141A On Thee Jehovah, I Have Called



- 5. 5Let me be smitten by the just;
 It shall a kindness be;
 It shall be oil upon my head
 When he reproveth me.
- 6. Such oil let not my head refuse; For there shall come the day When I in their calamity For them to Thee will pray.
- 7. 6And when their judges by the rocks Are thrown down from their seat, Then shall they hearken to my voice Because my words are sweet.

- 8. 7As when the plowman cleaves the sod And turneth up the ground, So at the grave's devouring mouth Our bones are scattered round.
- 9. sFor unto Thee, Jehovah Lord, I look with longing eyes; My soul do not leave destitue; My hope on Thee relies.
- 10. 9O keep me from the traps and snares Which wicked men have set. 10While I pass safely by, let them Be caught in their own net.

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