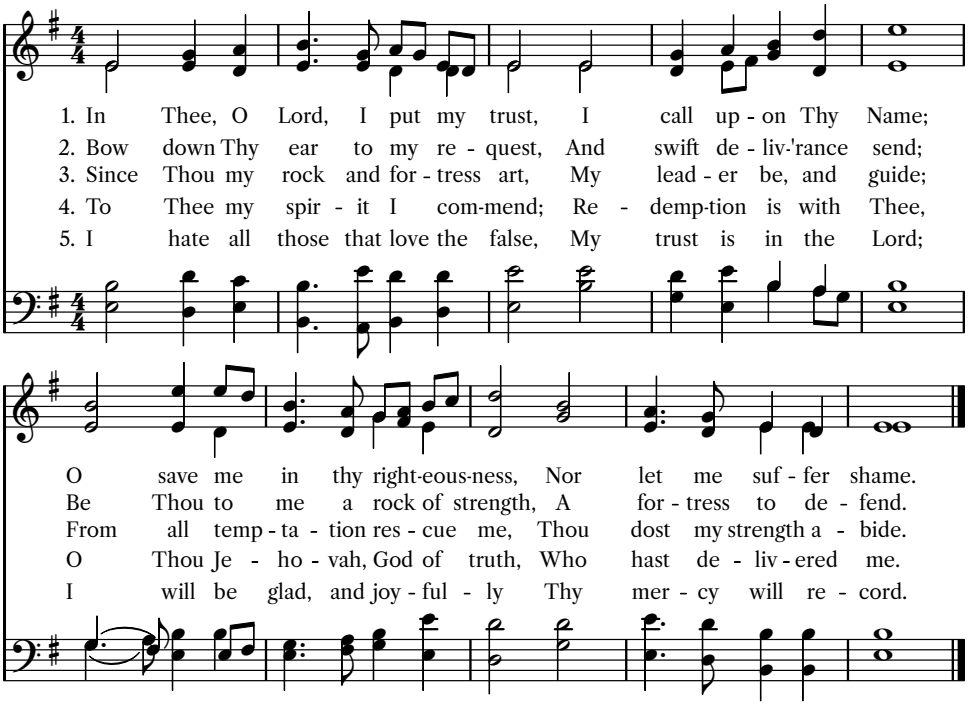God Our Resort in Trouble



6. For my affliction Thou hast seen,
And known my many woes;
Thou hast not let me be enslaved,
But freed me from my foes.

7. Show mercy, Lord, to me distressed,
And send my soul relief,
My life is spent with bitterness,
My strength consumed with grief.

8. I mourn and fail because of sin,
Friends turn in dread away;
Reproached am I and terrified,
While foes conspire to slay.

9. But, Lord, in Thee is all my trust,
Thou art my God, I cried;
My life, my times are in Thy hand,
I in Thy strength confide.

10. From all that persecute my soul
thy gracious help I crave;
O smile upon thy servant, Lord,
And in Thy mercy save.

11. Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
I plead with Thee to save;
but let the wicked be ashamed,
And silent in the grave.

12. Yea, let their lips henceforth be mute
Who words of falsehood seek,
The lips which with contempt and pride
Against the righteous speak.

The Psalter, 1912

DETROIT C.M.
William Bradshaw, 1820