



Church of St. Mary the Virgin

139 West 46th Street



Opening Services 25th Anniversary



Feast of the Conception

Blessed Virgin Mary

Sunday December 8th 1895 and Octave



## Procession.

## Hymns 215 and 396.

**T**HE Church's one foundation  
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the Word;  
From Heav'n He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth,  
One Holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one Holy Food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With GOD the THREE in ONE,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won:  
O happy ones and holy!  
LORD, give us grace that we,  
Like them the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee. AMEN.

**B**LESSED City, heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who of living stones art builded  
In the height of Heav'n above,  
And, with Angel hosts encircled,  
As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,  
Bridal glory round thee shed,  
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
To thy LORD shalt thou be led;  
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls do soar,  
Who for CHRIST's dear name in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polish'd well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heavenly Architect,  
Who therewith hath will'd for ever  
That His Palace should be deck'd.

Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore opprest,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest,  
Yet Saints their watch are keeping  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil, and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

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 away.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the Blessèd 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,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. AMEN.



# Solemn High Mass

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Mass No. 3. - - - - - "THE IMPERIAL," - - - - - *Haydn*

## Gloria in Excelsis and Kyrie Eleison.

Sequence, - - - - - "RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT." - - - - - *Lovoff*

**R**ISE, crowned with light, Imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes!  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crouching ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.

## Credo.

### Sermon by the Reverend Arthur Ritchie,

RECTOR OF ST. IGNATIUS CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Offertory Anthem - - - - - FROM PSALM 24th - - - - - *Geo. B. Prentice*  
COMPOSED FOR THIS OCCASION.

**W**HO shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord: or  
who shall rise up in His holy place?  
Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure  
heart; and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor  
sworn to deceive his neighbour.  
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord; and  
righteousness from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye  
everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory? It is the Lord strong  
and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.  
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye  
everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in.  
Who is this King of glory? Even the Lord of Hosts,  
He is the King of glory.

## Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei.

Post Communion Hymn No. 545. - - - - - *Haydn*

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He Whose word cannot be broken  
Form'd thee for His own abode.  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;  
Grace, which like the LORD the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

Hymn No. 228. - - - - - *Ewing*

**J**ERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppress.  
I know not, oh, I know not  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

There is the throne of David  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast;  
And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an Angel,  
And all the Martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the blessèd  
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country  
That eager hearts expect!  
JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with GOD the FATHER  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest. AMEN.

Postlude, - - - - - "TRIUMPHAL MARCH," - - - - - *Reinecke*



# Solemn Vespers

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Prelude - - - - - FROM SYMPHONY No. 9 - - - - - Haydn

Hymn No. 395. - - - - - Balfe

**O** WORD of God above,  
Who fillest all in all,  
Hallow this house with Thy awe in  
And bless our Festival.

Here from the font is pour'd  
Grace on each sinful child;  
The blest anointing of the LORD  
Brightens the once defiled.

Here CHRIST to faithful hearts,  
His body gives for food;  
The LAMB of GOD himself imparts  
The Chalice of His blood.

Here guilty souls that pine  
May health and pardon win;  
The Judge acquits, and Grace Divine  
Restores the dead in sin.

Yea, GOD enthroned on high  
Here also dwells to bless;  
Here trains adoring souls that sigh  
His mansions to possess,

Against this holy home  
Rude tempests harmless beat,  
And Satan's angels fiercely come  
But to endure defeat.

All might, all praise be Thine,  
FATHER, Co-equal SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run. AMEN.

Psalm 84, 122, 131, - - - - - TWELFTH SELECTION - - - - - Prentice

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. - - - - - Lambillotte

Vesper Hymn: No. 396 Part 2D. (See Morning Service.) - - - - - Haydn

Anthem, - - - - - "HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS" - - - - - Spohr

**H**OW lovely are Thy dwellings fair  
O Lord of Host, how dear, how dear,  
The pleasant tabernacles are  
Where Thou dost dwell so near.

My soul doth long and almost die,  
Thy Courts, O Lord, to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud doth cry,  
O living God, for Thee, for Thee.

Hymn No. 455.

**J**ESU, the Virgins' Crown, do thou  
Accept us as in prayer we bow,  
Born of that Virgin whom alone  
The Mother and the Maid we own.

Hymn No. 240.

**P**LEASANT are Thy Courts above  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe:  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy Saints,  
For the brightness of Thy Face,  
For Thy fulness, GOD of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy Altars, O most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly FATHER'S breast;  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

There ev'n a sparrow freed from wrong  
Hath found a house of rest,  
The swallow there, to lay her young  
Hath built her brooding nest.

Ev'n by Thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
They find their safe abode  
And home they fly from round the coasts  
Toward Thee, my King, my God.

Concone

Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,  
And thither choirs of Virgins lead,  
Adorning all Thy chosen brides  
With glorious gifts Thy love provides.

Herold

Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

LORD, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, O shower them, LORD, on me. AMEN.

Postlude, - - - - - MARCH FROM "QUEEN OF SHEBA" - - - - - Gounod