

Jason Coghill

"Psalm 102 To This My Prayer O Listen Lord"

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(Humming)

To this my prayer O listen Lord!
And let my cry for help reach You.
In day of grief hide not Your face.
Your list'ning ear toward me O bend;
The day I call, Your answer send.
For all my days go up in smoke,
And like a hearth my bones are burned.
Like grass my heart is crushed and dried;
I daily food forgotten leave;
My skin and bones together cleave.
With sighs and groans my frame resounds.
I'm like a desert pelican,
Or like an owl in ruined wastes.
I lie awake, as on the roof
A sparrow stands, alone, aloof.
All day my foes their taunts repeat;
Those filled with anger curse my name.
I food with tears and ashes mix,
For You on me in anger frown;
You raised me up to throw me down.
An ev'ning shadow are my days;
Like grass I wither soon away.
But You, Jehovah, sit enthroned
Forever; Your memorial
Abides through generations all.

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