

PSALM 131

A song of ascents. Of David.

Geneva, 1551



1. O LORD, my heart is free from pride;
con-ccit my eyes can-not a-bide.
I do not look for what would be
too great, too won-der-ful for me.

2. No! Like *a child that*, weaned at last,
lies *in its mother's arms at rest*,
no longer *fretting* anxiously,
my *soul is quieted in* me.
3. Hope in *the LORD*, O Israel;
He *surely* will make *all things* well.
For His great *wisdom*, Him adore;
trust *Him both now and evermore*.