

¹Michtam of David. Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust. ²O my soul , thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee; ³But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight. ⁴Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god : their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips. ⁵The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot. ⁶The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage. ⁷I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons. ⁸I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. ⁹Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. ¹⁰For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. ¹¹Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.