

The humble Sute of a Sinner

1

CANTVS S. O Lord of whom I do de-pend, be-hold my care-ful heart

MEDIVS A. O Lord of whom I do de-pend, be-hold my care-ful heart

TENOR or Playnsong T. O Lord of whom I do de-pend, be-hold my care-ful heart:

BASSVS B. O Lord of whom I do de-pend, be-hold my care-ful heart:

3

S. and when thy will and plea-sure is, re-lease me of my smart.

A. and when thy will and plea-sure is, re-lease me of my smart.

T. and when thy will and plea-sure is, re-lease me of my smart.

B. and when thy will and plea-sure is, re-lease me of my smart.

5

S. Thou seest my sor-rows what they are, my griefe is known to thee:

A. Thou seest my sor-rows what they are, my griefe is known to thee,

T. Thou seest my sor-rows what they are, my griefe is known to thee:

B. Thou seest my sor-rows what they are, my griefe is known to thee:

7

S. and there is none that can re-move, or take the (shame) from me.

A. and there is none that can re-move, or take the (shame) from me.

T. and there is none that can re-move, or take the (shame) from me.

B. and there is none that can re-move, or take the (shame) from me.

But onely thou whole aide I crave,
 whole mercy still is prest
 To ease all those that wome to thee
 for succour and for rest.
 And sith thou seest my restless eyes,
 my tears and grievous grone:
 Attend unto my sute (o Lord)
 mark well my plaint and mone.

Whose bloody wounds are yet to see,
 though not with mortal eye:
 Yet do thy Saints behold them all,
 and so I trust shall I.
 Though sin doth hinder me awhile,
 when thou shalt see it good:
 I shall enjoy the sight of him,
 and see his wounds and blood.

Least that I tread in sinners trace,
 and give them my consent
 To dwell with them in wickedness,
 whereto nature is bent.
 Onely thy grace must be my stay,
 least that I fall down flat:
 And being downeth of myself
 cannot recover that.

For sin hath so enclosed me,
 and compast me about:
 That I am now remediless
 if mercy help not out.
 For mortal man cannot release,
 or mittigate this paine:
 But even thy Christ my Lord and God,
 which for my sin was slain.

And as thine Angels, en thy Saints,
 do now behold the same:
 So trust I to posses that place,
 with them to praise thy name.
 But whilst I live here in this vale,
 where sinners do frequent
 Assist me ever with thy grace,
 my sins still to lament.

Wherefor this is yet once again,
 my sute and my request:
 To grant me pardon for my sin,
 that I in thee may rest.
 Then shall my heart my tongue and voice
 be instruments of praise:
 And in thy Church and house of Saints,
 sing Psalms to thee always.
 (O come)

Critical notes:

Cantus, bar 2: Editorial
 accidentals added:
 Cantus, bar 8, note 2: original
 cross replaced by a natural;
 Text somewhat modernised.