

"Thou art clement, thou art chaste, Mary, thou art fair; Of all mothers sweetest, best, None with thee compare" Today, 3 April, is Mothering Sunday. May the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, pray for our dear mothers.

On the Sacred Heart of Jesus 15 I dwell a captive in this heart 6. To the Instruments of the Passion of Jesus 19
O ruthless scourges, with what pain you tear. To Jesus in the Tabernacle 20 O flowers, O happy flowers. For
Holy Communion 23 My soul, what dost thou! Visit to Jesus on the Altar 27 When the loving Shepherd. Mary
our Hope 31 Mary, thou art Hope the brightest. Virgin of virgins 33 Of all virgins thou art fairest. Aspirations
to Mary 35 Knowest thou, sweet Mary. Our Mother Mary 36 Thou art clement, thou art chaste. On the
Loveliness of Mary 41 Raise your voices, vales and mountains. The Mother of Sorrows 46 O ye who pass
along the way. The Death of Mary 49 Uplift the voice and sing. The Assumption of Mary 52 Fly, my soul,
with Mary fly! Invocation of the Blessed Virgin 54 Haste, my Mother, run to help me. On the Tomb of
Alexander the Great 56 Behold the end of all the pomp of earth. Eternal Maxims 57 Why serve the world, thy
enemy? Act of Contrition 62 I have offended Thee, my God. Invitation to Solitude 63 Fly hither, from the
storm that rages round. To the Holy Ghost. The Soul all for God 64 Begone, ye vain hopes. The Soul gives
itself to Jesus 66 World, thou art no more for me. On the Love which Jesus bears to the Soul 70 Oh! Hymn to
God the Creator 73 Why didst Thou not create my soul. The Soul sighing for God 74 This heart of mine is
sighing. The Soul sighing for Heaven 76 Oh! I am dying of desire. The Soul enamoured of the Beauty of God
78 Let those who will for other beauties pine. The Life of a Spouse 80 To love is the only true life of a Spouse.
Aspirations to Jesus 86 Jesus, my sweetest Lord! Dialogue between Jesus and the loving Soul 88 Open to me,
my sister. The Soul inebriated with Divine Love Oh! The loving Soul in Desolation O dark and solitary grove.
In honour of St. Teresa Ye angels, most inflamed. On the Words of St. Aloysius Poor heart, what art thou
doing? The subjoined hymns are inserted among the poetry of St. Alphonso in both the Turin and Monza
editions of his works, but were not composed by the Saint. On the Sacred Heart of Jesus Anonym. On the
Love of God Mgr. Falcoja O God of loveliness! Mary our Mother Mgr. To Mary assumed into Heaven Mgr.
Majello Mary, thy heart for love. The sacred poetry of St.

Chapter 2 : O Mother Blest (Memorare) | theinnatdunvilla.com

1. *O Mother blest, whom God bestows on sinners and on just, what joy, what hope thou givest those who in thy mercy trust. Thou art clement, thou art chaste.*

Agatha of the Goths in , and died Aug. His hymns were gathered out of his works, translated by K. See Italian Hymnody, p. From this, "My Jesus! We have lately found the Canzoncine Spirituali. Coffin was merely the editor of the vol. Majello, but Father Vaughan now informs us that he thinks they were probably by St. Some of the translations appeared previously in Hymns for the Confraternity of the Holy Family, , and in Holy Family Hymns, Dal tuo celeste trono. Translated as "Look down, O Mother Mary. Fiori, felici voi, che notte, e giorno. Translations 1 "O happy "flowers! Faber, in Oratory Hymns, , No. Gesu mio, con dure funi. Translated as "My Jesus! Giacche tu vuoi chiamarmi padre. Joseph to the Infant Jesus. Translated as "Uplift the voice and sing. Mondo, piu per me non sei. Translated as "World, thou art no more for me. Translated as "O God of loveliness. Sei pura, sei pia. Translated as "Thou art clement, thou art chaste. Sto prigionero entro quel Core. Translated as "I dwell a captive in this Heart," , p. Tu scendi dalle stelle, O Re del cielo. Translated as "O, King of Heaven! The following are all in and in Hymns for the Year, Fly hither from the storm that rages round. In this sweet Sacrament, to Thee. Knowest thou, sweet Mary. Let those who will for other beauties pine. The Beauty of God. Mary, thy heart for love. Mother Mary, Queen most sweet. My God, O Goodness Infinite. In indexed under the chorus "Jesus, my sweetest Lord. My soul, what dost thou? O Bread of Heaven! O how I love Thee, Lord of Heaven above. Raise your voices, vales and mountains. The will of God.

Chapter 3 : The prayer Our Mother Mary

Back to the Home Page Back to the Prayers Index THE PRAYER OUR MOTHER, MARY. Thou art clement, thou art chaste, Mary, thou art fair; Of all mothers sweetest, best.

