Psalm 102

4. 10This, Lord, me happeneth for thine ire, 
And for thy wrath so hot as fire: 
For thou in high estate me placed, 
And down to dust again hast cast. 
11My days are like the fading shade: 
I like the withered grass am made. 
12But Lord, thou still abidest sure, 
Thy memory for ay doth 'dure.\(^{53}\)

5. 13Thou wilt arise for Zion hill, 
And grant thy mercy her until: 
For lo, the time, the time (I say) 
Of mercy, Lord, is come this day. 
14For in her stones, thy servants lust: 
And pity take upon her dust. 
15So shall the heathen fear thy name, 
And earthly kings thy glorious fame.

6. 16What time the Lord shall Zion rear, 
And in his glory shall appear. 
17And to the desolate him bend, 
Despising not their suit t'attend. 
18This shall be written for the race, 
That after shall succeed in place: 
Yea, the people yet uncreated, 
The Lord's renown abroad shall spread.

7. 19For from his holy temple high, 
The Lord our God hath cast his eye: 
From heaven the earth behold did he. 
20The prisoners' groans to hear and see, 
And set the damned free from care. 
21That they in Zion may declare, 
This holy name of God always 
And in Jerusalem his praise.

8. 22When to convene the folk accord, 
And kingdoms all to serve the Lord. 
23My strength he 'bated in the ways 
And shorter cut my life and days. 
24Wherefore I said, my God most high, 
In midst my life let me not die: 
Thy years eternally endure, 
From age to age abiding sure.

9. 25Thou in times past the earth didst ground, 
Thine handiwork the heavens are found. 
26They perish shall, thou standing still. 
They shall wax old as garments will. 
Thou changing them they so shall bide. 
27But thou art one whose years not slide. 
28Thy servants' sons for aye shall last 
And in thy sight their feet stand fast.

\(^{53}\) Endure.