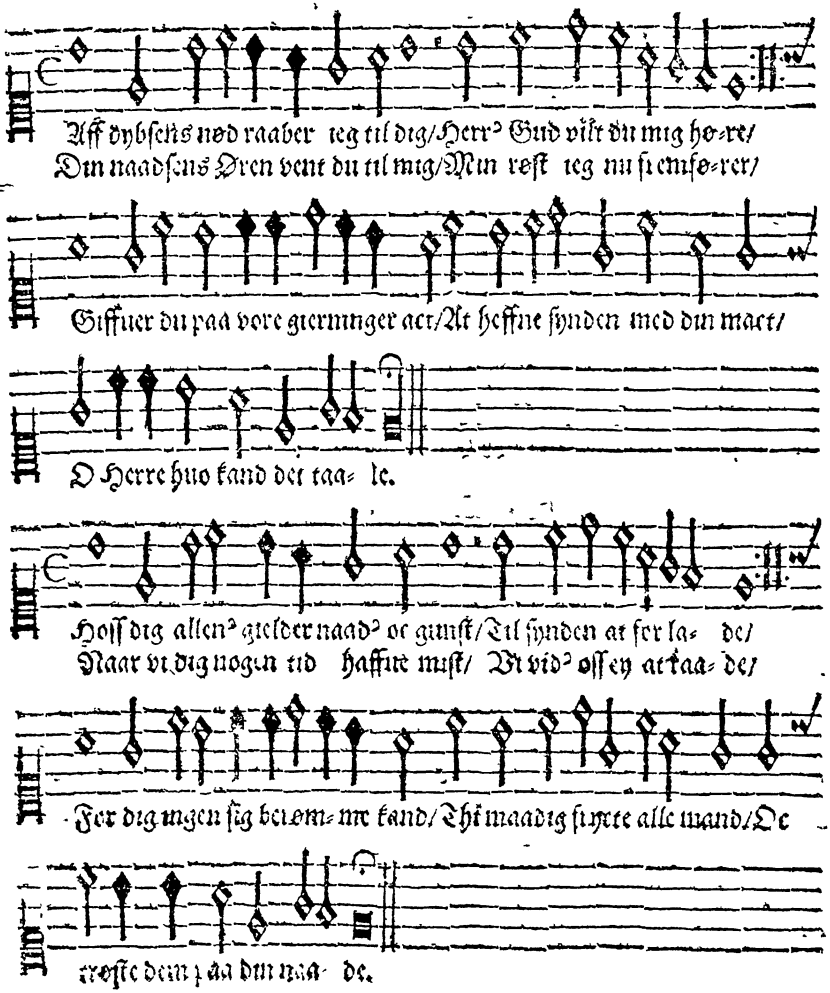
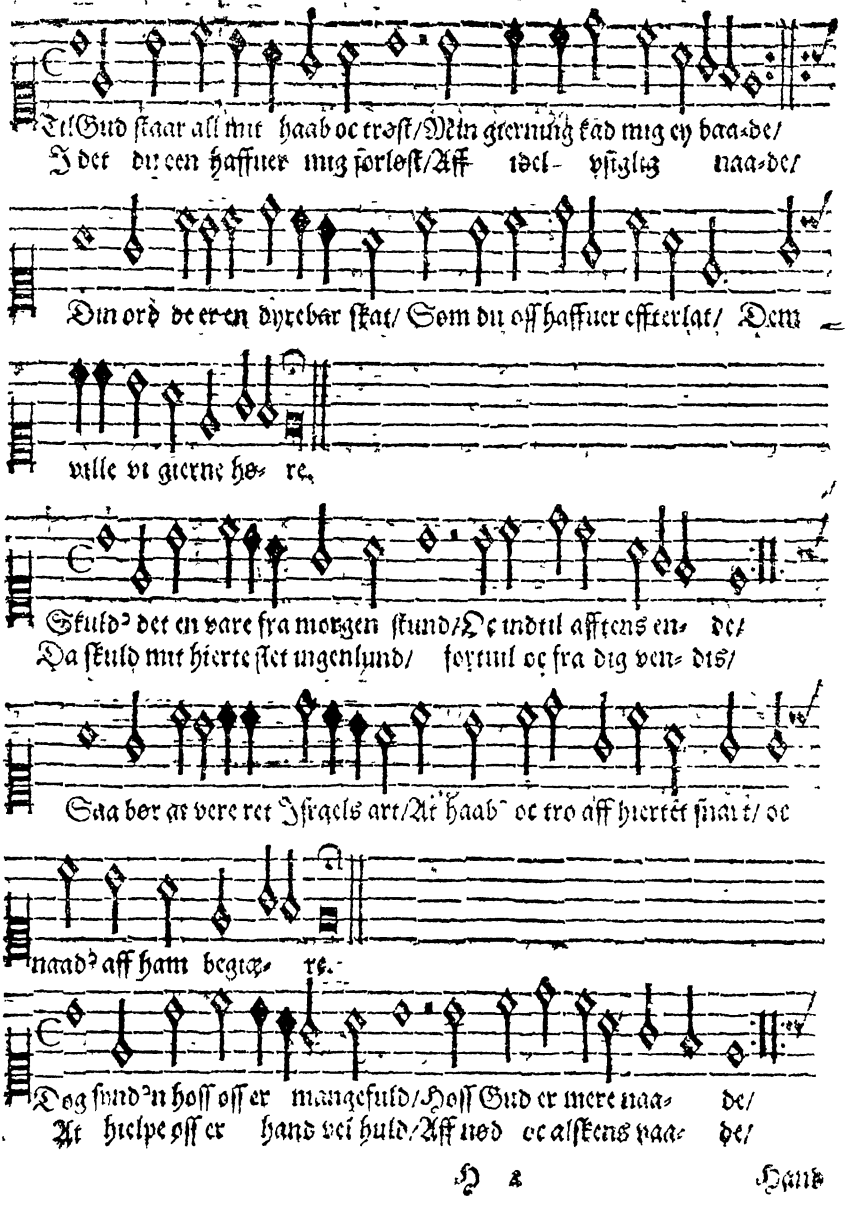
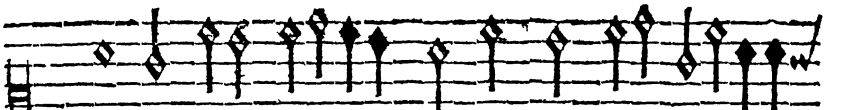
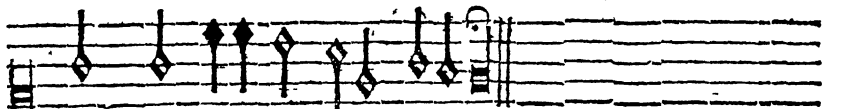
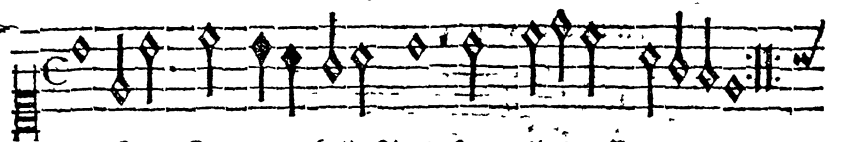
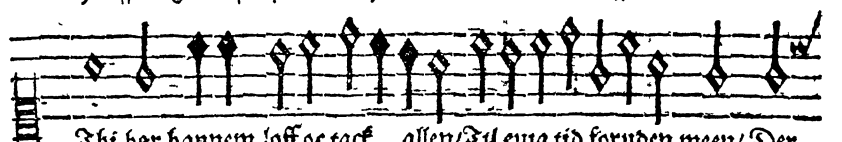
Den CXXX. Pſalm:

