

Lord, Hear My Prayer

From Psalm 102.

Johann Haydn(1737-1806)

Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry  
Have ready access unto Thee;  
When in distress to Thee I fly,  
O hide not Thou Thy face from me.  
Attend, O Lord, to my desire,  
O haste to answer when I pray;  
For grief consumes my strength like fire,  
My days as smoke pass swift away.

My heart is withered like the grass,  
And I forget my daily bread;  
In lonely grief my days I pass  
And sad my thoughts upon my bed.  
My foes reproach me all the day,  
My drink is tears, my bread is grief,  
For in Thy wrath I pine away,  
My days are like a fading leaf.

But Thou, Jehovah, shalt endure,  
Thy throne forever is the same;  
And to all generations sure  
Shall be Thy great memorial name.  
The time for Zion's help is near,  
The time appointed in Thy love;  
O let Thy gracious aid appear,  
Look Thou in mercy from above.

O Lord, regard the prayer of those  
Who love the walls of Zion well,  
Whose hearts are heavy for her woes,  
Who sad amid her ruins dwell.  
Thy power and glory shall appear,  
And Zion's walls shall be restored;  
Then all the kings of earth shall fear  
And heathen nations serve the Lord.

The Lord, exalted on His throne,  
Looked down from Heav'n with pitying eye  
To still the lowly captive's moan  
And save His people doomed to die.  
All men in Zion shall declare  
His gracious name with one accord,  
When kings and nations gather there  
To serve and worship God the Lord.