

THIRTY-THIRD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

ST. MATTHEW CATHOLIC CHURCH

INTROIT

Ant. Da pacem, Domine, in diebus no-

stris, quia non est alius qui pugnet pro

nobis, nisi tu, Deus noster,

Ant. O LORD, grant us peace in our
days, for there is none other who shall
fight for us, if not thee, our God.

V. Ps 121(122)

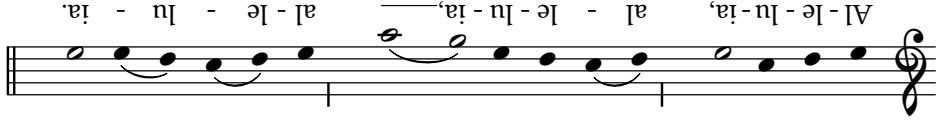
KYRIE

See *Music Issue*, #859.

GLORIA

See *Music Issue*, #860.

ALLELUIA



V. De profundis clamavi ad te, Domi-

ne: Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

V. *Out of the depths I have cried unto
thee, O LORD: LORD, hear my voice.*

OFFERTORY

Ant. De profundis clamavi ad te, Do-

mine.

Ant. *Out of the depths I have cried unto
thee, O LORD.*

V. Ps 129(130)

SANCTUS

See *Music Issue*, #861.

RECESSIONAL



The Sts. Gregory and Romanos Guild is a Gregorian chant choir serving the parishes of the Champaign Vicariate. Membership is open to anyone who wishes to sing with us; practices are held at Holy Cross in Champaign every Monday at 7 PM. For more information, visit our website at <http://www.schola-champaign.net/> or contact Nicholas Haggin at director@schola-champaign.net. (217) 722-2840

MEMORIAL ACCLAMATION

Cantor All

Mor-tem tu - am an-nun-ti - á-mus, Dó - mi - ne,
et tu - am re-surrec-ti - ónem con-fi - té - mur, do - nec - vé - ni - as.

AGNUS DEI

See *Music Issue*, #865.

COMMUNION

Ant. Amen dico vobis: quidquid orantes petitis, credite quia accipietis, et fiet vobis.

Ant. *Amen, I say unto you: whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you shall receive it, and it shall be yours.*

Vv. Ps 60(61)

COMMUNION MEDITATION

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall heaven and earth in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybil say.

Then shall with universal dread
The Book of Consciences be read
To judge the lives of all the dead.

What horror must invade the mind
When the approaching Judge shall
find
And sift the deeds of all mankind!

For now before the Judge severe
All hidden things must plain appear;
No crime can pass unpunished here.

The mighty trumpet's wondrous tone
Shall rend each tomb's sepulchral
stone
And summon all before the Throne.

O what shall I, so guilty plead?
And who for me will intercede?
When even Saints shall comfort need?

Now death and nature with surprise
Behold the trembling sinners rise
To meet the Judge's searching eyes.

O King of dreadful majesty!
Grace and mercy You grant free;
O Fount of Kindness, pray save me!

Recall, dear Jesus, for my sake

You did our suffering nature take
Then do not now my soul forsake!

In weariness You sought for me,
And suffering upon the tree!
Let not in vain such labor be.

O Judge of justice, hear, I pray,
For pity take my sins away
Before the dreadful reckoning day.

Your gracious face, O Lord, I seek;
Deep shame and grief are on my
cheek;
In sighs and tears my sorrows speak.

You Who did Mary's guilt unbind,
And mercy for the robber find,
Have filled with hope my anxious
mind.

How worthless are my prayers I know,
Yet, Lord forbid that I should go

Into the fires of endless woe.

Divorced from the accursed band,
O make me with Your sheep to stand,
As child of grace, at Your right Hand.

When the doomed can no more flee
From the fires of misery
With the chosen call me.

Before You, humbled, Lord, I lie,
My heart like ashes, crushed and dry,
Assist me when I die.

Full of tears and full of dread
Is that day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast
To be judged for all their past.

Lord, have mercy, Jesus blest,
Grant them all Your Light and Rest.
Amen.