For Thou art more glorious than the sun, fairer than the moon, more radiant than the dawn, more brilliant than the stars. Thou art sweeter than all sweetness, more tender than all affection, more exquisite than all dainties, beloved above all love. Thou alone art great and to be praised, Thou alone art sweet and to be loved, Thou alone art fair and pleasant, Thou alone beautiful and full of delight, Thou alone hast no counterpart or equal in Heaven or in earth. Wherefore, in token of my love, I offer Thee this wreath of gems, and present it to Thee on the golden Altar of thy Divine Heart, in union with that unceasing melody of praise wherewith the whole company of Heaven worships Thee. And since this my meagre, barren praise is altogether unworthy of Thee, O true Love of my heart, do Thou Thyself perform the stately solemnity of Thy praise; and together with Thee let all the ranks of Heaven rejoice and sing aloud for that greatest, sweetest blessing, that Thou art my God, and that Thou dost condescend to be acknowledged, and loved, and praised by me, the refuse and offscouring of Thy creatures, Amen. Gertrude during an unusually abundant influx of grace and light. Our Lord said to her: Whoever repeats this prayer shall receive the grace to know Me more intimately, and shall receive into his soul the splendour of My Divinity, even as he who holds up to the sun a mirror of pure gold collects therein the dazzling effulgence of its rays. O THOU most excelling King of kings, Prince of glory, my loving Jesus, Thou art the life of my soul; may all the affection of my heart be inflamed with the ardour of Thy love, and for ever united to Thee. May it sink back baffled and exhausted when it would love aught but what tends to Thee alone; for Thou art the brilliance of all colour, the savour of all dainties, the fragrance of all odours, the charm of all melody, the soothing repose of all love. O Thou overflowing abyss of Divinity, in Thee is pleasure most enrapturing, from Thee ever-gushing streams of plenty spread around, towards Thee a gentle force irresistibly attracts, through Thee our souls are inundated with thrilling gladness. O King of kings most worthy, sovereign Lord of all, Prince most glorious, most clement Ruler, Thou most mighty Protector; Thou art the vivifying germ of human dignity, O most wonderful in Thy working, gentlest of Teachers, Wisest in counsel, most kind and effectual Helper, Friend faithful unto death. No union is so intimate, so beatific, as Thine, O Thou transporting, soothing Lover of souls, most tender and chaste Spouse of Thy chosen. Thou art the spring Flower of noble gracefulness, O my brother most fair, ruddy, and comely in Thy youth, most winning companion, Host most munificent in Thy provision; I choose Thee in preference to all creatures, for Thy sake I renounce all pleasure, for Thee I run with joy to meet all adversity, and in all I do I seek no other praise than Thine. I acknowledge with heart and mouth that Thou art the root from which these and all good things spring. With the energy of Thy fervour I unite my intention to that of Thy most availing prayer, that in virtue of this Divine union every movement of rebellion may be quelled and crushed within me, and that I may be led by Thee to the summit. O most clement Jesus, I implore Thee, by that Thy Precious Blood which Thou hast shed for sinners, that Thou wouldst wash away all my iniquities, and look down upon me, wretched and unworthy, humbly seeking Thy forgiveness and invoking this holy Name of Jesus. O Name of Jesus, name of sweetness! Name of Jesus, name most full of delight! Name of Jesus, name most lovely! For what is Jesus but Saviour? Suffer me not to be lost, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. O good Jesus, let not mine iniquity destroy me, the work of Thine almighty goodness. O Jesus most benignant, have mercy on me in this day of mercy, that Thou condemn me not in the day of judgment. O most compassionate Jesus, if Thy stern justice incline to condemn me, I make my appeal and my refuge in Thy most pitiful mercy. O Jesus, the salvation of those who believe in Thee; O Jesus, the trust of those who flee for refuge unto Thee; O Jesus, the sweetness of those who love Thee; grant that I may love Thee, and cleave faithfully to Thee, and after this most miserable life come to Thee in peace. Speak Thou for me, supply Thou for me; for I confess unto Thee all my sins. By the sinless tears of Thy most glorious eyes, wash away all the stains of my sinful eyes. By the gentle pity of Thy blessed ears, wash away all the iniquities of my sinful ears. By the thrilling energy of the sweet words of Thy blessed lips, wash away all the offences of my polluted lips. By the perfection of Thine

actions and by the wounds in Thy hands, wash away all the offences of my impious hands. By the aching weariness of Thy blessed feet, and by the cruel holes of the nails, wash away all the defilement of my sinful feet. By the pure intention of Thy most holy thoughts, and by the glowing love of Thy pierced Heart, wash away all the guiltiness of my evil thoughts and of my wicked heart. By the matchless innocence of Thy life, and by Thine unspotted holiness, destroy all the foulness of my corrupt life. By the priceless fountain of Thy most Precious Blood, wash away, cleanse and efface every defilement of my heart and soul, that by Thy most holy merits I may be found clean from sin, and be henceforward enabled to keep all Thy commandments perfectly and spotlessly.

