

- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.
- 3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
Whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
As mansions of the dead.
- 4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
And sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
With heavy woes oppress'd.
- 5 I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought:
My former dangers and escapes
Employ my musing thought.
- 6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.