

## Psalm 143

4. <sup>4</sup>Where through my spirit, alas,  
Was troubled with unrest:  
Mine heart amazed was  
And vexed in my breast.  
<sup>5</sup>Yet I to mind do call  
Time past, and do record  
Thy works: yea, think on all  
Thine handiworks, O Lord.
5. <sup>6</sup>With grievous plaint and moan,  
Mine hands I stretch abroad,  
To thee, mine help alone:  
For lo, my soul, O God  
Most ardently desires  
And longeth after thee,  
As thirsty ground requires  
With rain refreshed to be.
6. <sup>7</sup>O Lord, for mine avail  
To hear me make good speed  
For lo, my spirit doth fail:  
Hide not thy face in need  
From me poor wretch, alas,  
For doubtless, else I shall  
Be like to those that pass,  
And in the grave do fall.
7. <sup>8</sup>Now sith<sup>90</sup> I trust in thee,  
Thy clemency bening<sup>91</sup>  
To hear, grant unto me  
When break of day doth spring:  
The way to me descry  
That I should walk and go  
For I my soul on high  
To thee have lifted though.
8. <sup>9</sup>From all my foes me save  
And set me free, I pray,  
For, Lord, with thee I have  
Still hid myself alway.  
<sup>10</sup>To do thy will instruct  
Me, Lord, my God of might,  
Let thy good spirit conduct  
me to the land of right.

9. <sup>11</sup>To quicken me accord,  
For thy name's sake also:  
And for thy justice, Lord,  
Bring out my soul from woe.  
<sup>12</sup>And for thy mercy's, slay  
My foes, and put to shame.  
My soul's oppressors aye:  
For I thy servant am.

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<sup>90</sup> Since.

<sup>91</sup> Gracious, kindly, benign.