

PSAL. 10. *Ut quid, Domine?*

WHY standest thou so far off, O Lord : and hiddest thy face in the needful time of trouble ?

2 The ungodly for his own lust doth persecute the poor : lest them be taken in the crafty wiliness that they have imagined.

3 For the ungodly hath made boast of his own heart's desire : and speaketh good of the covetous, whom God abhorreth.

4 The ungodly is so proud, that he careth not for God ; neither is God in all his thoughts.

5 His ways are alway grievous : thy judgements are far above out of his sight, and therefore desieth he all his enemies.

6 For he hath said in his heart, Tush, I shall never be cast down : there shall no harm happen unto me.

7 His mouth is full of cursing, deceit, and fraud : under his tongue is ungodliness and vanity.

8 He sitteth lurking in the thievish corners of the streets : and privily in his lurking dens doth he murder the innocent ; his eyes are set against the poor.

9 For he lieth waiting secretly, even as a lion lurketh he in his den : that he may ravish the poor.

10 He doth ravish the poor : when he getteth him into his net.

11 He falleth down and humbleth himself : that the congregation of the poor may fall into the hands of his captains.

12 He hath said in his heart, Tush, God hath forgotten : he hideth away his face, and he will never see it.

13 Arise, O Lord God, and lift up thine hand : for get not the poor.

14 Wherefore should the wicked blaspheme God : while he doth say in his heart, Tush, thou God, carest not for it.

15 Surely thou hast seen it : for thou beholdest ungodliness and wrong.

16 That thou mayest take the matter into thy hand : the poor committeth himself unto thee ; for thou art the helper of the friendless.

17 Break thou the power of the ungodly and malicious : take away his ungodliness, and thou shalt find none.

18 The Lord is King for ever and ever : and the heathen are perished out of the land.

19 Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the poor : thou preparest their heart, and thine ear hearkeneth thereto ;

20 To help the fatherless and poor unto their right : that the man of the earth be no more exalted against them.

PSAL. 11. *In Domino confido.*

IN the Lord put I my trust : how say ye then to my soul, that ye should flee as a bird unto the hill ?

2 For lo, the ungodly bend their bow, and make ready their arrows within the quiver : that they may privily shoot at them which are true of heart.

3 For

3 For the foundations will be cast down : and what hath the righteous done ?

4 The Lord is in his holy temple : the Lord's seat is in heaven.

5 His eyes consider the poor : and his eye-lids try the children of men.

6 The Lord alloweth the righteous : but the ungodly, and him that delighteth in wickedness doth his soul abhor.

7 Upon the ungodly he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest : this shall be their portion to drink.

8 For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness : his countenance will behold the thing that is just.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 12. *Salvum me fac.*

HELP me, Lord, for there is not one godly man left : for the faithful are diminished from among the children of men :

2 They talk of vanity every one with his neighbour : they do but flatter with their lips, and dissemble in their double heart.

3 The Lord shall root out all deceitful lips : and the tongue that speaketh proud things ;

4 Which have said, With our tongue will we prevail : we are they that ought to speak ; Who is Lord over us ?

5 Now for the comfortless troubles sake of the needy : and because of the deep sighing of the poor ;

6 I will up, saith the Lord : and will help every one from

him that swelleth against him, and will set him at rest.

7 The words of the Lord are pure words : even as the silver which from the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire.

8 Thou shalt keep them, O Lord : thou shalt preserve him from this generation for ever.

9 The ungodly walk on every side : when they are exalted, the children of men are put to rebuke.

PSAL. 13. *Uique quo, Domine?*

HOW long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, for ever : how long wilt thou hide thy face from me ?

2 How long shall I seek counsel in my soul, and be so vexed in my heart : how long shall mine enemies triumph over me ?

3 Consider and hear me, O Lord my God : lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death.

4 Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him : for if I be cast down, they that trouble me will rejoice at it.

5 But my trust is in thy mercy : and my heart is joyful in thy salvation.

6 I will sing of the Lord, because he hath dealt so lovingly with me : yea, I will praise the Name of the Lord most Highest.

PSAL. 14. *Dixit insipiens.*

THE fool hath said in his heart : There is no God.

2 They are corrupt, and become abominable in their doings : there is none that doeth good, no not one.