

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

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

You, Lord, are our Fá-ther, 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 nó-t? 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

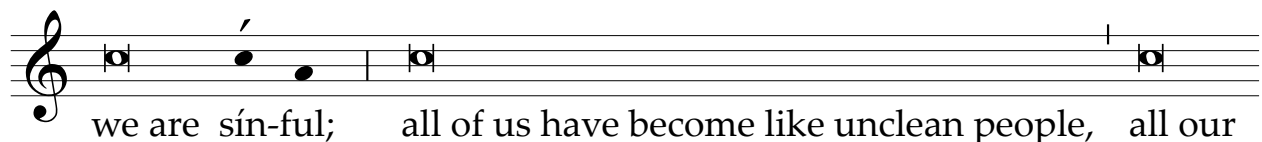
you, while you wrought awesome deeds we could not hope for,

such as they had not heard of from of 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

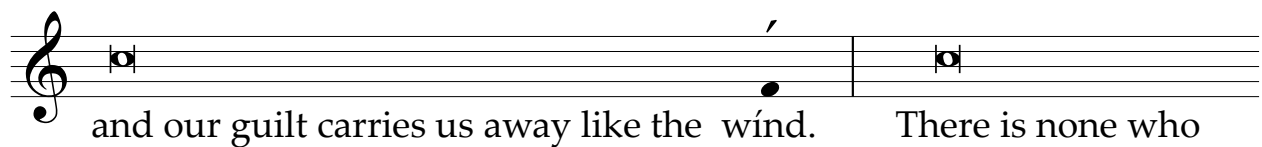
were mindful of you in our wáys! Behold, you are angry, and



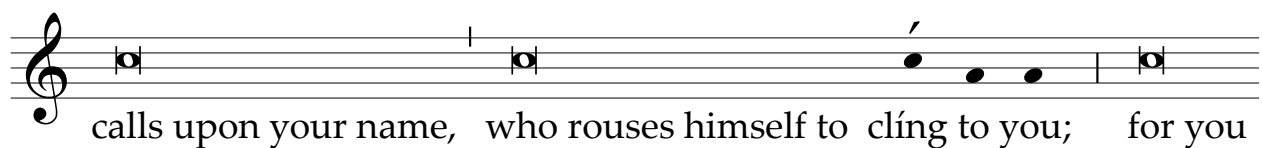
we are sín-ful; all of us have become like unclean people, all our



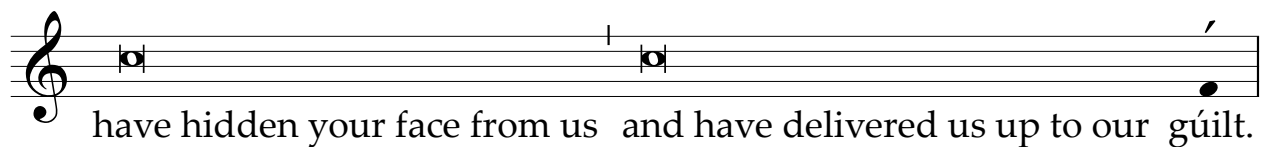
good deeds are like polluted rágs; we have all withered like leaves,



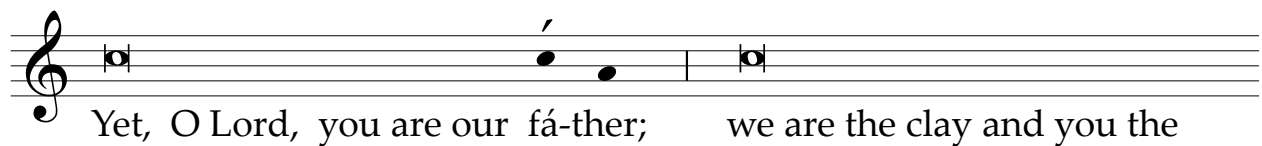
and our guilt carries us away like the wínd. There is none who



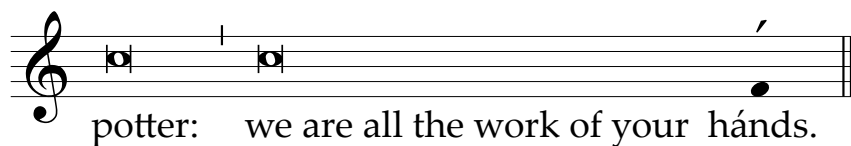
calls upon your name, who rouses himself to clíng to you; for you



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.