

2. But thou, O Lord, how long!
Return, my soul set free;
in greatness of thy mercy, Lord,
save and deliver me.
For not in death of thee
can we remembrance have;
who shall give thanks to thee, O Lord,
within the silent grave?

3. And weary, Lord, am I, with these my groans and fears; each night I make my bed to swim, my couch dissolves in tears.
Mine eye with grief consumes, grows old before its time, because of all mine enemies: depart, ye men of crime!

4. Jehovah hears the voice,the voice of all my tears;Jehovah to my cry gives heed,my prayer Jehovah hears.Ashamed and troubled bemine enemies each one;let them turn back, be put to shame,and in a moment gone.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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