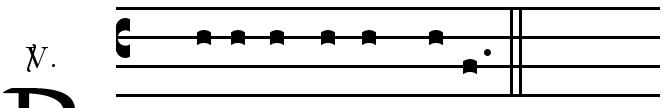
℣.



Rocedamus in pace.

Pilgrims' Primer

Pilgrimage in honour of Bl. Mary of the Cross

℟.

N nomine Christi. Amen.

Blessing of the pilgrims' staves and scrips or bags

℣. Deus in adjutorium ✠ meum intende.
℟. Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, redemptor mundi, qui, verbum Dei, per os beati apostoli tui Pauli innotuisti non habere nos hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram debere hic semper inquirere, quique beatis apostolis precepisti ut, euntes ad predicandum verbum Dei, virgas tantum sumerent, te suppliciter deprecamur, ut degeneris has scarpellas sive peras, pro tui nominis amore ad instar humilis armature latriæ applicandas, et has sustentationis baculos bene✠dicere, quatenus portantes eos, in peregrinationis signum et suorum corporum sustentationem, celestis gratiæ plenitudinam in eis et munimen valeant tuæ benedictiones percipere, et quemadmodum virgam Aaron ad rebellium Judeorum perfidiam repellandam benedixisti, ita et hos famulos tuos per hæc insignia, quæ ad tuam honorem et reverentiam, assumere cupiunt de manibus nostris et ad eorum limina veneranda portare, bene✠dicas et ab omnibus peccatis absolvas, ut in die judicii in parte mereantur dextera collocari. ℟. Amen.

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

℣. O God, incline ✠ unto my aid.

℟. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let us pray.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world, who, being the Word of God, made known through the mouth of Thy blessed Apostle Paul that we have no lasting city, but must here ever seek one in the future, and who enjoined the blessed Apostles that going forth to preach the word of God, they should take but a staff, we humbly beseech Thee, bless ✠ these bags or wallets to be fastened to the side for the love of Thy Name, in the likeness of humble armour, and these staves of support, so that those carrying them as indications of pilgrimage and for the support of their bodies, may gain by Thy blessing the heavenly graces and reward inhering in them, and just as Thou didst bless the rod of Aaron when it repelled the perfidy of the rebellious Jews, bless ✠ also these Thy servants through these insignias, which, to Thine honour and reverence, they desire to from our hands and carry to Thy venerable shrine; absolve them from all sins so that in the day of judgement they may be worthy to be placed at Thy right hand. ℟. Amen.

Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy.

Pater noster... *(silently until)*
et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
℟. Sed libera nos a malo.

℣. Salvos fac servos tuos, Domine.
℟. Deus meus sperantem in te.

℣. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto.
℟. Et de syon tuere eos.

℣. Esto eis, Domine, turris fortitudinis.
℟. A facie inimici.

℣. Fiat misericordia tua, Domine.
℟. Salvum fac populum tuum.

℣. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
℟. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

℣. Dominus vobiscum.
℟. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Deus infinite misericordiæ et majestatis immensæ, quem nec spatia locorum nec intervalla temporum ab hiis quos tueris abiungunt, adesto præsentibus famulis tuis in te ubique fidentibus et, per omnem quam ituri sunt vaim, dux eis et comes esse digneris; nihil eis adversiatis noceat, nihil difficultatis obsistat, cunta eis salubria, cunta sint prospera, ut, sub ope dexteræ tuæ, quicquid justo expetierint desiderio, celeri consequatur effectu. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. ℟. Amen.

℣. Procedamus in pace.
℟. In nomine Christi. Amen.

Our Father ... (silently until)
and lead us not into temptation.
℟. *But deliver us from evil.*

℣. *Save Thy servants, Lord.*
℟. *Who hope in Thee, O my God.*

℣. *Send us help, O Lord, from Thy holy place.*
℟. *And out of Sion protect us.*

℣. *Be unto us, O Lord, a tower of strength.*
℟. *From the face of the enemy.*

℣. *May Thy mercy, Lord.*
℟. *Bring savlation to Thy people.*

℣. *O Lord, hear my prayer.*
℟. *And let my cry come unto Thee.*

℣. *The Lord be with you.*
℟. *And with your spirit.*

Let us pray.

O God of infinite mercy and unending majesty, whom neither distance nor time can separate from those over whom Thou watchest, be present to Thy servants here who are faithful to Thee and in the paths they are about to journey, we beseech Thee, be their leader and companion; may no adversaries hurt them in any way, nor any difficulties obstruct them, may all health and fortune be granted to them, that by the work of Thy right hand, whatever they seek by just desired may be rapidly brough to fruition. Through Christ Our Lord. ℟. Amen.

℣. *Let us proceed in peace.*
℟. *In the name of Christ. Amen.*

Firmly I believe

FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

2. And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death as he has died.

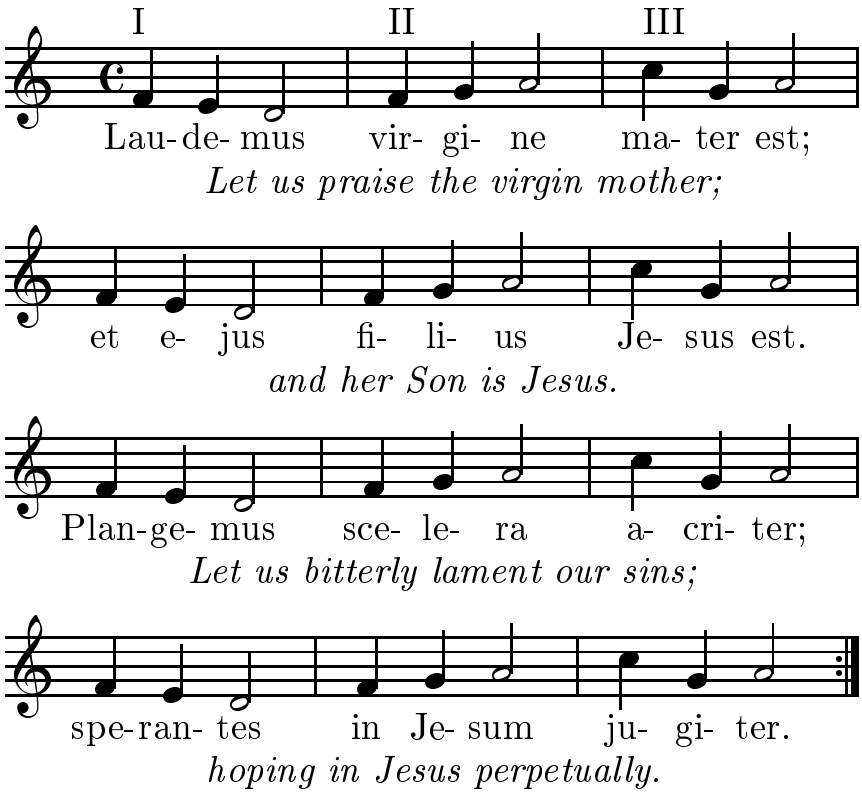
3. Simply to his grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, him the strong.

4. And I hold in veneration,
For the love of him alone,
Holy Church as his creation,
and her teachings as his own.

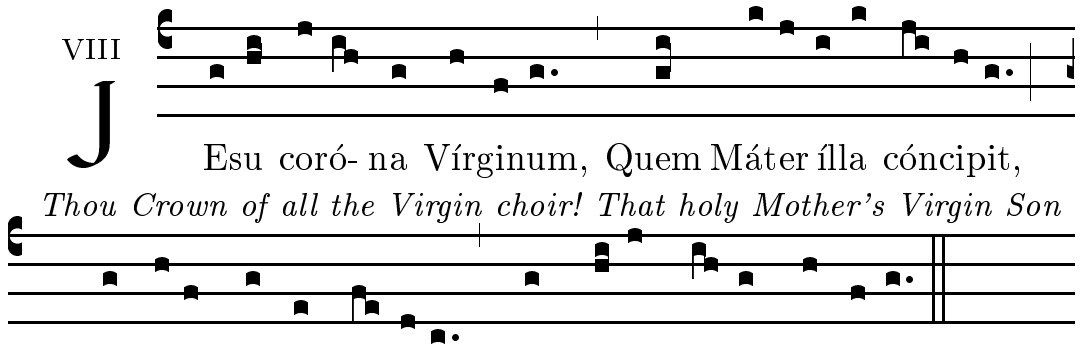
5. Adoration ay be given,
With and through th'angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1801–90

Laudemus virgine - a round



Jesu corona Virginum



2. Qui pérgis inter lília,
Séptus choréis Vírginum,
Spónsus decórus glória,
Sponsísque réddens prǽmia.

2. Encricled by Thy Virgin band
Amid the lilies Thou art found;
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand
Scattering immortal graces round.

3. Quocúmque téndis, Vírgines
Sequúntur, atque láudibus
Post te canéntes cúrsitant,
Hymnósque dúlces pérsonant.

3. And still, wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing.

4. Te deprecámur súpplices,
Nóstris ut áddas sénsibus,
Nescíre prorsus ómnia
Corruptiónis vúlnera.

4. Keep us, O Purity Divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.

5. Vírtus, hónor, laus, glória
Déo Pátri cum Fílio,
Sáncto simul Paráclito,
In sæculórum sǽcula.

Amen.

5. To God the Father, and the Son
All honour, glory, praise be given;
With Thee, O holy Paraclete!
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.

Amen.

Translation from St. Andrew's Missal

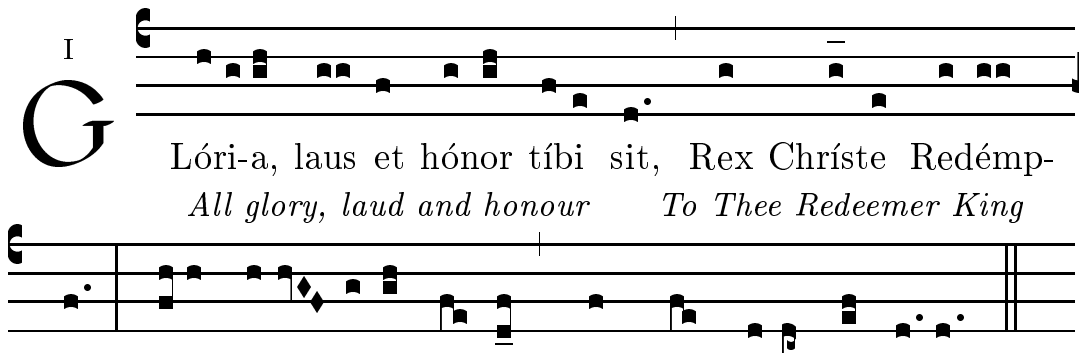
℣. Beata Maria crucis.

℣. Blessed Mary of the cross.

℟. Ora pro nobis.

℟. Pray for us.

Gloria, laus



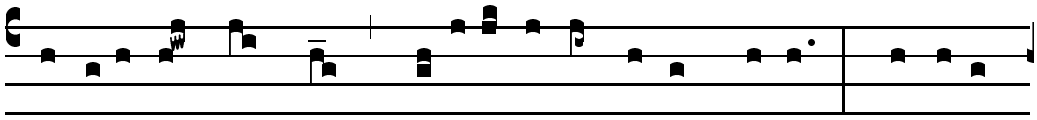
I

Lóri-a, laus et hónor tíbi sit, Rex Chríste Redémp-

All glory, laud and honour To Thee Redeemer King

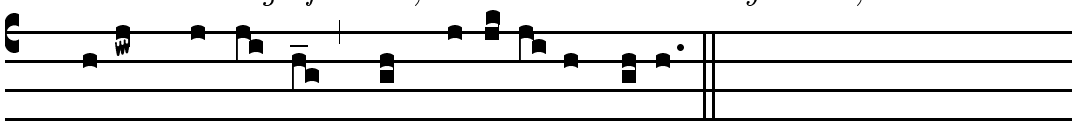
tor: Cú-i pu-e- rí-le dé- cus prómpsit Hosánna pí- um.

To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosanas ring.



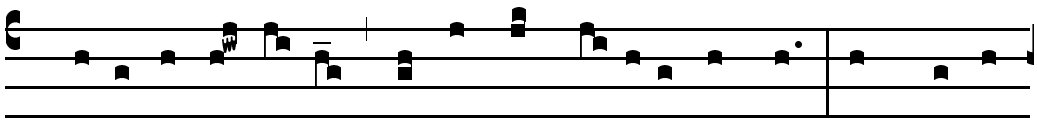
1. Isra-ël es tu Rex, Davídis et íncli-ta pró-les: Nómine

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal Son, Who in the



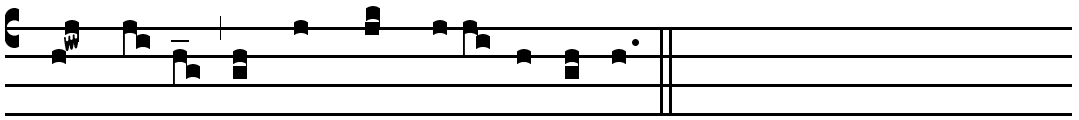
qui in Dómi- ni, Rex benedícte, vénis.

Lord's name comest, The King and blessed One.



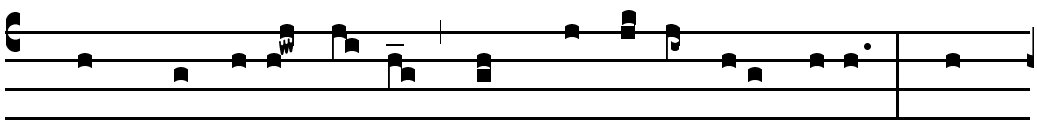
2. Cœtus in excél-sis te láudat cæ- licus ómnis. Et mortá-

The company of Angels Are praising Thee on high, And mortal men



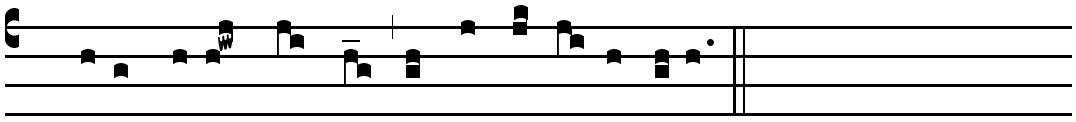
lis hómo, et cúncta cre-á- ta simul.

and all things Created make reply.

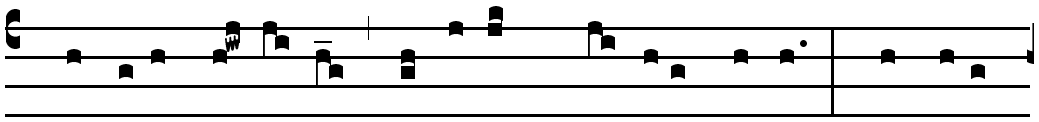


3. Plebs Hebræ-a tí- bi cum pálmis óbvi-a vénit: Cum

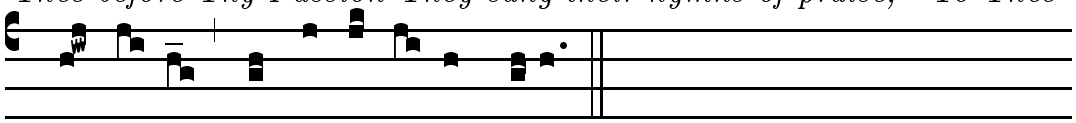
The people of the Hebrews With palms before Thee went; Our praise



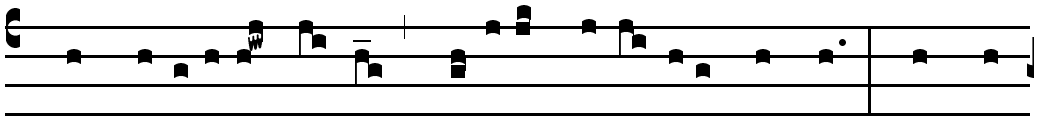
préce, vóto, hýmnis, ádsumus ecce tíbi.
and prayer and anthems Before Thee we present.



