

To thee, my God and Saviour, I

1

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 88 verses 1-12

Gloucester, by John Bishop (1665-1737)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=96]

Soprano [Air]

1. To thee, my God and Sa - viour, I By day and night ad -
 2. *Like those who, shroud - ed in the grave, From thee no more re -*
 3. Re - moved from friends, I sigh a - lone In a loathed dun - geon
 4. *Wilt thou by mi - ra - cle re - vive The dead, whom thou for -*

Alto

Tenor

1. To thee, my God and Sa - viour, I By day and night ad -
 2. *Like those who, shroud - ed in the grave, From thee no more re -*
 3. Re - moved from friends, I sigh a - lone In a loathed dun - geon
 4. *Wilt thou by mi - ra - cle re - vive The dead, whom thou for -*

Bass

8

S

dress my cry; Vouch - safe my mourn - ful voice to hear, To
mem - brance have; Cast off from thy sus - tain - ing care Down
 laid, where none A vi - sit will vouch - safe to me, Con -
sook'st a - live. From death re - store, thy praise to sing, Whom

A

T

dress my cry; Vouch - safe my mourn - ful voice to hear, To
mem - brance have; Cast off from thy sus - tain - ing care Down
 laid, where none A vi - sit will vouch - safe to me, Con -
sook'st a - live. From death re - store, thy praise to sing, Whom

B

15

S

my dis - tress, in - cline thine ear: For seas of trou - ble
to the con - fines of des - pair. Thy wrath has hard up -
 fined, past hopes of li - ber - ty. My eyes from weep - ing
thou from pri - son would'st not bring? Shall the mute grave thy

A

T

my dis - tress, in - cline thine ear: For seas of trou - ble
to the con - fines of des - pair. Thy wrath has hard up -
 fined, past hopes of li - ber - ty. My eyes from weep - ing
thou from pri - son would'st not bring? Shall the mute grave thy

B

To thee, my God and Saviour, I

22

S
me in - vade, My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,
on me lain, Af - flic - ting me with re - stless pain:
ne - ver cease, They waste, but still my griefs in - crease;
love con - fess? A mould' - ring tomb thy faith - ful - ness?

A

T
me in - vade, My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,
-on me lain, Af - flic - ting me with re - stless pain:
ne - ver cease, They waste, but still my griefs in - crease;
love con - fess? A mould' - ring tomb thy faith - ful - ness?

B

28

S
Like one whose strength and hopes are
Me all thy moun - tain waves have
Yet dai - ly, Lord, to thee I
Thy truth and pow'r re - nown ob -

A

T
Like one whose strength and hopes are
Me all thy moun - tain waves have
Yet dai - ly, Lord, to thee I
Thy truth and pow'r re - nown ob -

B

32

S
fled, They num - ber me a - mong the dead.
pressed, Too weak, a - las! to bear the least.
prayed, With out - stretched hands in - voked thy aid.
tain, Where dark - ness and ob - li - vion reigns.

A

T
fled, They num - ber me a - mong the dead.
pressed, Too weak, a - las! to bear the least.
prayed, With out - stretched hands in - voked thy aid.
tain, Where dark - ness and ob - li - vion reigns.

B

Edited from Bishop's *A Set of New Psalm Tunes* (London, 1710)

Bishop underlays verses 1-4 ; verses 5-12 conjecturally added.

Bars 7-8 alto and tenor: parallel fifths sic

Bars 34-35 alto and bass: parallel octaves sic