

O Lord upon thee doe I call

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 141*

Edmund HOOPER (ca. 1553 - 1621)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or Playnsong
BASSVS

O Lord up - on thee do I call, Lord haste thee un - to me:
O Lord up - on thee do I call, Lord haste thee un - to me:
O Lord up - on thee do I call, Lord haste thee un - to me:
O Lord up - on thee do I call, Lord haste thee un - to me:

3
S. And hear - ken Lord un - to my voice, when I do cry to thee.
A. And hear - ken Lord un - to my voice, when I do cry to thee.
T. And hear - ken Lord un - to my voice, when I do cry to thee.
B. And hear - ken Lord un - to my voice, when I do cry to thee.

5
S. As in - cense let my pray - er be di - rec - ted in thine eyes:
A. As in - cense let my pray - er be di - rec - ted in thine eyes:
T. As in - cense let my pray - er be di - rec - ted in thine eyes:
B. As in - cense let my pray - er be di - rec - ted in thine eyes:

7
S. and the up - lif - ting of my hands, as ev' - ning sa - cri - fice.
A. and the up - lif - ting of my hands, as ev' - ning sa - cri - fice.
T. and the up - lif - ting of my hands, as ev' - ning sa - cri - fice.
B. and the up - lif - ting of my hands, as ev' - ning sa - cri - fice.

3. My Lord for guiding of my mouth
set thou a watch before:

And also of my moving lips
O Lord keep thou the door.

4. That I should wicked works commit
incline thou not my heart:
With ill men of their delicacies
Lord let me eat no part.

5. But let the righteous smite me Lord
for that is good for me:
Let him reprove me, and the same
a precious oil shall be.

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Critical notes:

Cantus bar 3, note 6: editorial ♯ added; text somewhat modernised.

Such smiting shall not break my head,
the time shall shortly fall:
When I shall in their misery
make prayers for them all.

6. Then when in stony places down
their judges shall be cast:
Then shall they hear my words, for then
they have a pleasant taste.

7. Our bones about the grave's mouth,
lo, scattered are they found:
As he that heweth wood, or he
that diggeth in the ground.

8. But O my Lord my God, mine eyes
do look up unto thee:

In thee is all my trust, let not
my soul forsaken be.

9. Which they have laid to catch me in,
Lord keep me from the snare:
And from the subtle gins of them,
that wicked workers are.

10. The whicked into their own nets
together let them fall:
While I do by thy help escape
the danger of them all.