## Lord in thy wrath reprove me not



- 3. My soul is troubled very fore, and vexed vehemently:
  But Lord how long wilt thou delay to cure my misery?
  4. Lord turn thee to thy wonted grace, my silly soul up take:
  O save me not for my deserts, but for thy mercies sake.
- 5. For why? no man among the dead remembreth thee one whit:Or who shall worship thee o Lord in the infernal pit?6. So grievious is my plaint and moan, that I wax wondrous faint:All the night long I wash my bed with tears of my complaint.
- 7. My sight is dim and waxeth old with anguish of my heart:
  For fear of those that be my foes and would my soul subvert.
  8. But now away from me all ye that work iniquity:
  For why? the Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint and cry.
- 9. He heard not only the request, and prayer of my heart:
  But it received at my hands, and took it in good part.
  10. And now my foes that vexed me, the Lord will soon defame:
  And suddenly confound them all to their rebuke and shame.

## Critical notes:

Bassus bar 4/note 1 is *D* in the original (changed to *B flat* to avoid parallel 8th with Cantus); text somewhat modernised.