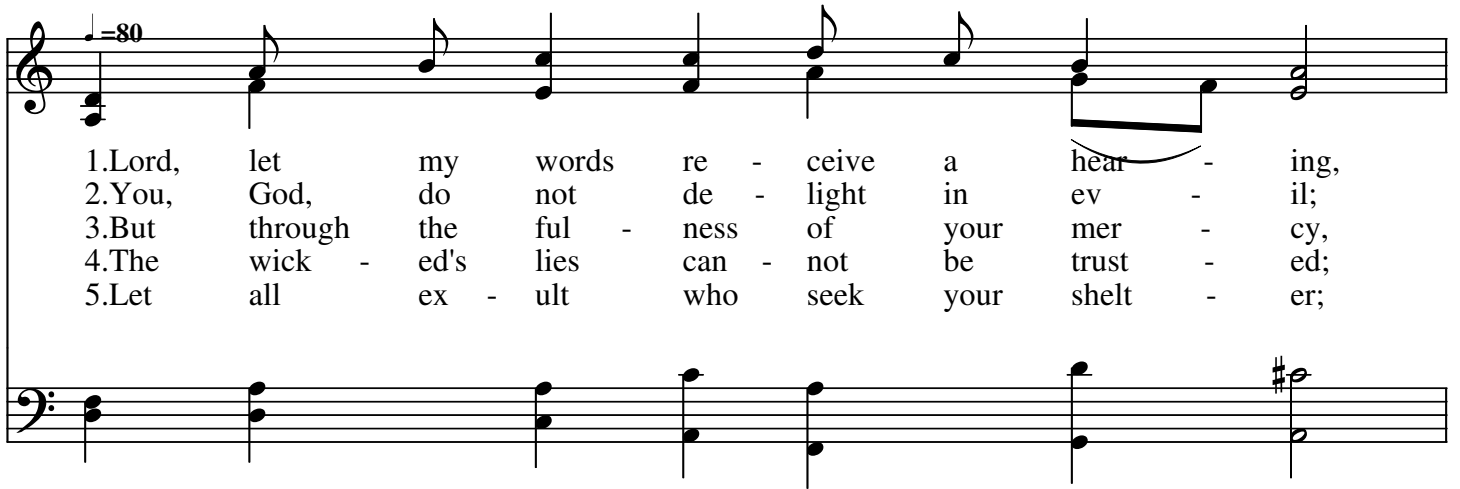
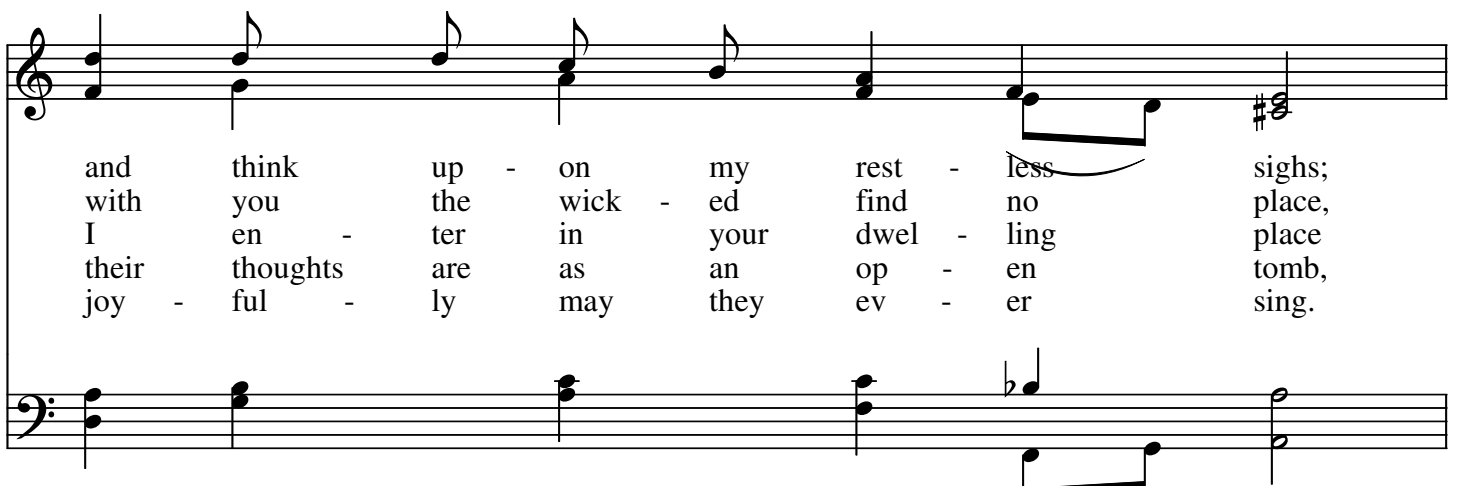