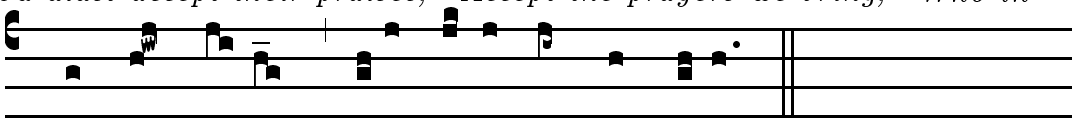
4. Hi tíbi passú- ro solvébant mú- ni-a láudis. Nos tíbi
To Thee before Thy Passion They sang their hymns of praise; To Thee



regnánti pángimus ecce mélos.
now high exalted Our melody we raise.



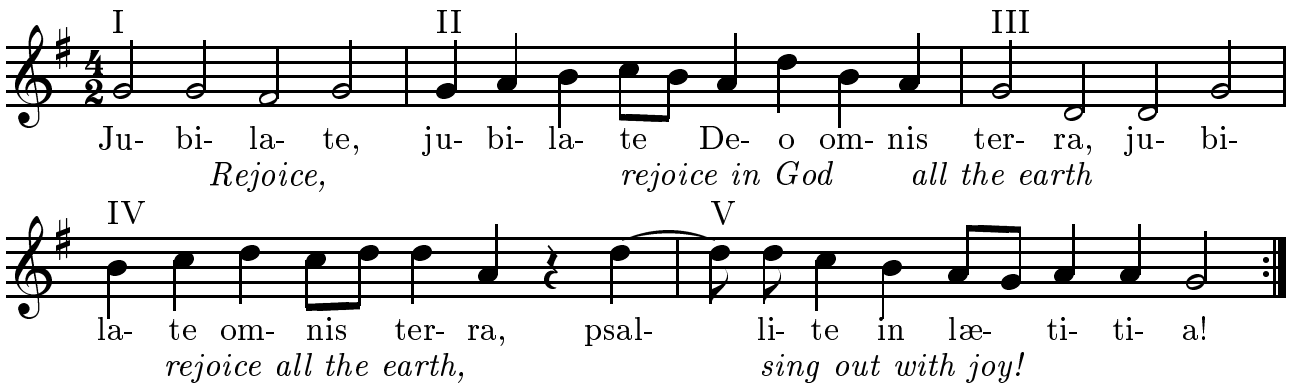
5. Hi placu-ére tí- bi pláce-at devó- ti-o nóstra: Rex bó-
Thou didst accept their praises, Accept the prayers we bring, Who in



ne Rex clémens, cu-i bóna cúncta plácent.
all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King.

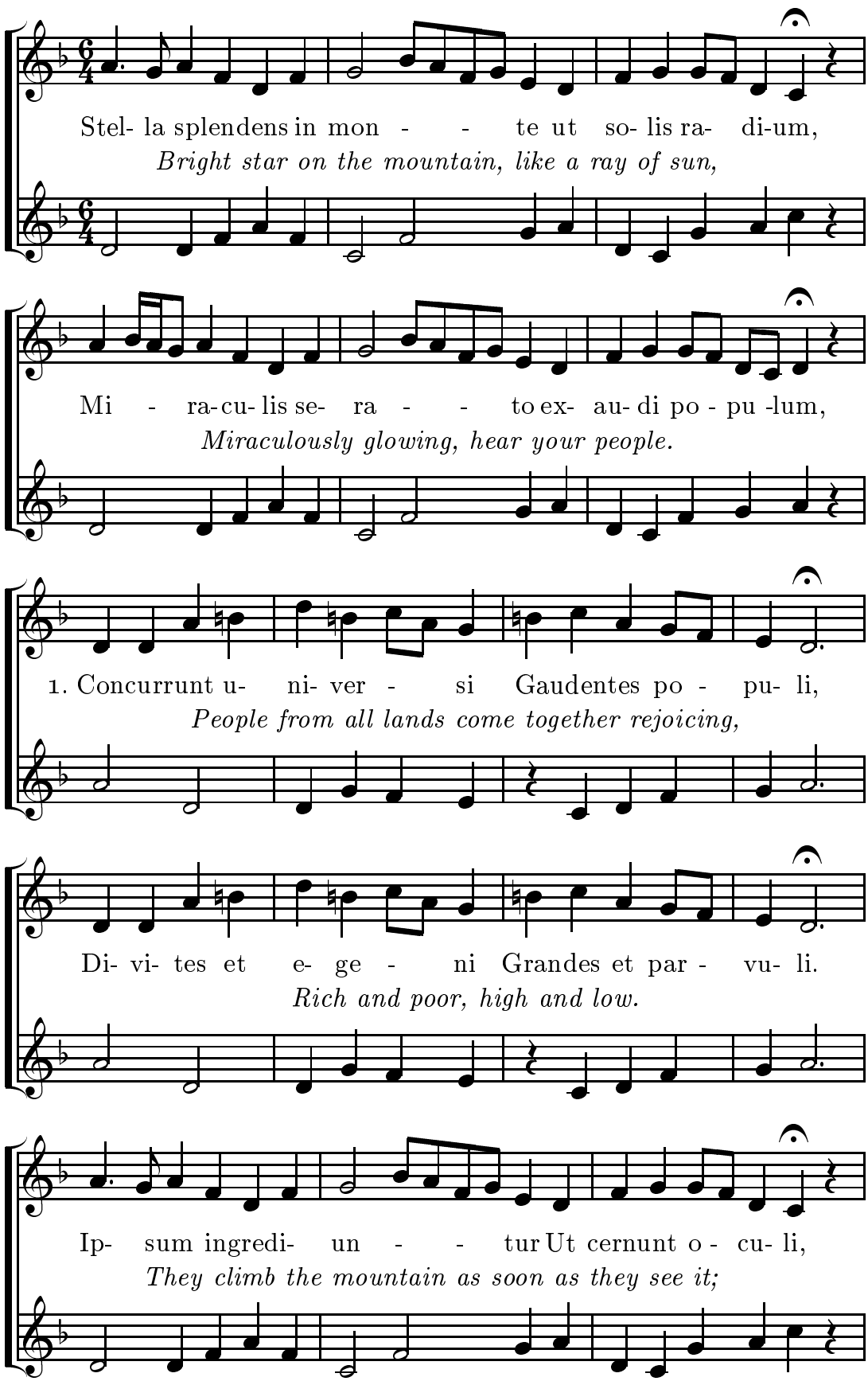
St. Theodulf of Orleans, d. 821
Translated by J. M. Neale, 1818–66

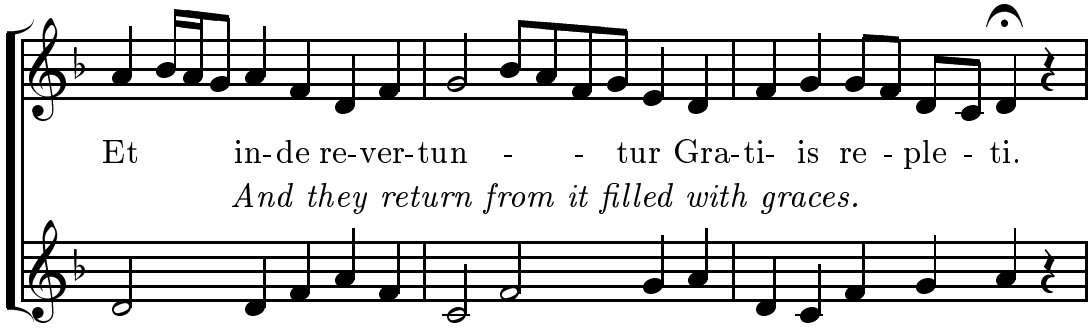
Jubilate Deo - a round



Michael Prætorius, 1571–1621

Stella splendens





2. Principes et magnates ex stirpe regia,
Sæculi potestates obtenta venia
Peccaminum proclamant tundentes pectora,
Poplite flexo clamant hic: Ave Maria.

3. Prælati et barones, comites incliti,
Religiosi omnes atque prebyteri,
Milites, mercatores, cives, marinari,
Burgenses, piscatores præmiantur ibi.

4. Rustici aratores, nec non notarii,
Advocati, scultores, cuncti ligni fabri,
Sartores et sutores, nec non lanitici
Artifices et omes gratulanture ibi.

5. Reginæ, comitissæ, illustres domninæ,
Potentes et ancillæ, juvenes parvulæ,
Virgines et antiquæ pariter viduæ
Conscendunt et hunc montem et religiosæ.

6. Cœtus hi aggregantur, hic ut exhibeant
Vota, regraniantur, ut ipsa et reddant
Aulam istam ditantes, hoc cunci videant,
Jocalibus ornates, soluti redeant.

7. Cuncti ergo precantes, sexus utriusque,
Mentes nostras mundantes oremus devote
Virginem gloriosam, Matrem clementiæ,
In cœlis gratiosam sentiamus vere.

2. *Leaders and magnates of royal lineagae, great men of the world who possess grace proclaim their sins and beat their breasts and cry on bended knee: Hail Mary.*

3. *Prelates and barons with their celebrated retinues, all monks and priests, soldiers, merchants, citizens, sailors, townspeople and fishermen sing praises here.*

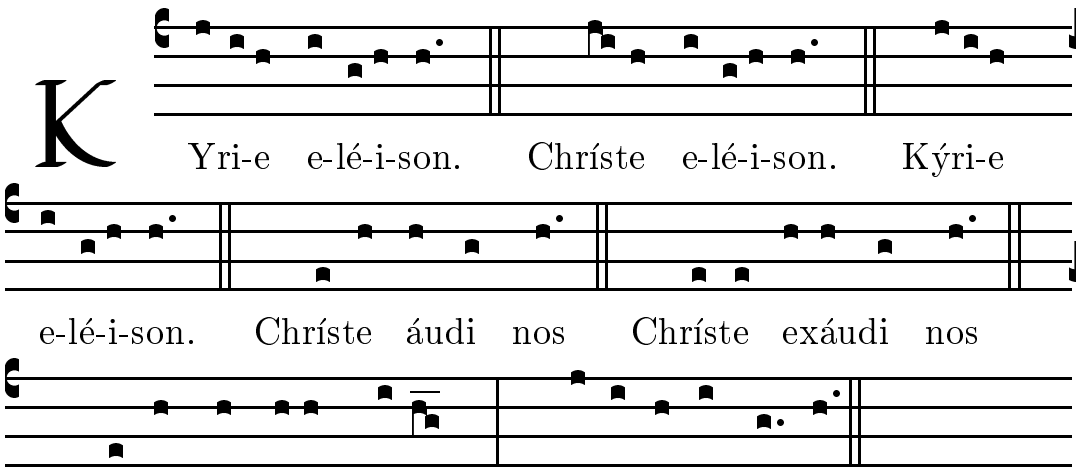
4. *Farmers, ploghmen and also scribes, advocates, sculptors and all carpenters, tailors and cobblers and all weavers; all artisans rejoice here.*

5. *Queens, noblewomen, illustrious ladies of power and their handmaidens, young girls, virgins, old women and widows, climb the mountain, as do nuns.*

6. *The assembly is gathered here to declare to you a vow, and to give thanks; to fulfil this vow in this glorious place, so all may see you return in joy, and all may share your salvation.*

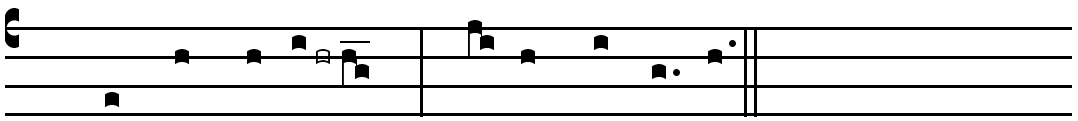
7. *So shall we all pray, both men and women, and in true humility acknowledge our sins to the glorious Virgin, Mother of clemency, so that we may be favoured with Heaven.*

Litany of Loreto



Pá-ter de cælis **Dé-**us, mi-se-ré-re nó- bis.

Fíli Redemptor múndi **Dé**us, miserére nóbis.
Spíritus Sáncte **Dé**us, miserére nóbis.
Sancta Trínitas únus **Dé**us, miserére nóbis.

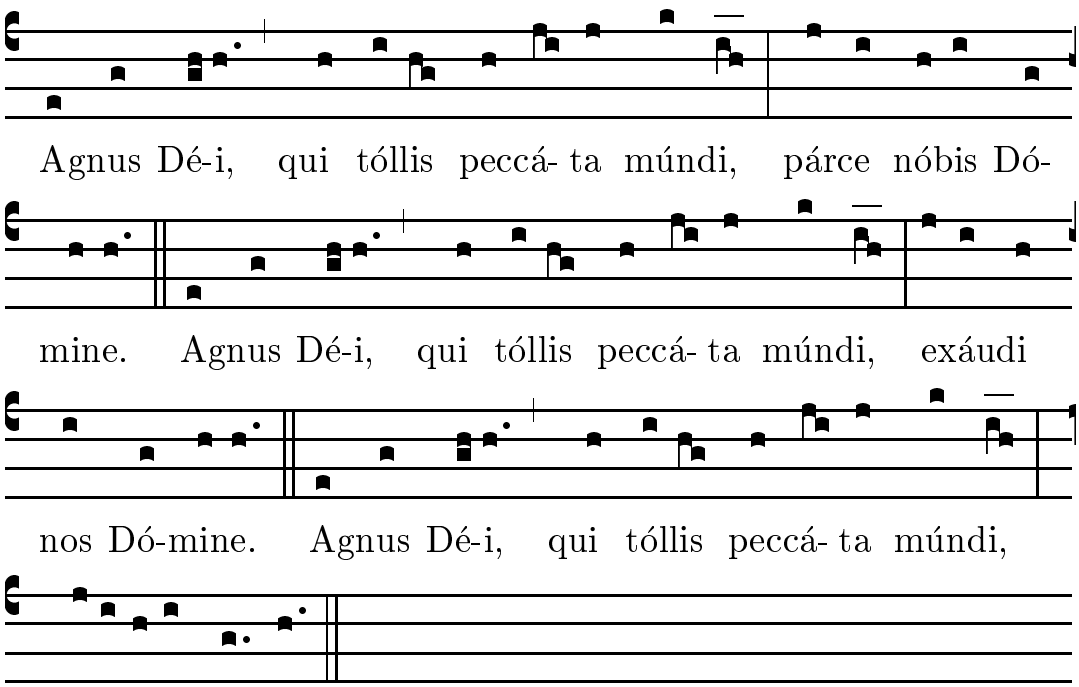


Sáncta Ma-**rí-** a, ó- ra pro nó- bis.