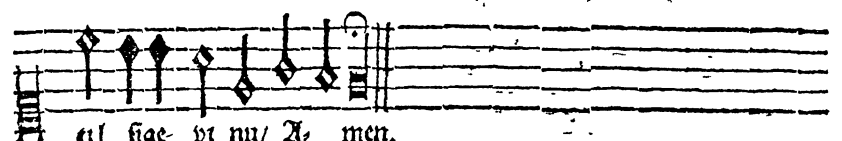


Til Gud staar all mit haab oc troſt/ Min gierning kand mig ey baa-de/
I det dy-een haffuer mig forloſt/ Aff ide- lygligs naa-de/
Din ord de er en dyrebar ſkat/ Som du oſſ haffuer efterlat/ Dem
ville vi gierne hø- re.
Skuld' det en vare fra morgen ſtund/ Oc indtil afftens en- de/
Da ſkuld mit hierte ſet ingenlund/ for tuul oc fra dig ven- dis/
Saa bør at vere ret Iſraels art/ At haab' oc tro aff hiertet ſtaar/ oc
naad' aff ham begiæ- re.
Dog ſund'n hoſſ oſſ er mangefuld/ Hoſſ Gud er mere naa- de/
At hielpe oſſ er hand vel huld/ Aff nød oc alſkens naa- de/

Hand er forunſt den ret- te tolck/Som haffr⁹ forløſt all Iſraels

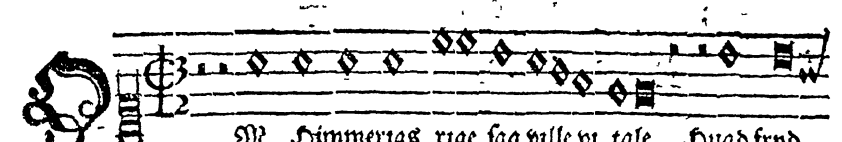


folck / Aff ſorrig oc ſynder al- le.

Gud Fader Son oc den hellig Aand/Ham vil vi priſſ oc æ- re/
Thi oſſ ingen frelſit vden hãd/Som vi aff Scriffte læ- re/



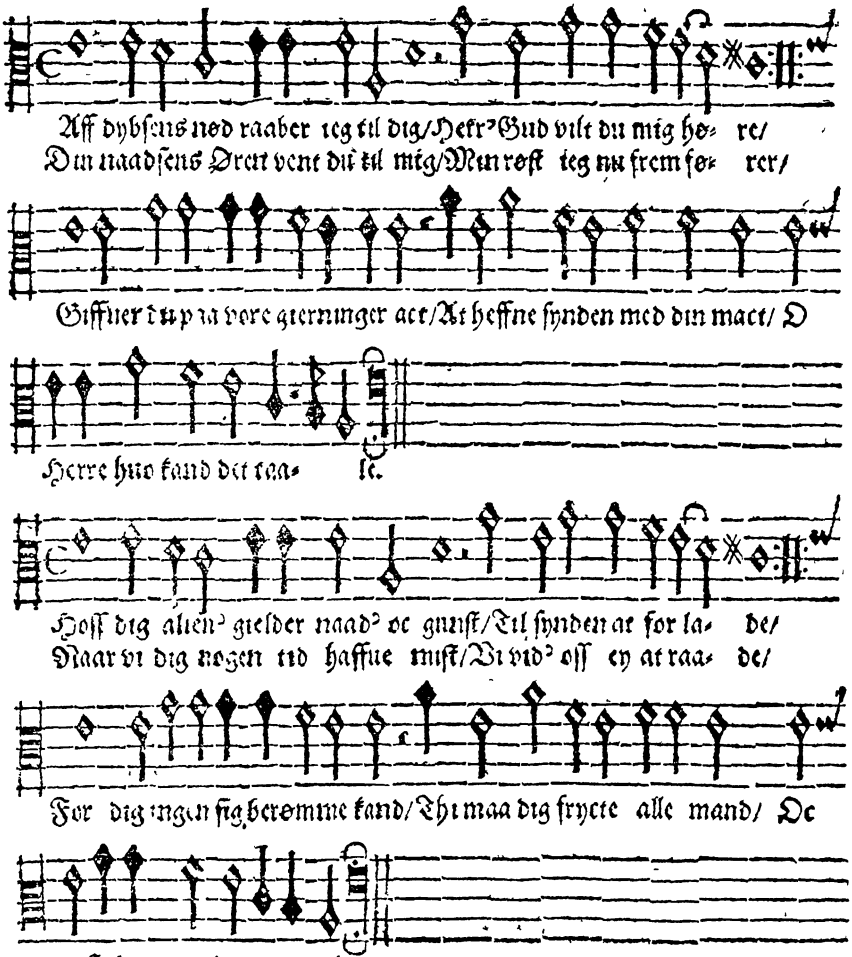
Thi bør hannem loff oc tack allen/Til ewig tid forvden meen/ Der

til ſige- vi nu/ A- men.

