

# Save Me, O God

From Psalm 69:1-10

1. Save me, O God, the swell-ing floods Break in up-on my soul:  
2. I cry till all my voice is gone, In tears I waste the day:

I sink; and sor-rows My God, be-hold my I My sink; and sor-rows o'er my head Like long-ing eyes, And I sink; and sor-rows o'er my head Like might-y My God, be-hold my long-ing eyes, And short-en

o'er my head Like might-y wa-ters roll, long-ing eyes, And short-en Thy de-lay, sink; and sor-rows o'er my head God, be-hold my long-ing eyes, Like might-y wa-ters roll. might-y wa-ters roll, And short-en Thy de-lay. short-en Thy de-lay, wa-ters roll, Thy de-lay,

3. They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows  
More than the hairs upon my head,  
And mighty are my foes.

4. 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
That men could never pay,  
And gave those honors to Thy law  
Which sinners took away.

5. Thus in the great Messiah's name,  
The royal prophet mourns;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.

6. Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
Salvation in My name,  
For I have borne their heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain and shame.

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Cont'd, Psalm 69:11-14

7. Grief like a gar - ment clothed me round, And sack-cloth was My dress,  
8. A - mong my breth - ren and the Jews, I like a stran - ger stood,

While I pro-cured for And bore their vile re - While And While I pro-cured for na - ked souls A And bore their vile re - proach to bring The While I pro-cured for na - ked souls A robe of And bore their vile re - proach to bring The Gen - tiles

na - ked souls A robe of right-eous-ness,  
proach to bring The Gen-tiles near to God,  
I pro-cured for na - ked souls  
bore their vile re - proach to bring A robe of right - eous-ness.  
robe of right - eous - ness,  
The Gen - tiles near to God,  
right - eous - ness,  
Gen - tiles near to God,  
right - eous - ness,  
The Gen - tiles near to God.

9. I came in sinful mortals stead,  
To do My Father's will;  
Yet when I cleansed My Father's house,  
They scandalized My zeal.

10. My fasting and My holy groans  
Were made the drunkard's song:  
But God from His celestial throne,  
Heard My complaining tongue.

11. He saved Me from the dreadful deep,  
Nor let My soul be drowned;  
He raised and fixed My sinking feet  
On well-established ground.

12. 'Twas in a most accepted hour  
My pray'r arose on high,  
And for My sake My God shall hear  
The dying sinner's cry.