Sáncta Déi **Gé**nitrix,
Sáncta Vírgo **ví**rginum,
Máter **Chrí**sti
Máter divínæ **grá**tiæ,
Máter pu**rí**ssima,
Máter ca**stí**ssima,
Máter invio**lá**ta,
Máter inteme**rá**ta,
Máter a**má**bilis,
Máter admi**rá**bilis,
Máter boni cons**í**lii,
Máter Creat**ó**ris,
Máter Salvat**ó**ris,
Vírgo prudent**ís**sima,
Vírgo vene**rán**da,
Vírgo praedi**cán**da,
Vírgo **pót**ens,
Vírgo **clé**mens,
Vírgo fi**dé**lis,

Spéculum ju**stí**tiae,
Sédes sapi**én**tiae,
Cáusa nostrae lae**tí**tiae,
Vas spirituále,
Vas hono**rá**bile,
Vas insígne devoti**ó**nis,
Rósa **mý**stica,
Túrris Da**ví**dica,
Túrris e**búr**nea
Dómus **áu**rea,
Fœderis **ár**ca,
Jánua **cæ**li,
Stélla matu**tí**na,
Sálus infir**mó**rum,
Refúgium pecca**tó**rum,
Consolátrix afflic**tó**rum,
Auxílium Christia**nó**rum,
Regína Angel**ó**rum,
Regína Patriar**chá**rum,

Regína Prophe**tá**rum,
Regína Apostol**ó**rum,
Regína **Már**tyrum,
Regína Confess**ó**rum,
Regína **Vír**ginum,
Regína Sanctorum **óm**nium,
Regína sine lábe originális con**cép**ta,
Regína in cælum as**súmp**ta,
Regína sacratíssimi Ros**á**rii,
Regína **pá**cis,



℣. Ora pro nóbis sáncta Déi Génitrix.
Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.
℟. Ut dígni efficiámur promissiónibus Chrísti.
That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

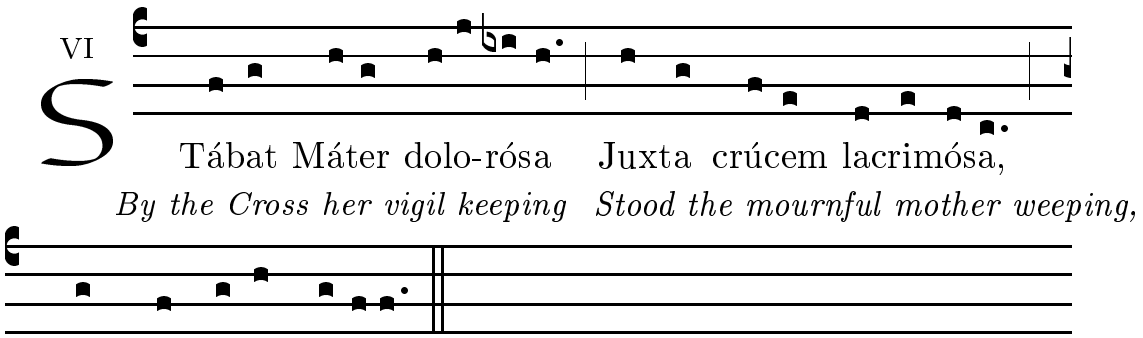
Oremus.

CONCÉDE nos fámulos túos, quæsúmus Dómine Déus, perpétua méntis et córporis sanitáte gáudere: † et gloriósa beátae Maríae semper Vírginis intercessióne, * a praesénti liberári tristítia, et aetérna pérfrui laetítia. Per Chrístum Dóminum nostrum. ℟. Amen.

Let us Pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord God, that we thy servants may enjoy perpetual health of mind and body: † and by the intercession of the glorious blessed Virgin Mary, may be delivered from present sorrow, and obtain eternal joy. Through Christ our Lord. ℟. Amen.

Stabat Mater dolorosa



2. Cújus ánimam geméntem,
Contristátem et doléntem
Pertransívit gládius.

3. O quam trístis et afflícta
Fúitílla benedícta
Máter unigénti!

4. Quæ mærébat et dolébat,
Pia Máter, dum vidébat
Náti pœnas ínclyti.

5. Quis est hómo qui non fléret,
Mátrem Chrísti si vidéret
In tánto supplício?

6. Quis non pósset contristári,
Chrísti mátrem contemplári
Doléntem cum Fílio?

7. Pro peccátis súæ géntis,
Vídit Jésum in torméntis,
Et flagéllus súbditum.

8. Vídit súum dúlcem nátum
Moriéndo desolátum,
Dum emísit spíritum.

9. Eia Máter, fons amóris,
Me sentíre vim dolóris
Fac, ut técum lúgeam.

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

3. *O how sad and sore distressed*
Was that mother highly blessed
Of the sole–begotten one!

4. *Christ above in torment hangs,*
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying, glorious 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 dear mother! fount of love,*
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.

10. Fac ut árdeat cor méum
In amándo Chrístum Déum,
Ut síbi compláceam.

11. Sáncta Máter, ístud ágas,
Crucifíxi fíge plágas
Córdi méo válide.

12. Túi Náti vulneráti,
Tam dignáti pro me páti,
Pœnas mécum dívide.

13. Fac me técum pie flére,
Crucifíxo condolére,
Donec égo víxero.

14. Juxta crúcem técum stáre,
Et me tíbi sociáre
In plánctu desídero.

15. Vírgo vírginem præclára,
Míhi jam non sis amára:
Fac me técum plángere.

16. Fac ut pórtem Chrísti mórtem
Passiónis fac consórtem,
Et plágas recólere.

17. Fac me plágis vulnerári,
Fac me crúce inebriári,
Et cruóre Fílii.

18. Flámmis ne úrar succénsus,
Per te, Vírgo, sim defénsus
In díe judícii.

19. Chríste, cum sit hinc exíre,
Da per Mátrem me veníre
Ad pálmam victóriæ.

20. Quando córpus moriétur,
Fac ut ánimæ donétur
Paradísi glória. Amen.

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 saviour crucified.

12. *Let me share with thee his pain,*
Who for all our sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13. *Let me mournful with thee be,*
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 of thee to give.

15. *Virgin of all virgins blest!*
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share your grief divine.

16. *Let me to my latest breath,*
In my body bear the death
Of thy dying Son sublime.

17. *Wounded with his every wound,*
Steep my soul till it has swooned
In his very blood away.

18. *Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,*
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In this awful judgement day.

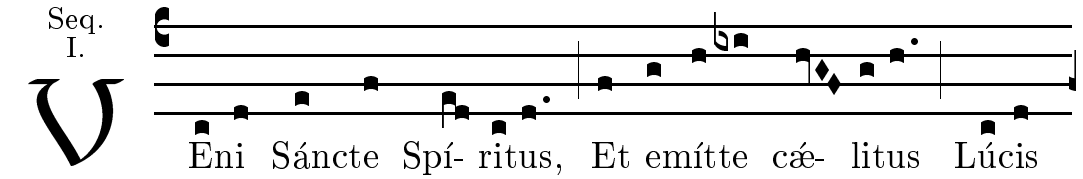
19. *Christ, when thou shalt call me hence,*
Be Thy Mother my defense,
Be your cross my victory.

20. *While my body here decays,*
May my soul thy goodness praise,
Safe in thy eternity. Amen.

Ascribed to Jacapone da Todi, 13th century

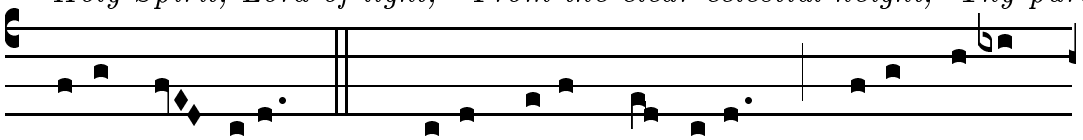
Veni Sancte Spiritus

Seq. I.



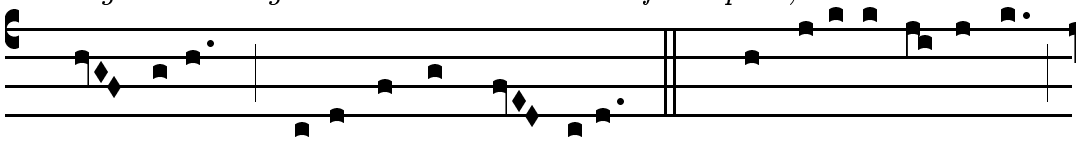
VEni Sáncte Spí- ritus, Et emítte cǽ- litus Lúcis

Holy Spirit, Lord of light, From the clear celestial height, Thy pure



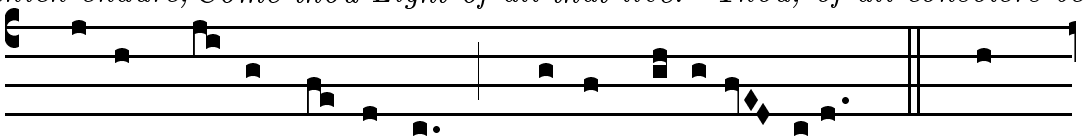
tú-æ rá- di-um. 2. Véni páter páuperum, Véni dá-tor

beaming radiance give. Come thou Father of the poor, Come with treasures



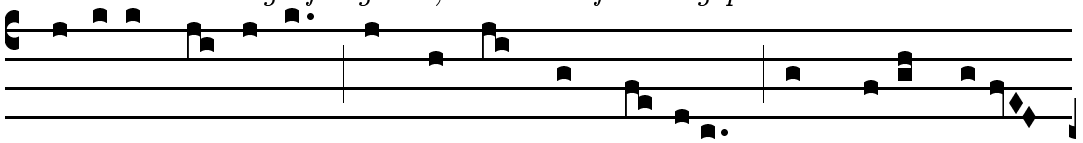
mú- nerum, Véni lúmen cór- di-um. 3. Consolátor óptime.

which endure; Come thou Light of all that live! Thou, of all consolers best,



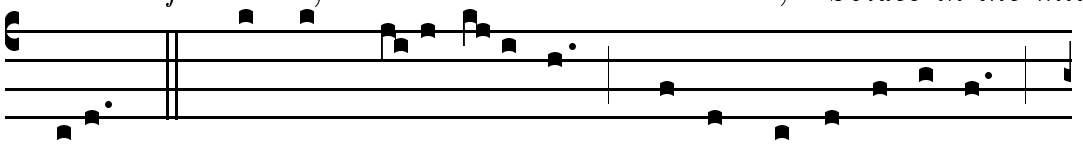
Dúlcis hóspes á- nimæ, Dúlce refrigé- ri-um. 4. In

Thou the soul's delightful guest, Dost refreshing peace bestow. Thou



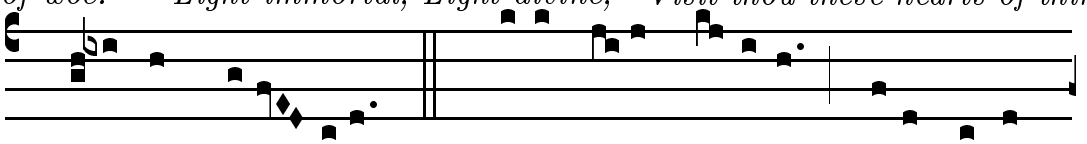
labóre réqui-es. In æstu tempé- ri-es, In flétu solá-

in toil art comfort sweet; Pleasant coolness in the heat; Solace in the midst



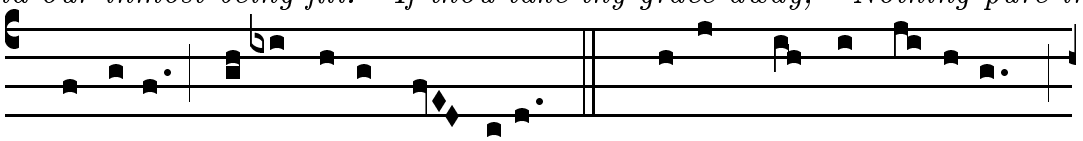
ti-um. 5. O lux be- a-tíssima, Réple córdis íntima

of woe. Light immortal, Light divine, Visit thou these hearts of thine,



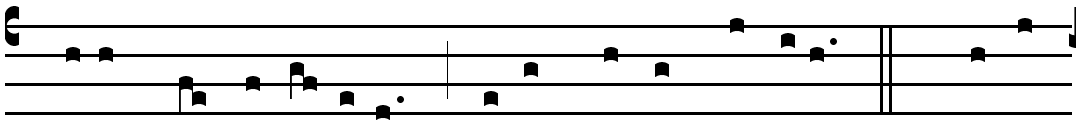
Tu-ó-rum fidé- li-um. 6. Sine tú- o númine, Nihil est in

And our inmost being fill. If thou take thy grace away, Nothing pure in



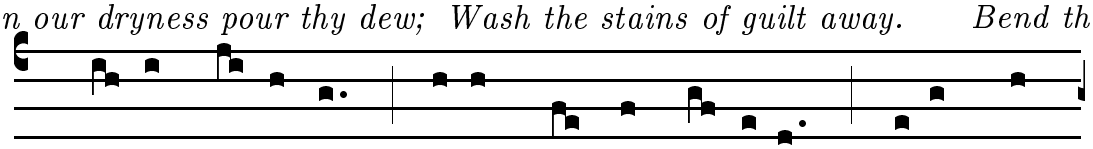
hómine Ni-hil est innó- xi-um. 7. Láva quod est sórdidum,

man will stay; All his good is turned to ill. Heal our wounds, our strength renew;



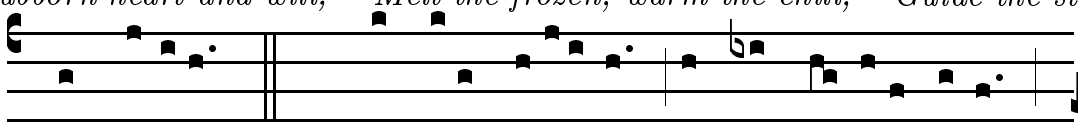
Ríga quod est á- ridum, Sána quod est sáuci-um. 8. Flécte

On our dryness pour thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt away. Bend the



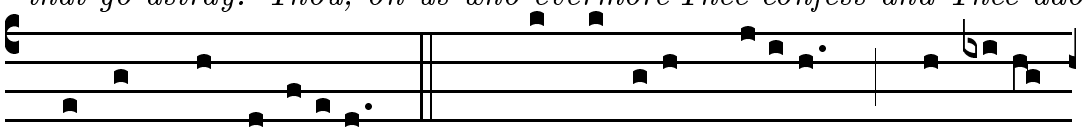
quod est rí- gi-dum, Fóve quod est frí- gidum, Rége quod

stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide the steps



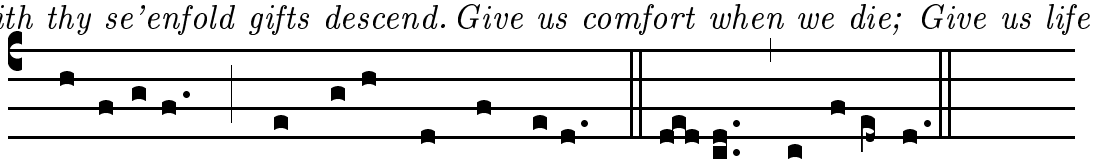
est dévi-um. 9. Da tú-is fidélibus, In te confidéntibus,

that go astray. Thou, on us who evermore Thee confess and Thee adore,



Sácrum septenári-um. 10. Da virtútis méritum, Da salú-

With thy se'enfold gifts descend. Give us comfort when we die; Give us life



tis éxitum, Da perénne gáudi-um. Amen. Allelú-ia.

with Thee on high; Give us joys that never cease.

