

Chide Me, O LORD, No Longer

From Psalm 6

1. ¹Chide me, O LORD, no long - er, Nor chas - ten me in an - ger.
2. ³My soul is trou - bled great - ly. Oh, has - ten Thou to aid me.
3. ⁴*How can the dead a - dore Thee Or bring their thanks be - fore Thee,*
4. *All night, in - stead of sleep - ing, I drench my couch with weep - ing.*
5. ⁸De - part from me, trans - gres - sors. Flee now, all you op - pres - sors:
6. The LORD heard when I plead - ed And my ap - peals He heed - ed.

²In mer - cy hear my groans; O LORD, see how I lan - guish.
Why dost Thou tar - ry, LORD? ⁴Turn back and show Thy fa - vor;
Or praise Thy ho - ly name? ⁶I'm wea - ry with my moan - ing,
⁷With grief my eyes grow weak, Since foes with hate sur - round me
The LORD did heed my cry! ⁹He heard my sup - pli - ca - tion,
¹⁰My foes shall be a - shamed, For sud - den fear shall shake them,

Heal Thou my bit - ter an - guish, For trou - bled are my bones.
Me in Thy love de - li - ver, Ac - cord - ing to Thy word!
Worn out with con - stant groan - ing And o - ver - come with shame.
And with - out ceas - ing hound me; My ru - in they all seek.
My plea for con - so - la - tion, And with His help is nigh.
And pan - ic o - ver - take them. Their doom has He pro - claimed.