

HYMNS

6TH FEBRUARY, 2022

5th Sunday in Ordinary Time

INTROIT

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung;
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their
worst,
and Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live and sing to thee,
Alleluia!

GOSPEL

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
beside the Syrian sea
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word
rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind and
fire,
O still small voice of calm.

OFFERTORY

Lord, the light of Your love is shining,
in the midst of the darkness, shining:
Jesus, Light of the world, shine upon us;
set us free by the truth You now bring us -
shine on me, shine on me.

Chorus
Shine, Jesus, shine,
fill this land with the Father's glory;
blaze, Spirit, blaze,
set our hearts on fire.
Flow, river, flow,
flood the nations with grace and mercy;
send forth Your word,
Lord, and let there be light!

Lord, I come to Your awesome presence,
from the shadows into Your radiance;
by the blood I may enter Your brightness:
set us free by the truth You now bring us
shine on me, shine on me.

Chorus

As we gaze on Your kingly brightness
so our faces display Your likeness,
ever changing from glory to glory:
mirrored here, may our lives tell your story -
shine on me, shine on me.

Chorus

COMMUNION

Who would true valour see, let him
come hither;
one here will constant be, come wind,
come weather:
there's no discouragement, shall make
him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound; his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright, he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have the right to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend can daunt his spirit;
he knows he at the end shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away; he'll fear not what men say;
he'll labour night and day to be a pilgrim.

Who would true valour see, let him come hither;
one here will constant be, come wind, come weather:
there's no discouragement, shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent to be a pilgrim.
Amen.

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

And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

'Tis mystery all : the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds enquire no more.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quickening ray -
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.