

## Book II

### *Psalms 42-72*

#### **PSALM 42**

Geneva, 1551

1. *As a deer will thirst in anguish  
for refreshing water brooks,  
so for you, O God, I languish;  
so my soul for comfort looks  
to the living God above.  
How I thirst for his great love!  
When shall I appear before him  
and within his courts adore him?*
2. *Bitter tears of lamentation  
are my food by night and day.  
In my deep humiliation  
“Where is now your God?” they say.  
Then my soul in sorrow longs  
for the days when festive throngs  
walked with me, their praises voicing,  
to God’s house with loud rejoicing.*
3. *O my soul, why are you grieving,  
why disquieted in me?  
Put your hope in God, believing  
he will still your refuge be.  
I again shall see his face  
and extol him for his grace.  
He will show his help and favour,  
for he is my God and Saviour.*
4. *I will from beyond the Jordan  
think of you in my distress  
and will even from Mount Hermon  
not forget your faithfulness.  
Deep re-echoes there to deep  
as the waters plunge and leap.  
Over me with thunderous roaring  
all your waves are wildly pouring.*
5. *But the LORD will send salvation  
and by day his love maintain;  
he will grant me preservation,  
and I will rejoice again.  
I will sing and pray at night  
to the God of life and light.  
He will in his mercy hear me  
and for evermore be near me.*

6. I will ask my *Rock and fortress*,  
“Why have you forgotten me?  
Why must I go on in sadness,  
hounded by the enemy?”  
Their rebukes and scoffing words  
pierce my bones like pointed swords,  
as they say in proud defiance,  
“Where is God, your firm reliance?”
7. O my soul, why are you grieving,  
why disquieted in me?  
Put your hope in God, believing  
he will still your refuge be.  
I again shall see his face  
and extol him for his grace.  
He will show his help and favour,  
for he is my God and Saviour.

## PSALM 43

Geneva, 1543/1551

1. O God, grant *me your vindication*.  
*Lord, plead my cause, defending me*  
*against a cruel, ungodly nation;*  
*and from a crooked generation*  
*that loves deceit and treachery,*  
*save me and set me free!*
  
2. You are my *stronghold from oppression*.  
*O why then have you cast me off?*  
*Why let my foes with their aggression*  
*cause me such mourning and depression?*  
*See how they all around me scoff*  
*and at my sorrows laugh.*
  
3. Send forth, O *God of my salvation*,  
*your light and truth to be my guide*  
*and lead me to my destination:*  
*your holy hill and habitation,*  
*where I with you will safely hide*  
*in shelter you provide.*
  
4. Then, at your *sacred altar* standing,  
*my hands to you in prayer I'll raise.*  
*With harp and voice, in worship blending,*  
*your courts resound; while psalms, ascending*  
*to you, my highest joy, bring praise*  
*for all your wondrous ways.*
  
5. My soul, why *are you sad and grieving*,  
*why so oppressed with anxious care?*  
*Hope yet in God, his word believing;*  
*for, light and joy from him receiving,*  
*I'll praise his name again and laud*  
*my Saviour and my God.*

## PSALM 44

*For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A maskil.*

Geneva, 1551

1. With *our own ears*, O *God of glory*,  
we've *heard our fathers tell the story*  
of all your *deeds in days of old*.  
You *drove out nations proud and bold*.  
You *crushed them* with your *mighty hand*;  
your own you *planted, made them flourish*.  
Not by *their sword they won the land*,  
nor *did their arm make them victorious*.
2. It was *your hand*, your *arm so mighty*,  
your *face that shines on us so brightly*,  
for in your *people you delight*.  
You *are my King*, my *God, whose might*  
no *foes of Jacob can oppose*.  
You, great *Defender, will not fail us*;  
through *you we overwhelm our foes*  
and *trample down all who assail us*.
3. I *do not trust in bow or bravery*;  
my *sword will from defeat not save me*,  
but you, Lord, *to our rescue came*  
and *put the enemy to shame*.  
In *God we glory all day long*,  
for we are *thankful for your favour*.  
We *shall exalt you in our song*  
and *praise your holy name forever*.
4. Yet *you have cast off and abased us*;  
our *foes in battle have disgraced us*.  
You with our *armies march no more*;  
*shameful defeat we must endure*.  
We've *all been plundered by the foe*;  
you left us *prey to devastation*.  
Like *sheep that to the slaughter go*,  
you *scattered us among the nations*.
5. O *God, no longer you uphold us*,  
and *for a trifle you have sold us*.  
Our neighbours *look at us and mock*,  
for *you've made us their laughingstock*.  
The *news of our disgrace has spread*:  
we are a *byword to the nations*.  
They *look at us and shake their head*,  
and *great is our humiliation*.

6. I *hear their* taunts and *see their* sneering;  
bent *on revenge*, they *keep on* jeering.  
All this has *brought us bitter* shame,  
though *we did not* forget *your* name;  
*we did not* break your *covenant*  
and from your *path we never* wandered.  
You *crushed us in the* jackal's haunt,  
and *we to* darkness *were* surrendered.
7. Had *we the* name of *God* neglected,  
had *we to* foreign *gods* defected,  
you would have *seen it long* ago.  
All *secrets of* the heart *you* know.  
Yet *for your* sake we *all day* long  
face death like *sheep soon to be* slaughtered.  
Our *enemies are* fierce and strong;  
*we have been* overwhelmed and scattered.
8. O *Lord, wake up!* Why *are you* sleeping?  
Come *to our* help, your *promise* keeping.  
Why is it *that you* hide *your* face?  
Have *you forgotten* our *disgrace*?  
We *lie defeated in* the dust.  
Rise up and *help us!* *Do not* slumber.  
Redeem *us, you in* whom we trust!  
Your *steadfast* love, O *God, remember!*

## PSALM 45

*For the director of music. To the tune of "Lilies."  
Of the Sons of Korah. A maskil. A wedding song.*

Geneva, 1551

1. With *noble* themes my *heart and mouth* are ringing,  
and *to the honour of the king* I'm singing.  
Into a hymn of *praise* my thoughts are strung,  
and *ready like a scribe's pen* is my tongue.  
You are *more handsome than all men* around you;  
O *king, with lasting glory* God has crowned you.  
Poured on your *lips is grace* beyond compare;  
so *God has favoured you* for evermore.
2. O *mighty one, our hero and defender,*  
gird on your sword, ride *forth in pomp and splendour;*  
as you *rejoice in triumph* and success,  
advance the *cause of truth and righteousness.*  
Let your *right hand* teach you *dread deeds* of power.  
Your *sharpened arrows* make the nations cower;  
they *pierce the hearts of foes* who love deceit,  
and so the *peoples fall* beneath your feet.
3. Your *throne, like God's own throne, will stand forever;*  
your *sceptre's righteousness will never waver.*  
Justice you love and *evil* you detest.  
Therefore you have *beyond your peers* been blest,  
with *oil of joy* by God, your God, anointed.  
With *myrrh and spices* all your robes are scented.  
From *palaces adorned with ivory*  
stringed instruments please you with melody.
4. The *queen, arrayed in Ophir's gold, is seated*  
at your *right hand, by noble women* greeted.  
Hear me, O daughter! As a royal spouse,  
forget your *people and your father's house.*  
Then will the king *desire your beauty's splendour.*  
He is your *lord; to him your homage* render.  
To you shall Tyre, your *favour* coveting,  
the *richest gifts of gold and jewels* bring.
5. Within her chamber, *glorious is the princess;*  
her *radiant beauty draws adoring* glances.  
She is arrayed for *dazzling* pageantry,  
*adorned with gold and rich embroidery.*  
She is led forth in *glory and resplendence,*  
with *throngs of royal maidens in attendance.*  
With *joy and gladness* they all shout and sing,  
proceeding to the *palace* of the king.

