

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.