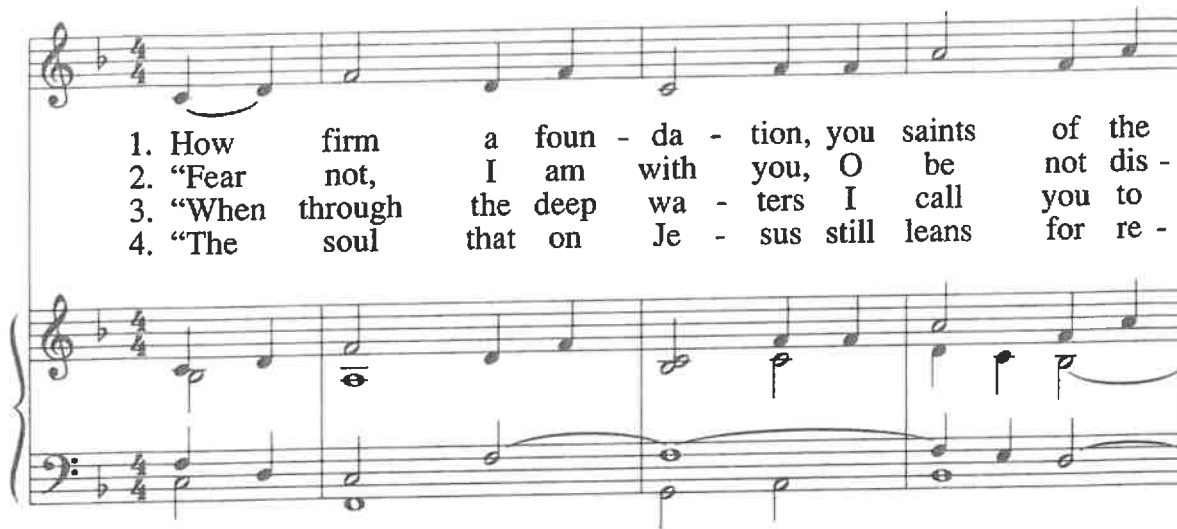


*12th Sunday
in Ordinary Time
June 25, 2023*



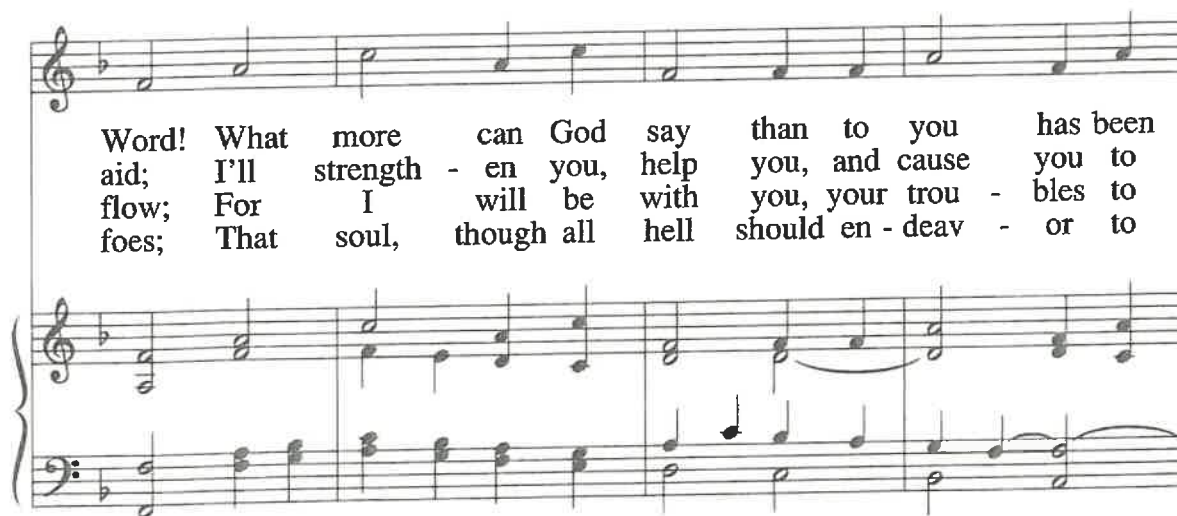
587 How Firm a Foundation



1. How firm a foun - da - tion, you saints of the
 2. "Fear not, I am with you, O be not dis -
 3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call you to
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re -



