

6 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

7 Put thy trust in God : for I will yet give him thanks for the help of his countenance.

8 My God, my soul is vexed within me : therefore will I remember thee concerning the land of Jordan, and the little hill of Hermon.

9 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of the water-pipes : all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

10 The Lord hath granted his loving-kindness in the daytime : and in the night-season did I sing of him, and made my prayer unto the God of my life.

11 I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me : why go I thus heavily while the enemy oppresseth me ?

12 My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword : while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth ;

13 Namely, while they say daily unto me : Where is now thy God ?

14 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

15 O put thy trust in God : for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

PSAL. 43. *Judica me, Deus.*

GIVE sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people : O deliver me from the deceitful

and wicked man.

2 For thou art the God of my strength ; why hast thou put me from thee : and why go I so heavily while the enemy oppresseth me ?

3 O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me : and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

4 And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness : and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God my God.

5 Why art thou so heavy, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

6 O put thy trust in God : for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

MORNING PRAYER.

PSAL. 44. *Deus, auribus.*

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us : what thou hast done in their time of old ;

2 How thou hast driven out the heathen with thy hand, and planted them in : how thou hast destroyed the nations, and cast them out.

3 For they gat not the land in possession through their own sword : neither was it their own arm that helped them ;

4 But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance : because thou hadst a favour unto them.

5 Thou art my King, O God : send help unto Jacob.

6 Through

6 Through thee will we overthrow our enemies : and in thy Name will we tread them under, that rise up against us.

7 For I will not trust in my bow : it is not my sword that shall help me ;

8 But it is thou that savest us from our enemies : and puttest them to confusion that hate us.

9 We make our boast of God all day long : and will praise thy Name for ever.

10 But now thou art far off, and puttest us to confusion : and goest not forth with our armies.

11 Thou makest us to turn our backs upon our enemies : so that they which hate us spoil our goods.

12 Thou lettest us be eaten up like sheep : and hast scattered us among the heathen.

13 Thou sellest thy people for nought : and takest no money for them.

14 Thou makest us to be rebuked of our neighbours : to be laughed to scorn, and hadst derision of them that are round about us.

15 Thou makest us to be a by-word among the heathen : and that the people shake their heads at us.

16 My confusion is daily before me : and the shame of my face hath covered me ;

17 For the voice of the slanderer and blasphemer : for the enemy and avenger.

18 And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget thee : nor behave ourselves forwardly in thy covenant.

19 Our heart is not turned back : neither our steps gone out of thy way ;

20 No, not when thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons : and covered us with the shadow of death.

21 If we have forgotten the Name of our God, and holden up our hands to any strange god : shall not God search it out ? for he knoweth the very secrets of the heart.

22 For thy sake also are we killed all the day long : and are counted as sheep appointed to be slain.

23 Up, Lord, why sleepest thou : awake, and be not absent from us for ever.

24 Wherefore hiddest thou thy face : and forgettest our misery and trouble ?

25 For our soul is brought low, even unto the dust : our belly cleaveth unto the ground.

26 Arise, and help us : and deliver us for thy mercies sake.

PSAL. 45. *Eructavit cor meum.*
MY heart is inditing of a good matter : I speak of the things which I have made unto the king.

2 My tongue is the pen : of a ready writer.

3 Thou art fairer than the children of men : full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee for ever.

4 Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty : according to thy worship and renown.

5 Good luck have thou with thine honour : ride on, because of