

Twenty-First Sunday Year A

Lord, your love is e-ter - nal; do not for-sake the work of your hands.

Org.

1. I thank you, Lord, with *all my* heart;
you have heard the words *of my* mouth./
In the presence of the angels I *praise* you.
I bow down before your *ho-ly* temple.
2. I give thanks *to your* name
for your merciful love and your *faith-ful-ness*./
On the day I called, you *ans-wered* me;
you increased the strength *of my* soul.
3. The Lord is high, yet he looks *on the* lowly,
and the haughty he knows *from a-far*./
O Lord, your merciful love *is e-ternal*;
discard not the work *of your* hands.