Lord, Is laid for your faith in this ex - cel - lent
 mayed, For I am your God, and will still give you
 go, The riv - ers of woe shall not you o - ver -
 pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to its



Word! What more can God say than to you has been
 aid; I'll strength - en you, help you, and cause you to
 flow; For I will be with you, your trou - bles to
 foes; That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to

TRUST

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The second system is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the first system of music.

said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
stand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
bless, And sanc - ti - fy to you, your deep - est dis - tress.
shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

Text: 2 Peter 1:4; "K" in Rippon's *A Selection of Hymns*, 1787
Tune: FOUNDATION, 11 11 11 11; Funk's *Compilation of Genuine Church Music*, 1832; harm. by Richard Proulx, b.1937, © 1975,
GIA Publications, Inc.

12TH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

June 25

Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 69:8–10, 14, 17, 33–35 (94)

Response: (Organ/SATB)

Optional Descant

Lord, _____ an - swer me.

Dm Gm/Bb Gm Gm7 Dm

Lord, _____ in your great love, _____ an - swer _____ me.

Verses: (Cantor or SATB)

Dm Gm/D Dm A

1a. For your sake I bear insult, And shame co - vers my face.
 1b. I have become an outcast to my brothers, A stranger to my mo - ther's children,
 1c. Because zeal for your house con - sumes me, And the insults of those who blaspheme you fall up - on me.

2a. I pray to you, O LORD, For the time of your fa - vor, O God!
 2b. In your great kindness answer me With your con - stant help.
 2c. Answer me, O LORD, for bounteous is your kindness; In your great mercy turn toward me.

Bb F/A C F

3a. "See, you lowly ones, and be glad; You who seek God, may your hearts re - vive!
 3b. For the LORD hears the poor, And his own who are in bonds he spurns not.
 3c. Let the heavens and the earth praise him, The seas and whatever moves in them!"

Gospel Acclamation: John 15:26b, 27a

Acclamation: (Organ/SATB) No. VII

Optional Descant

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.

D G/B Asus4 A G Dadd9 D G/B A7/C# D

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia.

Verse: (Cantor or SATB)

The Spir - it of truth will tes - ti - fy to me, says the

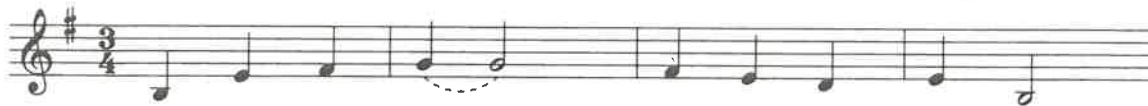
Bm A6/C# Bm Em F#sus4 F#

Lord; and you al - so will tes - ti - fy.

Bm Bm/D D/F# G Asus4 A D

Music: Owen Alstott, © 1977, 1990, OCP. All rights reserved.

Christ, Be Our Light 512



1. Long - ing for light, we wait in dark - ness.
 2. Long - ing for peace, our world is trou - bled.
 3. Long - ing for food, man - y are hun - gry.
 4. Long - ing for shel - ter, man - y are home - less.
 5. Man - y the gifts, man - y the peo - ple,



Long - ing for truth, we turn to you.
 Long - ing for hope, man - y de - spair.
 Long - ing for wa - ter, man - y still thirst.
 Long - ing for warmth, man - y are cold.
 man - y the hearts that yearn to be - long.



