

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. I waited patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.²He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.³And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it , and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.⁴Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.⁵Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them , they are more than can be numbered.⁶Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.⁷Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me,⁸I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.⁹I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.¹⁰I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.¹¹Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.¹²For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of

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mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.¹³ Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.¹⁴ Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.¹⁵ Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.¹⁶ Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.¹⁷ But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

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