



A
CATHOLIC
BOOK
OF
HYMNS

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A
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BOOK OF HYMNS



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Four-Part Sacred Songs
For a Singing Congregation

Sacred Music Library
Augusta, Kentucky

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Introduction

“Music and silence—how I detest them both!”

Screwtape, under-secretary to the devil,
The Screwtape Letters by C. S. Lewis

It's easy to see why the enemies of mankind would hate and fear both sacred silence and sacred music. Both bring joy, spur contemplation, and draw the soul nearer to the Lord. Both have been part of our private prayer as well as our communal liturgy for thousands of years.

The Psalms—biblical songs of praise, supplication, and wonder—have been sung for three thousand years. Naturally, Jesus, his disciples, and later the early Christian community also sang hymns (from the Greek word meaning “songs of praise”), as The New Testament makes clear.

We sing because we love, and sung praise elevates our words, takes them out of the realm of the commonplace, and increases our joy. The holy pleasure of singing to God involves the entire person—spirit, heart, mind, and body—and unites us not only with the Divine but also with one another as a worshipping community.

This collection of hymns for the singing Catholic congregation exemplifies the best of the genre. These songs are religiously orthodox, beautiful, sacred, and—for the most part—familiar. And here you will also find many more worthy hymn tunes and texts that are new to you.

Sung hymns have been an important part of the Liturgy of the Hours for century upon century, so they are nothing new, although singing them at Mass is relatively recent.

We present this book to propose not that hymns replace the proper chants for a particular day's Mass but live happily alongside them. In most instances the chants for processions are the prerogative of cantors and choirs and, as the texts change with every Sunday and solemnity, it's not practical for the congregation to learn and sing them.

Hymns, on the other hand, belong to all the faithful and serve as a means of “active participation”.

May this book bring joy to all who sing from it!

HYMNS

1

Abide With Me

10 10 10 10

EVENTIDE

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

1 A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens;
 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
 3 I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour. What but thy grace can

Lord, with me a - bid. When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts
 glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 foil the tempt - er's power? Who like thy - self my guide and stay can

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me.
 see, O thou who chang - est not, a - bid with me.
 be? Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bid with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

BASED ON LUKE 24:29
 HENRY F. LYTE, 1793-1847

Accept, Almighty Father

76 76 D

L. HEROLD'S *GESANGBUCH*, 1908

1 Ac - cept, Al - might - y Fa - ther, These gifts of bread and wine;
 2 That blest and con - se - crat - ed, The Sac - ri - fice may plead
 3 With these al - though un - worth - y, Some of - f'ring we would make
 4 O God, by that co - min - gling Of wa - ter and of wine,

Which now the Priest doth of - fer For us be - fore thy shrine;
 For mer - cy un - a - bat - ed, As we poor sin - ners need;
 But all we have thou gav - est Then what thou gav - est take
 May he who took our na - ture Give us his life di - vine.

But soon the word will make them His bod - y and his blood,
 A - las, we are frail mor - tals, But through his flesh and blood,
 Our hearts, our souls, our sens - es We give through Ma - ry's hands
 Come, thou who mak - est ho - ly And bless this Sa - cri - fice.

The Sac - ri - fice re - new - ing, Once of - fered on the Rood.
 Who o - pen'd heav - en's por - tals, We hope to rise to God.
 Who by the Cross once stand - ing Now by the al - tar stands.
 Then shall our gift be pleas - ing To thee a - bove the skies.

NIMM AN, O HERR, DIE GABEN; FRANZ SERAPH VON KOHLBRENNER, 1728–1783
 TR. BY ANON.

