

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.

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