

PSALM 142

I called unto the Lord, with my voice's sound; with my voice unto the Lord, seeking till I'm found.

- 2 I spilled forth my utterance, before His loving face; showing in His presence, the great anguish I embraced.
- 3 When my spirit languished, Lord You knew the path; the road where I had walked before, and every secret trap.
- 4 I scanned upon my right side, and saw none there I did know; every refuge perished, and no one cared for my soul.
- 5 Then I cried to You O Lord, and said it's hope You give; You are my inheritance, on the earth where I live.
- 6 Prick up Your ears unto my shout, for I am sorely feeble; snatch me from all who pursue, these obstinate cruel people.
- 7 Remove my soul from prison bars, to praise Your righteous name; the just shall join me round about, Your blessings to remain.