

Morning, Noon, and Night I Plead

PSALM 55

1. Morn - ing, noon, and night I plead: ter - ror grips my heart and mind;
2. Where am I to turn for help? In our cit - ies, lies are rife;
3. Yet a deep - er wound is mine: cold be - tray - al by a friend—
4. Lord, will jus - tice not pre - vail? Will You let the right - eous fall?

those who taunt me, those who stare, push me clos - er to de - spair.
there a - buse and mal - ice lurk, there de - struc - tion is at work.
treach - er - ous and in - sin - cere, some - one whom I once held dear;
Will Your mer - cy not sus - tain those who cry to You in pain?

How I yearn to fly a - way, leav - ing trou - ble far be - hind.
Lord, dis - pel those dead - ly threats; stem the vio - lence, end the strife.
then, we wor - shiped side by side; now, my an - guish knows no end.
Sav - ior God, in You I trust, and in faith to You I call.

Words: Martin Leckebusch

Music: Christian Ignatius LaTrobe, 1790

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