

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. Hold not thy peace, O God of my praise;²For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue.³They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause.⁴For my love they are my adversaries: but I give myself unto prayer.⁵And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love.⁶Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand.⁷When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin.⁸Let his days be few; and let another take his office.⁹Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.¹⁰Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg: let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.¹¹Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labour.¹²Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.¹³Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.¹⁴Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the LORD; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.¹⁵Let them be before the LORD continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.¹⁶Because that he remembered not to shew mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.¹⁷As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as he delighted not in blessing,

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so let it be far from him.¹⁸ As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones.¹⁹ Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually.²⁰ Let this be the reward of mine adversaries from the LORD, and of them that speak evil against my soul.²¹ But do thou for me, O GOD the Lord, for thy name's sake: because thy mercy is good, deliver thou me.²² For I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me.²³ I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locust.²⁴ My knees are weak through fasting; and my flesh faileth of fatness.²⁵ I became also a reproach unto them: when they looked upon me they shook their heads.²⁶ Help me, O LORD my God: O save me according to thy mercy.²⁷ That they may know that this is thy hand; that thou, LORD, hast done it.²⁸ Let them curse, but bless thou: when they arise, let them be ashamed; but let thy servant rejoice.²⁹ Let mine adversaries be clothed with shame, and let them cover themselves with their own confusion, as with a mantle.³⁰ I will greatly praise the LORD with my mouth; yea, I will praise him among the multitude.³¹ For he shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul.

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