

Lord, Hear Me In Distress,

PSALM 143 6a

INVITATION

Frederick C. Maker

1 Lord, hear me in dis-tress, Re-gard my sup-pliant cry,

And in Thy faith-ful-ness And right-eous-ness re-ply.

In judg-ment do not cause Thy serv-ant to be tried;

Be-fore Thy ho-ly laws No man is jus-ti-fied.

2 The enemy has sought
My soul in dust to tread;
To darkness I am brought,
Forgotten as the dead.
My spirit, crushed with grief,
Is sad and overborne;
My heart finds no relief,
But desolate I mourn.

3 Recalling former days
And all Thy wondrous deeds,
The memory of Thy ways
To hope and comfort leads.
To Thee I stretch my hands,
Let me not plead in vain;
I wait as weary lands
Wait for refreshing rain.

Contrite Trust

4 My failing spirit see,
O Lord, to me make haste;
Hide not Thy face from me,
Lest bitter death I taste.
O let the morn return,
Let mercy light my day;
For Thee in faith I yearn,
O guide me in the way.

5 Lord, save me from my foe,
To Thee for help I flee;
Teach me Thy way to know,
I have no God but Thee.
By Thy good Spirit led
From trouble and distress,
My erring feet shall tread
The path of uprightness.

6 O Lord, for Thy Name's sake
Revive my fainting heart;
My soul from trouble take,
For just and true Thou art.
Remove my enemy,
My cruel foe reward;
In mercy rescue me
Who am Thy servant, Lord.

SECOND TUNE

BRADBURY

Anonymous

1 Lord, hear me in dis-tress, Re-gard my sup-pliant cry,

And in Thy faith-ful-ness And right-eous-ness re-ply.