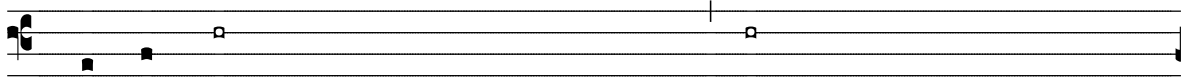
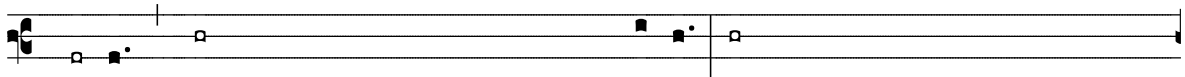




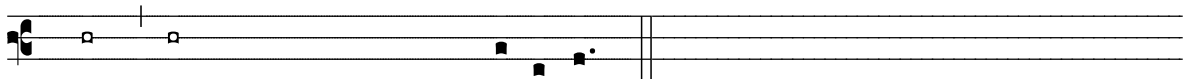
I praise you, for I am won-der-ful-ly made.



O LORD, you have probed me and you know me: you know when I sit and when



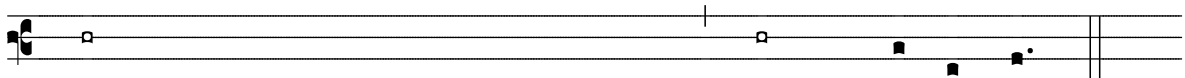
I stand; you understand my thoughts from *a*-far. My journeys and my rest you scru-



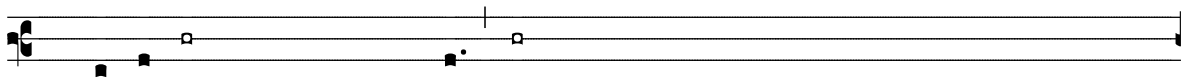
tinize, with all my ways you are *fa*-mil-iar. R̄.



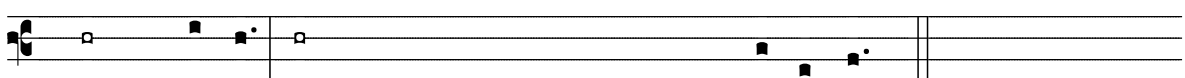
Tru-ly you have formed my inmost *be*-ing; you knit me in my *moth*-er's womb. I give



you thanks that I am fearfully, wonderfully made; wonderful *are* your works. R̄.



My soul also you knew full *well*; nor was my frame unknown to you when I was



made in *se*-cret, when I was fashioned in the depths *of* the earth. R̄.