

CANTVS.

Lord in thy natie truth, and in thy iustice answere me.

TENOR, or Playnsong.

Lord in thy natie truth, and in thy iustice answere me.

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|---|---|
| 2 In iudgement vvith thy seruant Lord,
oh, enter not at all :
For iustified be in thy fight,
not one that liueth shall. | 5 Yet I record time past, in all
thy vvorkes I meditate:
Yea, in thy vvorkes I meditate,
that thy hands haue create. |
| 3 The enemy hath pursued my soule,
my life to ground hath throwne :
And laid me in the dark like them,
that dead are long agone. | 6 To thee O Lord my God, loe I
doe stretch my crauing hands :
My soule desireth after thee,
as doth the thirly lands. |
| 4 Vvithin me in perplexity,
vvas mine accombred spirit :
And in me vvas my troubled heart,
amazed, and affright. | 7 Heare me vvith speed my spirit doth
hide notthy face me fro: (faile)
Else shall I be like them that dovvne
into the pit doe goe. |

Psalme 144. CANTVS. Tho. Rauens. B. of M.

Left be the Lord my strength that doth instruct my hands to fight :

The Lord that doth my fingers frame to battell by his might.

Hereford Tune. TENOR, or Playnsong.

Left be the Lord my strength that doth instruct my hands to fight :

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| 2 He is my goodnesse, fort and towver,
deliuerer and shield,
In him I trust, my people he
subdues to me to yeeld. | 5 As fleeting shade, bowv down O Lord
the heauens and descend. (smoke) |
| 3 O Lord what thing is man that he
thou holdst so high in price?
O: sonne of man that vpon him,
thou thinkest in this vvise? | 6 The mountaines touch and they shall
cast forth thy lightening flame
And scatter them, thine arrowes shoot
consume them vvith the same. |
| 4 Man is but like to vanitie,
so passe his dayes to end: | 7 Send down thy hand euen from about
O Lord deliuer me :
Take me from vvaters great, from hand
of strangers make me free. |

MEDIVS.

Lord in thy natie truth, and in thy iustice answere me.

BASSVS.

Lord in thy natie truth, and in thy iustice answere me.

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|---|---|
| 8 Let me thy louing kindnesse in
the morning heare and knowv :
For in thee is my trust, shevv me
the way that I shall goe. | Let thy good spirit into the land
of mercy me conuay. |
| 9 For I lift vp my soule to thee,
O Lord deliuer me
From all mine enemies, for I
haue hidden me vvith thee. | 11 For thy names sake vvith quickning
aloue doe thou me make : grace
And out of trouble bring my soule,
euen for thy iustice sake. |
| 10 I teach me to doe thyvvill, for thou,
thou art my God I say: | 12 And for thy mercy slay my foes,
O Lord destroy them ail
That doe oppresse my soule, for I
thy seruant am and shall. |

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BASSVS.

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| Vvhoose subtile mouth of vanity,
and fondnesse doth entreat :
And their right hand, is a right hand,
of falshood and deceit. | Vvnto his seruant David help,
from hartfull svvoid he brings. |
| A newv song I vvill sing O God,
and singing vvill I be :
On Violl and on Instrumēt,
ten stringed vn to thee. | 11 From strangers hand me saue and
vvhose mouthe st alke vanity : (shield)
And their right hand, is a right hand
of guile and subtilty. |
| 10 Euen he it is that onely giues
deliuerance to Kinges : | 12 That our sons may be as the plants,
vvhom growing youth doth reare :
Our daughters as caru'd corner stones,
like to a pallas faire. |