

# Adoration 24<sup>th</sup> March

**Take, Lord, receive** all my liberty,  
my memory, understanding, my entire will.

Refrain

Give me only your love and your grace:  
that's enough for me.  
Your love and your grace  
are enough for me.

2. Take, Lord, receive all I have and possess.  
You have given all to me; now I return it.

3. Take, Lord, receive, all is yours now;  
dispose of it wholly according to your will.

Text based on Spiritual Exercises; St. Ignatius of Loyola,  
1491–1556; John Foley, SJ. Text and music © 1975, John B.  
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## EUCCHARISTIC ADORATION



1. I will come to you in the silence, I will lift you  
from all your fear.

You will hear my voice, I claim you as my choice,  
be still and know I am here.

2. I am hope for all who are hopeless,

I am eyes for all who long to see.  
In the shadows of the night, I will be your light,  
come and rest in me.

***Do not be afraid, I am with you. I have called  
you each by name.***

***Come and follow me, I will bring you home; I  
love you and you are mine.***

3. I am strength for all the despairing, healing for  
the ones who dwell in shame.

All the blind will see, the lame will all run free,  
and all will know my name.

4. I am the Word that leads all to freedom,  
I am the peace the world cannot give.

I will call your name, embracing all your pain,  
stand up, now walk, and live!

Text: David Haas, b.1957, © 1991, GIA Publications, Inc.

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Godhead here in hiding whom I do adore  
Masked by these bare shadows, shape and  
nothing more,  
See, Lord at thy service low lies here a heart  
Lost, all lost in wonder at the God thou art.

2. Seeing, touching, tasting are in thee  
deceived;

How says trusty hearing? that shall be believed;  
What God's Son has told me, take for truth I do;  
Truth himself speaks truly or there's nothing  
true.

3. On the cross thy godhead made no sign to men;  
Here thy very manhood steals from human ken:  
Both are my confession, both are my belief,  
And I pray the prayer made by the dying thief.

4. I am not like Thomas, wounds I cannot see,  
But I plainly call thee Lord and God as he:  
This faith each day deeper be my holding of,  
Daily make me harder hope and dearer love.

5. O thou, our reminder of the Crucified,  
Living Bread, the life of us for whom he died,  
Lend this life to me, then; feed and feast my mind,  
There be thou the sweetness man was meant to find.

6. Like what tender tales tell of the Pelican,  
Bathe me, Jesus Lord, in what thy bosom ran—  
Blood that but one drop of has the pow'r to win  
All the world forgiveness of its world of sin.

7. Jesus whom I look at shrouded here below,  
I beseech thee, send me what I thirst for so,  
Some day to gaze on thee face to face in light  
And be blest forever with thy glory's sight.

*Text: 11 11 11 11; St. Thomas Aquinas, ca. 1227–1274, alt.;  
tr. by Gerard Manley Hopkins, SJ, 1844–1899, alt.  
Music: Chant, Mode V; Paris Processionale, 1697.*

### **Marian Anthem:**

Salve, Regína, Mater misericórdiae:  
Vita dulcédo et spes nostra, salve.  
Ad te clamámus, éxsules, filii Hevae.  
Ad te suspirámus, geméntes et flentes  
in hac lacrimárum valle.  
Eia ergo, Advocáta nostra,  
illos tuos misericórdes óculos ad nos convérte.  
Et Jesum, benedíctum fructum ventris tui,  
nobis post hoc exsílíum osténde.  
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo María.

Text: Latin attr. to Hermannus Contractus, 1013–1054.



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