

Expend O Lord my plaint of word

The sixth tune

(alternative barring)

Archbishop Matthew Parker (1504-1575), Psalm 5

Thomas Tallis (c.1505-1585)

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

Meane

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-joyce that trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex-tend;

Contratenor

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-joyce that_trust thy Voice, aye thanks they_ shall ex-tend;

Tenor

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-joyce that trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex-tend;

Base

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-joyce that_trust thy Voice, aye thanks they shall ex-tend;

5

my mu-sing mind re-count most kind, give ear for thine own sake. O hark my groan,
in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee. This I may vow,
who love thy Name shall joy the same, thou dost so them de - fend. Thou, Lord, wilt then

my mu-sing mind re-count most kind, give ear for thine own sake. O hark my groan,
in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee. This I may vow,
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in spring of day I thee will pray, and shall look up to thee. This I may vow,
who love thy Name shall joy the same, thou dost so them de - fend. Thou, Lord, wilt then

my cry - ing moan, my King, my God thou art; let me not stray
 the God art thou which hat'st all wic - ked - ness; no ma - lice fell
 give right-wise man the heav'n - ly bliss from thence; thy fa - vor kind

from thee a - way: to thee I pray in heart.
 with thee can dwell, thou lov - est no cruel - ness.
 is not be - hind, as them with shield to fence.

1. 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.

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 cruelty.

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.

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.

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.

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.