

THE FIRST DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 1. *Beatus vir qui non abiit.*

BLESSED is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly †
nor stood in the wáy of sínners, *
and hath not sat in the séat of the scórñful.

2 But his delight is in the lág of the LÓRD; *
and in his law will he exercise himself dáy and níght.

3 And he shall be like a tree plánted by the wáterside, *
that will bring forth his frúit in due séason.

4 His leaf also sháll not wíther; *
and look, whatsoever he doeth, ít shall prósper.

5 As for the ungodly, it is nót so with thém; *
but they are like the chaff,/ which the wind scattereth away from the fáce of the éarth.

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not be able to stánd in the júdgment, *
neither the sinners in the congregátion of the ríghteous.

7 But the LÓRD knoweth the wáy of the ríghteous; *
and the way of the ungódly shall pérish.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 2. *Quare fremuerunt gentes?*

WHY do the heathen so furiously ráge togéther? *
and why do the people imagine a váin thíng?

2 The kings of the earth stand up, †
and the rulers take cóunsel togéther *
against the LÓRD, and agáinst his Anóinted:

3 Let us break their bónds asúnder, *
and cast away their córds from ús.

4 He that dwelleth in heaven shall láugh them to scórñ: *
the LÓRD shall háve them in derísion.

5 Then shall he speak unto thém in his wráth, *
and vex them in his sóre displéasure:

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy híll of Sión.*
I will rehéarse the décree;

7 The LÓRD hath sáid unto mé,*
Thou art my Son, this day háve I begóttten thee.

- 8 Desire of me,†
and I shall give thee the nations for thíne inhéritance, *
and the utmost parts of the earth for thy posséssion.
- 9 Thou shalt bruise them with a ród of íron, *
and break them in pieces like a pótter's véssel.
- 10 Be wise now therefore, Ó ye kíngs; *
be instructed, ye that are júdges of the éarth.
- 11 Serve the LÓRD in féar, *
and rejoice unto him with réverence.
- 12 Kiss the Son, lést he be ángry,*
and so ye perish from the ríght wáy
- 13 If his wrath be kindled, yéa but a líttle. *
Blessed are all they that put their trúst in him.
- 14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 3. *Domine, quid multiplicati?*

- LORD, how are they incréased that trúble me! *
many are they that ríse agáinst me.
- 2 Many one there be that sáy of my sóul, *
There is no help for him in his Gód.
- 3 But thou, O LÓRD, art my defénder; *
thou art my worship, and the lifter úp of my héad.
- 4 I did call upon the LÓRD with my vóice, *
and he heard me out of his hóly híll.
- 5 I laid me down and slept, and róse up agàin; *
for the LÓRD sustáin-ed me.
- 6 I will not be afraid for ten thóusands of the péople, *
that have set themselves against me róund abóut.
- 7 Up, LÓRD, and help me, O my God, †
for thou smitest all mine enemies upón the chéekbone; *
thou hast broken the téeth of the ungóldy.
- 8 Salvation belongeth únto the LÓRD; *
and thy blessing is upón thy péople.
- 9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 10 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 4. *Cum invocarem.*

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness:†
thou hast set me at liberty when I was in tróuble; *
have mercy upon me, and harken únto my práyer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye blasphemé mine hónor, *
and have such pleasure in vanity, and seek after fálsehood?

3 Know this also,†
that the LÓRD hath chosen to himself the mán that is góodly; *
when I call upon the LÓRD he will héar me.

4 Stand in áwe, and sín not; *
commune with your own heart,/ and in your chámber, and be stíll.

5 Offer the sácrifice of ríghteousness, *
and put your trúst in the LÓRD.

6 There be móny that sáy, *
Who will shów us any góod?

7 LÓRD, líft thou úp *
the light of thy cóunterenance upón us.

8 Thou hast put gládness in my héart; *
yea, more than when their corn and wine and óil incréase.

9 I will lay me down in peace, and táké my rést; *
for it is thou, LÓRD, only, that makest me dwéll in sáfety.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 5. *Verba mea auribus.*

PONDER my wórds, O LÓRD, *
consider my méditátion.

2 O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling,†
my Kíng and my Gód: *
for unto thee will I máke my práyer.

3 My voice shalt thou hear betimes, O LÓRD; †
early in the morning will I direct my práyer unto thée,*
and will lóok úp

4 For thou art the God that hast no pléasure in wíckedness; *

neither shall any evil dwéll with thée.

5 Such as be foolish shall not stánd in thy síght; *
for thou hatest all them that wórk iníquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy thém that spéak lies: *

the LORd will abhor both the bloodthirsty and deceítful mán.

7 But as for me,†
in the multitude of thy mercy I will come ínto thine hóuse; *
and in thy fear will I worship toward thy hóly témples.

8 Lead me, O LORd, in thy righteousnes, because of mine énemies; *
make thy way plain befóre my fáce.

9 For there is no faithfulness ín their móuth; *
their inward parts are véry wíckedness.

10 Their throat is an ópen sépulchre; *
they flatter wíth their tóngue.

11 Destroy thou them, O God; †
let them perish through their own imáginatións; *
cast them out in the multitude of their ungodliness;/
for they have rebélled agáinst thee.

12 And let all them that put their trust in thee rejoice:†
they shall ever be giving of thanks, because thóu défendest them; *
they that love thy Name shall be jójful in thée;

13 For thou, LORd, wilt give thy blessing únto the ríghteous, *
and with thy favorable kindness wilt thou defend him ás with a shíeld.

14 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

Psalm 6. Domine, ne in furore.

LORD, rebuke me not in thíne indignátion, *
neither chasten me in thy displéasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O LORd, for Í am wéak; *
O LORd, heal me, for my bónes are véxed.

3 My soul also is sóre tróubled: *
but, LORd, how long wílt thou púnish me?

4 Turn thee, O LORd, and delíver my sóul; *
O save me, for thy mércy's sáke.

5 For in death no man remémbereth thée; *

and who will give thee thánks in the pít?

6 I am wéary of my gróaning; *

every night wash I my bed, and water my cóuch with my téars.

7 My beauty is gone for véry trúuble,*

and worn away because of áll mine énemies.

8 Away from me, all ye that wórk iníquity; *

for the LÓRD hath heard the vóice of my weeping.

9 The LÓRD hath héard my petítion; *

the LÓRD will recéive my práyer.

10 All mine enemies shall be confóunded, and sore véxed; *

they shall be turned back, and put to sháme súddenly.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 7. *Domine, Deus meus.*

O LÓRD my God, in thee have I pút my trúst: *

save me from all them that persecute me, and delíver mé;

2 Lest he devour my soul like a lion, and téar it in páieces, *

while there is nóné to hélp.

3 O LÓRD my God, if I have done ány such thíng; *

or if there be any wickedness ín my hánds;

4 If I have rewarded evil unto him that dealt fríendly with mé; *

(yea, I have delivered him that without any cáuse is mine énemy;)

5 Then let mine enemy persecute my sóul, and táke me; *

yea, let him tread my life down upon the earth,/ and lay mine hónor in the dúsť.

6 Stand up, O LÓRD, in thy wrath,†

and lift up thyself, because of the indignátion of mine énemies; *

arise up for me in the judgment that thóu hast commánded.

7 And so shall the congregation of the peoples cóme abóut thee: *

for their sakes therefore lift up thysélf agáin.

8 The LÓRD shall judge the peoples:†

give sentence with mé, O LÓRD,*

according to my righteousnes,/and according to the ínnocency that is ín me.

9 O let the wickedness of the ungodly cóme to an énd; *

but guide thóu the júst.

10 For the ríghteous Gód *

trieth the very héarts and réins.

11 My help cómeth of Gód, *
who preserveth them that are trúe of héart.

12 God is a righteous Judge, stróng, and páient; *
and God is provóked every dáy.

13 If a man will not turn, he will whét his swórd; *
he hath bent his bow, and máde it réady.

14 He hath prepared for him the ínstruments of déath; *
he ordaineth his arrows agáinst the pérsecutors.

15 Behold, the ungodly traváileth with iníquity; *
he hath conceived mischief, and bróught forth fálsehood.

16 He hath graven and díggéd up a pít, *
and is fallen himself into the destruction that he máde for óther.

17 For his travail shall come upón his own héad, *
and his wickedness shall fall on his own páte.

18 I will give thanks unto the LÓRD, accórding to his ríghteousness; *
and I will praise the Name of the LÓRD Most Hígh.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 8. Domine, Dominus noster.

O LÓRD our Governor, how excellent is thy Name in áll the wórld; *
thou that hast set thy glory abóve the héavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings†
hast thou ordained strength becáuse of thine énemies, *
that thou mightest still the énemy and the avénger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, even the wórk of thy fíngers; *
the moon and the stars which thóu hast ordáined;

4 What is man, that thou art míndful of him? *
and the son of man, that thou vísitest him?

5 Thou madest him lówer than the ángels, *
to crown him with glóry and wórship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the wórks of thy hánds; *
and thou hast put all things in subjection únder his féet:

7 All shéep and óxen; *
yea, and the béstas of the fíeld;

8 The fowls of the air, and the físhes of the séa; *
and whatsoever walketh through the páths of the séas.

9 O LÓRD our Góvernör, *
how excellent is thy Name in áll the wórld!

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE SECOND DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 9. Confitebor tibi.

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O LÓRD, with my whole héart; *
I will speak of all thy márvelous wórks.

2 I will be glad and rejóice in théé; *
yea, my songs will I make of thy Name, O thóu Most Híghest.
3 While mine enemies are dríven báck, *
they shall fall and pérish at thy présence.

4 For thou hast maintained my ríght and my cáuse; *
thou art set in the throne that júdgest ríght.
5 Thou hast rebuked the heathen, and destróyed the ungódly; *
thou hast put out their name for éver and éver.
6 O thou enemy, thy destructions are come to a perpétual énd; *
even as the cities which thou hast destroyed, /
whose memorial is pérished with thém.

7 But the LÓRD shall endúre foréver; *
he hath also prepared his séat for júdgment.

8 For he shall judge the wórld in ríghteousness, *
and minister true judgment únto the péople.
9 The LÓRD also will be a défense for the oppréssed, *
even a refuge in due tíme of tróuble.

10 And they that know thy Name will put their trúst in théé; *
for thou, LÓRD, hast never failed thém that séek thee.

11 O praise the LÓRD which dwélleth in Sión; *
show the péople of his dóings.

12 For when he maketh inquisition for blood, he remémbereth thém, *
and forgetteth not the compláint of the póor.

13 Have mercy upon me, O LÓRD;†
consider the trouble which I suffer of thém that háte me, *
thou that liftest me up from the gátes of déath;

14 That I may show all thy praises within the gates of the dáughter of Sión*

I will rejóice in thy salvátion.

15 The heathen are sunk down in the pít that they máde; *
in the same net which they hid privily is their fóot tákén.

16 The LÓRD is known to éxecute júdgment; *
the ungodly is trapped in the work of hís own hánds.

17 The wicked shall be túrned to destrúction, *
and all the people that forgét Gód.

18 For the poor shall not álway be forgótten; *
the patient abiding of the meek shall not périsch foréver.

19 Up, LÓRD, and let not man have the úpper hánđ; *
let the heathen be júdgded in thy síght.

20 Put them in fíear, O LÓRD, *
that the heathen may know themselves to bé but mén.

21 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

22 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 10. *Ut quid, Domine?*

WHY standest thou so far óff, O LÓRD, *
and hidest thy face in the needful tíme of tróuble?

2 The ungodly, for his own lust, doth pérsecute the pór: *
let them be taken in the crafty wiliness that théy have imágined.

3 For the ungodly hath made boast of his own héart's desíre, *
and speaketh good of the covetous, whom the LÓRD abhórreth.

4 The ungodly is so proud, that he careth nót for Gód, *
neither is God in áll his thóughts.

5 His ways are alway grievous; †
thy judgments are far above óut of his síght, *
and therefore defieth he áll his énemies.

6 For he hath said in his heart, Tush, I shall néver be cast dówn, *
there shall no harm háppen unto mé.

7 His mouth is full of cursing, decéit, and fráud; *
under his tongue is ungódliness and vánity.

8 He sitteth lurking in the thievish corners of the streets, †
and privily in his lurking dens doth he mürder the ínnocent; *
his eyes are set agáinst the pór.

9 For he lieth waiting secretly; †
even as a lion lurketh he ín his dén, *

what can the ríghteous dó?

4 The LÓRD is in his hóly témples; *
the LÓRD's séat is in héaven.

5 His eyes consíder the pór, *
and his eyelids try the chíldren of mén.

6 The LÓRD appróveth the ríghteous: *
but the ungodly, and him that delighteth in wickedness doth his sóul abhór.

7 Upon the ungodly†
he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, stórm and témpst: *
this shall be their pórton to drínk.

8 For the righteous LÓRD lóveth ríghteousness; *
his countenance will behold the thíng that is júst.
9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 12. *Salvum me fac.*

HELP me, LÓRD, for there is not one gódly man léft; *
for the faithful are minished from among the chíldren of mén.

2 They talk of vanity every óne with his néighbor; *
they do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their dóuble héart.
3 The LÓRD shall root out all decéitful líps, *

and the tongue that speaketh próud thíngs;

4 Which have said, With our tóngue will we preváil; *
we are they that ought to speak; who is lórd over ús?

5 Now, for the comfortless troubles' sáke of the needy, *
and because of the deep síghing of the pór,

6 I will up, saíth the LÓRD; †
and will help every one from him that swélleth against him,*
and will sét him at rést.

7 The words of the LÓRD are pure wórds; †
even as the silver which from the éarth is tríed, *
and purified seven times ín the fíre.

8 Thou shalt keep théim, O LÓRD; *
thou shalt preserve them from this generátion foréver.
9 The ungodly walk on évery síde: *

when they are exalted, the children of men are pút to rebúke.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 13. Usquequo, Domine?

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O LÓRD; foréver? *
how long wilt thou hide thy fáce from mé?

2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so véxed in my héart? *
how long shall mine enemy tríumph over mé?

3 Consider, and hear me, O LÓRD my Gód; *
lighten mine eyes, that I sléep not in déath;

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed agáinst hím: *
for if I be cast down, they that trouble me wíll rejóice at it.

5 But my trust is ín thy mércy, *
and my heart is joyful in thy salvátion.

6 I will sing of the LÓRD, because he hath dealt so lóvingly with mé; *
yea, I will praise the Name of the Lórd Most Híghest.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 14. Dixit insipiens.

THE fool hath sáid in his héart, *
There ís no Gód.

2 They are corrupt, and become abominable ín their dóings; *
there is none that doeth good, nó not óne.

3 The LÓRD looked down from heaven upon the chíldren of mén, *
to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after Gód.

4 But they are all gone out of the way, †
they are altogether becóme abóminable; *
there is none that doeth good, nó not óne.

5 Have they no knowledge, that they are all such workers of mischief, †
eating up my people ás it were bréad,*
and call not upón the LÓRD ?

6 There were they brought in great fear, even where no féar wás; *
for God is in the generátion of the ríghteous.

7 As for you, ye have made a mock at the cóunsel of the póor; *
because he putteth his trúst in the LÓRD.

8 Who shall give salvation unto Ísrael out of Síon?†
When the LÓRD turneth the captivity óf his péople,*
then shall Jacob rejoice, and Israel sháll be glád.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE THIRD DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 15. Domine, quis habitabit?

LORD, who shall dwéll in thy tábernacle? *
or who shall rest upon thy hóly híll?

2 Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life,†
and doeth the thíng which is ríght,*
and speaketh the trúth from his héart.

3 He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done évil to his néighbor, *
and hath not slándered his néighbor.

4 He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his ówn éyes, *
and maketh much of them that fíear the LÓRD.

5 He that sweareth unto his neighbor, and disappóinteth him nót, *
though it were tó his own híndrance.

6 He that hath not given his móney upon úsury, *
nor taken rewárd against the ínnocent.

7 Whoso dóeth these thíngs *
shall néver fáll.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 16. Conserva me, Domine.

PRESÉRVE me, O Gód; *
for in thee have I pút my trúst.

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the LÓRD,†
Thou árt my God;*

I have no good líke unto thée.

3 All my delight is upon the saints that are ín the éarth,*
and upon such as excél in vírtue.

4 But they that run after ánóther gód *
shall have gréat tróuble.

5 Their drink-offerings of blood will I not óffer,*
neither make mention of their names withín my líps.

6 The LóRD himself is the portion of mine inheritance, and óf my cúp; *
thou shalt maintáiñ my lót.

7 The lot is fallen unto me in a fáir gróund; *
yea, I have a góodly héritage.

8 I will thank the LóRD for gíving me wárning; *
my reins also chasten me ín the night séason.

9 I have set the LóRD álway befóre me; *
for he is on my right hand, therefore I sháll not fáll.

10 Wherfore my heart is glad, and my glóry rejóiceth: *
my flesh also shall rést in hópe.

11 For why?†
thou shalt not leave my sóul in héll; *
neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to sée corrúption.

12 Thou shalt show me the path of life:†
in thy presence is the fúllness of jóy, *
and at thy right hand there is pléasure forévermore.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 17. *Exaudi, Domine.*

HEAR the right, O LóRD, consíder my compláint, *
and harken unto my prayer, that goeth not out of féign-ed líps.

2 Let my sentence come fórth from thy présence; *
and let thine eyes look upon the thíng that is équal.

3 Thou hast proved and visited mine heart in the night season; †
thou hast tried me, and shalt find no wíckedness in mé; *
for I am utterly purposed that my mouth sháll not offénd.

4 As for the wórks of mén,*
by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the wáys of the destróyer.

5 O hold thou up my goings ín thy páths, *

that my fóotsteps slíp not.

6 I have called upon thee, O God, for thóu shalt héar me: *
incline thine ear to me, and harken únto my wórds.

7 Show thy marvelous loving-kindness,†
thou that art the Savior of them which put their trúst in thée,*
from such as resist thy ríght hánd.

8 Keep me as the ápple of an éye; *
hide me under the shádow of thy wíngs,

9 From the ungodly, that trúouble mé; *
mine enemies compass me round about, to take awáy my sóul.

10 They are inclosed ín their own fát, *
and their mouth speaketh próud thíngs.

11 They lie waiting in our way on évery síde, *
watching to cast us dówn to the gróund;

12 Like as a lion that is gréedy of his préy,*
and as it were a lion's whelp lurking in sécret pláces.

13 Up, LÓRD, disappoint him, and cást him dówn; *
deliver my soul from the ungodly, by thíne own swórd;

14 Yea, by thy hand, O LÓRD;†
from the men of the evil world; which have their portion ín this lífe,*
whose bellies thou fillest with thy hid tréasure.

15 They have children at théir desíre, *
and leave the rest of their súbstance fór their bábes.

16 But as for me,†
I shall behold thy présence in ríghteousness; *
and when I awake up after thy likeness, I sháll be sáatisfied.

17 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

18 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 18.

I. Diligam te, Domine.

I WILL love thee, O LÓRD, my stréngth. *

The LÓRD is my stony rock, and my défense;

2 My Savior, my God, and my might, in whóm I will trúst; *
my buckler, the horn also of my salvation, ánd my refúge.

3 I will call upon the LÓRD, which is wórthy to be práis-ed; *

so shall I be safe from mine énemies.

4 The sorrows of death cómpass-ed mé, *
and the overflowings of ungodliness máde me afráid.

5 The pains of hell cáme abóut me; *
the snares of déath overtóok me.

6 In my trouble I called upón the LÓRD, *
and complained únto my Gód:

7 So he heard my voice out of his holy temple,†
and my complaint cáme befóre him; *
it entered even ínto his éars.

8 The earth trembled and quaked,†
the very foundations also of the hílls shóok,*
and were removed, becáuse he was wróth.

9 There went a smoke out in his presence,†
and a consuming fire óut of his móuth,*
so that coals were kíndled at ít.

10 He bowed the heavens álso, and came dówn, *
and it was dark únder his féet.

11 He rode upon the Chérubim, and did fly; *
he came flying upon the wíngs of the wínd.

12 He made darkness his sécret pláce, *
his pavilion round about him with dark water, and thick clóuds to cóver him.

13 At the brightness of his presence his clóuds remóved; *
hailstones and cóals of fíre.

14 The LÓRD also thundered out of heaven,†
and the Highest gáve his thúnder; *
hailstones and cóals of fíre.

15 He sent out his arrows, and scátter-ed thérm; *
he cast forth lightnings, ánd destróy-ed them.

16 The springs of waters were seen,†
and the foundations of the round wórld were discóvered, *
at thy chiding, O LÓRD, at the blasting of the breath of thy displéasure.

17 He sent down from on hígh to fétch me, *
and took me out of mány wáters.

18 He delivered me from my strongest enemy, and from thérm which háte me
for they were too míghty for mé.

19 They came upon me in the dáy of my tróuble; *
but the LÓRD was my uphólder.

20 He brought me forth also into a pláce of líberty; *
he brought me forth, even because he had a favor únto mé.

21 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

22 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Et retribuet mibi*

THE LÓRD rewarded me after my ríghteous déaling, *
according to the cleanness of my hands did he récompéñse me.

22 Because I have kept the wáys of the LÓRD, *
and have not forsaken my God, as the wícked dóth.

23 For I have an eye unto áll his láws, *
and will not cast out his commándments fróm me.

24 I was also uncorrúpt befóre him, *
and eschewed míne own wíckedness.

25 Therefore the LÓRD rewarded me after my ríghteous déaling, *
and according unto the cleanness of my hánds in his éyesight.

26 With the holy thou shált be hóly, *
and with a perfect man thou shált be pérfect.

27 With the clean thou shált be cléan, *
and with the froward thou shált be fróward.

28 For thou shalt save the people that are ín advérsity, *
and shalt bring down the high lóoks of the próud.

29 Thou also shalt líght my cándle; *
the LÓRD my God shall make my dárkness to be líght.

30 For in thee I shall discomfit an hóst of mén, *
and with the help of my God I shall leap óver the wáll.

31 The way of God is an undefiled way: †
the word of the LÓRD also is trí-ed in the fíre,*
he is the defender of all them that put their trúst in hím.

32 For who is God, bút the LÓRD? *
or who hath any strength, excépt our Gód?

33 It is God that girdeth me with stréngth of wár, *
and maketh my way pérfect.

34 He maketh my féet like hárts' feet, *
and setteth me úp on hígh.

35 He teacheth mine hánds to fíght, *
and mine arms shall bend even a bów of stéel.

36 Thou hast given me the defense of thy salvation; †
thy right hand also shall hóld me úp,*

and thy loving correction shall máke me gréat.

37 Thou shalt make room enough under mé for to gó, *
that my footsteps sháll not slíde.

38 I will follow upon míne enemies, and óvertáke them; *
neither will I turn again till I have destróy-ed thém.

39 I will smite them, that they shall not be áble to stánd, *
but fall únder my féet.

40 Thou hast girded me with strength únto the báttle; *
thou shalt throw down míne énemíes únder me.

41 Thou hast made mine enemies also to turn their bácks upón me, *
and I shall destroy thém that háte me.

42 They shall cry, but there shall be nóne to hélp them; *
yea, even unto the L ORD shall they cry, but he sháll not héar them.

43 I will beat them as small as the dust befóre the wínd: *
I will cast them out as the cláy in the stréets.

44 Thou shalt deliver me from the strivings of the people,†
and thou shalt make me the héad of the nátións; *
a people whom I have not knówn shall sérve me.

45 As soon as they hear of me, they sháll obéy me; *
the strangers shall feign obédience únto me.

46 The strángers shall fáil, *
and come trembling óut of their stróngholds.

47 The L ORD liveth; and blessed be míy strong hélder, *
and praised be the God of míy salvátion;

48 Even the God that seeth that I be avénged, *
and subdueth the people únto mé.

49 It is he that delivereth me from my cruel enemies,†
and setteth me up above míne advérsaries: *
thou shalt rid me from the wícked mán.

50 For this cause will I give thanks unto thee, O L ORD, amóngh the Géntiles, *
and sing praises únto thy Náme.

51 Great prosperity giveth he unto his King,†
and showeth loving-kindness unto Dávid his anóinted, *
and unto his séed forevermóre.

52 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

53 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE FOURTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 19. Caeli enarrant.

THE heavens declare the glóry of Gód; *
and the firmament shóweth his hánky-work.

2 One day télléth ánóther; *
and one night cértifieth ánóther.

3 There is neither spéech nor lánguage; *
but their voices are héard amóngh them.

4 Their sound is gone out ínto áll lands; *
and their words into the énds of the wórld.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun;†
which cometh forth as a bridegroom óut of his chámber,*
and rejoiceth as a giant to rún his cóurse.

6 It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, †
and runneth about unto the énd of it agáin; *
and there is nothing hid from the héat théreof.

7 The law of the LÓRD is an undefiled law, convérting the sóul; *
the testimony of the LÓRD is sure, and giveth wísdom unto the símple.

8 The statutes of the LÓRD are right, and rejóice the héart; *
the commandment of the LÓRD is pure, and giveth light únto the éyes.

9 The fear of the LÓRD is clean, and endúreth foréver; *
the judgments of the LÓRD are true, and ríghteous altogéther.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than múch fine góld; *
sweeter also than hóney, and the hóneycomb.

11 Moreover, by them is thy sérvant táught; *
and in keeping of them there is gréat rewárd.

12 Who can tell how óft he offéndeth? *
O cleanse thou me from my sécret fáults.

13 Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, †
lest they get the domínion óver me; *
so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the gréat offénce.

14 Let the words of my mouth,†
and the meditation of my heart, be alway accéptable in thy síght, *
O LÓRD, my stréngth and my redéemer.

15 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

16 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shálle be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 20. *Exaudiat te Dominus.*

THE LÓRD hear thee in the dái of trúble; *
the Name of the God of Jácob defénd thee:

2 Send thee hélp from the sánctuary, *
and strengthen thee óut of Sión:

3 Remember áll thy ófferings, *
and accept thy búrnt sacrífice:

4 Grant thee thy héart's désiré, *
and fulfill áll thy mínd.

5 We will rejoice in thy salvation, †
and triumph in the Name of the Lórd our Gód: *
the LÓRD perform áll thy petítions.

6 Now know I that the LÓRD helpeth his anointed, †
and will hear him from his hóly héaven, *
even with the wholesome stréngth of his ríght hand.

7 Some put their trust in chariots, and sóme in hórses; *
but we will remember the Name of the LÓRD our Gód.

8 They are brought dówn and fállen; *
but we are risen and stánd úpright.

9 Save, LÓRD; and hear us, O Kíng of héaven, *
when we cáll upón thee.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 21. *Domine, in virtute tua.*

THE King shall rejoice in thy stréngth, O LÓRD; *
exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvátion.

2 Thou hast given him his héart's désiré, *
and hast not denied him the reqúest of his líps.

3 For thou shalt meet him with the bléssings of góodness, *
and shalt set a crown of pure gold upón his héad.

4 He asked life of thee; and thou gavest him a lóng lífe, *
even for éver and éver.

5 His honor is great in thy salvátion; *
glory and great worship shalt thou láy upón him.

6 For thou shalt give him everlásting felicity, *
and make him glad with the jóy of thy cóuntenance.

7 And why? †
because the King putteth his trúst in the LÓRD; *
and in the mercy of the Most Highest he sháll not miscárry.

8 All thine enemies shall féele thine hánđ; *
thy right hand shall find out thérm that háte thee.

9 Thou shalt make them like a fiery oven in tíme of thy wráth: †
the LÓRD shall destroy them in his displeasure, *
and the fire sháll consúme them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou root óut of the éarth, *
and their seed from among the chíldren of mén.

11 For they intended míschief agáinst thee, *
and imagined such a device as they are not áble to perfórm.

12 Therefore shalt thou put thérm to flíght, *
and the strings of thy bow shalt thou make ready agáinst the fáce of them.

13 Be thou exalted, LÓRD, in thíne own stréngth; *
so will we sing, and práise thy pórwer.

14 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

Psalm 22. *Deus, Deus meus.*

MY God, my God, look upon me; †
why hast thou forsáken mé? *
and art so far from my health, and from the words of my compláint?

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou héarest nót; *
and in the night season also I táké no rést.

3 And thou contínuest hóly, *
O thou Wórship of Ísrael.

4 Our fathers hóped in théé; *
they trusted in thee, and thou didst delíver thérm.

5 They called upon théé, and were hólpen; *
they put their trust in thee, and were nót confóunded.

6 But as for me, I am a wórm, and no mán; *
a very scorn of men, and the óutcast of the péople.

7 All they that see me láugh me to scórñ; *

they shoot out their lips, and shake their héads, sáying,

8 He trusted in the LÓRD, that he would delíver him; *
let him deliver him, if hé will háve him.

9 But thou art he that took me out of my móther's wómb; *
thou wast my hope, when I hang-ed yet upon my móther's bréasts.

10 I have been left unto thee ever sínce I was bórн; *
thou art my God even from my móther's wómb.

11 O go not from me; for trouble is hárd at hánd, *
and there is nóne to hélp me.

12 Many oxen are cóme abóut me; *
fat bulls of Bashan close me in on évery síde.

13 They gape upon me wíth their móuths, *
as it were a ramping and a róaring líon.

14 I am poured out like water, and all my bones are óut of jóint; *
my heart also in the midst of my body is even like méltинг wáx.

15 My strength is dried up like a potsherd,†
and my tongue cleaveth tó my gúms, *
and thou bringest me into the dúsť of déath.

16 For many dogs are cóme abóut me, *
and the council of the wicked layeth síege agáinst me.

17 They pierced my hands and my feet:†
I may tell áll my bónes: *
they stand staring and lóoking upón me.

18 They part my gárments amóng them, *
and cast lots upón my vésture.

19 But be not thou far from mé, O LÓRD; *
thou art my succor, hásťe thee to hélp me.

20 Deliver my sóul from the swórd, *
my darling from the pórter of the dóg.

21 Save me from the líon's móuth; *
thou hast heard me also from among the hórns of the únicorns.

22 I will declare thy Name únto my bréthren; *
in the midst of the congregation wíll I praise thee.

23 O praise the LÓRD, ye that fear him:†
magnify him, all ye of the seed of Jacob; *
and fear him, all ye séed of Israel.

24 For he hath not despised nor abhorred the low estate of the poor;†
he hath not híd his fáce from him; *
but when he called unto him he héard him.

25 My praise is of thee in the gréat congregátion; *

my vows will I perform in the sight of thém that féar him.

26 The poor shall eat, and be satisfied; †
they that seek after the LÓRD shall práise him: *
your heart shall líve foréver.

27 All the ends of the world shall remember themselves, †
and be turned únto the LÓRD; *
and all the kindreds of the nations shall wórship befóre him.

28 For the kingdom ís the LÓRD's, *
and he is the Governor amóng the nátioms.

29 All such as be fát upon éarth *
have éaten, and wórshipp-ed.

30 All they that go down into the dust shall knéel befóre him; *
and no man hath quickened his ówn sóul.

31 My séed shall sérve him: *
they shall be counted unto the Lord for a génerátion.

32 They shall come, and shall decláre his ríghteousness *
unto a people that shall be born, whom the Lórd hath máde.

33 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

34 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 23. *Dominus regit me.*

THE LÓRD is my shépherd; *
therefore can I láck nóthing.

