

Psalm 5

Henry Lawes (1596–1662)
 edited by Richard Shakeshaft

1 O hear me, Lord, be thou inclined;
 My thoughts O ponder in thy mind:
 And let my cries acceptance find,
 Thou hearest my morning sacrifice:
 To thee, before the daystar rise,
 My prayers ascend with steadfast eyes.

2 Thou lov'st no vice; none dwells with thee;
 Nor glorious fools thy beauty see;
 And sin-defiled detested be.
 Liärs shall sink beneath thy hate;
 Who thirst for blood, and weave deceit,
 Thy rage shall swiftly ruinate..

3 I to thy temple will repair,
 Since infinite thy mercies are;
 And thee adore with fear and prayer.
 My God, conduct me by thy grace;
 For many have my soul in chase.
 Set thy straight paths before my face.

4 False are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,
 Like gaping sepulchres they swallow;
 Fawn, and betray even those they follow.
 With vengeance girt these rebels round;
 In their own counsels them confound;
 Since their transgressions thus abound.

5 Joy they with an exalted voice,
 That trust in thee, who guardest thy choice:
 Let those who love thy name rejoice.
 Thy blessings shall in showers descend;
 Thy favour as a shield defend
 All those, who righteousness intend.

George Sandys (1578–1644)