

# Troublous Seas My Soul Surround

From Psalm 69:1-15

1. <sup>1</sup>Trou - blous seas my soul sur-round: Save, O God, my sink - ing soul,  
<sup>2</sup>Wrong - ly set to work my woe, Hat - ers have I, more than hairs:  
<sup>3</sup>*Might - y Lord, let not my case Blight the rest that hope on Thee:*  
<sup>4</sup>*To my kin a stran - ger quite, Quite an al - ien I am grown:*  
<sup>5</sup><sup>10</sup>If I weep, and weep - ing fast, If in sack - cloth sad I mourn,  
<sup>6</sup><sup>13</sup>As for me to Thee I pray, LORD, in time of grace as - signed:

<sup>5</sup>  
<sup>2</sup>Sink - ing, where it feels no ground, In this gulf, this whirl - ing hole.  
Force in my af - flict - ing foe Bet - t'ring still, in me im - pairs.  
*Let not Ja - cob's God de - face All his friends in blush of me.*  
*In my ver - y breth - ren's sight Most un - cared for, most un - known.*  
<sup>11</sup>In my teeth the first they cast, All to jest the last they turn.  
Gra - cious God, my kind - est stay, In my aid be tru - ly kind.

<sup>9</sup>  
Wait - ing aid, with ear - nest eye - ing, <sup>3</sup>Call - ing God with use - less cry - ing:  
Thus to pay and lose con - strain - ed What I nev - er owed or gain - ed,  
<sup>7</sup>*Thine it is, Thine on - ly quar - rel Clothes me thus in shame's ap - par - el:*  
<sup>9</sup>*With Thy tem - ple's zeal out - eat - en, With Thy slan - ders' scourg - es beat - en,*  
<sup>12</sup>Now in streets with pub - lic prat - ing Pour - ing out their in - ward hat - ing:  
<sup>14</sup>Keep me safe from such, and mir - ed, Safe from flow - ing foes re - tir - ed:

<sup>13</sup>  
Dim and dry in me are found Eye to see, and throat to sound.  
<sup>5</sup>Yet say I, "Thou, God dost know How my faults and fol - lies go."  
*Note, nor spot, nor least dis - grace, But for Thee, could taint my face.*  
*While the shot of pierc - ing spite Bent at Thee, on me doth light.*  
Pri - vate now at ban - quets placed, Sing - ing songs of win - y taste.  
<sup>15</sup>Calm these waves, these wa - ters bay, Leave me not this whirl - pool's prey.

7. <sup>16</sup>In the good-ness of Thy grace, LORD, make an - swer to my moan:  
 8. <sup>19</sup>Un - to Thee what needs be told My re - proach, my blot, my blame!  
 9. <sup>21</sup>*Com - fort? Nay (not seen be - fore), Need - ing food, they set me gall:*  
 10. <sup>24</sup>Down up - on them fu - ry rain Light - en in - dig - na - tion down:  
 11. <sup>27</sup>*Caus - ing sin on sin to grow, Add still ci - phers to their sum.*  
 12. <sup>30</sup>Then by me His name with praise, Glad - some praise, shall be up - borne.  
 13. <sup>34</sup>Laud Him then, O heav'n - ly skies, Earth with thine, and seas with yours:

View my ill, and rue my case In those mer - cies told by none.  
 Since both these Thou didst be - hold, And canst all my hat - ers name.  
 Vin - e - gar they filled me store, When for drink my thirst did call.  
<sup>25</sup>Turn to waste, and de - sert plain, House, and pal - ace, field and town.  
*Right - er let them nev - er go, Nev - er to Thy jus - tice come.*  
<sup>31</sup>That, shall more Je - ho - vah please, Then the beast with hoof and horn.  
<sup>35</sup>For by Him shall Zi - on rise, He shall build up Ju - dah's tow'rs.

<sup>17</sup>Let not by Thy ab - sence lan - guish Thy true serv - er drowned in an - guish.  
<sup>20</sup>Whiles af - flict - ed, whiles heart - bro - ken, Wait - ing yet some friendship's to - ken,  
<sup>22</sup>*Oh, then snare them in their pleas - ures, Make them, trapped ev'n in their treas - ures,*  
 Let not one be left a - bid - ing, Where such ran - cor had re - sid - ing  
<sup>28</sup>*But from out the book be cross - ed, Where the good men live en - gross - ed.*  
<sup>32</sup>With what joy, ye god - ly griev - ed Shall your heats be then re - liev - ed?  
<sup>36</sup>There His ser - vants, and their rac - es, Shall as fiefs pos - sess their plac - es:

<sup>13</sup>  
<sup>18</sup>Haste and hear; come, come a - pace, Free my soul from foe - men's chase.  
 Some I looked would me up - hold, Looked: but found all com - fort cold.  
<sup>23</sup>*Glad - ly sad and rich - ly poor, Sight - less most, and might - less more.*  
<sup>26</sup>Whom Thou pain - est, more they pain: Hurt by Thee, by them is slain.  
<sup>29</sup>*While my God, me poor and low, High shall mount from need and woe.*  
<sup>33</sup>When Je - ho - vah takes such ways Bound to loose, and fall'n to raise.  
 There His name who love and prize, Sta - ble stay shall e - ter - nize.