

F. 46.103

C286

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

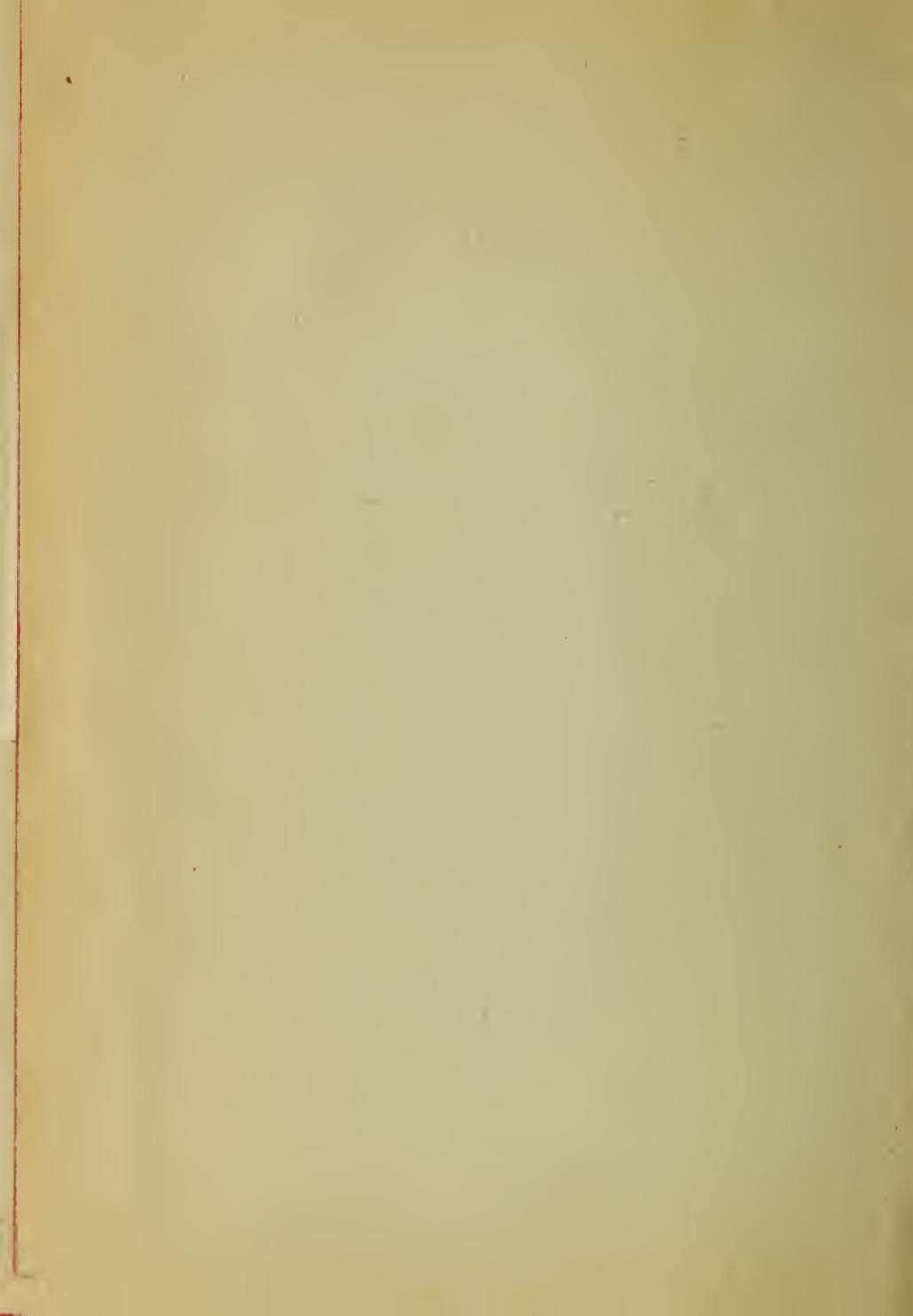
Division

SCB

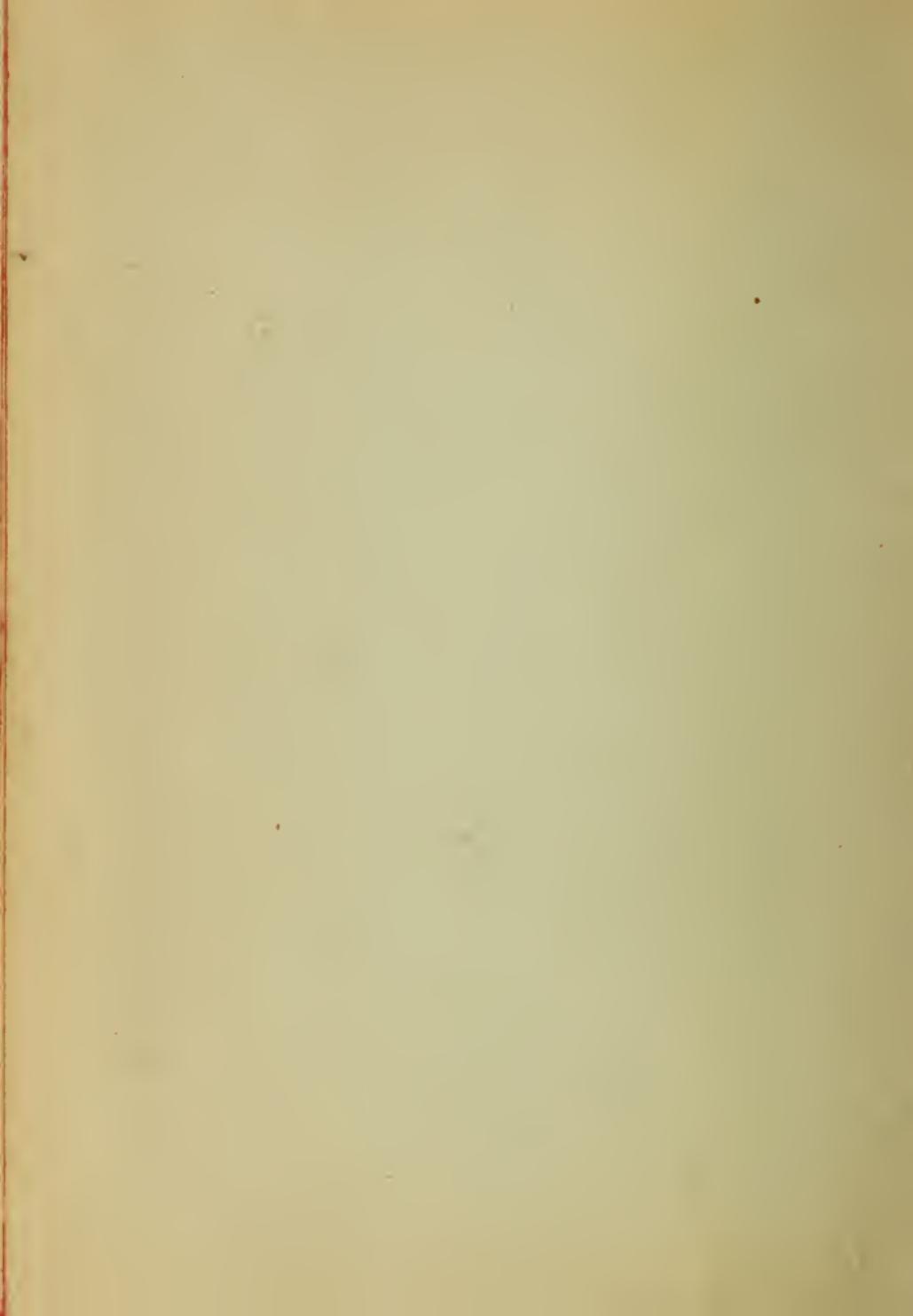
Section

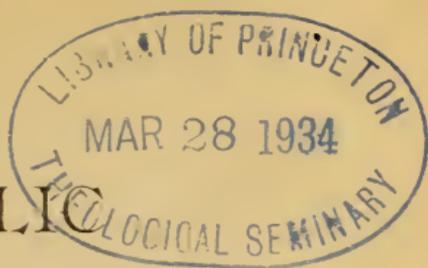
5271











✓
CATHOLIC

School and Sodality

HYMNAL

FIRST EDITION



PHILADELPHIA :
GEO. W. GIBBONS, Publisher
906 Filbert Street
1900

Copyright, 1900.

INDEX

GOD.

Come, sound His praise abroad.....	66
Fading twilight tints are weaving.....	81
Father, before Thy footstool kneeling..	84
Holy God, we praise Thy name.....	128
King of Ages, King victorious.....	151
Laudate Dominum	155
Lord, Thou wilt hear the prayer.....	167
My God, I love Thee not because.....	185
My soul, Thy great Creator praise.....	189
My God, my life, my love.....	190
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	194
Oh! Come, loud anthems let us sing....	254
Strike the harp in praise of God!.....	297
The earth, O Lord, rejoices.....	316
The wearied dove now trembling flies..	328
We praise Thee, O God, etc.....	362

THE HOLY GHOST.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.....	61
Come, Holy Ghost, send down, etc.....	62
Vein, Creator spiritus	350
Vein, Sancte spiritus	352

PENTECOST.

See the Paraclete Descending.....	286
-----------------------------------	-----

CHRISTMAS.

Adeste fideles	2
Angels we have heard on high.....	16
At last Thou art come	24

Christ was born on Christmas Day....	54
Come, let us gather round the crib.....	62
Come, O divine Messiah	65
Earthly friends will change and falter..	79
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	114
He came from His high throne, etc....	116
Holy night, peaceful night.....	130
Like the dawning of the morning.....	160
Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas....	175
O holy night! the stars, etc.....	212
Oh! sing a joyous carol	257
See! Amid the winter's snow.....	284
See, the dawn from Heaven is breaking.	285
Silent night, sacred night	287
The lights are bright in Bethlehem town.	318
The snow lay on the ground, etc.....	321
We sing with the angels	363
We three kings from Orient are.....	364
What lovely Infant can this be?.....	365
When marshaled on the nightly plain.	368
While shepherds watched, etc.....	373
With glory lit, the midnight air.....	377
With hearts truly grateful.. ..	376

THE PASSION.

Beneath the Cross, etc.....	37
By the blood that flowed from Thee....	48
Christians, who of Jesus' sorrows.....	54
Ecce Homo, see the Saviour.....	79
O blessed feet of Jesus	196
O sacred feet, all gashed and torn.....	236
Oh! come and mourn with me, etc.....	253
The Virgin Mary weeping stood	326
Two hands have haunted, etc.. ..	344
Vevilla regis prodeunt.. ..	353

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Above this world of tears	1
Blood of Jesus, saving fountain.....	43
Come, let us haste, etc.....	63
Glory be to Jesus, etc.....	92

THE RESURRECTION.

Alleluia, alleluia, let the holy anthem rise.. ..	13
--	----

Bright sunbeams deck the joyful sky ..	46
Christ is risen	52
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	53
Jesus! the Lord of Glory	148
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	267
The dawn was purpling o'er the sky....	315
To-day He's risen, death no more.....	338

LOVE OF JESUS.

Ah! give Him that wishes	4
"All for Jesus!" let us make.....	8
All ye who seek, etc.....	12
Child Jesus, the most beautiful	50
Jesus, sweet Jesus, my treasure divine..	51
Dear little One! how sweet Thou art....	75
For I have loved Thee, etc.....	86
Forget me not, etc.....	87
Graces from my Jesus flowing.....	97
He is looking through the lattice.....	117
Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus.....	119
Hearts of hearts, a love is Thine.....	120
How lovely, Lord, Thy chaste retreat..	133
I am my Love's, and He is mine.....	135
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	136
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	141
Jesu dulcis memoria	141
Jesus! Saviour of my soul!.....	146
Jesus, the All beautiful	147
Jesus, the only thought of Thee.....	149
Lord, by Thy prayer in agony.....	164
O cor amoris victuna	197
O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord.....	217
O Love divine that stooped to share....	221
Oh! come, my sweet Saviour	254
Oh! the priceless love of Jesus.....	259
One hour with Thee, O dearest Jesus....	266
Remember you, O gracious Lord.....	279
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	283
Soldiers of Christ, arise!	290
Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast.	291
Sweet is the face of nature	301
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.....	310
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing....	312
Take me, my Jesus, to Heaven.....	313
Though all the powers of Hell, etc....	334
Vein, Jesu, amor mi	351
What gift, dear Jesus, shall be mine....	361

When morning gilds the skies.....	369
When morning is breaking	370

SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus	9
As the glow of morning, etc.....	21
As the radiant dawn, etc.....	22
Behold! how we've pierced Thee.....	34
Behold the Heart, etc.....	36
Close veiled in that sweet sacrament..	56
Come, Sacred Heart of Jesus.....	65
Far across the lonely sea	83
Form your ranks, etc.....	88
Hark, the sound of the fight, etc.....	115
Hear the heart of Jesus pleading.....	118
Heart of Jesus, all in fire.....	121
Heart of Jesus, dearest treasure.....	122
Heart of Jesus, meek and mild	123
Heart of Jesus, Thou hast kindled ...	124
Heart of Jesus, we are grateful	124
Heart of the Holy Child	125
I dwell a captive, etc.. ..	136
I rise from dreams of life	137
Litany of the Sacred Heart	165
Night folds her starry curtains round..	195
O dearest Lord, 'tis evening now.....	198
O Heart of Jesus, pierced for me.....	204
O Heart of Our Saviour, the joy, etc.	207
O Heart, whose prayer all prayers, etc.	209
O holy band of Leaguers, etc.....	210
O Jesus, dear, Thy Sacred Heart.....	215
O Lily of the field	220
O Love, supporting as Thine own.....	222
O Sacred Heart! all blissful light, etc.	237
O Sacred Heart, forever Thine	238
O Sacred Heart! O Love Divine.....	238
O Sacred Heart of Christ, our King...	239
O Sacred Heart! our home, etc.....	240
O Sacred Heart, Source of all beauty...	241
O Sacred Heart! sweet source, etc....	242
O Sacred Heart! with burning love...	243
O Sacred Heart, what shall I render Thee?... ..	244
O you seraph's bright, etc.....	248
Oh! take me to Thy Sacred Heart.....	258
Oh! what could my Jesus do more....	261
One heart, one soul, in Jesus' Heart..	266
Sacred Heart! in accents burning.....	280

Sacred Heart of Jesus blest.....	281
Sacred Heart, we Thee implore	281
Sweet Fount of love, dear Sacred Heart.	299
Sweet Heart of Jesus, ever yearning....	300
Sweet Heart of Jesus, source of love, etc.	301
Sweet Jesus, May Thy Sacred Heart....	303
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.....	306
Sweet Lily of the Sacred Heart.....	307
There is no heart like Thine, sweet Lord	330
To Jesus' Heart, all burning.....	339
To Thee, O Heart of Jesus	341
To Thy pure and burning Heart.....	342
Unto us is born a Saviour	347
Upon the altar night and day.....	348
When softly dawns the golden light....	373

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Ah! whence to me the bliss	7
Approach not the altar	17
As pants the heart, etc.....	18
Awake, my soul, etc.	33
Can it be that my God.....	49
In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus.....	139
Jesus, gentlest Saviour	144
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.....	145
Jesus, my Lord, no tongue can say.....	145
Like a strong and raging fire.....	159
Lonely in the Tabernacle	162
Mother, into my heart to-day, etc.....	179
My God, my life, my all	186
My Jesus from His throne above.....	186
Mystery of love, whose depths divine.	192
Mystery of love, to Thee we turn.....	193
O Jesus, in Thy sacrament	216
O Lord, I am not worthy	221
O Queen of Heavenly flowers	234
O Salutais Hostia	245
On this sweet morn, O joy, etc.....	265
Pange, lingua, gloriosi	268
Peace, be still! over God's dwelling...	269
Preserve, my Jesus, oh! preserve.....	270
Saving Host, we fall before Thee	282
Sweet Jesus, hid for love of me.....	303
Tantum ergo sacramentum	313
The Lord of glory, oh! wondrous story..	319
Thou' for whom I've long been sighing.	332

To-morrow morn, O joy, etc.....	340
What happiness can equal mine?.....	365
When our Saviour wished to prove....	372
With steadfast faith I cling to Thee....	381

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Hail, Queen of the Heavens.....	109
Immaculate, little dear	138
O fairest of all visions!	200
O Friend conceived without a stain....	222
O Mary dear, thy children here.....	223
O Mother! I could weep for mirth.....	229
O purest of creatures, etc.....	233

NATIVITY B. V. M.

Sweet Mary, let us praise thee.....	308
-------------------------------------	-----

ANNUNCIATION B. V. M.

Ave Maria, softly spoken	28
Glory to God! Angels hosts are singing.	93
How pure, how frail, and white.....	134
Magnificat! Inspired word	169
Unfold, unfold, ye golden gates, etc....	345

VISITATION B. V. M.

Behold sweet Mary, etc..	35
Whither thus in holy rapture.....	375

PURIFICATION B. V. M.

Mother of God, unto the temple bring..	182
--	-----

PRESENTATION.

Soft breaks the morn on Zion hills....	289
--	-----

DOLORS OF MARY.

God of mercy! let us run	96
Stabat Mater Dolorosa	294
Stood the Mother weeping, sighing....	295

ASSUMPTION B. V. M.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen	23
Sing, sing, ye angel bands	287

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Alma Redemptoris Mater	14
Angel's Queen in beauty reigning.....	16
At eve's lone stilly hour	24
Maiden, of thee we sing	170
Mary, how sweetly falls that name....	173
O Flower of grace, etc.	201
O Heart of Mary, pure and fair.....	206
O Mother mine, how can they live.....	231
O Sweet Receptacle of grace	246
Of all virgins Thou art fairest.....	249
Oh, beautiful Thou art, etc.....	251
Oh! blest for e'er the mother	252
Oh, when shall we with angels bright..	262
On her throne of love and graces.....	263
Pure as carmels' snows, etc.....	271
Queen of our fount, Immaculate.....	272
Queen of empyreal Heavens, hail! etc..	272
Queen of the fount, Immaculate	273
Regina Coeli, lactare, alleluia.....	276
Rejoice, rejoice, O earth and skies.....	277
Strew before our Lady's altar	296
The star of the ocean is risen, etc.....	322
The thoughts steal o'er me, etc.....	325
Through the world thy children raise..	335
Tints of crimson and of gold	336
Vast as ocean's briny water.....	349
Virgin mother, hear our song	355
Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel..	355
Virgin Mother, with thy sweet face bending..	356

LOVE OF MARY.

Ah, her smile, etc.	5
Come, come, come to Mary, etc.....	59
Daily, daily sing to Mary	68
Daughter of a mighty Father	70
Fading, still fading, etc.	81
Hail! all hail! great Queen of Heaven..	100
Hail! full of grace and purity	101
Hail, heavenly queen, etc.	103
Hail; holy Queen, enthroned above.....	105
Hail, holy Queen! loved mother, etc....	106
Hail, Mary, full of grace, oh! band....	106
Hail, Mary! queen and virgin pure.....	107
Hail, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star..	108
Hail, thou Star of Ocean, etc.....	110
Hail to the mistress of the Skies.....	111

Hail to thee, Mary!	112
Hear thy children, gentlest mother....	120
It is the name of Mary	140
Let every voice, etc.	156
Oh! how the Heart of Mary burns	255
The moon is in the heavens above.....	320

PETITIONS TO MARY.

As the dewy shades of even.....	19
Ave Maria, guardian dear.. ..	26
Ave Maria! message from Heaven.....	27
Ave Maria, light and pure	29
Ave Maris Stella	30
Ave! now let prayer and music.....	31
Ave, Regina Coclorum	31
Ave Sanctissima	32
Bright Mother of our Maker, hail.....	44
Bright Queen of Heaven	45
Dark and Darker fall around.....	68
Day is declining, etc.....	71
Evening closes, evening closes.....	80
Fairest of Mortals	82
Help of Christians, while the combat..	126
Holy Mary, mother mild	129
Holy Queen, we bend before thee	131
Jesu Mater, ave, thou Virgin, etc.....	142
Litany of the Blessed Virgin	152
List, sweet mother, etc.	161
Listen, mother, to our sighing.....	161
Look down, O mother Mary	163
Loved Heart, all mild, all meek, etc....	168
Maiden mother, meek and mild.....	170
Mary, dearest mother	171
Mary, hear my fervent prayer	173
Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis.....	174
Mother, dear, O pray for me.....	177
Mother, dearest, mother fairest.....	178
Mother, Mary, ah! how blissful	179
Mother Mary, at thine altar	180
Mother of God, my hope, etc.....	181
Mother of mercy, day by day	183
Mother of the Infant Jesus	184
My mother dear, my queen divine	188
My own dear mother Mary	188
Thy way to Heaven is on the deep ...	191
O Mary, mother, lend thine ear	224
O Mary, Mother, sweetest, best.....	225
O Mary, my Mother, thou friend, etc.	226

O Mother, help, see us here kneeling . . .	228
O Mother loved, our sweet delight . . .	230
O Mother loved, whose starlike eyes . . .	230
O Merciful Mother, who didst stand . . .	232
O Queen of the Holy Rosary	235
Oh! be thou mindful, etc.	250
Oh! turn, most tender Mother	259
On this day, O beautiful Mother	264
Remember, oh! remember, dearest mother	278
Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower . .	279
Salve, Regina, etc.	282
Sweet, mother, turn those gentle eyes . .	309
The dew is falling on the grass	316
The storm is wildly raging	323
To Thee, sweet Mother, Heavenly Queen	342
Unto thee our sighs are pleading	346
When by daily cares oppressed	366
When evening shades are falling	367
Wilt thou look upon me, Mother	376
With holy choirs of angels	379

MONTH OF MAY.

Again with joy we greet Thee	3
Ah! must I leave, etc.	6
As the gentle spring uncloses	20
Blessed are we as the children	39
Bright, spotless maiden, etc.	46
Bring flowers of the dearest	47
Come, and chant the praises	57
Come, children, joyously	58
Come, gather round the altar	60
Come, let us twine, etc.	63
Flowers are springing, etc.	86
From nature's shady bowers	90
Glorious mother! from high heavens . .	91
Hail, virgin! dearest Mary	112
Hail, Virgin, spotless Mother	114
Joy of my heart! oh! let me pray	149, 151
Let us mingle together	158
O Mary, on this festal day	226
O Mater admirabilis (2 versions)	227
Snow and rain have vanished	288
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart	305
Sweet May, thy sunny portals close . . .	309
The bees are alive in the clover	314
The sun is shining brightly	324

The vow is made, etc.	328
This is the month of Mary	331
'Tis the month of our Mother	337
We come, dearest Mother, etc.	358
We come, dearest Mother, with fondest, etc.	359
We come to crown with royal state....	359
Welcome to this world of woe	360
We hail thee, smiling May	362
With joy we've gathered round thy shrine	380

THE ANGELS.

All hail, angelic powers	10
Angel voices in the air	14
Bounteous spirit! guardian angel.....	33
Bless me, befriend me	38
Blest spirits of light	41
Dear Angel! ever at my side	72
Guardian Angel from Heaven so bright.	99
How kind it is of you to come	132
Michael, prince of highest Heaven.....	176
O God, how ought my grateful heart....	202
Oh! list my loved angel, etc.	256
Sweet angel of Mercy, etc.	297
The gentle angels walk, etc.	317
Thou hast sorrowed the spirit, etc.	333
'Tis the feast of our angels, etc.	336

ALL SAINTS.

O Jesus! let Thy anger cease	218
------------------------------------	-----

ST. AGNES.

O holy martyr, spotless dove	211
Sweet St. Agnes, holy child	311

ST. ALOYSIUS.

Angelic youth! at whose blest birth....	15
Dearest saint, look down, etc.	78
O Thou who on Thy natal day	247

The youth who wealth and court de-
spised329

ST. ANNE.

To Kneel at thine altar339

ST. ANTHONY.

O great St. Anthony, we praise thee....204
St. Anthony, we praise thee292

ST. CECELIA.

Let the deep organ swell the lay.....157
St. Cecelia, from out the splendor293
White rose of Rome, encrimsoned, etc..374

ST. IGNATIUS.

Ye angels now be glad382

ST. JOHN.

When our Saviour gathered, etc.371

ST. JOSEPH.

All the Church, dearest Father..... 11
August and tender saint 25
Dear guardian of Mary 73
Dear St. Joseph, each fond heart, etc... 76
Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle..... 76
Glorious Father, dear St. Joseph 91
Great St. Joseph, throned in glory..... 98
Hail! holy Joseph, true sponse, etc...104
Holy Joseph, dearest Father128
Holy Patron, thee saluting131
Leaning upon that noble breast155
O Glorious St. Joseph203
O holy St. Joseph! in thee we confide ..213
Vir fidelis et prudens354

We call on thee, sweet St. Joseph357
With grateful hearts we breathe to-day.378

ST. MICHAEL.

O Jesus, life spring of the soul219

ST. PATRICK.

Grateful notes, to Heaven ascending.... 97
Hail, glorious St. Patrick, etc.....102
Hail, patron of Erin, etc.108
Hibernia's champion saint, all hail.....127

ST. PHILOMENA.

Blest Philomena 41

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

First floweret of the desert wild 85

ST. THOMAS.

Blest St. Thomas, holy patron 42

CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day.....184

ACTS OF THANKSGIVING, ETC.

Blessed be the love of Jesus. 40

CONTRITION.

God of mercy and compassion 95

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Go ye forth, O Zion' daughters..... 94

DEATH.

Come ye disconsolate, etc	67
Dearest Lord, in some deim, etc.	77
Jesus, ever-loving Saviour	143
O dearest Lord! We humbly crave.....	199
O heart of Jesus, who last gently pour- ed	206
Oh! turn to Jesus, Mother, turn.....	260
Pray for the dead! at noon and eve....	269
Treading the path of many days.....	343
When I am taken from this world of sadness	368



CATHOLIC
School and Sodality
HYMNAL

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Above this world of tears and sighs
I raise to God my soul,
And gaze on Thee beyond those skies
Where shining planets roll.
I see around Thy throne divine
The saints in bright array,
And ask how came they to be Thine,
And whence, blest souls, are they?

Thou tellest me they meekly bore
Privation, pain and loss,
And cheerfully they traveled o'er
The pathway of the Cross;
And thus, from many griefs and pains,
Have come to realms of light,
And in Thy blood have washed from
stains
Those robes that look so white.

And now, away from toil and strife,
From sin and sinner's ways,
From all the emptiness of life,
They live the endless days.
By Thee redeemed, by Thee embraced,
With Thee for ever blest,
Their Saviour's joy they see and taste,
And on His bosom rest.

O precious blood in Jesus' veins!
All wretched as I am,
I ask Thee cleanse my soul from stains,
O world-redeeming Lamb!
O God of earth, by Heaven adored,
Before Thy mercy-seat
I ask that o'er my soul be poured
This saving balm and sweet.

And though I suffer here below,
And tread the thorny way,
Thy blood will make me white as snow,
And wash my sins away.
And as my soul with ardor glows
To come to where Thou art,
My hope is in the blood that flows
From Thy most Sacred Heart.

ADESTE FIDELES.

Adeste fideles
Laete triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte

Regem Angelorum,
Venite, adoremus,
Venite, adoremus,
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine.
Gestant puellae viscera:
Deum verum
Genitum non factum,
Venite, etc.

Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula coelestium
Gloria
In excelsis Deo.
Venite, etc.

Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu! tibi sit gloria
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum
Venite, etc.

GREETING TO MARY.

Again with joy we greet thee,
O fair and sunny May;
'Mid censer's breath and flowers bright,
We sing our opening lay.
Now, wrapp'd in robes of beauty,
Thou'st burst upon our view,
Thy verdant pathway spangled
With pearls of shining dew.

CHORUS.

Vive, vive Maria,
Thou star of peerless ray,
We bring our hearts, embalm'd in love,
To crown thee Queen of May;
We bring our hearts to thee, our Queen of
May.

Thy lap is fill'd with blossoms
That her sweet smile adorns
Who bloom'd upon this fallen earth,
Like lily 'midst the thorns.
Then let us sing her praises
All through her own sweet May,
While daily at her altar
Our humble gifts we lay.—Chorus.

O gentle Queen of Heaven,
From thy bright throne above,
Ah, ever watch around our path
With Mother's tender love.
On thy poor wond'ring children,
Look kindly as we pray,
And bless us as we crown thee
Our chosen Queen of May.—Chorus.

ST. TERESA'S HYMN OF LOVE.

Ah! give him that wishes
The jasmine and rose,
In thousand bright gardens
No bud for me blows.
I seek but the fragrance
Of Nazareth's flower,
Now blooming with seraphs
In Heaven's glad bower.

CHORUS.

Let my eyes see Thee,
List to my sigh,
Good, gentle Jesus,
Then let me die.

A captive I languish,
No friend can me cheer,
Still dying while living,
When Thou art not near;
How long shall I tarry,
Sweet Jesus, from Thee?
Ah! haste the blest dawning
That shows Thee to me.—Chorus.

When Jesus is absent
Content flies away,
The soul's dereliction
Is felt night and day.
'Tis love that sustains me,
Till shadows give place
To Heaven's bright vision,
Thy beautiful face.—Chorus.

MATER AMABILIS.

Ah, her smile makes Heav'n rejoice,
Eyes of saints to glisten,
Even as angels, at her voice,
Hush their harps to listen,
And the light of Mary's eyes
Adds a bliss to Paradise;
Keep your joys, O ye unseen,
We would wish no other,
Angels, you may call her Queen,
You cannot call her mother.

CHORUS.

Mother Mary, we turn to thee,
Oh! let us then thine own true children be.

At the gate, on reaching home,
You will find her standing,
She will be the first to come,
And meet you on the landing.
At our weary exile's end,
Mother, o'er our pillow bend,
Show us, at our dying breath,
Him we call our brother,
In our life and in our death,
Oh! be to us a mother.—Chorus.

Christian, though your storm toss'd bark
On the sea still linger,
Can you call the way too dark,
Shown by Mary's finger?
Timid soul, where'er you are,
She will be your guiding star.
In her presence nothing harms,
Tempest may not smother,
Throw yourself into her arms,
You cannot doubt your Mother.—Chorus.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

Ah! must I leave my Lady's altar.
Where oft I've found such sweet de-
light?
My sad adieux must I now falter—
Must joys so pure now wing their flight?

CHORUS.

Farewell, sweet month, sweet month of
flowers—
Farewell, loved shrine, thou dear re-
treat;
But ere have fled these happy hours
My heart I'll leave at May's feet.
Farewell, farewell.

How sweet to sing my Mother's praises,
And breathe to her my loving sighs;
So fondly on me then she gazes—
So softly beam her starlike eyes.—Cho.

When I was tempted, sad and tearful.
My angel to thy shrine me led;
Thy smile dispelled the tempest fearful—
The demon at thy presence fled.—Cho.

There, from thy hands, with graces
streaming

Hope sweetly flowed upon my soul,
Thy arms, extended to me, seeming
To woo me to thy loved control.—Cho.

Those starry lights, so brightly glowing,
Sweet Mother, round thy flow'ry shrine,
Are but the symbols dimly showing

The love of this fond heart of mine.
—Cho.

Ah! while my love to thee I'm singing
To die this hour would be so sweet,
Like those spring flowers now perfumes
flinging,

That bloom and languish at thy feet.
—Cho.

AH! WHENCE TO ME THE BLISS.

Ah! whence to me the bliss,
The joy, the Heavenly sweetness,
That now in torrents pure
My heart o'erflows?
My soul, oh be thou silent,
'Tis thine own sweet Jesus,
Who comes to thee this morn
To be thy sweet relief.

CHORUS.

Sweet Jesus, I adore Thee,
Within my happy heart;
To me, O tender Jesus,
Thy grace and love impart.

My King Thou art, sweet Lord,
Tho' hidden be Thy splendor;
Thy radiance ever pure
In bliss doth shine.
And lowly 'mid its brightness,
Trembling here before Thee,
I kneel and humbly beg
To taste the sacred streams.—Cho.

When Death's dread hour draws nigh,
And holds me in its darkness—
When earth and friends depart,
Wilt Thou be near?
Ah, then, in Thy compassion,
Turn Thine eyes upon me,
And bid me come to Thee,
Then call, then let me hear.—Cho.

ALL FOR JESUS.

“All for Jesus!” let us make
This the key-note of our life;
Let us take it as a shield,
In our every care and strife.

“All for Jesus!” let us say,
When adversity draws nigh;
“All for Jesus!” let's repeat,
When temptation's winds blow high.

“All for Jesus!” let us say
When self-sacrifice implores;
And the same when calms prevail,
Or when loud the tempest roars.

“All for Jesus!” let us say
To the sorrow-stricken one;
All for Him. Who, for our sake,
Bore His heavy Cross alone.

“All for Jesus!” let us say
When the hour of death draws nigh;
“All for Jesus I have lived,
All for Him I wish to die.”

“All for Jesus!” may these words,
Sounding through the scale of years,
Give sweet music to each soul,
Until Heaven’s port it nears.

ALL FOR THEE.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
All for Thee eternally,
Naught for me, O Heart of Jesus,
Save to be beloved by Thee.

CHORUS.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus
All for Thee in life and death,
All for Thee, dear Heart of Jesus,
Till my latest dying breath,
All for Thee, all for Thee.

Not an object in this wide world
Can true joy to me impart,
Not an interest can allure me
Save the glory of Thy Heart.—Cho.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
All the daily inward strife,
All the soul’s sharp crucifixion,
All the weariness of life.—Cho.

Thou hast taught me, O my Saviour,
Where alone the heart finds rest,
I have learned ’tis sweet to suffer,
Pillowed on Thy Sacred Breast.—Cho.

HYMN TO THE ANGELS.

All hail, angelic powers!
All hail, bright spirits blest!
Oh, list our heartfelt prayer
For guidance and for rest.

CHORUS.

When will the angels come
And call our souls away?
The earth is dark as night,
But Heaven is bright as day.

Why stay we here so long,
Poor exiles from the land,
Where Mary sits enthroned
Upon her Son's right hand?—Cho.

Before the throne divine
Our voices high we'll raise
To God in Persons three,
With hymns of endless praise.—Cho.

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

All hail, great Conqueror, to Thee,
Arisen from the dead!
Grant us the light and faith that we
May in Thy footsteps tread.

To Heaven thou dost ascend again,
Sweet Saviour of our race,
With hope our fainting hearts sustain
To see in Heaven Thy face.

O Holy Ghost, who didst descend
In cloven tongues of fire,
Our souls, which all too earthward tend,
With burning zeal inspire.

Mother of God, enthroned above,
Beseech thy Son anew
To fill our hearts with childlike love
For thee, our Mother, too.

All-gracious Queen of angels, deign
Our last request to hear;
For us this crowning gift obtain,
In grace to persevere.

ALL THE CHURCH, DEAREST
FATHER.

All the Church, dearest Father, St. Joseph,
Exults in her gladness and joy,
For the Vicar of Jesus now gives Thee
An empire no power shall destroy.

And Thou, dearest Father, now steerest
The bark of St. Peter through storm;
And we know, tho' the dread cloud enfolds
her,
Thou the darkness to light will trans-
form.

Yes, the Church of thy Son in her mourn-
ing
Proclaims thee her patron for e'er,
St. Joseph, oh! guard her for Jesus,
Thy power in her favor declare.

Oh! meet then it was, dear St. Joseph,
That thy triumphs shall hallow the day
Which entwined in the crown of our
Mother
That blossom which shall ne'er decay.

Then loud is the glad anthem pealing,
 Whilst the heart of the Church thrills
 with joy,
St. Joseph, in all lands her patron,
 His power for her will employ.

ALL YE WHO SEEK A SURE RELIEF.

All ye who seek a sure relief
 In trouble or distress,
Whatever sorrows vex the mind,
 Or guilt the soul oppress.

CHORUS.

Jesus, who gave Himself for you
 Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His Sacred Heart;
 Oh! to that Heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly He invites,
 Ye hear His words so blest:
"All Ye that labor, come to Me,
 And I will give you rest."

What meeker than the Saviour's Heart,
 As on the Cross He lay?
It did His murderers forgive,
 And for their pardon pray.

O Heart! Thou joy of saints on high!
 Thou hope of sinners here!
Attracted by those loving words,
 To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood
 Which forth from Thee did flow,
New grace, new hope, inspire anew,
 And better heart bestow.

EASTER 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 gladness and
the joyful valleys ring
With "Hosanna in the Highest" to our
Saviour and our King.

Alleluia, alleluia! He endured the knotted
whips,
And the jeering of the rabble and the
scorn of mocking lips;
And the terrors of the gibbet upon which
He would be slain,
But His death was only slumber, He is
risen up again.

Alleluia, alleluia! like the sun from out the
wave,
He has risen up in triumph from the dark-
ness 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 to-day.

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 time are past,
And the dead shall be awakened by the
trumpet's mighty blast.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

(From Advent till the Purification.)
Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia
coeli
Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre
cadenti.
Surgere qui curat populo; tu quae genuisti,
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem,
Virgo prius ac posterius; Gabrielis ab ore
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

ANGEL VOICES.

Angel voices in the air,
Softly whisp'ring ev'rywhere;
Oft so far and then so near
That their words methinks I hear;
Breathing words so true and kind
To the weary, burdened mind;
Oh! sweet voices from above,
Whisp'ring such sweet words of love.

CHORUS.

Oh, angel voices in the air,
Softly whisp'ring ev'rywhere;
Oft so far and then so near
That their words methinks I hear.

Angel voices sweet I hear,
Wafting music to my ear;
Music, borne on angel's wing,
Such as they alone could sing;
Telling of the Saviour's love,
And His glorious home above;
Bidding each and everyone
To the Saviour's arms to come.—Cho.

Angel voices in the air,
'Tis glad tidings that you hear;
When you speak of homes above
And God's great redeeming love.
Angel voices in the air,
Would that I were only there,
In that Heavenly home above,
There to sing the Saviour's love.—Cho.

THE AMIABLE AND ANGELIC YOUTH.

Angelic Youth! at whose blest birth
Bright choirs of Heavenly spirits
thronged;
How great the day which gave to earth
A treasure that to Heaven belonged.

CHORUS.

Amiable and angelic Youth!
Aloysius, pray for us:
Amiable and angelic Youth!
Aloysius, pray for us.

O happy Youth! from thy first hour
Thy steps e'er were to Heaven bound;
Thou ne'er didst yield to demon's power,
Nor fall 'neath sin which raged around.
Cho.

Thy guileless tongue and gentle heart
From Jesus' heart were never riven;
In things of earth thou hadst no part,
For all thy thoughts were set on heaven.
Cho.

Through Christ's sweet love, oh! pray for
those
For whom He died upon the Tree;
Through love thy soul has gained repose,
Through love we hope to follow thee.
Cho.

QUEEN OF ANGELS.

Angels' Queen in beauty reigning,
Crowned art thou in yon Heavenly
Land,
Where myriad angels sing thy praises,
And round thy throne forever stand.

CHORUS.

Regina Angelorum.
Wave o'er us thy sceptered hand.
Hail, Holy Queen of Angels,
Our hope, our life, our sweetness, hail.

Queen of Angels, while we praise thee,
Ev'ry prayer is-a link of gold
That reaches from the earth to Heaven,
Where each request is sweetly told.
—Cho.

Queen of Angels, strong and mighty,
In thy voice there is power divine
That moves thy own dear Son to mercy,
Responsive to each pray'r of thine.
—Cho.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains, in reply,
Echo back their joyous strains.

CHORUS.

Gloria in Excelsis Deo,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,

Shepherds, why this jubilee,
Why your rapturous strains prolong,
Say what may the tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
—Cho.

Come to Bethlehem, come and see
Him whose birth the angels sing,
Come, adore on bended knee
The Infant Christ, the new-born King.
—Cho.

APPROACH NOT THE ALTAR.

Approach not the Altar with gloom on thy
soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's con-
trol,
God loves not the sadness of fear and
distrust,
Oh! serve Him with gladness, the Gentle,
the Just.

His bounty is tender, His being is love,
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch
above;
Believing, confiding, oh! enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, His portals
with praise.

Bring meekly before Him the faith of a
child,
Bow down and adore Him with heart un-
defiled;
And by the still waters, and through the
green shade,
With Mary, glad daughter, thy path shall
be made.

AS PANTS THE HART.

As pants the hart for cooling springs,
Among the rocks and barren sands,
So doth my soul, O King of kings,
Long for refreshment at Thy hands.

CHORUS.

My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee.
For Thee, the source of every grace.
Oh! when shall I Thy beauty see,
When shall I see Thee face to face?

My tears have flowed by day and night,
When I have felt Thy chastening rod;
But wicked men enjoy the sight,
And, mocking, ask, "Where's now thy
God?"—Cho.

Where art Thou, Lord, my Life, my All?
Thou art above, around, within;
Whate'er betides, on Thee I call,
To save me, and to pardon sin.—Cho.

Joy, then, and endless jubilee!
Divine reward of faith and love;
I hear the strains of harmony
From the triumphant Church above.
—Cho.

Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?
God is thy drink, and He thy food;
Bequeathed to thee—His last bequest—
His body and His precious blood.—Cho.

AS THE DEWY SHADES.

As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,
Listen to my vesper prayer.
Holy Mother, near me hover;
Free my thoughts from aught defiled,
With thy wings of Mercy cover—
Keep from sin thy helpless child.

Thine own sinless heart was broken;
Sorrow's sword has pierced its core.
Holy Mother! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.
Queen of Heaven! guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair;
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, mother, to thy care.

Mother of my Infant Saviour,
Spouse of God, my plaint, oh! hear;
Purest Virgin, Gracious Matron,
Oh! relieve me by thy prayer.
From thy happy seat in Zion
Light me through this dark abode,
Smile, oh! gently smile upon me,
Tell my sorrows to my God.

SWEET MARY.

As the gentle spring uncloses,
And the winter fades away,
Sunlight glistens, lilies glow,
As we greet the month of May.
As we hail its peerless Queen,
Mary, Mother of Delight,
In her own especial season,
Sing her praise from morn to night.

CHORUS.

