Psalm 28

"Thou art, O Lord, my strength"

Text by Thomas Sternhold
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. Thou art, O Lord, my strength and stay, the succour which I crave:
2. Repute not me among the sort of wicked and pervert,
3. For they regard nothing God's works, his law, nor yet his lore:

Neglect me not lest I be like to them which go to grave,
That speak right fair unto their friends and think full ill in heart.
Therefore will he them and their seed destroy for evermore.

The voice of thy supplicant hear, that unto ye doth
According to their handy work, as they deserve in
To render thanks unto the Lord, how great a cause have

When I lift up my hands unto thine holy ark most high,
And after their inventions, let them receive their mead.
My voice, my prayer, and my complaint, that heard so will ingly.