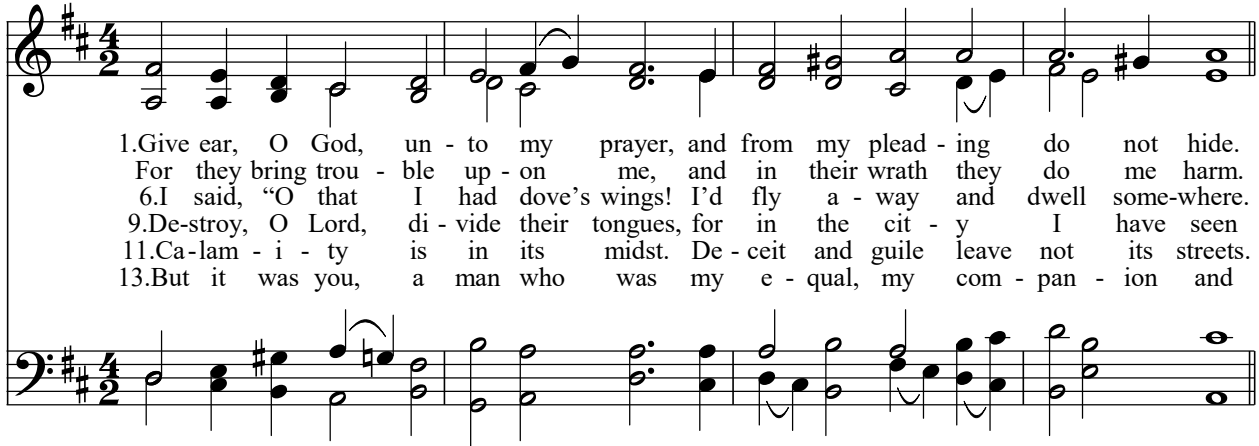


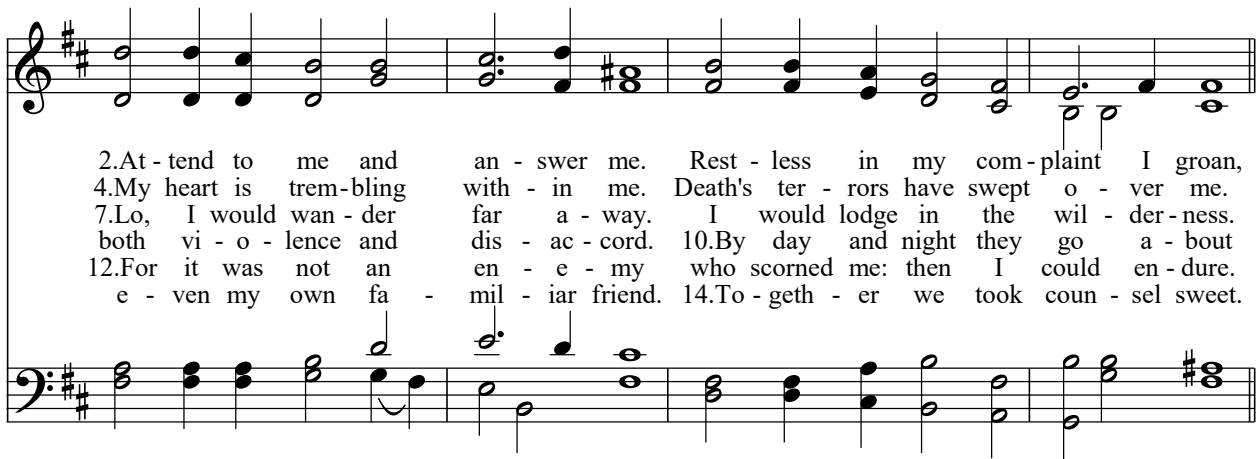
Psalm 55:1-14

To the chief musician, with stringed instruments

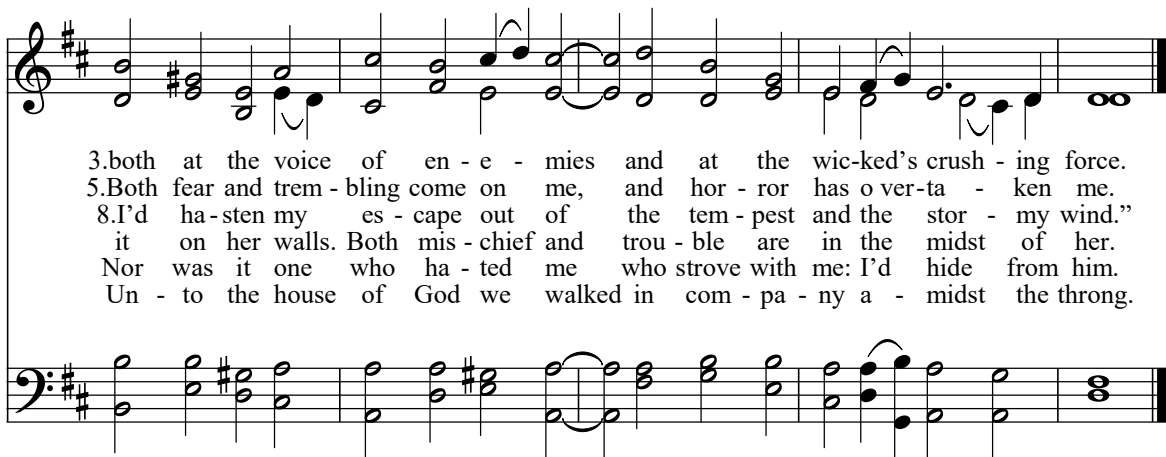
A contemplation of David



1. Give ear, O God, un - to my prayer, and from my plead - ing do not hide.
For they bring trou - ble up - on me, and in their wrath they do me harm.
6. I said, "O that I had dove's wings! I'd fly a - way and dwell some - where.
9. De - stroy, O Lord, di - vide their tongues, for in the cit - y I have seen
11. Ca - lam - i - ty is in its midst. De - ceit and guile leave not its streets.
13. But it was you, a man who was my e - qual, my com - pan - ion and



2. At - tend to me and an - swer me. Rest - less in my com - plaint I groan,
4. My heart is trem - bling with - in me. Death's ter - rors have swept o - ver me.
7. Lo, I would wan - der far a - way. I would lodge in the wil - der - ness.
both vi - o - lence and dis - ac - cord. 10. By day and night they go a - bout
12. For it was not an en - e - my who scorned me: then I could en - dure.
e - ven my own fa - mil - iar friend. 14. To - geth - er we took coun - sel sweet.



3. both at the voice of en - e - mies and at the wic - ked's crush - ing force.
5. Both fear and trem - bling come on me, and hor - ror has o ver - ta - ken me.
8. I'd ha - sten my es - cape out of the tem - pest and the stor - my wind."
it on her walls. Both mis - chief and trou - ble are in the midst of her.
Nor was it one who ha - ted me who strove with me: I'd hide from him.
Un - to the house of God we walked in com - pa - ny a - midst the throng.