

Entrance: Will you come and follow me *(John L. Bell and Graham Maule © Wild Goose Resource Group/Iona Community)*

Will you come and follow me if I but call your name?
Will you go where you don't know and never be the same?
Will you let my love be shown? Will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown in you and you in me?

Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?
Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?
Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?
Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?

Will you let the blinded see if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean in you and you in me?

Will you love the "you" you hide if I but call your name?
Will you quell the fear inside and never be the same?
Will you use the faith you've found to reshape the world around,
through my sight and touch and sound in you and you in me?

Lord your summons echoes true when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you and never be the same.
In your company I'll go where your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow in you and you in me.

Preparation of the Gifts: Christ be beside me *Adapted from St Patrick's Breastplate by James Quinn SJ © 1969 Geoffrey Chapman*

Christ be beside me, Christ be before me, Christ be behind me, King of my heart.

Christ be within me, Christ be below me, Christ be above me, never to part.

Christ on my right hand, Christ on my left hand, Christ all around me, shield in the strife.

Christ in my sleeping, Christ in my sitting, Christ in my rising, light of my heart.

Christ be in all hearts thinking about me, Christ be on all tongues telling of me.
Christ be the vision in eyes that see me, In ears that hear me, Christ ever be.

Communion: Cry of the poor *John B Foley SJ © New Dawn Music*
The Lord hears the cry of the poor. Blessed be the Lord.

I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise ever in my mouth.
Let my soul glory in the Lord, for he hears the cry of the poor.
Let the lowly hear and be glad: the Lord listens to their pleas;
and to hearts broken, he is near, for he hears the cry of the poor.