Mary, mother sweet, Mary, mother fair,
Virgin Queen of May, hear our prayer,
Unto Jesus pray, that each day
We may grow like thee, Queen of May.

May is Mary's—she is ours—
Thus the month is doubly dear;
As we crown her with our flowers,
Angels gladly hover near!
And the Blessed Jesus smiles
On each humble votary,
And our homage to His Mother
Will requite most graciously.—Cho.

Dearest Mother, we remember,
How, at one request of thine,
Jesus at the marriage feast
Changed the water into wine:
At our feast, oh! let the flood
Of our tears thy pity move,
Beg, oh! beg the Son to change them
To the wine of perfect love.—Cho.

Take us all 'neath thy protection,
Heart and soul and senses take!
Tell dear Jesus we are thine,
And He'll bless us for thy sake;
And the treasures of our Mary
Up in Heaven we shall store,
Naught shall steal them, naught corrode
them—
They shall last forevermore.—Cho.

PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

As the glow of morning deepens in the
sky,
Or as sunset glories slowly fade and die.
All the wide world over, like an incense
rare,
From the hearts of thousands rising up
the pray'r.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, fill'd with love for
me,
Kindle in my spirit truer love for Thee.

Refuge of the sinful, stronghold of the
weak,
Comfort of the grieving, light for them
that seek:
These Thou art, O Jesus, yet we know but
part
Of the love which for us dwells within
Thy Heart.

Each good act accomplished, vict'ry nobly
won,
Crosses bravely carried, duties brightly
done—
These are trials no longer, if we would
but see,
They are sent to lead us nearer unto Thee.
In the fire of trial so my soul refine
That it may be pleasing to Thy Heart
Divine;
In Thy loving mercy so transform it till
Its supreme ambition be to do Thy will.

SACRED HEART HYMN.

As the radiant dawn is stealing
Far up the glowing East,
To Thy Faithful ones revealing
Again the happy Feast;
Sacred Heart, in spirit lowly,
I consecrate to-day
Heart and soul that I may wholly be
Thine own, dear Lord, always.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart,
Hear the prayers we now implore
In living or in dying
We may love Thee more and more.
Thou art here in loving meekness
Through ever-changing years;
Thou hast strength in human weakness,
And balm for human tears.
On the Cross Thy heart was bleeding
My sins to wash away;
Now Thy heart for mine is pleading
With tenderest love to-day.

Thou, whose angel choirs are telling
Of majesty divine,
How canst Thou desire the dwelling
Of such a heart as mine.
Love Divine, grant that I never
From Thee by sin may part,
And my hope and stay forever
Will be Thy Sacred Heart.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen!
Ascend, and plead the cause of men!
Ascend, and reign upon the throne
Predestinated thine alone.
Ascend, where none before have trod,
Ascend, the mother of thy God.

Oh, how for thee the angels sigh,
Eager to waft thee to the sky!
Too long for them the hours appear
That strive to hold thee captive here,
Where quenched in mists of earth below
Thy rays of glory dimly show.

Ascend, ascend, Imperial Queen!
Forsake this liminary scene;
Forsake this lower, darksome place,
Which guilt and misery deface;
A higher world invites thee on
To splendor and dominion.

EVENING HYMN TO THE BLESSED
VIRGIN.

At eve's lone stilly hour,
When faint shadows rest on the silent
streams,
When the winds are hush'd, and the star-
light gleams,
Sweet Mother! I call on thee.

Unto thy shrine I come,
With a heavy heart by danger prest,
As the trembling dove which had fled its
nest,
O Dulcis Maria, hear!

Receive the stricken one
From the guilt of sin and the threat'ning
foe,
Oh! protect thy child, and thy love bestow,
Virgo Maria, audi!

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour!
And Thy angels fill midnight 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, sweet Babe,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Thou hast brought with Thee grace and
pardon,

And our souls overflow with delight;
While our hearts are half broken, dear
Jesus!

With the joy of this wonderful night.
—Cho.

We've waited so long for Thee, Jesus;

Art Thou come to us, dearest, at last?

Ah! we bless Thee, fond joy of thy
Mother,

This is worth all the wearisome past.
—Cho.

TO HOLY FATHER ST. JOSEPH.

August and tender Saint on high
Enthroned 'mid Heavenly choirs,
Hear the earnest prayers of our hearts,
O'er whom earth's shadows lower.

Unto thy tender watchful care
The Lord of Heaven was given;
In His dear name, thy children pray—

Oh, guide us home to Heaven.
Sainted Joseph, Father blest,
The faithful fly to thee;

In peril dread and anguish deep,
Our hope, our comfort be.

CHORUS.

Earthly guardian of our God,
The Church doth call on thee;
In this her hour of darkest woe,
Her strength, her pilot be.

Thou wert once a child of earth,
And felt its bitter woes;
Look, then, to our welfare here,
Aid us against our foes.
For errors, clouds, obscure the truth,
Faith's rays no longer shine,
With the pure light of other days,
In lands that once were thine.—Cho.

AVE, MARIA.

CHORUS.

Ave, Maria, guardian dear
Bright Mother of the blest,
Us o'er life's sea, oh! calmly steer
Unto the port of rest.

Be our guardian, be our stay,
While the darkness rides its round;
Keep us till the morning ray
Wake again our anthem sound.—Cho.

Mother, taintless, undefiled,
Sinless let our slumbers be;
Mother of the sinless Child,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee.—Cho.

Thou hast made our desert bloom;
Mary, deign to hear our prayer;
If to-night we seek the tomb,
Shine upon the desert there.—Cho.

AVE MARIA! MESSAGE FROM
HEAVEN.

Ave Maria! Message from Heaven,
Wafted by angels down to the earth,
Hope of the fallen race, in mercy given,
Ave Maria!
Thou pre-elected, hearts now we raise to
thee,
Ave Maria! Ave Maria!
Ave Maria! Shadows break slowly,
Dawn of salvation comes to earth's
shore;
Then shall we sing to thee, sinless and
holy,
Ave Maria!
Queen of creation, hope of the fallen race,
Treasure of love and grace.
Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

WELCOME, MONTH OF MARY.

Ave Maria! Star of Heaven,
Guide of earthly pilgrims here,
All my life to thee is given,
Guard it with a Mother's care.

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, month of Mary,
Emblem of the Virgin pure;
Come, oh! come, our hearts are weary.
Come, and all our sorrows cure.

Ave Maria! Heavenly Mother,
Smiling sweetly from above;
Make us live with one another
In unchanging bliss and love.—Cho.

Ave Maria! purest flower,
In our hearts fore'er abide;
Shield us in temptation's hour,
In our wanderings be our guide.—Cho.

Ave Maria! Star of even,
When the hour of death is come,
Take my soul with thee to Heaven,
To its everlasting home.—Cho.

ANNUNCIATION.

Ave Maria, softly spoken, in the mid-
night's hour,
Ave Maria, dearest token of God's great
love, of love's great power.
The tidings blest of man's salvation, how
their grandeurs in our hymns pre-
vail;
With Gabriel's voice the while we greet
Thee and join him in that wond'rous
Hail.

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Ave!

Ave Maria, sinless maiden, fair art thou
and full of grace,
Earth is around thee, sorrow laden, oh!
cheer it with thy beauteous face;
It hears the joyful salutation, softly trem-
bling on the midnight gale,
With Gabriel's voice the while we greet
Thee and join him in that wond'rous
Hail.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.

Ave Maria, near and nearer comes to us
the joyful strain,
Ave Maria, louder, clearer, the Church
takes up the glad refrain:
And oh! we pray thee, Virgin tender, that
thy kind protection never fail,
With Gabriel's voice the while we greet
Thee and join him in that wond'rous
Hail.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.

AVE MARIA, BRIGHT AND PURE.

Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Hear, oh! hear me when I pray!
Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim
On his long and dreary way;
Fears and perils are around me,
Ave Maria, bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

Ave Maria! Queen of Heaven,
Teach, oh! teach me to obey;
Lead me on, though fierce temptations
Stand and meet me in the way;
When I fail and faint, my Mother,
Ave Maria, bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,
Art my strong support and stay,
Fear nor feel the threefold danger
Standing forth in dread array.
Now and ever shield and guard me,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,
And when death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,
Claim my soul, and then, sweet Mary,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Ave Maris Stella,
Dei Mater Alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix Coeli porta.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Evae nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis,
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 praesta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritu Sancto,
Tribus honor unus. Amen.
V. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea,
R. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Now, sweet Mother! may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee.

CHORUS.

Ave! ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Ave! ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea.

Yet when thus full hearts and voices,
If o'erburdened souls there be,
Dark and silent in their anguish,
Aid those captives, set them free.

—Cho.

Touch them, every fount unsealing
Where the frozen tears lie deep;
Thou, the Mother of all sorrows,
Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!—Cho.

AVE, REGINA.

(From the Purification till Maunday
Thursday.)

Ave, Regina Coelorum,
Ave, domina angelorum,
Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundi lux est orta.

Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa;
Vale, o valde, decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

AVE SANCTISSIMA.

Ave Sanctissima,
We lift our souls to thee,
Ora pro nobis,
Thou bright Star of the Sea.
Guard us when sin is nigh,—
Snares round our path are spread,
Hear the heart's lonely sigh;
Thine, too, hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of Heaven to faith,
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear.
Ora pro nobis!
From sin our slumbers keep,
Ora, mater, ora,
Star of the deep.

Ave purissima,
List to thy children's prayer;
Ave Maria,
And take us to thy care.
When darkness comes o'er us,
Whilst here on earth we stay,
Thy light shine before us,
Guide of the way.

Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of Heaven to faith,
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear.
Ora pro nobis,
Let angels guard our sleep,
Ora, mater, ora,
Star of the deep.

COMMUNION HYMN.

Awake, my soul, the solemn hour ap-
proaches
When Jesus will His sweetness all dis-
close.
The bliss of paradise on earth encroaches,
For He is nigh, thy Centre, thy Repose.

CHORUS.

Sweet Source of grace, sweet Pledge of
love,
My Heav'n on earth to be,
My soul, draw nigh; I live—not I,
But Jesus lives in me.

TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Beauteous spirit! Guardian angel!
Oh! how dear to us art thou,
We will love thee, and invoke thee,
Though we cannot see thee now.

CHORUS.

Pray, oh pray for us with the Queen of
Heaven,

That our dearest Lord may bless
And protect us, guide us safely

Through this life to endless bliss.
Dear Guardian Angel, watch over us!
Dear Guardian Angel, watch over us!
Dear Angel, pray and watch over us!

Oh! how much we long to see thee
In that happy realm above,
And to hear thee sing the praises
Of our Lord, with Heavenly love.—Cho.

Oh! celestial spirit, guide us,
Hold us up, nor let us fall
Into sin, but lead us safely
To our Lord, our God, our All.—Cho.

BEHOLD! HOW WE'VE PIERCED
THEE!

Behold! how we've pierced Thee,
All gracious as Thou art.
Our sins, oft repeated,
Have wounded Thy sinless Heart.
O Love! 'twas our insults—
Ah! 'twas our cruel pride—
That plung'd, on Golgotha,
The spear in Thy helpless side!

SOLO.

O Heart! from that portal
Came forth Thine eternal bride;
The door of salvation
Was opened on the true Ark's side.

CHORUS.

O bruised Heart! O pierced heart,
Dear Heart of Jesus!
O meek Heart! O pure Heart, we live but
in Thee!
Sweet Heart of Jesus,
Let us die in Thee!

DUO.

In seven fair streamlets
Flows here a saving flood;
Defiled, we draw near it,
To wash in Thy precious Blood!
Ah! ne'er let our baseness
Wound Thee again, blest Heart!
Our souls long to praise Thee,
Inflamed by love's fiery dart.

SOLO.

Oh! grant this, dear Jesus!
O Father, Spirit! we implore,
Whose power and glory
And kingdom last forevermore.

CHORUS.

O, bruised Heart! O pierced Heart, etc.

VISITATION.

Behold sweet Mary, as she hastens
Her happy steps o'er Juda's hills.
Her charity no danger chastens,
And Hebron's house with joy she fills.
Oh! blessed thou among all others,
God's presence crowns thee with His
grace,
Most happy thou of all most happy moth-
ers,
Soon wilt thou gaze on the beauty of
His face.

CHORUS.

Blessed Mary, O happy, happy mother!
With thee we magnify the Lord.
Blessed Mary, O happy, happy mother,
With thee we magnify the Lord.

Then St. Elizabeth, awaking
To holy joy and ecstasy,
Exclaimed, in ardent transports breaking,
“Ah! whence, ah! whence is this to me!
The mother of my God and Saviour
Unto this house salvation brings,
Her presence breathes a peace and bene-
diction,
And in my soul it hath wrought most
wondrous things.”—Cho.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Behold the Heart! Whose love for men
Transcends all praise of tongue or pen,
Yet Whose Ardor burning
And whose tender yearning
Meet with coldness and disdain.

CHORUS.

O Sacred Heart, O Heart Divine,
Thou art our hope, Thou art our home;
All glory, love and thanks be Thine,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Kingdom
come.

The Kingdom of the Prince of peace,
Whose reign of love shall never cease.
Meek and humble Sovereign,
All our passions govern,
And our league of love increase,

O reign of gentle lowliness,
Of pure devoted holiness,
Of the gracious merit
Of a selfless spirit,
Heal our wounds, our sorrows bless.

By all the love and rapture sweet,
That swayed the Blessed Marguerite,
Let Thy Cross be ours,
And Thy thorns our flowers,
Thy blest flame our sure retreat.

BENEATH THE CROSS.

Beneath the Cross the mournful mother
standing;
Beneath the Cross we hear her gentle
moan.
The Well-Beloved her tender care com-
manding,
And as her Son she "takes Him to her
own."

CHORUS.

Jesus said: "Son behold thy mother,"
And in that Son, her children we became
Then, Mary blest, ah! show thyself our
mother.
For Jesus' sake thy tender care we
claim.

O Mother, thou above all mothers grieving,
Within thy heart the seven-fold sword
hath passed.
When Jesus' heart upon the Cross was
bleeding,
Each drop of blood outpoured unto the
last.—Cho.

MY ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Bless me, befriend me, sweet Angel, I
prayer,
Watch me, defend me, by night, by night
and by day;
Shelter, enfold me within thy bright
wings;
Guide me, uphold me in life's wanderings.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Beam on my gladness,
Thy joy, thy joy I shall share!

TENOR.

Shine on my sadness,
And sorrow, sorrow I'll bear;

ALTO.

My path, my path shall be clear:

BASS.

ALTO.

Go thou before me, my path, my path
shall be clear;
Hover thou o'er me, no foe then shall I
fear;
Bless me, befriend me, sweet Angel, I
prayer.
Watch me, defend me, by night, by night
and by day.
Oh, may I never forget thou art near!
Keep, keep me ever in love, in love and in
fear.
Waking and sleeping—in labor and rest,
In thy sweet keeping my life shall be blest.

SOPRANO.

Angel so holy! whom God, whom God
sends to me,

TENOR.

Sinful and lowly, my guardian, guardian
to be,

ALTO.

The child, the child of thy care—

BASS.

Wilt thou not cherish
The child, the child of thy care?
Let me not perish—my trust is in thy
prayer.
Bless me, befriend me, sweet angel, I pray,
Watch me, defend me, by night, by night
and by day.

BEHOLD THE MONTH OF MARY..

Blessed are we as the children of a mother
Who in her grace surpasses all;
Hasten, then, haste with gladness to her
altar,
There at her feet in meekness to fall.

CHORUS.

Behold the month of Mary,
It passes like a white-winged dove,
And through its hours of beauty
Resound our strains of love.
Beautiful Mary, sweetest of mothers,
Oh! bless us, ere thy month departs;
Beautiful Mary, sweetest of mothers,
Receive our lays, receive our hearts.

Slowly the winter faded on the mountain,
Leaving the streams all chainless free;
Buds of the meadow, and waters of the
fountain,
All are awaking, sweet mother, for thee!
—Cho.

Bless, then, O Mary, the gifts of smiling
nature,
Sweeter than these there scarce could
be;
Fields in their beauty have yielded thee
their treasure—
Birds in their gladness are singing for
thee.
—Cho.

We, too, will praise thee, pure and stain-
less mother;
We will unite with flower and bird,
And, 'round thy altar, through all thy
sacred season,
Will lays of thy glory, thy beauty, be
heard.
—Cho.

Here in the morn, and in the shades of
even,
We in our joy will bend each day;
Flowers may fade, and the songs of birds
be missing—
Love and devotion will never decay.
—Cho.

ACTS OF THANKSGIVING AND OFFERING.

Blessed be the love of Jesus,
Giving us His flesh and blood,
Blessed His mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good.

Blessed be the great St. Joseph,
Sing, then, with devotion true:
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and life I give to you."

HYMN TO ST. PHILOMENA.

CHORUS.

Blest Philomena,
Virgin so fair,
We come now to offer
Ourselves to thy care.

Temptations assail us,
Our nature is frail,
Let not thy help fail us,
Hear our sad wail. —Cho.

Child of benediction,
Daughter of light,
Cheer us in affliction,
Illumine our night. —Cho.

Then, martyr of purity,
Offer our vows
Of faith and devotion
To Jesus thy Spouse.—Cho.

BLEST SPIRITS.

Blest spirits of light! Ye who have not
forsaken
The children of earth, though fallen from
bliss;
Oh! still watch around us, our bosoms
awaken
To thoughts of a world that is brighter
than this.

CHORUS.

Ah! kindly watch over us, guard and protect us,
Sweet angels and guides, to the mansions of bliss,
Sweet angels and guides, to the mansions of bliss.

The lily of innocence fondly we'll cherish,
Averting whatever its blossoms may stain;
And, oh! if 'tis fading and ready to perish,
Restore it, sweet angels, its beauty again. —Cho.

ST. THOMAS, HOLY PATRON.

Blest St. Thomas, holy Patron!
Draw our hearts and hopes above;
Bless us with a father's blessing,
Shield us with a father's love.

CHORUS.

From thy starry throne of glory,
In the shining light of Heaven,
Thou wilt look upon thy children,
To thy holy keeping given.

We will onward in thy footsteps,
We will upward to the goal;
And thy mighty power shall strengthen.
And thy whispered words console. —Cho.

Keep us pure like thee, and teach us
Earth's false brightness to despise,
While we gaze with earnest longing
On our home beyond the skies.—Cho.

By thy life and death so holy,
By thy bliss with God on high,
Grant that, like to thee, dear Patron,
We for God may live and die.—Cho.

BLOOD OF JESUS, WE ADORE THEE.

Blood of Jesus, saving fountain!
Whence all graces flow to men,
Well-spring from the holy mountain!
Pure beyond all mortal ken!
Help thy servants, sweetest Saviour!
Ransomed by Thy precious blood!
Wash their souls in this blest laver,
Cleanser them in this healing flood.

CHORUS.

Blood of Jesus, we adore Thee!
Hear and grant Thy children's prayer!
Blood of Jesus, we implore Thee!
Save us from the demon's snare!

Glowing on the Church's annals
Like the sun's red rising beam;
Through the sacramental channels,
Flowing in a crimson stream!
Crowning saints and cleansing sinners,
Blessing every faithful soul;—
In the race victorious winners
Bear it radiant to the goal.—Cho.

Hither haste, each guilty varlet!
Hither haste, ye slaves of woe!
Though your sins may be as scarlet,
Christ can wash them white as snow!
Full of faith and warm devotion,
Bathing in the blood divine,
In the depths of this great ocean.
Like the stars, your souls shall shine.
—Cho.

BRIGHT MOTHER OF OUR MAKER.

Bright mother of our Maker, hail,
Thou Virgin ever blessed,
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 Heavenly light instruct the blind
And all our vows fulfil.

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 lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.

Preserve our lives unstained with ill
In this infectious way,
That Heaven alone 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.

BRIGHT QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Bright Queen of Heaven,
Virgin most fair,
Mary most gentle,
List to our prayer;
Mother, protect us,
Aid us to bring,
Sweetly enfold us
'Neath thy shelt'ring wing.

Star of the Ocean,
Shedding soft light,
Solace in sorrow,
Rest 'mid the night;
Send, in our slumbers,
Peace from above,
Shine on us ever,
Bright Star of Love.

Tho' night be lonely,
Why should we fear
While thy soft gleaming
Shineth so near?
Leading us gently
'Mid darkling gloom,
Beck'ning us onward
To our true home.

Soon may the morrow
Of bright endless day
Chase the drear visions
Of dark night away;
Waft our lone spirits
To Heaven's bright shore,
Where we may love thee.
And rest evermore.

QUEEN OF MAY.

Bright, spotless maiden, Heav'nly courts
adorning,
For endless years our happy eyes to
greet,
Joy of the angels, gentle star of morning,
Hasten the day when we in Heav'n shall
meet.

CHORUS.

Ah! what a joy, dear Mother, thee to see,
And be in Heaven near thee, eternally!

God's love around thee clothes thee with a
splendor
Eye hath not seen nor heart of man con-
ceived;
God's blessed angels their fond homage
render,
Sing evermore the work in thee achieved.
—Cho.

Joy of the ransomed saints, thy love pro-
claiming,
See in thy smile the love of thy dear
Son,
Love that redeemed them, grace that e'er
sustained them,
Till the long strife on earth was happily
done.—Cho.

BRIGHT SUNBEAMS DECK THE JOY- FUL SKY.

Bright sunbeams deck the joyful sky,
Hosannas fill the air;
The world is shouting victory,
And Hell is in despair.

This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave;
And many a Saint to welcome Him
Hath left his ancient grave.

In vain they sealed the Sepulchre,
- And watched around His tomb,
The Lord hath gain'd the victory,
And death is overcome.

Then weep no more at death's dark power,
Let no more tears be shed;
For why? the Vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead.

O Jesus! may we ever live
From sin and sorrow free;
Then let us ever die to sin,
And ever live to Thee.

BRING FLOWERS OF THE RAREST.

Bring flow'rs of the rarest, bring flow'rs
of the fairest;
From garden and woodland, and hill-
side and vale;
Our full hearts are swelling, our glad
voices telling
The praise of the loveliest Rose of
the dale.

CHORUS.

O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms
to-day,
Queen of the angles, Queen of the May.
O Mary we crown thee with blossoms
to-day,
Queen of the angels, Queen of the May.

Our voices ascending, in harmony blending,

Oh! thus may our hearts turn, dear Mother, to thee;

Oh! thus shall we prove thee how truly we love thee,

How dark without Mary life's journey would be.—Cho.

O Virgin most tender, our homage we render,

Thy love and protection, sweet Mother, to win;

In danger defend us, in sorrow befriend us,

And shield our fond hearts from contagion of sin.—Cho.

Of Mothers the dearest, oh! wilt thou be nearest

When life with temptation is darkly replete?

Forsake us? oh! never! our hearts be they ever

As pure as the lilies we lay at thy feet.—Cho.

LITANY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS.

By the blood that flow'd from Thee

In Thy bitter agony;

By the scourge so meekly borne,

By Thy purple robe of scorn.

CHORUS.

Jesus, hear our pleading pray'r,

O Thou who did'st our burden bear;

Hear, oh! hear a sinner's cry,

'Tis of love the contrite sigh,

Sweet Jesus, hear.

By the thorns that crown'd Thy head,
By Thy sceptre of a reed,
By thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe.—Cho.

By the nails and pointed spear,
By Thy people's cruel jeer;
By Thy dying prayer which rose,
Begging mercy for Thy foes.—Cho.

CAN IT BE THAT MY GOD.

Can it be that my God
Comes down from Heaven!
Makes my heart His abode,
To me is given!
Yes, yes, within my breast
Soon shall my Jesus rest,
Soon shall He be my guest,
Nor thence be driven.

No, no, my trembling heart,
Leave thee! no never!
Never shall He depart,
What can us sever?
No, no, I hear him say,
With My beloved I'll stay;
My love shall ne'er decay,
But last forever.

Then, O my Jesus, come,
Come to this dwelling;
Make my poor heart now Thy home,
Make Thine each feeling.
Still, still, my blessed God,
Feed me with this sweet food;
Still with Thy sacred blood
All my wounds healing.

What save my God above
Have I in Heaven?
And what to win my love,
Can here be given?
Then, then, my happy soul,
Thou shalt alone control:
Thou shalt possess the whole,
To Thee still cleaving.

Oh! for such love as this,
What now returning;
What shall return such bliss
But a heart burning?
Burning with flames of love
Till with my God above
His endless joys I prove,
With Him sojourning.

CHILD JESUS THE MOST BEAUTI-
FUL.

Child Jesus, the most beautiful
Among the sons of men,
'Twould take a seraph's burning love
Thy wondrous charms to pen;
Yet in our childhood's lowliness
We kneel before Thy shrine,
To sing Thy praise and claim Thy care.
Sweet Infant all divine.

CHORUS.

Dear Blessed One, we come to Thee
Our childhood's years to crown.
That on the bloom of innocence
No sinful blight come down.

We'll seek Thee in Thy holiness,
Thy loving aid to share,
At noon and eve the while we raise
Our hearts to Thee in prayer.
Then with Thy blessing 'round us shed,
Like heaven's serenest light,
We'll feel, and joy is in the thought,
Our weakness crowned with might.
—Cho.

We'll seek thee in Thy gentleness,
To chase all strife away.
If boist'rous passion would arise
To mar our thoughtless play.
We'll seek Thee in obedience,
In innocence and truth,
Then, loving Jesus, Thou wilt bless
The rosy dawn of youth.

CHORUS.

O Jesus, Mary, be it ours
One priceless grace to win,
To keep the hearts we offer you
Unstained by aught of sin.

CHRIST HAS DESCENDED.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, my Treasure divine,
Oh, with what rapture I call Thee all mine,
Brilliant, celestial, my Glory, my Sun;
Oh, that I loved Thee, Thou beautiful One.

Christ has descended, angels on high
Softly breathe o'er us, Jesus is nigh;
The cherub, the seraph, in awe lowly
bends,
While Jesus the King of the Heavens de-
scends.

Fountain of sweetness, Abyss of delight,
Robed in Thy splendor, immortal and
bright,
Thou God of my heart! oh, when shall I
flee
Away from my prison, to love only Thee?

Jesus, sweet Jesus, so priceless in worth,
Joy of the angels and Hope of the earth;
Strong are the links and bonds which con-
fine
My heart and my soul to Thee, Jesus all
mine.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Christ is risen from the dead, Alleluia, al-
leluia!
Risen as He truly said; Alleluia, alleluia!
Oh, praise the Lord with grateful voice,
Bless His Name, rejoice, rejoice! Alleluia,
alleluia!
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia, alleluia!

Angels clad in snowy white, Alleluia, alle-
luia!
Coming from the realms of light, Alleluia,
alleluia!
They bid us sing with grateful voice,
Bid us all rejoice! rejoice, Alleluia, alle-
luia!
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia, alleluia!

Man was but a slave before, Alleluia, alleluia!

Man is free forevermore, Alleluia, alleluia!
Now Heaven and earth, with grateful
voice,

Bid us all rejoice, rejoice! Alleluia, alleluia,
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia, alleluia!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
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 risen on high,
Now He dies, no more to die!

Christ, the victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled;
When, 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 risen on high,
Now He dies, no more to die!

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Thronged in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high!
Hail, thou King of victory!
Hail, thou Prince of life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord!

CHRIST WAS BORN.

Christ was born on Christmas day—
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay;
Christus natus hodie;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Mary.

He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex-Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord by all adored forever.

Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
Christian men, rejoice and sing,
'Tis the birthday of a King.
Ex Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord by all adored forever.

Night of sadness, morn of gladness,
Evermore, ever, ever;
After many troubles sore,
Morn of gladness, evermore and evermore.
Midnight scarcely passed and over,
Drawing to this holy morn,
Very early, very early Christ was born.

CHRISTIANS, WHO OF JESUS' SORROWS.

Christians, who of Jesus' sorrows
Come the doleful tale to hear,
See what streams of blood flowed for us—
Blend, ah! blend at least a tear.
Lo! for your own sins devoted,
Bleeds the victim from on high,
By His suff'rings animated,
For Him live and for Him die.

In a lonely garden praying
Conflicts rude oppress His soul,
Fear and hope His soul assailing
Strive by turns His will to rule.
Now doth fear command imperious,
Now strong efforts love combines;
Love at length prevails victorious,
He to death Himself resigns.

See, now Jesus is forsaken,
Round Him press a ruthless band,
See His Heav'nly cheeks are smitten
By the merciless soldier's hand;
Faithful spirits who with sorrow
View'd from Heav'n this cruel deed,
Shelter Him, or, arm'd with terror,
Wing on it with light'ning speed.

Doom'd to death, new Isaac willing,
Loaded with the heavy tree,
In His heart our sins bewailing,
He ascends Mount Calvary.
Lo! His hands and feet are pierc'd thro',
On the bloody cross He lies;
Streams of vital blood flow for you,
Sinners, He's your sacrifice.

Now, behold the Man of Sorrows,
On the cross exalted high;
Suffering, bleeding, dying for us.
Now, behold salvation nigh;
Satan, our great foe, lies vanquishe'd,
Mary's seed has bruised his head,
Our redemption is accomplished,
Jesus has our ransom paid.

He expires in sad convulsions;
Future comfortless bemoans;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Trembling echo doleful groans.
Ah! shall man a sight so awful,
View alone with tearless eye?
Grant, O Jesus! I may grateful
With Thee mourn and with Thee die.

Ah! descend not, dearest Saviour,
Leave not Thou the tree of pain;
Save mankind, oh! Heavenly Lover,
On the cross till death remain;
But fulfill, oh! Lord, Thy promise.
Draw our souls with chains of love;
Banish sin and death far from us,
Lead us to Thy realms above.

SACRED HEART.

Close veiled in that sweet Sacrament,
Our Jesus' Heart, our treasure lies,
Love's priceless, dearest testament
Is shrouded in that mystic guise.
Our Jesus left His realms of light,
On wings of love to earth He's flown,
To dwell with us 'tis His delight,
He makes our hearts His dearest throne.

CHORUS.

O Sacred Heart! how sweet 'twould be
If we could die for love of Thee.
O Sacred Heart! how sweet 'twould be
If we could die for love of Thee, of Thee,
of Thee.

Love is not love! O angels, weep,
Ye virgins chaste, breathe bitter sighs,
O earth, be clothed in mourning deep,
Withdraw your light, ye radiant skies!
For all our souls' dear Spouse hath died,
For all His Heart with love doth burn;
Yet this meek Saviour men deride,
And for His love make no return.—Cho.

That Heart for us could do no more,
In anguish deep It sighed and bled,
A cruel spear pierced through Its core,
For us His last life's blood was shed:
That spear, O Jesus! pierced Thy Heart,
That we within its depths might flee;
Oh, wound our own with loves sweet dart,
Let us expire for love of Thee.—Cho.

COME, CHANT THE PRAISES.

CHORUS.

Come, and chant the praises
Of our Mother blest,
Bring her buds the fairest,
Sweetest flow'rs and best.

Behold thy loving children
Gather'd round thy shrine,
To claim from thee a mother's care,
Grave and love divine.—Cho.

Oh! teach us love of Jesus,
Teach us love for thee;
Obedient, patient, pure and mild
May we ever be.—Cho.

And when this life is ended,
Be thou at our side;
As now we fondly trust in thee,
That hour we'll then confide.—Cho.

HYMN FOR SODALITY PROCESSIONS

Come, children, joyously,
Humbly and piously,
With merry lay.

CHORUS.

Far be all care away,
Let every heart be gay,
For we will crown to-day
Our Queen of May.

Come! while your hearts are pure,
Come, ere the world allure,
From virtue's way.—Cho.

Come, offer lilies white,
Roses so sweet and bright
At her feet lay.—Cho.

Beg of her purity,
Heavenly charity,
With faith's bright ray.—Cho.

Bring orange blossoms rare,
Jessamine sweet and fair,
Tulips so gay.—Cho.

Weave now the sweet woodbine
With graceful eglantine,
Pride of the May.—Cho.

Lilies from valleys green,
Heartsease the fairest seen,
Form her bouquet.—Cho.

Gather sweet heliotrope,
With flowers that gently ope,
At dawn of day.—Cho.

Scent-laden violets meek
Her hidden virtues speak,
Emblems are they.—Cho.

COME, COME, COME.

Come, come, come, to Mary each heart
offer.

Come, oh! come and praise our Immacu-
late Queen.

All Hail to the Virginia fair,
Let's sing to her praise melodious strains,
While the earth, wrapped in beauteous
robes,

Proclaims her our Queen Immaculate.
Come, come, come, come praise our Love-
ly Queen.

Come, oh! come, and praise our Lovely
Queen.

This world, this world of sin and woe
'Neath Mary's smile grows like to Heaven.
O peerless Queen! O Spotless Dove,
'Mid joyful hearts accept our praise.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, to Mary each heart
offer,
Come, oh! come and praise our Immacu-
late Queen,
All hail to the Mother of God,
All hail to the Mother of God,
All hail! All hail!

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Holy Queen, loved
Mother,
Sweet bells are pealing through the rosy
air.
Like the lone star, whose bright beaming
ray
Guided the sages on their devious way,
O Virgin most pure without spot,
Pray for thy children, sweet blessings
pour,
Hail, hail, hail, hail, Holy Queen, loved
Mother,
Sweet bells are pealing through the rosy
air.
Bright Star of Eve,
Our dark gloom dispel, where on thy heart
nestled the Dove,
While Angels sing sweet hymns of love,
Shield us from sin, guide us to Heaven.
—Cho.

COME, GATHER ROUND THE ALTAR.

Come, gather round the Altar,
To Mary each heart offer,
While gladly, as our Queen to-day,
We greet her with the joyous May,
Come, haste, each heart at her loved feet
now lay.

The ice-bonds of winter are broken,
Again we hail sweet May,
And Mary, bless'd Mary we're greeting
As chosen Queen to-day.
Come, gather round, etc.

See, nature has donned all her gayest
To greet our Mother Queen,
And flowers the brightest and fairest
Mary's children for her glean.
Come gather round, etc.

Then, Mary, our Queen and our Mother,
Accept the hearts we bring;
And, all through life's stormiest weather.
Grant that to thee we may cling.
Come, gather round, etc.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.
And in our hearts take up Thy rest.
Come with Thy grace and Heavenly aid
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O Comforter, to Thee we cry,
Thou Heavenly gift of God Most High,
Thou fount of life and fire of love.
And sweet anointing from above.

O Holy Ghost, thro' thee alone
Know we the Father and the Son,
Be this our never changing creed,
That Thou dost from them both proceed.

Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them one,
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

COME, HOLY GHOST.

CHORUS.

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

O come, Thou Father of the poor!
Thou bounteous source of all our store!
Come, warm our hearts with love, with
love divine,
Come, warm our hearts with love, with
love divine,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Come, warm our hearts with love.—Cho.

Come, Thou of Comforters the best,
Come, Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
The Pilgrim's sweet relief.—Cho.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Come, let us gather round the crib
Of our young Brother dear,
Our Jesus, Saviour, God and Friend,
A helpless Babe lies here.

A smile is beaming sweet and bright
Upon His beauteous face,
He holds tow'rds us His little hands,
He longs for our embrace.

He bids us come, while yet the robe
Of innocence is clean,
While, sparkling more than ruby bright,
His own blood spot is seen.

THE SEA OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Come, let us haste to the boundless sea,
To the boundless sea of the Precious
Blood!
To bathe in its marvelous purity,
To wash in its cleansing, saving flood!

CHORUS.

O Precious Blood of the Heart Divine!
Make us holy, make us Thine.
O Precious Blood of the Heart Divine!
Make us holy, make us Thine.

Here is the draught to quench our thirst,
The gracious balm for our spirits sore;
The soul in the Precious Blood immersed
Is happy, is happy forevermore!—Cho.

O Joy in life! O Hope in death!
We place our fullest trust in Thee!
The Precious Blood is our shield of faith,
For time, dear Lord, till eternity.—Cho.

COME, LET US TWINE.

Come, let us twine a wreath most rare,
To deck our May-day queen,
Composed of flowers fresh and fair,
With leaves of brightest green.

CHORUS.

Ó Mary, take the humble crown
Thy children twine for thee,
And from thy Heavenly throne smile
down
In love and clemency.

Then search affection's garden through,
And cull the choicest gem,
All glistening bright with morning dew
To grace her diadem.—Cho.

The rose, the bright and queenly rose,
The emblem of the love
That in our hearts most fondly glows,
A fitting type will prove.—Cho.

The lily with its petals white,
From cankerous blights all free,
Unsullied in its lustre bright,
As Mary's child should be.—Cho.

The violet with its soft blue eyes,
And perfume sweet, will be
An offering our Queen will prize
Of our humility.—Cho.

Thus from our hearts' own garden bed
The choicest flowers we'll glean,
With loving hands to deck the head
Of May-day's beauteous Queen.—Cho.

Thy subjects we are proud to be,
And fondly own thy sway;
Oh! may all hearts e'er bow to thee,
And hail thee Queen of May!—Cho.

COME, O DIVINE MESSIAH.

Come, O Divine Messiah,
The world in silence waits the day
When hope shall sing its triumph,
And sadness flee away.
Sweet Saviour, haste, come, come to earth
Dispel the night and show Thy face,
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

(Repeat first four lines.)

Thou'lt come in peace and meekness,
And lowly will Thy cradle be,
All veiled in human weakness,
Thy majesty we'll see.
Sweet Saviour, haste, etc.

O Thou, whom nations sighed for,
Whom seer and prophet long foretold,
Wilt break the captive's fetters,
Redeem the long lost fold.
Sweet Saviour, haste, etc.

COME, SACRED HEART OF JESUS!

Come, Sacred Heart of Jesus!
Establish here Thy reign,
Come, fix Thy throne within my heart,
And loosen sin's dark chain;
Come, banish from this poor, weak heart
The world, myself, and sin;
Suffer no thought, not wholly Thine
To enter, Lord, within.

Come, hasten, dearest Jesus, from
Thy throne of majesty,
To visit this poor heart which longs
For Thee so ardently.
And may Thy Body, may Thy Blood,
On Calvary Crucified,
Preserve my soul to eternal years
Within Thy Wounded Side.

And now, Sweet Mother, wilt Thou leave
Thy blessed home in Heaven,
To crown my Jesus, Sovereign King,
Since He to me is given;
Present Him with my heart's poor throne,
The sceptre of my will;
And crown Him with my purest love—
From thee, 'tis richer still.

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD.

Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing,
Jehovah is the Sov'reign Lord,
The Universal King.

Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
Praise ye the Lord.

He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bounds;
The wat'ry worlds are all His own,
And all the solid grounds.
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, etc.

Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, etc.

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, etc.

HYMN FOR FUNERAL MASSES.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

DAILY, DAILY, SING TO MARY.

Daily, daily sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul, her praises due,
All her feasts, her actions worship,
With a heart's devotion true.
Lost in wondering contemplation,
Be her majesty confessed;
Call her Mother, call her Virgin—
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

She is mighty to deliver—
Call her, trust her, lovingly,
When the tempest rages 'round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea,
Gifts of Heaven she has given,
Noble Lady, to our race;
She, the Queen who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.

Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies
Who for us her Maker bore.
For the curse of old inflicted
Peace and blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending.
Sing the world's majestic Queen.
Weary not, nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.

THE CALABRIAN SHEPHERDS TO THE B. V. M.

Dark and darker fall around the shadows
from the pine:
It is the hour with hymn and prayer to
gather round the shrine.

Hear us, sweet Mother! Thou hast known
our earthly hopes and fears,
The bitterness of mortal toil, the tender-
ness of tears.

We pray thee first for absent ones, those
who knelt with us here;
The father, brother, and the son, the dis-
tant and the dear.

We pray thee for the little bark upon the
stormy sea;
Affection's anxiousness of love, is it not
known to thee?

The soldier, he who only sleeps his head
upon his hand,
Who only in a dream can see his own be-
loved land.

The wandering minstrel, he who gave thy
hymns his earliest tone,
Who strives to teach a foreign tongue the
music of his own.

Kind Mother, let them see again their
own Italian shore;
Back to the home which, wanting them,
seems like home no more.

Madonna! keep the cold north wind amid
his native seas;
So that no withering blight come down
upon our olive trees;

And bid the sunshine glad our hills, the
dew rejoice our vines,
And bid the healthful sea-breeze sweep in
music through the pines.

Pray for us that our hearts and homes be
kept in fear and love;
Love for all things around our path, and
fear for those above.

Thy soft blue eyes are fill'd with tears—
oh! let them wash away
'The soil of our unworthiness—pray for us,
Mother, pray!

We know how vain the fleeting flowers
around thine altar hung;
We know how humble is the hymn before
thine image sung.

But wilt thou not accept the wreath and
sanctify the lay;
We trust to thee our hopes and fears—pray
for us, Mother, pray!

“MACULA NON EST IN TE.”

Daughter of a mighty Father,
Maiden patron of the May,
Angels' forms around thee gather,
“Macula non est in te.”

Mother of the Son and Saviour,
Of the Truth, the Life, the Way,
Guide our footsteps, calm our passions,
“Macula non est in te.”

Spouse of the Eternal Spirit,
Blossom which will ne'er decay,
Let us but thy love inherit,
“Macula non est in te.”

Daughter, Mother, Spouse of Heaven,
Listen to our earnest lay,
Sweetest gift to man e'er given
"Macula non est in te."

Here on earth we see but darkly,
But we hail afar the day,
When we'll see thee in thy splendor,
"Macula non est in te."

We are earth's, O thou who blossomed
Lily in thy thorny way,
Guide and help us. love and bless us,
"Macula non est in te."

EVENING HYMN.

Day is declining, soon will be shining
All the pale stars,
Tenderly beaming, while we are dream-
ing,
Watch o'er our slumbers, thou Queen of
the Stars.

Open thy heart, O tender Mother,
Humbly we kneel, breathing thy name;
Thine is our love, ne'er shall another
Kindle beside that holy flame.

If near our dreams darkness should hover,
Clouding their light with aught of sin,
Safe in thine arms, O sweetest Mother,
How can that dark shade enter in.

