

Hymns ~ Thirteenth Sunday Ordinary Time

OPENING HYMN

Immortal, invisible, God only wise, in light inaccessible hid from our eyes, most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days, almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging, and silent as light, nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might; thy justice like mountains high soaring above thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest, to both great and small; in all life thou livest, the true life of all; we blossom and flourish as leaves on a tree, and wither and perish; but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light, thine angels adore thee, all veiling thy sight; all laud we would render, O help us to see tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

(Walter Chalmers Smith)

COMMUNION HYMN

My Jesus, my Saviour, Lord, there is none like you. All of my days I want to praise the wonders of your mighty love.

My comfort, my shelter, tower of refuge and strength, let every breath, all that I am, never cease to worship you.

Shout to the Lord all the earth, let us sing power and majesty, praise to the King. Mountains bow down and the seas will roar at the sound of your name.

I sing for joy as the work of your hands. Forever I'll love you, forever I'll stand.

Nothing compares to the promise I have in you. (Darlene Zachech)

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

‘My Jesus, I believe that you are present in this Holy Sacrament of the Altar. I love you above all things and I passionately desire to receive you into my soul. Since I cannot now receive you sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul so that I may unite myself wholly to you now and forever.’ Amen
(based on prayer of St Alphonsus Liguori)

FINAL HYMN

Sing, my soul. Sing my soul. Sing, my soul of his mercy

The Lord is good to me. His light will shine on me. When city lights would blind my eyes. He hears my silent call. His hands help when I fall. His gentle voice stills my sighs.

The Lord is good to me. His word will set me free when men would tie me to the ground. He mocks my foolish ways with love that never fails. When I'm most lost then I'm found.

The Lord is good to me. I hear him speak to me. His voice is in the rain that falls. He whispers in the air of his unending care, If I will hear, then he calls.