Chapter 4 : O MOTHER BLEST, WHOM GOD BESTOWS, A TRADITIONAL CHRISTIAN HYMN

Thou art clement, thou art chaste, Mary, thou art fair; of all mothers sweetest, best; none with thee compare. O mother pitiful and mild, cease not to pray for me; for I do love thee as a child, and sigh for love of thee.

O thou who art made priest after thy master, the illustrious after the excellent, the chaste after the grave, the watchful after the abstinent, thy master from thee has not departed; in the living we see the deceased: The fruit wherein its tree is painted, bears witness concerning the root. Hitherto there has not failed us, the savour of his sweetness. His words thou showest forth in bodily act, for thou hast fulfilled them in deed. In thy conversation is painted his doctrine, in thy conduct his exposition, in thy fulfilment his interpretation. The last pastor who was exalted, and became head unto the members, the younger who obtained the birthright, not for price like Jacob, not in jealousy like Aaron, whose brethren the Levites envied him, but by love obtained he it like Moses, though he was older than Aaron. In thee thy brethren rejoiced as in him. There is no envy or jealousy, among the members of the body; for in love they give ear unto him, with tenderness they are visited by him. A watch tower is the head unto the members, for on every side he looks forth. Exalted is he yet meek in his graciousness, even to the feet he humbleth himself, that he may turn away harm from them. A small thing verily had this been, if by an old man apostasy were overcome. Old age in its prudence submitted; youth in its season conquered; for a youthful combatant endured, the hateful conflict waged, by force that was full of apostacy, which like smoke waxed and passed: The voice of the cornet on a sudden amazed and called Thee to battle. Thou wentest up like a new David, by Thee was subdued a second Goliath. Thou wast not untried in combat, for a secret warfare day by day, Thou art waging against the Evil One. Exercise in secret is wont to attain the crown openly. In face of trial Job trained his body and his mind, and in temptation he was victorious. And Joseph conquered in the chamber; Ananias and his company in the furnace, and in the midst of the den Daniel. Satan did foolishly, when in tempting, he confirmed their victory openly. And the husbandman who apostatized and was urgent, to sow thorns with his left hand; zealous against him was the righteous husbandman, stopped and cut off his left hand. He filled His own right hand and sowed in the heart the words of life; and lo! By Thee may our souls be tilled! And if so be Thy words are too little, till Thou our land with deeds, that amid much tillage, stock and root may be strengthened. Better is a goodly deed, than the hearing of ten thousand words. Thy seed shall yield an hundredfold, and the after crop sixtyfold, yea that which grows of itself thirtyfold. That light should be darkened it is not meet, that salt should lose its savour it is not right; defilement for the head is not seemly, nor yet foulness for the mirror. Nor if medicines have lost their savour sicknesses also are not cured; and if so be the torch is quenched, the stumbling also are many. Thy light shall chase away our darkness. Appoint for thee scribes and judges, exactors also and dispensers, overseers also and officers: That he should purge his mind, and cleanse also his tongue; that he should purify his hands, and make his whole body to shine; this is too little for the priest and his title, who offers the Living Body. Let him cleanse all himself at all hours; for he stands as mediator, between God and mankind.

Chapter 5 : O mother blest whom God bestows - eHymnBook

Thou art clement, thou art chaste, Mary, thou art fair; Of all mothers sweetest, best, none with thee compare. O Mother blest! whom God bestows on, sinners and on just, What joy, what hope, thou givest those who in thy mercy trust!

Chapter 6 : Baha'i Prayers and Meditations: Humanity – Forgiveness; Spiritual Transformation

Lyrics O Mother blest! whom God bestows On, sinners and on just, What joy, what hope, thou givest those Who in thy mercy trust! Chorus: Thou art clement, thou art chaste.

Chapter 7 : PRAYERS FROM THE ST. GERTRUDE AND ST. MECHTILDE PRAYER BOOK

DOWNLOAD PDF THOU ART CLEMENT, THOU ART CHASTE.

O Mother blest, whom God bestows On sinners and on just, What joy, what hope thou givest those Who in thy mercy trust. Thou art clement, thou art chaste.

Chapter 8 : ACCLAMATIONS TO MARY

Thou art clement, thou art chaste. Mary, the Mother of Mercy 37 thou art no more for me. Scanner Internet Archive HTML5 Uploader

Chapter 9 : "Be thou chaste as ice" | WordReference Forums

THOU art clement, thou art chaste, O Mother blest! whom God bestows On, sinners and on just, What joy, what hope, thou givest those Thou art clement, etc.