

In Thy Heritage the Heathen
From Psalm 79.
Rowland Prichard, 1830.

In Thy heritage the heathen
Now, O God, triumphant stand;
They defile Thy holy temple,
They destroy Thy chosen land;
Ruthless, they have slain Thy servants,
They have caused Thy saints to mourn;
In the sight of all about us
We endure reproach and scorn.

O how long against Thy people
Shall Thine anger burn, O Lord?
On Thine enemies, the heathen,
Be Thine indignation poured;
Smite the kingdoms that defy Thee,
Calling not upon Thy name;
They have long devoured Thy people
And have swept Thy land with flame.

O remember not against us
Evil by our fathers wrought;
Haste to help us in Thy mercy
Near to ruin we are brought;
Help us, God of our salvation,
For the glory of Thy name;
For Thy name's sake come and save us,
Take away our sin and shame.

Let Thy foes no longer scorn Thee,
Now avenge Thy servants slain;
Loose the prisoner, save the dying,
All Thine enemies restrain;
Then Thy flock, Thy chosen people,
Unto Thee their thanks shall raise,
And to every generation
We will sing Thy glorious praise.