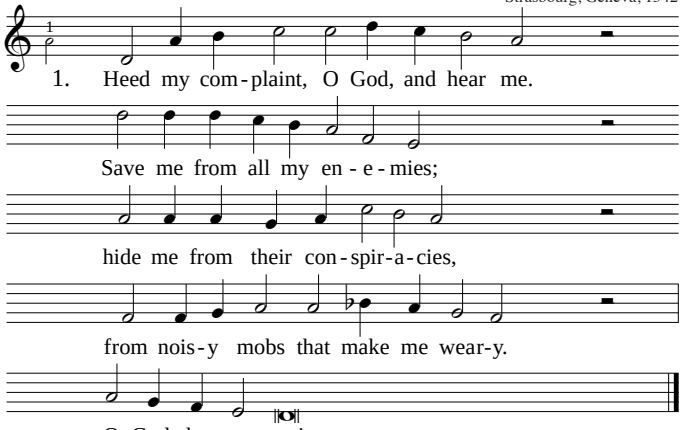
PSALM 64

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Strasbourg, Geneva, 1542



2. Their *tongues the* sharpest *swords re*semble;
a *deadly dart is eve*ry word
as *boldly, by no* fear deterred,
they *strike the* blameless *and the* humble
to *make them* stumble.

3. They *hatch their* schemes *for my* destruction
and *cunningly con*ceal their snare.
"No *one will see it*," they declare
and *with their* smug self-*satis*faction
boast *of their* action.

4. But *God will* shoot them *with His* arrow,
and *their own tongues will* bring them shame.
Ma*ny will shake their* heads at them;
their *downfall* will be *quick and* thorough,
much *to their* sorrow.

5. Then *all will* fear our *great de*fender;
they *will God's mighty* deeds proclaim
and, *praising His ex*alted name,
will *stand in* awe as *they all* ponder
His *works of* wonder.

6. Come, *praise the* LORD for *His sal*vation!
Let *all the just in* Him delight;
let *them seek refuge* in His might
and *thank Him* for their *preser*vation
with *jubi*lation.