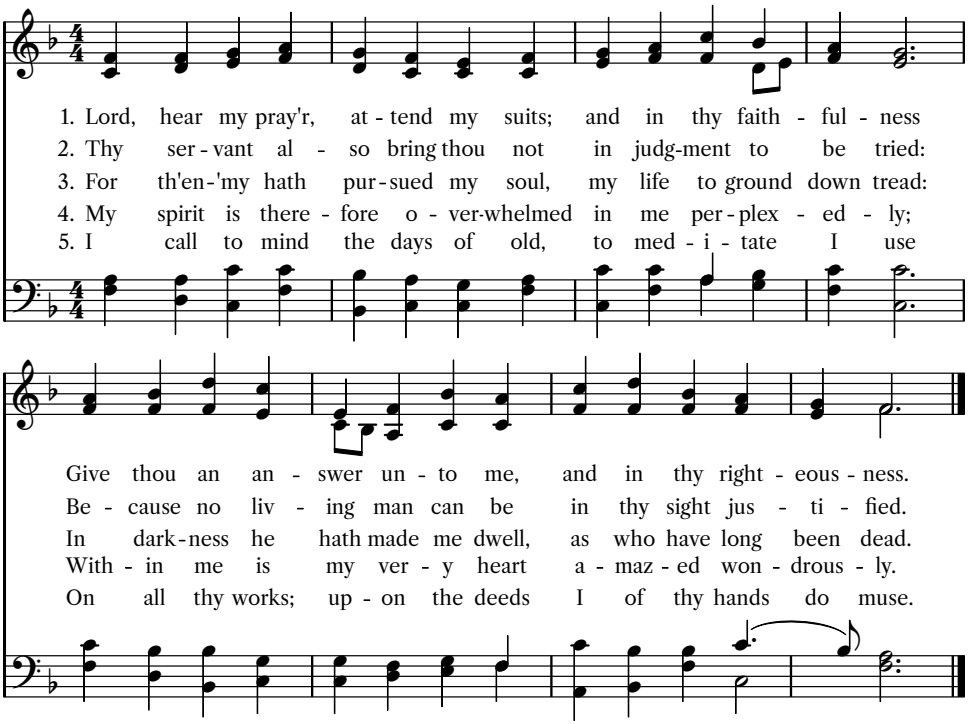Lord, Hear My Pray'r, Attend My Suits



6. My hands to thee I stretch; my soul
thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails:
hide not thy face from me;

7. Lest like to them I do become
that go down to the dust.
At morn let me thy kindness hear;
for in thee do I trust.

8. Teach me the way that I should walk:
I lift my soul to thee.
Lord, free me from my foes; I flee
to thee to cover me.

9. Because thou art my God, to do
thy will do me instruct:
Thy Spirit is good, me to the land
of uprightness conduct.

10. Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
ev'n for thine own name's sake;
And do thou, for thy righteousness,
my soul from trouble take.

11. And of thy mercy slay my foes;
let all destroyed be
That do afflict my soul: for I
a servant am to thee.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

ST. ETHELDREDA C.M.
Thomas Turton, 1860