O Lord, I call to you; come to me quickly;

hear my voice when I cry to you.

Let my prayer rise before you as incense,

the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Set a watch before my mouth, O Lord,

and guard the door of my lips;

Let not my heart incline to any evil thing;

let me not be occupied in wickedness with evildoers,

nor taste the pleasures of their table.

Let the righteous smite me in friendly rebuke;

but let not the oil of the unrighteous anoint my head;

for my prayer is continually against their wicked deeds.

Let their rulers be overthrown in stony places;

then they may know that my words are sweet.

As when a plough turns over the earth in furrows,

let their bones be scattered at the mouth of the Pit.

But my eyes are turned to you, Lord God;

in you I take refuge; do not leave me defenceless.

Protect me from the snare which they have laid for me;

and from the traps of the evildoers.

Let the wicked fall into their own nets.
while I pass by in safety.

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