

Entrance: Be thou my vision *Irish (8th Century), tr Mary Byrne (1881-1931)*

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
naught be all else to me save that thou art;
thou my best thought in the day and night,
waking or sleeping, thy presence my light

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true Word;
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
thou my great Father, and I thy true son;
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breast-plate, my sword for the fight;
be thou my armour and be thou my might,
thou my soul's shelter and thou my high tower,
raise thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
thou mine inheritance, through all my days;
thou and thou only, the first in my heart,
high King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when battle is done,
grant heaven's joy to me, O bright Heaven's sun;
Christ of my own heart, whatever befall,
still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Communion: O Bread of Heaven *St. Alphonsus Liguori, 1696-1787; tr. Fr. Edmund Vaughan, C.S.S.R., 1863.*

O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil
thou dost my very God conceal;
my Jesus, dearest treasure, hail;
I love thee and adoring kneel:
each loving soul by thee is fed
with thine own self in form of bread.

O food of life, thou who dost give
the pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 'tis not I that live,
God gives me life, God lives in me:
he feeds my soul, he guides my ways,
and every grief with joy repays.

O bond of love, that dost unite
the servant to his living Lord;
could I dare live, and not requite
such love, then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
some love for such unmeasured love.