

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry

1

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

San Francisco, by Francis Roads (b. 1943)

Fairly slow $\text{♩} = 100$ Psalm 28 verses 1-6

Soprano

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,

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 [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

Bass

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

6

S

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

T

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.

B

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.

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

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry

11 (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*

(Tenor)

T 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,
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,

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
Let jus - tice have its course, *Re - lent - less be to*
 His prai - ses will re - sound, 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 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

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.