

Lord, Be Gracious, Gracious to Me

From Psalm 57

1. ¹Lord, be gra-cious, gra-cious to me, For my soul re-treats in You.
2. ³Send Your truth and lov-ing-kind-ness; ⁴Rag-ing li-ons seek my soul.
3. ⁶Nets and pits they set be-fore me; O-ver-whelmed, my soul bows down.
4. ⁹Praise and thanks a-mong the na-tions I will sing with all my might!

In Your shad-ow keep me safe-ly Till the storms of life are through.
Threats and slan-d'rous words a- gainst me With-out ceas-ing fierce they roll.
Let them all in their own works be Thrown and scat-tered on the ground.
¹⁰For Your truth and love are sta-tioned Far a-bove the high-est height!

²I will cry to You, O Most High; You do all things well for me.
⁵Be ex-alt-ed o'er the heav-ens, Let Your glo-ry fill the earth!
⁷Let my heart no more be shak-en, I will sing Your prais-es, Lord!
¹¹Be ex-alt-ed o'er the heav-ens, Let Your glo-ry fill the earth!

¹³You will save me when thus I cry, Rout-ing all who threat-en me.
To Your name all praise be giv-en, Let all men pro-claim Your worth!
⁸Harp and glo-ry, now a-wak-en To ex-tol God's faith-ful Word!
To Your name all praise be giv-en, Let all men pro-claim Your worth!

Music: Mihály Bozóky, 1797
Text: *The Ailbe Psalter*, 2006 ©

BOZÓKI
87.87.87.87.