All Glory, Laud, and Honor

76 76 D

ST. THEODULPH

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1584-1635

HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823-1889

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. *Fine*

1 Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
 2 The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing thee on high;
 3 The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore thee went:

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
 And mor - tal men, and all things Cre - a - ted, make re - ply.
 Our praise and prayers and an - thems Be - fore thee we pre - sent. *D.C. al Fine*

4 To thee before thy passion They sang their hymns of praise:
 To thee, now high exalted, Our melody we raise.

5 Thou didst accept their praises; Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King.

GLORIA, LAUS ET HONOR; THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, C. 760-821

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE, 1818-1866, ALT.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

86 86 86

CORONATION

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1836

1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring
 2 Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall, Hail
 3 Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
 4 O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all; Bring
 him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all; Hail
 him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord of all; To
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all.
 him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown him Lord of all.
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726-1792
 ALT. BY JOHN RIPPON, 1751-1836

5 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

88 88

OLD HUNDREDTH

MELODY FROM *GENEVAN PSALTER*, 1551
ATTR. TO LOUIS BOURGEOIS, C. 1510–1561, ALT.

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing
2 Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With -
3 O en - ter then his gates with praise; Ap -

to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his
out our aid he did us make; We are his folk, he
proach with joy his courts un - to; Praise, laud, and bless his

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.
name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.

- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good: His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host Be praise and glory evermore.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host: Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BASED ON PSALM 100
VSS. 1–5, WILLIAM KETHE, D. C. 1594, ALT.
VS. 6, THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711

All You Who Seek a Comfort Sure

86 86 D

KINGSFOLD

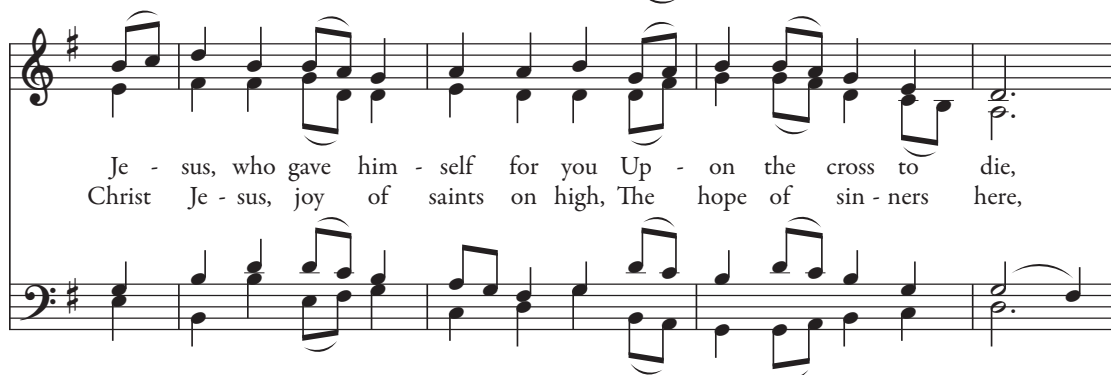
TRADITIONAL ENGLISH FOLK SONG

HARM. BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-1958

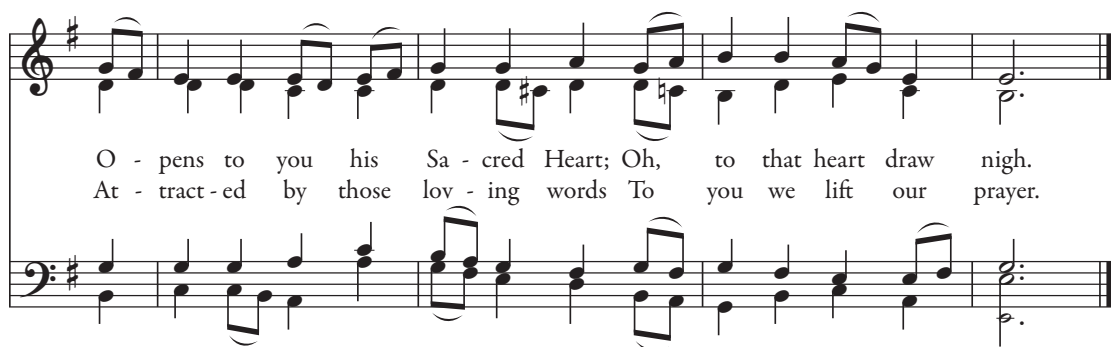
1 All you who seek a com-fort sure In trou-ble and dis-tress,
2 You hear how kind-ly he in-vites; You hear his words so blest:



What-ev-er sor-row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op-press,
"All you that la-lor come to me, And I will give you rest."



