

# Lauda, Zion

James Quinn, S.J.

♩=55



Si-on, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing your song of jub-il-at-ion, Sing in praise of Christ, your King.



Sing to Christ in a - dor - a - tion, Sing the new song of sal - va - tion,



Hom - age to your Sav - iour bring. Sing of love be - yond your tell - ing,



Love from Jes - us' heart up - well - ing, Giv - ing all that love can give.



See him as his life is end - ing, To his chos - en friends at - tend - ing



Giv - ing all that all might live. Greet your Lord with ac - cla - ma - tion,



Sing with joy in ce - le - bra - tion Of his gift of liv - ing bread,



Let your mind with love be dwell - ing On his gift, all gifts ex - cel - ling,



Gift by which your heart is fed. See the King his table spread - ing,



See the Lamb his life - blood shed - ding, See in blood the New Law sealed.

Music of Veni Creator Spiritus

[free-scores.com](http://free-scores.com)



All is new, the old has van - ished, All is real, with sha - dows ban - ished,



What was hid - den stands re - vealed. Lis - ten, Christ's own words o - bey - ing,



Hear him now com - mand you, say - ing: "Do this in my me - mo - ry".



Gifts now of - fer, love ex - press - ing, Faith now bring, his pre - sence bless - ing,



Where no hu - man eye can see. Christ - ians, let your faith grow strong - er:



What was bread is bread no long - er, Blood is here where once was wine.



Touch and sight are here de - ceiv - ers, Mind and heart, be true bel - iev - ers:



Truth is here be - neath the sign. Bread and wine are here con - ceal - ing



What to faith God is re - veal - ing: Out - ward signs his glo - ry hide.



Bread be - comes its ve - ry Gi - ver, Wine re - demp - tion's migh - ty ri - ver,



Flow - ing from the Sav - iour's side. When we eat the bread of glad - ness,



There is here no cause for sad - ness: Christ can suf - fer pain no more.



One or ma - ny, each is giv - en Whole, en - tire, the bread of heav - en:



Mor - tal minds can but a - dore. Bad and good in e - qual meas - ure,



Find the self - same hid - den treas - ure, With un - e - qual loss and gain.



Here the good re - ceive sal - va - tion, Sin - ners earn their con - dem - na - tion:



From one table, joy or pain. When you see the host di - vi - ded,



Let your faith by this be guid - ed: Ev' - ry frag - ment Christ con - tains.



Ris - en bo - dy is not bro - ken, On - ly out - ward sign and to - ken:



Christ his liv - ing self re - mains. Praise to Jes - us, bread from heav - en,



An - gels' food to pil - grims giv - en, Seal of peace on sin for - giv - en,



God the Fa - ther's gift of love. In one per - fect im - mo - la - tion



See ful-filled for all cre - at - ion Is-aac's off'-ring, lamb's o - bla-tion, Man-na rain-ing from a-bove.



Shep-herd King, we bow be - fore you, Liv - ing bread, let all a - dore you;



Come to feed us, come poss - ess us, With your ho - ly Spir - it bless us



From your throne be - yond the skies. Jes - us, Lord, the ev - er liv - ing,



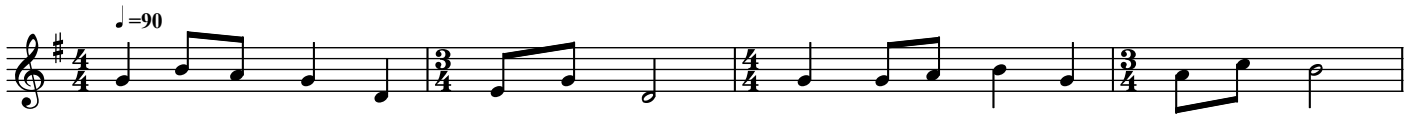
Ev - er lov - ing, all for - giv - ing, On our pil - grim jour - ney feed us,



From this heav'n-ly ban-quet lead us To our home in Pa - ra-dise. Al - le-lu-ia.

# Jesus Redeemer, from thy Heart

James Quinn, S.J.



Jes - us, Re - deem - er, from thy Heart, Wound - ed by love, all gra - ces flow.



