

All laud and praise with heart and voice

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalm 30*

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1590 - 1633)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or *Playnsong*
BASSVS

All laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:
All laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:
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All laud and praise with heart and voice, O Lord I give to thee:

3
S.
A.
T.
B.
which didst not make my foes re-joice, but hast ex-al - ted me. O Lord my God to thee I cried
which didst not make my foes re-joice, but hast ex - al - ted me. O Lord my God to thee I cried
which didst not make my foes re-joice, but hast ex - al - ted me. O Lord my God to thee I cried
which didst not make my foes re-joice, but hast ex - al - ted me. O Lord my God to thee I cried

6
S.
A.
T.
B.
in all my pain and grief, thou gavest an ear and didst pro- vide, to ease me with re- lief.
in all my pain and grief, thou gavest an ear and didst pro- vide, to ease me with re - lief.
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in all my pain and grief, thou gavest an ear and didst pro- vide, to ease me with re - lief.

3. Of thy good will thou hast called back my soul from hell to save:

Thou didst revive when strength did lack and keepest me from the grave.

4. Sing praise ye Saints that prove and see the goodness of the Lord:

In memory of his majesty, rejoice with one accord.

5. For why? his anger but a space doth last and flake again:

But in his favor and his grace always doth life remain.

Though gripes of grief and pangs full sore shall lodge with us all night:

The Lord to joy shall us restore, before the day be light.

6. When I enjoyed the world at will, thus would I boast and say:

Tush I am sure to feel none ill, this wealth shall not decay:

7. For thou O God of thy good grace hast sent me strength and aid, But when thou turnedst away thy face my mind was sore dismayed.

8. Wherefore again yet did I cry to thee O Lord of might:

My God with plaints I did apply, and praise both day and night.

9. What gain is in my blood said I, if death destroy my days?

Doth dust declare thy majesty, or yet thy truth doth prise?

10. Wherefore my God some pity take, O Lord I thee desire:

Do not this simple soul forsake, of help I thee require.

11. Then didst thou turn my grief and woe unto a cheerful voice:

The mourning weed thou tookest me fro and mad'st me to rejoice.

22. Wherefore my soul uncessantly shall sing unto thy praise:

My Lord, my God, to thee will I give laud and thanks always.

Critical notes:

Medius bar 3/note 4 is E in the original (changed to G to avoid the parallel 8th with Tenor);

Medius bar 7, note 6: D in original;

Editorial natural added in Medius bar 8, note 6;

Text somewhat modernised.