

4th Sunday of Lent – Laetare

March 19, 2023

Entrance Song: **Be Thou My Vision** *medieval Irish, tr. Eleanor Hull, 1912, alt. RC 1992*

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart.
Naught is all else to me, save that thou art.
Thou my best thought by day and by night.
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, and thou my true word,
I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord.
Thou my heart's great love, and I am thine own,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight.
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight.
Thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tower.
Raise thou me heavenward, O power of my power.

Riches I need not, nor vain empty praise.
Thou my inheritance now and always.
Thou and thou only, the first in my heart.
High king of heaven, my treasure thou art.

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.
Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart.
Naught is all else to me save that thou art

[Click here for the readings](#)

Psalm 23 by Gary Daigle

Assembly repeats each phrase after cantor:

The Lord is my shepherd, / There is nothing I shall want.
There is nothing I shall want. / The Lord is my shepherd.

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Gospel response: **Open My Eyes** by Jesse Manibusan (see verse 1, below)

Apostles' Creed

I believe in God, the Father almighty,
Creator of heaven and earth,
and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord,
At the words that follow, up to and including the Virgin Mary, all bow.
who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary,
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died and was buried; he descended into hell;
on the third day he rose again from the dead;
he ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of God the Father almighty; from
there he will come to judge the living and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the
communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen.

Preparation of Gifts



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Music: Open My Eyes by Jesse Manibusan

**1. Open my eyes, Lord. Help me to see your face.
Open my eyes, Lord. Help me to see.**

**2. Open my ears, Lord. Help me to hear your voice.
Open my ears, Lord. Help me to hear.**

**3. Open my heart, Lord. Help me to love like you.
Open my heart, Lord. Help me to love.**

And the first shall be last, and our eyes are opened,
and we'll hear like never before.

And we'll speak in new ways, and we'll see God's face
in places we've never known.

4. I live within you. Deep in your heart, O Love.
I live within you. Rest now in me.

Text: Based on Mark 8:22–25; verses 1–3 and bridge text, Jesse Manibusan; verse 4 text, Kelly Cullen, OFM. Text and music © 1988, 1998, Jesse Manibusan. Published by Spirit & Song®, a division of OCP. All rights reserved.

MEMORIAL ACCLAMATION A

We pro-claim your Death, O Lord, and pro-fess your Res - ur -
rec-tion un - til you come a - gain, un - til you come a - gain.

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A - men, a - men, a - men.
A - men, a - men, a - men.

Music: *Mass of Creation*, Marty Haugen, © 1984, 1985, GIA Publications, Inc.

Communion: **Christ, Be Our Light (Gather 590)** by Bernadette Farrell

1. Longing for light, we wait in darkness.
Longing for truth, we turn to you.
Make us your own, your holy people, light for the world to see.

Refrain

**Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts. Shine through the darkness.
Christ, be our light! Shine in your church gathered today.**

2. Longing for peace, our world is troubled.
Longing for hope, many despair.
Your word alone has pow'r to save us. Make us your living voice.

3. Longing for food, many are hungry.
Longing for water, many still thirst.
Make us your bread, broken for others, shared until all are fed.

4. Longing for shelter, many are homeless.
Longing for warmth, many are cold.
Make us your building, sheltering others, walls made of living stone.

5. Many the gifts, many the people,
many the hearts that yearn to belong.
Let us be servants to one another, making your kingdom come.

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Closing: **Amazing Grace**

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed!

The Lord has promised good to me, his word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be as long as life endures.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

Text: St. 1-4, John Newton, 1725-1807; st. 5, attr. to John Rees, fl. 1859

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