

# Psalm 51

(To the tune of All I Ever Need Is Found In Thee)

## **Verse 1**

Have mer-cy u-pon me, O my God  
A-ccord-ing to Your great stead-fast love  
A-ccord-ing to Your mer-cy  
Blot out be-fore You, my trans-gress-ions  
Wash me from in-i-qui-ty  
Cleanse me thor-ough-ly from all my sin

## **Verse 2**

I know my trans-gress-ions and my sins  
Be-cause they are e-ver be-fore me  
A-gainst You a-lone I've sinned  
And done in Your sight what is e-vil  
Jus-ti-fied are You to speak  
And You are blame-less in Your judg-ment

## **Verse 3**

Be-hold I was sin-ful at my birth  
And in sin my mo-ther con-ceived me  
Be-hold You de-light in truth  
In the inner-most the in-ward being  
And You teach to me wis-dom  
In the se-cret heart the in-most place

## **Verse 4**

Purge me God with hyss-op I'll be clean  
Wash me and I shall be white as snow  
Let me hear joy and glad-ness  
Let the bones You've bro-ken now re-joice  
Let me hear joy and glad-ness  
Let the bones You've bro-ken now re-joice

## **Verse 5**

Hide Your face, don't look u-pon my sins  
And blot out all my in-i-qui-ties  
O cre-ate, a heart that's clean  
O cre-ate in me a heart that's clean  
And re-new a right spir-it  
And re-new in me a right spir-it

## **Verse 6**

Cast me not a-way from Your pres-ence  
Take not Your Ho-ly Spi-rit from me  
O re-store to me the joy  
O re-store to me sal-va-tion's joy  
And up-hold and su-stain me  
And up-hold me with a will-ing spir't

## **Verse 7**

Then I will teach trans-gress-ors Your ways  
And sinn-ers will come re-turn to You  
O my God de-li-ver me  
From the guilt-i-ness of my blood-shed  
O my God of sal-va-tion  
I will sing a-loud Your right-eous-ness

## **Verse 8**

O my Lord, come o-pen up my lips  
And my mouth will de-clare forth Your praise  
You won't take a-ny de-light  
In a sac-ri-fice, or I'd give it  
You will not take plea-sure in  
You will not ac-cept burnt off-er-ings

**Verse 9**

The on-ly sac-ri-fi-ces of God  
Are a bro-ken and a con-trite heart  
O God You will not des-pise  
A bro-ken spir-it and con-trite heart  
O God You will not des-pise  
A bro-ken spir-it and con-trite heart

**Verse 10**

By Your fa-vor do good to Z-ion  
Build the walls of Your Je-ru-sa-lem  
Then You will take Your de-light  
In right sac-ri-fice; burnt off-er-ings  
Off-er-ings, whole off-er-ings  
Offer-ed un-to You, on Your a-ltar