

Sunday of Divine Mercy – April 12, 2026

Opening:

We Walk by Faith



1., 5. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No
2. We may not touch his hands and side, Nor
3. Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief; And
4. That, when our life of faith is done, In



gra - cious words we hear From him who spoke as
fol - low where he trod; But in his prom - ise
may our faith a - bound To call on you when
realms of clear - er light We may be - hold you



none e'er spoke; But we be - lieve him near.
we re - joice, And cry, "My Lord and God!"
you are near, And seek where you are found:
as you are, With full and end - less sight.

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.
Tune: SHANTI, CM; Marty Haugen, b.1950, © 1984, GIA Publications, Inc.

Psalm:



Give thanks to the Lord for he is good,



his love is ev - er - last - ing.

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 of Gifts:

That Easter Day with Joy Was Bright



1. That East - er day with joy was bright; The sun shone
2. His ris - en flesh with ra - diance glowed; His wound - ed
3. O Je - sus, King of gen - tle - ness, With con - stant
4. O Lord of all, with us a - bide In this our
5. All praise to you, O ris - en Lord, Now both by



out with fair - er light When, to their long - ing
hands and feet he showed. Those scars their sol - emn
love our hearts pos - sess That we may give you
joy - ful East - er - tide; From ev - 'ry weap - on
heav'n and earth a - dored; To God the Fa - ther



eyes re - stored, The a - pos - tles saw their ris - en Lord!
wit - ness gave That Christ was ris - en from the grave.
all our days The trib - ute of our grate - ful praise.
death can wield Your own re - deemed for - ev - er shield.
e - qual praise, And God the Spir - it, now we raise!

Communion:

YE SONS AND DAUGHTERS

O FILII ET FILIAE

Refrain

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Verses

1. Ye sons and daugh - ters, let us sing! The King of heav'n, the
2. That Eas - ter morn, at break of day, The faith - ful wom - en
3. An an - gel clad in white they see, Who sat, and spoke un -
4. That night the a - pos - tles met in fear; A - midst them came their
5. When Thom - as first the tid - ings heard, How they had seen the
6. "My pierc - èd side, O Thom - as, see; My hands, my feet, I
7. No long - er Thom - as then de - nied, He saw the feet, the
8. How blest are they who have not seen, And yet whose faith has
9. On this most ho - ly day of days, To God your hearts and

to Refrain

1. glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing.
 2. went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
 3. to the three, "Your Lord has gone to Gal - i - lee."
 4. Lord most dear, And said, "My peace be on all here."
 5. ris - en Lord, He doubt - ed the dis - ci - ples' word.
 6. show to thee; Not faith - less, but be - liev - ing be."
 7. hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
 8. con - stant been, For they e - ter - nal life shall win.
 9. voic - es raise, In laud, and ju - bi - lee and praise.
- } Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: 888 with alleluias; attr. to Jean Tisserand, d. 1494; tr. by John M. Neale, 1818–1866, alt. Music: Chant, Mode II; *Airs sur les hymnes sacrez, odes et noëls*, 1623.

Recessional:

The Strife Is O'er

Refrain



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

Verses



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst;
3. On the third day Christ rose a - gain,
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell;
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed you,



Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won! Songs of re -
But Christ their le - gions has dis - persed. Let shouts of
Glo - rious in maj - es - ty to reign. O let us
The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell. Let hymns of
Free from death's sting your ser - vants too, That we may



joic - ing have be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
swell the joy - ful strain. Al - le - lu - ia!
praise his tri - umph tell. Al - le - lu - ia!
live and sing to you. Al - le - lu - ia!

Text: *Finita jam sunt praelia*; Latin, 12th C.; tr. by Francis Pott, 1832–1909, alt.
Tune: VICTORY, 888 with alleluias; Giovanni da Palestrina, 1525–1594; adapt. by William H. Monk, 1823–1889