

3.3.

S. H. C. J.
HYMN BOOK

FRAYFIELD SCHOOL

Boavie House

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CHRISTMAS HYMNS

*

1 Adeste Fideles.

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,
Gestante puellæ viscerea:
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:

Cantet nunc Io,
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc coelestium,
Gloria
In excelsis Deo:

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria;
Patris æterni
Verbum caro factum:

2 Angels we have heard on high.

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains in reply,
Echo still their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis Deo

Shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain
 prolong?

Say what may the tidings be,
Which inspire your Heavenly
 song?
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Come to Bethlehem, come and
 see
Him whose birth the Angels
 sing:

Come, adore on bended knee,
The Infant Christ, the new-
 born King
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

See within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of Heaven and
 earth!

Mary, Joseph, lend your aid
To celebrate our Saviour's
 birth.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

3 At last Thou art come little Saviour.

At last Thou art come little
 Saviour.

And Thine Angels fill mid-
 night with song,
Thou art come to us gentle
 Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have
 sighed for so long.

CHORUS

All hail! Eternal Child
Dear Mary's little flower
Blooming in earthly bower;
Hail! Mary's little one,
Hail! God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem,

The lips, the hearts, that always
bid,

Thine own hot tear-drops rise,
We pray Thee for this world of
Thine,

Its wandering, willful race,
Lead it kind Shepherd, to Thy
Shrine,
Thy Sacred, suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary Eyes, my
God!

Bow down Thy weary Head,
Over the souls that prostrate lie,
Thy precious Blood be shed,
O royal flood, O golden flood,
Of faith, of hope, of grace.

Bless Thou the hearts and eyes
that seek
Thy Sacred, suffering Face.

EASTER HYMNS

†

30 By the first bright
Easter day.

By the first bright Easter day,
When the stone was rolled away,
By the glory round Thee shed,
At Thy rising from the dead.

CHORUS

King of glory, hear our cry;
Make us soon Thy joys to see;
Hear the loving litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

Thee she welcomed from the
tomb.

By Thy Mother's fond embrace;
By her joy to see Thy face,
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
By the joys of Magdalen,
When she saw Thee once again,
And, entranc'd in rapture sweet,
Kneel to kiss Thy sacred feet.

By their joys who greeted Thee,
'Mid the hills of Galilee:
By Thy keys of might divine,
Vested in St. Peter's line.

By Thy parting blessing giv'n,
As Thou didst ascend to Heav'n;

By the cloud of living light,
That received Thee out of sight,

31 Christ the Lord is ris'n
today.

Christ the Lord is ris'n today,
Christians haste your vows to
pay;

Offer ye your praises meet,
At the Paschal Victim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath
bled,

Sinless in the sinner's stead;
Christ the Lord is ris'n on high
Now He lives no more to die.

Christ, the victim undefil'd,
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful
strife,
Met together death and life.

Christians on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to
pay;

Christ the Lord is ris'n on high
Now He lives no more to die.

Say, O wondering Mary, say,
What thou sawest on the way?
"I beheld where Christ had lain
Empty tomb and Angels twain.

I beheld the glory bright,
Of the rising Lord of light;
Christ, my hope, is ris'n again,
Now He lives, and lives to
reign."

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Thron'd in endless might and
pow'r,

Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail! eternal hope on high,
Hail, Thou King of victory,
Hail! Thou Prince of life ador'd,
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

32 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia! Let the holy
anthem rise,
And the choirs of Heaven chant it
in the temple of the skies,
Let the mountains skip with glad-
ness

And the joyful valleys ring,
With "Hosanna in the Highest"
to our Saviour and our
King.

Alleluia, Alleluia! like the sun
from out the wave,
He has risen up in triumph from
the darkness of the grave,
He's the Splendor of the Nations,
He's the Light of endless
day,

He's the very Lord of Glory, Who
has risen up today.

Alleluia, Alleluia! He has burst
our prison bars,
He has lifted up the portals of
our home beyond the stars;
He has won for us our freedom—
'neath His feet our foes
are trod;

He has purchased back our birth-
right to the Kingdom of
our God.

Alleluia, Alleluia! Blessed Jesus
make us rise,
From the life of this corruption
to the life that never dies
May we share with Thee Thy
glory when the days of life
are past,
And the dead shall be awakened
to the trumpet's Mighty
blast.

33 Ye Sons and Daughters
of the Lord.

Ye sons and daughters of the
Lord.
The King of Heaven, the King
ador'd,
From death this day Himself
restor'd. Alleluia.

On Sunday morn at break of day,
The holy women went their way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.
Alleluia.