2 He shall feed me in a gréen pásture, *
and lead me forth beside the wáters of cómfort.

3 He shall convért my sóul, *
and bring me forth in the paths of ríghteousness fór his Náme's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, †
I will fear no evil for thóu art wíth me; *
thy rod and thy stáff cómfort me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me in the presence of them that tróuble mé; *
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cúp shall be fúll.

6 Surely thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the dáys of my lífe*
and I will dwell in the house of the LÓRD foréver.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE FIFTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 24. *Domini est terra.*

THE earth is the LÓRD's, and all that thérein ís; *
the compass of the world, and they that dwéll thereín.

2 For he hath founded it upón the séas, *
and stablished it upón the flóods.

3 Who shall ascend into the híll of the LÓRD? *
or who shall rise up in his hóly pláce?

4 Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;†
and that hath not lift up his mind únto vánity,*
nor sworn to decéive his néighbor.

5 He shall receive the blessing fróm the LÓRD, *
and righteousness from the God of hís salvátion.

6 This is the generation of thém that seek him; *
even of them that seek thy face, O Gód of Jácob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; †
and be ye lift up, ye everlásting dóors; *
and the King of glory sháll come ín.

8 Who is this Kíng of glóry? *

It is the LÓRD strong and mighty, even the LÓRD míghty in báttle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; †
and be ye lift up, ye everlásting dóors; *
and the King of glory sháll come ín.

10 Who is this Kíng of glóry? *

Even the LÓRD of hosts, he is the Kíng of glóry.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 25. *Ad te, Domine, levavi.*

UNTO thee, O LÓRD, will I lift up my soul;†
my God, I have put my trúst in thée: *
O let me not be confounded, neither let mine enemies trúumph óver me.
2 For all they that hope in thee shall nót be ashámed; *

but such as transgress without a cause shall be pút to confúsion.

3 Show me thy wáys, O LÓRD, *
and téach me thy páths.

4 Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me:†
for thou art the God of my salvátion;*
in thee hath been my hope áll the day lóng.

5 Call to remembrance, O LÓRD, thy ténder mércies, *
and thy loving-kindnesses, which have been éver of óld.

6 O remember not the sins and offences óf my yóuth; *
but according to thy mercy think thou upon me, O LÓRD, for thy góodness.

7 Gracious and ríghteous is the LÓRD; *
therefore, will he teach sínners in the wáy.

8 Them that are meek shall he gúide in júdgment; *
and such as are gentle, them shall he léarn his wáy.

9 All the paths of the LÓRD are mércy and trúth, *
unto such as keep his covenant ánd his téstimoniés.

10 For thy Name's sáke, O LÓRD, *
be merciful unto my sín; for it is gréat.

11 What man is he that féareth the LÓRD? *
him shall he teach in the way that hé shall chóose.

12 His soul shall dwéll at éase, *
and his seed shall inhérit the lánd.

13 The secret of the LÓRD is among thérm that féar hím; *
and he will shów them his covenant.

14 Mine eyes are ever looking únto the LÓRD; *
for he shall pluck my feet óut of the nét.

15 Turn thee unto me, and have mércy upón me; *
for I am désolate, and in míserý.

16 The sorrows of my héart are enlárged: *
O bring thou me óut of my tróubles.

17 Look upon my advérsity and míserý, *
and forgive me áll my sín.

18 Consider mine enemies, how mány they áre; *
and they bear a tyrannous háte agáinst me.

19 O keep my sóul, and delíver me: *
let me not be confounded, for I have put my trúst in thée.

20 Let perfectness and righteous dealing wáit upón me; *
for my hope hath béen in thée.

21 Deliver Ísrael, O Gód, *
out of áll his tróubles.

22 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
23 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 26. *Judica me, Domine.*

BE thou my Judge, O LÓRD, for I háve walked ínnocently: *
my trust hath been also in the LÓRD, therefore shall Í not fáll.

2 Examine me, O LÓRD, and próve me; *
try out my réins and my héart.

3 For thy loving-kindness is ever befóre mine éyes; *
and I will wálk in thy trúth.

4 I have not dwelt with ván pérsóns; *
neither will I have fellowship wíth the decéitful.

5 I have hated the congregátion of the wícked; *
and will not sit amóngh the ungódly.

6 I will wash my hands in ínnocency, O LÓRD; *
and so will I gó to thine áltar;

7 That I may show the vóice of thanksgíving, *
and tell of all thy wóndrous wórks.

8 LÓRD, I have loved the habitátion of thy hóuse, *
and the place where thine hónor dwélleth.

9 O shut not up my sóul with the sínners, *
nor my life wíth the blóodthirsty;

10 In whose hánds is wíckedness, *
and their right hand is fúll of gífts.

11 But as for me, I will wálk ínnocently: *
O deliver me, and be merciful únto mé.

12 My foot stándeth ríght: *
I will praise the LÓRD ín the congregátions.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 27. Dominus illuminatio.

THE LÓRD is my light and my salvation;†

whom then sháll I fíar? *

the LÓRD is the strength of my life; of whom then sháll I be afráid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes,†

came upon me to eat up my flésh, *

they stúmbled and fíell.

3 Though an host of men were laid against me, †

yet shall not my héart be afráid; *

and though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trúst in hím.

4 One thing have I desired of the LÓRD, which I will require;†

even that I may dwell in the house of the LÓRD all the dáys of my life,*

to behold the fair beauty of the LÓRD, and to vísit his témples.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his tabernacle;†

yea, in the secret place of his dwelling sháll he híde me,*

and set me up upon a róck of stóne.

6 And now shall he líft up mine héad *

above mine enemies róund abóut me.

7 Therefore will I offer in his dwelling an oblation, wíth great gládness: *

I will sing and speak práises unto the LÓRD.

8 Harken unto my voice, O LÓRD, when I crý unto thée; *

have mercy upón me, and héar me.

9 My heart hath talked of thee, Séek ye my fáce: *

Thy face, LÓRD, will I séek.

10 O hide not thou thy fáce from mé, *

nor cast thy servant awáy in displéasure.

11 Thou hast béen my súccor; *

leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvátion.

12 When my father and my móther forsáke me, *

the LÓRD táketh me úp.

13 Teach me thy wáy, O LÓRD, *

and lead me in the right way, because of míne énemies.

14 Deliver me not over into the will of míne advérsaries: *

for there are false witnesses risen up against me, and súch as speak wróng.

15 I should útterly have fainted, *

but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the LÓRD in the lánd of the líving.

16 O tarry thou the LÓRD's leisure;†

be strong, and he shall cómfort thine héart; *

and put thou thy trúst in the LÓRD.

17 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

18 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 28. *Ad te, Domine.*

UNTO thee will I cry, O LÓRD, my strength: think no scorn of me; †
lest, if thou make as thóugh thou héarest not,*
I become like them that go dówn into the pít.

2 Hear the voice of my humble petitions, when I crý unto théé; *
when I hold up my hands towards the mercy-seat of thy hóly témples.

3 O pluck me not away, †
neither destroy me with the ungodly and wícked dóers, *
which speak friendly to their neighbors, but imagine míschief in their héarts.

4 Reward them accórding to their déeds, *
and according to the wickedness of their ówn invéntions.

5 Recompense them after the wórk of their hánuds; *
pay them that théy have desérved.

6 For they regard not in their mind the works of the LÓRD, †
nor the operation óf his hánuds; *
therefore shall he break them down, and not búild them úp.

7 Práised be the LÓRD; *
for he hath heard the voice of my húmble petítions.

8 The LÓRD is my strength, and my shield; †
my heart hath trusted in him, ánd I am hélp-ed; *
therefore my heart danceth for joy, and in my sóng will I práise him.

9 The LÓRD is my stréngth, *
and he is the wholesome defense of his anóinted.

10 O save thy people, and give thy blessing unto thíne inhéritance: *
feed them, and set them úp forevéer.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

18 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 29. *Afferte Domino.*

ASCRIBE unto the LÓRD, Ó ye míghty, *
ascribe unto the LÓRD wórship and stréngth.

2 Ascribe unto the LÓRD the honor due únto his Náme; *

worship the LORD with hóly wórship.

3 The voice of the LORD is upón the wáters; *
it is the glorious God that máketh the thúnder.

4 It is the LORD that ruleth the sea;†
the voice of the LORD is míghty in operátion; *
the voice of the LORD is a glórious vóice.

5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cédar tréés; *
yea, the LORD breaketh the cédars of Lébanon.

6 He maketh them also to skíp like a cálf; *
Lebanon also, and Sirion, like a yóung únicorn.

7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire; †
the voice of the LORD sháketh the wílderness; *
yea, the LORD shaketh the wílderness of Kádesh.

8 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to bring forth young,†
and strippeth báre the fórests: *
in his temple doth every thing spéak of his hónor.

9 The LORD sitteth abóve the wáterflood, *
and the LORD remaineth a King foréver.

10 The LORD shall give strength únto his péople; *
the LORD shall give his people the bléssing of péace.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE SIXTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 30. Exaltabo te, Domine.

I WILL magnify thee, O LORD; for thou hast sét me úp, *
and not made my foes to triumph óver mé.

2 O LORD my God, I críed unto théé; *
and thóu hast héal-ed me.

3 Thou, LORD, hast brought my sóul out of héll: *
thou hast kept my life, that I should not go down ínto the pít.

4 Sing praises unto the LORD, O ye sáints of hís; *
and give thanks unto him, for a remembrance óf his hóliness.

5 For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye,†
and in his pléasure is lífe; *
heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh ín the mórnинг.

6 And in my prosperity I said, I shall néver be remóv-ed: *
thou, LÓRD, of thy goodness, hast made my híll so stróng.
7 Thou didst turn thy fáce from mé, *
and Í was tróubl-ed.
8 Then cried I unto thée, O LÓRD; *
and gat me to my LÓRD right húmblly.
9 What profit is there ín my blóod, *
when I go down ínto the pít?
10 Shall the dust give thanks únto thée? *
or shall it decláre thy trúth?
11 Hear, O LÓRD, and have mércy upón me; *
LÓRD, bé thou my hélder.
12 Thou hast turned my héaviness into jóy; *
thou hast put off my sackcloth, and gírded me with gládness:
13 Therefore shall every good man sing of thy praise wíthout céasing. *
O my God, I will give thanks unto thée foréver.
14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 31. *In te, Domine, speravi.*

IN thee, O LÓRD, have I put my trust; †
let me never be pút to confúsión; *
deliver me ín thy ríghteousness.
2 Bow down thine éar to mé; *
make háste to delíver me.
3 And be thou my strong rock, and hóuse of défense, *
that thou máyest sáve me.
4 For thou art my strong rock, ánd my cástle: *
be thou also my guide, and lead me for thy Náme's sake.
5 Draw me out of the net that they have laid prívily for mé; *
for thou árt my stréngth.
6 Into thy hands I comménd my spírit; *
for thou hast redeemed me, O LÓRD, thou Gód of trúth.
7 I have hated them that hold of lýing vánities, *
and my trust hath béen in the LÓRD.
8 I will be glad and rejóice in thy mércy; *

for thou hast considered my trouble, and hast known my sóul in advérsities.

9 Thou hast not shut me up into the hánđ of the énemy; *
but hast set my feet in a lárge róom.

10 Have mercy upon me, O LÓRD, for Í am in tróuble, *
and mine eye is consumed for very heaviness; yea, my sóul and my bódy.

11 For my life is waxen óld with héaviness, *
and my yéars with móurning.

12 My strength faileth me, because of míne iníquity, *
and my bónes are consúmed.

13 I became a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbors;†
and they of mine acquaintance wére afráid of me; *
and they that did see me without, conveyed themsélves from mé.

14 I am clean forgotten as a dead man óut of mínd; *
I am become like a bróken véssel.

15 For I have heard the blasphemy of the multitude,†
and fear is on évery síde; *
while they conspire together against me, and take their counsel to take awáy my lífe.

16 But my hope hath been in thée, O LÓRD; *
I have said, Thou árt my Gód.

17 My times are in thy hand; deliver me from the hand of míne énemies, *
and from them that pérsecute mé.

18 Show thy servant the líght of thy cóuntenance, *
and save me for thy mércy's sáke.

19 Let me not be confounded, O LÓRD, for I have cálled upón thee; *
let the ungodly be put to confusion, and be put to silence ín the gráve.

20 Let the lying lips be pút to sílence, *
which cruelly, disdainfully, and despitefully speak agáinst the ríghteous.

21 O how plentiful is thy goódness, *
which thou hast laid up for thém that féar thee,
and that thou hast prepared for them that put their trúst in thée, *
even before the sóns of mén!

22 Thou shalt hide them in the covert of thine own presence †
from the plóttings of mén: *
thou shalt keep them secretly in thy tabernacle from the strífe of tóngues.

23 Thanks be tó the LÓRD; *
for he hath showed me marvelous great kindness in a stróng cítý.

24 But in my hásté I sáid, *
I am cast out of the síght of thine éyes.

25 Nevertheless, thou hearest the vóice of my práyer, *

when I cri-ed únto thée.

26 O love the LÓRD, all ye his saints;†
for the LÓRD preserveth thérm that are fáithful,*
and plenteously rewardeth the próud dóer.

27 Be strong, and he shall estáblísh your héart,*
all ye that put your trúst in the LÓRD.

28 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

29 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 32. *Beati quorum.*

BLESSED is he whose unríghteousness is forgíven,*
and whose sín is cóvered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the LÓRD impúteth no sín,*
and in whose spirit there ís no guíle.

3 For whilst I héld my tóngue,*
my bones consumed away through my dáily compláining.

4 For thy hand was heavy upon me dáy and níght,*
and my moisture was like the droúght in súmmer.

5 I acknowledged my sin únto thee; *
and mine unrighteousness háve I not híd.

6 I said, I will confess my sins únto the Lórd; *
and so thou forgavest the wickedness óf my sín.

7 For this shall every one that is godly make his prayer unto thee, †
in a time when thou máyest be fóund; *
surely the great waterfloods shall nót come nígh him.

8 Thou art a place to hide me in; †
thou shalt presérve me from tróuble; *
thou shalt compass me about with sóngs of delíverance.

9 I will inform thee, and teach thee in the way wherein thóu shalt gó; *
and I will guíde thee with mine éye.

10 Be ye not like to horse and mule, †
which have no únderstánding; *
whose mouths must be held with bit and bridle, else they will nót obéy thee.

11 Great plagues remain for the ungodly;†
but whoso putteth his trust in the LÓRD,*
mercy embraceth him on évery síde.

- 12 Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejóice in the LÓRD; *
and be joyful, all ye that are trúe of héart.
- 13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 33. *Exultate, justi.*

- REJOICE in the LÓRD, Ó ye ríghteous; *
for it becometh well the júst to be thánkful.
- 2 Praise the LÓRD with hárp; *
sing praises unto him with the lute, and instrument of téń stríngs.
- 3 Sing unto the Lord a néw sóng; *
sing praises lustily unto him with a góod cóurage.
- 4 For the word of the LÓRD is trúe; *
and all his wórks are fáithful.
- 5 He loveth ríghteousness and júdgment; *
the earth is full of the goodness óf the LÓRD.
- 6 By the word of the LÓRD were the héavens máde; *
and all the host of them by the bréath of his móuth.
- 7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together, †
as it were upón an héap; *
and layeth up the deep, as in a tréasure-hóuse.
- 8 Let all the earth fíar the LÓRD: *
stand in awe of him, all ye that dwéll in the wórld.
- 9 For he spake, and ít was dóne; *
he commanded, and ít stood fást.
- 10 The LÓRD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought, †
and maketh the devices of the people to be of nóne efféct, *
and casteth out the cóunsels of prínces.
- 11 The counsel of the LÓRD shall endúre foréver, *
and the thoughts of his heart from generation to génerátion.
- 12 Blessed are the people whose God is the Lórd JEHÓVAH; *
and blessed are the folk that he hath chosen to him, to bé his inhéritance.
- 13 The LÓRD looketh down from heaven, and beholdest all the children of men; *
from the habitation óf his dwélling,*
he considereth all them that dwéll on the éarth.
- 14 He fashioneth all the héarts of thérm, *
and understandeth áll their wórks.

15 There is no king that can be saved by the multitude óf an hóst; *
neither is any mighty man delivered bý much stréngth.

16 A horse is counted but a vain thing to sáve a mán; *
neither shall he deliver any man by his gréat stréngth.

17 Behold, the eye of the LÓRD is upon thém that fíar him, *
and upon them that put their trúst in his mércy;

18 To deliver their sóul from déath, *
and to feed them in the tíme of déarth.

19 Our soul hath patiently tárried for the LÓRD; *
for he is our help ánd our shíeld.

20 For our heart shall rejóice in him; *
because we have hoped in his hóly Náme.

21 Let thy merciful kindness, O LÓRD, be upón us, *
like as we do put our trúst in thee.

22 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

23 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 34. *Benedicam Dominum.*

I WILL alway give thanks únto the LÓRD ; *
his praise shall ever be ín my móuth.

2 My soul shall make her boast ín the LÓRD; *
the humble shall hear thereof, ánd be glád.

3 O praise the LÓRD with mé, *
and let us magnify his Náme togéther.

4 I sought the LÓRD, and he héard me; *
yea, he delivered me out of áll my fíar.

5 They had an eye unto him, ánd were líghtened; *
and their faces were nót ashámed.

6 Lo, the poor crieth, and the LÓRD héareth him; *
yea, and saveth him out of áll his tróubles.

7 The angel of the LÓRD tarrieth round about thém that fíar him, *
and delívereth thém.

8 O taste, and see, how grácious the LÓRD is: *
blessed is the man that trústeth in him.

9 O fear the LÓRD, ye that áre his sáints; *
for they that fear him láck nóthing.

10 The lions do lack, and súffer húnger; *

but they who seek the LÓRD shall want no manner of thíng that is góod.

11 Come, ye children, and hárken únto me; *
I will teach you the féar of the LÓRD.

12 What man is he that lústeth to líve, *
and would fain see góod dáys?

13 Keep thy tóngue from évil, *
and thy lips, that they spéak no guíle.

14 Eschew evil, and dó góod; *
seek péace, and ensúe it.

15 The eyes of the LÓRD are óver the ríghteous, *
and his ears are open únto their práyers.

16 The countenánce of the LÓRD is against thérm that do évil, *
to root out the remembrance of thérm from the éarth.

17 The righteous cry, and the LÓRD héareth thérm, *
and delivereth them out of áll their tróubles.

18 The LÓRD is nigh unto them that are of a cóntrite héart, *
and will save such as be of an húmble spírit.

19 Great are the troubles óf the ríghteous; *
but the LÓRD delivereth him óut of áll.

20 He keepeth áll his bónes, *
so that not one of thérm is bróken.

21 But misfortune shall sláy the ungóldy; *
and they that hate the righteous shál be désolate.

22 The LÓRD delivereth the souls óf his sérvants; *
and all they that put their trust in him shál not be déstitute.

23 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

24 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE SEVENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 35. *Judica, Domine.*

PLEAD thou my cause, O LÓRD, with them that stríve with mé, *
and fight thou against them that fíght agáinst me.

2 Lay hand upon the shíeld and búckler, *
and stand úp to hélp me.

3 Bring forth the spear, and stop the way against thérm that pursúe me: *
say unto my soul, I am thy salvátion.

- 4 Let them be confounded, and put to shame, that seek áfter my sóul; *
let them be turned back and brought to confusion that imagine míschief for mé.
- 5 Let them be as the dust befóre the wínd, *
and the angel of the LÓRD scátttering them.
- 6 Let their way be dárk and slíppery, *
and let the angel of the LÓRD pursúe them.
- 7 For they have privily laid their net to destroy me withóut a cáuse; *
yea, even without a cause have they made a pít for my sóul.
- 8 Let a sudden destruction come upon him unawares,†
and his net that he hath laid prívily cátch himself; *
that he may fall into his ówn míschief.
- 9 And my soul shall be joyful ín the LÓRD; *
it shall rejoice in hís salvátion.
- 10 All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee,†
who deliverest the poor from him that is too stróng for hím; *
yea, the poor, and him that is in misery, from hím that spóileth him?
- 11 False witnesses did ríse úp: *
they laid to my charge things that I knéw not.
- 12 They rewarded me évil for góod, *
to the great discomfort óf my sóul.
- 13 Nevertheless, when they were sick,†
I put on sackcloth, and humbled my sóul with fásting; *
and my prayer shall turn into míne own bósom.
- 14 I behaved myself as though it had been my friend ór my bróther; *
I went heavily, as one that mourneth fór his móther.
- 15 But in mine adversity they rejoiced, and gathered themselves together;†
yea, the very abjects came together against me únawáres,*
making mouths at mé, and céas-ed not.
- 16 With the flatterers were búsy móckers, *
who gnashed upon mé with their téeth.
- 17 Lord, how long wilt thou look upon this?†
O deliver my soul from the calamities which they bríng on mé,*
and my darling fróm the líons.
- 18 So will I give thee thanks in the great cóngregátion; *
I will praise thee amóngh much péople.
- 19 O let not them that are mine enemies triumph over mé ungódly; *
neither let them wink with their eyes, that hate mé withóut a cause.
- 20 And why?†
their communing is nót for péace; *
but they imagine deceitful words against them that are quiet ín the lánd.

21 They gaped upon me with their móuths, and sáid, *
Fie on thee! fie on thee! we saw it wíth our éyes.

22 This thou hast séen, O LÓRD; *
hold not thy tongue then; go not far from mé, O Lórd.

23 Awake, and stand up to júdge my quárrel; *
avenge thou my cause, my Gód and my Lórd.

24 Judge me, O LORD my God, according to thy ríghteousnáss; *
and let them not tríumph óver me.

25 Let them not say in their hearts,†
There! there! so wóuld we háve it; *
neither let them say, We háve devóur-ed him.

26 Let them be put to confusion and shame together,†
that rejoice át my tróuble; *
let them be clothed with rebuke and dishonor that boast themselvés agáinst me.

27 Let them be glad and rejoice,†
that favor my ríghteous déaling; yea, let them sáy álway,*
Blessed be the LORD, who hath pleasure in the prosperity óf his sérvant.

28 And as for my tongue, it shall be talking of thy ríghteousnáss, *
and of thy praise, áll the dáy long.

29 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

30 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 36. *Dixit injustus.*

MY heart showeth me the wickedness óf the ungódly, *
that there is no fear of God befóre his éyes.

2 For he flattereth himself in his ówn síght, *
until his abominable sin be fóund óut.

3 The words of his mouth are unrighteous and fúll of decéít: *
he hath left off to behave himself wisely, and to dó góod.

4 He imagineth mischief upon his bed,†
and hath set himself in no góod wáy; *
neither doth he abhor any thíng that is évil.

5 Thy mercy, O LORD, reacheth únto the héavens, *
and thy faithfulness únto the clóuds.

6 Thy righteousness standeth like the stróng móuntains: *
thy judgments are líke the great déep.

7 Thou, LORD, shalt save both man and beast:†

how excellent is thy mércy, O Gód! *

and the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow óf thy wíngs.

8 They shall be satisfied with the plenteousness óf thy hóuse; *

and thou shalt give them drink of thy pleasures, as óut of the ríver.

9 For with thee is the wéll of lífe; *

and in thy líght sháll we see líght.

10 O continue forth thy loving-kindness unto thém that knów thee, *

and thy righteousness unto them that are trúe of héart.

11 O let not the foot of pride cóme agáinst me; *

and let not the hand of the ungodly cást me dówn.

12 There are they fallen,†

all that work wickedness; they are cást dówn,*

and shall not be áble to stánd.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 37.

I. Noli aemulari.

FRET not thyself becáuse of the ungodly; *

neither be thou envious against the évil dóers.

2 For they shall soon be cut dówn like the gráss, *

and be withered even as the grén hérb.

3 Put thou thy trust in the LÓRD, and be dóing góod; *

dwell in the land, and verily thou shált be féd.

4 Delight thóu in the LÓRD, *

and he shall give thee thy héart's désiré.

5 Commit thy way unto the LÓRD, and put thy trúst in him, *

and he shall bríng it to páss.

6 He shall make thy righteousness as cléar as the líght, *

And thy just dealing ás the nóonday.

7 Hold thee still in the LÓRD, and abide patiently upon him:†

but grieve not thyself at him whose wáy doth prósper,*

against the man that doeth after évil cóunsels.

8 Leave off from wrath, and let gó displéasure: *

fret not thyself, else shalt thou be móved to do évil.

9 Wicked doers sháll be róoted out; *

and they that patiently abide the LORΔ, those shall inhérit the lánΔ.

10 Yet a little while, and the ungodly shall be cléan góne: *
thou shalt look after his place, and he shall bé awáy.

11 But the meek-spirited shall posséss the éarth, *
and shall be refreshed in the múltitude of péace.

12 The ungodly seeketh counsel agáinst the júst, *
and gnasheth upon him wíth his téeth.

13 The Lord shall láugh him to scórн; *
for he hath seen that his dáy is cóming.

14 The ungodly have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow,†
to cast down the póor and needy,*
and to slay such as be upright ín their wáys.

15 Their sword shall go through their ówn héart, *
and their bów shall be bróken.

16 A small thing that the ríghteous háth, *
is better than great riches óf the ungóldy.

17 For the arms of the ungodly shálL be bróken, *
and the LORΔ uphóldeth the ríghteous.

18 The LORΔ knoweth the dáys of the góldy; *
and their inheritance shall endúre foréver.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shálL be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Non Confundentur*

THEY shall not be confounded in the périlous tíme; *
and in the days of dearth they shall háve enóugh.

20 As for the ungodly, they shall perish, †
and the enemies of the LORΔ shall consume as the fát of lámbs: *
yea, even as the smoke shall they consúme awáy.

21 The ungodly borroweth, and páyeth not agáin; *
but the righteous is mérciful and líberal.

22 Such as are blessed of God, shall posséss the lánΔ; *
and they that are cursed of him, shall be róoted óut.

23 The LORΔ ordereth a góod man's góing, *
and maketh his way accéptable to himsélf.

24 Though he fall, he shall not be cást awáy; *
for the LORΔ upholdeth hím with his hánd.

25 I have been young, and now am old; *
and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

26 The righteous is ever merciful, and lendeth; *
and his seed is blessed.

27 Flee from evil, and do the thing that is good; *
and dwell forevermore.

28 For the Lord loveth the thing that is right; *
he forsaketh not his that be godly, but they are preserved forever.

29 The unrighteous shall be punished; *
as for the seed of the ungodly, it shall be rooted out.

30 The righteous shall inherit the land, *
and dwell therein forever.

31 The mouth of the righteous is exercised in wisdom, *
and his tongue will be talking of judgment.

32 The law of his God is in his heart, *
and his goings shall not slide.

33 The ungodly watcheth the righteous, *
and seeketh occasion to slay him.

34 The Lord will not leave him in his hand, *
nor condemn him when he is judged.

35 Hope thou in the Lord, and keep his way, †
and he shall promote thee, that thou shalt possess the land: *
when the ungodly shall perish, thou shalt see it.

36 I myself have seen the ungodly in great power, *
and flourishing like a green bay tree.

37 I went by, and lo, he was gone: *
I sought him, but his place could no where be found.

38 Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; *
for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

39 As for the transgressors, they shall perish together; *
and the end of the ungodly is, they shall be rooted out at the last.

40 But the salvation of the righteous cometh of the Lord; *
who is also their strength in the time of trouble.

41 And the Lord shall stand by them, and save them: †
he shall deliver them from the ungodly, and shall save them, *
because they put their trust in him.

42 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Ghost;

43 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever shall be, * world without end. Amen.

THE EIGHTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 38. *Domine, ne in furore.*

PUT me not to rebuke, O LORD, ín thine ánger; *

neither chasten me in thy héavy displéasure:

2 For thine arrows stíck fást in me, *

and thy hand présseth me sóre.

3 There is no health in my flesh, because of thy displéasure; *

neither is there any rest in my bones, by réason of my sín.

4 For my wickednesses are gone óver my héad, *

and are like a sore burden, too heavy for mé to báar.

5 My wounds stink, and áre corrúpt, *

thróugh my fóolishness.

6 I am brought into so great tróuble and míserý, *

that I go mourning all the dáy lóng.

7 For my loins are filled with a sóre diséase, *

and there is no whole párt in my bódy.

8 I am féeble and sore smítten; *

I have roared for the very disquietness óf my héart.

9 Lord, thou knowest áll my désire; *

and my groaning ís not híd from thée.

10 My heart panteth, my stréngth hath fáil-ed me, *

and the light of mine eyes is góne from mé.

11 My lovers and my neighbors did stand looking upón my tróuble, *

and my kinsmen stóod afar óff.

12 They also that sought after my life laid snares for me;†

and they that went about to do me evil tálked of wíckedness, *

and imagined deceit all the dáy lóng.

13 As for me, I was like a déaf man, and héard not; *

and as one that is dumb, who doth not ópen his móuth.

14 I became even as a mán that héareth not, *

and in whose mouth are nó repróofs.

15 For in thee, O LORD, have I pút my trúst; *

thou shalt answer for me, O Lórd my Gód.

16 I have required that they, even mine enemies,†

should not tríumph óver me; *

for when my foot slipped, they rejoiced gréatly agáinst me.

17 And I truly am sét in the plágue, *

and my heaviness is ever ín my síght.

18 For I will conféss my wíckedness, *
and be sorry fór my sín.

19 But mine enemies líve, and are míghty; *
and they that hate me wrongfully are mány in númer.

20 They also that reward evil for good áre agáinst me; *
because I follow the thíng that góod is.

21 Forsake me not, O LÓRD my Gód; *
be not thou fár from mé.

22 Haste thée to hélp me, *
O Lord God of my salvátion.

23 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

24 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 39. *Dixi, Custodiam.*

I SAID, I will take héed to my wáys, *
that I offend not ín my tóngue.

2 I will keep my mouth as it were wíth a brídle, *
while the ungodly is ín my síght.

3 I held my tongue, and spake nothing:†
I kept silence, yea, even from góod wórds; *
but it was pain and gríef to mé.

4 My heart was hot within me:†
and while I was thus musing the fíre kíndled, *
and at the last I spáke with my tóngue:

5 LÓRD, let me know mine end, and the númer of my dáys; *
that I may be certified how lóng I háve to líve.

6 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long,†
and mine age is even as nothing in respéct of thée; *
and verily every man living is altogéther vánity.

7 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himsélf in váin; *
he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell whó shall gáther them.

8 And now, Lord, whát is my hópe? *
truly my hope is éven in thée.

9 Deliver me from áll mine offénces; *
and make me not a rebuke únto the fóolish.

10 I became dumb, and opened nót my móuth; *
for it was thy dóing.

11 Take thy plague awáy from mé: *

I am even consumed by the méans of thy héavy hán.

12 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin,†

thou makest his beauty to consúme awáy,*

like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man thérefore is but vánity.

