

but thou hast pierced ears for me. Burnt offering and sin offering thou didst not require:

8 Then said I, Behold I come. In the head of the book it is written of me

9 That I should do thy will: O my God, I have desired it, and thy law in the midst of my heart.

10 I have declared thy justice in a great church, lo, I will not restrain my lips: O Lord, thou knowest it.

11 I have not hid thy justice within my heart: I have declared thy truth and thy salvation. I have not concealed thy mercy and thy truth from a great council.

12 Withhold not thou, O Lord, thy tender mercies from me: thy mercy and thy truth have always upheld me.

13 For evils without number have surrounded me; my iniquities have overtaken me, and I was not able to see. They are multiplied above the hairs of my head: and my heart hath forsaken me.

14 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me. look down, O Lord, to help me.

15 Let them be confounded and ashamed together, that seek after my soul to take it away. Let them be turned backward and be ashamed that desire evils to me.

16 Let them immediately bear their confusion, that say to me: 'T is well, t' is well.

17 Let all that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvation say always: The Lord be magnified.

18 But I am a beggar and poor: the Lord is careful for me. Thou art my helper and my protector: O my God, be not slack.

Chapter 40

Unto the end, a psalm for David himself.

2 Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the evil day.

3 The Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon the earth: and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies.

4 The Lord help him on his bed of sorrow: thou hast turned all his couch in his sickness.

5 I said: O Lord, be thou merciful to me: heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.

6 My enemies have spoken evils against me: when shall he die and his name perish?

7 And if he came in to see me, he spoke vain things: his heart gathered together iniquity to itself. He went out and spoke to the same purpose.

8 All my enemies whispered together against me: they devised evils to me.

9 They determined against me an unjust word: shall he that sleepeth rise again no more?

10 For even the man of my peace, in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, hath greatly supplanted me.

11 But thou, O Lord, have mercy on me, and raise me up again: and I will requite them.

12 By this I know, that thou hast had a good will for me: because my enemy shall not rejoice over me.

13 But thou hast upheld me by reason of my innocence: and hast established me in thy sight for ever.

14 Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel from eternity to eternity. So be it. So be it.

Chapter 41

Unto the end, understanding for the sons of Core.

2 As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after thee, O God.

3 My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God?

4 My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God?

5 These things I remembered, and poured out my soul in me: for I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God: With the voice of joy and praise; the noise of one feasting.

6 Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou trouble me? Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance,

7 And my God. My soul is troubled within my self: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and Hermoniim, from the little hill.

8 Deep calleth on deep, at the noise of thy flood-gates. All thy heights and thy billows have passed over me.

9 In the daytime the Lord hath commanded his mercy; and a canticle to him in the night. With me is prayer to the God of my life.

10 I will say to God: Thou art my support. Why hast thou forgotten me? and why go I mourning, whilst my enemy afflicteth me?

11 Whilst my bones are broken, my enemies who trouble me have reproached me; Whilst they say to me day by day: Where is thy God?

12 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? Hope thou in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

Chapter 42

A psalm for David. Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy: deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.

2 For thou art God my strength: why hast thou cast me off? and why do I go sorrowful whilst the enemy afflicteth me?

3 Sent forth thy light and thy truth: they have conducted me, and brought me unto thy holy hill, and into thy tabernacles.

4 And I will go in to the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth.

5 To thee, O God my God, I will give praise upon the harp: why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me?

6 Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

Chapter 43

Unto the end, for the sons of Core, to give understanding.

2 We have heard, O God, with our ears: our fathers have declared to us, The work thou hast wrought in their days, and in the days of old.

3 Thy hand destroyed the Gentiles, and thou plantedst them: thou didst afflict the people and cast them out.

4 For they got not the possession of the land by their own sword: neither did their own arm save them. But thy right hand and thy arm, and the light of thy countenance: because thou wast pleased with them.

5 Thou art thyself my king and my God, who commandest the saving of Jacob.

6 Through thee we will push down our enemies

with the horn: and through thy name we will despise them that rise up against us.

7 For I will not trust in my bow: neither shall my sword save me.

8 But thou hast saved us from them that afflict us: and hast put them to shame that hate us.

9 In God shall we glory all the day long: and in thy name we will give praise for ever.

10 But now thou hast cast us off, and put us to shame: and thou, O God, wilt not go out with our armies.

11 Thou hast made us turn our back to our enemies: and they that hated us plundered for themselves.

12 Thou hast given us up like sheep to be eaten: thou hast scattered us among the nations.

13 Thou hast sold thy people for no price: and there was no reckoning in the exchange of them.

14 Thou hast made us a reproach to our neighbours, a scoff and derision to them that are round about us.

15 Thou hast made us a byword among the Gentiles: a shaking of the head among the people.

16 All the day long my shame is before me: and the confusion of my face hath covered me,

17 At the voice of him that reproacheth and detracteth me: at the face of the enemy and persecutor.

18 All these things have come upon us, yet we have not forgotten thee: and we have not done wickedly in thy covenant.

19 And our heart hath not turned back: neither hast thou turned aside our steps from thy way.

20 For thou hast humbled us in the place of affliction: and the shadow of death hath covered us.

21 If we have forgotten the name of our God, and if we have spread forth our hands to a

strange god:

22 Shall not God search out these things: for he knoweth the secrets of the heart. Because for thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.

23 Arise, why sleepest thou, O Lord? arise, and cast us not off to the end.

24 Why turnest thou thy face away? and forgettest our want and our trouble?

25 For our soul is humbled down to the dust: our belly cleaveth to the earth.

26 Arise, O Lord, help us and redeem us for thy name's sake.

Chapter 44

Unto the end, for them that shall be changed, for the sons of Core, for understanding. A canticle for the Beloved.

2 My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak my works to the king: My tongue is the pen of a scrivener that writeth swiftly.

3 Thou art beautiful above the sons of men: grace is poured abroad in thy lips; therefore hath God blessed thee for ever.

4 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty.

5 With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously, and reign. Because of truth and meekness and justice: and thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully.

6 Thy arrows are sharp: under thee shall people fall, into the hearts of the king's enemies.

7 Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a sceptre of uprightness.

8 Thou hast loved justice, and hated iniquity: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.