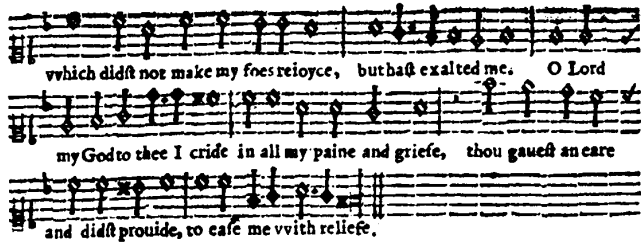
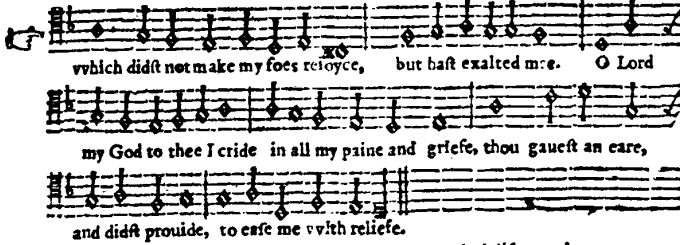


CANTVS.



vvhich didst not make my foes reioyce, but hast exalted me. O Lord  
my God to thee I cride in all my paine and griefe, thou gauest an care  
and didst prouide, to ease me vvith reliefe.

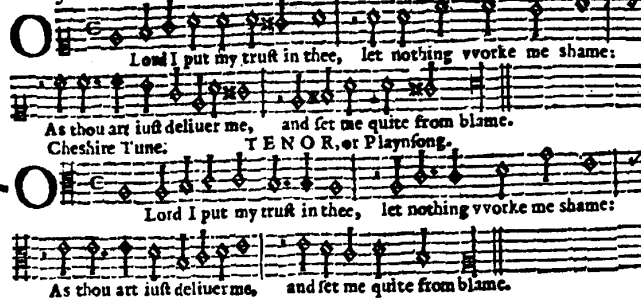
TENOR, or Playnsong.



vvhich didst not make my foes reioyce, but hast exalted mee. O Lord  
my God to thee I cride in all my paine and griefe, thou gauest an care,  
and didst prouide, to ease me vvith reliefe.

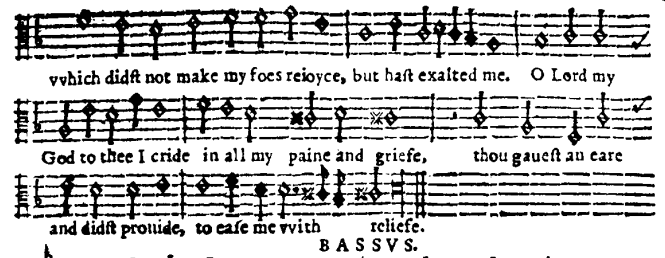
3 Of thy good vwill thou hast calde back  
my soule from hell to saue:  
Thou didst reuiue vben strength did lack  
and kepest me from the graue  
4 Sing praise ye Saints that proue & see  
the goodnesse of the Lord:  
In memory of his maiestie,  
reioyce vvith one accord.  
5 For vvhy: his anger but a space  
doth last and flake againe:  
But in his fauour and his grace  
alwayes doth life remaine.  
Though gripes of griefe and pangs full  
shall lodge vvith vs all night: (sore  
The Lord to loy shall vs restore,  
before the daybe light.  
6 VVhen I inioyde the vworld at vvill,  
thus vvould I boast and say:  
Tush I am sure to feele none ill,  
this vwealth shall not decay:  
7 For thou O God of thy good grace  
hast sent me strength and aid,

Psalme 31. CANTVS. Iohn Bennet.

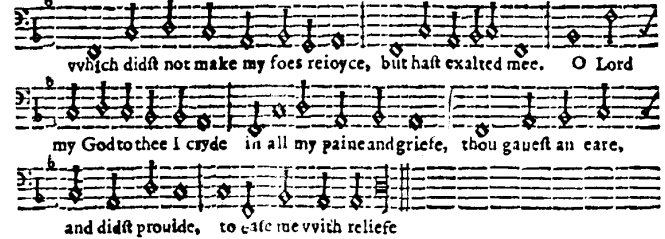


Lord I put my trust in thee, let nothing vvorke me shame:  
As thou art iust deliuer me, and set me quite from blame.  
Cheshire Tune: TENOR, or Playnsong.  
Lord I put my trust in thee, let nothing vvorke me shame:  
As thou art iust deliuer me, and set me quite from blame.

MEDIVS.



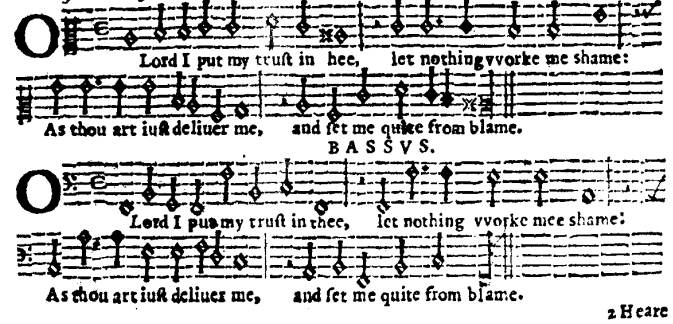
vvhich didst not make my foes reioyce, but hast exalted me. O Lord my  
God to thee I cride in all my paine and griefe, thou gauest an care  
and didst prouide, to ease me vvith reliefe.  
BASSVS.



vvhich didst not make my foes reioyce, but hast exalted mee. O Lord  
my God to thee I cryde in all my paine and griefe, thou gauest an care,  
and didst prouide, to ease me vvith reliefe.

But vvhen thou turndst avway thy face  
my minde vvas fore dismaid.  
8 VVherefore againe yet did I cry  
to thee O Lord of might:  
My God vvith plaints I did apply,  
and praise both day and night.  
9 VVhat gaine is in my bloud said I,  
if death destroy my dayes?  
Doth dust declare thy maiestie,  
or yet thy truth doth praise?  
10 VVherefore my God some pittie take,  
O Lord I thee desire:  
Doe not this simple soule forsake,  
of helpe I thee require.  
11 Then didst thou turn my grief & vvoe  
vnto a chearefull voyce:  
The mourning vveed thou tookst me fro  
and mad'st me to reioyce.  
12 VVherefore my soule vncessantly  
shall sing vnto thy praise:  
My Lord, my God, to thee vvill I  
giue laud and thanks alwayes.

Psalme 31. MEDIVS. Iohn Bennet.



Lord I put my trust in thee, let nothing vvorke me shame:  
As thou art iust deliuer me, and set me quite from blame.  
BASSVS.  
Lord I put my trust in thee, let nothing vvorke mee shame:  
As thou art iust deliues me, and set me quite from blame.