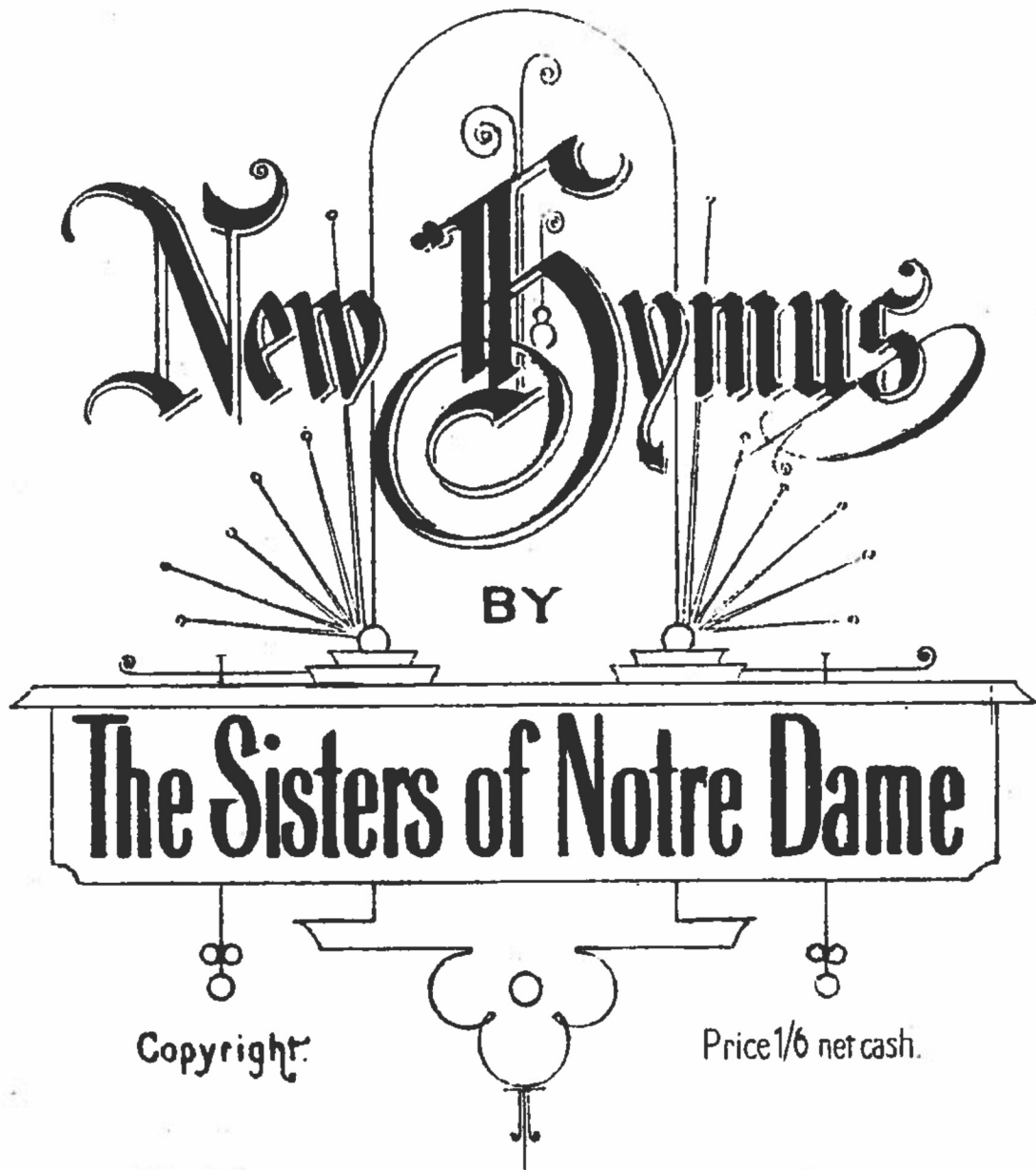


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# 1. Hymn of Reparation.

3

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.

Andante.

O King and Lord who dwellest on this al - tar, We come to Thee with  
lov - ing hearts and true, To thank Thee for Thy love which can - not al - ter In  
spite of all un - grate - ful men may do. We come to tell Thy  
Heart despised and lone - ly, That we will try Thy loy - al friends to be, That  
we will try through life to love Thee on - ly, That in Thy sor - rows We will com - fort Thee.

2.

We thank Thee, that from sunrise to its setting,  
Thou standest on our altar, Lord, as slain,  
We sorrow, that despising or forgetting,  
Men leave Thee in Thy death alone, again.  
We come to tell Thy Heart thus scorned and slighted  
That in the Mass our daily strength shall be,  
That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,  
That for that sorrow we will comfort Thee.

4.

We thank Thee, Lord, that all Thy pain expecting,  
Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night;  
We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,  
In Thy sweet company find no delight.  
We grieve, that men for all things else have leisure,  
That other friends they joy to hear and see —  
O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure.  
That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee.

3.

We thank Thee — Ah! how can we thank Thee, Jesus!  
That in this Sacrament Thou art our food,  
That we can find all sweetness that may please us  
In this dear banquet of Thy Flesh and Blood.  
We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee  
To hearts made over to Thine enemy —  
O let our love some reparation make Thee!  
In that great sorrow let us comfort Thee.

5.

