

1. Keep me from faint-ing now, O LORD, Through hope in Your pure Word.  
 2. A dried-out wine-skin in the smoke Is what I have be - come.

My eyes are fail-ing for Your law. When will You come and com-fort me,  
 But I do not for-get Your law De - spite long days with-out Your grace,

When will You an - swer come all strike my cries?  
 When will Your Word come strike them down?

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*Split note OR Tenor and Bass Fugue Lead In*

3. The proud have dug their fearsome pits,  
 Which violate Your law.  
 All Your commands are sure and true,  
 They persecute me evilly.  
*When will you rise* up to my help?

4. They almost had their way with me,  
 That I might be consumed.  
 But I did not forsake Your laws,  
 So bring me life in tenderness,  
*Your spo-ken word* I always keep.