

<sup>1</sup>A Song or Psalm for the sons of Korah, to the chief Musician upon Mahalath Leannoth, Maschil of Heman the Ezrahite. O LORD God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee:<sup>2</sup>Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry;<sup>3</sup>For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.<sup>4</sup>I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man that hath no strength:<sup>5</sup>Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: and they are cut off from thy hand.<sup>6</sup>Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps.<sup>7</sup>Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. Selah.<sup>8</sup>Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination unto them: I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.<sup>9</sup>Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: LORD, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee.<sup>10</sup>Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? Selah.<sup>11</sup>Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?<sup>12</sup>Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?<sup>13</sup>But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.<sup>14</sup>LORD, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?<sup>15</sup>I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up: while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.<sup>16</sup>Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off.<sup>17</sup>They came round about me daily like

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