

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

San Francisco, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Psalm 28 verses 1-6

Fairly slow ♩=100

Soprano [Air]

1. O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, In sighs con-sume my breath, In
 2. *Let me es-cape the sin-ners' doom Who make a trade of ill, Who*
 3. Since they the works of God des-pise, Nor will his grace a-dore, Nor

Alto

1. O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, In
 2. *Let me es-cape the sin-ners' doom Who*
 3. Since they the works of God des-pise, Nor

Tenor

1. O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry,
 2. *Let me es-cape the sin-ners' doom*
 3. Since they the works of God des-pise,

Bass

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 2. *Let me es-cape the sin-ners' doom Who make a trade of ill, Who*
 3. Since they the works of God des-pise, Nor will his grace a-dore, Nor

6

S

sighs con-sume my breath; O an-swer, or I shall be-come Like those that sleep in death.
make a trade of ill; And e-ver speak the per-son fair, Whose blood they mean to spill.
 will his grace a-dore; His wrath shall ut-ter-ly des-troy, And build them up no more.

A

sighs con-sume my breath; O an-swer, or I shall be-come Like those that sleep in death.
make a trade of ill; And e-ver speak the per-son fair, Whose blood they mean to spill.
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T

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This tune was composed on a train from Seattle to San Francisco in July 1999.

11 (Soprano) O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry

S Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion Lord,
 Ac - cor - ding to their crimes' ex - tent, Ac - cor - ding to their crimes' ex - tent
 But I, with due ac - know - ledge - ment, But I, with due ac - know - ledge - ment,

(Alto)

A Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, The cries that I re -
 Ac - cor - ding to their crimes' ex - tent Let jus - tice have its
 But I, with due ac - know - ledge - ment, His prai - ses will re -

B Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion Lord, The cries that I re -
 Ac - cor - ding to their crimes' ex - tent, Ac - cor - ding to their crimes' ex - tent Let jus - tice have its
 But I, with due ac - know - ledge - ment, But I, with due ac - know - ledge - ment, His prai - ses will re -

17

S The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands, With weep - ing eyes and
 Let jus - tice have its course, Re - lent - less be to them, as they, Re - lent - less be to
 His prai - ses will re - sound, From whom the cries of my dis - tress, From whom the cries of

A peat, The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands,
 course, Let jus - tice have its course, Re - lent - less be to them, as they,
 sound, His prai - ses will re - sound, From whom the cries of my dis - tress,

T The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and
 Let jus - tice have its course, Re - lent - less be to
 His prai - ses will re - sound, From whom the cries of

B peat, The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands, With weep - ing eyes and
 course, Let jus - tice have its course, Re - lent - less be to them, as they, Re - lent - less be to
 sound, His prai - ses will re - sound, From whom the cries of my dis - tress, From whom the cries of

23 Symphony

S lift - ed hands Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.
 them, as they Have sinned with - out re - morse.
 my dis - tress, A gra - cious ans - wer found.

A Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.
 Have sinned with - out re - morse.
 A gra - cious ans - wer found.

T lift - ed hands Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.
 them, as they, Have sinned with - out re - morse.
 my dis - tress, A gra - cious ans - wer found.

B lift - ed hands Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.
 them, as they, Have sinned with - out re - morse.
 my dis - tress, A gra - cious ans - wer found.