

CANTVS.

In vvrath thou shouldst me pay vengeance for my desert. I
 can it not deny, but needs I must confesse howv that continual-ly
 Thy lawes I doe transgresse.

TENOR or Playn-song.

In vvrath thou shouldst me pay vengeance for my desert. I
 can it not deny, but needs I must confesse, howv that continually
 Thy lawes I doe transgresse.

But if it be thy will
 VVith sinners to contend:
 Then all thy focke shall spill,
 And be lost vwithout end.
 For vwho liues here so right,
 That rightly he can say,
 Hee findes not in thy sight
 Full oft and every day:

The Scripture plaine tels me,
 The righteous man offendeth
 Seauen times a day to thee,
 VVhereon thy vvrath dependeth:
 So that the righteous man
 Doth vvalke in no such path,

But he fals nowv and than
 In danger of thy vvrath.

Thensith the case so stands,
 That euen the man right vvise
 Fals oft in sinfull bands,
 VVhereby thy vvrath may raise.
 Lord I that am vniuist,
 And righteousnesse none haue,
 VVhereto then shall I trust
 My sinfull soule to saue?

But truly to that post,
 VVhereto I cleaue and shall,
 VVhich is thy mercy most,
 Lord let thy mercy fall.

Psalme 1. CANTVS. T. Morley Batch. of M.

H E man is blest that hath not bent, to vvicked rede his care:

TENOR. or Playn-song.

He man is blest that hath not bent, to vvicked rede his care:

MEDIVS.

In vvrath thou shouldst me pay vengeance for my desert. I
 can it not deny, but needs I must confesse, howv that continually
 Thy lawes I doe transgresse.

BASSVS.

In vvrath thou shouldst me pay vengeance for my desert. I
 can it not deny, but needs I must confesse howv that continually
 Thy lawes I doe transgresse.

And mitigate thy moode,
 Or else vve perish all:
 The price of this thy bloud,
 VVherein mercy I call.

The Scripture doth declare,
 No drop of bloud in thee:
 But that thou didst not spare
 To shed each drop for mee.
 Nowv let those drops most sweet,
 Someitt my heart so dry:
 That I vvith sinne repleat,
 My lue but sinne may dye.

That being mortified
 This sinne of mine in me:
 I may be sanctified

By grace of thine in thee.
 So that I neuer fall
 Into such mortall sinne,
 That my foes infernall
 Reioyce my death therela.

But vouchsafe me to keepe
 From those infernall foes:
 And from that lake so deepe,
 VVheras no mercy growves.
 And I shall sing the songs,
 Confirmed vvith the iust:
 That vnto thee belongs,
 VVhich art mine onely trust.
 FINIS.

Here beginneth the Psalmes of David.

Psalme 1. MEDIVS. T. Morley. B. of M.

H E man is blest that hath not bent, to vvicked rede his care:

BASSVS.

H E man is blest that hath not bent, to vvicked rede his care: