

Psalm 109

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

¹ **H**OLD not thy peace, O God of my praise;

² For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue.

³ They compassed me about also with words of hatred; and fought against me without a cause.

⁴ For my love they are my adversaries: but I *give myself unto* prayer.

⁵ And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for my love.

⁶ Set thou a wicked man over him: and let Satan stand at his right hand.

⁷ When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin.

⁸ Let his days be few; *and* let another take his office.

⁹ Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow.

¹⁰ Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg: let them seek *their bread* also out of their desolate places.

¹¹ Let the extortioner catch all that he hath; and let the strangers spoil his labour.

¹² Let there be none to extend mercy unto him: neither let there be any to favour his fatherless children.

¹³ Let his posterity be cut off; *and* in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

¹⁴ Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the LORD; and let not the sin of his mother be blotted out.

¹⁵ Let them be before the LORD continually, that he may cut off the memory of them from the earth.

¹⁶ Because that he remembered not to shew mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.

¹⁷ As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him.

¹⁸ As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones.

¹⁹ Let it be unto him as the garment *which* covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually.

²⁰ *Let this be* the reward of mine adversaries from the LORD, and of them that speak evil against my soul.

²¹ But do thou for me, O GOD the Lord, for thy name's sake: because thy mercy *is* good, deliver thou me.

²² For I *am* poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me.

²³ I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed

up and down as the locust.

²⁴ My knees are weak through fasting; and my flesh faileth of fatness.

²⁵ I became also a reproach unto them: *when* they looked upon me they shaked their heads.

²⁶ Help me, O LORD my God: O save me according to thy mercy:

²⁷ That they may know that this *is* thy hand; *that* thou, LORD, hast done it.

²⁸ Let them curse, but bless thou: when they arise, let them be ashamed; but let thy servant rejoice.

²⁹ Let mine adversaries be clothed with shame, and let them cover themselves with their own confusion, as with a mantle.

³⁰ I will greatly praise the LORD with my mouth; yea, I will praise him among the multitude.

³¹ For he shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save *him* from those that condemn his soul.