13 Hear my prayer, O LÓRD, and with thine ears consider my cálling; *

hold not thy péace at my téars;

14 For I am a stranger with thée, and a sojóurner, *

as all my fáthers wére.

15 O spare me a little, that I may recóver my stréngth, *

before I go hence, and be nó more séen.

16 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

17 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 40. *Expectans expectavi.*

I WAITED páiently for the LÓRD, *

and he inclined unto me, and héard my cálling.

2 He brought me also out of the horrible pit,†

out of the míre and cláy, *

and set my feet upon the rock, and órdered my góings.

3 And he hath put a new song ín my móuth, *

even a thanksgiving únto our Gód.

4 Many shall sée it, and féar, *

and shall put their trúst in the LÓRD.

5 Bless-ed is the man that hath set his hópe in the LÓRD, *

and turned not unto the proud, and to such as go abóut with líes.

6 O LÓRD my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done,† like as

be also thy thoughts, which áre to ús-ward; *

and yet there is no man that ordereth them únto thée.

7 If I should déclaré them, and spéak of them, *

they should be more than I am áble to expréss.

8 Sacrifice and offering thóu wóuldest not, *

but mine ears hást thou ópened.

9 Burnt-offering and sacrifice for sin hast thou nót requíred: *

then said I, Ló, I cóme;

10 In the volume of the book it is written of me,†

that I should fulfíll thy will, Ó my Gód: *

I am content to do it; yea, thy law is withín my héart.

11 I have declared thy righteousness in the great cóngregátion: *
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O LÓRD, and thát thou knówest.

12 I have not hid thy righteousness withín my héart; *
my talk hath been of thy truth, and of thy salvátion.

13 I have not kept back thy loving mércy and trúth *
from the gréat congregátion.

14 Withdraw not thou thy mercy from mé, O LÓRD; *
let thy loving-kindness and thy truth álway presérve me.

15 For innumerable troubles are come about me; †
my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not áble to look úp; *
yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my héart hath fáil-ed me.

16 O LÓRD, let it be thy pléasure to delíver me; *
make haste, O LÓRD, to hélp me.

17 Let them be ashamed, and confounded together, †
that seek after my sóul to destróy it; *
let them be driven backward, and put to rebuke, that wísh me évil.

18 Let them be desolate, and rewárded with sháme, *
that say unto me, Fie upon thee! fíe upón thee!

19 Let all those that seek thee, be joyful and glád in thée; *
and let such as love thy salvation, say alway, The LÓRD be práiised.

20 As for me, I am póor and néedy; *
but the Lord cáreth for mé.

21 Thou art my hélder and redéemer; *
make no long tarrying, Ó my Gód.

22 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

23 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 41. Beatus qui intelligit.

BLESSED is he that considereth the póor and néedy; *
the LÓRD shall deliver him in the tíme of tróuble.

2 The LÓRD preserve him, †
and keep him alive, that he may be bléss-ed upon éarth; *
and deliver not thou him into the wíll of his énemies.

3 The LÓRD comfort him when he lieth sick upón his béd; *
make thou áll his bed ín his síckness.

4 I said, LÓRD, be merciful únto mé; *

heal my soul, for I have sínned agáinst thee.

5 Mine enemies spéak évil of me, *

When shall he die, and his náme périsch?

6 And if he come to see me, he spéaketh vánity,†
and his heart conceiveth falsehood withín himself;*
and when he cometh fórth, he télléth it.

7 All mine enemies whisper togéther agáinst me; *

even against me do they imágine this évil.

8 An evil disease, say they, cléaveth fast únto him; *
and now that he lieth, he shall rise úp no móre.

9 Yea, even mine own familiar friend whóm I trústed, *
who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wáit for mé.

10 But be thou merciful unto mé, O LÓRD; *
raise thou me up again, and I shall rewárd them.

11 By this I knów thou favorest me, *

that mine enemy doth not tríumph agáinst me.

12 And in my innocence thóu uphóldest me, *
and shalt set me before thy fáce foréver.

13 Blessed be the LÓRD Gód of Ísrael, *
world without énd. Amén.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and tóá the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

BOOK II

Psalm 42. *Quemadmodum.*

LIKE as the hart desireth the wáter-bróoks, *

so longeth my soul after thée, O Gód.

2 My soul is athirst for God,†

yea, even for the líving Gód: *

when shall I come to appear before the présence of Gód?

3 My tears have been my meat dáy and níght, *

while they daily say unto me, where is nów thy Gód?

4 Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my héart by mysélf; *

for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the hóuse of Gód;

5 In the voice of praise and thánksgívíng, *

among súch as keep hóly-dáy.

6 Why art thou so full of heaviness, Ó my sóul? *
and why art thou so disquíeted withín me?

7 O put thy trúst in Gód; *
for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, ánd my Gód.

8 My sóul is vexed within me;†
therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jórdan,*
from Hermon and the líttle híll.

9 One deep calleth another, because of the nóise of thy wáterfloods; *
all thy waves and storms are góne óver me.

10 The LóRD will grant his loving-kindness in the daytime;†
and in the night season will I síng of him, *
and make my prayer unto the Gód of my lífe.

11 I will say unto the God of my strength,†
Why hást thou forgóttén me? *
why go I thus heavily, while the énemy opprésseth me?

12 My bones are smitten asunder as wíth a swórd, *
while mine enemies that trouble me cast me ín the téeth;

13 Namely, while they say daily únto mé, *
Where is nów thy Gód?

14 Why art thou so véxed, Ó my sóul? *
and why art thou so disquíeted withín me?

15 O put thy trúst in Gód; *
for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, ánd my Gód.

16 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

17 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 43. *Judica me, Deus.*

GIVE sentence with me, O God,
and defend my cause agáinst the ungóodly péople; *
O deliver me from the deceitful and wícked mán.

2 For thou art the God of my strength;† whý hast thou pút me fróm thee? * and
why go I so heavily, while the énemy opprésseth me?

3 O send out thy light and thy truth, that théy may léad me, *
and bring me unto thy hóly hill, and tó thy dwélling;

4 And that I may go unto the altar of God,†
even unto the God of my jój and gládness; *
and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O Gód, my Gód.

5 Why art thou so heavy, Ó my sóul? *
and why art thou so disquíeted withín me?

6 O put thy trust in God; for I will yet gíve him thánks, *
which is the help of my countenance, ánd my Gód.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE NINTH DAY

Morning Prayer.

Psalm 44. Deus, auribus.

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fáthers have tolđ us *
what thou hast done in their tíme of óld:

2 How thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, †
and plánted our fáthers in; *

how thou hast destroyed the nations, and made thy péople to flóurish.

3 For they gat not the land in possession through their ówn swórd, *
neither was it their own arm that hélped thérm;

4 But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the líght of thy cóuntenance; * because
thou hádst a favor unto thérm.

5 Thou árt my Kíng, O Gód; *
send help únto Jácob.

6 Through thee will we overthrów our énemies, *
and in thy Name will we tread them under that ríse up agáinst us.

7 For I will not trust ín my bów, *
it is nót my sword thát shall hélp me;

8 But it is thou that savest ús from our énemies, *
and púttest them to confúsión that háte us.

9 We make our boast of God áll day lóng, *
and will praise thy Náme foréver.

10 But now thou art far off, and puttest ús to confúsión, *
and goest not forth wíth our ármies.

11 Thou makest us to turn our backs upón our énemies, *
so that they which háte us spóil our góods.

12 Thou lettest us be eaten úp like shéep, *
and hast scattered us amóng the héathen.

13 Thou sellest thy péople for nóught, *
and takest no móney for thérm.

- 14 Thou makest ús to be rebuked of our neighbors,†
to be láugh-ed to scórн*,
and had in derision of them that are róund abóut us.
- 15 Thou makest us to be a byword amónг the nátiоns, *
and that the péoples sháke their héads at us.
- 16 My confúsiоn is dálily befóre me, *
and the sháme of my fáce hath cóver-ed me;
- 17 For the vóice of the slánderer and blasphémer, *
for the énemy and avénger.
- 18 And though all this be come upon us, yet do we nót forgét thee, *
nor behave oursélves frowardly ín thy cóvenant.
- 19 Our heart is not túrn-ed báck, *
neither our steps gone óut of thy wáy;
- 20 No, not when thou hast smítten us into the pláce of drágons, *
and covered us with the shádow of déath.
- 21 If we have forgotten the Name of our God,†
and hólden up our hánds to any stráng god, shall not God search it out? *
for he knóweth the very sécrets of the héart.
- 22 For thy sake álso are we killed all the dáiу lóng, *
and are counted as sheep appointed tó be sláin.
- 23 Úp, Lord, why sléepest thóu? *
awake, and be not ábsent from ús foréver.
- 24 Wherfore hidest thóu thy fáce, *
and forgettest our míserу and trúuble?
- 25 For our soul is brought low, even únto the dúst; *
our belly cleaveth únto the gróund.
- 26 Aríse, and hélp us, *
and deliver us, for thy mércy's sáke.
- 27 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 28 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 45. Eructavit cor meum.

MY heart overfloweth with a good matter;†
I speak the things which I have made concérning the Kíng. *
My tongue is the pen of a réady wríter.

2 Thou art fairer than the chíldren of mén; *
full of grace are thy lips, because God hath bless-ed thée foréver.

3 Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thóu Most Míghty,*
according to thy wórship and renówn.

4 Good luck have thou with thine honor:†
ride on, because of the word of truth, of méekness, and ríghteousness;*
and thy right hand shall teach thee térrible thíngs.

5 Thy arrows are very sharp in the heart of the Kíng's énemies,*
and the people shall be subdu-ed únto thée.

6 Thy seat, O God, endúreth foréver; *
the scepter of thy kingdom is a ríght scépter.

7 Thou hast loved ríghteousness, and háted iníquity; *
wherefore God, even thy God,/

hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness abóve thy féllows.

8 All thy garments smell of myrrh, alóes, and cássia; *
out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have máde thee glád.

9 Kings' daughters are among thy honorable women;†
upon thy right hand doth stand the queen in a vésture of góld,*
wrought about with dívers cólors.

10 Harken, O daughter, and consider; inclíne thine éar; *
forget also thine own people, and thy fáther's hóuse.

11 So shall the King have pleasure ín thy béstúdy; *
for he is thy Lord, and wórship thou him.

12 And the daughter of Tyre shall be thére with a gíft; *
like as the rich also among the people shall make their supplicátion beforé thee.

13 The King's daughter is all glórious withín; *
her clothing is of wróught góld.

14 She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of neeedlework:†
the virgins that be her fellows shall béisar her cómpany,*
and shall be broought únto thée.

15 With joy and gladness shál they be bróught, *
and shall enter into the Kíng's pálace.

16 Instead of thy fathers, thou shál have chíldren, *
whom thou mayest make prínces in all lánds.

17 I will make thy Name to be remembered from one generátion to ánóther; *
therefore shall the people give thanks unto thee, wórld without énd.

18 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

19 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 46. *Deus noster refugium.*

GOD is our hópe and stréngth, *
a very present hélp in trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, though the éarth be móv-ed, *
and though the hills be carried into the mídst of the séa;

3 Though the waters thereof ráge and swéll, *
and though the mountains shake at the témpst of the sáme.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the cítý of Gód; *
the holy place of the tabernacle of the Móst Híghest.

5 God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she nót be remóved; *
God shall help her, and thát right éarly.

6 The nations make much ado, and the kíngdoms are móved; *
but God hath showed his voice, and the earth shall mélt awáy.

7 The LÓRD of hósts is wíth us; *
the God of Jacob ís our réfuge.

8 O come hither, and behold the wórks of the LÓRD, *
what destruction he hath brought upón the éarth.

9 He maketh wars to cease in all the world;†
he breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spéar in súnder,*
and burneth the chariots ín the fíre.

10 Be still then, and know that Í am Gód: *
I will be exalted among the nations, and I will be exalted ín the éarth.

11 The LÓRD of hósts is wíth us; *
the God of Jacob ís our réfuge.

12 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

13 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

Psalm 47. *Omnes gentes, plaudite.*

O CLAP your hands together, áll ye péoples: *

O sing unto God with the vóice of mélody.

2 For the LÓRD is hígh, and to be féar-ed; *
he is the great King upon áll the éarth.

3 He shall subdue the péoples únder us, *
and the nations únder our féet.

4 He shall choose out an héritage for ús, *
even the excellency of Jacob, whóm he lóved.

5 God is gone up with a mérry nóise, *
and the L ORD with the sóund of the trúmp.

6 O sing praises, sing praises únto our Gód; *
O sing praises, sing praises únto our Kíng.

7 For God is the King of áll the éarth: *
sing ye práises with únderstanding.

8 God reigneth óver the nátions; *
God sitteth upon his hóly séat.

9 The princes of the peoples are joined unto the people of the Good of Abraham;† for
God, which is very hígh exálted,*
doth defend the earth, as it were wíth a shíeld.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 48. *Magnus Dominus.*

GREAT is the L ORD, and híghly to be práis-ed *
in the city of our God, even upon his hóly hill.

2 The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth;†
upon the north side lieth the city of the gréat Kíng: *
God is well known in her palaces as a súre réfuge.

3 For lo, the kíngs of the éarth *
were gathered, and góne by togéther.

4 They marvelled to sée such thíngs; *
they were astonished, and súddenly cast dówn.

5 Fear came there upón them; and sórrow, *
as upon a woman ín her traváil.

6 Thou dost break the shíps of the séa *
through the éast-wínd.

7 Like as we have heard,†
so have we seen in the city of the L ORD of hosts, in the cíty of our Gód; *
God upholdeth the sáme foréver.

8 We wait for thy loving-kíndness, O Gód, *
in the mídst of thy témples.

9 O God, according to thy Name, so is thy praise unto the wórld's énd; *
thy right hand is fúll of ríghteousness.

10 Let the mount Sion rejoice, and the daughters of Júdah be glád, * becáuse of
thy júdgments.

11 Walk about Sion, and go róund abóut her; *
and tell the tówers thereóf.

12 Mark well her bulwarks, consíder her pálaces, *
that ye may tell them that cóme áfter.

13 For this God is our God for éver and éver: *
he shall be our guíde unto déath.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 49. *Audite haec, omnes.*

O HEAR ye this, áll ye péople; *
ponder it with your ears, all ye that dwéll in the wórld;

2 High and low, rích and póor, *
one wíth anóther.

3 My mouth shall spéak of wísdom, *
and my heart shall muse of únderstánding.

4 I will incline mine éar to the páuble, *
and show my dark speech upón the hárp.

5 Wherfore should I fear in the dáys of évil, *
when wickedness at my heels compasseth me róund abóut?

6 There be some that put their trust ín their góods, *
and boast themselves in the multitude óf their ríches.

7 But no man may delíver his bróther, *
nor give a ransom unto Gód for him,

8 (For it cost more to redéem their sóuls, *
so that he must let that alóne foréver;)

9 That he sháll live álway, *
and not sée the gráve.

10 For he seeth that wise men also die and périsht togéther, *
as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their ríches for óther.

11 And yet they think that their houses shall continue forever, †
and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generátion to anóther; *
and call the lands after their ówn námes.

12 Nevertheless, man being in hónor abídeth not, *
seeing he may be compared unto the béasts that périsht;

13 This their way is véry fóolishness; *
yet their posterity práise their sáying.

- 14 They lie in the grave like sheep; death is their shepherd;
 and the righteous shall have dominion over thém in the mórrning: *
 their beauty shall consume in the sepulchre, and have nó abíding.
- 15 But God hath delivered my soul from the power óf the gráve; *
 for hé shall recéive me.
- 16 Be not thou afraid, though one be máde rích, *
 or if the glory of his hóuse be incréas-ed;
- 17 For he shall carry nothing away with him whén he díeth, *
 neither shall his pómپ fóllow him.
- 18 For while he lived, he counted himself an háppy mán; *
 and so long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak góod of thée.
- 19 He shall follow the generation óf his fáthers, *
 and shall néver see líght.
- 20 Man that is in honor but hath nó understandíng *
 is compared unto the béstasts that périsht.
- 21 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
 and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 22 As it was in the beginning, †
 is now, and éver sháll be, *
 world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TENTH DAY
Morning Prayer.
Psalm 50. Deus deorum.

- THE LORD, even the Most Mighty Gód, hath spóken, *
 and called the world, from the rising up of the sun unto the going dówn thereóf.
- 2 Out of Sion hath Gód appéar-ed *
 in pérfect báeauty.
- 3 Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; †
 there shall go before him a consúming fíre,*
 and a mighty tempest shall be stirred up róund abóut him.
- 4 He shall call the heaven fróm abóve, *
 and the earth, that he may júdge his péople.
- 5 Gather my saints together únto mé; *
 those that have made a covenant with mé with sácrifice.
- 6 And the heavens shall decláre his ríghteousness; *
 for God is Júdge himsélf.
- 7 Hear, O my people, and I will spéak; *
 I myself will testify against thee, O Israel; for I am God, éven thy Gód.
- 8 I will not reprove thee becáuse of thy sácrifices; *

- as for thy burnt-offerings, they are álway befóre me.
- 9 I will take no bullock out of thíne hóuse,*
nor he-goats óut of thy fólds.
- 10 For all the beasts of the fórest are míne,*
and so are the cattle upon a thóusand hills.
- 11 I know all the fowlz upón the móuntains,*
and the wild beasts of the field are ín my síght.
- 12 If I be hungry, I will not téll thee; *
for the whole world is mine, and all thát is thérein.
- 13 Thinkest thou that I will eat búlls' flésh,*
and drink the blóod of góats?
- 14 Offer unto Gód thanksgíving,*
and pay thy vows unto the Móst Híghest.
- 15 And call upon me in the tíme of tróuble; *
so will I hear thee, and thóu shalt práise me.
- 16 But unto the ungódly saith Gód,*
Why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant ín thy móouth;
- 17 Whereas thou hátest to be refórmed,*
and hast cast my wórds behínd thee?
- 18 When thou sawest a thief, thou consentedst únto hím; *
and hast been partaker wíth the adúlterers.
- 19 Thou hast let thy móouth speak wíckedness,*
and with thy tongue thou hast set fórth decéit.
- 20 Thou sattest and spakest agáinst thy bróther; *
yea, and hast slandered thine own móther's són.
- 21 These things hast thou done, and I held my tongue,†
and thou thoughtest wickedly, that I am even such a óne as thysélf; *
but I will reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thóu hast dóne.
- 22 O consider this, ye that forgét Gód,*
lest I pluck you away, and there be nóne to delíver you.
- 23 Whoso offereth me thanks and praise, he hónoreth mé,*
and to him that ordereth his way aright, will I show the salvátion of Gód.
- 24 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 25 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 51. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, after thy great góodness; *

according to the multitude of thy mercies do awáy mine offénces.

2 Wash me throughly fróm my wíckedness, *
and cleanse me fróm my sín.

3 For I acknówledge my fáults, *
and my sin is éver befóre me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil ín thy síght; *
that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thóu shalt júdge.
5 Behold, I was shápen in wíckedness, *
and in sin hath my móther concéived me.

6 But lo, thou requirest truth in the ínward párts, *
and shalt make me to understand wísdom sécretly.
7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and Í shall be cléan; *
thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whíter than snów.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of jóy and gládness, *
that the bones which thou hast bróken may rejóice.
9 Turn thy face fróm my síns, *
and put out áll my misdéeds.

10 Make me a cléan heart, O Gód, *
and renew a right spírit withín me.
11 Cast me not away fróm thy présence, *
and take not thy holy Spírit fróm me.

12 O give me the comfort of thy hélp agáin, *
and stablish me with thy frée Spírit.
13 Then shall I teach thy ways únto the wícked, *
and sinners shall be converted únto thée.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God,†
thou that art the Gód of my héalth; *
and my tongue shall sing óf thy ríghteousness.
15 Thou shalt open my líps, O Lórd, *
and my mouth shall shów thy práise.

16 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I gíve it thée; *
but thou delightest not in búnrt-ófferings.

17 The sacrifice of God is a tróubled spírit: *
a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thóu not despíse.

18 O be favorable and gracious únto Sión; *
build thou the wálls of Jerúsalem.
19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifice of righteousness,†
with the burnt-ófferings and oblátions; *
then shall they offer young bullocks upón thine áltar.
20 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;
21 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 52. *Quid gloriaris?*

WHY boastest thou thysélf, thou týrant, *
that thou cánst do míschief;
2 Whereas the góodness of Gód *
endúreth yet dáily?
3 Thy tongue imágineth wíckedness, *
and with lies thou cuttest like a shárp rázor.
4 Thou hast loved unrighteousness móre than góodness, *
and falsehood móre than ríghteousness.
5 Thou hast loved to speak all words that máy do húrt, *
O thóu false tóngue.
6 Therefore shall God destroy thee forever; †
he shall take thee, and pluck thee out óf thy dwélling,*
and root thee out of the lánd of the líving.
7 The righteous also shall sée this and fíar, *
and shall láugh him to scórн:
8 Lo, this is the man that took not God for his strength; †
but trusted unto the multitude óf his ríches,*
and strengthened himself ín his wíckedness.
9 As for me, I am like a green olive tree in the hóuse of Gód; *
my trust is in the tender mercy of God for éver and éver.
10 I will alway give thanks unto thee for that thóu hast dóne; *
and I will hope in thy Name, for thy saints líke it wéll.
11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

Psalm 53. *Dixit insipiens.*

THE foolish body hath sáid in his héart, *
There ís no Gód.
2 Corrupt are they, and become abóminable in their wíckedness; *
there is none that dóeth góod.

3 God looked down from heaven upon the chíldren of mén, *
to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after Gód.

4 But they are all gone out of the way, †
they are altogether becómable; *
there is also none that doeth góod, no not óne.

5 Are not they without understanding that work wickedness, †
eating up my people as if they wóuld eat bréad? *
they have not cálld upon Gód.

6 They were afraid where no fear was; †
for God hath broken the bones of him that besieged thée; *
thou hast put them to confusion, because God hath despís-ed thém.

7 O that the salvation were given unto Israel óut of Sión! *
O that the Lord would deliver his people óut of captívity!

8 Then should Jácob rejóice, *
and Israel should be ríght glád.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 54. *Deus, in Nomine.*

SAVE me, O Gód, for thy Náme's sake, *
and avenge me ín thy stréngth.

2 Hear my práyer, O Gód, *
and harken unto the wórds of my móuth.

3 For strangers are rísen up agáinst me; *
and tyrants, which have not God before their eyes seek áfter my sóul.

4 Behold, Gód is my hélpér; *
the Lord is with them that uphold my sóul.

5 He shall reward evil únto mine énemíes: *
destroy thou thém in thy trúth.

6 An offering of a free heart will I give thee, †
and praise thy Náme, O LÓRD; *
because it ís so cómfortable.

7 For he hath delivered me out of áll my tróuble; *
and mine eye hath seen his desire upón mine énemíes.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 55. Exaudi, Deus.

HEAR my práyer, O Gód, *
and hide not thysélf from my petíón.
2 Take heed unto mé, and héar me, *
 how I mourn in my práyer, and am véx-ed;
3 The enemy crieth so, and the ungodly cometh on so fast;†
 for they are minded to dó me some míschief, *
 so maliciously are they sét agáinst me.
4 My heart is disquíeted withín me, *
 and the fear of death is fállen upón me.
5 Fearfulness and trembling are cóme upón me, *
 and an horrible dread hath óverwhélmed me.
6 And I said, O that I had wíngs like a dóve! *
 for then would I flee away, and bé at rést.
7 Lo, then would I get me awáy far óff, *
 and remain ín the wílderness.
8 I would make háshte to escápe, *
 because of the stormy wínd and témpest.
9 Destroy their tongues, O Lórd, and divíde them; *
 for I have spied unrighteousness and strife ín the cítý.
10 Day and night they go about withín the wálls thereof: *
 mischief also and sorrow are ín the mídst of it.
11 Wickedness ís thereín; *
 deceit and guile go not óut of her stréets.
12 For it is not an open enemy that hath dóne me this díshonor; *
 for then I cóuld have bórne it;
13 Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himsélf agáinst me; *
 for then peradventure I would have híd myself fróm him;
14 But it was even thou, my compánion, *
 my guide, and mine own famíliar friénd.
15 We took sweet cóunsel togéther, *
 and walked in the house of Gód as friénds.
16 Let death come hastily upon them,†
 and let them go down alive ínto the pít; *
 for wickedness is in their dwéllings, and amóng them.
17 As for me, I will cáll upon Gód, *
 and the LÓRD shall sáve me.

18 In the evening, and morning, and at noonday†
Will I pray, and thát ínstantly; *
and he shall héar my vóice.

19 It is he that hath delivered my soul in peace†
from the báttle that was agáinst me; *
for there were móany that stróve with me.

20 Yea, even God, that endureth forever,†
shall hear me, and bríng them dówn; *
or they will not turn, nor fíear Gód.

21 He laid his hands upon such as bé at péace with him, *
and he bráke his cóvenant.

22 The words of his mouth were softer than butter,†
having wár in his héart; *
his words were smoother than oil, and yet be they véry swórds.

23 O cast thy burden upon the LóRD, and he shall nólurish thée, *
and shall not suffer the righteous to fáll foréver.

24 And ás for thém, *
thou, O God, shalt bring them into the pít of destrúction.

25 The bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out hálff their dáys: * nevertheless, my
trust shall be in thée, O Lórd.

26 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

27 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE ELEVENTH DAY

Morning Prayer.

Psalm 56. *Miserere mei, Deus.*

O BE merciful unto me, O God, †
for man goeth abóut to devóur me; *
he is daily fíghting, and tróubling me.

2 Mine enemies are daily at hand to swállow me úp; *
for they be many that fight against me, O thóu Most Híghest.

3 Nevertheless, though I am sómetime afráid, *
yet put I my trúst in thée.

4 I will praise God, becáuse of his wórd: *
I have put my trust in God, and will not fear what flesh can dó unto mé.

5 They daily mistáke my wórds; *
all that they imagine is to dó me évil.

- 6 They hold all together, and keep themselves clóse, *
and mark my steps, when they lay wáit for my sóul.
- 7 Shall they escápe for their wíckedness? *
thou, O God, in thy displeasure shalt cást them dówn.
- 8 Thou tellest my wanderings; put my tears ínto thy bóttle: *
are not these things noted ín thy bóok?
- 9 Whensoever I call upon thee,†
then shall mine enemies be pút to flíght: *
this I know; for God is ón my síde.
- 10 In God's word will I rejóice; *
in the LORÐ's word will I cómfort me.
- 11 Yea, in God have I pút my trúst; *
I will not be afraid what man can dó unto mé.
- 12 Unto thee, O God, will I páy my vóws; *
unto thee will I give thánks.
- 13 For thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my féet from fálling, *
that I may walk before God in the líght of the líving.
- 14 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 57. Miserere mei, Deus.

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in thee;
and under the shadow of thy wings shall bé my réfuge,*
until this tyranny be óverpást.

- 2 I will call unto the Móst High Gód, *
even unto the God that shall perform the cause which I háve in hánd.
- 3 He shall sénd from héaven, *
and save me from the reproof of him that would éat me úp.
- 4 God shall send forth his mércy and trúth: *
my soul ís among líons;
- 5 And I lie even among the children of men, that are sét on fíre, *
whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a shárp swórd.
- 6 Set up thyself, O God, abóve the héavens; *
and thy glory above áll the éarth.

7 They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed dówn my sóul; *
they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the mídst of it themselvés.

8 My heart is fixed, O God, my héart is fíx-ed; *
I will síng and give práise.

9 Awake up, my glory; awake, lúte and hárp: *
I myself will awáke right éarly.

10 I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, amóng the péoples; *
and I will sing unto thee amóng the nátions.

11 For the greatness of thy mercy réacheth unto the héavens, *
and thy trúth unto the clóuds.

12 Set up thyself, O God, abóve the héavens; *
and thy glory above áll the éarth.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 58. *Si vere utique.*

ARE your minds set upon righteousness, O ye cóngregátion? *
and do ye judge the thing that is right, O ye sóns of mén?

2 Yea, ye imagine mischief in your heart upón the éarth, *
and your hands déal with wíckedness.

3 The ungodly are foward, even from their móther's wómb; *
as soon as they are born, they go astráy, and speak líes.

4 They are as venomous as the pójison of a sérpent, *
even like the deaf adder, that stóppeth her éars;

5 Which refuseth to hear the vóice of the chármer, *
charm he néver so wíssely.

6 Break their teeth, O God, ín their móuths; *
smite the jawbones of the líons, O LÓRD.

7 Let them fall away like water that rúnñeth ápace; *
when they shoot their arrows, let them be róoted óut.

8 Let them consume away like a snail, †
and be like the untimely frúit of a wóman; *

and let them not sée the sún.

9 Or ever your pots be made hót with thórns, *

he shall take them away with a whirlwind, the green and the búnning alíke.

10 The righteous shall rejoice when he séeth the véngeance; *

he shall wash his footsteps in the blood óf the ungódly.

11 So that a man shall say,†

Verily there is a rewárd for the ríghteous; *

doubtless there is a God that júdgeth the éarth.

12 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

13 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 59. Eripe me de inimicis.

DELIVER me from mine énemies, O Gód; *

defend me from them that ríse up agáinst me.

2 O deliver me from the wícked dóers, *

and save me from the blóodthirsty mén.

3 For lo, they lie waiting for my soul;†

the mighty men are gathered agáinst me, *

without any offence or fault of mé, O LÓRD.

4 They run and prepare themselves withóut my fáult; *

arise thou therefore to hélp me, and béhold.

5 Stand up, O LÓRD God of hosts, thou God of Israel, to visit áll the héathen, * and be not merciful unto them that offend of málicious wíckedness.

6 They go to and fro ín the évening, *

they grin like a dog, and run about thróugh the cítý.

7 Behold, they speak with their mouth, and swords are ín their líps; *

for whó doth héar?

8 But thou, O LÓRD, shalt háve them in derísion, *

and thou shalt laugh all the héathen to scórн.

9 My strength will I ascribe únto théé; *

for thou art the Gód of my réfuge.

10 God sheweth me his góodness plénteously; *
and God shall let me see my desire upón mine énemies.

11 Slay them not, lest my people forget it;†
but scatter them abroad amóng the péople, *
and put them down, O Lórd our défense.

12 For the sin of their mouth, and for the words of their lips,†
they shall be taken ín their príde: *
and why?/ their talk is of cúrsing and líes.

13 Consume them in thy wrath, consume them, that théy may périsch; *
and know that it is God that ruleth in Jacob, and unto the énds of the wórld.

14 And in the evening théy will retúrn, *
grin like a dog, and will go abóut the cítý.

15 They will run here and thére for méat, *
and grudge if they bé not sáatisfied.

16 As for me, I will sing of thy power,†
and will praise thy mercy betimes ín the mórnning; *
for thou hast been my defense and refuge in the dáy of my trúble.

17 Unto thee, O my stréngth, will I síng; *
for thou, O God, art my refuge, and my mérciful Gód.

18 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

19 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 60. *Deus, repulisti nos.*

O GOD, thou hast cast us out, and scáttered us abróad; *
thou hast also been displeased: O turn thee únto us agáin.