Night closes round, shadows are falling,
So, while the years pass, floweth time's
sea,
Grant us, sweet Mother, when death is
calling,
All our life's hopes may turn to thee.

DEAR ANGEL.

Dear angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in Heaven to guard
A little child like me.

And when, dear spirit! I kneel down,
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Then, for thy sake, dear angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh! weary not for me!

Oh! weary not, but love me still
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou knowest what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

Then love me, love me, angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.

Dear guardian of Mary, dear nurse of her
child,
Life's ways are full weary, the desert is
wild;
Bleak sands are all around us, no home
can we see;
Sweet repose of our Lady, we lean upon
thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father and
guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side;
Ah! blessed St. Joseph, how safe should I
be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, if thou wert
with me.

O blessed St. Joseph, how great was thy
worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon
earth,
The father of Jesus—ah! when wilt thou
be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, a father to me?

Thou hast not forgotten the long, dreary
road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing
thy God,
Yet light was that burden, none lighter
could be:
Sweet spouse of our Lady, oh! canst thou
bear me?

A cold, thankless heart and a mean love
of ease,
What weights, blessed patron, more gall-
ing than these?
My life, my past life, thy clear vision may
see;
Sweet spouse of our Lady, oh! canst thou
love me?

Ah! give me thy burden to bear for a
while;
Let me kiss His warm lips, and adore His
sweet smile;
With her Babe in my arms, surely Mary
will be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, my pleader
with thee.

When the treasures of God were unshel-
tered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in
thy worth.
O father of Jesus, be father to me,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, and I will love
thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt
thou
Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee
now?
There's no saint in Heaven, St. Joseph, like
thee,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, oh! deign to
love me.

DEAR LITTLE ONE.

Dear little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine;
So bright, they almost seem to speak
When Mary's looks meet Thine!

How faint and feeble is Thy cry.
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep, Thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy mother's will;
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yes! Thou art God, and Heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

Dear St. Joseph, each fond heart is thrill-
ing

As we greet the glad feast of to-day,
E'en nature re-echoes the homage
Which thy children with loving hearts
pay;

Thro' the triumphant Church peals the
chorus

Which the angelic choirs intone;
Up from the earth swells responsive the
anthem

To thee, "Patron of God's Church!"

CHORUS.

Oh! guard, then, the Church, dear St. Jo-
seph;

O'er the shadows of Calvary brood;
Yet thy love is her sheltering haven,
All her foes shall by thee be subdued.

From Afric's sand and torrid plains,
From Asia, dear St. Joseph's home,
To where the sinking sun goes down
To rest on Europe's coast of foam;
And where Columbus' world doth sit
Enthroned on ocean's heavy breast,
One strain doth rise in union strong
To claim St. Joseph, father blest.—Cho.

DEAR ST. JOSEPH.

Dear Saint Joseph, pure and gentle,
Guardian of the Saviour Child,
Treading with the Virgin Mother
Egypt's deserts rough and wild.
He who rested on thy bosom
Is by countless saints adored,
Prostrate angels in His presence
Sing Hosannas to their Lord.

Now to them no gift refusing,
Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer;
Then, dear Saint, from thy fair dwelling
Give to us a father's care.
Dear St. Joseph, kind and loving
Stretch to us a helping hand;
Guide us through life's toils and sorrows
Safely to the distant land.

In the strife of life be near us,
And in death, oh! hover nigh;
Let our souls on thy sweet bosom
To their home of gladness fly.
Hail, St. Joseph! Spouse of Mary,
Blessed above all saints on high,
When the death shades round us gather,
Teach, oh, teach us how to die.

Thou hast known a pilgrim's sorrows,
But thy day of toil is o'er;
Help us while we journey onward—
Land us on the peaceful shore—
Hail, St. Joseph! just and holy,
Loving children breathe thy name,
Here below, through toil and danger,
Love and care from thee we claim.

BE WITH ME THEN.

Dearest Lord, in some dim future year,
In some dim future month and day,
Abides the hour, the solemn hour,
When Thou shalt call my soul away.
That year, that month, that day of days,
Come soon? Come late? I know not
when,
O Thou, who rulest all my ways,
Be with me then, be with me then!

Somewhere on this globe of ours
Is hid the spot where I must die,
Where, 'mid the snows, or 'mid the flow-
ers,
My shrouded form must coffined lie.
If north or south, if east or west,
At home, abroad—I know not where,
O Sacred Heart! O Fount of Love,
Be with me there, be with me there!
Is it by fire, by flood, by famine sore?
By sudden stroke? by slow decay?—
When death's dark angel opes my door,
How shall it call my soul away?
God only knows; He bends the bow,
And He alone can fix the dart;
Yet care I not when, or where, or how,
If He will shield me in His heart.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

Dearest saint, look down from Heaven.
From thy throne of glory there,
On thy children who are raising
Unto thee their song and prayer.

CHORUS.

Blest St. Aloysius,
Throned in Heavenly glory,
Bright is the crown that encircles thy
brow,
Pray for thy clients who sing to thee now.

Purest saint, with eyes so holy
Never lifted but to God,
Keep us, 'mid life's dazzling sunshine,
In the path thy feet have trod.—Cho.

Meekest saint, with voice so gentle,
Haunt us with its soothing tone;
And in tones of doubt and danger
Bid the tempter to be gone.—Cho:

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Earthly friends will change and falter,
Earthly hearts will vary:
He is born that cannot alter
Of the Virgin Mary:
Born to-day, raise the lay.
Born to-day, twine the bay:
Jesus Christ is born to suffer,
Born for you; born for you, holly strew;
Jesus Christ was born to conquer,
Born to save, born to save, laurel wave.
Jesus Christ was born to govern,
Born a King, born a King, bay wreaths
bring;
Jesus Christ was born of Mary.
Born for all, well befall hearth and hall;
Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
Born for all.

ECCE HOMO.

Ecce Homo, see the Saviour,
Scourged by Pilate's stern command;
Those He loved and blessed and toiled for,
Void of pity, round Him stand.
No complaining sound escapes Him,
Neither murmurs, groans, nor sighs;
But a world of bitter anguish
Looks from His forgiving eyes.

Ecce Homo, robed in purple,
By His blood more deeply dyed;
Crowned with thorns, a reed His sceptre,
While the cruel Jews deride.
See the crimson drops outgushing
O'er His sacred temple fall;
While the crowd, untouched by pity,
For His death more loudly call.

Ecce Homo, Lord of glory,
We behold Thee, scorn'd, reviled;
May Thy sadly mournful story
Make us humble, patient, mild.
Bend our hearts to Thee forever,
That we may earth's pomp lay down;
And at last, in endless glory,
See Thee wear Thy thornless crown.

EVENING CLOSES.

Evening closes, evening closes
Over Cintra's mountain dim.
Sweet the breeze from Jura's roses
Whispers nature's Vesper hymn.

CHORUS.

Holy Mother! Blessed Virgin!
As we bow before thy shrine,
Holy Mother, thou wilt shield us,
While we chant our Vesper hymn.

When night in darkness scowls above us,
And our hearts are closed to sin,
Holy Mother, thou wilt shield us
While we chant our Vesper hymn.—Cho.

FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Ave Maria, day is declining:
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth in the night.
From the fall of the shade till the matin
shall chime;
Shield us from danger and save us from
crime.

CHORUS.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria,
Ave Maria, audi nos.

Ave Maria! oh! hear when we call!
Mother of Him who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and failing, we trust in thy might.
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our
light.
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night
taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morn-
ing returns.—Cho.

EVENING HYMN.

Fading twilight tints are weaving,
Shadows creep o'er hill and dale,
Slowly sinks the sun, while leaving
Tranquil night the earth to fill.

Safe Thy hands uphold above us
Studded canopy divine:
Proving, Father, Thou dost love us,
By these glorious works of Thine.

Saviour, all Thy works are saying
To Thy children here below,
Mortal, only thou art straying
From the path thou shouldst go.

Holy Father, till the dawning
Make Thy love our Lamp to be,
Until our eternal morning
Brings us safely home to Thee.

FAIREST OF MORTALS.

Fairest of mortals,
Vase of all blissful Grace;
Mary our Mother,
Protectress of this place,
Oh! watch thou o'er our infancy,
And guard our infant purity.

CHORUS.

Mother, oh! hear thy children's fervent
pray'r!
Mother, oh! hear, and take us to thy
care.

Fountain e'er flowing,
Source of immortal life,
Wellspring of favors,
With hope and solace rife,
Oh! be our strength, our hope, and stay,
And save us from this fearful day.—Cho.

From early childhood,
Our hearts to God belong;
Time but increases,
And makes the ties more strong;
Be thou always beside us,
To lead, to rule, and guide us.—Cho.

Kind benefactress
Of childhood's helpless years;
O sweet protectress,
In all its risks and fears:
When life's last throes betide us,
Come down and stand beside us.—Cho.

THE MARINER'S HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

Far across the lonely sea
Silver rays of light are slanting,
And the waves are softly chanting
Sweet and solemn melody,
Heart of Jesus, who dost guide
Fisher barks across the billow
Guard our dear ones on their pillow.
And protect us, on the tide!
Sacred Heart, the fisher's guide, oh! pro-
tect and guide!

When the stars have fled the skies,
And the winds are fiercely blowing;
When the current strong is flowing,
And the raging surges rise,
Thou who once didst safely guide
Saintly fishers, storms bewailing
In the bark of Peter sailing,
Who didst calm the angry tide!
Sacred Heart! the fisher's guide,
Oh! protect us on the tide!

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

Father, before Thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to Thee,
For aid, for strength to Thee appealing,
Thou who alone canst succor me.
Hear me, for heart and flesh are failing,
My spirit yielding in the strife,
An anguish wild, 'tis unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

CHORUS.

Oh! let me feel that Thou are near me,
Close to Thy side I shall not fear;
Hear me, O strength of Israel, hear me,
Sustain and aid, in mercy, mercy hear.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow.
Help me to bear Thy chastening rod,
Give me endurance, let me borrow
Strength from Thy promise, O my God.
Not mine the grief which words may
lighten,
Not mine the tears of common woe;
The pang with which my heartstrings
tighten -
Only the heart of God can know.—Cho.

Into my soul Thy might infusing,
Strengthening the spirit by Thy own,
Help me, all other aid refusing,
To cling to Thee, and Thee alone.
For I am weak; my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay;
Yet not that Thou that task would spare
it,
Father, for that I dare not pray.—Cho.

Jesus, our human form once bearing,
Help by the mem'ry of that day
When, painfully Thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time Thy strength gave way.
Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
- Jesus, I cast myself on Thee!
Forgive, forgive the useless shrinking
From trials* that I know must be.—Cho.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

First flow'ret of the desert wild,
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—
Rose of America, all hail!

When first appeared the infant smile,
Beaming upon thy features meek,
It seemed as if there blushed the while,
The rosebud on thy virgin cheek.

And hence thy name, St. Rose, was given,
Not by earthly parents' choice;
But by the Holy Queen of Heaven,
Who bade thee in that name rejoice.

And once, amid thy rapturous prayer,
Thy Heavenly Spouse Himself came
down,
Most sweetly breathing in thy ear,
“Rose of my heart, receive thy crown.”

And whilst, amidst His glories now,
Thou seest Him face to face, oh, deign,
St. Rose, to hear thy suppliants' vow,
That grace and glory we may gain.

FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING.

Flowers are springing, birds are singing,
The earth is bright and gay;
Then let us weave a blooming wreath
For our Mother's festal day.

DUET.

We'll twine the rose that early blows,
With the lily of the vale;
And violet we won't forget,
That scents the morning gale.
Repeat.—Flowers etc.

DUET.

Our floral crown we'll place around
Her brows so Heavenly fair,
And it will prove how much we love,
Though gleams no diamond there.
Chorus.—Flowers, etc.

DUET.

For rose will tell we love her well,
Who loved us unto death;
By lily-flower we'll own her power
To win her sinless wreath.
Chorus.—Flowers, etc.

FOR I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH A LOVE.

For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show.
A love so deep My saints in Heaven
Its depths can never know.
When pierced and wounded on the cross.
Men's sin and doom were Mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine.

CHORUS.

Draw, draw us closer still to Thee,
O Sacred Heart divine,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
Our hearts are ever thine.

I loved thee ere the skies were spread;
My soul bears all thy pains;
To gain thy love My Sacred Heart
In earthly shrines remains;
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine:
Give, my child, thy heart to Me,
And it shall rest in Mine.

Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred fire,
Consume and cleave the sin
That lingers still within my soul,
Let Heavenly love begin;
That sacred fire Thy saints have known
Kindle, O Lord, in me.
Thou, Thou above the rest O Lord,
And all the rest in Thee.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget Me not, 'tis thus My heart is plead-
ing
With thee for whom I fain again would
die,
Forget Me not, this Heart, for thee once
broken,
Still loves thee from Its glorious throne
on high.

Forget Me not upon the silent altar,
They pass Me by and leave Me all alone,
They've love for all, enough for every
other,
For Me, their God, their heart is cold as
stone.

Forget Me not, for I am ever waiting
For friends who'll for My bitter wrongs
atone,

Forget Me not, for I am ever craving
Devoted hearts, who'll make My woes
their own.

Forget not all I have to thee imparted
In the hushed stillness of Communion
hour,
That hour of hours when, on My Heart
reposing,
I've made thee know My love's o'ermas-
tering power.

Forget Me not in the weariness of sorrow,
There is a home for thee, thy Saviour's
breast,
Be comforted, the day is ever nearing,
When there thou'lt find thy long, thy
endless rest.

HYMN FOR THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Form your ranks, O all ye Leaguers of the
Heart divine;
Fight your battles with the mighty arms
of pray'r
And your conquering hosts shall gather
round the holy shrine,
Crowned as victors by the King, Whose
love we share.

CHORUS.

Heart of Jesus, with love for us burning,
Make us love Thee more and more with
every day.

Heart of Jesus, with love for us burning,
Make us love Thee more and more with
every day.

Christian men and Christian maidens and
ye most faithful of all,
Come and worship the sweet Heart of
Christ our King;
See how Jesus has repaired the guilt of
Adam's fall,
And the glory of such love we'll grateful
sing.—Cho.

Lo! Thy Heart, O dear Redeemer, is a fur-
nace fierce,
Ever burning with the fire of love divine!
Grant that ever through our hearts this
Heavenly fire may pierce
And transform them into loving hearts
like Thine.—Cho.

How ungrateful we have been in all the
years gone by,
For Thy mercies and Thy grace freely
given!
Heart of Jesus, Which so often we have
caused to sigh,
Add repentance as our final gauge of
Heaven.

STREW FLOWERS.

From nature's shady bowers,
All clustering with green,
We've brought thee choicest flowers;
An offering to our Queen.
We've culled the sweetest posies,
Where sylvan waters play,
Pinks, violets and roses,
And jessamines so gay.

CHORUS.

Strew flowers! Strew flowers!
Strew flowers on the way;
For we will crown,
Yes, crown to-day,
Our lovely Queen of May.

Flowers from the mountain,
Flowers from the hill,
Flowers from the fountain,
Blossoms from the rill.
Every bloom that blendeth
Colors rich and rare,
And every one that lendeth
Fragrance to the air.—Cho.

Flowers from the wildwood,
Flowers from the field,
Flowers from the hillside,
Here their fragrance yield.
In their beauty coming,
Hither to our Queen;
Amid the leaves entwining,
The dewy pearls are seen.

HYMN OF CONSECRATION.

Glorious Father, dear St. Joseph,
Throng we round thy shrine to-day;
For the sake of Jesus take us
'Neath thy guardianship for aye.
Once like us He called thee father,
Teacher, helper, guard and guide;
Once like us He sought for safety
At His father Joseph's side.

CHORUS.

Then, as 'round thy shrine we gather,
Consecrating every heart,
Take us for thy children, father,
And thy blessing fond impart.

Herod sought the Child to slay Him,
But, through thee, He safety found,
Still the demon seeks the children—
Thou wilt still his arts confound.
Keep us pure as thine own lily
In baptismal blood-bought grace;
If we fall, dear father, help us
By our tears sin to efface.—Cho.

Take us, then, beloved father,
Thine own children e'er to be,
'Neath thy blessed eyes here daily
We will do our task for thee,
Lessons, prayers or play we'll give thee,
Each in its allotted time,
"All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph,"
Make of each an act sublime.—Cho.

MAY HYMN.

Glorious Mother! from high Heavens
Down upon Thy children gaze,
Gathered in thy own loved season,
Thee to bless, and thee to praise.

See, sweet Mary, on thy altars
Bloom the fairest buds of May;
Oh! may we, earth's sons and daughters,
Grow by grace as pure as they.

Earth is darksome, we are weary,
Satan setteth snares for all;
Pray for us, O tender Mary,
Pray to Jesus lest we fall.

Many call upon thee, Mother,
Some in manhood, some in youth,
Some in age, in tender childhood—
All in loving faith and truth.

Raise thy voice for us to Jesus
In this blessed month of thine;
Raise thy pure hands up to bless us,
As we linger 'round thy shrine.

Bless, oh! bless us, now and ever,
Thou who once the dark earth trod,
And, when dying, waft our spirits
To the bosom of our God.

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Glory be to Jesus, Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the Life-Blood from His
Sacred Veins.

CHORUS.

Lift ye then your voices, swell the mighty
flood.
Louder still, and louder, praise the Pre-
cious Blood.

Grace and life eternal in that blood I find,
Blessed be His compassion infinitely kind.
—Cho.

Blessed, through endless ages, be the pre-
cious stream,
Which from endless torment doth the
world redeem.—Cho.

There the fainting spirit drinks of life her
fill;
There, as in a fountain, leaves herself at
will.—Cho.

Oh! the blood of Christ; it soothes the
Father's ire,
Opes the gates of Heaven, quells eternal
fire.—Cho.

Abel's blood for vengeance pleaded to the
skies;
But the blood of Jesus for our pardon
cries.—Cho.

Oft as it is sprinkled on our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion, terror-struck departs.
—Cho.

MAGNIFICAT.

CHORUS.

Glory to God! Angel hosts are singing.
Israel's Holy One has for us become
Mary's Son,
Peace on earth to us bringing.

Oh! Magnify the Lord, break forth in
songs, my voice,

In my Saviour adored my spirit doth re-
joice.

While time its course shall run all eyes
shall proclaim

What God hath to me done, and blessed
call my name.—Cho.

My loneliness He sought, on me His eyes
He cast,

And in me He has wrought a wonder un-
surpassed!

His mercies to the just from age to age
He shows,

But humbles to the dust His proud and
haughty foes.—Cho.

The mighty ones He spurns, the humble
He receives,

Fills the soul that yearns; the rich in want
He leaves.

To us for Israel's sake His mercies still
extend,

For Abram as he spake His love shall
never end.—Cho.

HYMN FOR THE RELIGIOUS PRO- FESSION.

Go ye forth, O Sion's daughters,
See your King in bright array,

Jesus crowned in His espousals,
Joyful in His heart to-day;

Come to-day, O spouse of Sion,

From the leopard's heights around,
From the Libanus and dens of lions,

Haste, to-day thou shalt be crowned.

CHORUS.

I'm Thine, my Jesus, Thine, forever,
O precious chains, thrice holy vows,
From the world my heart ye sever,
And bind me to my Heavenly spouse.

Come from Hermon's dewy mountain,
Prince's daughter, spotless dove,
Garden closed and sealed-up fountain,
Thou hast won thy Jesus' love;
On thy brow thy Jesus places
Lilied crowns of chastity,
He decks thy soul with priceless graces,
Robes it with His purity.—Cho.

For the Spouse 'mongst lilies feeding,
Home and friends, from you I part,
He in solitude me leading,
Sweetly speaks unto my heart;
Not on Thabor's mountain only,
Where I taste such joys to-day,
But on Calvary's summit lonely,
With my Jesus will I stay.—Cho.

Poverty, my only treasure,
For my share I've chosen thee,
Lord, Thy will is all my pleasure,
Obedient unto death I'll be;
World, false world, adieu forever,
I renounce your vaunted charms,
Earth and Hell combined can never
Tear me from my Jesus's arms.—Cho.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

God of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity upon me,
Father, let me call Thee Father,
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Lord, I ask for mercy,
Let me not implore in vain,
All my sins I now detest them,
Never will I sin again.

By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery,
Hell with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity.—Cho.

THE DOLORS OF OUR LADY.

God of mercy! let us run
Where yon fount of sorrow flows;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
Jesus' wounds and Mary's woes.
Ah! those tears Our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin;
Tears that Jesus' sorrows fed,
Peace and pardon well may win.

CHORUS.

O Thou Mother! Fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.
O sweet Mother-Maid! through thy rare
tears
Obtain for me the lasting grace
To forever look on Thy Son's face
In Paradise with Thee, in Paradise with
Thee.
In Paradise with Thee, in Paradise with
Thee.

His five wounds a very home
For our prayers and praises prove,
And Our Lady's woes become Endless joys
in Heaven above.
Jesus, who for us didst die,
All on Thee our love we pour;
In the Holy Trinity Worship Thee for-
ever more.—Cho.

GRACES FROM MY JESUS FLOWING.

Graces from my Jesus flowing,
Set the faithful breast on fire;
Make the soul, with rapture glowing,
Naught but Heav'nly bliss desire.

CHORUS.

Vain she thinks all transient joys,
For eternal peace she sighs;
Naught 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 Heav'nly balm.—Cho.

Here with purest love remaining,
Jesus answers ev'ry pray'r;
With His help; the soul sustaining,
Makes her ev'ry blessing share.—Cho.

HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

Grateful notes, to Heav'n ascending,
To the world new joys proclaim,
Faith and love together blending,
We revere our Patrick's name.

CHORUS.

Happy Saint! in bliss adoring,
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.

Pagan priests their dark delusion
Long had o'er Hibernia spread,
Patrick came—and in confusion
Demons from his presence fled.—Cho.

Lo! their infant arms extending,
Erin's children crave his aid,
To their wants the saint attending,
Soon their Heavn'ly call obey'd.—Cho.

Prisons, insults, every danger,
On our prelate's mission wait,
Patrick still, to fear a stranger,
Trusts to bounteous Heav'n his fate.
—Cho.

Sickness flies, his voice obeying,
Sightless eyes behold the day,
And the power of God displaying,
Death unwilling yields his prey.—Cho.

Mortals, with amazement seeing
Senseless idols prostrate fall,
Own the Author of their being,
And proclaim Him Lord of all.—Cho.

GREAT SAINT JOSEPH.

Great St. Joseph, thron'd in glory,
Thou art reigning in the skies,
How we see thy transports glowing
'Neath the light of Mary's eyes.

CHORUS.

Glorious St. Joseph, guardian of Mary,
In life's last hour wilt thou be nigh?
Glorious St. Joseph, guardian of Mary,
In life's last hour wilt thou be nigh?
O great St. Joseph, pray for us!
O great St. Joseph, pray for us!
St. Joseph, pray, oh, pray for us!

Thou wert as a shadow tender
Of the great Eternal One,
Shielding from the world's rude tempest
Mary, Mother of His Son.—Cho.

Ah, when life's long scene is closing,
Holy patron, then be nigh;
In that hour of bitter anguish
Teach, oh! teach us how to die.—Cho.

BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

Guardian angel from Heav'n so bright,
Watching beside me to lead me aright,
Fold thy wings round me, oh! guard me
with love,
Softly sing songs to me of Heav'n above.

CHORUS.

Beautiful angel, my guardian so mild,
Tenderly guide me, for I am thy child.
Angel so holy! whom God sends to me,
sinful and lowly, my guardian to be,
Wilt thou not cherish the child of thy care?
Let me not perish, my trust is thy pray'r.

Oh! may I never forget thou art near;
But keep me ever in love and in fear,
Waking and sleeping, in labor and rest,
In thy sweet keeping my life shall be blest.
—Cho.

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.
—Cho.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Hail! all hail! great Queen of Heaven!
Hail! Sweet Notre Dame de Lourdes,
'Neath whose care our weary exile
Is from countless ills secured.

CHORUS.

Then let men and angels praise thee
For each blessing thou'st procured,
While in gladsome strains we're singing,
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de Lourdes.

Blessed be thou above all others,
Mary, mistress of the spheres,
Star of hope, serenely beaming,
Through this darksome vale of tears.
—Cho.

Happy angels joy to own thee,
O'er their choirs exalted high,
Throned in blissful light and beauty,
Empress of the starry sky.—Cho.

As the fount is still unsealing
Its pure treasures softly fair,
May each drop be fraught with healing,
Dearest Mother, at thy prayer.—Cho.

JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

Hail! full of grace and purity,
Meek handmaid of the Lord;
Hail! model of humility,
Chaste mother of the Word.

CHORUS.

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
With tender love look down,
And bless the hearts that offer thee
This chaplet for thy crown.

By that pure love that prompted thee
To seek thy cousin blest,
Pray that the fires of charity
May burn within our breast.—Cho.

The blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,
From Jesus, through His birth,
By holy poverty to wean
Our hearts from things of earth.—Cho.

Most holy virgin, maiden mild,
Obtain for us, we pray,
To imitate thy Holy Child,
By striving to obey.—Cho.

By thy dear Son restored to thee
This grace for us implore,
To serve our Lord most faithfully,
And love Him more and more.—Cho.

SAINT PATRICK.

Hail, glorious St. 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.

CHORUS.

On Erin's green valleys, on Erin's green
valleys,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy
love.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick! thy words were
once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng;
Not less in 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 resist to the
death;
May thy strength be in meekness, in pen-
ance, and prayer
Their banner the cross, which they glory
to bear.

HAIL, HEAVENLY QUEEN.

Hail, Heavenly queen! hail, foamy ocean's
star!

Oh! be our guide, diffuse thy beams afar!
Hail, Mother of God, above all virgins
blest!

Hail, happy gate of Heaven's eternal rest.

CHORUS.

Hail, foamy ocean's star! hail Heavenly
queen,

Oh! be our guide to endless joys unseen.

Hail, full of grace! with Gabriel we repeat;
Thee, queen of Heaven, from him we learn
to greet;

Then give us peace, which Heaven alone
can give,

And dead through Eve, through Mary let
us live.—Cho.

Oh! break our chains; thy guilty slaves re-
lease;

Oh! give us light, and let our blindness
cease.

Let every ill that preys upon our hearts
Fly at thy voice, which every good im-
parts.—Cho.

Thy children say: O gracious mother, hear:
From brimful eyes, oh! deign to wipe the
tear.

Our anxious prayers to God, thy Son, pre-
sent,

Whose life and blood for sinful man were
spent.—Cho.

HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH.

Hail! holy Joseph, true spouse of Mary,
hail!
Chaste as the lily flow'r in Eden's peaceful
vale.
Hail! holy Joseph, father of Christ es-
teem'd!
Father be thou to those thy Son re-
deem'd,
Thy Foster Son redeem'd.

CHORUS.

Joseph, Holy Joseph,
Listen to thy children's prayer.
Joseph, Holy Joseph,
Take us to thy care.

Hail! holy Joseph, prince of the house of
God,
May His best graces be by thy sweet hands
bestowed.
Hail! holy Joseph, comrade of angels,
hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint, and
guide the steps that fail.
And guide the steps that fail.—Cho.

Hail! holy Joseph, God's choice wert thou
alone;
To thee the Word made flesh was subject
as a Son,
Hail! holy Joseph, teach us our flesh to
tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts that love thy
husband's name.
That love thy husband's name.—Cho.

SALVE REGINA.

Hail! holy Queen, enthroned above,

O Maria!

Hail! Mother of mercy and of love,

O Maria!

CHORUS.

Triumph, all ye cherubim,
Sing with us, ye seraphim,
Heaven and earth resound the hymn,
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina.

Our life, our sweetness here below,

O Maria!

Our hope in sorrow and in woe,

O Maria! —Cho.

To thee we cry, poor sons of Eve,

O Maria!

To thee we sigh, we mourn, we grieve,

O Maria! —Cho.

This earth is but a vale of tears,

O Maria!

A place of banishment, of fears,

O Maria! —Cho.

Turn, then, most gracious advocate,

O Maria!

Tow'rds us thine eyes compassionate,

O Maria! —Cho.

When this our exile is complete,

O Maria!

Show us thy womb-born Jesus sweet,

O Maria! —Cho.

HAIL, HOLY QUEEN.

Hail, holy Queen! loved mother, to thee
We, weak, erring mortals, in safety can
flee;

O'er sin and temptation salvation is won,
Thou interceding with Jesus thy Son.

Virgin most pure, without spot, without
stain,

Thine were all sorrows, anguish and pain.

Sweet bells are pealing thro' eve's rosy air,
Sancta Regina; oh, list' to our pray'r,
Falling night's shadow's o'er valley and
sea,

Bright star of evening, our tho'ts turn to
thee.

Shield us, loved mother, in peril's dread
hour,

Pray for thy children, and sweet blessings
pour.

Like the lone star whose bright beaming
ray

Guided the sages on their devious way;
Where on thy bosom was nestled the dove,
While angels rejoicing smiled from above.
Bright star of evening, our dark gloom
dispel,

Guide us to Heaven with Jesus to dwell.

HAIL, MARY, FULL OF GRACE!

Hail, Mary, full of grace; oh! bend

On me, thy child, a mother's eye;

Teach me to look to thee, and send

To thee entreaty's earnest sigh.

"Behold thy Son!" what words of love
Were those our Blessed Saviour spoke!
Affection's words, given out to prove
His burden light and sweet His yoke.

"Behold thy mother!" ah, what heart
Responds not to so dear a name!
Our mother blest, thy smile impart,
And our cold hearts with love inflame.

Then hear me when I lift to thee
The accents of my humble race;
Oh! keep me still, that I may be
Sinless and pure, a child of grace.

Oh! hear the prayers to thee we breathe
Before thy Shrine this solemn eve!
Accept our best affection's wreath,
The chaplet fair that now we weave.

HAIL, MARY! QUEEN AND VIRGIN PURE.

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 filled my breast,
Or sin my conscience pained,
Thro' thee I sought for peace and rest,
Thro' thee I peace obtained.

HYMN TO ST. PATRICK.

Hail, patron of Erin! bright star of the
west.

What land has not heard of thy fame;
Dear—dear—to my soul is the Isle thou
hast blest,

And dearer, if aught, be thy name,
To millions in darkness 'twas thine to give
light,

That light which can never decay;
The Gospel soon banish'd idolatry's night
And Christians bask'd in its ray.

On thy steps, great saint! all blessings
awaited,

Though slav'ry has since been our doom;
Yet the light of thy doctrine ne'er has
abated,

'Twas the lamp that cheer'd through the
gloom!

Like the light that illumines the billowy
sea,

When darkness o'ershadows its breast,
To guide the toss'd mariners, wan with
dismay,

To the haven of safety and rest.

HAIL! QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,
Guide of the wand'rer here below!
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.

CHORUS.

Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through
thee,
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.—Cho.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry,
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.—Cho.

The while to Him who reigns above
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee.—Cho.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Hail, Queen of the Heavens!
Hail, Mistress of earth!
Hail, Virgin most pure,
Of immaculate birth!
Clear Star of the morning,
In beauty enshrined!
O Lady, make speed
To help of mankind!

Hail, Mother most pure!
Hail, Virgin renown'd!
Hail, Queen, with the stars
As a diadem crown'd
Above all the angels
In glory untold,
Standing next to the King
In a vesture of gold!

O Mother of mercy!
O Star of the Wave!
O Hope of the guilty!
O Light of the grave!
Through thee may we come
To the Haven of rest;
And see Heaven's King
In the Courts of the Blest.

These praises and prayers
I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins!
O Mary most sweet!
Be thou my true guide
Through this pilgrimage here,
And stand by my side
When death draweth near.

STAR OF THE OCEAN.

Hail, thou Star of Ocean, portal of the sky,
Ever Virgin Mother of the Lord Most
High.

CHORUS.

Evviva Maria, Maria Evviva, Evviva
Maria,
E chi la crea.

Oh! by Gabriel's Ave, uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing, 'stablished peace be-
low.—Cho.

Break the captive's fetters, sight on blind-
ness pour,
All our ills expelling. ev'ry bliss implore.
—Cho.

Show thyself a mother; offer Him our
sighs,
Who for us Incarnate did not thee despise.
—Cho.

Virgin of all virgins! to thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle, chaste and gentle
make us.—Cho.

Still as on we journey, help our weak en-
deavor;
Till with thee and Jesus we rejoice for-
ever.—Cho.

Through the highest Heaven, to the Al-
m.ghty Three,
Father, Son and Spirit, One same glory be.
—Cho.

HAIL TO THE MISTRESS OF THE SKIES.

Hail to the Mistress of the skies,
The queen of seraphs bright;
Our hope in gloom, Maria, rise
And guide us unto light.
O star of ocean's wave!

While o'er life's sea we darkly glide,
And fear and grief prevail,
Illume our course, our pathway guide
And cheer us as we sail.
O star of ocean's wave!

On thee we turn our weeping eyes,
When round us dangers start,
Then let thy radiant beams arise,
And light and cheer each heart.
O star of ocean's wave!

Then o'er life's sea we'll calmly steer,
Unto the port of rest:
Where thy bright beams shall ever cheer
And shine upon the blest.
O star of ocean's wave!

HAIL TO THEE, MARY.

Hail to thee, Mary!
Maiden Mother of our race,
Ave Maria, Ave full of grace.
These sweet words, so thrilling,
Trembling on the balmy air,
Fell from lips angelic,
This was Gabriel's prayer.

Ave Maria! List, the Angelus chimes now
fall!

Ave Maria! Loud on thee we call!

Still in thy splendor,
Hosts of seraphs warble near;
Oh! let us mingle with them, Mother dear,
Loud our voices blending—
Soar above the dreary vale,
To thy throne ascending,
Lady fair, all hail!

Ave Maria! Vesper peals float on the air!
Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!

MAY HYMN.

Hail, Virgin! dearest Mary,
Our lovely Queen of May!
O spotless, blessed Lady,
Our lovely Queen of May.

Thy children, humbly bending
Around thy shrine so dear,
With heart and voice ascending,
Sweet Mary, hear our prayer.

Behold earth's blossoms springing
In beauteous form and hue,
All nature gladly bringing
Her sweetest charms to you.

We'll gather fresh, bright flowers,
To bind our fair Queen's brow
From gay and verdant bowers,
We haste to crown thee now.

The rose and lily wreathing,
The humble violet fair,
To thee their perfumes breathing
With sweetness scent the air.

The mignonette, the lilac,
The sweet forget-me-not—
The eglantine and myrtle,
To grace your wreath we've brought.

The heliotrope, sweet type of love,
And star of Bethl'em, too—
The lily of the valley
Complete the wreath for you.

And now, our Blessed Mother,
Smile on our festal day,
Accept our wreath of flowers,
And be our Queen of May.

HAIL! VIRGIN, SPOTLESS MOTH-
ER!

CHORUS.

Hail! Virgin, spotless Mother!

We come to thee to-day,
To bring thee fairest flowers
And crown thee Queen of May.

All hearts are now rejoicing,
Their songs of praise arise
To our sweet Mother Mary,
To realms beyond the skies.—Cho.

Fair nature, crown'd with beauty,
Now greets thee, Mother dear;
Bright flowers waft their incense
And sylvan choirs are near.—Cho.

Sweet Mary, Queen of Heaven,
O Virgin ever pure,
Beneath thy snowy mantle
We seek a refuge sure.—Cho.

We long to see thee, Mother,
Fain would our souls be free,
Release the flutt'ring captives,
And let them soar to thee.—Cho.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations! rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth."
Hail! the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail! the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

SACRED HEART LEAGUE HYMN.

Hark, the sound of the fight hath gone
forth,
For the Lord from the south and the north
Hath commanded His soldiers to come.

CHORUS.

To arms! to arms! to victory!
"Thy Kingdom Come," our war-cry be;
For Christ, our Master, Christ, our King,
Let all the earth and heavens ring.

We must on with our banner unfurled:
We must on, it is Jesus who leads:
We must hasten to conquer the world
With the sign of the Heart that bleeds.

We must stand to our colors like men;
Our Lord is a leader to love;
For the wounded He heals; and the slain
He crowns in His city above.

We must march to the battle with speed;
Upon earth our duty is strife;
Oh, blest are the soldiers who bleed
For the Saviour who died to give life.

Christ our King is in Heaven above;
Christ our King is on earth here below:
And His is the standard we love.
And His the sole watchword we know.

THE LITTLE BABE.

He came from His high throne to Bethle-
hem a stranger,
He had no house or home, His bed was a
manger;
Ah! pity, adore and proclaim the poor
stranger,
And love the little Babe that was born in
a manger.

The little Babe, the little Babe that was
born in a manger;
And love the little Babe that was born in
a manger.

He has pardons and graces for those who'll
come, choose them,
But, ah! it is sad to think that many refuse
them;
But come you and seek them, and promise
ne'er to lose them,
And love the little Babe that was born in
a manger.

The little Babe, etc.

He's on a bed of straw, the beasts are
around Him,
Yet by a brilliant star the sages have found
Him;
'They pity, they know, and adore the poor
stranger,
And love the little Babe that was laid in a
manger.

The little Babe, etc.

Now tell me who is He, the wonderful
stranger;
And from whence can He be that lies in a
manger;
Do tell me, oh! tell me about that poor
stranger;
And who's the little Babe that lies in a
manger?

The little Babe, etc.

He is the Prince of Peace, the prophets
foretold Him,
In Bethlehem of Juda they said we'd be-
hold Him,
Your Saviour, your King, oh! won't you
now own Him,
And love the little Babe, the sweet hope of
Sion?

The little Babe, etc.

HE IS LOOKING THROUGH THE LATTICE.

He is looking through the lattice,
He sees, but is not seen,
The dearest of all lovers,
He is looking through the screen.
The light of His omniscience
Upon our darkness lies,
Our hearts, our minds, our motives,
Are open to His eyes.

Oh, tell me, doth it thrill you
To be so near His place?
To feel His breath upon you,
Yet never see His face?
Oh, tell me, doth His whisper,
Across the lilies blown,
Enkindle in each list'ner
A passion all His own?

Alas! He has been pleading
Unnoticed, years and years;
His heart is bleeding, bleeding,
His eyes are full of tears.
Arise, oh, well-beloved,
And follow Him with praise,
For all His paths are beauteous,
And peaceful all His ways.

HEAR THE HEART OF JESUS PLEAD- ING.

Hear the heart of Jesus pleading,
"Come and sweetly rest in Me,
With a peace and joy exceeding.
Meek and humble ever be;
In My heart, serene and holy,
All your selfish cares resign."
Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly,
Make, oh, make our hearts like Thine.

"Purer than the lily's whiteness,
Fairer than the fairest snows,
In the beauty and the brightness
Of your souls I seek repose;
Calmly keep your hearts before Me,
From the stain of passion free."
Heart of Jesus, we implore Thee,
Make, oh, make us pure like Thee.

Heart of love! in Thee confiding,
We shall learn to do Thy will;
In Thy sacred wounds abiding,
Burning love our breasts shall fill.
We shall bless Thee and obey Thee,
Ever serve Thee faithfully;
Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee,
Let us live and die in Thee.

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.

Hear Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy sheltering care.

Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night;
Sweetly may our guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesus, look in pity,
From Thy glorious throne above;
All the night Thy Heart is wakeful
In Thy Sacrament of Love.

Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom:
When the shades of death fall round us,
Lead Thine exiled children home.

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLEST
MOTHER.

Hear thy children, gentlest Mother,
Prayerful hearts to thee arise;
Hear us while our evening "Ave"
Soars beyond the starry skies.
Darkling shadows fall around us,
Stars their silent watches keep,
Hush the heart oppressed by sorrow,
Dry the tears of those who weep.

Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary
Borne upon life's troubled sea;
Gentle guiding star of ocean,
Lead thy children home to thee.
Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
From thy bounteous throne above,
Guard us from all harm and danger,
'Neath thy shelt'ring wings of love.

HEART OF HEARTS.

Heart of hearts, a love is thine,
Madly tender, blindly true,
Love in vastness so sublime,
In excess so human too,
Seems it more a burning grief,
Pining, aching for relief.

Seems Thou dost not, canst not live
Save to sue us for Thy rest
While to Thee all that we can give
Is as nothing at the best,
Wond'rous Lover, shall I say?
Thou hast thrown Thyself away?

Drenched with anguish, steeped in awe,
Thou must needs, insatiate still,
Linger wearily below,
Prisoned to Thy creature's will,
While the current of our days
Murmurs insult more than praise.

Here I find Thee hour by hour,
Waiting on Thy altar throne,
Full of mercy, full of love,
Mutely waiting till we come,
Waiting for a soul to bless,
Some poor sinner to caress.

Forth, then, from the fragrant bush,
Where I almost hear Thee beat,
Bid a benediction gush
O'er me, through me, thrilling, sweet,
Heart of Jesus full of woe,
Fill mine till it break for Thee.

THE SINNER'S APPEAL TO THE SACRED HEART.

Heart of Jesus, all on fire,
With Thy tender love aglow,
Bleeding Heart for sinners pierced,
I have dealt death's cruel blow.
In the many years ago
I have tasted thy pure joys,
But I've bartered them for sin,
Thy Heart's Blood for earthly toys.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart, to Thee I turn,
Covered with the guilt of years;
Through the love Thou bearest Mary,
Pity Thou my bitter tears.

Ah, my heart was once Thy own,
Once it spurned all taint of sin,
Once 'twas robed in innocence,
Naught save virtue dwelt therein;
But, with black ingratitude,
From my now desponding heart
I have banished Thee, dear Lord,
Say not, though, "Thou cursed, depart!"
—Cho.

Oft Thy voice had called me back,
But I turned from Thee away—
Hell seems opening; life is closing,
Mercy, Lord, ere dies the day!
Heart of Jesus, Heart of Love,
Let Thy mercy now enfold
One more sinner in Thy bosom,
Safe from misery untold.

CHORUS.

"Come, dear child, though filled with sin,
Still My wounded, bleeding Heart
Yearns to pardon and embrace thee!
Come, though late, give Me thy heart!"

HEART OF JESUS, DEAREST TREASURE.