6. You *will have many sons, O king most gracious;*  
they *will be born to take your fathers' places.*  
You'll *make them rulers over all the land;*  
your *kingdom will continue* without end.  
Your *name I will make known to all the nations,*  
to *be remembered through the generations.*  
In *celebration they will sing your praise*  
forever and forever, all their days.

## PSALM 46

*For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah.  
According to alamothe. A song.*

Geneva, 1551

1. *God is our strength, our shield and tower;  
he will defend us by his power.  
In times of trouble he is near;  
with him as help, we will not fear.  
Though earth may shake in great commotion  
and mountains plunge into the ocean,  
though roaring seas make mountains quake,  
his people he will not forsake.*
2. *There is a river always bringing  
to God's own city joy and singing.  
Within her are the holy courts  
where God Most High his grace imparts.  
He in her midst his place has taken;  
therefore she never will be shaken.  
The LORD will to her help appear  
when he at break of day draws near.*
3. *The nations rage, the kingdoms tumble;  
our foes in terror shake and tremble.  
God's voice in thunder echoes forth;  
his blazing anger melts the earth.  
The LORD Almighty, great and glorious,  
is on our side and goes before us.  
He is our fortress, firm and sure;  
with Jacob's God we are secure.*
4. *Come, see God's works: the desolations  
that he has brought upon the nations.  
He everywhere makes warfare cease  
and blesses all the world with peace.  
The bow he breaks, the spear he shatters;  
the shields he burns, and foes he scatters.  
See all the wonders he has done,  
the victories his hand has won.*
5. *"Be still and know, all you who hear me,  
that I am God, that you must fear me.  
As your exalted King I reign,  
and all the earth is my domain."  
The LORD Almighty, great and glorious,  
is on our side and goes before us.  
He is our fortress, firm and sure;  
with Jacob's God we are secure.*

## PSALM 47

*For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.*

Geneva, 1551

1. Clap your *hands and shout!* Let your *praise ring out!*  
Peoples *far and near*, God *Most High* revere!  
Awesome *King is he*, great in *majesty*.  
Nations *he brought low*, *humbling every* foe.  
By his *mighty hand*, he *gave us our* land;  
in God's *loving choice* Jacob *could rejoice*.
  
2. God went *up on high* with a *joyful cry*,  
and the *trumpet's sound* echoed *all* around.  
Now with *loud acclaim* magnify *his* name.  
Play the *harp and sing*, praise *the LORD our* King.  
He rules *all the earth*. Shout *his glory* forth!  
Let your *praise abound*. Let *the music* sound!
  
3. Glorious *is God's reign*, great *is his* domain.  
He rules *all the lands*, issues *his* commands,  
and their *princes all* gather *at his* call.  
As his *people they* Abraham's God obey,  
for he *from his throne* claims *them as his* own.  
Let him *be adored* as *our sovereign* Lord!

## PSALM 48

*A song. A psalm of the Sons of Korah.*

Geneva, 1562

- 1     Great *is the* LORD! Him *greatly* laud  
      within *the* city of our God.  
      To *him* your *thankful* praises render.  
      His *holy* mountain soars in splendour.  
      Joy and *pride* of all the earth,  
      *she* proclaims her Maker's worth.  
      In the *north* the city towers;  
      there the *great* King shows *his* powers.  
      He, her *sure* defence, will ever  
      be her *strength*, forsake her never.
  
2.     Her *foes* joined forces to advance  
      and *led* their troops with *confidence*,  
      but *when those* kings her walls surrounded,  
      they stood aghast and were astounded.  
      Stunned and shaken by the sight,  
      *they* in panic took to flight;  
      seized by *pain*, they quaked and trembled –  
      pains that *labour* pangs resembled –  
      as when, *by an east* wind battered,  
      ships of *Tarshish* all are scattered.
  
3.     As *we have* heard, so *have* we seen  
      here *in the* city, *God's* domain,  
      which *he* establishes forever:  
      the *LORD* of hosts forsakes it never.  
      In your *temple* we give thought  
      to *the* peace your hand has brought,  
      and your *steadfast* love we ponder.  
      Your great name, *O* God of wonder,  
      and your *praise*, your exaltation,  
      reach the *earth's* remotest nation.
  
4.     God's *love* and righteousness abound.  
      Let *Zion's* mount with *joy* resound;  
      let *Judah's* daughters be rejoicing,  
      the *praises* of his judgments voicing.  
      Walk round *Zion's* citadels,  
      *count* her towers and crenelles,  
      see her walls, her strong foundations;  
      tell the *coming* generations:  
      Such is *God*, our *God*, forever;  
      he, our *guide*, will leave us never.

## PSALM 49

*For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.*

Geneva, 1562

1. Come, hear my words, you peoples everywhere,  
and be attentive to what I declare.  
All you who dwell throughout the earth, draw near;  
let high and low, and rich and poor, give ear.  
My mouth to you great wisdom will impart,  
for thoughtful and discerning is my heart.  
My ear now to a parable inclining,  
I with the harp will show my riddle's meaning.
2. In evil days why should my courage fail,  
though wicked men against me may prevail –  
those who in their possessions place their trust,  
who with their own great riches are impressed?  
None for his brother's life can pay the price,  
nor give to God a ransom to suffice.  
From death's decay man's wealth can save him never,  
and it will not let him live on forever.
3. He surely sees that even wise men die,  
that foolish men cannot death's power defy.  
The grave's dark pit will ever be their home,  
their dwelling for all ages yet to come.  
Although to great estates they give their name,  
they leave their wealth for other men to claim.  
For man, despite the riches he may cherish,  
cannot abide but, like the beasts, will perish.
4. Such is the fate of proud and foolish men,  
the end of those who praise them for their sin.  
Into Sheol like sheep they headlong run;  
their shepherd, Death, stands by to urge them on.  
They all go down directly to the grave;  
from death's corruption no one them can save.  
But God will pay my ransom and not leave me,  
for he into his glory will receive me.
5. When any man grows rich, be not afraid,  
nor let his glory render you dismayed.  
He will not take it with him when he dies;  
on his possessions he in vain relies.  
Though he may here enjoy the praise of men,  
he will not see the light of life again.  
For man, despite the riches he may cherish,  
cannot abide but, like the beasts, will perish.

## PSALM 50

*A psalm of Asaph.*

Geneva, 1543/1551

1. The *Mighty One*, the *LORD*, *proclaims his word*;  
God *speaks*, and *everywhere his voice is heard*.  
He *from the rising to the setting sun*  
calls *all the earth* and *summons everyone*.  
*Out of his Zion God shines forth in splendour*;  
men *to her perfect beauty homage render*.
2. Our *God will not keep silent*. *See, he comes!*  
Fire *goes before him and all things consumes*;  
fiercely *a tempest round about him swirls*.  
His *summons he at his creation hurls*;  
*the heavens above and earth below shall hear him*:  
he *comes to judge his people*. *May all fear him!*
3. Hear *the command God issues from his throne*:  
“*Go out and gather those who are my own,*  
*who made a solemn covenant with me,*  
*pledging by sacrifice their loyalty.*”  
*His justice is proclaimed throughout the heavens*.  
God *is the judge*; by *him is judgment given*.
4. “*My people, I will speak, so listen well.*  
*I testify against you, Israel.*  
*I am your God, the God whom you exalt.*  
*With all your sacrifice I find no fault;*  
*daily you bring burnt offerings before me*  
and *with your worship honour and adore me*.
5. “*I do not need your goats or your young bulls;*  
*I will not take them from your pens and stalls.*  
*Mine are the cattle on a thousand hills,*  
*mine every beast that in the forest dwells.*  
*All birds, all animals in field and pasture*  
*belong to me, their maker and their master.*
6. “*If I were hungry, why should you be told?*  
*For mine are earth and sea and all they hold.*  
*Shall I then drink the blood or eat the flesh*  
*of any goats or bulls that you possess?*  
*Would this be what you think I am demanding?*  
*Why should I need all this, on you depending?*
7. “*Bring the Most High your sacrifice of praise;*  
*fulfil your vows and thank him for his grace.*  
*Then in the day of trouble, call on me,*  
and *I will rise in answer to your plea*;  
*I will deliver you, my hand will save you,*  
and *you will praise me for the help I gave you.*”