# Psalm 5

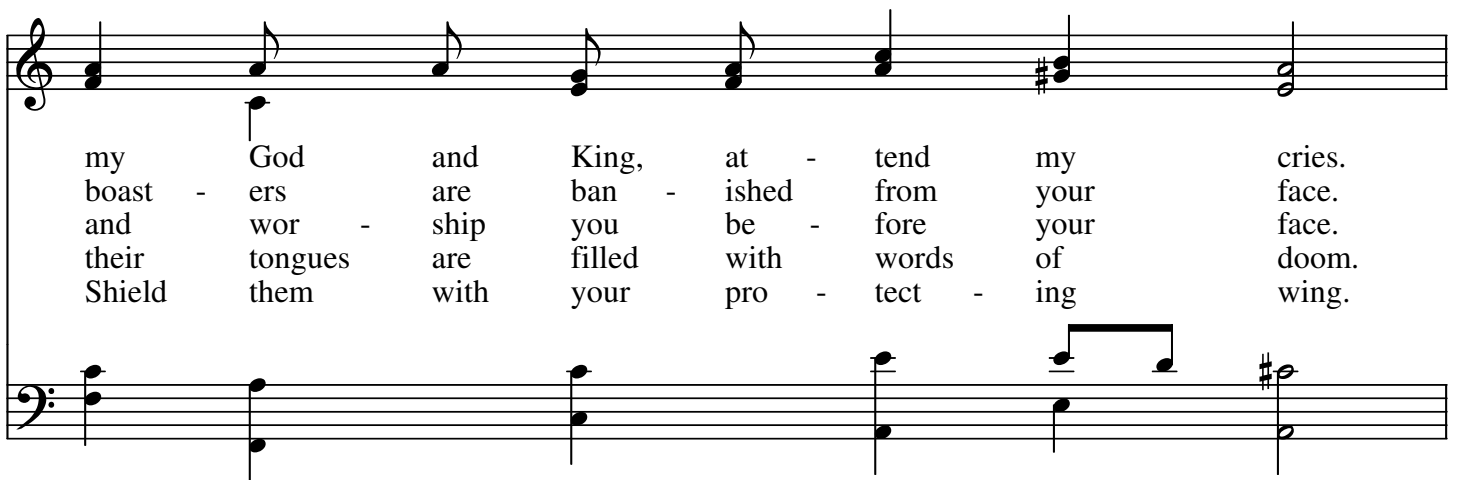
Tune: Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542



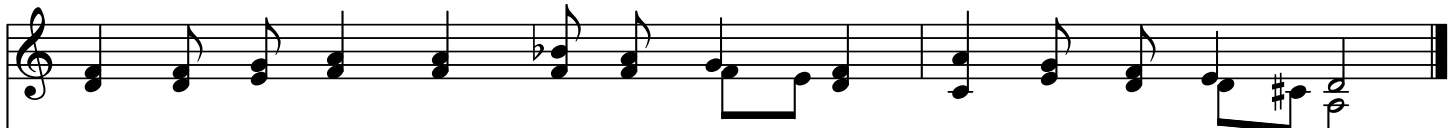
1. Lord, let my words re - ceive a hear - ing,  
2. You, God, do not de - light in ev - il;  
3. But through the ful - ness of your mer - cy,  
4. The wick - ed's lies can - not be trust - ed;  
5. Let all ex - ult who seek your shelt - er;



and think up - on my rest - less sighs;  
with you the wick - ed find no place,  
I en - ter in your dwel - ling place  
their thoughts are as an op - en tomb,  
joy - ful - ly may they ev - er sing.



my God and King, at - tend my cries.  
boast - ers are ban - ished from your face.  
and wor - ship you be - fore your face.  
their tongues are filled with words of doom.  
Shield them with your pro - tect - ing wing.



Lord, as the day breaks I im - plore you and pray be - fore you.  
You put an end to the de - ceit - ful, spurn - ing the hate - ful.  
In right - eous ways, O Lord, now guide me, and stand be - side me.  
May their in - trigues re - coil up - on them, their guilt be on them.  
To all the right - eous you show fav - our, you are their sav - iour.

