and Mary together did pass;  
And, as they were asked, from whither they came—  
It was Augustus Cæsar demanded the same.

Come, let us be joyful, &c.

The inns being full of the Jews' welcome guests,  
There was no room found for the couple to rest;  
They took to a stable where oxen did feed—  
The great God of heaven accepted the deed.

Come, let us be joyful, &c.

Mary, blessed Mary, so meek and so mild,  
Brought forth, in a stable, her heavenly child:  
A manger was his cradle—who came from above—  
The great God of mercy, of life, and of love.

Come, let us be joyful, &c.

Presently after the shepherds espy  
Vast numbers of angels aloft in the sky,  
So merrily praising, so sweetly did sing,  
Praise, honour and glory to our heavenly king.

Come, let us be joyful, &c.

Let us be joyful, our ransom is paid,  
And follow our Saviour, and not be dismay'd;  
Follow your Saviour in his poverty,  
Our crowns he has purchas'd—Lord, grant one to me.

Come let us be joyful, &c.

#### ANOTHER.

WHILE angels to the world proclaim  
The birth of Christ our King,  
To magnify his sacred name,  
We'll joyful anthems sing,  
We'll, &c.



The watchful shepherds, seiz'd with fear,  
 At radiant light divine,  
 When they the happy tidings hear,  
 Their Alleluias join.  
 Their, &c.

Hail, Bethlehem, thus dignified  
 By Jesus' humble birth!  
 May this subdue th' ambitious pride  
 Of princes on the earth  
 Of, &c.

The eastern sages wealth dispense,  
 And to him presents bring,  
 Of gold, of myrrh, and frankincense,  
 As God, as Man, as King.  
 As, &c.

O grant contending sov'reigns may  
 Their wise example take,  
 And direful war be chas'd away,  
 For Christ our Saviour's sake.  
 For, &c.

Be glory giv'n to God on high,  
 And peace on earth to men;  
 With grace divine our souls supply;  
 Dear Jesus, say, Amen.  
 Dear, &c.

ANOTHER.

STON rejoice, let joyful songs,  
 Replace thy doleful lays;  
 Ye angels lend your heav'nly tongues,  
 To sing our Saviour's praise.  
 Jesus, the Son of God's delight,  
 Brings joy to them that mourn;  
 Lo! in the midst of silent night,  
 He's from a Virgin born.

O, shepherds, hear the heav'nly voice,  
 The happy tidings hear !  
 Mortals, let joy succeed your sighs ;  
 And sweet hope banish fear.  
 The mighty Lord, who rules the skies,  
 Is cloth'd in mortal frame ;  
 The Thund'rer sends forth 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 ;  
 The Immense, in swaddling 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 the Redeemer's birth.

## ANOTHER. . .

A solis ortus cardine, &c.

FROM east to west, from pole to pole,  
Let ev'ry tongue and ev'ry soul,  
Let creatures all conspire to sing  
The praises of our new-born King.

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 craving 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 know  
Their Pastor, and Creator too.

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.

## AT VESPERS.

Jesu Redemptor omnium, &c.

JESUS, the Ransomer of man,  
Who, 'ere created light began,  
Didst from the Sov'reign Father spring,  
His pow'r and glory equalling :

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, did 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,  
New life restor'd by th' new-born King.

And we presume too, who have been  
Cleans'd by thy sacred blood from sin,  
The tribute of an hymn to pay,  
In honour 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.

## HOLY INNOCENTS.

Salvete, flores Martyrum, &c.

HAIL, Martyrs ! blossoms early blown,  
Just op'ning to the rising sun,  
When Herod, like a storm, arose  
And nipt each little blooming rose.

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.

## EPIPHANY, OR TWELFTH DAY.

O sola magnarum urbium, &c.

LET other cities strive, which most  
Can of their strength or heroes boast ;  
Bethleh'm alone is chos'n to be  
The seat of heav'n-born Majesty.

Led by the star, the sages ran  
To own their King, both God and Man ;  
And with their incense, myrrh and gold,  
The myst'ries of their vows unfold.

To God the censer's smoke ascends ;  
The gold the sov'reign King attends :  
In myrrh the bitter type we see,  
Of suff'ring and mortality.

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.

AT VESPERS, FOR LENT.

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 relinquunt pabulum,  
Jejuna corda criminum.

Præsta beata Trinitas,  
Concede simplex unitas ;  
Ut fructuosa sint tuis,  
Jejuniorum munera.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

O BOUNTIFUL Creator ! hear  
The prayers which with an humble fear,  
Before thy throne, this sacred Lent,  
We pour from hearts with sorrow rent.  
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 labour of this solemn fast,  
May lead us to eternal rest.

#### IN PASSION TIME.

#### THE PLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

STABAT mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat filius,  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti.  
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,  
Et tremebat cum videbat  
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non flere  
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, desolatam,  
 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.

Sancta mater istud agas,  
 Crucifixi iuge 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 ejus sortem,  
 Et plagas recolere.



Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
 Cruce hac inebriari,  
 Ob amorem filii.  
 Inflammatus et accensus,  
 Per te virgo sim defensus,  
 In die iudicii.

Fac me cruce eustodiri,  
 Morte Christi præmuniri,  
 Confoveri gratia.  
 Quando corpus morietur,  
 Fac ut animæ donetur,  
 Paradisi gloria.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

UNDER the world's redeeming wood,  
 The most afflicted Mother stood,  
 Mingling her tears with her Son's blood.

As that stream'd down from ev'ry part,  
 Of all his wounds she felt the smart;  
 What pierc'd his body, pierc'd her heart.

Who can with tearless eyes look on,  
 When such a Mother such a Son,  
 Wounded and gasping, does bemoan?

O! worse than Jewish heart, that could,  
 Unmoved, see the double flood  
 Of Mary's tears and Jesus' blood!

Alas! our sins, they were not his,  
 In this atoning sacrifice,  
 For which he bleeds, for which he dies.

When graves did open, rocks were rent;  
 When nature and each element  
 His torments and his grief resent—

Shall man, the cause of all his pain,  
 And all his grief—shall sinful man  
 Only insensible remain ?

Ah ! pious Mother, teach my heart  
 Of sighs and tears the holy art,  
 And in thy grief to bear a part.

That sword of grief that did pass thro'  
 Thy very soul, O may it now  
 One kind wound on my heart bestow !

Great Queen of sorrows, in thy train  
 Let me a mourner's place obtain,  
 With tears to cleanse all sinful stain.

Refuge of sinners, grant that we  
 May tread thy steps ; and let it be  
 Our sorrow, not to grieve like thee.

O may the wounds of thy dear Son  
 Our contrite hearts possess alone,  
 And all terrene affections drown.

And on us such impression make,  
 That we, of suff'ring for his sake,  
 May joyfully our portion take !

Let us his proper badge put on,  
 Let's glory in the cross alone,  
 By which he marks us for his own.

That when the dreadful day shall come,  
 For ev'ry man to hear his doom,  
 On his right hand we may find room.

Pray for us, Mary : Jesus, hear  
 Our humble prayers ; secure our fear,  
 When thou in judgment shalt appear.

