

What Wait I for but Thee
The Psalter, 1912.
Robert Ambrose, 1876.

What wait I for but Thee?
My hope is in Thy name;
From all my sins deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

I suffered silently,
Because Thy will is best;
Remove Thy heavy stroke from me,
For I am sore distressed.

When sin Thou dost repay
And chasten and restrain,
Man's beauty quickly fades away;
Yea, human life is vain.

O Lord, regard my fears,
And answer my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

I am a stranger here,
Dependent on Thy grace,
A pilgrim, as my fathers were,
With no abiding place.

O spare me and restore
My failing strength, I pray;
E'er I go hence and be no more,
The hand of judgment stay.