Iudge and reuenge my cause O Lord



2. For of my strength thou art the God, why putst thou me thee fro: And why walk I so heavily, oppressed with my foe?

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- 3. Send out thy light and eke thy truth, and lead me with thy grace, Which may conduct me to thy hill, and to thy dwelling place.
- 4. Then shall I to the altar go of God my joy and cheer:
 And on my harp give thanks to thee O God, my God most dear.

man

O

Lord

de - ceit - ful

- 5. Why art thou then so sad my soul, and fretst thus in my breast? Still trust in God, for him to praise, I hold it always best.
- 6. By him I have deliverance, against all pain and grief:
 He is my God which doth always at need send me relief.

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Critical notes:

Text somewhat modernised.