

Thou art he that took me out
 of the womb; thou didst make me
 hope when I was up-on the breast.
 I was cast on thee from the womb.
 Be not far from me, for there is
 none to help. All my bones are
 out of joint; and my heart is like
 wax, but be not thou far from me.
 O Lord, make haste to help me.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise
 him. All the ends of the world
 shall turn to the Lord. All they
 that go down to the dust shall
 bow to him. A seed shall serve
 him. The earth is the Lord's;
 the world and they that dwell in
 it: for he did found it on the seas.
 Praise the Lord all ye hosts of his.

U
 my
 Lor
 me
 for
 on
 Wh
 God
 and

T
 his
 Lor
 his
 fears
 in th
 his s
 thin
 that
 dwe