

Hymns ~ Fifth Sunday Year B

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, take my hands, take them for your work.

Take them for your service, Lord. Take them for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, Lord Jesus, take my hands.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, take my eyes, may they shine with joy.

Take them for your service, Lord. Take them for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, Lord Jesus, take my eyes.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, take my lips, may they speak your truth.

Take them for your service, Lord. Take them for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, Lord Jesus, take my lips.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, take my heart, fill it with your love.

Take it for your service, Lord. Take it for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, Lord Jesus, take my heart.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, take my life, take it for your own.

Take it for your service, Lord. Take it for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus, come. Come, Lord Jesus, take my life. (Kevin Mayhew)

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

‘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)

Oh, the love of my Lord is the essence, of all that I love here on earth.

All the beauty I see, he has given to me, and his giving is gentle as silence.

Every day, every hour, every moment, have been blessed by the strength of his love.

At the turn of each tide, he is there at my side, and his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence, and I've walked other paths,

other ways. But I've called on his name, in the dark of my shame, and his mercy was

gentle as silence. (Estelle White)

I'll sing a hymn to Mary, the Mother of my God,
the virgin of all virgins, of David's royal blood.
O teach me, holy Mary, a loving song to frame,
O may I imitate thee and magnify God's name.

The Saints are high in glory, with golden crowns so bright;
but brighter far is Mary, upon on her throne of light.
O that which God did give thee, let mortal ne'er disclaim;
O may I imitate thee and magnify God's name.

But in the crown of Mary, there lies a wondrous gem,
as Queen of all the Angels, which Mary shares with them:
no sin hath e'er defiled thee, so doth our faith proclaim;
O may I imitate thee and magnify God's name. (John Wyse)