And for ourselves, who, knowing and believing,  
Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,  
Behold us now before Thee, deeply grieving  
And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing will.  
We promise now Thy Heart despised and lonely  
That we will try Thy truer friends to be,  
That we will try through life to love Thee only,  
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

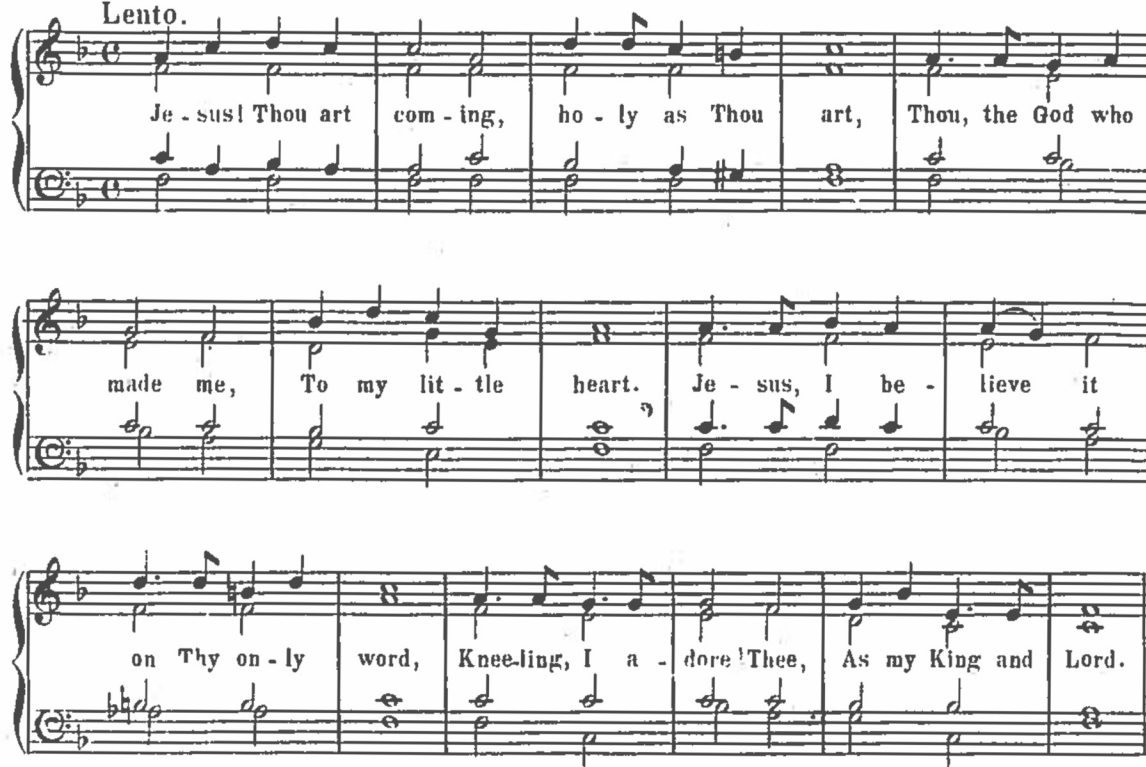
## 2. Before Communion.

Words S.N.D.

Music by J Fitzpatrick S.J.

Adoration and Faith.

Lento.



Je - sus! Thou art com - ing, ho - ly as Thou art, Thou, the God who  
made me, To my lit - tle heart. Je - sus, I be - lieve it  
on Thy on - ly word, Knee - ling, I a - dore Thee, As my King and Lord.

### Humility and Sorrow.

2. Who am I, my Jesus,  
That Thou com'st to me?  
I have sinned against Thee  
Often, grievously.  
I am very *sorry*  
I have caused Thee pain,  
I will never, never  
Wound Thy Heart again.

### Trust.

3. Put Thy kind arms round me,  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb.  
Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my guest,  
I can *trust* Thee always,  
Lord, for all the rest.

### Love and Desire.

4. Dearest Lord, I *love* Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart:  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.  
Come, Oh! come, sweet Saviour,  
Come to me, and stay,  
For I *want* Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

### Offering and Petition.

5. Ah! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King;  
But Thou art my Shepherd  
I, Thy little lamb;  
Take *myself*, dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.
6. Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes, and ears, and tongue;  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do Thee wrong.  
Take my heart, and fill it  
Full of love for Thee;  
All I have I give Thee,  
Give Thyself to me.



# 3. After Communion.

5

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.

The Lord of glo-ry O won-drous sto-ry Hath made His home with - in my breast. Bow'd  
down before Him, My soul a-dore Him Who neath thy roof vouch-safes to rest. Good angels aid me, The  
God who made me, Who died to save me, is now my guest Ah! soft-ly sing Him Sweet songs and bring Him Your  
burning love Your worship blest The Lord of glo-ry Oh! wondrous story! Now dwells with-in my breast.

2.

My God, I bless Thee,  
Revere, confess Thee,  
And love and trust with all my heart;  
Thy child is wailing  
Each fault and failing  
That caused Thee pain, or tear, or smart.  
Dear Lord, forgive me  
My sins that grieve Thee,  
Because I love Thee for all Thou art;  
To know Thee clearly,  
To love Thee dearly,  
Be now my portion, my only part.  
*Refrain*— My God, I bless Thee,  
Revere, confess Thee,  
And love with all my heart.

3.

My Jesus never  
Shall creature sever  
My happy heart from love of Thee;  
Ah! do not let me,  
My King, forget Thee,  
And oh! do Thou remember me.  
My only Treasure,  
My Rest and Pleasure,  
My Rock and Fortress for ever be;  
In strife defend me,  
In sickness tend me,  
And come in death to set me free.  
*Refrain*— Ah! do not let me,  
My King, forget Thee,  
And Lord, remember me.

