PSALMS.

The 8. day.

6 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?
7 Put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.
8 My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.
9 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes: all thy waves and storms are gone over me.
10 The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the daytime: and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.
11 I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me: why go I thus heavily while the enemy oppresseth me?
12 My bones are smitten a-sunder as with a sword: while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;
13 Namely, while they say daily unto me: Where is now thy God?
14 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?
15 O put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

PSAL. 43. Judica me, Deus.

GIVE sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people: O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.
2 For thou art the God of my strength: why hast thou put me from thee: and why go I so heavily while the enemy oppresseth me?
3 O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.
4 And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God my God.
5 Why art thou so heavy, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?
6 O put thy trust in God: for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

MORNING PRAYER.

PSAL. 44. Deus, auribus.

We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us: what thou hast done in their time of old;
2 How thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them in: how thou hast destroyed the nations, and cast them out.
3 For they gat not the land in possession through their own sword: neither was it their own arm that helped them;
4 But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance: because thou hadst a favour unto them.
5 Thou art my King, O God; send help unto Jacob.

The 9. day.

6 Through thee will we overthrow our enemies: and in thy Name will we tread them under, that riseth up against us.
7 For: I will not trust in my bow: it is not my sword that shall help me;
8 But it is thou that savest us from our enemies: and puttest them to confusion that hate us.
9 We make our boast of God all day long: and will praise thy Name for ever.
10 But now thou art far off, and puttest us to confusion: and goest not forth with our armies.
11 Thou makest us to turn our backs upon our enemies: so that they which hate us spoil our goods.
12 Thou lettest us be eaten up like sheep: and hast scattered us among the heathen.
13 Thou sellest thy people for nought: and takest no money for them.
14 Thou makest us to be rebuked of our neighbours: to be laughed to scorn, and had in derision of them that are round about us.
15 Thou makest us to be a by-word among the heathen: and that the people shake their heads at us.
16 My confusion is daily before me: and the shame of my face hath covered me.
17 For the voice of the slanderer and blasphemer: for the enemy and avenger.
18 And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget thee: nor behave ourselves forwardly in thy covenant.
19 Our heart is not turned back: neither our steps gone out of thy way;
20 No, not when thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons: and covered us with the shadow of death.
21 If we have forgotten the Name of our God, and holden up our hands to any strange god: shall not God search it out? for he knoweth the very secrets of the heart.
22 For thy sake also are we killed all the day long: and are counted as sheep appointed to be slain.
23 Up, Lord, why sleepest thou: awake, and be not absent from us for ever.
24 Wherefore hidest thou thy face: and forgettest our misery and trouble?
25 For our soul is brought low, even unto the dust: our belly cleaveth unto the ground.
26 Arise, and help us: and deliver us for thy mercies fake.

PSAL. 45. Eunavit cor meum.

My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the king.
2 My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

3 Thou art fairer than the children of men: full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee for ever.
4 Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty: according to thy worship and renown.
5 Good luck have thou with thine honour; ride on, because of