

London Gallery Quire 358

The God of gods, the Lord
Psalm 50 vv. 1-10

Old Version of Sternhold and Hopkins (1562)

"Lonsdale", adapted (anon., 1788) from Arcangelo Corelli (1653-1713)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=152]

Soprano [Air]

1. The God of gods, the Lord, Hath called the earth by name,
2. *Our God shall come in haste* To speak a loud, no doubt;
3. Bring forth my saints, saith he, My faith-ful flock most dear,
4. *My peo-ple now give heed,* Is - rael to thee I cry;
5. Think'st thou that I do need Thy cat-tle, young or old?

Alto

Tenor

1. The God of gods, the Lord, Hath called the earth by name,
2. *Our God shall come in haste* To speak a loud, no doubt;
3. Bring forth my saints, saith he, My faith-ful flock most dear,
4. *My peo-ple now give heed,* Is - rael to thee I cry;
5. Think'st thou that I do need Thy cat-tle, young or old?

Bass

4

S

From whence the sun doth rise, Un - to the set - ting of the same.
Be - fore him shall the fi - re waste, And temp - est round a - bout.
Who are in band and league with me, My law to love and fear.
I am thy God, thy help at need, Thou can'st it not de - ny.
Or else de - sire so much to feed On goats out of thy fold?

A

T

From whence the sun doth rise, Un - to the set - ting of the same.
Be - fore him shall the fi - re waste, And temp - est round a - bout.
Who are in band and league with me, My law to love and fear.
I am thy God, thy help at need, Thou can'st it not de - ny.
Or else de - sire so much to feed On goats out of thy fold?

B

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8

S

From Si - on his fair place, His glo - ry bright and
The heav'ns, which are so high, *The earth be - low like -*
 And when these things are tried, Then shall the heav'ns re -
I do not say to thee, *Thy sac - ri - fice is*
 Nay, all the beasts are mine In woods that eat their

A

T

8

B

12

S

clear, The per - fect beau - ty of his grace, From thence it doth ap - pear.
wise, He will call forth that he may try The peo - ple that are his.
 cord, That God is just, and all must bide The judge - ments of the Lord.
slack; Thou of - fer'st dai - ly un - to me Much more than I do lack.
 fills, And thou - sands more of neat and kine That run wild on the hills.

A

T

8

B