

Dedication of the Lateran Basilica – November 9, 2025

Opening:

Come, Host of Heaven's High Dwelling Place



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
4. Here may the los - er find his worth, The
5. Build, from the hu - man fab - ric, signs Of
6. So, to the Lord whose care en - folds The



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
stran - ger find a friend; Here may the hope - less
how your king - dom thrives, Of how the Ho - ly
world held in his hands, Be glo - ry, hon - or,



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.
find their faith And aim - less find an end.
Spir - it chang - es life By chang - ing lives.
pow'r and praise For which this com - p'ny stands.

Text: John L. Bell, b.1949, © 1989, Iona Community, GIA Publications, Inc., agent
Tune: ST. COLUMBA, 8 6 8 6; Irish traditional; arr. by John L. Bell, b.1949

Psalm:



The wa-ters of the riv - er glad - den the cit - y of God,



the ho - ly dwell - ing of the Most High.

Text: *The Revised Grail Psalms*, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail, admin. by GIA Publications, Inc.;
refrain tr. © 1969, ICEL
Music: Michel Guimont, © 1994, GIA Publications, Inc.

Preparation:

Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation



1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ, our Head and
2. To this tem - ple, where we call you, Come, O Lord of
3. Here be - stow on all your ser - vants What they ask of
4. Praise and hon - or to the Fa - ther, Praise and hon - or



cor - ner-stone, Cho - sen of the Lord, and pre - cious,
hosts, to - day; With your stead - fast lov - ing - kind - ness,
you to gain; What they gain from you, for - ev - er
to the Son, Praise and hon - or to the Spir - it,



Bind - ing all the Church in one; Ho - ly Zi - on's
Hear your serv - ants as they pray; And your full - est
With the bless - ed to re - tain; And here - af - ter
Ev - er three and ev - er one: One in might and



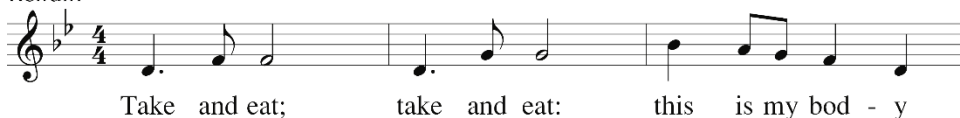
help for - ev - er And our con - fi - dence a - lone.
ben - e - dic - tion Shed in all its bright ar - ray.
in your glo - ry Ev - er - more with you to reign.
one in glo - ry While un - end - ing a - ges run!

Text: *Angularis fundamentum*; 11th C.; tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt.
Tune: ST. THOMAS, 8 7 8 7 8 7; John Wade, 1711–1786

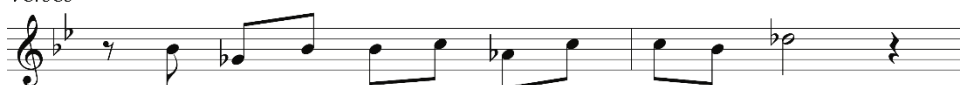
Communion:

Take and Eat

Refrain



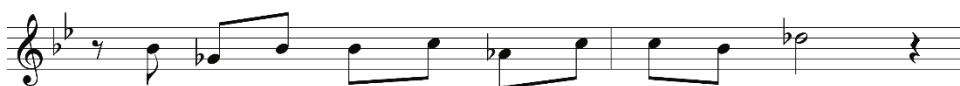
Verses



1. I am the Word that spoke and light was made;
2. I am the way that leads the ex - ile home;
3. I am the Lamb that takes a - way your sin;
4. I am the cor - ner - stone that God has laid;
5. I am the light that came in - to the world;
6. I am the first and last, the Liv - ing One;



- I am the seed that died to be re - born;
I am the truth that sets the cap - tive free;
I am the gate that guards you night and day;
A cho - sen stone and pre - cious in his eyes;
I am the light that dark - ness can - not hide;
I am the Lord who died that you might live;



- I am the bread that comes from heav'n a - bove;
I am the life that rais - es up the dead;
You are my flock: you know the shep-herd's voice;
You are God's dwell - ing place, on me you rest;
I am the morn - ing star that nev - er sets;
I am the bride-groom, this my wed - ding song;



- I am the vine that fills your cup with joy.
I am your peace, true peace my gift to you.
You are my own: your ran - som is my blood.
Like liv - ing stones, a tem - ple for God's praise.
Lift up your face, in you my light will shine.
You are my bride, come to the mar - riage feast.

D.C.

Closing:

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1. A might - y for - tress is our God,
 2. No strength of ours can match his might!
 3. Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land
 4. God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide,



A sword and shield vic - to - rious, Who breaks the
 We would be lost, re - ject - ed. But now a
 All threat-'ning to de - vour us, We trem - ble
 No thanks to foes, who fear it; For God, our



cruel op - pres - sor's rod And wins sal - va - tion
 cham - pion comes to fight, Whom God a - lone e -
 not, un - moved we stand; They can - not o - ver -
 Lord, fights by our side With weap - ons of the



glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



Has sworn to work us woe! With craft and
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus,
 In bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is
 Goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, Though life be



dread - ful might He arms him - self to fight.
 might - y Lord, God's on - ly Son, a - dored.
 doomed to fail; God's judge - ment must pre - vail!
 wrenched a - way, They can - not win the day.



On earth he has no e - qual.
 He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 The King - dom's ours for - ev - er!

Text: Psalm 46; *Ein feste Burg ins unser Gott*; Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. © 1978, *Lutheran Book of Worship*, alt.
 Tune: EIN' FESTE BURG, 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 7; Martin Luther, 1483–1546; harm by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750