

O Lord, to Thee I Cry  
The Psalter, 1912.  
William Monk, 1875.

O Lord, to Thee I cry;  
Thou art my rock and trust;  
O be not silent, lest I die  
And slumber in the dust.

O hear me when in prayer  
Thy favor I entreat;  
Hear, while I lift imploring hands  
Before Thy mercy seat.

O draw me not away  
With those of evil will;  
With them who speak of peace indeed,  
But still are plotting ill.

Requite them for their wrong,  
Their evil deeds, O Lord;  
O give them then their just desert,  
And to their deeds reward.

Thy deeds they disregard,  
Thy handiwork despise;  
And therefore Thou wilt cast them down  
And never let them rise.

But blessed be the Lord  
Who hearkens when I cry;  
The Lord, my strength, my help, my shield,  
On Him will I rely.

His help makes glad my heart,  
And songs of praise I sing;  
Jehovah is His people's strength,  
The Stronghold of their king.

Bless Thine inheritance,  
Our Savior be, I pray;  
Supply Thou all Thy people's need,  
And be their constant stay.