

Psalm 30

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

⁴ An expression of impatient contempt.