

Introit - Oculi Mei

(Ant.) My eyes are fixed on God;
1. To you, O Lord, I pray,
4 From snares he res - cues me.
7 I trust in your great name.
Be - - hold my poor and lone - ly soul;
10 Let not my en - e - - mies ex - ult,
Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
Nor put my soul to shame.

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If to - day you hear his voice, hard-en not your hearts.

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ATTENDE DOMINE HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD

ATTENDE DOMINE

Refrain
At - tén-de Dó-mi - ne, et mi - se - ré - re, Qui - a pec - cá - vi - mus
Have mer-cy on us, Lord, Je-sus our Sav-ior: Bur-dened with sin, we im -

Verses
ti - bi. 1. O great Re-deem-er, King of all cre - a - tion,
plore you! 2. Ex - alt - ed Sav - ior, Cor - ner-stone of heav - en,
3. We beg you, Je - sus, God im-mense in pow - er:
4. We stand con-vict - ed, own - ing our of-fens - es;
5. Re-mem - ber, Je - sus, you gave all to save us;

1. As we are sin - ners, we de - serve your judg - ment:
2. Gate of sal - va - tion, Way to life im - mor - tal:
3. Lis - ten in kind-ness as we ask for - give - ness:
4. Guil - ty be - fore you, yet we seek your par - don:
5. Dy - ing for sin - ners, you en-dured the Pas - sion:

to Refrain
1. Je - sus, be gra - cious; hear our prayer of sor - row.
2. Send forth your Spir - it; heal your hum - bled peo - ple!
3. Though sin con-demns us, you are strong to save us!
4. O gen - tle Sav - ior, great is your com-pas - sion!
5. Sav - ior, im - mor - tal, grant your gift of free - dom!

Text: 11 11 11 with refrain; Latin, 10th cent.; tr. by Melvin Farrell, SS, 1930–1986.
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COMMUNION (When the Gospel of the Samaritan woman is read)

Qui biberit aquam

Jo 4: 13, 14

VIII

W

Hosoev-er drinks * the water that I shall offer,

said the Lord, shall have within him a spring of water

welling up unto e-ternal life.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small: Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most— I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

O Sun of Our Salvation, Rise

1. O Sun of our sal - va - tion, rise,
 2. That glor - ious day, its ho - ly rays

Il - lume our souls with light and di - vine;
 Shall fill the val - ley and the height;

Drive night and dark - ness from the skies,
 With all re - joic - ing, let us praise

And let your day of mer - cy shine.
 The King of and Lord of light.