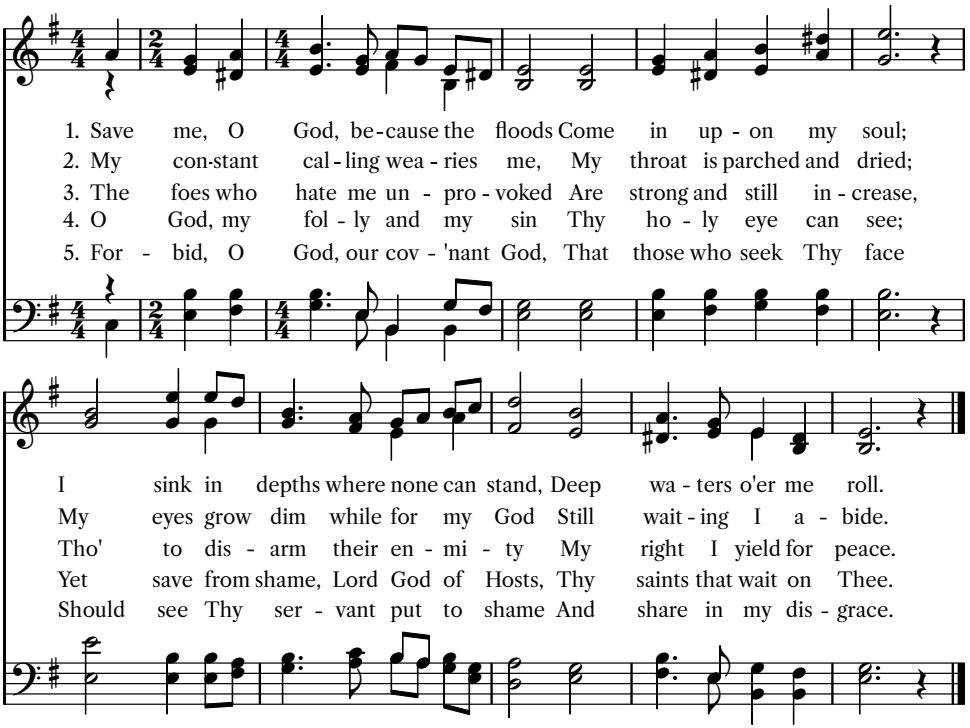Suffering and Prayer



6. It is for Thee I am reproached,
   For Thee I suffer shame,
   Until my brethren know me not,
   And hated is my name.

7. It is my zeal for Thy abode
   That has consumed my life;
   Reproached by those reproaching Thee,
   I suffer in the strife.

8. I wept, with fasting bowed my soul,
   Yet that was made my shame;
   When I in sackcloth clothed myself,
   Their byword I became.

9. The men who sit within the gate
   With slander do me wrong,
   And they who linger at their cups
   Make me their jest and song.

The Psalter, 1912

DETROIT C.M.
William Bradshaw, 1820