PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 40

1 For the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David. I waited patiently for Jehovah; And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; And he 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 Jehovah.

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

5 Many, O Jehovah my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done, And thy thoughts which are to us-ward; They cannot be set in order unto thee; If I would declare and speak of them, They are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in; Mine ears hast thou opened: Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I am come; In the roll 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 proclaimed glad tidings of righteousness in the great assembly; Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Jehovah, 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 assembly.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Jehovah; Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about; Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up; They are more than the hairs of my head; And my heart hath failed me.

13 Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me: Make haste to help me, O Jehovah.

14 Let them be put to shame and confounded together That seek after my soul to destroy it: Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonor That delight in my hurt.

15 Let them be desolate by reason 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, Jehovah 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.

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