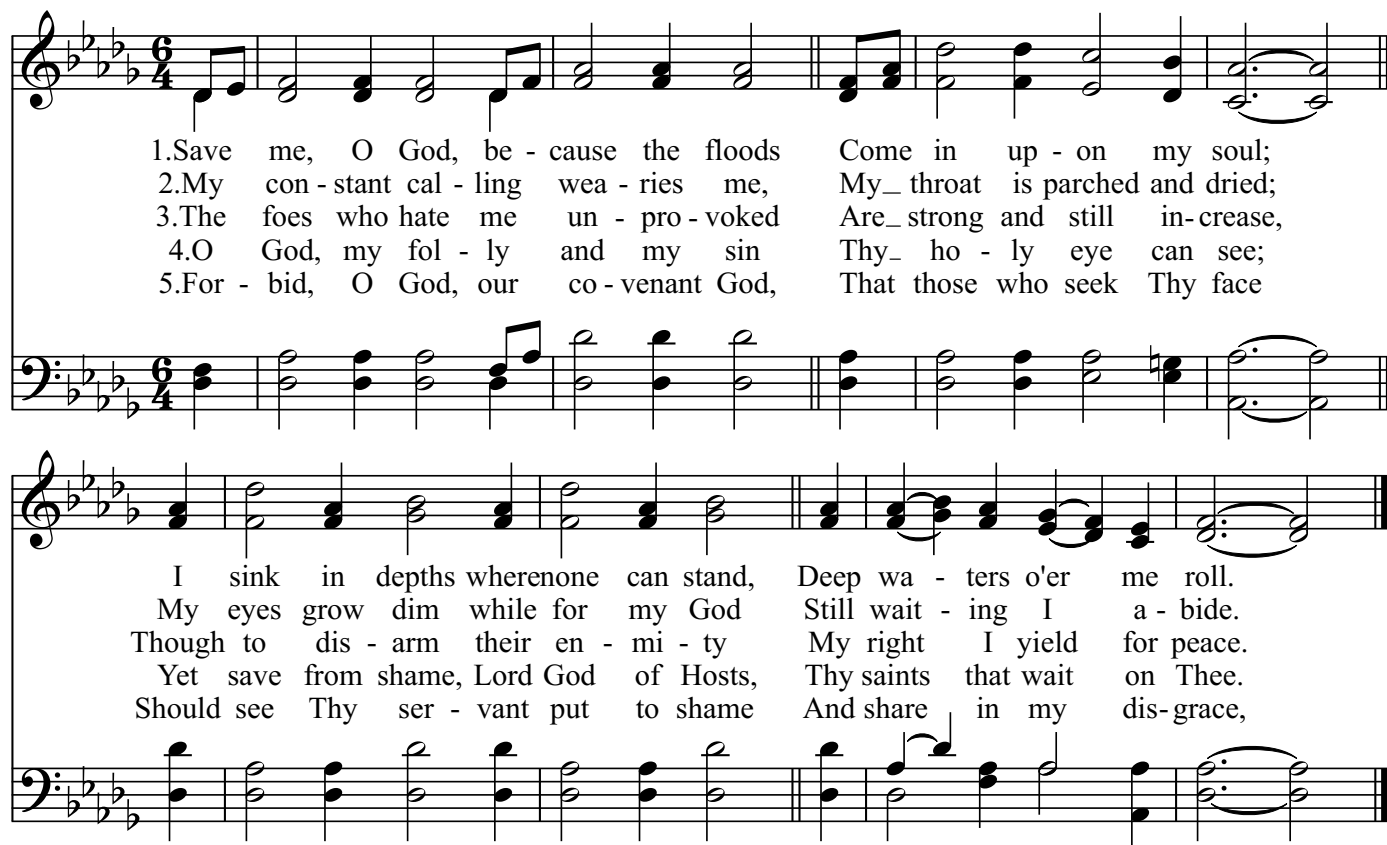


184. Suffering and Prayer



1. Save me, O God, be - cause the floods Come in up - on my soul;
 2. My con - stant cal - ling wea - ries me, My_ throat is parched and dried;
 3. The foes who hate me un - pro - voked Are_ strong and still in - crease,
 4. O God, my fol - ly and my sin Thy_ ho - ly eye can see;
 5. For - bid, O God, our co - venant God, That those who seek Thy face

I sink in depths where none can stand, Deep wa - ters o'er me roll.
 My eyes grow dim while for my God Still wait - ing I a - bide.
 Though to dis - arm their en - mi - ty My right I yield for peace.
 Yet save from shame, Lord God of Hosts, Thy saints that wait on Thee.
 Should see Thy ser - vant put to shame And share in my dis - grace,

6. It is for Thee I am reproached,
 For Thee I suffer shame,
 Until my brethren know me not,
 And hated is my name.

7. It is my zeal for Thy abode
 That has consumed my life;
 Reproached by those reproaching Thee,
 I suffer in the strife.

8. I wept, with fasting bowed my soul,
 Yet that was made my shame;
 When I in sackcloth clothed myself,
 Their byword I became.

9. The men who sit within the gate
 With slander do me wrong,
 And they who linger at their cups
 Make me their jest and song.