PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 64

1 For the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David. Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint: Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

2 Hide me from the secret counsel of evil-doers, From the tumult of the workers of iniquity;

3 Who have whet their tongue like a sword, And have aimed their arrows, even bitter words,

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

5 They encourage themselves in an evil purpose; They commune of laying snares privily; They say, Who will see them?

6 They search out iniquities; We have accomplished, [say they], a diligent search: And the inward thought and the heart of every one is deep.

7 But God will shoot at them; With an arrow suddenly shall they be wounded.

8 So they shall be made to stumble, their own tongue being against them: All that see them shall wag the head.

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

10 The righteous shall be glad in Jehovah, and shall take refuge in him; And all the upright in heart shall glory.

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