

# O Lord turne not away thy face

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *The Lamentation*, p. 18-19

William PARSONS (fl. 1545 - 1563)

CANTVS  
MEDIVS  
TENOR,  
or *Playnsong*  
BASSVS

1  
O Lord turn not a - way thy face from him that lies pro - strate:

3  
S. La - men - ting for his sin - ful life be - fore thy mer - cy gate,  
A. La - men - ting for his sin - ful life be - fore thy mer - cy gate,  
T. La - men - ting for his sin - ful life be - fore thy mer - cy gate,  
B. La - men - ting for his sin - ful life be - fore thy mer - cy gate,

5  
S. which gate thou o - penest wide to those, that do la - ment their sin:  
A. Which gate thou o - penest wide to those, that do la - ment their sin:  
T. Which gate thou o - penest wide to those, that do la - ment their sin:  
B. Which gate thou o - penest wide to those, that do la - ment their sin:

7  
S. Shut not that gate a - gainst me Lord; but let me en - ter in.  
A. Shut not that gate a - gainst me Lord, but let me en - ter in.  
T. Shut not that gate a - gainst me Lord; but let me en - ter in.  
B. Shut not that gate a - gainst me Lord, but let me en - ter in.

And call me not to mine account,  
How I have lived here:  
For then I know right well o Lord,  
How vile I shall appear.  
I need not to confess my life,  
I am sure thou canst tell:  
What I have been, and what I am,  
I know thou knowest it well.

O Lord thou know'st what things be past  
And eke the things that be:  
Thou knowest also what is to come,  
Nothing is hid from thee.  
Before the heavens and earth were made  
Thou knowest what things were then,  
As all things else they have been since,  
among the sons of men..

So come I to thy mercy gate,  
Where mercy doth abound:  
Requiring mercy for my sin,  
To heal my deadly wound.  
O Lord, I need not to repeat  
What I do beg or crave:  
Thou knowest O Lord before I ask  
The thing that I would have.

And can the things that I have done  
Be hidden from thee then?  
Nay, nay, thou knowest them all O Lord,  
Where they were done and when.  
Wherefore with tears I come to thee  
To beg and to intreat,  
Even as the child that hath done ill,  
And feareth to be beat;

Mercy good Lord, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum:  
For mercy Lord is all my sute,  
Lord let thy mercy come.

## Critical notes:

Editorial B natural added in  
Medius bar 4, note 6 and bar 8, note 6;  
Text somewhat modernised.