

O Lord, consider my distress

The Whole Book of Psalms (1621) - Psalme 51

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590-1633)

1

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or Playnsong
BASSVS

O Lord con - si - der my dis - tress, and now with speed some pit - ty take:
O Lord con - si - der my dis - tress, and now with speed some pit - ty take:
O Lord con - si - der my dis - tress, and now with speed som pit - ty take:
O Lord con - si - der my dis - tress, and now with speed some pit - ty take:

3
S. My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord for thy great mer - cies sake.
A. My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord for thy great mer - cies sake.
T. My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord for thy great mer - cies sake.
B. My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord for thy great mer - cies sake.

5
S. My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord for thy great mer - cies sake.
A. Wash me O Lord, and make me clean from this un - just and sin - ful act:
T. Wash me O Lord, and make me clean from this un - just and sin - full act:
B. Wash me O Lord, and make me clean from this un - just and sin - ful act:

7
S. Wash me O Lord, and make me clean from this un - just and sin - ful act:
A. and pu - ri - fy yet once a - gain my hai - nous crime and blood - y fact.
T. and pu - ri - fy yet once a - gain, my hai - nous crime and blood - dy fact.
B. and pu - ri - fy yet once a - gain my hai - nous crime and blood - y fact.
and pu - ri - fy yet once a - gain, my hai - nous crime and blood - y fact.

3. Remorse and sorrow do constrain
Me to acknowledge mine excess:
My sins alas do still remain
Before my face without release.
4. For thee alone I have offended,
Committing evil in thy sight:
And if I were therefor codemned,
Yet were thy judgements just and right.

5. It is to manifest alas,
That first I was conceived in sin,
Yea, of my mother so born was,
And yet vile wretch remain therein.
6. Also behold Lord thou dost love
The inward truth of a pure heart:
Therefor thy wisdom from above,
Thou hast reveal'd me to convert.

7. If thou with Hysop purge this blot,
I shall be cleaner then the glass:
And if thou wash away my spot,
The snow in whiteness shall I pass.
8. Therefor O Lord such joy me send,
That inwardly I may find grace:
And that my strength may now amend,
Which thou hast swagg'd for my trespass.

9. Turn back thy face and frowning ire,
For I have felt enough thy hand:
And purge my sins I thee desire,
Which do in number pass the sand.
10. Make new my heart within my breast
And frame it to thy holy will:
Thy constant spirit in me let rest,
Which may these raging enemies kill.

the Second Part

11. Cast me not Lord out from thy face,
But speedily my torments end:
Take not from me thy spirit and grace,
Which may from danger me defend.
12. Restore me to those joys again,
Which I was wont in thee to find:
And let me free spirit retain,
Which unto thee may stirr my mind.
13. Thus when I shall thy mercies know
I shall instruct others therein:
And men likewise that are brought low
By mine example shall fly sin.
14. O God that of my health art Lord,
Forgive me this my bloody vice:
My heart and tongue shall then accord,
To sing thy mercies and justice.

15. Touch thou my lips, my tongue untie
O Lord which only art the key:
And then my mouth shall testify
Thy wondrous works and praise allway.
16. And as for outward sacrifice,
I would have offered many a one:
But thou esteemed them of no price,
And therein pleasure takest none.
17. The heavy heart, the mind oppressed,
O Lord thou never dost reject:
And to speak truth it is the best,
And of all sacrifice the effect.
18. Lord unto Sion turn thy face,
Pour out thy mercies on thy hill,
And on Jerusalem thy grace,
Build up the walls and love it still.
19. Thou shalt accept then our offerings
Of peace and righteousness I say:
Yea, Calves and many other things
Upon thine Altar will we lay.

Critical notes:

Medius bar 5/note 4: editorial natural added;
Text somewhat modernised.