Giv - er of all good gifts thou art: Thy gift of gifts on us be - stow. This crown - ing gift es -



- capes our sight: Faith bids us lov - ing - ly re - call How on that bless - ed pas - chal night



Giv - ing thy - self thou ga - vest all. Thou who art throned a - bove the skies,



Rul - ing the world with roy - al sway, Low - ly didst kneel in ser - vant's guise,



Wash - ing the stains of guilt a - way. Bread thou didst bless: 'Take ye and eat:



This is my Bo - dy, which is giv'n For all of you'. O words most sweet!




Hail, bless - ed Bo - dy, Bread from heav'n! Wine thou didst bless to give us cheer:



'This is the chal - ice of my Blood, Shed for you all'. O words most dear!




O bro - ken Heart! O cleans - ing flood! Praise be to thee, our Host and Guest,



Jes - us, our Bless - ed La - dy's Son, To Fa - ther and to Spir - it blest,

The first line of music consists of four measures. The first measure is in 4/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second measure is in 3/4 time. The third measure is in 4/4 time. The fourth measure is in 3/4 time. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4, C5 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4 (quarter notes).



Praise to one God while ag - es run.

The second line of music consists of four measures in 4/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4 (quarter notes); G4, A4, B4 (quarter notes).

# Peace, my own peace

James Quinn, S.J.



Peace, my own peace, is the gift I leave with you; Peace I be-queath as my part-ing gift of love;



Mine is the peace that the world can-not give; This is the peace that I give, and I a-lone.



I am the vine that my Fa-ther tends with care; Each branch he prunes that the



vine may bear more fruit; Sev-ered from me, you will wi-ther and die; One with the vine, you will



bear a-bun-dant fruit. You I have loved as my Fa-ther loves his Son; Love as I love, for I



do my Fa-ther's will; Do as I do, that my joy may be yours; This is my will, that you



love as I have loved.

# I am the Word

James Quinn, S.J.

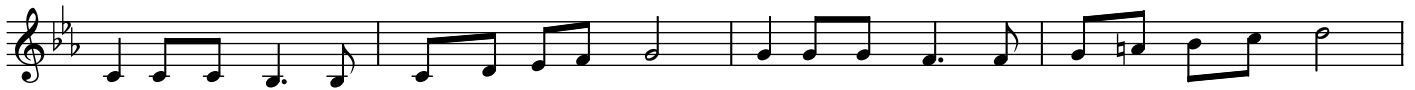
♩=80



I am the Word that spoke and light was made; I am the seed that died to be re-born;



I am the bread that comes from heav'n a-bove; I am the vine that fills your cup with joy.



I am the way that leads the ex-ile home; I am the truth that sets the cap-tive free;



I am the life that rais-es up the dead; I am your peace, true peace my gift to you.



I am the Lamb that takes a-way your sin; I am the gate that guards you night and day;



