

Fernando Ortega, Psalm 139

Lord you're near me every hour
You would know the least thing
You who see me from afar
Sleeping or arising

Lord before me and behind
Infinite and ageless
Such a number is too high
I cannot attain it

If to heaven I will fly
You will be beside me
If in Sheol I will lie
Even there you'll find me

If I fled on morning wings
Far beyond the great sea
Even there your hand will lead
For I Am will guide me

In the secret of the womb
I was formed and molded
I was skillfull and adorned
wonderfully worthed

You have numbered all my days
Long before you gave them
In the pages of the book
They have all been gifted

High and wondrous are your thoughts
Fast beyond our 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 rigtheous path
Sure and everlasting.