



Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.  
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord,  
Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;  
But to the saints that are in the earth,  
and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.  
Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten  
after another god: their drink offerings of blood  
will I not offer, nor take up their names  
into my lips. The Lord is the portion of mine  
inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.  
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea,  
I have a goodly heritage. I will bless the Lord,  
who hath given me counsel: my reins also  
instruct me in the night seasons. I have set the Lord  
always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall  
not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:  
my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my  
soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.  
Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;  
at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psalm 16