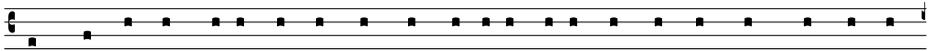


Psalm 57

Miserere mei, Deus

tone VIII1



BE MERCIFUL unto me, O God, be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in



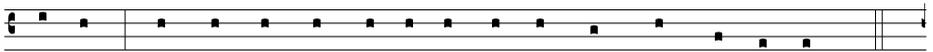
thee: and under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge, un-til this



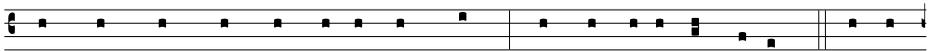
tyranny be over- past. 2. I will call un-to the most high God: even unto the



God that shall perform the cause which I have in hand. 3. He shall send from



heaven: and save me from the reproof of him that would eat me up.



4. God shall send forth his mercy and truth: my soul is among lions. 5. And I



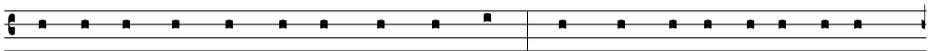
lie ev-en among the children of men, that are set on fire: whose teeth are



spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword 6. Set up thyself, O God,



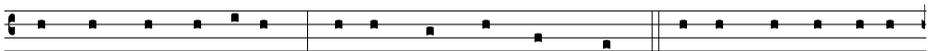
a-bove the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth. 7. They have laid a



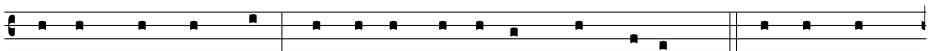
net for my feet, and pressed down my soul: they have digged a pit before



me, and are fallen in-to the midst of it themselves. 8. My heart is fixed, O



God, my heart is fixed: I will sing, and give praise. 9. Awake up, my glory;



awake, lute and harp: I myself will awake right early. 10. I will give

thanks un-to thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing unto thee among  
the nations.<sup>11</sup> For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens: and  
thy truth un-to the clouds. <sup>12</sup> Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens: and  
thy glory above all the earth. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and  
to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall  
be: world without end. Amen