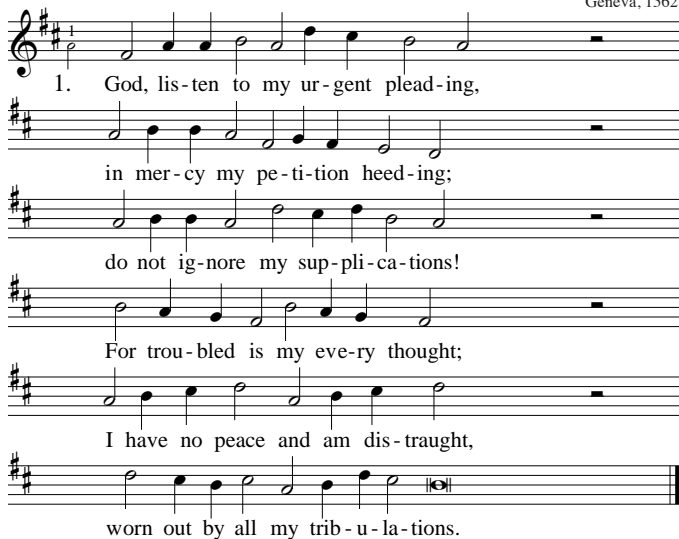


PSALM 55

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A maskil of David.

Geneva, 1562



1. God, lis-ten to my ur-gent plead-ing,
 in mer-cy my pe-ti-tion heed-ing;
 do not ig-nore my sup-pli-ca-tions!
 For trou-bled is my eve-ry thought;
 I have no peace and am dis-traught,
 worn out by all my trib-u-la-tions.

2. The *wicked* constantly oppress me;
 they *with their* taunts and *stares* distress me.
 Their *anger* causes *me* to languish
 in *troubles* and adversity.
 Death's *terror* has its *grip* on me;
 my *heart* is filled with *fear* and anguish.
3. If *I* but like a *dove* were able
 to *spread* my wings and *flee* all trouble,
 so to *find* rest and *be* protected,
 how *quickly* I would *fly* away
 and *in* a far-off *desert* stay,
 no *more* by raging *storms* afflicted.

4. Lord, *treat the wicked without pity; confuse their speech, for in the city I witness riots and aggression. There they let crime and vice abound while on its walls they prowl around; its public square teems with transgression.*

5. If any foe would *taunt and scorn me, I could endure it. Let him spurn me. It is not that an adversary treats me with insolence and pride, for then from him I still could hide and I would be prepared and wary.*

6. No, *it is you who have betrayed me, who with your malice have repaid me for fellowship and sweet communion, who walked with me when in God's house we sang our praise and paid our vows – you, my best friend, my close companion!*

7. May *those who sin and evil cherish meet sudden death and quickly perish, alive into the grave descending. I know that God will save me soon, and I will evening, morning, noon cry out to Him, on Him depending.*

8. In battle He'll *redeem and shield me, to my attackers never yield me. My God, enthroned on high forever, will come to strike them with His rod – those men who have no fear of God, who love their sin, repenting never.*

Psalm 55



9. My for-mer friend is now a trai-tor,
a sleek-tongued cov-enant vi-o-la-tor,
and all his talk is smooth as but-ter,
yet war is in his heart and mind;
his words are swords, though soft and kind.
Feigned is what-ev-er he may ut-ter.

10. Cast *on the* LORD the *cares that* grieve you;
He *will sustain* you, *never* leave you.
The *righteous* He *upholds forever*
but *flings into the deepest* pit
the *man of* blood, the *hypocrite*.
In *You* I trust, O *God my* Saviour!