

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady,
1698 (Psalm 64) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Princetown

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D Minor
William Billings, 1770
(Revised 1778)

1. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, To my request give ear. Preserve my life from cru - el foes, And free my soul from fear.

2. O hide me with thy tenderest care
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.

3. See how intent to work my harm
They whet their tongues, like swords,
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
Sharp lies and bitter words

4. Lurking in private at the just
They take their secret aim;
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of fear and shame.

5. To carry on their ill designs,
They mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares,
And think that none shall see.

6. With utmost diligence and care
Their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts
Are only to betray.

7. But God, to anger justly moved,
His dreadful bow shall bend,
And, on his flying arrow's point,
shall swift destruction send.

8. Those slanders, which their mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes disclosed, shall make them be
Despised and shunned by all.

9. The world shall then God's power confess,
And nations trembling stand;
Convinced that 'tis the mighty work
Of His avenging hand.

10. While righteous men, whom God secures,
In Him shall gladly trust;
And all the listening earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.