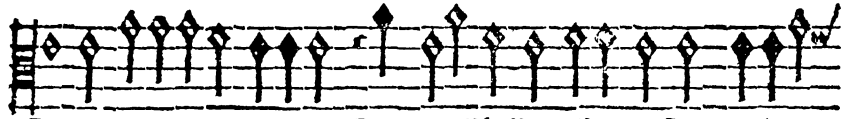
XXVI.

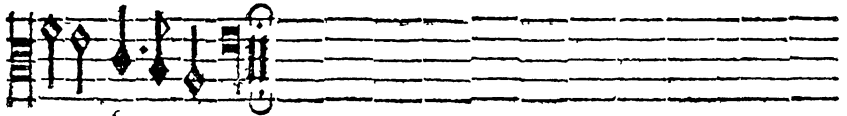


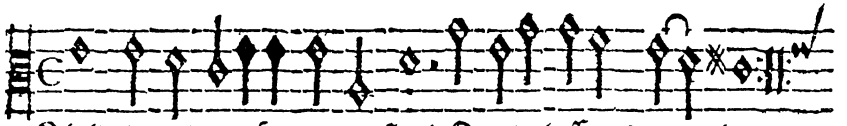
M Himmerigs rige ſaa ville vi tale Huad fryd

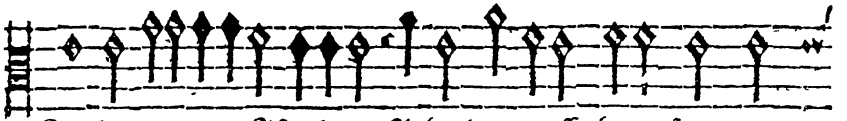
Den CXXX. Pſalm: *a. 5. Mag: Pet:*

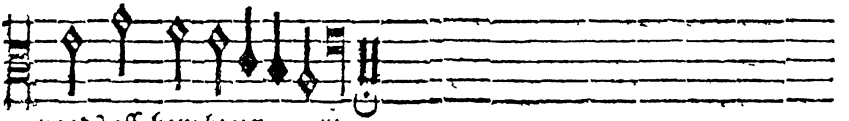


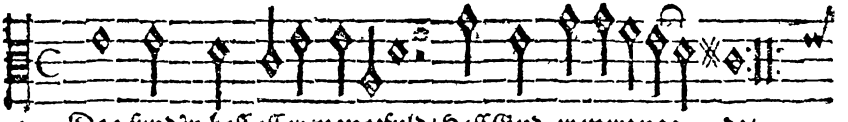
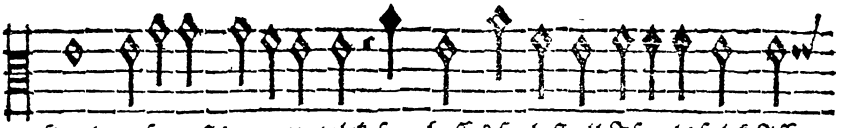
TilGud ſtaar all mit haab oc troſt/ Min gierning kand mig ey baa-de/
I det du een haffr² mig forloſt/ Aff idel vſiglig naa-de/

Din ord de er en dyrebar ſkat/ Som du oſſ haffuer efterlat/ Dem ville vi

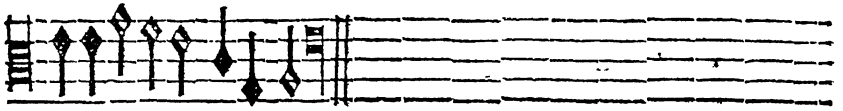

gierne ho- re.

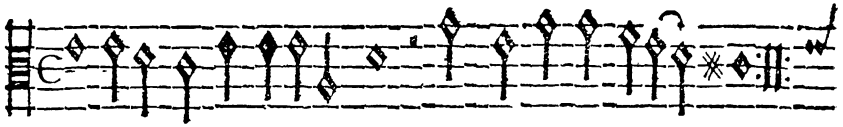

Skuld' det end vare fra morgenſtund/ Oc indtil affrens en- de/
Da ſkuld' mit hierte ſlet ingen lund/ Fortuil oc fra dig ven- dis/

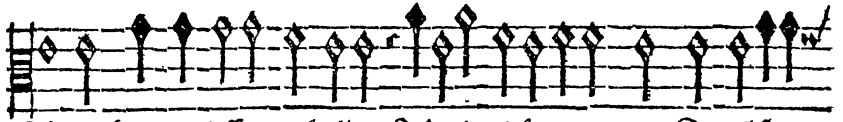

Saa bør at vere ret Iſraels art/ At haab oc tro aff hiertit ſnart/ oc

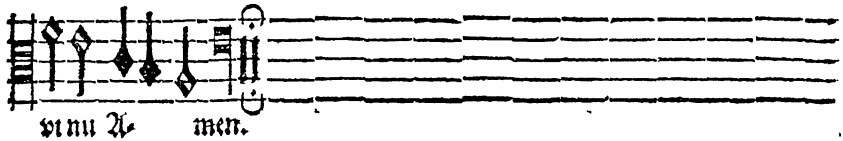

naad³ aff ham begiæ- re.

