

O Lord, upon thee I do call

1

Paraphrased by Thomas Norton (c1532-c83)

Abbingdon by John Bishop (1665-1737)

Edited by Francis Roads

Psalm 141

[♩=96]

Soprano

1. O Lord, up - on thee do I call,
 2. *For* *guid - ing of my mouth, O Lord,*
 3. But let the right - eous smite me, Lord,
 4. *And when in sto - ny pla - ces down*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. O Lord, up - on thee do I call,
 2. *For* *guid - ing of my mouth, O Lord,*
 3. But let the right - eous smite me, Lord,
 4. *And when in sto - ny pla - ces down*

Bass

6

S

Then haste thee un - to me,
Set thou a watch be - fore;
 For that is good for me;
Their jud - ges shall be cast,

A

T

8

Then haste thee un - to me,
Set thou a watch be - fore;
 For that is good for me;
Their jud - ges shall be cast,

B

10

S

And hear - ken thou un - to my voice
And al - so of my mov - ing lips,
 Let him re - prove me, and the same
Then shall they hear my words, be - cause

A

T

8

And hear - ken thou un - to my voice
And al - so of my mov - ing lips,
 Let him re - prove me, and the same
Then shall they hear my words, be - cause

B

Edited from Bishop's *A set of new psalm tunes in four parts ...* (London 1710) BL B.580.ww.
 Bishop underlays verses 1-2; verses 3-10 conjecturally added.

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O Lord, upon thee do I call

15

S
When I do cry to thee: As in - cense let my
O Lord, keep thou the door. That I should wick - ed
A pre - cious oil shall be. Such smi - ting shall not
T They have a plea - sant taste. Our bones a - bout the

B

22

S
prayrs still be Di - rect - ed in thy eyes, And the up -
works com - mit In - cline thou not my heart; With ill men
A break my head, The time shall short - ly fall, When I shall
T pit's mouth are All scat - ter - ed, and found, As when one

B

30

S
lift - ing of my hands An ev' - ning sac - ri - fice.
of their de - li - cates, Lord, let me eat no part.
A in their mi - se - ry Make pray - ers for them all.
T break - eth and doth hew The wood up - on the ground.

B

5. But, O, my Lord and God, my eyes
Do look up unto thee;
In thee is all my trust, let not
My soul forsaken be:

Keep and preserve me from the snare
Which they for me have laid,
And from the gins of wicked men,
Whereof I am afraid.