



MASS HYMN SHEET 24th Sunday of the Year 12th September 2021

Mass Readings

Reading 1: Isaiah 50:5-9

Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 116:1-6.8-9

Reading 2: James 2:14-18.

Alleluia: Galatians 6:14

Gospel: Mark 8:27-35

ACT OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION / BY ST. ALPHONSUS LIGOURI:

My Jesus, I believe that You are present in the Most Holy Sacrament. I love You above all things, and I desire to receive You into my soul.

Since I cannot at this moment receive You sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart. I embrace You as if You were already there and unite myself wholly to You.

Never permit me to be separated from You.

Amen.

ENTRANCE HYMN AT THE NAME OF JESUS

At the name of Jesus
every knee shall bow,
every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'tis the Father's pleasure
we should call him Lord,
who from the beginning
was the mighty word.

At his voice creation
sprang at once to sight,
all the Angel faces,
all the hosts of light,
thrones and dominations,
stars upon their way,
all the heavenly orders,
in their great array.

OFFERTORY HYMN WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

COMMUNION HYMN MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN

My song is love unknown,
my Saviour's love for me,
love to the loveless shown,
that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake,
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne,
salvation to bestow;
but men made strange, and none
the longed-for Christ would know,
but O my friend, my friend indeed,
who at my need his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,
and his sweet praises sing;
resounding all the day
hosannas to their King;
then "Crucify!" is all their breath,
and for his death they thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
he gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries! Yet they at these
themselves displease, and 'gainst him rise.

In life, no house, no home
my Lord on earth might have;
in death no friendly tomb
but what a stranger gave.
What may I say? Heaven was his home;
But mine he tomb wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
no story so divine,
never was love, dear King,
never was grief like thine.
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise
I all my days could gladly spend

RECESSIONAL HYMN PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
and in the depth be praise,
in all his words most wonderful,
most sure in all his ways.

And that a higher gift than grace
should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
and Essence all divine.