

LORD God of my salvation,
To Thee alone I cry;
O let my supplications
Be heard by Thee on high;
For troubles gather round me,
And life draws near the grave;
O come in love and mercy,
Descend, my soul to save.

2 Thine anger lies upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll,
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul,
Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt even Thou, Lord, spurn me?
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 Though banished, Lord, and broken
My soul still clings to Thee;
Thy promise Thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be.
These present ills and terrors
Shall future joy increase,
And scourge me from my errors,
To duty, hope, and peace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847