

Psalm 141 NV Tate & Brady **Swaffham CM for Bb instruments**

Watson Ms

Treble

1. To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend, O haste to my re - lief;

Alto

2. In - stead of off - rings, let my prayer Like mor - ning in - cense rise;

Tenor (air)

3. From has - ty lan - guage curb my tongue; And let a con - stant guard

Bass

8

4. Yet us they per - se - cute to death; Our sca - tter'd ru - ins lie

Tr.

And with a - ccus - tomed pit - y hear, with pi - ty

A.

My lift - ed hands supp - ly the place, supp - ly the

T.

8 Still keep the port - al of my lips, still keep my

B.

As thick as from the hew - er's axe, the hew - er's

12

Tr.

hear The a - ccents of my grief.

A.

place Of ev' - ning sac - ri - fice.

T.

8 lips, With war - y si - lence barr'd.

B.

axe, The se - ver'd splin - ters fly.