

# PSALM 40

Play the Melody 

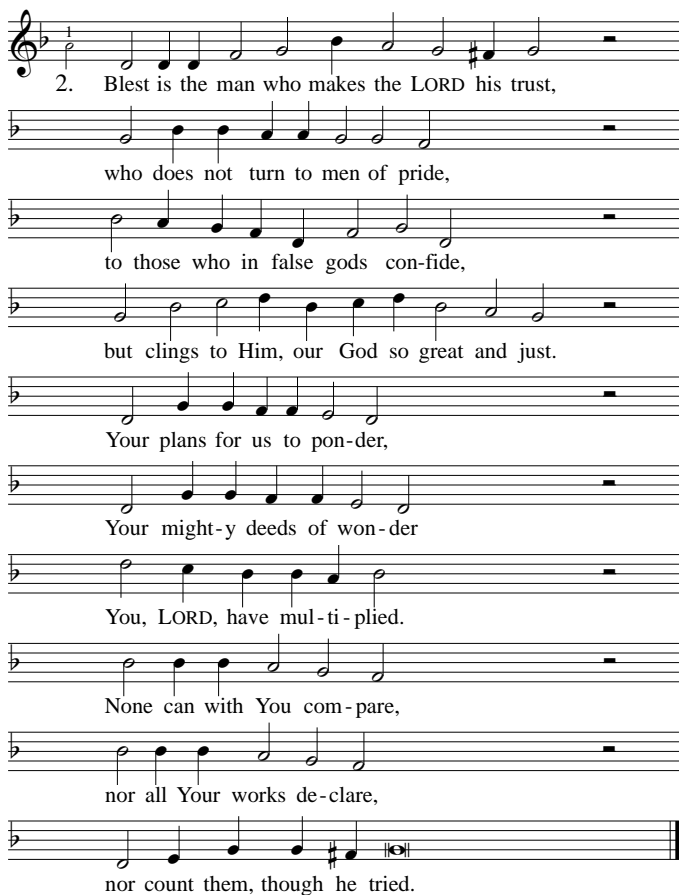
*For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.*

Geneva, 1551



1. I wait-ed and I wait-ed for the LORD.  
Then from the pit He lift-ed me;  
from clay and mire He set me free:  
The LORD bent down to me, my cry He heard.  
Up-on a rock He brought me.  
A new song He then taught me;  
I shout His praise a-broad.  
Now man-y will draw near  
to see all this and fear  
and put their trust in God.

## Psalm 40



2. Blest is the man who makes the LORD his trust,  
who does not turn to men of pride,  
to those who in false gods con-fide,  
but clings to Him, our God so great and just.  
Your plans for us to pon-der,  
Your might-y deeds of won-der  
You, LORD, have mul-ti-plied.  
None can with You com-pare,  
nor all Your works de-clare,  
nor count them, though he tried.

3. No sacrifice did *You*, O LORD, require;  
but *You gave me an open ear*.  
*I said, "I've come; see, I am here.*  
*O God, to do Your will is my desire.*  
*Now take my life and mould it.*  
*I've come: the book foretold it;*  
*it's written in the scroll.*  
*Your will is my delight;*  
*Your law is day and night*  
*within my heart and soul."*
  
4. Before the congregation I profess  
the *love and truth You* have revealed.  
*My lips, O LORD, I* have not sealed;  
*my heart has not concealed Your* righteousness.  
*For everywhere I've spoken*  
*of faithfulness unbroken,*  
*of blessings from above.*  
*The great assembly heard*  
*of Your trustworthy word*  
*and of Your steadfast love.*
  
5. Do not withhold Your *mercy* and *Your* grace;  
*preserve me by Your* steadfast love  
and *let Your truth, shown* from above,  
*uphold me ever, LORD, before* Your face.  
*For troubles all surround me;*  
*my many misdeeds hound me:*  
*I can no longer see.*  
*My sins, I* do confess,  
*are almost* numberless;  
*my heart is failing* me.

## Psalm 40

6. Be pleased, O LORD, to save and res-cue me.

Come to my help! O LORD, make haste!

Let those be ut-ter-ly dis-graced  
who seek my life and cause my mis-er-y.

May they en-dure frus-tra-tion  
and face hu-mil-i-a-tion.

Hear how they jeer at me.

May they in shame re-treat,  
ap-palled at their de-feat,  
crushed by their in-fa-my.

7. May *those who seek You in Your love rejoice*;  
may *they all say continually*,  
“*Great is the LORD in majesty,*”  
and sing His *praise with joyful heart and voice*.  
Though *I am poor and needy*,  
the *LORD Himself will heed me*;  
He *will not turn away*,  
for *He will think of me*  
and *will my helper be*.  
My *God, do not delay!*