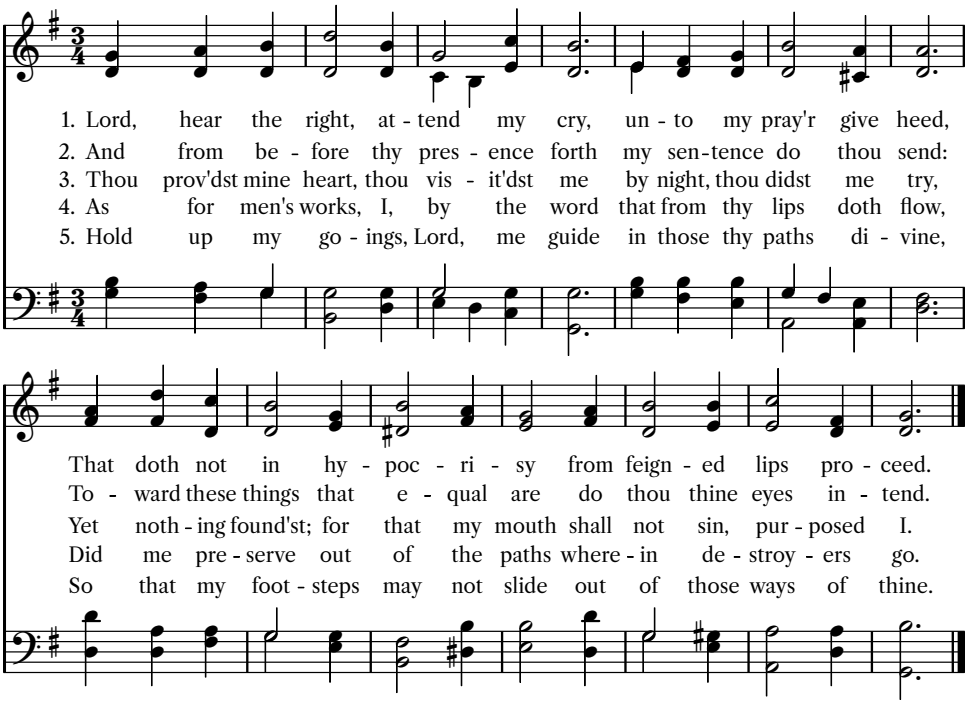Lord, Hear the Right, Attend My Cry



6. I called have on thee, O God,
because thou wilt me hear:
That thou may'st hearken to my speech,
to me incline thine ear.

7. Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
thou that, by thy right hand,
Sav'st them that trust in thee from those
that up against them stand.

8. As th' apple of the eye me keep;
in thy wings' shade me close
From lewd oppressors, compassing
me round, as deadly foes.

9. In their own fat they are inclosed;
their mouth speaks loftily.
Our steps they compassed; and to ground
down bowing set their eye.

10. He like unto a lion is
that's greedy of his prey,
Or lion young, which lurking doth
in secret places stay.

11. Arise, and disappoint my foe,
and cast him down, O Lord:
My soul save from the wicked man,
the man which is thy sword.

12. From men, which are thy hand, O Lord,
from worldly men me save,
Which only in this present life
their part and portion have.

13. Whose belly with thy treasure hid
thou fill'st: they children have
In plenty; of their goods the rest
they to their children leave.

14. But as for me, I thine own face
in righteousness will see;
And with thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfied shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

BEATITUDO C.M.
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875