

We pro-claim your Death, O Lord, and pro-fess your Res - ur -

rec-tion un - til you come a - gain, un - til you come a - gain.

ref-tion un - til you come a - gain, un - til you come a - gain.

A - men, a - men, a - men.

AMEN

A - men, a - men, a - men.

AGNUS DEL

Cantor, Assembly

1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love for

2. He came from his blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be-

3. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di-

Verse 1

1. You who dwell in the shel-ter of the Lord, who a -

bide in his shad-ow for life, say to the Lord: "My

ref - uge, my rock in whom I trust!"

Refrain

And he will raise you up on ea - gle's wings, bear you on the

breath of dawn, make you to shine like the sun, and

Last time to coda To verses

hold you in the palm of his hand. 2. The

Verse 2

snare of the fowl-er will nev - er cap-ture you, and

fam-ine will bring you no fear: un - der his wings your

ref - uge, his faith - ful - ness your shield.

Verse 3

1. Now to his al - tar draw near, Join-ing in glad ad o - ra - tion!

2. what the Al-might-y can do, Who with his love will be friend us,

3. You need not fear the ter - ror of the night, nor the

3. sound from his peo-ple a - gain, Now as we wor-ship be - fore him!

Text: 11 14 47 8 Joachim Neander, 1650-1680; tr. by Catherine Winckworth, 1825-1878, alt.

Music: Erneverten Gesangbuch, Stralsund, 1665; adapt. The Chorale Book for England, 1863.

ar-row that flies by day; though thou - sands fall a -

D.S.

I bout you, near you it shall not come.

Text: Psalm 91; Michael Joncas, b.1951

Tune: Michael Joncas, b.1951

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RECESSIONAL HYMN How can I keep from singing

1. My life flows on in end-less song. A -

2. Through all the tu - mult and the strife I

3. What though my joys and com-fort die? The

4. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion I hear the clear though

hear that mu - sic ring-ing. It finds an ech - o

Lord my sav - ior liv - eth. What though the dark - ness

foun - tain ev - er spring-ing! All things are mine since

far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion.

in my soul. How can I keep from sing-ing?

gath - er round? Songs in the night he giv - eth.

I am his! How can I keep from sing-ing?

No storm can shake my in-most calm While to that Rock I'm

cling-ing. Since Christ is Lord of heav-en and earth,

How can I keep from sing-ing?

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826–1899, alt.
Tune: HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING, 8 7 8 7 with refrain; Robert Lowry, 1826–1899

LOBE DEN HERREN

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME (B)

June 22, 2024, 5:00 pm, June 23, 2024, 8:00 am, 9:00 am, 11:00 am.

PRELUDE THE TWELFTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME (B)

PRELUDE Arr. on the G-String from Orchestral Suite No. 9 in D Major, BWV 1068)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

ENTRANCE HYMN Come, ye thankful people, come

God, whose Almighty Word

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of

2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to his

3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his

4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To your fi - nal

1. har - vest-home: All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the

2. praise to yield; Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to

3. har - vest home; From his field shall in that day All of -

4. har - vest-home; Gath - er all your peo - ple in, Free from

1. win - ter storms be - gin; God, our Mak - er, does pro-vide

2. joy or sor - row grown; First the blade, and then the ear,

3. fens - es purge a - way; Give his an - gels charge at last

4. sor-row, free from sin; There, for ev - er pu - ri - fied,

1. For our wants to be sup - plied; Come to God's own

2. Then the full corn shall ap - pear; Grant, O har - vest

3. In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruit - ful

4. In your pres - ence to a - bide: Come, with all your

1. tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home.

2. Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.

3. ears to store In his gar - ner ev - er - more.

4. an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest-home.

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

And, in earth's dark - est place, Let there be light!

Through the world, and this day, Let there be light!

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Bible, © 1970, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine; Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, 1998, GIA Publications, Inc.

Gloria, Sanctus, Mysterium fidei, Amen, Agnus Dei: Texts: The Roman Missal, © 2010, ICEL. All rights reserved.