8. To *sinner*s who do *not hold him in awe*  
God says, "*What right have you to quote my law  
and to recite the words so dear to me?  
You mouth those covenant words so shamelessly  
but hate it when I of your sin remind you;  
my warning words you always cast behind you.*"
9. "You *meet a thief and choose him for your friend,*  
and *with adulterers your days you spend.*  
You *give your tongue free rein for wickedness,*  
for *all your talk is false and slanderous.*  
*Continually you speak against your brother,*  
and *you malign the son of your own mother.*
10. "These *things you've done, and when I yet kept still*  
you *thought I was like you and all was well,*  
but *now I shall accuse you to your face*  
and *so confront you with your vile disgrace.*  
*Mark this, you who forget all that God gave you,*  
or *I will tear you up, and none will save you.*
11. "Great *is my mercy. Happy he will be*  
who *with his sacrifices honours me,*  
who *in true thankfulness before me bows*  
and *worships me as he fulfils his vows,*  
who *walks the path of righteous dedication.*  
Him *I will show my wonders of salvation.*"

## PSALM 51

*For the director of music. A psalm of David. When the prophet Nathan came to him after David had committed adultery with Bathsheba.*

Geneva, 1551

1. O *gracious* God, be *merciful* to me,  
and *in your* love, your *infinite* compassion,  
blot *out my* sins, remove *all my* transgressions.  
O *God, have* mercy. *Listen to my* plea!  
From *every* taint of *evil* wash me clean,  
and *from my* guilt and *misery* relieve me.  
For *I am* deeply *conscious* of my sin,  
and *all day* long my *misdeeds* haunt and grieve me.
2. God, *you have* I *offended*, you alone.  
In *mercy* hear my *sorrowful* confession.  
How *evil* in your *sight* is my *transgression*!  
You *rightfully* condemn *what I* have done;  
just *is, O* God, the *sentence* I received.  
I *have from* birth been *guilty, ever* sinning;  
for *in iniquity* was I conceived,  
tainted *with sin* right *from my* life's beginning.
3. You *teach me* all the *wisdom* I must know,  
for *you want* truth to  *dwell and* rule *within* me.  
Purge *me with* hyssop. *Wash and* fully clean me  
till *I am* whiter *than the* whitest snow.  
Let *me hear* shouts of *happiness* and joy,  
and *let the* bones you *crushed* leap *up in* dances.  
From *my transgressions* turn *your* face away.  
Blot *out my* guilt, *erase all my* offences.
4. Create *in me* a *pure, clean* heart, I pray;  
*renew a* steadfast *spirit* deep *within* me.  
Give *me new* life to *strengthen and* sustain me;  
God, *from your* presence *cast me* not away.  
Show *me your* mercy. *Do not* take from me  
your *Holy Spirit, but* again, *O* Saviour,  
let *me the* joy of *your* salvation see,  
and *make me* willing to *obey you* ever.
5. Then *to transgressors* I will teach your ways,  
and *sinner*s will *return to* seek *your* favour.  
O *God, from* guilt of *bloodshed* me deliver;  
Then *shall my* tongue your *saving* justice praise.  
I will aloud your *righteousness* proclaim;  
you *are, O* God, the *God of my* salvation.  
Lord, *open* then my *lips* to praise your name  
and *let me* sing my *songs of* jubilation.

6. Lord, *you do* not in *sacrifice* delight,  
or *else I* would with *offerings* try to please you.  
How *could I* ever with *my gifts* appease you?  
Burnt *offerings* find no *favour in your* sight.  
One *gift* alone is *pleasing* in God's eyes:  
the *contrite* heart of *one who has* repented.  
A *broken* spirit *you will* not despise  
when *humbly* as a *sacrifice* presented.
7. In *your good* pleasure, *bleess* Jerusalem;  
cause *her* to thrive, and *shield her* with *your* power.  
Build *Zion's* walls, O *God*; *uphold her* towers,  
*safeguard her* citadels and *strengthen* them.  
Then *you in* *sacrifices* will delight,  
in *gifts of* those whom *you in* *Zion* shelter;  
burnt *offerings* will be *pleasing* in your sight.  
Then *will young* bulls be *offered on your* altar.

## PSALM 52

*For the director of music. A maskil of David. When Doeg the Edomite had gone to Saul and told him: "David has gone to the house of Ahimelech."*

Geneva, 1554/1556 / 1562

1. Why do you boast, you man so mighty,  
of all your wickedness?  
All day you seek to harm and blight me  
while feigning righteousness.  
Your treacherous tongue is razor-sharp;  
the truth you twist and warp.
2. Evil you love far more than merit  
and falsehood more than truth.  
Sweet sounds your voice to all who hear it,  
but though your tongue is smooth,  
you love those words that will destroy;  
deception is your joy.
3. Surely God will break you forever  
and tear you from your tent.  
He will uproot all your endeavour;  
your cloak of lies he'll rend.  
He'll snatch you from your dwelling place;  
your name he will erase.
4. Awed by what was most unexpected,  
the just will laugh and say,  
"This is the man who once rejected  
God as his strength and stay.  
Look, he on his great wealth relied  
but perished in his pride."
5. Like the olive tree I will flourish  
within the house of God.  
He will not let the upright perish.  
His praise I'll shout abroad,  
for his unfailing love is sure  
and ever will endure.
6. O LORD, I will praise you forever;  
in you I hope and trust.  
It's all your doing, God my Saviour;  
you give me peace and rest.  
I will among the saints proclaim  
the goodness of your name!

## PSALM 53

*For the director of music. According to mahalath. A maskil of David.*

Geneva, 1542/1543

1. The fool says in his heart, *"There is no God."*  
They are corrupt, their horrid deeds they cherish;  
not one of them does good, while just men perish.  
None calls upon the LORD, none sings his laud  
or fears his rod.
2. The LORD looks down from heaven's holy throne  
to see if anyone has understanding.  
Not one seeks God, but wickedness intending,  
the sons of men, to sin and evil prone,  
his law disown.
3. Will evildoers never understand?  
As they would eat their bread, they are devouring  
my helpless people. God they are ignoring;  
they do not pray, but evil they have planned  
throughout the land.
4. See how they trembled, overwhelmed with fear;  
they panicked and their terror was unbounded.  
Their bones God scattered; they were left confounded,  
for he despised them. Foes may boast and jeer,  
but God does hear.
5. O Israel, you people of God's choice,  
that out of Zion might come your salvation!  
When God restores the fortunes of his nation,  
let Jacob sing and Israel rejoice  
with happy voice.

## PSALM 54

*For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A maskil of David. When the Ziphites had gone to Saul and said, "Is not David hiding among us?"*

Geneva, 1562

1. Save *me*, O God, by *your great name*,  
and by *your power vindicate me*.  
I am beset by *those who hate me*;  
God, hear my *prayer: your help* I claim.  
Men *who do not keep you in sight*  
attack me, *seeking my destruction*.  
Come to my *aid with your protection*;  
save me *from those who plot and fight*.
  
