

ST BENEDICT'S SCHOOL

SAMPLES

10

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls always.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory,
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

Tr. J. M. Neale † (1818-66)

11

Come down O Love divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour 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.

Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing:
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

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 it become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

Bianco Da Siena (1350-1434)
Tr. by Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-90)

12

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From Thy bright heavenly throne,
Come, take possession of our souls
And make them all Thy own.

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

Thou who art sevenfold in Thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand,
His promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

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.

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

Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee the eternal Son,
And Thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son:
Glory to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

Ascribed to Rabanus Maurus (776-856)

13

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier (1807-92)

14

Father, Lord of all creation,
Ground of Being, Life and Love;
Height and depth beyond description
Only life in You can prove:
You are mortal life's dependence:
Thought, speech, sight are ours by grace;
Yours is every hour's existence,
Sovereign Lord of time and space.

Jesus Christ, the Man for Others,
We, Your people, make our prayer:
Help us love – as sisters, brothers –
All whose burdens we can share.
Where Your name binds us together
You, Lord Christ, will surely be;
Where no selfishness can sever
There Your love may all men see.

Holy Spirit, rushing, burning
Wind and flame of Pentecost,
Fire our hearts afresh with yearning
To regain what we have lost.
May Your love unite our action,
Nevermore to speak alone:
God, in us abolish faction,
God, through us Your love make known.

Stewart Cross (1928-89)

15

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever 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 still their one true Light.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

But lo! 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,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

Bishop W. Walsham How (1823-97)

16

Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan;
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams (1717-91)
Tr. Peter Williams (1727-96) and others

17

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star,
Guide of the wanderer 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.

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.

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.

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)

18

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

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

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

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

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

Patrick Brennan (1877-1952)