

## Psalm 30

4. <sup>6</sup>When I enjoyed the world at will,  
thus would I boast and say,  
Tush,<sup>4</sup> I am sure to feel none ill:  
this wealth shall not decay.  
<sup>7</sup>For thou, O Lord, of thy good grace  
hadst sent me strength and aid:  
But when thou turn'dst away thy face,  
my mind was sore dismayed.
5. <sup>8</sup>Wherefore again yet did I cry  
to thee, O Lord of might:  
My God with plaints I did apply,  
and prayed both day and night.  
<sup>9</sup>What gain is in my blood, said I,  
if death destroy my days?  
Doth dust declare thy majesty,  
or yet thy truth doth praise?
6. <sup>10</sup>Wherefore, my God, some pity take,  
O Lord, I thee desire:  
Do not this simple soul forsake,  
of help I thee require.  
<sup>11</sup>Then didst thou turn my grief and woe  
unto a cheerful voice:  
The mourning weed thou takest me from,  
and madest me to rejoice.
7. <sup>12</sup>Wherefore my soul uncessantly  
shall sing unto thee praise:  
My Lord, my God, to thee will I  
give laude and thanks always.

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<sup>4</sup> An expression of impatient contempt.