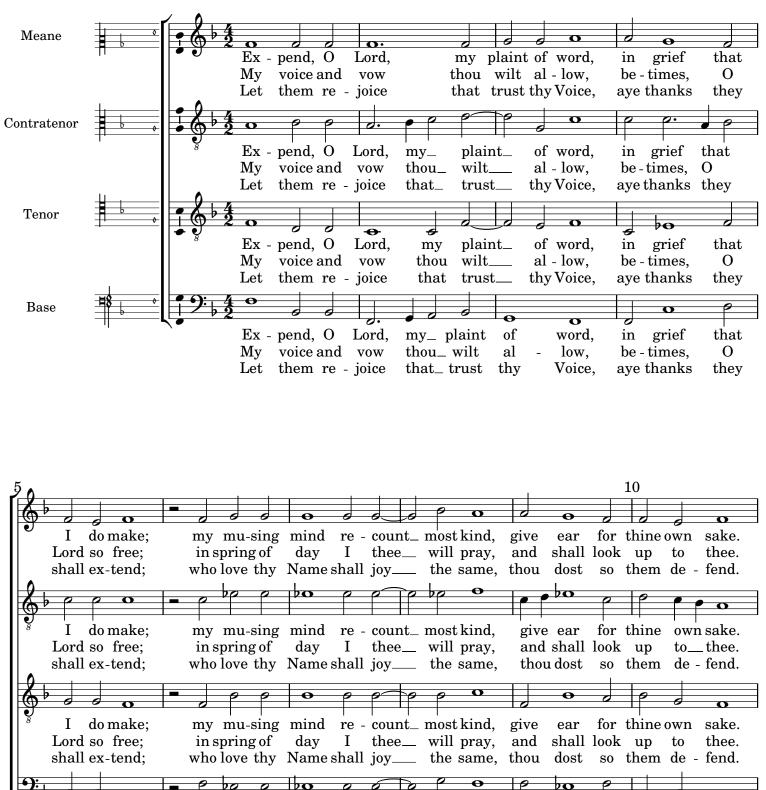
## Expend O Lord my plaint of word

The sixth tune

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

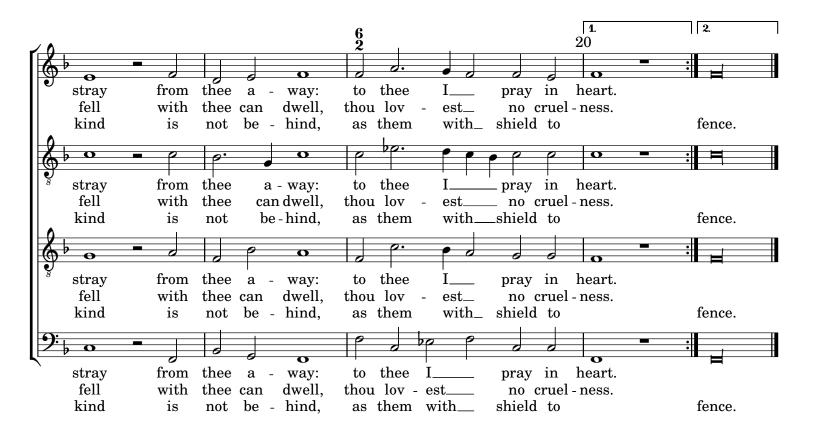
Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)



Ι do make; my mu-sing mind re - count\_ most kind, give for thine own sake. ear Lord so free; in spring of day Ι thee\_\_\_ will pray, and shall look up to thee. shall ex-tend: who love thy Name shall joy\_\_\_\_\_ the same, thou dost so them de - fend. Psalms for A Joyful Noise (Conclave 2022) (ver. 2022-06-27) CC BY-NC 4.0

Expend O Lord my plaint of word: The sixth tune (score)

	15
O hark my groan, This I may vow,	my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art; let me not the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness; no ma-lice
Thou, Lord, wilt then	give right-wise man the heav'n-ly bliss from thence; thy fa-vor
<sup>8</sup> O hark my groan, This I may vow, Thou, Lord, wilt then	my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art; let me not the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness; no ma-lice give right-wise man the heav'n-ly bliss from thence; thy fa-vor
<sup>8</sup> O hark my groan, This I may vow, Thou, Lord, wilt then	my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art; let me not the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness; no ma-lice give right-wise man the heav'n-ly bliss from thence; thy fa-vor
O hark my groan, This I may vow, Thou, Lord, wilt then	my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art; the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness; give right-wise man the heav'n-ly bliss from thence; thy fa-vor



Psalms for A Joyful Noise (Conclave 2022) (ver. 2022-06-27) CC BY-NC 4.0

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## Expend O Lord my plaint of word: The sixth tune (score)

 Expend O Lord, my plaint of word, in grief that I do make; my musing mind recount, Most Kind, give ear, for thine own sake.
 O hark my groan, my crying moan, my King, my God thou art; let me not stray from thee away: to thee I pray in heart.

4. Just will I go thy house into,
in trust of thy great grace;
in fear I will do honor still
against sic that holy place.
O Lord, be guide, defend my side
in thy great righteousness,
make plain the way lest I do stray;
my foes shall brag the less.

2. My voice and vow thou wilt allow, betimes O Lord so free; in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee. This I may vow, the God art thou which hatest all wickedness; no malice fell with thee can dwell, thou lovest no cruelness.

5. Their mouths express no faithfulness, their hollow hearts be vain;
wide throat they have, as open grave, their tongues but lies do feign.
Destroy their thought, O God, for naught, their own ways be their shame;
expel them out, in lies so stout
who thus blaspheme thy Name.

3. Such foolish spite can bide no sight of thy good, lovely Face; thou dost defy their vanity, who wickedness embrace.
Thou shalt destroy and them annoy with lies who shame thy word; bloodthirsty men which crafty run, the Lord hath them abhorred.

6. Let them rejoice that trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall extend; who love thy Name shall joy the same, thou dost so them defend.Thou, Lord, wilt then give rightwise man the heavenly bliss from thence; thy favor kind is not behind, as them with shield to fence.