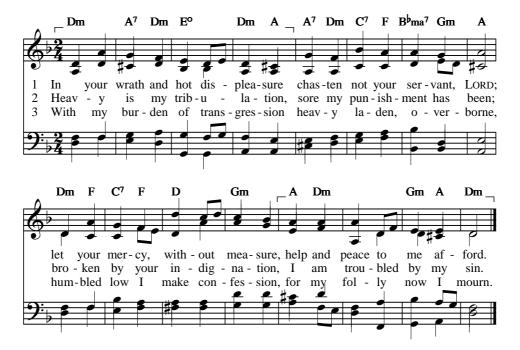
448 In your wrath and hot displeasure



- Weak and wounded I implore you: Lord, to me your mercy show; all my prayer is laid before you, all my trouble you now know.
- Darkness gathers, foes assail me, but I answer not a word; all my friends desert and fail me, you alone my cry have heard.
- LORD, in you I am confiding; you will answer when I call, lest my foes, the good deriding, triumph in your servant's fall.

- I am prone to halt and stumble, grief and sorrow dwell within, shame and guilt my spirit humble, I am sorry for my sin.
- Foes about my soul are closing, full of hatred, false, and strong; choosing good, I find opposing all who love and do the wrong.
- LORD, my God, do not forsake me, let me know that you are near, under your protection take me, as my Saviour now appear.

Text: Based on Psalm 38. Psalter Hymnal, 1957, alt.