Nae die wyse, Aenhoort alle myn gheclach ghi ruysterkens fraey

Transcription of Lyrics and translation: Jacobus Clemens non Papa

Edited by Anders Stenberg 2005

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2. Myn God, myn Coninck goet  
Syt ghi, vol charitaten  
Want ick bid met ootmoet  
Myn stem hoort ghi met spoet.  
Vroech sal ick Heere soet  
Staen bi u, wesen vroet  
Dat ghi boosheyt wilt haten

3. Al voor u ooghen reyn  
En mooghen si niet ghedueren  
Ghi haetse alleghemeyn  
Die boose: groot, en cleyn  
Die lieghen hier certeyn  
Ghi wiltse verderven pleyn  
End inden afgrondt stueren
Translation by Dick Wursten:

The V. Psalm. For the first Hour: Verba mea auribus. After the tune. Aenhoort...
(Hear all my complaint, you great horsemen)

1. Hear o Lord, my complaints
   Please receive my words
   I call to you, night and day
   And make a great noise to
   I pray to you (as hard) as I can
   Please accept this
   And take notice of my desire.

2. My God, my good King
   You are, full of charity
   For I pray you humbly
   Hear my voice hastily.
   Early, o sweet Lord,
   I wil stand for you, knowing
   That you hate evil.

3. Before your pure eyes
   They will not last.
   You hate them altogether
   The evil (people): great and small,
   Who are liers, for sure.
   You will completely destroy them
   And send them in the abyss.