Psalm 102

"Lord to mine humble suit give ear"

Text by John Craig

Harmonised by David Peebles

1. Lord to mine humble suit give ear and let my cry for thee
2. Like the mown grass withered and dry, such is mine heart, because
3. As on the house-top all alone the sparrow doth herself

appear: Hide not thy face this troublous time. But when
that I Through grief my bread forgot to eat. For through
be moan: Ev'n so I watch throughout the night: For dai-

I call, thine ears incline: Make haste to hear me (Lord I pray)
my voice of groanings great, My bones unto my skin do stick.
ly, lo, my foes me spite, And they that thus do rage and scorn

for like as smoke consumeth away: so are my days
Yea, I the pelican am like, which doth in wil-
With one consent my death have sworn. I ashes ate

here on this earth, And all my bones parched as a hearth.
derness abide: And like the owl of deserts wide.
as bread through woe, And blent* my cup with tears al-

* In Scots, blent means blended.

Original tenor begins on B.

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