Alleluia.

An angel clad in white they see.
Who sat and spake unto the three;
"Your Lord hath gone to Galilee."

That night th' Apostles met in
fear,
But Christ did in the midst ap-
pear:
"My peace," He saith, "be on all
here!" Alleluia.

But Thomas when of this he
heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's
word;
Wherefore again there came the
Lord: Alleluia.

Before thy Son and thee,
That thou must suffer all thy life,
And He must die—for me.
I look upon that lovely Face,
Those eyes so sweet and mild,
And gather courage as I gaze
Upon the Holy Child.

His little arm thrown 'round thy
neck,
As if to soothe thy fears,
Shows that thine Infant Son is
grieved
To see His Mother's tears.
He knows that Simeon's prophecy,
Rings ever in thy mind;
The sword has opened thy large
heart
To shelter all mankind.

Here may the weary Mother come
With her domestic cares;
Here may the anxious Father seek
Advice in grave affairs.
The weeping child, too, runs to
thee
In sorrow and in pain;
No little one will have recourse
To Mary's Heart in vain.

Then for my Guide and Advocate,
Whom fitter could I choose,
Than one who never asks a thing
That Jesus can refuse?
Dear Mother, whisper to thy Son
A little prayer for me,
Thou knowest better far than I
What that request should be.

60 O Mother, will it always be.

O Mother will it always be
That every passing year
Shall make thee seem more beau-
tiful,
Shall make thee grow more
dear!

CHORUS

How close to God, how full of
God,
Dear Mother, must thou be!
For still the more we know of
God,

The more we think of thee.
And art thou really infinite,
That thou shouldst thus unfold
Fresh glories every feast that
comes,
New grandeurs yet untold!

We know thee to be free from
stain
As is the sun's white beam;
We know God's Mother must be
great,
Above what we could dream.

We knew thy sorrows and thy
joys,
We knew thee full of grace;
We seemed to know thy very
heart,
And look upon thy face.

Yet now it seems we knew thee
not;
Each feast-day we begin
To know thee in a truer way,
And truer love to win.

O Mother! thou art like the life
The blessed lead above;
Unchangeable, yet growing still,
In glory and in love.

Thou art, and yet art not the
same,
Old things pass not away;
Yet thou tomorrow will be more
Than the Mary of today.

This is thy gift—oh, give it us!
To make God better known,
O Mother, make Him in our
hearts
More grand and more alone.

61 Mater Christi.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,
What shall I ask of thee?
I do not sigh for the wealth of
earth,
For the joys that fade and flee;
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

This do I long to see,
The Bliss untold which thine
arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

He was All-in-all to thee—
In the Winter's Cave, in Nazar-
eth's Home,
In the hamlets of Galilee.
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

He will not say nay to thee;
When He lifts His face to thy
sweet embrace,
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

The world will bid Him flee—
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,
Too blind His charms to see—
Ehen, Mother of Christ, Mother
of Christ,

Come with thy Babe to me,
Tho' the world be cold, my heart
shall hold
A shelter for Him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

What shall I do for thee?
I will love thy Son with the whole
of my strength,
My only King shall He be.
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

This will I do for thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished
here,
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

I toss on a stormy sea,
O lift thy Child as a Beacon-light
To the Port where I fain would
be,
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

This do I ask of thee,—
When the voyage is o'er, O stand
on the shore,
And show Him at last to me.

62 Mater Admirabilis.

Thou hast many portraits, Mother,
All of them are dear to us,
But our childhood chiefly loves
thee

In thy childhood's beauty, thus;
And thy sweetest title this,
Mater Admirabilis.

Near thee blooms the spotless lily,
Emblem of thy brightest grace,
And thy sinless soul is shining
In thy modest downcast face,
Make us like to thee in this,
Mater Admirabilis.

Open book and distaff tell us
Thou hast laboured, too, as we,

In thy sweet keeping
My life shall be blest.

Angel, dear Angel,
Oh, close by me stay;
Safe from harm shield me
All ill keep away—
Then thou wilt lead me
When this life is o'er
To Jesus and Mary
To praise evermore.

St. Francis of Assisi.
er Francis, thou poor one,
we praise thee,
Saint Francis, pray thou for
us!
e to glory like Seraph's did
raise thee,
oly Father, aid thou us!
r thou thy children in exile
and guide us,
helmet and shield be thou ever
beside us;
Christ's Cross for us on
high!
each us for Him to live and
die!
Christ's Cross for us on
high!
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die!
us' arm from the Cross did
embrace thee,
Saint Francis, pray thou for
us!
us' wound-marks should sear
thee, and grace thee,
oly Father, aid thou us!
ch us to copy in heart and
behavior,
us, our Crucified Spouse and
our Saviour,

O Saint Francis, help us, we
pray,
Jesus to love Thee more each
day.
O Saint Francis, help us, we
pray,
Jesus to love Thee more each
day.