4.

When daylight shineth,  
When day declineth,  
In storm and sun, abide with me.  
In joy and gladness,  
In pain and sadness,  
O let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee,  
Good Shepherd, feed me,  
And guard and lead me  
To Thy bright pastures beyond the sea,  
To make in glory  
(O wondrous story!)  
One long Communion eternally.  
*Refrain*— When daylight shineth,  
When day declineth,  
Oh! Lord, abide with me.

## 4. Hymn to the Sacred Heart.

Words S. N. D.

Music by R. W. Ratcliffe S. J.

Heart of Je - sus, Sa - cred Heart, Praise to Thee for

*mp*

This system contains the first line of the hymn. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'Heart of Je - sus, Sa - cred Heart, Praise to Thee for'. The piano part begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic.

all Thou art! Spring of grace, the God - head's shrine,

*crescendo*

This system contains the second line of the hymn. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'all Thou art! Spring of grace, the God - head's shrine,'. The piano accompaniment includes a *crescendo* marking, indicating a gradual increase in volume.

Throne of glo - ry, Heart di - vine! Heart whom an - gel

*f* *p*

This system contains the third line of the hymn. The vocal melody has the lyrics 'Throne of glo - ry, Heart di - vine! Heart whom an - gel'. The piano accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the first measure and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the final measure.

hosts a - dore Would that men would love thee more.

*p* *f*

This system contains the final line of the hymn. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'hosts a - dore Would that men would love thee more.' The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and moves to a forte (*f*) dynamic for the final phrase.

## Chorus.

Heart of our Sa - viour, Heart of our Friend,

Heart that hast loved thine own to the end, Heart of our King!

Heart of our Lord! Be thou for ev - er loved and a - dored!

2.

Heart of Jesus, human Heart,  
Thanks to Thee for all Thou art!  
Where should we have been or be,  
Fount of goodness, but for Thee?  
Heart so full of love for us,  
Would that we could love Thee thus.

4.

Heart still beating in the Host  
Where alas! we wrong Thee most!  
Heart so noble, Heart so true,  
Pierced by all, consoled by few,  
Lonely Heart so loving men,  
Would that Thou wert loved again!

3.

Heart so holy, Heart so pure,  
Heart so patient to endure,  
Heart that all our sin hast borne,  
Bruised, humbled, crushed, forlorn.  
Heart which we have wrung with pain,  
Be Thou never wronged again!

5.

Heart so pitiful to heal,  
Tender Heart so quick to feel,  
Heart so ready to forgive,  
Heart so grateful to receive,  
Sea of love without a shore,  
Be Thou loved and trusted more!

6.

Heart of Jesus, broken Heart,  
Praise and thanks for all Thou art!  
Shelter in the noonday heat,  
Covert when the rain doth beat,  
Home where all find peace and rest,  
Be Thou known and loved and blest!

# 5. To the Child Jesus.

Words S. N. D.

Music by R. W. Ratcliffe S. J.

Lit-tle King, so fair and sweet, See us gathered round Thy Feet, Be Thou Monarch  
of our School It shall pros-per 'neath Thy rule. We will be Thy sub-jects true,  
Brave to suffer, brave to do, All our hearts to Thee we bring, Take them, keep them, little King.

2.

Raise Thy little Hand to bless—  
All our childhood's happiness;  
Bless our sorrow and our pain,  
That each cross may be our gain.  
By Thine own sweet childhood, Lord,  
Sanctify each thought and word,  
Set Thy seal on every thing.  
Which we do, O little King.

4.

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

6.

Let us in the noisy world  
Keep Thy Banner broad unfurled,  
In an age of ease and pride  
Leading Christian lives denied,  
In an age which seeks its way,  
Glad and cheerful to obey,  
While Thy simple Truth shall ring  
In word and act, O little King.

3.

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

5.

Little King, so dear and sweet,  
Here we cast before Thy feet  
All we are or yet may be,  
Every sense and faculty;  
All our body, all our soul  
We subject to Thy control;  
Let them all Thy praises sing,  
Now and always, little King.

7.

And when Holidays have come  
Call Thy children to Thy Home,  
In that gentle voice of Thine,  
Which we know, sweet Child Divine.  
At the gate, oh! meet us thus,  
As we loved Thee—Child like us,  
Stretch Thy hands in welcoming  
To Thine Own, O little King.

## 6. Mater Christi.

9

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, What shall I ask of Thee? I

do not sigh for the wealth of earth, For the joys that fade and flee; But,

Chorus.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ, This do I long to see, The

Slower.

bliss un-told which thine arms en fold, The trea-sure up-on Thy knee.

2.  
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He was All-in-all to Thee —  
In the Winter's Cave, in Nazareth's Home,  
In the hamlets of Galilee.  
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
He will not say nay to Thee;  
When He lifts His Face to Thy sweet embrace.  
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

4.  
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
What shall I do for Thee?  
I will love Thy Son with the whole of my strength,  
My only King shall He be.  
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This will I do for Thee,  
Of all that are dear or cherished here,  
None shall be dear as He.

3.  
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
The world will bid him flee —  
Too busy to heed His gentle voice,  
Too blind His charms to see —  
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
Come with Thy Babe to me,  
Tho' the world be cold, my heart shall hold  
A shelter for Him and Thee.

5.  
Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
I toss on a stormy sea,  
O lift Thy Child as a Beacon-light  
To the Port where I fain would be,  
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,  
This do I ask of Thee, —  
When the voyage is o'er, O stand on the shore,  
And show Him at last to me.

