

Psalm 6

*To the maestro
on strings:
to be sung in bass:
a song of David
to sing and strum*

O LORD, do not rebuke me in Your wrath
Nor chasten me when Your displeasure's hot:
Be gracious to me, LORD, for I am weak:
Heal me, because my bones are disarrayed.

My soul is likewise in great disarray:
But You, O LORD, how long will you delay?
Return, O LORD, quickly deliver me:
Save me, in kindness now Your grace display!

For when death comes, who can remember You?
In Hades, who will offer praise to You?
I am so weary, as I groan with grief:
All night I flood my bed with tears - it's true!

I drench my couch as I weep bitter tears:
My eyes o'er-flow with grief that no one shares:
My eyes grow weak because of all my foes:
Depart from me, you who lay evil snares!

The LORD has heard my voice as I have wept:
My prayers is heard: my plea He will accept:
My enemies will be in disarray:
They shall turn back, and shame will be their lot!

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