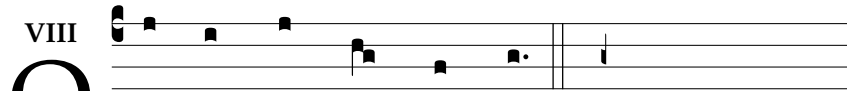
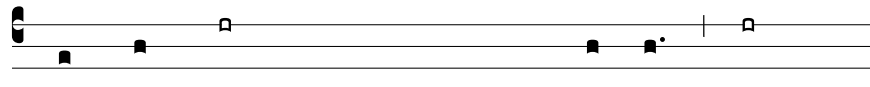


THE BAPTISM OF THE LORD

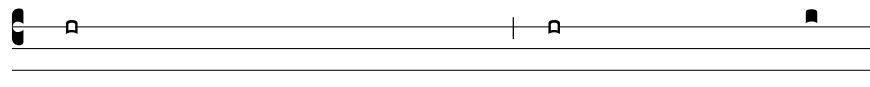
Ps. 104: 1b-2, 3-4, 24-25, 27-28, 29-30

YEAR C

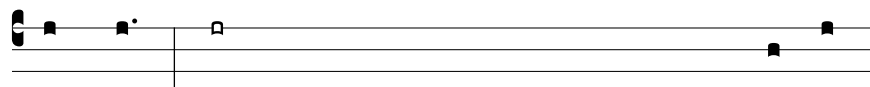
VIII
O  bless the Lord, my soul.



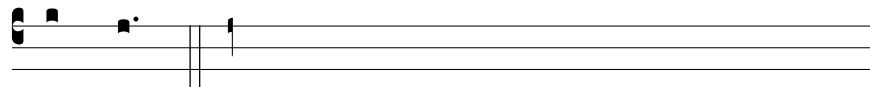
1. O LORD, my God, you are great *in-deed!* You are



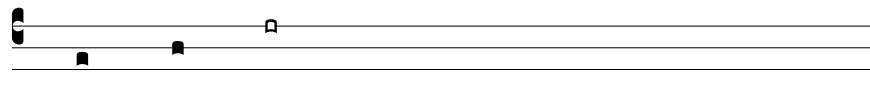
clothed with majesty and glory, robed in light as *with*



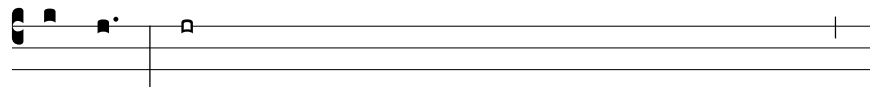
a cloak. You have spread out the heavens *like a*



tent-cloth. *R.*



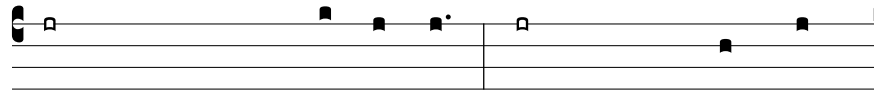
2. You have constructed your palace upon the



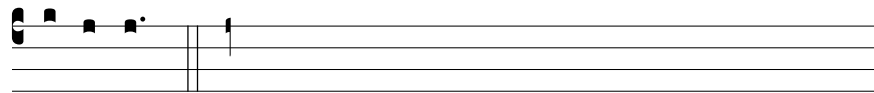
wa-ters. You make the clouds your chariot;



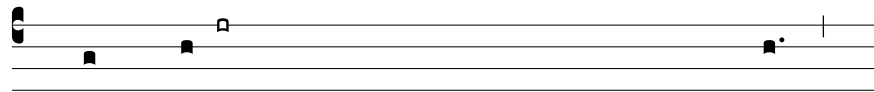
you travel on the *wings* of the wind. You make



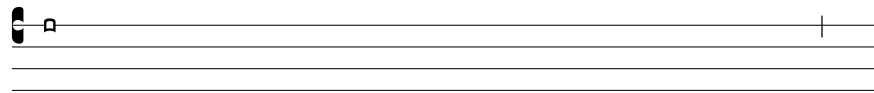
the winds your *mes-sengers*, and flaming *fire* your



