

N. Phádraig Éaspag
Príomhearlamh Éireann



St. Patrick ~
from the fourth clerestory window, south side
St. Mary's Church

Eaglais Naomh Muire
Newport
An tAthair Seóirse MacCárthaigh S.P.

MARTA 14, 1999

SEINNIM RÉAMHRÉACLT

PRELUDE MUSIC

IRISH HARP / TRUMPET

CHRIST BE BESIDE ME

ST. MARYS CHURCH CHOIR

TERRI TAFURI / CRAIG SHADDAY

ST. PATRICKS BREASTPLATE

MRS. JOAN WENDEL, DIRECTOR

ORDO AN AIFRINN

ORDER OF THE MASS

TOIROHIRT NA BHRATHCHA

PRESENTATION OF THE FLAGS

BAGPIPER

SIOBHAN CUNNINGHAM

PETER WELCH

IOMAINN ROIMH AIFREANN

GATHERING HYMN

come, host of heavens high dwelling place

IRISH MELODY



1. Come, Host of Heav'n's high dwell - ing place. Come.
2. Sur - round these walls with faith and love That
3. Bless and in - spire those gath - ered here With



earth's dis - put - ed guest; Find where we meet a
through the nights and days. When hu - man tongues from
pa - tience, hope, and peace. And all the joys that



wel - come home. Stay here and take your rest
speak - ing cease. These stones may ech o praise
know the depth In which all sor rows cease

TIONSCNÁIM

INTRODUCTION

AMHRÁN

NAISIUNTA NA MERICEANACH (AMERICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM)

GNÍOMH AITHRÍ PENITENTIAL RITE



URNAI OPENING PRAYER

AN chéad Léacht

FIRST READING: SAMUEL 15:1,6-7,10-13 *SISTER JOSEPHINE ST. LEGER, SJC*

salw le freagra RESPONSE (harp)

TERRI TAFURI

AN dóra Léacht

SECOND READING: EPHESIANS 5:8;14

HILARY BYRNE

celtic alleluia

Te Deum

REFRAIN:

Fintan O'Carroll, Christopher Walker



soicéal

Gospel: JOHN 9:1-41

REVEREND GEORGE B. MCCARTHY

seanmóir homily

*MOST REVEREND ROBERT J. MCDANUS,
auxiliary bishop of providence*

AN CHRÉ CREED

CUÍ AN PHOBAIL PRAYER OF THE FAITHFUL

SIOBHÁN CUNNINGHAM

IOMAINN OFRÁLA HYMN AT THE PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS *LORD OF ALL HOPEFULNESS (SLANE)*

IRISH MELODY



- | | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|-------------|--------|
| 1. Lord of all | hope - ful - ness, | Lord of all | joy, |
| 2. Lord of all | ea - ger - ness, | Lord of all | faith, |
| 3. Lord of all | kind - li - ness, | Lord of all | grace, |
| 4. Lord of all | gen - tle - ness, | Lord of all | calm, |



Whose trust, e - ver child - like, no cares can de - stroy,
Whose stronghands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Your hands swift to wel - come, your arms to em - brace,
Whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm,



Be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our la - bors, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
Be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,



Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

LIOTÚIRGE NA HEOCAIRISTE LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

AN OÚNADH
FINAL BLESSING

AMHRÁN NÁISIUNTA NA hÉIREANN
THE IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

AMHRÁN NA bhFainn

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

Seo dhibh, a chairde, duan ógláigh,
Cathréimeach, briomhar, ceolmhar,
Ár dtinte cnámh go buacach táid,
'S an spéir go min réaltógach.
Is fonnmhar faobhrach sinn chun gleo
'S go tiúnmhar gle roimh thiocht don ló,
Faol chiúnas caomh na hoiche ar seol,
Seo libh, canaig amhrán na bhFainn.

Sinne Finna Fáil, atá faoi gheail ag Éirinn,
Buion dár slua thar toinn do ráinig
chugainn,
Faoi mhóid bheith saor, Seantir ár sinsear
feasta
Ní fhágfar faoin tiorán ná faoin tráill.
Anocht a théam sa bhearna baoil,
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil,
Le gunna-scréach, faoi lámhach na bpiléar,
Seo libh, canaig amhrán na bhFainn.

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song
With cheering, rousing chorus,
as round our blazing fires we throng
The starry heavens o'er us:
Impatient for the coming fight
And as we wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Soldiers are we, whose lives are
pledged to Ireland;
Some have come from a land beyond
the wave.
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient
sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we man the 'bearna baoil'
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal;
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.
* (gap of danger)



A Phádraig Do Cheadlas

A Phádraig do chéadlas an spré gheal nár dtir,
 's gur láidrig an Chré sin tré éifeacht do
 ghuidhe,

O táirse nois glórmhar in órbhrogh an Trir,
 In áitreabh na Fólla an Cóirchreideamh dion.
 In áitreabh na Fólla, in áitreabh na Fólla,
 In áitreabh na Fólla, an cóirchreideamh dian.

A Phádraig ar ndóchas sa ghleo thú thar
 chách,
 Is Sátan sa shlóite gur fhógrais chun fáin;
 Cé dásachtach, fiochmhar, cé lionmhar atáid,
 Ní cás linn a ndiomás má bhírsé nár bpaírt.

Od'fhágais seamróigin mar chomharthá gad
 thréad
 's go brách biodh as fód glas na Fólla ag scéith,
 Go brách beidh ár gcomhthoil'na beolasair
 ghlé
 Le grá na Trionóide, na Rómha is an nGael.

Hymn To St. Patrick



1. Hail, glo- rious Saint Pa- trick, dear
2. Hail, glo- rious Saint Pa- trick, thy



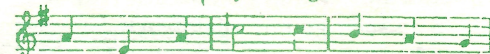
1. Saint of our isle, On us thy poor
2. words were once strong A- gainst Sa- tan's



1. chil- dren be- stow a sweet smile: And
2. wiles and an in- fi- del throng; Not



1. now thou | art high in thy
2. less is | thy might where in



1. man- sions a- bove, On E- rin's green
2. hea- ven thou art — Oh! come to our



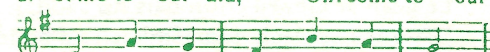
1. val- leys look down in thy love. On
2. aid, in our bat- tles take part. Oh



1. E- rin's green val- leys, On!
2. come to our aid, Oh!



1. E- rin's green val- leys, On E- rin's green
2. come to our aid, Oh! come to our



1. val- leys look down in thy love.
2. aid in our bat- tles take part.

3.

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,
 Dear Saint, may thy children resist to the death;
 May their strength be in meekness, in penance and
 [prayer;
 Their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

TRADITIONAL TUNE.

FR. FABER.