



HYMNS AND VOCAL SOLOS

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS



CHURCH OF THE
*A*SSUMPTION
51 WEST 7TH STREET ST. PAUL, MN 55102



TEXTS OF HYMNS AND VOCAL SOLOS

In this document, you will find the texts and some translations of the various pieces suggested in the Order of Mass and Music Selections. They are organized alphabetically by title. It is helpful to read through each one and consider how the various pieces might relate not only to the occasion, but to the readings you have selected as well. Recordings of these piece can be found by searching on YouTube or by visiting the assumption website, www.assumptionsp.org, and selecting the tab for wedding music recordings.

ADORO TE DEVOTE

Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore, | Masked by these bare shadows, shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at Thy service low lies here a heart | Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived: | How says trusty hearing? that shall be believed;
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do; | Truth Himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.

On the cross Thy godhead made no sign to men, | Here Thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief, | And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see, | But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he;
Let me to a deeper faith daily nearer move, | Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ crucified, | Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind, | There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Bring the tender tale true of the Pelican; | Bathe me, Jesu Lord, in what Thy bosom ran
Blood whereof a single drop has power to win | All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.

Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below, | I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light | And be blest for ever with Thy glory's sight. Amen.

AVE MARIA

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

AVE VERUM CORPUS

Hail the true body, born of the Virgin Mary:
You who truly suffered and were sacrificed on the cross for the sake of man.
From whose pierced side flowed water and blood: Be a foretaste for us in the trial of death.
O sweet, O merciful, O Jesus, Son of Mary. Have mercy on me. Amen.

BE THOU MY VISION

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

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word; | I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord.
Born of thy love, thy child may I be, | thou in me dwelling and I one with thee.

Riches I heed not, nor vain empty praise; | thou mine inheritance, now and always.
Thou and thou only, first in my heart, | Ruler of heaven, my treasure thou art.

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

THE CALL

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life: | such a way as gives us breath;
such a truth as ends all strife; | such a life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength: | such a light as shows a feast;
such a feast as mends in length; | such a strength as makes a guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart: | such a joy as none can move:
such a love as none can part; | such a heart as joys in love.

COME DOWN, O LOVE DIVINE

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.

DECK THYSELF, MY SOUL IN GLADNESS

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness, | leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;
come into the daylight's splendour, | there with joy thy praises render
unto him whose grace unbounded | hath this wondrous banquet founded:
high o'er all the heavens he reigneth, | yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten, | light, who dost my soul enlighten,
joy, the sweetest heart e'er knoweth, | fount, whence all my being floweth,
at thy feet I cry, my Maker, | let me be a fit partaker
of this blessed food from heaven, | for our good, thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee, | let me gladly here obey thee;
never to my hurt invited, | be thy love with love requited:
from this banquet let me measure, | Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
through the gifts thou here dost give me, | as thy guest in heaven receive me.

ETERNAL LOVE

Eternal Love, Whose lay doth sway | The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way | With sacred force;

To Thee our waiting hearts we lift, | This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift, | For marriage dower.

O hallow with Thy presence now | This sacrament of love;
Breathe in the trembling human vow | Strength from above.

Then through what scenes the unknown road | of outward life may roam,
A flame that on Thine altar glowed | Shall light the home.

ETERNAL SOURCE OF LIGHT DIVINE

Eternal source of light divine, with double warmth thy beams display,
and with distinguished glory shine to add a luster to this day.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

Though I may speak with bravest fire, | And have the gift to all inspire,
And have not love, my words are vain, | As sounding brass, and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess, | And striving so my love profess,
But not be given by love within, | The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come, our hearts control, | Our spirits long to be made whole.
Let inward love guide every deed; | By this we worship, and are freed.

GOD IS LOVE, LET HEAVEN ADORE HIM

God is Love: let heav'n adore him; | God is Love: let earth rejoice;
let creation sing before him, | and exalt him with one voice.
He who laid the earth's foundation, | he who spread the heav'ns above,
he who breathes through all creation, | he is Love, eternal Love.

God is Love: and he enfoldeth | all the world in one embrace;
with unfailing grasp he holdeth | every child of every race.
And when human hearts are breaking | under sorrow's iron rod,
then they find that selfsame aching | deep within the heart of God.

God is Love: and though with blindness | sin afflicts the souls of all,
God's eternal loving-kindness | holds and guides us when we fall.
Sin and death and hell shall never | o'er us final triumph gain;
God is Love, so Love for ever | o'er the universe must reign.

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE

Jesus, the very thought of thee | with sweetness fills the breast;
but sweeter far thy face to see, | and in thy presence rest.

O hope of every contrite heart, | O joy of all the meek,
to those who fall, how kind thou art! | How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this | nor tongue nor pen can show;
the love of Jesus, what it is, | none but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou, | as thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now, | and through eternity.

JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD, MY ALL

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.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart | To love thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervant praise | Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing.
Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore; | Oh, make us love thee more and more.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all, | O mystery of love divine.
I cannot compass all I have, | For all thou hast and art are mine.
Sweet Sacrament, we thee adore; | Oh, make us love thee more and more.

THE KING OF LOVE, MY SHEPHERD IS

The King of love my shepherd is, | whose goodness faileth never.
I nothing lack if I am his, | and he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow, | my ransomed soul he leadeth;
and where the verdant pastures grow, | with food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed, | but yet in love he sought me;
and on his shoulder gently laid, | and home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill, | with thee, dear Lord, beside me;
thy rod and staff my comfort still, | thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight; | thy unction grace bestoweth;
and oh, what transport of delight | from thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days, | thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise | within thy house forever.

