

Hear, Lord, the Voice of My Complaint  
From Psalm 64.  
William Bradbury, 1863.

Hear, Lord, the voice of my complaint,  
Preserve my life from fear;  
Hide me from plotting enemies  
And evil, crowding near.  
The workers of iniquity,  
Their deadly shafts prepare;  
They aim at me their treacherous words;  
O save me from their snare.

The wicked in their base designs  
Grow arrogant and bold;  
Conspiring secretly, they think  
That God will not behold;  
They search out more iniquity,  
Their thoughts and plans are deep,  
But God will smite, for He is near  
His saints to guard and keep.

The wicked, by their sins o'ercome,  
Shall soon be brought to shame;  
The hand of God shall yet appear,  
And all shall fear His Name.  
The just shall triumph in the Lord,  
Their trust shall be secure,  
And endless glory then shall crown