

Psalms 142

#Psalm

142 a]A maskil b] of David. When he was in the cave. A prayer.

1 I cry aloud to the Lord; I lift up my voice to the Lord for mercy.

2 I pour out before him my complaint; before him I tell my trouble.

3 When my spirit grows faint within me, it is you who watch over my way. In the path where I walk people have hidden a snare for me.

4 Look and see, there is no one at my right hand; no one is concerned for me. I have no refuge; no one cares for my life.

5 I cry to you, Lord; I say, "You are my refuge, my portion in the land of the living."

6 Listen to my cry, for I am in desperate need; rescue me from those who pursue me, for they are too strong for me.

7 Set me free from my prison, that I may praise your name. Then the righteous will gather about me because of your goodness to me.