

PSALM 13 7s and 6s

OLIVA

Alexander B. Morton

1 How long wilt Thou for - get me, O Lord, Thou God of grace?

How long shall fears be - set me While dark - ness hides Thy face?

How long shall griefs dis - tress me And turn my day to night?

How long shall foes op - press me And tri - umph in their might?

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2 O Lord my God, behold me,  
 And hear my earnest cries;  
 Lest sleep of death enfold me,  
 Enlighten Thou my eyes;  
 Lest now my foe insulting  
 Should boast of his success,  
 And enemies exulting  
 Rejoice in my distress.

3 But I with expectation  
 Have on Thy grace relied;  
 My heart in Thy salvation  
 Shall still with joy confide.  
 And I with voice of singing  
 Will praise the Lord above,  
 Who, richest bounties bringing,  
 Has dealt with me in love.