

Psalm 142:1-5

116 ST KILDA (C.M.)

William Robert Broomsfield, 1926-1888

$\text{♩} = 80$

I with my voice cry'd to the Lord,
When in me was o'er - whelm'd my sp'rit,
I look'd on my right hand, and view'd,
I cry'd to thee; I said, Thou art

with it made my re - quest:
then well thou knew'st my way;
but none to know me were;
my re - fuge, Lord, a - lone;

Pour'd out to him my plaint, to him
 Where I did walk a snare for me
 All re - fuge fail - ed of me, no man
 And in the land of those that live

my trou - ble I ex - prest.
 they priv - i - ly did lay.
 did for my soul take care.
 thou art my por - ti - on.