

10 I became dumb, and opened not my mouth : for it was thy doing.

11 Take thy plague away from me : I am even consumed by means of thy heavy hand.

12 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment : every man therefore is but vanity.

13 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling : hold not thy peace at my tears ;

14 For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner : as all my fathers were.

15 O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength : before I go hence, and be no more seen.

PSAL. 40. *Expellans expellavi.*
I Waited patiently for the Lord : and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling.

2 He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay : and set my feet upon the rock, and ordered my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth : even a thanksgiving unto our God.

4 Many shall see it, and fear : and shall put their trust in the Lord.

5 Blessed is the man that hath set his hope in the Lord : and turned not unto the proud, and to such as go about with lies.

6 O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works which thou hast done, like as be also thy

thoughts, which are to us mar : and yet there is no man that ordereth them unto thee.

7 If I should declare them, and speak of them : they should be more than I am able to express.

8 Sacrifice and meat-offering thou wouldest not : but mine ears hast thou opened.

9 Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required : then said I, Lo, I come ;

10 In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, O my God : I am content to do it, yea, thy law is within my heart.

11 I have declared thy righteousness in the great congregation : lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, and that thou knowest.

12 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart : my talk hath been of thy truth, and of thy salvation.

13 I have not kept back thy loving mercy and truth : from the great congregation.

14 Withdraw not thou thy mercy from me, O Lord : let thy loving-kindness and thy truth always preserve me.

15 For innumerable troubles are come about me, my sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not able to look up : yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.

16 O Lord, let it be thy pleasure to deliver me : make haste, O Lord, to help me.

17 Let them be ashamed and con-

confounded together, that seek after my soul to destroy it : let them be driven backward, and put to rebuke that wish me evil.

18 Let them be desolate and rewarded with shame : that say unto me, Fic upon thee, fic upon thee.

19 Let all those that seek thee be joyful and glad in thee : and let such as love thy salvation say always, The Lord be praised.

20 As for me, I am poor and needy : but the Lord careth for me.

21 Thou art my helper and redeemer : make no long tarrying, O my God.

EVENING PRAYER.

PSAL. 41. *Beatus qui intelligit.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy : the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

2 The Lord preserve him and keep him alive, that he may be blessed upon earth : and deliver not thou him into the will of his enemies.

3 The Lord comfort him when he lieth sick upon his bed : make thou all his bed in his sickness.

4 I said, Lord, be merciful unto me : heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee.

5 Mine enemies speak evil of me : When shall he die, and his name perish ?

6 And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity : and his heart conceiveth falsehood within himself, and when he cometh forth, he telleth it.

7 All mine enemies whisper together against me : even against me do they imagine this evil.

8 Let the sentence of guiltiness proceed against him : and now that he lieth, let him rise up no more.

9 Yea, even mine own familiar friend, whom I trusted : who did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me.

10 But be thou merciful unto me, O Lord : raise thou me up again, and I shall reward them.

11 By this I know thou favourest me : that mine enemy doth not triumph against me.

12 And when I am in my health, thou upholdest me : and shalt set me before thy face for ever.

13 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel : world without end. Amen.

PSAL. 42. *Quemadmodum.*

LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks : so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God : when shall I come to appear before the presence of God ?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night : while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God ?

4 Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself : for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God ;

5 In the voice of praise and thanksgiving : among such as keep holy-day.