November 22, 2026
Last Sunday after Pentecost: Christ the King

HYMN 460

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
his the scepter, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
his the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans
are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! he is near us,
faith believes, nor questions how:
though the cloud from sight received him,
when the forty days were o'er,
shall our hearts forget his promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,
thou on earth our food, our stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
where the songs of all the sinless
sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! King eternal,
thee the Lord of lords we own:
Alleluia! born of Mary,
earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
thou within the veil hast entered,
robed in flesh, our great High Priest:
thou on earth both Priest and Victim
in the eucharistic feast.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
his the scepter his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
his the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
hath redeemed us by his blood.

HYMN 382

King of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
and that love may never cease,
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
thou hast heard me;
thou didst note my working breast,
thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee;
and the cream of all my heart,
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
thou didst clear me;
and alone, when they replied,
thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
in my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
to enroll thee;
e'en eternity's too short
to extol thee.

HYMN 508

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
fill me with life anew,
that I may love what thou dost love,
and do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
until my heart is pure,
until with thee I will one will,
to do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
till I am wholly thine,
till all this earthly part of me
glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
so shall I never die;
but live with thee the perfect life
of thine eternity.

HYMN 484

Praise the Lord through every nation;
his holy arm hath wrought salvation;
exalt him on his Father's throne.
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
who now prepares in heavenly regions
unfailing mansions for his own:
with voice and minstrelsy
extol his majesty:
Alleluia!
His praise shall sound all nature round,
and hymns on every tongue abound.

Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
o'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
wisdom and might to thee belong:
we confess, proclaim, adore thee;
we bow the knee, we fall before thee;
thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
the crown ere-long to wear:
Alleluia!
Thy reign extend world without end;
let praise from all to thee ascend.

HYMN 573

Father eternal, Ruler of creation,
Spirit of life, which moved ere form was made,
Through the thick darkness covering every nation,
light to our blindness, O be thou our aid:
(Refrain:)
Thy kingdom come, O, Lord, thy will be done.

Races and peoples, lo, we stand divided,
And, sharing not our griefs, no joy can share;
By wars and tumults love is mocked, derided;
His saving cross no nation yet will bear:
(Refrain)

Envious of heart, blindeyed, with tongues confounded,
Nation by nation still goes unforgiven,
In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,
Building proud towers which shall not reach to heaven:
(Refrain)

Lust of possession worketh desolations;
There is no meekness in the powers of earth;
Led by no star, the rulers of the nations
Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth:
(Refrain)

How shall we love thee, holy hidden Being,
If we love not the world which thou hast made?
Blind us in thine own love for better seeing
Thy Word made flesh, and in a manger laid:
(Refrain)

HYMN 410

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing:
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor
to his people in distress;
praise him still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows;
in his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.