

Psalm 9:11-20

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

11. The LORD who sits in Zi - on praise. A - mong the peo - ples tell his deeds.
13. Be gra - cious un - to me, O LORD. Con - si - der the af - flic - tion I
* 14. Be gra - cious un - to me, O LORD, that I may show forth all your praise,
15. The na - tions sink in their own pit. In their own net their foot is caught.
** 17. The wic - ked to she - ol will turn, all na - tions that for - get ~ God,
19. A - rise, LORD! Let not man pre - vail. Let na - tions in your sight be judged.

12. He who a - ven - ges blood re - mem - bers. He'll not for - get th'af - flic - ted's cry - ing.
en - dure be - cause of those who hate me, you who raise me up from death's por - tal.
* that in the gates of Zi - on's daugh - ter I may re - joice in your sal - va - tion.
16. The LORD is known by his just judg - ment. By his own work is snared the wic - ked.
** 18. be - cause the poor won't be for - got - ten. The nec - dy's hope won't per - ish al - ways.
20. Put them in fear, O LORD, and let all the na - tions know they are but mor - tal.