Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint; preserve my life from fear of the enemy.

Hide me from the conspiracy of the wicked, from the gathering of evildoers.

They sharpen their tongue like a sword and aim their bitter words like arrows;

That they may shoot at the blameless from hiding places; suddenly they shoot, and are not seen.

They hold fast to their evil course; they talk of laying snares, saying, Who will see us?

They search out wickedness and lay a cunning trap, for deep are the inward thoughts of the heart.

But God will shoot at them with his swift arrow, and suddenly they shall be wounded.

Their own tongues shall make them fall, and all who see them shall wag their heads in scorn.

All peoples shall fear and tell what God has done, and they will ponder all his works.

The righteous shall rejoice in the Lord and put their trust in him, and all that are true of heart shall exult.