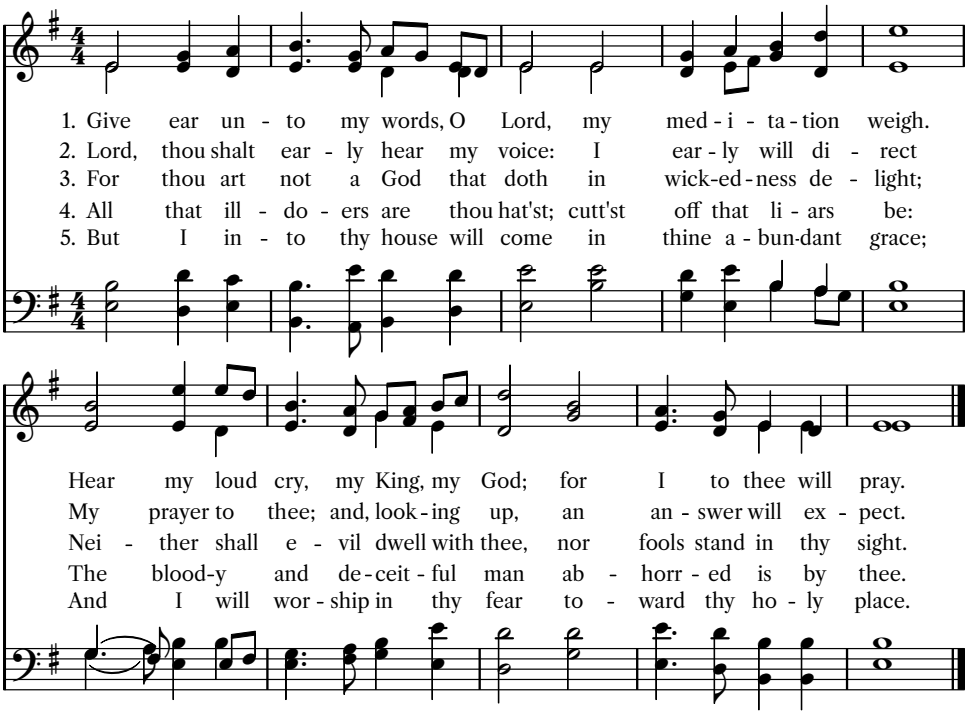Give Ear unto My Words, O Lord



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