

PSALM

139

O GOD, you search me

**System 1:**

Chords: D, G, A, D

1 O GOD, you search me and you know me.  
 2 You know my rest - ing and my ris - ing.  
 3 Be - fore a word is on my tongue, LORD,

**System 2:**

Chords: G, Asus, G, Em<sup>7</sup>, Asus, A

All my thoughts lie o - pen to your gaze.  
 You dis - cern my pur - pose from a - far,  
 you have known its mean - ing through and through.

**System 3:**

Chords: Bm, (Bm<sup>7</sup>), G, A<sup>7</sup>, F<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup>, G, Asus

When I walk or lie down you are be - fore me:  
 and with love ev - er - last - ing you be - siege me:  
 You are with me, be - yond my un - der - stand - ing:

**System 4:**

Chords: G, Em<sup>7</sup>, D, G, A<sup>7</sup>, D

ev - er the mak - er and keep - er of my days.  
 in ev - ery mo - ment of life and death, you are.  
 God of my pres - ent, my past and fu - ture, too.

Text: Psalm 139:1-6

9 9 11 11

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## O GOD, you search me

- 4 Where can I go, LORD, from your Spirit?  
Oh, to flee from you I know not where.  
If I rise up to heaven, there I find you,  
and if in death I seek refuge, you are there.
- 5 If e'en the wings of dawn should hide me,  
or the distant reaches of the sea,  
even there will your loving hand still guide me,  
and with your right hand, so strong, lay hold on me.
- 6 If I think darkness should protect me  
and the light should hide me from your sight ...  
But the night and the light alike to you are;  
even the darkness, as day, to you is bright.
- 7 For all my being you created;  
in my mother's womb you knit the whole.  
What a fearful and wondrous thing you've made, LORD!  
I know it well – O give thanks to God, my soul.
- 8 My frame could not be hidden from you  
when in secret depths you shaped my form.  
And my days were all numbered and recorded,  
each one ordained though I had not yet been born.
- 9 How precious are your thoughts to me, God.  
Their great sum – it's more than I can view!  
Should I count them, the sand they would outnumber.  
When I awake, I find I am still with you.
- 10 O God, that you would slay the wicked –  
go from me, all you bloodthirsty men –  
for with evil designs they speak against you;  
your holy name they take on their lips in vain.
- 11 I hate all those, O LORD, who hate you;  
all those who resist you I deplore  
with a hatred intense as I can muster.  
My enemies are all they whom you abhor.
- 12 Search me, O God, and know my heart well.  
All my anxious thoughts please test and know.  
See if any offensive way be in me,  
and in the way everlasting lead me home.