Je-sus, who gave him-self for you Up-on the cross to die,
Christ Je-sus, joy of saints on high, The hope of sin-ners here,



O-pens to you his Sa-cred Heart; Oh, to that heart draw nigh.
At-tract-ed by those lov-ing words To you we lift our prayer.

QUINCUMQUE CERTUM QUÆRITIS, 18TH CENT.

TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

7 Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven

87 87 D

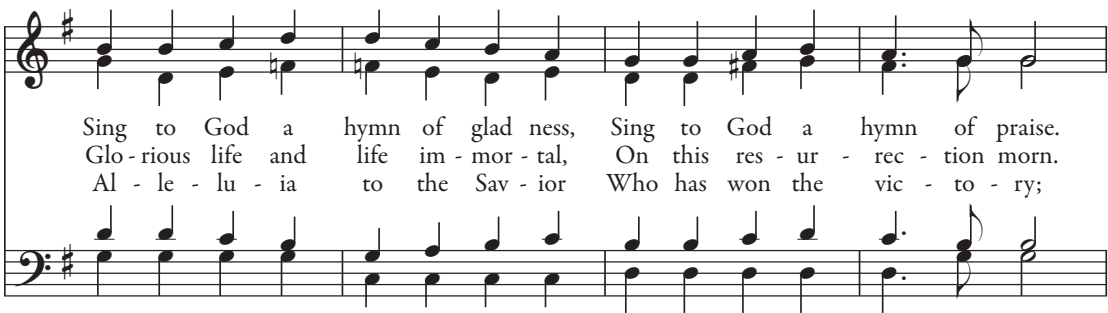
HYMN TO JOY

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827

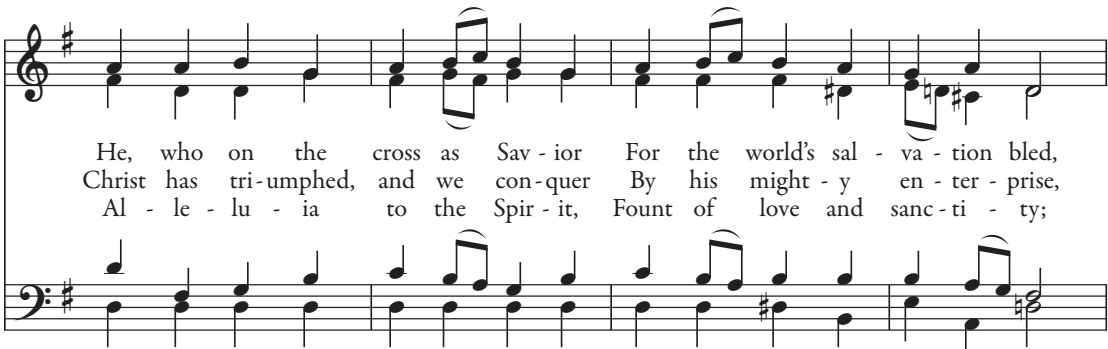
ADAPT. AND HARM. BY EDWARD HODGES, 1796-1867



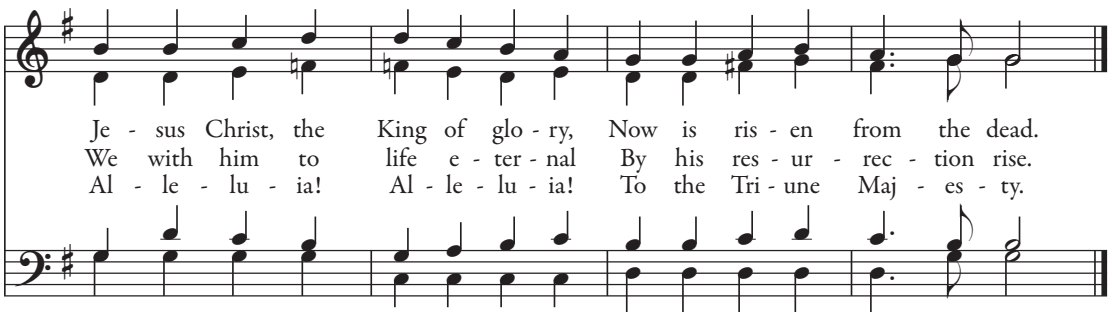
1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
 2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;



