

Show Your Mercies, Lord, to Me

PSALM 57

F C7 F Dm Gm F/C C F

1. Show Your mer - cies, Lord, to me; for my soul to You would flee.
 2. I call out to God Most High, who works all His wise de - sign.
 3. In the li - on's den I wait; they would slay me in their hate.
 4. Let Your glo - ry and Your worth, Lord, be praised in all the earth.

F C C7/E Fsus F Bb F

From my trou - ble, ref - uge bring in the shad - ow
 He, from heav - en, hear - ing me, saves me from the
 They de - stroy me with their words, with their tongues as
 Dead - ly snares all meant for me have con - sumed my

C/E F Csus Dm C F Bb F/C C F

of Your wing, in the shad - ow of Your wing.
 en - e - my, saves me from the en - e - my.
 shar - pened swords, with their tongues as shar - pened swords.
 en - e - my, have con - sumed my en - e - my.

5. Let my heart, unwav'ring, sing
 praises to my God, my King!
 Rise, my glory, harp and lyre,
 wake the dawn with morning fire,
 wake the dawn with morning fire!

6. With the nations, these the cries:
 "Lord, Your mercies fill the skies!"
 Let this joyful song be raised
 from the earth in grateful praise,
 from the earth in grateful praise!