FIRST SUNDAY of ADVENT

Parish of the Holy Eucharist · SACRED HEART · November 29, 2020 Fr Phil Tracy, *Pastor* Fr Peter Kaseta, Fr Paul Marquis, *Parochial Vicars*

PROCESSIONAL Creator of the Stars of Night/Advent Litany/Maranatha

- 1. Creator of the stars of night, Your people's everlasting light, O Christ, Redeemer of us all, We pray you hear us when we call. REFRAIN:
- 2. To God Creator, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three-in-One, Praise, honor, might, and glory be From age to age eternally. REFRAIN:



ENTRANCE ANTIPHON

To you, I lift up my soul, O my God. In you, I have trusted; let me not be put to shame. Nor let my enemies exult over me; and let none who hope in you be put to shame

FIRST READING Isaiah 63

Oh, that you would rend the heavens and come down!

RESPONSORIAL PSALM Psalm 80

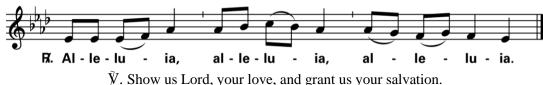


Lord, make us turn to you; let us see your face and we shall be saved.

SECOND READING 1 Corinthians 1

You are not lacking in any spiritual gift.

GOSPEL ACCLAMATION Psalm 85



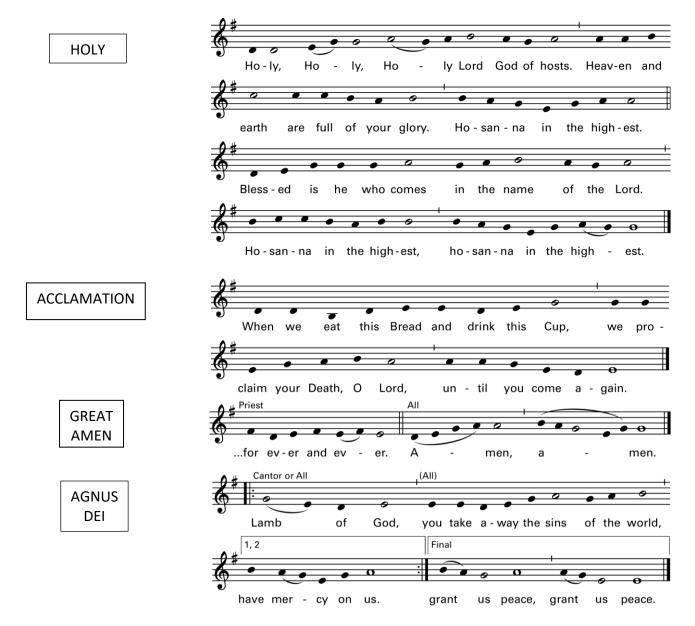
GOSPEL Mark 13

"Be watchful! Be alert! You do not know when the time will come..." BLESSING OF THE ADVENT WREATH PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS **The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns**

1. The King shall come when dawns And morn - ing 2. Not, as old, lit – tle child, То of а morn When 3. 0 bright - er than the ris ing 0 4. bright - er that glo - rious morn Shall than When gilds the 1. light tri - um-phant breaks, beau - ty 2. bear, and fight, and But crowned with glo - ry die, vic - to - rious, And left the lone-some he, rose 3. this fair morn-ing be, When Christ, our King, in hills east - ern And life wakes. 1. to joy а – 2 like the sun That lights the morn ing sky. death, place of De spite the rage of foes. 4. beau - ty comes, And we his face shall see!

EUCHARISTIC ACCLAMATIONS

Belmont Mass



COMMUNION ANTIPHON

The Lord will bestow his bounty, and our earth shall yield its increase.

COMMUNION SONG Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence....Wake O Wake And Sleep No Longer 1. Let all mortal flesh keep silence, 1.Wake, O wake, and sleep no longer,

 Let all mortal flesh keep silence, And with fear and trembling stand; Ponder nothing earthly-minded, For with blessing in his hand Christ our God to earth descendeth, Our full homage to demand.
King of kings, yet born of Mary, As of old on earth he stood, Lord of lords in human vesture; In the Body and the Blood

He will give to all the faithful

His own self for heav'nly food.

For he who calls you is no stranger: Awake, God's own Jerusalem! Hear, the midnight bells are chiming The signal for his royal coming: Let voice to voice announce his name! We feel his footsteps near, The Bridegroom at the door' Alleluia! The lamps will shine With light divine As Christ the Savior comes to reign.

RECESSIONAL O Come Divine Messiah