

MASS ~ 33RD SUNDAY YEAR A

OPENING HYMN:

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy, whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy, be there at our waking, and give us, we pray, your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith, whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe, be there at our labours and give us, we pray, your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace, your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace, be there at our homing and give us, we pray, your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm, whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm, be there at our sleeping and give us, we pray, your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

Jan Struther (1901-53)

Sanctus: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full, full of your glory, hosanna in the highest, hosannas in the highest. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord, hosanna in the highest, hosanna in the highest.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

In the absence of sacramental Communion, pray often: 'My Jesus, I believe that you are present in this Holy Sacrament of the Altar. I love you above all things and I passionately desire to receive you into my soul. Since I cannot now receive you sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul so that I may unite myself wholly to you now and forever.' Amen

(based on prayer of St Alphonsus Liguori)

CLOSING HYMN:

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord! unnumbered blessings, give my spirit voice; tender to me the promise of his word; in God my Saviour shall my heart rejoice.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his name! make known his might, the deeds his arm has done; his mercy sure, from age to age the same; his holy name – the Lord, the Mighty One.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of his might! Powers and dominions lay their glory by. Proud hearts and stubborn wills are put to flight, the hungry fed, the humble lifted high.

Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word! Firm is his promise, and his mercy sure.

Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord to children's children and for evermore!

Timothy Dudley-Smith