

Psalm 64

Hear my voice, O God, as I complain, guard my life from dread of the foe. Hide me from the band of the wicked, from the throng of those who do evil.

They sharpen their tongues like swords; they aim bitter words like arrows to shoot at the innocent from ambush, shooting suddenly and recklessly.

They scheme their evil course; they conspire to lay secret snares. They say: "Who will see us? Who can search out our crimes?"

He will search who searches the mind and knows the depths of the heart. God has shot them with his arrow and dealt them sudden wounds. Their own tongue has brought them to ruin and all who see them mock.

Then will all men fear; they will tell what God has done. They will understand God's deeds. The just will rejoice in the Lord and fly to him for refuge. All the upright hearts will glory.