

PSALM 69 C. M.

ELLA

Isaac B. Woodbury

1 Save me, O God, be - cause the floods Come in up - on my soul;

I sink in depths where none can stand, Deep wa - ters o'er me roll.

- 2 My constant calling wearies me,
My throat is parched and dried;
My eyes grow dim while for my God
Still waiting I abide.
- 3 The foes who hate me unprovoked
Are strong and still increase,
Though to disarm their enmity
My right I yield for peace.
- 4 O God, my folly and my sin
Thy holy eye can see;
Yet save from shame, Lord God of Hosts,
Thy saints that wait on Thee.
- 5 Forbid, O God, our covenant God,
That those who seek Thy face
Should see Thy servant put to shame
And share in my disgrace.
- 6 It is for Thee I am reproached,
For Thee I suffer shame,
Until my brethren know me not,
And hated is my name.
- 7 It is my zeal for Thy abode
That has consumed my life;
Reproached by those reproaching Thee,
I suffer in the strife.
- 8 I wept, with fasting bowed my soul,
Yet that was made my shame;
When I in sackcloth clothed myself,
Their byword I became.
- 9 The men who sit within the gate
With slander do me wrong,
And they who linger at their cups
Make me their jest and song.