

RECESSIONAL HYMN

We Praise Thee King of Kings.

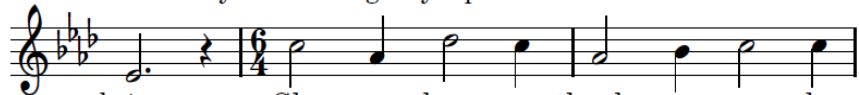
(Dich König loben wir)

Text Angelus Silesius 1657

Music Georg Josef 1657



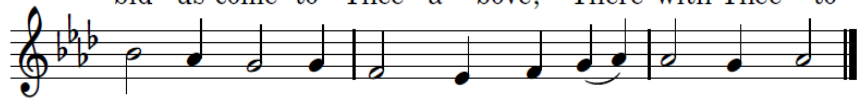
1. We praise Thee, king of kings; To Thee our hom-age
2. A- dor- ing at Thy throne, Thy sov- 'reign sway we
3. In Thy al- migh- ty pow'r We trust in dark- est



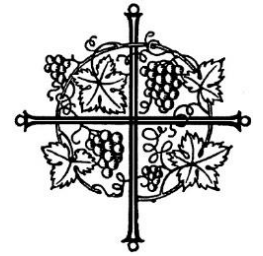
bring Glo- ry, hon- or, thanks we ren- der
own. To Thee has the Fa- ther giv- en
hour. When our earth- ly life is end- ing,



to thy Sac- red Ma- jes- ty, Now as here on
pow'r to rule and judge the world; May Thy cross, vic-
bid us come to Thee a- bove, There with Thee to



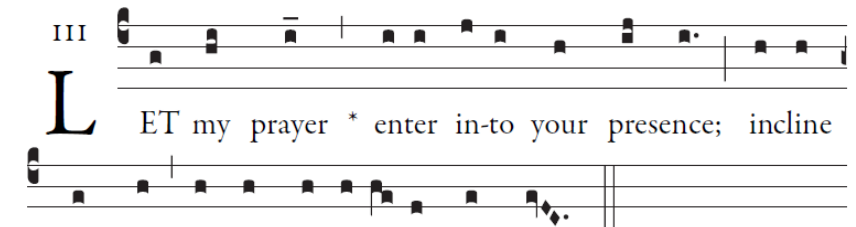
earth we wan- der, then through all e- ter- ni- ty.
tor- ious ban- ner, be o'er all the world un- furled.
reign for- ev- er in Thy realm of peace and love.



32nd SUNDAY ORDINARY TIME

YEAR B

ENTRANCE ANTIPHON



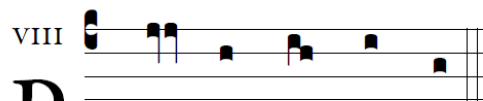
ET my prayer * enter in-to your presence; incline
your ear to my supplication, O Lord.

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O LORD and God of my salvation,
I cry before you day and night.
Incline your ear to my cry.
For my soul is filled with evils;
my life is on the brink of the grave.

I am reckoned as one in the tomb;
I am like a warrior without strength,
like one roaming among the dead,
like the slain lying in their graves,
like those you remember no more,
cut off, as they are, from your hand.

RESPONSORIAL PSALM



P Raise the Lord, my soul!

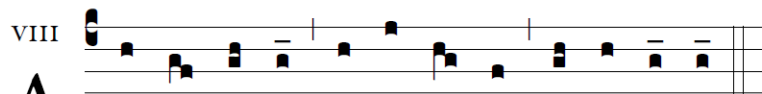
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The Lord keeps faith forever,
secures justice for the oppressed,
gives food to the hungry.
The LORD sets captives free.

The LORD gives sight to the blind;
the LORD raises up those who were bowed down.
The LORD loves the just;
the LORD protects strangers.

The fatherless and the widow the LORD sustains,
but the way of the wicked he thwarts.
The LORD shall reign forever;
your God, O Zion, through all generations.
Alleluia

ALLELUIA

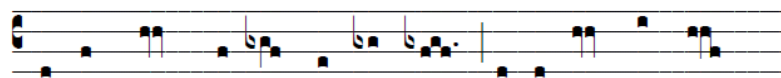


A L- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia, al- le- lu- ia.

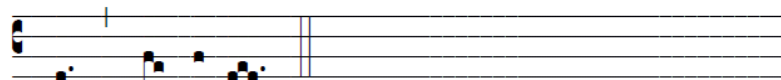
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom o heaven. **℟**

OFFERTORY HYMN “Blest are They”

COMMUNION ANTIPHON



5. I MY-SELF will pas-ture my sheep, * I my-self will show



them where to rest.

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The LORD is my shepherd;
there is nothing I shall want.
Fresh and green are the pastures
where he gives me repose.
Near restful waters he leads me;
he revives my soul.

He guides me along the right path, [5]
for the sake of his name.
Though I should walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
no evil would I fear, for you are with me.
Your crook and your staff will give me comfort.

You have prepared a table before me [6]
in the sight of my foes.
My head you have anointed with oil;
my cup is overflowing.
In the LORD’s own house shall I dwell
for length of days unending.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life.