2 Thou hast moved the lánd, and divíded it: *
heal the sores thereof, fór it sháketh.

3 Thou hast showed thy people héavy thíngs; *
thou hast given us a drink of déadly wíne.

4 Thou hast given a token for súch as féar thee, *
that they may triumph bécuse of the trúth.

5 Therefore were thy belóved delívered; *

help me with thy right hánđ, and héar me.

6 God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice, and divíde Shéchem, *
and mete out the válley of Súccoth.

7 Gilead is mine, and Manásseh is míne; *

Ephraim also is the strength of my head; Júdah is my láwgiver;

8 Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast óut my shóe; *
Philistia, bé thou glád of me.

9 Who will lead me into the stróng cítý? *

who will bríng me ínto Édom?

10 Hast not thou cast us óut, O Gód? *

wilt not thou, O God, go óut with our hóstís?

11 O be thou our hélp in trúuble; *

for vain is the hélp of mán.

12 Through God will we dó great ácts; *

for it is he that shall tread dówn our énemis.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 61. *Exaudi, Deus.*

HEAR my cryíng, O Gód, *

give ear únto my práyer.

2 From the ends of the earth will I cáll upon thée, *
when my héart is in héaviness.

3 O set me up upon the rock that is hígher than I; *

for thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me agáinst the énemy.

4 I will dwell in thy tábernacle foréver, *

and my trust shall be under the covering óf thy wíngs.

5 For thou, O Lord, hast héard my desíres, *

and hast given an heritage unto those that féar thy Náme.

6 Thou shalt grant the Kíng a long lífe, *

that his years may endure throughout áll generátions.

7 He shall dwell before Gód foréver: *

O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may presérve him.

8 So will I alway sing praise únto thy Náme, *
that I may daily perfórm my vóws.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWELFTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 62. Nonne Deo?

MY soul truly waiteth stíll upon Gód; *
for of him cometh my salvátion.

2 He verily is my strength and my salvátion; *
he is my defense, so that I shall not gréatly fáll.

3 How long will ye imagine mischief against every man? †
Ye shall be slain all the sórt of yóu; *
yea, as a tottering wall shall ye be, and like a bróken hédge.

4 Their device is only how to put him out whom God will exalt; †
their delíght is in líes; *
they give good words with their mouth, but cúrse with their héart.

5 Nevertheless, my soul, wait thou stíll upon Gód; *
for my hópe is in him.

6 He truly is my strength and my salvátion; *
he is my defense, so that I shall not fáll.

7 In God is my health and my glóry; *
the rock of my might; and in Gód is my trúst.

8 O put your trust in him álway, ye péople; *
pour out your hearts before him, for Gód is our hópe.

9 As for the children of men, they are but vanity; †
the children of mén are decéitful; *
upon the weights they are altogether lighter than vánity itsélf.

10 O trust not in wrong and robbery; give not yoursélves unto vánity: *
if riches increase, set not your héart upón them.

11 God spake once, and twice I have also héard the sáme, *
that power belongeth únto Gód;

12 And that thou, Lord, árt mérciful; *
for thou rewardest every man accórding to his wórk.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 63. *Deus, Deus meus.*

O GOD, thou árt my Gód; *
early wíll I séek thee.

2 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth áfter thée, *
in a barren and dry land whére no wáter is.

3 Thus have I looked for thee ín the sánctuary, *
that I might behold thy pórter and glóry.

4 For thy loving-kindness is better than the lífe itsélf: *
my líps shall práise thee.

5 As long as I live will I magnify thee ín this mánnner, *
and lift up my hands ín thy Náme.

6 My soul shall be satisfied, †
even as it were with márrow and fátness, *
when my mouth praiseth thee with jóyful líps.

7 Have I not remembered thee ín my béd, *
and thought upon thee when I was wáking?

8 Because thou hast béen my hélpér; *
therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejóice.

9 My soul hángeth upón thee; *
thy right hand hath uphólden mé.

10 These also that seek the húrt of my sóul, *
they shall go únder the éarth.

11 Let them fall upon the édge of the swórd, *
that they may be a pórton for fóxes.

12 But the King shall rejoice in God; †

all they also that swear by him shall bē comménded; *
for the mouth of them that speak líes shall be stópp-ed.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 64. Exaudi, Deus.

HEAR my voice, O Gód, in my práyer; *
preserve my life from fíear of the énemy.

2 Hide me from the gathering together óf the fróward, *
and from the insurrection of wícked dóers;

3 Who have whet their tongue líke a swórd, *
and shoot out their arrows, even bítter wórds;

4 That they may privily shoot at hím that is pérfect: *
suddenly do they hit him, and fíear nót.

5 They encourage themselves in mischief, †
and commune among themselves, how they máy lay snáres; *
and say, that no mán shall sée them.

6 They imagine wickedness, and practise it; †
that they keep secret amóng themsélves, *
every man in the déep of his héart.

7 But God shall suddenly shoot at them wíth a swift árrow, *
that théy shall be wóunded.

8 Yea, their own tongues shall máke them fáll; *
insomuch that whoso seeth them shall láugh them to scórн.

9 And all men that see it shall say, Thís hath God dóne; *
for they shall perceive that ít is his wórk.

10 The righteous shall rejoice in the LORd, and put his trúst in hím; *
and all they that are true of héart shall be glád.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 65. *Te decet hymnus.*

THOU, O God, art práised in Síon; *
and unto thee shall the vow be perfórmed in Jerúsalem.

2 Thou that héarest the práyer, *
unto thee shall áll flesh cóme.

3 My misdeeds preváil agáinst me: *
O be thou merciful únto our síns.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and receivest únto thée: *
he shall dwell ín thy cóurt,
and shall be satisfied with the pleasures óf thy hóuse,*
even of thy hóly témples.

5 Thou shalt show us wonderful things ín thy ríghteousness, *
O God of óur salvátion;
thou that art the hope of all the ends óf the éarth,*
and of them that remain in the bróad séa.

6 Who in his strength setteth fást the móuntains, *
and is girded abóut with pówer.

7 Who stilleth the ráging of the séa, *
and the noise of his waves, and the madness óf the péoples.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth†
shall be afraid át thy tókens, *
thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and évening to práise thee.

9 Thou visitest the éarth, and bléssest it; *
thou makest it véry plénteous.

10 The river of God is fúll of wáter: *
thou preparest their corn, for so thou providest fór the éarth.

11 Thou waterest her furrows; thou sendest rain into the little várreys theréof; * thou
makest it soft with the drops of rain, and blessest the íncrease óf it.

12 Thou crownest the year wíth thy góodness; *
and thy clóuds drop fátness.

13 They shall drop upon the dwellings óf the wílderness; *
and the little hills shall rejoice on évery síde.

14 The folds shall be full of shéep; *
the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall láugh and síng.
15 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
16 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 66. *Jubilate Deo.*

O BE joyful in God, áll ye lánðs; *
sing praises unto the honor of his Name; make his práise to be glórious.

2 Say unto God, O how wonderful art thou in thy works!†
through the greatness óf thy pórter*
shall thine enemies bow dówn unto théé.

3 For all the world shall wórship théé, *
sing of thee, and práise thy Náme.

4 O come hither, and behold the wórks of Gód; *
how wonderful he is in his doing toward the chíldren of mén.

5 He turned the séa into dry lánd, *
so that they went through the water on foot; there did we rejóice thereóf.

6 He ruleth with his power forever; his eyes behóld the nátions: *
and such as will not believe shall not be able to exált themsélves.

7 O praise our Gód, ye péoples, *
and make the voice of his práise to be héard;

8 Who holdeth our sóul in lífe; *
and suffereth not our féeet to slíp.

9 For thou, O Gód, hast próved us; *
thou also hast tried us, like as sílver is tríed.

10 Thou broughtest us ínto the snáre; *
and laidest trouble upón our lóins.

11 Thou sufferedst men to ride óver our héads; *
we went through fire and water, and thou broughtest us out into a wéalthy pláce.

12i I will go into thine house with búnrt-ófferings, *
and will páy thee my vóws,

12ii which I promised wíth my líps,*
and spake with my mouth, when I was in tróuble.

13 I will offer unto thee fat burnt-sacrifices, with the íncense of ráms; *
I will offer búllocks and góats.

14 O come hither, and harken, all ye that féar Gód; *
and I will tell you what he hath done fór my sóul.

15 I called unto him wíth my móuth, *
and gave him praises wíth my tóngue.

16 If I incline unto wickedness wíth mine héart, *
the Lord wíll not héar me.

17 But Gód hath héard me; *
and considered the vóice of my práyer.

18 Praised be God, who hath not cast óut my práyer, *
nor turned his mércy from mé.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 67. *Deus misereatur.*

GOD be merciful unto ús, and bléss us, *
and show us the light of his countenance, and be mérciful unto ús;

2 That thy way may be knówn upon éarth, *
thy saving health amóng all nátioms.

3 Let the peoples práise thee, O Gód; *
yea, let all the péoples práise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad; †
for thou shalt judge the fólk ríghteously, *
and govern the nátioms upon éarth.

5 Let the peoples práise thee, O Gód; *
yea, let all the péoples práise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring fórth her íncrease; *
and God, even our own God, shall gíve us his bléssing.

7 Gód shall bléss us; *

and all the ends of the wórlد shall f  ar him.

8 Glory be to the Father, and t   the S  n, *
and to the H  ly Gh  st;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever sh  ll be, *
world w  thout énd. Amen.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 68. Exsurgat Deus.

LET God arise, and let his énemies be sc  ttered; *
let them also that hate him fl  e before him.

2 Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away; †
and like as wax melteth at the f  re,*
so let the ungodly perish at the pr  sence of G  d.

3 But let the righteous be glad, and rejoice before G  d; *
let them also be m  erry and j  yful.

4 O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his Name; †
magnify him that rideth up  n the héavens; *
praise him in his Name JAH, and rejoice before him.

5 He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cáuse of the w  dows; *
even God in his h  ly habit  tion.

6 He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house, †
and bringeth the prisoners out of capt  vity; *
but letteth the runagates cont  nue in sc  rceness.

7 O God, when thou wentest forth before the péople; *
when thou wentest thr  ugh the w  lderness,

8 The earth shook, and the heavens dropped at the presence of God; †
even as Sinai also was moved at the pr  sence of G  d,*
who is the G  d of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon th  ne inh  ritance, *
and refreshedst it when it was w  ary.

10 Thy congregation shall dw  ll ther  in; *
for thou, O God, hast of thy goodness prepar-ed f  r the p  or.

11 The L  rd gave the w  rd; *

great was the company of women that báre the tídings.

12 Kings with their armies did flee, and wére discómfited, *
and they of the household divíded the spóil.

13 Though ye have lain among the sheep-folds,†
yet shall ye be as the wíngs of a dóve *
that is covered with silver wings, and her féathers like góld.

14 When the Almighty scattered kíngs for their sáke, *
then were they as white as snáw in Sálmon.

15 As the hill of Bashan, so is Gód's híll; *
even an high hill, as the híll of Báshan.

16 Why mock ye so, ye high hills?†
this is God's hill, in the which it pléaseth him to dwéll; *
yea, the LORd will abide in ít foréver.

17 The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thóusands of ángels; *
and the Lord is among them as in the holy pláce of Sínai.

18 Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive,†
and received gifts from men; yea, even fróm thine énemies,*
that the LORd God might dwéll amóngh them.

19 Práised be the Lord dáily, *
even the God who helpeth us, and poureth his bénefits upón us.

20 He is our God, even the God of whom cómeth salvátion: *
GOD is the Lord, by whom wé escape déath.

21 God shall wound the héad of his énemies, *
and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still ín his wíckedness.

22 The Lord hath said, I will bring my people again, as I díd from Báshan; *
mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the déep of the séa.

23 That thy foot may be dipped in the blóod of thine énemies, *
and that the tongue of thy dogs may be réd through the sáme.

24 It is well seen, O God, hów thou góest; *
how thou, my God and King, goest ín the sánctuary.

25 The singers go before, the minstrels fóllow áfter, *
in the midst of the damsels playing wíth the tímbrrels.

26 Give thanks unto God the Lord in the cóngregátion, *
ye that are of the fóuntain of Ísrael.

27 There is little Benjamin their ruler, and the princes of Júdah their cóuncil; *
the princes of Zebulon, and the prínces of Náphthalí.

28 Thy God hath sent forth stréngth for thée; *
stablish the thing, O God, that thou hast wróught in ús,
29 For thy temple's sáke at Jerúsalem; *
so shall kings bring presents únto thée.

30 Rebuke thou the dragon and the bull, with the leaders of the heathen,†
so that they humbly bring píeces of sílver; *
scatter thou the peoples that delíght in wár;
31 Then shall the princes come óut of Égypt; *
the Morians' land shall soon stretch out her hánds unto Gód.

32 Sing unto God, O ye kíngdoms of the éarth; *
O sing praises únto the Lórd;

33 Who sitteth in the heavens over all, fróm the begínning: *
lo, he doth send out his voice; yea, and that a míghty vóice.

34 Ascribe ye the power to Gód over Ísrael; *
his worship and strength is ín the clóuds.

35 O God, wonderful art thou in thy holy places: even the Gód of Ísrael, *
he will give strength and power unto his people. Bléssed be Gód.

36 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
37 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer
Psalm 69. *Salvum me fac.*

SÁVE me, O Gód; *
for the waters are come in, even únto my sóul.

2 I stick fast in the deep míre, where no gróund is; *
I am come into deep waters, so that the flóods run óver me.
3 I am weary of crying; my thróat is drý; *
my sight faileth me for waiting so long upón my Gód.

4 They that hate me without a cause are more than the háirs of my héad; *
they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me gúiltless, are míghty.

5 I paid them the things that I néver tóok: *
God, thou knowest my simpleness, and my faults are not híd from thée.

6 Let not them that trúst in thée,*
O Lord GOD of hosts, be ashámed for my cáuse;
let not those that seek thee be confounded thróugh me,*
O Lord Gód of Ísrael.

7 And why? for thy sake have I súffered repróof; *
shame hath cóvered my fáce.
8 I am become a stranger únto my bréthren,*
even an alien unto my móther's chíldren.

9 For the zeal of thine house hath éven éaten me; *
and the rebukes of them that rebuked thee are fállen upón me.
10 I wept, and chastened mysélff with fásting,*
and that was turned to my repróof.

11 I put on sackcloth also,*
and they jésted upón me.
12 They that sit in the gate spéak agáinst me,*
and the drunkards make sóngs upón me.

13 But, L ORD, I make my práyer unto thée *
in an accéptable tíme.
14 Hear me, O God, in the multitude óf thy mércy,*
even in the truth of thy salvátion.

15 Take me out of the míre, that I sínk not; *
O let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the déep wáters.
16 Let not the waterflood drown me, neither let the deep swállow me úp; *
and let not the pit shut her móuth upón me.

17 Hear me, O L ORD, for thy loving-kíndness is cómfortable; *
turn thee unto me according to the múltitude of thy mércies.
18 And hide not thy face fróm thy sérvant; *
for I am in trouble: O háste thee, and héar me.

19 Draw nigh unto my sóul, and sáve it; *
O deliver me, becáuse of mine énemis.
20 Thou hast known my reproach, my shame, and my dishónor: *
mine adversaries are áll in thy síght.

21 Reproach hath broken my heart; I am full of heaviness:†
I looked for some to have pity on me, but there wás no mán,*
neither found I ány to cómfort me.

22 They gave me gáll to éat; *
and when I was thirsty they gave me vínegar to drínk.

23 Let their table be made a snare to take themselves withal;†
and let the things that should have been fór their wéalth *
be unto them an occasiún of fálling.

24 Let their eyes be blinded, thát they sée not; *
and ever bow thou dówn their bácks.

25 Pour out thine indignátion upón them, *
and let thy wrathful displeasure take hóld of them.

26 Let their habitátion be vóid, *
and no man to dwéll in their ténts.

27 For they persecute him whom thóu hast smítten; *
and they talk how they may vex them whom thóu hast wóunded.

28 Let them fall from one wíckedness to ánóther, *
and not come ínto thy ríghteousness.

29 Let them be wiped out of the bóok of the líving, *
and not be written amóng the ríghteous.

30 As for me, when I am póor and in héaviness, *
thy help, O God, shall líft me úp.

31 I will praise the Name of God wíth a sóng, *
and magnify it wíth thanksgívning.

32 This also shall pléase the LÓRD *
better than a bullock that hath hórns and hóofs.

33 The humble shall consider thí斯, and be glád: *
seek ye after God, and your sóul shall líve.

34 For the LÓRD héareth the póor, *
and despiseth nót his prísoners.

35 Let heaven and éarth práise him: *
the sea, and all that móveth thérein.

36 For God will save Sion, and build the cíties of Júdah, *
that men may dwell there, and have it ín posséssion.

37 The posterity also of his servants sháll inhérit it; *
and they that love his Name shall dwéll theréin.

38 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

39 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 70. *Deus, in adjutorium.*

HASTE thee, O Gód, to delíver me; *
make haste to hélp me, O LÓRD.

2 Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek áfter my sóul; *
let them be turned backward and put to confusion that wísh me évil.

3 Let them for their reward be soon bróught to sháme, *
that cry over me, Thére! thére!

4 But let all those that seek thee be joyful and glád in thée: *
and let all such as delight in thy salvation say alway, The Lórd be práised.

5 As for me, I am póor and in míserý: *
haste thee unto mé, O Gód.

6 Thou art my hélder, and my redéemer: *
O LÓRD, máke no long tárrying.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE FOURTEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 71. *In te, Domine, speravi.*

IN thee, O LÓRD, have I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion, †
but rid me and deliver me ín thy ríghteousness; *
incline thine ear unto mé, and sáve me.

2 Be thou my stronghold, whereunto I may alway resort: †
thou hast prómised to hélp me, *
for thou art my house of defénce, and my cástle.

3 Deliver me, O my God, out of the hánd of the ungóldly, *
out of the hand of the unríghteous and crúel man.

4 For thou, O Lord GÓD, art the thíng that I lóng for: *
thou art my hope, even fróm my yóuth.

5 Through thee have I been holden up ever since I was born:†
thou art he that took me out of my móther's wómb: *
my praise shall be álway of thée.

6 I am become as it were a monster únto mány, *
but my sure trúst is in thée.

7 O let my mouth be filled wíth thy práise, *
that I may sing of thy glory and honor all the dáy lóng.

8 Cast me not away in the tíme of áge; *
forsake me not when my strength fáileth mé.

9 For mine enemies spéak agáinst me; *
and they that lay wait for my soul take their counsel togéther, sáying,

10 Gód hath forsáken him; *
persecute him, and take him, for there is nóne to delíver him.

11 Go not far from mé, O Gód; *
my God, hásté thee to hélp me.

12 Let them be confounded and perish that are agáinst my sóul; *
let them be covered with shame and dishonor that seek to dó me évil.

13 As for me, I will patiently abíde alwáy, *
and will praise thee móre and móre.

14 My mouth shall daily speak of thy ríghteousness and salvátion; *
for I know no énd thereóf.

15 I will go forth in the strength of the Lórd GÓD, *
and will make mention of thy ríghteousness ónly.

16 Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth úp until now; *
therefore will I tell of thy wóndrous wórks.

17 Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am gray-headed,†
until I have showed thy strength unto this générátion, *
and thy power to all them that are yét for to cóme.

18 Thy righteousness, O God, is very high,†
and great things are they that thóu hast dóne: *

O God, who is líke unto thée!

19 O what great troubles and adversities hast thou showed me!†
and yet didst thou túrn and refrésh me; *
yea, and broughtest me from the deep of the éarth agáin.

20 Thou hast brought me to gréat hónor, *
and comforted me on évery síde:

21 Therefore will I praise thee, and thy faithfulness, O God,†
playing upon an ínstrument of músic: *
unto thee will I sing upon the harp, O thou Hóly One of Ísrael.

22 My lips will be glad when I síng unto thée; *
and so will my soul whom thóu hast delívered.

23 My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the dáy lóng; *
for they are confounded and brought unto shame that seek to dó me évil.

24 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

25 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 72. *Deus, judicium.*

GIVE the King thy júdgments, O Gód, *
and thy righteousness unto the Kíng's són.

2 Then shall he judge thy people accórding unto ríght, *
and defénd the pór.

3 The mountains also sháll bring péace, *
and the little hills righteousness únto the péople.

4 He shall keep the simple fólk by their ríght, *
defend the children of the poor, and púnish the wróng doer.

5 They shall fear thee, as long as the sun and móon endúreth, *
from one generátion to ánóther.

6 He shall come down like the rain upón the mown gráss, *
even as the drops that wáter the éarth.

7 In his time shall the ríghteous flóurish; *
yea, and abundance of peace, so long as the móon endúreth.

8 His dominion shall be also from the one séa to the óther, *

and from the River unto the wórlد's énd.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall knéel befóre him; *
his enemies shall líck the dúst.

10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles sháll give présents; *
the kings of Arabia and Saba sháll bring gífts.

11 All kings shall fáll down befóre him; *
all nations shall dó him sérvice.

12 For he shall deliver the pór when he críeth; *
the needy also, and him that háth no hélder.

13 He shall be favorable to the símple and néedy, *
and shall preserve the sóuls of the pór.

14 He shall deliver their souls from fálsehood and wrónge; *
and dear shall their blood be ín his síght.

15 He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the góld of Arábia; *
prayer shall be made ever unto him, and daily shall hé be práis-ed.

16 There shall be an heap of corn in the earth, high upon the hills;
the fruit thereof shall sháke like Lébanon: *
and they of the city shall flourish like grass upón the éarth.

17 His Name shall endure forever; his Name shall remain under the sun†
among the posterities, which shall be bléssed in him; *
and all the nátions shall práise him.

18 Blessed be the LÓRD God, even the Gód of Ísrael, *
which only doeth wóndrous thíngs;

19 And blessed be the Name of his májesty foréver: *
and all the earth shall be filled with his majesty. Amén, Amén.

20 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

21 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

BOOK III
Evening Prayer

Psalm 73. *Quam bonus Israel!*

TRULY God is loving únto Ísrael: *
even unto such as are of a cléan héart.

2 Nevertheless, my feet were álmost góne, *
my treadings had wéll-nigh slípped.

3 And why? I was gríeved at the wícked: *
I do also see the ungodly in súch prospérity.

4 For they are in no péril of déath; *
but are lústy and stróng.

5 They come in no misfortune like óther fólk; *
neither are they plagued like óther mén.

6 And this is the cause that they are so hólden with príde, *
and cruelty covereth them ás a gárment.

7 Their eyes swéll with fátness, *
and they do even whát they lúst.

8 They corrupt other, and speak of wícked blásphemy; *
their talking is against the Móst Hígh.

9 For they stretch forth their mouth únto the héaven, *
and their tongue goeth thróugh the wórld.

10 Therefore fall the people únto thém, *
and thereout suck they no smálí advántage.

11 Tush, say they, how should Gód percéive it? *
is there knowledge in the Móst Hígh?

12 Lo, thése are the ungodly, *
these prosper in the world and these have ríches in posséssion:

13 And I said, Then have I cleansed my héart in váin, *
and washed my hánds in ínnocency.

14 All the day long have Í been púnished, *
and chastened évery mórnning.

15 Yea, and I had almost said éven as théy; *
but lo, then I should have condemned the generation óf thy chíldren.

16 Then thought I to únderstánd this; *

- but it was too hárð for mé,
17 Until I went into the sánctuary of Gód: *
then understood I the énd of these mén;
 18 Namely, how thou dost set them in slíppery pláces, *
 and castest them down and destróyest théim.
19 O how suddenly dó they consúme, *
perish, and come to a féarful énd!
 20 Yea, even like as a dream when óne awáketh; *
 so shalt thou make their image to vanish óut of the cítý.
21 Thus my héart was gríev-ed, *
and it went even thróugh my réins.
 22 So foolish was Í, and ígnorant, *
 even as it were a bést befóre thee.
23 Nevertheless, I am álway bý thee; *
for thou hast holden me by my right hánd.
 24 Thou shalt guide me wíth thy cóunsel, *
 and after that recéive me with glóry.
25 Whom have I in héaven but thée? *
and there is none upon earth that I desire in compárison of thée.
 26 My flesh and my heart fáileth; *
 but God is the strength of my heart and my pórtion foréver.
27 For lo, they that forsáke thee shall périsch; *
thou hast destroyed all them that are unfaithful únto thée.
 28 But it is good for me to hold me fast by God,†
 to put my trust in the Lórd GÓD, *
 and to speak of all thy works in the gates of the dáughter of Sión.
29 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
 30 As it was in the beginning, †
 is now, and éver sháll be, *
 world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 74. Ut quid, Deus?

O GOD, wherefore art thou absent from ús so lóng? *
why is thy wrath so hot against the shéep of thy pásture?

2 O think upon thy cóngregátion, *
whom thou hast purchased and redéem-ed of óld.

3 Think upon the tribe of thíne inhéritance, *
and Mount Sion, wherein thóu hast dwélt.

4 Lift up thy feet that thou mayest utterly destroy évery énemy, *
which hath done evil ín thy sánctuary.

5 Thíne adversaries roar in the midst of thy cóngregátions, *
and set up their bánners for tókens.

6 He that hewed timber afore out of the thícк tréés, *
was known to bring it to an éxcellent wórk.

7 But now they break down all the carved wórk thereóf*
with áxes and hámmers.

8 They have set fire upon thy hóly pláces, *
and have defiled the dwelling-place of thy Name even únto the gróund.

9 Yea, they said in their hearts, Let us make havoc of them áltogéther: *
thus have they burnt up all the houses of Gód in the lánd.

10 We see not our tokens; there is not one próphet móre; *
no, not one is there among us, that understandeth ány móre.

11 O God, how long shall the adversary dó this dishónor? *
shall the enemy blaspheme thy Náme foréver?

12 Why withdrawest thou thy hand?†
why pluckest thou not thy right hand óut of thy bósom*
to consúme the énemy?

13 For God is my Kíng of óld; *
the help that is done upon earth, he dóeth it himsélf.

14 Thou didst divide the sea thróugh thy pówér; *
thou brakest the heads of the dragons ín the wáters.

15 Thou smotest the heads of levíathan in páeces, *
and gavest him to be meat for the péople of the wílderness.

16 Thou broughtest out fountains and waters out of the hárд rócks; *
thou driedst up míghty wáters.

17 The day is thine, and the níght is thíne; *
thou hast prepared the líght and the sún.

18 Thou hast set all the borders óf the éarth; *

thou hast made súmmer and wínter.

19 Remember this, O LORD, how the énemy hath rebúk-ed; *
and how the foolish people hath blasphémed thy Náme.

20 O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove†
unto the multitude óf the énemies; *
and forget not the congregation of the póor foréver.

21 Look upón the covenant; *
for all the earth is full of darkness and cruél habitátions.

22 O let not the simple go awáy ashámed; *
but let the poor and needy give praise únto thy Náme.

23 Arise, O God, maintain thíne own cáuse; *
remember how the foolish man blasphémeth thee dáily.

24 Forget not the vóice of thine énemies: *
the presumption of them that hate thee increaseth ever móre and móre.

25 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

26 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 75. Confitebimur tibi.

UNTO thee, O God, do wé give thánks; *
yea, unto thee do wé give thánks.

2 Thy Name also ís so nígh; *
and that do thy wondrous wórks déclaré.

3 In the appointed time, sá-ith Gód, *
I shall judge according únto ríght.

4 The earth is weak, and all the inhábiters thereóf: *
I bear up the píllars óf it.

5 I said unto the fools, Deal nót so mádly; *
and to the ungodly, Set not úp your hórn.

6 Set not up your hórn on hígh, *
and speak not wíth a stíff neck.

7 For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor fróm the wést, *
nor yet fróm the sóuth.

8 And why? Gód is the Júdge; *
he putteth down one, and setteth up ánóther.

9 For in the hand of the LORd there is a cup, and the wíne is réd; *
it is full mixed, and he poureth óut of the sáme.

10 As for the drégs thereóf, *
all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them, and súck them óut.

11 But I will talk of the Gód of Jácob, *
and práise him foréver.

12 All the horns of the ungodly also wíll I bréak, *
and the horns of the righteous shál be exálted.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world without énd. Amén.

Psalm 76. *Notus in Judaea.*

IN Judah is Gód knówn; *
his Name is gréat in Ísrael.

2 At Salem ís his tábernacle, *
and his dwélling in Sión.

3 There brake he the arrows óf the bów, *
the shield, the sword, ánd the báttle.

4 Thou art glórious in míght, *
when thou comest from the hílls of the róbbers.

5 The proud are robbed, they have slépt their sléep; *
and all the men whose hands were mighty have fóund nóthing.

6 At thy rebuke, O Gód of Jácob, *
both the chariot and hórse are fállen.

7 Thou, even thou árt to be féared; *
and who may stand in thy sight when thóu art ángry?

8 Thou didst cause thy judgment to be héard from héaven; *
the earth trembled, ánd was still,

9 When God aróse to júdgment, *
and to help all the méek upon éarth.

10 The fierceness of man shall túrn to thy práise; *
and the fierceness of them shalt thóu refráin.

11 Promise unto the LORÐ your God,†
and keep it, all ye that are róund abóut him; *
bring presents unto him that óught to be fíear-ed.

12 He shall refrain the spírit of prínces, *
and is wonderful among the kíngs of the éarth.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 77. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*

I WILL cry unto Gód with my vóice; *
even unto God will I cry with my voice, and he shall hárken unto mé.

2 In the time of my trouble I sought the Lord:†
I stretched forth my hands unto him, and ceased not in the níght séason;
my soul refús-ed cómfort.

3 When I am in heaviness, I will thínk upon Gód; *
when my heart is vex-ed, I wíll compláiin.

4 Thou holdest míne eyes wáking: *
I am so feeble that I cánnott spéak.

5 I have considered the dáys of óld, *
and the yéars that are pást.

6 I call to remémbrance my sóng, *
and in the night I commune with mine own heart, and séarch out my spírit.

7 Will the Lord absent himsélf foréver? *
and will he be no móre entréated?

8 Is his mercy clean góne foréver? *
and is his promise come utterly to an énd forevermóre?

9 Hath God forgótten to be grácious? *
and will he shut up his loving-kíndness in displéasure?

10 And I said, It is mine ówn infírmity; *

but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Móst Híghest.

11 I will remember the wórks of the LÓRD, *

and call to mind thy wónders of óld time.

12 I will think also of áll thy wórks, *

and my talking shall bé of thy dóings.

13 Thy way, O Gód, is hóly: *

who is so great a Gód as our Gód?

14 Thou art the God that dóest wónders, *

and hast declared thy power amóng the péoples.

15 Thou hast mightily delíver-ed thy péople, *

even the sons of Jácob and Jóseph.

16 The waters saw thee, O God,†

the waters saw thee, and wére afráid; *

the depths álso were tróubled.

17 The clouds poured out water, the áir thúnder-ed, *

and thine árrows went abróad.

18 The voice of thy thunder was heard róund abóut: †

the lightnings shone upón the gróund;*

the earth was moved, and shóok withál.

