

Psalm 109

*To the Maestro:
A song of David
to sing and strum*

Do not be silent, O God of my praise:
A mouth of evil now is opened wide:
A mouth of deceit now opposes me:
They speak against me with a lying tongue!

With words of hatred they've surrounded me:
They are attacking me without a cause:
They accuse me in return for my love,
But I am praying to you, LORD, my God!

They give me evil in return for good:
They give me hatred in return for love:
Appoint an evil man over each one:
Let an accuser stand at his right hand!

When he is tried, then let his guilt be proved
And let his plea be counted as a sin,
And may his days upon the earth be few
And let his office fall to someone else!

And may his children soon be fatherless,
And let his wife soon be a widow too,
And let his children wander round and beg,
Yes, from their ruined houses beg for food!

And may the creditor take all he has:
May strangers plunder all that he has gained:
May there be none to show him loyal love
Or pity for his orphaned children's plight!

And may all of his offspring be cut off,
And his descendants now be blotted out:
And may the LORD recall his fathers' guilt
And may He not blot out his mother's sins:

Let them be constantly before the LORD!
Let this man's mem'ry perish from the earth,
Because he failed to show true loyal love
And he maligned a poor afflicted man!

For he has put disheartened ones to death:
As he loved cursing, may it come to him!
As he did not delight to give blessing
So may all blessing keep away from him!

He clothed himself with cursing like a robe,
So may it be like water in his bowels
And may it be like oil in his bones,
And like a belt that is too tight for him!

May my accusers receive this reward -
Those who are speaking evil against me:
So, LORD, I ask You, act on my behalf:
For the sake of Your name vindicate me!

Your loyal love is good: deliver me:
I am afflicted, and my state is poor:
My heart is pounding with distress within,
And like a shadow I am passing on!

And like a locust I am shaken off:
My knees are weak from going without food:
My flesh is gaunt because of loss of weight:
I have become a reproach unto them!

And when they look at me they shake their heads:
Help me, O LORD my God, I humbly pray:
Save me according to Your loyal love,
And they will know this is Your hand at work!

For You Yourself have done it, LORD, I know,
And though they curse, yet You will surely bless:
When they arise, let them be put to shame,
But let Your servant's heart rejoice in You!

May my accusers be clothed with disgrace
And let them wrap themselves with dishonour,
But I will greatly praise GOD with my mouth,
And in the multitude will exalt Him!

For He stands at the right hand of the poor
To save him from the hands of wicked men,
Those who are seeking to put him to death:
The LORD is able to deliver him!

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