

HYMNS

19TH SEPTEMBER, 2021

25th Sunday in Ordinary Time

INTROIT

Alleluya, sing to Jesus,
His the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluya, his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluya, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluya, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight
received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluya, Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluya, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluya, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluya, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

OFFERTORY

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the
Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we
praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and
silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains
high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of
goodness and love.

To all life thou givest—
to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
Then wither and perish—
but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory,
pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee,
all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render;
O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of
light hideth thee.

COMMUNION

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the
King of creation;
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy
health and salvation:
Come ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so
wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so
gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
All that is needful hath been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy
work, and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily
attend thee;
Ponder anew
All the Almighty can do,
He who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests
their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around
thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease,
Turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

Praise to the Lord, who when darkness of
sin is abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all
virtue confounding,
Sheddeth his light,
Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with his mercy surrounding.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me
adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now
with praises before him!
Let the Amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for ay we adore him.

THE ANGELUS

Ÿ. The Angel of the LORD brought tidings
to Mary
R̄. 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.

Ÿ. Behold the handmaid of the LORD.
R̄. Be it done unto me according to thy word.

Hail Mary, ...

Ÿ. And the Word was made flesh.
R̄. And dwelt among us.

Hail Mary...

Ÿ. Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God.
R̄. 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.

R̄. Amen.

RECESSION

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight.
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.