

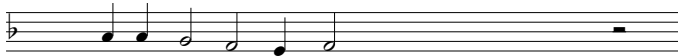
## PSALM 123

A song of ascents.

Geneva, 1551



1. To You in heaven, our Lord so good and great,



I lift my eyes and wait.



As eyes of slaves will to their lord be turn-ing



when for a fa-vour yearn-ing,



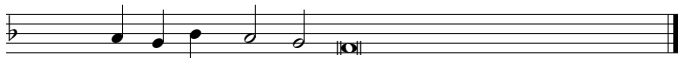
and as a slave-girl's eyes in-tent-ly lin-ger



up-on her mis-tress' fin-gers,



so our eyes, too, look to our Mas-ter's face



un-til He grants us grace.

2. Show us Your *pity*; *LORD*, be merciful!  
*O LORD*, be merciful!  
 Too long, *O God*, have we been made to suffer  
 the insults of the scoffer.  
 We've had our fill of taunting and derision,  
 of all the cruel oppression  
 by those who in their proud complacency  
 treat us disdainfully.