

Psalm 55:1-5

TUNE: BEATITUDO C. M.

1. Give ear to this my prayer, O God, Nor hide thee from my cry;
2. Be - cause I hear the voice of foes, Be - cause the vile op - press,
3. Sore pained with - in me is my heart, Death's ter - rors o'er me roll;
4. O that I, like a dove, had wings, Said I, then would I flee
5. Lo, wand' ring far my rest should be In some lone de - sert waste;

At - tend my sad com - plaint and hear My rest - less moan and sigh;
Who cast on me in - iq - ui - ty And me in wrath dis - tress.
Great trem - bling, fear - ful - ness and dread Have o - ver - whelmed my soul.
Far hence, that I might find a place Where I at rest might be.
I from the storm - y wind would fly And from the tem - pest haste.