

Psalm 62

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

¹ **T**RULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him *cometh* my salvation.

² He only *is* my rock and my salvation; *he is* my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

³ How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall *shall ye be, and as* a tottering fence.

⁴ They only consult to cast *him* down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly. Selah.

⁵ My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation *is* from him.

⁶ He only *is* my rock and my salvation: *he is* my defence; I shall not be moved.

⁷ In God *is* my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, *and* my refuge, *is* in God.

⁸ Trust in him at all times; *ye* people, pour out your heart before him: God *is* a refuge for us. Selah.

⁹ Surely men of low degree *are* vanity, *and* men of high degree *are* a lie: to be laid in the balance, they *are*

altogether *lighter* than vanity.

¹⁰ Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:
if riches increase, set not your heart *upon them*.

¹¹ God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that
power *belongeth* unto God.

¹² Also unto thee, O Lord, *belongeth* mercy: for thou
renderest to every man according to his work.