2. God is my help though *foes are strong*;  
he will not let their *sword come near me*  
but will sustain my *life and hear me*  
and graciously my *days prolong*.  
Let *wickedness recoil on all*  
who *wrong me by their constant slander*.  
O *faithful God, be my defender*  
and let them to their ruin fall.
  
3. I praise your name, for *it is good*;  
LORD, you have saved me *from my suffering*.  
To you I bring my *freewill offering*,  
my *sacrifice of gratitude*.  
You are the one who set me free  
from *all the troubles that distressed me*.  
I look on those who once oppressed me  
and *feast my eyes on victory*.

## PSALM 55

*For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A maskil of David.*

Geneva, 1562

1. God, *listen* to my *urgent* pleading,  
in *mercy* my *petition* heeding;  
do *not* ignore my *supplications*!  
For *troubled* is my *every* thought;  
I *have no* peace and *am distraught*,  
worn *out by* all my *tribulations*.
2. The *wicked* constantly *oppress* me;  
they *with their* taunts and *stares* distress me.  
Their *anger* causes *me to* languish  
in *troubles* and *adversity*.  
Death's *terror* has its *grip on* me;  
my *heart is* filled with *fear and* anguish.
3. If I *but* like a *dove* were able  
to *spread my* wings and *flee all* trouble,  
so *to find* rest and *be protected*,  
how *quickly* I would *fly away*  
and *in a* far-off *desert* stay,  
no *more by* raging *storms* afflicted.
4. Lord, *treat the* wicked *without* pity;  
confuse *their* speech, for *in the* city  
I *witness* riots and *aggression*.  
There *they let* crime and *vice* abound  
while *on its* walls they *prowl* around;  
its *public square* teems *with transgression*.
5. If *any* foe would *taunt and* scorn me,  
I *could* endure it. *Let him* spurn me.  
It *is not* that an *adversary*  
treats *me with* insolence and *pride*,  
for *then from* him I *still could* hide  
and *I would* be *prepared and* wary.
6. No, *it is* you who *have* betrayed me,  
who *with your* malice *have repaid* me  
for *fellowship* and *sweet communion*,  
who *walked with* me when *in God's* house  
we *sang our* praise and *paid our* vows –  
you, *my best* friend, my *close* companion!
7. May *those who* sin and *evil* cherish  
meet *sudden* death and *quickly* perish,  
*alive into* the *grave* descending.  
I *know that* God will *save me* soon,  
and *I will* evening, *morning*, noon  
cry *out to* him, on *him* depending.

- 8      In *battle* he'll *redeem and* shield me,  
to *my* attackers *never* yield me.  
My *God*, enthroned on *high* forever,  
will *come to* strike them *with his* rod –  
those *men who* have no *fear of* God,  
who *love their* sin, *repenting* never.
9.      My *former* friend is *now* a traitor,  
a *sleek-tongued* covenant violator,  
and *all his* talk is *smooth as* butter,  
yet *war is* in his *heart and* mind;  
his *words are* swords, though *soft and* kind.  
Feigned *is whatever* he may utter.
10.     Cast *on the* LORD the *cares that* grieve you;  
he *will* sustain you, *never* leave you.  
The *righteous* he *upholds* forever  
but *flings into* the *deepest* pit  
the *man of* blood, the *hypocrite*.  
In *you I* trust, O *God my* Saviour!

## PSALM 56

*For the director of music. To the tune of "A Dove on Distant Oaks."  
Of David. A miktam. When the Philistines had seized him in Gath.*

Geneva, 1562

1. Be *gracious*, O my God, to whom I flee.  
I am oppressed, strong is my enemy,  
and all day long assailants harass me;  
they fight against me proudly.  
When I'm afraid, when fears of death enshroud me,  
I trust in God, who never disavowed me.  
His word I praise; he has with grace endowed me.  
What can man do to me?
2. My words they keep on twisting all day long;  
unceasingly they seek to do me wrong.  
They band together in an evil throng  
to watch my steps and hound me.  
Intent on my destruction, they surround me.  
In wrath cast down the peoples who confound me;  
repay them for their crime, defeat them soundly,  
O God, my Helper strong.
3. My troubles and my woes you count and see.  
Put all my tears, O God to whom I flee,  
into your bottle and remember me  
when wicked men deceive me.  
Are all my sorrows, all the ills that grieve me,  
not in your book, and will you not relieve me?  
My enemies will all turn back and leave me  
the day you hear my plea.
4. For this I know, that God is at my side;  
in him, whose word I praise, I will confide;  
he heard my voice when in my fears I cried.  
The LORD is my defender.  
In God I trust, to him my praise I render.  
I will not fear, I trust his mercies tender.  
My foes will flee when he appears in splendour.  
Why then fear human pride?
5. I must perform to you, O God, my vow.  
Before your throne with grateful gifts I bow;  
thank-offerings I will bring before you now,  
for you from death have saved me;  
yes, in the book of life you have engraved me.  
You have upheld me, foes could not enslave me,  
so that I in the light of life you gave me  
may walk before you now.

## PSALM 57

*For the director of music. To the tune of "Do Not Destroy."  
Of David. A miktam. When he had fled from Saul into the cave.*

Geneva, 1554/1556 / 1562

1. Be merciful, be *merciful* to me;  
O *God*, with you I *find security*.  
The *shadow* of your *wings is my protection*;  
*until the storms pass by, to God I flee –*  
to *God Most High*, who *charts my life's direction*.
2. He'll send from heaven and *save me as before*,  
*frustrating* those who *hound me evermore*.  
His *steadfast* love will *comfort me in sorrows*  
*though I lie down amid the lions' roar*,  
*beset by foes whose teeth are spears and arrows*.
3. O *God*, exalt yourself *above the skies!*  
Let *over* all the *earth your glory* rise.  
My *soul was grieved*, for *where my way I wended*  
*they set a snare*, but *to their great surprise*  
*they fell into the pit for me intended*.
4. O *God*, my heart is *steadfast: I will sing*  
and, *making music, praise my glorious King*.  
*Awake, my soul! All slumber be forsaken*.  
*Awake, O harp and lyre! your praises bring!*  
*Come, join with me: the dawn I will awaken!*
5. Among the nations *I will sing your praise*  
and *will proclaim the wonders of your ways*.  
For *to the clouds extends your love unfailing*;  
*your faithfulness outdistances our gaze*.  
Through *all the earth your glory be prevailing!*

## PSALM 58

*For the director of music. To the tune of "Do Not Destroy." Of David. A miktam*

Geneva, 1562

1. Do *you indeed*, you *men so mighty*,  
decree *in justice* what is right?  
Are *all your verdicts truth and light*,  
and *do you judge mankind uprightly*?  
No, *in your hearts you wrongs devise*;  
you *deal out violence and lies*.
2. Right *from their birth* the *wicked* wander,  
right *from the womb they* go astray;  
*deceit and falsehood mark their way*.  
Like *serpents' venom is their slander*;  
they're *deaf like snakes that block their ears*  
lest *they the charmer's* voice should hear.
3. God, *break the teeth of those that slaughter*;  
*repay them with their victims' pangs*;  
tear *out their savage lion fangs*.  
O *let them vanish like the waters*  
that *over rocks and gravel pass*;  
cause *them to wither* like the grass.
4. Let *them to ruin be surrendered*  
like *snails that turn to slime and die*;  
as *to untimely births, deny*  
to *them the gift of sunlight's splendour*.  
Let *them like thorns be cleared away*;  
destroy *them, LORD, without delay*.
5. Then *will the righteous with rejoicing*  
look *on when God his vengeance shows*;  
they'll *bathe their feet in blood of foes*.  
Then *men will say, their gladness voicing*,  
"The *righteous their reward will see*:  
there *is a God of equity*."