19 Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the gréat wáters, *

and thy footsteps áre not knówn.

20 Thou leddest thy péople like shéep, *

by the hand of Mósés and Áaron.

21 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

22 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 78.

I. Attendite, popule.

HEAR my law, Ó my péople; *

incline your ears unto the wórds of my móuth.

2 I will open my móuth in a páable; *
I will declare hard séntences of óld;

3 Which we have héard and knówn, *
and such as our fáthers have tóld us;

4 That we should not hide them from the
children of the generations to come; †
but to show the honor óf the LÓRD,*
his mighty and wonderful works that hé hath dóne.

5 He made a covenant with Jacob, and gave Ísrael a láw, *
which he commanded our forefathers to téach their chíldren;

6 That their postéritý might knów it, *
and the children which were yét unbórn;

7 To the intent that whén they came úp, *
they might show their chíldren the sáme;

8 That they might put their trúst in Gód; *
and not to forget the works of God, but to kíep his commándments;

9 And not to be as their forefathers, a faithless and stubborn generation; †
a generation that set not their héart aríght,*
and whose spirit clave not stedfástly unto Gód;

10 Like as the children of Ephraim; †
who being harnessed, and cárrying bóws,
turned themselves back in the dáy of báttle.

11 They kept not the cóvenant of Gód, *
and would not wálk in his láw;

12 But forgat what hé had dóne, *
and the wonderful works that he had shów-ed for thém.

13 Marvelous things did he in the sight of our forefathers, in the lánd of Égypt,* even in
the fíeld of Zóan.

14 He divided the sea, and lét them go thróugh; *
he made the waters to stánd on an héap.

15 In the daytime also he léd them wíth a clóud, *
and all the night through with a líght of fíre.

16 He clave the hard rócks in the wílderness, *
and gave them drink thereof, as it had been out of the gréat dépth.

17 He brought waters out of the stóny róck, *
so that it gush-ed out líke the rívers.

18 Yet for all this they sinned móre agáinst him, *
and provoked the Most Híghest in the wílderness.

19 They tempted Gód in their héarts, *
and required meat fór their lúst.

20 They spake against God álso, sáying, *
Shall God prepare a table ín the wílderness?

21 He smote the stony rock indeed,†
that the water gushed out, and the streams flów-ed withál; *
but can he give bread also, or provide flésh for his péople?

22 When the LÓRD heard this, he was wroth;†
so the fire was kíndled in Jácob, *
and there came up heavy displeasure agáinst Ísrael;

23 Because they believ-ed nót in Gód, *
and put not their trúst in his hélp.

24 So he commanded the clóuds abóve, *
and opened the dóors of héaven.

25 He rained down manna also upon them fór to éat, *
and gave them fóod from héaven.

26 So man did eat ángels' fóod; *
for he sent them méat enóugh.

27 He caused the east-wind to blow únder héaven; *
and through his power he brought in the sóuthwest wínd.

28 He rained flesh upon them as thíck as dúst, *
and feathered fowls like as the sánd of the séa.

29 He let it fall amóng their ténts, *
even round about their hábitátion.

30 So they did eat, and were well filled;†
for he gave them théir own desíre: *
they were not disappointed óf their lúst.

31 But while the meat was yet in their mouths,†
the heavy wrath of God came upon them, and slew the wéalthiest of thém; *
yea, and smote down the chosen men that wére in Ísrael.

32 But for all this they sínned yet móre, *
and believ-ed not his wóndrous wórks.

33 Therefore their days did he consúme in vánity, *
and their yéars in trúble.

34 When he sléw them they sóught him, *
and turned them early, and inquir-ed after Gód.

35 And they remember-ed that Gód was their stréngth, *
and that the High God was théir redéemer.

36 Nevertheless, they did but flatter him wíth their móuth, *
and dissembl-ed with him ín their tóngue.

37 For their heart was not whóle with him, *
neither continu-ed they steadfast ín his covenant.

38 But he was so merciful, that he forgáve their misdéeds, *
and destróy-ed them nót.

39 Yea, many a time turned he his wráth awáy, *
and would not suffer his whole displéasure to aríse.

40 For he consider-ed that they wére but flésh, *
and that they were even a wind that passeth away, and cometh nót agáin.

41 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

42 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Quoties exacerbaverunt*

MANY a time did they provoke him ín the wílderness, *
and griev-ed him ín the désert.

42 They turned back, and téempted Gód, *
and provok-ed the Holy Óne in Ísrael.

43 They thought not óf his hánd, *
and of the day when he deliver-ed them from the hánd of the énemy;

44 How he had wrought his míracles in Égypt, *
and his wonders in the fíeld of Zóan.

45 He turned their waters ínto blóod, *
so that they might not drínk of the rívers.

46 He sent flies among them, and devóur-ed them úp; *
and frógs to destroy them.

47 He gave their fruit únto the cáterpillar, *
and their labor únto the grásshopper.

48 He destroyed their vínes with háilstones, *
and their mulberry trees wíth the fróst.

49 He smote their cattle álso with háilstones, *
and their flocks with hót thúnderbolts.

50 He cast upon them†
the furiousness of his wrath, anger, displéasure, and tróuble: *
and sent evil ángels amóng them.

51 He made a way to his indignation, and spared not their sóul from déath; *
but gave their life óver to the péstilence;

52 And smote all the firstbórn in Égypt, *
the most principal and mightiest in the dwéllings of Hám.

53 But as for his own people, he led them fórth like shéep, *
and carried them in the wilderness líke a flóck.

54 He brought them out safely, that they shóuld not fíar, *
and overwhelmed their enemies wíth the séa.

55 And brought them within the borders óf his sánctuary, *
even to this mountain, which he purchased wíth his right hánd.

56 He cast out the heathen also before them,†
caused their land to be divided among them fór an héritage, *
and made the tribes of Israel to dwéll in their ténts.

57 Yet they tempted and displeas-ed the Móst High Gód, *
and kept nót his téstimoniés.

58 They turned their backs, and fell away líke their fórefathers; *
starting aside like a bróken bów.

59 For they grieved him wíth their hill-altars, *
and provok-ed him to displeasure wíth their ímages.

60 When God heard this, hé was wróth, *
and took sore displéasure at Ísrael;

61 So that he forsook the tábernacle in Shíloh, *
even the tent that he had pítch-ed among mén.

- 62 He delivered their power into captívity, *
and their beauty into the énemy's hánd
- 63 He gave his people over also únto the swórd, *
and was wroth wíth his inhéritance.
- 64 The fire consum-ed their yóung mén, *
and their maidens were not gíven in márrage.
- 65 Their priests were slain wíth the swórd, *
and there were no widows to máke lamentátion.
- 66 So the Lord awak-ed as one óut of sléep, *
and like a giant refrésh-ed with wíne.
- 67 He drove his énemies báckward, *
and put them to a perpétual sháme.
- 68 He refus-ed the tábernacle of Jóseph, *
and chose not the tríbe of Éphraim;
- 69 But chose the tríbe of Júdah, *
even the hill of Síon which he lóv-ed.
- 70 And there he built his temple on high,†
and laid the foundation of it líke the gróund*
which he hath máde contínually.
- 71 He chose David álso his sérvant, *
and took him awáy from the shéep-folds:
- 72 As he was following the ewes with their yóung he tóok him, *
that he might feed Jacob his people, and Ísrael his inhéritance.
- 73 So he fed them with a faithful ánd true héart, *
and rul-ed them prudently with áll his pówér.
- 74 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 75 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE SIXTEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 79. *Deus, venerunt.*

O GOD, the heathen are come into thíne inhéritance; *
thy holy temple have they defiled and made Jerusalem an héap of stónes.

2 The dead bodies of thy servants†
have they given to be meat unto the fówls of the áir, *
and the flesh of thy saints unto the béstas of the lánd.

3 Their blood have they shed like water on every síde of Jerúsalem, *
and there was no mán to búry them.

4 We are become an open sháme to our énemies, *
a very scorn and derision unto them that are róund abóut us.

5 LÓRD, how long wilt thóu be ángry? *
shall thy jealousy burn like fíre foréver?

6 Pour out thine indignation upon the heathen that háve not knówn thee; *
and upon the kingdoms that have not called upón thy Náme.

7 For they have devóur-ed Jácob, *
and laid wáste his dwélling place.

8 O remember not our old sins,†
but have mercy upon us, and thát sóon; *
for we are come to gréat míserý.

9 Help us, O God of our salvation, for the gloory óf thy Náme: *
O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, fór thy Náme's sake.

10 Wherfore do the héathen sáy, *
Where is now their Gód?

11 O let the vengeance of thy servants' blóod that is shéd, *
be openly showed upon the heathen, ín our sight.

12 O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners cóme beforé thee,*
according to the gréatness of thy pówér,
preserve thou those that are appóinted to díe.

13 And for the blasphemy wherewith our neighbors have blasphém-ed thée,*
reward thou them, O Lord, sevenfold ínto their bósom.

14 So we, that are thy people, and sheep of thy pasture,†
shall give thee thánks foréver, *
and will alway be showing forth thy praise from generation to génerátion.

15 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

16 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 80. *Qui regis Israel.*

HEAR, O thou Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph líke a flóck; *
show thyself also, thou that sittest upón the Chérubim.

2 Before Ephraim, Benjamin, ánd Manásseh, *

stir up thy strength, and cóme and hélp us.

3 Turn us agáiñ, O Gód; *

show the light of thy countenance, and wé shall be whóle.

4 O LORÐ Gód of hósts, *

how long wilt thou be angry with thy péople that práyeth?

5 Thou feedest them with the bréad of téars, *

and givest them plenteousness of téars to drínk.

6 Thou hast made us a very strife únto our néighbors, *

and our enemies láugh us to scórñ.

7 Turn us again, thou Gód of hósts; *

show the light of thy countenance, and wé shall be whóle.

8 Thou hast brought a vine óut of Égypt; *

thou hast cast out the héathen, and plánted it.

9 Thou mádest róom for it; *

and when it had taken root, it fíll-ed the lánd.

10 The hills were cover-ed wíth the shádow of it, *

and the boughs thereof were like the góodly cédar trees.

11 She stretched out her bránches unto the séa, *

and her boughs únto the Ríver.

12 Why hast thou then broken dówn her hédge, *

that all they that go by plúck off her grápes?

13 The wild boar out of the wood doth róot it úp, *

and the wild beasts of the fíeld devóur it.

14 Turn thee again, thou God of hosts, look dówn from héaven, *

behold, and vísit this víne;

15 And the place of the vineyard that thy right hánd hath plánted, *

and the branch that thou madest so stróng for thysélf.

16 It is burnt with fire, ánd cut dówn; *

and they shall perish at the rebúke of thy cóuntenance.

17 Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hánd, *

and upon the son of man, whom thou madest so strong for thíne own sélf.

18 And so will not we go báck from théé: *

O let us live, and we shall call upón thy Náme.

19 Turn us again, O LORÐ Gód of hósts; *

show the light of thy countenance, and we sháll be whóle.

20 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

21 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be,* world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 81. *Exultate Deo.*

SING we merrily unto Gód our stréngth; *
make a cheerful noise unto the Gód of Jácob.

2 Take the psalm, bring híther the tábret, *
the merry harp wíth the lúte.

3 Blow up the trumpet in the néw móon, *
even in the time appointed, and upon our sólemn féast-day.

4 For this was made a státute for Ísrael, *
and a law of the Gód of Jácob.

5 This he ordained in Joseph fór a téstimony, *
when he came out of the land of Egypt, and had heard a strángre lánguage.

6 I eased his shoulder fróm the búrden, *
and his hands were delivered from máking the póts.

7 Thou calledst upon me in troubles, and Í delíver-ed thee; *
and heard thee what time as the stórm fell upón thee.

8 I próved thee also *
at the wáters of strífe.

9 Hear, O my people; and I will assure thée O Ísrael, *
if thou wilt harken únto mé,

10 There shall no strange gód be ín thee, *
neither shalt thou worship any óther gód.

11 I am the LÓRD thy God, who brought thee out of the lánd of Égypt: *
open thy mouth wide, and Í shall fill it.

12 But my people would not héar my vóice; *
and Israel would nót obéy me;

13 So I gave them up unto their ówn hearts' lústs, *
and let them follow their own imáginatiōns.

14 O that my people would have harken-ed únto mé! *
for if Israel had walk-ed ín my wáys,

15 I should soon have put dówn their énemies, *
and turn-ed my hand agáinst their advérsaries.

16 The haters of the LÓRD should have submitted themselves únto him; *
but their time should have endúr-ed foréver.

17 I would have fed them also with the fínest whéat-flour; *
and with honey out of the stony rock would I have satisfí-ed thée.

18 Glory be to the Father and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

19 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 82. Deus stetit.

GOD standeth in the congregátion of prínces; *
he is a Júdge among góds.

2 How long will ye gíve wrong júdgment, *
and accept the persons óf the ungódly?

3 Defend the pór and fátherless; *
see that such as are in need and necessità have ríght.

4 Deliver the óutcast and pór; *
save them from the hand óf the ungódly.

5 They know not, neither do they understand, but walk on still in dárkness: *
all the foundations of the earth are óut of cóurse.

6 I have said, Yé are góds, *
and ye are all the children of the Móst Híghest.

7 But ye shall díe like mén, *
and fall like óne of the prínces.

8 Arise, O God, and judge thóu the éarth; *
for thou shalt take all nations to thíne inhéritance.

9 Glory be to the Father and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 83. Deus, quis similis?

HOLD not thy tongue, O God, keep nót still sílence: *
refrain not thysélf, O Gód.

2 For lo, thine enemies máke a mórmuring; *
and they that hate thee have líft up their héad.

3 They have imagin-ed craftily agáinst thy péople, *
and taken counsel agáinst thy sécret ones.

4 They have said,†
Come, and let us root them out, that they be no móre a péople, *
and that the name of Israel may be no móre in remémbrance.

5 For they have cast their heads together with óne consént, *
and are conféderate agáinst thee:

6 The tabernacles of the Edomites, ánd the Íshmaelites; *
the Móabites, and Hágarenes;

7 Gebal, and Ámmon, and Ámalek; *
the Philistines, with them that dwéll at Týre.

8 Assyria also is jón-ed wíth them; *

they have holpen the chíldren of Lót.
9 But do thou to them as únto the Míidianites; *
unto Sisera, and unto Jabin at the bróok of Kíshon;
10 Who pérish-ed at Éndor, *
and became as the dúng of the éarth.
11 Make them and their princes like Óreb and Zéeb; *
yea, make all their princes like as Zébah and Zálmunna;
12 Who say,†
Let us táké to oursélves *
the houses of Gód in posséssion.
13 O my God, make them like unto the whírling dúst, *
and as the stubble befóre the wínd;
14 Like as the fire that burneth úp the fórest, *
and as the flame that consúmeth the móuntains;
15 Pursue them even so wíth thy témpest, *
and make them afraid wíth thy stórm.
16 Make their faces ashám-ed, O LÓRD, *
that they may séek thy Náme.
17 Let them be confounded and vexed ever móre and móre; *
let them be put to sháme, and pérish.
18 And they shall know that thou, whose Náme is JEHÓVAH, *
art only the Most Highest over áll the éarth.
19 Glory be to the Father and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 84. *Quam dilecta!*

O HOW amiable áre thy dwéllings, *
thou LÓRD of hósts.
2 My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts óf the LÓRD; *
my heart and my flesh rejoice in the líving Gód.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,†
and the swallow a nest, where she may láy her yóung; *
even thy altars, O LÓRD of hosts, my King and my Gód.
4 Blessed are they that dwell ín thy hóuse; *
they will be álway práising thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose stréngth is ín thee; *
in whose héart are thy wáys.
6 Who going through the vale of misery use it fór a wéll; *

and the pools are fíll-ed with wáter.

7 They will go from stréngth to stréngth, *
and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of thém in Sión.

8 O LóRD God of hosts, héar my práyer; *
hearken, O Gód of Jácob.

9 Behold, O Gód our defénder, *
and look upon the face of thíne anóinted.

10 For one day ín thy cóurts *
is better thán a thóusand.

11 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the hóuse of my Gód, *
than to dwell in the ténts of ungódliness.

12 For the LóRD God is a light and defense;†
the LóRD will give gráce and wórship; *
and no good thing shall he withhold from them that líve a góldy lífe.

13 O LóRD Gód of hósts, *
blessed is the man that putteth his trúst in thée.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 85. *Benedixisti, Domine.*

LóRD, thou art become gracious únto thy lánd; *
thou hast turned away the captívity of Jácob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the offence óf thy péople, *
and covered áll their síns.

3 Thou hast taken away áll thy displéasure, *
and turned thyself from thy wráthful indignátion.

4 Turn us then, O Gód our Sávior, *
and let thine ánger céase from us.

5 Wilt thou be displéased at us foréver? *
and wilt thou stretch out thy wrath from one generátion to anóther?

6 Wilt thou not turn agáin, and quícken us, *
that thy people may rejóice in thée?

7 Show us thy mércy, O LóRD, *
and grant us thy salvátion.

8 I will hearken what the LóRD God will say;†
for he shall speak peace unto his people, and tó his sáints, *
that they turn not again únto fóolishness.

9 For his salvation is nigh thém that féar him; *

that glory may dwéll in our lánd.

10 Mercy and truth are mét togéther: *

righteousness and peace have kíss-ed each óther.

11 Truth shall flourish óut of the éarth, *

and righteousness hath look-ed dówn from héaven.

12 Yea, the LÓRD shall show lóving-kíndness; *

and our land shall gíve her íncrease.

13 Righteousness shall gó before him, *

and shall direct his going ín the wáy.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 86. Inclina, Domine.

BOW down thine ear, O LÓRD, and héar me; *

for I am poor, ánd in mísery.

2 Preserve thou my soul, for Í am hóly: *

my God, save thy servant that putteth his trúst in thée.

3 Be merciful unto mé, O Lórd; *

for I will call dáily upón thee.

4 Comfort the sóul of thy sérvant; *

for unto thee, O Lord, do I líft up my sóul.

5 For thou, Lord, art góod and grácious, *

and of great mercy unto all them that cáll upón thee.

6 Give ear, LÓRD, únto my práyer, *

and ponder the voice of my húmble desíres.

7 In the time of my trouble I will cáll upón thee; *

for thou héarest mé.

8 Among the gods there is none like unto thée, O Lórd; *

there is not one that can do as thóu dó-est.

9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship thée, O Lórd; *

and shall glórify thy Náme.

10 For thou art great, and doest wóndrous thíngs: *

thou art Gód alóne.

11 Teach me thy way, O LÓRD, and I will walk ín thy trúth: *

O knit my heart unto thee, that I may fíar thy Náme.

12 I will thank thee, O Lord my God, with áll my héart; *

and will praise thy Náme for évermore.

13 For great is thy mércy towárd me; *
and thou hast deliver-ed my soul from the néthermost héll.

14 O God, the proud are risen against me;†
and the congregations of violent men have sought áfter my sóul, *
and have not set thee befóre their éyes.

15 But thou, O Lord God, art full of compássion and mércy, *
long-suffering, plenteous in góodness and trúth.

16 O turn thee then unto me, and have mércy upón me; *
give thy strength unto thy servant, and help the són of thine hándmaid.

17 Show some token upon me for good;†
that they who hate me may see it, and bé ashám-ed, *
because thou, LORd, hast holpen me, and cómfort-ed mé.

18 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

19 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 87. *Fundamenta ejus.*

HER foundations are upon the hóly hills: *
the LORd loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwéllings of Jácob.

2 Very excellent things are spóken of thée, *
thou cítý of Gód.

3 I will make mention of Égypt and Bábylon, *
among thém that knów me.

4 Behold, Philistia also; and Týre, with Éthiopia; *
lo, in Sion wére they bórн.

5 Yea, of Sion it shall be reported, this one and thát one were bórн in her; *
and the Most Hígh shall stáblish her.

6 The LORd shall record it, when he writeth úp the péoples; *
lo, in Sion wére they bórн.

7 The singers also and trumpeters sháll make ánsWER: *
All my fresh spríngs are ín thee.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 88. *Domine, Deus.*

O LORd God of my salvation, I have cried day and níght befóre thee: *

O let my prayer enter into thy presence, incline thine ear únto my cálling;

2 For my soul is fúll of tróuble, *

and my life draweth nigh únto the gráve.

3 I am counted as one of them that go down ínto the pít, *

and I am even as a man that háth no stréngth;

4 Cast off among the dead,†

like unto them that are slain, and líe in the gráve, *

who are out of remembrance, and are cut away fróm thy hánd.

5 Thou hast laid me in the lówest pít, *

in a place of darkness, and ín the déep.

6 Thine indignation lieth hárd upón me, *

and thou hast vex-ed me with áll thy stórms.

7 Thou hast put away mine acquaintance fár from mé, *

and made me to be abhórr-ed óf them.

8 I am so fást in príson *

that I cánnott get fórth.

9 My sight faileth for véry tróuble;†

LORD, I have call-ed dáily upón thee, *

I have stretch-ed forth my hands únto thée.

10 Dost thou show wonders amóng the déad? *

or shall the dead rise up agáin, and práise thee?

11 Shall thy loving-kindness be showed ín the gráve? *

or thy faithfulness ín destrúction?

12 Shall thy wondrous works be knówn in the dárk? *

and thy righteousness in the land where all thíngs are forgótten?

13 Unto thee have I crí-ed, O LÓRD; *

and early shall my prayer cóme befóre thee.

14 LORD, why abhorrest thóu my sóul, *

and hidest thou thy fáce fróm me?

15 I am in misery, and like unto him that is at the póint to díe; *

even from my youth up, thy terrors have I suffer-ed with a tróubl-ed mínd.

16 Thy wrathful displeasure góeth óver me, *

and the fear of thee háth undóne me.

17 They came round about me dáily like wáter, *

and compass-ed me together on évery síde.

18 My lovers and friends hast thou pút awáy from me, *

and hid mine acquaintance oút of my síght.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

20 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer
Psalm 89.

I. Misericordias Domini.

MY song shall be alway of the loving-kindness óf the LÓRD; *
with my mouth will I ever be showing thy truth from one generátion to another.

2 For I have said, Mercy shall be set úp foréver; *
thy truth shalt thou stablish ín the héavens.

3 I have made a covenant wíth my chósen; *
I have sworn unto Dávid my sérvant:

4 Thy seed will I stáblísh foréver, *
and set up thy throne from one generátion to another.

5 O LÓRD, the very heavens shall praise thy wóndrous wórks; *
and thy truth in the congregation óf the sáints.

6 For who is he amóngh the clóuds, *
that shall be compar-ed únto the LÓRD?

7 And what is he amóngh the góds, *
that shall be like únto the LÓRD?

8 God is very greatly to be fear-ed in the cóuncil of the sáints, *
and to be had in reverence of all them that are róund abóut him.

9 O Lord God of hosts, who is like únto thée? *
thy truth, most mighty LÓRD, is on évery síde.

10 Thou rulest the ráging of the séa; *
thou stillest the waves thereof whén they aríse.

11 Thou hast subdued Egypt, ánd destróyed it; *
thou hast scatter-ed thine enemies abroad with thy míghty árm.

12 The heavens are thine, the earth álso is thíne; *
thou hast laid the foundation of the round world, and all that thérein ís.

13 Thou hast made the north ánd the sóuth; *
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice ín thy Náme.

14 Thou hast a míghty árm; *
strong is thy hand, and high is thy ríght hánđ.

15 Righteousness and equity are the habitátion of thy séat; *
mercy and truth shall go befóre thy fáce.

16 Blessed is the people, O LÓRD, that can rejóice in thée; *
they shall walk in the light óf thy cóuntenance.

17 Their delight shall be daily ín thy Náme; *
and in thy righteousness shall they máke their bóast.

18 For thou art the glory óf their stréngth, *

and in thy loving-kindness thou shalt líft up our hórns.

19 For the LóRD is óur défense; *

the Holy One of Israel ís our Kíng.

20 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

21 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen

II. *Tunc locutus es*

THOU spakest sometime in visions unto thy saints, and saidst,†

I have laid help upon óne that is míghty,*

I have exalted one chosen óut of the péople.

21 I have found Dávid my sérvant; *

with my holy oil have I anóinted him.

22 My hand shall hóld him fást, *

and my árm shall stréngthen him.

23 The enemy shall not be able to dó him víolence; *

the son of wickedness sháll not húrt him.

24 I will smite down his foes befóre his fáce, *

and plague thérm that háte him.

25 My truth also and my mercy sháll be wíth him; *

and in my Name shall his hórн be exálted.

26 I will set his dominion also ín the séa, *

and his right hand ín the flóods.

27 He shall call me, Thóu art my Fáther, *

my God, and my stróng salvátion.

28 And I will máke him my firstborn, *

higher than the kíngs of the éarth.

29 My mercy will I keep fór him for évermore, *

and my covenant shall stánd fast wíth him.

30 His seed also will I make to endúre foréver, *

and his throne as the dáys of héaven.

31 But if his children forsáke my láw, *

and walk not ín my júdgments;

32 If they break my statutes, and keep not my commándments; *

I will visit their offences with the rod, and their sín with scóurges.

33 Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not útterly táké from him, *

nor suffer my trúth to fáil.

34 My covenant will I not break, †

nor alter the thing that is gone óut of my líps: *

I have sworn once by my holiness, that I will not fáil Dávid.

35 His seed shall endúre foréver, *
and his throne is like as the sún befóre me.

36 He shall stand fast forevermore ás the móon, *
and as the faithful wítness in héaven.

37 But thou hast abhor्र-ed and forsaken thíne anóointed, *
and art displéas-ed át him.

38 Thou hast broken the covenant óf thy sérvant, *
and cast his crówn to the gróund.

39 Thou hast overthrown áll his hédges, *
and broken dówn his stróngholds.

40 All they that gó by spóil him, *
and he is become a repróach to his néighbors.

41 Thou hast set up the right hand óf his énemies, *
and made all his advérsaries to rejóice.

42 Thou hast taken away the édge of his swórd, *
and givest him not victory ín the báttle.

43 Thou hast pút out his glóry, *
and cast his throne dówn to the gróund.

44 The days of his youth hást thou shórten-ed, *
and cover-ed him wíth dishónor.

45 LÓRD, how long wilt thou hide thyself? foréver? *
and shall thy wrath búrn like fíre?

46 O remember how shórt my tíme is; *
wherefore hast thou made all mén for nójught?

47 What man is he that liveth, and sháll not see déath? *
and shall he deliver his soul from the power óf the gráve?

48 Lord, where are thy old lóving-kíndnesses, *
which thou swarest unto David ín thy trúth?

49 Remember, Lord, the rebúke that thy sérvants have, *
and how I do bear in my bosom the rebukes of mány péople;

50 Wherewith thine enemies háve blasphém-ed thee, *
and slandered the footsteps of thíne anóointed.

51 Prais-ed be the LÓRD forévermore. *
Amén, and Amén.

52 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

53 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

BOOK IV
THE EIGHTEENTH DAY
Morning Prayer
Psalm 90. *Domine, refugium.*

LORD, thou hast been our refuge,*
from one generation to another.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth,†
or ever the earth and the world were made,*
thou art God from everlasting, and world without end.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction;*
again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,*
and as a watch in the night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep;*
and fade away suddenly like the grass.

6 In the morning it is green, and groweth up;*
but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

7 For we consume away in thy displeasure,*
and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

8 Thou hast set our misdeeds before thee;*
and our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9 For when thou art angry all our days are gone: *
we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten; *
and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years,
yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; *
so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

11 But who regardeth the power of thy wrath? *
or feareth aright thy indignation?

12 So teach us to number our days,*
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Turn thee again, O LORD, at the last,*
and be gracious unto thy servants.

14 O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon: *
so shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

15 Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us; *
and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

16 Show thy servants thy work,*
and their children thy glory.

17 And the glorious majesty of the LORD our God be upon us:†

prosper thou the work of our hánðs upón us; *

O prosper thóu our hánðy-work.

18 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

19 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 91. *Qui habitat.*

WHOSO dwelleth under the defense of the Móst Hígh, *

shall abide under the shadow óf the Almíghty.

2 I will say unto the LóRD, Thou art my hope, ánd my strónghold; *
my God, in him wíll I trúst.

3 For he shall deliver thee from the snare óf the húnter, *
and from the nóisome péstilence.

4 He shall defend thee under his wings,†
and thou shalt be safe únder his féathers; *
his faithfulness and truth shall be thy shíeld and bückler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for any térror by níght, *
nor for the arrow that flíeth by dáy;

6 For the pestilence that wálketh in dárkness, *
nor for the sickness that destroyeth ín the nóonday.

7 A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy ríght hánð; *
but it shall nót come nígh thee.

8 Yea, with thine eyes shalt thóu behóld, *
and see the reward óf the ungódly.

9 For thou, LóRD, árt my hópe; *
thou hast set thine house of defense véry hígh.

10 There shall no evil háppen únto thee, *
neither shall any plague come nígh thy dwélling.

11 For he shall give his angels chárge over thée, *
to keep thee in áll thy wáys.

12 They shall bear thee ín their hánðs, *
that thou hurt not thy foot agáinst a stóne.

13 Thou shalt go upon the líon and ádder: *
the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread únder thy féet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will Í delíver him; *
I will set him up, because he hath knówn my Náme.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will hear him;†
yea, I am with hím in tróuble; *
I will deliver him, and bring hím to hónor.

- 16 With long life wíll I sátsify him, *
and show him my salvátion.
- 17 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 18 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 92. *Bonum est confiteri.*

- IT is a good thing to give thanks únto the LÓRD, *
and to sing praises unto thy Name, Ó Most Híghest;
- 2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early ín the mórníng, *
and of thy truth in the níght séason;
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upón the lúte; *
upon a loud instrument, and upón the hárp.
- 4 For thou, LÓRD, hast made me glad thróugh thy wórks; *
and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations óf thy hánds.
- 5 O LÓRD, how glorious áre thy wórks! *
thy thoughts are véry déep.
- 6 An unwise man doth not wéll consíder this, *
and a fool doth not únderstánd it.
- 7 When the ungodly are gréen as the gráss,*
and when all the workers of wickedness dó floúrish,
then shall they be destróy-ed foréver; *
but thou, LÓRD, art the Most Híghest forévermore.
- 8 For lo, thine enemies, O LÓRD, †
lo, thine énemies shall périsch; *
and all the workers of wickedness sháll be destróy-ed.
- 9 But my horn shall be exalted like the hórn of an únicorn; *
for I am anointed with frésh óil.
- 10 Mine eye also shall see his lúst of mine énemies, *
and mine ear shall hear his desire of the wicked that aríse up agáinst me.
- 11 The righteous shall flourish líke a pálm tree, *
and shall spread abroad like a cédar in Lébanon.
- 12 Such as are planted in the house óf the LÓRD, *
shall flourish in the courts of the house óf our Gód.
- 13 They also shall bring forth more fruit ín their áge, *
and shall be fát and well-líking;
- 14 That they may show how true the LÓRD my stréngth is, *
and that there is no unríghteousness ín him.
- 15 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;
16 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 93. Dominus regnavit.

