

St. Matthew

CATHOLIC COMMUNITY

COME FOLLOW ME — MATEO

Gathering Song: Sing of Mary (G 457)

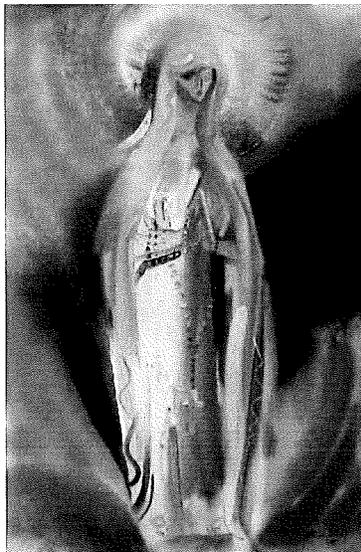
1. Sing of Mary, pure and lowly, Virgin Mother undefiled.
Sing of God's own Son most holy, who became her little child.
Fairest Child of fairest Mother, God the Lord who came to earth,
Word made flesh, our very brother, takes our nature by his birth.
2. Sing of Jesus, son of Mary, in the home at Nazareth.
Toil and labor cannot weary love enduring unto death.
Constant was the love he gave her, though he went forth from her side,
Forth to teach and heal and suffer, till on Calvary he died.

Text: Roland Palmer, 1891-1985, © Estate of Roland Palmer
Tune: PLEADING SAVIOR, 8 7 8 7 D; *Christian Lyre*, 1830

Readings found at G 1206

Responsorial Psalm:

“The Queen stands at your right hand arrayed in gold.”



Communion Song: Canticle of the Turning (G 622)

1. My soul cries out with a joyful shout that the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,
and my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blest. Could the world be about to turn?
**My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn!**
2. Though I am small, my God, my all, you work great things in me,
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to shame,
and to those who would for you yearn,
You will show your might, put the strong to flight, for the world is about to turn.
My heart shall sing...
3. From the halls of power to the fortress tower, not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears ev'ry tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more, for the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed, for the world is about to turn.
My heart shall sing...
4. Though the nations rage from age to age, we remember who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us from the conqueror's crushing grasp.
This saving word that our forebears heard is the promise which holds us bound,
'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God, who is turning the world around.
My heart shall sing...

Text: Luke 1:46-58; Rory Cooney, b.1952, © 1990, GIA Publications, Inc. Reprinted under OneLicense.Net A-710338

Closing Song: Hail, Holy Queen (G 879)

1. Hail, holy Queen enthroned above, O Maria!
Hail, Queen of mercy and of love, O Maria!
Triumph, all ye Cherubim; Sing with us, ye Seraphim!
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn: Salve, Salve, Salve, Regina!
2. O gentle, loving, holy one, O Maria!
The God of Light became your Son, O Maria!
Triumph, all ye Cherubim; Sing with us, ye Seraphim!
Heav'n and earth resound the hymn: Salve, Salve, Salve, Regina!

Text: *Salve, Regina, mater misericordia*; c. 1080

Tune: SALVE REGINA COELITUM, 8 4 8 4 777 4 5; 1808