

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL
"AMERICA'S PARISH CHURCH"

NEW YORK CITY



CELEBRATION OF THE EUCHARIST

SAINT CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA, BISHOP,
DOCTOR OF THE CHURCH

JUNE 27, 2020

THE ORDER OF MASS

THE INTRODUCTORY RITES

ENTRANCE HYMN

“Sing Praise to the Lord”
LAUDATE DOMINUM



1. Sing praise to the Lord! praise God in the height;
2. Sing praise to the Lord! praise God up - on earth;
3. Sing praise to the Lord, all things that give sound;
4. Sing praside to the Lord! thanks - giv - ing and song



1. Re - joice in his word, you an - gels of light;
2. In - tune - ful ac - cord, all men of new birth;
3. Each ju - bi - lant chord re - ech - o a - round;
4. To him be out - poured all a - ges a - long;



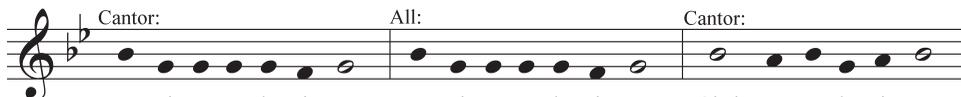
1. O heav - ens, a - dore him by whom you were made,
2. Praise him who has brought you his grace from a - bove,
3. Loud or - gans, his glo - ry tell forth in deep tone,
4. For love in cre - a - tion, for heav - en re - stored,



1. And wor - ship be - fore him in bright - ness ar - rayed.
2. Praise him who has taught you to sing of his love.
3. And trum - pets, the sto - ry of what God has done.
4. For grace of sal - va - tion, sing praise to the Lord!

KYRIE

adapt. Litany of the Saints



Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Chri - ste - e - le - i - son.



Chri - ste e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son. Ky - ri - e e - le - i - son.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

FIRST READING

Lamentations 2:2, 10-14, 18-19

The Lord has consumed without pity
all the dwellings of Jacob;
He has torn down in his anger
the fortresses of daughter Judah;
He has brought to the ground in dishonor
her king and her princes.

On the ground in silence sit
the old men of daughter Zion;
They strew dust on their heads
and gird themselves with sackcloth;
The maidens of Jerusalem
bow their heads to the ground.

Worn out from weeping are my eyes,
within me all is in ferment;
My gall is poured out on the ground
because of the downfall of the daughter of my people,
As child and infant faint away
in the open spaces of the town.

In vain they ask their mothers,
“Where is the grain?”
As they faint away like the wounded
in the streets of the city,
And breathe their last
in their mothers’ arms.

To what can I liken or compare you,
O daughter Jerusalem?
What example can I show you for your comfort,
virgin daughter Zion?
For great as the sea is your downfall;
who can heal you?

Your prophets had for you
false and specious visions;
They did not lay bare your guilt,
to avert your fate;
They beheld for you in vision
false and misleading portents.

Cry out to the Lord;
moan, O daughter Zion!
Let your tears flow like a torrent
day and night;
Let there be no respite for you,
no repose for your eyes.

Rise up, shrill in the night,
at the beginning of every watch;
Pour out your heart like water
in the presence of the Lord;
Lift up your hands to him
for the lives of your little ones
Who faint from hunger
at the corner of every street.

The word of the Lord.
Thanks be to God.

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

Psalm 74:1b-2, 3-5, 6-7, 20-21

℟️ **Lord, forget not the souls of your poor ones.**

Why, O God, have you cast us off forever?
Why does your anger smolder against the sheep of your pasture?
Remember your flock which you built up of old,
the tribe you redeemed as your inheritance,
Mount Zion, where you took up your abode. ℟️

Turn your steps toward the utter ruins;
toward all the damage the enemy has done in the sanctuary.
Your foes roar triumphantly in your shrine;
they have set up their tokens of victory.
They are like men coming up with axes to a clump of trees. ℟️

With chisel and hammer they hack at all the paneling of the sanctuary.
They set your sanctuary on fire;
the place where your name abides they have razed and profaned. ℟️

Look to your covenant,
for the hiding places in the land and the plains are full of violence.
May the humble not retire in confusion;
may the afflicted and the poor praise your name. ℟️

ACCLAMATION BEFORE THE GOSPEL

Fr. Maracotte, OSB

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -
ia, al - le - lu - - ia.

GOSPEL

Matthew 8:5-17

When Jesus entered Capernaum,
 a centurion approached him and appealed to him, saying,
 “Lord, my servant is lying at home paralyzed, suffering dreadfully.”
 He said to him, “I will come and cure him.”
 The centurion said in reply,
 “Lord, I am not worthy to have you enter under my roof;
 only say the word and my servant will be healed.
 For I too am a man subject to authority,
 with soldiers subject to me.
 And I say to one, ‘Go,’ and he goes;
 and to another, ‘Come here,’ and he comes;
 and to my slave, ‘Do this,’ and he does it.”
 When Jesus heard this, he was amazed and said to those following him,
 “Amen, I say to you, in no one in Israel have I found such faith.
 I say to you, many will come from the east and the west,
 and will recline with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob
 at the banquet in the Kingdom of heaven,
 but the children of the Kingdom
 will be driven out into the outer darkness,
 where there will be wailing and grinding of teeth.”
 And Jesus said to the centurion,
 “You may go; as you have believed, let it be done for you.”
 And at that very hour his servant was healed.

