

# Psalm 139b

*The Wittenberg Psalter*

Chorale-Tone XIX  
after *Mit Freuden zart*

L: O LORD, you created my in-most be - ing; you knit me together in my moth-er's womb.

I praise— you because I am fearfully and won - der - ful'y made;

your works are wonderful, / I know that full well.

My frame was not hid-den from you; your eyes saw my un-formed bod - y.

C: All the days or - dained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.

How precious to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them!

L: Were I to count them, they would out - num - ber the grains of sand.

C: Glo - ry be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it,

as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and will be for - ev - er. / A - men.