

PSALM

109 O my God, whose name I worship

Dm C7 A Dm C F A Dm C7 A Dm

1 O my God, whose name I wor-ship, be not si - lent, LORD, I pray;  
 2 In re - turn for love they blame me, though for them I dai - ly pray.  
 3 May his rule pass to an - oth - er: short and wretch-ed be his life.

C A Dm C F A Dm C7 A Dm

for the wick-ed and de-keit - ful speak a - gainst me ev - ery day.  
 They re - ward my good with e - vil, for my friend-ship hate re - pay.  
 Fa - ther-less shall be his chil-dren; make a wid - ow of his wife.

Gm C F Dm Gm F C F

They have ut - tered lies a - gainst me; with ma - li - cious tongues they fight.  
 Set an e - vil man a - gainst him at his right hand to de - nounce.  
 May his chil - dren beg and wan - der, driv - en from their ru - ined gate.

C Am Bb C7 A Dm Gm A Dm

With - out cause they rush up - on me, clos - ing in with words of spite.  
 May his ver - y prayers con - demn him; let the court his guilt pro - nounce.  
 May his goods be seized and tak - en - strang - ers plun - der his es - tate.

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- 4 May no one take pity on him or his orphans in their plight.  
May his family line be ended, and their names be lost to sight.  
May the LORD remember ever all his parents' sin and shame.  
May their sin be held against them, and forgotten be their name.
  
- 5 For he never thought of helping those in trouble or distress;  
but to death the poor he hounded, and the weak and comfortless.  
He was always cursing others – may his curse on him rebound;  
he took no delight in blessing – far from him may it be found.
  
- 6 He wore cursing as his garment – to his bones it soaked like oil;  
it poured down his throat like water. May his curses round him coil.  
May they cling to him forever, wrapped around him like a cloak.  
May this be the LORD's repayment to those false, accusing folk.
  
- 7 But, O Sovereign LORD, in mercy deal with me for your name's sake;  
save me in your love and goodness, and my life from danger take.  
For I am both poor and needy; crushed within me is my heart.  
I am feeble, like an insect; like a shadow I depart.
  
- 8 See, my knees give way from fasting; and my frame is thin and gaunt.  
My accusers, when they see me, shake their heads at me and taunt.  
LORD my God, draw near and help me; save me in your steadfast love.  
Let them know your hand has done it, that my help comes from above.
  
- 9 They may curse, but you will bless me, and your servant will give praise.  
Clothed with shame be my accusers, my attackers with disgrace.  
I will loudly sing GOD's praises and extol him in the throng;  
for he helps and saves the needy from all those who do them wrong.