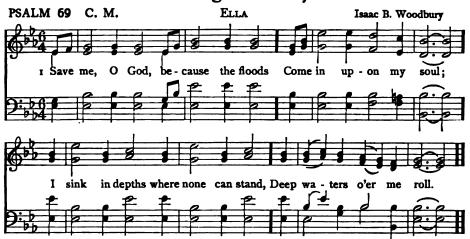
## Suffering and Prayer



- 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.