

SATURDAY MORNING HYMNS & PRAYER

2 July 2022

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

Hail, holy Queen enthroned above, O Maria.

Hail, Queen of mercy and of love, O Maria.

Triumph, all ye cherubim,
sing with us, ye seraphim,
heav'n and earth resound the hymn:
Salve, salve, salve, Regina.

The cause of joy to all below, O Maria.

The spring through which all graces flow, O Maria.

Angles, all your praises bring,
earth and heaven with us sing,
all creation echoing:
Salve, salve, salve, Regina.

O gentle, loving, holy one, O Maria.

The God of light became your Son, O Maria.

Triumph, all ye cherubim,
sing with us, ye seraphim,
heav'n and earth resound the hymn:
Salve, salve, salve, Regina.

Responsorial Psalm

R. The Lord speaks of peace to his people.

COMMUNION RELECTION

Oh, the love of my Lord is the essence
of all that I love here on earth.

All the beauty I see has been given to me,
and his giving is gentle as silence.

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour, ev'ry moment
has been blessed by the strength of his love.
At the turn of each tide he is there at my side,
and his touch is as gentle as silence.

There've been times when I've turned from his presence,
and I've walked other paths, other ways.
But I've called on his name in the dark of my shame,
and his mercy was gentle as silence.

RECESSIONAL HYMN

I'll sing a hymn to Mary,
The Mother of my God,
The Virgin of all virgins,
Of David's royal blood.
O teach me, Holy Mary,
A loving song to frame,
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
To love and bless thy name.

O Lily of the Valley,
O Mystic Rose, what tree,
Or flower, e'en the fairest,
Is half so fair as thee?
O let me, tho' so lowly,
Recite my Mother's fame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

But in the crown of Mary, there lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the Angels, which Mary shares with them.
"No sin hath e'er defiled thee," so doth our faith proclaim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.

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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