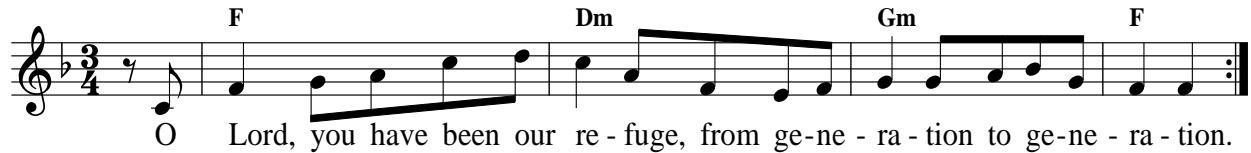


# EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME - YEAR C


Music : Ferdinand Pereira

Reviewed by: Fr. Lawrence D'Souza



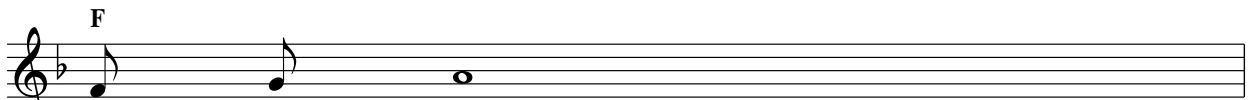
F Dm Gm F

O Lord, you have been our re - fuge, from ge - ne - ra - tion to ge - ne - ra - tion.



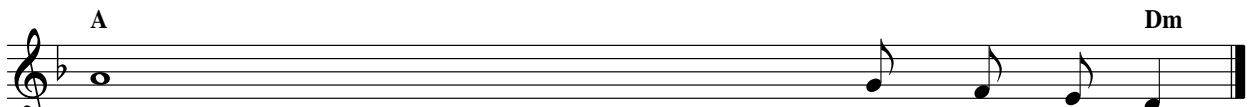
F Dm

You turn man back to dust, and say, "Return, O child - ren of men."  
You sweep them away like a dream, like grass which is fresh in the mor - ning.  
Then teach us to number our days, that we may gain wis - dom of heart.  
At dawn fill us with your merciful love; we shall exult and rejoice all our days.



F

To your eyes a thousand years are like yesterday, come and gone,  
In the morning it sprouts and is fresh;  
Turn back, O Lord! How long?  
Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us;



A Dm

or like a watch in the night.  
by evening it with - ers and fades.  
Show pity to your ser - vants.  
Give success to the work of our hands. O give success to the work of our hands.

Compiled by Commission for Liturgy,  
Archdiocese of Bombay

Acclamation :

C F Gm Dm Bb C Gm Bb C  
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

*adlib* F Dm Bb C  
Blessed are the poor in spi - rit, for theirs is the king - dom of hea - ven.

C F Gm Dm Bb C Gm Bb C  
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.