

HYMN SHEET FOR THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SUNDAY OF YEAR B

ENTRANCE HYMN

All my hope on God is founded;
he doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance he guideth,
only good and only true.
God unknown,
he alone
calls my heart to be his own.

Human pride and earthly glory,
sword and crown betray his trust;
what with care and toil he buildeth,
tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power,
hour by hour,
is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,
deep his wisdom, passing thought:
splendour, light, and life attend him,
beauty springeth out of naught.
Evermore
from his store
new-born worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth th' Almighty giver
bounteous gifts on us bestow;
his desire our soul delighteth,
pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand
at his hand;
joy doth wait on his command.

Still from earth to God eternal
sacrifice of praise be done,
high above all praises praising
for the gift of Christ his Son.
Christ doth call
one and all:
ye who follow shall not fall.

PSALM

Fill us with your love that we may rejoice.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Alleluia

Blessed are you Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
For revealing the mysteries of the kingdom to
mere children.

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

In Christ alone my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song
This cornerstone, this solid ground,
Firm through the fiercest drought and storm.
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
When fears are stilled, when strivings cease!
My comforter, my all in all
Here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, Who took on flesh,
Fullness of God in helpless babe!
This gift of love and righteousness,
Scorned by the ones He came to save.
'Til on that cross as Jesus died,
The wrath of God was satisfied
For ev'ry sin on Him was laid
Here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
Light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious day,
Up from the grave He rose again!
And as He stands in victory,
Sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am His and He is mine
Bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death
This is the pow'r of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath,
Jesus commands my destiny.
No pow'r of hell, no scheme of man,
Can ever pluck me from His hand
'Til He returns or calls me home
Here in the pow'r of Christ I'll stand.

Songwriters: Keith Getty / Stuart Townend

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RECESSIONAL HYMN

Holy Virgin, By God's Decree,
You Were Called Eternally;
That He Could Give His Son To Our Race.
Mary, We Praise You, Hail, Full Of Grace.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria.

By Your Faith And Loving Accord,
As The Handmaid Of The Lord,
You Undertook God's Plan To Embrace.
Mary We Thank You, Hail, Full Of Grace.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria.

Refuge For Your Children So Weak,
Sure Protection All Can Seek.
Problems Of Life You Help Us To Face.
Mary, We Trust You, Hail, Full Of Grace.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria.

To Our Needy World Of Today
Love And Beauty You Portray,
Showing The Path To Christ We Must Trace.
Mary, Our Mother, Hail, Full Of Grace.
Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria.

Paul Decha