Chaminade Centenary Hymn
Michael J. Lurz and Albert L. Hollinger -- 1917

Verses

1. Hark! the sound of many voices, Rising in ex-
   ultant song; Swells the chorus loud un-ending,
   which the echoing strains prolong. 'Tis a hymn of
   praise and prayer;
   Praise of virtues great, heroic, pray'rt that he his blessings send.
   They're the living last-ing re-cord Graven on the souls of men.
   Plan-ning for a world's soul con-qu'est With our Lady's might y aid.
   Wage the war 'gainst ir-re-li-gion And the igno-

2. We in-dite on blazoned parch-ment Valour-ous deeds of
   king and sage; Vic-to ries won or na-tions con-
   bound-ed, true, With a love, real all em-bracing,
   The re-ward of ar-duous toil, While that lit-tle
   God's own her-o es Are not writ by hu-
   first a-pos-tles, Follow-ing out their Mas-
   band of her-o es, Now in-creased a hun-
   but re-ech-o Mary's hymn of long a-go;
   They're the living last-ing re-cord Graven on the souls of men.
   Plan-ning for a world's soul con-qu'est With our Lady's might y aid.
   Wage the war 'gainst ir-re-li-gion And the igno-

3. There in far off Sa-ra-gos-sa More than hun-
   years a-go, Where our La-dy of the Pil-

4. With a faith sub lume, un-sha-ken, With a hope un-

5. And the seeds of heav'n-ly wis-dom Fall-ing on a
   ga-ther near, 'Neath the ban-ner of their Mo-

6. Thus to-day from ev'-ry quar-t er Mary's child-
   which the e-choing strains pro-long. 'Tis a hymn of
   God's own her-o es Are not writ by hu-
   first a-pos-tles, Follow-ing out their Mas-
   band of her-o es, Now in-creased a hun-
   but re-ech-o Mary's hymn of long a-go;

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Chorus

Chaminade, our saintly 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.

Thou for us with Mary pleading Richest blessings wilt obtain.
Harfe, the sound of many voices,
Thus today from every quarter rising in exultant song, swells the Mass children gather near, 'neath the choirs loud unison of their Mother Which the echoing sacred sound
Strains how long. To a hymn of praise and to service. And their praises last not.
We indite on blazoned parchment
Valorous deeds of king and sage;
Victories won or nations conquered
Are inscribed on history's page.
But the deeds of God's own heroes
Are not writ by human pen;
They're the living, lasting record
Graven on the souls of men.

There in far-off Saragossa
More than hundred years ago,
Where Our Lady of the Pillar
Choicest favors doth bestow;
There before her sacred image
Kneels the saintly Chaminade,
Planning for a world's soul conquest
With Our Lady's mighty aid.

With a faith sublime, unshaken
With a hope unbounded, true,
With a love, real, all-embracing,
He his calling doth pursue.
And his chosen first apostles,
Following out their Master's plan
Wage the war 'gainst irreligion
And the ignorance of men.

And the seeds of heavenly wisdom
Falling on a fruitful soil
Bear a rich, abundant harvest
The reward of arduous toil.
While that little band of heroes
Now increased a hundredfold
Scattered far among the nations
Still that warfare wages hold.

CHAMINADE CENTENARY HYMN 1917

Music by Brother Michael J. Lurz, S.M.
Words by Brother Albert L. Hollinger, S.M.
Music and words slightly revised by Brother Robert Holzmer, S.M.