

PSALM 59 vs 1

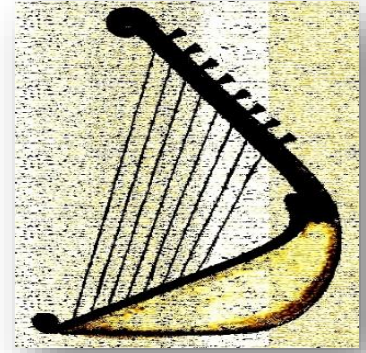
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Title: For the Chief musician – this is the third **Do not Destroy** Psalm... strange that the painful events in the life of David should end in enriching the repertoire of national music; had he never been cruelly hunted by Saul; Israel and the church would have missed this song.

There are four **Do not Destroy** psalms, namely 57th, 58th, 59th, and 75th. In all of them there is a distinct declaration of the destruction of the wrong and the preservation of the right. **Mercy= not receiving what we deserve.**

Divisions: He prays (1-2); he complains of his woes, and prays again (3-5); he renews his complaint and declares his confidence in God (6-10); and he lifts up his heart in prayer (11-13) and singing (14-17) -- Charles Spurgeon.



For the Chief musician, Set to Do not Destroy,

A Michtam of David, when Saul sent men,

and they watched the house in order to kill him.

¹ O my God, who delivers me from my enemies: from those who rise up against me, defend me.

² Deliver me from criminals, and save me from bloodthirsty men.

Think about it: They were all around the house, with the warrant of authority, and a force equal to carrying it out. He was to be taken dead or alive, well or ill, and carried to the slaughter. No expertise could help him break through the barricade of armed men, nor could any eloquence stay the hand of his bloody persecutor; he was not king. So he learned to call on his God, who would defend him.

³ For, look, they lie in wait for my soul: the mighty gather against me; not for my stepping over the line, nor for my sin, O LORD.

⁴ For no guilt of mine, they run and prepare themselves: Stir Yourself ! Help me and see.

⁵ So, You, O Lord God of hosts, the God of Israel, Awake! Visit all the nations: have no mercy for their crimes.

Selah, pause and think about it: They are all alive and active, they are swift to shed blood. They prepare and use their best tactics; they besiege me in my house, and lay their ambush as for some notable enemy. They come up fully armed to the attack, and assail me with all the vigor and skill of a host about to storm a castle, and all for no cause, but out of malice.

⁶ They return at evening: they howl like a dog, and all roam around the city.

⁷ Indeed, barking with their mouth: sharp words are on their lips: for they say, who hears?

8 But You, O LORD, laugh at them; You have all the nations in derision.

9 Because You are my strength, I watch for You: for God is my defense.

10 My God in His mercy comes to me: God will let me look in triumph on my enemies.

Think about it: Like wild beasts that roam at night, they come forth to do no good. If foiled in the light, they seek the more genial darkness in which to accomplish their plans. The noisy creatures call attention to themselves. Their malicious speech gushes from them; they are verbose in slander; their vocabulary of abuse is as detestable as it is abundant. They need no prompters; their feelings cause them to vent; their words pierce like daggers. They are free from all restraint, they fear no God in heaven, and the government on earth is with them. When men have none to call them to account, there is no accounting for what they will do. But he speaks to God as to one who is close at hand. They are laughing at me and longing for my destruction, but You will have the last laugh. The greatest, cleverest and most malicious of enemies, are mere objects of ridicule to the Lord.

11 Do not slay them, lest my people forget: scatter them by Your power; and bring them down, O LORD our shield;

12 for the sin of their mouth and the sharp words they speak, for all their curses and lies catch them in their pride:

13 Utterly destroy them in wrath, that they are no more: that all may know: God rules in Jacob to the ends of the earth.

Selah, pause and think about it: David was surrounded by his enemies, yet he is sure of their overthrow, and so confident in his mind that he asks God: that they not be too soon or too fully exterminated. God's victory over the crafty and their cruelty is so easy that it seems a pity to end the conflict too soon. To sweep away the plotters all at once would end the great drama of retribution too abruptly. No, let the righteous be buffeted a little longer, and let the boasting oppressor puff and brag through his little hour.

14 When they return at evening, let them howl like a dog, and go around all the city.

15 Let them wander for food, and bark if they are not satisfied.

16 But I will sing of Your power; Yes, I will sing aloud in the morning of Your mercy: for You are my defense and refuge in the day of trouble.

17 O my Strength, to You I sing: for God is my Fortress, and the God of my mercy.

Think about it: The songster defies his foes and revels in the thought of their futile search, their rage, their disappointment, their wasted energy. He laughs to think that all the city now knows how they were deceived. The wicked howl, but I sing and will sing; their power is weakness, but Yours is omnipotent.

JESUS it is YOU