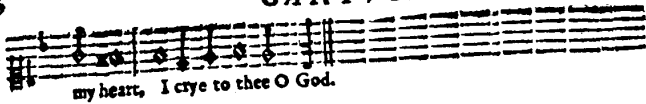
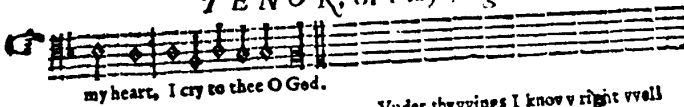


CANTVS.



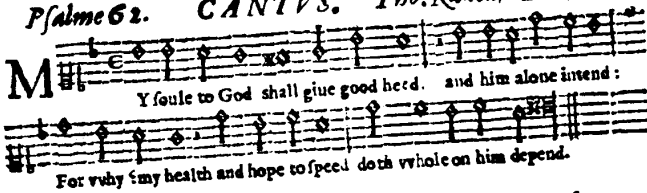
TENOR, or Playnsong.



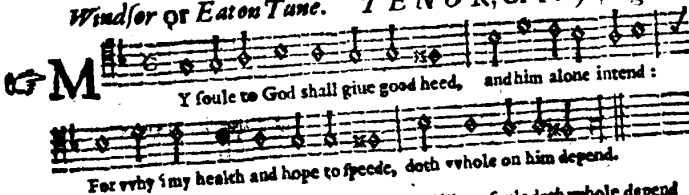
3 Vpon the rocks of thy great pouer
my vnotull minde repose:
Thou art my hope, my fort, and tover,
my fence against my foes.
4 VVithin thy tents I lust to dwell,
for euer to endure.

Vnder thy wings I know v right vvall
I shall be safe and sure.
5 The Lord doth my desire regard,
and doth fulfill the fame:
VVith goodly gifts doth he reuward
all them that feare his name.

Psalme 62. CANTVS. Tho. Rauens. B. of M.

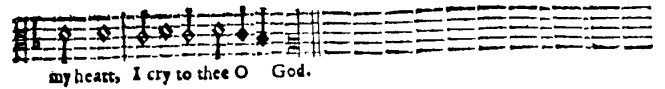


Windsor or Eaton Tune. TENOR, or Playnsong.

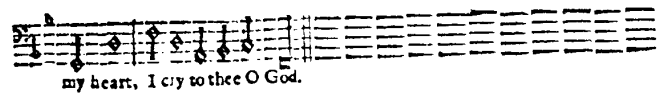


2 For he alone is my defence,
my rocke of health, my aide,
He is my say that no pretence
shall make me much afraid.
3 O vicked folke how long vwill ye
use drafts: I feare you must fall,
For asa rotten hedge yee be,
and like a tottering vvall.
4 VVhom God doth loue ye seek alwayes
to put him to the worse:
Ye loue to lye, with mouth ye praise,
and yett your heart doth curse.
5 Yett still my soule doth vvhole depend
on God my chiefe desire:
From all false feates meto defend,
none but him I requite.
6 He is my rock, my strength, my tover,
my health is of his grace:
He doth support me that no pouer
can moue me out of place:
7 God is my glory and my health,
my soules desire and lutt:
My fort, my strength, my say, my wealch,
God is my onely trust.

MEDVS.



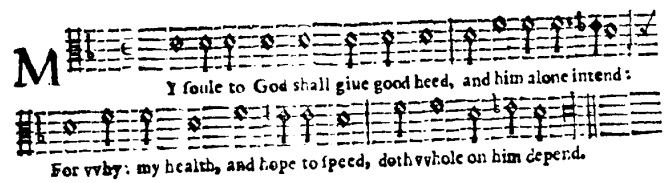
BASSVS.



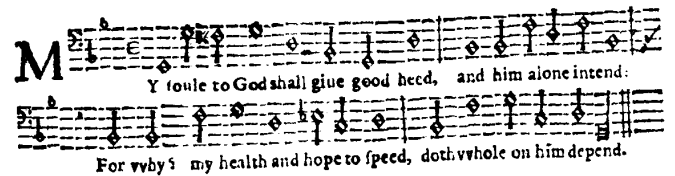
and so prolong his dayes:
That he from age to age shall raigne,
for euermore alwayes.
7 That he may haue a dwelling place,
before the Lord for aye:

O let thy mercy, truth and grace
defend him from decay.
8 Then shall I sing for euer still,
with praise vnto thy name
That all thy vowes I may fulfill,
and daily pay the same.

Psalme 62. MEDVS. Tho. Rauens. B. of M.



BASSVS.



8 O haue your hope in him alway,
ye folke with one accord:
Poure out your hearts to him and say,
our trust is in the Lord.
9 The sonnes of men deceitfull are,
on ballance but a sleight:
VVith things most vainedoe the compare
for they can keepe no vveight.
10 Trust not in vvrong, robbery or fealth,
lett vaine delights be gone:

Though goods vvell got flow in with
set not your hearts thereon. (vvealth
11 The Lord long sith onething did tell,
vvhich here to minde I call:
He spake it oft, I heard it vvell,
that God alone doth all.
12 And thou O Lord art good and kinde,
thy mercie doth exceed:
So that all forts with thee shall finde
according to their need.

O God