

# Lord God of health

153

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (ed. Ravenscroft, 1621)

*Psalm 88*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1630)

CANTVS

MEDIVS

TENOR  
or Playnsong

BASSVS

*Abby Tune*

Lord God of health the hope and stay thou art a - lone to me:

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Lord God of health the hope and stay thou art a - lone to me:

Lord God of health the hope and stay thou art a - lone to me:

3

S.

A.

T.

B.

I call and cry through-out the day, and all the night to thee.

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2. O let my prayers soon ascend  
unto thy sight on high:  
Incline thine ear, O Lord, intend  
and hearken to my cry.

3. For why? my soul with woe is filled,  
and doth in trouble dwell:  
My life and breath almost doth yield  
and draweth nigh to hell.

4. I am esteem'd as one of them  
that in the pit do fall:  
And made as one among those men  
that have no strength at all.

5. As one among the dead, and free  
from things that here remain:  
It were more ease to me to be  
with them the which are slain.

6. As those that lie in grave I say,  
whom thou hast clean forgot:  
The which thine hand hath cut away  
and thou regard'st them not.

7. Yea, like the one shut up full sure  
within the lower pit:  
In places dark and all obscure,  
and in the depth of it.

8. Thine anger and thy wrath likewise  
full sore on me doth lie:  
And all thy storms against me rise  
my soul to vex and try.

9. Thou puts my friends far off from me,  
and mak'st them hate me sore:  
I am shut up in prison fast,  
and can come forth no more.

10. My sight doth fail through grief and woe  
I call to thee O God:  
Throughout the day, my hands also  
to thee I stretch abroad.

## *The Second part.*

11. Dost thou unto the dead declare  
thy wondrous works of fame?  
Shall dead to life again restore  
and praise thee for the same?

12. Or shall thy loving kindness, Lord,  
be preached in the grave?  
Or shall with them that are destroyed  
thy truth her honour have?

13. Shall they that lie in dark full low  
of all thy wonders wot?  
Or there shall they thy justice know  
where all things are forgot?

14. But I O Lor to thee alway  
do cry and call apace:  
My prayer eke ere it be day  
shall come before thy face.

15. Why dost then Lord abhor my soul  
in grief that seeketh thee:

And now O Lord why dost thou hide  
thy face away from me?

16. I am afflict'd as dying still  
from youth this many a year:  
The terrors which do vex me still  
with troubled mind I bear.

17. The furies of thy wrathful rage,  
full sore upon me fall:

Thy terrors eke do not assuage,  
but me oppress withal.

18. All day they compass me about,  
as water at the tide:  
And all at once with streams full stout  
beset me on each side.

19. Thou settest far from me my friends  
and lovers every one:

Yea, and mine old acquaintance all  
out of my sight are gone.