

CHORUS.

How long, O Lord, how long, O Lord,
Wilt thou forget Thy chosen ones :
How long shall Thy great enemy's sword
With threatening death hang o'er Thy sons ?

And thou wrap round Thy throne with clouds,
Nor look upon our suffering race,
Nor rend the darkening veil that shrouds
The gracious might of Thine own face ?

From morning's rise to evening's fall,
A swelling sorrow fills our breast ;
And with our tears for help we call :
Let help descend and bring us rest.

Above our heads our foes arise,
And pour in thousands all around ;
They seem to tread the exalted skies,
To trample us upon the ground.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou withhold,
The hand of wrath from off Thy foes ;
While they adore their gods of gold,
And still heap up our countless woes ?

On Thee, great Lord, on Thee we call ;
To heathen gods we ne'er shall bow :
Behold at Thy great name we fall ;
Let Thy right hand protect us now !