Ascribed to Stephen Langton, 12th century
Translated by Edward Caswall, 1878

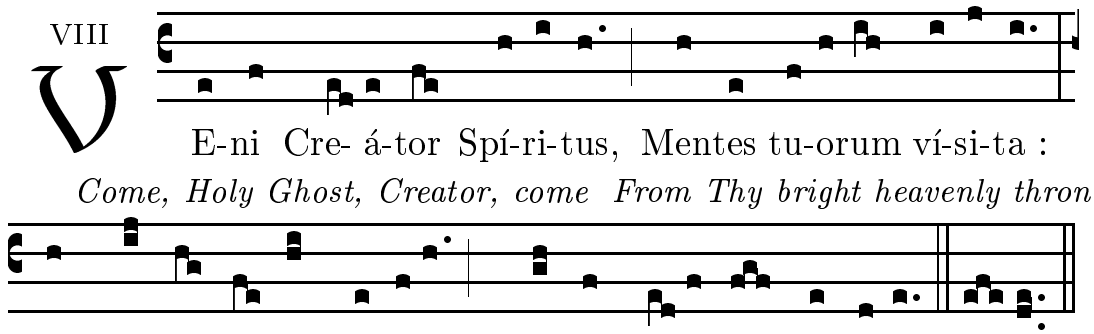
To be a pilgrim

Who would true valour see, let him come hither;
One here will constant be, come wind come weather.
There's no discouragement shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

2. Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
he'll with a giant fight,
But he will have the right
to be a pilgrim.

3. Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit:
He knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
he'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.

Veni Creator Spiritus



2. Qui díceris Paráclitus,
Altíssimi dónum Dei,
Fons vívus, ígnis, cáritas,
Et spiritális únctio.

3. Tu septifórmis múnere,
Dígitus patérnæ déxteræ,
Tu rite promíssum Pátris,
Sermóne dítans gúttura.

4. Accénde lúmen sénsibus,
Infúnde amórem córdibus,
Infírma nóstri córporis
Virtúte fírmans pérpeti.

5. Hóstem repéllas lóngius
Pacémque dónes prótinus :
Ductóre sic te prævio,
Vitémus ómne nóxium.

6. Per te sciámus da Pátrem,
Noscámus atque Fílium,
Téque utriúsque Spíritum
Credámus ómni témpore.

7. Déo Pátri sit glória,
Et Fílio, qui a mórtuis
Surréxit, ac Paráclito,
In sæculórum sæcula.

2. *Thou who art called the Paraclete,*
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

3. *Thou who art se'enfold in thy grace,*
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

4. *O guide our minds with thy blest light,*
With love our hearts inflame;
And with thy strength, which ne'er decays,
Confirm our mortal frame.

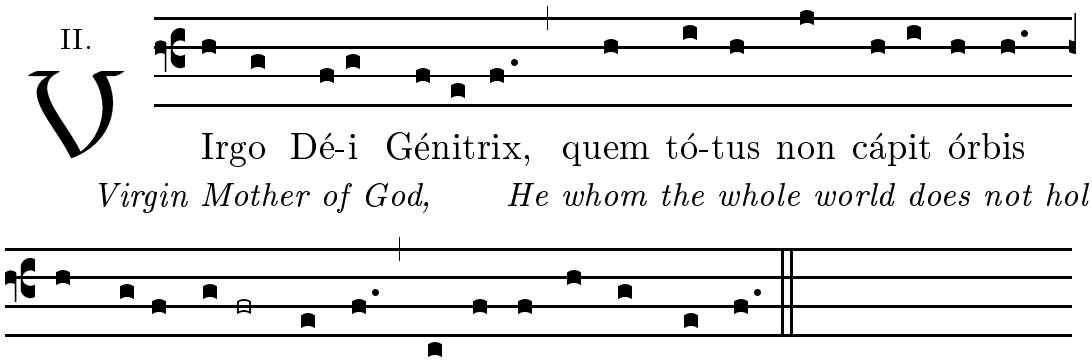
5. *Far from us drive our deadly foe;*
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath thy sacred wing.

6. *Through thee may we the Father know,*
Through thee th' eternal Son,
And thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

7. *All Glory to the Father be,*
With his co-equal Son:
The same to thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

Ascribed to Rabanus Maurius, 776–856

Virgo Dei Genitrix



II.

V Irgo Dé-i Génitrix, quem tó-tus non cápit órbis

Virgin Mother of God, He whom the whole world does not hold,

In tú-a se cláusit vísce-ra fáctus hómo.

enclosed Himself in thy womb, being made man.

2. Véra fídes Géniti
purgávit crímina múndi,
Et tíbi virgínitas
invioláta mánet.

3. Te mátrem pietátis,
ópem te clámitat órbis:
Subvénias famulis,
o benedícta túis.

4. Glória mágna Pátri,
cómpar sit glória Náto,
Spirítui Sáncto
glória mágna Déo.

Amen.

2. *True faith in the Son*
has purged the sins of the world,
and your virginity
remains inviolate.

3. *The world cries to thee for aid,*
loving mother;
O thou blessed one, mayest thou
succour thy people.

4. *Glory be to the Father,*
and equal glory to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit,
to God be great glory.

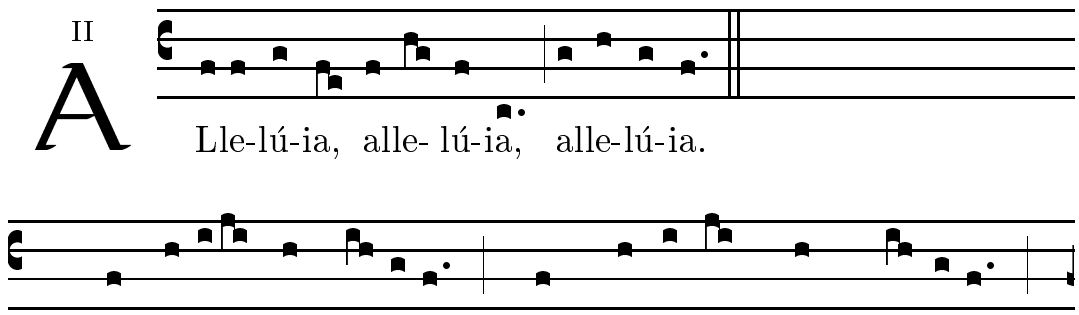
Amen.

I vow to thee, my country

I vow to thee, my country–
all earthly things above–
Entire and whole and perfect,
the service of my love:
The love that asks no question,
the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar
the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters,
the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted
the final sacrifice.

2. And there's another country,
I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her,
most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies,
we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart,
her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently
her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness
and all her paths are Peace.

O filii et filiæ



2. Et mane prima sabbati,
Ad ostium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli,
alleluia.

3. Et Maria Magdalene,
Et Jacobi et Salome,
Venerunt corpus ungere,
alleluia.

4. In albis sedens Angelus
Praedixit mulieribus:
In Galilaea est Dominus,
alleluia.

5. Et Joannes Apostolus
Cucurrit Petro citius,
Monumento venit prius,
alleluia.

6. Discipulis astantibus,
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens : Pax vobis
omnibus, alleluia

2. *On Sunday morn by break of day,*
His dear disciples haste away
Unto the tomb wherein He lay,
alleluia.

3. *Nor Magdalen, nor Salome,*
Nor James' mother now delay
To embalm the precious corpse
straightway, alleluia.

4. *An Angel clothed in white they see,*
When thither come, and thus spake
he,
"The Lord is gone to Galilee.",
alleluia.

5. *The dear beloved apostle, John*
Much swifter than St. Peter run,
And first arrived at the tomb,
alleluia.

6. *While in a room the apostles were.,*
In midst of them did Christ appear,
And said, "Peace be upon all here.",
alleluia.

7. Ut intellexit Didymus
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius, alleluia.

8. Vide Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incredulus, alleluia.

9. Quando Thomas Christi latus,
Pedes vidit atque manus,
Dixit : Tu es Deus meus, alleluia.

10. Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam aeternam habebunt, alleluia

11. In hoc festo sanctissimo
Sit laus et jubilatio,
Benedicamus Domino, alleluia.

12. De quibus nos humillimas
Devotas atque debitas
Deo dicamus Gratias, alleluia.

7. *When Didymus had heard it said*
That Christ was risen from the dead,
His feeble faith yet staggered, alleluia.

8. *"O Thomas, view My side and see*
The wounds in hands and feet that be;
Renounce thine incredulity." ,
alleluia.

9. *When Thomas Jesus had surveyed*
And on His Wounds his fingers laid,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he said,
alleluia.

10. *How blest are they who have not seen,*
And yet whose faith has constant been,
For they eternal life shall win, alleluia.

11. *On this most solemn feast let's raise*
Our hearts to God in hymns of praise,
And let us bless the Lord always,
alleluia.

12. *Our grateful thanks to God let's give*
In humble manner, while we live,
For all the favours we receive, alleluia.

Jean Tisserand O.F.M., d. 1494
Translation from Evening Office, 1748 and Divine Office, 1763
Verses 7, 8, 9, Pius X Hymnbook

Jesus, my Lord

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?
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

2. 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!
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore;
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.

Jerusalem, my happy home

Part 1.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2. O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3. In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

4. No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

5. There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

6. Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay may be!

7. Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl;
Exceeding rich and rare;

8. Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine;

9. Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold
O God that I were there.

10. Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean,
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

11. Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Part 2.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

3. We that are here in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

4. Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

5. But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

6. Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare;

7. Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

8. There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden underfeet.

9. There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joys that there are found?

10. Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Part 3.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

3. There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing;

4. There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

5. Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting around her feet.

6. Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.

7. There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

8. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Attributed to Laurence Anderton, alias J. Brerely, S.J. 16th century

Glory be to Jesus

GLORY be to Jesus
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.

2. Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find:
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.

3. Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

4. There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.

5. Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

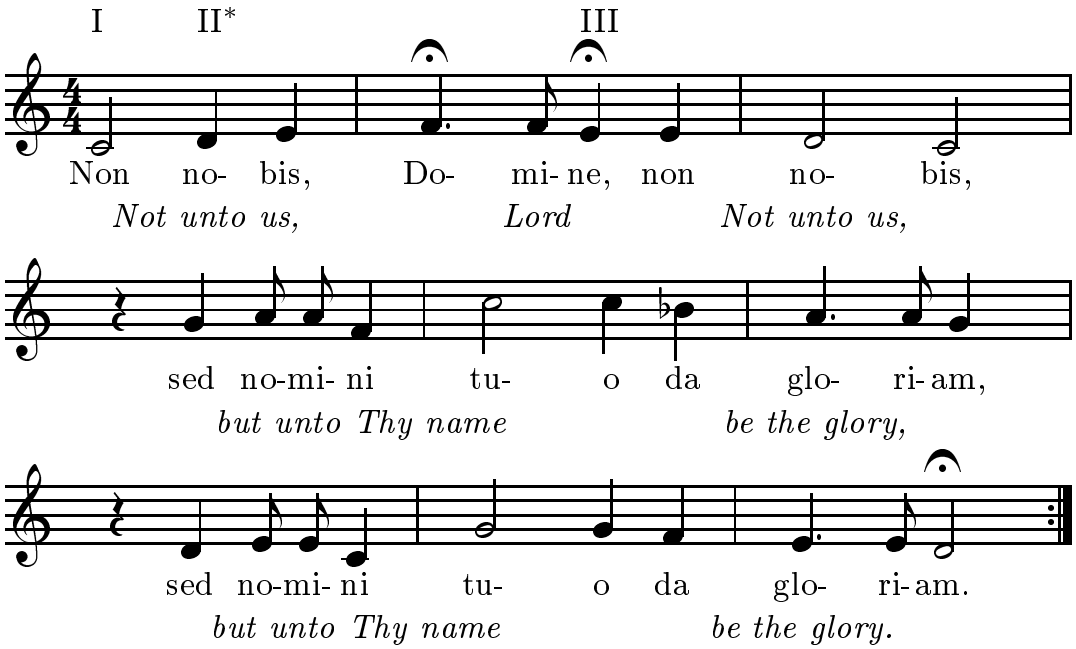
6. Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror–struck departs.

7. Oft as earth exalting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles;
Heav'n is filled with joy.

8. Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.

Tr. E. Caswall, 1814-78

Non nobis, Domine



* The second part comes in on 'g' and is sung a fourth below.

Help of Christians

Help of Christians, guard this land,
From assault or inward stain;
Let it be what Christ has planned,
His new Eden where you reign.

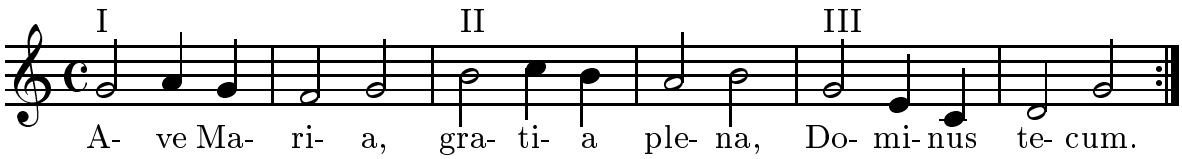
2. Teach us that in Christ thy Son
Lies the wisdom to be free;
For the Cross, which we would shun,
Is man's Tree of Liberty.

3. Should the powers of hell arise,
And our peace be trampled down,
In that night of blood and lies
Show us still thy twelve starred crown.

4. Take from us the coward heart,
Fleeting will, divided mind,
Give us sight to play our part,
Though the world around is blind.

5. Image of the risen life
Shining in eternity,
Glimmer through our earthly strife,
Draw us to thy victory.

Ave Maria - a round



Hail Redeemer

Hail Redeemer, King Divine,
Priest and Lamb, the throne is Thine,
King whose reign shall never cease,
Prince of everlasting peace.

Ant. Angels, saints and nations sing,
Praised be Jesus Christ, our King,
Lord of life, earth sky and sea,
King of love on Calvary.

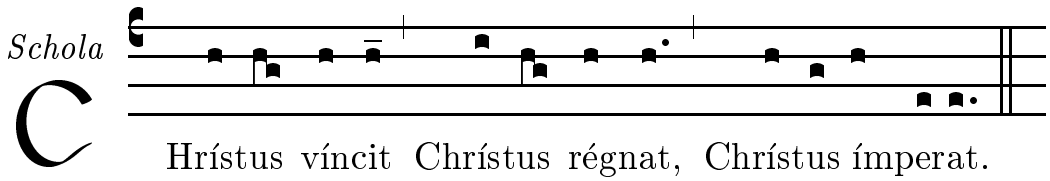
2. King, whose name creation thrills,
Rule our minds, our hearts, our wills,
Till in peace each nation rings
With Thy praises King of Kings.

3. King most holy, King of truth,
Guide the lowly, guard the youth;
Christ Thou King of glory bright,
Be to us eternal light.

4. Shepherd-King, o'er mountain steep,
Homeward bring the wandering sheep;
Shelter in one royal fold
States and kingdoms new and old.

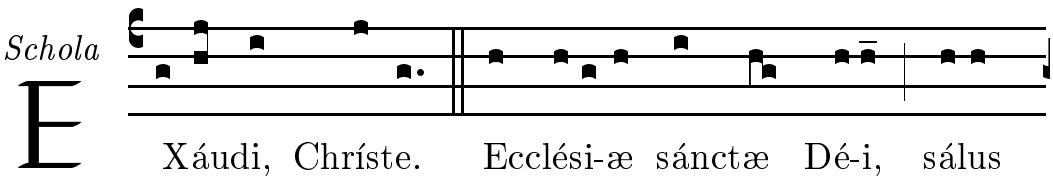
P. Brennan 1877–1951

Christus vincit

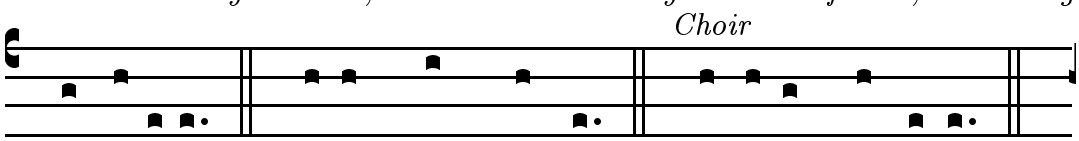


Hrístus víncit Chrístus régnat, Chrístus ímperat.
Christ conquers! Christ reigns! Christ rules!

