

above the heavens : and thy glory above all the earth.

righteous : doubtless, there is a God that judgeth the earth.

PSAL. 58. *Si vere utique.*

ARE your minds set upon righteousness, O ye congregation : and do ye judge the thing that is right, O ye sons of men ?

2 Yea, ye imagine mischief in your heart upon the earth : and your hands deal with wickedness.

3 The ungodly are froward, even from their mother's womb : as soon as they are born, they go astray, and speak lies.

4 They are as venomous as the poison of a serpent : even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears ;

5 Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer : charm he ever so wisely.

6 Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths ; smite the jaw-bones of the lions, O Lord : let them fall away like water that runneth apace ; and when they shoot their arrows, let them be rooted out.

7 Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman : and let them not see the sun.

8 Or ever your pots be made hot with thorns : so let indignation vex him, even as a thing that is raw.

9 The righteous shall rejoice, when he seeth the vengeance : he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.

10 So that a man shall say, Verily there is a reward for the

EVENING. PRAYER.

PSAL. 59. *Eripe me de inimicis.*

Deliver me from mine enemies, O God : defend me from them that rise up against me.

2 O deliver me from the wicked doers : and save me from the blood-thirsty men.

3 For lo, they lie waiting for my soul : the mighty men are gathered against me, without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.

4 They run and prepare themselves without my fault : arise thou therefore to help me, and behold.

5 Stand up, O Lord God of hosts, thou God of Israel, to visit all the heathen : and be not merciful unto them that offend of malicious wickedness.

6 They go to and fro in the evening : they grin like a dog, and run about through the city.

7 Behold, they speak with their mouth, and swords are in their lips : for who doth hear ?

8 But thou, O Lord, shalt have them in derision : and thou shalt laugh all the heathen to scorn.

9 My strength will I ascribe unto thee : for thou art the God of my refuge.

10 God sheweth me his goodness plenteously : and God shall let me see my desire upon mine enemies.

11 Slay them not, lest my people forget it : but scatter them abroad among the people, and put them down, O Lord our defence.

12 For the sin of their mouth, and for the words of their lips, they shall be taken in their pride : and why ? their preaching is of cursing and lies.

13 Consume them in thy wrath, consume them, that they may perish : and know that it is God that ruleth in Jacob, and unto the ends of the world.

14 And in the evening they will return : grin like a dog, and will go about the city.

15 They will run here and there for meat : and grudge if they be not satisfied.

16 As for me, I will sing of thy power, and will praise thy mercy betimes in the morning : for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.

17 Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing : for thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.

PSAL. 60. *Deus, repulisti nos.*

O God, thou hast cast us out, and scattered us abroad : thou hast also been displeased ; O turn thee unto us again.

2 Thou hast moved the land and divided it : heal the sores thereof ; for it shaketh.

3 Thou hast shewed thy people heavy things : thou hast given us a drink of deadly wine.

4 Thou hast given a token for such as fear thee : that they may triumph because of the truth.

5 Therefore were thy beloved delivered : help me with thy right hand, and hear me.

6 God hath spoken in his holiness, I will rejoice and divide Sichern : and meet out the valley of Succoth.

7 Gilead is mine, and Manasses is mine : Ephraim also is the strength of my head ; Judah is my law-giver ;

8 Moab is my wash-pot ; over Edom will I cast out my shoe : Philistia, be thou glad of me.

9 Who will lead me into the strong city : who will bring me into Edom ?

10 Hast not thou cast us out, O God : wilt not thou, O God, go out with our hosts ?

11 O be thou our help in trouble : for vain is the help of man.

12 Through God will we do great acts : for it is he that shall tread down our enemies.

PSAL. 61. *Exaudi, Deus.*

HEAR my crying, O God : give ear unto my prayer.

2 From the ends of the earth will I call upon thee : when my heart is in heaviness.

3 O set me up upon the rock that is higher than I : for thou hast been my hope, and a strong tower for me against the enemy.

4 I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever : and my trust shall be under the covering of thy wings.

5 For thou, O Lord, hast heard my desires : and hast given an heritage unto those that fear thy name.