

O Lord, by Thee Delivered
The Psalter, 1912.
Wurttemberg, Germany, 1784.

O Lord, by Thee delivered, I Thee with songs extol;
My foes Thou hast not suffered to glory o'er my fall.
O Lord, my God, I sought Thee, and Thou didst heal and save;
Thou, Lord, from death didst ransom and keep me from the grave.

His holy name remember, ye saints, Jehovah praise;
His anger lasts a moment, His favor all our days;
For sorrow, like a pilgrim, may tarry for a night,
But joy the heart will gladden when dawns the morning light.

In prosperous days I boasted, "Unmoved I shall remain";
For Lord, by Thy good favor, my cause Thou didst maintain;
I soon was sorely troubled, for Thou didst hide Thy face;
I cried to Thee, Jehovah, I sought Jehovah's grace.

What profit if I perish, if life Thou dost not spare?
Shall dust repeat Thy praises, shall it Thy truth declare?
O Lord, on me have mercy, and my petition hear;
That Thou mayst be my helper, in mercy, Lord, appear.

My grief is turned to gladness, to Thee my thanks I raise;
Who hast removed my sorrow and girded me with praise;
And now, no longer silent, my heart Thy praise will sing;
O Lord, my God, forever my thanks to Thee I bring.