The 17. day.  PSALMS.  The 17. day.

2 For my soul is full of trouble: and my life draweth nigh unto hell.

3 I am counted as one of them that go down into the pit: and I have been even as a man that hath no strength;

4 Free among the dead, like unto them that are wounded and lie in the grave: who are out of remembrance, and are cut away from thy hand.

5 Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit: in a place of darkness, and in the deep.

6 Thine indignation lieth hard upon me: and thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.

7 Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me: and made me to be abhorred of them.

8 I am so fat in prison: that I cannot get forth.

9 My fight faileth for very trouble: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

10 Dost thou shew wonders among the dead: or shall the dead rise up again and praise thee?

11 Shall thy loving-kindness be hewed in the grave: or thy faithfulness in destruction?

12 Shall thy wondrous works be known in the dark: and thy righteousness in the land where all things are forgotten?

13 Unto thee have I cried, O Lord: and early shall my prayer come before thee.

14 Lord, why abhorrest thou my soul: and hidest thou thy face from me?

15 I am in misery, and like unto him that is at the point to die: even from my youth up thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.

16 Thy wrathful displeasure goeth over me: and the fear of thee hath undone me.

17 They came round about me daily like water: and compassed me together on every side.

18 My lovers and friends hath thou put away from me: and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 89. Misericordias Domini.

My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I never beseeming thy truth from one generation to another.

2 For I have said, Mercy shall be set up for ever: thy truth shall thou stablish in the heavens.

3 I have made a covenant with my chosen: I have sworn unto David my servant;

4 Thy seed will I stablish for ever: and set up thy throne from one generation to another.

5 O Lord, the very heavens shall praise thy wondrous works: and thy truth in the congregation of the saints.

6 For who is he among the clouds: that shall be compared unto the Lord?

7 And what is he among the gods: that shall be like unto the Lord?

M 8 God