

HYMNS

20TH FEBRUARY, 2022

7th Sunday in Ordinary Time

INTROIT

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
o'er the world's tempestuous sea;
guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us
for we have no help but thee;
yet possessing every blessing,
if our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
all our weakness thou dost know;
thou didst tread this earth before us,
thou didst feel its keenest woe;
self denying, death defying,
thou to Calvary didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
love with every passion blending,
pleasure that can never cloy:
thus provided, pardoned, guided,
nothing can our peace destroy.

GOSPEL

Who can measure heaven and earth?
God was present at their birth;
who can number seeds or sands?
every grain is in his hands:
through creation's countless days
every dawn sings out his praise.

Who can tell what wisdom brings,
first of all created things?
One alone is truly wise,
hidden from our earthbound eyes:
knowledge lies in him alone-
God, the Lord upon his throne!

Wisdom in his plans he laid,
planted her in all he made;
granted her to humankind,
sowed her truth in every mind:
but with richest wisdom blessed
those who love him first and best.

Wisdom gives the surest wealth,
brings her children life and health;
teaches us to fear the Lord,
marks a universe restored:
heaven and earth she will outlast-
happy those who hold her fast!

OFFERTORY

Above the moon earth rises,
a sunlit, mossy stone,
a garden that God prizes
where life has richly grown,
an emerald selected
for us to guard with care,
an isle in space protected
by one thin reef of air.

The mossy stone is grieving,
its tears are bitter rain,
the garden is unleaving
and all its harvests wane,
the emerald is clouded,
its lustre dims and fades,
the isle of life is shrouded
in thick and stagnant haze.

O listen to the sighing
of water, sky and land,
and hear the Spirit crying,
the future is at hand:
the moss and garden thinning
portend a death or birth,
the end or new beginning
for all that lives on earth.

A death if hearts now harden,
a birth if we repent
and tend and keep the garden
as God has always meant:
to sow without abusing
the soil where life is grown,
to reap without our bruising
this sunlit mossy stone.

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 and Angel. So by his Passion and
Cross may we be brought to glory of his
resurrection through the same Christ Our
LORD.

℞. Amen.

RECESSION

Thou whose almighty word
chaos and darkness heard,
and took their flight;
hear us, we humbly pray,
and where the Gospel-day
sheds not its glorious ray,
let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
on thy redeeming wing
healing and sight,
health to the sick in mind,
sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
life-giving, holy Dove,
speed forth thy flight;
move o'er the water's face,
bearing the lamp of grace,
and in earth's darkest place
let there be light.

Blessed and holy Three,
glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
boundless as ocean's tide
rolling in fullest pride,
through the world far and wide
let there be light.