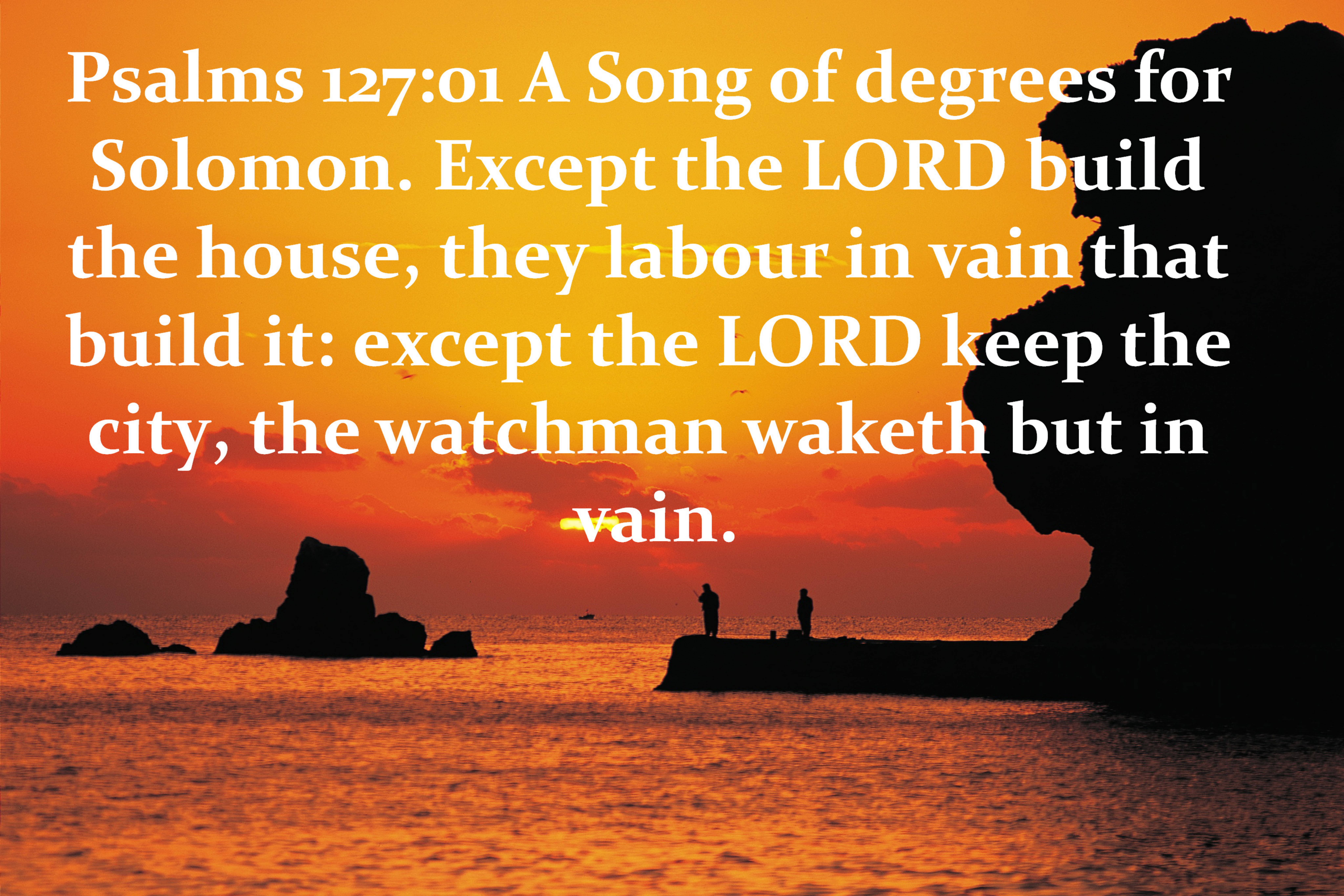
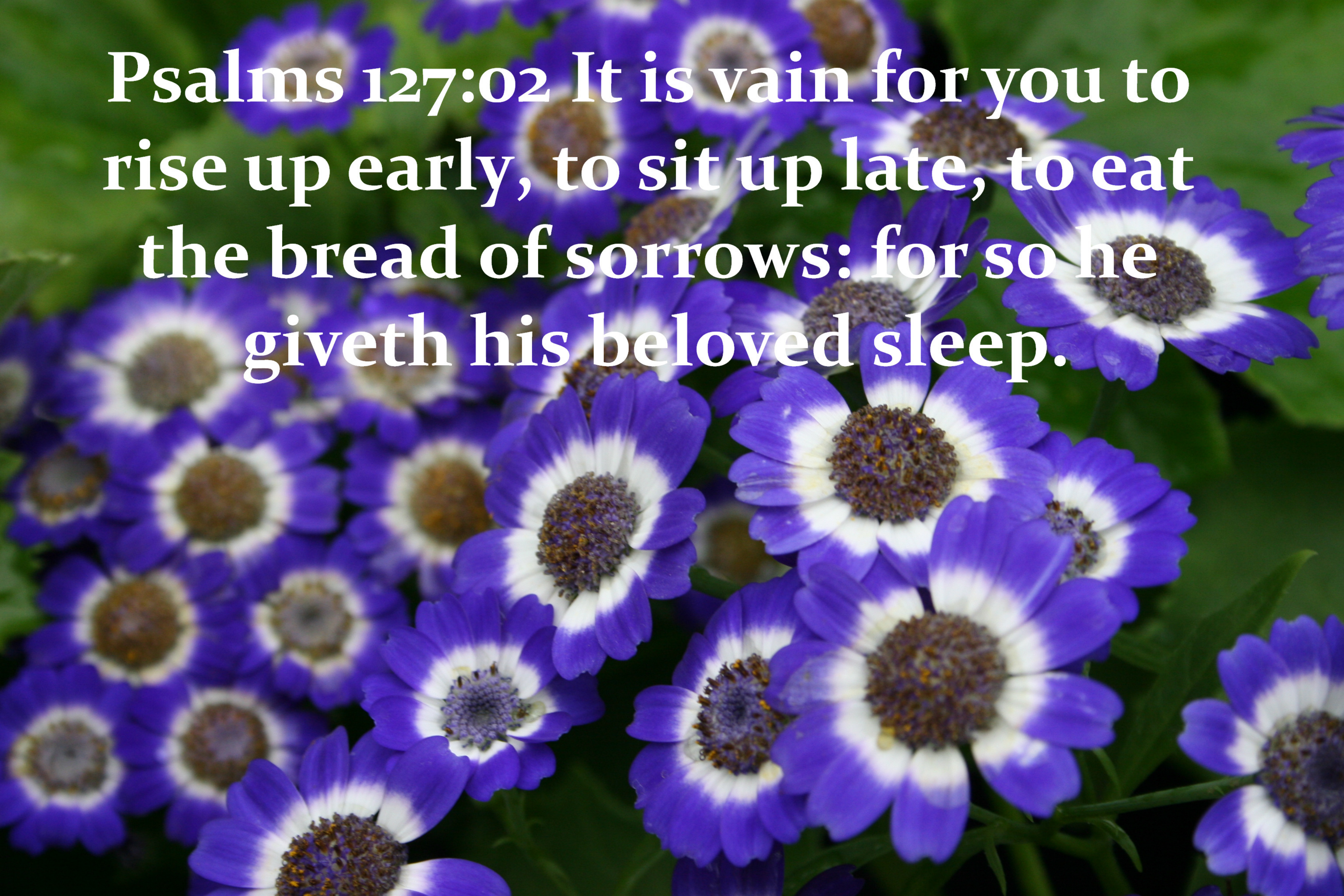


**Psalm 127:01 A Song of degrees for
Solomon. Except the LORD build
the house, they labour in vain that
build it: except the LORD keep the
city, the watchman waketh but in
vain.**



A close-up photograph of a field of purple and white daisies. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some in sharp focus and others blurred in the background. The text is overlaid in a white, serif font, centered on the image.

Psalms 127:02 It is vain for you to
rise up early, to sit up late, to eat
the bread of sorrows: for so he
giveth his beloved sleep.

Psalm 127:03 Lo, children are an
heritage of the LORD: and the
fruit of the womb is his reward.





**Psalms 127:04 As arrows are in the
hand of a mighty man; so are
children of the youth.**

**Psalm 127:05 Happy is the man
that hath his quiver full of them:
they shall not be ashamed, but
they shall speak with the enemies
in the gate.**

