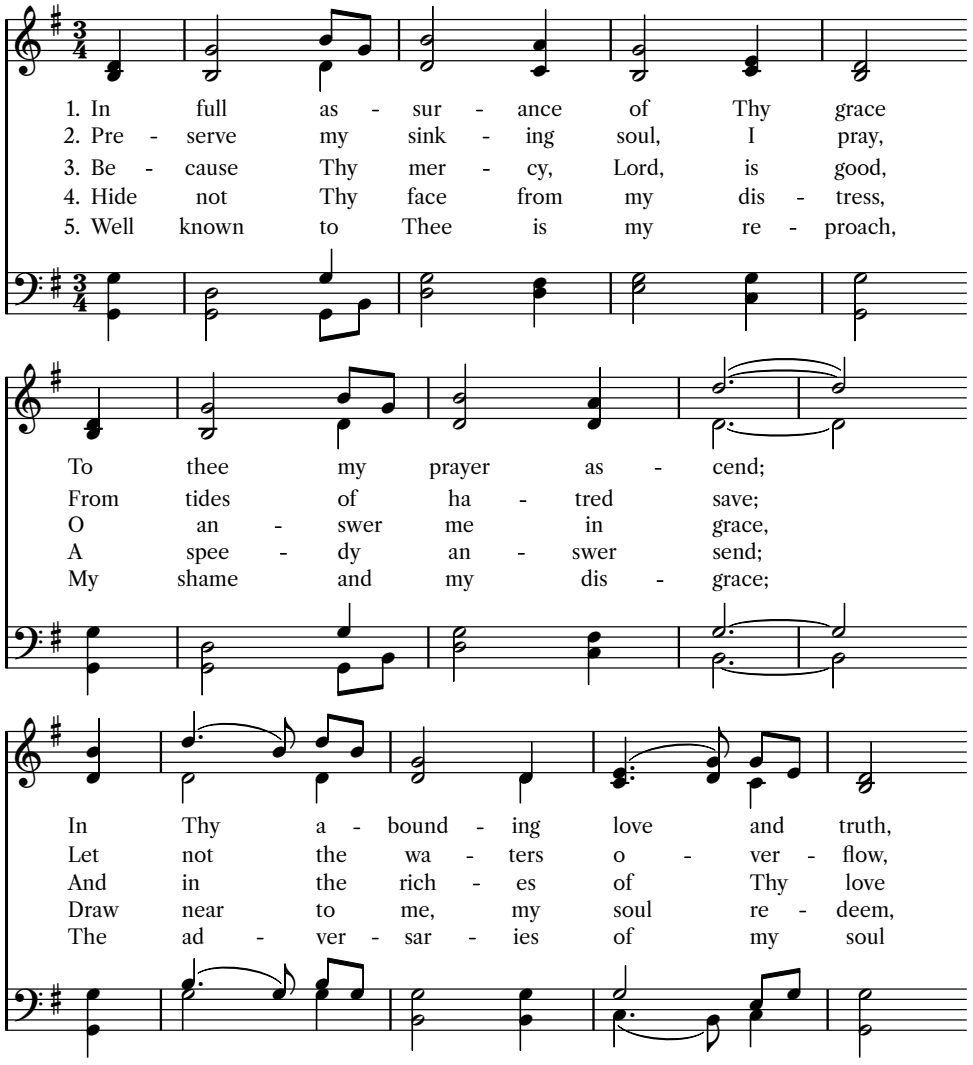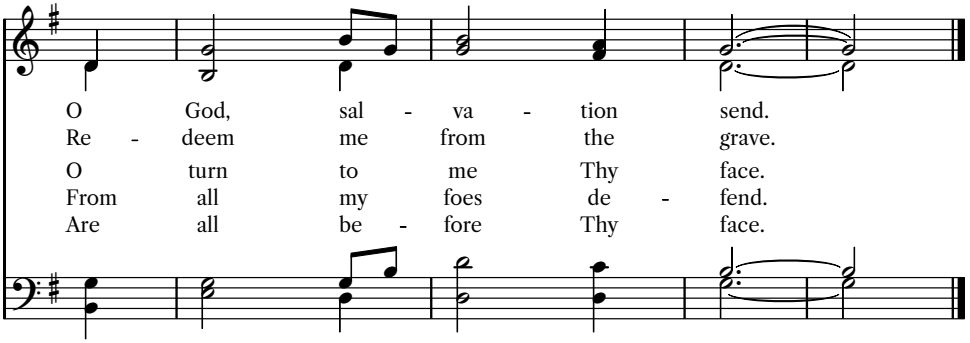
Petitions for Deliverance





6. My heart is broken by reproach,
My soul is full of grief;
I looked in vain for comforters,
For pity and relief.

7. They gave me bitter gall for food,
And taunting words they spake;
They gave me vinegar to drink,
My burning thirst to slake.

8. Their peace and plenty be their snare,
In blindness let them grope;
Thy indignation on them pour,
And desolate their hope.

9. Because they proudly persecute
Those whom Thou, Lord, dost smite,
Let them be blotted from Thy book
And banished from Thy sight.

The Psalter, 1912

NEW BRITAIN C.M.
Carrell & Clayton, 1831