

## PSALM 51

For the director of music. A psalm of David. When the prophet Nathan came to him  
after David had committed adultery with Bathsheba.

Strasbourg, 1539 / Geneva, 1551



1. O gra-cious God, be mer-ci-ful to me,  
and in Your love, Your in-fi-nite com-pas-sion,  
blot out my sins, re-move all my trans-gres-sions.  
O God, have mer-cy. Lis-ten to my plea!  
From eve-ry taint of e-vil wash me clean,  
and from my guilt and mi-ser-y re-lieve me.  
For I am deep-ly con-sci-ous of my sin,  
and all day long my mis-deeds haunt and grieve me.

2. God, *You have* I offended, You alone.  
In *mercy* hear my *sorrowful* confession.  
How *evil* in Your *sight* is my *transgression*!  
You *rightfully* condemn what I have done;  
just is, O God, the *sentence* I received.  
I have from birth been *guilty*, ever sinning;  
for *in iniquity* was I conceived,  
tainted with sin right from my life's beginning.

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3. You teach me all the wis-dom I must know,  
for You want truth to dwell and rule with-in me.  
Purge me with hys-sop. Wash and ful-ly clean me  
till I am whit-er than the whit-est snow.  
Let me hear shouts of hap-pi-ness and joy,  
and let the bones You crushed leap up in danc-es.  
From my trans-gres-sions turn Your face a-way.  
Blot out my guilt, e-rase all my of-fenc-es.

4. *Create in me a pure, clean heart, I pray;  
renew a steadfast spirit deep within me.  
Give me new life to strengthen and sustain me;  
God, from Your presence cast me not away.  
Show me Your mercy. Do not take from me  
Your Holy Spirit, but again, O Saviour,  
let me the joy of Your salvation see,  
and make me willing to obey You ever.*

5. Then *to transgressors I will teach Your ways,*  
and *sinner*s will return to seek Your favour.  
O God, from guilt of *bloodshed* me deliver;  
then shall my tongue Your *saving justice* praise.  
I will aloud Your *righteousness* proclaim;  
You are, O God, the *God of my salvation*.  
Lord, *open* then my *lips* to praise Your name  
and let me sing my *songs of jubilation*.
  
6. Lord, *You do* not in *sacrifice* delight,  
or *else* I would with *offerings* try to please You.  
How could I ever with my *gifts* appease You?  
Burnt *offerings* find no *favour* in Your sight.  
One *gift* alone is *pleasing* in God's eyes:  
the *contrite* heart of *one who has repented*.  
A *broken* spirit You will not despise  
when *humbly* as a *sacrifice* presented.
  
7. In Your good pleasure, *bless* Jerusalem;  
cause *her* to thrive, and *shield* her with Your power.  
Build Zion's walls, O God; *uphold* her towers,  
*safeguard* her *citadels* and *strengthen* them.  
Then You in *sacrifices* will delight,  
in *gifts* of those whom You in Zion shelter;  
burnt *offerings* will be *pleasing* in Your sight.  
Then will *young* bulls be *offered* on Your altar.