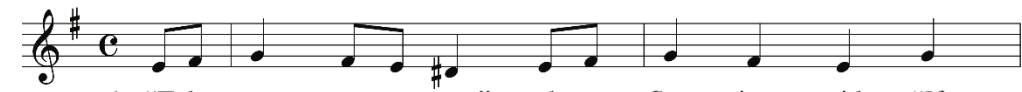


# 24<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time

Liturgy of the Word Readings: Gather 1162

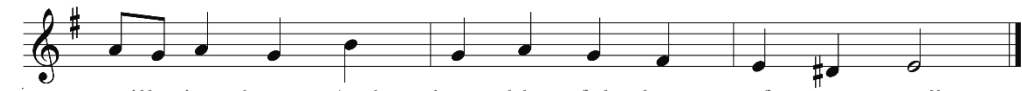
## Entrance Hymn: Take Up Your Cross



1. "Take up your cross," the Sav - ior said, "If  
2. Take up your cross; let not its weight Fill  
3. Take up your cross, heed not the shame, And  
4. Take up your cross, then, in his strength, And  
5. Take up your cross and fol - low Christ, Nor



you would my dis - ci - ple be; Take up your cross with  
your weak spir - it with a - larm; His strength shall bear your  
let your fool - ish pride be still; The Lord for you ac -  
calm - ly ev - 'ry dan - ger brave: It guides you to a  
think till death to lay it down; For those who hum - bly



will - ing heart, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me."  
spir - it up, And brace your heart, and nerve your arm.  
cept - ed death Up - on a cross on Cal - v'ry's hill.  
bet - ter home And leads to vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
bear the cross One day will wear the glo - rious crown.

Text: Charles W. Fiverson, 1814-1877, alt.  
Tune: ERHALT UNS HERR, LM: King's Geistliche Lieder, 1543; harm. by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

## Psalm Response: Psalm 116:1-2, 3-4, 5-6, 8-9



I will walk be - fore the Lord, in the land of the liv - ing.

Text: The Revised Grail Psalms, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail, admin. by GIA Publications, Inc.;  
refrain tr. © 1969, ICEL  
Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, GIA Publications, Inc.

## Preparation of the Altar: Give Us Your Peace



Give us your peace, O God; give us your peace,



your peace. Give us your peace, O God;



give us your peace, your peace.

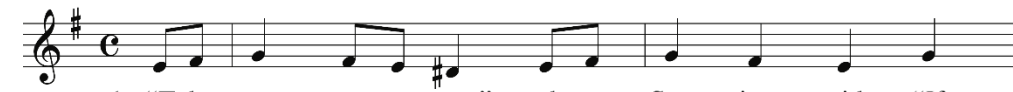
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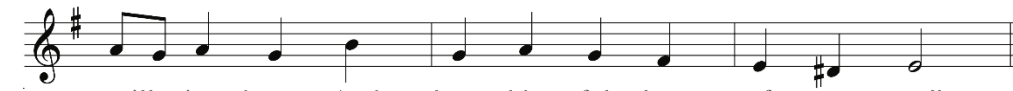
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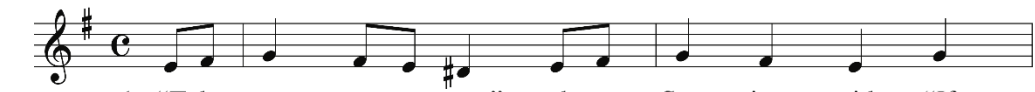
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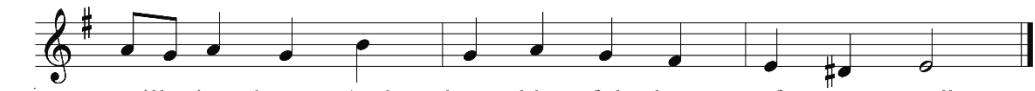
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Communion Hymn: Our Blessing Cup

Refrain
Our bless-ing cup is a com-mun-ion with the blood of Christ;
and the bread we break, it is a shar-ing in the bod-y of the

Closing Hymn: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the
2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was
com-ing of the Lord; He is tram-pling out the
hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have build-ed him an
nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out all
born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in his
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He has
al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps. I can
hu-man hearts be-fore his judg-ment seat. O be
bos-om that trans-fig-ures you and me. As he
loosed the fate-ful light-ning of his ter-ri-ble swift sword:
read the right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps;
swift, my soul, to an-swer him; be ju-bi-lant, my feet!
died to make us ho-ly, let us live to make all free
His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.
While God is march-ing on.
Glo-ry, glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry,
glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry! Hal-le-
lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Text: Julia W. Howe, 1819-1910, alt.
Tune: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, 15 15 15 6 with refrain; attr. to William Steffe, d.1911

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