

THE PSALMS.

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PSALM 109.

L.M.

- 1 Stranger and pilgrim here below,  
I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee ;  
Thou know'st my every want and woe ;  
Oh, smite my foes, and rescue me !
- 2 Thy name is love ; for that name's sake  
Sustain and cheer my sinking soul ;  
Low as I am, and poor, and weak,  
One word of Thine can make me whole.
- 3 Help, Lord ! let all my foes perceive,  
'Tis Thine to comfort or condemn ;  
With Thee to bless me and relieve,  
I little heed reproach from them.
- 4 Arise then, on my soul arise ;  
Thy sheltering wings around me cast ;  
And all that now afflicts or tries  
Shall work my peace, O Lord, at last.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.*

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PSALM 113.

7s.

- 1 Hallelujah ! Raise, oh raise  
To our God the song of praise !  
All His servants join to sing  
God our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessed be for evermore  
That dread name which we adore ;  
Round the world His praise be sung,  
Through all lands, in every tongue.