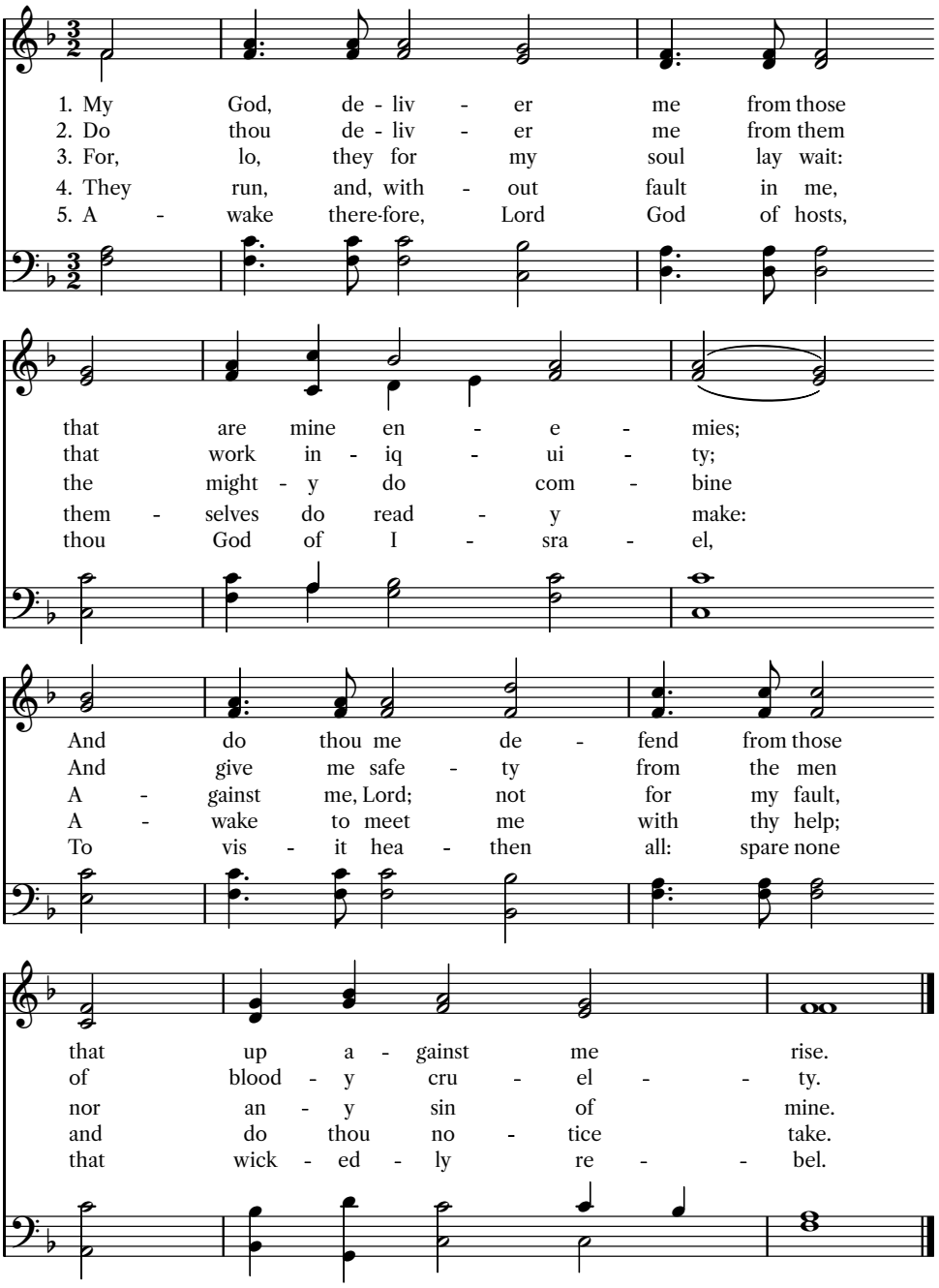My God, Deliver Me from Those



6. At ev'ning they go to and fro;
they make great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.

7. Behold, they belch out with their mouth,
and in their lips are swords:
For they do say thus, Who is he
that now doth hear our words?

8. But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them,
and all the heathen mock.
While he's in pow'r I'll wait on thee;
for God is my high rock.

9. He of my mercy that is God
betimes shall me prevent;
Upon mine en'mies God shall let
me see mine heart's content.

10. Them slay not, lest my folk forget;
but scatter them abroad
By thy strong pow'r; and bring them down,
O thou our shield and God.

11. For their mouth's sin, and for the words
that from their lips do fly,
Let them be taken in their pride;
because they curse and lie.

12. In wrath consume them, them consume,
that so they may not be:
And that in Jacob God doth rule
to th' earth's ends let them see.

13. At ev'ning let thou them return,
making great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
about the city round.

14. And let them wander up and down,
in seeking food to eat;
And let them grudge when they shall not
be satisfied with meat.

15. But of thy pow'r I'll sing aloud;
at morn thy mercy praise:
For thou to me my refuge wast,
and tow'r, in troublous days.

16. O God, thou art my strength, I will
sing praises unto thee;
For God is my defence, a God
of mercy unto me.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ARLINGTON C.M.
Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762