

Psalm 64

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

¹ **H**EAR my voice, O God, in my prayer: preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

² Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked; from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:

³ Who whet their tongue like a sword, *and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:*

⁴ That they may shoot in secret at the perfect: suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.

⁵ They encourage themselves *in* an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them?

⁶ They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward *thought* of every one *of them*, and the heart, *is* deep.

⁷ But God shall shoot at them *with* an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.

⁸ So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away.

⁹ And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing.

¹⁰ The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory.