The Psalms of David

Day 8. Morning Prayer

Psalm 38.

Domine, ne in furore

Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, in thine anger: neither chasten me in thy heavy displeasure.

2 For thine arrows stick fast in me: and thy hand presseth me sore.

3 There is no health in my flesh, because of thy displeasure: neither is there any rest in my bones, by reason of my sin.

4 For my wickednesses are gone over my head: and are like a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear.

5 My wounds stink, and are corrupt: through my foolishness.

6 I am brought into so great trouble and misery: that I go mourning all the day long.

7 For my loins are filled with a sore disease: and there is no whole part in my body.

8 I am feeble, and sore smitten: I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart.

9 Lord, thou knowest all my desire: and my groaning is not hid from thee.

10 My heart panteth, my strength hath failed me: and the sight of mine eyes is gone from me.

11 My lovers and my neighbours did stand looking upon my trouble: and my kinsmen stood afar off.

12 They also that sought after my life laid snares for me: and they that went about to do me evil talked of wickedness, and imagined deceit all the day long.

13 As for me, I was like a deaf man, and heard not: and as one that is dumb, who doth not open his mouth.

14 I became even as a man that heareth not: and in whose mouth are no reproofs.

15 For in thee, O Lord, have I put my trust: thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God.

16 I have required that they, even mine enemies, should not triumph over me: for when my foot slipped, they rejoiced greatly against me.
17 And I, truly, am set in the plague: and my heaviness is ever in my sight.

18 For I will confess my wickedness: and be sorry for my sin.

19 But mine enemies live, and are mighty: and they that hate me wrongfully are many in number.

20 They also that reward evil for good are against me: because I follow the thing that good is.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God: be not thou far from me.

22 Haste thee to help me: O Lord God of my salvation.

Psalm 39.

Dixi, Custodiam

I said, I will take heed to my ways: that I offend not in my tongue.

2 I will keep my mouth as it were with a bridle: while the ungodly is in my sight.

3 I held my tongue, and spake nothing: I kept silence, yea, even from good words; but it was pain and grief to me.

4 My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled: and at the last I spake with my tongue;

5 Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live.

6 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

7 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

8 And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is even in thee.

9 Deliver me from all mine offences: and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

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 the 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.

Psalm 40.

Expectans expectavi

1 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-ward: 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 alway 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 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, Fie upon thee, fie upon thee.

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

Text from The Book of Common Prayer, the rights in which are vested in the Crown, is reproduced by permission of the Crown’s Patentee, Cambridge University Press.