

¹To the chief Musician upon Mahalath, Maschil, A Psalm of David. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity: there is none that doeth good.²God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God.³Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.⁴Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread: they have not called upon God.⁵There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encampeth against thee: thou hast put them to shame, because God hath despised them.⁶Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

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