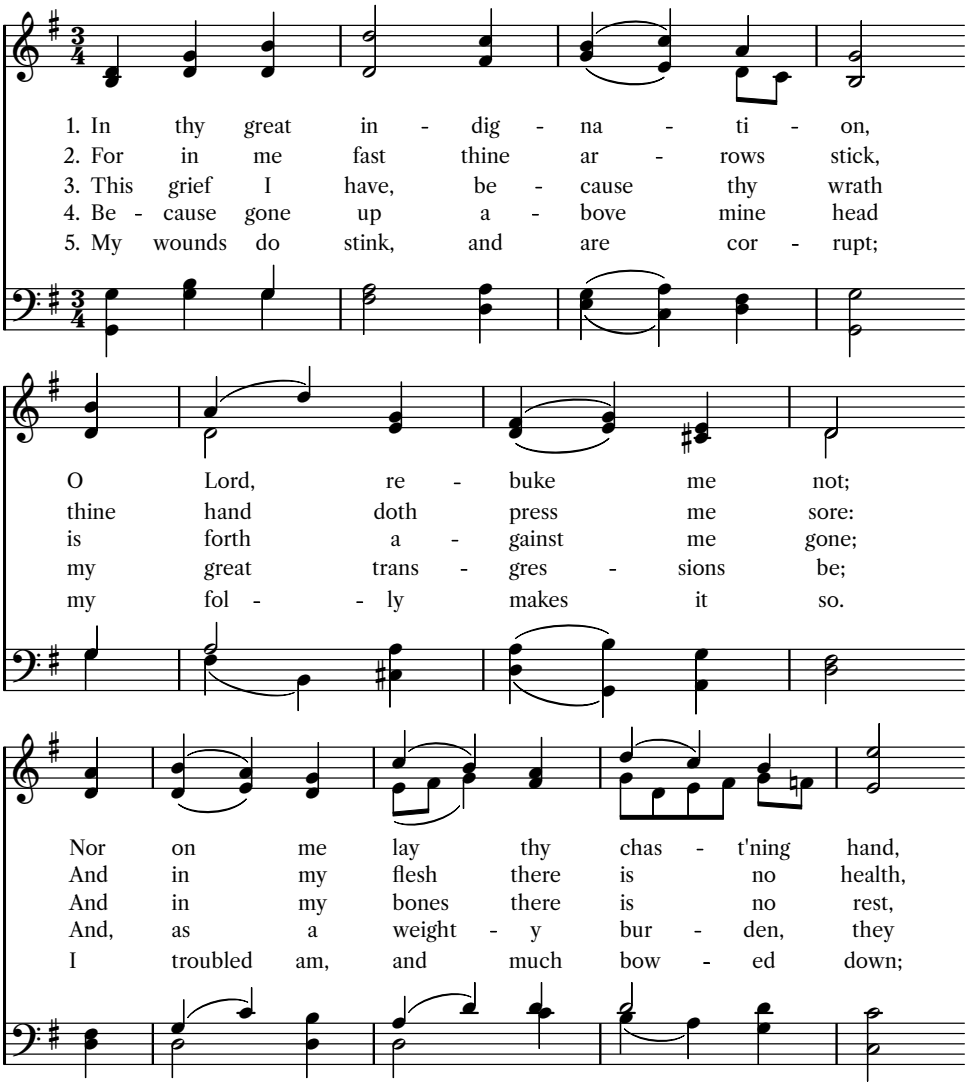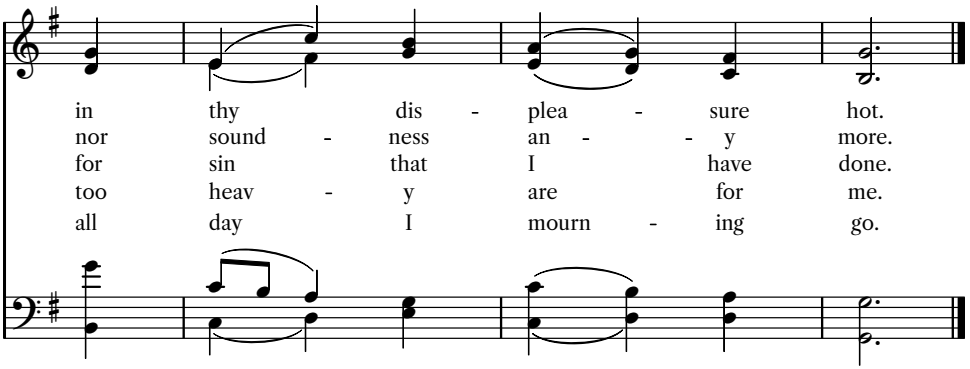
In Thy Great Indignation





6. For a disease that loathsome is
so fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
no soundness doth remain.

7. So feeble and infirm am I,
and broken am so sore,
That, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.

8. O Lord, all that I do desire
is still before thine eye;
And of my heart the secret groans
not hidden are from thee.

9. My heart doth pant incessantly,
my strength doth quite decay;
As for mine eyes, their wonted light
is from me gone away.

10. My lovers and my friends do stand
at distance from my sore;
And those do stand aloof that were
kinsmen and kind before.

11. Yea, they that seek my life lay snares:
who seek to do me wrong
Speak things mischievous, and deceits
imagine all day long.

12. But, as one deaf, that heareth not,
I suffered all to pass;
I as a dumb man did become,
whose mouth not opened was:

13. As one that hears not, in whose mouth
are no reproofs at all.
For, Lord, I hope in thee; my God,
thou'lt hear me when I call.

14. For I said, Hear me, lest they should
rejoice o'er me with pride;
And o'er me magnify themselves,
when as my foot doth slide.

15. For I am near to halt, my grief
is still before mine eye:
For I'll declare my sin, and grieve
for mine iniquity.

16. But yet mine en'mies lively are,
and strong are they beside;
And they that hate me wrongfully
are greatly multiplied.

17. And they for good that render ill,
as en'mies me withstood;
Yea, ev'n for this, because that I
do follow what is good.

18. Forsake me not, O Lord; my God,
far from me never be.
O Lord, thou my salvation art,
haste to give help to me.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

RICHMOND C.M.
Thomas Haweis, 1792