

# I Said I will looke to my ways

The Whole booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 39*

Simon STUBBS (fl. 1616 - 1621)

CANTVS  
MEDIVS  
TENOR  
or Playnsong  
BASSVS

*Martyrs Tune*

I said I will looke to my ways, for fear I should go wrong:  
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5  
S. I will take heed all times that I of - fend not in my tongue.  
A. I will take heed all times that I of - fend not in my tongue.  
T. I will take heed all times that I of - fend not in my tongue.  
B. I will take heed all times that I of - fend not in my tongue.

2. As with a bit I will keep fast,  
my mouth with force and might:  
Not once to whisper all the while,  
the wicked are in sight.

3. I held my tongue and spake no word,  
but kept me close and still:  
Yea, from good talk I did refrain,  
but sore against my will.  
4. My heart waxed hot within my breast,  
with musing thought and doubt:  
Which did increase and stir the fire,  
at last these words brassed out.

5. Lord number out my life and days,  
which yet I have not past:  
So that I may be certified,  
how long my life shall last.  
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6. Lord thou hast pointed out my life  
in length much like a span:  
Mine age is nothing unto thee,  
so vain is every man.

7. Man walketh like a shade, and doth  
in vain himself annoy,  
In getting goods, and cannot tell  
who shall the same enjoy.  
8. Now Lord sith things this wise do frame,  
what help do I desire?  
Of truth my help doth hang on thee,  
I nothing else require.

## *The Second part.*

9. From all the sins that I have done,  
Lord quit me out of hand:  
And make me not a scorn to fools,  
that nothing understand.  
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10. I was as dumb, and to complain  
no trouble might me move:  
Because I know it was thy work,  
my patience for to prove.

11. Lord take from me thy scourge and plague,  
I can them not withstand:  
I faint and pine away for fear,  
of thy most heavy hand.  
12. When thou for sin dost man rebuke  
he waxeth woe and wan:  
As doth a cloth that Moths have fret,  
so vain a thing is man.

13. Lord hear my suit and give good heed,  
regard my tears that fall:  
I sojourn like a stranger here,  
as did my fathers all.  
14. O spare a little, give me space,  
my strength for to restore:  
Before I go away from hence,  
and shall be seen no more.

## Critical notes:

Cantus bar 6/note 5: there is no # in the original, but it is in the similar settings of Psalms 118, 149 & 'A Thanksgiving'; This setting is similar to the one of Palms 75, 92, 99, 118, 149 & 'A Thanksgiving' from the same book; text somewhat modernised.