

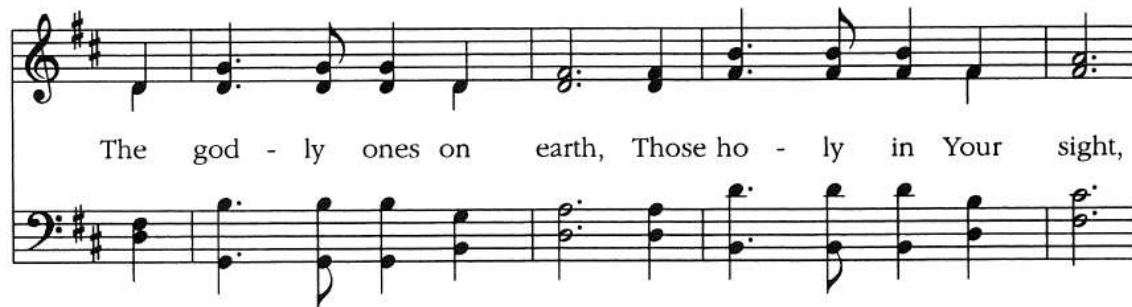
# Psalm 16



Pre - serve me, O my God; I put my trust in You.



LORD, I con - fess, You are my Lord; No good have I but You.



The god - ly ones on earth, Those ho - ly in Your sight,



The no - ble and ma - jes - tic ones, Fill me with great de - light.

Their sorrows multiply  
Who after idols seek.  
To them I'll no blood off'rings make;  
Their names I'll never speak.  
The Lord the portion is  
Of my inheritance.  
He fills my cup, my lot prepares,  
Secures to me His grants.

The lines that fell to me  
Enclose a pleasant site.  
The heritage that I received  
to me is a delight.  
I bless the Lord Who guides  
With counsel that is right.  
My heart within me He directs  
To teach me in the night.

I always keep the Lord  
Before me, Him to see.  
Because He is at my right hand  
I never moved shall be.  
Thus gladness fills my soul;  
My joy must be expressed  
With my whole being, for my flesh  
Securely finds its rest.

My Soul You will not leave  
In death's dark pit to be.  
Corruption You will not permit  
Your Holy One to see.  
The path of life You'll show;  
Of joy You hold great store.  
Before Your face, at Your right hand,  
Are pleasures evermore.