

A man with a beard and a turban, wearing a light-colored robe and a brown sash, stands on a rocky ledge. He is looking out over a landscape with a small group of people in the distance. The scene is set in a rocky, hilly area with a large rock formation on the right. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto
the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaint
before him; I shewed before him my trouble.
When my spirit was overwhelmed within me,
then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein
I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.
I looked on my right hand, and beheld,
but there was no man that would know me:
refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.
I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said,
Thou art my refuge and
my portion in the land of the living.
Attend unto my cry;
for I am brought very low:
deliver me from my persecutors;
for they are stronger than I.
Bring my soul out of prison,
that I may praise thy name:
the righteous shall compass me about;
for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Psalm 142