

Heed My Prayer, O LORD, Be Near Me

Based on Psalm 102:1-12

1. Heed my pray'r, O LORD, be near me; O in-cline Thy ear to hear me.
2. For my days, like smoke, are fleet-ing; Each goes by with-out re-peat-ing.
3. *While I lie a-wake in sor-row, I am like a lone-ly spar-row*
4. All day long my foes de-ride me; They with curs-es have de-fied me.
5. Like an eve-ning shad-ow, fleet-ing, Soon in night its span com-plet-ing,

Let my cry come un-to Thee; Do not hide Thy face from me.
Like a hearth my bones do burn, While I for Thy ans-wer yearn.
Perch-ing on the house-top high. Like the pel-i-can am I,
I no long-er eat my bread, But with ash-es I am fed;
So my days do quick-ly pass, For I wi-ther as the grass.

When I pray in grief and wor-ry, LORD, to me Thy an-swer hur-ry.
For my heart is so de-ject-ed That my bread I have neg-lect-ed.
And the owl; in des-o-la-tion Have such birds their ha-bi-ta-tion.
With my drink my tears are blend-ed, For Thy wrath has not yet end-ed.
But, O LORD, Thou chang-est nev-er, For Thou art en-throned for-ev-er.

Lis-ten to my sup-pli-ca-tion; Quick-ly come with con-so-la-tion.
Skin and bones, to-gether cleav-ing, Are the out-come of my griev-ing.
In my lone-li-ness I lan-guish, For I suf-fer con-stant an-guish.
Thou didst in Thy an-ger take me And an out-cast Thou didst take me.
Thy great name and rev-e-la-tion Last through ev-'ry gen-er-a-tion.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1562; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564 SEIGNEUR, ENTEN ME REQUETE [GENEVAN 102]

Text: Unknown, 1972; rev. ©

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Cont'd, Psalm 102:13-28

6. LORD, Thou wilt a - rise in pit - y On Thy house and ho - ly cit - y.
7. All the na - tions shall re - vere Thee; All the kings of earth shall fear Thee,
8. *God be praised with ad - o - ra - tion* By each pass - ing gen - er - a - tion.
9. *God has tried me in His rig - or,* And He broke my strength and vig - or.
10. Thou didst lay the earth's foun - da - tion, Might - y God of all cre - a - tion.
11. Like a cloak, Thy whole cre - a - tion, From the skies to earth's foun - da - tion,

It is time to show Thy face, The ap - point - ed time for grace.
For Thou shalt Thy cit - y build, To be with Thy glo - ry filled.
He looked down from heav'n on high To re - lease those doomed to die;
"O my God, my God," I pray, "Do not yet take me a - way.
Thou didst frame the vast ex - tent Of the loft - y firm - a - ment.
Thou dost change; it fades a - way, But Thou art the same for aye.

Thou wilt hear our sup - pli - ca - tion When we pray for re - stor - a - tion.
Thou shalt set Thy con - greg - a - tion Firm on Zi - on's strong foun - da - tion.
From His ho - ly height He sees us, *From cap - tiv - i - ty He frees us,*
Thou whose years en - dure for - ev - er, *Do not yet my life - thread sev - er.*
But they both shall fall and tum - ble; What may seem se - cure shall crum - ble.
LORD, the chil - dren of Thy ser - vants, All the line of their des - cen - dants,

Those who serve Thee, LORD, sin - cere - ly, Love the stones of Zi - on dear - ly.
When we pray, LORD Thou shalt hear us; When we suf - fer, Thou art near us.
That His peo - ple Him may wor - ship, *And all king - doms praise His lord - ship.*
LORD of ev - ery gen - e - ra - tion, *An - swer Thou my sup - pli - ca - tion."*
Like a gar - ment one may cher - ish, So will they wear out and per - ish.
Shall in safe - ty dwell be - fore Thee, For Thy stead - fast love a - dore Thee.