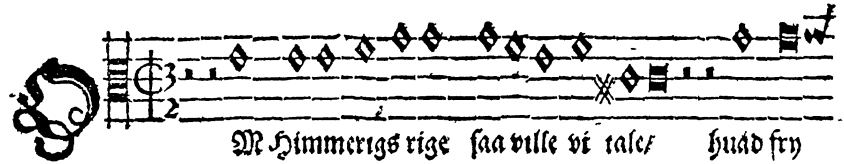

Dog fynd³n hoſſ oſſ er mangefuld/ Hoſſ Gud er mere naa- de/
At hielpe oſſ er hãd vel huld/ Aff nod oc alſkens vaa-de/

Hand er forunſt den rette tolck/ſom haffr̃ forleſt all Jſraels folck/Aff


forrig oc ſynder al- le.

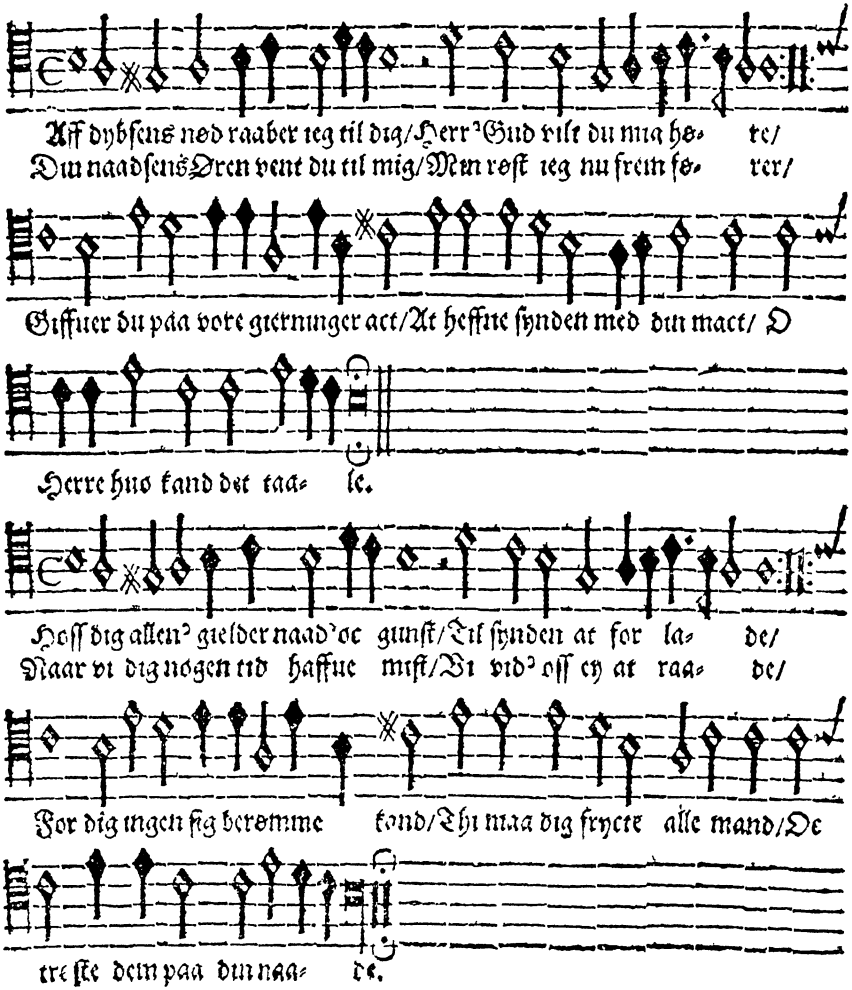
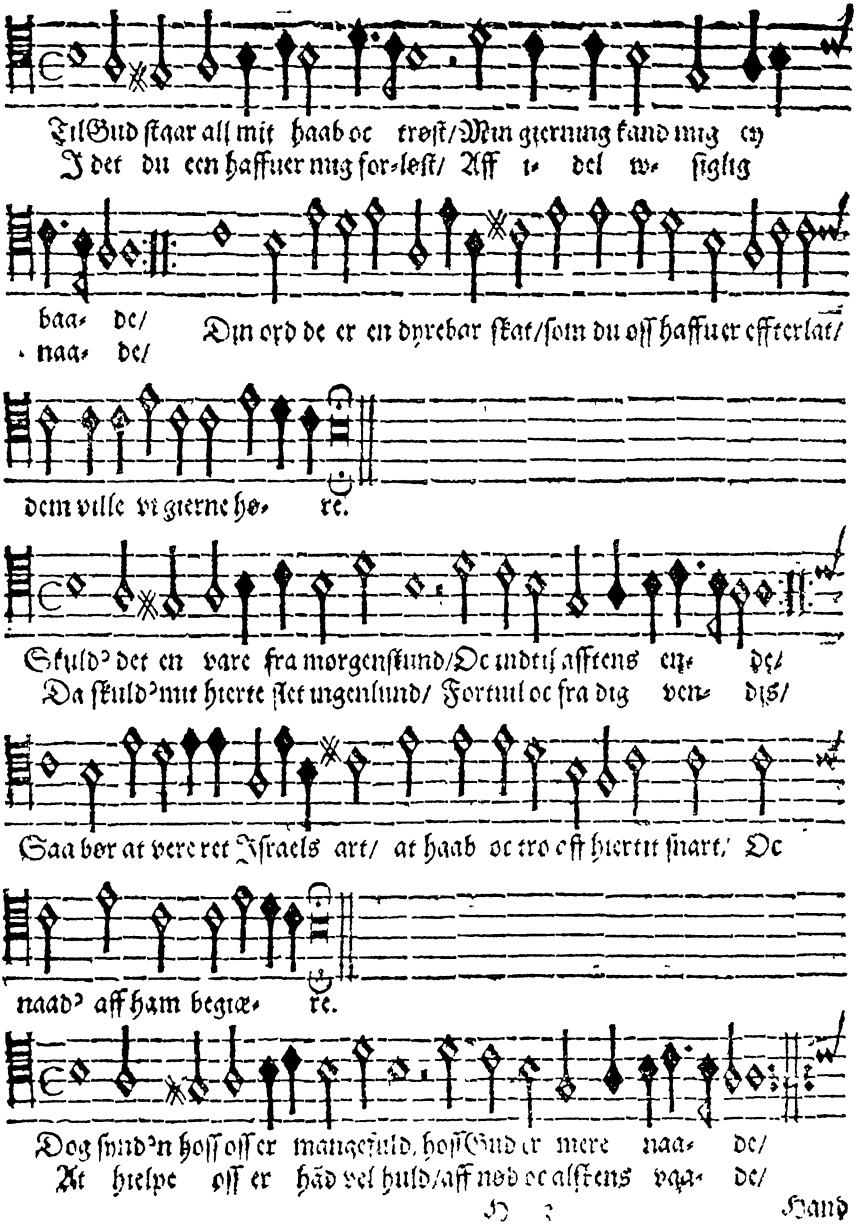

