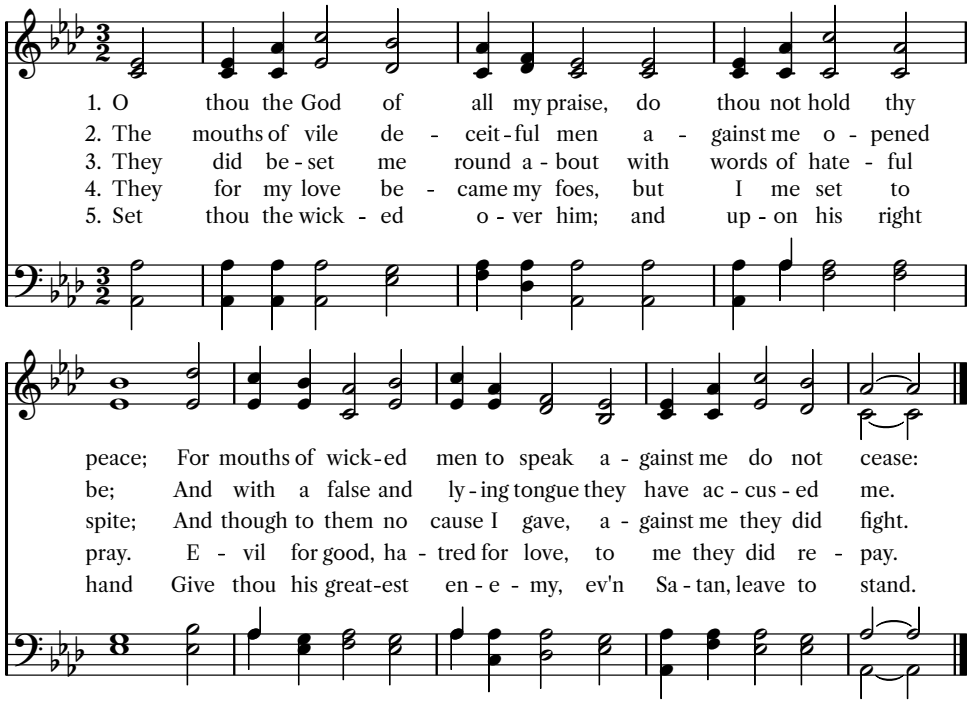
O Thou the God of All My Praise



6. And when by thee he shall be judged,
let him condemned be;
And let his pray'r be turned to sin,
when he shall call on thee.

7. Few be his days, and in his room
his charge another take.
His children let be fatherless,
his wife a widow make.

8. His children let be vagabonds,
and beg continually;
And from their places desolate
seek bread for their supply.

9. Let covetous extortioners
catch all he hath away:
Of all for which he laboured hath
let strangers make a prey.

10. Let there be none to pity him,
let there be none at all
That on his children fatherless
will let his mercy fall.

11. Let his posterity from earth
cut off for ever be,
And in the foll'wing age their name
be blotted out by thee.

12. Let God his father's wickedness
still to remembrance call;
And never let his mother's sin
be blotted out at all.

13. But let them all before the Lord
appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
cut off their memory.

14. Because he mercy minded not,
but persecuted still
The poor and needy, that he might
the broken-hearted kill.

15. As he in cursing pleasure took,
so let it to him fall;
As he delighted not to bless,
so bless him not at all.

16. As cursing he like clothes put on,
into his bowels so,
Like water, and into his bones,
like oil, down let it go.

17. Like to the garment let it be
which doth himself array,
And for a girdle, wherewith he
is girt about alway.

18. From God let this be their reward
that en'mies are to me,
And their reward that speak against
my soul maliciously.

19. But do thou, for thine own name's sake,
O God the Lord, for me:
Sith good and sweet thy mercy is,
from trouble set me free.

20. For I am poor and indigent,
afflicted sore am I,
My heart within me also is
wounded exceedingly.

21. I pass like a declining shade,
am like the locust tossed:
My knees through fasting weakened are,
my flesh hath fatness lost.

22. I also am a vile reproach
unto them made to be;
And they that did upon me look
did shake their heads at me.

23. O do thou help and succour me,
who art my God and Lord:
And, for thy tender mercy's sake,
safety to me afford:

24. That thereby they may know that this
is thy almighty hand;
And that thou, Lord, hast done the same,
they may well understand.

25. Although they curse with spite, yet, Lord,
bless thou with loving voice:
Let them ashamed be when they rise;
thy servant let rejoice.

26. Let thou mine adversaries all
with shame be clothed over;
And let their own confusion
them, as a mantle, cover.

27. But as for me, I with my mouth
will greatly praise the Lord;
And I among the multitude
his praises will record.

28. For he shall stand at his right hand
who is in poverty,
To save him from all those that would
condemn his soul to die.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

EVAN C.M.
or 'Eva' William H. Havergal, 1850