

London Gallery Quire 543

1

Paraphrased by William Whittingham (1524-79)

Newcastle, by John Bishop (1665-1737)

I lift my eyes to Sion hill

Edited by Francis Roads

Psalm 121

[♩=96]

Soprano

1. I lift my eyes to Si - on hill, From whence I
 2. *Thy foot from slip he will pre - serve, And will thee*
 3. The Lord thy kee - per is al - ways, On thy right
 4. *The Lord will keep the from dis - tress, And will thy*

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. I lift my eyes to Si - on hill, From whence I
 2. *Thy foot from slip he will pre - serve, And will thee*
 3. The Lord thy kee - per is al - ways, On thy right
 4. *The Lord will keep the from dis - tress, And will thy*

Bass

8

S

do at - tend, Till suc - cour God me send: The migh - ty
safe - ly keep; For he doth ne - ver sleep: Lo, he that
 hand is he A shade to co - ver thee: The sun shall
life sure save: Yea, thou shalt al - so have In all thy

A

T

do at - tend, Till suc - cour God me send: The migh - ty
safe - ly keep; For he doth ne - ver sleep: Lo, he that
 hand is he A shade to co - ver thee: The sun shall
life sure save: Yea, thou shalt al - so have In all thy

B

Edited from Bishop's *A Set of New Psalm Tunes* (London, 1710)

Bishop underlays verse 1 ; verses 2-4 conjecturally added.

Bars 22-23 and 25-26: pecked slurs added, as Bishop's text appears to have had one extra syllable in each of the last two lines.

Bars 7-8 soprano and bass; bars 11-12 soprano and bass; bars 15-15 alto and tenor; bars 19 and 20 alto and bass; bar 23 alto and tenor: parallel 5ths and octave sic.

Bar 14 tenor: perhaps \circ intended.

Bar 22 tenor and bass: harmonic inversion sic.

I lift my eyes to Sion hill 543

16

S
 God me suc - cour will, Which heav'n and
I - srael doth con - serve, Sleep ne - - ver
 not thee parch by day Nor moon, scarce
bus - 'ness good suc - cess; When thou go'st

A

T
 God me suc - cour will, Which heav'n and
I - srael doth con - serve, Sleep ne - - ver
 not thee parch by day Nor moon, scarce
bus - 'ness good suc - cess; When thou go'st

B

21

S
 earth doth frame, And all things there in name.
can sur prise, Nor slum - ber close his eyes.
 half so bright, With cold thee hurt by night.
in or out He'll com - pass thee a - bout.

A

T
 earth doth frame, And all things there in name.
can sur - prise, Nor slum - ber close his eyes.
 half so bright, With cold thee hurt by night.
in or out He'll com - pass thee a - bout.

B