

# Psalm 6

To the Chief Musician. With stringed instruments.  
On an eight-stringed harp. A Psalm of David.

**Moderato**

1 O LORD, do not rebuke me in Your an - ger, Nor chasten me in Your hot dis-plea - sure. Have

5 mer - cy on me, O LORD, for I am weak; O LORD, heal me, for my bones are trou - bled.

9 My soul al - so is great - ly trou - bled; But You, O LORD— how long?

**Un poco animato**

13 Re - turn, O LORD, de - liv - er me! Oh, save me for Your mer - cies' sake!

17 For in death there is no re - mem - brance of You; In the grave who will give You thanks?

<sup>21</sup> **Moderato**

6 I am wea-ry with my groaning; All night I make my bed swim; I drench my couch with my tears. 7 My

<sup>25</sup>

eye wastes away be-cause of grief; It grows old because of all my en-e-mies. 8 De-

<sup>29</sup>

part from me, all you workers of in-iq-ui-ty; For the LORD has heard the voice of my weep-ing.

**Un poco animato**

<sup>33</sup>

9 The LORD has heard my sup-pli-ca-tion; The LORD will re-ceive my pray'r.

<sup>37</sup>

10 Let all my enemies be a-shamed and great-ly trou-bled; Let them turn back and be ashamed sud-den-ly.