

PSALM 141

A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1562



1. Has-ten LORD! Hear my sup-pli-ca-tion.
O let my prayer like in-cense rise;
re-ceive as eve-ning sac-ri-fice
the hands I lift in ad-o-ra-tion.

2. Save me, LORD, from all sin and folly
and guard the doorway of my lips;
set there a constant watch that keeps
my mouth from speaking words unholy.
3. Let my heart to wrongs not incite me,
nor let me seek the company
of those who love iniquity;
may not their choicest foods delight me.
4. Let good men, when I am transgressing,
rebuke me, strike me, punish me.
This will like healing ointment be –
a welcome kindness and a blessing.
5. Evildoers – how I detest them!
But when their leaders are flung down
from rocky cliffs and overthrown,
they'll know how justly I addressed them.

6. As *new-ploughed earth with rocks is cluttered,*
as *barren fields are strewn with stones,*
so, *as it were, our very bones*
before the gaping grave lie scattered.

7. LORD, *my eyes I fix now directly*
on You, my helper in the strife.
Save me from danger, guard my life;
in Your unfailing love, protect me.

8. Keep *me from those who would ensnare me,*
from traps that wicked men have set;
let them be caught in their own net,
while I escape because You spare me.