Gud Fader Søn oc den hellig Aand/Ham vil vi priſſ oc æ- re/
Thi oſſ ingen frelſit vden hand/ Som vi aff Scrifftẽ læ- re/

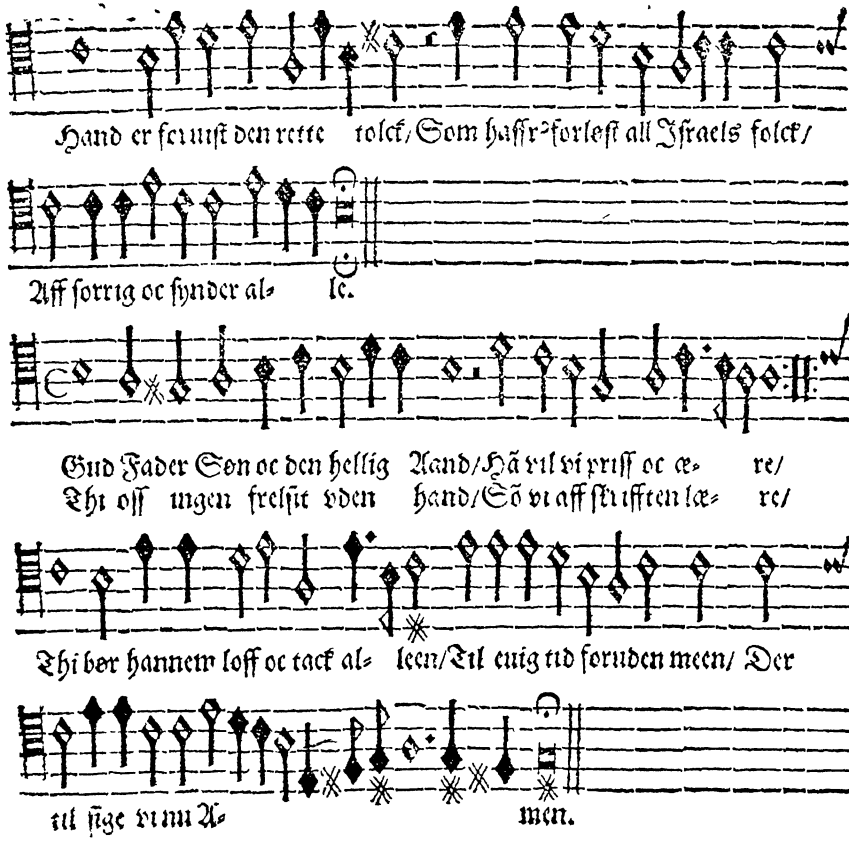

Thi bør hannem loff oc tack alleen/Til enig tid forvden meen/Der til ſige


vi nu A- men.

XXVI.

M Himmerigs rige ſaa ville vi tale/ huad fry

Den CXXX. Pſalm: *Mag: Pet: a 5.*



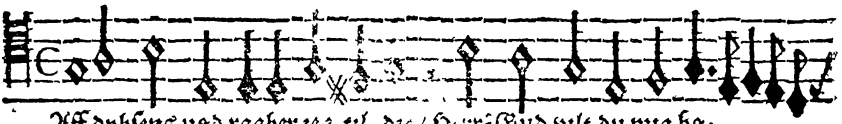
TilGud ſtaar all mit haab oc troſt/ Min gierning kand mig ey
I det du een haffuer mig for-leſt/ Aff i- del w- ſiglig
baa- de/
naa- de/
Din ord de er en dyrebar ſkat/ ſom du oſſ haffuer efterlat/
dem ville vi gierne ho- re.
Skuld⁹ det en vare fra morgenſtund/ Oc indtil afftens en- de/
Da ſkuld⁹ mit hierte ſlet ingenlund/ Fortuul oc fra dig ven- dis/
Saa bør at vere ret Iſraels art/ at haab oc tro oft hiertit ſnart/ Oc
naad⁹ aff ham begiæ- re.
Dog ſynd⁹n hoſſ oſſ er mangefuld, hoſſ Gud er mere naa- de/
At hielpe oſſ er hād vel huld/ aff nød oc alſtens vaa- de/

Hand er fer unſt den rette tolck/ Som haffr forleſt all Iſraels folck/
Aff ſorrig oc ſynder al- le.
Gud Fader Son oc den hellig Aand/ Hä vil vi priſſ oc æ- re/
Thi oſſ ingen frelſit vden hand/ Sõ vi aff ſkrifften læ- re/
Thi bør hannem loff oc tack al- leen/ Til euig tid forvden meen/ Der
til ſige vi nu A- men.

XXVI.

