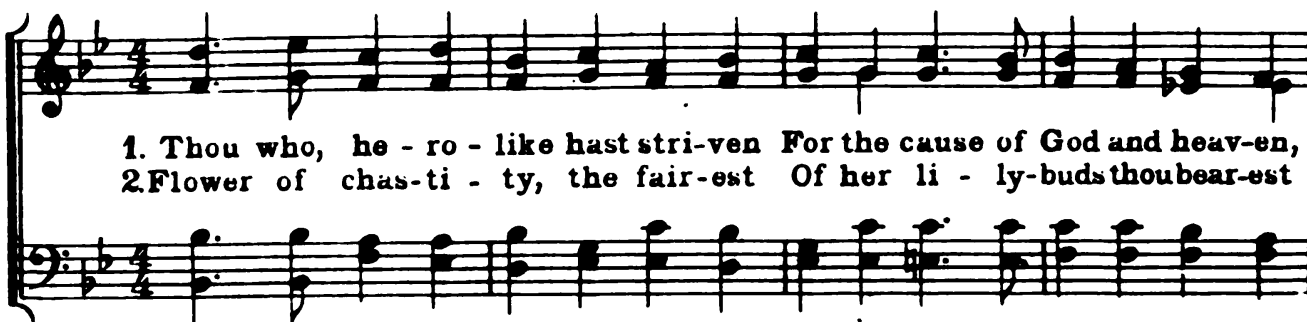


THOU, WHO HERO-LIKE, HAST STRIVEN

A. T. DRANE

Moderato (♩ = 96)


1. Thou who, he - ro - like hast stri-ven For the cause of God and heav-en,
2. Flower of chas-ti - ty, the fair-est Of her li - ly-buds thou bear-est



Dom-in - ic, whose life was giv - en Sin-ners to re-call, Saint of high and
Snow-white as the robe thou wear-est, Gift from hands di-vine. With thy brow of



daunt-less spi-rit, By thy vast un-meas-ured mer-it, By thy name which
star-ry splen-dour, With thine eyes so mild and ten-der, Ma-ry's cli - ent,



we in-her-it, Hear us when we call, hear us when we call.
truth's de-fen-der, To our pray'rs in - cline, to our pray'rs in - cline.

3.

Great Apostle, ever claiming
Souls for Jesus by the naming
Mary and her Son, proclaiming
Mysteries of faith.
Still, O Dominic, the preaching
Of those childlike beads is reaching
Childlike hearts, all sweetly teaching
Christ's own life and death,
Christ's own life and death.

4.

With those Aves, first and plainest
Of the Church's prayers, thou rainest
Blessings on the earth, and gainest
Souls whom Jesus made.
Loving father, at thy station
Of seraphic contemplation,
In each hour of dark temptation,
Give thy saving aid,
Give thy saving aid.