

Living under the shelter of the most high, in the shadow of the God of heaven rests, I will say to the
Lord: "do You protect my, my refuge For thee" And will he deliver thee from the snare of the Fowler
and from the disastrous plagies. A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand Desnou, but it will not
come near. For I command it, he shall give his angels, to keep thee in all thy ways, and will carry you
in her arms, With his feathers overshadow thee, and under his wings you will be safe, Shield and fencing
his truth. You will only observe with their own eyes and see the punishment of the wicked. Upon the
And Basilisk comes down will be the lion and dragon.