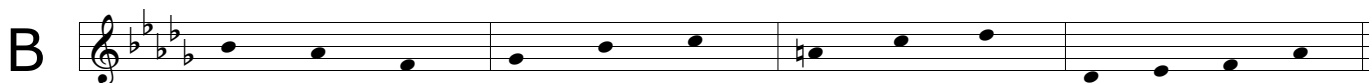
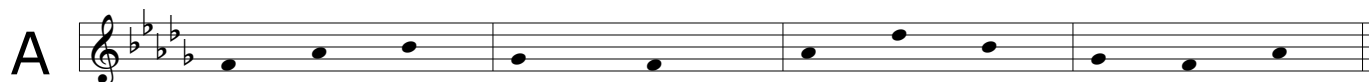


## Second Sunday after the Epiphany (Proper 2)

*Psalm 139:1-5, 12-17*



- A** 1 - Lord, you have **searched** me out and **known** me;  
2 - you know my sitting down and my rising up; you discern my thoughts from a-**far**.  
1 - You trace my journeys **and** my **resting-places**  
2 - and are acquainted with all my **ways**.  
3 - Indeed, there is not a **word** on my **lips**,  
4 - but you, O Lord, **know** it alto-**gether**.

- B** You press upon me **behind** and be-**fore**  
and lay your **hand** up-**on** me.  
Such knowledge **is** too **wonderful** for me;  
it is so high that I can-**not at-tain** to it.

- A** For you yourself created my **inmost parts**;  
you knit me together in my mother's **womb**.  
I will thank you because I am **marvellously made**;  
your works are wonderful, and I **know** it **well**.

- B** My body **was** not **hidden** from you,  
while I was being made in secret and woven in the **depths** of the **earth**.  
Your eyes beheld my limbs, yet unfinished in the womb; **all** of them were written in your **book**;  
they were fashioned day by day, when as **yet there** was **none** of them.

- A** How deep I find your **thoughts**, O **God**!  
how great is the **sum** of them!  
If I were to count them, they would be **more** in number than the **sand**;  
to count them all, my **life** span would need to be like **yours**.