## PSALM 59

*For the director of music. To the tune of "Do Not Destroy." Of David.  
A miktam. When Saul had sent men to watch David's house in order to kill him.*

Geneva, 1562

1. God, *from my enemies* protect me,  
from *those who rise up to afflict* me.  
Come to *deliver* me again  
and *save me from bloodthirsty* men.  
They *lie in wait and* will not spare me;  
*fierce men are plotting to ensnare* me.  
Yet *for no sin of mine or fault*  
are *they preparing* their assault.
2. LORD *God Almighty, rise to save* me  
and *do not let my foes* enslave me.  
You *are the God of Israel,*  
our *stronghold and our* citadel.  
Come, *rouse yourself and judge the* nations  
who *taunt you with their provocations.*  
Spare *none of those who treacherously*  
plot *evil and iniquity.*
3. Like *packs of savage dogs that* howling  
through *all the city streets are* prowling,  
my *enemies each night* return  
to *taunt me with their* bitter scorn.  
Their *tongues are* swords; their *mouths are* spewing  
the *venom of their evildoing,*  
for, "*Who can hear all this?*" they say  
and *boldly go their* haughty way.
4. But, LORD, you *laugh at all those* nations  
and *mock their wicked* aspirations.  
O *God my Strength, for you* I long;  
you *are my fortress,* firm and strong.  
My *loving God will come to* meet me  
and *with his promised help will* greet me,  
soon *letting me in triumph* see  
the *downfall of my* enemy.
5. Do *not yet kill those who* reject you,  
or *else my people will* forget you.  
O *God of might and* great renown,  
come, *scatter them and* bring them down.  
Let *them be* humbled, *crushed and* broken,  
for *all the sins their mouths* have spoken.  
Let *those who on* deceit relied  
be *caught and trapped in* their own pride.

6. For *all their lying and their cursing*  
and *for the hatred they are nursing*,  
O *God, consume them*, I implore,  
*consume them till they are no more*.  
Show *them your anger*, let *them cower*  
*before your justice and your power*.  
Then *it will everywhere* be known  
that *God rules Jacob*, he alone.
  
7. Each *evening they, like dogs that howling*  
through *street and marketplace are prowling*,  
come *back and look* about for prey  
as *here and there they roam and stray*.  
Their *ravenous* hunger *knows no pity*,  
and *scavenging throughout the city*,  
they *bark and bellow*, loud and shrill,  
and *growl unless they get their fill*.
  
8. You *will at daybreak hear me singing*,  
to *you, O God, my praises bringing*,  
for *I will glory* in your might  
and *in your steadfast love delight*.  
You *are my strength, my rock and tower*,  
my *refuge in the darkest hour*.  
Your *praise I sing and shout abroad*,  
O *mighty Fortress, loving God!*

## PSALM 60

*For the director of music. To the tune of "The Lily of the Covenant." A miktam of David.  
For teaching. When he fought Aram Naharaim and Aram Zobah, and when Joab  
returned and struck down twelve thousand Edomites in the Valley of Salt*

Geneva, 1562

1. O *God*, you have rejected us  
and *left your people* powerless.  
Too long we've seen your anger burn.  
Restore us now! To us return!  
You've made our land convulse and shake;  
we've seen it crack and split and quake.  
Now cause its breaches to be mended;  
no longer leave us undefended.
2. God, you have made your people see  
times of extreme adversity.  
Our life became one harsh ordeal;  
you gave us wine that made us reel.  
But you have raised a banner high  
for those who on your help rely.  
Now show your might and save your nation;  
to those you love, grant liberation.
3. Our mighty King, the God of grace,  
has spoken in his holy place:  
"All Succoth's vale and Shechem's land  
I will divide as I have planned.  
All Gilead belongs to me;  
Manasseh is my property.  
My helmet: Ephraim, strong defender.  
My sceptre: Judah, firm commander."
4. God shamed his foes with words that sting:  
"At Edom I my sandal fling;  
I Moab as my washbowl claim  
and in Philistia shout my fame."  
God, who but you can be our guide  
to Edom, so well fortified?  
But you have cast us off in anger  
and with our armies march no longer.
5. To us again your favour show;  
grant us your aid against the foe.  
Uphold us as none other can,  
for worthless is the help of man.  
Our God will crush the enemy;  
with him, we'll gain the victory.  
Our proud oppressors he will humble,  
tread on their necks and make them tremble.

## PSALM 61

*For the director of music. With stringed instruments. Of David.*

Geneva, 1562

1. Listen to my cry and hear me;  
God, be near me.  
In your mercy heed my prayers.  
When I call from far-off places,  
God, be gracious,  
for my heart is faint with cares.
2. Lord, with your support provide me;  
safely guide me  
to the rock for me too high.  
You, my refuge and my tower,  
showed your power  
when my enemies drew nigh.
3. Keep me in your tent forever.  
Leave me never!  
God of grace, to you I cling.  
Shield me with your love and favour,  
O my Saviour,  
in the shelter of your wings.
4. When I made my vows, you heard me;  
you reward me  
with the heritage of those  
who on bended knee adore you  
and before you  
in your steadfast love repose.
5. Show your love: the king's life lengthen  
and him strengthen.  
May his reign go on and on.  
Richly bless all his endeavour;  
let him ever  
sit before you on his throne.
6. Be, O God of might and splendour,  
his defender,  
and your steadfast love display.  
Then will I, your name professing,  
for your blessing  
thank you with my vows each day.

## PSALM 62

*For the director of music. For Jeduthun. A psalm of David.*

Geneva, 1542/1543

1. In God alone *my soul* finds rest,  
for *in his faithfulness* I trust;  
from *him alone* comes *my salvation*.  
He *is the rock that will not quake*,  
and *none can this my stronghold* shake  
or *move me from its firm foundation*.
2. Say, how much longer *will* you dare  
*attack a man as though he were*  
*a broken fence, about to totter?*  
You *love deceit and plan* his fall;  
though *with your mouth* you wish him well,  
you *in your heart* your curses mutter.
3. Find rest, my soul, *in God* alone.  
Him *only I depend upon*  
for *all my hope and my salvation*.  
He *is the rock that will not quake*,  
and *none can this my stronghold* shake  
or *move me from its firm foundation*.
4. On God rests my *deliverance*,  
and *he my honour will advance*;  
he *is my mighty rock, my shelter*.  
O *people*, trust *in God* alone;  
to *him make all your troubles* known.  
With *his support* you *will not falter*.
5. Mere breath are those *of low estate*,  
and *a delusion are the great*.  
They *rise when in the scales* you weigh them.  
Together they are *but a breath* –  
mere *mortals, prey to doom and death*.  
Their *sudden downfall* will *dismay* them.
6. Put no false hope *and confidence*  
in *robbery and violence*;  
do *not take pride in theft and plunder*.  
Although your riches *may increase*,  
they *will not give you rest and peace*.  
Why *set your heart on earthly splendour?*
7. God once has *spoken*, I have heard  
the *two-fold never-failing* word  
that you, *God*, are *my strong defender*,  
that *steadfast love is yours*, O Lord,  
for *all receive their just reward*  
when *on their deeds* you *judgment* render.

