

Psalm 31

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

¹ **I**N thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

² Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

³ For thou *art* my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

⁴ Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou *art* my strength.

⁵ Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

⁶ I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the LORD.

⁷ I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;

⁸ And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.

⁹ Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed with grief, *yea*, my soul and my belly.

¹⁰ For my life is spent with grief, and my years with

sighing: my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.

¹¹ I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

¹² I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

¹³ For I have heard the slander of many: fear *was* on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

¹⁴ But I trusted in thee, O LORD: I said, Thou *art* my God.

¹⁵ My times *are* in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

¹⁶ Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

¹⁷ Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, *and* let them be silent in the grave.

¹⁸ Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

¹⁹ *Oh* how great *is* thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; *which* thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

²⁰ Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion

from the strife of tongues.

²¹ Blessed *be* the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

²² For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

²³ O love the LORD, all ye his saints: *for* the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

²⁴ Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the LORD.