

May 21st, 2021

Choral Prelude: Taize – *Veni Sancte Spiritus*

Come, Holy Spirit, from heaven shine forth with your glorious light.
Veni Sancte Spiritus

Come, Father of the poor, come,
generous Spirit, come, light of our hearts.
Veni Sancte Spiritus

Come from the four winds, O Spirit,
come breath of God; disperse the shadows over us,
renew and strengthen your people.
Veni Sancte Spiritus

Father of the poor,
Come to our poverty,
Shower upon us the seven gifts of your grace.
Be the light of our lives, O come.
Veni Sancte Spiritus

You are our only comforter, Peace of the soul.
In the heat you shade us; in our labor you refresh us,
and in trouble you are our strength.
Veni Sancte Spiritus

Kindle in our hearts the flame of your love
That in the darkness of the world it may glow and reach to all forever.
Veni Sancte Spiritus.

vv. 1-2

1 Like the mur-mur of the dove's song, like the chal - lenge of her
 2 To the mem-bers of Christ's Bo - dy, to the branch - es of the
 3 With the heal - ing of di - vi - sion, with the cease - less voice of

flight, like the vig - or of the wind's rush, like the
 Vine, to the Church in faith as - sem - bled, to her
 prayer, with the power to love and wit - ness, with the

new flame's ea - ger might: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.
 midst as gift and sign: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.
 peace be - yond com - pare: come, — Ho - ly Spi - rit, come.

Phrase 1 of each stanza may be sung by one group, with a contrasted group singing phrase 2, and all joining for the final phrase.

Words: Carl P. Daw, Jr. (b. 1944)

Music: *Bridegroom*, Peter Cutts (b. 1937)

♩ = 90
87. 87. 6

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Holy Eucharist

All verses

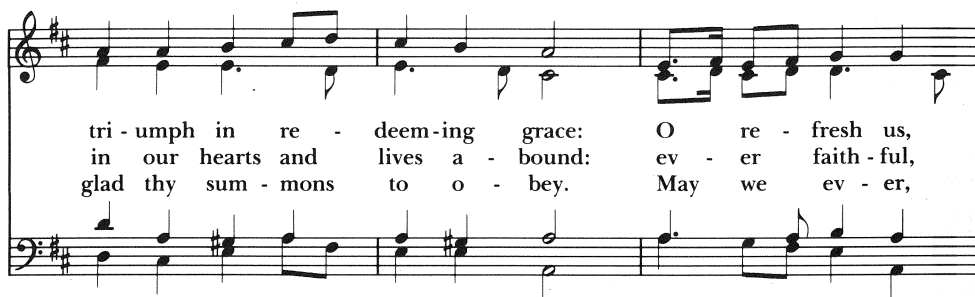
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1 Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; fill our hearts with
2 Thanks we give and a - dor - a - tion for thy Gos - pel's
3 so that when thy love shall call us, Sa - vior, from the



joy and peace; let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing,
joy - ful sound: may the fruits of thy sal - va - tion
world a - way, fear of death shall not ap - pall us,



tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O re - fresh us,
in our hearts and lives a - bound: ev - er faith - ful,
glad thy sum - mons to o - bey. May we ev - er,



O re - fresh us, trav - eling through this wil - der - ness.
ev - er faith - ful to thy truth may we be found;
may we ev - er reign with thee in end - less day.

Words: Att. John Fawcett (1739/40-1817)

Music: *Sicilian Mariners*, Sicilian melody; first published
The European Magazine and London Review, 1792, alt.

♩=69
87. 87. 87