## 7. Mater Admirabilis.

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.



2.

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

3.

Open book and distaff tell us  
 Thou hast laboured too as we—  
 Let our hand and mind, sweet Mother,  
 Work for Jesus and for Thee,  
 Make us thine and therefore His,  
 Mater Admirabilis!

4.

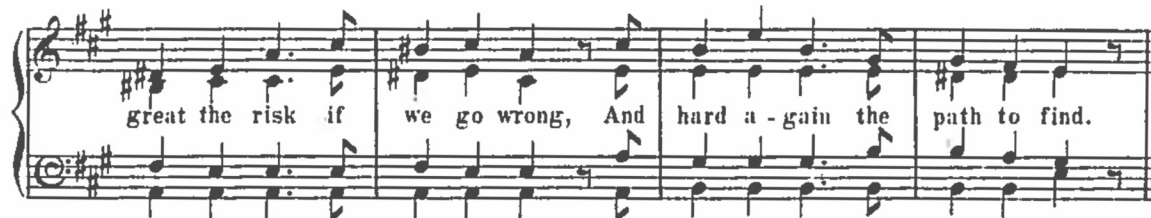
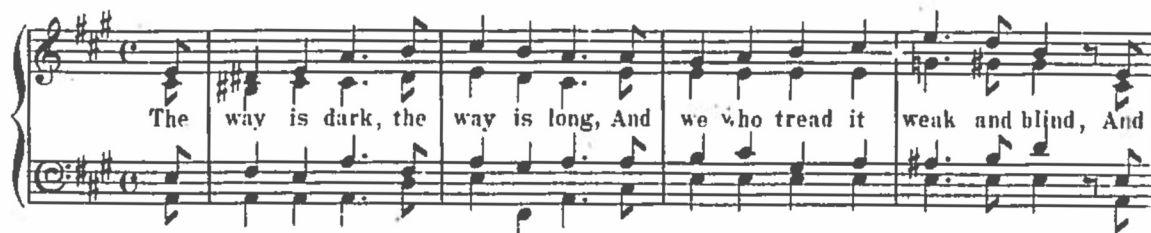
Gentle mother to thy keeping,  
 Take our wayward maidenhood,  
 Make us pass our years of Training  
 As thou meanest that we should:  
 Let us not our graces miss,  
 Mater Admirabilis!

## 8. Virgo Prudentissima.

(Our Lady of Good Counsel.)

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.



2.

Thou hast not far the word to seek,  
Eternal Wisdom to thee clings,  
Thy face is pressed against His cheek,  
His Lips are breathing happy things.

4.

The world is bright, the world is fair,  
It shows the false as if the true,  
And we are dazzled by the glare,  
Unless thou tell us what to do.

3.

With thee is counsel sweet and blest,  
With thee are fortitude and grace -  
Thy Babe will tell thee what is best,  
His Eyes are lifted to thy face.

5.

Oh, ever till the goal is won  
In doubt and danger counsel thus,  
Still whisper of us to thy Son,  
And speak His answer back to us.

6.

So shall our weak and wayward feet  
From thee and Jesus never part,  
So shall we by thy Counsel sweet,  
Walk still according to His Heart.

## 9. Sedes Sapientiae.

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.

Ma-ry, Oh turnThine eyes up-on us See us around Thy throne to day, Bend un-to us an

ear of pi-ty, Hark to thy chil-dren as they pray, Be thou a lamp un-to our footsteps

Chorus.  
O SedesSa-pi-en-ti-ae. O Seat of Wis dom light up our way, Safethro'thenightgloom

in-to the day. O Seat of Wis dom light up our way, Safe to thebright e-ter nal day. *rall.*

2.  
While 'neath Thy mantle here we linger  
Be Thou to us a guide and stay,  
Make us to grow in grace and knowledge,  
Kindle our love from day to day,  
Fill us with wisdom and with counsel,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

4.  
When round our knee the poor of Jesus  
Gather to learn salvation's way,  
Still be Thou ever standing by us,  
Whisp'ring the words we ought to say,  
Keep us at school with Thee for ever,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

6.  
Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest and labour,  
Thro' sweet and bitter, sad and gay,  
Teach unto us Thy Son's own lessons,  
Till He shall grant our holiday,  
Then at the gate, Ah! bid us welcome,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

3.  
Here is our memory so wayward,  
Ah! keep it lest it go astray,  
Take Thou our intellect and train it  
Christ's blessed teaching to obey,  
Brace up our will to perseverance,  
O Sedes Sapientiae

5.  
Thus all the joys of our vocation,  
Homage before Thy throne we lay,  
Thine are our glory and our honours,  
Queen of our heart and mind for aye!  
We will be nought but Thy disciples,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.



## 10. Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

Mother of all that is pure and glad All that is bright and blest As we have taken our  
 toil to thee So will we take our rest, Take thou and bless our  
 ho li day. O Cau - sa Nos - trae Lac - ti - ti - ae.

