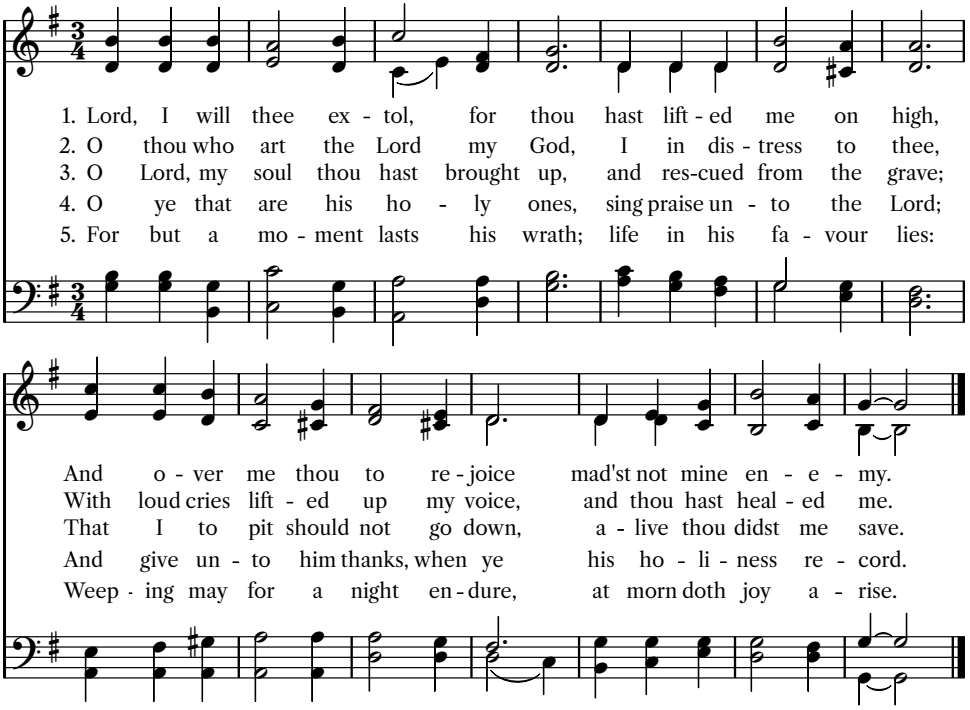
Lord, I Will Thee Extol, for Thou



6. In my prosperity I said,
that nothing shall me move.
O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
to stand strong by thy love:

7. But when that thou, O gracious God,
didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosp'rous state
turned into misery.

8. Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I caused to ascend:
My humble supplication
I to the Lord did send.

9. What profit is there in my blood,
when I go down to pit?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise?
thy truth declare shall it?

10. Hear, Lord, have mercy; help me, Lord:
Thou turned hast my sadness
To dancing; yea, my sackcloth loosed,
and girded me with gladness;

11. That sing thy praise my glory may,
and never silent be.
O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

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