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Prayerful Desire

PSALM 141 L. M.

HESPERUS

Henry Baker

1 O Lord, make haste to hear my cry, To Thee I call, on Thee re - ly;

In-cline to me a gra-cious ear, And, when I call, in mer-cy hear.

2 When in the morning unto Thee
I lift my voice and bring my plea,
Then let my prayer as incense rise
To God enthroned above the skies.

3 When unto Thee I look and pray
With lifted hands at close of day,
Then as the evening sacrifice
Let my request accepted rise.

4 Guard Thou my thoughts, I Thee im-
plore,
And of my lips keep Thou the door;
Nor leave my sinful heart to stray
Where evil footsteps lead the way.

5 O righteous God, Thy chastisement,
Though sent through foes, in love is
sent;
Though grievous, it will profit me,
A healing ointment it shall be.

6 While wickedness my foes devise,
To Thee my constant prayer shall rise;
When their injustice is o'erthrown
My gentleness shall still be shown.

7 Brought nigh to death and sore dis-
tressed,
O Lord, my God, in Thee I rest;
Forsake me not, I look to Thee,
Let me Thy great salvation see.

8 Themselves entangled in their snare,
Their own defeat my foes prepare;
O keep me, Lord, nor let me fall,
Protect and lead me safe through all.

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Our Only Saviour

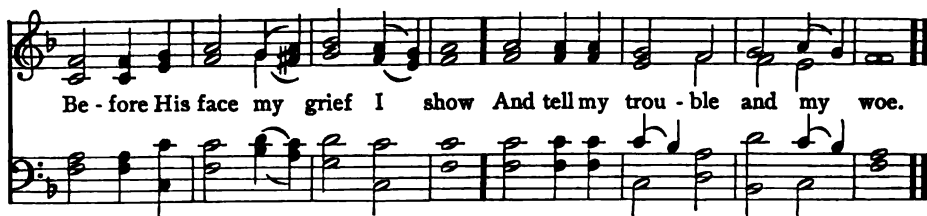
PSALM 142 L. M.

HAMBURG

Arranged by Lowell Mason

1 To God my ear-nest voice I raise, To God my voice im-plor-ing prays;

Our Only Saviour



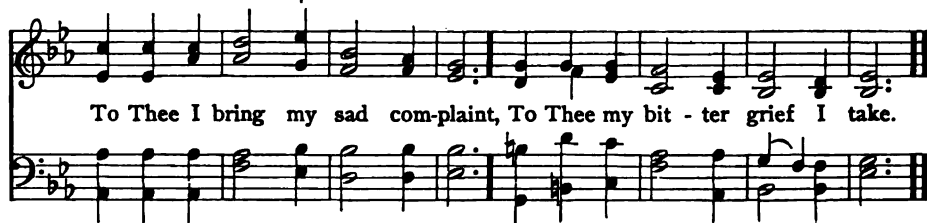
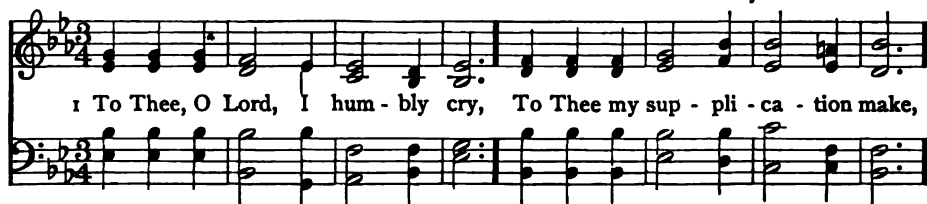
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| <p>2 When gloom and sorrow compass me,
The path I take is known to Thee,
And all the toils that foes do lay
To snare Thy servant in his way.</p> <p>3 All unprotected, lo, I stand,
No friendly guardian at my hand,
No place of flight or refuge near,
And none to whom my soul is dear.</p> <p>4 O Lord, my Saviour, now to Thee,
Without a hope besides, I flee,</p> | <p>To Thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life.</p> <p>5 Be Thou my help when troubles throng,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And thankful praises I will sing.</p> <p>6 The righteous then shall gather round
To share the blessing I have found,
Their hearts made glad because they
see
How richly God has dealt with me.</p> |
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388 Christ Our Refuge and Portion

PSALM 142 L. M.

SAXBY

Timothy R. Matthews



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| <p>2 Thou knowest, Lord, my deep distress,
The lonely path, the hidden snare,
How refuge faileth, friends forsake,
And no man for my soul doth care.</p> <p>3 My prayer is unto Thee, O Lord,
No refuge but in Thee I know,
No portion but in Thee I find;
Lord, in my need Thy mercy show.</p> | <p>4 Be Thou my Saviour, O my Lord,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And glad shall be my thankful song.</p> <p>5 Around me shall the righteous throng,
And crowned with joy Thy saints
shall be, [Lord
Their hearts made glad because the
In richest grace hath dealt with me.</p> |
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