

Our eares haue heard our fathers tell

The Whole Booke of Psalmes (1621) - *Psalme 44*

Edward BLANCKS (1586 - 1638)

CANTVS
MEDIVS
TENOR
or Playnsong
BASSVS

Our eares haue heard our fa - thers tell, and re - verent - ly re - cord

3
S.
A.
T.
B.

the wond-rous works that thou hast done in al - der time O Lord. How thou didst cast the Gen - tiles out,

6
S.
A.
T.
B.

and stroydst them with strong hand, plan - ting our Fa - thers in their place, and gav'st to them their Land.

3. They conquered not by sword nor strength the Land of thy behest:

But by thy hand, thine arm and grace, because thou loved them best.

4. Thou art my King, O God that help Jacob in sundry wise:

5. Led with thy power we threw down such, as did against us rise.

6. I trusted not in bow ne sword, they could not save me sound:

7. Thou keptst us from our enemies rags thou didst our foes confound.

8. And still we boast of thee our God, and praise thy holy Name:

9. Yet now thou goest not with our host but leavest us to shame.

10. Thou mad'st us fly before our foes, and so were over-trod:

Our enemies spoiled and robbed our goods, when we were spersed abroad.

11. Thou hast us given to our foes, as sheep for to be slain:

Among te Heathen every where scattered we do remain.

12. Thy people thou hast sold like slaves, and as a thing of naught:

For profit non thou hast thereby, no gain at all was sought.

13. And to our neighbours thou hast made, of us a laughing-stock:

And those that do about us dwell, at us do grin and mock.

The Second part.

14. Thus we serve for none other use, but for a common talk:

They mock, they scorn, they nod their heads where ever they go or walk.

15. I am asham'd continually, to hear these wicked men:

Yea, so I blush that all my face with red is covered then.

16. For why? we heard such slanderous words, such false reports and lies:

That death it is to see their wrongs, their threat'nings and their cries.

17. For all this we forgot not thee, nor yet thy covenant break:

18. We turn not back our heart from thee nor yet thy paths forsake.

19. Yet thou hast trod us down to dust, where dens of Dragons be:

And covered us with shade of death, and great adversity.

20. If that we had our God forgot: and help of Idols sought:

21. Would not God have tried this out? for he doth know our thought.

22. Nay, nay, for thy names sake O Lord always are we slain thus:

As sheep unto the shambles sent, right so they deal with us:

23. Up Lord, why sleepest thou? awake, and leave us not for all.

24. Why hidest thou thy countenance, and dost forget our thrall?

25. For down to dust our soul is brought and we now at last cast:

Our belly like as it were glued, unto the ground cleaves fast.

26. Rise up therefore for our defence, and help us Lord at need:

We thee beseech of thy goodness, to rescue us with speed.

Critical notes:

Editorial sharp added in Tenor bar 6, note 5;

Text somewhat modernised (The poor numbering of the verses is in the original).