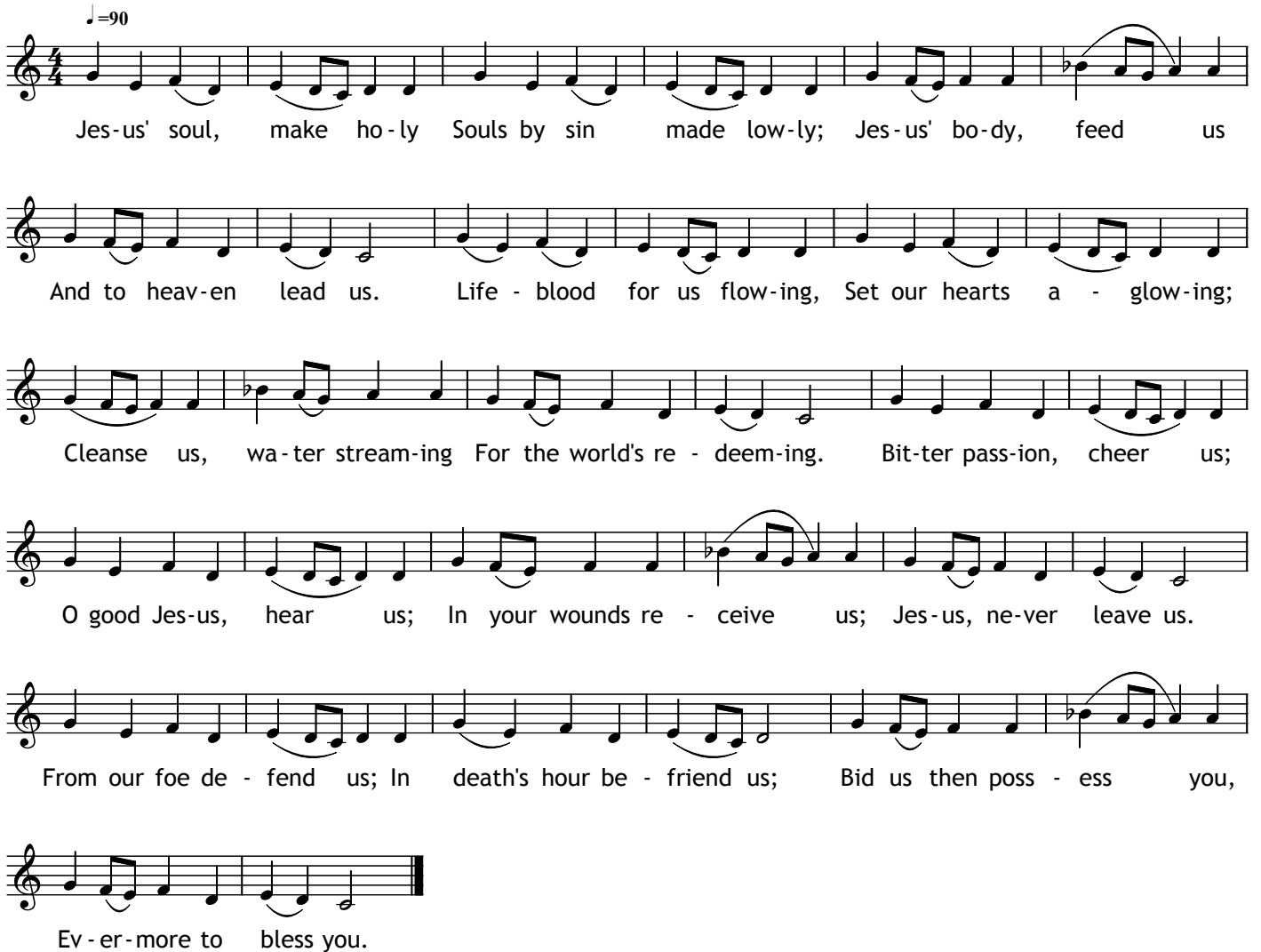
You are the flock: you know the shep-herd's voice; You are my own: your ran-som is my blood.



# Jesus' soul, make holy souls by sin made lowly

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



Jes-us' soul, make ho-ly Souls by sin made low-ly; Jes-us' bo-dy, feed us  
And to heav-en lead us. Life - blood for us flow-ing, Set our hearts a - glow-ing;  
Cleanse us, wa-ter stream-ing For the world's re - deem-ing. Bit-ter pass-ion, cheer us;  
O good Jes-us, hear us; In your wounds re - ceive us; Jes-us, ne-ver leave us.  
From our foe de - fend us; In death's hour be - friend us; Bid us then poss - ess you,  
Ev - er-more to bless you.

# Dear love of my heart

James Quinn, S.J.



Dear love of my heart, O heart of Christ, my Lord, What treasure you leave With-



- in my heart, O Guest! You come to my heart, O heart on fire with love, And



leave me your heart: O how my heart is blest! My heart can-not tell, O King of an-gel



hosts, How great was that pain You bore up-on the cross: So small is my heart, So



deep your wounds of love, So pre-cious the crown Of those you save from loss! Your



death has re-stored Your like-ness in my heart, Your cross is my shield, Your




lov-ing heart my gain! How sad is my heart When I re-call my sins! How



could I have loved What gave your heart such pain? O King of bliss All glo-ry set a-



- side, What heart could have known The pain with-in your breast? The



wound in your side Laid bare your burn - ing love, And o - pened for all The

The first line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff with a 6/8 time signature. It contains eight measures of music. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), and F4 (quarter). The lyrics are: "wound in your side Laid bare your burn - ing love, And o - pened for all The".



heart where all find rest!

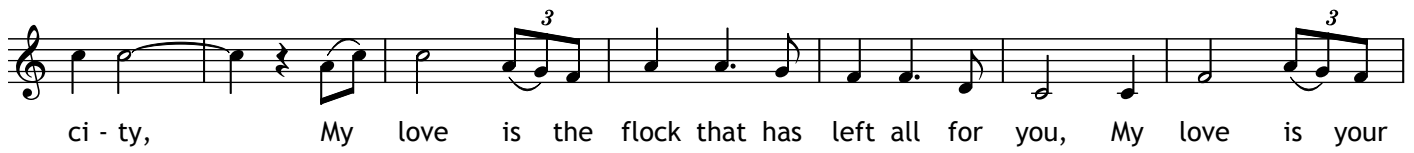
The second line of musical notation is on a treble clef staff. It contains four measures of music. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), and C5 (quarter). The lyrics are: "heart where all find rest!".

