

Put me not te rebuke O Lord

The Whole Booke of Psalms (1621), Psalm 38

Thomas MORLEY (ca. 1557-1602)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or *Playnsong*
BASSVS

Put me not to re - buke O Lord, in thy pro - vo - ked ire:
Put me not to re - buke O Lord in thy pro - vo - ked ire:
Put me not to re - buke O Lord, in thy pro - vo - ked ire:
Put me not to re - buke O Lord, in thy pro - vo - ked ire:

3
S. Ne in thy hea - vy wrath O Lord, cor - rect me I de - sire. Thine ar - rows do stick fast in me,
A. Ne in thy hea - vy wrath O Lord, cor - rect me I de - sire. Thine ar - rows do stick fast in me,
T. Ne in thy hea - vy wrath O Lord, cor - rect me I de - sire. Thine ar - rows do stick fast in me,
B. Ne in thy hea - vy wrath O Lord, cor - rect me I de - sire. Thine ar - rows do stick fast in me,

6
S. thy hand doth press me sore: And in my flesh no health at all ap - pea - reth a - ny more.
A. thy hand doth press me sore: And in my flesh no health at all ap - pea - reth a - ny more.
T. thy hand doth press me sore: And in my flesh no health at all ap - pea - reth a - ny more.
B. thy hand doth press me sore: And in my flesh no health at all ap - pea - reth a - ny more.

3. And all this is by reason of thy wrath that I am in: Nor aby rest is in my bones, by reason of my sin.

4. For lo my wicked doings Lord, above my head are gone: A greater load then I an bear, they ly me sore upon.

5. My wounds stink and are festered so, and loathsome are to see: Which all through mine own foolishness: betideth unto me.

6. And I in careful wise, am brought, in trouble and distress: That I go wailing all the day, in doleful heaviness.

7. My loins are filled with sore disease, my flesh hat no whole part:

8. I feeble am and broken sore, I roar for grief of heart.

9. Thou knowest Lord my desire, my grones are open in thy sight:

10. My heart doth pant, my strength hat failed mine eyes hath lost their light.

11. My lovers and my wonted friends, stand looking on my woe: And eke my kinsmen far away, are me departed fro.

12. They that did seek my life laid snares and they that sought the way to do me hurt, speak lies and thought on treason all the day.

The Second part.

13. but as a deaf man I became, that cannot hear at all:

14. And as one dumb that opens not his mouth to speak at all.

15: For all my confidence (O Lord) is wholly set on thee:

16. O Lord, thou Lord, that art my God, thou shalt give ear to me.

17. This did I crave that they my foes, triumph not over me:

For when my foot did slip then they, did joy my fall to see.

And truely I poor wretch am set, in plague a wofull wight:

And eke my grievous heaviness, is ever in my sight.

18. For while that I my wickedness, in humble wise confess:

And while I for my sinful deeds, my sorrows do express.

19. My foes do still remain alive, and mighty are also:

And they that hate me wrongfully, in number hugely grow.

20. They stand against me that my good with evil did repay:

Because that good and honest things I do ensue alway.

21. Forsake me not (O Lord my God) be thou not far away:

22. Haste thee to help (my Lord my God) my safety and my stay.

Critical notes:

Editorial natural added in Cantus bar 5, note 9;

The poor numbering of the verses is in the original;

Text somewhat modernised.