

First hymn

The Church's one foundation
is Jesus Christ her Lord;
she is his new creation
by water and the word:
from heaven he came and sought her
to be his holy bride;
with his own blood he bought her
and for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
yet one o'er all the earth,
her charter of salvation
one Lord, one faith, one birth;
one holy name she blesses,
partakes one holy food,
and to one hope she presses
with every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
men see her sore opprest,
by schisms rent asunder,
by heresies distrest,
yet saints their watch are keeping,
their cry goes up, 'How long?'
and soon the night of weeping
shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation
of peace for evermore;
thine with the vision glorious
her longing eyes are blest,
and the great Church
victorious
shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
with God the three in one,
and mystic sweet
communion
with those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
like them the meek and
lowly,
on high may dwell with thee.

Samuel Stone 1839-1900 Music: Aurelia

Psalm Response

Let the peoples praise you, O God, let all the peoples
praise you

Offertory hymn

Peace, perfect peace is the gift of Christ our Lord.
Peace, perfect peace is the gift of Christ our Lord.
Thus, says the Lord will the world know my friends.
Peace, perfect peace is the gift of Christ our Lord.

Love, perfect love...

Hope, perfect hope...

Faith perfect faith...

Joy, perfect joy...

Final Hymn

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
be all else but naught to me, save that thou
art,
be thou my best thought in the day and the
night,
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my
light

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord,
be thou my great Father, and I thy true son,
be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the
fight,
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true
might,
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong
tower,
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of
my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
be thou my inheritance now and always,
be thou and thou only the first in my heart,
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright
sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won,
great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish c. 8th century tr. Mary Byrne *Tune: Slane*