

London Gallery Quire 427

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New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Folkestone, by William Hayes (1706-1777)
 Edited by Tony Singleton and Francis Roads

Lord hear my prayer, and to my cry Psalm 143 verses 1-11

♩=100

Soprano
 [Air]

1. Lord hear my pray'r, and to my cry Thy won - ted
 2. *The spite - ful foe pur - sues my life,* Whose com - forts
 3. I call to mind the days of old, And won - ders
 4. *Hear me with speed; my spi - rit fails;* Thy face no

Alto

Tenor

1. Lord hear my pray'r, and to my cry Thy won - ted
 2. *The spite - ful foe pur - sues my life,* Whose com - forts
 3. I call to mind the days of old, And won - ders
 4. *Hear me with speed; my spi - rit fails;* Thy face no

Bass

8

S
 au - dience lend; In thy ac - cus - tomed faith and truth
all are fled; He drives me in - to caves as dark
 thou hast wrought: My for - mer dan - gers and es - capes
 lon - ger hide, Lest I be - come for - lorn, like them

A

T

8
 au - dience lend; In thy ac - cus - tomed faith and truth
all are fled; He drives me in - to caves as dark
 thou hast wrought: My for - mer dan - gers and es - capes
 lon - ger hide, Lest I be - come for - lorn, like them

B

15

S
 A gra - cious ans - wer send. Nor at thy strict tri -
 As man - sions of the dead. My spi - rit there - fore
 Em - ploy my mu - sing thought. To thee my hands in
 That in the grave re - side. Thy kind - ness ear - ly

A

T

8
 A gra - cious ans - wer send. Nor at thy strict tri -
 As man - sions of the dead. My spi - rit there - fore
 Em - ploy my mu - sing thought. To thee my hands in
 That in the grave re - side. Thy kind - ness ear - ly

B

Lord hear my prayer, and to my cry 427

22

S
 bu - nal bring Thy ser - vant to be__ tried; For in thy
 is o'er - whelmed, And sinks with - in my__ breast; My mourn - ful
 hum - ble pray'r I fer - vent - ly stretch out; My soul for
 let me hear, Whose trust on thee de - pends; Teach me the

A

T
 bu - nal bring Thy ser - vant to be tried; For in thy
 is o'er - whelmed, And sinks with - in my breast; My mourn - ful
 hum - ble pray'r I fer - vent - ly stretch out; My soul for
 let me hear, Whose trust on thee de - pends; Teach me the

B

30

S
 sight no li - ving man Can e'er be__ jus - ti - fied.
 heart grows de - so - late, With hea - vy__ woes op - pressed.
 thy re - fresh - ment thirsts, Like land op - pressed with drought,
 way where I should go; My soul to__ thee as - cends.

A

T
 sight no li - ving man Can e'er be__ jus - ti - fied.
 heart grows de - so - late, With hea - vy__ woes op - pressed.
 thy re - fresh - ment thirsts, Like land op - pressed with drought,
 way where I should go; My soul to__ thee as - cends.

B

Symphony

5. Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
 Preserve and set me free;
 A safe retreat against their rage
 My soul implores from thee.
 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
 Instruct me to obey;

6. Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
 My soul in thy right way.
 O! for the sake of thy great name,
 Revive my drooping heart;
 For thy truth's sake, to me, distressed,
 Thy promised aid impart.