

Lord, I would spread my sore distress

1

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Psalm 51 verses 1, 2, 5, 6

Ps 51, anon. (1773)
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=92]

Soprano

1. Lord, I would spread my sore distress
 2. *Should'st* thou con - demn my soul to hell,
 3. Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 4. *Let not* thy spi - rit quite de - part,

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. Lord, I would spread my sore distress
 2. *Should'st* thou con - demn my soul to hell,
 3. Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 4. *Let not* thy spi - rit quite de - part,

Bass

6

S

And guilt be - fore thine eyes;
And crush my flesh to dust;
 With thy for - gi - ving love;
 Nor drive me from thy face;

A

T

B

Edited from John Ivery's *The Hertfordshire Melodist* (1773). The false relations and other strange harmonies are reproduced as they appear. Bar 7 with its augmented 6th and bar 18 with its melodic diminished fourth in the alto are particularly suspect, as such progressions are rarely found even in West Gallery settings.

[#] shows an editorial suggestion; (♯) is cautionary.

Lord, I would spread my sore distress

10

S

A - gainst thy laws, a - gainst thy grace,
Heav'n would ap - prove thy ven - geance well,
 O make my bro - ken spi - rit whole,
Cre - ate a - new my vi - cious heart,

A

T

A - gainst thy laws, a - gainst thy grace,
Heav'n would ap - prove thy ven - geance well,
 O make my bro - ken spi - rit whole,
Cre - ate a - new my vi - cious heart,

B

15

S

How high my crimes a - rise, How high my crimes a - rise!
And earth must own it just, And earth must own it just.
 And bid my pains re - move, And bid my pains re - move.
And fill it with thy grace, And fill it with thy grace.

A

T

How high my crimes a - rise, How high my crimes a - rise!
And earth must own it just, And earth must own it just.
 And bid my pains re - move, And bid my pains re - move.
And fill it with thy grace, And fill it with thy grace.

B