

# CIRCUMDEDERUNT ME

v. **T** He sorrows of death \* came about me, the pains of  
hell gat hold up- on me: and in my tri- bu- la- tion  
I made my pray'r unto the Lord, and he regar- ded  
my suppli- ca- tion out of his ho- ly tem- ple. *Ps. I*  
will love thee, O Lord my strength: \* the Lord is my rock,  
my fortress and my Saviour. Glo-ry be (1). The sorrows.