

Basilica of the National Shrine of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary

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32nd Sunday in Ordinary Time, 10:45 am, November 7th, 2021

Prelude

How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place

Leo Nestor (1948-2019)

*How lovely is thy dwelling place, O Lord of hosts to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace, how pleasant, Lord, they be!
My thirsty soul longs vehemently, yea faints, thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out, O living God, for thee.*

*Behold, the sparrow findeth out a house wherein to rest:
The swallow also for herself hath purchased a nest;
Even thine own altars, where she safe her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hosts, who art my God and King.*

*For in thy courts one day excels a thousand; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door, than dwell in tents of sin.
For God the Lord's a sun and shield; he'll grace and glory give;
and will withhold no good from them that uprightly do live.*

*O thou that art the Lord of hosts, that man is truly blest,
who by assured confidence, on thee alone doth rest.*

Introit

Ps. 87: 3 and 2

Intret oratio mea in conspectu tuo: inclina aurem tuam ad precem meam Domine.

Ps. Domine Deus salutis meae: in die clamavi, et nocte coram te.

V. Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Let my prayer enter into your presence;

incline your ear to my supplication, O Lord.

Ps. O Lord, God of my salvation, day and night have I cried before you.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison. ij. Christe eleison. ij. Kyrie eleison. ij.

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Mass for Four Voices

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585)

Glória in excélsis Déo et in térra pax homínibus bónae voluntátis. Laudámus te, benedícimus te, adorámus te, glorificámus te, grátia ágimus tíbi propter mágnam glóriam túam, Dómine Déus, Rex coeléstis, Déus Páter omnípotens. Dómine Fíli unigénite, Jésu Chríte, Dómine Déus, Agnus Déi, Fílius Pátris, qui tóllis peccáta múndi, miserére nóbis; qui tóllis peccáta múndi, súscipe deprecatiónem nóstram.

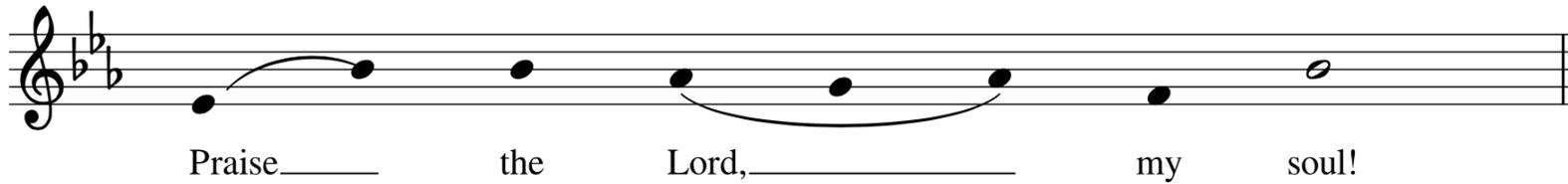
Qui sédes ad délixteram Pátris, miserére nóbis. Quóniam tu sólus Sánctus, tu sólus Dóminus, tu sólus Altíssimus, Jésu Chríte, cum Sáncto Spíritu: in glória Déi Pátris. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to people of good will. We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you, we give you thanks for your great glory, Lord God, heavenly King, O God almighty Father. Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; you take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer; you are seated at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For You alone are the Holy One, You alone are the Lord, You alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

In those days, Elijah the prophet went to Zarephath. As he arrived at the entrance of the city, a widow was gathering sticks there; he called out to her, "Please bring me a small cupful of water to drink." She left to get it, and he called out after her, "Please bring along a bit of bread." She answered, "As the Lord, your God, lives, I have nothing baked; there is only a handful of flour in my jar and a little oil in my jug. Just now I was collecting a couple of sticks, to go in and prepare something for myself and my son; when we have eaten it, we shall die." Elijah said to her, "Do not be afraid. Go and do as you propose. But first make me a little cake and bring it to me. Then you can prepare something for yourself and your son. For the Lord, the God of Israel, says, 'The jar of flour shall not go empty, nor the jug of oil run dry, until the day when the Lord sends rain upon the earth.'" She left and did as Elijah had said. She was able to eat for a year, and he and her son as well; the jar of flour did not go empty, nor the jug of oil run dry, as the Lord had foretold through Elijah.

