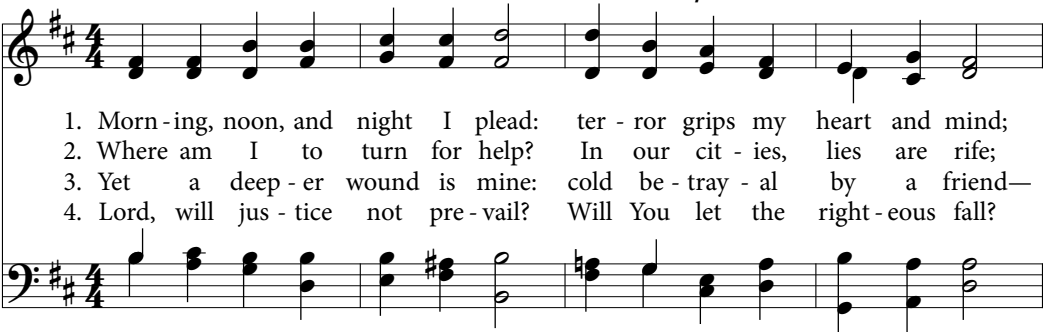


Morning, Noon, and Night I Plead

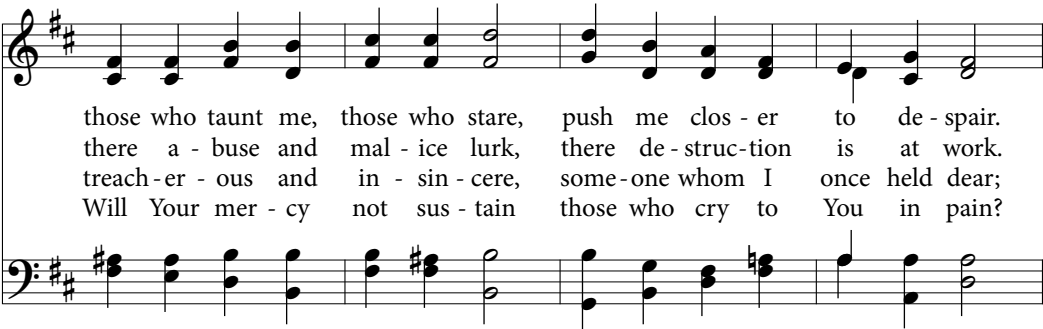
PSALM 55

Bm G F# Bm G A/C# D G A7 D



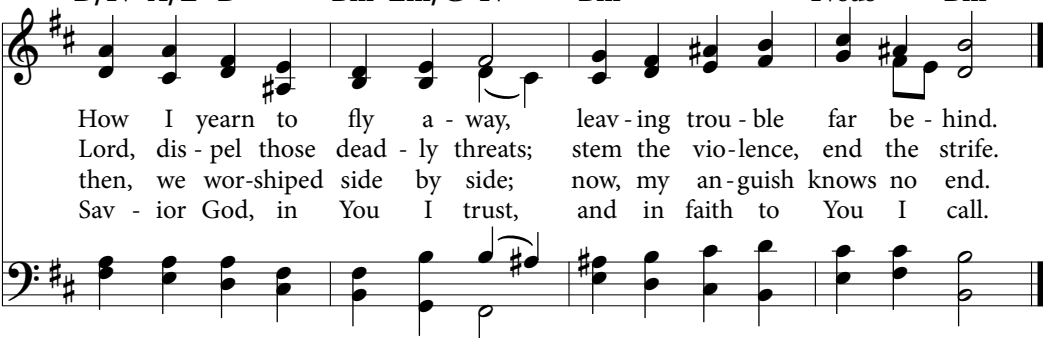
1. Morn - ing, noon, and night I plead: ter - ror grips my heart and mind;
 2. Where am I to turn for help? In our cit - ies, lies are rife;
 3. Yet a deep - er wound is mine: cold be - tray - al by a friend—
 4. Lord, will jus - tice not pre - vail? Will You let the right - eous fall?

F# Bm F#sus Bm G D Asus A7 D



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?

D/F# A/E D Bm Em/G F# Bm F#sus Bm



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.