

IN trouble and distress I cry,
‘Deliver me, I pray,
From hostile deeds and lying words
Of those who shun Thy way.’

- 2 What fitting end shall be the due
Of hateful, bitter hearts?
Of minds and tongues employed with skill
In persecuting arts?
- 3 Thy people here must dwell too long
Among such hearts as these—
Who will not quench the fires of hate
Nor bid their malice cease.
- 4 But, by Thy help, to them I’ll speak
Thy reconciling Word;
And represent with utmost zeal
My dear, forgiving Lord.

Evangelical Psalter