

<sup>1</sup>To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me. <sup>2</sup>Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. <sup>3</sup>Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. <sup>4</sup>For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O LORD, thou knowest it altogether. <sup>5</sup>Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. <sup>6</sup>Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. <sup>7</sup>Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? <sup>8</sup>If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. <sup>9</sup>If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; <sup>10</sup>Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. <sup>11</sup>If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. <sup>12</sup>Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. <sup>13</sup>For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered

me in my mother's womb. <sup>14</sup>I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. <sup>15</sup>My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. <sup>16</sup>Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. <sup>17</sup>How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! <sup>18</sup>If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee. <sup>19</sup>Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men. <sup>20</sup>For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain. <sup>21</sup>Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? <sup>22</sup>I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies. <sup>23</sup>Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts. <sup>24</sup>And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.