

My Soul Is Sad and Much Dismayed

William Cowper, 1779.

17th Century German.

My soul is sad and much dismayed;

See, Lord, what legions of my foes,

With fierce Apollyon at their head,

My heav'nly pilgrimage oppose!

See, from the over-burning lake

How like a smoky cloud they rise!

With horrid blasts my soul they shake,

With storms of blasphemies and lies.

Their fiery arrows reach the mark,

My throbbing heart with anguish tear;

Each lights upon a kindred spark,

And finds abundant fuel there.

I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;

O, I would drive it from my breast,

With Thy own sharp two-edged sword,

Far as the east is from the west!

Come then, and chase the cruel host,

Heal the deep wounds I have received!

Nor let the pow'rs of darkness boast

That I am foiled, and Thou art grieved!