2.  
 Airs that are soft and a cloudless sky,  
 We would owe all to Thee,  
 Speak to Thy Son as Thou didst of old,  
 That feast day in Galilee,  
 Tell Him our needs in Thine own sweet way,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

4.  
 Smile upon all that is dear to us,  
 Smile on our school and home,  
 Smile on the days we are passing now,  
 Smile on the years to come,  
 Brighten our work and gladden our play,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

3.  
 Be with us, Mother, from morn till eve,  
 Thou and Thy Blessed Son,  
 Keep us from all that is grief to you,  
 'Till the weeks and the months are run.  
 Thine be we still, when grave or gay,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

5.  
 Keep us in all that is blest of God,  
 Give us the joys that endure,  
 Lips that have smiles and words for all,  
 Hearts that are kind and pure;  
 So will Thou be by night and day,  
 Our Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

6.  
 Come when earth's tears and smiles are o'er,  
 Mother of peace and love,  
 Show to us Him who is joy to earth,  
 And joy to the hosts above,  
 So shall we laugh in the latter day,  
 O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

## 11. Janua Coeli.

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

*unison*

*f in parts*

*p* *mf* *f*

1.  
 QUEEN and Mother! many hearts  
 Cast themselves before thy throne  
 But we call ourselves by right  
 Very specially thine own.  
*bis* { O then be to each one here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

2.  
 We had learned thy love before,  
 We have learned it better here,  
 And thy School hath been the Gate  
 To thy heart, O Mother dear.  
*bis* { Then be thou to every one  
 The Gate of Home when School is done.

3.  
 We have pledged ourselves to fight  
 In the battles of thy Son,  
 We would pass by thee to Him  
 When the dusty fight is won.  
*bis* { Be to all enlisted here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

4.  
 Other hearts this home have loved,  
 Other feet its floors have trod.  
 One and all, oh! let them in  
 To the City of our God.  
*bis* { Be to all who entered here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

5.  
 And we too must pass away,  
 Others then shall take our place,  
 Kneel around thine image fair,  
 Look into thine up-turned face.  
*bis* { Be to all who enter here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

6.  
 Thou unto the King of Kings  
 Wert a Gate to earth and us.  
 We must go to Christ thro' thee,  
 We can reach Him only thus.  
*bis* { O be thou to each one here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

7.  
 Open stand, O Portal blest,  
 That we still may see the light,  
 Lifting up our hearts in hope,  
 Charming all the gloomy night.  
*bis* { Be to all who enter here  
 The Gate of Heaven, O Mother dear.

8.  
 When the midnight-cry is heard,  
 Do not let us be too late,  
 Do not let thy children call,  
 "Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate!"  
*bis* { But, because we loved thee here,  
 Let us in, O Mother dear.

# 12. Regina Apostolorum.

15

Words S.N.D.

Music S.N.D.

*mf* Fierce and loud is the bat-tle ra-ging, *p* Dead and dy-ing are on the field *mf* Few and weak are the

*pp* King's bat-ta-lions, Slow to conquer, and swift to yield. Hark the voice that is cal-ling calling

*mf* "Who will help in the dead ly strife? Who will rescue from death and danger, The souls for whom I laid

*f* down my life?" 'Tis thy Son who is cal-ling thus, Queen of A-postles, Oh! pray for us,

'Tis thy Son, who is cal ling thus, Queen of Apostles, oh pray for us Queen of Apost-les, Oh pray for us.

2.  
Fair the fields over all our country,  
Lift your eyes and behold the land,  
White already unto the harvest,  
Waiting but for the reaper's hand:  
Hark! the Lord of the harvest calling,  
"Rich the grain but the labourers few,  
None will help me my sheaves to garner—  
Child of Mary I look to you."  
*Rejoin—* 'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus,  
Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for us.

3.  
Deep and dark are the stormy waters,  
Many perish beneath the wave,  
Few the vessels that reach the haven,  
Few the hands that are stretched to save;  
Hark! the voice of the Pilot calling,  
"Launch your boat on the raging sea,  
Help the souls that are daily sinking,  
Launch your barque for the love of Me."  
*Rejoin—* 'Tis Thy Son who is calling thus.  
Queen of Apostles, Oh! pray for us.

4.  
Dearest Lord, we have heard and answered,  
We will follow where'er Thou art,  
We will rescue the little children,  
We will try and console Thy Heart,  
Queen and Mother, be with Thy legion,  
Keep us true to our calling high,  
Let us bring to the feet of Jesus,  
Many souls, when we come to die,  
*Rejoin—* 'Tis Thy Son who has called us thus,  
Queen of Apostles, Oh! stay with us.

# 13. Stella Matutina.

(Birthday Hymn to Our Lady.)

Words S.N.D.

Music S. N. D.

Who is this co-meth o - ver the moun-tains Fair and sweet as the morn-ing light.

Shed-ding pure and beau-ti-ful ra-diance, O'er the earth that was - wrapt in night

Now the Day-spring in - deed is nigh, The Morn-ing Star hath ri sen on high.

**Chorus**

How shall we wel - come thee, beau - ti - ful Mo - ther? How shall we

greet thee new - - ly born! Joy to thee! Praise to thee!

Love to thee! Thanks to thee! Hail to thy ri sing, sweet Star of the Morn!

2.

Wild and waste lay our desolate Garden,  
Stripped of blossom and leaf and fruit,  
Lo! at last, in the golden Autumn  
Sprang the Lily from Jesse's root.  
Hope and beauty came back to Earth  
Once again in our Lady's Birth.

*1st Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

3.

Angels cluster around thy cradle  
Smiling into thy little face,  
Whispering now as they whisper later,  
"The Lord is with thee, O full of grace!"  
We too, Mary, would hail thee thus,  
More than to Angels thou art to us.

*Chorus*—What shall we sing to thee, beautiful Mother?

What sweet song to thee, newly born?

Joy to thee, &c.

4.

Spotless Daughter of God the Father,  
Mother to be of God the Son,  
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,  
Beautiful Shrine of the Three-in-One;  
Oh! we thank Him that He has given  
So dear a Queen unto Earth and Heaven.

