

*Psalme 43.*

For of my strength thou art the God,  
 why putt thou me thee fro:  
 And why vwalk I so heauily,  
 opprest vwith my foe?  
 Send out thy light and eke thy truth,  
 and lead me vwith thy grace,  
 VWhich may conduct me to thy hill,  
 and to thy dwelling place.  
 Then shall I to the altar goe  
 of God my ioy and cheare:

*Psalme 44. CANTVS. Edward Blancks.*

O V R cares haue heard our Fathers tell, and reuerently record  
 the vondrous vworks that thou hast done in alder time O Lord. How  
 thou didst cast the Gentiles out, and stroydst them vwith strong hand, plan-  
 ting our Fathers in their place, and gau'lt to them their Land.

*TENOR, or Playnsong.*

O V R cares haue heard our Fathers tell, and reuerently record:  
 the vondrous vworks that thou hast done in alder time O Lord. How  
 thou didst cast the Gentiles out, and stroydst them vwith strong hand, plan-  
 ting our Fathers in their place, and gau'lt to them their Land.

They conquered not by sword nor  
 the Land of thy behest: (strength  
 But by thy hand, thine arme and grace,  
 because thou louedst them best.  
 Thou art my King, O God that holp  
 Iacob in sundry vwise:  
 Led vwith thy pouer vve threvv downe  
 as did against vs rise. (such  
 I trust'd not in bow ne sword,  
 they could not saue me found:  
 Thou keptst vs from our enemies rage,  
 thou didst our foes confound.  
 And still vve boast of thee our good,  
 and praise thy holy Name:  
 Yet now thou goest not vwith our bold  
 but leauest vs to shame.  
 Thou mad'st vs slye before our foes,  
 and so euer ouer-trod:  
 Our enemies spoild and robd our goods,  
 vwhen vve vverrepearit abroad.  
 Thou hast vs giuen to our foes,  
 as sheepe for to be slaine:  
 Among the Heathen euery where  
 scattered vve doe remaine.  
 Thy people thou hast sold like slaves,

*Psalme 43.*

And ou my harp giue thanks to thee  
 O God, my God most deere.  
 Why art thou then so sad my soule,  
 and fretst thus in my breast?  
 Still trust in God, for him to praise,  
 I hold it alwayes best.  
 By him I haue deliurance,  
 against all paine and grieft:  
 He is my God vwhich doth alwayes  
 at need send me reliefe.

*Psalme 44. MEDIVS. Edward Blancks.*

O V R cares haue heard our Fathers tell, and reuerently record  
 the vondrous vworks that thou hast done in alder time O Lord. How  
 thou didst cast the Gentiles out, and stroydst them vwith strong hand, plan-  
 ting our Fathers in their place, and gau'lt to them their Land.

*BASSVS.*

O V R cares haue heard our Fathers tell, and reuerently record  
 the vondrous vworks that thou hast done in alder time O Lord. How  
 thou didst cast the Gentiles out, and stroydst them vwith strong hand, plan-  
 ting our Fathers in their place, and gau'lt to them their Land.

and as a thing of nought:  
 for profit none thou hast thereby,  
 no gainie at all vvas fought.  
 And to our neighbors thou hast made,  
 of vs a laughing stocke:  
 And those that doe about vs dwell,  
 at vs doe grin and mock.  
 To heare these vicked men:  
 Yea, so I blush that all my face  
 vvith red is couered then.  
 For why? vve heard such slanderous  
 such false reports and lyes: (words,  
 That death it is to see their vtongs,  
 their threatnings and their cries.  
 For all this vve forgot not thee,  
 nor yet thy couenant brake:  
 VVe turn not back our heart fro thee  
 nor yet thy pathes forsake.  
 Thus vve serue for none other vse,  
 but for a common talke:  
 They mock, they scorne, they nod their  
 vvhere euer they goe or vwalk. (heads  
 I am ashamed continually,  
 Yet thou hast trod vs downe to dust,  
 vwhen