


# Psalm 102:1-14

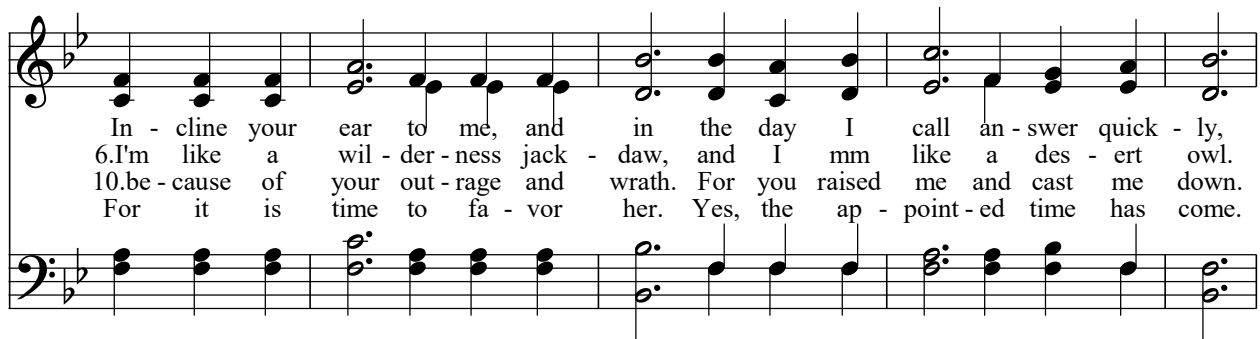
*A prayer of the afflicted when he is overwhelmed and pours out his complaint before the LORD*



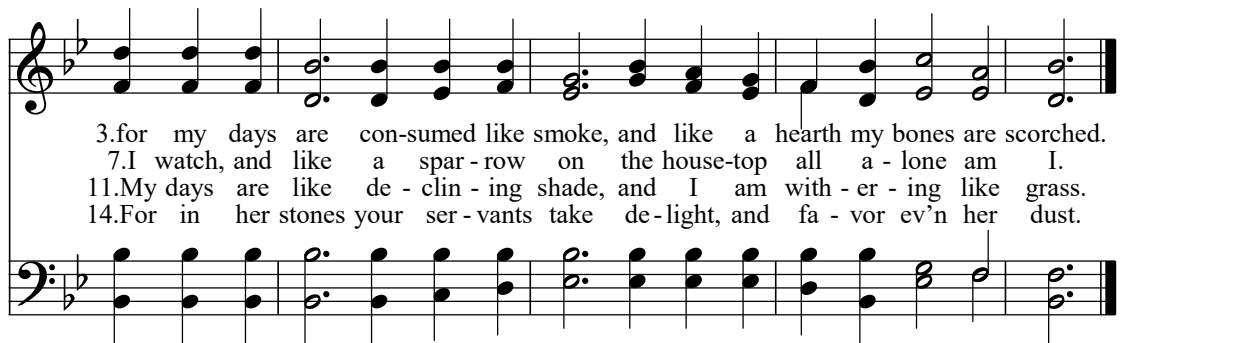
1. Now list - en to my prayer, O LORD, and let my cry come un - to you.  
4. My heart is strick - en, seared like grass, and I for - get to eat my bread.  
8. My foes re - proach me all day long. The mad a - gainst me swear an oath.  
12. But you, LORD, shall for - ev - er live, your mem - o - ry to ev' - ry age.



2. Do not con - ceal your face from me up - on the day of my di - stress.  
5. Be - cause of the sound of my groans my bones are cleav - ing to my skin.  
9. For I eat ash - es as my bread, and min - gle my drink with my tears,  
13. You will a - rise. A - gain you will to Zi - on your com - pas - sion show.



In - cline your ear to me, and in the day I call an - swer quick - ly,  
6. I'm like a wil - der - ness jack - daw, and I mm like a des - ert owl.  
10. be - cause of your out - rage and wrath. For you raised me and cast me down.  
For it is time to fa - vor her. Yes, the ap - point - ed time has come.



3. for my days are con - sumed like smoke, and like a hearth my bones are scorched.  
7. I watch, and like a spar - row on the house - top all a - lone am I.  
11. My days are like de - clin - ing shade, and I am with - er - ing like grass.  
14. For in her stones your ser - vants take de - light, and fa - vor ev'n her dust.