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-till 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 unto thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing unto thee among the nations. 11. For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth unto the heavens: and thy truth un-to the clouds. 12. 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