

PSALM 139

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

Geneva, 1551




1. LORD, You have searched me, heart and soul.
 My in-most thoughts, You know them all.
 When I sit down and when I rise
 You see me with Your watch-ful eyes.
 and from a-far Your keen dis-cern-ing
 re-veals to You my hopes and yearn-ings.

2. You trace my *steps and day by day*
 see *me at rest* or *on my way*.
 The paths I *take* are known to You,
 for *You watch* everything I do.
 Before my *tongue one word* can mention
 You are *aware of my intentions*.
3. You are *before me and behind*;
 I *will in You* my *refuge* find.
 LORD, You have *laid Your hand* on me.
 Such *knowledge is* a mystery
 so high that *I cannot* attain it,
 so deep that *I cannot* explain it.

4. Where can I *from Your Spirit* flee?
Where *will You* not be near to me?
If I to *heaven's* height ascend,
then *I shall there* before *You* stand.
If I into *the depths* descended,
You would not *leave me* unattended.
5. When on the *wings of dawn* I rise
and *fly away* to *distant* skies,
to the *remotest* sea or land,
and *make my home* where I descend,
You even *there* will *stay beside* me
and with *Your right hand* hold and *guide* me.
6. If I say, "*Let the gloom of night*
surround me, keep me *from Your sight*,"
Then darkness *is not* dark to *You*;
it *will not hide* me from *Your* view.
With *You* the *night is never* lightless;
before *Your eyes* the *dark is* brightness.
7. O LORD, *You formed my inward* parts –
my *inmost* self, my *mind and* heart.
You shaped them *in my* mother's womb,
wove *them together* on *Your* loom.
With awe, with *reverent admiration*,
I praise *Your wonderful* creation.
8. O LORD, *You know me through and* through;
my *frame* was not concealed *from You*
when I in *utmost* secrecy
was *knit and braided* skilfully.
You know how *I in safe* seclusion
was made with *delicate* precision.

Psalm 139



9. You, LORD, when I was yet un-born,
be-held my un-de-vel-oped form.
and long be-fore my life be-gan
You in Your book de-creed its span;
You then re-cord-ed on its pag-es
Your plan for me in all its stag-es.

10. How precious *are Your thoughts* to me!
How *vast the sum of them* must be.
I try to *count them* – they are more
than *all the sand* upon the shore.
O God, when *I from sleep* awaken,
I am still *with You, not* forsaken.
11. O God, if *only You* would slay
all *those who* go their wicked way.
O let them *all from* me depart,
those *men of blood* and evil heart.
They strive *against You* in their scheming;
Your holy *name they keep* blaspheming.

12. Do I not *hate those who hate You*,
those *who their wickedness pursue*?
O LORD, all *who against You rise*
I *as my enemies despise*.
May woes and *misery* await them.
I with a *perfect hatred hate* them!

13. Search me, O *God, and know my heart*;
see *if I* from Your *ways depart*.
LORD, probe my *every* anxious thought
and *let me by Your word be taught*.
Help me walk *on where You are leading*,
in *everlasting ways proceeding*.