Sing to God a hymn of glad ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.
 Glo - rious life and life im - mor - tal, On this res - ur - rec - tion morn.
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior Who has won the vic - to - ry;



He, who on the cross as Sav - ior For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Christ has tri - umphed, and we con - quer By his might - y en - ter - prise,
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty;



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 We with him to life e - ter - nal By his res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Maj - es - ty.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885, ALT.

8 Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the Holy Anthem Rise

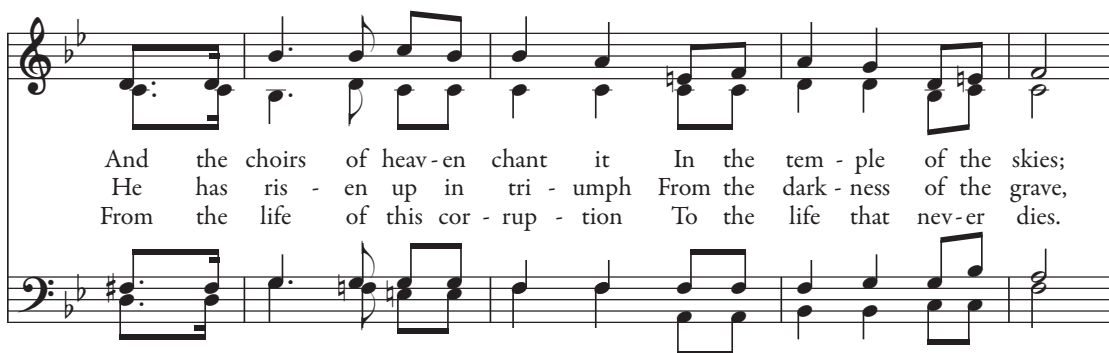
87 87 D

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Let the ho - ly an - them rise,
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Like the sun from out the wave,
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Bless - ed Je - sus, make us rise



And the choirs of heav - en chant it In the tem - ple of the skies;
 He has ris - en up in tri - umph From the dark - ness of the grave,
 From the life of this cor - rup - tion To the life that nev - er dies.



Let the moun - tain skip with glad - ness, And the joy - ful val - leys ring
 He's the splen - dor of the na - tions, He's the lamp of end - less day;
 May your glo - ry be our por - tion When the days of time are past,



With Ho - san - nas in the high - est To our Sav - ior and our King.
 He's the ver - y Lord of glo - ry Who is ris - en up to - day.
 And the dead shall be a - wak - ened By the trum - pet's might - y blast.

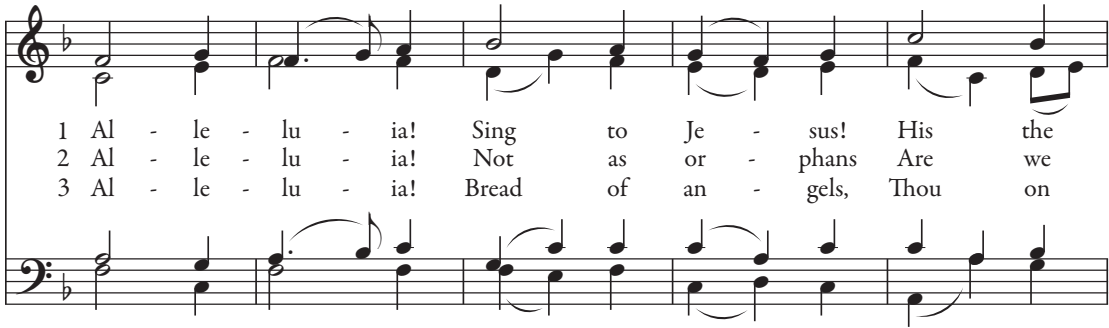
EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

