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Holy Child Hymnal

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Society of the Holy Child Jesus

O STRONG YOUNG CHRIST

O STRONG young Christ, in Whom I stand,
Whose friendship ever fond and near
Is exultation and delight
And courage in the face of fear.
Without Thee I am all defeat,
In Thee all victories conclude—
O strong young Christ, in Whom I stand,
Give me Thy gift of fortitude.

So hard the heavenly path at sight,
So far the hills' almighty crown,
So lush and easy look the vales,
So broad the road that wanders down—
To guard the good, to quell the bad,
To fight with valour unsubdued
That death itself shall not dismay,
Give me Thy gift of fortitude.

May all I love, O strong young Christ,
Be mine and thine, for it is they
Whom God in fatherhood has lent
To be the heaven of my way ;

Till glory see the end of grace
And Thee in all Thy radiance viewed,
The Christ of triumph and of peace
Who is the bliss of fortitude.

—*Helen Parry Eden.*

A CHILD MY CHOICE

Let folly praise what fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child,
Whose Heart no thought, Whose Tongue
no word,
Whose Hand no deed defiled ;
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is this ;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
Man's most desired light ;
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight ;
He mine by gift, I his by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will find Him true.

Though young yet wise, though small yet
strong,
Though Man yet God He is ;
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless.
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all ;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants,
Yet do His Angels sing,
Out of His tears, His sighs, His throbs
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, Whose tender Arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

—*Blessed Robert Southwell, S. J.,
Martyr (1595).*

HYMN TO THE HOLY CHILD

THOU art the Light, the bright and morning
Star
In Whom we ever live and move and are.

Thou are the Key to treasures new and old,
That turn the toil of every day to gold,
O Holy Child.

Thou art the Living Bread from God come
down
To give Thyself to men. Thou are our
Crown,
The Bud which blossomed forth from
David's stem,
Teach us to love Thee poor in Bethlehem,
O Holy Child.

Thou art the Lamb of God, oblation made,
When by Thy Mother in the Crib first laid.
Thou art the King to Whom our loyalty
Is proved by deeds, not words, of fealty,
O Holy Child.

Thou art the Way in which we learn to run
With ardour, till Thy Father's Will be
done.

Thou art the Truth, from proud and wise
concealed
In swaddling bands, to little one revealed,
O Holy Child.

Thou art the Life which God's abundance
gave,
Which never saves Itself, Which dies to
save.
Thou art the Vine, and we, the branches,
bear
Grapes ripe for sacrifice Thy Cross to
share,
O Holy Child.

Thou, Alpha-Omega, the First and Last
In Whose Eternal Love our lives are
passed,
Thou art the Christ, the Living God's own
Son ;
Make us with Thee, in heart and spirit,
one,
O Holy Child.

S.H.C.J.

SWEET HOLY CHILD

SWEET Holy Child, bright Fount of grace,
Oh, show to us Thine Infant Face ;
That Brow where God's own holiness
Rests radiant like a crown of bliss ;

Those Eyes wherein God's love doth shine,
That Smile, so childlike, so divine.

Oh, let us kiss those little Hands
So long confined in swathing bands;
Then through Thy childhood serving still
At Mary's and at Joseph's will ;
Oh, raise them now and bless us all,
While prostrate at Thy Feet we fall.

Those tiny Feet that trod the earth,
Each little step of priceless worth:
The Angels follow Thee, their God,
To kiss the ground where Thou hast trod.
Thy footsteps treading, let us come
To join Thee in Thy heavenly home.

But most of all Thy Heart we seek,
That Infant Heart, so pure, so meek,
The Heart of a little Child, 'tis true,
But Heart of the Word Eternal too.
Sweet fire of love, Thou Fount of grace,
Grant us in Thee a resting place.

Where shall we find Thee, Child Divine,
With all those heavenly charms of Thine ?
In Mary's arms Thou lov'st to bide,

Nor ever far from Mary's side,
Oh, let us too her children be
To share her love and care with Thee.

Only two favour'd ones can tell
What in Thy childhood's years befell ;
Thy blessed Mother—only less
Than Thine was her pure loveliness.
St. Joseph, of all men most just
And chosen for so high a trust.

