

Strive, Lord, With Those Who Strive With Me

PSALM 35 - Solmusic

Major

A

1.Strive, Lord, with those who strive with me, ___
 2.Let those be hum - bled in dis - grace ___
 3.Their path be slip - pery, dark with woe, ___
 4.Then I will in the Lord re - joice ___

A7

and who fight my fight to set me free. ___
 and seek my life, whose threats I face. ___
 the An - gel of the Lord their foe. ___
 and praise him with a thank - ful voice. ___

D/A A

Take shield and buck - ler, rise ___ in ___ splen - dour;
 Let those by whom I now ___ am ___ hound - ed
 They with - out cause to - geth - er ___ band - ed
 With songs and shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion

A7 D/A A

come to ___ my ___ aid, be my de - fend - er.
 re - treat ___ in ___ shame and be con - found - ed.
 to hide ___ a ___ net for me in - tend - ed.
 I will ___ de - light in his sal - va - tion.

A

Draw out the spear and bar the way ___
 Foiled be the the mis - chief they in - tend; ___
 They tried to trap me in a pit; ___
 With all my be - ing I will cry, ___

A7

of those who seek me as their prey. ___
 may they be chaff, be - fore the wind, ___
 may they they them - selves fall in - to it. ___
 "Who is like you, O Lord Most High ___

Tune: Jamie Soles, © 2019

Lyrics: 1967, Walter van der Kamp; rev. - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

Meter: 8.8.9.9.8.8.8.8

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D/A A
 Speak now the re - as - sur - ing word
 and may the An - gel of the Lord
 Let ru - in seize them un - a - wares;
 you who de - liv - er those in need

G D/F# A
 that you are my sal - va - tion, Lord.
 pur - sue them with his glit - tering sword.
 may they be caught in their own snares.
 from their op - pres - sor's power and greed?"

G D/F# A
 that you are my sal - va - tion, Lord.
 pur - sue them with his glit - tering sword.
 may they be caught in their own snares.
 from their op - pres - sor's power and greed?"

5. Malicious witnesses arise;
 they question me and utter lies.
 With evil they for good repay me.
 I am perplexed. They seek to slay me.
 Yet I was grieved when they were sick;
 their sorrows hurt me to the quick.
 I went in sackcloth and would fast;
 I bowed in prayer, my eyes downcast.

6. My heart was sad as for a friend;
 I mourned, my mantle I would rend
 as one who sorrows for a brother
 and who with grief laments his mother.
 But when I stumbled, they rejoiced;
 gathering around, their hate they voiced,
 and wretches whom I did not know
 mocked me and gloried in my woe.

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7. Unceasingly they scoff and jeer;
they gnash their teeth at me and sneer.
O LORD, how long yet will this rabble
abuse me with their godless babble?
O from these lions rescue me!
Then, praising you who set me free,
I'll in the great assembly bless
your mercy and your faithfulness.

8. Let enemies who scheme and lie
not smirk at me and wink the eye,
for without reason they accuse me.
Those who so wrong fully abuse me
do not speak peace, for they intend
to harm the quiet in the land.
I hear those loudmouths falsely claim:
"We've seen that you have cause for shame."

9. LORD, you have heard and seen this all;
do not be silent as I call,
nor stand aloof, O my Defender!
Wake up, arise, and justice render!
Contend for me, my God and Lord,
and give my foes their due reward.
O LORD my God, grant me redress
according to your righteousness.

10. Let them not say, "Yes, we have won.
We've swallowed him; he is undone!"
Those who against me are assembled
be shamed, by their confusion humbled,
and let all victory be denied
to those puffed up with boasting pride.
Let all who gloat at my expense
be clothed with shame as recompense.

11. May those rejoice with shout and song
who for my vindication long,
and may they praise with happy voices
the LORD, who in my good rejoices.
Let them repeat how great he is
and laud his perfect righteousness.
Then my tongue, too, with word and song
will praise his justice all day long.