




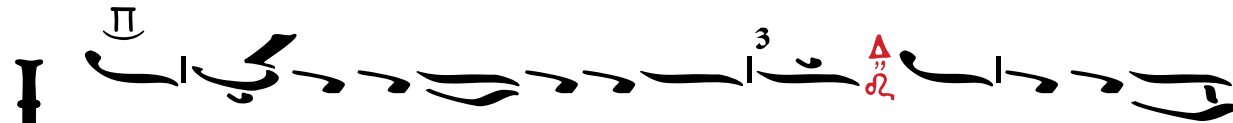
STICHOLOGIA


1st Mode.  $\Pi\alpha$

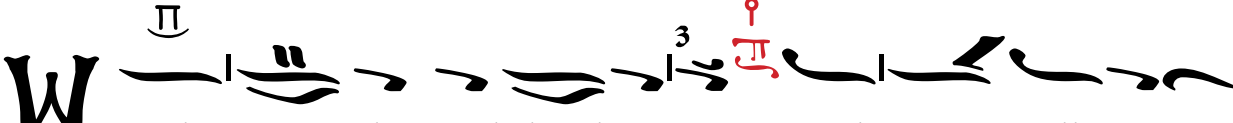
by Gabriel Cremeens


S  et a watch, O Lord, be-fore my mouth, a door__ of


 en- clo-sure__ a- bout my lips.


I  n- cline not my heart to e- vil words, to make ex- cus-

 - -es in sins.__

W  ith men who work law-less-ness; and I will__ not

 join with__ their choice ones.

T  he right- eous man shall cor- rect__ me with mer - -

 -cy and he shall re- prove__ me; but let not thē oil__

of the sin - ner___ a - noint my head.

F or my pray'r shall be in - tense in the pres - ence

of___ their pleas - - ures. Their judg - - es are swal-low'd

up___ by the rock. ___

T hey shall hear my words, for they are pleas - - ant. As

a clod of ground is dash'd to piec - es on the earth,

so their bones were scat - - - ter'd be-side the grave. ___

F or my eyes, O Lord, O Lord, ___ are t'ward You; in

You I hope; take not___ my soul a - way.

K eep me from the snares_ they set for me. and from the

stum-bling blocks of those_ who work law-less-ness.

S in- - ners shall fall_ in- to their own net;

I am a-lone, un-til I es-cape._

I cried_ to the Lord_ with my voice, with my

voice I prayed_ to the Lord._

I shall pour_ out my sup-pli-ca-tion be-fore_

Him; I shall de-clare_ my af-flic-tion in His pres-

-ence.

W ^Π hen my spir - it faint - ed with - in__ me, then

You knew my paths.__

F ^Π or on the way I was go - - ing__ they hid a

snare for me.

I ^Π look'd on__ my right, and saw there was no__ one

who knew me.

R ^Π ef - uge fail'd__ me, and there was no one__ who cared_

_ for my soul.__

I ^Π cried to You,__ O Lord, I said,__ "You are my

hope, my por-tion in the land of the liv - ing."

at-tend to my sup-pli - ca - tion, for I was hum -

-bl'd__ ex - ceed - ing - ly.

De liv - - er__ me from my per - se - cu - - tors,

for they are strong - er than I.____

Bring my soul out of pris - on to give thanks to Your

name.____

The right-eous shall wait for me, un - til__ You re - ward

me.

O ³ [⌘] ut of the depths [⌘] I have cried to You, O Lord. ³ [⌘]

[⌘] O Lord, [⌘] hear my voice. [⌘]

L [⌘] et Your ears [⌘] be at - ten - tive to the voice of my [⌘]

[⌘] sup - plic - ca - tion. [⌘]