

Ich ruf zu dir, mein Herr und Gott

SWV 225 | Psalm 120

Psalmen Davids, op. 5 (1628, rev. 1661)
Cornelius Becker, tr. Matthew Carver ©2024

Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672)
ed. Jonathan Wessler

1 In my dis - tress I cry to Thee, O Lord my God,
2 Re - strain the ly - ing lips with might, That would my hon -
3 What can be done with thee, false tongue? Be - hold, thy slan -
4 Oh, woe is me, that I must be A stran - ger 'mongst
5 My soul hath long en - dured the weight Of dread op - pres -
6 All that may serve for rest and peace I seek in ear -

for - sake not me, But hear me, O my Sav - ior!
- or scorn and slight With their false tongues de - ceiv - ing;
- ders sharp have stung Like ar - rows of the might - y!
the en - e - my, Their wrath and ha - tred bear - ing,
- sion, wrath, and hate, Of those who live in e - vil,
- nest to in - crease, But when I sing the prais - es

To Thee I pray, Thy help con - vey, And my poor soul de - liv - er!
That bra - zen - ly Speak blas - phe - my, With words my soul ag - griev - ing.
Like fire they flash And turn to ash The ju - ni - per all light - ly.
And dwell with those Who me op - pose, Of all good men un - spar - ing!
And nev - er cease To hin - der peace, But in all ha - tred rev - el.
Of Thy dear Word, The god - less horde Their war a - gainst me rais - es.