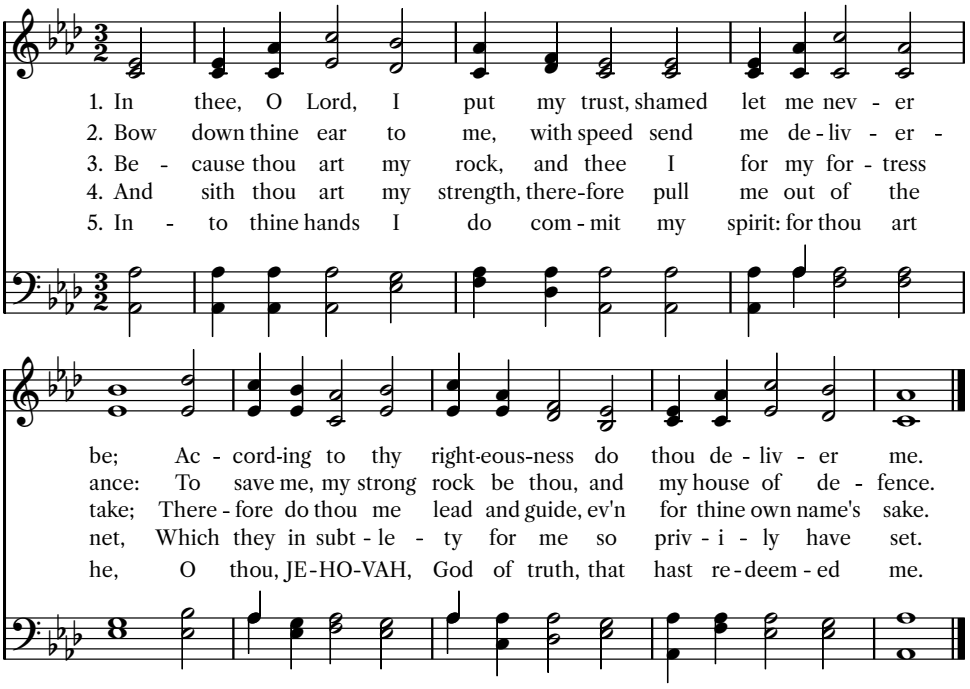In Thee, O Lord, I Put My Trust



6. Those that do lying vanities
regard, I have abhorred:
But as for me, my confidence
is fixed on the Lord.

7. I'll in thy mercy gladly joy:
for thou my miseries
Considered hast; thou hast my soul
known in adversities:

8. And thou hast not inclosed me
within the en'my's hand;
And by thee have my feet been made
in a large room to stand.

9. O Lord, upon me mercy have,
for trouble is on me:
Mine eye, my belly, and my soul,
with grief consumed be.

10. Because my life with grief is spent,
my years with sighs and groans:
My strength doth fail; and for my sin
consumed are my bones.

11. I was a scorn to all my foes,
and to my friends a fear;
And specially reproached of those
that were my neighbours near:

12. When they me saw they from me fled.
Ev'n so I am forgot,
As men are out of mind when dead:
I'm like a broken pot.

13. For slanders I of many heard;
fear compassed me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
to take my life away.

14. But as for me, O Lord, my trust
upon thee I did lay;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
did confidently say.

15. My times are wholly in thine hand:
do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
and persecutors be.

16. Thy countenance to shine do thou
upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
for thy great mercies' sake.

17. Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
for on thee called I have:
Let wicked men be shamed, let them
be silent in the grave.

18. To silence put the lying lips,
that grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn,
on righteous men do lay.

19. How great's the goodness thou for them
that fear thee keep'st in store,
And wrought'st for them that trust in thee
the sons of men before!

20. In secret of thy presence thou
shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,
as in a tent, them hide.

21. All praise and thanks be to the Lord;
for he hath magnified
His wondrous love to me within
a city fortified.

22. For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee
with cries my moan I made.

23. O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
proud doers doth reward.

24. Be of good courage, and he strength
unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
doth on the Lord depend.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

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