Make us your own, your ho - ly peo - ple,
 Your word a - lone has pow'r to save us.
 Make us your bread, bro - ken for oth - ers,
 Make us your build - ing, shel - ter - ing oth - ers,
 Let us be ser - vants to one an - oth - er,



light for the world to see.
 Make us your liv - ing voice.
 shared un - til all are fed.
 walls made of liv - ing stone.
 mak - ing your king - dom come.



Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts.



Shine through the dark - ness. Christ, be our light!



Shine in your church gath - ered to - day.

814 We Come to Your Feast

Verses

Cantor or choir:

1. We place up - on your ta - ble a gleam - ing cloth of
 2. We place up - on your ta - ble a hum - ble loaf of
 3. We place up - on your ta - ble a sim - ple cup of
 4. We gath - er 'round your ta - ble, we pause with - in our



white: the weav - ing of our sto - ries,
 bread: the gift of field and hill - side,
 wine: the fruit of hu - man la - bor,
 quest, we stand be - side our neigh - bors,



the fab - ric of our lives; the dreams of those be -
 the grain by which we're fed; we come to taste the
 the gift of sun and vine; we come to taste the
 we name the stran - ger "guest." The feast is spread be -



fore us, the an - cient hope - ful cries,
 pres - ence of him on whom we feed,
 pres - ence of him we claim as Lord,
 fore us; you bid us come and dine:



the prom - ise of our fu - ture: our need - ing and our
 to strength - en and con - nect us, to chal - lenge and cor -
 his dy - ing and his liv - ing, his lead - ing and his
 in bless - ing we'll un - cov - er, in shar - ing we'll dis -



nur - ture lie here be - fore our eyes.
 rect us, to love in word and deed.
 giv - ing, his love in cup out - poured.
 cov - er your sub - stance and your sign.

EUCCHARIST

Refrain

All: We come to your feast, we come to your
feast: the young and the old, the fright-ened, the
bold, the great-est and the least. We come to your
feast, we come to your feast
with the fruit of our lands and the work of our
hands, we come to your feast.

Text: Michael Joncas, b.1951
Tune: Michael Joncas, b.1951
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How Can I Keep from Singing 598



1. My life flows on in end-less song A -
 2. Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I
 3. What, though my joys and com-fort die, The
 4. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A



bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion. I hear the real though
 hear that mu - sic ring - ing; It sounds and ech - oes
 Lord, my sav - ior liv - eth. What though the dark - ness
 foun - tain ev - er spring-ing. All things are mine since



far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion.
 in my soul; How can I keep from sing-ing?
 gath - er 'round? Songs in the night it giv - eth.
 I am his; How can I keep from sing-ing?



No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that rock I'm



cling - ing. Since Christ is Lord of heav-en and earth,



How can I keep from sing-ing?

Text: Robert Lowry, 1826-1899

Tune: HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING, 8 7 8 7 with refrain; Robert Lowry, 1826-1899; harm. by Robert J. Batastini, b.1942, © 1988, GIA Publications, Inc.

594 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A sword and
 2. No strength of ours can match his might! We would be
 3. Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land All threat-n'ing
 4. God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, No thanks to



shield vic - to - rious, Who breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's
 lost, re - ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to
 to de - vour us, We trem - ble not, un - moved we
 foes, who fear it; For God, our Lord, fights by our



rod And wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa -
 fight, Whom God a - lone e - lect - ed. You ask who
 stand; They can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's
 side With weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to



tan - ic foe Has sworn to work us woe!
 this may be? The Lord of hosts is he!
 ty - rant rage; In bat - tle we'll en - gage!
 take our house, Goods, hon - or, child, or spouse,



With craft and dread - ful might He arms him -
 Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord, God's on - ly
 His might is doomed to fail; God's judge - ment
 Though life be wrenched a - way, They can - not



self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 win the day. The King - dom's ours for - ev - er!