

Betrayed but Not Broken | Day 10: Psalms 55–59 Audio Bible for Pain & Protection

75 verses • 7:32 reading time • World English Bible

Psalm 55

¹For the Chief Musician. On stringed instruments. A contemplation by David. Listen to my prayer, God. Don't hide yourself from my supplication. ²Attend to me, and answer me. I am restless in my complaint, and moan ³because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked. For they bring suffering on me. In anger they hold a grudge against me. ⁴My heart is severely pained within me. The terrors of death have fallen on me. ⁵Fearfulness and trembling have come on me. Horror has overwhelmed me. ⁶I said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! Then I would fly away, and be at rest. ⁷Behold, then I would wander far off. I would lodge in the wilderness." Selah. ⁸"I would hurry to a shelter from the stormy wind and storm." ⁹Confuse them, Lord, and confound their language, for I have seen violence and strife in the city. ¹⁰Day and night they prowl around on its walls. Malice and abuse are also within her. ¹¹Destructive forces are within her. Threats and lies don't depart from her streets. ¹²For it was not an enemy who insulted me, then I could have endured it. Neither was it he who hated me who raised himself up against me, then I would have hidden myself from him. ¹³But it was you, a man like me, my companion, and my familiar friend. ¹⁴We took sweet fellowship together. We walked in God's house with company. ¹⁵Let death come suddenly on them. Let them go down alive into Sheol. For wickedness is among them, in their dwelling. ¹⁶As for me, I will call on God. The LORD will save me. ¹⁷Evening, morning, and at noon, I will cry out in distress. He will hear my voice. ¹⁸He has redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me, although there are many who oppose me. ¹⁹God, who is enthroned forever, will hear and answer them. Selah. They never change and don't fear God. ²⁰He raises his hands against his friends. He has violated his covenant. ²¹His mouth was smooth as butter, but his heart was war. His words were softer than oil, yet they were drawn swords. ²²Cast your burden on the LORD and he will sustain you. He will never allow the righteous to be moved. ²³But you, God, will bring them down into the pit of destruction. Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days, but I will trust in you.

Psalm 56

¹For the Chief Musician. To the tune of "Silent Dove in Distant Lands." A poem by David, when the Philistines seized him in Gath. Be merciful to me, God, for man wants to swallow me up. All day long, he attacks and oppresses me. ²My enemies want to swallow me up all day long, for they are many who fight proudly against me. ³When I am afraid, I will put my trust in you. ⁴In God, I praise his word. In God, I put my trust. I will not be afraid. What can flesh do to me? ⁵All day long they twist my words. All their thoughts are against me for evil. ⁶They conspire and lurk, watching my steps. They are eager to take my life. ⁷Shall they escape by iniquity? In anger cast down the peoples, God. ⁸You count my wanderings. You put my tears into your container. Aren't they in your book? ⁹Then my enemies shall turn back in the day that I call. I know this: that God is for me. ¹⁰In God, I will praise his word. In the LORD, I will praise his word. ¹¹I have put my trust in God. I will not be afraid. What can man do to me? ¹²Your vows are on me, God. I will give thank offerings to you. ¹³For you have delivered my soul from death, and prevented my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living.

Psalm 57

¹For the Chief Musician. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” A poem by David, when he fled from Saul, in the cave. Be merciful to me, God, be merciful to me, for my soul takes refuge in you. Yes, in the shadow of your wings, I will take refuge, until disaster has passed. ²I cry out to God Most High, to God who accomplishes my requests for me. ³He will send from heaven, and save me, he rebukes the one who is pursuing me. Selah. God will send out his loving kindness and his truth. ⁴My soul is among lions. I lie among those who are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. ⁵Be exalted, God, above the heavens! Let your glory be above all the earth! ⁶They have prepared a net for my steps. My soul is bowed down. They dig a pit before me. They fall into the middle of it themselves. Selah. ⁷My heart is steadfast, God. My heart is steadfast. I will sing, yes, I will sing praises. ⁸Wake up, my glory! Wake up, lute and harp! I will wake up the dawn. ⁹I will give thanks to you, Lord, among the peoples. I will sing praises to you among the nations. ¹⁰For your great loving kindness reaches to the heavens, and your truth to the skies. ¹¹Be exalted, God, above the heavens. Let your glory be over all the earth.

Psalm 58

¹For the Chief Musician. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” A poem by David. Do you indeed speak righteousness, silent ones? Do you judge blamelessly, you sons of men? ²No, in your heart you plot injustice. You measure out the violence of your hands in the earth. ³The wicked go astray from the womb. They are wayward as soon as they are born, speaking lies. ⁴Their poison is like the poison of a snake, like a deaf cobra that stops its ear, ⁵which doesn’t listen to the voice of charmers, no matter how skillful the charmer may be. ⁶Break their teeth, God, in their mouth. Break out the great teeth of the young lions, LORD. ⁷Let them vanish like water that flows away. When they draw the bow, let their arrows be made blunt. ⁸Let them be like a snail which melts and passes away, like the stillborn child, who has not seen the sun. ⁹Before your pots can feel the heat of the thorns, he will sweep away the green and the burning alike. ¹⁰The righteous shall rejoice when he sees the vengeance. He shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked, ¹¹so that men shall say, “Most certainly there is a reward for the righteous. Most certainly there is a God who judges the earth.”

Psalm 59

¹For the Chief Musician. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” A poem by David, when Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him. Deliver me from my enemies, my God. Set me on high from those who rise up against me. ²Deliver me from the workers of iniquity. Save me from the bloodthirsty men. ³For, behold, they lie in wait for my soul. The mighty gather themselves together against me, not for my disobedience, nor for my sin, LORD. ⁴I have done no wrong, yet they are ready to attack me. Rise up, behold, and help me! ⁵You, LORD God of Armies, the God of Israel, rouse yourself to punish the nations. Show no mercy to the wicked traitors. Selah. ⁶They return at evening, howling like dogs, and prowl around the city. ⁷Behold, they spew with their mouth. Swords are in their lips, “For”, they say, “who hears us?” ⁸But you, LORD, laugh at them. You scoff at all the nations. ⁹Oh, my Strength, I watch for you, for God is my high tower. ¹⁰My God will go before me with his loving kindness. God will let me look at my enemies in triumph. ¹¹Don’t kill them, or my people may forget. Scatter them by your power, and bring them down, Lord our shield. ¹²For the sin of their mouth, and the words of their lips, let them be caught in their pride, for the curses and lies which they utter. ¹³Consume them in wrath. Consume them, and they will be no more. Let them know that God rules in Jacob, to the ends of the earth. Selah. ¹⁴At evening let them return. Let them howl like a dog, and go around the city. ¹⁵They shall wander up and down for food, and wait all night if they aren’t satisfied. ¹⁶But I will sing of your strength. Yes, I will sing aloud of your loving kindness in the morning. For you have been my high tower, a refuge in the day of my distress. ¹⁷To you, my strength, I will sing praises. For God is my

high tower, the God of my mercy.