87 87 D

HYFRYDOL

ROWLAND H. PRITCHARD, 1811-1887



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on



scep - ter, his the throne. Al - le - lu - ia! His the
 left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia! He is
 earth our food, our stay; Al - le - lu - ia! Here the



tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone.
 near us, Faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how;
 sin - ful Flee to thee from day to day:



Hark! The songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der
 Though the cloud from sight re - ceived him When the
 In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners, Earth's Re -

like a mighty flood, Je - sus out of
for - ty days were o'er, Shall our hearts for -
deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of

ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deemed us by his blood.
get his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more"?
all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the cry - stal sea.

- 4 Alleluia! King eternal, Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! Born of Mary, Earth thy footstool, Heav'n thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered, Robed in flesh our great high priest:
Thou on earth both priest and victim In the Eucharistic feast.
- 5 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus! His the scepter, his the throne.
Alleluia! His the triumph, His the victory alone.
Hark! The songs of holy Zion Thunder like a mighty flood,
Jesus out of every nation Hath redeemed us by his blood.

BASED ON REVELATION 5:9-14
WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837-1898

Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast

86 86

DUNDEE

MELODY FROM *SCOTTISH PSALTER*, 1615

ADAPT. AND HARM. BY THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, 1592-1635

1 Al - migh - ty God, Your Word is cast Like seed in - to the ground;
 2 Nor let Your Word so kind - ly sent To raise us to Your throne
 3 Great God, come down and on Your Word Your migh - ty power be - stow,

Now let the dew of Heav'n de - scend And right - eous fruits a - bound.
 Re - turn to You, and sad - ly tell That we re - ject Your Son.
 That all who hear the joy - ful sound Your sav - ing grace may know.

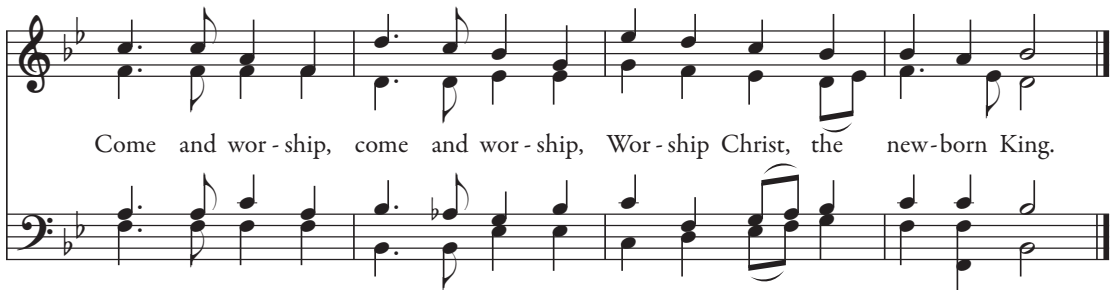
JOHN CAWOOD, 1775-1852, ALT.



1 An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2 Shep - herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night,
 3 Sag - es, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far;



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.
 God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions; Ye have seen his na - tal star.



Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending, Watching long in hope and fear;
 Suddenly the Lord, descending, In his temple shall appear.

5 All creation, join in praising God, the Father, Spirit, Son,
 Evermore your voices raising, to the eternal Three-in-One:

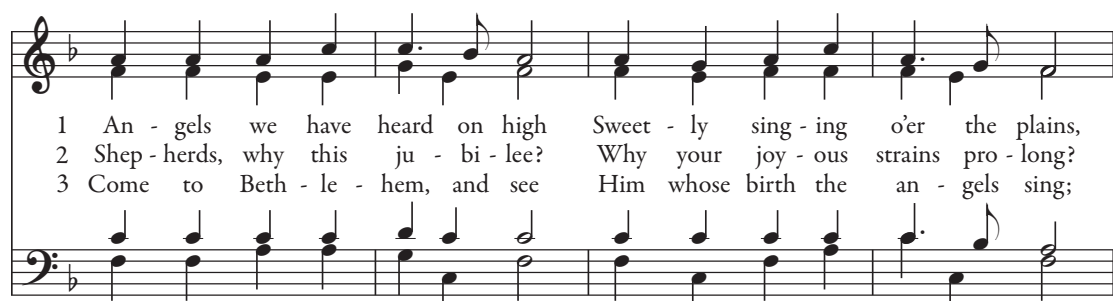
VSS 1-4, JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854
 VS. 5, *SALISBURY HYMN BOOK*, 1857

