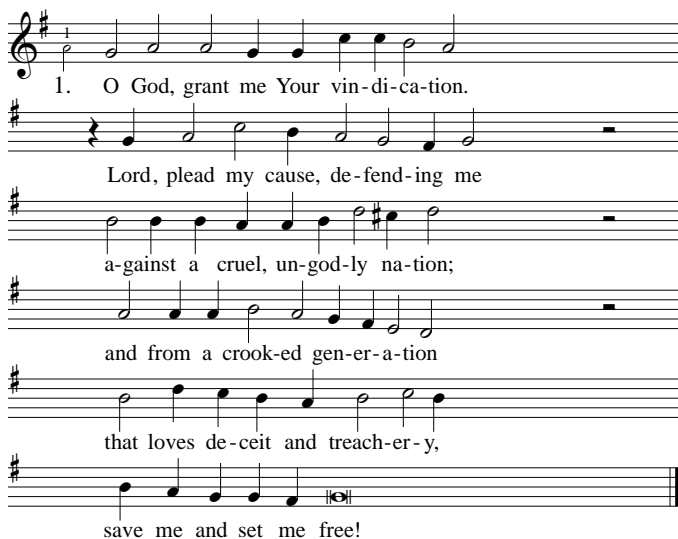


PSALM 43

Geneva, 1551



1. O God, grant me Your vin-di-ca-tion.
Lord, plead my cause, de-fend-ing me
a-gainst a cruel, un-god-ly na-tion;
and from a crook-ed gen-er-a-tion
that loves de-ceipt and treach-er-y,
save me and set me free!

2. You are my *stronghold from oppression*.
O why then have You cast me off?
Why let my foes with their aggression
cause me such mourning and depression?
See how they all around me scoff
and at my sorrows laugh.
3. Send forth, O *God of my salvation*,
Your light and truth to be my guide
and lead me to my destination:
Your holy hill and habitation,
where I with You will safely hide
in shelter You provide.

Psalm 43

4. Then, at Your sa-cred al-tar stand-ing,
my hands to You in prayer I'll raise.
With harp and voice, in wor-ship blend-ing,
Your courts re-sound; while psalms, as-cend-ing
to You, my high-est joy, bring praise
for all Your won-drous ways.

5. My soul, why *are you sad and grieving,*
why so oppressed with anxious care?
Hope yet in God, His word believing;
for, *light and joy from Him receiving,*
I'll praise His name again and laud
my Saviour and my God.