141_{B} O LORD, Make Haste To Hear My Cry



- 5. 5O righteous God, Thy chastisement, Though sent thro' foes, in love is sent; Though grievous, it will profit me, A healing ointment it shall be.
- 6. 5While wickedness my foes devise, To Thee my constant prayer shall rise; 6When their injustice is o'erthrown My gentleness shall still be shown.
- 7. 7Brought nigh to death and sore distressed, 8O Lord, my God, in Thee I rest; Forsake me not, I look to Thee, Let me Thy great salvation see.
- 8. 10Themselves entangled in their snare, Their own defeat my foes prepare; 9O keep me, Lord, nor let me fall, Protect and lead me safe through all.