

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."

O God, Lend Me Your Ear

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!

¹⁰Its walls both day and night they guard, While at its heart is cruel - ty.
¹²If hurt by my an - tag - o - nist, Then I could hide and bear it.
¹⁴We 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.