

Psalm 5:8-12

To the chief musician, with stringed instruments, on an eight-stringed harp, a psalm of David

8. Be - cause of foes, O Yah - weh, lead me in your right - eous - ness.
9. For in their mouth there is no truth. They're full of wic - ked - ness.
10. De - clare them guil - ty, God. By their own coun - sels let them fall.
11. But let all those great - ly re - jice who put their trust in you.
Let those who love your name ex - ult, 12. For you, Yah - weh, will bless

Be - fore my face make your way straight, the path where I should walk.
Their throat is like an o - pen grave. They flat - ter with their tongue.
In their trans-gres-sions cast them out: a - gainst you they re - bel.
For - e - ver let them shout for joy, be-cause you shel - ter them.
the right-eous man. With fa - vor you'll sur-round him as a shield.