

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.

³In 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? ⁶*I'm wea - ry with my moan - ing,*
⁷*With 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,

⁵Heal 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.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1542; harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

Text: William W. J. VanOene, 1972 ©

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