Heart of Jesus, dearest treasure,
Joy of angels, hope of Heaven,
Thou hast loved us without measure,
All Thy riches to us given.
Full of mercy, full of meekness,
Naught refusing to our weakness,
By the sunshine of Thy sweetness
Drooping spirits' strength restore.

CHORUS.

Heart of Jesus, throne of glory,
Humbly kneeling, we adore Thee,
Love celestial, we implore Thee;
Make us love Thee more and more.

Sin and Satan, 'gainst us leaguings,
Rise in fury to affright us,
Foul temptations, souls besieging,
From Thy service would invite us.
Hear and help us, Heart most tender,
Lest in weakness we surrender;
In the stronghold of Thy splendor
Arm Thy children for this war.—Cho.

HEART OF JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Heart of Jesus, meek and mild,
Hear, oh, hear thy feeble child;
When the tempest's most severe,
Heart of Jesus, hear.

CHORUS.

Sweetly we'll rest on Thy Sacred Heart,
Never from Thee, oh, let us part;
Hear then Thy loving children's prayer,
Heart of Jesus, hear.

Make me, Jesus, wholly Thine,
Take this wayward heart of mine,
Guide me through this world so drear,
Heart of Jesus, hear—Cho.

When I draw my latest breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
Then, sweet Jesus, be Thou near,
Heart of Jesus, hear.—Cho.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

Heart of Jesus, Thou hast kindled
In our souls a restless flame,
Urging us to work and suffer
For the glory of Thy name.
May this thought of Thy great glory
Hold us back from ev'ry sin,
And increase the thirst within us,
Souls for Thee and Heaven to win.

Be it ours afar to carry
Tidings of the saving Name;
Ours thro' ev'ry clime and region
God's great glory to proclaim.
Hear us, good and gentle Jesus,
Listen to our soul's desire;
May our hearts consume within us
With an Apostolic fire.

Not from thought of selfish int'rest
Will we toil for Thee, O Lord;
To exalt Thy Name and Kingdom
Be on earth our sole reward.
Recompense 'twill be hereafter,
When we stand Thy throne beside,
To behold Thee by our labors
For all ages glorified.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING TO THE SACRED HEART.

Heart of Jesus, we are grateful
For Thy answer to our prayer;
We have sought Thee, ever hopeful
That Thy blessings we might share.
Thou hast heard us interceding
With Thy love which is untold,
And in answer to our pleading,
Lo! Thy treasures do unfold.

CHORUS.

Heart of Jesus, we do thank Thee.
We do love Thee more and more:
Heart of Jesus, we do praise Thee,
And we thank Thee o'er and o'er.

Heart of Jesus, Thou hast taught us
How to seek and how to find;
And that lesson now has brought us
To Thy Heart so sweet and kind.
What we ask, with faith believing,
Thou hast pledged Thy word to give,
And Thy word is not deceiving,
But the truth by which we live.

Heart of Jesus, whilst we waited,
For the favors now obtained,
Not a moment have we doubted
That by prayer they would be gained.
Thou hast told us that our treasure
We must seek in Thy dear Heart;
And we know that without measure
Thou dost all Thy gifts impart.

HEART OF THE HOLY CHILD.

Heart of the Holy Child,
Hide me in Thee!
Purest and undefiled,
Purify me!
Joy of my early life,
Far from evil passions rife,
Troubling this world of strife,
Keep me with Thee.

Sweet Child of Bethlehem,
Open Thine Heart!
Lessons from Nazareth
Deign to impart!
Mary and Joseph dear,
Let us be to Jesus near,
With you we shall not fear
From Him to part.

MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Help of Christians, while the combat
Deepens round us, we beseech thee,
Let our prayerful voices reach thee,
Grant us succor, lest we fall.
Life on earth is ceaseless warfare,
Many fears and cares oppress us,
Many bitter foes distress us—
Thou wilt save us from them all.

First the artful world allures us,
All its wealth before us flaunting,
Of its ease and freedom vaunting,
Of its pomp and vanity.
Woe to us if we are dazzled
By its boldness and profusion;
Time dispels the world's illusion,
Death unveils its treachery.

Next the Devil would ensnare us,
Of a Godlike wisdom telling.
Man might conquer by rebelling
'Gainst the laws of Truth and Right.
Woe, if doubt and pride should lead us
Into Satan's fatal error,
Life would be a day of terror,
Death a mute and starless night.

Last the Flesh gives baneful counsel,
Whispering of a life of pleasure,
Without end and without measure
Where its languid votaries dwell.
Woe, if we by sense are blinded,
Life in idle pastime spending,
We should barter bliss unending
For vain joys that leads to Hell.

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

CHORUS.

Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Pray for that dear country;
The country of our fathers.
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Hearken to the pray'r of thy children.

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

Wand'ring thro' error's gloomy night,
Our sires did lose their way;
You cheer'd their hearts with Heavenly
light,
With truth's consoling ray.—Cho.

Oh! what a harvest crown'd thy toil,
The earth, long curs'd, was bless'd;
Each lovely virtue graced its soil,
The sinner's heart found rest.—Cho.

From faith's bright camp the demon fled,
The path to Heav'n was clear'd,
Religion rais'd her beauteous head,
An isle of saints appear'd.—Cho.

To God, who sent thee to our isle,
Be endless glory giv'n!
Oh! may He ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to Heav'n.—Cho.

HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

Holy God, we praise Thy name!
Lord of all, we bow before Thee!
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in Heav'n above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy name.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn
Angel choirs above are singing!
Cherubim and seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the Heavens with sweet accord;
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!

Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

HOLY JOSEPH, DEAREST FATHER.

Holy Joseph, dearest Father,
To thy children's prayer incline,
Whilst we sing thy joys and sorrows
And the glories which are thine.

How to praise thee, how to thank thee,
Blessed Saint, we cannot tell,
Favors countless hast thou given,
Can we choose but love thee well?

Near to Jesus, near to Mary,
And, kind Father, near to thee,
Keep us while on earth we wander,
And in death our helper be.

Sing we Joseph, spouse to Mary,
And our Mother's blessed friend,
Favors countless, mercies constant,
Thou didst ever to us send.

We have prayed and thou hast answered,
We have asked and thou hast given,
Need we marvel, Jesus, tell us,
Joseph has the stores of Heaven.

One more favor we will ask thee,
Thou of all canst grant it best.
When we die be thou still near us,
Bring us safe to endless rest.

HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD.

Holy Mary, Mother mild!
O sweet, sweet Mother!
Hear, oh, hear thy feeble child,
O sweet, sweet Mother!

CHORUS.

Oh, exult, ye cherubim!
And rejoice, ye seraphim!
Praise her! praise her!
Oh, praise our spotless Mother!

Who on life's tempestuous sea,
O sweet, sweet Mother!
Is cast alone: Oh, succor me,
O sweet, sweet Mother!—Cho.

Waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
O sweet, sweet Mother!
Storms of passion shake my soul,
O sweet, sweet Mother!—Cho.

Dangers press on every side,
O sweet, sweet Mother!
Star of Ocean, be my guide,
O sweet, sweet Mother!—Cho.

Brightest in the courts above!
O sweet, sweet Mother!
Joy of angels! Queen of Love!
O sweet, sweet Mother!—Cho.

Comfort of the sorrowing, hear!
O sweet, sweet Mother!
And grief and tears will disappear,
O sweet, sweet Mother!—Cho.

HOLY NIGHT.

Holy night! peaceful night,
All is dark save the light,
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in Heavenly peace.

Holy night! peaceful night,
Only for shepherds' sight
Came with blest visions of angel throngs,
With their loud Alleluia songs.
Saying Jesus has come.

Holy night! peaceful night,
Child of Heaven! Oh, how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast
born!
Blest, indeed, was that happy morn,
- Full of Heavenly joy.

HOLY PATRON THEE SALUTING.

Holy Patron, thee saluting,
Here we meet with hearts sincere
Blest Saint Joseph, all, uniting,
Call on thee to hear our pray'r.

CHORUS.

Happy Saint, in bliss adoring,
Jesus, Saviour of mankind;
Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.

Wordly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring,
Grant, in virtue persevering,
Vice may ne'er their bosom sting.—Cho.

Thou who faithfully attended
Him who Heav'n and earth adore;
Who with pious care defended
Mary, Virgin ever pure.—Cho.

HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE.

Holy Queen, we bend before thee,
Queen of purity divine!
Make us love thee, we implore thee,
Make us truly to be thine.

CHORUS.

Teach, oh, teach us, Holy Mother!
How to conquer ev'ry sin;
How to love and help each other,
How the prize of life to win.

Thou to whom a Child was given
Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest Heaven
To create the world again.—Cho.

Oh, by that Almighty Maker
Whom thyself, a Virgin, bore!
Oh, by thy Supreme Creator
Link'd with thee forevermore.—Cho.

By the hope thy name inspired!
By our doom reversed thro' thee,
Help us, Queen of angel choirs!
To a blest eternity.—Cho.

HOW KIND IT IS OF YOU TO COME.

How kind it is of you to come,
Bright angel, from your starry home,
And watch by night, and watch by day,
Beside a sinful child of clay.

How good and pure I ought to be,
Who always live so near to thee;
Beneath thine eyes the whole day 'round,
Where'er I tread is holy ground.

And if I had my wish, I would,
Dear angel mine, be always good,
This minute I would rather die
Than say bad words, or tell a lie.

I always feel disposed this way
Whene'er I kneel me down to pray;
But I forget when church is o'er,
And am as naughty as before.

O blessed guardian, kind and mild,
Have pity on a poor, weak child;
And pray that God will make me strong
To do the right and shun the wrong.

Thy bright wing shall be my shield,
While battling on life's dusty field;
Thine arms enfold me when I die,
And waft me homeward to the sky.

A SOUL'S DESIRE.

How lovely, Lord, Thy chaste retreat!
This holy chapel, still and sweet!
Where calmly shines the altar light,
As shines a fair star in the night!
Lo! at the little shining door
I knock, I plead, forevermore,
"Open the portal, turn the key!
And let my heart go in to Thee!"

Cast not this wretched heart of mine
Out of Thy little curtained shrine!
But make of it a footstool meet
Beneath Thy royal wounded feet!
The blood that from those wounds distills
Its every pulse with rapture thrills,
Ah! dearest Lord, though I depart,
Hold fast my heart, my yearning heart.

And should it ever seek to stray
From Thee away, from Thee away;
Should e'er despise, or, faithless, quit
The feet that were transpierced for it,
Press Thou Thy gentle foot, sweet Christ!
Upon the rebel, sin-enticed;
And that most tender touch will then
Recall the wand'rer home again.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

How pure, how frail, and white
The snow-drops shine;
Gather a garland bright,
For Mary's shrine.

CHORUS.

Hail Mary, Hail Mary, Queen of Heaven!
Let us repeat,
And, place our snow-drop wreath
Here at her feet.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer,
When lo! before her shone
An angel fair.—Cho.

Hail Mary! infant lips
Lisp it to-day.
Hail Mary! with faint smile,
The dying say.—Cho.

Hail Mary! many a heart,
Broken with grief,
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.—Cho.

THOU ART ALL MINE.

I am my Love's and He is mine;
O Earth, attend, ye Heavens, hear,
Your mighty Lord, your King divine
Is now my bosom's Guest most dear;
Behold, the vast Creator makes
His home within His creatures' breast,
His realms of glory He forsakes,
'Tis in my heart He loves to rest.

CHORUS.

My dearest Lord, my Love, I'm Thine,
And Thou, my Jesus, art all mine;
My heart forever Thine shall be,
Oh! keep it, Jesus, all for Thee.

Close locked within His fond embrace,
His Sacred Heart reclines on mine,
Its throbbings flood my soul with grace.
And rapturous love and bliss divine;
My love to me, and I to Him,
Who feedeth 'mongst the lilies pure,
By crystal streamlet's margin dim,
In deepest shades and haunts obscure.
—Cho.

I've found Him Whom my soul doth love,
I'll hold Him fast nor let Him go;
I've naught but Him in Heaven above,
He is my all on earth below;
Lo! angels near me hover 'round,
From opening skies bright legions dart,
For Jesus, their dear King, they've found
Within the Heaven of my heart.—Cho.

I DWELL A CAPTIVE IN THIS
HEART.

I dwell a captive in this Heart,
Inflamed with love divine;
'Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the Heart of God's own Son,
In His humanity,
Who, all enamored of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.
Here, like the dove within the Ark,
Securely I repose;
Since now the Lord is my defence
I fear no earthly foes,
What though I suffer,
Still in love I ever true will be;
My love of God shall deeper grow
When crosses fall on me.

From every bond of earth,
O Lord, Thy grace hath set me free;
My soul, delivered from the snare,
Enjoys true liberty.
Naught more can I desire than this,
To see Thy face in Heav'n;
And this I hope since He on earth
His Heart in pledge hath given.

I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a Friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me.
I need Thy heart, sweet Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
I long to tell my every want,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thy blood, sweet Jesus,
To wash each sinful stain,
To cleanse this sinful soul of mine,
And make it pure again;
I need Thy wounds, sweet Jesus,
To fly from perils near,
To shelter in these hollow clefts
From every doubt and fear.

I need Thee, sweetest Jesus,
In the sacrament of love,
To nourish this poor soul of mine
With the treasures of Thy love.
I'll need Thee, sweetest Jesus,
When death's dread hour draws nigh,
To hide me in Thy Sacred Heart
Till wafted safe on high.

LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART.

I rise from dreams of life,
And an angel guides my feet
To the sacred altar throne,
Where Jesus' Heart doth beat.
The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low, still voice
The Holy One complains.

CHORUS.

Ever pleading, day and night,
Thou cans't not from us part;
O veiled and wondrous Son!
O love of the Sacred Heart.

Long, long I've waited here,
And thought Thou heed'st not me,
The heart of God's own Son
Beats ever on for Thee.
In the womb of Mary meek,
In the cradle, on the tree,
Heart of pure, undying love,
It lived, loved, bled for me.—Cho.

TO MARIA IMMACULATA.

Immaculate; title dear
To my poor lonely heart;
No other brings Heaven's joy so near,
Nor can such peace impart

Immaculate! music sweet
'Midst sin's discordant notes;
The weary years fast onward fleet,
While through my soul it floats.

Immaculate! O my God!
Well dost thou know our need
Beneath the sharp, afflicting rod,
Of Mary's help indeed!

Immaculate! Mother dear,
Preserve us lest we fall;
When death shall come, oh! be thou near,
Thou'rt, after God, our all.

IN MUSIC'S SWEETEST STRAINS.

In music's sweetest strains we'll sing;
Our notes to God we'll raise;
And make His sacred temple ring
With hymns of love and praise.

Our tongues hosannas shall proclaim;
Our hearts devoutly pray;
Each morning and each evening themes
Shall echo through the day.

In God's own house we'll sing His praise,
For there His glory dwells;
To Heav'n our hearts and songs we'll raise
In sweetest canticles.

As long as we have life and breath
Our Maker we will praise;
And when our voice expires in death,
Death will perfect our lays.

IN THIS SACRAMENT.

In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus!
Thou dost give Thy flesh and blood,
With Thy soul and Godhead also,
As our own most precious food.

Yes,, dear Jesus, I believe it,
And Thy presence I adore,
And with all my heart I love Thee,
May I love Thee more and more.

Come, Sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true Life to be;

Come, that I may live forever,
Thou in me and I in Thee;
Living thus, I shall not perish,
But shall live eternally.

IT IS THE NAME OF MARY.

It is the Name of Mary
Which we to-day proclaim;
Come, all ye, Mary's children,
To sing that lovely name.
Come, sing that name, dear children,
It is your mother's own;
Unite your hearts and praises,
And waft them to her throne.

A name of power and sweetness,
Her name to us so dear;
A name of awe and grandeur,
But grandeur free from fear.
Sweet name all strong yet tender,
That name we love so well,
The joy of earth and Heaven,
The fear and dread of Hell.

A name by which we triumph
O'er Hell's embattled foes,
The victor's mead of glory
And solace in his woes.
Earth has no name so gentle,
Nor Heaven one so sweet;
A balm to wounded feelings,
Bright light to wayward feet.

The first word ever spoken
By Jesus when a child,
Was thy dear name, O Mother,
He spoke it and He smiled,
Oh! may thy name, dear Mother,
On life's last fearful day,
Be my last fervent prayer,
Be all my hope and stay.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
How I do sigh for thee!
When shall my exile have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, my happy home,
How do I sigh for thee!

No sun, no moon, in borrowed light.
Revolve thine hours away;
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain
Is thy eternal day.—Cho.

From every eye He wipes the tear,
All sighs and sorrows cease;
No more alternate hope or fear,
But everlasting peace.—Cho.

The thought of thee to us is given
Our sorrows to beguile;
To anticipate the bliss of Heaven
In His eternal smile.

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.

Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

CHORUS.

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu dulcis memoria.
Jesu, Jesu, Jesu dulcis memoria.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Jesu Dei Filius.

Jesu spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid inventientibus.

JESU MATER, AVE.

Jesu Mater, Ave, thou Virgin bright and
fair,
O Maria, salve! hear the exile's pray'r.
When wild the tempest lowers,
My spirit turns to thee;
Then thro' its gloom, oh! sweetly smile,
Thou star of life's dark sea.
Then thro' its gloom, oh! sweetly smile,
Thou star of life's dark sea.
Mater, audi! O Virgin, hear!
Oh, hear the exile's pray'r.

Mater Angelorum, Bright Queen of
Heaven's host,
Salus Christianorum!
Sweet hope of sinners lost,
We ne'er shall cease to sing thy praise
Until we reign with thee;
Then prove to all a mother's love,
Thou star of life's dark sea.
Then prove to all a mother's love,
Thou star of life's dark sea.

Virgo semper pulchra, thou purest gem of
Heaven,
O Regina mea! thy aid to me be giv'n.
A light amid life's troubled waves
Thy name hath been to me,
Oh, still protect my trembling bark,
Thou star of this wild sea.
Oh, still protect my trembling bark,
Thou star of this wild sea.

HYMN FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

Jesus, ever loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me.
Living, I will live and love Thee,
Dying, I will die for Thee.
Jesus by Thy life of death and sorrow,
Help me in my agony.

Kindest Jesus, Thou wert standing
By Thy foster-father's bed,
While Thy mother, softly praying,
Held her dying Joseph's head.
Jesus, by that death so calm and holy,
Soothe me in that hour of dread.

When the priest, with holy unction,
Prays for mercy and for grace,
May the tears of deep compunction
All my guilty stains efface.
Jesus, let me find in you a refuge,
In Thy heart a resting place.

Then, by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day,
Help me, Mary, my sweet mother,
Holy Joseph, near me stay.
Jesus, let me die, my lips repeating
Jesus mercy, Mary pray.

JESUS, GENTLEST SAVIOUR.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.
Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the God of wonders,
Loves the lowly spot.

Oh! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this?
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.
Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven,
Then the day will come.

Now at last we'll keep Thee
All the time we may;
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep away.
When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless tho' they be,
Give them to Thy Mother,
To be kept for Thee.

JESUS! MY LORD, MY GOD.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All,
How can I love Thee as I ought!
And how revere this wondrous gift!
So far surpassing hope or thought!

CHORUS.

Sweet sacrament, we Thee adore,
Oh, make us love Thee more and more!

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.—Cho.

Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God! 'Tis God! the very God,
Whose power both men and angels
made.—Cho.

Our hearts leap up, our trembling song
Grows fainter still, we can no more:
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.

Great Sacrament of love divine!
All, all we have or are, be thine.

HYMN FOR COMMUNION.

Jesus, my Lord, no tongue can say
How great Thy love must be,
To bring Thee down from Heaven to-day
To dwell a while with me.
Around Thine Altar Angels guard
In reverent awe and fear:
And yet, 'tis not for them, dear Lord,
That Thou art dwelling here.

Is not the love of Heaven's bright host
Of greater worth than mine,
That Thou shouldst prize my heart the
most

And claim it all as Thine?
Ah, take it, then, poor, worthless thing,
Since Thou wilt have it so;
No other offering I might bring
Wouldst Thou accept, I know.

Jesus, while Thou art in my heart
For this short happy hour,
Life burdens, one by one, depart
Before Thy magic power.
Thy love is cheaply always bought
Whate'er the price might be,
And now can I refuse Thee aught
When Thou art all for me?

JESUS! SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL!

Jesus! Saviour of my soul!
Let me to Thy refuge fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.

SOLO.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into Thy haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

CHORUS.

Jesus! Saviour of my soul!
Let me to Thy refuge fly;
Ave, Ave, Jesus mild,
Deign to hear Thy lowly child.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and strengthen me.—Cho.

All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.—Cho.

JESUS, THE ALL BEAUTIFUL

Jesus, the All Beautiful,
Lo, we adore Thee!
Make Thou our hearts like Thine,
Oh! we implore Thee!

Let never thought arise,
Severing from Thee;
Only Thy love we prize—
Keep us with Thee.

When heavy burdens fall,
Crushing us low,
Hear Thou Thy children's call,
Lighten our woe.

If, 'mid the dark'ning night,
Hope seems afar,
Send but one ray of light
From Bethlehem's star.

Sorrow may wound the heart,
Grief come anew;
Let earthly joy depart,
Keep Thou us true.

HYMN FOR EASTER.

Jesus! the Lord of Glory,
Springs from the tomb with life immortal
won,

Darkness and Death before Him
Flee like the clouds before the sun.

No more he'll languish,
In pain and anguish,
His charms shall ravish
Eternity.

Oh! banish sadness,
And wake to gladness.
From mortal badness
He is free!

Joy in the Heavens above us.
Angels, exult! your King, your God, is
nigh:

Joy! that the Lord so loved us,
For us to suffer and to die.

Oh! then returning
With ardor burning
And humbly mourning
Our treachery.

With God to bless us,
His hand caress us,
His lips address us.
We are free.

JESUS, THE ONLY THOUGHT OF
THEE.

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 blessed name.

Jesus, our hope when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace:
Sole comfort in our banishment,
Oh! 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 languish in delight.

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 forever sing,
To Him each tribute bring,
Till joined with all his saints above
In never ending love.

JOY OF MY HEART.

Joy of my heart! oh! let me pray
To thee thine own sweet month of May.
Mary! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.
Direct my wand'ring feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.

CHORUS.

Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire,
Mother, be love of thee a ray
From Heaven to show the Heav'nward
way.

Mary, make haste thy child to win
From sin and from the love of sin;
Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.
O Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

CHORUS.

When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand;
Oh! Mary! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

Sweet Day-Star, let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee;
We love thee, light of sinners' eyes,
Oh! let thy prayers for sinners rise.
Look at us, Mother Mary! see
How piteously we look on thee.

CHORUS.

I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free,
Oh! Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in Heav'nly ways to train.

Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.
Oh! give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

CHORUS.

One more request, and I have done;
With love of thee and thy dear Son
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

JOY OF MY HEART.

(Another version.)

Joy of my heart! oh! let me pray
To thee thine own sweet month of May;
Mary, one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The star-light of this earthly strife.
Sweet day-star! let thy beauty be
A light, to draw my soul to thee.

Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below;
O Queen of Heaven! obtain for me
The glory there one day to see.

Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore,
Oh! give me tears to shed with thee,
Beneath the Cross on Calvary.

KING OF AGES.

King of ages, King victorius!
Loving Lord and bounteous God!
To Thy feet I come, All-glorious!
While Thy praise is spread abroad!
In Thy mercy list to me!
Humble plaints I breathe to Thee!
O Sacred Heart, forever reign!
Comfort and hope in every pain!

Heart Divine! wherein is kindled
Charity's eternal flame!
From these chains (with joy unmingled),
From these bonds of sin and shame
Set all hearts forever free,
That they may rejoice in Thee!
O Sacred Heart, etc.

Thou hast bound Thee with a promise,
Pledged to us Thy royal word;
While Thy mercy looks upon us,
What dost Thou demand, dear Lord?
Naught but, with a keen desire,
On our earth to cast Thy fire.
O Sacred Heart, etc.

Glowing with a light eternal,
Potent source of light and love!
Swiftly speeds that flame supernal,
Through this world, from realms above!
King of souls, Thy children bless!
Fount divine of holiness!
O Sacred Heart, etc.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Kyrie eleison.
Christie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christie audi nos.
Christie exaudi nos.
Pater de coelis, Deus, miserere nobis.
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere
nobis.
Spiritus Sancte, Deus, miserere nobis.
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere
nobis.

Sancta Maria,
Sancta Dei genitrix,
Sancta virgo virginum,
Ora pro nobis

Mater Christi,
Mater divinae gratiae,
Mater purissima,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater amabilis,
Mater admirabilis,
Mater Creatoris,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Virgo veréranda,
Ora pro nobis.

Virgo praedicanda,
Virgo potens,
Virgo clemens,
Ora pro nobis.

Virgo fidelis,
Speculum justitiae,
Sedes sapientiae,
Ora pro nobis.

Causa nostrae laetitiae,
Vas spirituale,
Vas honorabile,
Ora pro nobis.

Vas insigne devotionis
Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Ora pro nobis.

Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Foederis arca,
Ora pro nobis.

Janua coeli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Ora pro nobis.

Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina angelorum,
Regina patriarcharum,
Regina prophetarum,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina apostolorum,
Regina martyrum,
Regina confessorum,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina virginum,
Regina sanctorum omnium,
Regina sine labe originali concepta,
Ora pro nobis.

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.

Gratiam tuam quaesumus, Domine,
mentibus nostris infunde; ut qui, angelo
nuntiante, Christi Filii tui incarnationem
cognovimus, per passionem ejus et crucem
ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur.
Per eundem Christum, Dominum nostrum.
Amen.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes, laudate
eum, omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super nos miseri-
cordia ejus, et veritas Domini manet
in aeternum.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

Leaning upon that noble breast,
See, Jesus sinks His head to rest;
While myriad spirits soft descend,
And lo! in awe they meekly bend.
O man! how cold must be thy heart
If in this scene thou tak'st no part.
When 'tis for thee and thee alone
A heart becomes Jehovah's throne.

Ye loving spirits, whilst ye throng,
Let me join, too, your seraph song;
Strike but for me one chord of love,
That may resound in th' halls above.
And thou, spouse of Mary, dear,
Whose joy it was His voice to hear,
Caress Him fondly, do for me,
And I thy faithful child will be.

HOLY NAME OF MARY.

Let ev'ry voice
Swell seraph choirs in Mary's praise,
And at her name
Let all her children's hearts rejoice.
Let time entone
Her deathless lays
And bear them on,
And bear them on to endless days.
Let ev'ry voice
Sing Mary's praise,
Let ev'ry name sing Mary's praise.

That sweetest name
First uttered by angelic tongue.
Not born of earth,
From Heaven itself its music came
By circling sphere
It first was sung;
And o'er the world,
And o'er the world, the echoes rung.
Then let us praise
That name most sweet
Till we shall dwell at Mary's feet.

Her gracious name
Distills the healing balm of peace,
Her gracious deeds
The blessed with grateful love proclaim,
To suffering souls
She brings release,
And even here,
And even here, bids sorrow cease,
O wondrous name,
With charms replete,
Our hearts and voices its praise repeat.

ST. CECILIA.

Let the deep organ swell the lay
In honor of this festive day;
Let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever blessed name.

Let the harmonious choirs, etc.

Cecilia, with a twofold crown
Adorned in Heaven, we pray look down
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

Let the harmonious choirs, etc.

Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,
Whose holy name has filled the earth;
And from the early dawn of youth
She fixed her heart on God and truth.

Let the harmonious choirs, etc.

Then from the world's bewildering strife
In peace she spent her holy life—
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice to praise the Lamb divine.

Let the harmonious choirs, etc.

Most firmly did her heart withstand;
She smiled upon the dread command
To plunge her in a bath of fire,
There to be tortured and expire.
Let the harmonious choirs, etc.

LET US MINGLE TOGETHER.

Let us mingle together
Voices joyful and gay,
Singing hymns to our Mother—
'Tis her own month of May.
Bring the choicest of flowers,
Search the woodlands and grove,
Wreathe a crown for our Lady
As a pledge of our love.

CHORUS.

Let us join, then, our voices
With the chorus above,
Angels singing thy glory—
We thy mercy and love.

What are the fast-fading roses,
All the lilies that grow?
Nothing worthy of Mary
Has the world to bestow.
Mary asks for a treasure—
One that each can impart;
Hear and grant her petition—
"Sinner, give me thy heart."—Cho.

Fairest Star of the Morning!
Cheer our hearts with thy light;
Pierce the clouds that hang o'er us
In the region of night.
Light our path o'er life's ocean,
Guide us safe on our way;
Hear the prayer of thy client
In thy own month of May.—Cho.

LIKE A STRONG AND RAGING FIRE.

Like a strong and raging fire
In a narrow furnace pent
Glow the Sacred Heart's desire
In the Holy Sacrament.
Round that sacred furnace thronging,
Shall these hearts refuse to burn?
Heart of love and tender longing,
Shall we make Thee no return?

CHORUS.

Bending low in adoration,
While our souls are borne above,
Hear our hymn of reparation,
Heart of Jesus! be our love!

'Twas to cast abroad Love's fire
That our God from Heaven came;
May those sparks our love inspire,
May we burn with that blest flame!
All our sins, our slights, our coldness,
All our insults we deplore,
Pardon, Lord! our daring boldness,
We will never wound Thee more!—Cho.

Blessed Lord! Thy heart is cloven
With the cross of bitter woe,
There are thorns around It woven,
And the blood-drops from It flow;
Let us take Thy cross, and bear it,
Let Thy thorny crown be ours,
'Twill be sweeter far to wear it
Than a crown of fairest flow'rs.—Cho.

EXPECTATION OF B. V. M.

Like the dawning of the morning
On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
On the gloom of cloudy nights,
Like the secret told by angels
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the mother's expectation
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

You were happy, blessed Mother,
With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given,
Since the Ave of that midnight
When thou wast anointed Queen.
Like a river overflowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

And what wonders have been in thee,
All the day and all the night!
While the angels fell before thee
To adore the Light of Light.
Every moment did that burden
Press upon thee with new grace;
Happy Mother! thou art longing
To behold the Saviour's face.

Thou hast waited, child of David,
And thy waiting now is o'er;
Thou hast seen Him, Blessed Mother,
And will see Him evermore.
Oh! His human face and features!
They were passing sweet to see;
Thou beholdest them this moment:
Mother, show them now to me.

LIST! SWEET MOTHER.

List! sweet Mother, soft notes breaking
Gently on the evening air,
Holy thoughts, the mind awaking,
Lead the soul to thee in prayer.

CHORUS.

Ave Maria! Beam of Heaven!
Guide us o'er this life's dark sea,
When our soul's frail bark is riven,
In distress we call on thee.

Ave Maria! Gently stealing!
On the ear those accents come;
While within, the heart's deep feeling
Echoes back each angel tone.—Cho.

Ave Maria! God has given
Thee the power to aid us here,
Shield us, guide us home to Heaven,
Virgin Mother, lend thine ear.—Cho.

LISTEN, MOTHER, TO OUR SIGHING.

Listen, Mother, to our sighing:
Shades of earth have gathered round,
And we gaze on thy sweet picture,
Seeking grace, which thou hast found.

Thou hast trod the path of sorrow,
All its pangs are known to thee;
Let us follow in thy footsteps
To the cross of Calvary.

Thy loved title of "Good Counsel"
Ever lights the narrow way,
Leading on to rest supernal
In the everlasting day.

Good, indeed, thy counsel leading
O'er the path our Jesus trod.
Mother! may it daily light us
To the Paradise of God.

Angel choirs are circling round thee,
Golden harps resound with praise;
And thy exiled children's voices
Softly mingle humbler lays.

We are gazing on thy picture,
With its face so sweet and mild,
And, with arms around thee twining,
Clings thy God, the Saviour Child.

LONELY IN THE TABERNACLE.

Lonely in the Tabernacle
Dwells thy Jesus dear, to-night,
Bound by chains of love immortal,
Here He finds His sweet delight.
He has left His happy Heaven,
Left His own dear Mother's side—
Love and mercy brought Him thither,
With His creatures to abide.

But His Heart to-night is weary,
Tears are glistening in His eyes—
O thou cold ungrateful mortal!
Canst thou hear untouched His sighs?
Many long and dreary hours
He has waited patiently;
But the busy world, and selfish,
Passes by unheedingly.

Not a soul has come to cheer Him
In His lonely solitude;
Or to thank with love seraphic
Him who is their daily Food.
None has come with longing spirit
For the Treasure of the Dove,*
None to mingle tears of sorrow
O'er our Saviour's slighted love.

Still, yes, still with love consuming,
Burns His Sacred Heart to-night,
Yearning pardon sweet to utter
To the victims of sin's blight.
"O Thou Beauty ever ancient!
O Thou Beauty ever new!"
Too late have we known and loved Thee,
To whose love our ransom's due.

See, at last, dear lonely Jesus,
Thy poor creatures at Thy Feet;
Deign to take our icy cold hearts,
Melt them into penance sweet;
And, dear lowly Heart of Jesus,
Ere we leave Thine Altar blest,
Give us Thy sweet Benediction,
Soon with Thee in Heaven to rest.

* In early times the Blessed Sacrament was not kept upon the Altar; it was kept in a silver vessel generally in the form of a dove, suspended from above.

LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.

Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above,
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love.
And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er
Then turn away, our Mother,
And look on us no more.

See how ingrate and guilty
We stand before thy Son,
His loving heart reproaches
The evil we have done.
But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us but one word,
Thou only canst obtain us
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest Mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And then He will forgive.
Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear,
But thou art still our Mother,
Then show us a mother's care.

Unfold to us thy mantle,
There we are without fear;
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near?
Dearest, sweetest Mother
Thy sinful children save,
Look down on us in pity
Who thy protection crave.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Lord, by Thy prayer in agony
On Olivet alone,
Teach us to pray resigned like Thee,
And say, "Thy will be done."

Sweet Saviour, who didst bear for me
The scourge's pains intense,
Help me to fly all luxury,
And mortify each sense.

By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,
And scoffs and buffets rude,
Teach us to bear all pain and scorn
With holy fortitude.

Lord, by Thy cross Thy people spare,
And on us pity take;
Help us our daily cross to bear
With patience, for Thy sake.

O Jesus, Victim for man's fall,
Lamb slain on Calvary,
Accept henceforth our lives, our all,
In sacrifice to Thee.

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART.

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,

God, the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father,

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost
in the womb of the Virgin Mother,

Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the
Word of God,

Heart of Jesus, of Infinite Majesty,

Heart of Jesus, Sacred Temple of God,

Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the Most
High,

Heart of Jesus, House of God and Gate
of Heaven,

Heart of Jesus, burning furnace of charity,
 Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,
 Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,
 Heart of Jesus, abyss of all virtues,
 Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
 Heart of Jesus, king and centre of all
 hearts,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom are all the trea-
 sures of wisdom and knowledge,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom dwells the ful-
 ness of divinity,
 Heart of Jesus, in Whom the Father was
 well pleased,
 Heart of Jesus, of whose fulness we have
 all received,
 Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting
 hills,
 Heart of Jesus, patient and most merciful,
 Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke
 Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and holi-
 ness,
 Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,
 Heart of Jesus, loaded down with oppro-
 brium,
 Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offenses,
 Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,
 Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
 Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation,
 Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
 Heart of Jesus, our peace and reconcilia-
 tion,
 Heart of Jesus, victim for sin,
 Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who
 trust in Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die in
 Thee,
 Heart of Jesus, delight of all the 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.

v. Jesus, meek and humble of heart,

r. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

LET US PRAY.

O, almighty and eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son, and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers Thee in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy; be Thou appeased, and grant us pardon in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

LORD! THOU WILT HEAR THE
PRAYER.

Lord! Thou wilt hear the prayer

Of hearts overflowing;

Wounded with grief and fear,

For Thy love glowing.

Lord, Thou wilt not despise,

Thou wilt, with tender eyes,

View from the Heavenly skies

Thy children mourning.

Far from Thy holy path,

Far from Thee wandering;

Spare from Thy dreaded wrath

The sinner returning.

Spare, Lord! the sinner hear!

Give us Thy holy fear,

Grant us the contrite tear;

Hearts with love burning.

LOVED HEART, ALL MILD, ALL
MEEK.

Loved Heart, all mild, all meek, all tender,
The centre of our soul's repose;
Blest he who basks within Thy splendor,
Whence rest with light unceasing flows.
Blest he who, in Thy heart confiding,
Brings Thee the homage of his lays,
Who, wealth and fame and pomp deriding,
Deems serving Thee his highest praise.

The skies, with dazzling glory beaming,
Before Thy Heart's bright lustre pale.
The sun, with peerless splendor gleaming,
By Thee seems covered with a veil.
Haste on, O Virgin, never falter!
Bring thou thy off'rings to His shrine.
More grateful gift ne'er graced God's altar
Than that unsullied Heart of thine.

O Heart of Mary, all so tender,
Heart full of bounty and of grace,
Illume us with thy Heart's bright splen-
dor,
Have pity on our blended race.
Be thou our hope, our strength forever,
And screen us with thy grace for aye;
And, oh, when death life's thread will
sever,
Assist us, Mother, on that day.

MAGNIFICAT! INSPIRED WORD!

Magnificat! Inspired word,
From Mary's raptured bosom poured,
My soul, with Mary bless the Lord,

Magnificat!

Magnificat! Oh! whence is this,
That God should heed my littleness?
Henceforward all my name shall bless.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! Praise God alone!
The mercy of my Saviour own;
For He hath mighty wonders done.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! His wondrous grace
Is manifest from race to race
To them that fear before His face.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! He hath brought down
The proud man from his lofty throne,
And lifted up the humble one.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! Grace for the poor!
The poor who plead at Mercy's door;
The scornful rich shall have no more.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! In me behold
Fulfilled the promises of old
To Abr'am and the fathers told.

Magnificat!

Magnificat! The song of praise
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise!
One God throughout eternal days.

Magnificat!

MAIDEN MOTHER.

Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Take, oh, take me for thy child!
All my life, oh! let it be
My best joy to think of thee.

CHORUS.

Thus, sweet Mother, day and night,
Thou shalt guide my steps aright;
And my dying words shall be,
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!"
Oh, pray for me! Oh, pray for me!

When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Through the night my slumbers keep;
Make my latest thought to be
How to love thy Son and thee.—Cho.

Teach me, when the sunbeam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee.—Cho.

And, oh, teach me, thro' the day,
Oft to raise my heart and say,
"Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh! guard thy faithful child!"
—Cho.

MAIDEN, OF THEE WE SING.

Maiden, of thee we sing,
Mother of th' angels' King,
Beautiful, radiant, Heavenly Queen;
Maiden most meek and mild,
God's Mother undefiled,
Joy of the heavens, earth's Mistress su-
preme.

CHORUS.

Sing, then, ye cherubim,
Sing, all ye seraphim,
Join, earth, thy voices the chorus complete,
Sing, Mary, Maiden and Mother most sweet.

Thou art the Lily white,
That to eternal Light
Thy purest blossom dost grandly unfold;
Thou, too, the thornless Rose
On which the flower blows
Whose fragrance Heaven and earth cannot hold.—Cho.

Stars, with their golden sheen,
Crown thee, celestial Queen,
And the resplendent sun clothes thee
with light;
Low, as in homage meet,
Bowed down beneath thy feet,
Beameth the silvery crescent of night.
—Cho.

DAILY HYMN TO MARY.

Mary, dearest Mother,
From thy Heav'nly height
Look on us, thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

CHORUS.

Oh, we pray thee, loved Mary, fondly we
entreat,
 Guide us to our sweet Saviour;
We entreat thee, leave us at His feet,
 Mary, shield us from danger,
Keep our souls from sin;
 Help thy exiled children
Heav'n at last to win.

Mary, purest creature,
 Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring mortals
 Peace in Heav'n to win.—Cho.

Daughter of the Father,
 Lady, kind and sweet,
Lead us to our Father,
 Leave us at His feet.—Cho.

Oh, we love thee, Mary,
 Trusting all to thee;
What is past or present,
 What is yet to be.—Cho.

Mother of our Saviour,
 Hear our pleading pray'r;
Take us 'neath thy mantle,
 Hide, oh, hide us there!—Cho.

Oh, not yet, sweet Mother,
 Is our love of thee
What it will be one day
 In eternity.—Cho.

MOTHER LOVED.

Mary, hear my fervent prayer,
Take me 'neath Thy care;
O Mother loved, be my life, my stay,
Guide and love me, save and protect me
Till the dawn of eternal day.
Mary, hear my fervent prayer,
Take me 'neath thy care;
O Mother loved, be my life, my stay.

O Mother loved, watch over me,
So helpless, tossed on life's rough sea;
Kindly shed from Heaven above
A Mother's sweet, fond smile of love.

O Mother, loved, watch over me,
From sin and danger keep me free;
When temptation's waves angry flow,
Thyself to me a mother show.

O Mother loved, watch over me
When life is bright and fair to see;
Who so need Thy clear guiding ray
As those that walk the flow'ry way?

MARY, HOW SWEETLY FALLS THAT NAME.

Mary! how sweetly falls that name
On my enraptured ear!
Oft do I breathe in accents low
That sound when none are near.

CHORUS.

Sing, O my lips, and joyf'ly exclaim,
O Mary, how sweet is thy name.

Thy form before me often comes
When thou wert but a child—
With Heav'nly beauty, and with eyes
So serious and so mild.—Cho.

I see thee gathering fragrant flowers
To deck God's holy place;
And with fond rapture I behold
Thy infancy and grace.—Cho.

Sweet as the warbling of a bird,
Sweet as a mother's voice;
So sweet to me is thy dear name,
It makes my soul rejoice.—Cho.

Bright as the glittering stars appear,
Bright as the moonbeams shine,
So bright in my mind's eye is seen
Thy loveliness divine.—Cho.

Through thee I offer my requests;
And when my prayer is done,
In ecstasy sublime I see
Thee seated near thy Son.—Cho.

STAR OF THE SEA.

CHORUS.

Mater Amabilis, Ora pro nobis,
Pray for thy children who call upon thee,
Ave Sanctissima, Ave Purissima!
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Ave Maria! O maiden, O mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee;
Thine are the graces unclaimed by
another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to
thee;
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea!

