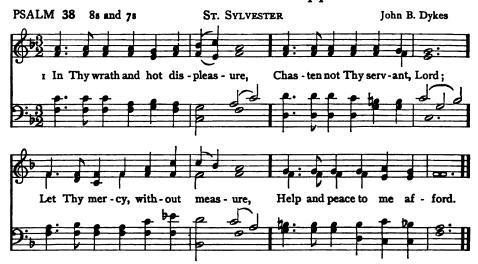
102 Penitential Grief and Supplication



- Heavy is my tribulation,
 Sore my punishment has been;
 Broken by Thy indignation,
 I am troubled by my sin.
- 3 With my burden of transgression Heavy laden, overborne, Humbled low I make confession, For my folly now I mourn.
- 4 Weak and wounded, I implore Thee; Lord, to me Thy mercy show; All my prayer is now before Thee, All my trouble Thou dost know.
- 5 Darkness gathers, foes assail me, But I answer not a word; All my friends desert and fail me, Only Thou my cry hast heard.

103 A Plea for Salvation

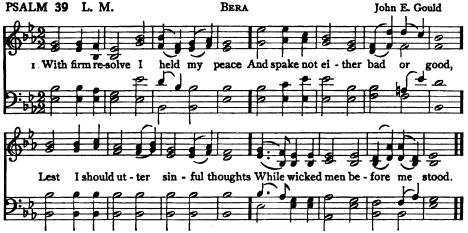


A Plea for Salvation

- 2 I am prone to halt and stumble, Grief and sorrow dwell within, Shame and guilt my spirit humble, I am sorry for my sin.
- 3 Foes about my soul are closing, Full of hatred, false and strong; Choosing good, I find opposing All who love and do the wrong.
- 4 Lord, my God, do not forsake me, Let me know that Thou art near,. Under Thy protection take me, As my Saviour now appear.

104

The Frailty of Life



- 2 While I was dumb my grief was stirred, My heart grew hot with thought suppressed;
 - The while I mused the fire increased, Then to the Lord I made request.
- 3 Make me, O Lord, to know my end, Teach me the measure of my days, That I may know how frail I am And turn from pride and sinful ways.
- 4 My time is nothing in Thy sight,
 Behold, my days are but a span;
 Yea, truly at his best estate,
 A breath, a fleeting breath, is man.
- 5 Man's life is passed in vain desire If troubled years be spent for gain; He knows not whose his wealth shall be, And all his toil is but in vain.

- 6 And now, O Lord, what wait I for? I have no hope except in Thee; Let not ungodly men reproach, From all transgression set me free.
- 7 Because Thou didst it I was dumb, I spoke no word of rash complaint; Remove Thy stroke away from me, Beneath Thy chastisement I faint.
- 8 When Thou for his iniquity
 Rebukest and correctest man,
 His beauty is consumed away,
 How weak his strength, how vain
 his plan.
- J. Lord, hear my prayer, regard my cry,
 I weep, be Thou my comforter;
 I am a stranger here below,
 A pilgrim as my fathers were.
- 10 O spare me, Lord, avert Thy wrath, Deal gently with me, I implore, That I may yet recover strength E'er I go hence and be no more.