

102 Penitential Grief and Supplication

PSALM 38 8s and 7s

ST. SYLVESTER

John B. Dykes

1 In Thy wrath and hot dis - pleas - ure, Chas - ten not Thy serv - ant, Lord ;

Let Thy mer - cy, with - out meas - ure, Help and peace to me af - ford.

2 Heavy is my tribulation,
Sore my punishment has been;
Broken by Thy indignation,
I am troubled by my sin.

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.

3 With my burden of transgression
Heavy laden, overborne,
Humbled low I make confession,
For my folly now I mourn.

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

PSALM 38 8s and 7s

MOUNT VERNON

Lowell Mason

1 Lord, in Thee am I con - fid - ing; Thou wilt an - swer when I call,

Lest my foes, the good de - rid - ing, Tri - umph in Thy serv - ant's fall.

[Stanzas 6-9]

A Plea for Salvation

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| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | |

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The Frailty of Life

PSALM 39 L. M.

BERA

John E. Gould

1. With firm re-solve I held my peace And spake not ei - ther bad or good,
Lest I should ut - ter sin - ful thoughts While wicked men be - fore me stood.

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| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>8 When Thou for his iniquity
Rebukest and correctest man,
His beauty is consumed away,
How weak his strength, how vain
his plan.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>9 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.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | |