Lord in thy wrath reprove me not



 My soul is troubled very fore, and vexed vehemently: But Lord how long wilt thou delay to cure my misery?
Lord turn thee to thy wonted grace, my silly soul up take: O save me not for my deserts, but for thy mercies sake. 5. For why? no man among the dead remembreth thee one whit:Or who shall worship thee o Lord in the infernal pit?6. So grievious is my plaint and moan, that I wax wondrous faint:All the night long I wash my bed with tears of my complaint.

7. My sight is dim and waxeth old with anguish of my heart:For fear of those that be my foes and would my soul subvert.8. But now away from me all ye that work iniquity:For why? the Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint and cry.

9. He heard not only the request, and prayer of my heart:But it received at my hands, and took it in good part.10. And now my foes that vexed me, the Lord will soon defame:And suddenly confound them all to their rebuke and shame.