

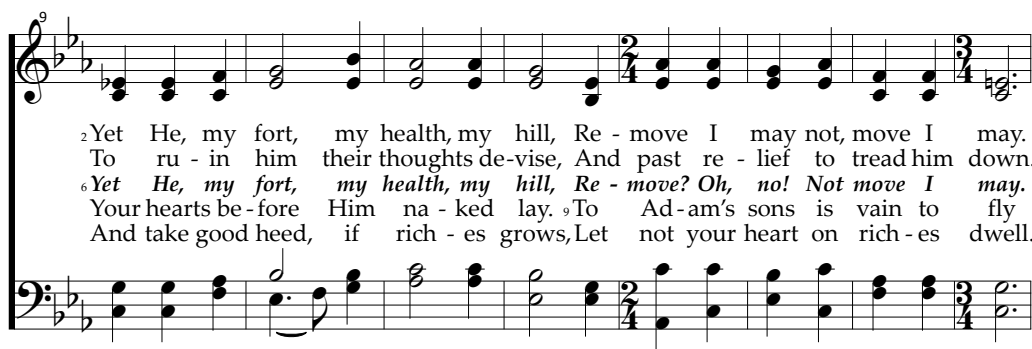
# Yet Shall My Soul in Silence Still

Melody in soprano and tenor

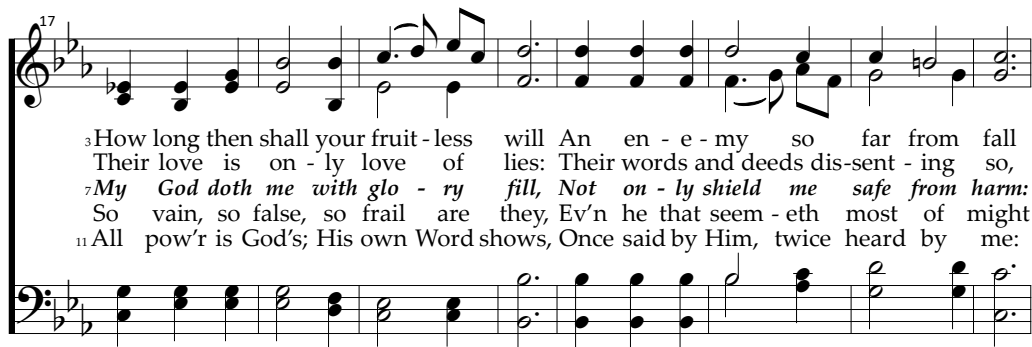
From Psalm 62



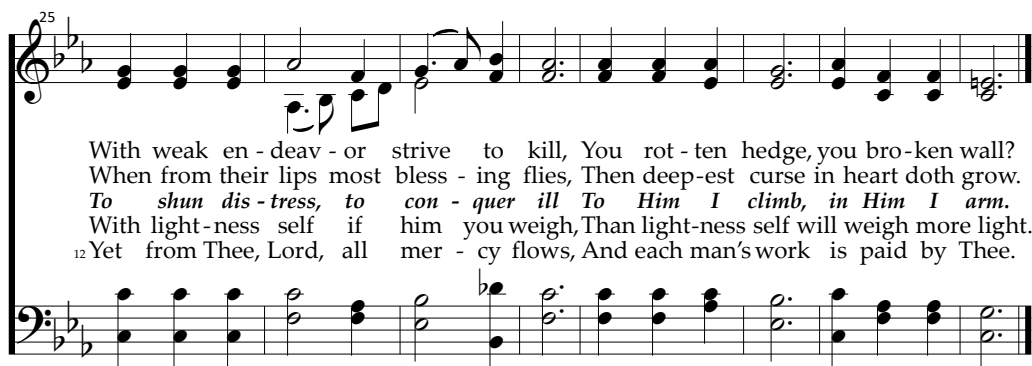
1. <sup>1</sup> Yet shall my soul in si-lence still On God, my help, at - ten - tive stay:  
 2. <sup>4</sup> Forsooth that he no more may rise Ad - vanced a - gain to throne and crown:  
 3. <sup>5</sup> *Yet shall my soul in si-lence still On God, my help, at - ten - tive stay:*  
 4. <sup>8</sup> Oh, then on God our cer-tain stay, All peo-ple in all times re - ly:  
 5. <sup>10</sup> In fraud and force no trust re - pose: Such i - dle hopes from thoughts ex - pel



<sup>2</sup> Yet He, my fort, my health, my hill, Re - move I may not, move I may.  
 To ru - in him their thoughts de-vise, And past re - lief to tread him down.  
<sup>6</sup> *Yet He, my fort, my health, my hill, Re - move? Oh, no! Not move I may.*  
 Your hearts be - fore Him na - ked lay. <sup>9</sup> To Ad-am's sons is vain to fly  
 And take good heed, if rich - es grows, Let not your heart on rich - es dwell.



<sup>3</sup> How long then shall your fruit - less will An en - e - my so far from fall  
 Their love is on - ly love of lies: Their words and deeds dis-sent - ing so,  
<sup>7</sup> *My God doth me with glo - ry fill, Not on - ly shield me safe from harm:*  
 So vain, so false, so frail are they, Ev'n he that seem - eth most of might  
<sup>11</sup> All pow'r is God's; His own Word shows, Once said by Him, twice heard by me:



With weak en - deav - or strive to kill, You rot - ten hedge, you bro-ken wall?  
 When from their lips most bless - ing flies, Then deep-est curse in heart doth grow.  
 To shun dis - tress, to con - quer ill To Him I climb, in Him I arm.  
 With light-ness self if him you weigh, Than light-ness self will weigh more light.  
<sup>12</sup> Yet from Thee, Lord, all mer - cy flows, And each man's work is paid by Thee.

Music: Thomas Tallis, 1567

Text: Mary Sidney Herbert (1556–1621); alt.

FOURTH MODE MELODY

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