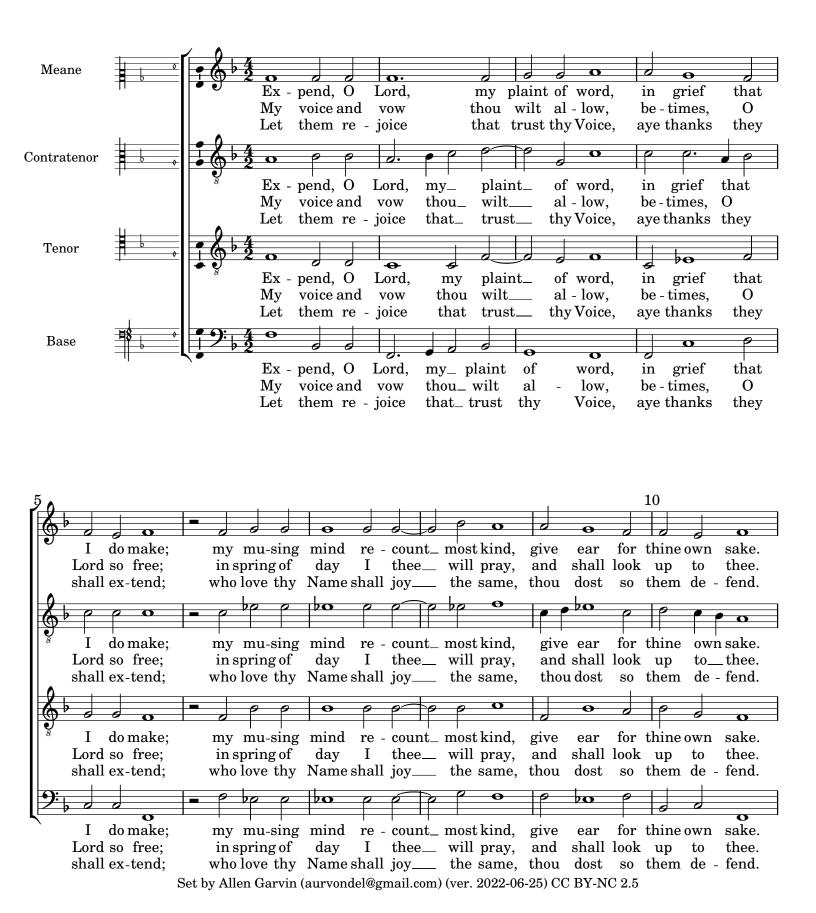
Expend O Lord my plaint of word

The sixth tune

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

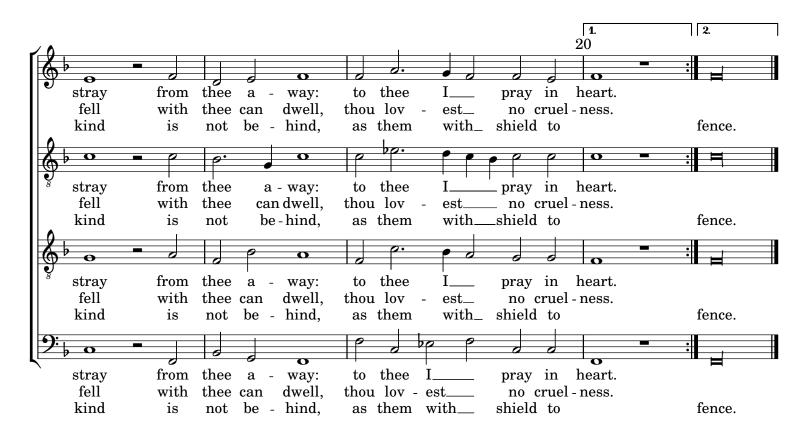
The Whole Psalter translated into English meter (John Daye press, London, 1567)



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

 $\mathbf{2}$

-	Ширс	in a bird my plant of word. The shell value (secre)
10		15
	O hark my groan, This I may vow, Thou, Lord, wilt then	mycry - ing moan,myKing,myGod thouart;letme nottheGodartthouwhich hat'stallwic - ked - ness;noma-licegive right-wise mantheheav'n-lybliss from thence;thyfa - vor
8	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
8 8	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
	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



Set by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (ver. 2022-06-25) CC BY-NC 2.5

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.