

In Thy Wrath and Hot Displeasure
The Psalter, 1912.
John Dykes, 1862.

In Thy wrath and hot displeasure,
Chasten not Thy servant, Lord;
Let Thy mercy, without measure,
Help and peace to me afford.

Heavy is my tribulation,
Sore my punishment has been;
Broken by Thine indignation,
I am troubled by my sin.

With my burden of transgression
Heavy laden, overborne,
Humbled low I make confession,
For my folly now I mourn.

Weak and wounded, I implore Thee:
Lord, to me Thy mercy show;
All my prayer is now before Thee,
All my trouble Thou dost know.

Darkness gathers, foes assail me.
But I answer not a word;
All my friends desert and fail me,
Only Thou my cry hast heard.

Lord, in Thee I am confiding;
Thou wilt answer when I call,
Lest my foes, the good deriding,
Triumph in Thy servant's fall.

I am prone to halt and stumble,
Grief and sorrow dwell within,
Shame and guilt my spirit humble,
I am sorry for my sin.

Foes about my soul are closing,
Full of hatred, false and strong;
Choosing good, I find opposing
All who love and do the wrong.

Lord, my God, do not forsake me,
Let me know that Thou art near,
Under Thy protection take me,
As my Savior now appear.