

1. To thee, O Lord, my cries ascend, O haste to my re - lief;
 2. In - stead of off - rings, let my prayer Like mor - ning in - cense rise;
 3. From has - ty lan - guage_ curb my tongue; And let a con - stant guard

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4. Yet us they per - se - cute to death; Our sca - tter'd ru - ins lie
 And with a - ccus - tomed pit - y hear, with pi - ty
 My lift - ed hands supp - ly the place, supp - ly the
 Still keep the port - al of my lips, still keep my
 As thick as from the hew - er's axe, the hew - er's

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hear The a - ccents of my grief.
 place Of ev' - ning sac - ri - fice.
 lips, With war - y si - lence barr'd.
 axe, The se - ver'd splin - ters fly.

5 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
 My supplicating eyes;
 O leave not destitute my soul,
 Whose trust on thee relies!

6 Do thou preserve me from the snares
 That wicked hands have laid:
 Let them in their own nets be caught,
 While my escape is made.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory ;as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.