

WHEN tried, O Lord, with grief and woe,
I will not vent my sad complaints,
But guard my ways and keep my tongue,
Before those who are not Thy saints.

2 Yet will I not hold back from prayer,
But all my case to Thee present,
Lest inner griefs be stirred to fire,
From brooding long in discontent.

3 Empty and lone though I may feel,
Wearied by labour's small reward,
Teach me that nothing is in vain,
With Christ my Saviour and my Lord.

4 Silence my faithless murmurs now,
May I be humbled, awed to dust;
Build and restore my flagging hope,
And make Thy sovereign plan my trust.

5 Strengthen me now, my gracious Lord.
How can I still a stranger be,
When I have tasted, O so much,
Of friendship, light, and love from Thee?

Evangelical Psalter