

# Twentieth Sunday in Ordinary Time

Ant. O turn your eyes, O God, our shield;  
V How love - ly is your dwell - ing place,  
Dox. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost

Toward your a - noin - ted turn your gaze.  
Your tab - er - na - cle, Lord of hosts.  
the God whom heav'n and earth a - dore.

One day with - in your courts ex - ceeds \_\_\_\_\_  
My soul is pin - ing for your house, \_\_\_\_\_  
Be glo - ry as it was of old, \_\_\_\_\_

Life else - where for a thou - sand days.  
My spi - rit yearn - ing for your courts.  
is now, and will be ev - er - more.