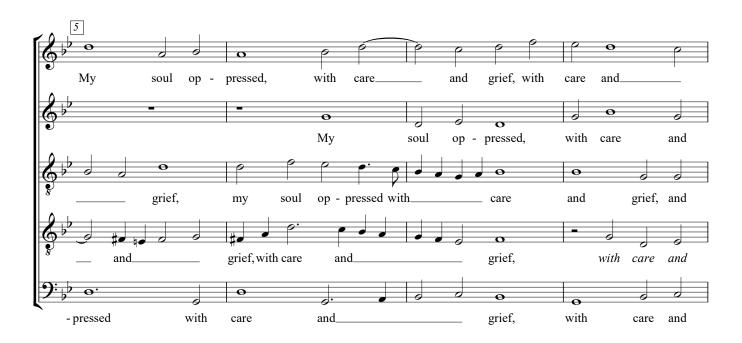
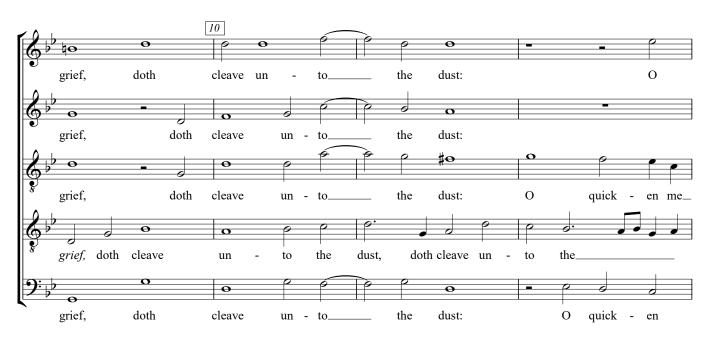
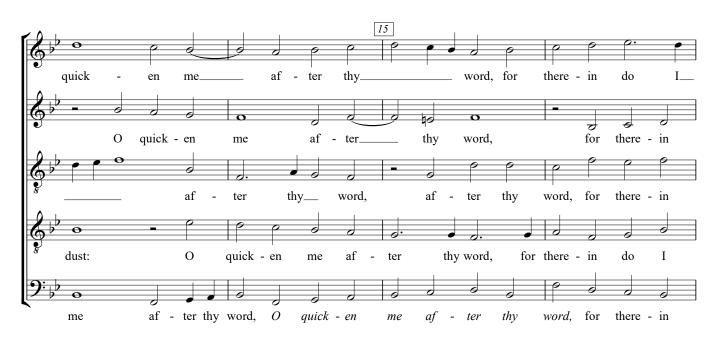
My soul oppressed with care and grief

