

PSALM 59

For the director of music. To the tune of "Do Not Destroy." Of David. A miktam.
When Saul had sent men to watch David's house in order to kill him.

Geneva, 1562



1. God, from my en-e-mies pro-tect me,
from those who rise up to af-lict me.
Come to de-liv-er me a-gain
and save me from blood-thirst-y men.
They lie in wait and will not spare me;
fierce men are plot-ting to en-snare me.
Yet for no sin of mine or fault
are they pre-par-ing their as-sault.

2. LORD *God Almighty, rise to save me
and do not let my foes enslave me.
You are the God of Israel,
our stronghold and our citadel.
Come, rouse Yourself and judge the nations
who taunt You with their provocations.
Spare none of those who treacherously
plot evil and iniquity.*

3. Like *packs of savage dogs that howling through all the city streets are prowling, my enemies each night return to taunt me with their bitter scorn. Their tongues are swords; their mouths are spewing the venom of their evildoing, for, "Who can hear all this?" they say and boldly go their haughty way.*

4. But, *LORD, You laugh at all those nations and mock their wicked aspirations. O God my Strength, for You I long; You are my fortress, firm and strong. My loving God will come to meet me and with His promised help will greet me, soon letting me in triumph see the downfall of my enemy.*

5. Do not yet kill those who reject You, or else my people will forget You. O God of might and great renown, come, *scatter them and bring them down. Let them be humbled, crushed and broken, for all the sins their mouths have spoken. Let those who on deceit relied be caught and trapped in their own pride.*

6. For all their lying and their cursing and for the hatred they are nursing, O God, *consume them, I implore, consume them till they are no more. Show them Your anger, let them cower before Your justice and Your power. Then it will everywhere be known that God rules Jacob, He alone.*

Psalm 59

7. Each eve-ning they, like dogs that howl-ing
through street and mar-ket-place are prowl-ing,
come back and look a-bout for prey
as here and there they roam and stray.
Their rav-enous hun-ger knows no pit-y,
and scav-eng-ing through-out the cit-y,
they bark and bel-low, loud and shrill,
and growl un-less they get their fill.

8. *You will at daybreak hear me singing,
to You, O God, my praises bringing,
for I will glory in Your might
and in Your steadfast love delight.
You are my strength, my rock and tower,
my refuge in the darkest hour.
Your praise I sing and shout abroad,
O mighty Fortress, loving God!*