## PSALM 63

*A psalm of David. When he was in the Desert of Judah.*

Geneva, 1551

1. You are my *God, I seek your face.*  
O *God, for you I thirst and languish;*  
for *you my flesh grows faint with anguish*  
here *in this dry and weary place.*  
When I stood *in your sanctuary,*  
where *you are worshipped and adored,*  
I *there beheld your greatness, Lord,*  
and marvelled *at your power and glory.*
  
2. Your steadfast *love is better far*  
than *life itself, O God my Saviour.*  
Your *faithfulness will never waver;*  
my *lips your praises will declare.*  
With joyful *singing I will bless you*  
and *all my life your love proclaim.*  
With *hands uplifted in your name,*  
I will in *thankful prayer address you.*
  
3. You fill my *soul with rich delight*  
as *with the joys of lavish feasting,*  
and *as I meditate while resting,*  
I *think of you throughout the night.*  
I cling to *you, my strong deliverer,*  
and *in the shadow of your wings*  
my *joyful praise I shout and sing,*  
for your right *hand upholds me ever.*
  
4. When foes your *servant seek to slay,*  
in *yawning pits will earth receive them.*  
The *sharpened sword will sorely grieve them;*  
they *will become the jackal's prey.*  
But then the *king in God will glory*  
with *all who swear by his great name,*  
for *liars he will put to shame*  
and silence *every adversary.*

## PSALM 64

*For the director of music. A psalm of David.*

Geneva, 1542

1. Heed *my* complaint, O *God*, and hear me.  
Save *me* from *all my* enemies;  
hide *me* from *their* conspiracies,  
from *noisy* mobs that *make me* weary.  
O *God*, be near me!
2. Their *tongues* the sharpest *swords* resemble;  
a *deadly dart* is every word  
as *boldly*, by *no* fear deterred,  
they *strike the* blameless and *the* humble  
to *make them* stumble.
3. They *hatch their* schemes for *my* destruction  
and *cunningly* conceal their snare.  
“No *one* will see it,” they declare  
and *with their* smug self-satisfaction  
boast *of their* action.
4. But *God* will shoot them *with his* arrow,  
and *their own tongues* will bring them shame.  
Many will *shake their* heads at them;  
their *downfall* will be *quick and* thorough,  
much *to their* sorrow.
5. Then *all* will fear our *great* defender;  
they will *God’s* mighty deeds proclaim  
and, *praising his* exalted name,  
will *stand in* awe as *they all* ponder  
his *works of* wonder.
6. Come, *praise the* LORD for *his* salvation!  
Let *all the just* in him delight;  
let *them seek* refuge in his might  
and *thank him* for their *preservation*  
with *jubilation*.

## PSALM 65

*For the director of music. A psalm of David. A song.*

Geneva, 1543

1. Zion, O God, in you rejoices  
and greets you with her songs;  
your courts resound with cheerful voices.  
All praise to you belongs!  
To you who hear our supplication  
we come to pay our vow.  
All people will in adoration  
before you humbly bow.
2. When we are grieved by our transgressions  
and overwhelmed by sins,  
you blot them out in your compassion  
and give us peace again.  
How blest are those whom you have chosen,  
whom you in love embrace;  
within your courts, in you reposing,  
they have a dwelling place.
3. O God, you in your habitation  
will all your saints provide  
with every blessing of salvation  
till all are satisfied.  
By awesome deeds, so just and mighty,  
you save us from our foe;  
to those who walk with you uprightly  
your justice you will show.
4. You are the hope of distant nations;  
you by your strength and power  
placed mountains on their firm foundations  
and stilled the ocean's roar.  
Those who make far-off lands their dwelling  
all tremble at the sight;  
both dawn and dusk, in praise excelling,  
with joy acclaim your might.
5. O God, you show the earth your favour,  
the bounty of your hand,  
for filled with water is your river,  
enriching all the land.  
You soften furrows with your showers  
and bless the sprouting grain.  
How great, O God, your love and power  
throughout all your domain!
6. You crown the year, O Fount of blessing,  
with gifts to cheer the land;  
your goodness fills the earth, expressing  
the wonders of your hand.  
The hills rejoice. The meadows teeming  
with flocks that skip and spring,  
the golden grain, in valleys gleaming –  
they shout for joy and sing!

## PSALM 66

*For the director of music. A song. A psalm.*

Geneva, 1543/1551

1. Let *all the earth with loud rejoicing*  
the *greatness of our* God acclaim.  
With *shouts of praise let all* adore him,  
sing *to the glory of his* name.  
Let *all then* say, “How *awe-inspiring*  
are *all your works, how* great your power;  
*before your strength, O God Almighty,*  
your *enemies all cringe and cower.*
  
2. “All *peoples, bowing down* before you,  
sing *praises to your* glorious name;  
to you, *O God, they all pay* homage,  
with *hymns of joy declare* your fame.”  
O *come and see* with *reverent* wonder  
the *awesome deeds that* God has done,  
his *mighty works among* the nations,  
the *victories his hand* has won.
  
3. His *strength to Israel* revealing,  
he *turned the sea* to arid land.  
When *they on foot passed* through the river,  
the *waters heeded* his command.  
We *sang his* praise, in *him* rejoicing  
who *by his might* rules without end;  
his *eyes keep watch* on every nation.  
Let *rebels not his power* withstand.
  
4. Come, *bless our God* with joyful voices.  
All *nations, let his* praise resound,  
for *he has kept our feet* from stumbling;  
in *him we have a* refuge found.  
Your *people you, O God, have* tested  
as *ore is in the* furnace tried;  
we *in the fire of your* refining  
have *been, like silver,* purified.
  
5. Into the *net, O God, you* brought us,  
laid *heavy burdens* on our backs.  
Foes *drove right over us* in chariots;  
you *humbled us by* their attacks.  
We *went through* fire, we *went through* water,  
but *you then showed your* power and grace,  
for *you delivered us, your* people,  
and *brought us to a* spacious place.

6. Your *holy temple* I shall enter  
and *there my thanks* to you express;  
I shall fulfil the vows I promised  
in *days of trouble and distress*.  
Burnt sacrifices I shall offer,  
with *choicest fatlings* pay my vows;  
with *smoke of rams, with goats and bullocks*  
I shall adore you in your house.
  
7. Come and be to my words attentive,  
all you who God in truth revere.  
Let me declare how he has helped me,  
how in my troubles he drew near.  
I cried to him in my affliction,  
and he in mercy heard my voice;  
my tongue with songs of praise extolled him.  
In his compassion I rejoice.
  
8. If I had cherished any evil,  
the Lord would not have heeded me.  
I know that God indeed has heard me;  
he has attended to my plea.  
Forever blest be God my Saviour,  
who has not turned away my prayer,  
nor has withheld from me his mercy,  
his never-failing love and care.

