

How Long, O Lord, Shall I Complain

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Sigismund Neukomm(1778-1858)

How long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
Canst Thou Thy face for ever hide  
And I still pray, and be denied?

Shall I for ever be forgot,  
As one whom Thou regardest not?  
Still shall my soul Thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of Thy return?

How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief:  
If Thou withhold Thy heav'nly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the powers of darkness boast  
If but one praying soul be lost!  
But I have trusted in Thy grace,  
And shall again behold Thy face.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
My heart shall feel Thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.