

4. Take from us the coward heart,
Fleeting will, divided mind,
Give us sight to play our part,
Though the world around is blind.

5. Image, of the risen life
Shining in eternity
Glimmer through our earthly strife,
Draw us to your victory.

(Jame McAuley, 1917-76)

-4- [110] O PUREST OF CREATURES

1. O purest of creatures! Sweet mother, sweet maid;
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid.
Dark night hath come down on us, mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

2. Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world.
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tossed Church, all her eyes are on thee.
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

3. He gazed on thy soul, it was spotless and fair,
For the empire of sin---it had never been there;
None ever had owned thee, dear Mother, but He.
And He blest thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

4. Earth gave Him one lodging; t'was deep in thy breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds rest;
His home and His hiding-place both were in thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

(F W. Faber 1814-63)



Novena of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor

Done on every Saturday

Come, O Creator Spirit blest,
And in our souls take up Thy rest,
Come with Thy grace and Heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father and the Son
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

Next the petitions and thanksgivings are read. (Sit)

Sign of the Cross. 9 Hail Marys. (Kneel)

Invocations

O Mother of Perpetual Succour, thy very name inspires confidence, *O loving Mother; help me.*

In all my necessities, *O loving Mother; help me.*

In my trials and its afflictions, *O loving Mother; help me.*

That I may always accept the will of God, *O loving Mother; help me.*

That I may have true sorrow for my sins, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may shun mortal sin, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may avoid the occasions of sin, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may call on thee in time of temptation, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may never neglect prayer a single day of my life, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may be faithful to Sunday Mass, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may go often to confession and Holy Communion, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may love Jesus thy Son with my whole heart, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may live in His friendship and die in His love, *O loving Mother, help me.*
That I may love thee and lead others to love thee, *O loving Mother, help me.*
And in my last hour, *O loving Mother, help me.*

Ÿ. Thou hast been made for us, O Lady, a refuge.

R. A helper in need and tribulation.

Let us pray: O Lord Jesus Christ, * Who has given us Thy Mother Mary, * whose miraculous image we venerate, * to be our Mother, ever ready to succour us, * grant, we beseech Thee, * that we who earnestly implore her maternal aid * may deserve to enjoy perpetually * the fruit of Thy redemption. * Who livest and reignest with God the Father * in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, forever and ever. * Amen.

Hymn (Stand)

Sermonette (Sit)

Blessing of the Sick (Kneel)

Priest: Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord God, that these Thy servants may enjoy perpetual health of mind and body; and by the glorious intercession of Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, be delivered from present sorrow and enjoy eternal gladness. Through Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son + and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you forever. R. Amen.

Prayer to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour

O Mother of Perpetual Succour, * grant that I may always invoke thy most powerful name, * for thy name is help in life, * salvation in death. * Ah, Mary most pure, * Mary most sweet, * let thy name henceforth be the breath of my life. * Tarry not, O Lady, to come to my succour, * whenever I call upon thee, *

Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

2. O gentle, chaste and spotless maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3. Sojourners in this vale of tears,
O thee, blest Advocate, we cry,
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4. And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee
Do thou, bright Queen, star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

(John Lingard 1771-1851)

-3- [96] HELP OF CHRISTIANS

1. Help of Christians, guard this land.
From assault or inward stain;
Let it be what Christ has planned,
His new Eden where you reign.

2. Teach us that in Christ your Son
Lies the wisdom to be free;
For the Cross, which we would shun,
Is man's Tree of Liberty.

3. Should the powers of hell arise,
And our peace be trampled down,
In that night of blood and lies
Show us still your twelve-starred crown.

Who for love of you will die."
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet Mother,
But, poor sinners, we are weak;
At thy feet thy helpless children
Thy perpetual succour seek.

Succour us, when stormy passions
Sudden rise within the heart;
Quell the tempest, calm the billows,
Peace secure to us impart.
Through this life of weary exile
Succour us in every need;
And when death shall come to free us,
Succour us, ah then, indeed.

HYMNS

-1- [112] MARY IMMACULATE

1. Mary Immaculate, star of the morning,
Chosen before the creation began,
Chosen to bring, for thy bridal adorning,
Woe to the serpent and rescue to man.

2. Here, in an orbit of shadow and sadness
Veiling thy splendour thy course thou hast run;
Now thou art throned in all glory and gladness
Crowned by the hand of thy Saviour and Son.

3. Bend from thy throne at the voice of our crying;
Bend to this earth which thy footsteps have trod;
Stretch out thine arms to us living and dying,
Mary immaculate, mother of God.

(F.W. Weatherell)

-2- [94] HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN

1. Hail Queen of Heav'n, the ocean star,
Guide of the wand'rer here below;
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care;
Save us from peril and from woe.

for in all the wants which shall befall me, * I will never cease to call upon thee,
* and to repeat again and again, * Mary, Mary! * What comfort, * what
sweetness, * what confidence, * what tenderness, * does my soul feel * in the
mere mention of thy name, * in the very thought of thee! * I thank the Lord for
having given thee, * for my good, * this name so sweet, * so amiable, so
powerful. * But merely to pronounce thy name is not enough for me. * I wish to
do so out of love: * I wish that love may remind me * to call thee always, *
Mother of Perpetual Succour. * Amen.

For the intentions of Our Holy Father, the Pope: *Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory
be.*

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament

O salutaris Hostia,
Quæ cæli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.
Amen.

Prayer for the Conversion of Australia:

O God, Who didst appoint Mary Help of Christians, St. Francis Xavier, St.
Therese of the Child Jesus, and St. Mary of the Cross, Patrons of Australia:
Grant that, through their intercession, our brethren outside the Church may
receive the light of faith, so that Australia may become one in faith, under one
Shepherd. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mary, Help of Christians, *pray for us.*

St. Francis Xavier, *pray for us.*

St. Therese of the Infant Jesus, *pray for us.*

St. Mary of the Cross, *pray for us.*

Our prayers for those in our communities, and all those attached to our
apostolates in Australia:

For the sick: *Hail Mary ...*

For the dying: *Hail Mary ...*

For those who are lonely, oppressed, or especially afflicted: *Hail Mary ...*

Our Lady, Health of the Sick: *Pray for us.*

For those who have passed away:

Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et iubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.
Amen.

Ÿ. Panem de cælis præstitisti eis (Alleluia).

℞. **Omne delectamentum in se habentem. (Alleluia).**

Ÿ. Oremus: Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili, passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti: tribue, quæsumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis iugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum.

℞. Amen.

The Divine Praises

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His holy name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.

Blessed be His most Precious Blood.

Blessed be Jesus in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Blessed be the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her Holy and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be her glorious Assumption.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste spouse.

Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.

Reposition of Blessed Sacrament

ADOREMUS in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes
Laudate Eum Omnes Populi
Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia eius
Et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri Et Filio et Spiritui Sancto
Sicut erat in Principio et Nunc et Semper
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Adoremus in aeternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

Final Hymn

MARY FROM THY SACRED IMAGE

Mary from thy sacred image,
With thine eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succour,
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thine arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy sorrows,
Mother, thou alone canst know.

On thy face He is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned His glance;
For His anxious look He fixes,
On the cross and reed and lance.
To thy hand His hands are clinging,
As a child would cling in fear,
Of that vision of the torments,
Of His Passion drawing near.

And for Him thine eyes are pleading,
While to us they look and cry:
"Sinners, see my Child, your Saviour,