# My Love is my God

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$

My love is my God, my life is my Lord, My light is the Lord of mer-cy;  
My true love is Christ, my de-light is his heart, The heart of the King of  
glo-ry. Your love is my love, your ways are my joy, Your glo-ry and  
grace my glad-ness; Dear heart of my heart, I have left you by sin: A  
sin-ner, I kneel be-fore you. Your word is my love, to serve you my  
joy, Your Mo-ther the star that guides me, The Queen of the an-gels, of  
all saints a-bove, The Queen of the twelve a-pos-tles. In glo-ry she  
reigns, whose soul was once pierced, The Queen of your cross and crown-ing; As  
Queen of your love, at the hour when I die May she be my shield and shel-ter.  
My love is the choir that fills heav'n with song, My love is your song - filled



# O white robed king of glory

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$

O white robed King of glo - ry, You come to seek your own; With an-gel hosts a-  
- round you, You claim your al-tar throne. One hun-dred thou-sand wel - comes  
We give you, God most high; With lov-ing hearts we greet you, High King of  
earth and sky. You come your-self to bring us The hope of Pa-ra-dise;  
You come to lead us with you To joy be - yond the skies. You come in hid-den  
glo - ry Who yet will come a-gain In ma-jes-ty and splen-dour To be our  
great A-men. O king of kings, in won - der We wait for that bless'd morn,  
New spring-time of cre - a - tion, When all shall be re-born. Then by your word al-  
- migh-ty The prom-ised heav'n and earth In glo-ry and in glad-ness At last shall  
come to birth.

# Jesus in death

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



Jes-us in death you shed your blood That each of us might live; Now



as our liv - ing Bread from heav'n Your lov - ing self you give.



Jes-us, we see you pres - ent here By faith and not by sight; Love



bids you wel - come, liv - ing Bread, In whom is all de - light.



Jes-us, you give your ve - ry all, True Bread from heav'n a - bove; You



are the gi - ver and the gift, The sign, the source, of love.



How can we thank you, lov - ing Lord, Who died to save man - kind? Take



what we have, take all we are, Our heart, our strength, our mind.



These are the gifts we now res - tore To you, our Lord and King; Since



you have shared your all with us To you our all we bring.

# Christ was of old, yet Christ is of today

James Quinn, S.J.



Christ was of old, yet Christ is of to - day: Time - less he lives in



ev - er - last - ing day. He is the Lord on whom all things de - pend,



Their one Be - gin - ning and their on - ly End. Christ is the Al - pha,



Fount of all that is, The End, the O-me-ga, for all is his. He rules all time, each



age and ev' - ry hour; To him be - long e - ter - nal praise and pow'r.



Christ by his glo - r'ous wounds in safe - ty keep His lit - tle flock, true



Shep - herd of his sheep. May he, who rose to glo - ry from death's night,



Shine on our hearts and minds with Eas - ter light.



# Now to the throne of God

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$

Now to the throne of God in ex-ul-ta-tion, High heav-en's hosts, your  
proud Hos-an-nas sing! Sound in the height the trum-pet of sal-va-tion, Wak-ing the day to  
greet its Lord and King! Now let the earth be filled with songs of glad-ness: Christ is our Dawn, and  
ban-ished is our night! Now let all tongues ac-claim the King of ag-es, Ris-ing as Lord of  
ev-er-last-ing light! Sing in your joy, O ho-ly Church, our Mo-ther: Dark-est of nights be-  
comes your day of days! Now, in the dawn of ne-ver end-ing glo-ry, Bring to your Lord the  
hom-age of your praise! Bless with your love this feast of light, O Fa-ther! Shine on the world, O  
world's true Light, God's Son! Touch with your fire, O God the Ho-ly Spir-it,  
Tongues to pro-claim the tri-umph Christ has won!

