

# Psalm 102

"Lord to mine humble suit give ear"

Text by John Craig

Harmonised by  
David Peebles

1. Lord to mine hum - ble suit give ear and let my cry for thee  
2. Like the mown grass with - ered and dry, such is mine heart, be - cause  
3. As on the house - top all a - lone the spar - row doth her - self

7

ap - pear: Hide not thy face this troub - lous time. But when  
that I Through grief my bread for - got to eat. For through  
be - moan: Ev'n so I watch through out the night: For dai -

13

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

19

for like as smoke con - sumth a - way: so are my days  
Yea, I the pe - li - can am like, which doth in wil -  
With one con - sent my death have sworn. I ash - es ate

24

here on this earth, And all my bones parched as a hearth.  
der - ness a - bide: And like the owl of des - erts wide.  
as bread through woe, And blent\* my cup with tears al - so.

\* In Scots, blent means blended.