Chide Me, O LORD, No Longer

NE VEUILLÈS PAS, Ô SIRE (7 7 6, 7 7 6)
Genevan Psalter, 1542
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.

Psalm 6

W. W. J. VanOene, 1972; rev.

1. Chide me, O LORD, no longer, Nor chasten me in anger. In mercy hear my groans;  
Thou to aid me. Why dost Thou tarry, LORD?

2. My soul is troubled greatly, O hasten thou to aid me. Why dost Thou tarry, LORD?

3. How can the dead adore Thee, Or bring their thanks before Thee, Or praise Thy body Name?

4. All night, instead of sleeping, I drench my couch with weeping. With grief my eyes grow weak;

5. Depart from me, transgressors. Flee now, all you oppressors: The LORD did heed my cry!

6. The LORD heard when I pleaded And my ap-peals He heeded. My foes shall be ashamed,

O LORD, see how I languish. Heal Thou Turn back and show Thy favor; Me in

I'm weary with my moaning, Worn out since foes with hate surround me And with-

He heard my supplication, My plea For sudden fear shall shake them, And pan-

my bitter anguish, For troubled are my bones. Thy love deliverer, According to Thy word!

with constant groaning And overcome with shame. out ceasing bound me; My ruin they all seek.

for consolation, And with His help is nigh. merci overtake them. Their doom has He pro-claimed.