# Light of undying glory

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



Light of un - dy - ing glo - ry, shine, Warm-ing our hearts with  
love div - ine; Come from the gra - cious Fa - ther's side, Bathe us in  
joy this ev - en - tide. Lord Jes - us Christ, your Spir - it's breath Re -  
stores the world from sin and death; Giv - er of life and Lord of  
grace, Show us the splen - dour of your face. West - ward the sun is  
lost to sight, The star of ev' - ning marks the night; Be, Lord, the  
lamp that sheds the glow Of heav - en's ra - di - ance here be - low. All  
ho - ly Fa - ther, on - ly Son, Spi - rit of love, for ev - er  
one, Let all the world its voice now raise To sing your ev - er -  
last - ing praise.

# God all holy

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



God all ho - ly foun-tain of life, King of the ag - es, Lord of all,  
God of com - pas - sion, God of grace, Lov - ing Fa - ther, gaze on your Son.  
Word and Wis - dom, light of the world, Priest of cre - a - tion, liv - ing  
Bread, First-born in glo - ry, Lamb of God, Son of Ma - ry,  
grant us your peace. Ho - ly Spir - it, fire of God's love, Prom - ise of  
heav - en, gift of God, Com - fort in sor - row, dove of peace, Joy un -  
- end - ing, dwell in our hearts. Sing, cre - a - tion, sing to the Lord:  
Glo - ry and hon - our be to God, One in three Per - sons, one in love,  
Now and al - ways, world with - out end.

# Our Heavenly Father

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



Our heav'-nly Fa-ther, may your name In ev'-ry heart be bless'd and praised;  
To sing your good-ness, ho-ly God, Let ev'-ry voice be raised. In glo-ry may your  
King-dom come, When per-fect love to you is giv'n; May all on earth o-  
bey your will As an-gels in high heav'n. Give us to-day the food we need,  
The Bread of life from heav'n a-bove; You are the Fa-ther of the poor, Show us a  
Fa-ther's love. For-give our sins as we for-give All those who do us a-ny wrong;  
Be with us when our flesh is weak, By grace make weak-ness strong. From ev'-ry ev-il  
keep us safe, From ev'-ry dan-ger, ev'-ry fear; Drive far a-way the ev-il One:  
Hear us, our Fa-ther dear.

# Jesus, Lord of glory

James Quinn, S.J.

$\text{♩} = 90$



Jes-us, Lord of glo-ry, clothed in hea-ven's light, Here I bow be-fore you, hid-den from my  
sight. King to whom my bo-dy, mind and heart be - long, Mind and heart here  
fal-ter, Love so deep, so strong. Here dis-trust, my spi-rit, eye and tongue and hand,  
Trust faith's ear and lis-ten, hear and un - der - stand. Hear the voice of Wis-dom, speak - ing  
now to you; When God's Word has spo-ken, what can be more true? Once you hid your  
glo-ry, Jes-us cru - ci - fied, Now you hide your bo-dy, Jes-us glo - ri - fied. When you  
come in judg-ment, plain for all to see, God and man in splen-dour, Lord, rem-  
- em - ber me. Once you showed to Thom-as wound-ed hands and side, Here I kneel a-  
- dor-ing, faith a - lone my guide. Help me grow in faith, Lord, grow in hope and love,  
Liv-ing by your Spir-it, gift of God a - bove. Here I see you dy-ing, Jes-us, vic - tim  
priest, Here I know your ris-ing, host and guest and feast. Let me taste your  
good-ness, man-na from the skies, Feed me, heal me, save me, food of Pa - ra - dise.

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Heart of Jes-us, brok-en, pier-ced and o - pened wide, Wash me in the wa-ter flow-ing  
 from your side. Jes-us' blood, so pre-cious that one drop could free All the world from  
 ev-il, come and ran - som me. How I long to see you, Jes-us, face to face,  
 How my heart is thirst-ing, liv-ing spring of grace. Show me soon your glo-ry, be my great re-  
 - ward, Be my joy for ev-er, Jes-us gra - cious Lord.

# Christ the King

James Quinn, S.J.



Christ the King, en - throned in splen - dour, Comes from heav'n to be our priest!



One with him as priest and vic-tim, One in love, we share his feast! Praise him in high



heav'n a-bove! Praise him in this feast of love! Light here scat-ters all our dark-ness!



Life here tri-umphs ov - er death! Come, re-ceive from Christ in gl-ory God the Spir-it's



liv - ing breath! Praise Christ for his vic-t'ry won! Praise the Fa - ther's first-born Son!



Heav'n is here! The gra-cious Fa-ther Gives to us his on - ly Son! Here is sent the lov-ing Spi-rit,



Mak-ing all in Christ but one! Praise the Fa - ther, praise the Son, Praise the Spir-it,



God-head one!