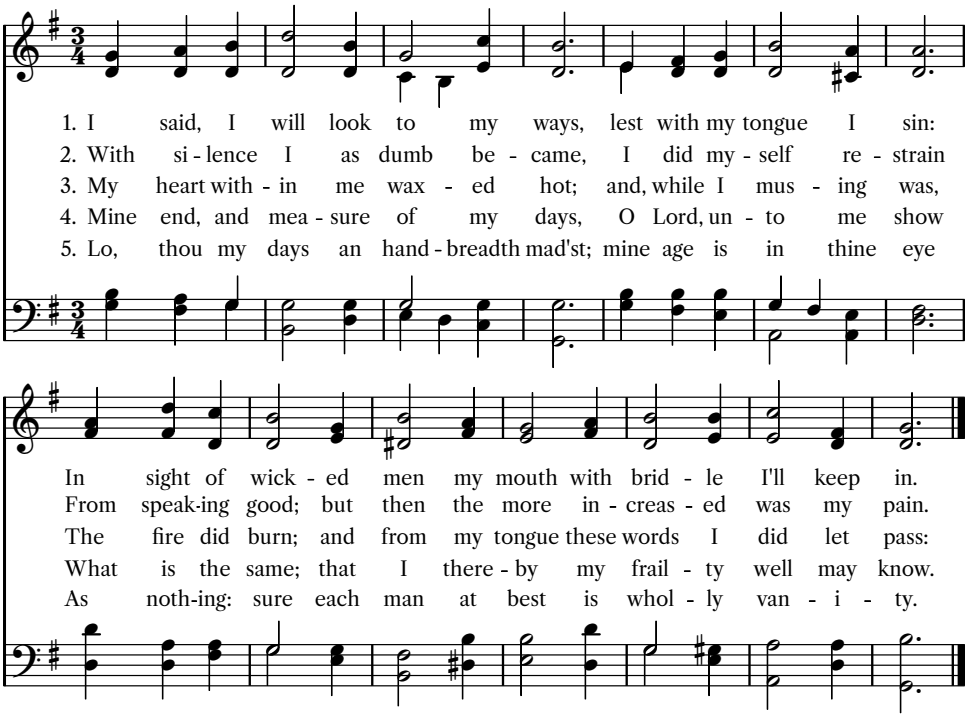
I Said, I Will Look to My Ways



6. Sure each man walks in a vain show;
they vex themselves in vain:
He heaps up wealth, and doth not know
to whom it shall pertain.

7. And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
my hope is fixed on thee.
Free me from all my trespasses,
the fool's scorn make not me.

8. Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
because this work was thine.
Thy stroke take from me; by the blow
of thine hand I do pine.

9. When with rebukes thou dost correct
man for iniquity,
Thou wastes his beauty like a moth:
sure each man's vanity.

10. Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears
and pray'rs not silent be:
I sojourn as my fathers all,
and stranger am with thee.

11. O spare thou me, that I my strength
recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
and here no more remain.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

BEATITUDO C.M.
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875