

*You Who
Will Do
Everything
for Me*



Song 4 The mighty hand of God

Psalm 57 (Be merciful to me, O God, be merciful to me, for in you my soul takes refuge; in the shadow of your wings I will take refuge... I cry out to God Most High, to God who fulfills his purpose for me.)

The mighty hand of God, exalted high,
Who crafts my every breath, my every sigh,
Above the vaulted skies, enthroned You reign,
Your glory crowns the earth in boundless flame.

Have mercy, oh my God, descend like rain,
My soul in You finds shelter from the storm's cruel chain.

Have mercy on me, my King divine!
Beneath Your wings of shadow, safe I'll cling!
Your feathers fold me close, a fortress kind,
In hunting tempests, peace I long to find.
Have mercy, echo through the endless night!

My soul amid the lions' fiery den,
I lie 'midst men who breathe out flames of sin,
Their teeth like spears, their arrows sharp and fleet,
Their tongues, forged swords that wound with venom sweet.

Yet in this blaze, Your shadow calls me near,
My heart beats wild, but fear begins to clear.

They set the snares for feet that dare to tread,
My spirit bends, like willows in the wind, half-dead.
A pit they carved before my stumbling way,
But oh, they tumbled in – their own dismay!

From depths You pull me, turn the trap to song.
Awake, my soul! Arise, O harp and lyre sweet,
Stir the break of day with praises at Your feet!
I'll laud the Lord 'mid nations far and wide,
Sing psalms of You where diverse peoples bide.

Your name, a symphony on every tongue.
Your mercy spans the skies in boundless arc,
Your truth like clouds that chase away the dark.
From realms unseen, Your echoes call me home,
Rise up, O God, and claim me as Your own!

Be lifted high, above the starry throne!
Have mercy on me, my King divine!
Beneath Your wings of shadow, safe I'll cling!
Your feathers fold me close, a fortress kind,
In hunting tempests, peace I long to find.

