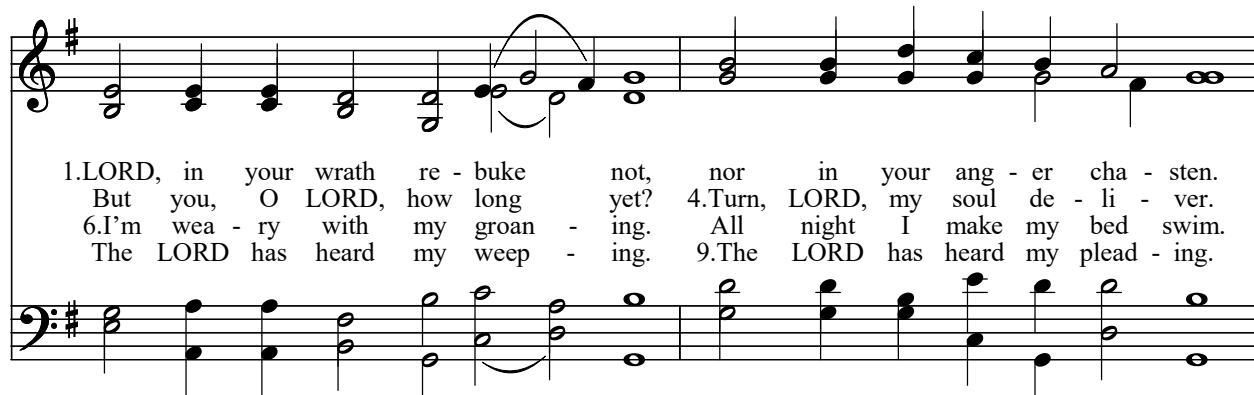


# Psalm 6

12/11/2017

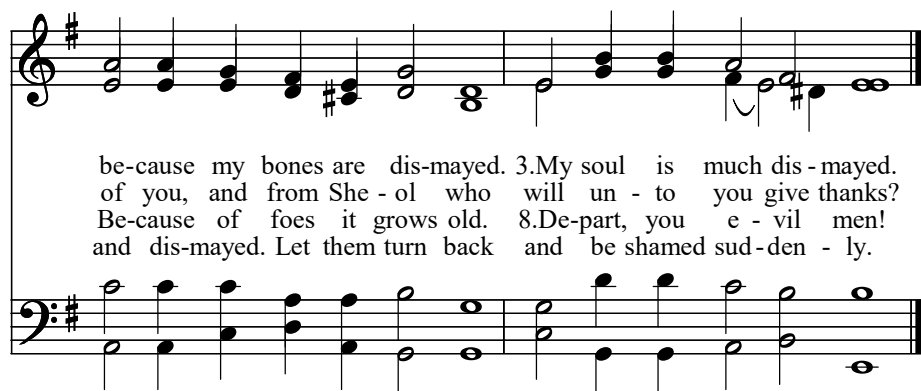
*To the chief musician, with stringed instruments, on an eight-stringed harp, a psalm of David*



1. LORD, in your wrath re - buke not, nor in your ang - er cha - sten.  
But you, O LORD, how long yet? 4. Turn, LORD, my soul de - li - ver.  
6. I'm wea - ry with my groan - ing. All night I make my bed swim.  
The LORD has heard my weep - ing. 9. The LORD has heard my plead - ing.



2. Be gra - cious, for I'm weak. O LORD, to me give heal - ing,  
Save for your kind - ness' sake. 5. In death there's no re - mem - brance  
I melt my couch with tears. 7. My eye con - sumes for sor - row.  
The LORD re - ceives my prayer. 10. Let all my foes be dis - graced



be - cause my bones are dis - mayed. 3. My soul is much dis - mayed.  
of you, and from She - ol who will un - to you give thanks?  
Be - cause of foes it grows old. 8. De - part, you e - vil men!  
and dis - mayed. Let them turn back and be shamed sud - den - ly.