## PSALM 67

*For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A psalm. A song.*

Geneva, 1543/1551

1. *May God be merciful and bless us,  
and cause his face on us to shine;  
may he to us be ever gracious,  
illumine us with light divine.  
May he to all nations  
show his revelation  
and his ways unfold.  
Great is God our Saviour.  
May all see his favour  
and his power behold.*
  
2. *Let all the peoples come before you  
to sing their praises to your name.  
Let all the heathen tribes adore you,  
with joy your mighty deeds proclaim,  
for you judge the nations,  
rule their populations;  
you they have as guide.  
You as their defender  
to all peoples render  
justice far and wide.*
  
3. *Let all the earth, O God our Saviour,  
your love and faithfulness extol.  
The land has yielded through your favour  
its harvest rich and bountiful.  
God is good and gracious;  
he will richly bless us –  
he, our God and King.  
Let all peoples fear him,  
all the earth revere him,  
of his glory sing.*

## PSALM 68

*For the director of music. Of David. A psalm. A song.*

Strasbourg, 1539 / Geneva, 1551

1. *God shall arise and by his might  
put all his enemies to flight;  
his triumph will be glorious.  
When those who hate him, scattered, flee  
before his power and majesty,  
our God will be victorious.  
For just as wind blows smoke away,  
he will disperse the proud array  
of those who evil cherish.  
Like wax that melts before the fire,  
they will be vanquished by God's ire;  
the wicked all will perish.*
  
2. *Now let the just with joyful voice  
in God's victorious might rejoice;  
let them exult before him!  
O sing to God, his praise proclaim,  
and with your psalms extol his name;  
in joyful song adore him.  
Lift up your voice and sing aloud  
to him who rides upon the clouds  
high in the spacious heavens.  
The LORD – that is his glorious name.  
Rejoice in him with loud acclaim;  
to him be glory given.*
  
3. *He, father to the fatherless,  
defence of widows in distress,  
is in his habitation.  
God in the goodness of his grace  
gives lonely ones a dwelling place;  
he grants them consolation.  
He leads the captive out to see  
the joys of new-found liberty,  
for bounteous is God's mercy.  
But who against him dare rebel  
must evermore with famine dwell  
in deserts dry and thirsty.*
  
4. *O God, when you went on ahead  
and through the barren desert led  
the flock you had assembled,  
you caused the earth to quake and cower;  
O God of Israel, great in power,  
before you, Sinai trembled.  
You with abundant rain, O LORD,  
your weary heritage restored  
and, as you had decided,  
you let your people settle there;  
you blessed them with your lavish care  
and for the poor provided.*

5. When *God but spoke his mighty word,*  
great was the host whose shouts were heard  
as they proclaimed their tidings:  
“The kings are fleeing in despair!  
Our women in the plunder share,  
the spoils of war dividing!  
To those who stayed at home they bring  
as gift a dove with silvered wings  
and brightly gilded feathers.”  
Before the LORD the kings all fled  
like drifting snow on Zalmon spread  
by blasts of stormy weather.
6. O Bashan’s mountain, massive height,  
far higher than all peaks in sight,  
so great in rugged grandeur!  
O you whose tops are seen from far,  
whose peaks so high and numerous are,  
majestic in their splendour!  
Why do you still with envy look  
at Zion’s mount, which God once took  
and made his throne’s location?  
There he for evermore will dwell;  
the LORD once made this humble hill  
his glorious habitation.
7. God’s chariots, mighty to behold,  
are twice ten thousand thousandfold;  
the mountains quaked and trembled.  
From Sinai, God victoriously  
came down into his sanctuary;  
in Zion all assembled.  
When you, O Lord, went up again  
you led your captives in your train  
with tribute in abundance;  
gifts, too, from those who rebels were –  
that you, LORD God, for evermore,  
might dwell there in resplendence.
8. Blest be the Lord, who on our way  
provides for us, and day by day  
upholds us by his power.  
God of Salvation is his name;  
this glorious name shall we proclaim.  
He is our shield and tower.  
Our God, the LORD, is strong to save  
from mortal danger, from the grave  
and every cruel oppression.  
But God will crush the heads of foes,  
the hairy crown of him who goes  
in ways of foul transgression.

9. The *Lord has spoken*: “*My own hand will bring your foes from far-off lands; from Bashan I will guide them. From the remotest shores and seas I will retrieve your enemies, though ocean depths should hide them, for I your triumph will complete, that you with joy may bathe your feet in blood of conquered nations and see your dogs lap up their share as for my people I prepare my righteous vindication.*”
10. The *solemn throngs are gathered* here; to *God my King do they draw* near. They *come with sounding cymbals, the singers first, the minstrels last, and in among them, filing past, the maidens play their timbrels. In this great congregation’s throng let God be praised in joyful song, O Jacob’s generation! There Benjamin, the smallest clan, leads Naphtali and Zebulun, Judah and all the nation!*
11. Lord, *let your glorious power be known; show us the strength on which your own have in the past depended. Because you have your temple here, kings in Jerusalem appear with gifts for you intended. Rebuke the beasts among the reeds, both bulls and calves, those filled with greed, all who in war take pleasure. Let envoys come from Egypt’s land; to God let Ethiopia’s hand stretch out to give its treasure.*
12. Praise *God and shout his glory forth, O kings and kingdoms of the earth! In joyful song adore him. Praise him who rides the ancient sky, who thunders forth his battle cry; let all bow down before him. Proclaim his power and spread his fame, for great in Israel is his name; his might is in the heavens. O awesome God, you from your throne with power and glory bless your own. To you all praise be given!*

## PSALM 69

*For the director of music. To the tune of "Lilies." Of David.*

Geneva, 1551

1. Save *me*, O God! The *waters* rise and leap:  
up *to my neck* the *roaring floods* surround me.  
There is *no* foothold, *deadly dangers* hound me.  
I've *come into* the *waters of the deep*.  
I *am engulfed* by *floods* for me too great;  
my *throat* is parched, I'm *weary with my* crying.  
My *eyes grow* dim as *for my* God I wait.  
Come *to my* rescue, *LORD*, and *heed my* sighing.
2. More *numerous* than the *hairs upon* my head  
are *those who* without *any cause* reject me,  
those *enemies* who *constantly afflict* me  
and *whose malicious treachery* I dread.  
Must I *restore* now *what I* did not steal?  
I *know I've* done the *things you have* forbidden.  
O *God*, my *folly I* did not conceal;  
from *you my* wrongs and *misdeeds* are not hidden.
3. May *those who* put in *you their* hope and trust  
not *through my* doing be *disgraced and* slandered.  
May *they*, O *LORD*, not *be to shame* surrendered  
because I've been *unfaithful or* unjust.  
O *God of Israel*, *taunts and* shame I've borne,  
and *for your* sake I *am to friend and* brother  
a *stranger* whom they *disavow and* scorn,  
an *alien* to the *sons of my* own mother.
4. *LORD*, *for your* house I *am* consumed with zeal;  
*taunts meant for* you have *now on me* descended.  
I *weep and* fast. By *none I* am defended;  
deep *are the* shame and *sorrow that* I feel.  
I *put on* sackcloth, *for my* grief is great,  
but *people* laugh at *me and* keep on sneering.  
I *am the* talk of *idlers* at the gate,  
the *song of* drunkards *revelling and* jeering.
5. But *though they* mock, O *LORD*, to you I pray;  
at *your own* time, O *God my* Helper, hear me.  
In *your great* love and *faithfulness* be near me,  
and *in the* mire let *me not* sink away.  
Deliver me from *waters* dark and deep,  
from *those who* hate me. *God*, *show me* your favour  
and *draw me* from the *current's* mighty sweep.  
Let *death not* close its *mouth on me*, O Saviour.
6. Out *of the* goodness *of your* steadfast love,  
*LORD*, *turn to* me, with *your great* mercy bless me.  
Do *not conceal* your *face when* foes oppress me;  
in *all my* troubles, *hear me* from above.  
Make *haste to* answer *me*, do not delay.  
Come, *rescue* me, *redeem your* faithful servant.  
Save *me from* those who *seek me* as their prey,  
who *hate me* with a *hatred fierce and* fervent.

