Psalm 58

"But is it true, O froward folk"

Text by William Kethe
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. But is it true, O froward folk, do ye now justly talk?
2. But what? The wick-ed stran-gers are and from the womb they stray.
3. Break thou, O Lord, the teeth of such, as do thy truth devour:

O sons of men, in judging thus, do ye uprightly walk? Nay,
Yea, from their birth they lewdly err, and none so lie as they. Their
The jaws of these young lions, Lord, break down and swage their power. And

nay! Ye rather mischief muse, where to your hearts be bent,
subtle malice doth surmount the crafty serpent's spear, Who
as the waters do decrease, a way so let them pass: When

execute your cruel rage: on earth your time is spent.
could then chanter's charms avoid, by stopping close his ear:
that thou dost thine arrows shoot, then let them break as glass.

Original tenor begins on D.

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