



CATHEDRAL *of* Saint Matthew *the* Apostle

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Twentieth Sunday in Ordinary Time

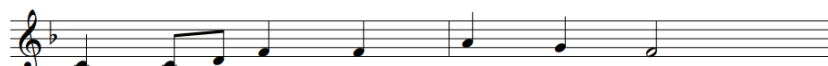
August 17, 2025

Celebration of the Eucharist at 5:30pm

Entrance Hymn As We Gather at Your Table



1. As we gath - er at your ta - ble,
2. Turn our wor - ship in - to wit - ness
3. Gra - cious Spir - it, help us sum - mon



As we lis - ten to your word,
In the sac - ra - ment of life;
Oth - er guests to share that feast



Help us know, O God, your pres - ence;
Send us forth to love and serve you,
Where tri - um - phant Love will wel - come



Let our hearts and minds be stirred. Nour - ish us with
Bring - ing peace where there is strife. Give us, Christ, your
Those who had been last and least. There no more will

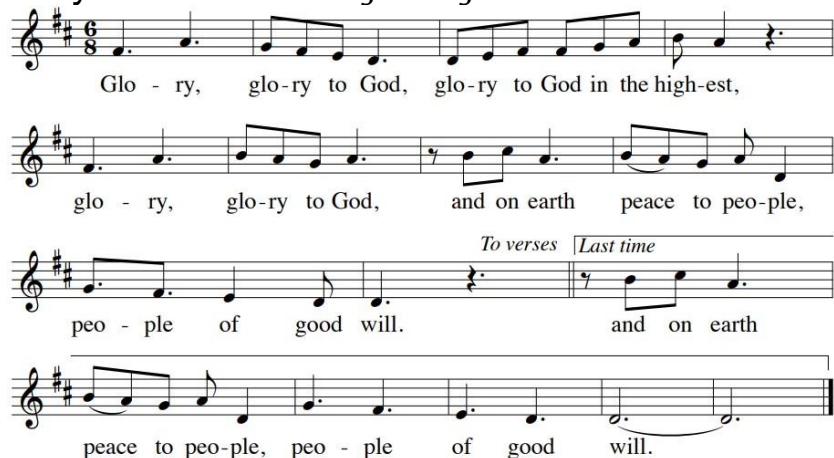
The hymn continues on the next page.



sa - cred sto - ry Till we claim it as our own;
great com - pas - sion To for - give as you for - gave;
en - vy blind us, Nor will pride our peace de - stroy,
Teach us through this ho - ly ban - quet
May we still be - hold your im - age
As we join with saints and an - gels
How to make Love's vic - t'ry known.
In the world you died to save.
To re - peat the sound - ing joy.

Text: Carl P. Daw, Jr., b.1944, © 1989, Hope Publishing Company
Tune: HOLY MANNA, 8 7 8 7 D; William Moore, fl.1830; acc. by Kelly Dobbs Mickus, b.1966

Glory to God from Age to Age



Glo - ry, glo-ry to God, glo-ry to God in the high-est,
glo - ry, glo-ry to God, and on earth peace to peo-ple,
To verses Last time
peo - ple of good will. and on earth
peace to peo-ple, peo - ple of good will.

Text: ICEL, © 2010
Music: *Mass from Age to Age*, Chris de Silva, © 2010, GIA Publications, Inc.


Responsorial Psalm




Lord, come to my aid! Lord, come to my aid!

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Music by Luke Mayernik, Copyright © 2017 Birnamwood Publications, A division of MorningStar Music Publishers, Inc.


Preparation of the Gifts Were I the Perfect Child of God



1. Were I the per - fect child of God Whose
2. Yet God, who knows me first and last, Who's
3. Then sprin - kle wa - ter on my brow As,




faith was deep and love was broad,
seen my best, my worst, my past,
in this place, I make my vow




Not doubt - ful, guilt - y, worn or flawed, I'd
Has shown his love in - tense and vast By
To own and love my Sav - ior now And




glad - ly fol - low Je - sus. But I'm the child of
meet - ing me in Je - sus. For Christ, though killed at
give my-self to Je - sus. God grant me what I



what I've been, Es - tranged by much I've done and seen,
Cal - va - ry By sins like mine and folk like me,
still re - quire That I, in oth - ers, might in - spire



A - fraid to show the love I mean, Un -
Has ris'n, for - giv'n and set me free, Made
The hid - den hope, the deep de - sire To



fit to fol - low Je - sus.
fit to fol - low Je - sus.
love and fol - low Je - sus.

Text: John L. Bell, b.1949, © 2004, Iona Community, GIA Publications, Inc., agent
Tune: Scottish traditional; arr. by Tony E. Alonso, b.1980, and Michael Mahler, b.1981

Communion Psalm 130: With the Lord There Is Mercy

Refrain



With the Lord there is mer - cy, and full-ness of re - demp - tion.

Text: Psalm 130:1-2, 3-4, 5-6; Marty Haugen, © 1983, GIA Publications, Inc.; refrain trans. © 1969, ICEL
Music: Marty Haugen, © 1983, GIA Publications, Inc.



Please scan this QR code to contribute to St. Matthew's Cathedral so that we may continue to serve the needs of our parish community and those who come to us for assistance and comfort.

Final As a Fire Is Meant for Burning

1. As a fire is meant for burn - ing With a
2. We are learn - ers; we are teach - ers; We are
3. As a green bud in the spring - time Is a

bright and warm-ing flame, So the Church is meant for
pil - grims on the way. We are seek - ers; we are
sign of life re - newed, So may we be signs of

mis - sion, Giv - ing glo - ry to God's name. As we
giv - ers; We are ves - sels made of clay. By our
one - ness Mid earth's peo - ples, man - y hues. As a

wit - ness to the gos - pel, We would
gen - tle, lov - ing ac - tions, We would
rain - bow lights the heav - ens When a

build a bridge of care, Join-ing hands a - cross the
show that Christ is light. In a hum - ble, lis - t'ning
storm is past and gone, May our lives re - flect the

na - tions, Find-ing neigh - bors ev - 'ry - where.
Spir - it, We would live to God's de - light.
ra - diance Of God's new and glor - ious dawn.

Text: Ruth Duck, b.1947, © 1992, GIA Publications, Inc.
Tune: BEACH SPRING, 8 7 8 7 D; *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; harm. by Marty Haugen, b.1950

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