SATURDAY MORNING HYMNS & PRAYER 18 June 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

This day God gives me strength of high heaven sun and moon shining, flame in my hearth, flashing of lightning, wind in its swiftness, deeps of the ocean, firmness of earth.

This day God sends me strength to sustain me, might to uphold me, wisdom as guide.
Your eyes are watchful, your ears are list' ning, your lips are speaking, friend at my side.

God's way is my way, God's shield is round me, God's host defends me, saving from ill. Angels of heaven, drive from me always all that would harm me, stand by me still.

Rising, I thank you, mighty and strong One, king of creation, giver of rest, firmly confessing Three-ness of Persons, One-ness of God-head, Trinity blest.

Responsorial Psalm

R. For ever I will keep my love for him.

COMMUNION RELECTION

"Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown, will you let my name be known.
Will you let my life be grown in you and you in me?

Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare.
Will you let me answer pray' r in you and you in me?

Lord, your summons echoes true when you but call my name.

Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.

In your com-pa-ny I'll go where your love and footsteps show.

Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

RECESSIONAL HYMN

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae:
vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.
Ad te clamamus, exules, filii Hevae.
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes
in hac lacrimarum valle.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
nobis post hoc exilium ostende.
O Clemens: O pia: O dulcis Virgo Maria.

One Licence #A-640361

Saturday Morning Marian Prayer

Hail, Holy Queen Hail, holy Queen,

Mother of mercy, hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope.

To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve:

to thee do we send up our sighs,

mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.

Turn then, most gracious Advocate,

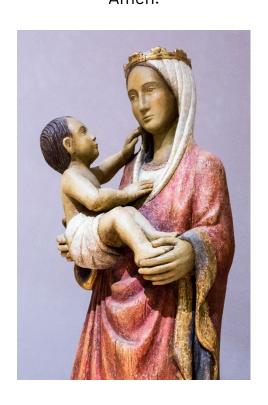
thine eyes of mercy toward us,

and after this our exile,

show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus,

O merciful, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!

Amen.



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