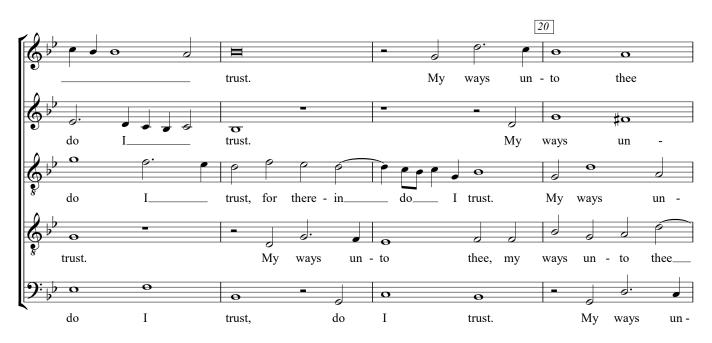
Psal. 119. Quarta pars

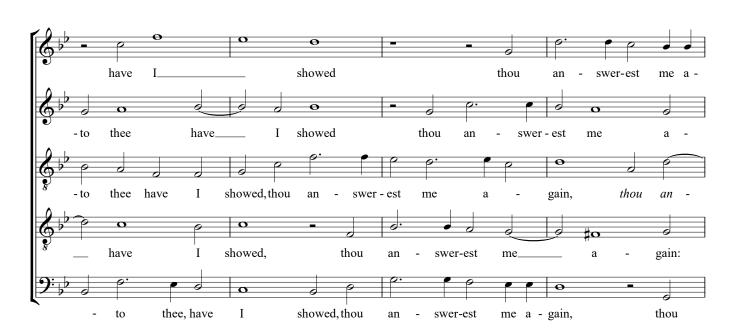


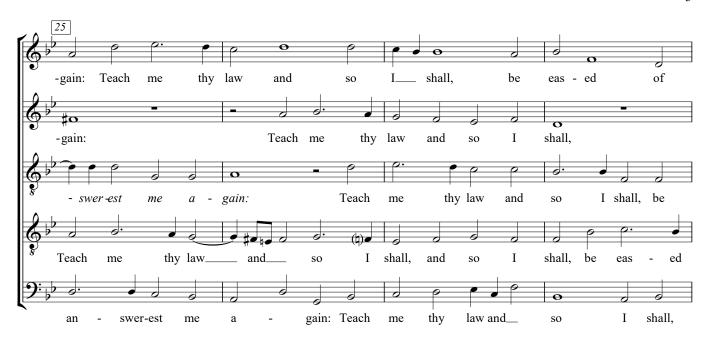


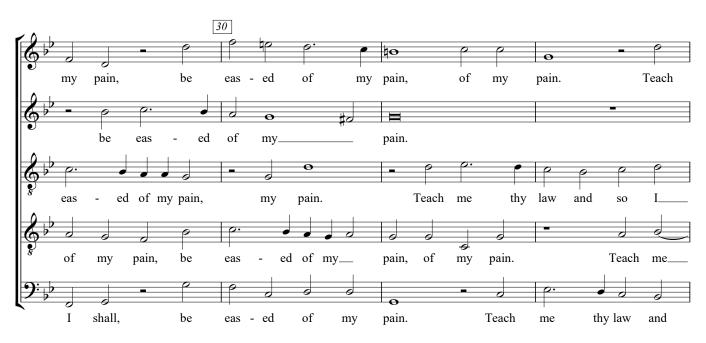


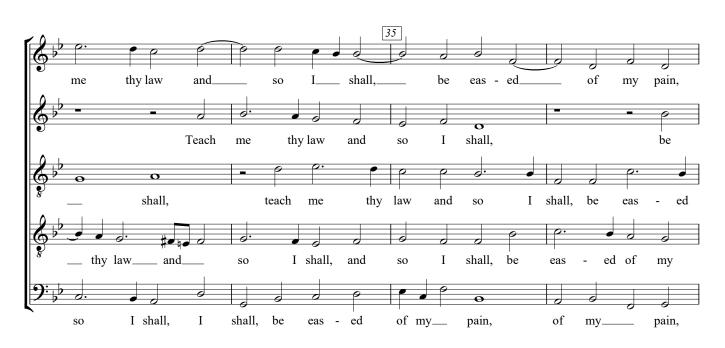


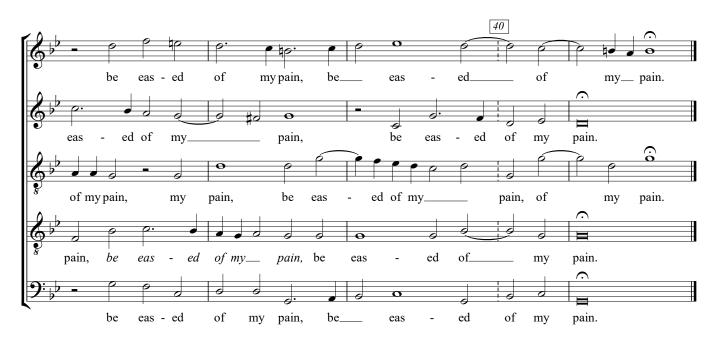












- My soule opprest with care and griefe, doth cleave unto the dust:
 O quicken mee after thy woord, for therein doe I trust.
- 2. My waies unto thee have I shew'd, thou answerest mee againe:

 Teach mee thy law and so I shall, bee eased of my paine.
- 3. The way of thy commandments Lord, make mee to understand:
 And I will muse uppon the power
 And wonders of thy hand.
- My heart doth melt and pine away, for verie paine and griefe:
 O, raise mee up, after thy word
 And send mee some reliefe.

- All falsehood, and false waies O Lord, doe thou from mee remove:
 And graunt mee grace to know thy law And onely that to love.
- The way of truth I choose to tread, to keepe my life in awe:
 And see before me as a marke, Thy sacred woord and law.
- 7. I cleave, O Lord, unto all things, witnessed by thy speech:
 Whereof that I repent mee not I humbly thee beseech.
- 8. When that my heart thou shalt enlarge, to seeke and run the waies:
 Of thy precepts, I will not faile, the length of all my daies.

Source: William Byrd, *Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie* (London, 1588), no.3. Text: Anonymous metrical version of Psalm 119: 25-32.

Subtitle: Quarta pars in Bassus partbooks only.

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