









O LORD, I HAVE CRIED

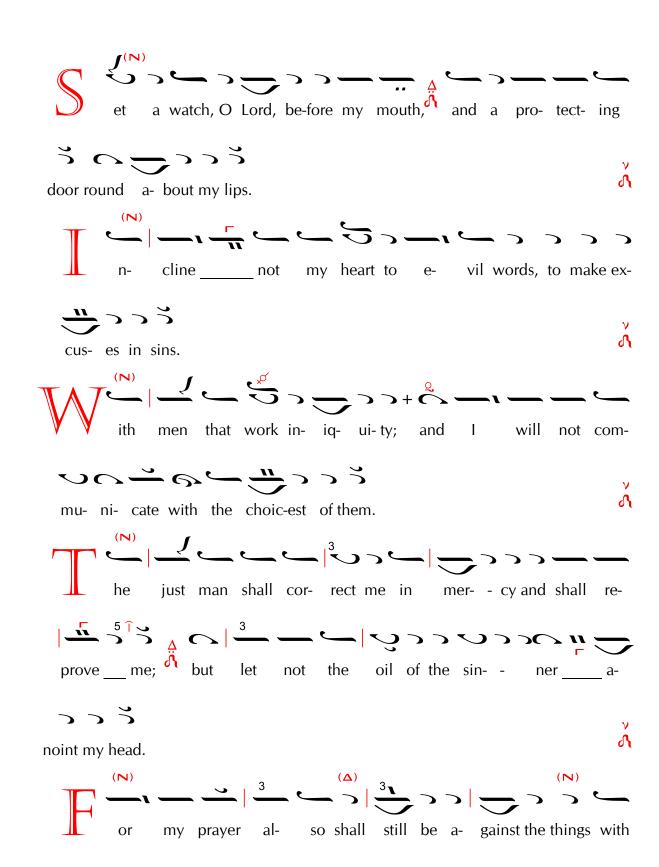
Plagal Fourth Mode

$^{\circ}$ H χ o $\lesssim \frac{\lambda}{\pi} \ddot{\sigma} N\eta$



Alternate Melody:

and the lift- - ing up of my hands as the eve- - ning



which they are well pleased; their judge es fall- ing up- on the rock ر د د کشد B have __ been swal-lowed up. hey shall hear my words,_for they are sweet; as when the thick- ness of the earth is bro- ken up- on the ground, he their bones are B scat- tered by the side of ha- des. (N)ut to Thee, O Lord, Lord, __ are mine eyes; in Thee __ have I put my trust, take not a- way my soul. ለ eep me from the snare which they have laid for me, $\stackrel{,}{\sim}$ and traps of the work- ers of in- iq- ui- ty. et the wick- ed fall in- to their own nets, ^x whilst

