

Though I Am Poor and Sorrowful

The Psalter, 1912.

Franois Barthlmon(1741-1808)

Though I am poor and sorrowful,

Hear Thou, O God, my cry;

Let Thy salvation come to me

And lift me up on high.

Then will I praise my God with song,

To Him my thanks shall rise,

And this shall please Jehovah more

Than offered sacrifice.

The meek shall see it and rejoice;

Ye saints, no more be sad;

For lo, Jehovah hears the poor

And makes his His prisoners glad.

Let Heaven and earth and seas rejoice,

Let all therein give praise,

For Zion God will surely save,

Her broken walls will raise.

In Zion they that love His name

Shall dwell from age to age,

Yea, there shall be their lasting rest,

Their children's heritage.