

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.