Miserere Mei, Deus

Carole and Tuesday

\[ J = 140 \]

Oh joy, oh joyful hearts ever slipping though our
lude us
fi ngers  Mi-se-re-re  me - i,

De us  A lone-some,  out-cast  am  I

Des - troy,  des -
troy the darkness in me need to hear a song resounding

Sae-cu-la Sae-cu-lo-rum A lost soul

adrift am I Oh, give me
a reason to keep myself alive without your world, I can't go on so send me an answer that
sweeps across the air to lift me up from all my despair

As Death comes knocking

Caught in the wourl of noise Oh, let
me hear your voice

Your voice will re-surrect us for the

mirrors cracks and the splinters

Mi-se-

re me i, De us I'm year-ning

I'm year-ning
weak as I am
In saecula saeculorum

Eternal world that awaits

Give me a reason

to not give in to this
corrupt and deafening a-

byss for-sake me an answer

to take me out of my mis-

(9)
ri

As Death comes knocking