THE LÓRD is King, and hath put on glórious appárel; *
the LÓRD hath put on his apparel, and girded himsélf with stréngth.

2 He hath made the round wórld so súre, *
that it cánnott be móv-ed.

3 Ever since the world began, hath thy séat been prepár-ed: *
thou árt from everlásting.

4 The floods are risen, O LÓRD, the floods have líft up their vóice; *
the floods líft up their wáves.

5 The waves of the sea are mighty, and ráge hórribly; *
but yet the LÓRD, who dwelleth on hígh, is míghtier.

6 Thy testimonies, O LÓRD, are véry súre: *
holiness becometh thine hóuse foréver.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 94. Deus ultionum.

O LÓRD God, to whom véngeance belóngeth, *
thou God, to whom vengeance belóngeth, shów thyself.

2 Arise, thou Júdge of the wórld, *
and reward the proud áfter their desérving.

3 LÓRD, how long sháll the ungódly, *
how long shall the ungódly tríumph?

4 How long shall all wicked doers spéak so disdáinfully, *
and make such próud bósting?

5 They smite down thy péople, O LÓRD, *
and tróuble thine héritage.

6 They murder the widow ánd the strángér, *
and put the fátherless to déath.

7 And yet they say, Tush, the LÓRD sháll not sée, *
neither shall the God of Jácob regárd it.

8 Take heed, ye unwise amóng the péople: *
O ye fools, when will ye únderstánd?

9 He that planted the ear, sháll he not héar? *
or he that made the eye, sháll he not sée?

10 Or he that instrúcteth the héathen, *
it is he that teacheth man knowledge; shall nót he púnish?
11 The LÓRD knoweth the thóughts of mán, *
that théy are but váin.

12 Blessed is the man whom thou chástenest, O LÓRD, *
and teachest him ín thy láw;
13 That thou mayest give him patience in tíme of advérsity, *
until the pit be digg-ed up fór the ungódly.

14 For the LÓRD will not fáil his péople; *
neither will he forsake hís inhéritance;
15 Until righteousness turn again únto júdgment: *
all such as are true in héart shall fóllow it.

16 Who will rise up with me agáinst the wícked? *
or who will take my part against the évil dóers?
17 If the LÓRD hád not hélp-ed me,*
it had not fail-ed, but my soul had been pút to sílence.

18 But when I said, My fóot hath slípp-ed; *
thy mercy, O LÓRD, héld me up.
19 In the multitude of the sorrows that I had ín my héart, *
thy comforts have refrésh-ed my sóul.

20 Wilt thou have any thing to do with the thróné of wíckedness, *
which imagineth míschief as a láw?
21 They gather them together against the sóul of the ríghteous, *
and condemn the ínnocent blóod.

22 But the LÓRD ís my réfuge, *
and my God is the strength óf my cónfidence.
23 He shall recompense them their wickedness,†
and destroy them in théir own málice; *
yea, the LÓRD our God sháll destróy them.

24 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
25 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE NINETEENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 95. *Venite, exultemus.*

O COME, let us sng únto the LÓRD; *

let us heartily rejoice in the strength of óur salvátion.

2 Let us come before his presence wíth thanksgíving; *
and show ourselves glad in him with psálms.

3 For the LÓRD ís a gréat God; *
and a great King abóve all góds.

4 In his hand are all the corners óf the éarth; *
and the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he máde it; *
and his hands prepár-ed the dry land.

6 O come, let us wórship and fáll down, *
and kneel before the LÓRD our Máker.

7 For he is the Lórd our God; *
and we are the people of his pasture, and the shéep of his hand.

8 Today if ye will hear his voice, harden nót your héarts *
as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation ín the wílderness;

9 When your fáthers témpted me, *
prov-ed mé, and sáw my works.

10 Forty years long was I griev-ed with this generátion, and said, *
It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my wáys:

11 Unto whom I swáre in my wráth, *
that they should not enter ínto my rest.

12 Glory be to the Fáther, and to the Son, *
and to the Hóly Ghost;

13 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 96. *Cantate Domino.*

O SING unto the LÓRD a néw sóng; *
sing unto the LÓRD, all the whóle éarth.

2 Sing unto the LÓRD, and práiise his Náme; *
be telling of his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his honor únto the héathen, *
and his wonders únto all péoples.

4 For the LÓRD is great, and cannot wórthily be práiis-ed; *
he is more to be fíear-ed than all góds.

5 As for all the gods of the heathen, théy are but ídols; *
but it is the LÓRD that máde the héavens.

6 Glory and wórship are befóre him; *
power and honor are ín his sánctuary.

7 Ascribe unto the LÓRD, O ye kindreds óf the péoples, *

ascribe unto the LÓRD wórship and pórwer.

8 Ascribe unto the LÓRD the honor due únto his Náme; *
bring presents, and come ínto his cóurts.

9 O worship the LÓRD in the béstúty of hóliness; *
let the whole earth stánd in áwe of him.

10 Tell it out among the heathen, that the LÓRD is Kíng,*
and that it is he who hath made the róund wórld
so fast that it cánnót be móv-ed; *
and how that he shall judge the péoples ríghteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the éarth be glád; *
let the sea make a noise, and all that thérein ís.

12 Let the field be joyful, and áll that is ín it; *
then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice befóre the LÓRD.

13 For he cometh, for he cometh to júdge the éarth; *
and with righteousness to judge the world, and the peoples wíth his trúth.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 97. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE LÓRD is King, the earth may be glád théreof; *
yea, the multitude of the isles may be glád théreof.

2 Clouds and darkness are róund abóut him: *
righteousness and judgment are the habitation óf his séat.

3 There shall go a fíre befóre him, *
and burn up his enemies on évery síde.

4 His lightnings gave shine únto the wórld: *
the earth saw it, and wás afráid.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence óf the LÓRD; *
at the presence of the Lord of the whóle éarth.

6 The heavens have declár-ed his ríghteousness, *
and all the peoples have séen his glóry.

7 Confounded be all they that worship carved images, †
and that delight in váin góds: *
worship him, áll ye góds.

8 Sion heard of it, and rejoiced; and the daughters of Júdah were glád, *
because of thy júdgments, O LÓRD.

9 For thou, LÓRD, art higher than all that are ín the éarth: *
thou art exalted far abóve all góds.

- 10 O ye that love the LÓRD, see that ye hate the thing which is evil: †
the Lord preserveth the sóuls of his sáints; *
he shall deliver them from the hánđ of the ungódry.
- 11 There is sprung up a light fór the ríghteous, *
and joyful gladness for such as are trúe-héarted.
- 12 Rejoice in the LÓRD, ye ríghteous; *
and give thanks for a remembrance óf his hóliness.
- 13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 98. Cantate Domino.

- O SING unto the LÓRD a néw sóng; *
for he hath done márvelous thíngs.
- 2 With his own right hand, and with his hóly árm, *
hath he gotten himsélf the víctory.
- 3 The LÓRD declar-ed hís salvátion; *
his ríghteousness hath he openly show-ed in the sight óf the héathen.
- 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the hóuse of Ísrael; *
and all the ends of the world have seen the salvátion of our Gód.
- 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LÓRD, áll ye lánds; *
sing, rejoice, and gíve thánks.
- 6 Praise the LÓRD upón the hárp; *
sing to the harp with a psálm of thanksgíving.
- 7 With trumpets álso and sháwms, *
O show yourselves joyful before the LÓRD, the Kíng.
- 8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that thérein ís; *
the round world, and they that dwéll thereín.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands, †
and let the hills be joyful together befóre the LÓRD; *
for he is come to júdge the éarth.
- 10 With ríghteousness shall he júdge the wórld, *
and the péoples with équity.
- 11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 99. *Dominus regnavit.*

THE LORD is King, be the people néver so impáient; *
he sitteth between the Cherubim, be the earth néver so unquíet.

2 The LORD is gréat in Sión, *
and high abóve all péople.

3 They shall give thanks únto thy Náme, *
which is great, wónderful, and hóly.

4 The King's power loveth judgment;†
thou hast prepár-ed équity, *
thou hast executed judgment and ríghteousness in Jácob.

5 O magnify the LORD our God,†
and fall down befóre his fóotstool; *
for Hé is hóly.

6 Moses and Aaron among his priests,†
and Samuel among such as call upón his Náme: *
these called upon the LORD, ánd he héard them.

7 He spake unto them out of the clóudy píllar; *
for they kept his testimonies, and the lágw that he gáve them.

8 Thou heardest them, O LORD our God;†
thou forgavest thém, O Gód,*
though thou didst punish their wícked dóings.

9 O magnify the LORD our God, and worship him upon his hóly hill; *
for the LORD our Gód is hóly.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, * world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 100. *Jubilate Deo.*

O BE joyful in the LORD, áll ye lánds: *
serve the LORD with gladness, and come before his presence wíth a sóng.

2 Be ye sure that the LORD he is God;†
it is he that hath made us, and not wé oursélves; *
we are his people, and the shéep of his pásture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his cóurts with práise; *
be thankful unto him, and speak góod of his Náme.

4 For the LORD is gracious, his mercy is éverlásting; *
and his truth endureth from generation to génerátion.

5 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

6 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 101. *Misericordiam et
judicium.*

MY song shall be of mércy and júdgment; *
unto thee, O LÓRD, wíll I síng.

2 O let me have únderstánding *
in the wáy of gódliness!

3 When wilt thou come únto mé? *
I will walk in my house with a pérfect héart.

4 I will take no wicked thing in hand; I hate the síns of unfáithfulness; *
there shall no such cleave únto mé.

5 A froward heart shall depárt from mé; *
I will not know a wícked pérsón.

6 Whoso privily slándereth his néighbor, *
him will I destróy.

7 Whoso hath also a haughty look and a próud héart, *
I will not súffer him.

8 Mine eyes look upon such as are faithful ín the lánd, *
that they may dwéll with mé.

9 Whoso leadeth a góldy lífe, *
he shall bé my sérvant.

10 There shall no deceitful person dwell ín my hóuse; *
he that telleth lies shall not tarry ín my síght.

11 I shall soon destroy all the ungodly that are ín the lánd; *
that I may root out all wicked doers from the cítý of the LÓRD.

12 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

13 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTIETH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 102. *Domine, exaudi.*

HEAR my práyer, O LÓRD, *
and let my crying come únto thée.

2 Hide not thy face from me in the tíme of my tróuble; *

- incline thine ear unto me when I call; O hear me, and thát right sóon.
3 For my days are consumed awáy like smoķe,*
and my bones are burnt up as it wére a fírebrand.
- 4 My heart is smitten down, and wíther-ed like gráss; *
so that I forget to éat my bréad.
- 5 For the vóice of my gróaning,*
my bones will scarce cléave to my flésh.
- 6 I am become like a pelican ín the wílderness,*
and like an owl that is ín the désert.
- 7 I have watched, and am even as it wére a spárrow,*
that sitteth alone upón the hóusetop.
- 8 Mine enemies revile me áll the day lóng; *
and they that are mad upon me are sworn togéther agáinst me.
- 9 For I have eaten ashes ás it were bréad,*
and mingled my drínk with wéeping;
- 10 And that, because of thine indignátion and wráth; *
for thou hast taken me up, and cást me dówn.
- 11 My days are góne like a shádow,*
and I am wíther-ed like gráss.
- 12 But thou, O LÓRD, shalt endúre foréver,*
and thy remembrance throughout all génerátions.
- 13 Thou shalt arise, and have mércy upon Síon; *
for it is time that thou have mercy upon her, yea, the tíme is cóme.
- 14 And why? thy servants think upón her stónes,*
and it pitieth them to see her ín the dúst.
- 15 The nations shall fear thy Náme, O LÓRD; *
and all the kings of the éarth thy májesty;
- 16 When the LÓRD shall búild up Síon,*
and when his glóry shall appéar;
- 17 When he turneth him unto the prayer of the poor déstitute,*
and despiseth nót their désir.
- 18 This shall be written for thóse that come áfter,*
and the people which shall be born shall práise the LÓRD.
- 19 For he hath looked down fróm his sánctuary; *
out of the heaven did the LÓRD behóld the éarth;
- 20 That he might hear the mournings of such as are ín captívity,*
and deliver them that are appointed únto déath;
- 21 That they may declare the Name of the LÓRD in Síon,*
and his wórship at Jerúsalem;
- 22 When the peoples are gáther-ed togéther,*

and the kingdoms also, to sérve the LÓRD.

23 He brought down my strength ín my jóurney, *
and shórten-ed my dáys.

24 But I said, O my God, take me not away in the mídst of mine áge; *
as for thy years, they endure throughout áll generátions.

25 Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundátion of the éarth, *
and the heavens are the wórk of thy hánds.

26 They shall perish, but thóu shalt endúre: *
they all shall wax old as dóth a gárment;

27 And as a vesture shalt thou change them, and théy shall be cháng-ed; *
but thou art the same, and thy yéars shall not fáil.

28 The children of thy servants sháll contínué, *
and their seed shall stand fast ín thy síght.

29 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

30 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 103. *Benedic, anima mea.*

PRAISE the LÓRD, Ó my sóul; *
and all that is within me, praise his hóly Náme.

2 Praise the LÓRD, Ó my sóul, *
and forget not áll his bénefits:

3 Who forgiveth áll thy sín, *
and healeth all thíne infírmities;

4 Who saveth thy life fróm destrúction, *
and crowneth thee with mercy and lóving-kíndness;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with góod thíngs, *
making thee young and lusty ás an éagle.

6 The LÓRD executeth ríghteousness and júdgment *
for all them that are oppréss-ed with wróng.

7 He showed his ways únto Móses, *
his works unto the chíldren of Ísrael.

8 The LÓRD is full of compássion and mércy, *
long-suffering, and of gréat góodness.

9 He will not álway be chíding; *
neither keepeth he his ánger foréver.

10 He hath not dealt with us áfter our síns; *
nor rewarded us according tó our wíckednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison óf the éarth; *
so great is his mercy also toward thém that féar him.

12 Look how wide also the east is fróm the wést; *
so far hath he set our síns from ús.

13 Yea, like as a father pitíeth hís own chíldren; *
even so is the LóRD merciful unto thém that féar him.

14 For he knoweth whereof wé are máde; *
he remembereth that wé are but dúst.

15 The days of man are bút as gráss; *
for he flourísheth as a flówer of the fíeld.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, ít is góne; *
and the place thereof shall knów it no móre.

17 But the merciful goodness of the LóRD endureth†
for ever and ever upon thém that féar him; *
and his righteousnes upon chíldren's chíldren;

18 Even upon such as kíep his covenánt, *
and think upon his commándments to dó them.

19 The LóRD hath prepared his séat in héaven, *
and his kingdom rúleth over áll.

20 O praise the LóRD, ye angels of his, ye that excél in stréngth; *
ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken unto the vóice of his wórd.

21 O praise the LóRD, all yé his hósts; *
ye servants of his that dó his pléasure.

22 O speak good of the LóRD, all ye works of his,†
in all places of hís domínion: *
praise thou the LóRD, Ó my sóul.

23 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

24 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 104. Benedic, anima mea.

PRAISE the LóRD, O my soul:†

O LóRD my God, thou art become excéeding glórious; *
thou art clothed with májesty and hónor.

2 Thou deckest thyself with light as it were wíth a gárment, *
and spreadest out the heavens líke a cúrtain.

3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers ín the wáters, *

and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wíngs of the wínd.

4 He maketh his ángels wínds, *

and his ministers a fláming fíre.

5 He laid the foundations óf the éarth, *

that it never should move at ány tíme.

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep like as wíth a gárment; *

the waters stand abóve the hílls.

7 At thy rebúke they flée; *

at the voice of thy thunder they háste awáy.

8 They go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleýs benéath; *

even unto the place which thou hast appóinted fór them.

9 Thou hast set them their bounds, which they shálล not páss, *

neither turn again to cóver the éarth.

10 He sendeth the springs ínto the rívers, *

which run amónǵ the hílls.

11 All beasts of the field drínk thereóf, *

and the wild asses quénch their thírst.

12 Beside them shall the fowlz of the air have their hábitátion, *

and sing amónǵ the bránches.

13 He watereth the hills fróm abóve; *

the earth is filled with the frúit of thy wórks.

14 He bringeth forth grass fór the cáttle, *

and green herb for the sérvice of mén;

15 That he may bring food óut of the éarth,*

and wine that maketh glad the héart of mán;

and oil to make him a chéerful cóuntenance,*

and bread to stréngthen man's héart.

16 The trees of the LORd also are fúll of sáp; *

even the cedars of Lebanon which Hé hath plánted;

17 Wherein the birds máke their nésts; *

and the fir trees are a dwélling for the stórk.

18 The high hills are a refuge for the wíld góats; *

and so are the stony rocks fór the cónies.

19 He appointed the moon for cértain séasons, *

and the sun knoweth his góing dówn.

20 Thou makest darkness that it may be níght; *

wherein all the beasts of the fórest do móve.

21 The lions, roaring áfter their préy, *

do seek their méat from Gód.

22 The sun ariseth, and they get them awáy togéther, *

and lay them down in their déns.

23 Man goeth forth to his work, and to his lábor, *
until the évening.

24 O LÓRD, how manifold are thy works!†
in wisdom hast thou máde them áll;
the earth is fúll of thy ríches.

25 So is the great and wide sea also; *
wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and gréat béstas.

26 There go the ships, and there is thát levíathan, *
whom thou hast made to take his pástime thereín.

27 These wait áll upón thee, *
that thou mayest give them méat in due séason.

28 When thou givest it them, they gáther it; *
and when thou openest thy hand, they are fill-ed with góod.

29 When thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:†
when thou takest awáy their bréath,*
they die, and are turned agáin to their dúst.

30 When thou lettest thy breath go forth, they sháll be máde; *
and thou shalt renew the fáce of the éarth.

31 The glorious majesty of the LÓRD shall endúre foréver; *
the LÓRD shall rejoice ín his wórks.

32 The earth shall trémble at the lóok of him; *
if he do but touch the hills, théy shall smoke.

33 I will sing unto the LÓRD as lóng as I líve; *
I will praise my God while I háve my béing.

34 And so shall my wórds pléase him: *
my joy shall be ín the LÓRD.

35 As for sinners, they shall be consum-ed óut of the éarth, *
and the ungodly shall cóme to an énd.

36 Praise thou the LÓRD, Ó my sóul. *
Práise the LÓRD.

37 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

38 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY

Psalm 105.

I. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the LÓRD, and call upón his Náme; *
tell the people what thíngs he hath dóne.

2 O let your songs be of hím, and praíse him; *
and let your talking be of all his wóndrous wórks.

3 Rejoice in his hóly Náme; *
let the heart of them rejoice that seek the LÓRD.

4 Seek the LÓRD and his stréngth; *
seek his fáce evermóre.

5 Remember the marvelous works that hé hath dóne; *
his wonders, and the judgments óf his moúth;

6 O ye seed of Abrahám his sérvant, *
ye children of Jácob his chósen.

7 He is the LÓRD our Gód; *
his judgments are in áll the wórld.

8 He hath been alway mindful of his covenánt and prómise, *
that he made to a thousand génerátions;

9 Even the covenant that he made with Ábrahám; *
and the oath that he swáre unto Ísaac;

10 And appointed the same unto Jacob fór a láw, *
and to Israel for an everlásting téstamnt;

11 Saying, Unto thee will I give the lánd of Cánaan, *
the lot of yóur inhéritance:

12 When there were yet but a few of théim, *
and they strangers ín the lánd;

13 What time as they went from one nátion to ánóther, *
from one kingdom to ánóther peóple;

14 He suffered no man to dó them wróng, *
but reproved even kíngs for their sákes;

15 Touch not míne anoínted, *
and do my próphets no hárm.

16 Moreover, he called for a dearth upón the lánd, *
and destroyed all the provísion of breád.

17 But he had sent a mán befóre them, *
even Joseph, who was sold to bé a bón-d-servant;

18 Whose feet they húrt in the stócks; *
the iron enter-ed ínto his sóul;

19 Until the time came that his caúse was knówn: *
the word of the LÓRD trí-ed hím.

20 The king sent, and delíver-ed hím; *
the prince of the people lét him go freé.

- 21 He made him lord also óf his houíse, *
and ruler of áll his súbstance;
- 22 That he might inform his príncipes áfter his wíll, *
and teach his sénators wísdom.
- 23 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 24 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Et intravit Israel*

- ISRAEL also came ínto Égypt, *
and Jacob was a stranger in the lánd of Hám.
- 24 And he increased his péople exceédingly, *
and made them stronger thán their énemies;
- 25 Whose heart turned so, that they háted his peóple, *
and dealt untruly wíth his sérvants.
- 26 Then sent he Móses his sérvant, *
and Aaron whom hé had chósen.
- 27 And these showed his tókens amóng them, *
and wonders in the lánd of Hám.
- 28 He sent darkness, and ít was dárk; *
and they were not obedient únto his wórd.
- 29 He turned their waters ínto bloód, *
and sléw their físh.
- 30 Their land broúght forth frógs; *
yea, even in their kíngs' chámbers.
- 31 He spake the word, and there came all mánner of fliés, *
and lice in áll their quárters.
- 32 He gave them haílstones for raín; *
and flames of fire ín their lánd.
- 33 He smote their vines álso and fíg trees; *
and destroyed the trees that were ín their coásts.
- 34 He spake the word, and the grásshoppers cáme, *
and cáterpillars innúmerablé, *
and did eat up all the grass ín their lánd,
and devoured the frúít of their grouнд.
- 35 He smote all the firstborn ín their lánd; *
even the chief of áll their stréngth.
- 36 He brought them forth also with sílver and góld; *

there was not one feeble person amóng their tríbes.

37 Egypt was glad at theír depárting; *
for they were afraíd of thém.

38 He spread out a cloud to bé a cóvering, *
and fire to give light in the níght seáson.

39 At their desire he bróught quaíls; *
and he filled them with the breád of heáven.

40 He opened the rock of stone, and the waters flów-ed oút, *
so that rivers ran in the drý pláces.

41 For why? he remember-ed his hóly prómise; *
and Abrahám his sérvant.

42 And he brought forth his peóple with jóy, *
and his chósen with gládness;

43 And gave them the lánds of the héáthen; *
and they took the labors of the people ín posséssion;

44 That they might keép his státutes, *
and obsérve his láws.

45 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

46 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 106.

I. Confitemini Domino.

O GIVE thanks unto the LÓRD; for hé is grácious, *
and his mercy endúreth foréver.

2 Who can express the noble acts óf the LÓRD, *
or show forth áll his práiſe?

3 Blessed are they that álway keep júdgment, *
and dó ríghteousness.

4 Remember me, O LÓRD, †
according to the favor that thou bearest untó thy peóple; *
O visit me with thy salvátion;

5 That I may see the felicity of thy chosen, †
and rejoice in the gládness of thy péople,*
and give thanks with thíne inhéritánce.

6 We have sínned with our fáthers; *
we have done amiss, ánd dealt wíckedly.

7 Our fathers regarded not thy wonders in Egypt,†
neither kept they thy great goodness ín remémbrance; *
but were disobedient at the sea, even at the Réd Seá.

8 Nevertheless, he helped them fór his Náme's sake, *
that he might make his pówer to be knówn.

9 He rebuked the Red Sea also, and ít was dried úp; *
so he led them through the deep, as through a wíldernéss.

10 And he saved them from the advérsary's hánđ, *
and delivered them from the hánđ of the énemy.

11 As for those that troubled them, the waters óverwhélm-ed them; *
there was not óne of them léft.

12 Then believed théy his wórds, *
and sang praise únto him.

13 But within a while they forgát his wórks, *
and would not abíde his coúnsel.

14 But lust came upon them ín the wíldernéss, *
and they tempted Gód in the désert.

15 And he gave them theír desíre, *
and sent leanness withal ínto their soúl.

16 They angered Moses also ín the ténts, *
and Aaron the saínt of the LÓRD.

17 So the earth opened, and swállowed up Dáthan, *
and covered the congregation of Ábíram.

18 And the fire was kindled ín their cómpany; *
the flame burnt úp the ungódly.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Et fecerunt vitulum*

THEY made a cálf in Hóreb, *
and worshipp-ed the móltén ímage.

20 Thus they túrn-ed their glóry *
into the similitude of a calf that eáteth háy.

21 And they forgat Gód their Sávior, *
who had done so great thíngs in Égypt;

22 Wondrous works in the lánd of Hám; *
and fearful things by the Réd Seá.

23 So he said he would have destroyed them,†
had not Moses his chosen stood before him ín the gáp, *
to turn away his wrathful indignation, lest he shoúld destróy them.

24 Yea, they thought scorn of that pleásant lánd, *
and gave no credence únto his wórd;

25 But murmur-ed ín their ténts, *
and harken-ed not unto the voice óf the LÓRD.

26 Then lift he up his hánd agaínst them, *
to overthrow them ín the wílderness;

27 To cast out their seed amóng the nátións, *
and to scatter them ín the lánds.

28 They joined themselves unto Baál-peór, *
and ate the offerings óf the déad.

29 Thus they provok-ed him to anger with their ówn invéntions; *
and the plague was gréát amóng them.

30 Then stood up Phinehas, and ínterpos-ed; *
and so the plágue ceásed.

31 And that was counted unto him for ríghteousnéss, *
among all posterities forévermóre.

32 They angered him also at the wáters of strífe, *
so that he punished Moses fór their sákes;

33 Because they provók-ed his spírit, *
so that he spake unadvisedly wíth his líps.

34 Neither destróyed they the héáthen, *
as the LÓRD commánded thém;

35 But were mingled amóng the héáthen, *
and leárn-ed their wórks.

36 Insomuch that they worshipped their idols,†
which became a snare únto thém; *
yea, they offered their sons and their daughters únto dévils;

37 And shed innocent blood,†
even the blood of their sons and óf their daúghters, *
whom they offered unto the idols of Canaan and the land was defíl-ed with bloód.

38 Thus were they stain-ed with theír own wórks, *
and went a whoring with their ówn invéntions.

39 Therefore was the wrath of the LÓRD kindl-ed agaínst his peóple, *
insomuch that he abhor्र-ed his ówn inhéritance.

40 And he gave them over into the hánd of the héáthen; *
and they that hated them were lords óver thém.

41 Their enemiés oppréss-ed them, *

and had them ín subjéction.

42 Many a time did he deliver them;†
but they rebelled against him with their ówn invéntions,*
and were brought down in their wíckednéss.

43 Nevertheless, when he sáw their advérsity, *
he héard their complaínt.

44 He thought upon his covenant, and pitied them,†
according unto the multitude óf his mércies; *
yea, he made all those that led them away cáptive to pítý them.

45 Deliver us, O LÓRD our God, and gather us from amóng the héáthen; *
that we may give thanks unto thy holy Name, and make our boást of thy práiise.

46 Blessed be the LÓRD God of Israel, from everlasting,†
and wórld without énd;
And let all the people sáy, Amén.

47 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

48 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

BOOK V
THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY
Morning Prayer
Psalm 107.

I. Confitemini Domino.

O GIVE thanks unto the LÓRD, for hé is gráicious, *
and his mercy endúreth foréver.

2 Let them give thanks whom the LÓRD hath redeém-ed, *
and delivered from the hán'd of the énemy;

3 And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and fróm the wést; *
from the north, and fróm the soúth.

4 They went astray in the wilderness oút of the wáy, *
and found no cítý to dwéll in.

5 Húngrý and thírsty, *
their soul faínted ín them.

6 So they cried unto the LÓRD in their trouble, *
and he deliver-ed them fróm their distréss.

7 He led them forth bý the ríght way, *
that they might go to the city whére they dwélt.

8 O that men would therefore praise the LRD fór his goódness; *

- and declare the wonders that he doeth for the chíldren of mén!
- 9 For he satisfieth the émpty soúl, *
and filleth the hungry soúl with goódness.
- 10 Such as sit in darkness, and in the shádow of déath, *
being fast bound in mísery and íron;
- 11 Because they rebelled against the wórds of the Lórd, *
and lightly regarded the counsel of the Móst Híghest;
- 12 He also brought down their héart through héaviness: *
they fell down, and there was nóné to hélp them.
- 13 So when they cried unto the LÓRD in their trouble, *
he deliver-ed them out of theír distréss.
- 14 For he brought them out of darkness,†
and out of the shádow of déath, *
and brake their bónds in súnder.
- 15 O that men would therefore praise the LÓRD for his goódness; *
and declare the wonders that he doeth for the chíldren of mén!
- 16 For he hath broken the gátes of bráss, *
and smitten the bars of íron in súnder.
- 17 Foolish men are plagu-ed fór their offénce, *
and becáuse of their wíckedness.
- 18 Their soul abhorred all mánnér of meát, *
and they were even hard at déath's doór.
- 19 So when they cried unto the LÓRD ín their trouble, *
he deliver-ed them out of theír distréss.
- 20 He sent his wórd, and heál-ed them; *
and they were sav-ed from theír destrucción.
- 21 O that men would therefore praise the LÓRD for his goódness; *
and declare the wonders that he doeth for the chíldren of mén!
- 22 That they would offer unto him the sácrifice of thanksgíving, *
and tell out his wórks with gládness!
- 23 They that go down to the séa in shíps, *
and occupy their business ín great wáters;
- 24 These men see the wórks of the LÓRD, *
and his wonders ín the deép.
- 25 For at his word the stormy wínd aríseth, *
which lifteth up the wáves thereóf.
- 26 They are carried up to the heaven,†
and down again tó the deép; *
their soul melteth away becaúse of the trouble.
- 27 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drúnken móan, *

and are at their wít's énd.

28 So when they cry unto the LÓRD in their troublé, *
he delivereth them out of theír distréss.

29 For he maketh the stórm to ceáse, *
so that the waves thereóf are still.

30 Then are they glad, because théy are at rést; *
and so he bringeth them unto the haven where théy would bé.

31 O that men would therefore praise the LóRD fór his goódness; *
and declare the wonders that he doeth for the chíldren of mén!

32 That they would exalt him also in the congregátion of the peóple, *
and praise him in the seát of the élders!

33 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

34 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

II. *Posuit flumina*

HE turneth the floods ínto a wílderness, *
and drieth úp the wáter-springs.

34 A fruitful land máketh he bárren, *
for the wickedness of them that dwéll thereín.

35 Again, he maketh the wilderness a stánding wáter, *
and water-springs of a drý groúnd.

36 And there he setteth the húngry, *
that they may build them a cíty to dwéll in;

37 That they may sow their land, and plánt víneyards, *
to yield them fruíts of íncrease.

38 He blesseth them, so that they múltiply exceédingly; *
and suffereth not their cáttle to decreáse.

39 And again, when they are minish-ed ánd brought lów *
through oppression, through any plágue or troublé;

40 Though he suffer them to be evil entréated through týrants, *
and let them wander out of the wáy in the wílderness;

41 Yet helpeth he the poor óut of míserý, *
and maketh him households like a flóck of sheép.

42 The righteous will consider thís, and rejoíce; *
and the mouth of all wickedness sháll be stópp-ed.

43 Whoso is wise, will pónder these thíngs; *
and they shall understand the loving-kindness óf the LÓRD.

44 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
45 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 108. Paratum cor meum.

