

PSALM 6

Play the Melody 

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. According to sheminith.
A psalm of David.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542



1. Re-buke me, LORD, no long-er,
nor chas-ten me in an-ger.
In mer-cy hear my groans;
O LORD, see how I lan-guish
and heal my bit-ter an-guish,
for trou-bled are my bones.

2. My *soul* is troubled greatly.
O *quickly* come to aid me!
Why do You tarry, LORD?
Turn back and show Your favour;
me in Your love deliver,
according to Your word.
3. How *can the* dead adore You
or bring their thanks before You,
or praise Your holy name?
I'm weary with my moaning,
worn out with constant groaning
and overcome with shame.

4. All *night*, instead of sleeping,
I *drench my couch with weeping*.
With *grief my eyes grow weak*
since *foes with hate surround me*
and *without ceasing* hound me;
my *ruin* they all seek.

5. Depart *from me*, transgressors!
Away, *all you oppressors!*
God *has inclined His ear*
and *heard my supplication*,
my *plea for consolation*.
The *LORD with help* is near.

6. He *heard me* when I pleaded;
my *prayers the LORD has heeded*.
My *foes will be ashamed*,
for *sudden fear will shake them*,
and *panic overtake them*.
Their *doom has* He proclaimed.