

Hear Me O God, Nor Hide Thy Face  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
William Croft, 1708.

Hear me, O God, nor hide Thy face;  
But answer, lest I die;  
Hast Thou not built a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry?

My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air;  
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.

My spirits flag like withering grass  
Burnt with excessive heat;  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.

As on some lonely building's top  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I sit and grieve alone.

My soul is like a wilderness  
Where beasts of midnight howl;  
There the sad raven finds her place  
And there the screaming owl.

Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,  
Dwell in my troubled breast;  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.

My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast;  
My daily bread, like ashes, grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.

Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel Thy frown;  
Lord, 'twas Thy hand advanced me high  
Thy hand hath cast me down.

My looks like withered leaves appear;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as evening shadows are  
That vanish into night.

But Thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God;  
Ages to come shall know Thy name,  
And spread Thy works abroad.

Thou wilt arise and show Thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th'appointed hour of grace,  
That long-expected day.

He hears His saints, He knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,

