

O God, Lend Me Your Ear

From Psalm 55:1-8

1. ¹O God, lend me Your ear; Hide not from my re - quest - ing.
 2. ³The foe lifts up his voice And wick - ed men op - press me.
 3. ⁴My heart is pained in me, I'm struck by death's dread ter - ror.
 4. ⁶"I yearn for wings," I said, "Then like the dove I'd find rest."

²At - tend to me and hear my pray'r, I moan a - loud, un - rest - ing.
 They rain down trou - ble to de - stroy, And in their wrath de - test me.
⁵A quak - ing fear comes like the sea; I drown in waves of hor - ror.
⁷I'd fly to de - sert haunts in - stead, ⁸Es - cap - ing winds of tem - pest."

Music John Thomas Rees (1857-1949)

Text: Donald P. Owens II, 2018 ©

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Cont'd, Psalm 55:9-15

5. ⁹Di - vide their tongues, O Lord; I've seen their strife-torn cit - y.
6. ¹¹De-struc-tion plagues its midst Its streets are bound with ri - ot.
7. ¹³But it was you, my friend! My own be - loved com - pan - ion!
8. ¹⁵Let death en - snare them all! Cast them a - live to She - ol!

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10 Its walls both day and night they guard, While at its heart is cruel - ty.
12 If hurt by my an - tag - o - nist, Then I could hide and bear it.
14 We took sweet coun-sel to as-cend And join the con-gre - ga - tion.
For wick - ed - ness a - dorns their hall; They dwell at home with e - vil.