

O Lord My God, in You I Put My Trust

From Psalm 7

1. ¹O Lord my God, in You I put my trust. Save me from those who
 2. ³O Lord my God, if I have treas-ured sin, If I have hoard-ed
 3. ⁶*O Lord my God, let Your wrath be my help. A - rise and judge the*
 4. ⁹O Lord my God, cause wick-ed - ness to cease, But let all right-eous
 5. ¹¹*O Lord my God, with jus - tice You con - demn. You're an - gry with the*
 6. ¹⁴O Lord my God, You see the sin - ner's plans The vi - o - lence and
 7. ¹⁷O Lord my God, I praise Your right-eous - ness And sing the prais - es

chase me with-out cause ²Lest they rend flesh from bone in blood - y lust
 e - vil in my hands, If I've be-trayed a man who was my friend
rag - ing of my foes. ⁷*Rise up and draw all peo - ples to Your - self.*
 hearts and minds en - dure. ¹⁰My God de - fends me and re-stores my peace.
wick - ed ev - 'ry day. ¹²*You whet Your sword to slaugh - ter e - vil men.*
 lies that he be - gets. ¹⁵He digs a ditch to trap a god - ly man,
 of Your name, Most High. De - fend - er of the meek, may You be blest—

Like li - ons tear their prey in their fierce jaws,
 Or plun - dered my foe's prop - er - ty or lands,
Re - turn on high ⁸*and judge all men be - low.*
 He saves all those whose hearts are true and pure.
You bend Your bow and aim it at Your prey.
 But falls him - self in - to the e - vil pit.
 You who will al - ways hear the just man's cries—

Music: *Geist und Lehr-reiches Buch*, 1694; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Text: Valerie Anne Bost, 2019 ©

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And no one saves me from my fate— Their cru - el hate.
 5 For me to be tramped down in dust Would then be just.
Judge e - ven me— with jus - tice bless My right - eous - ness.
 He shields the in - no - cent and fights For the up - right.
 13 *You fit your ar - rows— fier - y shafts, Fierce tools of death.*
 16 His scheme de - scends on his own head And strikes him dead.
 My faith - ful judge, my shield, my sword, O God my Lord.