19_PSA_127:01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

19_PSA_127:01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

19_PSA_127:01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

19_PSA_127:01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

19_PSA_127:01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

PSA_127:05 Happy [is] the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they sak with the enemies in the gate.	shall

SON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the night.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, rester, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	ny ght.

SON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the night.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, a ster, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	my ight.

ON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [it is the Voice of my beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, is ster, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the ni	my ight.

22_SON_05:02 I sleep, but my heart waketh: [i²/₁soN_05_02.html beloved that knocketh, [saying], Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, [and] my locks with the drops of the night.

