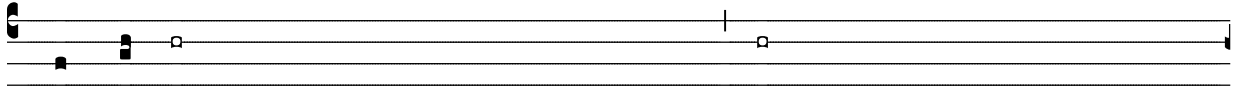
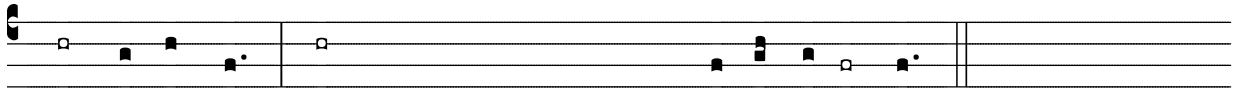




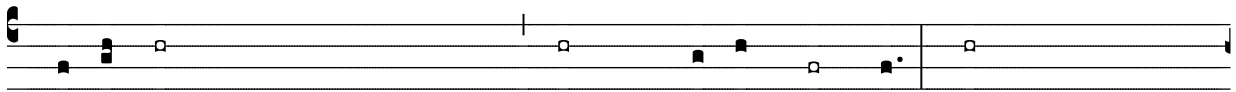
Bless-ed are they, who dwell in your house, O Lord.



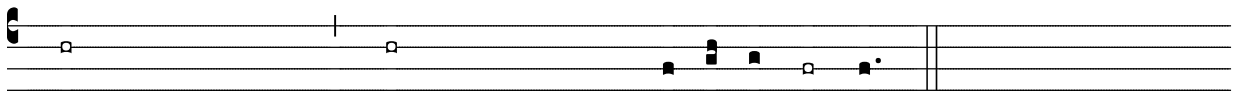
How love-ly is your dwelling place, O LORD of hosts! My soul yearns and pines for the



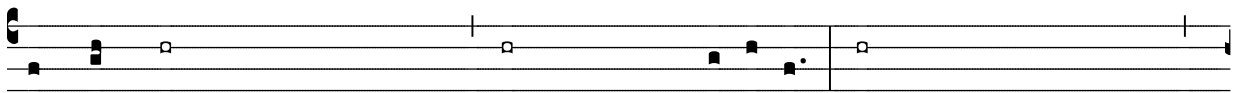
courts *of* the LORD. My heart and my flesh cry out *for* the liv-ing God.



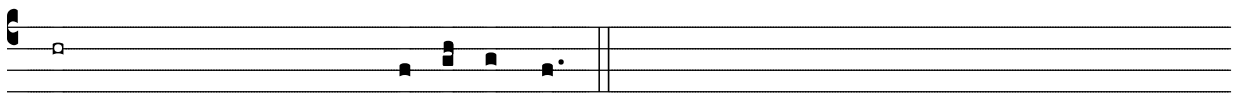
Hap-py they who dwell in your house. Continual-ly they praise you. Happy the men



whose strength you are. Their hearts are set up-*on* the pil-grim-age.



O LORD of hosts, hear our prayer; hearken, O GOD *of* Ja-cob! O God, behold our shield,



And look upon the face of *your* a-noint-ed.