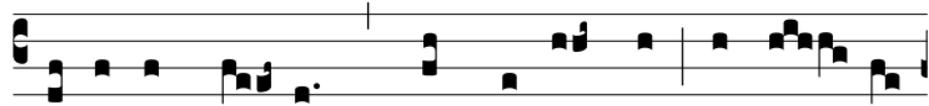
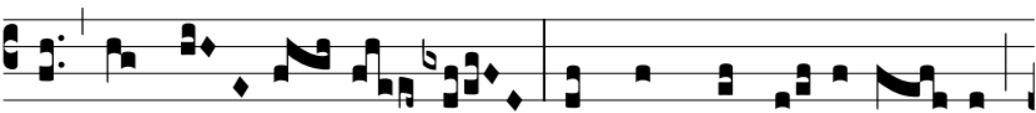


Intr.
5.



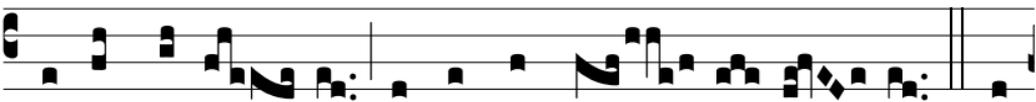
He sorrows of death * came about me, the pains of



hell gat hold up- on me: and in my tri- bu- la- tion



I made my pray'r unto the Lord, and he regar- ded



my suppli- ca- tion out of his ho- ly tem- ple. *Ps.* I



will love thee, O Lord my strength: * the Lord is my rock,



my fortress and my Saviour. Glo-ry be (1). The sorrows.