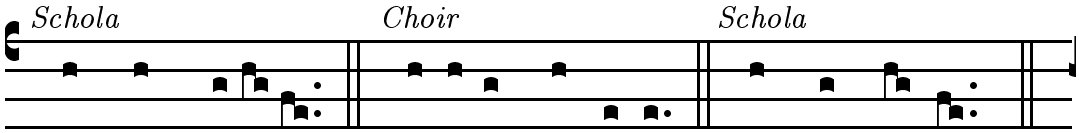
Choir repeats Christus vincit.



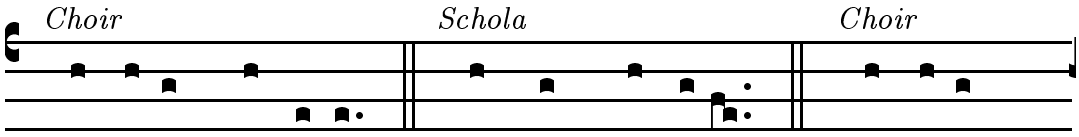
Xáudi, Chríste. Ecclési-æ sánctæ Dé-i, sálus
Graciously hear us, Christ. To the Holy Church of God, enduring



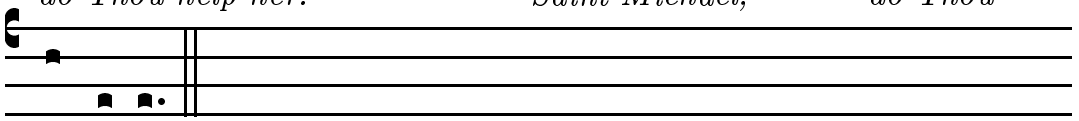
perpétu-a! Redémptor múndi. Tu íllam ádjuva
prosperity. Redeemer of the world, do Thou help her.



Sáncta Marí- a. Tu íllam ádjuva Sáncte Jó- seph.
Holy Mary, do Thou help her. Saint Joseph,

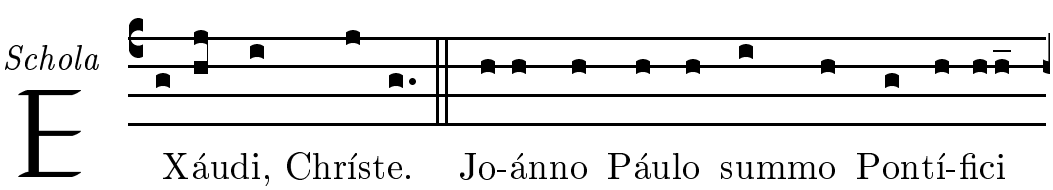


Tu íllam ádjuva Sáncte Mícha-el. Tu íllam
do Thou help her. Saint Michael, do Thou

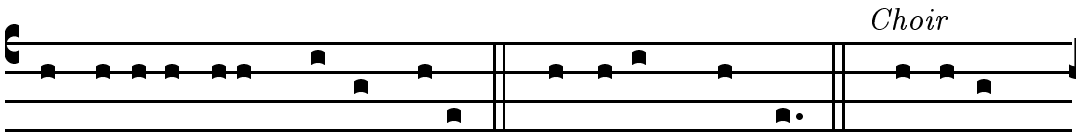


ádjuva
help her.

All repeat Christus vincit.

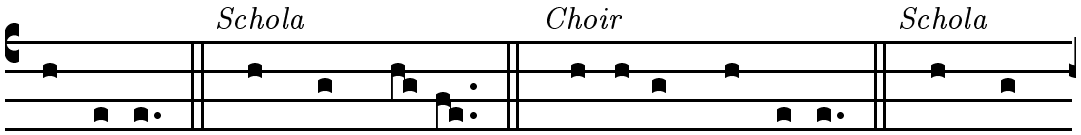


Xáudi, Chríste. Jo-ánno Páulo summo Pontí-fici
Graciously hear us, Christ. To John Paul the Supreme Pontiff



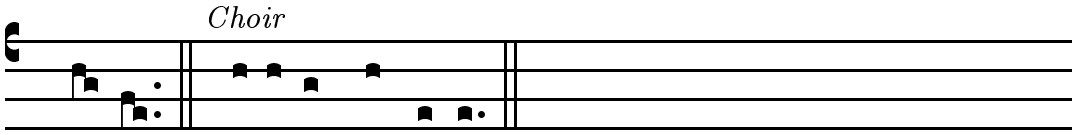
et universáli Pápæ vita! Salvátor múndi. Tu íllum

and Pope of the universal Church, long life! Saviour of the world,



ádjuva Sáncte Pétre. Tu íllum ádjuva Sáncte

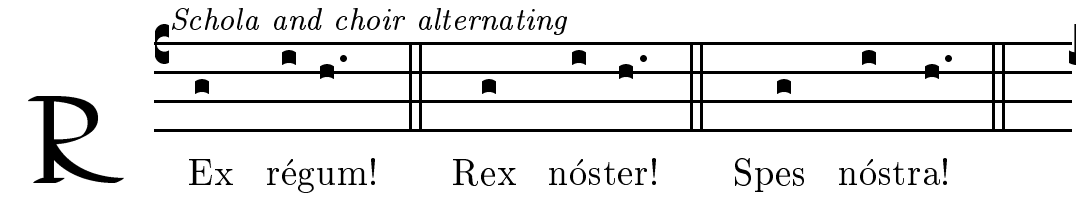
do Thou help him. Saint Peter, do Thou help him. Saint



Páule. Tu íllum ádjuva

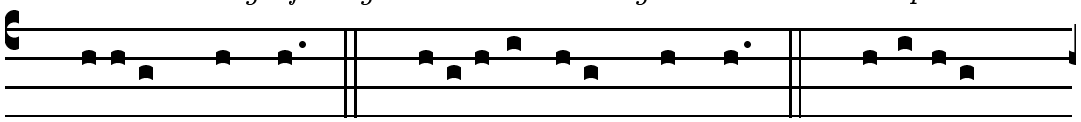
Paul, do Thou help him.

All repeat Christus vincit.



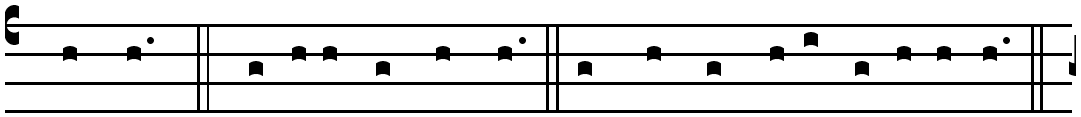
℟ Ex régum! Rex nóster! Spes nóstra!

King of kings! Our King! Our Hope!



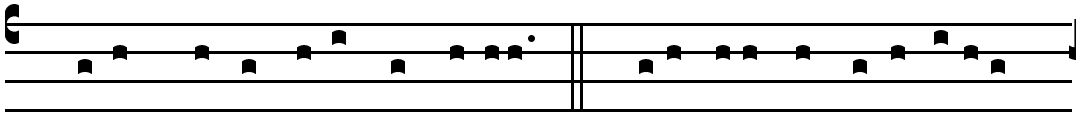
Glóri-a nóstra! Misericordi-a nóstra! Auxí-li-um

Our Glory! Our Mercy! Our



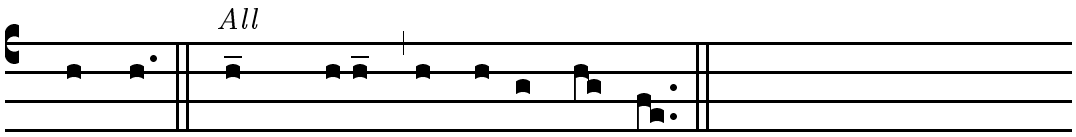
nóstrum! Fortitú-do nóstra! Arma nóstra invictíssima!

Help! Our Strength! Our invincible Armory!



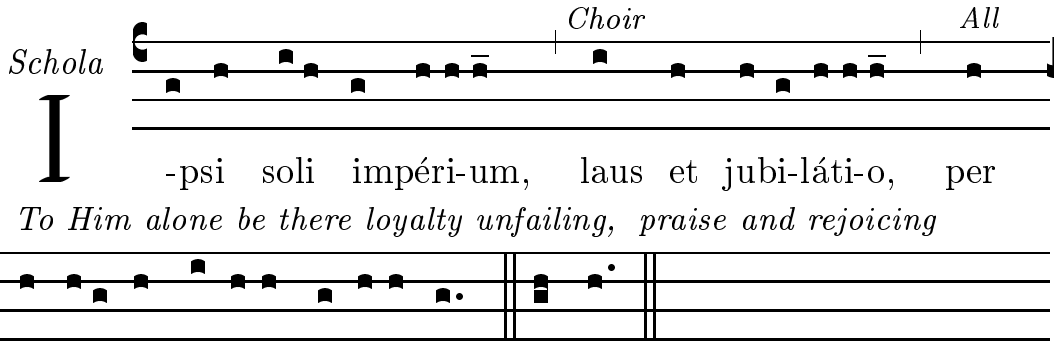
Múrus nóster inexpugnábilis! Defénsi-o et exaltáti-o

Our impregnable Fortress! Our Defence and Exaltation!



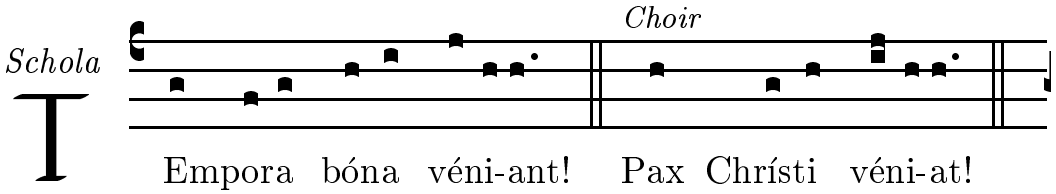
nóstra! Lux, vi-a et ví-ta nóstra.
Our Light, our Way, our Life!

All repeat Christus vincit.

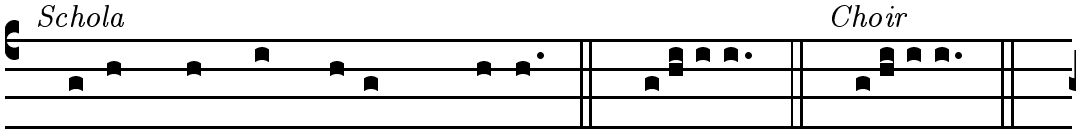


-psi soli impéri-um, laus et jubi-láti-o, per
To Him alone be there loyalty unfailing, praise and rejoicing

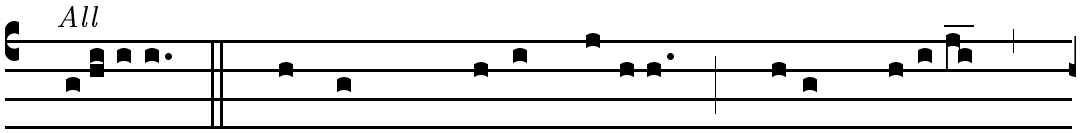
infiní-ta sæcula sæculó-rum, Amen.
for ever and ever.



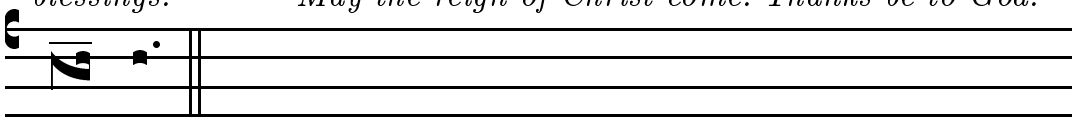
Empora bóna véni-ant! Pax Chrísti véni-at!
May good times come! May the peace of Christ come!



Redémpti sánguine Chrísti! Felíciter! Felíciter!
To all redeemed by the Blood of Christ, all happiness and



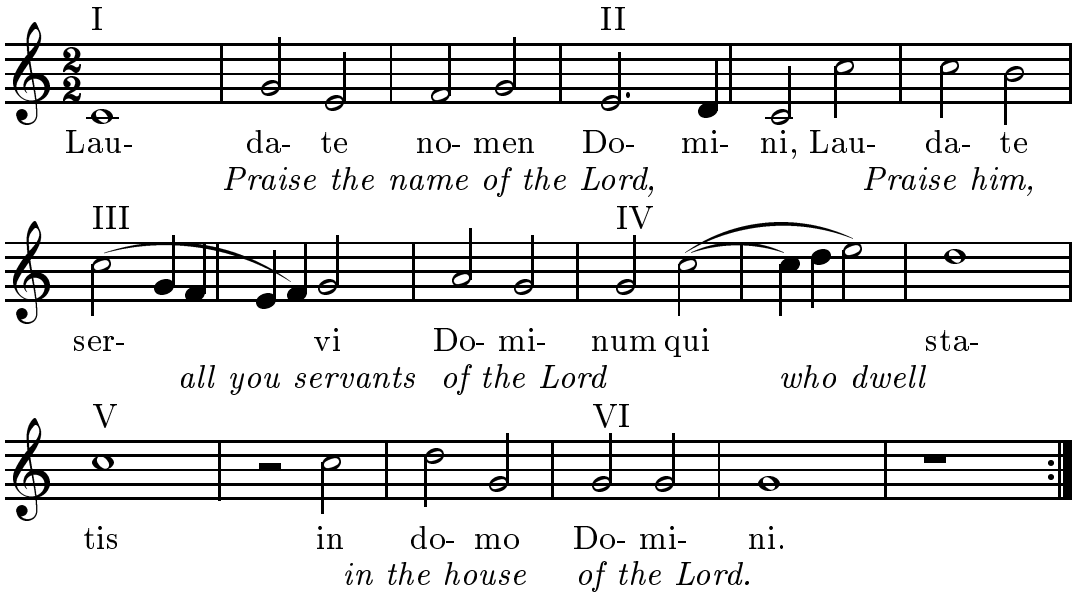
Felíciter! Regnum Chrísti véni-at! Dé-o gráti-as.
blessings! May the reign of Christ come! Thanks be to God!



A- men.

8th century

Laudate nomen Domini - a round



Faireft Lord Jesus

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Lord of all creation,
O Thou of God and man the son;
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honour,
Thou art my soul's delight and crown.

2. Fair are the meadows,
fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the verdure and bloom of spring.
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the saddest heart to sing.

3. Fair are the flowers,
fairer still the children,
in all the freshness of youth arrayed;
yet is their beauty
fading and fleeting;
Lord Jesus, Thine will never fade.

