

PSALM 74 C. M.

COWPER

Lowell Mason

1 O wherefore hast Thou cast us off, O God, our God of old? Why
art Thou an-gry with Thy sheep, The sheep of Thy own fold, The sheep of Thy own fold?

2 Remember Thy inheritance,
Thy Church, redeemed by grace;
Remember Zion's mount profaned,
Thy ancient dwelling-place.

3 In ruin long Thy temple lies;
Arise, O God of grace,
And see the ruin foes have wrought
Within Thy holy place.

4 Amid Thy courts are lifted high
The standards of the foe,
And impious hands with axe and fire
Have laid Thy temple low.

5 They have profaned the holy place
Where Thou hast set Thy Name,
The sanctuaries of our God
Are given to the flame.

6 We see no signs of power divine,
No prophet speaks for Thee,
And none can tell, and none can know,
How long these woes shall be.

7 How long, O God, shall blasphemy
And shame reproach our land?
Why dost Thou not destroy Thy foes
With Thy almighty hand?

8 O God, Thou art our King of old,
Salvation Thou hast wrought;
In safety through the mighty sea
Our fathers Thou hast brought.

9 With mighty arm Thou didst destroy
The pride of boastful man,
And for Thy people made a path
Where mighty waters ran.

10 The day is Thine, and Thine the
night,
And Thine the shining sun; [set
At Thy command earth's bounds are
And changing seasons run.

11 Mark how Thy enemies, O Lord,
Against Thee proudly speak;
Preserve Thy saints from wicked men,
Be mindful of the meek.

12 Fulfil, O Lord, Thy covenant,
Our strong protector be,
For in the earth are dark abodes
Of crime and cruelty.

13 Let not Thy saints be put to shame,
No longer in Thy sight
Permit Thy foes to vaunt themselves;
Lord, vindicate the right.