

1 O God, Whom I de - light to praise, To Thee my cry for help I raise;

Be Thou my friend and ad - vo - cate When foes as - sail with bit - ter hate.

- 2 Against me slanderous words are flung  
From many a false and lying tongue;  
Without a cause men hurl at me  
The shafts of deadly enmity.
- 3 My good with evil they repay,  
My love turns not their hate away;  
The part of vengeance, Lord, is Thine,  
To pray, and only pray, is mine.
- 4 Since love appeals to him in vain,  
The slave of sin let him remain;  
Against him let his foe be turned,  
His sin be judged, his prayer be spurned.
- 5 Let sudden death upon him break,  
His office let another take,  
His children and his widowed wife  
Pursue the homeless beggar's life.
- 6 Let creditors consume his toil  
And strangers make his wealth their spoil;  
Let none in pity heed his claim,  
Cut off his race, blot out his name.
- 7 His parents' sins be not forgot  
Till Thou from earth his memory blot,  
Since he remembered not to show  
Compassion to the sons of woe.
- 8 He cursing loved and blessing loathed;  
Unblest, with cursing he is clothed;  
For thus the justice of the Lord  
My adversaries will reward.
- 9 O God, the Lord, for Thy Name's sake  
Let me of Thy good grace partake;  
My need is great, and great Thou art  
To heal my wounded, stricken heart.

## Divine Retribution for Evil

- 10 With failing strength I fast and pine,  
Like shadows swift my days decline,  
And when my foes my weakness see  
They shake the head in scorn at me.
- 11 O Lord my God, Thy help I crave,  
In Thy great loving-kindness save;  
Before my foes Thy mercy show;  
That Thou dost help me make them know.
- 12 What though they curse, if Thou wilt bless?  
Then joy shall banish my distress,  
And shame shall overwhelm the foes  
Who would Thy servant's way oppose.
- 13 Thanksgiving to the Lord I raise,  
The multitude shall hear my praise,  
For by the needy God will stand  
To save them from oppression's hand.

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## Supplication and Trust

PSALM 109 C. M.

FINGAL

James S. Anderson

1 O Lord, my God, for Thy Name's sake In mer-cy deal with me;

Be-cause Thy kind-ness is so great, From trou-ble set me free.

[Selected Stanzas]

- 2 O Thou Who art my Lord and God,  
Thy gracious help extend,  
And for Thy loving-kindness' sake  
O save me and defend.
- 3 My voice shall greatly bless the Lord  
And sing His worthy praise,  
And I amid the multitude  
My thankful song will raise.
- 4 The Lord be praised, for ever near  
The helpless poor He stands,  
Protecting them with wondrous power  
From their oppressors' hands.