

# VERSES OF PSALMS 140, 141, AND 129

## Third Mode

Presto ♩=180

Θοῦ Κύριε

1

Set, O Lord, a watch be - fore my mouth, and a door of en -

clo - sure round a - bout my lips.

2

In - cline not my heart un - to words of e - vil, to

make ex - cuse with ex - cus - es in sins,

3

With men that work in - iq - ui - ty; and I will not join with their

cho - sen.

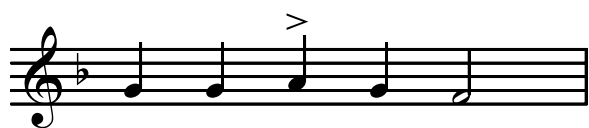
4



The right-eous man will chas-ten me with mer-cy and re - prove\_



me; as for the oil\_ of\_ the sin - ner, let it



not a - noint my head.

5



For yet more is my prayer\_ in the pres-ence of their pleas -



ures; swal-lowed up near by the rock\_ have their judg - es been.

6



They shall hear my words, for they be sweet - ened; as a clod of

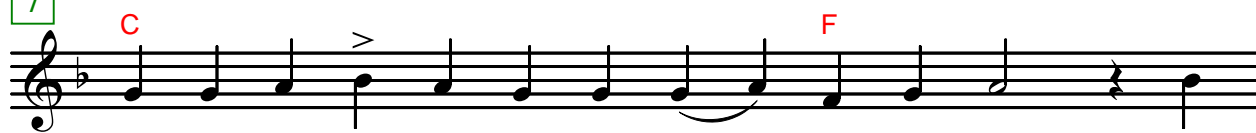


earth is bro - ken up - on the earth, so have their bones been



scat-tered nigh\_ un - to Ha - des.

7



For un - to Thee, O Lord, O Lord, are mine eyes, in



Thee have I hoped; take not my soul a - way.

8



Keep me from the snare which they have laid for me, and



from the stum - bling - blocks of them that work in - iq - ui - ty.

9



The sin - ners shall fall in - to their own net; I



am a - lone un - til I pass by.

10



With my voice un - to the Lord have I cried, with my voice un -



to the Lord have I made my sup - pli - ca - tion.

11



I will pour\_ out be - fore\_ Him my sup - pli - ca - tion,



mine af - flic - tion be - fore\_ Him will I de - clare.

12

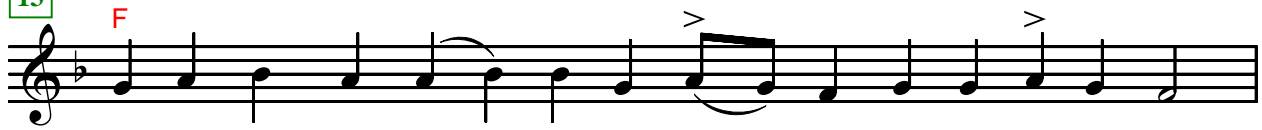


When my spir - it was faint - ing\_ with - in\_ me, then Thou



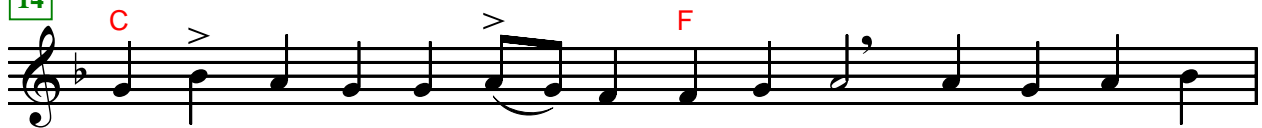
knew - est my paths.

13



In this way where - in\_ I have walked\_ they hid for me a snare.

14



I looked up - on my right\_ hand, and be - held, and there was none



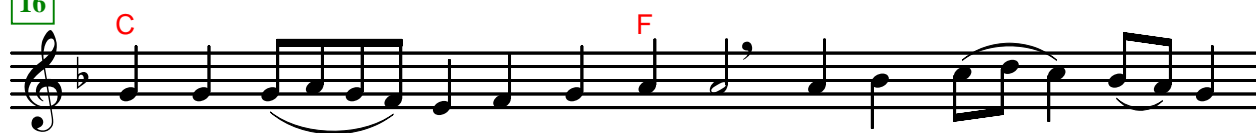
that\_ did know\_ me.

15



Flight hath failed\_ me, and there is none that watch - eth out\_ for my soul.

16



I have cried\_\_\_ un - to Thee, O Lord; I said: Thou\_\_\_ art\_ my



hope, my por - tion art Thou in the land of\_\_\_ the liv - ing.

17



At - tend un - to my sup - pli - ca - tion, for I\_\_\_ am brought



ver - y low.

18



De - liv - er me from them that per - se - cute\_\_\_ me, for they are



strong - er than I.

*On Saturdays, continue with Slow Stichera on page 132*

*or with Brief Stichera on page 164.*

*On other days continue on following page.*

19

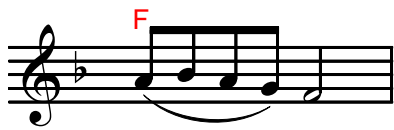


Bring my soul out\_ of pris - on that\_ I may con-fess Thy Name.

20



The right-eous shall wait pa-tient-ly for me un-til Thou shalt re -



ward\_\_\_ me.

21



Out of the depths\_\_\_ have\_ I cried\_ un-to Thee, O Lord; O



Lord,\_\_\_ hear my voice.

22



Let Thine ears\_\_\_ be at-ten-tive to the voice\_\_\_ of my sup - pli -



ca - tion.