



PSALM 17

Hear the | right, O | Lord,
 At- | tend un- | to my | cry,
 Give ear un- | to my | pray'r,
 That | comes not | from feign'd | lips.

² Let my sentence come forth | from thy | presence;
 Let thine eyes behold the | *things* | that are | equal.
 Thou hast | prov'd mine | heart;
 Thou hast | visited · me | in the | night;

³ Thou hast tried me, and | shall find | nothing;
 I am purposed that my | mouth shall | not trans- | gress.

⁴ Concerning the | works of | men,
 By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the | paths of | the des- | troyer.

⁵ Hold up my goings | in thy | paths,
 That my | footsteps | *slip* | not.

⁶ I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear | me, O | God:
 Incline thine ear unto | me, and | hear my | speech.

⁷ Show thy marvelous | loving- | kindness,
 O thou that | saves by | thy right | hand
 Them which put their | trust in | thee
 From those that | rise · up a- | *gainst* | them.

⁸ Keep me as the apple | of thine | eye,
 Hide me under the | shadow | of thy | wings,
⁹ From the wicked | that op- | press me,
 From my deadly enemies, who | compass | me a- | bout.

¹⁰ They are enclosed in their | own fat | hearts:
 With their | mouth they | *speak* | proudly.

¹¹ They have now compassed us | in our | steps:
 They have set their eyes | crouched down | to the | earth;