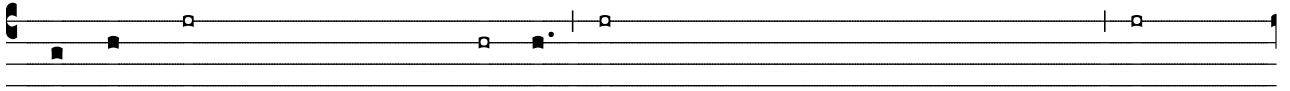
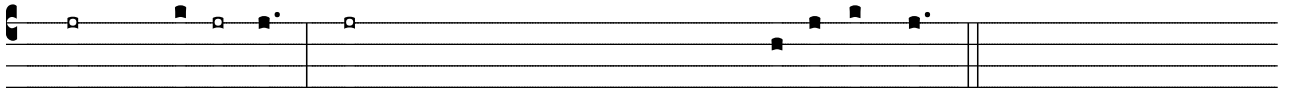




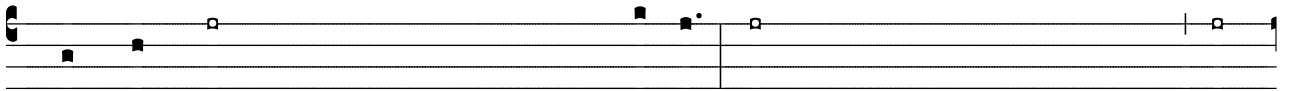
O bless the Lord, my soul.



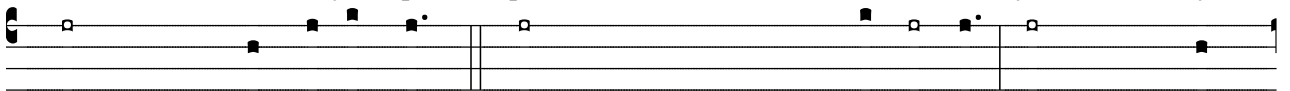
O LORD, my God, you are great *in-deed!* You are clothed with majesty and glory, robed in



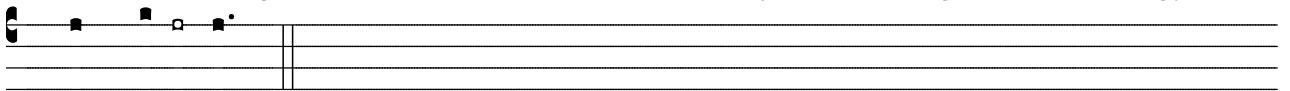
light as *with* a cloak. You have spread out the heavens *like* a tent-cloth; *℟̕*



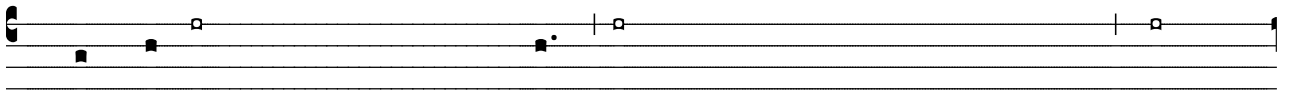
You have constructed your palace upon the *wa*-ters. You make the clouds your chariot; you



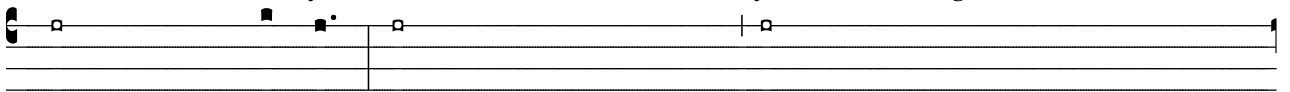
travel on the *wings* of the wind. You make the winds your *mes*-sen-gers, and flaming *fire*



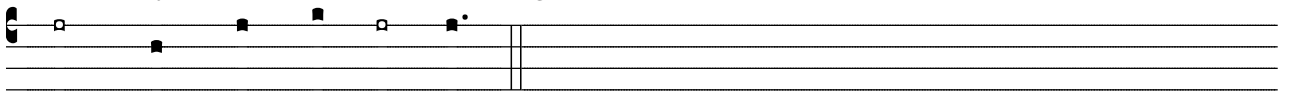
your *min*-is-ters. *℟̕*



How *man*-i-fold are your works, O LORD! In wisdom you have wrought them all – the earth



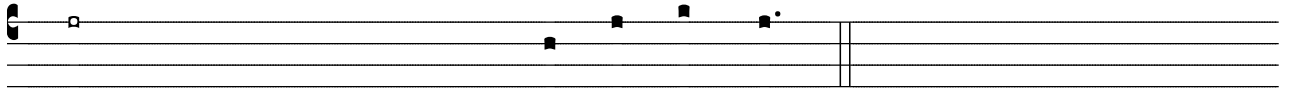
is full of your *crea*-tures; the sea also, great and wide, in which are schools without number of



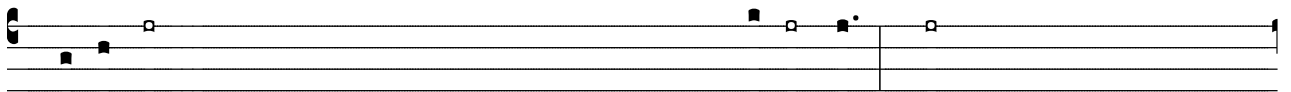
living *things* both small and great. *℟̕*



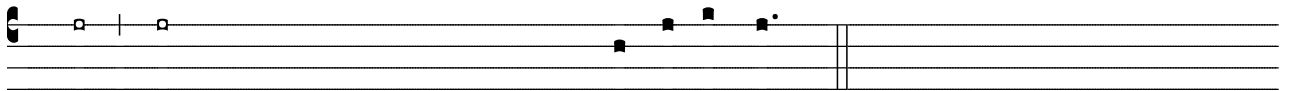
They look to you to give them food in due *time*. When you give it to them, they *gath-er* it;



when you open your hand, they are *filled* with good things.   ℞.



If you take away their breath, they perish and return *to* the dust. When you send forth your



spirit, they are created and you renew the *face* of the earth.   ℞.