Responsorial Psalm

Ps. 146: 7-10



*The Lord keeps faith forever, secures justice for the oppressed,
gives food to the hungry. The Lord sets captives free. R.*

*The Lord gives sight to the blind. The Lord raises up those who were bowed down;
the Lord loves the just. The Lord protects strangers. R.*

*The fatherless and the widow he sustains, but the way of the wicked he thwarts. The
Lord shall reign forever; your God, O Zion, through all generations. Alleluia. R.*

Music: Samuel F. Rowe (b. 1994)

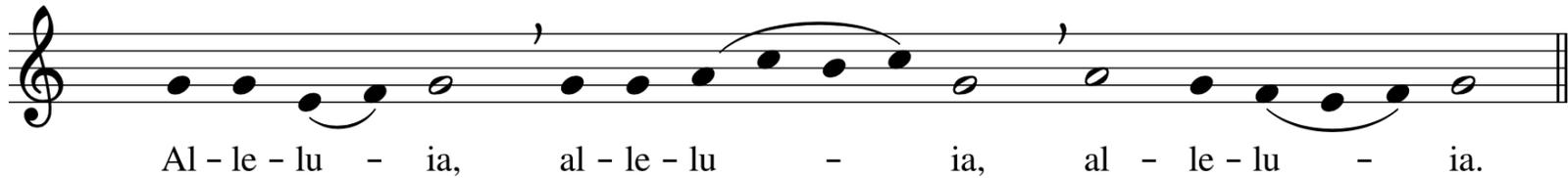
Second Reading

Heb. 9: 24-28

Christ did not enter into a sanctuary made by hands, a copy of the true one, but heaven itself, that he might now appear before God on our behalf. Not that he might offer himself repeatedly, as the high priest enters each year into the sanctuary with blood that is not his own; if that were so, he would have had to suffer repeatedly from the foundation of the world. But now once for all he has appeared at the end of the ages to take away sin by his sacrifice. Just as it is appointed that human beings die once, and after this the judgment, so also Christ, offered once to take away the sins of many, will appear a second time, not to take away sin but to bring salvation to those who eagerly await him.

Gospel Acclamation

Mt. 5: 3



V. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Music: Samuel F. Rowe (b. 1994)

Gospel

Mk. 12: 38-44

In the course of his teaching Jesus said to the crowds, “Beware of the scribes, who like to go around in long robes and accept greetings in the marketplaces, seats of honor in synagogues, and places of honor at banquets. They devour the houses of widows and, as a pretext recite lengthy prayers. They will receive a very severe condemnation.”

He sat down opposite the treasury and observed how the crowd put money into the treasury. Many rich people put in large sums. A poor widow also came and put in two small coins worth a few cents. Calling his disciples to himself, he said to them, “Amen, I say to you, this poor widow put in more than all the other contributors to the treasury. For they have all contributed from their surplus wealth, but she, from her poverty, has contributed all she had, her whole livelihood.”

Homily

Nicene Creed

St. Michael Hymnal p. 23

Universal Prayer

Offertory Hymn

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

St. Michael Hymnal #783

Sanctus

Missa Jubilate Deo

St. Michael Hymnal #101

Memorial Acclamation

Missa Jubilate Deo

St. Michael Hymnal #102

Agnus Dei

Missa Jubilate Deo

St. Michael Hymnal #104

Communion Antiphon

Ps. 22: 1, 2

*Dominus regit me, et nihil mihi déerit:
in loco páscuae ibi me colocávit: super aquam refectiónis educávit me.*

*The Lord is my shepherd and I shall want nothing;
he has set me in a land abundant pastures; he has led me to life-renewing waters.*

Communion Motet

Salve Regina (1605)

William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

*Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!
Ad te clamamus, exsules filii Hevae, ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes,
In hac lacrimarum valle. Eia ergo, Advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos
ad nos converte et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis, post hoc exilium,
ostende, O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.*

*Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, hail our life, our sweetness and our hope!
To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to thee do we send up our sighs,
mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn, then, most gracious advocate,
thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed
fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.*

Marian Antiphon

Salve Regina

St. Michael Hymnal #738

St. Michael Prayer

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle.

Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil;
May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; And do thou, O Prince of the
Heavenly Host, by the power of God, cast into hell Satan and all the evil
spirits who prowl about the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

Recessional Hymn

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

St. Michael Hymnal #714

Postlude

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Father James Boric, *Rector of the Basilica*

Musicians of the Basilica

Basilica Schola Cantorum

Samuel F. Rowe, *Director of Music and Organist*

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