

PSALM 28

I cry to the Lord, my Rock will hear it; lest I be like those, who descend to the pit.

- 2 Hear Lord my call, the prayer that I cry; lifting my hands, to Your sanctified shrine.
- 3 Lead me not with the guilty, their practices vain; speaking safety to neighbors, hearts of evil have they.
- 4 Pay them for their works, their malicious acts; for the deeds of their hands, O Lord give them back.
- 5 They know not the Lord, nor the things His hands make; He'll not build them up, but will pull down and break.
- 6 Blessed is the Lord, for my call He has heard; my earnest entreaty, takes heed to my word.
- 7 The Lord is my strong shield, my trust and my stay; my heart will rejoice, with a song full of praise.
- 8 The Lord is the strength, of His people indeed; victorious Rock, to Messiah the seed.
- 9 Deliver Your people, bless heirs every soul; shepherd and lift them, to ages untold.