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,
Harbor of refuge, to thee do we flee;
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds
driven,
Shine o'er our pathway, fair Star of the
Sea!

MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
For the Saviour came to-day;
Ev'ry care and grief and sorrow
From our joyful hearts, away!
See the tree with lights all gleaming
'Mong the branches fresh and green!
Ah, with what strange fruit 'tis laden,
All we wish can there be seen.

CHORUS.

Merry Christmas! merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas! merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas to you all!

Merry Christmas! Jesus brought us
When He came from Heaven above,
Tree of life, forever verdant,
He hath shower'd on us His love.
Kind and faithful friends and teachers,
Pastor ever good and true,
Thanks your loving children offer,
Merry Christmas now to you!—Cho.

PRAISE TO THE ANGELS.

FIRST CHORUS.

Michael, prince of highest Heaven,
Noblest of celestial ranks,
Lowly singing in thine honor,
Bring me now our meed of thanks.

SOLO.

Mighty victor, all resplendent,
Next to Mary thou dost reign;
Come and bless us with thy presence,
Bring with thee thy Heavenly train.

SECOND CHORUS.

Gabriel, silver-tongued and glorious;
Raphael, healer of our woes;
Blessed angels, gentle guardians,
Be our aid, repel our foes.

SOLO.

Breathe into our hearts your sweetness,
Fill our souls with love divine;
May your gracious presence ever
Round your charge protecting shine.
Repeat Chorus.—Gabriel, etc.

THIRD CHORUS.

We will honor, we will love,
Blessed spirits, more and more,
Our devotion still increasing,
As your favors on us pour:

SOLO.

Till with you forever singing,
In a glad, unending strain,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Where the blessed ever reign.
Repeat Chorus.—We will honor, etc.

MOTHER DEAR.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
Whilst far from Heaven and thee
I wander in a fragile bark
O'er life's tempestuous sea.
O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,
So bright in bliss above,
Protect thy child, and cheer my path
With thy sweet smile of love.

CHORUS.

Mother dear, remember me;
And never cease thy care
'Till in Heaven eternally
Thy love and bliss I share.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
Should pleasure's syren lay
E'er tempt thy child to wander far
From virtue's path away;
When thorns beset life's devious way,
And darkling waters flow,
Then, Mary, aid thy weeping child,
Thyself a mother show.—Cho.

Mother dear, O pray for me
When all looks bright and fair,
That I may all my danger see,
For surely then 'tis near.
A Mother's prayer how much we need,
If prosperous be the ray
That paints with gold the flow'ry mead
Which blossoms in our way.—Cho.

OUR LADY OF HELP.

Mother, dearest mother, fairest,
Help of all who call on thee;
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,
Help us, help, we cry to thee.

CHORUS.

Mary, help us, help, we pray,
Mary, help us, help, we pray,
Help us in all care and sorrow,
Mary, help us, help, we pray!

Lady, help in pain and sorrow,
Soothe those racked on bed of pain;
May the golden light of morrow
Bring them health and joy again.—Cho.

Mother, help the absent loved ones,
Oh! we miss their presence here,
Help our father, friend, our brother,
Help them, guard them, far and near.
—Cho.

Help our priests, our virgins lowly,
Help our Pope, long may he reign;
Pray that we who sing thy praises,
May in Heaven all meet again.—Cho.

TO OUR LADY.

Mother, into my heart to-day, Christ came,
a loving guest,
The same sweet Lord, a Babe that lay in
thy lov'd arms to rest;
And to thy throne in Heav'n above, I turn,
that I may win
The faith, the gratitude, the love that
shield the heart from sin.

Wilt thou vouchsafe, from stain of earth
to keep me pure always?
Check the words of pride and scornful
mirth, and govern all I say?
Oh, may the lips that stole apart thy dear
Son to receive
Ne'er use a word that His kind Heart
would wilfully aggrieve.

MOTHER MARY, AH, HOW BLISSFUL.

Mother Mary, ah, how blissful
Is thy sweet and cherished name;
'Tis a music most delicious
That our hearts doth so inflame.

When the tempter comes to rob us
Of God's holy grace divine;
Sweetest Mother, we'll invoke thee
By that potent name of thine.

And when Death's stern Angel hovers
Over us in life's last hour,
Should our souls in anguish shudder,
Make us feel thy Heavenly power.

Soothe, ah, soothe our dying moments,
Let us see thy loving face;
Leave us not, then, dearest Mother,
Let us die in Thy embrace.

CONSECRATION TO MARY.

Mother Mary, at thine altar,
We, thy loving children, kneel
With a faith that cannot falter,
To thy goodness we appeal.
We are seeking for a mother
O'er the earth so waste and wide.
And, from off His cross, our Brother
Points to Mary by His side.

CHORUS.

Mother Mary, to thy keeping
Soul and body we confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side.
Life and death we trust to thee.

We have seen thy picture often,
With thy little Babe in arms,
And it ever seemed to soften
All our sorrows with its charms;
So we want thee for our Mother,
In thy gentle arms to rest,
And to share with Him, our Brother,
That sweet pillow on thy breast.—Cho.

MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God! my hope, my life, my
treasure,
Look on thy child and hear me from
above.
Mother of God! what joy, what untold
pleasure
Thrills through the soul that thinks only
of thy love.

CHORUS.

Mother of Jesus, mother most fair,
Show to thy children a mother's love and
care.

Mother of God! my childhood days caress-
ing,
Fondly thy hands my steps have home-
ward led;
Mother of God! each moment counts a
blessing
Which o'er my soul thy watchful love
has shed.—Cho.

Mother of God! if e'er my heart, forget-
ting
Thy love unceasing that has guarded
me,
Mother of God! oh, then may regretting
Recall my soul to love of God and thee.

PURIFICATION B. V. M.

Mother of God, unto the temple bring
The Holy One, the Saviour, Christ the
Lord and King.
Blest Simeon sees the face desired so long,
And lo! his transports break in ecstasy of
song.

CHORUS.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,
With blessed Simeon let us sing,
With holy Anna's gaze prophetic,
See in that Babe the Christ, our Son, our
God, our King.
St. Joseph bears the off'spring lowly,
While Mary clasps her son, her God, the
Holy One,
And Israel's mighty King.

O Mary blest, Christ's ransom thou wilt
pay,
And bear Him in thine arms to Nazareth
away,
O Mother loved, then hold thy treasure
fast,
For all too soon for thee, His childhood
will have passed.—Cho.

MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God, we hail thy heart,
Throned in the azure skies,
While far and wide within its charms
The whole creation lies.

CHORUS.

Mother of God, thy loving heart
Hath Jesus made His dwelling place,
Sinless heart, God's delight, all hail,
Sinless heart, God's delight, all hail,
Be our peace and refuge here on earth,
Our delight for ever, ever more.

Mother of God, who owns thy heart,
Who owns that love of thine?
If Jesus take not back His gift,
Mother, thy peerless heart is mine.
—Cho.

Mother of God, He broke thy heart,
That it might wider be,
That in the vastness of its love
There might be ample room for me.
—Cho.

MOTHER OF MERCY.

Mother of mercy! day by day
My love of thee grows more and more.
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Thy love for me, I know its worth,
Ah! it is all in all to me.
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more,
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead.
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh! I shall love thee then indeed.

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the Cross to me.
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

MOTHER OF THE INFANT JESUS.

Mother of the infant Jesus,
Won't you take me for your child,
Teach me to be like dear Jesus,
Pure and humble, meek and mild?
Oh! He must have loved you dearly,
When He was a Baby here,
He was God, and yet He often
Whispered Mother in your ear.

Won't you let me whisper with Him,
Kneeling lowly at your feet?
I don't dare to climb with Jesus,
Do you hear, my Mother sweet?
And when in your arms He nestles,
Won't you tell Him I will try
To be good, so He will take me
Up to Heaven when I die?

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,—
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,—
Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with Thy Heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,—
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given,—
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of Heaven.

THOU ART MY GOD.

My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my Eternal King.

Thou, my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning Heaven
Or of escaping Hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O, ever loving Lord.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, MY ALL.

My God, my life, my all,
Thou'rt come to me to-day;
What more can I desire,
If Thou wilt with me stay?

CHORUS.

O Banquet of love, O Banquet divine,
Thou source of all grace, glory and praise
be Thine.

Now hast Thou fixed Thy throne
Within my very heart;
It lives for Thee alone,
For Thou its master art.—Cho.

HYMN FOR FIRST COMMUNION.

My Jesus, from His throne above,
A radiant look casts down on me;
And seems to say, with fondest love,
“My child, prepare, I go to thee.”
Then, Saviour, come, do not delay,
Descend with speed from Heaven above,
And on this great and glorious day
Consume my heart with Thy pure love.

CHORUS.

My dearest Lord, my love, I'm thine,
And thou, my Jesus, art all mine,
My heart forever thine shall be,
Oh, keep it, Jesus, all for Thee.

Thy words, sweet Lord, ring in my ear
As strains of softest melody;
They raise my hope, they calm my fear,
And make me long to approach to Thee.
Behold me, Lord, beneath this dome,
And at this great and solemn hour,
Imploring Thee to make Thy home
Within my young heart's nuptial bower.
—Cho.

As for the cool and limpid stream
The hart doth pant incessantly,
So, dearest Lord, with love supreme
My soul breathes forth her sighs to Thee,
Oh, deign to hear my suppliant prayer,
Oh, come, allay my parching thirst;
No worldly love, no earthly care
Within my youthful heart is nursed.
—Cho.

My voice I'll blend with Heav'n's sweet
choir,
In hymns of mellow symphony,
To fitly praise my Heav'nly Sire,
Who deigns to come and dwell with me.
From this day hence, my Lord divine,
I consecrate myself to Thee;
Oh, may I be forever Thine,
In time and in eternity.—Cho.

O SWEET MADONNA.

My mother dear, my queen divine,
My heart, my soul, my life are thine.
All that I am, or e'er will be,
For once, for all, I give to thee,
And through thy sinless hands to Him
Thy Son, whose Heart for us was riv'n.

CHORUS.

O sweet Madonna, hear me,
From this dark world of woes
Thy feeble child implores thee,
Thy loving heart, thy heart, thy heart
unclose.

By all the love that made Him thine,
To every suppliant at thy shrine,
Queen Mother of our fallen race,
In life, in death, impart this grace,
From hour to hour to love thee more,
Till Heaven is won and exile o'er.—Cho.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER MARY.

My own dear Mother Mary,
Ah, list, while I repeat,
Thy name, O Mary sweet.
In childlike loving accents,

Within my heart it wakens
Such tender thoughts and blest,
My soul, this world forsaking,
Before thy throne would rest.
Thy name, O Mother Mary,
Is music to my soul.

The cherubim are praising
Thy beauty and thy grace,
And Heaven is all illumined
And ravished with thy face.
Thy name, O Mother Mary,
Is music to my soul.

MY SOUL, THY GREAT CREATOR PRAISE.

My soul, thy great Creator praise,
When, clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, His glory wears.

CHORUS.

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
An honor equal to His name?

The Heavens are for His curtain spread,
Th' unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot when He flies
On winged storms across the skies.—Cho.

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine—
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,—
Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with Thy Heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,—
That I may see Thy glorious face
And worship at Thy throne!

May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given,—
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of Heaven.

MY GOD, MY LIFE.

My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call:
Oh! come to me from Heaven above
And be my God, my all.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord,
Concealed in human food;
My senses fail; but in Thy word
I trust and find my God.

Oh! when wilt Thou be mine,
Sweet Lover of my soul!
My Jesus dear, my King divine;
Come, o'er my heart to rule.

Oh! come and fix Thy throne
In the midst of my heart;
Oh! 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.

OUR LADY OF THE SEA.

My way to Heaven is on the deep,
Where billows fret and foam;
And o'er my soul the surges sweep,
To drown my hopes of home.
But tho' the waves and tempests war,
My hope shall be in thee,
Mother dear! bright Ocean Star,
Sweet Lady of the Sea!

The gale blows hard, the sky is dark,
And mists obscure the shore,
And many a strong and stately bark
Has sunk to rise no more.
O Star of Heaven! shine in the gloom,
And guide my soul to thee,
And save me from a sinner's doom,
O Lady of the Sea!

When wild temptations round me storm,
Their fury thou shalt tame;
The tempter flies before thy form,
He trembles at thy name.
Thy form I'll grave upon my breast,
Thy name my strength shall be,
And in thy care I'll sweetly rest,
O Lady of the Sea!

O Mother! why should I despair
Though death rides on the waves?
I know thy love, I know thy prayer
The trembling vessel saves.
Oh! let thy loving prayer arise
To Jesus' throne for me;
Thy Son is Lord of earth and skies,
O Lady of the Sea!

MYSTERY OF LOVE.

Mystery of love, whose depths divine
The burning Seraphim adore.
With Heaven and earth let us combine
To love and praise Thee evermore.
O Sacred Bread, O Banquet blest,
Where God's the food and man's the guest.
Sweet Sacrament, boon from above,
Inflame our hearts with Thy sweet love.

Beneath yon veil Thy splendors lie,
All hidden from our mortal sight,
But, dearest Lord, we feel Thee nigh,
Who art our food, our strength, our light.
Our solace in the hour of grief,
In labor rest, in pain relief.

Sweet Sacrament, etc.

O Bread of angels, Food divine
That fill'st the heart with sweetest bliss,
Thy richest graces now are mine,
And what has earth compared to this?
Oh! without Thee the soul is dead,
Thou art its life, celestial Bread.

Sweet Sacrament, etc.

MYSTERY OF LOVE.

Mystery of love, to thee we turn,
As ocean waves unto the moon,
And drink from flowing streams that burn
Within thyself, O Heaven's boon.
Magnet of hearts, our souls are thine,
O'erflow them with thy love divine.

CHORUS.

Sweet Sacrament, boon from above,
Inflame our hearts with darts of love.

Food of our souls, without thine aid,
With toil o'erladen we must die,
E'en as the summer flowers fade
When wintry blasts are sweeping by,
Thou giv'st unto the weary rest,
And still'st the aching of each breast.
—Cho.

Upon our hearts, oh! lay Thy hand,
Its saving touch will cure each ill,
Dread storms are quelled at Thy com-
mand,
Then bid our passions: Peace, be still.
O Cure of souls, we turn to Thee,
Say but one word, our ills shall flee.—Cho.

Pastor of souls, who lead'st Thy flock
In fields of flowers with perfume sweet,
And mov'st aside the thorn and rock
That might retard the stumbling feet;
To bring them where the streamlets flow,
To bask secure in love's bright glow.—Cho.

Lover of souls! that fondly guardest
The heart from earth's affection free,
And with the bliss of Heaven rewardest
The heart that beats alone for Thee.
Oh! never let another dwell
Within this breast Thou lov'st so well.

—Cho.

O Bread of angels! Food of love!
That fill'st the heart with sweetest bliss,
Thou art the rarest boon above,
And what has earth compared to this?
Oh! without Thee the soul is dead,
Thou art its life, Celestial Bread.—Cho.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Deep in Thy Sacred Heart
Let me abide,
Thou hast bled for me,
Sorrowed and died;
Sweet shall my weeping be,
Grief surely leading me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Friends may depart from me,
Night may come down;
Clouds of adversity
Darken and frown;
Still through my tears I'll see
Hope gently leading me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

What though the shadows fall,
Naught shall I fear;
When darkest seems the night,
Morning is near.
Sweet shall my trusting be,
Sorrow still bringing me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

And when the goal is won,
How like a dream,
In the dim retrospect
Sorrow will seem.
Sweet will my transports be,
Jesus, Thy face to see,
When I have come, at last,
Nearer to Thee.

NIGHT FOLDS HER STARRY CUR- TAINS ROUND.

Night folds her starry curtains round,
As day hath faded on the hills,
And through the silence so profound
Calm peace a fragrant balm distils,
A soothing voice like incense falls,
All cares, all sorrows to beguile:
Our Lord in love and pity calls,
"Come to My heart and rest awhile."

CHORUS.

Not man nor angel can portray,
O dearest Lord, how sweet Thou art;
To call us from our cares away
To rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,
Thy blessed bondage makes us free,
We count it as our highest gain,
Forsaking all, to follow Thee;
Thrice happy are the hours and bright
We spend beneath Thy dear control,
Thy yoke is sweet, Thy burden light,
Thy love the sunshine of the soul.—Cho.

O dearest Lord, our steps restrain,
That from Thy grace we ne'er depart,
And closer draw the triple chain
That binds us to Thy Sacred Heart;
Then shall our wond'ring transports know
The blessing to Thy spouses given—
The hundredfold on earth below;
Above, the endless joys of Heaven..
—Cho.

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O blessed feet of Jesus,
Weary with seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of judgment
And intercede, intercede for me.

CHORUS.

O loving risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede, intercede for me.

O hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints
Which intercede, intercede for me.—Cho.

O Side from whence the spear-point
Brought blood and water free,
For healing and for cleansing,
Still intercede, intercede for me.—Cho.

O head so deeply pierced
With thorns that sharpest be,
Bend low before thy Father
And intercede, intercede for me.—Cho.

O sacred Heart, such sorrows
The world may never see
As those which gave the warrant
To intercede, intercede for me.—Cho.

O COR AMORIS.

O cor amoris victima,
Coeli perenne gaudium,
Mortalium solatium,
Mortalium spes ultima,
O cor dulce, O cor amabile!
Amoris nostri saucium,
Amoris nostri languidum,
Fac mihi sit placabile.

Quos abluisti sanguine,
Venis apertis omnibus,
Nos intimis recessibus,
Semel receptos contine,
Jesu! Patris cor uniam,
Puris amicum mentibus,
Puris amandum cordibus,
In corde regnes omnium.

O DEAREST LORD.

O dearest Lord, my Life, my Love,
On Thee in prayer I humbly call,
Oh, come to me from Heaven above;
Thou art my food, my God, my all.

CHORUS.

Sweet Jesus, ah! deign with me to stay,
Ah! may my heart be Thine always.

Oh! make my heart to Thee incline,
Submissive to Thy holy will;
Its every care to Thee resign,
In life, in death, to love Thee still.—Cho.

EVENING HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

O dearest Lord, 'tis evening now,
And 'neath our glad and wondering eyes
The vision of Thy Sacred Heart
In all its love and beauty lies.
The day is past—it had its cares,
Its sorrows and, perchance, its sin,
And now each loving heart repairs
Sweet peace and pardon here to win.

CHORUS.

Let love and gratitude essay
To tell, dear Lord, how sweet Thou art,
In calling us, at close of day,
To rest, to rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

The day is past, a soothing calm
Falls dreamlike through the silent hours,
And, oh! Thy love and peace are shed
Like dew upon the folded flowers.
They feel Thy strength who most are
weak,
They of thy peace more largely share
Who seek that Heart, benign and meek,
And cast their sins and sorrows there.
—Cho.

Sweet Jesus, it is joy to be
Held captive in Thy presence here,
When breathing silence wraps us round,
For in the hush we feel Thee near.
“To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,”
And sweet Thy yoke when borne with
love,
To die for Thee, oh! it is gain,
When endless life awaits above.—Cho.

LET LIGHT FOREVER ON THEM
SHINE.

O dearest Lord! we humbly crave
Thy mercy for the holy dead,
Who suffer in the burning wave
The rigors of Thy justice dread.
O Jesus, unto our request
In pity let Thy heart incline,
And grant them, Lord, eternal rest—
Let light forever on them shine.

Behold how patiently they bear
The flames that cleanse, the pangs that
thrill,
And bless and praise Thee, even there
Submissive to Thy holy will.
Oh, by the pains that rack'd Thy breast
From life's first dawn to life's decline,
Grant—grant them, Lord, eternal rest—
Let light forever on them shine.

They've conquered in the holy fight—
The shock of earth and Hell withstood;
They are the heroes of Thy might,
They are purchased of Thy blood.
Then clasp them, Jesus, to Thy breast;
For though they suffer, they are Thine.
And grant them, Lord, eternal rest—
Let light forever on them shine.

Oh! listen to those piteous cries
They waft to Thee by night, by day;
The sob of love that vainly tries
To rush unto its God away!
By absence, more than pain, distressed,
With love they burn, with love they
pine;
Then grant them, Lord, eternal rest—
Let light forever on them shine.

OUR QUEEN IMMACULATE.

O fairest of all visions!
With meekly folded hands,
Adoring eyes uplifted,
Before her God she stands.

CHORUS.

Mother pure, Virgin fair,
Spotless dove, peerless Maid,
Crowned Queen of God's creation
Our Queen Immaculate.

O fairest of all visions,
That met the eager gaze
Of Patriarch and Prophet
In far primeval days.—Cho.

O fairest of all visions,
Our weary exile o'er,
In thy unclouded glory
We'll see thee evermore.—Cho.

We'll see thee, Queen and Mother,
Enthroned in royal state,
In all thy virgin splendor,
Our Queen Immaculate.—Cho.

FLOWER OF GRACE.

O Flower of Grace, divinest Flower!
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower!
That all alone, with virgin ray,
Dost make in Heaven eternal May,
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee!

CHORUS.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!
Help of earth, and joy of Heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! blissful maiden!

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!
Elected for His inmost bower!
Where angels come not, there art thou,
A crown of glory on thy brow;
While far below, all bright and brave,
Their gleamy palms the ransomed wave.
—Cho.

O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be;
For-thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is—that utterly,
Mother of God! we trust in thee!—Cho.

TO OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

O God, how ought my grateful heart
To praise Thy bounteous hand,
Who send'st Thy angel from above
To be my guide and friend.

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

When I, within my mother's arms,
Enjoyed her fond embrace,
He, hovering round, on airy wings,
Divinely did me bless.

When first I from my mother learned
My Jesus' name to praise,
He softly whispered to my heart,
"How sweet are all His ways."

Celestial Guardian, thus with thee,
And by thy constant care,
May I the world's corruption flee,
And Heavenly blessings share.

GLORIOUS ST. JOSEPH.

O, Glorious St. Joseph,
With glad hearts we sing
Our anthem of praise;
Love and honor in hymn
All gladly we hail thee
On this festal day.

'Tis the month of our patron
And bless us, we pray.

God blessed thee on earth
With graces so rare,
We ask as thy children
Those graces to share;
And Mary our Mother
Felt safe at thy side.

We pray thee, dear saint,
Be our patron and guide.

Receive us as votaries
Around thy shrine,
As children of Mary,
Oh! make us be thine;
And guard us with
Heavenly fostering care.

Blest Father St. Joseph,
Oh, list to our prayer.

'Tis thy festal day,
And we all rejoice
With grateful hearts
And united voice,
Saint Joseph, our patron,
Saint Joseph, our guide.

We pray thee, dear saint,
Be our guardian and guide.

ST. ANTHONY.

O Great St. Anthony, we praise thee,
And for thy kind protection plead,
While loving gratitude portrays thee,
Our helper in the day of need.

We marvel at thy hallowed story,
And the strength of that love divine,
Which won for thee such weight of glory,
And the crown of bliss that now is thine.

Now art thou crowned in Heavenly splen-
dor,
In the light of yon blessed shore,
While we our grateful homage render,
And thy aid in every want implore.

And, O great saint, in life's long trial,
And our strife with the world and sin,
Teach us thy love and self-denial,
To the end that we the crown may win.

O HEART OF JESUS.

O Heart of Jesus, pierced for me,
Pierce with Thy love this heart of
mine;
Let me, with humble trust in Thee,
Within Thy sacred wounds recline;
For, oh! dear Lord, I love that Heart
That broke for me on Calvary's tree,
Temptation ne'er again shall part
My Saviour and His love from me.

I love on those sweet wounds to think,
Which Jesus bore for my poor sake;
I love of that dear Blood to drink
Which He from Mary's veins did take.
I love with solemn thoughts to come
To meet my Monarch on His throne,
In this His lowly, earthly home,
To love and call Him all my own.

How little, oft, am I inclined
To come and kneel where Jesus lives.
How feebly I desire to find
The blessing He so freely gives.
Too easily my thoughts will stray
From contemplation of His love,
Too soon my mind roams far away
From thoughts of my bright home
above.

Collect, dear Lord, each wand'ring
thought,
Help me to fix my soul on Thee;
That soul which Thy sweet wounds have
bought
Shall never wander far from Thee.
Then, oh! my Jesus, Thou shalt be
My soul's and body's all in all,
From this world's tempting bondage free,
Before Thy presence, Lord, I'll fall.

Oh! give me, Lord, the grace to feel
Still more of that devout intent
Which loves its happiness to seal
In Thy most Holy sacrament.
Inflame my heart, by Thy sweet power,
With ardent, burning love for Thee,
Increasing daily, hour by hour,
Still on to all eternity.

FUNERAL HYMN TO THE SACRED
HEART.

O, heart of Jesus, who hast gently poured
Thy inward sweetness in this dying
soul,

Take her within Thy sacred wounds,
dear Lord!

And keep her spirit in Thy safe con-
trol;

That there, released from pain and sad
regret,

Thy heart's best treasure she may
ceaseless share;

And intercede for all who tarry yet,
Poor exiles in a land of sin and care.

Cleanse her from every stain, O Love
divine!

Deep in the furnace of Thy glowing
heart,

Those gates of glory which eternal shine
Before her happy vision rend apart!

That there, etc.

O HEART OF MARY.

O Heart of Mary, pure and fair,
There is no stain in Thee;
In Adam's fall thou hast no share.
From sin's control thou'rt free.

CHORUS.

O Heart of Mary, pure and fair,
No beauty can with thine compare.
From every stain of sin thou art free,
Oh, make us pure in heart like Thee.

As some fair lily 'midst the thorns,
Thou 'mongst Eve's daughters art;
Celestial purity adorns
Thy crystal depth, chaste Heart.—Cho.

As children to their mother flee
When storm clouds darkly lower,
So loving hearts will haste to thee
In sad affliction's hour.—Cho.

And when from Thy loved Heart we'll
go
To that of Thy dear Son,
Oh! shall we leave Thee then? Ab! no,
His Heart and Thine are one.—Cho.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O Heart of our Saviour! the joy of the
blest,
The comfort and hope of the world,
We fly to Thy refuge, by care all op-
pressed,
The banner of Hell is unfurled;
An enemy crafty, and potent, and vile
Takes aim with a fiery dart,
Surrounded by dangers, we fly to Thy
arms,
And find a sweet home in Thy Heart.

Bright angels are round Thee, all breath-
less with awe,

Absorbed in deep, wondering delight—
Thou sleepest, sweet Jesus, the altar
upon,

But Thy Heart watches all the long
night;

While man, still ungrateful, refuses to
love,

Preferring his own will to Thine;
Refuses to eat of the Bread Thou hast
brought,

And feeds upon husks, like the swine.

Unwearied, all mercy, Thou waitest for
him,

Still patient and gentle Thou art—
Insensible yet, he continues to sin.

And adds a new wound to Thy Heart.
Blest Heart! ever burning with love for
our souls,

Overflowing with graces divine,
Ever seeking to gain the weak hearts of
our race,

And offering to buy them with Thine.

O Heart! whose delight is to dwell among
men,

Their joys and their sorrows to share;
Refreshing the weary, enlightening the
blind,

Repelling all sadness and care.

Great ocean of bounty! O furnace of
love!

The joy of the Heavens and the earth,
The terrors of demons, the hope of the
just,

The source where all virtues have
birth.

We bring Thee young hearts where Bap-
tism's bright dew
Still glistens, untainted by sin;
Pure hearts, ever blooming with virtue
and love,
Ever striving new graces to win;
And hearts that were tempted, and left
Thee for sin,
Return, heavy laden and sore;
Pronounce but the sentence, forgiving
and kind,
And bid them stray from Thee no
more.

THY KINGDOM COME.

O Heart, whose prayer all prayers tran-
scends,
Thy kingdom come;
To Thee my morning offering tends,
Thy kingdom come;
Thy spirit guide my soul to rise
From things of earth, which worldings
prize,
To lasting goods beyond the skies;
Thy kingdom come.

O Heart that rests not day or night,
Thy kingdom come;
My work I to Thy work unite,
Thy kingdom come;
Of priceless worth, each act of Thine
Was rich with merit all divine,
Ennobled thus, I offer mine:
Thy kingdom come.

O Heart that suffered for my sake,
Thy kingdom come;
Do Thou my heart Thy victim make,
Thy kingdom come.
My sufferings in themselves are naught,
But yet with precious graces fraught,
Which by Thy Precious Blood were
bought,
Thy kingdom come.

O HOLY BAND OF LEAGUERS.

O holy band of Leaguers of Jesus' Sacred
Heart,
A high and holy mission is given as
your part,
Each duty done, each suffering, each fer-
vent prayer you pray
May bring some soul to Jesus, who may
have strayed away.

And in the hour of danger, temptation,
trial, loss,
When we are all but falling beneath
the heavy cross.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus will all our
sorrows bear,
And we will find our refuge, our help and
comfort there.

Dear Lord, we wondering ponder Thy
love so deep and strong,
Thy sweet and gen'rous patience that
waits for us so long,
Take now our hearts, and place them
within Thy wounded side.
Teach us Thyself to love Thee, Who
for our sakes hast died.

O HOLY MARTYR, SPOTLESS DOVE.

O holy martyr, spotless dove,
With joy we celebrate thy day;
Thou dwellest now in bliss above,
Where tyrants o'er thee have no sway.

CHORUS.

Sweet Agnes, let thy pleading voice
For us at mercy's throne be heard;
Sweet Agnes, let thy pleading voice,
For us at mercy's throne be heard.

Thy cruel sufferings all are past,
A crown of glory decks thy brow;
Celestial light is round thee cast,
And God is thine forever now.—Cho.

Oh, pray that we may ever seek
To be as free as thou from stain,
As constant, fervent, pure and meek,
Regardless of earth's fleeting pain.
—Cho.

And, holy saint, be this thy prayer,
That, prizing not the world's renown;
Through trials it may be our care
To strive but for a Heavenly crown.
—Cho.

O HOLY NIGHT.

O holy night! the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.
Fall on your knees! oh, hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born!
O night divine! O night, O night divine!

CHORUS.

Fall on your knees! oh, hear the angel voices,
O night divine! O night when Christ was born!
O night divine! O night, O night divine!
Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming,
With glowing hearts by His cradle we stand;
So led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here came the wise men from the Orient land.

The King of Kings lay thus in lowly
manger.

In all our trials born to be our friend;
He knows our need, to our weakness no
stranger,

Behold your King! before Him lowly
bend;

Behold your King, your King, before
Him bend.—Cho.

Truly He taught us to love one another,
His law is Love, and His gospel is
Peace;

Chains shall He break, for the slave is
our brother,

And in His name all oppression shall
cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus
raise we;

Let all within us praise His holy
name;

Christ is our Lord! oh, then ever praise
we

His pow'r and glory ever more pro-
claim.

His glory, His glory evermore proclaim.
—Cho.

HYMN TO OUR PATRON.

O holy St. Joseph! in thee we confide;
Be thou our protector, our father, our
guide;

The flowers of our innocent childhood
we twine

In a fragrant white garland to lay at
thy shrine.

Long ago didst thou teach the Lord Jesus
to speak,
And thine arms were His strength when
His footsteps were weak.
So lend us thy help in the days of our
youth,
So teach us to walk in the pathway of
Truth.

God saw thee so constant, so lowly, so
mild,
That He placed in thy keeping the Mother
and Child,
With the poor little hut could no palace
compare,
While Jesus and Mary and Joseph were
there!

When the years flowing o'er us shall
smoulder away,
When their ashes, down drifting, shall
crown us with gray,
Still loyal and true may we keep to our
vow,
To honor our saint as we honor him
now!

St. Joseph, Christ's early protector and
stay,
Protect us and save us from evil, we
pray.
St. Joseph who guided the Child on His
way,
Oh, guide us, and guard us, and bless
us, we pray!

St. Joseph, Christ's early protector and
stay,
Protect us and save us from evil, we
pray;
St. Joseph, who guided the Child on His
way,
Oh, guide us, and guard us forever, we
pray!

O JESUS DEAR, THY SACRED HEART

O Jesus dear, Thy Sacred Heart
Is fraught with purest love,
Much joy to me Thou dost impart,
And comfort from above.

O Sacred Heart, celestial feast
Of all the bless'd above,
I hope in bliss thy sweets to taste,
And glow with Heav'nly love.

Thy Sacred Heart forever glows
For penitents sincere,
It proves Thy tenderness, that flows
To hear and grant my prayer.

'Tis true my sins for vengeance cry,
And draw me to despair;
But to Thy Sacred Heart I'll fly,
To find my refuge there.

O Sacred Heart, thou source divine
Of nexhausted love,
Dissolve this frozen heart of mine
With fire that burns above.

My tears shall never cease to flow
Because from Thee I've strayed,
Who, with such pains of weight and
woe,
My ransom freely paid.

Thy Sacred Heart was pierced for me,
And bled at every pore!
From past offences set me free,
Oh! them I shall deplore.

O Sacred Heart, celestial feast
Of all the blessed above,
I hope in bliss thy sweets to taste,
And glow with Heavenly love.

O JESUS, IN THY SACRAMENT.

O Jesus, in Thy Sacrament,
Wherever I may be,
Still, still my heart retaineth
The memory of Thee.
It leaves me never, never,
It haunts my very dreams,
Like one perpetual sunshine,
Within my soul it beams.

CHORUS.

Oh! can I e'er forget Thee
Upon Thy altar throne?
Ah! no, my heart keeps yearning
For Thee, and Thee alone.

It rests on ev'ry sorrow,
Just like a golden light,
And like a ray illumines
Dread desolation's night.
Two objects lie before me,
As on an open page,
An immolated Victim—
A God who died for me.—Cho.

To stay before Thy altar throne
And there each thought impart,
To feel Thee there outpouring
The spirit of Thy Heart:
This is the earthly Heaven,
O Sacrament divine!
For naught save Heav'n can equal
E'en one caress of Thine.—Cho.

Yet, when I leave Thy presence dear
To do Thy holy will,
Thy mem'ry hovers round me,
Thy beauty haunts me still.
And still I hear Thee whisper
Wherever I may be,
Murmuring of Thy heart's love
And how it throbs for me.—Cho.

JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL.

O Jesus! Jesus! dearest Lord,
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, Thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.
I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control,—
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

Oh, wonderful! that Thou should'st let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.
The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me,—
O dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,—
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.
Burn, burn, O love, within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly love
Is burned and burned away.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

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 Heavenly home.

Chaste virgins! and ye truly wise,
Who from the deserts filled the skies,
For us an everlasting reign
Amongst the saints of Christ obtain.

From Christian lands the faithless chase
Who Christian truths and faith deface,
That all mankind united may
One Pastor of our souls obey.

To God, the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be equal glory, equal praise,
For an eternal length of days.

HYMN TO ST. MICHAEL.

O Jesus, life-spring of the soul,
The Father's power and glory bright,
Thee with the angels we extol,
From Thee they draw their life and
light.
Thy thousand thrones and hosts are
spread,
Embattled o'er the azure sky,
But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty cross on high.

CHORUS.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole begotten Son,
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.

He in that sign the rebel powers
Did with their dragon prince expel,
And hurl'd them from Heaven's high
towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to Hell.
Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight,
So may a crown be our reward
Before the Lamb's pure throne of light.
—Cho.

THE MONTH OF BLOOM.

O Lily of the field,
So radiant in thy grace,
Close to my Lord's dear Heart
Thy glowing cup I place,
Fresh with that nectared dew,
The first white dawn distils,
Before the day has smiled
Above the placid hills.

O month of bloom, the world
By thee is steeped in bliss,
And wins, like Jesus' brow,
A Virgin Mother's kiss;
For she that month must love
And in its joy take part,
Which hymns, in strains so sweet,
Her own Son's loving Heart.

Bright lilies of the field,
Like living tongues of flame,
The ardors of his Heart
Your petaled charms proclaim,
And from the fresh June grass
Of meadow lands we bear
Your gorgeous blooms to aid
The ardors of our prayer.

COMMUNION HYMN.

O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou should'st come to me.
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.

And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control.

O LOVE DIVINE.

O Love divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary road we tread,
And sorrow crowns each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf
Shall softly whisper, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burd'ning woe.
O Love divine forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know.
Living and dying, Thou art near.

TREASURES OF THE SACRED
HEART.

O Love, supporting as Thine own
Our weight of cruel misery,
The wine-press Thou dost tread alone,
With none, with none, to comfort Thee!
But from the vintage, red with blood,
Thou showerest rarest gifts on us,
O Sacred Heart, so true and good!
How could we wound Thee, wound Thee
thus?

The gold and jewels Thou dost bear
Are dripping with Thy sacred gore.
O bleeding fingers! let us share
That pure and priceless, priceless store!
The love, the grace, Thou dost impart
Our richest gold and gem shall be;
Oh! grant these treasures of Thy Heart,
And we are rich, are rich in Thee!

O MAID CONCEIVED WITHOUT A
STAIN.

O Maid conceived without a stain,
O Mother bright and fair;
Come thou within our hearts to reign,
And grace shall triumph there.

Hail, Mary, ever undefiled,
Hail, Queen of purity!
Oh! make thy children chaste and mild,
And turn their hearts to thee.

Thou art far purer than the snow,
Far brighter than the day;
Thy beauty none on earth can know,
No tongue of men can say.
O Mother, of all mothers best,
Who soothest every grief,
In thee the weary find their rest,
And anguish'd hearts relief.

Oh! then for us, thy children, plead,
Thy pity we implore;
That we, from sin and sorrow freed,
May love thee more and more.
Hail, Mary, ever undefiled,
Hail, Queen of purity!
O make thy children chaste and mild,
And turn their hearts to thee.

IMMACULATA.

O Mary dear, thy children here
Thy lovely shrine surround;
When day's calm hours, like folded
flow'rs,
In fragrant dews are drowned.

CHORUS.

O Virgin pure, O Mary blest,
We'll murmur, through our peaceful rest,
Immaculata, Immaculata,
Immaculata, our Virgin Queen.

And while we sing, to thee we bring
Our gifts, when day is done,
Oh! may they be enhanced by thee,
Meet tribute to thy Son.—Cho.

Oh, if when life's ray doth fade away,
As sinks the sun to rest;
Then be thou near, to soothe and cheer,
With visions of the blest.—Cho.

Then, wondrous thought, with transport
fraught,
In Heaven's untold repose;
We'll bless alway the earthly day
That brought so sweet a close.—Cho.

O MARY, MOTHER, LEND THINE
EAR.

O Mary, Mother, lend thine ear
To one thou hast e'er loved thy child,
Thy forlorn child, oh, hear his prayer,
Sweet Mother, Mary, Mother mild.

See how my soul is tempest-tossed,
Like the barque on ocean's wave,
Unless thou guide it, 'twill be lost,
Then save it, Mother, Mother, save.

When hope's bright star withholds its
glare,
And Heaven, 't appears, frowns on thy
child,
He looks to thee, and grim despair
Flies phantom-like before thy smile.

Thy smile! what power it doth possess,
To calm the soul, and give relief
When anguish, 't seems, would burst the
breast
And all within gives way to grief.

O sweetest Mother, now I give
Myself and all I have to thee;
For Jesus and for Thee I live
In time and in eternity.

O MARY MOTHER.

O Mary Mother, sweetest, best,
From Heaven's immortal bowers
Do gather for a little child
A bouquet of sweet flowers.
I wish my little heart to be
A cradle fair and gay,
Where blessed Jesus may repose
This celebration day!

My little child, I can obtain
So bright a wreath for thee
That Jesus will delight to come
Within thy heart to be:
I'll give thee lovely charity,
More warm than rose's glow;
I'll give thee Heavenly purity,
More white than lily snow.

Mother dearest, tenderest Mother,
You know how frail I am,
A very careless, thoughtless child.
A weak and helpless lamb;
But, oh! if thou wilt but send down
Those precious flowers to me,
I doubt not but, with thy good help,
Well watered they will be.

O MARY, MY MOTHER.

O Mary, my Mother, thou friend of my
bosom,
Methinks I behold thee in glory array'd;
I always have found thee, when life
seem'd so toilsome,
A gracious protectress whenever I
stray'd.

Bright Queen of my country, thee humbly
addressing,
With Gabriel, thy angel, I bid thee all
hail!
Oh! shed on an exile a mother's fond
blessing!
And guide me secure through this sor-
rowful vale.

CROWNING OUR LADY'S STATUE.

O Mary, on this festal day,
Look down from Heaven above,
Smile sweetly on thy children here,
Who offer thee their love.

The earth is filled with flowers sweet,
Their fragrance scents the air;
The birds are singing canticles
To thee, our Queen, most fair.

Dear Mother, kneeling at thy feet,
We consecrate to thee
Our hearts and souls while time shall last,
And through eternity.

Oh, deign accept this floral crown
We offer thee to-day;
Adorn our hearts with Heavenly flowers,
Our dearest Queen of May!

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

O Mater admirabilis,
Fair Lily of the field,
Ora, ora pro nobis.
Thy loving children shield.

CHORUS.

O Mater admirabilis,
Our life, our hope most sweet,
Oh, ever guide our wandering steps
Until in Heaven we meet.
O Mater admirabilis,
Our life, our hope, our joy.
O Mater admirabilis,
No language can proclaim
The rare and wondrous sweetness
That's blended with thy name.—Cho.
O Mater admirabilis,
Protect our lives from sin,
That in the Heart of Jesus
A resting-place we win.—Cho.

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

CHORUS.

O Mater Admirabilis,
List to our fervent prayer,
Oh, let thy loving children
Thy sweet protection share,
O Mater Admirabilis,
Our youthful hearts we raise
In soft, soul-stirring melody,
To sing Thy wondrous praise.—Cho.

Let angels swell the chorus,
Let Heaven and earth proclaim,
O Mater Admirabilis,
The sweetness of thy name.—Cho.

Before her loving image
'Tis truest joy to kneel,
And gaze upon the beauties
That faith and love reveal.—Cho.

O Mater Admirabilis,
'Tis more than rapture's glow
That cheers our lone and darksome way
On this sad earth below.—Cho.

O MOTHER, HELP.

