

St. Cassian Church

Sunday, August 16, 2020, 20th Sunday in Ordinary Time

Entrance Hymn

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness
2. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ures
3. Trou-bled souls, why will you scat-ter Like a crowd of



of the sea; There's a kind-ness in God's jus-tice
of the mind; And the heart of the E-ter-nal
fright-ened sheep? Fool-ish hearts, why will you wan-der



Which is more than lib-er-ty. There is plen-ti-ty
Is most won-der-ful-ly kind. If our love were
From a love so true and deep? There is wel-come



ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
but more faith-ful, We should rest up-on God's word;
for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;



There is joy for all the mem-bers
And our lives would be thanks-giv-ing
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior,



In the sor-rows of the Head,
For the good-ness of our Lord.
There is heal-ing in his blood.

Text: Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863, alt.
Tune: IS BABILONE, 8 7 8 7 D; Oude en Nieuwe Hollandse Beveenteties en Contradanssen, c.1710

Responsorial Psalm

TWENTIETH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME / A

RESPONSORIAL PSALM

Psalm 67:2-3, 5, 6 and 8



O God, O God, let all the na - tions praise you!

O God, be gracious and bless us
and let your face shed its light upon us.
So will your ways be known upon earth
and all nations learn your salvation. *R.*


Let the nations be glad and shout for joy,
with uprightness you rule the peoples;

you guide the nations on earth. *R.*
Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.
May God still give us his blessing
that all the ends of the earth may
revere him. *R.*


Text: *The Revised Grail Psalms*, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail, admin. by GIA Publications, Inc.;
Refrain, *Lectionary for Mass*, © 1969, 1981, 1997, ICEL.
Music: Marie Kremer, © 1986, GIA Publications, Inc.

Offertory Hymn

Lord of All Nations, Grant Me Grace



1. Lord of all na - tions, grant me grace To love all
2. Break down the walls that would di - vide Your chil - dren,
3. For - give me, Lord, where I have erred By love - less
4. Give me your cour - age, Lord, to speak When - ev - er
5. With your own love may I be filled, And by your



peo - ple, ev - 'ry race, To see each per - son as I
Lord, on ev - 'ry side. My neigh - bor's good let me pur -
act and thought - less word. Make me to see the wrong I
strong op - press the weak. Should I my - self as vic - tim
Ho - ly Spir - it willed, That all whose lives are touched by



ought, My kin - dred, whom your love has bought.
sue; Let Chris - tian love bind warm and true.
do Will cru - ci - fy my Lord a - new.
live, Re - mem - b'ring you, may I for - give.
mine May know your heal - ing touch di - vine.

Text: Philippians 2:1-18; Olive W. Spinaum, b.1916, © 1969, 1997, Concordia Publishing House
Tune: BEATUS VIR, LM; Slovak melody, 16th C.; harm. by Richard Hillert, 1923-2010

Recessional Hymn

O God beyond All Praising



1. O God be-yond all prais-ing, we wor-ship you to - day
*2. The flow'r of earth - ly splen-dor in time must sure - ly die,
3. Then hear, O gra-cious Sav - ior, ac - cept the love we bring,



And sing the love a - maz-ing that songs can-not re - pay;
Its frag - ile bloom sur - ren - der to you, the Lord most high;
That we who know your fa - vor may serve you as our King;



For we can on - ly won - der at ev - 'ry gift you send,
But hid - den from all na - ture the e - ter - nal seed is sown,
And wheth - er our to - mor - rows be filled with good or ill,



At bless-ings with - out num - ber and mer - cies with - out end.
Though small in mor - tal stat - ure to heav - en's gar - den grown.
We'll tri - umph through our sor - rows and rise to bless you still,



We lift our hearts be - fore you and wait up - on your word;
For Christ, the man from heav - en, from death has set us free,
To mar - vel at your beau - ty and glo - ry in your ways,



We hon - or and a - dore you, our great and might - y Lord.
And we through him are giv - en the fin - al vic - to - ry!
And make a joy - ful du - ty our sac - ri - fice of praise.

**May be omitted.*

Text: Michael Perry, 1942-1996, © 1982, The Jubilate Group (admin. by Hope Publishing Company)
Tune: THAXTED, 13 13 13 13 13 13; Gustav Holst, 1874-1934