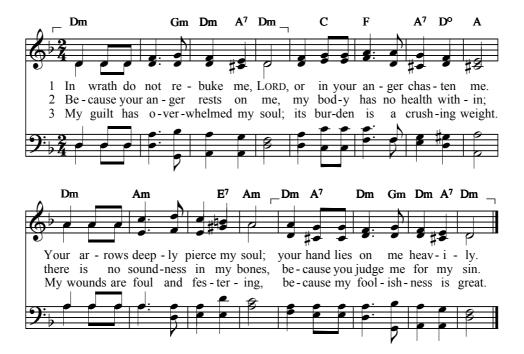
38 In wrath do not rebuke me, LORD



- I am bowed down, I am brought low, and I go mourning all the day. My back is filled with searing pain, and my whole body wastes away.
- I'm feeble and completely crushed; in anguish of my heart I groan. LORD, my desires before you lie; to you my sighing is well known.
- My heart beats wildly, strength has failed, the light has faded from my eye. My friends and neighbours keep away; they see my wounds and then pass by.

Text: Sing Psalms, © Psalmody Committee, Free Church of Scotland, 2003 Tune: Griffith Hugh Jones (Gutyn Arfon), 1849-1919

In wrath do not rebuke me, LORD

- My enemies who seek my life with cunning set their snares for me; my foes conspire to do me harm, and all day long plot treachery.
- 8 I'm like the deaf, who cannot hear, and like the mute, who cannot cry. I'm like a man who hears no sound, whose mouth can offer no reply.
- 9 I wait for you, O LORD my God; and you, O LORD, will answer me. I prayed to you, "If my foot slips, let them not gloat exultantly."
- 10 Indeed I am about to fall; my pain is ever deep within. I must confess iniquity, and I am troubled by my sin.
- My foes are vigorous and strong;and many hate me wrongfully.My good with evil they repay;when I seek good, they slander me.
- 12 O LORD, do not abandon me; do not be far from me, my God. Come quickly to deliver me because you are my Saviour, LORD.