

Psalm 40

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

¹ I waited patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

² He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, *and* established my goings.

³ And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

⁴ Blessed *is* that man that maketh the LORD his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

⁵ Many, O LORD my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

⁶ Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

⁷ Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

⁸ I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law *is* within my heart.

⁹ I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O LORD, thou knowest.

¹⁰ I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

¹¹ Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

¹² For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

¹³ Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me: O LORD, make haste to help me.

¹⁴ Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

¹⁵ Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

¹⁶ Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

¹⁷ But I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me: thou *art* my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.