1-1-1917

Chaminade our Sainted Founder

Albert L. Hollinger S.M.

Robert Holzmer S.M.
Chaminade Our Sainted Founder

Verses

1. Hark! the sound of many voices
2. Thus to-day from every quarter

Rising in exultant song, swells the chorus loud, un
Mar-y's children gather near, 'Neath the banner of their
ending, which the echoing strains prolong. 'Tis a
Mother, Cham'-nade's memory to revere. And their

hymn of praise and prayer to our Founder, Father,
praises but echo Mar-y's hymn of long a

Friend. Praise of virtues great, heroic, prayer that
go: "'Tis the lowly He ex-alt-eth, And the

he____ his____ blessing send.
proud____ He____ lay-eth low."

Words by: Albert L. Hollinger, S.M., 1917
Music by: Robert Holzmer, S.M., 1949
Chaminade Our Sainted Founder

Chorus

Chaminade our sainted Founder
We thy children tribute bring
Of a loyal true devotion
To thy memory this day.
In thy home above in heaven
Where in glory thou dost reign
Thou for us with Mary pleading
Richest blessings wilt obtain.
CHAMINADE, OUR SAINTED FOUNDER

1. Hark! the sound of many voices
Rising in exultant song,
Swells the chorus loud, unending,
Which the echoing strains prolong.
'Tis a hymn of praise and prayer
To our Founder, Father, Friend,
Praise of virtue, great, heroic,
Prayer that he his blessing send.

Chorus Chaminade, our sainted Founder!
We, thy children, tribute pay
Of a loyal, true devotion
To thy memory this day.
In thy home above in heaven,
Where in glory thou dost reign,
Thou for us with Mary pleading
Richest blessings wilt obtain.

2. Thus today from every quarter
Mary's children gather near,
'Neath the banner of their Mother,
Cham'nade's mem'ry to revere.
And their praises but re-echo
Mary's hymn of long ago:
'Tis the lowly He exalteth
And the proud He layeth low.