3 October

SAINT THERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

Introit

7. The Lord nur-tured and taught her; *he guard-ed her as the apple of his eye.

As the eagle spreads its wings to carry its young, he bore her

on his shoulders. The Lord a-lone was her lead-er.
Psalm at the Introit: Psalm 102

7. My soul, give thanks to the Lord, * all my be-ing, bless his ho-ly Name.

Doxology

7. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Spir-it. * As it was in 

the beginning, is now and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.
3 October

SAINT THERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 102

My soul, give thanks to the Lord, all my being, bless his holy Name. My soul, give thanks to the Lord and never forget all his blessings. ((REG)

The love of the Lord is everlasting upon those who hold him in fear; his justice reaches out to children’s children when they keep his covenant in truth. (REG)

The Lord is compassion and love, slow to anger and rich in mercy. His wrath will come to an end; he will not be angry for ever. (REG)

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Refrain melody by Columba Kelly, O.S.B. Harmonization by Samuel F. Weber, O.S.B.
3 October

SAINT THERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

Alleluia

7. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Verse

7. Blessed are you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because you have revealed the mysteries of the kingdom to little ones.
SAINT THERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS
OFFERTORY

1. Now there abide faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.

Psalm tone by Tobias Colgan, O.S.B., alt. Harmonization by Samuel F. Weber, O.S.B.

Psalm 33

1. Come, children, hear me;
   I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
   Turn from evil and do good;
   seek and strive after peace. (R')

2. The Lord is close to the brokenhearted;
   and those who are crushed in spirit he saves.
   Many are the trials of the just,
   but out of them all the Lord delivers them. (R')

3. I will bless the Lord at all times;
   his praise shall be ever in my mouth.
   Glorify the Lord with me,
   let us together extol his name. (R')
3 October

SAINT THERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

Communion

6. Un- less you change * and be- come like lit- tle child- ren, says the Lord, you shall not en- ter the king- dom of heav- en.

Psalm 130

1. O Lord, my heart is not proud
   nor haughty my eyes.
   I have not gone after things too great
   nor | marv els beyond me. (R')

2. Truly I have set my soul
   in silence and peace.
   A weaned child on its mother’s breast,
   even | so is my soul. (R')

A  3. O Israel, hope in the Lord
D  both | now and for ever. (R')
7. My heart sings for joy to the living God.

Psalm 83

A How lovely is your dwelling place,
B Lord, God of hosts.
E My soul is longing and yearning,
F is yearning for the courts of the Lord. (R)

A The sparrow herself finds a home
B and the swallow a nest for her brood;
C she lays her young by your altars,
D Lord of hosts, my king and my God.
E They are happy, who dwell in your house,
F for ever singing your praise. (R)

A One day within your courts
B is better than a thousand elsewhere.
E The threshold of the house of God
F I prefer to the dwellings of the wicked. (R)

A For the Lord God is a rampart, a shield;
B he will give us his favor and glory.
C The Lord will not refuse any good
to those who walk without blame.
E Lord, God of hosts,
F happy the man who trusts in you. (R)
Alleluia

Verse

8. Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we shall come to him and make our dwelling-place within him.
OUR HOLY MOTHER SAINT THERESA OF JESUS
OFFERTORY

THE word of the Lord * becomes like a fire burning

with-in my heart, im-prisoned in my bones; I grow

wear-y hold-ing it in, and I can-not en-dure it.

THE word of the Lord * becomes like a fire burning

with-in my heart, im-prisoned in my bones; I grow

wear-y hold-ing it in, and I can-not en-dure it.
4. The word of the Lord * becomes like a fire burning within my heart,

imprisoned in my bones: I grow weary holding it in,

and I cannot endure it.
3 October

OUR HOLY MOTHER SAINT THERESA OF JESUS
OFFERTORY VERSE

O God, you are my God whom I seek; for you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts like

the earth parched, life-less and without water.

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