Angels We Have Heard on High


77 77 WITH REFRAIN

GLORIA

TRADITIONAL FRENCH CAROL



1 An - gels we have heard on high Sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains,
2 Shep - herds, why this ju - bi - lee? Why your joy - ous strains pro - long?
3 Come to Beth - le - hem, and see Him whose birth the an - gels sing;



And the moun - tains in re - ply Ech - o back their joy - ous strains.
Say, what may the ti - dings be Which in - spire your heav'n - ly song?
Come, a - dore on bend - ed knee Christ the Lord, the new - born King.



Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!



Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o!

LES ANGES DANS NOS CAMPAGNES; TRADITIONAL FRENCH CAROL, C. 18TH CENT.

TR. BY JAMES CHADWICK, 1813-1882, AND OTHERS, ALT.

DIX

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786–1872

ADAPT. AND HARM. BY WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823–1889

1 As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;
 2 As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed,
 3 As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright;
 There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
 So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al - loy,

So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to thee.
 So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek thy mer - cy seat.
 All our cost - liest treas - ures bring, Christ, to thee, our heav'n - ly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, ev'ry day Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heav'nly country bright Need they no created light;
 Thou its light, its joy, its crown, Thou its sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing Alleluias to our King.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1837–1898

STABAT MATER

MAINTZISCH GESANGBUCH, 1661

1 At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing, Stood the mourn - ful
 2 Through her heart, his sor - row shar - ing, All his bit - ter
 3 Oh, how sad and sore dis - tressed Was that moth - er
 4 Christ a - bove in tor - ment hangs; She be - neath be -

moth - er weep - ing, Close to Je - sus to the last.
 an - guish bear - ing, Now at length the sword had passed.
 high - ly blest Of the sole be - got - ten One!
 holds the pangs Of her dy - ing glo - rious Son.

- 5 Is there one who would not weep,
 Whelmed in miseries so deep
 Christ's dear Mother to behold?
- 6 Can the human heart refrain
 From partaking in her pain,
 In that Mother's pain untold?
- 7 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
 She beheld her tender Child
 All with bloody scourges rent;
- 8 For the sins of his own nation,
 Saw him hang in desolation,
 Till his Spirit forth he sent.
- 9 O thou Mother! Fount of love!
 Touch my spirit from above,
 Make my heart with thine accord:
- 10 Make me feel as thou hast felt;
 Make my soul to glow and melt
 With the love of Christ my Lord.
- 11 Holy Mother! pierce me through;
 In my heart each wound renew
 Of my Savior crucified:
- 12 Let me share with thee his pain,
 Who for all my sins was slain,
 Who for me in torment died.

