

PSALM 142

A maskil of David. When he was in the cave. A prayer.

Geneva, 1551



1. With all my voice to God I cry;
I call up-on the LORD Most High.
Be-fore His face my grief I show
and tell my trou-ble and my woe.

2. To You I pour out my complaint,
for I am weak, my spirit faint.
O LORD, I turn to You and pray,
for it is You who know my way.
3. Foes in my path have laid a snare.
I look, but none sees my despair;
I find no place of refuge near,
no friend to whom my life is dear.
4. LORD, hear my cry and comfort me;
in my distress to You I flee.
You are my shelter from the strife,
my portion in the land of life.
5. O God my Saviour, set me free
from those who are too strong for me.
Your servant out of prison bring,
that thankful praises I may sing.

6. The righteous *then shall gather round*
to *share the blessings I have found*,
their hearts made *glad because they see*
how *richly* You have *dealt with me*.