*1st Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

5.

All the Church is glad in thy coming—  
None more glad, O Mary, than we,  
Who by more than a common title  
Now and ever belong to thee—  
Light our pathway where'er we are,  
We will follow, dear Morning Star.

*1st Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee &c.

6.

O we cannot go empty-handed  
On her birthday to Babe so sweet—  
Yet we have but our love to offer,  
Printing a kiss on her little feet,  
Open thy baby hand and take  
Our hearts at least for thy birthday's sake.

*Chorus*—What shall we give to thee, beautiful Mother?

What shall we wish thee, newly born?

Joy to thee, &c.

7.

Bless us all with thy birthday blessing  
As we gather around thy throne,  
Lay thy hand with a tenderer pressure  
On this home which is all thine own—  
While we are here, and when we are far,  
Light up our way, dear Morning Star.

*1st Chorus*—How shall we welcome thee, &c.

"Quibus te laudibus efferam nescio?"

(to same air)

1.

How to praise Thee, O Mary, we know not,  
Fair and spotless alone Thou art;  
But we pour sweet titles upon Thee,  
As they rise from our loving heart;  
When they reach Thee beyond the skies,  
Turn to us Thy merciful eyes.

*Chorus*—

What shall we call Thee, O beautiful Mother?  
Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn—  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee! Love to Thee! Thanks to Thee!  
Light of Thy people! sweet Star of the Morn!

2.

Bright Thou art as the sun in its rising,  
Fair Thou art as the moon at night,  
Strong Thou art as a battle army,  
Tower of hope to all who fight.  
Thou art sweetness, and hope, and life,  
Health in sickness, and help in strife.

*Chorus*—

Hark to us calling Thee, pitiful Mother,  
Help of Thy people distressed, forlorn—  
Think of us, speak to us, fight for us, plead for us  
Shine on our pathway, bright Star of the Morn!

3.

Lifted high as the palm and cedar,  
Blooming low as flow'r of field,  
Eastern Gate to the Sun of justice,  
Garden enclosed and fountain sealed.  
Glorious things are said of Thee,  
City of God, so fair to see.

*1st Chorus repeated.*

4.

Ark of refuge from storm and shipwreck,  
Beacon-light on the distant hill,  
Oil poured out on the troubled waters,  
Haven safe where the winds are still,  
Wheresoever our barque may be,  
Star of the Morn, we look to Thee.

*2nd Chorus repeated.*

5.

Queen art Thou of the shining angels,  
Queen art Thou of the happy saints,  
Mother and Queen of exiled children,  
Send us help when our courage faints.  
Spotless Mother and Queen Divine,  
All the love of our hearts is Thine!

*Chorus*—

Watch over Thy children, our Queen and our Mother,  
We to Thy service our lives have sworn,  
Think of us, speak for us, stoop to us, cling to us,  
Shine on us ever, dear Star of the Morn!

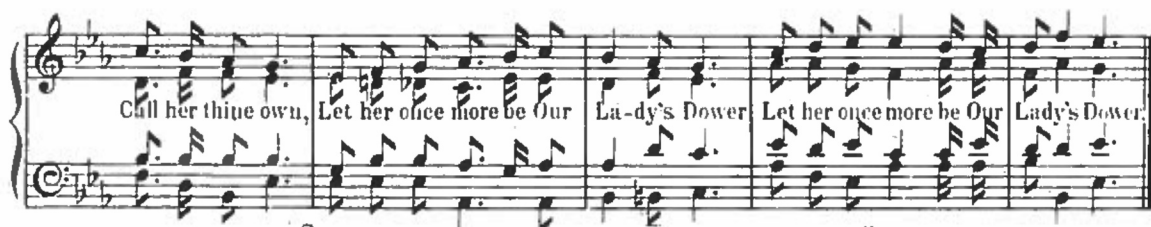
## 14. Our Lady's Dower.

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.



## Chorus.



2.  
Men had robbed our Queen of her Dower,  
Robbed Thy Dower of Thee, sweet Queen;  
Dark and dreary without Thy smiles  
Our meads and cities for years have been.  
*Chorus*—Queen of our hearts! Queen of the world!  
Rend Thine own from the spoiler's power;  
Come back again,  
Over us reign,  
Take us once more for Thy Royal Dower.

4.  
Lift Thine abbeys, and stately shrines,  
Fallen low on the grassy sod.  
Let Thy wayside image again  
Raise our mind and our heart to God.  
*Chorus*—Lady of Pity! Lady of Grace!  
Mend the wall and restore the tower;  
O'er mountain and glen  
Ring out again,  
Bells in the shrines of our Lady's Dower.

6.  
Blood hath reddened our island's soil,  
Reddened the land o'er Cheviotside,  
All for love of the Christ, Thy Son,  
And their peerless Queen, have our martyrs died.  
*Chorus*—Queen of Martyrs! and Queen of Saints!  
'Neath the altar they plead this hour;  
Think of their pain,  
Love us again,  
Let us once more be our Lady's Dower.

3.  
Years have scattered our Lady's Guilds,  
Hushed the tones of the Lady-Bell;  
Who now throng to the Mary-Mass?  
Or slake their thirst at the Mary-Well?  
*Chorus*—Lady beautiful! Lady sweet!  
Mystic Fountain, and Mystic Flower!  
At touch of Thy hand  
The whole of our land  
Shall blossom again as our Lady's Dower.

