

# HYMN SHEET FOR THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY OF YEAR B

## ENTRANCE HYMN

O God beyond all praising,  
we worship you today  
and sing the love amazing  
that songs cannot repay;  
for we can only wonder  
at every gift you send,  
at blessings without number  
and mercies without end:  
we lift our hearts before you  
and wait upon your word,  
we honour and adore you,  
our great and mighty Lord.

The flower of earthly splendour  
in time must surely die,  
its fragile bloom surrender  
to you the Lord most high;  
but hidden from all nature  
the eternal seed is sown -  
though small in mortal stature,  
to heaven's garden grown:  
for Christ the Man from heaven  
from death has set us free,  
and we through him are given  
the final victory!

Then hear, O gracious Saviour,  
accept the love we bring,  
that we who know your favour  
may serve you as our king;  
and whether our tomorrows  
be filled with good or ill,  
we'll triumph through our sorrows  
and rise to bless you still:  
to marvel at your beauty  
and glory in your ways,  
and make a joyful duty  
our sacrifice of praise.

**PSALM**

It is good to give you thanks, O Lord.

**GOSPEL ACCLAMATION**

I call you friends, says the Lord,  
because I have made known to you  
everything I have learnt from my Father.



**PRAYER OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION**

My Jesus, I believe that You are truly present  
in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

I love You above all things,

And I desire to receive You into my life.

Since I cannot now receive You sacramentally,  
come spiritually into my heart and soul.

I embrace You as if you were already there,  
and I unite myself wholly to You.

Never permit me to be separated from You.

Amen.

*(Saint Alphonsus Liguori)*



## COMMUNION HYMN

*Seed, scattered and sown, wheat, gathered and grown,  
bread, broken and shared as one, the Living Bread of God.  
Vine, fruit of the land, wine, work of our hands,  
one cup that is shared by all; the Living Cup, the Living Bread of God.*

1. Is not the bread we break a sharing in our Lord?  
Is not the cup we bless the blood of Christ outpoured?

*Seed, scattered and sown...*

2. The seed which falls on rock will wither and will die.  
The seed within good ground will flower and have life.

*Seed, scattered and sown...*

3. As wheat upon the hills was gathered and was grown,  
So may the church of God be gathered into one.

*Seed, scattered and sown...*

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## RECESSIONAL HYMN

1. O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder,  
consider all the worlds thy hands have made.  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
thy power throughout the universe displayed.

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour, God, to thee.  
How great thou art, how great thou art.  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour, God, to thee.  
How great thou art, how great thou art.*

When though the woods, and forest glades I wander,  
I hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,  
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze.

*Then sings my soul...*

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,  
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin.

*Then sings my soul...*

When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,  
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.  
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,  
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"

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