

**St. Benedict Parish**  
**32<sup>nd</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time—Mass**  
**Hymn Sheet**  
**(For 5:00pm and 9:00am ONLY)**

**Gathering Hymn: “Come Ye Thankful People, Come”**

1. Come, ye thankful people, come Raise the song of harvest home  
All is safely gathered in Ere the winter storms begin  
God our Maker does provide For our wants to be supplied  
Come to God's own temple, come Raise the song of harvest home.
  
2. All the world is God's own field Fruit unto his praise to yield  
Wheat and tares together sown Unto joy or sorrow grown  
First the blade and then the ear Then the full corn shall appear  
Grant O harvest, Lord that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
  
3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take the harvest home  
From the field shall in that day All offenses purge away  
Giving angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast  
But the fruitful ears to store In the garner evermore.

**Responsorial Psalm: (SUNG) “My soul is thirsting for you, O Lord my God”**

**Preparation Hymn “O God You Search Me”**

1. O', God, you search me, and you know me All my thoughts lie open to your  
gaze When I walk or lie down, you are before me 'Ever the maker and  
keeper of my days.
  
2. You know my resting and my rising You discern my purpose from afar And  
with love everlasting, you besiege me In ev'ry moment of life or death, you  
are.
  
3. Before a word is on my tongue, Lord You have known its meaning through  
and through You are with me beyond my understanding God of my present,  
my past and future, too

## **Recessional Hymn: "How Great Thou Art"**

**1** O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed

**Refrain:** Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art  
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art

**2** When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,  
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze: **(Refrain)**

**3.** And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,  
Sent him to die, I scarce can take it in,  
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin. **(Refrain)**