

I lift my heart to thee

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 25*

John WARD (1571 - 1621)

The musical score is arranged for five parts: Cantus (Cantus), Medius (Medius), Tenor (Tenor or Playnsong), Bassus (Bassus), and SATB (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass). The score is in G minor (one flat) and common time (C). The lyrics are: "I lift my heart to thee, my God and guide most just: Now suffer me to take no shame, for in thee I do trust." The SATB part begins with a fermata and a triplet of eighth notes.

2. Let not my foes rejoice,
nor make a scorn of me:
And let them not be overthrown,
that put their trust in thee.

3. But shame shall them befall,
wich harm them wrongfully:
Therefore thy paths and thy right ways
unto me Lord descrie.

4. Direct me in thy truth,
and teach me I thee pray:
Thou art my God and Savior,
on thee I wait alway.

5. Thy mercies manifold,
I pray thee Lord remember:
And eke thy pity plentiful,
for they have been forever.

6. Remember not the faults,
and frailty of my mouth:
remember not how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.

Nor after my deserts,
let me thy mercy find:
But of thine own benignity
Lord have me in thy mind.

7. His mercy is full sweet,
his truth a perfect guide:
Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,
and such as go aside.

8. The humble he will teach,
his precepts for to keep:
He will direct in all his ways
the lowly and the meek,

9. For all the ways of God,
are truth and mercy both:
To them that keep his testament
the witness of his troth.

The Second part.

10. Now for thy holy name,
O Lord I thee entreat
To grant me pardon for my sin,
for it is wondrous great.

11. Whoso doth fear thee Lord,
the Lord will him direct:
To lead his life in such a way,
as he doth best accept.

12. His soul shall evermore,
in goodness dwell and stand:
His seed and his posterity
inherit shall the Land.

13. All those that fear the Lord,
know his secret intent:
And unto them he doth declare
his will and testament.

14. Mine eyes and eke my heart,
to him I will advance,
That plucked my feet out of the snare
of sin and ignorance.

15. With mercy me behold,
to thee I make my moan:
For I am poor and desolate,
and comfortless alone.

16. The troubles of my heart
are multiplied indeed:
Bring me out of this misery,
necessity and need.

17. Behold my poverty,
my anguish, and my pain:
Remit my sin and mine offence,
and make me clean again.

18. O Lord behold my foes,
how they do still increase:
Pursuing me with deadly hate,
that fain would live in peace.

19. Preserve and keep my soul
and eke deliver me:
And let me not be overthrown
because I trust in thee.

20. Let my simple pureness
me from mine enemies shewed:
Because I look as one of thine
that thou shouldst me defend.

21. Deliver Lord thy folk,
and send them some relief:
I mean thy chosen Israel,
from all their pain and grief.

Critical notes:

Tenor bar 2, note 4: A in original;
Tenor bar 2. note 5: B flat in original;
Text somewhat modernised.