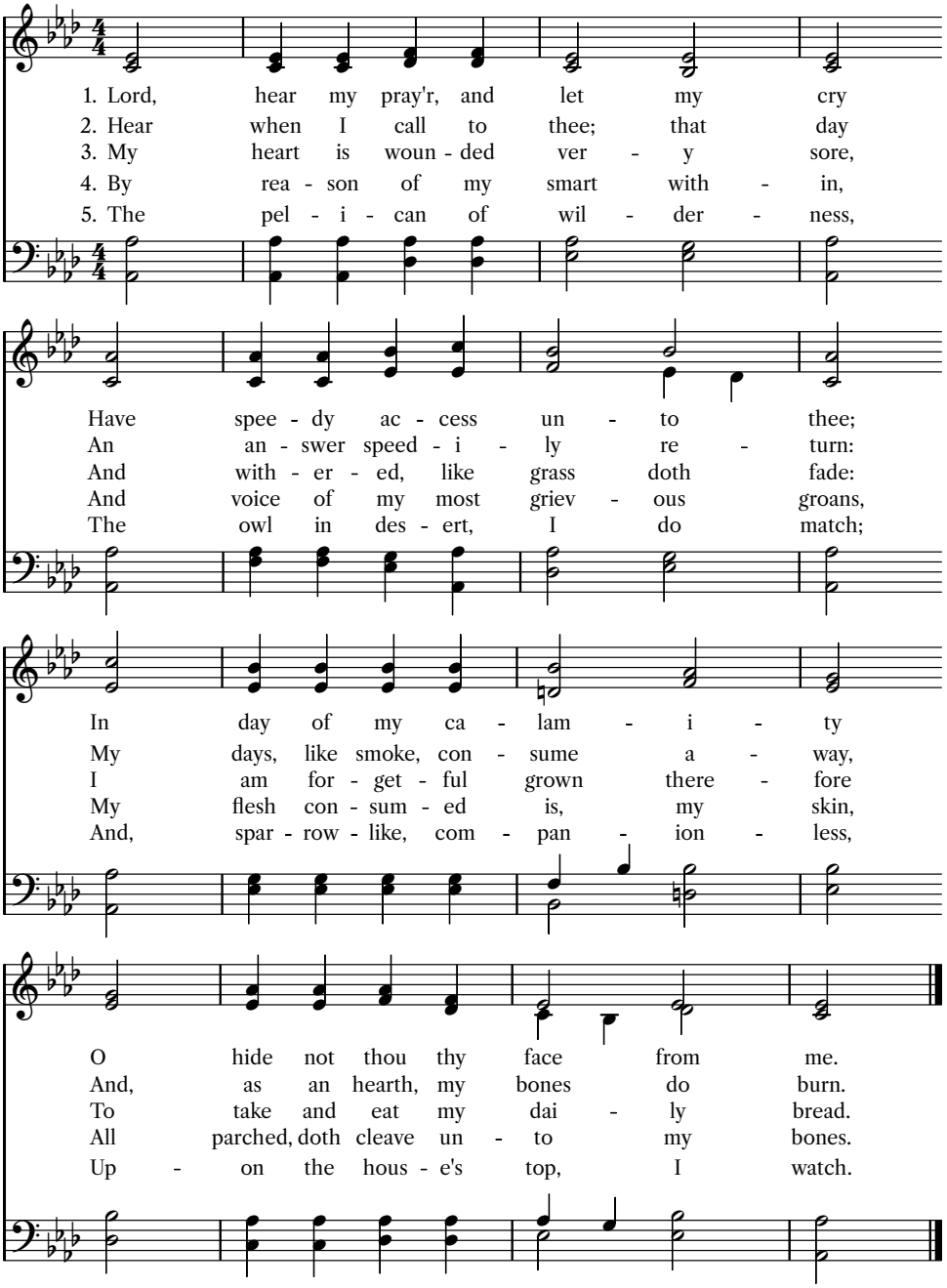Lord, Hear My Pray'r, and Let My Cry (Second Version)



6. I all day long am made a scorn,
Reproached by my malicious foes:
The madmen are against me sworn,
The men against me that arose.

7. For I have ashes eaten up,
To me as if they had been bread;
And with my drink I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.

8. Because thy wrath was not appeased,
And dreadful indignation:
Therefore it was that thou me raised,
And thou again didst cast me down.

9. My days are like a shade alway,
Which doth declining swiftly pass;
And I am withered away,
Much like unto the fading grass.

10. But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations sure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.

11. Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Zion shalt extend:
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.

12. Thy saints take pleasure in her stones,
Her very dust to them is dear.
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall fear.

13. God in his glory shall appear,
When Zion he builds and repairs.
He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs:

14. Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not scorn.
All times this shall be on record:
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

15. He from his holy place looked down,
The earth he viewed from heav'n on high;
To hear the pris'ner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die;

16. That Zion, and Jerus'lem too,
His name and praise may well record,
When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

17. My strength he weakened in the way,
My days of life he shortened.
My God, O take me not away
In mid-time of my days, I said:

18. Thy years throughout all ages last.
Of old thou hast established
The earth's foundation firm and fast:
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have made.

19. They perish shall, as garments do,
But thou shalt evermore endure;
As vestures, thou shalt change them so;
And they shall all be changed sure:

20. But from all changes thou art free;
Thy endless years do last for aye.
Thy servants, and their seed who be,
Established shall before thee stay.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

OLIVE'S BROW L.M.
William B. Bradbury, 1853