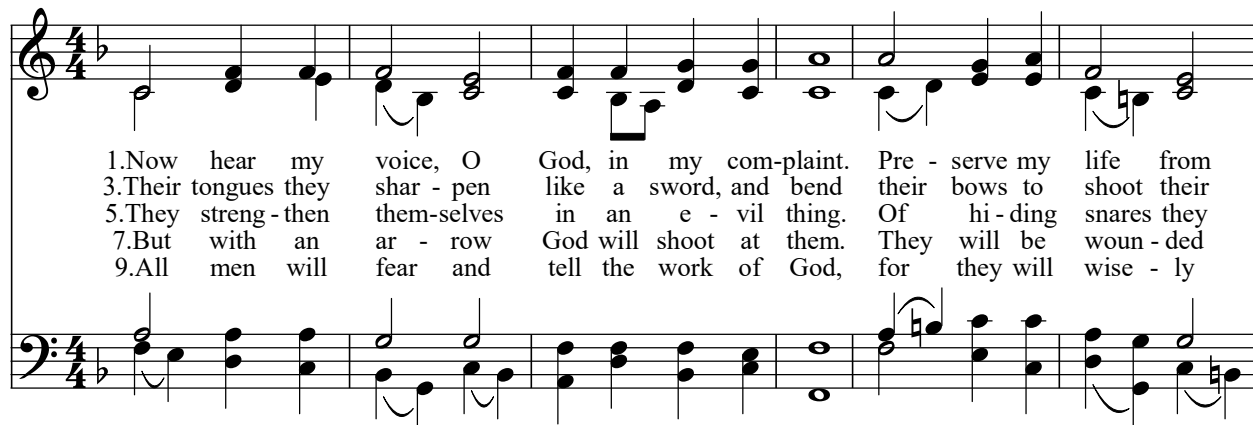


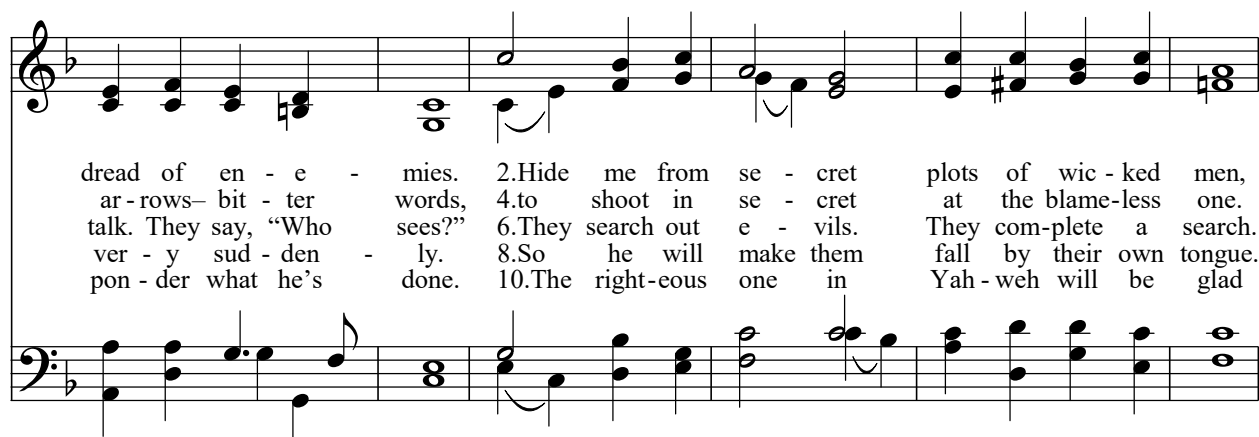
Psalm 64

To the chief musician

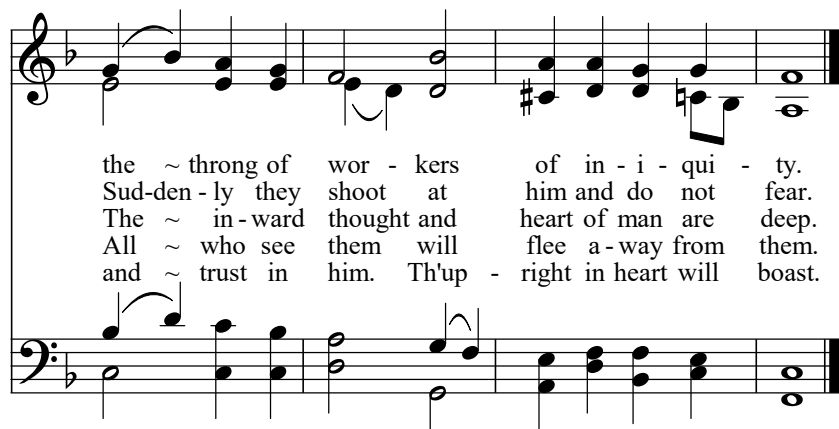
A psalm of David



1. Now hear my voice, O God, in my complaint. Pre-serve my life from
3. Their tongues they sharpen like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their
5. They strengthen themselves in an evil thing. Of hiding snares they
7. But with an arrow God will shoot at them. They will be wounded
9. All men will fear and tell the work of God, for they will wisely



dread of enemies. 2. Hide me from secret plots of wicked men,
arrows-bit-ter words, 4. to shoot in secret at the blameless one.
talk. They say, "Who sees?" 6. They search out evils. They complete a search.
ver-y sud-den-ly. 8. So he will make them fall by their own tongue.
pon-der what he's done. 10. The righteous one in Yah-weh will be glad



the ~ throng of workers of in-i-qui-ty.
Sud-den-ly they shoot at him and do not fear.
The ~ in-ward thought and heart of man are deep.
All ~ who see them will flee a-way from them.
and ~ trust in him. Th'up-right in heart will boast.