Oh, may they teach us how to be
Pure, meek, obedient, like to Thee.
Oh, may they lead us safely on
To Thee, sweet Holy Child, their Son,
To see in Heaven Thy Face so fair,
And stay with Thee for ever there.

—S.H.C.J.

HYMN TO THE HOLY CHILD
O HOLY Child ! from earliest days
To us the source of purest love,
Thou teachest us in winning ways
To know and serve our God above.
And still, in this more crowded hour,
In every hope, in every aim,

Thou leadest us, with gentle power
To yield to God's most winning claim.

Chorus :

Dear Holy Child, to Thee we pray.
The Way, the Truth, the Life Thou art.
Oh guide us through this world's short
day
To meet Thee never more to part.

The wisdom of Thy simple way
From Thee, O Holy Child, we learn.
More clearly each succeeding day
May we its loveliness discern.
Grant that Thy glorious Truth may shine
In all we do, in all we say ;
From crooked path or base design
Save us, O Holy Child, we pray.
Oh draw us close to Thy great Heart.
In us let others ever find
A love that lives from self apart,
A love like Thine for all mankind.
Come, make Thy home within each heart,
And may our school Thy Kingdom be,
Thou Who dost give us all Thou art,
We give ourselves anew to Thee.

Thou King of Glory entering in
Thy Kingdom, as a Babe new-born,
Didst choose to make Thyself the kin
Of all the simple, poor, forlorn.
Unite all homes and make us strong,
Thyself supply our every need,
And give the lands where we belong
Faith, honour, peace, in word and deed.

—S.H.C.J.

LITTLE KING

LITTLE King, so fair and sweet,
See us gathered round Thy feet ;
Be Thou Monarch of our school,
It shall prosper 'neath Thy rule.
We will be Thy subjects true—
Brave to suffer, brave to do,
All our hearts to Thee we bring,
Take them, keep them, little King.

Raise Thy little hand to bless
All our childhood's happiness ;
Bless our sorrow and our pain,
That each cross may be our gain.
By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,

Sanctify each thought and word,
Set Thy seal on everything
Which we do, O little King.

Be our Teacher when we learn,
All the hard to easy turn ;
Be our Playmate when we play,
So we shall indeed be gay.
Keep us happy, keep us pure,
While our childhood shall endure,
All its days to Thee we bring,
Bless them, guard them, little King.

Be our Leader in the fight,
In the darkness be our Light,
O'er the rough and o'er the smooth,
Safely guide our wayward youth.
Whereso'er our path may be,
We will try to follow Thee,
To Thy mantle we will cling,
Help us, save us, little King.

JESUS, TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY

JESUS, teach me how to pray,
Suffer not my thoughts to stray,

Send distractions far away,
Sweet Holy Child.

Let me not be rude or wild,
Make me humble, meek and mild,
Pure as angels undefiled,
Sweet Holy Child.

When I work or when I play,
Be Thou with me through the day,
Teach me what to do and say,
Sweet Holy Child.

Make me love Thy Mother blest,
Safe beneath her care to rest,
As a bird within its nest,
Sweet Holy Child.

When the hour of death is nigh,
Then may Mary standing by
Take me in her arms to die,
Sweet Holy Child.

So through all eternity,
Will I bless their charity,
Who first led my steps to Thee,
Sweet Holy Child.

HAIL, O PRINCE OF PEACE

HAIL, O Prince of Peace !
Messiah come on earth.
Angels in choirs celestial
Proclaim Thy Birth.
Hail, Thou lovely Babe !
Reveal Thy Face so meek,
Show us that blissful countenance
The Angels seek.

Hail, most precious Pearl !
The Christ from virgin shrine.
Take, Lord, our hearts ; enrapture them
With love of Thine.

Hail, Thou Living Bread !
The Food of Angel choirs.
Manna from Heaven deliver us
From earth's desires.

Hail, meek Lamb of God !
For man's salvation given.
Lover of souls, oh shelter us
Till safe in heaven.

Hail ! true Son of man !
We kiss Thy Feet divine.
Jesu, all-loving Saviour,
Our hearts are Thine.