### Psalms

## Chapter 6

To the music director:  
  
A psalm by David for the 8-string lyre.  
  
  
  
  
1O Jehovah,  
  
Don’t discipline me in Your rage,  
 And please don’t correct me in anger.  
 2Show mercy on me, for I’m weak, O my God…  
 My bones are shaking, so heal me, O Lord.  
  
3The man I am within is deeply disturbed!  
 So, where have You gone, O my God…  
 How long will You stay far away?  
  
4Return to me… Please save me [O Lord];  
 Deliver me please, in Your mercy!  
 5For the dead are unable to bow before You…  
 In the place of the dead, who can praise You?  
  
6Of groaning, I’ve grown so tired…  
 Each night, I soak my bed with my tears.  
 7For my eyes are very disturbed  
 By all the troubles they see.  
  
I’ve grown old because of those who oppose me;  
 8So, please remove all that’s lawless in me  
 And hear the sounds of my weeping, O God.  
  
9Then Jehovah heard the things that I begged…  
 My God showed me favor and listened!  
 10So, may those young lions who hate me,  
 [Forever] be shamed and disturbed…  
 May my enemies all be dishonored.