



BASILICA OF THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF  
**MARY, QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE**

**Sunday, April 13**

*Palm Sunday of the Passion of the Lord*

*Welcome*

The Basilica operates on the support of its visitors as it is not a parish but a ministry to pilgrims to the Orlando area.

Contactless offertory contributions can be made online at [www.mqus.org](http://www.mqus.org) or by [clicking here](#) or scanning the QR code.



**Very Reverend Anthony Aarons, *Rector***

**Dr. William Picher, *Director of Music***

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# CHORAL PRELUDE

Hosanna Filio David

*Plainsong Mode 7, Tomas Luis de Victoria*

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

O King of Israel, Hosanna in the highest.

# GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Lenten Acclamation for Lent and Holy Week

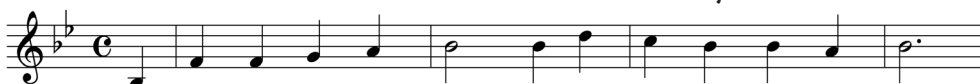
*Charles Thatcher*



Praise to you Lord Je-sus Christ, King of end-less glo - ry!

# ENTRANCE

All Glory, Laud, and Honor



All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To you, Re-deem-er, King!



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san-nas ring.

Verses



1. You are the King of Is - ra - el And Da - vid's roy - al Son,
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing you on high;
3. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore you went;
4. To you, be - fore your pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise.
5. Their prais - es you ac - cept - ed; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,



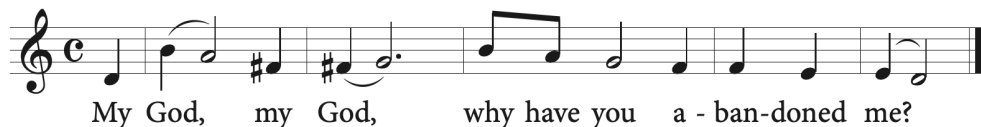
D.C.

Now in the Lord's Name com - ing, Our King and Bless-ed One.  
And we, with all cre - a - tion, In cho - rus make re - ply.  
Our praise and prayers and an - thems Be - fore you we pre - sent.  
To you, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.  
Great source of love and good - ness, Our Sav - ior and our King.

## RESPONSORIAL PSALM

Psalm 22

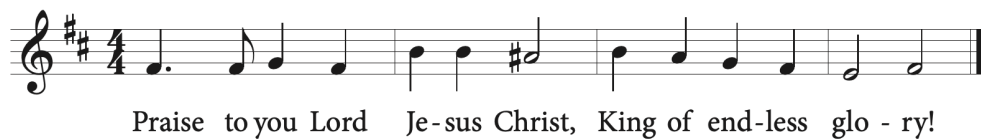
*Wm. Glenn Osborne*



## GOSPEL ACCLAMATION

Lenten Acclamation for Lent and Holy Week

*Charles Thatcher*



## PREPARATION OF THE ALTAR

Sicut Cervus

*Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina*

As a deer longs for running streams,  
So longs my soul for you, O God.

# PREPARATION OF THE ALTAR

## My Song Is Love Unknown



1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior's love to  
2. He came from his blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -  
3. Some - times they strew his way And his sweet prais - es  
4. Why, what has my Lord done? What makes this rage and  
5. They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a -  
6. In life no house, no home My Lord on earth might  
7. Here might I stay and sing No sto - ry so di -



me, Love to the love - less shown That they might  
stow; But peo - ple scorned him; none The longed - for  
sing, Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas  
spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the  
way; A mur - der - er they save, The Prince of  
have; In death no friend - ly tomb But what a  
vine! Nev - er was love, dear King, Nev - er was



love - ly be. Oh, who am I, That for my sake  
Christ would know. But, O my friend, My friend in - deed,  
to their King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,  
blind their sight. Sweet in - jur - ies! Yet they at these  
life they slay. Yet cheer - ful he To suf - f'ring goes  
stran - ger gave. What may I say? Heav'n was his home;  
grief like thine. This is my friend, In whose sweet praise

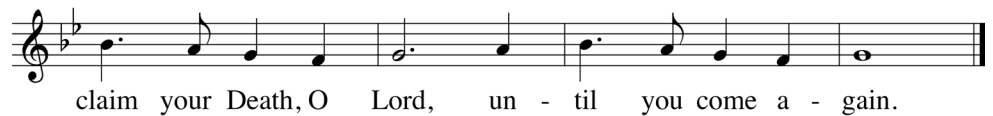


My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?  
Who at my need His life did spend!  
And for his death They thirst and cry.  
Them - selves dis - please And 'gainst him rise.  
That he his foes From thence might free.  
But mine the tomb Where - in he lay.  
I all my days Could glad - ly spend!

