### Psalms

## Chapter 59

To the [music] director:  
  
[Set to the tune of the song called] Do Not Corrupt by David.  
  
An inscription on a monument about the time when Saul sent men to watch his house in order to kill him.  
  
  
  
  
1From my enemies, please save me, O God…  
 Ransom me from those attacking.  
 2Deliver me from those who are breaking the Law…  
 From those men of blood, please save me!  
  
3{Look!} For, they hunted for my life…  
 Yes, they’ve sent their mighty against me.  
 But Jehovah; I’ve not broken Your laws,  
 Nor are [they coming] because of my sins!  
  
4Although I’ve done nothing illegal,  
 From them, I’ve been forced to flee…  
 So awaken to meet me and notice!  
  
5O God, Jehovah of armies…  
 O God of IsraEl, take notice…  
 Come and visit those nations!  
  
Don’t pity those who are lawless…  
 6May they come back starved in the evening,  
 And like dogs, may they roam through the [streets]!  
  
7They shout with their swords held up to their lips,  
 As they ask:  
  
 ‘Who is paying attention?’  
  
8But You, O Lord, should be laughing out loud,  
 And treating them all with contempt.  
  
9For, You’re my strength, O my God…  
 You’re my shield [and protector].  
 10So Your mercy travels before me,  
 And to my enemies, You send whatever I ask.  
  
11But don’t kill them, so Your Laws are not overlooked;  
 Rather, scatter them with Your power.  
 O my defender, Jehovah;  
 Have them be led far away!  
  
12For the sins of their mouths and the words on their lips,  
 Let them be taken as captives…  
 May they be cursed for their pride and their lies.  
  
13In Your rage, come down and consume them,  
 So that they’ll no longer exist.  
 Then, everyone to the ends of the earth  
 Will know that Jacob’s Lord is the [only true] God.  
  
14When they arrive in the evening;  
 May they be starved upon their return,  
 And like dogs, may they roam through the [streets].  
 15May they be scattered to search for their food,  
 And let them grumble as they’re starving.  
  
16Then I’ll sing of all Your great powers,  
 And I’ll praise Your mercies each morning;  
 For, You’re my refuge and shield  
 In my day of distress.  
  
17Because You’re my helper, I’m strumming to You…  
 I’m playing to You, for You’re my God.  
 O God, You truly are my shield,  
 And You’ve shown mercy upon me.