

Cantus

2 4

1. Thou art, O Lord, my strength and stay, The succor which I crave; Ne-glect me not, lest I be like To them that go to grave.  
2. The voice of thy suppliant hear, That un-to thee doth cry, When I lift up my hands unto Thy ho-ly ark most high.

Medius

3. Repute me not among the sort Of wicked and pervert, That speak right fair unto their friends, And think full ill in heart.  
4. According to their handiwork As they deserve indeed, And after their inventions, Lord, Let them re-ceive re-ward.

Tenor

5. For they regard nothing God's word, His law, nor yet his lore, Therefore will he them and their seed Destroy for ev-er-more.  
6. To render thanks unto the Lord, How great a cause have I? My voice, my prayer, and my complaint, That heard so wil-ling-ly.

Bassus

7. He is my shield and fortitude, My buckler in distress; My hope, my help, my heart's relief; My song shall him con-fess.  
8. He is our strength and our defence, En-e-mies to re-sist, The health and the salvation of His own e-lect by Christ.  
9. Thy people and thy heritage, Lord, bless, guide, and preserve; Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts, That they do ne-ver swerve.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016

1. All notes half value of original.