5.  
English Kings have fought in Thy name,  
English saints have Thy praises sung;  
Sweeter prayer hath not risen to Thee  
Than those breathed out in our English tongue.  
*Chorus*—Fair as the 'moon! bright as the sun!  
Strong as army in battle hour!  
Bring back at length  
Beauty and strength,  
Bless us once more as our Lady's Dower.

7.  
Hear the cry of our land to-day,  
Smiling, weeping, from sea to sea—  
Tears for sin of the bygone years,  
Smiles once more to belong to Thee.  
*Chorus*—Mother of Hope! Mother of Love!  
Graces new on our island shower,  
Take us to-day,  
Make us for aye  
True to the name of our Lady's Dower.

# 15. Our Lady della Strada.

19

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

Mo - ther, Mo - ther, I am com - ing Home to Je - sus and to thee,

But my country's hills are distant, And their sight I cannot see; Mo-ther hearken as I

pray, Meet me on my home-ward way, Meet me, Mother mine, to

*accompaniment*

day. Meet me on my home-ward way Meet me, Mother mine, to day.

2.

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,  
I can see nor sun nor star,  
And the road is rough and narrow,  
And the end seems very far;  
Lest perchance my feet should stray.  
Meet me, Mother, on my way  
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day.

3.

I must cross the burning desert,  
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,  
Fill Thy vessel at the fountain  
Of Thy Son's sweet Heart Divine;  
Lest I faint upon the way,  
Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,  
Give my soul to drink to-day.

4.

Do not wait until to-morrow,  
For I need Thee here and now;  
Wait not till I come to meet Thee —  
Rather, Mother, meet me Thou —  
Oh! in all I do or say,  
Come and meet me on my way,  
Mother Mary, every day.

## 16. "Nunc et in Hora Mortis."

Words S. N. D.

Music by R. W. Ratcliffe S. J.

Andante.

I know not what the years may bring, Nor whe-ther the years shall

be The past has fled on ra - pid wing And can - not come back to

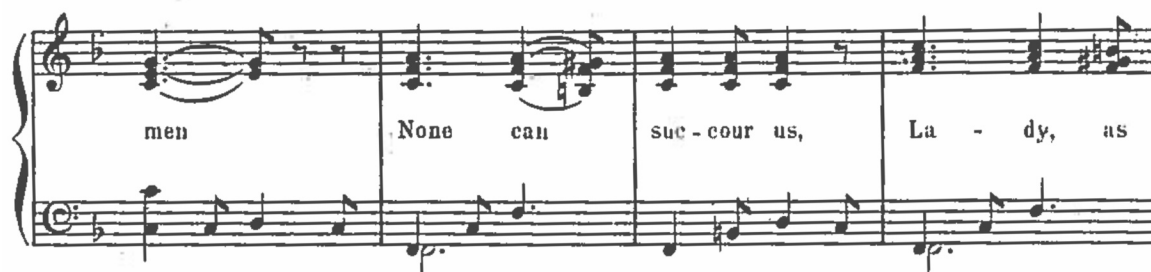
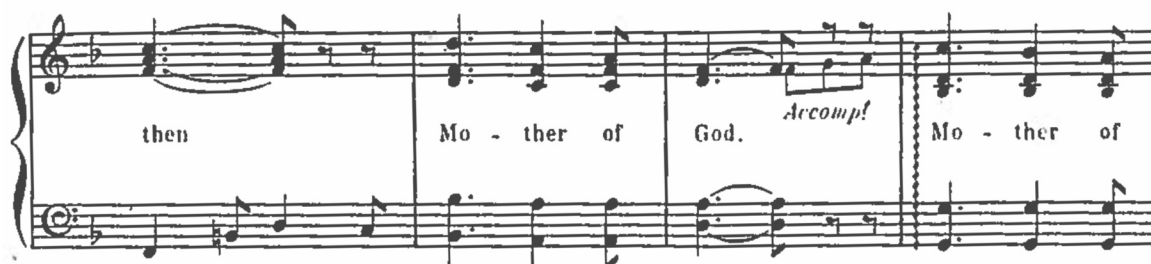
me, One point of time we hold in our hand The mi-nute we now draw

breath And we look to the point when we shall stand In the aw - ful strait of

Chorus (a little faster)

death Pray for us now, Pray for us





2.

Now, when the world speaks soft and fair,  
 Now, when the flesh is frail,  
 Now, when the Cross is hard to bear,  
 Now, when we sink or fail; —  
 Then, when the fiends are raging round,  
 Then, as life ebbs away,  
 Then, when the call of God shall sound,  
 Pray for us sinners, — pray!

4.

Then, when the friends of earth are gone,  
 Then, when the senses sleep.  
 Then, when the soul must plunge alone  
 Into the boundless deep: —  
 Be it soon or late, be it swift or slow  
 Then, then, be it night or day,  
 How'er that hour shall come and go  
 Pray for us sinners, pray.

3.

Now, oh! now wheresoe'er we be,  
 Now, while we wake or sleep,  
 Now, while our thoughts are far from thee,  
 Now, while we laugh or weep.  
 Now, as we kneel to ask a grace  
 Now, as we toil or play,  
 Now, as we sin before thy face,  
 Pray for us, Mother, pray.

5.

We are sinners and we are dust,  
 Blessed and pure art thou;  
 In thy love we have placed our trust,  
 Care for us then and now.  
 Every hour whose sands are run  
 Draws the two more nigh each other,  
 Till our last "Hail Mary" makes them one,  
 And we pass to thank thee, Mother.

## 17. The Sorrows and Joys of St Joseph.

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.