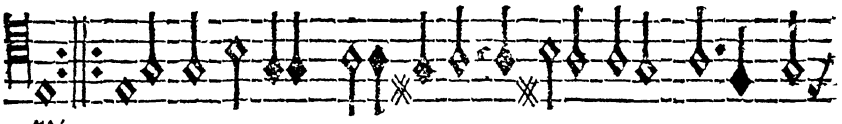
M Himmerigs rige ſaa ville vi tale/ Huad fryd oc

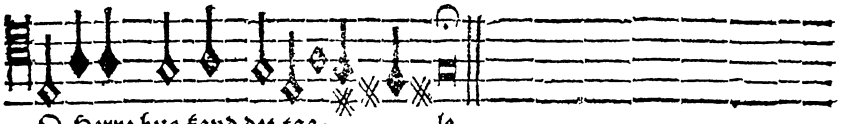
glæde

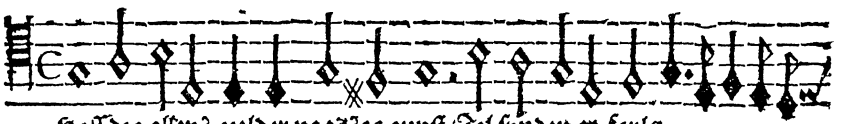
Den CXXX. Pſalm: *Mag: Pet: 4 5.*

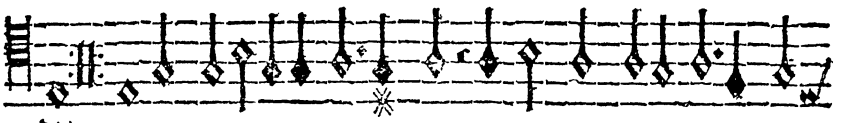
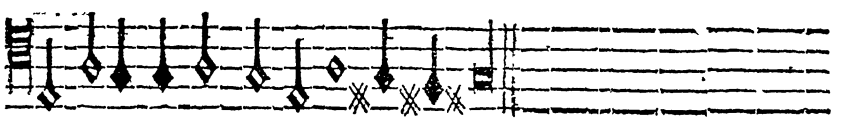


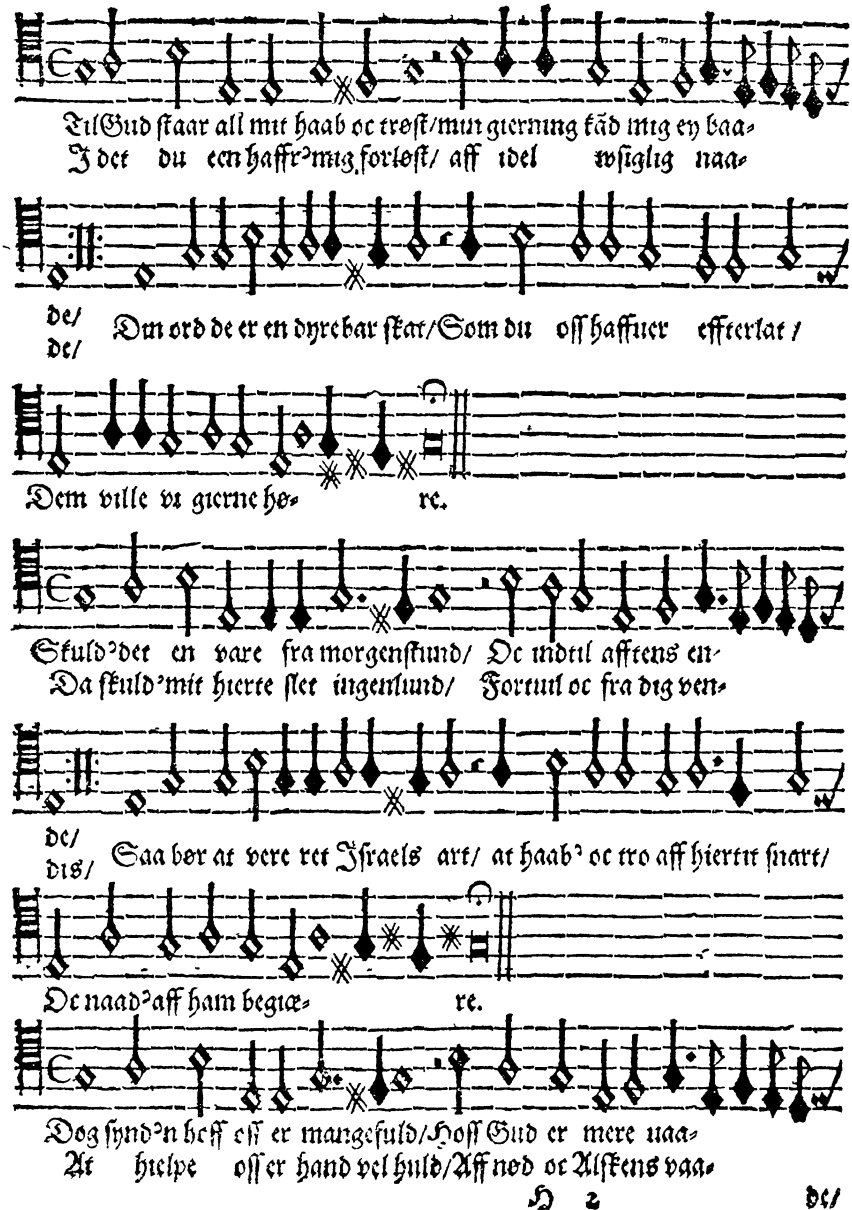
Aff dybſens nod raaber jeg til dig/ Herr Gud vilt du mig ho-
Din naadſens Øren vend du til mig/ Min reſt jeg nu fremſo-

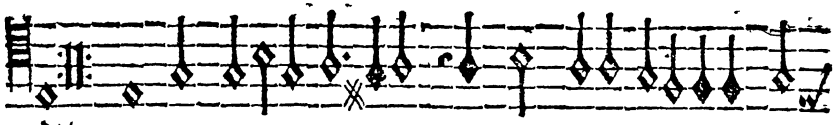
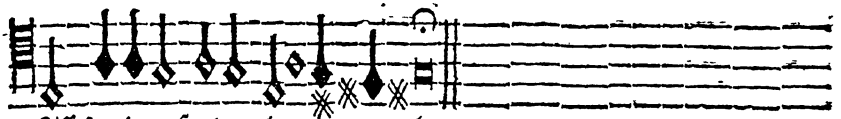


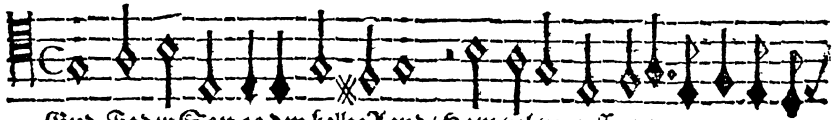
re/
rer/ Giffuer du paa vore gierninger act/ at heffne ſynden med dun macт/

O Herre huo kand det taa- le.