O GOD, my heart is ready, my héart is reády; *
I will sing, and give praise with the best mémber that I háve.
2 Awake, thou lúte and hárp; *
I myself will awáke right eárly.
3 I will give thanks unto thee, O LORd, amóng the peóples; *
I will sing praises unto thee amóng the nátions.
4 For thy mercy is gréater than the heávens, *
and thy truth reacheth únto the cloúds.
5 Set up thyself, O God, abóve the heávens, *
and thy glory above áll the eárth;
6 That thy beloved máy be delívered: *
let thy right hand save them, and heár thou mé.
7 God hath spoken ín his hóliness; *
I will rejoice therefore, and divide Shechem, and mete out the válley of Súccoth.
8 Gilead is mine, and Manásseh is míne; *
Ephraim also is the strength of my head; Judah ís my láwgiver;
9 Moab is my washpot;†
over Edom will I cást out my shoé; *
upon Philistia will I tríumph.
10 Who will lead me into the stróng cítý? *
and who will bring me ínto Édom?
11 Hast not thou forsaken ús, O Gód? *
and wilt not thou, O God, go fórth with our hósts?
12 O help us agaínst the énemy: *
for vain is the hélp of mán.
13 Through God we shall dó great ácts; *
and it is he that shall tréad down our énemies.
14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 109. *Deus, laudem.*

HOLD not thy tongue, O Gód of my práise; *
for the mouth of the ungodly, yea, the mouth of the deceitful is ópen-ed upón me.

2 And they have spoken against me with false tongues;†
they compassed me about also with wórds of hárred,*
and fought against me withóut a cáuse.

3 For the love that I had unto them,†
lo, they take now my cóntrary párt; *
but I give myself únto práyer.

4 Thus have they rewarded me évil for goód, *
and hatred for míy good will.

5 Set thou an ungodly man to be rúler óver him, *
and let an adversary stand at hís right hánd.

6 When sentence is given upon him, let him bé condémn-ed; *
and let his prayer be túrn-ed into sín.

7 Let his dáys be fåew; *
and let another táke his óffice.

8 Let his children be fátherléss, *
and his wífe a wídow.

9 Let his children be vagabonds, and bég their breád; *
let them seek it also out of désolate pláces.

10 Let the extortioner consume áll that he háth; *
and let the stranger spoíl his lábor.

11 Let there be no mán to pity him, *
nor to have compassion upon his fátherless chíldren.

12 Let his posterity bé destróy-ed; *
and in the next generation let his name be cleán put oút.

13 Let the wickedness of his fathers be had in remembrance†
in the síght of the LÓRD; *
and let not the sin of his mother be dóne awáy.

14 Let them alway be befóre the LÓRD, *
that he may root out the memorial of them from óff the eárth;

15 And that, because his mind was nót to do goód;†
but persecuted the poor hélpless mán,*
that he might slay him that was véx-ed at the héárt.

16 His delight was in cursing, and it shall happen únto him; *
he loved not blessing, therefore shall it be fár from him.

17 He clothed himself with cursing like as wíth a raíment, *
and it shall come into his bowels like water, and like oil ínto his bónes.

- 18 Let it be unto him as the cloak that he háth upón him, *
and as the girdle that he is alway gírded withál.
- 19 Let it thus happen from the LÓRD únto mine énemies, *
and to those that speak evil agáinst my soúl.
- 20 But deal thou with me, O LÓRD God, according únto thy Náme; *
for sweét is thy mércy.
- 21 O deliver me, for I am hélpless and poór, *
and my heart is woúnded withín me.
- 22 I go hence like the shádow that depárteth, *
and am driven away ás the grásshopper.
- 23 My knees are weák through fásting; *
my flesh is dried up for wánt of fátness.
- 24 I am become also a reproach únto thém: *
they that look upon me sháke their heáds.
- 25 Help me, O LÓRD my Gód; *
O save me according tó thy mércy;
- 26 And they shall know how that thí is thy hánd, *
and that thou, LÓRD, hast dóne it.
- 27 Though they cúrse, yet bléss thou; *
and let them be confounded that rise up against me; but let thy sérvant rejoíce.
- 28 Let mine adversaries be clóth-ed with sháme; *
and let them cover themselves with their own confusion, as wíth a cloák.
- 29 As for me, I will give great thanks unto the LÓRD with my moúth, *
and praise him amóng the múltitude;
- 30 For he shall stand at the right hand óf the poór, *
to save his soul from unríghteous júdges.
- 31 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
- 32 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY
Morning Prayer
Psalm 110. *Dixit Dominus.*

- THE LÓRD said únto my Lórd, *
Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemiés thy foótstool.
- 2 The LÓRD shall send the rod of thy power oút of Sión: *
be thou ruler, even in the midst amóng thine énemies.
- 3 In the day of thy power†

shall thy people offer themselves willingly with an hóly wórship: *
thy young men come to thee as dew from the wómb of the mórnig.

4 The LÓRD sware, and will nót repént, *

Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchízedék.

5 The Lord upon thy ríght hánd *

shall wound even kings in the dáy of his wráth.

6 He shall judge among the heathen;†

he shall fill the places with the déad bódies,*

and smite in sunder the heads over dívers coúntries.

7 He shall drink of the broók in the wáy; *

therefore shall he líft up his heád.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 111. *Confitebor tibi.*

I WILL give thanks unto the LÓRD with my whole heárt, *
secretly among the faithful, and in the cóngregátion.

2 The works of the LÓRD are greát, *

sought out of all them that have pléasure thereín.

3 His work is worthy to be prais-ed and hád in hónor, *

and his righteousness endúreth foréver.

4 The merciful and gracious LÓRD hath so done his márvelous wórks,
that they ought to be hád in remémbrance.

5 He hath given meat unto thém that feár him; *

he shall ever be mindful óf his covenánt.

6 He hath showed his people the power of his wórks, *
that he may give them the heritage óf the heáthen.

7 The works of his hands are véritý and júdgment; *

all his commándments are trué.

8 They stand fast for éver and éver, *

and are done in trúth and équity.

9 He sent redemption únto his peóple; *

he hath commanded his covenant forever; holy and reverend ís his Náme.

10 The fear of the LÓRD is the beginning of wisdom;†

a good understanding have all they that dó thereáfter;*

his praise endúreth foréver.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 112. *Beatus vir.*

BLESSED is the man that feáreth the LÓRD; *
he hath great delight in his commándments.

2 His seed shall be míghty upon eárth; *
the generation of the faithful sháll be bléssed.

3 Riches and plenteousness shall be ín his hóuse; *
and his righteousness endúreth foréver.

4 Unto the godly there ariseth up light ín the dárkness; *
he is merciful, lóving, and ríghteous.

5 A good man is mérciful, and léndeth; *
and will guide his wórds with discréction.

6 For he shall néver be móv-ed: *
and the righteous shall be had in everlásting remémbrance.

7 He will not be afraid of any évil tídings; *
for his heart standeth fast, and believeth ín the LÓRD.

8 His heart is stablish-ed, and wíll not shrínk, *
until he see his desire upón his énemies.

9 He hath dispersed abroad, and given tó the poór. *
and his righteousness remaineth forever; his horn shall be exálted with hónor.

10 The ungodly shall see it, and it shall grieve him; †
he shall gnash with his teeth, and consúme awáy; *
the desire of the ungódly shall périsch.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 113. *Laudate, pueri.*

PRAISE the LÓRD, ye sérvants; *

O praise the Náme of the LÓRD.

2 Blessed be the Náme of the LÓRD *
from this time forth forévermóre.

3 The LÓRD's Náme is praís-ed *
from the rising up of the sun unto the going dówn of the sáme.

4 The Lórd is high abóve all nátións, *
and his glory abóve the héavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lórd our God, that hath his dwélling so hígh, *
and yet humbleth himself to behold the things that are in héaven and eárth!

6 He taketh up the simple oút of the dúsť, *
and lifteth the poor oút of the míre;

7 That he may set him wíth the prínces, *
even with the princes óf his peóple.

8 He maketh the barren woman to kíep hoúse, *
and to be a joyful móther of chíldren.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 114. In exitu Israel.

WHEN Israel came oút of Égypt, *
and the house of Jacob from among the strángue peóple,

2 Judah wás his sánctuary, *
and Israel hís domínion.

3 The sea saw thát, and fléd; *
Jordan was dríven báck.

4 The mountains skípp-ed like ráms, *
and the little hílls like young sheép.

5 What aileth thee, O thou seá, that thou fléddest? *
and thou Jordan, that thou wast dríven báck?

6 Ye mountains, that ye skípp-ed like ráms? *
and ye little hills, like yoúng sheép?

7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence óf the Lórd: *
at the presence of the Gód of Jácob;

8 Who turned the hard rock into a stánding wáter, *
and the flint-stone into a sprínging wéll.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 115. *Non nobis, Domine.*

NOT unto us, O LÓRD, not unto us,†
but unto thy Name gíve the práise; *
for thy loving mercy, and for thy trúth's sáke.

2 Wherefore shall the heáthen sáy, *
Where is now their Gód?

3 As for our God, he ís in heáven: *
he hath done whatsoéver pleás-ed him.

4 Their idols are sílver and góld, *
even the wórk of men's hánds.

5 They have mouths, and spéak nót; *
eyes have théy, and sée not.

6 They have ears, and héar nót; *
noses have théy, and sméll not.

7 They have hands, and handle not;†
feet have théy, and wálk not; *
neither speak they throúgh their throát.

8 They that make them are like únto thém; *
and so are all such as put their trúst in thém.

9 But thou, house of Israel, trust thou ín the LÓRD; *
he is their helper ánd defénder.

10 Ye house of Aaron, put your trust ín the LÓRD; *
he is their helper ánd defénder.

11 Ye that fear the LÓRD, put your trust ín the LÓRD; *
he is their helper ánd defénder.

12 The LÓRD hath been mindful of us, and hé shall bléss us; *
even he shall bless the house of Israel, he shall bless the hoúse of Aáron.

13 He shall bless them that fíear the LÓRD, *
both smáll and gráet.

14 The LÓRD shall increase you móre and móre, *
you ánd your chíldren.

15 Ye are the blessed óf the LÓRD, *
who made heáven and eárth.

16 All the whole heavens áre the LÓRD's; *
the earth hath he given to the chíldren of mén.

17 The dead praise not theé, O LÓRD, *
neither all they that go dówn into sílence.

18 But we will práise the LÓRD, *
from this time forth forevermore. Praíse the LÓRD.

19 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;
20 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY
Morning Prayer
Psalm 116. *Dilexi, quoniam.*

MY delight is ín the LÓRD *
because he hath heard the voíce of my práyer;
 2 Because he hath inclined his ear únto mé; *
 therefore will I call upon him as lóng as I líve.
 3 The snares of death compass-ed me roúnd aboút, *
 and the pains of hell gat hóld upón me.
 4 I found trouble and heaviness;†
 then called I upon the Náme of the LÓRD; *
 O LORD, I beseech thee, delíver my soúl.
 5 Gracious is the LÓRD, and ríghteous; *
 yea, our Gód is mérciful.
 6 The LORD presérveth the símple: *
 I was in misery, ánd he hélp-ed me.
 7 Turn again then unto thy rést, O my soúl; *
 for the LORD hath rewárded theeé.
 8 And why? thou hast deliver-ed my soúl from deáth, *
 mine eyes from tears, and my feét from fálling.
 9 I will walk befóre the LÓRD *
 in the lánd of the líving.
 10 I believed, and therefore will I speak;†
 but I was sóre troúbl-ed: *
 I said in my haste, All mén are líars.
 11 What reward shall I give untó the LÓRD *
 for all the benefits that he hath done únto mé?
 12 I will receive the cúp of salvátion, *
 and call upon the Náme of the LÓRD.
 13 I will pay my vows now in the presence of áll his peóple: *
 right dear in the sight of the LORD is the deáth of his saínts.
 14 Behold, O LORD, how that I am thy servant; †
 I am thy servant, and the són of thine hándmaid; *
 thou hast broken my bónds in súnder.
 15 I will offer to thee the sacrificé of thanksgíving, *

and will call upon the Náme of the LÓRD.

16 I will pay my vows únto the LÓRD,*
in the sight of áll his peóple,
in the courts of the LÓRD's hóuse;
even in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praíse the LÓRD.

17 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
18 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 117. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the LÓRD, áll ye nátions; *
praise him, áll ye peóples.

2 For his merciful kindness is ever móre and more tóward us; *
and the truth of the LÓRD endureth forever. Praíse the LÓRD.
3 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

4 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 118. *Confitemini Domino.*

O GIVE thanks unto the LÓRD, for hé is grácious; *
because his mercy endúreth foréver.

2 Let Israel now confess that hé is grácious,*
and that his mercy endúreth foréver.
3 Let the house of Aaron nów confess,*
that his mercy endúreth foréver.

4 Yea, let them now that fear the LÓRD confess,*
that his mercy endúreth foréver.

5 I called upon the LÓRD in trouble; *
and the LÓRD heárd me at lárge.

6 The LÓRD is ón my síde; *
I will not fear what man doeth únto mé.

7 The LÓRD taketh my part with thérm that hélp me; *
therefore shall I see my desire upón mine énemies.

8 It is better to trúst in the LÓRD,*
than to put any confidénce in mán.

9 It is better to trúst in the LÓRD,*

than to put any confidénce in prínces.

10 All nations compassed me roúnd aboút; *
but in the Name of the LÓRD will Í destroy thém.

11 They kept me in on every side,†
they kept me in, I say, on évery síde; *
but in the Name of the LÓRD will Í destróy them.

12 They came about me like bees,†
and are extinct even as the fire amóng the thórns; *
for in the Name of the LÓRD I wíll destróy them.

13 Thou hast thrust sore at me, that Í might fall; *
but the LÓRD wás my hélp.

14 The LÓRD is my stréngth, and my sóng; *
and is becómé my salvátion.

15 The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings óf the ríghteous; *
the right hand of the LÓRD bringeth mighty thíngs to páss.

16 The right hand of the LÓRD hath the pre-éminénce; *
the right hand of the LÓRD bringeth mighty thíngs to páss.

17 I shall not díe, but líve, *
and declare the wórks of the LÓRD.

18 The LÓRD hath chasten-ed and corrécted mé; *
but he hath not given me over únto déath.

19 Open me the gátes of ríghteousness, *
that I may go into them, and give thanks únto the LÓRD.

20 This is the gáte of the LÓRD, *
the righteous shall énter ínto it.

21 I will thank thee; for thoú hast heárd me, *
and art becómé my salvátion.

22 The same stone which the buílders refús-ed, *
is become the headstone ín the cárner.

23 This ís the LÓRD's dóing, *
and it is marvelous ín our éyes.

24 This is the day which the LÓRD hath máde; *
we will rejoice and be glád in ít.

25 Help me nów, O LÓRD: *
O LÓRD, send us nów prospéritý.

26 Blessed be he that cometh in the Náme of the LÓRD: *
we have wished you good luck, we that are of the hoúse of the LÓRD.

27 God is the LÓRD, who hath shów-ed us líght: *
bind the sacrifice with cords, yea, even unto the hórns of the áltar.

28 Thou art my God, and Í will thank theé; *

thou art my God, and I will praise thee.
29 O give thanks unto the LÓRD; for he is grárious, *
and his mercy endúreth foréver.
30 Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
31 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer
Psalm 119.

I. Beati immaculati.

BLESSED are those that are undefil-ed ín the wáy, *
and walk in the lág of the LÓRD.
2 Blessed are they that keep his téstimonies, *
and seek him with their whóle héart;
3 Even they who dó no wíckedness, *
and wálk in his wáys.
4 Thóu hast chárg-ed *
that we shall diligently keep thy commándments.
5 O that my ways were máde so diréct, *
that I might keep thy státutes!
6 So shall I nót be confóunded, *
while I have respect unto áll thy commándments.
7 I will thank thee with an unféign-ed héart, *
when I shall have learned the judgments óf thy ríghteousness.
8 I will keep thy státutes; *
O forsáke me not útterly.

II. In quo corrigit?

WHEREWITHAL shall a young man cléanse his wáy? *
even by ruling himself áfter thy wórd.

10 With my whole héart have I sóught thee; *
O let me not go wrong out of thy commándments.
11 Thy word have I hid withín my héart, *
that I should not sín agáinst thee.
12 Blessed art thóu, O LÓRD; *
O teach me thy státutes.
13 With my lips have I been télling *

of all the judgments óf thy móuth.

14 I have had as great delight in the wáy of thy téstimonies, *
as in all mánner of ríches.

15 I will talk of thy commándments, *
and have respect únto thy wáys.

16 My delight shall bé in thy státutes, *
and I will not forgét thy wórd.

Amen.

III. *Retribue servo tuo.*

DO well únto thy sérvant; *
that I may live, and kíep thy wórd.

18 Open thóu mine éyes; *
that I may see the wondrous thíngs of thy láw.

19 I am a strángér upon éarth; *
O hide not thy commándments from mé.

20 My soul breaketh out for the very férvent desíre *
that it hath alway únto thy júdgments.

21 Thou hast rebúked the próud; *
and cursed are they that do err from thy commándments.

22 O turn from me sháme and rebúke; *
for I have képt thy téstimonies.

23 Princes also did sit and spéak agáinst me; *
but thy servant is occupied ín thy státutes.

24 For thy testimonies are my delíght, *
ánd my cóunsellors.

Amen.

IV. *Adhaesit pavimento.*

MY soul cleaveth tó the dúst; *

O quicken thou me, accórding to thy wórd.

26 I have acknowledged my ways, and thóu héardest me: *
O teach me thy státutes.

27 Make me to understand the way of thy commándments; *
and so shall I talk of thy wóndrous wórks.

28 My soul melteth away for véry héaviness; *
comfort thou me according únto thy wórd.

29 Take from me the wáy of lýing, *
and cause thou me to make múch of thy láw.

30 I have chosen the wáy of trúth, *

42 So shall I make answer unto my blasphemers; *
for my trust is in thy word.

43 O take not the word of thy truth utterly out of my mouth; *
for my hope is in thy judgments.

44 So shall I always keep thy law; *
yea, for ever and ever.

45 And I will walk at liberty; *
for I seek thy commandments.

46 I will speak of thy testimonies also, even before kings, *
and will not be ashamed.

47 And my delight shall be in thy commandments, *
which I have loved.

48 My hands also will I lift up†
unto thy commandments, which I have loved; *
and my study shall be in thy statutes.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever shall be, *
world without end. Amen.

VII. *Memor esto verbi tui.*

THINK upon thy servant, as concerning thy word, *
wherein thou hast caused me to put my trust.

50 The same is my comfort in my trouble; *
for thy word hath quickened me.

51 The proud have had me exceedingly in derision; *
yet have I not shrinked from thy law.

52 For I remembered thine everlasting judgments, O LORD, *
and received comfort.

53 I am horribly afraid, *
for the ungodly that forsake thy law.

54 Thy statutes have been my songs, *
in the house of my pilgrimage.

55 I have thought upon thy Name, O LORD, in the night season, *
and have kept thy law.

56 This I had, *
because I kept thy commandments.

57 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Ghost;

58 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

VIII. *Portio mea, Domine.*

THOU art my pórtion, O LÓRD; *
I have promis-ed to kíep thy láw.

58 I made my humble petition in thy presence with my whole héart; *
O be merciful unto me, according to thy wórd.

59 I called mine own wáys to remémbrance, *
and turned my feet únto thy téstimonies.

60 I made haste, and prolong-ed nót the tíme, *
to kíep thy commándments.

61 The snares of the ungodly have cómpass-ed me abóut; *
but I have not forgótten thy láw.

62 At midnight I will rise to give thanks únto thée, *
because of thy ríghteous júdgments.

63 I am a companion of all théim that fíear thee, *
and kíep thy commándments.

64 The earth, O LÓRD, is fúll of thy mércy: *
O téach me thy státutes.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

IX. *Bonitatem fecisti.*

O LÓRD, thou hast dealt graciously wíth thy sérvant, *
according únto thy wórd.

66 O teach me true understandíng and knówledge; *
for I have beliév-ed thy commándments.

67 Before I was troubled, I went wróng; *
but now have I kípt thy wórd.

68 Thou art góod and gráciouſ; *
O téach me thy státutes.

69 The proud have imagined a líe agáinst me; *
but I will keep thy commandments with my whole héart.

70 Their heart is as fát as bráwn; *
but my delight hath been ín thy láw.

71 It is good for me that I have béen in tróuble; *
that I may léarn thy státutes.

72 The law of thy mouth is déarer unto mé *
than thousands of góld and sílver.
Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

X. Manus tuae fecerunt me.

THY hands have máde me and fáshion-ed me: *
O give me understanding, that I may léarn thy commándments.
74 They that fear thee will be glad whén they sée me; *
because I have put my trust ín thy wórd.
75 I know, O LORD, that thy júdgments are ríght, *
and that thou of very faithfulness hast caused mé to be tróubled.
76 O let thy merciful kindness bé my cómfort, *
according to thy word únto thy sérvant.
77 O let thy loving mercies come unto me, that Í may líve; *
for thy láw is my delíght.

78 Let the proud be confounded, †
for they go wickedly abóut to destróy me; *
but I will be occupied ín thy commándments.
79 Let such as fear thee, and have knówn thy téstimoniés, *
be turn-ed únto mé.

80 O let my heart be sound ín thy státutes, *
that I bé not ashám-ed.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XI. Defecit anima mea.

MY soul hath longed fór thy salvátion, *
and I have a good hope becáuse of thy wórd.

82 Mine eyes long sore fór thy wórd; *
saying, O when wilt thou cómfort mé?

83 For I am become like a bottle ín the smóke; *
yet do I not forgét thy státutes.

84 How many are the dáys of thy sérvant? *
when wilt thou be avenged of thém that pérsecute me?

85 The proud have digg-ed píts for mé, *
which are not áfter thy láw.

86 All thy commándments are trúe: *
they persecute me falsely; O be thóu my hélp.

87 They had almost made an end of mé upon éarth; *
but I forsook not thy commándments.

88 O quicken me after thy lóving-kíndness; *
and so shall I keep the testimonies óf thy móuth.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XII. *In aeternum, Domine.*

LÓRD, thy wórd *

endureth foréver in héaven.

90 Thy truth also remaineth from one generátion to anóther; *
thou hast laid the foundation of the earth, ánd it abídeth.

91 They continue this day according to thíne órdinance; *
for áll things sérve thee.

92 If my delight had not been ín thy láw, *
I should have perish-ed ín my trúble.

93 I will never forgét thy commándments; *
for with them thou hast quícken-ed mé.

94 I am thíne: O sáve me, *
for I have sóught thy commándments.

95 The ungodly laid wait for mé, to destróy me; *
but I will consíder thy téstimoniés.

96 I see that all things cóme to an énd; *
but thy commandment is excéeding bróad.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XIII. *Quomodo dilexi!*

LORD, what love have I únto thy láw! *
all the day lóng is my stúdy in it.

98 Thou, through thy commandments†,
hast made me wiser thán mine énemies; *
for they are éver wíth me.

99 I have more understanding thán my téachers; *
for thy testimonies áre my stúdy.

100 I am wíser than the ág-ed; *
because I kíep thy commándments.

101 I have refrain-ed my feet from every évil wáy, *
that I may kíep thy wórd.

102 I have not shrunk fróm thy júdgments; *
for thou téachest mé.

103 O how sweet are thy words únto my thróat; *
yea, sweeter than honey únto my móouth!

104 Through thy commandments I gét understandíng: *
therefore I hate all évil wáys.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

Morning Prayer

XIV. *Lucerna pedibus meis.*

THY word is a lantern únto my féet, *
and a light únto my páths.

106 I have sworn, and am steádfastly púrpos-ed, *
to keep thy ríghteous júdgments.

107 I am tróubled above méasure: *
quicken me, O LÓRD, according tó thy wórd.

108 Let the freewill offerings of my mouth please thée, O LÓRD; *
and téach me thy júdgments.

109 My soul is alway ín my hánđ; *
yet do I not forgét thy láw.

110 The ungodly have laid a snáre for mé; *
but yet I swerved not from thy commándments.

111 Thy testimonies have I claimed as mine héritage foréver; *
And why? / They are the very jóy of my héart.

112 I have applied my heart to fulfill thy státutes álway, *
even únto the énd.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XV. *Iniquos odio habui.*

I HATE them that imagine évil thíngs; *
but thy lág do I lóve.

114 Thou art my défense and shíeld; *
and my trust is ín thy wórd.

115 Away from mé, ye wícked; *
I will keep the commandments óf my Gód.

116 O stablish me according to thy word, that Í may líve; *
and let me not be disappóinted of my hópe.

117 Hold thou me up, and Í shall be sáfe; *
yea, my delight shall be ever ín thy státutes.

118 Thou hast trodden down all them that depart fróm thy státutes; *
for they imágine but decéit.

119 Thou puttest away all the ungodly of the éarth like dróss; *
therefore I lóve thy téstimoniés.

120 My flesh trembl-eth for féar of théé; *
and I am afráid of thy júdgments.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XVI. *Feci judicium.*

I IDEAL with the thing that is láwful and ríght; *
O give me not over unto míne oppréssors.

122 Make thou thy servant to delight in thát which is góod, *
that the proud dó me no wróng.

123 Mine eyes are wasted away with looking fór thy héalth, *
and for the wórd of thy ríghteousness.

124 O deal with thy servant according unto thy lóving mércy, *
and téach me thy státutes.

125 I am thy servant; O gránt me understandíng, *
that I may knów thy téstimoniés.

126 It is time for thee, LORd, to láy to thine hánd; *
for they have destróyed thy láw.

127 For I lóve thy commándments *
above gold and précious stónes.

128 Therefore hold I straight all thy commándments; *
and all false ways I útterly abhór.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XVII. *Mirabilia.*

THY téstimoniés are wónderful; *
therefore doth my sóul kíep them.

130 When thy word góeth fórth, *
it giveth light and understanding únto the símple.

131 I opened my mouth, and dréw in my bréath; *
for my delight was ín thy commándments.

132 O look thou upon me, and be merciful únto mé, *
as thou usest to do unto those that lóve thy Náme.

133 Order my steps ín thy wórd; *
and so shall no wickedness have domínion óver me.

134 O deliver me from the wrongful déalings of mén; *
and so shall I kíep thy commándments.

135 Show the light of thy countenance upón thy sérvant, *
and téach me thy státutes.

136 Mine eyes gush óut with wáter, *
because men keep nót thy láw.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XVIII. *Justus es, Domine.*

RIGHTEOUS art thóu, O LÓRD; *
and trúe are thy júdgments.

138 The testimonies that thóu hast commánded *
are exceeding ríghteous and trúe.

139 My zeal hath even consúm-ed mé; *
because mine enemies have forgótten thy wórds.

140 Thy word is trí-ed to the úttermost, *
and thy sérvant lóveth it.

141 I am small and of nó reputátion; *
yet do I not forgét thy commándments.

142 Thy righteousnes is an everlásting ríghteousness, *
and thy láw is the trúth.

143 Trouble and heaviness have taken hóld upón me; *
yet is my delight in thy commándments.

144 The righteousness of thy testimonies is éverlásting: *
O grant me understanding, and I shall líve.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

XIX. Clamavi in toto corde meo.

I CALL with my whole héart; *
hear me, O LÓRD; I will kíep thy státutes.

146 Yea, even unto thée do I cáll; *
help me, and I shall kíep thy téstimoniés.

147 Early in the morning do I crý unto thée; *
for in thy wórd is my trúst.

148 Mine eyes prevent the níght wáatches; *
that I might be occupied ín thy wórd.

149 Hear my voice, O LÓRD, †
according unto thy lóving-kíndness; *
quicken me, accórding to thy júdgments.

150 They draw nígh that of málice pérsecute me, *
and are fár from thy láw.

151 Be thou nígh at hánd, O LÓRD; *
for all thy commándments are trúe.

152 As concerning thy testimonies, I have knówn long sínce, *

that thou hast gróunded them foréver.
Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XX. *Vide humilitatem.*

CONSIDER mine adversity, and delíver mé, *
for I do not forgét thy láw.

154 Avenge thou my cause, and délivér mé; *
quicken me according tó thy wórd.

155 Health is far fróm the ungódly; *
for they regard nót thy státutes.

156 Great is thy mércy, O LÓRD; *
quicken me, as thóu art wónt.

157 Many there are that trouble me, and pérsecute mé; *
yet do I not swerve fróm thy téstimoniés.

158 It grieveth me when I sée the transgréssors; *
because they kíep not thy láw.

159 Consider, O LÓRD, how I lóve thy commándments; *
O quicken me, according to thy lóving-kíndness.

160 Thy word is true from éverlásting; *
all the judgments of thy righteouſness endure forévermóre.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XXI. *Principes persecuti sunt.*

PRINCES have persecuted me withóut a cáuse; *
but my heart standeth in áwe of thy wórd.

162 I am as glád of thy wórd, *
as one that fíndeth great spóils.

163 As for lies, I háte and abhór them; *
but thy láw do I lóve.

164 Seven times a dáy do I práise thee; *
because of thy ríghteous júdgments.

165 Great is the peace that they have who lóve thy láw; *

and they have none occasiōn of stúmbling.

166 LÓRD, I have looked for thy sáving héalth, *
and done after thy commánmdments.

167 My soul hath képt thy téstimoniés, *
and lóved them excéedingly.

168 I have kept thy commánmdments and téstimoniés; *
for all my wáys are befoře thee.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

XXII. *Appropinquet deprecatio.*

LET my complaint come before thée, O LÓRD; *
give me understanding according tó thy wórd.

170 Let my supplication cóme befoře thee; *
deliver me according tó thy wórd.

171 My lips shall spéak of thy práise, *
when thou hast táught me thy státutes.

172 Yea, my tongue shall síng of thy wórd; *
for all thy commánmdments are ríghteous.

173 Let thine hánd hélp me; *
for I have chosen thy commánmdments.

174 I have long-ed for thy saving héalth, O LÓRD; * and in thy láw is my delíght.

175 O let my soul live, and ít shall práise thee; *
and thy júdgments shall hélp me.

176 I have gone astray like a shéep that is lóst; *
O seek thy servant, for I do not forgét thy commánmdments.

Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 120. *Ad Dominum.*

WHEN I was in trouble, I called upón the Lórd, *
and he héard mé.

2 Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lýing líps, *
and from a deceítful tóngue.

3 What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thoú false tóngue? *
even mighty and sharp arrows, with hot búnning coáls.

4 Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwéll with Méshech, *
and to have my habitation among the ténts of Kedár!

5 My soul hath long dwélt amóng them *
that are enemies únto péace.

6 I labor for peace; but when I speak unto thém théreof, *
they make them reády to báttle.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 121. *Levavi oculos.*

I WILL lift up mine eyes únto the hílls; *
from whence cómeth my hélp?

