

O God, whose former mercies make

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 109 vv. 1-6 & doxology

"Hymn 11", by Phocion Henley (1728-1764)
 Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Andante [$\text{♩}=92$]

Soprano [Air]
 O God, whose for - mer mer - cies make My con - stant praise thy due;

Alto
 O God, whose for - mer mer - cies make My con - stant praise thy due,

Tenor
 O God, whose for - mer mer - cies make My con - stant praise thy due, -

Bass
 O God, whose for - mer mer - cies make My con - stant praise thy due,

Keyboard

7 **A**

S
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state With won - ted fa - vour view.

A
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state With won - ted fa - vour view.

T
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state With won - ted fa - vour view.

B
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state With won - ted fa - vour view.

Kbd.

2. Their restless hatred prompts them still
 Malicious lies to spread;
 And hatred's the return they make
 For undissembled love;
 Those, whom with tend'rest love I used,
 My chief opposers are,
 Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
 Resort to thee by prayer.

3. Since mischief, for the good I did,
 Their strange reward doth prove,
 And all against my life combine
 By causeless fury led.
 Their guilty leader shall be made
 To some ill man a slave;
 And when he's tried, his mortal foe
 For his accuser have.

The following Double Common Metre
 doxology may be added:

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All glory ever be
 And when our days are spent on earth
 Remove us, Lord, to thee,
 That we may join in hymns of praise,
 With thy blest angels sing
 The praises of our gracious God,
 our everlasting King.

O God, whose former mercies make

14

S For sin - ful men, with ly - - ing lips De - ceit - ful spee - ches frame;

A For sin - ful men, with ly - ing lips De - ceit - ful spee - ches frame;

T For sin - ful men, with ly - ing lips De - ceit - ful spee - ches frame;

B For sin - ful men, with ly - ing lips De - ceit - ful spee - ches frame;

Kbd.

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S And, with their stu - died slan - ders seek To wound my spot - less fame.

A And, with their stu - died slan - ders seek To wound my spot - less fame.

T And, with their stu - died slan - ders seek To wound my spot - less fame.

B And, with their stu - died slan - ders seek To wound my spot - less fame.

Kbd.

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And hatred's the return they make
For undissembled love;
Those, whom with tend'rest love I used,
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Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to thee by pray'r.

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