

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Lord, hear the voice of my complaint

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,  
To Thee I now commend me,  
Let not my heart and hope grow faint,  
But deign Thy grace to send me;  
True faith from Thee, my God, I seek,  
The faith that loves Thee solely,  
Keeps me lowly,  
And prompt to aid the weak,  
And mark each word that Thou dost speak.

Yet more from Thee I dare to claim,  
Whose goodness is unbounded;  
Oh let me ne'er be put to shame,  
My hope be ne'er confounded;  
But e'en in death still find Thee true,  
And in that hour, else lonely,  
Trust Thee only,  
Not aught that I can do,  
For such false trust I sore should rue.

Oh grant that from my very heart  
My foes be all forgiven,  
Forgive my sins and heal their smart,  
And grant new life from heaven;  
Thy word, that blessed food, bestow,  
Which best the soul canst nourish;  
Make it flourish  
Through all the storms of woe  
That else my faith might overthrow.

Then be the world my foe or friend,  
Keep me to her a stranger,  
Thy steadfast soldier to the end,  
Through pleasure and through danger;  
From Thee alone comes such high grace,  
No works of ours obtain it,  
Or can gain it;  
Our pride hath here no place,  
'Tis Thy free promise we embrace.

Help me, for I am weak; I fight,  
Yet scarce can battle longer;  
I cling but to Thy grace and might,  
'Tis Thou must make me stronger;  
When sore temptations are my lot,  
And tempests round me lower,  
Break their power.  
So, through deliverance wrought,  
I know that Thou forsak'st me not!