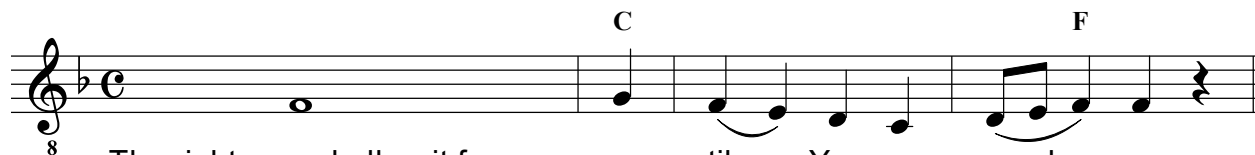


Idiomelon. Grave Mode. *Ga=F.*

Enharmonic



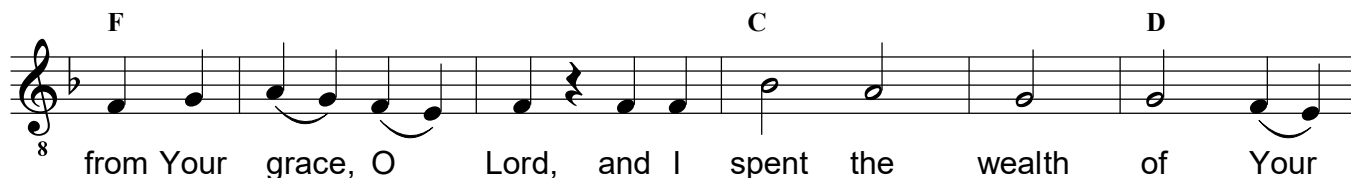
Bring my soul out of prison to give thanks to Your name, O Lord.



The righteous shall wait for me, un - til You re - ward me.



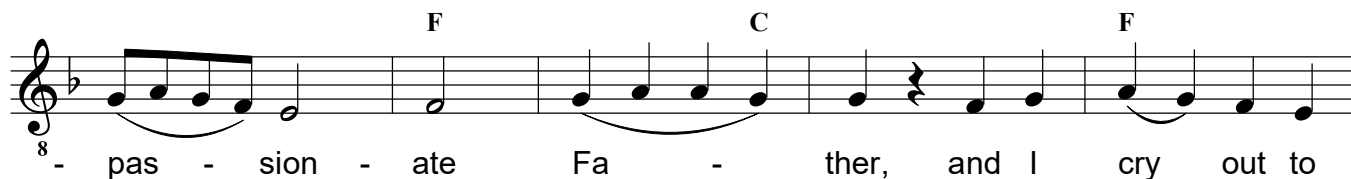
Like the Prod - i - gal Son, I de - part - ed



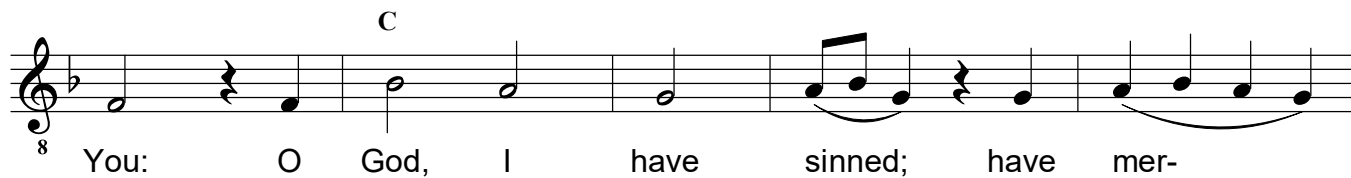
from Your grace, O Lord, and I spent the wealth of Your



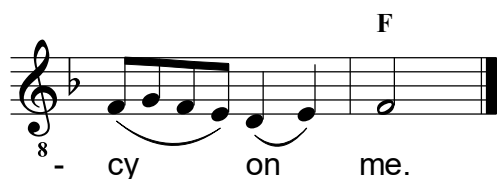
good - ness. Now I have run back to You, O com-



- pas - sion - ate Fa - ther, and I cry out to



You: O God, I have sinned; have mer-



- cy on me.