

Psalm 32
The Peerless Poems of David, the King
6-26-16

PSALM 32

Blest is the man whose heart is cheered
By God's forgiving smile;
And blessed is the man of truth
In whom is found no guile.

When I kept silence, all my bones
Waxed old through my complaint;
Thy heavy hand was on me laid,
Till I grew sick and faint.

Then did my trembling lips confess
My sins of heart and life,
And lo! a blissful peace arose,
Where reigned of late but strife.

To Thee shall every child of Thine
In times of trouble cry,
For in such times of grief and fear
Thy helping hand is nigh.

Thou art my hiding place, O God,
Thou wilt preserve me still,
And my abode Thy presence shall
With songs of rapture fill.

I will instruct thee in the way,
I will with thee abide,
Thus saith the Lord, and with mine eye
I will thee ever guide.

Not as the horse may you be found,
Which knows not good nor ill;

Whose mouth by bit and bridle held,
Is led against his will.

Many the sorrows that shall fall
On wicked men that doubt,
But he that trusteth in the Lord,
Mercy shall gird about.

Rejoice! ye righteous, and be glad,
Nor from the Lord depart;
Yea, shout aloud for joy, all ye
that upright are in heart.