3 When I called upon thee, thou hearest me: and enduedst my soul with much strength.
4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord: for they have heard the words of thy mouth.
5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: that great is the glory of the Lord.
6 For though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: as for the proud, he beholdeth them afar of.
7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, yet shalt thou refresh me: thou shalt stretch forth thy hand upon the furious of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.
8 The Lord shall make good his loving-kindness towards me: yea, thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: despise not then the works of thine own hands.

**Morning Prayer.**

**PSALM 139. Domine, probasti.**

O Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine uprising: thou understandest my thoughts long before.
2 Thou art about my path, and about my bed: and spiest out all my ways.
3 For lo, there is not a word in my tongue: but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
4 Thou hast fashioned me behind and before: and laid thine hand upon me.
5 Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me: I cannot attain unto it.
6 Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit: or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
7 If I climb up into heaven, thou art there: if I go down to hell, thou art there also.
8 If I take the wings of the morning: and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
9 Even there also shall thy hand lead me: and thy right hand shall hold me.
10 If I say, Peradventure the darknes shall cover me: then shall my night be turned to day,
11 Yea, the darknes is no darknes with thee, but the night is as clear as the day: the darknes and light to thee are both alike.
12 For my reins are thine: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
13 I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well.
14 My bones are not hid from thee: though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath the earth.
15 Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect: and in thy book were all my members written;
16 Which day by day were fashioned: when as yet there was none of them.
17 How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God: O how great is the sum of them!

18 If I tell them they are more in number than the sand: when I wake up, I am present with thee.
19 Wilt thou not slay the wicked, O God: depart from me, ye blood-thirsty-men.
20 For they speak unrighteously against thee: and thine enemies take thy Name in vain.
21 Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee: and am not I grieved with thofe that rise up against thee?
22 Yea, I hate them right fore: even as though they were mine enemies.
23 Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts.
24 Look well if there be any way of wickednes in me: and lead me in the way everlasting.

**PSALM 140. Eripe me, Domine.**

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man: and preserve me from the wicked man;
2 Who imagine mischief in their hearts: and stir up strife all the day long.
3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adders poison is under their lips.
4 Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the ungodly: preserve me from the wicked men, who are purposed to overthrow my goings.
5 The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a net abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in my way.
6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art my God: hear the voice of my prayers, O Lord.
7 O Lord God, thou strength of my health: thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.
8 Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord: let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.
9 Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them: that compass me about.
10 Let hot burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire, and into the pit, that they never rise up again.
11 A man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth: evil shall hunt the wicked person to overthrow him.
12 Sure I am that the Lord will avenge the poor: and maintain the cause of the helpless.
13 The righteous also shall give thanks unto thy Name: and the just shall continue in thy fight.

**PSALM 141. Domine, clamavi.**

Lord, I call upon thee, haste thee unto me: and consider my voice when I cry unto thee.
2 Let my prayer be set forth in thy fight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.
3 Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.
4 O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works, with the men that work wickedness; lest I eat of such things as please them.