

Psalm 55

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To the chief Musician on Neginoth, Maschil, *A Psalm* of David.

¹ **G**IVE ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication.

² Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;

³ Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.

⁴ My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

⁵ Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.

⁶ And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! *for then* would I fly away, and be at rest.

⁷ Lo, *then* would I wander far off, *and* remain in the wilderness. Selah.

⁸ I would hasten my escape from the windy storm *and* tempest.

⁹ Destroy, O Lord, *and* divide their tongues: for I have seen violence and strife in the city.

¹⁰ Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof:

mischievous also and sorrow *are* in the midst of it.

¹¹ Wickedness *is* in the midst thereof: deceit and guile depart not from her streets.

¹² For *it was* not an enemy *that* reproached me; then I could have borne *it*: neither *was it* he that hated me *that* did magnify *himself* against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

¹³ But *it was* thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

¹⁴ We took sweet counsel together, *and* walked unto the house of God in company.

¹⁵ Let death seize upon them, *and* let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness *is* in their dwellings, *and* among them.

¹⁶ As for me, I will call upon God; and the LORD shall save me.

¹⁷ Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

¹⁸ He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle *that was* against me: for there were many with me.

¹⁹ God shall hear, and afflict them, even he that abideth of old. Selah. Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.

²⁰ He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him: he hath broken his covenant.

²¹ *The words* of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war *was* in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet *were* they drawn swords.

²² Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

²³ But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.