

A  
CATHOLIC  
PRAYER BOOK  
OF HYMNS

**SAMPLE**



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OF HYMNS



GEORGE ORILLO BACLAY, EDITOR  
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# Abide with me

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see.  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

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.

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

Accept, almighty Father,  
These gifts of bread and wine;  
Which now the Priest doth offer  
For us before thy shrine;  
But soon the word will make them  
His body and his blood,  
The Sacrifice renewing,  
Once offered on the Rood.

That blest and consecrated,  
The Sacrifice may plead  
For mercy unabated,  
As we poor sinners need;  
Alas, we are frail mortals,  
But through his flesh and blood,  
Who open'd heaven's portals,  
We hope to rise to God.

With these although unworthy,  
Some off'ring we would make  
But all we have thou gavest  
Then what thou gavest take  
Our hearts, our souls, our senses  
We give through Mary's hands  
Who by the Cross once standing  
Now by the altar stands.

O God, by that comingling  
Of water and of wine,  
May he who took our nature  
Give us his life divine.  
Come, thou who makest holy  
And bless this Sacrifice.  
Then shall our gift be pleasing  
To thee above the skies.

Nimm an, o Herr, die Gaben; Franz Seraph von Kohlbrenner, 1728–1783  
tr. by anonymous

# All glory, laud, and honor

All glory, laud, and honor  
To thee, Redeemer, King!  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest,  
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels  
Are praising thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went:  
Our praise and prayers and anthems  
Before thee we present.

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

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

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown him Lord of all;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all;  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all;  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1726–1792  
alt. by John Rippon, 1751–1836

# All people that on earth do dwell

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make;  
We are his folk, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise;  
Approach with joy his courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

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.

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.

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  
vv. 1–5, William Kethe, d. c. 1594, alt.  
v. 6, Thomas Ken, 1637–1711

## All you who seek a comfort sure

All you who seek a comfort sure  
In trouble and distress,  
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul oppress,  
Jesus, who gave himself for you  
Upon the cross to die,  
Opens to you his Sacred Heart;  
Oh, to that heart draw nigh.

You hear how kindly he invites;  
You hear his words so blest:  
“All you that labor come to me,  
And I will give you rest.”  
Christ Jesus, joy of saints on high,  
The hope of sinners here,  
Attracted by those loving words  
To you we lift our prayer.

*Quicumque certum quaeritis*, 18th cent.  
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878, alt.

# Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Hearts to heav'n and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise.  
He, who on the cross as Savior  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life and life immortal,  
On this resurrection morn.  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer  
By his mighty enterprise,  
We with him to life eternal  
By his resurrection rise.

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Savior  
Who has won the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
To the Triune Majesty.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885, alt.

# Alleluia! Alleluia! Let the holy anthem rise

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 hosannas in the highest  
To our Savior and our King.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Like the sun from out the wave,  
He has risen up in triumph  
From the darkness of the grave,  
He's the splendor of the nations,  
He's the lamp of endless day;  
He's the very Lord of glory  
Who is risen up today.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Blessed Jesus, make us rise  
From the life of this corruption  
To the life that never dies.  
May your glory be our portion  
When the days of time are past,  
And the dead shall be awakened  
By the trumpet's mighty blast.

Edward Caswall, 1814–1878

# Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
His the scepter, his the throne.  
Alleluia! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone.  
Hark! The songs of peaceful Zion  
Thunder like a mighty flood,  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia! Not as orphans  
Are we left in sorrow now;  
Alleluia! He is near us,  
Faith believes, nor questions how;  
Though the cloud from sight received him  
When the forty days were o'er,  
Shall our hearts forget his promise,  
"I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of angels,  
Thou on earth our food, our stay;  
Alleluia! Here the sinful  
Flee to thee from day to day:  
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,  
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
Sweep across the crystal sea.

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.

Based on Revelation 5:9-14  
William C. Dix, 1837-1898

# Almighty God, Your Word is cast

Almighty God, Your Word is cast  
Like seed into the ground;  
Now let the dew of Heav'n descend  
And righteous fruits abound.

Nor let Your Word so kindly sent  
To raise us to Your throne  
Return to You, and sadly tell  
That we reject Your Son.

Great God, come down and on Your Word  
Your mighty power bestow,  
That all who hear the joyful sound  
Your saving grace may know.

John Cawood, 1775–1852, alt.

# Angels, from the realms of glory

Angels, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing;  
Yonder shines the infant light:

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star.

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

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

vv. 1-4, James Montgomery, 1771-1854  
v. 5, Salisbury Hymn Book, 1857

# 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.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!  
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
Why your joyous strains prolong?  
Say, what may the tidings be  
Which inspire your heav'nly song?

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
Him whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, adore on bended knee  
Christ the Lord, the newborn King.

*Les anges dans nos campagnes; traditional French Carol, c. 18th cent.  
tr. by James Chadwick, 1813–1882, and others, alt.*

## As with gladness men of old

As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heav'n and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek thy mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At the manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heav'nly King.

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.

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

# At the cross her station keeping

At the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last.

Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,  
All his bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Was that mother highly blest  
Of the sole begotten One!

Christ above in torment hangs;  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.

Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in miseries so deep  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender Child  
All with bloody scourges rent;

For the sins of his own nation,  
Saw him hang in desolation,  
Till his Spirit forth he sent.