O Mother, help! see us here kneeling,
From far and near, before thy shrine,
With sin and pain our hearts are laden,
Oh, make them pure and meek like
thine.

Oh, hear us, help us, Mother mild,
Entreat for us thy holy Child;
O Virgin, help, O Mother, pray!
Send us rejoicing on our way.

Here's rest for those whose hearts are
weary,
Here wounded hearts find healing balm;
Here's light for those in darkness dreary;
Here restless hearts find ever calm.

Oh, hear us, help us, Mother bl-ss:
Here let our weary hearts find rest.
O Virgin, help! O Mother, pray!
Send us rejoicing on our way.

Our earthly hopes like flowers are fading,
Our joys like snow before the sun;
And naught is left but fear and sorrow
Till life's sad weary course is run.

O loving Mother, pure of heart,
Our Life, our Hope, our joy thou art,
O Virgin, help! O Mother, pray!
Send us rejoicing on our way.

IMMACULATE! IMMACULATE!

O Mother! I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast,
My soul to-day is Heav'n on earth!
Oh! could the transport last!

CHORUS.

I think of thee and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state:
And I keep singing in my heart,
Immaculate! Immaculate!

When Jesus looks upon thy face,
His heart with rapture glows,
And in the Church, by His sweet grace,
Thy blessed worship grows.—Cho.

The angels answer with their songs,
Bright choirs in gleaming rows:
And saints flock round thy feet in
throngs,
And Heaven with bliss o'erflows.
—Cho.

Immaculate Conception! far
Above all graces blest!
Thou shinest like a royal star
On God's eternal breast.—Cho.

WATCH OVER US.

O Mother, loved, our sweet delight,
One glance but cast, so fondly bright,
Watch over us.

When dark night her mantle casts,
When storms and wintry blasts,
Hide heaven's azure hue,
O thou, Star of Hope, shine through.

Be love of thee, my whole life long,
My sweetest joy, my gayest song,
Watch over us.

Shine, then, brightly, O soft Star!
With thy light driving far
Mists that oft veil my soul,
Clouds that e'er around me roll.

Mother of God! our hope, our life—
Sweet Mother, shield us in the strife.
Watch over us.

From all earthly toils set free,
We'll quickly fly to thee;
Let us rest in thy heart:
From its depths we'll ne'er depart.

MARY, QUEEN OF MY SOUL.

O Mother loved, whose starlike eyes
Are all the light I seek,
Look from thy home above the skies
And hear me whilst I speak.

CHORUS.

Oh, take me 'neath thy loved control,
Queen of my soul;
Mary! Mary! Queen of my soul.
Mary! Mary! Queen of my soul.

Behold! where kings and shepherds meet
Beneath that star divine,
I bow me at thy sacred feet
And give this heart of mine,
This wayward heart of mine.—Chor.

On Egypt's flight let me attend,
And by thy toilsome way
Thy meek endurance to me lend
And ever for me pray.—Cho.

On Calvary's dark and fearful height
Again I kneel by thee,
Amid the anguish of that night,
Loved Mother, pray for me,
O Mary! pray for me.—Cho.

By all the sorrows once endured,
The bliss that now is given,
Oh! let my earnest cry be heard
By thee, blest Queen of Heaven.
—Cho.

What dazzling glories now surround
Thy home beyond the sky!
E'en there thy faithful child is found
To kneel with suppliant cry.—Cho.

OH, MOTHER MINE.

O, mother mine, how can they live
Who know not love, not thee?
How can their life have warmth or hope?
How can they joyous be?
Thou art my heart's happiness,
Thou art the world to me.

How can they live who know thee not,
When tempests round them roll,
When dark temptation hides the light,
That should their way control?
In danger, Mother mine, thou art
The anchor of my soul.

How can they live who love thee not,
When sorrow presses sore,
When waves of desolation sweep
Their wounded spirits o'er?
I need thee, Mother mine, in joy,
In grief, I need thee more.

How can they die who love thee not,
How can they hope to see
The Son whom they profess to love,
The while forgetting thee?
Ah, Mother mine! I fear not death,
If thou but pray for me.

HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

O, mournful Mother, who didst stand
Beside the cross on Calvary's hill,
When our dear Lord for sinners died,
And nature's heart in awe stood still;
Dark days of sorrow didst Thou see,
Therefore in grief we turn to Thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, pray for us to Thy dear Son,
Oh, pray for us, oh, pray for us
When waves of sorrow o'er us roll.
Oh, pray for us, gather round,
When dark temptations gather round,
Sustain and aid the fainting soul,
And as we drift o'er death's ark tide,
O help of Christians, be our guide.

When dangers gather round our way,
And angry tempests o'er us roll,
When all the world seems dark and drear,
Do Thou with pitying eyes look down,
Then be a star to light the gloom,
And guide our wandering footsteps home.

O Mother of our Throne-crowned King,
A Mother's love we claim from Thee;
Thou wert bequeathed to us by Him
Our Mother and our help to be,
Then, help of Christians, hear our prayer,
And guide the children of Thy care.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

O purest of creatures. sweet Mother!
sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus
was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us,
Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of
the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this
rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly
unfurled;
And the tempest-tost Church—all her
eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of
the Sea!

Oh, shine on us brighter than ever, then,
shine!
For the primest of honor, dear Mother,
is thine;
"Conceived without sin," thy new title
shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet
Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on us, Mother,
deep night.
And we need more than ever the guide
of thy light;
For the darker the night is, the brighter
should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the
Sea!

TO OUR BLESSED LADY, ON THE
EVE OF HOLY COMMUNION.

O Queen of Heavenly flowers,
From sweet celestial bowers,
Come, take my heart to Heaven to-night,
And fill it with those graces bright;
For ere the sun ascends the sky,
Descending from His throne on high,
Thy Jesus shall be mine.

Jesus' Most Precious Blood
Flowed o'er me from the Rood
To-night, as near the Cross I felt,
As though on Calvary I dwelt,
By our dear Lord's authority,
Anointed Hand, bestowed on me,
From sin, sweet liberty.

Come, then, dear Mother mild,
List to thy pleading child—
My soul, once dark as darkest night,
The living waters have made white;
It but remains Thee to adorn
My soul with flowers and precious thorn—
There Jesus loves to rest.

When (worlds of joy to me),
"Ecce Agnus Dei,"
From Sanctuary steps I hear,
And know my God, my All is near,
Then, flower-adorned of Jesus' choice,
And blest by thy loved, clement voice,
Bring back my yearning heart.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!
Oh, bless us as we pray,
And offer thee our roses,
In garlands day by day,
While from our Father's garden,
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to thine honor
Buds white, and red, and gold.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!
Each mystery blends with thine
The sacred life of Jesus,
In every step divine.
Thy soul was His fair garden,
Thy virgin breast His throne,
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror,
Reflecting Him alone.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary!
White roses let us bring,
And lay them round thy footstool
Before our Infant King.
For, nestling in thy bosom,
God's Son was fain to be
The child of thy obedience
And spotless purity.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!
What radiance of love,
What splendor and what glory
Surround thy court above!
Oh, in thy tender pity,
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this our offering,
Our flowers white, red and gold.

SACRED FEET.

O sacred feet, all gashed and torn;
Bruised by the hammer's cruel blows!
Bathed in the life-blood, dripping down,
From anguished heart in bitter throes.

CHORUS.

I press you to my lips in tears,
With contrite sorrow, fervent sigh;
Dear precious wounds, God's bleeding
prayers,
Oh, plead for me when death draws
nigh.

O mangled hands transfixed and wan,
In supplicance raised to Heaven above!
Pierced by the nails that torture wrung
From breaking heart of burning love.
—Cho.

Ó sacred refuge, tender side,
Rent by the lance with cruel thrust!
There, where His heart is, let me hide!
There, where His love is, let me trust!
—Cho.

O SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart! all blissful light of
Heaven,
Rapture of angels, beaming ever bright,
Ravishing joys in rich and radiant splen-
dor
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of de-
light.

O Sacred Heart! O hope of sinner's sor-
row,
Rest of the weary, careworn and op-
pressed,
Sweetly lead home earth's love estranged
exiles,
Where 'neath Thy love we may lie
down and rest.

O Sacred Heart, where shades of death
are falling,
Gather Thy children 'neath the wings
of love,
Hush us to rest in Thine own gentle
mercy,
Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms
above.

O SACRED HEART.

O Saced Heart, forever Thine,
Bound strongly to Thy heart divine
By every tie, by every claim
That love can know, or dream, or name,
O Sacred Heart, forever Thine,
For Thee the summer sun doth shine,
For thee soft breezes stir the air,
The harvests ripen everywhere.

CHORUS.

O Saced Heart, forever Thine,
Bound strongly to Thy heart divine
By every tie, by every claim
That love can know, or dream, or name.

O Sacred Heart, forever Thine,
Calm this unquiet heart of mine,
Where thou to-day hast deigned to rest,
My dearest, truest, tenderest.
O Sacred Heart, forever Thine,
'Tis all my prayer, O Lord divine,
As here I rest and dream apart,
The words are singing in my heart.

—Cho.

O SACRED HEART! O LOVE DIVINE!

O Sacred Heart! O Love Divine!
Do keep us near to Thee;
And make our love so like to Thine
That we may holy be.

CHORUS.

Heart of Jesus, hear,
O Heart of Love Divine,
Listen to our prayers,
Make us always Thine.

O Temple pure! O House of Gold!
Our Heaven here below!
What sweet delights, what wealth untold
From Thee do ever flow!—Cho.

O Wounded Heart! O Font of Tears!
O Throne of grief and pain!
Whereon for the eternal years
Thy love for man does reign.—Cho.

Ungrateful hearts, forgetful hearts
The hearts of men have been,
To wound Thy side with cruel darts
Which they have made by sin.—Cho.

O SACRED HEART OF CHRIST OUR
KING.

O Sacred Heart of Christ our King!
The cross is in Thee glowing!
The cross of faith to which we cling,
With love and zeal o'erflowing!
And in the wound of this dear heart,
In hope and trust abiding,
We pray with hearts confiding,
To know Thee, O Sacred Heart!
To know Thee, yes, more and more;
That we may love Thee more and more,
May love Thee, O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart of Christ our Lord!
Where love's pure flames are burning,
We long to win Thy blest reward,
By love for love returning!
Thy crown of thorns must rend apart,
These guilty hearts before Thee,
Oh! grant them, we implore Thee.
To know Thee, O Sacred Heart! etc.

HEART OF JESUS, OUR HOME.

O Sacred Heart! our home lies deep in
Thee!
On earth Thou art in exile's rest,
In Heaven the glory of the blest.

CHORUS.

Sweet Sacred Heart! we Thee implore,
Make us love Thee more and more.
O Sacred Heart! thou Fount of contrite
tears!
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow.—Cho.

O Sacred Heart! our trust is all in Thee!
For though earth's night be dark and
drear,
Thou breathest rest when Thou art
near.—Cho.

O Sacred Heart! when shades of death
shall fall!
Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
And save us from the tempter's snare.
—Cho.

O Sacred Heart! lead exiled children
home!

Where we may ever rest near Thee,
In peace and joy eternally.—Cho.

O SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart! Source of all beauty,
Ever old and ever new,
Ah, far too late, too late have I known
Thee,
And far too late, have loved Thee,
Lord,

O Sacred Heart, source of all beauty,
O Sacred Heart, I Thee adore.

O thorn-girt Heart, Fountain of sorrow,
Let me feel Thy ev'ry grief;
Teach me to bear the cross with love and
patience,

And in Thy wound find sure relief.
O thorn-girt Heart, Fountain of sorrow,
O Sacred heart, I Thee adore.

O humble Heart, home of the lowly,
In Thy depths let me abide;
There let me lose all dreams of earthly
glory,

And in humility abide.
O humble Heart, home of the lowly,
O Sacred Heart, I Thee adore.

O SACRED HEART, SWEET SOURCE.

O Sacred Heart! sweet source from
whence

A stream of life e'er flows;
The weary soul may draw from thence
Refreshment and repose,
Here may we find a spot secure
From sin and vain alarm
Here may we taste for evermore
Thy love's consoling balm.

CHORUS.

Sweet Jesus! may Thy Sacred Heart
Our hope and refuge be;
There may we learn the Heavenly art
Of living but for Thee.

O Heart of Jesus! may we feel
Thy pure consuming fire,
Kindle in us Thy ardent zeal,
Be Thou our souls desire.
Absorb, dear Lord, our hearts in Thine;
Let us with Thee remain,
Nor ever may our souls incline
To earth's vain joys again.—Cho.

Wisdom divine doth ever dwell
Within Thy Sacred Heart,
The waters, then, of that pure well,
Sweet Lord, to us impart.
Great Fount of Truth, our souls inspire,
Each erring thought reclaim,
Sweet Source of Mercy, with Thy fire
Do Thou our hearts inflame.—Cho.

O Heart of ev'ry grace the source!
Of all God's gifts the best,
Unto the sinner strength and force,
Refreshment, hope and rest.
For day by day the Lamb is slain,
The Lord of Heav'n above
On lowly altars doth remain
The victim of His love.—Cho.

O SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart! with burning love,
On Thee enraptured angels gaze;
To Thee triumphant Saints above,
Forever sing their grateful praise.
Most loving Heart! while Heaven's
bright spheres
Resound Thy glories, shall not we,
Poor exiles in this vale of tears,
Re-echo hymns of praise to Thee.

CHORUS.

O Sacred Heart, may we adore,
And love Thee ever more and more.

Thou, Heart of Jesus! art the throne
Of mercy, Thou the fount of grace;
Our hope of Heaven's from Thee alone,
Sole refuge of our fallen race.
O Lamb of God! meek Victim slain
For us, let not the stream that flowed
From Thy pierced Heart have flowed in
vain,
Oh! cleanse us with Thy precious blood.
—Cho.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER THEE?

O Sacred Heart, what shall I render
Thee?
For all the gifts Thou hast bestowed on
me,
O Heart of God, Thou seem'st but to
implore
That I should love Thee daily more and
more.

CHORUS.

Then I will love Thee,
Then I will love Thee,
Then I will love Thee daily more and
more.

O Heart of Jesus, come and live with me,
That with Thy love my heart consumed
may be.
O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may love Thee daily more and
more.

CHORUS.

That I may love Thee,
That I may love Thee,
That I may love Thee daily more and
more.

O Sacred Heart, be this our life's one
aim,
To labor for the glory of Thy name;
O dearest Heart! this grace we Thee im-
plore,
That all the world may know and love
Thee more.

CHORUS.

That we may love Thee,
That we may love Thee,
That we may love Thee daily more and
more.

Dear Sacred Heart, in life's last awful
hour,
Oh! let us feel Thy love's Almighty
power;
Oh! then o'er all this grace we Thee
implore,
That we may love and trust Thee more
and more.—Cho.

O Sacred Heart, the sunshine of our days,
Be Thine the songs of everlasting praise;
Whose strains shall break on the eternal
shore,
Where we shall love and praise Thee
evermore.

CHORUS.

Where we shall love Thee,
Where we shall love Thee,
Where we shall love and praise Thee
more and more.

O SALUTARIS.

O Salutaris Hostia,
Quae coeli pandis ostium!
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria;
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.—Amen.

TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF
MARY.

O Sweet Receptacle of Grace!
O Fount of Purity!
By every tongue, in every clime,
Thy Name exalted be!

Pure as the lily's petals white,
Or as the fallen snow,
Is thy Heart, Virgin Mother mild,
Our refuge here below.

Thou art the channel which unites
Our souls with God above,
Through which He pours His gifts divine
Of mercy and of love.

The only hope of sinners here,
The solace of the just—
Our hearts and souls, dear Mother mild,
To thy sweet care we trust.

We claim thee, Heart Immaculate,
By Pio Nono's hand,
Which gave us thee, without a stain,
Patroness of our land.

Then, purest Heart Immaculate,
Unto thy service sweet
We consecrate our worthless lives
Until in Heaven we meet.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

O Thou who on Thy natal day,
Wast giv'n to Mary's tender care;
And who, beneath her loving, gentle
 sway,
Kept Thy soul like to her's as fair.
Sweet flower of love that sought to bloom
 unknown,
A Saint 'mid gaudy pomp and worldly
 pride.

CHORUS.

Angelic youth, blest Aloysius,
Guide Thou our hearts thro' sin's dark
 tide.

O thou who a crown cast away,
To be with Christ despised and poor;
Teach me to walk Thy pure and humble
 way,
Happy still, tho' but small our store.
Sweet flower of love, etc.—Cho.

May thought, word and deed be from sin
As far as thine, as chastely free;
That we from Mary's tender heart may
 win
All the love that it gave to Thee.
Sweet flower of love, etc.—Cho.

Thy warfare is past and away,
Recede the clouds that dark'n earth's
 skies;
For thee has dawned the happy, happy
 day,
The bright Heaven's glad surprise.
Sweet flower of love, etc.—Cho.

O YE SERAPHS BRIGHT.

O ye seraphs bright! full of love and
light
Come and teach our souls your tender
art.
All aglow with zeal, round our Lord to
kneel,
To adore and bless His Sacred Heart,
Source of ev'ry good, lo! the Precious
Blood
Floweth ever from the depth thereof;
O most Sacred Heart! to our souls impart
All the treasures of Thy grace and love.

CHORUS.

Hail! the Heart of Jesus,
Sweetest gift to God.
Bid the joyous breezes
Bear its praise abroad.

Ah! behold the Heart that has loved
mankind
With the love of truest Friend,
Pain, reproach and scorn for our sakes
has borne,
Loved us to the end.

CHORUS.

Praise the Sacred Heart,
Grateful souls, adore.
Love the Sacred Heart,
Now and forever more.

In this dwelling place of the purest grace
Sits the glory of the King of Kings,
From the golden shrine of this Heart di-
vine

Doubt and darkness flee like evil things,
Here our sorest grief finds a sweet relief.

MARY, THE FAIREST OF ALL VIR-
GINS.

Of all virgins thou art fairest,
Dearest Mary, Heavenly Queen!
Of all creatures thou art purest,
Like to thee was never seen.
Thy sweet face is like the Heavens,
Full of grace and purity;
Beauty all divine adorns it,
God alone surpasses thee!
Thy bright eyes with love are beaming,
Like twin stars of heaven they shine;
And thy looks are flaming arrows,
Wounding hearts with love divine.
Exulting, let us love, let us praise
Him, who gave us such a Mother;
Ah! we will love and proclaim
Mary's great Creator's name.

Queen art thou, whom all things worship,
Earth and Hell, and Heaven above;
But thy heart o'erflows with goodness;
Just and sinners feel thy love.
When, ah! when, at length in Heaven,
May I hope thy face to see?
When, ah! when! my heart keeps sighing:
Haste—I faint—I pine for thee!
Souls unnumbered thou dost ever
Rescue from the evil one;
Dearest Lady, grant me also
Not to lose thy blessed Son,
Exulting, let us love, etc.

Glory to the name of Mary!
Raise your voices, louder raise!
And of Jesus, Son of Mary,
Every creature chant the praise!
Him who gave us such a Mother,
Let our grateful songs proclaim;
Loving hearts and joyful voices
Praise her great Creator's name!
Glory to the name of Mary!
Raise your voices, louder raise!
And of Jesus, Son of Mary,
Every creature chant the praise!
Exulting, let us love, etc.

PRAYER OF ST. BERNARD.

Oh! be thou mindful, Mother most tender,
Ne'er was thine aid implored in vain.
Faint in the combat, lest we surrender,
Do thou our faltering heart sustain.
In ages gone by, as all records declare.
Not once hast thou slighted the sup-
pliant's cry,
Nor shall ages that follow thy mercies
impair,
To all that invoke thee, sweet Mother
thou'rt nigh.
Oh! be thou, etc.

For this in the midst of my sin and my
dread,
At the thought of thy mercies with
hope I'm inspired;
Oh, Virgin! thy Son on the cross for me
bled,
Thy Son on the cross for my ransom
expired.
Oh! be thou, etc.

Though countless and grievous the sins
I deplore,
Despair at thy name from my bosom
shall flee,
In thy love will I hope for my pardon
once more,
Oh! Virgin and Mother, I fly unto thee.
Oh! be thou, etc.

To my prayers and my sighs, blessed
Mother give ear,
And be thou as ever the penitent's
friend,
'Neath the shield of thy favor no danger
I'll fear,
But with thee and thy Son hope to
reign in the end.
Oh! be thou, etc.

OH, BEAUTIFUL THOU ART.

Oh, beautiful thou art, our sweet Virgin
Queen;
Come reign within each heart, peaceful
and serene.
See, with love now thrilling, all thy chil-
dren's hearts;
Joy each breast is filling, sadness now
departs.

Oh! list to strains now swelling, even to
thy throne;
Oh! call us from this dwelling, leave us
not alone.
Mother ever holy, hear us we pray;
Virgin pure and lowly, with us ever stay.

Ah! when we're sad and weary, tired of
 life and sin,
And when the way looks dreary, haste
 thy child to win.
When death lays his finger on our icy
 brow,
Oh, then near us linger, linger then as
 now.

OH! BLEST FOR E'ER.

Oh! blest for e'er the Mother,
 And Virgin full of grace,
Who bore our God! our Brother!
 The Saviour of our race.
Sweet Jesus! low before Thee
 We bend in fear and love;
Oh, grant we may adore Thee,
 In Thy bright realms above.

Sweet Jesus, etc.

Pure as the light of Heaven,
 In meekness nearest Thee,
'Tis Thou hast Mary given,
 Our guide, our friend, to be.
Sweet Mother! tears are falling
 From hearts that love thy Son,
Then hear thy children calling
 On thee, and bless thy own.

Sweet Mother, etc.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Oh! come and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side,
Oh! come and let us mourn with her,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast His hands and feet are nail'd;
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied,
His failing eyes are blind with blood,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
His mother cannot reach His face,
She stands in helplessness beside,
Her heart is martyr'd with her Son's,
Jesus, our Love, is Crucified.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of
love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by Heav'n thou hast been
tried,
And guilty found of too much love,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed,
His failing eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face;—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

OH! COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US
SING.

Oh! come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

CHORUS.

Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
An honor equal to His name?

Into His presence let us baste,
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.
—Cho.

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

Oh! let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.— Cho.

LOVE OF JESUS.

Oh! come, my sweet Saviour,
In this heart recline,
Thou knowest, my Jesus,
'Twill ever be Thine.

CHORUS.

O God of love,
My soul's sweet delight,
Keep ever thy child
From sin's dreary night.

Loved Mother, beg Jesus,
To list to my call,
For He is my Saviour,
My God and my all.—Cho.

My heart joins those angels,
That come from above,
To sing 'round this altar
Hosannas of love.—Cho.

Then come, my sweet Saviour,
Ne'er more to depart;
Thy home is my bosom,
Thy altar my heart.—Cho.

OH! HOW THE HEART OF MARY
BURNS.

Oh! how the Heart of Mary burns;
Untired, unchanged, in love! it turns
With ceaseless breathings of desire,
Tow'rds Jesus' Heart, its sacred fire.
Heart of the best of mothers, hear
The voice of thy poor suppliants' prayer,
Grant to our hearts, O Heart divine,
Some portion of that love of thine.

O Mary, be this Heart our stay,
Till death shall call our souls away
From this frail dust; then, ere we part,
Hide us, O Mary, in thy Heart.
Through that pure Heart, where thou
didst dwell,
That Heart that loved thine own so well,
May all their meed of homage send,
To thee, for ages without end.

OH! LIST, MY LOVED ANGEL.

Oh! list, my loved angel, assent to my
vow,
And accept this young heart that is of-
fered thee now,
My Mother's soft eyes beam with ten-
d'rest light
As I kneel and invoke thy protection this
night.

In innocence keep me, and watch the
bright flower,
Oh! pure let it bloom, until life's clos-
ing hour!
In the heart of my Mother let mine find
repose,
Like a dewdrop enshrined in the heart
of a rose.

My light be 'mid darkness, mine aid
thro' the day,
And ever in prayer teach me what I
shall say;
Then Mary will smile as she listens to
thee,
And grant the petition thou'st proffered
for me.

Be near me, and round me thy bright
presence fling,
My heart close enfold with thy pure,
snowy wing.
'Neath Mary's bright mantle thou may'st
ever stay,
Oh! keep me there with thee, sweet angel,
I pray.

Oh! guide me, blessed angel, to Heaven
and God,
In the straight narrow path the child Je-
sus hath trod;
His Mother watched o'er Him with such
tender care,
Oh! ask her to take me to dwell with
Him there.

CRIB OF BETHLEHEM. ;

Oh! sing a joyous carol
Unto the Holy Child,
And praise with gladsome voices
His Mother undefiled.
Our youthful voices, greeting,
Shall hail our Infant King,
And our sweet Lady listens
When children's voices sing.

Who is there meekly lying
In yonder stable poor?
Dear children, it is Jesus—
He bids you now adore.
Who is there kneeling by Him
In virgin beauty fair?
It is our Mother, Mary—
She bids you all draw near.

Who is there near the manger
That guards the Holy Child?
It is the great St. Joseph—
Chaste spouse of Mary mild.
Dear children, oh! how joyful
With them in Heaven to be!
God grant that none be missing
From that festivity.

OH! TAKE ME TO THY SACRED HEART.

Oh! take me to Thy Sacred Heart
And seal the entrance o'er,
That from that home my wayward soul
May never wander more:
O Jesus' Heart, meek, patient, kind,
My soul to Thee I turn;
Thou wilt not crush the bruised reed,
The sorrowing spirit spurn.

O Mary! by the priceless love
Which Jesus' Heart bore thee,
Pray that my home in life and death
That loving Heart may be:
O Jesus! open wide Thy Heart,
And let me rest therein;
For weary is my stricken soul
Of sorrow and of sin.

I've sought for rest and found it not
In things of earthly mould;
One Heart alone is worth my love—
That Heart that ne'er grows cold.
Yes, Jesus, take me to 'thyself,
I'm weary waiting here;
I long to lean upon Thy breast,
To see and feel Thee near.

OH! THE PRICELESS LOVE OF
JESUS

Oh! the priceless love of Jesus!

Oh! the strength of grace divine,
All His gifts are showered upon me,
All His blessings may be mine;
He is throned in Heavenly glory,
Where no sin nor death can be,
Yet He loves me in this darkness,
Yet He does not turn from me.

I am poor, and weak, and sinful,
By temptations sorely tried,
Yet His watchful care abounding
Keeps me ever at His side;
He is God and King eternal,
Higher than all height can be,
Yet His heart is with me always,
Yet he stoopeth down to me.

Storms of sorrow roll around me,
Darkling clouds above me meet,
But I hasten to my refuge,
At my Saviour's wounded feet;
Oh! how lovingly, my Jesus,
Thou dost ever with me bear,
I can never, never thank Thee
For Thy goodness and Thy care.

OH! TURN, MOST TENDER MOTHER.

Oh! turn, most tender Mother,
Those loving eyes of thine,
And see the fresh, sweet flowers,
We bring to deck thy shrine.
Receive the gifts we bring thee,
Accept the lay we sing thee.
O Mary, sweet Mother,
Hear our humble prayer.

These roses, fresh and blooming,
These lilies, white as snow,
Bespeak the Heavenly virtues
That round thy pathway grow.
With love like roses glowing,
And pure as lilies blowing,
O Mary, sweet Mother,
Make our hearts like thine.

Watch o'er us, loving Mother,
When tossed by passions wild,
Then teach us to call on thee,
And on thy Holy Child.
From sin and evil guard us,
In danger watch and ward us,
O Mary, sweet Mother,
Hear our ardent prayer!

FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

Oh! turn to Jesus, Mother! turn,
And call Him by His tenderest names:
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames.

Ah! they have fought the gallant fight:
In death's cold arms they persevered
And after life's uncheery night
The harbor of their rest is neared.

They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

Ah me! the love of Jesus yearns
O'er that abyss of sacred pain,
And as he looks His bosom burns
With Calvary's dear thirst again.

O Mary! let thy Son no more
His lingering spouses thus expect,
God's children to their God restore,
And to the spirits His elect.

Pray, then, as thou has ever prayed,
Angels and souls all look to thee,
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

OH! WHAT COULD MY JESUS DO
MORE.

Oh! what could my Jesus do more,
Or what greater blessings impart?
Oh! silence, my soul; and adore
And press Him still near thy heart.

'Tis here from my labors I'll rest
Since He makes my poor heart His
abode,
To Him all my cares I'll address,
And speak to the heart of my God.

For life and for death Thou art mine,
My Saviour, I'm sealed with Thy blood;
Till eternity on me doth shine,
I'll feed on the flesh of my God.

In Jesus triumphant I live;
In Jesus exultingly die;
The terrors of death calmly brave;
In His bosom breathe out my last sigh.

HEAVENLY DESIRES.

Oh, when shall we with angels bright
On golden harps our Mother praise,
And bask beneath her smile's sweet light,
And on her wondrous beauty gaze?
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, sweet
Mother; far from Heaven and thee
We languish here in exile drear,
These captive hearts, O Mary, free!
Let them behold thee, Mother dear.

Oh! if 'tis now so sweet to love,
And oft to breathe thy holy name,
What will it be in realms above,
Where seraphs' ardor hearts inflame?
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, sweet
Mother, soon thy summons send;
On earth no longer let us roam,
In thy bright courts let us attend,
O Mary, call thy children home!

But, hark! a voice from starry skies.
Those gentle tones our hearts well
know,
Our Mother loved has heard our sighs,
She sees us languish here below.
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, but no, she
bids us wait awhile,
'Mid earthly scenes that pass away,
Then we'll behold her tender smile,
And come with her in Heaven to stay.

Her children there she'll kindly cheer,
She'll fold them in her fond embrace,
From every eye she'll wipe the tear,
And from sad hearts all sorrow chase.
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, sweet
Mother, yet we'll linger here,
O'er life's drear waste we still will
roam,
And wait in hope till thou appear
To guide us to our Heavenly home.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

On her throne of love and graces,
In her fair and lovely shrine,
Clasping close in her embraces
The Holy Babe Divine.
Come and greet our dearest Mother,
Come and hail our Sovereign Queen,
Creeping close to Christ, our Brother,
With a spirit pure and clean.

CHORUS.

Hark! the hymn of love is swelling,
Lady of Perpetual Help!
Ev'ry tongue thy praise is telling,
Lady of Perpetual Help!

In the light of glowing canule,
Mark the Mother's grief profound!
From her Baby's foot the sandal
falls unheeded to the ground.
Firm she clasps His trembling fingers
To her bosom, white as snow,
Right and left an angel lingers,
Bearing instruments of woe!—Cho.

By thy grief, thy Son's dear passion,
Mother Mary, hear our prayer!
By thy love and deep compassion,
Keep us ever in thy care!
In life's toil and fretting changes,
Be our refuge, be our rest!
And, through death's besetting dangers,
Guide us safe to mansions blest!—Cho.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL
MOTHER.

CHORUS.

On this day, O beautiful Mother,
On this day we give thee our love.
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we hover,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

SOLO.

On this day, we ask to share,
Dearest Mother, thy sweet care;
Aid us ere our feet astray
Wander from thy guiding way.—Cho.

Queen of angels, deign to hear
Lisping children's humble pray'r;
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,
Sweetly to thyself allure.—Cho.

Rose of Sharon, lovely flow'r,
Beauteous bud of Eden's bow'r;
Cherished lily of the vale,
Virgin, Mother, Queen, we hail.—Cho.

ON THIS SWEET MORN.

On this sweet morn, O jay all words
transcending,
Our God will come in Eucharistic guise,
Our hearts with His in sweet Commu-
nion blending
Will with rapture taste the bliss of Para-
dise.

CHORUS.

Thy Jesus seeks to make His dwelling
there;
O Mother loved, our cold hearts prepare,
With virtues bright thy children's hearts
adorn,
"For in their depths He'll rest on this
sweet morn."

Now fading fast day's brilliant rays de-
clining
Tell that the morn, the day of love is
near.
That soon the Sun of Justice, brightly
shining,
In mercy veiled will to our souls ap-
pear.—Cho.

On this sweet morn will come to sacred
seeming
When we may say farewell to mortal
strife,
Haste, haste that dawn now in the fu-
ture gleaming,
That morn that leads us to eternal life.
—Cho.

ONE HEART, ONE SOUL.

“One heart, one soul, in Jesus’ Heart,”
Sweet is the league of love
Which binds our hearts so close for aye
To Jesus’ Heart above,
No thought, no feeling, no desire
Must claim in us a part,
Till made all pure and sanctified,
Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart.

“One Heart, one soul,” O wondrous
power
Of Jesus’ Heart to bind;
The hearts that else discordant were
Here holy concord find.
In Thee, with Thee, for Thee we work
Thy message to impart,
That all true rest and peace can gain,
Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart.

Dear Jesus, keep us in Thy Heart;
Take our cold hearts away;
Or make our hearts more like to Thine,
More pure and meek each day.
Ah, yes, e’en in this sinful world,
This is the better part,
What shall it be when safe for aye,
Lord, in Thy Sacred Heart?

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with Thee, O dearest Jesus,
In silence, at Thy feet,
One hour of rest, of joy, of bliss,
My God, my God, how sweet
To kneel before Thy earthly throne,
And gaze upon Thee there,
To be one hour with Thee alone,
And, oh! to be so near.

What can I do, what can I say,
How praise, how thank, how love,
What fitting homage can I pay,
O angels from above?
Lend me your voices for this hour,
Lend me your tongues to speak
Some words of love, some words of
praise,
For mine are all too weak.

My God, my Father, friend, my All,
How sweet this hour to me;
What feast of love, of Heavenly light,
These moments spent with Thee.
Ah, words, my Jesus, cannot tell
The rapture of this union,
Whilst Thou art mine and I all Thine
In this one sweet communion.

OUR LORD IS RISEN.

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.

CHORUS.

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.

There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye Heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.—Cho.

Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right,
Receive the King of glory in.—Cho.

PANGE, LINGUA.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fractus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conservatus
Sparsa verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

In suprema nocte coenae,
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene,
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenae
Se dat suis manibus.

Verbo carnem, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Etsi sensus deficit;
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

PEACE, BE STILL.

Peace, be still! our God is dwelling,
Silent on His altar throne;
Let us kneel, our bosoms swelling,
With a joy but seldom known.
Heart of Jesus! come we hither
With our burdens meekly in,
From a world where spirits wither,
From a world whose breath is sin.

CHORUS.

Heart of Jesus! strength supernal!
Send us power from above;
Heart of Jesus! light eternal!
Fill our souls with light and love!

Thou hast called the heavy laden,
Called the poor, the frail to Thee,
See us, then, O Son of Maiden!
None could poorer, frailer be!
Thou dost know the woes and weakness
Of a nature prone to ill,
Heart of mercy! Heart of meekness!
Be our shield, our succor still!—Cho.

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Pray for the dead! at noon and eve
Lift up to God thy young request,
Implore His goodness to relieve
The suffering souls and grant them rest.

Pray for the dead! though faithfully they,
Yet while the penalties remain,
Must suffering purge the debt away,
And penance cleanse the sinful stain.

Pray for the dead! thy pray'rs, tho' weak,
May yet be heard and bring them ease;
For God will hear thy sighs, if meek—
Thy tears, if offer'd up for peace.

Pray for the dead! and while ye pray,
Tremble lest sin thy soul o'ertake;
Lest, when thine eyes are clos'd to-day,
Thy soul in Purgatory wake.

Pray for the dead! in holy fear,
Pray that their stains may be forgiven;
That thou thyself may leave the bier
To enter pure, at once, in Heaven.

PRESERVE, MY JESUS.

Preserve, my Jesus, oh! preserve
My soul to everlasting life,
Oh, may this blest Communion serve
To aid my soul in passion's strife;
Oh, may Thy body, may Thy blood
Be to my soul a saving food,
To fill it still with life and grace,
And every sinful stain efface.

Take, then, my thoughts from all but
Thee,

To Thee may every impulse tend,
What avails to tell my misery?

I have my God, my guest, my friend;
May pity increase, and prayer
Mine every thought, word, action share;
The gift of love my sole request—
Thou, God of love, wilt grant the rest.

And Thou, eternal Godhead, see
The Son beloved, once given for me;
See my Redeemer—now the guest
Of this poor, lowly, honor'd breast;
See, see Thy Jesus, Him I bring,
Accept, accept mine offering;
Accept the sacrifice which pleads
For all Thy grateful servant needs.

MOTHER OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Pure as Carmel's snows, and lovely
As the first fair morning shine;
Crowned with stars of changeless splen-
dor,

Hail! thou Mother, Maid divine!
Hail! thou Lady of the mountain,
Rearing up its stately height—
Emblematic of thy graces,
Glowing in immortal light!
Mother of Mount Carmel, hear!
Shades are falling, night is near!

From the wide wastes of the ocean,
Where the bird-like vessels sail;
From the deep haunts of the city,
Where the weak and tempt'd wail.
In the battle, in the chapel,
From the bondsman and the free,
This sweet incense still is wafted,
This sweet prayer swept up to thee!
Mother of Mount Carmel, hear!
Shades are falling, night is near!

THE SALVE REGINA.

Queen of empyreal Heaven, hail! wonder
of the immortal choirs,
Thy grandeur, Virgin, who may tell?
wake the strains of mortal lyres.
Hail! Mother, hail! O Queen divine! hail,
O Heaven's open gate!
All humble, contrite hearts are thine; turn
from us the sinner's fate.

Of an unhappy mother born, banished
Heaven, bathed in tears,
Thy children, we, with grief forlorn, cry
to thee; dispel our fears,
O Virgin, listen to our prayer, cast on us a
pitying eye,
Convince us that each sigh you hear, Mary,
to our aid incline.

Loving mother, mother dear, Mother of
the God of light,
To us poor exiles turn thy ear, guide us
through this vale of night,
And when life's tender thread is spun, to
our aid, pure Virgin, come;
Come from the glory of thy Son, bear us
to our longed-for home.

QUEEN OF OUR FOUNT.

Queen of our fount, Immaculata.
Queen of the flowers and of the May;
Queen of the hearts that gather round thee
To crown thy royal brow to-day.

CHORUS.

Pure as the snow on Hebron's mountain,
Bright as the rose in Sharon's vale,
White as the foam of Israel's fountain,
Mary Immaculate we hail.

Fair Queen of Heaven, O Mother tender,
In thee our every hope is placed;
Oh! be to us a strong defender,
And guide us through life's dreary
waste.—Cho.

Queen of the earth and Queen of Heaven,
Queen of the vernal bowers of May,
Queen of the souls thy Son hath given
To guide them to eternal day.—Cho.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Queen of the fount, Immaculate,
Queen of the grotto fair,
In characters of living light
Thy name is blazoned there.
Queen of our hearts, whom love enthroned
In this our garden shrine,
Its trees, its leaves, its falling spray,
Sweet Mother, all are thine.

CHORUS.

Queen of the fount, Immaculate,
On thee our hopes we cast;
Oh! aid us in our present need,
Aid us when life is past.

Ah, gracious Sovereign, it is thine
 Poor sinking souls to save,
And thy sweet care and tenderness
 Are all our hearts would crave.
Still at thy throne of clemency
 Our pressing wants appeal;
Then, Mary, ever Virgin blest,
 Our wounds and sorrows heal.—Cho.

Dear Mother, was there aught refused
 To thy sweet pleading pray'r?
Hath weary sinner ever turned,
 Denied thy tender care?
Then earthward flow, O saving stream,
 Calm fount of mercy flow—
Thou hast a balm for every grief
 The human heart can know.—Cho.

And oh! when life is drear and dark,
 And hope itself is dim;
When those we loved are passed away,
 And sorrow's cup would brim;
When deep despondence clouds our hearts,
 And joy's sweet visions flee—
Then, Comfort of the comfortless,
 Thou wilt our refuge be.—Cho.

O Mary, Mary, Mother blest,
 From thy bright Heavenly throne,
Oh, deign to sanctify the fount
 We dedicate thine own;
Then shall its precious waters flow
 With healing grace replete—
An emblem of thy tenderness,
 O fount of mercy sweet.—Cho.

QUEEN OF THE SKIES.

Queen of the skies, so brightly fair—
So mild, so chaste, and meek;
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,
Thy children frail and weak.
Behold our prayers like incense rise,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

The shadows of a sinful earth
Are hov'ring o'er our way,
Oh! thou who gav'st a Saviour birth,
Be thou our guide and stay.
Oh! turn on us thy loving eyes,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

The perfumed wreath for thee we've
twined,
To thee our voices raise;
And round thy chaste and holy shrine
We hymn our notes of praise.
Oh! hear our prayers, behold our sighs,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

MARY, THE LOVELIEST OF ALL CREATURES.

Raise your voices, vales and mountains,
Flowery meadows, streams and fountains;
Praise, oh! praise that loveliest Maiden
Ever Creator made.
Murmuring brooks, your tribute bringing,
Little birds with joyful singing,
Come with mirthful praises laden,
To your Queen be homage paid.

O sweet Virgin, we implore thee,
Tell what beauty God sheds o'er thee;
Praise and thanks to Him be given
Who in love created thee.
Like a sun with splendor glowing
Gleams thy heart with love o'erflowing;
Like the moon in starry heaven
Shines thy peerless purity.

Like the rose and lily blooming,
Sweetly Heaven and earth perfuming,
Stainless, spotless thou appearest,
Queenly beauty graces thee.
But to God, in whom thou livest,
Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,
When to Him in beauty nearest,
Yet so humble thou canst be.

Lovely Maid, to God most pleasing;
And for us His wrath appeasing;
Oh, by all thy love for Jesus,
Show to us thy clemency!
Raise your voices, vales and mountains,
Flowery meadows, streams and fountains;
Praise, oh, praise the loveliest Maiden
Ever the Creator made.

REGINA COELI.

(From Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve.)

Regina coeli laetare! Alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare; Alleluia.
Resurrexit sicut dixit; Alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum; Alleluia.

V. Gaude et laetare, Virgo Maria, Alleluia,
R.—Quia surrexit Dominus vere, Alleluia.

REJOICE! REJOICE.

