PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 55

1 For the Chief Musician; on stringed instruments. Maschil of David. Give ear to my prayer, O God; And hide not thyself from my supplication.

2 Attend unto me, and answer me: I am restless in my complaint, and moan,

3 Because of the voice of the enemy, Because of the oppression of the wicked; For they cast iniquity upon me, And in anger they persecute 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! Then would I fly away, and be at rest.

7 Lo, then would I wander far off, I would lodge in the wilderness. Selah

8 I would haste me to a shelter From the stormy wind and tempest.

9 Destroy, O Lord, [and] divide their tongue; For I have seen violence and strife in the city.

10 Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof: Iniquity also and mischief are in the midst of it.

11 Wickedness is in the midst thereof: Oppression and guile depart not from its 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 companion, and my familiar friend.

14 We took sweet counsel together; We walked in the house of God with the throng.

15 Let death come suddenly upon them, Let them go down alive into Sheol; For wickedness is in their dwelling, in the midst of them.

16 As for me, I will call upon God; And Jehovah will save me.

17 Evening, and morning, and at noonday, will I complain, and moan; And he will hear my voice.

18 He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me; For they were many [that strove] with me.

19 God will hear, and answer them, Even he that abideth of old, Selah [The men] who have no changes,

And who fear not God.

20 He hath put forth his hands against such as were at peace with him: He hath profaned his covenant.

21 His mouth was smooth as butter, But his heart was war: His words were softer than oil, Yet were they drawn swords.

22 Cast thy burden upon Jehovah, and he will sustain thee: He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.

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

Baixado gratuitamente de www.bibliain.com.br