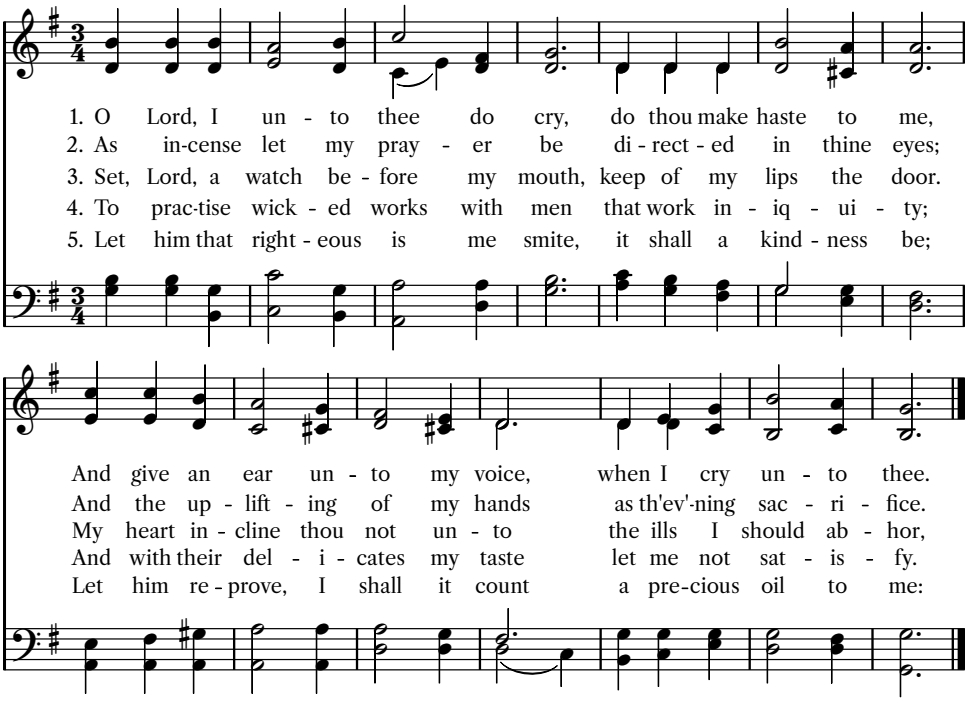O Lord, I unto Thee Do Cry



6. Such smiting shall not break my head;
for yet the time shall fall,
When I in their calamities
to God pray for them shall.

7. When as their judges down shall be
in stony places cast,
Then shall they hear my words; for they
shall sweet be to their taste.

8. About the grave's devouring mouth
our bones are scattered round,
As wood which men do cut and cleave
lies scattered on the ground.

9. But unto thee, O God the Lord,
mine eyes uplifted be:
My soul do not leave destitute;
my trust is set on thee.

10. Lord, keep me safely from the snares
which they for me prepare;
And from the subtle gins of them
that wicked workers are.

11. Let workers of iniquity
into their own nets fall,
Whilst I do, by thine help, escape
the danger of them all.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

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