

PSALM 102 L. M.

ORIEL

William B. Bradbury

1 Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry Have reach - y ac - cess un - to Thee;

When in dis - tress to Thee I fly, O hide not Thou Thy face from me.

2 Attend, O Lord, to my desire,
O haste to answer when I pray,
For grief consumes my strength like
fire,
My days as smoke pass swift away.

3 My heart is withered like the grass,
And I forget my daily bread;
In lonely grief my days I pass
And sad my thoughts upon my
bed.

4 My foes reproach me all the day,
My drink is tears, my bread is grief,
For in Thy wrath I pine away,
My days are like a fading leaf.