

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not
with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle,
while the wicked is before me. I was dumb
with silence, I held my peace, even from good;
and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot
within me, while I was musing
the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue,
Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure
of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail
I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an
handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee:
verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.
Selah.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely
they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches,
and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now,
Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions:
make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth;
because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed
by the blow of thine hand. When thou with rebukes
dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest
his beauty to consume away like a moth:
surely every man is vanity.
Selah.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry;
hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger
with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.
O spare me, that I may recover strength,
before I go hence, and be no more.