**I Want to Write a Psalm**

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Pour out my heart to God

Majesty comes first – He is worthy

We know what He will do

Justice must come

But when?

Next comes me, though unworthy

God cares about my circumstance

In my trouble, you give help

In my ache, you’re the salve

When I’m weary, you take my load

When in grief, you’re my hope

My righteousness is by another and I run to Him

God looks on me with kindness

This hope from Zion has come

Jesus is his name

I hold fast to Him, the Christ

I have purposed not to transgress

The wicked get condemned

By their lies, mischief, and evil

God will foil their plans

How long, oh Lord?

We consider the lowly, the needy, the poor

Our own sense of justice wells within us

The wicked can’t abuse them forever

A call to account will come

The righteous are tested by their patience

As vileness is exalted

We cry to the Lord for deliverance

He hears us and thunders down

He rescues me in my distress

And sets me in a place of peace

You are my rock

I am secure in You, my refuge

Your shield of favor is upon me

Salvation belongs to the Lord

Show me your answer to my pleas

That I might sing of your bounty to me