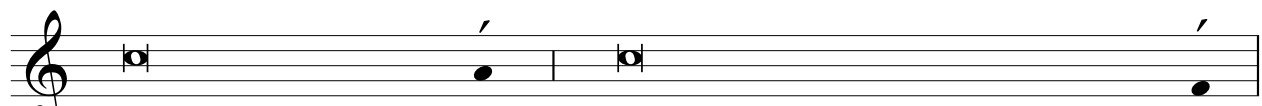


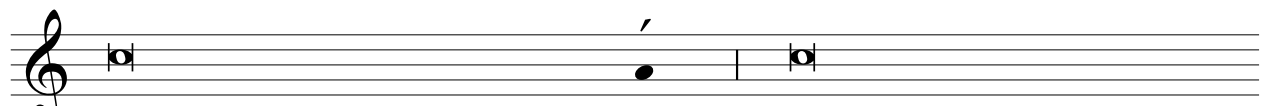
# First Reading for the First Sunday of Advent, Year B (NRSV)

Isaiah 63:16b-17, 19b; 64:2-7

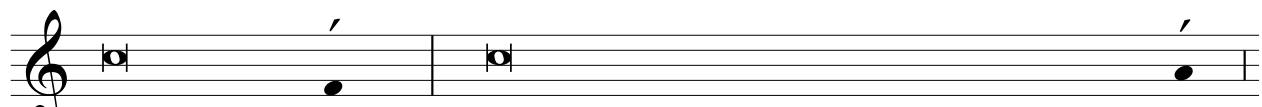
You, O Lord, are our Fát-ther; 'Our Redeemer from of old' is your  
náme. Why, O Lord, do you make us stray from your ways and  
harden our heart, so that we do not féar you? Turn back for  
the sake of your sérv-ants, for the sake of the tribes that are your  
hér-it-age. O that you would tear open the heavens and come  
dówn, so that the mountains would quake at your prés-ence.  
When you did awesome deeds that we did not ex - péct, you came  
down, the mountains quaked at your prés-ence. From ages past  
no one has heard, no ear has perceived, no eye has seen any God  
besides yóu, who works for those who wáit for him. You meet



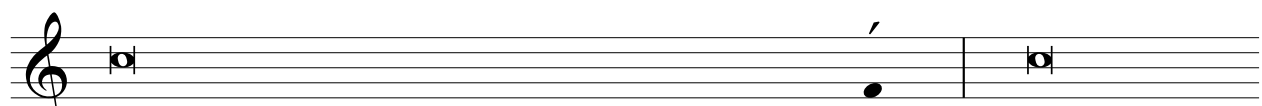
those who gladly do ríght, those who remember you in your wáys.



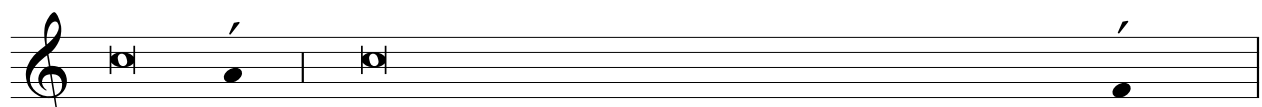
But you were angry, and we sinned; because you hid yourself



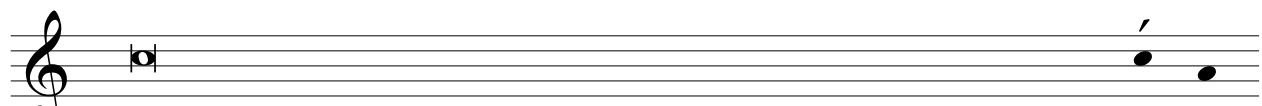
we trans - gréssed. We have all become like one who is un - cléan,



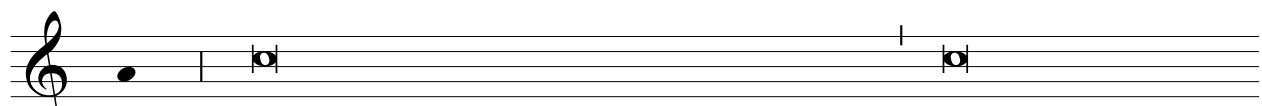
and all our righteous deeds are like a filthy clóth. We all fade



like a léaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, take us a - wáy.



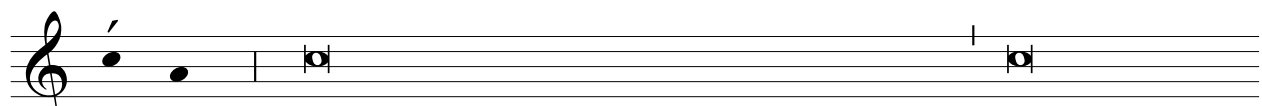
There is no one who calls on your name, or attempts to take hólđ of



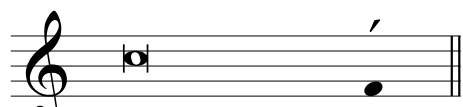
you; for you have hidden your face from us, and have delivered



us into the hand of our in - íq - ui - ty. Yet, O Lord, you are our



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



work of your hánd.