

Lord plead my cause against my foes

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 35*

Thomas TOMKINS (1572 - 1656)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or *Playnsong*
BASSVS

Dumfermeling Tune

Lord plead my cause a - gainst my foes, con - found their force and might:
 Lord plead my cause a - gainst my foes; con - found their force and might:
 Lord plead my cause a - gainst my foes, con found their force and might:
 Lord plead my cause a - gainst my foes, con - found their force and might:

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S.
A.
T.
B.

Fight on my part a - gainst all those, that seek with me to fight.
 Fight on my part a - gainst all those, that seek with me to fight.
 Fight on my part a - gainst all those, that seek with me to fight.
 Fight on my part a - gainst all those, that seek with me to fight.

2. Lay hand upon thy spear and shield,
 thyself in armour dress:
 Stand up for me and sight the field,
 to help me from distress.

3. Gird on thy sword and stop the way,
 mine enemies to withstand:
 That thou unto my soul may'st say,
 lo I thy help at hand.
 Confound them with rebuke and blame
 that seek my soul to spill?
 Let them turn back and flee with shame
 that think to work me ill.

5. Let them disperse and fly abroad,
 as wind doth drive to dust:
 And that the Angel of our God
 their might away may thrust.
 6. Let all their ways be void of light,
 and slippery like to fall:
 And send thine Angel with thy might
 to persecute them all.

7. For why? without my fault they have
 in secret set their grin:
 And for no cause have digged a cave,
 to take my soul therein.

8. When they think least, and have no care
 O Lord destroy them all:
 Let them be trapped in their own snare,
 and in their mischief fall.

9. And let my soul, my heart and voice,
 in God have joy and wealth:
 That in the Lord I may rejoice,
 and in his saving health.

10. And then my bones shall speak and say,
 my parts shall all agree:
 O Lord, though they do seem full gay,
 what man is like to thee?

Critical notes:

This setting is similar to the one
 of Psalm 88;
 text somewhat modernised.

11. Thou dost defend the weak from them,
 that are both stout and strong:

And rid the poor from wicked men,
 that spoil and do them wrong.

12. My cruel foes against me rife,
 to witness things untrue:
 And to accuse me they devise,
 of that I never knew.

13. Where I to them do owe goodwill
 they quit me with disdain:
 That they should pay my good with ill,
 my soul doth sore complain.

14. When they were sick, I mourned therefore,
 and clad myself in sack:
 With fasting I did faint full sore,
 to pray I was not slack.

15. As they had been my brethren dear
 I did myself behave:
 As one that maketh woful cheer
 about his mother's grave.

16. But they at my disease did joy,
 and gather on a rout:
 Yea, abject slaves at me did toy
 with mocks and checks full stout.

17. The belly-gods and flattering train,
 that all good things deride:
 At me do grin with great disdain,
 and pluck their mouth aside.

18. Lord, when wilt thou amend this gear?
 why dost thou stay and pause?
 Oh rid my soul, mine only dear,
 out of these Lion's claws.

19. And then will I give thanks to thee
 before the Church always:
 And whereas most of people be,
 there will I shew thy praise.

20. Let not my foes prevail on me,
 which hate me for no fault:
 Nor yet to wink or turn their eye
 that causeless me assault.

The Second part.

21. Of peace no word they think or say
 their talk is all untrue:

They still consult and would betray,
 all those that peace ensue.

22. With open mouth they run at me,
 they gape, they laugh, they (flyer):
 Well, well, say they, our eye doth see,
 the thing that we desire.

23. But Lord thou seest what ways they take
 cease not this gear to mend:
 Be not far of, nor me forsake,
 as men that fail their friend.

24. Awake, arise, and stir abroad,
 defend me in my right:
 Revenge my cause, my Lord, my God,
 and aid me with thy might.

25. According to thy righteousness,
 my Lord God set me free:
 And let not them their pride express,
 nor triumph over me.

26. Let not their hearts rejoice and cry,
 there their this gear goeth trim,
 Nor give them cause to say, on high,
 we have our will on him.

27. Confound them with rebuke and shame
 that joy when I do mourn:
 And pay them home with spite and blame,
 that brag at me with scorn.

28. Let them be glad and eke rejoice,
 which love mine upright way:
 And they all times with heart and voice
 shall praise the Lord and say,

29. Great is the Lord and doth excel
 for why? he doth delight
 To see his servants prosper well,
 that is his pleasant sight.

30. Wherefore my tongue I will apply
 thy righteousness to praise:
 Unto thee Lord my God will I,
 sing laud and thanks always.