

Save Me, O God
The Psalter, 1912.
Johann Cruger, 1647.

Save me, O God, because the floods
Come in upon my soul;
I sink in depths where none can stand;
Deep waters, o'er me roll.

My constant calling wearies me,
My throat is parched and dried,
My eyes grow dim while for my God
Still waiting I abide.

The foes who hate me unprovoked,
Are strong and still increase,
Though to disarm their enmity
My right I yield for peace.

O God, my folly and my sin
Thy holy eye can see;
Yet save from shame, Lord God of hosts,
Thy saints that wait on Thee.

Forbid, O God, our covenant God,
That those who seek Thy face
Should see Thy servant put to shame
And share in my disgrace.

It is for Thee I am reproached,
For Thee I suffer shame,
Until my brethren know me not,
And hated is my name.

It is my zeal for Thy abode
That has consumed my life;
Reproached by those reproaching Thee,
I suffer in the strife.

I wept, with fasting bowed my soul,
Yet that was made my shame;
When I in sackcloth clothed myself,
Their byword I became.

The men who sit within the gate
With slander do me wrong,
And they who linger at their cups
Make me their jest and song.