The 13. day.

PSALMS.

The 13. day.

35 O God, wonderful art thou in thy holy places: even the God of Israel: he will give strength and power unto his people; blessed be God.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 69. Salvum me fac.

SAVE me, O God: for the waters are come in even unto my soul.

1. I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is: I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.

2. I am weary of crying, my throat is dry: my sight faileth me for waiting so long upon my God.

3. They that hate me without a cause, are more than the hairs of my head: they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltlesse, are mighty.

4. I paid them the things that I never took: God, thou knowest my innocenc, and my faults are not hid from thee.

5. Let not them that trust in thee, O Lord God of hosts, be abhased for my cause: let not those that seek thee be confounded through me, O Lord God of Israel.

6. O Lord, I am become a stranger unto my brethren: even an alien unto my mother’s children.

7. For the zeal of thine house hath even eaten me: and the reproves of them that rebuked thee, are fallen upon me.

10. I wept and chastened my self with fasting: and that was turned to my reproof.

11. I put on sackcloth also: and they jefted upon me.

12. They that fit in the gate speak against me: and the drunkards make songs upon me.


14. Hear me, O God, in the multitude of thy mercy: even in the truth of thy salvation.

15. Take me out of the mire, that I sink not: O let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

16. Let not the water-flood drown me, neither let the deep swallow me up: and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.

17. Hear me, O Lord, for thy loving-kindness is comfortsable: turn thee unto me, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

18. And hide not thy face from thy servant, for I am in trouble: O haste thee, and hear me.

19. Draw nigh unto my soul, and save it: O deliver me because of mine enemies.

20. Thou hast known my reproof, my shame, and my dishonour: mine adversaries are all in thy fight.

21. Thy rebuke hath broken my heart, I am full of heaviness: I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me.