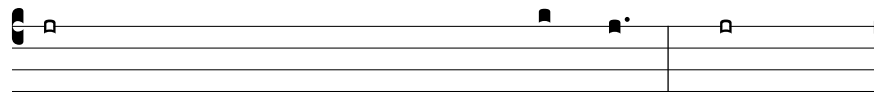
ministers. *R.*



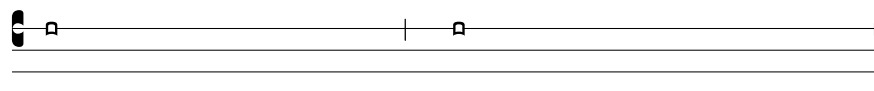
3. How manifold are your works, O *LORD!*



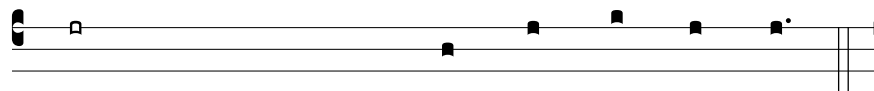
In wisdom you have wrought them all—



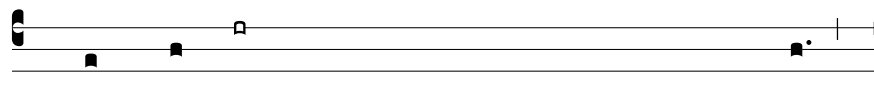
the earth is full of your *crea-tures*; the sea



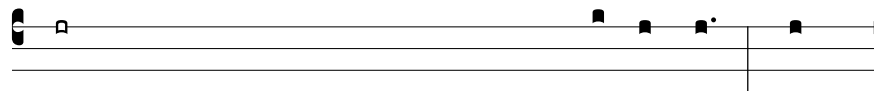
also, great and wide, in which are schools



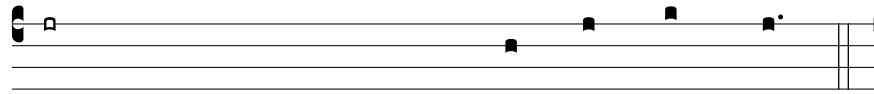
without number of living *things* both small and great. *R.*



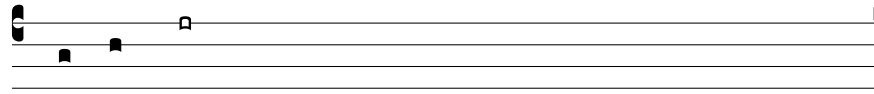
4. They look to you to give them food in due *time*.



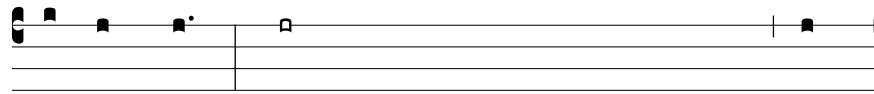
When you give it to them, they *gath-er* it; when



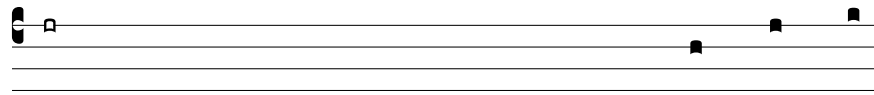
you open your hand, they are *filled* with good things. Ṙ.



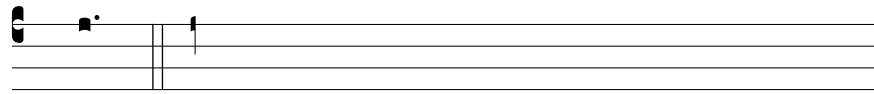
5. If you take away their breath, they perish and return



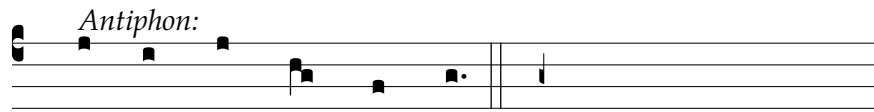
to the dust. When you send forth your spirit, they



are created, and you renew the *face* of the



earth. Ṙ.



Ṙ. O bless the Lord, my soul.

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