

PSALM 71

To You O Lord, I flee for help; I'm never ashamed, close by
Yourself.

- 2 Snatch me away, to escape in Your right; stretch Your ear to me, safe and free far and wide.
- 3 You're a Rock where I dwell, and travel each day; You promise salvation, my high place so safe.
- 4 God carry me safe, from the hand of those wrong; from the harsh and distorted, their evil smell strong.
- 5 For You Lord of Lords, are the cord that I hold; my refuge and hope, from my youth (till I'm old).
- 6 You've propped me up, since the day of my birth; from my mother's loins, I'll praise You 'round the earth.
- 7 I'm a puzzle to many, a token to all; O my shelter and tower, that never will fall.
- 8 My mouth overflows, with praise for Thee; Your beauty and grace, each day I do see.
- 9 Throw me not away, in the time I am old; or when vigor ends, never loosen Your hold.
- 10 For all those who hate me, declare I am done; like a hedge round my soul, devising as one.
- 11 They say "God's released him, let's pursue and seize; for there is no one, who can set him free."
- 12 O God never leave, ever fast at my side; my God hurry now, be my helper and guide.
- 13 Perished ashamed, all who attack my soul; wrapped in disgrace, hoping evil I'd know.
- 14 As for me I will wait, forever for Thee; add my hymns of praise, more and more will I sing.
- 15 My mouth recounts, Your right and salvation; all day for I know not, their enumeration.
- 16 The Lord of Lord's power, allows me to go; I will tell of the justice, that is Yours alone.
- 17 O God Your goad leads me, from since I am young; and I have spoken, the great things You've done.
- 18 Now a gray-headed elder, God forsake me not; till I show Your power, to those yet to come.
- 19 Your rightness O God, higher than can be seen; You've done mighty things, who is like unto Thee?

- 20 Seen me through tight places, You'll bring me to life; from earth's deep recesses,
ascend me on high.
- 21 You'll multiply, Your majestic might; Your care round about, with comfort I
sigh.
- 22 I will praise with the lyre, for Your trustworthiness; and pluck on the harp,
Israel's Holiness.
- 23 My lips shall cry out, sing psalms unto Thee; with all of my soul, that You have
redeemed.
- 24 My tongue shall murmur, Your justice all day; disappointed and shamed, all who
seek to dismay.