

## Psalm 139

LORD, You have probed me, You know me: You know when I sit and stand;

You understand my thoughts from afar.

You sift through my travels and my rest; with all my ways you are familiar.

Even before a word is on my tongue, LORD, you know it all.

Behind and before you encircle me and rest Your hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, far too lofty for me to reach.

Where can I go from Your spirit? From Your presence, where can I flee?

If I ascend to the Heavens, You are there; if I lie down in Sheol, there you are.

If I take the wings of dawn and dwell beyond the sea,

Even there Your hand guides me, Your right hand holds me fast.

You formed my inmost being; You knit me in my mother's womb.

I praise You, because I am wonderfully made; wonderful are Your works!

My very self You know. My bones are not hidden from You.

When I was being made in secret, fashioned in the depths of the earth.

Your eyes saw me unformed; in your book all are written down.

My days were shaped, before one came to be.

How precious to me are Your designs, O God; how vast the sum of them!

Were I to count them, they would outnumber the sands;

when I complete them, still You are with me.

Probe me, God, know my heart; try me, know my thoughts.

See if there is a wicked path in me; lead me along an ancient path.