2 My help cometh even fróm the Lórd, *
who hath made heáven and eárth.

3 He will not suffer thy foót to be móv-ed; *
and he that keepeth thee wíll not sléep.

4 Behold, he that kéepeth Ísrael *
shall neither slúmber nor sléep.

5 The Lord himsélf is thy keeper; *
the Lord is thy defense upon thy ríght hánd;

6 So that the sun shall not bún thee by dáy, *
neither the moón by níght.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee fróm all évil; *
yea, it is even he that shall keép thy soúl.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy cóming ín, *
from this time forth forévermóre.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 122. *Laetatus sum.*

I WAS glad when they said unto me, *
We will go into the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand in thy gates, *
O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is built as a city *
that is at unity in itself.

4 For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, *
to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

5 For there is the seat of judgment, *
even the seat of the house of David.

6 O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; *
they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, *
and plenteousness within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, *
I will wish thee prosperity.

9 Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God, *
I will seek to do thee good.

10 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Ghost;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever shall be, *
world without end. Amen.

Psalm 123. *Ad te levavi oculos meos.*

UNTO thee lift I up mine eyes, *
O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

2 Behold, even as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, †
and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, *
even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us.

3 Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us; *
for we are utterly despised.

4 Our soul is filled with the scornful reproach of the wealthy, *
and with the despitefulness of the proud.

5 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and ever shall be, *
world without end. Amen.

Psalm 124. *Nisi quia Dominus.*

IF the Lord himself had not been on our side, now may Ísrael sáy; *
if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose úp agaínst us;

2 They had swallowed us úp alíve; *
when they were so wrathfully displeás-ed át us.

3 Yea, the wáters had drówn-ed us, *
and the stream had gone óver our soúl.

4 The deep waters óf the prouíd *
had gone even óver our soúl.

5 But prais-ed bé the Lórd, *
who hath not given us over for a prey únto their teéth.

6 Our soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snáre of the fówler; *
the snare is broken, and wé are delíver-ed.

7 Our help standeth in the Náme of the Lórd, *
who hath made héaven and éarth.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 125. *Qui confidunt.*

THEY that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the móunt Sión, *
which may not be removed, but standeth fást foréver.

2 The hills stand about Jerúsalém; †
even so standeth the Lord round abóut his péople, *
from this time forth forévermóre.

3 For the sceptre of the ungodly shall not abide upon the lót of the ríghteous; *
lest the righteous put their hand únto wíckedness.

4 Do wéll, O Lórd, *
unto those that are good and trué of heárt.

5 As for such as turn back unto their own wickedness, †
the Lord shall lead them forth with the évil dóers;
but peace shall bé upon Ísrael.

6 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

7 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 126. *In convertendo.*

WHEN the Lord turned again the captívity of Sión,*
then were we like unto them that dreám.

2 Then was our mouth fílled with laúghter,*
and our tóngue with jóy.

3 Then said they amóng the héáthen,*
The Lord hath done great thíngs for them.

4 Yea, the Lord hath done great things for ús alreády;*
whereof wé rejóice.

5 Turn our captívity, O Lórd,*
as the rívers in the soúth.

6 They that sów in teárs*
shall réap in jóy.

7 He that now goeth on his way weeping,†
and beareth fórh good seéd,*
shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheáves with him.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 127. *Nisi Dominus.*

EXCEPT the Lord build the hoúse,*
their labor is but lóst that build it.

2 Except the Lord keep the cítý,*
the watchman waketh bút in vaín.

3 It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early,†
and so late take rest, and eat the bréad of cárefulness; *
for so he giveth his belóv-ed sléep.

4 Lo, children, and the fruít of the wómb,*
are an heritage and gift that cómeth of the Lórd.

5 Like as the arrows in the hánd of the gíant,*
even so are the yóung chíldren.

6 Happy is the man that hath his quíver fúll of them; *
they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies ín the gáte.

7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són,*
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 128. *Beati omnes.*

BLESSED are all they that féar the Lórd, *
and wálk in his wáys.

2 For thou shalt eat the labors óf thine hánds: *
O well is thee, and happy shalt thou bé.

3 Thy wife shall be as the fruítful víne *
upon the wálls of thine hóuse;

4 Thy children like the ólive bránchez *
round aboút thy táble.

5 Lo, thus shall the mán be bléss-ed *
that feáreth the Lórd.

6 The Lord from out of Sion sháll so bléss thee, *
that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity áll thy life lóng;

7 Yea, that thou shalt see thy chíldren's chíldren, *
and péace upon Ísrael.

8 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

9 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 129. *Saepe expugnaverunt.*

MANY a time have they fought against me from mí youth úp, *
may Ísrael now sáy;

2 Yea, many a time have they vexed me from mí youth úp; *
but they have not preváiled agáinst me.

3 The plowers plowed upón my báck, *
and máde long fúrrows.

4 But the ríghteous Lórd *
hath hewn the snares of the ungódly in piéces.

5 Let them be confounded and túrn-ed báckward, *
as many as have evil wíll at Sión.

6 Let them be even as the grass upón the hoúsetops, *
which withereth afore it be grówn úp;

7 Whereof the mower filleth nót his hánd, *
neither he that bindeth up the shéaves his bósom.

8 So that they who go by say not so much as, The Lord prósper yóu; *
we wish you good luck in the Náme of the Lórd.
9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 130. *De profundis.*

OUT of the deep have I called unto theé, O Lórd; *
Lord, heár my voíce.
2 O let thine ears consíder wéll *
the voice of my complaínt.
3 If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is dóne amíss, *
O Lord, whó may abíde it?
4 For there is mércy with theé; *
therefore shalt thóu be fíear-ed.
5 I look for the Lord; my soul doth waít for him; *
in his wórd is my trúst.
6 My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the mórnning wáatch; *
I say, before the mórnning wáatch.
7 O Israel, trust in the Lord; for with the Lord thére is mércy, *
and with him is plénteous redémption.
8 And he shall redeem Ísra-él *
from áll his síns.
9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 131. *Domine, non est.*

O Lord, I am nót high-mínded; *
I have no próud loóks.
2 I do not exercise myself in gréat mátters *
which are too hígh for mé.
3 But I refrain my soul, and keep it low, †
like as a child that is weaned fróm his móther: *
yea, my soul is even as a wéan-ed chíld.
4 O Israel, trúst in the Lórd *

from this time forth for évermóre.
5 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;
6 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 132. Memento, Domine.

LORD, remémber Dávid, *
and all his trouble:

- 2 How he sware únto the LÓRD, *
and vowed a vow unto the Almighty Gód of Jácob:
- 3 I will not come within the tabernacle óf mine hóuse, *
nor climb up ínto my béd;
- 4 I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine éyelids to slúmber; *
neither the temples of my head to take ány rést;
- 5 Until I find out a place for the temple óf the LÓRD; *
an habitation for the Mighty Gód of Jácob.
- 6 Lo, we heard of the sáme at Ephrátah, *
and found it ín the woód.
- 7 We will go into his tábernácle, *
and fall low on our knees befóre his foótstool.
- 8 Arise, O LÓRD, into thy résting-pláce; *
thou, and the árk of thy stréngth.
- 9 Let thy priests be clóth-ed with ríghteousness; *
and let thy saints síng with jójfulness.
- 10 For thy servant Dávid's sáke, *
turn not away the face of thíne anoínt-ed.
- 11 The LÓRD hath made a faithful oath únto Dávid, *
and he shall not shrínk from ít:
- 12 Of the fruit óf thy bódy *
shall I set upón thy thróne.
- 13 If thy children will keep my covenant, †
and my testimonies that I shall teách them; *
their children also shall sit upon thy throne forévermóre.
- 14 For the LÓRD hath chosen Sion to be an habitation fór himsélf; *
he hath lóng-ed for hér.
- 15 This shall be my rést foréver: *

here will I dwell, for I have a delíght thereín.

16 I will bless her víctuals with íncrease, *
and will satisfy her poór with breád.

17 I will deck her priésts with héálth, *
and her saints shall rejoíce and síng.

18 There shall I make the horn of Dávid to floúrish: *
I have ordained a lantern for míne anoínted.

19 As for his enemies, I shall clóthe them with sháme; *
but upon himself sháll his crown floúrish.

20 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

21 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 133. *Ecce, quam bonum!*

BEHOLD, how good and joyful a thíng it ís, *
for brethren to dwell togéther in únity!

2 It is like the precious oil upon the head, that ran down únto the beárd, *
even unto Aaron's beard, and went down to the skírts of his clóthing.

3 Like as the déw of Hérmon, *
which fell upon the híll of Sión.

4 For there the LÓRD prómis-ed his bléssing, *
and life foréver móre.

5 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

6 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 134. *Ecce nunc.*

BEHOLD now, praíse the LÓRD, *
all ye servants óf the LÓRD;

2 Ye that by night stand in the hoúse of the LÓRD, *
even in the courts of the hoúse of our Gód.

3 Lift up your hands ín the sánctuary, *
and praíse the LÓRD.

4 The LÓRD that made héaven and eárth *
give thee blessing oút of Sión.

5 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;
6 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 135. Laudate Nomen.

O PRAISE the LÓRD, laud ye the Náme of the LÓRD; *
praise it, O ye servants óf the LÓRD;
2 Ye that stand in the hoúse of the LÓRD, *
in the courts of the hoúse of our Gód.
3 O praise the LÓRD, for the LÓRD is grácious; *
O sing praises unto his Name, for ít is lóvely.
4 For why? the LÓRD hath chosen Jacob únto himsélf, *
and Israel for his ówn posséssion.
5 For I know that the LÓRD is greát, *
and that our Lord is abóve all góds.
6 Whatsoever the LÓRD pleas-ed, that did he in heaven, ánd in eárth; *
and in the sea, and in áll deep pláces.
7 He bringeth forth the clouds from the ends of the world, †
and sendeth forth lightnings wíth the ráin,
bringing the winds óut of his trésuries.
8 He smote the firstbórn of Égypt, *
both of mán and beást.
9 He hath sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O thou lánd of Égypt; *
upon Pharaoh, and áll his sérvants.
10 He smote dívers nátioms, *
and slew míghty kíngs:
11 Sihon, king of the Amorites; and Og, the kíng of Báshan; *
and all the kíngdoms of Cánaan;
12 And gave their land to bé an héritage, *
even an heritage unto Israél his peóple.
13 Thy Name, O LÓRD, endúreth foréver; *
so doth thy memorial, O LÓRD, from one generátion to ánóther.
14 For the LÓRD will avénge his peóple, *
and be gracious unto his sérvants.
15 As for the images of the heathen, they are but sílver and góld; *
the work of mén's hánds.
16 They have móuths, and spéak not; *
eyes have they, bút they sée not.
17 They have ears, and yét they héar not; *

neither is there any breath ín their moúths.

18 They that make them are like únto thém; *
and so are all they that put their trúst in thém.

19 Praise the LÓRD, ye hóuse of Ísrael; *
praise the LÓRD, ye hoúse of Aáron.

20 Praise the LÓRD, ye hoúse of Lévi; *
ye that fear the LÓRD, práiše the LÓRD.

21 Praised be the LÓRD oút of Sión, *
who dwélléth at Jerúsalem.

22 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

23 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 136. Confitemini.

O GIVE thanks unto the LÓRD, for hé is grácious: *
and his mercy endúreth foréver.

2 O give thanks unto the Gód of all góds: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

3 O thank the Lórd of all lórds: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

4 Who only dóeth great wónders: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

5 Who by his excellent wisdom máde the héavens: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

6 Who laid out the earth abóve the wáters: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

7 Who hath máde great líghts: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver:

8 The sun to rúle the dáy: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;

9 The moon and the stars to góvern the níght: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.

10 Who smote Egypt, wíth their fírstborn: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;

11 And brought out Israel fróm amóng them: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;

12 With a mighty hand and stréetch-ed out árm: *

for his mercy endúreth foréver.
13 Who divided the Red Sea in twó párts: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;
 14 And made Israel to go thróugh the mídst of it: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver.
15 But as for Pharaoh and his host,†
he overthrew them ín the Red Séa: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.
 16 Who led his people thróugh the wílderness: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver.
17 Who smóte great kíngs: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;
 18 Yea, and slew míghty kíngs: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver:
19 Sihon, kíng of the Ámorites: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;
 20 And Og, the kíng of Báshan: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver;
21 And gave away their land fór an héritage: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;
 22 Even for an heritage unto Ísrael his sérvant: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver.
23 Who remembered us when we wére in trouble: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver;
 24 And hath delivered us fróm our énemies: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver.
25 Who giveth fóod to all flésh: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.
 26 O give thanks unto the Gód of héaven: *
 for his mercy endúreth foréver.
27 O give thanks unto the Lórd of lórds: *
for his mercy endúreth foréver.
 28 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
 and to the Hóly Ghóst;
29 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 137. *Super flumina.*

BY the waters of Babylon we sát down and wépt, *

when we remembered thée, O Síon.

2 As for our harps, we háng-ed them úp *
upon the trees that áre thereín.

3 For they that led us away captive,†
required of us then a song, and melody ín our héaviness: *
Sing us one of the sóngs of Síon.

4 How shall we sing the LÓRD's sóng *
in a stránge lánd?

5 If I forget thee, Ó Jerúsalem, *
let my right hand forgét her cúnning.

6 If I do not remember thee,†
let my tongue cleave to the róof of my móuth; *
yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chíef jóy.

7 Remember the children of Edom, O LÓRD,†
in the dáy of Jerúsalem; *
how they said, Down with it, down with it, even tó the gróund.

8 O daughter of Babylon, wásted with míserý; *
yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thóu hast sérved us.

9 Blessed shall he be that táketh thy chíldren, *
and throweth them agáinst the stónes.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver shál be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 138. *Confitebor tibi.*

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lord, with mí whole héart; *
even before the gods will I sing práise unto thée.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple†,
and praise thy Name, because of thy loving-kíndness and trúth; *
for thou hast magnified thy Name, and thy word, abóve all thíngs.

3 When I called upon thee, thou héardest mé; *
and enduedst my soul wíth much stréngth.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thée, O LÓRD; *
for they have heard the wórds of thy móuth.

5 Yea, they shall sing of the wáys of the LÓRD, *
that great is the glóry of the LÓRD.

6 For though the LÓRD be high, yet hath he respect únto the lówly; *
as for the proud, he beholdeth thém afár off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble yet shalt thou refresh me;†
thou shalt stretch forth thy hand upon the furiousness óf mine énemies,*
and thy right hánd shall sáve me.

8 The LóRD shall make good his loving-kindness toward me;†
yea, thy mercy, O LóRD, endúreth foréver;*
despise not then the works of thíne own hánds.

9 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

10 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 139. Domine, probasti.

O LóRD, thou hast searched me out, and known me.†
Thou knowest my downsitting, and míne uprísing;*
thou understandest my thoughts lóng befóre.

2 Thou art about my path, and abóut my béd; *
and art acquainted with áll my wáys.

3 For lo, there is not a word ín my tóngue, *
but thou, O LóRD, knowest it áltogéther.

4 Thou hast beset me behínd and befóre, *
and laid thine hánd upón me.

5 Such knowledge is too wonderful and éxcellent for mé; *
I cannot attain únto ít.

6 Whither shall I go then fróm thy Spírit? *
or whither shall I go then fróm thy préseñce?

7 If I climb up into heaven, thóu art thérе; *
if I go down to hell, thou árt there álso.

8 If I take the wíngs of the mórníng, *
and remain in the uttermost párts of the séa;

9 Even there also shall thy hánd léad me, *
and thy right hánd shall hóld me.

10 If I say, Peradventure the dárkness shall cóver me; *
then shall my night be túrn-ed to dáy.

11 Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee,†
but the night is as cléar as the dáy; *
the darkness and light to thee are bót hálke.

12 For my réins are thíne; *

thou hast covered me in my móther's wómb.

- 13 I will give thanks unto thee,†
for I am fearfully and wónderfully máde: *
marvelous are thy works and that my soul knóweth right wéll.
14 My bones are not híd from thée, *
though I be made secretly, and fashion-ed beneath ín the éarth.
15 Thine eyes did see my substance yet béisng impérfect; *
and in thy book were all my mémbers wrítten;
16 Which day by dáy were fáshion-ed, *
when as yet there was nóne of thérm.

- 17 How dear are thy counsels unto mé, O Gód; *
O how gréat is the súm of them!

- 18 If I tell them, they are more in number thán the sánd: *
when I wake up, I am présent with thée.

- 19 Wilt thou not slay the wícked, O Gód? *
Depart from me, ye blóodthirsty mén.

- 20 For they speak unríghteously agáinst thee; *
and thine enemies take thy Náme in váin.

- 21 Do not I hate them, O LÓRD, that háte thee? *
and am not I griev-ed with those that ríse up agáinst thee?

22 Yea, I hate them ríght sóre; *
even as though they wére mine énemies.

- 23 Try me, O God, and seek the gróund of my héart; *
prove me, and exámine my thóughts.

24 Look well if there be any way of wíckedness ín me; *
and lead me in the wáy everlásting.

- 25 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

26 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 140. *Eripe me, Domine.*

- DELIVER me, O LÓRD, from the évil mán; *
and preserve me from the wícked mán;

2 Who imagine mischief ín their héarts, *
and stir up strife áll the day lóng.

- 3 They have sharpened their tongues líke a sérpent; *
adder's poison is únder their líps.

4 Keep me, O LÓRD, from the hands of the ungodly;†

preserve me from the wícked mén,*
who are purpos-ed to overthrów my góings.

5 The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a net abróad with córds; *
yea, and set traps ín my wáy.

6 I said unto the LÓRD, Thóu art my Gód, *
hear the voice of my práyers, O LÓRD.

7 O LÓRD God, thou strength óf my héalth; *
thou hast covered my head in the dáy of báttle.

8 Let not the ungodly have his desire, O LÓRD; †
let not his mischievous imaginátion prósper,*
lest they bé too próud.

9 Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the héad of thém *
that cómpass me abóut.

10 Let hot burning coals fall upon them; †
let them be cast ínto the fíre,*
and into the pit, that they never rise úp agáin.

11 A man full of words shall not prosper upón the éarth: *
evil shall hunt the wicked person to óverthrów him.

12 Sure I am that the LÓRD will avénge the pór, *
and maintain the cause óf the hélpless.

13 The righteous also shall give thanks únto thy Náme; *
and the just shall continue ín thy síght.

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be,*
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 141. Domine, clamavi.

LÓRD, I call upon thee; haste thee únto mé,*
and consider my voice, when I cry únto thée.

2 Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight ás the íncense; *
and let the lifting up of my hands be an évening sácrifice.

3 Set a watch, O LÓRD, befóre my móuth,*
and keep the dóor of my líps.

4 O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing; †
let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the mén that work wíckedness,*
neither let me eat of such thíngs as pléase them.

5 Let the righteous rather smite me fríendly, and repróve me; *

yea, let not my head refuse their pr  cious b  lms.

6 As for the ung  dly, *

I will pray yet ag  inst their w  ckedness.

7 Let their judges be overthrown in st  ny pl  ces, *

that they may hear my words; for th  y are sw  et.

8 Our bones lie scattered bef  re the p  t, *

like as when one breaketh and heweth wood up  n the e  arth.

9 But mine eyes look unto thee, O L  RD G  d; *

in thee is my trust; O cast not out my s  oul.

10 Keep me from the snare that they have laid for m  , *

and from the traps of the w  cked d  uers.

11 Let the ungodly fall into their own n  ts tog  ther, *

and let me ever escape them.

12 Glory be to the Father, and to the S  n, *

and to the H  ly Gh  st;

13 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and ever shall be, *

world without end. Amen.

Psalm 142. *Voce mea ad Dominum.*

I CRIED unto the L  RD w  th my v  oice; *

yea, even unto the L  RD did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaints before him, *

and show-ed him of my trouble.

3 When my spirit was in heaviness, thou kn  west my path; *

in the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for m  .

4 I looked also up  n my right hand, *

and saw there was no man that would know me.

5 I had no place to flee unto, *

and no man car-ed for my soul.

6 I cried unto thee, O L  RD, and said, *

Thou art my hope, and my portion in the land of the living.

7 Consider my complaint; *

for I am brought very low.

8 O deliver me from my persecutors; *

for they are too strong for me.

9 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto thy Name; †

which thing if thou wilt grant me, *

then shall the righteous resort unto my company.

10 Glory be to the Father, and to the S  n, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 143. Domine, exaudi.

HEAR my prayer, O LORd, and consíder my desíre; *
harken unto me for thy truth and ríghteousness' sáke.

2 And enter not into judgment with thy sérvant; *
for in thy sight shall no man líving be jústified.

3 For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; †
he hath smitten my life dówn to the gróund; *
he hath laid me in the darkness, as the men that have béen long déad.

4 Therefore is my spirit vég-ed withín me, *
and my heart withín me is désolate.

5 Yet do I remember the time past; †
I muse upon áll thy wórks; *
yea, I exercise myself in the wórks of thy hánds.

6 I stretch forth my hánds unto thée; *
my soul gasp-eth unto thee as a thírsty lánd.

7 Hear me, O LORd, and that soon; †
for my spirit wáxeth fáint: *
hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down ínto the pít.

8 O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning; †
for in thée is my trúst: *
show thou me the way that I should wálk in; *
for I lift up my sóul unto thée.

9 Deliver me, O LORd, fróm mine enémies; *
for I flee unto thée to híde me.

10 Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee; for thóu art my Gód: *
let thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the lánd of ríghteousness.

11 Quicken me, O LORd, fór thy Náme's sake; *
and for thy righteousnes' sake bring my sóul out of tróuble.

12 And of thy goodness sláy mine énemies, *
and destroy all them that vex my soul; for I am thy sérvant.

13 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

14 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

THE THIRTIETH DAY

Morning Prayer

Psalm 144. *Benedictus Dominus.*

BLESSED be the LÓRD my stréngth, *
who teacheth my hands to war, and my fíngers to fíght:

2 My hope and my fortress,†
my castle and deliverer, my defender in whóm I trúst; *
who subdueth my people that is únder mé.

3 LÓRD, what is man, that thou hast such respéct unto him? *
or the son of man, that thóu so regárdest him?

4 Man is like a thíng of nóught; *
his time passeth away líke a shádow.

5 Bow thy heavens, O LÓRD, and cóme dówn; *
touch the mountains, and théy shall smóke.

6 Cast forth thy líghtning, and téar them; *
shoot out thine arrows, ánd consúme them.

7 Send down thine hánd from abóve; *
deliver me, and take me out of the great waters, from the hánd of strángers;

8 Whose mouth tálketh of vánity, *
and their right hand is a ríght hand of wíckedness.

9 I will sing a new song unto thée, O Gód; *
and sing praises unto thee upon a ten-strínged lúte.

10 Thou hast given victory únto kíngs, *
and hast delivered David thy servant from the péril of the swórd.

11 Save me, and deliver me from the hand of strangers,†
whose mouth tálketh of vánity,*

and their right hand is a right hand óf iníquity:

12 That our sons may grow up as the yóung plánts, *
and that our daughters may be as the polished corners óf the témples;

13 That our garners may be full and plenteous with all mánnér of stóre; *
that our sheep may bring forth thousands, and ten thousands ín our fíelds;

14 That our oxen may be strong to labor;†
that there bé no decáy, *
no leading into captivity, and no complaining ín our stréets.

15 Happy are the people that are in súch a cáse; *
yea, blessed are the people who have the LÓRD fór their Gód.

16 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

17 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 145. Exaltabo te, Deus.

I WILL magnify thee, O Gód, my Kíng; *
and I will praise thy Name for éver and éver.

2 Every day will I give thanks únto thée; *
and praise thy Name for éver and éver.

3 Great is the LÓRD, and marvelous wórthy to be práis-ed; *
there is no énd of his gréatness.

4 One generation shall praise thy works únto ánóther, *
and decláre thy pówér.

5 As for me, I will be talking óf thy wórship, *
thy glory, thy praise, and wóndrous wórk;

6 So that men shall speak of the might of thy márvelous ácts; *
and I will also tell óf thy gréatness.

7 The memorial of thine abundant kindness sháll be shów-ed; *
and men shall síng of thy ríghteousness.

8 The LÓRD is grácious and mériful; *
long-suffering, and óf great góodness.

9 The LÓRD is loving unto évery mán; *
and his mercy is over áll his wórk.

10 All thy works praise thee, Ó LÓRD; *
and thy saints give thanks únto thée.

11 They show the glory óf thy kíngdom, *
and talk óf thy pówér;

12 That thy power, thy glory, and mightiness óf thy kíngdom, *
might be known únto mén.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlásting kíngdom, *
and thy dominion endureth throughót all áges.

14 The LÓRD upholdeth all súch as fáll, *
and lifteth up all thóse that are dówn.

15 The eyes of all wait upon thée, O LÓRD; *
and thou givest them their meat in dúa séason.

16 Thou openest thíne hánđ, *
and fillest all things líving with plénteousness.

17 The LÓRD is righteous in áll his wáys, *
and holy in áll his wórk.

18 The LÓRD is nigh unto all them that cáll upón him; *
yea, all such as call upón him fáithfully.

19 He will fulfill the desire of thém that féar him; *
he also will hear their crý, and will hélp them.

20 The LÓRD preserveth all thém that lóve him; *
but scattereth abroad áll the ungódly.

21 My mouth shall speak the práise of the LÓRD; *
and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy Name for éver and éver.

22 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

23 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 146. *Lauda, anima mea.*

PRAISE the LÓRD, O my soul:†
while I live, will I práise the LÓRD; *
yea, as long as I have any being, I will sing praises únto my Gód.

2 O put not your trust in princes, nor in any chíld of mán; *
for there is no hélp in thém.

3 For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn agáiñ to his éarth, *
and then all his thóughts périsch.

4 Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob fór his hélp, *
and whose hope is in the LÓRD his Gód:

5 Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that thérein ís; *
who keepeth his prómise foréver;

6 Who helpeth them to right that súffer wróng; *
who feedeth the húngry.

7 The LÓRD looseth mn óut of príson; *
the LÓRD giveth sight tó the blínd.

8 The LÓRD helpeth thém that are fállen; *
the LÓRD cáreth for the ríghteous.

9 The LÓRD careth for the strangers;†
he defendeth the fátherless and wídow: *
as for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it úpside dówn.

10 The LÓRD thy God, O Sion, shall be Kíng forévermore, *
and throughout áll generátions.

11 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

12 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Evening Prayer

Psalm 147. Laudate Dominum.

PRAISE the LÓRD, for it is a good thing to sing praises únto our Gód; *
yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it ís to be thánkful.

2 The LÓRD doth búild up Jerúsalem, *
and gather together the óutcasts of Ísrael.

3 He healeth those that are bróken in héart, *
and giveth medicine to héal their síckness.

4 He telleth the númer of the stárs, *
and calleth them all bý their námes.

5 Great is our Lord, and gréat is his pówér; *
yea, and his wísdom is ínfinite.

6 The LÓRD setteth úp the méek, *
and bringeth the ungodly dówn to the gróund.

7 O sing unto the LÓRD with thanksgívíng; *
sing praises upon the harp únto our Gód:

8 Who covereth the háven with clóuds,
and prepareth ráin for the éarth; *
and maketh the grass to grow upón the móuntains,
and herb for the úse of mén;

9 Who giveth fodder únto the cáttle, *
and feedeth the young ravens that cáll upón him.

10 He hath no pleasure in the stréngth of an hórse; *
neither delighteth he in ány man's légs.

11 But the LÓRD's delight is in thérm that fíar him, *
and put their trust ín his mércy.

12 Praise the LÓRD, O Jerúsalem; *
praise thy Gód, O Sión.

13 For he hath made fast the bárs of thy gátes, *
and hath blessed thy chíldren withín thee.

14 He maketh peace ín thy bórders, *
and filleth thee with the flóur of whéat.

15 He sendeth forth his commándment upon éarth, *
and his word runneth véry swíftly.

16 He giveth snów like wóol, *
and scattereth the hóarfrost like áshes.

17 He casteth forth his íce like mórsels: *
who is able to abíde his fróst?

18 He sendeth out his word, and mélteth thérm: *

he bloweth with his wind, and the wáters flów.

19 He showeth his wórd unto Jácob, *
his statutes and ordinances únto Ísrael.

20 He hath not dealt so with ány nátion; *
neither have the heathen knówledge of his láws.

21 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

22 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 148. *Laudate Dominum.*

O PRAISE the LÓRD fróm the héavens: *
praise him ín the héights.

2 Praise him, all ye ángels of hís: *
praise him, áll his hóst.

3 Praise him, sún and móon: *
praise him, all ye stárs and líght.

4 Praise him, áll ye héavens, *
and ye waters that are abóve the héavens.

5 Let them praise the Name of the LÓRD:†
for he spake the word, and théy were máde; *
he commanded, and théy were créated.

6 He hath made them fast for éver and éver: *
he hath given them a law which shall nót be bróken.

7 Praise the LÓRD fróm the éarth, *
ye dragons and áll déeps;

8 Fire and hail, snów and vápors, *
wind and storm, fulfílling his wórd;

9 Mountains and áll hílls; *
fruitful trees and áll cédars;

10 Beasts and áll cáttle; *
creeping things and flying fówls;

11 Kings of the earth, and áll péoples; *
princes, and all júdges óf the wórld;

12 Young men and maidens, old men and children, †
praise the Náme of the LÓRD: *
for his Name only is excellent, and his praise above héaven and éarth.

13 He shall exalt the horn of his people:†
all his sáints shall práise him; *

even the children of Israel, even the people that sérveth him

14 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

15 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 149. *Cantate Domino.*

SING unto the LORd a néw sóng; *

let the congregation of sáints práise him.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that máde him, *

and let the children of Sion be joyful ín their Kíng.

3 Let them praise his Name ín the dánce: *

let them sing praises unto him with tábret and hárp.

4 For the LORd hath pleasure ín his péople, *

and helpeth the méek-héarted.

5 Let the saints be jóyful with glóry; *

let them rejóice in their béds.

6 Let the praises of God be ín their móuth; *

and a two-edged sword ín their hánds;

7 To be avenged óf the nátions, *

and to rebúke the péoples;

8 To bind their kíngs in cháins, *

and their nobles with línks of íron;

9 To execute judgment upon them; ás it is wrítten, *

Such honor have áll his sáints.

10 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *

and to the Hóly Ghóst;

11 As it was in the beginning, †

is now, and éver sháll be, *

world wíthout énd. Amen.

Psalm 150. *Laudate Dominum*

O PRAISE God ín his sánctuary: *

praise him in the firmament óf his pówér.

2 Praise him in his nóbble ácts: *

praise him according to his éxcellent gréatness.

3 Praise him in the sóund of the trúmpet: *

praise him upon the lúte and hárp.

4 Praise him in the tímbrels and dánces: *

praise him upon the stríngs and pípe.
5 Praise him upon the wéll-tuned cýmbals: *
praise him upon the lóud cýmbals.

6 Let every thíng that hath bréath *
práise the LÓRD.
7 Glory be to the Father, and tó the Són, *
and to the Hóly Ghóst;

8 As it was in the beginning, †
is now, and éver sháll be, *
world wíthout énd. Amen.