# Nhy fumeth in sight 

Organ transcription<br>edited by<br>Maurizio Machella

##  todinutg aifote, the otber pattyput for grater quecte, 

Thomas Tallis
(c. 1505-1585)


The Whole Psalter translated into English Metre (John Daye press, London, 1567)


Why fum'th in sight the Gen-tiles spite, in fu-ry ra-ging stout? Let us they say, break down their ray of all their bonds and cords; The Lord in fear your ser - vice bear, with dread to him re-joice;




Whytak'th in hand the peo-ple fond, vain things to bring a-bout? we will re-nounce that they pro-nounce, their lores as state-ly lords. let ra-ges be, re-sist not ye, him serve withjoy-ful voice.

The kings a - rise, But God of Might The Son kiss ye




Why fumeth in sight: The third tune (score)

1. Why fum'th in sight the Gentiles spite, in fury raging stout?
why taketh in hand the people fond vain things to bring about?
The kings arise, the lords devise in councils met thereto against the Lord, with false accord, against his Christ they go.
2. God's words decreed I (Christ) will spread, for God thus said to me:
My Son, I say, Thou art, this day I have begotten thee.
Ask thou of me, I will give thee to rule all Gentiles' lands;
thou shalt possess in sureness the World how wide it stands.
3. Let us they say, break down their ray of all their bonds and cords; we will renounce that they pronounce, their lores as stately lords.
But God of Might in Heaven so bright shall laugh them all to scorn; the Lord on high shall them defy, they shall be once forlorn.
4. With iron rod, as mighty God, all rebels shalt thou bruise, and break them all in pieces small, as shards the potters use.
Be wise therefore, ye kings, the more, receive ye wisdom's lore; ye judges strong of right and wrong, advise you now before.
5. Then shall his ire speak all in fire, to them again, therefore;
he shall them threat, their malice beat, in his displeasure sore.
Yet am I set, a King so great, on Sion Hill, full fast;
though me they kill, yet will that Hill my Law and word outcast.

The Lord in fear your service bear, with dread to him rejoice;
let rages be, resist not ye, him serve with joyful voice.
The Son kiss ye lest wroth he be, lose not the way of rest; for when his ire is set on fire, who trust in him be blest.

