

Psalm 58

"But is it true, O froward folk"

Text by William Kethe

Harmonised by
David Peebles

1. But is it true, O froward folk, do ye now just - ly talk?
2. But what? The wick - ed stran - gers are and from the womb they stray.
3. Break thou, O Lord, the teeth of such, as do thy truth de - vour:

6
O sons of men, in judg - ing thus, do ye up - right - ly walk? Nay,
Yea, from their birth they lewd - ly err, and none so lie as they. Their
The jaws of these young li - ons, Lord, break down and swage their power. And

11
nay! Ye ra - ther mis - chief muse, where to your hearts be bent, To
sub - tle ma - lice doth sur - mount the craf - ty ser - pent's spear, Who
as the wa - ters do de - crease, a - way so let them pass: When

17
ex - e - cute your cru - el rage: on earth your time is spent.
could th'en - chan - ter's charms a - void, by stop - ping close his ear:
that thou dost thine ar - rows shoot, then let them break as glass.

Original tenor begins on D.

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