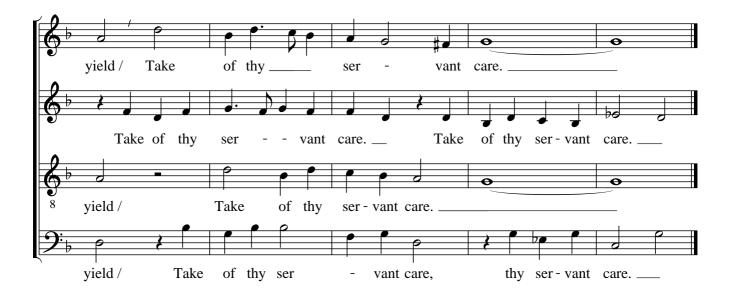
## Psalm IIII (Cum invocarem)

Text: after James Merrick (1765), Melody: Caspar Ulenberg (1582)





- 2. How long, ye sons of pride, how long / Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue / My honour to defame? How long shall secret love of ill / To wretched malice urge your will / And rage your breast inflame?
- 3. To God my heart shall vent its woe / Who promised blessings to bestow / On each who learn'd his fear. Him wouldst thou please with rev'rent awe / Observe the dictates of his law / Who bows his willing ear.
- 4. In secret on thy couch reclin'd / Search to its depth thy restless mind / Till hush'd the tumult lie. With purest gifts approach his shrine / And safe to him thy care resign / And wrath within thee die.
- 5. I hear a hopeless train demand / "Where's now the wish'd deliv'rer's hand?" / Do thou, my God, reply! And let thy presence o'er our head / Its all—enliv'ning influence shed / Effusing from on high.
- 6. What joy my conscious heart o'erflows! Not such th'exulting lab'rer knows / When to his longing eyes / The vintage of the cultur'd soil / With full requital crown his toil / When wanton harvests rise.
- 7. My weary eyes in sleep I close / My limbs, secure, to rest compose. Thy gifts shalt bid me share. For thou, great God, shalt screen my head / And plant a guard around my bed: To keep me in thy care.

To adapt the rhyming scheme and meter of James Merrick's psalm paraphrase to the rhyming scheme and meter of Ulenberg's text, I had to interchange verses and ommitted some syllables. The original text by James Merrick can be found in "The Psalms. Translated and paraphrased into English verse." Reading, 1765.

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