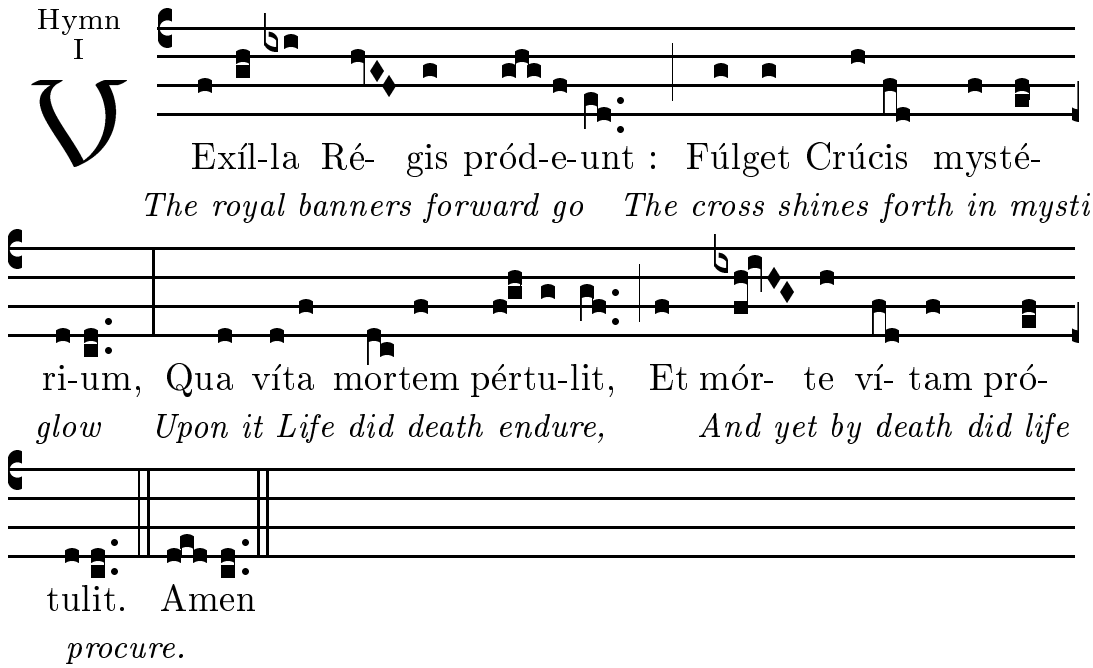
4. Fair is the moonlight,
fairer still the sunshine,
fair is the shimmering starry sky:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines clearer
than all the heavenly host on high.

5. All fairest beauty
heavenly and earthly,
wondrously, Jesus, is found in Thee;
none can be nearer,
fairer of dearer
than Thou, my Saviour, art to me.

6. Beautiful Saviour!
Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
praise, adoration,
Now and forever more be Thine.

Ascribed to the Crusaders

Vexilla Regis prodeunt



2. Quae vulneráta lánceæ
Mucróne díro, críminum
Ut nos laváret sórdibus,
Manávit únd*a* et sánguine.

3. Impléta sunt quæ cóncinit
David fidéli cármine,
Dicéndo natiónibus :
Regnávit a lígno Déus.

4. Arbor decór*a* et fúlgida,
Ornáta Régis púrpura,
Elécta dígno stípite
Tam sáncta mémbra tángere.

5. Beáta, cújus bráchiis
Prét*i*um pepéndit sæculi :
Statéra fácta córporis,
Tulítque prædam tártari.

6. O Crux áve, spes única,
In hac triúmphi glória :
Píis adáuge grátiam,
Reísque déle crímina.

2. *There whilst he hung, his sacred side*
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.

3. *Fulfilled is now what David told*
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' king should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4. *O tree of glory, tree most fair,*
Ordained these holy limbs to bear,
How bright in royal robe it stood–
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5. *Upon its arms, like balance true,*
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6. *Hail Cross, our hope; on thee we call,*
Who keep this mournful festival;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And every sinner's crimes efface.

7. Te, fons salútis Trínitas,
Colláudet ómnis spíritus :
Quíbus Crúcis victóriam
Largíris, ádde præmium.
Amen.

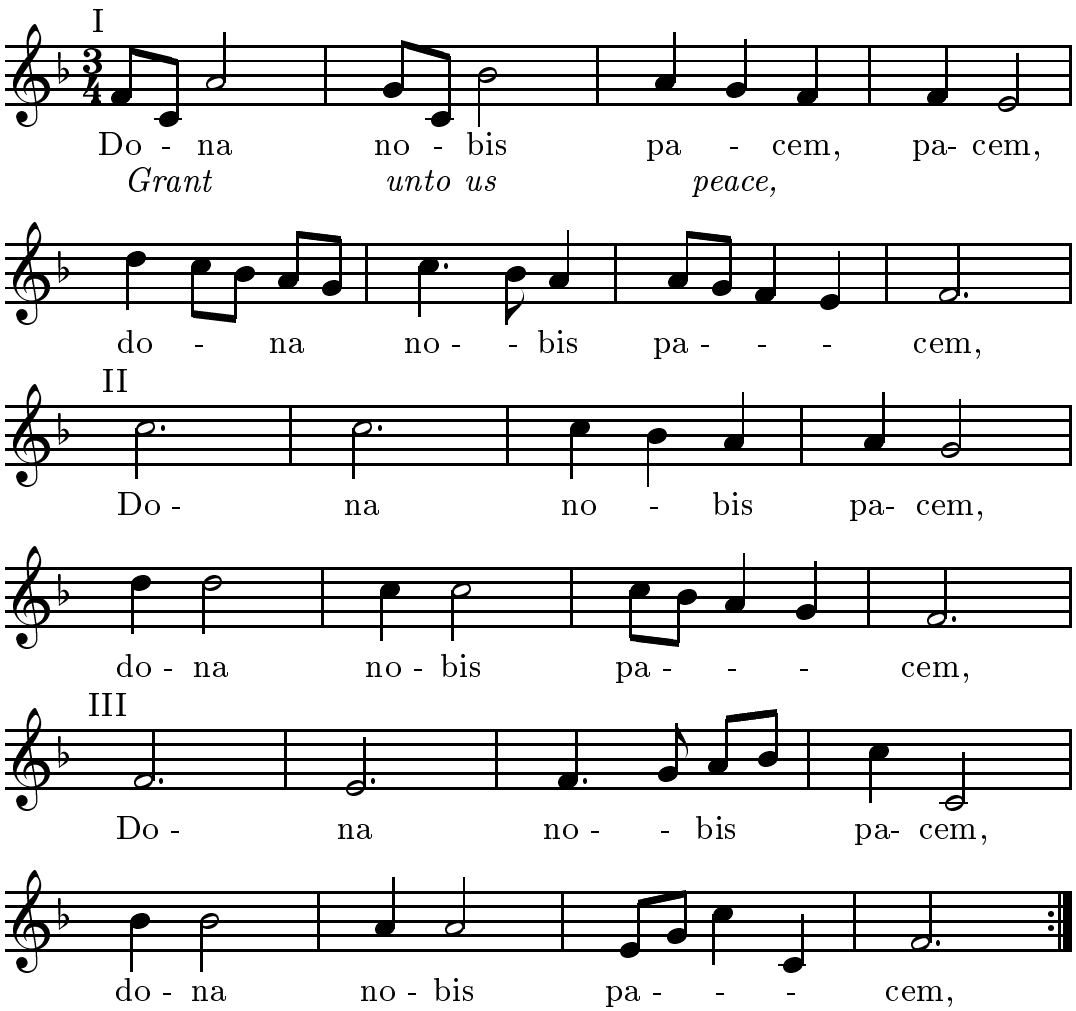
7. *Blest Trinity, we praises sing*
To thee, from whom all graces spring;
Celestial crowns on those bestow
Who conquer by the Cross below.
Amen

℣. Hoc sígnum in Crúcis érit in cælo.
This sign of the Cross shall be in heaven.

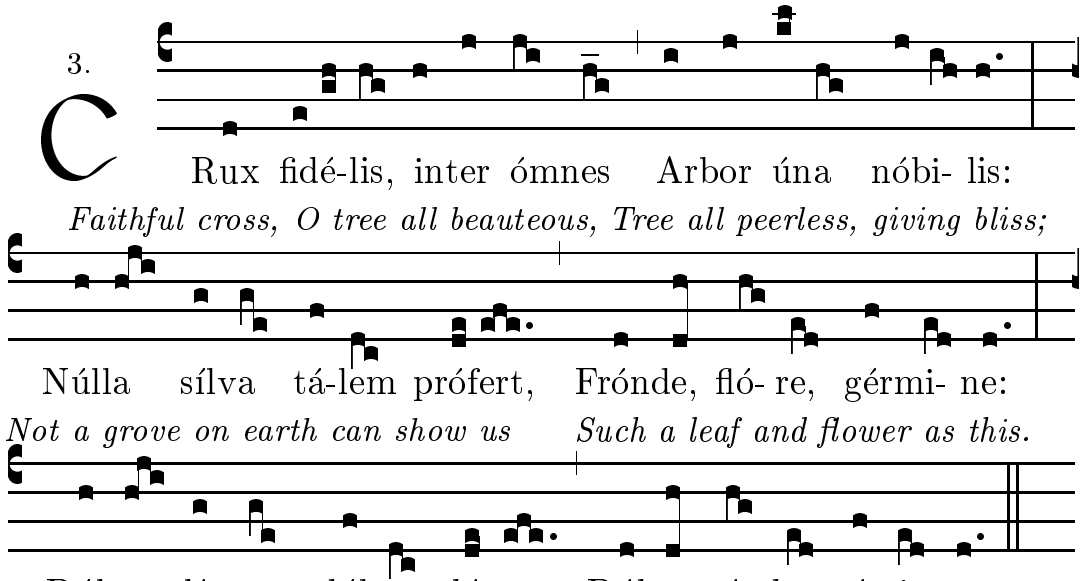
℟. Cum Dóminus ad judicándum vénerit.
When the Lord shall come to judgement.

Venantius Fortunatus 530–609
Translated by W. K. Blount, d. 1717, and Evening Office, 1710
and John Mason Neale, 1818–66

Dona nobis pacem



Crux fidelis



1. Pánge língua, gloriósi
Láuream certáminis,
Et super Crúcis tropháeo
Dic triúmphum nóbilem:
Quáliter Redémptor órbis
Immolátus vícerit. Crux.

1. *Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,*
Tell His triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of His body crucified;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

2. De paréntis protoplásti
Fráude Fáctor cóndolens,
Quando pómi noxiális
In nécem mórsu rúit:
Ipse lígnum tunc notávit,
Damna lígn*i* ut solveret. Dúlce.

2. *Eating of the tree forbidden,*
Man had sunk in satan's snare,
When his pitying creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
The first evil to repair.

3. Hoc ópus nóstræ salútis
Ordo depopóscerat:
Multifórmis proditóris
Ars ut ártem fálleret:
Et medélam férret inde,
Hóstis unde læserat. Crux.

3. *Such the order God appointed*
When for sin He would atone;
To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound had come.

4. Quando vénit ergo sácri
Plenitúdo témporis,
Míssus est ab árce Pátris
Nátus, órbis Cónditor,
Atque véntre virgináli
Cárn*e* amíctus pródiit. Dúlce.

4. *So when now a length the fullness*
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son who moulded all things
Left His Father's throne on high.
From a virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.

5. Vágit ínfans inter árcta
Cónditus præsépia:
Mémbra pánnis involúta
Vírgo Máter álligat:
Et Dei mánus pedésque
Strícta cíngt fáscia. Crux.

6. Lústra sex qui jam perégit,
Témpus ímplens córporis,
Sponte líbera Redémptor
Passióni déditus,
Agnus in Crúcis levátur
Immolándus stípite. Dúlce.

7. Félle pótus ecce lánguet:
Spína, clávi, láncea,
Míte córpus perforárunt,
Unda mánat et crúor:
Térra, póntus, ástra, múndus,
Quo lavántur flúmine! Crux.

8. Flécte rámos, árbor álta,
Ténsa láxa víscera,
Et rígor lentéscat ílle,
Quem dédit natívitas:
Et supérni mémbra Régis
Ténde míti stípite. Dúlce.

9. Sóla dígna tu fuísti
Férre múndi víctimam:
Atque pórtum præparáre
Arca múndo náufrago:
Quam sácer crúor perúnxit,
Fúsus Agni córpore. Crux.

10. Sempitérna sit beátæ
Trinitáti glória:
Æqua Pátri Filióque;
Par décus Paráclito:
Uníus Triníque nómen
Láudet univérsitas. Amen.
Dúlce.

5. *All within a lowly manger,*
Lo, a tender babe He lies!
See His gentle Virgin Mother
Lull to sleep his infant cries;
While the limbs of God incarnate
Round with swathing bands she ties.

6. *Thus did Christ to perfect manhood*
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goes
To a death of bitter pain;
And as a lamb, upon the altar
Of the cross for us is slain.

7. *Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches;*
See the thorns upon His brow,
Nails His tender flesh are rending:
See, his side is opened now,
Whence to cleanse the whole creation
Streams of blood and water flow.

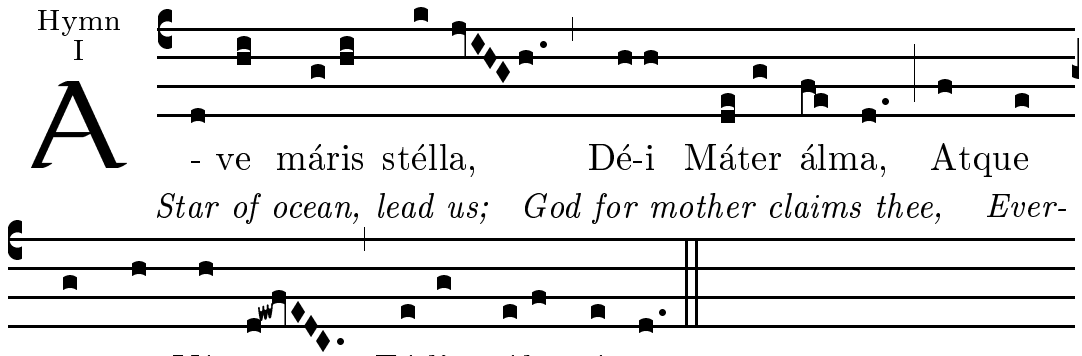
8. *Lofty tree, bend down your branches*
To embrace your sacred load;
Oh, relax the native tension
Of that all too rigid wood;
Gently, gently bear the members
Of your dying King and God.

9. *Tree which solely was found worthy*
Earth's great victim to sustain,
Harbour from the raging tempest,
Ark, that saved the world again,
Tree with sacred blood anointed
Of the lamb for sinners slain.

10. *Honour, blessing everlasting*
To the immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be;
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the Trinity in Unity.
Amen.

Venantius Fotunatus 530–609

Ave maris stella



2. Súmens íllud Ave
Gabriélis óre,
Fúnda nos in páce,
Mútans Hévæ nómen.

3. Sólve víncla réis,
Prófer lúmen caécis:
Mála nóstra pélle,
Bóna cúncta pósce.

4. Mónstra te ésse mátrem:
Súmat per te préces,
Qui pro nóbis nátus,
Túlit ésse túus.

5. Vírgo singuláris,
Inter ómnes mítis,
Non cúlpis solútos,
Mítes fac et cástos.

6. Vítam præsta púram,
Iter pára tútum :
Ut vidéntes Jésum,
Semper collætémur.

7. Sit laus Déo Patrí,
Súmmo Chrísto décus,
Spirítui Sáncto,
Tribus hónor únus.

2. *Ave to thee crying*
Gabriel went before us;
Peace do thou restore us,
Eva's knot untying.

3. *Loose the bonds that chain us,*
Darkened eyes enlighten,
Clouded prospects brighten,
Heavenly mercies gain us.

4. *For thy sons thou carest;*
Offer Christ our praying—
Still thy word obeying—
Whom on earth thou barest.

