

Psalm 58

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To the chief Musician, Al-taschith, Michtam of David.

¹ **D**O ye indeed speak righteousness, O congregation? do ye judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?

² Yea, in heart ye work wickedness; ye weigh the violence of your hands in the earth.

³ The wicked are estranged from the womb: they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.

⁴ Their poison *is* like the poison of a serpent: *they are* like the deaf adder *that* stoppeth her ear;

⁵ Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

⁶ Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth: break out the great teeth of the young lions, O LORD.

⁷ Let them melt away as waters *which* run continually: *when* he bendeth *his bow to shoot* his arrows, let them be as cut in pieces.

⁸ As a snail *which* melteth, let *every one of them* pass away: *like* the untimely birth of a woman, *that* they may not see the sun.

⁹ Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind, both living, and in *his* wrath.

¹⁰ The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance:
he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

¹¹ So that a man shall say, Verily *there is* a reward for the
righteous: verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.