O thou Mother! Fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
Make my heart with thine accord:

Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
Make my soul to glow and melt  
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Savior crucified:

Let me share with thee his pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torment died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning him who mourned for me,  
All the days that I may live:

By the Cross with thee to stay;  
There with thee to weep and pray;  
Is all I ask thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest!  
Listen to my fond request:  
Let me share thy grief divine;

Let me, to my lastest breath,  
In my body bear the death  
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with his ev'ry wound,  
Steep my soul till it hath swooned  
In his very blood away.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die,  
In that awful Judgment day.

Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,  
Be thy Mother my defence,  
Be thy Cross my victory;

While my body here decays,  
May my soul thy goodness praise,  
Safe in Paradise with thee.     Amen.

Stabat mater dolorosa; Jacopone da Todi, 1230–1306  
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878, alt.

## At the Lamb's high feast we sing

At the Lamb's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from his pierced side;  
Praise we him whose love divine  
Gives his sacred blood for wine,  
Gives his Body for the feast,  
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

Where the paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, paschal bread;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from on high,  
Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath thee lie;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light:  
Now no more can death appall,  
Now no more the grave enthrall;  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
These alone do sin destroy.  
From sin's pow'r do thou set free  
Souls newborn, O Lord, in thee.  
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,  
Father, unto thee we raise:  
Risen Lord, all praise to thee  
With the Spirit ever be.

*Ad regias Agni dapes, 17th cent.*  
tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814–1868, alt.

# Ave Maria! thou Virgin and Mother

Ave Maria! thou Virgin and Mother,  
Fondly thy children are calling to 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 whispered to thee;  
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea.

Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,  
Gladly within them for shelter we flee;  
Are thy sweet eyes on thy lonely ones bending,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea.

Augustus Edmonds Tozer, 1857–1919

## Away in a manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.  
The stars in the bright sky looked down where they lay,  
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes;  
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay  
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray;  
Bless all the dear children in thy tender care,  
And fit us for Heaven to live with thee there.

vv. 1–2, *Little Children's Book for Schools and Families*, c. 1885

v. 3, John T. McFarland, 1851–1913

## Be joyful, Mary

Be joyful, Mary, heav'nly Queen,  
Gaude, María:  
Your Son who died was living seen,  
Alleluia; lætare, O María.

The Son you bore by heaven's grace,  
Gaude, María:  
Did all our guilt and sin efface,  
Alleluia; lætare, O María.

The Lord has risen from the dead,  
Gaude, María:  
He rose with might as he had said,  
Alleluia; lætare, O María.

Regina caeli, jubila, 17th cent.  
tr. by anonymous in Psallite, 1901, alt.

## Be thou my vision

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;  
All else be nought to me, save that thou art.  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word;  
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, thine own may I be:  
Thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.

High King of heaven, when vict'ry is won,  
May I reach heaven's joys, bright heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Ancient Irish  
tr. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905

# Beautiful Savior, Mightiest in Mercy

Beautiful Savior,  
Mightiest in Mercy,  
Light piercing darkness,  
Joy beyond all sorrow,  
Wounded for healing,  
Dying for our saving,  
Victim and High Priest.

Son of the Father,  
Child of Mary Mother,  
Just Joseph's dear boy,  
Cause of Great John's leaping,  
Mary's Deliv'rer,  
Truest friend to Laz'rus  
True God, our High King.

All laud we bring now  
Praising our Beloved,  
Christ Jesus, Savior,  
Victor, and Redeemer  
Judge of the Living,  
Judge of the departed,  
Come quickly, Jesus.

Vincent Uher, 1963-

## Before the day's last moments fly

Before the day's last moments fly,  
Maker of all, to thee we cry;  
Beneath thy kind protection take,  
And shield us for thy mercy's sake.

Let no ill dreams our souls alarm,  
No pow'rs of night approach to harm;  
Defend us from the tempter's art,  
And keep us ever pure in heart.

Father of mercies, hear our cry;  
O hear, co-equal Son most high;  
Whom with the Spirit we adore,  
One only God for evermore.

*Te lucis ante terminum*, 7th cent.  
tr. by Robert Campbell, 1814–1868

## Bethlehem, of noblest cities

Bethlehem, of noblest cities  
None can once with thee compare;  
Thou alone the Lord from heaven  
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told his birth;  
To the lands their God announcing,  
Seen in fleshly form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided  
See, the eastern kings appear;  
See them bend, their gifts to offer,  
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Solemn things of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth the God disclose,  
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesus, in thy brightness  
To the Gentile world displayed,  
With the Father and the Spirit  
Endless praise to thee be paid.

O sola magnarum urbium; Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348-410  
tr. by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878

## Bless me, befriend me

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

Beam on my gladness, thy joy shall I share;  
Shine on my sadness, and sorrow I'll bear.  
Go thou before me, my path shall be clear,  
Hover thou o'er me, no foe shall I fear.

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 prayer.

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

Till my last sorrow I'll walk in thy light;  
Till the tomorrow eternal and bright.  
Till thy soft pinions shall waft me on high,  
To those dominions more fair than the sky.

E. F. MacGonigle's The Sodalist's Hymnal, Philadelphia, 1887