

O Lord, I Am Not Worthy

1. O Lord, I am not worthy That
 2. O come, all ye who la - bor In
 3. O Je - sus, we a - dore thee, Our
 4. O sac - ra - ment most ho - ly, O

thou should'st come to me, But speak the words of
 sor - row and in pain; Come, eat this bread from
 vic - tim and our priest, Whose pre - cious blood and
 sac - ra - ment di - vine, All praise and all thanks -

com - fort; My spir - it healed shall be.
 heav - en; Thy peace and strength re - gain.
 bod - y Be - come our sa - cred feast.
 giv - ing Be ev - 'ry mo - ment thine.

Text: Vs. 1, anonymous; vss. 2-3, Irvin Udulutsch, © 1958, The Basilian Fathers; vs. 4, the *Raccolta*
 Tune: NON DIGNUS, 7 6 7 6; "Burns" traditional melody

O Sacrament Most Holy

1. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Who in your love di - vine,
 2. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Our vic - tim and our priest,
 3. O Je - sus, we a - dore you, Our Sav - ior and our King,
 4. O Je - sus, we a - dore you; Come, live in us, we pray,
 5. O come, all you who la - bor In sor - row and in pain;

Con - seal your might - y God-head In forms of bread and wine.
 Whose pre - cious blood and bod - y Be - come our sa - cred feast.
 And with the saints and an - gels Our hum - ble hom - age bring.
 That all our thoughts and ac - tions Be yours a - lone to - day.
 Come, eat this bread from heav - en; Your peace and strength re - gain.

O sac - ra - ment most ho - ly, O sac - ra - ment di - vine,

All praise and all thanks-giv - ing Be ev - 'ry mo - ment thine!

Text: Irvin Udulutsch; refrain from the *Raccolta*
 Tune: FULDA MELODY, 7 6 7 6 with refrain; Fulda *Gesangbuch*; arr. by Charles G. Frischmann

EAT THIS BREAD

Jacques Berthier

Refrain: All

Eat this bread, drink this cup, come to me and never be hun - gry.

Verse 1: Cantor

1. I am the bread of life, the true bread sent from the Fa-ther.

to Refrain

Verse 2: Cantor

2. Your an-ces-tors ate man-na in the des - er, but this is the

to Refrain

Verse 3: Cantor

2. bread come down from heav - en. 3. Eat my flesh and

to Refrain

3. drink my blood, and I will raise you up on the last day.

to Refrain

Verse 4: Cantor

4. An - y - one who eats this bread, will live for ev - er.

to Refrain

Verse 5: Cantor

5. If you be-lieve and eat this bread, you will have e - ter-nal life.

to Refrain

Text: John 6; adapt. by Robert J. Batatin. Text and music © 1982, 1983, 1984, Ateliers et Presses de Taizé (France). International copyright secured. All rights reserved. Use with permission of G.I.A. Publications, Inc., exclusive agent.

Ubi Cáritas

Refrain

U - bi ca - ri - tas et a - mor,
Where true char - i - ty and love a - bide,
Don - de hay a - mor y ca - ri - dad,

u - bi ca - ri - tas De - us i - bi est.
God is dwell - ing there; God is dwell - ing there.
don - de hay a - mor Dios a - llí es - ta.

Text: 1 Corinthians 13:2-8, 13; *Where charity and love are found*, God is there; Taizé Community, 1978
Tune: Jacques Berthier, 1923-1994
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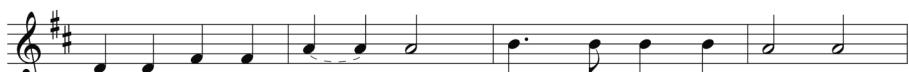
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Though the dark - ness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee.
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye made blind by sin thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy Name in earth and sky and sea.



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher-u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 God ev - er - last - ing through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

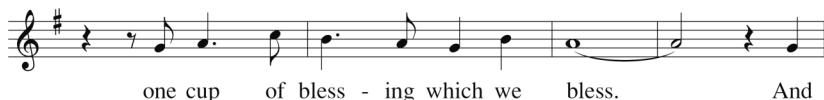
Text: Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, alt.
 Tune: NICAEA, 11 12 12 10; John Bacchus Dykes, 1823–1876

One Bread, One Body

Refrain



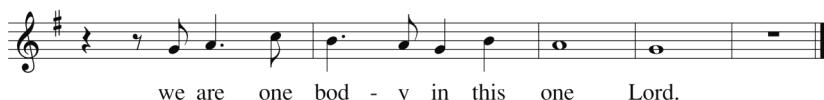
One bread, one bod - y, one Lord of all,



one cup of bless - ing which we bless. And

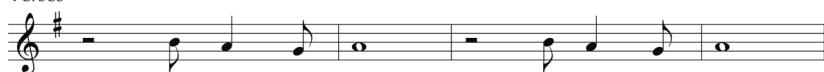


we, though man - y, through-out the earth,



we are one bod - y in this one Lord.

Verse



1. Gen - tile or Jew, ser - vant or free,
 2. Man - y the gifts, man - y the works,
 3. Grain for the fields, scat-tered and grown,

D.C.



wom - an or man no more.
 one in the Lord of all.
 gath - ered to one for all.

Text: 1 Corinthians 10:16; 17, 12:4; Galatians 3:28; the *Didache* 9; John Foley, SJ, b.1939
 Tune: John Foley, SJ, b.1939
 © 1978, John B. Foley, SJ, and OCP

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

1. Let all mortal flesh keep si - lence,
2. King of kings, yet born of Mar - y,
3. Rank on rank the host of heav - en
4. At his feet the six - winged ser - aph;

And with fear and trem - bling stand;
As of old on earth he stood,
Spreads its van - guard on the way;
Cher - u - bim with sleep less eye

Pon - der noth - ing earth - ly - mind - ed,
Lord of lords in hu - man ves - ture,
As the Light of Light, de - scand - ing
Veil their fac - es to the Pres - ence,

For with bless - ing in his hand
In the Bod - y and the Blood
From the realms of end less day,
As with cease - less voice they cry:

Christ our God, to earth de - scand -
He will give to all the faith -
Comes, the pow'r's of hell to van -
"Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu

ing, Comes, our hom - age to de - mand.
ful His own self for heav'n - ly food.
quish, As the dark - ness clears a - way.
ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord Most High!"

Text: Liturgy of St. James 5th C.; para. by Gerard Moultrie, 1829–1885, alt.
Tune: PICARDY, 8 7 8 7 8 7; French carol; harm. by Richard Proulx, 1937–2010

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus

1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans Are we
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of An - gels, Here on
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, You the

scep - ter, his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia!
 left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia!
 earth our food, our stay! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Lord of lords we own; Al - le - lu - ia!

his the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone;
 he is near us, Faith be-lieves, nor ques - tions how:
 here the sin - ful Flee to you from day to day:
 born of Mar - y, Earth your foot - stool, heav'n your throne:

Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der
 Though the cloud from sight re - ceived him, When the
 In - ter - ces - sor, friend of sin - ners, Earth's re -
 You, with - in the veil, have en - tered, Robed in

like a might - y flood; Je - sus out of
 for - ty days were o'er, Shall our hearts for -
 deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of
 flesh, our great high priest; Here on earth both

ev - 'ry na - tion Has re - deemed us by his blood.
 get his prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er-more"?
 all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
 priest and vic - tim In the eu - cha - ris - tic feast.

Text: Revelation 5:9; William C. Dix, 1837-1898
 Tune: HYFRYDOL, 8 7 8 7 D; Rowland H. Prichard, 1811-1887