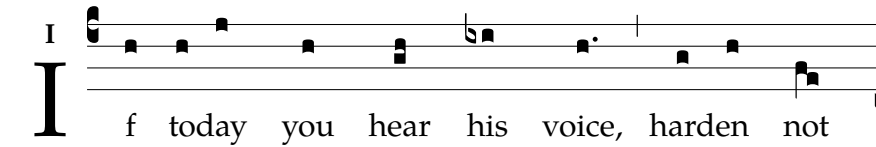


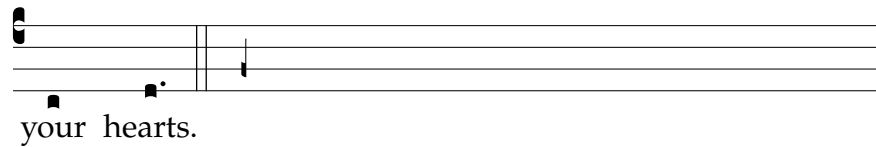
18TH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

Ps. 90: 3-4, 5-6, 12-13, 14, 17

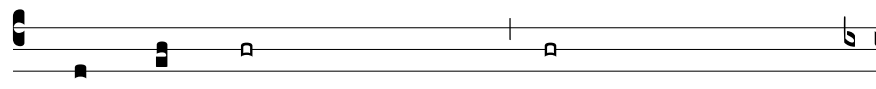
YEAR C



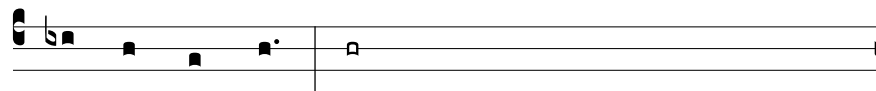
I f today you hear his voice, harden not



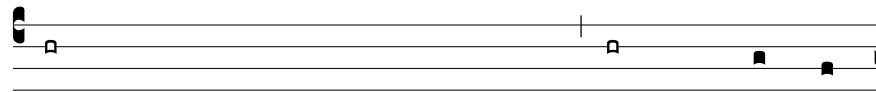
your hearts.



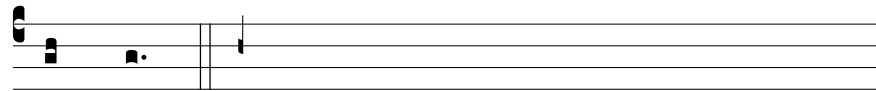
1. You turn man back to dust, saying, "Return, O



chil-dren of men." For a thousand years in your sight



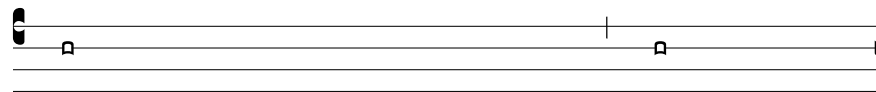
are as yesterday, now that it is past, or as a *watch* of



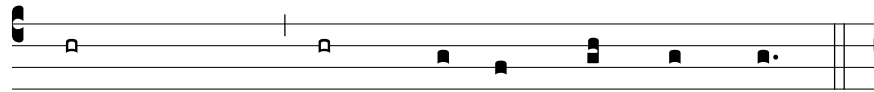
the night. Ṙ.



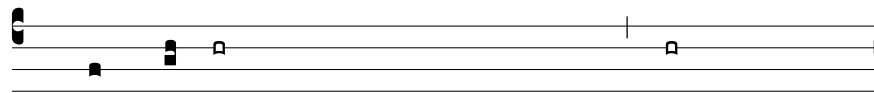
2. You make an end of *them* in their sleep; the next morn-



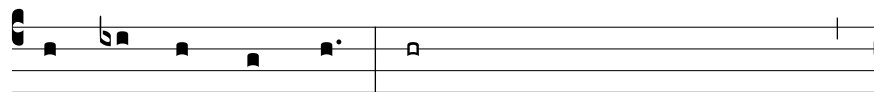
ing they are like the changing grass, which at dawn



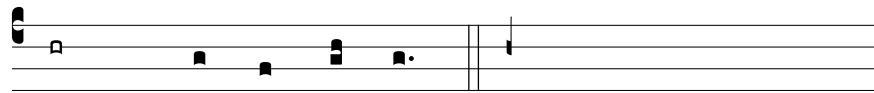
springs up anew, but by *eve*-ning wilts and fades. Ṙ.



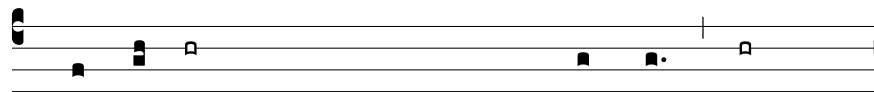
3. Teach us to number our days aright, that we may



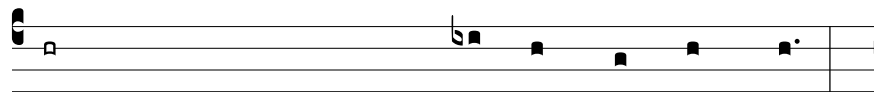
gain *wis*-dom of heart. Return, O LORD! How long?



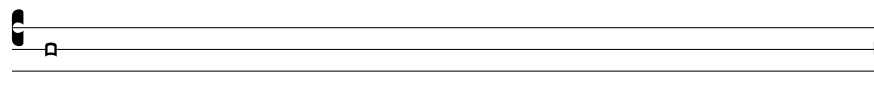
Have pity *on* your servants! Ṙ.



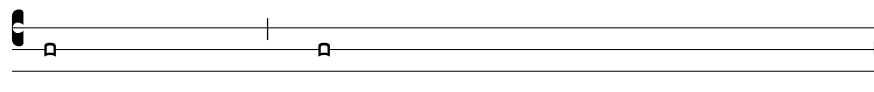
4. Fill us at daybreak with your *kind*-ness, that we



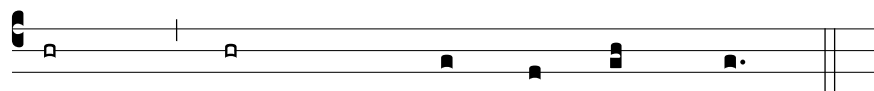
may shout for joy and *glad*-ness all our days.



And may the gracious care of the LORD our



God be ours; prosper the work of our hands



for us! Prosper the *work* of our hands! Ṙ.

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