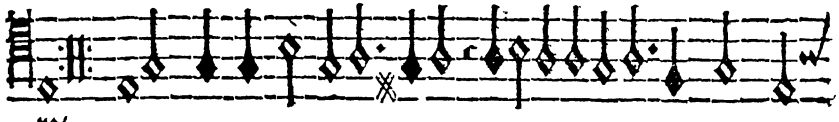
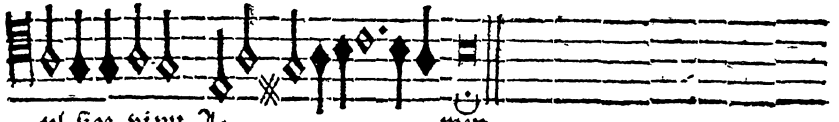


Hoff dig allen⁹ gielder naad⁹oc gunſt/ Til ſynden at forla-
Naar vi dig nogen tid haffue muſt/ Vi vid⁹ oſſ ey at raa-

de/
de/ For dig ingen fig beromme kand/ Thi maa dig frycte alle mand/

De troſte dem paa dun naa- de.

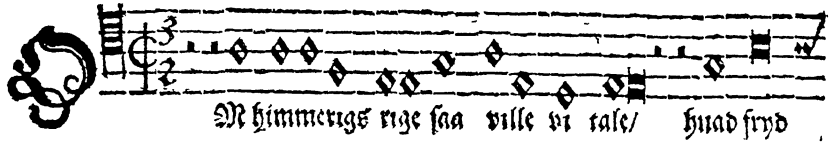

Til Gud staar all mit haab oc troſt/ mun gierning kād mig ey baa-
I det du een haffr² mig forloſt/ aff idel wſiglig naa-
de/
de/ Dun ord de er en dyrebar ſkat/ Som du oſſ haffuer efterlat/
Dem ville vi gierne hø- re.
Skuld² det en vare fra morgenſtund/ Oc indtil afftens en-
Da ſkuld² mit hierte ſlet ingenlund/ Fortuul oc fra dig ven-
de/
dis/ Saa bør at vere ret Iſraels art/ at haab² oc tro aff hiertit ſtart/
Oc naad² aff ham begiæ- re.
Dog ſynd² n heff eſſ er mangefuld/ Hoff Gud er mere naa-
At hielpe oſſ er hand vel huld/ Aff nød oc Alſkens vaa-

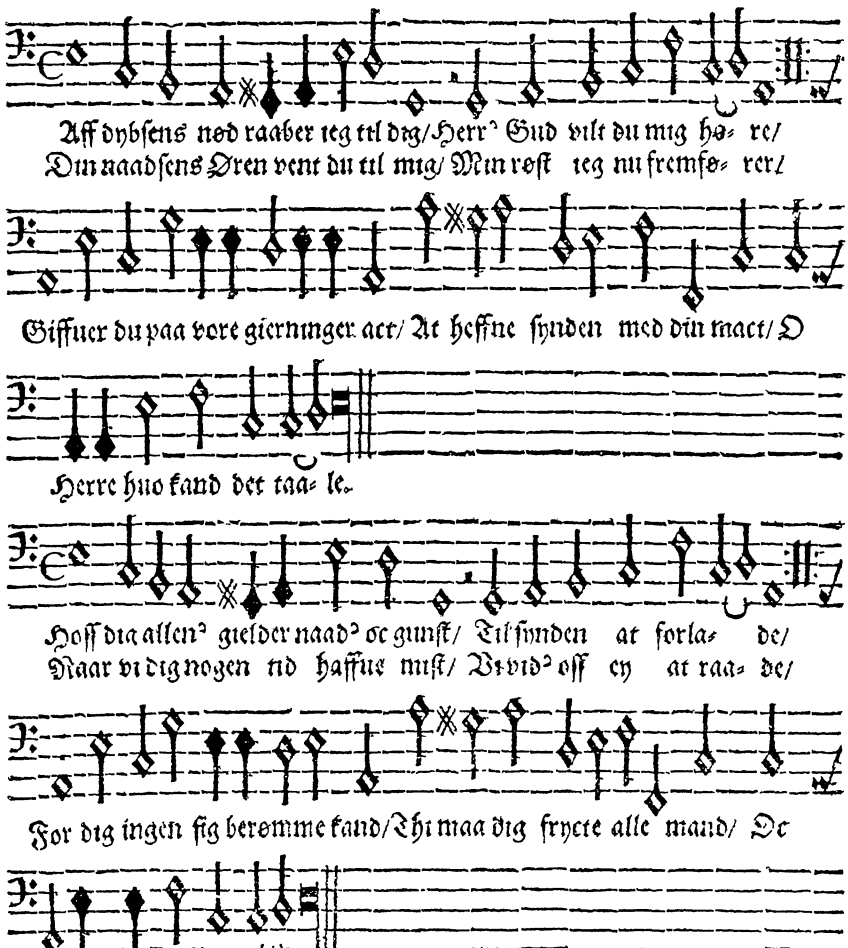
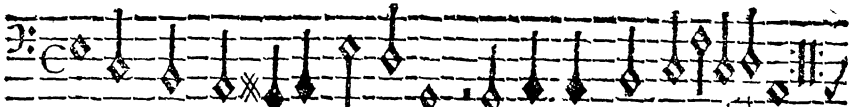

de/
de/
Hand er forunſt den rette folck/ſom haffr⁹ forløſt all Iſraels folck/

Aff ſorrig oc ſynder al- le.


