

My Soul Is Grieved  
The Psalter, 1912.  
James Elliott, 1874.

My soul is grieved because my foes  
With treacherous plans my way enclose;  
But from the snares that they devise  
Their own undoing shall arise.

My heart is steadfast, O my King,  
My heart is tuned Thy praise to sing;  
Awake, my soul, and swell the song,  
Let vibrant harp the notes prolong.

Yea, I will early wake and sing,  
A thankful hymn to Thee will bring,  
For unto Heaven Thy mercies rise,  
Thy truth is lofty as the skies.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,  
Yea, far above the starry sky,  
And let Thy glory be displayed  
O'er all the earth Thy hands have made.