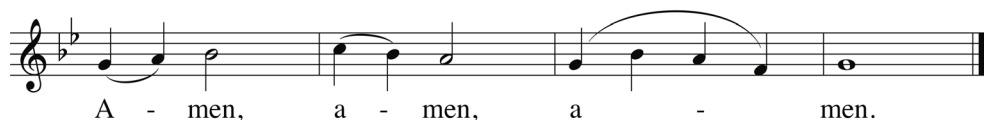
# HOLY



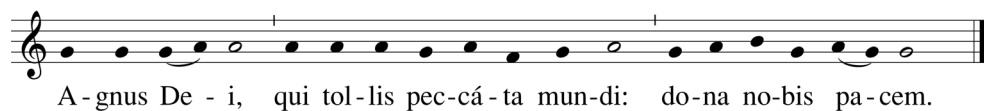
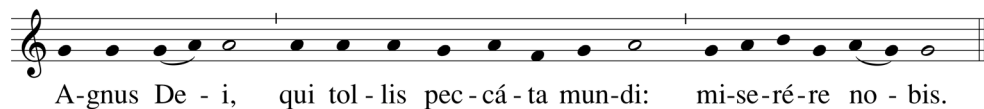
# MYSTERY OF FAITH



# GREAT AMEN



# LAMB OF GOD



# COMMUNION PROCESSION

Miserere Mei  
*Antonio Lotti*

Grant us mercy, O Lord, in thy goodness and loving kindness.  
Pour forth compassion upon us and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies,  
forgive our iniquities, we pray thee.

# COMMUNION PROCESSION

## O Sacred Head Surrounded



1. O Sa - cred Head, sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn!  
2. I see your strength and vig - or All fad - ing in the strife,  
3. In this, your bit - ter pas - sion, Good Shep - herd, think of me



O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn!  
And death with cru - el rig - or, Be - reav - ing you of life;  
With your most sweet com - pas - sion, Un - worth - y though I be:



The pow'r of death comes o'er you, The glow of life de - cays,  
O ag - o - ny and dy - ing! O love to sin - ners free!  
Be - neath your cross a - bid - ing For ev - er would I rest,



Yet an - gel hosts a - dore you And trem - ble as they gaze.  
Je - sus, all grace sup - ply - ing, O turn your face on me.  
In your dear love con - fid - ing, And with your pres - ence blest.

## At the Cross Her Station Keeping

STABAT MATER, *arr. Richard Proulx*

At the cross her station keeping,  
Mary stood in sorrow, weeping,  
When her Son was crucified.

While she waited in her anguish,  
seeing Christ in torment languish,  
Bitter sorrow pierced her heart.

With what pain and desolation,  
With what noble resignation,  
Mary gazed upon her Son.

Christ she saw with life-blood failing,  
All her anguish unavailing,  
Saw Him breathe his very last.

Mary, fount of love's devotion,  
Let me share with true emotion.  
All the sorrows you endured.

At the cross your sorrow sharing,  
All your grief and torment bearing,  
Let me stand and mourn with you.

Fairest maid of all creation,  
Queen of hope and consolation,  
Let me feel your grief sublime.

Savior, when my life shall leave me,  
Through your mother's prayers receive me,  
With the fruits of victory.

Let me to your love be taken,  
Let my soul in death awaken,  
To the joys of Paradise. Amen.



# CONCLUDING RITE

## Jesus, Remember Me



Je-sus, re-mem-ber me when you come in-to your King-dom.



Je-sus, re-mem-ber me when you come in-to your King-dom.