

28th Sunday of the Year (A)

11th October 2020

Introit: *In voluntate tua* (Esther 13 :9,10,11)

O Lord, if you were to take into account our iniquities, who would withstand the test? But forgiveness abides with you, O God of Israel. v. Out of the depths have I cried to you, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

Penitential Act 2: *Have mercy..*

Kyrie & Gloria: *Mass IX 'Cum Jubilo'*

1st Reading: Isaiah 25: 6- 10a

Gradual: *Si ambulem* (Ps. 22(23):4)

Though I should walk in the midst of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me, O Lord. v. Your rod and your staff have comforted me.

2nd Reading: Philippians 4: 12- 14, 19-20

Alleluia: *Qui timent Dominum* (Ps.113:11)

Let those who fear the Lord put their trust in him; he is their help and their protection.

Gospel: Matthew: 22: 1-14

Creed: *said*

Offertory: *Recordare mei* (Esther 14: 12, 17)

Remember me, O Lord, you who dominate all authority; put the right words on my lips, so that my speech may be convincing in the presence of the King.

Sanctus & Agnus Dei: *Mass IX 'Cum Jubilo'*

Acclamation 2: *When we eat..*

Communion: *Aufer a me* (Ps.118(119) :22,24)

Remove from me all scorn and contempt, for I have kept your commandments; for your law is the object of my meditations.

Hymn:

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;
come into the daylight's splendour,
there with joy thy praises render
unto him whose grace unbounded
hath this wondrous banquet founded:
high o'er all the heavens he reigneth,
yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

Now I sink before thee lowly,
filled with joy most deep and holy,
as with trembling awe and wonder
on thy mighty works I ponder:
how, by mystery surrounded,
depth no man hath ever sounded,
none may dare to pierce unbidden
secrets that with thee are hidden.

Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
light, who dost my soul enlighten,
joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
fount, whence all my being floweth,
at thy feet I cry, my Maker,
let me be a fit partaker
of this blessed food from heaven,
for our good, thy glory, given.

Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,
let me gladly here obey thee;
never to my hurt invited,
be thy love with love requited:
from this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
through the gifts thou here dost give me,
as thy guest in heaven receive me. (J.Franck tr.C.Winkworth)

Organ Voluntary: 'Schmücke dich' from Op.122 (Johannes Brahms 1833-1897)