Psalm 30

4. When I enjoyed the world at will,
   thus would I boast and say,
   Tush,
   I am sure to feel none ill:
   this wealth shall not decay.

7. 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. 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.

9. 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. Wherefore, my God, some pity take,
   O Lord, I thee desire:
   Do not this simple soul forsake,
   of help I thee require.

11. 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. 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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4 An expression of impatient contempt.