

O come in one to praise the Lord

The fourth tune

(alternative barring)

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 95

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Meane

Contratenor

Tenor

Base

O come in one to praise the Lord, and him re-count
The Sea is his, his work of hands, her rise and fall,
Full for - ty years, I blamed this age, great griefs by them

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5

our stay and wealth, all hear - ty joys let us re - cord, to this strong rock, our Lord of health.
with all her road; the land from her by pow - er stands, whom God so stay'd for his a - bode.
I felt by this; I said ev'n thus, to spy their rage: They err in heart, my ways they miss.

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10

His face, with praise let us pre - vent, his facts in sight let us de - nounce;
 O then come we, let us a - dore, and pro-strate lie on both our knees;
 To whom I sware all wrath - ful - ly, by their foul strays thus forced there - to:

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15

join we I say, in glad as - sent, our psalms and hymns let us pro-nounce.
 he made us all, both rich and poor, both king and slave, in their de - grees.
 if they so evil my rest should see, then blame have I if it be so.

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1. O come in one to praise the Lord,
and him recount our stay and wealth,
all hearty joys let us record,
to this strong rock, our Lord of health.
His face, with praise let us prevent,
his facts in sight let us denounce;
join we I say, in glad assent,
our psalms and hymns let us pronounce.

2. For why? this Lord is God of might,
for help at need, whom we may call;
a puissant King in his bright light,
he pass'th all gods by ruling all.
All coasts of Earth by him do lie,
his cells and grounds though they be deep;
as fast by him stand mountains high,
and stoop to him, though they be steep,

3. The Sea is his, his work of hands,
her rise and fall, with all her road;
the land from her by power stands,
whom God so stay'd for his abode.
O then come we, let us adore,
and prostrate lie on both our knees;
he made us all, both rich and poor,
both king and slave, in their degrees.

4. For God he is, our Lord and stay,
his people we, in pasture near,
his flock of hand, who lead'th our way;
his voice to day, if well ye hear,
Beware, say I, ye hard no hearts
against his grace, to you so meant,
as desert saw once strife overwhart,
like tempting day of mad intent.

5. In which pastime, your fathers old
did tempt my strength, to prove my might;
they proved but me in scorn too bold,
where yet my works they saw in sight.
Full forty years, I blamed this age,
great griefs by them I felt by this;
I said even thus, to spy their rage:
They err in heart, my ways they miss.

6. To whom I sware all wrathfully,
by their foul strays thus forced thereto:
if they so evil my rest should see,
then blame have I if it be so.