

I Waited long and sought the Lord

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 40*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1633)

CANTVS

MEDIVS

TENOR
or Playnsong

BASSVS

Landaffe Tune

3

S.

A.

T.

B.

I wait - ed long and sought the Lord, and pa - tient - ly did bear:

At length to me he did ac - cord, my voice and cry to hear.

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2. He plucked me from the lake so deep,
out of the mire and clay:
And on a rock he set my feet,
and he did guide my way.

3. To me he taught a Psalm of praise,
which I must shew abroad:
And sing new songs of thanks always,
unto the Lord our God.

4. When all the folk these things shall see
as people much afraid:
Then they unto the Lord will flee,
and trust upon his aid.

5. O blest is he whose hope and heart
doth in the Lord remain:
That with the proud doth take no part,
nor such as lie and fain.

6. For Lord, my God, thy wond'rous deeds,
in greatness far do pass:
Thy favour towards us exceeds,
all things that ever was.

7. When I intend and do devise,
thy works abroad to shew:
To such a reckoning they do rise,
thereof no end I know.

8. But offerings thou delightest not in,
I know thy whole desire:
With sacrifice to purge his sin,
thou dost no man require.

9. Meat offerings and sacrifice
thou wouldst not have at all:
But thou O Lord hast open made,
mine ears to hear withal.
10. But then said I behold and look,
I come a mean to be:
For in the volume of thy Book,
thus it is said of me,

11. That I O God should do thy mind,
which thing doth like me well:
For in my heart thy Law I find,
fast placed there to dwell.

12. Thy justice and thy righteousness,
in great resort I tell:
Behold my tongue no time doth cease,
O Lord thou knowest full well.

The Second part.

13. I have not hid within my breast
thy goodness as by stealth:
But I declare and have expressed
thy truth and saving health.

14. I kept not close thy loving mind,
that no man should it know:
The trust that in thy truth I find
to all the world I show.

For I with mischiefs many one
am sore beset about:
My sins increase and so come on,
I cannot spy them out

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15. For why? in number they exceed,
the hairs upon my head:
My heart doth faint for very dread,
that I am almost dead.

16. With speed send help and set me free,
O Lord I thee require:
Make haste with aid to succour me,
O Lord I thee desire.

17. Let them sustain rebuke and shame,
that seek my soul to spill:
Drive back my foes and them defame,
that wish and would me ill.

18. For their ill feats do them descry,
that would deface thy name
Always on me they rail and cry,
fie on him, fie for shame.

19. Let them in thee have joy and wealth,
that seek to thee always:
That those that love thy saving health,
may say, to God be praise.

20. But as for me I am but poor,
oppressed and brought full low:
Yet thou O Lord wilt me restore
to health full well I know.

21. For why? thou art my hope and trust,
my refuge, help and stay:
Wherefore my God as thou art just,
with me no time delay.

Critical notes:

Editorial sharp added in Medius bar 2, note 6;
this setting is similar to the one of Psalm 93;
text somewhat modernised.