


PSALM 143

A psalm of David.

Strasbourg, 1539 / Lyons, 1547



1. LORD, lis-ten to my sup-pli-ca-tion,
 my fer-vent plea for Your sal-va-tion.
 Be true to me, do what is right.
 With-hold from me Your con-dem-na-tion,
 for none is right-eous in Your sight.

2. My bitter *foe* has long pursued me;
 my *life* he crushed when he subdued me.
 By *him* into the darkness led,
 I dwell where light and joy elude me;
 he leaves me there like those long dead.
3. My soul is *drained of expectation*;
 my *heart* is numb with consternation.
 When *I* remember former days,
 I am absorbed in meditation
 and ponder all Your works and ways.
4. LORD, see my *hands* to You extending;
 I *thirst* for You, on You depending.
 My *spirit* faints. Hide not Your face,
 or I will be like those descending
 down to the gloom of death's abyss.

5. Your face in *love towards me* turning,
show *me Your mercy in the morning*.
I *trust in You for my support*.
Teach *me Your way and guide my learning*:
To *You I offer all my heart*.

6. LORD, save me *from my foes forever*;
to *You, my Rock, I flee for cover*.
Teach *me Your will: You are my God*.
Let *Your good Spirit, O my Saviour*,
lead *me along a level road*.

7. For Your name's *sake, do not neglect me*
but *silence all who now afflict me*.
Your *justice and your mercy show!*
I *am Your servant. LORD, protect me*;
deliver me from all my woe.