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:

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 release.
Yea, of my mo-ther so born was, and yet vile wretch re-main there-in.

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:

And pur-i-fy yet once a-gain my heinous 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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