LET THE BRIGHT SERAPHIM

Let the bright seraphim in burning row, | Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs, | Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.
Let their celestial concerts all unite, | Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

LORD, WHO AT THY FIRST EUCHARIST

Lord who at thy first Eucharist did'st pray, | That all Thy church might be forever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say | With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
Oh, may we all one bread, one body be, | Through this blest sacrament of unity.

For all thy church, O Lord, we intercede; | Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead, | By drawing all to thee, O prince of peace;
Thus may we all one bread, one body be, | Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

We pray thee, too, for wanderers from thy fold, | Oh, bring them back, good shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old, | Back to the church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one bread, one body be, | Through this blest sacrament of unity.

So, Lord, at length when sacraments shall cease, | May we be one with all thy church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace, | One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be | One with the trinity in unity.

LOVE DIVINE ALL LOVES EXCELLING

Love divine, all loves excelling, | joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
fix in us thy humble dwelling, | all thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion, | pure, unbounded love thou art.
Visit us with thy salvation; | enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver, | let us all thy life receive.
Suddenly return, and never, | nevermore they temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing, | serve thee as thy hosts above,
pray, and praise thee without ceasing, | glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation; | true and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation | perfectly restored in thee.
Changed from glory into glory, | till in heav'n we take our place,
till we cast our crowns before thee, | lost in wonder, love and praise.

O GOD, BEYOND ALL PRAISING

O God beyond all praising, we worship you today
and sing the love amazing that songs cannot repay;
for we can only wonder at every gift you send,
at blessings without number and mercies without end:
we lift our hearts before you and wait upon your word,
we honour and adore you, our great and mighty Lord.

The flower of earthly splendor in time must surely die,
its fragile bloom surrender to you, the Lord most high;
but hidden from all nature the eternal seed is sown
though small in mortal stature, to heaven's garden grown;
for Christ the man from heaven from death has set us free,
and we through him are given the final victory.

Then hear, O gracious Savior, accept the love we bring,
that we who know your favour may serve you as our king;
and whether our tomorrows be filled with good or ill,
we'll triumph through our sorrows and rise to bless you still:
to marvel at your beauty and glory in your ways,
and make a joyful duty our sacrifice of praise.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA

O saving Victim, opening wide, | The gate of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side; | Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

To Thy great name by endless praise, | Immortal Godhead, one in Three;
Oh, grant us endless length of days, | In our true native land with Thee. Amen

PANIS ANGELICUS

Heavenly bread that becomes the bread of all mankind;
Bread from the angelic host that is the end of all symbols.
Oh, miraculous thing! That this body of God will nourish
Even the poorest, the most humble of servants.

PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; | to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, | evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia, alleluia! Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favor | to his people in distress.
Praise him, still the same as ever, | slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia! Glorious in his faithfulness!
Father-like he tends and spares us; | well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us, | rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia! Widely yet his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him; | ye behold him face to face.
Sun and moon, bow down before him, | dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace!

SALVE REGINA

Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us and after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary! Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

SEHET WELCHE LIEBE

See the love shown by our Father, by his rich and boundless grace,
see, how he, with boundless mercy, bows o'er us his kindly face!
See, the very best he gives us for the very worst we give:
His own son for our transgressions – see, how by his love we live.

See the love shown by our Savior – love that lives so death should die –
how he suffers for us sinners, He, whom we would crucify!
See, how on the cross the Savior sheds the blood that marks his reign.
See: Is this not love enormous? Nameless love that bears his name!

See the love shown by the Spirit as he chastens us for sin,
how he teaches truth to sinners, how we are consoled by him.
From the heavens he descended as the body of a dove.
Who would fail to glorify this glorious Trinity of Love!

SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE

Sweet Sacrament divine, hid in thine earthly home,
lo, round thy lowly shrine, with suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to thee our voice we raise | in songs of love and heartfelt praise:
sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace, dear home for every heart,
where restless yearnings cease and sorrows all depart;
there in thine ear all trustfully | we tell our tale of misery:
sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest, ark from the ocean's roar,
within thy shelter blest soon may we reach the shore;
save us, for still the tempest raves, | save, lest we sink beneath the waves:
sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine, earth's light and jubilee,
in thy far depths doth shine thy Godhead's majesty;
sweet light, so shine on us, we pray, | that earthly joys may fade away:
sweet Sacrament divine.

TANTUM ERGO

Down in adoration falling, | Lo! the sacred Host we hail,
Lo! oe'r ancient forms departing | Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying, | Where the feeble senses fail.

To the everlasting Father, | And the Son Who reigns on high
With the Holy Spirit proceeding | Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing, | Might and endless majesty. Amen.

TOTA PULCHRA ES

Thou art all fair, Mary | And the original stain is not in thee
Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, | Thou art the joy of Israel,
Thou art the honor of our people, | Thou art the advocate of sinners.
O Mary, virgin most wise, | Mother most clement
Pray for us, Intercede for us | With Our Lord Jesus Christ.

UBI CARITAS ET AMOR

Where charity and love are, there God is. | The love of Christ has gathered us into one.
Let us exult, and in Him be joyful. | Let us fear and let us love the living God.
And from a sincere heart let us love each other.

WHERE CHARITY AND LOVE PREVAIL

Where charity and love prevail, | there God is ever found;
Brought here together by Christ's love, | by love are we thus bound.

With grateful joy and holy fear | His charity we learn;
Let us with heart and mind and soul | now love him in return.

Forgive we now each other's faults | as we our faults confess;
And let us love each other well | in Christian holiness.

Let strife among us be unknown, | let all contention cease;
Be His the glory that we seek, | be ours His holy peace.

Let us recall that in our midst | dwells God's begotten Son;
As members of His body joined, | we are in Him made one.

No race or creed can love exclude, | if honored be God's name;
Our family embraces all | whose Father is the same.

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