Music: Jubilation Mass, James Chepponis, © 1999, 2012, GIA Publications, Inc.

Congregation sings throughout
GLORIA

I *(Cantor or choir)*
Glo-ry to God in the high-est, and on earth peace to peo-ple of good will.

II *(Assembly)*
We praise you, we bless you, we a-dore you, we glo-ri-fy you,
we give you thanks for your great glo-ry, Lord God, heav’n-ly King,
O God, al-might-y Fa-ther. Lord Je-sus Christ,
On-ly Be-got-ten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Fa-ther,
you take a-way the sins of the world, have mer-cy on us;
you take a-way the sins of the world, re-ceive our prayer;
you are seat-ed at the right hand of the Fa-ther,
have mer-cy on us. For you a-lone are the Ho-ly One,
you a-lone are the Lord, you a-lone are the Most High, Je-sus Christ,
with the Ho-ly Spir-it, in the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther. A-men.

ICText: ICEL, © 2010
Music: *Congregational Mass*; John Lee, revised by Ronald F. Krisman, © 1970, 2011, GIA Publications, Inc.
arise the sun of justice with its healing rays.

FIRST READING Job 38:1, 8-11
RESPONSORIAL PSALM Psalm 98:5-6, 7-8, 9
The Lord addressed Job out of the storm and said: Who shut within doors the sea,
who burst forth from the womb, when I made the clouds its garment and thick
darkness its swaddling bands? When I set limits for it and fastened the bar of its door,
and said: Thus far shall you come but no farther, and here shall your proud waves be
stilled!

Sing praise to the LORD with the harp, with the harp and melodious song.
With trumpets and the sound of the horn
sing joyfully before the King, the LORD. **R.**

Let the sea and what fills it resound, the world and those who dwell in it;
let the rivers clap their hands, the mountains shout with them for joy. **R.**

Before the LORD, for he comes, for he comes to rule the earth,
he will rule the world with justice and the peoples with equity. **R.**

BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST / A

RESPONSORIAL PSALM *Psalm 147:12-13, 14-15, 19-20*
Or: Alleluia.
O praise the Lord, Je-ru-sa-lem.
Glorify the LORD, O Jerusalem;
praise your God, O Zion.
For he has strengthened the bars of your
gates;
he has blessed your children within
you. R.
He sends forth his command to the earth;
swiftly runs his word! R.
He has proclaimed his word to Jacob,
his statutes and his ordinances to
Israel.
He has not done thus for any other
nation;
his ordinances he has not made
known to them. Alleluia. R.

Text: Refrain trans., *Lectionary for Mass*, © 1969, 1981, 1997, ICEL; verses, *New American Bible*, © 1970, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine
Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, 1998, GIA Publications, Inc.

Alleluia • Christ the King B

Mode VII

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia.
Bless'd is he who comes in the name of the Lord!
Bless'd is the kingdom of our father Dav-id that is to come.



How Firma Foundation

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, you saints of the
2. “Fear not, I am with you, O be not dis-
3. “When through the deep wa-ters I call you to
4. “The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-
Lord, Is laid for your faith in this ex-cel-lent
mayed, For I am your God, and will still give you
go, The riv-ers of woe shall not you o-ver-
pose, I will not, I will not de-sert to its
Word! What more can God say than to you has been
aid; I’ll strength-en you, help you, and cause you to
flow; For I will be with you, your trou-bles to
foes; That soul, though all hell should en-deav-or to
said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
bless, And sanc-ti-fy to you, your deep-est dis-tress.
shake, I’ll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!”

Text: 2 Peter 1:4; “K” in Rippon’s *A Selection of Hymns*, 1787
Tune: FOUNDATION, 11 11 11 11; Funk’s *Compilation of Genuine Church Music*, 1832; harm. by Richard Proulx, b.1937

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, Ho-ly Lord God of
hosts. Heav-en and earth are full of your glo-ry. Ho-
san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est.
Bless-ed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Ho-
san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est. Ho-
san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est.