Now give us sorrow, give us love,  
That, so prepar'd, we may remove,  
When call'd, to the blest seats above.

AT VESPERS.

IN PASSION TIME, *i. e.* THE TWO LAST WEEKS OF LENT.

Sung also on the Festivals of the Holy Cross.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,  
Fulget crucis mysterium,  
Quo vita mortem pertulit,  
Et morte vitam protulit.

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ  
Mucrone dirø, 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 sc̄ipite,  
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cujus brachiis  
Pretium pependit sæculi,  
Statera facta corporis,  
Tulitque prædam tartari.

O Cruz, ave, spes unica :  
Hoc Passionis tempore,

[Instead of this last line, on the FINDING of the CROSS, is said,  
*Paschale quæ fers gaudium.*

On the EXALTATION of the CROSS, is said,  
*In hac triumphi gloria,*]

Piis adauge gratiam,  
Reisque dele crimina.

Te, fons salutis Trinitas,  
Collaudet omnis Spiritus ;  
Quibus crucis victoriam  
Largiris, adde præmium.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

BEHOLD the royal ensigns fly,  
Bearing the Cross's mystery ;  
Where life itself did death endure,  
And by that death did life procure.

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 unfold,  
Which David's faithful verse foretold  
Of our Lord's kingdom—whilst we see  
God ruling nations 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.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

BEHOLD, O man, behold the glorious wood,  
 Dy'd with thy great Redeemer's sacred blood ;  
 Whereon for thee thy God was crucified ;  
 Whereon for thee he hung, he bled, he died.

There, of life-giving blood, a saving tide  
 Flows streaming from my Saviour's wounded side ;  
 There tender mercy's swelling billows roll ;  
 There heav'nly grace revives my dying soul.

O faithful Prophet ! what thy verse foretold,  
 Unfolded now our wond'ring eyes behold ;  
 The glorious kingdom of our Lord we see,  
 And JESUS rules the nations from a tree.

O beauteous tree ! whose shining branches wore  
 The royal purple of his precious gore ;  
 O tree of life, how sweet thy fruits must be !  
 Since members so divine are stretch'd on thee.

Thrice happy tree ! whose lofty arms have weigh'd  
 The mighty Saviour, who our ransom paid ;  
 By thee, he triumph'd o'er our hellish foes ;  
 By thee, he put an end to all our woes.

Hail, glorious Cross ! whom Jesus' sweet embrace  
 Hath made our hope and source of all our grace ;  
 Whilst we remember here his dying love,  
 Bring to us peace and pardon from above.

Most holy Trinity, our God, our King,  
 Let all the heav'nly hosts thy praises sing.

4) JESUS, save our souls, thy dear-earn'd prize,  
And lead us, through thy Cross, to endless joys.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Pange, lingua, &c.

SING, O my tongue, devoutly sing  
The glorious laurels of our King,  
Sing the triumphant victory  
Gain'd on the Cross erected high,  
Where man's Redeemer yields his breath,  
And dying, conquers hell and death.

With pity our Creator saw  
His noblest work transgress his law,  
When our first parents rashly ate  
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 art with love combines,  
And arts of satan countermines;  
And where the traitor gave the wound,  
There healing remedies are found.

When the full time, decreed above,  
Was come, to show this work of love,  
Th' Eternal Father sends his son,  
The world's Creator, from his throne,  
Who, on our earth, (this vale of tears,)  
Cloth'd with a Virgin's flesh, appears.

Thus God, man made, an infant lies,  
And in the manger weeping cries;  
His sacred limbs, by Mary bound,  
The poorest tatter'd rags surround:

And God's incarnate feet and hands  
Are closely bound with swathing-bands.

He thirty-three years freely spent  
In this our mortal banishment ;  
And then his gen'rous love decreed  
For the lost sons of men to bleed,  
And, on the cross a victim laid,  
The Son of God our ransom paid.

Gall was his drink ; his flesh they tear  
With thorns and nails : a cruel spear  
Pierces his side, from whence a flood  
Streams forth, of water mix'd with blood ;  
And in this flood are wash'd again,  
The sinful earth, the stars, the 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 fruit, such flow'rs :  
Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,  
That bears a weight so sweet, so good.

Bend, tow'ring tree, thy branches bend,  
Thy native stubbornness suspend ;  
Let not stiff nature use its force ;  
To weaker sap have now recourse ;  
With softer arms 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 harbour of true bliss,  
Where shipwreck'd men find rest and peace.

All glory to the sacred Three,  
 One undivided Deity ;  
 To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,  
 Be equal praise and homage done ;  
 Let the whoie universe proclaim  
 Of One and Three the glorious name.

## PSALMUS. L.

MISERERE mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

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 lætitiã ; et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis

## PSALM 50.

HAVE mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

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.

For 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 hearing thou shalt give joy and gladness, and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice.

Turn away thy face from my



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 lætitiã 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 justitiã tuã.

Domine, labia mea aperies; et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuã.

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.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

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

sins, and blot out all 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 humbled heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, 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.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, one God, world without end. Amen.

## EASTER.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

O FILII et filiaë,  
Rex cœlestis, rex gloriaë,  
Morte surrexit hodie, Alleluia;  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Et mane prima sabbati,  
Ad ostium Monumenti,  
Accesserunt Discipuli.  
Alleluia, &c.

Et Maria Magdalene,  
Et Jacobi et Salome,  
Venerunt Corpus ungere.  
Alleluia, &c.

In albis sedens Angelus  
Prædixit Mulieribus :  
In Galilæa est Dominus.  
Alleluia, &c.

Et Joannes apostolus,  
Cucurrit Petro citius,  
Monumento venit prius.  
Alleluia, &c.

Discipulis astantibus,  
In medio stetit Christus,  
Dicens, Pax vobis omnibus.  
Alleluia, &c.

Ut intellixit Didymus,  
Quia surrexerat Jesus,  
Remansit fere dubius.  
Alleluia, &c.

Vide, Thoma, vide Latus,  
 Vide Pedes, vide Manus ;  
 Noli esse incredulus.  
 Alleluia, &c.

Quando Thomas vidit Christum,  
 Pedes, manus, latus suum,  
 Dixit, Tu es Deus meus.  
 Alleluia, &c.

Beati qui non viderunt,  
 Et firmiter crediderunt,  
 Vitam æternam habebunt.  
 Alleluia, &c.

In hoc Festo sanctissimo.  
 Sit Laus et Jubilatio,  
 Benedicamus Domino.  
 Alleluia, &c.

Ex quibus nos humillimas,  
 Devotas atque debitas,  
 Deo dicamus gratias. Alleluia,  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Young men and maids rejoice and sing,  
 The king of heaven, the glorious king,  
 This day from death rose triumphing. Alleluia.

[Repeat Alleluia three times, and so after every stanza.]

On Sunday morn, by break of day,  
 His dear disciples haste away  
 Unto the tomb wherein he lay. Alleluia.

And Magdalen, in company  
 With Mary of James, and Salome,  
 T' embaln the corpse, came zealously. Alleluia.

An angel cloth'd in white they see,  
 When thither come; and thus spoke he,  
 The Lord you'll meet in Galilee. Alleluia.

