

# Expend O Lord my plaint of word

*The sixth tune*

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Meane (part 1 of 4)

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



5  
Ex - pend, O Lord, my plaint of word, in grief that I do make;  
My voice and vow thou wilt al - low, be - times, O Lord so free;  
Let them re - joice that trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex - tend;

10  
my mu - sing mind re - count most kind, give ear for thine own sake.  
in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee.  
who love thy Name shall joy the same, thou dost so them de - fend.

15  
O hark my groan, my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art;  
This I may vow, the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness;  
Thou, Lord, wilt then give right - wise man the heav'n - ly bliss from thence;

20  
let me not stray from thee a - way: to thee I pray in heart.  
no ma - lice fell with thee can dwell, thou lov - est no cruel - ness.  
thy fa - vor kind is not be - hind, as them with shield to fence.

# Expend O Lord my plaint of word

*The sixth tune*

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Contratenor (part 2 of 4)

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

5  
Ex - pend, O Lord, my\_ plaint\_ of word, in grief that I do make;  
My voice and vow thou wilt al - low, be-times, O Lord so free;  
Let them re - joice that trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex-  
10  
my mu - sing mind re - count most kind, give ear for thine own sake.  
in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee.  
who love thy Name shall joy the same, thou dost so them de - fend.  
15  
O hark my groan, my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art;  
This I may vow, the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness;  
Thou, Lord, wilt then give right-wise man the heav'n - ly bliss from thence;  
20  
let me not stray from thee a - way: to thee I pray in heart.  
no ma-lice fell with thee can dwell, thou lov - est no cruel-ness.  
thy fa - vor kind is not be-hind, as them with shield to fence.

# Expend O Lord my plaint of word

*The sixth tune*

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Tenor (part 3 of 4)

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

5  
Ex - pend, O Lord, my plaint\_\_ of word, in grief that I do make;  
My voice and vow thou wilt\_\_ al - low, be-times, O Lord so free;  
Let them re - joice that trust\_\_ thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex - tend;

10  
my mu - sing mind re - count\_\_ most kind, give ear for thine own sake.  
in spring of day I thee\_\_ will pray, and shall look up to thee.  
who love thy Name shall joy\_\_ the same, thou dost so them de - fend.

15  
O hark my groan, my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art;  
This I may vow, the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness;  
Thou, Lord, wilt then give right-wise man the heav'n - ly bliss from thence;

20  
let me not stray from thee a - way: to thee I\_\_ pray in heart.  
no ma-lice fell with thee can dwell, thou lov - est\_\_ no cruel-ness.  
thy fa - vor kind is not be-hind, as them with shield to fence.

# Expend O Lord my plaint of word

*The sixth tune*

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

Base (part 4 of 4)

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



Ex - pend, O Lord, my\_ plaint of word, in grief that I do make;  
My voice and vow thou\_ wilt al - low, be-times, O Lord so free;  
Let them re - joice that\_ trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex - tend;



my mu - sing mind re - count\_ most kind, give ear for thine own sake.  
in spring of day I thee\_ will pray, and shall look up to thee.  
who love thy Name shall joy\_ the same, thou dost so them de - fend.



O hark my groan, my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art;  
This I may vow, the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness;  
Thou, Lord, wilt then give right-wise man the heav'n - ly bliss from thence;



let me not stray from thee a - way: to thee I\_ pray in heart.  
no ma-lice fell with thee can dwell, thou lov - est\_ no cruel-ness.  
thy fa - vor kind is not be - hind, as them with\_ shield to fence.