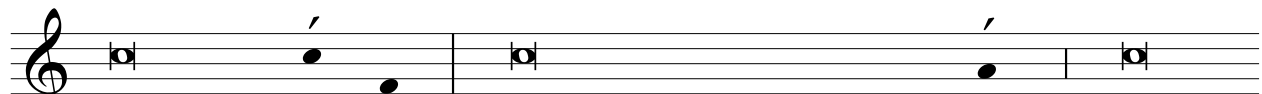


First Reading for the First Sunday of Advent, Year B (JB)

Isaiah 63:16-17; 64:1.3-8

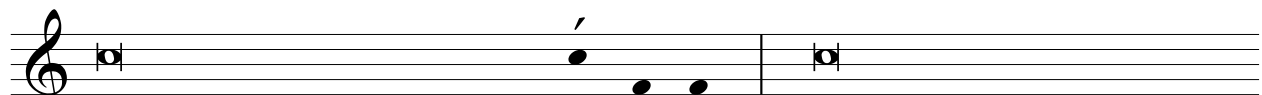
You, Lord, yourself are our Fá-ther; Our Redeemer is your ancient
náme. Why, Lord, leave us to stray from your ways and harden
our hearts a-against féar-ing you? Return, for the sake of your
servants, the tribes of your in-hér-it-ance Oh, that you would tear
the heavens open and come dówn - at your Presence the moun-
-tains would mélt. No ear has heard, no eye has seen any god but
you act like thís for those who trúst him. You guide those who
act with in-tég-ri-ty and keep your ways in mínd. You were
angry when we were sín-ners; we had long been rebels a-gáinst
you. We were all like men un-cléan, all that integrity of ours



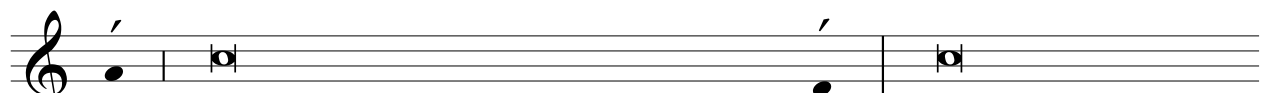
like filthy clóth-ing. We have all withered like léaves and our



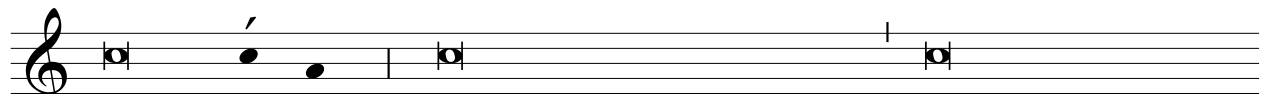
sins blew us away like the wínd. No one invoked your náme



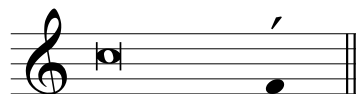
or roused himself to catch hólđ of you. For you hid your face from



ús, and gave us up to the power of our síns. And yet, Lord, you



are our Fá-ther; we the clay, you the potter, we are all the work



of your hánd.