

Psalm 139

Lord you read my very heart
You who know the least thing
You who see me from afar
 Sleeping or arising
Lord before me and behind
 Infinite and ageless
Such a knowledge is to high
 I cannot attain it

In the secret of the womb
I was formed and molded
By your skillful hand alone
 Wonderfully woven
You have numbered all my days
Long before you gave them
In the pages of your book
They have all been written

 If to heaven I would fly
You would be beside me
 If in Sheol I would lie
Even there you'd find me
If I fled on morning wings
 Far beyond the gray sea
Even there your hand would lead
Your right hand would guide me

High and wondrous are your thoughts
 Vast beyond all telling
If I count them they grow more
 I can never grasp them
Search me God and know my heart
 Let evil never find me
Lead me on your righteous path
 Sure and everlasting