

Psalm 57

vers. Dewey Westra, 1961
& William Helder, 1980

10 10 11. 10 11
Mixolydian

Genevan Psalter, 1554
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. Be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to me, O God, for I
2. He'll send from heav'n and save me as be - fore, Frus - trat - ing those
3. **O God, ex - alt Thy - self a - bove the skies!** Let o - ver all
4. See how my heart is stead - fast, O my God; I'll make a mel -
5. A - mong the na - tions I will sing Thy praise And give Thee thanks,

my ref - uge take in Thee. Be - neath Thy might - y wings I'll seek
who hound me ev - er - more. His stead - fast love will com - fort me
the earth Thy glo - ry rise! My soul was grieved: where' - er my way
o - dy un - to Thy laud. A - wake, O harp and lyre! A - wake,
for won - drous are Thy ways. Un - to the clouds ex - tends Thy love

pro - tec - tion Un - til the storms pass by. To God I flee
in sor - rows Though I lie down a - mid the li - ons' roar,
I wend - ed They set a snare, but to their great sur - prise
my spir - it! I'll rise at dawn Thy mer - cy to ap - plaud,
un - fail - ing; Thy faith - ful - ness out - dis - tan - ces our gaze.

To God Most High who charts my life's di - rec - tion.
Mid en - e - mies with teeth like spears and ar - rows.
They fell in - to the pit for me in - tend - ed.
To sing Thy praise that all man - kind may hear it.
Shine forth Thy glo - ry, ev - ery - where pre - vail - ing!