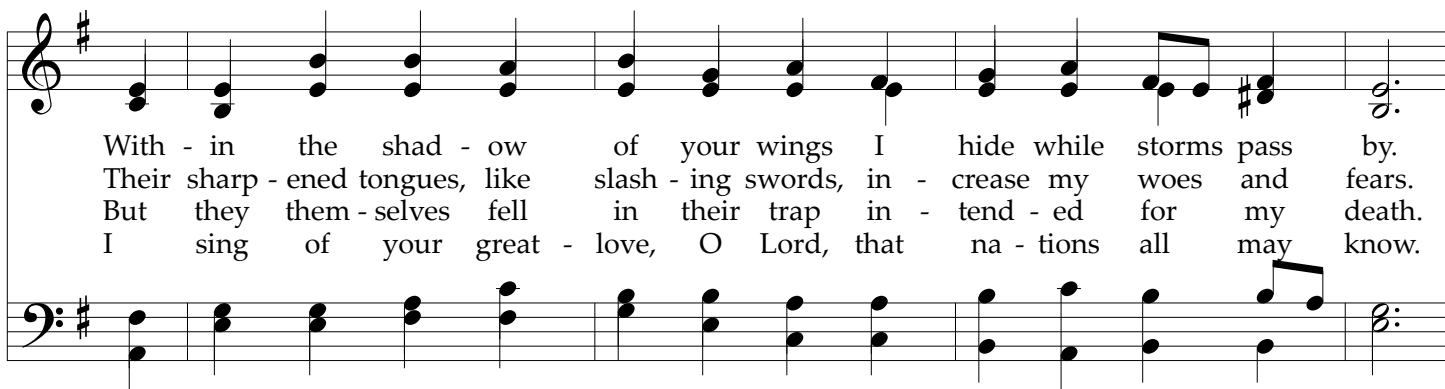


Be Merciful to Me, O God

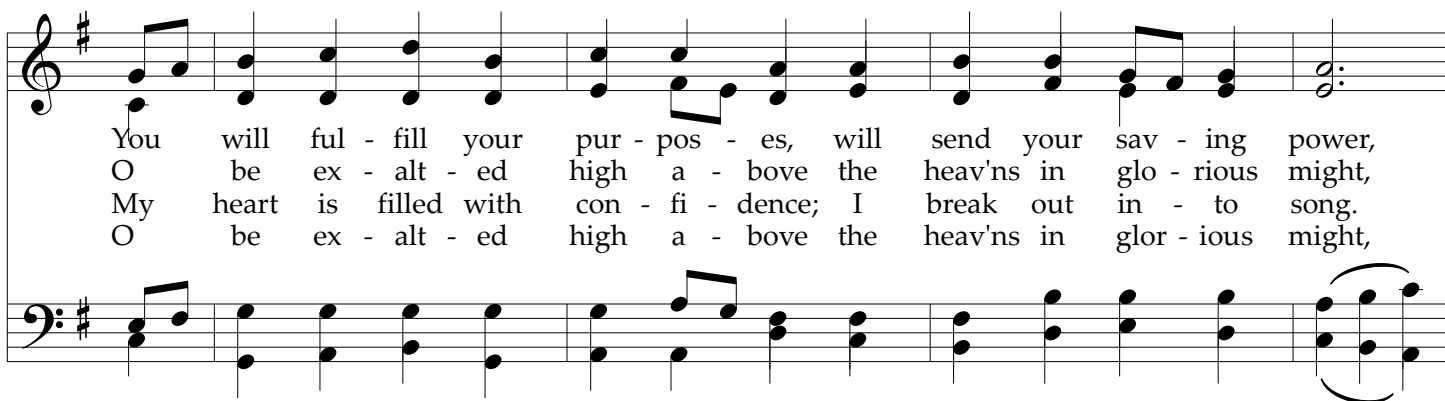
Psalm 57



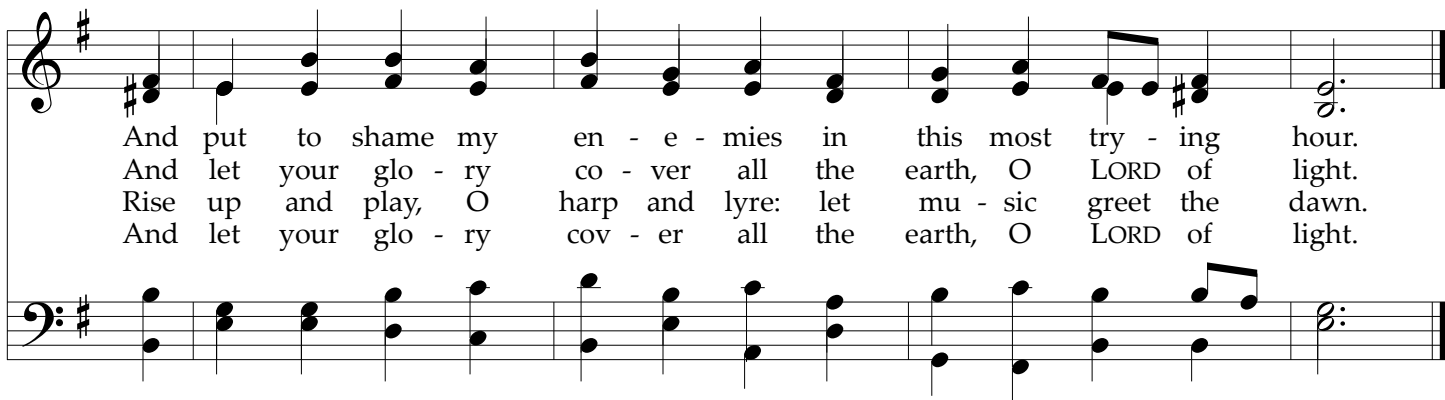
1. Be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, bend down and hear my cry;
2. My foes are like de - vour - ing beasts, their teeth like ar - rows, spears.
3. Foes spread a net to catch my feet, a pit a - cross my path,
4. In song I thank you, O my Lord; my prais - es o - ver - flow.



With - in the shad - ow of your wings I hide while storms pass by.
Their sharp - ened tongues, like slash - ing swords, in - crease my woes and fears.
But they them - selves fell in their trap in - tend - ed for my death.
I sing of your great - love, O Lord, that na - tions all may know.



You will ful - fill your pur - pos - es, will send your sav - ing power,
O be ex - alt - ed high a - bove the heav'ns in glo - rious might,
My heart is filled with con - fi - dence; I break out in - to song.
O be ex - alt - ed high a - bove the heav'ns in glor - ious might,



And put to shame my en - e - mies in this most try - ing hour.
And let your glo - ry co - ver all the earth, O LORD of light.
Rise up and play, O harp and lyre: let mu - sic greet the dawn.
And let your glo - ry cov - er all the earth, O LORD of light.