

God, From My Enemies Protect Me

PSALM 59 - Genevan Psalter

CAPO III - Dorian

Am C B7/D# Em

1. God, from my en - e - mies pro - tect me,
 2. Lord God Al - might - y, rise to save me
 3. Like packs of sav - age dogs that howl - ing
 4. But, Lord, you laugh at those na - tions
 5. Do not yet kill those who re - ject you,

Am C B7/D# Em

from those who rise up to af - flict me.
 and do not let my foes en - slave me.
 through all the cit - y streets are prowling,
 and mock their wick - ed as - pi - ra - tions.
 or else my peo - ple will for - get you.

Am B7(b5) Am Em G7 Am

Come to de - liv - er me a - gain
 You are the God of Is - ra - el,
 my en - e - mies each night re - turn
 O God my Strength, for you I long;
 O God of might and great re - nown,

E/B Am Am7/G Dm/F E/G# Am

and our save me from blood - thirst - y men.
 to strong - hold and our cit - a - del.
 you taunt me with their bit - ter scorn.
 come, are my for - tress, firm and strong.
 scat - ter them and bring them down.

Am Em/G Dm7/F E/G#

They lie in wait and will not spare me;
 Come, rouse your - self and judge the na - tions
 Their tongues are swords; and their mouths are spew - ing
 My lov - ing God will come to meet me
 Let them be hum - bled, crushed and bro - ken,

Am C B7 E

fierce men are plot - ting to en - snare me.
 who taunt you with their prov - o - ca - tions.
 the ven - om of their e - vil - do - ing,
 and with his prom - ised help will greet me,
 for all the sins their mouths have spo - ken.

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

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Meter: 9.9.8.8.D

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PSALM 59 - Genevan Psalter - 2

C Am G/B Am B7/D# E
 Yet Spare for no sin of mine or fault
 for, none of those who treach - erous - ly
 soon let - ting hear all this?" they say
 Let those who on de - ceit - umph re - see
 lied

Am Dm C/E E Am
 are they pre - par - ing their as - sault.
 plot e - vil and in - iq - ui - ty.
 and bold - ly go their haugh - ty way.
 the down - fall of my en - e - my.
 be caught and trapped in their own pride.

6. For all their lying and their cursing
 and for the hatred they are nursing,
 O God, consume them, I implore,
 consume them till they are no more.
 Show them your anger, let them cower
 before your justice and your power.
 Then it will everywhere be known
 that God rules Jacob, he alone.

7. Each evening they, like dogs that howling
 through street and marketplace are prowling,
 come back and look about for prey
 as here and there they roam and stray.
 Their ravenous hunger knows no pity,
 and scavenging throughout the city,
 they bark and bellow, loud and shrill,
 and growl unless they get their fill.

8. You will at daybreak hear me singing,
 to you, O God, my praises bringing,
 for I will glory in your might
 and in your steadfast love delight.
 You are my strength, my rock and tower,
 my refuge in the darkest hour.
 Your praise I sing and shout abroad,
 O mighty Fortress, loving God!