Jesus entered the house of Peter,
 and saw his mother-in-law lying in bed with a fever.
 He touched her hand, the fever left her,
 and she rose and waited on him.

When it was evening, they brought him many
who were possessed by demons,
and he drove out the spirits by a word and cured all the sick,
to fulfill what had been said by Isaiah the prophet:

He took away our infirmities and bore our diseases.

The Gospel of the Lord.

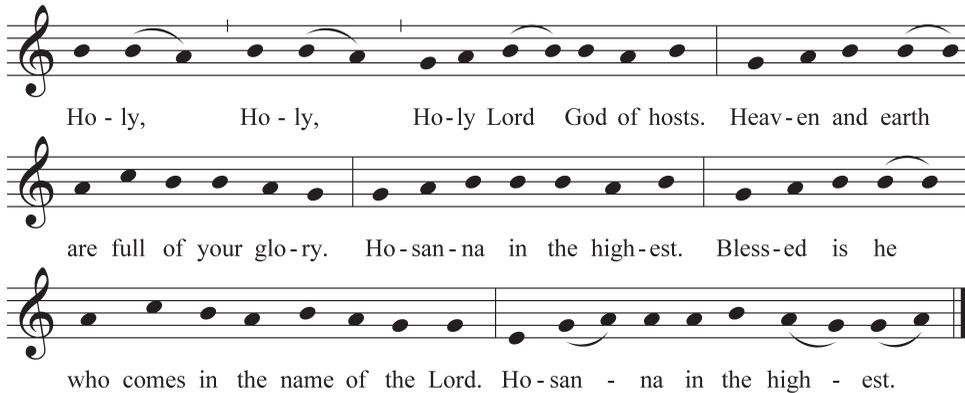
Praise to you, Lord Jesus Christ.

THE LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

THE PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

SANCTUS

Roman Missal

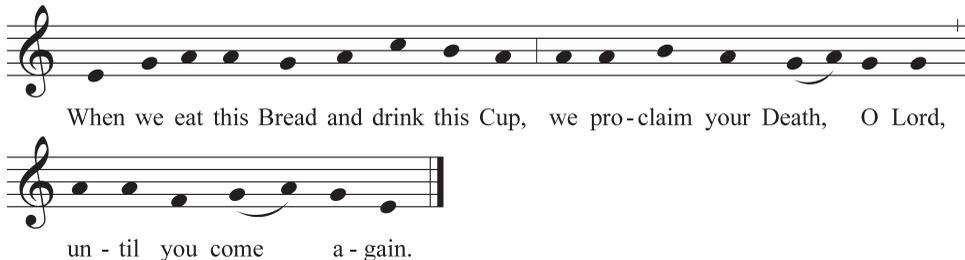


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho-ly Lord God of hosts. Heav-en and earth
are full of your glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the high-est. Bless-ed is he
who comes in the name of the Lord. Ho-san - na in the high - est.

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MYSTERY OF FAITH

Roman Missal



When we eat this Bread and drink this Cup, we pro-claim your Death, O Lord,
un - til you come a - gain.

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GREAT AMEN

Roman Missal



A - men.

THE COMMUNION RITE

THE LORD'S PRAYER

AGNUS DEI

Roman Missal



Lamb of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, have mer - cy on us.



Lamb of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, have mer - cy on us.



Lamb of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, Grant us peace.

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COMMUNION

AN ACT OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION

**My Jesus,
I believe that You are present in the Most Holy Sacrament.
I love You above all things,
and I desire to receive You into my soul.
Since I cannot at this moment 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.**

H Y M N

“Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All”

SWEET SACRAMENT



1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, How can I
2. Had I but Mar - y's sin - less heart To love thee
3. Thy Bod - y, Soul, and God - head, all, O mys - ter -



1. love thee as I ought? And how re - vere this
2. with, my dear - est King, Oh, with what bursts of
3. y of love di - vine. I can - not com - pass



1. won - drous gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?
2. fer - vent praise Thy good - ness, Je - sus would I sing.
3. all I have, For all thou hast and art are mine.



Sweet Sac - ra - ment, we thee a - dore; Oh, make us love thee



more and more. Oh, make us love thee more and more.

THE CONCLUDING RITES

RECESSIONAL HYMN

“Let All Things Now Living”

ASH GROVE

1. Let all things now liv - ing A song of thanks - giv - ing
2. His law he en - for - ces, The stars in their cour - ses,

To God our Cre - a - tor tri - um - phant - ly raise;
The sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine.

Who fash - ioned and made us, Pro - tect - ed and stayed us,
The hills and the moun - tains, The riv - ers and foun - tains,

By guid - ing us on to the end of our days.
The depths of the o - cean pro - claim him di - vine.

His ban - ners are o'er us, His light goes be - fore us,
We, too, should be voic - ing Our love and re - joic - ing,

A pil - lar of fire shin - ing forth in the night;
With glad a - do - ra - tion a song let us raise,

Till sha - dows have van - ished And dark - ness is ban - ished,
Till all things now liv - ing U - nite in thanks - giv - ing

As for - ward we trav - el from light in - to light.
To God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

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