

PSALM 6

O Lord don't convict me, with passionate zeal; never chastise my failures, with fiery will.

- 2 Bend in kindness before me, O Lord for I'm ill; heal all my bones Lord, now trembling still.
- 3 My soul vehemently cries out, in troubled alarm; but Lord until when, will I be free from harm?
- 4 Come back Lord deliver, and rescue my soul; set me free for the sake, of Your kindness of old.
- 5 For in death no remembrance, of You can be found; who can render thanksgiving, once laid in the ground?
- 6 I am tired with sighing, my bed floods through the night; my canopy's melted, with tears from my eyes.
- 7 My eye shrinks in sorrow, my grief is so great; it ever grows old, in the midst of my straits.
- 8 Withdraw from me all ye, who practice vain deeds; for the Lord hears my call, to my weeping takes heed.
- 9 The Lord has heard, my entreaty with care; the Lord in His grace, will accept all my prayer.
- 10 May all those who hate me, be confounded and dry; retreating in shame, in the wink of an eye.