

HYMNS

21ST AUGUST, 2022

21st Sunday in Ordinary Time

INTROIT

Morning has broken
like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where God's feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise every morning,
God's recreation
of the new day!

OFFERTORY

Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
First-begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong defender,
Liftest up thy people's head.
Alleluya,
Jesu, true and living Bread!

Here our humblest homage pay we;
Here in loving reverence bow;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know thee now.
Alleluya,
Thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there thine angels hail thee,
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.
Alleluya,
We in worship join with them.

Paschal Lamb, thine Offering, finished
Once for all when thou wast slain,
In its fullness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain,
Alleluya,
Cleansing souls from every stain.

Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
Stricken Rock with streaming side,
Heaven and earth with loud hosanna
Worship thee, the Lamb who died,
Alleluya,
Risen, ascended, glorified!

COMMUNION

Once, only once, and once for all,
His precious life he gave;
Before the Cross in faith we fall,
And own it strong to save.

'One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and hearts we say;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite he gives
Its presence to his own.

And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till thou again appear,
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.

THE ANGELUS

℣. The Angel of the LORD brought tidings
to Mary

℞. And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

℣. Hail Mary, full of grace; the LORD is
with thee: blessed art thou amongst women,
and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

℞. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us
sinners, now and at the hour of our death,
amen.

℣. Behold the handmaid of the LORD.

℞. Be it unto me according to thy word.

Hail Mary, ...

℣. And the Word was made flesh.

℞. And dwelt among us.

Hail Mary...

℣. Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God.

℞. That we may be made worthy of the
promises of Christ.

Let us pray,

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O LORD, Thy
grace into our hearts; that as we have known
the incarnation of thy son Jesus Christ by the
message of an Angel. So by his Passion and
Cross may we be brought to glory of his
resurrection through the same Christ Our
LORD.

℞. Amen.

RECESSION

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.