

BOSTON COLLEGE



20th ANNUAL VETERANS MASS



**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2020
ONLINE AT 10:00 A.M. EST**



Veterans Mass

Presider

Brett B. McLaughlin, S.J., STL '20, LT, CHC'04, USAF (ret.)

Homilist

John C. Monahan, S.J., LCDR, CHC, USN, (ret.)

Accompanist

Meyer J. Chambers, Campus Minister, Liturgical Arts

Vocalist

Byron D. Wratee, USA

Music and lyrics for the hymns can be found at the end of the program.

INTRODUCTORY RITES

Processional Hymn

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

LITURGY OF THE WORD

First Reading

Titus 3:1–7

CDT Alexandria C. Cresci '23

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 23

Response: The Lord is my Shepherd, there is nothing I shall want.

Gospel

Luke 17: 11–19

Homily

Rev. John C. Monahan, S.J.

Universal Prayer

CDT Alexandria C. Cresci '23



Veterans Mass

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Offertory Hymn

This Is My Song, verses 1 and 3

Communion Song

On Eagle's Wings

CONCLUDING RITES

Final Blessing

Recessional Hymn

America the Beautiful, verses 1, 3, and 4

**Please stay online for the Veterans
Remembrance Ceremony that will begin at 11:00 a.m.**



ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE

MELITA



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm has bound the
2. O Christ, the Lord of hill and plain O'er which our traf - fic
3. O Spir - it, whom the Fa - ther sent To spread a - broad the
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r, Your chil - dren shield in



1. rest - less wave, Who bids the might - y o - cean deep Its
2. runs a - main By moun - tain pass or val - ley low; Where -
3. fir - ma - ment; O Wind of heav - en, by your might Save
4. dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



1. own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
2. ev - er, Lord, your loved ones go, Pro - tect them by your
3. all who dare the ea - gle's flight, And keep them by your
4. tect them where - so - e'er they go; And then shall rise with



1. raise our plea For those in per - il on the sea.
2. guard - ing hand From ev - 'ry per - il on the land.
3. watch - ful care From ev - 'ry per - il in the air.
4. voic - es free Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Text: 88 88 88; verses 1, 4, William Whiting, 1825–1878; verses 2, 3, Robert N. Spencer, 1877–1961, alt.
Music: John B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



THIS IS MY SONG

FINLANDIA



1. This is my song, O God of all the na - tions,
2. My coun-try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean,
3. This is my prayer, O Lord of all earth's king-doms:



1. A song of peace for lands a - far and mine.
2. And sun-light beams on clo - ver - leaf and pine;
3. Thy king-dom come; on earth thy will be done.



1. This is my home, the coun-try where my heart is;
2. But oth - er lands have sun-light too, and clo - ver,
3. Let Christ be lift - ed up till all shall serve him,



1. Here are my hopes, my dreams, my ho - ly shrine;
2. And skies are ev - 'ry - where as blue as mine.
3. And hearts u - nit - ed learn to live as one.



1. But oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are beat-ing
2. O hear my song, thou God of all the na-tions,
3. O hear my prayer, thou God of all the na-tions;



1. With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.
2. A song of peace for their land and for mine.
3. My - self I give thee; let thy will be done.

Text: 11 10 11 10 11 10; Vss. 1, 2: Lloyd Stone © 1934, 1962, Lorenz Publishing Co.
Vs. 3: Georgia Harkness © 1964, Lorenz Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Used with permission.
Music: Jean Sibelius, 1865-1957.



ON EAGLE'S WINGS

Michael Joncas

Refrain

And he will raise you up on ea - gle's wings, bear you on the
breath of dawn, make you to shine like the
sun, and hold you in the palm of his hand.

to Verses (last time to Coda) ⊕

⊕ Coda

And hold you, hold you in the palm of his hand.

Text: Based on Psalm 91. Text and music © 1979, OCP Publications. All rights reserved.



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

MATERNA



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



1. For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
2. A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
3. Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
4. Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



1. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
2. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
3. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
4. A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,



1. And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
2. Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
3. Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
4. And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

Text: CMD; Katherine L. Bates, 1859–1929. Music: Samuel A. Ward, 1848–1903.



ABOUT THE VETERANS REMEMBRANCE BOOK

In 2005 the Burns Library rare book conservator handcrafted the Veterans Remembrance Book, a red, leather-bound book which serves as a tribute to the alumni of Boston College who made the ultimate sacrifice in service to their country. The names of the fallen are inscribed in calligraphy and listed by conflict and class year. Each year it is placed near the altar at the annual Veterans Remembrance Mass to remember our fallen alumni. Prior to the dedication of the Boston College Veterans Memorial in 2009, the book was the focus at the Remembrance Ceremony Roll Call. The Veterans Remembrance Book is archived in the Rare Book Collection of the John J. Burns Library as a permanent record of our fallen heroes.



Proud Refrain

What are you dreaming, soldier,
What is it you see?

A tall gray Gothic tower,
And a linden tree.

You speak so sadly, soldier,
Sad and wistfully....

I cannot hear the tower bell
In the swirling sea.

What meaning has it, soldier,
A tower, bell, and tree?

Nothing, nothing — only once
It meant my life to me.

- Thomas Heath

Class of '43



BOB COYNE