

PSALM 141

ord I call unto You, please hurry unto me; give Your ear unto my voice, for I call unto Thee.

- 2 Set my prayer before Your face, as incense burning sweet; lofting up from hands at dusk, oblations by the priest.
- 3 As watchmen guard a city gate, O Lord protect my mouth; and keep the door of my own lips, (let nothing evil out).
- 4 Stretch not Your heart toward the bad, who practice wicked deeds; that I dine not on dainties from, men of iniquity.
- 5 When the just correct me, like anointing will it be; my head is blessed and still I pray, against calamity.
- 6 When judges are flung down and thrown, off of their lofty seats; they'll listen to the words I say, that are so pure and sweet.
- 7 At the yawning of the grave, bones are scattered 'round; just as cloven lumber lies, in piles upon the ground.
- 8 Yet my eyes look unto You, O Lord my only One; I flee to You when I am lost, and my soul almost gone.
- 9 Hedge me from the hand of snares, they've set to spring on me; from traps and engines made by those, full of iniquity.
- 10 Let the guilty fall into, the nets (that they have set); and all the while I make escape, united with Thee yet.