The dear belov'd Apostle John  
 Much swifter than Saint Peter run,  
 And first arrived at the tomb. Alleluia.

While in a room th' Apostles were,  
 Our Lord among them did appear,  
 And said, Peace be unto all here. Alleluia.

To Didymus, when all declar'd  
 That Christ had ris'n, and had appear'd,  
 He doubted still the truth he heard. Alleluia.

O Thomas, view my hands, my side,  
 My feet; my wounds still fresh abide;  
 Set incredulity aside. Alleluia.

When Thomas his dear Saviour saw,  
 And touch'd his wounds with trembling awe,  
 Thou art my God, said he, I know. Alleluia.

Blessed are they who have not seen,  
 And yet who firm in faith have been;  
 With me they shall forever reign. 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.

Our grateful thanks to God let's give,  
 In humble manner, while we live,  
 For all the favours we receive. Alleluia.  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

## THE HAPPY FRUITS OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

Alleluia.

To day he's ris'n, death no more  
 Can bind him to the grave;  
 No more can hell, or sin's fell pow'r  
 O'er him dominion have.  
 He, lik'nd' to our sinful form,  
 Once doom'd himself to die,  
 That he, by death, might death o'ercome,  
 Its deadly sting destroy.  
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.—Amen.

uia.

uia.

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 power,  
 Taught us to triumph in our turn,  
 Nor dread thy terrors more.  
 Alleluia, &c.

leluia.

awe,  
leluia.

luia.

For lo! the dread of death is sin,  
 And never-ending woe;  
 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.

luia.

a.

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 sweet hope in my bosom glows,  
 And cheers my ling'ring days.  
 Alleluia, &c.

Ye, angels, now, who watch around,  
 The Conqueror's heav'nly throne,  
 Aid us to make the skies rescund,  
 The victory for us won.  
 Aid us to sing his worthy praise,  
 With one united heart;  
 Aid us to walk in all his ways,  
 'Till we from life depart.  
 Alleluia, &c.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO CHRIST RISEN FROM THE  
 DEAD.

STON rejoice!—let joyful songs  
 Replace thy doleful lays;  
 Ye angels lend your heav'nly tongues,  
 To sing our Saviour's praise.  
 Lo! from the grave, in bright array,  
 Comes forth our glorious king;  
 O, death! where is thy victory?  
 O, death! where is thy sting?

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,  
 Enter'd the frightful gates of night,  
 And tore the bars away.

Great Lord, to thine almighty name,  
 These sacred hours we pay;  
 Loud alleluias shall proclaim  
 The triumph of the day.  
 Raise then your voices, mortal tongues,  
 To reach his bless'd abode;  
 Sweet be the accents of your songs,  
 To our triumphing God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
 Your sweetest voices raise;  
 Let heaven and all created things  
 Sound our Emmanuel's praise.  
 Salvation and immortal fame  
 To our victorious king.  
 O! let the whole creation's frame  
 With alleluias ring.

FROM THE

## FOR EASTER TIME.

*Ad regias Agni dapes, &c.*

THE Red Sea's dangers now are past;  
 Clad in white robes, come, let us taste  
 The Lamb's most royal feast, and sing  
 A hymn of praise to Christ our King.

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 unlock 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 trophies, and to heav'n conveys.

That we forever may possess  
This joyful paschal happiness,  
From death of sin, O Jesus free  
Those 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.

#### CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND TRIUMPH.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chaunt the solemn lay  
Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates;  
Ye everlasting doors give way.

Loose your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right—  
Receive the king of glory in.



Who is the 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.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, &c.

Loose your bars of massy light, &c.

Who is the king of glory?—who?  
 The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd;  
 The King of Saints and Angels too—  
 God over all, forever blest.

AT VESPERS.

*Salutis humanæ sator, &c.*

JESUS, the Saviour of mankind,  
 Delight of ev'ry pious mind;  
 Restorer of man's fallen race,  
 And purest source of light and grace!

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 forc'd 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.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND GLORY.

COME, all devout harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring ;  
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,  
And Christ, the man, we sing.

He, from the Father's bosom sprung,  
Came down to save our race ;  
He now returns, in triumph borne,  
Back to his native place.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies ;  
With scars of honour 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,  
Up to 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.

#### WHITSUNDAY, OR PENTECOST.

*Beata, nobis gaudia, &c.*

THE fleeting year pursues its way,  
 And now brings back the joyful day  
 Whereon the Holy Ghost possess'd,  
 And reign'd in each Apostle's breast.

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, filled 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 seven-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 gracious may the Father reign,  
 And so the Son who rose again ;  
 Together with the Paraclete,  
 Through years and ages infinite.

SEQUENCE FOR WHITSUNDAY.

VENI, sancte spiritus !  
 Et emitte cœlitus,  
 Lucis tuæ radium.  
 Veni, pater pauperum !  
 Veni, dator munerum !  
 Veni, lumen cordium !

Consolator optime !  
 Dulcis hospes animæ !  
 Dulce refrigerium !  
 In labore requies,  
 In æstu temperies,  
 In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima !  
 Reple cordis intima,

Tuorum fidelium.  
Sine tuo numine,  
Nihil est in homine,  
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
Sana quod est saucium,  
Electe quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,  
In te confitentibus,  
Sacrum septenarium.  
Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum,  
Da perenne gaudium. Amen. Alleluia.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

COME, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,  
Which sweetly flow, in silent streams,  
From thy bright throne above ;  
Come, thou the Father 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.

○ sacred light, shoot home thy darts ;  
○ 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 ;  
 T' inflame our cold hearts, thy fire send ;  
 Our wand'ring feet repel.

O grant thy faithful, dearest Lord,  
 Whose only hope is thy sure word,  
 The sev'n gifts of thy Spirit ;  
 Grant us in life t' obey thy grace ;  
 Grant us at death to see thy face,  
 And endless joys inherit.

AT VESPERS.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
 Mentis tuorum visita,  
 Imple superna gratia,  
 Quæ tu creasti, pectora.

Qui diceris Paracletus ;  
 Altissimi Donum Dei,  
 Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,  
 Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,  
 Digitus Paternæ dexteræ  
 Tu rite promissum a tris,  
 Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus ;  
 Infunde amorem cordibus

Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,  
Facemque 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 Paracleto  
In sæculorum sæcula.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

SPIRIT, Creator of mankind,  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind,  
And sweetly let thy grace invade  
Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

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 honour, endless fame,  
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :  
 To the Son equal praises be,  
 And, holy Paraclete, to thee.

## ANOTHER.

SEE the Paraclete descending,  
 Burning with celestial fire ;  
 Grace and truth on him attending,  
 Men with heav'nly love inspire.  
 Let us alleluias singing  
 Offer him our grateful lays ;  
 He all heav'nly graces bringing,  
 Merits everlasting praise.  
 Alleluia, Amen.

Men in ev'ry danger fearing,  
 Now the greatest dangers scorn ;  
 'Midst of torments persevering,  
 Shew themselves in Christ new-born.  
 Let us alleluias, &c.  
 Alleluia, Amen.

Fishermen by thee instructed,  
 Jesus to the world proclaim ;  
 Infants by thy grace conducted,  
 Rather die than slight his name



Let us alleluias, &c.  
Alleluia, Amen.