*mf*

Fa - ther of Christ and Spouse of His sweet Mother, Trust-ing to thee our simple prayer we make;

*cresc.* *dim.*

Fa - ther to us since we may call Him brother, Canst thou refuse to hear us for His sake?

**Chorus.**

Blessed St Joseph re-mem-ber that never Thy cli-ents in vain to their Fa-ther have prayed;

Win our pe-ti-tion, For Jesus must e-ver List-en to him, whom on earth He obeyed.

2.  
O by the Grief thy tender spirit filling  
Ere Mary's secret thou hadst understood;  
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel telling  
That blessed wonder of the Motherhood;

4.  
O by thy Grief to see the Infant weeping  
While the first Blood-drops fell beneath the knife,  
O by the Joy with which thy heart was leaping  
At the sweet music of the Name of Life;

6.  
O by thy Grief when Child and Mother taking  
Thou did'st by night to distant Egypt fly;  
O by thy Joy to see the idols breaking  
While the All-holy passed in silence by,

8.  
O by thy Grief when thou had'st lost thy Treasure,  
By those three days of darkness and of pain;  
O by the Joy beyond all thought and measure  
When with thy Jesus light came back again;

3.  
O by thy Grief to see the King of Glory  
Born in the Crib in poverty and cold;  
O by thy Joy to hear the Angels' story,  
And the adoring Magi to behold;

5.  
O by thy Grief with Mary's sinless spirit,  
Hearing a sword must pierce her soul in twain,  
O by thy Joy that many should inherit  
Peace and Salvation through her Child again,

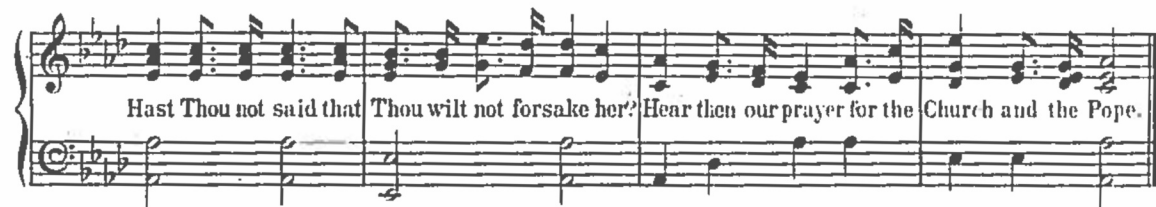
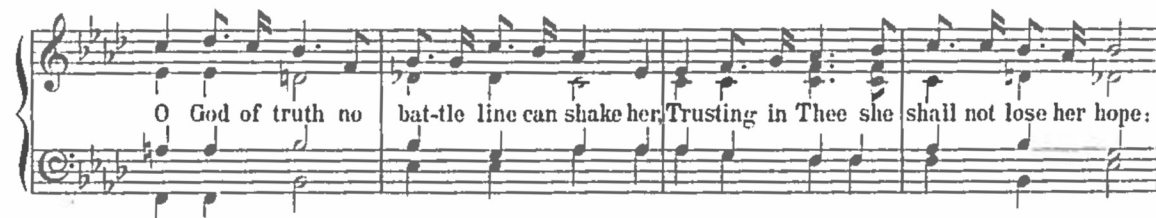
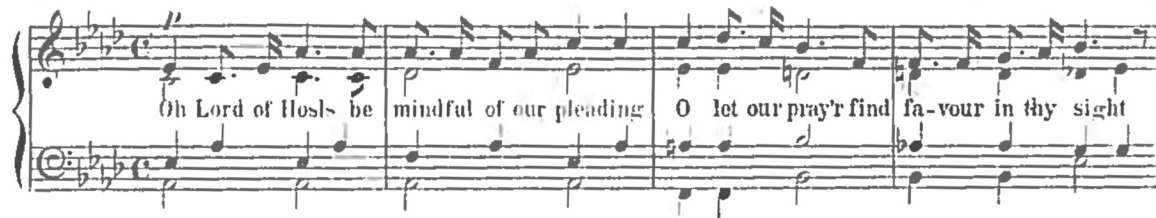
7.  
O by thy Grief when from the Angel learning  
Still reigned the tyrant after Herod's death;  
O by thy Joy from exiled years returning  
To that dear home in quiet Nazareth;

# 18. For the Church and the Pope.

23

Words S. N. D.

Music S. N. D.



2.  
O Master dear, we sink, and Thou art sleeping;  
Dark is the night - the waves our vessel fill -  
Wake! Wake! O Lord, Thy children here are weeping,  
Speak to the winds and waters: "Peace be still!"  
Let not men say Thy promises are failing,  
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost her hope,  
Let them not deem the gates of Hell prevailing,  
Hear Thou our prayer for the Church and the Pope.

3.  
Shepherd of Souls! the wolves are all round us;  
Whisper again, "O fear not little flock!"  
Jesus our King! the enemy surround us;  
Tell us Thy fortress stands upon a rock.  
Show us Thine Angel camping round about us.  
Strengthen our hearts in Faith and Love and Hope,  
If Thou art with us, legions shall not rout us,  
None shall prevail o'er the Church and the Pope.

4.  
One mighty voice from all the Church ascendeth,  
"Pray for us sinners, holy Mary, now!"  
Lift up your eyes, for God His succour sendeth,  
Mary hath placed her hand upon the prow.  
Star of the Sea! the Church of Christ is calling,  
Thou art her life, her sweetness, and her hope,  
Pray for the souls that waver or are falling,  
Pray for the Church and our Father the Pope.

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