

PSALM 142 L. M.

SAXBY

Timothy R. Matthews

1 To Thee, O Lord, I hum - bly cry, To Thee my sup - pli - ca - tion make,

To Thee I bring my sad com-plaint, To Thee my bit - ter grief I take.

- 2 Thou knowest, Lord, my deep distress,
The lonely path, the hidden snare,
How refuge faileth, friends forsake,
And no man for my soul doth care.
- 3 My prayer is unto Thee, O Lord,
No refuge but in Thee I know,
No portion but in Thee I find;
Lord, in my need Thy mercy show.
- 4 Be Thou my Saviour, O my Lord,
For I am weak and foes are strong;
My captive soul from prison bring,
And glad shall be my thankful song.
- 5 Around me shall the righteous throng,
And crowned with joy Thy saints shall be, [Lord
Their hearts made glad because the
In richest grace hath dealt with me.