135 Hail, glorious St.
Patrick.

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear
Saint of our Isle,
On us thy poor children bestow
a sweet smile;
And now thou art high in the
mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down
in thy love.

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, thy
words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a here-
tic throng;
Not less is thy might where in
Heaven thou art,
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle
take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight
for the faith,
Dear Saint, may thy children re-
sist to the death;
May their strength be in meek-
ness, in penance, in prayer,
Their banner the Cross which
they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a
shore,
Shall love and revere thee till
time be no more;
And the fire thou hast kindled
shall ever burn bright,

Its warmth undiminished, undying
its light.

Ever bless and defend the sweet
land of our birth,
Where the Shamrock still blooms
as when thou wert on
earth;
And our hearts shall yet burn,
wheresoever we roam,
For God, and Saint Patrick, and
our native home.

136 Saint Patrick.

Hibernia's Champion Saint, all
hail
With fadeless glory crown'd,
The offspring of your ardent zeal
This day your praise shall sound
This day your praise shall sound.

CHORUS

Great and Glorious St. Patrick
Pray for that dear country
The Land of our Fathers,
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Hearken to the pray'r of thy chil-
dren.

Borne on the wings of charity,
To Erin's coast you flew,
Bade Satan from her valleys flee
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.

To God who sent you to our isle,
Be endless glory given,
And may He ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to heaven.
And lead its sons to heaven.

137 Queen of Apostles.

Fierce and loud is the battle rag-
ing,
Dead and dying are on the field,
Few and weak are the King's'
battalions,
Slow to conquer, and swift to
yield.
Hark! the Voice that is calling,
calling,
"Who will help in the deadly
strife?
Who will rescue from death and
danger,
The souls for whom I laid down
My life?"
'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,
Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for
us.

Fair the fields over all our coun-
try,
Lift your eyes and behold the
land,
White already unto the harvest,
Waiting but for the reaper's
hand:
Hark! the Lord of the harvest
calling,
"Rich the grain but the laborers
few,
None will help me my sheaves to
garner,
Child of Mary, I look to you."
'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,
Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for
us.

Deep and dark are the stormy
waters,
Many perish beneath the wave,
Few the vessels that reach the
haven,
Few the hands that are
stretched to save;

In thy sweet keeping
My life shall be blest.

Angel, dear Angel,
Oh, close by me stay;
Safe from harm shield me
All ill keep away—
Then thou wilt lead me
When this life is o'er
To Jesus and Mary
To praise evermore.

134 St. Francis of Assisi.

Father Francis, thou poor one,
we praise thee,
O Saint Francis, pray thou for
us!
Love to glory like Seraph's did
raise thee,
Holy Father, aid thou us!
Hear thou thy children in exile
and guide us,
Shelter and shield be thou ever
beside us;
Hold Christ's Cross for us on
high!
Teach us for Him to live and
die!
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Jesus' arm from the Cross did
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time be no more;
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Its warmth undiminished, undying
its light.

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And lead its sons to heaven.
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Who will rescue from death and
danger,
The souls for whom I laid down
My life?"
'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,
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us.

Fair the fields over all our coun-
try,
Lift your eyes and behold the
land,
White already unto the harvest,
Waiting but for the reaper's
hand:
Hark! the Lord of the harvest
calling,
"Rich the grain but the laborers
few,
None will help me my sheaves to
garner,
Child of Mary, I look to you."
'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,
Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for
us.

Deep and dark are the stormy
waters,
Many perish beneath the wave,
Few the vessels that reach the
haven,
Few the hands that are
stretched to save;

Virgo prudentissima
Virgo prædicanda
Virgo veneranda
Virgo potens
Virgo clemens
Virgo fidelis
Speculum justitiæ
Sedes sapientiæ
Causa nostra lætitiæ
Vas spirituale

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 Patriarchum

Regina Prophetarum

Regina Apostolorum

Regina Martyrum

Regina Confessorum

Regina Virginum

Regina Sanctorum omnium

Regina sine labe originali concepta

Regina sacratissimi Rosarii.

Regina pax

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.

V. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei Genetrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

A

Venite ad Me omnes qui laborati et onerati estis et ego reficiam vos.

Repeat

Cor Jesu, Jesu, miserere nobis,

Cor Jesu miserere,

Cor Jesu miserere nobis.

