

Cursed Is the One Who Trusts in Man

Susan Peterson, 1998.

Andre Gretry(1741-1813)

Cursed is the one who trusts in man,  
Who leans on him for might.  
He turns away from God the Lord;  
His heart rejects what's right.  
He's like a bush out in the waste;  
Good times will pass him by.  
His place is parched and desolate,  
With none to hear his cry.

But blessed the man who trusts the Lord;  
God is his hope and stay.  
He's like a tree beside a stream;  
Its roots drink deep each day.  
It never fears in summertime;  
Its leaves are always green.  
It has no worries in a drought;  
Its fruit is always seen.

Lord, may I never in mankind  
Place confidence or hope.  
A fruitless, barren state that brings,  
With none to help me cope.  
But may I always trust in You;  
Your Word will quench my thirst.  
You'll give me strength for every trial;  
I'll always put You first.