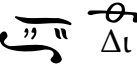

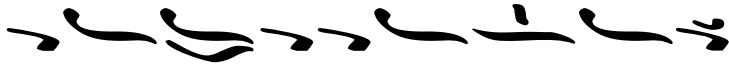



# STICHOLOGIA


2<sup>nd</sup> Mode. 

by Gabriel Cremeens


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

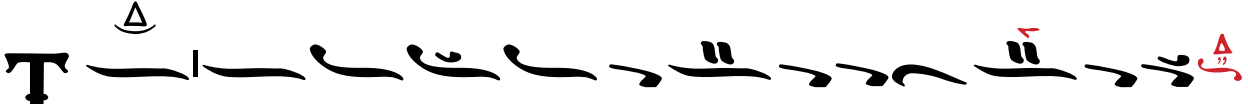
  
of en - clo - - sure a - bout my lips.


  
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 the oil\_\_ of

the sin - - ner a - noint my head.

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.

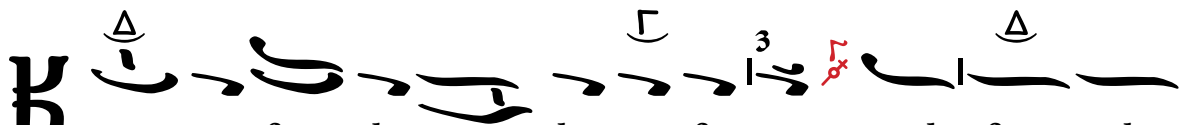
**T** hey shall hear my words, for they are pleas - - ant. As

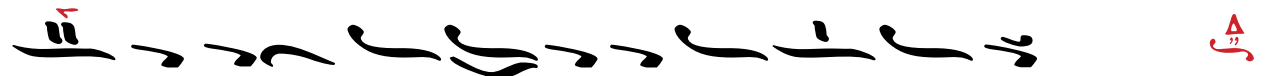
a clod of ground is dash'd to piec - es on the earth,


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

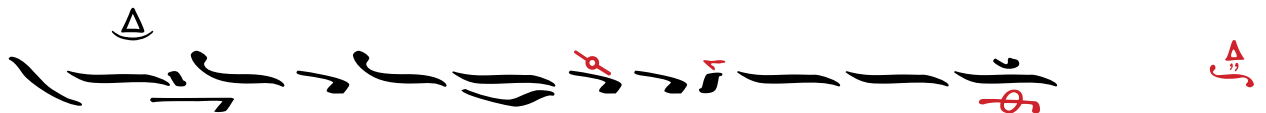
**F** or my eyes, O Lord, O Lord, are t'ward You; in\_\_ You


I hope; take\_\_ not my soul a - way.

**K**   
Keep 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

When my spir- it faint- ed with- in me, then You

knew my paths.

For on the way I was go- - - ing they

hid a snare for me.


I look'd on my right, and saw there was no one


who knew me.


Ref- uge fail'd me, and there was no one who


cared for my soul.

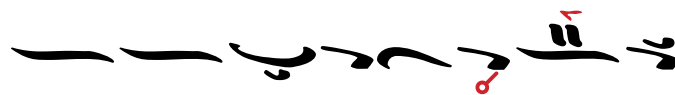
I cried to You, O Lord, I said, "You are my


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


  
t- tend\_\_\_\_\_ to my sup - pli - ca - tion, for

  
I was hum - bled 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** <sup>3</sup> <sup>Δ</sup> ut of the depths I have cried to You, O Lord.

<sup>Δ</sup> <sup>Δ</sup>

O Lord, hear my voice.

**L** <sup>Δ</sup> et Your ears \_\_\_\_\_ be at - ten-tive to the voice <sup>V'</sup>

<sup>Δ</sup>

of my sup - plic - ca - - - tion.