RECESSIONAL HYMN

 JESUS MY LORD MY GOD MY ALL

**Jesus My Lord My God My All**

**Thy Body, Soul - and God - head, all!
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art is mine!**

 ***Refrain:***

 **Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.**

 **Sound, then, His prais - es high - er still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
For this is God, the very God
Who hath both men and angels made**





 17 th Sunday

 in Ordinary Time YEAR B

 ENTRANCE ANTIPHON

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**Let God arise; let his foes be scattered.**

**Let those who hate him flee from his presence.**

**As smoke is driven away, so drive them away;**

**like wax that melts before the fire,**

**so the wicked shall perish at the presence of God.**

**But the just shall rejoice at the presence of God;**

**they shall exult with glad rejoicing.**

**O sing to God; make music to his name.**

 **Glory be to the Father … **

 RESPONSORIAL PSALM and ALLELUIA

 **from Todays Missal**

OFFERTORY HYMN

 **“Godhead Here in Hiding”**

COMMUNION ANTIPHON and HYMN



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**Bless the LORD, O my soul,**

**and all within me, his holy name.**

**Bless the LORD, O my soul,**

**and never forget all his benefits.**

**It is the Lord who forgives all your sins,**

**who heals every one of your ills,**

**who redeems your life from the grave,**

**who crowns you with mercy and compassion,**

**who fills your life with good things,**

**renewing your youth like an eagle’s.**

**The LORD does just deeds,**

**gives full justice to all who are oppressed.**

**He made known his ways to Moses,**

**and his deeds to the children of Israel.**

COMMUNION HYMN

TANTUM ERGO Th, DuBois



***To the everlasting Father,
And the Son Who reigns on high
With the Holy Spirit proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor blessing,
Might and endless majesty. Amen.***

***Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail,
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.***