

Fifth Sunday in Ordinary Time B

First Reading

Jb 7:1-4. 6-7

A reading from the book of Job

I am filled with sorrow all day long.

Job began to speak:

Is not man's life on earth nothing more than pressed service,
his time no better than hired drudgery?

Like the slave, sighing for the shade,
or the workman with no thought but his wages,
months of delusion I have assigned to me,
nothing for my own but nights of grief.

Lying in bed I wonder, 'When will it be day?'

Risen I think, 'How slowly evening comes!'

Restlessly I fret till twilight falls.

Swifter than a weaver's shuttle my days have passed,
and vanished, leaving no hope behind.

Remember that my life is but a breath,
and that my eyes will never again see joy.

Responsorial Psalm

Ps 146:1-6. R. v.3

(R.) Praise the Lord who heals the broken-hearted.

1. Praise the Lord for he is good;
sing to our God for he is loving:
to him our praise is due. (R.)
2. The Lord builds up Jerusalem
and brings back Israel's exiles,
he heals the broken-hearted,
he binds up all their wounds.
He fixes the number of the stars;
he calls each one by its name. (R.)
3. Our Lord is great and almighty;
his wisdom can never be measured.
The Lord raises the lowly;
he humbles the wicked to the dust. (R.)

Second Reading

1 Cor 9:16-19. 22-23

A reading from the first letter of St Paul to the Corinthians

Punishment will come to me if I do not preach the Gospel.

I do not boast of preaching the gospel, since it is a duty which has been laid on me; I should be punished if I did not preach it! If I had chosen this work myself, I might have been paid for it, but as I have not, it is a responsibility which has been put into my hands. Do you know what my reward is? It is this: in my preaching, to be able to offer the Good News free, and not insist on the rights which the gospel gives me.

So though I am not a slave of any man I have made myself the slave of everyone so as to win as many as I could. For the weak I made myself weak. I made myself all things to all men in order to save some at any cost; and I still do this, for the sake of the gospel, to have a share in its blessings.

Gospel Acclamation

Mt 8:17

Alleluia, alleluia!

He bore our sickness,
and endured our suffering.

Alleluia!