

Psalm 9:1-10

To the chief musician, to the tune of Death of the Son, a Psalm of David



1. I'll give thanks, LORD, with all my heart. I will re-count all your won-ders.
3. When en-e-mies have turned a-way, they'll fall and per-ish be-fore you,
* 5. You have re-buked the na-tions, and you make the wic-ked one per-ish.
6. O e-ne-my, de-struc-tions have come to an ev-er-last-ing end.
** 7. But e-ver will the LORD en-dure. For judg-ment he pre-pares his throne,
9. The LORD's a-re-fuge for th'op-pressed, A-re-fuge in times of di-stress,



2. I will be glad and ex-ult in you. I'll sing praise to your name, O Most High.
4. for you main-tain my right and my cause. You sit en-throned judg-ing with jus-tice.
* You have ex-ting-uished me-mo-ry of their name for-ev-er and for-ev-er.
And you have root-ed out some ci-ties. E-ven their me-mo-ry has per-ish-ed.
** 8. And he will judge the world with jus-tice. He'll judge the peo-ples in up-right-ness.
10. and those who know your name will trust you, for you for-sake not those who seek you.