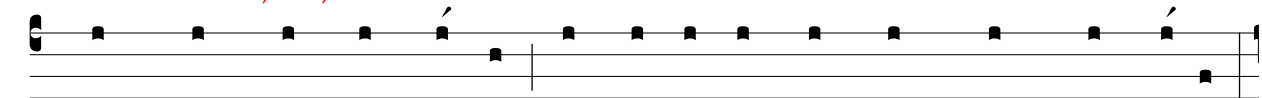
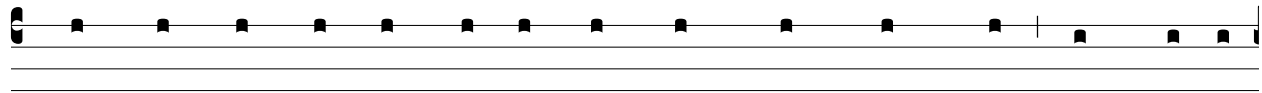


First Reading for the First Sunday of Advent, Year B (NAB)

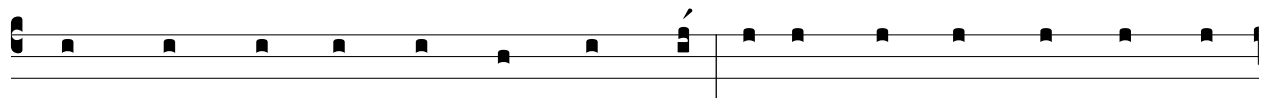
Isaiah 63:16b-17, 19b; 64:2-7



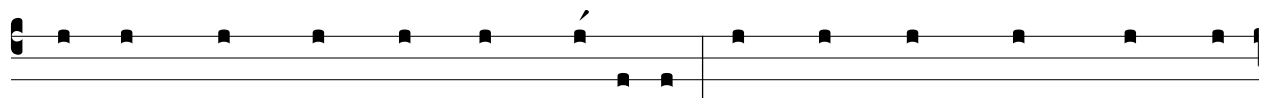
You, Lord, are our Fát-her, our redeemer you are named for év-er.



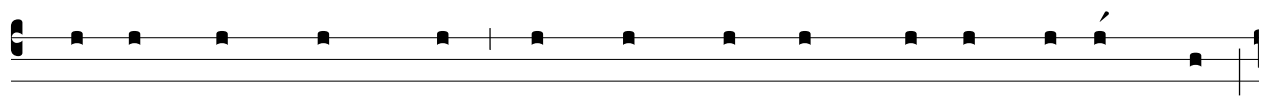
Why do you let us wander, O Lord, from your ways, and harden



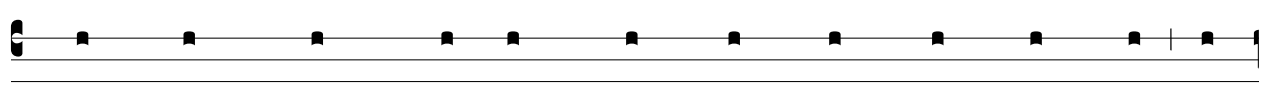
our hearts so that we fear you nót? Return for the sake of your



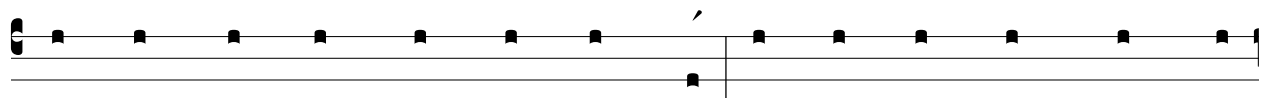
servants, the tribes of your hér-it-age. Oh, that you would rend the



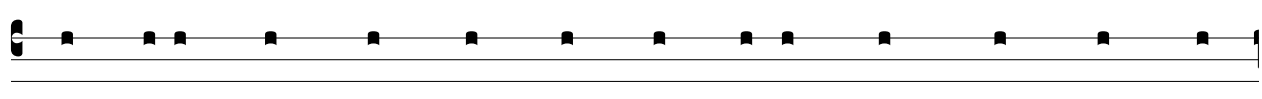
heavens and come down, with the mountains quaking be-fóre you,



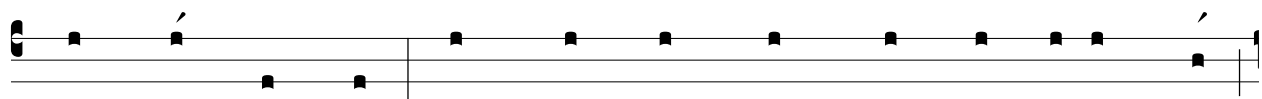
while you wrought awesome deeds we could not hope for, such



