

HYMN

Come down, O love divine,
seek Thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with

Thine own ardour glowing.

O Comforter, draw near,

within my heart appear,

And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn, til earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let Thy glorious light shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

PENITENTIAL RITE

If anyone is in Christ, there is a new creation:
everything old has passed away; everything
becomes new. That we may put behind us all that
is past, let us call to mind our sins. *cf 2 Corinthians 5.17*
Lord, in your love you invite us to be your friends:
Lord, have mercy. **Lord, have mercy.**

Lord, in your joy you choose us to go out and bear
fruit: Christ, have mercy. **Christ, have mercy.**

Lord, in your power you send us to be your faithful
witnesses: Lord, have mercy. **Lord, have mercy.**

COLLECT

Almighty God, whose Son restored Mary
Magdalene to health of mind and body and called
her to be a witness to his resurrection: forgive our
sins and heal us by your grace, that we may serve
you in the power of his risen life; who is alive and
reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

FIRST READING Song of Solomon 3.1–4

A reading from the book of the Song of Solomon.
Upon my bed at night I sought him whom my soul
loves; I sought him, but found him not; I called him,
but he gave no answer. 'I will rise now and go
about the city, in the streets and in the squares;
I will seek him whom my soul loves.' I sought him,
but found him not. The sentinels found me, as they
went about in the city. 'Have you seen him whom
my soul loves?' Scarcely had I passed them, when
I found him whom my soul loves.



I held him, and would not let him go until I brought
him into my mother's house, and into the chamber
of her that conceived me. This is the Word of the
Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

PSALM

Psalm 42.1–7

**R Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
and our tongue with shouts of joy.**

As the deer longs for the water-brooks,
so longs my soul for you, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, athirst for the living God;
when shall I come to appear before the presence
of God? **R**

My tears have been my food day and night, while
all day long they say to me, 'Where now is your
God?' I pour out my soul when I think on these
things: how I went with the multitude and led them
into the house of God, with the voice of praise and
thanksgiving, among those who keep holy-day. **R**

Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul?
and why are you so disquieted within me? Put your
trust in God; for I will yet give thanks to him, who is
the help of my countenance, and my God **R**

SECOND READING 2 Corinthians 5.14–17

A reading from the second letter of Paul to the
Corinthians. The love of Christ urges us on,
because we are convinced that one has died for
all; therefore all have died. And he died for all, so
that those who live might live no longer for
themselves, but for him who died and was raised
for them. From now on, therefore, we regard no
one from a human point of view; even though we
once knew Christ from a human point of view, we
know him no longer in that way. So if anyone is in
Christ, there is a new creation: everything old has
passed away; see, everything has become new!
This is the Word of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

GOSPEL

John 20.1–2, 11–18

Hear the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according
to John. **Glory to you, O Lord.**

Early on the first day of the week, while it was still
dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb and saw
that the stone had been removed from the tomb.
So she ran and went to Simon Peter and the other
disciple, the one whom Jesus loved, and said to
them, 'They have taken the Lord out of the tomb,
and we do not know where they have laid him.'
But Mary stood weeping outside the tomb. As she
wept, she bent over to look into the tomb; and she
saw two angels in white, sitting where the body of
Jesus had been lying, one at the head and the
other at the feet. They said to her, 'Woman, why
are you weeping?' She said to them, 'They have
taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they
have laid him.' When she had said this, she turned
around and saw Jesus standing there,

but she did not know that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, 'Woman, why are you weeping? For whom are you looking?' Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, 'Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.' Jesus said to her, 'Mary!' She turned and said to him in Hebrew, 'Rabbouni!' (which means Teacher). Jesus said to her, 'Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, "I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."'" Mary Magdalene went and announced to the disciples, 'I have seen the Lord'; and she told them that he had said these things to her. Gospel of the Lord.

Praise to you, O Christ.

HYMN

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
has 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 angels,
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, Heav'n 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.

PRAYER OVER THE GIFTS

Lord Jesus Christ, grant that by the mystery of your body and blood we may watch at your cross, weep at your tomb and witness to your resurrection; for you are alive and reign, now and for ever. **Amen.**

EXTENDED PREFACE

It is indeed right and good, our duty and our salvation, to praise you, the all-powerful Father, in

every season, and on this holy day to celebrate the glory of your saints. In Mary Magdalene you kindled a fire of love for Christ, whose word had set her free. You gave her the courage of love to follow him even to the cross. Seeking her teacher after his death, so great was her longing that you made her the first to behold him risen from the dead, and the first to announce to the apostles his new and glorious risen life. Her words still ring throughout your Church, to strengthen faith and encourage hope in those who gather faithfully for prayer. And so with her, and all the citizens of heaven, we join our voices to acclaim your glory in this their joyful hymn of praise:

COMMUNION HYMN

Soul of my Saviour sanctify my breast,
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest,
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,
Wash me with water flowing from thy side.

Strength and protection may thy passion be,
O blessed Jesu, hear and answer me;
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me,
So shall I never, never part from thee.

Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only thine;
Call me and bid me come to thee on high
Where I may praise thee with thy saints for ay.

POST COMMUNION PRAYER

God of life and love, whose risen Son called Mary Magdalene by name and sent her to tell of his resurrection to his apostles: in your mercy, help us, who have been united with him in this Eucharist, to proclaim the good news that he is alive and reigns, now and for ever. **Amen.**

HYMN

It is a thing most wonderful,
almost too wonderful to be,
that God's own Son should come from heav'n,
and die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
and wept and toiled and mourned and died
for love of those who loved Him not.

But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
of that great love which, like a fire,
is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
but 'tis more wonderful to see
my love for him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
and I will love Thee more and more,
until I see Thee as Thou art.

