

PSALM 39

“**M**y ways will I hedge, and keep my tongue clear; my mouth safely muzzled,
when wicked are near.”

- 2 My tongue tied and silent, hushed quiet and still; even at good, my sorrow was filled.
- 3 My heart hot within me, as my complaint stung; it flamed up within me, I spoke with my tongue.
- 4 Lord show me, how long till I fail; the length of my days, to see I am frail.
- 5 Lo for my days, like the breadth of my hand; as nothing before You, each life of a man. (Pause)
- 6 Walking in vain, and upset for no reason; heaping up riches, to what heir or season?
- 7 Now in this time Lord, what can I collect? Only from You, all the good I expect.
- 8 Save me from every, rebellion and lie; never disgraced by the wicked's foul cry.
- 9 My tongue tied and silent, not loos'ning my mouth; seeing the things, that You have allowed.
- 10 Fend every blow, they all try to land; they want me to die, by the strife of their hand.
- 11 You correct sinful men, reproving their ways; their beauty dissolves, like a moth's meager days. (Pause)
- 12 Hear my prayer and cry, speak up at my tears; for like all my fathers, no home have I here.
- 13 Let Your compassion, soon break off my woe; before I am nothing, with nowhere to go.