123 THE CONTEMPT OF THE PROUD

Dm7 G

 Unto thee lift I up mine eyes,

 Dm7 G

O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

 Dm7 G Dm7 G

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters,

 C Gsus/Bb A7

And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;

Dm7 G Dm7

So our eyes wait upon the LORD our God,

 G Dm7

Until that he have mercy upon us.

 G Dm7 G

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us:

 C Gsus/Bb A7

For we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

 Dm7 G

Our soul is exceedingly filled

 Dm7 G

With the scorning of those that are at ease,

Dm7 G C-F-C

And with the contempt of the proud.