

God Listen to My Urgent Pleading

PSALM 55 - Ninehouse

Minor

Dm F Gm/B^b A

1. God, lis - ten to con - stant - ly op - press me;
 2. The wick - ed like a dove were a - ble
 3. If I but like a dove were a - ble
 4. Lord, treat the wick - ed with - out pit - y;
 5. If an - y foe would taunt and scorn me,

F Dm B^b C

in mer - cy my pe and - ti - tion heed - ing;
 they with their taunts and - stares dis - tress - me.
 to spread my wings and flee all trou - ble,
 con - fuse their speech, for in the cit - y
 I could en - dure it. Let him spurn me.

Dm F Gm/B^b A

do not ig - nore my sup - pli - ca - tions!
 Their an - ger caus - es me to lan - guish
 so to find rest and be pro - tect - ed,
 I wit - ness ri - ots and ad - ag - gres - sion.
 It is not that an ad - ver - sar - y

F Dm A7 Dm

For trou - bled is my eve - ry thought;
 in trou - bles and ad - ver - si - ty.
 how quick - ly I would fly a - way
 There they let crime and vice a - bound
 treats me with in - so - lence and pride,

B^b Dm C/E F

I have no peace and am dis - traught,
 Death's ter - ror has its grip on me;
 and in a far - off place stay,
 while on its walls they prowled a - round;
 for then from him I still could hide

Tune: TROUBLE - Tim Nijenhuis, © 2017

Lyrics: 2009, William Helder, w. Walter van der Kamp, 1972 - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

Meter: 9.9.9.8.8.9

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PSALM 55 - Ninehouse - 2

B \flat F Gm7 A7 Dm
 worn out by all my trib - u - la - tions.
 my heart is filled with fear and an - guish.
 no more by rag - ing storms af - flict - ed.
 its pub - lic square teems with trans - gres - sion.
 and I would be pre - pared and war - y.

6. No, it is you who have betrayed me,
 who with your malice have repaid me
 for fellowship and sweet communion,
 who walked with me when in God's house
 we sang our praise and paid our vows –
 you, my best friend, my close companion!
7. May those who sin and evil cherish
 meet sudden death and quickly perish,
 alive into the grave descending.
 I know that God will save me soon,
 and I will evening, morning, noon
 cry out to him, on him depending.
8. In battle he'll redeem and shield me,
 to my attackers never yield me.
 My God, enthroned on high forever,
 will come to strike them with his rod –
 those men who have no fear of God,
 who love their sin, repenting never.
9. My former friend is now a traitor,
 a sleek-tongued covenant violator,
 and all his talk is smooth as butter,
 yet war is in his heart and mind;
 his words are swords, though soft and kind.
 Feigned is whatever he may utter.
10. Cast on the LORD the cares that grieve you;
 he will sustain you, never leave you.
 The righteous he upholds forever
 but flings into the deepest pit
 the man of blood, the hypocrite.
 In you I trust, O God my Saviour!