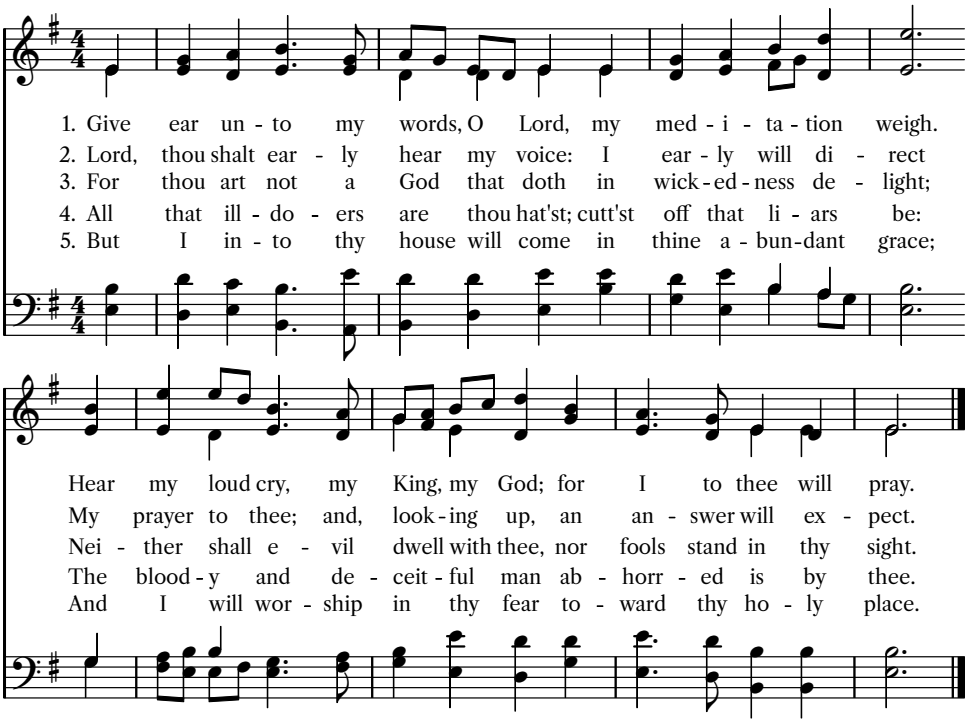Give Ear unto My Words, O Lord



6. Because of those mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteousness
Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
make straight before my face.

7. For in their mouth there is no truth,
their inward part is ill;
Their throat's an open sepulchre,
their tongue doth flatter still.

8. O God, destroy them; let them be
by their own counsel quelled:
Them for their many sins cast out,
for they 'gainst thee rebelled.

9. But let all joy that trust in thee,
and still make shouting noise;
For them thou sav'st: let all that love
thy name in thee rejoice.

10. For, Lord, unto the righteous man
thou wilt thy blessing yield:
With favour thou wilt compass him
about, as with a shield.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

DETROIT C.M.
William Bradshaw, 1820