Rejoice, rejoice, O earth and skies,
See Jacob's promised star arise!
Its radiant beams of living light
Dispel the shades of sin's dark night.
Far, far above angelic bands
Immaculate our Mother stands;
No shadow rests upon her name,
And Heav'n and earth proclaim
Our Queen, our lovely Queen, Immaculate.

CHORUS.

Oh! Heav'nly gift of God,
Our Queen Immaculate!
Peerless Mother, beauteous Queen,
Our hearts now thrill with gladness,
As we thy praises sing.
Peerless Mother, beauteous Queen,
Immaculate, Virgin Queen Immaculate.

Immaculate! that word has charms
To win thy children to thy arms!
And thus we're drawn to thy sweet shrine,
To place our trusting hearts in thine;
Oh! make them glow with burning love
For thy dear Son who reigns above.
And now again our voices raise,
And sing our Mother's praise.
Our Queen, our lovely Queen Immaculate.
—Cho.

MEMORARE.

CHORUS.

Remember, oh! remember, dearest Mother,
Never, never, was it known
That any sin or sorrow, trembling in thy
sunshine,
Told too oft its wailing moan,
Or wept unpitied or alone.

Thro' the ages that are past, thro' the years
that lie sleeping,
Cold and dark in the tomb of the dead
long-ago,
No soul ever came in its desolate weeping,
Invoking in vain thy pity for its woe,
Thy pity for its woe.

Thou art fair as the stars, thou art pure
as the morning;
We are frail as the leaves that lie low in
the blast,
But, ah! that sad heart, never sad sinners
scorning,
Invites to its repose the folly of the past,
The folly of the past.

What thou wert, still thou art; what thou
art, be thou ever;
Open wide all the gates of thy beautiful
store;
My life at thy feet I lay low, that canst
never
Refuse a heart whose throbs shall pierce
thine own no more,
Shall pierce thine own no more.

REMEMBER YOU, O GRACIOUS LORD.

Remember You, O gracious Lord,
The eternal God's co-equal word,
In Virgin's womb a creature made,
Our nature wore for Nature's aid.
O happy Mary, chose to be
Mother of grace and clemency,
Protect us at the hour of death,
And bear to Heaven our parting breath.
May age to age forever sing
The Virgin's Son and Angels' King,
And praise the celestial host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ROSE OF THE CROSS.

Rose of the Cross, thou mystic flower,
I lift my heart to thee;
In every melancholy hour,
O Mary! remember me!

A wand'rer here thro' many a wild,
Where few their way can see,
Bloom with thy fragrance on thy child,
O Mary! remember me!

Let me but stand, where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimson tree,
And by the water and the blood,
O Mary! remember me!

There let me wash my sinful soul
And be from sin set free,
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole,
O Mary! remember me!

Be thy blessed Son my all in all,
To whom from life I flee,
And when before His feet I fall,
O Mary! remember me!

Lead me forever to adore
The glorious One in Three,
And whilst I tremble more and more,
O Mary! remember me!

Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,
May I thy follower be,
And when temptation wields its power,
O Mary! remember me!

SACRED HEART IN ACCENTS BURN-
ING.

Sacred Heart! in accents burning
Pour we forth our love of Thee;
Here our hopes and here our yearnings
Meet and mingle tenderly.
Heart of mercy, ever eager
All our woes and wounds to heal,
Heart most patient, Heart most pure!
To our souls Thy depths reveal.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart of our Redeemer!
Pierc'd with love on Calvary!
Heart of Jesus ever loving,
Make us burn with love of Thee!
Praise to Thee! Sacred Heart!

Heart of bounty, Thou art bringing
All Thy thirsting children here,
Where the living waters, springing,
Tell of hope and comfort near.
O Thou source of ev'ry blessing!
Sweetest, strongest, holiest, blest!
Be our treasure here on earth,
And in Heav'n be Thou our rest.—Cho.

SACRED HEART OF JESUS BLEST.

Sacred Heart of Jesus blest,
Thou art my solace and my rest;
Jesus, an humble Heart is Thine,
Oh! make my heart like unto Thine.

Heart of love, my treasure be,
Thy Precious Blood has ransomed me;
Heart of Jesus, Heart Divine,
My soul, my life, my heart are Thine.

Heart of Jesus, Source of grace
Deep on my soul Thy virtues trace;
And in death's supremest hour
Be Thou my Hope, my saving power.

MAKE US LOVE THEE MORE AND
MORE.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart, we Thee implore
Oh! make us love Thee more and more.

O ye seraphs bright,
Full of love and light,
Come and teach our souls your tender art
Aglow with love to feel,
Round our Lord to kneel,
To adore and bless His Sacred Heart.

Source of every good,
Lo! the Precious Blood
Floweth ever from the depths thereof.
O most Sacred Heart,
To our souls impart
All the treasures of Thy grace and love.

In this dwelling place
Of the purest grace
Sits the glory of the King of Kings.
From the golden shrine
Of this Heart divine
Doubt and darkness flee like evil things.

Here our sorest grief
Finds a sweet relief
And the tried and tempted hide from sin.
Here the saints abound
In a peace profound,
And the weeping sinner pardon wins.

SALVE REGINA.

(From Trinity Eve till Advent.)
Salve, Regina, mater misericordiae! vita,
dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve!
Ad te clamamus, exules Filii Evae.
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in
hac lacrymarum valle.

Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos mis-
ericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
nobis post hoc exilium ostende,
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

SAVING HOST.

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 Heavenly 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 every blessing,
Warm our hearts with love divine,
Let Thy grace, our souls possessing,
Make us be forever Thine.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,

Oh! by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,

By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By Thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,

Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hark our solemn Litany!

By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

SEE! AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

See! amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below;
See! the tender Lamb appears,
Promis'd from eternal years.

CHORUS.

Hail, thou ever blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Low within a manger lies
He who built the earth and skies;
He who, thron'd in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.—Cho.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?—Cho.

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous sight;
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.—Cho

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come, from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this!—Cho.

Teach, oh! teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility!—Cho.

Virgin Mother! Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.—Cho.

SEE, THE DAWN.

See, the dawn from Heav'n is breaking
O'er our light.
And Earth from sin awaking
Hails the Light.
See those groups of Angels winging
From the realms above,
On their sunny brows from Eden bringing
Wreaths of hope and love.
Hark! their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling dark and lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Son!
He, whose home is in the skies,
The Holy, Holy, Holy One!

SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING.

See the Paraclete descending,
Burning with celestial fire;
Grace and truth, on Him attending.
Men with Heavenly love inspire.

CHORUS.

Let us, Alleluias singing,
Offer Him our grateful lays,
He, all Heavenly graces bringing,
Merits everlasting praise. Alleluia,
Amen.

Men, in every danger fearing,
Now the greatest dangers scorn,
Amidst tortures persevering,
Show themselves in Christ new-born.
--Cho.

Fishermen, by Thee instructed,
Jesus to the world proclaim;
Infants, by Thy grace conducted,
Rather die than slight His name.—Cho.

Idols fall, the Devil ceasing
O'er the world to be adored;
Faith and love, by Thee increasing,
All confess Thee, sovereign Lord.—Cho.

Source of love, our hearts inflaming
With true zeal and virtue pure,
Grant we may, in Heaven reigning
Sing Thy praise for evermore.--Cho.

SILENT NIGHT.

Silent Night, Sacred Night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy place;
Songs of Angels fill the air,
Strains of Heavenly peace.

Silent Night, Sacred Night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring,
Which the angel-chorus sing:
Christ the Saviour has come.

Silent Night, Sacred Night,
Son of God! oh, what light
Radiates from Thy manger-bed
Over realms with darkness spread
Thou in Bethlehem born.

SING, SING, YE ANGEL BANDS.

Sing, sing, ye angel bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For, higher still, and higher,
Through the vast fields of light,
Mary, your Queen ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been,
And, save the throne of God,
Your Heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look,
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up,
Her hand is locked in His.
Oh, who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee, then—
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Oh, no!—the angels' Queen
Our Mother still will be,
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

SNOW AND RAIN HAVE VANISHED.

Snow and rain have vanished,
Winds have ceased to wail,
Gloomy winter's banish'd
From the hill and dale;
Gentle mother, hear us
At thy altar pray;
Queen of saints, be near us
On this sweet May day.

Spring hath come with flowers,
Spring hath come with light,
Soft and rosy hours
Fill the day and night.
Stars above us gleaming
Tell of Mary's worth,
Blossoms 'round us teeming
Speak her praise to earth.

Here below deserving,
She was found alone,
God, from sin preserving,
Chose her for His own.
Grace as to none other,
Grace to her was giv'n,
She became the mother
Of the King of Heav'n.

God bestowed upon her
Glories all her own;
Earth's sublimest honor,
Heaven's queenly throne.
Taught by Him, we love her
In our simple way,
Placing none above her
On this sweet May day.

PRESENTATION.

Soft breaks the morn on Zion hills,
And scarce a dreamy echo wakes,
O Heaven, attend, O earth, be still,
And list the vow that Mary makes.

CHORUS.

Dear Holy Child, sweet maiden blest,
With royal beauty richly crowned.
Oh! teach my heart to seek its rest
Alone where peace and rest are found.
Hail, Blessed Child! Hail, Blessed Child.

Earth's cares forever cast away,
Like thee may I retire apart,
At God's high throne in love to lay
The tribute of a sinless heart.—Cho.

Oh! let Thy fond protection be
A beacon light to shine before
That love of God and love of Thee
May fill my heart forever more.—Cho.

Immaculate, and full of grace,
Thy praises shall my lips employ,
That, heart to heart, and face to face,
I'll share with Thee Heaven's endless
joy.—Cho.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

Soldiers of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on.
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Soldiers of Christ, arise!
The God of armies calls
Unto His mansions in the skies,
His everlasting halls.

Lo! the angel host appears
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh, what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys, compared to this?

Crushed is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone;
But ye, with victory crowned, shall go
To Christ's eternal throne.

There shall the conqueror rest,
And in that blest abode
Forever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

ANIMA CHRISTI.

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast,
Thy blessed Body be my saving Guest;
Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in Thy tide,
Wash me, ye waters, streaming from
His side.

Strength and protection may His passion
be;
Jesus, oh! hear my sighs and answer me;
Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide and shelter
me,
That I may never, never, part from Thee.

Guard and defend me from the wicked
foe;
In deaths dread moments Thy sweet
mercy show;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee above,
Where I may praise Thee with my songs
of love.

PRAYER.

Soul of my Saviour, with holiness fill
me;
Body of Jesus, be Thou my salvation;
Blood shed on Calvary, fill me with rap-
ture;
Water that flowed from His side at the
spear,

Wash my soul clean from all stain of
defilement;
Passion of Christ, make me strong in my
weakness;
Jesus, dear Lord, let my cry wake Thy
mercy;
Deep in Thy wounds let my soul find a
refuge;
Make me in time and eternity cleave to
Thee;
Ward off the stroke of the foe so malig-
nant.
Let Thy voice cheer me when death gives
the summons;
Say to me, "Come," when the shadows
are darkest;
May my seat for all ages be near Thee
in Heaven,
And my voice, 'mid the saints and the
angels uplifted,
Sing praise to Thy glory forever and ever.

ST. ANTHONY.

CHORUS.

St. Anthony, we praise thee
And sing thy wondrous pow'r;
Oh! never fail to aid us
In every needy hour.

Thine aid can'st thou refuse us,
With Jesus in thy arms;
And all thy love o'erflowing
Upon His infant charms.—Cho.

St. Anthony, oh! teach us
Thy ardent zeal and love,
That raise the heart's affections
All earthly things above.—Cho.

Let love of Jesus only
Our aspirations fill;
Be it our truest pleasure
To do His holy will.—Cho.

ST. CECILIA.

St. Cecilia, from out the splendor
Of your bright, celestial throng;
Oh! hear the praise 'tis ours to render,
List the burden of our song.

CHORUS.

Wilt hear our prayer, sweet St. Cecilia,
And teach our hearts thy song divine?
That we with prayer and celestial music
May blend our voice with thine.

We have dwelt on thy wondrous story,
We behold thy trials done;
And there we see the crown of glory
By thy love and suffering won.—Cho.

Now the day of thy strife is ended,
Now thou reignest in the skies;
And thy glad voice is softly blended
With the hymns of Paradise.—Cho.

STABAT MATER.

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Justa crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fieset,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum,
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere
Crucifixo condolere
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare.
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

SORROWS OF MARY.

Stood the Mother weeping, sighing,
Near her Son, the Crucified;
Saw Him writhing, bleeding, dying,
Felt the sword her soul divide.

CHORUS.

Holy Mother, may I borrow
Unmeasured love like thine;
Grace to share with thee in sorrow
For Him, thy Son divine.

Hers what sadness and affliction,
Mother of the only One;
Hers the crowned with benediction,
Jesus dies, her glorious Son.—Cho.

Who the mortal without weeping
Could behold that Mother's woe;
Tearless, see her vigils keeping
Near her Jesus suffering so?—Cho.

For the sins of hapless mortals
Scourged and beaten to the goal,
Sees she Him at death's dark portals,
Pouring out for us His soul.—Cho.

EVENING CHANT.

Strew before our Lady's altar
Roses—flushing like the sky.
Where the lingering western cloudlets
Watch the daylight die.
Violets steeped in dreamy odors,
Humble as the mother mild,
Blue as were her eyes when watching
O'er her sleeping Child.

Strew white lilies, pure and spotless,
Bending on their stalks of green,
Bending down with tender pity,
Like our Holy Queen.
Let the flowers spend their fragrance
On our Lady's own dear shrine,
While we claim her gracious helping
Near her Son divine.

Strew before our Lady's altar
Gentle flowers fair and sweet;
Hope and fear and joy and sorrow
Place, too, at her feet.
Peace to every heart that loves her,
All her children shall be blest,
While she prays and watches for us
We will trust and rest.

STRIKE THE HARP.

Strike the harp in praise of God!
Wake the timbrel's louder mirth,
Glorious the song must be
Of the great Creator's worth;
Nature in her calmness raises
Strains of gladness, peace and love.
Man re-echoes forth her praises,
Glory to the God above.
Strike the harp, etc.

Honor Him, ye host of Heaven!
Worship Him, ye realms below!
Not with outward form alone,
But with hearts that purely glow.
He who rules the earth—the ocean—
Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,
He can tell with what devotion
Bows the heart or bends the knee.
Strike the harp, etc.

HYMN TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sweet angel of mercy! by Heaven's decree
Divinely appointed to watch over me,
Without thy protection, so constant and nigh,
I could not well live, I should tremble to die.

Support me in weakness; my spirit in-
flame;
Defend me in danger; secure me from
shame.
That, safe from temptation or sudden sur-
prise,
I may mount the straight path that con-
ducts to the skies.

O thou! who didst witness my earliest
breath,
Be with me, I pray, in the hour of my
death;
Protect me from Satan, console me in
pain,
And teach me how best I may mercy ob-
tain.

That, cleansed by confession, complete
and sincere,
From all the defilements afflicting me
here,
All glowing with love, I may gladly de-
part,
With faith on my lips and with hope in
my heart.

Nor then do thou leave me, angelical
friend,
But at the tribunal of judgment attend,
Till with angels and saints I adore in my
place
The Father and Son, and the Spirit of
Grace.

RETURN TO THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Fount of love. dear Sacred Heart,
Long have I sought in vain
For peace and joy from Thee apart,
Evading Thy sweet reign.
Why didst Thou not, as I deserved,
Amidst sin's dashing foam,
Leave me to perish? for I scorned
The voice that called me home—
No, 'twas not in Thy Sacred Heart
To bid e'en me depart.

CHORUS.

Sacred Heart, Thou dost call—
"My Child, give Me thy heart!
"Come, though thy soul be red with guilt,
Come, make thy home My Heart!"

Sweet Lord, my heart is pierced with woe,
Help, or I die of grief;
That one dear word, so sweet and low,
Has rendered danger brief.
'Twas I who wounded Thy dear Heart,
And pierced Thy Mother's too—
Ah, Jesus dear, do not depart,
Hot tears, like copious dew,
Fall quickly as once more I hear,
"My Child, to Me draw near."—Cho.

But now, at last, sweet Sacred Heart,
Thy ingrate child returns—
Whom Thou so lovedst, who spurned Thy
love,
She now for pardon yearns.
Yes, whisper once again, dear Lord,
“My child, thou art forgiven,”
And ere this feast shall pass away
Thy Heart shall be my Heaven.
Farewell! vain earth! my life, my all
To Jesus' Heart is given.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Heart of Jesus, ever yearning
That our icy hearts with love may burn,
Kind Heart of Jesus, never spurning
When the contrite unto Thee return.

CHORUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus we now implore,
Oh! make us love Thee more and more,
Heart of Jesus, meek and tender,
Grant the grace we now implore.
Heart of Jesus, meek and tender,
Make us love Thee more and more,
Heart of Jesus, we implore,
Make us love Thee more and more.

Heart of Jesus, boundless treasure,
In Thy love and sweetness unsurpassed,
Abyss of love that knows no measure,
Into Thee our hopes and fears we cast.

—Cho.

Our exile here is dark and dreary,
Still beset with countless ills and woes;
Sweet Heart of Jesus, we are weary,
Ah! be Thou our refuge and repose.

—Cho.

SWEET HEART OF JESUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus, source of love and
mercy,
We beg of Thee, O fount of living grace,
Oh, list to souls who humbly now implore
Thee,
And make them Thine forever, ever-
more.

CHORUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus, so humble and so
mild.
Sweet Heart of Jesus, O make our hearts
all thine.

Would that our hearts, responding to Thy
longings,
Were pure and simple, seeking none but
Thee;
E'er self-forgetting, patient, meek and
humble,
And loving Thee with pure seraphic
love.

THE SMILE OF JESUS.

Sweet is the face of nature
When flowers deck the vales,
When air is filled with fragrance
Wafted by vernal gales;
Yet zephyrs vainly fan me,
And flow'rs to groves invite,
Without the smile of Jesus
They give me no delight.

Sweet are the shady bowers,
The silent, still retreat;
The sunshine after showers,
And morning air are sweet,
But vain are nature's beauties
And lost her sweets to me;
Dear Jesus, nought can charm me
Without a smile from Thee.

Tho' crystal streams meander
And fertilize the plain,
Tho' gentle zephyrs wander
And waft each pleasing strain,
Tho' valleys, groves and fountains
Unite to charm my sight,
Without the smile of Jesus
They cannot give delight.

Jesus, Thy smile of mercy
Can make my spirit whole,
And drive the shades of sadness
From my afflicted soul.
Oh! pardon my transgressions,
And purify my heart,
Speak all my sins forgiv'n,
And bid my fears depart.

For Thee my soul doth languish,
While all my joys are fled,
Oh! smile away this anguish,
And raise my drooping head!
Then saints shall hear my story,
And share my happiness,
While Thine shall be the glory,
And mine the endless bliss.

HYMN FOR COMMUNION.

Sweet Jesus, hid for love of me,
How shall I render thanks to Thee?
Ah! would that my poor love could be
The half of that Thou'st shown for me!

What wondrous act is this of Thine,
To make Thyself so wholly mine?
My food, great God Thou deign'st to be,
To show how well Thou lovest me!

Lord Jesus, come, I beg of Thee,
And with Thy grace pray strengthen me,
For Thee alone my heart doth beat—
Ah! make of it Thy mercy-seat.

E'en as the thirsty stag doth fly
To running brook, so, Lord, do I
With longing heart pant after Thee—
Then, come, sweet Jesus, come to me!

Ah! hasten, Lord make no delay!
Come, wed my heart this very day,
That thus united here below,
I may not fear eternal woe.

SWEET JESUS.

Sweet Jesus, may Thy Sacred Heart
My Hope and refuge be;
There may I learn the Heavenly art
Of living but for Thee.

This fountain of Thy Sacred Heart,
The source of love most pure,
To those who dwell from sin apart
Affords a refuge sure.

Thy Heart with Heavenly love's pure flow
Cleanseth our sins away;
Sweet Lord, Thy gifts Thou dost bestow
Upon us day by day.

Alas! how cold we are to Thee,
Though to Thy Heart so dear;
From Thy kind gifts how oft we flee
Nor heed Thy loving care.

Within that Sacred Heart's pure shrine
To the Most High doth plead
Ever for us the Word Divine,
Is all our earthly need.

And day by day the Lamb is slain;
The Lord of Heaven above
On lowly altars doth remain,
The victim of His love.

The lance that pierced our Saviour's side
Reveal'd a source of grace,
Oh! then rejoice! for that pure tide
Can all Thy sins efface.

God calls us to His mercy's fount;
Sweetly our love He claims,
Nor speaks, as once on Sinai's mount,
In thunder and in flames.

O Heart, of every grace the source,
Of all God's gifts the best;
Unto the sinner strength and force,
Refreshment, hope and rest.

Love divine doth ever dwell
Within Thy sacred heart;
The waters, then, of that pure well,
Sweet Lord, to us impart.

Great fount of truth, our souls inspire,
Each erring thought reclaim;
Sweet source of mercy, with Thy fire
Do Thou our hearts inflame.

O Sacred Heart, sweet source from whence
A stream of life e'er flows;
The weary soul may draw from thence
Refreshment and repose.

Here may we find a spot secure
From sin and vain alarm;
Here may we taste forevermore
Thy love's consoling balm.

O Heart of Jesus, may we feel
Thy pure consuming fire;
Kindle in us Thy ardent zeal,
Be Thou our soul's desire.

Absorb, dear Lord, our hearts in Thine,
Let us with Thee remain;
Nor ever may our souls incline
To earth's vain joys again.

SWEET LADY.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Thy own sweet month of May,
So bright with bloom and crowned with
flowers,
Is fading fast away.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
This lovely month we crown,
While from thy throne in Heaven above
Thy gentle eyes look down.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
When life is darkest here,
To us thy potent aid impart,
To comfort and to cheer.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Immaculate and fair,
Around thy shrine we gather now.
To claim a mother's care.

Remember that thy power above
Nor bound nor limit knows;
Thou reignest o'er the Sacred Heart,
Whence every blessing flows.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Then ask, and thou'lt obtain;
For Jesus, at thy loving prayer,
Will not be asked in vain.

SWEET LADY OF THE SACRED
HEART.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Thy peerless virgin charms
Wooded Jesus from His Heav'nly throne
To rest within thine arms.

CHORUS.

Sweet Lady, sweet Lady,
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
What joy thy bosom filled
When close to thine thy Infant's heart
In gentle pulses thrilled.—Cho.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
When death with icy hand
Lays on our frightened heart his touch,
O Mary, near us stand.—Cho.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
If thou wilt hover near,
Death's deepest shades, in thy clear light,
Will quickly disappear.—Cho.

TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

Sweet Lily of the Sacred Heart!
Chaste Daughter of Marie!
Bound to God by a holy vow
Made in thy infancy.

O Sacred Lily, whom God chose
His gifts to men to bring
From that Sweet Source—His Sacred
Heart,
Whose praise the Angels sing.

Born 'midst Heaven's eternal flowers,
Thou wert transplanted here
To show the treasures of that Heart
And chase the clouds of fear.

Thrice blest art thou, sweet Spouse of
Christ,
That unto thee was given
The work of showing to the world,
The greatest "Gift of Heaven."

O holy Virgin, pray for us,
That through your prayers we may
Abide within the Sacred Heart,
And from it never stray.

Still from your blessed home on high
Watch o'er our efforts here,
'Till Jesus' Sacred Heart doth reign
Supremely o'er our sphere.

And when each soul that loved that Heart,
And sought to make It known,
Has passed the portals of this life,
Present It at His Throne.

NATIVITY.

Sweet Mary, let us praise thee,
On this thy natal day;
As near thy crib we linger,
And grateful homage pay.
How lovely thou appearest,
All pure, all filled with grace;
Oh, what a joy, dear Mary,
To look upon thy infant face.

Not earth alone rejoices
This blissful day to see;
But sweet angelic voices
Unite in praising thee;
Bright seraph choirs are singing
Their rapturous strains to earth;
While we our hearts are bringing
To praise thy long-expected birth.

Ah! yes, bright spirits greet thee
With anthems full of praise;
For none so pure as thou art
Hath met angelic gaze.
We love thee, dearest Mary,
Thou infant pure and fair;
Oh, by thy heart so tender,
Watch over us with ceaseless care.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

Sweet May, thy sunny portals close;
Thy lovely flowers all fade away
That softly on our vision rose
Where we came our gifts to lay.

CHORUS.

Sweet month of May, the light is fast de-
clining!
All that we loved in thy beauty-laden
hours—
Fragrance and bloom with thy fair folds
entwining—
Farewell we sing, O lovely month of
May.

We'll leave our farewell offering now
Upon thy altar, O parting May;
And, Mary, on thy queenly brow
We shall place our garlands gay.—Oho.

SWEET MOTHER.

Sweet Mother, turn those gentle eyes
Of pity down on me;
Oh! hear thy suppliant's tearful cries—
My humble prayer do not despise,
Star of the pathless sea.

In dark temptation's dreary hour,
To thee, bright Queen, we flee:
Oh! then exert a mother's power,
When storms are rough and tempests
lower,
Star of the mighty sea.

Through all my joys and cares, Sweet
Maid,
May I still look on thee
Who bore the price our ransom paid,
And ne'er the suppliant's cry hath stayed,
Star of the azure sea.

And when my last expiring sigh
My soul from earth shall free,
Do thou, bright Queen of Saints, stand
nigh
And bear it up to God on high,
Star of the boundless sea.

SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE
WE GO

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

CHORUS.

Through life's long day, and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow and frequent fall.—**Cho.**

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.—Cho.

Do more than pardon; give us joy;
Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.—Cho.

Sweet Saviour! bless us, night is come,
Mary and Joseph, near us be;
Good angels, watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.—Cho.

HYMN TO ST. AGNES.

CHORUS.

Sweet St. Agnes, holy child,
Throned in Heav'n above,
Obtain for us from Jesus' Heart
Innocence and love.
Oh, guide us on our way
To the bright eternal day,
Oh, teach our hearts to pray,
Dear Saint, like thee.

O thou strengthened of the Lord
For the bitter strife,
How surpassing thy reward
Now in endless life.
Oh! may we turn aside
From the world, its pangs and pride,
Till we shall there abide,
In Heaven with thee.

Sweet St. Agnes, hear our prayer,
List our fond appeal,
And a sister's gentle care
Still to us reveal.
To choose the better part,
Teach us now the Heavenly art,
And make us pure of heart,
Dear Saint, like thee.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend;
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Make my final peace with God!

Truly blessed in this station—
Low before the cross to lie,
Resting in the sweet compassion
Of His mortal agony!
Here alone I find my Heaven,
On the Lamb to humbly gaze;
Feel how much has been forgiven
To His own eternal praise!

Love and grief my heart dividing,
Here I'll spend my latest breath;
Constant still in faith abiding—
Life deriving from His death;
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go—
Prove each day His wounds more heal-
ing,
And Himself more deeply know!

TAKE ME, MY JESUS.

Take me, my Jesus, to Heaven,
To the land of unchangeable love,
Let wings to my spirit be given
To soar to my Country above.
I am weary of life and would fain
All its joys and its sorrows now leave:
I'd flee from this valley of pain
Bliss eternal from Thee to receive.
Then take me, my Jesus, to Heaven,
Oh, take me, my Jesus, to Heaven.

How long in this valley of tears
Shall I linger, an exile from Thee?
Oh, when from the dangers and fears
That surround shall my spirit be free?
When death shall release me at last,
And my soul shall from earth wing its
way,
When the dream of this life shall be past.
And I'll wake in eternity's day,
Then take me, my Jesus, to Heaven,
Oh, take me, my Jesus, to Heaven.

TANTUM ERGO.

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab untroque
Compar sit laudatio.

V.—Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.

R.—Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

MARY, QUEEN OF ALL THE FLOWERS.

The bees are alive in the clover,
Soft clouds are adrift in the blue,
The flow'rets their petals uncover,
The blossoms are gleaming with dew.
Sweet Madonna, the roses in their gladness
Are shedding their fragrance anew;
Smile on, there dwells no sadness
Where thou art, gentle and true.

CHORUS.

Queen of all the flowers,
And lady of the spring,
Within thy own bright bowers
Thy tenderness we sing.

The blossoms will glow for an hour,
In sunshine the birding may sing;
But fades the pale bud in the shower,
In winter the warbler takes wing.
Sweet Madonna, remember when the
snowdrifts
Blow cold as the winter they bring;
Our hearts know not December,
For love is always spring.—Cho.

THE DAWN WAS PURPLING O'ER
THE SKY.

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky.
With alleluias rang the air;
Earth held a glorious jubilee;
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce despair,
When our most valiant mighty King
From death's abyss, in dread array,
Led the long prisoned fathers forth,
Into the beam of life and day.

When He, whom stone and seal and
guard
Had safely to the tomb consigned,
Triumphant rose and buried death,
Deep in the grave He left behind.
Calm all your grief, and still your tears,
Hark! the descending angel cries;
For Christ is risen from the dead,
And death is slain no more to rise.

O Jesus! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.
God the Father with the Son,
Who from the grave immortal rose,
And Thee, O, Paraclete, we praise
While ages, endless ages flow.

SWEET MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME.

The dew is falling on the grass,
A stillness fills the air,
The tender flowers have bow'd their
heads,

Like penitents in prayer.
Dark shadows circle hill and lea,
And now, sweet mother, now, sweet
mother,

Now, sweet mother, pray for me.

This is the hour when holy thoughts

Like white-rob'ed angels throng
The inner courts of human hearts,

And weave their hallow'd song,
While, soften'd by their melody,

Oh! now, sweet mother, now, sweet
mother,

Now, sweet mother, pray for me.

Not honor's purple robes I ask,

Nor pleasure's rosy hour,

Nor wealth that comes with regal state,

And ostentatious pow'r.

But that my faith like thine may be,

Oh! now, sweet mother, now, sweet
mother,

Now, sweet mother, pray for me.

THE EARTH, O LORD, REJOICES.

The earth, O Lord, rejoices,

And sings with glad acclaim

A hymn of many voices

In honor of Thy name.

We join the happy chorus

That hails the morning light;

And bless the Lord that o'er us

Kept loving watch all night.

Our ev'ry thought and action
We offer up to Thee;
From folly and distraction
We beg Thee keep us free.
Let no profane example,
No censure, no applause,
Lead us this day to trample,
O Lord, upon Thy laws.

It pleased Thee, Lord, to make us,
That we may serve Thee here;
Let not Thy grace forsake us,
But keep us in Thy fear.
Preserve our life, O Father,
That we may serve Thee still;
But let us lose it rather
Than disobey Thy will.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

The gentle angels walk throughout a
world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning
hearts below;
Their peaceful smile invites them to love
and to confide,
Oh! follow in their footsteps, keep closely
by their side.

So gently will he lead thee through all
the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad tidings to cheer the
pilgrim's way;
His courage never failing when thine is
almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden and helps to
bear it on.

He will not blame thy sorrows, but brings
the healing balm,
He does not chide thy longings, but
soothes them into calm;
And when thy heart is mourning and
wildly asking "Why?"
He, smiling, beckons onward, and points
unto the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions
and thy fear,
His watchword is, "Be patient, the jour-
ney's end is near."
And ever through the toilsome way he
tells of joys to come,
And points to rest the pilgrim, the wan-
derer to his home.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The lights are bright in Bethlehem town,
And dark is Bethlehem's cave;
Sinners go gaily up and down.
Christ comes the world to save.
Oh, seek Him, then, before the morn,
Where in the manger He is born!

Amazed the shepherds see the sky
All filled with angels bright;
"Glory," they hear, "to God on high,
For Christ is born to-night."
Oh! come and see before the morn,
Where in the manger Christ is born!

The Eastern kings come down the street,
Straight in, nor look around,
Seeking for Whom no inn is meet;
In lowliness He's found.
Oh! come with the gifts before the morn,
Where in the manger Christ is born!

His mother sits upon the straw;
The Child smiles out so sweet;
Shepherds and kings draw nigh with awe,
And stoop to kiss His feet.
Oh! come, adore, before the morn,
Where in the manger Christ is born!

The angels' song rings out again
Each year the wide world o'er;
Jesus and Mary wait for men
Now ever as before.
Oh! come and greet them this very morn,
Where in the manger Christ is born!

THE LORD OF GLORY.

The Lord of Glory, Oh! wondrous story,
hath made His home within my
breast;
Bowed down before Him, my soul, adore
Him, who 'neath thy roof vouch-
safest to rest.
Good angels, aid me, the God who made
me, who died to save me, is now my
Guest.
Ah! softly sing Him sweet songs and
bring Him your burning love, your
worship blest,
The Lord of glory, oh! wondrous story,
now dwells within my breast.

My God, I bless Thee, revere, confess
Thee, and love and trust with all
my heart;

Thy child is wailing each fault and fail-
ing that cause Thee pain or tear or
smart.

Dear Lord, forgive me my sins that grieve
me, because I love Thee for all Thou
art;

To know Thee clearly, to love Thee dear-
ly, be now my portion, my only
part.

My God, I bless Thee, revere, confess
Thee and love with all my heart.

When daylight shineth, when day de-
clineth, in storm and sun, abide with
me;

In joy and gladness, in pain and sadness,
oh! let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee,

Good Shepherd, feed me, and guard and
lead me to Thy bright pastures be-
yond the sea,

To make in glory, oh, wondrous story,
one long communion eternally.

When daylight shineth, when day de-
clineth, O Lord, abide with me.

SWEET MOTHER-MAID.

The moon is in the heav'ns above,
And its light lies on the foamy sea;
So shines the star of Mary's love
O'er this stormy scene of misery.

CHORUS.

Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-
Maid.

Oh, thou art bright as bright can be,
And as bountiful as thou are bright;
And welcome is the thought of thee
As the fragrance of an Eastern night.
—Cho.

We are no longer desolate,
Though our sins have stricken us at
heart;
Whom thou didst bear hath borne their
weight,
And thou wert His partner in the smart.
—Cho.

Calm as the blessed eye of God,
When it looks o'er all this world below,
He bids thee shed His love abroad,
With a secret balm for every woe.
—Cho.

By thee we gain, dear spotless Queen,
Some vision of what our God must be,
And in thy glory His is seen,
For He shows himself when He shows
thee.—Cho.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.

The snow lay on the ground, the stars
shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born on
Christmas Night.
'Twas Mary, daughter pure of holy Ann,
That brought into this world our God
made man.

She laid Him in a stall, at Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared the roof with
them.
Saint Joseph, too, was by, to tend the
child,
To guard Him and protect His Mother
mild.

The angels hovered around, and sang this
song:
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
And thus the manger poor became a
throne:
For He whom Mary bore was God the
man.

Oh! come, let us join the Heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

THE STAR OF THE OCEAN IS RISEN.

The Star of the ocean is risen,
And sweetly reflects on the tide;
Yon bark with a swift gale is driven,
And soon it shall reach the green side
To which the bright star seems to guide
it,
As into a haven of rest,
Where the wind and the tempest that
tried it
In the bright glow of sunshine will
cease.

CHORUS.

The Star of the ocean is risen,
And sweetly reflects on the tide;
Yon bark with a swift gale is driven,
And soon it shall reach the green side.

Ah! what is this Planet so beaming,
That near it the rest die away?
With heavenly lustre is streaming,
And changes our night into day,
This beautiful Planet is Mary,
Who shines o'er her mariners here;
Her light is their sure guide to glory,
Dispelling the dark clouds of fear.
—Cho.

O Star of the sea, do illumine
My course with this brilliant ray;
In thy flame past errors consuming.
Ah! teach me from thee ne'er to stray.
Thus, thus, shall I reach to the Haven
Where thy bark just lowered her sail;
Thus enter the portals of Heaven,
Where the Star of the ocean I'll hail.
—Cho.

THE STORM.

The storm is wildly raging,
Mother, haste, Mother, haste to our aid,
Fierce winds in war engaging,
Calm the storm, calm the storm, peer-
less Maid.

Guide, oh! guide our wand'ring bark—
By angry waves we're tossed,
Thy gentle hand our course must steer,
Oh, save us or we are lost.

Oh! ever near, still near thee,
Sweet Mother, let us stay,
Fond children we will ever be,
Oh! turn us not away.

Bright star in beauty beaming,
Shine o'er us, shine o'er us through the
dark,
Thy light all sparkling, gleaming,
Guide aright, guide aright our frail
bark.

Oh! when threat'ning billows roll
In foaming mountains high,
Our tossing bark beyond control,
Oh! then be thou ever nigh;

Oh! leave us not, Mother blest,
Lone to drift adown life's sea,
Oh! take us to those ports of rest,
To stay fore'er with thee.

MAY HYMN.

The sun in shining brightly,
The trees are clothed with green,
The beauteous bloom of flowers
On every side is seen.
The fields are gold and emerald,
And all the world is gay,
For 'tis the month of Mary,
The lovely month of May.

CHORUS.

O Mary, dear Mother, we sing a hymn to
thee,
Thou art the Queen of Heaven,
Thou, too, our Queen shall be;
Oh! rule us and guide us unto Eternity.

There's music in the heavens,
For birds are singing there,
And nature's songs and praises
Are sounding through the air;
And we with hearts o'erflowing
With joy will sing to-day,
For 'tis the month of Mary,
The lovely month of May.—Cho.

And when night closes o'er us,
And twinkling stars appear;
The chaste moon calmly reigneth
In skies so bright and clear.
Oh! how that sight reminds us
Of Heaven, far away,
Where reigns, o'er saints and angels,
Our lovely Queen of May.—Cho.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL, NO. 2.

The thoughts steal o'er me as I kneel
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 thy 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.

Hence 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,
Then 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!

“STABAT MATER.”

The Virgin Mary weeping stood,
Beneath the world's redeeming wood
Which bore her much-loved Son.
When thro' her deeply-wounded breast,
With sorrow's heaviest weight oppressed,
The sword of grief was run.

CHORUS.

Hear then, O Mother, source of love,
Let me thy bitter sorrows prove,
And let me weep with thee.

Where is the man who, all unmoved,
Could see her who so truly loved
Thus sunk in bitter grief?
The painful scene who could have borne?
So pure a soul with anguish torn,
And none to yield relief!—Cho.

She saw His blood profusely shed,
For His own people's crimes He bled
From stripes and cruel blows,
She saw her sweet and only child
In desolation calm and mild,
In life's expiring throes.—Cho.

Oh! make me truly weep with thee;
Mourning with Him who died for me,
Let me in grief expire,
By His loved cross with thee to stay,
With thee to tread thy painful way,
Such is my fond desire.

Let me my Saviour's sufferings share,
And His sweet cross devotedly bear,
For thy own Son's pure love.
And, burning with love's holy fire,
Oh! screen me from the vengeful ire
Of my great Judge above.

May Christ's bright cross my guardian be,
My Saviour's strength and legacy,
And source of every grace.
That, when my body meets decay,
My soul may have, in that dreadful day,
In Paradise a place.

THE VOW IS MADE.

The vow is made, and we belong to Mary;
After her Son, to her we give our love;
Life is but short to offer in her service,
Even in death our loyal life we'll prove.

CHORUS.

The vow is made, the vow is made, we'll
break it never;
Mother of God! the vow is made;
The vow is made, we'll break it never,
Mother of God, we're thine forever.

The vow is made unto our dearest Mother;
O world! we know thy false and fatal
charm;
Yet, though our hearts be weak, and weak
our voices,
Mary, keep us from sin and harm.—Cho.

The vow is made; it is before thine altar,
And here we give our hearts and souls
to thee;
Mary! retrace thy gentle image on them!
Mary! thine own, oh, let them ever be!
—Cho.

THE WEARIED DOVE.

The wearied dove now trembling flies,
And seeks her tranquil home,
For clouds and tempests veil the skies,
And she is sad and lone.
So plumes her wings my wearied soul,
Thus mounts the spirit dove,
And sighs to reach the happy goal
Where dwells her God, her Love.

Come, then, dear Lord, Thy grace impart,
Come, guide my spirit home;
For wearied is this trembling heart,
No more it seeks to roam!
No joy like thine my spirit knows,
Dear Lord, then smile on me,
And grant my wearied soul repose
With angels and with Thee.

ST. ALOYSIUS.

The youth who wealth and court despised,
His spotless mind above to raise;
Who ev'ry rising thought chastised—
'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.

CHORUS.

Amiable and angelic youth,
Aloysius, pray for us.

His infant words, the first he frames,
He utters with a trembling voice;
Jesus! Mary! hallowed names,
Dwell on his lips and speak his choice.
—Cho.

Charmed with the Deity alone,
Terrestrial pursuits he forsakes,
And ere yet half to manhood grown,
His virgin vows to Mary makes.—Cho.

Enamored by celestial joys,
Let pride and wealth my choice with-
stand,
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,
He said, and joins Loyola's band.—Cho.

To gain perfection's utmost height
He tries, nor was his trial vain;
Of sanctity a model bright,
He stands a mirror clear of stain.

--Cho.

THERE IS NO HEART LIKE THINE.

There is no heart like thine, sweet Lord,
There is no heart like Thine;
If its eclipse is loveliness,
How bright its glow divine,
The beauty Thou art hiding now,
But to return more bright.
There is no smile like Thine, sweet Lord,
To give me delight.

CHORUS.

Sweet Jesus, to Thee I come,
Thy Heart is my home, dear Lord,
Sweet Jesus, to Thee I come,
Thy Heart is my home, dear Lord,
Thy Heart is my home.

There is no love like Thine, sweet Lord,
There is no love like Thine;
Its flames are from eternity,
Can they be quenched by time?
The love of creatures soon may cool,
How can the world be kind?
There's nothing constant but Thyself,
This fickle heart to bind.—Cho.

There is no cross like Thine, sweet Lord.

There is no cross like Thine;
'Tis this alone can teach us love
And our cold hearts refine.
When crucified to all but Thee,
She seeks Thyself alone,
Oh! blessed is that soul, sweet Lord,
Thy heart is her home.—Cho.

There is no chain like Thine, sweet Lord.

There is no chain like Thine;
It captures with resistless force
The heart round which 'twould twine,
Though sweeter than the honeycomb,
Stronger than death its bond,
There is no heart like Thine, sweet Lord,
There is no heart like Thine.—Cho.

