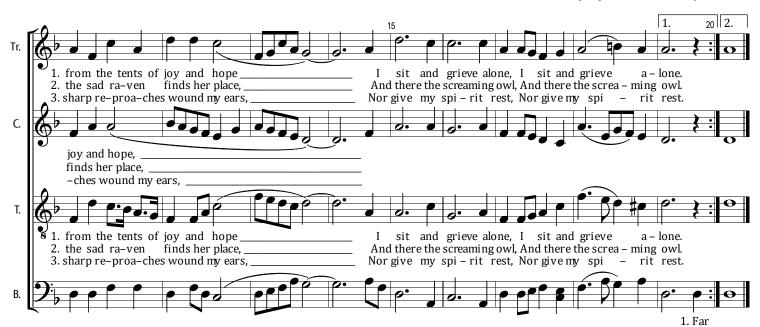




Far from the tents of joy and hope, Far There the sad raven finds her place, There While sharp reproaches wound my ears, While

2. There

3. While



- 4. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face; But answer, lest I die; Hast thou not built a throne of grace To hear when sinners cry?
- 5. My days are wasted like the smoke Dissolving in the air; My strength is dried, my heart is broke, And sinking in despair.
- 6. My spirits flag like with ring grass Burnt with excessive heat; In secret groans my minutes pass, And I forget to eat.

- 7. But thou for ever art the same, O my eternal God; Ages to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.
- 8. Thou wilt arise and show thy face, Nor will my Lord delay Beyond th' appointed hour of grace, That long-expected day.
- 9. He hears his saints, he knows their cry, And by mysterious ways Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die, And fills their tongues with praise.