

IRREGULAR

ADESTE FIDELES

JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant;  
 2 God of God, Light of Light,  
 3 Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion;  
 4 Yea, Lord we greet thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,  
 1 *Ad - é - ste, fi - dé - les, laé - ti, tri - um - phán - tes;*  
 2 *De - um de De - o, Lu - men de Lú - mi - ne,*  
 3 *Can - tet nunc i - o cho - rus an - ge - ló - rum.*  
 4 *Er - go qui na - tus di - e ho - di - ér - na,*

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem.  
 Lo! he ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:  
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!  
 Je - sus, to thee be all glo - ry giv'n;  
*Ve - ní - te, ve - ní - te in Béth - le - hem.*  
*Ge - stant pu - él - lae ví - sce - ra,*  
*Can - tet nunc au - la cae - lé - sti - um.*  
*Je - su, ti - bi sit gló - ri - a.*

Come and be - hold him, born the King of an - gels;  
 Ve - ry God, be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;  
 Glo - ry to God, glo - ry in the high - est;  
 Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing;  
*Na - tum vi - dé - te Re - gem an - ge - ló - rum.*  
*De - um ve - rum, Gé - ni - tum, non fa - ctum.*  
*Gló - ri - a, gló - ria in ex - cél - sis De - o.*  
*Pa - tris ae - tér - ni Ver - bum ca - ro fac - tum.*

O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him,  
*Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus, Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus,*

O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord.  
 Ve - ní - te, a - do - ré - mus Dó - mi - num.

*ADESTE FIDELES*, ATTR. TO JOHN F. WADE, 1711-1786  
 TR. BY FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1802-1880, ALT.

## 177 O Come and Mourn With Me Awhile

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ST. CROSS

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823-1876

1 O come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - ry calls us to her side;  
 2 Have we no tears to shed for him, While sol - diers scoff and foes de - ride?  
 3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed; His bless - ed tongue with thirst is tied;

O come and let us mourn with her: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
 Ah! look how pa - tient - ly he hangs: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
 His fail - ing eyes are blind with blood: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied.

- 4 His Mother cannot reach his face;  
 She stands in helplessness beside;  
 Her heart is martyred with her Son's:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 5 Sev'n times he spoke, sev'n words of love;  
 And all three hours his silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 6 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!  
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
 His Pilate and his Judas were:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 7 A broken heart, a fount of tears;  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart love's cradle is:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.
- 8 O Love of God! O sin of man!  
 In this dread act your strength is tried;  
 And victory remains with love:  
 For he, our Love, is crucified.

*JESUS CRUCIFIED*; FREDERICK W. FABER, 1814-1863