

## The Last Sunday of the Year (A): Christ the King

22<sup>nd</sup> November 2020

**Introit:** *Dignus est Agnus (Revelation 5 :12 & 6 :1)*

*The Lamb who has been slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honour; let glory and dominion be his for ever and ever. v. Endow the King with your judgment, O God, and the King's son with your righteousness.*

**Penitential Act 1: I confess...**

**Kyrie & Gloria:** Mass VIII 'de Angelis'

**1<sup>st</sup> Reading:** Ezekiel 34: 11 -12, 15-17

**Gradual:** *Dominatibur (Ps.71(72):8,11)*

*He shall rule from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. v. All the kings of the earth shall adore him; all nations shall serve him.*

**2<sup>nd</sup> Reading:** 1 Corinthians 15: 20-26, 28

**Alleluia:** *Potestas eius (Daniel 7:14)*

*His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away; and his kingdom shall not be destroyed.*

**Gospel:** Matthew 25: 31-46

**Creed:** said

**Offertory:** *Postula me (Psalm 2:8)*

*Ask of me, and I will give you the nations as your inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth as your possession.*

**Sanctus & Agnus Dei:** Mass VIII 'de Angelis'

**Acclamation 1: We proclaim..**

**Communion:** *Amen dico vobis (Matthew 25:40,34)*

*Amen I say to you: in as much as you have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it to me. Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.*

**Hymn:**

Crown him with many crowns,

The Lamb upon his throne;

Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own:

Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,

And hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,

The God incarnate born,

Whose arm those crimson trophies won which now his brow adorn:

Fruit of the mystic Rose, as of that Rose the Stem;

The Root whence mercy ever flows, the Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love!

Behold his hands and side,

Rich wounds yet visible above in beauty glorified:

No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,

But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,

Whose power a sceptre sways from pole to pole,

that wars may cease, absorbed in prayer and praise:

His reign shall know no end, and round his pierc-ed feet

fair flowers of Paradise extend their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,

The Potentate of time,

Creator of the rolling spheres, Ineffably sublime.

All hail, redeemer, hail! For thou hast died for me;

thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity. *(Matthew Bridges)*

**Organ Voluntary: Fanfare** *(Kenneth Leighton 1929-88)*

*Please stay in your places and remain quiet until the live stream has ended.*