

Funeral Mass of Dr. Garret FitzGerald

Entrance: **Morning Has Broken** Eleanor Farjeon

All Sing Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing ! Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing fresh from the word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall on the first grass,
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight ! Mine is the morning
Born of the one Light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning,
God's re-creation of the new day!

Opening prayer – Welcome

Penitential Rite

Liturgy of the Word

First Reading

A Reading from the Acts of the Apostles – Acts 6:1-7

An Taoiseach – Enda Kenny TD

Psalm 17 – Mo grá thu a Thiarna (Blessed be the Lord)

Sung by Réachbha and Laoise FitzGerald

Second Reading

A Reading from the First Letter of St. Peter – 1 Peter 2:4-9

Iseult FitzGerald

Gospel Acclamation – Jn. 14:10

Alleluia (Sung by Choir)

Gospel

A reading from the Holy Gospel According to John – Jn.14:1-12

Homily

Dr. Enda McDonagh

Creed

Prayers of the Faithful

Garret FitzGerald

Doireann FitzGerald

Mary Robinson

Aoife FitzGerald

Peter Barry

Ciara FitzGerald

Liturgy of the Eucharist

Offertory Procession

Vincent Deane
Eithne FitzGerald
Derval FitzGerald
Sorcha FitzGerald
Erinne FitzGerald
Méadhbh FitzGerald

Offertory Hymn

Ag Críost an Síol
Sung by Réachbha and Laoise FitzGerald

Holy Holy
Sung by Choir

Memorial Acclamation

Communion Rite

The Lord's Prayer

Lamb of God
Sung by Choir

Communion Music performed by Hugh Tinney

Deo Gratias
Mary, Mark and John

Final commendation

Recessional Hymn

Be Thou My Vision

Traditional Irish melody

All Sing

Be thou my vision, Oh Lord of my heart,
Naught be all else to me save that thou art;
Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
I ever with thee and thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I thy true heir;
Thou in me dwelling, and I in thy care.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my armour, and be thou my might,
Thou my soul's shelter, and thou my high tow'r,
Raise thou me heav'nward, Oh Pow'r of my pow'r

Riches I need not, nor all the world's praise,
Thou mine inheritance through my days;
Thou, and thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art!