Idols fall, the Devil ceasing  
O'er the world to be ador'd ;  
Faith and love by thee increasing,  
All confess thee Sovereign Lord.  
Let us alleluias, &c.  
Alleluia, Amen.

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.  
Alleluia, Amen.

## ANOTHER.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;  
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

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.

TRINITY SUNDAY—AT VESPERS.

Jam sol recedit, &c.

THE fiery sun now rolls away ;  
Blest Three and One, eternal day,  
Thy beams of light and love impart  
To ev'ry cold benighted heart.

In morning and in evening 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.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO THE BLESSED TRINITY.

LET'S give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love ;  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above.  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for sins  
That man had done.

To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too ;  
Who sav'd us with his blood  
From everlasting woe :

Now JESUS lives,  
And glorious reigns,  
And reaps the fruit  
Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name,  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live.

His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honours done;  
The consubstantial THREE,  
And undivided ONE.

Where reason fails  
With all her pow'rs,  
Where faith prevails,  
And love adores.

THE POWER AND MAJESTY OF GOD.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create and he destroy.

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'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 court with sounding praise.

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.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

Lauda Sion, &amp;c.

BREAK forth, O Sion; thy sweet Saviour sing,  
 Thy heav'nly Guide, thy Pastor, and thy King ;  
 Exalt his name, and loudly sound his praise,  
 In tuneful organs, and in vocal 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 inflam'd, 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.

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,  
 And 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 changed (hence an outward sign)  
 Into his flesh, and into blood the wine.

What reason reaches not, nor sense describes,  
 Faith's purer light abundantly supplies ;  
 Above all nature we confess his sway,  
 Bow down our heads ; 'tis fit we should obey.

The narrow compass of two forms, mere sign,  
 Not real things, the Incarnate Word defines,  
 Th' exhaustless source, and sweetest overflow  
 Of all good things that heaven can bestow.

His deify'd 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,  
 Unaltered by touch ; nor broke nor tore ;  
 But Jesus whole, in veiled majesty,  
 Each one receives ; stupendous prodigy !

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 like 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, }  
 The same sweet Jesus, who in glory reigns.

Lo ! then, O man ! involv'd in rapture, see  
 The bread of angels thus made food for thee ;  
 Food to refresh the pilgrim on his way  
 To the blest regions of eternal day ;  
 A sweet viatic ; a divine repast ;  
 True children's bread, to dogs not to be cast.

Wrapt up in types, the Lamb long figur'd lay,  
 'Till circling years the shadows drove away.  
 In Isaac 'twas in living figure slain,  
 And in the Paschal Lamb it bled again ;  
 The ancient fathers too, in manna ate,  
 In type, or figure, this life-giving meat.

Good Pastor, then, true Bread, sweet 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

In heav'nly regions, ever there to spend,  
In joys celestial, years that never end.

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.

## AT VESPERS.

PANGE lingua gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium,  
Sanguinisque pretiosi,  
Quem in mundi pretium  
Fructus ventris generosi,  
Rex effudit Gentium.

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 Christi 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.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

SING, O my tongue, adore and praise  
 The depth of God's mysterious ways;  
 How Christ, the world's great King, bestow'd  
 His flesh, conceal'd in human food,  
 And left mankind the blood that paid  
 The ransom for the souls he made.

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;  
 When Christ with his disciples sat,  
 To close the law with legal meat;  
 Then to the Twelve himself bestow'd,  
 With his own hands, to be their food.

The Word, made flesh for love of man,  
 His word turns bread to flesh again,



And wine to blood, unseen by sense,  
 By virtue of Omnipotence;  
 And here the faithful rest secure,  
 Whilst God can vouch, and faith ensure.

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, one equal praise;  
 One honour, jubilee, and fame,  
 Forever bless his glorious name.

AT BENEDICTION.

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 visita, sicut te colimus;  
 Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,  
 Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

THE bread of angels, bread of men is made;  
 The truth and substance now excludes the shade.  
 O strange effect of love! the sov'reign God  
 Becomes the poor's, the slave's, 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 find th' abyss of light in which thou dwell'st above.

## ANOTHER.

Ave verum corpus natum  
 De Maria virgine,  
 Verè passum, immolatum,  
 In cruce pro homine.

Cujus latus perforatum  
 Undâ fluxit et sanguine.  
 Esto nobis prægnatum,  
 Mortis in examine,

O Jesu dulcis !  
 O Jesu pie !  
 O Jesu fili Mariæ  
 Tu nobis miserere.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

HAIL ! real body of our Lord,  
 From spotless Virgin born ;  
 Hail ! Victim, stretch'd upon the cross,  
 And for us bruis'd and torn.

Thy side with cruel spear transpierc'd,  
 Let out a saving flood,  
 (To wash our sinful stains away,)  
 Of water mixed with blood.

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.

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

## ANOTHER.

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.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

O SAVING Victim, pledge of love!  
 Who open'st heavens gates 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.

## ANOTHER.

O SAVING host! O heavenly bread!  
 That mak'st our souls forever live;  
 Against the cruel foes we dread,  
 Thy heav'nly aid unto us give.

O thou, who feed'st us with thy blood,  
 Good Shepherd, praise be to thy name!  
 Whilst mortals taste th' immortal food,  
 Let heavenly choirs thy love proclaim.

THE ASSUMPTION, AND OTHER FESTIVALS OF  
THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Ave, Maria, gratia plena! Dominus tecum; benedicta  
tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatori-  
bus nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.

ANOTHER.

HAIL Mary! Queen and Virgin pure,  
With every grace replete!

Hail, kind protectress of the poor!  
Pity our needy state.

O thou who fill'st the highest place,  
Next heaven's imperial throne!

Obtain for us each saving grace,  
And make our wants thy own.

How oft, when trouble fill'd my breast,  
Or sin my conscience pain'd;  
Through thee I sought for peace and rest,  
Through thee I peace obtained.

Then hence, in all my pains and cares,  
I'll seek for help in thee;  
E'er trusting, thro' thy powerful prayers,  
To gain eternity.

AT VESPERS.

Ave maris stella,  
Dei mater alma,  
Atque semper Virgo,  
Felix cæli porta.

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 collætetur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo Decus.  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

BRIGHT Mother of our Maker, hail!  
Thou Virgin ever blest;  
The ocean's star, by which we sail,  
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this Ave thus to thee,  
From Gabriel's mouth rehearse;  
Prevail that peace our lot may be,  
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind  
 From all the snares of ill ;  
 With heav'nly light instruct the blind,  
 And all our vows fulfill.

Exert for us a Mother's care,  
 And us thy children own ;  
 Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,  
 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.

ANOTHER.

Quem terra, &c.

THE Sov'reign God whose hands sustain  
 The heav'nly orbs, the earth, the main ;  
 Whose generation none can tell,  
 In thee, O Mary ! chose to dwell.

He, whom the 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 we move and live,  
From thee would life and food receive.

An angel brings the happy news ;  
The Holy Ghost, thy heav'nly spouse,  
Covers thee with his fruitful shade,  
And Christ's blest Mother thou art made.

