



Feasts and Solemnities
Hymn Text Pages

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On Jordan's Bank The Baptist's Cry

Text: Charles Coffin, 1736

Tune: Wittwe's Winchester New, 1690

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
announces that the Lord is nigh.
Awake and harken, for he brings
glad tidings of the King of kings!

Then cleansed be every life from sin:
make straight the way for God within,
and let us all our hearts prepare
for Christ to come and enter there.

We hail you as our Savior, Lord,
our refuge and our great reward.
Without your grace we waste away
like flowers that wither and decay.

Stretch forth your hand, our health restore,
and make us rise to fall no more.
O let your face upon us shine
and fill the world with love divine.

All praise to you, eternal Son,
whose advent has our freedom won,
whom with the Father we adore,
and Holy Spirit, evermore.

How Bright Appears The Morning Star

Text: Phillipp Nicolai, c. 1500s

Tune: Nicolai's Frankfort (Wie Schön Leuchtet)

How bright appears the Morning Star,
with mercy beaming from afar;
the host of heav'en rejoices.
O Righteous Branch, O Jesse's Rod,
the Son of Man and Son of God,
we too will lift our voices:
Jesus, Jesus, holy, holy, yet most lowly,
come, draw near us;
great Emmanuel, come and hear us.

Though circled by the hosts on high,
He deigned to cast a pitying eye
upon His helpless creature.
The whole creation's Head and Lord,
by highest seraphim adored,
assumed our very nature;
Jesus, grant us, through Your merit,
to inherit Your salvation.
Hear, O hear our supplication!

Rejoice, O heav'ns, and earth, reply;
with praise, O sinners, fill the sky
for this, His incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth Your pow'r;
ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
till all know Your salvation.
Amen, amen! Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise be given
evermore by earth and heaven.

Hail Holy Joseph Hail

Text: Fr. Frederick W. Faber, c. mid 1800s

Tune: Read's Lisbon, 1785

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Chaste spouse of Mary hail!
Pure as the lily flow'r
In Eden's peaceful vale.
Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God!
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.
Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone!
To thee the Word made flesh,
Was subject as a Son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name.
Mother of Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

O Merciful Redeemer

Text: Frances Ridley Havergal, c. mid 1800s

Tune: Holst's Thaxted, 1918

O Merciful Redeemer
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour
All other names above.
O bringer of salvation
Who wondrously hath wrought
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond all thought .
We worship Thee and bless Thee.
To Thee alone we sing!
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our gracious Lord and King.

In Thee all fullness dwell-eth,
All grace and power divine.
The glory that excell-eth
O Son of God is Thine.
O grant the consumation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Come Down, O Love Divine

Text: Bianco da Siena, c. 1380

Tune: Vaughan Williams' Down Ampney, 1906

Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own ardor glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of human telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till Love create a place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

Firmly I Believe And Truly

Text: Bl. John Henry Newman, 1865

Tune: Joseph A. Kucharski's Nashotah House, 1992

Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three and God is One;
and I next acknowledge duly
manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully
in that manhood crucified;
and each thought and deed unruly
do to death, as he has died.

Simply to his grace and wholly
light and life and strength belong,
and I love supremely, solely,
him the holy, him the strong.

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

Adoration ay be given,
with and through the angelic host,
to the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Humbly I Adore Thee

Text: St. Thomas Aquinas, 1264

Tune: Adore Te Devote

Humbly I adore thee, Verity unseen,
who thy glory hidest, 'neath these shadows mean;
lo, to thee surrendered, my whole heart is bowed,
tranced as it beholds thee, shrined within the cloud.

Taste and touch and vision to discern thee fail;
faith, that comes by hearing, pierces through the veil.
I believe whate'er the Son of God hath told;
what the Truth hath spoken, that for truth I hold.

O memorial wondrous of the Lord's own death;
living Bread that givest all they creatures breath,
grant my spirit ever by thy life may live,
to my taste thy sweetness never failing give.

Jesus, whom now hidden, I by faith behold,
what my soul doth long for, that thy word foretold;
face to face thy splendor, I at last shall see,
in the glorious vision, blessed Lord, of thee.

Heart Of Christ We Sing Your Praises

Text: Unknown

Tune: Witt's Stuttgart, 1715

Heart of Christ we sing your praises,
Wellspring of eternal life.
Through the sorrows of our passion
We find refuge from our strife.

Heart of Christ now embodied,
All the wonder of God's love
You tell us the tender mercies,
Showered from our God above.

Heart of Christ who brings all healing,
To the lowly and the weak.
Let us know your loving kindness,
Show yourself to all who seek.

Immortal Invisible, God Only Wise

Text: Walter C. Smith, 1867

Tune: Roberts' St. Denio, 1839

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
in light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains, high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small,
in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
we blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
and wither and perish, but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
all praise we would render, O help us to see
'tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee!

Lift High The Cross

Text: George Kitchin, 1887

Tune: Nicholson's Crucifer, 1916

Chorus:

Lift high the cross
The love of Christ proclaim,
Till all the world
Adore His sacred name.

Led on their way
By this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God
In conquering ranks combine.

Each newborn servant
Of the Crucified
Bears on the brow
The seal of Him who died.

O Lord, once lifted
On the glorious tree,
As Thou hast promised
Draw the world to Thee.

So shall our song
Of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified
For victory.

For All The Saints

Text: William Walsham How, 1864

Tune: Vaughan Williams' Sine Nomine, 1906

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
who Thee by faith before the world confessed;
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
and hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

But when there breaks a yet more glorious day;
the saints triumphant rise in bright array;
the King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
in praise of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Draw the world to Thee.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

Text: Matthew Bridges, 1851

Tune: Elvey's Diademata, 1868

Crown him with many crowns,
the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
of him who died for thee,
and hail him as thy matchless king
through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life,
who triumphed o'er the grave,
and rose victorious in the strife
for those he came to save;
his glories now we sing
who died and rose on high,
who died eternal life to bring,
and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love;
behold his hands and side,
rich wounds, yet visible above,
in beauty glorified;
no angels in the sky
can fully bear that sight,
but downward bends their burning eye
at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of years,
the potentate of time,
creator of the rolling spheres,
ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
for thou hast died for me;
thy praise shall never, never fail
throughout eternity.