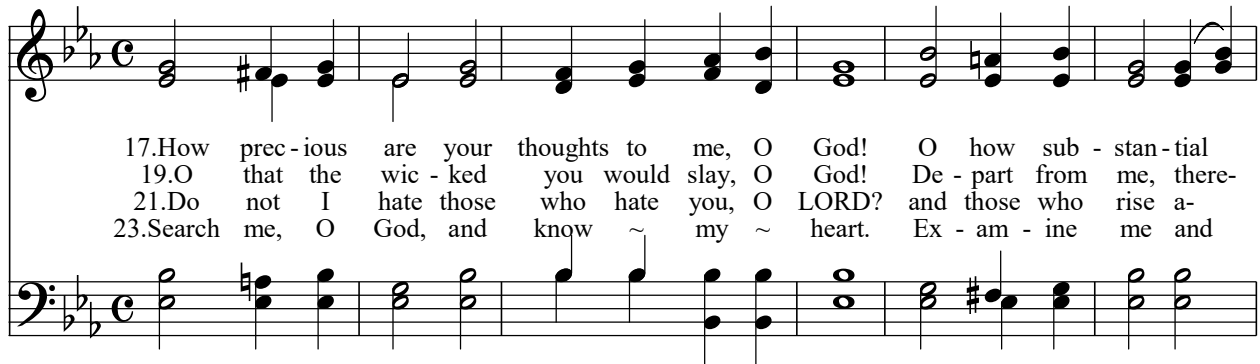
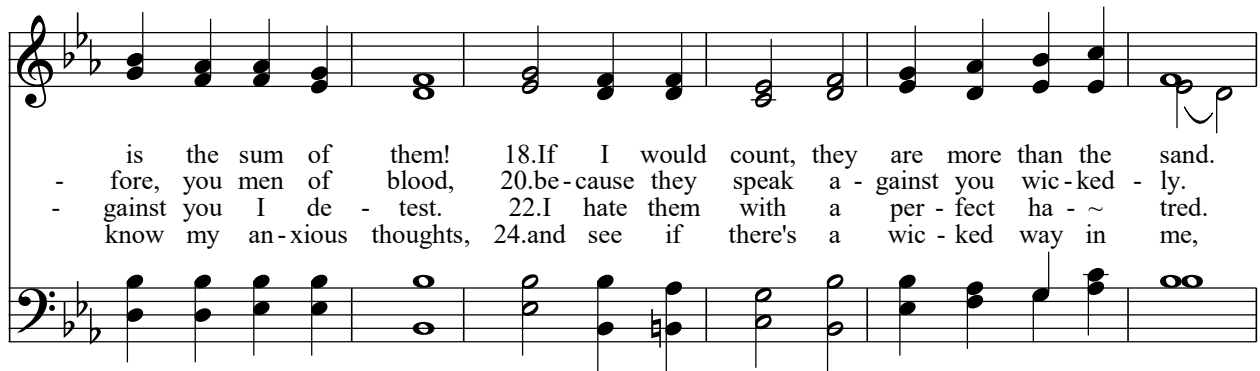


Psalm 139:17-24

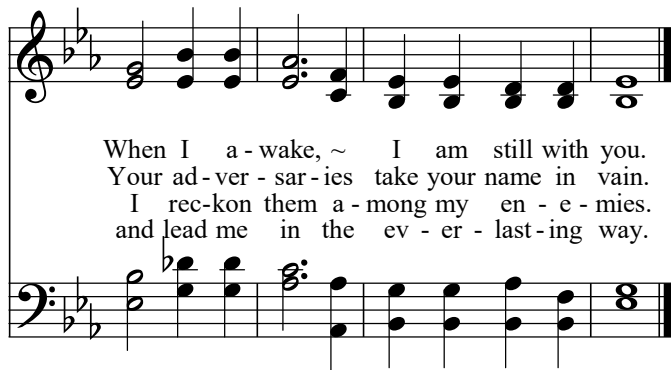
to the chief musician, a psalm of David



17.How pre-cious are your thoughts to me, O God! O how sub-stan-tial
19.O that the wic-ked you would slay, O God! De-part from me, there-
21.Do not I hate those who hate you, O LORD? and those who rise a-
23.Search me, O God, and know my heart. Ex-am-ine me and



is the sum of them! 18.If I would count, they are more than the sand.
- fore, you men of blood, 20.be-cause they speak a-gainst you wic-ked-ly.
- gainst you I de-test. 22.I hate them with a per-fect ha-~ tred.
know my an-xious thoughts, 24.and see if there's a wic-ked way in me,



When I a-wake, ~ I am still with you.
Your ad-ver-sar-ies take your name in vain.
I rec-kon them a-mong my en-e-mies.
and lead me in the ev-er-last-ing way.