O Mary, full of grace divine !  
Thy glories now the stars outshine ;  
Lo ! thy Creator and thy God  
Draws from thy breast his life and food.

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,  
Through which the Conqu'ring Prince of might  
Comes, captive mankind to redeem ;  
Ye, Nations ! sound the glorious theme.

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 !

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, AFTER VESPERS.

FROM ADVENT TO CANDLEMAS.

ALMA Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli  
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti  
Surgere qui curat populo ; tu quæ genuisti,  
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum genitorem,  
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,  
Sumens illud ave, peccatorum miserere.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

MOTHER of Jesus, heaven's open gate,  
 Star of the sea! support the falling state  
 Of mortals; thou whose womb thy Maker bore,  
 And yet, strange thing! a Virgin as before;  
 Who didst from Gabriel's mouth this news receive  
 Repenting sinners by thy pray'rs relieve.

## AFTER CANDLEMAS 'TILL THE HOLY WEEK.

Ave, Regina cœlorum,  
 Ave, Domina Angelorum,  
 Salve, radix, Salve, porta  
 Ex qua mundo lux est orta;  
 Gaude, Virga gloriosa,  
 Super omnes speciosa.  
 Vale, O valde decora!  
 Et pro nobis Christum exora.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

HAIL Mary! Queen of heav'nly spheres,  
 Hail! whom th' angelic host reveres!  
 Hail, fruitful root! hail, gate divine,  
 Whence light arose, on earth to shine!  
 O glorious Maid, with beauty blest,  
 May joys eternal fill thy breast!  
 Thus crown'd with beauty and with joy,  
 Thy pray'rs with Christ for us employ.

## IN EASTER TIME.

REGINA cœli, lætare, Alleluia,  
 Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia,  
 Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia,  
 Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia.



## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

O HAPPY Queen of Heav'n rejoice ! Alleluia,  
 The Son thou bor'st, by heav'ns choice, Alleluia,  
 From death is ris'n, as he did say, Alleluia,  
 To God, for us, thy children, pray, Alleluia.

## SUNDAYS AFTER PENTECOST.

SALVE, Regina, mater misericordiæ ; vita, dulcedo  
 et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus exulus filii Evæ :  
 ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacryma-  
 rum valle. Eia ergo, advocata nostra ! illos tuos mi-  
 sericordes oculos ad nos converte ; et Jesum benedic-  
 tum fructum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende.  
 O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

HAIL to the Queen who reigns above,  
 Mother of clemency and love !  
 Hail, thou our hope, life, sweetness ! we,  
 Eve's banish'd children, cry to thee.

We, from this wretched vale of tears,  
 Send sighs and groans unto thine ears ;  
 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.

## ANOTHER TRANSLATION.

HAIL, happy Queen ! thou Mercy's Parent, hail !  
 Life, hope and comfort of this earthly vale :

To thee, Eve's wretched children raise their cry,  
 In sighs and tears,—to thee, we suppliants fly.  
 Rise, glorious advocate, exert thy love,  
 And let our vows those eyes of pity move.  
 O sweet, O pious Maid! for us obtain—  
 For us, who long have in our exile lain,  
 To see thine infant Jesus, and with him to reign. }

## ANTHEM.

- Solo. { SUB tuum præsidium confugimus, Sancta Dei  
 } genitrix.  
 Chor. Sub tuum, &c.  
 Solo. { Nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessi-  
 } tatibus nostris.  
 Chor. Sub tuum, &c.  
 Solo. { Sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, virgo  
 } gloriosa et benedicta.  
 Chor. Sub tuum, &c.

## THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

O HOLY Mother of our God!  
 To thee for help we fly:  
 Despise not this our humble pray'r,  
 But all our wants supply.  
 O glorious Virgin, ever blest!  
 Defend us from our foes;  
 From threat'ning dangers set us free,  
 And terminate our woes.

FOR THE FEAST OF OUR LORD'S TRANSFIGURA-  
 TION, AT VESPERS.

Quicumque Christum queritis, &c.

O ALL who seek with Christ to rise,  
 Lift up to Thabor's mount your eyes,

And see how Christ in shining rays  
The glorious light of heav'n displays.

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 Abrah'm 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.

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 that 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 let's repeat  
The same, and to the Paraclete.

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ST. MICHAEL AND THE  
HOLY ANGELS, AT VESPERS.

*Te Splendor et vertus, &c.*

JESUS, thy Father's image bright,  
Of faithful hearts the life and light ;  
Tributes of praise to thee we pay,  
'Midst angels who thy voice obey.

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 headlong from the sky  
The rebel captain with his fry.

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 forever reign.

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

ANOTHER.

MAN's great Redeemer, on whose glorious face  
Angelic hosts with endless rapture gaze ;

Oh ! call us from this vale of sighs,  
To share in their celestial joys.

Send valiant MICHAEL, messenger of peace,  
To guard us, and away the fiends to chase ;

That war may be confin'd to hell,  
Where endless strife and horror dwell.

Descend, O GABRIEL! let our ancient foe  
Thy vigilance and heav'nly courage know;  
Nor dare the sacred place invade,  
That stands secure beneath thy shade.

RAPHAEL, Physician Angel, come and cure  
The sad diseases which our souls endure;  
And lest our wand'ring feet should stray,  
Be thou our guide and lead the way.

O glorious Mother of celestial grace,  
And Angels' Queen, thy tender accents raise;  
Midst heav'nly choirs, before the throne,  
And plead our cause with thy dear Son.

Thee, we implore, Eternal Deity,  
Great God, in Nature One, in Persons Three!  
Whose praises in loud accents roll,  
And echoing sounds from pole to pole.

ON THE FEAST OF THE GUARDIAN ANGELS, AT  
VESPERS.

*Custodes hominum, &c.*

We sing the guardian angels God has sent,  
To help and guide us in our banishment;  
Lest wily foes surprize our will,  
And lead us in the ways of ill.

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 Godhead rules this three-fold frame ;  
Let ev'ry age and ev'ry being,  
Thy everlasting praises sing.

ON OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O God ! how ought my grateful heart  
To praise thy bounteous hand,  
Who send'st thy angel from the sky,  
To be my guide and friend !

My soul is surely something great,  
Meant for eternity,  
That angels thus should be employ'd,  
In watching over me.

Whilst I an helpless infant was,  
With ev'ry tender care  
He guarded round my cradle's side,  
No evil could come near.

Protected by his heav'nly aid,  
How safe my infancy !  
Though 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.

ON ST. JOSEPH.

O thou great fav'rite of the heav'nly King,  
 Who, now transported to the realms above,  
 Amid celestial choirs his glories sing,  
 Receive the tribute 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, didst behold,  
 For iove 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 :  
 Sweet pleasures ! but how purchas'd oft with tears !  
 Out of the tyrant's reach thy charge to place,  
 To Egypt thou must fly 'mid toils and 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 favour'd, find'st thy happiness :  
 In th' other world they wear their palms ;—in this  
 Thou, happier Man, thy 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 the Throne.



## ON ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

O SYLVAN Prophet! whose eternal fame  
 Resounds from Jewry's hills and Jordan's stream,  
 The music of our numbers raise,  
 And tune our voice to sing thy praise.

