

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.
Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer:
preserve my life from fear of the
enemy.² Hide me from the secret counsel of
the wicked; from the insurrection of the
workers of iniquity:³ Who whet their tongue
like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot
their arrows, even bitter words:⁴ That they
may shoot in secret at the perfect:
suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear
not.⁵ They encourage themselves in an evil
matter: they commune of laying snares
privily; they say, Who shall see them?⁶ They
search out iniquities; they accomplish a
diligent search: both the inward thought of
every one of them , and the heart, is
deep.⁷ But God shall shoot at them with an
arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.⁸ So
they shall make their own tongue to fall
upon themselves: all that see them shall
flee away.⁹ And all men shall fear, and shall
declare the work of God; for they shall
wisely consider of his doing.¹⁰ The
righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and
shall trust in him; and all the upright in
heart shall glory.