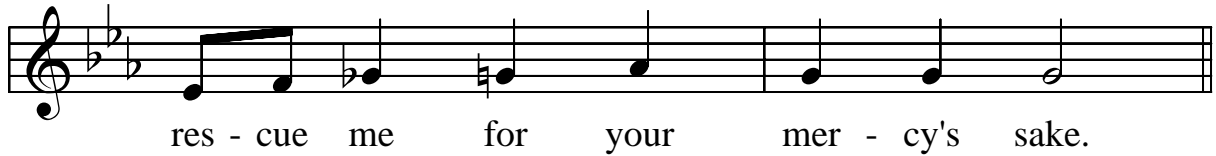


### Response



Make your face to shine up - on your ser - vant,



res - cue me for your mer - cy's sake.

1 Lord, show your mercy, for I am in trouble,  
and my soul and my body are consumed with my sorrow.  
My life is wasted with grief and with sighing,  
my strength has failed me, my bones have all crumbled.

2 I have become a reproach to my enemies,  
an object of loathing to my friends and my neighbours.  
I am forgotten, like one dead, one out of mind,  
I am left broken, and scattered in ashes.

3 Slander is all around, fear lurks on every side,  
I hear all their whispering and plotting against me.  
Yet will I trust you, my times are all in your hand,  
you will deliver me, you will protect me.