

Psalm 39

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To the chief Musician, *even* to Jeduthun, A Psalm of David.

¹ I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

² I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, *even* from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

³ My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: *then* spake I with my tongue,

⁴ LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it *is*; *that* I may know how frail I *am*.

⁵ Behold, thou hast made my days *as* an handbreadth; and mine age *is* as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state *is* altogether vanity. Selah.

⁶ Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up *riches*, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

⁷ And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope *is* in thee.

⁸ Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

⁹ I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst *it*.

¹⁰ Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the

blow of thine hand.

¹¹ When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,
thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth:
surely every man *is* vanity. Selah.

¹² Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold
not thy peace at my tears: for I *am* a stranger with thee, *and*
a sojourner, as all my fathers *were*.

¹³ O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go
hence, and be no more.