The 29. day.

5 Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.
6 But let not their precious balms break my head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.
7 Let their judges be overthrown in sly places: that they may hear my words; for they are sweet.
8 Our bones lie scattered before the pit: like as when one breaketh and heareth wood upon the earth.
9 But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust; O cast not out my soul.
10 Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.
11 Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

Evening Prayer.

PSAL. 142. Voco mea.

3 Cried unto the Lord with my voice: yea, even unto the Lord did I make my supplication.
2 I poured out my complaints before him: and shewed him of my trouble.
3 When my spirit was in heavines, thou knewest my path: in the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.
4 I looked also upon my right hand: and saw there was no man that would know me.
5 I had no place to flee unto: and no man cared for my soul.

The 30. day.

8 O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning, for in thee is my trust: shew thou me the way that I should walk in; for I lift up my soul unto thee.
9 Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: for I flee unto thee to hide me.
10 Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God: let thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness.
11 Quicken me, O Lord, for thy Name's sake: and for thy righteousness sake bring my soul out of trouble;
12 And of thy goodness slay mine enemies: and destroy all them that vex my soul: for I am thy servant.

MORNING PRAYER.

PSAL. 144. Benedictus Dominus.

Blessed be the Lord my strength: who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight;
2 My hope and my fortress; my cattle and deliverer; my defender in whom I trust: who subdueth my people that is under me.
3 Lord, what is man, that thou hast such respect unto him: or the son of man, that thou so regardest him!
4 Man is like a thing of nought: his time passeth away like a shadow.
5 Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

PSAL. 145. Exaltabo te, Deus.

I will magnify thee, O God, my king: and I will praise thy