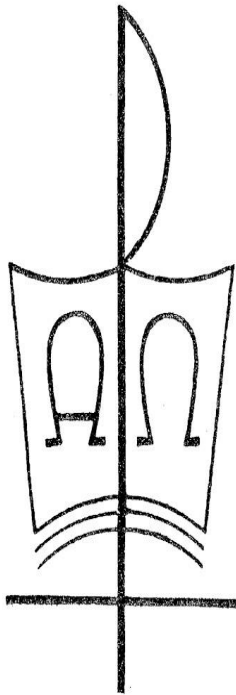


19th Sunday in Ordinary Time

*Lord have Mercy, Glory to God, Holy, Acclamation,
Amen and Alleluia from the MISSA SIMPLEX booklet.*

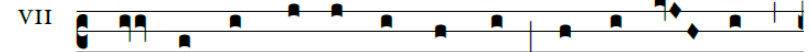


ENTRANCE ANTIPHON FROM ILLUMINAREPUBLICATIONS.COM

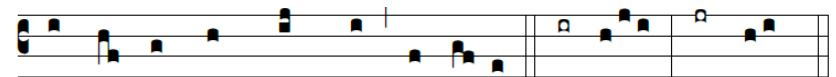
ENTRANCE ANTIPHON

Respice, Domine

*Cf. Ps 74 (73): 20, 19 · RM, GR ◉ **



Look to your cov- e- nant, O Lord, and for- get not



the life of your poor ones for ev-er.

Why, O God, have you cast us off *forever*?

Why does your anger blaze at the sheep of *your pasture*?

²Remember your flock which you claimed *long ago*,
the tribe you redeemed to be your *own possession*,

Turn your steps to these places that are utter *ly ruined*!

The enemy has laid waste the whole of the *holy place*.

⁴Your foes have made uproar in

the midst of *your assembly*;

they have set up their emblems as *tokens there*.

Arise, O God, and defend *your cause*!

Remember how the senseless revile you *all the day*.

²³Do not forget the clamor of *your foes*,

the unceasing uproar of those *who defy you*.

LITURGY OF THE WORD

Psalm from Today's Missal

OFFERTORY HYMN

SOUL OF MY SAVIOR



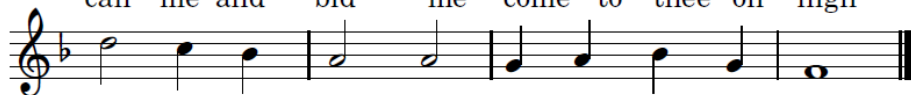
1. Soul of my Sav-ior sanc-ti-fy my breast,
2. Strength and pro-tec-tion may thy pas-sion be,
3. Guard and de-fend me from the foe ma-lign,



Bod-y of Christ, be thou my sav-ing guest,
O bless-ed Je-sus, hear and an-swer me;
in death's dread mo-ments make me on-ly thine;



Blood of my Sav-ior, bathe me in thy tide,
deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shel-ter me,
call me and bid me come to thee on high



wash me with wa-ers flow-ing from thy side.
so shall I nev-er, nev-er part from thee.
where I may praise thee with thy saints for ay.

COMMUNION ANTIPHON

Ps 147: 12, 14



who gives you your fill of finest wheat.

RB 2013, 2014, 2015

¹²O Jerusalem, glorify the LORD!

O Sion, praise your God!

¹³He has strengthened the bars of your gates;
he has blessed your children within you.

¹⁴He established peace on your borders;
he gives you your fill of finest wheat.

¹⁵He sends out his word to the earth,
and swiftly runs his command.

¹⁶He showers down snow like wool;
he scatters hoarfrost like ashes.

¹⁷He hurls down hailstones like crumbs;
before such cold, who can stand?

¹⁸He sends forth his word and it melts them;
at the blowing of his breath the waters flow.

RECESSIONAL HYMN

“I Received the Living God”