

## With My Voice, O LORD, I Cry

From Psalm 142

1. <sup>1</sup>With my voice, O LORD, I cry, Hear my plea for mer - cy, LORD!  
 2. <sup>3</sup>When my spir - it faints a - way, You my fal - t'ring path-way know;  
 3. <sup>4</sup>*Lord, look to my right and see: None takes no - tice of my plight.*  
 4. <sup>6</sup>Hear my cry, Lord, I am low! They are strong who seek my soul.  
 5. <sup>7</sup>Our of pris - on lead me, Lord; Thanks and praise to You shall be.

<sup>2</sup>My com - plaint mounts up on high, Bring - ing You my trou - bled word:  
 Where I take my jour - ney they Traps have hid - den to my woe.  
*Is there ref - uge left for me? Is my soul out of Your sight?*  
 Je - sus frees from ev - 'ry foe; He will keep and make me whole!  
 Right - eous men armed with Your Word Will Your grace be - stow on me.

<sup>8</sup>LORD, You are my Ref - uge strong! «Oh, re - ceive my plain - tive song!

Music: Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, 1714

harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Text: *The Ailbe Psalter*, 2006 ©

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