

To thee, my God and Saviour, I

1

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Gloucester, by John Bishop (1665-1737)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=96]

Psalm 88 verses 1-12

Soprano [Air]

1. To thee, my God and Sa - viour, I By day and night ad - dress my cry;
2. *Like those who, shroud - ed in the grave, From thee no more re - mem - brance have;*
3. Re - moved from friends, I sigh a - lone In a loathed dun - geon laid, where none
4. *Wilt thou by mi - ra - cle re - vive The dead, whom thou for - sook'st a - live.*

Alto

Tenor

1. To thee, my God and Sa - viour, I By day and night ad - dress my cry;
2. *Like those who, shroud - ed in the grave, From thee no more re - mem - brance have;*
3. Re - moved from friends, I sigh a - lone In a loathed dun - geon laid, where none
4. *Wilt thou by mi - ra - cle re - vive The dead, whom thou for sook'st a - live.*

Bass

Keyboard

10

S

Vouch - safe my mourn - ful voice to hear, To my dis - tress, in - cline thine ear:
Cast off from thy sus - tain - ing care Down to the con - fines of des - pair.
A vi - sit will vouch - safe to me, Con - fined, past hopes of li - ber - ty.
From death re - store, thy praise to sing, Whom thou from pri - son would'st not bring?

A

T

Vouch - safe my mourn - ful voice to hear, To my dis - tress, in - cline thine ear:
Cast off from thy sus - tain - ing care Down to the con - fines of des - pair.
A vi - sit will vouch - safe to me, Con - fined, past hopes of li - ber - ty.
From death re - store, thy praise to sing, Whom thou from pri - son would'st not bring?

B

Kbd.

To thee, my God and Saviour, I

19

S

For seas of trou - ble me in - vade, My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,
Thy wrath has hard up - on me lain, Af - flic - ting me with re - stless pain:
 My eyes from weep - ing ne - ver cease, They waste, but still my griefs in - crease;
Shall the mute grave thy love con - fess? A mould' - ring tomb thy faith - ful - ness?

A

T

For seas of trou - ble me in - vade, My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,
Thy wrath has hard up - on me lain, Af - flic - ting me with re - stless pain:
 My eyes from weep - ing ne - ver cease, They waste, but still my griefs in - crease;
Shall the mute grave thy love con - fess? A mould' - ring tomb thy faith - ful - ness?

B

Kbd.

28

S

Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, They num - ber me a - mong the dead.
Me all thy moun - tain waves have pressed, Too weak, a - las! to bear the least.
 Yet dai - ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, With out - stretched hands in - voked thy aid.
Thy truth and pow'r re - nown ob - tain, Where dark - ness and ob - li - vion reigns.

A

T

Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, They num - ber me a - mong the dead.
Me all thy moun - tain waves have pressed, Too weak, a - las! to bear the least.
 Yet dai - ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, With out - stretched hands in - voked thy aid.
Thy truth and pow'r re - nown ob - tain, Where dark - ness and ob - li - vion reigns.

B

Kbd.

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