

Psalms 62

¹To the chief Musician, to Jeduthun, A Psalm of David. Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.²He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.³How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.⁴They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly. Selah.⁵My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.⁶He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.⁷In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.⁸Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us. Selah.⁹Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.¹⁰Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them .¹¹God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.¹²Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.