Teach me, then, one lesson, Lord,

Forgetting all beside,
To seek in love love's own reward
And place in this my pride.
The heart that's wounded by Thy love
Must suffer things divine;
Yet there's no joy like Thine, sweet Lord,
And no heart like Thine.—Cho.

THIS IS THE MONTH OF MARY.

This is the month of Mary,
The fairest child of Spring;
O Virgin Mother, hear us,
And list thou while we sing.
We'll decorate thy Altar
With flowers sweet and fair;
Each tongue thy praise shall falter,
Our hearts we'll offer there.

CHORUS.

This is the month of Mary,
The fairest child of Spring;
O Virgin Mother, hear us,
And list thou while we sing.

The glen most deeply shaded,
For emblems seek the dale,
In its pureness all unfaded
Find the pride of the vale;
Fair lilies, signs of pureness,
And violets sweet conceal,
A gentle voice assures us,
They Mary's charms reveal.—Cho.

AFTER COMMUNION.

Thou for whom I've long been sighing.
Jesus, now at length Thou'rt mine,
In Thy sweet embraces lying,
Press, oh, press my heart to Thine.
Ah! what bliss this life completing,
Sense's soul on you hath come,
Leap exultant to His greeting,
Bid L.M welcome to your home.

CHORUS.

O my heart's delight, my treasure,
Sweetest Jesus, make me Thine,
Reign, it is Thy Father's pleasure,
Rule within this heart of mine.

Happy morning, sweet the hour
That on which Thou cam'st to me,
Beauteous, too, that glorious bower
Where I bask in light from Thee.
Who possess Thee, possess
More than all this world bestows,
E'en the joys in Heav'n that blesses
To Thy Heart its fountain owes.

When the rising sunlight blesses,
When the evening bids farewell,
May my soul Thy sweet caresses,
My good Jesus, ever feel.
Let not death nor life asunder
Rend the bond that makes me Thine,
Ah! how blissful is the wonder
That uplifts to life divine.

Life itself shall hear me ever
Chanting all Thy mercies' praise,
And when death shall come to sever,
This earth's bond, too, shall raise
Songs triumphant, till disclosing
All Thy beauty face to face,
'Mid Thy angels bright reposing,
Then transform me by Thy grace.

THOU HAST SORROWED.

Thou hast sorrowed the spirit that loved
thee
And watched o'er thy footsteps for
years;
Thou hast made me at last to sigh o'er
thee,
In secret, in silence, and tears.

For my Father in Heaven I loved thee,
For His sake have I guarded thy ways;
Return, oh, return, I implore thee,
Him to love, to serve and to praise.

O'er thy pathway thro' life still I hover,
Thee to comfort, to solace, to cheer,
With the love of a fond saving brother,
Thro' this desert of trial and fear.

Oh! when shall I clasp thee—how fondly,
And bear thee, all dangers now past,
To the arms of the God who died for thee,
To our home in the Heavens at last?

THOUGH ALL THE POWERS.

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

CHORUS.

Then, blessed Jesus! dwell with me
And make me burn with love of Thee
Oh, blessed Jesus! live with me,
Till I may die and live with Thee.

When virtue reigns within my heart,
And sin has lost its way;
My Jesus will His sweets impart,
And drive all care away.—Cho.

With Him possessed, all nature round
To me more lovely grows;
Each pleasure heightens in my breast,
And with fresh ardor glows.—Cho.

Then! O the dear enraptured thought,
Ah! could I truly say,
It is no longer I who live,
'Tis Jesus lives in me!--Cho.

THE NAMES OF OUR LADY.

Through the world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

CHORUS.

Then let men and angels praise thee
For each blessing thou'st procured,
While in gladsome strains we're singing
Hail, sweet Notre Dame de Lourdes.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine;
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy thine?—Cho.

Star of the Sea, we kneel and pray,
While tempests raise their voice;
Star of the Sea, the haven reached,
We call thee and rejoice.—Cho.

Our Lady of the Rosary,
What name can be so sweet
As that we call thee when we place
Our chaplet at thy feet?—Cho.

EVENING HYMN TO OUR BLESSED
LADY.

Tints of crimson and of gold
Now o'erspread the western sky;
Evening doth her charms unfold,
Turning all our thoughts on high.

CHORUS.

Day is fading, sin evading,
Mother, keep us ever pure;
Deign to bless us, and caress us,
Help us all our trials endure.

Shadows darken on the lea,
Birds their anthems sing no more,
But our prayers float up to thee,
All our thoughts now Heavenward soar.

Kneeling round thy shrine, this eve,
We would fain depart no more;
Let us, Mother, with thee leave
Our poor hearts forevermore.

And when life's dark eve is nigh,
Thou whom Jesus hast us given,
Let us homeward to thee fly,
To prolong thy praise in Heaven.

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF THE
ANGELS.

'Tis the feast of our angels, then let us
rejoice,
In strains deep and grateful we'll now
raise our voice,
In praise of those spirits of beauty and
light,
Who stand 'round the throne of the God
of all might,

But gladly they turn from their high place
 above,
To fill unto earth their fond mission of
 love,
Now bending to catch the fast falling tear
Of the penitent heart now true and sin-
 cere.

HYMN TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

'Tis the month of our mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,
When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and praise.

CHORUS.

All hail to dear Mary!
The guardian of our way!
To the fairest of Queens
Be the fairest of seasons—sweet May.

Oh! what peace to her children,
'Mid sorrow and trials, to know
That the love of their mother
Hath ever a solace for woe.—Cho.

And what joy to the erring,
The sinful and sorrowful soul;
That to trust to her guidance
Will lead to a glorious goal!—Cho.

Let us sing, then, rejoicing
That God hath so honored our race
As to clothe with our nature
Sweet Mary, the mother of grace.—Cho.

And here at her altars
Let pride and unkindness depart,
For she loves not the praise
Of a proud and selfish heart.—Cho.

TO-DAY HE'S RISEN.

To-day He's Risen, death no more
Shall bind Him to the grave;
No more can Hell or sin's fell pow'r
O'er Him dominion have.

He, likened to our sinful form,
Once doomed Himself to die,
That He by death might death o'ercome,
Its deadly sting déstroy.

O death! where's now thy mortal sting?
Where's now thy victory?
To-day His glorious praise we sing
Who triumphed over thee.

Not triumphed for Himself alone
But by His mighty pow'r
Taught us to triumph in our turn,
Nor deadly terrors fear.

I know that my Redeemer lives
And reigns above the skies;
He will revive my dust again,
And bid my body rise.

Then, clothed in my glorious flesh,
I shall behold His face,
That sweet hope in my bosom glows,
And cheers my ling'ring days.

TO JESUS' HEART.

To Jesus' Heart, all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart, with fondest yearning,
Shall raise the joyful strain.

CHORUS.

While ages course along,
Blest be, with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus!
By every heart and tongue,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus!
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart for me on fire
With love no man can speak!
My yet untold desire
God gives me for thy sake.—Cho.

As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.—Cho.

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all Thine own.—Cho.

S. ANNE.

To kneel at thine altar,
In faith we draw near,
Led onward by Mary,
Thy daughter so dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, good St. Anne we call on thy name,
Thy praises loud thy children proclaim.

St. Anne, we implore thee,
Thy name we revere,
Sweet Mother of Mary,
Our Mother most dear.—Cho.

O blessed of mothers,
What rapture was thine
When the "Star of the Morning"
Before thee did shine.—Cho.

EVE OF COMMUNION.

To-morrow morn, O, joy all words trans-
cending,
Our God will come in Eucharistic
guise,
Our hearts with His, in sweet communion
blending,
Will, raptured, taste the bliss of Para-
dise.

CHORUS.

O Mother loved, our cold hearts pre-
pare,
Thy Jesus seeks to make His dwelling
there;
With virtues bright thy children's hearts
adorn,
For in their depths He'll rest to-morrow
morn.

Now fading fast, day's brilliant rays de-
clining
Tell that the morn, the day of love, is
near,
That soon the Sun of justice, brightly
shining,
In mercy veiled will to our souls ap-
pear.—Cho.

Another morn will come, too sacred seem-
ing,
When we may say farewell to mortal
strife;
Haste, haste, that dawn, now in the future
gleaming,
The morn that leads us to eternal life.
—Cho.

TO THEE, O HEART OF JESUS.

To Thee, O Heart of Jesus,
To Thee our hearts we give;
Help, help us all to love Thee
And serve Thee while we live.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, till life is over,
And then for evermore,
O Sacred Heart of Jesus.
We'll love Thee and adore.

No heart can be so tender,
No heart can love like Thee,
Thy life-blood all, O Jesus,
Was shed to set us free.—Cho.

Ah! hard our hearts and cruel,
If Thee we do not love,
Who from Thy throne descendest
To draw our hearts above.—Cho.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

To thee, sweet Mother, Heavenly Queen,
We raise our loving hearts to-day.
Oh! deign to listen to our words,
While lowly at thy feet we pray.

CHORUS.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Before thy shrine to-day
We kneel on earth to choose thee Queen,
Queen of Heaven's eternal May.

We call thee oft the Queen of May,
And Lily pure, and Mystic Rose,
And Mother of our Jesus dear,
In whose sweet heart love brightly
glows.—Cho.

And by this name to-day we call
On thee, by the unwearying love
Which thou dost for thy children feel,
To raise our loving hearts above.—Cho.

TO THY PURE AND BURNING HEART.

To Thy pure and burning Heart,
Lord, we come with spirits aching,
And, all earthly cares forsaking,
In its refuge dwell apart.
In Its depths we calmly rest,
Safe from Satan's snares descended;
And, while love and grief are blended,
We repose on Thy fond breast.

CHORUS.

Gracious Lord, in Thy blest Heart
There are dews of grace and meekness,
There is strength for all our weakness
In Thy strong and tender Heart.

There will come a darksome eve
Which will know no earthly morrow,
When this world of joy or sorrow
We must in our pallor leave.
Happy then if we shall be
Fearless, from immortal clinging,
And, our dying anthem singing,
Heart of love, we cling to Thee.—Cho.

PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

Treading the path of many days,
To Thee, O Sovereign Lord, I raise
My heart, my soul in trembling prayer
That death may find me in Thy care.

CHORUS.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

With eyes intent on Thee above,
I take the Chalice of Thy love,
Filled with the tears and cares of life,
The gall drops of its toil and strife.—Cho.

Couldst Thou, whene'er Thy call will
come,
Forbid the entrance to Thy home,
Couldst Thou, O gentle Shepherd, say,
I close the fold to thee to-day?—Cho.

Thou wilt not, for Thy love is shed
In fulness o'er the dying bed;
No matter when, no matter where
The spirit seeks Thee, Thou art there
—Cho.

Death's hour will bring Thee to my side,
Thou, who hast agonized and died,
Wilt soothe the terrors of that day;
Clasping Thy hand, I'll pass away.—Cho.

VISION OF THE WOUNDS.

Two hands have haunted me for days,
Two Hands of slender shape,
All crushed and torn as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape.
At work or meals, at prayer or play,
Those mangled palms I see,
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering,
“These Hands were pierced for thee.”
For me, sweet Lord! for me?
“Yea, even so, ungrateful child,
These Hands were pierced for thee.”

Through toil and dangers pressing on,
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender Feet beside mine own
Mark every step with blood.
The swollen veins so rent with nails
It breaks my heart to see,
While the same sad voice cries out afresh,
“These Feet were pierced for thee.”
For me, dear Christ! for me?
“Yea, even so, rebellious soul,
These Feet were pierced for thee.”

As on they journey to the close,
These wounded Feet and mine,
Distincter still the vision grows,
And more and more divine.
For in my Guide's wide open Side
The riven Heart I see,
And a tender voice sobs like a psalm,
"This Heart was pierced for thee."
For me, great God! for me?
"Yea, enter in, my love, my lamb!
This Heart was pierced for thee."

ASSUMPTION HYMN.

Unfold, unfold, ye golden gates of Heaven,
She comes, the Queen of all the shining
host—
The moon beneath, her twelve stars of
even,
The sun above in her great glory lost.

CHORUS.

The cherubim, and seraphim, and Heav-
en's host,
Now swell the glad refrain,
That Mary loved, our Mother Mary,
Queen of Heaven shall reign.

Behold her Son delighted has gone down
To meet His Mother, taintless from her
birth,
She forward glides, while glory from her
crown
Streams on her exiled children here on
earth.—Cho.

Mother of Jesus, hail, our Heavenly
Queen,
Ten thousand harps swell thro' the azure
dome,
O Blessed Earth, where one so fair was
seen,
More blessed Heaven, to which our
Queen has gone.—Cho.

Hail, Mary, Queen of mercy, grant our
Lord
May look with pity on thy children here,
That, humbly trusting in His Holy
Word,
Our souls at last may in thy courts ap-
pear.—Cho.

We walk the vale of sorrow thou hast
known,
Give us from Him the grace to walk as
Thou;
The seed along Thy blessed pathway
sown
Brought lovely flowers, bright garlands
for thy brow.—Cho.

Obtain for us thy rare humility,
That ev'ry act may spring from God's
pure love;
Then all thy glory we may hope to see,
Where He assumed thee in His home
above.—Cho.

LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Unto thee our sighs are pleading,
Lady of the Sacred Heart,
In thy love and power exceeding
Every blessing thou'lt impart.

CHORUS.

Thou to whom all grace is given,
To us, now, thine aid impart,
While thou'rt crowned in highest Heaven,
Dear Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Who hath called upon thee, Mother,
And hath called on thee in vain?
After Jesus there's no other
Can, like thee, our hope sustain.—Cho.

In all care and doubt and sorrow,
If we turn to thee and pray,
Joy will dawn upon our morrow,
Though our path be dark to-day.—Cho.

THE CRADLE OF THE SACRED
HEART.

Unto us is born a Saviour!
Mary gives Him to us all;
Kings and shepherds bow before Him,
Cradled in the cattle stall;
And upon the solemn midnight
Holy voices loudly ring;
All the world is hush'd to listen,
While the blessed angels sing:

CHORUS.

Alleluia in the Highest!
Sing we ever and again,
By the manger where Thou liest
Bringing peace on earth to men.

All our joys and sorrows sharing,
He our human nature bore,
So that man, thro' Him emboldened,
God's forgiveness may implore.
Then, with hearts and voices blending,
Let the blessed anthem ring,
Up to Heav'n the chorus sending,
While we hear the angels sing:—Cho.

Love Divine, our mis'ry heeding,
Makes our care and pain its own;
For the Heart of Jesus pleading
Has become its earthly throne.
Weary souls, ah' courage taking,
To the blessed manger cling,
While the light of Heav'n is breaking
And the holy angels sing:—Cho.

UPON THE ALTAR NIGHT AND DAY.

Upon the altar night and day
The Heart of Jesus lies,
And night and day throughout the world
Do men Its claims despise;
For by their cold ungrateful lives
They pierce It through and through,
And by the scourges of their crimes
Its agonies renew.
Oh! draw us close to Thee, Sweet Lord!
And burning zeal impart
To now repair, by praise and prayer,
The wrongs of Thy dear heart.

Beneath a crown of cruel thorns
Thy Heart is all on fire;
And brightly shines from out Its flames
The cross of Thy desire.
If pure and true must be the soul
That fain would hide in Thee,
Oh! let Thy royal love supply
For all our misery!
Then draw us close to Thee, etc.

We offer Thee our humble gifts,
For poor they are and small,
Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,
Dear Heart! we give Thee all!
And joyous victims we shall be,
Consumed before Thy throne,
If dead to sin, if dead to self,
We live to Thee alone!
Then draw us closer still to Thee,
O Sacred Heart divine!
In joy or grief, in life or death,
Our hearts are ever thine!

SORROWS OF MARY.

Vast as ocean's briny water,
Mighty as its surging tide,
Is thy sorrow, Zion's daughter,
Mother of the Crucified.

CHORUS.

Holy Mother, weeping, sighing,
Let thy grief my soul divide;
'Tis for me thy Son is dying,
Christ for me is crucified.

Mary sees Him writhing, bleeding,
Whit'ning in the dim eclipse,
Hear Him for His murd'ers pleading,
Pleading with His dying lips.—Cho.

Attend, and see her sore affliction,
Ye that pass by Calv'ry's way;
View Christ's awful dereliction,
With His Mother weep and pray.—Cho.

All His blood to flame is turning,
Thorns and nails are spikes of fire;
Parching thirst His tongue is burning,
Gall His drink in thirst so dire.—Cho.

Jesus' Heart, with love dilating,
Would not leave us, orphans lone,
All His mercies consummating,
Gives His Mother as our own.—Cho.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS!

Veni, Creator Spiritus!
Mentes tuorum visita;
Imple superna gratia,
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus;
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus paternae dexteræ;
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus;
Infunde amorem cordibus:
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius;
Pacemque dones protinus
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem
Noscamus atque Filium;
Quoque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

V. Loquebantur variis linguis Apostoli.
Alleluia.

R. Magnalia Dei. Alleluia.

VENI, JESU, DOMINE.

Veni, Jesu, Amor mi,
Veni, Jesu Domine,
Veni, Jesu, Amor mi,
Veni, Jesu Domine.

DUO.

Come, oh! come, my Jesus, come,
Make this yearning heart my home;
Come, but ere Thou come, prepare
For Thyself a dwelling there.

SOLO.

Why is not my heart on fire?
With an angel's pure desire.

DUO.

He whose smile makes angels blest,
Come within my heart to rest;
Come, no longer, Lord, delay:
Veni, Jesu, Domine.—Veni, etc.

DUO.

Human heart can never know
All the love Thou here dost show,
Angel voices never tell
What it is with Thee to dwell.

SOLO.

Come, oh! come, my Jesus, see,
How my heart doth yearn for Thee;

DUO.

Come and place Thy Heart as seal
On whate'er I do or feel,
Come to me and with me stay,
Veni, Jesu, Domine.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Veni Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Luis tuae radium:
Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium;
Sine tuo nomine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

VEXILLA REGIS.

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

Quae vulnerata lanceae
Mucrone diro criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite,
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cujus brachiis
Pretium perpendit saeculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Tulitque praedam tartari.

O Crux, ave, spes unica,
Hoc passionis tempore.

Instead of this last line, on the Feast of
the Finding of the Cross, is said,
Paschale quae fers gaudium:

On that of the Exaltation of the Cross:

In hoc triumphi gloria,
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

Te, fons salutis, Trinitas!
Collaudet omnis spiritus
Quibus crucis victoriam
Largiris, adde praemium. Amen.

V. Eripe me, Domine! ab homine malo;
R. A viro iniquo eripe me.

GO TO JOSEPH.

Vir fidelis, et prudens,
Multum laudabitur,
Et qui custos est Domini sui,
Glorificabitur,
Et florebit in aeternum,
Ante Dominum.

CHORUS.

Ite ad Joseph! Ite ad Joseph et quid—
quid dixerit vobis, facite!
Ite ad Joseph! Ite ad Joseph et quid—
quid dixerit vobis, facite!
Ite ad Joseph! Ite ad Joseph!
Ad Joseph! Ad Joseph!

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Virgin Mother, hear our song
While the angels round thee throng,
Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Give our faith a sweet increase.
Fill our souls with holy love,
Look upon us from above,
Life eternal now restore,
Thee! O Mary, we implore.

Heaven attests thy great acclaim,
And we magnify thy name;
Stay us in our wild career
By thy gentle love so dear.
Teach our hearts from day to day
Offerings at thy feet to lay;
Angel voices then shall blend
In hosannas without end.

Thou canst feel for souls distressed,
Virgin Mother, highly blest,
Thou canst dry our bitter tears,
Mediate and calm our fears;
Of thy glory grant a part,
Consolation give each heart;
May our glory ever be,
Queen of Heav'n, to dwell with thee.

VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL

Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew;
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance;
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,
Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,
By His little arms around thee twining,
Mother, what am I to do?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling;
By the tears that dim their lustre, too;
By the story that those tears are telling,
Mother, what am I to do?

Life, alas! is often dark and dreary,
Cheating shadows hide the truth from
view,
When my soul is most perplexed and
weary,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

Plead my cause, for what can He refuse
Thee?
Get me back His saving grace anew.
Ah! I know thou dost not wish to lose me,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

Be, of all my friends, the best and dear-
est;
Oh, my Counsellor sincere and true,
Let thy voice sound always first and dear-
est,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

In thy guidance tranquilly reposing,
Now I face my toils and cares anew.
All through life and at its awful closing,
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Virgin Mother, with thy sweet face bend-
ing
To the Dear One nestling by thy side,
Hear my prayer before thy Shrine ascend-
ing,
Lady of Good Counsel, be my Guide.

As to mayworn pilgrims once appearing,
With shy glance the threatening clouds
divide,
Safe to port my fragile vessel steering,
Lady of Good Counsel, be my guide.

Should it chance in years that lie before
me,
Knowing best I should for worst decide;
Oh! by thy sweet picture I implore thee,
Lady of Good Counsel, be my guide.

Be to me a mother ever loving,
Though how oft thy children men deride;
E'en thy Son they never ceased from scoff-
ing,
Lady of Good Counsel, be my guide.

ST. JOSEPH.

We call on thee, sweet St. Joseph,
No one calls on thee in vain;
And our eyes unto thee are turning
In joy, in sorrow, and in pain.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee, O great St. Joseph,
A father's care to us impart;
Through life's long journeying attend us,
Sweet friend of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

Then hear us, O blessed St. Joseph,
Thy protection we implore;
Be Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph,
The cry of our hearts evermore.—Cho.

MAY HYMN.

We come, dearest Mother, this beautiful
 May-day
 To sing at thy altar our hymns full of
 love
Dear Mother, oh, hear us, and show us the
 pathway
 To Heaven above.

CHORUS.

Sweet Mary, oh, shield us in moments of
 danger,
 Oh, give us thy blessing, sweet Mother
 of Love,
Commend us to Jesus, thy Babe of the
 manger,
 And bring us in safety to Heaven above.

Our hearts, dearest Mother, are filled with
 devotion;
 Thy beautiful image excites all our joy;
Oh, make us, dear Mother, to feel love's
 emotion,
 Without earth's alloy.

Ah! when, dearest Mother, thy sweet
 month is ending,
 And days we have loved so are fading
 away,
Oh, take us, dear Lady, with angels
 ascending
 To Heaven's bright May.

WE COME, DEAREST MOTHER.

We come, dearest Mother, with fondest
devotion,
To place on thy shrine no pearls of the
sea;
The pearls of our hearts—the truest affec-
tions—
Dearest and best, we bring unto thee.
O Mary! hear our prayer.

Hail, highest and holiest—bright lily of
Heaven,
In the garden of God thou reignest su-
preme,
Chosen vessel of honor, Immaculate ever,
Mother of Jesus! we hail thee our Queen.

The rose and the lily of earth's early
springtime,
Mary, dear Mother, we wreath for thee
now,
Draw nearer, bright angels, with songs of
gladness,
As we place fairest flowers on our dear
Mother's brow.

PROCESSION HYMN.

We come to crown with royal state
The Image of our Queen,
Who far above in Heaven's own light
Is decked in glorious sheen.

CHORUS.

Of all the joys of loving hearts
No joy can bring such bliss;
Of all the triumphs that are ours
No triumph is like this.

And as we lift our voices up,
We think the while we sing
Of that bright home above the skies
Where she is with our King.—Cho.

O Mother, we can scarcely wait
To see that sight so fair,
Our pilgrim hearts are wearying
To go and love thee there.—Cho.

Think, Mother, think of that blest hour
When, 'mid the solemn rite,
We gave our trembling hearts to thee,
Our youthful faith did plight.—Cho.

We give them now, we give them aye,
We pledge them at thy shrine;
Forever make them true to thee,
Forever make them thine.—Cho.

WELCOME, MONTH OF MARY.

Welcome to this world of woe,
To each pilgrim here below;
Nature's voice on hill and dale
Bids you, Month of Mary, hail!
Come, ye children of the spring,
Fair and fragrant flow'rets bring,
Welcome, Month of Mary.

Come, that from your treasures sweet
We may twine a chaplet meet,
To be offered at the shrine
Of the Mother Maid divine.
Bring the rose, for in its hue
Mary's ardent love we view.
Welcome, Month of Mary.

Mystic Rose, the precious name
Mary from the Church doth claim,
In the lily's silver bells
The purity of Mary dwells;
In the myrtle's fadeless green
Mary's constancy is seen,
Welcome, Month of Mary.

Month of bright and radiant skies,
Tribute flowers greet your eyes,
Come, for we are wearied here,
Till your music greets the ear;
Till your rosy fingers fair
Scatter perfumes on the air.
Welcome, Month of Mary.

SON, GIVE ME THY HEART.

What gift, dear Jesus, shall be mine,
What offering is meet
To place upon Thy holy shrine,
Or lay down at Thy feet?
And must I give Thee jewels bright,
And choicest pearls, and gold,
The snow-white herd upon the height,
The fairest of the fold?

Such gifts, dear Lord, Thou dost not ask,
They are not mine to bring,
Although it were love's sweetest task
To find the offering.
Nor would'st Thou richer be, though I
With all I have should part;
What Thou dost ask no wealth could buy,
Thou askest for my heart.

WE HAIL THEE, SMILING MAY.

CHORUS.

We hail thee, smiling May,
Sweet Mary's month art thou,
We bring thy buds to-day
To twine upon her brow.

Sweet May, thou art a month of flowers,
Thy paths are fair and green;
And of thy beauteous woods and bow'rs
Our Mother is the Queen:
And at her altars, day by day
We'll come, our sweetest gifts to lay.

—Cho.

Sweet Mary, Queen of all the May,
Thy care to us impart;
And draw us nearer, day by day,
To Jesus' Sacred Heart;
And then, loved Mother, we shall be
Dear to thy blessed Son and thee.—Cho.

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge
Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the
Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud.

The Heavens and the powers therein,
To Thee cherubim and seraphim continu-
ally do cry aloud,
Holy, Holy; Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty
of Thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles
praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets
praises Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world
doth acknowledge Thee, the Father
of an infinite Majesty.

Thine honorable, true, and only Son, also
the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ;

The everlasting Son of the Father.

Lord have mercy upon us; Lord, let Thy
mercy light upon us, as our trust
is in Thee.

Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never
be confounded. Amen.

VENITE.

We sing with the angels
The glad Christmas song
They sang in the midnight
When Jesus was born.
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

The beautiful angels
Came down on that night
And made through the darkness
A pathway of light.—Venite, etc.

They worshiped around Him,
A radiant throng,
And sang, as they worshiped,
The beautiful song.—Venite, etc.

They sought for the poorest
Of outcasts on earth,
And found little Jesus,
The night of His birth.—Venite, etc.

The night learned the sweet song,
And sings it for aye,
Yet sings it more sweetly
When Christmas is nigh.—Venite, etc.

WE THREE KINGS.

We three kings from Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar
Field and fountain,
Grove and mountain,
Following yonder star.

CHORUS.

O star of wonder, star of light,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Ever leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us to that perfect light.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense breathes a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.—Cho.

Myrrh I bring, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—Cho.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL
MINE?

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;
A living God my food Divine.

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.
A living God my food Divine.

Dear Jesus! now my heart is Thine;
Oh, may it from Thee never fly!
Hold it with chains of love divine,
Make it be Thine eternally.
A living God my food Divine.

Vain objects that seduced my soul,
I now despise your fleeting charms:
In vain temptation's billows roll,
I lie secure in Jesus' arms.
A living God my food Divine.

WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN THIS
BE?

What lovely Infant can this be
That in the little crib I see?
So sweetly on the straw It lies,
It must have come from Paradise.

Who is that lady kneeling by,
And gazing on so tenderly?
Oh! that is Mary, ever blest,
How full of joy her holy breast.

What man is that who seems to smile,
And looks so blissful all the while?
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true,
The Infant makes him happy too.

What makes the crib so bright and clear?
What voices sing so sweetly here?
Ah! see behind the window-pane
The little angels looking in.

Who are those people kneeling down,
With crooked sticks and hands so brown?
The shepherds from the mountain top,
The little angels woke them up.

The ox and ass, how still and mild
They stand beside the Holy Child;
The little body underneath
They warm so kindly with their breath.

Hail, holy cave! tho' dark thou be,
The world is lighted up from thee;
Hail, Holy Babe! Creation stands,
And moves upon Thy little hands.

MOTHER, EVER COUNSEL ME.

When by daily cares oppressed,
And anxious thoughts overwhelm my
 breast,
When I in doubt perplexed may be,
Mother, ever counsel me!

When sorrow and the cross are mine,
I'll take them as the Will Divine,
But in my grief I'll turn to thee;
Mother, ever counsel me.

When peace and happiness control
The wav'ring passions of my soul,
My grateful heart will turn to thee,
Mother, who dost counsel me.

All through my life each passing hour
Will need thy interceding power,
When at thy shrine I plead with thee,
Mother, ever counsel me.

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

When evening shades are falling
O'er ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrim hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle;

CHORUS.

Then, Mary, Mother Mary,
Thou bright Star of the Sea,
We'll pray to thee, our Mother,
We'll pray, we'll pray to thee.

The noonday tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover
Where all was strife before.
Oh! thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away.—Cho.

DESIRE OF HEAVEN.

When I am taken from this world of sadness,
With what joy I'll seek the skies!
Jesus, I'll hasten to Thine Arms with gladness,
Heaven is all I seek or prize.

CHORUS.

Blest abode, fair Sion loved and cherished
When earthly joys have faded and perished,
Oh! let me Thy splendors behold,
Then let me taste Thy joys untold!

Quickly depart! O cruel moments, hasten!
Shall my exile ne'er have end?
When shall these sorrows cease my heart
to chasten?
Jesus, soon Thy summons send.—Cho.

Heaven has no sadness, sorrow or sighing,
There I'll mourn and weep no more;
There is no grief, no sickness or dying
On that bright, unfading shore.—Cho.

Evermore I hear their angel voices pealing,
From my soul soft echoes rise;
Brightly around me dreams of bliss are stealing
Of my home beyond the skies.—Cho.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, hark, to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And thro' the storm and danger thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

MAY JESUS CHRIST BE PRAISED.

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Alike at work and pray'r
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

When you begin the day,
Oh! never fail to say:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
And at your work rejoice,
To sing with heart and voice:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this at meals your grace,
In ev'ry time and place;
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

To God, the Word on high,
The host of angels cry:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let children, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air, and sea, and sky,
Through depth and height reply:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

WHEN MORNING IS BREAKING.

When morning is breaking
And nature awaking,
And sweet blossoms op'ning
 Their fragrance impart;
When larks, high are singing,
And sky and air ringing,
"Then, Jesus and Mary,
 We give you our heart.

CHORUS.

O Jesus and Mary!
O Jesus and Mary!
O Jesus and Mary!
We give you our heart."

When mid-day is smiling,
And hands rest from toiling,
The Angelus chiming
His mercy imparts;
While sweetly revealing
A love never failing,
"Then Jesus and Mary,
We give you our hearts."—Cho.

When ev'ning is closing,
And nature reposing,
And each worldly vision
Of pleasure departs—
When eyes meek and lowly
Are turn'd to you solely,
"Then Jesus and Mary,
We give you our hearts."—Cho.

HYMN TO ST. JOHN.

When our Saviour gathered around Him,
In His chosen hour of time,
The loved twelve, His own appointed
To the sacrifice sublime,
At the feast of love supernal,
On that Heart of love divine,
Dear St. John, beloved disciple,
It was given Thee to recline.

CHORUS.

St. John, beloved disciple,
By the heart of love divine
We implore Thee, aid Thy children,
To their prayers Thy ear incline.

Oh, beloved above all others
In His hour of deepest woe,
Left He thee His own blest mother,
To watch o'er her here below.
Thine it was to pierce the heavens,
Clearing space with eagle wing,
And the glories of God's kingdom
In rapt ecstasy to sing.—Cho.

WHEN OUR SAVIOUR WISHED TO PROVE.

When our Saviour wished to prove
All the fullness of His love,
He gave us, ere His life was spent,
The thrice Holy Sacrament.
It is here His burning heart
Would to all its flames impart;
Thus He speaks with love divine,
Give me, oh! give me that heart of thine.

When the dark and stormy night
Fills the soul with wild affright,
From the cloudlet where He hides
Soon a ray of comfort glides.
Where the tear of mis'ry falls,
Where the voice of sorrow calls,
Still He speaks with love divine,
Give me, oh! give me that heart of thine.

Can the saints' ecstatic flight,
Can the winged seraphs' might
To their Lord approach more near
Than do we, poor sinners here?
God Himself we here receive,
Nobler Gift He cannot give;
Yet He breathes with love divine,
Give me, oh! give me that heart of thine.

CONSECRATION TO THE SACRED
HEART OF JESUS.

When softly dawns the golden light,
And shadows melt o'er land and sea,
O sweet and Sacred Heart of Christ,
We consecrate our souls to Thee!
Before Thine altar's holy throne
The while we humbly kneel and pray,
We bring to Thee, to Thee alone,—
The off'ring of the new-born day.

When all the day of toil is done,
And twilight spreads her purple wing—
When starry vigils have begun
Before the Eucharistic King,
As earth's poor lovers to the tryst,
With ardor to the loved one flee
O true and tender Heart of Christ,
We haste to give the night to Thee!

In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
In sin, in suffering, and distress,
Behold a refuge ever near,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
In light or darkness, life or death,
In time and in eternity,
Devoted Heart, with trusting faith,
We consecrate our all to Thee.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED
THEIR FLOCKS.

While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

“To you, in David’s town, this day,
Is born of David’s line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
“All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace,
Great joy henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease!”

NEW HYMN TO ST. CECILIA.

White rose of Rome, encrimsoned by thy
blood!
Virgin and martyr, throned on high in
glory!
The palm and the lily twine the Sacred
Rood,
Filling with fragrance thy sweet story!

CHORUS.

Angels and men now sound thy fame,
Children of Mary loud thy praise are
singing,
Cecilia! patron, we claim
List to our prayers in tuneful rapture
ringing.

Queen of celestial song! thy golden lyre
Breathes but of God, His gracious love
and pardon;
Dreaming, the seraphs touch thy lips with
fire,
Crown thee with roses from their gar-
den.—Cho.

Glory to God! who from the burning bath
Drew thee, unharmed, thy maiden fears
beguiling:
Safe from the torture and the tyrant's
wrath,
Set thee in pastures green and smiling!
—Cho.

WHITHER THUS IN HOLY RAPTURE.

Whither thus in holy rapture,
Princely Maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?
Filled with the eternal Godhead!
Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
Love it is that bears thee onward,
And supports thy tender frame.

Lo, thine aged cousin claims thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
He hath heard her fervent prayer.
Blessed Mother! joyful meeting!
Thou in her the hand of God!
She in thee, with lips inspired;
Owns the Mother of her Lord.

As the sun, his face concealing
In a cloud, withdraws from sight,
So in Mary there lay hidden
He who is the world's true light.
Honor, glory, virtue, merit
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

WHO CAN WITH THEE COMPARE?

Who can with thee compare,
O Virgin, chaste and pure?
To thee we all repair,
Of thy protection sure;
Though Queen in realms above,
Thou hast a Mother's love.
Our prayer, sweet Mother, hear, sweet
Mother, hear;
Our prayer, sweet Mother, hear, sweet
Mother, hear;

In hope, in love appear
The children of thy pain,
And call on thee to clear
Their souls from loathsome stain;
To thee the chant of praise
In grateful accents raise.
Our prayer, sweet Mother, etc.

PETITIONS TO MARY.

Wilt thou look upon me, Mother,
Thou who reignest in the skies?
Wilt thou deign to cast upon me
One sweet glance from those mild eyes?

CHORUS.

O my Mother Mary, still remember
What the Sainted Bernard said;
None have ever, ever found thee wanting,
Who have called upon thy aid.

Wilt thou, Mother, hover over,
On my pathway still to guide?
Wilt thou whisper kind direction,
To the angel by my side?—Cho.

Wilt thou pray for me to Jesus,
That His will I e'er may know?
Wilt thou tell me, then, His pleasure,
That I e'er may to it bow?—Cho.

O my Mother, I petition,
And I know thy aid will come;
Angels praise thee for it, Mother,
In thy everlasting home.—Cho.

A NEW CHRISTMAS HYMN.

With glory lit, the midnight air
Revealed bright angels hov'ring there:
In fear beheld the raptured swains
When rose the Heaven-inspired strains.

CHORUS.

“Glory, glory, glory to God, and peace on
earth, and peace on earth,
Made glorious by the Saviour's birth, by
the Saviour's birth.”

Then sweetly spoke the angelic voice,
“Fear not; let Heaven and earth rejoice:
The child in Bethlehem's crib that lies
Is God descended from the skies.”—Cho.

The choirs of Heaven still bless the morn
When God through love of man was born.
That God we humbly bow before,
And praise with angels and adore.—Cho.

WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS.

With grateful hearts we breathe to-day
The tender accents of our love,
We carol forth a little lay
To thee, great saint in Heaven above.

CHORUS.

O Joseph dear, from thy bright throne
Incline thine ear unto our prayer,
And o'er us all, as o'er thine own,
Extend thy fond paternal care.

More favored than earth's greatest king,
Thou wert the guardian of that Child
Around whose crib full choirs did sing,
With cadenced voices soft and mild.
—Cho.

WITH HEARTS TRULY GRATEFUL.

With hearts truly grateful,
Come, all ye faithful,
To Jesus, to Jesus in Bethlehem:
See Christ your Saviour,
Heaven's greatest favor.

CHORUS.

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 ever spotless womb.
He all preceded,
Begotten not created.—Cho.

Angels now praise Him,
Loud their voices raising,
The Heavenly mansions with joy now
ring.
Praise, honor, glory,
To Him who is most holy.—Cho.

To Jesus this day born
Grateful homage return,
'Tis He who all Heavenly gifts doth bring.
Word uncreated,
To our flesh united.—Cho.

We, joyfully singing,
Grateful tributes bringing,
Praise Him and bless Him in Heavenly
hymns;
Angels implore Him,
Seraphs fall before Him.—Cho.

WITH HOLY CHOIRS OF ANGELS.

With holy choirs of angels,
Come, let us join our lays,
With songs, O Queen of Heaven,
We celebrate thy praise.

CHORUS.

Holy Mary, let us praise thee,
From thy love we'll ne'er depart,
Now, before thee we implore thee,
Come and reign o'er every heart.

Beside thee, star of morning,
Fair nature hides her face,
And Heaven's bright adorning
Is thy transcendent grace.—Cho.

Earth, sin and darkness blended
Could ne'er thy strength assail,
To bless thee, God descended,
Sweet lily of the vale.--Cho.

HAIL, VIRGIN, SPOUSAL DOVE.

With joy we've gathered round thy shrine,
O Virgin, Spousal Dove,
To offer in this sweet May time
Our heart's most fervent love,

CHORUS.

O Mary, Mother, sweetest, best,
Accept our wreath to-day;
Receive our hearts, thou Virgin blest,
And be our Queen of May.

We've culled bright flowers fresh and fair,
Blossoms of every hue,
With violets meek and lilies rare,
To twine a wreath for you.

Sweet heliotrope and eglantine,
And fragrant mignonette,
With heartsease and bright myrtle green,
Thy rosy crown we've set.

Then, dearest Mother, beg thy Son
His grace to us impart;
And when life's closing hour is come,
Take us to His Sacred Heart.

HYMN AFTER COMMUNION.

With steadfast faith I cling to Thee,
And press Thee, Lord, most tenderly
Unto my weak and sinful heart,
Well pleased to claim Thee as my part.

Now Thou art mine and I am Thine!
Ah! mortal words can ne'er define
My happiness, thus close to be
United, dearest Lord, to Thee.

By day and night, I'll sing Thy praise,
My voice in grateful anthems raise
To Thee, dear Shepherd of my soul,
Nor shrink beneath Thy meek control.

This parting life sufficeth not,
To thank Thee for my happy lot,
So favored by Thy love to be—
Ah! Lord 'twill take eternity.

Had I a thousand lives to lay
In sacrifice, each dawning day,
It would, most holy, gracious Lord,
Be for Thy love a poor reward.

I cannot love Thee as I should,
Nor even as my poor heart would;
For pardon, then, I humbly crave,
And beg Thee still my soul to save.

Lord Jesus Christ, for Thee I live,
Lord Jesus Christ, I beg Thee give
Me grace to die thro' love of Thee,
And be Thine own eternally.

WITH TENDER LOVE.

With tender love we come to thee,
Dear guide and friend of Heaven's King,
With hearts and voices joyously
Our words of praise and prayer we sing.

CHORUS.

St. Joseph, loved, when life is dark,
When waves of sin and sorrow rise,
Guide thou our frail and trembling bark,
Safe to the port beyond the skies.

Kind Father, from thy throne above
Look down upon thy children here,
And help our wayward hearts to love
The hidden life to me so dear.—Cho.

O favor'd Saint, O lily fair,
That bloom'd in beauty near the sod,
Impart to us the perfume rare,
Humility sends up to God.—Cho.

HYMN TO ST. IGNATIUS.

Ye angels, now be glad,
And thou exult, O earth,
Loyola's happy shade,
Rejoice at thy saint's birth.

CHORUS.

Loyola's son, all hail,
By angels crowned above,
Ignatius, father dear,
Accept thy children's love.

On Pampeluna's walls
The leader of the band,
Behold our valiant Saint
Defends his native land.—Cho.

Stretched on a bed of pain,
Christ's holy life he reads,
While for his misspent youth
His heart now sorely bleeds.—Cho.



GEO. W. GIBBONS

Printer	☛	☛	☛
Stationer and	☛		
School Furnisher			

906 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA

Church and School Supplies

☉ CATECHISMS; Medals, Children's
Mass Books, Baptismal, Marriage
and Pew Registers, Pew Receipts,
Sick Call Books, Fair Books, Communion
Cards, Sodality Registers, Etc.

Pencil and Ink Tablets, Composition
Books, Note Books, Examination Blanks,
Drawing Books and Paper, Pens and Pen-
cils, Etc.

Exclusive Agency in Philadelphia and neighboring
territory for the FIDELITY ADJUSTABLE DESK

