

8 Desire of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance : and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron : and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings : be learned, ye that are judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord in fear : and rejoice unto him with reverence.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish from the right way : if his wrath be kindled (yea, but a little) blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSAL. 3. *Domine, quid multiplicati?*

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me : many are they that rise against me.

2 Many one there be that say of my soul : There is no help for him in his God.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defender : thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.

4 I did call upon the Lord with my voice : and he heard me out of his holy hill.

5 I laid me down and slept, and rose up again : for the Lord sustained me.

6 I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the people : that have set themselves against me round about.

7 Up, Lord, and help me, O my God : for thou smitest all mine enemies upon the cheek-bone ; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

8 Salvation belongeth unto the Lord : and thy blessing is upon thy people.

PSAL. 4. *Cum invocarem.*

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness : thou hast set me at liberty when I was in trouble ; have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye blaspheme mine honour : and have such pleasure in vanity, and seek after leasing ?

3 Know this also, that the Lord hath chosen to himself the man that is godly : when I call upon the Lord, he will hear me.

4 Stand in awe, and sin not : commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still.

5 Offer the sacrifice of righteousness : and put your trust in the Lord.

6 There be many that say : Who will shew us any good ?

7 Lord, lift thou up : the light of thy countenance upon us.

8 Thou hast put gladness in my heart : since the time that their corn, and wine, and oil increased.

9 I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest : for it is thou, Lord ; only that makest me dwell in safety.

PSAL. 5. *Verba mea auribus.*

Ponder my words, O Lord : consider my meditation.

2 O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling, my King, and my God : for unto thee will I make my prayer.

3 My voice shalt thou hear be-

betimes, O Lord : early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art the God that hast no pleasure in wickedness : neither shall any evil dwell with thee.

5 Such as be foolish shall not stand in thy sight : for thou hatest all them that work vanity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing : the Lord will abhor both the blood-thirsty and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come into thine house, even upon the multitude of thy mercy : and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, because of mine enemies : make thy way plain before my face.

9 For there is no faithfulness in his mouth : their inward parts are very wickedness.

10 Their throat is an open sepulchre : they flatter with their tongue.

11 Destroy thou them, O God ; let them perish through their own imaginations : cast them out in the multitude of their ungodliness ; for they have rebelled against thee.

12 And let all them that put their trust in thee rejoice : they shall ever be giving of thanks, because thou defendest them ; they that love thy Name shall be joyful in thee.

13 For thou, Lord, wilt give thy blessing unto the righteous : and with thy favourable

kindness wilt thou defend him, as with a shield.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 6. *Domine, ne.*

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation : neither chasten me in thy displeasure.

2 Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak : O Lord, heal me ; for my bones are vexed.

3 My soul also is sore troubled : but, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me ?

4 Turn thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul : O save me for thy mercies sake.

5 For in death no man remembereth thee : and who will give thee thanks in the pit ?

6 I am weary of my groaning ; every night wash I my bed : and water my couch with my tears.

7 My beauty is gone for very trouble : and worn away because of all mine enemies.

8 Away from me, all ye that work vanity : for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

9 The Lord hath heard my petition : the Lord will receive my prayer.

10 All mine enemies shall be confounded, and sore vexed : they shall be turned back, and put to shame suddenly.

PSAL. 7. *Domine, Deus meus.*

O Lord my God, in thee have I put my trust : save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me ;

2 Lest he devour my soul like a lion, and tear it in pieces : while there is none to help.