

Psalm 55

*To the maestro
on Neginoth:
a Maskil
of David*

Give ear, O LORD, as now I pray to You,
And do not hide Yourself from my heart's cry!
But, pay attention, Lord, and answer me,
For my complaint has me at my wit's end!

I am distraught as I hear my foe's voice:
The wicked threaten now to end my life:
They make their evil moves against my life:
They hunt me now in wrath to slaughter me!

My heart is pained within me at this time:
The fear of death has fallen on me now:
And fear and trembling come into my mind:
Horror has covered me - I am dismayed!

I said: "Who will give me wings like a dove,
That I might fly away and be at rest:
For then I surely would fly far away
And lodge within the wilderness. Selah!

Then I could hurry to a sheltered spot,
Safe from the wind and fury of the storm:
Destroy them, Lord, confound the things they say
For in the city I see violence!

For day and night they make rounds on its walls:
Evil and trouble are within those walls:
Strife and destruction are found there as well:
Oppression is within its public squares.

The one who taunts me is no enemy:
I could bear that from one opposed to me.
The one who hates me is not against me:
I could hide myself from him readily!

But it is you, a man just like myself:
My bosom friend, one who was close to me:
Together we enjoyed sweet fellowship
With those who walked up to the house of God.

Let death now come and take them by surprise:
And let them go to Hades while alive:
For wickedness has made in them its home
[And righteousness is hidden from their eyes]

But, as for me, I will call upon God:
The LORD will save me from my enemies:
By night and day I moan and I complain:
The LORD will listen to my voice each day!

He will redeem my life in peace,
When many folk oppose me in the war:
Yes, God will hear me and will answer me,
And He enthroned me from of old. Selah!

There is no change within the heart of those
Who have no fear of God: they are my foes:
He went to war with them at peace with him,
And he profaned his covenant with them!

The words he mutters with his mouth are smooth,
But there is war within his heart and mind:
The words he says are more soothing than oil,
But they are unsheathed swords to pierce the heart!

Cast on the LORD the lot you have in life:
He will sustain you in your earthly strife:
He will not let the righteous man be lost
Nor let him be shaken forevermore!

But You, O God, will bring the wicked down,
And they will perish in destruction's pit:
Deceitful men will not live half their days,
But, as for me, I trust in You always!

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