

HYMN SHEET FOR THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY OF YEAR B

ENTRANCE HYMN

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come YE before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe (d 1594), from 'Day's Psalter' (1560-61)

PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd,
there is nothing I shall want.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Alleluia

The sheep that belong to me listen to my voice,
says the Lord,
I know them and they follow me.

Alleluia



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

See this bread; take and eat, and live in me.

See this cup; take and drink, remember me.

I am the living bread come down from heaven.
All who eat my flesh and drink my blood will live,
Will live forever.

See this bread...

I am the living bread; you shall not hunger.
If you believe in me you shall not thirst, but live,
But live forever.

See this bread...

I am the living bread risen among you.
If you believe in me, though you die, you will live,
You will live forever.

See this bread...

You are the living bread life for the world.
O Lord, to whom shall we go? Your words,
They live forever.

See this bread...

RECESSIONAL 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.

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