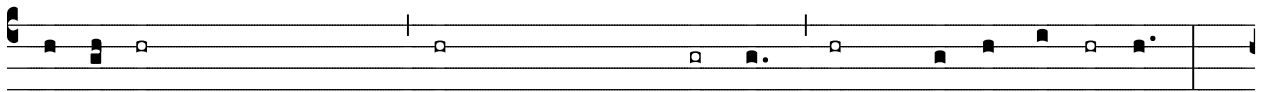
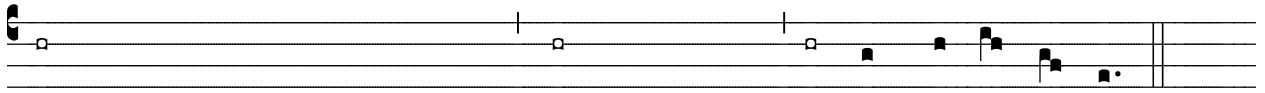




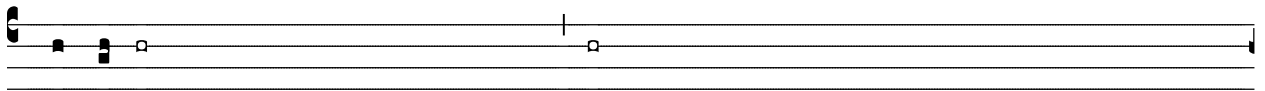
Fa- ther, in- to your hands I com-mend my spir-it.



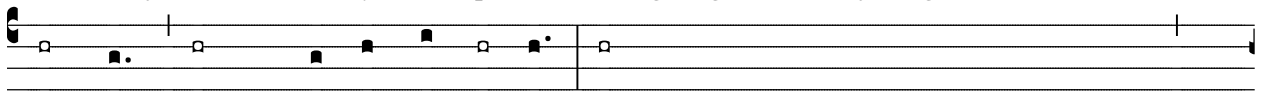
In you, O Lord, I take refuge; let me never be put *to* shame. In your *jus*-tice res-cue me.



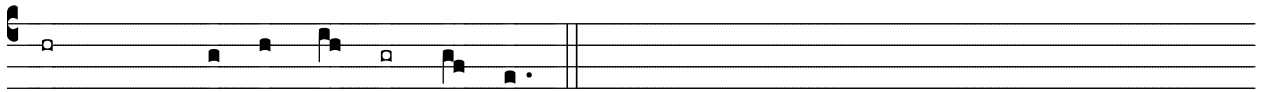
Into your hands I commend my spirit; you will redeem me, O *LORD*, O faith-ful God.   ℞



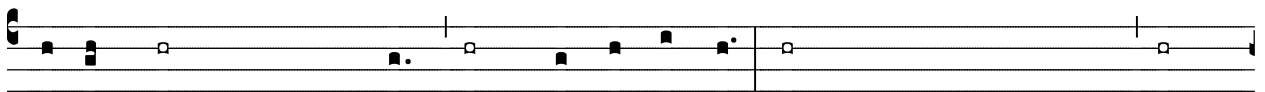
For all my foes I am an object of reproach, a laughingstock to my neighbors, and a dread to



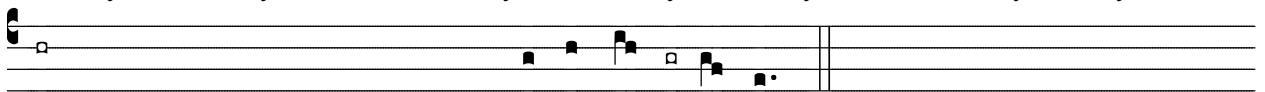
my *friends*; they who *see* me flee from me. I am forgotten like the unremembered dead;



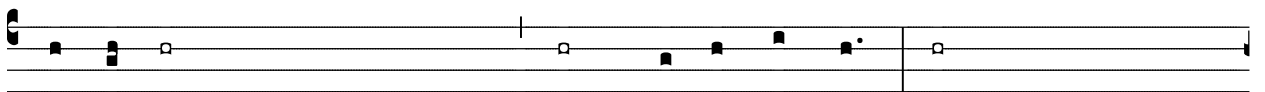
I am like a *dish* that has been bro- ken.   ℞



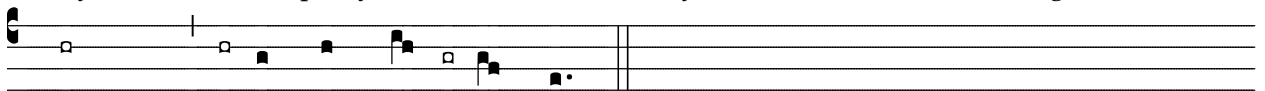
But my trust is in you, O *LORD*; I say "*You* are my God. In your hands is my destiny; rescue



me from the clutches of my enemies *and* my per-se-cu-tors."   ℞



Let your face shine upon your servant; save me *in* your kind-ness. Take courage and be



stouthearted, all *you* who hope in the *LORD*.   ℞