

Psalm 55:1-8

vers. W. van der Kamp, 1972; rev.

9 9 9. 8 8 9
Hypoaolian

Genevan Psalter, 1562
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. Give ear and lis - ten to my plead - ing; Hide not Thy - self,
2. The shout - ings of my foes dis - tress me, My wic - ked en -
3. Dis - may and trem - bling come up - on me, And fear and ter -
4. Yes, I would flee to dis - tant plac - es; I would es - cape,

O God, not heed - ing My fer - vent prayer, my sup - pli - ca - tions!
e - mies op - press me; They bring me trou - ble and they cher - ish
ror have un - done me; I am a - lone, by all for - sak - en.
would leave no trac - es, And seek, far from my ad - ver - sar - y,

At - tend to me, and an - swer me; I am be - set
In an - gry hate their en - mi - ty. My heart is faint
Were I a dove, with pin - ions blest, I would fly off
A shel - ter in the wil - der - ness: Where rag - ing winds

by in - fa - my And o - ver - come by trib - u - la - tions.
with mi - ser - y; In dread of death and grave I per - ish.
and be at rest, No more by threats and ter - rors sha - ken.
cause no dis - tress Nor storms can shake my sanc - tu - ar - y.

Psalm 55:9-15

7

5. De - stroy their plans; LORD, show no pi - ty; Con - fuse their tongues,
 6. It is no foe who comes with taunt - ing, For then I could
 7. No, it is you who have be - trayed me And who with ill
 8. Let death strike them till they have per - ished, Those whom I as

8

for in the ci - ty I no - tice vi - lence and op - pres - sion.
 en - dure his flaunt - ing. It is not that an ad - ver - sa - ry
 for good re - paid me, My friend in whom I once con - fid - ed,
 my e - quals cher - ished; Let them be caught in their own er - ror;

10

Both day and night their vice a - bounds When on the walls
 Treats me with in - sol - ence and pride, For then from him
 With whom I kept sweet com - pa - ny And walked to God's
 Let them who now a - gainst me strive Go down in - to

11

they make their rounds. The mar - ket - place teems with trans - gres - sion.
 I still could hide And I would be on guard and wa - ry.
 house plea - sant - ly, But who now with my foes has sid - ed.
 She - ol a - live, Des - cend in - to their graves in ter - ror.

Psalm 55:16-23

13

9. I cry to God; the LORD will save me. I trust the pro -
 10. He saves me, though my foes are rag - ing, Out of the bat -
 11. **My friend ap - pears now as a trait - or, A sleek - tongued cov -**
 12. Cast on the LORD the cares that grieve you; He takes your bur -
 13. But Thou, O God, wilt vin - di - cate us; Thou wilt cast down

14

mise which He gave me. At noon, at eve - ning, in the morn - ing
 tle I am wag - ing. God will give ear, them He will hum - ble;
 'nant vi - o - la - tor. **His speech was smooth - er still than but - ter,**
 den and re - lieves you. He will sus - tain you and will hum - ble
 the ones who hate us. And in the low - est pit shall per - ish

16

I ut - ter my com - plaint and moan, And He will hear
 He, high en - throned from days of old, Will break my ha -
Yet war was in his heart and mind; His words were swords,
 The li - ar and the hyp - o - crite. Your down - fall He
 The men of blood and treach - erous ways. They shall not live

17

me as I groan, When trai - tors strike me with - out warn - ing.
 ters' strang - ling hold; Be - cause they keep no law, they'll stum - ble.
though soft and kind; It was all feigned what he did ut - ter.
 will not per - mit; The right - eous man will nev - er stum - ble.
 out half their days. I trust in Thee, Thy Word I cher - ish.