

# Psalm 6

Tune: Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542

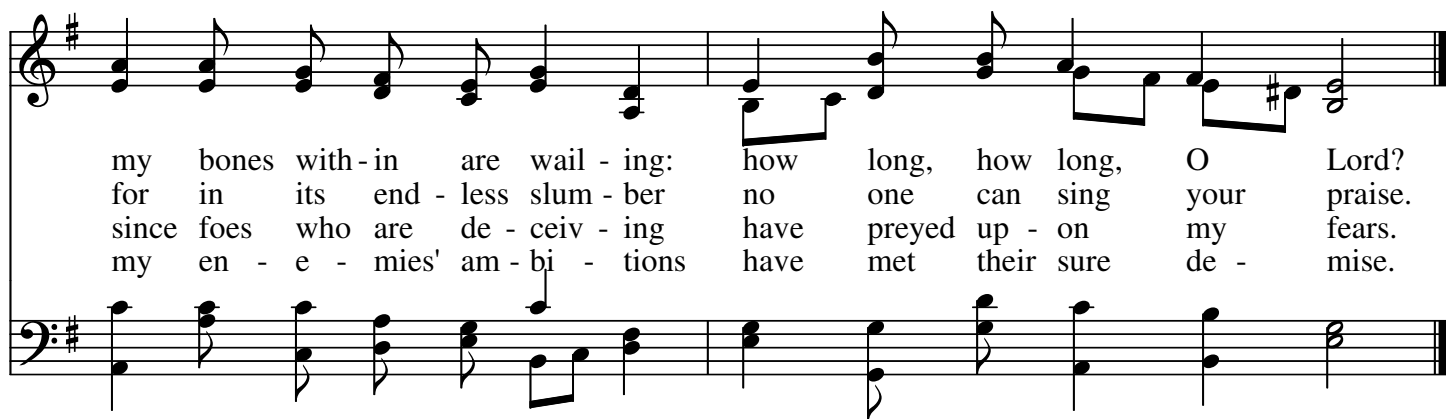


♩ = 75

1. O Lord, do not chas-tise me, nor in your wrath des-pise me.  
2. Turn to me, Lord, and save me; Res-cue me in your mer-cy,  
3. Wear-y am I with groan-ing; through man-y nights of moan-ing  
4. Out of my sight, trans-gres-sors! fly from me, cruel op-pres-sors!



Be mer-ci-ful, O Lord. My strength is slow-ly fail-ing,  
and show your lov-ing ways. In death who will re-mem-ber?  
I drench my bed with tears. My eyes are sore from griev-ing,  
The Lord has heard my cries. He's an-swered my pe-ti-tions;



my bones with-in are wail-ing: how long, how long, O Lord?  
for in its end-less slum-ber no one can sing your praise.  
since foes who are de-ceiv-ing have preyed up-on my fears.  
my en-e-mies' am-bi-tions have met their sure de-mise.