

NOVEMBER 18 - 27

PENITENTIAL ACT – 2ND FORM:

Have mercy on us, O Lord.

For we have sinned against you.

Show us, O Lord, your mercy.

And grant us your salvation.

Wednesday, November 18

SING A NEW SONG

Dan Schute

Sing a new song unto the Lord; let your song be
sing from mountains high.

Sing a new song unto the Lord, singing alleluia.

1. Yahweh's people dance for joy. O come
before the Lord. And play for him on glad
tambourines, and let your trumpet sound.
2. Rise, O children, from your sleep; your
Savior now has come. He has turned your
sorrow to joy, and filled your soul with song.
3. Glad my soul for I have seen the glory of the
Lord. The trumpet sounds; the dead shall be
raised. I know my Savior lives.

*Text: Psalm 98; Dan Schutte, b.1947, © 1972, 1974,
Daniel L. Schutte. Published by OCP Publications.*

Responsorial Psalm: Ps. 150

R. Holy, holy, holy Lord, mighty God!

THE KING SHALL COME WHEN

MORNING DAWNS

MORNING SONG

1. The King shall come when morning dawns
And light triumphant breaks,
When beauty gilds the eastern hills
And life to joy awakes.
2. Not, as of old, a little child,
To bear, and fight, and die,
But crowned with glory like the sun
That lights the morning sky.
3. O brighter than the rising morn
When he, victorious, rose
And left the lonesome place of death,
Despite the rage of foes.

4. O brighter than that glorious morn
Shall this fair morning be,
When Christ, our King, in beauty comes,
And we his face shall see!

5. The King shall come when morning dawns
And light and beauty brings.
Hail, Christ, the Lord! Thy people pray:
Come quickly, King of kings.

*Text: CM; Greek; tr. by John Brownlie, 1859–1925, alt.
Music: Sixteen Tune Settings, Philadelphia, 1812;
Kentucky Harmony, 1816.*

Friday, November 20

COME, CHRISTIANS, JOIN TO SING

MADRID/Christian H. Bateman

1. Come, Christians, join to sing
Alleluia! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice:
Alleluia! Amen!
2. Come, lift your hearts on high;
Alleluia! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Alleluia! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
Our cry he will attend;
His love shall never end:
Alleluia! Amen!
3. Praise yet our Christ again;
Alleluia! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Alleluia! Amen!
On heaven's joyful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing forevermore:
Alleluia! Amen!

*Text: 66 66 D; Christian H. Bateman, 1813–1889, alt.
Music: anon. melody, Philadelphia, 1826.*

Responsorial Psalm: Ps. 119

**R. How sweet to my taste is
your promise!**

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD ID

ST. COLUMBA

1. The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness fails me never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.
2. Where streams of living water flow
With gentle care he leads me,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With heav'nly food he feeds me.
3. Perverse and foolish I have strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With you, dear Lord, beside me;
Your rod and staff my comfort still,
Your cross before to guide me.
5. You spread a table in my sight,
Your saving grace bestowing;
And O what joy and true delight
From your pure chalice flowing!
6. And so through all the length of days
Your goodness fails me never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing your praise
Within your house forever.

*Text: 87 87; based on Psalm 23; Matthew 18; John 10;
Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877, alt. Music: Trad.
Irish melody.*

Wednesday, November 25

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

MADRID/Christian H. Bateman

1. Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, does provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.
2. All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:

Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3. For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come
To your final harvest home;
Gather all your people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In your presence to abide:
Come, with all your angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

*Text: 77 77 D; Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt. Music:
George J. Elvey, 1816–1893.*

Responsorial Psalm: Ps. 98

**R. *Great and wonderful are
all your works, Lord, mighty God!***

FOR ALL THE SAINTS

SINE NOMINE

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who you by faith before the world confessed,
Your Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia, alleluia!
2. O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one within your great design.
Alleluia, alleluia!
3. The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon to the loyal faithful comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise so blest.
Alleluia, alleluia!
4. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in the bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia, alleluia!
5. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast, through gates of heav'n streams
in the countless host, Singing to Father, Son,
and Holy Ghost: Alleluia, alleluia!

Text: 10 10 10 with alleluias; William W. How, 1823–1897, alt. Music: The English Hymnal, 1906; Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958.

Friday, November 27

GOD, WE PRAISE YOU

1. God, we praise you! God, we bless you!
God, we name you sov'reign Lord!
Mighty King whom angels worship,
Father, by your church adored:
All creation shows your glory,
Heav'n and earth draw near your throne,
Singing 'Holy, holy, holy,
Lord of hosts, and God alone!'
2. True apostles, faithful prophets,
Saints who set their world ablaze,
Martyrs, once unknown, unheeded,
Join one growing song of praise,
While your church on earth confesses
One majestic Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy
Spirit, God, our hope eternally.
3. Jesus Christ, the king of glory,
Everlasting Son of God,
Humble was your virgin mother,
Hard the lonely path you trod:
By your cross is sin defeated,
Hell confronted face to face,
Heaven opened to believers,
Sinners justified by grace
4. Christ, at God's right hand victorious,
You will judge the world you made;
Lord, in mercy help your servants
For whose freedom you have paid:
Raise us up from dust to glory,
Guard us from all sin today;
King enthroned above all praises,
Save your people, God, we pray.

Text: Based on the Te Deum ; Christopher Idle, b.1938, © 1982, Jubilate Hymns, Ltd. (Administered by Hope Publishing Co.)

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