

TUESDAY  
OFFICE OF READINGS

225

alt. The Lord is just; he will  
defend the poor.

PSALM 101

Why, O Lord, do you stánd *afar óff*,  
and hide yourself in *tímes of distréss*?

The poor are devoured by the *príde* of *the wicked*;  
they are caught in the schemes that *óthers have máde*.

For the wicked boasts of his *sóul's desíres*;  
the covetous blasphemés and spurns *the Lórd*.

In his pride, the wicked *dóes not séek* him;  
all his thoughts are, "There *ís no Gód*."

His path is ever *untroubled*; †  
your judgments are on high, *fár remóved*.  
All those who oppóse him, he *derídes*.

In his heart he thinks, "Néver shall *I fálder*;  
never shall misfórtune be *my lót*."

His mouth is full of cursing, *guíle, oppréssion*;  
under his tongue are *decéit and évil*.

He sits in ambush in the *villages*; †  
in hidden places, he *múrders the ínnocent*.  
The eyes of the wicked keep *wáitch for the hélpless*.

He lurks in hiding like a lion in his *lair*; †  
he lurks in hiding to *séize the póor*;  
he seizes the poor one and *dráws him to his snáre*.

He crouches, *prepáring to spríng*,  
and the helpless fall *préy to his stréngth*.

He says in his heart, "Gód *forgéts*,  
he hides his face, *néver will he sée*."