

ST. BEDE, CHADWELL HEATH
HYMN SHEET FOR
SECOND SUNDAY OF EASTER
11th APRIL 2021

ENTRANCE HYMN

Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment
Rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes
Where thy body lay.
*Thine be the glory,
Risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won!*

Lo, Jesus meets us,
Risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us,
Scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness
Hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth,
Death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory...

No more we doubt thee,
Glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee:
Aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors
Through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan
To thy home above:
Thine be the glory...

PSALM RESPONSE

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, for his love has no end.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Jesus said: "You believe because you can see me;
happy are those who have not seen and yet believe."



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

Godhead here in hiding, whom I do adore,
Masked by these bare shadows,
Shape and nothing more,
See, Lord, at thy service low lies here a heart
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee deceived:
How says trusty hearing? That shall be believed;
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;
Truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing true.

On the cross thy godhead made no sign to men,
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken:
Both are my confession, both are my belief,
And I pray the prayer of the dying thief.

I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,
But can plainly call thee Lord and God as he;
Let me to a deeper faith daily nearer move,
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

O thou our reminder of Christ crucified,
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,
Lend this life to me then: feed and feast my mind,
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

Jesu, whom I look at shrouded here below,
I beseech thee send me what I thirst for so,
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light
And be blest for ever with thy glory's sight.

*Adoro te devote, ascr. to St. Thomas Aquinas (1227-74)
tr. G.M. Hopkins (1844-89)*

RECESSIONAL HYMN

Ye sons and daughters of the King,
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.
Alleluia!

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
The Marys went their Lord to seek.
Alleluia!

An Angel bade their sorrow flee,
For thus he spake unto the three:
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'
Alleluia!

That night the Apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said: 'Peace be unto you here!'
Alleluia!

When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Alleluia!

'Thomas, behold my side,' saith he,
'My hands, my feet, my body see;
'And doubt not, but believe in me.'
Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.
Alleluia!

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
In life eternal they shall reign.
Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!

And we with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia!

O filii et filiae, Jean Tisserand, d.1494, tr. J.M. Neale (1818-66), alt.