
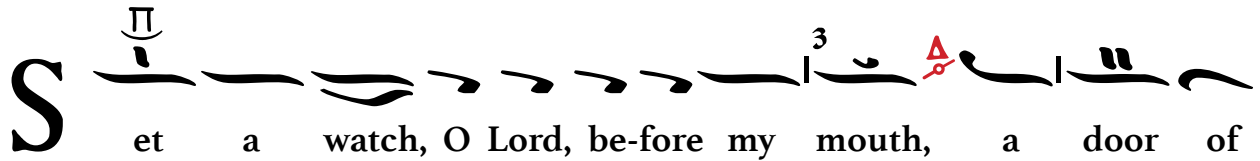
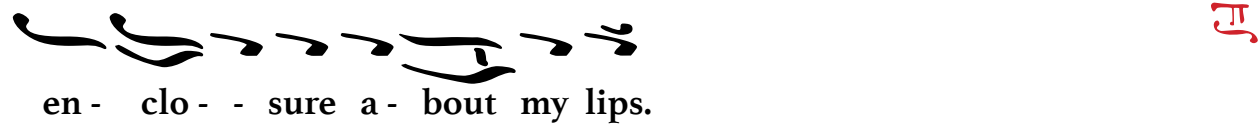


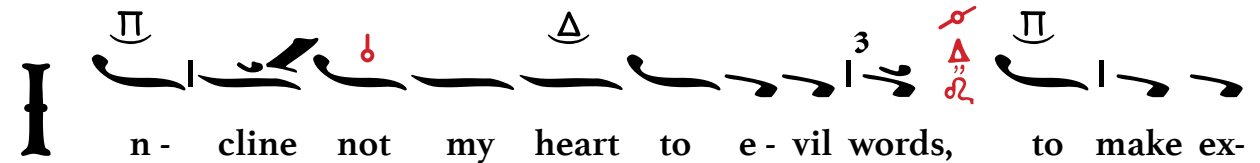
# STICHOLOGIA

Pl. 2<sup>nd</sup> Mode. 

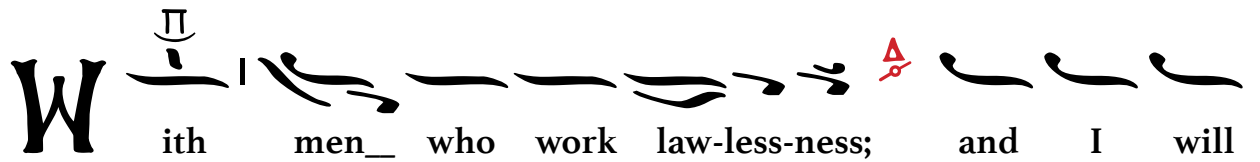
by Gabriel Cremeens

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

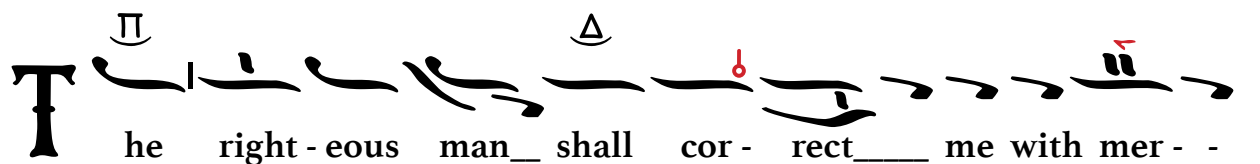
  
en- clo- - sure a- bout my lips.

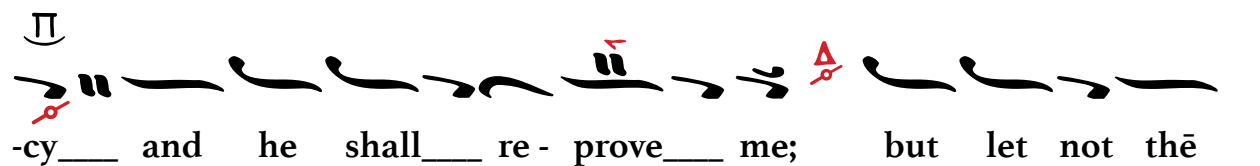
  
I n- cline not my heart to e- vil words, to make ex-

  
-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 thē



oil\_\_\_\_\_ of the sin - - ner a - noint my head.

**F** <sup>Π</sup> or my pray'r shall be in - tense in the pres - ence of <sup>Δ</sup>

<sup>3</sup> <sup>Δ</sup> <sup>Π</sup> their pleas - - ures. Their judg - es are swal-low'd up\_\_\_ by the

<sup>Δ</sup> rock.

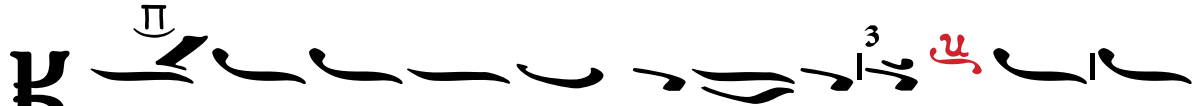
**T** <sup>Π</sup> hey shall hear my words, for they\_\_\_ are pleas - - ant. As <sup>Δ</sup>



<sup>Δ</sup> a clod of ground is dash'd to piec - es on thē earth, so

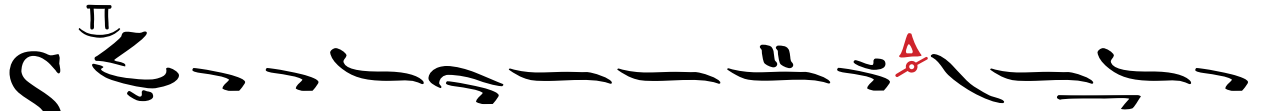
<sup>Π</sup> their bones were scat - ter'd be - side the grave. <sup>Π</sup>



**F** <sup>Π</sup> or my eyes, O Lord, O Lord, are t'ward You; <sup>Δ</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>Δ</sup> <sup>Π</sup> in

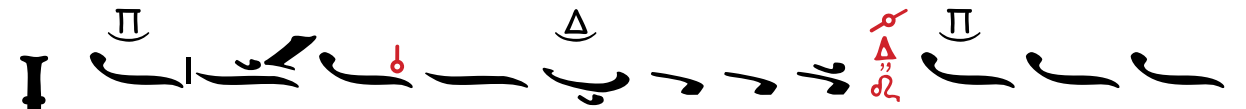
<sup>Π</sup> You I hope; take\_\_\_ not\_\_\_ my soul a - way. <sup>Π</sup>

**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. 

W<sup>Π</sup> hen my spir - it faint - ed with - in me, then You

knew my paths.

F<sup>Π</sup> or on the way I was go - ing they hid a

snare for me.

I<sup>Π</sup> look'd on my right, and saw there was no one

who knew me.

R<sup>Π</sup> ef - uge fail'd me, and there was no one who

cared for my soul.

I<sup>Π</sup> cried to You, O Lord, I said, "You are my hope,

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

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

hum- bled ex- ceed- ing- ly. 

**D**e liv- er me from my per- se- cu- - tors, for

they are strong- er than I. 

**B**ring my soul\_\_\_ out of pris- on to give\_ thanks to

Your name. 

**T**he right- eous shall wait for\_\_ me, un- til\_\_ You re-

-ward me. 

**O** <sup>3</sup>Κ ut of the depths I Π have cried to You, N O Lord. <sup>3</sup>ϛ

Π O Lord, hear my voice. Π

**L** Δ et Your ears ϛ be at-ten-tive Π to the voice Δ of

Π my sup-pli-ca-tion. Π