

I lift my heart to thee

1

Paraphrased by Thomas Sternhold (1500-49)

Psalm 25 verses 1-7

York, by John Bishop (1665-1737)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=96]

Soprano

1. I lift my heart to thee, My God and guide most just;
2. *But shame shall them be - fall,* *Who harm them wrong - ful - ly:*
3. Thy mer - cies ma - ni - fold Re - mem - ber, Lord, I pray:
4. *Nor af - ter my de - serts* *Let me thy mer - cy find;*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. I lift my heart to thee, My God and guide most just;
2. *But shame shall them be - fall,* *Who harm them wrong - ful - ly:*
3. Thy mer - cies ma - ni - fold Re - mem - ber, Lord, I pray:
4. *Nor af - ter my de - serts* *Let me thy mer - cy find;*

Bass

9

S

Now suf - fer me to take no shame, For in thee do I trust.
There - fore thy paths, and thy right ways, Un - to me, Lord, de - scry.
In pi - ty thou art plen - ti - ful, And so hast been al - way.
But of thine own be - nig - ni - ty, Lord, have me in thy mind.

A

T

Nor suf - fer me to take no shame, For in thee do I trust.
There - fore thy paths, and thy right ways, Un - to me, Lord, de - scry.
In pi - ty thou art plen - ti - ful, And so hast been al way.
But of thine own be - nig - ni - ty, Lord, have me in thy mind.

B

Edited from Bishop's *A Set of New Psalm Tunes in Four Parts* ... (London 1710) BL B.580.wv.

Bishop underlays verses 1-2 ; verses 3-8 conjecturally added.

Bar 23 tenor note 2: original b \flat ; probably printing error.

Bar 30 alto and bass; parallel 12ths sic.

17

S

Let not my foes re - joice, Nor make a scorn of me;
Di - rect me in thy truth, And teach me, I thee pray:
 Re - mem - ber not the faults, And frail - ty of my youth;
His mer - cy is full sweet, His truth a per - fect guide;

A

T

Let not my foes re - joice, Nor make a scorn of me;
Di - rect me in thy truth, And teach me, I thee pray:
 Re - mem - ber not the faults, And frail - ty of my youth;
His mer - cy is full sweet, His truth a per - fect guide;

B

25

S

And let them not be o - ver - thrown, That put their trust in thee.
Thou art my Sa - viour and my God, On thee I wait al - way.
 Call not to mind how ig - no - rant I have been of thy truth:
There - fore the Lord will sin - ners teach, And such as go a - side.

A

T

And let them not be o - ver - thrown, That put their trust in thee.
Thou art my Sa - viour and my God, On thee I wait al - way.
 Call not to mind how ig - no - rant I have been of thy truth:
There - fore the Lord will sin - ners teach, And such as go a - side.

B