Day 8. Evening Prayer

Psalm 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.

Psalm 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.

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 day-time: 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.

Psalm 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.