

INTRODUCTORY RITES

Opening Song: Come Bring Your Burdens to God **G-797**

Come, bring your burdens to God,
Come, bring your burdens to God,
Come, bring your burdens to God,
For Jesus will never say no.

Glory to God: Mass of New Wine (*Jakob*)

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading: Zechariah 9:9-10

Psalm 145: *I will bless your name forever, bless your name, my God and King.*

(Text: Abbey Psalms & Canticles © 2010, 2018, USCCB; Music: © 2026, Philip Jakob)

Second Reading: Romans 8:9, 11-13

Gospel Acclamation: Salisbury Alleluia

Gospel: Matthew 11:25-30

Homily

Universal Prayer

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Preparation of Gifts & Altar: Canticle of the Turning **G-666**

1 My soul cries out with a joyful shout that the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight, and my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blessed.
Could the world be about to turn?

2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you work great things in me,
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to shame, and those who would for you yearn,
You will show your might, put the strong to flight, for the world is about to turn.

3 From the halls of power to the fortress tower, not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears every tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more, for the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, every mouth be fed, for the world is about to turn.

4 Though the nations rage from age to age, we remember who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us from the conqueror's crushing grasp.
This saving word that our forebears heard is the promise which holds us bound,
'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God, who is turning the world around.

[Refrain] My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
And the world is about to turn.

Eucharistic Acclamations: Mass of Creation

COMMUNION RITE

Our Father

Lamb of God: Mass of Creation **G-217**

Communion Song: Come to Me **G-789**

Come to Me all who toil and are burdened,
And I will give you rest.
Come to Me all who toil and are burdened,
And I will give you rest.

Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me,
For I'm meek and lowly in heart,
And you'll find rest for your souls.
My yoke is easy and My burden is light.

CONCLUDING RITE

Dismissal: Your Peace Will Make Us One **G-1084**

[Verse 1]
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
You are speaking truth to power, You are laying down our swords
Replanting every vineyard 'til a brand new wine is poured
Your peace will make us one

[Verse 2]
I've seen You in our home fires burning with a quiet light
You are mothering and feeding in the wee hours of the night
Your gentle love is patient, You will never fade or tire
Your peace will make us one

[Chorus]

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Your peace will make us one

[Verse 3]
In the beauty of the lilies, You were born across the sea
With a glory in Your bosom that is still transfiguring
Dismantling our empires 'til each one of us is free
Your peace will make us one

[Chorus]
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Your peace will make us one
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Your peace will make us one

Recessional: America the Beautiful

O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare of freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness

And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for halcyon skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the enameled plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till souls wax fair as earth and air
And music-hearted sea!

O beautiful for pilgrims feet
Whose stem impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till paths be wrought through
Wilds of thought
By pilgrim foot and knee!

O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife
When once and twice
For man's avail
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
Till selfish gain no longer stain
The banner of the free!

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