

Lord God of health, the hope and stay

1

Paraphrased by John Hopkins (fl.1562)

Carlisle by John Bishop (1665-1737)

Edited by Francis Roads

Psalm 88

[♩=96]

Soprano [Air]

1. Lord God of health, the hope and stay
 2. *O* let my pray'r with speed as - cend
 3. For why? with woe my heart is filled,
 4. *I* am es - teemed as one of them

Alto

Tenor

1. Lord God of health, the hope and stay
 2. *O* let my pray'r with speed as - cend
 3. For why? with woe my heart is filled,
 4. *I* am es - teemed as one of them

Bass

6

S

Thou art a lone to me:
Un - to thy sight on high:
 And doth in trou - ble dwell,
That in the pit do fall,

A

T

Thou art a lone to me:
Un - to thy sight on high:
 And doth in trou - ble dwell,
That in the pit do fall,

B

Edited from Bishop's *A Set of New Psalm-Tunes* (London, 1722 edn 2) BL A.1230.e.

Bishop underlays verse 1 only. Bishop's strophic settings are usually tenor led.

This appears to be an exception.

Bar 17 soprano and tenor: parallel fifths sic.

Lord God of health, the hope and stay

10

S
I call and cry through - out the day,
In - cline thine ear, O Lord, at - tend,
My life and breath doth al - most yield,
And made as one a - mong those men

A

T
I call and cry through - out the day,
In - cline thine ear, O Lord, at - tend,
My life and breath doth al - most yield,
And made as one a - mong those men

B

15

S
And all the night to thee.
And hear - ken to my cry.
And draw - eth nigh to hell.
That have no strength at all:

A

T
And all the night to thee.
And hear - ken to my cry.
And draw - eth nigh to hell.
That have no strength at all:

B

5. As one among the dead, and free
From things that here remain;
It were more ease for me to be
With them the which are slain;

6. As those that lie in grave, I say,
Whom thou hast clean forgot,
They which thy hand hath cut away,
And thou regard'st them not,

7. Yea, like to one shut up full sure
Within the lowest pit,
In darksome place, and all obscure,
And in the depth of it.

8. Thy anger and thy wrath likewise
Full sore on me do lie,
And all thy storms against me rise,
My soul to vex and try.

9. Thou putt'st my friends far off from me,
And mak'st them hate me sore;
I am shut up in prison fast,
And can come forth no more.

10. My sight doth fail through grief and woe,
I call to thee, O God,
Throughout the day my hands also
To thee I stretch abroad.