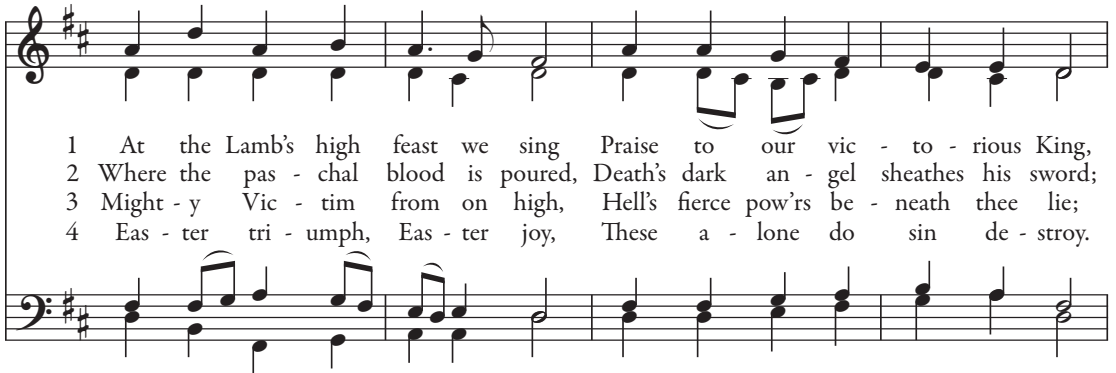
- 13 Let me mingle tears with thee,
 Mourning him who mourned for me,
 All the days that I may live:
- 14 By the Cross with thee to stay;
 There with thee to weep and pray;
 Is all I ask thee to give.
- 15 Virgin of all virgins blest!
 Listen to my fond request:
 Let me share thy grief divine;
- 16 Let me, to my lastest breath,
 In my body bear the death
 Of that dying Son of thine.
- 17 Wounded with his ev'ry wound,
 Steep my soul till it hath swooned
 In his very blood away.
- 18 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
 Lest in flames I burn and die,
 In that awful Judgment day.
- 19 Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,
 Be thy Mother my defence,
 Be thy Cross my victory;
- 20 While my body here decays,
 May my soul thy goodness praise,
 Safe in Paradise with thee. Amen.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA; JACAPONE DA TODI, 1230-1306
 TR. BY EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878, ALT.

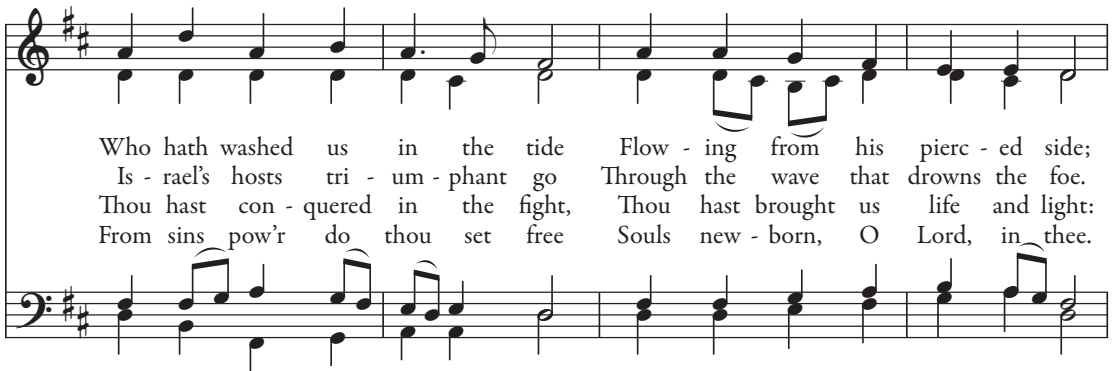
SALZBURG

JAKOB HINTZE, 1622-1702

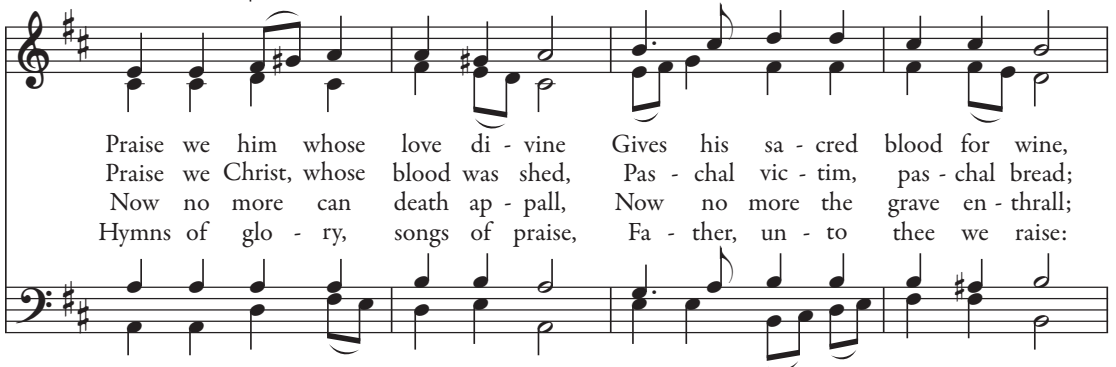
HARM. BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750



