

A PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE MAN AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART.

THE LORD MY GOD :

shall make my

DARKNESS.

to be

LIGHT.

I am a stranger with Thee, and a
sojourner as all my fathers were ;

Thy statutes have been my songs
in the house of my pilgrimage.

but

Mine enemies live and are mighty ;

The Lord Who dwelleth on high
is mightier.

but

All the earth is full of darkness
and cruel habitations ;

We wait for Thy loving-kindness,
O Lord, in the midst of Thy temple.

but

There shall go up a fire before
Him, and burn up His enemies on
every side ;

There is sprung up a light for the
righteous, and joyful gladness for
such as are true hearted.

but

Thine adversaries roar in the
midst of the congregation ;

The fierceness of man shall turn
to Thy praise.

but

I am come into deep waters, so
that the floods run over me ;

Thy way is in the sea, and Thy
paths in the deep waters.

but

My soul hath long dwelt among
them that are enemies to peace ;

O Lord God, Thou Strength of
my health, Thou hast covered my
head in the day of battle.

but

The fool hath said in his heart,
There is no God ;

The Heavens declare the Glory
of God.

but

They that run after another God
have great trouble ;

I will go forth in the strength of
the Lord God.

but

I stick fast in the deep mire
where no ground is ;

I will lift up mine eyes unto the
hills from whence cometh my help.

but

My soul gaspeth unto Thee as a
thirsty land ;

The river of God is full of water.

but

My tears have been my meat day
and night ;

They that sow in tears shall
reap in joy.

but

All Thy waves and storms are
gone over me ;

Thou rulest the raging of the sea.

but

Fear is on every side, while they
conspire against me ;

Thou art a place to hide me in.

but

Thine enemies make a murmur-
ing ;

The Lord is King, be the people
never so impatient.

but

The ungodly have drawn out the
sword, and have bent the bow, to
cast down the poor and needy ;

Through Thee will we overthrow
our enemies, and in Thy Name will
we tread them under that rise up
against us.

but

I go hence like the shadows that
departeth, and am driven away as
the grasshopper ;

When I awake up after Thy like-
ness, I shall be satisfied with It.

but

O that I had wings like a dove ; for then would I flee away, and be at rest.