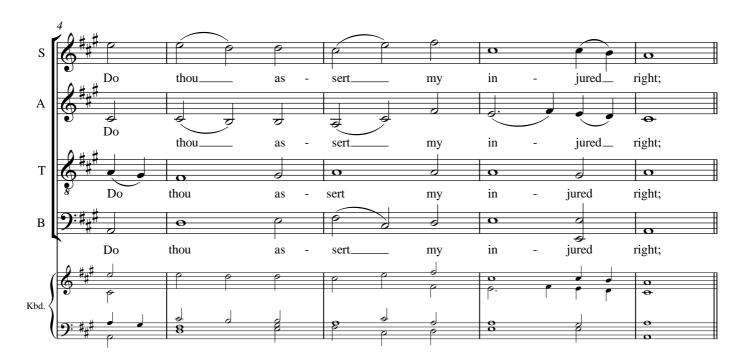
Just judge of heaven, against my foes





- 2. Since thou art still my only stay, Why leav'st thou me in deep distress? Why go I mourning all the day, Whilst me insulting foes oppress?
- 3. Let me with light and truth be blessed, Be these my guides, and lead the way. Till on thy holy hill I rest, And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 4. Then will I there fresh altars raise
 To God, who is my only joy;
 And well tuned harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 5. Why then cast down, my soul? and why So much oppressed with anxious care? On God, thy God, for aid rely, Who will thy ruined state repair.

Original a semitone higher: upper bass notes added.

Just judge of heaven, against my foes

