

THIRTY-SECOND SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

ST. MATTHEW CATHOLIC CHURCH

INTROIT

Ant. Deus adiuvat me, et Dominus suscepitor est animæ meæ.

Ant. God helpeth me, and the LORD is the keeper of my soul.

V. Ps 53(54)

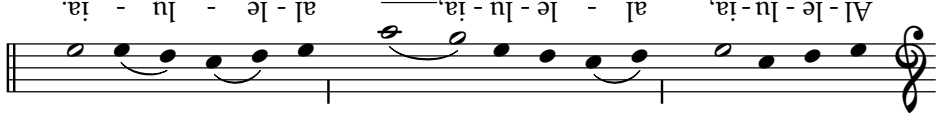
KYRIE

See *Music Issue*, #859.

GLORIA

See *Music Issue*, #860.

ALLELUIA



V. Qui posuit fines tuos pacem, et adipe frumenti satiat te.

V. The LORD bringeth peace unto thy borders, and doth satisfy thee with the finest wheat.

OFFERTORY

Vexilla Christus incluta
late triumphans explicat:
gentes adeste supplices,
Regique regum plaudite.

Non Ille regna claudibus,
non vi metūque subdidit:
alto levatus stipte,
amōre traxit omnia.

Now Christ unfurls in triumph high,
His glorious banner to the sky:
Ye suppliant nations kneel and praise
The king of kings with joyful lays.

He hath not won his kingdom here
By devastation, force, or fear:
But on the Cross uplifted high
By love alone draws all men nigh.

mind.

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.

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.

Salve Regina

Music Issue, #708

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 (217) 722-2840 or director@schola-champaign.net.

O ter beáta cívitas
cui rite Christus ímperat,
quæ iussa pergit éxsequi
edícta mundo cælitus!

Non arma flagrant ímpia,
pax usque firmat foedera,
arrídet et concoórdia,
tutus stat ordo cívicus.

Servat fides connúbia,
iuvénta pubet íntegra,
púdica florent límina
domésticis virtútibus.

Optáta nobis spléndeat
lux ista, Rex dulcíssime:
te, pace adépta cándida,
adóret orbis súbditus.

Iesu, tibi sit glória,
quí scepra mundi témperas,
cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
in sempitérna sáecula. Amen.

*How trebly blessèd is the land
Obedient unto Christ's command,
Which urges laws that prove the worth
Of heavenly edicts here on earth.*

*No armed rebellion kindles there,
Peace strengthens union everywhere,
And concord smiles; upon all sides
The civil order safe abides.*

*There married faith is kept secure;
There ripening youth is ever pure;
And modest households flourish, fair
With sweet and homely virtues, there.*

*Pour down that longed-for light of thine
Upon us all, dear King divine;
And let the conquered world adore
In shining peace for evermore.*

*All glory, Lord, to thee, whose sway
The world's dominion doth obey;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.*

SANCTUS

See *Music Issue*, #861.

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. Dominus regit me, et nihil mihi deerit: in loco pascuae ibi me colloca-vit: super aquam refectionis educavit me.

Vv. Ps 22(23)

COMMUNION MEDITATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

O what shall I, so guilty plead?

Ant. The LORD is my shepherd, and I shall lack for nothing: he hath set me in a place of pasture: he hath brought me up on the water of refreshment.

And who for me will intercede?
When even Saints shall comfort need?

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