

Lord, Hear Me in Distress

The Psalter, 1912.

Charles Dale, 1904.

Lord, hear me in distress, regard my suppliant cry,  
And in Thy faithfulness and righteousness reply.  
In judgment do not cause Thy servant to be tried;  
Before Thy holy laws no man is justified.

The enemy has sought my soul in dust to tread;  
To darkness I am brought, forgotten as the dead.  
My spirit, crushed with grief, is sad and overborne;  
My heart finds no relief, but desolate I mourn.

Recalling former days and all Thy wondrous deeds,  
The memory of Thy ways to hope and comfort leads.  
To Thee I stretch my hands, let me not plead in vain;  
I wait as weary lands wait for refreshing rain.

My failing spirit see, O Lord to me make haste;  
Hide not Thy face from me, lest bitter death I taste.  
O let the morn return, let mercy light my day;  
For Thee in faith I yearn, O guide me in the way.

Lord, save me from my foe, to Thee for help I flee;  
Teach me Thy way to know, I have no God but Thee.  
By Thy good Spirit led from trouble and distress,  
My erring feet shall tread the path of uprightness.

O Lord, for Thy name's sake revive my fainting heart;  
My soul from trouble take, for just and true Thou art.  
Remove mine enemy, my cruel foes reward;  
In mercy rescue me who am Thy servant, Lord.