

Psalm 139b

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone XIX
after *Mit Freuden zart*

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.

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!

Were___ I to count___ them, they would out - num - ber the grains of sand.

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.