

PSALM 57

For the director of music. To the tune of "Do Not Destroy." Of David. A miktam.
When he had fled from Saul into the cave.

1554/1556 / Geneva, 1562



1. Be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful to me;
O God, with You I find se-cu-ri-ty.
The shad-ow of Your wings is my pro-tec-tion;
un-til the storms pass by, to God I flee -
to God Most High, who charts my life's di-rec-tion.

2. He'll send from heaven and save me as before,
frustrating those who *hound me* evermore.
His *steadfast* love will comfort me in sorrows
though I lie down amid the lions' roar,
beset by foes whose teeth are spears and arrows.
3. O God, exalt Yourself *above the skies!*
Let over all the earth Your glory rise.
My soul was grieved, for where my way I wended
they set a snare, but to their great surprise
they fell into the pit for me intended.
4. O God, my heart is *steadfast: I will sing*
and, making music, praise my glorious King.
Awake, my soul! All slumber be forsaken.
Awake, O harp and lyre! Your praises bring.
Come, join with me: the dawn I will awaken!

5. Among the nations *I will sing Your praise*
and *will proclaim the wonders of Your ways.*
For *to the clouds extends Your love unfailing;*
Your faithfulness outdistances our gaze.
Through *all the earth Your glory be prevailing!*