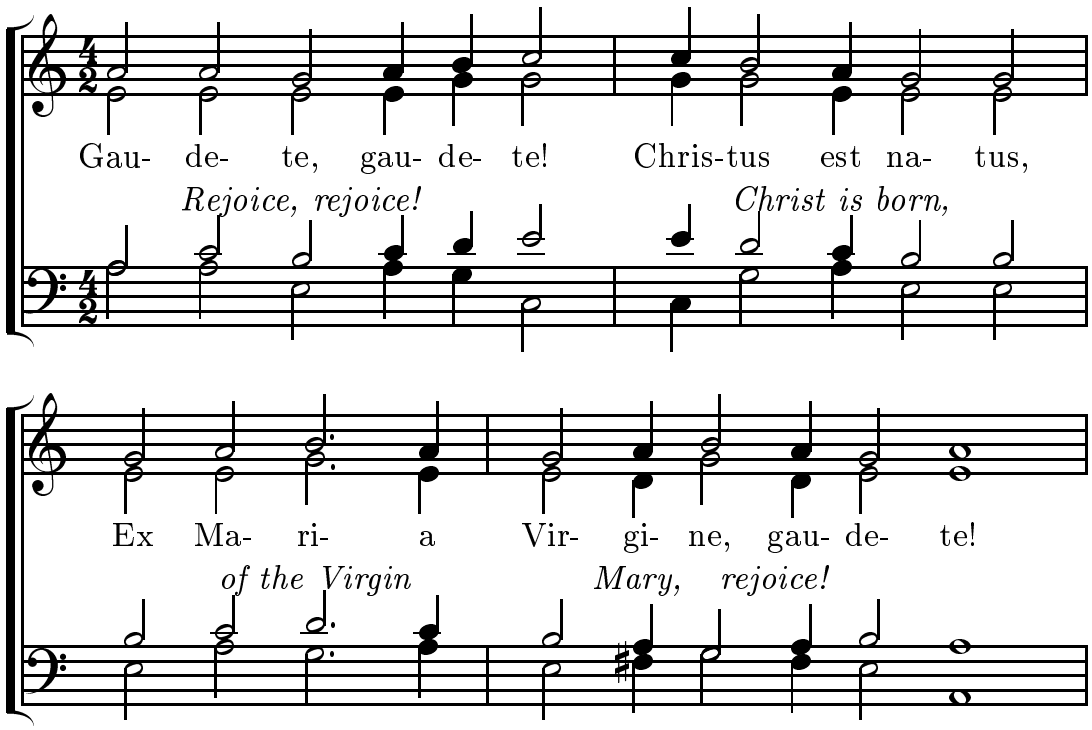
5. *Purer, kinder maiden*
God did never fashion;
Pureness and compassion
Grant to hearts sin laden.

6. *From that sin release us,*
Shield us, heavenward faring;—
Heaven, that is but sharing
In thy joy with Jesus.

7. *Honour, praise and merit*
To our God address we;
Three in One confess we,
Father Son and Spirit.

9th century
Translated by R. A. Knox, 1888–1957

Gaudete, gaudete



1. Tempus ad est gratiæ
Hoc quod optabamus,
Carmina lætitiæ
Devote reddamus.

2. Deus homo factus est,
Natura mirante,
Mundus renovatus est
A Christo regnante.

3. Ezechielis porta
Clausa per transitur,
Unde lux est orta
Salus invenitur.

4. Ergo nostra contio
Psallat jam in lustro,
Benedicat Domino,
Salus Regi nostro.

1. *The time of grace has come*
For which we have prayed
Let us devoutly
Sing songs of joy.

2. *God is made man,*
While nature wonders
The world is renewed
By Christ the King.

3. *The closed gate of Ezekiel*
Has been passed through;
Whence the light has risen,
Salvation is found.

4. *Therefore let our assembly*
Sing praises at this time of purification
Let us bless the Lord:
Greetings to our King.

Battle is o'er

BATTLE is o'er, hell's armies flee;
Raise we the cry of victory
With abounding joy resounding, alleluia.

2. Christ, who endured the shameful tree,
O'er death triumphant welcome we,
Our adoring praise outpouring, alleluia.

3. On the third morn fom death rose he,
Clothed with what light in heaven shall be,
Our unswerving faith deserving, alleluia.

4. Hell's gloomy gates yield up their key,
Paradise door thrown wide we see;
Never-tiring be our choiring, alleluia.

5. Lord by the stripes men laid on thee,
Grant us to live from death set free,
This our greeting still repeating, alleluia.

Simphonia Sirenum, 1695. Tr. R. A Knox, 1888-1957

Hail Queen of heaven

HAIL, Queen of heav'n, the ocean star,
Guard of the wand'rer here below;
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care–
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

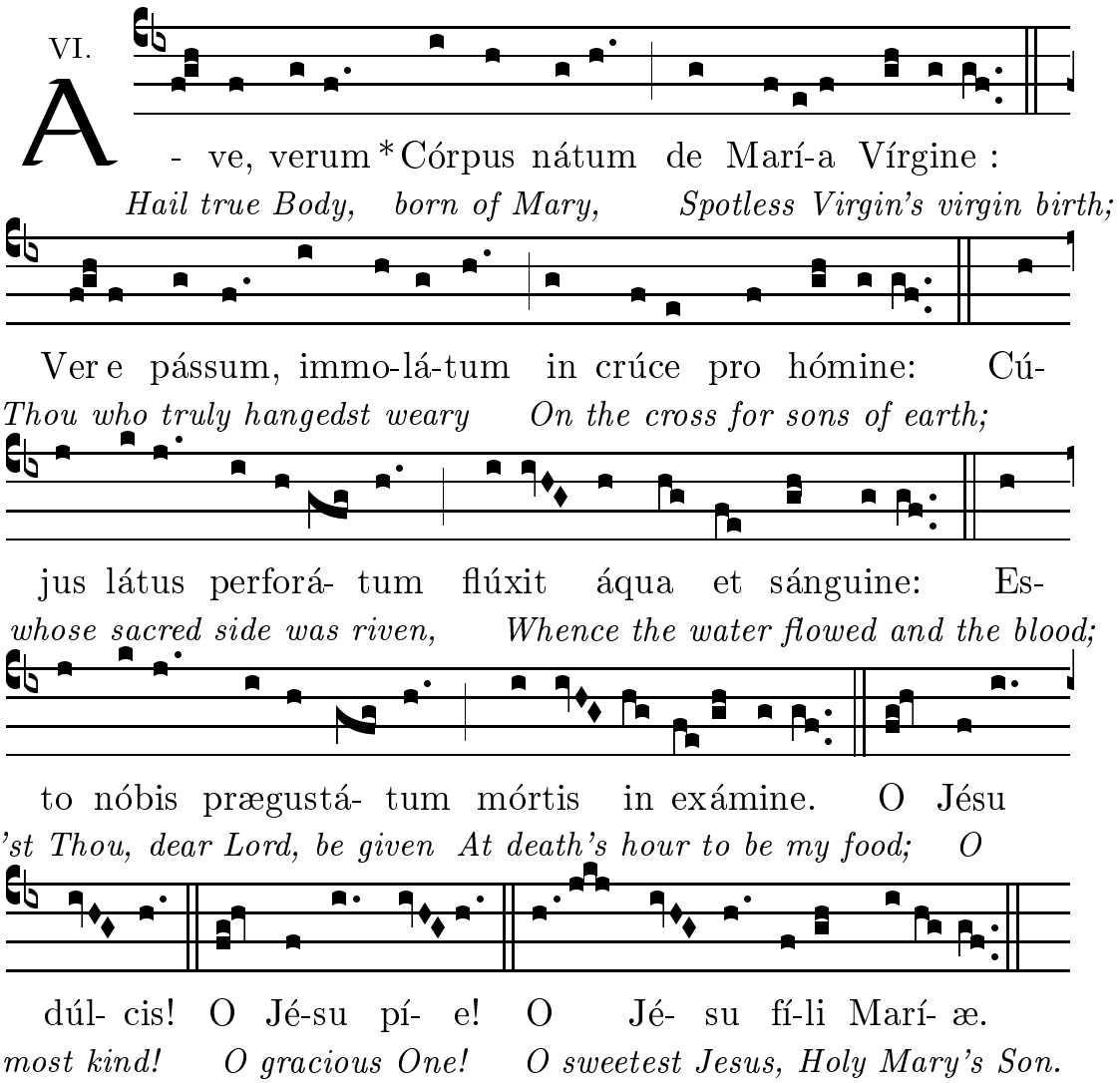
2. O gentle, chaste and spotless maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3. Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry:
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4. And 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;
Do thou bright queen, star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

John Lingard 1771–1851

Ave verum



Ascribed to Pope Innocent VI, 1362
Translated by H. N. Oxenham

To Jesus' Heart

To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyful strain.

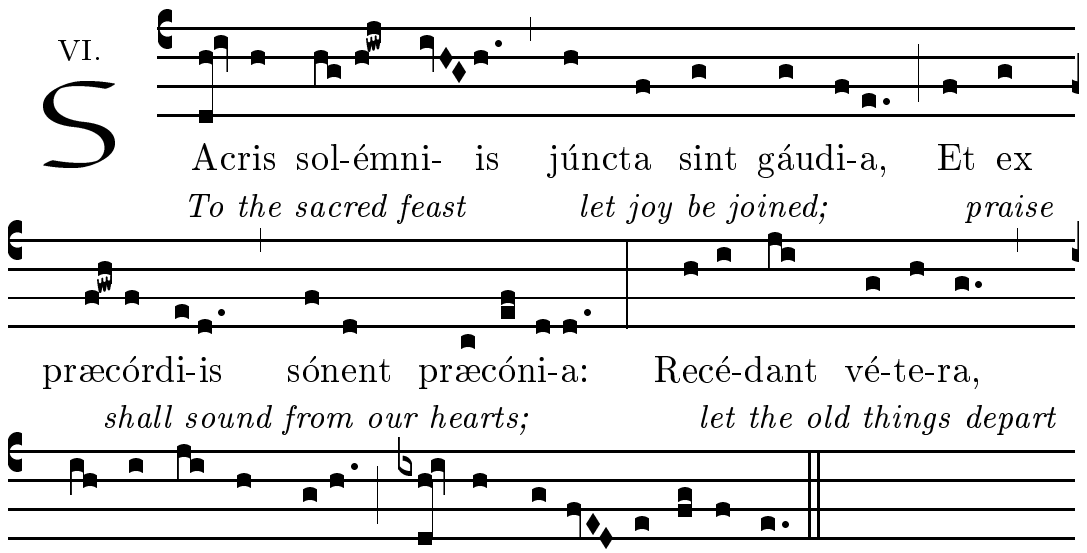
Ant. While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue.

2. O Heart, for me on fire
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.

3. When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done;
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying
I'll say I'm all Thy own.

Aloys Schlör, 1805–52
Translated by A. J. Christie, S.J.,1817–91

Sacris solemniis



2. Nóctis recólitur cœna novíssima,
Qua Chrístus créditur ágnum et ázyma
Dedísse frátribus, júxta legítima
Príscis indúlta pátribus.

3. Post ágnum týpicum, explétis épulis,
Córpus Domínicum dátum discípulis,
Sic tótum ómnibus, quod tótum síngulis,
Ejus fatémur mánibus.

4. Dédit fragílibus córporis férculum,
Dédit et trístibus sánguinis póculum,
Dícens: Accípite quod trádo vásculum,
Omnes ex éo bíbite.

5. Sic sacrifícium ístud instítuit,
Cújus offícium commítti vóluit
Sólis presbýteris, quíbus sic cóngruit.
Ut súmant, et dent céteris.

2. *Now we remember the supper of that last evening, in which we know that Christ gave the paschal lamb and the unleavened bread to the brethren, according to the law of the ancient fathers.*

3. *After the symbol of the lamb, supper being over, we believe that the body of the Lord was given to the disciples by his own hands, whole to all and whole to each one.*

4. *To the weak he gave his strengthening body, to the sad the cup of his blood, saying: Receive what I give you, drink ye all of this.*

5. *So he founded this sacrifice, which he committed to priests alone, that they should partake and give to the others.*

6. Pánis angélicus fit pánis hóminum:
Dat pánis cælicus figúris términum:
O res mirábilis! mandúcat Dóminum
Páuper, sérvus, et húmilis.

7. Te trína Déitas únaque póscimus,
Sic nos tu vísita, sícut te cólimus:
Per túas sémitas duc nos quo téndimus,
Ad lúcem quam inhábitas.

Amen.

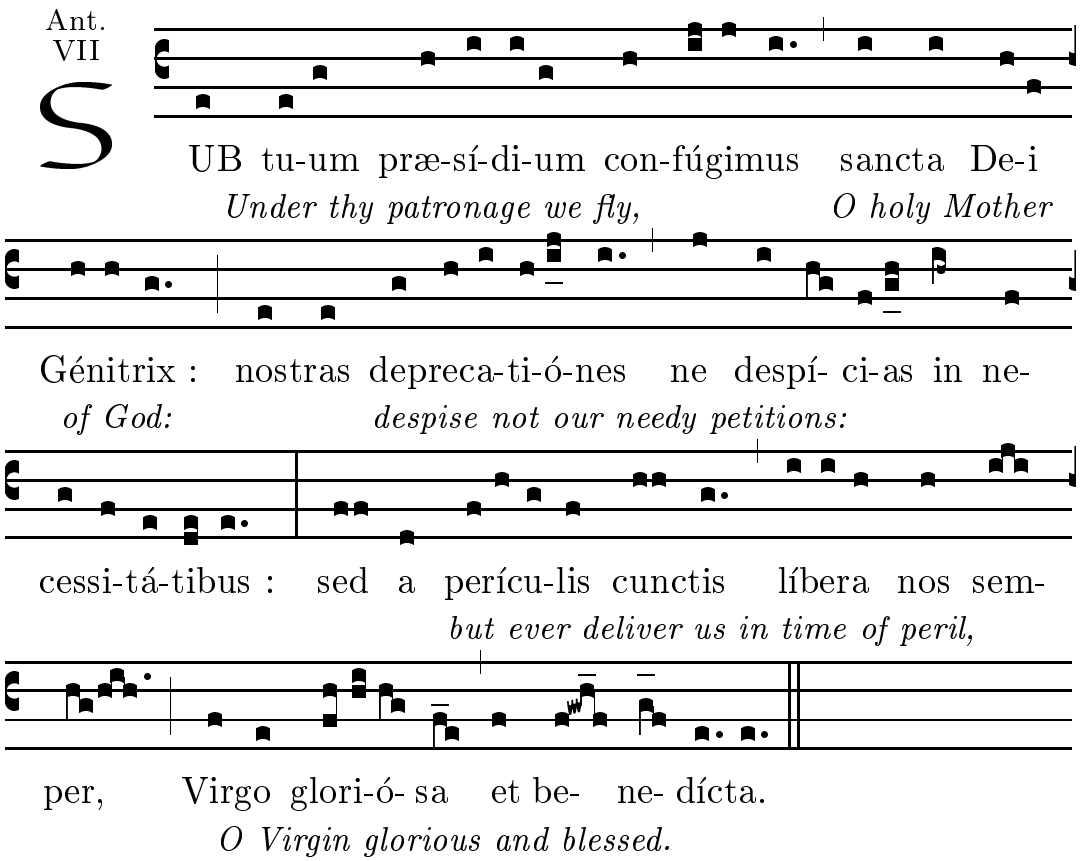
6. *The bread of angels becomes bread of men; the heavenly food makes an end of symbols. O wonderful thing, a poor and lowly servant eats the body of the Lord.*

7. *We pray thee, Godhead three and one, come to us as we worship thee; lead us by thy path to the goal for which we hope, to the light in which thou dwellest.*

