

38. No Soundness in My Flesh

A F G A F G

O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

A F G A F G

For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore.

D C F# A

There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger;

D C F# G

Neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin.

A F G A F G

For mine iniquities are gone over mine head:

A F G A F G

As an heavy burden they are too heavy for me.

A F G A F G

My wounds stink and are corrupt because of my foolishness.

A F G A F G

I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long.

D C F# A

For my loins are filled with a loathsome disease:

D C F# G

And there is no soundness in my flesh.

A F G A F G A F G

I am feeble and sore broken: I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

A F G A F G A F G

Lord, all my desire is before thee; and my groaning is not hid from thee.

D C F# A

My heart panteth, my strength faileth me: as for the light of mine eyes,

D C F# G D C F# A

It also is gone from me. My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore;

D C F# G

And my kinsmen stand afar off.

A F G A F G

They also that seek after my life lay snares for me:

A F G A F G

And they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things,

A F G A F G

And imagine deceits all the day long.

A F G A F G

But I, as a deaf man, heard not;

D C F# A

And I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth.

D C F# G

Thus I was as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs.

A F G A F G A F G

For in thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God.

A F G A F G A F G

For I said, Hear me, lest otherwise they should rejoice over me:

D C F# A

When my foot slippeth, they magnify themselves against me.

D C F# G

For I am ready to halt, and my sorrow is continually before me.

A F G A F G

For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin.

A F G A F G

But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong:

A F G A F G

And they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied.

D C F# A

They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries;

D C F# G

Because I follow the thing that good is.

D C G A

Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me.

D C D/F# G Am

Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.