

Tract. 2.
D E-li-ver me, * O Lord,
from the e-vil man: and pre-serve me
from the wic- ked man. Ψ . Who ima-
gine mischief in their heart: and stir
up strife all the day long. Ψ .
They have shar- pe-ned their tongues like a
serpent: adder's poi- son is under
their lips. Ψ . De-li-ver me, O Lord,
from the hand of the un-godly: and pre-serve
me from the wic- ked men. Ψ . Who are pur-
po-sed to o- verthrow my go-
ings: the proud have laid a snare for me.
 Ψ . And spread a net
abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in my
way. Ψ . I said unto the Lord, Thou art my
God: hear the voice of my pray'rs, O Lord. Ψ .
O Lord God, thou strength of my salva- tion:
thou hast cove-red my head in the day of
bat-tle. Ψ . Let not
the ungod- ly have his de-sire:
let not his mischievous ima-gi-nation pros- per, lest
they exalt themselves. Ψ . Let the mischief
of their own lips fall upon the head of
them that compass me a-bout. Ψ . The righteous al-
so shall give thanks unto thy Name: and
the just shall conti- nue * in thy pre-
sence.