

Lord, you have searched me

PSALM 139, *translated by* ADAM F MCCUNE

Lord, you have searched me, you have known
Both when I sit and when I rise,
My path, my bed, and from your throne
My thoughts are open to your eyes.

You are acquainted with my way
Of steps and deeds since I was young,
And wholly know the word I'll say
Before the word is on my tongue.

You have surrounded me, I see,
And on me you have laid your hand.
Your knowledge is too high for me,
For only you can understand.

Where shall I flee your presence—where?
To leave your Spirit—where to go?
If up to heaven, you are there,
And also in the grave below.

If I fly on the wings of dawn
From east to west across the sea,
Your hand is there to lead me on;
Your hand will keep its hold on me.

If night should come, and if I say
That I can see the darkness fall,
To you the night is like the day,
And darkness is not dark at all.

You made me, Lord, where no one saw,
In depths as dark as any tomb.
Your fearsome wonders wake my awe:
You wove me in my mother's womb.

Before you formed me, you could look;
Though not one day had come to be,
They all were written in your book:
The days you had prepared for me.

How precious are your thoughts, O Lord!
How numerous a sum they make,
More than the grains of sand outpoured!
I'm with you still when I awake.

Against you wicked men rebel;
These men of blood defy you, Lord!
I count your foes my foes as well—
When will you slay them with your sword?

Oh, search my heart, O Lord, and know:
Is it in me to go astray
On wicked ways that lead to woe?
Lead me in your eternal way!