

Psalm 57

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To the chief Musician, Al-taschith, Michtam of David, when he fled from Saul in the cave.

¹ **B**E merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until *these* calamities be overpast.

² I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth *all things* for me.

³ He shall send from heaven, and save me *from* the reproach of him that would swallow me up. Selah. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

⁴ My soul *is* among lions: *and* I lie *even among* them that are set on fire, *even* the sons of men, whose teeth *are* spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

⁵ Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; *let* thy glory *be* above all the earth.

⁶ They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen *themselves*. Selah.

⁷ My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

⁸ Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I *myself*

will awake early.

⁹ I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.

¹⁰ For thy mercy *is* great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

¹¹ Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: *let* thy glory *be* above all the earth.