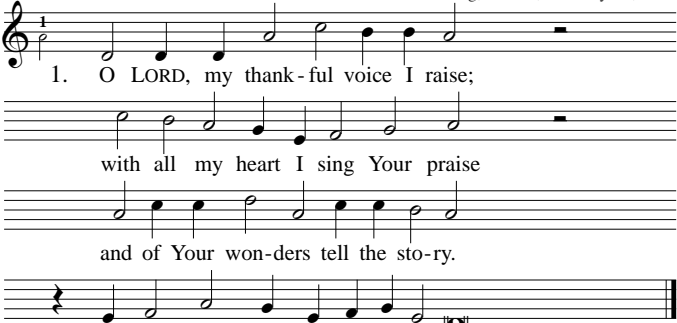


## PSALM 9

For the director of music. To the tune of "The Death of the Son."  
A psalm of David.

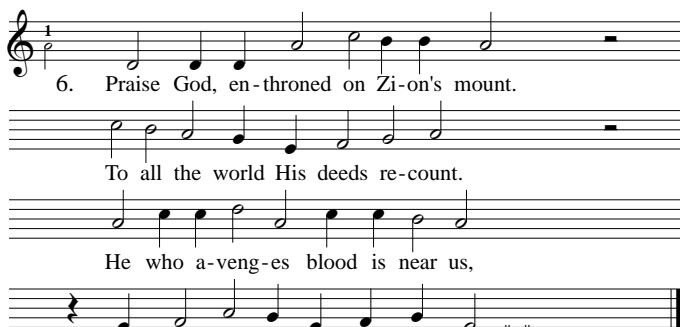
Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542 / Lyons, 1547



1. O LORD, my thank - ful voice I raise;  
with all my heart I sing Your praise  
and of Your won - ders tell the sto - ry.  
O God Most High, in You I glo - ry.

2. See *how my enemies retreat*;  
they stumble, *perish* in defeat.  
LORD, *for my cause* have You contended  
*and from Your throne my right defended.*
3. The *nations' pride* have You made void,  
my wicked *foes have* You destroyed,  
their *name wiped out*, their *memory* banished.  
*Their cities, rooted out, have* vanished.
4. Forever reigns the LORD alone;  
for judgment *He set up* His throne.  
The world *He judges in* uprightness;  
*His truth and equity* delight us.
5. God *is a stronghold firm and* sure  
for all who *grief and* woe endure.  
Those *seeking Him* are not forsaken;  
*those trusting Him will not be* shaken.

## Psalm 9



6. Praise God, en-throned on Zi-on's mount.  
To all the world His deeds re-count.  
He who a-veng-es blood is near us,  
and when we cry, our God will hear us.

7. Have *pity*, LORD, my *suffering* see,  
You who from *death's gate* rescue me,  
that *I, O God*, Your *praises* voicing,  
*in Zion's gates may find rejoicing*.
8. My *foes fell* in the *pit they* made,  
their feet caught *in the snares* they laid.  
By *their own guile* their *power* is broken;  
*the LORD is just, and He has* spoken.
9. The *wicked* to *Sheol* return –  
all those who *the Almighty* spurn.  
As *for the poor* and *the afflicted*,  
*they will not always be neglected*.
10. LORD, *let not* human *strength* prevail.  
Summon the *nations*, judge them all.  
Strike *them with* terror, *let them* tremble.  
*Show them they're mortal, make them* humble.