

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