

PSALM 64 C. M.

MONORA

William B. Bradbury

1 { Hear, Lord, the voice of my complaint, Pre-serve my life from fear, }  
 { Hide me from plot-ting en - e - mies And e - vil crowd-ing near. }

The work - ers of in - iq - ui - ty Their dead - ly shafts pre - pare;

They aim at me their treacherous words; O save me from their snare.

- 2 The wicked in their base designs  
 Grow arrogant and bold;  
 Conspiring secretly they think  
 That God will not behold;  
 They search out more iniquity,  
 Their thoughts and plans are deep,  
 But God will smite, for He is near  
 His saints to guard and keep.
- 3 The wicked, by their sins o'ercome,  
 Shall soon be brought to shame;  
 The hand of God shall yet appear,  
 And all shall fear His Name.  
 The just shall triumph in the Lord,  
 Their trust shall be secure,  
 And endless glory then shall crown  
 The upright and the pure.