

**Holy Rosary Church
Holy Thursday
APRIL 1, 2021
7:00 p.m.**

Mass of Christ the Savior
Dan Schutte © 2009 OCP
Miss #922-930

We Remember

Marty Haugen © 1980 GIA Publications, Inc.
Miss #493

REFRAIN

We remember how you loved us to your death,
and still we celebrate, for you are with us here;
And we believe that we will see you when you come in your glory, Lord.
We remember, we celebrate, we believe.

- 1) Here, a million wounded souls are yearning just to touch you and be healed.
Gather all your people, and hold them to your heart.
- 2) Now we recreate your love, we bring the bread and wine to share a meal.
Sign of grace and mercy, the presence of the Lord.

The Lord Jesus

Weston Priory © 1973 The Benedictine Foundation of the State of Vermont, Inc.
Miss p. 106 #23

REFRAIN

The Lord Jesus, after eating with his friends, washed their feet and said to them:
“Do you know what I, your Lord, have done for you?
I have given you example that so you also should do.”

- 1) “You are my friends:
and you can have no greater love than to give your life for your friends.”
- 2) “Peace I leave with you,
my peace I give to all who live with sincere love for ev’ryone.”
- 3) “I am the vine and you,
the branch: remain in me and you will bear abundant fruit.”
- 4) “Those who come to me
Will never thirst nor want for food, and I will raise them up on the last day.”

Worthy is the Lamb

Ricky Manalo, CSP © 1997 OCP

Miss #575

REFRAIN

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor and glory,
Worthy are the ones who believe to receive the goodness of God.

- 1) Worthy are you, O Paschal Lamb.
Wisdom and strength belong now to you.
You laid down your life and died upon the cross;
we've become a people of hope.
- 2) Worthy are you, O Bread of Life. Salvation and joy belong now to us.
By conquering death and rising to new life,
we've become a people of praise.

Sing My Tongue, The Savior's Glory

Pange Lingua Gloriosi

Miss #25 p.109

Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory: Of his flesh the myst'ry sing:
Of the Blood, all price exceeding, Shed by our immortal King,
Destined for the world's redemption, From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless virgin Born for us on earth below,
He, as man, with us conversing, Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then he closed in solemn order wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that last supper, Seated with his chosen band,
He, the Paschal victim eating, First fulfills the Law's command;
Then as food, to the disciples Gives himself with his own hand.

Word made flesh, the bread of nature By his word to flesh he turns;
Wine into his blood he changes: What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest, Faith its lesson quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling, This great sacrament we hail;
Over ancient forms of worship Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith will tell us Christ is present, When our human senses fail.

To the everlasting Father, And the son who made us free
And the spirit, God proceeding From them each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing, Might and endless majesty. Amen