Psalm 42 — Quemadmodum

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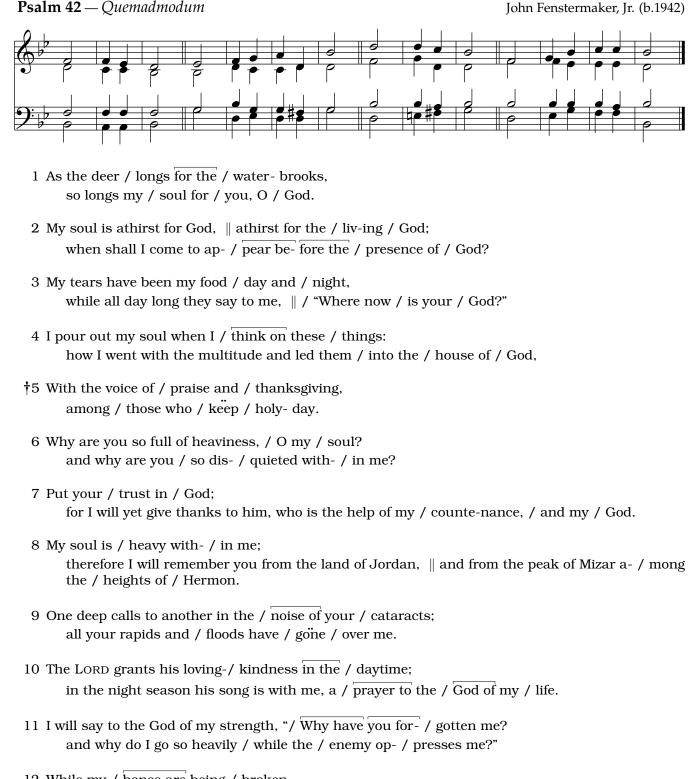
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- 12 While my / bones are being / broken, M my enemies / mock me / to my / face;
- W 13 All day / long they / mock me and say to me, / "Where now / is your / God?"
- 14 Why are you so full of heaviness, / O my / soul? 4 and why are you / so dis- / quieted with- / in me?

Psalm 42 — *Quemadmodum*

4



15 Put your / trust in / God; for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my / counte-nance, / and my / God.

- Glory to the Father, and / to the / Son, and / to the / Ho-ly / Spirit:
 - as it was in the be- / ginning, is / now, and / will be for- / ever. \parallel A- / men.