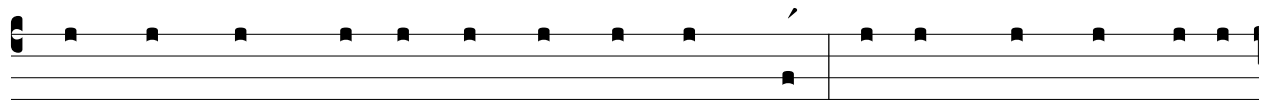
as they had not heard of from óld. No ear has ever heard, no



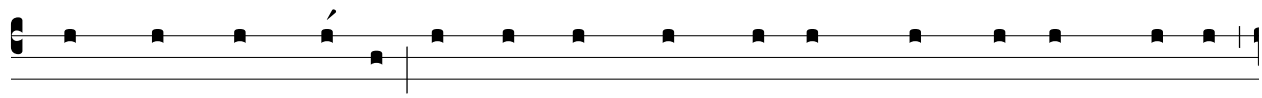
eye ever seen, any God but you doing such deeds for those



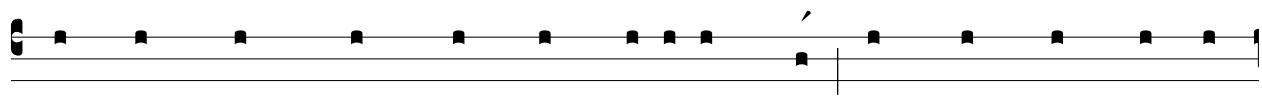
who wáit for him. Would that you might meet us doing ríght,



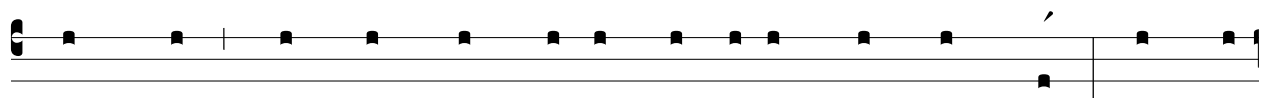
that we were mindful of you in our wáys! Behold, you are angry,



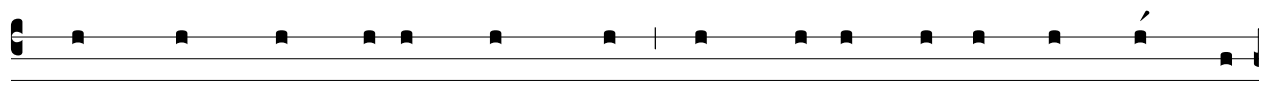
and we are sín-ful; all of us have become like unclean people,



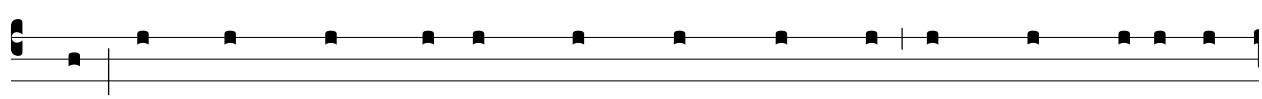
all our good deeds are like polluted rágs; we have all withered



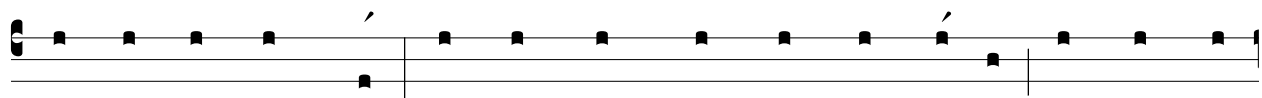
like leaves, and our guilt carries us away like the wínd. There is



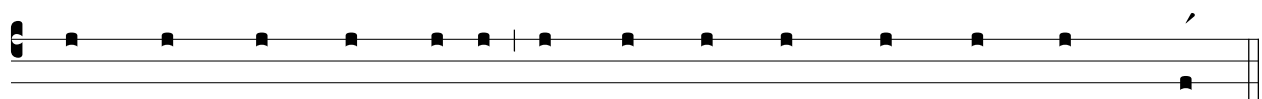
none who calls upon your name, who rouses himself to clíng to



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



us up to our gúilt. Yet, O Lord, you are our fá-ther; we are the



clay and you the potter: we are all the work of your hánds.