

PSALM XIII. C. M.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I forever mourn?

How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring;

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God, ascend;
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XV. C. M.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.