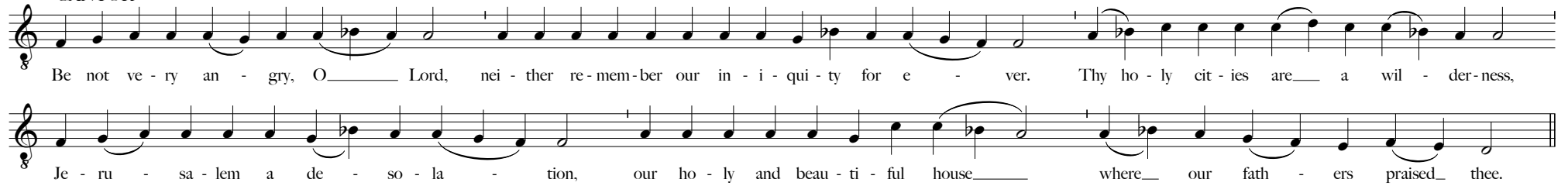


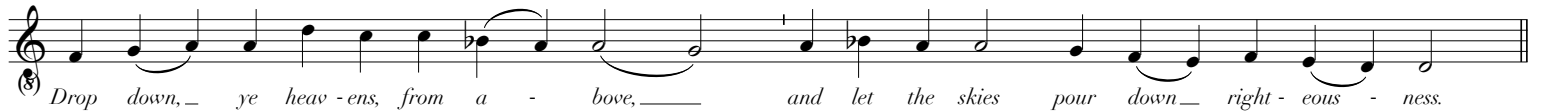
The Advent Prose

CANTOR



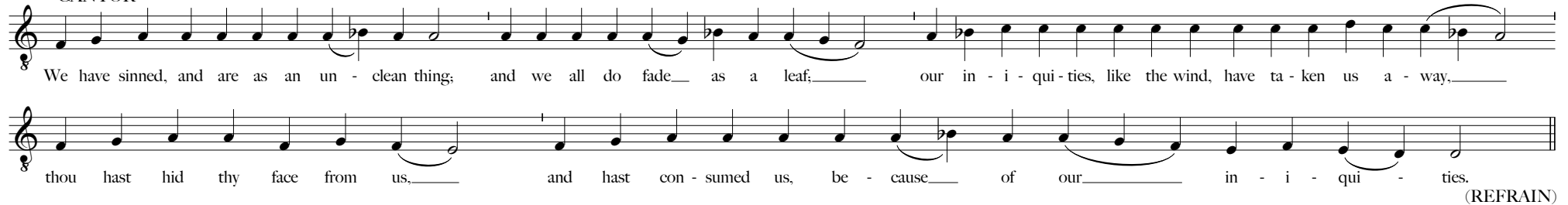
Be not ve - ry an - gry, O Lord, nei - ther re - mem - ber our in - i - qui - ty for e - ver. Thy ho - ly cit - ies are a wil - der - ness,
Je - ru - sa - lem a de - so - la - tion, our ho - ly and beau - ti - ful house where our fath - ers praised thee.

REFRAIN
(all voices)



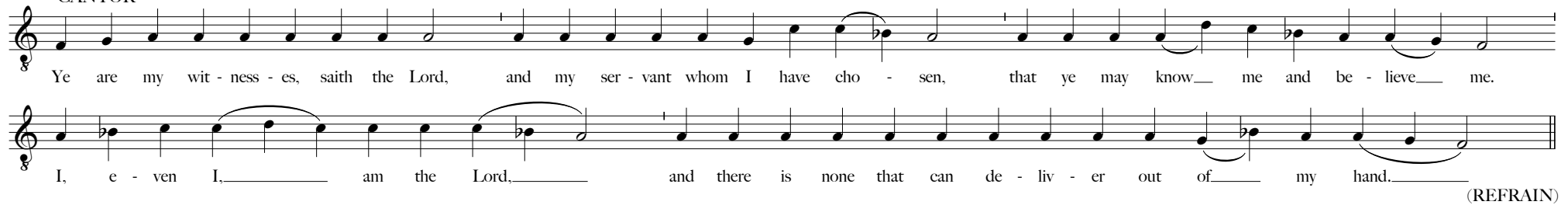
Drop down, ye heav - ens, from a - bove, and let the skies pour down right - eous - ness.

CANTOR



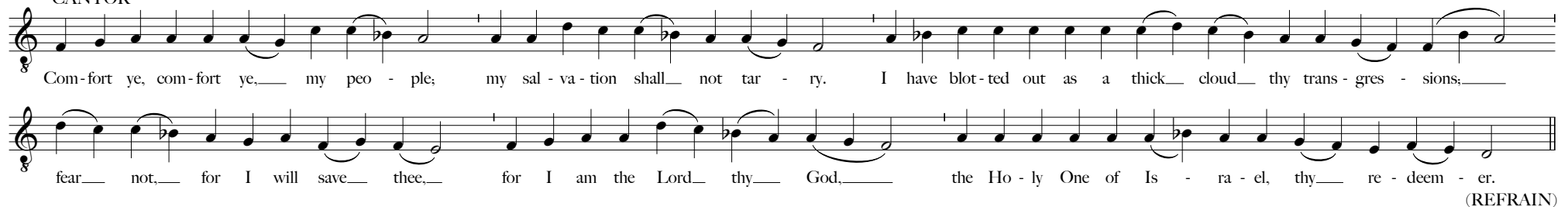
We have sinned, and are as an un - clean thing; and we all do fade as a leaf; our in - i - qui - ties, like the wind, have ta - ken us a - way,
thou hast hid thy face from us, and hast con - sumed us, be - cause of our in - i - qui - ties. (REFRAIN)

CANTOR



Ye are my wit - ness - es, saith the Lord, and my ser - vant whom I have cho - sen, that ye may know me and be - lieve me.
I, e - ven I, am the Lord, and there is none that can de - liv - er out of my hand. (REFRAIN)

CANTOR



Com - fort ye, com - fort ye, my peo - ple; my sal - va - tion shall not tar - ry. I have blot - ted out as a thick cloud thy trans - gres - sions;
fear not, for I will save thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el, thy re - deem - er. (REFRAIN)