## O Lord unto my voyce give eare

The Whole Booke of Psalms (1621) - Psalme 64

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590-1633)



- 2. Defend me from that sort of men, which in deserts do lurk:
  And from the frowning face of them that all ill feats do work.
- men whet and sharp their swords,
  They shoot abroad their arrows keen
  I mean most bitter words.
  4. With privy (stights) shoot they their shaft
  the upright man to hit:
  The just unwares to strike by craft,
  they care of fear no whit.

3. Who whet their tongues as we have seen

- 5. A wicked work they have decreed, in counsel thus they cry:
  To use deceit let us not dread, what, who can it espy?
- . What ways to hurt they talk and muse all times within their heart:
  They all consult what feats to us, each doth invent his part.
- 7. But yet all this shall not avail when they think least upon:
  God with his darts shall sure assail, and wound them every one.
  8. Their crafts and their ill tongues withal shall work themselves such blame:
  That they which then behold their fall, shall wonder at the same.
- 9. Then all that see shall know right well that God this thing hath wrought:
  And praise his witty works and tell what he to pass hath brought.
  10. Yet shall the just in God rejoice, still trusting in his might:
  So shall they joy with mind and voice, whose heart is pure and right.

## Critical notes:

Cantus Bar4/note 5 is semi-brevis in original; editorial sharp added in Medius bar 4, note 1; this setting is similar to the one op Psalm 16; Text somewhat modernised.