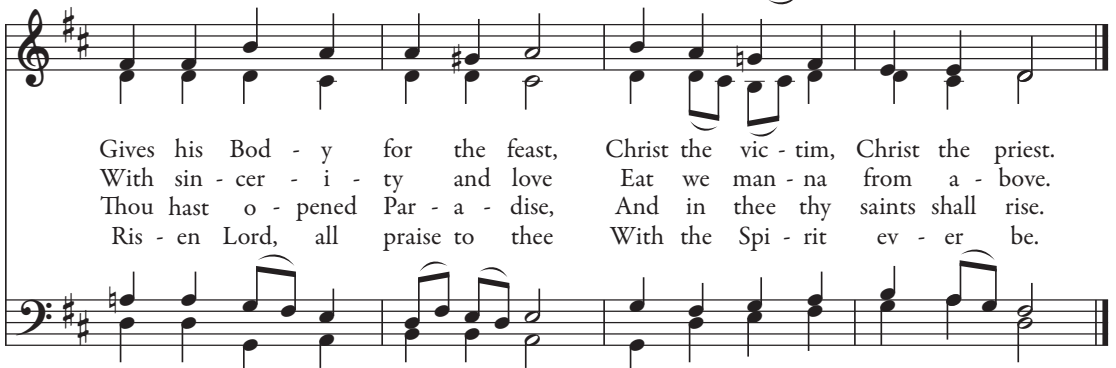
1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
 2 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 3 Might - y Vic - tim from on high, Hell's fierce pow'rs be - neath thee lie;
 4 Eas - ter tri - umph, Eas - ter joy, These a - lone do sin de - stroy.



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Thou hast con - quered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light:
 From sins pow'r do thou set free Souls new - born, O Lord, in thee.



Praise we him whose love di - vine Gives his sa - cred blood for wine,
 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, pas - chal bread;
 Now no more can death ap - pall, Now no more the grave en - thrall;
 Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to thee we raise:



Gives his Bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.
 Thou hast o - pened Par - a - dise, And in thee thy saints shall rise.
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to thee With the Spi - rit ev - er be.

AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES, 17TH CENT.

TR. BY ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1814-1868, ALT.

Ave Maria! Thou Virgin and Mother

11 10 11 10

AUGUSTUS EDMONDS TOZER, 1857-1919

1 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thou Vir - gin and Mo - ther, Fond - ly thy
 2 A - ve Ma - ri - a! the night shades are fall ing, Soft - ly our
 3 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy chil - dren are kneel - ing, Words of en -
 4 A - ve Ma - ri - a! thy arms are ex - tend - ing, Glad - ly with -

chil - dren are call - ing to thee; Thine are the grac - es, un -
 voic - es a - rise un - to thee! Earth's lone - ly ex - iles for
 dear - ment are whis - pered to thee; Soft - ly thy spi - rit up -
 in them for shel - ter we flee; Are thy sweet eyes on thy

claimed by an - oth - er, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.
 suc - cor are call - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.
 on us is steal - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.
 lone - ly ones bend - ing, Sin - less and beau - ti - ful Star of the Sea.

AUGUSTUS EDMONDS TOZER, 1857-1919

Away in a Manger

11 11 11 11

CRADLE SONG

WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921

1 A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed,
 2 The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes,
 3 Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask thee to stay

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet head.
 But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing he makes;
 Close by me for - ev - er, and love me, I pray;

The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
 I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky
 Bless all the dear chil - dren in thy ten - der care,

The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.
 And fit us for Heav - en to live with thee there.

VSS. 1-2, *LITTLE CHILDREN'S BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES*, C. 1885

VS. 3, JOHN T. MCFARLAND, 1851-1913