

# Psalm 51

"O Lord consider my distress"

Text by William Whittingham

Harmonised by  
David Peebles

1. O Lord, con - sid - er my dis - tress and now with speed some pi - ty take:  
2. Re - morse and sor - row do con - strain me to ac - know - ledge my ex - cess:  
3. It is too ma - ni - fest, a - las, that first I was con - ceived in sin:

7

My sins de - face, my faults re - dress, good Lord, for thy great mer - cy's sake,  
My sin, a - las, doth still re - main be - fore my face with - out re - lease.  
Yea, of my mo - ther so born was, and yet vile wretch re - main there - in.

13

Wash me O Lord, and make me clean, from this un - just and sin - ful act,  
For thee a - lone I have of - fended, com - mit - ting e - vil in thy sight:  
Al - so be - hold, Lord, thou dost love, the in - ward truth of a pure heart:

20

And pur - i - fy yet once a - gain my hei - nous crime and blood - y fact,  
And if I were there - fore con - demned, yet were thy judge - ments just and right.  
There - fore thy wis - dom from a - bove thou hast re - vealed me to con - vert.

Original tenor begins on A.

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