Gud Fader Søn oc den helligAand/Ham vil vr prijſſ oc æ-
Thi oſſ ingen frelſit vden hand/Som vi aff ſkriffte læ-


re/
re/
Thi bør hannem loff oc tack alleen/Til euig tid foruden meen/Der

til ſige vinn A- men.

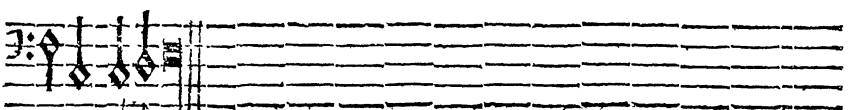
XXVI.


M himmerigs rige ſaa ville vi tale/ huad fryd

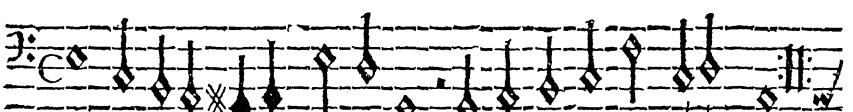
Den CXXX. Pſalm. *a. 5. Mag. Pet.*



TilGud ſaar all mit haab oc troſt/Min gierning kãd mig ey baa-de/
I det du een haffuer mig forloſt/ Aff idell vſiglig naa-de/

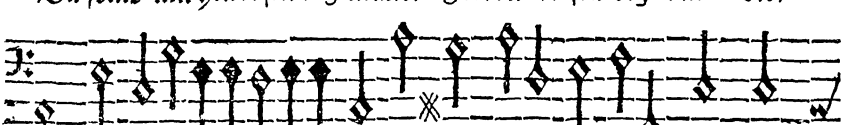
Om ord de er en byrebar ſkat/ Som du oſſ haffuer efterlat/Dem ville vi



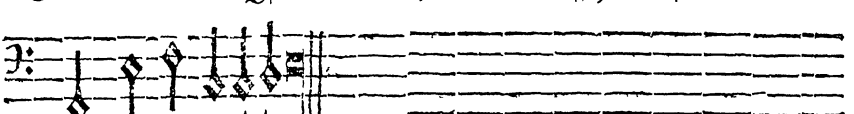
gierne hø-re.



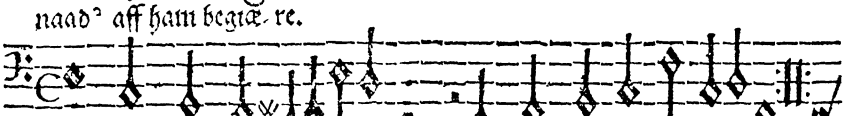
Skuld⁹ det en vare fra morgenſtund/Oc indtil afftens ſen- de.
Da ſkuld⁹ mit hiertе ſtet ungenlund/ Fortvil oc fra dig ven- dis/



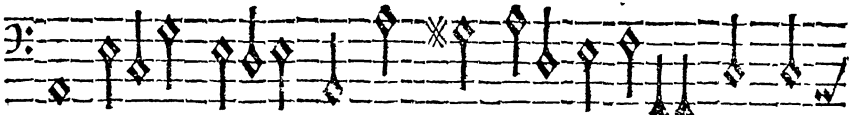
Saa bør at vere ret Iſraels art/ At haab⁹ oc tro aff hiertet ſnart/ Oc



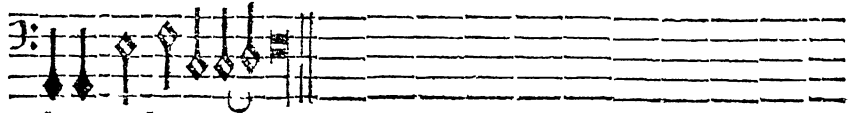
naad⁹ aff ham begiæ-re.



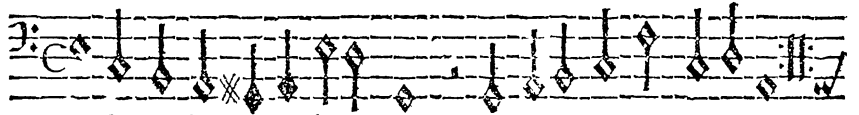
Dog ſynd⁹n hoſſ oſſ er mangefuld/Hoſſ Gud er mere naa- de/
At hielpe oſſ er hãd vel huld/ Aff nød oc alſkens vaa- de/



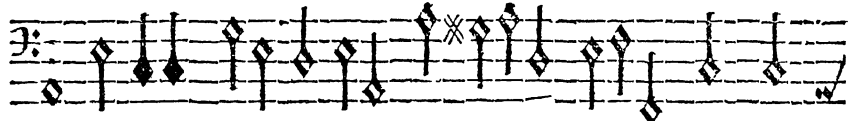
Hand er forunſt den rette tolck/Som haffu⁹ forleſt all Iſraels folck/ Aff

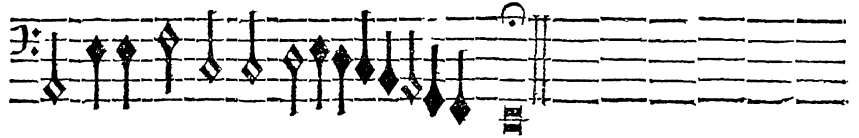


ſorrig oc ſynder al⁼ le.

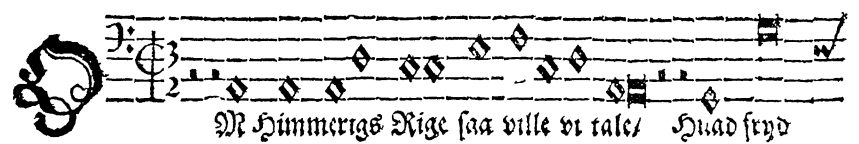


Gud Fader Søn oc den hellig Aand/Ham vi vi priſſoc æ⁼ re/
Thi oſſ ingen frelſit vden hand/ Som vi aff Scrifften læ⁼ re/



Thi bør hanem loff oc tack allen⁹ Til evig tid forudem meen/ Der

til ſige vi nu A⁼ men.

XXVI.



M Himmerigs Rige ſaa ville vi tale/ Huad fryd