

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 [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**

Alto

Tenor

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
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
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.wv.
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
 They have a plea - sant taste. Our bones a - bout the

A

T

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
 They have a plea - sant taste. Our bones a - bout the

B

22

S

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

A

T

pray'rs still be Di - rect - ed in thy eyes, And the up -
works com - mit In - cline thou not my heart; With ill - men
 break my head, The time shall short - ly fall, When I shall
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.
 in their mi - se - ry Make pray - ers for them all.
break - eth and doth hew The wood up - on the ground.

A

T

lift - ing of my hands An ev' - ning sac - ri - fice.
of their de - li - cates, Lord, let me eat no part.
 in their mi - se - ry Make pray - ers for them all.
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.