B

Anima Christi, sanctifica me;

Corpus Christi, salva me;

Sanguis Christi, inebria me;

Aqua lateris Christi, lava me;

Passio Christi, conforta me;

O Bone Jesu, exaudi me.

Intra tua vulnera abscondi me,

Ne permittas me separari a te

Ab hoste maligno defende me,

In hora mortis meæ voca me,

Et jube venire ad te

Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem te

In sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

C

O Cor amoris victima,

Cæli perenne gaudium,

Mortalium solatium,

Mortalium spes ultima,

Cor dulce, cor amabile,

Amore nostri saucium

Amore nostri languidum

Fac sis mihi placabile.

D

Jesu dulcissime

E throna gloriæ.

Ovem de perditam,

Venisti quærere

Jesu ~~suavissime~~

Pastor fidissime

O ad te trahe me

Ut mundus sequar te

O Jesu, lava me

Ab omne crimine

In tuo sanguine

Ut mundus sequar te.

E

Jesu, dulcis memoria

Dans vera cordi gaudia:

Sed super mel et omnia

Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Chorus.

Nil canitur suavius,

Nil auditur jucundius

Nil cogitatur dulcius

Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Chorus.

Jesu, spes pœnitentibus,

Quam pius es petentibus,

Quam bonus te quæ rentibus,

Sed quid invenientibus.

Chorus.

F

Ecce panis angelorum,

Factus cibus viatorum

Vere panis filiorum

Non mittendus canibus

Bone pastor, panis vere,

Jesu nostri misere

Tu nos bona fac videre,

In terra viventium.

G

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 vista, sicut te colimus,

Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,

Ad lucem quam in habitas.

H

Ave verum corpus natum

De Maria Virgine

Vere passum immolatum

In cruce pro homine

Cujus latus perforatum

Fluxit aqua et sanguine

Esto nobis prægustatum,

Mortis in examino

O Jesu dulcis! O Jesu pie!

O Jesus fili Mariæ. Tu nobis miserere.

Ora pro nobis

O Mary, to think we shall see thee
then

The face we have dreamt of again
and again.

To think—O! can it be ever true
That then the Lord will be with
us too?

That through all those bright un-
ending hours

Jesus and Mary will both be ours.
That through all those bright un-
ending hours

Jesus and Mary will both be ours.

167 A Cradle-Song of the
B. V.

The Virgin stills the crying
Of Jesus sleepless lying;
And singing for His pleasure
Thus calls upon her Treasure.
My Darling, do not weep
My Jesus, sleep!

O Lamb, my love inviting
O Star, my soul delighting
O Flower of mine own bearing,
O Jewel past comparing!

My Joy, my Exultation
My spirit's Consolation;
My Son, my Spouse, my Brother,
O listen to Thy Mother.

162 Te Deum laudamus.

Te Deum laudamus: * te Domi-
num confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem: * omnis ter-
ra veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli: * tibi cœli et
universæ potestates:

Tibi cherubim et seraphim * in-
cessabili voce proclamant:

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, * Dom-
inus Deus Sabaoth:

Pleni sunt cœli et terra, * majes-
tatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus * Apostolorum
chorus

Te Prophetarum * laudabilis nu-
merus.

Te Martyrum candidatus * laudat
exercitus.

Te per orbem terrarum * sancta
confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem * immensæ majestatis.

Venerandum tuum verum * et uni-
cum Filium.

Sanctum quoque * Paraclitum
Spiritus.

Tu Rex gloriæ, * Christe.

Tu Patris * sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberanrum suscepturus
hominem, * non horruisti
Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo, * aper-
uisti credentibus regna
cœlorum.

Tu ad dexteram Deo sedes, * in
gloria Patris.

Judex crederis * esse venturus

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis
subveni, * quos pretioso
sanguine redemisti.

Aeterna fac cum Sanctis tui, * in
gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Dom-
ine, * et benedic hæreditati
tuæ.

Et rege eos; et extolle illos. *
usquo in æternum.

Per singulos dies * benedicimus te

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæ-
culum; * et in sæculum sæ-
culi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto, * sine
peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine, * miserere
nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine,
super nos: * quemadmodum
speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi; * non
confundar in æternum.

HYMN
NO.

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THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the Angel did say,
 Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
 In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
 Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star,
 Shining in the East, beyond them far,
 And to the earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same Star,
 Three Wisemen came from country far;
 To seek for a King was their intent,
 And to follow the Star wherever it went.

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
 Full reverently upon their knee,
 And offered there, in His Presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Then let us all with one accord,
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought.