



THE PARISH OF ST PETER
& THE WINCHESTER MARTYRS

Second Sunday of Easter, of Divine Mercy
11th April 2021, 10:00

Gathering

The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness, the Passover of God.
From death to life eternal, from earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over with hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil, that we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal of resurrection-light;
And listening to his accents, may hear, so calm and plain
His own "All hail!" and, hearing, may raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful, and earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph, and all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end.

Melody: Ellacombe, Württemberg Gesangbuch 1784.
Words: St John Damascene (c. 750), tr. J.M.Neale.

Gloria

Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!

Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace to people of good will.
We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you,
we give you thanks for your great glory,
Lord God, heavenly King,
O God, almighty Father.

Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son,
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
you take away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us;
you take away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer;
you are seated at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

For you alone are the Holy One,
you alone are the Lord,
you alone are the Most High,
Jesus Christ,
with the Holy Spirit,
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Music: Francis Duffy © The estate of the late Francis Duffy (1914-2000).
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Responsorial Psalm

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, for his love has no end.

Let the sons of Israel say: "His love has no end";
Let the sons of Aaron say: "His love has no end";
Let those who fear the Lord say: "His love has no end".

The Lord's right hand has triumphed, God's right hand raised me up;
I shall not die, I shall live and recount God's deeds.
I was punished, I was punished by the Lord; but not doomed to die.

The stone which the builders rejected has become the cornerstone;
This is the work of the Lord, a marvel in our eyes!
This day was made by the Lord; we rejoice and are glad.

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Sequence

*Victimae paschali laudes
Immolent Christiani;
Agnus redemit oves;
Christus innocens patri
Reconciliavit peccatores.*

To the Paschal Victim
Let Christians offer praises;
The Lamb has redeemed the sheep,
The innocent Christ
Has reconciled sinners to the Father.

*Mors et vita duello
Confluxere mirando;
Dux vitae mortuus regnat vivus.*

Death and life contend
In a remarkable conflict;
The Lord of life is dead, yet reigns alive.

*Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?
Sepulcrum Christi viventis,
et gloriam vidi resurgentis:
Angelicos testes,
sudarium, et vestes.*

Tell us, Mary,
What did you see on the way?
I saw the tomb of the living Christ,
And saw the glory of His rising:
Angels as witnesses,
The shroud and garments.

*Surrexit Christus spes mea:
praecedet suos in Galilaeam.*

Christ, my hope, has risen:
He goes before his own into Galilee.

*Scimus Christum surrexisse
a mortuis vere:
tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere.
Amen. Alleluia!*

We know Christ has truly risen
From the dead;
You, Victor King, have mercy on us.
Amen, Alleluia!

Ascribed to Wipo of Burgundy, d 1048. Translation MMcE.

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Jesus said: "You believe in me because you can see me;
Happy are those who have not seen, yet believe."

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Music: response © 1982 Fintan O'Carroll.

Music: verses © 1985 Christopher Walker, published by OCP Publications.

Words: Excerpts from the English translation & chants of The Roman Missal

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Preparation of Gifts

We walk by faith, and not by sight; no gracious words we hear of him
Who spoke as none e'er spoke; but we believe him near.

We may not touch his hands and side, nor follow where he trod;
Yet in his promise we rejoice; and cry, "My Lord and God!"

Help then, O Lord, our unbelief; and may our faith abound,
To call on you when you are near, and seek where you are found:

That, when our life of faith is done, in realms of clearer light
We may behold you as you are, in full and endless sight.

We walk by faith, and not by sight; no gracious words we hear of him
Who spoke as none e'er spoke; but we believe him near.

Words: Henry Alford (1810-71).

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Holy Holy

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of your glory,
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna in the highest!

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Memorial Acclamation

We proclaim your death, O Lord, and profess your resurrection
until you come again, until you come again.

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Lamb of God

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; have mercy on us;
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; have mercy on us;
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; grant us peace.

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Prayer of Spiritual Communion

My Jesus, I believe that you are present in the most Blessed Sacrament.
I love You above all things, and I desire to receive You into my soul.
Since I cannot now receive You sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart.
I embrace You as if You were already there, and unite myself wholly to You.
Never permit me to be separated from You.
Amen.

Holy Communion

Oh, how could it be
That my God would welcome me
Into this mystery?
Say, "Take this bread, take this wine";
Now the simple made divine
For any to receive.

By mercy we come to Your table;
By Your grace You are making us faithful.

Lord, we remember You,
And remembrance leads us to worship;
And as we worship You,
Our worship leads to communion;
We respond to Your invitation;
We remember You.

See His body, His blood;
Know that He has overcome
Every trial we must face;
None too lost to be saved;
None too broken or ashamed;
All are welcome in this place.

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By mercy we come to Your table;
By Your grace You are making us faithful.
Lord, we remember You,
And remembrance leads us to worship;
And as we worship You,
Our worship leads to communion;
We respond to Your invitation;
We remember You.

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Sending Forth

Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.
Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without thee: aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conqu'rors, thro' thy deathless love:
Bring us safe thro' Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen, conqu'ring Son;
Endless is the vict'ry thou o'er death hast won.

Music: GF Handel (1685-1759).
Words: EL Bundry (1854-1932) tr. RB Hoyle (1875-1939).
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