An angel, sent from the celestial throne,  
 Makes to thy sire thy future greatness known—  
 Thy pure abstemious life, thy name,  
 Thy glorious office, and thy fame.

He hears the news, and dubious with surprise,  
 His falt'ring speech in fetter'd accents dies :  
 But in thy birth, more faithful found,  
 His voice regains its former sound.

From the recess of nature's inmost room,  
 Thou knew'st thy Lord conceal'd in Mary's womb ;  
 Whilst each glad Parent told and blest  
 The secrets of each other's breast.

From foul corruption's stains thy youth to screen,  
 In lonely wilderness thou liv'st unseen :  
 From threat'ning dangers thus secure,  
 Thy soul remains unstain'd and pure.

Thy courtly dress is camel's rugged hide,  
 With twisted thongs of stubborn leather tied :  
 Honey with locusts is thy food,  
 Thy only drink the tasteless flood.

The other Prophets view'd, with distant sight,  
 The rising of the world's redeeming light :  
 But greater than a Prophet, thou  
 Foretell'st the light, and shew'st him too.

Great Baptist! none among the human race  
 Has thee excell'd in sanctity and grace ;

Who Him did'st wash in Jordan's flood,  
Who wash'd the world in his own blood.

Terrestrial Angel! 'fore thy Saviour sent,  
To smooth his paths; ah! teach us to repent;  
Our rough and crooked ways redress,  
That Jesus may our hearts possess.

Glory to God the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with both, in nature One;  
Whose equal power unites the Three  
In one eternal Trinity.

ALL SAINTS, AT VESPERS.

Placare, Christe Servulis, &c.

O JESUS, let thy anger cease;  
Thy Virgin Mother, for our peace,  
At thy tribunal pleading stands,  
And mercy earnestly demands.

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  
With Christ, among his saints, obtain.

From Christian lands those 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 age of days.

ALL SOULS, AND ALSO AT FUNERALS AND  
 MASSES FOR THE DEAD.

*Dies iræ, &c.*

THAT day of wrath, that direful day,  
 Shall in the heav'ns the Cross display,  
 And all the world in ashes lay.

How shall poor mortals quake with fears,  
 When their impartial Judge appears,  
 Who all their causes strictly hears !

His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone ;  
 The noise through all the graves is blown,  
 And calls the dead before his throne.

Nature and death shall start and gaze,  
 When creatures shall their bodies raise,  
 And answer for their ill-spent days.

The clear writ book of conscience shown,  
 Sin's black indictments shall be known,  
 And every soul his guilt shall own.

So when the Judge shall sit on high,  
 All hidden crimes shall open lie ;  
 No sin shall from due vengeance fly.

What plea shall wicked I pretend?  
 What patron move to stand my friend,  
 When scarce the just themselves defend?

O dreadful God, O glorious King,  
 Who dost the saved freely bring  
 To bliss, save me, O mercy's spring!

O pious Jesus, call to mind  
 Thy travails for my good design'd;  
 Grant I that day may mercy find.

Thou satt'st down weary, seeking me,  
 Hang'dst on the cross, my soul to free;  
 Let not such labours fruitless be.

Dread Judge, whose justice is severe,  
 My long black score of sins make clear,  
 Ere the accounting day appear.

I, as a guilty person, groan;  
 My faults are in my blushes known;  
 Pity, dear Lord, thy suppliant's moan.

The weeping Magdalen's relief,  
 And op'ning heaven to the thief,  
 Have with sweet hopes allay'd my grief.

My worthless pray'rs deserve no hire;  
 But thou, mild Lord, thy grace inspire,  
 To save me from eternal fire.

Among thy sheep grant I may stand,  
 Far from the goats' condemned band;  
 Securely plac'd at thy right hand.

Th' accursed troops being put to shame,  
 Confin'd to hell's ne'er-dying flame,  
 Amongst the bless'd enrol my name.

With bended knee I make my pray'r,  
 And heart contrite as ashes are,  
 Of my last end, dear Lord, take care.

That day of doom, that day of tears,  
 When guilty man awakes in fears,  
 From dust, and 'fore his Judge appears,

O bounteous Jesus, Lord forever blest !  
 Give faithful souls departed endless rest.

## PSALMUS CXXIX.

## PSALM 129.

DE profundis clamavi ad te  
 Domine : Domine exaudi vo-  
 cem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentés,  
 in vocem deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris  
 Domine : Domine quis susti-  
 nebit ?

Quia apud te propitiatio est :  
 et propter legem tuam sustinui  
 te Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in ver-  
 bo ejus : speravit anima mea in  
 Domino.

A custodia matutina usque  
 ad noctem, speret Israel in Do-  
 mino.

Quia apud Dominam mise-  
 ricordia : et copiosa apud eum  
 redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel, ex  
 omnibus iniquitatibus ejus

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

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 iniqui-  
 ties, O Lord, Lord who shalt  
 endure it ?

Because with thee there is  
 propitiation ; and by reason of  
 thy law, I have waited for thee,  
 O Lord.

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 plenti-  
 ful redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel  
 from all his iniquities.

Eternal rest give to them, O  
 Lord, and let perpetual light  
 shine upon them.

## FESTIVALS OF THE APOSTLES, AT VESPER.

*Exultet orbis gaudiis, &c.*

THROUGHOUT the world let joys arise,  
Let praises echo through the skies!  
Let heaven and earth, with joyful choir,  
To praise th' Apostles now conspire.

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.

## FOR THE FESTIVALS OF ONE MARTYR, AT VESPER.

*Deus tuorum militum, &c.*

O GOD, the lot, the crown, the gain  
Of soldiers in thy service slain ;  
Make us forsake our sinful ways,  
Who meet to sing this Martyr's praise.

As pleasing cheats, deceitful toys ;  
 This Saint, esteeming worldly joys  
 And bitter too with secret gall,  
 For heaven, nobly scorn'd them all.

He bravely ran his painful race,  
 And look'd his torments in the face ;  
 For thee he fearless sheds his blood,  
 And wades to heaven through the flood.

To thee, O gracious Lord, we fly,  
 Beseeching thee, with humble cry,  
 That on this Martyr's triumph, we  
 From sin may be absolv'd 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.

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF SEVERAL MARTYRS, AT  
 VESPERS.

*Sanctorum meritis, &c.*

LET us fam'd acts and triumphs sing,  
 Which from the Saints' high merits spring ;  
 For now to celebrate we mind,  
 Brave heroes of the noblest kind.

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 tearing hook they scorn no less,  
 Which cannot 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 ?  
Brows that in streams of blood were drown'd,  
Are with refulgent laurels crown'd.

Great God, we beg of thee to chase  
All harms away ; our sins efface ;  
Afford thy servants peaceful days,  
That they may ever sing thy praise.

FOR THE FESTIVALS OF OTHER SAINTS, AT  
VESPERS.

ISTE Confessor Domini, colentes  
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem ;  
Hac die lætus meruit beatas  
Scandere sedes.

Or, instead of the two last 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.

THE SAME, IN ENGLISH.

THIS day with gladness Christian choirs proclaim  
 His combats, triumph, faith and glorious name,  
 Who boldly Christ on earth confess'd,  
 And now exults among the blest.

