

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
Alto
Tenor [Air]
Bass
Keyboard

6

S
A
T
B
Kbd.

2. Let me escape the sinners' doom
 { Who make a trade of ill; }
 And ever speak the person fair,
 Whose blood they mean to spill.
 { According to their crimes' extent }
 Let justice have its course:
 Relentless be to them, as they
 Have sinned without remorse.

3. Since they the works of God despise,
 { Nor will his grace adore; }
 His wrath shall utterly destroy,
 And build them up no more.
 { But I, with due acknowledgement, }
 His praises will resound,
 From whom the cries of my distress
 A gracious answer found.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text;
 { } show lines not sung by all parts.

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

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry

11

S

A

T

B

Kbd.

Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, The cries that I re -

Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion Lord,

Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord, Re - gard my sup - pli - ca - tion Lord, The cries that I re -

17

S

A

T

B

Kbd.

The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and

peat, The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands,

The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands, With weep - ing eyes and

peat, The cries that I re - peat, With weep - ing eyes and lift - ed hands, With weep - ing eyes and

23

S

A

T

B

Kbd.

Symphony

lift - ed hands Be - fore thy - mer - cy seat.

Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.

lift - ed hands Be - fore thy - mer - cy seat.

lift - ed hands Be - fore thy mer - cy seat.