When I am af - flict - ed I sing to You like Da - vid O my

Sav - ior 

De - liv - er my soul\_\_ from a craft - y\_\_ tongue

Bless-ed is the life of those who dwell\_ in the des - ert winged as they are\_\_\_ by di - vine e-ros  $\ddot{q}$ 

Glory. Both now.

By the Ho - ly Spir - it are all things main - tained\_\_ both\_
seen and un - seen  $\ddot{q}$  for be - ing au - to - crat - ic He is one of the