

# The Complaint of a Sinner

The Whole Booke of Psalms (1621), p. 22-25

Thomas RAVENSCROFT (1592-1633)

CANTVS

MEDIVS

TENOR  
or *Playnsong*

BASSVS

Where righ - teous - ness doth say, Lord for my sin - ful part,

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Where righ - teous - ness doth say, Lord for my sin - ful part,

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S. In wrath thou shouldst me pay ven-geance for my de - sert. I can it not de - ny,

A. In wrath thou shouldst me pay ven-geance for my de - sert. I can it not de - ny,

T. In wrath thou shouldst me pay ven-geance for my de - sert. I can it not de - ny,

B. In wrath thou shouldst me pay ven-geance for my de - sert. I can it not de - ny,

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S. but needs I must con-fess how that con - ti - nual - ly Thy laws I do trans - gress.

A. but needs I must con - fess, how that con - ti - nual - ly Thy laws I do trans-gress.

T. but needs I must con - fess, how that con - ti - nual - ly Thy laws I do trans - gress.

B. but needs I must con - fess, how that con - ti - nual - ly Thy laws I do trans - gress.

but needs I must con - fess how that con - ti - nual - ly Thy laws I do trans - gress.

But if it be thy will  
With sinners to contend:  
Then all thy flock shall spill,  
And be lost without end.  
For who lives here so right,  
That rightly he can say,  
He sins not in thy sight  
Full oft and every day?

The Scripture plain tells me,  
the righteous man offendeth  
Seven times a day to thee,  
Whereon thy wrath dependeth:  
So that the righteous man  
Doth walk in no such path,  
But he falls now and then  
In danger of thy wrath.

But truly to that post,  
Whereto I cleave and shall,  
Which is thy mercy most,  
Lord let thy mercy fall.  
And mitigate thy mood,  
Or else we perish all:  
the price of this thy blood,  
Wherein mercy I call.

That being mortified  
This sin of mine in me:  
I may be sanctified  
By grace of thine in thee.  
So that I never fall  
Into such mortal sin,  
That my foes infernal  
Rejoyce my death therein.

Then (fith) the case so stand,  
That even the man rightwise  
Falls oft in sinful bands,  
Whereby thy wrath may rise.  
Lord I that am unjust,  
And righteousness none have,  
Whereto then shall I trust  
My sinful soul to save?

The Scripture doth declare,  
No drop of blood in htee:  
But that thoudidst not spare  
To shed each drop for me.  
Now let those drops most sweet,  
So moist my heart so dry:  
That I with sin repleat,  
May live but sin may die.

But vouchsafe me to keep  
From those infernal foes:  
And from that lake so deep,  
Whereas no mercy grows.  
And I shall sing the songs,  
Confirmed with the just:  
That unto thee belongs,  
Which art mine only trust.

## Critical notes:

Editorial flat added in Medius, bar 8, note 2;  
Text somewhat modernised.