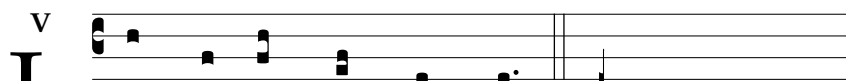
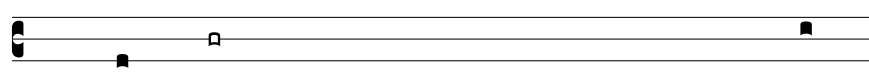


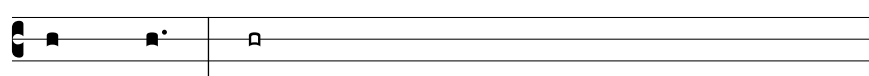
17TH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

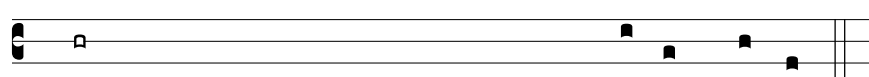
Ps. 119: 57, 72, 76-77, 127-128, 129-130

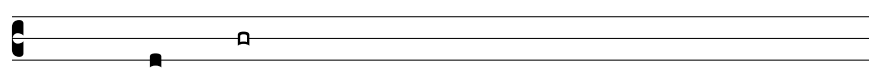
YEAR A

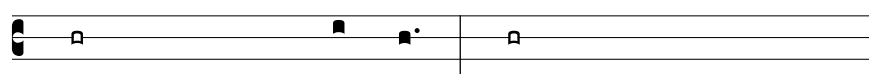

L ord, I love your commands.

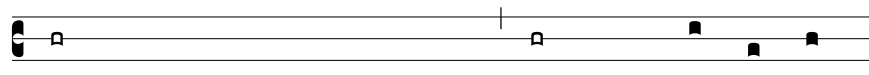

1. I have said, O LORD, that my part is to *keep*

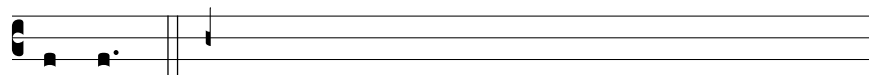

your words. The law of your mouth is to me more

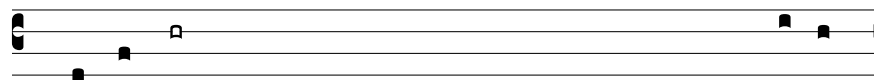

precious than thousands of gold and *sil-ver* pieces. *R.*


2. Let your kindness comfort me according to your


promise to your *ser-vants*. Let your compassion


come to me that I may live, for your *law* is my

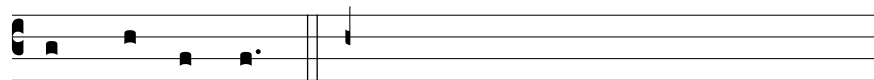

delight. *R.*



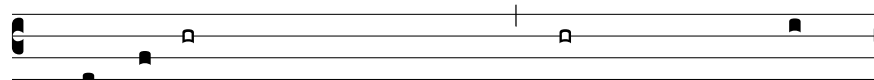
3. For I love your command more than gold, how-*ev*-er



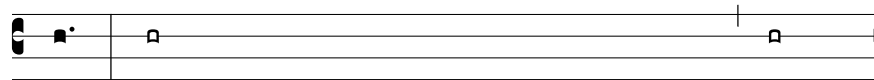
fine. For in all your precepts I go forward; *eve*-ry



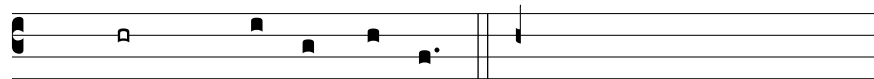
false way I hate. Ṙ.



4. Wonderful are your decrees; therefore I ob-*serve*



them. The revelation of your words sheds light, giving



understanding *to* the simple. Ṙ.

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