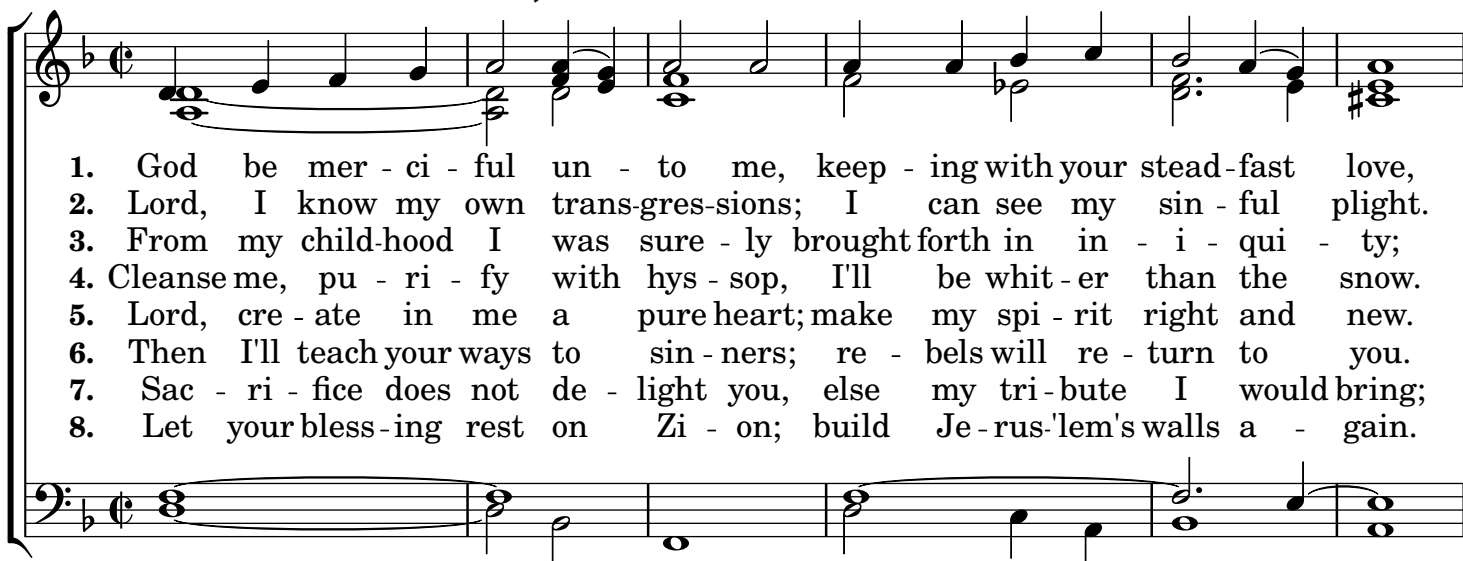


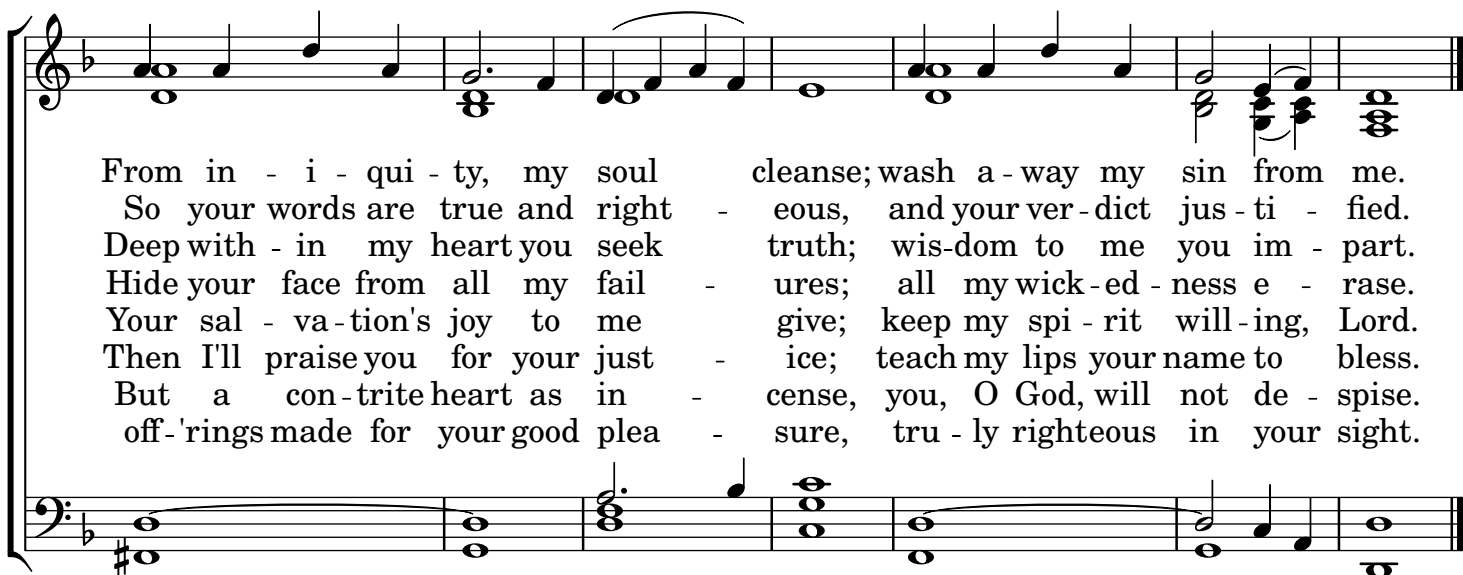
God, Be Merciful Unto Me



1. God be mer - ci - ful un - to me, keep - ing with your stead - fast love,
 2. Lord, I know my own trans - ges - sions; I can see my sin - ful plight.
 3. From my child - hood I was sure - ly brought forth in in - i - qui - ty;
 4. Cleanse me, pu - ri - fy with hys - sop, I'll be whit - er than the snow.
 5. Lord, cre - ate in me a pure heart; make my spi - rit right and new.
 6. Then I'll teach your ways to sin - ners; re - bels will re - turn to you.
 7. Sac - ri - fice does not de - light you, else my tri - bute I would bring;
 8. Let your bless - ing rest on Zi - on; build Je - rus - lem's walls a - gain.



and in your a - bun - dant mer - cy, Lord, my man - y sins re - move.
 I have sinned a - gainst you on - ly, done what's e - vil in your sight.
 I was sin - ful from the mo - ment when my moth - er first con - cieved.
 Let the bones you crushed be joy - ful; may I joy and glad - ness know.
 Do not take from me your Spi - rit; cast me not a - way from you.
 From the guilt of blood, O free me, God, my God and Sav - ior ture.
 you will not be pleased with off - rings, e'en with whole burnt off - er - ings.
 Sac - ri - fi - ces then will please you; bulls up - on your al - tar slain,



From in - i - qui - ty, my soul cleanse; wash a - way my sin from me.
 So your words are true and right - eous, and your ver - dict jus - ti - fied.
 Deep with - in my heart you seek truth; wis - dom to me you im - part.
 Hide your face from all my fail - ures; all my wick - ed - ness e - rase.
 Your sal - va - tion's joy to me give; keep my spi - rit will - ing, Lord.
 Then I'll praise you for your just - ice; teach my lips your name to bless.
 But a con - trite heart as in - cense, you, O God, will not de - spise.
 off - rings made for your good plea - sure, tru - ly righteous in your sight.

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WORDS: Psalm 51, tr. OPC/URCNA, alt. R.W. Roberson

MUSIC: Traditional French Carol

PICARDY

8.7.8.7.8.7