


PSALM 38

Play the Melody 

A psalm of David. A petition.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Geneva, 1551



1. LORD, re-buke me not in an-ger,
and no long-er
let Your wrath on me de-scend.
You have pierced me with Your ar-rows,
brought me sor-rows,
bowed me down with Your own hand.

2. You have *of all strength* bereft me;
health *has* left me,
and Your wrath is my despair.
My *iniquities* distress me
and *oppress* me;
they are *more than* I can bear.
3. All my *wounds are foul and* reeking;
ever weakening,
I am utterly bowed down.
Bitter *fruits of folly* reaping,
I go weeping,
for my *vigour* is all gone.

4. I am *crushed and numb with anguish*
as *I languish,*
and in misery I groan.
LORD, to *You my mournful* crying
and *my sighing*
are not *hidden* or unknown.

5. How my *pounding heart is* straining;
strength is waning,
and my eyes are failing me.
I am *by my friends* neglected
and *rejected;*
kinsmen *see my* plagues and flee.

6. Those who *lie in wait to* snare me
will *not spare me*
all the mischief they devise.
Seeming *deaf and dumb* before them,
I *ignore them*
and I *offer* no replies.

7. You, O *LORD my God,* will hear me
and *be* near me;
You, O LORD, will *heed* my voice.
Though my *foot may slip and* waver,
show *Your* favour;
do not *let my* foes rejoice.

8. I am *prone to fall or* stumble,
and *I* tremble,
thinking of my grief and pain.
I *acknowledge my* transgression
in *confession,*
deeply *troubled* by my sin.

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9. Count-less might-y foes be-rate me,
fierce-ly hate me;
with-out cause I am op-pressed.
Ill for good they al-ways ren-der;
me they slan-der
since I strive for what is best.

10. LORD, *forsake me not but* hear me
and *stay* near me;
be my help and shield, I pray.
Hasten *to my aid*, O Saviour;
show *Your* favour.
O my *God*, *do not* delay.