7. You *know of* all the *scorn and* shame I bear;  
LORD, *you have* seen how *enemies disgrace* me,  
how *with their* constant *insults they* abase me.  
Taunts *broke my* heart, and *deep is my* despair.  
I *looked for* pity, *but I* found deceit;  
for *comforters*, but *I saw them* desert me.  
They *gave me* bitter *gall as* food to eat  
and *vinegar as* drink when *I was* thirsty.
8. At *their own* table *let my* foes be trapped,  
ensnared *when* for their *feasting they* assemble.  
Their *eyes be* darkened *so that they will* stumble;  
from *shaking* limbs *let all their* strength be sapped.  
Pour *out your* fury, *let it* not abate,  
and *by your* wrath *let them be* overtaken.  
Let *their encampments be* left desolate;  
let *all their* tents be *utterly* forsaken.
9. They *persecute* those *wounded* by your hand,  
and *talk of* those whose *pains and* sorrows please them.  
Charge *them with* crime on *crime; do not* release them,  
nor *let them* freed from *guilt before* you stand.  
LORD, *from the* book of *life blot* out their names;  
let *none of* them be *in your* scroll recorded.  
Do *not include* them *with those* free from blame;  
let *good and* evil *justly be* rewarded.
10. I *am in* pain, *great is* my misery;  
O *God, protect* me, *sending your* salvation.  
Then *I will* praise your *name with* jubilation  
and *give you* thanks. To *you all* glory be.  
More *than an* ox or *bull as* sacrifice,  
my *song of* praise will *please my* God and Saviour.  
His *captive* people *he will* not despise;  
he *hears the* needy, *showing them* his favour.
11. Let *heaven* and earth praise *him with* grateful songs,  
the *seas and* all that *stirs in* them adore him;  
let *all creation* shout *with joy* before him:  
God *will save* Zion. *Praise to* him belongs.  
All *Judah's* cities *will the* LORD rebuild.  
There *will his* servants *be, in* praise excelling.  
With *their* descendants *will the* land be filled;  
there *those who* love him *all will* find a dwelling.

## PSALM 70

*For the director of music. Of David. A petition.*

Geneva, 1551

1. Be pleased to *save me, God, I pray;*  
O *LORD*, to my *deliverance* hasten  
and *with confusion all those* chasten  
who *seek to take my life* away.  
May those who *plan my ruination*  
be *humbled and in panic* flee.  
May *those who jeer and laugh* at me  
retreat in *shame and consternation*.
  
2. But may all *those who seek your face,*  
who *love and cherish your salvation,*  
be *glad and sing with jubilation,*  
“*Exalted be the God of grace.*”  
But I am *poor and weak as ever;*  
come *quickly, God, and rescue me,*  
for *you alone can set me free.*  
Do not *delay, O LORD my Saviour.*

## PSALM 71

Geneva, 1551

1. In you, LORD, I have taken refuge;  
I trust in your great name.  
Do not put me to shame,  
but in your righteousness and mercy  
incline your ear and hear me;  
with saving help be near me.
2. LORD, be to me a rock and fortress,  
and issue your command  
to save me from the hand  
of those who savagely attack me.  
Protect me from their power;  
God, be my strength and tower.
3. Since I was young, in you I've trusted;  
on you I've leaned from birth.  
From when you brought me forth  
and from my mother's womb you took me,  
you've blessed me with your favour.  
I'll sing your praise forever.
4. I as a portent am regarded,  
a sign for all to see.  
But you, LORD, are to me  
my strong and steadfast rock of refuge,  
my powerful defender.  
All day I praise your splendour.
5. In my old age, do not forsake me  
when all my strength is spent.  
LORD, see my foes' intent:  
together they conspire to kill me.  
They say, "God does not see him,  
and there is none to free him."
6. Do not stand far away but help me.  
O God, my God, make haste!  
May all those be disgraced  
who seek my harm and who accuse me.  
May they all be confounded,  
by scorn and shame surrounded.
7. But I will hope in you forever  
and praise you more and more.  
With you I am secure.  
LORD, in your righteousness I glory.  
When enemies oppressed me,  
you with your justice blessed me.

8. O LORD, your works of might and glory  
I will proclaim in song  
and praise them all day long.  
They far exceed my understanding.  
Your righteous deeds I treasure;  
they are beyond all measure.
9. You from my youth, O God, have taught me;  
I to this day proclaim  
your wondrous works, your fame.  
Now that I'm old and grey, stay near me  
and do not leave me ever;  
O God, forsake me never.
10. To all the coming generations  
I will with great delight  
proclaim your power and might.  
Your righteousness is all-excelling;  
it reaches highest heaven.  
To you all praise be given.
11. Great are your deeds in might and splendour.  
God, who with you compares?  
You've brought me bitter cares,  
but from earth's deepest pits you'll raise me  
to ever greater glory.  
Your comfort will restore me.
12. With harp and lute I'll sing to praise you  
for all that you have done,  
O Israel's Holy One.  
Your love and faithfulness extolling,  
I'll shout with joy and fervour,  
for you are my preserver.
13. My lips and tongue will praise your goodness;  
I will with heart and soul  
your righteous deeds extol.  
You humbled those who sought my ruin;  
your praise I will be voicing,  
all day in you rejoicing.

## PSALM 72

*Of Solomon.*

Geneva, 1543

1. O *God*, give to the *king* your justice,  
his *son* your righteousness.  
You *are the* God in *whom our* trust is;  
your *hand* alone can bless.  
May *he, the royal son*, be reigning  
with *judgments true and* sure,  
to *all your people* right ordaining,  
your *justice to the* poor.
2. May *for the* people *hill and* mountain  
bring *forth the* peace they seek,  
and *justice*, gushing *like a* fountain,  
restore *the* faint and weak.  
May *he defend the* poor and needy;  
may *he their* children save,  
and *crush oppressors*, *proud and* greedy,  
who *for their* downfall crave.
3. May *he, so* high above *the* nations,  
live *while the* sun endures –  
he *who* throughout all *generations*  
our *joy and* peace ensures;  
and *may he be* like rain that drenches  
the *meadows parched* and pale,  
like *showers whose* abundance quenches  
the *thirst of* hill and vale.
4. May *in his* days the *righteous* flourish  
and *peace on* earth be found;  
may *for all* those who *justice* cherish  
his *righteousness* abound.  
Long *may he* live and rule *our* nation  
while *sun and* moon endure;  
may *he in* every generation  
our *peace and* joy ensure.
5. For evermore may *his* dominion  
from *sea to* sea extend,  
and *from the* River to *the* regions  
of *earth's* remotest end.  
May *every* tribe and *tongue* adore him,  
and *may from* east and west  
his *foes* all come to bow before him,  
his *haters* lick the dust.

6. May *princes*, moved by *awe and wonder*,  
then *travel* miles on miles,  
that *they may* him the *tribute* render  
of *Tarshish* and the isles.  
May *Sheba with its gifts* adore him,  
and *Seba treasures* bring.  
May *rulers all fall down* before him  
and *serve him as their king*.
7. The *helpless* poor he *will deliver*  
and *hear them* when they call,  
for *he, as great and gracious* giver,  
has *pity* on them all.  
He *saves them from oppressors* greedy  
and *hears their anguished* cries;  
the *blood of all the poor and needy*  
is *precious in his eyes*.
8. Long *may he live!* May *all present* him  
with *Sheba's* finest gold;  
as *tribute* may the *nations* grant him  
most *precious* gifts untold.  
May *people join in celebration*  
to *praise him without* end.  
For *him let prayers of invocation*  
to *heaven's throne* ascend.
9. Throughout *the land* may *grain be* growing  
from *plains to* mountain tops;  
like *Lebanon*, may *fields be* glowing  
with *bounteous* golden crops.  
May *in the cities people* flower  
like *hillsides in the* spring.  
May *all the earth acclaim his* power  
and *of his glory* sing.
10. The *king whose name we are* professing  
shall *like the sun* endure.  
In *him all nations find their* blessing;  
their *peace will be* secure.  
Blest *be the LORD, for he so* glorious  
*alone does wondrous* things.  
O *God, in all the earth our* chorus  
with "*Amen, Amen*" rings.