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 favours 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 favours 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.

FOR THE FESTIVALS OF VIRGINS, AT VESPERS.

Jesu, corona Virginum, &c.

REGARD our vows with gracious eye,  
 O Jesus, crown of purity;  
 Son of that chosen woman, who  
 Was Virgin chaste, and Mother too.

Amongst lilies thou lov'st to be ;  
 Pure Virgins round thy throne we see.  
 O glorious Bridegroom, who dost bless  
 Thy brides with endless happiness.

Which way so e'er thy course doth bend,  
 Chaste Virgins on thy steps attend ;  
 Who, running after thee, do raise  
 Their notes, and sing sweet hymns of praise.

Hear us, O God of chastity !  
 From impure passions set us free ;  
 Our frailties help, our voice controul ;  
 Submit the senses to the soul.

To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,  
 Be glory giv'n, and praises sung ;  
 The same to God the Father be,  
 And Holy Ghost, eternally.

FOR FESTIVALS OF HOLY WOMEN, AT VESPERS.

*Fortem virili pectore, &c.*

Rise, tuneful numbers, justly praise  
 A holy woman's gen'rous ways,  
 Whose fortitude exalts her name  
 In ev'ry place, with glorious 'ame.

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,  
 And mind with pray'r most sweetly fed ;  
 Convey her soul above the sky,  
 To joys that last eternally.

O fountain of grace, Christ our King,  
 From whom alone all good things spring,  
 To thee for help we sinners fly;  
 Hear, through her prayers, 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.

HYMN FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

*Air*:—PATRICK'S DAY.

HAIL glorious Apostle selected by God,  
 To enlarge the bless'd pale of Christ's faithful believers,  
 Accept our weak efforts to honour thy virtues  
 And chiefly thy wonderful Charity.  
 For 'twas thy bright flame of love seraphic,  
 Which moved thee thy country and kindred to leave,  
 All earthly enjoyment and comforts to part with.

Hail glorious Apostle selected by God,  
 To enlarge the bless'd pale of Christ's faithful believers,  
 Accept our weak efforts to honour thy virtues,  
 And chiefly thy wonderful Charity.

Th' Almighty was pleas'd that our Saint should be seiz'd  
 And led captive to Ireland by cruel barbarians,  
 He was long detain'd, nor his freedom regain'd,  
 Till he'd suffer'd hardships and misery.  
 He, during that time, laid up a store,  
 Of meekness, humility, patience and zeal;  
 His love for our Saviour increas'd beyond measure.  
 Hail, &c.

Six months thus elaps'd, when St. Patrick, at last,  
 Was deliver'd by Providence from his hard bondage;  
 Grateful to Jesus for all his past favors,  
 He serves him with perfect fidelity.

God made known to him in divers ways,  
That he was the person appointed on high,  
To draw from idolatry the Irish nation.

Hail, &c.

Although to obey, he must ev'ry thing leave,  
And, like Abraham, go forth to dwell among strangers ;  
Burning with ardor, and heavenly fervor,  
He yields to God's orders most generously.  
With diligent care did he prepare  
His soul for a mission so great and sublime ;  
Resolv'd to acquit himself of it most faithfully.

Hail, &c.

To Ireland he goes, in this manner dispos'd,  
And for forty years labor'd with zeal for that people,  
Who had been buried in the grossest errors,  
In all that regarded eternity.  
He visited the remotest parts,  
Without being daunted by dungeons or death,  
With which he was frequently menac'd by infidels.

Hail, &c.

St. Patrick took care to ordain ev'ry where  
In his diocess men who were holy and learned.  
He consecrated great numbers to Jesus,  
Who chose the state of chaste virginity.  
God gave such a blessing to his zeal,  
That infinite multitudes join'd the true church ;  
And many were models of virtue and fervor.

Hail, &c.

The Saint well aware, how important is pray'r,  
To succeed in the gaining of souls to th' Almighty  
Himself did unite with the source of all light,  
In that exercise, most assiduously.  
The glory of God to propagate,  
He zealously founded three monasteries ;

And schools did establish in ev'ry quarter.  
Hail, &c.

At length did the Lord, ever true to his word,  
Call our Saint to receive the reward of his labours ;  
With joy he'd have giv'n his blood for religion,  
Had he met with an opportunity.  
For sake of his servant, God did free  
From venomous reptiles, the Island of Saints,  
Which Patrick had sanctif'd and render'd blessed.  
Hail, &c.

Ah ! now that thou'rt plac'd in the kingdom of peace,  
O most holy Apostle ! our faithful protection ;  
Look down on Ireland, that once happy island,  
But now persecuted and suffering.  
Obtain for that nation ev'ry grace,  
Which may draw upon it the blessings of heav'n ;  
And may all the nations be peaceful and happy !  
Hail, &c.

A FUNERAL SONG ON DEATH AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

DEATH is our doom, unchang'd the law : all stand ;  
One day our soul must leave this foreign land.  
Of dust compos'd, in dust our frame must lie,  
For 'tis decreed for all men once to die.

Ye fleeting honours, riches, pleasures vain !  
Thou cheating world, with all thy pompous train !  
Ye idols dear of our deluded heart !  
We bid you farewell ; from you 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 woe.

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 sin behind!  
 Around, his weeping friends!—before him, death!  
 A Judge, above!—a gaping 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!

ALL CREATURES INVITED TO PRAISE GOD.

SOLO. O ALL ye beings, the Lord has made!  
 Sing glory to his holy name;  
 To Him be endless honours paid,  
 Let ev'ry tongue his love proclaim.

CHOR. Praise to the Lord who all us made,  
 And glory to his holy name ;  
 To him be endless honours paid,  
 Let every tongue his love proclaim.

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 vallies 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.

CHOR. All praise to the great Three and One,  
 To the Almighty Father, praise ;  
 All praise to his co-equal Son,  
 And Holy Ghost for endless days.

A MORNING HYMN.

Now night descends, the shadows fly,  
 And light ascends the morning sky ;  
 On thee, O sov'reign Judge of all,  
 Our hearts with early accents call.

The Sun begins to dart his rays,  
 To thee, O God, our voice we raise ;  
 Send forth thy beams of heav'nly light,  
 This day to steer our course aright.

Preserve our tongue, our hands, our will,  
 From the polluted ways 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.

O may'st thou in our hearts abide,  
 Spirit divine, and be our guide ;



May ev'ry action spring from grace,  
And every work bespeak thy praise!

## EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me King of Kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.

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 with 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 th' 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 labour 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.

#### ADORATION AND PRAISE.

How can we adore,  
Or worthily praise  
Thy goodness and pow'r,  
O God of all grace!  
With honour and blessing,  
Before thee we fall;  
Most gladly confessing  
Thee, Father of all.

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.

#### GLORY TO GOD AND PEACE TO MAN.

Glory be to God on high, Peace on earth to man be giv'n,  
God, whose glory fills the sky! Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n

#### GOD OUR HELP.

O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home. } Twice.

