Psalm 130
"Lord to thee I make my moan"

Text by William Whittingham
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. Lord to thee I make my moan, When dangers me oppress:
2. O Lord my God, if thou weigh Our sins, and them preserve,
3. In God I put my whole trust: My soul wait’th on his will:

I call, I sigh, plain,* and groan, Trusting to find release.
Who shall then escape, and say, I can myself excuse?
For his promise is most just, And I hope there in still:

Hear now, O Lord, my request, For it is full due time:
But, Lord, thou art merci ful, And turn’st to us thy grace,
My soul to God hath regard, Wishing for him alway,

And let thine ears aye be pressed, Unto this prayerer mine.
That we with hearts most careful Should fear before thy face.
More than they that watch and ward, To see the dawning day.

* In Scots, plain means complain.

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