

# Be Gracious, O My God, to Whom I Flee

PSALM 56 - Genevan Psalter

## Hypo-Ionian

F F/A Gm/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/C Dm7/C C7sus C7

1. Be gra - cious, O my God, to whom I flee.  
2. My words they keep on twist - ing all day long;  
3. My trou - bles and my woes you count and see.  
4. For this I know, that God is at my side;  
5. I must per - form to you, O God, my vow.

Dm C/E F Am7 Gm/B<sup>b</sup> C/E C7 F

I am op - pressed, strong is my en - e - my,  
un - ceas - ing - ly they seek to do me wrong.  
Put all my tears, O God to whom I flee,  
in him, whose word I praise, I will con - fide;  
Be - fore your throne with grate - ful gifts I bow;

C7 F C Am7 Dm G7sus C

and all day long as - sail - ants har - ass me;  
They band to - geth - er in an e - vil throng  
in - to your bot - tle and re - mem - ber me  
he heard my voice when will in my fears I cried.  
thank - of - ferings I will bring be - fore you now,

F Gm7 B<sup>b</sup> C F

they fight a - gainst me proud - ly.  
to watch my steps and hound me.  
when wick - ed men de - ceive me.  
The Lord is my death de - fend - er.  
for you from death have saved me;

Dm Gm7 F/A C F Am7 B<sup>b</sup> C

When I'm a - fraid, when fears of death en - shroud me,  
In - tent on my de - struc - tion, they sur - round me.  
Are all my sor - rows, all the ills that grieve me,  
In God I trust, to him my praise I ren - der,  
yes, in the book of life you have en - graved me.

Tune: Pierre Davantès - Geneva, 1562; Arr. Tim Nijenhuis, © 2020

Lyrics: 1972, Walter van der Kamp; rev. - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

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Am      Dm      F/C      Dm      C7/E      Gm7      C7sus      F

I trust in God, who nev - er dis - a - vowed me.  
 In wrath cast down the peo - ples who con - found me;  
 not in your book, and will you not re - lieve me?  
 I will not fear, I trust his mer - cies ten - der.  
 You have up - held me, foes could not en - slave me,

F maj7/E      Dm7      C7/E      F      B $\flat$       G7/B      C

His - word I praise; he has with grace en - dowed me.  
 re - pay them for their crime, de - feat them sound - ly.  
 My en - e - mies will all turn back and leave me  
 so that I flee in the light of life you splen - dour.  
 me

F      Gm      C7sus      C7      F

What can man do to me?  
 O God, my Help - er strong.  
 the day you fear hu - man plea.  
 Why then walk be - fore you man pride?  
 may I be - fore you now.