

Burlington

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. My God, my God, why leav'st Thou me, When I in ang-uish call on Thee? Why

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

dost Thou me ne - glect, And my loud prayer re - ject?

1. All day, but all the

1. All day, but all the day in vain, To

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

day, but all the day in vain, To Thee, O Lord, I do com-plain; All night I

1. All day, but all the day in vain, To Thee, O Lord, I do com-plain; All

day in vain, To Thee, O Lord, I do com-plain; All night I have im -

Thee, O Lord, I do com - plain. _____ All night I

Tr. have im - plored Thy help to be re - stored.

C. night I have im - plored, Thy help to be re - stored. All

T. plored, Thy help to be re - stored.

B. have im - plored, Thy help to be re - stored.

25

Tr. night I have im - plored Thy help to be re - stored.

C. night I have im - plored Thy help to be re - stored.

T. night I have im - plored Thy help to be re - stored.

B. night I have im - plored Thy help to be re - stored.

2 Yet thou, O Lord, art ever just,
Relieving those, who in thee trust;
Therefore shalt Israel raise
To thee, continual Praise:
On Thee our ancestors relied,
And in thy strength their foes divide;
To thee their prayers addressed,
And with success were blessed

6 Withdraw not then, O God, Most high!
Thy aid, when trouble is so nigh:
Do Thou that help extend,
On which I still depend.
High-pamper'd bulls, a frowning throng
From Bashan's forest, fierce and strong,
Prepare with growing rage,
Against me to engage.

10 As spoil, my garments they divide:
By lots their portions they decide;
Therefore Thy arm extend,
And kind protection send.
From their sharp sword defend Thou me,
And let my life from danger free;
Nor leave my soul overpowered,
By dogs to be devoured

14 Then shall the world their homage pay,
To God, and His commands obey;
His power they shall confess,
And prayers to him address.
From kings submission to receive,
In his supreme prerogative,
Who doth the worlds sustain;
And over all things reign.

3 Thy sure deliverance, Lord, they found,
When dangers gathered thickest round;
Thine ears their cries received,
And they were soon relieved;
But I, like none of human birth,
Am made the scoffing rabble's mirth;
Even like a reptile base,
They hold me in disgrace.

7 They gape on me, and to my fears,
Each mouth, a yawning grave appears;
Wide open to devour
My soul, when in their power:
The desert lion's savage roar,
Could not increase my horrors more.
In compact close combined,
They have my fall design'd

11 To me, O God! Assistance send,
My life from lions fierce defend;
As once Thy strength prevailed,
When unicorns assailed,
Then to my brethren I'll proclaim
The triumphs of Thy holy name;
And to the saints repair,
Thy glory to declare.

15 The rich his bounty must confess,
The poor their generous patron bless;
To him they all resort,
For succor and support:
Then shall a race exalt his name,
And to their heirs his truth proclaim,
Till heaven and earth combined,
Are all to God resigned

4 My agonies, the gazing crowd
Survey with scorn and laughter loud,
They mock while I complain,
And thus my woes disdain:
"He boasted, he was heaven's delight,
"Let God relieve his favorite;
"Let Him assistance send,
"His Servant to defend.

8 My joints are racked, and out of frame;
My heart like wax before the flame.
Within my bosom glows;
My blood like water flows:
My strength is parched like potter's clay,
My faltering tongue forgets to play;
My soul all hope resigns,
And to the grave declines.

12 "Praise ye the Lord in songs divine,
"ye numerous race of Israel's line;
"to him with fervor pray,
"and low obeisance pay:
"his people he hath ne'er disdained,
"or turned his face when they complained;
"but to their humble prayer,
"doth lend a gracious ear.

5 But Thou didst from my mother's womb,
Make me a living offspring come;
Thy care thou didst extend,
Me helpless to defend:
My youth Thou didst from danger shield,
And guardian-like protection yield;
In Thee I will confide,
For Thou wert still my guide.

9 Like bloodhounds, they assembled round,
My harmless hands and feet they wound;
And through my constant pain,
I languish and complain;
That all my bones may well be told;
Yet this as pastime they behold.
And still their pleasure show,
At each increase of woe.

13 Thus in Thy courts, Thy name I'll bless,
And in loud songs my thanks express;
And to Thy saints declare,
Thy providential care.
The meek companions of my grief,
Shall at my table find relief;
And all who seek Thy face,
Shall find refreshing grace.