

1. ¹O Lord my God, in You I put my trust. Save me from those who

2. ³O Lord my God, if I have treas-ured sin, If I have hoard-ed

3. ⁶O Lord my God, let Your wrath be my help. A - rise and judge the

4. ⁹O Lord my God, cause wick-ed - ness to cease, But let all right-eous

5. ¹¹O Lord my God, with jus - tice You con - demn. You're an - gry with the

6. ¹⁴O Lord my God, You see the sin - ner's plans The vi - o - lence and

7. ¹⁷O Lord my God, I praise Your right-eous - ness And sing the prais - es

chase me with-out cause ²Lest they rend flesh from bone in blood - y lust

e - vil in my hands, If I've be - trayed a man who was my friend

rag - ing of my foes. ⁷Rise up and draw all peo - ples to Your - self.

hearts and minds en - dure. ¹⁰My God de - fends me and re - stores my peace.

wick - ed ev - 'ry day. ¹²You whet Your sword to slaugh - ter e - vil men.

lies that he be - gets. ¹⁵He digs a ditch to trap a god - ly man,

of Your name, Most High. De - fend - er of the meek, may You be blest -

Like li - ons tear their prey in their fierce jaws,

Or plun - dered my foe's prop - er - ty or lands,

Re - turn on high and judge all men be - low.

He saves all those whose hearts are true and pure.

You bend Your bow and aim it at Your prey.

But falls him - self in - to the e - vil pit.

You who will al - ways hear the just man's cries -

And no one saves me from my fate - Their cru - el hate.

⁵For me to be trapped down in dust Would then be just.

Judge e - ven me - with jus - tice bless My right - eous - ness.

He shields the in - no - cent and fights For the up - right.

¹³You fit your ar - rows - fier - y shafts, Fierce tools of death.

¹⁶His scheme de - scends on his own head And strikes him dead.

My faith - ful judge, my shield, my sword, O God my Lord.