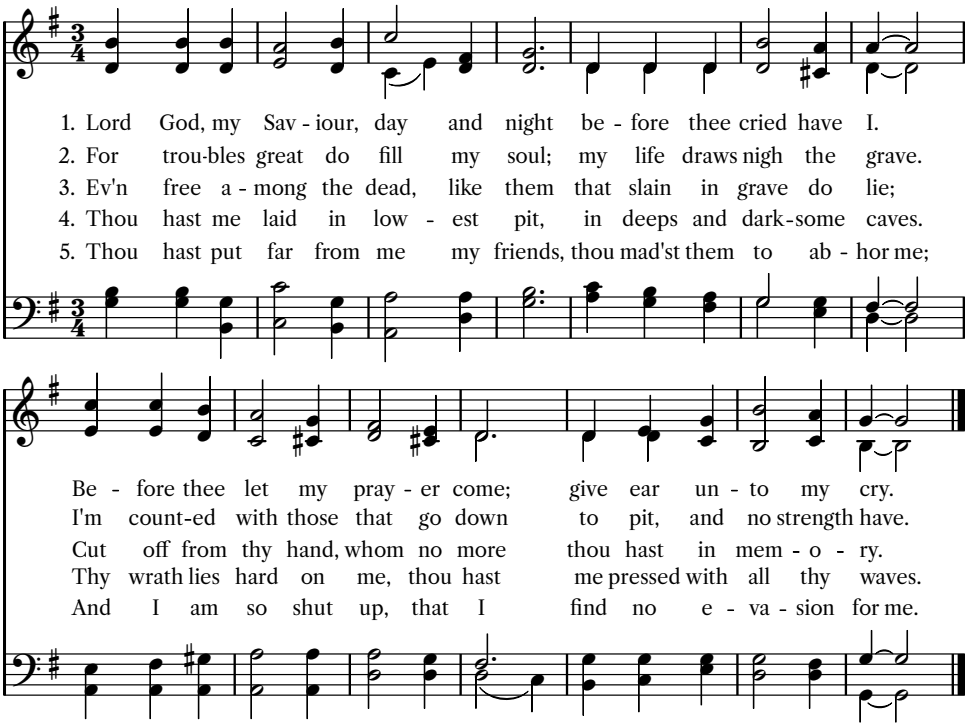
Lord God, My Saviour, Day and Night



6. By reason of affliction
mine eye mourns dolefully:
To thee, Lord, do I call, and stretch
my hands continually.

7. Wilt thou show wonders to the dead?
shall they rise, and thee bless?
Shall in the grave thy love be told?
in death thy faithfulness?

8. Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
or shall thy righteousness
Be known to any in the land
of deep forgetfulness?

9. But, Lord, to thee I cried; my pray'r
at morn prevent shall thee.
Why, Lord, dost thou cast off my soul,
and hid'st thy face from me?

10. Distressed am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die;
Thy terrors I have borne, and am
distracted fearfully.

11. The dreadful fierceness of thy wrath
quite over me doth go:
Thy terrors great have cut me off,
they did pursue me so.

12. For round about me ev'ry day,
like water, they did roll;
And, gathering together, they
have compassed my soul.

13. My friends thou hast put far from me,
and him that did me love;
And those that mine acquaintance were
to darkness didst remove.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ST. AGNES C.M.
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875