

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

"AMERICA'S PARISH CHURCH"

NEW YORK CITY

CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

SATURDAY OF THE FIFTH WEEK OF LENT

APRIL 4, 2020

ENTRANCE HYMN

"Lord of all Hopefulness"

SLANE



1. Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,
2. Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,
3. Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,
4. Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



Whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy:
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe:
Whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm:



Be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our la - bors, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,



Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

COMMUNION HYMN

"Shepherd of Souls"

ST. AGNES



1. Shep - herd of souls, re - fresh and bless
2. We would not to live by bread a - lone,
3. Be known to us in break - ing bread,
4. Lord, sup with us in love di - vine;



Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock With man - na in the
But by thy word of grace, In strength of which we
But do not then de - part; Sav - ior, a - bide with
Thy bod - y and thy blood, That liv - ing bread, that



wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock.
trav - el on, To our a - bid - ing place.
us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart.
heav'n - ly wine, Be our im - mor - tal food.

RECESSIONAL HYMN

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"

HAMBURG



When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
For - bid it, Lord, the that I should boast
See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
Sor - row and love pres - ent min - gled down!
That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss,
All the vain things that charm me most,
Did e'er such love and innocence
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And I pour con - tempt on all my pride,
Or thorns com - pose so rich a blood,
De - mands my soul, my life, my crown?
all.