1. O Lord that heaven dost possess, I lift mine eyes to thee:
   Ev’n as the servant lifteth his, his master’s hands to see.
   For we be filled and overcome, with hatred and despite.

2. Lord, grant us thy compassion, and mercy in thy sight:
   As handmaids watch their master’s hands, some grace for to achieve:
   Our minds be stuffed with great rebuke: the rich and worldly wise:

So we behold the Lord our God, till he do us forgive.
Do make of us their mocking stock, the proud do us despise.