## THE HAPPY NOVICE.

## Exile of Erin.

WHEN reflection recalls those sad hours I've squandered,  
 How swells my sad heart, and how fast the tears flow  
 A stranger to peace and content have I wandered.  
 Can I e'er cease regretting? O, no—never, no!  
 In pursuit of a phantom whole years have I wasted—  
 I sought it in pleasure, amusement and show;  
 But ne'er in those scenes any sweets have I tasted,  
 Or found but affliction: O, no—never, no!  
 At length in Religion's sure path having entered,  
 I find all that bliss I can hope for below;  
 In my God all my hopes, all my joys are now centred.  
 Can I e'er cease to love him? O, no—never, no!  
 To serve such a Master, in joy, or in sorrow,  
 All love and obedience in future I'll show,  
 And ne'er feel a pang for the fate of to-morrow,  
 Or repent of my vows: O, no—never, no!  
 When death, with its terrors, shall hang on my pillow,  
 Undisturb'd at his dart I'll meet the dire blow,  
 Resigning my bones to lie under the willow,  
 Where nought can disturb them: O, no—never, no!  
 That God for whose sake worldly toys I have quitted,  
 Who rewards even here hundred-fold do bestow,  
 Will He let my soul die unpardon'd, unpitied,  
 Or refuse me his mercy? O, no—never, no!

## RISE, MY SOUL.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy	Sun, and moon, and stars de-
wings,	cay;
Thy better portion trace;	Time shall soon this earth
Rise, from transitory things,	remove:
Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native	Rise, my soul, and haste away
place.	To seats prepared above.

## STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

STRIKE the cymbal, roll the tymbal, let the trump of triumph  
sound !

Pow'rful slinging, headlong bringing, proud Goliath to the  
ground.

From the river, rejecting quiver, Judah's hero takes the stone :  
Spread your banners, shout hosannahs, battle is the Lord's  
alone !

See, advances, with songs and dances, all the band of Israel's  
daughters—

Catch the sound ye hills and waters.

Spread your banners, &c.

God of thunder ! rend asunder all the pow'r Philistia boasts.  
What are nations ? what their stations ? Israel's God is Lord  
of Hosts.

What are haughty monarchs now ? low before Jehovah bow !

Pride of princes, strength of kings, to the dust Jehovah brings.

Praise him, praise him, exulting nations, praise ;

Praise him, &c.

Hosannah ! hosannah ! hosannah !

## SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,

Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free !

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken—

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave !

How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,

Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free !

His people are free ! his people are free ! his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !

His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?  
 The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,  
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.  
 Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—  
 His breath was our sword, his breath was our sword, his  
 breath was our sword.

AN ENCOMIASTIC PRAYER TO OUR BLESSED RE-  
 DEEMER IN THE EUCHARIST.

ALMIGHTY God ! it is my whole desire  
 To worship thee with true seraphic fire ;  
 My ev'ry power of mind devote to thee,  
 “ *Anima Christi sanctifica me.* ”

O could I at the altar bend  
 With love the Angels can't transcend !  
 Unworthy though I feast on thee,  
 O “ *Corpus Christi salva me.* ”

To crush at once the idol Self-will down,  
 Desiring nothing but thy will alone ;  
 Nought to love, my dearest God, but thee,  
 “ *Sanguis Christi inebria me.* ”

And since, O Lord, thy sacred word is given,  
 Defilement cannot dwell with thee in heaven—  
 That no foul spot of sin be found in me,  
 “ *Aqua Lateris Christi lava me.* ”

When I am destin'd, by thy love divine,  
 To drink that mortal cup of thine,  
 And fled is every friend but thee,  
 “ *Passio Jesu conforta me.* ”

As when, before my dying eyes,  
 My sins, with all their malice, rise,

And I for mercy cry to thee,  
 “ *Domine Jesu exaudi me.*”

When hell's fell agents, with allurements gay,  
 Would draw my unguarded heart from thee astray,  
 His arts to foil I to thee quickly flee,  
 “ *Intra tua Venera absconde me.*”

In grief, disease, in misery, death and shame,  
 I'll humbly still adore thy sacred name;  
 And daily offer up this prayer to thee,  
 “ *Ne permittas me separari a te.*”

When, press'd with mortal sickness, I shall lie,  
 And ev'ry earthly phantom from me fly,  
 And gaping hell would make my soul its prey,  
 “ *Ab hoste maligno defende me.*”

And when my soul's about to take its flight  
 'To realms of wo, or regions of delight,  
 That mine a future life of bliss may be,  
 “ *In hora mortis meæ voca me.*”

When the tremendous trump shall sound,  
 To awake the nations under ground,  
 All flesh their sovereign judge to see,  
 “ *Et jube me venire ad te.*”

Then shall e'erlasting hymns of joy,  
 In heav'nly strains, my hours employ—  
 Adoring God, who bled for me,  
 “ *Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem te.*”

May all the faithful, with a heart elate,  
 Maintain the truths which to these joys translate,  
 Till heav'n's bright region shall them all contain,  
 “ *In sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*”

## THE LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

KYRIE eleison,  
 Christe eleison,  
 Kyrie eleison,  
 Christe audi nos,  
 Christe exaudi nos,  
 Pater de cælis Deus,  
 Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,  
 Spiritus sancte Deus,  
 Sancta Trinitas unus Deus,  
 Sancta Maria,  
 Sancta Dei Genitrix,  
 Sancta Virgo Virginum,  
 Mater Christi,  
 Mater Divinæ Gratiaë,  
 Mater purissima,  
 Mater castissima,  
 Mater inviolata,  
 Mater intemerata,  
 Mater amabilis,  
 Mater admirabilis,  
 Mater Creatricis,  
 Mater Salvatoris,  
 Virgo prudentissima,  
 Virgo veneranda,  
 Virgo prædicanda,  
 Virgo potens,  
 Virgo clemens,  
 Virgo fidelis,  
 Speculum justitiæ,  
 Sedes sapientiæ,  
 Causa nostræ lætitiæ,  
 Vas spirituale,  
 Vas honorabile,

Miserere nobis.  
 Miserere nobis.  
 Miserere nobis.  
 Miserere nobis.

*Ora pro nobis.*

Vas insigne devotionis,  
 Rosa Mystica,  
 Turris Davidica,  
 Turris eburnea,  
 Domus aurea,  
 Fœderis arca,  
 Janua cœli,  
 Stella matutina,  
 Salus infirmorum,  
 Refugium peccatorum,  
 Consolatrix afflictorum,  
 Auxilium Christianorum,  
 Regina Angelorum,  
 Regina Patriarcharum,  
 Regina Prophetarum,  
 Regina Apostolorum,  
 Regina Martyrum,  
 Regina Confessorum,  
 Regina Virginum,  
 Regina Sanctorum omnium,  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis  
 Domine.  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Exaudi nos  
 Domine.  
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Miserere  
 nobis.  
 Christe audi nos. Christe exaudi nos.

*Ora pro nobis.*

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

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 untouched,  
 Mother most amiable,  
 Mother most admirable,  
 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,

*Ora pro nobis.*

*Pray for us.*

rice nobis

audi nos

Miserere

cy on us.

mercy on

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,

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

Lamb of God, &c., *graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, &c., *have mercy on us.*

Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.

Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

*Pray for us.*

the sins of the

*O Lord.*

hear us.

the mercy on us.

