

*for my youngest*

# Psalm 139

## O Lord, You Have Searched Me

Robert Overman

(♩ = 120)

*mf*

O Lord, you have searched me and known me! \_\_\_\_\_ You

know when I sit down and when I rise up; \_\_\_\_\_ you dis - cern my \_\_\_\_\_

thoughts from a - far. \_\_\_\_\_ You search out my path and my ly - ing

down \_\_\_\_\_ and are ac - quaint - ed with all my ways. \_\_\_\_\_

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21

E - ven be - fore a word is on my tongue, be - hold, O Lord, you know it

28

Faster ( $\text{♩} = 160$ )

al - to - geth - er. You hem me in be - You

32

, You  
hind and be - fore, and lay your hand up - on me. Such  
, You

38

know - ledge is too won - der - ful for -

42

me; it is high; I can-not at - tain it.

(♩ = 120)

48 Where

Where shall I go from your Spi - rit Or

Where

52

where shall I flee from your pres - ence? If I as - cend to

57

hea - ven, you are there, if I make my bed in She - ol,

62

you are there! If I take the wings of the morn - ing and

dwell in the ut - ter-most parts of the sea,

*dim.* *rit.* *a tempo*  
e - ven

there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand

shall hold me. If I say "Sure - ly the

*mf*

82

dark - ness shall co - ver me, \_\_\_\_\_ and the light a - bout me be

87

night," *rit.* e - ven the dark - ness is not dark to you; the

93

*cresc. rit.* a tempo dim.  
night is bright as day, for dark-ness is as light with you.

98

For you formed \_\_\_\_\_  
*fp*  
*mf*  
You formed my in - most parts. You \_\_\_\_\_  
*fp*  
For you formed \_\_\_\_\_

103

knit - ted me to - geth - er in my moth - er's womb. \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_

107

praise \_ you for I \_\_\_\_\_ am \_\_\_\_\_ fear-ful - ly and won - derful - ly made.

112

*f* Won - der - ful are your \_ works; my soul knows it ve - ry *dim.* *rit.*

*fp* frame

117

*mf* *a tempo* well. My frame was not hid - den from you, \_\_\_\_\_ when \_\_\_\_\_

My frame \_\_\_\_\_ *fp*

122

I was be - ing made in se - cret In - tri - cate - ly

127

wo - ven in the depths of the earth. Your eyes saw my

132

un - formed sub - stance; in your book were writ - ten,

137

ev - ry one of them, the days that were formed for me,

142

— when as *dim.* yet there were none of them.

146

*mp* How pre-cious to me are your thoughts, *rit.* O God! *a tempo* How

151

vast is the sum of them! If I *cresc.* would count them they are

157

more than the sand. I a - wake, and I am still with you.

163

*mf*

Search me, O God, and know my heart. Try me and know my

*rit.*

*a tempo*

169

thoughts! And see if there be an - y griev - ous -

*cresc.*

A Little Slower

173

way in me and lead me in the

*mp*

177

way ev - er - last - ing.

*rit.*