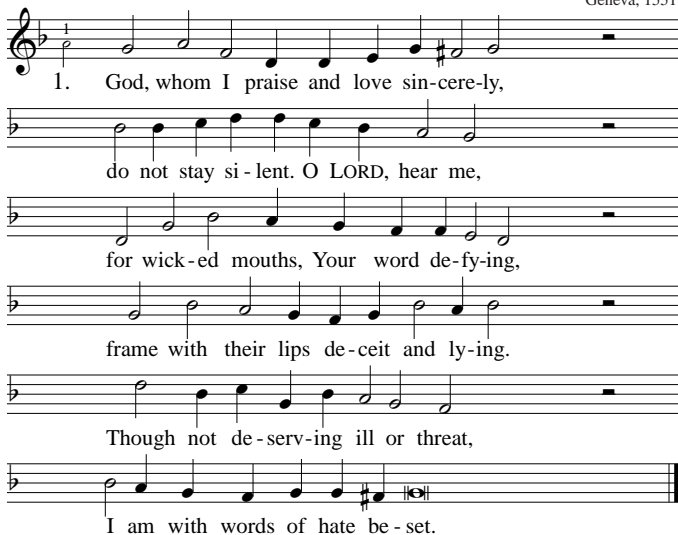


PSALM 109

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.

Geneva, 1551



1. God, whom I praise and love sin-cere-ly,
do not stay si-lent. O LORD, hear me,
for wick-ed mouths, Your word de-fy-ing,
frame with their lips de-keit and ly-ing.
Though not de-serv-ing ill or threat,
I am with words of hate be-set.

2. They rave and *without cause* abuse me
and, *in return for love*, accuse me.
I pray for *all who have* abhorred me;
with evil *they for good* reward me.
You *see this, LORD, from heaven* above;
with *hatred they repay* my love.
3. Appoint a *wicked man* to seize him.
Let *his accuser not* release him;
to him be *guilt and blame* awarded.
His prayers be *all as sin* regarded.
his days be few, and in disgrace
may *he to others* yield his place.

4. His wife be *widowed and neglected*;
his *children orphaned, unprotected*.
And when they *beg, let nought be given*;
they from their *ruined homes be driven*.
May *creditors his goods all seize*;
may *strangers plunder what they please*.
5. May he be *exiled from his city*,
none *show his children any pity*.
May his *posterity be banished*,
cut off, until *his name has vanished*;
his *father's and his mother's sin*,
let it *before the LORD remain*.
6. May it be *always recollected*
that *he mistreated the afflicted*,
that to the *destitute he never*
showed any *kindness, any favour*;
the *poor and broken-hearted he*
chased to *their death, relentlessly*.
7. He loved to *curse – may curses press him*.
He *scoffed at blessings – may none bless him*.
He like a *mantle wore his cursing*,
his *evil and his hatred nursing*.
May *all the ills he did and spoke*
like *oil into his body soak*.
8. His cursing *be a cloak around him*,
a *belt that with his guilt has bound him*.
May all who *without cause accuse me*
and *speak their evil to abuse me*
receive *such payment from the LORD*
as *their appropriate reward*.

Psalm 109



9. But You, O LORD, my God and Sav-iour,
for Your name's sake, show me Your fa-vour!
Good is Your love, great Your com-pas-sion;
de-liv-er me from all op-pres-sion,
for I am poor and need sup-port,
and deep-ly wound-ed is my heart.

10. A fading *shadow, disregarded;*
a *locust, shaken off, discarded* –
these do I *in my woe* resemble.
My knees, through *fasting weakened, tremble.*
I'm *skin and bones, all strength has fled,*
and *those who taunt me shake their head.*
11. O help me, *LORD my God, and hear me.*
In *Your unfailing love, be near me.*
Save me, *Your promises renewing,*
and show them *that it is Your doing.*
LORD, they may curse, but You will bless;
You'll save me in Your righteousness.

12. LORD, put to *shame those who attack me*
and *with their taunts torment and mock me*;
but may Your *servant sing with gladness*,
saved by Your *hand from grief and sadness*.
Dishonour my accusers' name
and *wrap them in a cloak of shame*.

13. I'll thank the *LORD for His salvation*,
praise *Him before the congregation*.
He stands *beside all those who suffer*;
His help and *comfort He will offer*.
Though *foes the poor to death condemn*,
the *LORD Himself will rescue them*.