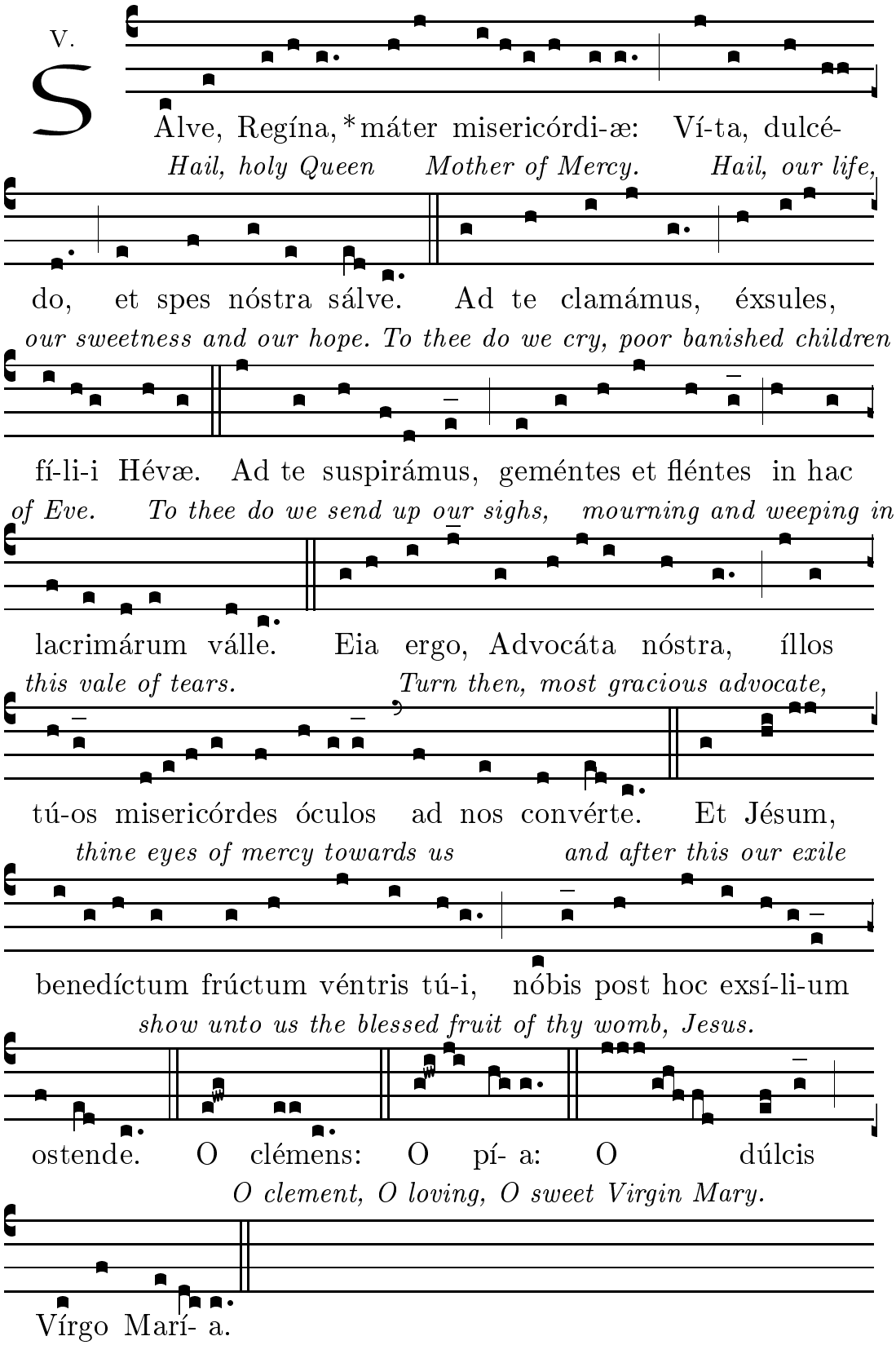
Amen.

St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227–74
Translated by Adrian Fortescue, 1913

Sub tuum præsidium



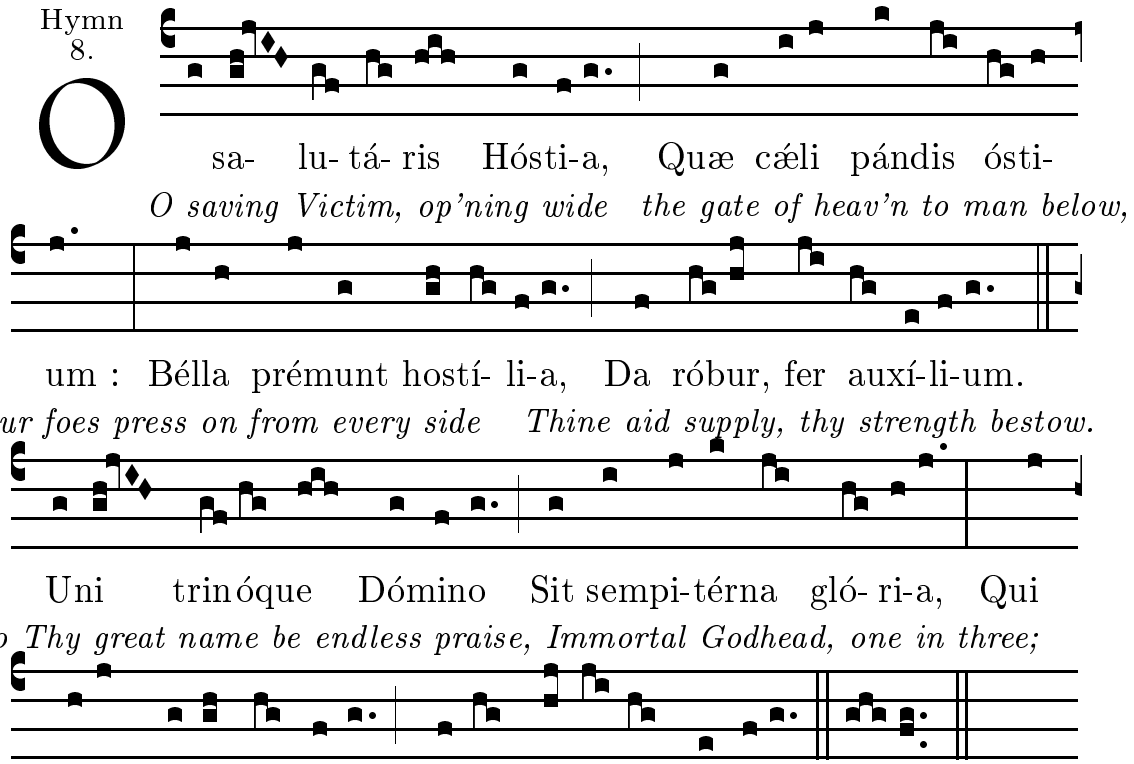
Salve Regina



While the Blessed Sacrament is being exposed:

O salutaris hostia

Hymn 8.



Let us pray,

O God, Who hast appointed Mary, Help of Christians, St Francis Xavier and St Therese of the Infant Jesus, Patrons of Australia, grant that through their intercession our brethren outside the Church may receive the light of faith, so that Australia may become one in faith under one shepherd. Through Christ our Lord. ℟. Amen.

Mary, Help of Christians, pray for us.

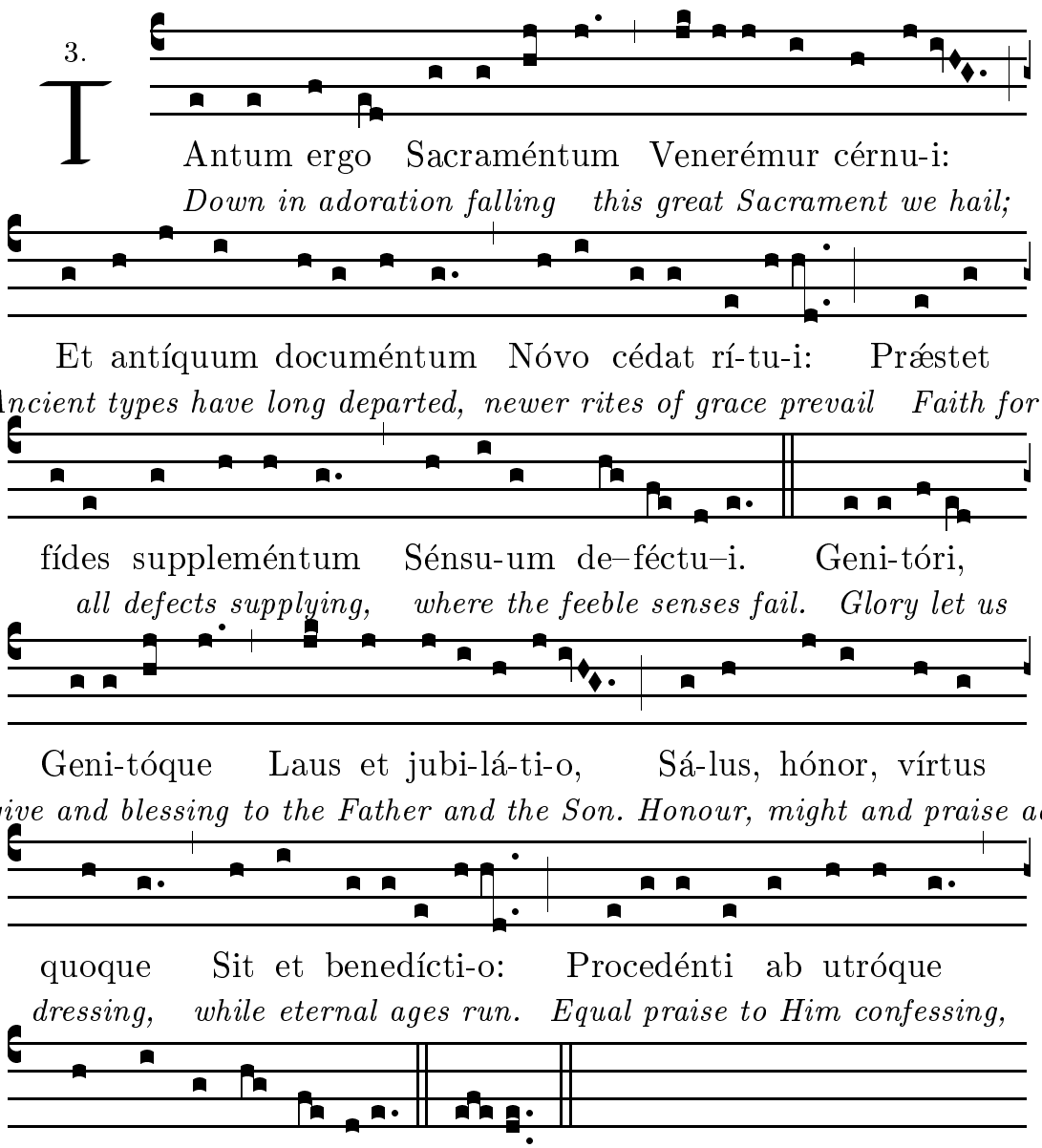
St Francis Xavier, pray for us.

St Therese of the Infant Jesus, pray for us.

Blessed Mary of the Cross, pray for us.

Hymn of Adoration

Tantum ergo Sacramentum



℣. Pánem de cælo præstitísti éis. (P. T. allelúia.)
Thou hast given them bread from heaven.

℟. Omne delectaméntum in se habéntem. (P. T. allelúia.)
Having in itself all delight.

Oremus,

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacraménto mirábili passiónis tuæ memóriam reliquísti : tríbue, quæsumus, ita nos córporis et sánguinis tui sacra mystéria venerári; ut redemptiónis tuæ fructum in nobis júgiter sentiámus. Qui vivis et regnas in sécula sæculórum. ℟. Amen.

Let us pray,

O God, who, under a wonderful Sacrament, hast left us a memorial of Thy Passion: grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood that we may ever feel within ourselves the fruit of Thy Redemption. Who livest and reignest forever and ever. ℟. *Amen.*

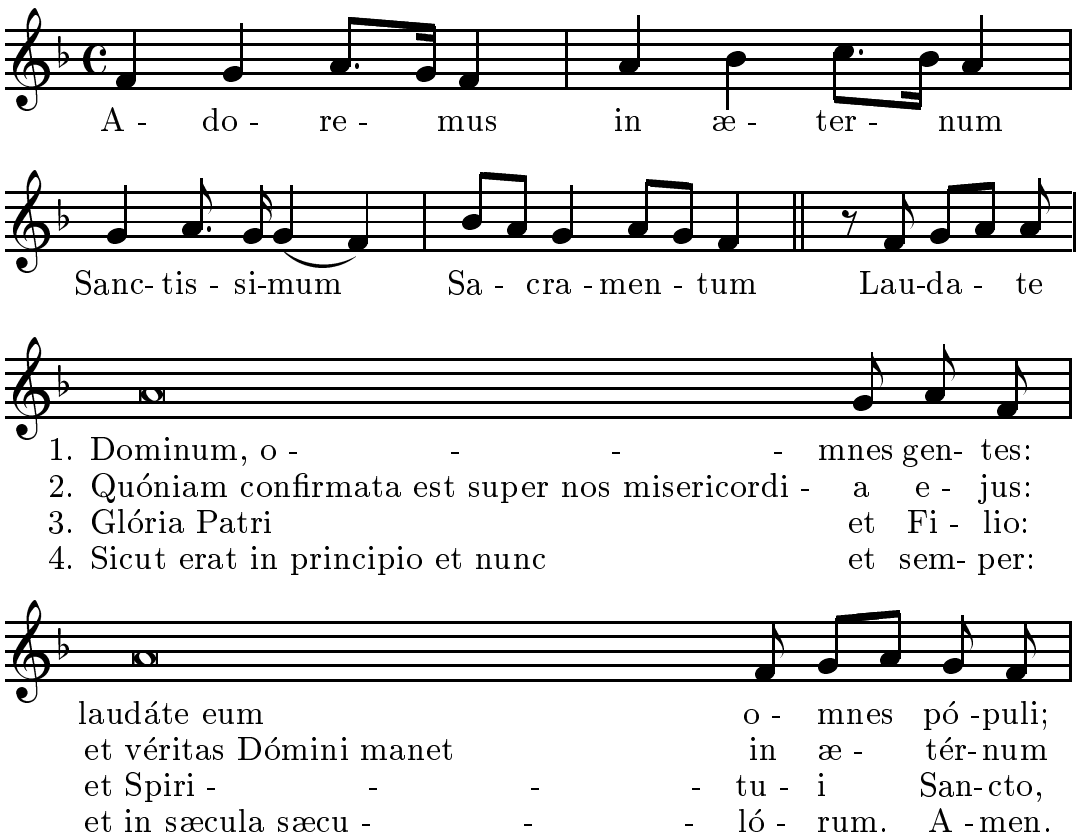
The Divine Praises

Blessed be God.
Blessed be His Holy Name.
Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true man.
Blessed be the name of Jesus.
Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart.
Blessed be His Most Precious Blood.
Blessed be Jesus in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.
Blessed be the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete.
Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.
Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.
Blessed be her glorious Assumption.
Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.
Blessed be Saint Joseph, her most chaste spouse.
Blessed be God in His angels and in His saints.

During Reposition

The following hymn or another appropriate hymn or motet may be sung as the Blessed Sacrament is reposed in the tabernacle.

Adoremus in æternum



Let us adore forever the Most Holy Sacrament.

Praise the Lord, all you nations: acclaim him all you people.
Strong is his love for us: his truth lasts forever.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Let us adore forever the Most Holy Sacrament.

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