

Cantus

1. In God the Lord I put my trust; Why say ye to my soul, Unto the mountain swiftly fly,
2. Behold, the wick-ed bend their bows, Their arrows they prepare, To shoot in secret at those, who

Medius

3. Of worldly hope all stays were shrunk, And clearly brought to naught: Alas! The just and upright man,
4. But he that in his temple is Most holy and most high, And in the highest heav'ns doth sit

Tenor

5. The poor and simple man's estate Considers in his mind, And searcheth out full narrowly
6. And with a cheerful countenance The righteous man will use, But in his heart he doth abhor

Bassus

7. And on the sinners casteth snares As thick as hail or rain: Brimstone and fire, and whirlwinds great,
8. Ye see then how a righteous God Doth righteousness embrace, And unto just and upright men

C.

1. As doth the winged fowl?
2. Sincere and upright are.

M.

3. What evil hath he wrought?
4. In royal majesty.

T.

5. The manners of mankind.
6. All such as mischief muse.

B.

7. Appointed for their pain.
8. Shows forth his pleasant face.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

1. All notes half value of original.

2. Measures 1 and 4, *Medius*: last note B-natural in original, changed to B-flat.

3. Measure 4, *Cantus*: First note written as whole note, should be dotted half note.