



# Pilgrims of Hope – Summer Tour 2025

*Archdiocesan and Cathedral Choirs from the Cathedral Basilica of  
Saints Peter and Paul and the Shrine of St. Katharine Drexel*

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

Edward Bairstow (1874-1946)

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am his And he is mine for ever. Where streams of living waters flow My ransomed  
soul he leadeth, And where the verdant pastures grow With food celestial feedeth. In death's dark vale  
I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to  
guide me. Thou spreadst a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth: And O what transport of  
delight from thy pure chalice floweth. Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd But yet in love he sought me,  
And gently on his shoulder laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.

Ave Verum

Jessica French

*English translation, sung in Latin*

Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary, Who has truly suffered, was sacrificed on the cross for  
mortals, Whose side was pierced, whence flowed water and blood: Be for us a foretaste (of heaven)  
during our final examining. O Jesu sweet, O Jesu pure, O Jesu, Son of Mary, have mercy upon me.  
Amen.

If Ye Love Me

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585)

If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another  
comforter, that he may bide with you forever, e'en the spirit of truth.

Totus Tuus

Henryk Górecki (1933-2010)

*English translation, sung in Latin*

I am completely yours, Mary, Mother of our Redeemer. Virgin Mother of God, loving virgin, Mother  
of the Saviour of the world. I am completely yours, Mary!

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Air from Suite for Organ

Florence Price (1887 – 1953)

Ubi caritas

Alejandro Consolacion II (b. 1980)

*English translation, sung in Latin*

Where charity and love are, there God is. The love of Christ has gathered us into one.  
Let us exult, and in Him be joyful. Let us fear and let us love the living God.  
Where charity and love are, there God is. The love of Christ has gathered us into one.  
Where charity and love are, there God is.

Esto Les Digo

Kinley Lange (b. 1950)

*English translation, sung in Spanish*

This I say to you, if two of you are put, are put in accord here in, in the earth to ask, to ask anything in  
prayer, my Father which is in heaven, will give it to you. Because where two or three are gathered in  
my name, there am I, in the midst of them.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Love is strong as death. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, That we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness. Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus. Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation; That ye should show forth the praises of him who hath call'd you out of darkness into his marvelous light. I beseech you brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

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Allein Gott in der Höh sei Her, BWV 676

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

I Believe This Is Jesus

arr. Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

I believe this is Jesus; come and see, come and see.  
The light of God shines in His face; come and see, come and see.  
He offers all his pard'ning grace; come and see, come and see.  
Oh, I believe this is Jesus; come and see, come and see.

and the swallow

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

how beloved is your dwelling place, o lord of hosts  
how beloved is your dwelling place o lord  
my soul yearns, faints  
my heart and my flesh cry  
the sparrow found a house and the swallow, her nest  
where she may raise her young  
they pass through the valley of bakka  
they make it a place of springs  
they pass through the valley  
the autumn rains also cover it with pools.

Salve Regina

Frank La Rocca (b. 1951)

*English translation, sung in Latin*

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, Hail our life, our sweetness and our hope.  
To thee do we cry, Poor banished children of Eve; To thee do we send up our sighs,  
Mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then, most gracious advocate, Thine eyes of mercy toward us; And after this our exile, Show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O merciful, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

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