I became dumb, and opened not my mouth: for it was thy doing.

Take thy plague away from me: I am even consumed by means of thy heavy hand.

When thou with rebukes dost chaste man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling: held not thy peace at my tears;

For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner: as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen.

I waited patiently for the Lord: and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling.

He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay: and set my feet upon the rock, and ordered my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth: even a thanksgiving unto our God.

Many shall see it, and fear: and shall put their trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that hath set his hope in the Lord: and turned not unto the proud, and to such as go about with lies.

O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done, like as also thy thoughts, which are too high for me: and yet there is no man that can order them unto thee.

If I should declare them, and speak of them: they should be more than I am able to express.

Sacrifice and meat-offering thou wouldst not: but mine ears hast thou opened.

Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come; to do thy will, O my God: I am content to do it, yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have declared thy righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I will not refraine my lips, O Lord, and that thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart: my talk hath been of thy truth, and of thy salvation.

I have not kept back thy loving mercy and truth: from the great congregation.

Withdraw not thou thy mercy from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth alway preserve me.

For innumerable troubles are come about me, my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not able to look up: yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.

O Lord, let it be thy pleasure to deliver me: make haste, O Lord, to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together, that seek after my soul to destroy it: let them be driven backward, and put to rebuke that with me evil.

Let them be desolate and rewarded with shame: that they may be as he upon me, upon thee.

Let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvation say always, The Lord be praised.

As for me, I am poor and needy: but the Lord careth for me.

Thou art my help and redeemer: make no long tarry, O my God.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 41. Beatus qui intelligit.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

The Lord preserve him and keep him alive, that he may be blessed upon the earth: and deliver not thou him into the will of his enemies.

The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed: make thou all his bed in his sickens.

I said, Lord, be merciful unto me: heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.

Mine enemies speak evil of me: When shall he die, and his name perish?

And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity: and his heart conceiveth vanity within himself, and when he cometh forth, he tellleth it.

All mine enemies whisper together against me: even against me do they imagine this evil.

Let the sentence of guiltines proceed against him: and now that he lieth, let him rise up no more.

Yea, even mine own familiar friend, whom I trusted: who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me.

But be thou merciful unto me, O Lord: raise thou me up again, and I shall reward them.

By this I know thou favourest me: that mine enemy doth not triumph against me.

And when I am in my health, thou upholdest me: and shalt set me before thy face for ever.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: world without end. Amen.

PSAL. 42. Quemadmodum.

IKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: when shall I come and appear before the presence of God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself: for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God.

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving: among such as keep holy-day.